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CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM CHAMBERS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," "GAZETTEER OF SCOTLAND," &c.

AND

ROBERT CHAMBERS,

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The numbers of the HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER may be bound in at the end of the volume; interspersed with the Journal according to their dates; or preserved separately. It is recommended to place them at the end of the volume.

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THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS READERS.

It is a custom so ancient, that I do not know when it had a beginning, for editors of newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, large and small, to commence their labours with an apology for their intrusion, and an expression of sorrow for their deficiencies. With regard to such a venerable usage, I beg entirely to depart from it. I make no apology, and seek no undue favour. The grand leading principle by which I have been actuated, is to take advantage of the universal appetite for instruction which at present exists; to supply to that appetite food of the best kind, and in such form, and at such a price, as must suit the convenience of *every man in the British dominions.* Every Saturday, when the poorest labourer in the country draws his humble earnings, he shall have it in his power to purchase, with an insignificant portion of even that humble sum, a meal of healthful, useful, and agreeable mental instruction: nay, every schoolboy shall be able to purchase with his pocket-money, something permanently useful—something calculated to influence his fate through life—instead of the trash upon which the grown children of the present day were wont to expend it. Entertaining such a design as this—one calculated to be of such extensive service to mankind at large—those apologies, which Johnson has already condemned as being

"With merit needless, and without it vain"—

would be unutterably ridiculous. Whether I succeed in my wishes, a very brief space of time will satisfactorily determine. I throw myself on the good sense of my countrymen for support; all I seek is a fair field wherein to exercise my industry in their service; and should Heaven, in its mercy, grant me that share of health, which, by its inscrutable Providence, is now denied to so many around me, I do not despair of shewing such a specimen of the powers of the printing press as has hitherto been unexampled in the history of Literature. It may, perhaps, be considered an invidious remark, when I state as my honest conviction, that the people of Great Britain and Ireland have never yet been properly cared for, in the way of presenting knowledge, under its most cheering and captivating aspect, to their immediate observation. The scheme of diffusing knowledge has certainly more than once been attempted on respectable principles, by associations established under all the advantages of an enormous capital, as well as the influence of baronial title, and the endeavour has generally been attended with beneficial results. Yet the great end has not been gained. The dearth of the publications, the harshness of official authority, and, above all, the folly of attaching the interests of political or ecclesiastical corporations to the course of instruction or reading, have, separately or conjunctly, circumscribed the limits of their operation; so that the world, on the whole, is but little the wiser with all the attempts which have in this manner been made. The strongholds of ignorance, though not unassailed, remain still to be carried. Carefully eschewing the errors into which these highly praiseworthy associations have unfortunately fallen, I take a course altogether novel. Whatever may be my political principles—and I would not be in the least degree ashamed to own and defend them—neither these principles, nor any other, which would assuredly be destructive to my present views, shall ever mingle in my observations on the conventional arrangements of civil society. Nothing could afford me more unmitigated pleasure than to learn that CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL yielded equal edification and delight to the highest conservative party in the state, and to the boldest advocate of an universal democracy; or was read with as much avidity at the cheerless fire-sides of the Irish Roman Catholic peasantry, as at those of the more highly cultivated Presbyterian cottars of my native land. I have voluntarily, and unprompted, taken in my hands an engine endowed with the most tremendous possibilities of mischief. I may have it now in my power to instil the most pernicious opinions on almost any subject, into the minds of three millions of human beings. But I see the straight path of moral responsibility before me, and shall, by the blessing of God, adhere to the line of rectitude and duty.

On account of certain existing laws affecting unstamped periodical publications coming out at briefer intervals than twenty-seven days, this Journal, as a matter of course, will not be expected to contain any news of general events, or any political or parliamentary intelligence. All information of that character, when wanted, must be sought for in the ordinary sevenpenny stamped newspapers. The matter which I am allowed by law to introduce into my paper is, however, such as will, I trust, be of value to readers in all grades of society. As I happen to be able to spare room, I shall present—but not too hurriedly one upon another—original and select papers on Literary and Scientific subjects, including articles on the Formation and Arrangements of Society; short Essays on Trade and Commerce; observations on Education in its different branches, with investigations into the properties of our Scholastic and Academic Institutions; sketches in Topography and Statistics, relative to Agriculture, Gardening, Planting, Sheep-farming, the making of Roads, Bridges, and Canals; the establishment of Ferries, the best means of Conveyance by Land and Water; Increase of Population; the Uses of Machinery to simplify Human Labour, Manufactures, &c., all indicative of the vast improvements effected in the United Kingdom and America by the skill and perseverance of their inhabitants, and of what still remains to be accomplished.—For the express use of the *poor man,* I shall open a continued flow of valuable and correct information for his guidance, should he be disposed or necessitated to emigrate—neither, on the one hand, buoying him up with false hopes, nor, on the other, discouraging him by gloomy anticipation.—For the benefit of poor old men and women who live in cottages among the hills, and who cannot sometimes come to church, because the roads are miry, or because the snow lies deep on the ground, I shall give excellent pithy passages from the works of the great British moralists, the names of which they hardly ever heard of.—For the recreation of those men who reflect deeply on the constitution of man, I shall from time to time present passages from the works of Newton and Bacon, the learned Encyclopædists, and other English luminaries of the present and preceding ages; so that their dignified knowledge may not remain any longer locked up in leather bindings, in presses, but be brought under the view of my readers, as they lie on their sofas in warm and comfortable rooms.—To Artizans I shall present instructive little paragraphs from the best writers on the various branches of their industry, and notices of new inventions in mechanics.—To the Naturalist I shall, in a similar manner, offer agreeable sketches illustrative of his interesting pursuits.—My short extracts, relative to Domestic and Cottage Economy, will, I doubt not, be received with approbation, from their general utility.—I shall give short analytical notices of and extracts from Books, pointing out which ought preferably to be bought. In this department I shall be altogether beyond the reach of being purchased by publishers, and shall only consult the benefit of the reader. I anxiously desire to remain on the most amicable terms with all my editorial friends; but I promise them they shall find me a very DAVOUST in literary warfare. Like that eminent general of division—who thought nothing of marching a body of thirty thousand men a dozen leagues before breakfast, and capturing his enemy before the men had time to powder their hair, or put the necessary daily whiting on the belts of their cartridge-boxes—I shall have a dozen fresh publications despatched and gutted before they have time to draw on their red morocco slippers.—To the ladies and gentlemen of the "old school" I shall relate innumerable amusing traditionary anecdotes, not one of which probably they ever heard before; and I shall tell them many curious particulars of old castles, and abbeys, and monks, and abbots, which, I dare say, will entertain them very agreeably in their easy chairs by their fire-sides. With the ladies of the "new school," and all my fair young countrywomen in their teens, I hope to be on agreeable terms; and I have no doubt but that in the end I shall turn out a great favourite. I will now tell them what I intend to do for them: I shall make a point of giving them every week, if I can find room, a nice amusing tale, either original, or selected from the best modern authors—no ordinary trash about Italian castles, and daggers, and ghosts in the blue chamber, and similar nonsense, but something really good. I will also inform them of a thousand useful little receipts and modes of housewifery, calculated to make them capital wives; and, perhaps, I may give them some new

insight into the mysteries of sewing maps and foot-stools, and painting in water colours, and drawing with pencils or chalk, and of singing, and improving their taste in music.

I intend to do a great deal for boys. I have long been of opinion that these "harmless little men" are an exceedingly ill-used people. I was once a boy myself, and I remember how thankful I was when any body explained things to me. I was many years the worst scholar in the whole school. I never learned any thing, because no one would give me a reason for there being certain peculiarities in the construction of Latin words. It was ten years after I left school before I saw through the trick of learning this intricate tongue, which I found altogether consisted of paying the most minute attention to the two last letters in the words; often did I think that mankind had entered into a conspiracy to torment boys with Latin. My distaste of this language drove me from the perusal of every kind of books, and I was near turning out an ignorant blockhead. My father, who was an exceedingly intelligent man, at length saw what I wanted: it was instruction under an alluring, comprehensible form. He tried me first with Gulliver—not a trifling sixpenny Gulliver, which tells only about the little men the size of your finger, but one which tells also of the great tall men the height of a church steeple; and the men who were always apt to fall asleep, and had to be kept awake by flappers; and the men who always began to build their houses from the roof downwards; and of the horses who could speak and drink tea with each other, at one another's houses, and who had a sort of human beings to act as their servants. A relation of these wonderfully curious things opened up a new world to my awakened senses. Robinson Crusoe and the Pilgrim's Progress were soon similarly devoured, and I became a confirmed reader for ever after.

This is what I intend to do for boys: I know the kind of things they would like to read about, and a perusal of which would lead them to more abstruse and valuable studies. I shall give them lots of nice little stories, every one of which will be true, about travellers who went upon long and painful journeys in Asia and Africa, seeking for knowledge regarding the produce and peculiarities of unknown countries; and how they travelled among the most sublime ruins of empires, of which history scarcely retains a recollection; or across spacious burning deserts and wildernesses, tenanted only by naked savage men, wild beasts of a ferocious character, and snakes of a most frightful size. Or I will describe to them the region in its present degraded condition, in which those miraculous events took place which are recorded in the books of the Old and New Testament; and of who were instrumental in writing these exceedingly ancient productions; and how long they remained unknown to mankind in their present shape; and of how that unfortunate country is now inhabited by an indolent race of men, who wear cambric napkins on their heads instead of hats, and shawls like women; and how they have no chairs in their houses, but sit cross-legged on the floor like tailors, sipping coffee out of cups not much larger than a thimble, and smoking long pipes made out of the branches of cherry-trees. I have yet a great deal more things in store for boys. If they behave themselves, and learn their lessons at school, I shall tell them all about building rabbit-houses on scientific principles; and, perhaps (but their mothers and fathers are to hear nothing of it), I shall give them an insight into the art of legerdemain. I have yet many nice things in my mind which I am going to tell boys. I shall inform them about matters which their papa does not think of speaking to them about, because he is so busy; such as the meaning and uses of many institutions they will have to be members of when they become big; and, among other things, of how the people of this country, by their good sense and steadiness, have made little paper pictures pass for money in shops, and which are worth twenty round silver shillings with the king's head on them, or a whole capful of penny pieces. Or, as I know that boys are fond of voyages at sea, and like to hear about sailors who were wrecked by storms on desert islands, I will give them a number of stories of that description, of which they have at present no idea. I will also tell them of still more terrific adventures of seamen who have tried to sail their ships round the northern extremity of America, whose vessels were frozen in among large floating islands of ice, and who had a great difficulty in keeping themselves warm, as well as sustaining life, by eating sea-weed, till the ices thawed, and their ships were permitted to return home. Finally, I shall give them accounts of men who were at one time poor little boys like themselves, but who, on paying a daily attention to their studies, and being always honest, and having a great desire to become eminent, and not be mere drudges all their days, gradually rose to be great statesmen, and generals, and members of learned professions, and distinguished authors, and to have fine houses and parks; and that at last they even came to be made kings or presidents of powerful nations.

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

EDINBURGH, 1*st February*, 1832.

ON THE FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

THE necessary labours, and the frivolous pursuits of man, leave him little leisure to inquire into the early state of that system of society of which he happens to be a member; while few are tempted, from their ordinary course of reading, to search into records pregnant with the most instructive details of the former condition of their native country, or illustrative of the rise and progress of that remarkable organization which has elevated Britain to the highest pitch of intellectual superiority. For instance, there are not many who can give an explicit account of how the people in the northern part of our island came to speak the generous language which they now employ; how different orders of society originated; or how or why families began to use surnames. Without a knowledge of circumstances of this interesting nature, no Scotsman can properly understand a variety of those institutions which he sees established around him. He will only know that those things had a beginning some time, but when that *some time* was, he cannot rightly tell; and so he will settle down in an ignorant and apathetic contentment, exceedingly prejudicial to his character as a person of intelligence. Before coming to a discussion on these ingenious arrangements, which rule the conduct of modern society, it would be best to explain, in a simple manner, some of those preliminary matters to which we allude; and by this procedure, we shall clear the way of several obstacles which interrupt our progress.

Prior to the tenth century, the greater part of Scotland was the residence of a number of different nations of men, who, though governed by distinct heads, owned the same Celtic original, tracing their descent from that great branch of mankind, which, in the most remote times, crossed the Hellespont, and overspread the whole of Europe and its islands. Whether named Picts, Scots, or Celts, they all held communication in the Gaelic language, though varying in idiomatic expression. At the period to which we refer, there were few towns in Scotland; almost none of those castles whose remains we now see in the country; none of those abbeys whose picturesque ruins ornament many a rural scene; no feudal usages; no lords, no peers, no trade, and little civilization. The kingdom lay a savage blank; kings, thanes, priests, and people, spoke the Celtic tongue, and, as is supposed, wore the Highland garb. An astonishing revolution was, however, destined soon to take place, and to alter, by its influence, the whole system of human society.

The reign of Malcolm III. (or *Canmore*, from *cean more*, a great head), which lasted from the year 1057 to 1093, has usually been ascribed as the era of the great revolution which I mention. But it is well understood by antiquaries that the change began somewhat earlier, and lasted much later. Before the reign of Malcolm, the district called Lothian, which, in point of fact, included the shires of Linlithgow, Edinburgh, Haddington, Berwick, and part of Roxburgh, formed a large portion of the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, and was, consequently, settled by an Anglo-Saxon people, whose tongue and whose usages were thus early settled in the division of country south of the Forth. About the year 1020, this large and fair portion of Scotland was added to the Scottish crown by Malcolm II.; and when Malcolm Canmore came to the throne, he found himself the first ruler of the *whole* of Scotland. The settlement of Anglo-Saxons in Lothian prepared the way for a far wider extension of their race over the country; and the troubles in England prior to, and consequent on, the Norman Conquest, produced a continued influx of foreigners into North Britain. The Conquest itself was, indeed, an immediate cause of a prodigious emigration of Anglo-Saxons into Scotland. It will be remembered that Edgar Æthling, the unfortunate prince who was subdued by William of Normandy, fled with his family on the seizure of his country, and bent his way towards the continental territories of his ancestors. Luckily for Scotland, the ship which bore the dejected prince across the seas, was driven by a tempest into the Firth of Forth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Malcolm, who resided at the time in Dunfermline. The Scottish monarch was already favourably known to Edgar and his family. The result is well known: Margaret, his sister, became the wife of Malcolm, and proved an inestimable blessing, not only to her royal spouse, but to the whole Scottish nation. She taught him the Saxon tongue, the arts of reading and writing, and several other accomplishments. In consequence of her settlement in Scotland, the country became the ready place of refuge to a vast number of Anglo-Saxon chiefs and their followers. It is not easy to discover the extent of change which this influence of a more civilized people produced on the Scotch at this particular period; for, after the demise of Margaret, a large body of her followers are said to have been chased out of the country by the indignant natives. Malcolm, it seems, had the good sense to give an asylum to the fugitives from the south; he, indeed, aided insurrections in England for the purpose; and during his incursions into Northumberland and Durham, carried away so many of the young men and women, that they were seen many years afterwards not only in every village, but in every house within his dominions. It may, therefore, be concluded, that such a large introduction of foreigners must have had a permanent influence on society, and could not be eradicated at any future period.

In the reign of Malcolm Canmore, there were not many settlements of Anglo-Saxon barons who left lines of descendants in the higher ranks. The only two which have been noticed were the Earls of Dunbar and of Lennox, both of whose houses have merged in subsequent times. We have thus to look to a period after the decease of Malcolm for the events which occurred to change the customs of the country. On investigating the remote records of history, it is ascertained that the successive reigns of Edgar, Alexander I., and David I.—embracing a period from 1098 to 1153—formed the interesting epoch in which the overthrow of Celtic usages took place; but that in that period, the benignant reign of David I. has the chief claim to be considered the most conducive to such an alteration.

David I., whose extreme piety has been well detailed in history, having been educated at the English court of Henry I., and married an English countess, was followed into North Britain by a thousand Anglo-Normans—that is, English gentlemen of Norman extraction, or perhaps of Anglo-Saxon and Norman lineage—to whom he distributed lands in all parts of the country, where they settled with their retainers, and built castles, churches, mills, and hamlets, for the convenience of themselves and their retainers. The feudal chiefs, who were thus introduced by David, seem to have soon remodelled the order of things previously existing. The barbarous civil code, if code it can be called, dropped in pieces; the greater proportion of those eminently judicious laws now governing the country were established; parliaments and sheriffdoms were organized; guilds and governments of burghs were instituted; the Celtic tongue very soon, and in a most surprising manner, was abandoned; the people in the towns which were built near the castles of the barons, gave it altogether up; speedily it was only spoken by serfs or *villeyns;* not long after, they also gave it up, because they were compelled, of necessity, to learn the language of their masters; ultimately, it was forced to linger only in the wilds of Galloway, Carrick, and the

Highlands; it was even gradually banished from thence, and in our own times, the only portion of the country which retains it, is the last-mentioned district, and the Western or Hebridean Isles. About the same epoch, there was also an infusion of a Scandinavian Gothic race in Caithness and the northern islands, who helped to destroy the Celtic tongue, and to extirpate its usages Thus, in nearly all directions, the naturalized Scotch, the real owners or tillers of the land, the descendants of the original Irish and Scottish tribes, or of the Romanized Britons, sunk, without striking a blow, before the powerful and intelligent domination of Germans, Normans, or Goths, and have left behind them in the Lowlands no farther traces of their presence than those conferred by the names of places, which are, almost without exception, of a Gaelic original, or by physical memorials of their places of devotion and sepulture.* The most remarkable part of this singular overthrow was the circumstance of those Germans and Normans settling even in the heart of the Highlands, which, it is pretended, were *never* conquered, and these becoming the heads or chiefs of clans, have ever since been reverenced as the descendants of the most ancient aborigines. We shall soon have occasion to notice some of those foreign chieftains, whom the Highlanders have, in this manner, had imposed upon them.

Having now shewn when and how this country lost the impress of its Celtic original, it will be a matter of agreeable recreation to go over a list of patrician and respectable Scottish families, who, in the way we have described, settled in the country. We consider it quite unnecessary, in a publication of this kind, to crowd the pages with authorities, but for the authenticity of the details, we may at once pledge ourselves. The first family which we may notice, was that of the *Morvilles*, who came from Burg in Cumberland, and acquired extensive possessions from David I. in Lauderdale, the Lothians, and Ayrshire Hugh Morville, the first of his race in this country, became Constable of Scotland, an office which descended hereditarily through a long succession of illustrious heirs, both male and female. By Beatrice de Bello Campo, his wife, he acquired still greater possessions, and left a son to inherit his honours, as well as that of principal minister of William the Lion This distinguished man built the Abbey of Dryburgh, and a great many churches. The Morvilles are frequently mentioned in Scottish history, and at one time they had extensive powers. They surrounded themselves with vassals, a number of whom were from England; and from the chief of these foreign servants there sprung not a few of our most respectable landed proprietors, especially in Cunningham, Haddingtonshire, and Tweedale. In the latter, one of these gentlemen named *Edulf*, received lands near Peebles, in which arose a village, taking from him the name of *Eddleston*. The family at length sunk, or lost its name, in Scotland, by the introduction of three female heirs, one of whom married De Quincy, Earl of Winchester; the second a son of the Earl of Albemarle; and the third, John Baliol, the lord of Bernard Castle, in Yorkshire, from whom sprung John Baliol, sometime King of Scots, and a number of distinguished families in Galloway, where the descendants settled, and their families may still be found.—The *Riddels* came at the same time into Scotland, and there was not for many centuries a more respectable family. The first of the race was Gervase Riddel, who came from Ridal, in Yorkshire, and, under David, became one of the earliest sheriffs of Roxburghshire. From this district the family spread into Mid-Lothian, gave a name to a place now or lately called Cranstoun Ridel, near Dalkeith, and originated a great number of families of the name of Riddel in other parts of Scotland. The first of these Riddels also brought Anglo-Saxons with him as vassals, who contributed to swell the population of the country.—The *Corbets* were coeval with the Riddels, and were equally distinguished for the respectability of their rank and character. The first of the name was Robert Corbet, who came out of Shropshire, which was the original country of his race. He settled in Teviotdale, and seems to have been an opulent and liberal man. The family became conspicuous in the reign of William the Lion, and with their vassals helped considerably to Anglicise the country. Several of the name found their way into the north, and settled in Moray, where, perhaps, their descendants still remain The main line of the family became extinct in the thirteenth century. Of the Riddels and Corbets, we shall have something remarkable to mention a little farther on.—The highly honourable and respectable family of the *Lindsays* were among the followers of David. Two brothers of the name of Walter de Lindsay and William de Lindsay, came out of Essex, from a place called Lindsay, and attaching themselves to Earl David, before he ascended the throne, obtained from him, when he became king, extensive possessions in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, and Mid and East Lothian One of their descendants, entitled David de Lindsay, settled in Fife, where he held lands under Ermengarde, the Queen of William the Lion, and originated a family of Lindsays, which has, we believe, ever since stood among the chief freeholders in the county. The Lindsays of Queen Mary's reign were descended from a descendant of one of the former-mentioned Lindsays, who obtained lands in Berwickshire In modern times, we find families of the name of Lindsay over the whole of Scotland.—Perhaps it is not generally known that the distinguished Northumbrian house of *Percy* sent a branch into this northern kingdom Alan de Percy, like the Lindsays, attached himself to Earl David, and adhered to this beneficent prince when he became king. With the alacrity and spirit of his race he accompanied David to the celebrated battle of the Standard in the year 1138. In return for his valuable services he received the manors Oxenham and Heton, in Tiviotdale. The line of family which Alan de Percy re established, became munificent endowers of Melrose Abbey; but after sustaining an honourable name for three generations, the family became extinct for lack of heirs. The name of Percy is not common in Scotland, and any which possess it must be descended from the immigrant of modern times.—The *Somervilles* fall the next to be mentioned; but we must stop for the present.

* How the English language now used in the Lowlands of Scotland comes to have an infusion of what are called *Scottish* words, will be explained in a subsequent article.

EMIGRATION

It has been mentioned in our prospectus, that the furnishing of valuable and correct information on the subject of Emigration from Britain shall, if possible, be a prominent object in the design of the present publication. The reason for this may be soon stated. The works of a respectable character, which profess to enlighten us on so momentous a topic, are generally so expensive, or otherwise so difficult to be obtained, that they seldom come within the reach of the humbler classes, who, it is evident, are those to whom information can only be of practical benefit. Under this impression, it becomes our willing office to present, as far as in our power, a variety of details on a point so important to the interests of a large mass of our readers. In looking about for some branch on which to begin with, we do not see any so likely to yield satisfaction as that relative to emigration to Canada and the United States of America; and of these countries we do not perceive any account which contains so much good, sound information, especially of a recent date, as an article 'On the Agricultural Condition of Canada and part of the United States," drawn up by Adam Fergusson of Woodhill, just published, among other papers, under the auspices of the Highland Society The directors of this beneficial institution having been apprised by Mr. Fergusson of his intention to visit these places, it appeared to them a favourable opportunity of obtaining such information as might prove beneficial to rural economy, and the useful arts at home. The result has proved the correctness of those views. Mr. Fergusson visited America in the course of last year, 1831, and has now presented a statement which cannot be too highly prized. He gives us an outline of his excursion through the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, and his visit to the States, the author everywhere giving a distinct view of the state and appearance of the country, the nature of soils, the crops which the lands produce, the price and rent of farms, and the market value of all kinds of stock. The author never *palavers* on any subject, but comes at once to the point; and that is what gives his paper its greatest value. No sort of abridgment is thus necessary in offering our readers a specimen of the production, and so we hurry to let the traveller speak for himself.

"To those ignorant of the geographical position, there is something in the term *Lower*, strongly indicative of a superiority in climate, which is by no means borne out by actual circumstances. Winter, in the Lower Province, wears a more severe and protracted form, than it does on the great table-land above. Many decisive facts in confirmation of this might be adduced. I shall only mention that wheat cannot here withstand the severity of winter, requiring to be sown in spring, and occasioning thereby both loss and inconvenience to the farmer in wet and late seasons; while quails, or Virginian partridges, it may be observed, which abound in the Upper, are totally unknown in the Lower Province.

"The soil is generally a fertile clay, which has hardly been yet brought, in any instance, to the test of what it may produce. It is generally occupied in small possessions, which continue, with the exception of some large seignories and church-lands, to fritter more and more away, from the absence of a check in the law of primogeniture, and a want of enterprise in the people, which might lead them to counteract this effect, by entering on new land. The population is chiefly French, and the religion Roman Catholic. The *habitans* are industrious, frugal, and contented; but their condition, to say the least, is almost stationary, and the habits or practices of their fathers are far too scrupulously revered.

"I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with several British emigrants, who either occupy or possess farms in Lower Canada, and the uniform conclusion, to which all of them came, was an advice to look at the Upper Province before I formed an opinion upon the eligibility of a settlement I am quite aware that several of these individuals are prospering, in a measure which might possibly be curtailed, if too many farmers of a like stamp should become located beside them, but I am equally satisfied that no such jealousy influenced the advice I received, and that the established conviction of all who are experimentally acquainted with Canada, is in favour of the Upper Province, as a settlement for British agriculturists. Those emigrants who have obtained land near Quebec or Montreal, and who are industrious and active, profit, of course, very handsomely by the vicinity of these cities.

'Dairy produce brings in excellent returns, and every thing finds a market; and although mere locality cannot avail so much as formerly, when steam navigation was unknown, still great advantages remain to the occupier of land near large towns. It is to be remarked too, that the greater supply of farm produce, occasioned by the introduction of steam-boats, has materially increased the consumption, and has thereby compensated to the farmer the fall in price, which necessarily followed.—Fresh butter, which sold in 1817, for 1s. 6d. per pound in Montreal, may now be had for 6d. In summer it is a perishable article, and must be sold when it comes to market. But hay, straw, potatoes, &c., and the very soil itself, are becoming, in the vicinity of Montreal, what an Angus farmer termed to me, 'mischievously dear;' and those who are in possession of farms in that vicinity will reap an abundant harvest.—My Angus friend, who seemed to be in the enjoyment of very easy circumstances, affords a proof, among hundreds, of what an industrious and steady man may do for himself in Canada. He came out in 1817, was wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, suffered many hardships, and finally landed at Montreal, devoid of every resource, save his own hands and good spirits. He soon found employment, and in due time took a lease of a farm, which he finds to succeed extremely well His wheat and potatoes, he says, are excellent; oats, inferior. He cultivates green crops, taking mangel wurzel instead of turnips, which suffer from the fly. He uses horses in preference to oxen; he has iron ploughs, and follows what he called a sort of rotation,—1st, Wheat; 2d, Green crop; 3d, Clover; 4th, Timothy for hay; and 5th, Pasture. Several farms are at this time to let in this quarter. The rent expected is 10s. or 12s. per acre.

"The Canadian farmers pursue the old Scottish practice of infield and outfield, taking crop after crop of grain from their fields, until nothing but weeds remain, and looking to Nature for that renovation which their own industry ought to have effected.

"It may appear almost incredible, but I was assured of the fact, that it was by no means unusual, as winter occupation among the *habitans*, to drive out dung from their farm-yards, and deposit it upon the glassy surface of the St. Lawrence, there to await the breaking up in spring, as a riddance from what they consider a worthless incumbrance.

"On tracing a route upwards from Montreal, the eye of an emigrant is speedily arrested by the junction of the Uttawas, or Grand River, falling into the St. Lawrence. I did not visit the settlements of this district, and do not therefore speak of them from personal observation; but they are well known to be valuable, extensive, and increasing. The Uttawas has, of late years, attracted the notice of Government, as a safe route for troops and stores to the Upper Province, in the event of war with the United States. In surveying its banks, and applying its course to this purpose, extensive tracts of fine land have been located, and several very promising settlements have been established. Of these, I may notice Perth, Richmond, and Lanark, the two former chiefly composed of retired officers and reduced soldiers; the latter, of families from the manufacturing districts in the west of Scotland, who came out in 1820, and all, I believe, as communities, doing well. All of these were assisted and fostered by Government. A military road communicates between Uttawas and Kingston, upon Lake Ontario, a distance of 240 miles. The Rideau Canal passes through a part of the country between this line of road and the St. Lawrence.

"The soil of this part of Canada is good; but the country is flat, the lakes shallow, and the streams frequently sluggish, which must be necessarily accompanied, for a time, with fever and ague to a greater extent than more airy and better watered situations present. There can be no doubt, however, that the settlements already formed, and to be formed in this quarter, will prosper. Government has done much for them by public works, which can scarce fail to benefit the country, whether they do or do not effect the objects for which they were planned; and the steam communication upon the Uttawas with Montreal is already in operation.

"Returning to the St. Lawrence, we enter the Upper Province, the Uttawas here forming the boundary line. As we ascend the river, we find numerous settlers, and thousands of acres well adapted for the farmer. One of the first settlements we meet with is the Glengarry district, an extensive tract of good land, enjoying the advantages of water carriage. The language, the customs, the native courage of their Celtic sires, still distinguish the clan, though at the same time, we are afraid, accompanied by some of those less profitable traits which stamp the Highlander as more at home in wielding the claymore, or extracting mountain dew, than in guiding the ploughshare to slow but certain results. The farms are but indifferently improved, considering the advantages they have enjoyed; and much valuable time is expended in the depths of the forest, in a demi-savage life, cutting and preparing timber for the lumber merchant, which, if steadily devoted to the cultivation of the land, would certainly be attended with infinitely greater benefit, both in a physical and moral point of view.

"Very conflicting opinions exist in Canada regarding the lumber-trade, and the subject was frequently discussed at this period, from the late proposal of ministers to lower

the duties upon Baltic timber. It is certain that a large circulation is occasioned by the trade, perhaps a million sterling, in one way or another, and that it employs, during winter, many who may gain perhaps 20*l.* for their winter labour when nothing else could be done.

"To go minutely into the statistics of even the banks of the river, would far exceed the limits to which I must necessarily restrict myself Suffice it to say, that a constant succession of eligible situations present themselves for estates and farms. I was much pleased with the Matilda district, and consider it capable of great improvement. The soil is a fine mellow sandy loam, sometimes perhaps rather light, but admirably adapted for turnip husbandry and fine-woolled sheep, with numerous beautiful situations for a residence, the noble St. Lawrence ever forming a prominent feature, its surface varied by lovely wooded islands, similar to those we so justly admire on many of our British lakes. In approaching Kingston, or the east end of Lake Ontario, the river Guananoque falls into the St. Lawrence, and, at its mouth, is the establishment of Messrs. M'Donell, two brothers who came about eight years ago to the colony, and who, by steady enterprise, without original capital, have realized considerable wealth, while, along with it, they have secured the respect and esteem of all who know them. They have here, what is called in America, a valuable water privilege or fall, and have erected flour and saw-mills to a large extent. Last season they sent down to Montreal, 24,000 barrels of flour; and a friend of mine who was their agent, informed me that one of the brothers having resolved upon becoming their own agent in Montreal, it would be a loss of some hundreds a-year to his house in commission. They have a very clever cooperage worked by water, similar to the steam cooperage at Glasgow, and the articles turned out are uncommonly reasonable, substantial, and neat. I regretted much not having it in my power to form an acquaintance with these spirited colonists, more especially as they farm likewise to a large extent. The farm at Guananoque extends to 1200 acres, and the mansion-house and barns are commodious and handsome.

"Having received very encouraging accounts at Kingston, of the country along the Bay of Quinty, a deep inlet of Lake Ontario, formed by a peninsula called Prince Edward's Island, I made an excursion into that district. The scenery was pleasing, in many places very fine; and settlements are forming on every hand. The soil is partly clay, partly loam and sand, sufficiently rich to yield fifteen crops of good wheat, with impunity, in a period of twenty years. Granite, limestone, and schistus, or clay-slate, are successively met with. Wherever a stream or creek of any importance falls into the lake, there we find a mill-seat and a village growing up, the embryo, in many cases, of considerable towns.

"To the patriot or philanthropist, it is highly gratifying to remark, how the wants of the farmer and the interests of the trader or mechanic co-operate in the rapid progress of general improvement and civilization. Holywell, Sophiaburgh, and Belville are all thriving villages of this description; and many individuals are to be met with in each, who, from the humble situation of merchants' clerks, &c. are rapidly acquiring independence. The last is the county town of Hastings, which has already three churches, a court-house, and projected jail; a valuable mill-power and fine situation for houses; the high road from York to Kingston passes through it, and, altogether, it seems destined to become a place of some note. I was really astonished at the frequent calls which the steam-boat made for produce, and, ere we reached Kingston, our deck was absolutely heaped with flour barrels."—*Agricultural Journal.*

—*To be continued.*

LADY JEAN.

The Yerl o' Wigton had three dauchters,
Oh, braw walie! they were bonnie!
The youngest o' them, and the bonniest too,
Has fallen in love wi' Richie Storie.

Old Ballad.

The Earl of Wigton, whose name figures in Scottish annals of the reign of Charles II., had three daughters, named Lady Frances, Lady Grizel, and Lady Jean—the last being by several years the youngest, and by many degrees the most beautiful. All the three usually resided with their mother at the chief seat of the family, Cumbernauld House, in Stirlingshire; but the two eldest were occasionally permitted to attend their father at Edinburgh, in order that they might have some chance of obtaining lovers at the court held there by the Duke of Lauderdale, while Lady Jean was kept constantly at home, and debarred from the society of the capital, lest her superior beauty might interfere with, and foil, the attractions of her sisters, who, according to the notion of that age, had a sort of *right of primogeniture* in matrimony, as well as in what was called *heirship*.

It may be easily imagined that while the two marriageable ladies were enjoying all the delights of a third flat in one of the *closes* of the Canongate, spending their days in seeing beaux, and their nights in dreaming of them, Lady Jean led no pleasant life amidst the remote and solitary splendours of Cumbernauld, where her chief employment was the disagreeable one of attending her mother, a very infirm and querulous old dame, much given (it was said) to strong waters. At the period when our tale opens, Lady Jean's charms, though never seen in the capital, had begun to make some noise there; and the curiosity excited respecting them amongst the juvenile party of the vice-regal court, had induced Lord Wigton to confine her ladyship even more strictly than heretofore, lest perchance, some gallant might make a pilgrimage to his country-seat in order to behold her, and, from less to more, induce her to quit her retirement, in such a way as would effectually discomfit his schemes for the pre-advancement of his elder daughters He had been at pains to send an express to Cumbernauld, ordering Lady Jean to be confined to the precincts of the house and the *terrace-garden*, and to be closely attended in all her movements by a trusty domestic The consequence was, that the young lady complained most piteously to her deaf old lady-mother of the tedium and listlessness of her life, and wished with all her heart that she were as ugly, old, and happy as her sisters.

Lord Wigton was not insensible to the cruelty of his policy, however well he might be convinced of its advantage and necessity; he loved his youngest daughter more than the rest; and it was only in obedience to what he conceived to be the commands of duty, that he subjected her to this restraint. His lordship, therefore, felt anxious to alleviate in some measure the *désagrémens* of her solitary confinement; and knowing her to be fond of music, he had sent to her by the last messenger, a theorbo lute, with which he thought she would be able to amuse herself in a way very much to her mind,—not considering that, as she could not play upon the instrument, it would be little better to her than an unmeaning toy. By the return of his messenger, he received a letter from Lady Jean, thanking him for the theorbo, but making him aware of his oversight, and begging him to send some person who could teach her to play.

The Earl, whose acquirements in the philosophy of politics had never been questioned, felt ashamed of having committed such a solecism in so trivial a matter; and, like all men anxious to repair or conceal an error in judgment, immediately ran into another of ten times greater consequence and magnitude;—he gratified his daughter in her wish.

The gentry of Scotland were at that time in the custom of occasionally employing a species of servants, whose accomplishments and duties would now appear of a very anomalous character, though at that time naturally arising from the peculiar situation of this country, in respect to its southern neighbour. They were, in general, numble men who had travelled a good deal, and acquired many foreign accomplishments; who, returning to their native country after an absence of a few years, usually entered into the service of the higher class of families partly as ordinary livery men, and partly with the purpose of instructing the youth of both sexes, as they grew up and required such exercises, in dancing, music, writing, &c., besides a vast variety of other arts, comprehended in the general phrase of *breeding* Though these men received much higher wages, and were a thousand times more unmanageable than common serving men, they served a good purpose in those days, when young people had scarcely any other opportunities of acquiring the ornamental branches of education, except by going abroad. It so happened, that not many days after Lord Wigton received his daughter's letter, he was applied to for employment by one of these useful personages, a tall and handsome youth, apparently five-and-twenty, with dark Italian-looking features, a slight moustache, and as much foreign peculiarity in his dress, as indicated that he was just returned from his travels. After putting a few questions, his Lordship discovered that the youth was possessed of many agreeable accomplishments; was, in particular, perfectly well qualified to teach the theorbo, and had no objection to entering the service of a young lady of quality—only, with the proviso that he was to be spared the disgrace of a livery. Lord Wigton then made no scruple in engaging him for a certain period; and next day saw the youth on the way to Cumbernauld, with a letter from his Lordship to Lady Jean, setting forth all his good qualities, and containing among other endearing expressions, a hope that she would both benefit by his instructions, and be in the meantime content on their account with her present residence.

Any occurrence at Cumbernauld, of higher import than the breaking of a needle in embroidering, or the miscarriage of a brewing of currant wine, would have been quite an incident in the eyes of Lady Jean; and even to have given alms at the castle-gate to an extraordinary beggar, or to see so much as a stranger in the candle, might have supplied her with amusement infinite, and speculation boundless What then must have been her delight, when the goodly and youthful figure of Richard Storie alighted one dull summer afternoon at the gate, and when the credentials he presented disclosed to her the agreeable purpose of his mission! Her joy knew no bounds; nor did she know in what terms to welcome the stranger: who ran from one end of the house to the other, up stairs and down stairs, in search of she knew not what; and finally, in her transports, she shook her mother out of a drunken slumber, which the old lady was enjoying as usual in her large chair in the parlour.

Master Richard, as he was commonly designated, soon found himself comfortably established in the good graces of the whole household of Cumbernauld, and not less so in the particular favour of his young mistress Even the sour old lady of the large chair was pleased with his handsome appearance, and was occasionally seen to give a preternatural nod and smile at some of his musical exhibitions, as much as to say she knew when he performed well, and was willing to encourage humble merit. As for Lady Jean, whose disposition was equally lively and generous, she could not express in sufficiently warm terms, her admiration of his performances, or the delight she experienced from them. Nor was she ever content without having Master Richard in her presence, either to play himself, or to teach her the enchanting art. She was a most apt scholar,—so apt, that in a few days she was able to accompany him with the theorbo and voice, while he played upon an ancient harpsichord belonging to the old lady, which he had rescued from a lumber room, and been at some pains to repair. The exclusive preference thus given to music, for the time, threw his other accomplishments into the shade, while it, moreover, occasioned his more constant presence in the apartments of the ladies than he would have been otherwise entitled to. The consequence was, that in a short time he almost ceased to be looked upon as a servant, and began gradually to assume the more interesting character of a friend and equal.

It was Lady Jean's practice to take a walk prescribed by her father, every day in the garden, on which occasions the Countess conceived herself as acting up to the letter of her husband's commands when she ordered Master Richard to attend his pupil. This arrangement was exceedingly agreeable to Lady Jean, as they sometimes took out the theorbo and added music to the other pleasures of the walk. Another out-of-doors amusement, in which music formed a chief part, was suggested to them by the appropriate frontispiece of a book of instruction for the theorbo which Master Richard had brought with him from Edinburgh This engraving represented a beautiful young shepherdess, dressed in the fashionable costume of that period,—a stupendous tower of hair hung round with diamonds, and a voluminous silk gown with a jewel-adorned stomacher, a theorbo in her arms and a crook by her side,—sitting on a flowery bank under a tree, with sheep planted at regular distances around her. At a little distance appeared a shepherd with dressed hair, long-skirted coat, and silk stockings, who seemed to survey his mistress with a languishing air of admiration, that appeared singularly ridiculous as contrasted with the coquettish and contemptuous aspect of the lady. The plate referred to a particular song in a book, entitled "A Dialogue betwixt Strephon and Lydia, or the proud Shepherdess's Courtship," the music of which was exceedingly beautiful, while the verses were the tamest and most affected trash imaginable. It occurred to Lady Jean's lively fancy, that if she and her teacher were to personify the shepherdess and shepherd, and thus, as it were, to transform the song to a sort of opera, making the terrace-garden the scene, not a little amusement might be added to the pleasure she experienced from the mere music alone. This fancy was easily reduced to execution; for, by seating herself under a tree, in her ordinary dress, with the horticultural implement called a rake by her side, she looked the very Lydia of the copperplate; while Richard standing at his customary respectful distance, with his handsome person, and somewhat foreign apparel, was a sufficiently good representation of Strephon. After arranging themselves thus, Master Richard opened the drama by addressing Lady Jean in the first verse of the song which contained, besides some description of sunrise, a comparison between the beauties of nature at that delightful period, and the charms of Lydia, the superiority being of course awarded to the latter. Lady Jean, with the help of the theorbo, replied to this in a very disdainful style, affecting to hold the compliments of lovers very cheap, and asseverating that she had no regard for any being on earth besides her father and mother, and no care but for these dear innocent sheep, (here she looked kindly aside upon a neighbouring bed of cabbages,) which they had entrusted to her charge. Other verses of similar nonsense succeeded, during which the representative of the fair Lydia could not help feeling rather more emotion at hearing the ardent addresses of Strephon than was strictly consistent with her part At the last it was her duty to rise and walk softly away from her swain, declaring herself utterly insensible to both his praises and his passion, and her resolution never again to see o.

speak to him. This she did in admirable style, though, perhaps, rather with the dignified gait and sweeping majesty of tragedy-queen, than with any thing like the pettish or sullen strut of a disdainful rustic; meanwhile Strephon was supposed to be left inconsolable. Her ladyship continued to support her assumed character for a few yards, till a turn of the walk concealed her from Master Richard; when, resuming her natural manner, she turned back, with sparkling eyes, in order to ask his opinion of her performances; and it was with some confusion, and no little surprise, that on bursting again into his sight, she discovered that Richard had not yet thrown off his character. He was standing still, as she had left him, fixed immovably upon the spot, in an attitude expressive of sorrow for her departure, and bending forwards as if imploring her return. It was the expression of his face that astonished her most; for it was not at all an expression appropriate to either his own character or to that which he had assumed. It was an expression of earnest and impassioned admiration; his whole soul seemed thrown into his face, which was directed towards her, or rather the place where she had disappeared; and his eyes were projected in the same direction, with such a look as that perhaps of an enraptured saint of old at the moment when a divinity parted from his presence. This lasted, however, but for a moment; for scarcely had that minute space of time elapsed, before Richard, startled from his reverie by Lady Jean's sudden return, dismissed from his face all trace of any extraordinary expression, and stood before her (endeavouring to appear) just what he was, her ladyship's respectful servant and teacher. Nevertheless, this transformation did not take place so quickly as to prevent her ladyship from observing the present expression, nor was it accomplished with such address, as to leave her room for passing it over as unobserved. She was surprised—she hesitated—she seemed, in spite of herself, conscious of something awkward—and finally she blushed slightly. Richard caught the contagion of her confusion in a double degree; and Lady Jean, again, became more confused on observing that he was aware of her confusion. Richard was the first to recover himself and speak. He made some remarks upon her singing and her acting—not, however, upon her admirable performance of the latter part of the drama; this encouraged her also to speak, and both soon became somewhat composed. Shortly afterwards they returned to the house; but from that moment a chain of the most delicate, yet indissoluble sympathies began to connect the hearts of these youthful beings so alike in all natural qualities, and so dissimilar in every extraneous thing which the world is accustomed to value.

After this interview there took place a slight estrangement between Master Richard and Lady Jean, that lasted a few days, during which they had much less of both conversation and music than for some time before. Both observed this circumstance; but each ascribed it to accident, while it was in reality occasioned by mutual reserve. Master Richard was afraid that Lady Jean might be offended were he to propose any thing like a repetition of the garden drama; and Lady Jean, on her part, could not, consistently with the rules of maidenly modesty, utter even a hint at such a thing, however she might secretly wish or long for it. The very consciousness, reciprocally felt, of having something on their minds, of which neither durst speak, was sufficient to produce the said reserve, though the emotions of "the tender passion" had not come in, as they did, for a large share of the cause.

At length, however, this reserve was so far softened down, that they began to resume their former practice of walking together in the garden; but, though the theorbo continued to make one of the party, no more operatic performances took place. Nevertheless, the mutual affection which had taken root in their hearts experienced on this account no abatement, but, on the contrary, continued to increase. As for Master Richard, it was no wonder that he should be deeply smitten with the charms of his mistress; for ever as he stole a long, furtive glance at her graceful form, he thought he had never seen, in Spain or in Italy, any such specimens of female loveliness; and (if we may let the reader as far into the secret) he had indeed come to Cumbernauld with the very purpose of falling in love. Different causes had operated upon Lady Jean. Richard being the first love-worthy object she had seen since the period when the female heart becomes most susceptible—the admiration with which she knew he beheld her—his musical accomplishments, which had tended so much to her gratification—all conspired to render him precious in her sight. In the words of a beautiful modern ballad, "all impulses of soul and sense had thrilled" her gentle and guileless heart

> ——hopes, and fears that kindled hope,
> An undistinguishable throng,
> And gentle wishes, long subdued,
> Subdued and cherished long,

had exercised their tender and delightful influence over her; like a flower thrown upon one of the streams of her own native land, whose course was through the beauties, the splendours, and the terrors of nature, she was borne away in a dream, the magic scenery of which was alternately pleasing, fearful, and glorious, and from which she could no more wake than could the flower restrain its course on the gliding waters. The habit of contemplating her lover every day, and that in the dignified character of an instructor, gradually blinded her in a great measure to his humbler quality and to the probable sentiments of her father and the world upon the subject of her passion. If, by any chance, such a consideration was forced upon her notice, and she found occasion to tremble lest the sentiments in which she was so luxuriously indulging, should end in disgrace and disaster, she soon quieted her fears, by reverting to an idea which had lately occurred to her—namely, that *Richard was not what he seemed*. She had heard and read of love assuming strange disguises. A Lord Belhaven, in the immediately preceding period of the civil war, had taken refuge from the fury of Cromwell in the service of an English nobleman, whose daughter's heart he won under the humble disguise of a gardener, and whom, on the recurrence of better times, he carried home to Scotland as his lady. This story was then quite popular, and at least one of the parties still survived to attest its truth. But even in nursery tales Lady Jean could find examples which justified her own passion. The vilest animals, she knew, on finding some beautiful dame, who was so disinterested as to fall in love with them, usually turned out to be the most beautiful princes that ever were seen, and invariably married and made happy the ladies whose affection had restored them to their natural form and just inheritance. Who knows, she thought, but Richard may some day, in a transport of passion, throw open his coat, exhibit the star of nobility glittering on his breast, and ask me to become a countess!

Such are the excuses which love suggests to reason, and which the reason of lovers easily accepts; while those who are neither youthful nor in love wonder at the hallucination of their impassioned juniors. Experience soon teaches us that this world is not one of romance, and that few incidents in life ever occur out of the ordinary way. But before we acquire this experience by actual observation, we, all of us, regard things in a very different light. The truth seems to be, that, in the eyes of youth, "the days of chivalry" do not appear to be "gone;" our ideas are then contemporary, or upon a par with the early, romantic ages of the world; and it is only by mingling with mature men, and looking at things as they are, that we at length advance towards, and ultimately settle down in, the *real era* of our existence. Was there ever yet youth who did not feel some chivalrous impulses—some thirst for more glorious scenes than those around him—some aspirations after lofty passion and supreme excellence—or who did not cherish some pure first-love, that could not prudentially be gratified?

The greater part of the rest of the summer passed away before the lovers came to an eclaircissement; and such, indeed, was their mutual reserve upon the subject, that, had it not been for the occurrence of a singular and deciding circumstance, their appeared little probability of this ever otherwise taking place. The Earl of Home, a gay and somewhat foolish young nobleman, one morning after attending a convivial party where the charms of Lady Jean Fleming formed the principal topic of discourse, left Edinburgh and took the way to Cumbernauld, on the very pilgrimage, and with the very purpose which Lord Wigton had before anticipated. Resolved, first to see, then to love, and lastly, to run away with the young lady; his Lordship skulked about for a few days, and at last had the pleasure of seeing the hidden beauty over the garden-wall, as she was walking with Master Richard. He thought he had never seen any lady who could be at all compared to Lady Jean; and, as a matter of course, resolved to make her his own, and surprise all his companions at Edinburgh with his success and her beauty. He watched again next day, and happening to meet Master Richard out of the bounds of *Cumbernauld policy*, accosted him, with the intention of securing his services in making his way towards Lady Jean. After a few words, of course he proposed the subject to Richard, and offered a considerable bribe, to induce him to work for his interest. Richard at first rejected the offer, but immediately after, on bethinking himself, saw fit to accept it. He was to mention his Lordship's purpose to Lady Jean, and to prepare the way for a private interview with her. On the afternoon of the succeeding day he was to meet Lord Home at the same place, and tell him how Lady Jean had received his proposals. With this they parted. Richard to muse on this unexpected circumstance, which he saw, might blast all his hopes, unless he should resolve upon prompt and active measures, and the Earl of Home to enjoy himself at the humble inn of the village of Cumbernauld, where he had for the last few days enacted the character of "the daft lad frae Edinburch, that seemed to ha'e mair siller than sense."

On the morning of the tenth day after Master Richard's first interview with Lord Home, that faithful serving-man found himself jogging swiftly along the road to Edinburgh, mounted on a stout nag, with the fair Lady Jean seated comfortably on a pillion behind him. It was a fine morning in autumn, and the road had a peculiarly gay appearance from the multitude of country-people, mounted and dismounted, who seemed also hastening towards the capital. Master Richard, upon inquiry, discovered that it was the *market-day*, a circumstance which seemed favourable to his design, by the additional assurance it gave him of not being recognized among the extraordinary number of strangers who might be expected to crowd the city on such an occasion. The lovers approached the city by the west, and the first street they entered was the suburban one called Portsburgh, which leads towards the great market-place of Edinburgh. Here Richard, impatient as he was, found himself obliged, like many other rustic cavaliers, to reduce the pace of his horse to a walk, on account of the narrowness and crowded state of the street. This he felt the more disagreeable, as it subjected him and his interesting companion to the close and leisurely scrutiny of the inhabitants. Both had endeavoured to disguise every thing remarkable in their appearance, so far as dress and demeanour could be disguised; yet as Lady Jean could not conceal her extraordinary beauty, and Richard had not found it possible to part with a slight and dearly-beloved moustache, it naturally followed that they were honoured with a good deal of staring. Many an urchin upon the street threw up his arms as they passed along, exclaiming, "Oh! the black-bearded man!" or, "Oh! the bonnie leddie!"—the men all admired Lady Jean, the women Master Richard—and many an old shoemaker ogled them earnestly over his half-door, with his spectacles pushed up above his dingy cowl. The lovers, who had thus to run a sort of gauntlet of admiration and remark, were glad when they reached an inn, which Richard, who was slightly acquainted with the town, knew to be a proper place for the performance of a *half-merk marriage*. They alighted, and were civilly received by an obsequious landlady, who conducted them into an apartment at the back of the house. There Lady Jean was for a short time left to make some arrangements about her dress, while Richard disclosed to the landlady in another room the purpose upon which he was come to her house, and consulted her about procuring a clergyman. The dame of the house, to whom a clandestine marriage was the merest matter of course, showed the utmost willingness to faciliate the design of her guests, and said that she believed a clerical official might be procured in a few minutes, provided that neither had any scruples of conscience, as "most part of fouk frae the west had," in accepting the services of an Episcopal clergyman. The lover assured her that, so far from having any objection to "a government minister," for so they were sometimes termed, he would prefer such to any other, as both he and his bride belonged to that persuasion. The landlady heard this declaration with complacency, which shewed that she loved her guests the better for it; and told Richard that, if he pleased, she would immediately introduce to him the Dean of St. Giles, who, honest man, was just now taking his *meridian* in the little back garret parlour, along with his friend and gossip, Bowed Andrew, the waiter of the west port. To this Richard joyfully assented, and speedily he and Lady Jean were joined in their room by the said Dean,—a squat little gentleman, with a drunken but important-looking face, and an air of consequentiality even in his stagger, that was partly imposing and partly ridiculous. He addressed his clients with a patronizing simper, of which the effect was grievously disconcerted by an unlucky hiccup, and in a speech which might have had the intended tone of paternal and reverend authority, had it not been smattered and degraded into shreds by the crapulous insufficiency of his tongue. Richard cut short his ill-sustained attempts at dignity, by requesting him to partake of some liquor. His reverence almost leaped at the proffered jug, which contained ale. He first took a tasting, then a sip,—shaking his head between—next a small draught, with a still more convulsion-like shake of the head, and lastly, he took a hearty and persevering swill, from the effects of which his lungs did not recover for at least twenty respirations. The impatient lover then begged him to proceed with the ceremony; which he forthwith commenced in presence of the landlady and the above-mentioned Bowed Andrew; and in a few minutes Richard and Lady Jean were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

To be concluded in our next.

I regret exceedingly that the Tale of Lady Jean has been under the necessity of being halved. Such a circumstance has occurred through a miscalculation of the quantity of letter-press it would occupy.—W. C.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR. ADAM.

Perhaps no country in the world, in proportion to its size, has produced so many eminent men, who have risen from the humble ranks of life as Scotland; and no species of reading with which we are acquainted, can yield such striking instances of the value of honest perseverance, under the most adverse circumstances, as the biography of the individuals who have so distinguished themselves. A most instructive lesson of this nature is afforded us in the life of the late Dr. Adam, at one time rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and the author of a number of meritorious classic works, well known to every young man who attends our schools and colleges.

"Alexander Adam, LL.D., was born at the hamlet of Coates of Burgie, in the parish of Rafford, and county of Moray, about the month of June, 1741. His father John Adam, rented one of those small farms which were formerly so common in the north of Scotland. In his earlier years, like many children of his own class, and even of a class higher removed above poverty, he occasionally tended his father's cattle. Being destined by his parents, poor as they were, for a learned profession, he was kept at the parish-school till he was thought fit to come forward as an exhibitioner, or, as it is called in Scotland, a bursar, at the University of Aberdeen. He made this attempt, but failed, from the alledged inferiority of his acquirements, and was requested by the judges to go back and study for another year at school. This incident did not mortify the young student, but only stimulated him to fresh exertions. He was prevented, however, from renewing his attempts at Aberdeen, by the representations of the Rev. Mr. Watson, a minister at Edinburgh, and a relation of his mother, who induced him to try his fortune in the metropolis. He removed thither early in the year 1758, but, it appears, without any assured means of supporting himself during the progress of his studies. For a considerable time while attending the classes at the college, the only means of subsistence he enjoyed consisted of the small sum of one guinea per quarter, which he derived from Mr. Alan Macconochie, (afterwards Lord Meadowbank), for assisting him in the capacity of a tutor. The details of his system of life at this period, as given by his biographer, Mr. Henderson, are painfully interesting. 'He

lodged in a small room at Restalrig, in the north-eastern suburbs; and for this accommodation he paid fourpence a-week All his meals, except dinner, uniformly consisted of oatmeal made into porridge, together with small beer, of which he only allowed himself half a bottle at a time. When he wished to dine, he purchased a penny loaf at the nearest baker's shop: and, if the day was fair, he would despatch his meal in a walk to the Meadows or Hope Park, which is adjoining to the southern part of the city; but, if the weather was foul, he had recourse to some long and lonely stair, which he would climb, eating his dinner at every step. By this means all expense for cookery was avoided, and he wasted neither coal nor candles; for, when he was chill, he used to run till his blood began to glow, and his evening studies were always prosecuted under the roof of some one or other of his companions.' There are many instances, we believe, among Scottish students, of the most rigid self-denial, crowned at length by splendid success; but there is certainly no case known in which the self-denial was so chastened, and the triumph so grand, as that of Dr. Adam. Ere he had yet reached his twenty-first year he was employed as a teacher in George Watson's Hospital at Edinburgh, an institution designed for the support and education of a certain number of boys. In 1761, when he was exactly twenty, he stood a trial for the situation of head teacher in this establishment, and was successful. In this place he is said to have continued about three years; during which period, besides discharging the duties of his office, he was anxiously engaged in cultivating an intimacy with the classics—reading, with great care, and in a critical manner, the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Cicero, and Livy. At the same time he began to make a collection of books connected with the studies which he afterwards prosecuted with so much success. His views were now directed towards the Church, and it is said he was on the eve of being licensed as a preacher of the Gospel, when suddenly a prospect opened before him of becoming assistant, with the prospect of being eventually the successor of Mr. Matheson, rector of the High School It would appear that his pretensions were fortified on this occasion by the influence of Mr. Kincaid, Provost of Edinburgh, whose son he had for some time attended as tutor. It was not till 1771 that the increased infirmities of Mr. Matheson threw the whole of this charge into the hands of Mr. Adam; the retired rector was then permitted to draw the whole of the salary given by the town, (about 30*l.*) besides 20*l.* given by Mr. Adam out of the school fees, the remainder furnishing a scanty provision for the man who performed the duty.

"The time when Adam assumed this respectable office was very fortunate. Every department of knowledge in Scotland, was at this period adorned by higher names than had ever before graced it; and hence the office of Master in the principal elementary school of the country presented to a man of superior qualifications a fair opportunity of distinguishing himself. This oppurtunity was not lost upon Mr. Adam. He devoted himself with singular assiduity to his laborious duties; and, under his auspices, the school gradually increased in numbers and reputation. Soon after his appointment, he began to compose a series of works adapted to facilitate the study of the Latin language. His Rudiments of Latin and English Grammar were published in 1772, and, though composed in a style which appeared to the generality of teachers as a dreadful schism and heresy, met with the approbation of a discerning few, whose praise was sufficient to overbalance the censure of the multitude. The mind of Dr. Adam was that of a liberal; that is to say, he had more regard for new things with the appearance of much utility, than dread of forsaking old things, of which a small degree of good was ascertained with a great deal of evil. It had occurred to him that the hitherto universal practice of teaching children Latin in the language which they were yet to learn, was a solecism. He therefore had composed his grammar in English. Experience has now shewn the propriety of this course; and the same system, we believe, must speedily be adopted in all other foreign and dead languages.

"The next work of Dr. Adam is entitled, A Summary of Geography and History, but the date of the first edition is not mentioned by his biographer. In 1791 he published his excellent compendium of Roman Antiquities. For the copyright of this work he received 600*l.* His Classical Biography made its appearance in 1800, and half of the above sum was given for the copyright. Dr. Adam's last, and perhaps his most laborious work, was his Latin Dictionary, published in 1805. Towards the beginning, his illustrations are brief, but, as he proceeds, they gradually become more copious. It was his intention to add an English-and-Latin part, and to enlarge the other to a considerable extent. In this favourite plan he had made some progress at the time of his death.

"The latter part of Dr. Adam's life was considerably embittered by the political aspect of the times. It scarcely requires to be explained, that the extreme danger in which the institutions of this country were placed by the French Revolution, caused the ban of the government, and of the major portion of society, to fall upon all who had given tokens of disaffection to the existing state of things, or even of a theoretical prepossession in favour of the abstract idea of liberty. The character of Dr. Adam's mind, as already hinted, was that of a liberal in politics He thus became so obnoxious a person, that many of even those who had been his pupils could pass him by upon the street without notice It is testified, however, by his eloquent biographer, Mr. Henderson, that his character 'derived a lustre of no common kind from his deportment amidst the harassing obstructions which were raised up against his philological lessons, and from his firmness during the rage of political terrorism. He had to cope with prejudice in all its most malignant forms; yet in maintaining a contest, under which the powers of an ordinary mind would have sunk, he never absented himself from his official avocations for a single day While he thus fulfilled his duties to the public, he also continued with the utmost calmness, his extensive classical researches. This composure of mind he must have derived from no other source than a full conviction of the rectitude of those principles upon which he set out, and of the propriety of his conduct. Such a conviction must have been strengthened, and in a great measure formed by the previous habit of proving to himself, by a course of rigid self-examination, the expediency or impropriety of every act before it was committed. Exertions of this sort can only be made by a most vigorous mind. When they have been improved into regular habits, however, the great affairs of human life, become plain and easy. But how few ever attain such habits! and how seldom does the mind submit to such discipline, without much apparent effect!" We learn from the same source, that, by dint of his uncommon self-command, Dr. Adam in a great measure withdrew himself from all pretensions to a political character. He had even the fortitude to abstain in a great measure from reading newspapers; a species of publication in which, as he remarked with a pathos that must appeal to every free heart, he felt scarcely any interest after the period of the French Revolution. His modesty at length had its reward, and gained back to respect those individuals who had formerly regarded the venerable grammarian with suspicion, and perhaps with worse feelings.

"On the 13th of December, 1809, Dr. Adam was seized, in the High School, with an alarming indisposition, which had all the appearance of apoplexy. Having been conducted home, he was put to bed, and enjoyed a sound sleep, which appeared to have arrested the progress of the disease, for he was afterwards able to walk about his room. The apoplectic symptoms, however, returned in a few days, and he fell into a state of stupor. His last words marked the gradual darkening of the ray of life and intellect beneath this mortal disorder. He said, 'It grows dark, boys—you may go,' his mind evidently wandering at that moment to the scene where he had spent the better part of his life This *crepusculum* soon settled down into the night of death; he expired early in the morning of the 18th of December, 1809."—*Scottish Biographical Dictionary.* Blackie and Son, Glasgow.

PLAGUE. CHOLERA.

In the course of the last five hundred years, the island of Great Britain has been visited by PLAGUE about twelve times, at every appearance assuming peculiar characteristics, and of a virulence more or less fatal to human life. In nearly every instance, the pestilence came out of the East, from whence it progressed to the most westerly parts of Europe. During the reign of Edward III. England was visited by a most destructive pestilence, which had swept away nearly a third of the inhabitants in every country which it attacked. It was more fatal in large cities than in the country; and about fifty thousand souls are said to have perished of it in London alone. During the reign of Elizabeth, another plague visited this island. Infection was caught by the English soldiers in France; and the bad diet and fatigue of the men, adding force to its operation, it swept off vast numbers: the remainder coming home to England, they brought the infection with them, and again the city of London was subjected to its ravages. In that city alone, twenty thousand persons died in one year of this dreadful malady. A still more fatal plague visited the metropolis in the reign of James I., when in one year thirty thousand are computed to have died of it, though the whole population was then little more than one hundred and fifty thousand. In the succeeding reign of Charles I., another plague found its way to London, and committed great havock; the Parliament had in consequence to be assembled at Oxford; but it soon after visited that place. All these plagues are, however, trifling in comparison to one which visited England in the year 1665, during the reign of Charles II., and which seems to have swallowed up all recollections of the preceding. De Foe has written a history of this truly terrific pestilence, as it took place in London, but, unfortunately, he has so much dressed it up in the garb of romance, that his details are unworthy of implicit credit. The most faithful account we have of the great plague in London, is one drawn up by a person called William Boghurst, an apothecary, as it appeared under his own experience; it is now to be found in manuscript in the British Museum, among the papers of Sir Hans Sloane.

Speaking of the "Evil Signs or Presages of the Plague," the writer says, "Among these were spots of different colours, hiccough, vomiting, carbuncles or buboes, shortness of breath, stoppage of urine, drowsiness and thirstiness, contraction of the jaws, and large and extended tumours. Almost all that caught the disease with fear, died with tokens in two or three days. About the beginning, most men got the disease with fuddling, surfeiting, overheating themselves, and disorderly living.

"Tokens appeared not much till about the middle of June, and carbuncles not till the latter end of July, but were very rife in the fall about September and October, and seized most on old people, adult, choleric, and melancholy people, and generally on dry and lean bodies. Children had none. If very hot weather followed a shower of rain, the disease increased. This plague was ushered in with seven months' dry weather and westerly winds.

"Those that married in the heat of this disease (if they had not had it before) almost all fell into it in a week or a fortnight after it, both in city and country, of which most died, especially the men.

"Black men of thin and lean constitutions were heavy laden with this disease, and died, all that I saw, in two or three days. People of the best complexions and merry dispositions had least of the disease; and if they had it, fared the best under it. Pregnant females fared miserably. Strength of constitution was no safety. Death made the strongest assault upon strong bodies. All that I saw, that were let blood in the disease, if they had been sick two, three, four, five days, or more, died the same day. More of the good died than of the bad; more men than women; and more of dull complexions than fair.

"In the summer before the Plague, in 1664, there was such a multitude of flies, that they lined the insides of houses and if any thread or string did hang down in any place, it was presently thick set with flies like a rope of onions, and swarms of ants covered the highways, that you might have taken a handful at a time. Also the small-pox was so rife in our parish, that betwixt the church and the pond in St. Giles's, which is not above six score paces, above forty families had the small-pox.

"The Plague fell first upon the highest grounds; for our parish is the highest ground about London, and the best air, yet was the first infected. Highgate, Hampstead, and Acton, also shared in it.

"Those that died of the Plague, died a very easy death generally: first, because it was speedy; secondly, because they died without convulsions. They did but of a sudden fetch their breath a little thick and short, and were presently gone. So that I have heard some say, 'How much am I bound to God, who takes me away by such an easy death!'

"One friend growing melancholy for another, was one main cause of its going through a family, especially when they were shut up, which bred a sad apprehension and consternation on their spirits.

"Many women giving suck freed themselves of the Plague by their children sucking it from them; but some continued well some days, sometimes weeks, and then fell into the disease after their children were dead.

"The wind blowing westward so long together from before Christmas until July, about seven months, was the cause the Plague began first at the west-end of the city, as at St. Giles's, St. Martin's, Westminster. Afterwards it gradually insinuated and crept down Holborn and the Strand, and then into the city, and at last to the east-end of the suburbs; so that it was half a year at the west-end of the city before the east-end and Stepney were infected, which was about the middle of July. Southwark, being the south suburb, was infected almost as soon as the west-end.

"The disease spread not altogether by contagion at first, nor began only at one place, and spread further and further, as an eating, spreading sore doth all over the body, but fell upon several places of the city and suburbs like rain, even at the first, as St. Giles's, St. Martin's, Chancery Lane, Southwark, Houndsditch, and some places within the city, as at Proctor's Houses.

"Of all the common hackney prostitutes of Lutener's Lane, Dog Yard, Cross Lane, Baldwin's Gardens, Hatton Garden, and other places, the common criers of oranges, oysters, fruit, &c.; all the impudent, drunken, drabbing bayles and fellows, and many others of the Rouge Route, there are but few missing.

"Authors speak of several kinds of plagues, which took only children, others maids, others young people under thirty; but this of ours took all sorts, yet it fell not very thick upon old people till about the middle or slack of the disease, and most in the decrease and declining of the disease.

"Cats, dogs, oxen, horses, sheep, hogs, conies, all wild-beasts, hens, geese, pigeons, turkeys, &c., and all wild-fowl were free from infection.

"Great doubting and disputing there is in the world," says this author, "whether the plague be infectious or catching or not; because some think if it were infectious, it would infect all, as the fire heats, and heats all it comes near; but the plague leaves as many as it takes; thus are they gravelled at such arguments, and cannot solve their doubts; and Van Helmont thinks all people catch it by fear: and generally every one is apt to judge by his experience; for if they have been in never so little danger, and yet have escaped without catching it, they presently think the disease not infectious; and if any one may draw his conclusion from this, I have as much reason almost as any to think it is not infectious, having passed through a multitude of continual dangers *cum summo vitæ periculo*, being employed all day till ten o'clock at night, out of one house into another, dressing sores, and being always in the breath and sweat of patients, without catching the disease of any, through God's protection; and so did many nurses who were in the like danger: yet I count it to be the most subtle, infectious disease of any, and that all catch it not by fear neither, (though this doth much, as Helmont thinks,) for then children and confident people would not have the disease; but we see many of them also have it, and children especially most of any."

Such is an accurate account of the peculiarities of the plague in London. If that city and other towns in England thus suffered by these loathsome distempers, Scotland was not exempted from similar visitations. Till a comparatively recent period, this part of the island was continually suffering by "plagues, pestilence, and famine;" *dearths*, or scarcities of provisions, being ordinarily preliminary, or attendant on disorders of this nature. In the same manner that London was the chief seat of the plague in England, so Edinburgh usually suffered beyond all other towns in Scotland We find that in the reign of James IV., in 1513, (the year before the fatal battle of Flodden), Edinburgh was visited by a severe plague. On its appearance, the whole town was thrown into consternation, and the magistrates having imprudently ordered all the shops and booths to be shut for fifteen days, and neither doors nor windows to be opened within that time, but on extraordinary occasions, the malady, from such confinement of air, got leave to riot almost at will among the houses Having at length exhausted itself, as much

from the want of materials to operate upon as any thing else, it was gradually stayed, and at length disappeared. Edinburgh was not again attacked with pestilence till the year 1645, in the reign of Charles I., much about the time it affected London, Oxford, and other places This instance of plague is still spoken of with horror by the people of Scotland. It stalked across the land as a destroying angel. All business and intercourse was suspended The jails were everywhere opened, and their unhappy inmates released. Nothing stayed the visitation or modified the asperity of this dreadful scourge. The evils it produced were soon awfully enhanced by a famine, which either prepared victims for its approach, or smote them on its departure. To crown the national calamity, the country was at the very time cursed by the presence of a civil war, carried on between Charles and his Scottish subjects, and which tore society asunder. Edinburgh, Leith, Glasgow, and all the provincial towns, became objects of the utmost commiseration; the metropolis, however, and its seaport, Leith, suffered most. To such an unparalleled degree was this city spoiled by these complicated ravages, that, after the battle of Kilsyth, when Montrose threatened to reduce it to ashes, unless certain painful conditions were granted, it could with great difficulty raise sixty men capable of bearing arms! It seems that on this and similar visitations of plague to Edinburgh, the persons affected were, if possible, hurried out of the town to an hospital on the Borough-moor,—spacious downs south west from the city.

Leith, we have said, suffered jointly with Edinburgh, though at the time numbering only from four to five thousand inhabitants. This devoted town, in eight months, namely, from April till December, 1645, lost about 3000 individuals by plague; so that, as the record affectingly mentions, "the number of the dead was greater than that of the living." This prodigious mortality soon filled both the churchyards, and the bodies were hence buried in all directions in the vicinity. No coffins on these melancholy occasions were used. As soon as the last breath of the sufferers gave token of death, they were swathed in the blankets in which they happened to be lying, and committed to the earth. This, indeed, has been substantiated in recent times, by the bones of these unfortunate plague-stricken individuals being occasionally dug up, along with shreds of old fashioned plaiding, when trenching the gardens and other grounds in the neighbourhood. The great famine followed, as usual, and reduced the town to the most pitiable condition; and such was the dearth, that the Scot's Parliament gave the local authorities the power of seizing grain or food wheresoever it could be found.

The whole history of the plague, its course, and its character, are shrouded in impenetrable mystery. The disease used to enter at one end of a street and clear all before it on one side, leaving the other free of its visit for a season. It used also to be stopped by water courses, sometimes of the most trifling nature; thus, at Peebles, it took off nearly all the inhabitants on the western side of a gutter which runs across the main street, (now covered up), while those on the other side were not affected. Though in general no respecter of persons, it seems to have attacked those who had a predisposing cause of some kind, there having been some people who, notwithstanding a constant contact with it for months, never took it at all. When the plague occurred in Dundee, early in the sixteenth century, all the infected were compelled to retire from the *town*, and either reside in the suburbs or bivouack in the fields without the walls. A massive fragment of the ancient wall of the town, containing the gateway of what is called the East Port, still remains in one of the streets of Dundee. Upon the top of this, Wishart, the celebrated reformer, is said to have preached to those infected with the pestilence, who lay upon the ground below. It has survived all the rest of the wall, and was lately repaired at a considerable expense, out of reverence to the memory of Wishart. In a wild and secluded spot in Teviotdale, a considerable mound of earth is shewn, under which it is said the plague was buried. There is a singular and awful distinctness in the tradition connected with this spot. It was originally, say the people, a cottage, which contained the large family of a door shepherd. At the present time, no trace of a place of habitation is discernible; it is a plain ordinary-looking hillock, upon the surface of which the sward grows as green, and the field-daisy blooms as sweetly, as if it were not, what it is, the tomb of human misery and mortal disease. The plague was introduced into this house by a piece of finery which the shepherd's wife purchased from a wandering pedlar, and wore for some time upon her head. She was speedily seized with the dreadful distemper, and took to her bed. Some of the children also beginning to feel affected, the shepherd himself went to the nearest farm-house to seek assistance. The inhabitants of this place, alarmed in the highest degree for their own safety, rose in a body, and, instead of attempting to relieve the infected family, spread the intelligence to the neighbours, who, being equally apprehensive with themselves, readily joined them in the dreadful decision, that mercy to individuals should be postponed to a regard for the general health. With this resolution, and disregarding the intreaties of the poor shepherd, they went *en masse*, and, closing the door upon the unfortunate family, proceeded to throw up earth round and over the cottage till it was buried at least five feet beneath the surface. All the time of this operation, about half a day, the inmates, aware of their fate, cried dreadfully; and it was not till a large turf had been laid upon the top of the chimney, and a deep stratum of earth deposited over all, that their wailings were heard finally to subside The shepherd is described as having for some time gone round and round the place like one demented, uttering fearful cries, and invoking heaven to save his family, till at last, being driven away by the people, he departed from the awful scene in a state of distraction, and was never more heard of or seen in the district.

At Linlithgow, there is preserved a curious relic of the plague—namely, a coffin or box, which was used in conveying all the persons who died of that distemper to their last abode. It possesses no peculiarity of appearance, except that it seems calculated to contain a body of the largest size, and that the bottom is a lid, moving on hinges, with a pin, which serves by way of lock. The tradition of the town bears that the bodies of the dead were conveyed to their graves successively in this general coffin, and when brought over the hole, permitted to drop in, by merely withdrawing the pin. This indecorous mode of interment, so opposite to the ordinary customs of the Scottish people, presents us with a dreadful idea of this disorder, and of the hardening effect which its ravages gradually produced upon the feelings and ordinary sympathies of humanity. In Edinburgh, various superstitious ideas were cherished among the common people respecting the plague, which scourged the city in 1645. Throughout the Old Town, various places used to be shown where it was said the plague was shut up, and one in particular was pointed out as its burial-place. The former were certain old houses in Beth's Wynd, Mary King's Close, &c., the doors and windows of which were either almost or altogether buried beneath the adjacent ground, or covered up with such a thick layer of dust and mud, as it appeared they could only have contracted during the lapse of several centuries. When the old pest-houses of Beth's Wynd were removed in 1808, to make way for the extension of the Advocate's Library,—for that storehouse of learning now occupies the site of the said dwelling-places of superstition,—serious apprehensions were entertained by the gossips of the wynd, lest the plague should burst forth from its place of confinement, and do as much mischief in the neighbourhood as before it had been bound over to keep the peace. No result of any importance followed the destruction of the houses, however, except that beneath the floor of one of them, two workmen found a pot full of gold and silver coins, which had probably been buried there by an infected person, under the dread of being spoiled during his illness (which is said to have been often the case,) by the cleansers, and never recovered by the unfortunate owner. We have not learned that any other valuables were found in these houses at their demolition; but can, with not the less safety, avouch that it was customary, when a house was shut up for the plague, to leave the whole of the furniture within. We were once informed, by an aged lady, who had lived a good deal more than eighty years in Edinburgh, that when she was a girl, there were some house in the close where she resided (Allan's, first east from the Exchange,) said to be shut up on account of the plague, with all the furniture within, precisely in the same state as it had been left by the owners when they fled. Though it was known that coin, plate and other things of value were deposited in one or more of these houses, they had been permitted to remain undisturbed for a century, and might have continued shut for a much longer period, but for a particular circumstance. When the Highland army came to Edinburgh in 1745, many of the soldiers, at the risk of military punishment, as is well known, committed such acts of rapacity as to give that gallant enterprise but too much of the appearance of a predatory invasion Some, hearing of the treasures supposed to be concealed in the pest-houses of Allan's Close, and entertaining no fear of an enemy so long dead as the plague, resolved to break them open, and possess themselves of whatever they found—an innocent species of plunder, as they thought, which neither "ta law nor ta prince" could be expected to visit with the punishment promised to the robbery of the living. They did break open the houses, and, as was expected, found many valuable articles, though, contrary to the anxious apprehensions of the neighbours, no fatal consequences ensued. The plate which was all marked with engraven coats-of-arms, and the other things worth taking, were divided among the adventurers; and after the spell was thus broken, the houses were inhabited by poor people, who willingly encountered all the danger that could be supposed to remain, for the sake of a free habitation. What was very remarkable, one of the Highlanders, when the army afterwards visited Glasgow, lodged in the house of a relation of our informant, who discovered, by the arms engraved on a silver drinking cup in the man's possession, that the plundered house from which it was taken had belonged to his ancestor, and accordingly made an effort to take by force, and finally was glad to purchase, the said piece of plate, which he retained all his life afterwards as a family piece. The old lady from whom we derived this singular story, had also a tradition, that the ancestress of a certain wealthy family in Edinburgh had accumulated a vast quantity of money and things of value, by attending those who were dying of the plague, which she was enabled to do with perfect safety on account of her having had the distemper before, and being, therefore, incapable of taking it again. The sick-nurses and cleansers, it seems, were usually the heirs of the dead, and many of them, like this person, laid the foundations of vast fortunes, which were, however, it was remarked, for the most part dissipated by their immediate successors. In Stirling, such were the ravages of the distemper, that all the magistrates and town-council died The executioner also died. A mound is shown in the churchyard of Stirling as the burial place of those who perished. It is said to be a vault of stone-work, but is now covered over with soi Two particular men, who alone performed, or could perform, the duties of attending the sick, became, as is known from authentic records, proprietors of much more than the half of the town; yet, so little does this seem to have affected the distribution of property in the long run, that the only descendant of any of those two men, known to exist some years ago, was an old woman who did not possess an inch of land, built or unbuilt; and there has been, ever since the oldest inhabitants can remember, just as plentiful a variety of "lairds" at Stirling, as any other town of its extent. The memory of the circumstance is preserved by certain tenements and pieces of ground, which, though now in the hands of various proprietors, still retain the names of those who inherited them in the singular way mentioned.

One of the most picturesque anecdotes of the plague which we have collected in Edinburgh, bears that, during the calamitous period, when the town was abandoned to the rapacious and the dying, the awful silence which pervaded the streets, quite as much by day as through the night, used only to be broken, in the dusk of the evening, by a cart going through the city, attended by a man, who rung a bell, and cried with a loud and solemn voice, "Throw out your deid!" Scarcely any thing could be conceived more awful than such a ceremony, performed under such circumstances. The place in Edinburgh, where "the Plague was buried," is situated in Leith Wynd This ancient, though much modernized street, as may be known to some readers, is skirted on one side by a fragment of the wall of the city. In the inside of this memorial of a former age, the soil rises almost to the very top, and is, for the most part, employed in the capacity of a garden. Towards the bottom of the wynd, a small part of the ground seems enclosed as a sort of bleaching green, being bounded on the west by a peculiarly tall house, in which there was once a Roman Catholic chapel, (burnt by the Protestant mobs of 1779.) From the wynd, the place is marked by a bulge, and peculiar blackness in the external wall, as if occasioned by the press and nature of the mould within—and by one or two spectre-like trees, which throw their dismal forms half over the rampart, apparently bleached by the dews which would have nourished them in their younger days, and not bearing any leaves even in summer. Beneath these trees, which seem to have been brought to their marrow-bones by the dreadful juxtaposition, "lies the Plague." It was buried here, says an old female informant, "by candle light, at three o'clock in the morning, by Mr. Gusthart, minister, long ago of the Trinity or College Kirk, in presence of two witnesses, and not without ceremonies, such as praying and the like,"—the aversion of the Scottish Church to the burial service having been apparently done away with in the extraordinary case of "the Plague." What "the Plague" was, this worthy lady did not well know; but she promised to enquire. At a second visit, she informed our ignorance, that it was a thing which long ago used to come into people's houses, in the shape of long silken threads, palpable to the eye, but not to the touch, and which, flying about hither and thither in the air, cut the breaths of all with whom it came in contact. That her account of the funeral of the plague was true, she was quite certain. for she herself had been at the sewing-school, when a girl, with two Misses Gusthart, who were the grand-daughters of the minister, and who told her the story. Her great-grandfather, moreover, who died at a most advanced age, while she was very young, "had *seen* the Plague!" So there was no occasion for incredulity.

Although popular tradition points to Leith Wynd as the place of burial of many who died of the plague in Edinburgh, and although such be quite correct in point of fact, as this place formed part of the churchyard of the neighbouring collegiate church, it is fully more consistent with record to mention, that many of those who died of the distemper were buried in the Greyfriars' churchyard, in large graves, "seven fute wyde, and verie deepe." Many were also buried at the small remote chapel of St. Roque, to the south of Burntsfield Links. We are informed, by historical evidence, that this had been from early times a place of sepulture for those who were carried off by the Edinburgh plagues. Why this religious establishment should have been selected for a purpose of this kind is not adverted to by the historians of Edinburgh; and it is left for us to mention that St. Rocque, or Rochus, was long esteemed by our ancestors as the patron saint of those afflicted with pestilence. In the Breviary of Aberdeen, one of the earliest specimens of Scottish typography, we have some curious particulars regarding him. He was of foreign birth, and flourished in the fourteenth century. There is no end of the miracles he is said to have wrought, both before and after his death. "Vale, Roche angelice," concludes the Breviary, "voce citatus famine optimisti deifice a cunctus pestem pellere." At the Reformation this sainted physician lost his reputation,—the revenues of his chaplain were seized, and his chapel demolished; still the force of ancient custom remained, and the people of Edinburgh continued to inter their plague-stricken relations in the little burying-ground. But we are probably tiring our readers with these melancholy memoranda of times to which the present has too lamentable a resemblance, so we pass on to the plague of our own days.

The spasmodic cholera of modern times is evidently one of those oriental plagues which, though greatly modified in its effects, and different in its mode of attack and symptoms, has been in the same manner generated in the pestilential jungles of Hindoostan, and in the same manner has progressed a distance of eight thousand miles towards the north-west, laying every principality and power successively under contribution to its insatiate appetite. All that is known of plague and cholera is a number of isolated facts, often of a contradictory nature, and no way capable of forming a body of evidence on which any correct theory can be founded Cholera is certainly far more capricious than plague. It will travel against the wind at the rate of more than a hundred miles a-day. It despises the temperature of the atmosphere, and will malignantly frolic under a frost which withers every species of vegetation

Sometimes it keeps to a line of road, or a river, captivating town after town, as they happen to fall in its way; and at other periods it will skip over two or three towns at a time, just stooping here and there to pick up a victim, as it were, out of the mere wantonness of mischief. In our opinion, he would be a cowardly and short-sighted man who would leave a town because cholera threatened an invasion. If he fly, he may either meet it or overtake it, while all the time it has never come near the house he has left. Going to the country is utterly useless, for it may pounce upon you in an instant, though you were immersed in the innermost recess of a mountainous wilderness. In a city you are surrounded by an innumerable body of the most intelligent physicians, all acting in concert, and each contributing his solitary fact to swell the mass of useful knowledge on the subject. Under a visitation of plague, mankind might always be allowed to repine; but under a visitation of cholera, they have much to comfort them. Its general selection of victims from among the dissolute and famished, in which it entirely differs from plague; its general aversion of those of regular habits who enjoy good food and raiment; its putting to death only a third or a half of those it attacks; its premonitory symptoms or warnings; its liability to be cured by certain specific remedies; the safety with which medical men may attend it; the great chance of escaping it by retaining a perfect cheerfulness of disposition; but, above all, this remarkable fact, that in most countries which it has visited, it has not increased the amount of mortality in the aggregate, reckoning in a whole year; for it seems, in some measure, only to take those persons who would catch any sort of epidemic that happened to be going. Taking these and other peculiarities of cholera into account, it may be safely pronounced an exceedingly modified species of plague. Having already exhausted itself on the continent of Europe, it is now passing over the island of Britain, always keeping onwards towards the west. Whether, on arriving at the shores of the Atlantic, it will venture to cross that spacious sea, of three thousand miles in breadth, and will land, re-invigorated by its voyage, among the nations of America, is a problem that cannot be long in being elucidated. These lines will probably never meet the eye of a living soul in that great Western World, otherwise we would beseech its inhabitants instantly to prepare, with the manliness and intelligence of men descended from a British ancestry, for the reception of this hated scourge; and in using those means for its prevention and cure, placed by the good providence of God within the scope of their comprehension, will, in the end, we trust, oblige it to pass innocuously over their settlements.

This article has been necessarily drawn to an extraordinary length, and leaves us to regret the space which it has occupied; we, therefore, without one word of comment, conclude by offering the following advice to families, regarding the means to be used to prevent and cure the cholera now in progress, extracted from the works of the best medical practitioners:—

Cleanliness.—Personal Cleanliness is strongly recommended, and a careful removal of every source of filth which may render the air impure. Great care should also be taken to ventilate rooms and houses.

Diet.—Indigestible articles of diet, such as undressed fruits, should be avoided.

Temperance.—The abuse of spirituous liquors tends greatly to lessen the influence of remedial means, and consequently to render the disease more fatal. Temperance is therefore strongly enjoined.

Symptoms of the Disease.—The disease is preceded by languor, coldness, giddiness, and slight bowel complaint. It usually comes on with purging, vomiting, and cramp; then follow smallness of the pulse, and coldness of the skin; the features become sharp and contracted; and the eye sinks. These early symptoms are more or less felt from one to three days before the attack.

Remedial Means.—It is of the utmost importance that the premonitory or early symptoms should be attended to, and medical assistance procured as early as possible; but as the disease may occur under circumstances where medical advice cannot be immediately obtained, the following measures may be safely and beneficially employed:—All means tending to restore the circulation and maintain the warmth of the body, should be had recourse to without delay. The patient should always be immediately put to bed, wrapped up in hot blankets, and the warmth of the body should be sustained by the application of bags, containing hot salt or bran, to different parts of it. For the same purpose, stone bottles or tin canisters, filled with hot water, should be employed. Two tea-spoons full of the flour of mustard-seed mixed with half a tumbler of warm water, to be given to excite full vomiting; afterwards, a wine glass full of brandy or whiskey, mixed with hot water, will be useful. If the disease continues, from 20 to 40 drops of laudanum may be administered, along with two tea-spoons full of magnesia in peppermint water. If there be pain of the stomach, a mustard poultice ought to be applied over it. Should the symptoms not abate in a hour, or an hour and a half, the draught, with laudanum, may be repeated.

Haarlem.—We paid a sovereign for an hour's enjoyment of the organ in the Cathedral of St. Bavon, which is admitted to be the finest in the world. It has eight thousand pipes and sixty-eight stops. The largest pipe is thirty-two feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter. One of the pieces we heard represented a band with every variety of music, another, a storm of rain and thunder, the effect of which was astonishing. The loud peals of thunder seemed to roll over the building, while drops of rain beat violently on the roof. The storm gradually exhausted itself, and all was calm.—*Elliot's Letters from the North of Europe.*

Fowls.—It is, perhaps, seldom that fowls can be kept conveniently about a cottage; but, when they can, three, four, or half-a-dozen hens, to lay in *winter*, when the wife is at *home* the greater part of the time, are worth attention. They would require but little room, might be bought in November and sold in April, and six of them, with proper care, might be made to clear every week the price of a gallon of flour. If the labour were great I should not think of it; but, it is *none;* and I am for neglecting nothing in the way of pains, in order to ensure a hot dinner every day in winter when the man comes home from work. As to the *fatting* of fowls, information can be of no use to those who live in a cottage all their lives; but it may be of some use to those who are born in cottages and go to have the care of poultry at richer persons' houses. Fowls should be put to fat about a fortnight before they are wanted to be killed. The best food is barley-meal wetted with milk, but not wetted too much. They should have clear water to drink, and it should be frequently changed.—*Cobbett's Cottage Economy.*

Smoking.—The smoke of tobacco drawn into the mouth, without being inhaled into the lungs, acts powerfully on the nervous system, and produces the effects of a stupefying narcotic: hence its use among the lower orders. The chewing of tobacco has the same influence; and if the saliva be swallowed, its effects are powerful and dangerous. The powder of tobacco, called snuff, drawn into the nostrils, produces on those unaccustomed to its use immediate but momentary intoxication, along with much sickness. This baneful plant is supposed to have been introduced into England by the fleet of Sir Francis Drake, in 1586.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia.*

Anecdote of Mr. Jeffrey.—The present Lord Advocate for Scotland was the son of an under-clerk of Session, and was born in the upper part of a house in the Lawnmarket, very near the spot where the celebrated David Hume is said also to have first seen the light. The house happened to take fire at the time when the future Lord Advocate was only about a year old, and in the hurry of saving other things, the child in the garret was for a long time forgotten. When it was almost too late he was remembered, and an honest man, by trade a slater, volunteered his services in rescuing the infant from his perilous situation. With much difficulty, and no little danger, he was brought forth from the burning house, and delivered into the arms of his anxious friends. Thus was a life, which assuredly has been of some importance in Scottish literary and political history, preserved by the courage of a poor tradesman. It is pleasant to have it to record, that many years after this event, when Mr. Jeffrey had commenced his career at the bar, the poor slater, happening to get involved, by no misconduct of his own, in a ruinous series of legal troubles, applied for advice to Mr. J., who, in gratitude to his disinterested preserver, exerted himself in such a way as completely to extricate him in a very short time. We believe we may safely add, that this conduct on the part of the Lord Advocate is no more than what all who know him would expect from him under such circumstances.

The Mussulmaun's Sabbath.—As a religious rest, the Sabbath is but partially observed with Mussulmauns. The Soonies, I have remarked, pay much more attention to its institutions than the Sheahs; but with either sect, the day is less strictly kept than might have been expected from people who really seem to make religion their study and the great business of their lives. Both sects have extra prayers for the day besides the usual Namaaz, which the religious people perform with great punctuality, whether they carry their devotions to the great mosque, or offer their prayers in due form in their own abode. On the Sabbath they make it a point to bathe and change their apparel; the public offices are closed, and the shops partially shut until mid-day; the rulers,—as Kings or Nuwaubs,—distinguish the day, by not receiving their courtiers and the public visiters, as on other days. Charitable donations are likewise more bountifully dispensed from the rich to the poor on Friday. These observances serve to convince us that they believe in the constituted Sabbath; still there is not that strict respect for the holy day which could satisfy the scrupulous feelings of a Christian; the servants are quite as much employed on Friday as on any other day; the dhurzie (tailor,) dhobie (washerwoman,) and indeed the whole establishment of servants and slaves, male and female, find their work undiminished on the Sabbath. The ladies amuse themselves with cards or dice, the singing women even are quite as much in request as on other days; and all the amusements of life are indulged in without once seeming to suspect that they are disobeying the law of God, or infringing on their actual duties. Indeed, I believe they would keep the day strictly, if they thought doing so was a necessary duty: but I have often observed, that as Friday is one of their "fortunate days," works of any importance are commenced on this day; whether it be building a house,—planting a garden or a field,—writing a book,—negociating a marriage,—going a journey, making a garment, or any other business of this life which they wish should prosper. With them, therefore, the day of rest is made one of the busiest in the calendar; but I must do them the justice to say, that they believe their hearts are more pure after the ablutions and and prayers have been performed. And that as nothing, however trifling or important, according to their praiseworthy ideas, should ever be commenced without being first dedicated to God,—from whose mercy they implore aid and blessings on the labour of their hands,—they set apart Friday for commencing whatever business they are anxious should prosper. This was the excuse made by the pious Meer Hadjee Shaah.—*Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's Hindoostaun.*

The Wasp.—The manners of wasps are truly curious; but we are not about to enter upon a particular description of them. It is one quality only that we would at present mention—the power of the wasp to make *paper*. The substance of which the wasp's nest is made is actually paper; and the wasps knew how to make paper long before man did. And it is particularly worth notice, that at this very time, a new method of making paper is said to have been discovered,—namely, to make the paste (or pulp) for the paper with the fibres of rotten wood. A French gentleman, M. Brad, says, he was determined to try whether he could not devote to some useful purpose a substance which seemed so useless. He took a large quantity of rotten wood, and removed the knots and parts from it. This was then put into an oil-mill, and ground; it was watered, and afterwards put into sacks to drain off. The paste thus formed was taken to a paper manufactory and after going through the usual process, about 500 of greyish paper were produced, fit to be written on, although no glue had been applied to it. By pasting a number of sheets together he formed a pasteboard sufficiently solid and light for ordinary uses. The wasp is a paper maker, and a most perfect and intelligent one. Whilst mankind were arriving by slow degrees at the art of forming this valuable substance, the wasp was making it before their eyes, by very much the same process as that by which human hands now manufacture it with the best aid of chemistry and machinery. While some nations carved their records on wood, and stone, and brass, and leaden tablets, others more advanced wrote with a pointed instrument on wax; others employed the inner bark of trees; and others the skins of animals rudely prepared—the wasp was manufacturing a firm and durable paper. Even when the papyrus—the flag growing on the banks of the river Nile in Egypt—was by a process of art made to serve for paper, the wasp was a better artizan than the Egyptians; for the early attempts at paper-making were so rude that the substance produced was almost useless, having no firmness of texture. The paper of the papyrus was formed of the leaves of the plant, dried, pressed, and polished. The wasp alone knew how to reduce vegetable fibres to a pulp, and then unite them by a size of glue, spreading the substance out into a smooth and delicate leaf. This is exactly the process of paper making. It would seem that the wasp knows, as the modern paper-makers know, that the fibres of rags are not the only materials used in the formation of paper. She employs other vegetable matters, converting them into a proper consistency by her laborious exertions. In some respects she is more skilful even than our paper-makers; for she takes care to keep fibres of a sufficient length by which she renders her paper as strong as she requires. Many manufacturers of the present day cut their material into small bits, and thus produce a rotten article. One great distinction between good and bad paper is its toughness; and this difference is produced by the fibre being long, and therefore tough, or short, and therefore easily pulled to pieces.

A Judgment of God.—It was upon one of these occasions, when Jeroboam stood by his altar at Beth-el, that God sent a prophet from Judea to rebuke the idolatrous monarch, and to predict the overthrow of that very altar, by a prince of David's line called Josias. Jeroboam, incensed at the insolence of the speaker, stretched out his hand to arrest him, but he had scarcely done so when the arm withered, and he was unable to draw it back. Alarmed, rather than conscience-struck by the judgment, Jeroboam entreated the prophet to pray for him, which was done, and the use of his arm restored; but the king took no further notice of the prophet's rebuke, except by inviting him to his house with the promise of a reward. This however the stranger declined, declaring that God had positively forbidden him to eat or drink within the bounds of the impious kingdom, and that even to return by the way which he had followed in coming was prohibited. He accordingly mounted his ass, and leaving the assembly to think what they might, took a new direction homewards.—*History of the Bible.*

Unnatural Characters in Fiction.—No character can enter a human imagination which is not within the compass of Nature's possibility, but there is much in Nature which has never entered the imagination. What imagination ever conceived any thing so outrageous as Jack Mitford's acknowledgment that his love of gin was so great, that if his soul were on one table and a gin-bottle on the other, he would barter the former for the latter?

Cats.—We are informed by Browne, in his *Natural History of Jamaica*, that cats are considered a very dainty dish among the negroes; and Goethe, in his *Rifleman's Comrade*, says,—"At Palermo, some of the soldiers caught a cat belonging to a convent, and having skinned the carcass, it was cut into pieces, and soaked twenty-four hours in vinegar, then anointed with garlic and honey, until the strong flavour had left it, after which it formed an excellent *fricassee*. To be serious," continues our author, "I can assure my readers that the flesh of a well-fed cat is extremely good. It is indeed, (presuming her to be properly dressed,) not only agreeable in taste, but actually a dainty; and it is imagination and prejudice alone which protect the feline race amongst us from the uses of the gastronomic art."—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*

—[The people of Palermo have a right to exercise their own taste in cooking and eating the gigots of cats, and I shall not quarrel with them for doing so; for my part, I prefer to stick to our good old Scottish fare, and would recommend all my readers to do the same.]

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RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

I AM fond of a walk through an ancient library, in which the long dim vista is partially illuminated by coloured streaks of light darted through the painted windows, so as to leave the room, here and there, in gloomy shade. How awful and sublime it is to plant one's self in the midst of this dignified silence, with a sombre Gothic roof overhead, and where, all around you, is built up the concentrated knowledge of man! How solemn the reflection, that, here, you stand the only living soul—the only being that breathes, and has power to speak, and can use a pen with his fingers; while, standing so near you, there are thousands of disembodied authors, whose mortal frames have long since sunk into the dust, to which you yourself must ere long be also carried! How transcendent was the idea! how Godlike was the invention! of transferring the greatest minds of the past and passing ages into books so that, at the distance of hundreds of years, their successors on this ever-shifting stage are enabled to receive their instructions as fresh as from their living lips. How sweet and edifying is the converse which may be held amidst the chequered lights of such a chamber, with the sages of other years! How superior is such an enjoyment to those procured from many of the vain frivolities of the passing world! With what thankfulness do I lay down my friendly monitor!—with what reverence do I commit the instrument of his instruction to its little receptacle, there to remain till again consulted by some similar visitor, probably a century after I shall have joined the spirit with whom I have been meditating There is something agreeable to the feelings of a living visitor, in these occasional researches amongst the volumes of almost neglected libraries. In the delight of drawing forth and consulting some volume, upon which the dust of years has been permitted to repose, the visitor, if himself engaged in the task of diffusing knowledge by the press, is apt to reflect that, when his works are perhaps consigned to a place in the range of volumes, he may be indebted to some similar enthusiast for the compliment of having *his own dust* swept away, and his instructions brought once more into actual use. While he is gratifying, as he half supposes, the unseen spirits of the place, he reflectively gratifies himself.—Having lately sauntered, in the mood of mind now described, through a large library of neglected books, I was impressed with the idea, that, to take up a dust-covered volume at random, and communicate to the present generation some part of whatever wisdom it contained, would not only be an act of homage from the living to the dead, in itself highly commendable, but might be attended with much benefit At the bottom of a neighbouring pilaster lay a tattered volume, of old-fashioned appearance, which seemed to be so much despised, as not to be conceived worthy of a place on the shelves; this, I thought, is a favourable specimen with which to commence my experiment. I therefore took it up, brushed off its coat of dust, and found it to be entitled, "Thoughts, Moral and Divine, upon Various Subjects, by Wellins Callcott, Gent., London." The reader will be able, after perusing the following extract from its pages, to say whether my resolution be one worthy of being pursued any farther: but, in the meantime, I must express my own admiration of the fine strain of moral feeling which pervades the passage which follows, as well as the simple grandeur of its style. Probably, every successive week, I shall present to my readers a short piece of solemn or pious composition, equally calculated to fill their minds with virtuous or sacred reflection The subject is *Honour*.

"The nearest way to honour, is, for a man so to live that he might be found to be that in truth he would be thought to be. 'Tis honourable to support the glory of one's ancestors, by actions which correspond with their reputation; and it is also glorious to leave a title to one's descendants which is not borrowed from our predecessors; to become the head and author of our own nobility; and (to use the expression of Tiberius, who was desirous of hiding the defect of birth in Curtius Rufus, though otherwise a very great man) to be born of one's own self.

"True honour is seated in the soul. It rises from a generous heart, and flows with a natural and easy descent into all the different traces of life and channels of duty, refreshing, invigorating, and adorning all the faculties of the soul, the language of the tongue, the very air of the face, and motions of the body. It displays itself in a natural unaffected greatness and firmness of mind, improved by a train of wise and religious reflections, and generous actions, in which personal virtue and real merit truly consist The Jewish Cabalists had a pretty allegory to express this truth, as founded in the original make and frame of nature. They tell us, that when Moses describes the great river of Eden branching out into four streams, we are to understand by paradise the mind or soul of man The river was this original fountain of truth and virtue, arising from the very root and essence of the soul, and branching out into the four cardinal virtues, and all the other lower degrees and kinds of virtue—even the inferior morals of affability, politeness, good nature and good manners; and that, in short, there lies hid in the root of every human soul, however defaced by ignorance and deformed by vice, a fund of good, an oracle of truth, which, when assisted by a happy concurrence of external causes, such as, particularly, the structure of the organs and the texture of the blood and spirits, will, by due culture and discipline, naturally exert itself into a train of great, generous, and beneficent actions, suitable to the original grandeur and dignity of its nature. This, in the present debased state of human nature, lies very often buried under the ruins of ignorance and vice, like valuable coins, medals, statues, pillars, and other beautiful ornaments of architecture; or, to speak more properly, that order, symmetry, and proportion, which were as the soul of the structure, lie buried under the ruins of a once famous and magnificent building. Hence it comes to pass, that many an excellent genius is lost to the world—lies hid amongst the rubbish of mankind; who, with proper assistance, due culture, and in a happy situation, might have done honour to human nature, and been a public blessing to mankind. A man of honour, considered in this light, performs not only all the acts of virtue in public and private life, but does them with a peculiar propriety and dignity of behaviour, as the connoisseurs in writing, painting, music, architecture, or even dress, execute even the justest designs, not only with proportion and truth, but with such decorations, embellishments, and graces, as naturally flow from a fine taste, and an improved understanding. This alone, in high life, makes glorious princes, illustrious heroes, gallant commanders, vigilant magistrates, and honourable counsellors; and, in the lower degree of social life, indulgent husbands, tender fathers, affectionate friends, merciful landlords and masters, faithful tenants and servants; and executes all the relative duties of life with justice and honour. This is the true and real virtue, the only proper foundation of all the honourable distinctions among men in all the different stations of life. The bulk of mankind are caught by noise and show. The pompous sound of titles and glitter of ornaments strike their senses, attract their attention, raise their admiration, and extort from them all that reverence and regard which are due only to eminent and distinguished merit; while real virtue and true honour pass silently through the world, unheeded and unregarded, but by the happy discerning few who are sensible of its merit, or enjoy the blessed communication of its influence When those glorious spirits, whom Providence has appointed to be our guardians and protectors in this present state of imperfection and probation, survey the disordered state of human nature, agitated by blind passions, prejudiced by false opinions, into erroneous conclusions and wild pursuits, they view us with the same light, and with the same emotions of compassion and charity, as Monroe did his lunatic patients in Bedlam, who miscall and misapply almost every instance in which their duty and happiness is concerned. To those blessed intelligences, the silent life of a generous, compassionate, beneficent man, is more truly honourable than the pageantry of princes, the pomp of conquerors, and all the glorious impertinence of state. To them, an obscure good man, doing secret acts of charity, relieving the distressed, comforting the miserable, and approving himself, by habits of piety and devotion, to the great Author of his being, appears more truly glorious than the conqueror at the head of an hundred thousand men. To them the man of Ross appears in a fairer light in the Book of Remembrance, and will ever make a much more illustrious figure at the last great day, than Alexander, or Cæsar, or William the Conqueror, though a Christian. For to do good, to be lovers of mankind, to alleviate the distresses, and promote the peace and happiness of our fellow-creatures, is the highest honour, the noblest ambition, that can enter into the heart of man. But the greatest part of mankind judge quite otherwise. Noise and show, title and equipage, glitter and grandeur, constitute the whole idea of honour; and whoever can command an interest sufficient to procure, and an affluence sufficient to support them, becomes thereby not only a man of honour, but even a subordinate fountain of honour to others."

BURNS'S "JOLLY BEGGARS."

THE scene of the "Jolly Beggars" was an hostel in Mauchline of the lowest possible description, to which beggars and vagrants resorted for lodging and food. It was adapted for the entertainment of such characters only, and no other sort of persons ever entered it, excepting, perhaps, such wags as Burns himself, when bent upon amusement, and desirous of seeing the lowest scenes which human nature can exhibit.

At the time Burns composed his poem, there were several houses of this kind in the country. At that period there were infinitely more beggars than at present, and their lodging-houses were of course more numerous. Begging might be said to have been then a much better trade, partly on account of the greater hospitality of the times, and partly by reason of its professors being generally useful in retired places, as news-venders, as tale-tellers, and occasionally as smugglers The "randie gangrel bodies" of 1785 were therefore a more opulent and riotous class than those of the present degenerate days They could afford to spend between ten and twenty shillings in a week upon the pleasures of a lodging-house, and to sit at their liquor from Saturday night till Tuesday or Wednesday morning; not that a lodging-house was preferred before other places of abode—as indeed a farmer's stable, loft, or outhouse with a good supper before bed, and their "parritch" in the morning when they rose, was invariably a more delectable object, as being perfectly eleemosynary—but it was generally made a fixed point among them, to taste the luxuries of "Poosie's" hovel at least once a-week, if funds were answerable, in order to refit for the next

campaign, and see their friends. The regularity of their meetings may be authenticated from Burns's own words: "In Poosie Nansie's held *the* splore;" the use of the definite article indicating that it was a constant custom.

The person who supplies the information contained in this article happened, about the year 1794, to be personally intimate with the scenes so inimitably described in the poem, it being part of his duty as a citizen-constable, to visit, every night, the house to which the Jolly Beggars resorted, to see that every thing was quiet and orderly. To the admirers of the Cantata it may be interesting to have a more minute account of this scene in every particular than Burns has given; and though his sketch must fall infinitely short of the poet's outline, he will at least pledge himself to give a faithful transcript of his own recollections.

Poosie Nansie's cottage was a ruinous hovel of one story, with the thatch broken in several places, so that the family were sometimes blessed with the dews of Heaven in the most direct manner. From without, the house appeared to have two windows, one at each side of a low oval-shaped door; so that the contour of the whole bore no small resemblance to the visage of a cat; the two chimneys rising from the roof being supposed to represent the erect ears of the animal. On entering, you were not troubled with the ceremony of an inner-door, nor was there any extent of lobby to traverse. About one yard forward from the outer-door, on turning the corner of a small projection, the whole scene lay exposed to view. One end of the tenement was the room common to all. The price of lodging in this part of the domicile was one penny. The accommodations were of course by no means elegant. Here there was no form of beds; but merely a common heap of straw, of which a couch could be made by the guests themselves, according to their own pleasure, or the means they possessed of dressing it The straw was squalid to the utmost degree, and cnopped so small, by long service, that it was more like chaff than straw. However, a covering of "orra duds" made it quite as pleasant as if it had been less equivocal in its appearance. The chimney stood out from the gable of this apartment, like a pulpit, and almost as large. Here in the evenings, an immense fire was lighted, where Poosie herself—an old, bearded dame—was eternally engaged in cooking, and round which all the wretches gathered, to drink their "dear Kilbagie," &c. The furniture consisted of the merest fragments,—*stools*, originally quadruped, degraded into tripods, and even in some instances, into bipeds,—a long deal *table* with turned legs, one limb *tethered* to the other to keep the whole from straggling, and propped into a horizontal position by supplementary peats,—*pots* that, in the course of time, had come to answer completely the fanciful description of the Irishman, "wanting feet, ears, and cheeks, with a hare-lip into the bargain,"—even the articles of *stoneware* seemed to be in the most dilapidated condition; the most of them had ceased to be vessels of quantity, and become mere shreds of plain surface; or if a hollow was attained, it was only at the expense of a larger vessel; for instance, a cup was perhaps fashioned out of the larboard side of a tureen.

Such was the apartment of Poosie Nansie's house, in which lodging was to be had at the low price of one penny. This was the House of Commons: now for the House of Peers! The House of Peers was the *spence*, or better part of the dwelling, in which the more respectable sort of beggars were deposited, apart from the vulgar throng. A division was accomplished by means of a partition formed of straw, curiously wattled and mixed with clay. The accommodations here were considerably superior to those of the meaner apartment. Here there were actually beds! — beds formed of straw, it is true, but yet possessed of the inestimable advantages of a species of covering like horse-rugs. Here there were also chairs, generally with bottoms, and sometimes even with backs. One side of the Chamber of Peers was entirely occupied by two ranges of beds in tiers; and "the kipples" in this part of the house were covered with a firm footing, and filled with receptacles like "chicken-cavies" ranged all round, which were accessible from below by an infirm trap-stair, fashioned like a hen's ladder. The price of lodging in this magnificent quarter was twopence.

But what avails it to describe the mere externals of the immortal Poosie Nansie's hostelry, if its internal economy, its wonderful inmates, and its glorious "splores," are to remain undelineated? Oh, for the pen of Burns, to fill up the exquisite outline which he has left us,—to paint a Saturday night scene in all its depth and breadth of colouring, and with that minute faithfulness of touch so necessary to a general comprehension of the whole! Alas, the only hand that could do it justice is torpid and forgetful of its cunning! The sun himself is set, and a dim "gloamin" alone remains, capable of throwing but little light upon the subject We have promised, however, to do our best.

As the approach of night calls home all the creatures of animated nature to rest and enjoyment, so, in these good old times, did Saturday night, the sunset of the week, bring to roost all the stray sons of poverty, bent upon compensating, by the festivity of one night, the contumelies, the wanderings, the hunger, cold, pain, and abstinence, of the rest. On that evening, therefore, whole fleets of mendicants might be seen thronging the roads, bound for Poosie Nansie's, to "haud the splore," and pouring in at all the "town-ends" in Mauchline. The oval-shaped door we have described received them within its *crater*, as the bung-hole in the genie's cask, in the *Arabian Night's Entertainments*, received the vapour into which the fisherman had caused him to dissolve himself. Then would there be recognitions of acquaintance, and the most ceremonious shaking of hands imaginable; for they were always ceremonious, till such time as the ice of politeness was thawed by the genial warmth of a few preliminary drams; when, of course, there was a greater community of friendly feeling throughout. But not more wonders in the dissolution of ceremony did Poosie's Kilbagie achieve, than did her large pulpit-looking fire round which they gathered, in respect of relaxing with equally potent heat the cripple limbs of the company. It was truly amazing to witness the miracles wrought by Poosie's wonderful fire. The miserable wretch who perished with the rheumatism, and walked double through the week, was cured in an instant, as if the demon of the disease had fled from his bones on coming within the influence of a spell. The "po-or ou-ld bli-nd man," who had howled forth the terrible circumstances of his condition, vexing the ears of the lieges, for six long days, suddenly opened his eyes to the blessings before him, as if he had only awoke from a long sleep. The "poor sailor lad," too, who had lost an arm with Rodney, on the glorious 12th of August, 1782, seemed suddenly to forget all the effects of the engagement, and, in the twinkling of a handspike, the long deceased limb sprang from the jacket, into all its pristine health and vigour. More astonishing resurrections than even that took place. Legs accustomed to "limp wi' the spavie," recovered their vigour and proportion. Legs grew down from trunks formerly detruncated, and arms sprang from shoulders erst apparently stumps. Immense blotches that, in week days, excited the commiseration of the charitable, in the character of plague spots upon the skin, at once disappeared, "and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind." The man "with a brown leg and a blue one," who had "had the black scurvy in Jamaica, and come home a poor helpless object," became in a moment the soundest and liveliest man in the company; and the wretch who trembled through the week between two crutches, as if every part of his body were taking leave of the other, now shivering with the ague, and at other times agonized by the cramp, threw by his wooden friends and was "himself again." In short, the transformations and cures accomplished at Poosie Nansie's fireside, were miraculous and manifold. Suffice it to say, that the blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spoke, (nay, "ranted and sang,") the lame walked—and *all drank*. In the latter department, there was not a single inefficient member.

No sooner were the window shutters of night all fairly closed in, and every thing snug, than the festivities of the evening commenced. Tea was paraded by the females of the company, and drunk from *luggies*, *caups* and *tinnies*, all of them vessels not easily broken. Fowls and pieces of meat were sometimes produced from secret wallets, and bacon ham was no unusual dish; all of which were hastily prepared by frying,—for they had no delicacy of taste in cooking. To these were added savoury messes, consisting of cold meat, eggs, hares, and other articles of food the most incongruous in association, seasoned highly with salt, pepper, onions, and occasionally garlic. As soon as the feast was pretty well over—for it never could be said to be altogether done—the fiercer debaucheries began, and the hostess was in perpetual demand for supplies of more liquor. Nansie did not retail spirits herself, but procured what was wanted from a neighbouring shop, where she was allowed a small emolument for her custom, which she contrived to increase not a little by cheating her guests of an enormous commission (in kind) for her trouble Kilbagie was then sold so low as one penny per gill;* of course it was quite possible to get completely intoxicated for four pence. Over this stuff they were wont to carouse till midnight, when the mirth and fun generally grew so fast and furious, that nothing could contain them, and their joy could only find vent in the confusion of a dance, or a squabble. If the former amicable method chanced to be adopted, the floor was cleared in an instant for action. The whole of Nansie's furniture was promiscuously huddled into a corner, and to it they set, men, women, and children, like a parcel of infuriated Bacchanalians, tossing their limbs wildly about, and using gesticulations, and *setting* into attitudes, that no language can paint. After tiring of this exercise, they would again sit down to deep debauch, and drink till morning light, about which time all that had survived the soporific effects of the liquor, were commonly engaged in a Polymachia, or battle general; which exertion was for the most part quite as effectual in laying the company low, as the Kilbagie. They seemed to fight themselves out, in short; and one by one dropped from the scene, till not a combatant was left. All were on the floor, dead, flat, and peaceable. Sunday morning, which, rising in Scotland, finds all nature reduced to a state of perfect calm, usually found the inmates of Poosie Nansie's hotel in the same circumstances. All was quiet; but it was the quiet of desolation The whole apartment seemed strewn with the ruins of the human race,—"reliquiæ Danaum,"—a heterogeneous chaos of carcasses, heads, arms, women, children, wooden legs, and other fragments of humanity, together with the no less disabled pieces of Nansie's furniture, that were in every respect analogous to the strange beings who used them on the preceding evening.

Through the course of Sunday, it was observed that the inmates of Nansie's mansion were wonderfully quiet and orderly. If the weather was good, many put off the day by sitting upon turf seats at the door, smoking and talking; while the children lay half naked upon the green, amusing themselves with every species of feat and play, like Nereids sporting on the azure wave. In proportion as the debauch or battle of the preceding evening had been fierce and fatal, the conversations of Sunday were harmonious, and the harmony universal. Whatever were the injuries received in the fray, none of them were remembered. It seemed to be then the general wish that an amnesty should be agreed upon, and no revenge taken for former aggressions. At the close of night, however, the splore was again commenced with considerable briskness. But the festivities of this evening never reached within many degrees of their Saturday-night jollifications, in intenseness of enjoyment, or obstreperousness of mirth,—partly for the sake of decorum, partly on account of low finances, and principally because their spirits, which, suppressed through the week, burst out into the most violent expression on Saturday night, were so far exhausted by the first overflow, that little material remained to be expended upon the second. On Monday morning, it was a rich sight to see the crapulous wretches take their departure from Mauchline, with empty wallets, sore heads, and sneaking aspects,—so completely spent in every respect by the excesses they had committed, that their wretched appearance looked a thousand times more wretched; and what had formerly seemed only ruins of humanity was now the wreck of ruins.

* Kilbagie was the greatest distillery of spirituous liquors at that time in Scotland. There were then so few others, that more usquebæ was produced there, than at all the rest together. It was not of the best quality; but it was the cheapest to be had—and that was a sufficient reason for its being a favourite with Poosie Nansie's clubs.

OLD SCOTTISH MODE OF DISCOVERING MURDER.

In tracing the customs of our ancestors, we alternately pity their superstitious usages, and are amused at the credulity of the legislature, in continuing absurdities which would now be scoffed at even by children. There was a superstitious notion once exceedingly prevalent, regarding the discovery of the murderer by the touch of the dead body. In Germany, this experiment was called *bahr recht*, or the law of the bier, because, the murdered body being stretched upon a bier, the suspected person was obliged to put one hand upon the wound, and the other upon the mouth of the deceased, and, in that posture, call upon heaven to attest his innocence. If, during this ceremony, the blood gushed from the mouth, nose, or wound, a circumstance not unlikely to happen in the course of shifting or stirring the body, it was held sufficient evidence of the guilt of the party. The same singular kind of evidence was admitted in the Scottish Criminal Courts, at the short distance of little more than a century. Fountainhall relates a most dreadful instance of this perversion of jurisprudence The case was that of Philip-Stanfield, tried upon the 30th November, 1687, for cursing his father, (which, by the Scottish law, is a capital crime, Act 1661, chap. 20,) and for being accessary to the murder. Sir James Stanfield, the deceased, was a person of melancholy temperament; so that, when his body was found in a pond near his own house of Newmilns, he was at first generally supposed to have drowned himself. But the body having been hastily buried, a report arose that he had been strangled by ruffians, instigated by his son Philip, a profligate youth, whom he had disinherited, on account of his gross debauchery. Upon this rumour, the Privy Council granted warrant

to two surgeons of character, named Crawfurd and Muirhead, to dig up the body, and to report the state in which they should find it Philip was present on this occasion, and the evidence of both surgeons bears distinctly, that he stood for some time at a distance from the body of his parent; but, being called upon to assist in stretching out the corpse, he put his hand to the head, when the mouth and nostrils instantly gushed with blood. This circumstance, with the evident symptoms of terror and remorse exhibited by young Stanfield, seems to have had considerable weight with the jury, and is thus stated in the indictment:—"That his (the deceased's) nearest relatives being required to lift the corpse into the coffin, after it had been inspected, upon the said Philip Stanfied touching of it, *(according to God's usual mode of discovering murder,)* it bled afresh upon the said Philip; and that thereupon he let the body fall, and fled from it in the greatest consternation, crying, 'Lord have mercy upon me!'" The prisoner was found guilty of being accessory to the murder of his father, although there was little more than strong presumptions against him. It is true, he was at the same time separately convicted of the distinct crimes of having cursed his father, and drunk damnation to the monarchy and hierarchy. His sentence, which was to have his tongue cut out, and hand struck off, previous to his being hanged, was executed with the utmost rigour. He denied the murder with his last breath. "It is," says a contemporary judge, "a dark case of divination, to be remitted to the great day, whether he was guilty or innocent. Only, it is certain he was a bad youth, and may serve as a beacon to all profligate persons."

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

The exceedingly ingenious invention of printing with metal types, on paper, was first brought to light in Germany, a country lying near the heart of the continent of Europe, and most remarkable in the history of mankind for having furnished not only this, but some other very important improvements in the mechanical arts. Until this invention took place, in the course of the fifteenth century, no nation in the world possessed a distinct knowledge of its neighbour, or was even acquainted with its own internal properties All communications had to be effected by means of writing, or by special messengers, and the knowledge gleaned by one generation ran always a risk of being lost to those which came after it, for want of a permanent medium of communication. To investigate properly, says Hansard, the origin of printing, it is necessary to carry our research to a period far more remote than that at which the art became applicable to the making of books. The early inhabitants of the earth would naturally desire to perpetuate their useful discoveries, as well as the important events of their time; and it may be therefore fairly presumed, that they had some mode of communicating their ideas to succeeding generations before the invention of an alphabet. The scanty traditions received concerning the antediluvians do not enable us to come to any determination relative to their proficiency in communicating the transactions of their time; whether, therefore, they employed stamps of any kind, or had any means whatever of transmitting knowledge, except by oral tradition, we have neither history nor relics to inform us. But that period which immediately followed the Deluge, and which some chronologers have termed the second age of the world, affords convincing proofs of the art of forming impressions being then practised; and most probably with a view to propagate science—to inculcate special facts—and as a general means of preserving to posterity certain useful memorials. Purposes such as these, it is reasonable to conclude, were contemplated by the ancient Chaldeans when they stamped, or printed, their tiles or bricks with various figures, hieroglyphics, or inscriptions. In some instances, these ancient specimens seemed to have been sun-baked; yet, for the most part, they appear kiln-burnt to a surprising degree of hardness, even to partial vitrification. Of such materials was built the original city, and celebrated tower of Babylon; and although a period of four thousand years has rolled away since the construction of the superb metropolis, whose name they bear still, even to the present day do the Babylonian bricks, which have supplied the antiquary and orientalist with so many curious subjects for reflection and discussion, continue to be found. The great city—"whose towers, whose temples, and whose palaces, were built with brick dried in the sun, or baked in the furnace," and whose walls were ornamented with animals modelled to resemble life, richly painted in their natural colours upon the bricks of which they were composed and into which they were afterwards burnt—what inexhaustible emotions must the spectacle of operose splendour presented by the real pile, at the zenith of its glory have excited! And what must reasoning creatures think of human grandeur, looking now at the bald and desolate site that once boasted such a display of sumptuous edifices—such a gorgeous scene of civic ostentation!

[The foregoing is offered as the first of a series of short papers on the origin, progress, and *perfection* of the art of printing with metal types. This has been one of the noblest inventions of man and, I think, by far too little is generally known of it. The mass of curious and instructive particulars before me on this interesting subject is very considerable, consisting of the very best works and papers on printing. I design to trace the invention through its preliminary stages—to describe how it was finally brought to light—the first books printed—the earliest foreign and British printers—the original and improved presses—the modern improvements—ending with what may be called the sublimation of the art, in printing sheets by steam at the rate of some thousands in the hour. In the latter department I shall be assisted by an intelligent practical printer.]

LADY JEAN.

Concluded from No. I.

When the ceremony was concluded, and both the clergymen and the witnesses had been satisfied and dismissed, the lovers left the house, with the design of walking forwards into the city. In conformity to a previous arrangement, Lady Jean walked first, like a lady of quality, and Richard followed closely behind, with the dress and deportment of her servant. Her ladyship was dressed in her finest suit, and adorned with her finest jewels, all which she had brought from Cumbernauld on purpose, in a mail or leathern trunk—for such was the name then given to the convenience now entitled a portmanteau. Her step was light, and her bearing gay, as she moved along,—not on account of the success which had attended her expedition, or her satisfaction in being now united to the man of her choice, but because she anticipated the highest pleasure in the sight of a place whereof she had heard such wonderful stories, and from a participation in whose delights she had been so long withheld. Like all persons educated in the country, she had been regaled in her infancy with magnificent descriptions of the capital,—of its buildings that seemed to mingle with the clouds,—its shops, which apparently contained more wealth than all the world beside,—of its paved streets, (for paved streets were then wonders in Scotland,)—and above all of the grand folks who thronged its Highgates, its Canongates, and its Cowgates—people whose lives seemed a perpetual holyday, whose attire was ever new, and who all lived in their several palaces. Though, of course, Edinburgh had then little to boast of, the country people who occasionally visited it did not regard it with less admiration than that with which the peasantry of our own day may be supposed to view it now that it is something so very different. It was then, as well as now, the capital of the country, and, as such, bore the same disproportion in point of magnificence to inferior towns, and to the country in general. In one respect, it was superior to what it is at the present day,—namely, in being the seat of government and of a court. Lady Jean had often heard all its glorious peculiarities described by her sisters, who, moreover, sometimes took occasion to colour the picture too highly, in order to raise her envy, and make themselves appear great in their alliance and association with so much greatness. She was, therefore, prepared to see a scene of the utmost splendour—a scene in which nothing horrible or paltry mingled, but which was altogether calculated to awe or to delight the senses.

Her ladyship was destined to be disappointed at the commencement, at least, of her acquaintance with the city. The first remarkable object which struck her eye, after leaving the inn, was the high *bow*, or arch, of the gate called the West Port. In this itself there was nothing worthy of particular attention, and she rather directed her eyes through the opening beneath, which half disclosed a wide space beyond, apparently crowded with people. But when she came close up to the gate and cast, before passing, a last glance at the arch, she shuddered at the sight then presented to her eyes. On the very pinnacle of the arch was stuck the ghastly and weatherworn remains of a human head, the features of which, half flesh half bone, were shaded and rendered still more indistinctly horrible by the long dark hair, which hung in meagre tresses around them. "Oh, Richard, Richard!" she exclaimed, stopping and turning round, "what is that dreadful looking thing!"—"That, madam," said Richard, without any emotion, "is the broken remnant of a west country preacher, spiked up there to warn his countrymen who may approach this port, against doing any thing to incur the fate which has overtaken himself. Methinks he has preached to small purpose, for yonder stands the gallows, ready, I suppose, to bring him some brother in affliction."—"Horrible!" exclaimed Lady Jean; "and is this really the fine town of Edinburgh, where I was taught to expect so many grand sights? I thought it was just one universal palace, and it turns out to be a great charnel-house!"—"It is indeed more like that than any thing else at times," said Richard; "but, my dear Lady Jean, you are not going to start at this bugbear, which the very children, you see, do not heed in passing."—"Indeed I think, Richard," answered her ladyship, "if Edinburgh is to be all like this, it would be just as good to turn back at once, and postpone our visit till better times."—"But it is not all like this," replied Richard; "I assure you it is not. For Heaven's sake, my lady, move on. The people are beginning to stare at us. You shall soon see grand sights enough, if we were once fairly out of this place. Make for the opposite corner of the Grassmarket, and ascend the street to the left of that horrible gibbet. We may yet get past it before the criminals are produced."

Thus admonished, Lady Jean passed, not without a shudder, under the dreadful arch, and entered the spacious oblong square called the Grassmarket. This place was crowded at the west end with rustics engaged in all the bustle of a grain and cattle market, and at the eastern and most distant extremity with a mob of idlers who had gathered around the gibbet in order to witness the awful ceremony that was about to take place. The crowd, which was scarcely so dense as that which attends the rarer scene of a modern execution, made way on both sides for Lady Jean as she moved along; and wherever she went she left behind her a *wake*, as it were, of admiration and confusion So exquisite and so new a beauty, so splendid a suit of female attire, and such a stout and handsome attendant—these were all alike calculated to inspire reverence in the minds of the beholders. Her carriage at the same time was so steady and so graceful, that no one could be so rude as to interrupt or disturb it. The people, therefore, parted when she approached, and left a free passage for her on all sides, as if she had been an angel or a spirit come to walk amidst a mortal crowd, and whose person could not be touched, and might scarcely be beheld—whose motions were not to be interfered with by those among whom she chose to walk—but who was to be received with prostration of spirit, and permitted to depart as she had come, unquestioned and unapproached. In traversing the Grassmarket, two or three young coxcombs, with voluminous wigs, short cloaks, rapiers, and rose-knots at their knees and shoes, who, on observing her at a distance, had prepared to treat her with a condescending stare, fell back, awed and confounded, at her near approach, and spent the gaze, perhaps, upon the humbler mark of her follower, or upon vacancy.

Having at length passed the gibbet, Lady Jean began to ascend the steep and tortuous street denominated the West Bow She had hitherto been unable to direct any attention to what she was most anxious to behold,—the scenic wonders of the capital. But having now got clear of the crowd, and no longer fearing to see the gallows, she ventured to lift up her eyes and look around. The tallness and massiveness of the buildings, some of which bore the cross of the Knights Templars on their pinnacles, while others seemed to be surmounted or overtopped by still taller edifices beyond, impressed her imagination; and the effect was rendered still more striking by the countless human figures which crowded the windows, and even the roofs of the houses, all alike bending their attention, as she thought, towards herself. The scene before her looked like an amphitheatre, filled with spectators, while she and Richard seemed as the objects upon the arena. The thought caused her to hurry on, and she soon found herself in a great measure screened from observation by the overhanging projections of the narrower part of the West Bow, which she now entered. With slow and difficult, but stately and graceful steps, she then proceeded, till she reached the upper angle of the street, where a novel and unexpected scene awaited her. A sound like that of rushing waters seemed first to proceed from the part of the street still concealed from her view, and presently appeared round the angle, the first rank of an impetuous crowd, who, rushing downward with prodigious force, would certainly have overwhelmed her delicate form, had she not dexterously avoided them, by stepping aside upon a projecting stair, to which Richard also sprung, just in time to save himself from a similar fate. From this place of safety, which was not without its own crowd of children, women, and sage-looking elderly mechanics, with Kilmarnock cowls, both, in the next moment saw the massive mob rush past, like the first wave of a flood, bearing either *along* or *down* every thing that came in their way Immediately after, but at a more deliberate pace, followed a procession of figures, which struck the heart of Lady Jean with as heavy a sense of sorrow as the crowd had just impressed with terror and surprise. First came a small company of the veterans of the city guard, some of whom had perhaps figured in the campaigns of Middleton and Montrose, and whose bronzed inflexible faces bore on this melancholy occasion precisely the same expression which they ordinarily exhibited on the joyful one of attending the magistrates at the drinking of the king's health on the 29th of May. Behind these, and encircled by some other soldiers of the same band, appeared two figures of a different sort. One of them was a young looking, but pale and woe-worn man, the impressive wretchedness of whose appearance was strikingly increased by the ghastly dress which he wore. He was attired from head to foot in a white shroud, such as was sometimes worn in Scotland by criminals at the gallows, but which was, in the present instance, partly assumed as a badge of innocence. The excessive whiteness and emaciation of his countenance suited well with this dismal apparel, and, with the wild enthusiasm that kindled in his eyes, gave an almost supernatural effect to the whole scene, which rather resembled a pageant of the dead than a procession of earthly men. He was the only criminal: the person who walked by his side, and occasionally supported his steps, being—as the crowd whispered around, with many a varied expression of sympathy—his father. The old man had the air of a devout Presbyterian, with harsh, intelligent features, and a dress which bespoke his being a countryman of the lower rank. According to the report of the bystanders, he had educated this, his only son, for the unfortunate Church of Scotland, and now attended him to the fate which his talents and violent temperament had conspired to draw down upon his head. If he ever felt any pride in the popular admiration with which his son was honoured, no traces of such a sentiment now appeared. On the contrary, he seemed humbled to the very earth with sorrow; and though he had perhaps contemplated the issue now about to take place, with no small portion of satisfaction, so long as it was at a distance and uncertain, the feelings of a father had evidently proved too much for his fortitude, when the event approached in all its dreadful reality. The emotions perceptible in that rough and rigid countenance were the more striking, as being so much at variance with its natural and characteristic expression; and the tear which gathered in his eye excited the greater commiseration, in so far as it seemed a stranger there. But the hero and heroine of our tale had little time to make observations on this piteous scene, for the train passed quickly on, and was soon beyond their sight When it was gone, the people of the Bow, who seemed accustomed to such sights, uttered various expressions of pity, indignation, and horror, according to their respective feelings, and then slowly retired to their dens in the stairs and booths which lined the whole of this ancient and singular street.

Lady Jean, whose beautiful eyes were suffused with tears at beholding so melancholy a spectacle, was then admonished by her attendant to proceed. With a heart deadened to all sensations of wonder and delight, she moved forward, and was soon ushered into the place called the Lawnmarket,

then perhaps the most fashionable district in Edinburgh but the grandeur and spaciousness of which she beheld almost without admiration The scene here was, however much gayer, and approached more nearly to her splendid preconceptions of the capital than any she had yet seen. The shops were, in her estimation, very fine, and some of the people on the street were of that noble description of which she had believed all inhabitants of cities to be. There was no crowd on the street, which, therefore, afforded room for a better display of her stately and beautiful person; and as she walked steadily onwards, still *ushed* (for such was then the phrase) by her handsome and noble-looking attendant, a greater degree of admiration was excited amongst the gay idlers whom she passed, than even that which marked her progress through the humbler crowd of the Grassmarket. Various noblemen, in passing towards their homes in the Castle Hill, lifted their feathered hats and bowed profoundly to the lovely vision; and one or two magnificent dames, sweeping along with their long silk trains, borne up by livery-men, stared at or eyed askance the charms which threw their own so completely into shade. By the time Lady Jean arrived at the bottom of the Lawnmarket, that is to say, where it was partially closed up by the Tolbooth, she had in a great measure recovered her spirits, and found herself prepared to enjoy the sight of the public buildings, which were so thickly clustered together at this central part of the city. She was directed by Richard to pass along the narrow road which then led between the houses and the Tolbooth on the south, and which, being continued by a still narrower passage skirting the west end of St. Giles's church, formed the western approach to the Parliament Close. Obeying his guidance in this tortuous passage, she soon found herself at the opening of the square space, so styled on account of its being closed on more than one side by the meeting-place of the legislative assembly of Scotland. Here a splendid scene awaited her. The whole square was filled with the members of the Scottish Parliament, barons and commons, who had just left the house in which they sat together,—with ladies, who on days of unusual ceremony were allowed to attend the house,—and with horses richly-caparisoned, and covered with gold embroidered foot-cloths, some of which were mounted by their owners, while others were held in readiness by footmen. All was bustle and magnificence. Noblemen and gentlemen in splendid attire threaded the crowd in search of their horses; ladies tripped after them with timid and careful steps, endeavouring, by all in their power, to avoid contact with such objects as were calculated to injure their fineries; grooms strode heavily about, and more nimble lacqueys jumped everywhere, here and there, some of them as drunk as the Parliament Close claret could make them, but all intent on doing the duties of attendance and respect to their masters. Some smart and well-dressed young gentlemen were arranging their cloaks and swords, and preparing to leave the square on foot, by the passage which had given entry to Master Richard and Lady Jean.

At sight of our heroine, most of these gallants stood still in admiration, and one of them, with the trained assurance of a rake, observing her to be beautiful, a stranger, and not too well protected, accosted her in a strain of language which caused her at once to blush and tremble. Richard's brow reddened with anger, as he hesitated not a moment in stepping up and telling the offender to leave the lady alone, on pain of certain consequences which might not prove agreeable. "And who are you, my brave fellow?" said the youth, with bold assurance. "Sirrah!" exclaimed Richard, so indignant as to forget himself, "I am that lady's husband—her servant, I mean;" and here he stopped short in some confusion "Admirable!" exclaimed the other. "Ha! ha! ha! ha! Here, Sirs, is a lady lacquey, who does not know whether he is his mistress's servant or her husband. Let us give him up to the Town-guard to see whether the black-hole will make him remember the real state of the case. So saying, he attempted to push Richard aside and take hold of the lady. But he had not time to touch her garments with so much as a finger, before her protector had a rapier flourishing in his eyes, and threatened him with instant death, unless he desisted from his profane purpose. At sight of the bright steel, he stepped back one or two paces, drew his own sword, and was preparing to fight, when one of his more grave associates called out, "For shame, Rollo!—with a lady's lacquey, too, and in the presence of the Duke and Duchess! I see their Royal Highnesses, already alarmed, are inquiring the cause of the disturbance." It was even as this gentleman said, and presently came up to the scene of contention some of the most distinguished personages in the crowd, one of whom demanded from the parties an explanation of so disgraceful an occurrence. "Why, here is a fellow, my lord," answered Rollo, "who says he is the husband of a lady whom he attends as a liveryman, and a lady, too, the bonniest, I dare say, that has been seen in Scotland since the days of Queen Magdalen!"—"And what matters it to you," said the inquirer, who seemed to be a Judge of the Session, "in what relation this man stands to his lady? Let the parties both come forward, and tell their ain tale. May it please your Royal Highness," he continued, addressing a very grave dignitary who sat on horseback behind him, as stiff and formal as a sign-post, "to hear the *declaratur* of thir twa strange incomers—But see—see—what is the matter with Lord Wigton?" he added, pointing to an aged personage on horseback, who had just pushed forward, and seemed about to faint, and fall from his horse The person alluded to, at sight of his daughter in this unexpected place, was, in reality, confounded, and it was some time before he mastered voice enough to ejaculate, "O, Jean, Jean! what's this ye've been about? or what has brocht you to Edinburgh?"—"And Lord have a care o' us!" exclaimed at this juncture another venerable peer, who had just come up, "what has brocht my sonsie son, Ritchie Livingstone, to Edinburgh, when he should have been fechtin the Dutch by this time in Pennsylvania?" The two lovers, thus recognized by their respective parents, stood with downcast looks, and perfectly silent, while all was buzz and confusion in the brilliant circle around them; for the parties concerned were not more surprised at the aspect of their affairs, than were all the rest at the beauty of the far-famed, but hitherto unseen, Lady Jean Fleming The Earl of Linlithgow, Richard's father, was the first to speak aloud, after the general astonishment had for some time subsided; and this he did in a laconic though important query, which he couched in the simple words, "Are you married, bairns?" "Yes, dearest father," said his son, gathering courage, and coming close up to his saddle-bow; "and I beseech you to extricate Lady Jean and me from this crowd, and I shall tell you all when we are alone."—"A pretty man ye are, truly," said the old man, who never took any thing very seriously to heart, "to be staying at hame, and getting yourself married, all the time you should have been abroad, winning honour and wealth, as your gallant grand-uncle did wi' Gustavus i' the threttiesl Hooever, since better mayna be, I maun try and console my Lord Wigton, who, I doot, has the worst o' the bargain, ye ne'er-do-weel!" He then went up to Lady Jean's father, shook him by the hand, and said, "that though they had been made relations against their wills, he hoped they would continue good friends. The young people," he observed, "are no that ill-matched; and it is not the first time that the Flemings and the Livingstones have melled together, as witness the blythe marriage of the Queen's Marie to Lord Fleming, in the feifteen-saxty-five. At any rate, my lord, let us put a good face on the matter, afore they glowring gentles, and whipper-snapper Duchesses. I'll get horses for the two, and they'll join the ridin' down the street; and de'il ha'e me, if Lady Jean disna outshine them, the hale o' them!"—"My Lord Linlithgow," responded the graver and more implacable Earl of Wigton, "it may set you to take this matter blythely; but, let me tell you, it's a muckle mair serious affair for me. What think ye am I to do wi Kate and Grizzy noo."—"Hoot, toot, my Lord," said Linlithgow, with a sly smile, "their chance is as gude as ever it was, I assure you, and sae will every body think that kens them. I *maun* ca' horses though, or the young folk will be ridden ower, afore ever they do mair gude, by thae rampaugin young men." So saying, and taking Lord Wigton's moody silence for assent, he proceeded to cry to his servants for the best pair of horses they could get; and these being speedily procured, Lord Richard and his bride were requested to mount; after which they were formally introduced to the gracious notice of the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Princess Anne, who happened to attend Parliament on this the last day of its session, when it was customary for all the members to ride both to and from the House in an orderly cavalcade The order was now given to proceed, and the lovers were soon relieved, in a great measure, from the embarrassing notice of the crowd, by assuming a particular place in the procession, and finding themselves confounded with more than three hundred equally splendid figures. As the pageant, however, moved down the High Street, in a continuous and open line, it was impossible not to distinguish the singular loveliness of Lady Jean, and the gallant carriage of her husband, from all the rest. Accordingly, the very trained bands and city guard, who lined the street, and who were, in general, quite as insensible to the splendours of *the Riding*, as are the musicians in a modern orchestra to the wonders of a melo-drama in its fortieth night,—even *they* perceived and admired the graces of the young couple, whom they could not help gazing after with a stupid and lingering delight. From the windows, too, and the *stair-heads*, their beauty was well observed, and amply conjectured and commented on; while many a young cavalier endeavoured, by all sorts of pretences, to find occasion to break the order of the cavalcade, and get himself haply placed nearer to the exquisite figure, of which he had got just one killing glance in the square. Slowly and majestically the brilliant train paced down the great street of Edinburgh,—the acclamations of the multitude ceaselessly expressing the delight which the people of Scotland felt in this sensible type and emblem of their ancient independence. At length they reached the court-yard of Holyrood-house, where the Duke and Duchess invited the whole assemblage to a ball, which they designed to give that evening in the hall of the palace; after which, all departed to their respective residences throughout the town, Lords Wigton and Linlithgow taking their young friends under their immediate protection, and seeking the residence of the former nobleman, a little way up the Canongate. In riding thither, the lovers had leisure to explain to their parents the singular circumstances of their union, and address enough to obtain unqualified forgiveness for their imprudence. On alighting at Lord Wigton's house, Lady Jean found her sisters confined to their rooms with headachs, or some such serious indisposition, and in the utmost dejection on account of having been thereby withheld from the Riding of the Parliament. Their spirits, as may be supposed, were not much elevated, when, on coming forth in dishabille to welcome their sister, they found she had had the good fortune to be married before them Their ill luck was, however, irremediable; and so, making a merit of submitting to it, they condescended to be rather agreeable during the dinner and the afternoon. It was not long before all parties were perfectly reconciled to what had taken place; and by the time it was necessary to dress for the ball, the elder young ladies declared themselves so much recovered as to be able to accompany their happy sister. The Earl of Linlithgow and his son then sent a servant for proper dresses, and prepared themselves for the occasion without leaving the house. When all were ready, a number of chairs were called to transport their dainty persons down the street The news of Lady Jean's arrival, and of her marriage, having now spread abroad, the court in front of the house, the alley, and even the open street, were crowded with people of all ranks, anxious to catch a passing glimpse of the heroine of so strange a tale. As her chair was carried along, a buzz of admiration from all who were so happy as to be near it, marked its progress. Happy, too, was the gentleman who had the good luck to be near her chair as it was set down at the palace gate, and assist her in stepping from it upon the lighted pavement From the outer gate, along the piazza of the inner court, and all the way up the broad staircase to the illuminated hall, two rows of noblemen and gentlemen formed a brilliant avenue, as she passed along, while an hundred plumed caps were doffed in honour of so much beauty, and as many youthful eyes glanced bright with satisfaction at beholding it. The object of all this attention tripped modestly along in the hand of the Earl of Linlithgow, acknowledging, with many a graceful flexure and undulation of person, the compliments of the spectators. At length the company entered the spacious and splendid room in which the ball was to be held. At the extremity opposite to the entry, upon an elevated platform, sat the three royal personages, all of whom, on Lady Jean's introduction, rose and came forward to welcome her and her husband to the entertainments of Holyrood, and to hope that her ladyship would often adorn their circle. In a short time the dancing commenced; and amidst all the ladies who exhibited their charms and their magnificent attire in that captivating exercise, who was, either in person or dress, half so brilliant as Lady Jean?

A Derbyshire Tale.—About twenty or thirty years since, a gentleman named Webster, who lived in the Woodlands, a wild uncultivated barren range of hills in Derbyshire, bordering upon the confines of Yorkshire, had occasion to go from home. The family, besides himself, consisted of the servant man, a young girl, and the housekeeper At his departure he gave his man a strict charge to remain in the house, along with the females, and not on any account to absent himself at night, until his return. This the man promised to do; and Mr. Webster proceeded on his journey. At night, however, the man went out, notwithstanding all the earnest entreaties and remonstrances of the housekeeper to the contrary, and not coming in, she and the servant girl at the usual time went to bed. Sometime in the night, they were awakened by a loud knocking at the door. The housekeeper got up, went down stairs, and inquired who was there, and what was their business? She was informed that a friend of Mr. Webster being benighted, and the night wet and stormy, requested a night's lodging. She forthwith gave him admittance, roused up the fire, led his horse into the stable, and then returned to provide something to eat for her guest, of which he partook, and was then shown to his chamber. On returning to the kitchen, she took up his greatcoat in order to dry it, when perceiving it to be, as she thought, very heavy, curiosity prompted her to examine the pockets, in which she found a brace of loaded pistols, and their own large carving knife! Thunderstruck by this discovery, she immediately perceived what sort of a guest she had to deal with, and his intentions. However, summoning up all her courage and resolution, she proceeded softly up stairs, and, with a rope, fastened, as well as she could, the door of the room in which the villain was; then went down, and in great perturbation of mind awaited the event. Shortly after a man came to the window, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, said, "are you ready?" She grasped one of the pistols with a desperate resolution—presented it to his face—and fired! The report of the pistol alarmed the villain above, who attempted to get out of the room, but was stayed in his purpose by her saying, "Villain, if you open the door, you are a dead man." She then sent the servant girl for assistance, while she remained, with the other pistol in her hand, guarding the chamber door. When help arrived, the villain was taken into custody; and, on searching without, they found the servant man shot dead Another villain who was taken shortly after, met with his deserts; and the housekeeper, who had acted with such fidelity and such unparalleled intrepidity, was soon after united to Mr. Webster.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES FERGUSON.

In the first number of the Journal, I presented a sketch of the life and character of our late distinguished townsman, Dr. Adam, in whom *genius* was early manifested, and ultimately rewarded. I may now offer a similar biographic sketch of our illustrious countryman, James Ferguson, the Astronomer. These, I hold up to my juvenile friends as patterns truly worthy of their imitation; and fully impressed with the conviction that such sketches may be found beneficial, I shall, in the language of the author of a work entitled "the Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," continue to select, from the records of philosophy, literature, and art, in all ages and countries, a body of examples, to shew how the most unpropitious circumstances have been unable to conquer an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. Every man has difficulties to encounter in this pursuit; and, therefore, every man is interested in learning what are the real hindrances which have opposed themselves to the progress of some of the most distinguished persons, and how those obstacles have been surmounted. The love of knowledge will, of itself, do a great deal towards its acquisition; and if it exist with that force and constancy which it exhibits in the characters of all truly great men, it will induce that ardent but humble spirit of observation and inquiry, without which there can be no success.

"Among self-educated men there are few who claim more of our admiration than the celebrated James Ferguson. If ever any one was literally his own instructor in the very elements of knowledge, it was he. Acquisitions that have scarcely in any other case, and, probably, never by one so young, been made without the assistance either of books or a living teacher, were the discoveries of his solitary and almost illiterate boyhood. There are

few more interesting narratives in any language than the account which Ferguson himself has given of his early history. He was born in the year 1710, a few miles from the village of Keith, in Banffshire; his parents, as he tells us, being in the humblest condition of life, (for his father was merely a day-labourer), but religious and honest. It was his father's practice to teach his children himself to read and write, as they successively reached what he deemed the proper age; but James was too impatient to wait till his regular turn came. While his father was teaching one of his elder brothers, James was secretly occupied in listening to what was going on; and, as soon as he was left alone, used to get hold of the book, and work hard in endeavouring to master the lesson which he had thus heard gone over. Being ashamed, as he says, to let his father know what he was about, he was wont to apply to an old woman who lived in a neighbouring cottage to solve the difficulties. In this way he actually learned to read tolerably well before his father had any suspicion that he knew his letters. His father, at last, very much to his surprise, detected him one day reading by himself, and thus found out his secret.

"When he was about seven or eight years of age, a simple incident occurred which seems to have given his mind its first bias to what became afterwards its favourite kind of pursuit. The roof of the cottage having partially fallen in, his father, in order to raise it again, applied to it a beam, resting on a prop in the manner of a lever, and was thus enabled, with comparative ease, to produce what seemed to his son quite a stupendous effect. The circumstance set our young philosopher thinking; and, after a while, it struck him that his father, in using the beam, had applied his strength to its extremity, and this, he immediately concluded, was, probably, an important circumstance in the matter. He proceeded to verify his notion by experiment; and having made several levers, which he called bars, soon not only found that he was right in his conjecture, as to the importance of applying the moving force at the point most distant from the fulcrum, but discovered the rule, or law of the machine, namely, that the effect of any form or weight made to bear upon it is always exactly proportioned to the distance of the point on which it rests from the fulcrum. 'I then,' says he, 'thought that it was a great pity that by means of this bar, a weight could be raised but a very little way. On this, I soon imagined that, by pulling round a wheel, the weight might be raised to any height, by tying a rope to the weight, and winding the rope round the axle of the wheel; and that the power gained must be just as great as the wheel was broader than the axle was thick; and found it to be exactly so, by hanging one weight to a rope put round the wheel, and another to the rope that coiled round the axle.' The child had thus, it will be observed, actually discovered two of the most important elementary truths in mechanics,—the lever, and the wheel and axle; he afterwards hit upon others; and all the while, he had not only possessed neither book nor teacher to assist him, but was without any other tools than a simple turning lathe of his father's, and a little knife wherewith to fashion his blocks and wheels, and the other contrivances he needed for his experiments. After having made his discoveries, however, he next, he tells up, proceeded to write an account of them; thinking his little work, which contained sketches of the different machines drawn with a pen, to be the first treatise ever composed of the sort. When, some time after, a gentleman shewed him the whole in a printed book, although he found that he had been anticipated in his inventions, he was much pleased, as he was well entitled to be, on thus perceiving that his unaided genius had already carried him so far into what was acknowledged to be the region of true philosophy.

"It is a ludicrous blunder that the French astronomer, Lalande, makes, in speaking of Ferguson, when he designates him, as '*Berger au Roi d'Angleterre en Ecosse*;' the King of England's Shepherd for Scotland. He had no claim to this pompous title; but it is true that he spent some of his early years as a keeper of sheep, though in the employment not of the state, but of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of his native place. He was sent to this occupation, he tells us, as being of weak body; and while his flock was feeding around him, he used to busy himself in making models of mills, spinning-wheels, &c., during the day, and in studying the stars at night like his predecessors of Chaldea. When a little older, he went into the service of another farmer, a respectable man called James Glashan, whose name well deserves to be remembered. After the labours of the day, young Ferguson used to go at night to the fields, with a blanket about him, and a lighted candle, and there, laying himself down on his back, pursued, for long hours, his observations on the heavenly bodies. 'I used to stretch,' says he, 'a thread, with small beads on it, at arm's length between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads.' 'My master,' he adds, 'at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and, that I might make fair copies in the day-time of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man. Having been employed by his master to carry a message to Mr. Gilchrist, the minister of Keith, he took with him the drawings he had been making, and shewed them to that gentleman. Mr. Gilchrist, upon this, put a map into his hands, and having supplied him with compasses, ruler, pens, ink, and paper, desired him to take it home with him, and bring back a copy of it. 'For this pleasant employment,' says he, 'my master gave me more time than I could reasonably expect; and often took the threshing-flail out of my hands, and worked himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, ruler, and pen.' This is a beautiful, we may well say, and even a touching picture,—the good man so generously appreciating the worth of knowledge and genius, that, although the master, he voluntarily exchanges situations with his servant, and insists upon doing the work that must be done, himself, in order that the latter may give his more precious talents to their more appropriate vocation. We know not that there is on record an act of homage to science and learning more honourable to the author.

"Having finished his map, Ferguson carried it to Mr. Gilchrist's, and there he met Mr. Grant of Achoynamey, who offered to take him into his house, and make his butler give him lessons. 'I told Squire Grant,' says he, 'that I should rejoice to be at his house, as soon as the time was expired for which I was engaged with my present master. He very politely offered to put one in my place, but this I declined.' When the period in question arrived, accordingly, he went to Mr. Grant's, being now in his twentieth year. Here he found both a good friend and a very extraordinary man in Cantley, the butler, who had first fixed his attention, by a sun-dial which he happened to be engaged in painting on the village schoolhouse, as Ferguson was passing along the road, on his second visit to Mr. Gilchrist. Dialling, however, was only one of the many accomplishments of this learned butler, who, Ferguson assures us, was profoundly conversant both with arithmetic and mathematics; played on every known musical instrument except the harp; understood Latin, French, and Greek; and could let blood, and prescribe for diseases. These multifarious attainments he owed, we are told, entirely to himself and to nature; on which account, Ferguson designates him 'God Almighty's scholar.'

"From this person Ferguson received instructions in Decimal Fractions and Algebra, having already made himself master of Vulgar Arithmetic, by the assistance of books. Just as he was about, however, to begin Geometry, Cantley left his place for another in the establishment of the Earl of Fife, and his pupil thereupon determined to return home to his father.

"Cantley, on parting with him, had made him a present of a copy of Gorton's Geographical Grammar. The book contains a description of an artificial globe, which is not, however, illustrated by any figure. Nevertheless, 'from this description,' says Ferguson, 'I made a globe in three weeks at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood; which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it; made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper and graduated them; and was happy to find that, by my globe, (which was the first I ever saw,) could solve the problems.'

"For some time after this, he was very unfortunate. Finding that it would not do to remain idle at home, he engaged in the service of a miller in the neighbourhood, who, feeling, probably, that he could trust to the honesty and capacity of his servant, soon began to spend all his own time in the alehouse, and to leave poor Ferguson at home, not only with every thing to do, but with very frequently, nothing to eat. A little oatmeal, mixed with cold water, was often, he tells us, all he was allowed. Yet in this situation he remained a year, and then returned to his father's very much the weaker for his fasting. His next master was a Dr. Young, who having induced him to enter his service by a promise to instruct him in medicine, not only broke his engagement as to this point, but used him in other respects so tyrannically, that, although engaged for half a year, he found he could not remain beyond the first quarter; at the expiration of which, accordingly, he came away without receiving any wages, having 'wrought for the last fortnight,' says he, 'as much as possible with one hand and arm, when I could not lift the other from my side.' This was in consequence of a severe hurt he had received, which the doctor was too busy to look to, and by which he was confined to his bed for two months after his return home.

"Reduced as he was, however, by exhaustion and actual pain, he could not be idle. 'In order,' says he to amuse myself in this low state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood, and it kept time pretty well. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours, was the neck of a broken bottle.' A short time after this, when he had recovered his health, he gave a still more extraordinary proof of his ingenuity, and the fertility of his resources for mechanical invention, by actually constructing a timepiece, or watch, moved by a spring. But we must allow him to give the history of this matter in his own words.

"'Having, then,' he says, 'no idea how any timepiece could go but by a weight and a line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions; and was sorry that I had never thought of asking Mr. Cantley, who could very easily have informed me. But happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house, (which was close by a public road,) I asked him what o'clock it then was? He looked at his watch and told me. As he did that with so much good nature, I begged of him to shew me the inside of his watch; and, though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it into my hands. I saw the spring-box with part of the chain round it; and asked him what it was that made the box turn round. He told me that it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having, then never seen any other spring than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked how a spring within a box could turn the box so often round as to wind all the chain upon it? He answered, that the spring was long and thin; that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box; that the axis was fixed, and the box was loose upon it. I told him that I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter. "Well my lad," says he, "take a long thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger; it will then endeavour to unwind itself; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop." I thanked the gentleman, and told him that I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels and made the spring of whalebone; but found that I could not make the wheel go when the balance was put on, because the teeth of the wheels were rather too weak to bear the force of a spring sufficient to move the balance, although the wheels would run fast enough when the balance was taken off. I enclosed the whole in a wooden case, very little bigger than a breakfast tea-cup; but a clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and, turning hastily about to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces; which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man, and discouraged me so much, that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use.'

"What a vivid picture is this of an ingenious mind thirsting for knowledge! and who is there, too, that does not envy the pleasure that must have been felt by the courteous and intelligent stranger by whom the young mechanician was carried over his first great difficulty, if he ever chanced to learn how greatly his unknown questioner had profited from their brief interview! That stranger might probably have read the above narrative, as given to the world by Ferguson, after the talents which this little incident probably contributed to develop, had raised him from his obscurity to a distinguished place among the philosophers of his age; and if he did know this, he must have felt that encouragement in well-doing which a benevolent man may always gather, either from the positive effects of acts of kindness upon others, or their influence upon his own heart. Civility, charity, generosity, may sometimes meet an ill return, but one person *must* be benefited by their exercise: the kind heart has its own abundant reward, whatever be the gratitude of others. The case of Ferguson shews that the seed does not always fall on stony ground. It may appear somewhat absurd to dwell upon the benefit of a slight civility, which cost, at most, but a few minutes of attention; but it is really important that those who are easy in the world—who have all the advantages of wealth and knowledge at their command—should feel of how much value is the slightest encouragement and assistance to those who are toiling up the steep of emulation. Too often 'the scoff of pride' is superadded to the 'bar of poverty;' and thus it is that many a one of the best talents and the most generous feelings

Has sunk into the grave, unpitied and unknown,

because the wealthy and powerful have never understood the value of a helping hand to him who is struggling with fortune."—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

[Such is the history of Ferguson's struggles in the early part of his life. He afterwards applied himself, apparently without the least effort, to the business of portrait-painting, by which he subsisted for several years in Edinburgh and London; till finally his philosophical powers obtained the notice and patronage which they deserved, and he stood forth one of the first men of the age. His numerous publications are well known, and have been translated into most of the European languages. He died in 1776, having, for some years, enjoyed a pension from George III., whose beneficence to men of science has conferred great lustre upon his reign as well as upon his own private character.]

A SEA FIGHT BETWEEN THF BRITISH AND FRENCH.

On the 30th of December, 1794, the British twelve-pounder, thirty-two gun frigate, Blanche, Captain Robert Faulknor, cruising off the island of Désirade, one of the dependencies of Guadeloupe, and in French possession, chased a large French armed schooner, under the fort at the bottom of the bay. This being accomplished, "the Blanche, at about 6, P. M., steered straight for Pointe-à-Pitre: and, on arriving within four miles of the port, lay to for the night. On the next day, the 4th, at daybreak, the Blanche discovered the Pique lying at anchor just outside of the harbour. At about 8 h. 30 m. the Blanche made sail to meet the French ship and schooner, until nearly within gunshot of Fort Fleur-d'Epée; when finding the Pique apparently disinclined to come out from the batteries, the Blanche, who had hove to, made sail to board a schooner running down along Grande-terre. At this time Pointe-à-Pitre bore from the Blanche northwest, distant two leagues, and the French frigate north-north-west, distant three miles.

At half-past noon, the Pique filled and made sail towards the Blanche. At 2, P. M. the Pique crossed the Blanche on the oppsite tack, and, hoisting French colours, fired four shots at her. This challenge, as it might be considered, the British frigate answered, by firing a shot to windward. The battery at Gosier also fired two shots; but they, like those of the frigate, fell short. At 2 h. 30 m. P.M., finding that the Pique had tacked, and was standing towards her, the Blanche shortened sail for the French frigate to come up; but at 3 h. 30 m. P. M., the latter tacked and stood away.

"In hope to induce the Pique to follow her, the Blanche, under top sails and courses, stood towards Marie-Galante. At 7, P. M., observing the Pique still under Grande-terre, Captain Faulknor took out the American crew from the

schooner, and sent on board a petty officer and party of men The Blanche then wore, and stood towards the island of Dominique, with the schooner in tow At about 8, P.M., the French frigate was descried astern, about two leagues distant, standing after the Blanche. The latter immediately cast off the schooner, and, tacking, made all sail in chase.

"At about a quarter past midnight, the Blanche, on the starboard tack, passed under the lee of the Pique on the larboard tack, and returned the distant broadside which the Pique had fired at her. At half-past midnight, having got nearly in the wake of her opponent, the Blanche tacked, and, at a few minutes before 1, A.M., on the 5th, just as she had arrived within musket-shot upon the starboard quarter of the Pique, the latter wore, with the intention of crossing her opponent's hawse, and raking her ahead. To frustrate this manœuvre, the Blanche wore also; and the two frigates became closely engaged, broadside to broadside.

"At about 2 h. 30 m. A.M., the Blanche, having shot ahead, was in the act of luffing up to port, to rake the Pique ahead, when the former's wounded mizen and main-masts, in succession, fell over the side. Almost immediately after this, the Pique ran foul of the Blanche on her larboard quarter, and made several attempts to board. These attempts the British crew successfully resisted; and the larboard quarter-deck guns, and such of the main-deck ones as would bear, were fired with destructive effect into the Pique's starboard bow; she returning the fire from her tops, as well as from some of her quarter-deck guns, run in amidships fore and aft. At a few minutes before 3, A.M., while assisting his second lieutenant, Mr. David Milne, and one or two others of his crew, in lashing, with such ropes as were handy, the bowsprit of the Pique to the capstan of the Blanche, preparatory to a more secure fastening, by means of a hawser, which was getting up from below, the young and gallant Captain Faulknor fell by a musket ball through his heart.

"At this moment, or very soon afterwards, the lashings broke loose; and the Pique, crossing the stern of the Blanche, who had now begun to pay off for the want of after-sail, fell on board the latter, a second time, upon the starboard quarter. In an instant, the British crew, with the hawser which just had before been got on deck, lashed the bowsprit of the Pique to the stump of their own mainmast. In this manner, the Blanche, commanded now by Lieutenant Frederick Watkins, towed before the wind her resolute opponent, whose repeated attempts to cut away this second lashing, were defeated by the quick and well-directed fire of the British marines. In the meanwhile, the constant stream of musketry poured upon the quarter-deck of the Blanche, from the forecastle and tops of the Pique, and a well directed fire from the latter's quarter-deck guns, pointed forward, gave great annoyance to the former; particularly as, having, like many other ships in the British navy at this period, no stern-ports on the main deck, the cannonade on the part of the Blanche was confined to two quarter-deck six-pounders The carpenters having in vain tried to cut down the upper transom beam, no alternative remained, but to blow away a part of it on each side. As soon, therefore, as the firemen, with their buckets, were assembled in the cabin, the two after-guns were pointed against the stern-frame. The discharge made a clear breach on both sides, and the activity of the bucket-men quickly extinguished the fire it had occasioned in the wood-work. The two twelve-pounders of the Blanche, thus brought into use, soon played havoc upon the Pique's decks.

"At about 3 h. 15 m. A.M., the main mast of the French frigate (her fore and mizen-masts having previously come down) fell over the side. In this utterly defenceless state, without a gun which, on account of the wreck of her masts, she could now bring to bear, the Pique sustained the raking fire of the Blanche until 5 h. 15m. A.M.; when some of the French crew, from the bowsprit end, called aloud for quarter. The Blanche immediately ceased her fire; and every boat in both vessels having been destroyed by shot, Lieutenant Milne, followed by ten seamen, endeavoured to reach the prize by means of the hawser that still held her; but their weight bringing the bight of the rope down in the water, they had to swim a part of the distance.

"The Blanche, besides her 32 long 12 and 6-pounders, mounted six 18-pounder carronades, total, 38 guns; and, having sent away in prizes two master's mates and 12 seamen, she had on board no more than 198 men and boys. Of these, the Blanche lost her commander, one midshipman, five seamen, and one private marine killed; one midshipman, two quarter-masters, the armourer, one serjeant of marines, twelve seamen, and four private marines, wounded: total, eight killed, and twenty-one wounded.

"The Pique was armed with two carriage-guns, 6-pounders, less than her establishment, or 38 in all; but she mounted, along her gunwale on each side, several brass swivels. Respecting the number composing the crew of the Pique, the accounts are very contradictory. Lieutenant Watkins, in his official letter, states the number at 360; and Vice-Admiral Caldwell, at Martinique, when enclosing that letter to the Admiralty, says, 'many more than 360.' On the other hand, the three French officers, examined before the surrogate of the Colonial Vice-Admiralty Court, subsequently deposed, two of them, to 'between 260 and 270 men,' and the third, to 'about 270 men,' as the total number on board their ship when the action commenced. Upon these certificates, head-money was paid for 265 men; but, according to the documents transmitted along with those certificates, the actual number of men on board was 279."—*James' Naval History.*

EMIGRATION.

"I have said nothing," continues Mr. Fergusson, "hitherto of the price or value of land in Canada, and it is extremely difficult, in the settled parts of either province, to ascertain any thing like a fair average rate. Prices are perpetually fluctuating, and must be regulated by the circumstances of the seller; one man being willing to sell his farm for five dollars an acre, under a strong desire to commence anew upon a forest tract, or labouring under necessity, while his next neighbour may probably refuse to part with similar land for less than ten or twelve dollars per acre Of this, however, there is no doubt, that very eligible and advantageous purchases may, at all times, be made by a prudent capitalist, and that land is every year increasing in value, wherever it is desirable to possess it. Great bargains are sometimes obtained at public sales, by warrant of the sheriff, for payment of land taxes Land thus sold is subject, for a certain short period, to be redeemed by the individual, or his heirs, who originally obtained the grant; but, as it seldon exceeds, at a sheriff sale, 6d. or 7d. per acre, it is well worthy of a trial. Steam navigation may be said to have been created for America, and it is difficult to estimate the advances which the States and the Canadas will soon make under its influence. To emigrants it not only affords a safe, cheap, and agreeable conveyance; but from the large concourse of passengers, a fund of valuable local information may always be procured, and useful acquaintances formed; while it is impossible to overlook the silent but important effects, in clearing the forest, which the consumption of fuel on board the steam-boats is destined to accomplish. Perhaps it is not fanciful to assert, that the woods of America are now actually clearing by means of steam.

"York, the capital of Upper Canada, and seat of government, is a very desirable station for a settler to choose as head-quarters, in looking about for a purchase. He is sure, at this place, to meet with numerous offers of farms, regarding which he will do well to act with caution; and he will be able to inspect the plans of public lands in the government land-office, under the superintendence of Mr. P. Robinson, a gentleman able and willing to afford him every facility. The *rich* and *heavy* land of Upper Canada is not to be found, in general, upon the immediate banks of the lakes and rivers. It lies, for the most part, from twelve to twenty miles back, and thus compensates the enterprising settler for plunging into the forest. Government have still, I believe, about four millions and a half of acres to dispose of, besides seven or eight millions more, beyond the lines of what has been surveyed. No land is now granted to individuals without payment, the price varying according to situation and quality, and subject to the regulation of clearing and fencing five acres within two years, erecting a house 16 feet by 20, and also clearing half of the road in front.

"Another land-office, highly interesting to emigrants, is likewise to be found in York. It is here that the commissioners of the Canada Company reside, and have their principal establishment. This company, as is well known, purchased from government two and a half millions of acres in the Upper Province, with the view of disposing of it in lots to settlers, at an advanced price. The company is yet too much in its infancy to speculate upon results; but no reasonable doubt can be entertained that it must operate favourably in procuring settlers.

"A great progress has been made in the formation of roads, bridges, mills, &c., which government would not, and private individuals could not, have effected in the short period which has elapsed since the establishment of the company; and, although a feeling inimical to their measures shewed itself in some quarters, I confess myself unable to discover, for that jealousy, any reasonable cause. I had very full discussions with the commissioners and agents, from which, as well as from their published proposals, I feel satisfied that emigrants of every class may commit themselves to the Canada Company, in perfect assurance of experiencing the most kind, honourable, and liberal treatment. Circumstances dependent upon the state of a new country may delay the execution of plans beyond the promised period; but there can be no doubt of the company fulfilling all their engagements as speedily as possible. The prices of land vary from 7*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.* per acre. I was much impressed with a favourable opinion of the Great Huron Tract, from the fact that many steady Dutch settlers, in the possession of old productive farms near York, were, at the period of my visit, disposing of their property and removing to Goderich,—a change which the calculating Dutchmen would not have rashly adopted, without pretty reasonable prospects of bettering himself to a considerable amount. 'The township of Goderich contains about 400 inhabitants already, and several Dutch families from the neighbourhood of York have sold, or are endeavouring to sell, their cultivated and valuable farms, and have purchased lands from the company in the Huron tract. About 6000 acres have been sold them in the neighbourhood of Goderich within the last six months. In Guelph a very valuable mill has lately been erected, and one in Goderich is now in progress.'

"In a young and thinly-settled country such as Canada, every accession of an industrious family, or individual, tends to the welfare of all; and it is therefore natural to suppose that such a corporation as the Canada Company would be fully awake to this principle. We find, accordingly, that in forming arrangements for forwarding emigrants to their own lands, they have offered very favourable proposals to emigrants at large. They state, that 'all persons depositing 20*l.* with the Canada Company's agents in Quebec and Montreal, will be forwarded to the head of Lake Ontario by steam-boats, free of expense, and have liberty to select land in any part of the province, at the current price charged by the company, when the whole amount of their deposit will be placed to their credit on account of their land. But, should they prefer purchasing from individuals, and not the company, then the expense of their conveyance will be deducted from the amount deposited, and the balance paid over to them Persons depositing a sum equal to their conveyance, with their families and luggage, from Quebec to the head of the lake, may avail themselves of the company's contracts with the forwarders; and should they, within three months after arrival, select land in Guelph, and pay one-fifth of the purchase-money, then the amount of their deposit in Quebec will also be placed to their credit, and they, their families, &c., be thus conveyed from Quebec free of expense.'"—*Agricultural Journal.*

(To be continued.)

NEW SOUTH WALES.

From an interesting parliamentary paper, it appears that the average expense of transporting a convict to New South Wales, which was in 1827, 24*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*, is now considerably under 20*l.*; and that the average expense of actually maintaining and clothing a male convict there was, in 1821, 22*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*, but that now it does not exceed 7*l.* 3*d.* The total number of male convicts in the colony on the 1st November, 1828, including those assigned to individuals, and those allowed to provide for themselves by ticket of leave, was 14,155

The total number of female convicts under the same circumstances, was . . . 1,513

Total . 15,668

The total expenditure of the government of the colony in the year 1829, is stated to be £306,439 8 0

Of which was contributed by the colonial revenue . . . 99,933 15 0

Leaving to be borne by the government a total of . . £206,505 13 0

which sum, divided by the number of convicts maintained in the colony, gives 11*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* as the expense of each. It should, however, be remarked, that in the expenditure for the year 1829, are included two sums of 78,493*l.* and 20,000*l.*, the former for the "provisions, clothing, fuel; and the necessaries provided in the colony for the use and maintenance of the convicts;" the latter for the estimated costs of stores sent from England, and amount of expenses incurred but not yet brought to account. The year 1829 was the last of a series of four years of drought and scarcity, and a great proportion of the wheat consumed in the colony during that year was imported from Van Dieman's Land; in consequence of this the average price was not less than 10*s.* per bushel, more than double the price of 1831. The price of maize during the same year was not lower in proportion than that of wheat, and animal food was also from 50 to 75 per cent. higher than it has since become; this leaves no doubt that the maintenance of the same number of convicts, which in 1829 cost 78,493*l.*, would not in 1831, or any future year, cost more than 50,000*l.* The estimate for stores, materials, &c., required from England during the present year, does not exceed 7,000*l.*; but, on the other hand, an increase may have taken place under the head of "police, gaols, &c.," to the amount of probably 5,000*l.* It will consequently follow, that, supposing (as is pretty near the truth) the number of convicts maintained by the crown in ordinary service, at penal settlements, in gaols, hospitals, &c., will be the same in 1831 as it was in 1829, the demands upon the English Treasury will be reduced from 206,505*l.* to 170,000*l.*, or 9*l.* 15*s.* for each convict. The aggregate of this estimate includes a sum of 64,000*l.* for the maintenance of troops in the protection of the colony, as well as in the control of the convicts, and all other charges to which the mother country is subjected on account of the colony.

According to a statement in a pamphlet published by Mr. Potter Macqueen, M.P. for Bedfordshire, the average expense of a culprit in the Hulks in the years 1818-19-20-21, was £34 0 0

Ditto at Milbank Penitentiary . 56 15 0

The lowest estimate (that of Worcester Gaol) in a list of 11 Penitentiaries and Gaols . 28 2 4

The average of the whole 11 . . 38 7 2

The expense of sending a convict to New South Wales is, in round numbers, say . . 20 0 0

Annual average expense of maintenance, say 12 0 0

If, therefore, a convict is five months on his voyage, which costs 20*l.*, and seven months in the colony at 1*l.* per month, there will be a saving to the nation, in the lowest estimate of Mr. P. Macqueen, of 1*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* for each convict in the first year of his quitting England. This clearly shews the advantages derived from transporting convicts by the mother country, where labour is so plentiful, that the punishment of the criminals interferes with the employment of the half-starved pauper.

Negro Doctor.—Of the thirteen months which Dampier spent in Virginia he has left no record: but from another portion of his memoirs, it may be gathered that he suffered from sickness during most of the time. His disease was not more singular than was the mode of cure practised by a negro Esculapius, whose appropriate fee was a white cock. The disease is what is called the *Guinea-worm*. "These worms," says our navigator, "are no bigger than a large brown thread, but (as I have heard) five or six yards long, and if it break in drawing out, that part which remains in the flesh will putrify, and endanger the patient's life, and be very painful. I was in great torment before it came out. My leg and ankle swelled, and looked very red and angry, and I kept a plaster to it to bring it to a head. Drawing off my plaster, out came about three inches of the worm, and my pain abated presently Till then I was ignorant of my malady, and the gentlewoman at whose house I lodged took it (the worm) for a nerve; but I knew well enough what it was, and presently rolled it upon a small stick. After that I opened it every morning and evening, and strained it out gently, about two inches at a time, not without pain. The negro doctor first stroked the place affected, then applied some rough powder to it, like tobacco leaves crumbled, next muttered a spell, blew upon the part three times, waved his hands as often, and said that in three days it would be well. It proved so, and the stipulated fee of the white cock was gladly paid.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library*

COLUMN FOR THE BOYS.

Agreeably to the plan upon which I set out, I now commence a series of amusing articles for the perusal of my juvenile readers In the execution of this willing duty, I am wonderfully assisted by a recently published volume, entitled, "The Boys' Own Book, *or a complete Encyclopedia of all the Diversions, athletic, scientific, and recreative, of Boyhood and Youth,*" published by Vizetelly, Branston, and Co., Fleet-street, London, 1830 Exceedingly few of my young Scottish readers can have possibly seen this delightful production, which is written with great taste and judgment. "We heartily trust that our young readers," says the author, "will commence the perusal of our pages with pleasure equal to that which we feel in sitting down to write them, and that we shall go pleasantly together through our work. The description of these Minor Sports, most especially, will, we are convinced, be an agreeable pastime to us, and call up, from time to time, welcome reminiscences of those days of our boyhood, when we were a hero at 'Ring-taw,' and by no means a contemptible adversary even to the most accomplished youthful players at 'Fives.' It will remind us of our happy holidays and favourite schoolfellows;—of feats of agility performed at 'Follow my Leader,' and trophies borne off in triumph at 'Peg in the ring;'—of those merry mornings, when the first glance of the sun awakened us, to snatch an additional half-hour for the play-ground, without encroaching on the allotted times for study;—when, during 'winter's surly reign,' we joined the active few, who, instead of moping in great-coats, or shivering round a fire, sallied forth into the clear, cold, invigorating air, and marking out goals and bounds in the crisp hoar frost that mantled the ground, sought after, and found, warmth and high spirits in a game of 'Prisoner's Base,'—or made the brows glow at lofty 'Leap-frog,'—or defied the frost by briskly plying the whip-top with eel-skin, and came in with glad hearts, ruddy cheeks, perfect willingness, and the best of appetites, to our morning repast, and subsequent studies. It will bring to our recollection, also, those smooth and shady spots, where, when the noontide sun was midway in the heavens in the sultry month of August, we alternately perused pleasant and instructive books, and played with our class-mates at 'Increase-pound,' or set up a pyramid of marbles for them to shoot at, or shot at one erected by one of them. It will carry us back in imagination to the hills and downs, where we flew our kites—the loftiest soarers for miles around;—of mishaps, through breaking of strings, and long races of rivalry after our falling favourites;—to that cheerful parlour, in which, during the winter vacation, when mince-meat, plum-puddings, and young parties, were most abundant, on Christmas eve, or mirthful Twelfth-night, most especially,—we bore a part in the exhilarating and harmless fire-side sports of the season;—to that dilapidated ruin,—the court of that mouldering castle, with a tall and stately elm rising from one of its corners, and ivy, apparently ages old, the constant home and nestling-place of innumerable birds, which bedecked and supported the outward side of its walls,—the scenes of our chief exploits at Fives;—to the garden walk, where our school-swing was erected, between two gigantic sister pear-trees;—and, in brief, to all those places where we played the games which were the delight of our holidays; when a sportive bout at 'Saddle my Nag,' was in itself an ample recompense for the past two hours of study, employed in working an intricate question in arithmetic—composing a theme on some difficult subject—rendering a portion of the Iliad into Latin hexameters, or a passage of Pope into French prose We conceive that we are bringing no disgrace on our boyhood, by avowing that we deeply enjoyed the sports of the play-ground. The line of a talented writer, 'A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw, has, by a thoughtless few, been converted into a proverb, and those who were most eminent for their activity and love of the usual amusements of youth out of school, have thus been unjustly stigmatised as inattentive students. The reverse we have generally found to be the fact; for, we have often remarked, that the lads who led the sports in the play-ground, stood high in their classes in the schoolroom. 'There is a time for all things,' is a trite, but, in this case, an applicable observation; the scholastic discipline wisely allots certain hours in the day for recreation; they should be employed in healthful and agreeable pastime, so as to render the boy prepared to return with mental vigour to his books;—study should give a relish to sport, and sport to study. But while we recommend that the schoolroom should not be forgotten on the play-ground, we wish to impress on our young readers the necessity of their forgetting the play-ground in the schoolroom."

Passing over what are called the *Minor Sports*, which, it is presumed, are too well understood by boys to require description, I proceed to the article on *Archery*.

In this island, Archery was greatly encouraged in former times, and many statutes were made for its regulation. The artillery company of London, though they have long disused the weapon, are the remains of the ancient fraternity of bowmen or archers. As to the time when shooting with the long bow first began amongst the English, there appears no certain account Richard I. was killed by an arrow in 1199. After this time, we read nothing of archery, till that of Edward III., when an order was issued to the sheriffs of most of the English counties, to provide five hundred white bows, and five hundred bundles of arrows, for the then intended war against France. The famous battle of Cressy was fought four years afterward, in which it is stated that we had about two thousand archers, opposed to about the same number of French. In the fifth year of the reign of Edward IV., an act was passed, that every Englishman, and Irishman dwelling with Englishmen, should have an English bow of his own height, which is directed to be made of yew, wych hazel, ash, or awburne, or any other reasonable tree, according to their power. The next chapter also directed, that butts should be made in every township, which the inhabitants were obliged to shoot at, every feast day, under penalty of one halfpenny, when they should omit this exercise During the reign of Henry VIII., several statutes were made for the promotion of archery. An act of parliament, in Elizabeth's reign, regulated the price of bows. Charles I. is said to have been an archer; and, in the eighth year of his reign, he issued a commission to prevent the fields near London being so enclosed as "to interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting." So lately as the year 1753, targets were erected in the Finsbury fields, during the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays, when the best shooter was styled "Captain," for the ensuing year, and the second "Lieutenant." Edward VI. in his Journal, says, that one hundred archers of his guard shot, before him, two arrows each, and afterward, altogether; and that they shot at an inch board, which some pierced quite through with the heads of their arrows, the board being well-seasoned timber. The distance of the mark is not mentioned. As a pastime, there is none, perhaps, superior to this; it is now, and for years past has been, highly popular in this country. In fact, judging from the past and the present, we may venture to predict, that—

> The archer's sport will never be extinct,
> Until the memory of Robin Hood,
> Of Cressy's well-fought field, and Chevy Chase,
> Be blotted from the tablet of our minds.

The Bow.—The young Archer should, in the first place, select a bow that is fit and proper for his own size and strength. It is not probable that, let him be ever so skilful, he will be able to achieve such an exploit, as the construction of a good bow himself; bow-making being a trade which requires many years' practice and much attention. In fact, there are few persons, now-a-days, although there are many bowyers, who can manufacture bows of a superior description. [Mr. Muir, Archers' Hall, Edinburgh, is, doubtless, the most skilful bowyer of the day; and to him we recommend our young friends to apply, if they have any inclination to equip themselves in proper style, for the enjoyment of the noble pastime of Archery.]

The back of the bow is the flat outside, and the belly the round inside part of it. The round inside part is bent inward: if the bow be pulled the reverse way, it will break; therefore, however a bow may be bent when unstrung, it is invariably to be strung with the round part inward.

Arrows.—Arrows should be delicately proportioned in length and weight to the bow for which they are intended. They are used blunt or sharp, and varying in their thickness, according to the fancy of the Archer. Some are made so as to taper gradually from the feathers to the pile, and some *vice versa;* others, again, are thickest in the centre. All arrows should have their nocks or notches cased with horn, and the nocks should be of such a size, as to fit the string with exactness, and be neither too tight nor too loose. Three goose or turkey feathers are affixed to arrows; one of these, denominated the cock feather, is of a different colour from the other two; and this is always to be placed uppermost

The Tassel.—This is very necessary to the Archer, for the purpose of cleaning the arrow from such dirt as generally adheres to it, if it enter the ground. This dirt, if suffered to remain, will impede the arrow in its flight, and also render its course untrue. The tassel is suspended on the left side of the Archers, and is thus always at hand for use.

The Glove.—The glove consists of places for three fingers, a back thong, and a wrist strap to fasten it. The finger-stalls should neither project far over the tops, nor be drawn back to cover the first joint. The glove is used for the purpose of protecting the fingers from being hurt by the string.

The Brace.—The brace is worn on the bow arm, to save it from being injured by the string, which, without this protection, would, in all probability, incapacitate the Archer from shooting long at a time. It is made of stout leather, with a very smooth surface, so that the string may glide over it without impediment.—*To be continued.*

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

(1). The situation of man on the globe he inhabits, and over which he has obtained the control, is, in many respects, exceedingly remarkable. Compared with its other denizens, he seems, if we regard only his physical constitution, in almost every respect their inferior, and equally unprovided for the supply of his natural wants and his defence against the innumerable enemies which surround him. No other animal passes so large a portion of its existence in a state of absolute helplessness, or falls in old age into such protracted and lamentable imbecility. To no other warm-blooded animal has nature denied that indispensable covering, without which the vicissitudes of a temperate, and the rigours of a cold climate are equally insupportable; and to scarcely any has she been so sparing in external weapons, whether for attack or defence. Destitute alike of speed to avoid, and of arms to repel the aggressions of his voracious foes; tenderly susceptible of atmospheric influences, and unfitted for the coarse aliments which the earth affords spontaneously, during at least two-thirds of the year, even in temperate climates,—man, if abandoned to mere instinct, would be of all creatures the most destitute and miserable Distracted by terror, and goaded by famine; driven to the most abject expedients for concealment from his enemies, and to the most cowardly devices for the seizure and destruction of his nobler prey, his existence would be one continued subterfuge or stratagem;—his dwelling would be in dens of the earth, in clefts of rocks, or in the hollow of trees; his food worms, and the lower reptiles, or such few and crude productions of the soil, as his organs could be brought to assimilate, varied with occasional relics, mangled by more powerful beasts of prey, or contemned by their more pampered choice Remarkable only for the absence of those powers and qualities which obtain for other animals a degree of security and respect, he would be disregarded by some, and hunted down by others, till after a few generations his species would become altogether extinct, or, at best, would be restricted to a few islands in tropical regions, where the warmth of the climate, the paucity of enemies, and the abundance of vegetable food, might permit it to linger.

(2). Yet man is the undisputed lord of the creation. The strongest and fiercest of his fellow-creatures,—the whale, the elephant, the eagle, and the tiger, are slaughtered by him to supply his most capricious wants, or tamed to do him service, or imprisoned to make him sport The spoils of all nature are in daily requisition for his most common uses, yielded with more or less readiness, or wrested with reluctance, from the mine, the forest, the ocean, and the air Such are the first fruits of reason. Were they the only or the principal ones, were the mere acquisition of power over the materials, and the less gifted animals which surround us, and the consequent increase of our external comforts, and our means of preservation and sensual enjoyment, the sum of the privileges which the possession of this faculty conferred, we should, after all, have little to plume ourselves upon. But this is so far from being the case, that every one who passes his life in tolerable ease and comfort, or rather, whose whole time is not anxiously consumed in providing the absolute necessaries of existence, is conscious of wants and cravings in which the senses have no part, of a series of pains and pleasures totally distinct in kind from any which the infliction of bodily misery, or the gratification of bodily appetites, has ever afforded him; and if he has experienced these pleasures and these pains in any degree of intensity, he will readily admit them to hold a much higher rank, and to deserve much more attention, than the former class. Independent of the pleasures of fancy and imagination, and social converse, man is constituted a speculative being. he contemplates the world, and the objects around him not with a passive indifferent gaze, as a set of phenomena in which he has no farther interest, than as they affect his immediate situation, and can be rendered subservient to his comfort, but as a system disposed with order and design. He approves, and feels the highest admiration for the harmony of its parts, the skill and efficiency of its contrivances. Some of these which he can best trace and understand, he attempts to imitate, and finds that, to a certain extent, though rudely and imperfectly, he can succeed,—in others, that although he can comprehend the nature of the contrivance, he is totally destitute of all means of imitation; while in others, again, and those evidently the most important, though he sees the effect produced, yet the means by which it is done, are alike beyond his knowledge and his control. Thus he is led to the conception of a Power and an Intelligence superior to his own, and adequate to the production and maintenance of all that he sees in nature,—a Power and Intelligence to which he may well apply the term infinite, since he not only sees no actual limit to the instances in which they are manifested, but finds, on the contrary, that the farther he inquires, and the wider his sphere of observation extends, they continually open upon him in increasing abundance; and that, as the study of one prepares him to understand and appreciate another, refinement follows on refinement, wonder on wonder, till his faculties become bewildered in admiration, and his intellect falls back on itself, in utter hopelessness of arriving at an end.

(3). When from external objects he turns his view upon himself—on his own vital and intellectual faculties, he finds that he possesses a power of examining and analyzing his own nature to a certain extent, but no farther. In his corporeal frame he is sensible of a power to communicate a certain moderate amount of motion to himself and other objects; that this power depends on his will, and that its exertion can be suspended or increased at pleasure within certain limits; but how his will acts on his limbs he has no consciousness; and whence he derives the power he thus exercises, there is nothing to assure him, however he may long to know. His senses, too, inform him of a multitude of particulars respecting the external world, and he perceives an apparatus by which impressions from without may be transmitted, as a sort of signals, to the interior of his person, and ultimately to his brain, wherein he is obscurely sensible that the thinking, feeling, reasoning being he calls *himself*, more especially resides, but by what means he becomes conscious of these impressions, and what is the nature of the immediate communication between that inward sentient being, and that machinery, his outward man, he has not the slightest conception.

(4). Again, when he contemplates still more attentively the thoughts, acts, and passions of this his sentient intelligent self, he finds, indeed, that he can remember, and by the aid of memory, can compare and discriminate, can judge and resolve, and, above all, that he is irresistibly impelled, from the perception of any phenomenon without or within him, to infer the existence of something prior which stands to it in the relation of a *cause*, without which it would not be, and that this knowledge of causes and their consequences is what, in almost every instance, determines his choice and will, in cases where he is nevertheless conscious of perfect freedom to act or not to act. He finds, too, that it is in his power to acquire more or less knowledge of causes and effects according to the degree of attention he bestows upon them, which attention is again in great measure a voluntary act; and often when his choice has been decided on imperfect knowledge or insufficient attention, he finds reason to correct his judgment, though perhaps too late to influence his decision by after consideration. A world within him is thus opened to his intellectual view, abounding with phenomena and relations, and of the highest immediate interest But while he cannot help perceiving that the insight he is enabled to obtain into this internal sphere of thought and feeling is in reality the source of all his power—the very fountain of his predominance over external nature—he yet feels himself capable of entering only very imperfectly into these recesses of his

own bosom, and analyzing the operations of his mind,—it this as in all other things, in short, "*a being darkly wise*;" seeing that all the longest life and most vigorous intellect can give him power to discover by his own research, or time to know by availing himself of that of others, serves only to place him on the very frontier of knowledge, and afford a distant glimpse of boundless realms beyond, where no human thought has penetrated, but which yet he is sure must be no less familiarly known to that Intelligence which he traces throughout creation, than the most obvious truths which he himself daily applies to his most trifling purposes. Is it wonderful that a being so constituted should first encourage a hope, and by degress acknowledge an assurance, that his intellectual existence will not terminate with the dissolution of his corporeal frame, but rather that in a future state of being, disencumbered of a thousand obstructions, which his present situation throws in his way, endowed with acuter senses, and higher faculties, he shall drink deep at that fountain of beneficent wisdom for which the slight taste obtained on earth has given him so keen a relish?—Herschel. *Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

To be continued.

ODE TO POVERTY.

I formerly announced that no poetry should be admitted into the Edinburgh Journal. This, I find, has occasioned regret among some very respectable persons. Poetry, they say, is a branch of the Belles Lettres, tending to polish, soften, and humanize. I therefore have resolved to admit occasionally short poems—only of such a nature, however, as are really calculated to have any effect in improving the minds or hearts of my readers. Of such a nature I judge the following composition, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, for April, 1830. It is the production of a humble Scottish rustic—William Park—who acts as farm servant, or "*minister's man*," to the Rev. Mr. Brown of Eskdale-Muir. That sentiments so refined, and thoughts so profound should reside in a peasant, whose opportunities of improving his mind are probably of the most limited nature, is in itself most wonderful, and proves, if proof were wanting, how highly the rural people of Scotland are exalted in the scale of intellect. It also proves a far more important thing—that there is no lot so mean but it may be ennobled by virtuous feeling, and the triumphs of inborn genius.

Hail! mighty power! who o'er my lot
Presidest uncontroll'd and free;
Sole ruler of the rural cot,
I bid thee hail, dread Poverty!
Thine aid I crave to guide my strain,
Nor shall I supplicate in vain.

When on this world of woe and toil,
A helpless stranger I was cast,
Like mariner on desert isle,
The sport and victim of the blast,
Thy russet robe was o'er me flung,
And to thy cold, lean hand I clung.

In youth I felt thy guardian care,
Each saving, self-denying rule,
Awful for those of fortune spare,
I learnt and practised in thy school;
And of my lengthen'd life at large,
Thou still hast taken special charge,

Much have I seen—much more I've heard,
Of chance and change in this vain world;
The low to high estate preferr'd—
From high estate the haughty hurl'd;
But chance or change ne'er pass'd o'er me—
I'm still thy subject, Poverty!

(Oh how unwise are they who scorn
Thy homely garb and homely fare;
Who scale the tropic's burning bourne,
Ideal happiness to share;
They tread the wild, and plough the wave,
In quest of gold—but find a grave.)

There are who know thee but by name,
Who spurn thy salutary laws,
And count thy badge a mark of shame,
And hold it sin to own thy cause.
Fools that they are! they never knew
Thy guiltless pride—thy spirit true.

Full oft in danger's darkest day
Thy sons have proved their country's shield,
When wealth's effeminate array
Appear'd not on the battle field:—
'Twas theirs to grasp the patriot brand,
That dropp'd from luxury's nerveless hand.

Full oft, where wealth-engender'd crime
Roll'd o'er the lands its whelming tide,
Their fervent faith and hope sublime
Have stable proved, though sorely tried:
In virtue's heavenward path they trode,
When Pleasure's sons forsook their God.

And yet nor stone, nor poet's strain,
Records their honours undefil'd;
Even poesy would weave in vain
The laurel wreath for penury's child:
Should fashion sneer, or fortune frown,
'Twould wither ere the sun went down.

But greater, happier far is he,
More ample his reward of praise,—
Though he should misery's kinsman be,
Though hardships cloud his early days,—
Who triumphs in temptation's hour,
Than he who wins the warlike tower.

What though he may not write his name
On history's ever living page!
What though the thrilling trump of fame
Echo it not from age to age!
'Tis blazoned bright in realms on high,
Enroll'd in records of the sky.

What though the hireling bard be mute,
When humble worth for notice calls,
There wants not voice of harp or lute
To hymn it high in heavenly halls:
Around the cell where virtue weeps,
His nightly watch the seraph keeps.

If peace of mind your thoughts employ,
Ye restless murmuring sons of earth!
Ah! shun the splendid haunts of joy,
Peace dwells not with unholy mirth;
But oft amidst a crowd of woes,
As in the desert blooms the rose

Thick fly the hostile shafts of fate,
And wreck and ruin mark their course,
But the pure spirit, firm, sedate,
Nor feels their flight, nor fears its force;
So storms the ocean's surface sweep,
While calm below the waters sleep.

O! may eternal peace be mine,
Though outward woes urge on their war,
And Hope do thou my path define,
And light it with thy radiant star.
Thou, Hope! who through the shades of sorrow,
Couldst trace the dawn of joy's bright morrow.

Lion Hunting.—Ten or twelve colonists, mounted and armed with their large guns, go out, and having, with the assistance of their dogs and Hottentots, ascertained where the spoiler lies, approach within a moderate distance, and then alighting, make fast the horses to each other by their bridles and halters. They then advance to within about thirty paces, backing the horses before them, knowing to within what distance, and being aware, from his aspect and motions, whether he is likely to anticipate their attack. As they advance, the lion at first surveys them calmly, and wags his tail as in a pleased or playful humour; but when they approach nearer, he begins to growl, and draws his hind parts under his breast till almost nothing of him is seen, except his bushy, bristling mane, and his eyes of living fire gleaming fiercely from the midst of it. He is now fully enraged, and only measuring his distance, in act to spring upon his audacious assailants. This is the critical moment, and the signal for half the party to fire. If they are not successful in killing him at the first volley, he springs like a thunderbolt upon the horses. The rest of the party then pour in their fire upon him, which seldom fails to finish his career, though, perhaps, with the loss of one or more horses; and sometimes, though more rarely, some even of the huntsmen are destroyed in these dangerous encounters. —*Thomson's Travels in Africa.*

The Humming Bird.—Frequently as the humming bird has been described since it was seen by Dumpier, his account of this the most delicate and lovely of the feathered tribe, is as fresh and beautiful as when the young seaman, charmed with its loveliness, first entered a description of it in his rude journal:—"The humming bird is a pretty little feathered creature, no bigger than a great overgrown wasp; with a black bill no bigger than a small needle, and with legs and feet in proportion to its body. This creature does not wave its wings like other birds when it flies, but keeps them in a continued quick motion, like bees or other insects; and like them makes a continued humming noise as it flies. It is very quick in motion, and haunts about flowers and fruit like a bee gathering honey; making many addresses to its delightful objects, by visiting them on all sides, and yet still keeps in motion, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, as often rebounding a foot or two back on a sudden, and as quickly returns again, keeping thus about one flower five or six minutes or more."—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

The Nature and Properties of Milk.—The chemical properties of this secretion differ somewhat in different animals. The milk of the cow has been most attentively examined, and it has the following properties:—"1. It is nearly opaque; white, or slightly yellow; of an agreeable sweetish taste, and a peculiar smell. Its specific gravity varies from 10.18 to 10.20. It boils at a temperature a little above that of water, and freezes at 32 deg. When allowed to remain a few hours at rest, a thick unctuous liquid collects upon its surface, called cream; the colour of the remaining milk becomes bluish white, and when heated to about 100 degrees, with a little rennet, it readily separates into a coagulum, or curd, and a serum, or whey. In this way, the three principal constituents of milk are separable from each other. 2. By the process of churning, cream is separated into butter and buttermilk; the latter being the whey united to a portion of curd. Butter may be considered as an animal oil, containing a small portion of curd and whey. 3. The curd of milk has the leading properties of coagulated albumen. Curd, in combination with various proportions of butter, constitutes the varieties of cheese. That containing the largest quantity of oil becomes semi-fluid when heated; it is prone to decomposition, and a large quantity of ammonia is then formed in it; whereas bad cheese, which consists of little else than curd or albumen, shrinks and dies when heated, curling up like a piece of horn. 4. Whey is a transparent fluid, of a pale yellow colour, and a sweetish flavour; by evaporation, it affords a minute quantity of saline matter, and a considerable proportion of sugar of milk."—*Library of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge.*

Willie Cossar Pins.—The large pins which the common people at present denominate *Willie Cossars*, were formerly called *bodle preens*, on account of their price, only four of them being given by the chapman for a halfpenny. The change of their name is said in the south country to have been occasioned by a remarkable circumstance. There was once a wandering madman, named Willie Cossar, who bore a terrible character everywhere for his rabid disposition. This personage one day walking along an unfrequented road, met a poor woman, who did not know his person. He asked her if she were not afraid to walk abroad by herself, considering the numerous dangers which beset solitary, and especially female travellers. She answered that she never dreaded any thing in her journeys, except the chance of encountering a wild man of the name of Willie Cossar. Willie was so enraged at this, that, out of revenge, he picked out her eyes with a large bodle pin. That species of pins thenceforward received his name. This circumstance occurred within the last seventy or eighty years.

Night-fall in Italy In Mr. Bell's observations on Italy, the night-fall is thus powerfully described:—The serenity of the approach of night in these fine climates is most soothing; yet so sudden is the fall of evening, that while we are just beginning to trace the rising stars, day is gone. But how beautiful—how grand is the contemplation of nature at this hour! how splendid the spangled sky! how soft the milky-way, clearly defined in its long course, as it lies spread out in the heavens! while, perhaps, from light clouds in the distant horizon, the harmless lightning plays, as if to mock the fire-fly, which, rising from every spot, deepened, soars and plies its busy wings, filling the air with incessant bright alternations of light and shade, and seeming to give life to the silence and stillness of the night.

Account of the Phœnix.—Professor Rennie, in a recent lecture at the King's College, gave an elaborate account of the far-famed Phœnix, which ought to prove not a little interesting to individuals trading under the name of this bird in insurance offices, iron companies, engine factories, stage coachs, steam packets, race horses, coal wharfs, coffee houses, and innumerable other heterogeneous things—imagined, it may be supposed, to derive a mysterious influence from the name of Phœnix. The earliest account of the Phœnix is given by Herodotus, the father of history; and this has been copied with additions, (a story seldom loses in its transmission,) by Pliny, Tacitus, Pomponius, Mela, Horapolla, Mariana, and other writers. Among the rest, our old English writer Bartholomew Glantville, as translated by Trevisor, and printed in black letter by Wynkyn de Worde, in 1498, says:—St. Ambrose, in Exameron, sayth: of the humoure or ashes of fœnix ariseth a newe byrde and wexeth, and, in space of tyme, he is clothed with fethers and wyngis, and restored into the kind of a byrde, and is the most fairest byrde that is—most like to the pecock in fethers, and loveth wilderness, and gadereth his meate of cleane greenes and fruites. Alanus speketh of this byrde, and saith, that whan the hyghest byshop Onyas had buylded a temple in the citie of Helyopolys in Egypt, to the lykeness of the temple of Jherusalem, and the fyrste daye of Easter, whaune he hadde gathered moch sweete smellyng wood, and sette it on fyre uppon the altar to offer sacrifyce, to all mennes syghte suche a byrde came sodaynely, and fell into the myddel of the fyre and was brente anone to ashes in the fyre of the sacrifyce; and the ashes abode there, and was besely kept and saved by the commandemente of the preeste; and within three days, of these ashes was bred a lyttel worme, that took the shape of a byrde atte the laste, and flew into the wyldernesse." This account, Mr. Rennie remarked, "of a worm being generated out of the ashes of a sacrifice, and afterwards becoming a bird, is precisely of a piece with the methods given by Virgil and Columella for the generation of bees from dead carcasses, which originated in an imperfect knowledge of the natural history of insects, as I have explained at length in *Insect Transformations*; while the appearance of a bird alighting on the altar must have obviously arisen from some eagle or vulture pouncing upon the carcass of the animal sacrificed,—a circumstance, I should imagine, of occasional occurrence when altars were situated in the open air, and which in Greece or Rome, instead of the bird's being considered a phœnix, would have been hailed as an *avatar* (if I may borrow the braminical term) of Jupiter himself. That such were the circumstances, which in process of time were worked up into the fabulous and fanciful stories of the phœnix, I have no doubt; and it appears to me, that this is the only plausible and rational explanation which can be given; though a vast deal of learning, and no little ingenuity has been expended in other views." This account is strongly corroborated by an anecdote given by Bruce the traveller, of an eagle (*gypaetus barbatus*, Storr,) in the very country where the phœnix was said to appear, darting down while his party were dining in the open air, and carrying off a part of their dinner. It is farther remarkable, that Bruce says of this genuine phœnix, as we may call it, that "the feathers of the belly and breast were of a gold colour," which might almost pass for a translation of Pliny's description of the ancient phœnix. Mr. Rennie exhibited a specimen of this bird to a numerous audience, whom the curiosity of the subject had attracted to the lecture.

Public Libraries of Europe.—We are enabled to state the exact number of these useful establishments, though, on a superficial enumeration, they cannot amount to fewer than between seven and eight hundred; the contents of which have been estimated by Malthus at 19,847,000 volumes. Of these contents, there are preserved in

The Austrian states,	2,220,000 vols.
Prussian,	997,000
Remaining states of Germany	3,524,500
The whole of Germany	6,651,500
France	6,427,0 0
Great Britain	1,533,000
Russian Empire	880,000
Italy	2,139,000

The six most considerable, and, at the same time, most valuable libraries in Europe, are the following:—

	Vols.	MSS.
Royal Library, Paris	450,000	76,000
Bodleian, Oxford,	420,000	30,000
Royal Central, Munich	400,000	9,000
Vatican, Rome,	100,000	40,000
University, Gottingen,	300,000	5,000
British Museum, London,	300,000	

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FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG.

"FATHERS HAVE FLINTY HEARTS."

I ONLY quote this popular expression from a very popular play, in order to warn my juvenile friends against being too much impressed by it. It is a fatal error running through nearly the whole mass of our fictitious literature, that parents are represented as invariably adverse, through their own cruel and selfish views, to the inclinations of their children: either the glowing ambition and high spirit of the boy is repressed by the cold calculations of his father, who wishes him to become a mere creature of the counting-room and shop like himself; or the romantic attachment of the girl to some elegant Orlando, procures her a confinement to her chamber, with no other alternative than that of marrying a detestable suitor, whom her father prefers to all others on account of his wealth. Then, the boy always runs away from his father's house, and, by following his own inclinations, acquires fortune and fame; while the girl as invariably leaps a three-pair-of-stairs window, and is happy for life with the man of her choice. The same dangerous system pervades the stage, where, I am sorry to remark, every vicious habit of society, and every impropriety in manners and speech is always sure to be latest abandoned.

I warn my juvenile readers most emphatically against the fallacy and delusion which prevails upon this subject. Fathers, as a class, have not flinty hearts, nor is it their wish or interest, in general, to impose a cruel restraint upon their children. Young people would do well to examine the circumstances in which they stand in regard to their parents and guardians, before believing in the reality of that schism which popular literature would represent as invariably existing between their own class and that of their natural protectors. The greater part, I am sure, of my young friends must have observed that, so long as they can remember, they have been indebted for every comfort, and for a thousand acts of kindness and marks of affection, to those endeared beings—*their father and mother*. The very dawning light of existence must have found them in the enjoyment of many blessings procured to them solely by those two individuals. From them must have been derived the food they ate, the bed they lay on, the learning at school which enabled their minds to appreciate all the transactions and all the wisdom of past times, and, greatest blessing of all, the habits of devotional exercise which admitted them to commune with their Almighty Creator. Surely it is not to be supposed that, at a certain time, the kindness and friendship of these two amiable persons is all at once converted into a malignant contrariety to the interests of their children. Is it not far more likely, my dear young friends, that they continue, as ever, to be your well-wishers and benefactors: and that the opposition which they seem to set up so ungraciously against your inclinations, is only caused by their sense of the dangers which threaten you in the event of your being indulged? It may appear to you that no such danger exists: that your parents are actuated by narrower and meaner views than your own, or that they do not allow for the feelings of youth. But they are in reality deeply concerned for the difference of *your* feelings from *theirs*; they sympathize with them in secret, from a recollection of what were their own at your period of life; but know, from that very experience of your feelings, and of their result, that it is not good for you that they should be indulged. You are, then, called upon—and I do so now in the name of your best feelings, and as you would wish for present or future happiness—to trust in the reality of that parental tenderness which has never, heretofore, known interruption, and in the superiority of that wisdom with which years and acquaintance with the world have invested your parents.

Perhaps, my young friends, you may have perceived, even in the midst of your childish frolics and careless happiness, that your parents were obliged to deny themselves many indulgences, and toil hard in their respective duties, in order to obtain for you the comforts which you enjoy. You may have perceived that your father, after he had returned home from his daily employment, could hardly be prevailed upon to enter, as you wished, into your sports, or to assist you with your lessons, but would sit, in silent and abstracted reflection, with a deep shade of care upon his brow. On these occasions, perhaps, your amiable and kind protector is considering how difficult it is, even with all his industry, and all his denial of indulgences to himself, to procure for you an exemption from that wretchedness in which you see thousands of other children every day involved. But though many are the cares which your parents experience, in the duty of rearing you to manhood, there is none so severe or so acute as that which comes upon them at the period of your entering into life. Heretofore, you were simple little children, with hardly a thought, beyond the family scene in which you have enjoyed so many comforts. Heretofore, with the exception of occasional rebukes from your parents, and trifling quarrels with your brothers and sisters, you have all been one family of love, eating at the same board, kneeling in one common prayer, loving one another, as the dearest of all friends. But now the scene becomes very different. You begin to feel, within yourselves, separate interests, and each thinks himself best qualified to judge for himself. At that moment, my young friends, the anxiety of your parents is a thousand times greater than it ever was before. Your father, probably, is a man of formed habits and character; he occupies a certain respectable station in the world; he has all his life been governed by certain principles, which he found to be conducive to his comfort and dignity. But, though he has been able to conduct himself through the world in this satisfactory manner, he is sensible, from the various, and perhaps altogether opposite characters, which nature has implanted in you, that you may go far wide of what have been his favourite objects, and perhaps the means of impairing that respectability which he, as a single individual, has hitherto maintained. It is often observed in life, that children who have been reared by poor but virtuous parents, as if their minds had received in youth a horror for every attribute of poverty, exert themselves with such vigorous and consistent fortitude, as to end with fortune and dignity; while the children, perhaps, of these individuals, being brought up without the same acquaintance with want and hardship, are slothful through life, and soon bring back the family to its original condition. If you then have been reared in easy circumstances, you may believe what I now tell you, that your approach to manhood or womanhood will produce a degree of anxiety in the breasts of your parents, such as would, if you knew it, make your very hearts bleed for their distress, and cause you to appear as monsters to yourselves if you were to act in any great degree differently from what they wished.

How much, then, is it your duty, my young friends, to treat the advices and wishes of your parents, at this period of life, with respect, knowing, as you do, that the future happiness of those dear and kind beings depends almost solely upon your conducting yourselves properly in your first steps into life. Should you be so unfortunate as to be beguiled into bad company, or to contract a disposition to indulgences which are the very bane of existence, and the ruin of reputation, what must be the agony of those individuals who have hitherto loved and cherished you, and indulged, perhaps, in very different anticipations! On the contrary, should you yield respect, as far as it is in your nature, to the maxims which your father has endeavoured to impress; with what delight does he look forward to your future success—with what happy confidence does he rely upon your virtuous principles! And may there be no happiness to *you*, in contemplating the happiness which you have given to *him*? Yes, much, I am sure, and of a purer kind than almost any which earthly things can confer upon you here below.

I have one word to add, and it is addressed to the female part of my juvenile readers. Exactly as parents feel a concern for the first appearance of their sons in the business of life, so do they experience many anxious and fearful thoughts respecting the disposal of their daughters in matrimony. Wedded life, I may inform them, is not the simple matter which it appears prospectively in early and single life. As it involves many serious duties and responsibilities, it must be entered upon with a due regard to the means—above all things, the pecuniary means—of discharging these in a style of respectability, such as may be sufficient to support the dignity of the various connexions of the parties. It is, therefore, necessary that no person of tender years (this is most frequently the lot of the female) should contract the obligations of matrimony, without, if possible, the entire sanction of parents or other protectors. The people of this country happen to entertain, upon this subject, notions of not so strict a kind as are prevalent in most other nations. In almost all continental and all eastern countries, the female is reared by her friends as the destined bride of a particular individual, and till her marriage she is allowed no opportunity of bestowing her affections upon any other. The custom is so ancient and so invariable, that it is submitted to without any feeling of hardship; and as prudence is the governing principle of the relations, the matches are generally as happy as if they were more free. Perhaps such a custom is inapplicable to this country, on account of our different system of domestic life; but I may instance it, to prove to my fair young readers, that the control of parents over their choice of a husband ought to be looked upon as a more tolerable and advantageous thing, than their inclinations might be disposed to allow, or our popular literature represents it to be.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

Continued.

THE Somervilles are amongst the most ancient families o note in Scotland. The first of the name in Britain wa Gualter de Somerville, who accompanied William the Conqueror to England, and obtained from him estates in Staffordshire and Gloucestershire. He left several sons, and died a the commencement of the twelfth century. One of thes

sons named Gualter, inherited his estates in England, and the second attached himself to Earl David, when he came to Scotland. On arriving in this country, David conferred on him the manor of Carnwath, in Clydesdale, in reward for his attachment, and there have been Somervilles in this part of Scotland ever since.—There was at one time a family of the name of *Umphraville*, of considerable note in this country, the first of whom attached himself to Earl David. The family enjoyed various lands in Stirlingshire; but, after a residence in the country for about half a century, merged for lack of heirs. There are, in all probability, not many persons in Scotland who are aware of the origin of the name *Maxwell*. The first of this family, in this country, was also a follower of David, from whom he received a grant of land on the Tweed. The name of this person was *Maccus*, and his place of residence requiring the appropriate name of *Maccus-ville*, such a term was, in the course of time, shortened, and corrupted into *Maxwell*.—But of all these Anglo-Saxons who settled in Scotland, scarcely any that we hear of arrived at such eminence as that of *Sules*, or *Soulis*. The first of this line was Ranulph de Sules, who followed David from Northamptonshire into Scotland. The attachment of Ranulph was amply rewarded by a grant from him of Liddesdale, the manor of Nisbet, in Teviotdale, with some other lands, both in this district and in Lothian. In Liddesdale, where he thus settled before the middle of the twelfth century, he built a fortalice, called Hermitage Castle, which gave rise to the village of Castletown, and has been the subject of numberless popular traditions, some of which I shall perhaps, at an after period, detail. In 1271, William de Soulis was knighted at Haddington by Alexander III., and under the same monarch he became justiciary of Lothian. He was one of the *Magnates Scotiæ*, or principal men of the kingdom, who engaged in 1284 to support the succession of the Princess Margaret to her grandfather, Alexander III. In 1290, he was present with Sir John Soulis, in the celebrated parliament at Birgham—now a poor hamlet on the Tweed below Kelso—for betrothing the heiress of Scotland to the prince of England. This Sir John de Soulis was one of the ambassadors to France, for marrying Joletta, the daughter of the Count de Dreux, to Alexander III. In 1294 he again went to France—this will partly shew to the Scotch of the present day the species of intercourse that took place in former times betwixt the Scottish and French nations—to negotiate the marriage of Edward Baliol with a daughter of Charles, the French king's brother. In 1299 he was made *Custos Regni Scotiæ*—Keeper of the Scottish Kingdom—by John Baliol. In 1300 the same Sir John Soulis commanded at the siege of Stirling Castle, which was surrendered to him by the English. In 1303 he was one of the Scottish commissioners at Paris. At the capitulation of Strathurd, on the 9th of February, 1304, he was excepted by Edward I. from the ignominious conditions imposed on the vanquished, and it was provided that he should remain in exile for two years. When Robert Bruce entered on his active career, he was joined by Sir John Soulis, and for his services was rewarded with a grant of the baronies of Kirkandrews and Torthorwald, and the lands of Brettalach, in Dumfries-shire. Some years afterwards, he closed his gallant career as a soldier of Scotland. Following Edward Bruce to Ireland, he was slain with him in battle near Dundalk, on the 5th of October, 1318. These de Soulises had other two brothers; one named Sir Thomas de Soulis, of the county of Roxburgh, who swore fealty to Edward I. in 1296, and Sir Nicholas de Soulis. In 1300, Thomas was taken prisoner by the English in Galloway; and Edward I. ordered *fourpence a-day* to be paid as his allowance. This curious particular is learned from the Wardrobe accounts. It appears that in 1306, Alicia, the widow of Thomas de Soulis, did homage to Edward I. for lands in Scotland. It is a remarkable circumstance in the family history of the Soulises, that, among others, one of them laid claim to the crown of Scotland,—an event which overwhelmed and ruined the family altogether. The claimant was Nicholas de Soulis (supposed by some to have been the above Nicholas;) and the historian Prynne thus deduces the claim:—'Alexander II. left a bastard daughter, Margery, who married Allan Doorward, an active, ambitious baron, who died in 1275, leaving three daughters; one of these daughters, Ermingard—this beautiful female name was once common among the higher classes in Scotland—married a Soulis; and of this Soulis was Nicholas the competitor.' The seal of this ambitious man has been engraved by Astle, among the Scottish seals; but his armorial bearings are quite different from the arms of the Liddesdale family of Soulis, as set forth by Nisbet; from which circumstance there is reason to infer that there was some difference in the lineage. I leave better antiquaries and genealogists than myself, however, to clear up the obscurity. The next family I have to mention is that of *Avenel;* but here I stop for the present.

SKRYME.

Though popular narrative, when general and unvarying, is an authority by no means despicable; and though proverbial wisdom affirms that what all men say must be true; it cannot be denied that there are some common and general observations which bear all the marks of absurdity, and which to support, would argue utter credulity, or, what is worse, superstition. Most of my readers are acquainted with Skryme, the apothecary, who deals out doses of alarm for the mind, and confusion for the body, to the inhabitants of Little Britain, in the *Sketch Book*. This venerable gentleman has, in Scotland, many disciples and apostles, male and female, who entertain all sorts of strange and dark beliefs, and, in fact, form a part of the public entirely beyond the reach of the intelligence which is perpetually emanating in one shape or other from the press. Skryme's apostles assert, for instance, in defiance of all experience, that, if a culprit about to be hanged can get the appointed hour past, he may laugh at executioner, bailies, and all, and walk away a free man; also, that, if the rope breaks, he cannot be hung up again.* They believe, too, that Friday makes a point of being always the best or the worst day of the week; that men have one rib less than women, on Adam's account; and that the dove has no gall, in consequence of its sacred emblematical character, and its services at the Flood. They are dead-certain that the half of the people that die come alive again in the grave, and turn themselves round in their coffins. They believe, that horses, on account of the convexity of their eyes, think men larger than themselves, and otherwise would not submit to human government. They tell children, by way of encouraging an industrious disposition, that every member of the Royal Family is taught some trade, that he may be able to support himself by his hands should the craft of kingship fail him. George III. according to the Skrymists, was bred a shoemaker. They believe that cats see best in the dark; that bats have wings made of leather; that to take much salt, tends to make one dark-complexioned; that the man in the moon is a real man, who was put up there for gathering sticks on the Sabbath-day; and they are convinced that beasts have a language among themselves.

Among the natural objects which the disciples of Skryme have invested with supernatural attributes, rats are not the least distinguished. Rats, it is true, are a peculiar people; while the ignorance which generally prevails regarding them, gives a good deal of scope for the imagination. Rats, say the Skrymists, sometimes remove in whole nations. The old aboriginal rat of this country is now totally extirpated, or removed, and the present race is of German extraction, who came in soon after the accession of the House of Brunswick. They also remove in whole cities, occasionally in whole streets, or still more frequently in housefuls. It has been known in Edinburgh, that a whole street has all at once been evacuated, and a neighbouring one at the same instant taken possession of. One particular street in the New Town was last year announced to be completely hollowed out below, like a honeycomb, by rats, in consequence of which, the proprietors can tell, that the houses have all been, this year, by a sort of poetical justice, very much underrated, in the way of rent. Rats are a sort of fair-weather friends in their way, always departing from a house when misfortune is about to befall it; and from a ship before the last fatal voyage.

It is very remarkable, that almost every town in Scotland has a street called the Rotten-Row: and, still more so, that with all the Rotten-Rows is associated some Skrymism upon the subject of these mysterious animals. There is a Rotten-Row at Dunfermline; and I shall relate the Skrymism connected with it:—On the day before the great fire in Dunfermline, in 1622, when almost every house was destroyed, the whole of the rats of the town gathered themselves together, and were observed to go out to the country in a leisurely and orderly manner by this narrow lane; the blind, according to the established custom of rats, being led by their companions with straws in their mouths! Whatever credit may be given to it, the fact is attempted to be established by another equally incredible, but which several living witnesses remain to attest. On the day before a great inundation of the Dean Burn, which runs through Dunfermline, many rats were observed to leave their place of abode, near the banks of that stream, and climb, with their young, up a tall tree. By this means, they escaped the deluge that would otherwise have drowned them in their dens, and were enabled to look down with an air of cool contempt upon the two-footed people below, who, for want of the same providence, were exposed with their property to the raging fury of the flood.

THE RUSSIAN COURT.

At ten I called, in coach-and-four, upon Needham, to take him to the Court, at the Annishkoff Palace. The Court is like all other Courts. Here we remained with chamberlains, masters of ceremonies, grand chamberlains, generals, colonels, captains, &c., until about eleven, when we were presented in a circle to the Emperor. His imperial Majesty is a remarkably fine-looking man, of upwards of six feet in height. His countenance is open and ingenuous, his manner frank, but a little inclining to *brusque*. If I were to see such a man in a crowd, I should say "that man is born to be an emperor." He is thirty-six years of age, and is represented by all those who have access to his person, and who are well acquainted with his character, to be the model of a prince and of a man. His fine physiognomy is expressive of benignity, magnanimity, and intelligence. He received us in private audience, and, as we stood in a sort of semicircle, he went round and addressed something kind and pertinent to our professions and nation, to each of us. He asked me if I had ever seen in India anything of the cholera; to which I replied, that I had never served in India, but that I had had the complaint, commonly called the cholera morbus, twice in my life—once at Buenos Ayres, in South America, and once at Constantinople. His Majesty seemed surprised, and asked me how I was treated for it; to which I replied, the first time simply with barley-water made very sweet, and the second time with syrup of orjeat and water. I remarked, likewise, that the Arabs, who were well acquainted with the cholera, treated it with rice-water and sugar. "Ah!" said his Imperial Majesty, "you have not had the oriental cholera, but its first cousin; but," said he, "your remedy is deserving of notice." He observed, that he trusted that the measures he had caused to be taken, of quarantine and *cordon sanitaire*, would check the progress of the disorder; but, he added, it is very difficult in Russia to make the people pay obedience to sanitary regulations. "You, in England," said he, "respect and obey the law, and enforce the quarantine rigorously." I replied, that I hoped the excellent example set by himself, in performing fourteen days of quarantine, on his return from Moscow, would be productive of good effects.—*Frankland's Russia.*

* P.S I have since observed, in the ancient code of laws, known by the name of the *Regium Majestatem*, that such was once the fact.

MAJOR WEIR.

The following account of this notorious sorcerer is from Fraser's *Divine Providences*, MS. Advocates' Library. It is the most minute and curious which the Editor of the Journal has ever met with, and possesses additional value, as the narrative of a contemporary. Fraser was a minister of the reign of Charles II.

"One Thomas Weir, whom I saw at Edinburgh, anno 1660, commonly called Captain Weir, was born in Clydesdale, near to Lanark, anno 1607, the son of one John Weir, first a peugh-maker and afterwards a farmer. About the year 1639, he took on with a Captain Young for Ireland, where, about the year of the massacre of that kingdom, he was made sergeant, and about the 45 (1645) turned lieutenant. In the 48 he came to Scotland; and Edinburgh being the metropolitan and centre of the kingdom, Thomas Weir made acquaintance with many, and not the worst, personating a deal of gravity and mistification, and frequenting sermons frequently, till, in the end, he went under the notice, and got the repute of a singular professor. At length, he got a charge over the waiters at the ports of the city, being a check to them. About the year 1650, he got the place of major in the town guard, and so was ever after called Major Weir. His garb was still a cloak, and somewhat dark, and he never went without his staff. He was a tall black man, and ordinarily looked down to the ground—a grim countenance and a big nose. At length he became so notourly regarded among the presbyterian strict sect, that, if four met together, be sure Major Weir was one. At private meetings, he prayed to admiration, which made many of that stamp court his converse. He never married, but lived in a private lodging with his sister, Grizel Weir. Many resorted to his house to hear him pray, and join with him; but it was observed, that he could not officiate in any holy duty without the black staff, or rod in his hand, and leaning upon it, which made those who heard him pray admire his flood in prayer, his ready extemporary expression, his heavenly gesture; so that he was thought more angel than man, and was termed by some of the holy sisters ordinarily *Angelical Thomas*. And yet, how wonderful it is, this vile counterfeit was a devil and a varlet, and was in compact with the devil, upwards of fifty years in his service, from whom he got the gift of utterance and this enchanted staff, for by it he was enabled to pray and to commit sins not fit to be named.

* * * * *

"By the use of this staff he was enabled to conciliate the favour of many, to reconcile neighbours, even husband and wife when at variance, which purchased him veneration with all, and brought him vast gain and profit. * *

* * In short, this villain lived all his time in horrid wickedness, especially the years that he abode at Edinburgh. At length, like the wild ass, [he] was found in his mouth. Coming one day, as his custom was, to view the waiters, he found them drinking and neglecting their charge. After a gentle reproach, one of them replied, that some of their number being upon duty, the rest had retired to drink with their old friend and acquaintance Mr. Burn; at which word Major Weir started back, and, casting an eye upon him, repeated the word *burn* four or five times, and going home, came not abroad again for a long time after. It was

observed by some, that going to Libberton sometimes, he shunned to step over that brook ordinarily called Libberton Burn, but went about to shun it. By this men have conjectured, and not amiss, that he had been advised to beware of a burn, or some other thing which this equivocal word might signify, as *burn in a fire* If so, he hath forseen his day approached nigh. A year before he discovered his imposture, he took a sore sickness, during which time he spake to all that visited him like an angel, and he came frequently abroad again. A while after this, he took some dreadful tortures of conscience, and, the terrors of the Almighty being upon his spirit, he called in several neighbours to his house, to whom he confessed, and that most willingly, the particular sins he was guilty of, with sad aggravations, which bred amazement to all persons, coming from a man of such repute of religion and piety. He ended with this remarkable expression, 'Before God,' says he, 'I have not told the hundredth part of that I could tell, and am guilty of.' These same very abominations he confessed before the judges likeways: but after this he would never, to his dying hour, confess any more which might have been to the glorifying of God and edification of others, but remained stupid and heavy, having no confidence to look any man in the face, or to open his eyes. When two of the magistrates of Edinburgh came to his house in the night time, to carry him to prison, they asked if he had any money to secure. He said none. His sister said there was. Whereupon, there was found in parcels here and there to the value of five dollars, which they took up. His sister advised the magistrates to secure his staff especially, which they did. Thereafter, he and his sister were both carried away and secured in the Tolbooth. The bailies returning home, went into a tavern at the West Bow, near to Weir's house, the money was put into a bag, and the clouts thrown into the fire, which, after an unusual manner, made a circling and dancing in the fire. There was another clout found with some hard thing in it, which also they threw into the fire. It looked like a root, which curled and sparked like gunpowder, and, passing up the funnel of the chimney, it gave a crack like a little cannon, to the amazement of all who were present, The foresaid money was taken by one of the bailies to his own house, and laid by in his closet. After family worship, he retired to the said closet, during which time his wife and the rest of the family were affrighted with a terrible noise within the study, like the falling of a house, three times successively. His wife, knocking, gave a fearful cry, saying, 'My dear, are you alive?' The bailie came out unaffraid, and said he heard nothing. Whether he concealed this upon the account that his wife was with child, or otherwise, is uncertain. The money was presently sent away to the other bailie's house, where was also heard some terrible disturbance, but in broken expression.

'During the time of his imprisonment, he was never willing to be spoken to; and when the ministers of the city offered to pray for him, he would cry out in fury, 'Torment me no more, for I am tormented already.' One minister asking if he would pray for him, he answered, 'Not at all!' The man, in a zealous anger, said, 'I will pray for you in spite of your teeth, and the devil, your master, too.' So he prayed in his hearing, and the witnesses observed that Weir stared wildly, and was senseless as a brute all the while. Another asked him if he thought there was a God; he said, 'I know not.' The other replied, 'O man! the argument that moves me to think there is a God, is thyself, for what else moveth thee to inform the world of thy wicked life.' But Weir answered, 'Let me alone.' When he peremptorily forbad one of his parish ministers to pray, one demanded if he would have one of the presbyterian persuasion to pray. He answered, 'Sir, you are now all alike to me.'—'Then,' said the minister to him, 'I will pray with you.' 'Do it not,' said he, 'upon your peril,' looking up to the beams of the house. But prayer was made so much the more heartily, because the company present expected some vision. It is observable, that in things common he was pertinent enough; but when any thing about Almighty God, and his soul's condition, came about, he would scraugh, and strike his breast, crying, 'Torment me not before the time.'

"At length, he was sentenced to be burnt; and when the account of this was given him, he stood mute and stupid. When he was at the stake to be burnt, the city ministers called to a cunning man there looking on, a presbyterian, (of which persuasion Weir was formerly deemed to be,) to speak to him; but no sooner had he opened his mouth than the vile wretch made a sign with his hand and his head to be silent. When the rope was about his neck, to prepare him for the fire, he was bid say, 'Lord be merciful to me!' but he answered, 'Let me alone. I will not. I have lived as a beast, and I must die as a beast.' The fire being kindled, he dropped a little after into the flames—a sad spectacle to behold; and, shortly after, his black staff was cast into the fire with him. Whatever incantation was in it, the persons present aver that it gave rare turnings, and was long a burning, as also himself.

"Major Weir was brought to his dreadful, desperate, and yet deserved death, April 14, 1670, at the Gallow Lee, between Leith and Edinburgh."

THE RUNAWAY.

AN ENGLISH TALE, BY MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the most retired-looking spots in our thickly-peopled neighbourhood, is the pretty little nook called Sandleford Green; a small, very small patch of green sward, formed by a casual receding of the fields at a place where two narrow shady lanes cross each other, leaving just room enough, in one angle, for a clear mirror-like pond, with glorious old thorns dipping into it from the surrounding hedges; whilst a village pond, enclosing a noble oak, occupies another corner; and a third is completely overshadowed by two large horse-chestnut trees, standing like sentinels on either side of a gate, which leads through a short deep lane to the only dwelling within sight or hearing. No spot is, apparently, so entirely out of the way and out of the world as Sandleford Green! And yet the well-beaten footpaths, two or three of which, striking in different directions across the fields, met in this spot as a common centre, intimated that the little Green was a place of some resort—as indeed it actually was—not so much as a thoroughfare, but from its own independent attraction. The one solitary and unostentatious tenement of which it boasted, being famous all through the county for its home-brewed ale: the fine Sandleford beer, most emphatically called strong, holding so high a rank amongst the consumers of that formidable beverage, that people sent for it far and near; and the liveried groom of two or three neighbouring squires might often be seen galloping on their thorough-bred hunters to seek this only liquor worthy to wash down their master's Stilton, at the same moment that poor Dame Wheeler's little girl was crossing the stile for her sick grandmother's daily half-pint; and half the rustics in the parish pouring in to enjoy, in Joseph Dobson's own tap-room, or beneath his honeysuckled-porch, their own less moderate potations. "First come first served," was Joseph's motto; and although, on the whole, a man of impartiality, it is doubtful whether he had not some pleasure in keeping the lacqueys in attendance, and the grandees whom they served in expectation, whilst he administered to the wants of his humbler and more sociable customers. A chuckling, bustling, merry knave was our landlord, and a freespoken; had a vote for the county, which he regularly bestowed on the opposition candidate, be the ministers whom they might. Joseph thought no honest man could ever vote for the ministry—that was his creed: owed no one a shilling, and was too confident in the power of his ale to have any dread of the magistrates and the license act:—"Old Sir Thomas can't finish his dinner without a glass of my beer," thought Joseph; "and I may be as saucy and independent as I please."

Whatever might be the merits of the Sandleford ale, there could be no question as the beauty and picturesqueness of Joseph's habitation. It was a high, narrow, tower-like house, with chimneys like turrets, and every sort of gable end and inequality of which a building is capable, harmonised and enriched by an old vine, which, after creeping up one side of the house, nearly covered the roof, garlanding the very chimneys, and wreathing its luxuriant abundance of leaf, and fruit, and tendril, wherever a shoot could find place, until it fairly hung over on the other side—until its rich festoons nearly met the branchy honeysuckle, (Milton's "twisted eglantine,") which, climbling up, shaded a rude but fanciful and airy porch, such as is often seen in Wouverman's pictures, adding grace and lightness even to them. Nor was the garden, which reached, on one side, to a small meandering brook, the large garden, full of beds of vegetables and berry bushes, almost hidden by wide flower-borders, very nicely kept; or the long strip of beautiful green sward, the meadow, orchard, or pleasure-ground, (for it might pass for either of these,) with its fine grove of old fruit-trees—pear plum, cherry, and apple—terminated by its smooth bowling-green and goodly arbour, at all unworthy of the picturesque dwelling to which they were appended. The territory behind, a miniature farm-yard, with stabling for two, cart-room for one, a commodious cow-shed, and pigsties, goose-houses, and hen-houses, out of number, its populous duck-pond, and its abundance of noises—horses neighing, cows lowing, calves bleating, pigs grunting, geese gabbling, ducks quacking, cocks crowing, hens cackling, and doves cooing—was also a lively stirring scene, especially when animated by the presence of mine host, portly, sturdy, and comely, an excellent representative of his own brown stout, with twenty pigeons fluttering about him, (for Joseph amongst other fancies, was a great pigeon-fancier,) and two or three pet tumblers or fantails perched on his shoulder. In short, every thing about the place, from the two rosy smiling lasses, his daughters, down to the fat yard-dog and sleek tabby cat, seemed emblems of rural plenty and English independence; meet appendages to the sign of the Foaming Tankard, which swung in creaking magnificence from a post in front of the dwelling.

By far the most interesting inmate of this small village hostelry, was one, whose whole appearance formed the strongest possible contrast to the rest of that flourishing establishment. Mary Walker, the only child of the good landlord's only sister, was a tall thin young woman, with a pale, mild, serious countenance, great simplicity of dress and manner, and a general delicacy both of look and demeanour, belonging partly, perhaps, to ill health, but so much connected with a natural elegance of mind, that it hushed even her boisterous uncle and his boisterous customers into something like gentleness; just as the presence of a born gentlewoman might have done, if it were possible to fancy a born gentlewoman seated in the tap-room of the Foaming Tankard.

To say truth, the tap-room was a place that Mary seldom visited. The noise, the talking, the singing, the smell of tobacco, or even the odour of the famous Sandleford beer, would have kept her from that well-frequented resort of the thirsty souls of the village, even if the dread of encountering some of her many lovers had not been sufficient to hinder her from putting her foot across the threshold.

The cause of Mary Walker's many conquests might be found, perhaps, (at least *she* certainly thought so,) in the circumstance of her being a rustic heiress, having just so many hundreds of pounds as made her a great match in her own degree; the cause of her being, at two-and-twenty, unwedded, and unlikely to wed, will take rather more telling, although the story be short enough, and common enough too.

Joseph Dobson had had a son, called William, as unlike his father as possible; a gay, lively, mercurial spirit, too quick, or, as his poor mother used to say, too clever to learn—too ready at many trades to stick steadily to one; and so full of varying schemes and changeful resources, that every body, except that doting mother, felt convinced, that, in of William's acknowledged talent, his destiny would prove unprosperous.

The only chance for its being otherwise, lay in his strong affection for his fair cousin, Mary Walker. Her influence over him, especially after the death of his fond but misjudging mother, who had fostered his wild and expensive habits, by supplying him with money for their indulgence, formed the only counteraction to his natural and acquired unsteadiness of character. Even his father, although knowing him best and fearing him most, looked forward, with some degree of hope, to the period when he should be quietly married to Mary; and she herself—(how strange it is, that the mildest and most reflective woman should be so often carried off her feet by the giddiest wild-goose of a man!) she herself idolised him; overturned all the disinterested objections of her uncle and guardian, to risking her money and her happiness with so flighty a swain; and even laid aside much of her own timidity, to hasten, as far as her natural modesty would permit, the proposed union.

On the very evening before the intended marriage, William, who, amongst his other caprices, was frequently subject to the fury of jealousy, was seized with a violent fit of that amiable passion, the object being no other than George Bailey, my Lord's gamekeeper, as good-natured a fellow as ever lived, and a constant visitor at the sign of the Foaming Tankard. He had brought two tame pheasants, a cock, and a hen, as a present to Mary, who was known to be fond of pet poultry; "a wedding present," as he had whispered at parting, and Mary, unluckily, had admired the beauty of the birds.

"You like the birds for the sake of the giver, Mary," said William, chafed at the warmth with which George had shaken hands with her in the moment of departure, and the mingled blush and smile with which she had received his whispered farewell; "you are thinking of the master's good looks, of his gay plumage, and not of the birds."

"The master thinks little of me, or I of him. You are quite mistaken as to both of us," replied Mary.

"You admire the beauty of the donor," pursued William, pertinaciously; "you talk of the pheasants, but you are thinking of him."

"Not I indeed!" exclaimed Mary.

"But you are, I say, madam," resumed William, with increasing violence. "George Bailey is the beau of the parish, as you are the belle. We all know that; and for my poor part, I think it a great pity that you should be separated."

"If *you* think so, William," said poor Mary, and then, unable to finish the sentence, burst into tears.

"Well, madam, if I think so"—

"Then—oh William! William! how cruel this is, when you know that I love you, and nobody but you, in this wide world."

"If I think so, madam, then—pray finish what you were going to say. There is nothing I hate so much as these sort of scenes."

"Then," said Mary, resuming her firmness, "we had better part."

"Certainly, madam, we had better part; I agree with you perfectly," said the intended bridegroom, walking out of the house, without listening to the threats of his father, the remonstrances of his sisters, or even the gentle assurances of Mary herself, that neither George Bailey nor she had ever thought of each other.

Joseph Dobson stormed, his little daughters fretted and wondered, and poor Mary cried; but all fully expected that that night at supper-time, or, at latest, by peep of dawn William would re-appear, repent, and be forgiven; for his temper "which carried anger as the flint doth fire," had the redeeming grace of being eminently sweet and sunshiny especially after one of these sudden storms; so that Mary after feeling the exceeding delight of reconciliation, used sometimes to wonder whether she should like William as well, if he were always quiet and civil like other people Mary cried, expecting to be comforted; but the comforte whom she expected did not arrive. The evening passe away—the night—the next morning, that which would have been the bridal morning!—the day—the intended wedding-day!—and still no tidings of William. His father traced him to London; and then came a report that he was gone on board ship—he had had such a fancy in his boyhood engendered by reading Robinson Crusoe; and then came rumours of shipwreck, at first doubtfully listened to, but gradually believed, as month after month, and year after year, glided by, without any tidings arriving of the unhappy fugitive. Surely if he had been alive he would have written was the secret thought and feeling of all.

In his own home, long absence had produced its usual effect; and things had returned to their ordinary course with little reference to the life or death of the young man His father, first immoderately angry, then intemperately grieved, had resumed his former jovial temper and bustling habits; his light-hearted sisters had ceased to hope or fear or lament; and his old companions had well nigh forgotten that he had ever existed. Forgotten, indeed, he was by every body except poor Mary, who cherished his memory with the gentle sadness of a young widow, and turned from love and lovers with the fond fidelity of a turtle dove that has lost its mate. Never was heart more devoted and true as Ben Brown, the fat exciseman, and Aaron Keep, the lean shoemaker, and tall Jem Ward, the blacksmith, and little Bob Wheatley, the carpenter, besides at least a score more rejected suitors, could testify—George Bailey being near the only young man in the parish who had never made Mary Walker an offer, having, within three months of the pheasants present, brought home a very sufficient reason for not doing so in the shape of an exceeding pretty black-eyed wife. Poor Mary! she would have done wisely in following the example of the rest of the world, and forgetting William Dobson; but, as she used to say, when urged on the subject, she could not.

Meanwhile, time rolled on, and it was now some ye

since any thing had been heard of him. May was drawing towards its close—that loveliest month, which joins the spring flowers with the summer leaves. The country was in its prime of beauty; and Sandleford Green, with its pearly bunches of hawthorn overhanging and reflected in the clear bright pond, the horse-chestnuts covered with their pyramidal flowers, the golden broom skirting round the meadows where the young lambs were at play, the orchard one glow of blossom, the lilacs and laburnums scenting the arbour, and the honeysuckle perfuming the porch. Sandleford was the sweetest and prettiest of all country places; and Mary was standing under the honeysuckle, looking at the blue sky, and the green grass, and the flowery fruit-trees so gay in the sunshine, and thinking how wrong it was in her not to be happy, when all on a sudden the good landlord advanced from the farm-yard with a troubled countenance, calling for Mary, and Bessy, and Kate, a mess of milk, a jug of ale, and a bottle of brandy. "There's a man lying dead or dying in the cart-house, added he; "make haste, lasses! make haste!"

Mary, catching at the hope of life, hurried into the house to despatch some messenger for medical assistance; his daughters flew to his assistance, and half the customers in the tap-room followed with instinctive curiosity to the cart-house.

The man was not dead; and mine host and little Kate were administering, or rather offering, (for he seemed incapable either of speaking or swallowing,) their various remedies.

"Who can he be, father?" said Kate; "what can have brought him here?"

"How should I know, child?" replied the man of the Tankard; "'tis a poor ragged famished wretch, as you see, who, I suppose, could crawl no farther. But I think he'll dive! He's looking about him! and he seems likely to come to. Get your cousin's smelling-bottle, Bessy; and don't crowd round him so, good folks! Why, even Neptune has crept up to him, and is half smothering the poor wretch. That looks as if it was somebody the dog knew."

And the poor creature, the sick, famished, ragged creature, writhed on his straw, and groaned and gasped as if for speech.

"Where are Mary's salts, girls? See how Neptune's licking the poor wretch's hands! Where is Mary?"

And at that instant Mary entered; the sick man half rose up, and she knew him! "William! gracious God! 'tis William!" And instantly she was kneeling at his side, and supporting him in her arms, aided, as it happened, by our old friend the keeper, who had been taking his morning draught in the tap. Poor William looked from one to the other—

"Are ye married?" said he, with a strong effort.

"Yes," said George; "no," said Mary; both in a breath

"To think of my not knowing my own son!" exclaimed the father, bending over him, the tears running over his rough cheeks. "But his very mother could not have known him, so fond of him as she used to be! Nobody would, but Mary Welcome home, my boy! We'll soon set thee up again Welcome, my own dear boy!"

"Welcome home, dear William!" echoed the sobbing sisters.

But William listened to none of them, "Are you married?" was again his question.

"Yes!" said George, smiling.

"But not to me, William! not to me, dear William!" said Mary: and the poor runaway grasped her hand between his trembling ones (Neptune fondling them all the time,) and life, and health, and love, were in the pressure; and the toils, the wanderings, the miseries of his four years' absence, were all forgotten in that moment of bliss!—*Literary Souvenir*, 1832.

SKETCHES IN TOPOGRAPHY.

EDINBURGHSHIRE.

It is ascertained that, before the close of the eleventh century, agriculture had made some progress in the district of Mid-Lothian, though, at that period, and an epoch much later, the greater part of the shire continued to be covered by the aboriginal forests of the country. The district contiguous to the fortress of Edinburgh, now disposed in fertile downs, was then covered by primeval forests of oaks, within whose boundaries royalty enjoyed the diversions of hunting; and if we may credit the legend, it was in the wood of Drumsheugh that David I. encountered the stag, under such miraculous circumstances as led to the erection of the religious house of Holyrood. The grants to different monasteries, show that woods and shrubberies must have prevailed to a great extent, and been serviceable not only for fuel, but for yielding shelter, pasturage, and food, for numerous broodmares, cattle, sheep, and swine. Edward III. did much to diminish the extent of the forests; but although, in his time and subsequently, the woods of Mid-Lothian suffered a sensible diminution, it is found that, as late as 1513, the Borough-moor, whereon James IV. mustered the army of the kingdom, before setting out for Flodden, was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious and delightful, by the shade of many stately and aged oaks. In the history of Edinburgh it is recorded that these "aged oaks" were rooted out as a public nuisance—all citizens who chose to cut wood being permitted, as a premium for their industry, to use it in extending their houses seven feet into the street. We may here notice, as indicating the aptness of the soil for this species of production, that the grounds still bear some of the largest trees in the country. During the last and the present century, much has been done in Mid-Lothian in the way of rearing plantations. At Dalkeith, Newbottle, (now and improperly called *Newbattle*; the word signifying "the new residence," from *botil*, a Saxon term,) Arniston, New Hailes, and Pinkie, there is some remarkably fine hard wood of a large size. At Newbottle, the trees, which are chiefly beech, are unrivalled for their exuberance and magnitude, seeming, from their varied branches, as aged as the days of the Abbot Radulphus, in the thirteenth century. Around every gentleman's seat in the country there are modern plantations, sometimes to a very large extent, which add beauty to the district, and give shelter to the fields. In the upland tract of country, stretching towards Peeblesshire, between the Pentland and Moorfoot Hills, a vast extent of territory has, of late years, been very judiciously planted by the family of Clerk of Pennycuick. Rabbit warrens seem to have been common in Mid-Lothian in the days of the monks, but they are now entirely gone.

In old times, there were extensive pasturages for sheep on Gala Water, a district still principally devoted to such purposes; and, in old writings, often called *Wae-dale*, from the doleful events which had taken place in it: this term is, most probably, the original of the surname *Weddel*. The other parts of the country were farmed by the three great classes, the king, the abbots, and the barons, each of whom had extensive commons free to the flocks of their immediate vassals or neighbours. From such a primitive process of management, a system gradually arose in the county of landlords giving their vassals leases of farms with stock, which was rented as well as the land, and which the tenant was obliged to restore, when he delivered up the farm to its owner. Practices of this nature were copied from the example of the freeholders of England, and obtained, by the law of Scotland, the name of letting lands by *steel-bow*. In examining the early agricultural condition of Mid-Lothian, it is found that this part of Scotland, as well as Haddingtonshire, at one time abounded in the three good characteristics of a country—mills, kilns, and breweries; and, from the increase of these establishments, is inferred the progress of agriculture. Mid and East-Lothian were likewise noted, during the Scoto Saxon period, for their superior horticulture. The monks of Newbotle and Holyrood, like their brethren everywhere else in Scotland, not only employed much of their leisure time in the delightful amusement of gardening, but, by their example, fostered the arts of cultivating flowers and rearing fruit-trees. Near Edinburgh, there thus originated some pleasant gardens. It appears that David I. had a garden under the castle, now entirely gone, but the garden of Holyrood still remains, and attests, by its appearance, the culture it must have received from its religious attendants upwards of six hundred years since. During the reign of James III. even the poorest tenants in Mid-Lothian had their gardens, which supplied them with *kail*; and before the accession of James VI. gardens were universal in the district.

Scotland owes the introduction of the use of coal to the monks of Newbotle, who had the merit of discovering this valuable substance. Till about the end of the twelfth century, the common fuel of the inhabitants was either wood or peat. Grants of *peataries* for fuel were exceedingly common at this and a later period. In their parish of Preston, in Haddingtonshire, the monks of Newbotle discovered and wrought coal, before the accession of Alexander II. or the year 1214. The practice of digging for coal spread from thence into Edinburgshire; and I find that, at the accession of James I., there were collieries at Duddingston, Gilmerton Newbotle, and other places. The discovery of coal, nevertheless, did not, by any means, abolish the use of the ancient and more easily acquired fuel, as I find that in Edinburgh in 1584, the ordinary fuel was wood, heath, whins, broom &c. Great stacks of these were piled up in the different lanes, for the use of the inhabitants, in the same manner as peat-stacks may still be seen in villages remote from coal. It happened that one of these piles was set on fire in the night, either intentionally or casually, which so much alarmed the inhabitants, that the Town Council immediately issued an order for removing the stacks to the side of the North Loch, and other waste ground around the city. The making of salt from the water of the Frith of Forth seems to have been known in the country at least a hundred years before the introduction of coal as fuel; indeed, the invention of manufacturing sea-salt in this way is so ancient, that it cannot be dated. [The small coal used in this manufacture is still, oddly enough, called *wood*.] Grants of salt-pans to abbeys were numerous in the thirteenth century. David I. granted a salt-pan to the monks of Holyrood in 1128: and I learn, from the chartularies of Newbotle, that that establishment had salt-pans on the Forth in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The mode of manufacturing this article was, however, very rude; but the French retinue of Queen Mary comprised some ingenious persons, who amended the process; and, in the ninth parliament of that princess, they obtained an act, conferring upon them the exclusive privilege of manufacturing this article. By an act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II., these, and all other saltworks, were declared to be free, and deemed public manufactures.

The roads of the country remained long in a bad condition, though in this they were not in any respect singular. The chief roads, anciently, were only those betwixt the different monasteries, and from thence to the metropolis. Under the reign of Alexander III. the term *regia via* is found applied, and hence the phrase, in our times, *king's* highway. There was a *regia via* betwixt Newbotle and Edinburgh. The first statutes, with regard to highways, are said to have been made under David II., but it was not till so late as 1714 that any turnpike act was applied to the county. For many years even after that period, the necessity of good roads was neither understood nor acted upon; and it may be said that here, as well as elsewhere, a perfect convenience of this kind was unknown till the age immediately past. The roads in the county of Edinburgh are now the best in Scotland, though sustained at a most enormous expense—(I believe 50,000*l.* a-year). They possess the advantage—now by no means uncommon in Scotland—of having footpaths by the edge of the highway. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact in Robertson's Survey, that wheel-carriages were not used for purposes of husbandry in Mid-Lothian till the accession of George I., and this may give an idea of the general condition of Scotland at that recent period. Yet, it is a fact no less true, that wheeled carts and waggons, or wains, were used by the monks in husbandry five centuries and a half before the reign of the first George. To reconcile these conflicting statements, it may be presumed that, for a very long period, there was an age of misery in Scotland, during which the troubles occasioned, in the first place, by English ambition, and, in the second, by religious contests and other difficulties, prevented the spirit of the nation from cultivating the arts which lead to increased comfort and extended means of supporting a population.—*Gazetteer of Scotland.* THOMAS IRELAND, Jun. Edinburgh, 1832.

To be continued.

AMERICAN MUSQUITOES.—The musquitoes seldom annoyed us at mid-day; but when we wished to enjoy the refreshing coolness of a morning or evening's walk, they fastened on us with their infernal stings, against which we had no defence except leather. By smoking, we might indeed keep them at a civil distance from our noses and the parts thereunto adjacent; but this was a preventive which, if constantly practised, would have in a short time reduced our tobacco to a small quantity. The annoyance during our meals was worse. We were obliged to have an iron pot at each end of the table, filled with saw-dust or rotten wood; which substance, when ignited, produced a quantity of thick smoke without flame. It effectually drove them away; but it was a desperate remedy; for during the process of mastication we were nearly suffocated from the dense clouds of vapour by which we were enveloped. In the mean time our tormentors hovered about the doors and windows, watching the gradual dispersion of the smoke; and the moment the atmosphere became sufficiently clear, they charged in from all directions on our heads, necks, ears, faces, and hands, from whence it was impossible to dislodge them, until a fresh supply of sawdust, thrown over the dying embers, put them once more to flight. The horses also suffered severely from these insects and the horse flies. We caused several fires of rotten wood to be made in the prairie in which they were grazing, and round which they instinctively congregated to avail themselves of the protection afforded by the smoke. Those which had short tails and cropped manes suffered more than the others; for with these weapons of nature (of which, in America, at all events, it is cruel to deprive them) they could whisk off great numbers of the enemy; while the cropped horses, having no such defence, often had their hoofs and legs severely burned by standing in the fires to avoid the stings of their assailants. I have often observed the poor animals, when the smoke began to evaporate, gallop up to the fort, and neigh in the most significant manner for a fresh supply of damp fuel; and on perceiving the men appointed for that purpose proceed to the different fires, they followed them, and waited with the most sagacious patience until the smoke began to descend and disperse their tormentors.—*Cox's Columbia River.*

EMIGRATION.

The editor has been favoured with the perusal of a letter, written by a young Edinburgh lawyer, from the United States of America, whither he had gone to prosecute his professional pursuits. The following extract will, doubtless, be esteemed of value by many readers of the Journal:

"*Rochester, Monroe County, N. Y.*

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"Before I proceed with my promised observations, I must give you some information about my own proceedings since I came to Rochester. Since I came hither I have been in three different offices, and have now as good prospects as any young man of my profession in the place. You are, perhaps, aware that seven years is the period of clerkship necessary to be gone through before being admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of this State, but that four years' classical studies are received in lieu of legal education. The term of clerkship is fixed by one of the judges of the Supreme Court. I had to produce all the certificates from the different professors, and the length of the terms of the universities of Scotland. The Chief Justice before whom my case came, at the term of the court of Albany in July last, stated that he could allow nothing whatever for the period of my clerkship or legal studies in Scotland, and that even an admission in the Supreme Court there, or any other foreign court, would avail me nothing. He stretched the rule of court, however, as far as possible, and fixed my period of probation, or clerkship, at three years, after which, on examination, I can be admitted to practise as attorney and *counsellor* in any Court of Common Pleas in any county in this State, and as attorney in the Supreme Court. The Courts of Common Pleas are, in themselves, as important as the Supreme Court, only their jurisdiction is confined to a particular county, and an appeal lies from their decision to the Supreme Court. I am quite satisfied with the period of clerkship assigned to me by the court; for, during my probation, I am, of course, strengthening my interest here, and preparing myself for the great arena of legal disputation on which I shall ultimately appear, and when I shall have to cope with very different men from the county writers of Scotland. I have, besides, much to study; for really my legal education in Scotland will be of exceedingly little value here. You will understand that the English common law is in full force in this and most other States in the Union, unless where altered by special statute; and the courts of judicature in this State, although greatly improved in comparison with the English, are still essentially English in their operation. Now, there is scarcely a single step of the legal proceedings here that bears the least degree of similarity to the Scotch practice: every step, even to the backing of a paper, is entirely different. It has, accordingly, cost me, since I came to this place, some pretty hard study to comprehend the practice of the courts. I am now, however, fast acquiring such a knowledge, and I expect that, in a short time, I shall be as good a practitioner as my brethren. Perseverance will surmount all difficulties. What a noble field English jurisprudence

opens to the mind! I feel every day more attached to the study. We read in it, not a collection of dry maxims and wise sayings, but a great system, every part of which is linked inseparably together, and the whole founded and interwoven with the great principles of civil liberty. Well may Britons claim it as their birthright, and well has Lord Coke described it as the perfection of human reason.

"This place is well adapted for making good lawyers The justices' courts here form an excellent preparatory school for young men. The justices are elected by the people for four years, and have jurisdiction in personal property to the extent of 50 dollars — (nearly 2*l.* sterling. Young law students are almost always employed by the litigants. The proceedings are conducted on the same model as the other courts, and with nearly the same solemnity. A jury is empannelled, if either party desires it; the case is opened by the counsel of the plaintiff; witnesses are then examined on each side; the counsel on each side address the jury, or the justice, after the case is closed, with all the eloquence and force of argument they are master of. The judge charges the jury; the jury retire, deliberate, and return their verdict; in short, the proceedings are exactly the same in these inferior tribunals as you see in the Jury Court in Edinburgh, and that although the sum in dispute be comparatively small. I have already been engaged in several of these suits, and have had the honour of addressing an American jury in a speech of half an hour's length in a justice court: I have also been complimented on my success. The fees which the young lawyers get for conducting a case of this kind, are about 10*s.* or 15*s.* sterling if in town, and about 1*l.* if in the country. My remuneration, at present, from my employer, goes to pay all my expenses. In a future letter I shall tell you something about the courts in this state, and the character and talent of our lawyers here; at present I may only say, that I have a high opinion of them generally."

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IRON BRIDGES.

The credit of having first suggested the practicability of constructing bridges of iron, has been claimed for Thomas Paine, who is said to have conceived the idea from contemplating the fabrication of a spider's web in America. Whatever may be thought of this assertion, it is certain that, in 1787, Paine presented to the academy of sciences at Paris the model of a bridge which he had invented; and it is equally a fact, that during the greater part of the year following he resided at Rotherham in Yorkshire, where a bridge, chiefly of wrought iron, was constructed under his direction, by the Messrs. Walker. What ever may have been the precise principle of this pattern bridge, it was taken to London; exhibited there for a time; returned again to Rotherham, and there broken up. Pieces of this fabric were not long since to be seen on the premises of Messrs. Walker; some of which pieces were occasionally carried away as curiosities, by persons preferring a fragment of the handy-work to a relic of the osseous system of the famous author of the "Rights of Man!" It appears, however, from designs now or lately in the possession of Mr. White of Devonshire Place, that Mr. Pritchard, an architect, of Eyton Turret, Shropshire, so early as the year 1773, suggested the practicability of constructing wide iron arches, capable of admitting the passage of the water of such a river as the Severn; and, in fact, the first practical exhibition of the plan, on a large scale, was the construction of the bridge at Colebrook Dale, chiefly in accordance with Mr. Pritchard's plans.

In 1790, Rowland Burdon conceived the idea of throwing an arch of cast iron over the river Wear, at Sunderland; for which, two years afterwards, and after surmounting some opposition, he obtained an act of Parliament. The use of iron had previously been introduced in the construction of the arch at Colebrook Dale, and in the bridges built by Paine. Mr. Burdon's plan consisted in retaining, together with the metallic material, the usual form and principles of the stone arch, by the subdivision of the iron into blocks, answering to the key stones of a common arch. These blocks were of cast iron, five feet in depth and four in thickness, connected together by bars and cottars of wrought iron. The entire structure consists of six ribs, each containing 105 of these blocks, abutting on each other like the voussoirs of a stone arch. The ribs are six feet distance from each other, braced together by hollow tubes and bridles of cast iron. The whole weight of the iron is 260 tons; 46 malleable, and 214 cast. The arch is the segment of a large circle, of which the chord or span is 236 feet. This magnificent structure, which was executed at the foundery of the Messrs. Walker of Rotherham, was completed within three years; Mr. Thomas Wilson, of Bishop Wearmouth, being the architect. This bridge was, at the time of its erection, considered to be the largest arch in the world; and being placed, too, at a considerable elevation above the river, it forms a remarkably picturesque object. The whole expense of the undertaking was 26,000*l.*, of which sum 22,000*l.* was subscribed by Mr. Burdon, the original projector. This famous bridge was, in October, 1816, disposed of by lottery, consisting of 6000 tickets; and 150 prizes, of the value of from 100*l.* to 5000*l.*, to the total amount of 30,000*l.*

About 40 years afterwards, a still more stupendous achievement in cast iron was exhibited in the metropolis. This was the famous Southwark bridge of three arches, constructed over the River Thames, and which was likewise executed at the foundery at Rotherham, the first casting having been run on New year's day, 1815; the whole of the articles, including of course the models, occupying about two years in the execution. The engineer was John Rennie, Esq. who originally intended that the outer planting of the centre arch should have been divided into seven segments, instead of thirteen, its present number. The practical difficulty o casting such immense pieces, however, led to the adoption of the arrangement which the structure now exhibits. These plates being too large to be covered with boxes in the manner of other similar castings, were moulded in "open sand;" that is, the models, after being sufficiently impressed upon the sand, were removed, and the metal suffered to flow into its bed, the surface being merely formed by the level of the molten lake. The erection of this wonderful triumph of foundery ingenuity occupied about two years, and the bridge was opened to the public on the 25th of March, 1819. Its weight and dimensions are as follow:—

Span of the centre arch .	240 feet.
Rise of the springing .	24 feet.
Span of the two side arches	210 feet each.
Piers	24 feet thick.
Width of the roadway .	28 feet.
Width of the footpaths .	7 feet each.
Weight of metal in centre arch .	1665 tons.
Weight in two side arches . .	2920 tons.
	4585 tons.

In 1827, Mr. Deeble, a metropolitan engineer, obtained patent for an ingenious method of casting metal blocks for the purpose of forming caissons, jetties, piers, quays, embankments, lighthouses, foundations, walls, or other such erections. These blocks, which are hollow cases, so cast as to fit into each other by grooves and dovetails, and other contrivances, would form masses of exceeding strength in combination. There is, however, one fatal objection to their adoption in situations where they might be most useful: the sea water, by some unexplained process, so alters the nature of cast iron, that its cohesion appears to be quite destroyed. Cannon, which have been fished up after lying long in the sea, have been found converted through their substance into something resembling plumbago, and admitting of being cut with a knife.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR. ALEXANDER MURRAY.

This was the son of a poor Galloway shepherd, who finally died professor of Oriental Languages in the College of Edinburgh, and author of various works in the *science of language*, which the world has declared to be more profoundly learned than almost any other that exist. The narrative which follows was written by himself, to satisfy the curiosity of a friend; and, as an account of the triumph of genius over difficulties, I can only compare it to that of Ferguson the astronomer.

"I was born on Sunday, the 22d of October, 1775, and baptized a fortnight after, on Tuesday, 7th November—stated in the register of baptisms to be the 27th, but the old style is understood (in the register). The place were my father then lived is called Dunkitterick, or commonly Kitterick; in Earse Dun-cheatharaiach,—the *know* of the cattle. It is on the burn of Palneur, on the south side about a quarter of a mile from the burn, and on a rivulet that flows from the high hills above on the south. The hills of Craigneilder, Milfore, and others, quite overshadow the spot, and hide it from the sun for three of the winter and spring months. The cottage has been in ruins for more than twenty years, as the farm is *herded* from the house of Tenotrie, the tenant of which holds both Tenotrie and Kitterick. This place, now laid open by a road, was, when my father lived there, in a completely wild glen, which was traversed by no strangers but smugglers. Patrick Heron's family, in Craigdews, were our next neighbours; and the black rocks of Craigdews were constantly in our sight. My father, Robert Murray, had been a shepherd all his days. He was born in autumn 1706, and remembered the time of the battle of Sheriffmuir. Our clan were, as he said, originally from the Highlands. My great grandfather, Alexander Murray, had been a tenant, I believe, of Barnkiln, near the present site of Newton Stewart, but he had retired into Minigaff village before his death. He had several sons. John, my grandfather, was all his life a shepherd. He married, when he was young, a woman of the name of Helen M'Caa. His *children* were—Patrick, father of old John Murray in Blackcraig, my father, (Robert born in Garlarg,) William, John, and Grisel. My grandfather herded almost all his married lifetime, the farm of Craigencallie, rented by old Patrick Heron, Esq., of Heron. My father married, about 1730, a woman of the name of Margaret M'Dowal, and had by her many children—Agnes, John, William, Robert, James, some of these are still alive,—very old people. All the boys became shepherds. My father lived chiefly in a place called Garrarie, on the river Dee, opposite to Craigencallie, and in the parish of Kells. His wife died, I think, about 1770. In December, 1774, or rather in January, 1775, he married my mother, whose name is Mary Cochrane. She was the daughter of a shepherd also, who came originally from the parish of Balmaghie, and whose forefathers had been small tenants on the estate of Woodhall. She was born August 13, 1739, and was more than thirty-five years old at the time of her marriage. My father was then in his sixty-ninth year, which he had completed before I was born. When I became of age to know him, except his very grey, or rather white, hair, I remember no symptoms of the influence of time about his person or in his appearance. He enjoyed *hale* good health till about a year before his death, which took place at Torwood, or Derwood, in the parish of Kells, in August, 1797.

"He had been taught to read English in a good style for his time; he wrote not badly, but exactly like the old men of the seventeenth century. He had a considerable share of acuteness or natural sagacity, a quality possessed by most of his clan. His temper was rather irritable, but not passionate. His moral character was habitually good, and I know from his way of talking in private about the thefts and rogueries of other persons, that he actually detested these vices. He was very religious in private; but in company he was merry, fond of old stories, and of singing. Patrick Heron, your elder, if alive, will give you a better account of him than I can. He was no fanatic in religious matters, and always respected the established clergy, whose servants he never, like many other people, criticised, at least in my hearing. My brother James, his youngest son by the first marriage, died of a fever in 1781 or 1782. His death, which happened at some distance from home, was reported to my father early on a Sunday morning, and I, then a child, could not conceive why my father wept and prayed all that day.

"Sometime in autumn, 1781, he bought a catechism for me, and began to teach me the alphabet. As it was too good a book for me to handle at all times, it was generally locked up, and he throughout the winter drew the figures of the letters to me in his *written* hand on the board of an old *wool-card* with the black end of an extinguished heather stem or root snatched from the fire. I soon learned all the alphabet in this form, and became *writer* as well as *reader*. I wrought with the *board* and *brand* continually. Then the catechism was presented, and in a month or two I could read the easier parts of it. I daily amused myself with copying, as above, the *printed* letters. In May 1782, he gave me a small psalm-book, for which I totally abandoned the catechism, which I did not like, and which I tore into two pieces, and concealed in a hole of a dike. I soon got many psalms by memory, and longed for a new book. Here difficulties arose. The Bible, *used every night* in the family, I was not permitted to open or touch. The rest of the books were put up in chests. I at length got a New Testament, and read the historical parts with great curiosity and ardour. But I longed to read the Bible, which seemed to me a much more pleasant book, and I actually went to where I knew an old loose-leaved Bible lay, and carried it away in piecemeal. I perfectly remember the strange pleasure I felt in reading the history of Abraham and of David. I liked mournful narratives, and greatly admired Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the Lamentations. I pored on these pieces of the Bible in secret for many months, for I durst not shew them openly; and as I read constantly and remembered well, I soon astonished all our honest neighbours with the large passages of Scripture I repeated before them. I have forgot too much of my biblical *knowledge;* but I can still rehearse all the names of the patriarchs from Adam to Christ, and various other narratives seldom committed to memory.

"My father's whole property was only two or three scores of sheep, and four muirland cows, his reward for herding the farm of Kitterick for Mr. Alexander Laidlaw in clatteranshaws, on the other side of the Dee. He had no debts, and *no money*. We lived in a wild glen, five or six miles from Minigaff and more from New Galloway. All his sons had been bred shepherds; he meant to employ me in that line; and he often blamed me for laziness and uselessness, because I was a bad and negligent *herd-boy*. The fact was, I was always a weakly child, not unhealthy, but not stout. I was short-sighted, a defect he did not know; and which was often the occasion of blunders when I was sent to look for cattle. I was sedentary, indolent, and given to books, and writing on boards with coals. In 1783, my fame for wondrous reading, and *a great memory*, was the discourse of the whole glen. But my father could not pay the expenses of lodging and wages for me at any school. In harvest 1783, William Cochrane, a brother of my mother, returned from England, where he had made a few hundred pounds as a travelling merchant. He came to visit our family, and being informed of my *genius* as they called it, undertook to place me next spring at New Galloway school, and to lodge me in the house of Alexander Cochrane, my grandfather, then alive, and dwelling about a mile from New Galloway. This simple expedient might have occurred to my parents, but I never heard them propose it the idea of school-wages frightened them from employing it I was brought to New Galloway about the 26th of May, 1784 and for a month made a very awkward figure in the school then taught by Mr. William Gordon: he read English well and had many scholars. Mr. Gillespie, who is almost my equal in years, being born 1775 or 1776, was then reading the Rudiments of Latin. My pronunciation of words was laughed at, and my whole speech was a subject of fun. But I soon gained impudence, and before the vacation in August I often stood *dux* of the Bible class. I was in the meantime taught to write copies, and use paper and ink. But I both wrote and printed, that is, imitated printed letters when out of school. My morals did not equally improve. My grandfather was an old man, and could not superintend my proceedings. learned, therefore, to swear, lie, and to do bad tricks, all which practices I have ever since detested. I was fourteen days, or thereby, at this school after the vacation had terminated. But in the beginning of November, 1784, I was seized with a bad eruption on the skin, and an illness, which obliged me to leave school, which I saw no more for four years.

"In spring 1785, my health grew a little better. I was put to assist as a shepherd boy the rest of the family. I was still attached to reading, printing of words, and getting by heart ballads, of which I procured several. I had seen the ballad of Chevy chase at New Galloway, and was quite enraptured with it. About this time, and for years after, I spent every sixpence that friends or strangers gave me on ballads and penny histories. I carried bundles of these in my pockets, and read them when sent to look for cattle on the banks of *Loch Greanoch*, and on the wild hills in its neighbourhood. These ballads that I liked most were Chevy Chase, Sir James the Rose (by Michael Bruce,) Jamie and Nancy, and all heroic and sorrowful ditties. This course of life continued through 1785, 1786, and 1787. In that time I had read, or rather studied daily, Sir David Lindsay, Sir William Wallace, the Cloud of Witnesses, the Hind Let Lose, and all the books of piety in the place. My fame for reading, and *a memory*, was loud, and several said I was a 'living miracle.' I puzzled the honest elders of the Church with recitals of Scripture, and discourses about Jerusalem, &c. &c. In 1787 and 1788 I borrowed from John Kellie, then of Tenotrie, and still residing, I believe, in Minigaff, Salmon's Geographical Grammar, and L'Estrange's version of Joseph. I got *immense* benefit from Salmon's book. It gave me an idea of geography and universal history, and I actually recollect at this day almost every thing it contains. I learned to copy its maps, but I did not understand the *scale*. In 1788, early in 1789, Basil, Lord Daer, came to attend a commit

of the gentlemen on the line of road between New Galloway and Newton-Stewart. He had made a map of the whole valley of Palneur from Dee to Cree, which map he lost on the moors near Kitterick. It was found and given to me, and I practised drawing plans of the glen of Palneur, correcting and printing the names of places, according to my own fancy.

"As I could read and write, I was engaged by the *heads* of two families in Kirkowen parish to teach their children. The name of the one was Robert Milligan, and the other was Alexander Milroy, laird of Morfad, an old and singular man, who had young grandchildren. I taught these pupils during the winter of 1787-8, but got acquainted with few books. I received copies of the numeration and multiplication tables from one M'William, a boy of my own age, and a brother teacher. I returned home in March, 1788. My fees were fifteen or sixteen shillings. Part of this I laid out on books, one of which was the History of the Twelve Cæsars, translated from Suetonius; another, Cocker's Arithmetic, the plainest of all books, from which in two or three months, I learned the four principal rules of arithmetic, and even advanced to the rule of three, with no additional assistance, except the use of an old copy-book of examples, made by some boy at school, and a few verbal directions from my brother Robert, the only one of all my father's sons, by his first marriage, that remained with us. He was then a cattle-dealer on a small scale. In June, 1788, I made a visit to Minigaff, and got from old John Simpson, a cartwright, and a great reader, the loan of several volumes of Ruddiman's Weekly or Monthly Magazine during 1773, 1774, and 1775, and an old, ill-written, and superstitious history of the Four Monarchies, of the Popes, the Kings of England, &c. My memory now contained a very large mass of historical facts and ballad poetry, which I repeated with pleasure to myself, and the astonished approbation of the peasants around me. On the 26th of May, 1789, my father and his family left Kitterick, and came to herd in a place called Drigmorn, on Palkill Burn, four miles from Minigaff. He was engaged by Mr. Ebenezer Wilson, now residing in Barncauchla. A prospect now opened of my attending Minigaff school. I set out by myself, and arrived in Minigaff village, where my friend, John Simpson, lived, and where Mr. Cramond, schoolmaster of Minigaff, dwelt. I think he lodged in Simpson's house. Mr. Cramond received me, and I travelled every day from Drigmorn to Minigaff. I read some English, but applied chiefly to writing and arithmetic. In the course of the summer I ran over Dilworth's arithmetic. But I was not in stout health; and the distance from school was great, and I generally attended only three days in the week. My teacher allowed this. I made the most of these days; I came about an hour before the school met, I pored on my arithmetic, in which I am still a proficient, and I regularly opened and read all the English books, such as the Spectator, World, &c. brought by the children to school. I seldom joined in any play at the usual hour, but read constantly. It occurred to me that I might get qualified for a merchant's clerk. I, therefore, cast a sharp look towards the method of book-keeping, and got some idea of its forms by reading Hutton in the school, and by glancing at the books of other scholars. When the vacation came on I was obliged to quit school. At Martinmas, 1789, I was engaged by three families in the moors of Kells and Minigaff to teach their children. I bought Mair's book-keeping, having sent to Edinburgh for it by a man who rode as *post* between Wigton and Edinburgh. The families, one of which belonged to my eldest brother, resided at great distances one from another. My brother lived in the Backhill of Garrarie —another family lived in Buchan, on Loch Trool,—a third on the Dee, near Garrarie. I migrated about, remaining six weeks in each family. Among these mountains I found several books,—Walker's Arithmetic,—a History of England,—a volume of Langhorne's Plutarch, having the Lives of Eneas, Pompey, Scipio, &c.,—and Burns' Poems, all which I read with perpetual and close attention. I was fond of verse of all kinds. In 1787, before leaving Kitterick, I made a *doffing ballad* on a neighbour shepherd and girl of my acquaintance. This was my original sin as to verse. In 1789, the whole moorlands of Ayrshire and Galloway were engaged in discussing the doctrines of a book written by Dr. Macgill, one of the ministers of Ayr. I entered with much zeal and little knowledge into the feelings of the people, and declaimed against Socinianism and various religious opinions, which I certainly was not of an age to understand.

"A little before Whitsunday, 1790, I returned home to Drigmorn. My father had been engaged to herd in Barncauchla, a farm within two miles of Minigaff village, to which farm we removed on the 26th May, 1790. I had now easy access to school, and went regularly. As I now understood writing, and accounts, in imitation of other lads in the country, I wished to add to these a little French. These were the sum total of qualifications deemed necessary for a clerk intending to go to the West Indies or America.

"I had, in 1787 and 1788, often admired and mused on the specimens of the Lord's Prayer in every language found in Simon's grammar. I had read in the magazines and Spectator that Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton, were the greatest of mankind. I had been early informed that Hebrew was the first language, by some *elders* and good religious people. In 1789, at Drigmorn, an old woman who lived near, showed me her psalm-book, which was printed with large type, had notes on each page, and likewise what I discovered to be the Hebrew alphabet, marked letter after letter the 119th psalm. I took a copy of these letters, by *printing* them off in my old way, and kept them.

"I borrowed from one Jack M'Bride at Bridgend of Cree, Lambaud's Rudiments of French Grammar. About the 30th May, 1790, I set to work on it. My indulgent master gave me whole pages of lessons, and in less than a fortnight I began to read lessons in the second volume of the Diable Boiteux, a book which he gave me. Robert Kerr, a son of William Kerr of Risque, was my friend and companion. He, in preparation for Grenada, whither he soon went, had for some time read French. His grammar was Boyer's, and the book which he had in an old French New Testament. There was another grammar in the school, read by Robert Cooper, son of Mr. Cooper, late tenant in Clarie. In the middle of the days I sat in the school and compared the nouns, verbs, &c. in all these books; and as I knew much of the New Testament by memory, I was able to explain whole pages of the French to Kerr, who was not diligent in study. About the 15th of June, Kerr told me that he had once learned Latin for a fortnight, but had not liked it, and still had the 'Rudiments' beside him. I said 'Do lend me them; I wish to see what the nouns and verbs are like, and whether they resemble our French.' He gave me the book, I examined it for four or five days, and found that the nouns had changes on the last syllable, and looked very singular. I used to repeat a lesson from the French Rudiments every forenoon in school. On the morning of the midsummer fair of Newton-Stewart, I set out for school, and accidentally put into my pocket the Latin grammar instead of the thin French rudiments. On an ordinary day Mr. Cramond would have chid me for this, but on that festive morning he was *mellow* and in excellent spirits—a state not good for a teacher, but always desired in him by me, for he was then very communicative. With great glee he replied, when I told him my mistake, and showed the rudiments, 'Gad, Sandy, I shall try thee with Latin,' and accordingly read over to me no less than two of the declensions. It was his custom with me to permit me to get as long lessons as I pleased, and never to fetter me by joining me to a class. There was at that time in the school a class of four boys advanced as far as the pronouns in Latin grammar. They ridiculed my separated condition. But before the vacation in August, I had reached the end of the rudiments, knew a good deal more than they, by reading at home the notes on the foot of each page, and was so greatly improved in French that I could read almost any French book at opening of it. I compared French and Latin, and rivetted the words of both in my memory by this practice. When proceeding with the Latin verbs, I often sat in the school all midday, and pored on the first pages of Robert Cooper's Greek grammar, the only one I had ever seen. He was then reading Livy, and learning Greek. By help of his book I mastered the letters, but I saw the sense of the Latin rules in a very indistinct manner. Some boy lent me an old Corderius, and a friend made me a present of Eutropius. I got a common vocabulary from my companion Kerr. I read to my teacher a number of colloquies; and before the end of July was permitted to take lessons in Eutropius. There was a copy of Eutropius in the school that had a literal translation. I studied this last with great attention, and compared the English and Latin. When my lesson was prepared, I always made an excursion into the rest of every book, and my books were not like those of other school-boys, opened only in one place, and where the lesson lay. The school was dissolved in the harvest. After the vacation, I returned to it a week or two to read Eutropius. A few days before the vacation, I purchased from an old man, named William Shaw, a very bulky and aged edition of Ainsworth's Dictionary. This was an invaluable acquisition to me. It had all the Latin words and the corresponding Greek and Hebrew, likewise a plan of ancient Rome, and a dictionary of proper names. I had it for eighteen-pence, a very low price. With these books I went off, about Martinmas, to teach the children of Robert Kerr, tenant in Garlarg, English reading, writing, arithmetic and *Latin*. In his house I found several more books—Ruddiman's Grammar, the most *obscure* of all works that ever were offered to children for their instruction, a book on which I laboured much to no great purpose,—Cæsar an Ovid. I employed every moment in pondering over these books. I literally read the dictionary throughout. My method was to revolve the leaves of the letter A, to notice all the principal words, and their Greek synonimes, not omitting a glance at the Hebrew; to do the same by B, and so on through the book. I then returned from X and Z to A, and in these winter months I amassed a large stock of Latin and Greek vocables. From this exercise I took to Eutropius, Ovid, and Cæsar, or at times to Ruddiman's Grammar. The inverted order often perplexed me, and I frequently mistook, but also frequently discerned, the sense. The wild fictions of Ovid have had charms for me ever since. I was not a judge of simple and elegant composition, but when any passage contained wild, sublime, pathetic, or singular expressions, I both felt and tenaciously remembered them. Here I got another book, which, from that time, has influenced and inflamed my imagination. This was "Paradise Lost," of which I had heard, and which I was eager to see. It was lent me by Jean Macmillan, at present residing in Minigaff village, then housekeeper in Garlarg, and afterwards married to Robert Murray, my brother's son. I cannot describe to you the ardour or various feelings with which I read, studied, and admired this *first-rate* work. I found it as difficult to understand as Latin, and soon saw that it required to be *parsed* like that language. I had the use of this copy for a year, and replaced it with one of my own. I account my first acquaintance with Paradise Lost an era in my reading."

—*Murray's Literary History of Galloway. Second Edition.*

(To be continued.)

WOURALI POISON.

Waterton, an intrepid traveller in South America, gives the following interesting account of the method pursued by the Indians in making wourali poison, a species of matter of the most powerful action on animal life, but which destroys life so gently, that the victim appears to be in no pain whatever; and probably, says he, were the truth known, it feels none, saving the momentary smart at the time the arrow enters. A day or two before the Macoushi Indian prepares his poison, he goes into the forest in quest of the ingredients. A vine grows in these wilds which is called wourali, and it is from this that the poison takes its name, and it is the principal ingredient. When he has procured enough of this, he digs up a root of a very bitter taste, ties them together, and then looks about for two kinds of bulbous plants, which contain a green and glutinous juice. He fills a little vessel, which he carries on his back, with the stalks of these, and lastly, ranges up and down till he finds two species of ants: one of them is very large and black, and so venomous that its sting produces a fever. It is most commonly to be met with on the ground. The other is a little red ant, which stings like a nettle, and generally has its nest under the leaf of a shrub. After obtaining these, he has no more need to range the forest. A quantity of the strongest Indian pepper is used; but this he has already planted round his hut. The pounded fangs of the Labarri snake, and those of the Conocouchi, are likewise added. These he commonly has in store; for, when he kills a snake, he generally extracts the fangs and keeps them by him. Having thus found the necessary ingredients, he scrapes the wourali vine and bitter root into thin shavings, and puts them into a kind of colander made of leaves; this he holds over an earthen pot, and pours water on the shavings; the liquor which comes through has the appearance of coffee. When a sufficient quantity has been procured, the shavings are thrown aside. He then bruises the bulbous stalks, and squeezes a proportionate quantity of their juice through his hands into the pot. Lastly, the snake's fangs, ants, and pepper, are bruised and thrown into it. It is then placed on a slow fire, and as it boils, more of the juice of the wourali is added, according as it may be found necessary, and the scum is taken off with a leaf. It remains on the fire till reduced to a thick scum of a deep brown colour. As soon as it has arrived at this state, a few arrows are poisoned with it to try its strength. If it answer the expectations, it is poured out into a calabash, or little pot of Indian manufacture, which is carefully covered with a couple of leaves, and over them a piece of deer's skin, tied round with a cord. They keep it in the most dry part of the hut, and from time to time suspend it over the fire to counteract the effects of dampness. Among the instances adduced of the extraordinary effects of the wourali poison, Waterton mentions the following:—A large well-fed ox, from nine hundred to a thousand pounds weight, was led to a stake by a rope sufficiently strong to allow him to move to and fro. In order to bring him down, three poisoned arrows were put into him; one was sent into each thigh, just above the hock, in order to avoid wounding a vital part, and a third was shot traversely into the extremity of the nostril. The poison seemed to take effect in four minutes. Conscious as though he would fall, the ox set himself firmly on his legs, and remained quite still in the same place, till about the fourteenth minute, when he smelled the ground, and appeared as if inclined to walk. He advanced a pace or two, staggered and fell, and remained extended on his side, with his head on the ground. His eye, a few minutes ago so bright and lively, now became fixed and dim; and though you put your hand close to it as if to give him a blow there, he never closed his eyelid. His legs were convulsed, and his head from time to time started involuntarily; but he never showed the least desire to raise it from the ground. He breathed hard, and emitted foam from his mouth. The startings, or subsaltus tendinum, now became gradually weaker and weaker; his hinder parts were fixed in death; and in a minute or two more his head and fore-leg ceased to stir. Nothing now remained to show that life was still within him, except that his heart faintly beat and fluttered at intervals. In five-and-twenty minutes from the time of his being wounded he was quite dead. His flesh was very sweet and savoury at dinner.

Number of Stars.—Of the stars in the British catalogue, there are many only visible through a telescope, *nor does the eye ever see more than a thousand at the same time in the clearest heaven;* yet the number is probably infinite. From the *first* to the *sixth* magnitude, inclusive, the total number of stars is 3,128.

Vatican.—Perhaps nothing can exceed the noble grandeur of the galleries and courts of the Vatican. Unlike the sombre aspect generally characterizing libraries, museums, and similar resorts of the studious and the antiquary, it is as a world of exquisite beauty, vast, splendid, filled with the most admired works of art, and the most precious marbles. The lengthened vista, the varied perspective changing at each advancing step, the noble architectural proportions still preserved in every new form or dimension of apartment, the lofty iron gates, the beautiful fountains adorning the courts, and cooling the air with the play of their fresh running waters, the white balustrades, the pillars and magnificent columns, composed of giall' antique, and every richest marble, almost produce the idea of enchantment; and the eye wanders around in eager curiosity, with amazement and delight. Light is beautiful; and here it is seen, bright and sparkling, reflected from pure and precious marbles; while from the wide-spreading windows the most delightful views of Rome, rich with her cupolas, spires, and obelisks, in every varied form of architecture, with her sea-green Campagna, bounded by the dark grey mountains fading in the distance, are presented to the eye. It is the noblest national possession in the world, and should ever be sacred. The mind of man is, I trust, now so well informed, that no barbarous conqueror will ever again dare to touch it with a profane hand.—*Bell's Italy.*

TWO USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Fumigating Mixture.—Two ounces of *salt* dried, two ditto of *nitre*. Mix and put to them in a stoneware basin or plate, a half-ounce of water, and the same quantity of good *sulphuric acid*. Remove all polished-metal articles from the room, as the vapour would rust them, and close all doors and windows. To procure more advantage, when the process appears to cease, place the basin on hot sand.

Cheap Stew-soup.—Two pounds of beef, four onions, ten turnips, half a pound of rice, a large handful of parsley, thyme, and savoury; some pepper and salt; eight quarts of water. Cut the beef in slices, and after it has boiled some time, cut it still smaller. The whole should boil gently about two hours on a slow fire. If fuel be scarce, it may be stewed all night in an oven, and warmed up next day. You may add oatmeal and potatoes. Grey pease will be a great addition.—*Mrs. Hannah More.*

Column for the Boys

ARCHERY.—*Concluded.*

The String.—The part of the string which receives the nock of the arrow is whipped with sewing silk to prevent the string being rubbed and weakened. If the silk should come off the string, it ought to be re-whipped without delay, otherwise it will be in danger of breaking; and this is not the only mischief, for from the breaking of a string oftentimes ensues the snapping of a bow. It is also advisable to whip the noose and eye of the string, although many Archers do not trouble themselves to do so. At one end of the bow-string an eye is made; it is left for the Archer himself, bows being of different lengths, to make the other; this to a young Archer will be found rather difficult; his best plan will be to inspect the mode of making the noose on an old string. The young Archer will do well, if any of the threads of his string break to throw it by and use another. He should never, if possible, permit the string to become twisted or ravelled; should such an occurrence take place, before it is put on again, it ought to be retwisted and waxed. A bow, five feet long when braced, should never have the string more than five inches from its centre. This rule will be a guide to the young Archer in stringing his bow; whatever be its length, he will, of course, adjust the distance in the same proportion, according to the admeasurement.

The Quiver.—The quiver is for the reception of the arrows, but is never constantly worn, except in roving; it is now usually made of tin, although it is occasionally constructed, as was indeed universally the case formerly, of wood or leather.

The Belt, Pouch, and Grease-box.—The belt is buckled round the waist; the grease box is suspended from the middle, and the pouch, or bucket, on the right side of it. A composition for greasing the finger of the shooting-glove, and the smooth side of the brace, when occasion may require, is kept in the box; the pouch holds the arrows for immediate use in target-shooting.

The Ascham.—This is a large case, fitted up with the necessary drawers and compartments for the reception of the bow, stock of arrows, strings, and all the necessary accoutrements of the Archer.

Butts.—The butt, generally speaking, is rather pyramidical in shape, but it may be fashioned according to the fancy of the Archer; for grown up persons, they are seven or eight feet wide, three or four feet thick at the top, and nearly seven feet in height at the middle. Butts are made of long plats of turf which are to be closely pressed down; a round piece of pasteboard is placed in the centre of the butt for a mark, which must be increased or decreased in size according to the distance at which the Archer shoots; for thirty yards, it should be four inches in diameter; for sixty yards, six inches; and so in proportion for a greater distance. The mark is fixed to the butt by a peg driven through its centre. Shots that take place outside the mark are not reckoned, and he who places most shots in the pasteboard during the play, is accounted the winner. Butts are frequently placed at different distances from each other; a set of butts is four, which are so contrived as not to prevent the players seeing them all at once. What is called a single end is shooting at one mark only; a double end is shooting to a mark, and back again from that mark to the one first shot from.

Targets.—Targets should be proportioned to the size and skill of the juvenile archer, and to the distance at which he stands from them. The facing is usually made of canvass, which is sown to the bass; the bass is made of straw, worked as a bee-hive. The facing has a gold centre and four circles; namely, the outer white edge with green and black, inner, white and red. Where it is not convenient to keep the targets fixed, it is better to use another kind, made of milled board, these being more portable, although by no means so durable, as targets made of the other materials we have mentioned. If one target only be shot at, a great deal of time is wasted in going to fetch the arrows, and again returning to the spot for shooting from; two targets are, therefore, generally used, and the archers shoot from one to the other. In archery matches, there are generally two prizes,—one for the greatest number of arrows shot in the target, the other for the shot nearest the gold centre. Hits in the target are sometimes reckoned all alike; but there is usually a distinction made. The gold centre is the mark, and the circle which approaches nearest to it, being less in size, and consequently more difficult to hit, and nearer the main mark itself, an arrow shot in that circle is deemed of more value, in reckoning for the prize, than if it were to take place in any of those outside of it, and so on in proportion with the others. A celebrated society of archery allows the following numbers for each circle. For the gold, nine; for the red, seven; for the inner white, five; for the black, three; and for the outer white, one. A writer on this subject, however, seems to think, that the outer circles are overrated, and if nine be allowed for the centre, only three should be scored for the red; two, for the inner white; and less, in proportion, for the two outer circles. When the sport terminates, the value of the number of hits, and not the hits themselves, should be reckoned; and he whose score is the largest, is, of course, the victor.

As ink is by no means a convenient thing to carry into the field, and marks made with the black lead pencil are liable to be rubbed out, it is advisable to have a pin suspended from a card, properly divided for each archer's score, and to prick down the hits with it.

Stringing the Bow.—The bow is to be taken in the right hand, by the handle, with the flat part toward the person who is about to string it; his right arm should rest against his side; one lower end of the bow, which has always the shortest bone, should be placed against the inside of the right foot, which should be turned a little inward to prevent the bow from slipping; the left foot should at the same time be brought forward; the centre of the left hand wrist must be placed on the upper limb of the bow below the eye of the string, the forefinger knuckle upon one edge of the bow, and the top of the thumb on the other. The bow is now to be pulled vigorously, and the upper limb of it pressed down by the right hand, and the wrist of the left, which should at the same time slide upward until the eye of the bowstring is safely placed in the nock. The middle, the ring, and the little fingers, should all three be stretched out, as they are not wanted in this operation of stringing the bow; moreover, if this be not done, they are liable to be caught between the string and the bow, and thus become severely punished. The young Archer should take care that the eye is well placed in the nock before he removes his left hand. He should not become impatient in the action of stringing the bow, but perform it systematically as directed; if he do not succeed, let him lay it by for a few minutes, and when he is cool, make a second attempt. To unstring the bow, the short horn is to be placed on the ground, the palm of the left hand receiving the flat side of the upper limb; the string should be upward: the handle is then to be pressed with the right arm so as to slacken the string; when the latter becomes loose enough, the eye is to be brought out of the nock, by the thumb of the left hand.

Position.—The face is to be turned toward the mark, but no part of the body, which, if the mark be north, should be turned toward the east; the head should be rather inclined; the left hand, with the bow in it in a perpendicular position, is to be held out straight toward the mark; the arrow is to be brought well toward the ear and not the eye, on the left side of the bow and under the string; the forefinger of the left hand passes over it; by the other hand the nock is placed in the string at the proper place, with the cock feather uppermost; when this is done, the forefinger of the left hand is removed and placed round the bow. While the left hand is raising the bow, the right should be drawing the string with two or three fingers only and not the thumb; as soon as it reaches the head it should be let loose for fear of its breaking.

Great care should be taken to acquire a proper position, for bad attitudes in Archery appear extremely ridiculous.

Clout Shooting.—Clout shooting is mostly practised by those who cannot conveniently set up butts or targets near home. The clout, which is quite portable, is made of a round piece of pasteboard, thirty-six inches in circumference, fastened to a stick; or it may be made of white cloth, so contrived as to roll up on a stick that is run through it. In clout shooting, seven is the game, and all arrows tell that fall within three bows' length of the clout.

Roving.—This is a very pleasant pastime with the long bow; and is, indeed, by some, preferred even to target-shooting. The parties are not restricted to any particular place, but rove about from field to field for miles around, as they think fit. The mark is any clear and conspicuous object, such as a tree or a bush. The number of the game is, in general, as in flight and clout shooting, seven; but it may be increased or decreased according to the inclination of the parties. If there be more than six persons in a roving party, they should divide themselves into companies; and when the first company have shot to, and walked some distance from, the first mark, the second should shoot at it; and so on with those that follow. Arrows that reach within five bows' length of the mark tell; but those which reach nearest cut the others out. In measuring the distance, the archer does so with his own bow, from a point or spot in the mark. The archer may measure to what part of his arrow he pleases. He who shoots nearest has the privilege of indicating the next mark. It is better to use blunt headed arrows, in roving, than sharp ones; as it not unfrequently happens that the latter are driven so firmly into the mark as to make it a matter of difficulty to extract them; should this occur, it is advisable to cut away the wood around the arrow, rather than endeavour to tug it out by violence. Every rover should carry at least a dozen arrows with him, in order to be prepared against accidents.

Flight-Shooting.—Flight-shooting was, at one time, much more frequently practised with the long bow than it is at present. The object in flight-shooting is simply to ascertain which of a party can shoot to the greatest distance; this must, of course, be very detrimental to bows, which are more frequently snapped in flight-shooting than at any other pastime with the long bow. No skill in aiming is requisite in flight-shooting; it is, therefore, by no means, improving to the young archer who wishes to excel as a marksman. The longest and lightest arrows that the bow will bear are used in flight-shooting; the game is generally seven.

Concluding Remarks.—We strongly recommend the young archer never to shoot with another person's bow; he may, very probably, break it; and in that case, a loss might ensue to the owner, which money could not remedy. When the grass is above the ancle, shoot only at a considerable elevation. After two or three arrows are shot, the archer should cease awhile, otherwise his aim will get unsteady. If he shoot point-blank at a mark, the arrow, if it miss, will strike along, and so bury itself in the grass as to defy the keenest eye, in many instances, for a very considerable time to discover it. This inconvenience may be remedied by shooting at a proper elevation, for then the arrow will descend in such a manner as to leave the feathers visible; they will also be saved from that injury which frequently occurs to them, by the moisture of the grass, or ground, when shot point-blank. Arrows should not be used of different lengths, nor should the young archer shoot alone; for in solitary shooting, he falls into habits of negligence and indifference; if he practice with others, he will strive to emulate his companions; and, instead of a careless, unskilful marksman, soon become an adept in other pleasant pastimes.

HYMN OF THE BRITISH PEASANT.

For the pride of our fields, for our garden-decked land,
For our valleys and rivers, the works of thy hand,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!

For the fragrance of morn, for the lark's early song,
That bids us from slumber awake and be strong;
For the dews, for the clouds, for the day's varied sight,
We praise thee we bless thee, the Fountain of Light

For the sweets of our toil, for the oak's covert shade,
'Neath whose breathings at noontide our banquet is laid;
For the strength of our limbs, for our cheek's joyous glow,
We praise thee, who crownest the sweat of our brow.

For evening's calm hour, when our labour is done,
For the fond little crowds, from each cottage that run,
For their greetings of love, when around us they come,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who giv'st us our home.

For our Sabbaths and Churches, thy Spirit's abode,
Where the old and the young swell the chorus to God;
For each holy transport that kindles us there,
We praise thee, we bless thee, the quickener of prayer.

For the promise of Spring, for thy Summer's proud state,
For the glories of harvest, for Autumn's rich weight;
For the wood-fires of winter, so gladdening and clear,
We praise thee, we bless thee, who rulest the year.

For the kind British hearts, ever joying to give,
For the friends of the poor, amid whom we live,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God,
We praise thee, we bless thee, our Father, our God!

TURKEY.—After some hours' stay we proceeded up the Dardanelles, Europe on one side and Asia on the other; and soon Turkey opened on us with its loveliest scenery. I do not know if I can convey a proper idea of it,—it is so different from that of Europe. What gives a peculiar beauty to the Turkish towns and villages, is their being so embosomed in trees. You always see these of the liveliest verdure, hanging over and shading the greatest part of the houses. The habitations are rather low, and built generally of wood, with gently sloping roofs; they are either of a red, white, or lead colour, with windows of framework of wood. The neat white minaret of the mosque rises eminent amidst every village. The country was rich in many parts with corn, which had been already cut; and a cool kiosque was seen, shaded with its luxuriance of wood. But all this only whetted my impatience to behold Stamboul, as the Turks call it; and night came down again to augment it. For the last few days the sky had become more beautiful, of a most delicate blue, bounded near the horizon by a ridge of white clouds; and the last day of our voyage was particularly fine, when a gentle breeze brought us towards the capital of the East. The first view rather disappoints you; the surrounding shores are not striking, and you are inclined to ask, where is the magnificence of Constantinople? But when you enter the canal, and turn the point where stands the seraglio, and the site of the city, being built on declivities, rises higher, so that houses appear to range on houses—and Pera and Galata, with the immense dark grove of cypress on the place of graves that crowns the hill, open to your view—you are struck with admiration. The houses of wood, of which the city is chiefly built, have indeed nothing grand in their appearance; three-fourths of the fronts are taken up with windows. But it is the novel and beautiful blending of trees and verdure with every part; the innumerable minarets, some with gilded tops that glitter in the sun; and the superior mosques, of a nobler appearance, and towering above all other buildings,—which impress the mind of a stranger with feelings unknown at the sight of any other European city. Our vessel being bound for Odessa, proceeded up the river to the village of Buyukdere, a few miles distant, celebrated for its beauty. This afforded an excellent opportunity to view the scenery; and few who have once done this can ever forget it. Each side of the river—a noble stream, of a mile, or sometimes half that in width—was thickly covered with habitations. In one part was a mosque of the purest white marble, most richly ornamented and gilded, and the dark cypress around it. On the left, a summer seraglio of the Sultan, with its small pleasure-ground, stretched along the shore. The hills on the European side, descending nearly close to the river, and prettily wooded yet so small that they looked in miniature; and the little Turkish houses standing in the river, or hanging in parapets over it, or thrown back in a retiring wood,—put you in mind of what you had imagined of Chinese scenery and dwellings. My view often wandered with delight over the Asiatic side as the scene of future pleasures. "At last," I said to myself, "my long-cherished hopes are accomplished; it is all oriental I see: but my expectations are surpassed."—*Carne's Letters from the East.*

USE OF CAT'S WHISKERS.—Every one has observed the whiskers of a cat; but few, perhaps, dream that they serve any valuable end. The following passage will prove the contrary:—Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers on a cat's upper lip. The use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin; and each of these long and stiff hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object, is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs are themselves insensible. They stand out on each side in the lion, as well as in the common cat; so that, from point to point, they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood, in an imperfect light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body: they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey, if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushion of his feet, and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground,) they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake, who creeps along the grass, and is not perceived till he is coiled round his prey.—*Library of Useful Knowledge.*

BEAR HUNTING.

After resting for about half an hour, says Lloyd, we again resumed the search for the bears, which we continued until near three o'clock, and until it was beginning to get dusk. At this time I was to the right of the line, which was proceeding in a westerly direction; when, in the distance to the northward, and in a part of the forest we had not yet beaten, I heard my old dog Paijas giving tongue; this he did in such a manner, that I had more than a suspicion he had found what we had so long been in search of. I now lost not a moment, but leaving the people, ran as fast as the broken nature of the ground would permit, towards the spot where the dog was challenging, which might be at one hundred and fifty or two hundred paces distance. This was in a rather thick part of the forest; and in a clump of pines, around the foot of which, though at some paces distant—for he probably remembered the rough treatment he had received upon a former occasion—Paijas still kept furiously baying. Though the dog had found the bears, I did not at the first moment observe the entrance to their den, which was an excavation in the face of a little rising, situated between, and partly formed by the roots of the surrounding trees. But on discovering it, I at once sprang on to the top of the hillock; and though at that time immediately over the den, the bears still remained quiet. On my hallooing, they felt so little inclination to leave their quarters, that the old bear simply contented herself with partially projecting her snout. At this, from its being the only point exposed to my view, I levelled my rifle, which was then pointed in a perpendicular direction. On reflection, however, I refrained from firing, as I considered that, though I might have smashed the fore part of her head to pieces, there was little chance of my killing her outright. Instead, therefore, of firing whilst in that situation, I stepped (and it certainly was not "the most prudent step" a man ever took,) with my left foot in advance, directly over her, to the opposite side of the hole, when wheeling about on the instant, and having then a full view of her head, from which the muzzle of my gun was hardly two feet distant, and my left foot still less, for it was partially in the entrance of the den itself, I sent a bullet through her skull. I now called loudly to the people, none of whom, nor even the other dogs, which had been questing to some birds in another part of the forest, had as yet come up—for I was rather apprehensive the cubs might attempt to make their escape. To prevent this, I stood for a while over the den in readiness to give them a warm reception with the butt-end of my rifle. But three or four minutes elapsed before Jan Finne, who was to the left of our line, Svensson, and the peasants, made their appearance; for, strange to say, though Paijas had been in Jann Finne's possession for several years, he either did not recognise his challenge, or he had not a suspicion it was to the bears; and in consequence neither he nor the people moved from where I had left them until they heard my shot. My apprehensions as to the cubs attempting to escape, were, however, groundless, for they still continued quiet; at first, indeed, we could see nothing of them, for the old bear, who, as is usual with those animals when they have young, was lying in the front of the den, and we, therefore, almost began to think we had hit upon a bear distinct from those of which we were in search. But on the people introducing a stake, and moving the old bear a little to the side, one of the cubs, and subsequently a second, and a third, exhibited themselves, all of which I despatched, either with my own or with Jan Finne's rifle. The work of death being at length completed, we drew the bears out of their den. This however was of such small dimensions, that it was the admiration of us all how they could have stowed themselves away in it. Bears usually prepare their winter-quarters during the autumnal months, and sometime previously to taking possession of them; but the animals of which I am now speaking, having been disturbed from their original lair at a time when the ground was hard frozen, and when it was, of course, much more difficult to imbed themselves in the earth, probably accounted for the small size of the excavation in which we found them. The old bear had attained her full growth; the cubs were nearly a year old, and of about the size of large dogs. The whole of them were in tolerably good condition.—*Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe.*

Cheese Hoppers.—Those who have, from popular associations been accustomed to look with disgust at the little white larvæ common in cheese, well known under the name of hoppers, will be somewhat surprised to hear the illustrious Swammerdam say, "I can take upon me to affirm, that the limbs and other parts of this maggot are so uncommon and elegant, and contrived with so much art and design, that it is impossible not to acknowledge them to be the work of infinite power and wisdom, from which nothing is hid, and to which nothing is impossible." The cheese-fly (*Piophila casei*, Fallen) is very small and black, with whitish wings, marked with black. It was one of those experimented upon by Redi, to prove that insects, in the fabric of which so much art, order, and contrivance, and wisdom appear, could not be the production of chance, or rottenness, but the work of the same omnipotent hand which created the heavens and the earth. This tiny little fly is accordingly furnished with an admirable instrument for depositing its eggs, in an ovipositor, which it can thrust out and extend to a great length, so that it can penetrate to a considerable depth into the cracks of the cheese, where it lays its eggs, 256 in number. "I have seen them myself," says Swammerdam, "thrust out their tails for this purpose to an amazing length, and by that method bury the eggs in the deepest cavities. I found in a few days afterwards a number of maggots which had sprung from those eggs, perfectly resembling those of the first brood that had produced the mother-fly. I can but also take notice that the rottenness of cheese is really caused by these maggots; for they both crumble the substance of it into small particles and also moisten it with some sort of liquid, so that the decayed part readily spreads. I once observed a cheese, which I had purposely exposed to this kind of fly, grow moist in a short time in those parts of it where eggs had been deposited, and had afterwards been hatched into maggots; though, before, the cheese was perfectly sound and entire." The cheese-hopper is furnished with two horny claw-shaped mandibles, which it uses both for digging into the cheese and for moving itself, being destitute of feet. Its powers of leaping have been observed by every one; and Swammerdam says, "I have seen one, whose length did not exceed the fourth of an inch, leap out of a box six inches deep, that is, twenty-four times the length of its own body: others leap a great deal higher." For this purpose it first erects itself on its tail, which is furnished with two wart-like projections, to enable it to maintain its balance. It then bends itself into a circle, catches the skin near its tail with its hooked mandibles, and after strangely contracting itself from a circular into an oblong form, it throws itself with a jerk into a straight line, and thus makes the leap. One very surprising provision is remarkable in the breathing tubes of the cheese-maggot, which are not placed, as in caterpillars, along the side, but a pair near the head and another pair near the tail. Now, when burrowing in the moist cheese, these would be apt to be obstructed; but to prevent this it has the power of bringing over the front pair a fold of the skin, breathing in the meanwhile through the upper pair. Well may Swammerdam denominate these contrivances "surprising miracles of God's power and wisdom in this abject creature." Like other destructive insects, the multiplication of the cheese-hopper is checked by some insect, whose history is not yet known.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

Vegetables.—In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. not a cabbage, turnip, or other edible root, grew in England. Two or three centuries before, certainly, the monasteries had gardens with a variety of vegetables; but nearly all the gardens of the laity were destroyed in the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. Harrison speaks of wheaten bread as being chiefly used by the gentry for their own tables; and adds, that the artificer and labourer are "driven to content themselves with horse-corne, beanes, peason, oats, tares, and lentils." There is no doubt that the average duration of human life was at that period not one half as long as at the present day. The constant use of salted meat, with little or no vegetable addition, doubtless contributed to the shortening of life, to say nothing of the large numbers constantly swept away by pestilence and famine. Till lemon juice was used as a remedy for scurvy amongst our seamen, who also are compelled to eat salted meat without green vegetables, the destruction of life in the navy was something incredible. Admiral Hosier buried his ship's companies twice during a West India voyage, in 1726, partly from the unhealthiness of the Spanish coast, but chiefly from the ravages of scurvy. Bad food and want of cleanliness swept away the people of the middle ages, by ravages upon their health that the limited medical skill of those days could never resist. Matthew Paris, a historian of that period, states that there were in his time twenty or thirty hospitals for lepers in Europe.—*Working Man's Companion, No. XIII.*

Effect of Light on Plants.—Vegetable physiology is indebted to Senebier, Saussur, De Candolle, and others, for numerous researches on this interesting subject. M. Glocker, in 1820, published at Breslaw a work, in which he has brought together all the facts known, and even the most plausible hypotheses. L. Leuchs has also lately added some interesting experiments on the same subject. It is known that the solar light, by favouring the assimilation of carbonic acid gas in plants, gives them the faculty of becoming green, and of forming the volatile and aromatic principles. These conditions are necessary to their flowering and fructification, insomuch that ripe seeds have never been obtained from plants kept in darkness. If, on the contrary, bleached plants are exposed to the sun for three, four, or five hours, they become as intensely green as if they had been reared in the sun. Vegetables reared in the open air become pale, and fade in two or three hours, if they are transported to a dark place; but those which, after growing in the shade, have been exposed for some time to the sun, can no longer support the privation of light; and water, impregnated with camphor or essential oil, which is highly favourable to vegetation in other circumstances, does not prevent them from fading and perishing. The entire privation of light is therefore very hurtful to plants. M. Leuchs concludes from this, that, without the light of the moon and stars, vegetables would be destroyed by the influence of the night. The light of a lamp is capable of replacing that of the sun, though in a very imperfect manner. The plant becomes green, and directs itself towards the lamp, as M. Leuchs has shown by a beautiful experiment. He has made comparative observations on the germination of seeds deposited in an open vessel, in another covered with a single leaf of paper, and in a third covered with two leaves. Those of the first vessel presented the least external development; but on being dried, they afforded the greatest quantity of solid parts. Those of the second vessel were much more developed, but their tissue was looser and more watery. This difference was still more decided in the plants of the third vessel. The length and wateriness of these plants, therefore increased in the ratio of the diminished action of light. The tissue of various plants seems to become more or less watery according to the nature of the plants themselves, when they are deprived of light. Proceeding from this fact, M. Leuchs is desirous that the influence of different quantities of light on vegetation be determined. He himself has observed, in a moist cellar lighted by a torch, that the plants placed nearest the flame also contain most solid parts on being dried. The results of the observations which he details are pretty uniform, and afford reason to hope that the law by which the action of different quantities of light on the vegetable is regulated may yet be determined. Lastly, according to experiments detailed in this memoir, the light reflected by mirrors has a very beneficial influence on plants. M. Leuchs explains by this how certain places are fertilized by the reverberation of the light on rocks in their neighbourhood.

Astronomy and Celestial Mechanics.—Astronomy, as a science of observation, is known to have made considerable progress among the ancients; indeed, it was the only branch of physical science which could be regarded as having been cultivated by them with any degree of assiduity or real success. The Chaldean and Egyptian records had furnished materials from which the motions of the sun and moon could be calculated with sufficient exactness for the prediction of eclipses; and some remarkable cycles, or periods of years in which the lunar eclipses return in very nearly the same order, had been ascertained by observation. Considering the extreme imperfection of their means of measuring time and space, this was, perhaps, as much as could have been expected at that early period, and it was followed up for a while in a philosophical spirit of just speculation, which, if continued, could hardly have failed to lead to sound and important conclusions. Unfortunately, however, the philosophy of Aristotle laid it down as a principle, that the celestial motions were regulated by laws proper to themselves, and bearing no affinity to those which prevail on earth. By thus drawing a broad and impassable line of separation between celestial and terrestrial mechanics, it placed the former altogether out of the pale of experimental research, while it at the same time impeded the progress of the latter by the assumption of principles respecting natural and unnatural motions, hastily adopted from the most superficial and cursory remark, undeserving even the name of observation. Astronomy, therefore, continued for ages a science of mere record, in which theory had no part, except in so far as it attempted to conciliate the inequalities of the celestial motions with that assumed law of uniform circular revolution, which was alone considered consistent with the perfection of the heavenly mechanism. Hence arose an unwieldy, if not self-contradictory, mass of hypothetical motions of sun, moon, and planets, in circles, whose centres were carried round in other circles, and these again in others without end,—"cycle on epicycle, orb on orb,"—till at length, as observation grew more exact, and fresh epicycles were continually added, the absurdity of so cumbrous a mechanism became too palpable to be borne. Doubts were expressed, to which the sarcasm of a monarch gave a currency they might not have obtained in a period when men scarcely dared trust themselves to think; and at length Copernicus, promulgating his own, or reviving the Pythagorean doctrine, which places the sun in the centre of our system, gave to astronomy a simplicity which, contrasted with the complication of the preceding views, at once commanded assent.—Herschel.

Wolves.—The following circumstance, showing the savage nature of the wolf, and interesting in more than one point of view, was related to me by a gentleman of rank attached to the embassy at St. Petersburg: it occurred in Russia some few years ago. A woman, accompanied by three of her children, were one day in a sledge, when they were pursued by a number of wolves. On this, she put the horse into a gallop, and drove towards her home, from which she was not far distant, with all possible speed. All, however, would not avail, or the ferocious animals gained upon her, and at last were on the point of rushing on the sledge. For the preservation of her own life and that of the remaining children, the poor frantic creature now took one of her babes and cast it a prey to her blood-thirsty pursuers. This stopped their career for a moment; but, after devouring the little innocent, they renewed the pursuit, and a second time came up with the vehicle. The mother, driven to desperation, resorted to the same horrible expedient, and threw her ferocious assailants another of her offspring. To cut short this melancholy story, her third child was sacrificed in a similar manner. Soon after this, the wretched being, whose feelings may more easily be conceived than described, reached her home in safety. Here she related what had happened, and endeavoured to palliate her own conduct, by describing the dreadful alternative to which she had been reduced. A peasant, however, who was among the bystanders, and heard the recital, took up an axe, and with one blow cleft her skull in two; saying, at the same time, that a mother who could thus sacrifice her children for the preservation of her own life, was no longer fit to live. This man was committed to prison, but the Emperor subsequently gave him a pardon.—*Lloyd's Field Sports of the North of Europe.*

Amsterdam.—This city has been formed since the third century. It derives its name from the river Amstit, on whose banks it is situated, and the enormous dam that opposes the inroads of the sea, on a country snatched from its lawful dominion. The whole town, which is nine miles in circumference, stands on piles driven into the mud. Under the town-house alone are thirteen thousand, six hundred and ninety-five. Well might Erasmus say that he had reached a city whose inhabitants lived like crows on the tops of trees! Ninety small islands, united by two hundred and ninety bridges, form the site of the town, which contains a population of about two hundred and five thousand souls, of which one-tenth are Jews. Owing to the number of canals, and the quantity of stagnant water in the vicinity, the air would be still more prejudicially affected than it is, were it not for mills which are kept constantly at work to communicate an artificial motion to the water. Several of these are employed likewise to draw up the mud brought down by the Y to its junction with the Amstit, which, but for this precaution, would block up the passage of the river.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

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SCOTLAND IN EARLY TIMES.

INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

If the readers of the Journal have found matter of agreeable and instructive reflection in the account which has already been partly given of the overthrow of Celtic usages in Scotland in the eleventh century, and the establishment of those of an Anglo-Saxon or Gothic race, the following observations on a subject of fully greater importance will probably be perused with not less entertainment and edification.

The history of the Scottish people has usually been divided by antiquaries into a number of *periods*, corresponding with the political supremacy of particular classes of men: as, the Roman period—the Pictish period—the Scottish period—and he Scoto-Saxon period; but it seems more convenient for the present purpose to assume only three great eras, corresponding with three important events occurring at the distance of some centuries from each other. The first takes its rise in the overthrow of Druidism, or Paganism, and the introduction of Christianity; the second, in the overthrow of Celtic usages, and the introduction of the great Anglo-Saxon and Norman families, along with the English language; and the third commences with the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, about the middle of the last century. Each of these events, in a greater or less degree, peacefully changed the tone and character of society, and that to a far greater extent than has usually been attendant on the alteration of a ruling dynasty. The introduction of Christianity into Scotland is an event which I am willing to believe cannot be mentioned without exciting sensible feelings of emotion in the mind of every individual whose eye glances over these pages. If that individual have already inlisted himself to fight as a soldier in the ranks of Christian chivalry, he will no doubt ponder with gratitude on a transaction which has powerfully influenced his prospects as to another state of existence; and if, on the other hand, he be an intelligent disbeliever, he will examine with feelings of equal thankfulness, and not a small degree of curiosity, a circumstance which assuredly laid the basis of that degree of civilization and mental improvement with which, by little exertion on his part, he happens to be endowed.

The religion which we now profess underwent three centuries of adversity, but throve under every species of persecution; and it was not till the year 306, in the reign of Constantine, the first Christian emperor of Rome, that it could be said to be openly or officially countenanced in Europe. From the period of its earliest promulgation in what is now an obscure country in Asia, it had, however, been zealously propagated under every kind of tyrannic oppression, by a body of enthusiastic missionaries, the first of whom have been described under the title of *apostles*, while their immediate successors have been generally called *fathers* or *saints*. These active, but humble missionaries of Christianity, following the rule prescribed for the regulation of their conduct, carried with them neither purse nor scrip, trusting to the compassion or beneficence of their converts for the necessary supply of food and raiment. Issuing from the already desecrated territory of Judea, or receiving their commission and instructions from persons who themselves had, perhaps, been educated in that distracted region, these intrepid and fearless pioneers of Christianity penetrated through the iron legions of Rome, and the natural fastnesses of Gaul, till at length their voices were heard on the uttermost boundaries of Celtic and Gothic Europe, and were mingled with the murmurs of the ocean on the shores of its most remote islands.

When the sound of Christianity first broke upon the ear of the British savage, the island, like Gaul from whence it was immediately peopled, owned the religion of the Druids. It was the opinion of a classic, or Grecian writer, called Diogenes Laertius, that the tenets of the Druids might be comprehended under four heads:—to worship God; to abstain from evil; to exert courage; and to believe in the immortality of the soul, for enforcing all these virtues. But if these were the original tenets of the Druids, it is too certain that they latterly degenerated into very gross superstition and abuse. The most horrid of their rites consisted in human sacrifices; yet, it is mentioned, that such were offered up only on the most solemn and important occasions. The victim, or victims—for there were sometimes several—were enclosed in a large figure resembling a man, formed of osier twigs, like basket work; or, according to some authors, they were simply wrapped round with hay. In this state fire was applied, and they were reduced to ashes. Pliny, a Roman author, who wrote upon Britain, asserts, that they considered it as a solemn and unavoidable duty, to put men to death; and that to feed upon their dead bodies they esteemed most wholesome. It is generally, and I think correctly, imagined, that the Druidic religion of the Celts was brought along with various characteristic usages from Asia, at the period of the dispersion of the human race, for it has been found to bear a resemblance to the religious ceremonial of the Persian Magi, and that of still more barberous nations in different parts of the Old World. The term *Druid* is of difficult etymology, but is supposed to have been derived from *Dar-gwyz*, signifying a theologian, or one who has knowledge; and hence, probably, the eastern term *Dervise*.

Among the priests of Druidism there appear to have been three orders,—the Druids, the Vates, and the Bards who severally performed their different functions. The Bards sang, in heroic verse, the brave actions of eminent men; the Vates studied continually, and explained the productions and laws of nature; while the Druids, who were of a higher order, directed the education of youth, officiated in the affairs of religion, and presided in the administration of justice. Whatever may have been the speculative opinions of the Druids, they assuredly taught the duties of moral virtue, and enforced the precepts of natural religion. They inculcated a strong desire of liberty, with an ardent love of country, which strikingly appeared in the struggle for both, which was made against the Roman armies by the Gauls, by the Britons, and, above all, by the Caledonians. A peculiar principle of the Druids enjoined, that no temple, or covered building, should be erected for public worship; for the sun being the great medium, rather than the object, of their adoration, to have shut out that luminary during their religious services, would have been inconsistent with their professed principles. Neither did the Druids ever erect any image of their Deity, nor did they communicate with the Greeks or Romans in the multiplicity of their local gods, or in the grossness of their general idolatry. The religious services of this remarkable people were invariably performed in the recesses of groves of oak trees, amid circles or ovals of huge upright stones, and on altars, or *cromlechs*, of the same rough cold material. The number and variety of the Druid remains in North Britain are almost endless. The stone enclosures are sometimes formed of a single circle, and often of double and treble concentric circles of upright stones. The principal seat of Druidism, as appears from such testimonials, seems to have been the recesses of Perthshire, near the Grampian range. Among the vast variety of Druid monuments in North Britain, one of the most interesting is the *rocking-stone*, which seems to have existed in almost every country in Europe. This extraordinary monument of human ingenuity and cunning was evidently introduced after the sublime truths of Druidism had been contaminated by the grossness of superstition, and the pure adoration of the Deity had degenerated into delusive imposition. These rocking-stones, whether natural or artificial, were thus then brought in either to induce belief or to heighten devotion; and of such huge and lasting materials were they composed, that, even after a lapse of two thousand years, they maintain their pristine substantiality, and can still be moved by the finger of the most delicate lady, as well as they could have been by the hand of the officiating Druidic priest. The Welsh, the Derbyshire the Yorkshire, the Cornish, the Irish, and the Scottish rocking-stones are all erected on a similar plan. In the parish of Kirkmichael, in Perthshire, (Stat. Acco. V. xv. p. 517,) there is (or was lately) a large rocking-stone, which stands on a flat-topped eminence, in the vicinity of a large body of Druidic remains, the stone being placed on the plain surface of a rock level with the ground. It is a very hard, solid whinstone, of a quadrangular shape, approaching to the figure of a rhombus, of which the greater diagonal is seven feet, and the less five feet; its mean thickness is about two and a half feet, and its solid contents must therefore be 51,075 cubical feet; its weight must be

about three tons and a half—the calculation being, that a stone of the same quality weighs eight stones three pounds the cubic foot. This mass of stone is nicely poised on one of its corners; and by pressing down either of the outer extremities, a rocking motion is produced, which may be increased, so as to make the distance between their lowest depression anc highest elevation a full foot. This stone makes twenty-six or more vibrations from one side to the other, after the pressure is wholly withdrawn. On a hill in the parish of Kells, stewarty of Kirkcudbright, there is a vast rocking-stone, which, from its size, must be eight or ten tons weight, and it is so nicely balanced, that it can be easily set in motion. This stone, says Grose, is called, by the country people, the *Logan Stone*, a name frequently given to such objects in Cornwall. It is not necessary to diverge into a regular examination of the Druidic remains of North Britain, which would be incompatible with a work of the present humble pretensions; but before leaving this branch of the subject, I must inform my readers of a few additional particulars necessary for their understanding some subsequent details on the popular antiquities of Scotland.—*To be continued.*

BRUNTFIELD.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The war carried on in Scotland, by the friends and enemies of Queen Mary, after her departure into England, was productive of an almost complete dissolution of order, and laid the foundation of many feuds which were kept up by private families and individuals long after all political cause of hostility had ceased. Among the most remarkable quarrels which history or tradition has recorded as arising out of that civil broil, I know of none so deeply cherished or accompanied by so many romantic and peculiar circumstances, as one which took place between two old families of gentry in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Stephen Bruntfield, laird of Craighouse, had been a zealous and disinterested partizan of the Queen. Robert Moubray of Barnbougle was the friend successively of Murray and Morton, and distinguished himself very highly in their cause. During the year 1572, when Edinburgh Castle was maintained by Kirkaldy of Grange in behalf of the Queen, Stephen Bruntfield held out Craighouse in the same interest, and suffered a siege from a detachment of the forces of the Regent, commanded by the laird of Barnbougle. This latter baron, a man of fierce and brutal nature, entered life as a younger brother, and at an early period chose to cast his fate among the Protestant leaders, with a view of improving his fortunes. The death of his elder brother in rebellion at Langside, enabled the Regent Murray to reward his services with a grant of the patrimonial estate, of which he did not scruple to take possession by the strong hand, to the exclusion of his infant niece, the daughter of the late proprietor. Some incidents which occurred in the course of the war had inspired a mutual hatred of the most intense character into the breasts of Bruntfield and Mowbray; and it was therefore with a feeling of strong personal animosity, as well as of political rancour, that the latter undertook the task of watching the motions of Bruntfield at Craighouse. Bruntfield, after holding out for many months, was obliged, along with his friends in Edinburgh Castle, to yield to the party of the Regent. Like Kirkaldy and Maitland of Lethington, he surrendered upon a promise of life and estate; but while his two friends perished, one by the hand of the executioner, the other by his own hand, he fell a victim to the sateless spite of his personal enemy, who, in conducting him to Edinburgh as a prisoner, took fire at some bitter expression on the part of the captive, and smote him dead upon the spot.

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. The lady of Craighouse had been an intimate of the unfortunate Mary, from her early years; was educated with her in France, in the Catholic faith; and had left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the natures of women, as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrongs of her royal mistress, and finally the sufferings and death of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substitute for the rosy hues of her early years. the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but, though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years re-appear in public. With no society but that of her children, and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she mourned in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external world. One strong passion gradually acquired a complete sway over her mind—REVENGE—a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling, then known, was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion, that her very children, at length, ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated; but the accomplishment tc which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned, at eighteen, a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish, or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword-play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her wan and widowed face, as a winter sunbeam wanders over a waste of snows. But it was a smile of more than motherly pride: she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubray. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first-born child: but she thought with a fiercer and faster joy upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat, against the slayer of his father. Young Bruntfield, who, having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, rejoiced in the prospect, now lost no time in preferring before the King a charge of murder against the laird of Barnbougle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether abrogated, to prove his innocence in single combat The King having granted the necessary licence, the fight took place in the royal park, near the palace; and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary. The intelligence was communicated to his mother at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber, prostrate before an image of the Virgin. The priest who had been commissioned to break the news, opened his discourse in a tone intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very beginning with a frantic exclamation—"I know what you would tell—the murderer's sword has prevailed and there are now but two, instead of three, to redress their father's wrongs!" The melancholy incident, after the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed for so many years. She appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the sole object of her existence to see discharged. "Roger," she said, "will have the death of his brother, as well as that of his father, to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful."

Roger returned about two years after, a still handsomer more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned but the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubray. On his application for a licence being presented to the court, it was objected by the crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenger. But, while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or for the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favour of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in barras with Moubray; but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbrous armour. Moubray, according to the barbarous practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and despatched him. "Heaven's will be done!" said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; "but, *gratias Deo!* there still remains another chance."

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favourite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two elder brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain The intelligence, which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period, he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring over the memoirs of distinguished knights,—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science, that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining far in the occident, it was not yet altogether set: Montmorency was but just dead; Bayard was still alive—Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" Of the lives and actions of such men Henry Bruntfield was a devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse—none complained less of the severities of campaigning—none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On first being introduced at the court of Henry III., he had signalized, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubray, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her other relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the Queen. The connection of this young lady with the tale of his own family, and the circumstance of her being a sufferer in common with himself by the wickedness of one individual, would have been enough to create a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when, in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, was highly accomplished, and, in many other respects, qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that *that* was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently Catherine, though inspired by her friends from infancy with an entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed against him in deadly combat; and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose. Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passion which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle entreaties of Catherine Moubray in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died—for which he had all along moved and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feeling, to her breast, and, for a long time, could only gaze upon his elegant person. "My last and dearest;" she at length said, "and thou too art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesternight I dreamed that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held a bow and three goodly shafts—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary Moubray. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The revered shade at this gave me an encouraging smile, and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that *third arrow*, which is at length to avail against the shedder of our blood. The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings."

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason; but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated, being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was himself impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubray. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favourable to the object to be easily withstood The laird of Barnbougle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and, instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubted warrior, rather longed for a combat which promised, if successful, to make him one of the

most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in the contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy King James himself protested against stretching the law of the *per duellium* so far; but, sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required licence.

The fight was appointed to take place on Cramond Inch, a low grassy island in the Frith of Forth, near the Castle of Barnbougle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level space, close to the northern beach of the islet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen, (the rabble not being permitted to approach,) sat upon a rising ground beside the enclosure, while the space towards the sea was quite clear. At one end, surrounded by his friends, stood the laird of Barnbougle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy, in the highest degree unpleasing At the other, also attended by a host of family allies and friends, stood the gallant Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armour, might have realized the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barras for the Duke of Lennox and other courtiers, who were to act as judges; and at a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single male figure on board. After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and, planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of each other. The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubray, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this mishap, to perceive the trick upon which his adversary chiefly depended, and, by taking care to avoid it, put Moubray nearly *hors de combat*. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes, without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubray was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question then became one of time It was evident that, if no lucky stroke should take effect beforehand, he who first became fatigued with the exertion would be the victim Moubray felt his disadvantage as the elder and bulkier man, and began to fight most desperately, and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee, in a half-stupified state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him, vainly endeavouring to raise his weapon for another and final blow. Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient stength to draw his dagger, and thrust it up to the hilt beneath the breastplate of his exhausted foe. The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant, a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and, rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror and pressed him, with the most frantic eagerness, to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled,—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of her two sons, dead on the sward before her, while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blessed a mother's arms. But the revulsion of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or, rather, Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholy a feeling as that of revenge should not be too signally gratified. She expired in the arms of her son, murmuring "*Nunc dimittis, Domine,*" with her latest breath.

The remainder of the tale of Bruntfield may be easily told. After a decent interval, the young laird of Craighouse married Catherine Moubray; and as the king saw it right to restore that young lady to a property originally forfeited for service to his mother, the happiness of the parties might be considered as complete. A long life of prosperity and peace was granted to them by the kindness of Heaven; and, at their death, they had the satisfaction of enjoying that greatest of all earthly blessings, the love and respect of a numerous and virtuous family.

The tale of Bruntfield is founded upon facts alluded to in the following extracts:—

(From Birrel's Diary.)

"1596, the 22d day of December, Stephin Bruntfield slain upon St. Leonard's Craiges, as apeiris, be James Carmichael, second son of the Laird of Carmichael," [ancestor of the Hyndford family.]

"1597, the 15th of March, the single combat foughten betwixt Adam Bruntfield and James Carmichael; the said Adam challenged James Carmichael for murthering of his umqle brothir Stephin Bruntfield, captain of Tantallon. The said Adam purchased a license of his Majesty, and fought the said James in Barnbougle Links before about five thousand gentlemen; and the said Adam, although but ane young man, and of mean stature, slew the said James Carmichael, he being as able a lyke man as was living."

(From Anderson's History of Scotland, MS. Adv. Lib.)

"Thai met in ane small inche by the sea, near to Barnbougle, my Lord Duke and sundry otheris being their judges." The same work proceeds to state, that Carmichael first struck Bruntfield in "the lisk, (*loin,*) which was returned with a stroke that felled Carmichael to the earth; Bruntfield then leapt upon the body of his adversary and despatched him with his dagger. He was then conducted back to the city with acclamations.

(From Notes of a conversation on Local Antiquities, with Sir Walter Scott, December, 17, 1824.

"We spoke of Bruntsfield Links, an extensive downs in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Sir Walter said, that, in his young days, there was a stone near the upper end of that common, which was pointed out as the scene of a remarkable murder, which took place at the end of the sixteenth century. The name of the murderer was Carmichael—of the slain man Bruntfield; and from this latter individual the common was said to have derived its name. According to tradition, the widow of Bruntfield had three sons, all of whom she brought up with the duty of revenging their father's death inculcated upon them, and with the view that each, as he successively reached the years of manhood, should challenge and fight Carmichael. Two did this, and met with their father's fate; but the youngest obtained leave from the king to fight Carmichael in public lists on the island of Cramond, where a vast assemblage of people, from every part of Scotland, met to witness the combat. Carmichael, though a tall and powerful man, compared with his opponent, was killed on the spot."

For notices of the Moubrays of Barnbougle, an honourable family now extinct, see Mr. Pitcairn's excellent publication of "Criminal Trials."

"Napoli di Romania," says Keppel, "is the strongest, perhaps nearly the only stronghold the Greeks possess. The principal works consist in the fortifications of Palmedes, which occupy the heights that overhang the town. I was told, that a short time before I came, Count Heyden, in the expectation of a war with England, furnished the fort with guns, with the intention that they should be employed against us, in case of a rupture with our country."

THE BEGGAR'S DISH.

Burns, in his "Jolly Beggars," likens a lady's mouth, rather irreverently, to an "awmos dish;" and, perhaps, few readers of the poems of that immortal bard are aware of what he means by the expression. The "awmos dish," or "beggar's dish," as it was more frequently called, was a wooden vessel, half platter, half bowl, with which every mendicant was formerly provided, as a regular and proper part of his professional accoutrements. All things are now changed—even the business of begging. The good honest mendicant of the days of our grandfathers, with his "remembered face," is no more; he has given way to a wretched demoralized race, the scum of large towns, the outcasts of nests of profligates, who are a disgrace to the formerly half-respected name of beggar. The awmos dish was a piece of furniture attached to the profession from a very early period. In the time of our Queen Mary, when the Protestants of the Netherlands first began to resist the tyranny of Philip II., the Count De Berlaimont contemptuously told the Princess of Parma, that she had nothing to fear from such a race of beggars—using the French word *gueux*. The Protestants seized upon, and rejoiced in the title—*Les Gueux!* At a great dinner, held for the purpose of expressing their sentiments, the Marquis of Utretcht, who acted as a president, descended from the chair, and, reappearing with a beggar's wallet upon his back, and a beggar's *wooden cup* in his hand, drank the general health in that vessel, which was immediately passed round the company, all of whom did the same. When these patriots, afterwards, by a strange enthusiasm, assumed the garb of beggars, the wooden dish was part of the *properties*—to use the theatrical phrase—with which they supported the character. The vessel, which thus flourished in the sixteenth century, was generally used by the Scottish mendicants and tinkers till near the close of the eighteenth, when the old honest system of mendicancy itself came to a close. Perhaps, if it were for nothing but its connection with one of the most heart-stirring tales of modern liberty, this object would deserve commemoration. Some attention, also, is due to it on account of its being the subject of simile of Burns. I shall, therefore, make no apology for presenting my readers with the following curious account of it, from the pen of a Peebles-shire shepherd, who is old enough to remember its general use. I print the article in the exact phraseology used by my correspondent:—

"The beggar's dish was used by two sets of persons,—the itinerant and professed beggars, and the wandering tribes of gypsies. There was no difference in the shape and size of either; but the latter class had theirs often clasped with strong hooks here and there, or perhaps bound round the middle with a neat yellow hoop As far as I can recollect, it varied in size from a pint and a-half to two Scots pints of measure; but in my father's house at Ettrick Hall, I remember one that would have holden, I think, between three and four pints, and it generally went by the appellation of "the beggar's dish." I never saw any other plates of their shape or form; they increased gradually in width from the bottom to the middle, and for about two inches more contracted hastily towards the brim, the edge of which was turned very thin, so thin that they often had rents in several places of their upper edge, and these cracks the tinklers held together with clear or yellow tin, or wire hooks, as noticed above. The beggar's dish was used for two purposes, to receive their *aumus*, and to carry broth, milk, porridge, &c. out to the road side, where the men and beggars' children staid till the return of the wives from the farm-house, with what beverage they could collect either by entreaty or pilfrey; and for carrying victuals the beggar's dish was well adapted, for, by its contracting so near the brim, it prevented from spilling what the good housewife had poured into it, and also kept the food warm and comfortable till it reached the principle horde: this case, however, was only applicable to the tinklers. The professional beggar presented himself and his wants all at once. I think I see him, as I have often done, leaning over a long pike stave, as it was called, and saying, 'Gudewife, I maun hae my aumus;' 'What d'ye take,' was then asked. In a hoarse, slow tone, it was then answered, 'Meal, or ony thing ye like.' The meal *rusky* was then sought, when the beggar from below his left arm drew out his beggar dish—held it out, and into it the gudewife put half a dozen or half a score handfulls of meal; but the quantity was adjusted as the beggar stood high or low in the gudewife's esteem—at he was of good or bad report—as he was known or was a stranger in the place—or as he was known to have much or little need. He then poured it into a small sack, or meal pock, as it was called, which was slung over his right shoulder, and hung on his left side, below his left arm, and in above it thrust his dish, unless the gudewife gave him also *kale* or milk; this was also poured into his dish; then if there were many servants, &c. in the house at the time, the beggar generally went to the door, or went out where he could get a seat till he had eaten up his aumus; when this was done, and his pocks all equally balanced about him, he returned to the kitchen, thanked the gudewife for her kindness, wished all the family well, with peace and plenty among them; then leaning on a long white sturdy kent, well shod with iron, on the foot, and which grated among the stones aye as he set it down, slowly retired from the hospitable door. The meal-pock was made of sarken cloth, and had always a mealy appearance. The rest which hung about him were woollen, and, in many cases, were patched up with different pieces almost from all kinds of cloth: in these he carried bread, cheese, flesh, &c., or whatever he could not consume at a time; and it was afterwards good cheer, as he travelled over extensive wilds or from one glen head to another.

"The meal-pock, when well filled, I think, would have holden two stones of meal, and, as ye observe, was made up of all the different meals in the parish, or rather of a whole county. I know not by what appellation it was known among the beggars; but the country people called it aumus meal. Whenever they fell in with any that would buy of it, they never missed to sell some, though it had been but a pound at a time; and it was generally bought by the poorer sort of the people. I never noticed the real beggar seek his dish from any other place but his meal-pock; but the tinkler wives wore one or two of their upper coats tucked up in the tails around their waist, yet hanging loose about, and this formed a large lap all around them, and out of this they invariably drew their beggar's dish. But in many parts of Scotland the beggar and his dish have altogether disappeared. I hope this is an indication of a national increase in riches and opulence in general, and of the prosperity and independence of the meanest class of the nation's inhabitants; but in days of yore, the well-known beggar, after he had travelled his annual round, was always a welcome guest at the farm-house; modestly, and yet with assurance, he took his seat at the ingle side, and talked—how powerfully he'd talk!—of cold and fertile soils and seasons of backward springs, late har'sts, and winds and storms, and drifts, and floods, and frosts; and where he was, and how employed, the time they lasted. Next he'd talk of Tweed and all its feeders, as he ca'd them, which swell its current and augment its stream; name all its haughs and holms from Tweedhope Head to Berwick Law, and every tenant's name who farms each fertile spot; and even at the yearly rent he'd guess, so informing and intelligent a person was the beggar.

"In the beggar's rounds now circles a set of young sturdy fellows, of a timorous yet menacing look. They have neither dish nor spoon, and several I have seen have not a shirt on their back. They are often seen in pairs, but how they subsist, or what means use to procure a livelihood, are alike unknown. Instead of the beggar with his honest front and plump rosy face, you now meet a little smart fellow, with ragged coat, torn shoes, and his face much daubed with filth. He will generally, and with considerable sharpness, ask the time of the day, or the name of a farm-stead in view, also the farmer's name, and that is all ye will know about him; he passes you, and the next traveller he meets as he goes by he puts the same questions; but if ye had accosted the ancient beggar, he directly told (at least, at the smallest hint being given him,) he told you of the state of labour through all the districts he had passed, of the forwardness or lateness of the braid, har'st, &c.; so that the beggar of former years was like a farmer's magazine to the country; and every new improvement of the soil or new implement of agriculture was described by him with wonderful precision and exactness."

LORD BROUGHAM.

"Brougham," says Hazlitt, in one of his best papers on 'the Spirit of the Age,' and in his usual discriminating manner, was born and educated in Edinburgh, and represents that school of politics and political economy in the

House."* [This was written before his Lordship's accession to the peerage.] He differs from Sir James Mackintosh in this, that he deals less in abstract principles, and more in individual details He makes less use of general topics, and more of immediate facts. Sir James is better acquainted with the balance of arguments in old authors—Brougham with the balance of power in Europe. If the first is better versed in the progress of history, no man excels the latter in a knowledge of the course of exchange. He is apprised of the exact state of our exports and imports, and scarce a ship clears out its cargo at Liverpool or Hull but he has notice of the lading. Our colonial policy—prison discipline —the state of the hulks—agricultural distress—commerce and manufactures—the bullion question—the Catholic question—the Bourbons or the Inquisition—domestic treason—foreign levy—nothing can come amiss to him. He is at home in the crooked mazes of rotten boroughs; is not baffled by Scotch law; and can follow the meaning of one of Mr. Canning's speeches. With so many resources—with such variety and solidity of information—Brougham is rather a powerful and alarming, than an effectual debater In so many details, (which he himself goes through with unwearied and unshrinking resolution,) the spirit of the question is lost to others who have not the same voluntary power of attention, or the same interest in hearing, that he has in speaking; the original impulse that urged him forward is forgotten in so wide a field—in so interminable a career. He keeps a ledger, or a debtor and creditor account between the government and the country, posts so much actual crime, corruption, and injustice against so much contingent advantage or sluggish prejudice, and at the bottom of the page brings in the balance of indignation and contempt where it is due. But people are not to be *calculated into* contempt and indignation on abstract grounds; for, however they may submit to this process where their own interests are concerned, in what regards the public good, we believe they must see and feel instinctively, or not at all. There is, it is to be lamented, a good deal of froth as well as strength in the popular spirits, which will not admit of being *decanted*, or served out in formal driblets; nor will spleen, the soul of opposition, bear to be corked up in square patent bottles, and kept for future use,—in a word, Brougham is ticketed and labelled eloquence, registered, and *in numeris*, like the successive parts of a Scotch encyclopædia; it is clever, knowing, imposing, masterly—an extraordinary display of clearness of head, of quickness and energy of thought, of application and industry—but it is not the eloquence of the imagination of the heart, and will never save a nation or an individual from perdition. Brougham has one considerable advantage in a debate—he is overcome by no false modesty, no deference to others. But then, by a natural consequence or parity of reasoning, he has little sympathy with other people, and is liable to be mistaken in the effect his arguments will have upon them. His perceptions are literal, tenacious, *epileptic*; his understanding voracious of facts, and equally communicative of them, and he proceeds to

> ——— Pour out all as plain
> As downright Shippin, or as old Montaigne,

without either the virulence of the one or the *bonhommie* of the other. The repeated, smart, unforeseen discharges of the truth jar those that are next him. He is too improvident or a leader, too petulant for a partisan, and does not sufficiently consult those with whom he is supposed to act in concert. He sometimes leaves them in the lurch, and is sometimes left in the lurch by them. He wants the principle of cooperation. He frequently, in a fit of thoughtless levity, gives an unexpected turn to the political machine, which alarms older and more experienced heads; if he was not himself the first to get out of harm's way, and escape from the danger, it would be well. We hold, indeed, as a general rule, that no man born or bred in Scotland, can be a great orator, unless he is a mere quack,—or a great statesman, unless he turns plain knave. The national gravity is against the first—the national caution against the last. To a Scotchman, if a thing *is*, it *is*; there is an end of the question, with his opinion about it. He is positive and abrupt, and is not in the habit of conciliating the feelings, or soothing the fallacies of others. His only way, therefore, to produce a popular effect is, to sail with the stream of prejudice, and to vent common dogmas On the other hand, if a Scotchman, born or bred, comes to think at all of the feelings of others, it is not as they regard them, but as their opinion re-acts on his own interest and safety. He is, therefore, either pragmatical and offensive, or, if he tries to please, he becomes cowardly and fawning His public spirit wants pliancy. He is as impracticable as a popular partisan, as he is mischievous as a tool of government.

Brougham speaks in a loud and unmitigated tone of voice, sometimes almost approaching to a scream. He is fluent, rapid, vehement, full of his subject, with evidently a great deal to say, and very regardless of the manner of saying it. Brougham writes almost as well as he speaks. In the midst of an election contest, he comes out to address the populace, and goes back to his study to finish an article for the Edinburgh Review; sometimes, indeed, wedging three or four articles into a single number. Such is the activity of his mind, that it appears to require neither repose, nor any other stimulus than a delight in its own exercise. He can turn his hand to anything, but he cannot be idle. There are few intellectual accomplishments which he does not possess, and that in a very high degree. He speaks French, and we believe, several other modern languages, fluently; is a capital mathematician, and obtained an introduction to the celebrated Carnot in the latter character, when the conversation turned on squaring the circle, and not on the propriety of confining France within the natural boundaries of the Rhine. This individual is, in fact, a striking instance of the versatility and strength of the human mind, and also in one sense, of the length of human life if we make a good use of our time. [How true is the following remark!] There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. If we pass "no day without a line," visit no place without the company of a book, we may with ease fill libraries, or empty them of their contents. Those who complain of the shortness of life, let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden minutes. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. If any one possesses any advantage in a considerable degree, he may make himself master of nearly as many more as he pleases, by employing his spare time, and cultivating the waste faculties of the mind. While one person is determining on the choice of a profession or study, another shall have made a fortune, or gained a merited reputation. While one person is dreaming over the meaning of a word, another will have learned several languages. It is not incapacity, but indolence and indecision that afflict us. While we are walking backward and forward between Charing Cross and Temple Bar, and sitting in the same coffeehouse every day, we might make the grand tour of Europe, and visit the Vatican and the Louvre. [The distinguished statesman, who has been the subject of the present sketch, has avoided this indolence of character, and is now reaping the reward of his toils and the cultivation of his genius. Among other means of enlarging his views, he has visited, we believe, most of the courts, and turned his attention to most of the constitutions, of the Continent.]

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE NIGER.

(From the Landers' Travels—*unpublished*.)

The Literary Gazette of February the 18th, has favoured us with the following interesting extract from the forthcoming work of the two brothers Landers, whose discovery of the estuary of the Niger, has distinguished them among a crowd of intrepid African travellers :—

"We made no stop whatever on the river, not even at meal times, our men suffering the canoe to glide down the stream while they were eating their food. At five in the afternoon, they all complained of fatigue, and we looked around us for a landing place, where we might rest awhile, but we could find none; for every village which we saw after that hour was unfortunately situated behind large thick morasses and sloughy bogs, through which, after various provoking and tedious toils, we found it impossible to penetrate. We were employed three hours in the afternoon, in endeavouring to find a landing at some village; and though we saw them distinctly enough from the water, we could not find a passage through the morasses, behind which they lay. Therefore, we were compelled to relinquish the attempt, and continue our course on the Niger. We passed several beautiful islands in the course of the day, all cultivated and inhabited, but low and flat. The width of the river seemed to vary considerably, sometimes it seemed to be two or three miles across, and at others double that width. The current drifted us along very rapidly, and we guessed it to be running at the rate of three or four miles an hour. The direction of the stream continued nearly east. The day had been excessively warm, and the sun set in beauty and grandeur, shooting forth rays tinged with the most heavenly hues, which extended to the zenith. Nevertheless, the appearance of the firmament, all glorious as it was, betokened a coming storm; the wind whistled through the tall rushes, and darkness soon covered the earth like a veil. This rendered us more anxious than ever to land somewhere, we cared not where, and to endeavour to procure shelter for the night, if not in a village, at least under a tree. Accordingly, rallying the drooping spirits of our men, we encouraged them to renew their exertions by setting them the example, and our canoe darted silently and swiftly down the current We were enabled to steer her rightly by the vividness of the lightning, which flashed across the water continually, and by this means also we could distinguish any danger before us, and avoid the numerous small islands with which the river is interspersed, and which otherwise might have embarrassed us very seriously But though we could perceive almost close to us several lamps burning in comfortable looking huts, and could plainly distinguish the voices of their occupants, and though we exerted all our strength to get at them, we were foiled in every attempt, by reason of the sloughs and fens, and we were at last obliged to abandon them in despair. Some of these lights, after leading us a long way, eluded our search, and vanished from our sight like an *ignis fatuus;* and others danced about, we knew not how. But what was more vexatious than all,—after we had got into an inlet, and toiled and tugged for a full half hour against the current, which in this little channel was uncommonly rapid, to approach a village from which we thought it flowed, both village and lights seemed to sink into the earth, and the sounds of the people's voices ceased of a sudden, and when we fancied we were actually close to the spot, we strained our eyes in vain to see a single hut,—all was gloomy, dismal, cheerless, and solitary. It seemed the work of enchantment; every thing was as visionary as 'sceptres grasped in sleep.' We had paddled along the banks a distance of not less than thirty miles, every inch of which we had attentively examined, but not a bit of dry land could any where be discovered which was firm enough to bear our weight Therefore, we resigned ourselves to circumstances, and all of us having been refreshed with a little cold rice and honey, and water from the stream, we permitted the canoe to drift down with the current, for our men were too much fatigued with the labours of the day to work any longer. But here a fresh evil arose, which we were unprepared to meet. An incredible number of hippopotami arose very near us, and came splashing, snorting, and plunging all round the canoe, and placed us in imminent danger Thinking to frighten them off, we fired a shot or two at them; but the noise only called up from the water, and out of the fens, about as many more of their unwieldy companions, and we were more closely beset than before. Our people, who had never in all their lives been exposed in a canoe to such huge and formidable beasts, trembled with fear and apprehension, and absolutely wept aloud; and their terror was not a little increased by the dreadful peals of thunder which rattled over their heads, and by the awful darkness which prevailed, broken at intervals by flashes of lightning, whose powerful glare was truly awful. Our people tell us, that these formidable animals frequently upset canoes in the river, when every one in them is sure to perish. These came so close to us, that we could reach them with the butt-end of a gun. When I fired at the first, which I must have hit, every one of them came to the surface of the water, and pursued us so fast over to the north bank, that it was with the greatest difficulty imaginable we could keep before them. Having fired a second time, the report of my gun was followed by a loud roaring noise, and we seemed to increase our distance from them. There were two Bornou men among our crew, who were not so frightened as the rest, having seen some of these creatures before on Lake Tchad, where, they say, there are plenty of them. However, the terrible hippopotami did us no kind of mischief whatever; they were only sporting and wallowing in the river for their own amusement, no doubt, at first, when we interrupted them; but had they upset our canoe, we should have paid dearly for it. We observed a bank on the north side of the river shortly after this, and I proposed halting on it for the night; for I wished much to put my foot on firm land again. This, however, not one of the crew would consent to, saying, that if the Gewo Roua, or water elephant, did not kill them, the crocodiles certainly would do so before the morning; and I thought afterwards, that we might have been carried off, like the Cumbrie people on the islands near Yaoorie, if we had tried the experiment. Our canoe was only large enough to hold us all when sitting, so that we had no chance of lying down. Had we been able to muster up thirty thousand cowries at Rabba, we might have purchased one which would have carried us all very comfortably. A canoe of this sort would have served us for living in entirely; we should have had no occasion to land, excepting to obtain our provisions; and, having performed our day's journey, might have anchored fearlessly at night. Finding we could not induce our people to land, we agreed to continue on all night. The eastern horizon became very dark, and the lightning more and more vivid; indeed, I never recollect having seen such strong forked lightning before in my life. All this denoted the approach of a storm. At eleven P.M. it blew somewhat stronger than a gale, and at midnight the storm was at its height. The wind was so strong, the sea washed over the sides of the canoe several times, so that she was in danger of filling. Driven about by the wind, our frail little bark became unmanageable; but, at length, we got near a bank, which, in some measure, protected us, and we were fortunate enough to lay hold of a thorny tree, against which we were driven, and which was growing nearly in the centre of the stream. Presently we fastened the canoe to its branches, and, wrapping our cloaks round our persons, for we felt overpowed with fatigue, and with our legs projecting half over the sides of the little vessel, which, for want of room, we were compelled to do, we lay down to sleep. There is something, I believe, in the nature of a tempest which is favourable to slumber, at least so thought my brother; for though the thunder continued to roar, and the wind to blow,—though the rain beat in our faces, and our canoe lay rocking like a cradle,—still he slept soundly. The wind kept blowing hard from the eastward, till midnight, when it became calm. The rain then descended in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning of the most awful description. We lay in our canoe, drenched with water, and our little vessel was filling so fast, that two people were obliged to be constantly baling out the water, to keep her afloat. The water elephants, as the natives term the hippopotami, frequently came snorting near us, but, fortunately, did not touch our canoe The storm continued until three in the morning of the 17th, when it became clear, and we saw the stars sparkling like gems over our heads Therefore, we again proceeded on our journey down the river, there being sufficient light for us to see our way; and, two hours after, we put into a small insignificant fishing village, called *Ducannie*, where we landed very gladly. Before we arrived at this island, we had passed a great many towns and villages; but, in consequence of the early hour at which we were travelling, we considered it would be imprudent to stop at any of them, as none of the natives were out of their huts. Had we landed earlier, even near one of these towns, we might have alarmed the inhabitants, and been taken for party of robbers; or as they are

* The birth and existence of this illustrious orator depended upon a chance circumstance, which will strike every one with wonder. His lordship's father, it is well known, was proprietor of Brougham Hall, and a fine estate in the north of England, which still form the patrimony of the family. He was about to be married to a lady in his own neighbourhood, to whom he was passionately attached, and every preparation had been made for their nuptials, when, to Mr. Brougham's great grief, his mistress sickened and died. To beguile himself of his sorrows, he determined on travelling, and came to Edinburgh, where, wandering about on the Castlehill, then a fashionable lounge, but now completely laid waste by "Improvements," and deserted—viewing the city, he happened to inquire of a fellow-idler, where he could find respectable and convenient lodgings. By this person he was directed—not to the New Town, or to any of the hotels, for at that time no such thing existed in the Scottish capital—but to Mrs. Syme, sister of Principal Robertson the historian, widow of the Rev. Mr. Syme, minister of Alloa, who then kept the largest and most genteel board and lodging establishment in town, in the second flat of M'Lellan's land, [this Edinburgh phrase signifies a house from top to bottom,] head of the Cowgate, (marked No. 8,) the front windows of which look straight up the Candlemaker Row, a tenement which, it may be remarked, forms the north wing of that gullet connecting the Cowgate with the Grassmarket, through which Reuben Butler made his escape from the rioters, at the execution of Captain Porteous, as detailed in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian. Here Mr. Brougham forthwith proceeded to settle himself; and though he did not at first contemplate a permanent residence in this city, he soon found occasion to make that resolution; for, falling in love with Miss Syme, who was a young lady of great merit and beauty, he abandoned his early sorrows, and espousing her, lived all the rest of his life in Edinburgh. He resided for some time after his marriage in Mrs. Syme's house; subsequently, he removed to St. Andrew's Square in the New Town, then only commencing, and there, in a flat of that substantial corner edifice, having North St. David Street on the west, and the Square on the south, was Henry Brougham born.

called in the country, *jacallees*. They would have taken up arms against us, and we might have lost our lives; so that, for our safety, we continued down the river, although we had great desire to go on shore. In the course of the day and night, we travelled, according to our estimation, a distance little short of a hundred miles. Our course was nearly east. The Niger, in many places, and for a considerable way, presented a very magnificent appearance, and, we believe, to be nearly eight miles in width."

EMIGRATION.

"I LEFT York," continues Mr. Fergusson, "on Wednesday, May 11th, in the stage, for Hamilton, at the head of Burlington Bay, it being my intention to stop at night, and diverge next day into the woods. The roads were yet unrepaired for the season, and we travelled in an open waggon, the day fine, and, for the first time, somewhat sultry. It was interesting to observe the sudden transition from the streets of York to the solemn stillness of the forest; as, I think, we could not have proceeded above two or three miles, ere we immersed in all the wild magnificence of a cedar swamp, and hemmed in by towering pines and hemlocks on every side. A cedar swamp forms an exception to a general rule, as it enjoys pure water, and secures health to its inhabitants, which is also the case where the hemlock, fir, and spruce abound. The land, in such situations, is not of the richest quality, sometimes sandy and poor; and the absence of fever and ague would seem to be granted, in compensation for diminished returns.

"Our route lay through Toronto district; and I had the gratification of observing cultivation in every stage of its progress. There was the rude *shanty*, or log hut, its owner wielding the axe against the stately vegetable columns around him, or employed in reducing them to ashes, while some were left standing, to blacken with the flames, or doomed to a protracted fate, under the operation of *girdling*, by which the bark is cut round the stem, and life destroyed. A little farther on we pass an older farm,—the mansion and offices commodious and neat, rich orchards, loaded with blossom, fine wheat, and pasture and meadow land, healthy looking children at every door, with pigs and poultry in abundance. As we passed each farmer's open door, we saw groups of old and young seated at their evening meal, neat, clean, and comfortably clad In general, Canadians and Americans are deficient in what we call *dressing up their doors;* they are, in fact, so much engaged in heavier and more important work, that the period for training roses and honeysuckles has not yet arrived. We passed, however, one small property this evening, belonging to a Mr. Adams, and laid out as a nursery, (smile not at a nursery in America), filled with peach, apple, and pear trees, flowering shrubs, &c., and which, by its neat arrangement and excellent order, forms at once a contrast and an example to its neighbours. We encountered some very steep hills and some hazardous roads, especially ascending and descending the banks of two considerable creeks or rivers, falling into Ontario. Large sums have been expended in levelling, &c., apparently with but indifferent judgment or success. I reached Summer' Tavern, 35 miles from York, about eight, and found a most obliging host, with comfortable accommodation."

Next day, Mr. Fergusson visited the city of Guelph "The road thither," he continues, "is through the finest forest scenery I had yet seen, and clearings were going forward in various places, and in every state of progress. I could not but admire the luxuriance and healthy appearance of the wheat and clover. The whole tract is upon limestone, and, in some places, the road passes over ridges of it absolutely inexhaustible. The cattle and pigs are but very indifferent. The state of the road may be in some measure estimated, from a party which I passed, consisting of three men and six oxen, that had been three days absent from home, which they would only reach that day, drawing a load under which a donkey would have trotted upon any British turnpike; and the whole extent of the journey not exceeding twenty miles. Guelph is situated in the Gore district, about eighty miles from York, and has been laid out upon an extensive scale. A fine stream flows past the town, and a large grist mill is at work upon it. A good deal of land has been located in the neighbourhood; and the town may ultimately prosper. At present it wears a stagnant appearance, and conveys somewhat the idea of the *cart preceding the horse*. When farms become numerous, and a mill is erected in a convenient situation, a town soon grows up; but here the town has been hurried forward, in the hope of settling the land. A vast deal of capital has been expended on roads, &c., which must have so far benefited labourers, and tended, in some measure, to enable them to purchase lots; but, at present, a very desolate complexion marks Guelph, as a city which may be very thankful to maintain its ground, and escape desertion. The price of company land is here about 15*s.* per acre, of good quality; and, I believe, from the unsteady character of some of the early settlers, good purchases of farms partially cleared are frequently to be had. Guelph stands upon a fine natural platform, with the river flowing round it. A good bridge was nearly finished when I was there, and an extensive line of road is intended to connect this with the Huron settlement at Goderich.

"I spent the evening in company with Mr. Prior, the acting manager, who has many arduous duties to perform. We conversed, of course, much upon the subject of emigration His opinion coincides with the general conviction, that no steady, industrious man can fail to prosper in Canada, according to his means. The commissioners are now greatly more circumspect in the character of settlers, than was the case at first; and it is a leading object to obtain sober, moral, correct men, that a good neighbourhood may be everywhere secured.

"In disposing of lots to settlers, two methods are adopted in Canada, and their respective advantages and disadvantages are warmly discussed. The one adopted by the Canada Company is to *insist* upon an instalment at entry The other method is to leave payment of any portion optional to the settler, but carrying on an account of interest against him The advocates of the first plan maintain, that, by paying down a certain sum at first, the settler feels an interest, and a degree of independence which he would not otherwise experience; and that the sums advanced enable the landlord to make roads, erect bridges, mills, &c.; and farther, that as the black account is always running on, and a day of settling must arrive, for which the settlers are too often forgetful to provide, it ends in the abandonment of the farm, and in ruin to themselves and families. For the second plan, it is argued, that many industrious worthy men have absolutely no capital to begin with, beyond what may be necessary to purchase oxen, ploughs, &c., and to maintain their families, until a crop is gathered, and that to exact their pittance in such circumstances, is, in fact, to stifle their industry in its birth. By allowing time, and regularly balancing the account, taking occasionally what may be forthcoming either in cash, cattle, or grain, a poor man slips into clear possession without feeling any inconvenience. We shall find, that, as in most questions of the kind, there is much to be said on both sides, and probably either plan may be followed with advantage in certain particular cases. The United States, who bestow much attention on the disposal of their public lands, have resolved, in the western country, to exact, not an instalment only, but payment *in full* at the entry of settlers, though it is to be observed, that a man may there acquire 80 acres for 100 dollars, or 22*l.* 10*s.*"—*Agricultural Journal.*—*To be continued.*

DANISH CHARACTER.—The character of the Danes is generally that of a quiet and intelligent people—of rather cold demeanour, and difficult of access, but very sincerely hospitable when the threshold of their door is passed. Their personal appearance resembles very remarkably that of the Lowland Scots. Of the lower orders almost all have light hair; but it is observed that dark hair predominates among the middle classes, of whom a great proportion are foreign settlers. They are a nation of deep devotion to their country; and blown about as they have been by reverses, it is not unnatural that they should cling to their country with something of a passionate love, and that they should become eloquent in their vituperation of those whom they deem to have injured her. In such strains the songs of their poets commonly flow. There is, perhaps, no people which possess such a mine of patriotic poetry. From them assuredly Campbell must have borrowed the idea of his beautiful "Ode on the Battle of the Baltic," which very closely resembles in its construction the Danish National Hymn, "Kong Christian stod ved hoien mast;" ("King Christian by the mainmast stood.")

THE CHOLERA—MUSSELBURGH

MR D. M. MOIR, surgeon, Musselburgh, well known in the world of *belles lettres*, by his poetic contributions, under the signature of Delta, to Blackwood's Magazine, and to the world of physic, by his recent History of Ancient Medicine, has found time, amidst the multitude of his professional duties, to throw together a few "Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera, as that disease is now exhibiting itself in Scotland." In these observations, the author is the unflinching advocate of the doctrine that cholera is *virulently contagious*, and in no case appears unless where there has been a communication or near contact with the affected. "In the malignant cholera," says he, "no sooner does a case shew itself in any particular street or district, than, if entire isolation be not immediately effected, a second and a third follow, and at length the whole neighbourhood is subjected to its influence. Not a single case has occurred where communication with the infected could not be readily traced out; while, on the contrary, where intercourse has been completely cut off, the progress of the disease has been, to a certainty, arrested. Of the contagious nature of cholera, at least in this climate, I am as thoroughly convinced as of my own existence." Again,—"It is quite a mistake to suppose that the disease is either so erratic or whimsical, in its wanderings from district to district, as some would lead us to suppose; or that it will suddenly disappear, after having wreaked a desultory violence. This idea is founded on the erroneous supposition of its non-contagious nature; and a number of apparent illustrations have been brought forward in its support. The fact is, that cholera will nowhere abate or pass away, while a victim susceptible of its influence remains, provided such be exposed to its contagion; and no doctrine more dangerous or destructive to the safety of society can be promulgated Until all are made aware of the risk to which they are exposed, adopt every means of prevention, and keep beyond the pale of contagion, the disease will propagate itself, and appear and re-appear with renewed force. The necessity is therefore urgent for continuing every preventive restriction and regulation in full force; to isolate every case that can be managed; and to render the concentration of the pestilential forces less virulent, by feeding and clothing the poor, as well as attending to the purification and cleanliness of their dwellings." While partly agreeing with Mr. Moir that cholera is contagious, it does not seem necessary to believe that such a circumstance should in any way disprove the apparently erratic character of the disease, which may probably be conveyed by a letter, or by the transportation of the most minute substance, from an infected to a non-infected district; (physicians who have written on cholera seem to avoid mentioning the possibilities of the contagion being carried with goods;) but it is equally obvious that, after all, it is taken only by those whose temperament or state of body predisposes them for receiving it.

If a predisposition in individuals be generally necessary for the reception of cholera, it would appear that some towns are more liable to its visitation than others. Musselburgh stands at the distance of five miles east from Edinburgh, on a flat, sandy site, at the mouth of the Esk, on its right bank, while Fisherrow lies on the left, both very little above the level of the sea.* The Esk, though a small stream, covers a wide, gravelly channel, and is crossed by an ancient and modern stone bridge, and two wooden bridges The town is intersected by a mill-lead from the river, which is partly covered in. The High Street, which runs from west to east, is spacious, and the houses throughout the town are generally well built In the outskirts are many isolated houses in the villa style. There are a number of lanes and mean thoroughfares, which have not hitherto been kept in the cleanest manner. Fisherrow is much inferior in appearance to Musselburgh, and presents an excellent field for cholera. It consists of a main and back street, with a number of narrow closes; and the fact is undeniable, that it has hitherto been one of the dirtiest towns in Scotland. The lower classes of both places, as in most of the towns of Mid-Lothian, have also been of intemperate habits, which are well known to be excellent preparatives for cholera.

* Musselburgh was a seat of population fully a thousand years since, having been a town of the Northumbrian Saxons, who called it *Eskemuthe*. Malcolm Canmore gave it to the monks of Dunfermline, and, by the usual process, the regality passed into the hands of a lay nobleman. The Buccleuch family are now the superiors, by purchase. It is governed by two bailies and a town-council, part of whom are furnished by Fisherrow.

STEEL PLATES FOR ENGRAVING.

FOR several years past sheet steel has been used in large quantities, instead of copperplates, by the engravers. By this fortunate application of so durable, and, it may be added, so economical a material, not only has a new field been discovered admirably suited to yield in perfection the richest and finest graphic productions, which the ingenuity of modern art can accomplish, but to do so through an amazingly numerous series of impressions without perceptible deterioration. The art of engraving on iron or steel for purposes of ornament, and even for printing, in certain cases, is by no means a discovery of modern times; but the substitution of the latter material for copper, which has invited the superiority of the British burin to achievements hitherto unattempted by our artists, is entirely a modern practice.

In the year 1810, Mr. Dyer, an American merchant residing in London, obtained a patent for certain improvements in the construction and method of using plates and presses, &c., the principles of which were communicated to him by a foreigner residing abroad. This foreigner was Mr. Jacob Perkins, an ingenious artist of New England and whose name subsequently became so extensively known in this country, in connection with roller-press printing from hardened steel plates. The plates used by Mr. Perkins were, on the average, about five eights of an inch thick; the were either of steel, so tempered as to admit of the operation of the engraver, or, as was more generally the case, of steel decarbonated, so as to become very pure soft iron, in which case, after they had received the work on the surface, the were case hardened by cementation.

The decarbonating process was performed by enclosing the plate of cast steel, properly shaped, in a cast iron box or case, filled about the plate to the thickness of about a inch, with oxide of iron or rusty iron filings. In this state the box is luted close, and placed on a regular fire, where is kept at a red heat during from three to twelve days Generally about nine days is sufficient to decarbonize plate five eights of an inch in thickness. When the engraving or etching has been executed, the plate is superficially converted into steel by placing it in a box as before and surrounding it on all sides by a powder made of equal parts of burned bones, and the cinders of burned animal matter, such as old shoes or leather. In this state the box with its contents, closely luted, must be exposed to a blood red heat for three hours; after which it is taken out of the fire, and plunged perpendicularly edgeways into cold water which has been previously boiled, to throw off the air. By this means the plate becomes hardened, without the danger of warping or cracking. It is then tempered, or let down, brightening the under surface of the plate with a bit of stone after which it is heated by being placed upon a piece of hot iron, or melted lead, until the rubbed portion acquire a pale straw colour For this purpose, however, the patentee has expressed himself in favour of a bath of oil heated to the temperature of 460 degrees, or thereabouts, of Fahrenheit's scale The plate being cooled in water, and polished on the surface was ready for use.

A more material peculiarity in Mr. Perkins's invention and one which does not seem to have been approached by any preceding artist, was the contrivance of what are called *indenting cylinders*. These are rollers of two or three inches in diameter, and made of steel, decarbonized by the process before described, so as to be very soft. In this state they are made to roll backward and forward under a powerful pressure, over the surface of one of the hardened plates, upon all the figures, letters, or indentations are communicated with exquisite precision, in sharp relief upon the cylinder which being carefully hardened and tempered becomes, by this means, fitted to communicate an impression to other plates by an operation similar to that by which it was originally figured. It will be obvious, that one advantage gained by this method must be the entire saving of the labour and expense of re-cutting, in every case on different plates, of ornaments, borders, emblematical designs, &c., as these can now be impressed with little trouble on any number of plates in any part thereof, by the application of the cylinder. The first sight, the performance of such an operation as the now alluded to, may appear difficult, if not impractic and, indeed, many persons, on its first announcement, were disposed to doubt or deny its possibility altogether. With a proper and powerful apparatus, however, this method of transferring engravings from plates to cylinders, and *vice versa* is every day performed with facility and success, not only in the production of Irish bank-notes, labels, &c., but in work exhibiting very elaborate engravings.—*Lardner's Cyclopæ*

A ROMAN CITY.—POMPEII.

In describing a Roman city, our attention is first drawn to the Forum, the focus of business, the resort of pleasure, the scene of all political and legal contention. In the early ages of Rome, one open space probably served for all the public meetings of the people, whether for the purposes of traffic, for the administration of justice, or for meetings to deliberate upon public affairs. So in Greek, the same word *agora*,—derived from *agerio*, I collect,—signifies equally a market, a place of assembly for citizens, and the assembly itself. As wealth and splendour increased, and business became more complicated, it was found inconvenient to have so many different occupations carried on together, and two classes of *fora* arose,—*Venalia*, mere markets, as the Forum Bonarium, or ox market, Piscarium, fish market, &c.; and *Civilia*, those devoted to the other purposes of a place of assembly, of which, however, until the time of Julius Cæsar, there was but one. He built a second of extraordinary splendour, the area alone of which cost the enormous sum of £800,000, from which we may imagine the expense and splendour of the superstructure; and others were afterwards constructed by the emperors. For the country, however—at all events in small places like Pompeii—a single forum continued to be sufficient. Some difference existed between the Greek and Roman *fora*, derived from the difference of the uses to which they were to be applied. The Greek were built square, with columns near each other, to give as much shelter as possible. On these were placed a marble architrave, supporting an upper ambulatory, or gallery for walking. This gallery the Romans retained, (there appears to have been one at Pompeii,) but the area, instead of being square, was oblong, and the pillars set at considerable intervals. These variations seem to have been made to give the greatest possible convenience for viewing shows of gladiators, which, previous to the building of amphitheatres, were exhibited in the Forum. In its simple state, it was merely an open area, surrounded by a colonnade, a sort of exchange; but in the period of Roman splendour, it was usually encompassed by a series of splendid public buildings, on which all the riches of architecture were lavished. Basilicæ, or courts of justice; Curiæ, or places of assembly for the senate or local magistracy; Tabularia, where the public records were kept; temples, prisons, public granaries, all things necessary for the public pleasure or convenience, were here collected in immediate neighbourhood to each other. Various trades were exercised under the porticoes; the money changers had their stalls below; the management of the public revenue was usually carried on in the gallery above. At one end, or in an adjoining basilica, the prætor usually administered justice; within were the rostra from which orators addressed the people. The liveliness and tumult of the scene, where all these employments were carried on, may well be imagined.

We now proceed to deseribe the Forum of Pompeii. Entering at the gate of Herculaneum, the main street of the town leads the visitor to the northwest corner. Here he gains admittance by a flight of steps, leading downwards through an arch in a brick wall, still partially retaining the stucco by which it was covered. Remains of iron gates were found a several of the entrances, from whence it is inferred that they were closed at night. There is a smaller passage to the right of the arch just mentioned, and between them a public fountain, attached to the wall. Upon entering, the spectator finds himself in a large area surrounded by columns and the ruins of temples, triumphal arches, and other public buildings, the particular uses of which can in general only be conjectured. The red masses of brick, divested of their marble casings, the brown and yellow tints of the tufa, the fragments of white stucco attached to the shattered walls of the different edifices, and the pedestals which once supported statues commemorating those who had deserved well of their country, are all that now remain to attest its former beauty and magnificence. Around the west, south, and east sides, there runs a Grecian Doric colonnade, uninterrupted, except on the east, where the porticoes of the surrounding buildings in some instances come flush up to the colonnade, and in some places break the line of the upper gallery, preserving an interrupted communication below. Where this was the case, stairs ran up to the gallery; but probably there was also some communication between these several divisions of it, without descending to the ground. True it is, that as no vestige of this upper story remains, it may seem rash to assert its existence so boldly; but the traces of staircases, combined with the authority of Vitruvius, are sufficient to warrant us in doing so. Probably it was built of wood; this would account for its total disappearance. The diameter of the columns was two feet three and a half inches, their height twelve feet, the interval between them six feet ten inches. On the eastern side, there still remains a portion of an older arcade, which the inhabitants, at the time of the eruption, were in the course of replacing by the Doric portico. The pillars are of three materials,—of fine white caserto stone, resembling marble; of ancient yellowish tufa; and of brick plastered. The wall by which we have entered is connected with the back of a building called by some the Temple of Jupiter, by others the Senaculum, or council-chamber. It is prostyle, and of the Corinthian order: the columns are hexastyle, and the portico is pseudodipteral and hexastyle, having six columns in the front. A row of columns runs on each side along the interior of the cella, which, as has been observed, leads us to suppose that it was hypæthral. It is probable that there were two ranges of columns within the cella, one above another, as at Pæstum, the floor of a gallery resting on the lower tier, since the height of the exterior was such as to require two orders in the interior (where the columns were smaller) to reach the roof, the object of the columns being support, and not mere decoration. A narrow staircase at the back of the temple, concealed behind three small chambers at the end of the cella, the walls of which rise to the height of the first order of columns, confirms the belief that there was formerly a gallery. The clear space of the cell, within these chambers and the colonnade, was about forty-two feet by twenty-eight feet six inches. The interior has been painted; red and black are the predominant colours. Diamond-shaped pieces of marble form the centre division of the pavement, which is enclosed within a broad border of black and white Mosaic. In the centre of the door-sill there are traces of holes for the bolts of folding doors. Upon the pavement, fragments of a colossal statute were discovered. This temple is placed on an elevated basement, or podium, which was ascended by many steps. Those nearest the columns are carried along the whole front of the portico, while the steps near the ground are narrow, and sunk in a low parapet, forming a basement to the upper flight. Greater breadth of effect and grandeur is communicated to the whole edifice by this mass of solid wall beneath the large columns which it seems to support. A magnificent example of this method of construction is to be seen in the portico of the London University. The dye of the basement inclines inwards; it is moulded above and below, and in front formed into pedestals, which are oblong, and adapted to receive equestrian statues. Near one of them a sun-dial was found. Pedestals were also added in front, at the angles of the basement of the portico. On the southeast, a side door in the basement leads to vaults beneath the temple. The whole of the building, constructed as it is of stone and lava, has been covered with a fine white cement made of marble, still retaining great hardness. The workmanship does not appear to be very good or exact. The columns, and the spaces between them, vary, none of them being equidistant. The diameters of the columns are three feet seven inches, and three feet eight inches, making their height, according to the proportions observed, approach to thirty-six feet,—about the size of the lower order of St. Paul's Cathedral, so that the whole height of the building was, including the basement, about sixty feet. Without the walls, its breadth was forty-three feet, and its length a hundred to the end of the portico. Add twenty feet to the flight of steps, and the total length is one hundred and twenty feet. Adjoining the southwestern end of the basement, stands the ruins of an arch built of brick, and cased with slabs of white marble, fastened on the brick-work by iron clamps. This is conjectured to have been triumphal; but from its being connected with the temple of Jupiter by a low wall, reaching to the height of the adjoining basement, it is more probable that it was only the entrance to a court in front of what may have been the public granaries. This wall evidently proves that the whole was constructed, not for show, but use. Had the arch been triumphal, it would have been more solidly built, isolated, and not disfigured by a small piece of wall attached to one side only, disfiguring also the basement of the most commanding building in the city. It may be presumed, therefore, to have formed the entrance to a court-yard before the granary and prisons, which are here situated at the north-west corner of the Forum; such a convenience being almost necessary to the former, for the unloading the grain apart from the crowd in the Forum; and to the latter, as an outlet where prisoners, it may be supposed, were allowed to take exercise under the eyes of their guards. That the prison stood here, there can be no doubt; indeed its exact spot is determined by the skeletons of two men, left to perish in the general confusion. Their leg-bones were found still within the shackles, and, with these bracelets, are still preserved in the Museum at Portici. With regard to the other apartment, there certainly is not such convincing evidence to prove that it was the public granary. It is well suited to such a purpose; but the strongest evidence of its destination is to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of the public measures. We may farther observe, with regard to the arch, that it is not sufficiently substantial for the purpose which is assigned to it, nor would the plane surface on the top be broad enough either for an equestrian statue or a triumphal car. But, attached to the north-east angle of the temple of Jupiter, there is a gateway, having the character of a triumphal arch. The massive piers, and part of the columns that adorned them, still remain. In each pier were two attached fluted Corinthian white marble columns, of good workmanship. In the centre of each pier, between the columns, are square-headed niches, in one of which there was a fountain, as is evident from the lead pipes which were here discovered. Statues, most probably, were placed in the four niches, and the fountain formed in one of them may have flowed through a cornucopia, or some other appropriate vessel, held in the hands of the figure. Statues, applied to these purposes, were commonly placed at the fountains in Pompeii. Among others have been found two boys of beautiful workmanship, carrying vases on their shoulders, and two others with masks in their hands, the masks and vases resting or pedestals. Water was conveyed up through the figures, and issued from the mask and vases. These statues and many others intended for the same use, are made of bronze. Conduits of lead were frequently used in Pompeii, to conduct the water to the public fountains and private baths. These, however, the Neapolitan government have caused to be torn up, and sold for their value as old metal.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

The Cascade of the Rainbow.—Stewart, in the course of his visit to the South Seas, describes a cascade which he saw in one of the Sandwich Islands. "There is one object worthy of notice," says he, "in the vicinity of Byron Bay, which I had not previously an opportunity of visiting—a waterfall in the river Wairuku. We landed at the mouth of the stream, on the wild rocks forming its precipitous banks. This place has been the favourite resort of our gentlemen; and the untiring feats of the islanders, in throwing themselves from some of the highest of the adjoining cliffs, thirty, forty, and fifty feet, into the basins below, and in gliding down the falls above the watering place, at the seeming hazard of being dashed to death, have daily afforded them great amusement. In many places the bed of the river is deep, apparently unfathomable; and, at such parts especially, the embankments are bold and abrupt, forty, sixty, and a hundred feet high, and generally perpendicular. The principal object of our ramble surpassed in novelty and beauty every anticipation. It is decidedly superior, in the variety of its points of interest, to any other of the kind I have ever seen. The projection of water is one hundred and ten feet in height, and the ascent causing it, in the view had from below, appears a natural bridge, spanning the basin into which the water is poured, in one broad arch, resting on either side upon massive abutments of basaltic rock. The arch, however, instead of being open entirely through, is the entrance of a deep recess or cavern, into the darkness and gloom of which, the sight can scarce penetrate. The basin beneath, a perfect circle of some hundred yards diameter, was placed as a lake, except where the stream plunges into it from above, and completely walled in save at a single narrow outlet, by precipices of rock a hundred and fifty feet or more high, richly covered with moss, fern, and shrubbery. An isolated pyramidal peak, at the base of which we stood, rises directly opposite to the cascade; its formation, like that of the arch, being almost precisely that of the Giant's Causeway, possessing the same distinctive characteristics in form and in regularity of arrangement."

Soldiers' Funerals.—"There is a simplicity and a decency in a military funeral, even in its plainest form, far surpassing in solemnity all the pomp and pageantry of the most sumptuous funeral in civil life. There, a number of hirelings, whose bodies only bear the garb of woe, while their countenances, gestures, and manner, betray indifference or a hackneyed observance of form, render the last offices to the deceased; and a hired vehicle, still smelling of its last inmate, bears the body to the grave, from which, perhaps, the bones of some old tenant of the sod are displaced, to make room for the new one, destined in process of time to a similar ejectment. Here, the deceased soldier is borne to his last resting place on the shoulders of his comrades; the flag under which he fought and died, is the pall which covers his remains; the sword and other emblems of his profession, which surmount the body, speak more than the most eloquent funeral oration to the heart of the spectator; the martial music, in solemn cadence, disposes the soul to suitable emotions; the fresh grave, open to receive its first offering; the short, but affecting ritual is pronounced by the lips of a brother soldier, perhaps in the faltering accents of friendship; and the last volley seems to announce the entrance of the immortal part into the portals of eternity."—*Twelve Years' Military Adventures.*

Pleasure.—In the common actions and diversions of our lives, the pleasure lies almost entirely in the pursuit and very little in the attainment. He that at whist should have four honours, six trumps, always dealt him, would lose his whole diversion, because he would have nothing to do but throw down his cards and win the game. In bowling, the player takes care to deliver his bowl aright; he runs after it, chides it, encourages it, writhes his body in all manner of contortions, as if to influence its bias, and in this consists his entertainment, for the joy of winning the game is over in a moment; he takes his stake, pockets it, and only thinks where to throw the jack for beginning another cast.—*Tucker's Light of Nature.*

Imperial Anecdote.—Napoleon, when sailing in a yacht in Holland, entered into conversation with the steersman, and asked him how much his vessel was worth? "My vessel," said the man; it is not mine: I should be too happy if it were; it would make my fortune."—"Well, then," said the Emperor, "I make you a present of it;"—a favour for which the man seemed not particularly grateful. His indifference was imputed to the phlegmatic temperament natural to his countrymen: but this was not the case. "What benefit has he conferred on me?" said he to one of his comrades, who was congratulating him; "he has spoken to me, and that is all: he has given me what was not his own to give—a fine present truly!" In the meantime, Duroc had purchased the vessel of the owner, and the receipt was put into the hands of the steersman, who, no longer doubting the reality of his good fortune, indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy.—*Las Cases.*

Lord Stanhope's calculation about Snuff-taking.—Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in the year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff-boxes and handkerchiefs will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time, and that by proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt.

Distillation from Milk.—The possibility of obtaining ardent spirits from milk has been disputed by many chemists, but the experiments of Oseretshouesky of Petersburgh, have proved that it is possible. The result of his experiments is, that milk does not undergo the vinous fermentation, if the butter and cheese are taken from it—either must remain; and that whey, although it contains the whole of the sugar of milk, does not enter into the vinous fermentation, even although yeast be added.

To restore frosted Potatoes.—This is partially done by steeping potatoes, or any other frosted vegetable, in cold water till thawed. A better and more effectual method has been discovered by a Cumberland gentleman. This remedy is simply to allow the potatoes to remain in the pits after a severe frost, till the mild weather has set in for some weeks, and allowed them to recover gradually. If once exposed to the atmospheric air, no art will recover frosted potatoes.

COLUMN FOR THE FANCY.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING EXPLOITS.

In 1809, Messrs. Austin and Foster shot upon the manor of Fobsey Magnus, in Cornwall, and killed, in the course of the day, 43 brace of birds. In addition to his partridges, Mr. Austin killed five hares and a water-rail. Both gentlemen used spectacles.

On the 3d of September, Mr. Lacey, of Wimborne-minster, shot upon the manor of Verwood, Dorsetshire, which contains only 2500 acres, thirty brace of partridges, ten brace of hares, and twelve couple of rabbits. He commenced his day's sport with the rising sun, and closed it at four o'clock. He was attended by six servants and four couple of pointers.

Lord Kingston made a considerable bet, to shoot forty brace of partridges on the 1st of September, on the manor of Heydon. He shot forty-one brace and a half.

On the 28th of January, 1812, John Moseley, Esq. of Tofts, Norfolk, accompanied by eight friends, within five hours, killed 8 partridges, 12 hares, 1 woodcock, 28 rabbits, 275 pheasants, amounting in the whole, to 325, notwithstanding that nearly 600 pheasants had before been bagged on the same manor.

In the same year, (1812,) there were killed upon the manor of Riddlesworth, in Norfolk, 574 hares, 725 partridges, 701 pheasants, 49 snipes, 6 woodcocks, and 3402 rabbits, making in the whole, 5548.

In 1811, when Lord Moira, (Marquis of Hastings,) and several other shots of distinction, were on a visit to Mr. Coke, in Norfolk, the following were bagged in six days:—264 pheasants, 314 partridges, 29 woodcocks, 46 snipes, 283 hares, 371 rabbits; total, 1307.

In December, 1808, at Gipping, near Stowmarket, the seat of Sir John Shelley, 91 hares, 64 pheasants, and 101 rabbits were killed in one day, by seven gentlemen.

The Duke of Rutland, at Cheveley Park, attended by his gamekeeper, killed 109 head of game. On the following day, all the sporting gentlemen and park keepers went out, and killed as much game as filled *four one-horse carts!* The whole was dressed on the day of the Grand Jubilee.

The last day which the unfortunate Louis XVI. enjoyed in the field, he himself shot 582 head of game; but no mention is made of the number of shots which he missed. If, however, as a marksman, he was equal to his brother, Louis XVIII., the number of shots missed would be comparatively few.

The shooting exploits of an imperial party from Vienna, in the Bohemian territories, in the year 1753, beginning the 29th of August, and continuing for twenty days, afford a curious record of the slaughtered game; it contains columns, specifying the names of the twenty-three sportsmen and *sportswomen*, with the number and kinds of game killed (commencing with stags, roebucks, boars, foxes, &c.) The Emperor himself had the greatest number of shots, viz 9794, of which 978 took place in one day. S. A. R. la Princesse Charlotte was in the field every day, on one o which she fired 889 times. Total shots, 116,231. Game killed, 47,950.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE LORD ORFORD.

No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property on practical or speculative sporting, as the late Earl o Orford, whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon "the tablet of the memory," ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius, and enthusiastic zeal, than any man ever did before him, or, most probably, any other man ever may attempt to do again.

Among his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phæton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road; but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description: in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern phæton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phæton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

RUNNING IN A SACK.

In the month of November, 1811, a wager was run, for ten guineas a-side, in White Conduit Fields, between two tradesmen of the names of Williams and Johnson, of the neighbourhood of Islington: the one was to run one hundred yards *in a sack* in less time than the other should go *twice the distance* in the common way of running. A vast number of persons assembled to witness the novelty, and a great many bets were depending upon the issue; odds were three to one against Williams in the sack. They started at four o'clock; almost directly afterwards, the man in the sack fell down, nd the other, by some accident, tumbled over him; and they both scramb led to get up; the former though in the sack, being the most active, recovered himself first, and won he wager by about twenty seconds.

THE EXPEDITIOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

In 1796, —— Nicks a noted highwayman, robbed a gentleman at Gad's Hill, in Kent, about four in the morning. Nicks, apprehending that he was known to the person he had robbed, made for Gravesend, where he lost a whole hour in waiting for the ferry-boat; yet, by crossing the country to Huntingdon, and then keeping to the northern road, he reached York, and appeared on the bowling green in the evening, as he proved upon his trial for this robbery. The jury acquitted him, thinking it impossible he could be at two places so greatly distant between sun and sun.

ESCAPE FROM A SHARK.

Hardy in his travels through Mexico, gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark:—"The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loretta, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it—a supposition which was at once confirmed, by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in seach of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms water. The rock is not above one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tintetero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tintetero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up to find the pertinaceous tintetero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered,) that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *goût!* Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo; one, to suffer himself to be drowned, the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost, with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected, that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud* by which himself and the tintetero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transvertical direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately he rose close to one of the boats; and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

SINGULAR ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.

It was in the setting in of the winter, says Lloyd, in his *Field Sports of the North of Europe*, and when the ground was but slightly covered with snow, that Elg and another peasant started off in company for a very wild range of country to the southward of Brunberg, in the hopes that they might fall in with, and ring the track of a bear; this being, as I have said, the most proper season for that purpose. But their search proved unsuccessful; and after the lapse of four or five days, during which they had either bivouacked on the ground or quartered at Satserwells, their provision being exhausted, they separated for their respective houses. In the afternoon of the same day, and when Elg was alone in a very wild part of the country, covered with much fallen timber and immense fragments of stone, he suddenly came upon the track of a bear; the next minute, and within a short distance from where he stood, he discovered, in a cleft of a great mass of rocks, the den of the animal. As he had no confidence, however, in the lock of his rifle, he did not care to go immediately up to the den; he therefore mounted a pretty high stone, immediately overlooking it, at about fifteen paces distant From this position he discovered the bear lying fast asleep near the entrance of the den; and as he got sight of her ear, under which is one of the most fatal places, he lost no time in levelling and discharging his rifle For a moment after he had fired the bear lay still, and, in consequence, Elg almost imagined she (for it was a female) was killed; had he thought otherwise he would have had ample time to get out of her way; but presently the beast raised herself up, when, fixing her eyes steadily upon him, and uttering at the same time, a terrific growl, she dashed at him (to use his own expression) "with the rapidity of a bullet out of a gun," and was close upon him in almost the twinkling of an eye. Very fortunate for Elg, the stone on which he was standing was situated in a declivity, the after part of it being some five or six feet from the ground; down this, in his hurry to escape, he tumbled all but headlong It was well he did so, for the bear, followed by two of her cubs, which were more than half as large as herself, almost at the same instant made her spring, and passed clean and far over him In this situation Elg lay for a short while, frightened, as he said, almost out of his senses; when finding all quiet, and supposing, as was the case, that the bears, from not seeing him, had taken themselves off to another part of the forest, he ventured to get up, and to reconnoitre the den; he then discovered that, besides the three which had made a leaping bar of his person, a fourth had taken an opposite direction. Though all four bears for this time made their escape, yet in the course of eight or ten successive weeks, Elg, with the assistance of several other peasants, managed to kill the whole of them. On taking the skin from the old bear, which he described to have been of a very large size, he found the ball which he had fired at her flattened out, and set fast on the back of her skull. By this it would appear, that he had mistaken the position in which she was lying, so that, instead of aiming at the root of her ear, as he imagined was the case, he had fired at her lengthwise. Had his ball, however, been of any moderate size, this would not have been of much consequence; for if his gun was properly loaded, I take it, that, at so short a distance, her head would have been split in pieces.

ALEPPO.

The population of Aleppo, says Fuller in his interesting *Tour through the Turkish Empire*, is considerable, and almost exclusively Mahometan; for the Ensyrian idolaters reside chiefly in the villages, and not more than a hundred Christian families are now to be found at this primitive seat of their religion,—all of them Greek schismatics. To one of the principal of these,—a young man named Yussuff Saba,—I had letters of introduction from Moosy Elias. He received me very kindly, but excused himself from lodging me in his house, which he said was in a state of great confusion. An old steward who had lived for many years in his family was going to be married; and, according to the customs of these countries, where the distinction between master and servant is not so strongly marked as among nations which have made a greater progress in refinement, the marriage was to take place at his master's house; and Yussuff, in order to shew his respect for his old domestic, had determined that it should be celebrated with due magnificence. The ceremony was not to take place till two days afterwards, but the visitings and feastings had already commenced, and the bustle of preparation was at its height. Yussuff, therefore, provided me with an apartment at the house of his brother-in-law, another wealthy Christian, where he thought I should be more quiet than in his own During the greater part of the next day the rain kept me in-doors, and when evening came, I was glad to seek for amusement in a visit to the wedding party. I found a large assembly, chiefly composed of the Christian inhabitants of the town, but mixed with a few of the neighbouring Ensyrian peasants. In the middle of the room was an emaciated old man, with grey hair and beard, whom I soon discovered to be the family buffoon. The company seemed much amused by his odd sayings and grotesque attitudes; but the most effective part of his wit appeared to consist in the enormous quantity of aquavitæ which he drank, and at every draught there was a general peal of laughter. Nor did the other guests appear less disposed to imitate than to applaud old Simone, as a small glass was handed round every quarter of an hour, and I observed very few who ever allowed it to pass. The Christians in the north of Syria are extremely addicted to aquavitæ, partly from taste, and partly because their Mahometan neighbours are confined to water only. Drinking they therefore esteem a distinctive mark of their religion, and their zeal and orthodoxy are gauged by the quantity of strong liquors which they are able to swallow. The other amusements of the evening were singing and dancing, in which several of the company took a part. The most favourite vocal performer was a young Jew from Aleppo, whose appearance was greeted with general acclamation. He had a most excellent voice, and was a great adept in the art of singing after the Eastern fashion, The applause which his shrill and nasal tones excited was quite enthusiastic, and I never saw so great an effect produced by the performances of Braham or Catalani. The delight of the audience was expressed by every look and gesture, till, one by one, almost all rose from their seats, stamping their feet and clapping their hands in time, while the youth, placing the hollow of his hand behind his ear, poured forth his harsh notes with all the strength of his lungs. In the intervals of the singing, dancing was introduced, an exercise of which the inhabitants of Upper Syria are very fond, and in which they excel Their dances are generally executed by one or two persons only; and some of them, (the sabre dance especially, a sort of mock single combat, derived probably from the ancient Pyrrhic,) are spirited and picturesque. The performances on this occasion, however, were chiefly in that peculiar style which is prevalent throughout the East; and as the evening advanced, and the aquavitæ circulated, it was highly diverting to see even "grave and reverend seniors" imitating the attitudes of Egyptian Almehs. The Christians of Antioch, it appears, do not think that so natural an exercise as dancing can be unbecoming at any age. During the time that these festivities were going on among the men, the ladies, if we might judge from the frequent cry of joy which proceeded from their apartment, were amusing themselves equally well. About an hour after midnight, the party broke up, having passed the evening with the greatest harmony, and without riot or excess They seemed much pleased by the presence of the stranger guest, and, as a mark of their attention, I was escorted to my own lodgings by several of the young men, preceded by a drum, a pipe, and a mandolin.

COMFORTS OF TRANSPORTATION.

The following extract is explanatory of the "comforts" enjoyed by convicts in Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales :—

"*Comfort* 1*st*.—As soon as he lands he is packed off sixty or seventy, or one hundred miles, into the interior, or he is placed in the prisoners' barracks,—of which it would be only necessary for an Hon. Member to see the inside to convince him it was no joke,—in either of which cases, if he has brought any trifles with him, he is sure to be relieved of them before the following day. If he does not lose his government clothing, he may consider himself fortunate; should he, however, do so, the following morning he may safely calculate upon

"*Comfort* 2*d*.—In the shape of fifty lashes, or ten days' work on the tread mill, or in the chain gang.

"*Comfort* 3*d*.—If he be assigned to a master in the town, and happens to take a glass of grog after his long voyage, it is a great chance if he lodge not in the watch-house for the night, and take 'fifty' before breakfast in the morning, by way of 'comfort.'

"*Comfort* 4*th*.—Travelling through a wild forest, without knowing his way, and surrounded, perhaps, by the hostile aborigines, who, so sure as they met, would kill him.

"*Comfort* 5*th*.—Should he lose his way, and escape starvation in the bush, probably a sound flogging for not having arrived sooner at his master's house.

"*Comfort* 6*th*.—Perpetual work, and no pay:—in many cases hard labour, hard living, hard words, and hard usage.

"We have hitherto spoken only of the reception met with by a well-disposed prisoner—one who wishes to reform. If he be in any way refractory, let the good people of England thoroughly understand, that he is sure of a most adequate reward. A short answer, when spoken to by his master or overseer, or a common soldier, or even a convict constable, is a crime punishable by flogging; getting tipsy, places him in the stocks; missing muster, may get him flogged, or into the chain-gang, where he works in irons on the roads. Should he commit any second offence, Macquarie Harbour, Port Macquarie, Norfolk Island, or Moreton Bay, is his fate, where every rigidity of discipline—nay, sometimes even cruelty—is exercised. The hardest of labour, and but one meal a day, of the coarsest food, is the lot of the man who goes to a penal settlement. To these places it does not take felony to send a prisoner; many have been removed there for very trivial offences. The gallant colonel, who wishes for places of horror and terror as receptacles for criminals, need not go far a-field; we can supply him with such places as would satisfy the most insatiate appetite for torturing and punishing. When men commit murder on purpose to be hanged, in preference to bearing the terrors of these places of secondary exile, it cannot be expected that they are in the enjoyment of much 'comfort.' This is no exposition tirade; nor is the statement made for our colonial readers; the facts are too well known here to require description. It is a true picture, intended for the eye of our numerous English readers."

A CITY OF THE PLAGUE.—The following account, given by Fuller, of a city labouring under the horrors of plague, cannot be perused without exciting a painful interest on the present occasion. "We were," says he, in his *Turkish Tour* "closely confined within the walls of the consulate, and all persons from without were as rigidly excluded. The gate which opened from the court into the street was strictly closed, and the only communication was through a hatch-door cut in it. The key of this was not intrusted even to the servants Each of the company took charge of it in his turn for a day, and it was his business to see that every thing supposed capable of communicating the contagion was duly purified before it was allowed to pass into the house. These precautions were at any rate useful, as giving a feeling of security; but I have no doubt that the distinction between such objects as are called 'susceptible' (to use the technical phrase,) and such as are not, is frequently arbitrary; and that the *index expurgatorius* in this, as in other instances, is tinged by prejudice and caprice. Happily, some of the articles of most frequent use, such as bread, iron, and wood, for example, were allowed to pass without suspicion; but meat and all animal substances, and money of every kind, were thrown with iron tongs or shovels into a large tub, and compelled to pass through the watery ordeal. Letters, books, and papers, on the other hand, are purified by fire, or, at least, by smoke, being placed on a sort of chafingdish, and fumigated with a compound of drugs which is any thing but aromatic; and if it should be necessary to affix a signature to any document, a plate of glass is introduced between the paper and the hand of the writer The cats, who in their nocturnal rambles are supposed to carry with them the seeds of contagion, are condemned to indiscriminate slaughter whenever they are seen creeping along the walls or on the house tops; and when terror is at its height, even the flies are objects of alarm, and the sports of Domitian are revived."

ATHENS.—"We landed in the Piræus," says the Honourable George Keppel, a recent traveller in the East, "early in the morning, a party of nineteen from the ship. We shortly afterwards entered the gates, which were guarded by regular Turkish troops, and proceeded to visit the Bey, who lived in a house wretched enough, but the best in the town. The first object that met our view in the court-yard was the head of a Greek, hanging up by its long hair. By the appearance of the features, and the slightness of the moustache, it was that of a very young man. We partook of pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, and offered in return that without which we should have been most unwelcome visitors,—a hamper containing six bottles of rum. The visit of ceremony performed, we went over the ruins Ancient Athens has survived its successor; the pillars of majestic temples still stand, while shapeless heaps are nearly the only indications of the modern town. With the exception of the Turkish garrison, a few squalid looking Greeks, who cultivated the field in the vicinity of the town, were the only population to be seen. After we had visited every thing worthy of notice within the walls, we went outside to see the superb temple of Adrian, walking in perfect ease and security between the Turkish garrison on our right hand, and the Greek army, who were in possession of the heights, at no great distance, on our left."

THE ISRAELITES OF MOUNT LEBANON.—Edward Daniel Clarke, one of the most pleasing of our modern descriptive travellers, and whose lamented death occurred in 1822, in the course of his life visited various countries, and has left behind him many works of great interest. About the beginning of the present century he travelled through Russia, Egypt, and Palestine, everywhere making such observations on the character and manners of these nations as might have been expected from a gentleman of refined feeling and a scholar When in Palestine, he visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, Betnlehem, and the Lake of Genneserath, near which he enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with a party of Druzes. Almost every traveller in Syria has given us some new particulars respecting this curious people. "They are," says Clarke, "the most extraordinary people on earth; singular in the simplicity of their lives, by their strict integrity and virtue. They only eat what they earn by their own labour, and preserve at this moment the superstitions brought by the Israelites out of Egypt. What will be your surprise to learn, that every Thursday they elevate the molten calf, before which they prostrate themselves, and having paid their adoration, each man selects a wife from among the women present. The calf is of gold, silver, or bronze. This is exactly that worship at which Moses was so incensed in descending from Mount Sinai. The cow was the Venus of the Egyptians, and of course the calf was a Cupid, before which the sacrifices so offensive to Moses, were held. For it is related, that they set up a molten calf, which Aaron had made from the ear-rings of the Israelite women, before which similar sacrifices were made. And certainly the Druzes on Mount Lebanon are a detachment of the posterity of those Israelites who are so often represented in Scripture as deserters from the true faith, falling back into the old superstitions and pagan worship of the country from whence they came. I took every method necessary to ascertain the truth of this relation; and I send it you as one of the highest antiquities and most curious relics of remote ages which has yet been found upon earth."

MICHAEL ANGELO.—Michael Angelo's seal represented three rings enclosed one within the other, as expressive of the union which he had made in his mind of the three arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Michael Angelo lived to a very great, yet healthy old age. In the beginning of the 18th century, the Senator Buonarotti caused the vault to be opened at Florence in which his body was deposited. It was found perfect; and the dress of green velvet, and even the cap and slippers in which he was buried, were entire. He appeared to have been a small, well-set man with a countenance of great severity.

DEAFNESS OF THE AGED.—Nothing is more common than to hear old people utter querulous complaints with regard to their increasing deafness; but those who do so are not perhaps aware that this infirmity is the result of an express and wise arrangement of Providence in constructing the human body The gradual loss of hearing is effected for the best of purposes; it being to give ease and quietude to the decline of life, when any noises or sounds from without would but discompose the enfeebled mind, and prevent peaceful meditation. Indeed, the gradual withdrawal of all the senses, and the perceptible decay of the frame, in old age, have been wisely ordained in order to wean the human mind from the concerns and pleasures o fthe world, and to induce a longing for a more perfect state of existence.—*Ed*.

FECUNDITY OF THE VIPER.—Mr. Robineau Desvoidy lately stated at the Academy of Sciences, that on opening a viper, he found in the uterus more than 3000 little ones, in different states. We do not know what species of viper this was, but we know, that on opening one of our own vipers from the island of Arran, we only found twelve young ones in it, which occupied the whole extent of the abdominal cavity.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.—The national precedence between the English and Scotch may be settled by this, that the Scotch are always asserting their superiority over the English, while the English never say a word about their superiority over the Scotch. The first have got together a great number of facts and arguments in their own favour; the last never trouble their heads about the matter, but have taken the point for granted as self-evident.—*Hazlitt's "Characteristics."*

HEAT.—One of the chief agents in chemistry, on whose proper application and management, the success of a great number of its inquiries depends, and many of whose most important laws are disclosed to us by phenomena of a chemical nature, is *heat*. This word generally implies the sensation which we experience on approaching a fire; but in the sense it carries in physics, it denotes the cause, whatever it be, of that sensation, and of all the other phenomena which arise on the application of fire, or of any other heating cause. The most obvious sources of heat are, the sun, fire, animal life, fermentation, violent chemical actions of all kinds, friction, perception, lightning, or the electric discharge, in whatever manner produced, the sudden condensation of air, and others, so numerous, and so varied, as to shew the extensive and important part it has to perform in the economy of nature. The discoveries of chemists, however, have referred most of these to the general head of chemical combination Thus, fire, or the combustion of inflammable bodies, is nothing more than a violent chemical action attending the combination of their ingredients with the oxygen of the air. Animal heat is, in like manner, referable to a process bearing no remote analogy to a slow combustion, by which a portion of *carbon*, an inflammable principle existing in the blood, is united with the oxygen of the air in respiration, and thus carried off from the system: fermentation is nothing more than a decomposition of chemical elements loosely united, and their re-union in a more permanent state of combination. The analogy between the sun and terrestrial fire is so natural, as to have been chosen by Newton to exemplify the irresistible force of an inference derived from that principle But the nature of the sun, and the mode in which its wonderful supply of light and heat is maintained, are involved in a mystery which every discoverry that has been made, either in chemistry or optics, so far from elucidating, seems only to render more profound. Friction as a source of heat is well known; we rub our hands to warm them, and we grease the axles of carriage wheels to prevent their setting fire to the wood—an accident, which, in spite of this precaution, does sometimes happen. But the effect of friction, as the means of producing heat with little or no consumption of materials, was not fully understood till made the subject of direct experiment by Count Rumford, whose results appear to have established the extraordinary fact, that an unlimited supply of heat may be derived by friction from the same materials. Condensation, whether of air by pressure, or of metals by percussion, is another powerful source of heat. Thus iron may be dexterously hammered so as to become red hot, and the rapid condensation of a confined portion of air will set tinder on fire.—*Herschell.*

ORANGES.—Of this cheap luxury, those chiefly used in England, are from Portugal, Malta, the Barbary coast, and Seville; but by far the greatest number are from Seville, the export from which equals that of all these other places. About forty vessels are yearly freighted with oranges from Seville; each cargo consists of 400 chests, and each chest contains 800 oranges; so that the average number exported from Seville is 12,800,000 oranges; of this number about 1-10th part are bitter. The price paid by the London merchant to the Seville exporter is 120 reals a chest, which is 4½*d*. per dozen, or a farthing and a half each; so that if the freight and other expenses be added, one can scarcely expect a good orange under a penny. The cargo of each vessel is generally consigned to about ten persons; so that the trade is a secure one, and, to the grower, sufficiently profitable. The best oranges are allowed to remain long on the tree; the tree blossoms in March, and the choicest fruit still hangs on the tree when the blossom of another crop begins to appear. The Spaniards do not esteem them as thoroughly ripe till then; but in this state they are, of course, unable to bear exportation. The chief part of the export takes place in November and December, and a small number are shipped in January; if the fruit shipped so late as this happens to be detained long on the voyage, the greater part of it arrives in England in a state unfit for use; but if the voyage be short, this is the finest fruit that comes to the English market.—*Inglis's Spain.*

ICELANDIC ADMONITIONS.—A venerable Icelandic writer, who lived at the end of the twelfth century, gives the following excellent advices for self-government, which, it may surprise many one, should come from such a country, and from so remote a period:—"Accustom thyself to a busy and wakeful life, but not so as to injure health by over exertion. Keep aloof from sadness, for sadness is sickness of soul. Be kind and gay, equable and changeable [that is, of easy manners, and not stiff.] Avoid evil speaking, and give your counsel to him who will accept it. Seek the company of the best men. Keep thy tongue carefully: it may honour—it may also condemn thee. If thou wax angry, speak little, and that little not vehemently. Men would give gold sometimes to buy back a passionate word, and I know of nothing that so destroys unity as the exchange of evil language, especially in the moment of strife; and there is no nobler, no higher power, than that by which a man can keep his own tongue from cursing, slandering and other foolish prate. There are other things to be avoided like the fiend himself,—as sensual excesses, gaming, wagers, and other improprieties and vices. These are the roots of many worse evils, and unless great care be taken, will hand thee over to great shame and sin."

BON MOT.—The late Dr. Barclay was a wit and a scholar, as well as a very great phisiologist. When a happy illustration, or even a point of pretty broad humour, occurred to his mind, he hesitated not to apply it to the subject in hand; and in this way he frequently roused and rivetted attention, when more abstract reasoning might have failed of its aim. On one occasion he happened to dine in a large party, composed chiefly of medical men. As the wine cup circulated, the conversation accidentally took a professional turn, and from the excitation of the moment, or some other cause, two of the youngest individuals present were the most forward in delivering their opinions. Sir James Mackintosh once told a political opponent, that so far from following his example of using hard words and soft arguments, he would pass, if possible, into the opposite extreme, and use soft words and hard arguments. But our unfledged M.D.'s disregarded the above salutary maxim, and made up in loudnes what they wanted in learning. At length, one of them said something so emphatic—we mean as to manner—that a pointer dog started from his lair beneath the table, and *bow-bow-wowed* so fiercely that he fairly took the lead in the discussion. Dr. Barclay eyed the hairy dialectician, and thinking it high time to close the debate, gave the animal a hearty push with his foot, and exclaimed, in good broad Scotch,—"Lie still, ye brute; for I am sure ye ken just as little about it as ony o' them." We need hardly add, that this sally was followed by a hearty burst of laughter, in which even the disputants good-naturedly joined.

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THE PASSING CROWD.

THE Passing Crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than "the passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation! Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for a time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by Himself. Perhaps many of these persons are of loftier aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere wordly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a single family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artizans there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, too, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like himself; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

TAM O' THE COWGATE.

THIS ludicrous name was conferred by King James the Sixth, of facetious memory, upon one of the most sagacious and respectable of his counsellors, the first Earl of Haddington, who happened to reside in that dingy, and now much despised, street, the Cowgate of Edinburgh. Thomas Hamilton, who raised himself by his talents from the Scottish bar to the peerage, and became the founder of a great family, was, perhaps, the most remarkable public man of his age, next to Napier of Merchieston, and possibly one or two others; yet he is hardly known to the present generation. We happen to be able to remedy this defect to a very surprising degree; for circumstances have put us in possession of a number of traditionary and historical anecdotes respecting him, such as may bring him almost alive before the mind of a modern reader, in full connection with all contemporary circumstances. We may, indeed be permitted to remark, that rarely can such a minute and faithfully drawn picture, as that which follows, be presented two hundred years after the subject of it is in his grave.

THOMAS HAMILTON, otherwise called TAM O' THE COWGATE, is represented, in Douglas's Peerage, as the son of Hamilton of Priestfield, a branch of the house of Innerwick, which, in its turn, was a cadet of the noble house of Hamilton. Scot of Scotstarvit tells us, in his "Staggering State of Scots Statesmen," a very acrimonious and curious memoir, that his grandfather was a merchant in the West Bow of Edinburgh. If such was the case, it only renders the elevation of him of the Cowgate a little more honourable. The mother of our hero was Elizabeth Heriot, of the family of Trabrown, probably a relation of Agnes Heriot, of Trabrown, the mother of George Buchanan. He was born in the year 1563, received his university and legal education in France, and commenced practice in Edinburgh, as an advocate, in 1587. His talents very soon attracted attention. In 1592, he was raised to the bench, under the title of Lord Drumcairn. In 1595, he secured the office of King's Advocate; and next year he was found in the list of eight persons, to whom King James committed the charge of all the state patronage and finances, and who, from their number, were called *Octavians*. After the departure of James from Scotland, in 1603. Tam o' the Cowgate was one of the Commissioners appointed on the part of Scotland to manage the proposed union with England; a scheme, however, which was not destined to be crowned with success for another century.

As he now enjoyed some very lucrative offices, and was singularly moderate in his expenses, he soon waxed rich. There was at this time a great deal of church land under a very uncertain sort of proprietary, being only enjoyed by persons who had received grants of it from the Protestant Regents in the minority of King James, and liable, it was generally thought, to be revoked, and again applied to ecclesiastical purposes, whenever the crown should be strong enough to carry such a measure into effect. This land came into the market occasionally in large lots, and was sold at low prices proportioned to the likelihood of its revocation. King James, after his translation to England, and subsequently, King Charles, were perpetually threatening to restore the church to its former wealthy condition: the proprietors were, of course, in a state of great alarm during nearly the whole of these reigns. But Tam o' the Cowgate, who was himself a sturdy Presbyterian, appears to have had the shrewdness to see that the sovereign would never be able to effect a purpose so contrary to the genius of the nation; and, accordingly, he bought the lands with as much confidence as the sellers disposed of them with fear. He began his purchases in 1597, and in the course of about thirty years had acquired about twenty large estates, besides all the vast territories and jurisdictions which had once belonged to the Knights of St. John, the successors of the Templars. On some of these estates he wrought gold and silver mines. This is not believed to have ever been a very profitable business in Scotland, though certainly the country is not deficient in these precious metals. Tam, however, was one of those persons who can make silk purses out of sows' ears. Having worked a silver mine in Linlithgowshire into something like a good character, he sold it to King James for five thousand pounds; and it is said that the poor monarch never made five shillings more by the concern, the vein being in reality exhausted.

As he increased in wealth, he increased in dignity, and was promoted in office. In 1612, he was appointed Lord Clerk Register, and Secretary of State, two excellent offices, though the salary attached to the latter was only one hundred pounds. In the following year he was raised to the peerage, under the title of Lord Binning and Byres, and in 1616 he succeeded Lord Preston as President of the Court of Session, a seat which it was not then illegal for a peer to hold, though so declared to be in the subsequent reign. "For many years," says Mr. Tytler, in his *Life of Sir Thomas Craig*, "he [Lord Binning] conjoined, with apparent ease to himself, and acknowledged advantage to the country, the occupations of these high offices. Nor was this all; he was a friend and patron of learned men; he was deeply read, not only in civil law, but in matters of state policy, and in general history. To those who, ignorant of its proper distribution, complain of the want of time, it may form a useful lesson to regard the multitudinous labours of this remarkable man. According to our modern notions of intellectual labour, the various notes and observations collected by him in the course of his studies, and the marginal references yet seen upon his books, would rather appear the relics of a life wholly devoted to literary labour, than the fruits of those scattered hours which must have been stolen from the duties of the bench, the severer labours of the council-board, or the pleasures and intrigues of a court." As a judge, he was chiefly remarkable for his shrewdness. "In an action for the improbation of a writ," says Forbes, in his *Journal of the Court of Session*, "which the Lords were convinced was forged, but puzzled for want of clear proof, the Lord Binning, taking up the writ in his hand, and holding it betwixt him and the light, discovered the forgery by the stamp of the paper, the first paper of such a stamp being posterior to the date of the writ quarrelled." On another occasion, a Highland witness had come to give evidence for his chief. The feudal ideas of clanship are well known, even in the present day, to be, on some occasions, opposed to the fair expiscation of the truth; and, if so now, it was still more the case in the time of Tam o' the Cowgate. Terror, however, and the questions of the President, had overpowered in Donald the love of the clan, and he had been compelled to tell the tale as it happened. On coming out of Court he met a clansman who had arrived on the same errand, and was going in to be examined. "Well, Donald," said he, "how did you come on?" "God knows!" replied his bewildered friend, "my wits are not just settled yet. But I am afraid I have told the truth." "Indeed! how could you do such a thing." "Oh! to be sure, I began, and was going to tell my own way, when an awful man that sits in the middle, broke in upon me with such a multitude of interrogatories, as they call them, that he quite dumfoundered me, and then I lay at his mercy, and he whirled the truth out of me as easy as ye would wind the thread off a pirn. He's a tall man, with a velvet cap on and an eye in his head as quick and bright as a partridge

if ye would tell a good tale of the chief, beware of him."*

In 1619, "Tam" was created Earl of Melrose, being then in possession of the lands of that abbacy. About eight years after, he procured this title to be changed for that of Haddington, on the plea that it was more honourable to have his *style* from a town than from a "kirk-living." But his descendant, the present Earl, has recently regained the interesting title of Melrose, on being raised to the British peerage, which is the last, and not the least deserved honour of the family.

When Mylne wrote his account of Melrose, about 1750, he found a tradition, that the first Earl was a somewhat severe landlord, and had thereby provoked the satire of Mr. Thomas Forrester, the eccentric and poetical minister of that parish. It is not supposed, however, that there was any farther reason for such an unfavourable report, than that the Earl was a good lawyer, and as such probably seemed strict in his claims upon his vassals and feuars. Though he was perhaps anxious to turn everything to the best account, and certainly must have been possessed of great talents for money-making, since he became the richest man of his time in Scotland, he is not remembered as having been what is called *miserly*—a disposition as seldom connected with a degree of ambition like his, as is want of foliage the characteristic of tall trees. On the contrary, to judge by the traditions of his family, he possessed a vivacity of temper not generally endurant of the slow pace of avarice. The old lord was one evening, after a day's hard labour in the public service, solacing himself, with a friend, over a flask of wine, in his house in the Cowgate †—attired for his better ease in a night-gown, cap, and slippers—when he was suddenly disturbed by a great hubbub, which arose under his window in the open street. This soon turned out to be a *bicker* between the High School youths and those of the College; and it also appeared that the latter, fully victorious, were, notwithstanding a valiant defence, in the act of driving their antagonists before them. The Earl of Haddington's sympathies were instantly and warmly awakened in favour of the retiring party, for he had been brought up at the High School, and going from thence to complete his education at Paris, had no similar reason to affect the College. He therefore sprang up, dashed into the street, sided with and rallied the fugitives, and took a most animated share in the combat that ensued, so that, finally, the High School youths, acquiring fresh strength and valour at seeing themselves befriended by the prime judge and privy-councillor of their country (though only in his night-gown and slippers,) succeeded in turning the scale of victory upon the College youths, in spite of their superior individual ages and strength. The Earl, who assumed the command of the party, and did not hesitate to excite their spirits by word as well as action, was not content till he had pursued the Collegioners through the Grass-market, and out at the West Port, the gate of which he locked against their return, thus compelling them to spend the whole night in the suburbs and fields. He then returned home in triumph to his castle of comfort in the Cowgate, and resumed, where he had left off, the enjoyment of his friend and flask. We can easily imagine what a rare jest this must have been for "King Jamie."

When this monarch visited Scotland in 1617, he found the old statesman very rich, and was informed that the people believed him to be in possession of the Philosopher's Stone; there being no other feasible mode of accounting for his immense wealth, which rather seemed the effect of supernatural agency than of worldly prudence or talent. King James, quite tickled with the idea of the Philosopher's Stone, and of so enviable a talisman having fallen into the hands of a Scottish Judge, was not long in letting his friend and gossip know of the story which he had heard respecting him. Whether the Lord President was offended at the imputation has not been recorded; but it is probable that he took it in good part, as he immediately invited the King, and the rest of the company present, to come to his house in the Cowgate next day, when he would both do his best to give them a good dinner, and lay open to them the whole mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. This agreeable invitation was of course accepted; and the next day accordingly saw his castle thronged with the gay and gorgeous figures of England's King and courtiers, all of whom the President feasted to their heart's content. After dinner the King reminded him of his Philosopher's Stone, and expressed the utmost anxiety to be speedily made acquainted with so rare a treasure, when the pawky lord addressed his Majesty and the company in a short speech, concluding with this information, that his whole secret lay in two simple and familiar maxims,—"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day,—nor ever trust to another's hand what your own can execute." He might have added, from the works of an illustrious contemporary,

This only is the witchcraft I have used.

The guests, who expected to find the Earl's talisman of a more tangible character, were perhaps disappointed that the whole matter turned out to be, like the subject of Hamlet's reading, mere "words;" but the King, who could appreciate a good saying, took up the affair more blithely, and complimented his host upon the means he had employed in the construction of his fortune—adding that these admirable apophthegms should henceforth be proverbial, under the appellation of "Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone." The King appears to have been obeyed in this by his Scottish subjects with more readiness than he found in certain other of the edicts which he issued upon the occasion of his visit to Scotland; for, long after the Episcopal forms of worship which he then engrafted upon Presbytery, had passed away and been forgotten, *Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone* was remembered with satisfaction, and it has even been used as an adage within the recollection of aged persons still alive. It was perhaps in allusion partly to the above anecdote, that Arthur Johnston, a contemporary Latin poet, thus complimented the sage of the Cowgate.—

Plus nulli Fortuna dedit de gente Britanna,
Fortunam nemo tam reverenter habet.

Born in a comparatively humble station, entering the world without wealth or patronage, running rapidly up the scale of affluence and preferment, preserving himself in troublesome times free of enemies, and at last attaining in some measure the very *Hercutis Columnæ* of every species of greatness,—he might truly be said, by settling the long-disputed question of the triumph of talent over circumstances, to have convinced the world that skill, and skill only, leads to fortune.*

A striking and most ludicrous idea may be obtained from the following anecdote, of the estimation in which the wisdom of the Earl of Haddington was held by the King, and at the same time, perhaps, of that singular monarch's usual mode of speech. It must be understood, by way of prefatory illustration, that King James, who was the author of the Earl's popular appellation—"*Tam o' the Cowgate*," had a custom of bestowing such ridiculous *sobriquets* on his principal councillors and courtiers. Thus he conferred upon that grave and sagacious statesman, John, Earl of Marr, the nick-name *Jock o' the Sklates*—probably in allusion to some circumstance which occurred in their young days, when they were the fellow-pupils of Buchanan. On hearing of an alliance between the Haddington and the Marr families, his Majesty exclaimed, betwixt jest and earnest,, "The Lord haud a grup o' me! if Tam o' the Cowgate's son marry Jock o' the Sklates' daughter, what will come o' *me*?" The good-natured monarch probably apprehended, that so close a union betwixt two of his most subtle statesmen might make them too much for their master,—as hounds are most dangerous when they hunt in couples.

The Earl of Haddington died in 1637, full of years and honours. At Tynningham,† the seat of his descendant, the present Earl, there are two portraits of his Lordship, one a half length, the other a head. Both have the same costume, namely, the gown of the keeper of the Privy Seal, of black satin, twisted with gold, a ruff, &c. The face represents a man of sixty-four and upwards, with a very short crop of hair, which, originally light-coloured or reddish, has become grey through age. His features are thin and sharp, expressive of peculiar acuteness; the forehead narrow, tall, and wrinkled; while the dark hazel hue of his "partridge-eye" quite justifies the Highlander's expression. At Tynningham is also preserved his state dress; and it is a circumstance too characteristic to be overlooked, that in the crimson velvet breeches there are no fewer than *nine pockets!* Among many of the Earl's papers which remain in Tynningham House, one contains a memorandum, conveying a curious idea of the way in which public and political affairs were then managed in Scotland. The paper contains the heads of a petition in his own handwriting to the Privy Council; and at the end is a note "to *gar* the Chancellor," do something else in his behalf.

The cynical Scotstarvit, who could find throughout the continued sunshine of the Earl's prosperity, scarcely a single shade whereon to exercise his malicious pencil, records with his usual satisfaction, that, if his lordship was fortunate till the day of his death, at least his children were involved in disasters and poverty. This seems to have been fully as much, however, the result of accident and the troubles of the civil war, as of any degeneracy in point of personal talent or virtue. The second Earl (Thomas) joined the Covenanters, and was made colonel of one of their regiments. In 1640, when stationed at Dunglass Castle, in East-Lothian, in order to watch the motions of the garrison of Berwick, he met his death in the following singular manner. His lordship had for his page an English boy, named Edward Paris, whose temper he had the misfortune to exasperate one day, by telling him jestingly before company, that his countrymen were a pack of cowards, for having suffered themselves to be beaten, and run away, at Newburn. The boy resolved upon revenging this insult in the most decisive manner, and that not only upon the author of it, but also upon those who had witnessed and partaken in it. Sir James Balfour says, that Paris was intrusted with the key of the powder vault, and that Lord Haddington reposed so much confidence in the youth, that he considered no other individual of his company so worthy of this important charge. He paid dearly for his jest, and for this misplaced confidence. On Sunday, the 30th of August at noon, as the Earl and many of his officers and vassals were standing in the court-yard of the castle, the page went down to the vault, and, with the utmost deliberation, thrust a hot iron into one of the powder barrels, which instantly exploding, blew the principal building of the castle into the air, with all the people in it, and threw down the side-walls of the court upon the unfortunate Earl and his attendants. Lord Haddington, with his brother and other kinsmen, all the tenants, it is said, of the estate of Tynningham, about thirty gentlemen, a great number of soldiers, and not fewer than fifty-four male and female servants, perished in this dreadful calamity, together with the wretched page himself, of whose body no part was ever found, except an arm, the hand of which still grasped the iron spoon with which it had kindled the barrel!

While the surviving children of Tam o' the Cowgate shared in the misfortunes of the time, or dilapidated their patrimonies by what Sir John Scott calls their riotous style of living, the line of the family was carried on by a series of luckless representatives, in whose hands the immense estates acquired by their sagacious ancestor, rapidly disappeared. The eldest son of the second Earl died before he came of age, after having made an imprudent match with a beautiful and accomplished, but profligate French-woman, who in little more than six months of married life, involved his estates in such debts as were not fully paid by his successors in twice as many years.* Other minorities succeeded, and were attended in those disastrous times with effects the very reverse of those which are now so favourable to infantine heirs. The languishing talent and impaired wealth of the family were, however, at length revived by an alliance with that of the celebrated Chancellor the Duke of Rothes; from which proceeded two successive generations of poets, and other *ignes minores*,† whose spirited characters reflected back credit on the name of their distinguished ancestor. It is needless to remind the reader, that another century has not seen this *second* flame exhibit symptoms of decay.

To all that has been said respecting the philosopher of the Cowgate, we may add, that, though his land-buying propensities were such and so well known, that every body who wished to reduce their "dirty acres" to the pleasant form of cash, thought of applying to nobody but him, yet he does not seem to have ever felt a desire of living in a house of his own property. What makes the circumstance of his continuing to *rent* the house in the Cowgate the more remarkable, is, that the son of his landlord Macgill was "in a *selling* way" long before the decease of the Earl of Haddington. We can only account for this seeming inconsistency, by supposing that the Earl had got an exceedingly long and exceedingly cheap lease of the house when he first inhabited it, and found the rent which he paid for it to be less than the interest or yearly value of its purchase money. That the rent was very moderate, is proved by a circumstance still remembered in the family, namely,—that he also rented a tenement on the opposite side of the Cowgate, which he occupied as a coach-house and stables, and the rent of which, though perhaps little enough, caused him to complain, not without some show of reason, that he paid more for his stables than for his house!

* The story is thus told in a somewhat amplified manner by Mr. Tytler, from the original anecdote in Forbes's *Journal*.

† The Earl rented, from Macgill of Rankeillor, that fine old house, or rather palace, which latterly went under the name of Merchants' Court, and has recently been removed to make way for one of the new bridges giving access to the Old Town.

* Robert Johnston, the author of a Latin History of Scotland, still in manuscript, (*Advocates' Library*), testifies to the propriety of the Earl's mode of acquiring wealth, by saying,—"In foro summum auctoritatis et eloquentiæ gradum obtinuit, et multa fructuosa procedia, *sine injuria cujusquam*, possedit."

† The old Earl had a watch-tower at the top of his house, where he used to sit whole days (when not better employed,) making observations of the proceedings of his labourers and work-people out of doors.

* This lady, (Henrietta de Coligny, great grand-daughter of the celebrated Admiral Coligny,) afterwards married a Huguenot Count, from whom she speedily got herself separated; and, as she turned Catholic immediately after, Christina, Queen of Sweden, took occasion to say, that her apostacy was owing to her hatred to her husband, for she had desired never again to meet him either in this world or the next.

† One of these was a *lumen magnum*, the late Lord Hailes, whose mother was the sister of the amiable, witty, and unfortunate Lord Binning.

THE FRENCH VILLAGE.

AN AMERICAN DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

On the borders of the Mississippi may be seen the remains of an old French village, which once boasted a numerous population of as happy and as thoughtless souls, as ever danced to a violin. If content is wealth, as philosophers would fain persuade us, they were opulent; but they would have been reckoned miserably poor by those who estimate worldly riches by the more popular standard. Their houses were scattered in disorder, like the tents of a wandering tribe, along the margin of a deep bayou, and not far from its confluence with the river, between which and the town was a strip of rich alluvion, covered with a gigantic growth of forest trees. Beyond the bayou was a swamp, which, during the summer heats, was nearly dry, but in the rainy season presented a vast lake of several miles in extent. The whole of this morass was thickly set with cypress, whose interwoven branches and close foliage, excluded the sun, and rendered this as gloomy a spot as the most melancholy poet ever dreamt of. And yet it was not tenantless,—and there were seasons, when its dark recesses were enlivened by notes peculiar to itself. Here the young Indian, not yet entrusted to yield the tomahawk, might be seen paddling his light canoe among the tall weeds, darting his arrows at the paroquets, that chattered among the boughs, and screaming and laughing with delight, as he stripped their gaudy plumage. Here myriads of musquitoes filled the air with an incessant hum; and thousands of frogs attuned their voices in harmonious concert, as if endeavouring to rival the sprightly fiddles of their neighbours; and the owl, peeping out from the hollow of a blasted tree, screeched forth his wailing note, as if moved by the terrific energy of grief. From this gloomy spot, clouds of miasm rolled over the village, spreading volumes of bile and fever abroad upon the land; and sometimes countless multitudes of musquitoes, issuing from the humid desert, assailed the devoted village with inconceivable fury, threatening to draw from its inhabitants every drop of French blood which yet circulated in their veins. But these evils by no means dismayed, or even interrupted the gaiety of this happy people. When the musquitoes came, the monsieurs lighted their pipes, and kept up, not only a brisk fire, but a dense smoke, against the assailants; and when the fever threatened, the priest, who was also the doctor, flourished his lancet—the fiddler flourished his bow,

—and the happy villagers flourished their heels, and sang, and laughed, and fairly cheated death, disease, and the doctor, of patient and of prey.

Beyond the town, on the other side, was an extensive prairie—a vast unbroken plain of rich green, embellished with numerous flowers of every tint, and whose beautiful surface presented no other variety than here and there a huge mound—the venerable monument of departed ages, or a solitary tree of stunted growth, shattered by the blast, and pining alone in the gay desert. The prospect was bounded by a range of tall bluffs, which overlooked the prairie, covered at some points with groves of timber, and at others exhibiting their naked sides, or high, bold peaks, to the eye of the beholder. Herds of deer might be seen here at sunrise, slily retiring to their coverts, after rioting away the night on the rich pasturage. Here the lowing kine lived, if not in clover, at least in something equally nutritious; and here might be seen immense droves of French ponies, roaming untamed, the common stock of the village, ready to be reduced to servitude, by any lady or gentleman who chose to take the trouble.

With their Indian neighbours, the inhabitants had maintained a cordial intercourse, which had never yet been interrupted by a single act of aggression on either side. It is worthy of remark, that the French have invariably been more successful in securing the confidence and affection of the Indian tribes, than any other nation. Others have had leagues with them, which, for a time, have been faithfully observed; but the French alone have won them to the familiar intercourse of social life, lived with them in the mutual interchange of kindness, and, by treating them as friends and equals, gained their entire confidence. This result, which has been attributed to the sagacious policy of their government, is perhaps more owing to the conciliatory manners of that amiable people, and the absence among them, of that insatiable avarice, that boundless ambition, that reckless prodigality of human life, that unprincipled disregard of public and solemn leagues, which, in the conquests of the British and the Spaniards, have marked their footsteps with misery, and blood, and desolation.

This little colony was composed partly of emigrants from France, and partly of natives—not Indians, but *bona fide* French, born in America, but preserving their language, their manners, and their agility in dancing, although several generations had passed away since their first settlement. Here they lived perfectly happy; and well they might; for they enjoyed, to the full extent, those three blessings on which our declaration of independence has laid so much stress,—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Their lives, it is true, were sometimes threatened by the miasm aforesaid; but this was soon ascertained to be an imaginary danger. For, whether it was owing to their temperance, or their cheerfulness, or their activity, or to their being acclimated, or to the want of attraction between French people and fever, or to all these together, certain it is, that they were blest with a degree of health, only enjoyed by the most favoured nations. As to liberty, the wild Indian scarcely possessed more; for, although the "Grand Monarque" had not more loyal subjects in his wide domains, he had never condescended to honour them with a single act of oppression, unless the occasional visits of the commandant could be so called; who sometimes, when levying supplies, called upon the village for its portion, which they always contributed with many protestations of gratitude for the honour conferred on them. And as for happiness, they pursued nothing else. Inverting the usual order, to enjoy life was their daily business, to provide for its wants an occasional labour, sweetened by its brief continuance, and its abundant fruit. They had a large tract of land around the village, which was called the "common field," because it belonged to the community. Most of this was allowed to remain in open pasturage; but spots of it were cultivated by any who chose to enclose them; and such enclosure gave a firm title to the individual, so long as the occupancy lasted, but no longer. They were not an agricultural people, farther than the rearing of a few esculents for the table made them such; relying chiefly on their large herds, and on the produce of the chase for support. With the Indians they drove an amicable, though not an extensive, trade, for furs and peltry; giving them in exchange, merchandise and trinkets, which they procured from their countrymen at St. Louis. To the latter place, they annually carried their skins, bringing back a fresh supply of goods for barter, together with such articles as their own wants required; not forgetting a large portion of finery for the ladies, a plentiful supply of rosin and catgut for the fiddler, and liberal presents for his reverence the priest.

If this village had no other recommendation, it is endeared to my recollection, as the birth-place and residence of Monsieur Baptiste Menou, who was one of its principal inhabitants when I first visited it. He was a bachelor of forty, a tall, lank, hard featured personage, as straight as a ramrod and almost as thin, with stiff, black hair, sunken cheeks, and a complexion a tinge darker than that of the aborigines. His person was remarkably erect, his countenance grave, his gait deliberate; and when to all this be added an enormous pair of sable whiskers, it will be admitted, that Monsieur Baptiste was no insignificant person. He had many estimable qualities of mind and body, which endeared him to his friends, whose respect was increased by the fact of his having been a soldier and a traveller. In his youth he had followed the French commandant in two campaigns: and not a comrade in the ranks was better dressed, or cleaner shaved on parade, than Baptiste, who fought, besides, with the characteristic bravery of the nation to which he owed his lineage. He acknowledged, however, that war was not as pleasant a business as is generally supposed. Accustomed to a life totally free from constraint, the discipline of the camp ill accorded with his desultory habits. He complained of being obliged to eat, and drink, and sleep, at the call of the drum. Burnishing a gun, and brushing a coat, and polishing shoes, were duties beneath a gentleman; and, after all, Baptiste saw but little honour in tracking the wily Indians through endless swamps. Besides, he began to have some scruples as to the propriety of cutting the throats of the respectable gentry whom he had been in the habit of considering as the original and lawful possessors of the soil. He therefore proposed to resign; and was surprised when his commander informed him, that he was enlisted for a term which was not yet expired. He bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and submitted to his fate. He had too much honour to desert, and was too loyal, and too polite, to murmur; but he forthwith made a solemn vow to his patron saint, never again to get into a scrape, from which he could not retreat, whenever it suited his convenience. It was thought that he owed his celibacy, in some measure, to this vow. He had since accompanied the friendly Indians on several hunting expeditions towards the sources of the Mississippi, and had made a trading voyage to New Orleans. Thus accomplished, he had been more than once called upon by the commandant to act as a guide, or an interpreter,—honours which failed not to elicit suitable marks of respect from his fellow villagers; but which had not inflated the honest heart of Baptiste with any unbecoming pride: on the contrary, there was not a more modest man in the village.

In his habits, he was the most regular of men. He might be seen at any hour of the day, either sauntering through the village, or seated in the front of his own door, smoking a large pipe, formed of a piece of buck-horn, curiously hollowed out, and lined with tin; to which was affixed a short stem of cane from the neigbouring swamp. The pipe was his inseparable companion; and he evinced towards it a constancy which would have immortalized his name, had it been displayed in a better cause. When he walked abroad, it was to stroll leisurely from door to door, chatting familiarly with his neighbours, patting the white haired children on the head, and continuing his lounge, until he had peregrinated the village.

He had an orphan niece, whom he had reared from childhood to maturity,—a lovely girl, of whose beautiful complexion a poet might say, that its roses were cushioned upon ermine. A sweeter flower bloomed not upon the prairie, then Gabrielle Menou. But as she was never afflicted with weak nerves, fever, or consumption, and had but one avowed lover, whom she treated with uniform kindness, and married, with the consent of all parties, she has no claim to be considered as the heroine of this history. That station will be cheerfully awarded by every sensible reader, to the more important personage who will be presently introduced.

Across the street, immediately opposite to Mons. Baptiste, lived Mademoiselle Jeanette Duval, a lady who resembled him in some respects; but, in many others, was his very antipode. Like him, she was cheerful and happy, and single; but, unlike him, she was brisk, and fat, and plump. Monsieur was the very pink of gravity; and Mademoiselle was blessed with a goodly portion thereof,—but her's was specific gravity. Her hair was dark, but her heart was light; and her eyes, though black, were as brilliant a pair of orbs, as ever beamed upon the dreary solitude of a bachelor's heart. Jeanette's heels were as light as her heart, and her tongue as active as her heels; so that, notwithstanding her rotundity, she was as brisk a Frenchwoman as ever frisked through the mazes of a cotillion. To sum her perfections, her complexion was of a darker olive than the genial sun of France confers on her brunettes; and her skin was as smooth and shining as polished mahogany. Her whole household consisted of herself and a female negro servant. A spacious garden, which surrounded her house, a pony, and a herd of cattle, constituted, in addition to her personal charms, all the wealth of this amiable spinster. But with these she was rich, as they supplied her table, without adding much to her cares. Her quadrupeds, according to the example set by their superiors, pursued their own happiness without let or molestation, wherever they could find it—waxing fat or lean, as nature was more or less bountiful in supplying their wants; and when they strayed too far, or when her agricultural labours became too arduous for the feminine strength of herself and her sable assistant, every Monsieur of the village was proud of an occasion to serve Mam'selle. And well they might be; for she was the most notable lady in the village, the life of every party, the soul of every frolic. She participated in every festive meeting, and every sad solemnity. Not a neighbour could get up a dance, or get down a dose of bark, without her assistance. If the ball grew dull, Mam'selle pounced on the floor, and infused new spirit into the weary dancers. If the conversation flagged, Jeanette, who occupied a kind of neutral ground between the young and the old, the married and the single, chatted with all, and loosened all tongues. If the girls wished to stroll in the woods, or romp on the prairie, Mam'selle was taken along, to keep off the wolves and the young men; and, in respect to the latter, she faithfully performed her office, by attracting them around her own person. Then, she was the best neighbour, and the kindest soul! She made the richest soup, the clearest coffee, and the neatest pastry in the village; and, in virtue of her confectionery, was the prime favourite of all the children. Her hospitality was not confined to her own domicile; but found its way, in the shape of sundry savoury viands, to every table in the vicinity. In the sick chamber, she was the most assiduous nurse; her step was the lightest, and her voice the most cheerful,—so that the priest must inevitably have become jealous of her skill, had it not been for divers plates of rich soup, and bottles of cordial, with which she conciliated his favour, and purchased absolution for these and other offences.

Baptiste and Jeanette were the best of neighbours. He always rose at the dawn, and after lighting his pipe, sallied forth into the open air, where Jeanette usually made her appearance at the same time; for there was an emulation, of long standing between them, which should be the earliest riser.

"Bon jour! Mam'selle Jeanette," was his daily salutation.

"Ah! bon jour! bon jour! Monsieur Menou," was her daily reply.

Then, as he gradually approximated the little paling which surrounded her door, he hoped Mam'selle was well this morning, and she reiterated the kind inquiry, but with increased emphasis. Then Monsieur inquired after Mam'selle's pony, and Mam'selle's cow, and her garden, and every thing appertaining to her, real, personal, and mixed; and she displayed a corresponding interest in all concerns of her kind neighbour. These discussions were mutually beneficial. If Mam'selle's cattle ailed, or if her pony was guilty of any impropriety, who so able to advise her as Mons. Baptiste? and if his plants drooped, or his poultry died, who so skilful in such matters, as Mam'selle Jeanette? Sometimes Baptiste forgot his pipe, in the superior interest of the *tête à tête*, and must needs step in to light it at Jeanette's fire, which caused the gossips of the village to say that he purposely let his pipe go out, in order that he might himself go in. But he denied this: and indeed, before offering to enter the dwelling of Mam'selle on such occasions, he usually solicited permission to light his pipe at Jeanette's sparkling eyes—a compliment at which, although it had been repeated some scores of times, Mam'selle never failed to laugh and curtsy, with great good humour, and good breeding.

It cannot be supposed, that a bachelor of so much discernment could long remain insensible to the galaxy of charms which centred in the person of Mam'selle Jeanette; and accordingly, it was currently reported that a courtship of some ten years' standing had been slyly conducted on his part, and as cunningly eluded on her's. It was not averred that Baptiste had actually gone the fearful length of offering his hand; or that Jeanette had been so imprudent as to discourage, far less reject, a lover of such respectable pretensions. But there was thought to exist a stong hankering on the part of the gentleman, which the lady managed so skilfully, as to keep his mind in a kind of equilibrium, like that of the patient animal between the two bundles of hay—so that he would sometimes halt in the street, midway between the two cottages, and cast furtive glances, first at the one, and then at the other, as if weighing the balance of comfort; while the increased volume of smoke which issued from his mouth seemed to argue that the fire of his love had other fuel than tobacco, and was literally consuming the inward man.

Such was the situation of affairs when I first visited this village, about the time of the cession of Louisiana to the United States. The news of that event had just reached this sequestered spot, and was but indifferently relished. Independently of the national attachment which all men feel, and the French so justly, the inhabitants of this region had reason to prefer to all others the government which had afforded them protection, without constraining their freedom, or subjecting them to any burdens; and with the kindest feelings towards the Americans, they would willingly have dispensed with any nearer connection than that which already existed. They, however, said little on the subject; and that little was expressive of their cheerful acquiescence in the honour done them by the American people in buying the country, which the Emperor had done them the honour to sell.

I remained several weeks at this hospitable village. Few evenings passed without a dance, at which all were assembled, young and old; the mothers vying in agility with their daughters, and the old men setting examples of gallantry to the young. I accompanied their young men to the Indian towns, and was hospitably entertained. I followed them to the chase, and witnessed the fall of many a noble buck. In their light canoes, I glided over the turbid waters of the Mississippi, or through the labyrinths of the morass, in pursuit of water fowl. I visited the mounds where the bones of thousands of warriors were mouldering, overgrown with prairie violets, and thousands of nameless flowers. I saw the moccasin snake basking in the sun, the Elk feeding on the prairie; and returned to mingle in the amusements of a circle, where, if there was not Parisian elegance, there was more than Parisian cordiality.

Several years passed away before I again visited this country. The jurisdiction of the American government was now extended over this immense region, and its beneficial effects were beginning to be widely disseminated. The roads were crowded with the teams and herds, and families of emigrants hastening to the land of promise. Steam boats navigated every stream, the axe was heard in every forest, and the plough broke the sod whose verdure had covered the prairie for ages.

It was sun set when I reached the margin of the prairie, on which the village is situated. My horse, wearied with a long day's travel, sprung forward with new vigour, when his hoof struck the smooth, firm road which led across the plain. It was a narrow path, winding among the tall grass, now tinged with the mellow hues of autumn. I gazed with delight over the beautiful surface. The mounds and the solitary trees were there, just as I had left them, and they were familiar to my eye as the objects of yesterday. It was eight miles across the prairie, and I had not passed half the distance, when night set in. I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of the village, but two large mounds and a clump of trees which intervened, defeated my purpose. I thought of Gabrielle, and Jeanette, and Baptiste, and the priest—the fiddles, dances, and French ponies; and fancied every minute an hour, and every foot a mile, which separated me from scenes and persons so deeply impressed on my imagination.

At length I passed the mounds, and beheld the lights twinkling in the village, now about two miles off, like a brilliant constellation in the horizon. The lights seemed very numerous—I thought they moved; and at last discovered, that they were rapidly passing about. "What can be going on in the village?" thought I—then a strain of music met my ear. "They are going to dance," said I, striking my spurs into my jaded nag, "and I shall see all my friends together." But as I drew near, a volume of sounds burst upon me, such as defied all conjecture. Fiddles, flutes, and tambourines, drums, cow-horns, tin trumpets, and kettles, mingled their discordant notes with a strange accompaniment of laughter, shouts, and singing.

This singular concert proceeded from a mob of men and boys, who paraded through the streets preceded by one who blew an immense tin horn, and ever and anon they shouted, to which the mob responded. I now recollected to have heard of a custom which prevails among the American French, of serenading at marriages; and I rode towards the crowd, who had halted before a well-known door, to ascertain who were the happy parties, and soon learned that they were Monsieur Baptiste Menou and Mam'selle Jeanette Duval, of whom I have already spoken.

The door of the little cabin, whose hospitable threshold I had so often crossed, now opened, and Baptiste made his appearance—the identical, sallow, erect personage with whom I had parted several years before, with the same pipe in his mouth. His visage was as long and as melancholy as ever, except that there was a slight tinge of triumph in its expression, and a bashful casting down of the eye; reminding one of a conqueror proud but modest in his glory. He gazed with an embarrassed air at the serenaders, bowed repeatedly, as if conscious that he was the hero of the night.

I retired to my former quarters, at the house of an old settler—a little, shrivelled, facetious Frenchman, whom I found in his red flannel night-cap, smoking his pipe, and seated, like Jupiter, in the midst of clouds of his own creating, talking of merry doings in the village.

Upon after inquiry, I found that many causes of discontent had combined to embitter the lot of my simple-hearted friends. Their ancient allies, the Indians, had sold their hunting grounds, and their removal deprived the village of its only branch of commerce. Surveyors were busily employed in measuring off the whole country, with the avowed intention on the part of the government, of converting into private property those beautiful regions which had heretofore been free to all who trod the soil, or breathed the air. Portions of it were already thus occupied. Farms and villages were spreading over the country with alarming rapidity, deforming the face of nature, and scaring the elk and the buffalo from their long frequented ranges. Yankees and Kentuckians were pouring in, bringing with them the selfish distinctions and destructive spirit of society. Settlements were planted in the immediate vicinity of the village; and the ancient heritage of the ponies was invaded by the ignoble beasts of the interlopers. Certain pregnant indications of civil degeneration were alive in the land. A county had been established with a judge, a clerk, and a sheriff; a court-house and a jail were about to be built: two lawyers had already made a lodgement at the country-seat; and a number of justices of the peace, and constables, were dispersed throughout a small neighbourhood of not more than fifty miles in extent. A brace of physicians had floated in with the stream of population, and several other persons of the same cloth, were seen passing about, brandishing their lancets in the most hostile manner. The French argued very reasonably from all these premises, that a people who brought their own doctors expected to be sick; and that those who commenced operations in a new country, by providing so many engines and officers of justice, must certainly intend to be very wicked and litigious. But when the new comers went the fearful length of enrolling them in the militia; when the sheriff, arrayed in all the terrors of his office, rode into the village, and summoned them to attend the court as jurors: when they heard the judge enumerate to the grand jury the long list of offences which fell within their cognizance, these good folks shook their heads, and declared that this was no longer a country for them.

From that time the village began to depopulate. Some of its inhabitants followed the footsteps of the Indians, and continue to this day to trade between them and the whites, forming a kind of link between civilized and savage men. A larger portion, headed by the priest, floated down the Mississippi, to seek congenial society among the sugar plantations of their countrymen in the South. They found a pleasant spot on the margin of a large bayou, whose placid stream was enlivened by droves of alligators, sporting their innocent gambols on its surface. Swamps, extending in every direction, protected them from farther intrusion. Here a new village arose, and a young generation of French was born, as happy and as careless as that which is passing away.

Baptiste alone adhered to the soil of his fathers, and Jeanette, in obedience to her marriage vow, cleaved to Baptiste. He sometimes talked of following his clan, but when the hour came, he could never summon fortitude to pull up his stakes. He had passed so many happy years of single blessedness in his own cabin, and had been so long accustomed to view that of Jeanette with a wistful eye, that they had become necessary to his happiness. Like other idle bachelors, he had had his day dreams, pointing to future enjoyment. He had been for years planning the junction of his domains with those of his fair neighbour; had arranged how the fences were to intersect, the fields to be enlarged, and the whole to be managed by the thrifty economy of his partner. All these plans were now about to be realized; and he wisely concluded, that he could smoke his pipe, and talk to Jeanette, as comfortably here as elsewhere; and as he had not danced for many years, and Jeanette was growing rather too corpulent for that exercise, he reasoned that even the deprivation of the fiddlers and King-balls could be borne. Jeanette loved comfort too; but having, besides, a sharp eye for the main chance, was governed by a deeper policy. By a prudent appropriation of her own savings, and those of her husband, she purchased from the emigrants many of the fairest acres in the village, and thus secured an ample property.

A large log-house has since been erected in the space between the cottages of Baptiste and Jeanette, which form wings to the main building, and are carefully preserved in remembrance of old times. All the neighbouring houses have fallen down; and a few heaps of rubbish, surrounded by corn-fields, shew where they stood. All is changed, except the two proprietors, who live here in ease and plenty, exhibiting, in their old age, the same amiable character, which, in early life, won for them the respect and love of their neighbours, and of each other.

POLAND IN 1830.

The following statistical notices of that most unfortunate country, Poland, as drawn up by Dr. B. Zaydler, a Polish writer, and which appeared in a recent Italian Journal, cannot fail to be perused with interest at the present time:

"The kingdom of Poland is divided into the following palatinates,—Masovia, Cracow, Sandomer, Kalisz, Lublin, Plotsk, and Augustowa. The population, according to the last census in 1829, was, (exclusive of the army,) 4,088,290, which may be thus classed:—

By their several races:

The real Poles,	3,000,000
Russini, or Rusniacks, from the eastern parts of ancient Poland,	100,000
Lithuanians,	200,000
Germans,	300,000
Jews	400,000
	4,000,000

By their religion:

Roman Catholics,	3,400,000
Greek Church,	100,000
Lutherans,	150,000
Calvinists,	5,000
Jews,	400,000
Other sects	5,000
	4,060,000

The population of the towns is to that of the country as one to five.

Employed in agriculture, there are householders,	1,871,259
Their families and servants,	2,221,188
Manufacturers,	140,377
Their families,	388,035
Tradesmen,	49,888
Their families,	131,331
Landed Proprietors,	4,205
Copyholders,	1,886
Freeholders in towns,	41,654
Persons employed under Government,	8,414
Patients in 592 public hospitals,	5,376
Prisoners in the 76 prisons,	7,926

"The proportion between the nobles and the plebeians, is as one to thirteen. According to a verification made by the senate in 1824, there were in the kingdom 12 princes, 74 counts, and 20 barons, besides the inferior or untitled nobility.

"The City of Warsaw reckoned in 1815, only 80,000 inhabitants; it now amounts to 140,000, besides the garrison. The provincial towns are Lublin, having 13,400; Kaliz, 12,100; Plotsk, 9,200, &c. The population of the kingdom has been increasing since 1815, at the rate of 100,000 individuals every year. It appears, from Dr. Rodecki's statistical tables, published at Warsaw in 1830, that there are Jews in almost every town in the kingdom of Poland; that in 14 of these, their number is equal to that of the Christians, while in 114 it is greater; in three the inhabitants are either all Jews, or almost entirely so. In Warsaw alone, they muster 30,000. Their number is fast increasing. They monopolize almost all trade, to the exclusion of the Christian population. The government has endeavoured to check this evil, but with little success; and with this view, Professor Chiarini has been employed in translating the Talmud, and in laying down a plan of reform for this singular people. The Catholic religion, being that of the great majority of the kingdom, is under the *special protection of the Government*, without infringing, however, on the public freedom of other forms of worship, and on the equality of individuals of every communion in the enjoyment of civil rights. The Catholic Hierarchy consists of the Archbishop of Warsaw, primate of the kingdom, and eight bishops, one for each palatinate. There are 1,638 parish churches, 117 auxiliary ones, 6 colleges, 11 seminaries, 151 male convents, and 29 female. In 1819, Pope Pius VII. suppressed, by a bull, 31 male convents, and 13 females. The number of the clergy of the Latin Catholic Church is 2,740. The Greek Catholics have a Bishop at Chelm, 287 parish churches, one seminary, and five male convents. Their priests amount to 354. There are besides six churches of the Russo-Greek communion, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Minsk, 29 Lutheran and 9 Calvinist churches, having their respective consistories, 2 of the sect of Philippines, 274 synagogues, and 2 Mahomedan mosques, with their imams'

The university of Warsaw was founded in 1816, in lieu of that of Cracow, and it consists of five faculties, having 48 professors, and about 750 students. There are, besides, at Warsaw four lyceums, besides other schools, Sunday schools for mechanics, and girls' schools. In the provinces are 11 palatine schools, and 14 district ones. In all the kingdom there are 1756 professors, or teachers, nearly 30 000 students, and about 11,000 female pupils. In all chief towns of palatinates, there are civil and criminal courts, besides commissioners of the peace in every district. The two courts of appeal and the supreme court assemble at Warsaw. The senate takes cognizance of offences against the state. There are also a court of commerce and a territorial court.

The army consisted, in 1830, of eight regiments of infantry, of the line, besides the guards, four regiments of light infantry, eight regiments of cavalry, besides the yagers of the guard, two brigades of foot artillery, and two ditto of horse, a corps of engineers, &c., in all 36,000 men. The arsenal and foundry are at Warsaw. There are two fortresses in the kingdom, Zamosk and Modlin. Every individual from 20 to 30 years or age is subject to military service, except in cases of exemption provided by the law. The two new military schools, formed in 1825, near Warsaw, have educated already nearly 7,000 pupils.

In 1827 the national receipt was 71,988,102 florins and the expenditure was 69,016,030 florins; the Polish florin is about 6*d.* sterling.

There are in the kingdom, especially about Keilce, mines of iron, zinc coals, and also copper and lead. Of 451 towns in the kingdom, 353 consist more than half of wooden houses; 83 are entirely of wood, 6 have half their houses made of brick; and nine consist of more brick than wooden houses. Warsaw contains 1,540 brick, and 1,421 wooden houses. Besides the towns—of which 214 are national property, and 237 belong to private families—there are in the kingdom 22,365 villages—5,373 of which are national property, and 16,992 private property. The communications have been extensively improved since 1815. Two fine substantial roads cross the whole kingdom, one from Kalisz to Brzesk Litewski, another from Cracow to the Niemen, both passing through Warsaw. Diligences have been established; inns and post houses erected; 523 bridges have been constructed or repaired. Embankments, in great part of stone, have been raised to restrain the waters of the Vistula. The other rivers have been cleansed, and a canal has been cut to join the Narva to the Niemen.

The city of Warsaw has wonderfully improved since the peace. New streets, squares, palaces, gardens, private and public buildings have been constructed either by government or by individuals, assisted, in many instances, by the public treasury. The streets are well lighted, several of them have been Macadamized. The management of prisons has been ameliorated, and convicts are employed in the public works; mendicity is suppressed. A society of beneficence has been formed at Warsaw, as well as a society of the friends of science. A new exchange, a new theatre, the new church of St. Alexander, new barracks, and a monument to Copernicus, by Thorwaldsen, have been raised.

The exports of the kingdom consist chiefly in corn and cattle, besides honey, wax, timber, wool, hides, and tallow. The imports are wines, tobacco, colonial produce, and articles of luxury and fashion. The manufactures of woollen cloth, linen, carpets, and leather, have thriven since the peace. While in 1815, there were hardly one hundred looms for coarse woollen cloths, there are now above six thousand, which now supply the whole kingdom including the army. More than ten thousand families of foreign workmen, chiefly German and Swiss, have expatriated to Poland, where they have built new towns and peopled districts formerly deserted. There are numerous distilleries of spirits, and the brewing trade is very extensive; they brew porter and ale equal to those of England. By the former laws of Poland, commerce was depressed, and no noble, however poor, could, without degradation, resort to it, whilst he often served in a menial capacity a richer nobleman.

Agriculture, which is still the principal occupation of the population, suffers under a depression of prices. In 1827, they reaped 4,439,399 *korzecs*, (a *korzec* is nearly two hundred weight) of rye, 3,183,023 of oats, 1,506,062 of barley, and 751,076 of wheat, besides 4,288,485 *korzecs* of potatoes, and hay, flax, hemp, and honey. The cattle are improving both in quantity and quality.

In 1827, there were in the kingdom 694,728 cows, 475,946 oxen, 259,990 calves, 703,207 pigs, about two millions and a half sheep, 192,841 horses, 8,771 stallions, 167,901 mares. About one half the extent of the territory of the kingdom may be reckoned to be cultivated, one fourth of the remainder is occupied by forests, and the rest by marshes and uncultivated lands. Since the establishment of the grand duchy of Warsaw, the peasantry of that part of Poland have been emancipated; they live on the estates of the great landlords, each family having a cabin and thirteen acres of ground, on condition of working for the owner three days in a week. They may remove themselves by giving up their tenements. Several proprietors have adopted the system of free labour and wages."

JAMAICA—SLAVES.

Jamaica is the most considerable, as well as by far the most valuable, of the British West India Islands. It is situated among the group of islands called the Greater Antilles; extends 140 miles in length, by 50 in breadth, at its widest part; has the island of St. Domingo on the east, and from which it is separated by a channel; Cuba on the north; the bay of Honduras on the west; and South America on the south. It lies in 18° 12″ of north latitude. The climate is temperate, the medium heat at Kingston, throughout the year, being 80°, and the least 70°, which is much about the same as the hottest summers in Scotland. The air, however, is much colder in the high grounds. The island is crossed longitudinally by an elevated ridge, called the Blue Mountains, and one of the peaks rises to a height of 7431 feet above the level of the sea. Jamaica is one of the most beautiful and fruitful countries in the world, and may be styled the Emerald of the ocean. Though discovered by Columbus in the year 1494, and settled by the Spaniards in 1509, since which period it has been gradually undergoing improvements, especially since it was conquered by the English, in 1655, it still exhibits all the wild luxuriance and natural character of a forest. Its extensive woods of mahogany, and other large trees, cover a vast portion of its territory, and are interspersed with beautiful verdant glades, or savannahs, while the trees and shrubbery spread to the very peaks of the mountains. On the north of the island, at a small distance from the sea, the land rises in small round topped hills, which are covered with spontaneous groves of pimento; under the shade of these is a beautiful and rich turf. This side of the island is also well watered, every valley having its rivulet, many of which tumble from overhanging cliffs into the sea. The back ground in this prospect, consisting of a vast amphitheatre of forests, melting gradually into the distant blue mountains, is very striking. On the south coast, the face of the country is different; it is more sublime, but not so pleasing. The mountains here approach the sea in immense ridges; but there are even here cultivated spots on the sides of the hills, and in many parts vast savannahs, covered with sugar canes, stretching from the sea to the foot of the mountains. The soil of Jamaica is in many places, deep and

fertile The island has upwards of a hundred rivers, but from the rapidity of their current, and the roughness of their channel, they are navigable only by canoes. Besides the staple exports of Jamaica, consisting of sugar, indigo, coffee, and cotton, the cultivated vegetables are maize, guinea corn, and nutritious vegetables of different kinds, for the food of the negroes. The chief indigenous fruit is the plantain cocoa nut. Jamaica is divided into three counties,—Middlesex, Surrey, and Cornwall. The county of Middlesex is divided into eight parishes; Surrey into seven; and Cornwall into five. In Middlesex is situated St. Iago, or Spanish Town, the capital of the island. Port Town is a considerable town and seaport, situated in Surrey. The other chief towns in the island are Port Antonio, and Montego Bay Town. There are a great number of villages and inferior seaports. The cultivation of the land in Jamaica is carried on by means of negro slaves, male and female, and the greater part of whom are natives of the island, or the immediate descendants of slaves imported from Africa [An exact account of the number and character of the population will be given in a subsequent paper.] It has been generally acknowledged, by intelligent travellers, that the slave population of Jamaica have been under a more mild species of treatment than in some other Indian possessions. Indeed, if we could divest our minds of the natural repugnance we feel, with regard to every thing like the slavery of human beings, or look coolly slavery as it exists, instead of reasoning upon it on abstract principles, we would at once arrive at the conclusion, that the slaves of Jamaica have for some time been in the enjoyment of far greater physical comforts than are to be found among the peasantry of England and Ireland. From the evidence of every writer on the subject, and from the best living testimony, it appears that the cottage of a West Indian slave is beyond measure superior to an Irish or Scottish cabin among the poorer classes. Leaving my readers, however, to form their own judgment on this momentous question, upon which it is unnecessary for me to express an opinion, I may, for their amusement, present the following short description of a slave's hut in Jamaica, as afforded by a recent traveller:—

"The house is about forty feet long, and almost eighteen wide; built of boards, and covered with fan palms; divided into five apartments, of which the principal is eighteen feet square. This is the hall; the other apartments lead from it; three serving forsleeping rooms, and the fourth for a sort of pantry. There is a door at each end of this hall, through which the smoke escapes, when it is necessary to boil the pot; at no other time is there occasion for fire. When I entered, I saw a negro woman squatting on the floor, attending the cookery of her husband's dinner, which was simmering in an iron pot, and consisted of ochro and cocos, picked crabs, and salt fish, with a bit of salt pork. The lady was peeling a few plantains to roast, and the lord of the mansion was inhaling the fumes of tobacco from a short junko pipe, as he lolled at his ease in his hammock, suspended from one of the rafters to within two feet of the floor. There was a substantial deal table in the hall, with four rush-bottomed chairs and a wooden bench, over which hung a bunch of corn and a machet, or cutlass; above these was a shelf, with a range of white plates and a few glasses, and above these hung several pieces of salt fish, and a good bunch of plantains. There was a basket of yams near the table, as if just brought in, and on it a cocoa-nut shell with a handle, to ladle water or soup. Several tin pans hung from one of the beams, and among them a large net full of cocoas. There an oil jar in one corner to hold water, and a hoe and ill hook in another, beside a large gourd, with a hole in it, which serves as a musical instrument, and is called a drum. There was likewise a gombay, and a bonja, which is much like a guitar, and several calabashes were ranged along the beams, containing sugar and coffee. I must not forget to mention three young children, fat and sleek as moles, that were playing about the house and garden, which contained plantain suckers, an aligator pear tree, mangos, two or three cocoa-nut trees, orange trees, a few coffee bushes, and many other fruits and vegetables, and a pine apple fence separated it from the adjoining garden. There was a pigstye in one corner, occupied by a sow and her family. This is a portrait of one of the inferior cottages, some of the best having piazzas, with terrass floors. Every garden has a pigstye, and the poultry roost at a little distance from the house."

Another recent visitor of the West Indies writes thus:—

"I would not sell my birthright for a mess of pottage, yet if my birthright were taken from me, I would fain have the pottage left. So I scorn with an English scorn, the Creole thought, that the West Indian slaves are better off than the poor peasantry of Britain; they are not better off—nothing like it; an English labourer with one shirt is worth, body and soul, ten negro slaves, choose them where you will. But it is, nevertheless, a certain truth, that the slaves in general do labour much less, do eat and drink much more, have much more ready money, dress much more gaily, and are treated with much more kindness and attention, when sick, than nine-tenths of all the people of Great Britain, under the condition of tradesmen, farmers, and domestic servants. It does not enter into my head to speak of these things as constituting an equivalent, much less a point of superiority, to the hardest shape of English freedom; but it seems to me, that, where English freedom is not and cannot be, these things may amount to a very consolatory substitute for it. I suspect that if it were generally known, that the slaves ate, drank, and slept well, and were beyond all comparison a gayer, smarter, and more familiar race, than the poor of this kingdom, the circumstances of their labour being compulsory, and, in some measure, of their recieving no wages for it, would not very painfully affect the sympathies of the ladies and gentleman of the African Institution and the Anti-Slavery Society. I say, in some measure, the slaves receive no wages, because no money is paid to them on that score, but they possess advantages which the ordinary wages of labour in England doubled could not purchase. The slaves are so well aware of the comforts which they enjoy under a master s purveyance, that they not unfrequently forego freedom rather than be deprived of them."

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

It is seldom the case, that foreigners whot ravel, or reside but a short time in Great Britain, arrive at a just comprehension of the intricate, ill-defined, conventional arrangements of society in this country; and, in perusing the explanations which they offer in their published works on many of our institutions, we at once perceive and pity the errors into which, in nearly all cases, they can hardly prevent themselves from falling. The only foreigner in recent times, who seems to have spoken accurately on our civil arrangements, was the late Baron de Stael, son of the Baroness of that title. This young gentleman's "Letters on England" is one of the most interesting works of the kind ever written; and to shew the style and conception of the author, the following candid article on Public Meetings may be presented:—

"A man of wit said,—'The language of despotism is, Mind your own concerns,—that of liberty is, Attend to things that don't concern you.' In this pithy form he announced a grand truth. In a free country nothing that affects any class of citizens can be foreign to the rest of the community. There is not an Englishman, however humble the rank in which he was born, who is not justly entitled to think that his opinion is of some weight in the affairs of his country; and, reciprocally, there is no individual so exalted, as, for his daily conduct, to be exempt from the examination and judgment of the public.

"With us, on the Continent, publicity is considered as an extreme resource, to which we have recourse only in desperate cases, and after having exhausted all other means of attaining our object. If persons engage in an undertaking of public or private concern, they always found their hopes of success on the disposition of men in power; business is conducted in the closet of the minister, or in the drawing-room of some man of weight. While there is any chance of succeeding through favour, it would appear rude or indiscreet to speak out, and call on the public to judge of our griefs or projects. In England publicity is a matter of common right; men address themselves to the opinion of the public at once; this is the first power, the support of which they solicit; and even men desirous of treating with government would begin by seeking popularity, well knowing it would be for the interest of their ambition.

"Is an abuse to be reformed,—an improvement to be introduced—a right to be claimed—a new institution to be founded?—whether it concern religion, morality, liberty, or the public wealth, the first indispensable step is to enlighten public opinion on the point in question. The attempt to fix the public attention is begun by writing pamphlets or paragraphs in the newspapers. Then a few people of note form a committee, and prepare a string of resolutions, which are submitted to general discussion. When agreed so far, a meeting is called, either in the open air, or in one of the large rooms adapted to the purpose, which are to be found in almost every large town in England. A chairman, called on by the public voice, presides over the meeting; the resolutions are discussed, and put to the vote; and, amid the most stormy debates, a certain familiarity with the forms of deliberation, common to all classes of the people, maintains order, and protects the rights of the minority.

"Frequently, at these meetings, orators before unknown, appear in public for the first time, and display talents, that perhaps pave the way for their future admission to the senate. The next day their speeches are printed in all the newspapers, and resound throughout all England. The first meeting gives rise to others, men's minds are enlightened and warmed, and the public opinion acquires a degree of force, any resistance to which would be useless.

"It is not without reason, therefore, that the English set so high a value on the right to assemble for the discussion of public affairs, and place it in the first rank of their constitutional prerogatives. The right of petitioning, as they conceive it, is nothing but the right of meeting to deliberate on the requests or complaints expressed in the petition; for the Houses of Parliament are not expected to decide, like judges, on every requisition addressed to it. Particular cognizance is taken of a petition, only when it is made the subject of a motion by some one of the members. The right of introducing a subject is not given indiscriminately to the public at large, which would be a confusion of power leading to anarchy. But what is justly required is, that the public opinion should enjoy the utmost latitude in forming and expressing itself.

"In a country where every thing is treated publicly,—where every thing is subjected to discussion, from the most important questions of legislation, to the slightest of local affairs,—the talent of speaking must naturally be an object of universal ambition. At school, and even in their play, children exercise themselves in this species of eloquence At Eton and Westminster, they frequently form a little House of Commons, subjected to regulations similar to those of the Parliament. When at the university, the young men unite in debating societies, where questions of history, philosophy, legislation, and political economy, are discussed in form. At these, are frequently developed the germs of the greatest talents; and an orator, whose eloquence will some day be the pride of England, may have felt the first spark of his genius elicited by the applauses of his fellow-students.

"The *debating societies*, however, are merely supplementary, and not essential parts of the system; but all the institutions that constitute the basis of the social order,—as juries, managing committees, municipal councils, parochial and county meetings, and elections, presume habits of speaking, and a knowledge of the forms of deliberation. We scarcely find a man, that has received any education, who does not know how to preside at a meeting, direct its debates, and put questions to the vote in due order. There are indispensable notions in respect to this, which are so familiar to the people of England, that no one would think of making them an object of study; while with us, they who have grown old in our deliberative assemblies still remain ignorant of them.

"Written speeches, prohibited in Parliament by its rules, are equally so by custom in every other assembly. To speak in public, and to speak extempore, are synonymous terms; and the idea of carrying, ready drawn up in the pocket, the expression of sentiments that might arise from circumstances yet to come, or of an opinion that ought to be formed from a discussion not yet begun, would appear the extreme of ridiculousness. No one supposes a person can find it difficult to relate what he knows, or say what he thinks; whoever expresses himself with simplicity and modesty, obtains a favourable hearing, and the severity or the indulgence of the public is apportioned with remarkable justice to what it has a right to expect from the talents or condition of the individual.

"Public dinners are one of the most common occasions of the exercise of oratory. The object of these dinners is to keep up the spirit of an association, or to encourage the study of some science, by bringing together persons who otherwise would have no opportunity of freely communicating to each other their ideas; or to keep alive political opinions, by celebrating the anniversary of an important event, the birth of a great man, or the election of a member of the House of Commons dear to his country. Nothing is more original than these political dinners. Many times I have seen nearly three hundred persons seated at the same table, and electrified by the same sentiment, without the vivacity of their emotions preventing them from observing with the most methodical regularity all the usages established on such occasions.

"A chairman is seated at the head of the table. No meeting takes place without this formality, which seems indispensable for securing order and regularity in every kind of discussion. The English of all classes have a remarkable tact in this respect; and if a speaker deviate ever so little from the established rules of decorum, a cry of *Chair! chair!* resounds on all sides. This is a kind of appeal to the abstract idea of a president, informing him who executes the functions of one, that he is expected to maintain order, or restore the due state of the question. At the other end of the table sits the *deputy-chairman*, whose business is to preside when the chairman himself is called upon to take part in the debate, for there are two invariable axioms,—one, that the meeting must never be without a head; the other, that the person who is officiating as president cannot act as a party in the debate at the same time.

"At the dessert, when the cloth is removed, according to the custom yet pretty general in England, a master of the ceremonies, standing behind the president's chair, with a glass in his hand, informs the company that the toasts are going to commence. It is usual to begin with the King—then the Duke of York and the army—then the Duke of Clarence and the navy—either with plaudits or in silence, according to the occasion or sentiments of the meeting. Then come the toasts appropriate to the occasion of the meeting, as the health of the member whose election is celebrated. "Gentlemen, fill your glasses," cries the master of the ceremonies; after which he gives three times three huzzas. These are repeated in a low voice by all the company; and it is only at the ninth that the enthusiasm, even if it be at its height, allows itself to break out in shouts and plaudits. He whose health has been drunk then rises, stands up on his chair, or on the table itself, amid the plates and glasses, and there, after having returned thanks to the assembly with an expression of humility sometimes much greater than is necessary, gives an account of his conduct, traces the history of his political life, or repeats, in a gayer and more striking form, the opinions he has delivered in Parliament.

"At meetings of this kind have been delivered some of the most memorable speeches of Brougham, Mackintosh, and Canning. The eloquence of a man in public life then becomes the property of those who hear him—they adopt it—they imbue themselves with his ideas—he is no longer an imaginary being to them—he is their comrade, their guest—they have heard the sound of his voice, and observed the expression of his countenance. One orator succeeds another—fresh toasts are drunk with three times three—and speech follows speech till late at night, without the crowd of guests appearing tired of them, even though they have gradually descended, step by step, to orators of very ordinary abilities—so many charms has a public life for the citizens of a free country."

Such are the judicious and accurately formed opinions of this ingenious and lamented young foreigner, whose work has been rather overlooked, and which I can safely recommend to the perusal of my readers.

EMIGRATION.

"Friday 14th," continues Mr. Fergusson, "my landlord at Guelph, having agreed to drive me in his waggon to Mr. Dickson's, at Galt, a gentleman who purchased from government a whole township, and to whom I had particular introductions, we started about 11 o'clock, and reached our destination about four. The road was certainly superior to what I had travelled yesterday, though mud holes were occasionally to be met with. Limestone was to be seen on every hand in great abundance, and I observed at one place a kiln hewn out and erected in the very stratum itself. Wherever a clearing occurred the wheat looked beautiful. We passed through the township of Waterloo, settled mostly by Dutch. The soil appeared to be a good, useful, sandy loam, well watered by streams and springs. I was delighted with the cultivation, especially upon the farms of Schneider and Warnex. Each farm might be from 200 to 300 acres, laid out into regular fields, and *not a stump to be seen*. The ploughing was capital, the crops most luxuriant, and the cattle, horses, &c., of a superior stamp, with handsome houses, barns

&c., and orchards promising a rich return. Waterloo satisfied me, above all that I had yet seen, of the capability of Canada to become a fruitful and fine country.

"The forest around consists of heavy timber, nd the township does not enjoy the advantage of a direct water-carriage; yet have these Dutchmen, within a period of 20 years, produced farms which, in general aspect, very nearly resemble well cultivated land in Britain. The farmers are primitive and simple-minded, attending to little beyond their own affairs, and so indifferent in regard to politics, that Mr. Dickson doubted much if some of them were yet aware of the death of George III. A great deal of capital flowed into this settlement during the large expenditure at Guelph by the Canada Company—the Dutchmen supplying teams, provisions, &c. My travelling companion valued some of the farms at 25 dollars, about 6*l.* per acre.

"Chopping or clearing land ready for sowing, will cost sometimes 12 dollars, or 3*l.* per acre; the first return will be 15 or 20 bushels of wheat, worth at present 5*s.* per bushel. The usual mode of clearing timbered land is to cut down and burn all the wood of one foot diameter, and under that; the larger trees are only girdled. Clearing in this way costs about eight dollars, or 40*s.* per acre. When this is done, a crop of wheat can be harrowed in, to be followed by two or three years of pasture or hay, when the plough may be used, and during which time the girdled trees are either cut into fencing stuff, or burnt. No lime has been used, as yet, upon this land, and I was told of two instances where farmers had absolutely built new stables and barns, to escape from an accumulation of despised manure.

"The settlement of Mr. Dickson is one of much interest, being conducted by himself, on his own resources, in the same way as that of Colonel Talbot on the banks of Lake Erie. Mr. Dickson began operations in 1815-16, by the purchase from goverment of this township, extending to 96,000 acres, and to which he gave the name of Dumfries. He selected a convenient spot, with good water power, to commence a town, and formed a connection with an enterprising American, who speedily established very extensive mills, Mr. Dickson built a commodious residence for himself, in a romantic situation, overhanging the river, and communicating by a bridge with the mills and town. His plan of dealing with settlers is extremely liberal, as he does not insist upon any instalment being paid down; and even in some cases advances the means of purchasing oxen, &c. In this way the poorest emigrant, if steady and industrious, must get forward.

"A regular account is opened with each individual, and partial payments, either in money or produce, accepted, by Mr. Dickson, from time to time. The price of land is four dollars, or 20*s.* per acre. Farms have been occasionally abandoned by unsteady or impatient individuals; but some progress in clearing has always been made, and, of course, the farm has, in so far, been rendered more valuable. A very considerable extent of land has been disposed of on both sides of the river, and hundreds of acres of fine wheat may be seen contiguous to each other.

"An attempt has been made last spring to convey produce down the river to the Welland Canal, by which Mr. Shade, the owner of the mills, informed me, a saving of two thirds would be effected upon the transport of flour. This voyage was performed by a son of Mr. Dickson, accompanied by Mr. Shade, and being a navigation of about 100 miles, attended with some hazards, as a first attempt, it created a good deal of sensation at the time of my visit, and much satisfaction among the farmers by its success. Mr. Dickson has about 2500 souls upon his estate, and draws a very handsome income from the interest of sales. I visited the mills with Mr. Shade, who took much trouble in explaining to me the various machinery. The establishment comprises flour-mills, saw-mills, cooperage, &c., and appeared to me equally extensive and well-arranged, I have been every where struck with the havoc and destruction of the woods, and had a remarkable opportunity in this place of contrasting the value of a tree in Upper Canada, with what it would have fetched at home. An uncommonly large and beautiful pine was lying at the mill, which I could not estimate at less than 3*l.* in Britain. Mr. Shade, upon my putting the question, told me it had just cost him a *York shilling*, or *sevenpence sterling*."—*Agricultural Journal.*

To be continued.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

NEW EDITION—*In the course of publication in Edinburgh.*

IT is the distinguishing characteristic of this great national work, that it is a compilation of articles, each the production of an author of acknowledged or tried abilities, instead of being a collection of dry papers, as in most of the preceding works of a similar nature, many of which have been little else than masses of shreds cut by the scissors from the most common books, and retailing, for the hundredth time, the errors in vogue upwards of a century ago. Among the articles in the early volumes of the present work, there is one of a remarkably valuable character, on the subject of "Army," which is understood to be from the pen of JAMES BROWN, Esq., Advocate, L.L. D., author of a series of most profound and original articles on Egyptian Hieroglyphics, in the Edinburgh Review. This article is not, like many others upon the same subject, in works of this description, a mere catalogue of the force of the British army, as it happened to stand at the making up of the last parliamentary report, but an efficient and satisfactory detail of the organization, character, numbers, and style of warfare of all the national armed forces in ancient and modern times,—from the reign of Sesostris in Egypt, seventeen hundred years before our common era, till the year 1831. It is a paper, indeed, forming in itself a book, and, it may be added, one of which any writer might be proud. The following appears to be one of the most interesting passages, and relates, in brief terms, the strength of the French Republican and Imperial armies:—

"At the end of the year '791 the French infantry consisted of 105 regiments, of two batallions each, 14 batallions of light troops, and 170 batallions of national volunteers; or 394 batallions in all. By the decree of the 5th May, 1792, the number of the volunteer batallions was raised to 200, and the strength of each was increased from 226 to 800 men. The cavalry was composed of two regiments of carabineers, consisting of four squadrons each; 24 regiments of heavy cavalry, of three squadrons each; 18 regiments of dragoons, of three squadrons each; 12 regiments of chasseurs, of four squadrons each; and 6 regiments of hussars, of three squadrons each; in all 206 squadrons: so that the total strength of the French army, at this period, did not exceed 160,000 infantry, 35,000 cavalry, and 10,000 artillery; while 20,000 men were still wanting to bring the different regiments to their full complements. But this deficit was soon supplied by the multitude of volunteers, who flocked to the national standards, when the Duke of Brunswick invaded France at the head of the Prussian army. The Revolution, however, had not yet developed its energies; nor had the world, as yet, any suspicion of the prodigies which the system of terror, afterwards organized, was destined to achieve. In 1795, France presented the formidable aspect of a vast camp. The decrees of the 23d August and the 5th September, 1794, had hurried the whole youth to the frontiers. Nearly 1,200,000 men were in the pay of the Republic: and, after deducting those employed in accessory services, and in the navy, the number of combatants in the field cannot have amounted to less than about 700,000. The official state of the force of the French armies as, at the 5th of April, 1794, presents an aggregate of 794,334 men, including garrisons, but exclusive of the army of the interior, whose head quarters were at Paris; which, allowing one-fifth for those in the depots and for the sick, would give an effective force, present under arms, of at least 650,000 men,—the most formidable which Europe had ever seen assembled in the field. Nor did the 'prodigy' stop here. In the month of March, 1795, France had 10 armies in the field, the active force of which amounted to 449,930 combatants, besides 120,850 in garrisons, and 338,450 sick, prisoners, or detached, in all 959,190 soldiers. But the active force, or number present under arms, did not form the half of the effective, and scarcely a third of the complete military strength of France at that period; for, as 200,000 men were still wanting to bring the effective force up to the full establishment, and as the most active measures were in progress to make up the deficit, the total number of Frenchmen under arms in 1795, cannot have fallen much short of 1,100,000 men.

"But this state of exertion was too violent to be of long continuance; and neither the population of the country, nor its exhausted resources, were sufficient to maintain so enormous a force in the field. Accordingly, in the succeeding years of the republic, the aggregate of the different armies seldom exceeded 480,000 effective men, and generally fell short of this number. But when Napoleon had mounted the throne, and had organized the system of conscription, he obtained an unlimited command over the whole of that part of the population capable of bearing arms; and as he acted upon the principle first recommended by Cato, of making the war support itself, he was not only able to repair the losses sustained in his various campaigns, but, on most occasions, to take the field with a predominating superiority of numbers. The establishment of the French army, in 1805, amounted to 341,412 infantry of the line, 100,130 light infantry, 77,488 cavalry, 46,489 artillery, and 5,445 engineers; making a total of 650,964 men, or a force equal to that organized by the terrorists in 1794 and 1795. But this establishment was afterwards greatly increased; and it is calculated that, at the time of the Russian campaign, there were in the depots, in the hospital, and in the field, not less than 1,200,000 men, of whom about 850,000 might be considered as effective. Hence we are enabled to account for the extraordinary phenomenon of Napoleon's appearance in Germany at the head of a new and formidable army, within a few months after the annihilation of his veteran masses amidst the steppes, snows, and frosts of Russia, and making head for more than a year afterwards against the utmost efforts of the allied powers."

SOUTH AMERICAN PEASANTRY.—After doubling Cape Horn, or the southern extremity of the continent of America and, touching at Valparaiso, the Guirriere, says Stewart, proceeded to Callao, the port of Lima, the capital of Peru. Of these scenes which the author met with in the ride between those two places, the following is a specimen.

"Such touches of the true grotesque as were occasionally presented I have seldom before seen. Fancy to yourself a hundred mean-looking mules and donkeys in a single drove, as shaggy and as unsymmetrical in their whole outline as the ugliest you ever saw, bundled up and encased by all manner of things to a bulk twice the bigness of themselves, and then surmounted by objects in the human shape, old and young, male and female, black and white, Spaniards and Indians, in a variety of figure and garb, to which the pencil of a Cruickshank could scarcely do justice. The load of one of these animals, scarce three feet high, was not less than ten sheep, killed and dressed for the shambles. Six were tied two and two together by the hind legs, and then thrown across the back of the donkey from the shoulderblade to the tail; one on either side, so as to balance each other, as their trunkless heads dangled almost on the ground; upon these the rest were lashed horizontally, forming a platform of the dead over the living beast, on which various other smaller articles of poultry were fastened, while on the top of the whole, at a very honorable elevation, on a dirty cushion, sat, *à la Turque*, a most villainous-looking old man, in a ragged poncho, with a slouched and greasy hat, and bare arms and legs. Beside him, on a similar Rosinante, rode his *cara sposa* an equally interesting object both in figure and garb, seated in the same attitude on the top of pannier after pannier, and basket upon basket, of potatoes and beans, cabbage and onions, oranges, bananas, melons, tomatoes, &c., as if bearing to her customers specimens of the growth of a whole plantation. Entire families, in two or three instances, were seen on a single beast, seated from the neck to the tail, according to their ages, the younger children and females forward, and the men on the extremity of the back. In two instances I counted five persons thus mounted: two of whom, in one case, seemed each as well able to carry the donkey, as he the weight of either of them."

A FAITHFUL MESSENGER.—In the month of February of the very severe winter, 1795, as Mr. Bolstead's son, of Great Salkeld, in Cumberland, was looking after his father's sheep on Great Salkeld Common, not far from Penrith, he had the misfortune to fall and break his leg. He was then three miles from home, and no person within call, and evening very fast approaching. Under the impulse arising from the desperate circumstances of his situation, he folded up one of his gloves in his handkerchief, tied this about the neck of his dog, and ordered him home. Dogs which are trained to an attendance on flocks, are known to be under admirable subjection to the commands of their masters, and execute their orders with an intelligence scarcely to be conceived. The animal set off, and arriving at the house, scratched at the door for admittance. The parents were alarmed at his appearance, and concluding, upon taking off and unfolding the handkerchief, that some accident had undoubtedly befallen their son, they instantly set off in search of him. The dog needed no solicitation. Apparently sensible that the chief part of his duty was still to be performed, he led the way, and conducted the anxious parents directly to the spot, where their son had fallen. The young man was taken home, and the necessary aid being procured, he was soon in fair way of recovery; nor was he ever afterwards more pleasantly employed than when reciting this anecdote, so illustrative of the sagacity and fidelity of his constant companion.

WASHINGTON.—It has been observed that Washington seldom smiled, and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. I was informed the other day, by a gentleman venerable for his age and information, that he had seen Washington nearly convulsed with laughter. One instance he mentioned with a great degree of sang-froid. At the time tha our troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at head-quarters that the English were about leaving Boston to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching rencontre. Some of the generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms; and, among the rest, was General Green, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig. "Bring my wig, you rascal; bring my wig." General Lee diverted himself and the company at the expense of Green, —"Your wig is behind the looking glass, Sir." At which Green, raising his eyes, perceived by the mirror that the wig was where it should be—on his head. Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the floor, and the whole group presented rather a ludicrous spectacle.—*New York Paper*

WINDHAM'S DISTASTE FOR MUSIC.—Though his taste for the fine arts was peculiarly pure and discriminating, he had no relish for music; but he acknowledged that a simple ballad, as Miss Alderson (afterwards Mrs Opie,) sang it, he could endure with a degree of acquiescence almost amounting to pleasure. Yet, upon another occasion, when an interesting young lady was singing the old song of "Barbara Allan," and making a considerable pause between the stanzas, I observed Windham more than half asleep. His excuse was, that it was too long, and reminded him "of one of Mr. Drake's speeches in the House, who made you believe twenty times that he was going to finish, but still went on." I have heard him observe, that the four greatest men he had ever known had no pleasure in music,—Mr. Burke, Charles Fox, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Pitt. Sir James Mackintosh has the same apathy to music. He has been frequently dragged to the Italian Opera, and a more woful figure in the pit of that theatre was never seen Richard Sharp proposed, as a thesis for the physiological schools of Edinburgh,—What was the precise effect of music on the sensorium of Mackintosh?—*New Monthly Mag.*

PLANTS IN BED-ROOMS.—Persons who are fond of odoriferous plants and flowers, should never permit them to be placed in their bed-chamber, as many of them are so powerful as to overcome the senses entirely. Even plants that are not in flower, and have no smell, yet injure the air during the night, and in absence of the sun, by impregnating it with nitrogen and carbonic acid gas; although in the daylight they rather improve the atmosphere by yielding oxygen gas.

GOOD NATURED PASSIONATE PEOPLE.—It is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression, indeed, is very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter. But I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence of any. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly despatched, which I think is no recommendation to favour. I have known one of these good-natured passionate men say, in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemies of his family would not have spoken, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to anger? To contain the spirit of anger is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress in this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that he touches, life is as uneasy to himself as all about him.—This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable: all the harmless part of him is no more than that of a bull-dog—they are tame no longer than they are not offended.—*Addison.*

COTTAGE AND WORKHOUSE GARDENS.

"It gives us much pleasure," says our gifted and industrious countryman, Mr. Loudon, in his GARDENER'S MAGAZINE, for February, 1832, "to observe that the great benefits which arise from adding gardens to labourers' cottages, are every year, more and more felt all over the country. We had many proofs of this in our late tour, both in England and in Scotland; and most sincerely do we wish that government would pass a law to oblige all builders of cottages inalienably to attach a certain quantity of land to each as a garden. We have already strongly recommended workhouse gardens for the aged and infirm poor; and we had the pleasure of seeing, at Coventry, (May 6, 1831,) our ideas in great part carried into effect. The three parishes which compose the town of Coventry are under one system of management, as far as it respects the poor; and an old monastery, and its extensive garden, have been turned into a lodging and working-place. The garden is cultivated entirely by the inmates, and chiefly by the old men, as the women are supplied with in-door work, and there is a schoolmaster for teaching the children to read, write, and count. It was observed to us by Mrs. Mercer, the highly-respectable matron, who has the entire management of the establishment, under the direction of a committee, that all the old men who are able to work, however little, took great pleasure in being employed in the garden; and she only regretted that there was not more ground. Mrs. Mercer is very fond of horticulture, and directs the cultivation of the garden under her care most judiciously. It was in the very best of order, and without a single weed. She has a border devoted to flowers; and as it does not contain many sorts, we venture to call on our friends in her neighbourhood, Mr. Brown, Mr. Knox, and Mr. Oliver, to send her a few plants and seeds, and a few cuttings and suckers of shrubs and roses. We are persuaded, that it would be a great improvement in the management of the workhouse poor of London, and of other large towns, to have workhouses in the country, in the midst of a large garden, for their aged and infirm inmates, who might be usefully and agreeably employed in the gardens, in raising part of their own food. The idea of so many aged persons spending their last days in the workhouses is indeed deplorable, but it seems to be inseparable from the wretched state of society in this country. In the great Mary-le-bone workhouse, which has a front that, for length, and the size and number of the windows, might be compared to a Russian palace, (and, indeed, it closely resembles that of General Apraxin at Moscow,) there are constantly from eighty to an hundred and twenty old men and women, who are lead or carried out, one by one, every morning, and set down on a bench under a shed, or when the weather is fine, in the sun, where they remain almost in a state of torpor, being unable to help themselves, and having no one to attend them till they are led or carried, one by one, back again, at the time appointed for their next meal. What a picture of human desolation! If, instead of being placed upon benches, with nothing to gaze at but a brick wall, these persons were led into a garden, where they could see numbers of their fellow inmates at work, breathe the fresh air, see and smell the flowers, and hear birds and other rural sounds, the miserable lot would have some little alleviation. A number of them could perhaps assist in some of the lighter garden operations; the most infirm could scare away birds, or prepare gooseberries, and shell legumes for the kitchen. This might enable them to measure their time as it passes, and would afford some kind of amusement to divert their minds from incessantly dwelling on their own forlorn and helpless situation. Is it too much to say that something would be gained for the happiness of the human kind, if all men were agreed, that, wherever there was a habitation, whether for an individual family, or for a number of persons strangers to each other, such as hospitals, workhouses, prisons, asylums, infirmaries, and even barracks, there should be a garden. In our opinion a dwelling without a garden ought not to exist. At Aylesbury, Chester, Lancaster, and some other places, we found gardens of more or less extent attached to the prisons, in which the prisoners were allowed to work, in some cases as a recreation, and in others as labourers for the governor of the prison. We found the gardens in excellent order, with abundant crops of useful vegetables, or richly ornamented with flowers; and we were informed that the prisoners were much humanized by their culture. We have no doubt that, as a means of prison education, gardens might be turned to good account by humane and pains-taking governors and gaolers, and we could wish they were appended to every gaol and penitentiary."

SCOTTISH DOOMSTERS.

The name of this officer of the High Court of Justiciary, as noticed by the author of Waverley, was equivalent to the pronouncer of doom or sentence. In this comprehensive sense, the Judges of the Isle of Man were called Dempsters. But in Scotland the word was long restricted to the designation of an official person whose duty it was to recite the sentence after it had been pronounced by the Court and recorded by the clerk; on which occasion the Dempster legalized it by the words of form, *"And this I pronounce for Doom."* For a length of years, the office, as mentioned in the text, was held *in commendam* with that of the executioner; for when this odious, but necessary, officer of justice received his appointment, he petitioned the Court of Justiciary to be received as their Dempster, which was granted, as a matter of course.

The production of the executioner in open court, and in presence of the wretched criminal, had something in it hideous and disgusting to the more refined feelings of later times. But if an old tradition of the Parliament-House of Edinburgh may be trusted, it was the following circumstance which occasioned the disuse of the Dempster's office.

It chanced at one time that the office of public executioner was vacant. There was occasion for some one to act as Dempster: and considering the party who generally held the office, it is not wonderful that a *locum tenens* was hard to be found. At length one Hume, who had been sentenced to transportation for an attempt to burn his own house, was induced to consent that he would pronounce the doom on this occasion. But when brought forth to officiate, instead of repeating the doom to the criminal, Mr. Hume addressed himself to their lordships in a bitter complaint of the injustice of his own sentence. It was in vain that he was interrupted and reminded of the purpose for which he had come hither. "I ken what ye want of me weel enough," said the fellow, "ye want me to be your Dempster; but I am come to be none of your Dempster; I am come to summon you, Lord T——, and you, Lord E——, to answer at the bar of another world for the injustice you have done me in this." In short, Hume had only made a pretext of complying with the proposal, in order to have an opportunity of reviling the Judges to their faces, or giving them, in the phrase of his country "a sloan." He was hurried off amid the laughter of the audience; but the indecorous scene which had taken place contributed to the abolition of the office of Dempster. The sentence is now read over by the clerk of the court, and the formality of pronouncing doom altogether omitted.

ABORIGINAL CHARACTER.—As an Indian was straying through a village on the Kennebec, he passed a gentleman standing at his store door, and begged a piece of tobacco. The person stepped back, and selected a generous piece, for which he received a gruff "tank you," and thought no more of the affair. Three or four months afterwards, he was surprised at an Indian coming into the store, and presenting him with a beautiful miniature birch canoe, painted, and furnished with paddles to correspond. On asking the meaning of it, he was told,—"Indian no forget; you give me tobacco—me make this for you." This man's gratitude for a trifling favour, had led him to bestow more labour on his present than would have purchased him many pounds of his favourite fumigatory.—*Boston Paper.*

FEEDING SHEEP IN WINTER.—The winter season being the period in which sheep occupy the turnip ground, it is essential to their comfort, at that inclement season, to study the clearing of the ground, so that, though they may be exposed to boisterous weather while eating on the break, they may have a place of shelter to flee to in case of a storm. This arrangement may not be difficult of accomplishment, when they have the choice of all the cleared ground, as they advance in the consumption of the crop. In the event of a heavy fall of snow, when the turnips will be out of their reach, (a slight fall they soon trample down,) the snow should be cast off the turnips on the cleared part of the ground. Turnips are preserved in a fresh state under snow. In individual cases, the hoofs may grow so irregularly on the soft ground as to cause lameness. It is a safe precaution to examine the hoofs of the flock at short intervals of time and pare away all excrescences. I have no doubt that, were this precaution regularly attended to, the foot-rot would not be so frequently exhibited among flocks in the low country. —*Stephens.*

JAPAN.—It is well known that the Japanese will not hold any intercourse with Europeans, whom they treat like persons infected with the plague. Indeed, it is as much as their lives are worth to approach a foreigner. They are content and happy under the present order of things, and consider a jealous avoidance of all contact with strangers as the surest means to preserve their present state. When Captain Kotzebue visited the island, on his first voyage with Krusenstern, a seven months' residence justified him in asserting, that to know the Japanese was to esteem them—so high was the degree of rational civilization to which they had attained; and this, entirely by their own resources, uninfluenced and unaided by foreign example. He admits that the insulated position in which the island is kept, may also be a consequence of the jealousy entertained by a despotic government, who may feel alarmed at the spread of ideas inimical to its durability.—*Athenæum.*

THE TWO BLOWS.—Cardinal Mazarine was dictating one day a letter to his Secretary. The latter, overcome with incessant work, fell asleep, and the Cardinal continued dictating, while pacing up and down his study. When he had come to the conclusion, he turned towards his Secretary, saying, "End as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter only were written. The Cardinal was very partial to that Secretary, and treated him as a father. To awake him, he gave him a box on the ear, the Secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The Cardinal, without shewing the least emotion, said, coolly, "Now, Sir, as we are both wide awake, let us proceed with our letter."—*The Parrot.*

STANDARD OF THE JANISSARIES.—Odd as it may seem, a *soup-kettle* is the standard of the Janissaries, an emblem rather more appropriate for a court of aldermen. Dr. Walsh says, that he saw in the streets of Constantinople, an extraordinary greasy-looking fellow, dressed in a leathern jacket, covered over with ornaments of tin, bearing in his hand a lash of several leather thongs; he was followed by two men, also fantastically dressed, supporting a pole on their shoulders, from which hung a large copper kettle. They walked through the main streets with an air of great authority, and all the people hastily got out of the way. This he found, on inquiry, was the soup-kettle of a corps of Janissaries, and always held in high respect; indeed, so distinguishing a characteristic of this body is their *soup*, that their colonel is called Techorbadge, or the distributor of soup. Their kettle, therefore, is in fact their standard; and whenever that is brought forward, it is the signal of some desperate enterprize, and in a short time, twenty thousand men have been known to rally round their old insignia of war.

DUCKS.—Water, to *swim* in, is necessary to the old, and *injurious* to the very young. They never should be suffered to swim (if water be near) till *more than a month old*. The old duck will lay in the year, if *well kept*, ten dozen of eggs; and that is her best employment; for common hens are the best mothers. It is not good to let young ducks out in the morning to eat *slugs* and *worms*; for, though they like them, these things kill them if they eat a great quantity. Grass, corn, white cabbages, and lettuces, and especially buckwheat, cut, when half ripe, and flung down in the haulm, make fine ducks. Ducks will feed on garbage, and all sorts of filthy things; but their flesh is *strong* and bad in proportion. They are, in Long Island, fatted upon a coarse sort of *crab*, called a horsefoot fish, prodigious quantities of which are cast on the shores. The young ducks grow very fast upon this, and very fat; but wo to him that has to *smell* them when they come from the spit; and, as for *eating* them, a man must have a stomach indeed to do that! When young, they should be fed upon barleymeal, or *curds*, and kept in a warm place in the night time, and not let out *early* in the morning. They should, if possible, be kept from water to *swim* in. It always does them harm; and, if intended to be sold to be killed *young*, they should never go near ponds, ditches, or streams.—*Cobbett's Cottage Economy.*

EAST INDIA CUSTOMS.—In India, we have no stage coaches, (thank me for the information,) we must travel on horseback in the morning and evening, and I can give you no conception of the mobs of cattle and men which follow a British officer. At Holapore and Barada, I had one head servant, one second, or valet, one gorawalla, or groom, one grass-cutter, one washerman, six baggage carriers, two camels, four ponies, and one charger, besides the orderlies or soldiers allowed by government, and the Palankeen bearers (Doliewallas), who, when not employed to carry the sick, are at the service of the surgeon. At Barada, I had, moreover, one beal, or, in common language, a thief or robber. This interesting gentleman is paid ten rupees a month, and his duty is to engage that none of his caste shall plunder your tent. He is armed with a sword and shield; but that is a farce, because your property is sacred if he snored all night, or was even absent. If you refuse to pay this *black mail*, you will assuredly be robbed. The *meum* and *tuum* has never been a consideration with this class of men, whose profession is to plunder. They are polished in their manners, and are intelligent; and if you fall among them, will treat you with hospitality. I slept a whole night in one of their villages without knowing it. I had nothing but a guide and my horse, for I had sent my baggage and servants forward to the next halt. I was in an open *durum solee*, or *shed* for travellers. In the morning, they brought me milk and fruit, fed my horse, made their salaam, and told me they were *beals!* I could scarcely obtain a glass of water in England without paying for it; blush, ye civilized men! the beals refused whatever I offered them! There is no accounting for the vagaries of the human mind; these gentlemen robbers will sometimes commit the most atrocious crimes with perfect indifference. They would not kill a cow for the world, but they will stab you to the heart without remorse.—*Letter from India.*

PECULIARITIES OF THE PRESS.—The stereotyped phraseology of the press is to us a standing joke—a perpetual and never-to-be-exhausted spring of "rational entertainment." Is there an unusual shower of rain in any village within five hundred miles of London?—of course, its like was not known "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." Does it happen to take place in town instead of the country?—of course, "the metropolis was visited by one of the most awful," &c. Is there a chimney on fire?—of course, "the devouring element" blazes through a long paragraph. Is a straw-bonnet maker's apprentice robbed of her reticule, or exposed to the indignity of having her veil gently thrown back, displaying her beauties to the gaze of the vulgar?—of course, "the deed was perpetrated" either by a "wretch," or a "monster in the human form." Is somebody *acquitted* by the Lord Mayor upon a charge of swindling?—of course, he is a person of very "interesting appearance." Is somebody convicted upon a similar charge?—of course, he is a "suspicious-looking character." Does a gentleman fail to recover, at the hands of a magistrate, a wife who has run away from him fifteen times?—of course, "his feelings may be more easily conceived than described." Do five fools, aged fifty-one years each, happen to meet together at any time on this side of the antipodes?—of course, it is discovered that "their united ages amount to two hundred and fifty-five years." Are people married now-a-days?—no, they are always lead to the "hymeneal altar." Are they hanged?—by no means; they are "launched into eternity." Do rich landowners give their famished tenantry a dinner at Christmas?—it is hailed as a noble specimen of "genuine English hospitality."—*Monthly Magazine.*

OBSERVANCE OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—There is not a single branch of science which does not require some labour and attention; there is not even a mechanical act to which some apprenticeship is not necessary. No naturalist would visit the Alps, with a view to examine the structure of the globe, unless he had devoted some time and study to every object which could mature his judgment, and give validity to his opinions. Yet persons who have passed their lives with books, who have seen human nature in print, or who have not seen it all, go to distant nations, and describe, as universal truths, what they perceive there, under impressions arising from inexperience and astonishment. The usual feeling upon first visiting a foreign country is surprise, the natural attendant upon novelty; and the sentiment is shared not only by the vulgar, but by the enlightened. It is accompanied by pain or pleasure, as the objects seen are in discord or in harmony with the disposition of the observer; but in either case it is generally exaggerated. Every day diminishes the impression; till, at length, the customs which astonished inexperience, are looked upon with as little wonder as those which were left at home. But no condition of mind is more hostile to calm observation than a state of emotion, which magnifies and disfigures truth. On the other hand, again, when habit, which has the power of destroying sensibility to peculiar customs, has diminished the perception of things worthy of attention, much which, when new, excited astonishment, no longer attracts observation.—*Chenevix's Essay on National Character.*

POWERS OF THE FRENCH PRESS.—From the date of the introduction of the art of printing into France, up to the year 1814, the press of that kingdom had attained the power of producing 42,675,039 sheets annually: such was the immense production to which this glorious invention gradually rose in about three centuries and a half! And yet, between 1814 and 1826, which is scarcely more than a *thirtieth part* of the former interval, the increase had become above two-fold; for, in those twelve years, no fewer than 98,886,055 sheets were, on the average, annually printed.

THE POET CRABBE.—The late Rev. George Crabbe died in the 88th year of his age. He was a native of Aldeburgh, where his father held a situation in the Customs. Bred up to the profession of physic, he for some time practised as a surgeon in his native town, but, disliking his profession, he quitted Aldeburgh, and repaired to the metropolis, where he arrived without having formed any particular plan, but where he hoped that the exertion of his talents might enable him to succeed. Whilst in London he obtained an introduction to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, who, struck with the talents he displayed, introduced him to some of the first characters of the age, and among others to the late Duke of Rutland, Lord Thurlow, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Owing to the substantial favour of the former nobleman, he was induced to take orders in 1781. In 1789, after the death of his noble patron, he was presented by Lord Thurlow, on the recommendation of the Duchess Dowager, to the rectories of Muston, in Leicestershire, and of West Allington, in Lincolnshire. In 1814, on the presentation of the present Duke of Rutland, he was instituted to the valuable rectory of Trowbridge. During his first acquaintance with Mr. Burke, and under his immediate auspices, he published his poem, "The Village." After an interval of twenty-two years, he again appeared before the public as the author of the "Parish Register." In 1810, he published "The Borough;" in 1812, "Tales in Verse;" in 1819, "Tales of the Hall,"—works of which the highest excellence is their truth to nature, but nature in her homely garb. In private life Mr. Crabbe was modest, retired and unassuming; feelingly alive to the miseries of his fellow-creatures, he devoted no small portion of his time to their alleviation; and in doing this, united to his ministerial his medical character, and thus rendered himself beloved and useful in a twofold capacity. Mr. Crabbe was married in 1783 to Miss Elmy, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of the late —— Tovell, Esq., of Parham, by whom he has left children.

PRESENCE OF MIND.—During Lord Exmouth's attack on the batteries of Algiers, in 1816, the Algerines used a great number of red-hot shot, particularly in the early part of the action. On board his Majesty's bomb *Infernal*, one of these comfortable articles came in, through Wallis the purser's cabin, in the after cock-pit, and having bundled a shelf full of books on the top of the assistant surgeon, Jones, who was lying in the purser's cot, given over with the Gibraltar fever, it rolled across into the opposite cabin, and was there got into a bucket of water, by the gunner and some others stationed near the spot. This interesting amusement was but just concluded, when the men in the magazine, the door to which was close by, heard a desperate smash among the powder barrels, and were almost covered with a cloud of loose dust and powder, which was thrown all over them. Knowing the business which employed the gunner in the cock-pit, but just the moment before, they naturally enough, in the confusion of the moment, called out to him, "A red-hot shot in the magazine!" and were rushing out of it to circulate wider the same cry, should their new red-hot acquaintance permit them. The ill consequences of this may be easily conceived; the only chance for any one on such an occasion being to jump at once overboard. The gunner in an instant saw that if the cry was false it was folly to spread it, and, if true, it was useless. He flew to the magazine, shoved the fellows back into it, and turned the key on them, and stood there, with his hand on the lock, till he knew all danger must be past; rather a queerish situation, gentle reader! The chaps were afterwards a little laughed at; for, strange to say, we could not find this intruder on their equanimity of temper any where: and many doubted at last if any shot had come into it at all. To be sure there were the broken barrels and the spilled powder in favour of the narrators of the story; but this seemed still not fully to convince; for even the worst of dangers generally get laughed at when they are over, by our happy-go-lucky sons of Neptune. When, however, she came to return her powder into store, after arriving in the Thames, the mystery was solved; it was then found that the said shot had gone through four barrels of powder, and lodged itself very comfortably in the middle of a fifth. The gunner's name was Coombs; and the last time I saw this man, who had shown such an unexampled presence of mind, was in 1824; he was then mending shoes in a solitary room in the back lanes of Deptford, to help out a precarious existence:—"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"—*United Service Journal.*

SPORTS OF INSECTS.—It is not generally known, that some of the smallest insects are discovered to enjoy themselves in sports and amusements, after their ordinary toils, or satiating themselves with food, just as regularly as is the case with many human beings. They run races, wrestle with each other, and, out of fun, carry each other on their backs much in the same manner as boys. These pleasing characteristics of insects, are particularly observable among ants, which are remarkable for their sagacity. Bonnet, a French author, says, he observed a small species of ants, which, in the intervals of their industry, employed themselves in carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his bearer, and embracing it closely with his legs. Gould, another writer on ants, mentions that he has often witnessed these exercises, and says, that in all cases, after being carried a certain length, the ant was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement is often repeated, particularly among the hill ants, who are very fond of this sportive exercise. It was amongst the same species that Huber observed similar proceedings, which he has described with his usual minuteness. "I approached," he says, "one day, to the formicary of wood ants, exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped upon one another in great numbers; and appeared to enjoy the temperature on the surface of the nest. None of them were at work; and the immense multitude of insects presented the appearance of a liquid in the state of ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without difficulty; but when I examined the conduct of each ant, I saw them approach one another, moving their antennæ with astonishing rapidity, while they patted, with a slight movement, the cheeks of other ants. After these preliminary gestures, which resembled caressing, they were observed to raise themselves upright on their hind legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by a mandible, foot, or antennæ, and then immediately relax their hold to recommence the attack. They fastened upon each other's shoulders, or bellies, embraced and overthrew each other, then raised themselves by turns, taking their revenge without producing any serious mischief. They did not spurt out their venom as in their combats, nor retain their opponents with that obstinacy which we observe in their real quarrels. They presently abandoned those which they had first seized, and endeavoured to catch others. I have seen some who were so eager in these exercises, that they pursued several workers in succession, and struggled with them for a few moments, the skirmish only terminating when the least animated, having overthrown his antagonist, succeeded in escaping and hiding in one of the galleries. In one place, two ants appeared to be gamboling about a stalk of grass,—turning alternately, to avoid or seize each other, which brought to my recollection the sport and pastime of young dogs when they rise on their hind legs, attempting to bite, overthrow, and seize each other, without once closing their teeth. To witness these facts, it is necessary to approach the ant hills with much caution, that the ants should have no idea of your presence; if they had, they would cease at the moment their plays or their occupations, would put themselves in a posture of defence, curve up their tails, and eject their venom."

ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote is extracted from a Belgian Journal:—"An individual at Antwerp lately gave a supper to forty poor hunchbacks! He awarded a premium of sixty florins to him whose hunch was the most prominent, and who was also proclaimed king of the feast. Carriages were sent to bring the guests from their residences, and to take them back again when the festivities were concluded. They enjoyed the dance till a late hour in the night, and returned home highly gratified with the kindness and generosity of their landlord."

LADY STAIR'S F[illegible]-Graham of Claverhouse, (commonly pronounced Clavers,) was appointed sheriff of Wigtonshire, in 1682. On one occasion, when this violent persecutor had been inveighing in Lady Stair's presence against our illustrious reformer, she said, "Why are you so severe on the character of John Knox? You are both reformers; he gained his point by *clavers*; you attempt to gain yours by *knocks!*"

ENGLISH SINBAD.—Purchas's Pilgrims comprehends "The admirable and strange adventures of Master Anthony Knyvet who went with Master Cavendish in his second voyage," which for marvels, if not for invention and imagination, may rival the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor. Knyvet wandered from the ship on the coast of Brazil, and was for many years among the "Cannibals." Many is the wonderful escape from death which he makes. In Magellan's Straits, pulling off his stockings one night, all his toes came with them; but this is not so bad as the fortune of one Harris, who, blowing his nose with his fingers, throws it into the fire, and never recovers it again, as Knyvet seems to have done his toes, by the good offices of a surgeon whom Cavendish employed, and who cured with muttering words. In the Straits he saw both giants and pigmies. The foot-marks of the giants at Port Desire were four times the length of an Englishman's foot. In the Straits, their stature was fifteen and sixteen spans long; and, at Port Famine, or San Felipe, the desolate station of the Spanish colony, four or five thousand pigmies, with mouths reaching from ear to ear, were seen at one time whose height was from four to five spans. Some of Knyvet' marvels relate to the singular subject of demoniac possession and satanic influence among the tribes with whom he sojourned. These accounts, and others of the elder voyagers, are not materially different from those which we receive of the South Sea Islanders at the present time, and which, we are assured by Ellis, some of the early missionaries were disposed to believe. On his return to England, Master Knyvet told Purchas, that he once heard an Indian conferring with the spirit which possessed him, and threatening that, if it did not use him better, he would turn Christian; the spirit took the hint and left him.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

USEFUL FAMILY RECEIPT.—To destroy moths, or drive them from cloth, hairy tippets, muffs, &c., the seed of the hibiscus abelmoschus (the vegetable musk seed) should be thinly distributed over the articles, and between the folds of cloth These seeds are highly esteemed by the French perfumers, for their peculiar delicate fragrance. To destroy the vitality of the eggs, which produce the moths, deposited in woollen cloth, hairy tippets, muffs, &c., a weak solution of the oxy-muriate of mercury in the spirit of rosemary, (about half a dram to a pint,) or weak solution of the arseniate of potass in the same spirit (about 15 grains to a pint) is employed by those who prepare the skins of birds and animals for stuffing

THE BANK OF NORWAY.—There is no establishment of the kind in Europe which is better organized than the National Bank of Norway. It is divided into three departments, comprising the *Loan* Bank, the *Cashier's* Department, and the *Deposit* and *Pledge* Bank. It was instituted in the year 1816, and opened with a capital of two millions of species dollars in coin, (about 400,000*l.*,) which were subscribed by the affluent classes throughout the kingdom. The Central Bank is kept at Trondheim, (commonly spelt *Drontheim,*) and branch banks are established in other principal places. Its affairs are conducted by a board of directors who are nominated by the Storthing or Norwegian Diet. The current coins of the country consist of silver pieces of the value of one species dollar, (circa 4*s.*) half a sp. dollar, and a fifth part of a sp. dollar; besides eight shilling pieces, and other smaller silver currency, all of which have been struck at the rate of nine and a half species dollars to the mark of fine silver. Norway, likewise, possesses a paper currency, which consists of bank notes of 100, 50, 10, 5, and even 1 sp. dollar each; and an excellent index to their respective values has been devised, for the purpose of obviating mistakes; they are severally printed on *red*, *green*, *yellow*, *blue*, and *white* paper Had this precedent been adopted in England, the crime of changing notes, from a lower to a higher value, would have been happily unknown to our courts of law. Some idea may be formed of the degree of credit which the National Bank enjoys in Norway, from the single fact that, in the year 1830 no larger a sum than 3040 dollars (600*l.*) was required for paying its notes in silver! The proprietary received, in that year, a dividend of seven per cent.

SPANISH CHARACTER.—In the Spanish Colonies, or in places occupied by the descendants of Spaniards, the treatment of servants of every kind is milder than in most other parts of the world. We must look for an explanation of this fact in the genuine goodness of the Spanish character, which, though overlaid and crushed down by a series of political and moral degradations, is still essentially excellent, and worthy of a far better destiny.—*Captain Basil Hall's Voyages.*

LIST OF MEDICINES FOR DISTEMPER IN DOGS.—Some rely entirely on purgatives; others bleeding and physicking; others on emetics, some put tar upon the nose, others a pitch plaster, and some cauterize the nasals; some inject vinegar into the nose, others hellebore, and others a solution of camphor; some cut off the tail, others the ears; some give tobacco and olive oil, others the golden sulphuret of antimony, the keeper gives the [illegible]urpeth's mineral; the more scientific of these gentry will knock down the disease, and the dog too, with arsenic. The gentleman will give compound tincture of benjamin, the farmer common salt; the medical man sulphuric ether, or emetics and sulphur, or emetics and jalap, or emetics and scammony.—*From a very able Lecture of Mr. Youatt on Distempers.*

PUBLIC LANDS, UNITED STATES. The public, or, as we should call them, the crown lands, of the United States of America, consist almost wholly of territory wrested from the Indians; for seven-eights of it come under this description. Up to the year 1826, the quantity of land purchased was officially reported as amounting to 261,695,427 acres, of which 7,707,085 had been appropriated to the endowment of schools and colleges, and 40,396,382 had been sold for a sum of 10,088,720*l.* sterling; or at the rate of a minute fraction less than five shillings average per acre. The number of acres acquired from the Indians in the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, the Michigan and Arkansas territories, and included in the foregoing statement, was 209,219,865.—*Athenæum.*

GODS OF WAR.—The three colossal cannon which the French captured from the Prussians in the year 1806, have been brought to Paris from Metz. They are three of twelve of the same dimensions, which were called 'the Apostles," and were cast in Brandenburgh in 1665. Independently on the Brandenburgh arms, they bear the effigy of the Elector on foot, and in complete armour. They are to be placed in charge of the *Invalides*, in conjunction with the far famed cannon, "Ehrenbreitstein," which was cast at Treves in 1529; its calibre is one hundred and fifty-four pounds, and it bears the following inscription:—"My name is Grasp, (*grief,*) and if my lord of Treves give the word, I'm ready to crumble towers and walls to powder."

THE SUBTLE JACK.—The wood-cutters and hunters in their out-door and sylvan life became familiar with all the living creatures of these prolific regions, and gave them English names, significant of their habits. They adopted the superstition of the Spaniards against killing the carrion crows which were found so useful in clearing the country of the putrid carcasses of animals. Trains of these birds gathered from all quarters about the hunters, and regularly followed them into the savannahs for their own share of the prey. A bird which they named the *Subtle Jack* was about as big as the pigeons of the Bay of Campeachy. It suspended its nest from the boughs of lofty trees, choosing such as up to a considerable height, were without limbs. The branches selected were those that spread widest; and of these the very extremity was chosen. The nests hung down two or three feet from the twigs, to which they were fastened, and looked like "cabbage-nets stuffed with hay." The thread by which it is suspended, like the nest itself, is made of long grass, ingeniously twisted and interwoven, small at the twig, but thickening as it approaches the nest. On trees that grow singly and apart, the birds build all round; but where the trees stand in proximity to others, the *Subtle Jack* chooses only those that border upon a savannah, pool, or creek; and of these the limbs that stretch over the water or the grass, avoiding such as may be easily approached from neighbouring trees. The nest has a hole at the side for the bird to enter:—"'Tis pretty," says Dampier, "to see twenty or thirty of them hanging round a tree,"—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

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DISCOVERY AND PUNISHMENT OF MURDER BY CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE trials of different malefactors before our higher criminal courts, in recent times, on charges of murder, in which nothing beyond the testimony of what is called *presumptive evidence* could be brought forward, may well induce a more close examination of the law of Scotland on this delicate point. As the preferable evidence of two witnesses, or even one witness, can seldom be obtained in these painful cases, the law allows, as the next best, evidence founded on circumstances, when such circumstances are capable of producing the same, or nearly the same, conviction on the mind as would be produced by direct testimony. In judging by circumstantial evidence, it is the united effect of the whole that is to be taken into view, and which produces conviction on the mind. Many circumstances, which, when taken separately, appear trifling and inconclusive, operate strongly when combined with others; and this combination gives to an apparently minute circumstance an importance which is decisive. Yet, with all this species of reasoning, it is undeniable, that, in many instances, innocent persons have been executed entirely through the force of this concatenation of circumstances, while, doubtless, thousands of actual transgressors have been justly punished on no other grounds of evidence.

As one or two instances are worth a thousand dissertations, I shall present two strong cases, in one of which the real murderer, and, in the other, the supposed murderer, were brought to the gallows The first case, for which only I have room in this number, is that of William Richardson, who was tried at Dumfries, in the spring of 1787—a case remarkably striking in all its circumstances, and particularly so in the way in which the discovery of the prisoner's guilt was made.

In autumn, 1786, a young woman, who lived with her parents in a remote district in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, was one day left alone in the cottage, her parents having gone out to their harvest field. On their return home, a little after mid-day, they found their daughter murdered, with her throat cut in a most shocking manner The circumstances in which she was found, the character of the deceased, and the appearances of the wound, all concurred in excluding any presumption of suicide; while the surgeons who examined the wound were satisfied that it had been inflicted by a sharp instrument, and by a person who must have *held the instrument in his left hand.* On examining the ground about the cottage, there were discovered the footsteps seemingly of a person who had been running hastily from the cottage, and by an indirect road, through a quagmire or bog, in which there were stepping-stones.

It appeared, however, that the person, in his haste and confusion, had slipped his foot and stepped into the mire, by which he must have been wet nearly to the middle of the leg. The prints of the footsteps were accurately measured, and an exact impression taken of them; and it appeared they were those of a person who must have worn shoes, the *soles* of which had been newly mended; and which, as is usual in that part of the country, had iron knobs, or nails, in them. There were discovered also along the track of the footsteps, and, at certain intervals, drops of blood; and on a *stile,* or small gateway, near the cottage, and in the line of the footsteps, some marks resembling those of a hand which had been bloody. Not the slightest suspicion at this time attached to any particular person as the murderer; nor was it even suspected who might be the father of the child of which the girl was found to be pregnant.

At the funeral a number of persons of both sexes attended, and the stewart-depute thought it the fittest opportunity of endeavouring, if possible, to discover the murderer, conceiving rightly, that, to avoid suspicion, whoever he was, he would not, on that occasion, be absent. With this view he called together, after the interment, the whole of the men who were present, being about sixty in number. He caused the shoes of each of them to be taken off and measured; and one of the shoes was found to resemble pretty nearly the impression of the footsteps hard by the cottage. The wearer of this shoe was the *schoolmaster* of the parish, which led immediately to a suspicion that he must have been the father of the child, and had been guilty of the murder to save his character. On a closer examination, however, of the shoe, it was discovered that it was pointed at the toes, whereas the impression of the footstep was rounded at that place The measurement of the rest went on, and, after going through nearly the whole number, one at length was discovered which corresponded exactly to the impression, in dimensions, shape of the foot, form of the sole, apparently newly mended, and the number and position of the knobs The young man to whom the shoe belonged, on being asked where he was the day the deceased was murdered, replied, seemingly without embarrassment, that he had been all that day employed at his master's work—a statement which his master and fellow-servants confirmed. This going so far to remove suspicion, a warrant of commitment was not then granted; but some circumstances occurring a few days thereafter having a tendancy to excite it anew, the young man was apprehended, and lodged in jail. On his examination, he acknowledged he was *left handed;* and some scratches being observed on his cheek, he said he had got them when pulling nuts in a wood a few days before. He still adhered to what he had said, of his having been, on the day of the murder, employed constantly at his master's work, at some distance from the place where the deceased resided. But, in the course of the *precognition,* it turned out that he had been absent from his work about half an hour (the time being distinctly ascertained) in the course of the forenoon of that day—that he had called at a smith's ship, under pretence of wanting something which it did not appear he had any occasion for—that this smith's shop was on the way to the cottage of the deceased. A young girl, who was some hundred yards from the cottage, said, about the time the murder was committed, (and which corresponded to the time that *Richardson* was absent from his fellow-servants), she saw a person exactly with *Richardson's* dress, in appearance, running hastily towards the cottage, but did not see him return, though he might have gone round by a small eminence, which would intercept him from her view, and which was the very track where the footsteps had been traced His fellow-servants now recollected, that, on the forenoon of that day, they were employed with *Richardson* in driving their master's carts, and in passing by a wood, which they named, *Richardson* said that he must run to the smith's shop, and would be back in a short time. He then left his cart under their charge, and they having waited for him about half an hour, which one of the servants ascertained by having at the time looked at his watch, they remarked on his return that he had been much longer absent than he had said he would; to which he replied, that he had stopped in the wood to gather some nuts They observed at this time one of his stockings wet and soiled, as if he had stepped into a puddle, on which they asked him where he had been? He said he had stepped into a marsh, the name of which he mentioned; on which his fellow-servants remarked, that he must have been either drunk or mad if he had stepped into that marsh, as there was a footpath which went along the side of it. It then appeared, by comparing the time he was absent with the distance of the cottage from the place where he had left his fellow-servants that he might have gone there, committed the murder, and returned to them. A search was then made for the stockings he had worn that day They were found concealed in the thatch of the apartment where he slept, appeared to be much soiled, and to have some drops of blood on them. The last he accounted for by saying, first, that his nose had been bleeding some days before; but it being observed that he had worn other stockings on that day, he next said that he had assisted at bleeding a horse when he wore these stockings; but it was proved he had not assisted, but had stood on that occasion at such a distance that none of the blood could have reached him.

On examining the mud or sand upon the stockings, it appeared to correspond precisely with that of the mire or puddle adjoining to the cottage, and which was of a very particular kind, none other of the same kind being found in that neighbourhood. The shoemaker was then discovered who had mended his shoes a short time before, and he spoke distinctly to the shoes of the prisoner, which were exhibited to him, as having been those he had mended It then came out that Richardson had been acquainted with the deceased, who was considered in the county as of weak intellect, and had, on one occasion, been seen with her in a wood, in circumstances that led to a suspicion that he had had criminal conversation with her; and on being gibed with having such connection with one in her situation, he seemed much ashamed, and greatly hurt. It was proved farther, by the person who sat next to him when the shoes were measuring, that he trembled much, and seemed a good deal agitated; and that, in the interval between that time and his being apprehended, he had been advised to fly, but his answer was, "Where can I fly to?" On the other hand, evidence was brought to show that, about the time of the murder, a boat's crew from Ireland had landed on that part of the coast, near to the dwelling of the deceased; and it was said some of that crew might have committed the murder, though their motive for doing so it was difficult to explain, i. not being alleged that robbery was their purpose, or that any thing was missed from the cottages in the neighbourhood. The jury, by a great plurality of voices found him *guilty.*

Before his execution, he confessed he was the murderer, and said it was to hide his shame in having paid attentions to a woman of weak intellect, that he committed the deed. He mentioned also to the clergyman who attended him, where the knife could be found with which he had perpetrated the murder. It was found, accordingly, in the place he described, under a stone in a wall, with marks of blood upon it.

Having thus offered a striking instance of the value of circumstantial evidence, in a subsequent number I shall present one showing the very reverse; after which it may be of use to give some general advice to jurymen on so momentous a subject.

A TALE OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

Never, perhaps, did any city, upon the approach of a foreign enemy, betray such symptoms of consternation and disorder, as did Edinburgh, on the 16th of September, 1745, when it was understood that Prince Charles Edward with his army of Highlanders had reached a village three miles to the westward, unresisted by the civic corps in which the hapless city had placed its last hopes of defence. A regiment of dragoons, which had retreated on the previous day from Stirling, and another which happened to be encamped near Edinburgh, having joined their strengths to that of the town-guard and volunteers, had, that forenoon, marched boldly out of town, with the determined purpose of opposing the rebels, and saving the town; but, after standing very bravely for a few hours at Corstorphine, the spectacle of a single Highlander, who rode up towards them and fired off his pistol, caused the whole of these gallant cavaliers to turn and fly; nor did they stop till they had left Edinburgh itself twenty miles behind. The precipitate flight of regular troops, was the worst possible example for a body of raw, undisciplined citizens, who were too much accustomed to the secure comforts of their firesides, to have any relish for the horrors of an out-of-doors war with the unscrupulous mountaineers. The consequence was, that all retreated in confusion back to the city, where their pusillanimity was the subject of triumphant ridicule to the Jacobite party, and of shame and fear to the rest of the inhabitants.

In their dilemma, as band after band poured through the West Port, and filled the ample area of the Grass-market, the magistrates assembled in their Council Chamber, for the purpose of "wondering what was to be done." The result of their deliberations was, that a full meeting of the inhabitants should be held, in order that they might be enabled to shape their course according to the general opinion. Orders were immediately given to this effect, and, in the course of an hour, they found a respectable assemblage of citizens, prepared, in one of the churches of St. Giles's, to consider the important question of the defensibility of the town.

The appearance of the city, on this dreadful afternoon, was very remarkable, and such as we hope it will never again exhibit. All the streets to the west of St. Giles's were crowded with citizen volunteers, apparently irresolute whether to lay down their arms or to retain them, and whose anxious and crest-fallen looks communicated only despair to the trembling citizens. The sound of hammers was heard at the opening of every lane, and at the bottoms of all important *turnpike* stairs, where workmen were busied in mounting strong doors, studded thickly with nails, moving on immense hinges, and bearing bolts and bars of no ordinary strength,—the well-known rapacious character of the Highlanders, not less than their present hostile purpose, having suggested this feeble attempt at security. The principal street was encumbered with the large, tall, pavilion-roofed family carriages of people of distinction, judges, and officers of the crown, which, after being hastily crammed with their proper burdens of live stock, and laden a-top with as much baggage as they could carry, one after another wheeled off down the High-street, through the Netherbow, and so out of town. A few scattered groups of women, children, and inferior citizens, stood near that old-accustomed meeting place, the Cross, round the tall form of which they seemed to gather, like a Catholic population clinging to a sacred fabric, which they suppose to be endowed with some protecting virtue.

At the ordinary dinner hour, when the streets were, as usual, in a great measure deserted, and while the assemblage of citizens were still deliberating in the New Church aisle, the people of the High Street were thrown into a state of dreadful agitation, by a circumstance which they witnessed from their windows. The accustomed silence of "the hollow hungry hour" was suddenly broken by the clatter of a horse's feet upon the pavement; and, on running to their windows, they were prodigiously alarmed at the sight of one of their anticipated foes riding boldly up the street. Yet this alarm subsided considerably, when they observed that his purpose seemed pacific, and that he was not followed by any companions. The horseman was a youth, apparently about twenty years of age, with a remarkably handsome figure and gallant carriage, which did not fail in their effect upon at least the female part of the beholders. The most robust Highland health was indicated in his fair countenance and athletic form: and, in addition to this, his appearance expressed just enough of polish not to destroy the romantic effect produced by his wild habiliments and striking situation. The tight tartan trews shewed well upon a limb, of which the symmetry was never equalled by David Allan, the national painter, so remarkable for his handsome Highland limbs, and of which the effect, instead of being impaired by the clumsy boot, was improved by the neat brogue, fastened as it was to the foot by sparkling silver buckles. He wore a smart round bonnet, adorned with his family cognizance,—a bunch of ivy,—and from beneath which a profusion of light brown tresses, tied with dark ribbons, flowed, according to the fashion of the time, about half way down his back. He carried a small white flag in his hand, and bore about his person the full set of Highland arms—broadsword, dirk, and two silver-mounted pistols. Many a warm Jacobite heart, male and female, palpitated at sight of his graceful figure, and a considerable crowd of idle admirers, or wonderers, followed him up the broad noble expanse of the High Street.

By this crowd, who soon discovered that his purpose was the delivery of a letter from the Chevalier to the magistrates, he was ushered forward to the opening of a narrow passage, which, in those days, led through a pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, towards the door of Haddo's Hole Church, a passage called in the old Scottish language a stile, which, moreover, was traversed in 1628, by King Charles the First, when he went to open the Scottish Parliament in the High Tolbooth. Here the Highlander dismounted, and after throwing his bridle over the hook at a saddler's door close to the corner of the stile, was led forward into the lobby of the church, from which the hum of active discussion was heard to proceed. On requesting to be introduced to the magistrates, he was informed, by an official wearing their livery, that the church was so very much crowded, that "there would be nae possibility of either getting him in to see the magistrates, or the magistrates out to see him," but that his letter might be handed into them over the heads of the crowd. To this expedient the messenger consented, and accordingly it was immediately put in execution. In a few moments after it had left the keeper's hands, a dead silence seemed to fall upon the company, and, after a renewed tumult and a second silence, those who stood in the lobby heard a voice reading a few words aloud, apparently those of the letter. The voice was, however, interrupted in a few seconds by the clamour of the whole assembled people, who presently rose in confusion, and made a tumultuous rush towards the door. On hearing and observing these alarming symptoms, the city officer, with inconsiderate rashness, thought it his duty to seize the author of so much supposed mischief, and accordingly made a dash at the stranger's collar, calling upon the town guardsmen present to close in upon him and intercept his retreat. But the prompt and energetic Highlander was not to be so betrayed. With a bound like the first movement of the startled deer, he cleared the lobby, and made for his horse. Two dragoons standing without, and who, observing the rush from the door, threw themselves in the stranger's way, were in the same instant felled to the ground; and before any other person could lay hands upon him, the maltreated messenger threw himself upon his horse, drew his sword, and in a transport of rage shouted defiance to all around. Whirling his weapon round his head, he stopped a few seconds amidst the terrified crowd; and then, striking spurs into his horse's sides, rode along the street, still vociferating loud defiances to all the detached military parties which he met. No attempt, however, was made to prevent his escape, or to offer him farther violence. One symptom of offensive warfare alone occurred, and that originated in an accident; for an old guardsman, who was overturned on the causeway by the brush of the passing steed, could not help discharging his redoubted piece; the shot, however, doing no other harm than *winging* a golden peacock, which overhung the window of a fashionable milliner in the fourth flat of the Luckenbooths. After clearing the narrow defile of the Luckenbooths, and getting into the full open street, the Highland cavalier for once turned round, and, with a voice broken by excess of indignation, uttered a thundering malediction against all Edinburgh for its breach of the articles of war, and a challenge to the prettiest man in it who would meet him upon honourable terms. He then galloped briskly down the High Street, still brandishing his broadsword, the people making way for him on all sides, by running down the numerous alleys leading from the street, and terminated his daring exploit, unscathed and undaunted, by passing out at the Netherbow Port, of which the enormous folding doors, like the turnpikes in John Gilpin, flew open at his approach.

It is irrelevant to our purpose to describe the consternation under which the inhabitants of Edinburgh passed the whole of that evening and night, or the real terror which next morning seized them, when they understood that the insurgents were in possession of the town. Moreover, as it would not be proper to encumber our narrative with well-known historical details, we shall also pass over the circumstances in this remarkable civil war which followed upon the capture of the city, and content ourselves with relating the simple events of a love tale, in which the hero just introduced to the notice of our readers acted a conspicuous part.

About a month after the rebels had entered Edinburgh, and while Prince Charles Edward was still fondly lingering in the palace which had sheltered so many of his ancestors, a young gentlewoman named Helen Lindsay, the daughter of a whig writer to the signet in Edinburgh, was one fine October evening taking a solitary walk in the King's Park. The sun had gone down over the Castle, like the fire shell dropping into a devoted fortress, and the lofty edifices of the city presented on the eastern side nothing but dark irregular masses of shade. The Park, which a little before had been crowded with idle and well-dressed people, waiting perhaps for a sight of the Prince, was now deserted by all except a few Highland soldiers, hurrying to or from the camp at Duddingston, and by the young lady above-mentioned, who continued, in spite of the deepening twilight, to saunter about, seeming to await the hour of some assignation. As each single Highland officer or group passed this lady, she contrived to elude their observation by an adroit management of her plaid; and it was not till the gathering darkness rendered her appearance at such a time and place absolutely suspicious, that at length one gallant mountaineer made bold to accost her. "Ah, Helen," he exclaimed, "how delightful am I to find you here!—for I expected you to be waiting at the bottom of the Walk—and thus I see you five minutes sooner than I otherwise would have done!"—"I would rather wait near the Palace than at that fearsome place, at this time o' nicht, William," said the young lady; "for, let me tell you, you have been a great deal later o' comin' than you should have been."—"Pardon me, my angel!" answered the youth; "I have been detained by the Prince till this instant. His Royal Highness has communicated to me no very pleasant intelligence—he is decisive as to our march commencing on the morning after to-morrow, and I am distracted to think of parting with you. How shall I—how can I part with you?"—'Oh! never mind that, Willie," cried the lady in a tone quite different from his, which was highly expressive of a lover's misery; "if your enterprise prove successful, and you do not get your head broken, or beauty spoilt, you shall perhaps be made an Earl, and marry some grand English countess; and I shall then content myself with young Claver the advocate, who has been already so warmly recommended to me by my father, and who would instate me to-morrow, if I choose, as his wedded wife, in the fine house he has just bought in Forrester's Wynd."—"To the devil with that beast!" cried the jealous lover in Gaelic. "Do you think, Helen, that I could ever marry any one but you, even though it were the queen on the throne? But perhaps you are not so very resolute in your love matters, and could transfer your affections from one object to another as easily and as quickly as you could your thoughts, or the glance of your eyes!"—"Ah, Willie, Willie," said the lady still in a jocular tone, "I see you are a complete Hielanter—fiery and irritable. I might have kenned that the first moment I ever saw ye, when ye bravadoed a' Edinburgh because a silly toon-officer tried to touch ye. Wad ye flee up, man, on your ain true love, when she merely jokes ye a wee?"—"Oh, if that be all, Helen," said the youth humbly, "I beg your grace. Yet, methinks, this is no time for merriment, when we are about to part, perhaps for ever. How, dearest Helen, do you contrive to keep up your spirits under such circumstances?"—"Because," said the young lady, "I know that there is no necessity for us parting, at least for some time to come; for I am willing to accompany you, if you will take me, to the very world's end! There's sincerity and true love for you!" Surprised and delighted with this frank offer, the lover strained his mistress passionately to his bosom, and swore to protect her as his lawful wife till the latest moment of his existence. "You shall travel," he said, in my sister, Lady Ogilvie's, carriage, and be one of the first British ladies to attend the Prince's levee in St. James's at Christmas. Our marriage shall be solemnized at the end of the first stage." The project was less than rational; but when was reason any thing to love? Many avowals of mutual attachment passed between the parties, and, after projecting a mode of elopement, they parted—William Douglas taking the road for the camp at Duddingston, and Helen Lindsay hastily returning to the town.

The morning of the 1st of November broke drearily upon Edinburgh, shewing a dull frosty atmosphere, and the ground covered with a thin layer of snow. It was the morning of the march; and here and there throughout the streets stood a few bagpipers, playing a reveillé before the lodgings of the great officers of the clans. One or two chiefs were already marching down the street, preceded by their pipers, and followed by their men, in order to join the army, which was beginning to move from Duddingston. The Highland guard, which had been stationed, ever since the Chevalier's arrival, at the Weigh-house, was now leaving its station, and moving down the Lawnmarket to the merry sound of the bag-pipe, when a strange circumstance occurred.

Just as the word of command had been given to the Weigh-house guard, the sash of the window in the third floor of an adjacent house was pushed up, and immediately after a female figure was observed to issue therefrom, and to descend rapidly along a rope towards the pavement below. The commander of the guard no sooner perceived this than he sprang forwards to the place where the figure was to alight, as if to receive her in his arms; but he did not reach it before the lady, finding the rope too short by several yards, dropped with a slight scream upon the ground, where she lay apparently lifeless. The officer was instantly beside her—and words cannot describe the consternation and sorrow depicted in his face, as he stooped, and with gentle promptitude lifted the unfortunate lady from the ground. She had fainted with the pain of what soon turned out to be a broken limb; and as she lay over the Highlander's arm, her travelling hood, falling back from her head, disclosed a face which, though exquisitely beautiful, was as pale and expres-

tionless as death. A slight murmur at length broke from her lips, and a tinge of red returned to her cheeks as she half articulated the word "William." William Douglas, for it was he, hung over her in silent despair for a few moments, and was only recalled to recollection when his men gathered eagerly and officiously around him, each loudly inquiring of the other the meaning of this strange scene. The noise thus occasioned soon had the effect of bringing all to an understanding; for the father of the lady, in a night cap and morning gown, was first observed to cast a hurried glance over the still open window above, and was soon after in the midst of the group, calling loudly and distractedly for his daughter, and exclaiming loudly against the person in whose arms he found her, for having attempted to rob him of his natural property. Douglas bethought himself for a moment, and calling upon his men to close all round him and the lady, began to move away with his beloved burden, while the old gentleman loaded the air with his cries, and struggled forward with the vain intention of rescuing his daughter. The lover might soon have succeeded in his wishes, by ordering the remonstrant to be withheld, and taken home by his men; but he speedily found that to take away his mistress in her present condition, and without the means of immediately relieving her, would be the height of cruelty; and he therefore felt himself reluctantly compelled to resign her to the charge of her parent, even at the risk of losing her for ever. Old Mr. Lindsay, overjoyed at this resolution, offered to take his daughter into his own arms, and transport her back to the house; but Douglas, heeding not his proposal, and apparently anxious to retain his mistress as long as he could, saved him this trouble by slowly and mournfully retracing his steps, and carrying her up stairs to her bedchamber—his company meanwhile remaining below. He there discovered that Helen had been locked up by her father, who had found reason to suspect her intention of eloping, and that this was what occasioned her departure from the mode of escape previously agreed upon. After depositing her still inanimate person carefully on a bed, he turned for a moment towards her father, told him fiercely that if he exercised any cruelty upon her in consequence of what had taken place, he should dearly rue it; and then, after taking another silent, lingering, farewell look of his mistress, left the house in order to continue his march.

After this, another and longer interval occurs between the incidents of our tale; and this may perhaps be profitably employed in illustrating a few of the circumstances already laid partially before the reader. William Douglas was a younger son of Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, the celebrated antiquary, and had been bred to the profession of a writer, or attorney, under the auspices of a master of good practice in Aberdeen. Being, however, a youth of sanguine temperament and romantic spirit, he did not hesitate a moment, on hearing of the landing of the Chevalier, to break his apprenticeship, just on the point of expiring, and set off to rank himself under the banners of him whom he conceived entitled to the duty and assistance of all true Scotsmen. In consideration of his birth, and his connection with some of the very highest leaders in the enterprise, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Prince, in which capacity he had been employed to communicate with the city in the manner already described. As he rode up the High Street, and, more than that, as he rode down again, he had been seen and admired by Helen Lindsay, who happened to be then in the house of a friend near the scene of his exploit. Soon after the Highland army had taken possession of the city, they had met at the house of a Jacobite aunt of the young lady, and a passion of the tenderest nature then took place between them. To her father, who was her only surviving parent, this was quite unknown till the day before the departure of the Highlanders, when some circumstances having roused his suspicions, he thought it necessary to lock her up in her own room, without, however, securing the window—that part of a house, so useful and so interesting above all others to youthful lovers, the chink of Pyramus and Thisbe not excepted. It only remains to be stated, that, though the young lady recovered from the effects of her fall in a few weeks, she did not so soon recover from her disappointment, and she was doomed to experience a still greater affliction in the strange look with which she was afterwards regarded by her father and all her own acquaintance.

William Douglas performed an active part in all the scenes of the rebellion, and finally escaped the perils of Culloden almost without a wound. He fled to his father's house, where he was received joyfully, and concealed for upwards of a twelvemonth, till the search of the royal troops was no longer dangerous. His father frequently entreated him to go abroad, but he would not consent to such a measure; and at last, it being understood that government had passed an "act of oblivion" in regard of the surviving rebels, he ventured gradually and cautiously to appear again in society. All this time he had never communicated with Helen Lindsay; but his thoughts had often, in the solitude of his place of hiding, turned anxiously and fondly towards her. At length, to the surprise of his father, he one day expressed his desire of going to Edinburgh, and setting up there as a writer,—the profession to which he had been educated, and for which he could easily complete his qualifications. Sir Robert was by no means averse to his commencing business, but expressed his fears for the safety of his son's person in so conspicuous a situation in the capital, where the eyes of justice were constantly wide open, and where he would certainly meet with the most disagreeable recognitions. The lover overruled all these obstructions, by asking the old gentleman whether he would wish to see his son perish in the West Indies, or become a respectable and pacific member of society in his own country; and it was speedily arranged that both should set out for Edinburgh, in order to put the youth's purpose in execution, so soon as he should procure his indenture from his late master. In this no difficulty was experienced; and in a few weeks the old baronet set forth, accompanied by his son on horseback towards the city which contained all the latter held dear on earth.

On arriving at an inn in the Canongate, the first thing Sir Robert did was to send a card to his cousin, the Earl of ——, informing his Lordship of his arrival, and begging his company that evening at his hotel. The Earl soon made his appearance, heartily welcomed the old gentleman to Edinburgh, and was introduced to young William. His Lordship was sorry, however, that he could not stay long with them, as Lady —— was to have a ball that evening, where his presence, was, of course, indispensable. He begged, however, to have the pleasure of *their* company at his house so soon as they could dress, when he would endeavour to entertain them, and, moreover, introduce his young kinsman to the chief beauties of Edinburgh. When he was gone, Sir Robert, alarmed at the idea of his son entering at once into an assemblage where many would remember his face, attempted to dissuade him for attending the ball, and offered to remain all the evening with him in the inn. But William insisted upon going, holding all danger light, and representing to his father, that, even though he were *recognized*, no one, even an enemy, would think of *discovering* him, that being generally held as a sin of the deepest dye. The truth was, that the Earl's mention of *beauties* put him in mind of Miss Lindsay, and inspired him with a notion that she would be of the party, and that he might have an opportunity of renewing his acquaintance with her, which he could not easily procure otherwise. Both, therefore, prepared themselves for the ball, and, in a short time, set off in two chairs for Gray's Close, in which the Earl's house was situated.

That fine old spacious alley was found to be, on the present occasion, as splendid as it was possible for any close in Auld Reekie to be, under the double advantages of fashion and festivity. Two livery men stood at the head with torches and served as a beacon to mark to the gathering company the entrance of the strait into which they had to steer their way. Between the head of the lane and the vestibule of his Lordship's house, other servants were planted with torches, so as to form an avenue of lights, along which the guests were ushered. All the guests, as they successively arrived, were announced at the head of the stair by a servant,—a custom recently adopted from London, and of little service in Edinburgh, where all people knew each other by sight. It served, however, on the present occasion, to procure for Sir Robert and his son, immediately on their entering the room, a general and instantaneous attention, which they would rather have dispensed with, and upon which they had not calculated. Both gentlemen were personally presented by their kinsman, the Earl, to many persons of distinction of both sexes, among whom Sir Robert, (though he had been for twenty years estranged in a great measure from society, in the prosecution of his studies, and the management of his gout), soon recognised, and entered into conversation with, some old friends, while his son set himself to observe if Miss Lindsey was in the room. She was not present; but as company continued still to arrive, he entertained hopes that she would yet make her appearance. Disengaging himself, therefore, from his father, he withdrew to a corner of the room, where he might see, without being easily perceived by any person entering; and there, in silence and abstraction, he awaited her probable arrival. Some minutes had elapsed after the last announcement, and, in the idea that all were assembled, the Earl had stood up at the head of a long double line of powdered beaux, and ladies with enormous hoops and high head-dresses, in order to lead off the first dance, when William Douglas heard the name of Mr. and Miss Lindsay proclaimed at the head of the stair, and presently after saw an old precise-looking gentleman lead into the room the elegant figure of his long-lost mistress. He saw no more for some time; for, while his blood rushed upwards to the heart in tumultuous tide, a dimness came over his eyes, and obscured even the brilliant chandeliers that hung over the company. On recovering his powers of observation, the dance was done, and the floor cleared of its revellers, who now sat all round in full view. Some of the ladies were fanning themselves vehemently with their large Indian fans; others were listening, with head awry, to the compliments of their partners; not a few were talking and coquetting with the gentlemen near them, and a great portion were sitting demurely and stiffly in groups, like hedge-row elms, under the awful patronage of their mothers or protectresses: all were companionable and looked happy, except one—a silent and solitary one, who, less attractively dressed than any of the rest, yet more beautiful than them all, sat pensively apart from the throng, apparently taking little interest in what was going on. Douglas needed no one to inform him that this was Helen Lindsay, though she was very different from the vivacious, sparkling girl she had been eighteen months before. He was shocked at the change he observed, and hastened to discover the cause, by inquiring of a silly-looking young man near him who she was. "Oh! that is Miss Lindsay," quoth the youth, who was no other than her ancient admirer, Claver, "said to be the prettiest girl in Edinburgh, though Miss Pringle for my money—her you see with a flame-coloured sack, sitting next to the Lord Justice Clerk. To be sure, Miss Lindsay is not what she has been; I was once thought in love with her, (here he simpered,) but she was one morning found on the tramp with a rebel officer, who is said to have been hanged, and she has never since then held up her head as she used to do; for, indeed, let me tell you, some of our great dames here affect to hold up their noses at her adventures; so that, what with a lippit character, and a hanged sweetheart, you see she looks somewhat dismal on it." Douglas durst make no farther inquiries, but shrunk back in the seclusion and concealment afforded by a corner of the room, from whence he continued for some time longer to watch his unhappy mistress, his father, in the meantime, completely taken off his hands by a spectacled old maiden of quality, who had engaged him in a genealogical disquisition. By watching his opportunities, he contrived to place himself almost close beside his mistress, without being observed, and, gradually making still nearer approaches, he had, at last, the happiness of finding himself upon the very next seat to her's. Whatever change disappointment and woe had wrought in her, it did not amount to a fourth of that which William had achieved in himself by a change of clothes, and taming down, to the expression of domestic life, a visage which had shewed somewhat fierce and soldierly in the days of his acquaintance with Miss Lindsay. Instead of his former gallant and robust air, he was now pale and elegant; and though his eye still retained some of its fire, and his lip its wonted curve, the general change was such, and, moreover, the circumstances under which he was now seen were so different from those which surrounded and characterised him, that before any but a lover's eye, he might have passed without recognition. As the case was, Miss Lindsay discovered him at the first glance, and with difficulty suppressing a scream, had nearly fainted with excessive emotion. In the words of Scotland's national poet,—

> She gazed, she redden'd like a rose,
> Syne pale as ony lily.

But she expressed no farther emotion. With presence of mind which was not singular in those times of danger, she instantly recovered her tranquillity, though her eyes could not but express that she half-believed herself to be in the presence of a being out of this world. One affectionate look from William sufficed to put her alarm on that score to rest; but she continued to feel the utmost apprehension respecting his safety, as well as a multitude of other confused emotions which fast awakened in her heart, as from his imaginary grave where they had long been buried, and thronged tumultuously through her breast. A few words, heard by no ears but her's, stealing under cover of the noise made by the music and the dancers, like the rill under a load of snow, conveyed to her the delightful intelligence that he was still alive and her lover, and that he was come thus late, when the days of peril seemed past, and under happier auspices than before, to claim her affections. When the dancers next arose upon the floor he respectfully presented his hand, and led her, nothing loth, into the midst of the splendid assemblage, where Lord ——, bustling about as master of the ceremonies, assigned them an honourable place, in spite of the surprised looks and reprobatory winks of not a few matrons as well as young ladies. The handsome and well-matched pair acquitted themselves to the admiration of the whole assemblage, except the censorious and the envious; and when they sat down together upon the same seats from which they had risen, the speculation excited among the whole throng by the unexpected appearance of such a pair, was beyond all precedent in the annals of gossip.

Not long after, supper was announced, and the company left the dancing-room in order to go down stairs to the apartment where that meal was laid out. A ludicrous circumstance now occurred, which we shall relate, rather because it formed a part of the story, as told by our informant, than from any connection it has with the main incident.

Sir Robert had all this time been so earnestly engaged in the genealogical discussion alluded to, that, interesting as the word supper always is on such occasions to those not given to dancing alone, he did not hear it. It was not till all were gone that he and the old spectacled lady discovered at what stage of the proceedings they were arrived. Recollecting his old-fashioned politeness, however, in proper time the venerable antiquary made his *congé*, and offered his hand to the tall, stiff, and rigid-looking dame, in order to escort her, *more majorum*, down stairs. Sir Robert was a man somewhat of the shortest, and, moreover, of the fattest, while a gouty foot, carefully swaddled, gave an infirm and tottering air to his whole person. As they moved along, the two antiques would have reminded one of Sancho Panza leading the distressed old spectacled duenna through the dark labyrinths of the Duke's castle. Thus they went along the room, down the Earl's narrow spiral stair, and though an ill-lighted passage, he cringing and limping, as gouty men are wont, and she sailing along, erect and dignified, after the manner of an old maid of 1750, who had seen good company at the Hunters' Balls in Holyrood House. Now, it so happened, that a servant, or, as some editions have it, a baker, had set down a small fruit pasty, contained in an oval dish, in a dark corner of the passage, intending immediately to return from the supper-room, to which he had carried some other dishes in order to rescue it from that dangerous situation,—to which, indeed, he had been compelled to consign it, on finding that his hands were already over-engaged. Before he returned, as ill luck would have it, Sir Robert's gouty and clouty foot alighted full in the middle of the pasty, and stuck in it up to the ancle—perfectly unconscious, however, in its swaddlings, of having so shod itself, so that the good Baronet walked on with it into the room. What was his surprise, and what the mirth of the company, and what the indignation of the old duenna, on finding that she shared in the ridicule of her esquire, may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. Suffice it to say, that the whole assemblage were so delighted with the amusing incident, that not one face exhibited any thing of gloom during the subsequent part of the evening; and even the young ladies were tempted to forget and forgive the good fortune of Miss Lindsay, in having, to all appearance, so completely secured a first-rate lover.

Our tale now draws to a conclusion, and may be summed up in a few words. William Douglas soon settled in business as a writer to the signet, and found no obstacle on the part of either his parent or his mistress in uniting himself to that amiable young lady. It was known to a few, and suspected by more, that, under the decent habit he now wore, was concealed the very person who knocked down two of Gardner's dragoons in the Luckenbooths, and braved all Edinburgh to single combat. But he was never molested on this account; and he therefore continued to practise in the Court of Session for upwards of half a century, with the success and with the credit of a respectable citizen.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

Having, in the first article on this subject, mentioned that the earliest specimens of printing which have been discovered, consist in the stamped marks on the bricks and tiles used in building the city and tower of Babel, and which may be dated 2200 years before Christ, I now proceed to detail the various stages of improvement in this noble art. Before, however, leaving this early branch of the subject, I may notice, that a number of the stamped clay materials of Babel are still preserved in the repositories of antiquity. It is remarked, that they generally differ in shape and appearance, and that the letters, or words, which are in an ancient character, seem to have been stamped by the hand by moveable blocks. In Trinity College, Cambridge, some curious specimens are preserved, one of which is a round piece of clay, seven inches in height, and three inches in thickness at the ends, resembling a barrel, or a lady's ball of thread in shape, being thickest at the middle. This interesting relic—this Chaldean book—is entirely covered with lines of letters and words running from the one end to the other; from its portable character, it may be called a *pocket volume*, and one which cannot be less than 4000 years old. The greatest possible care is taken of this precious relict of antiquity. It is mounted on a marble pedestal, covered with a glass case secured by an iron bracket, and so contrived that the curious inspector may cause it to revolve on its marble base. It appears to have been printed by two moulds, and at the middle of the circumference a small blank space has been left, in case, as it is supposed, room should be required for a portion of the clay to escape in the action of compression.

Next to these extremely ancient stamped bricks, in point of interest and antiquity, are the specimens now shewn of the earliest engraving of letters on stone. It has been signified by various writers, that Cadmus, a Phœnician, who lived 1500 years before Christ, at a period contemporary with Moses, and who has been esteemed the builder of the city of Thebes, was the first who taught the Greeks the use of alphabetic symbols, an art he most likely learned from the Hebrews. The most ancient specimen of an engraved inscription now known to be extant, is the Sigean Inscription, so called from having been disinterred upon a promontory named *Sigeum*, situate near the ancient city of Troy in Greece. It is engraved on a pillar of beautifully white marble, nine feet high, two feet broad, and eight inches thick, and which, from the inscription, served as the pedestal for the heathen god Hermocrates. The letters used in this inscription are the capitals of the Grecian language, though rudely cut, but read from right to left like the Hebrew. This specimen of engraving must be about 3000 years old.

Another not less interesting relict of the earliest stage of printing is found in a Roman signet ring, or stamp, approaching in character to that species of stamp now used by the Post Office on letters. At present it is preserved in the British Museum. This is the very earliest specimen we possess of printing by means of ink or a similar substance. The stamp is cut in brass, being about two inches long, by about four-fifths of an inch in width. To the back of it is attached a ring, apparently for the purpose of its being worn on the finger, or to serve as a handle. The inscription is in two lines, and the letters are Roman capitals, reversed. The impression given is as follows:—

HERMIAE. S. N.
C. I. CAECILI.

which signifies *Caius Julius Cæcilius Hermias*, a person not mentioned in Roman history, and therefore supposed to have been a functionary of some Roman officer, or private steward, and who, perhaps, used the stamp to save himself the trouble of writing his name. A not very dissimilar stamp in the Greek character is in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

It will be perceived, that, however curious these relics of literature may be, they do not bear any connection with the art of printing books. The origin of this invention seems to be quite independent of a preceding knowledge of impressing by means of stamps. What is, however, worthy of remark, the art of printing books, though on a rude principle, was known and in use among the Chinese at least fourteen hundred years before it was invented in Europe. The printing of the Chinese has never resembled any thing of the kind in this country. From the first, it has been conducted without moveable types. Each page has been, and continues to be, a block or cut stamp, which is thus useful only for one subject, so that every book must have its own blocks. No press is used. The paper being thin, when laid on the block, receives the impression by being smoothed over with a brush. There is reason to infer that the art of printing, as thus practised by the Chinese, may have originated through a knowledge of the still more ancient Chaldean mode of printing by blocks on clay.

To be continued.

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH DRAMA.

The drama in France, as well as in our own country, seems at present rather at a discount. Nor is this to be wondered at; for, independently of the fact, that for some time past, nothing *very* brilliant or striking in that department has appeared, the real drama of life which has been exhibited there for the last twelve months, so far exceeds, in variety and intensity of interest, any thing which the mimic representations of the stage could offer;—its scenes have been so much more striking, its changes so much more unexpected, and its *denouement* is yet so impenetrable, that reality seems suddenly to have assumed the romance and mystery of the stage, and the stage itself to have become the last representation of the sobriety, and even tenor, which used to be the attributes of common life.

The dramatic talent of the day, such as it is, our readers are probably aware, has latterly taken the direction of illustrating the early history of France. The modern dramatists are busily employed in exploring a mine, which, in this country, is pretty well worked out, endeavouring to do for their country, what Shakespeare has done for the civil wars of England, and Scott for the times of chivalry, though in a spirit abundantly different from either of their prototypes. Shakespeare, conversant with every form of life, and, therefore, tolerant of all opinions, has no theory to favour—no peculiar views of society and polity to enforce or assail. Good and evil, virtue and vice, happiness and misery, are to him necessary fragments of one grand picture; in the darkest scenes of bloodshed and strife, through which he moves, he sees some gleam of humanity enlightening the gloom; in the sunniest spots of life, some lurking and melancholy shadows; while, even amidst the tempest and the whirlwind of warring passions, there are pauses in which, ever and anon, are heard the still, small whispers of serenity and peace. This versatility of mind in Shakespeare, which enables him, like the universal sun, to look placidly on all things, was favoured by the character of the period in which he lived. Those were the days of action, not of thought. The great questions which have since divided, and are now agitating the world, slept unheard of in the womb of time. Opinions had not assumed consistency or form, far less arrayed themselves in hostile opposition to each other. The strong prejudices and clashing opinions of later centuries had not taught men to view the past through a distorting or a partial medium, or to seek in the fictitious representations of former days a vehicle by which their opinions on questions of government, or morals, might be insinuated, or the prevailing views and passions of the day flattered or confirmed.

Those days of indifference, however, are gone by. The great questions which were unheard of in the sixteenth century have since been proposed and discussed with vehemence by divided senates and contending armies. Our great novelist views the past with a kindly feeling, because a reverence for antiquity in all things is one of those principles which he carries into the actual business and duties of life. Thus he spreads a glow over all his pictures of former days, brings forward into sunshine the splendours of the tilt-yard and the banquet, while he hides "the loop-hole grates where captives weep;" and dilates with complacency on individual instances of the bravery, courtesy, loyalty and constant service of the antique world, while he passes over its too general selfishness, misery, and crime.

The very opposite view, and one at least as exaggerated, is taken, as might be expected, by the modern dramatists of France, who, while they have borrowed from Sir Walter Scott the hint of dressing up for modern purposes their ancient annals, have treated him much in the same way as Caliban does Prospero, after he has bestowed on him the gift of language,—they turn his materials against himself, and use them only to degrade that state of society, which he has painted in colours so seductive. This, then, is the leading fault of the modern French dramatists, in their sketching from the earlier annals of France,—the colour is too uniformly sombre and gloomy.

The editor of the Journal has extracted the above judicious observations from an able article in the *Foreign Quarterly Review for January*, 1832, a work which may be esteemed as one of the best and least somnolent of the quarterly periodicals. He may be permitted the concluding remark, that the decline of the drama in Britain, where it is more sensibly observed than on the Continent, has doubtless been effected by the almost total want of sympathy which prevails betwixt the minds and actions of the people generally, and those illustrated on the stage, where life is uniformly painted in false or illusive colours, or in a fantastic form. To the exceedingly imperfect admonitions and amusements of the drama have succeeded, it is to be hoped, a more rational mode of instruction in morals, and a more innocent order of entertainments.

DAMASCUS.

J. S. Buckingham, whose enterprising travels in divers eastern countries are well known, and esteemed for the valuable and correct information which they afford, both as regards the most interesting relics of antiquity, and the mercantile character and capacities of various half-civilized nations, presents the following view of the trade and other peculiarities of the city of Damascus, in his travels among the Arab tribes, which will be appreciated by intelligent inquirers after facts of this useful nature:

"The narrowest streets of Damascus are wider than the generality of those at Cairo, and will conveniently admit of a laden camel marching in the centre, with room for a foot passenger to move in safety on each side. The greater number of the streets, indeed, would allow two laden camels to pass each other without incommoding those on foot; and many are as wide as the great street by which we first traversed Damascus, on entering it from the southward, as before described. The bazaars are appropriated each to the sale of its separate class of articles, which is usual, indeed, throughout the Turkish dominions. Those in which the more valuable commodities are vended, are generally roofed in, with apertures left to admit light and air, by which means they are kept warm and dry in winter, and shady and cool in summer,—considerations of importance to places so constantly thronged as are these resorts of purchase and sale. The bazaars appeared to us to be all well furnished with the articles of commerce in general requisition here, and the traders seemed to be more wealthy and respectable than the same class of persons in Egypt. The shops are seldom opened before ten o'clock in the forenoon, and rarely continue open longer than two o'clock in the afternoon making their period of business, therefore, only four hours in the day. The persons who attend in them to serve the customers, under the eye of the master, are well dressed, obliging, and polite; and generally succeed, by their complimentary mode of address and agreeable manners, in inducing their visitors to purchase more of them than they at first intended. On the whole, there is perhaps no part of a modern Turkish or Arabian city, where the pictures of the Arabian tales pass so frequently and completely before the view as in a crowded bazaar; and to an observant spectator, it is one of the most agreeable and entertaining rambles that he can take.

"In Damascus, all kinds of Indian commodities—but particularly spices, cotton manufactures, coarse and fine muslins, chintzes, and gold stuffs—are in great demand, and considerable quantities of them are sold at high prices. These come from India by the Persian Gulf, Bussora, Bagdad, and Aleppo, and are consequently burdened with all the heavy expenses of land carriage through such a circuitous route. It is here, among other great cities of the Levant, including Constantinople, Smyrna, and the whole of Asia Minor, that a vast field would be found for the consumption of Indian commodities, if they could be brought to their respective markets at a less cost, and rendered available to all classes, instead of being confined, as they now are by their heavy prices, to the opulent only.

"The few manufactures of England that have yet found their way into the bazaars of Damascus, are much sought after, and held in very high esteem, particularly light woollen clothes of gay colours, printed cottons and chintzes, and silk and cotton shawls made in imitation of those of Cashmere. As these are not imported direct from England to Syria, but come through the markets of Malta, Smyrna, the Greek Islands, and Alexandria, at each of which places the prices become enhanced by new charges, they sell here at exorbitantly high rates, and would very handsomely repay the adventurer of a small ship freighted with such a cargo, to be landed at some port on the coast. To these, however, might be added a considerable number of other articles, which, from the cheap rate at which they could be furnished from England, would only need be known, to be in great demand.

"The great supply of wearing apparel for the fashionable persons of both sexes at Damascus, is brought from Constantinople, ready made. These are mostly new, but a large quantity of clothes that have been previously worn, are also brought from the Turkish capital for the bazaars of this city, and distributed indeed over the greater part of the empire.

"Among other various manufactures to be found in the bazaars of Damascus are very superb caparisons for horses, of which the Turks, and indeed all the eastern nations, are extremely fond. The best of these are considered to be made in Roomeleea, by which the people here generally understand European Turkey; a number of fine bridles, martingales, and silver and embossed breast pieces, come also from Persia. The fire-arms are chiefly of French and German manufacture, but got up in a more highly ornamented style than would be pleasing to European taste, being expressly prepared for this market. Those who are the most choice, however, in the selection of their arms, prefer to have the barrels of their muskets and pistols made of the old wavy iron found in the ancient sword-blades of the country, with French or German ornaments, but with English locks. The sabre blades are almost all of the old Persian or Damascus manufacture, the art of making them being no longer known or practised in this city.

"The silk seen in the bazaars of Damascus is principally of Chinese and Indian manufacture; the furs come from Russia, Georgia, Circassia, and Armenia; the velvets from Italy; copper from Asia Minor; lead, tin, and iron from England, through Smyrna, and various other articles of an inferior kind from Germany and France. The domestic manufactures of Damascus are very few, and consist chiefly in silk stuffs, plain, coloured, and embroidered with gold; fabrics of plain cotton, and cotton and silk mixed, all for home consumption, and mostly of broad striped or wavy patterns for the caftans of the Turkish dress. They are as well made as they could be of the same materials in any part of Europe, England and France, perhaps, excepted; and, as far as I could learn, the manufactory was neither slow, intricate, nor expensive. They are worn by persons of the highest rank in the city, while their moderate price and great durability render them also in great request among the middle ranks of society. Besides the roofed bazaars, in which the articles enumerated are generally found, there are also open bazaars in which household furniture and wearing apparel, both old and new, are sold by public auction. On each side of these bazaars are always a number of brokers and other purchasers seated on benches that range along the street, who smoke their pipes and take their coffee as if their only object in assembling was ease and pleasure. The auctioneer, who is also the crier, takes the article to be sold, and elevating it in his arms, when portable, walks along the whole of the range, repeating the last offer in a loud voice; and as he goes only once the length of the bazaar with each article, the highest price offered during his walk is the one at which it must be sold. The sale is not so expeditious as by the method pursued in Europe; but it is more advantageous to the owner of the goods, from the increased probability of obtaining good prices; and this, indeed, is evinced by the fact that articles are seldom or ever sold for half their market price, as is the case in many of the hurried auctions in England."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR. ALEXANDER MURRAY—*concluded.*

"About Whitsunday, 1791," continues Dr. Murray, "I returned to school, able to read Eutropius, Ovid, Cæsar, and Ruddiman's Grammar, in an intelligent, but not very correct style. I certainly knew a great deal of words and matters, but my prosody was bad, and my English not fluent nor elegant. I found the young class reading Ovid and Cæsar, and afterwards Virgil. I laughed at the difficulty with which they prepared their lessons, and often obliged them, by reading them over, to assist the work of preparation. My kind master never proposed that I should join them. He knew, indeed, that my time at school was uncertain; and he not only remitted a great part of my fees, but allowed me to read any book which I pleased. I studied his humour, and listened to his stories about his college life, in the University of Aberdeen, where he had been regularly bred, and where he had been the class-fellow of Dr. Beattie.

"I found my school fellow, Robert Cooper, reading Livy, the Greek Grammar, and the Greek New Testament. A few days before going to school this season, I had formed an acquaintance with John Hunter, a miner, under Mr. George Mure, and who lived in the High Row of the Miner's Village, at Mr. Heron's lead-mines. This man and his family had come from Lead-hills. He shewed me many civilities, and gave me use of the following books, that had belonged to a brother of his, then deceased:—Luciana, Dialogi, cum Tabula Cebetis, Greek and Latin; a Greek New Testament; Homer's Iliad, Greek and Latin, in two small volumes; Buchanani Historia Rerum Gest. Scoticarum; and Buchanani Opera Poetica. The first portion of my wages had gone to Dumfries or Edinburgh, to buy Moore's Greek Grammar and Schrevelii Lexicon. I got the Grammar, but I forget how I obtained the Lexicon. My master allowed me to pass over Cæsar, Ovid, Virgil, and Sallust, of which last, however, I borrowed copies, and read them privately, or at times with the young class. Dr. George Mure was one of the young class, and my intimate friend. After I had read my own lessons, I almost always read along with him his lesson in Virgil and Sallust. But Mr. Cramond permitted me to read Livy along with Robert Cooper, and Buchanan's History by myself. Robert Cooper was indolent, and I was proud to see that I had overtaken him, and could repeat Greek Grammar, and read Greek in the New Testament with more ease He was given to *taw*, but I joined in no sports, but sat all day in the school. My amusement consisted in reading books of history and poetry, brought to school by the other scholars. At home I attacked Homer, and attempted to translate him by the help of the Latin translation. In June, 1791, we were allowed to read a daily lessson in the first book and volume of the Iliad, which we prepared in the school. But I kept the second volume at home, and pored on it, till I fairly became, in an incorrect way, master of the sense, and was delighted with it. I remember that the fate of Hector and Sarpedon, affected me greatly. And no sensation was ever more lively than what I felt on first reading the passage which declares that 'Jupiter rained drops of blood on the ground, in honour of his son Sarpedon, who was to fall far from his country.' My practice was to lay down a new and difficult book, after it had wearied me; to take up another—then a third—and to resume this rotation freqently and laboriously. I always strove to seize the sense; but when I supposed that I had succeeded, I did not weary myself with analyzing *every* sentence. About that time, I formed a sort of axiom, that *every* language must have a certain number of words, and that, in learning a language, the student is not master of it till he have seen all these. I therefore always liked to turn over dictionaries as well as to read authors.

"In July, 1791, I found my Greek knowledge increase. I began to translate sentences into Greek, by help of certain phrases at the end of Schrevelius And so far as I remember, I, during that summer or autumn, attempted to introduce myself to your notice, by letters in Greek and Latin. The Greek one was short, and, no doubt, very inaccurate likewise, but less exceptionable. From that time you began to give me the use of books, and good advice as to my future behaviour and studies, which, in my situation, were very desirable. I had from you the loan of Longinus—the Œdipus Tyrannus—a volume of Cicero's Orations, which I read with great delight—and some others. All that summer and harvest were devoted to hard and continued reading, which was not limited to words in Greek and Latin, but extended to the history and poetry in the several books. I carried Homer in my pocket abroad, and studied him with great diligence.

I had long possessed the Hebrew letters, and knew the meanings of many words. I was now determined to learn that language. I sent for a Hebrew Grammar to Edinburgh, by the man who rode post. He brought me Robertson's Grammar, and the first edition of that book, which contains the Arabic alphabet in the last leaf. Mr. Cramond, to whom I shewed it, in September, 1791, at the time when I received it, informed me, that he once was able to read Hebrew, but that he had now forgotten it entirely. I had for a long time known the Alphabet; I found the Latin easy and intelligible; I soon mastered the *points*; and, in the course of a month, got into the whole system of Jewish grammar. On an accidental visit to New Galloway, I was told by John Heron, a cousin of mine, and father to Robert Heron, author of several works, that he could give me a small old Lexicon belonging to his son. This present was to me astonishingly agreeable It contained, besides, the words and their Latin interpretations, the book of Ruth in the original When I came home, some person informed me, that a relation of Mr Wilson's, in Auchinleck, then living in Minigaff village, had in her possession a Hebrew bible, the property of her brother, Mr. William Wilson, a dissenting clergyman in Ireland She consented to let me have the use of it for several months. It was a small edition in several volumes, I forget from which press. I made good use of this loan I read it throughout, and many passages and books of it a number of times.

"I returned to school in summer, 1792, and read Latin and Greek, rather for practice than in a rudimental way. The fault of our teacher was a slovenly inattention to grammatical minutiæ, which hurt my future appearance at College, and is, more or less, the evil of all country schools. In return for this, he was kind, familiar, and communicative. His foible was the love of drink. He had nobody to prepare a comfortable meal for him in his little way, and he went to the alehouse in order to avoid the wearisomeness and inattention which distressed him at home. You know he at length became unfit for any public situation. Yet, had I been placed under a more formal and regular master, I should never have been able to make a respectable progress. For the broken state of my time would have compelled me to wait on children in low and young classes, in order to get by memory every part of the rudiments. And every absent winter, and inaccuracy in reading, would have been a pretext for *beginning me* anew in the rudiments and grammar. All the accurate men have this way of thinking. Mr. Dalzel, the professor of Greek, rebuked me severely for looking into Plato and Aristophanes in my first year at college. I received his admonitions, but still persisted in reading those writers. Desultory study is, no doubt, a bad thing; but a lad whose ambition never ceases, but stimulates him incessantly, enlarges his mind and range of thought by excursions beyond the limits of regular forms.

"In 1792, I read portions of Homer, Livy, Sallust, and any other author used in the school. In the autumn, 1792, my companion, Cooper, left the school, and went, I believe, to Glasgow University. I could not imitate him, for want of funds. In the winter, 1792-3, I engaged myself with Thomas Birkmyre, miller, of Minigaff Miln, and taught his children during that season till March, 1793. My wages were only thirty shillings, but my object was to get a residence near Newton Stewart, and to have liberty of going, in the winter forenights, to a school taught by Mr. Nathaniel Martin, in Brigend, of Cree. Several young lads attended it with a view to *exercise themselves* in reading English poetry, and *in spending their hours agreeably*. Martin had been at Edinburgh, and possessed many new books, such as the Bee, Duncan's Cicero, some of the best English collections, and so forth. In the Miln, I got Gulliver's Travels, and Clarke's Evidences of Christianity. I did not understand the one, nor care much for the other My companions at the nightly school were William Gifford, lately a writer's first clerk in Edinburgh, one Thomas Baird, a clerk to a tobacconist, John Mackilwraith, son-in-law to John M'Kie, lately merchant in Castle Douglas. John Mackilwraith was an old friend, for his father-in-law was tenant of Kitterick in 1783. From him I got the loan of Bailie's English Dictionary, which I studied, and learnt from it a vast variety of useful matters. I gained from it the Anglo-Saxon alphabet, the Anglo-Saxon paternoster, and many words in that venerable dialect. This enabled me to read Hicke's Saxon Grammar, without difficulty, after I went to Edinburgh, and led the way to the Visi-Gothic and German. About the end of autumn, 1792, I had procured, from one Jack Roberts, a small Welsh History of Christ and the Apostles. I had seen a translation, or rather the original English, of this book in former years, but I could not get access to it after I had the Welsh in my possession. I mused, however, a good deal on the quotations from Scripture that abound it, and got acquainted with many Welsh words and sentences. If I had a copy of the Bible in any language of which I know the alphabet, I could make considerable progress in learning it without grammar or dictionary. This is done by minute observation and comparison of words, terminations and phrases. It is the method dictated by necessity, in the absence of all assistance.

"In 1791, I had the loan of a stray volume of the Ancient Universal History from my neighbour schoolfellows, the Maclurgs, who lived in Glenhoash, below Risque. It contained the history of the ancient Gauls, Germans, *Abyssinians* and others. It included a very incorrect copy of the Abyssinian alphabet, which, however, I transcribed, and kept by me for future occasions. I was completely master of the Arabic alphabet, by help of Robertson's Grammar, in the end of which (first edition) it is given in the most accurate manner.

"In the autumn of 1792, about the time I went to the Miln, I had, in the hour of ignorance and ambition, believed myself capable of writing an epic poem. For two years before, or rather from the time that I had met with Paradise Lost, sublime poetry was my favourite reading. Homer had encouraged this taste, and my schoolfellow, George Mure, had lent me, in 1791, an edition of Ossian's Fingal, which is, in many passages, a sublime and pathetic performance. I copied Fingal, as the book was lent only for four days, and carried the MS. about with me. I chose Arthur, general of the Britons, for my hero, and during the winter 1792-3 wrote several thousand of blank verses about his achievements. This was my first attempt in blank verse. In 1790, I had purchased 'The Grave,' a poem by Blair, and committed it almost entirely to memory.

"I passed the summer of 1793 at home, and in long visits to my friends in Newton Stewart, and other parts. I used to live *weeks* with James M'Harg, and to write in company with him ridiculous burlesque poems on any subject that struck our fancy. At Newton Stewart, at that time, I read with great interest, Tom Paine's works, in which M'Harg and I did not feel ourselves much concerned We both liked *liberty*; but I remember that the death of the King of France, which I read in January, 1793, in a newspaper, almost made me cry; and I hated Marat and Robespierre. M'Harg had a practice of preying on the credulity of ignorant people, who were not able to read, but were keen Jacobins He told them a world of lies about the success of the French, &c., &c., which they, with great and absurd joy, communicated to their neighbours. We both did a little too much in this wicked way, for we thought these people below par in sense. During that summer I destroyed Arthur and his Britons, and began to translate from Buchanan's poetical works, his Fratres Franciscani I made an attempt to obtain Mochrum school, but Mr. Steven, minister of that parish, who received me very kindly, told me that it was promised, and, that my youth would be objected to by the heritors and parish.

"Some time in summer 1793, I formed an acquaintance with Wm. Hume, a young lad who intended to become an Antiburgher clergyman, and who kept a private school in Newton Stewart. About the same time you introduced me to several members of the presbytery of Wigton. My friendship with Mr. Hume procured me the loan of several new books. I paid a visit to Mr. Donnan, in Wigton, an excellent man and scholar. He examined me on Homer, which I read *ad aperturam libri*, in a very tolerable, though not very correct manner. He gave me Cicero, *de Naturâ Deorum*, which I studied with great ardour, though a speculative treatise. I was enthusiastically fond of Cicero, as my dictionary gave me a most affecting account of the merits and fate of that great man. In 1791, I bought for a trifle a MS. volume of the lectures of Arnold Drackenburg, a German professor, on the lives and writings of the Roman authors, from Livius Andronicus to Quinctilian. This was a learned work, and I resolved to *translate* and publish it. I remained at home during the winter of 1793-4, and employed myself in that task. My translation was neither elegant nor correct. My taste was improving; but a knowledge of elegant phraseology and correct diction cannot be acquired without some acquaintance with the world, and with the human character in its polished state. The most obscure and uninteresting parts of the Spectator, World, Guardian, and Pope's Works were those that described life and manners. The parts of those works which I then read with rapture, were accounts of tragic occurrences of great but unfortunate men, and poetry that addressed the passions. In spring 1794, I got a reading of Blair's Lectures. The book was lent by Mr. Strang, a relief clergyman, to William Hume, and sub-lent to me. In 1793 I had seen a volume of an encyclopædia, but found very considerable difficulties in making out the sense of obscure scientific terms, with which those books abound.

Early in 1794 I resolved to go to Dumfries, and present my translation to the booksellers there. As I had doubt respecting the the success of a History of the Latin Writers, I likewise composed a number of poems, chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and most of them very indifferent. I went to Dumfries in June, 1794, and found that neither of the two booksellers there would undertake to publish my translation; but I got a number of subscription papers printed, in order to promote the publication of the poems. I collected by myself and friends four or five hundred subscriptions. At Gatehouse, a merchant there, an old friend, gave me a very curious and large printed copy of the Pentateuch, which had belonged to the celebrated Andrew Melvin, and the Hebrew Dictionary of Pagninus, a huge folio During the visit to Dumfries I was introduced to Robert Burns, who treated me with great kindness; told me, that if I could get out to college without publishing my poems, it would be better, as my taste was young and not formed, and I would be ashamed of my productions when I could write and judge better. I understood this, and resolved to make *publication* my last resource. In Dumfries I bought six or seven plays of Shakespeare, and never read any thing except Milton, with more rapture and enthusiasm. I had seen *his poems* before.

"During this summer, my friend M'Harg, was in Edinburgh, employed as a hawker, or itinerant dealer in tea, &c. He described my situation to James Kinnear, a journeyman printer, a very respectable man, who informed him, that if I could be brought into town, Dr. Baird and several other gentlemen would take notice of me. I communicated this to you,—you countenanced the measure, and, in consequence, I arrived in Edinburgh in the beginning of November 1794."

Such is Dr. Murray's singular narrative, on which any comment would but weaken the impression which it is calculated to convey. On his arrival in Edinburgh, we proceed to state, he was kindly received by Mr. Kinnear. The only letter of introduction which he brought to town, was one from Mr. Maitland to Dr. Baird, who received him with great kindness. Too much praise cannot be paid to these two gentlemen for their generous conduct, particularly as they were strangers to each other, and were actuated solely by the motive of bringing into notice indigent merit, and opening to a young man of extraordinary promise a wider field for the cultivation of his genius and talents. Nor was Murray unworthy of the patronage of these respectable individuals. On the first day after his arrival in town he underwent an examination in presence of Dr. Baird, Dr. Finlayson, and Dr. Moodie; and, to use the language of one of his examinators, he read *ad aperturam libri*, and also explained and analyzed accurately a passage of French, an ode of Horace, a page of Homer, and a Hebrew psalm. In consequence of his uncommon acquirements, not only the direct advantages of the college were procured to him without expense, but such pecuniary aid was extended to him as was necessary for the effectual prosecution of his studies. At the end of two years he obtained a bursary from the town; and about that time he began to support himself by carrying on private teaching. Dr. Baird continued through life his faithful friend and patron.—*Murray's Literary History of Galloway, second edition.*

[Dr. Murray, after this period, prosecuted a successful career as a man of letters. In 1806, he undertook the ministerial charge of the parish of Urr, in his native county, which he resigned in 1812, on being appointed Professor of Oriental languages at Edinburgh. Unfortunately, the weakly constitution of this extraordinary genius sank under the fatigues of his first session; and he died universally and deeply lamented April 15, 1813.]

EMIGRATION.

"On Saturday, 15th May," continues Mr. Ferguson, "Mr. William Dickson having kindly insisted upon conveying and accompanying me to Hamilton, where I was to resume the stage, we started on horseback, after breakfast, and visited various farms upon the township. The road lay along the river, with much fine wood and beautiful scenery. The crops were looking healthy and well coloured. Some farms partly improved and fenced, with houses, were on sale; the price demanded was eight dollars, or 40*s.* per acre. There seemed to be abundance of water everywhere, both from springs and brooks falling into the Grand River,—a river having no connection with the Uttawas, and the substratum was still limestone. Some miles below Galt, there is a valuable gypsum quarry on the banks of the river, and it was curious to observe the line of rich and verdant turf which marked the route of the wagons in their visits to the quarry, from scattering as they went along, strongly evincing the effect as a top-dressing. We called upon a settler from Scotland, newly entered upon a farm of 100 acres, for which he had paid down 100*l.* The soil was a good rich sandy loam, worth in Britain 35*s.* per acre at least of rent.

"The forest is here thin, probably not having more than forty or fifty old oaks upon an acre, and not requiring these to be destroyed, it being quite possible to guide the plough through the intervals. Walter Smith was busy with his pair of oxen, preparing the land for wheat, of which he expected to have thirty acres sown in autumn, the return from which will probably repay him the price of his farm, and allow him 50*l.* or 60*l.* besides for his labour and maintenance, *from the first crop alone.* There are some delightful situations in this quarter for mansions: the river upon one side, and a lovely sheet of water, called the Blue Lake, upon the other; fine open woods, springs, brooks, and a dry healthy soil. It was a favourite haunt in old times of the Indians, and a little mound close by a copious spring, is still celebrated as a place where great councils were held. We stopped to rest our horses at a new village called Paris, belonging to a very active individual of the name of Capron, and having a good water-power and other advantages, it promises to become, ere long, a place of some importance. In the afternoon we reached Brandtford, a pretty considerable village belonging to the Indians, a track of land in this quarter having been reserved for their behoof. It is managed by government, who account for rent and sales to the chiefs. There had been a sale of village lots this day, and for the first time I saw the Indians assembled in any number. The lots sold for 25*l.* one fourth of an acre, which is an immense price in Canada, and argues an expectation of Brandtford continuing to prosper. Many of the Indians are now beginning to acquire settled habits, and to cultivate farms, but many more are yet totally abandoned to idleness and debauchery. The country to Hamilton by Ancaster is partly forest, partly settled. The soil is chiefly clay. Ancaster stands high, with some fine farms about it, healthy and well watered. Immediately before reaching Hamilton, we come to the brink of a high limestone ridge, and command a magnificent view of the rich flat below, extending to Lake Ontario. At St. Catherine's, a small town dependent upon the Welland Canal, we passed that work, and saw some of the wooden locks.

"The country through which I travelled next day lies between the great limestone ridge and Lake Ontario. This remarkable ridge extends from the Genessee country, in the State of New York, and, crossing the Niagara River, forms the celebrated falls. It is beautifully diversified with woodland, orchards, and farms, is very productive, and settling with considerable rapidity. On Monday evening I concluded this part of my excursion, by reaching a friend's house at the falls.

"Before proceeding to the third branch of my letter, viz, Emigration to the United States, I may notice the current average prices of some articles in Upper Canada, at this date. May, 1831:—

Ploughs from	£1	10	0	to	£2	0	0	Currency.
Waggons	15	0	0					
Farm horses, five years old -	12	10	0	to	15	0	0	
Oxen for draught	10	0	0	to	12	10	0	per pair.
Cows - -	2	0	0	to	3	0	0	
Sheep - - -	0	5	0	to	0	7	6	
Swine - -	0	10	0	to	0	15	0	per cwt.
Poultry - -	0	0	7½					
Farm servants per annum -	24	0	0	to	30	0	0	and board
Female do. do.	12	10	0	to	15	0	0	

May 1, 1831—Prices of Farm Produce.

Wheat per bushel of 60 lbs. - -	£0	5	0
Barley do. of 56 lbs. - -	0	3	1½
Oats do. of 36 lbs. - -	0	1	0
Hay per ton - - - - -	1	5	0
Corn (Maize) per bushel of 60 lbs. -	0	2	6
Potatoes do. do. from 0 1 3 to	0	1	10
Pork, per lb. - - - -	0	0	3½
Butter, do. - - - -	0	0	7½

"Labourers were receiving last spring about eight dollars, twenty shillings per month, and board, at the canals and public works.

"This fine province is making wonderful advances, and when the canals and some projected railways are fairly in operation, its progress will become yet more rapid. In 1824, 10,000 bushels of wheat were shipped upon Ontario from Burlington Bay, and in 1830 the export had reached 150,000 bushels. Five bushels of wheat are allowed to one barrel of flour."—*Agricultural Journal.—To be continued.*

The Town of Delft.—"In the ride from Rotterdam to the Hague, says Elliot in his *Letter from the North of Europe*, "a distance of twenty-seven miles, we passed through Delft, which is situated half-way between the two. It is a gloomy little town, containing fifteen thousand inhabitants; about one-fourth of the population of Rotterdam. The learned Grotius was born here. A simple monument is erected over his body, which lies in one of the churches. The sculpture represents his head, and by the side of it, a child leaning on an urn with an inverted torch. The emblem is, perhaps, more significant than was intended, adverting not only to the extinction of life, but also, the perversion of talent. The same building contains a monument to the memory of William the First, Prince of Orange, who was assassinated here in 1584 As a specimen of sculpture, it is perfect. At the feet of the Prince, recumbent on a marble sarcophagus, the favourite dog is sleeping, who roused him from slumber when some Spanish murderers entered his tent in the campaign of 1572. After the death of his master, the faithful animal refused nourishment, and died of a broken heart."

Land Tax in England.—The first land tax was in the reign of Ethelred II., with whom the Danes had broken an agreement. The invaders committed horrid cruelties and devastations all over the kingdom, and the timid Ethelred paid them no less than £24,000 for peace. This was levied on land, and was called *danegelt*, by which ignominious name the tax, called Land Tax, was first known in England. The modern land tax was first established at the Revolution in 1688, from which period, to the year 1800, it yielded above £227,000,000.

Perfectibility.—To bring the minds of men to the same level, to bestow upon them all an equal delicacy of perception, or the same accuracy of judgment, would be as chimerical as the wild projects of universal monarchy, or universal fraternity. The storm of passion cannot be allayed by any magic of words; the bitterness of opposing parties cannot be sweetened by any dictates of philosophy. While power is gratifying, while wealth procures enjoyment, while men are ambitious, nations will seek supremacy, and armies will contend. No hope of endless perfectibility, then, is here indulged; neither is it denied that events will continue in future ages, as in times past, to revolve within a certain, though a widening orbit, where empires will shine for a period, to set in glory or in shame. Yet surely, by stating the principles upon which men and nations interpret expressions apparently synonymous, and appreciate ideas that seem capable but of one single value, some prejudices may be diminished, and some animosities allayed. Did not the endless diversity of human disposition make language as various and capricious as itself, or could greater precision be used in estimating human character, some healing assimilation might be hoped for among the jarring opinions of our fellow-creatures. But the nature of man does not admit of absolute modes; and his best destiny in this world seems an indefinite approximation to perfections which he never can attain.—*Chenevi's Essay on National Character.*

GARDENING—March.

The present is, or ought to be, a busy season for the gardener. According to "Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden," one of the best modern works on the subject, he should finish planting all sorts of fruit trees and beeches, and mulch newly planted trees with rotten or half rotten dung, also plant out strawberries. The pruning of fruit trees must be completed as early in this month as possible, if it has not been done already, except the fig, which must be deferred till the next month. Grafting of all sorts of apples, pears, plums, and cherries, must be performed this month. Thin out early grapes in the stove and forcing-house; and continue to force seedling strawberries for successive crops to those of last month. If straw has been used for a covering to the fruit, and has become damp, or contracted any unpleasant smell, it must be removed, and sweet dry straw supplied in its room. In the kitchen garden, force cucumbers and melons in frames, kidney beans in the forcing-house or stove, and Elford rhubarb and sea-kale under pots. Sow on a moderate hot-bed celery and celeriac, radishes, small salading, and setragonia expansa. Sow in the open borders and quarters asparagus, beet, cabbages, carrots, celery, curled and Hamburgh parsley, leeks, lettuces, Neapolitan kale, onions, parsnips, pease and beans, round spinach, salsify, sea kale, scorsonera skirrets, &c. Fork over asparagus beds, and make new ones. Plant out the small onions which have been sown thick last spring, for the purpose of procuring large bulbs; also early potatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, chives, garlic, rocambole, shallots, rhubarb, and sea kale.

Intoxicating Elephants.—The Indian-Mohammedans take great pleasure in making elephants drunk, "by certain drugs mixed up with the wax from the human ear," and setting them to fight. Tigers and elephants also enter upon the arena in mortal combat, and tigers and buffaloes, or alligators; or in the absence of such lofty excitement, it is deemed an amusing pastime to throw in a tame antelope or stag, and see it torn to pieces by a leopard. Tigers and leopards are frequently tamed, and brought into the room after breakfast as an English gentleman would exhibit a favourite spaniel.—*Athenæum.*

Dr. Chalmers's Prayer on the Pestilence.—"Do thou, O Lord, ward off from us the farther inroads of that desolating plague, which, in its mysterious progress over the face of the earth, has made such fearful ravages among the families of other lands. Hitherto, O God! thou hast dealt mildly and mercifully with the city of our own habitation. Do thou pour out the spirit of grace and supplication upon its inhabitants, and spare them, if it be thy blessed will, the inflictions of that wrath which is so rightfully due to a careless and ungodly generation We pray, O Lord! in a more especial manner, for those patriotic men whose duty calls them to a personal encounter with this calamity; and who, braving all the hazards of infection, may be said to stand between the living and the dead. Save them from the attacks of disease—save them from the obloquies of misconception and prejudice—and may they have the blessings and acknowledgements of a grateful community to encourage them in their labours. Above all, we pray, O God! that the infidelity which places all its reliance on secondary causes, may never sway either the councils of this city, or the councils of this nation. May there, at all times, be the public recognition of a God in the midst of us. And let not the defiance or the levity of irreligious men ever tempt us to forget that mighty, unseen Being, who has all the forces of Nature at His command—who sits behind the elements that he has formed—and gives birth, and movement, and continuance to all things."—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

Rules of Good Breeding.—A German prince, who has recently published his Tour through Great Britain, informs us that the three following are the greatest offences which any one can commit against English manners:—"To put his knife to his mouth instead of his fork; to take up sugar or asparagus with his fingers; or, above all, to spit anywhere in a room. These are certainly laudable prohibitions, and well-bred people of all countries avoid such practices—though even on these points manners alter greatly; for Marshal Richelieu detected an adventurer, who passed himself off for a man of rank, by the single circumstance of his taking up olives with his fork, and not with his fingers The ridiculous thing is the amazing importance which is here attached to them. The last named crime is so pedantically proscribed in England, that you might seek through all London in vain to find such a piece of furniture as a spitting-box. A Dutchman, who was very uncomfortable for the want of one, declared, with great indignation, that an Englishman's only spitting-box was his stomach. These things are, I repeat, more than trivial; but the most important rules of behaviour in foreign countries almost always regard trivialities. Had I, for example, to give a few universal rules to a young traveller, I should seriously counsel him thus:—In Naples, treat the people brutally; in Rome, be natural; in Austria, don't talk politics; in France, give yourself no airs; in Germany, a great many; and in England, don't spit. With these rules, the young man would get on very well."

Sandy Wood's Plan of Supporting a Wife.—The eccentric and well remembered *Sandy Wood*, an eminent surgeon in Edinburgh, at the out-set of his professional career, married Miss Veronica Chalmers, second daughter of George Chalmers, W. S., a highly respectable man, and to whose honesty and integrity his fellow-citizens bore the most ample testimony, by giving him the popular title of "Honest George Chalmers." This marriage turned out very fortunate for both parties, though, before it took place, there was a danger of it being impeded by the poverty of the intended husband. It is related that Mr. Wood, on obtaining the consent of the lady, proposed himself to Mr. Chalmers as his son-in-law, when that gentleman addressed him thus:—"Sandy, I have not the smallest objection to you; but I myself am not rich, and should therefore like to know how you are to support a wife and family." Mr. Wood, putting his hand in his pocket, and taking out his lancet-case, with a scarlet garter rolled round it, presenting it to him, said, "I have nothing but this Sir, and a determination to use my best endeavours to succeed im my profession." Mr. Chalmers was so struck with this straight forward and honest reply, that he honestly exclaimed, "Veronica is yours."

Inoculating Cheese.—What will the ingenuity of man not contrive? A method has been discovered of *inoculating cheese:* or, in other words, of transposing the character of an old cheese into a new one. This rather curious scheme is brought forward as a communication to the Agricultural Journal for March, by John Robinson, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. "If it be required," says he, to communicate to a new cheese the flavour and appearance of an old one, it may be done by the insertion in the new cheese of portions of the old one containing blue mould. The little scoop which is used in taking samples of cheese is a ready made means of performing the operation, by interchanging ten or a dozen of the rolls which it extracts, and placing them so as to disseminate the germ of the blue mould all over the cheese. A new Stilton cheese treated in this way, and well covered over from the air for a few weeks, becomes thoroughly impregnated with the mould, and generally with a flavour hardly to be distinguished from the old one. I have sometimes treated half a Lancashire cheese in this way, and have left the other half in its natural state; and have been much amused with the remarks of my friends on the striking superiority of the English over the Scotch one." If this ingenious plan be found really successful on repeated trials by others, Mr. Robinson will deserve our thanks for bringing it forward. The next invention, I suppose, we shall hear of, will be that of inoculating legs of mutton, and turning them into beef!

ANGEL.

Angel, in its primitive sense, signifies a messenger, and frequently signifies men, when, from the common notion of the term, it is conceived to denote ministering spirits. Angels, as celestial intelligences, have been the objects of over-curious inquiry and of worship. Paul says, "Let no man beguile you of your reward, in a voluntary humility, and the worshipping of angels, intruding into those things he hath not seen.—*Colossians*, ix. 17.

Column for the Boys.

My dear little Boys,

Among other nice things which I promised in my Address to tell you of in the Journal, was the proper plan on which to keep and feed rabbits, should you find convenience for doing so; and I now proceed to give you the result of my own juvenile experience, as well as of different writers on this interesting subject.

In entering upon my explanations, I would beg to offer you two friendly admonitions. In the first place, you must contrive to make this and similar avocations, secondary to your ordinary duties or studies; and, in the second place, you ought on no account to forget to feed, and regularly attend the animals you keep for your amusement. Poor creatures, they are confined, and wholly dependent on you; and it would be the extreme of barbarity to neglect them. If we keep any living creatures in a confined state, we enjoin a duty on ourselves, of providing for their wants. Depend upon it, that the boy will rue the day, unless he have decidedly a bad heart, who sits down to a comfortable meal, while his rabbit or his bird—heretofore his idol and his toy, but now, in caprice, neglected—pines in its prison, for his appearance with its usual daily food. If he be tired of that, which, when it was a novelty, he took so much delight in, he had better sell, give away, or even humanely kill it, than suffer it to languish its solitary hours in hunger and in thirst. It has a claim on his care, which should be irresistible—it is helpless and imprisoned—is he not cruel in the extreme, if he omit to furnish it with its daily pittance?

Of rabbits there are divers kinds; but it is only the tame common Scottish rabbit, that I need here treat of. Wild rabbits will breed eleven times in the year, and bring forth generally eight young ones each time: at this rate, in four years, a couple of rabbits would produce a progeny of almost a million and a half.

Notwithstanding the fecundity of the animal in its wild state, it is much more profitable when domesticated; for although a prudent fancier will not suffer his doe to have young more than five or six times in a year, the produce of the tame animal, on account of the care taken of them, will be greater at the end of the year, than that of a wild one, notwithstanding the latter should have double the number of litters; multitudes of the wild rabbits, when young, being destroyed by damp, the old bucks, and the numerous four-footed animals, which prey on these almost defenceless creatures. The value of live rabbits varies, or is quite uncertain; and they may be bought from twopence to one shilling the pair; one of the chief objects in keeping common rabbits, is that of occasionally furnishing a dish for the table; and, therefore, those persons by whom they are kept, attend as particularly to the sort of rabbits whose flesh is said to be the best, as to their colours or shape.

The short-legged stout rabbits are generally supposed to be the most healthy, and also the best breeders. The large hare-coloured variety is much esteemed by some people; but the white, or white mottled with black or yellow, are more delicate in flesh. The gray and some of the blacks, approach nearer to the flavour of the wild rabbit, than any others. With respect to the colours of these animals, gray is considered the worst of all colours; black is the next in gradation; fawn and white, and gray, hold the third place in estimation; pure white, with red eyes, is, by some, reckoned equal with, and, by others, superior to these; tortoise-shell, (a rich brown and white, and brown, gray, and white,) and black and white, rank the highest; mouse-colour, though little noticed by fanciers in general, is much admired by a few.

The most important part of the duty of the young rabbit fancier, is to erect his rabbit house or hutch on proper principles. Two objects are particularly necessary to be attended to. The house or rabbitry must be kept always dry and well aired; because the rabbit in its natural state, prefers a dry and airy habitation. Some boys keep rabbits in hutches made of old tea chests, and this is very well to begin with; but whether kept in these boxes, or in regularly erected houses, the place must be kept quite dry, as too much humidity will cause the rabbits to rot. Where considerable numbers are kept, fresh air is of great moment; still they should not be exposed to draughts, which may bring on a disease called the snuffles—a dangerous and frequently fatal malady.

Boys who live in large towns, such as Edinburgh, will in general find considerable difficulty in keeping rabbits, as it is seldom they have open grounds behind their houses wherein they might construct their rabbitry. In cases of this nature, rabbits might be kept on a small scale, in wooden hutches, made out of old egg or tea chests, open in front with spokes like a cage, and having a division to separate the sleeping apartment from the feeding place, and a small door betwixt the one place and the other. But it will be found, on trial, that rabbits do not do well when put in cages, or confined in this manner. The genuine rabbitry must be a small house constructed on purpose, where the animals will have liberty to feed and amuse themselves. These houses may be built about four feet square, and the same in height, with a sloping roof, covered with thatch, or some other substance, that will carry the rain off. This house ought to be paved on the floor, so as to prevent the rabbits from burrowing, and undermining the walls. It should be well laid with nice dry straw or meadow hay, and possess several boxes with the open side downwards, and holes for the rabbits to go in and out. It would also be as well for these holes to be provided with doors, which you could shut when necessary. To this house there ought to be attached a little open court, also paved, and covered completely with open spokes, so as to give air and light, as well as to afford you an opportunity of seeing the creatures feeding.

William Cobbett, in his valuable little manuel called "Cottage Economy," recommends the keeping of rabbits by boys and others. "Three does and a buck," says he, "will give you a rabbit to eat for every three days in the year, which is a much larger quantity of food than any man will get by spending half his time in the pursuit of wild animals The produce has not long to be waited for; in short, they keep an interest constantly alive in a little chap's mind; and they really cost nothing. The care is all; and the habit of taking care of things is, of itself, a most valuable possession."

On the subject of feeding rabbits, I cannot do better than offer the following extract from "The Boy's Own Book."

"If too much food be given at once, the animals will get disgusted with, and refuse it, so that a rabbit may be nearly starved by affording it too great a quantity of food. Most persons feed their rabbits twice; but, for our own part, we feed ours thrice a-day. To a full grown doe, without a litter, in the morning, we give a little hay, or dry clover, and a few of such vegetables as are in season; in the afternoon, we put two handfuls of good corn into her trough; and at night, we give her a boiled potatoe or two, more vegetables, and, if her hutch be clear of what we gave her in the morning, but by no means otherwise, a little more hay or clover. If you give rabbits more hay than they can eat in a few hours, except it be to a doe just about to litter, they will tread it under foot, and waste it; if you give them but a moderate quantity at a time, they will eat and enjoy it. Generally speaking, rabbits prefer green or moist food to corn; but it is necessary to make them eat a sufficient proportion of solid food, to keep them in health; occasionally, instead of corn, we give our rabbits a few split or whole gray peas. When a doe has a litter by her side, and also for rabbits recently weaned, we soak the peas a few hours previously to putting them in the trough. If a rabbit will not eat a proper quantity of corn, we mix a small quantity of squeezed tea-leaves with her portion, and stint her proportionately in green meat. Barley-meal, dry as well as scalded, we occasionally use, to fatten for the table, or to bring a poor rabbit into good condition; and, in winter, when greens are scarce, but not otherwise, we feed with fresh grains, mixed with oats, peas, meal, or pollard. Tea-leaves, in small quantities, well squeezed, may at all times be given, by way of a treat; but it is highly improper to make them a daily substitute for green meat.

"Almost all the vegetables and roots used for the table may be given to rabbits; in preference to all others, we choose celery, parsley, and the roots and tops of carrots; and, in this choice, the animals themselves heartily agree with us; lettuces, the leaves, and, what are much better, the stumps of cabbages and cauliflowers, they eat with avidity, but they must be given to them with a sparing hand; turnips, parsnips, and even potatoes in a raw state, we occasionally afford our stock, on an emergency, when better roots, or good greens, are scarce. In the spring time, no soft meat is better for them than tares, so that they be not wet; in fact, no green meat ought to be given to rabbits when there is much moisture on its surface. We have heard of some country persons feeding their rabbits on marshmallows, but we never did so ourselves. Dandelions, milk-thistles, or sow thistles, we know, by long experience, they take in preference to all other food, except celery, parsley, and carrots; and nothing, we are convinced, as green meat, can be better for them.

"It must be remembered, that a doe will eat nearly twice as much when suckling as at other times; and, when her litter begin to eat, the allowance of food must be gradually increased In our own rabbitry, we never admit chaff; and grains only in a dearth of green food. If we can obtain neither greens, roots, nor grains, at feeding time, we make it a practice to moisten the corn with water, milk, or, as we before stated, with tea-leaves. Though a rabbit must be restricted from rioting in green or soft meat according to its own appetite, for its own sake, yet it is cruel to afford it only such food as will increase rather than appease its thirst; for this reason, in such a case as we have mentioned, we moisten the grain; and some rabbits will even do well with an occasional tablespoonful of water, beer, or milk; but it is a dangerous experiment to try the effect of a liquid on their stomachs.

"The doe will breed at the age of six months; her period of gestation is thirty days. The rabbits are not to be left together above ten minutes. Some days before kindling, hay is to be given to the doe, with which, and the flue which nature has instructed her to tear from her body, she will make her nest. Biting the hay into short pieces, and carrying it about in her mouth, are almost certain signs of her being with young. The number produced varies from three to eleven. Destroy the weak and sickly ones as soon as their defects can be perceived, until the litter is reduced to five or six. If you leave more to be suckled, some will perhaps die, others be sickly, and none of them fine. The old rabbits are not to be put together till the expiration of six weeks; the young may be separated from the doe, and weaned a fortnight after. If more than five or six litters are obtained in a year, the doe will be soon worn out, and the young ones not worth much. The doe should not be disturbed by any other rabbit, while with young. Should she be weak after kindling, give her a malt mash, scalded fine pollard, or barleymeal, in which may be mixed a small quantity of cordial horse-ball. In this case, and, in fact, whenever a doe is weak, bread soaked in milk, and squeezed rather dry again, if she will take it, will considerably strengthen her.

"If well fed, and kept warm, does will breed all the year, but most fanciers are contented with five litters a-year; and let them rest during the winter Mowbray states, that the produce of rabbits is so multitudinous, that one might be well satisfied with this practice; for that even four litters in the year would be equal to two thousand young rabbits annually, from a stock of one hundred does. If does devour their young, or do not breed for any considerable time, rabbit fanciers dispose of them as useless incumbrances to their stock. It is advisable so to manage, that two or three does should kindle about the same time; you may then take from the doe that has the greatest number, and put the excess under her that has the least; taking care not to leave more than six young ones to each. It is advisable to obtain rabbits for breeding from a litter of two, three, or four only, as they are generally stronger and finer than those which come from a more numerous one. It is a disadvantage, rather than otherwise, to have above six produced in a litter, as the young rabbits, when that is the case, are almost invariably weak and puny; and, even if they be reduced to a moderate quantity, by removing some of them to another doe, or otherwise, they rarely become remarkable for their size or beauty.

"Diseases may, in a great measure, be prevented, by regularity in feeding, good food, and cleanliness. The refuse of vegetables should always be scrupulously rejected For the liver complaint, to which rabbits are subject, there is no cure; when they are attacked by it, fatten them, if possible, for the table The snuffles are occasioned by damp or cold. If there be any cure for this disorder, it must be dryness in their hutches and food. Squeezed tea-leaves generally restore a doe to health, if weak, or otherwise affected after kindling, if the food which we have directed to be given at that time, under the head of breeding, should fail. When old rabbits are attacked by a looseness, dry food, will in general, restore them; but do what you will, it is very difficult, and, in most cases, impossible, to save young ones from sinking under it; dry food for them, as well as for the old ones, is the only remedy.

"Be careful, continues this author, to keep your rabbit hutches particularly clean; a short hoe, or a trowel, and a hand brush will be necessary for this purpose. Do not handle your rabbits, particularly the young ones, too much; when you lift them, take them with one hand by the ears, and place the other under the lower part of their backs. Never slacken in attention; a neglect of a day will do your stock much injury; while, with constant care, you may breed to great perfection. The more you vary the food, the fatter your rabbits will be; but observe, that when they are once *full fat*, (to use a term of breeders,) they frequently fall off and pine away to bad condition. It is impossible to lay down rules for the precise quantity of each sort of food to be allowed: a little experience alone can teach the youthful fancier this secret. By proper care and attention, rabbits may not only be kept for the sake of their beauty and appearance, and the interesting and harmless amusement which they afford, but the surplus stock may be made to pay for their keep, either by using them for the table, or disposing of them for market."

A FEW *GRAVE* JOKES.

[*From* "Chambers' Scottish Jests & Anecdotes."]

Grave-diggers are a peculiar people—differing from the rest of mankind in character and personal appearance. Yet, what is strange, a grave-digger *fit, non nascitur*—the reverse of the poet. The secret of the distinction must consist in this, that it requires to be of a peculiar character, as well as figure, to become a grave-digger. A person may be destined to be, though not born, a grave-digger. He may have in him, from conception, the germs of the qualities of a grave-digger; he comes into the world with them; he bears them about with him during his boyhood, youth, maturity, and middle age; and when he arrives at the full ripeness of *grave-diggerism*, the place falls vacant, and he steps into the dead man's shoes, as naturally as a son succeeds a father to an entailed estate. Though you know that a grave-digger is a mortal like yourself, and may die long before you, it is imposible to help feeling an antipathy to the animal, on the score that he is is to handle your precious person with his ignoble hands, when you shall be passive and powerless. One looks upon a grave-digger, especially the grave-digger of one's own parish—supposing you to be a settler—as a sort of executioner. You think you are destined to fall into his hands, and cannot resist the feeling of horror with which one must always contemplate, if not death itself, at least what Bacon calls the adjuncts of death. A grave-digger is not more widely divided from the rest of mankind in character than in interests. Death is death to you; but it is life to him. You are happy in recovering, or in hearing of the recovery of a neighbour, from a desperate illness; but such news is like that of blasted corn, or rising markets, to him. He can have no sympathy with what throws all the rest of the town into anxiety and sorrow—the prevalence of an epidemic disease. The wind of March, which takes away old men's breaths, brings breath and health to him. Cold is warmth to him, and the genial heat of May as the destructive chill of November. As some English divine has emphatically said of the gamester, his business is decidedly unnatural; for he cannot pray for a blessing upon it, without breaking the law which enjoins good will to men. Like Satan, he has said, "Evil, be thou my good!"

Out of curiosity respecting so singular a people, we have collected some anecdotes of various individuals of the species, which may perhaps be found illustrative of their character and manners.

John Prentice, the grave-digger of Carnwath, in Lanarkshire, had a pleasant equivoque, which he constantly used on hearing of the death of any person. "Hech wow!" he would say, "is ——— dead? I wad rather it had been *ither twa*."

The grave-digger of Sorn, in Ayrshire, was as selfish and mean a wretch as ever handled mattock, or carried mortcloth. He was a very querulous and discontented old man, with a voice like the whistle of the wind through a key-hole, on a bleak Sunday afternoon in the country. An acquaintance from a neighbouring parish accosted him one day, and asked how the world was standing with him. "Oh, very puirly, sir—very puirly, indeed!" was the answer; "the yard has dune naething ava for us this simmer. If ye like to believe me, I havena buriet a leevin' soul this sax weeks!"

John Somerville, the bellman and sexton of Manur, in Peeblesshire, a singularly greedy old man, used to haunt people, who were likely soon to require his services, like a shark following a fever ship at sea. Whenever he heard of

any person throughout that extensive parish having being seized with anything like mortal illness, he would draw town: to the house, inquire with great apparent concern for the sufferer, and repeats his visits every day, till the event of either death or recovery If admitted to see the sick, or informed of the particulars of the disorder, no physician could draw more accurate conclusions as to the result than he. He tracked disease in all his steps, with as much fidelity as the vulture or the carrion-crow follows an army, and with the same purpose. A death was a good thing to him, both *in prospectu* and *in esse*. He lived upon it before as well as after its occurrence. John, it must be understood, was very fond of broth and fat meat, and kept a register in his mind of every person's day for having the pot on in the parish. Now, this predilection of his was prodigiously gratified by these visitations to the houses of the sick; for the people always gave him a share of the food which they might have in preparation, as a sort of part-payment beforehand for his services. He had a trick, independently of these professional visits, of dropping into people's houses about the dinner-hour, and was endowed with what may be called a natural propensity for pot-lucking; but though the hospitality of his hosts could not have permitted him, under any circumstances, to fare poorly, it was quite remarkable that when his official services were likely to be necessary, he was always better treated than at other times.

On a family having removed from the neighbouring parish of Stobo to that of Manor, John was rejoiced to hear, that among the new settlers there was one who, in all probability, would soon require his assistance. A single customer procured in this unexpected way was, to John, as good as other ninety-nine, who could not have gone past him. Yet the joy of his mind was not altogether unalloyed. Busy fancy suggested to him the possibility of the family retaining an affection for the burying-ground of their former parish, which might, perhaps, prove the means of depriving him of his victim, after all. To settle the important point, he one day made bold to step up to Caverhil, where the family in question resided. He asked for Mrs. S——, of whom he had some previous acquaintance, and was shewn into a room. Mrs. S. was too unwell to see him, but Miss S., her daughter, came in her place. John introduced himself with a thousand bows and scrapes, and began a long string of well-learned condolences upon the subject of Mr. Walter's illness. "How did she think he was? Was there any chance of his *winnin' through*? What hopes did the doctor gie them?" &c. &c. After half an hour of tiresome common-place, and when the young man's illness had been amply discussed, and considerable hopes of his recovery expressed by his sister, John terminated the conversation with the decisive question —"But, dear me, Miss S., where do you bury? Have ye ground in Stobo, or do ye intend to take up wi' Manor?" Miss S. was confounded at the atrocious impudence of the wretch, and permitted him to depart, without gratifying his inquiries.

Robert Fairgrieve, for many years bedral and grave-digger to the parish of Ancrum, in Roxburghshire, was a man of some humour. The minister one day met him coming home sooner than was to be expected, from Jedburgh fair, and inquired the reason for such strange conduct, since most of his fellow-parishioners would probably stay till midnight, if not till next morning. "Oh, Sir," said Robert, "huz that are *office-bearers* (meaning the minister and himself) should be ensamples to the flock."

When this strange person was on his deathbed, the minister visited him, for the purpose of administering some ghostly offices to his soul. He was surprised to find him in a somewhat restless and discontented humour, and not comporting himself exactly as a dying man ought to do. On the clergyman inquiring into the cause of his uneasiness,—"Oh, Sir," said Robert, "I was just minding that I have buriet five hunder and ninety-eight folk since I was first made beadral o' Ancrum, and I was anxious that, if it were His holy will, I might be spared to make it the sax hunder."

Robert Hannah, who, for nearly half a century, exercised the trade of grave-digger in the burial-ground attached to the Secession meeting-house at Falkirk, had many of the professional peculiarities of his tribe. For instance, Robin would exert himself in accommodating a good person, or one for whom he entertained sentiments of friendship; and proportionally grudged his labours in behalf of persons comparatively worthless. Somebody one day remarked to him, that the sod upon a particular grave was very fresh and green,—"Ay, it's a bonnie turr," he observed, emphatically; "but it's a pity to see it putten down on the tap o' sic a skemp." On another occasion, some one observed him suddenly stop in the newly begun work of forming a grave, and take his way towards the place where his implements were deposited, from which he selected one, and then returned, with a face lighted by a peculiar expression. On being questioned as to his motive for this proceeding, he answered, "Od, he was sic a fine chiel (meaning the individual for whom he was digging the grave,) that I just thought I would howk his grave wi' the new spade."

It may, perhaps, be supposed, by people of a superficial way of thinking, that there is no particular artor craft to be exercised in grave-digging, and, consequently, no gradation in the merits of grave-diggers. There could not be a greater mistake. We believe it quite possible that grave-digging may be looked upon by the profession itself,—and they only give the subject that *deep* attention which it deserves,—as one of the *fine arts*, or, at least, as an art which, in its best productions, may yield, to the contemplative observer, a certain degree of pleasure. A lady of our acquaintance, when a girl, was drawn, by childish curiosity, to spend much of her time in overlooking the operations of Robin Hannah. Often, on these occasions, he would say to her, for the purpose of getting quit of her surveillance, which somehow or other was disagreeable to the old man,—"Gang away, my leddie, gang away the noo; and, if ye're a good bairn, I'll maybe let ye see the grave when it's dune." We make no doubt that Robin considered this a sufficient recompense for any act of self-denial he could have called upon her to perform. Another fills Robin's place, and he now reposes quietly beneath the green sod he so often spread for others.

Bears of the Andes.—There are twos pecies of bear in Columbia, one quite black, which appears to be somewhat rare, the other with a white forehead. At a certain height in the central Cordillera, I found, at every step, traces of these bears Split palms, long and deep cuts in the trees, especially near the apertures of the nests of wild bees, and remains of *bauge*, a kind of coarse hurdle, at a height of 15 and 20 feet above the ground. It would appear that in the western Cordillera, this bear is much more numerous than in the other. I observed, at Bogota, a young bear of the white fronted species, which had been taken soon after birth. At the age of nine months, the spot in the form of the letter Y, which characterizes this species, was only beginning to appear. Up to this age, the animal had lived solely upon fruits, roots, and bread, refusing the raw or boiled flesh that was presented to it. One day I threw it a *Vulter papa*, which, having been struck in the air by another bird, had fallen in the town in a state of insensibility, and afterwards died. At first the bear was much frightened, and was nearly two hours before he ventured to go near it. At length he went up and smelled it, seemed disposed to play with it, and carried it off to the most retired corner of a dark room. When I went up, as if to take the bird from him he drew it away, and uttered an angry cry, which I had never heard from him before, even when most tormented. From this moment he became savage and I soon learned that it had become necessary to kill him. The country people informed me that this bear commonly feeds on vegetables: but when once, impelled by hunger, he has eaten flesh, he takes such a liking for it that he no longer eats any other food. He then becomes the terror of all the farms in the district, from which he every year carries off a number of mules.—*M. Roulin, Ann. des Sc. Nat.*

The Thames.—This river, so famed in the commercial world, derives its name from a compound of Thame and Isis, and which, in process of time, came under the familiar denomination of Thames. The junction was formed a little above Oxford; but the Isis now is lost in the compound term, as the river is denominated the Thames even to its very source. The banks of the Thames have long been famed for their beauty of verdure, and the taste with which they are adorned. They are studded with neat cottages, or elegant villas crown the gentle heights; the lawns come sweeping down like carpets of green velvet to the edge of its soft-flowing waters; and the grace of the scenery improves, until we are borne into the full bosom of its beauty, the village of Richmond, or, as it was anciently called, Sheen. Below London Bridge we have Greenwich, and other beautiful scenery of the county of Kent. The opposite bank on the Essex side is flat, and is famed for nothing but Tilbury Fort, where Elizabeth, when the Spanish Armada threatened this country, reviewed her troops, who were collected to repel the invaders.

SHOWERS OF BLOOD

Showers of liquid matter of a crimson colour, and supposed by the ignorant to be *blood*, have frequently spread consternation in different countries, and been deemed the presage of direful events, or the omen of the destruction of cities, and the overthrow of empires. These crimson rains have several times occurred in France, and some of my juvenile readers will remember that they form one of the phenomena illustrated by Madame de Genlis in her Tales of the Castle. From the same natural causes which produce showers of blood, there is to be found, in different parts of the earth, snow of a reddish hue, or of the finest pink or rose colour; and specimens of it have been more than once brought to England, as a curiosity for the investigation of naturalists. Coloured ice is also to be found in the polar regions, the hue it possesses being often of a fine orange appearance. To us in Scotland, or in Great Britain, who never saw, or scarcely ever heard of, snow or ice being any thing but of a pure white aspect, these notices may appear doubtful, yet they are quite reconcileable with facts. The cause of showers of red liquid was discovered in France upwards of two hundred years since. About the beginning of the year 1608, one of these bloody showers fell near the suburbs of Aix, and for many miles around the place; and particularly the walls of a churchyard were spotted with it. This exceedingly strange event very much alarmed the people, and would have been chronicled in history as a superstitious prodigy, had not Aix possessed at this time a philosopher, named Peiresc, who, eager in the pursuit of knowledge, fell upon the cause of the shower. It is related in Gassendi's life of this ingenious man, that he was fond of the study of insects, and that, one day finding a large chrysalis of a beautiful appearance, he preserved it in a box. Some time after, hearing a noise in the box, he opened it, and found that the chrysalis had already become a butterfly, and that, in the transformation, it had left upon the bottom, a stain of considerable magnitude, and apparently of exactly the same nature with the drops on the stones, popularly supposed to be blood. He now remarked, that there were countless numbers of butterflies flying about, which confirmed him in the belief of his having discovered the true cause; and this was further corroborated by his finding none of the said drops in the heart of the city, where the butterflies were rarely seen. He also remarked, that the drops were never on tiles, and seldom on the upper part of a stone,—as they must have been had they fallen from the clouds,—but usually appeared in cavities and parts protected by angular projections. What Peiresc had thus ascertained, he lost no time in disclosing to many persons of knowledge and curiosity, who had been puzzling themselves to account for the circumstance by far-fetched reasonings, such as a supposed vapour which had carried up a supposed red earth into the air that had tinged the rain;—no less wide of truth than the popular superstition which ascribed it to magic, or to the devil himself. Thus the cause of showers of blood was discovered, and any one may convince himself of the fact, by rearing any of the spinous caterpillars, which feed on the nettle, till they are transformed into the butterfly Red and pink coloured snow and ice are referable to the same causes. According to a celebrated foreign naturalist, red snow is very common in all the Alpine districts of Europe, and Captain Ross brought some home from the polar regions. The most remarkable red snow shower in recent times, was that which fell on the night between the 14th and 15th of March, 1823, in Calabria, in Tuscany, and the whole chain of the Apennines. The colouring of these snows and ices is, as will naturally be supposed, produced by the infusion of a red matter from minute insects, and which are found to be not larger than a pin's head. As the showers have never been seen to fall, it is correctly imagined that the infusion takes place when the snow or liquid rests on the ground or the water, or when afterwards warmed by the rays of the sun. Well may we say, How wonderful are the works of Nature!

Confining Jurors from Meat and Drink.—The Gothic nations were famous of old for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient Germans, and their Saxon descendants in England, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful; and Tacitus represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and, under this persuasion, it was enacted in the laws, that judges should hear and determine causes fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author, in his Antiquities, plainly affirms, that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxication; and Dr. Gilbert Stuart very pertinently and ingeniously affirms, in his Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution, p. 238, that, from this propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict.

Byron on the Immortality of the Soul.—"Of the immortality of the soul," says Lord Byron, in a paper written towards the termination of his life, "it appears to me that there can be little doubt, if we attend for a moment to the action of the mind: it is in perpetual activity. I used to doubt of it, but reflection has taught me better. It acts also so very independent of body—in dreams for instance —incoherently and madly, I grant you, but still it is mind, and much more mind than when we are awake. Now, that this should not act *separately*, as well as jointly, who can pronounce? The Stoics, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, call the present state "a soul which drags a carcass,"—a heavy chain, to be sure; but all chains, being material, may be shaken off. How far our future life will be *individual*, or, rather, how far it will resemble our present existence, is another question; but that the mind is eternal, seems as probable as that the body is not so:—but the whole thing is inscrutable."

White-Headed Sea Eagle.—Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy Tringas coursing along the sand; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the fish hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight; and, balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention—the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signals for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, soon gains on the fish hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying, in these rencontres, the most elegant and sublime aërial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.—*Wilson's American Ornithology.*

Bible Societies.—It is a singular fact, that the first Bible Society that ever existed was established by some Roman Catholic Prelates in France in 1774.

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REMOVALS.

"Three removes are as bad as a fire."
"A rolling stone gathers no fog."
Poor Richard.

THERE is an allegory in the Spectator, called, if I recollect rightly, "The Mountain of Miseries." It narrates how the human race were once summoned by a good Genius to a particular spot, and each permitted to cast down the misery which most afflicted him, taking up some one which had belonged to a fellow-creature, and which he thought he should be more able to endure. Some cast down diseased limbs, some bad wives, and so forth; but the end of the story is, that after the exchange had been made, all felt themselves a great deal more uneasy under their adopted evils than they had ever felt under their natural ones, and, accordingly, had to petition the Genius for permission to take back each his own proper original misery. I have often thought that the practice of removing from one house to another, in the hope of finding better ease and accommodation, was not much unlike this grand general interchange of personal distresses; and often on a Whitsunday in Scotland, when I have seen people flying in all directions with old tables and beds, that would have looked a great deal better in their native homes than on the street, I have mentally compared the scene to that which is so graphically described by Addison.

The English, it seems, are not much of a removing people. When a Southron once settles himself down in a house, he only quits it with the greatest reluctance. No matter for an increasing family—no matter for bettered circumstances—no matter for the ambition of wife or daughters to get into a genteeler neighbourhood. An Englishman has naturally a strong feeling about his house: it is his castle, and he never will abandon the fort so long as he can possibly retain it. Give him but a few years' associations to hallow the dwelling—let him have been married in it, and there spent the years of the youth of his children; and sooner than part from the dear little parlour where he has enjoyed so many delightful evening scenes, with his young spouse and his happy infants around him, he would almost part with life itself. An Englishman gets accommodated to all the inconveniences of his house, however great, as naturally as the fish with its shell, however tortuous. Some strange angularity in his vestibule, which nearly throws you down every time you visit him, may appear to you a most disagreeable crook in his lot, and one that ought to make the house intolerable to him; but, ten to one, he looks upon it as only an amiable eccentricity in the plan of the mansion, and, so far from taking ill with it, would feel like a fish out of water if it were otherwise.

The Scotch, on the contrary, are an eminently migratory people. They never are three months in any house till they wish that the annual term were once more at hand, when they might remove to another. There is no day in the year so important in their eyes as Whitsunday, when almost the whole population of every considerable town is found to be on the move, exchanging houses with each other. This is a curious feature in the people, and seems as if it only could be accounted for by supposing that the nation is totally deficient in the phrenological organ called *inhabitiveness*. It is all to no use that experience is constantly shewing how vain are their expectations of better lodging. Every disappointment seems to give them but a keener relish for a new attempt.

The fact is this: a family always enters upon a new house in a state of high hope as to its accommodations. So long as the recollection of their deserted abode is still fresh, the new house appears a paradise; for, mark, it has been selected on the express account of its not being characterised by any one of the inconveniences alleged against the old. By and bye, however, its own peculiar evils are felt; and, long before Candlemas day, it has been found as disagreeable as the other. Then a new one is selected, which, in its turn, is declared as bad as any. So far as my observation has extended, the itch for removing more generally prevails among the female than the male department of the population. Husbands, in general, are too little in the house ever to fall out of conceit with it; but the wife, as the more domestic creature, has full opportunity to observe and feel its defects; and she it is who most frequently urges and achieves the removal. There are various things about a house in which the husband can never see any importance, or feel any interest, but which appear to the wife as each the most cardinal of all cardinal points. One of these, for instance, is a back-green. "A back-green!" let the words be pronounced with a solemnity befitting their awful import. Often, when a house has seemed to the husband all that could be desired, he has been thrust out of it, whether he would or not, all on account of a thing which was as inexplicable to him as the mysteries of the Chinese faith—a back-green. Perhaps you hear some day that your back-green lies totally out of the sun, or that the right use to it is shared by some disagreeable neighbours, or is naught for some other equally intelligible reason. But you learn no more, and next Whitsunday you find yourself in the horrors and agonies of a removal to some distant part of the town, all on account of a little space of ground, of which you never yet could guess the use or purpose. Very often you are removed from a comfortable and every way excellent house, because it wants a back-green, and taken to one every way inferior, and, indeed, utterly wretched, but which, in the eyes of your sweet spouse, is rendered equal to a palace—because it has a back-green. I would advise all husbands to keep a sharp look-out after the back-greens, as well as several other things, which I shall point out to them.

Let us suppose a case of proposed removal in the middle walks of life. You are, say, the father of a rather numerous family, living very contentedly in a *flat* in not the least dense part of the town. For a long time there have been grumblings like distant thunder among the mountains; but you have never yet heard any very strong reason urged why you should remove. At length, about the New Year, these mutterings begin to get voice; and your wife, some quiet evening, after all the young people are gone to bed, opens a sudden and most tremendous attack upon you, respecting the necessity of no longer keeping the children pent up in this small dwelling, so far from any play-ground or fresh air. And, really, she does not think it is good for her own health that you should live any longer here. She has plenty of exercise, she acknowledges, but no air. It is so far from public walks, that it makes a toil of a pleasure before they can be reached. And then, no place whatsoever to dry the clothes. Your own shirts are never properly seen to, being only hung in an open garret, where they are exposed to all the smoke of the town; at least, all that chooses to come in at the skylights. And there is no such thing as a servant's bed-room in this house. The girl, I assure you, has her own complaints as to the hardship of being obliged to sleep in that den above the kitchen door. And, as for the stair, is it not a thoroughfare to all the scum of the town? Some of the neighbours, I assure you, are no better than they should be, if all the tales be true. There is even an old man in the garret who is supposed to live by *Burking*. The fact is, we would now require an additional bed-room for the boys,—&c. &c.

Lectured up to removing point, you consent, unhappy man! to leave your shop some forenoon, in order to take a walk with your wife about the outskirts of the town, in search of a more airy, more spacious, and more genteel abode. You are dragged "by the lug and the horn," as shepherds say, through multitudes of those "delightful small *self-contained* houses," which offer, "within twenty minutes' walk of the college," all the elegancies of Heriot Row and Great King Street at a tithe of the rent. You find them all as like each other in the interior as if they had been made on the principle of chip-boxes; but yet, to your wife, each seems to have its own peculiar merits. One excels in the matter of a lobby; another has an extra closet; a third affords a superior view from the drawing-room windows; and a fourth—O merit above all merits!—transcends its fellows in the article of a back-green. Every thing, however, is inspected—every thing is taken into the general account; and the result of the whole is, that though the rent is ten pounds higher, and the dining-room a thought less than in your present abode, you *must* remove. The carpets, with a very little eking and clipping, will all suit. Your sideboard, of which your spouse has a measure in her reticule, will exactly answer the recess devoted to it. The jack in the kitchen answers to a tee; and even the scraper at the door has something about it that is singularly appropriate, as if the builder at the very first had designed to "take the measure of your foot." All things appear, in the showing of your good dame, to be so remarkably answerable and proper, that you half believe it to be a matter of destiny, and, in completing your arrangements, hardly bargain so much with the landlord as with Fate.

During the spring months which elapsed before the day of removal, you live in a state of dreamy bliss respecting your new house. Almost every fine morning you rise about seven for a walk, and, by a strange chance, you invariably take the house of promise in your way, and enjoy a survey of its external excellencies. When you observe, from the closed shutters, that its present occupants, so far from being agog about it like yourself, are snugly snoozing in their beds, you wonder at their indifference. If you were they, you would have been up hours ago, enjoying the air in the back-green, or playing the King of the Vandals in the front-plot. What a pity too see that splendid ruin of a rhododendron drooping in that fashion! What a shame to pay so little attention to the boxwood! At length, the 25th of May arrives. You transfer yourself to the now vacated tenement, pitying with all your heart the stupid people who have left it. For a time, a kind of honeymoon delirium pervades the household. You certainly do find some pleasure in contemplating from your drawing-room windows the cattle in the neighbouring grass-park, even though sensible all the time that they are only kept there in *petto* by the extortionating butcher at the end of "the Row." Your wife, too, reposes upon the joys of her back-green with a gratulation of spirit that seems as if it could never know an end. And, while the servant girl rejoices in a chamber to herself, your boys have sport unceasing in pasting over the kitchen door with pictures and excellent new songs. But all this only holds good while summer lasts—summer, during which no house ever appears inconvenient or disadvantageous. By and bye comes the winter of your discontent. The views from the window are no longer fair; the back-green, which already in autumn had begun to lose its character as a play-ground, in consequence of the swarms of creeping things, which covered the walls in such a way, as if they had a design to form a living entomological museum, and so fairly frightened the children into the house, is now a sink of mud and melting snow; the serving-wench finds that it was better to sleep in "that den above the kitchen door"—in so far as the said de-

was very "cosey"—than to lie in a chamber under the slates, exposed to the malevolence of the elements in all its shapes. You find, too, that in the short days it is not very agreeable to walk several times to and from town in the dark, through a district which, in the language of house-proprietors, "has the advantage of being out of the bounds of police." The phrase, "within twenty minutes' walk of the College," appears to you as only calculated for the faculties of some itinerating prodigy, in as much as it never takes you less than twice the time. The worthy housewife herself, after long suffering in secret, and great reluctance to confess her counsel wrong, has to complain at last of "the distance from the market," which obliges her to buy every thing from small dealers in the neighbourhood, who necessarily must make up for uncertain custom by "two prices." No getting so much as a pennyworth of vegetables without sending for it nearly a mile; and then "that creature Jenny,"—there is no sending her out, you know, even upon the shortest errand, but she stays an hour. When we want even so much as change for a shilling, there is no getting it nearer than Port Hopetoun, which is half a mile away. Then we are such a distance from the kirk. It is only in fine weather we are able to get that length, and at most only once in the day. I declare, if we stay here much longer, we shall become absolute heathens. Although, to be sure, we pay less taxes in this out-of-the-way place than we did before, have we not lost a washing tub, from there being no police? And then, is there not a toll-bar betwixt us and the town, at which we must pay one shilling every time we have to go out or come home in a coach? And, above all things, we are cut off here from all our friends and acquaintances. We do not know a soul nearer hand than the Duncans, who live at the back of the Meadows. And there is no dropping in here, in an easy way, upon a forenoon call; but the people, when they reach us, are so much fatigued with the distance, that they must be asked to stay to dinner: and the case ends, perhaps, with the good man being obliged to walk three miles home with a young lady at twelve o'clock at night! Only think of that! No, no, this cold, outlandish, genteel place will never do. Give me a good front door in the New Town "with all the conveniences," and I'll leave such places as this to them that like them better.

When once a resolution is formed to leave a house, it is amazing how many holes are picked in its character, many of them literal. The wind gets in at a hundred places; we can see daylight through stone-walls and double-deafened ceilings. Then, there is such a draught up the staircase, and into the best bedroom, that positively there is no enduring it. I think another six months of this house would fairly make an end of *me*. It's not a house for tender folk. You might sometimes as well sit in the open street, as by the fireside. You burn your shins, and all the time your back is freezing. Upon my word, I think we should save all the difference between this and a front door in doctors' bills!!

A front door is then determined upon; and you think you have at length, by a little stretch of your purse, reached the very perfection of comfort. But, alas! "*fronti nulla fides*," which is as much as to say, there is no reliance to be placed on a front door. It is true, you escape all the evils of your former habitation, and that nothing can match your back kitchen as a convenience to the servants. But then the family living above you has twice your number of children; and these imps seem to do nothing whatever the whole day long, from six in the morning till seven at night, but run pat, pat, pat, along the floors overhead. till they almost drive you mad, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*. Even the charms of a back-green, or a superior scullery, will not stand against this; and so you determine at last to go to an upper flat in the same neighbourhood, where you may have the pleasure of tormenting some person below with *your* children, without the risk of being at the same time tormented yourself. The last selection is made upon moderate and prudent principles; but yet hope is also even here upon the wing. The house has no pretensions to style or external gentility, but yet "Edwin was no vulgar boy." The stair is remarkably spacious and well lighted, and has, further, the advantage of a door at the bottom, which can be opened by any inhabitant, by means of a pulley, without the necessity of descending to the bottom. In fact, it is what I would call a genteel stair. "The Stevensons" live in the first *flat*. The kitchen door has a nice hole at the lower corner for the cat; and what a delightful place there is by the side of the fire for the lamp, or where we could keep our salt dry in a *pig!* The request of the Regent Earl of Mar, as inscribed on the front of his house at Stirling,

"I pray all lukaris on this ludging
With gentil ee to gif their judging."

comes powerfully into force in all cases where the tenant is just entering upon his house. As in the other case every fault is exaggerated, and made the subject of congratulatory disgust, so in this, every fault is extenuated "The ceilings are a little contracted, I see, by the roof." "Oh! a wee thought coomceyled—a very small matter; these rooms are only intended for the children. We have some capital *public* rooms at the back, looking into the Queen Street Gardens, and have a little peep of the sea in the distance." 'Upper flats," observes your Malagrowther friend, "are very apt to smoke." "Oh! not at all, I assure you. But I have been assured that Dr. Bonnyman cured this house entirely some years ago, and since then there has never been a single puff of smoke." "Your nursery is in the garret; don't you think the children will feel it rather cold?" "Oh, the most comfortable nursery in the world; and see, *only see*, what a nice door there is at the top of the garret stair, to prevent the bairns from tumbling down!" "I am sorry, however, to see a green-wife established so close beneath the door, at the bottom of your *common* stair." "Oh, Sir; but consider the convenience of the greens." In fact, there is no peculiarity about the house, however trifling, but, in the eyes of a new tenant, it will seem a beauty, as in those of a departing one it will constitute a disgrace. And this is just the philosophy of the question, and the real cause why there is so much useless tossing and tumbling of old furniture on each 25th of May.

LOCKES' CONFESSION OF BELIEF.

I HAVE long been of opinion that the foundation of many of the errors into which mankind daily fall, lies in the indefinite unexamined notions which they possess upon almost any given subject. Words, and not ideas, being only what are taught at our scholastic institutions, and the juvenile mind being seldom, except by chance, subjected to cultivation, we find that people, when they arrive at manhood, have, in most instances, no settled defined opinion on the character and what will be the results of particular lines of conduct, and that the judgment is left entirely to be formed from the lagging experience of years. It has been suggested to me that much of this mischievous want of sober reflection might be obviated by every person, who is capable of reasoning, reducing their opinions (in morals, religion, and politics, for instance) to a formal confession of belief—that is, write down what they actually think on such subjects. Yet it is perhaps vain to expect that persons who are engaged in the multifarious duties of life should thus turn author, as it were, though but for an hour; and, in such a case, the next best is for them to ponder on the confessions of opinion of some of our greatest luminaries in philosophic reasoning.

If I were asked to point out to the juvenile inquirer after truth, where he ought to pursue his search, I would say, read, learn, and act upon the philosophy of John Locke. His Essay on the Human Understanding, I need not say, is invaluable; but his loose papers, recently brought to light by Lord King, and appended to the life which he has written of that distinguished man, are also excellent. The latter work, being published in an expensive form, very few can have it in their power to examine it; and I therefore take the liberty of extracting some of the more practically useful articles; in the meanwhile, offering the following confession of belief, which Locke entitles

THUS I THINK.

It is a man's proper business to seek happiness and avoid misery.

Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind, misery in what disturbs, discomposes, or torments it.

I will therefore make it my business to seek satisfaction and delight, and avoid uneasiness, and disquiet; of have as much of the one and as little of the other as may be.

But here I must have a care I mistake not; for if I prefer a short pleasure to a lasting one, it is plain I cross my own happiness.

Let me then see wherein consists the most lasting pleasures of this life, and that, as far as I can observe is in these things:—

1st, Health—without which no sensual pleasure can have any relish.

2d, Reputation—for that I find every body is pleased with, and the want of it is a constant torment.

3d, Knowledge—for the little knowledge I have, I find I would not sell at any rate, nor part with for any other pleasure.

4th, Doing good—for I find the well-cooked meat I eat to-day does now no more delight me; nay, I am diseased after a full meal. The perfumes I smelt yesterday now no more affect me with any pleasure, but the good turn I did yesterday, a year, seven years since continues still to please and delight me as often as I reflect on it.

5th, The expectation of eternal and incomprehensible happiness in another world is that also which carries a constant pleasure with it.

If then I will faithfully pursue that happiness I propose to myself, whatever pleasure offers itself to me, I must carefully look that it cross not any of those five great and constant pleasures above mentioned. For example, the fruit I see tempts me with the taste of it that I love, but if it endanger my health, I part with a constant and lasting for a very short and transient pleasure, and so foolishly make myself unhappy, and am not true to my own interest.

Hunting, plays, and other innocent diversions, delight me: if I make use of them to refresh myself after study and business, they preserve my health, restore the vigour of my mind, and increase my pleasure; but if I spend all, or the greatest part of my time in them, they hinder my improvement in knowledge and useful arts, they blast my credit, and give me up to the uneasy state of shame, ignorance, and contempt, in which I cannot but be very unhappy. Drinking, gaming, and vicious delights, will do me this mischief, not only by wasting my time, but by a positive efficacy endanger my health, impair my parts, imprint ill habits, lessen my esteem, and leave a constant lasting torment on my conscience; therefore all vicious and unlawful pleasures I will always avoid, because such a mastery of my passions will afford me a constant pleasure greater than any such enjoyments; and also deliver me from the certain evil of several kinds, that by indulging myself in a present temptation I shall certainly afterwards suffer.

All innocent diversions and delights, as far as they will contribute to my health, and consist with my improvement, condition, and my other more solid pleasures of knowledge and reputation, I will enjoy, but no farther, and this I will carefully watch and examine, that I may not be deceived by the flattery of a present pleasure to lose a greater.

THE KLINKENBERGS, A TALE.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

SOME years before this history begins and ends—for it is as brief as the life of a butterfly—the old King of Bavaria having taken a particular dislike to his palace of Starenberg, gave the veteran General Klinkenberg permission to inhabit a certain portion of the building. To this quiet retreat the general and his two daughters, Amelia and Caroline, forthwith repaired, and there they resided until the period at which I have the honour of introducing them to the reader.

Nothing could be more agreeable to the ancient warrior, after his active services, than this domicile; and, as for the young ladies, they were absolutely charmed with it: from its beauties and its proximity to Munich.

In this Bavarian Hampton Court, time passed delightfully; the mornings were spent much as mornings are when handsome accomplished women, and agreeable well educated men associate much together; and although Captain Steinfel and Lieutenant Melfort had not yet ventured to hint at any "*ulterior objects*," the friendship which actually existed between the four happy ones, seemed to require only a *declaration* on the part of the beaux, to convert it into a sentiment somewhat more tender, and infinitely more delightful—and so things went on.

In the midst of this agreeable intercourse, varied by the visits of the general's friends from Munich, and his neighbours at Starenberg, an event occurred which agitated the whole country, and changed the face of "affairs in general"—the King of Bavaria died!

On every side were grief and desolation—the shops of Munich were closed—the great bells tolled heavily—the flags hung half-staff high—the sorrowing creatures of the monarch's bounty bowed their heads and wept—minute guns from the batteries boomed upon the ear, and muffled drums announced the ceremony with which, in all the solemn pomp of woe, the mortal remains of the good king were deposited in the stately tomb of his ancestors. And then all was smiles and congratulations—"tipsy dance, and revelry"—the shops in Munich were opened, the cannon fired salvoes from the batteries—the bells rang merrily, the flags were hoisted to the very trucks; and the sorrowing creatures of the old king's bounty dried their tears and doffed their sables, and, dressing their faces in smiles, hurried to the palace to beslime its new occupant with their venal adulation.

"What a king we have got *now!*" cried one, who never would have been a judge of kings if the late monarch had not made him what he was. "What wisdom!" says a second. "What goodness!" cries a third. "What taste!" exclaims a fourth. "How affable!" a fifth. "How unlike the old king!" a sixth. And thus, not content with taking the good "the gods provided," they sought to ingratiate themselves with their new master by instituting comparisons between him and their old one; which, to say nothing of the taste of the system as likely to please his majesty, savoured not a little of that which is sometimes found even in Munich—ingratitude.

The new king, in the bloom of youth, handsome, graceful, gay, and accomplished, mounted his milk-white charger, and, attended, by all his court, curvetted and ambled through the streets:—what condescension!—flags and banners were waved on the parapets, and flowers were scattered from the windows. The next day he prerambulated the town, accompanied only by his brown umbrella—what affability! His majesty held levees; the palace was thrown open, and the receptions were innumerable; for his late father had been some time before his death infirm and ill, and had therefore lived principally at Nymphenburg, his favourite residence, which he had splendidly decorated and tastefully

approved. To Nymphenburg the new king took a decided aversion: it was closed immediately on his accession, and Count Slaphausen, who had regulated all his father's affairs there, was dismissed. Stiffincroup was named prime minister, and Snyderkins, who had never slept from under the palace roof for twenty years, was sent ambassador to the court of Ashantee.

All that the king did, the people approved. He remodelled the Bavarian code of laws—he corrected abuses in the state—he changed the colour of the pages' pantaloons, from pea-green and silver to white and gold—he reversed all his father's decrees—he altered the uniform of the foot soldiers—he granted universal liberty of conscience, and gave a ball once in every week; and, strange to say, great as were the deeds of this illustrious monarch, no act of his royal life is so nearly connected with the subject matter of this little story as the last named manifestation of his royal grace and bounty.

To one of those balls were invited General Klinkenberg and his two charming daughters, an event marked with consequences which none of the parties most deeply concerned in the slightest degree anticipated, but which, if we have but a little patience, we shall see eventually proved of the highest importance.

General Klinkenberg was no courtier, and at sixty-five no dancer; but the invitation was a command, and even if he had hesitated as to its acceptance, the young ladies would have overruled all objections, and overcome all obstacles. Amelia, the elder of the two, was celebrated in her circle for her dancing; her eyes were as bright as diamonds, and her hair, which curled profusely over a snowy forehead, was as black as get—her figure was symmetrical—her grace proverbial. Caroline, the younger sister, was fair, and her soft blue eyes and gentle demeanour often won hearts which would hold out fearlessly against the bolder attacks of her sprightly sparkling sister.

In the ball-room Amelia attracted all attention, and seemed to revel in the sunshine of the gaze she excited. Caroline shunned, or seemed to shun, the looks which were sometimes rivetted on her mild and gentle countenance—but people live not always in ball rooms, nor establish their characters in crowded assemblies, and Caroline, in her own home, mild, amiable, and affectionate as she was, drew around her the tenderer and deeper feelings of the heart. Caroline had formed the first, the ruling attachment of her life—Melfort had won her! had gained her esteem, her regard, her love; and these sentiments were founded upon a near and constant observation of his mind and manners, character and disposition. She had no disguise in avowing the feeling he had inspired; she spoke of him, felt for him, thought of him as a brother; it was only when he was absent that she could at all appreciate the value she set upon his society; and when the royal command to the ball arrived, it pained her to the very heart—that going without *him* was inevitable.

Steinfelt was not invited; but Amelia, although she would have been better pleased if he had been of the party, felt no regret like Caroline's which could for a moment counterbalance the pleasure she anticipated at court—a sphere well suited in her ardent mind for a girl of her birth, appearance, and accomplishments; and she rallied her more sensitive sister upon the regret she expressed, and the sorrow she too evidently felt, at Melfort's absence.

From the moment their going was decided upon, the activity of preparation evinced by Amelia, strongly contrasted as it was by the placid sufferance of Caroline, under the suggestions of the leading *marchand des modes* of Munich, gave strong evidence of her desire for conquest; all the colours of the rainbow were tried, and those in every light, in order to ascertain what "best became her;" friends were appealed to, neighbours called into council; and it was not until the day before the ball that the dress in which she was actually to appear was finally decided upon.

What the police regulations of Munich were, upon those occasions, history has not recorded, or whether the instructions of the Bavarian green-cloth for the regulation of carriages merely directed that the company should be set down with their horses' heads opposite to their tails; suffice it to say, that amidst a sort of civil warfare, eminently destructive to the panels, and seriously injurious to the poles, the General and the two Misses Klinkenberg were safely deposited at the palace.

At the foot of the golden and marble staircase, which forms one of the splendid features of this immense building, and which, upon this occasion, was lined by body guards, and plentifully sprinkled over with porters and pages, they were received and ushered up to the great hall, which, together with the hall of antiquities, was most magnificently illuminated; and after passing through a suit of apartments, each vieing with the preceding one in brilliancy of decoration and company, they reached the throne-room, in which the visitors were presented to his majesty previous to proceeding to the ball.

His majesty's reception of the veteran general was gracious in the extreme; but when the royal eyes fell upon the animated countenance and sylph-like form of Amelia, the king seemed thunder-stricken. His majesty was graciously pleased to express his admiration aloud, and spoke of her beauty in a very audible tone to the Baron Stiffincroup and the Countess of Muggenstein, who were near him. Of Caroline the king said nothing; he merely bestowed upon her one of those gently approving smiles which great personages with white teeth are frequently pleased to confer; but of Amelia he continued to rave—continued to point her out to each new guest with whom he was on familiar terms, until at last, his majesty having gone through the ceremony of opening the ball with her Serene Highness the Princess Wilehlmina of Stumps Giggenstein, Amelia found herself approached by one of his majesty's chamberlains, who announced to her delighted ears that the sovereign had been graciously pleased to select her for his partner in the next quadrille.

What the Bavarian *etiquette* upon so striking and singular an occasion actually might be, we do not pretend to understand, but it was by no means difficult to perceive, by the looks and gestures of the five hundred beauties of the court, that the royal attention had created a sensation. Its immediate effect upon Caroline Klinkenberg was astounding; for no sooner did Baron Stiffincroup, prime minister in the Bavarian cabinet, perceive his Majesty leading the elder Miss Klinkenberg to the highest place in the dance, than he bustled through the illustrious throng, and solicited the hand of the second Miss Klinkenberg as his partner in the same set.

As for Amelia, from the moment she felt the pressure of the white kid glove of the right hand of Bavaria upon the sympathetic leather on her own left, she saw nothing, understood nothing that she heard, was conscious of nothing in the world but that she was existing in a sort of ecstatic dream, and that she was still actually on her feet swinging about the palace in company with her sovereign, who, as has already been remarked, in addition to his crown and dignity, possessed a person so fine, a face so handsome, and a figure so elegant, that the court resounded with murmurs of admiration—not quite unmixed with envy—at the beautiful performance of their gracious king and his graceful partner.

Baron Stiffincroup, who was tall, solemn, formal, and grey, was not particularly well adapted for waltzing, either by age or station, figure or activity; he went through the motions, and Caroline was as well pleased as the baron, when she found herself re-established at her gallant father's side, whence the premier had drawn her; but Amelia's career was not yet ended; she was destined to be the belle of the evening.

In spite of etiquette, in spite of the various claims which should have engaged the royal attention, the king graciously condescended to place her arm on his, and lead her, "nothing loth," to the room where refreshments were served; here he presented her—he himself—with ice; here offered her a wafer, while she stood the wonder of the gazing company, alone with him, and doing something very like flirting, in the centre of a circle whose sacred verge no subject's foot dare cross.

But even this was not all; in the plenitude of royal grace and condescension, his majesty plucked a half blown rose from one of the vases which were ranged along the plateau, and, with a speech full of—more than gallantry—sentiment, presented it to his fair partner, from whom it seemed he parted most reluctantly when he surrendered her to the care of her father.

But as the flower blooms which the sun has ripened, even when that sun is set, Amelia, seated by the general's side, attracted crowds of gazers even though the king had left her; and she remained enjoying her triumph, and holding affectionately in her hand the rose which had been conferred upon her by the monarch.

Supper was announced, and trumpets rent the air: and as the folding doors of the banquet gallery were thrown open, music, the most melodious, burst upon the ear. Amelia lingered and looked around—for what?—presumptuous girl!—she felt dissatisfied and disappointed because the young king did not lead her to the table. She forgot that the Grand Duchess of Shufflehausen would naturally be taken out by his majesty; and that, however much his kind heart and good taste might draw him to her side when *etiquette* permitted, there *were* certain things to be done and performed in his kingly capacity, with which neither kindness nor feeling could be permitted to interfere. Certain it is, that from the moment she saw him seated on his chair of state, surrounded by the officers of his household, approached with awe, and served with humility, amounting—or rather descending—almost to prostration, she sighed, and felt as if she were wearied with all that was near her; the banquet was tasteless, the music discordant, the gaiety painful.

Caroline, who had been led to supper by her last partner, enjoyed every thing she saw and heard; the one alloy to her gratification was the absence of Melfort: and although she looked forward to the morning when she should describe to him the events of the evening, as the reward of her present privation, she conquered all selfish feeling so far as to establish her character as a delightful companion in the mind of the young nobleman who had danced with her, and to create in his bosom, as it should seem, an interest not much inferior to that which it appeared her animated sister had excited in the heart of the king.

Supper over, the company resumed dancing, but the king did not again present himself to the eyes of the fascinated Amelia. Baron Stiffincroup, however, went to General Klinkenberg, and taking him into a window, stated to him that he had it in command from the king to tell him, that his majesty intended to confer upon him the order of St. Hubert; that he could not imagine how his services and merits had been so long overlooked by his late father; and that he expected to see him at the next morning's levee, in order that he might have the pleasure of investing him with the riband. Klinkenberg felt hot, and cold, and bowed, and smiled, and was very much pleased; for singular as it may appear, the late king, for what reason nobody ever could discover, although frequently solicited, never would give Klinkenberg the order of St. Hubert. Why he got it now, having given the reader some idea of Bavarian politics, we leave him to guess.

Seated in the carriage, on their return, what were the feelings of the three Klinkenbergs?—Amelia was satisfied that the king was at her feet, and that the favour bestowed upon her father was merely a proof of his majesty's sincerity and devotion to *her*; but upon a subject so high she dared not trust herself to speak, so she declared herself tired, threw herself back in the coach, and closing her eyes, saw as it were in a vision, the throne standing ready for her occupation; and while she(almost tenderly) pressed in her hand the withering flower, with which the sovereign had presented her, felt the sceptre of Bavaria within her grasp.

Caroline, who was no more tired than her sister, and who had no object in affecting to be so, talked over the whole party gaily and happily, and felt more at ease than at any previous period of the evening; and Klinkenberg himself, in high spirits at the result of his visit to court, chuckled at his attainment from the new king of a decoration which the old one never would bestow on him.

When next morning came, and breakfast was over, and General Klinkenberg on his road to Munich, as usual, came Captain Steinfelt and Lieutenant Melfort; the latter was received by Caroline as he always was—both her hands were extended to receive his, and a smile, such as thrones cannot purchase nor kingdoms repay, greeted the young suitor, (if such he might be considered) on his entrance to the boudoir. Amelia was gracious in her manner to Steinfelt, and stretched forth her right hand, still seated, while her left most unconsciously rested on a vase in which hung droopingly the royal rose of Bavaria.

Amelia saw that the faded flower had caught the captain's eyes; she longed for him to ask some questions about it, but she was spared a protracted anxiety by Caroline's calling the attention of both the beaux to the "floral emblem" of her sister's triumph.

"Yes," said Amelia, "the king gave it me last night; we had danced together, and while he was handing me some ice, I happened to say I was fond of roses, and he was good enough to present it to me. It therefore becomes quite an historical rose, and I shall preserve it."

"Less productive of feuds, I hope," said Steinfelt, "than the rival roses of England."

"And," said Melfort, "have *you* no royal rose to boast of Caroline?"

"Not I, indeed," replied she: "Amelia was the favoured lady of the night."

"Oh, Caroline," interrupted Amelia, "don't say so! I am sure he was very attentive to the Princess Wilhelmina of Stumps Giggenstein."

"Who do you mean by *he*, Miss Klinkenberg?" said the captain.

"Why, Captain Steinfelt," said Amelia, half angry with him, and half ashamed of herself, "I mean—I mean—the King!"

"Oh!" said the captain, bowing, "I only asked, You seem to have made considerable progress in your acquaintance with his majesty."

"Yes," said the young lady; "and, besides this rose—which *is* faded, I confess,"—at this point of her conversation she caressed it, and played with its leaves—"besides *this*, the king has given papa the order of—what is it, dear Caroline?—St. Hubert."

"Indeed!" said Steinfelt, whose thoughts suddenly flew from the order to the abbey of St. Hubert, in the Netherlands, which, at the moment, he did not think at all an unsuitable receptacle either for the king or the general. "Why, you come from court loaded with honours!"

"That Princess Wilhelmina, of Stumps Giggenstein, is very plain, said Amelia.

"She is to be our queen, I am told," said the Captain. Amelia said nothing, but her lip quivered and her cheek flushed. Steinfelt saw what was passing in her mind.

"Some people have destined the king for an English lady," said Steinfelt; "but the objection to the match, which is insuperable, is, that she is a subject."

Amelia coloured again, and it was with something like a consciousness, founded, as it would seem, upon what the king had whispered the night before, that she said—"Is that objection insuperable? Our king is very English in his opinions and feelings, and in England kings marry subjects."

"Not now," said Steinfelt. "Come, Amelia, let us join Caroline and Melfort."

"Oh, I cannot walk to-day," said Amelia; "I am tired—tired beyond belief; besides, I should not like to leave home until—until——"

She would have said, until "I know the king will be engaged at court at the levee; for she was full of the idea that he would visit Starenberg. Steinfelt took his chaco, and humming a tune, walked to the open door of the boudoir, then played with the jasmines and honeysuckles that twined through the columns of the portico, then stepped down one step, then down another, and finally walked himself off; his pride was hurt, his heart was pained. In one short evening Amelia seemed to have changed her whole character, and, dazzled by the attentions of her sovereign, appeared to have lost the recollection of all that had been passing during the previous half year. Steinfelt made every allowance for the peculiarity of the circumstances, and the nature of the trial to which she had been exposed, but he could not discuss or argue the topic with her; he did not love her less than he did the day before, but the day before he did not know that he loved her so much; the approach of a rival and such a rival as a king, gave a stimulus to his feelings, and they overcame him; his only safety was in a retreat; like a good tactition, he adopted it.

Amelia saw him depart without concern, without emotion; the first advantage she took of his absence was to cross the room and re-arrange those ringlets of hers, before the looking-glass: the king had praised her ringlets and her eyes: and when she heard footsteps in the antechamber, she hurried back to the sofa with a fluttering heart—perhaps HE was come—perhaps a chamberlain, an usher, a page—but no!

When the "benighted" general returned in the evening, Amelia's inquiries were numerous. The ceremony of investiture occupied about three minutes. The court was crowded, and the king had only spoken a few words to Klinkenberg; but those few words were important, and sounded like the music of sweet bells in Amelia's ear.

"General," said his Majesty, "I am going very soon to look at Starenberg. I think I should like it for a summer residence."

These words the general repeated merely as a commonplace expression of the king's intention. But Amelia read them differently. He had never been to Starenberg—never thought he should like it as a summer residence, until he had seen *her*—and he was coming *very soon*. It seemed as if her towering hopes were to be realised. Nor could she

ook at the glittering decoration which sparkled on her father's breast without believing herself to have been the cause of its appearance there.

Steinfelt was not present when the general returned—he had made some plea for being away from Starenberg for two days, ; during which period Amelia continued in a state of feverish agitation, which none but ladies who have flown at quarries as high as hers can possibly appreciate; nor did the placid happiness of Caroline and Melfort at all disturb her. The rose was quite dead, but yet its withered stalk was her solace; and hour after hour passed in anxious expectation of the event which, as she reasonably enough believed, was destined to decide her fate.

One evening, the fourth after the ball, the general, Amelia, Melfort, and Caroline, were sitting in the garden pavilion, when a servant was seen hurrying along the walk which led to it, holding in his hand a letter. The very sight of a letter in the existing state of Amelia's mind, threw her into a terrible agitation; but when she heard her father exclaim, as he read the superscription,—"from the palace," it was with difficulty she could retain her seat or her senses.

"How did this come?" said the general to his servant.

"By an orderly, general," replied the servant.

"Where are my spectacles?" said the general.

"I will read it, papa," said Amelia, "for you."

"Child," said the knight of St. Hubert, "read it!—it comes from the king's secretary, and is marked 'Private and confidential,'—let me see—"

Saying which, the general having placed "his spectacles on nose," read—first to himself, and secondly aloud—what follows.

"Private.—"Dear General,

"The King proposes, I believe, to visit Starenberg tomorrow about one o'clock. He wishes to avoid all ceremony, but as I thought, *under the peculiar circumstances of his visit*, you might wish to be there, I have written to let you know what I believe to be his majesty's intention. It may be as well not to say to any body that I have apprised you of it.

"Ever yours, dear general,
"C. Penanink."

"To-morrow!" murmured Amelia, in a suppressed tone.

"Now what had we best do?" said Klinkenberg. "I suppose, young ladies, you will take care that a collation is prepared for his majesty?"

"I will take care of that, sir," said Amelia.

"Why," said Melfort, "if the reports of royal visits are at all correct, collations form no inconsiderable portion of the performance. A court party in progress takes more feeding than a steam-engine."

"The king would make this place very gay if he came to live here," said the general. "It is very odd—I thought by his manner the other day that he meant to come, but ——"

"I think," said Caroline, "gay as the king's residence may make it, we are much happier in truth without him: living in the confines of a court is like living on a tight rope; it requires a constant effort to keep oneself balanced, while an attempt to jump is most likely to produce a fall."

"Figurative as you are, Caroline," said Melfort, "depend upon it you are right; however, I suspect the palace is not the object of the king's visit."

"What then, Melfort?" said the general.

"It is said, Sir," said Melfort, "that Amelia has caught the king's heart."

"Psha, psha!" said Klinkenberg; "pray let me hear nothing of the sort.—Ridiculous!"—and so the conversation ended.

Nobody could adequately describe the hurry and flurry, and bustling and scrambling, in which the evening was passed, nor the renewal of all the efforts in the morning, of the Klinkenberg family, to complete the preparations for the reception of the king. The Gunter of Munich, on the shortest notice, had before noon spread a banquet in the large saloon which opened into the garden, and the old plate of the Klinkenbergs was paraded upon temporary sideboards in the recesses. The choicest fruits, the finest wines, every thing that could gratify the royal palate, were furnished forth; and by one o'clock it was announced that the king might come whenever he pleased.

Early in the morning, however, Caroline and Melfort had a conversation the most interesting of their lives. The orderly who had brought the general's letter from Count Penanink, the secretary, had also brought orders from the commander-in-chief to Captain Steinfelt and Lieutenant Melfort to join their regiment, with their troop now doing duty as the king's guard at Starenberg: they were to march the following day. The nature of this conversation the reader may guess. Melfort made the declaration which Caroline had long expected; and knowing her sentiments with regard to Melfort, there can be little doubt how she received it: suffice it to say that Melfort was the happiest of men.

Steinfelt, who was aware of Melfort's intentions, although too much piqued and mortified by Amelia's recent conduct to risk an interview with her on his return, addressed to her a letter, explanatory of his feelings, and requiring an answer to the offer of his attachment, to which a cold reply and refusal was returned.

"Heartless, cruel girl!" said Steinfelt, as he dashed this note upon the table. "She whom I idolized—she who has been all the world to me, and whose faith is as much plighted to me as if we had sworn to love eternally—she, whom it would have been my pride to have taken into the bosom of my family—she, to whom I looked as the comfort of my life, the——"

"Turn out the guard!" cried the sentry at the gates. Away went Amelia's letter crumpled into the sabretache; on went the sword and chaco; down stairs ran the captain, and in two minutes, mounted on his pawing charger, he was at the head of his men.

A royal carriage drove into the quadrangle—it was not the king · Count Penanink Rodantaye, the surveyor of the works, and Skaffeld, the king's architect, were the inhabitants of the vehicle. The guard turned in: the architect and surveyor proceeded up the great staircase, and Count Penanink went to Klinkenberg's apartments.

"Do you think, count, that the king is likely to reside here?" said Klinkenberg.

"Upon my word," said the count, "I cannot venture to surmise at present: there are great attractions here"—Amelia's heart beat—"and circumstances may occur which would render it a very agreeable residence. The distance from town is so convenient—not that I am at all aware what his majesty's intentions are—it was quite sudden his Majesty's desire of visiting it—I——"

This was all honey and nectar to Miss Klinkenberg, who was just preparing to question the count, when the saloon door was thrown violently open, and one of the king's servant's ran in unceremoniously, and exclaimed,

"Count, count! the king is coming!"

Away went Penanink, away went Klinkenberg, leaving Amelia in a state of dreadful agitation, and Caroline in a dreadful fit of laughing: to see the cold, cautious secretary, who had been measuring out his words with the most precise primness, take a start as if the palace were on fire, and to see her venerable and venerated father regenerated into a racer, by the magical sound of the "king is coming," were too much for her unsophisticated mind, and it was only after a severe lecture from her majesty elect, tha she could summon gravity enough to look out of the windows to see the arrival.

At length the moment arrived: Amelia could not hear her own heart beat; her father's voice sounded in the anteroom; and forthwith the doors were thrown open, and there entered Count Penanink, Captain Spyhausen, and Major Sneakenburg, the equerries, Mr. Skaffeld, the architect, Mr. Rodantape, the surveyor-general, and Lieutenant Melfort, of the king's guard.

Considering these inferiors to be but the leaders of the procession, the head of the column, as her father would have phrased it, Amelia was all smiles and graciousness; but when she heard her father give directions to throw open the room where stood the royal collation, and Count Penanink came up to her and offered her his arm to lead her to table, she felt overwhelmed with wonder and amazement. Her feelings were too powerful to permit her to be silent.

"Where is the king, Sir?" said she to the count, as they passed from one room to the other.

"He is gone," said the count; "he never eats luncheons."

"Gone!" said Amelia—"luncheon!"

"Yes," replied the count, "he is quite delighted with the palace, and means almost immediately to take up his esidence here."

Amelia felt in a trance—a dream—a dreadful dream.

"Mr. Rodantape!" cried General Klinkenberg, "will ou sit next my eldest daughter?"

Poor Amelia! instead of the Bavarian monarch, to have ie surveyor-general of the works placed at her left hand!

At this period it became a question with Miss Amelia Klinkenberg whether she would faint or not; but still hoping hat the king's absence was owing to some etiquette of which he was not aware, she resolved to endure what was actually n progress, and devote herself to the count, from whom she oped to extract some courtly intelligence.

"You are acquainted with Captain Steinfelt?" said the ount.

"Yes," stammered Amelia, rather wavered by the question—"Yes."

"The king has made him a happy man this morning,' said the count; "he has given him one of the best appointments he could hold."

"Indeed!" said Amelia.

"And one which will afford him a most delightful opportunity of travelling," said the count, "for he will go on the pecial mission which is to be sent to bring home our new ueen."

To this Amelia made no answer, for she could not utter.

"And though," continued the count, "in consequence of the king's choosing to live here after his marriage, your father will lose the advantage of these apartments, still——"

"At this period the option of fainting or not was no longer left to Miss Amelia Klinkenberg—she fell senseless from her chair, and escaped the contamination of sitting next the surveyor-general of the works, by being carried in a lifeless state to her bed-room,

* * * * *

In three weeks from that day the king of Bavaria was married; in six weeks from that day Caroline became the wife of Melfort: in three months from that day Steinfelt was united to the wealthy Dowager Duchess of Oldanfatt; and twenty years from that day Miss Amelia Klinkenberg was Miss Amelia Klinkenberg still, and without any prospect of changing her condition for the better.

Proud and poor, the disappointment of hopes which never had any foundation except in her own vanity, and which converted the gracious condescension of a monarch into the devotion of a lover, preyed upon her mind, and induced her prudentially to declare her resolution of never marrying; a resolution which, as the story of her mistake about the king and her misconduct towards Steinfelt got known, nobody ever persuaded her to rescind; and she passes her time now in preaching prudence to her lovely nieces, with a constant exhortation to them never to give up the certainty of happiness for the chance of splendour, but always to recollect the homely English proverb, that "One bird in hand is worth two in the bush."—*Keepsake*, 1832.

A FAMILY OF CRUSOES.

It may not be generally known to the people o. Scotland, that within the verge of this northern kingdom, there exists (or very lately existed) a family of human beings in an almost desert island, removed out of sight of land, and holding communication with no rest of their species but twice in the twelve months. The name of this desolate isle is Rona, or more corectly North Rona, and is situated in the Northern Ocean, at the distance of sixteen leagues west from the Butt of Lewis, one of the largest of the Hebridean Isles This island, which measures about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, where widest, has been rarely visited either by ships or travellers, and has been the subject of a variety of fanciful descriptions. It might have remained much longer in this almost "undiscovered" condition, had it not been a few years ago visited by Dr. John Macculloch, who made it the object of one of his mineralogical excursions, and who has presented us with a description of the island and its inhabitants. The Doctor, it seems, found great difficulty in landing, in consequence of the most accessible point being the face of a precipitous cliff, fifty or sixty feet in height. The disembarkation of himself and boat's crew did not pass unobserved by the chief inhabitants, who, like his prototype Robinson Crusoe, in spying the landing of the savages, took care to keep aloof from the strangers; and who, on their surmounting the cliff, fairly took to his heels. Being, however, brought to by means of a well-directed blast of Gaelic, sent after him by one of the boatmen, and his friendship purchased by a roll of tobacco, the Doctor found himself at liberty to inspect the territory in all its parts, and to extract an account of the mode of living of the single family by which it was tenanted. "The southern cliffs," says he, "range from thirty to sixty feet in height, running out into flat ledges at the western extremity; but on the north side they reach to five hundred feet, and present a formidable aspect, whitened by the tremendous breach of the sea as it rolls on from the northward. Here, among other openings, there is an immense cave, with a wide aperture, into which the waves break with the noise of thunder. Over a large space, the whole ground, at an elevation of two hundred feet, is washed away to the bare foundation; large masses of rock being frequently thrown up, and carried high along the level land, as if they were mere pebbles on a sea-beach. Rona can be no peaceful solitude, when the half of it is thus under water, and the solid dash then made against it, must cover the whole, in gales of wind, with a continual shower of spray. From the lower western angle, the land rises with a gentle and even swell towards the north and east; but having no inequality of ground to afford the least shelter, it is necessarily swept by every blast. The surface is, nevertheless, green, and everywhere covered with a beautiful compact turf, except where broken up for cultivation, for the space of a few acres in the middle and elevated part. The highest point is near the north-eastern end; and hence, in clear weather, the lofty hills of Sutherland are visible in the horizon. It is the total seclusion of Rona from all the concerns of the world, which confers on it that intense character of solitude with which it seemed to impress us all. No ship approaches in sight, and seldom is land seen from it. A feeling of hope never leaves the vessel while she can float, and while there is a possibility of return to society; but Rona is forgotten, unknown, for ever fixed immoveable in the dreary and waste ocean. There was at one period, according to doubtful tradition, a chapel in the island dedicated to St. Ronan, the patron saint of seals, which was fenced by a stone wall, but of this there are now no remains Whatever was the number of families once resident, and it is said there were always five, there is now but one. The tenant is a cottar, as he cultivates the farm on his employer's account. There seems to have been six or seven acres cultivated in barley, oats, and potatoes, but the grain was now housed. The soil is good, and the produce appeared to have been abundant. The family is permitted to consume as much as they please; and it was stated that the average surplus, paid to the tacksman, amounted to eight bolls of barley. In addition to that he is bound to find an annual supply of eight stones of feathers, the produce of the gannets. Besides all this, the island maintains fifty small sheep. The wool of these is, of course, reserved for the tacksman; but, as far as we could discover, the tenant was as unrestricted in the use of mutton as in that of grain and potatoes. Twice in the year, that part of the produce which is reserved is thus taken away; and in this manner is maintained all the communication which North Rona has with the external world. The return for all these services, in addition to his food and that of his family, is the large sum of two pounds a-year. But this is paid in clothes, not in money; and as there were six individuals to clothe, it is easy to apprehend they did not abound in covering. I must add to this, however, the use of a cow, which was bought from Lewis, when in milk, and changed when unserviceable. From the milk of his ewes, the tenant contrives to make cheeses, resembling those for which St. Kilda is so celebrated. There is no peat in the island, but its place is well enough supplied by turf. During the long discussions whence all this knowledge was procured, I had not observed that our conference was held on the top of the house; roof it could not be called. It being impossible for walls to resist the winds of this

boisterous region, the house is excavated in the earth, as if it were the work of the Greenlanders. What there is of wall, rises for a foot or two above the surrounding irregular surface, and the adjacent stacks of turf help to ward off the violence of the gales. The flat roof is a solid mass of turf and straw, the smoke issuing out of an aperture near the side of the habitation. The very entrance seemed to have been contrived for a concealment or defence, and it could not be perceived till pointed out This is an irregular hole, about four feet high, surrounded by turf; and on entering it, with some precaution, we found a long tortuous passage, somewhat resembling the gallery of a mine, but without a door, which conducted us into the penetralia of the cavern. The interior resembled the prints which we have seen of a Kamschatkan hut. Over the embers of a turf fire sat the ancient grandmother nursing an infant, which was nearly naked. From the rafters hung festoons of dried fish; but scarcely an article of furniture was to be seen, and there was no light but that which came through the smoke-hole. There was a sort of platform, or dais, on which the fire was raised, where the old woman and her charge sat; and one or two niches, excavated laterally in the ground, and laid with ashes, seemed to be the only bed places. Why these were not furnished with straw, I know not; and of blankets, the provision was as scanty as that of the clothes; possibly, ashes may make a better and softer bed than straw; but it is far more likely that this insular family could not be forced to make themselves more comfortable. This was certainly a variety in human life worth studying. Every thing appeared wretched enough; a smoky subterranean cavern; rain and storm; a deaf octogenarian grandmother; the wife and children half naked; and to add to all this, solitude, and a prison, from which there was no escape. Yet the family were well fed, seemed contented, and expressed little concern as to what the rest of the world was doing. To tend the sheep, and house the winter firing; to dig the ground, and reap the harvest in their seasons; to hunt wild fowl and catch fish; to fetch water from the pools, keep up the fire, and rock the child to sleep on their knees, seemed occupation enough, and the society of the family itself, society enough. The women and children, indeed, had probably never extended their notions of a world much beyond the precincts of North Rona; the chief himself seemed to have few cares or wishes that did not centre in it; his only desire being, to go to Lewis to christen his infant—a wish in another year he could have gratified." Such is an abridgement of the interesting account given by Macculloch of this distant and solitary isle, and the human beings who inhabit it. My readers have here presented to their view the picture of a family, which many may consider as at the lowest and most hapless condition of any in Great Britain or its adjacent islands; yet the moralist will be delighted to discover, that with all the disadvantages of solitude and desertion, there is even a large amount of actual happiness, comfort, and virtue, in this remote and limited territory.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WILLIAM GIFFORD,

LATE EDITOR OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Among narratives which illustrate the power of the Love of Knowledge in overcoming the opposition of circumstances, there are few more interesting than that which has been given us of his early life, by the late William Gifford. Mr. Gifford was born in 1755 at Ashburton, in Devonshire. His father, although the descendant of a respectable and even wealthy family, had early ruined himself by his wildness and prodigality; and even after he was married had run off to sea, where he remained serving on board a man-of-war for eight or nine years. On his return home, with about a hundred pounds of prize money, he attempted to obtain a subsistence as a glazier, having before apprenticed himself to that business; but in a few years he died of a broken-down constitution before he was forty, leaving his wife with two children, the youngest only about eight months old, and with no means of support except what she might make by continuing the business, of which she was quite ignorant. In about a twelvemonth she followed her husband to the grave. "I was not quite thirteen," says her son, "when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world."

His brother was now sent to the workhouse, and he was himself taken home to the house of a person named Carlile, who was his godfather, and had seized upon whatever his mother had left, under the pretence of repaying himself for money which he had advanced to her By this person, William, who had before learned reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, was sent again to school, and was beginning to make considerable progress in the last branch of study; but in about three months his patron grew tired of the expense, and took him home, with the view of employing him as a ploughboy. An injury, however, which he had received some years before, on his breast, was found to unfit him for this species of labour; and it was next resolved that he should be sent out to Newfoundland to assist in a storehouse. But upon being presented to the person who had agreed to fit him out, he was declared to be "too small"—and this scheme also had to be abandoned. "My godfather," says he, "had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats: I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen."

In this vessel he remained for nearly a twelvemonth. "It will be easily conceived," he remarks, "that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only 'a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet, if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description except the 'Coasting Pilot.'"

While in this humble situation, however, and seeming to himself almost an outcast from the world, he was not altogether forgotten. He had broken off all connexion with Ashburton, and where his godfather lived; but "the women of Brixham," says he, "who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowsers." They often mentioned him to their acquaintances at Ashburton; and the tale excited so much commiseration in the place, that his godfather at last found himself obliged to send for him home. At this time he wanted some months of fourteen. He proceeds with his own story as follows:—

"After the holidays I returned to my darling pursuit—arithmetic: my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on these occasions, it raised a thought in me that, by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows, my ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm: it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year when I built these castles: a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

"On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that, as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so, indeed, he had); he added, that he had been negociating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence that I did not remonstrate, but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound, till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

Up to this period his reading had been very limited, the only books he had perused, beside the Bible, with which he was well acquainted, having been a black-letter romance, called Parismus and Parismenes, a few old magazines, and the Imitation of Thomas à Kempis. "As I hated my new profession," he continues, "with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sank by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign my hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favorite study at every interval of leisure. These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

"I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up: for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased 'Fenning's Introduction:' this was precisely what I wanted—but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science. This was not done without difficulty I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one, pen, ink, and paper, therefore (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford), were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrote my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent."

No situation, it is obvious, could be more unfavourable for study than this; and yet we see how the eager student succeeded in triumphing over its disadvantages, contriving to write and calculate even without paper, pens, or ink, by the aid of a piece of leather and a blunted awl. Where there is a strong determination to attain an object, it is generally sufficient of itself to create the means; and almost any means are sufficient. We mistake in supposing that there is only one way of doing a thing, namely, that in which it is commonly done. Whenever we have to prove it, we find how rich in resources is Necessity; and how seldom it is that, in the absence of the ordinary instrument, she has not some new invention to supply its place. This is a truth which studious poverty has often had experience of, and been all the better for experiencing; for difficulties so encountered and subdued not only whet ingenuity, but strengthen a man's whole intellectual and moral character, and fit him for struggles and achievements in after life, from which other spirits less hardily trained turn away in despair.

At last, however, Gifford obtained some alleviation of his extreme penury. He had scarcely, he tells us, known poetry even by name, when some verses, composed by one of his acquaintances, tempted him to try what he could do in the same style, and he succeeded in producing a few rhymes. As successive little incidents inspired his humble muse, he produced several more compositions of a similar description, till he had got together about a dozen of them "Certainly," says he, "nothing on earth was ever so deplorable;" but such as they were, they procured him not a little fame among his associates, and he began at last to be sometimes invited to repeat them to other circles. "The repetitions of which I speak," he continues, "were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial; little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine: I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and, what was of more importance, with books of geometry and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits."

But even this resource was soon taken from him. His master, having heard of his verse-making, was so incensed both at what he deemed the idleness of the occupation, and especially at some satirical allusions to himself, or his customers, upon which the young poet had unwisely ventured, that he seized upon and carried away all his books and papers, and even prohibited him in the strictest manner from ever again repeating a line of his compositions. This severe stroke was followed by another, which reduced him to utter despair. The master of the free school, to whom he had never resigned the hope of succeeding, died, and another person was appointed to the situation, not much older than Gifford, and who, he says, was certainly not so well qualified for it as himself. "I look back," he proceeds, "on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability; by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had yet left me."

But his despondency and discontent seem to have gradually given way to the natural buoyancy of his disposition; some evidences of kindly feeling from those around him tended a good deal to mitigate his recklessness; and, especially as the term of his apprenticeship drew towards a close, his former aspirations and hopes began to return to him. He had spent, however, nearly six years at his uncongenial employment, before any decided prospect of deliverance opened upon him. "In this humble and obscure state," says he, "poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day dreams which perhaps would never have been realized, I was found, in the twentieth year of my age, by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamented doggrel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author." Mr. Cookesley, who was a surgeon, and not rich, having learnt Gifford's history from himself, became so much interested in his favour, that he determined to rescue him from his obscurity. "The plan," says Gifford, "that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were, indeed, several obstacles to be overcome. My hand-writing was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man. He procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and, when my name was become somewhat familiar

to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart. It ran thus: 'A subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in writing and English grammar.' Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten and sixpence; enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon."

The rest of the story may be very compendiously told. The difficulties of the poor scholar were now over, for his patrons were so much pleased with the progress he made during this short period, that, upon its expiration, they renewed their bounty, and maintained him at school for another year. "Such liberality," he remarks, "was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period." In two years and two months from what he calls the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced by his master to be fit for the University; and a small office having been obtained for him by Mr. Cookesley's exertions at Oxford, he was entered of Exeter College, that gentleman undertaking to provide the additional means necessary to enable him to live till he should take his degree. Mr. Gifford's first patron died before his protegé had time to fulfil the good man's fond anticipations of his future celebrity; but he afterwards found, in Lord Grosvenor, another much more able, though it was impossible that any other could have shewn more zeal, to advance his interests. A long and prosperous life, during which he acquired a distinguished name in the literary world, was the ample compensation for the humiliation and hardships of his youth. He was the Editor, for many years, of the "Quarterly Review," which was placed under his management at its commencement in 1809, and which attained the most distinguished success, in a great degree through his judicious and careful attention to its conduct. The narrative from which we have extracted the preceding pages, and which is so interestingly written that we have generally preferred retaining the original words in our abridgement, is prefixed to his English version of Juvenal, the first edition of which appeared in 1802. Mr. Gifford died in London on the 31st of December, 1826, in the seventy-first year of his age. It is a beautiful circumstance in his history, and one which shews how a generous act sometimes receives even a worldly reward, that he left the bulk of his fortune to the son of his first most kind and disinterested patron, Mr. Cookesley.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

AMERICAN PASSENGER PIGEONS.

Of these animals, and the vast multiplicity of their numbers, we have had various accounts by travellers on whose details faith could be placed; but no one seems to have given so thorough an account of the character and numbers of this species of bird as the ingenious Audubon, in his Ornithological Biography, a work of great interest both to the naturalist and general reader. "The body of the passenger pigeon," says he, "is of an elongated oval form, steered by a long well-plumed tail, and propelled by well-set wings, the muscles of which are very large and powerful for the size of the bird. When an individual is seen gliding through the woods and close to the observer, it passes like a thought; and on trying to see it again, the eye searches in vain; the bird is gone. The multitudes of wild pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause, and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that too in the company of persons who, like myself, were struck with amazement.

In the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before; and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that 163 had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noon-day was obscured as by an eclipse; the dung fell in spots, not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose. Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west and the beech-wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted; for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighbourhood.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Harlensburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons. The atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odour which emanates from the species.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The inquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of his creatures. Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours at the rate mentioned above of one mile in the minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by 1, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.

As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles reviewing the country below. During their evolutions on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon, suddenly presenting a mass of rich deep purple. They then pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight, but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flappings of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing, and so completely has it been cleared, that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labour completely lost. Whilst feeding, their avidity is at times so great that in attempting to swallow a large acorn or nut, they are seen gasping for a long while, as if in the agonies of suffocation.

On such occasions, when the woods are filled with these pigeons, they are killed in immense numbers, although no apparent diminution ensues. About the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, they settle on the trees, to enjoy rest, and digest their food. On the ground they walk with ease, as well as on the branches, frequently jerking their beautiful tail, and moving the neck backwards and forward in the most graceful manner. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon, they depart *en masse* for the roosting-place, which, not unfrequently, is hundreds of miles distant, as has been ascertained by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.

Let us now, kind reader, inspect their place of nightly rendezvous. One of these curious roosting-places, on the banks of the Green River in Kentucky, I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, in a portion of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset. Few pigeons were then to be seen, but a great number of persons, with horses and waggons, guns and ammunition, had already established encampments on the borders. Two farmers from the vicinity of Russelville, distant more than a hundred miles, had driven upwards of three hundred hogs to be fattened on the pigeons which were to be slaughtered. Here and there, the people employed in plucking and salting what had already been procured, were seen sitting in the midst of large piles of these birds. The dung lay several inches deep, covering the whole extent of the roosting-place, like a bed of snow. Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Every thing proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arriva approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine-knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Every thing was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of "Here they come!" The noise that they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea, passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The birds continued to pour in, the fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful and almost terrifying, sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses, as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all round. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak or even to shout to those persons who were nearest to me Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

No one dared venture within the line of devastation. The hogs had been penned up in due time, the picking up of the dead and wounded being left for the next morning's employment. The pigeons were constantly coming, and it was past midnight before I perceived a decrease in the number of those that arrived. The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterwards, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day the noise in some measure subsided; long before objects were distinguishable the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of the wolves had now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, racoons, opossums, and polecats, were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil. It was then that the authors of all this devastation began their entry amongst the dead, the dying, and the mangled. The pigeons were picked up and piled in heaps, until each had as many as he could possibly dispose of, when the hogs were let loose to feed on the remainder.

Persons unacquainted with these birds might naturally conclude that such dreadful havoc would soon put an end to the species. But I have satisfied myself, by long observation, that nothing but the gradual diminution of our forests can accomplish their decrease, as they not unfrequently quadruple their numbers yearly, and always at least double it.

Sagacity of an Elephant.—"I was one day," says Jesse, in his "Gleanings in Natural History," "feeding the poor elephant who was so barbarously put to death at Exeter 'Change) with potatoes, which he took out of my hand. One of them, a round one, fell on the floor, just out of the reach of his proboscis. He leaned against his wooden bar, put out his trunk, and could just touch the potatoe, but could not pick it up. After several ineffectual efforts, he at last blew the potatoe against the opposite wall with sufficient force to make it rebound; and he then, without difficulty, secured it."

Peel and Byron.—Peel, the orator and statesman, ("that was, or is, or is to be,") says Byron, was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove (a public school phrase). We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were also great hopes of Peel amongst us all, masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, and I rarely—but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c., &c., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.—*Moore's Life of Byron.*

A New Holland Warrior.—Among the attacking party there was one young man who from his appearance and dignity of demeanour, was imagined a chief or leader. Yet this impression was given by something distinct from either height of stature, or personal beauty; for the New Hollander was neither so tall nor well-made as some of the others, but "a brisk young man," active and courageous. He was the only one of the group that was painted. A circle drawn by some sort of white pigment surrounded each of his eyes, and a white streak reached from the forehead to the tip of the nose. His breast and part of his arms were also stained, "not for beauty or ornament," it was very rationally concluded, "but that he seemed thereby to design the looking more terrible, this his painting adding very much to his natural deformity."—*Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, &c.*

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

He comes not; I have watch'd the moon go down;
But yet he comes not. Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep,
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
Oh! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheer
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and deep.
I had a husband once who loved me; now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees from laurel-flowers a poison sip.
But yet I cannot hate. Oh! there were hours
When I could hang for ever on his eye;
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then; he loved me too; my heart
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And though he often stings me with a dart,
Venom'd and barb'd, and wastes upon the vile,
Caresses which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness; and should sickness come and lay
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.

Column for Young Ladies.

"Discourse we now of silks and cloth of gold—
Of robes of birth-days, and high festivals;
And maiden's simple unadorned attire,
And of the modest toilet of the bride."

O the various means by which a young lady may shew her taste and even her mental qualifications, so as to attract and probaby fix the affections, none come so prominently into notice as an attention to the toilet, or mode of dressing. In the formation and disposition of female attire there is an endless variety in style, much less governed by fixed rules than that which prescribes the fashions of men; and though always affected by the prevailing taste of the age, yet so indefinite as to leave to each individual great room for the exercise of her ingenuity and judgment as regards her own figure and appearance. It is one of the prevailing errors of the present, and perhaps of the past times, among ladies, to adhere scrupulously to fashion, without consulting whether such may be thus advantageous in their own particular case. I would have all my fair young countrywomen to avoid this blunder in the delicate and important affairs of the toilet. In all cases they should, if possible, think for themselves on this subject, or be advised by others around them of more matured judgment, always settling upon at last that mode of dressing in which their good taste tells them they are most becoming. As I do not pretend to set up for a regular adviser on the subject of a yong lady's toilet, I shall content myself with extracting and condensing an article for the purpose, from an exceedingly beautiful new publication, entitled "The Young Lady's Book."

"Although the toilet," says the author of the work, "should never be suffered to engross so much of the attention as to interfere with the higher duties of life, yet, as a young lady's dress, however simple, is considered a criterion of her taste, it, is, certainly, worthy her attention. Her chief object in this respect should be, to acquire sufficient skill and good taste to do all that is needful with regard to the attire, in the least possibe period of time, to abbreviate the labours of the toilet, so as to entrench upon hours which should be devoted to the useful avocations of life, or the embellishments of the mind. It will be a laudable ambition in her to curb those excesses of 'each revolving mode' with which she is in some measure forced to comply; to aim at grace and delicacy rather than richness of dress; to sacrifice exuberance of ornament (which is never becoming to the young) whenever it is possible, to an admirable neatness, equally distant from the prim and the negligent; to learn the valuable art of imparting a charm to the most simple article of dress, by its proper adjustment to the person, and by its harmonious blending, or *agreeably contrasting with the other portions of the attire.* [This is, doubtless, one of the most important of the whole of the rules of the toilet.] It is a truth which ever should be borne in mind, that a higher order of taste is thus displayed, and a better effect produced, by a total absence of ornament, than by the most profuse and splendid decorations.

"Fashion demands a discreet but not a servile observance; much judgment may be shown in the time, as well as in the mode chosen for complying with her caprices. It is injudicious to adopt every new style immediately it appears; for many novelties in dress prove unsuccessful, being abandoned even before the first faint impression they produce be worn off; and a lady can scarcely look much more absurd than in a departed fashion, which, even during its brief existance, never attained a moderate share of popularity. The wearer must, therefore, at once relinquish the dress, or submit to the unpleasant result we have mentioned; so that, on the score of economy, as well as good taste, it is advisable not to be too eager in following the modes which whim or ingenuity created in such constant succession. On the other hand it is unwise to linger so long as to suffer 'fashion's ever varying flower' to bud, blossom, and nearly 'waste its sweetness' before we gather and wear it: many persons are guilty of this error; they cautiously abstain from a too early adoption of novelty, and fall into the opposite fault of becoming its proselytes at the eleventh hour: they actually disburse as much in dress as those who keep pace with the march of mode, and are always some months behind those who are about them—affording in autumn a post-obit reminiscence to their acquaintance of the fashions which were popular in the preceding spring. Such persons labour under the further disadvantage of falling into each succeeding mode when time and circumstances have deprived and degraded it from its high and palmy state; they do not copy it in its original purity, but with all the deteriorating additions which are heaped upon it subsequently to its invention. However beautiful it may be, a fashion rarely exists in its pristine state of excellence long after it has become popular: its aberrations from the perfect are exaggerated at each remove; and if its form be in some measure preserved, it is displayed in unsuitable colours, or translated into inferior materials, until the original design becomes so vulgarised as to disgust.

"There are many persons who, while they affect to despise fashion, and are ostensibly the most bitter enemies of 'the goddess with the rainbow zone,' are always making secret compacts and compositions with her. Their constant aim is to achieve the effect of every new style of dress, without betraying the most distant imitation of it: they pilfer the ideas of the *modiste*, which they use (to adopt the happy expression of Sir Fretful) 'as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make them pass for their own.'"—*To be continued.*

Indian slippers.—A very entertaining work on the manners of the Mussulmauns of India has recently appeared, written by Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali, an English lady who married a Hindostanee Mahometan, and who has had thus many opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the strange peculiarities of the people of the East, especially of the ladies their fashions, and mode of life. The following extract will give my fair readers an idea of the style of Mrs Meer Hassan Ali, and the nature of her descriptions.—

"The ladies never wear stockings, and only cover the feet with shoes when pacing across their court-yard, which bounds their view and their walks. Nevertheless, there is a fashion and taste about the ladies' shoes which is productive of much emulation in zeenahnah life; they are splendidly worked i many patterns, with gold and silver spangles, variously-coloured small seed beads, and embroidery—the whole one mass of glittering metal; they are made with sharp points curling upwards, some nearly reaching half way to the knees, and always worn down at the heel, as dressing slippers; the least costly for their every-day wear, are of gold embroidery on velvet; the less opulent condescend to wear tinsel work; and the meanest servants yellow or red cloth with silver binding. The same style of shoes are worn by the males as by the females; I have seen some young men with green shagreen slippers for the rainy season; these are made with a high heel, and look unseemly. The fashion of shoes varies with the times in this country, as well as in others; sometimes it is genteel to have small points to the shoes; at another, the points are long and much curled; but they still retain the preference for pointed shoes, whatever be the fashion adopted. The greatest novelty in the way of shoes, which came under my observation in India, was a pair of silver embroidery, small pointed, and very neatly made; on the points and round the instep small silver bells were fastened, which produced harmony with every step, varied by the quick or more gentle paces of the wearer; these were a present to me from a lady of distinction in Oude. Upon visiting this lady on one occasion, my black silk slippers, which I had left at the entrance (as is the custom here), had most likely attracted the curiosity of the Begum's slaves, for when that lady attended me to the threshold, they could no where be found; and I was in danger of being obliged to soil my stockings by walking shoeless to my palkie, across the court-yard. In this dilemma the lady proffered me the pair here described; I was much amused with the novelty of the exchange, upon stepping into the musical shoes, which however they may be prized by native ladies, did not exactly suit my style of dress, nor convenience in walking; although I must always remember the Begum's attention with gratitude. The ladies' society is by no means insipid or without interest; they are naturally gifted with good sense and politeness, fond of conversation, shrewd in their remarks, and their language is both correct and refined."

Spanish Combs.—"Throughout Spain but especially in Madrid, the comb is an indispensable and important part of every woman's dress. A fashionable Spanish comb is not less than a foot long, and eight or nine inches broad; and no woman considers from nine to fifteen dollars (from 1*l.* to 3*l.*) too much to give for this appendage; accordingly every tenth shop, at least, is a comb shop."—*Inglis's Spain.*

EMIGRATION.

Mr. Fergusson, having now examined Upper Canada, and remarked its suitability to emigration, crossed the frontiers of the province, though in the paper to which our attention has been directed he does not introduce the manner of his transit, and commenced his observations on the land and tillage in the United States.—"In offering a few remarks upon the prospects of emigrants to the States," says he, "so many circumstances occur upon which it would be necessary to touch, that I almost shrink from the attempt. The great and interesting tie which must be severed when we leave our native country, and become the denizens of another is a point which every man must settle for himself. Should it prove no impediment, he will find numerous and varied fields of agricultural enterprize presenting themselves in every quarter of the Union. He will find perfect security and independence, and, with ordinary good sense and good humour, can have no difficulty in maintaining friendly habits with his neighbours.

"Two plans present themselves to the emigrant with capital in fixing his residence in the States. He may either purchase or occupy a farm in the old settled part of the country, or he may establish himself in some of the new or yet unsettled portions of the older States. The choice must be dependent on the means and character of the individual; but in either way the greatest risk of disappointment will always be found in fixing too hastily. I would strongly recommend to every man who may emigrate to Canada or the States, that he should allot some months to looking about him, ere he make a purchase, which it is not again so easy to exchange, should any of those numerous drawbacks present themselves, which we are ever too apt to overlook in the excitement of the moment.

"The arrangements for managing and disposing of the United States' public lands are very complete, and no difficulty or annoyance is likely to occur, if we except, perhaps, the delay in receiving the *formal* title or patent, occasioned by a heavy arrear of business in that department. This occasions, however, neither loss nor hazard, as the warrant of possession which every purchaser immediately receives, secures him in all the rights of property.

"A bureau at Washington, under a head commissioner (at present Judge Hayward), superintends the various land-offices established throughout every part of the country, and where intending purchasers are treated with the utmost civility and dispatch.

"I had the honour of being personally introduced to Mr. Hayward by the President himself, and I would take this opportunity of expressing my deep sense of the cordial and kind reception I met with from General Jackson, Mr. Van Buren, and others, and of the candid and open manner which the business of the land-office was explained to m by Mr. Hayward.

"As it is impossible, within reasonable terms, to discuss *seriatim* the respective fitness of the different States for affording comfortable settlements to British emigrants, I shall detail my own personal observations, made upon the Bank of the Hudson, above Albany, and in some parts of the Genessee country, and the information which I was enabled to collect, from most respectable settlers in Michigan, as a fair sample of what is generally to be expected in the western country, leaving such inferences to be drawn as the statements deserve.

"Various classes of settlers are to be found in the States, from the man of substance and capital to the rough back woodsman and *squatter;* but a minute discussion of the several grades does not seem to be here required.

"The first farm which I visited was in the immediate vicinity of Albany, forming part of the princely estate of Mr. Van Ransalær. It contained 600 acres of fine mellow loam along the banks of the river, divided into fields by rail-fences, which cost here 4*s.* 6*d.* per sixteen feet, including boards, nails, and work—four rails, and about five feet high.

"The crop, chiefly raised are wheat, Indian corn, with pumpkins planted in the intervals or rows, oats, potatoes, and large quantities of Timothy for hay. The buildings are of timber, handsome and convenient.

"The farm was let some years ago, at 2000 dollars or 450*l.*, which, in America, seems to be a very high rent; but it must be recollected that the situation is particularly favourable from its close contact with the thriving city of Albany. A turnpike road upon Macadam's principle has commenced from Albany to the north, and six miles of it are already completed at an expense of 2000*l.* It runs through the centre of this farm. It is, at present, the home farm of the eldest son of Mr. Van Ransalær, who has imported, at considerable expense, from England, some fine short horn stock, and which he is very successfully crossing, with a judicious selection of native cows.

"Although very fine cattle and sheep are to be found in some districts, I am satisfied that more may be done in the department of live-stock, than in any other branch of American husbandry.

"As the country becomes more populous, manufactures (already far advanced) will continue to increase, and fat stock, with dairy produce, must become objects of greater importance to the farmer than they have hitherto been. I met with a very intelligent cattle-dealer in Pennsylvania, who gave me much information on this subject. He and his partners deal, to a large extent, for the Philadelphia and New York markets. The system appeared to be perfectly organized. They purchase all the fat stock they can procure within a reasonable range of these cities, which are first disposed of to the butchers; and having thus cleared the field, they bring forward their droves, from the *back settlements* or distant states, in such a succession, as supplies, without glutting, the market. Some of their cattle travel above 600 miles, and are two months on the road. He told me that he purchased 400 oxen every year from one Kentucky farmer, and he considers a stock farm to be a very sure and profitable concern. New York takes about 700 oxen a-week, when the demand is brisk. These weigh on an average about 55 stone, 14 lb. to a stone; and the price he receives is from 12*l.* to 13*l.* a-head. I was happy to find his opinion regarding live and dead weight to coincide nearly with my own. When *prime fat*, he reckons on a sink of *one-third* only, on the live weight. He dislikes pumpkin fed beef, and always insists on the animals which he purchases being fed, at least latterly, on maize. His expenses are high, much of his stock costing him above 2*l.* a-head in road expenses; and he gives his head drivers 4*s.* 6*d.* a-day, with food for themselves and horses. His profits this season, he says, have been very handsome, and the trade in general is a good one to a steady man, with sufficient capital. Town manure costs about 3*d.* a waggon load.

"Horses, in all parts of the States and Canada, which I visited, and I believe universally, are to be remarked as superior in the qualities of action, strength, and figure. It is rare to pass a farmer's team, without noticing horses worthy of being transferred to any gentleman's stud. They are kindly treated, well fed, and remarkably docile, of which I met with repeated instances, which would have not a little astonished our first rate English coachmen. They are in general about 15 hands, or 15½, and cost from 10*l.* to 25*l.* each.

"From Albany, I proceeded about 30 miles up the river, where I spent several days with a friend, and in his company examined some farms, then on sale in his neighbourhood.

"To afford some idea of the expected prices and returns of old farms in this district, I shall subjoin a few notes, which I made at the time of my visit.

"1st, Captain Davenport's farm on the east bank of the Hudson. It contains 350 acres, 100 of which are in wood, hemlock, or Canada pine (the bark of which is in general use for tanning), maple, beech, &c. The soil is partly clay, partly sandy loam. A large portion is a rich holm, on the river side, and of the finest quality. The price demanded is 30 dollars, 7*l.* 10*s.* per acre; but it would probably be bought for 25 dollars, or 5*l.* 12*s.* The return might reasonably be expected to reach 112*l.* 10*s.*, clear of expenses, from the flat land, and 70*l.* from the profit on a sheep stock, on the upper portion of the farm, in the whole 182*l.*20*s.* The price would be, at 5*l.* 10*s.*, 1875*l.*, and an outlay on buildings, fences, and drains, of 1000*l.* more, would still be within 3000*l.*, for which you have a return of above 180*l.* In making this rough estismate I resolved to be moderate in estimating returns, and liberal in calculating outlay, and am perfectly satisfied that an industrious Scotch farmer would easily realize a profit of 200*l.* a-year.

"It is to be noticed also, that one-half of the timber might be at once sold off without any detriment to the farm, and that I calculate upon the owner and his family drawing the ordinary articles of subsistence from the land, besides the above return.

"2nd, Next to this farm, was that of Mr. Knickerbocker, containing 275 acres. There is a fine holm also on this

farm, and the upland seemed fully better than No. 1. This farm was let last year in shares for one year, and the owner received 63*l.* The price asked is 4*l.* per acre, or 1100*l.*, and 200*l.* more would be required for houses, fences, &c. There is no more timber than is requisite for the use of the estate. This farm seemed to be in very indifferent order."—*Agricultural Journal.*—*(To be continued.)*

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In the memoirs of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, recently published, we are presented with the following estimate of the character of General Washington:—"His mind was great and powerful, without being of the first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, *no judgment was ever sounder.* It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining, if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I had ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If, however, it broke its bonds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honourable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; *the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.* Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. *His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history.* His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit, of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils, through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example."

The Burying Beetle.—A foreign naturalist gives a very interesting account of the industry of this insect. He had often remarked, that dead moles, when laid upon the ground, especially if upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of two or three days often of twelve hours. To ascertain the cause, he placed a mole upon one of the beds in his garden. It had vanished by the third morning; and on digging where it had been laid, he found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular inhumation. Not perceiving any thing particular in the mole, he buried it again; and on examining it at the end of six days, he found it swarming with maggots, apparently the issue of the beetles, which M. Gleditsch now naturally concluded had buried the carcase for the food of their future young. To determine these points more clearly, he put four of these insects into a glass vessel, half filled with earth and properly secured, and, upon the surface of the earth, two frogs. In less than twelve hours one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles; the other two ran about the whole day, as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which on the third day was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnet. A pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male, having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trode it under foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labour, it came forth, and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird, without the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour, when it again crept under the earth. The next day, in the morning, the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening, it had sunk half an inch lower, and in another day the work was completed, and the bird covered. M. Gleditsch continued to add other small dead animals, which were all sooner or later buried; and the result of his experiment was, that in fifty days four beetles had interred, in the very small space of earth allotted to them, twelve carcases; viz. four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment, a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight in two days.

Navigation of the Mississipi.—The first steam vessel which sailed on this mighty stream was in 1810, and the enterprise was considered extraordinary. In 1826 the steam navigation of the Mississipi had so improved in respect to facility and quickness, that fifty-one boats, of 28,916 tons, were employed. Since 1826 the amount has been prodigiously increased, and the number of flat-boats and keels is beyond calculation.

Hungarian Funerals.—It is mentioned by Bright, in his Travels in Lower Hungary, that the peasantry, and people generally, are remarkable for the indulgence of the deepest and most lasting expressions of melancholy on the death of relatives and friends. "While pursuing my journey in one of the roads of the country," says the traveller, "my attention was drawn to a cottage on the opposite side of the way, at which preparations were made for a funeral. The deceased was a child, and the coffin, covered with a muslin drapery, and adorned with bows of pink ribbon, was placed before the cottage door; a glass of holy water stood apart, in which a brush was immersed, and as a crowd of women and children, with a few men, collected around, each sprinkled water from the brush upon the coffin, and many placed themselves in attitudes of prayer. Soon after, the priest and clerk arrived, when the latter sang several hymns. The priest then moved slowly on; and a young woman neatly dressed, with a long plait of hair hanging down her back, adorned with blue and red ribbons, gently raised the coffin on her head and followed. The rest of the party formed themselves in procession, and repaired to the place of interment. In some cases the expression of sorrow has been carried so far at funerals in Hungary, that the local authorities have interfered to check its excess. This was particularly remarkable in a decree of the magistrates of Hermanstadt, in 1790, strictly enjoining the people to abstain from the custom of kissing the body of the deceased, and prohibiting the friends from lying on the coffin during the celebration of the funeral service."

Bayonet.—The side arms used by infantry, and called bayonets, are thus denominated, because they were first made at *Bayonne*, in France.

MOTHER OF SIR GEORGE MURRAY.

The mother of Sir George Murray, ex-Colonial Secretary was Lady Augusta Mackenzie, daughter of George, third Earl of Cromarty. This lady bore all her life a remarkable personal feature, of which the following history has been related to us by one of her surviving friends:—Her Ladyship's father, it is well known, took arms in the service of Prince Charles, in 1745, and was afterwards, along with Balmerino and Kilmarnock, condemned to lose his head. While he lay under sentence of death, his wife undertook to make personal intercession with George II. to procure his pardon; and, to increase the effect of her application, she took his Majesty by surprise, by appearing before him with all her thirteen children at her back, herself being then far advanced in pregnancy of another child. As Lord Cromarty had only raised his men for Prince Charles, and had not, like Balmerino and Kilmarnock, taken an active part in the whole campaign; the King and Ministry, further moved no doubt by a consideration of his Lordship's domestic circumstances, resolved that, since two only of the rebel Lords were deemed a sufficient sacrifice, Cromarty should be pardoned; although, it is said, the King remarked that, for his part, he would rather have spared Balmerino, who, in his opinion, was the honestest, though the greatest, rebel of the three. In consequence of the nervous sensations of the Countess at this trying crisis, the child of whom she was then pregnant was born with a blood-mark encircling her neck, such as might have been expected to mark the remains of the Earl, if he had fallen under the axe of the executioner. This child, Lady Augusta Mackenzie, was married to Sir William Murray of Ochtertyre, and became the mother of the present possessor of that classic property, as well as of the esteemed ex-Secretary for the Colonies. To the last day of her life, this mark was observable upon her neck; and it has been often seen by our venerable informant, who, as one of Lady Augusta's most intimate friends, enjoyed ample opportunities of doing so, although it was always considered a matter of some delicacy during her ladyship's own lifetime.

Jerusalem.—From Carne's general description of Jerusalem, which is among the best I have seen, I extract the following passage:—"It is difficult to find a place that contains so many inhabitants and dwellings within so small a compass as Jerusalem; they seem to cling with tenacity, and with some of their ancient fondness, to the very brink of the declivities on every side. Certainly, as in former times, the utmost use is made of every inch of ground; and nature has been very niggard in this respect. Ascending from the labyrinth of narrow streets, up a gentle acclivity, we found that the summit commanded a singular view of the interior of the city, amidst which appeared more ruinous and desolate spots than could previously have been imagined. Directly in front was a large reservoir of water, supplied from the ancient cisterns, several miles distant. Steps led down the sides of this reservoir to the water, which forms now, as it did in past times, a chief resource of the surrounding inhabitants, during the dry weather, and was no doubt one of those pools so frequently alluded to in Scripture. It was thickly enclosed by dwellings on every side, and shut out from view, except from the immediate vicinity, and was evidently hewn out of the rock. The flat terraced roofs of the city, the domes and minarets of the mosques, blended with the cupolas of the churches, came into view from this ruinous eminence, where the stranger might well sit for hours and muse on the strange and various picture at his feet. There, to the east, stood the palace of Herod, amidst its gardens and palm trees, the home of the beautiful Mariamne, close to the forsaken spot, where is now a mosque, and that mosque is now built on the ruins of a Christian church. To the left, on the site of the tall and strong tower built by the Crusaders, and now garrisoned by the Turks, stood the palace of the King of Israel. Each solitary place around was once trodden or dwelt in by a prince or a prophet, and alike echoed to the splendid prophecies of future glory or the warnings of unutterable woe."

Gas.—The mode of adapting it to lighting our streets and houses was discovered by a Frenchman, an engineer, named Lebon, about twenty-five years ago, who gives the following particulars of the circumstances which first led to its application. It was about 1663, that Becher, a skilful chemist discovered that coal, when calcined in close vessels, yielded a kind of oil, resembling tar, and capable of serving for the same uses. Experiments made in 1758, in Alsace, for the extraction of this oil, proved that the calcined coal left in the retort was of excellent quality for melting iron, and for all domestic purposes. In 1768, M. de Limbourg, having emyloyed the same processes at the forges of Theusc, in the principality of Liege, substituted for earthern retorts, which till then had been made use of, retorts of cast iron, which are more durable, and in which an opening may be made, provided with a door for putting in and taking out the coal. These experiments were repeated with success in England and France. In the prosecution of them, it was found that, besides the solid and liquid products, there was disengaged an inflammable gas, composed of carbon and hydrogen, and which was therefore denominated *carburated hydrogen.* In 1799, Lebon conceived an idea of adapting this carburated hydrogen gas to a useful purpose, and realized it the same year at Paris, by exhibiting the interior of his house and garden illuminated with it, issuing from a large reservoir, where it underwent a slight compressure, and was conducted to the lamps by small tubes furnished with cocks, that could be opened at pleasure to light the gas, or closed to extinguish it. Lebon set up one of these apparatus, which he called Thermo lamps, at the Theatre de Loervois, where every body had an opportunity of seeing it for several months. It was the very same apparatus now employed in England, but on a much larger scale. The only difference is, that Lebon obtained his gas by the calcination of *wood*, and the English from *coal.*

Mr. Chambers cannot but advert with some surprise to certain articles lately published in a few of the Edinburgh and Glasgow newspapers, in which this work, as well as some others, is denounced to the Stamp authorities as infringing upon the proper domain of the newspapers, and therefore liable, like them, to pay a certain duty. He is sorry to think that any one, even of those who, from circumstances, are apt to be prejudiced, should have so far mistaken his work as to suppose that he *would* degrade it by an admixture of the ephemeral interest of a newspaper. With the principles upon which other works are conducted, he has nothing to do; but he may state, upon his own account, that, so far from wishing to circulate temporary or local intelligence, thereby evading any existing law, he is anxious to exclude every thing of the kind, and makes every effort to do so, which his own perceptions and the indistinct language of the stamp laws will admit of. He wishes it to be clearly understood by all who may conceive themselves to have an interest in this question, that he trusts for the success of his work to its qualities as a moral and entertaining instructor of the mass of the people; and, in seeking that object, finds it necessary to steer just as widely as possible of the shee s called newspapers. So far as his work is not original, it is composed of articles drawn from the wide field of general knowledge; a field as much wider than the limited range supervised by the Stamp Authorities, as the country at large is wider than the court yard of the Custom-house. He may point out, as a proof of the sincerity with which he entertains this object, that he has never availed himself of the right, which seems to have been acquired prescriptively by unstamped literary periodicals, to notice the acting of plays, the exhibition of works of art, the announcement of books publishing and to be published, and the proceedings of learned societies. He abstains from these topics, because he does not choose that his work should depend upon an interest of the day; and if such be his views respecting a species of intelligence which is at least allied to the enduring glories of the country, far less is he likely to regard the trashy paragraphs which usually fill the columns of a newspaper—the solemn records of the numbers of drunkards who appear at the Police Office; of the chimney sweeps who fall from tall houses without being killed, of the most ordinary acts of humanity performed by the wealthy and the great, whose humanity costs nothing; or perhaps the important information that the Town Council met, and had no business placed before it. With such stores at his command, as the whole field of existing literature, all the wisdom and ethics of the past, and a regular detachment of original articles, he is as little tempted to invade the small region occupied by newspapers, as the man worth a plum is likely to filch from the man worth a farthing.

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A TALE OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH

In several parts of Scotland such things are to be found as *tales* of the plague. Amidst so much human suffering as the events of a pestilence necessarily involved, it is of course to be supposed that occasionally circumstances would occur of a peculiarly disastrous and affecting description—that many loving hearts would be torn asunder, or laid side by side in the grave—many orphans left desolate, and patriarchs bereft of all their descendants—and that cases of so painful a sort as called forth greater compassion at the time, would be remembered, after much of the ordinary details was generally forgotten. The celebrated story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, is a case in point. So romantic, so mournful a tale, appealing, as it does, to every bosom, could not fail to be commemorated, even though it had been destitute of the great charm of locality. In the course of our researches, we have likewise picked up a few extraordinary circumstances connected with the last visit paid by the plague to Edinburgh, which, improbable as they may perhaps appear, we believe to be, to a certain extent, allied to truth, and shall now submit them to our readers.

When Edinburgh was afflicted, for the last time, with the pestilence, such was its effect upon the energiesof the citizens, and so long was its continuance, that the grass grew on the principal street, and even at the Cross, though that *Scottish Rialto* was then perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in Britain. Silence, more than that of the stillest midnight, pervaded the streets during the day. The sunlight fell upon the quiet houses as it falls on a line of sombre and neglected tombstones in some sequestered churchyard—gilding, but not altering, their desolate features. The area of the High Street, on being entered by a stranger, might have been contemplated with feelings similar to those with which Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, viewed the awful court-yard of Giant Despair; for in that well-imagined scene, the very ground bore the marks of wildness and desolation; every window around, like the loop-holes of the dungeons in Doubting Castle, seemed to tell its tale of misery within, and the whole seemed to lie prostrate and powerless under the dominion of an unseen demon, which fancy might have conceived as stalking around in a bodily form leisurely dooming its subjects to successive execution.

When the pestilence was at its greatest height, a strange perplexity began, and not without reason, to take possession of the few physicians and nurses who attended the sick. It was customary for the distempered to die, or, as the rare case happened, to recover, on a particular day, after having first exhibited symptoms of illness. This was an understood rule of the plague, which had never been known to fail. All at once, it began to appear, that a good many people, especially those who were left alone in their houses by the death or desertion of friends, died before the arrival of the critical day. In some of these cases, not only was the rule of the disease broken, but what vexed the physicians more, the powers of medicine seemed to have been set at defiance; for several patients of distinction, who had been able to purchase good attendance, and were therefore considered as in less than ordinary danger, were found to have expired after taking salutary drugs, and being left with good hopes by their physicians. It almost seemed as if some new disease were beginning to engraft itself upon the pestilence—a new feature rising upon its horrid aspect. Subtle and fatal as it formerly was, it was now inconceivably more so. It could formerly be calculated upon; but it was now quite arbitrary and precarious. Medicine had lost its power over it. God, who created it in its first monstrous form, appeared to have endowed it with an additional sting, against which feeble mortality could present no competent shield. Physicians beheld its new ravages with surprise and despair; and a deeper shade of horror was spread in consequence over the public mind.

As an air of more than natural mystery seemed to accompany this truly calamitous turn of affairs, it was, of course, to be expected, in that superstitious age, that many would attribute it to a more than natural cause. By the ministers it was taken for an additional manifestation of God's wrath and as such held forth in not a few pulpits, accompanied with all the due exhortations to a better life, which it was not unlikely would be attended with good effect among the thin congregations of haggard and terrified scarecrows, who persisted in meeting regularly at places of worship. The learned puzzled themselves with conjectures as to its probable causes and cures; while the common people gave way to the most wild and fanciful surmises, almost all of which were as far from the truth. The only popular observation worthy of any attention, was that the greater part of those who suffered from this new disease died during the night, and all of them while unattended.

Not many days after the alarm first arose, a poor woman arrested a physician in the street, and desired to confer with him a brief space. He at first shook her off, saying he was at present completely engaged, and could take no new patients. But when she informed him that she did not desire his attendance, and only wished to communicate something which might help to clear up the mystery of the late premature deaths, he stopped and and lent a patient ear. She told him, that, on the previous night, having occasion to leave her house, in order to visit a sick neighbour who lay upon a lonely death-bed, in the second flat below her own garret, she took a lamp in her hand, that she might the better find her way down. As she descended the stair, which she described as a *turnpike*, or spiral one, she heard a low and inexpressibly doleful moan, as if proceeding from the house of her neighbour—such a moan, she said, as she had never heard proceed from any of the numerous death-beds it had been her lot to attend. She hastened faster down the stair than her limbs were well able to carry her, under the idea that her friend was undergoing some severe suffering, which she might be able to alleviate. Before, however, she had reached the first landing-place, a noise, as of footsteps, arose from the house of pain and caused her to apprehend that all was not right in a house which she knew no one ever visited in that time of desolation, but herself. She quickened her pace still more than before, and soon reached the landing-place at her neighbour's door. Something, as she expressed it, seeming to *swoof* down the stairs, like the noise of a full garment brushing the walls a narrow passage, she drew in the lamp, and, looking down beyond it, saw what she conceived to be the dark drapery the back of a tall human figure, loosely clad, moving, rather gliding, out of sight, and in a moment gone. So uncertain was she at first of the reality of what she saw, that she believed it to be the shadow of the central pile of the stair gliding downwards as she brought round the light; but the state of matters in the inside of the house soon convinced her to her horror, that it must have been something more dreadful and real—the unfortunate woman being dead; though as yet it was three days till the time when, according to the old rules of the disease, she might have lived or died. The physician heard this story with astonishment; but as it only informed his mind, which was not free from superstition, that the whole matter was becoming more and more mysterious, he drew no conclusions from it, but simply observing, with a professional shake of the head, that all was not right in the town, went upon his way.

The old woman, who, of course, could not be expected let so good a subject of gossip and wonderment lie idle in her mind, like the guinea kept by the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, forthwith proceeded to dissipate it abroad among her neighbours, who soon (to follow out the idea of the coin) reduced it into still larger and coarser pieces, and paid it away, in that exaggerated form, to a wider circle of neighbours, by whom it was speedily dispersed in various shapes over the whole town. The popular mind, like the ear of a sick man, being then peculiarly sensitive, received the intelligence with a degree of alarm, such as the news of a lost battle has not always occasioned amongst a people; and as the atmosphere is best calculated for the conveyance of sound during the time of frost, so did the air of the plague seem peculiarly well fitted for the propagation of this fearful report. The whole of the people were impressed, on hearing the story, with a feeling of undefined awe, mixed with horror. The back of a tall figure, in dark long clothes, seen but for a moment! There was a picturesque indistinctness in the description, which left room for the imagination; taken in conjunction, too, with the moan heard at first by the old woman on the stair, and the demise of the sick woman at the very time, it was truly startling. To add to the panic, a report arose next day, that the figure had been seen on the preceding evening, by different persons, flitting about various stairs and alleys, always in the shade, and disappearing immediately after being first perceived. An idea began to prevail that it was the image of Death—Death, who had thus come in his impersonated form, to a city which seemed to have been placed so peculiarly under his dominion, in order to execute his office with the greater promptitude. It was thought—if so fantastic a dream may be assigned to the thinking faculty—that the grand destroyer, who, in ordinary times, is invisible, might, perhaps, have the power of rendering himself palpable to the sight in cases where he approached his victims, under circumstances of peculiar horror; and this wild imagination was the more fearful, inasmuch as it was supposed that, with the increase of the mortality, he would become more and more distinctly visible, till, perhaps, after having dispatched all, he would burst forth in open triumph, and roam at large throughout a city of desolation.

It happened, on the second day after the rise of this popular fancy, that an armed ship, of a very singular construction, and manned by a crew of strangely foreign-looking men, entered Leith harbour. It was a Barbary rover; but the crew showed no intention of hostility to the town of Leith, though at the present pass it would have fallen an easy prey to their arms, being quite as much afflicted with the pestilence as its metropolitan neighbour. A detachment of the crew, comprising one who appeared to be the commander, immediately landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they did not scruple to enter. They inquired for the provost, and, on being conducted to the presence of that dignitary, their chief disclosed their purpose in thus visiting Edinburgh, which was the useful one of supplying it in its present distress with a cargo of drugs, approved in the East for their efficacy against the plague, and a few men who could undertake to administer them properly to the sick. The provost heard this intelligence with overflowing eyes; for, besides the anxiety he felt about the welfare of the city, he was especially interested in the health of his daughter, and only child, who happened to be involved in the common calamity. The terms proposed by the Africans were somewhat exorbitant. They demanded to have half of the wealth of those whom they restored to health. But the provost told them that he believed many of the most wealthy citizens would be glad to employ them on these terms; and, for his own part, he was willing to sacrifice any thing he had, short of his salvation, for the behalf of his daughter. Assured of at least the safety of their persons and goods, the strangers drew from their ship a large quantity of medicines, and began that very evening to attend, as physicians, those who chose to call them in. The captain—a man in the prime of life, and remarkable amongst the rest for his superior dress and bearing—engaged himself to attend the provost's daughter, who had now nearly reached the crisis of the distemper, and hitherto had not been expected to survive.

The house of Sir John Smith, the Provost of Edinburgh, in the year 1645, was situated in Cap-and Feather Close, an alley occupying the site of the present North Bridge. The bottom of this alley being closed, there was no thoroughfare or egress towards the North Loch; but the provost's house possessed this convenience, being the tenement which closed the lower extremity, and having a back-door that opened

upon an alley to the eastward, namely, Halkerston's Wynd. This house was, at the time we speak of, crammed full of valuable goods plate, &c., which had been deposited in the provost's hands by many of his afflicted fellow-citizens, under the impression that, if they survived, he was honest enough to restore them unimpaired, and, if otherwise, he was worthy to inherit them. His daughter, who had been seized before it was found possible to remove her from the town, lay in a little room at the back of the house, which, besides one door opening from the large staircase in the front, had also a more private entry communicating with the narrower and obsolete turnpike behind. At that time, little precaution was taken any where in Scotland about the locking of doors. To have the door simply closed, so that the fairies could not enter, was in general considered sufficient, as it is at the present day in many remote parts. In Edinburgh, during the time of the plague, the greatest indifference to security of this sort prevailed. In general, the doors were left unlocked from within, in order to admit the cleansers, or any charitable neighbour who might come to minister to the bed-rid sick. This was not exactly the case in Sir John Smith's house; for the main door was scrupulously locked, with a view to the safety of the goods committed to his charge. Nevertheless, from neglect, or from want of apprehension, the posterior entrance was afterwards found to have been not so well secured.

The Barbary physician had administered a potion to his patient soon after his admission into the house. He knew that symptoms either favourable or unfavourable would speedily appear, and he therefore resolved to remain in the room in order to watch the result. About midnight, as he sat in a remote corner of the room, looking towards the bed upon which his charge was extended, while a small lamp burned upon a low table between, he was suddenly surprised to observe something like a dark cloud, unaccompanied by any noise, interpose itself slowly and gradually between his eyes and the bed. He at first thought that he was deceived—that he was beginning to fall asleep—or that the strange appearance was occasioned by some peculiarity of the light, which, being placed almost directly between him and the bed, caused him to see the latter object very indistinctly. He was soon undeceived by hearing a noise—the slightest possible—and perceiving something like motion in the ill-defined lineaments of the apparation. Gracious heaven! thought he, can this be the angel of death hovering over his victim, preparing to strike the mortal blow, and ready to receive the departing soul into the inconceivable recesses of its awful form? It almost appeared as if the cloud stooped over the bed for the performance of this task. Presently, the patient uttered a half suppressed sigh, and then altogether ceased the regular respirations, which had hitherto been monotonous and audible throughout the room. The awe-struck attendant could contain himself no longer, but permitted a sort of cry to escape him, and started to his feet. The cloud instantly, as it were, rose from its inclined posture over the bed, turned hastily round, and, in a moment contracting itself into a human shape, glided softly, but hastily, from the apartment. Ha! thought the African, I have known such personages as this in Aleppo. These angels of death are sometimes found to be mortals themselves—I shall pursue and try. He, therefore, quickly followed the phantom through the private door by which it had escaped, not forgetting to seize his semicircular sword in passing the table where it lay. The stair was dark and steep; but he kept his feet till he reached the bottom. Casting, then, a hasty glance around him, he perceived a shadow vanish from the moon-lit ground, at an angle of the house, and instantly started forward in the pursuit. He soon found himself in the open wynd above-mentioned, along which he supposed the mysterious object to have gone. All here was dark; but being certain of the course adopted by the pursued party, he did not hesitate a moment in plunging headlong down its steep profundity. He was confirmed in his purpose by immediately afterwards observing, at some distance in advance, a small jet of moonlight, proceeding from a side alley, obscured for a second by what he conceived to be the transit of a large dark object. This he soon also reached, and finding that his own person caused a similar obscurity, he was confirmed in his conjecture that the apparition bore a substantial form. Still forward and downward he boldly rushed, till reaching an open area at the bottom, part of which was lighted by the moon, he plainly saw, at the distance of about thirty yards before him, the figure as of a tall man, loosely enveloped in a prodigious cloak, gliding along the ground, and apparently making for a small bridge, which at this particular place crossed the drain of the North Loch, and served as a communication with the village called Mutries Hill. He made directly for the fugitive, thinking to overtake him almost before he could reach the bridge. But what was his surprise, when, in a moment, the flying object vanished from his sight, as if it had sunk into the ground, and left him alone and objectless in his headlong pursuit. It was possible that it had fallen into some concealed well or pit, but this he was never able to discover. Bewildered and confused, he at length returned to the provost's house, and re-entered the apartment of the sick maiden. To his delight and astonishment he found her already in a state of visible convalescence, with a gradually deepening glow of health diffusing itself over her cheek. Whether his courage and fidelity had been the means of scaring away the evil demon it is impossible to say; but certain it is, that the ravages of the plague began soon afterwards to decline in Edinburgh, and at length died away altogether.

The conclusion of this singular traditionary story bears, that the provost's daughter, being completely restored to health, was married to the foreigner who had saved her life. This seems to have been the result of an affection which they had conceived for each other during the period of her convalescence. The African, becoming joint-heir with his wife of the provost's vast property, abandoned his former piratical life; became, it is said, a douce Presbyterian, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Edinburgh. The match turned out exceedingly well; and it is even said that the foreigner became so assimilated with the people of Edinburgh, to whom he had proved so memorable a benefactor, that he held at one time an office of considerable civic dignity and importance. Certain it is, that he built for his residence a magnificent *land* near the head of the Canongate, upon the front of which he caused to be erected a statue of the Emperor of Barbary, in testimony of the respect he still cherished for his native country; and this memorial yet remains in its original niche, as a subsidiary proof of the verity of the above relation.

* This miserable place possesses an interest of which the most of our readers cannot be aware. It receives its name from the circumstance of a brave young man, by name, David Halkerstoun, the brother of the ancestor of the celebrated Hackstour of Rathillet, having been killed in it in 1544, when defending the town against the English under the Earl of Hertford.

Republican Heroism.—At the siege of Crema, 1160, four hundred Milanese had thrown themselves into the town, to partake the combats and dangers of their allies. The Emperor, who regarded the besieged only as revolted subjects, sought to terrify them by the spectacle of punishments. Hostages had been sent to him by Milan and Crema; he ordered several of them to be hung before the walls of the town. Some were children of the most distinguished families: he caused them to be bound to a moving tower, which was brought so close to the attack that the besieged could not repel it without killing or wounding their own children. A cry of despair resounded along the walls of Crema. The wretched parents implored death from their fellow-citizens, to escape witnessing the agony of their children, and at the same time cried out to their children not to fear giving up their lives for their country. The battle, in fact, was not interrupted; and the moving tower was repelled, after nine of the young hostages who covered it with their bodies had been killed. During six entire months did the small town of Crema resist the whole army of the Emperor. Famine at length accomplished what force could not; and on the 26th of January 1160, the heroic inhabitants capitulated, abandoning their wealth to pillage, and their houses to the flames. For themselves, wasted by famine and fatigue, they obtained permission to withdraw to Milan.—*Sismondi.*

The Good Providence of God.—The more narrowly we examine the works of nature, the more and more are we convinced that the whole order of the universe is the result of *plan*, or a previous design on the part of a Deity. Perhaps the cause for ordure, or putrescent matter having a bad smell, has never occurred to the minds of many individuals; yet that bad smell has been given for the wisest of purposes. It is in order that the objects producing the offensive scent may be carried out of sight and buried; and by being thus deposited under a covering of earth, assume new properties, and be the means of yielding a rich crop of new food. Here, then, it is demonstrated, that cleanliness, or the removal of every description of nuisances from the doors of cottages, and other places in the vicinity of the dwellings of man, is expressly ordained by God Almighty himself, and that he who is remiss in doing so absolutely resists the beneficent will of the Divinity.—*Ed.*

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

Continued.

The first of the distinguished family alluded to at the end of the preceding article was Robert Avenel, who, under David I. settled in Upper Eskdale. He flourished during the reigns of Malcolm IV. and William, whose charters he witnessed. By thus noticing the signatures as witnesses to the old charters, much is learned of the old Scottish families. Robert Avenel officiated as Justiciary of Lothian for a short period after the accession of William, in 1165. It appears that this Anglo-Saxon Baron retired from the turmoils of life into the monastery of Melrose, where he died in 1185, leaving a son to inherit his honours. The Avenels, for several generations, continued among the most powerful families on the Borders; a circumstance which has doubtless suggested to Sir Walter Scott the idea of commemorating them in the tales of "The Monastery," and "The Abbot." It may also be noticed that a particular intimacy subsisted betwixt the Avenels and the monks of St. Mary's, and it is seen that they were individually buried in the isles of the abbey. Yet amidst this friendship, which the Author of Waverley has so well interwoven with his romance, it is observed, from the family history, that they occasionally had quarrels with the monks relative to their property. In 1135, Gervase Avenel had a serious dispute with them regarding the game on the lands endowed to the use of the monastery, by one of his predecessors. The King at length interfered to quell the disturbance, and "found that the monks were entitled to the soil, but not to the game, which belonged to the Avenels, as lords of the manor." The distinguished family of Avenel merged, like many others, in a female heir, who married Henry, the son of Henry de Graham of Abercorn and Dalkeith, and thereby carried the estates of the Avenels into a family in the Lothians.

We now come to the family of Olifard, or Oliphant. The first of this name was David de Olifard, who, it is said, accompanied David I. in the retreat from Winchester in 1124. David certainly gave the companion of his journey the manors of Smailholm and Crailing, in Roxburghshire. He also enjoyed, for sometime, the Justiciarship of Lothian. The Olifards spread into Kincardineshire, Perthshire, and Lanarkshire, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The main line was elevated to the Peerage by James II.; it afterwards merged in a female heir, who, marrying Hugh de Aberbuthenoth, founded the noble house of the Viscounts Arbuthnot.

The *Giffords* were of as noble and ancient a stock, having been relatives of the Norman Conqueror. Two of the race came to Scotland under David I.; and one of these, Hugh Gifford, settling in East Lothian, conveyed his name to a village and parochial division. From this great stem there branched out several families of the name, who also rose to eminence. The *Sæys* were a family who derived their descent from the same Norman original. The first of the race who came into Scotland was Seiker de Sæy, who obtained lands from David I. in East Lothian, and laid the foundation of the noble family of *Sæton*, or *Seton*, Earls of Winton, which distinguished itself through six centuries of Scottish history, and was attainted in 1715. The first of the noble house of *Keith* was a person called Hervei, who attached himself to David, and acquired the estate of Keith in East Lothian, from whence the surname of the family was assumed. One of his descendants in the third generation took the surname of Marischall, from the family possessing the dignity of Knight Marischall of Scoland; and hence the name *Marshall* originated. Before the middle of the twelfth century, a person of Anglo-Norman lineage, named *Male*, settled under David I. on some lands in Mid-Lothian, conferring on his seat the title of *Male-ville*, from which appellation the *Melvilles* took their surname. The main line of the Males, in the reign of Robert II. (1371-90), ended in a female heir, Agnes, who married Sir John Ross of Halkhead. The descendant of this marriage acquired the Peerage of Lord Ross in 1700. The estate was purchased during last century by David Rennie, whose daughter carried it by marriage to Henry Dundas, created Viscount Melville in 1802. It is generally understood that the *Maules* were of the same lineage as the *Males*. The first of the name in Scotland was Robert Maule, who attached himself to David I., and acquired lands in Mid-Lothian; one of his sons became the progenitor of the Maules of Panmure. The *Berkeleys* settled in Scotland in the twelfth century, and were a branch of the great Berkley family in Gloucestershire. The family has greatly branched out under the surname of *Barclay*. The *Montealts* were another English family which settled in Scotland under David. Their name, which they took from a place in Flintshire, has been softened into *Mowat*. At the same period the *de Lundins* settled in Fife and Forfarshire, and originated families with the appellation of *Lundie*. The family called *Harris*, or *Herries*, settled in the country also during the reign of David. The first of the race, who was of Anglo-Norman lineage, was named Heriz; the family acquired a settlement in Dumfrieshire and Galloway. The noble family of Cunningham, in Ayrshire, traces its (correct) origin from Warnebald, a person who came from the north of England, and settled as a vassal under Hugh Morville, in Cunningham. From him he obtained the manor of Cunningham, which comprehended most of the parish of Kilmaurs, and from this manor the family surname was assumed. The progenitors of the *Lockharts* were Stephen Lockhard and Simon Lockhard, who settled in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire during the twelfth century. Simon, who was the progenitor of the Lockharts of Lee, gave the name of *Symington* to a parish in Clydesdale; and Stephen, in the same manner, conferred the name of *Stevenson* on a parish in the district of Cunningham.

The origin of the distinguished family of *Hay* has been strangely obscured by the fabulous legends of the genealogists. Without impugning the story of the battle of Luncarty, and the feat performed with the oxen yoke, it is an ascertained fact, worthy of belief, that the first person of the name of Hay in Scotland, of whom record preserves any notice, was William de Hay, the descendant of an Anglo-Norman, who settled in Lothian at the middle of the twelfth century, and founded the family of the Hays of Lockerwart (Borthwick), Lords of Yester, and Earls and Marquises of Tweeddale, as also the Hays of Spot, Smithfield, Hayston, &c. The second William de Hay received a grant of the lands of Errol, in the Carse of Gowrie, from King William (1165—1214; the Hays thus branching off into two main lines.

The *Ramsays* were likewise settlers of the twelfth century, bringing with them the name from England, where it was a local appellation. The first of the race in North Britain was Simon de Ramsay, who received lands in Mid-Lothian under David I., and founded the noble family of the Ramsays of Dalhousie, from whence all the other Ramsays throughout Scotland are undoubtedly sprung. The *Falconers*, another old Scottish family, are of the same English extraction, Walter, the first of the family, received lands in the Mearns from David I.; and his son, Raulph, being appointed *Falconer* by William the Lion, and called by him *Falconarius noster*, his descendants acquired the surname of Falconer, which they still retain. The *Rollos* may next be brought under notice.—*To be continued.*

VICTIMS.

The industrious classes of the middle rank are, on the one hand *attracted onwards* to wealth and respectability, by contemplating men, formerly of their own order, who having as the saying is, feathered their nests, now lie at ease, a kind of *conscripti patres;* while they are on the other hand *repelled* from the regions of poverty and disgrace by the sight of a great many wretched persons, who having, under the influence of some unhappy star, permitted their good resolutions of industry and honour to give way, are sunk from their former estate, and now live—if living it can be called—in a state of misery and ignominy almost too painful to be thought of. There may be a use in this—as there is a use for beacons and buoys at sea. But oh, the desolation of such a fate! As different as the condition of a vessel which ever bends its course freely and gallantly over the seas, on some joyous expedition of profit or adventure, compared with one which has been deprived of all the means of locomotion, and chained down upon some reef of rocks, merely to tell its happier companions that it is to be avoided; so different is the condition of a man still engaged in the hopeful pursuits of life, and one who has lost all its prospects.

The progress of men who live by their daily industry, through this world, may be likened to the march of an army through an enemy's country. He who, from fatigue, from disease, from inebriety, from severe wounds, or whatever cause, falls out of the line of march, and lays him down by the wayside, is sure, as a matter of course, to be destroyed by the peasantry; once let the column he belongs to pass on a little way a-head, and death is his sure portion. It is a dreadful thing to fall behind the ever-onward march of the world.

Victims—the word placed at the head of this article—is a designation for those woe-begone mortals, who have had the misfortune to drop out of the ranks of society. Every body must know more or less of *victims*, for every body must have had to pay a smaller or greater number of half-crowns in his time to keep them from starvation. It happens, however, that the present writer has had *a great deal to do with victims;* and he therefore conceives himself qualified to afford his neighbours a little information upon the subject. It is a subject not without its moral; nor, with deference to the feelings of humanity, is it without its humour.

A *victim* may become so from many causes. Some men are wrong placed in the world by their friends, and ruin themselves. Some are ill-married, and lose heart. Others have tastes unsuited to the dull course of a man of business, as for music, social pleasures, the company of men *out of their own order*, and so forth. Other men have natural imperfections of character, and sink down, from pure inability to compete with rivals of more athletic constitution. But the grand cause of declension in life, is inability to accommodate circumstances and conduct.

Suppose a man to have broken credit with the world, and made that treaty of perpetual hostility with it, which *quasi lucus à non lucendo*, is called a *cessio bonorum*—what is he to do next? One thing is dead clear—he no more appears on Princes' Street, or the Bridges. They are to him as a native and once familiar land, from which he is exiled for ever. His migrations from one side of the town to the other, are now accomplished by channels, such as Leith Wynd, and the Cowgate, which, however well known to our ancestors, are in the present day dreamt of by nobody, except, perhaps, the Author of the Traditions of Edinburgh. I once came full upon a *victim* in Croftangry, a wretched alley near the Palace of Holyrood House; he looked the genius of the place! But the ways of *victims* are in general very occult. Sometimes I have altogether lost sight of one for several years, and given him up for dead. But at length he would re-appear at a midnight fire in the High Street, as salmon come from the deepest pools towards the lighted sheaf of the fisherman, or as some old revolutionary names that had disappeared from French history for a quarter of a century, came again above board on the occasion of the late revolution at Paris. At that said fire in the High Street, I observed several *victims*, who had long vanished from the open daylight streets, come out to glare with their bleared eyes upon the awful scene—perhaps unroosted from their dens by the progress of the devouring element." —But—what is a *victim* like?

The progress of a *victim's* gradual deterioration depends very much upon the question, whether he has, according to the old joke, failed with a waistcoat or a full suit. Suppose the latter contingency; he keeps up a decent appearance for some months after the fatal event, perhaps even making several attempts to keep up a few of his old acquaintance. It won't do, however; the clothes get worn—threadbare—slit—torn—patched—darned; let ink, thread, and judicious arrangement of person, do their best. The hat, the shoes, and the gloves, fail first; he then begins to wear a suspicious deal of whitey-brown linen in the way of cravat. Collars fail. Frills retire. The vest is buttoned to the uppermost button, or even, perhaps, with a supplementary pin (a pin is the most squalid object in nature or art) at top. Still, at this period, he tries to carry a jaunty, genteel air; he has not yet all forgot himself to rags. But, see, the buttons begin to show something like new moons at one side; these moons become *full;* they *change;* and then the button is only a little wisp of thread and rags, deprived of all power of retention over the button-hole. His watch has long been gone to supply the current wants of the day. The vest by and bye retires from business, and the coat is buttoned up to the chin. About this period, he perhaps appears in a pair of nankeen trousers, which, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, he tries to sport in an easy, genteel fashion, as if it were his taste. If you meet him at this time, and inquire how he is getting on in the world, he speaks very confidently of some excellent situation he has a prospect of, which will make him better than ever; it is perhaps to superintend a large new blacking manufactory which is to be set up at Portobello, and for which two acres of stone bottles ten feet deep, have already been collected from all the lumber-cellars in the country; quite a nice easy business; nothing to do but collect the orders and see them executed; good salary, free house, coal, candle, and *blacking;* save a pound a-year on the article of blacking alone. Or it is some other *concern* equally absurd, but which the disordered mind of the poor unfortunate is evidently rioting over with as much enjoyment as if it were to make him once more what he had been in his better days. At length—but not perhaps till two or three years have elapsed—he becomes that lamentable picture or wretchedness which is his ultimate destiny; mere pile of clothes without pile—a deplorable—a *victim.*

As a picture of an individual victim, take the following:—My earliest recollections of Mr —— refer to his keeping a seed-shop in the New Town of Edinburgh. He was a remarkably smart active man, and could tie up little parcels of seeds with an almost magical degree of dispatch. When engaged in that duty, your eye lost sight of his fingers altogether, as you cease to individualize the spokes of a wheel when it is turned with great rapidity. He was the inventor of a curious tall engine, with a peculiar pair of scissors at top, for cutting fruit off trees. This he sent through Princes' Street every day with one of his boys, who was instructed every now and then to draw the string, so as to make the scissors close as sharply as possible. The boy would watch his men—broad-skirted men with top-boots—and, gliding in before them, would make the thing play *clip.* "Boy, boy," the country gentleman would cry, "what's that?" The boy would explain; the gentleman would be delighted with the idea of cutting down any particular apple he chose out of a thickly laden and unapproachable tree; and, after that, nothing more was required than to give him the card of the shop. Mr ——, however, was not a man of correct or temperate conduct. He used to indulge even in forenoon potations. Opposite to his shop there was a tavern, to which he was in the habit of sending a boy every day for a tumbler of spirits and water, which the wretch was carefully enjoined to carry under his apron. One day, the boy forgot the precaution, and carried the infamous crystal quite exposed in his hand across the open and crowded street. Mr. —— was surveying his progress both in going and returning; and when he observed him coming towards the shop, with so damnatory a proof of his malpractices holden forth to the gaze of the world, he leaped and danced within his shop window like a supple Jack in a glass case. The poor boy came in quite innocently, little wotting of the crime he had committed, or the reception he was to meet with, when, just as he had deposited the glass upon the counter, a blow from the hand of his master stretched him insensibly in a remote corner of the shop, among a parcel of seed bags. As no qualities will succeed in business unless perfectly good conduct be among the number, and, above all things, an abstinence from tippling, —— soon became a *victim.* After he first took to the *bent*, to use Rob Roy's phrase, I lost sight of him for two or three years. At length, I one day met him on a road a little way out of town. He wore a coat buttoned to the chin, and which, being also very long in the breast, according to a fashion which obtained about the year 1813, seemed to enclose his whole trunk from neck to groin. With the usual cataract of cravat, he wore a hat the most woe-begone, the most dejected, the most melancholy I had ever seen. His face was inflamed and agitated, and as he walked, he swung out his arms with a strange emphatic expression, as if he were saying, "I am an ill used man, but I'll tell it to the world." Misery had evidently given him a slight craze, as it almost always does when it overtakes a man accustomed in early life to better things. Some time afterwards I saw him a little revivified through the influence of a *new second-hand coat*, and he seemed, from a small leathern parcel which he bore under his arm, to be engaged in some small agency. But this was a mere flash before utter expiration. He relapsed to the Cowgate—to rags—to wretchedness—to madness—immediately after. When I next saw him, it was in that street, the time midnight. He lay in the bottom of a stair, more like a heap of mud than a man. A maniac curse, uttered as I stumbled over him, was the means of my recognising it to be ——.

The system of life pursued by *victims* in general, is worthy of being inquired into. *Victims* hang much about taverns in the outskirts of the town. Perhaps a decent man from Pennycuik, with the honest rustic name of Walter Brown, or James Gowans, migrates to the Candle-maker Row, or the Grassmarket, and sets up a small public house. You may know the man by his corduroy spatterdashes, and the latchets of his shoes drawn through them by two pye-holes. He is an honest man, believing every body to be as honest as himself. Perhaps he has some antiquated and prescribed right to the stance of a hay-stack at Pennycuik, and is not without his wishes to try his fortune in the Parliament House. Well, the *victims* soon scent out his house by the glare of his new sign—the *novitas regni*—and upon him they fall tooth and nail. Partly through simplicity, partly by having his feelings excited regarding the stance of the hay-stack, he gives these gentlemen some credit. For a while you may observe a flocking of *victims* towards his doorway, like the gathering of clean and unclean things to Noah's ark. But it is not altogether a case of deception. *Victims*, somehow or other, occasionally *have* money. True, it is seldom in greater sums than sixpence. But then consider the importance of sixpence to a flock of *victims.* Such a sum, judiciously managed, may get the whole set meat and drink for a day. At length, when Walter begins to find his barrels run dry, with little return of money wherewithal to replenish them, and when the joint influence of occasional apparitions of sixpence, and the stance of the hay-stack at Pennycuik, has no longer any effect upon him, why, what is to be done but fly to some other individual, equally able and willing to bleed?

One thing is always very remarkable in victims, namely, their extraordinary frankness and politeness. A victim might have been an absolute bear in his better days; but hunger, it is said, will tame a lion, and it seems to have the same effect in subduing the asperities of a victim. Meet a victim where you will—that is, before he has become altogether deplorable—and you are amazed at the bland, confidential air which he has assumed; so different, perhaps, from what he sported in better days. His manner, in fact, is most insinuating—into your pocket: and if you do not get alarmed at the symptoms, and break off in time, you are brought down for half a-crown as sure as you live. Victims keep up a kind of constant *civil* war with shops. They mark those which have been recently opened, and where they see only young men behind the counter. They try to establish a kind of credit of face, by now and then dropping in and asking, in a genteel manner, for a sight of a Directory, or for a bit of twine, or for "the *least* slip of paper," occasionally even spending a halfpenny or a penny in a candid, honourable way, and with the air of a person wishing to befriend the shop. In the course of these "transactions," they endeavour to excite a little conversation, beginning with the weather, gradually expanding to a remark upon the state of business; and, perhaps, ending with a sympathising inquiry as to the prospects which the worthy shopkeeper himself may have of succeeding in his present situation. At length, having laid down what painters call a *priming*, they come in some day, in a hurried fiddle faddle kind of way, and hastily and confidentially ask across the counter, "Mr. —— [victims are always particular in saying *Master*] have you got such a thing as fourpence in ha'pence?—I just want to pay a porter, and happen to have no change." The specification of "fourpence in ha'pence," though in reality nonsense, carries the day; it gives a plausibility and credit-worthiness to the demand that could not otherwise be obtained; and the unfortunate shopkeeper, carried away by the contagious bustle of the victim, plunges his hand, quick as thought, into the till, and before he knows where he is, he is minus a groat, and the victim has vanished from before him—and the whole transaction, reflected upon three minutes afterwards, seems as if it had been a dream.

The existence of a *victim* is the most precarious thing, perhaps, in the world. He is a man with no continuing dinner-place. He dines, as the poor old Earl of Findlater used to say, at the sign of the Mouth. It is a very strange thing, and what no one could suppose *à priori*, that the necessitous are greatly indebted to the necessitous. People of this sort form a kind of community by themselves, and are more kind to each other mutually than is any other particular branch of the public to them as a class. Thus, the little that any one has is apt to be shared by a great many companions, and all have a mouthful. The necessitous are also very much the dupes of the necessitous; they are all, as it were, creatures of prey, the stronger constantly eating up the weaker. Thus a *victim* in the last stage preys upon men who are entering the set; and all prey more or less upon poor tradesmen, such as the above Walter Brown or James Gowans, who are only liable to such a spoliation because they are poor and anxious for business. We have known a *victim*, for instance, who had long passed the condition of being *jail-worthy*, live, in a great measure, upon a man who had just begun a career of victimization by being thrown into jail. This creature was content to be a kind of voluntary prisoner, for the sake of sharing the victuals and bed of his patron. It would astonish any man, accustomed, day after day, to go home to a spread table at a regular hour, to know the strange shifts which *victims* have to make in order to satisfy hunger—how much is done by raising small hard-wrung subsidies from former acquaintance—how much by duping—how much by what the Scotch people very expressively call *sheching*—how much by subdivision of mites among the wretches themselves. Your *victim* is often witty, can sing one good comic song, has a turn for mimicry, or at least an amusing smack of worldly knowledge; and he is sometimes so lucky as to fall in with patrons little above himself in fortune, but still having something to give, who afford him their protection on account of such qualifications.

By way of illustrating these points, take the following instances of what may be called the *fag-victim.*

Hamilton of ——, in Lanarkshire, originally a landed gentleman and an advocate at the Scottish bar, was a blood of the first water in the dissolute decade 1780-90, when, if we are to believe Provost Creech, it was a gentleman's highest ambition, in his street dress and manner of walking, to give an exact personation of the character of Filch in the Beggars' Opera. Hamilton at that period dressed a good deal above Filch, however he might resemble him in gait. He had a coat edged all round with gold lace, wore a gold watch on each side (an extravagant fashion then prevalent), and with his cane, bag-wig, and gold-buckled shoes, was really a fine figure of the pre-revolutionary era. His house was in the Canongate—a good flat in Chessel's Court—garrisoned only by a female servant called Nanny. Hamilton at length squandered away the whole of his estate, and became a victim. All the world fell away from him; but Nanny still remained. From the entailed family flat in Chessel's Court, he had to remove to a den somewhere about the Netherbow; Nanny went with him. Then came the period of wretchedness. Nanny, however, still stuck fast. The unfortunate gentleman could not himself appear in his woe-begone attire upon those streets where he had formerly shone a resplendent sun; neither could he bring his well-born face to solicit his former friends for subsidies. Nanny did all that was necessary. Foul day and fair day, she was to be seen gliding about the streets, either petitioning tradesmen for goods to her master on credit, or collecting food and money from the houses of his acquaintance. If a liquid alms was offered, she had a white tankard, streaked with smoky-looking cracks, for its reception; if the proffered article was a mass of flesh, she had a plate or a towel. There never was such a forager. Hamilton himself used to call her "true and trusty," by way of a compliment to her collective powers; and he finally found so much reason to appreciate her disinterested attachment, that, on reaching the usual fatal period of fifty, he made her his wife! What was the catastrophe of their story, I never heard.

The second, and only other instance of the fag-victim which can be given here, is of a still more touching character than the above, and seems to make it necessary for the writer of this trifling essay to protest, before hand, against being thought a scoffer at the misery of his fellow creatures. He begs it to be understood that, however light be the language in which he speaks, he hopes that he can look with no less than respectful feelings upon human nature, in a suffering, and, more especially, a self-denying form.

Some years ago, there flourished, in one of the principal thoroughfares of Edinburgh, a fashionable perfumer, the inheritor of an old business, and a man of respectable connexions; who, falling into dissolute habits, became, of course, very much embarrassed, and finally, "unfortunate." In his shop,

"From youth to age a reverend *'prentice* grew;"

a man, at the time of his master's failure, advanced to nearly middle life, but who, having never been anywhere else since he was ten or twelve years of age, than behind ———'s counter,—Sundays and meal-hours alone excepted—was still looked upon by his master as "the boy of the shop," and so styled accordingiy. This worthy creature had, in the course of time, become as a mere piece of furniture in the shop; his soul had *fraternised* (to use a modern French phrase) with his situation. The drawers and shottles, the combs, brushes, and bottles, had entered into and become part of his own existence; he took them all under the wide-spreading boughs of his affections; they were to him, as the infant to the mother, part of himself. He was on the best terms with every thing about the shop; the handles of all things were fitted to his hand, ; every thing came to him, to use a proverbial expression of Scotland, like the bowl of a pint-stoup. In fact, like a piece of wood placed in a petrifying spring, this man might be said to have been transfigured out of his original flesh and blood altogether, and changed into a creature participating in the existence and qualities of certain essences, perfumes, wigs, pomades, drawers, wig-blocks, glass-cases, and counters, forming the *materiel* of Mr. ————'s establishment. Such a being was, as may be supposed, a useful servant. He knew all the customers; he knew his master's whole form of practice, all his habits, and every peculiarity of his temper. And then the fidelity of the creature; but that was chiefly shown in the latter evil days of the shop, and during the victimhood of his master. As misfortune came on, the friendship of master and man became more intensely familiar and intimate than it had ever been before. As the proudest man, met by a lion in the desert, makes no scruple to coalesce with his servant in resisting it, so was ———— induced by the devouring monster Poverty, to descend to the level, and make a companion, of his faithful "boy." They would at last go to the same tavern together, take the same Sunday walks—were, in reality, boon companions. In all ———'s distresses the boy partook; if any thing "occurred about a bill," as Crabbe says, it was the "boy" who had the chief dolour of its accommodation; he would scour the North and South Bridges, with his hat off, borrowing small silver *à l'improviste*, as if to make up change to a customer, till he had the necessary sum amassed. The "boy" at length became very much demoralized; he grew vicious towards the world, to be the more splendidly virtuous to his master: one grand redeeming quality, after the manner of Moses' serpent, had eaten up all the rest. It were needless to pursue the history of the shop through all its stages of declension. Through them all the "boy" survived, unshaken in his attachment. The shop might fade, grow dim, and die, but the "boy" never. The goods might be diminished, the Duke of Wellington might be sold for whiskey, and his lady companions pawn their wigs for mutton-pies; but the "boy" was a fixture. There was no pledging away his devoted, inextinguishable friendship. The master at last *went to* the Canongate jail—I say *went to*, in order to inform the sentimental part of mankind that imprisonment is seldom done in the active voice, people generally incarcerating themselves with the most philosophical deliberation, and not the least air of compulsion in the matter. The shop was still kept open, and the "boy" attended it. But every evening did he repair to the dreary mansion, to solace his master with the news of the day, see after his comforts, and yield up the prey which, jackall-like, he had collected during the preceding four-and-twenty hours. This prey, be it remarked, was not raised from the sale of any thing in the shop. Every saleable article had by this time been sold. The only furniture was now a pair of scissors and a comb, together with the announcement, "Hair-cutting rooms," in the window. By means of these three things, however, the boy contrived generally to *fleece* the public of a few sixpences in the day; and all these sixpences, with the exception of a small commission for his own meagre subsistence, went to his master at the Canongate jail. Often, in the hour between eight and nine in the evening, have they sat in that small dingy back-room behind the large hall, enjoying a bottle of strong ale, drunk out of stoneware tumblers—talking over all their embarrassments, and speculating how to get clear of them. Other prisoners had their wives or their brothers to see after them; but we question if any one had, even in these relations of kindred, a friend so attached as the "boy." At length, after a certain period, this unfortunate tradesman was one evening permitted to walk away, arm-in-arm with his faithful "young man," and the world was all before them where to choose.

For a considerable period all trace of the attached pair is lost. No doubt their course was through many scenes of poignant misery; for at the only part of their career upon which I have happened to obtain any light, the "boy" was wandering through the streets of Carlisle, in the dress and appearance of a very old beggar, and singing the songs wherewith he had formerly delighted the citizens of Edinburgh in Mrs. Manson's or Johnnie Dowie's, for the subsistence of his master; who, as ascertained by my informant was deposited, in a state of sickness and wretchedness transcending all description, in a low lodging-house, in a back street. Such is the fag-victim, following his master

"To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

And such, I may add, are the virtues which sometimes adorn the most vicious and degraded walks of life, where, to the eyes of ordinary observers, there appears no redeeming feature whatsoever.

Raeburn and John Clerk.—Among Raeburn's earliest associates, was "the learned and witty John Clerk, afterwards a judge of the Court of Session, under the title of Lord Eldin; a gentleman of rare parts, who, to his other acquirements, added some skill of hand in the art of painting. The young artist and the young advocate were frequently together; and as the one had to purchase costly colours and the other expensive books, it is said they were sometimes so poor, that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in. On one of these occasions Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and, hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting down two dishes, one containing three herrings, and the other three potatoes. 'And is this all?' said John. 'All!' said the landlady. 'All! did I not tell ye, woman,' he exclaimed, 'that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?' The tables of both were better furnished before the lapse of many years; and they loved, it is said, when the wine was flowing, to recall those early days, when hope was high, and the spirit unrebuked by intercourse with the world."—*Lives of British Painters.*

Countess of Orkney.—The following curious anecdote is related of Mary, Countess of Orkney, who died not long since, aged 76:—She was deaf and dumb, and was married in 1753 by signs. She lived with her husband, who was also her first cousin, at his seat, Rostellan, on the harbour of Cork. Shortly after the birth of her first child—the lady is lately deceased—the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The Countess having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who like all persons of the lower order in her country, indeed in most countries, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," raised it with an intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the Countess had flung the stone—not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke, and cried. The Countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself. She exhibited on many other occasions similar proof of intelligence, but none so interesting.

JOKES OF THE JACOBITES.

From Chambers' Scottish Jests and Anecdotes.

[This celebrated party exhibited, at least so far as Scotland was concerned, all that propensity to wit and sarcasm which generally characterizes a depressed faction, who dare not well appear either in arms or in letters. They had, indeed, a sort of armoury of jests, which they used in defect of better weapons, as a means of annoying the enemy; while many possessed a genuine talent for impromptu repartee. It is hoped, that the following specimens of their wit and humour will be esteemed worthy of the space they occupy—if not, in all cases, for the success of the sally, at least as commemorating the moral peculiarities of a party, formerly important, but now completely extinct.]

new wark and auld wark.

The old Presbyterian General, David Leslie, it is well known, chose, at the Restoration, to repent of all the deeds o his youth, and express himself a sound and zealous loyalist. Charles II., it is also well known, made him a peer, under the title of Lord Newark. A loyalist of older standing, and who had, perhaps, experienced some sound blows from Leslie's troopers in his younger days, is said to have remonstrated with the King upon a proceeding which shewed so much disrespect for his old friends. "By my soul," said this bold cavalier, "instead o' raising him to the peerage for his new wark, there waud ha' been mair justice, if your Majesty had raised him to the gallows for his auld wark."

earl of r————.

The Earl of R————, eighty years ago, was so weak in his mind, or rather so unmanageable, that his relations had to confine him in the Canongate jail—there being then no other asylum for the reception of lunatics, at Edinburgh.—Some English officers, belonging to the Duke of Cumberland's army, happening to visit the prison, and being informed that it had no less distinguished a tenant than an Earl, asked his lordship, in much surprise, how he got into such a place as this. "'Deed, gentlemen," replied the lunatic, whose mind, like that of other idiots, occasionally gave forth strange flashes of wit, as the darkest nights are illuminated by the brightest lightning, "I got in here, in somewhat the same manner that you got into the army—less by my ain deserts than by the interest of my friends."

His lordship, being brother-in-law to Lord Lovat, was suspected of Jacobitism, and, after the Highland army had gone to England, was examined, on that account, by some of the state officers. On its being imputed to him, that he had wished well to the rebels, while they remained in Edinburgh—"*Me!*" he cried, "*me* wish them weel! a pack o' nasty, lousy, low-lifed scoundrels—as I tell'd them they were—that wad never do ony gude in this world, but gang to the next on a widdy." "How?" cried the examinators, "did you really tell them so, my Lord?" "That I did," said the Earl; "only loot them be twa mile away, first.

not our lawful sovereign.

An English regiment stationed at Peterhead, not long after the Rebellion of 1745, received such polite attentions from the inhabitants, that the colonel determined, by way of expressing his gratitude, to invite the principal inhabitants to dinner.—Among those selected for invitation, was Bishop Dunbar; but some one, on being told so by the colonel, remarked, that that person was only a Scotch Bishop, and perhaps unworthy of the honour he designed to confer upon him. "Oh, never mind that," cried the Englishman; my father was a Bishop, and I respect the title, by whatever countryman it may be borne." Not satisfied with this, he called upon the Bishop in person, and requested, in very respectful terms, the honour of his company. The Bishop, who was a man of a very modest and retired mode of life, desired to be excused, on the plea of his age and infirmities; and also represented to the colonel, that, as his principles forbade him to join in certain public toasts, it would perhaps be just as agreeable to all parties that he should not attend. The colonel would by no means listen to any excuses; and, at last, succeeded in obtaining the old man's consent, though not before he had promised, that no toast should be given at all calculated to offend the feelings of the guest. At dinner, everything proceeded well; but on "The King" being given, after the withdrawal of the cloth, and the Bishop drinking it with the preliminary addition of the word "rightful," a cornet swore a violent oath, and exclaimed, "That is not King George, Sir." "I take you all to witness," said the old clergyman, placidly, but with triumph beaming in his eye; "this young gentleman says, King George is not our rightful sovereign!" This good thing was hailed by a burst of laughter, at the cornet's expense.

massacre of glencoe.

A coach horse belonging to President Dalrymple, whose share in this odious transaction is well known, happening to *hang itself*, as the stable phrase goes, in the stall, an old testy coachman, of the name of John, was deputed from the stable to acquaint his lordship with the fact. The President, unable to comprehend how the animal should have accomplished its own death, and perhaps suspicious of negligence on the part of its attendants, questioned the man a good deal as to the manner of the accident; the great burden of his inquiries being—"But how, John, should the horse have hanged himself?" Quite out of patience with so many frivolous questions, John at length exclaimed—"It certainly *is* a strange thing, my Lord, that the puir beast should hae hanged himsell: I'am sure he had naething to do wi' either the Revolution or the Massacre o' Glencoe!"

John seems to have been not only a Jacobite, but one of that old-fashioned description of servants, who had been so long in their master's service, that they could take any liberty without fear of dismissal. About sixty or seventy years ago, when the relation of master and servant was of this sort, and not the mere matter of *quid pro quo* which it now is, Mr. Erskine of Dun, a gentleman of Angus, had an ancient valet, named Gabriel, whose petulance and licence of speech went so far as to be almost intolerable. One day as Dun was sitting at dinner, and conversing with a mixed company of friends, Gabriel took the liberty of calling something which he said, "a great lee." "Well," said the laird, really offended, and rising from the table, "this will do no longer, Gabriel—we must part at last." "Hout tout, laird," said Gabriel, pressing his master again into his chair, "where wad your honour be better than in your ain house?" not conceiving the possibility of *his* being the moving party.

carnegy of balnamoon.

It was the custom of old Balnamoon, a noted Jacobite when out drinking at a friend's house, only to go home in case that he was able to sit upon his horse. If, when brought out and planted on horseback, he at once tumbled off, he remained all night where he was; but, if he still preserved sufficient strength to enable him to sit upright, or even to hold by the mane, he trotted off. On such occasions, he was always attended by a faithful old man-servant, who rode behind him, and observed that he did not drop himself by the way. One night, as the loving pair were going home in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a bog, from which it required unusual efforts on the part of John to extricate him. When he was fished out, a new difficulty arose—he had lost his wig. John immediately began an elaborate search through the neighbouring quagmires for Balnamoon's wig; and at last he was so fortunate as to find it. He instantly clapped it at random upon his master's head, and, as it afterwards appeared, with the back part foremost. He was then proceeding to mount his own horse, in order to pursue the way home, when Balnamoon's voice was heard faintly to exclaim through the dripping curls which hung round his face, "Oh John, man, this is surely no my wig; for it does na fit me ava." 'Deil care, Bonnymoon," cried John; "ye maun just be content wi' what ye've got. *There's nae wale o' wigs here;*" an expression which has since become proverbial in the country.

a queen in the tolbooth.

It may be seen from the popular song entitled, "The wee wee German Lairdie," with how much contempt the Jacobites beheld the first prince of the Brunswick dynasty. Unfortunately, his Majesty's domestic circumstances supplied them with an incident which gave ample scope to their satire. This was the alleged infidelity of his consort, who, on account of a supposed intrigue with a German count, was said, at the period of King George's accession, to be suffering imprisonment in one of his foreign castles. The frequent allusions to this affair in their songs, go far to induce a supposition that they almost revenged, by its means, the absurd, but annoying, state fiction which asserted their own king to be a supposititious child. They have been heard to relate, with peculiar satisfaction, a remark which an Aberdeen magistrate is said to have made upon King George's consort. At the first occurrence of the King's birth-day, after his accession, the public functionaries of this ancient city being assembled to drink his health, one of them, who, it appeared, was ignorant of the domestic history of the royal family, rose up and asked, in his peculiar dia-

ect, "Phat was to hinder them to drink the Queen's health ee?" "Hout awa, man," replied the provost, pulling him back into his seat; "*she's i' the Towbeeth!*"

(To be continued.)

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

In the same paper in which Hazlitt details the characteristics of Brougham, he treats of the peculiarities of Sir Francis Burdett, and in an equally correct manner. "Sir Francis," says he, "in many respects affords a contrast to the foregoing character. He is a plain, unaffected, unsophisticated English gentleman. He is a person of great reading too, and considerable information, but he makes very little display of these, unless it be to quote Shakspeare, which he does often with extreme aptness and felicity. Sir Francis is one of the most pleasing speakers in the House, and is a prodigious favourite of the English people. So he ought to be; for he is one of the few remaining examples of the old English understanding, and old English character. All that he pretends to is common sense and common honesty; and a greater compliment cannot be paid to these than the attention with which he is listened to in the House. We cannot conceive a higher proof of courage than the saying things which he has been known to say there; and we have seen him blush and appear ashamed of the truths he has been obliged to utter, like a bashful novice. He could not have uttered what he often did there, if, besides his general respectability, he had not been a very honest, a very good-tempered, and a very good-looking man. But there was evidently no wish to shine, nor any desire to offend. It was painful to him to hurt the feelings of those who heard him, but it was a higher duty in him not to suppress his sincere and earnest convictions. It is wonderful how much virtue and plain-dealing a man may be guilty of without impunity, if he has no vanity, or ill-nature, or duplicity, to provoke the contempt or resentment of others, and to make them impatient of the superiority he sets up over them. There is no honest cause which he dares not avow—no oppressed individual that he is not forward to succour. He has the firmness of manhood, with the unimpaired enthusiasm of youthful feeling about him. His principles are mellowed and improved, without having become less sound with time; for at one period he sometimes appeared to come charged to the House with the petulance and caustic sententiousness he had imbibed at Wimbledon Common. He is seldom or never violent, or in extremes. There is only one error he seems to labour under (which, we believe, he also borrowed from Mr. Horne Tooke, or Major Cartwright), the wanting to go back to the early times of our constitution and history in search of the principles of law and liberty—which are modern inventions—the growth of books and printing. A man may be a patriot without being an antiquary. This is the only point on which Sir Francis is at all inclined to a tincture of pedantry. His humanity is unconstrained and free. His heart does not ask leave of his head to feel, nor does prudence always keep a guard upon his tongue or his pen. He is the idol of the people of Westminster; few persons have a greater number of friends and well-wishers; and he has still greater reason to be proud of his enemies, for his integrity and independence have made them so."

THE INDIAN MUSSELMAUNS' CELEBRATION OF THE NEW YEAR.

The exact period of commencing the Mussulmaun new year is the very moment of the sun's entering the sign Aries. This is calculated by those practical astronomers who are in the service of most great men in native cities—I should tell you they have not the benefit of published almanacks as in England; and according to the hour of the day or night when the sun passes into that particular sign, so are they directed in the choice of a colour to be worn in their garments on this eade; if at midnight the colour would be dark puce, almost a black; if at mid-day, the colour would be the brightest crimson. Thus, to the intermediate hours are given a shade of either colour applicable to the time of night or the day when the sun enters the sign Aries; and whatever be the colour to suit the hour of Nou-Roze, all classes wear the day's livery, from the king to the meanest subject in the city. The king, on his throne, sits in state to receive congratulations and nuzzas from his nobles, courtiers and dependents. "Mabearukh Nou-Roze!" (may the new year be fortunate!) are the terms of salutation exchanged by all classes of society, the king himself setting the example. The day is devoted to amusements, a public breakfast at the palace, sending presents, exchanging visits, &c. The trays of presents prepared by the ladies for their friends are tastefully set out, and the work of many days' previous arrangement. Eggs are boiled hard; some of these are stained in colours resembling our mottled papers; others are neatly painted in figures and devices, many are ornamented with gilding—every lady evincing her own peculiar taste in the prepared eggs for "Nou-Roze." All kinds of dried fruits and nuts, confectionary, and cakes, are numbered amongst the necessary articles for this day's offering; they are set out in small earthen plates, lacquered over to resemble silver, on which is placed coloured paper, cut out in various devices (an excellent substitute for vine leaves) laid on the plate to receive the several articles forming "Nou-Roze" presents. Amongst the young people these trays are looked forward to with child-like anxiety. The ladies rival each other in their display of novelty and good taste, both in the eatables and the manner of setting them off with effect. The religious community have prayers read in their family, and by them it is considered both a necessary duty and a propitious commencement to bring in the new year by "prayers and praises." When it is known that the Nou-Roze will occur by daylight, the ladies have a custom of watching for the moment the year should commence, by a fresh rose, which being plucked from the stalk, is thrown into a basin of water the eye downwards. They say, this rose turns over of itself towards the sun at the very moment of that luminary passing into the sign Aries.—*Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's Observations.*

INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

(FROM A RECENTLY PUBLISHED VOLUME OF POEMS, BY WILLIAM PENNYCOOK BROWN.)

"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,
Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold,
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,
Who asked for alms at our pillared door?
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

"He said—but I knew not what he meant—
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent.
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,
Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest;
And he told how his kindred there were laid
And the friends with whom in his youth he played;
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

"He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's glee,
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;
And followed afar, with a heart as light
As its sparkling wings the butterfly's flight;
And pulled young flowers, where they grew neath' the beams
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams;—
Yet he left all these through the earth to roam!
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled,—
Though pale grow thy cheeks, and thy hair turn gray,
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—
It was there the old man longed to be?

"For he knew that those with whom he had played,
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade—
Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth
Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth—
Whose names from our world had passed away,
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—
He knew that they, with all suffering done,
Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

"Though ours be a pillared and lofty home,
Where Want with his pale train never may come,
Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest,
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;
For He who hath made them poor may soon
Darken the sky of our glowing noon,
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild!
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES WATT.

All the inventions and improvements of recent times, if measured by their effects upon the condition of society, sink into insignificance, when compared with the extraordinary results which have followed the employment of steam as a mechanical agent. To one individual, the illustrious Watt, the merit and honour of having first rendered it extensively available for that purpose, are pre eminently due. The force of steam, now so important an agent in mechanics, was nearly altogether overlooked until within the last two centuries. The ancients were, in a small measure, acquainted with its expansive powers; its prodigious energies were noticed by a French writer, Solomon de Caus, who flourished in the beginning of the seventeenth century; in the decade of 1660, the Marquis of Worcester similarly remarked the properties of steam; about twenty years later, Sir Samuel Morland projected a method of employing it as a mechanic power; and Denis Papier, a native of France, about the year 1690, contrived an engine acting with steam and the pressure of the atmosphere, for lifting water, but on an exceedingly rude principle. The next who tried such a scheme was Captain Savery, who, about the year 1698, began to erect engines for lifting water, somewhat on the principle of the sucking pump. Not long after Savery had invented his engine, Thomas Newcomen, an ironmonger, and John Calley, a glazier, both of Dartmouth in Devonshire, began also to direct their attention to the employment of steam as a mechanic power. Their first engine was constructed about the year 1711. This machine still acted on the principle of condensing the steam by means of cold water, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the piston. It was found of great value in pumping water from deep mines; but the mode of its construction, the great waste of fuel, the continual cooling and heating of the cylinder, and the limited capacities of the atmosphere in impelling the piston downward—all tended to circumscribe its utility. Our knowledge of what might be done by steam was in this state, when the subject at last happily attracted the attention of Mr. Watt.

"James Watt was born at Greenock on the 19th of January, 1736. His father was a merchant, and also one of the magistrates of that town. He received the rudiments of his education in his native place; but his health being even then extremely delicate, as it continued to be to the end of his life, his attendance at school was not always very regular. He amply made up, however, for what he lost in this way by the diligence with which he pursued his studies at home, where without any assistance he succeeded at a very early age in making considerable proficiency in various branches of knowledge. Even at this time his favourite study is said to have been mechanical science, to a love of which he was probably in some degree led by the example of his grandfather and his uncle, both of whom had been teachers of the mathematics, and had left a considerable reputation for learning and ability in that department. Young Watt, however, was not indebted to any instructions of theirs for his own acquirements in science, the former having died two years before, and the latter the year after, he was born. At the age of eighteen he was sent to London to be apprentice to a maker of mathematical instruments; but in little more than a year, the state of his health forced him to return to Scotland; and he never received any further instruction in his profession. A year or two after this, however, a visit which he paid to some relations in Glasgow suggested to him the plan of attempting to establish himself in that city, in the line for which he had been educated. In 1757, accordingly, he removed thither, and was immediately appointed mathematical instrument maker to the College. In this situation he remained for some years, during which, notwithstanding almost constant ill health, he continued both to prosecute his profession, and to labour in the general cultivation of his mind, with extraordinary ardour and perseverance. Here also he enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of several distinguished persons who were then members of the University, especially of the celebrated Dr. Black, the discoverer of the principle of latent heat, and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) John Robison, so well known by his treatises on mechanical science, who was then a student, and about the same age with himself. Honourable, however, as his present appointment was, and important as were many of the advantages to which it introduced him, he probably did not find it a very lucrative one; and, therefore, in 1763, when about to marry, he removed from his apartments in the University to a house in the city, and entered upon the profession of a general engineer.

"For this his genius and scientific attainments admirably qualified him. Accordingly he soon acquired a high reputation, and was extensively employed in making surveys and estimates for canals, harbours, bridges, and other public works. His advice and assistance indeed were sought for in almost all the important improvements of this description, which were now undertaken or proposed in his native country. But another pursuit, in which he had been for some time privately engaged, was destined ere long to withdraw him from this line of exertion, and to occupy his whole mind with an object still more worthy of its extraordinary powers.

"While yet residing in the College, his attention had been directed to the employment of steam as a mechanical agent by some speculations of his friend Mr. Robison, with regard to the practicability of applying it to the movement of wheel-carriages; and he had also himself made some experiments with Papin's digester, with the view of ascertaining its expansive force. He had not prosecuted the inquiry, however, so far as to have arrived at any determinate result, when, in the winter of 1763-4, a small model of Newcomen's engine was sent to him by the Professor of Natural Philosophy to be repaired, and fitted for exhibition in the class. The examination of this model set Watt upon thinking anew, and with more interest than ever, on the powers of steam. Struck with the radical imperfections of the atmospheric engine, he began to turn in his mind the possibility of employing steam in mechanics, in some new manner which should enable it to operate with much more powerful effect. This idea having got possession of him, he engaged in an extensive course of experiments, for the purpose of ascertaining as many facts as possible with regard to the properties of steam; and the pains he took in this investigation were rewarded with several valuable discoveries. The rapidity with which water evaporates, he found, for instance, depended simply upon the quantity of heat which was made to enter it; and this again on the extent of the surface exposed to the fire. He also ascertained the quantity of coals necessary for the evaporation of any given quantity of water, the heat at which water boils under various pressures, and many other particulars of a similar kind which had never before been accurately determined.

"Thus prepared by a complete knowledge of the properties of the agent with which he had to work, he next proceeded to take into consideration, with a view to their amendment, what he deemed the two grand defects of Newcomen's engine. The first of these was the necessity arising from the method employed to concentrate the steam, of cooling the cylinder, before every stroke of the piston, by the water injected into it. On this account, a much more powerful application of heat than would otherwise have been requisite was demanded for the purpose of again heating that vessel when it was to be refilled with steam. In fact Watt ascertained that there was thus occasioned, in the feeding of the machine, a waste of not less than three-fourths of the whole fuel employed. If the cylinder, instead of being thus cooled for every stroke of the piston, could be kept permanently hot, a fourth part of the heat which had been hitherto applied would be found to be sufficient to produce steam enough to fill it. How, then, was this desideratum to be attained? Savery, the first who really constructed a working engine, and whose arrangements, as we have already remarked, all shewed a very superior ingenuity, employed the method of throwing cold water over the outside of the vessel containing his steam—a perfectly manageable process, but at the same time a very wasteful one; inasmuch as, every time it was repeated, it cooled, not only the steam, but the vessel also, which, therefore, had again to be heated, by a large expenditure of fuel, before the steam could be reproduced. Newcomen's method of injecting the water into the cylinder was a considerable improvement on this; but it was still objectionable on the same ground, though not to the same degree; it still cooled not only the steam, on which it was desired to produce that effect, but also the cylinder itself, which, as the vessel in which more steam was to be immediately manufactured, it was so important to keep hot. It was also a very serious objection to this last mentioned plan, that the injected water itself, from the heat of the place into which it was thrown, was very apt to be partly converted into steam; and the more cold water was used, the more considerable did this creation of new steam become. In fact, in the best of Newcomen's engines, the perfection of the vacuum was so great

impaired from this cause, that the resistance experienced by the piston in its descent was found to amount to about a fourth part of the whole atmospheric pressure by which it was carried down, or, in other words, the working power of the machine was thereby diminished one fourth.

"After reflecting for some time upon all this, it at last occurred to Watt to consider whether it might not be possible, instead of continuing to condense the steam in the cylinder, to contrive a method of drawing it off, to undergo that operation in some other vessel. This fortunate idea having presented itself to his thoughts, it was not very long before his ingenuity also suggested to him the means of realizing it. In the course of one or two days, according to his own account, he had all the necessary apparatus arranged in his mind. The plan which he devised, indeed, was an extremely simple one, and on that account the more beautiful. He proposed to establish a communication by an open pipe between the cylinder and another vessel, the consequence of which evidently would be, that when the steam was admitted into the former, it would flow into the latter so as to fill it also. If then the portion in this latter vessel only should be subjected to a condensing process, by being brought into contact with cold water or any other convenient means, what would follow? Why, a vacuum would be produced here—into that, as a vent, more steam would immediately rush from the cylinder—that likewise would be condensed, and so the process would go on till all the steam had left the cylinder, and a perfect vacuum had been effected in that vessel, without so much as a drop of cold water having touched or entered it. The separate vessel alone, or the Condenser, as Watt called it, would be cooled by the water used to condense the steam—and that, instead of being an evil, manifestly tended to promote and quicken the condensation. When Watt reduced these views to the test of experiment, he found the result to answer his most sanguine expectations. The cylinder, although emptied of its steam for every stroke of the piston as before, was now constantly kept at the same temperature with the steam (or 212° Farenheit;) and the consequence was, that one fourth of the fuel formerly required sufficed to feed the engine. But besides this most important saving in the expense of maintaining the engine, its power was greatly increased by the more perfect vacuum produced by the new construction, in which the condensing water, being no longer admitted within the cylinder, could not, as before, create new steam there while displacing the old.

"Such, then, was the remedy by which the genius of this great inventor effectually cured the first and most serious defect of the old apparatus. In carrying his ideas into execution, he encountered, as was to be expected, many difficulties, arising principally from the impossibility of realizing theoretical perfection of structure with such materials as human art is obliged to work with, but his ingenuity and perseverance overcame every obstacle. One of the things which cost him the greatest trouble was, how to fit the piston so exactly to the cylinder, as, without affecting the freedom of its motion, to prevent the passage of the air between the two. In the old engine this end had been attained by covering the piston with a small quantity of water, the dripping down of which into the space below, where it merely mixed with the stream introduced to effect the condensation, was of little or no consequence. But in the new construction, the superiority of which consisted in keeping this receptacle for the steam always both hot and dry, such an effusion of moisture, although only in very small quantities, would have occasioned material inconvenience. The air alone, besides, which in the old engine followed the piston in its descent, acted with considerable effect in cooling the lower part of the cylinder. His attempts to overcome this difficulty, while they succeeded in that object, conducted Watt also to another improvement, which effected the complete removal of what we have called the second radical imperfection of Newcomen's engine, namely, its non-employment, for a moving power, of the expansive force of the steam. The effectual way, it occurred to him, of preventing any air from escaping into the part of the cylinder below the piston, would be to dispense with the use of that element above the piston, and to substitute there likewise the same contrivance as below, of alternate steam and a vacuum. This was of course to be accomplished by merely opening communications from the upper part of the cylinder to the boiler on the one hand, and the condenser on the other, and forming it at the same time into an air-tight chamber, by means of a cover, with only a hole in it to admit the rod or shank of the piston, which might, besides, without impeding its freedom of action, be padded with hemp, the more completely to exclude the air. It was so contrived, accordingly, by a proper arrangement of the cocks and the machinery connected with them, that while there was a vacuum in one end of the cylinder, there should be an admission of steam into the other; and the steam so admitted now served, not only, by its susceptibility of sudden condensation, to create the vacuum, but also, by its expansive force, to impel the piston.

"These were the great improvements which Watt introduced in what may be called the principle of the steam-engine, or, in other words, in the manner of using and applying the steam. They constitute, therefore, the grounds of his claim to be regarded as the true author of the conquest that has at last been obtained by man over this powerful element. But original and comprehensive as were the views out of which these fundamental inventions arose, the exquisite and inexhaustible ingenuity which the engine, as finally perfected by him, displays in every part of its subordinate mechanism, is calculated to strike us perhaps with scarcely less admiration. It forms undoubtedly the best exemplification that has ever been afforded, of the number and diversity of services which a piece of machinery may be made to render to itself by means solely of the various application of its first moving power, when that has once been called into action. Of these contrivances, however, we can only notice one or two, by way of specimen. Perhaps the most singular is that called the *governor*. This consists of an upright spindle, which is kept constantly turning, by being connected with a certain part of the machinery, and from which two balls are suspended in opposite directions by rods, attached by joints, somewhat in the manner of the legs of a pair of tongs. As long as the motion of the engine is uniform, that of the spindle is so likewise, and the balls continue steadily revolving at the same distance from each other. But as soon as any alteration in the action of the piston takes place, the balls, if it has become more rapid, fly farther apart under the influence of the increased centrifugal force which actuates them—or approach nearer to each other in the opposite circumstances. This alone would have served to indicate the state of matters to the eye; but Watt was not to be so satisfied. He connected the rods with the valve in the tube, by which the steam is admitted to the cylinder from the boiler, in such a way, that as they retreat from each other, they gradually narrow the opening which is so guarded, or enlarge it as they tend to collapse; thus diminishing the supply of steam when the engine is going too fast, and when it is not going fast enough, enabling it to regain its proper speed by allowing it an increase of aliment. Again, the constant supply of a sufficiency of water to the boiler is secured by an equally simple provision, namely, by a *float* resting on the surface of the water, which, as soon as it is carried down by the consumption of the water to a certain point, opens a valve, and admits more. And so on, through all the different parts of the apparatus, the various wonders of which cannot be better summed up than in the forcible and graphic language of a recent writer:—'In the present perfect state of the engine, it appears a thing almost endowed with intelligence. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the *number of its strokes* in a given time, *counting* or *recording* them moreover, to tell how much work it has done, as a clock records the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the *quantity of steam* admitted to work; the *briskness of the fire*; the *supply of water* to the boiler; the *supply of coals* to the fire; it *opens and shuts its valves* with absolute precision as to time and manner; it *oils its joints*; it *takes out any air* which may accidentally enter into parts which should be vacuous; and when any thing goes wrong which it cannot of itself rectify, it *warns its attendants* by ringing a bell; yet with all these talents and qualities, and even when exerting the power of six hundred horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child; its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal, or other combustible—it consumes none while idle—it never tires, and wants no sleep; it is not subject to malady when originally well made, and only refuses to work when worn out with age; it is equally active in all climates, and will do work of any kind; it is a water pumper, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller, &c. &c.; and a small engine in the character of a *steam poney*, may be seen dragging after it on a rail-road a hundred tons of merchandize, or a regiment of soldiers, with greater speed than that of our fleetest coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the *Genii* of Eastern fable, whose supernatural powers were occasionally at the command of man.'

In addition to those difficulties which his unrivalled mechanical ingenuity enabled him to surmount, Watt, notwithstanding the merit of his inventions, had to contend for some time with others of a different nature, in his attempts to reduce them to practice. He had no pecuniary resources of his own, and was at first without any friend willing to run the risk of the outlay necessary for an experiment on a sufficiently large scale. At last, he applied to Dr. Roebuck, an ingenious and spirited speculator, who had just established the Carron iron-works, not far from Glasgow, and held also at this time a lease of the extensive coal-works at Kinneal, the property of the Duke of Hamilton. Dr. Roebuck agreed to advance the requisite funds on having two-thirds of the profits made over to him; and upon this Mr. Watt took out his first patent in the beginning of the year 1769. An engine with a cylinder of eighteen inches diameter was soon after erected at Kinneal; and although, as a first experiment, it was necessarily in some respects of defective construction, its working completely demonstrated the great value of Watt's improvements. But Dr. Roebuck, whose undertakings were very numerous and various, in no long time after forming this connexion, found himself involved in such pecuniary difficulties, as to put it out of his power to make any farther advances in prosecution of its object. On this Watt applied himself for some years almost entirely to the ordinary work of his profession as a civil engineer; but at last, about the year 1774, when all hopes of any further assistance from Dr. Roebuck were at an end, he resolved to close with a proposal which had been made to him through his friend, Dr. Small of Birmingham, that he should remove to that town, and enter into partnership with the eminent hardware manufacturer, Mr. Boulton, whose extensive establishments at Soho, had already become famous over Europe, and procured for England an unrivalled reputation for the arts there carried on. Accordingly an arrangement having been made with Dr. Roebuck, by which his share of the patent was transferred to Mr. Boulton, the firm of Boulton and Watt commenced the business of making steam-engines in the year 1775.

"Mr. Watt now obtained from Parliament an extension of his patent for twenty-five years from this date, in consideration of the acknowledged national importance of his inventions. The first thing which he and his partner did was to erect an engine at Soho, which they invited all persons interested in such machines to inspect. They then proposed to erect similar engines wherever required, on the very liberal principle of receiving as payment for each, only one-third of the saving in fuel which it should effect, as compared with one of the old construction.

"But the draining of mines was only one of many applications of the steam power now at his command, which Watt contemplated, and in course of time accomplished. During the whole twenty-five years, indeed, over which his renewed patent extended, the perfecting of his invention was his chief occupation; and, notwithstanding a delicate state of health, and the depressing affliction of severe headaches, to which he was extremely subject, he continued throughout this period to persevere with unwearied diligence in adding new improvements to the mechanism of the engine, and devising the means of applying it to new purposes of usefulness. He devoted, in particular, the exertions of many years to the contriving of the best methods of making the action of the piston communicate a rotatory motion in various circumstances, and between the years 1781 and 1785 he took out four different patents for inventions, having this object in view.

"This invention has already gone far to revolutionise the whole domain of human industry; and almost every year is adding to its power and its conquests. In our manufactures, our arts, our commerce, our social accommodations, it is constantly achieving what, little more than half a century ago, would have been accounted miracles and impossibilities. 'The trunk of an elephant,' it has been finely and truely said, 'that can pick up a pin, or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal like wax before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer—and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribbands, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.' And another application of it, which has been made only within the last few months, is perhaps destined to be productive of still greater changes on the condition of society than have resulted from many of its previous achievements. It had been employed some years ago, at some of our collieries, in the propelling of heavily loaded carriages over rail-ways; but the great experiment of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway has, for the first time, practically demonstrated with what hitherto almost undreamt-of *rapidity* travelling by land may hereafter be carried on through the aid of steam. Coaches, under the impetus communicated by this, the most potent, and at the same time the most perfectly controllable of all our mechanical agencies, have already been drawn forward at the flying speed of thirty and thirty-five miles an hour. If so much has been done already, it would be rash to conclude that even this is to be our ultimate limit of attainment. In navigation, the resistance of the water, which increases rapidly as the force opposed to it increases, very soon sets bounds to the rate at which even the power of steam can impel a vessel forwards. But, on land, the thin medium of the air presents no such insurmountable obstacle to a force making its way through it; and a rapidity of movement may perhaps be eventually attained here, which is to us even as yet inconceivable. But even when the rate of land travelling already shewn to be quite practicable shall have become universal, in what a new state of society shall we find ourselves! When we shall be able to travel a hundred miles in any direction in six or eight hours, into what comparative neighbourhood will the remotest extremes even of a large country be brought, and how little shall we think of what we now call distance! A nation will then be indeed a community; and all the benefits of the highest civilization, instead of being confined to one central spot, will be diffused equally over the land, like the light of heaven. This improvement, in short, when fully consummated, will confer upon man nearly as much new power and new enjoyment as if he were actually endowed with wings.

"It is gratifying to reflect, that even while he was yet alive, Watt received from the voice of the most illustrious of his contemporaries the honours due to his genius. In 1785 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow in 1806; and in 1808 he was elected a member of the French Institute. He died on the 25th of August, 1819, in the 84th year of his age."

Cobalt.—About the end of the fifteenth century, cobalt appears to have been dug up in great quantity, in the mines on the borders of Saxony and Bohemia. As it was not known at first to what purpose it could be applied, it was thrown aside as a useless mineral. The miners had an aversion to it, not only because it gave them much fruitless labour, but because it often proved prejudicial to their health, by the arsenical particles with which it was combined; and it appears even that the mineralogical name *cobalt* then first took its rise. Frisch derives it from the Bohemian word *kow*, which signifies metal; but the conjecture that it was formed from *coballus*, which was the name of a spirit that, according to the superstitious notions of the times, haunted mines, destroyed the labours of the miners, and often gave them a great deal of unnecessary trouble, is more probable. The miners perhaps gave this name to the mineral out of joke, because it thwarted them as much as the supposed spirit, by exciting false hopes and rendering their labour often fruitless. It was once customary to introduce into the church service a prayer, that God would preserve miners and their works from *Kobolts* and spirits.—*Beckmann*.

Psalmody.—It was in the course of the sixteenth century that the psalmody of England, and the other Protestant countries, was brought to the state in which it now remains, and in which it is desirable that it should continue to remain. For this psalmody we are indebted to the Reformers of Germany, especially Luther, who was himself an enthusiastic lover of music, and is believed to have composed some of the finest tunes, particularly the Hundredth Psalm, and the hymn on the Last Judgment, which Braham sings with such tremendous power at our great performances of sacred music.—*Metropolitan*.

Thread of the Spider.—The thread of the silk-worm is so small, that many folds are twisted together to form our finest sewing thread; but that of the spider is smaller still, for two drachms of it by weight, would reach from London to Edinburgh, or 400 miles.—*Arnott's Physics*.

Column for Country Gentlemen.

ENGLISH FOX HUNTERS.

Melton Mowbray, a small town in Leicestershire, generally contains from two to three hundred hunters, in the hands of the most experienced grooms England can produce, the average number being ten to each sportsman residing there, although some of those who ride heavy, and rejoice in long purses, have from fourteen to twenty for their own use. The stud of the Earl of Plymouth has, for many years, exceeded the last mentioned number. It may seem strange that one man should, under any circumstances, need so large a number of horses solely for his personal use in the field; and it must be admitted that few countries do require it. In Leicestershire, however, the universal practice is, for each sportsman to have at least two hunters in the field on the same day—a practise proved to be economical, as it is from exhaustion, the effect of long continued severe work, that the health of horses is most injured. And when it is considered that a horse should always have five days' rest after a moderate, and at least seven or eight after a severe run with hounds, it will not seem surprising that ten or twelve hunters should be deemed an indispensable stud for a regular Leicestershire sportsman. The sum total of expenses attending a stud of twelve hunters at Melton, including every outgoing, is, as nearly as can be estimated, 1000*l.* per annum. In all stables, the outlay for the purchase of horses is great—at least two hundred guineas each hunter; and, in some, the annual amount of tear and wear of horse flesh is considerable. Melton has been much improved owing to the numbers of comfortable houses which have been erected for the accommodation of its sporting visitors, who spend not less, on an average, than 50,000*l.* per annum on the spot. It stands on one of the great north roads, eighteen miles from Nottingham, and fifteen from Leicester, which latter place is also a favourite resort of sportsmen. The town furnishes an interesting scene on each hunting morning. At rather an early hour are to be seen groups of hunters, the finest in the world, setting out in different directions to meet different packs of hounds. The *style* of your Meltonian fox-hunter has long distinguished him above his brethren of what he calls the *provincial* chase. When turned out of the hands of his valet, he presents the very *beau-ideal* of his *caste*. The exact Stultze-like fit of his coat—his superlatively well-cleaned breeches and boots—and the generally apparent high-breeding of the man, can seldom be matched elsewhere; and the most cautious sceptic in such points would satisfy himself of the fact at one single inspection.—*Quarterly Review.*

THE HUNT.

To describe a run with foxhounds is not an easy task; but to make the attempt with any other county than Leicestershire, in our eye, would be giving a chance away. Let us then suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning, in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well-mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say a quarter past eleven, nearly our great-grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. "*Hark in, Hark!*" with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who has long hunted his own pack, and in an instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels. In a very short time, the gorse appears shaken in various parts of the cover—apparently from an unknown cause, not a single hound being for some minutes visible. Presently one or two appear, leaping over some old furze which they cannot push through, and exhibit to the field their glossy skins and spotted sides. "Oh you beauties!" exclaims some old Meltonian, rapturously fond of the sport. Two minutes more elapse: another hound slips out of cover, and takes a short turn outside with his nose to the ground and his stern lashing his side—thinking no doubt he might touch on a drag, should Reynard have been abroad in the night. Hounds have no business to *think*, *thinks* the second whipper-in, who observes him; but one crack of his whip, with "Rasselas, Rasselas, where are you going, Rasselas? *Get to cover, Rasselas;*" and Rasselas immediately disappears. Five minutes more pass away. "No fox here," says one; "Don't be in a hurry," cries Mr. Cradock, "they are drawing in beautifully, and there is rare lying in it." These words are scarcely uttered, when the cover shakes more than ever. Every stem appears alive, and it reminds us of a corn-field waving in the wind. In two minutes the sterns of some more hounds are seen "flourishing" above the gorse. "*Have at him there,*" holloas the Squire—the gorse still more alive, and hounds leaping over each other's backs. "*Have at him there again,* my good hounds—a fox for a hundred!" reiterates the Squire—putting his finger in his ear, and uttering a scream which, not being set to music, we cannot give here. Jack Stevens (the first whipper-in) looks at his watch.

At this interesting period, a Snob, just arrived from a very *rural* country, and unknown to any one, but determined to witness the start, gets into a conspicuous situation: "Come away, Sir!" holloas the master (little suspecting that the Snob may be nothing less than one of the Quarterly Reviewers,) "What mischief are you doing there? Do you think *you* can catch the fox?" A breathless silence ensues. At length a whimper is heard in the cover—like the voice of a dog in a dream: it is Flourisher, and the Squire cheers him to the echo. In an instant a hound challenges—and another and another. 'Tis enough. "*Tallyho!*" cries a countryman in a tree. "He's gone," exclaims Lord Alvanley; and, clapping spurs to his horse, in an instant is in the front rank.

As all good sportsmen would say, "Ware, hounds!" cries Sir Harry Goodricke. "Give them time," exclaims Mr. John Moore. "That's right," says Mr. Osbaldeston, "spoil your own sport as usual." "*Gone away,*" roars out Mr. Holyoak, "there are three couple of hounds on the scent. "That's your sort," says Billy Coke, coming up at the rate of thirty miles an hour on *Advance*, with a label pinned on his back, "*she kicks*; the rest are all coming, and there's a rare scent to-day, I'm sure." Buonaparte's Old Guard, in its best days, would not have stopped such men as these, so long as life remained in them.

Only those who have witnessed it can know in what an extraordinary manner hounds that are left behind in a cover make their way through a crowd, and get up to the leading lines of the pack, which have been fortunate in getting away with their fox. It is true they possess the speed of a race horse; but nothing short of their high mettle could induce them to thread their way through a body of horsemen going the best pace, with the prospect of being ridden over and maimed at every stride they take. But as Beckford observes, "'Tis the dash of the foxhound which distinguishes him." A turn, however, in their favour, or a momentary loss of scent in the few hounds that have shot a-head—an occurrence to be looked for on such occasions—joins head and tail together, and the scent being good, every hound settles to his fox; the pace gradually improves; *vires acquirit eundo; a terrible burst is the result!*

Two horses are seen loose in the distance—a report is flying about that one of the field is badly hurt, and something is heard of a collar-bone being broken; others say it is a leg; but the pace is *too good* to inquire. A cracking of rails is now heard, and one gentleman's horse is to be seen resting, nearly balanced, across one of them, his rider being on his back in the ditch, which is on the landing side. "Who is he?" says Lord Brudenell to Jack Stevens. "Can't tell, my lord, but I thought it was a queerish place when I came o'er it before him." It is evidently a case of peril, but the pace is *too good* to afford help.

Up to this time, "Snob" has gone quite in the first flight; the "Dons" begin to eye him, and, when an opportunity offers, the question is asked—"Who is that fellow on the little bay horse?" "Don't know him," says Mr. *Little* Gilmour (a fourteen-stone Scotchman, by-the-bye,) ganging gallantly up to his hounds. "He can ride," exclaims Lord Rancliffe. "A tip-top provincial, depend upon it," adds Lord Plymouth, going quite at his ease on a thorough-bred nag, three stone above his weight, and in perfect racing trim. Animal nature, however, will cry "Enough," how good soever she may be, if unreasonable man press her beyond her beyond the point. The line of scent lies right athwart a large grass ground (as a field is termed in Leicestershire,) somewhat on the ascent; abounding in ant-hills, or hillocks, peculiar to old grazing land, and thrown up by the plough some hundred years since into rather high ridges, with deep, yielding furrows between each. The fence at the top is impracticable—Meltonicé, "a stopper;" nothing for it but a gate, leading into a broad green lane, high and strong, with deep slippery ground on each side of it. "Now for the timber-jumper," cries Osbaldeston, pleased to find himself upon Clasher. "For heaven's sake, take care of my hounds, in case they may throw up in the lane." Snob is here in the best of company, and that moment perhaps the happiest of his life; but, not satisfied with his situation, wishing to out-Herod Herod, and to have a fine story to tell when he gets home, he pushes to his speed on ground on which all regular Leicestershire men are careful, and the death-warrant of the little bay-horse is signed.

The scene now shifts. The fox does his best to escape: he threads hedge-rows, tries the out-buildings of a farm-house, and once turns so short as nearly to run his foil; but—the perfection of the thing—the hounds turn shorter than he does, as much as to say—*die you shall.* The pace has been awful for the last twenty minutes. Three horses are blown to a stand-still, and few are going at their ease. "Out upon this great carcase of mine; no horse that was ever foaled can live under it at this pace, and over this country," says one of the best of the welter-weights, as he stands over his four-hundred guinea chestnut, then rising from the ground, after giving him a heavy fall—his tail nearly erect in the air, his nostrils violently distended, and his eyes almost fixed. "Not hurt, I hope," exclaims Mr. Maxse, to *somebody* whom he gets a glimpse of through the openings of a tall quickset hedge which is between them, coming neck and croup into the adjoining field, from the top bar of a high, hog-backed stile. His eye might have been spared the unpleasing sight, had not his ear been attracted to a sort of *procumbit humi bos* sound of a horse falling to the ground on his back, the bone of his left hip indenting the green-sward within two inches of his rider's thigh. It is young Peyton, who, having missed his second horse at the check, had been going nearly half the way in distress; but from nerve and pluck, perhaps peculiar to Englishmen, but very peculiar to himself, got within three fields of the end of this brilliant run. The fall was all but a certainty; for it was the third stiff-timber fence that had unfortunately opposed him, after his horse's wind had been pumped out by the pace; but he was too good to refuse them, and his horse knew better than to do so.

The Æneid of Virgil ends with a death, and a chase is not complete without it. The fox dies within half a mile of Woolwell-head, evidently his point from the first; the pack pulling him down in the middle of a large grass field, every hound but one at his brush.—Osbaldeston's who-hoop might have been heard to Cottesmore, had the wind set in the direction, and every man present is extatic with delight. "Quite the cream of the thing, I suppose," says Lord Gardner, a very promising young one, at this time fresh in Leicestershire. "The cream of every thing in the shape of fox hunting," observes that excellent sportsman Sir James Musgrave, looking at that moment at his watch. "Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and ten minutes, with but two trifling checks, over the finest country in the world. *What superb hounds are these!*" added the Baronet, as he turned his horse's head to the wind. Some of the field now came up who could not live in the first flight; but as there is no jealousy here, they congratulate each other on the fine day's sport, and each man turns his head towards home."—*Ibid*

ON THE TRAINING OF PLANK TIMBER.

Divide all branches into leaders and feeders—leaders, being the main or superior shoots which tend to become stems—feeders the inferior branches. Should more than one leader appear from the time of planting the tree till it attain the required height of the plank, shorten all but the most promising one down to the condition of feeders, making the section immediately above a twig, preferring one which takes a lateral or horizontal direction. Cut off, close by the trunk, all shoots which rise at a very acute angle with the main stem. These nearly perpendicular branches generally originate from improper pruning, springing out where a large branch has been cut away. Reserve all splintered, twisted, or diseased branches. Do not cut away any of the lower branches (feeders) till they become sickly or dead. By pruning these prematurely, you destroy the fine balance of nature, and throw too much vigour into the top, which, in consequence, puts forth a number of leaders. After the tree has acquired a sufficient height of bole for plank, say from 20 to 60 feet, it will then be proper, in order to have timber as clean as possible, and regularly flexible, to top off all the branches on the stem as far as the required height. We consider the spring as the least dangerous time for pruning. The perfection of naval forest economy would consist in superadding a top, of which every branch is a valuable bend or knee. In pruning and educating for plank timber, the whole art consists in training the tree as much as possible, and with as little loss of branch as possible, to one leader and numerous feeders, and to the regular cone figure which the pine tribe naturally assumes. This can be best and most easily performed by timely attention, checking every over-luxuriant, overshadowing branch and wayward shoot on its first appearance; so that none of the feeders which spring forth at first may be smothered till they in turn become lowermost; and by the influence of rather close plantation, which of itself will perform in a natural manner all that we have been teaching by art, and will perform it well. This closeness must, however, be very guardedly employed, and timeously prevented from proceeding too far, otherwise the complete ruin of the forest by premature decay or winds, may ensue, especially when it consists of pines. Of course all kinds of pines require no other attention than this (well-timed thinning), and to have their sickly moss-covered under-branches swept clean down.—*Matthew on Naval Timber,*

ON PRESERVING CORN IN SHEAVES.

"The simplest method, it appears to me, for securing the crop after cutting it down, from being damaged by standing long in stooks on the ground, is that universally practised by the agriculturist in the woody parts of Sweden and Norway, and which never fails in completely protecting at least nine-tenths of the grain from growing in the sheaf, as well as the straw, from any serious injury. In those districts, every farmer provides as many '*sädes stör,*' corn-stakes (*i. e.* stakes for drying the grain on), as will be necessary for the quantity of his growing crop. They are generally made of the young white pines, 8 feet long, about 1½ inch in diameter at the top, and 4 inches at the bottom. The upper end is pointed, to admit the sheaf passing easily down over it, and the lower end is likewise pointed to facilitate its being fixed in the ground. When a field of grain is ready for the sickle, the stakes are conveyed to the spot, and, as the reapers proceed with their work the stakes are put up in rows behind them, in the same manner, and at the same distance from each other, as is common in stooking the crop. A man, with the assistance of an iron crow, or spit, will set up five hundred of these in a day. The next operation is to put the sheaves on the stakes. This is performed by raising the first sheaf up to the top of the stake, and passing it with the root-ends downwards to the ground, the stake being kept as near as possible in the middle of the sheaf; the sheaf thus stands perpendicular and round the stake. The second sheaf is fixed on the stake in an inclined position with the grain-end sloping a little downwards, the stake passing through the sheaf at the band in a transverse manner, and in that position it is pressed down to the first sheaf, and thus forms a covering to it. All the other sheaves are threaded on the stake in a similar way as the sheaf last put on, keeping them all one above another, with the root-ends facing the south-west, to receive as much of the sunshine as possible, on account of the greater quantity of grassy substance which they contain at the other end. As each sheaf thus acts as a complete covering to the one beneath it, and as there is only one which can touch the ground, rain cannot at any time penetrate through them, and it is very rare that any single heads of grain on a stake are injured. I have witnessed these operations performed with as much expedition as actually attends the common way of setting the crop in the fields in stooks."—*Communication by Mr. George Stephens, Edinburgh, to the Agricultural Journal.*

ON THICKENING HEDGES.

"In 1824 I tried the following method, which has since been continued, with uniform success, on the hedges of a farm near Stirling, which had previously been much neglected, but which could not be cut down without great inconvenience and expense. Many of the stems being almost entirely destitute of lateral branches within two feet of the ground, a horizontal cut or semicircular incision was made in the bark, by which from a quarter to half-an-inch in breadth of both layers of the bark was removed fully halfway round the stem. In a few weeks buds appeared, and shot forth, usually close under, but sometimes over, the incision. This simple operation, performed by the hedgebill or a pocketknife, early in spring, does not seem in the least degree to injure the thorns, for the cut being clean, and not deep, no canker ensues, and it soon closes up again."—*Communication by Mr. Carmichael of Raploch, to the Agricultural Journal.*

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The following masterly and instructive sketch of the advantages of the Union of Scotland and England in 1707, is abridged from an article in the Chameleon, a *melange* of prose and poetical pieces lately published by Messrs. Atkinson and Co., Glasgow :—

"In the nature of things, by the constitution of society—in an union for security—in a compact for safety—in a bond for even equal gain, the strongest *must* reap fewest benefits—the richest least of profit—the weakest most of both. And where honour is not sacrificed, nor liberty abridged, he is as little of a patriot, as he is of a philosopher, who would oppose such an amicable coalescence, with fanciful anticipations, and vague generalities of speech. Why, by what means is it that states advance in refinement, and countries in civilization?—By the combination of many small and detached bodies into one compact whole;—by, first, the union of families—next of tribes—of clans—of districts, and of kingdoms. England has had its heptarchy—Ireland its many co-existent monarchs—Scotland its coeval kings. But mankind soon learn the value of union, and of the division of labour; and petty states join to form nations, who would else have wasted their energies in predatory warfare and perpetual heartburnings.

"Nature meant that England and Scotland should be one and incorporate; and history will tell us how soon this was discovered, and how often it was attempted to be achieved. Never did a chance of rationally uniting the two kingdoms offer, but it was eagerly seized upon, and judged to be of mutual advantage by the wise of both. And happy would it have been for our country had its Margaret become the wife of England's Second Edward; or its fifth James the spouse of Henry's daughter! At length, however, in the person of James the Sixth such junction, in as far as identity of arbitrary rule could make a union, was effected. But, with the departure of Scotland's monarchs, all the advantages of independence fled, while the more solid benefits of incorporation were not received in return.

"At length, by the wisdom of Somers, and the ripening of events, was consummated the marriage of the States, and Great Britain took its name among nations, unquestionably to the peace of both countries; but it is required to say—whether more to the general advantage of the one than the other, and to which?—This I have already done, by reference to first principles; but as it is also a question of fact, by facts shall the question be answered. What then was the state and condition of England—what that of Scotland, immediately antecedent to this event; what their condition subsequent to it—what their aspect now? Need I tell you that England was then in its most "high and palmy state;"—that the effervescence of its glorious revolution had subsided, but that the pure and invigorating principles of it were still in healthful play and circulation through the state; that its intellect was roused, as were its liberties, refreshed from their long slumber; that its revenue was growing; its commerce giving rich promise of its after grandeur; its people contented; and its wealth increased? Or need I remind you that the glories of Blenheim and of Ramilies were then in their first lustre? Why, this was the era of Somers and of Godolphin—of Addison and of Pope—of Swift and Steele—of Peterborough and of Churchill! Well, indeed, might a Scottish Lord—Belhaven—exclaim—"England is a great and glorious nation. Its armies are numerous, powerful, and victorious; its trophies splendid and memorable. She disposes of the fate of kingdoms. Her navy is the terror of Europe. Her trade and commerce encircle the globe, and her capital is the emporium of the universe!" Such then was England—free and happy, rich and powerful England; but "look on that picture and on this—the counterfeit presentment of two brothers!" Oh my beloved country, pride but half o'erpowers regret when I know what thou art; but must show what thou hast been! It is the same painter that draws the picture of both; and Belhaven uttered but the truth when he then said, "but we are a poor and obscure people in a remote corner of the world, without name, without alliances, and without fortune." Then, without a present name, and existing but on the recollection of the past. Indeed, nothing could be more wretched than the condition of the Scottish people. A Revolution following a Restoration had left the minds of men in a feverish and unsettled state, and the tyranny of factious and rival nobles, who sought to perpetuate the worst forms of government, and oligarchical aristocracy, and to revivify the expiring embers of the feudal fire which clanship cherished, was but one remove from the bloody oppressions of Charles' time, and the troubles of his successors' reigns. Atholl might summon to arms, and maintain 10,000 men beneath his private banners, and Hamilton and Queensberry keep the retinues of rival princes; but the body of the people were poverty-stricken; and we have the able Fletcher of Saltoun's high authority for believing that almost every sixth man in Scotand was a public beggar! Indeed, from the accession of James to the English throne, our trade had decayed, and our capital, like our court, had emigrated to securer haunts. Famine overspread the land; agriculture was at a stand, and our trade was too inconsiderable to yield a revenue adequate to the necessities of the state. What little did accrue was the prey of rapacious statesmen, and those, their minions, to whom it had been improvidently farmed. The flag of Scotland floated above no rich galleons—Dutch vessels it was that entered our harbours, and even fished upon our coasts. We had no peculiar native product for exchanging; nothing that we held not in common with more powerful rivals, save our cattle and our wool—and these England refused to receive; whilst her colonies were as much shut against our citizens, as against the French or Dutch; nay, M'Pherson's Annals of Commerce show that, from the seventeenth year preceding the Union, the interchange of commodities had fallen off from 124,000*l.* in value annually, to one-seventh part of that sum! It is idle to oppose to this statement, the convulsive efforts which our expiring commercial energies made to establish the colony at Darien. These but emphatically confirm their truth; while their history recalls the humiliating remembrance of indignities which we were too weak to resent, and encroachments which we had not power to resist.

Whence was this weakness—this national atrophy? Poverty produced—Misgovernment prolonged it. In this situation of our country—the neighbour of a rich and powerful rival, to become its servant was inevitable, if we refused to be its friend, and to accept the community of interests which it proffered. Anarchy and injustice are the natural concomitants of weakness and misrule—and the Parliament of Scotland, the Council of State, and the Bench of Justice, were then alike corrupt and hideous. The Legislative Assembly was a heterogeneous mass of Peers—a majority of whom could at any time be procured by Royal creation—and of pensioned Commoners, Jacobites, and Republicans; of such extremes as Atholl and Fletcher—Marchmont and Queensberry.

But the work of uniting the two nations—a triumph, before which all other glories of the reign of Anne fade and grow dim—began on the 16th April, terminated in part of the 23d July, 1706, and was finally consummated on the 1st of May in the year following.

To some of its articles it is necessary I should advert, and upon its general consequences that I should enlarge. And, first, I will address myself to the consideration of what it deprived us, before I enter upon the statements of the acquirements which it made ours. Of what then did it denude us? Of a name—and of a Parliament—and of a Council. Of a name, I will admit, hallowed to us by a thousand kindling recollections, but not more so than that of England to its sons, which was also merged into the now prouder appellation of this Island—Great Britain; of a Legislature, whose corruptions made it a curse; of a Council—whose tyranny would have become intolerable; while it transferred a portion of the Scottish intellect and hereditary dignity to an arena where the noblest battles of freedom had been fought, and where the proudest triumphs of mind and eloquence had been achieved. But I will be told that this transfer was inadequate and a mockery, and that the rights of Scotland were juggled with and sold. I broadly deny that the transfer was then inadequate, and I assert that, if it diminished the number of our legislators, it enhanced their dignity, by extending the sphere of their influence, and widening the field of their deliberations and exertions.

The activity which distinguishes our national character, and which led us to threaten rebellion when irritated and unemployed, and made us turbulent when prosperous, it instantly turned into useful channels and to better purposes, and soon substituted security for violence; industry for idleness; and wealth for poverty. Security, by, in the very year of its completion, sheltering us from a French invasion, through the protection of what had then become *our* united, and, even at that period, irresistible naval power and pretensions: Industry, by opening up spheres of employment for the energies of Scotsmen, who, within a year of its date, spread themselves, and, it is our boast, with themselves spread habits of diligence and principles of unbending integrity, over every country and in every clime that owned the British sway, and which had before been shut up and unapproachable to them; ay, spreading, says a plain chronicler, in one branch even to the amount of not less than 2500 of Scottish pedlars, who distributed themselves over England, and each of whose "packs" was calculated to be worth a hundred pounds: Industry, by the introduction of new capital, that mainspring of prosperity, and consequently of civilization, and of freedom, with which the swamps of Holland became gardens, and without which the gardens of Spain run to deserts; and by permitting even foreign built ships, if belonging to Scottish subjects, to share the advantages of the English navigation laws: Wealth, for in five years after it, our shipping had risen from 215 vessels of, in all, 14,485 tons—to 1123 vessels of 50,232 tons; the towns on the west coast, or those which could more immediately benefit by the new colonial trade, being the first to increase in industry and riches.

With security and liberty, their handmaidens—refinement, science, and the arts have come. England could receive no refinement from us—no literary glory from the nation which had only produced in letters a Burnet during a century; but once a graft upon the British oak—having once acquired a part in the glory of our sister—in the paternal pride of the country of Milton and of Shakspeare—of Bacon and Newton; and in the recollections of Cressy and Ramilies—Poictiers and Blenheim, we shook off the lethargy of misrule and the chill of poverty; and our's have been a Thomson, a Burns, and a Scott—a Simpson and a Reid—a Smith and a Stewart—a Hume, and that Robertson, who eloquently, but not more eloquently than truly, says, "At length the Union having incorporated the two nations, and rendered them one people, the distinctions which had subsisted for so many ages, have gradually worn away; peculiarities have disappeared, and the same manners prevail in both parts of the island; the same authors are read and admired; the same entertainments are frequented by the elegant and the polite; and the same standard of taste and purity of language is established. The Scots, after being placed, during a whole century, in a situation no less fatal to the liberty than to the genius of the nation, are now enjoying the possession of privileges, much more valuable than those which their ancestors ever enjoyed; and every obstruction which retarded their pursuits, or prevented their acquisition of literary fame, is effectually removed." And surely, "It would be worth their while," as De Foe, the historian of this event has remarked, "for those who opposed this union, and still refuse to own the advantage of it, to look back upon the years of blood, and the terrible devastations these two sister nations suffered in the days of their separation; and let them examine the history of the past ages, let them inquire there for the particulars of three hundred and fourteen battles, and calculate the value of the blood of a million of the bravest men in Europe, lost in the senseless feuds of these two nations; and let them view the spoils of the Borders, the monuments of the slain, the demolished fortifications, and the depopulated towns. If triumphs were, of old, allotted to him who spread devastation in a country, and conquered tranquillity by the sword, what ought to be their meed who win such peace—perpetual peace, without shedding one drop of gore; who heal wounds that for centuries had bled, and whose victories are the prevention of wars?"

The Hague.—The Hague is the residence of the Dutch court. It was the birth-place of our William the Third. The population may be about forty thousand. It is a handsome and well built town, more in the German than the Dutch style; more like Brussels than Rotterdam. The happy union it exhibits of town and country is that which forms its chief interest. The Voorhout, or principal street, has several rows of trees in the centre, with a carriage-way on either side, while walks in the middle covered with shells are assigned to pedestrians. A beautiful park, well wooded and drained, affords a variety of pleasant promenades to the inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are men of property, retired from business. At the extremity of this park, which is two miles long, stands the summer residence of the princes of Orange, called the "palace in the wood." The approach to it is through a forest of oaks, which are regarded with superstitious veneration, and never submitted to the pruning hand of the woodman. The chambers of lords and deputies are fine structures, but inferior to those in Paris. The royal museum has been transferred to a house built in 1640, by prince Maurice. It contains some remarkable pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, Rubens, and other painters of the Flemish school. Among the choicest of this collection, are the celebrated bull by Potter, and Simeon and the infant Jesus by Rembrandt; which justly merit the high place they hold in the estimation of Europe. Under the museum is a cabinet devoted to Chinese curiosities; the most remarkable of which is a model of the interior of a Dutch town, made for Peter the Great of Russia, but refused on account of the high price fixed on it. In another room is a model of the Japanese island Tésima, representing the inhabitants in characteristic costumes, either engaged in the various duties of life on land, or dimpling the surface of the water in their Eastern junks. In the king's palace is an elegant jasper vase, of the size and shape of a large baptismal font. It is exhibited as a present from the King of Prussia, and the most superb specimen of its kind in this part of Europe.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

Chain Bridges.—It appears, from a description of bridges of suspension communicated some years since by R. Stevenson, Esq., civil engineer, to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, that the first chain bridge constructed in this country is believed to have been one over the Tees, forming a communication between the counties of Durham and York. It is supposed, on good authority, to have been erected about 1741, and is described in Hutchinson's Antiquities of Durham, as, "a bridge, suspended on iron chains, stretched from rock to rock, over a chasm near sixty feet deep, for the passage of travellers, particularly miners. The bridge is seventy feet in length, and a little more than two feet broad, with a hand rail on the one side, and planked in such a manner, that the traveller experiences all the tremulous motion of the chain, and sees himself suspended over a roaring gulf, on an agitated and restless gangway, to which few strangers dare trust themselves." In 1816-17 two or three bridges of Iron wire were constructed; the first by Mr. Lees, an extensive woollen manufacturer at Galashiels in Scotland. This experiment, although made with slender wires, and necessarily imperfect in its construction, deserves to be noticed as affording a practical example of the tenacity of iron so applied. These wire bridges were suspended not upon the catenarian principle so successfully adopted in the larger works subsequently undertaken, but by means of diagonal braces, radiating from their points of suspension on either side, towards the centre of the roadway. The unfortunate fabric next mentioned was constructed on this defective principle. Among the earliest practical exhibitions of this novel architecture in the united kingdom, may be mentioned the uncommonly elegant and light chain bridge which was in 1817, for the convenience of foot passengers, thrown over the Tweed at Dryburgh, by the Earl of Buchan. Its length, between the point of suspenision, was 261 feet, being considered the greatest span of any bridge in the kingdom. This useful structure, the theme of such just applause, and which harmonised so finely with the far-famed scenery of Dryburgh Abbey, was entirely destroyed by a tremendous gale of wind, at the beginning of the year following its erection. This bridge was subsequently restored.—*Lardner.*

The continuation of Mr. Ferguson's Article on Emigration is necessarily delayed till our next number.

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FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG.

"ACQUAINTANCES."

ONE of the most important concerns of young people is, the management of themselves in respect of what are called "Acquaintances." To have many friends is desirable, in a world where men are generally thrown so much upon their own resources. But there is a distinction between the friendship of a certain number of respectable persons, who are only ready to exert themselves for us when called upon, and the acquaintance of a circle of contemporaries, who are perpetually forcing themselves upon our company for the mere purpose of mutual amusement. Taking the words in their usual signification, a young man ought to wish for many friends, but few acquaintances. There is something in the countenance of a companion that cheers and supports the frailty of human nature. One can speak and act more boldly with a friend by his side, than when alone. But it is the good fortune of men of strong character, and it ought to be the object of every one, to act well and boldly by himself. One thing young people may be assured of, almost all the great services which enlightened men have done for their race were performed alone. There was but one man, not two, at the discovery of the Compass, of the Copernican System, of the Logarithms, and of the principle of Vaccination. To descend to lesser things, ask any man who has risen in worldly fortune, from small beginnings to great wealth and honour, how he contrived to do so, and you will find that he carved it all out for himself with his own hand. He will in all probability inform you that he has reached the honourable station in society which he now maintains, chiefly by narrowing the circle of his "private acquaintances," and extending that of his "public relations;" most likely adding, that had he on all occasions "consulted" the persons with whom he happened to be acquainted, as to his designs, he would, by every calculation, have been still in the same obscure insignificant situation he once was. The truth is, it is only when alone that we have the ability to concentrate our minds upon any object; and it is only when things are done with the full force of *one mind* qualified for the purpose, that they are done well.

It is the misfortune of young people, before they become fully engaged in the relations of life and business, that they look too much to "acquaintances" for encouragement, and make the amusement which "acquaintances" can furnish too indispensable. The tender mind of youth is reluctant or unable, to stand alone; it needs to be one of a class. Hence, the hours which ought to be spent in the acquisition of that general knowledge which is so useful in after life, and which can only be acquired in the vacant days of youth, are thrown away in the most inglorious pursuits; for "acquaintances" are seldom the companions of study, or the auxiliaries of business, but most generally the associates of a debauch, the fellow-flutterers upon the Mall, the companion-hounds in the chase of empty pleasure. It is amazing how much a youth can endure of the company of his principle "acquaintance." Virgil's expression, "*tecum consumerer ævo*," is realised in his case; for he veritably appears as if he could *spend his whole life* in the society of the treasured individual. At the approach of that person, every other matter is cast aside; the most important business seems nothing in contrast with the interchange of a smile or a jest with this duplicate of himself. The injunctions of the most valued relations—even of father and mother—are scattered to the winds, if they are at variance with the counsels or conduct of this precious person, whom, after all, he perhaps met only last week at a club. The power of an "acquaintance" of this kind, for good or evil, over the mind of his friend, is so very great, that it may well give some concern to those who are really interested in the prospects of youth. But every effort to redeem a victim from the fascination will be in vain, unless his natural or habitual goodness be shocked by the further exposure of the "acquaintance's" character. The only safe-guard, therefore, against this mighty evil, is, *previously* to accustom youth to depend much upon themselves, and to endeavour to infuse into them a sufficient degree of moral excellence to be a protection to them against the worst vices which "acquaintances" may attempt to impart to them.

There is a possibility, however, that the "acquaintance" may be no worse than his fellow, and yet the two will do that together which they could not do singly. Virtue is, upon the whole, a thing of solitude: vice is a thing of the crowd. The individual will not dare to be wicked, for the responsibilty which he knows must be concentrated upon himself; while the company, feeling that a divided responsibility is hardly any responsibility at all, is under no such constraint. There is much edification to the heart of the thoughtless and wicked in the participation of companions; and even in large associations of honourable men for honourable purposes, there is often wanting that fine tone of feeling which governs the conduct of perhaps each individual in the fraternity. Thus, an excessive indulgence in the company of "acquaintances" is to be avoided, even where these "acquaintances" are not inferior in moral worth to ourselves. There is an easy kind of morality much in vogue among a great body of people, that "what others do *we* may do," as if higher standards had not been handed down by God himself from heaven, or constructed in the course of time by the wise and pure among men. This morality comes strongly into play among youth in their intercourse with contemporaries; and as it is always on rather a declining than an advancing scale, it soon leads them a great way down the paths of vice.

It will be found, in general, that a considerable degree of abstinence from this indulgence is required, even to secure the most ordinary degree of success in life. But if great things be aimed at, if we wish to surpass our fellows by many degrees, and to render ourselves honourably conspicuous among men, we must abjure "acquaintances" almost entirely. We must, for that purpose, withdraw ourselves from all temptation to idle and futile amusement—we must, in the words of a great poet, "shun delights, and live laborious days

PRIVATE LIFE OF JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.

AND, ye Christen princes, whosever ye be,
If ye be destitute of a noble captayne,
Take James of Scotland for his audacitie
And proved manhode, if ye will laude attaine:
Let him have the forewarde: have ye no disdayne,
Nor indignation; for never king was borne
That of ought of warre can shew the unicorne.

For if that once he take the speare in hande,
Agaynst these Turkes strongly with it to ride,
None shall be able his stroke for to withstande,
Nor before his face so hardy to abide.
Yet this his manhode increaseth not his pride;
But ever sheweth he meeknes and humilitie,
In worde or dede to hye and lowe degree.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

MR. PITCAIRN, in some of the late volumes of his "Criminal Trials," has supplied us with a few occasional extracts from the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, which perhaps cast a stronger and steadier light upon the times to which they refer, than any historical documents hitherto published. These accounts, which are to be found in tolerable preservation in the General Register House, form simply a current record of the personal expenses of the King; and we believe they commence so early as the time of Bruce, and do not close till Scotland ceased to have a distinct court. Previous to the publication of Mr. Pitcairn's truly valuable work, hardly any extracts from this immense mine of curious detail had ever reached the public; and few even of the "antiquarian trade" had ventured to grapple with the original volumes. Our curiosity having been greatly excited by Mr. Pitcairn's extracts, which chiefly refer to the reign of James IV., we have sought and obtained possession of a still more extensive (manuscript) series of selections relating to that era, from which we hope to supply some amusement and information to our readers.

The first idea which strikes one who dips into these accounts, is the amazing difference between all his preconceived notions of the court of James IV., and what is to be derived from this record. If the inquirer has only read Marmion, and supposes James to have been a purely noble and gallant being, whose fittest office it was to lean over a lady's chair, while she sung to her lute, his dream will be effectually broken by a perusal of the Treasurer's books. The effect, in short, which these memorabilia have upon the mind, is, as it were, to break down the picture previously painted by history and poetry into its elements, and to show it up as only so much coarse thread, woven into a piece of canvass, and plastered over with a certain quantity of oil and coloured earth. The homely court of poor old Scotland is here shown in its real colours, and every atom of its composition estimated at no more than its exact value in Scots money. My Lord Treasurer was, in truth, no painter—no searcher after fine and tricksy phrases; he tells his story in his own broad vernacular, and, we verily believe, does not cheat either his master or posterity of a single farthing.

The reign of James IV. commenced on the 18th of June, 1488, when he was only sixteen years of age, and terminated with his death at Flodden, on the 13th of September, 1512. It is needless to enter into any disquisition respecting either his personal history or that of his country, for our object is only to afford such light upon these points as is supplied by the curious record before us.

First, as to the AMUSEMENTS of the King. Previous to the general diffusion of literature, and the commencement of the great division of opinion upon religious and political subjects, which, since the Reformation to the present time, has kept the minds of men constantly upon the *qui vive*, the chief resource for pastime seems to have been in practical sports, in listening to jesters and minstrels, and in attending homely plays and masquerades. In those simple days, men had neither newspapers nor novels; religion was a settled thing, demanding implicit faith and a routine of monotonous observances, but permitting no discussion; neither did the question of liberal or illiberal government divide men into two great debating parties. When not engaged in actual war, the superior classes indulged in its semblances—the tourney or the chase; or they planted the wandering minstrel in the midst of their circle, and held their breath while he recounted the feats of the mighty of old; or they lolled over gaming boards, perhaps fixed in the bottoms of their windows—a specimen of which is still to be seen in Craigmillar Castle; or they "daffed" away the time in less rational indulgences over the social board, where the coarsest jest and the broadest allusion was ever most favourably received. Hence a modern reader is apt to be astonished at the multitudinous expenses of King James on the score of amusements, of which we shall proceed to give some details.

The chief out-of-door sports of the King seem to have been the tournament, hunting the deer, hawking, archery, "the cache," and playing at bowls. His principal in-door sports were playing at "the tables," cards, and dice. On all these subjects the entries in the Treasurer's books are very numerous and frequent; we shall only, however, give such as appear to us to be curious, or which refer to practices not now familiar. "May 10, 1496—to the King, in Strivilin, to play at the cache," six pounds ten shillings. This is a game to which we have seen various allusions in documents of the fifteenth century. It seems to be the same with the ordinary sport of the ball, as now played by boys against a dead wall, and which in Scotland is still called the *cage-ball*. On the day succeeding the above entry, is one of twenty-four shillings, "to the King, to play at the bilis [bowls] at Drummonde." On the 7th of June is an entry showing the possibility of very deep play at the *cache*: "To Wat of Lesly, that he wan at the cache fra the King," twenty-three pounds eight shillings! On the single night of Christmas, 1496, there are given to the King at Melrose, to spend at cards, "thirty-five unicornis, eleven French crowns, a ducat, a ridare, and a lew"—in all, forty-two pounds. "April 17, 1497—giffen to the King, that he tynt at the buttis in Strivilin, vijs." This refers to archery, the butts being two mounds, at a proper distance from each other, whereupon the marks were set. On the 24th of July, 1504, there is an entry of fifty-six shillings "to George Campbell, gardiner in Strivilin, to big the bow-buttis in Strivilin, furth of the garding beside the stable." April 22, 1497—"two shillings paid for foot-balls to the King;" and, "January 2, 1504—that samyne nycht, in Samuelstone, to the King, to play at the tables with the laird, three French crowns." Throughout the whole of the winter period, there are entries almost every night for sums lost at the cards or the tables; for the King, with true royal feeling, seems to have thought it beneath him ever to win. In the summer, we find as frequent allusions to his hawks and hounds, to his bows and arrows, and his armour and justing spears.

In the department of miscellaneous amusements we find

matters still more curiously illustrative of the manners of the age. On the 5th of August, 1488, within six or seven weeks of the barbarous death of his father, through a rebellion in which he was himself (it is said, innocently) concerned, the King is found giving five pounds at Linlithgow "to Patrick Johnston and the players that playt to the King." The same company played a twelvemonth after at the same place for the entertainment of a Spanish embassy, and received eight pounds eight shillings. Wherever he goes, the King seems to have been entertained by "dansaris and gysaris," who were probably connected with the particular place where they exhibited. For instance, January 5, 1504, he gives eight French crowns to "the gysaris of the toune of Edinburghe;" and, August 20, 1488, being at a justice-ayre at Lanark, he gives six-and-thirty shillings "to dansaris and gysaris." On another occasion, he gives a like sum to "the dansaris and gysaris" at Arbroath. The "dansaris" were no doubt morrice-dancers, for, on the 31st December, 1506, there is an entry of four pounds twelve shillings to Thomas Boswell, "for xxx. dosane of *bellis* for dansaris." "Gysaris," and "dansaris," and "playaris," appear to have been in some measure synonymous, as on "Sanct Johnnis day, 1491," a sum is given to "gysaris that dansit to the King" in Linlithgow; and on the 13th of August, 1503, thirty French crowns are given to the "gysaris that playit the play." Perhaps one of the most curious entries on this score, is one on the 16th of July, 1491, "to the Spanyeartis that dansyt before the King on the cawsay of Edinburghe, before the Thesauraris lwgeing, xxx. unicornis," equal to twenty-seven pounds. A relic of this profession has come down to our own day.

Music was another of the King's favourite amusements, as it was also one of his own accomplishments. "Dec. 6, 1497—to John Jamesoune for a lute to the King, 6s. 8d." "July 8, 1504—for a lute and a pair of monocordis brocht hame to the King be William Brownhill, quhilk cost in Flanders 45s." These and similar entries show his own propensity for music, and the kind of instruments upon which he performed. He retained about his person a vast multitude of "lutaris," "piparis," "fithelaris" *(fiddlers)*, "clarschaaris" *(Highland harpers)*, "tabrounaris," "trumpetaris," "schawmeris," &c., to all of whom occasional entries are made, for ordinary pay and presents. Many of these humble children of Euterpe were natives of other countries: many from Ireland and the Highlands. July 10, 1489, eight pounds eight shillings, are paid "to Inglis (English) pyparis that came to the Castell and playt to the King." On the 26th of August, 1504, four French crowns are given "to Cuddy, the Inglis fitter, to louse his cheyne of grotis, quhilk he tint at the cartis" *(to relieve his chain of groats, which he lost at cards)*. The King also had an English jester, styled variously "Joly Johne, the fule of Englande," and "Gentil Johne, the Englise fule," to whom numerous sums are given. Of "menstrallis," who joined the professions of music and poetry, James entertained no fewer than thirty-one at his own court, while to those who were local to the particular towns he visited, he was invariably generous. Blind Harry the Minstrel, to whom we are indebted for the well-known popular poem of WALLACE, was a regular *attaché* of the court, and appears to have received eighteen shillings every three months, as a pension. On the 27th of April, 1490, one of these sums is entered for Blind Harry, and as five shillings are given on the same day to "the cobill man of Cambuskenneth quhen the King past owre" (the Forth), we are entitled to assume that the guerdon, in this particular instance, was extended almost on the very scene of Wallace's chief victory, the battle of Stirling Bridge. James is also very bountiful to bards of higher standing; for instance, Dunbar is found in the constant receipt of 20*l.* a-year. It is assumed by the modern poet Beattie, upon the credit, we believe, of Percy, that "the north countrie" was the proper nativity of minstrels; but how does this consort with the repeated mention in these accounts of "menstraalis" from England and the southern states of Europe? "November 21, 1504—to ane of the foure *Italiene* menstralis, to by him ane hat, by the King's command, xiijs." "1512-13, February 15—Item, to Guilyeame, organer, Frencheman, and his five complices, French menstralis, xxvl. vs." Another of James's minstrels is called Dominico, which looks amazingly little like a hyperborean name. There seems to have been a great confusion in the duties of minstrels. The character was nearly allied to buffoonery and mere story-telling; and hence we are the less to wonder at the apparently barbarous edicts of those days, which denounce the profession of poesy as rank vagrancy. Jesters, minstrels, and dancers are all classed in one servile enumeration, and all occasionally receive the same allowances for *livery*.

In the department of "singing," we have a curious entry, which appears to have taken place on the festival still observed in Scotland under the name of Handsel Monday. "1491—on Monunda the ij. of Januar. to Sir Thomas Galbretht, Jok Goldsmyt, and Crafurde, for the singyn of a ballat to the King in the morning, iij. unicornis," equal to two pounds fourteen shillings. Two years before, there is an entry of ten pounds "to Wilyeam Sangster of Lithquo, for a sang-buke he brocht to the King." and almost at the same time we find given "to Cunnynghame the singar, at the Kingis commande, a demy," *i. e.* fourteen shillings "1496, May 23—Item, that saym nicht to ij. women that sang to the King in Strivilin, xiiijs." And such entries are frequent. In the department of jesting and story-telling, we have, "April 5, 1491—to Wallase that tells the geistis," eighteen shillings; "January 22, 1507-8—Item, to ane jestour, be the Kingis comand," five shillings. It is a circumstance not unworthy, perhaps, of being noted, that an ancestor of the Biographer of Samuel Johnson—the prince of modern literary gossips—was a conspicuous figure in the train devoted to the amusement of the Scottish Monarch. Thomas Boswell, a cadet of the old house of Balmouto, and who was finally rewarded for his services by a grant of the estate of Auchinleck, is entered on one occasion, already touched upon, for the receipt of money to purchase bells to thirty dancers. On another occasion, he receives a sum to purchase dancing attire for himself We suspect that he held an office in the court of King James, not very different from that held by his descendant in the court of King Samuel. On the 2nd of August, 1504, is an entry of twenty-eight shillings, given to "James Hog, the tale-teller, to fee twa hors in Eskdale, with the Kingis harness." Perhaps we have here another instance of collusive character and profession in remote relations.

James IV. was infected with the absurdities of alchemy.—Accordingly, on the 11th of February, 1503-4, we find twenty shillings of sound money given away "to the man suld mak *aurum potabile*, be the Kingis commands." But the good Monarch had a still stranger craze than this: he was an amateur surgeon, and seems, in that character, to have been a somewhat formidable person among his courtiers. "April 10, 1051—Item, to the blind wyf that hed her eyne schorne [*i.e.* we suppose, couched for the cataract,] xiijs." The phrase, as Mr. Pitcairn remarks, is most ominous of "evil success." It would almost appear that the King was willing to pay poor people for liberty to operate upon them. "1511-12, February 9—Item, to ane fallow becaus the King pullit furtht his tootht, xiiijs.;" "February 25—Item, to Kynnard, the barbour, for twa teith drawin furtht of his heid be the King, xiiijs." On another occasion, his foreign minstrel Dominico receives eighteen shillings, "to gyf the King leve to lat him bluid." We may suppose that when the King puts a bounty upon the toothache, the malady will be apt to become popular.

James was addicted a little to that low system of ratiocination, which somehow has never been very common in this sage country—betting. On the 14th of December, 1504, occurs the following entry: "Item, to Sir Alex. Mack-Culloch, that the King tynt with him one wedding of the taking of ane pyke furth of the stankis of Strivilin, xxviijs." A bet upon a still more rational point occurs at an earlier period: "March 18, 1502-3, Item, to Willyem Sinclair that he wone fra the King, one wedding that his barne (child,) suld be ane lad."—*To be concluded in next Journal.*

SCOTTISH NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

[In the Editor's first address to his readers, it was mentioned that he intended to present a series of sketches illustrative of those institutions which continue to distinguish this northern kingdom, and he now offers the following as the commencement of a course of papers on such subjects. He has been induced to make this arrangement chiefly with a view to the benefit of the rising generation, and those who may be entering on a career of active exertion, in order that they may be furnished with a certain degree of useful knowledge as to those national establishments of which they may be called upon to become members, and in which every individual in the empire is more or less concerned. In executing his design, the Editor, as a matter of course, draws largely from his previously prepared Essays in "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," and purposely adheres to a popular style.]

THE LAW OF SCOTLAND.

IT may be remarked, that by no peculiarity in the institutions of a people—the instrumental part of religion excepted—is their genius and character so prominently developed as the contexture of their civil and criminal jurisprudence. The truth of this proposition is distinctly exemplified by the sympathy subsisting between the laws of Scotland and its inhabitants. It is now very generally understood among those indefatigable antiquaries, who delight in exploring the origin of customs and national institutions, that at one period the laws of England and Scotland, if not exactly uniform, bore a great resemblance to each other. But with regard to how this similarity originated, or by whom it was effected, there still exist great doubts. If such a parity in legal usages ever actually existed, it has long ceased to be observable. In the present day, only a few faint traces of a former consanguinity can be distinguished. The principles of the two codes of jurisprudence are often alike; but in their practical influence on society, or the forms by which they are set in motion, there are seldom any common points of similitude. Each law has in the course of centuries been gradually adapting itself to the circumstances, the manners, and the feelings of the people among whom it acts. The vast increase of commerce, wealth, and population, with the corresponding elevation of the middle ranks of society, have caused the institution of innumerable new statutes, and have been the consequent means of obscuring the old written law in England, while the long impoverished and depressed state of Scotland, its want of industry or spirit, and its religious distractions, tended to preserve the old laws in almost their original constitution. The abrogation of some of the most inefficacious usages, and the introduction of British statutes, since the Union, have amended, but by no means revolutionized, the system, and therefore the Scottish law may be adduced as still one of the most strikingly national of our institutions.

The foundation upon which the superstructure of our law is reared, is a very ancient work entitled the "*Regiam Majestatem.*" Almost no point in history has been so warmly canvassed as the authorship of this production; one party asserting it to be a compilation dictated by David I. of Scotland, and another, with equal feasibility, declaring it to be a work digested by order of Edward I. of England, and introduced by him into this country for the purpose of assimilating the Scotch with the English law. Leaving this to be cleared up by the researches of historians, it may be mentioned, that whether Edward was the patron of the *Regiam* or not, it is at least very certain, that, on conquering the northern part of the island, he was anxious to engraft upon it the institutions of his own kingdom. While he and his successor were in Scotland, the Court of King's Bench sat at Roxburgh, where cases were determined on equal terms from all parts of Britain.

This remarkable compilation of laws was the only written law of the kingdom, until James I. attempted to supersede the enactments of Parliament, and introduce the civilized usages of the English government. The acts of the Scottish Parliament were for several ages of little force in a country so turbulent as Scotland; but at length, as the people became more civilized, they came into complete operation. Though these statutes were ultimately the cause of dispossessing the *Regiam*, that work was not neglected. The new laws were constituted on the model therein presented, and thus the principles of the Roman, and the other legal usages of a foreign character, have formed the basis on which almost all our municipal laws are founded.

Before proceeding further, it may be of use to say a few words in reference to the Roman law as developed in the Justinian code. "The Emperor Justinian, who flourished in the year 533, having (says Banckton, a Scottish lawyer) by his great victories restored to the Roman empire the several vast provinces which had been dismembered from it in the times of his predecessors, by the Goths, Vandals, and other foreign nations, and enjoying perfect tranquillity, undertook the noble but difficult enterprise of reducing their laws to order, which, by their immense bulk, had fallen into great confusion; and, in the first place, he caused compile the code, consisting of the constitutions of the emperors from Adrian's time till his own, collected out of the Gregorian, Hermogenian, and Theodosian codes. Next, he caused digest what was proper to have the sanction of laws of the writings of the Roman lawyers, that flourished either in times of the commonwealth, or under the emperors till the Emperor Gordian, under whom Modestinus, the last of those illustrious lawyers, lived. These consisted of no less than two thousand volumes, all which were perused by the learned persons commissioned for that purpose, who excerpted such portions as they thought fit for the design, and composed them into fifty books, called the Pandects and Digests, which the Emperor authorised for laws, and advised the same to be published. And the very same year he advised the Institutions, as the elements of the civil law, to be composed; these are contained in four books, to which he likewise gave the imperial sanction. He afterwards added new laws or Novels, and the whole being joined together, the greatest magazine of knowledge was thus formed that ever the world was favoured with."

These Pandects or written laws were lost for many centuries after the overthrow of the empire by the barbarians, and they were not discovered till the year 1137, before which time the whole of the nations of Europe were lying in the lowest pitch of degradation. A copy, which had escaped the general destruction of Roman literature, it is said, was discovered accidentally in the town of Amalfi in Italy; and no sooner was the fact promulgated, than the Romish ecclesiastics addressed themselves warmly to the task of disseminating its contents throughout the different states in which they happened to be. The original copy of the Pandects was deposited at Florence, 1411, where, says Brenckman, an enthusiastic Dutch lawyer, who undertook a pilgrimage to study one of the manuscripts, has left a learned work on the subject: it is esteemed as the most valuable literary curiosity in existence, being preserved in purple velvet in a rich casket, and shown to travellers by the monks and magistrates bareheaded, and with lighted tapers. Modern tourists are silent respecting the present condition of the Pandects, but we believe they are lodged among other rare books and manuscripts in the Florentine library of Magliabechina. The lawyers of Holland have written many ponderous volumes of commentaries on the Roman law, and to these monuments of learning and industry Scottish advocates frequently find occasion to refer in their papers and pleadings. There have been several splendid editions of the Pandects; that commonly used is from the Dutch press, and resembles a thick octavo Bible, closely printed in double columns. The word *Pandect* signifies *all the words*, or *all the sayings*.

Our lawyers now divide the common law into two departments—the written law, or that part of our jurisprudence derived from Scottish and British statutes; and the unwritten or consuetudinary law founded on customs and usages of great antiquity, and only known by the writings of modern authors. To these there might be added a third or minor branch, composed of acts of sederunt of the Court of Session, a judicature possessing, very extensive powers in the interpretation of old statutes in the regulation of its own forms, and in the enactment of a species of bye-laws, not infringing on British acts of Parliament, but calculated to supply what may have been left unprovided for in the written or unwritten law. In the exercise of a discretionary power of this description, the Court of Session generally acts with very commendable prudence; and it is fortunate for the liberties of the subject that such is the case. The old written law, or acts of the Scottish estates, are often very tyrannical, and at least vexatious. And as there is no precise summary of abrogated and unabrogated enactments, it becomes thence the prerogative of the supreme judicatures to apply them as appears most consonant with justice and humanity.

Much of the indistinctness of the civil and criminal jurisprudence of Scotland, arising from the circumstance above quoted, has been obviated by compilations of legal institutes. The works of Mackenzie, Erskine, Stair, Hume Bell, and other writers on the principles and forms of law, with the decisions of the courts on all kinds of cases, have considerably simplified the judicial code, and, in defiance of the apocryphal acts, have rendered it more explicit and intelligible than that of England. Except as regards cases bearing principally on mercantile law, which is only beginning to be forced on the attention of Scottish lawyers, it apparently suits every purpose required, to the complete satisfaction of the nation. Sometimes it is severe, but more ordinarily it is temperate, and generally mild and equitable. Considering the vicissitudes through which it has come, and the prejudices of many of its constructors, it is in reality a matter of surprise how it should be so steady, efficient, and humane. Now when modified and improved by British statutes, it requires only to be administered by active and prudent judges, to be every way worthy of permanent support. Beneficial as the progressive introduction of English institutions may be, any molestation of the common law, the *lex loci*, in favour of parallel usages from England (until these

usages have been primarily purified), would be a serious error in international government. Should the legislature ever contemplate the abrogation of such an important national institution, it is desirable that, in the first place, our jurisprudence be patiently studied; and if a reciprocity of laws be ultimately found expedient, that the Scotch may at least have the gratification of contributing their due proportion to the imperial code.

AN IRISH STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY.

The faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known: perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation. In this view the following story is written:—

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief in different ways. Money was subscribed—wholesome food was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves, by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors, and sit in the sun. But, in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face, there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone, silent and brooding. His father, and his surviving child, are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbours who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk, are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it. "I wish Mr. Evans was in the place," cogitated Michaul Carroll; but another fortnight elapsed, and Michaul's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London. Though a regular resident on his small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the "hard steward." He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble foot into the adjacent town. It was market day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well-known "stannin," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopt a moment before him, and glanced over his figure: but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigour in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward, without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, *musha*, what's the harm o'that?" he said to himself; "only here's the ould father, an' *her* pet boy, the weenock, without a pyatee either. Well, *asthore*, if they can't have the pyatees, they must have betther food—that's all;—ay—" he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room—"Don't be a-crying to-night, father—you and the child, there; bud sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'."

"The good break'ast, my boy, a-then an' where 'ill id come from?"—"A body promised it to me, father."—"*Avich!* Michaul; an' sure its fun you're making of us, now at any rate. Bud, the good night, an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin' too, mornin' an' evenin' gettin' up an' lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last."

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropt asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again. all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for, and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son, since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had, indeed, walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name, "the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore?" continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague-fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased; but the familiar noise of an old barn door creaking on its crazy hinges, came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself; stole out, cautiously; peeped into the barn, through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans's field. The sight sickened the father—the blood on his son's hands, and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent little grandson. About an hour afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, Old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up, and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"And what are you about?"—"Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear."—"An' who's the good christhin 'ill give id to us, Michaul?"—"Oh, you'll know that, soon, father: now, a good bye:"—he hurried to the door.—"A good bye, then, Michaul: bud, tell me, what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing colour, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on id: what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person; and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from anything he then saw.—"Well, *avich*, an' sure I didn't say thing was on it wrong; or anything to make you look so quare, an' spake so sth ange to your father, this mornin';—only I'll ax you, Michaul, over again, who has took such a sudden likin' to us, to send us the good break'ast?—an' answer me sthraight, Michaul—what is id to be, that you call it so *good*?"

"The good mate, father:"—he was again passing the threshold.—"Stop!" cried his father; "stop, an' turn forenent me. Mate!—the good mate?—What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"—Why, as I said afore, father, a body that——"

"A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure; but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbours, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will, has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast, in an honest way. An' I don't say, outright, that you had the same thought wid me, when you consented to take it from a thief—I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's receiver, at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No; I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' getting comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

"Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich;* I won't;—nothin' to throuble you, sure; I didn't mean id;—only this, *a-vourneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the pyaties, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the arth, will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighther, and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger *avich-ma-chree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessin' on our faist."

"Well, thin, *I* won't, either, father; I won't;—an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you—to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast."

"But you know, Michaul, there would be danger in quitting the place widout hiding well every scrap of any thing that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! What can tell on us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?"—"Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but——"

"But what, father?"—"Have you left nothing in the way, out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.—"Out there! Where? What? What do you mean at all now, father? Sure you know it's your ownself has kep me from as much as laying a hand on it."—"Ay, to-day-mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so ——"—"*Curp-an-duoul!*" imprecated Michaul—"this is too bad, at any rate; no I didn't—last night, or any other night—let me alone, I bid you, father."—"Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door; and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor hanging his head, and saying in a low voice—"Hushth, now, father—its time."

"No Michaul, I will not hushth; an' it is not time; come out with me to the barn."

"Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply: he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sun-light on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

"Is id in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn, at day-break, the morning'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

"Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded—"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly: "ay, and at your work in id, too."—"What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice.—"Enough—to hang his son," whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans's land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin, In a few minutes afterwards, the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to to the county jail, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or other of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably—"God be wid you, father dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping little grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said—"I ax pardon o' you, *avich*—won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him*, *a-vourneen*."

"No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you: no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always in' ever the good father to me; an ——" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the road-side after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By this imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbouring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr. Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis a sthrange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrates; "it's a very sthrange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward—"I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpœna him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty," his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailor's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly: and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier, deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll."—"Here, Sir," immediately answered Peery, as the jailor led him by a side-door out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd. The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the jailor, and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.—"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start;" and he accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up and said—"My judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge this day;—amen:"—and then repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers.)

"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Afore that night, Sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living cratur could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God;—an' sure the people are afthur telling you by this time, how it came about that night—an' you, my lord,—an' ye, gintlemen,—an' all good christhins that hear me;—here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but, for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 'twas for the weenock and the ould father that he done it;—indeed, an'deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place; an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, and another baby; an' id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery; an', more betoken, he grew sorry for id in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the steward an' the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbors an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease—"to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn that night?"

"The Lord pity him and me—I did, Sir."

"Doing what?"

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly."

"I must still give you pain, I fear;—stand up; take the crier's rod; and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"*Och, musha, musha*, Sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands.

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears; and at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs "Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a corra-ma-chree!*" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod.

"My father does what is right," answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction. "We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task. The judge instantly turned to the jury box.

"Gentlemen of the jury—That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe, that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit that old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michaul Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.—*Friendship's Offering*, 1831.

Commerce of the British Empire.—It appears from a document laid before Parliament, relative to the exports and imports of this country for the year ending 5th of January, 1829, that the total of our exports to France was only 546,000*l.*, being less, by above 130,000*l.*, than our exports to Prussia, whilst our imports from France exceeded 2,600,000*l.* Our imports from Russia amounted to above 4,000,000*l.*, and our exports to above 2,500,000*l.*; but the balance of trade with that country has hitherto been in our favour. From Germany and the Netherlands we imported to the value of a little more than 3,000,000*l.*; but we exported to these countries to the amount of above 14,000,000*l.* The imports from Gibraltar were small; but our exports exceeded 2,000,000*l.* With Spain and the Canaries the imports exceeded the exports by about 500,000*l.* With Turkey the exports amounted that year to above 1,200,000*l.*; and the imports to about 600,000*l.* With Portugal, the exports exceeded the imports by about 2,000,000*l.* Such was the relative state of our European imports and exports. The exports to, and imports from Barbary, Egypt, and the western coast of Africa, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and the Isle of Bourbon, nearly balanced each other, and did not exceed 1,000,000*l.* Asia afforded a larger sum both in imports and exports. To the East Indies and China we exported to the value of 6,300,000*l.*, and imported nearly 8,000,000*l.* From the British North American colonies and the West Indies, we imported above 8,700,000*l.*, and we exported above 6,200,000*l.* With the United States there was a difference of about 600,000*l.* only between our exports and imports: the former being 8,600,000*l.*, and the latter 7,997,000*l.* To the Brazils we exported above 3,822,000*l.*, and imported 1,382,000*l.* To the South American republics our exports exceeded our imports by about 2,200,000*l.* The gross amount of our exports in the above year was 62,716,702*l.*; and of our imports, 45,168,488*l.*

DR. ALEXANDER MURRAY.

The Editor has been favoured with the following additional anecdote by the Rev. William Strang, minister of one of the Relief congregations, Edinburgh, illustrative of the early destitute condition of the late Dr. Alexander Murray, whose life was some weeks ago presented in the Journal. Mr. Strang places the circumstance to which he alludes two years later than that recorded in the autobiography; but which is the more correct, is left to the judgment of those acquainted with Murray in his juvenile days. How the incident should have been omitted in the "Life of Murray," written by himself, it is impossible to conjecture.

"Some time, I think," says Mr. Strang, "in the summer of 1796, I was taking a forenoon's ride for two or three miles beyond the village of Minnigaff. In ascending a hilly part of the road, I dismounted, and leading my horse, the day being warm, my attention was attracted by a ragged boy sitting upon the heath, reading. Being in no hurry, and impelled by curiosity, I drew near, and spoke to him. Observing a number of books lying around him, I lifted one, and, opening it, found it to be Virgil. I desired him to read the first Eclogue, and he did so, *ad aperturam libri*. I asked if he knew me; he said he did. I asked if he knew where I lived; he replied, Yes. I requested him to call on Friday night at six o'clock to tea. He came; but judge Mrs. Strang's astonishment when Murray appeared, and announced his invitation. Having intentionally concealed the circumstance of our interview, she was horrified at the idea of my folly in requesting a beggar boy, barefooted, clothed in rags, of whom she had never heard, to drink tea. However, after a little explanation, she was satisfied, and he was entertained with a hearty welcome. When he tasted the tea, he said it was the first he had ever drank, and thought it smelt like new-mown hay. Having expressed a wish to see Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric, I told him I had lent it to a Mr. Hume, but the moment he was done with it, it should be at his service. He put a manuscript into my hands, saying, it contained poems he had written in the moors; and begged of me to procure a subscription for printing them, in order to purchase clothes. I desired him to leave them with me for two or three weeks; that if I found they were good, and fit for meeting the public eye, I should comply with his request—but if not, I should take care he should soon exhibit a more respectable appearance. For obvious reasons, the idea of publishing the poems was dropped; but Murray on his return was furnished with the means of appearing in a garb more suited to his future prospects. A few days after, accidentally meeting with the Rev Garlies Maitland, minister of the parish of Minnigaff, and mentioning the circumstance of Murray's acquirements in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he sent for him to his house, examined him, and recommended him to Principal Baird, by whose instrumentality, as I was informed, he procured an university education."

GYMNASTICS.

Among the Greeks and Romans, the training and exercise of the body in different muscular feats and attitudes formed a regular part of their system of education; and this plan has been lately revived in the schools and public seminaries of this country. There is no doubt but that, by constant exercise, the several muscles of the body may be very much strengthened and improved; and that on the contrary by disuse, they become soft, flaccid, and weakened. A regular exercise of the different muscles of the body, then, by which they are made to perform their various functions with firmness and precision, must be of the greatest consequence in contributing to the healthy and harmonious state of the system. This is particularly the case with the muscles of the chest, which perform so important a part in the function of respiration: and it must be obvious that the more these muscles are strengthened and improved, by judicious training, from childhood upwards, the more likely is it that the chest will be strong and able to perform its important offices. But it is the same with almost every other part; the muscles of the arm swell out and become vigorous by regular use; and so likewise do those of the lower limbs. It may be remarked, that, among some classes of the peasantry, who wear heavy shoes, with stout and unyielding soles, the back muscles of the leg, from want of use, are thin and flaccid; whereas, those of their arms and shoulders, being constantly exercised, are broad, square, and fleshy. Gymnastic exercises, therefore, should be early commenced with children, taking care not to push them to the least extreme, and not to extend them to weak and diseased children, who are unable to endure such fatigue. First of all, the arms should be exercised, by swinging them in the various positions, from ten to fifteen minutes at a time; then the various marches and countermarches, to exercise the lower limbs, should be practised; and running, leaping, and other feats may follow. At the same time, it must be kept in view that all exercise and exertion, when carried too far, is dangerous and hurtful to the system. The simpler the gymnastic exercises are, so much the better, and they should never be continued till the body is exhausted with fatigue; moderately pursued, they are of the most essential service to youth, especially to those in large cities, who have not an opportunity of enjoying the free country air. These exercises have the sanction of the greatest men of antiquity; and our own great Milton, in his admirable Treatise on education, recommends them as a necessary part of the training of youth. These exercises may also be of the greatest service to adults, especially to all those whose sedentary occupation keeps them pent up in cities. Caution, however, should be observed by those not previously habituated to such exercises, to begin with the most gentle kind, and accustom themselves gradually; and this advice is particularly to be observed by invalids. Neither should these exercises be ever carried to excess, even by the strong and robust.—*Economy of the Human Body.*

Ghosts.—There is a curious case related, of a man who as a well-known character, and a man of sense—where it was said he used to see a number of people in the room with him. Now, he himself has described the whole of the phenomenon, and all the adjuncts to it. He has said, after taking a cup of coffee, or tea, or so on, they came into his room in great numbers; and as he got better, and less nervous, he has only seen the arms or legs of the persons, without seeing any other part of them. Now, this is all an irregular action of the retina of the eye. A gentleman sitting in his library one day, reading or writing, on turning round his head, saw, sitting in a chair, a woman in a red cloak. And he said, how came you in here, good woman? The woman said nothing. What is the meaning of your being here, woman? No answer was made. You have no right to be here; go out of the room. She took no notice of him. He got up and rang the bell for the servant. The servant came in. Turn this woman out. What woman, Sir? Why, the woman in a red cloak. There's no woman, nor any red cloak, Sir. Well, go and fetch the doctor for me; tell him I am ill, and wish to speak with him. The man, however, was not to be frightened by this, because he knew it was a delusion of his sight. Now, I have had it so often, that it has been a matter rather of amusement to me, than anything else. I have stood before a glass, and seen the upper part of my head and eyes, and nose very distinctly; but I never saw that I had any mouth or jaw; and I have seen my shoulders very well, but all was blank between my nose and shoulders. Why, now I say, what can you make of this but that it is *errors of action, or inactivity in parts of the retina?*—*Abernethy's Lectures.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

BELZONI.

In the following sketch of the life of Belzoni, one of the most ingenious eastern travellers in recent times, the juvenile reader is presented with the instance of a man of good family, and naturally fine feelings, reduced by misfortunes to a state of destitution, and who, under these distressing circumstances, engaged in the meanest occupation for support, rather than forego his ambitious designs, or be a burden to those on whom he might probably have relied. An instance of this species of self-denial and humiliation, especially when occurring in the life of a person who afterwards emerged from obscurity, and raised himself to distinction, is the more valuable from its rarity, and should not pass unobserved either by the moralist, or by those who aspire to gain the esteem and respect of their fellow-creatures. It shows the absolute necessity for the youthful entrant into the world being ever ready and willing to accommodate himself to the most humble employment for subsistence, provided it be an honest one, rather than lean upon his, perhaps, already poor enough parents, or those friends and acquaintances, who, though wishing him well, have, in all likelihood, a sufficiency of distresses of their own; or what would be fully more criminal, gather the miserable means of personal gratification by incurring debts they know well can never honourably be discharged. Throughout the toils of Belzoni, in adding to the stores of knowledge, by his researches amidst the ruins of empires in the East, he laboured under continual difficulties; but we ever find in him the same uprightness of disposition which characterised his outset in life. I give the memoir, as abridged by James Augustus St. John in his Lives of Celebrated Travellers, recently published by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, in their "National Library."

"This able and interesting traveller, descended from a respectable Roman family, was born at Padua, whither his relations had many years previously removed. Being designed by his parents for some monastic order, he was at a very early age sent to Rome, the original abode of his ancestors, where he received his education, and spent the greater part of his youth. Here the sciences would appear to have obtained a decided preference in his mind, over every other branch of study; particularly hydraulics, to which he owed the reputation which he afterwards acquired in the world, and a success which was by no means equal to his deserts. The invasion of Italy, and the capture of Rome by the French, disturbed the peaceful but insignificant plan of life which he had traced out for himself. Instead of a monk he became a traveller. Departing from Rome in the year 1800, he for some time wandered about the Continent, deriving his subsistence, as he himself observes, from his own knowledge and industry, and occasional remittances from his family, who, though by no means wealthy, seem to have been generously disposed to afford him a support, which he, in a short time, no less generously refused to accept. In the year 1803, he arrived in England, where he not long afterwards married. In this country he supported himself, as is well known, by performing in public, feats of prodigious strength, and by scientific exhibitions; still, with a manly independence, preferring the gaining of a precarious subsistence by these means, to the idea of draining the slender resources of his family, or of resorting to those more easy, but less reputable sources of gain, which too frequently employ the talents of foreigners in England. Having remained nine years in Great Britain, Belzoni conceived the desire of visting the south of Europe; and, taking his wife along with him, travelled through Portugal, Spain and Malta. It seems to have been during this part of his travels that he learned, from what he considered unexceptionable authority, that his scientific knowledge might be turned to good account in Egypt, where an hydraulic machine would be of the greatest utility in irrigating the fields, which want water only, to make them produce at any season of the year.

"He accordingly took his passage on board of some ship bound for Egypt, and arrived in the arbour of Alexandria on the 9th of June, 1815. The plague, he was informed, was now in the city, but gradually decreasing in malignity. Though antiquities, as he observes, were not at that time his object, he could not refrain from visiting the pyramids. He accordingly accompanied an English gentleman to the spot, where they passed the night, and long before dawn had ascended the summit of the highest pile, to behold the sun rise over the land of Egypt.

"'The scene here,' says he, 'is majestic and grand, far beyond description: a mist over the plains of Egypt formed a veil, which ascended and vanished gradually as the sun rose, and unveiled to the view that beautiful land, once the site of Memphis. The distant view of the smaller pyramids on the south, marked the extension of that vast capital; while the solemn, endless spectacle of the desert, on the west, inspired us with reverence for the all-powerful Creator. The fertile lands on the north, with the serpentine course of the Nile, descending towards the sea; the rich appearance of Cairo, and its minarets, at the foot of the Mokatam mountain, on the east; the beautiful plain which extends from the pyramids to that city; the Nile, which flows magnificently through the centre of the sacred valley; and the thick groves of palm trees under our eyes, altogether formed a scene of which a very imperfect idea can be given by the most elaborate description.'

"Belzoni found, upon calculation, that his finances would still enable him to ascend the Nile as far as Assouan; and was about to proceed up the country, when Burckhardt and Mr. Salt, who had previously discussed the point together, determined upon the removal of the colossal head of young Memnon to England, for the purpose of being presented to the British Museum; and requested our traveller, as one of the fittest persons that could be thought of, to undertake the task.

"In a letter, addressed to the African Association, dated Cairo, February 20th, 1817, he says, 'You will be pleased to hear that the colossal head from Thebes has at last, after many difficulties, safely arrived at Alexandria. Mr. Belzoni, who offered himself to undertake this commission, has executed it with great spirit, intelligence, and perseverance. The head is now waiting at Alexandria, for a proper conveyance to Malta. Mr. Salt and myself have borne the expenses jointly; and the trouble of the undertaking has devolved upon Mr. Belzoni, whose name I wish to be mentioned, if ever ours shall, on this occasion, because he was actuated by public spirit fully as much as ourselves.'

"Few things are more interesting in themselves, or less captivating in description, than a search after antiquities. Belzoni, after visiting Hermontis and Dendera, arrived at Thebes, which, from the time of Germanicus to the present moment, has excited the wonder and admiration of every traveller who has beheld it. 'It is absolutely impossible,' says Belzoni, 'to imagine the scene displayed, without seeing it. The most sublime ideas that can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very incorrect picture of these ruins; for such is the difference, not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can convey but a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proof of their existence.'

"After a brief examination of these mighty ruins, he crossed to the western bank of the Nile, where, amid the vast remains of the Memnonium, was the colossal head which he was to remove. He found it, he says, near the remains of its body and chair, with its face upwards, and apparently smiling on him at the thought of being taken to England. The implements which he had brought from Cairo, were sufficiently simple: fourteen poles, each of which were employed in making a sort of car to lay the bust on, four ropes of palm-leaves, and four rollers, without tackle of any sort. Their boat lying too far off to be used as a lodging every night, they established themselves in the Memnonium, where, as the traveller remarks, they were handsomely lodged in a small hut formed of stones. Mrs. Belzoni seems, in fact, to have been as enterprising and romantic as her husband, and made no difficulty about the rudeness of their accommodation. Into a detail of his laborious exertions, or those of the Arabs, in conveying the head to the Nile, I do not think it necessary to enter; it will be sufficient to state that, after incredible toil and perseverance, it was at length brought to the edge of the stream on the 12th of August, 1816.

'This object being effected, he made an excursion to the sepulchral excavations in the mountain of Gornou, celebrated for the quantity of mummies which they contain. Into this vast labyrinth he entered with two Arabs and his interpreter; they were in search of a sarcophagus which was said to have been discovered by Drovetti—but, in roaming about amid the dreary passages, lost their way, which, without extraordinary good fortune, might have been the first step to losing their lives. In labouring to find a passage out, they came to a small aperture, through which the interpreter and one of the Arabs passed easily, but Belzoni, who was a very large man, found it too small. 'One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did my interpreter, and it was then agreed,' says he, 'that I and the other Arab should wait till their return. They proceeded evidently to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments I heard a loud noise, and the interpreter distinctly crying, "O mon Dieu! O mon Dieu! je suis perdu!" after which a profound silence ensued. I asked my Arab whether he had ever been in that place? he replied, "Never." I could not conceive what could have happened, and thought the best plan was to return to procure help from the other Arabs. Accordingly, I told my man to show me the way out again; but, staring at me like an idiot, he said, he did not know the road. I called repeatedly to the interpreter, but received no answer. I watched a long time, but no one returned, and my situation was no very pleasant one.'

"At length, however, by dint of laborious perseverance, they issued into upper air; and as the sarcophagus which they had discovered could not at that moment be removed, our traveller conceived the design of making a small excursion into Nubia. Accordingly he proceeded up the river to Assouan, where, after much altercation, he procured a fresh boat to carry him to the second cataract. He admired, in passing, the beautiful island of Philæ, rich in the ruins of antiquity. On the next day, several natives, armed with spears and shields of crocodile skins, came in boats to attack them on the river; but observing them, Mrs. Belzoni and all, to be armed with pistols, they very prudently retired At Deir, the capital of Lower Nubia, our traveller purchased with a small looking-glass permission to continue his voyage. Previous to this, many of the people of the country had never enjoyed the gratification of contemplating the reflection of their own countenances, unless, like Polypheme, they made a mirror of the glassy stream. On arriving at Ipsambul he saw with amazement the great rock-temple discovered by Burckhardt. He immediately conceived the design of clearing away the sand which obstructed the entrance into the temple, and made the proposal to the villagers, promising, in order to excite them to the task, a present in money, but soon found that he had at length arrived in a region where money had ceased to be omnipotent. The people stared at his piasters as they would have stared at a letter in an unknown language, and inquired who would give them any thing for such small bits of metal as those? However, he by degrees succeeded in convincing them that money possessed over civilized men, and all who came within their influence a mysterious power which they could not resist, and thus awakened in their souls the 'accursed thirst of gold.' This seemed at first to produce a good effect; but the love of money once excited, they knew not where to stop and their avarice, which he had reckoned his best ally, soon exhausted his means, so that before he had half completed his undertaking he was compelled to desist, and continue his voyage up the Nile to Ibrim and the first cataract.

"Having gratified his curiosity with a glance at these celebrated spots, Belzoni returned to Assouan, and from thence proceeded to Thebes, where he immediately put in train the measures necessary for conveying down the river the Memnon's head, and various other antiquities. The obstacles which were thrown in his way by the obstinacy of the natives, and the intrigues of Drovetti, and other collectors of antiquities, were numerous, and highly disgraceful to their originators. Nevertheless, on the 17th of November, 1816, he succeeded in placing the head on board of a boat, in which he set sail on the 21st for Cairo, where he arrived on the 15th of December, after a voyage of twenty-four days.

From Cairo, Belzoni proceeded with the bust down the Nile to Rosetta and Alexandria; from whence, after having placed his charge in the pasha's warehouses, he quickly returned, for the purpose of proceeding on a second voyage up the Nile. At Eraramoun, near Ashmouneir, Belzoni obtained intelligence that two agents of M. Drovetti were hurrying on towards Thebes, in the hope of forestalling him in the purchase of antiquities, upon which he hired two asses, and, leaving Mr. Beechey to come up slowly with the boat, hurried off by night. On reaching the ruins, after an incredibly fatiguing journey of five days, he found that, although the agents had not arrived, Mr. Salt's neglect, in not paving the way with a handsome present, had so completely irritated the bey, that he had appropriated to the French ex-consul the very ground upon which Belzoni had commenced his excavations during his first journey.

"The most interesting transaction, perhaps, in which our traveller was any where engaged, was his visit to the Necropolis of Thebes in the mountain of Gournou. This is a track of about two miles in length at the foot of the Libyan ridge. Every part of these rocks is scooped out into a sepulchre, which, however close it may be to other sepulchral chambers, has rarely any interior communication with them. It is impossible, as Belzoni observes, to convey by description an adequate idea of these subterraneous abodes and their inhabitants. No other sepulchres in the world resemble them; there are no excavations or mines that can be compared with those astonishing places, which, when once seen, for ever after haunt the imagination, like a glimpse of the regions beyond the grave. Few travellers see more of these catacombs than the exterior chambers, from which the dead have been removed. In the interior sepulchres the air is suffocating, and frequently causes fainting. The dust of decayed mummies, which is so fine that it quickly penetrates in vast quantities to the lungs, and causes a difficulty of respiration; the strong effluvia of decomposed bodies; the dark, dismal, lonesome nature of the place—every thing tends to discourage the intruder. Belzoni was not, however, to be deterred. In describing the difficulties which he here encountered, he observes, 'In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture like a snail, on pointed and keen stones that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me seeming to converse with each other; and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting; till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though fortunately I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed like a bandbox. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not move from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that the body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not help being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads, rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies, piled up in various ways, some standing, some lying, and some on their heads. The purpose of my researches was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri; of which I found a few hidden in their breasts under their arms, and in the space above the knees, or on the legs, and covered by the numerous folds of cloth that envelope the mummy.'

"Belzoni continued indefatigably making new researches both at Gournou and Carnac, but was at length put to flight by the machinations of the French, who had succeeded in gaining over to their party the bey of the province. Having completed his laborious occupations, our traveller returned to his old station at Thebes, where he continued his researches in the valley of Bebanel Malook Here, among other remarkable antiquities, he discovered

one relic of the ancient world, which certainly appears to rank among the most beautiful that have ever been exhumed. 'It is,' says he, 'a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide. Its thickness is only two inches, and it is transparent when a light is placed inside it. It is minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased, united with several emblems, &c. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity, and can only say, that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared to it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out and broken into several pieces.'

"Of the tomb in which this extraordinary monument was found, a model was many years afterwards exhibited in London, and so exceedingly well executed was the representation, that, had it not been for the crowds of visitors, one might easily have imagined oneself in the sepulchres of the Egyptian kings. Belzoni wanted but one thing to render him one of the greatest antiquarian collectors in the world: this one thing was money. But for the lack of this many of his most arduous and well planned enterprises came to nothing.

"From Thebes, with which he was now as familiar as he was with London, he some time after this proceeded to Cairo. He had by this time acquired quite a passion for excavations, tomb-opening, and all those other pursuits by which travellers aim at diving into the mysteries of Egyptian manners and arts; and reflecting upon the success of Captain Caviglia in descending into the well of the Great Pyramid, the project of attempting the opening of the second occurred to him. It were beside my purpose to describe the difficulties which he encountered and overcame in the execution of this design. His labours were incessant; his expenses considerable; but, at length, after success had frequently appeared hopeless, the entrance to the interior chambers was found. 'After thirty days' exertion,' says he, 'I had the pleasure of finding myself in the way to the central chamber of one of the two great pyramids of Egypt, which have long been the admiration of beholders!'

"Having made some other discoveries, he again returned to the valley of the Nile, where he was for some time occupied in the removal of various antiquities. He then descended to the sea-coast, and on the 20th of April, 1819, set out from Rosetta, on an excursion to the district of Fayoum, and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. After roaming about the shores of Lake Mœris for some time, for he had no leisure for making researches, he visited the ruins of Arconde, consisting of a few granite columns, and fragments, and mounds, and burnt bricks. He then prepared to cross the desert to the Oasis, which was an affair of some difficulty. Nevertheless, he at length succeeded in completing his preparations, and commenced his journey, accompanied by a Bedouin guide, and three or four other persons. Even here, in the desert, ruins of Egyptian edifices, beautifully sculptured with hieroglyphics, were found. The scene at first lay among low rocks, sandy hills, and barren valleys, which were gradually exchanged for a plain of sand, as level as the sea, and thickly strewed with brown and black pebbles. They continued during five days their journey over this dreary waste, at the end of which time they perceived the rocks of the Oasis, and beheld two crows coming, as it were to meet them. In the afternoon they entered the valley which is surrounded by high rocks, and forms in the midst a spacious plain, about twelve or fourteen miles long, and about six in breadth. 'There is only a very small portion of the valley cultivated on the opposite side to that which we reached, and it can only be distinguished by the woods of palm-trees which cover it. The rest of the valley is wholly covered with tracks of sand, but it is evidently seen it has once been cultivated every where. Many tracks of land are of a clayey substance, which could be brought into use even now. There are several small hills scattered about some with a natural spring at the top, and covered with rushes and small plants. We advanced towards a forest of date-trees, and before evening we reached within a mile of a village named Zaboo, all of us exceedingly thirsty: here we observed some cultivation, several beds of rice and some sunt trees, &c. Before the camels arrived, they scented the water at a distance: and as they had not drank since they left Rejan, they set off at full gallop, and did not stop till they reached a rivulet, which was quite sweet, although the soil was almost impregnated with salt. I observed here a great many birds, particularly wild ducks, in greater abundance than any other.'

"The first man who perceived them after their entrance into the valley evinced a disposition to shoot Belzoni; but, upon the explanation of the Bedouin guide, consented to conduct them to the village. 'We advanced,' says our traveller, 'and entered a lane between these plants; and as we penetrated further, we entered a most beautiful place, full of dates, intermixed with other trees, some in blossom and others in fruit: these were apricots, figs, almonds, plums, and some grapes. The apricots were in greater abundance than the rest, and the figs were very fine. The soil was covered with verdure of grass and rice, and the whole formed a most pleasing recess, particularly after the barren scenes of the desert.'

"His reception at this village was equivocal, there being several sheikhs, each of whom made pretensions to authority. Some were disposed to treat him kindly, while others, more morose, kept at a distance; but a few cups of coffee, judiciously distributed, and followed by a sheep boiled in rice, reconciled the whole; although they next morning, when they were again hungry, relapsed into their former rude manners. Like all other ignorant people they supposed that he must necessarily be in search of treasure, and for some time refused to conduct him to the ruins of which he was in search; but upon being assured that whatever treasures might be discovered should fall to their share, while all he stipulated for were a few stones, they consented to accompany him. The ruins, which, with much probability, he concluded to be those of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, now served, he found, as a basement for nearly a whole village, in the vicinity of which he discovered the famous 'Fountain of the Sun,' which is warm at midnight and cold at noon. This is a well of sixty feet deep by eight square, which, overflowing in a considerable rivulet, serves to irrigate some cultivated lands. All around is a grove of palm and other trees. The temperature of the water, however, continues at all times the same; all its apparent changes being accounted for by the greater or lesser degree of heat in the atmosphere.

"From this excursion Belzoni returned to Egypt, from whence he embarked for Europe about the middle of September, 1819. After an absence of twenty years he returned to his family; whence he departed for England, where he completed and published his travels. A few years afterwards this enterprising and able traveller fell in an attempt to penetrate into the interior of Africa."

Syrian Hospitality.—In the Travels of John Carne in the East, the following example of Syrian hospitality occurs, and was accepted, as well it might, by the author and his friends, with emotions of lively gratitude:—"We entered the populous town, and instead of making our way as usual to the caravanserai, we resolved to trust to the hospitality of the natives. After winding through several narrow, dirty, and precipitous streets, we at last had the pleasure of alighting at the door of a dwelling, to which a flight of steps conducted us. The household was a large one; several young and good-looking women formed part of it, who received us kindly, and set about in earnest to prepare the supper. The only objection to the luxury of this warm divan was, that all the mysteries of the cooking were obliged to be performed within the settle at the cheerful fire, over which, in intense earnestness, bent the forms of our Syrian hostesses, their dark eyes fixed not on conquest or mischief, but on an excellent omelet, and one or two other preparations. The tresses of their dark hair dropped at times so near the blaze, as to threaten the destruction of that richest ornament of woman. It needed not the strong fatigue of that day's journey, the drizzling rain, and the desolate town without, to enter with strong relish into the scene and its tempting accompaniments. The repast was at last ready; we would fain have shared it with the fair preparers, who had so well received the hostless stranger; but they declined, and stood calmly and silently gazing at the good will with which their viands were devoured. Their figures were slight and very well made, the complexion pale, but the features lively and expressive, with those inseparable features, the raven hair and the dark eye."

THE NIGER.

The Brothers Landers, whose unpublished travels have been already noticed in the Journal, having descended the Cubbie, a stream which falls into the Niger, soon entered the latter, of which we have the following description:—"On all the borders of the numerous branches of the river, as well as on its small islands, vast quantities of corn were growing; and it being near the time of harvest, it was nearly ripe, and waved over the water's edge very prettily. Platforms were everywhere erected to the height of, or rather above the corn, which grows as high as ten or twelve feet. People were stationed on these to scare away the numerous flights of small birds, which do great mischief, and would, without this precaution, destroy the hopes of the cultivator. A boy or girl, and in many cases a woman with a child at her breast, and even a whole family together, we observed on the platforms, amusing themselves in this manner, without the slightest shade or covering of any kind to shelter them from the fierceness of the sunbeams. Standing erect and motionless, many of them looked like statues of black marble rather than living human beings; but others, particularly the women, disregarding their duty, were industriously employed in plaiting straw, supplying the wants of their children, manufacturing mats, dressing provisions, &c. In order the more effectually to frighten away the birds, several of the watchers were furnished with slings and stones, in the use of which they seem to be very skilful; besides these, lines of rope were fastened from the platform to a tree at some distance, to which large calabashes were suspended, with holes in them, through which sticks were passed, so that when the line is pulled away, they make a loud clattering noise. The calabashes are sometimes fastened whole to the rope, containing about a handful of stones, which answer the purpose of making a noise when put in motion, as well as the sticks. To this is often added the hallooing and screaming of the watchers, which is dismal enough to frighten an evil spirit, and it rarely fails to produce the desired effect. The inhabitants of many of the numerous walled towns and open villages on the banks of the Niger, and also of the islands, we find are for the most part Cumbrie people—a poor, despised, and abused, but industrious and hard-working race. They are but too often oppressed and persecuted by their more fortunate and powerful neighbours, who affirm that they are fitted by nature only for slaves, and are therefore invariably treated by them as such."

"Tuesday, Oct. 5th.—Before sunrise this morning, our luggage was removed to the beach, and between six and seven o'clock we were once more upon the water. Just below the town of Bajiebo, the Niger spreads itself into two noble branches, of nearly equal width, formed by an island. We preferred journeying on the eastern, but for no particular reason. The country beyond the banks was very fine. The island in the middle of the river is small, but verdant, woody, and handsome; and we passed by the side of it in a very few minutes, with considerable velocity. It was then that both banks presented the most delightful appearance. They were embellished with mighty trees and elegant shrubs, which were clad in thick and luxuriant foliage, some of lively green, and others of darker hues; and little birds were singing merrily among their branches. Magnificent festoons of creeping plants, always green, hung from the tops of the tallest trees, and drooping to the water's edge, formed immense natural grottoes, pleasing and grateful to the eye, and seemed to be fit abodes for the Naiades of the river!"

Canadian Independence.—It seemed wonderful to think there should be so few among our poorer classes with energy enough to break the chains of poverty, and visit a land where pauperism is yet unknown; where youth and strength supply the catalogue of human wants, and where industry must meet a sure reward. The exuberant abundance of wood for fuel renders the fire-side of the peasant, during the long evenings of winter, a solace equal to that of a wealthier citizen of the world; and as his children, with united strength, drag each log to the hearth, he rejoices at the clearance of the encumbered earth, when those of the civilized world pay dearly for the enjoyment of warmth. An emulative feeling stimulates the natural industry of his constitution. The rattling clank of a neighbour's axe, the crashing fall of a heavy tree, seem to demand responsive exertion on his part, and give rise to an energy, which, even if the tinkling frosty air at his fingers' ends fails to remind him that he has work on hand, quickly rouses within him the spirit of active labour. The work of his young children is of a value to him far exceeding the expense of their maintenance, and he lives in the enjoyment of the consciousness of being able to leave them an inheritance of peace, if not of affluence. With facilities of water-carriage, fish in abundance, and fuel, by the help of his gun, he may complete the necessaries of life, and while the partridge and wild pigeon supply him with variety in food, he has also in store both recreation and amusement.—*Head.*

Filial Affection of the Moors.—A Portuguese surgeon was accosted one day by a young Moor from the country, who, addressing him by the usual appellation of foreign doctors in that place, requested him to give him some *drogues* to kill his father, and, as an inducement, promised to pay him well. The surgeon was a little surprised at first, as might be expected, and was unable to answer immediately; but quickly recovering himself (for he knew the habits of the people well), replied with *sang froid* equal to the Moor's,

Then you don't live comfortably with your father, I suppose?" "Oh, nothing can be better," returned the Moor; 'he has made much money, has married me well, and endowed me with all his possessions; but he cannot work any longer, he is so old, and he seems unwilling to die." The doctor, of course, appreciated the amiable philosophy of the Moor's reasoning, and promised to give him what he desired. He accordingly prepared a cordial potion, more calculated to restore energy to the old man, than to take it away. The Moor paid him well, and departed. About eight days after he came again, to say that his father was not dead. "Not dead!" exclaimed the apothecary, in well-feigned surprise; "he will die." He composed accordingly another draught, for which he received an equal remuneration, and assured the Moor that it would not fail in its effects. In fifteen days, however, the Moor came again, complaining that his father thrived better than ever. "Don't be discouraged," said the doctor, who doubtless found these periodical visits by no means unprofitable, "give him another potion, and I will exert all my skill in its preparation." The Moor took it but returned no more. One day the surgeon met his young acquaintance in the street, and inquired the success of the remedy. "It was of no avail," he replied mournfully; "my father is in excellent health. God has preserved him from all our efforts; there is no doubt that he is a Marabout' —(a Saint.)—*Monthly Magazine.*

Ancient Pottery.—We learn, on the authority of Vitruvius, who wrote in the Augustan age, that the Romans then made their water pipes of potters' clay. This people, who introduced a knowledge of the useful arts practised by themselves wherever their conquests were extended, established potteries in England, where, among other articles, similar water-pipes were made. Some of these, about a century ago, were dug up in Hyde Park. They were found to be two inches in thickness, and were firmly jointed together with common mortar mixed with oil. It has been asserted that the ancient Britons were in the practice of making pottery before the invasion of this country by the Romans; and in support of this belief is brought the fact, that urns of earthenware have been taken from barrows in different parts of the kingdom. On the other hand, the concurring testimony of various writers gives reason for supposing that our ancestors were in those days supplied with such articles by the Venetians. Vestiges of considerable Roman potteries are discernible in many parts of the island, and particularly in Staffordshire, on the site of the great potteries which have so long been carried on in that county. In sinking pits for various purposes, remains of Roman potteries have occasionally been discovered there at a considerable depth below the surface.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

Curious Law in Holland.—There are two things of a peculiar character in Holland, which deserve to be noticed. One is the enactment authorizing husbands, wives, and children, to be imprisoned in a house of correction set apart for the chastisement of offences against the laws by which the relations of social life are governed. The other, a contrivance for compelling the incorrigibly idle to work. At one end of the room is a pump, and a stream of water runs in from the ceiling; so that unless the prisoner labour continually, he must inevitably be drowned.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

Column for the Studious and Scientific.

PROGRESSIVE CONDITION OF MAN.

While the inferior races of animals seem to have changed as little in any respect since the beginning of human records, as the trees and herbs of the thickets which give many of them shelter, the condition of man himself has fluctuated, and, on the whole, progressed, in a very remarkable manner The inferior animals were formed by their Creator such, that, within one life or generation, they should attain all the perfection of which their nature was susceptible. Their wants were either immediately provided for—as instanced in the clothing of feathers to birds, and of furs to quadrupeds; or were so few and simple, that the supply was easy to very limited powers—except in a few cases where considerable art was required, as by the bee in making its honey-cell, or by the bird in constructing its beautiful nest, and there, a peculiar aptitude or instinct was bestowed. Thus a crocodile which issues from its egg in the warm sand, and never sees its parent, becomes as perfect and knowing as any crocodile that has lived before or that will appear after it. But how different from this is the story of man! He comes into the world the most helpless of living beings, long to continue so; and if deserted by parents at an early age, so that he can learn only what the experience of one life may teach him—as to a few individuals has happened who yet have attained maturity in woods and deserts—he grows up in some respects inferior to the nobler brutes. Now, as regards many regions of the earth, history exhibits the early human inhabitants in states of ignorance and barbarism, not far removed from this lowest possible grade, which civilized men may shudder to contemplate. But these countries, occupied formerly by straggling hordes of miserable savages, who could scarcely defend themselves against the wild beasts that shared the woods with them, and the inclemencies of the weather, and the consequences of want and fatigue, and who to each other were often more dangerous than any wild beasts, unceasingly warring among themselves, and destroying each other with every species of savage, and even cannibal, cruelty—countries so occupied formerly, are now become the abodes of myriads of peaceful, civilized, and friendly men, where the desert and impenetrable forest are changed into cultivated fields, rich gardens, and magnificent cities. It is the strong intellect of man, operating with the faculty of language as a means, which has gradually worked this wonderful change. By language fathers communicated their gathered experience and reflections to their children, and these to succeeding children, with new accumulation: and when, after many generations, the precious store had grown until simple memory could retain no more, the arts of writing, and then of printing, arose, making language visible and permanent, and enlarging illimitably the repositories of knowledge. Language thus, at the present moment of the world's existence, may be said to bind the whole human race of uncounted millions into one gigantic rational being, whose memory reaches to the beginnings of written records, and retains imperishably the important events that have occurred; whose judgment, analyzing the treasures of memory, has discovered many of the sublime and unchanging laws of nature, and has built on them all the arts of life, and through them, piercing far into futurity, sees clearly many of the events that are to come; and whose eyes and ears and observant mind at this moment, in every corner of the earth, are watching and recording new phenomena, for the purpose of still better comprehending the magnificence and beautiful order of creation, and of more worthily adoring its beneficent author. But there is a change going on in the world, connected closely with the progress of science, yet distinct from it, and more important than half of the scientific discoveries—it is the *diffusion of existing knowledge* among the mass of mankind. Formerly knowledge was shut up in convents and universities, and in books written in the dead languages—or in books which, if in the living languages, were so abstruse and artificial, that only a few persons had access to their meaning; and thus, considering the human race as one great intellectual creature, a small fraction only of its intellect was allowed to come in contact with science, and therefore into activity; which fraction, moreover, was often only half exerted, because sufficient motive was wanting. The progress of science in those times was correspondingly slow, and the evils of general ignorance prevailed. Now, however, the strong barriers which confined the stores of wisdom have been thrown down, and a flood overspreads the earth; old establishments are adapting themselves to the spirit of the age; new establishments are arising; the inferior schools are introducing improved systems of instruction; and good books are rendering every man's fire-side a school. From all these causes there is growing up an *enlightened public opinion*, which quickens and directs the progress of every art and science, and through the medium of a free press, although overlooked by many, is more rapidly becoming the governing influence in all the affairs of man. In Great Britain, partly perhaps as a consequence of its insular situation, which lessened among its inhabitants the dread of hostile invasion, and sooner formed them into a united and compact people, the progress of enlightened public opinion has been more decided than in any other state.—*Arnott's Physics.*

DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.

The perfection of astronomical instruments has afforded the prospect of being able to determine the *Annual Parallax*, and consequently the distance of the fixed stars; but the quantity of deviation is so small as to have hitherto eluded the closest observation. It cannot amount to a single second in the most conspicuous and probably the nearest of the stars. These luminous bodies must therefore be more distant at least *two hundred thousand* times than the measure of the diameter of the earth. The light emitted from such neighbouring suns, though it flies with enormous rapidity, must yet travel more than six thousand years before it approaches the confines of our system But scattered over the immensity of space, there may exist bodies which, by their magnitude and predominant attraction, retain or recall the rays of light, and are lost in solitude and darkness. Had the celerity of the luminous particles not exceeded four hundred miles in a second, we should never have enjoyed the cheering beams of the sun. They would have been arrested in their journey, and drawn back to their source, before they reached the orbit of Mercury. But a star similar to our sun, and having a diameter 63 times greater, would entirely overpower the impetus of light.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

FARENHEIT.

The first who succeeded in constructing thermometers with adequate skill was Fahrenheit. This ingenious man had been a merchant at Dantzic, and through misfortune failed in business; but having a good taste for mechanics, he removed into Holland and settled as a philosophical instrument maker at Amsterdam. He began with spirit of wine thermometers, which he formed much smaller and neater than had been attempted before. But he soon preferred quicksilver, and having found it to expand from freezing water to blood heat, about 60 parts in 10,000, he assumed the number 64, and obtained the degrees by repeated bisections. In this practice he was confirmed, on observing what he considered as extreme cold, to descend just through half that space, or 32 degrees. From a mixture of water, ice, and sal ammoniac, the scale commenced; 32 degrees were allotted for the interval to ice-water, and 64 more for the ascent to blood heat. But he afterwards enlarged the range, and assumed another point from the limit of boiling water, which he placed at the 212th degree in the mean state of the atmosphere, though liable to some variation from the change of barometic pressure. Such was now his confidence in the delicacy of the construction, that he proposed the thermometer as an instrument for ascertaining the heights of mountains from the depressed temperature of boiling water; a very simple method, which has been lately revived by the reverend Mr. Wollaston.—*Ibid.*

EXPERIMENTS ON THE CHANGES OF WIND.

Dr. Forster of Boreham has found, by a long series of experiments made with small air balloons, that the upper currents of air, which cross each other in various directions in more elevated regions of the atmosphere, *usually come down, and blow next to the surface of the earth and the waters, in the same order of succession in which they have previously blown aloft.* He thinks, likewise, that the currents of wind which he has encountered in his numerous journeys over mountains, in the pursuit of meteorological phenomena, have been explained on similar principles to those which blow over the sea; and that the Alpine gales which cross the mountain-tops in the Swiss and Savoyard Alps, descend and sweep the vallies within the space of thirty hours. These experiments were begun so long ago as the year 1811; and after fifty or more experiments with small balloons, and nearly double that number with large kites, tied one above another, so as to ascend to great heights, he has deduced the result, not only that upper currents descend to the earth, but also that gales of wind are usually circumvolvent, like whirlwinds of great extent, and do not, as has been hitherto supposed, blow in straight lines. Dr. Forster has likewise made the important remark, that during his last aërial voyage in a very large balloon, filled with inflammable air, he moved in a circuitous or gyrating course, the periphery of which diminished, or, in other words, the curvature *increased* as the balloon *ascended*, and that in proportion as the spiral approached its vertex, at the elevation of above six thousand feet, the motion was slower. This circumstance is exceedingly curious, being the reverse of the mechanical law, according to which equal areas are described in equal times by revolving bodies, and it tends, therefore, to prove that the causes of wind are not mechanical, but electrical.

POLARIZATION OF LIGHT.

Some remarkable facts accompanying the double refraction produced by Iceland spar, which Bartolin, Huyghens, and Newton, had observed, led the latter to conceive the singular idea that a ray of light after its emergence from such a crystal acquires *sides*, that is to say, distinct relations to surrounding space, which it carries with it through its whole subsequent course, and which give rise to all those curious and complicated phenomena which are now known under the name of the *polarization of light.* These results, however, appeared so extraordinary, and offered so little handle for further inquiry, that their examination dropped, as if by common consent; Newton himself resting content with urging strongly the apparent incompatibility of these properties with the Huyghenian doctrine, but without making any attempt to explain them by his own. From the period of Newton's optical discoveries to the commencement of the present century, no great accession to our knowledge of the nature of light was made, if we except one, which, from its invaluable practical application, must ever hold a prominent place in the annals both of art and science: we mean the discovery of the prinicple of the achromatic telescope, which originated in a discussion between the celebrated geometer Euler, Klingenstierna, an eminent Swedish philosopher, and our own countryman, the admirable optician Dollond. After a long torpor, the knowledge of the properties of light began to make fresh progress about the end of the last century, advancing with an accelerated rapidity, which has continued unabated to the present time. The example was set by our late admirable and lamented countryman, Dr. Wollaston, who re-examined and verified the laws of double refraction in Iceland spar announced by Huyghens. Attention being thus drawn to the subject, the geometry of Laplace soon found a means of explaining at least one portion of the mystery of this singular phenomenon, by the Newtonian theory of light, applied unto certain supposed conditions; and the reasoning which led him to the result (at that time quite unexpected) may justly be regarded as one of his happiest efforts. The prosecution of the subject, which had now acquired a high degree of interest, was encouraged by the offer of a prize on the part of the French Academy of Sciences; and it was in a memoir which received this honourable reward on that occasion, in 1810, that Malus, a retired officer of engineers in the French army, announced the great discovery of the *polarization of light* by ordinary reflection at the surface of a transparent body. Malus found that when a beam of light is reflected from the surface of such a body at a certain angle, it acquires precisely the same singular property which is impressed upon it in the act of double refraction, and which Newton had before expressed by saying that it possessed *sides.* This was the first circumstance which pointed out a connection between that hitherto mysterious phenomenon and any of the ordinary modifications of light; and it proved ultimately the means of bringing the whole within the limits, if not of a complete explanation, at least of a highly plausible theoretical representation. So true is, in science, the remark of Bacon, that no natural phenomenon can be adequately studied *in itself alone*, but, to be understood, must be considered *as it stands connected with all nature.*—*Herschel's Natural Philosophy.*

INVENTION OF THE COMPASS.

The valuable invention of the compass is equally involved in mystery, and its real discoverer is unknown. Lafiteau, in his history of the Portuguese Discovery in the New World, says, that Vasco di Gama brought it to Lisbon from the coast of Africa, on his return from Melinda, where the Arabs then used it, and he believed the Portuguese to have been until then ignorant of it. Some attribute it to Flavia Gioja, of Amalphi, about the year 1302; while others again are of opinion that the invention is due to the Chinese, and that one of their emperors, a celebrated astrologer, was acquainted with it 1120 years before the Christian era; nor have others again been wanting, who have supported the opinion that it was known in the time of Solomon. The ancient Greeks and Romans are also supposed by some to have used it, but the silence of Pliny on this subject, says Senor Navarete, "renders this doubtful."—*Nautical Magazine.*

MARINE POPULATION.

The ocean teems with life—the class of polyps alone are conjectured by Lamarck to be as strong individuals as insects. Every tropical reef is described as bristling with corals, budding with sponges, and swarming with crustacea, echini, and testacea, while almost every tide-washed rock is carpeted with fuci and studded corallines, actiniæ, and mollusca. There are innumerable forms in the seas of the warmer zones, which have scarcely begun to attract the attention of the naturalists; and there are parasitic animals without number, three or four of which are sometimes appropriated to one genus, as to the Balæna, for example. Even though we concede, therefore, that the geographical range of marine species is more extensive in general than that of the terrestrial (the temperature of the sea being more uniform, and the land impeding less the migrations of the oceanic than the ocean those of the terrestrial), yet we think it most probable that the aquatic species far exceed in number the inhabitants of the land. Without insisting on this point, we may safely assume, as we before stated, that, exclusive of microscopic beings, there are between one and two millions of species now inhabiting the terraqueous globe; so that if only one of these were to become extinct annually, and one were to be every year called into being, more than a million of years would be required to bring about a complete revolution in organic life.—*Lyell's Geology.*

SONNETS BY WORDSWORTH

ADMONITION.

[Intended more particularly for the Perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!
—The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirred thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!
But covet not the Abode;—forbear to sigh,
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf, with harsh impiety.
Think what the Home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,
The roses to the Porch which they entwine:
Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touched would melt, and melt away.

GRANDEUR OF NATURE.

The Stars are mansions built by Nature's hand:
The Sun is peopled; and with Spirits blest,
Say, can the gentle Moon be unpossest?
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A Habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fort, erected at her sage command.
Is this a vernal thought? Even so: the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art—
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning
Abodes, where self-disturbance hath no part.

EMIGRATION.

The next farm which Mr. Fergusson visited was that of Mr Chesney, and which he marks No. 3, in the list. "This farm," says he, "measures 106 acres, with wood sufficient for the use of the property. About forty acres of very fine holm, capable of yielding, I was assured, 40 or 45 bushels of oats, or other grain in proportion. This farm could be had for 530*l.*, and would certainly return 45*l.* or 50*l.* clear. It was in very fair order.

4th, Mr. Vely's farm, 118 acres, 40 acres of most superior holm; the upland good; with a stream running through it.—The houses appeared to be new. This farm could be had for 400*l.*, and the return could not be less than 35*l.* or 40*l.*

5th, A farm of 300 acres, occupied by Colonel Grant, at a rent of 300 dollars, 67*l.* 10*s.* The soil is good loam; nine parts of it are clay. A new dwelling-house, and a good barn, with a valuable wood lot. It might be bought for 1500*l.*

The whole of these properties were evidently susceptible of great improvement, though in foul and bad condition. The local situation was good; the Champlain Canal passing within half a mile, but separated by the river. The roads are either already turnpike, or becoming such, though certainly not of a description to pass through the ordeal of Mr. Macadam. Nos. 3 and 4 are contiguous, and might be advantageously thrown into one estate.

The American farmers live comfortably, and at a very moderate expense. Candles and soap are generally manufactured from kitchen refuse. A good housewife assured me, that the butcher's-meat for her family, fifteen in number, did not exceed *in whole* 1*s.* per day (three meals,) except when she allowed them turkeys and other poultry, when she reckoned the expense at 2*s.* 6*d.* The flour consumed did not exceed 4*s.* 6*d.* per week. They have fruit, both fresh and preserved, in the utmost profusion; and the cyder barrel is always ready broached. A good many articles of clothing are spun, or woven at home; and the geese are subjected to periodical contributions towards the bedding of the household, or the feathers sold at a good price.

At a later period in my tour, I passed through a considerable portion of the Genessee country, celebrated for its great fertility, and the superior quality of its produce. Upon entering this part of New York State from Canada, I was immediately struck by the superior quality of the cattle. On many farms I observed a variety of these in shape and size greatly resembling the heavy class of our West Highlanders. They were chiefly of a dark brindled colour, and many of them really handsome. I did not see one portion of the Genessee district, which is said to be uncommonly rich; but that came under my view, in a journey of between three and four hundred miles, in this part of the country, was certainly very fine. The surface is finely undulated—rivers, brooks, lakes, farms, villages, and forest scenery, all presenting themselves in succession. The soil is sometimes rather light, but generally a good, and often a rich black loam.

The crops of wheat, clover, rye, pease, and Indian corn, all looked well; and the orchards of peach, plum, apple, &c. were richly laden with blossom. The houses and buildings I found generally very good. Where land is let for a money rent, it is commonly 4*s.* 6*d.* per acre. Old farms sell from 4*l.*, 10*s.* to 9*l.* per acre, including houses, orchards, &c.

I found every where in this quarter noble single trees, elm, oak, &c. judiciously left in the fields, affording both ornament and shelter, and the total absence of which, in many cultivated portions of Canada and the States, gives an appearance of nakedness even in situations where wood is treated as a nuisance. I would remark, also, that a great improvement, in shelter and beauty, would be effected, by frequently substituting hedges for rail-fences. An English farmer near Geneva, I was informed, has miles of fine hawthorn hedges, four feet high, and completely belying the assertion that thorns will not succeed in America. His practise is to plant in a *trench*, not upon a ridge or bank, as the great risk of failure is from the summer drought. Before reaching Albany, I travelled the greatest part of one day through the valley of the Mohawk, and upon which lie the rich German flats. It is a noble country, and the land of the first quality, but farmed too often in a slovenly manner. The country of Michigan, which I have selected as a sample of new settlement in the west, has, in a great degree, supplanted Ohio, Illinois, &c. It lies between 41° 31′ and 45° 40′ N. Lat., and 5° 12′ and 10° West Long., to the westward of Lake Erie, and including an immense extent of country capable of improvement, with fine water privileges. Detroit, an old French town, is its capital. By a reference to the map, it will be seen that Michigan can readily avail itself of New York, New Orleans, or Montreal, as markets, and must, of course, derive from such facilities of intercourse considerable advantage. The climate is temperate and healthy. Winter sets in generally about the middle of November, and continues till about the middle of March. At Detroit, in 1818, the mean heat of January was 24°; and in 1820, the mean heat of July was 69°; of December 27°. The soil is in general a good fertile loam, upon limestone; and, in some places, a calcareous earth is turned up, mixed with the common soil, which is extremely productive. Clay is also prevalent in some parts. This territory is better watered than any other in the United States. There is an abundance of game, deer, bears, hares, ducks, turkeys, quails, &c., and it is finely diversified with lakes and brooks, rising in most parts from copious springs.

Michigan is not yet admitted into the Union as a state. Intelligent settlers consider this to be no disadvantage. The expense of their public works, as roads, bridges, jails, court-houses, &c., is defrayed by the general government, in place of being assessed upon themselves; and although they cannot boast of one or two members of Congress, their interests are sufficiently watched by a delegate, who resides at Washington for that purpose. Mr. Stackhouse describes the scenery as in many places highly romantic. The timber consists of black walnut, elm, beech, oak, hickory sugar maple, &c. The produce of the land runs from 25 to 50 bushels after one bushel sown of wheat, Indian corn, &c. Turnips are likely to succeed well, also beet and mangel wurzel. Prices of stock, &c. seem to be much the same as in Canada. Horses cost from 18*l.* to 22*l.* 10*s.*; oxen from 15*l.* to 18*l.* a pair. Mechanics are establishing themselves wherever demand for their labour is found. The lakes and rivers abound with fish, as trout, white fish, bass, &c., and game is plentiful. The Indians are found in the more remote parts of the country, but they are perfectly harmless, and seldom come near the settlers. I may add, that the journey from Michigan to New York is easily accomplished in six days.

In 1820, a government expedition was sent into the western country, for the purpose of ascertaining the natural advantages and productions. The report is highly favourable to the fertility and capabilities of Michigan. An extensive range of country upon the River and Bay of Saganaw, on Lake Huron, is spoken of, in terms of high admiration, for the richness of the soil, and natural beauty of the scenery, and also as presenting uncommon inducements to enterprising and industrious farmers and mechanics, from its central and advantageous position for business. Saganaw Bay is about 60 miles in length, and 30 miles wide, with numerous fine islands. It is 180 miles west of Detroit. Game is mentioned to be very abundant, consisting of deer, bear, brown rabbit, or hare, weighing about 6lb., partridge or grouse, pigeons, ducks, &c. Fox River is also specially noticed as highly desirable for settlers, in regard to quality of soil, beauty, and local advantages. It runs into the west end of Lake Michigan.—*Agricultural Journal.—To be continued.*

Italian Tyranny.—All that Gian Maria Visconti preserved of sovereign power was an unbounded indulgence in every vice. His libertinism would hardly have been remarked; he was chiefly signalized by the frightful pleasure which he sought in the practice of cruelty. He was passionately devoted to the chase; but such sports soon failed to quench his thirst for cruelty. The tortures inflicted on mute animals, not finding expression by speech, did not come up to his ferocious ideas of enjoyment. He therefore resolved to substitute men for brute animals, and caused all the criminals condemned by the tribunals to be given up to him as objects of this inhuman sport. He had his hounds fed with human flesh, in order to render them more ferocious in tearing their victims; and when ordinary convicts were scarce, he denounced to the tribunals even the crimes in which he had participated, to obtain the condemnation of his accomplices; after which he delivered them to his huntsman, Squarcia Giramo, charged with providing for the ducal chase. He was at last, on the 16th of May, 1412, assassinated by some Milanese nobles.—*Sismondi's Italian Republics.*

LAVALLETTE.

Count Lavallette, in early life, was an attached friend of the Bourbon dynasty, but the exciting events of the revolution having opened up to him the prospect of an ambitious career, he became one of the most intrepid soldiers and supporters of the French republic. During the latter years of the reign of Napoleon, he held the chief place in the Post establishment, from which he retired on the introduction of the Bourbons. He was now accused for having been an accomplice in the conspiracy which brought on the events which terminated in the battle of Waterloo, and, after two days' discussion, was condemned to death. Immured in prison, he endeavoured to avert his fate by a writ of error, but this, along with a petition for pardon presented by Madame Lavallette, was refused. "The day of his execution approached," says the writer of his Memoirs; "the unfortunate man had no hope left; the turnkeys themselves trembled. On the eve of that last day, the Countess Lavallette entered his prison. She had put on a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to wear when she left a ball-room; in her reticule she had a black silk gown. Coming up to her husband, she assured him, with a firm voice, that all was lost, and he had nothing more to hope than in a well combined escape. She showed him the woman's attire, and proposed to him to disguise himself. Every precaution had been taken to secure his escape. A sedan chair would receive him on his coming out of prison; a cabriolet waited for him on the Quay des Orferres—a devoted friend, a safe retreat, would answer any further objections. M. Lavallette listened to her without approving of so hazardous a plan—he was resigned to his fate, and refused to fly from it. 'I know how to act my part in a tragedy,' he said, but spare me the burlesque farce. I shall be apprehended in this ridiculous disguise, and they will, perhaps, expose me to the mockery of the mob! On the other hand, if I escape, you will remain a prey to the insolence of prison valets, and to the persecution of my enemies.' 'If you die, I die; save your life to save mine!' The prisoner yielded to her urgent entreaties. 'Now put on the disguise,' she added; 'it is time to go: no farewell—no tears—your hours are counted!' And when the toilet was finished, 'Adieu,' she said; 'do not forget to stoop when you pass under the wickets, for fear the feathers of your bonnet should stick fast.' She then pulled the bell, and rushed behind a screen. The door opened—he passed, followed by an old servant of his wife, and leaning on his daughter's arm. When they arrived at the sedan chair, the chairmen were not there. The soldiers of the guard-house had assembled to see Madame Lavallette, and looked on without moving!' This was a fearful moment. The men arrived at last; the chair went off. A few minutes later, a cabriolet, drawn by a swift horse, rolled over the stones of the Pont Michel. This took place on the 23d of December; M. Lavallette remained concealed in Paris until the 10th of January. A singular favour of fortune gave him as a retreat the very roof under which lived one of his political enemies, equally powerful by his name, his station, and his wealth. From the garret floor which Lavallette inhabited, he heard persons crying in the streets the police ordinance which prescribed search after his person. The barriers were shut; the delivery of passports suspended; expresses, bearing the description of his person, were flying about on every side. In the chambers, in the court circles, the utmost consternation prevailed among those who were convinced that all was lost if M. Lavallette was not retaken. Paris, however, rejoiced, while the police, falsely accused of connivance, burned with impatience to damp the public joy, and answer, by a feat worthy of its zeal, the complaints of the gilded drawing-rooms, and the reproaches that re-echoed from the tribune. In the midst of all these dangers, Count Lavallette lived, protected by a family to whom he was personally unknown, but whose courageous friendship helped him to bear the agonies of his concealment. His days passed on between agreeable conversation and diversified reading; a double-barrelled pistol, hid under his pillow, like a talisman, secured to him some nightly rest. This lasted seventeen days. Finally, on the 9th of January, 1816, at eight o'clock in the morning, he went on foot with a friend to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings, and next day, at the very hour when a gibbet was being put up on the Place de Greve for his execution in effigy, he set off, dressed in English regimentals, with Sir Robert Wilson, crossed the barriers in an open cabriolet, and proceeded to Mons. During this journey, M. Lavallette, who did not know one word of English, was forced to keep a handkerchief to his face, as if he had been suffering from a violent toothache, that he might not be under the necessity of speaking to the numerous English officers that stopped his guide on the road. Once, at Compiegne, having entered a public room in an inn, a travelling clerk of a trading house told him the whole history of his escape from prison, accompanied by the most ridiculous circumstances; and adding between every sentence the words, 'You may believe me, for I was in Paris at the time.' Another time, near the frontiers, a captain of gendarmerie asked for their passports, and took them with him. M. Lavallette travelled under the name of Colonel Lossack. The captain came back a long while afterwards, saying that there was no colonel of that name in the English army. Sir Robert replied, that he was talking nonsense; that they were fools for staying so long; and, making a sign to the postilions, they set off at full speed. At Mons his generous guide was to leave him. M Lavallette, deeply affected, pressed his hands while expressing his gratitude; but Sir Robert, still maintaining his wonted gravity, smiled, without replying. At last, after half an hour's silence, he turned to M. Lavallette, and said in the most serious manner possible, 'Now, pray, my dear friend, why did you not like to be guillotined?' M. Lavallette stared at him, surprised at such a question. 'Yes,' added Sir Robert; 'I have been told you solicited as a favour, to be shot.' 'Because the condemned person is placed in a cart, his hands tied behind his back, then he is bound to a plank, which is slipped under the axe.' 'Ah! I understand; you did not wish to have your throat cut like a calf.' M. Lavallette crossed a part of Germany, and soon entered upon the hospitable soil of Bavaria. The King received him with great zeal, and protected him against the French Ministry, who insisted on his being delivered up to them. The Duchess of St. Leu offered him her house, and Prince Eugene lavished on him all the consolations of friendship." In 1822, Lavallette was restored to his native country, by letters of pardon granted by Louis XVIII.

Louis XIV.—Madame de Maintenon.—The King lived in perpetual violation of every moral duty; but during his effective reign of 55 years, he never ate meat on a fast day but when ill, and never was absent a single day from mass but once, on a very long march of his army. Mad. de Maintenon accumulated all the outward means of human enjoyment. According to the estimate of the world, she was the most prosperous of women. But her own descriptions betray the difference between prosperity and happiness. In looking into a fish pond at Marly, she said to a friend, "You see how languid the carp are. They are like me; they regret their mud." "What a punishment," she often bitterly exclaimed, "it is to have to amuse a man who is no longer amuseable!"—*Edinburgh Review.*

Steam Engines.—It was some years ago ascertained with some degree of certainty, that there were in this country, 15,000 steam engines at work, some of almost incredible power; in Cornwall there is one of 600 horse power. Taking it for granted, that on an average these engines are each of 25 horse power, this would be equal to 375,000 horses. According to Mr. Watt's calculation, 5½ men are equal to the power of a horse; we have thus, therefore, a power, through the medium of steam engines, equal to near two millions of men. Each horse, for his keep per year, requires the produce of two acres of land; and thus 750,000 acres are at the disposal of the inhabitants of Great Britain, more than if the same work, which is now done by steam, had to be performed by horses.

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PRIVATE LIFE OF JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND

(Concluded.)

In 1503, James formed that alliance with the Princess Margaret of England, which, one hundred years after, united the sovereignty of the two countries, and paved the way for a more intimate and beneficial connection. His preparations for this solemn ceremony were upon a most magnificent scale: the entries extend through forty leaves of the record. No less a sum than 1045*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*, Flemish money, is spent in the purchase of silver plate in Flanders. July 16, 1503, there was given "to Matho Auchlek, goldsmyth, that wantit of the Kingis croune v. ridaris [a denomination of weight] twa Scottish crownis, half ane angell, weyand ane unce," equal to seven pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. Many other entries occur relative to the repairing of the regalia, and a new crown to the queen. Amongst an immense variety of household furnishings, including the state bed, dresses, &c., occurs the following:—"Item, brocht fra James Hommil ane pece of Hercules, ane pece of Marcus Cori[ol]anus, twa peces of Susanna sewit togidder, ane cover for ane bed of Susanna, ane pece of Salamone, contening in the hale ten score elne, and bocht all for" one hundred and sixty pounds. Two "hary nobles" [reader, be not alarmed, coins are meant*] are given "to gilt the Kingis cepture." On the day of the marriage, the following entry is made:—'The 8 day of August, the King was spoussit, and giffin to him, quhilk he laid on the buke, vi. demyis and v. shillings quhyt silver." "Item, to put in his caudill, and the Quenis caudill, ij. French crowns." But the most curious remains:—"Item, the 9 day of August, efter the mariage, for xv. elne claith of gold to the Comites [Countess] of Surrey of Ingland, quhen sche and her dochter Lady Gray *clippit the Kingis berde*, ilk elne xxiij*l.*," three hundred and thirty pounds. This somewhat expensive frolic acquires a melancholy interest from the reflection, that only ten years after, the husband of the fair barber (who, in fact, conducted the Queen into Scotland, met and slew the King of Scots at Flodden! August 10, the sum of fourteen shillings was paid "to Maistr. James Henrisonnis man, of bridill silver of ane hors giffen for the Quene, for hir hors were brynt in Dalkeyth." Dalkeith was the last stage of the Queen's journey before she arrived at Edinburgh; and this, we should suppose, refers to some accident which had befallen her stable at that town. We learn that the "carturis of Leith," a class of men still existing in an associated capacity, received six pounds twelve shillings for the use of twenty-two carts (six shillings each) to bring "the Quenis gere [luggage] to Edinburghe fra Dalkeith." Numerous sums were disbursed to persons of the Queen's train. Twelve pounds is paid for a present of "Hollande claith giffen to the Archbishope of Zork." The "trumpitis of Ingland" got forty French crowns; "the Inglish spelair (climber) that playt the supersalt" is honoured with five; and the "eight Inglis menstralis" (of whom four remain with the Queen) got forty. The "bere ledair of Ingland" receives eight crowns; "the portair" eight, "to by him ane hors;" and "the cofferair" gets eighty "Scotch ridaris," which were equal to ninety-two pounds. The "cofferair" must have been an official connected with "the Inglise coffir," for which four shillings are paid on the 12th August, to six men that carried it "fra the Abbey to the Castell of Edinburghe." Probably the coffer contained the first instalment of the Queen's dowry, which altogether consisted of thirty thousand gold angels, payable in three equal portions.

The marriage, as related by our historians, was celebrated with many of those chivalric exercises of which the King was so fond. Accordingly, we find innumerable entries on this score. "August 21—payit to Johne Mayne, bowar, for sixty justing speris at the mariage, ilk pece iijs.," nine pounds. "Item, for sex score speris for tournaying," eighteen pounds. "Item, ane blak burdowne spere," five shillings. "Item, to Robert Cutelar, for 24 swordis, 41 lang, and 12 short swordis, for turnaying, ilk pece 10 shillings," forty pounds. Sums are paid for "spere hedis," and for "virales and diemandis for speris." "September 19—to ane man to pas to Strivelin (Stirling) for bataile axes and swordis, and to cum agane that nycht," nine shillings, "October 24—to the heraldis for their compositioune of the eschet of the barres quhen Christofere Tailyour faught," six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. "November 22—to Moncur, armorar, for ane pair of cuschingis, brases, and mending of the Kingis harness, at the turnaying," five French crowns. It is certainly curious to see the glitter of a tournament thus traced to the workshop, and expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is equally curious to trace, in the succeeding year, the whole paraphernalia, pomp, and circumstance, of a justiciary expedition to the Borders, for the repression of the thieves and broken men. This affair, styled the Raid of Eskdale, commenced in July, 1504; and every item of the expense is regularly entered by the Lord Treasurer. It is a strikingly characteristic circumstance, or seems to be so, that the first expense is for horses to carry two of the King's *minstrels* into Eskdale, as if it had been necessary that provision should be made beforehand for entertaining his Majesty with music whenever he should arrive at the scene of operations. Then there are expenses for new "leg-splentis" [*greaves*] to the King, for "twa dosane arrowes" and as many bow-strings, and for new jacks to several of his attendants, among whom is Thomas Boswell, the founder of the family of Auchinlek. James Hog, the tale-teller, gets eight-and-twenty shillings in part payment of "twa horse" to take the King's harness or armour into Eskdale. Twelve pounds are paid for four cross-bows and a hundred bolts; and five pounds and tenpence for "five pair spuris to the King, twa pair sterap irnis, twelve riding-girths," &c. The King's *lect de camp*, or portable bed, is mended at an expense of four shillings, and carried forward to Eskdale for a further sum. There are some entries of a rather suspicious character, for two ladies respectively designated "Besse Haig, and Besse Bertrame." For instance, August 2, 1504—to Andro Aytoun, for Besse Haigis expense ilk day, xij. d.;" "the 10 day of August in Bigar to Besse Bertrame, be the Kingis command," twenty-eight shillings. But, without further evidence, we do not consider ourselves entitled to draw any inference from these delicate premises.

The King appears to have gone first to Dumfries, passing through Biggar. August 13—forty-two shillings are disbursed at Dumfries, "to menstralis, to fe thaim tors to Eskdale, and syne againe to Dumfriese." "August 14—to the piparis of Dumfreise, xiiijs." The next entry under our notice occurs on the 17th, when fourteen shillings are paid "to the man that hangit the thievis at the Hullirbuss," besides eightpence "for ane raip to hang thaim in"—all pretty men, no doubt, and well lamented by the ladies of Langholm. Four days after, fourteen shillings are paid "to the man that hangit the thievis in Canonby." On the same evening, "the King was regaled with singing by two English women in his palliounе," at an expense of four-and-twenty shillings. Fifty-six shillings are given under the same date to "ane Ingliseman that gaif ane bow and arrowes to the King." About this time, nine shillings are paid to "ane gyde to pas with Sir Thomas Alane to Edinburghe, for wyne to the King in Eskdale." On the 23d of August the King is at Lochmaben, in company with the English warden, Lord Dacre, to whom he loses several sums at cards. He is again at Dumfries on the 7th, when he buys "ane Portugale skin to be halk hudis," for which fourteen shillings are paid by the treasurer. Next day a curious entry occurs—"Be the Kingis command, to William Spicehouse, in contentacioune of ane ring quhilk the King take fra him," fourteen shillings. On the 9th, five shillings are paid to "ane wif quhair the King baitet at the halking." The King, in this expedition, not only had his minstrels to cheer his hours of relaxation, but also musical instruments, and those not the most portable. "September 11—to Johne Goldsmythe, for tursing [*packing and carrying*] of the *organis* in Eskdale," forty-two shillings. An entry, exhibiting the King's sense of justice and generosity, takes place at this time:—"September 14—in Lochmaben, to ane puir man that all the court tak his hay fra him," ten shillings. Various other entries to the same effect are scattered throughout the accounts. For instance, on the very same day, he gives a unicorn, or eight-and-twenty shillings, to "ane Ingliseman that was ship-broken." In his journies he frequently gives small sums (generally sixteenpence) to "pur wyffis be the gait." In September, 1488, when just beginning his reign, he gives two pounds fourteen shillings "to pure wyffis of Ballincrefe that had thare gudis takin away be Johne Stewart," and on the same day eighteen shillings "till oder twa pure wiffis that the King spilt [spoiled] there corn."

At Lochmaben on the 17th, being then on his return to the capital, he orders fourteen shillings to be given "to the crukit vicar of Dumfreise, that sang to the King." Between the 17th and 19th, he seems to have been at Peebles:—'Item, in Peblis, to ane man of the lard of Dawikis, that brocht twa fair hounds to the King," fourteen shillings. This country gentleman had brought him a present of live herons at his marriage; and we now find a man feed with nine shillings and sixpence "to bere quik herounis to Dunfermlyne fra Peblis," probably a second present from Dawick. His return to the capital is marked by his giving twelve pence on the 19th "to ane wif on the mure of Edinburghe."

It is well known that James suffered considerably from remorse on account of the concern which he had, however innocently, in his father's death. Beneath all his gaieties there lurked a rankling care; and though his exterior was that of a gallant and *insouciant* knight, he wore next his skin a heavy penitential chain, to which a link was added every year. As another method of making his peace with Heaven, he used to undertake pilgrimages to the remote shrine of St. Duthoc at Tain, which was then held in particular sanctity. The accounts upon one of these journies afford a curious jumble of gay and solemn things; for it is to be observed that there was no penitence by the way. The whole train of minstrels, and other officials necessary to the King's pleasure, are carried with him; and he indulges as much as usual in sports and games. "October 14, 1508—in Brechin, to the King, to the cartis [cards] ix. *Fr. cr.*, and tynt xiij*l.*" "October 15—in Dunnottir, to the chield that playit one the monocordis," eighteen shillings. "October 16—to the piparis of Aberdene, be the Kingis command," eighteen shillings; "Item, that nycht to the falconaris in Inverowry, the King being in Fintree, to their expense," eight shillings. 'October 19—to the madinis of Forres that dancit to the King, ix. s.;" "Item, to the madinis that dansyt at Elgyn siclike, ix. s. vi. d.;" "Item, to the madinis that dansit at Dernway, xiijs." "October 20—in the Chanonry of Ross [Fortrose], to John Goldsmyth for tursing of the organis to Tayne, and hame again," four pounds; "Item, to the freiris of Ardoseir, xiijs.;" "Item, to Robert Mertoune, to pass owre the water with the gosbalk, x. s.;" "Item, to the man that beris Sanct Duthois bell, iijs.;" "*Item*, to the *Lard of Balnagownis harper*, be command," fourteen shillings. A like train of expenses takes place on the return of the King, with one of a peculiar nature:—"November 6—to James Dog, quhilk he laid doune for claith to be wippes to John Balfouris *sair leg, quhilk the King helit*,"

* Nobles of the coinage of Henry VII. the contemporary English King.

six shillings and eightpence. This James Dog was the keeper of the royal wardrobe, and is alluded to in the poems of Dunbar, who, punning upon his name, asserts that he was "ane surly dog." We find that the King, not satisfied with a visit to the shrine of St. Duthoc, at Tain, must have obtained a loan of his relique; for there is an entry on the 17th of November, of five shillings, for a man who carried that sacred object back from Dumfermline to its proper place.

The whole of the preceding details tend to show society in a very simple state, and great childishness and absence of the intellectual in the very highest man of the country. This is the more striking when we reflect that the name of James IV. has been sent down to us with a character not in the least silly, but rather above the average of ability and firmness. When a king devoted himself, as a matter of course, to seeing dancers and mummers, to hearing syrens in his chambers, to listening to tale-tellers and minstrels, and a thousand other amusements equally remote from rational, what must have been the intellectual habits of the uninstructed poor? It is a curious circumstance, that, amidst all the disbursements which have fallen under our eye, we have found only on two occasions any money given for what are called stationery articles. On one occasion a pen-horn and an ink-horn are purchased at nine pence; on another, several years after, the same articles are bought at twelvepence. Thus, the King, throughout many years of his reign, is only observed to have spent one shilling and ninepence, Scots money, upon the means of communicating his ideas on paper; while his expenses for pleasures merely ministrant to the senses are bewildering from their number. It must be said, however, in justice to this sovereign, that, though he does not seem to have been addicted to writing, he occasionally indulged in books. Here and there we find such entries as "1507, December 22—for iij. prentit bukes to the King tane fra Andro Millaris wyff," fifty shillings; "1502, April 6—to Walter Wodis' wyff for ane buke to the Queen's grace," eleven pounds. To James IV., also, is due the honour of having first introduced printing into Scotland. In 1507 or 1508, he procured the materials of typography for Walter Chepman and Andro Millar, the first of whom, at least, was previously his personal servant; and in the latter of these years were produced several small pamphlets, containing a few of those long chivalrous tales which the King was in the habit of hearing from the mouths of the minstrels. The art was afterwards lost, probably on account of the troubles of the kingdom; and we hear no more of printing till 1541, when the public mind was beginning to feel the impulse of the Reformation.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

THE DISCOVERY—GUTTENBERG.

Towards the conclusion of the preceding article on this subject, it was mentioned, that although the art of stamping words or sentences, by means of small blocks or signets, was known and practised in very early times, especially by the Chinese, yet such a modification of the craft of printing had no connexion with the modern invention, which is now to be noticed. The discovery of the art of printing with moveable types, which took place in the fifteenth century in Germany, was considerably aided by a fashion, which had been some time prevalent, of cutting blocks of wood into pictures, or representations of scenes illustrative of Scriptural history, and printing them on paper, simply by the pressure of the hand, a brush, or a cushion behind. One of the very earliest of these wood-cuts is still extant, and represents the creation of man, as detailed in the Book of Genesis. In the centre of the picture stands a figure, intended for the Divinity, having the appearance of an old man with flowing garments, a venerable beard, and rays proceeding from his head; on the ground before him lies a human being, intended for Adam, fast asleep, and from an opening in his side is seen proceeding the slender figure of a female, meaning Eve, who is taken by the hand of God, and is apparently receiving His blessing. The execution of this, and other cuts of a similar nature, is of the rudest description, and is a striking testimony of the low scale of art at the time. Pictures of this nature, which were bound up into books, nevertheless, were the immediate forerunners of the great invention itself. Books of prints, it will naturally be imagined, would soon be found imperfect, for want of descriptive text; this, therefore, urged on the discovery. The manufacturers of the books at first cut single sentences, or words, and had them stamped below the pictures; but this not conveying a sufficient idea of the story represented, an anxiety arose to give a lengthened description on the opposite pages. This, it seems, was at length accomplished; still the sentences were all cut in a piece, and the notion of having separate letters, so as to form words, was still in abeyance.

The person on whom history correctly places the honour of being the earliest discoverer of the art of printing by means of moveable letters, or types, was John Guttenberg, a citizen of Mayence, or Mentz, who flourished from the year 1436 to 1466, in the reign of Frederick III. of Germany. The ingenious Guttenberg is supposed to have been born at Mayence in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and to have settled at Strasburg about the year 1424, or, perhaps, rather earlier. In 1435, he entered into partnership with Andrew Drozhennis (or Dritzehen), John Riff, and Andrew Heelman, citizens of Strasburg, binding himself thereby to disclose to them some important secrets, by which they should make their fortunes. The workshop was in the house of Andrew Dritzehen, who dying, Guttenberg immediately sent his servant, Lawrence Beildich, to Nicholas, the brother of the deceased, and requested that no person might be admitted into the workshop, lest the secret should be discovered, and the *forms* (or fastened-together types) stolen. But they had already disappeared; and this fraud, as well as the claims of Nicholas Dritzehen to succeed to his brother's share, produced a law-suit among the surviving partners. Five witnesses were examined; and from the evidence of Beildich, Guttenberg's servant, it was incontrovertibly proved that Guttenberg was the first who practised the art of printing with moveable types; and that on the death of Andrew Dritzehen he had expressly ordered the forms to be broken up, and the characters dispersed, lest any one should discover his secret. The words given in his order, which were established by documentary evidence, were these—"Go, take the component parts of the press, and pull them to pieces; then no one will understand what they mean." In the same document, mention is made of *four forms*, kept together by *two screws*, or *press spindles*, and of letters and pages being cut up and destroyed. The result of this law-suit, which occurred in 1439, was a dissolution of partnership; and Guttenberg, after having exhausted his means in the effort, proceeded in 1445-6 to his native city of Mentz, where he resumed his typographic labours. Being ambitious of making his extraordinary invention known, and of value to himself, but being at the same time deficient in the means, he opened his mind to a wealthy goldsmith and worker in precious metals, named John Fust, or Faust, and prevailed on him to advance large sums of money in order to make further and more complete trials of the art. Guttenberg being thus associated with Fust, the first regular printing establishment was begun, and the business of printing carried on in a style corresponding to the infancy of the art. After many smaller essays in trying the capabilities of ss and moveable types, Guttenberg had the hardihood to a tempt an edition of the Bible, which he succeeded in printing complete, between the years 1450 and 1455. This celebrated Bible, which was the first important specimen of the art of printing, and which, judging from what it has led to, we should certainly esteem as the most extraordinary and praiseworthy of human productions, was executed with cut-metal types, on six hundred and thirty-seven leaves; and, from a copy still in existence in the Royal Library of Berlin, some of them appear to have been printed on vellum. The work was printed in the Latin language.

The execution of this—the first printed Bible—which has justly conferred undying honours on the illustrious Guttenberg, was, most unfortunately, the immediate cause of his ruin. The expenses incident to carrying on a fatiguing and elaborate process of workmanship, for a period of five years, being much more considerable than what were originally contemplated by Fust, he instituted a suit against poor Guttenberg, who, in consequence of the decision against him, was obliged to pay interest, and also a part of the capital that had been advanced. This suit was followed by a dissolution of partnership; and the whole of Guttenberg's apparatus fell into the hands of John Fust, who, from being the ostensible agent in the business of printing, and from the wonder expressed by the vulgar in seeing printed sheets, soon acquired the name of a magician, or one in compact with the devil; and, under this character, with the appellation of Dr. Faustus, he has for ages enjoyed an evil notoriety.

Besides the above-mentioned Bible, some other specimens of the work of Guttenberg have been discovered to be in existence. One in particular, which is worthy of notice, was found some years ago among a bundle of old papers in the archives of Mayence. It is an almanack for the year 1457, which served as wrapper for a register of accounts of that year. This, says Hansard, would most likely be printed towards the close of 1456, and may consequently be deemed the most ancient specimen of typographic printing extant with a *certain* date. Antiquaries and Bibliomaniacs have found considerable difficulty in ascertaining by what process Guttenberg manufactured his types; but it seems the prevalent opinion that those which he first used were individually cut by the hand; and being all made as near a height and thickness as possible, they were thus put together in the forms. It appears, however, that this skilful man soon discovered the mode of *casting* his types by means of moulds; for without this great accessory to the art of printing, he would perceive it was next to impossible to carry on his trade. The art of founding metal characters is therefore given to John Guttenberg, as well as that of printing, although it is but justice to state, that the plan of striking the moulds with punches was a subsequent invention of his successor, Peter Schœffer. That Guttenberg was a person of refined taste in the execution of his works, is sufficiently obvious. Adopting a very ancient custom, common in the written copies of the Scriptures and the missals of the church, he used a large ornamental letter at the commencement of books and chapters, finely embellished and surrounded with a variety of figures, as in a frame. The initial letter of the first psalm thus forms a beautiful specimen of the art of printing in its early progress. It is richly ornamented with foliage, flowers, a bird, and a greyhound, and is still more beautiful from being printed in a pale blue colour, while the embellishments are red, and of a transparent appearance. What became of Guttenberg immediately after the unsuccessful termination of his law-suit with Fust, is not well known. Like the illustrious discoverer of the great Western Continent, he seems to have retired almost broken-hearted from the service of an ungrateful world, and to have spent most of the remainder of his days in obscurity. It is ascertained that in 1465 he received an annual pension from the Elector Adolphus, but that he only enjoyed this small compensation for his extraordinary invention a period of three years, and died in February, 1468.—*To be continued.*

CURIOUS HISTORY OF AN EDINBURGH BOY

The following facts respecting John Oswald, who may almost be termed a second Paul Jones, are here related for the first time, and may be depended upon as authentic. He was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, and is believed to have been brought up to the same business. Through the impulse of an unsettled disposition, he enlisted in the 18th or Royal Irish regiment. Here his good education soon caused him to be elevated to a serjeantcy. When quartered at Deal, he married a native of the place, with whom he got a sum of money sufficient to purchase his discharge, as well as the commission of an ensign in the 42nd, then in America, which regiment, however, he never joined. In 1780, when the 2nd battalion was raised, he obtained a lieutenantcy in it, and went out to India. On the passage out in 1781, when Commodore Johnston's squadron lay at anchor in Praga Bay, he fought a duel with the officer commanding the two companies in the transport, in which he was not the aggressor; they fired two rounds at each other, luckily without bloodshed. His finances not permitting him to join the mess on board the transport, he lived upon the same rations that were served out to the soldiers. He devoted the most of his time to the study of the Latin and Greek languages, particularly the latter, in the course of which he became enamoured of the republican form of government. He sold out in 1782, before the regiment had become engaged in actual service. During his short stay in India, he imitated the Gentoos, by abstaining from animal food, regularly performing the prescribed ablutions, and anointing his body with oil. He returned home overland, and took up his residence in London, where he chiefly supported himself, it is believed, by his pen. He wrote both in verse and prose. In one of his productions styled "Rana Evangelica, or the Frogs turned Methodists," he expressed himself in language which could only have been used by a perfect infidel. His religious notions, indeed, had always been loose; and it is also to be remarked, that, though a devoted admirer of liberty and equality in the abstract, he was himself inclined to be arbitrary and tyrannical, of which he gave a convincing proof when at one time doing the duty of an adjutant—his treatment of the men had almost excited a mutiny. When the French Revolution broke out, he repaired to France, and entering keenly into the spirit of the time, obtained the command of a regiment in the service of the Convention, at the head of which, either in the Chouan or Vendean war, he was killed along with two of his sons, who, in the true spirit of liberty and equality, were drummers in the corps which their father commanded. Oswald's appearance in the French service had excited some attention in his own country, and it is a somewhat curious fact that an attempt was made to prove his identity with Bonaparte. The well known Dr. William Thomson, a Scotchman driving the trade of an author in London, and who completed the life of Philip of Spain, left unfinished by Dr. Watson of St. Andrews, had prepared a work in which he seriously attempted to prove that the first Consul's real name was John Oswald, and that he was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh. Oswald, he argued, was a man of enterprise and courage, and a great admirer of Ossian's Poems, as was also, he said, Bonaparte. Upon this slender foundation, the Doctor had contrived to raise a great superstructure of argument and conjecture, which might have made an impression where Bonaparte's early history was not known. He was prevented, however, from publishing his theory, in consequence of a discovery made by the person who communicates this information. Our informant happened to dine with General Paoli on the very day after he had heard Dr. Thomson read his manuscript; when the General mentioned that he not only knew Bonaparte's early history perfectly well, but had actually held him up at the baptismal font. He was much amused, however, at hearing the arguments employed to prove his identity with the Edinburgh goldsmith's son.—*Edinburgh Advertiser.*

A Perilous Adventure.—The annals of the north are filled with accounts of the most perilous and fatal conflicts with the Polar bear. The first, and one of the most tragical, was sustained by Barentz and Heemskerke, in 1596, during their voyage for the discovery of the north-east passage. Having anchored at an island near the Strait of Waygatz, two of the sailors landed, and were walking on shore, when one of them felt himself closely hugged from behind. Thinking this a frolic of one of his companions, he called out in a corresponding tone, "Who's there? Pray stand off." His comrade looked, and screamed out "A bear, a bear!" then, running to the ship, alarmed the crew with loud cries. The sailors ran to the spot, armed with pikes and muskets. On their approach, the bear very coolly quitted the mangled corpse, sprang upon another sailor, carried him off, and, plunging his teeth into his body, began drinking his blood at long draughts. Hereupon the whole of that stout crew, struck with terror, turned their backs, and fled precipitately to the ship. On arriving there they began to look at each other, unable to feel much satisfaction with their own prowess. Three then stood forth, undertaking to avenge the fate of their countrymen, and to secure for them the rites of burial. They advanced, and fired at first from so respectful a distance that all missed. The purser then courageously proceeded in front of his companions, and, taking a close aim, pierced the monster's skull immediately below the eye. The bear, however, merely lifted his head, and advanced upon them, holding still in his mouth the victim whom he was devouring; but seeing him soon stagger, the three rushed on him with sabre and bayonet, and soon despatched him. They collected and bestowed decent sepulture on the mangled limbs of their comrades, while the skin of the animal, 13 feet long, became the prize of the sailor who had fired the successful shot.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

OLD AGE.

The great English Lexicographer, near the close of life when writing to a friend, says, "My diseases are an asthma and a dropsy, and, what is less curable, *seventy-five*." A few precepts (says Macaulay in his Medical Dictionary) how to lessen the inconveniences of this last disease, may not be without their use. In old age the sensibility of the nervous system is diminished, the muscular fibres are less irritable, and many of the arteries are ossified and obliterated. The body is bent; and those who have been tall and graceful in their youth, stoop forward in old age more than others, from the shrinking of the cartilages that lie between the vertebræ. The body is lean, and tremulous on any exertion. The torpor of the system, and the fulness of the veins, are the chief predisposers to disease in old age. The perspiration is checked probably from the obstruction of the smaller arteries; and old people are accordingly subject to asthma, habitual catarrh, and water in the chest. These are to be treated by the appropriate remedies, and prevented, if possible, by warm clothing, and regulating the temperature of their apartments. From the venous plethora arise apoplexy and palsy, piles, and obstructions in the liver, which may end in dropsy. These dangers are to be obviated by scrupulous attention to the alvine and urinary discharges. The principal support of old age is to be found in nourishing and cordial diet, with a proper allowance of wine; but to many old persons wine becomes unpleasant, while sweet things are often remarkably grateful. The appetite for solid food is frequently lessened; but many old people eat heartily without any inconvenience. Long lying in bed is proper, both on account of its promoting the perspiration, and sparing the exertions of the enfeebled frame. But a time will come when all these cares must prove unavailing; and happy are they who shall exchange the infirmities of old age for a blissful immortality.

A TALE OF VENICE.

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

The sun was sinking behind the dark blue hills of Priuli, and lengthening the shadows of Venice across the rippling waves of the Adriatic, when two senators, who were taking their evening promenade on one of the murazzi or outer terraces which the industry of man had gained and secured from a formidable element, perceived a trim galley on the purple line of the horizon, pressing forward towards the city.

"That should be a vessel of the state," said one of the Signiors; "from whence may she be?"

"Why not from Constantinople?" replied his companion; "it is time that some of that conquering expedition should be returned to the 'Winged Lion.'"

"Saint Mark grant that it prove as you say!—But she keeps a gallant course, and will soon be here to speak for herself."

The two senators, who, though both advanced in years, still glowed with that patriotic spirit which was destined to raise the low sunk islets of Venice to such unprecedented glory, leaned against a parapet wall that ran along the edge of the murazzo, fixing their earnest gaze upon the vessel, which, rapidly advancing, grew in magnitude to their eyes at every minute. As she neared, the last gleams of day showed the proud banner of the republic floating on her lofty stern.

"The galley is the 'Corriere' of the great Dandolo, the swiftest vessel of our fleets, and she comes the harbinger of happiness to thousands. The rest will not be far behind."

"Viva San Marco! Viva la Santi Chiesa!—and the republic of Venice that has placed the keys of Saint Peter within the boasted gates of Constantinople!" exclaimed the other senator.

Their aged voices had scarcely ceased to vibrate, when a loud, continuous shout—a shout of transporting joy and triumph—rose from the deck and the rigging of the galley, and made itself heard, despite of distance and the lash and roar of the waves that broke in foam at the feet of the two senators. The next instant that soul-stirring acclamation was answered by another shout that absolutely smothered, while it lasted, the sounds of wind and wave; and turning round, the senators saw on the edges of other terraces, and on the scattered islets that afforded the best points of observation, the mass of the population of Venice gazing like themselves on the returning galley. In an instant numerous barks were seen to glide from the *canali*, and, dancing in fantastic groups over the heaving sea, to pull with strenuous ars towards the ship; the patriotism or the more private ffections of many, not brooking the delay of a few minutes hich would see her at anchor within Venice. As she came n, with the breeze that still freshened singing through her rouds, a simultaneous display of countless blue lights was unched from her deck high into the heavens, where the rescent moon with "a single star at her side" seemed to mile at these testimonials of joy, and to welcome the wanerers back again.

The two senators quitted the parapet, and repaired with asty steps to the galley-quay, where they found many of heir order, with most of the leading citizens, already assembled, and anxiously awaiting to speak with the gallant commander of the "Corriere." Soon the welcome vessel rood with her prow a few spans' length from the shore; and hen, with rapid manœuvre, she swung round, and lay with er broad-side against the edge of the quay. Another shout nd cry of triumph, and the captain leaped on shore, and, owing before the senators and citizens, communicated the telligence that the fleet approached, after having accomlished a victorious expedition. "Let this fair breeze," he ontinued, "blow till midnight, and we shall see the vessels rising of to-morrow's sun."

This news spread with the swiftness of lightning through the multitude, and thence through the whole city; and the reverend senator had predicted aright when he said "that for some there would be great joy in Venice on this night." There was indeed too much joy—and alas! in many instances too much assured sorrow, or harrowing apprehension, to permit of sleep. The affectionate wife with tears in her eyes kissed the little slumberer in its cradle, or assured the half forgetful prattler on her knee that to-morrow he should see his father; or with provident care she turned over the humble treasures of her coffers, to select fitting raiment for her long absent spouse, or with diligent hands she prepared the restoring condiments, so welcome after the privations of a tedious sea-voyage, or she sought the draughts for the wine-cup which "maketh glad the heart of man." The fond mother, whose son had gone to the East, with the red-cross on his breast, rested not on her pillow, but gazing on the flickering lamp, asked a thousand times, "Oh! will the light of to-morrow's sun shew me my boy in his strength and his beauty—or assure me that the light of life has for ever quitted his eyes?" The betrothed maiden, or she who had cherished a fond passion, paced her chamber floor with hurried steps, or, gazing out of her casement on the sea-waves, sighed to the strong winds that agitated them as love her young bosom—"And will he *come* with the morrow?—and will he love me, as when he *went*?"

That short summer night seemed of interminable length at Venice; but the morrow came at last, and in the grey horizon, at the very point where the "Corriere" had first appeared on the preceding evening, a broad white sail was seen. A sail, and another, and another, rose to the eye from that sober but brightning line, until the whole fleet was in view, and advanced, the orb of day rising in the rear, like a vast flock of wild swans, glancing their long white necks and buoyant white wings in the golden beams of morning. In the city the matin summons to prayer sounded cheerfully on the ear, and in each Christian temple a song of thanksgiving succeeded the words of supplication. Our story is laid in very remote times; but it was not until these religious duties were performed, that the people of Venice began their preparations for the triumphal reception of their home-wending heroes, or hastened to meet the objects of their hearts' warm affections. But when, in their weakness and insufficiency, they had paid their due to heaven, they entered on the business of life with zeal, and the city was agitated from one end to the other. Carpenters and other artizans were employed in laying stages for the warriors to tread upon, in their descent from the victorious galleys, or in erecting platforms whence the Venetian fair might wave their kerchiefs to the brave, or galleries whence the musicians might hail the return of those who had prevailed in the good fight, with the Lion and Saint Mark for their aid! Women and children ran to gather the scanty supply of verdure and of flowers that the sea-girt city afforded; but others were despatched to the main land, to draw the laurel and the rose from the banks of the Brenta. Inanimate nature seemed to partake in the joy and triumph of man; and a bright exhilarating sun, a gay blue sky, a sea serene, and a breeze as gentle as the sigh of happy love, were propitious to Venice and her day of rejoicing.

Meanwhile the fleet came on, spread out into the figure of a crescent. Every ship was distinctly visible through that fine transparent atmosphere; and as they glided over the placid waters towards their place of rest, the appropriate banner of each was clearly seen, and the impatient citizens on shore could tell the particular galley in which had sailed a son, a brother, or a friend.

The fleet was now so near, that the sounds of their warlike music were heard, and every detail, to use the language of the painter, was distinctly made out. The bright and painted shields of the returning knights and squires were arranged on either side of the galleys; the warriors stood on the deck in their armour of mail, with the silver-inlaid morion on their heads, and the burnished arms in their hands—the broad lance, the battle-axe, and the steel-tipped mace, threw back the rays of the sun with dazzling brightness; the "winged lion," the standard of the republic, flew over their heads; the banneerets of the patrician families of Venice floated on the elevated stern-quarter of the war ships; whilst the principal galley, which had borne the "blind old Dandolo" to the scene of his glory, was distinguished by a vast white banner, on which was inscribed in letters of gold, the new, the proud, "the singular but accurate title" of "lord of three-eighths of the Roman Empire," assumed by the conquering Doge, and afterwards retained by the Venetian republic.

The instruments of the musicians waxed louder and louder, until they burst on the ear with an overpowering peal. Then there rose to heaven a shout from those on shore that made Venice to ring through her hundred islets, and the cymbal and the harp, "the shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife," gave back a response to the galleys that, "gilded by the sun, and reflected by the waters," now fast approached land.

On shore, as on the sea, the spectacle was imposing. Venice, indeed, was not yet the splendid city that claimed the world's admiration; she could not yet boast that accumulation of ancient and modern art which was afterwards to attract the stranger from many a distant land. It might be said, perhaps, that, at the epoch of our tale, Venice was about equi-distant from what she was at her humble origin—a collection of low huts scattered on the sea-lashed sand banks and rocks, whose poor inhabitants, Cassiodorus, the minister of Theodoric, compared to "water-fowl who had fixed their nests on the bosom of the waves"—and what she became after the sixteenth century, when the wealth of the East had been poured in her lap, and the genius of Palladio and others had filled her with beauty.

But the moral picture offered to contemplation by Venice at that period, was, perhaps, far more interesting and worthy of admiration. In Venice, "the art and spirit of commercial industry" had revived, and was then extending its Briarean arms to every shore of the Mediterranean. On the perilous career of conquest she had entered with great eclat, and, considering her origin and position, the influence she exercised on the politics of the south and east of Europe was astonishing.

The piazzetta, which is situated by the side of the church of Saint Mark, then contained the principal edifices of the republic; and it was here the knights and the captains of the galleys, that had now come to anchor close to the quay, descended by stairs and platforms prepared for them, and covered with laurels and flowers, banners and silks of Tyrian dye—and it was here their anxious feet again touched their native soil, and their relatives and friends received them to their passionate embrace. As one by one they stepped on shore, the people rent the air with their acclamations; the signiors of the republic, in an open balcony, bowed to them, as a herald repeated their distinguished names; whilst the bands of music pealed the notes of triumph, and the fair daughters of Venice "looked and smiled a welcome." The general picture of joy and grief—and grief there was in the midst of all these rejoicings, for many returned not to bless the eyes of affection, but remained in the country they had conquered, and many had sped to those regions whence there is no return—this general picture would be far too vast even to be sketched here, and thus we will attach ourselves to the fortunes and feelings of one who figured in this day's pageantry.

Gherardo was the only son of the patrician Zani, and the most gallant youth of Venice. His love of military glory must have been great, for when the Doge, the incomparable Enrico Dandolo, invited him to follow his banner to the East, he was betrothed to Bianca Celsi, as distinguished for her beauty, as he for his valour. Yet, on the threshold of the hymeneal temple, he did not hesitate; he would go where glory and his countrymen summoned him; when the Doge's exploits were achieved, he would return to Venice, and, more deserving of her, lay the laurels at the feet of his young bride. He had been, he had prospered—Constantinople had witnessed his valour—and now, returned, the piazetta echoed with the name of Gherardo. He had received the embrace of his aged father without alarm at his tears—for over-wrought joy will weep even as sorrow does; he had been pressed in the arms of the friends of his house and his infancy; and he now advanced to a gentler circle, composed of his female relatives and friends, who, stationed at a balcony, murmured the hero's name, and his welcome back to Venice. But what meant the omission? Bianca was not among them—Bianca, his spouse, was not there to welcome him with eye and tongue. His voice trembled as he hurriedly asked where she was. An inconsiderate and cruel voice in the crowd answered, "Bianca is no more! she sleeps with her father in the church of Saint Theodore."

"No more!" moaned the young warrior, and his flushed face became pale as the monumental marble, and, but for his friends, he had fallen to the earth like one struck by lightning. When he partially recovered from the first shock, he again raised his eyes to the ladies' balcony; she was indeed not there—where she must have been had life and love animated her. That absence confirmed the truth of the ill-omened voice; his eyes dropped despondingly to the earth, where, now in his youth and his glory, he could have wished to see a grave open for himself. His old father fell on his neck, and wept aloud.

For some moments the mind of Gherardo wandered, and his soul was benumbed; but the sight of Alessio, the brother of Bianca, advancing through the crowd, recalled him to consciousness and anguish. "Is it even as they say?" cried he hoarsely, and stretching out his hand to his friend. Alessio grasped his hand with one of his, and, dashing away the tears from his averted face with the other, he replied in a suffocated voice, "Alas! and alas! it is even so—Bianca expired yesterday; and as the galley, your precursor, was appearing, my sister was on her road to the sepulchre!"

Such irremediable woe where so much bliss was expected—such an awakening from all the ecstatic dreams and aspirations that had given him strength in battle, and cheered him over the tedious or stormy waves—such a return—such a welcome—such an end to all his fond and passionate hopes was not to be supported. With a deep groan he swooned away, and the young hero, so lately the happiest among the happy—the most animated where all were animated, was borne in a lifeless state to the sad halls of his father.

It was long ere he returned to life and reason; and, oh! how dreadful was his return to the latter! He would have given the world for some opiate or drug capable of repelling thought and recollection. He closed his eyes to the gay light of the sun—he would have shut out its rays for ever! He was deaf to the assiduous advice and consolation of his friends who thronged about him—he was mute too, and asked not a single question as to the malady or disease of his bride. Was it not enough to know, that she was for ever torn from him—dead!—what mattered the mode or the circumstances that had led to such a fearful result? At last he spoke, but it was only to request his father that he might be left alone. The afflicted Signior, with words of affectionate condolence, and prayers that his son would raise his thoughts to the contemplation of that Being in whose hands were life and death, and to whose omnipotent will it was duty to submit, left the room with tears, and was followed by all the company. When, in the silence and solitude of his own chamber, Gherardo looked around him, he felt more than ever the extent of his loss. He rose from the couch on which he had been reclining, and advanced to a curtained recess at the end of the room—he drew the curtains—the sight was a cruel one! There was the *talamo*, or splendid nuptial bed, his friends had prepared and decorated for his return—there, on the rich velvet and the flowing silk, were the embroidered rose-wreaths mixed with the laurel crowns, and the initials of his name entwined with those of the name of his Bianca. And hungry death was feeding on her roses, and her name, in the mouths of men, had become a note of woe—in his ear a sound of despair

He threw himself on the ground at the bed's foot, and burying his burning face in his hands gave vent, for the first time, to a copious flood of tears,

As thus he lay, humbled in the dust, with all his thoughts in the dark and narrow grave, the sun shone brightly on Venice, and her thronging thousands, replete with joy, sang their songs of triumph, and shouted the names of their gallant warriors and the captains of their galleys. It could not be that *his* should be forgotten, for who had borne himself more bravely than he? And as a crowd passed in front of his paternal abode, their united voices proclaimed, "Gherardo! Gherardo! Long life and glory to Gherardo, the soldier of St. Mark!" The sounds struck his ears, but *now* they could elicit only a bitter smile.

The passing hours did not restore tranquillity to the bereft bridegroom; but, as the shades of night descended, a wild idea—an uncontrollable impulse invaded him. "And shall my fond eyes obtain not a last glance of that being of love and beauty? Shall my Bianca," reasoned the passionate youth (if such movement of the feelings can be called reason)—"my betrothed, be consumed by vile worms, and I not see the loveliness she must have carried to the grave? She died but yesterday—she must still be beautiful!—Yes! I will see her once again! I will once again press those lips, though they be cold—cold!"

At a late hour he secretly left his father's house for the well-known church—alas! he was to have been married there! A handful of gold gained over the *sacristano*, who unlocked the door of the temple and retired. Gherardo stood alone, a few paces from Bianca's tomb. A few lamps burned here and there, dimly, before the effigies of the Virgin Mother and of the most conspicuous saints; the moon shed an uncertain light through the painted glass of the lofty and narrow Gothic windows; but away among the massy columns, and through the long aisles of the church, there fell the obscurity of "the valley of the shadow of death;" and sounds there were none, save the fast-coming sighs of the hapless lover. The hour, the spot, the awful stillness, were all calculated to overpower the mind with indescribable emotion; the age was one of extreme superstition, and our young soldier's philosophy had not taught him to rise superior to the popular credence; the state of his feelings too—and nothing is more imaginative or creative of ideal horrors than a certain stage of grief—contributed to delude the senses: and as the cressets trembled, and the moon-light, strangely coloured by the stained glass through which it passed, gleamed now brighter, and now fainter—now resting on this object of somewhat grotesque architecture of the church, now on that—he saw, or fancied the spirits of the departed rising one by one, and mournfully waving their hands, as if warning him against a sacrilegious intrusion on the regions of the dead. Through the postern door by which he had entered, and which the *sacristano* had left a-jar, there suddenly blew a gust of the fresh night-breeze, that, moaning among the columns and over the hollow marble pavement of the church, sounded in his ear like a voice, but not of earth—like the united lamentations of sad, or guilt-burdened spirits. He clung to one of the pillars for support, and was for some moments incapable of motion. His natural courage, and the intenseness of the feeling and purpose that had brought him thither, soon however came to his aid, and he strode with hasty steps to the cappella, or lateral recess of the temple, beneath which was the tomb of the bride's family. Here, in this deep recess, the moon could not shed a beam; but he was guided to the door of the sepulchre by a lamp that flickered on the altar of the cappella. Hurried, breathless, he laid his hand upon that door; massy, and bound with heavy iron and with bronze, it required a great effort to open it—he pressed his muscular shoulder against it—it receded; but as it turned on its unwilling hinges, it produced a hoarse rumbling sound that echoed like thunder in the vault beneath, and caused him to start back with trembling limbs and cold sweat on his brow. Again, however, desperation—love—the determination to see the lifeless form of his beloved, conquered his awe and the repugnance for disturbing the peace of the grave: yet, he paused, ere he plunged into the horrible, palpable obscurity that lay beyond the door of the tomb, and crossing himself, murmured a prayer to the blessed Virgin who saw his woe, and might pity or pardon his sacrilegious audacity. He then rushed down a few steps through a short dark passage—and, himself like a spectre, entered the narrow chamber of death. A lamp beneath a crucifix burned at the head of the avello or sarcophagus of Bianca, and a grated window near the roof of the vault admitted the rays of the moon, that fell almost perpendicularly on that cold white marble. He grasped at once the heavy cover of the coffin—had he hesitated, he might have been effectually deterred from completing his sad, wild enterprise. His nervous arms removed the weight, and then his eyes rested on the shrouded form of his Bianca, whose head was enveloped in a veil of pure white, and her "decent limbs composed" beneath an ample white robe. His brain reeled at the sight—and the lamp which he had grasped fell from his hand. When he recovered strength to proceed, the light from the grated window fell full in the open coffin; and, as his trembling hands withdrew the veil, a clear broad ray of the moon illumined the face of his lovely bride. * * * And could this be death? Why, even thus she looked when life and love coursed through her young veins!—even thus, when after a day of joy she slept a balmy sleep, a night of peace! And were not the long loose tresses crossed on her innocent bosom the same as erst—and the pale smooth brow, and the broad eyelids, with their long black fringes, and the cherub mouth, with lips slightly apart, as if smiling in some blissful dream; "No, this cannot be death!" cried Gherardo, deliriously; "She sleeps—she only sleeps! Oh wake! in pity, wake, my Bianca—my love—my wife! He was silent for a moment, and gazed on her beautiful moon-lit countenance, as if expecting she would really rise at his passionate adjuration. "Bianca!" continued he, "my own Bianca!! why dost thou slumber thus!—dost thou await the warm kisses of thy lover to awaken thee? I give them thee!" and throwing himself across the marble coffin, he pressed his quivering lips to hers. But how did his whole soul rush to his mouth, when he fancied he felt the breath of life on those pale lips! He pressed them again—if it was a delusion, it continued—for the mildest, the most subdued of breathings seemed to pass from her lips to his. He raised her from the sarcophagus—he placed his hand on her heart—and language has no power to paint his emotions, when he felt—plainly felt—that heart palpitate beneath his hand. Another moment, and her eyes opened, whilst a low murmur escaped her lips. Gherardo clasped her wildly in his embrace, and leaned for support against the sarcophagus, where, as they stood, mute, motionless, and pale, almost like statues, in the moon-light, it would have been difficult to tell which of the two, or whether both, had not been awakened from the sleep of death.

The Chronicler's tale is told. The ignorance of the physicians, and the immediate sepulture after death usual in the south, had consigned Bianca to to the grave, from which the passion and impetuosity of her lover saved her so opportunely. The fair Venetian passed almost at once from the marble sarcophagus to the nuptial bed of silk and velvet. The church, where the echoes of her funeral dirge might almost seem yet to linger, pealed with the notes of her hymeneals; and her bridal coronet of white roses was supplied by the tree that had furnished flowers for her funeral.*

* The above beautifully written tale, by Mr. Mac Farlane, is abridged and extracted from a recent volume of the Friendship's Offering—an Annual distinguished for the literary ability of its pages.

PULSATIONS OF THE HEART.—If the brain be an electric pile, constantly in action, it may be conceived to discharge itself at regular intervals, when the tension of the electricity developed reaches a certain point, along the nerves which communicate with the heart, and thus to excite the pulsations of that organ. This idea is forcibly suggested by a view of that elegant apparatus, the dry pile of Deluc, in which the successive accumulations of electricity are carried off by a suspended ball, which is kept by the discharges in a state of regular pulsation for any length of time. We have witnessed the action of such a pile maintained in this way for whole years, in the study of the above-named eminent philosopher. The same idea of the cause of the pulsation of the heart appears to have occurred to Dr. Arnott, and is mentioned in his useful and excellent work on Physics; to which however we are not indebted for the suggestion, it having occurred to us independently many years ago.—*Herschel's Natural Philosophy*

THE ORIGINAL OF LAWRIE TOD.

WHILE Mr. Fergusson was on his visit to New York in 1831 he mentions in his "Notes" that he frequently visited the *seed-store* of Mr. Thorburn, a character of some celebrity, and of great originality, being, as he informed him at the first interview, the "very identical *Lawrie Tod*;" and that so far as the first volume of that entertaining work goes, Mr. Galt had exactly recorded his life and adventures. Besides other sources of enjoyment (continues Mr. Fergusson,) Mr. Thorburn is distinguished for a lively and unfailing reliance upon a special over-ruling Providence—not a blind fatalism, but a conviction that, in all the crosses of life, a blessing will be found by those who faithfully seek it. He detailed many singular illustrations of this doctrine in his own history, and altogether gratified me much by his acquaintance. His original profession was that of a nail-maker, at Dalkeith, and by that alone he looked for a livelihood in the New World. Soon after his arrival, however, this handicraft was annihilated by the introduction of machinery, and poor Thorburn was driven to open a small grocery store for subsistence to *Phemie* and himself. It was his practice to visit the butcher-market at a late hour, that he might pick up a cheap morsel; and observing a man offering plants for sale in pots, and seemingly, like himself, rather low in the world, Thorburn accosted him; he proved to be a countryman—an industrious, but rather unsuccessful market-gardener, of the name of Inglis, from Kirkaldy; and, from a sort of commiseration, Thorburn bought a rose-geranium, intending to ornament his shop. At this time he scarce knew a geranium from a cabbage.—Pleased with his purchase, when he got home he painted his pot a gay green, and placed it in his window. "And now," says he, when he told me this story, with his eyes twinkling, "mark the kindness of Providence. The day after my geranium appeared in its new pot, a lady happening to drive past, remarked its beauty, and not only bought it at a handsome price, but gave me such orders as enabled me to open a busy trade with poor Inglis. My shop soon became more celebrated for plants than for tea and tobacco; and many inquiries having been made for garden-seeds, I procured an assortment, and gradually extended my concern, until I reached the possession of the handsome premises and flourishing trade which I now enjoy." Some of his details, regarding the devastations occasioned by the yellow fever, were extremely interesting, and to them I may probably afterwards advert. He has a very beautiful seed-shop, aviary, and green-house, &c. in the centre of the city, formerly a Quaker's meeting-house and school, where he seems to have a thriving trade. The ladies of New York are fond of flowers, and use them much in dress. Camellias are in great request, and sometimes sell so high as three dollars a head—the ordinary price being one—and large orders are given for every party. I learned also, from a Scotchman in Mr. Thorburn's employment, whose family had suffered heavily from sickness last winter, that camellias and parties by no means engross the whole attention of the ladies of New York. He assured me, that within his own observation, it was quite wonderful what they contrive to do, in visiting, clothing, and attending to the poor.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

ACCORDING to Dr. Granville, a recent traveller, Russian literature, since the appearance of its reformer, and most brilliant star, Lanovossoff, has been rapidly improving in all its branches. In the severer style of prose, the death of Karamsin has left a chasm which will not readily be filled up. Karamsin is unquestionably the greatest historian that the Russians possess, and his name will rank deservedly high among historical writers of modern times. The writers in the belles-lettres, since the beginning of the present century, have made advances in correctness of style and purity of diction, which have rendered the study of the Russian language an almost fashionable attainment. In poetry the Russians have made rapid progress, especially in the lyric department.—Alexander Pouchkine is considered the Byron of Russia, and is noted for the precocity of his genius. The Russians are indebted to him for a translation of Shakspeare's *King Lear*. The fabulists have been numerous in Russia. The romantic school, which has endeavoured to spread its dominion in all the most civilized parts of Europe within the last twenty years, boasts of a few distinguished writers, even in Russia. Eugene Baratinsky is one of the most eminent among them. Among the more modern living poets, the fair sex boasts of Mademoiselle Zenaide Volkouski. In dramatic literature, very little originality, and many indifferent imitations or translations, exist at present. Prince Chakhousky claims the united titles of a prolific *vaudeville* and comedy writer, and of a fertile and elevated tragedian. Zagoskine is another modern dramatic author of great power and originality of humour. Of translators from the French the number is considerable. It may be stated, that in literature, the Russians have made more rapid progress within the last fifty years, than in the other branches of knowledge. According to the report of M. Sopikoff, it appears that although the art of printing was introduced in Russia one hundred and fifty years after its invention, and eighty after its introduction by Caxton in England, not fewer than 80,000 volumes in the Slavonic and Russian languages have been published between 1551 and 1813. The printers of St. Petersburg execute their work in a style equal to the French. The press in Russia, as in most parts of the Continent, is subject to a board of censure; but this does not seem to have impeded the publication of a considerable number of works in modern times, and men of letters have received great encouragement from the present Emperor. St. Petersburg has advanced greatly as a mart of literature, and sends forth the following periodical publications:—1. *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, Politique et Litteraire, in French—official, published every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. 2. *The Invalid*, a Military Journal, published daily. 3. *Gazette de St. Petersbourg*, in Russian—resembles the *Moniteur*, and is published also in German, and appears twice a-week. 4. *Gazette of the Senate*, containing the *Ukases* of the senate; it appears once a-week. 5. *Journal of Commerce*, in Russian and German, three times a-week. 6. *The Northern Bee*; literary and political, three times a-week. 7. *The Patriot*, in Russian, political and literary, twice a-month. 8. *The Slavonian*, every fortnight, in Russian, literary and military. 9. *National Miscellany*; historical, literary, and statistical, in Russian, monthly. 10. *Register of Discoveries in Natural History, Physics, and Chemistry.*—11. *Journal of Manufactures and Commerce*, monthly. 12. *Gazette of Commerce*, twice a-week, in Russian and German. 13. *Journal of the Mining Corps.* 14. *Journal of the Minister of Public Instruction.* 15. *Journal des Voies et Communications*; these three in Russian and French, monthly. At Moscow the periodicals are:—1. *The Moscow Gazette*, in Russian; 2. *The Moscow Courier*; 3. *The Moscow Telegraph*; 4. *The Courier of Europe*; 5. *The Journal of Agriculture*; his is a valuable publication, and said to be of the greatest utility to the agricultural classes of society; it appears quarterly. 6. *Journal of Physics*, monthly; 7. *Journal of Fashions* 8. *The Racing Calendar.* All the Moscow Journals are in the Russian language. Such is Granville's list of Russian writers and periodical publications, which, it will appear, are chiefly adapted to the dissemination of useful information, and for other matters of a non-political character, as might have been expected from the condition in which the country and its press are placed.

COLOUR OF RIVERS.—The Rhine in its course from the Alps to the Lake of Constance is *bluish*; after its passage through the green waters of the Lake Constance, it is *grass-green*; and after repeated mixture with the rivers and streams of Forschweitz, Alasce, and the Black Forest, *yellowish-green*. The Maine, flowing from the ferruginous rocks and plains of Franconia, acquires a *reddish-yellow* colour; during great degrees of cold, it becomes *greenish-blue*, owing to the deposition of the iron ochre; and when, if it is not coloured yellow by long continued rains, it flows onwards with an *amber-grey* colour. All the rivers of Old Bavaria, which are formed of waters from lakes and Alpine streams on the Iller, Iser, and the Inn, are *bluish-green* in winter; in spring *grass-green*, and in autumn pale *herb-green*.

CONSUMPTION OF SILK.—The quantity of this material used in England alone amounts each year to more than four millions of pounds weight, for the production of which myriads upon myriads of insects are required. Fourteen thousand millions of animated creatures annually live and die to supply this corner of the world with an article of luxury! If astonishment be excited at this fact, let us extend our view into China, and survey the dense population of its widely-spread region, whose inhabitants, from the emperor on his throne to the peasant in the lowly hut, are indebted for their clothing to the labours of the silkworm. The imagination, fatigued with the flight, is lost and bewildered in contemplating the countless numbers, which every successive year spin their slender threads for the service of man.—*Lardner.*

EDINBURGH JESTS AND ANECDOTES

EDINBURGH LAWYERS.

The Edinburgh lawyers of the last age were a race very much addicted to hard drinking. Drinking, indeed, intruded itself into every scene of their lives; and, as much of their business was necessarily performed in taverns, on account of the wretched accommodations of their own houses in the old town, the ink-glass and the claret stoup were alike dear to them; and they could scarcely attempt to take a supply from the one, but the pen was in danger of being immersed in the other. These habits clung to them till a very recent period, as some anecdotes of men still alive will testify.

A gentleman, now retired from public life, but who will be long remembered for his talent of saying good things, was one night engaged with a judge in a tremendous bouse, which lasted all night, and till within a single hour of the time when the court was to meet next morning. The two cronies had little more than time to dress themselves in their respective houses, when they had to meet again, in their professional capacities of judge and pleader in the Parliament House. Mr. C———, it appears, had, in the hurry of his toilet, thrust the pack of cards he had been using over night into the pocket of his gown; and thus, as he was about to open the pleadings, in pulling out his handkerchief, he also pulled out fifty-two witnesses of his last night's debauch, which fell scattered within the bar. "Mr. C———," said his judicial associate in guilt, with the utmost coolness, "before you begin, I think ye had better tak up your hand."

An equally wet and witty barrister, one Saturday encountered an equally Bacchanalian senatorial friend, in the course of a walk to Leith. Remembering that he had a good jigot of mutton roasting for dinner, he invited his friend to accompany him home; and they accordingly dined together, *secundum morem solitum*. After dinner was over, wine and cards commenced; and as the two friends were alike fond of each of these recreations, neither ever thought of reminding the other of the advance of time, till next day, as it happened, about a quarter before eleven o'clock. The judge then rising to depart, Mr. ——— walked behind him to the outer door, with a candle in each hand, by way of shewing him out.—'Tak care my lord, tak care," cried the kind host, most anxiously holding the candles out of the door into the sunny street, along which the people were pouring churchwards; "tak care; there's twa staps."

The taverns to which Edinburgh lawyers of those days resorted were generally very obscure and mean—at least such they would now appear; and many of them were so peculiarly situated in the profound recesses of the old town as to have no light from the sun, so that the inmates had to use candles continually. A small party of legal gentlemen happened one day to drop into one of these dens; and as they sat a good while drinking, they at last forgot the time of day. Taking their impressions from the candles, they just supposed that they were enjoying an ordinary evening debauch. "Sirs," said one of them at last, "it's time to rise: ye ken I'm a married man, and should be early at hame." And so they all rose, and prepared to stagger home through the lamplighted streets; when, lo and behold! on their emerging from the tavern, they suddenly found themselves projected into the blaze of a summer afternoon, and, at the same time, under the gaze of a thousand curious eyes, which were directed with surprise to their tipsy and negligent figures. How they got home, under such circumstances, through a crowd of sober and unsympathizing spectators, is left to the imagination of the reader.

FREE TRADE TO THE LAWYERS.

A man from the country applied lately to a respectable solicitor in this town for legal advice. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he was asked if he had stated the facts exactly as they occurred. "Ou ay, Sir," rejoined the applicant, "I thought it best to tell you the plain truth; you can put the *lees* till yourself."

PLAGIARISM.

One legal gentleman of Edinburgh, having shewed another a quantity of poems which he had written, and of which he wished to have the opinion of his friend, the referee glanced over the manuscript, but was quickly struck with the extensive and wholesale plagiarisms which he saw had been committed upon the classical writers of Greece and Rome.—Pointing out this to his friend, "Oh," said the poet, "I am something of Fielding's opinion, as expressed in *Tom Jones*, that the ancients are a commonty, where every modern poet is entitled to pasture his Pegasus." "Ay, man," responded the critic, with a happiness of thought which, unfortunately, none but a Scotch lawyer can appreciate to its full extent, "your title may give you a *servitude of pasturage* upon the commonty of the ancients; but, surely, ye never gat ane of *feal and divot*."

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Mrs. Murray Keith, a venerable Scotch lady, from whom Sir Walter Scott derived many of the traditionary stories and anecdotes wrought up in his admirable fictions, taxed him one day with the authorship, which he, as usual, stoutly denied. "What," exclaimed the old lady, "d'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folk's kail?"

DR HUGH BLAIR.

Dr. Blair used to tell the following anecdote of his preceptor with a great deal of glee. Happening to preach one day at a distance from town, he next day met that official, as he was returning to his house in town. "Well," said the Doctor, "how did matters proceed yesterday at church in my absence?" "Deed," said the man of song, who was a very guid fellow, but withal a good deal of a humorist, "I daur say, no very weel: I wasna there, Doctor, ony mair than yourself."

It will perhaps be believed with difficulty, that Blair was himself a very vain man. A gentleman one day met him on the street, and in the course of conversation, mentioned that his friend, Mr Donald Smith, banker, was anxious to secure a seat in the High Church, that he might become one of Dr. Blair's congregation. "Indeed," continued this person, "my friend is quite anxious on this subject. He has tried many preachers, but he finds your sermons, Doctor, so superior in the graces of oratory, and so full of pointed observation of the world, that he cannot think of settling under any other than you." "I am very glad to hear that I am to have Mr Smith for a hearer," said the preacher, with unconscious self-gratulation; "*he is a very sensible man.*"

MOTS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

An English lady and gentleman, who, in travelling through Scotland, had come to the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, without providing themselves with an introduction to Sir Walter Scott, and who felt, when there, an irresistible inclination to intrude upon him, could think of no expedient by which to gratify their curiosity, but that of throwing themselves upon his mercy, and begging the favour of an interview. In their card to him, they said that, in coming to Scotland, their chief object had been to see "the great Lion of the North, Sir Walter Scott;" and they begged him to consider how hard it would be, if, after all their travels, they should have to go home disappointed. Sir Walter immediately returned an answer, couched in the most polite terms, and concluding with a request that they would come that day to dine with him, "as he had some reason to believe the Lion of the North, like his friends at Exeter Change, was *best worth seeing at feeding time.*"

GOOD BOOK-KEEPERS.

Sir Walter, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet in apology; "for though many of my friends are bad *arithmeticians*, I observe almost all of them to be good *book-keepers*."

MEN WITH TAILS.

Every body in Scotland has heard of the single absurdity which deformed the philosophical character of Lord Monboddo—his belief that the human race were originally gifted with tails, which were only pinched off by the midwives. Lord Kaimes was a complete contrast in manners to this learned judge, being plain, and blunt of speech, with a strong Scottish accent; while Monboddo was quite a courtier of the *ancien régime*, well-bred, and ceremonious. On one occasion, in Edinburgh, when Kaimes and Monboddo went to dine with a friend, a girl of six or seven years, old, who was in the drawing room, archly and slyly attached a fox's brush to Monboddo's skirt; and the ceremony of who should first proceed to the dining-room, as usual, produced some demur, Monboddo insisting that he could not possibly *precede* a *senior* lord, till Kaimes, spying the trick which had been played on his friend, exclaimed, "Gang in, man, and shaw's your tail!" pushing him forward. Of course the laugh was irresistible, but Monboddo could not enjoy it, as, through fear of giving him offence, he was not informed of the joke.—*Chambers' Scottish Jests.*

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

AUDUBON.

The intelligent and enterprising Audubon, whose researches in natural history in his native country, America, have conferred upon him an honourable distinction, presents us, in the course of the details in his Ornithological Biography, with a variety of interesting personal adventures, one of which I shall extract for the amusement of my readers. It seems, that, like many men of genius, this agreeable writer was sometimes in great straits, and underwent divers misfortunes, which would certainly have cooled the ardour of ordinary minds; but when such occurred to Audobon, he became only the more zealous in his pursuits, and doubled his exertions to release himself from his difficulties:

My money (says he) was one day stolen from me by a person, who perhaps imagined that to a naturalist it was of little importance. This happened on the shores of Upper Canada. The affair was as unexpected as it well could be, and as adroitly managed as if it had been planned and executed in Cheapside. To have repined when the thing could not be helped, would certes not have been acting manfully. I therefore told my companion to keep a good heart, for I felt satisfied that Providence had some relief in store for us. The whole amount of cash left with two individuals fifteen hundred miles from home, was just seven dollars and a half. Our passage across the lake had fortunately been paid for. We embarked and soon got to the entrance of Presque Isle Harbour, but could not pass the bar, on account of a violent gale which came on as we approached it. The anchor was dropped, and we remained on board during the night, feeling at times very disagreeable, under the idea of having taken so little care of our money. How long we might have remained at anchor I cannot tell, had not that Providence, on whom I have never ceased to rely, come to our aid. Through some means to me quite unknown, Captain Judd, of the United States navy, then probably commandant at Presque Isle, sent a gig with six men to our relief. It was on the 29th of August 1824, and never shall I forget that morning. My drawings were put into the boat with the greatest care. We shifted into it, and seated ourselves according to directions politely given us. Our brave fellows pulled hard, and every moment brought us nearer to the American shore. I leaped upon it with elated heart. My drawings were safely landed, and for any thing else I cared little at the moment. I searched in vain for the officer of our navy, to whom I still feel grateful, and gave one of our dollars to the sailors to drink the "freedom of the waters;" after which we betook ourselves to a humble inn to procure bread and milk, and consider how we were to proceed.

Our plans were soon settled, for to proceed was decidedly the best. Our luggage was rather heavy, so we hired a cart to take it to Meadville, for which we offered five dollars. This sum was accepted, and we set off. The country through which we passed might have proved favourable to our pursuits, had it not rained nearly the whole day. At night we alighted and put up at a house belonging to our conductor's father. It was Sunday night. The good folks had not yet returned from a distant meeting-house, the grandmother of our driver being the only individual about the premises. We found her a cheerful dame, who bestirred herself as actively as age would permit, got up a blazing fire to dry our wet clothes, and put as much bread and milk on the table as might have sufficed for several besides ourselves.

Being fatigued by the jolting of the cart, we asked for a place in which to rest, and were shewn into a room in which were several beds. We told the good woman that I should paint her portrait next morning for the sake of her children. My companion and myself were soon in bed, and soon asleep, in which state we should probably have remained till morning, had we not been awakened by a light, which we found to be carried by three young damsels, who having observed where we lay, blew it out, and got into a bed opposite ours. As we had not spoken, it is probable the girls supposed us sound asleep, and we heard them say how delighted they would be to have their portraits taken, as well as that of their grandmother. My heart silently met their desire, and we fell asleep, without farther disturbance. In our back woods it is frequently the case that one room suffices for all the sleepers of a family.

Day dawned, and as we were dressing we discovered that we were alone in the apartment, the good country girls having dressed in silence and left us before we had awakened. We joined the family and were kindly greeted. No sooner had I made known my intentions as to the portraits, than the young folks disappeared, and soon after returned attired in their Sunday clothes. The black chalk was at work in a few minutes, to their great delight; and as the fumes of the breakfast that was meantime preparing reached my sensitive nose, I worked with redoubled ardour. The sketches were soon finished, and soon too was the breakfast over. I played a few airs on my flageolet, while our guide was putting the horses to the cart, and by ten o'clock we were once more under way towards Meadville. Never shall I forget Maxon Randell and his hospitable family. My companion was as pleased as myself; and as the weather was now beautiful, we enjoyed our journey with all that happy thoughtlessness best suited to our character. The country now became covered with heavy timber, principally evergreens, the pines and the cucumber trees loaded with brilliant fruits, and the spruces throwing a shade over the land in good keeping for a mellow picture. The lateness of the crops was the only disagreeable circumstance that struck us; hay was yet standing, probably, however, a second crop; the peaches were quite small and green, and a few persons here and there, as we passed the different farms, were reaping oats. At length we came in sight of French Creek, and soon after reached Meadville. Here we paid the five dollars promised to our conductor, who instantly faced about, and applying the whip to his nags, bade us adieu, and set off.

We had now only a hundred and fifty cents. No time was to be lost. We put our baggage and ourselves under the roof of a tavern-keeper known by the name of J. E. Smith, at the sign of the *Traveller's Rest*, and soon after took a walk to survey the little village that was to be laid under contribution for our further support. Its appearance was rather dull; but, thanks to God, I have never despaired while rambling thus for the sole purpose of admiring his grand and beautiful works. I had opened the case that contained my drawings, and putting my portfolio under my arm, and a few good credentials in my pocket, walked up Main Street, looking to the right and the left, examining the different *heads* which occurred, until I fixed my eyes on a gentleman in a store who looked as if he might want a sketch. I begged him to allow me to sit down. This granted I remained purposely silent, until he very soon asked me what was "*in that portfolio.*" These three words sounded well, and without waiting another instant, I opened it to his view. This was a Hollander, who complimented me much on the execution of the drawings of birds and flowers in my portfolio. Shewing him a sketch of the best friend I have in the world at present, I asked him if he would like one in the same style of himself. He not only answered in the affirmative, but assured me that he would exert himself in procuring as many more customers as he could. I thanked him, be assured, kind reader; and having fixed upon the next morning for drawing the sketch, I returned to the *Traveller's Rest*, with a hope that to-morrow might prove propitious. Supper was ready, and as in America we have generally but one sort of *table d'hôte*, we sat down, when every individual looking upon me as a missionary priest, on account of my hair, which in those days flowed loosely on my shoulders, I was asked to say grace, which I did with a fervent spirit.

Daylight returned. I visited the groves and woods around, with my companion, returned, breakfasted, and went to the store, where, notwithstanding my ardent desire to begin my task, it was ten o'clock before the sitter was ready. But, reader, allow me to describe the *artist's room*. See me ascending a crazy flight of steps, from the back part of a store-room into a large garret extending over the store and counting room, and mark me looking round to see how the light could be stopped from obtruding on me through no less than four windows facing each other at right angles. Then follow me scrutinizing the corners, and finding in one a cat nursing her young, among a heap of rags intended for the paper mill. Two hogsheads filled with oats, a parcel of Dutch toys carelessly thrown on the floor, a large drum and a bassoon in another part, fur caps hanging along the wall, and the portable bed of the merchant's clerk swinging like a hammock near the centre, together with some rolls of sole leather, made up the picture. I saw all this at a glance, and closing the extra windows with blankets, I soon procured a *painter's light*.

A young gentleman sat, to try my skill. I finished his phiz, which was approved of. The merchant then took the chair, and I had the good fortune to please him also. The

room became crowded with the gentry of the village. Some laughed, while others expressed their wonder; but my work went on notwithstanding the observations that were made. My sitter invited me to spend the evening with him, which I did, and joined him in some music on the flute and violin. I returned to my companion with great pleasure; and you may judge how much that pleasure was increased, when I found that he also had made two sketches. Having written a page or two of our journals, we retired to rest.

The following day was spent much in the same manner. I felt highly gratified that from under my grey coat my talents had made their way, and I was pleased to discover that industry and moderate abilities prove at least as valuable as first rate talents without the former of these qualities. We left Meadville on foot, having forwarded our baggage by waggon. Our hearts were light, our pockets replenished, and we walked in two days to Pittsburg, as happy as circumstances permitted us to be.

STATE OF SPAIN.

The greater part of the land of Spain belongs to the nobility, the church, and towns, or corporate bodies. The destructive influence of this vast accumulation of property in a few hands, and of the alienable tenures under which it is principally held, have been forcibly described by Mr. Townsend (vol. ii. p. 237), and by Jovellanus in his invaluable Memoir on the Advancement of Agriculture, drawn up in 1795. Throughout the principal part of the country, agriculture is in the most wretched state imaginable. None, or next to none, of the lands in Leon, Castile, Estremadura, and Andalusia, are inclosed; a circumstance which may be ascribed partly to the carelessness and ignorance of the proprietors, partly to the poverty of the occupiers, and partly, and principally, perhaps, to the destructive privilege enjoyed by the proprietors of the great sheep-flocks, of driving them from the provinces in the north to those in the south for winter pasture. The *mesta* or code of laws with respect to the migration of the flocks, is assuredly one of the most oppressive and ruinous that ever has been devised. Inclosures have been prohibited, that the migration of the flocks might not be interrupted; in some provinces it was even forbidden to convert any pasture land into tillage; and it was only so late as 1788 that individuals occupying lands in the track of the flocks, were authorised to inclose kitchen gardens, and grounds appropriated to the culture of vines and seeds. Estremadura has suffered particularly from this scourge. Farms throughout Spain are small, with hardly an exception, and the farmers are in a state of unexampled misery. Notwithstanding the lowness of the rents, and the cheapness of living—for they generally live worse than the labourers in the town—they are unable to make the smallest advances on account of their farming operations, and are obliged to raise whatever funds they require by mortgaging their crops. This is not only true of tillage farmers, but also of the growers of oil and wine, who frequently cede the anticipated produce of their lands for less than three-fourths of its value. Farmhouses are rarely seen except along the east coast. The farmers live in huts of the meanest construction, crowded together in villages, so that farm buildings, often so expensive in other countries, cost almost nothing. The operations of treading (thrashing) and cleaning the corn, are performed in the open air, and the grain is left in heaps in the field until it can be sold. The corn speculators and proprietors of Castile have caves (*silos*) dug in the rock or the earth, which the grain is preserved until a market opens for it; being often kept in this way for five or six years without much loss. The implements used in husbandry are of the rudest description, especially in Old Castile and Leon, where the soil is sandy and easily cultivated. In Andalusia, and along the coast of the Mediterranean, where the soil is more tenacious, implements of a better description are in use, but they are still very rude indeed, compared to those employed in Britain. The use of *fanners* is nowhere known in the country, but they have been imported from England into a few of the sea-port towns, whence corn is occasionally shipped. Land is not supposed to yield the proprietors more than from one and a half to two per cent. The tenant pays tithe, and other dues; and when these are deducted, he has little more than half the produce left to pay rent and labour, and support his family.—*From an excellent article on the Present State of Spain, in the Foreign Quarterly Review for November*, 1829.

A FEMALE BRAZILIAN SOLDIER.

In the Journal of a Voyage to Brazil, written a few years ago by Maria Graham, we are presented with a singular instance of female heroism, in the notice which is taken of a young woman, who for patriotic motives voluntarily took up arms and assumed the military garb and occupation.—To-day (says the authoress) I received a visit from Donna Maria de Jesus, the young woman who has lately distinguished herself in the war of the Reconcave. Her dress is that of a soldier of one of the Emperor's battalions, with the addition of a Tartan kilt, which she told me she had adopted from a picture representing a Highlander, as the most feminine military dress. What would the Gordons and Macdonalds say to this? The "garb of old Gaul" chosen as a womanish attire? Her father is a Portuguese, named Gonsalvez de Almeida, and possesses a farm for cattle. Her mother also was a Portuguese. Donna Maria told me several particulars concerning the country, and more concerning her own adventures. It appears, that early in the late war of the Reconcave, emissaries had traversed the country in all directions, to raise patriot recruits; that one of these had arrived at her father's house one day about dinner time; that her father had invited him in, and after their meal he began to talk on the subject of his visit. He represented the greatness and riches of Brazil, and the happiness to which it might attain, if independent. He set forth the long and oppressive tyranny of Portugal, and the meanness of submitting to be ruled by so poor and degraded a country. He talked long and eloquently of the services Don Pedro had rendered to Brazil; of his virtues, and those of the Empress; so that at last, said the girl, "I felt my heart burning in my breast." Her father, however, had none of her enthusiasm of character. He is old, and said he neither could join the army himself, nor had he a son to send thither; and as to giving a slave for the ranks, what interest had a slave to fight for the independence of Brazil? He should wait in patience the result of the war, and be a peaceable subject to the winner. Donna Maria stole from home to the house of her own sister, who was married, and lived at a little distance. She recapitulated the whole of the stranger's discourse, and said she wished she was a man, that she should join the patriots, "Nay," said the sister, "if I had not a husband and children, for one half of what you say I would join the ranks of the Emperor." This was enough. Maria received some clothes belonging to her sister's husband to equip her; and as her father was then about to go to Cachoeira to dispose of some cottons, she resolved to take the opportunity of riding after him, near enough for protection in case of accident on the road, and far enough off to escape detection. At length, being in sight of Cachoeira, she stopped; and going off the road, equipped herself in male attire, and entered the town. This was on Friday. By Sunday she had managed matters so, that she had entered the regiment of artillery, and had mounted guard. She was too slight, however, for that service, and exchanged into the infantry, where she now is. She was sent hither, I believe, with despatches, and to be presented to the Emperor, who has given her an ensign's commission and the order of the cross, the decoration of which he himself placed on her jacket. She is illiterate, but clever. Her understanding is quick, and her perceptions keen. I think, with education, she might have been a remarkable person. She is not particularly masculine in her appearance, and her manners are gentle and cheerful. She has not contracted anything coarse or vulgar in her camp life, and I believe that no imputation has ever been substantiated against her modesty. One thing is certain, that her sex never was known until her father applied to her commanding officer to seek her. There is nothing very peculiar in her manners at table, excepting that she eats farinha with her eggs at breakfast and her fish at dinner, instead of bread, and smokes a cigar after each meal; but she is very temperate.

HUGO ARNOT.

This very acute metaphysician—*acute*, as somebody remarked, since he resembled a *needle* more than any thing else—published a small work under the title of "An Essay on Nothing." He remarks in it, with ingenious sarcasm, that "the tree of knowledge might have been *safely intrusted to the present generation.*"

EMIGRATION.

I made out a rough estimate (continues Mr. Fergusson) of a supposed investment in Michigan, and having submitted it to the correction of competent judges, acquainted with the present state of the district, it may perhaps be useful to insert it, especially as it applies also to much of Upper Canada.

Price of 160 acres, at 1¼ dollar, is	200 dollars, or	£45	0
Expense of seed, labour (say 150 acres), and rail fence, at 6 dollars	900	202	10
Harvesting at 2 dollars .	300	67	10
Cost of dwelling-house, stables, &c.	800	180	0
	2200	£495	0

Returns.—Produce of 150 acres (20 bushels per acre), 3000 bushels, at 1s. per bushel . £675

Deduct 495

£180 clear.

The dollar is taken at 4s. 6d. No allowance is made for maintenance, and it may be said that the expenses are underrated. The above estimate, however, is given upon pretty good data; and as the settler will certainly repeat the wheat crop for at least one or two seasons more without any deterioration, and becomes likewise free owner of land and houses, he may afford to double or treble that item, or to take a smaller return per acre, or a lower price per bushel, and still be very well off. The return was stated to me at 25 or 30 bushels per acre at an average, and a dollar was the price given last season without any particular excitement. The houses are of a superior description, the dwelling-houses being supposed to contain seven or eight rooms, with kitchen and other domestic offices attached.

A good deal of discussion took place before the Emigration Committee, upon the probability of settlers being able to refund a portion or the whole of the sums advanced by government on their account. Should there be any foundation at all for the statement I have here given, it is abundantly clear that Mr. Wilmot Horton's expectations on that head may be very easily realized.

The tide of emigration is at present setting very strong into Michigan. It is stated in the Detroit Courier of 26th May last, "that the sales of public lands up to five o'clock yesterday, amounted to 20,700 dollars! On two several days they exceeded 5000; one day, 5600. The total amount in this district alone, since the 1st of March, is 48,727 dollars."

Products of Michigan.—The cotton plant, the grape-vine, the sweet potato of Carolina, tomato and the egg plant, were all successfully cultivated last year. The prune tree will be planted this season. The mulberry is becoming extensively cultivated.

The following list of prices, &c., I procured from the best authority:—

Wages.—Men for general farm-work, summer, 2*l.* 5*s.* per month; winter, 1*l.* 7*s.* per month. *Harvest Work*, cradling wheat, 4*s.* 6*d.* per day. A cradle-scythe is said to cut four acres a-day, and requires one man to bind to each cradler. Hay cutting, 2*s.* 7*d.* a-day.—Board found besides to all these. Good cooks, 18*s.* to 27*s.* per month. Chambermaids 13*s.* 6*d.* to 18*s.* per month.

Live Stock.—Good ordinary horses, 20*l.* to 25*l.* Oxen, per pair, with yoke and chain, 20*l.* to 30*l.* Cows, 4*l.* 10*s.* to 6*l.* Merino sheep, 9*s.* to 18*s.*; Saxony, 13*s.* 6*d.* to 45*s.*; common sheep, a sort of coarse Leicesters, 4*s.* 6*d.* to 9*s.* after shearing. Brood sow, 2*l.* 5*s.* to 3*l.* 10*s.* Hogs, 1*d.* to 1½*d.* per lb. on live weight. Geese, 2*s.* 10*d.* a pair; turkeys, 2*s.* 1*d.* each. Fowls, 6½*d.*

Utensils.—Farm waggon, 13*l.* 10*s.* Ox cart, 10*l.* Lumber sleigh, 3*l.* to 5*l.* Ploughs, 30*s.* to 36*s.* Pleasure sleigh, 7*l.* to 70*l.*; ditto waggon, 9*l.* to 35*l.* Good double harness, 18*l.*

Produce.—Wheat, 6*s* 9*d.* per bushel. Barley, 2*s.* 8*d.* do. Oats, 1*s.* 6*d.* do. Indian corn, 2*s.* 3*d.* do. Potatoes, 1*s.* 3*d.* do. Beef, per quarter, 18*s.* to 23*s.*; per lb. 2*d.* to 4*d.* Mutton, 1½*d.* to 2*d.* per lb. Veal, do. Pork, 22*s.* to 27*s.* per cwt. Hay, from 23*s.* to 3*l.* 10*s.* per ton. Cyder, 4*s.* 6*d.* to 18*s.* per barrel of 32 gallons. Wool, Merino, 2*s.* 7*d.*; common, 1*s.* 8*d.* per lb. (16 oz. to lb.) Live geese feathers, 2*s.* 1*d.* per lb. Butter, 5*d.* per lb. Cheese, 2*d.* to 4*d.* per lb. Eggs 4*d.* to 5*d.* per doz. Brandy (French), 4*s.* 6*d.* per gallon. Gin, 3*s.* do. Whiskey, 1*s.* 1*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* do. Excellent table beer, 4*s.* 6*d.* per barrel of 32 gallons. Firewood, 13*s.* 6*d.* country price; 22*s.* to 27*s.* town price, per cord of 128 cubic feet, delivered 4 feet long, and costs 2*s.* per cord to cut to length required for use.

The period cannot be remote when pauperism must become an object of anxious investigation, as it already is of deep solicitude to every well wisher of his country, and must be followed up with measures of energy and decision adequate to the political and moral importance of the subject.

While it may well be esteemed a dubious policy to pamper population by any permanent system of encouragement, few thinking minds will deny that the existing pressure (whether it be an actual excess or not) ought to be forthwith removed, and with no farther delay than the discovery of a safe and practical vent may require.

Whether we contemplate the mass of wretchedness and sickening hopelessness in which thousands of well-meaning labourers and artizans are at this moment plunged, or the absorbing demands which their necessities occasion, by the amount of parish rates, all must concur in the anxious wish, that some remedy may be ere long devised. We have written and said so much upon this subject, that, from the very attempts to throw in light, it has become marvellously mystified and confused. Neither is it to be concealed that considerable and conflicting difficulties exist, though it is believed and hoped, none which patient investigation and a liberal policy may not overcome. It may be reasonably assumed, that parishes distressed by rates will readily concur in a fair and final composition, which is to free them from a heavy and growing annual charge. Government, on the other hand, by receiving such funds, and making simple and economical arrangements, may not only relieve the pressure at home, but will also confer happiness and independence upon those who have unhappily occasioned the distress. Neither does it seem necessary to open the public purse for this desirable object; on the contrary, by a judicious selection of settlements, and reserving lots of government lands adjoining those devoted to emigrants, there can be little doubt that, in a few years, considerable sales may be effected. The man who finds himself and family comfortably and conveniently settled upon fifty or an hundred acres, will ere long be willing and able to pay for a like quantity, which has been left alongside of his farm, and in this way government may be amply reimbursed.

In regard to the question of place, Upper Canada would seem, on many accounts, to be most appropriate; nor can I bring myself, for a moment, to put Van Dieman's Land, New Holland, &c. in competition. A pestilential and impure moral atmosphere hangs over these colonies, which will require a very long period to dispel; and although this can be certainly best effected by a wholesome infusion of character from home, it must prove a heavy sacrifice to those individuals who undertake the task. The climate, the soil, the accessibility of North America, with various other circumstances, offer nearly an assurance of success.

And now comes the important question for individual consideration, "Is emigration expedient or not?" This must be decided by circumstances, and every man must judge for himself. Of this, however, I think there can be no doubt, that either the moderate capitalist, or the frugal, sober, and industrious labourer or artizan, cannot fail of success. *Fortunes* will not be rapidly or even readily acquired; but it must be the settler's own fault, if he does not enjoy, in large abundance, every solid comfort and enjoyment of life, and rear around his table even a *forest of "olive plants,"* without one single anxious thought regarding their future destination.

Here Mr. Fergusson brings his valuable paper on Emigration to a conclusion, after having given more solid and useful information for those disposed to leave this country for America, than any other writer of a recent date; and the dissemination of which, in the present publication, it is hoped, may be of no small service in guiding emigrants to the "Land of Promise." From week to week, as space can be afforded, additional information will be presented on this important subject, both from Mr. Fergusson's Notes of his journey, which he gives in a subsequent number of the *Agricultural Journal*, and a variety of other accurate documents.

Column for the Working Classes

RESULTS OF MACHINERY.

It is just possible that some of you will say, It matters not to us, the working men of England, whether the people of India sell us raw cotton or piece goods; or whether the trade in cotton amounts to one million a-year or thirty-six millions. You may want to know how you individually, whether labourers or mechanics, are benefited by these changes, which look so large in figures. We will endeavour to tell you how you are benefited.

Of the cotton cloth made in England, three hundred and sixty million yards are exported, and three hundred and ninety-nine million yards are retained for home consumption. This was the state of the trade upon an average of years from 1824 to 1828. You are, doubtless, benefited very greatly, though indirectly, by the cotton cloth and the cotton yarn which go out of the country. The difference in the value between the raw cotton and the cotton yarn or cloth, is the price of your industry, and of the profits of capital which sets your industry in motion. At that price you buy foreign produce, by which purchase you bring many articles of necessity and luxury within your reach. But this, you say, is a doubtful good. The good is not doubtful; but the objects which produce the good are spread over a large surface. We shall confine your attention therefore to one object.

Near twenty years after Arkwright had begun to spin by machinery, the price of a particular sort of cotton yarn much used in the manufacture of calico was thirty-eight shillings a pound. That same yarn is now sold for between three and four shillings, or one-twelfth of its price forty years ago. If cotton goods were worn only by the few rich, as they were worn in ancient times, and even in the latter half of the last century, that difference of price would not be a great object; but the price is a very important object when every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom has to pay it. The four hundred million yards of cloth which are annually retained for home consumption, distributed amongst twenty-five millions of population, allow sixteen yards every year for each individual. We will suppose that no individual would buy these sixteen yards of cloth unless he or she wanted them; that this plenty of cloth is a desirable thing; that it is conducive to warmth and cleanliness, and therefore to health; that it would be a great privation to go without the cloth. At sixpence a yard, the four hundred million yards of cloth amount to ten million pounds sterling. At half-a-crown a yard, which we will take as the average price about five and twenty years ago, they would amount to fifty millions of pounds sterling—an amount equal to all the taxes annually paid in Great Britain and Ireland. At twelve times the present price, or six shillings a yard, which proportion we get by knowing the price of yarn forty years ago and at the present day, the cost of four hundred million yards of cotton cloth would be one hundred and twenty million of pounds sterling. It is perfectly clear that no such sum of money could be paid for cotton goods, and that, in fact, instead of ten millions being spent in this article of clothing by persons of all classes, in consequence of the cheapness of the commodity, we should go back to very nearly the same consumption that existed before Arkwright's invention, that is, to the consumption of the year 1750, when the whole amount of the cotton manufacture of the kingdom did not exceed the annual value of two hundred thousand pounds. At that rate of value, the quantity of cloth manufactured could not have been equal to one-five-hundreth part of that which is now manufactured for home consumption. So that thirty-nine people each now consume sixteen yards of cotton cloth where one person eighty years ago consumed one yard. We ask you, therefore, if this vast difference in the comforts of every family, by the ability which they now possess of easily acquiring warm and healthful clothing, is not a clear gain to all society, and to every one of you as a portion of society? It is more especially a gain to the females and the children of your families, whose condition is always degraded when clothing is scanty. The power of procuring cheap clothing for themselves, and for their children, has a tendency to raise the condition of females more than any other addition of their stock of comfort. It cultivates habits of cleanliness and decency; and those are little acquainted with the human character who can doubt whether cleanliness and decency are not only great aids to virtue, but virtues themselves. John Wesley said that cleanliness was next to godliness. There is little self-respect amidst dirt and rags, and without self-respect there can be no foundation for those qualities which most contribute to the good of society. The power of procuring useful clothing at a cheap price has raised the condition of women amongst us, and the influence of the condition of women upon the welfare of a community can never be too highly estimated. That the manufacture of cotton by machinery has produced one of the great results for which machinery is to be desired, namely, cheapness on production, cannot, we think, be doubted. If increased employment of human labour has gone along with that cheapness of production, even the most prejudiced can have no doubt of the advantages of this machinery to all classes of community.—*Working Man's Companion.*

STRENGTH OF IRON.

Experiments made to discover the resistance to tension possessed by malleable iron, have, as might be expected, produced various results. In the greater number of cases 50,000 pounds to the square inch has been given; and in one when the material was sound, under 40,000 pounds; so that about 60,000 pounds may be taken as the average; and according to Tredgold, no material, as Emerson had previously concluded, should be put to more than a third or even a fourth of the weight that would break it. Generally it is admitted, that, besides the little interruption caused to the flow of the current by means of piers, and the slight interruption caused to the navigation of a river, as well as the saving of time, that one half of the iron may be considered sufficient for the construction of a bridge on the suspension principle, that would be necessary for one of the ordinary plan. According to experiments made in Russia in 1824, to determine the tenacity of iron, it was found that the best iron supported twenty-six tons per square inch, without being torn asunder; whereas the worst iron gave way under a tension of fourteen tons to the square inch.—*Lardner.*

MAHOGANY.

There are three species of mahogany:—Common mahogany (*Swietenia mahagoni*), *Swietenia febrifuga*, and *Swietenia chloroxylon*: the first being a native of the West India Islands and the central parts of America, and the second and third natives of the East Indies. They all grow to be trees of considerable magnitude—the first and second being among the largest trees known. They are all excellent timber. *Swietenia mahagoni* is, perhaps, the most majestic of trees; for though some rise to a greater height, this tree, like the oak and the cedar, impresses the spectator with the strongest feelings of its firmness and duration. In the rich valleys among the mountains of Cuba, and those that open upon the bay of Honduras, the mahogany expands to so giant a trunk, divides into so many massy arms, and throws the shade of its shining green leaves, spotted with tufts of pearly flowers, over so vast an extent of surface, that it is difficult to imagine a vegetable production combining in such a degree the qualities of elegance and strength, of beauty and sublimity. The precise period of its growth is not accurately known; but as, when large, it changes but little during the life of a man, the time of its arriving at maturity is probably not less than two hundred years. Some idea of its size, and also of its commercial value, may be formed from the fact that a single log, imported at Liverpool, weighed nearly seven tons; was in the first instance, sold for 378*l*; resold for 525*l*; and would, had the dealers been certain of its quality, have been worth 1000*l*. As is the case with much other timber, the finest mahogany trees, both for size and quality, are not in the most accessible situations; and as it is always imported in large masses, the transportation of it for any distance over land is so difficult, that the very best trees, both on the islands and on the main land—those that grow in the rich inland vallies—defy the means of removal possessed by the natives. Masses of from six to eight tons are not very easily moved in any country; and in a mountainous and rocky one, where much attention is not paid to mechanical power, to move them is impossible. In Cuba, the inhabitants have neither enterprise nor skill adequate to felling the mahogany trees, and transporting them to the shore: and thus the finest timber remains unused. The discovery of this beautiful timber was accidental, and its introduction into notice was slow. The first mention of it is that it was used in the repair of some of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships, at Trinidad, in 1597. Its finely variegated tints were admired; but in that age the dream of El Dorado caused matters of more value to be neglected. The first that was brought to England was about the beginning of the last century; a few planks having been sent to Dr. Gibbons, of London, by a brother who was a West India captain. The Doctor was erecting a house in King Street, Covent Garden, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected it as being too hard. The Doctor's cabinet-maker, named Wollaston, was employed to make a candle-box of it, and as he was sawing up the plank he also complained of the hardness of the timber. But when the candle-box was finished, it outshone in beauty all the Doctor's other furniture, and became an object of curiosity and exhibition. The wood was then taken into favour: Dr. Gibbons had a bureau made of it, and the Duchess of Buckingham another; and the despised mahogany now became a prominent article of luxury, and at the same time raised the fortunes of the cabinet-maker by whom it had been at first so little regarded.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

LIGHT-HOUSES.

The French have ingeniously directed the principles of optics to the improvement of light-houses. In this useful pursuit the celebrated Buffon led the way. Endeavouring to realize the performance ascribed to Archimedes, he disposed 400 mirrors each of them half a foot square, into a frame, so as to collect the sun's rays into a single focus, and by the reflection from this large surface, in 1747, he actually set fire to wood at the distance of 70 yards. The experiment was next inverted, and a burner placed in the focus, to have its rays thrown parallel, and produce remote illumination. But for this purpose a much smaller reflector was sufficient, composed of bits of mirror planted in a spherical cavity. The final improvement consisted in hammering thin plated copper into a parabolic shape. These powerful reflectors, combined with Argand's lamp, were about thirty years since introduced from France into our light-houses.—*Encyc. Brit., new edit.*

STRENGTHENING BUILDINGS.

The walls of a building, under the pressure of a heavy roof, had begun to bulge out so as to threaten its stability. No force tried was sufficient to restore them to perpendicularity, until the idea occurred of using the contracting force of cooling iron. The opposite walls were connected by a number of iron bars, passing through both, and having nuts, screwed close to the wall, upon their projecting ends, of which bars one half were heated at a time, viz. every second or alternate bar, by lamps placed under them; and while lengthened in consequence, and projecting further beyond the wall, their nuts were again screwed up; so that on cooling and contracting, they pulled the wall in a degree back to its place. The second set of bars were then similarly treated, and advanced the object as much as the first; and so on, until the object was accomplished.—*Arnott's Physics.*

HOUSE PAINTING.

An exceedingly instructive little volume has fallen under the notice of the Editor, entitled "The Laws of Harmonious Colouring, adapted to House Painting, by D. R. Hay, House Painter in Edinburgh," and a perusal of which would be sure to refine the taste of the artizan engaged in this ingenious profession, and be particularly serviceable to gentlemen in the embellishment of their residences. It will have been often remarked, that the colouring of the walls in our houses is in many cases unpleasing to the eye, and quite out of character with the furniture, the carpets, the degree of light, or the nature of the chambers. One room is painted green, because *green* is a pretty bright colour, while another, for some reason equally frivolous, is daubed over with a pink salmon tint. To correct these, and many other absurdities in house painting, Mr. Hay has presented us with a variety of comprehensive rules; the nature of which will be learned by the following extract:—"The tone is the first point to be fixed, and its degree of warmth or coldness will be regulated by the use, situation, and light of the apartment. The next point is the style of colouring, whether gay, sombre, or otherwise; and this is more particularly regulated by the use of the apartment, and the sentiments which it ought to inspire. The tone is generally fixed by the choice of the furniture: for as the furniture of a room may be considered, in regard to colouring, in the same light as the principal figures in a picture, the general tone must depend upon the colours of which it is composed; for instance, if the prevailing colour of the furniture be blue, gray, cool green, or lilac, the general tone must be cool; but if, on the other hand, it is red, orange, brown, yellow, or a warm tint of green or purple, the tone must be warm. But, as hinted before, there can be no pleasing combination of colours without variety: this, by judicious management, may be given, without in the least interfering with the tone, for it is merely the general colour of the furniture which ought to fix the tone, and there may be the most decided contrast in its parts, which, by the introduction of proper tints upon the other parts of the room, can be reconciled and united. Apartments lighted from the south and west, particularly in a summer residence, should be of a cool tone; but the apartments of a town house ought all to approach towards a warm tone. As also such apartments as are lighted from the north and east of a country residence. When the tone of an apartment is therefore fixed by the choice of the furniture, it is the business of the house-painter to introduce such tints upon the ceiling, walls, &c. as will unite the whole in perfect harmony; this, as I have already observed, is a difficult task. The colours of the furniture may be arranged by a general knowledge of the laws of harmony, but the painter's part can only be done by the closest attention to all the minutiæ of the art. The style of colouring is the next point to be fixed, and will depend entirely on the use of the apartment. In a drawing-room, vivacity, gaiety, and light cheerfulness, should characterize the colouring. This is produced by the introduction of light shades of brilliant colours, with a considerable degree of contrast, gilding, &c., but the brightest colours and strongest contrasts should be upon the furniture; the effect of which will derive additional value and brilliancy from the walls being kept in due subjection. Although they also should partake to a certain extent of the general lightness, yet, if kept rather under in point of brightness and intensity, the general effect will be much improved. The characteristic colouring of a dining-room should be warm, rich, and substantial, and where contrasts are introduced they should not be vivid. This style of colouring will be found to correspond best with the massive description of the furniture; gilding, unless in very small quantities, for the sake of relief, should be avoided. Parlours ought to be painted in a medium style, between that of a drawing-room and dining-room. The most appropriate style of colouring for libraries is solemn and grave, and no richer colouring should be employed than is necessary to give the effect of grandeur, which can scarcely be done where one monotonous tint prevails; but care should be taken not to disturb the quiet and solemn tone which ought to characterize the colouring of all apartments of this description. In bed-rooms, a light, cleanly, and cheerful style of colouring is the most appropriate. A greater degree of contrast may here be admitted between the room and its furniture than in any other apartment, as the bed-curtains, &c., form a sufficient mass to balance a tint of equal intensity upon the walls. There may also for the same reason be admitted gayer and brighter colours upon the carpet. Staircases, lobbies, vestibules, &c., should all be of rather a cool tone, and the style of colour should be simple and free of contrast. The effect to be produced is that of architectural grandeur, which owes its beauty more to the effect of light and shadow, than to any arrangement of colours. Yet they ought not to be so entirely free from colour as the exterior of a mansion, but should be in colouring, what they are in use, a link between exterior simplicity and interior richness. Staircases and lobbies being cool in tone, and simple in the style of their colouring, will much improve the effect of the apartments which enter from them."

CUTTING INSTRUMENTS.

Every observant manufacturer of cutting instruments of the finer sorts, must have experienced the difficulty of obtaining, in the articles about to be hardened, that uniform degree of heat throughout which is essential to the production of a perfect edge. "This difficulty," says Mr. Nicholson, "formed a very considerable impediment to my success in a course of delicate steel work in which I was engaged about seven years ago; but after various unsuccessful experiments, I succeeded in removing it by the use of a bath of molten lead, which, for very justifiable reasons, has been kept a secret until now. Pure lead, that is to say, lead containing little or no tin, is ignited to a moderate redness, and then well stirred. Into this a piece is plunged for a few seconds; that is to say, until when brought near the surface that part does not appear less luminous than the rest. The piece is then speedily stirred about in the bath, suddenly drawn out, and plunged into a large mass of water. In this manner a plate of steel may be hardened so as to be perfectly brittle, and yet continue so sound as to ring like a bell—an effect which I never could produce in any other way." The tempering process may be performed by immersing the article in the same manner in a bath of molten lead, the temperature of which can be ascertained by means of the thermometer, when it does not exceed the point at which mercury boils. For razor blades or scalpels, Mr. Stodart recommends 430° of Fahrenheit, which

gives to the steel a faint yellowish tinge or tarnish. It may not be generally known, that the hardening of steel does not necessarily depend upon the immersion of the metal in liquid of any kind, but may be equally effected by the application of cold. The hardening of cast iron articles by chilling the surface has already been mentioned, and the cutlers are well aware that the same phenomenon occurs in the case of a thin blade, placed when heated between the hammer and anvil faces when both are cold. The Bulletin Universal lately contained a notice in reference to the practical application of this principle. From the observation of travellers, that the manufacture of Damascus blades was carried on only during the times when north winds occurred, M. Anozoff made experiments on the hardening of steel instruments by putting them when heated into a powerful current of air, instead of quenching them in water.—*Manufactures in Metal.*

WEIGHT OF BODIES.

When a body is carried below the surface of the earth, its weight becomes less, because the matter then above it is drawing it up, instead of down, as before. A descent of a few hundred feet makes a sensible difference, and at the centre of the earth, if a man could reach it, he would find things to have no weight at all; and there would be neither up nor down, because bodies would be attracted equally in all directions.—*Arnott's Physics.*

ROBESPIERRE AND DENON.—During the rage for changing every thing which characterized the French Republic, it was deemed by the government that the national costume should be altered; and M. Denon, who, it seems, so that he might be permitted to engrave, was always ready to work for angel or devil, was employed about the intended transmutation of the coat of the Frenchman into the Roman toga. "At this period," says his biographer, "an adventure happened to him, which he has been heard to relate many times. He was summoned by the Committee of Public Safety to report the progress of the work on which he was employed; twelve o'clock at night was the time appointed. He arrived at the precise hour, but the committee was sitting with closed doors, to discuss, as he was told, matters of importance, and M. Denon was obliged to wait. Two hours passed, during which he heard occasionally loud bursts of laughter, that afforded a strong contrast to the kind of business with which the committee was commonly engaged, and proved that their conversation was not so serious as he had been informed. At last Robespierre came out, and unexpectedly entered the room where M. Denon was sitting. On perceiving a stranger, the savage countenance of the Tribune contracted, and assumed an expression of terror mingled with anger. He asked the unhappy artist, in a tone to turn him to stone, who he was, and what he was doing here at that hour? M. Denon thought he was a lost man; he told his name, however; answered that he came in obedience to the summons he had received, and was waiting until he should be called. Robespierre immediately softened; he conducted M. Denon into the chamber, passed a part of the remainder of the night in chatting with him, and during the whole of their conversation endeavoured to convince him that he was a lover of the fine arts, and had the tastes and manners of a man who had seen good society. M. Denon used to say that the recollection of this event always seemed to him like a dream."

WARSAW.—This interesting city is situated on the left bank of the Vistula, on a high but not rocky ground. There are two pontoon bridges across the river, leading from Warsaw to Praga but they are always broken up at the setting in of the frost. The Vistula is at this part one of the broadest rivers in Europe. Above the first bridge there is the considerably large island of the Saxon Boars. It is inhabited by some German families from West Prussia (here called Swabians), and in summer it is the Sunday's resort of the German inhabitants of Warsaw; for the Germans, in whatever part of the world they may be, always make Sunday a day of recreation. Viewed from the Boars or from Praga, Warsaw presents an imposing aspect. Its length, along the banks of the Vistula, is about a German mile and a half, and at the lower or western end it is terminated by an enormous building called the crown barracks. There are no very high steeples in Warsaw. The most conspicuous are the two spires of the Church of the Cross in the New World (the *New World* is the name of one of the principal streets). The parish church of the old town, with its Gothic steeple, reminds the German of St. Thomas's Church at Leipsic. Warsaw is surrounded by mean mud walls, which, owing to their great extent, cannot answer the purpose of fortification. These walls encompass corn fields, gardens, pasture grounds, and promenades, besides the busy city of Warsaw. The city, which is divided into three parts, the Old Town, the New Town, and the New World, forms a semicircle on the banks of the Vistula. In its general aspect, Warsaw is not inferior to some of the first cities of Europe. About a hundred and fifty palaces, some built in the old Italian and some in the modern style, are interspersed among miserable houses and barracks. The barracks, however, are every year gradually disappearing, and neat private houses, and in some places elegant palaces, are rising in their sites.—*Poland under the dominion of Russia, by Harro Harring.*

PORCELAIN.—There is abundant evidence to show that Oriental porcelain was not uncommon in Europe during the first century. The pieces of this manufacture which, according to Pliny, was first seen in Rome, were brought there from Pontus in Asia, by the army of Pompey, 64 years before Christ. Little figures covered with a fine deep-blue glaze, which are found deposited with Egyptian mummies, cause it to appear that porcelain was made in Egypt in very ancient times. It is a curious fact, that the colouring matter wherewith these figures are ornamented, and which has been subjected to various chemical tests, affords every indication of its being oxide of cobalt, the identical substance employed for the same purpose by the European porcelain manufacturers of our day, but the use of which was unknown to us until a comparatively recent period. The ore of cobalt was formerly thrown aside by the miners of Saxony as useless, or was employed only in mending roads. The Portuguese traders were the means of introducing the fine earthen wares of China into more general use in Europe; and the name assigned to the fabric, as distinguishing it from the coarser descriptions of pottery of domestic manufacture, was most probably given by them—*porcellana* signifying, in the Portuguese language, a cup. It has been attempted to prove a different origin for the name—attributing this to the resemblance which the glazing or varnish, and probably the colours, of porcelain bear to the shells used in some parts of the East instead of money (couries), and which, from the similarity of their shape to that of the back of a little pig, were also called *porcella.*—*Lardner.*

SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE.—John Ambrosius Bach, a German composer, and father of the celebrated musician, John Sebastian Bach, had a brother named John Christopher, also a musician, who so exceedingly resembled him, that their own wives could only distinguish one from the other by the difference of dress! The brothers tenderly loved each other. their voices, dispositions, tastes, dislikes, even the style of their music, were similar. If one sickened, the other also became ill; and they died within a short time of each other.

MOISTURE, AND QUANTITY OF RAIN.—The average quantity of rain which annually falls in Scotland, appears to be about 31 inches. But its annual amount is an inferior consideration to its general and equable distribution throughout the several days and months of the year. Much rain descending at once is rather hurtful than beneficial to agriculture; whereas, those moderate, but *golden showers*, which regularly fall on a soil prepared to receive them, are real sources of fertility. From the following statement it appears, that the quantity of rain, on the east coast, is generally one-fifth less than on the west.

	Days.
Towards the west coast, it rains, or snows, about	205
The weather is fair for	160
	365
Towards the east coast, on an average of twelve years, it rains for	111
It snows for	24
The weather is fair for	230
	365

Making a difference of not less than 70 days of fair weather in favour of the east coast. In some districts, however, the rainy season is of a still greater duration, amounting to two thirds of the year, or 244 days, leaving only 121 of fair weather. In Glasgow, the average is 29 inches, 65-100th parts. —In Moray, 24 inches.—At Dundee, 21 23-100th parts.—*Sir J. Sinclair.*

GARDENING.—APRIL.

FRUIT GARDEN.—In very bleak situations the blossoms of peaches and nectarines should be protected; but in sheltered situations where the trees have ripened perfectly their last year's wood, they do not require protection, unless the weather should prove very severe. Should insects appear on the young leaves, let them be dusted over with flower of sulphur; but do not attempt to wash them with the engine till the blossoming season is over, and the fruit set. Plant out strawberries, if the plantations have not been completed previously. If alpine strawberries have been raised from seed in the hot-bed, the young plants may be pricked out on a warm border, under hand-glasses, or in pans or boxes under a frame, till they are fit to plant out finally where they are to remain. Thin out grapes in the stove or forcing house, and suspend by strings the shoulders of those branches which require it.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Make hot-beds for cucumbers and melons. Force kidney beans, Elford rhubarb, and sea-kale. The roots of scarlet running kidney beans, which have been preserved through the winter, may now be planted out, when they will grow afresh, and produce an early and abundant crop. Plant out artichokes, ash-leaved, kidney, and other potatoes on warm borders, to succeed those grown in frames. In planting out early potatoes, those sets which are cut with one eye only to each will come in sooner by ten days or a fortnight than those cut with two eyes or more. Divide and plant out balm, chamomile, hysop, lavender, marjoram, mint, penny-royal, rhubarb, sage, sea-kale, sorrel, tansy, tarragon, and thyme. Sow capsicums and love-apples on hot-beds. Sow on warm borders and in the open quarters asparagus, beets, cabbages, cardoons, celery, chervil, garden and kidney beans, Dutch turnips, lettuces, peas, pot-herbs, radishes, winter-greens, &c. Transplant lettuces from the frames; and towards the end of the month cauliflowers.

In the flower-garden the main crop of annuals is sown in this month; and great care is taken to protect auriculas, tulips, ranunculuses, hyacynths, and other florists' flowers, from rains and winds. Vermin and birds begin now to be very troublesome to the gardener; but the use of the gun and lime-water will clear the ground of both.

GENEVA.—Geneva, though not the capital of Switzerland, nor even of the Pays de Vaud, is decidedly the Athens of this "land of mountain and of flood." It is a little Edinburgh in head, and Birmingham in hand. The Genevans are as zealous in the pursuit of literature and science, as they are ingenious in the construction of watches, gold chains, and musical snuff-boxes. Still INDUSTRY is the prominent moral character, even of the Helvetian Athens. There can be little doubt that this character has been stamped on the people here, and perhaps in many other places, more by physical than by moral causes. A keen air, a scanty soil, a superabundance of snow, rock, ice, river, and lake, are circumstances that must conduce to industrious and economical habits. The sharp mountain breeze excites feelings not only of cold, but of hunger—two powerful stimuli to labour, which alone can furnish raiment and food. The paucity of soil, and profusion of useless elements, in Switzerland, lead to a careful cultivation of every inch of earth that is capable of yielding materials for food, clothing, arts, or commerce. Economy, too, is a very necessary ingredient. In spite of all that has been written about the pastoral manners, the simplicity and hospitality of the Swiss, it is no more than truth to state, that among those classes with which the traveller comes in contact, there is a degree of Jewishness and selfishness not much surpassed by what is met with in most other parts of Europe. He is not so much cheated, abused, and wrangled with as in Italy; but he is not seldom over-reached by a people, who have made wonderful advances, of late years, in the *arts*, as well as the sciences of civilized life.—*Pursuit of Health.*

KAFFIRS.—We had seen, says Rose in his work on Southern Africa, the blue smoke of several kraals (villages) rising among the green hills, when, on turning, we found ourselves in the midst of their bee-hive huts. The men were sitting round a fire with their dogs and arms about them, and two freshly-killed bucks had been the sport of the day. The dogs set up a howl, and a Kaffir, rising from the group, advanced towards us; he held out his hand, and repeated the salutation of good will—*Goedendag*; but there was doubt in his movement, and fear in his eye. We gave our hands, and repeated *Goedendag*, and the rest of the horde came around us, asking for presents; but I thought that the children appeared to regard us with terror, and I doubt not that the white man is the devil by which their mothers hush them into obedience. Next day we employed a Kaffir interpreter, and pursued our journey, bivouacking near the kraal of an old chief that lay in our route. It was near sunset when we arrived; the chief Enno and his principal men were sitting on the side of the hill, on which their habitations stood; the young men and boys were herding the cattle, while the women and girls were dancing. Our reception was very friendly; the chief asked what news there was (the regular inquiry both of the savage and the civilized,) and could not be persuaded that we had none, while his questions betrayed a minute acquaintance with the movements of military parties, that surprised me; and while he continued to address them to my companion, I went to the dancers. To understand the dance, you should have seen it; no description, no drawing, can give an idea of a movement which was little more than a slow walk of short steps, and yet brought every muscle of the frame into violent exertion; the dancers, linked hand in hand, formed a semicircle from which two separated themselves, coming to the front with this slow movement, and with strange contortions, and then retired to their places, while they kept time in all this to a strange monotonous air. The Kaffir women are far inferior to the men in appearance, for theirs is the labour of the field, that depresses the body; while hunting, the pursuit of the men, strengthens it; yet still, even among the women, when young, there are some forms of striking beauty.

THE PASSPORT SYSTEM.—Europe is still, in this respect, one vast and dreary prison! According to all just and good laws, a man is considered innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Not so under the passport system. There he is always suspected of being guilty, after repeated proofs of innnocence! An Englishman undergoes all necessary scrutiny on landing at Calais, and his passport is found to be "quite correct." But a drive along a road where it would be difficult to beg, borrow, or steal—a passage over a crazy wooden plank, or under a tottering gateway, renders him as great an object of political suspicion, as if he had crossed direct in a balloon from the Cabinet of St. James's—and again he undergoes gendarmerie purification—generally at the expense of a franc for his freedom to the next fortified town. This system is vexatious enough in the "GREAT NATION;" but it is still more taxatious in the fifty little nations through which the traveller passes in rapid succession. The more petty, paltry, and subjugated the principality or state through which you pass, the more rigorous the examination of your passport and baggage, lest you should be plotting against its *independence* (*!!*) or infringing in its commerce! The PRINCE of MONACO, for example (one of Napoleon's imperial brood, I believe,) whose town and territory Gulliver could have extinguished, orders a half-starved serjeant, with a cigar in his mouth, into your room, while breakfasting or dining at MENTONE, to *demand* 75 cents for liberty to pass through his empire!—*Pursuit of Health.*

EXERCISE.—At least two hours a-day should be spent in the open air. When the weather is such as not to permit the delicate to go abroad, Mr. Abernethy advises the windows to be thrown open, and exercise to be then taken by walking up and down the apartments of the house. Walking is the most natural and convenient exercise, and, to the healthy and robust, perhaps the best. Riding on horseback, especially to the dyspeptic, and to those who are threatened with consumptive complaints, has been highly extolled by physicians, and with justice. Dr. Paris recommends digging in a garden as a useful and agreeable exercise. The best time for taking exercise, is three or four hours after a meal, when digestion has been completed, when the nutritious chyle has entered the blood-vessels, and when the body feels refreshed and invigorated.—*Economy of the Human Body.*

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THE GRECIAN PHILOSOPHIES AND CHRISTIANITY COMPARED.

THE most of my young readers are probably aware, that before the promulgation of the Christian doctrines and morality, there existed different kinds of philosophy, which were the work of certain intelligent Grecian sages. It is probable that some account of those different codes of morals, in contrast with the sublimer and purer theory and applicability of Christianity, may be perused with advantage.

The leading sects of the philosophies of the ancients were the Epicurean, the Stoic, the Peripatetic, and the Academic; the Peripatetic, however, was little more than a modification of the first two; while the characteristic of the Academic was placed principally in its doubts and difficulties, so that the two sects chiefly meriting attention are the Epicurean and the Stoic. The philosophy of Epicurus (a Grecian who flourished about four hundred years before Christ) had for its principal object the enjoyment of pleasure. With its followers pleasure was therefore, held as the greatest good, and pain as the greatest evil. On the other hand, the governing aim of the Stoics was a constant virtuous propriety, which led them in principle to despise pleasure, and to hold pain in sovereign contempt. It will at once be perceived that neither of these systems possessed the property of perpetuity. Both were the invention or the freak of persons with a particular turn of mind, and were not of general application. Epicurus himself led a temperate life, and essentially taught that happiness was *not* to be found in mere sensual pleasure; but his theory often led those who adhered to it to become debased voluptuaries; while the philosophy of the Stoics fostered their pride, led them occasionally to commit suicide, produced too frequently unmercifulness and harshness towards their fellow creatures, and admitted the indulgence of revenge and other ferocious passions; but little else, indeed, could have been expected; nor were sympathy and tenderness of feelings towards others to have been looked for from men whose hearts were steeled even to their own sufferings. The philosophies of the Epicureans and Stoics, it ought also to be mentioned, by no means went the length of releasing the mind from the absurdities of superstition. Although most of the members of those sects had some general, though imperfect, knowledge of a Supreme Being, yet even *their* minds were generally clouded with the notions of the vulgar, from which their superior attainments could not extricate them. The Epicureans appear to have been uncertain whether the Deity was one, or consisted of a great number; but they felt convinced that they led in Heaven lives of indolence and repose, caring nothing about human affairs. Although Socrates said he believed in one Great First Cause, yet he directed that at his death a cock should be sacrificed to Esculapius. His general views were good on this important matter yet we find him gravely recommending that men should honour their country's gods, thus showing that he himself credited both their existence and power. He resembled the ignorant Hindoos, who, though they have a general belief of a great Creator, a preserver and destroyer, yet think there are in the universe innumerable subordinate deities.

With regard to the important question of a future state, the Epicureans totally disbelieved it; and Cæsar, a noted adherent of their sect, in his famous speech in the Roman senate, as to the mode of disposing of, or punishing Catiline, had no hesitation in announcing his opinion that death terminated the pains of mortals, and that beyond the grave there was neither sorrow nor joy.* The reasonings of Socrates on the subject have been lauded far beyond their merits, and were confused and unsatisfactory; and while Cicero laughed with not a little scorn at the "triple-headed mastiff, the howling river, the Stygean ferry, and the half drowned Tantalus," the views which he endeavoured to substitute in their place were very dark, and of but little consequence. The philosophers of the ancient world, who approached probably nearest the truth on these great subjects, were Pythagoras and Plato—the former in the sixth century, and the latter in the fourth century before Christ; and it is interesting to learn, that as both of them, in quest of knowledge, had gone to Egypt, it was understood that they had got their juster ideas by being made acquainted in that country with the Books of Moses and the Prophets. Pythagoras, who visited Babylon during the great captivity, is further supposed to have there met with Ezekiel and Daniel, and been instructed by them.† Plato was a follower of Pythagoras in things intellectual, but more enlightened than that philosopher in some things. He believed that there was one God, the author of all things; that the soul is immortal; that men ought to restrain their passions; and that there was a recompense for the good and a punishment for the wicked, after death. He tried to inspire a love of truth and wisdom, and to promote contemplation on objects of an imperishable nature. But in the inculcation of these amiable doctrines he failed in exciting minds of a gross nature, and he could gain adherents only among the most intelligent, or among persons of a naturally good disposition. One of the most singular features in the philosophy of Plato was his belief relative to *evil* which he attributed to the existence of *matter;* and then to avoid the danger of appearing to attribute the origin of evil to the Supreme Being, he laid down the proposition that matter was *not* created, but eternal. After his death, his disciples divided themselves into the two sects already noticed—the Academics and the Peripatetics, the latter having Aristotle for their chief.

What chiefly engaged the attention of all those eminent ancients was their *Summum Bonum*, as it was named, or the greatest and most important object of their existence. This differed in the several sects. With regard to that of the Epicureans, under every variety of shade, and under all the refinements which a cultivated intellect could confer, it was in reality *sensual enjoyment* And as respects that of the Stoics, it seemed to be an abstract idea of propriety, of conforming to the ill-understood will of God, and to live, as they expressed it, "according to nature." Such were their aims: but it is certain that if their Summum Bonum, whatever that might be, was meant at all to regard their lives, those lives were the present ones in this world; for their views of its utility extended but little beyond the grave, into regions of which they had but a slender and confused idea. What, then, may we ask, is the amount of all these much-vaunted heathen philosophies? It is, that the religious ideas of their members were generally fanciful and superstitious; that their notions of futurity were dark and unsatisfactory; that the conduct in life which arose from their ruling object was either the pursuit of pleasure and sensual gratification, or it was the commission of suicide, and giving way to the harsher and coarser passions of our nature. Luckily, these fantastic Grecian philosophies carried with them the seeds of their own decay. They were not calculated to endure the "tear and wear" of ordinary life, and were founded on such minute sophisms, or modes of reasoning, that nobody but the studious and learned could comprehend them. And how were they taught? It was by their founders or promoters in academies and schools, in the porches of temples, and in the recesses of groves; and to whom? Perhaps to a few young men belonging to the upper classes of society, who affected to follow for a season, by turns, the Epicurean or some other philosophy, which they changed with the fashion, and ultimately fell from and forgot. None of the Grecian philosophical teachers from first to last—Pythagoras, Socrates, Democritus, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus and so forth—ever made any impression on the public mind, apparently treating the poor and the unlearned as little better than beasts, who were not fit to understand their exalted notions, and who, they imagined, were well off as to their religion, in merely seeing the usual sacrifices performed at the altars. At a somewhat later era the very same inefficiency of these noted philosophies is seen in the conduct of the learned among the Romans; and the transcendant idea of adapting a philosophy to the capacities and the daily wants of *the whole human race* was never so much as thought of. The leaders of the Grecian schools taught their systems for money, like modern schoolmasters, and the idea of communicating a knowledge in morals, for *nothing*, to the masses of people who crowded the thoroughfares, was a stretch of philanthropy which they did not countenance. Even the Jewish code of laws or religion was but of local application, and thus the field was open for the occupation of some one of extraordinary extent of intellect and beneficent principle, who would for the first time lay down a simple, yet vigorous and permanent system of ethics, which all could comprehend, and all find it possible to act upon. Such an individual was at length raised up in the person of the Saviour, Christ. On comparing his important doctrines and morals, as recorded in the history of his life and sufferings in the various Books of the New Testament, with those which I above noticed, and which were the best the ancients could show, the veriest sceptic will be compelled to allow that they were the thing which was at the time, and for all time, wanted by mankind. His religion was not promulgated in schools, academies, or secluded groves, to a few pupils gathered from the upper ranks, and with minds trained by cultivation to comprehend it. Nor was it adapted merely to the moral guidance of the rich and the powerful, or confined in its application to any particular country or any exclusive sect. The sentiments taught were of universal utility, and could be sufficiently comprehended by those who had no pretensions to human learning. In a worldly sense, the divine founder of this new and universal school of ethics was of mean origin, was unsupported by any kind of patronage; yet, even under these disadvantages—hated by a haughty priesthood, without school or academy, ignorant of the refined notions of Plato and the rest of the Grecian philosophers, did he *gratuitously* offer for acceptance a system of morality of unexampled excellence, and which the utmost ingenuity and contri-

* De pœna, possumus equidem dicere id, quod res habet, in luctu, atque miseriis, mortem ærumnarum requiem, non cruciatum esse; eam cuncta mortalium mala dissolvere: ultra neque curæ, neque gaudio locum esse.—*Sallustii Bellum Catilinarium*, § 1.

† Rollin, in his *Histoire des Philosophes*, mentions that "Pythagore passa ensuite dans le pays des Caldeens, pour connoître la science des mages. On prétend qu'il a pu voir à Babylone Ezéchiel et Daniel, et profiter de leurs lumieres." And in speaking of Plato, he says, "Il visita ensuite l'Egypte, et conversa long-tems avec les prêtres Egyptiens, qui lui enseignerent une grande partie de leurs traditions On croit même qu'ils lui firent connoître les livres de Moyse, et ceux des Prophetes." I do not lay that stress on the writings of this elegant modern writer which would be demanded by an ancient authority, but there can be little doubt that both Pythagoras and Plato were much indebted to the compilations of "Moses and the Prophets," or the Jewish Scriptures, for that tone of moral feeling and ideas of the one God which they individually professed.

vance of the learned for many centuries before him had entirely overlooked, or been unable to establish. The philosophic systems of the Greeks were little else than abstract theories, while *his* religion was of practical application, not only to every action, but to every thought which produced that action. Until he taught, no one from the beginning of the world ever laid down the grand principles in morals, of returning good for evil—of there being sins of the heart as well as of the hand—of the necessity for feeding the poor and clothing the naked—of comforting those in affliction—of judging charitably of others—of the sinfulness of self-love, haughtiness, tyranny, and revenge—and the virtue of humility, and doing to our neighbours what we would desire they should do unto us. In laying down rules of this nature, nothing very tempting was held out to his followers, as in the case of the Epicurean pleasures; on the contrary, he told plainly that the bounty he offered could not be paid in this world's goods, and that the reward was to be sought for in another state of existence. Yet, though presented under this uninviting aspect, his lessons impressed the minds of immense multitudes of mankind, and soon put to shame the learned pride, both of the heathen philosophers, and of the Pharisees of his own nation. Unto all, Jesus taught an eternal truth in the unity and omnipotence of God, which in time put an end to all the superstitions of the Pantheon. The sentiments and truths which were in this manner introduced to the notice of mankind, and which are comprehended in the phrase CHRISTIANITY, form essentially *the philosophy of the poor man*, and is therefore to be hailed as by far the greatest good in morals which has ever been made known to the human race. From small and despised beginnings, in an obscure rugged country in Asia, this beneficent religion has spread abroad, and covered the whole civilized world. "*The least of all seeds grew up, and became a great tree, and spread out its branches. The stone which was cut out of the mountain* shall itself *become a great mountain, and fill the earth.*"

SECURE ONES.

"I MAK SICKER."

Motto of the Family of Kirkpatrick.

"Oh, he's a sicker ane!" is a phrase used in Scotland in reference to that class of people who make excessively sure about every thing, and are in no manner of means to be imposed upon. I style such persons Secure Ones, in order to be intelligible to southern as well as northern readers. Every body must know a certain class of Secure Ones by the timid cautiousness and exactness of their behaviour; by the trim, unostentatious propriety of their external aspect. There is a lambswoollery comfort and a broad-cloth completeness about this sort of Secure One, that nobody can mistake; he even seems to have made the number of buttons in his vest, and the height to which that garment is buttoned up, a matter of accurate calculation. He could not go abroad under less than a certain press of flannel and great-coat for the world; and you might almost as soon expect to meet him without his left arm as minus the silk umbrella under it. (He carries the latter part of himself or fifth limb, at an angle of about sixty degrees to the horizon, the handle down behind, and the point forked up in front.) When he observes any part of the pavement railed off, in order to save the passengers all danger from an occasional pelleting of stones and bits of plaster, which the slaters or chimney-doctors are producing from above, he deploys into the street a good way before coming up to the actual rail or rope, and, in passing, takes care to sweep several good yards beyond the utmost range of shot. "Don't like these things coming peppering down that way; might almost dislocate one's shoulder if they were to fall upon it; perhaps we had better go over to the other side of the street altogether. No need, you know, for running into unnecessary danger." When a Secure One ascends a stair, he goes step after step monotonously on, performing every move of his feet with a sound, conscientious deliberation, and seems determined upon doing full justice to every landing place. He holds firmly, however unnecessarily, by the baluster, since the baluster is there, and he has an obvious satisfaction in the slight pant which he thinks himself entitled to get up on the occasion. The Secure One always shuts a door carefully behind him. He takes off his hat softly, with a regard at once to the smooth economy of his hair, and the pile of his chapeau. He has a maxim that the hat should be first raised and loosened from behind, where it slides up along the glossy hair, not from the front, where it encounters a comparative obstruction from the fleshy brow. He lays down his gloves neatly on the top of each other, and hangs up his hat with an air of carefulness truly exemplary. The Secure One is a bit of an epicure. When out in the forenoon, he would not for any consideration take lunch or wine. "Madam, would you have me spoil my appetite for dinner?" This appetite he nurses and cherishes in the course of his

aunterings between two and five, as carefully as a miser doating over his heap. He holds a telegraphic communion with his inner man that passeth show; he coquets and dallies with his stomach; every indescribable symptom is taken into account, and forms the subject of unexpressed congratulation. "Dear tender flowers of appetite, it would be sacrilege, or worse, to nip ye in the bud, by powdering over you the baneful dew of a glass of Bucellas, or the still more odious blight of a basin of mulligatawny. No, I will coax you and protect you, and *travel* for you, in faithful love and kindness, even until ye shall be fully fattened up for slaughter at five o'clock." When the Secure One sits down to table, he painfully and not unostentatiously (to himself) relieves the one lowest button of his vest from the thrall of button-hole, and with equally deliberate care arranges a napkin over the front of his person. Dinner is a sacred ceremony, and requires its canonicals. Being fully acquainted with the whole planisphere of the table, he takes an exactly proportioned quantity of each article, so as ultimately to have enjoyed each in its exact proportion of merit, and to have precisely enough out of the whole. A Secure One is frequently an old respectable unmarried gentleman, residing with a single servant—Jenny—in a "self-contained" house about Stockbridge or Newington. Knowing the distance at which he lives from the mercantile parts of the town, he takes care never to want what he calls a pound of change, as well as a small stock of copper—at least the value of a shilling—observing also that the change is not unmixed with sixpences, so that when any shopkeeper's boy calls for payment of an account, or to take back the purchase-money of any article he has bought that day in town, he may not have to trouble [*i. e.* trust] the messenger with the duty of obtaining change for a bank note, which would tend to occasion a more than necessary answering of the bells at the door, besides keeping him in an agony of fiddle-faddle till the little affair was settled. Jenny, who has been so long in his service as to have become almost as *secure* as himself, never opens the door o' nights without putting on the chain; and she has a standing order against all parleying with beggars, or poor women who sell tapes and such things out of baskets. The Secure One regards few creatures in this world with a more jealous or malignant eye than these personages. "Why, Sir, they want nothing but to make an opportunity of stripping the lobby or the kitchen!" And such a story he can tell of a missing hat-brush! "A woman seen that morning going about—sold a pair of garters to the maid-servant three doors off at ten—front door had been left open for a minute, not more, while Jenny ran after me with something I had forgot—and in that time—it could have been at no other—the deed was done. A hat-brush I had just got with my last hat at Grieve and Scott's; had a thing that screwed in at the one end, so that it was a stretcher also; cost four-and-sixpence, even taking the hat along with it." And the Secure One, without any premeditated hard-heartedness, thinks nothing of making such an incident apologize to himself for an habitual shutting of his door and his heart against the poor for the next twelvemonth. There is never any imperfection in the *externe* of the Secure One. He bears about him a certain integrality of look that fills and satisfies the eye. From his good well-brushed water-proof beaver, all along down by his roomy blue coat, drab well-fledged, amply-trousered limbs, and so down to his *double* shoes, not omitting such points as his voluminous white neckcloth without collar, his large Cairngorm brooch, which looks as if a dish of jelly had been inverted into his bosom, and his heavy, pursy bunch of seals dangling, clearly defined and well relieved, from the precipice of belly—every thing betokens the Secure One. Clothes are no so much clothes with him as they are a kind of defensive armour! The truth is, the Secure One lives in a state of constant warfare with the skiey influences. The chief campaign is in winter. Instead of entering the field, like Captain Bobadil, about the tenth of March, he opens the trenches towards the twenty-fourth of October. He then invests himself with a cuirass of wool almost thick enough to obstruct the passage of a cannon ball. For months after, he remains in arms, prepared to stand out against the most violent attacks of the enemy, and, in reality, there is hardly any advantage to be got of the Secure One by fair open storms or frosts. He bears a charmed life against all such candid modes of warfare. He cannot be overthrown in a pitched battle. It is only ambuscade draughts through open windows, and other kinds of bush-fighting, that ever are of any effect against him. Like Hector in the armour of Patroclus, he is invulnerable over almost all his whole person; but an arrowy rheumatism, like the spear of Achilles, will sometimes reach him through a very small chink. Like the mighty Achilles himself, he is literally proof, perhaps, against every thing but what assails him through the very lowest part of his person—he can stand every thing but wet feet. There is an instance on record of his having once been laid by the heels for three months, in consequence of sitting one night in the pit of the Theatre with a slightly damp umbrella between his knees. He was just about to get entirely better of this disorder, when all at once he was thrown back for six weeks more, by reason, as he himself related, of his having changed the wear (in his sick-chamber) of a silk watch-ribbon for a chain! "All from the imprudence of that rash girl, Jenny, who thought the ribbon a little shabby, and put on the chain instead. Why, Sir! a thick double ribbon, more than an inch broad; only conceive what a material addition it must have been to my ordinary clothing!" The chain, he might have added, was apt to be worse than nothing, for it was of irregular application, tattooing his person, as it were, with a minutely decussated exposure, so that the cold was likely to have struck him as with the teeth of a comb! The Secure One has an anxiety peculiar to himself on the subject of easy chairs, night-gowns, and slippers. The easy chair must be exact in angle to a single minute of a degree; the night-gown must be properly seen to in respect of fur and flannel; the slippers must every night be placed for him at the proper place; and if Jenny has been so inattentive as to place the left one on the right of the other, he feels himself not a little discomposed. The Secure One is most pestilently and piquantly accurate about all things. He loves to arrange, and arrange, and arrange, and over again arrange and settle all the preliminaries and pertinents of any little matter which cannot reasonably be done but one way. If he wishes, for instance, to confer with an upholsterer respecting some alteration in the above easy chair, he first calls one forenoon and inflicts an hour's explanation upon the unhappy man of wood—who is not all a man of wood, otherwise he would, in such a case, be happy. It does not in the least matter at what hour the tradesman should come to see this chair, for the Secure One is to be at home the whole day. Yet the very liberty at which he stands produces a difficulty. It would be charity in Providence, by any interference, "to give him not to chuse." "Say eleven; I shall then be quite disengaged—will that hour suit you? Or make it any other hour—say twelve—or say half-past eleven—half-past would do very well." [He recollects that he seldom gets the whole fiddle-faddle of feeding the canaries over by *half-past.*] "Suppose it were a quarter to twelve; that would answer me better still. I may, perhaps, take a walk out at mid-day; would a quarter to twelve do? Or I might hurry the canaries, and then the half-past might do. I dare say half-past will do best after all; mind half-past eleven." &c. &c. The man comes, and the business of the chair is entered into. The whole affair is most amply canvassed. The Secure One sits down in it, and gives a lecture in a very *ex-cathedra* style upon all its properties and defects. He complains of the back reclining a little too much back, or the bottom showing too little bottom, or some other fault equally inappreciable; and the upholsterer sees at once that the Secure One only complains of this, as he is apt to do of other things, for the very uneasiness arising from its over-easiness.

"Lulled on the rack of a too-easy chair."

The fact is, the Secure One has brought every appliance of life to such an absolute exactitude and perfection, that, having no longer any thing to give him pain, he becomes quite wretched. Secureness, it is evident, may go too far. We may become actually frightened in this world at our own caution. We may be shocked by the very unimpeachibility of our own virtue. We may become miserable through the extremity of our happiness. In the same manner the Secure One, when he has "got all things right," as he would say, finds himself, to his great disappointment, just at the threshold of woe and evil. He has exactly got time to set his house in order, before the proper consequence of such an event befalls him; and he expires at the very moment when he has just completed his preparations to live.

There is another order of Secure Ones, whose carefulness refers rather to their wealth than their health. There is an awful inviolability of pocket about such men—a provoking guardedness against all the possible appeals of friendship, and all the impulses of benevolence. Such men look as if they were all staunchéoned over. *La Pucelle* itself was not more perfectly fortified than their breeches. A poorer man is apt to feel in their presence as if he were under an indictment for an intention either to beg or borrow, or, perhaps, to steal from them. He sees something criminative against himself in every impregnable-looking button. Secure Ones of this class, perhaps, are bachelors under forty—careful, circumspect men, that have passed through the ordeal of a thousand evening parties without ever being in the least danger. They abstain from marrying, from very fear lest any advantage should be got of them. They cannot enter into the slightest intercourse with a young lady without letting it appear that they are perfectly on their guard. The most undesigning girl, like the above poor man, feels in their presence as if she were liable to be construed into an absolute "drapery miss." He is always quite civil; but that is from his very *secureness*; he knows he is in no dange. An experienced woman gives up a man of this kind at first sight. She sees he is cook's meat—*i. e.* that he is to marry a middle-aged

* This and the subsequent traits are from real life, without the least exaggeration or embellishment.

kitchen woman at fifty, upon the ground of her proficiency in preparing a beef-steak. The general feeling of the sex regarding this sort of Secure One is, "Confound the fellow! does he think that any one cares for him, or would take him though he were willing?"

"Nobody wants you, Sir, she said."

The Secure One, however, does not appear ever to suppose that the ladies have a veto in proposals of marriage. He looks upon them all as a class so eager on capturing and entrapping men, that it never enters into his head that there is such a thing as a rejected offer. The man he considers to be the passive and accepting party; the lady is the besieging enemy, and he is the fortress; the marriage takes place only if *he* chooses. It may be supposed, then, what would be the state of a Secure One's mind, if he were to relent some fine day in a fit of generosity (a thing only to be supposed in the event of his becoming *fey*), and in a liberal, candid, nonourable manner, offer his hand to a young lady of little fortune, whom he was disposed to think suitable on the score of personal merit alone, but who, having some prior attachment to a man one half as old, and twice as generous, was under the necessity of only thanking him for the honour. The cook or any thing after that! And how the whole sex would rejoice in his calamity!! "A fellow, forsooth, that has been a living insult to the tribe of womankind all his days. He is well served."

There is another kind of Secure One, considerably different in circumstances from the above—a married man about sixty, with a large family, in which there are several grown daughters. These girls are constantly under his eye. At church he puts them into a pew, and sits down at the door himself, as if he were a kind of serpent uarding the Hesperian fruit. To the eyes of hundreds of young men under twenty, who are not yet considered to be sufficiently settled in the world to marry, these young ladies seem unapproachable as the top of the steeple. They look as if they were absolutely walled round with jealous and *secure* paternity. One after another they are taken off by middle-aged cousins and other distant relations, about whose "respectability" there can be no doubt; and the young men in the back pews sigh to see that the family is determined upon being self-contained. For it is one of those families, perhaps, who enjoy the credit of a great deal of vague, and not very strictly apportioned wealth, under the clause, "There's plenty o' siller amang them;" and who seem as if they would consider the admission of a stranger into the circle as a thing of some danger, however "respectable" he might appear.

STORY OF MRS. MACFARLANE.

——— "Let them say I am romantick—so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it. Glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other great debts; and neither Mrs. Macfarland, for immolating her lover, nor you for constancy to your Lord, must ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia."—*Pope, to Lady M. W. Montague.*

It was formerly the fashion in Scotland for every father of a family to take all the people under his care along with him to church, leaving the house locked up till his return. No servant was left to cook the dinner, for it was then judged improper to take a dinner which required cooking. Neither, except in the case of a mere suckling, was it considered necessary to leave any of the children; every brat about the house was taken to church also; if they did not understand what was said by the minister, they at least did not prevent the attendance of those who did; and moreover—and this was always a great consideration—they were out of harm's way. One Sunday in autumn, 1719, Sir John Swinton of Swinton, in Berwickshire, was obliged to omit his little daughter Margaret from the flock which usually followed him to church. The child was indisposed with some trifling ailment, which, however, only rendered it necessary that she should keep her room. It was not considered requisite that a servant should be left behind to take charge of her, for she was too sagacious a child to require any such guardianship; and Sir John and Lady Swinton naturally grudged, with the scruples of the age, that the devotions of any adult member of their household should be prevented on such an account. The child, then, was left by herself in one of the upper bedrooms of the old baronial mansion of Swinton, no other measure being taken for her protection than that of locking the outer door.

For a girl of ten years of age, Margaret Swinton was possessed of much good sense and solidity of character. She heard herself doomed to a solitary confinement of six hours without shrinking; or thought, at least, that she would have no difficulty in beguiling the time by means of her new book—the Pilgrim's Progress. So long as the steps and voices of her kindred were heard about the house, she felt quite at her ease. But, in reality, the trial was too severe for the nerves of a child of her tender age. When she heard the outer door locked by the last person that left the house, she felt the sound as a knell. The shot of the bolt echoed through the long passages of the empty house with a supernatural loudness; and, next moment after, succeeded that perceptible audible quiet, the breath-like voice of an untenanted mansion, which, like the hum of the vacant shell, seems still as if it were charged with sounds of life. There was no serious occasion for fear, seeing that nothing like real danger could be apprehended; nor was this the proper time for the appearance of supernatural beings; yet the very loneliness of her situation, and the speaking stillness of all around her, insensibly overspread her mind with that vague negative sensation which is described by the native word *eeriness*. From her window nothing was visible but the cold blue sky, which was not enlivened by even the occasional transit of a cloud. By and bye the desolating wind of autumn began to break upon the moody silence of the hour. It rose in low melancholy gusts, and, whistling monotonously through every chink, spoke to the mind of this little child, of withering woods, and the lengthened excursions of hosts of leaves, hurried on from the scene of their summer pride into the dens and hollows where they were to decay. The sound gradually became more fitful and impetuous, and at last appeared to her imagination as if it were the voice of an enemy who was running round and round the house, in quest of admission—now and then going away as if disappointed and foiled, and anon returning to the attack, and breathing his rage and vexation in at every aperture. She soon found her mind possessed by a numerous train of fantastic fancies and fearful associations, drawn from the store of nursery legends and ballads, which she was in the habit of hearing, night after night, at the fire-side in the hall, and which were infinitely more dreadful than the refined superstitions of modern children. She thought of the black bull of Norway, which went about the world destroying whatever of human life came within its reach; of the weary well at the World's End, which formed the entrance into new regions, from whence no traveller ever returned; and of the faries or *good neighbours*, a small green-coated race of supernatural creatures, who often came to the dwellings of mortals, and did them many good and evil turns. She had been told of persons yet alive, who, in their childhood, had been led away by these fays into the wood, and fed for weeks with wild berries and the milk of nuts, till at length, by the *po'orfu'* preaching of some great country divine, they were reclaimed to their parents, being in such cases generally found sitting under a tree near their own homes. She had heard of a queen of these people—the Queen of Elfinland—who occasionally took a fancy for fair young maidens, and endeavoured to wile them into her service; and the thought occurred to her, that, as the fairies could enter through the smallest aperture, the house might be full of them at this moment.

For several hours the poor child suffered under these varied apprehensions, till at last she became in some measure desperate, and resolved at least to remove to another part of the house. The parlour below stairs commanded from its window a view of the avenue by which the house was approached; and she conceived that, by planting herself in the embrasure of one of those windows, she would be at the very border of the *eerie* region within doors, and as near as possible to the scene without, the familiarity of which was in itself calculated to dispel her fears. From that point, also, she would catch the first glimpse of the family returning from church, after which she would no longer be in solitude. Trying, therefore, to think of a merry border tune, she opened her own door, walked along the passage—making as much noise as she could—and tramped sturdily and distinctly down stairs. The room of which she intended to take possession was at the end of a long passage leading from the back to the front of the house. This she traversed slowly—not without fear of being caught from behind by some unimaginable creature of horror; an idea which, on her reaching the chamber door, so far operated upon her, that, yielding to her imaginary terrors, and yet relying for safety upon getting into the parlour, she in the same moment uttered a slight scream and burst half joyfully into the room. Both of these actions scarcely took up more than the space of a single moment, and in another instant she had the door closed and bolted behind her. But what was her astonishment, her terror, and her awe, when, on glancing round the room, she saw distinctly before her, and relieved against the light of the window, the figure of a lady, in splendid apparel, supernaturally tall, and upon whose countenance was depicted a surprise not less than her own! The girl stood fixed to the spot, her breath suspended, and her eyes wide open, surveying the glorious apparition, whose beauty and fine attire, unlike aught earthly she had ever seen, made her believe it to be an *enchanted queen*—an imaginary being, of which the idea was suggested to her by one of the nursery tales already alluded to. Fortunately, the associations connected with this personage were rather of a pathetic than an alarming character; and though she still trembled at the idea of being in the presence of a supernatural object, yet, as it was essentially beautiful and pleasing, and supposed to be rather in a condition of suffering than in the capacity of an injurer, Margaret Swinton did not experience the extremity of terror, but stood for a few seconds in innocent surprise, till at length the vision completely assured her of its gentle and pacific character, by smiling upon her, and, in a tone of the most winning sweetness, bidding her approach. She then went forward, with timid and slow steps, and, becoming convinced that her enchanted queen was neither more nor less than a real lady of this world, soon ceased to regard her with any other sentiment than that of admiration. The lady took her hand, and addressed her by name—at first asking a few unimportant questions, and concluding by telling her that she might speak to her mother of what she had seen, but by no means to say a word upon the subject to any other person, and that under pain of her mother's certain and severe displeasure. Margaret promised to obey this injunction, and was then desired by the lady to go to the window, to see if the family were yet returning from church. She did so, and found that they were not as yet in sight; when turning round to give that information to the stranger, she found the room empty, and the lady gone. Her fears then returned in full force, and she would certainly have fainted, if she had not been all at once relieved by the appearance of the family at the head of the avenue, along which the dogs—as regular church-goers as their master—ran barking towards the house, gratifying her with what she afterwards declared to have been the most welcome sounds that ever saluted her ear

Miss Swinton, being found out of her own room, was sharply reprimanded by her mother, and taken up stairs to be again confined to the sick-chamber. But before being left there, she found an opportunity of whispering into her mother's ear that she had seen a lady in the low parlour. Lady Swinton was arrested by the words, and, immediately dismissing the servant, asked Margaret in a kindly and confidential tone, what she meant. The child repeated, that in the low parlour she had seen a beautiful lady—an enchanted queen—who had afterwards vanished, but not before having exacted from her a promise, that she would say nothing of what she had seen except to her mother. "Margaret," said Lady Swinton, "I see you have been a very good girl; and, since you are so prudent, I will let you know a little more about this enchanted queen, though her whole story cannot properly be disclosed to you at present." She then conducted Margaret back to the parlour, pushed aside a sliding panel, and entered a secret chamber, in which the child again saw the tall and beautiful woman, who was now sitting at a table with a large prayer-book open before her. Lady Swinton informed the stranger that, as Margaret had kept her secret so far, according to her desire, she now brought her to learn more of it. "My dear," said her ladyship, "this lady is unfortunate—her life is sought by certain men; and if you were to tell any of your companions that you have seen her, it might, perhaps, be the cause of bringing her to a violent death. You could not wish that the enchanted queen should suffer from so silly an error on your part." Margaret protested, with tears, that she would speak to none of what she had seen; and after some farther conversation, she and her mother retired.

Margaret Swinton never again saw this apparition; but some years afterwards, when she had grown up, and all fears respecting the unfortunate lady were at an end, she learned the particulars of her story. She was the Mrs. Macfarlane, alluded to in the motto to this paper; a person whose fatal history made a noise at the time over all Britain, and interested alike the intelligent and the ignorant, the noble and the mean.—*To be concluded in next publication.*

British Capital.—The habitual gloomy anticipations of many individuals in relation to the ideal declension of Great Britain, ought entirely to be dispelled on a due consideration of the vast resources of its inhabitants. Their industry, their intelligence, and their amount of capital, or savings from their labour, are altogether unexampled in any history, and are unceasing in their operation. The politicaloœ nomist may occasionally have reason to grieve over some temporary depression in trade, but he should not forget the strength which the people everywhere possess, of annually accumulating several millions of new capital, and which no effort could extinguish. The intense and prevalent desire of working for, and accumulating capital, never ceases in Great Britain under any circumstances, and is the main security against all national misfortunes. The people of other countries may amuse themselves alternately with a fiddle and a musket; but the inhabitants of our impregnable island choose to engage in more laborious and profitable pursuits—and hence their incalculable opulence, and the indestructibility of their power.

An American Settler.—Mr. Macgregor, whose work on British America has just appeared, thus describes the condition of an American settler in New Brunswick:—"Near where the road parts off for Fredericton, an American, possessing a full share of the adventurous activity of the citizens of the United States, has established himself. He told me that when he planted himself there, seven years before, he was not worth a shilling. He has now (1829) more than three hundred acres under cultivation, an immense flock of sheep, horses, several yokes of oxen, milch cows, swine, and poultry. He has a large dwelling house, conveniently furnished, in which he lives with his family and a numerous train of labourers, one or two other houses, a forge, with a powerful trip-hammer worked by water power, fulling-mill, grist-mill, and two saw-mills—all turned by water. Near these, he showed me a building, which he said he erected for the double purpose of a school and chapel, the floor of which was laid, and on which benches were arranged so as to resemble the pit of one of our theatres. He said that all preachers who came in the way were welcome to the use of it. An English parson, a Catholic priest, a Presbyterian minister, or a Methodist preacher, should each, he said, get something to eat at his house, and have the use of the chapel, with equal satisfaction to him. He then showed me his barn; and in one place a heap, containing about ninety bushels of Indian corn, that grew on a spot scarcely an acre, which he pointed out to me. This man could do little more than read and write. His manners were quite unpolished, but not rude; yet he had wonderful readiness of address, and, as far as related to his own pursuits, quick powers of invention and application. He raised large crops, ground his own corn, manufactured the flax he cultivated and the wool of his sheep into coarse cloths; sold the provisions which his farm produced, and rum and British goods to the lumberers; kept a tavern; employed lumberers in the woods, and received also timber in payment for whatever he sold. He made the axes and other tools required by the lumberers, at his forge; he ate, gambled, and associated with his own labourers, and with the lumberers, and all others, who made his house a kind of rallying point; he appeared, however, to be a sober man, and a person who had in view an object of gain in every thing he engaged in; he talked much in praise of the rich interior country, and how rapidly it would be settled and cultivated, if possessed by the Americans."

Toast of a Scotch Peer.—Lord K——, dining at Provost S——'s, and being the only peer present, one of the company gave a toast, "The Duke of Buccleugh." So the peerage went round till it came to Lord K——, who said he would give them a peer, which, although not toasted, was of more [illegible] than the whole. His Lordship gave "The Pier of

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT: A TALE.

A Lanarkshire minister (who died within the present century) was one of those unhappy persons, who, to use the words of a well known Scottish adage, "can never see green cheese but their een reels." He was *extremely covetous*, and that not only of nice articles of food, but of many other things which do not generally excite the cupidity of the human heart. The following story is in corroboration of this assertion:—Being on a visit one day at the house of one of his parishioners, a poor lonely widow, living in a moorland part of the parish, he became fascinated by the charms of a little cast-iron pot, which happened at the time to be lying on the hearth, full of potatoes for the poor woman's dinner, and that of her children. He had never in his life seen such a nice little pot—it was a perfect conceit of a thing—it was a gem—no pot on earth could match it in symmetry—it was an object altogether perfectly lovely. "Dear sake! minister," said the widow, quite overpowered by the reverend man's commendations of her pot; "if ye like the the pot sae weel as a' that, I beg ye'll let me send it to the mause. Its a kind o' orra (*superfluous*) pot wi' us; for we've a bigger ane, that we use for ordinar, and that's mair convenient every way for us. Sae ye'll just tak a present o't. I'll send it ower the morn wi' Jamie, when he gangs to the schule." "Oh!" said the minister, "I can by no means permit you to be at so much trouble. Since you are so good as to give me the pot, I'll just carry it home with me in my hand. I'm so much taken with it, indeed, that I would really prefer carrying it myself." After much altercation between the minister and the widow on this delicate point of politeness, it was agreed that he should carry home the pot himself.

Off then he trudged, bearing this curious little culinary article, alternately in his hand and under his arm, as seemed most convenient to him. Unfortunately, the day was warm, the way long, and the minister fat; so that he became heartily tired of his burthen bofore he got half-way home. Under these distressing circumstances, it struck him, that, if, inst ad of carrying the pot awkwardly at one side of his person, he were to carry it on his head, the burden would be greatly lightened; the principles of natural philosophy, which he had learned at college, informing him, that when a load presses directly and immediately upon any object, it is far less onerous than when it hangs at the remote end of a lever. Accordingly, doffing his hat, which he resolved to carry home in his hand, and having applied his handkerchief to his brow, he clapped the pot, in inverted fashion, upon his head, where, as the reader may suppose, it figured much like Mambrino's helmet upon the crazed capital of Don Quixote, only a great deal more magnificent in shape and dimensions. There was, at first, much relief and much comfort in this new mode of carrying the pot; but mark the result. The unfortunate minister having taken a by-path, to escape observation, found himself, when still a good way from home, under the necessity of leaping over a ditch, which intercepted him, in passing from one field to another. He jumped; but surely no jump was ever taken so completely *in*, or, at least *into*, the dark as this. The concussion given to his person in descending caused the helmet to become a hood; the pot slipped down over his face, and resting with the rim upon his neck, stuck fast there; enclosing his whole head as completely as ever that of a new born child was enclosed by the filmy bag, with which nature, as an indication of future good fortune, sometimes invests the noddles of her favourite offspring. What was worst of all, the nose, which had permitted the pot to slip down over it, withstood every desperate attempt, on the part of its proprietor, to make it slip back again; the contracted part, or neck, of the *patera*, being of such a peculiar formation as to cling fast to the base of the nose, although it had found no difficulty in gliding along its hypothenuse. Was ever minister in a worse plight? Was there ever *contretemps* so unlucky? Did ever any man—did ever any minister, so effectually hoodwink himself, or so thoroughly shut his eyes, to the plain light of nature? What was to be done? The place was lonely; the way difficult and dangerous; human relief was remote, almost beyond reach. It was impossible even to cry for help; or, if a cry could be uttered, it might reach, in deafening reverberation, the ear of the utterer, but it would not travel twelve inches farther in any direction. To add to the distresses of the case, the unhappy sufferer soon found great difficulty in breathing. What with the heat occasioned by the beating of the sun on the metal, and what with the frequent return of the same heated air to his lungs, he was in the utmost danger of suffocation. Every thing considered, it seemed likely that, if he did not chance to be relieved by some accidental wayfarer, there would soon be *death in the pot*.

The instinctive love of life, however, is omni-prevalent; and even very stupid people have been found, when put to the push by strong and imminent peril, to exhibit a degree of presence of mind, and exert a degree of energy, far above what might have been expected from them, or what they were ever known to exhibit, or exert, under ordinary circumstances. So it was with the pot-ensconced minister. Pressed by the urgency of his distresses, he fortunately recollected that there was a smith's shop at the distance of about a mile across the fields, where, if he could reach it before the period of suffocation, he might possibly find relief. Deprived of his eyesight, he acted only as a man of feeling, and went on as cautiously as he could, with his hat in his hand. Half crawling, half sliding, over ridge and furrow, ditch and hedge, somewhat like Satan floundering over chaos, the unhappy minister travelled with all possible speed, as nearly as he could guess, in the direction of the place of refuge. I leave it to the reader to conceive the surprise, the mirth, the infinite amusement of the smith, and all the hangers-on of the *smiddy*, when, at length, torn and worn, faint and exhausted, blind and breathless, the unfortunate man arrived at the place, and let them know (rather by signs than by words) the circumstances of his case. In the words of an old Scottish song,

> "Out cam the gudeman, and high he shouted,
> Out cam the gudewife, and low she louted;
> And a' the town neighbours were gathered about it;
> And there was he, I trow."

The merriment of the company, however, soon gave way to considerations of humanity. Ludicrous as was the minister, with such an object where his head should have been, and with the feet of the pot pointing upwards, like the horns of the Great Enemy, it was, nevertheless, necessary that he should be speedily restored to his ordinary condition, if it were for no other reason than that he might continue to live. He was, accordingly, at his own request led into the smithy, multitudes flocking around to tender him their kindest offices, or to witness the process of release; and, having laid down his head upon the anvil, the smith lost no time in seizing and poising his goodly forehammer. "Will I come sair on, minister?" exclaimed the considerate man of iron, in at the brink of the pot. "As sair as ye like," was the minister's answer; "better a chap i' the chafts than die for want of breath." Thus permitted, the man let fall a blow, which fortunately broke the pot in pieces, without hurting the head which it enclosed, as the cook-maid breaks the shell of the lobster, without bruising the delicate food within. A few minutes of the clear air, and a glass from the gudewife's bottle, restored the unfortunate man of prayer; but, assuredly, the incident is one of which will long live in the memory of the parishioners of C———.

MAHOMMEDAN BEGGARS.—One of the chief obligations of the religion of Mahomet, is that of alms-giving, which is observed more as a positive duty enjoined, than felt as an act of charity, and more out of ostentation, than as relief to suffering humanity, ostentation in the giver being sure to create impudence in the beggar, curious instances of which were observed by Burckhardt; and, among others, the following whimsical one:—"While I was at Djidda," says he, "a Yeman beggar mounted the minaret, or turret of the mosque, daily, after mid-day prayer, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard through the whole bazaar, 'I ask from God fifty dollars, a suit of clothes, and a copy of the Koran. O faithful, hear me; I ask of you fifty dollars,' &c. &c. This he repeated for several weeks, when at last, a Turkish pilgrim, struck by the singularity of the beggar's appeal, desired him to take thirty dollars, and discontinue his cries, which reflected shame upon the charity of all the devout pilgrims present 'No,' said the beggar, 'I will not take them, because I am convinced that God will send me the whole of what I beg of him so earnestly.' After repeating his public supplication for some days more, the same pious Turk gave him the whole sum he asked for, but without being thanked. I have heard people, (he continues) exclaim in the mosques of Mekka, immediately after prayers, 'O brethren, O faithful, hear me! I ask twenty dollars from God, to pay for my passage home; twenty dollars only. You know that God is all-bountiful, and may send me a hundred dollars, but it is twenty dollars only that I ask. Remember that charity is the sure road to Paradise.' There can no doubt this impudent practice is sometimes attended with success."

THE LAIRD OF WARISTOUN.

THE estate of Waristoun, near Edinburgh, now partly covered by the extended streets of the metropolis on its northern side, is remarkable in local history for having belonged to a gentleman, who, in the year 1600, was cruelly murdered at the instigation of his wife. This unfortunate lady, whose name was Jean Livingstone, was descended from a respectable line of ancestry, being the daughter of Livingstone, the laird of Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, and at an early age was married to John Kincaid, the laird of Waristoun, who, it is believed, was considerably more advanced in years than herself. It is probable that this disparity of age laid the foundation of much domestic strife, and led to the tragical event now to be noticed. The ill-fated marriage and its results form the subject of an old Scottish ballad, in which the proximate cause of the murder is said to have been a quarrel at the dinner table:—

> It was at a dinner as they sat,
> And when they drank the wine,
> How happy were the laird and lady
> Of bonnie Waristoun!
>
> But he has spoken a word in jest;
> Her answer was not good;
> And he has thrown a plate at her,
> Made her mouth gush with bluid.

Whether owing to such a circumstance as is here alluded to, or a bite, which the laird is said to have inflicted upon her arm, is immaterial; the lady, who appears to have been unable to restrain her malignant passions, conceived the diabolical design of having her husband assassinated. There was something extraordinary in the deliberation with which this wretched woman approached the awful gulf of crime. Having resolved on the means to be employed in the murder she sent for a quondam servant of her father, Robert Weir, who lived in the neighbouring city. He came to the place of Waristoun, to see her; but it appears her resolution failed, and he was not admitted. She again sent for him, and he again went. Again he was not admitted. At length, on his being called a third time, he was introduced to her presence. Before this time, she had found an accomplice in the nurse of her child. It was then arranged, that Weir should be concealed in a cellar till the dead of night, when he should come forth and proceed to destroy the laird as he lay in his chamber. The bloody tragedy was acted precisely in accordance with this plan. Weir was brought up, at midnight, from the cellar to the hall by the lady herself, and afterwards went forward alone to the laird's bedroom. As he proceeded to his bloody work, she retired to her bed, to wait the intelligence of her husband's murder. When Weir entered the chamber, Waristoun awoke with the noise, and leant inquiringly over the side of the bed. The murderer then leapt upon him; the unhappy man uttered a great cry; Weir gave him some severe blows on vital parts, particularly one on the flank vein. But as the laird was still able to cry out, he at length saw fit to take more effective measures; he seized him by the throat with both hands, and, compressing that part with all its force, succeeded, after a few minutes, in depriving him of life. When the lady heard her husband's first death-shout, she leapt out of bed, in an agony of mingled horror and repentance, and descended to the hall; but she made no effort to countermund her mission of destruction. She waited patiently till Weir came down to inform her that all was over. Weir made an immediate escape from justice; but Lady Waristoun and the nurse were apprehended before the deed was half-a day old. Being caught, as the Scottish law terms it, *red-hand*—that is, while still bearing unequivocal marks of guilt, they were immediately tried by the magistrates of Edinburgh, and sentenced to be strangled and burnt at a stake. The lady's father, the laird of Dunipace, who was a favourite of King James VI., made all the interest he could with his majesty to procure a pardon; but all that could be obtained from the king, was an order that the unhappy lady should be executed by decapitation, and that at such an early hour in the morning as to make the affair as little of a spectacle as possible. The space intervening between her sentence and her execution was only thirty-seven hours; yet, in that little time, Lady Waristoun contrived to become converted from a blood-stained and unrelenting murderess into a perfect saint on earth. One of the then ministers of Edinburgh has left an account of her conversion, which was lately published, and would be extremely amusing, were it not for the loathing which seizes the mind on beholding such an instance of perverted religion. She went to the scaffold with a demeanour which would have graced a martyr. Her lips were incessant in the utterance of pious exclamations. She professed herself confident of everlasting happiness. She even grudged every moment which she spent in this world, as so much taken from that sum of eternal felicity which she was to enjoy in the next. The people who came to witness the last scene, instead of having their minds inspired with a salutary horror for her crime, were engrossed in admiration of her saintly behaviour, and greedily gathered up every devout word which fell from her tongue. It would almost appear from the narrative of the clergyman, that her fate was rather a matter of envy than of any other feeling. Her execution took place at four in the morning of the 5th of July, at the Watergate, near Holyrood-house; and at the same hour her nurse was burnt on the Castle-hill. It is some gratification to know, that the actual murderer, Weir, was eventually seized and executed, though not till four years after.

SPORTING IN INDIA.—Shortly after my arrival at Calcutta, I was invited to a day's sporting by Major ——. We started before day-break, in a style more resembling the march of a corps d'armée, or a triumphal procession in honour of the goddess of the chase, than the preparations for a day's hunting. No Scotch laird, Yorkshire squire, nor our Melton Mowbray sportsmen, can conceive any thing equal to it; our strength and numbers, our arms and appointments, our slaves and attendants, were astounding to behold. A tiger-hunt was the object in view, and a grand and memorable day we had. The major, a fine portly man, was mounted on an elephant, from the elevation of which, placed in a castle, he scoured the circumjacent country with eagle eye, preceded by sharp-shooters, tirailleurs, scouts, spies, and savages, followed and surrounded by divers brother sportsmen, comrades, and domestics. We were not long before we found a tiger, which afforded considerable sport, and was killed by a brother officer's rifle. From the dingle in which we found the last ferocious animal, we proceeded on with nobler game in view—the monarch of all beasts of prey; and after some excursive riding, a magnificent lion made its appearance. The sight was most grand! but I confess that, at this moment, no small degree of fear mingled with my ambition to have to record a lion-hunt amongst the adventures of my life. The attack seemed more like actual war than any thing else, so great and grand was the enemy to which we were opposed. The bold major, and a dashing young cavalry subaltern, discharged their rifles simultaneously at the lion, and each of them wounded him. Infuriated with pain, the fierce animal attacked the elephant, whilst the major seized another rifle and took deliberate aim at him; but being anxious that this shot might tell, he leaned so far forward that he overbalanced himself, and fell from his castle into the lion's arms (or rather paws). Here was an awful moment! but, wonderful to tell, the major got off with a broken arm only, a rush having been made towards the lion, whereby he was despatched, covered with wounds, and torrents of blood streaming around. Nothing could be so brave, so desperate, nor so marvellous!—*Metropolitan*.

HINDOO MARTYRDOM.—Colonel Tod, in his annals of Rajast'han, thus describes a voluntary martyr:—"We have seen one of these objects, self-condemned never to lie down during forty years, and there remained but three to complete the term. He had travelled much, was intelligent and learned, but, far from having contracted the moroseness of the recluse, there was a benignity of mein, and a suavity and simplicity of manner in him, quite enchanting. He talked of his penance with no vain-glory, and of its approaching term without any sensation. The resting position of this Druid (*vana-perist*) was by means of a rope suspended from the bough of a tree, in the manner of a swing, having a cross-bar, on which he reclined. The first years of this penance, he says, dreadfully painful; swollen limbs affected him to that degree, that he expected death; but this impression had long since worn off. 'Even in this, is there much vanity;' and it would be a nice point to determine whether the homage of man, or the approbation of the Divinity, most sustains the energies under such appalling discipline."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN HUNTER.

The celebrated John Hunter, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education whatever until he was twenty years old. He was born in the year 1728, in Lanarkshire; and being the youngest of a family of ten, and the child of his father's old age, would seem to have been brought up with the most foolish and unfortunate indulgence. When he was only ten years old his father died; and under the charge of his mother it is probable that he was left to act as he chose, with still less restraint than ever. Such was his aversion at this time to any thing like regular application, that it was with no small difficulty, we are told, he had been taught even the elements of reading and writing; while an attempt that was made to give him some knowledge of Latin (according to the plan of education then almost universally followed in regard to the sons of even the smallest landed proprietors in Scotland), was, after a short space, abandoned altogether. Thus he grew up, spending his time merely in country amusements, and for many years without even thinking, as it would appear, of any profession by which he might earn a livelihood. It was, however, found necessary at last, that something should be determined upon in regard to this point; for the family estate, such as it was, had gone to his eldest brother, and the father had made no provision for maintaining John any longer in idleness. So, destitute as he was of all literary acquirements, there was no other resource for him except some business that would give employment to his hands rather than his head; and one of his sisters having married a cabinet-maker, or carpenter, in Glasgow, it was resolved he should be bound apprentice to his brother-in-law. With this person, accordingly, he continued for some time, learning to make chairs and tables; and this probably might have been, for life, the employment of the genius that afterwards distinguished itself so greatly in one of the most important walks of philosophic discovery but for circumstances which, at the time when they occurred, were doubtless deemed unfortunate. His master failed, and John was left without any obvious means of pursuing even the humble line of life on which he had set out. He was at this time in the twentieth year of his age. His elder brother, William, afterwards the celebrated Dr. Hunter, had very recently settled as a medical practitioner in London, but had already begun to distinguish himself as a lecturer and anatomical demonstrator. To him John determined to address himself. The rumour of the one brother's success and growing reputation had probably, even before this time, awakened something of ambition in the other, with a wish to escape from the obscure fortune to which he seemed destined. John now wrote to his brother, offering him his services as an assistant in his dissecting-room, and intimating, that if this proposal should not be accepted, he meant to enlist in the army. Fortunately for science, his letter was answered in the way he wished. On his brother's invitation he set out for the metropolis. He was now put to work in the manner in which he had requested to be employed. His brother, we are informed by Sir Everard Home, his first and best biographer, gave him an arm to dissect, so as to display the muscles, with directions how it should be done; and the performance of the pupil, even in this his commencing essay, greatly exceeded the expectations of his instructor. The doctor then put into his hands another arm, in which all the arteries were injected, and these, as well as the muscles, were to be exposed and preserved. So satisfied was Dr. Hunter with his brother's performance of this task, that he assured him he would in time become an excellent anatomist, and would not want employment. Perhaps, although we do not find it so stated by any of his biographers, he may have felt an advantage, in making these preparations, in the habits of manual dexterity acquired during his apprenticeship to his first business.

So rapid, at all events, was the progress which he made in the study of anatomy, that he had not been a year in London when he was considered by his brother as qualified to teach others, and was attended accordingly by a class of his own. His talents, and the patronage of his brother together, brought him now every day more and more into notice. It does not belong to our purpose to trace the progress of his success after this point. We may merely remark, that long before his death he had placed himself, by universal acknowledgment, at the head of living anatomists; and was regarded, indeed, as having done more for surgery and physiology than any other investigator of these branches of science that had ever existed.

The important discoveries, and peculiar and most original views, by which John Hunter succeeded in throwing so much new light upon the subject of the functions of animal life, were derived, as is well known, principally from the extraordinary zeal, patience, and ingenuity, with which he pursued the study of comparative anatomy, or the examination of the structure of the inferior animals as compared with that of man. To this study he devoted his time, his labour, and, it may be said, his fortune; for nearly every shilling that he could save from his professional gains was expended in collecting those foreign animals, and other rare specimens, by means of which he prosecuted his inquiries. When his income was yet far from being a large one, he purchased a piece of ground at Earl's Court, in the village of Brompton, and built a house on it to serve as a place of deposit for his collections. The space around it was laid out as a zoological garden for such of his strange animals as he kept alive. Even when most extensively engaged in practice, he used to spend every morning, from sun-rise till eight o'clock, in his museum. Yet, in addition to his private practice, and a very long course of lectures, which he delivered every winter, he had for many years to perform the laborious duties of surgeon to St. George's Hospital, and deputy-surgeon-general to the army—superintending, at this time also, a school of practical anatomy at his own house. Still he found leisure, in the midst of all these avocations, not only for his experiments upon the animal economy, but for the composition of various works of importance, and for taking an active part both in the deliberations of the Royal Society, of which he had been early elected a Fellow, and in other schemes for the promotion and diffusion of natural knowledge. He was the originator, in particular, of the *Lyceum Medicum Londinense*—a medical society comprising many eminent individuals, which met at his lecture rooms, and rose to great reputation. That he might have time for these multiplied objects of attention, he used to allow himself only to sleep four hours at night, and an hour after dinner.

In order to procure subjects for his researches in comparative anatomy, his practice was to apply to the keeper of the wild beasts in the Tower, and the proprietors of the other menageries in town, for the bodies of such of their animals as died, in consideration of which he used to give them other rare animals to exhibit, on condition of also receiving their remains at their death. His friends and former pupils, too, were wont to send him, from every part of the world, subjects for his favourite investigations. "In this retreat (at Brompton) he had collected," says Sir Everard Home, "many kinds of animals and birds; and it was to him a favourite amusement in his walks to attend to their actions and their habits, and to make them familiar with him. The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial, and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the Queen, with which he used to wrestle in play, and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of these conflicts the bull overpowered him and got him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by, and frightened the animal away, this frolic would probably have cost him his life." On another occasion, "two leopards," says the same biographer, "that were kept chained in an out-house, had broken from their confinement, and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling this produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, the other surrounded by the dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both, and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much affected that he was in danger of fainting."

Mr. Hunter died in the sixty-sixth year of his age, in 1793. After his death, his museum was purchased by Parliament for the sum of fifteen thousand pounds; and it is now deposited in the hall belonging to the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is understood to contain about twenty thousand anatomical preparations, which are arranged so as (in the language of Sir Everard Home) "to expose to view the gradations of nature, from the most simple state in which life is found to exist, up to the most perfect and most complex of the animal creation, —man himself." The extreme beauty of these preparations is striking even to an unlearned eye; and their scientific value is such as to render the collection one of the most precious of its kind in the world. It is certainly one of the most splendid monuments of labour, skill, and munificence ever raised by an individual.

It is important to remark, that, with all his powers, this wonderful man never entirely overcame the disadvantages entailed upon him by the neglect in which he had been allowed to spend his early years. He used to dwell, we are told, on the advantage which is gained in regard to clearness of conception by the committing of one's ideas to writing—comparing the process to the taking of stock by a tradesman, without which he cannot know with certainty either what he has or what he wants. Yet he himself continued to the end of his life an awkward, though by no means an unpractised writer. After coming to London, he entered himself of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, probably with the view of being able to maintain at least some pretension to scholarship, but it does not appear that he carried his assumption of the academical character much farther. He attained little acquaintance with the literature even of his own profession; and it not unfrequently happened indeed, we are told, that upon communicating a supposed discovery of his own to some one of his more erudite friends, he had to suffer the disappointment of learning that the same thing had been already found out by some other well known anatomist. But he felt his literary deficiencies chiefly as a lecturer. the capacity in which his more regularly educated brother so greatly excelled. It is asserted by Dr. Adams, who has written a life of John Hunter, that he always used to swallow thirty drops of laudanum before going to lecture. If these were heavy penalties, however, which he had to pay for what was not so much his fault as that of others, the eminence to which he attained in spite of them is only the more demonstrative of his extraordinary natural powers, and his determined perseverance.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

ROADS IN SCOTLAND.

Mr. Buchanan, civil engineer, has just published a very clear and ably written account of the railways of the West of Scotland, in connection with four views, by Mr. D. O. Hill, of the Opening of the Garnkirk Railway. From this work we derive the following notice of former modes of communication in Scotland:—

"In Scotland, the progress of improvement, though rather late in beginning, has advanced with extraordinary rapidity, and is now keeping pace with her richer neighbour. It is scarcely a century since there was nothing deserving the name of a road in any of our great thoroughfares; the whole inland trade of the kingdom was carried on by means of packhorses; and persons are still alive who remember perfectly the carriers between Edinburgh and Glasgow going regularly with five or six horses in a train; and so narrow was the track, that the leading one had a bell at his head, to give warning of their approach to the party travelling in the opposite direction, that the one might have time to get out of the way while the other was passing. In this manner they jogged along, over all the inequalities of the country through which the road passed, and fording the different rivers and streams, on which bridges were yet unknown. Carts were then only used in the metropolis or principal towns, and coaches or carriages rarely in the country, travelling being almost universally performed on horseback. In many parts, particularly in low and wet grounds, the roads or tracks were often impassable. The late Lord Hermand used to relate, that when he was first sent to Edinburgh College from Ayrshire, about 1760, the road was in such a state that, in some places, servants were dispatched beforehand with poles to sound the depth of the mosses and bogs which lay in their way. [Mr. Buchanan might have added that, when John Earl of Loudoun was sent to Edinburgh, a boy, about 1730, he travelled with his baggage, in a pair of pannier's across a pony's back; himself in the one pannier, and his baggage in the other!] Wretched as internal communications seem to have been, they fully kept pace with the progress of trade and intercourse throughout the country. The mail was dispatched regularly between Edinburgh and London on horseback, and went in the course of five or six days, but so little communication was there between the two capitals, that, as I have heard related on unquestionable authority, during the time of the rebellion of 1745, when an order came down from London to open all the letters in the Post Office, with the view of detecting treasonable correspondence, there were not, altogether, above twenty in the London bag—such was the low state of trade and business, the true cause of the backward state of the roads, and of all the other accommodations which distinguish a rich and improving country. [It is perhaps worth mentioning also, that at the commencement of the civil war, an interchange of diplomatic correspondence between Edinburgh and London never occupied less than a month, although it must be admitted that the news of the death of Queen Elizabeth, which was brought from London to Edinburgh between a Thursday morning and Saturday night, by Sir Robert Carey, on horseback, was a wonderful instance of what could sometimes be done even in those times. In the decade of 1750-60, a coach travelled from Edinburgh to London, occupying a fortnight except one day—that is, from Monday morning to the Saturday at the end of the succeeding week—the intervening Sunday being spent tranquilly at Boroughbridge in Yorkshire, where, we suppose, the travellers went decently to church along with their landlord. In those days the Post Office was kept in a *flat* in the Parliament Square, and, according to the recollection of the late Henry Johnston Wylie, Esq. who died two years ago, there was but one letter-carrier.] About the year 1770, roads were so much amended, that carts had come into general use, particularly on farms, and in driving grain to market. With these one horse might draw five or six hundredweight, while the packhorse could only carry three. In the year 1790, the construction and management of the roads began to excite great public attention, and improved lines were formed in all parts of the country, and constructed of better materials; so that, on the whole, the load of a single carthorse was increased to eight or ten hundredweight, and travelling in carriages became very common. Since that period improvements have advanced with accelerated rapidity, and such have been the effects of those on the powers of draught, that there is now no public road in the kingdom in which a single cart horse does not with ease draw sixteen hundred weight, and on many of them a good horse will draw twenty-five hundredweight. Such has also been the effect of the velocity of motion, that the London mail now performs her journey in 43½ hours, while the first coaches which ran on the same road took 15 or 16 days. The original Edinburgh and Glasgow coach, which was commenced about 1765, took twelve hours to perform the journey, and a swifter vehicle afterwards introduced, the *Fly* as it was termed, still consumed nearly the whole day on the road. The coaches now complete the journey in five hours; there are daily eighteen or twenty running betwixt the towns, and the same increased facilities of travelling are established in every other direction throughout the kingdom."

EMIGRATION.—New York.

Mr. Fergusson's "Notes made during a Visit to the United States and Canada, in 1831," published in the *Agricultural Journal* for March last, are of a more light and amusing nature than his previous article on Emigration, yet abound in details worthy of being known by those who design to proceed to America either as travellers or settlers. He thus describes his landing in the United States:—

"The scenery of the American coast is rather tame; but the Bay of New York, after passing the forts, is magnificent, and the approach to the city very fine. We got ashore about three o'clock, and were conveyed, in a particular clean and neat hackney-coach, to the Mansion-house Hotel in Broadway, kept by Mr. Bunker. I was struck with the superior character of the hackney-horses to those of our cities, and I may add also of those in cars and waggons. They were all in excellent plight, and the latter, if not equal in size to those in English drays, infinitely surpassed them in action. The hackney-coach fares in New York are high, and are, moreover, annoying to strangers, from the practice of paying for each passenger, when exceeding one, and also for luggage. New York is well provided with hotels of every degree. Our accommodation at Bunker's was excellent. The house is extensive, though not so much so as the City Hotel, where two hundred beds are made up; and the style of living appears to me sufficiently convenient and agreeable. Besides occasional guests, you meet with a certain number of *permanent* boarders, sometimes whole families remaining for weeks together, with whom strangers enjoy the utmost facility of forming an acquaintance; and, as it frequently happens that some of the inmates are members of Congress or of the State Legislatures, and that most of them are men of superior information, an opportunity is afforded of acquiring knowledge regarding the institutions and habits of the people, highly to be prized.

The Americans appeared to me perfectly accessible, and quite ready to give counsel or assistance to all who were disposed frankly and cordially to accost them. Before I was two days in the hotel, I could reckon several very kind friends, acquired entirely in the ordinary intercourse of the day, without any formal introduction, and was not only furnished with routes for my future guidance, but received kind and pressing invitations to visit various individuals in the course of my tour.

The public rooms in the hotels consist of one or more well-furnished drawing-rooms, where you receive visitors, assemble before meals, or spend the evening with music, &c. Single gentlemen, unacquainted or unconnected with any lady of the party, appear to me hardly expected to join the drawing-room circle, although there is no exclusion, nor any difficulty when one is so inclined, in finding admission. The dining-room, is, of course, large, commonly two apartments thrown into one, and capable of being enlarged or contracted at pleasure. In Bunker's, I admired an ingenious communication with the kitchen, by means of a stair concealed under a large sideboard, from one end of which the good-humoured shining phiz of a black waiter was ever and anon emerging with some savoury dish. The bar-room and open gallery or verandah are the only scenes of smoking to be met with in respectable hotels. A book is kept in the bar, where arrivals and departures are regularly recorded, and which frequently enables friends to trace each other with much convenience.

The hotels are well fitted up, the bed-rooms not very large, but clean and comfortable, and, in Bunker's, we found excellent warm-baths. Our board was 2 dollars, or 9*s.* per day, for which we had breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper, with a bed-room. Our fare was quite excellent. Fish and fowl, rump steaks, sausages, omelets, &c. &c. are kept in constant requisition, and ample justice is done to them, with a dispatch somewhat startling to a stranger. At this time *shad* reigned supreme at our breakfast, as *striped bass* did at our dinner table, both uncommonly delicate varieties of fish.

To those who have formed an estimate of American hotels from certain modern tourists, I am aware that my report may wear the aspect of partiality; yet I feel a pleasure, while I consider it a duty, with perfect indifference and candour, to state the impression made upon myself, and the results of my own experience and observation.

In treating of America, the man who would do her justice must have in constant remembrance the extraordinary advances and improvements which even a year or two in this country produce. In the hotel where I now lived, an English gentleman informed me, that, only a few years ago, not more than two or three single bed-rooms could be found, whereas it is now entirely different, and the change, in ordinary road taverns, is alike remarkable. We have been accustomed to hear a great deal of the saucy or sulky demeanour of the attendants: not a *solitary* instance of the kind occurred in my experience, and I found all my personal wants quite as regularly attended to as I could possibly desire, both in New York and elsewhere; with this essential improvement, that you are relieved of those vexatious extortions which assail you, as "riders to the bill," in every British hotel. The attendants, except in the slave states, are almost always free persons of colour; and I believe the repugnance felt to the designation of *servant*, arises from some latent ill-defined dread of being mistaken for *slaves*.

That matters are conducted very differently from what we are accustomed to meet with in our own admirable houses of entertainment, I readily admit; but I cannot, upon the whole, allow that the absence of snug parlours or mahogany boxes is attended with those very *fatal* effects to comfort and good living, which some smart writers would have us to believe. Our grievance perpetually served up is, the shocking inconvenience of travellers being obliged to conform to the regular hours of a public table,—a truth which amounts precisely to nothing, these hours being invariably calculated to suit the motions of public conveyances, by which travelling, I may say, is exclusively accomplished in America, and because there is no difficulty in procuring private rooms or *extra* meals, when circumstances oblige you to call for them.

Another very pretty topic of abuse is the *wholesale ablution* system carried on in the tavern-rooms, with the accompaniments of a comb and hair brush, suspended *pro bono publico*. The climate, in summer, renders washing at every stage extremely comfortable, during the few minutes employed in changing horses, and a basin and towel are placed at hand for the purpose. It is only in *very* humble quarters, indeed, that you cannot command these comforts in your own bed-room, where you stop for the night; and although certainly the above articles could not present themselves unless they were in use, I scarce recollect observing a single traveller without his pocket-comb.

New York has been so often and so well described, that it is unnecessary to speak in detail of its public buildings and institutions. It is a fine commercial city, with a population of nearly 200,000, carrying on an immense traffic with the whole world. The celebrated Broadway somewhat disappointed me. Its length is certainly very great, and handsome public buildings, private mansions, hotels, and well furnished shops or stores, are curiously intermixed; while its whole length and breadth are alive with carriages and waggons, equestrians and pedestrians of every rank and of almost every hue. Still it did not equal the expectations which I had been led to form.

I could say much, were it proper, of the hospitality of New York, and of the unostentatious kindness with which my letters of introduction were received. The style of living is elegant and comfortable; and the domestic circles which I had the pleasure of joining seemed truly unaffected and happy. The quiet, modest, and amiable tone of female society particularly pleased me.

Crime and Population.—In a Report of the Society for Improving Prison Discipline, it is mentioned, that the amount of crime in proportion to population is as follows:—England 1 criminal in 740 of the people; in Wales, 1 in 2320; in Ireland, 1 in 490; in Scotland, 1 in 1130; in Denmark, 1 in 1700; in Sweden, 1 in 1500; in the United States of America, 1 in 3500; and in New South Wales, 1 in 22. Gratifying as it may be to perceive that there is much less crime in Scotland than in any other part of the United Kingdom, it is melancholy to reflect, that every year it is steadily increasing, and, if not checked, will ere long arrive at the same proportion as in England.

MANUFACTURES IN METAL.

Although the globe on which we live presents but few traces of metallic veins on its surface, and at the period of its creation probably presented even fewer than it does at present, it is, nevertheless, an undoubted fact, that so soon and progressively, as what may be called the arts of life took place of the primitive rudeness of nature, mankind appear to have discovered and turned to account the various metals within their reach. Nor should the observation, however trite, be discarded, that it is a striking illustration of the providence of the Creator, that those metals which are the most useful are likewise the most abundant, though it must at the same time be remarked they are the most difficult of access.

Mineralogists have started the puzzling question—Whether all the mineral treasures which have been extracted from, and those at present existing in, the bowels of the earth, were formed like the materials amidst which they mostly lie, at the creation, or whether they may not, at least in many cases, have been the production of subsequent periods, either resulting from some of those singular phenomena, which are obviously attributable to a deluge, or from chemical changes perpetually going on according to fixed laws throughout all the regions of nature with which we are acquainted?

With respect to the existence of gold as a primary element of our globe, we appear to have the affirmative testimony of Moses in the second chapter of Genesis, where, mentioning the situation of Eden, he likewise describes the four heads of the rivers by which the garden was watered, and says—"The name of the first was Pison; that is it which compasseth the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold, and the gold of that land is good." This is certainly the earliest instance on record in which mention is made of the existence of any metal.

The presence of gold, silver, lead, and probably copper, must, in the earliest times, have become, in various ways, too obvious to allow the art of smelting the ores to have remained long undiscovered. The detection of virgin pieces, or the accidental effect of fires upon the more fusibles ores, are circumstances which account at once for the early notions and strange fictions which existed among the ancients on this subject; especially the natural and poetical idea of the conflagration of forests by the rubbing of trees against one another during a high wind, and the consequent fluxion of some of the metal from ores lying exposed on or near the surface.—*Lardner.*

Dumfries Churchyard.—The intelligent inhabitants of Dumfries possess the distinction, which is, perhaps, not very generally known, of paying much greater attention to the condition and appearance of their places of sepulture than any other people in Scotland. St. Michael's churchyard, in which repose the ashes of Burns, is the chief *lion* of the place, and abounds in monumental erections of great beauty, executed at a cost quite unknown in most other towns. The ingenious M'Diarmid, who is unremitting in his statistical inquiries, mentions in one of his publications, that "of the first class of monuments, there are one hundred and nine, many of them designed and executed in Edinburgh, at an expense of upwards of *six hundred guineas*. The Dumfries prices being moderate, and taking 40*l.* as the average of the whole, we have (says he) a total of 4360*l.* Of tombstones on pillars, and in good repair, there are exactly 712. The rates at which these are executed at home vary exceedingly, from the great diversity of size, form, ornament, &c. While some are erected for 5*l.* there are many that cost more than double that sum; and my informant assures me that there would be nothing approaching to extravagant calculation, in assigning 8*l.* as the medium. But, in addition to the modern and perfect table-stones, there are about *one thousand* which are more or less dilapidated; and if we apply the same rule to these, the total amounts to 13,600*l.* Of head-stones in tolerable preservation, the number is 216—the cost about 600*l.* Of portions of burying-ground, inclosed and unenclosed, with stone and railing, the number is 118; and, though they vary greatly as to form and dimensions, we can hardly, I think, err in reckoning the whole at 1500*l.* and when these sums are put together, they exhibit a grand total of upwards of twenty thousand pounds sterling; independently of the expense of Burns' mausoleum."

Progress of British Commerce.—It was under the administration of Lord Chatham, in the very midst of a seven years' war, says Dupin, that we behold the commencement of all those great interior works useful to commerce, which are now the admiration of every foreigner. Up to 1756, England had not a single line of artificial navigation; and she possessed, for communication by land, only a small number of roads injudiciously cut and ill kept up. Of a sudden, an individual conceives the idea to profit by the general impulse which industry has received, by cutting a canal, to carry to Manchester the produce of his mines. Shortly afterwards, a town which thrives, and of which the exuberant wealth seeks everywhere productive outlets—Liverpool—aspires to still higher designs. She is the first to form and to realize the project of opening a navigable channel betwixt the Irish sea and the German ocean. Other channels even more extended are established by degrees in both ends of the island: and thus, within the short space of half a century, a line of canals is formed, both for great and for small navigation, for the purpose of uniting opposite seas—basins separated by numberless chains of hills—opulent ports—industrious towns—fertile plains—and inexhaustible mines. The total length of canals in Great Britain, excluding those under five miles in length, was, in 1828, 2589 miles. The system of turnpike roads embraced an extent of 24,531 miles in the same year, of which the annual revenue was 1,214,716*l.* Moles, piers, lighthouses, have been newly established, and the security of access and shelter of every anchorage upon the whole line of coast greatly increased. Such has been the progress of British commerce—a progress which the disastrous war with our American colonies slackened, but could not interrupt—a progress which received new life by the loss of these very colonies—a progress which above all was advanced with gigantic strides during the tremendous struggle, whether right or wrong, maintained so long with the republic and the empire of France!—*Bell's Popular and Scientific Geography.*

Spermaceti Whale.—This animal is commonly from fifty to sixty feet long, although individuals eighty feet in length may be seen. The body has the form of an immense cylinder, of which the head, separated by a slight depression from the back, constitutes a large portion, and is terminated anteriorly by a square mass. The spout-hole is at the anterior extremity of the head, in the middle of a round prominence formed of thick fibres, which serve to close it. The body gradually diminishes towards the tail, which expands into an immense fin, composed of two lobes, deeply notched in the middle, and fourteen feet in its transverse diameter. The pectoral fins are small, of an oblong form, and placed near the commissure of the mouth. The back, which is round and smooth, is surmounted by a false fin, or rather a bump, formed entirely of cellular tissue, in a thick fold of the skin. Sometimes there are two or three of these prominences. The eyes are very small, black, and, what is singular, the right eye is much larger than the left. The general colour is bluish black, deeper on the back, and lighter on the sides and belly. Sometimes the under part of the body is whitish. The epidermis is so thick and insensible, that it is commonly covered with large shells, like a rock. It commonly swims very slowly, and shews at the surface only the great arch of its back, and the fleshy eminence which surrounds the spout-hole. It often remains at rest for some seconds, and then sinks slowly into the sea. At certain seasons, however, it becomes more active, raising its shapeless head far out of the water, and plunging perpendicularly, so as to display the huge lobes of its tail. This animal is supposed to be found in the seas of all parts of the world. Davis' Straits, the temperate seas of Europe, the coasts of Patagonia, those of Madagascar, the west coast of New Holland, the Moluccas, Caroline and Marian Islands, the Galapogos, New Zealand, and the Japanese Archipelagoes, are the places most frequented by them. It appears to live principally upon cuttlefish, and other molluscous animals, fishes, and, as is said, sharks. Two valuable substances are extracted from this whale, spermaceti, and ambergris. It also affords oil, but in less quantity than the Greenland whale. The Greenlanders make coats of its intestines, and ropes of its tendons. The teeth are employed for numerous domestic uses, and are held in the highest estimation by the natives of many of the South Sea Islands.

Column for Anglers.

Embower'd upon the pleasant banks of Thames,
Or by the silver stream of Isis, Cam,
Or yellow Avon, roaming, the angler
Joyous pursues from morn till eve his sport.

Again returns the fresh and cheering month of April, "full of lusti hed, and wanton as a kid;" with its capricious smiles and showers, its sunny and dull weather, its green fields, its buds and blossoms, and promise of approaching happy summer. With the reviving movements of nature, the crowded streets begin to hang heavy on the "man about town," and the light-hearted juvenile pants to be on the margin of some sparkling and moody stream, trolling for a finny prey, or gently touching the surface of the rippling waters with his fly. For the last six weeks he has been looking forward to "some time about the middle of April," when, on a bright fresh morning, he would find himself on the top of one of the outward bound coaches of the metropolis, the close thoroughfares gliding rapidly behind him, the prospect of fields and hedge-rows opening in the distance, and the piscatorial delights of the morrow brightening up to his fancy. Kind reader, need you ask where these fishing streams are to be found? Are there not hundreds in broad Scotland, from the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, to those of the Dee and the Ythan? All less or more abound in trout and minor fish, while few are without the most delicious salmon. Dumfries-shire, too, has its excellent streams; Ayrshire has a number pouring their waters into the Western Sea; Lanarkshire has its Clyde and a variety of lovely tributaries; and Perthshire abounds in delightful streams of first, second, and third rate size, all valuable in the eyes of the bait and fly-fisher. For the last six weeks, I say, the angler has been busily conning over all these things in his mind; overhauling his well-stuffed pocket fly-book, examining his lines, dusting and renovating his pannier, and carefully tying up the suspicious-looking cracks in his angling rod. Old Izaak Walton, and Charles Cotton's "Complete Angler," he has long since learned by heart, for he makes it one of his companion books on the chimney-piece in winter—he has perused all the tracts on the subject, including that of Bainbridge—and, if I be not sore mistaken, has lately lounged with a degree of delight over "Salmonia, or days of fly-fishing." But your real angler needs no instruction; he is wise by intuition; and he forms a theory of fishing entirely his own, which he would not give for all the theories which ever were written. To the old angler, therefore, who is already "up" to every thing about his craft, I do not say one word; but taking the young incipient fisher—the candidate for piscatorial honours—under my auspices, I would beg to give him a few friendly directions as to the best means of carrying on his operations.

The chief care of the angler should be to procure a good rod, lines hooks, and floats. The rod should consist of five or six pieces, fitted so nicely that the whole, when joined, may appear to be one piece. Those living near streams use spliced rods, which are much better than those with ferules and screws, as they bend throughout, and are not so liable to break; but anglers who have to travel can seldom, with convenience, carry rods which are tied instead of screwed. A trouting rod is usually made from twelve to sixteen feet in length, though some prefer them of greater extent, as giving more command over wide streams and pools. Good fishers, who are not afraid of catching cold, prefer to wade and fish from the centre of streams rather than the bank, by this means commanding the eddy corners and ripples on both banks. In all the great angling matches on the Tweed, the competitors plunge into the stream, as being their only method of securing a basketful of trout. The rod ought to be perfectly elastic, and finely tapering to a point made of whalebone, or the most delicate hickory.

The lines of the angler may be bought from the tackle makers; horse hair is preferred; it should be round, twisted even, and of equal thickness; the best colours are white and grey for clear waters. Chestnut or brown coloured hairs are best for ground angling, especially in muddy water; black is occasionally used in streams of a dark mossy hue. The line reel, or *pirn*, should hold about 80 or 90 yards, so as to admit abundance of line being given out when required.

In the spring months most river fish will catch at worm or other bait which requires no very particular art in managing; the bait being suffered to sink towards the bottom of the water, where it is trolled for a short space before taken out. In fly-fishing, however, will be found the principal sport, and of the various fish, trout will afford the most agreeable prey. For nine months in the year, under favourable circumstances, fly-fishing may be practised with success. Westerly and southerly winds are the most favourable, especially in spring; but during warm and cloudy summer weather, the point from which the wind blows is of little consequence. Whoever desires to become a successful practitioner in the art, must angle in all weathers, and under every variety of circumstances, however unpropitious the prospect may be. Trout are generally supposed to rise more freely during a dark and lowering day, following a clear bright night, as brilliant moonshine detains them in their lurking places. On the other hand, after a gloomy or darkish night, they are less easily tempted, having glutted themselves with moths or other nocturnal insects, which, during the summer months, are abundant in the waters. In throwing the line, the angler should endeavour to make his gear fall as lightly as possible on the surface, and his flies should drop opposite or somewhat above his own position, and then be played gently and neatly downwards and across the stream. When a trout is seen to rise at a natural fly or other insect, the artificial one should be offered him by being thrown, not directly over him, but about a yard higher up the stream; and if he is inclined to rise again, he will probably meet it half way. When a fish, on being hooked, descends beneath the surface, and struggles in the depths below, it is a pretty sure sign that he is well secured; but when he flounders on the surface, or leaps occasionally into the air, more care is necessary, as in that case the hook will frequently be found to be only skin-deep. In playing and landing a large trout, the same precautions are necessary as in salmon fishing, although in regard to swollen fish, if the angler be standing in the centre of a stream, and finds it inconvenient to wade frequently ashore, a few additional turns will exhaust the captive, which may be drawn rapidly and steadily to the hand, and secured by a firm grasp behind the gills.

A recent writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* states it as his opinion that fly-fishing, by far the most elegant and interesting branch of the art, ought not to be regarded exclusively as an art of imitation. "It no doubt," he says, "depends on deception, but the great object of the fly-fisher is, to dissimulate in such a manner as to prevent his expected prey from detecting the artificial nature of his line, without troubling himself by a vain effort to simulate or assume, with his fly, the appearance of any individual or specific form of insect life. There is, in truth, little or no connection between the art of angling and the science of entomology; and, therefore, the success of the angler in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend on the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect. This statement is, no doubt, greatly at variance, as well with the principles as the practice of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration; but we are not less decidedly of opinion, that in nine cases out of ten a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving creature, and not on account of its exact and successful resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object. The same observations apply, with almost equally few exceptions, to bait fishing. The minnow is fastened upon swivels, which cause it to revolve upon its axis with such rapidity, that it loses every vestige of its original appearance; and in angling with the par tail—one of the most killing lines for large trout—the bait consists of the nether half of a small fish, mangled and mis-shapen, and in every point of view divested of its natural form. We are, therefore, of opinion, that all, or a great proportion of what has been so often and sometimes so well said about the great variety of fish necessary to an angler—about the necessity of changing his tackle according to each particular month throughout the season—about one fly being adapted solely to the morning, another to noonday, and a third to the evening—and about every river having its own particular flies, &c., is, if not erroneous, at least exaggerated and misconceived. That determinate relations exist between flies of a certain colour and particular conditions of a river, is, we doubt not, true; but these are rather connected with angling as an artificial science, and have little to do with any analogous relations in nature. The great object, by whatever means it is to be accomplished, is to render the fly deceptive; and this, in fact, we believe to be more frequently effected when fishing with flies which differ in colour and general appearance from those which are upon the water. When a particular fly prevails upon a river, an artificial one in imitation of it will never resemble it so closely as to appear the same to those below (*i. e.* the fish): on the contrary, a certain degree of resemblance, without any thing like an exact similitude will, only render the finny tribe the more cautious through suspicion; while a different shape and colour, by exciting no minute or invidious comparisons, would probably have been swallowed without examination. How often has it been asserted, with all the gravity of sententious wisdom, that the true mode of proceeding in fly-fishing is to busk your hook by the river side, after beating the shrubs to see what colour of insect prevails. A very expert angler, who perhaps carried the opposite theory rather too far (although he always filled his pannier), was in the habit of stirring the briars and willows to ascertain what manner of fly was *not* there, and with that he tempted the fishes."

It would be difficult to describe to the inexperienced the variety and character of the artificial fly which he ought to use. A good authority in this matter recommends, for April, a stone-fly, the body made of dark wool dyed yellow, under the wings and tail. For the beginning of May, a ruddy fly, made of red wool, and bound about with black silk, with the feathers of a black cock hanging dangling on his sides next his tail. The hazel-fly is a killing fly in May and June; the body is composed of ostrich harl of two colours, black and purple twisted together: the wings of the sandy-coloured feathers from under the wings of a thrush, or the reddish plumes of a partridge's tail; a bluish hackle, twisted and pretty full, serves both for the underwings and legs. For June, a greenish fly may also be used; the body is made of black wool, with a yellow list on either side; the wings taken off the wing of a buzzard, bound with black broken hemp. The Moorish fly, the body made of dusty wool, and the wings of the blackish wail of a drake The tawny fly, which is in great repute till the middle of June; the body made of tawny wool, the wings contrary, one against another, composed of the whitish wail of a white drake. For July, the wasp fly; the body made of black wool, cast about with yellow silk, and the wings of a drake's feathers. The steel fly, approved in the middle of July; the body made with greenish wool, cast about with the feathers of a peacock's tail, and the wings made with cock's hackle. When rivers are very low and clear, from a long continuance of summer drought, it has been recommended to use a pair of wings made from the feather of a landrail, or the mottled feather of a teal, with a well cleaned gutter fixed upon the hook. During a similar condition of the water, even when no wind is stirring, and the sun shining in its greatest lustre, trouts may be taken with a small *wren's tail, grouse, smoky dun,* or *black hackles,* the angler fishing straight down the water, by the sides of streams and banks, and keeping well out of sight, with as long a line as can be neatly managed. At these times the fish may be seen with their dorsal fins above water, and with skilful management may be made to snap at the above named flies. When one is hooked, the rest dart off but if the angler keeps concealed they will return again in a very short time; and thus several fish may be taken even in summer from the clearest pools. In fishing a river with which the angler has no previous acquaintance, the most approved practice is to try the eddies which are frequent at the corners of the streams, and where the circular movement of the current throws out a frequent sustenance for the finny race. There the larger trout often lie; and it must consist with the experience of every angler, that an excellent capture is sometimes made repeatedly from some small spot behind or beside a particular stone, where from day to day one well sized fish seems to succeed another in the favourite feeding ground. In this knowledge of peculiar localities, consists the chief advantage of a previous acquaintance with the water. The smaller fish are found in most abundance in the widely spread and shallow streams, as well as in the extended parts of pools of no great depth. The tributary streams of main rivers have also in general the smallest fish, and such are much easier caught than the trout of the larger waters. Out of the tributaries of the Tweed—the Manor for instance—I remember, while a boy, of sometimes taking not less than two dozens of small trout in a day, which was reckoned a small number, and indeed this species of small-stream fishing seems most adapted to, and is best conducted by youth, the older fishers, in most instances, despising this "trifling" sport.

The philosophy of angling, or its power of producing salutary meditation in the perhaps wearied mind, has been a theme for many ages, and not without good reason. There are certainly "pleasures in *fishing* which none but *fishers* know," and which could hardly be appreciated were they to be specified to the uninitiated. Let me conclude my Column for Anglers in the simple madrigal of old Izaak, the father of the craft:

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use Tennis, some a mistress court:
But these delights I neither wish
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Foot Marks of Man and lower Animals.—Voltaire, in Zadig, has attributed to his hero a sagacity in tracing footsteps, which, no doubt, has often been considered an idle invention. Such a power, however, appears to be possessed by the Arabs to a degree which deprives even Zadig of the marvellous. The Arab, says Burckhardt, "who has applied himself diligently to the study of footsteps, can generally ascertain, from inspecting the impression, to what individual of his own, or some neighbouring tribe, the footstep belongs, and therefore is able to judge whether it was a stranger who pased or a friend. He likewise knows, from the slightness or depth of the impression, whether the man who made it carried a load or not. From a certain regularity of intervals between the steps, a Bedouin can judge whether that man, whose feet left the impression, was fatigued or not, as, after fatigue, the pace becomes more irregular and the intervals unequal: hence he can calculate the chance of overtaking the man. Besides all this, every Arab knows the printed footsteps of his own camels, and of those belonging to his immediate neighbours. He knows by the depth or slightness of the impression whether a camel was pasturing, and therefore not carrying any load, or mounted by one person only, or heavily loaded. If the marks of the two fore feet appear to be deeper in the sand, he concludes that the camel had a weak breast, and this serves him as a clue to ascertain the owner. In fact a Bedouin, from the impression of a camel's or of his driver's footsteps, draws so many conclusions, that he always learns something concerning the beast or its owner; and in some cases this mode of acquiring knowledge appears almost supernatural. The Bedouin sagacity in this respect is wonderful, and becomes particularly useful in the pursuit of fugitives, or in searching after cattle. I have seen a man discover and trace the footsteps of his camel in a sandy valley, where a thousand of other footsteps crossed the road in every direction; and this person could tell the name of every one who had passed there in the course of that morning. I myself found it often useful to know the impressions made by the feet of my own companions and camels; as from circumstances which inevitably occur in the desert, travellers sometimes are separated from their friends. In passing through dangerous districts, the Bedouin guides will seldom permit a townsman or stranger to walk by the side of his camel. If he wears shoes, every Bedouin who passes will know by the impression that some townsman has travelled that way; and, if he walk barefooted, the mark of his step, less full than that of a Bedouin, immediately betrays the foot of a townsman little accustomed to walk. It is therefore to be apprehended that the Bedouins, who regard every townsman as a rich man, might suppose him loaded with valuable property, and accordingly set out in pursuit of him. A keen Bedouin guide is constantly and exclusively occupied during his march in examining footsteps, and frequently alights from his camel to acquire certainty respecting their nature. I have known instances of camels being traced by their masters during a distance of six days' journey, to the dwelling of the man who had stolen them. Many secret transactions are brought to light by this knowledge of the athr, or footsteps; and a Bedouin can scarcely hope to escape detection in any clandestine proceeding, as his passage is recorded upon the road in characters that every one of his Arabian neighbours can read."—*Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys, by Burckhardt.*

Instinctive Love of Flesh in Tigers.—A party of gentlemen from Bombay, one day visiting the stupendous cavern temple of Elephanta, discovered a tiger's whelp in one of the obscure recesses of the edifice. Desirous of kidnapping the cub, without encountering the fury of its dam, they took it up hastily and cautiously, and retreated. Being left entirely at liberty, and extremely well fed, the tiger grew rapidly, appeared tame, and fondling as a dog, and in every respect entirely domesticated. At length, when it had attained a vast size, and, notwithstanding its apparent gentleness, it began to inspire terror, by its tremendous powers of doing mischief, a piece of raw meat, dripping with blood, fell in its way. It is to be observed that, up to that moment, it had been studiously kept from raw animal food. The instant, however, it had dipped its tongue in blood, something like madness seemed to have seized upon the animal—a destructive principle, hitherto dormant, was awakened—it darted fiercely, and with glaring eyes, upon its prey—tore it with fury to pieces, and growling and roaring in the most fearful manner, rushed off towards the jungles.—*Brown's Anecdotes.*

Drake's first View of the Pacific.—It was in this expedition across the Isthmus of Panama that Drake, from the first sight of the Pacific, received that inspiration, which, in the words of Camden, "left him no rest in his own mind till he had accomplished his purpose of sailing an English ship in those seas." The account of this adventure, alluded to in the beginning of this volume, is in one original history so interesting and picturesque, that we transfer it without mutilation:—"On the twelfth day we came to the height of the desired hill (lying east and west like a ridge between the two seas), about ten of the clock, where the chiefest of the Symerons took our captain by the hand, and prayed him to follow him. Here was that goodly and great high tree, in which they had cut, and made divers steps to ascend near the top, where they had made a convenient bower, wherein ten or twelve men might easily sit; and from thence we might see the Atlantic Ocean we came from, and the South Atlantic so much desired. South and north of this tree they had felled certain trees, that the prospect might be the clearer. After our captain had ascended to this bower with the chief Symeron, and having, as it pleased God at this time by reason of the breeze, a very fair day, had seen that sea of which he had heard such golden reports, he besought of Almighty God of his goodness to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea, and then, calling up all the rest of our men, acquainted John Oxnam especially with this his petition and purpose, if it should please God to grant him that happiness.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

Henry Erskine.—The Honourable Henry Erskine being one day in London, in company with the Duchess of Gordon, he asked her, "Are we never again to enjoy the honour and pleasure of your Grace's society at Edinburgh?" "Oh!" said she, "Edinburgh is a vile, dull place; I hate it." "Madam," replied the gallant barrister, "the Sun might as well say, There's a vile, dark morning, I won't rise to-day."

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

By Felicia Hemans.

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fane,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs—
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye! ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast!
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet—
Oh, what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality!
—Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills pass'd—
Ye have look'd on death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
Ye have strewn the dust on the sunny brow!
Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race!
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown
They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair—
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where death 'midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell—farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not death's—fare ye well, farewell!

Variety of Habit in Spiders.—The habits of spiders vary greatly. Some rest in the centre of their webs, the outstretched cordage of which warns them of the temporary entanglement of their prey, on which they instantly rush, and devour, after the infliction of a mortal wound. Others seek the protection of a leaf or other natural harbour, and only appear in the more open parts of their premises when lured by an expected capture. Many spin comfortable tunnels, or horizontal watch-towers, as they may be called, in which they repose till the vibration of their nets calls them into active service. An extensive tribe of erratic species (the *Vagabundæ*) spin no webs at all, but trust to strength, activity, and cunning, for their daily, or, it may be, monthly fare; for spiders, though voracious in times of abundance, are capable of frequent and long-continued abstinence. The webless species are often endowed with the faculty of leaping, and after insidiously approaching their prey by the most wary and almost imperceptible footsteps, they spring upon it at once, and inflict the fatal wound. Several kinds hunt down their insect food by speed of foot; and a few are nocturnal, and surprise their defenceless and unsuspecting victims during the darkness of the night.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

Great Strength of the Bear.—Captains Lewis and Clarke, in their travels to the source of the Missouri, give the following striking instance of the astonishing physical powers of the bear, which proves that he is a formidable enemy to encounter:—"One evening, the men in the hindmost of the canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters set out to attack him; and concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within forty paces of him. Four of them now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The enraged animal sprang up, and ran open mouthed at them. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire, gave him two wounds, one of which, breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but, before they could reload, he was so near, that they were obliged to run to the river, and when they reached it, he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as each could load. They struck him several times, which only exasperated him; and he at last pursued two of them so closely, that they leaped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet in the river. The bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters from the shore shot him in the head, and killed him. They dragged him to the banks of the river, and found that eight balls had passed through his body."

The Circulating Medium.—To count 5,000,000 of guineas, at the rate of a guinea every second, and working 2 hours a-day, would employ one person nearly four months. A refinement in giving velocity to the circulating medium is practised by about two-thirds of the private bankers of the metropolis. According to the report of the bullion committee, the daily payments made to these bankers amounted on an average to 4,700,000*l.* If that sum were to be paid daily by one debtor to his creditor, without the intervention of banking, and *in coins*, even of gold of one guinea each, the multitude of people that would be required to convey the specie from place to place, would crowd the metropolis from one end to the other, since even more than 4,700,000*l.* would probably be wanted. To make payments in all the variety of sums which would be necessary by the customers of the whole bankers, and the Bank of England, it might require 5, 10, or perhaps 20 times 4,700,000*l.* daily; as the matter, however, is contrived, instead of this enormous sum of 4,700,000*l.* in coin, these daily payments, amounting in a year to 1,457,000,000*l.*, are made by means of the comparatively trifling sum of 220,000*l.* daily for 310 days, or 68,000,000*l.* yearly. The merchants agree that their orders on their respective bankers shall not be presented until the end of the day, when the bankers meet and settle and exchange all the drafts and orders on each other, paying the difference in bank notes, which is calculated to amount, on an average, to 220,000*l.* a-day. If about two-thirds of the private bankers in London pay 1,500,000,000*l.* yearly for a part of their customers, how much must that yearly sum be increased by what the whole of the bankers and the Bank of England pay, including the public revenue and loans? When it is considered also that this vast and almost incalculable number of payments are all accomplished by means of about 22,000,000*l.* in bank notes and gold coins, the velocity of its circulation will appear to be most truly astonishing.—*Bell's Popular and Scientific Geography.*

Adventure with an Alligator.—In the height of the dry season, when in those torrid regions all animated nature pants with consuming thirst, a party of the wood-cutters English and Irish, went to hunt in the neighbourhood of a lake called Pies Pond in Beef Island, one of the smaller islands of the Bay of Campeachy. To this pond the wild cattle repaired in herds to drink, and here the hunters lay in wait for them. The chase had been prosecuted with great success for a week, when an Irishman of the party, going into the water during the day, stumbled upon an alligator, which seized him by the knee. His cries alarmed his companions, who, fearing that he had been seized by the Spaniards, to whom the island belonged, and who chose the dry season to hunt and repel their unwelcome neighbours, instead of affording assistance, fled from the huts which they had erected. The Irishman, seeing no appearance of help, with happy presence of mind quietly waited till the alligator loosened its teeth to take a new and surer hold; and when it did so, snatched away his knee, interposing the butt-end of his gun in its stead, which the animal seized so firmly that it was jerked out of the man's hand and carried off. He then crawled up a neighbouring tree, again shouting after his comrades, who now found courage to return. His gun was found next day dragged ten or twelve paces from the place where it had been seized by the alligator.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

Mental Fortitude Dependent on Habit.—When life is in danger, either in a storm or a battle, it is certain that less fear is felt by the commander or the pilot, and even by the private soldier actively engaged, or the common seaman laboriously occupied, than by those who are exposed to the peril, but not employed in the means of guarding against it. The reason is not that the one class believe the danger to be less. They are likely in many instances to perceive it more clearly. But having acquired a habit of instantly turning their thoughts to the means of counteracting the danger, their minds are thrown into a state which excludes the ascendancy of fear. Mental fortitude entirely depends on this habit. The timid horseman is haunted by the horrors of a fall. The bold and skilful thinks only about the best way of curbing or supporting his horse. Even when all means are equally unavailable, and his condition appears desperate to the by-stander, he still owes to his fortunate habit that he does not suffer the agony of the coward. Many cases have been known where fortitude has reached such strength, that the faculties, instead of being confounded by danger, are never raised to their highest activity by a less violent stimulant. The distinction between such men and the coward does not depend on difference of opinion about the reality or extent of the danger, but on a state of mind which renders it more or less accessible to fear.—*Encyclopædia Brittanica, new edition, Sir James Mackintosh's Dissertation.*

Use of the Sea Bent.—The Norwegian peasants have been lauded for their dexterity in manufacturing numerous utensils with the aid of no other instrument than a hatchet a saw, and a knife; and the Highland peasant has been represented as deficient in industry and ingenuity, because he has not succeeded in producing the like marvels. But the depreciators of the "unfortunate Celt" should have first learned, that many districts afford no wood of any kind upon which he could exercise his ingenuity, and that the drift timber which the Atlantic carries to his shores, has invariably been taken by the lairds and factors. There remain for him but a few grasses and other herbaceous vegetables on which to try is skill. The most important of these is the land or sea bent, *Arundo arenaria*. When cut before the seeds have ripened, the leaves of this grass possess a great degree of tenacity, in consequence of which they have been converted to many important uses. It is made into ropes of various kinds for the accoutrement of their horses, securing their corn stacks and thatch roofs, for chair bottoms, mats for winnowing corn, and vessels of various kinds for holding and preparing grain and meal. For the latter purpose, it is twisted, and the different rounds are bound together by the long, slender, and very tough roots, which the plant sends into the sand-banks often to the length of twenty feet. Some of the smaller of these vessels are hardly inferior in beauty to those which the Caffres form of better materials. The mats are woven of small ropes in a frame. Sacks and bags for holding grain, meal, and wool, are made in the same manner. In short, this important plant has been applied to all imaginable purposes. But, in future, it will be less useful to the poor tenants, owing to the care which the proprietors have begun to take of the sandy pastures; and, in truth, the digging for the roots of this grass, and of the *Galium verum*, cannot fail to be productive of much injury to such pastures.

Rivers.—The sources of the greatest rivers are not the most remarkable for the features that surround them. The sources of the mighty rivers of the western hemisphere, or even of the great rivers of Africa or Asia, have not, as far as is known, been visited by the traveller, with the single exception of the Nile; their sources are probably placed amid those unapproached solitudes, where the foot of man has never yet wandered; what appearances of nature may preside over their birth we have no means of knowing; but it does not appear from the narrative of Bruce that the source of the Nile afforded any example of extraordinary sublimity. The sources of the large rivers of the European continent are many of them well known; but the sources of neither the Rhine, the Rhone, nor the Danube, present those majestic and imposing features that distinguish the sources of some of the smaller class. Nor is this difficult to explain, the large rivers have not one, but many sources; and as the source, *par excellence*, we mount to the highest, which invariably lies among the upper fields of snow. The smaller rivers, on the other hand, may gush at once from a single spring, placed perhaps among the rocks, and ravines, and precipices, which lie lower than the line of congelation. It is, at all events, a fact, that the most sublime sources are those which belong to the smaller rivers.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Sea-Fight of the Buccaneers in the Bay of Panama.—Before the Buccaneers had finished consultation on their plan of operation, the Spanish fleet advanced upon them, and battle was resolved on. And "lying to windward of the enemy, we had it not," says Dampier, "in our choice whether to fight or not. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we weighed, and being all under sail, we bore down right afore the wind on our enemies, who kept close on a wind to come to us; but night came on without any thing beside the exchanging of a few shot on each side. When it grew dark, the Spanish admiral put out a light as a signal for his fleet to come to anchor. We saw this light at the admiral's top for about half an hour, and then it was taken down. In a short time after we saw the light again, and being to windward, we kept under sail, supposing the light had been in the admiral's top; but, as it proved, this was only a stratagem of theirs, for this light was put out the second time at one of the barks' topmast head, and then she was sent to leeward, which deceived us, for we thought still the light was in the admiral's top, and by that means ourselves to windward of them." At daybreak, the Buccaneer found that by this stratagem the Spaniards had got the weathergage of them, and were bearing down full sail, which compelled them to run for it; and a running fight was maintained all day, till, having made a turn almost round the bay, they anchored at night whence they had set out in the morning. Thus terminated their hopes of the treasure-ships.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

Crab Fishers.—Brickell gives an interesting account, in his *History of North Carolina*, of the wonderful cunning manifested by the racoon in that country. It is fond of crabs, and, when in quest of them, will take its station by a swamp, and hang its tail over into the water, which the crabs mistake for food, and lay hold of it; as soon as the racoon feels them pinch, he pulls up his tail with a sudden jerk, and they generally quit their hold upon being removed from the water. The racoon instantly seizes the crabs in his mouth, removes them to a distance from the water, and greedily devours his prey. He is very careful how he takes them up, which he always does from behind, holding them transversely, in order to prevent them catching his mouth with their nippers.

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SUBJECTS OF CONVERSATION

Subjects of conversation are sometimes exceedingly difficult to be had. I have known many a company of well dressed men and women feel themselves most awkwardly situated for want of something to talk about. The weather, which is said to be a never failing subject, cannot hold out above a few minutes at a time. It will stand a round or two rounds, but not more. It is then knocked up for the evening, and cannot with decency be again brought forward. Being thus disposed of, the subject of "news" is tabled; but, as a matter of course, there being "no news stirring," "not a word," "nothing in the papers," that subject is also soon dispatched. If there happen to be any very remarkable occurrence worth talking of, what a blessing it is on such occasions! It is food for the company a whole night, and may be again and again brought above board for their amusement. But it much more frequently happens that there is no exciting event to talk about, and then the condition of the company is truly miserable. There being ladies present, or there being two factions in the room, politics are proscribed; and even if they could be brought forward, the question of reform immediately comes in with all its tiresomeness, and is put down by general consent. Every attempt at getting up a topic failing, the company look into the fire, or in each other's faces, or begin to examine with much interest the pattern of the carpet; and the silence which ensues is truly terrific. A slight whisper is the only sound in the apartment, and is caught at or watched by the company, for it may chance to be the commencement of a conversation in which they may join, without exciting particular attention. But it, too, dies away. It was only a passing under-current of remark between the two married ladies in the blue and white turbans, on the dearth of beaux, the difficulty of getting good servants, or the ability of keeping children muffled in flannel nightgowns from October till March. At length some kind soul makes an effort to brush away his diffidence. He projects a remark across the room towards the little man with the smirking countenance, about Mr. This, or Miss That, or Signor Such-a-thing, who are at present enlivening the town with their exhibitions. The remark is in itself a very ordinary remark, but it is its use; it quickens the intellects of those who hear it, and the tongues of a number of individuals are set a-going upon the subject of theatrical amusements, singing in the Assembly Rooms, Pasta, Paganini, and private parties, so that the original remark is lost sight of, and the company go on pretty well with what it has produced, for perhaps half an hour. All these topics being exhausted, another horrible silence ensues. The company again look into the fire, or in one another's faces, and once more examine the carpet. What *is* to be said next? All think upon saying something, yet nobody speaks. The national *mauvaise honte* is now displayed to the height of its perfection. The agony of the company, however, approaches its crisis. The awful stillness is broken, and in a most natural and unexpected manner. The young man in the starched cravat sitting in the corner of the room, near the end of the piano, who has been thinking what he shall say or do for the last half hour, takes heart of grace; he rises and snuffs the candles, going through the self imposed duty in as neat and elegant a style as he can possibly effect. The snuffing of the candles is an operation which every member of the company has seen performed ten thousand times; but it affords interest for even the ten thousandth and first time. (It may not intrinsically be worth heeding, yet, in a case of this nature, it is of very great importance. It suggests a new theme, and that is exactly what is wanted, for one subject invariably leads to the discussion of half a dozen others. The operation of snuffing the candles therefore produces some one to remark, how beautiful gas light is. Then this brings on a disquisition on the danger of introducing it into private houses; its cost in comparison with oil is next touched upon; then follows an observation about the last illumination; which leads to reminiscences of similar displays on the occasions of the great naval victories—the victories lead to Nelson—Nelson to his biographer, Southey—Southey, to poetry—poetry, to Byron—and Byron, to Greece. This whirl of conversation, however, also runs out; an accident jars it, and it is all over. Suddenly the speakers pause, as if they had received a galvanic shock; one small voice is alone left prominent above the silence; but finding itself unsupported, it is immediately lowered to a whisper, and the whisper subsides to a dead silence.

I have often pitied the host or hostess on occasions of this nature; but I could not help blaming them for not providing against such dismal pauses in the conversation of their parties. To guard against these occurrences, I would recommend them to bring forward what I have remarked to be never-failing sources of conversational entertainment, namely, a tolerably good-looking cat, a lap-dog, or a child. The last is the best. It ought to be about two years of age, and be able to walk. If adroitly played off, or permitted to play, it will amuse the party for an hour at least. It must be placed on the hearth-rug, so as to attract all eyes; and while in the room, no other subject of discourse will be thought of. Any endeavour to draw off attention, by the relation of some entertaining anecdote, will be deemed sedition against the majesty of the household. If a cat, a dog, or an interesting child, cannot be conveniently had, I would advise the invitation of some one who has a loud voice and the happy effrontery of speaking incessantly, however ridiculously, on all subjects; a person who can speak nonsense to any extent, and has the reputation of being a most agreeable companion. This man is of vast use in tabling subjects; for he has no diffidence or modesty, and has a knack of turning every observation to account. His voice also serves as a cover to much bye conversation; there being hundreds who speak fluently enough, provided a bagpipe were kept playing beside them, or who could have their voices drowned by some other species of noise. The loud and voluble talker is therefore an excellent shelter for those of weaker nerves, and will be found a useful ingredient in all mixed companies.

The difficulty of starting subjects of conversation, as well as the difficulty of sustaining them, is often as observable when two acquaintances meet in the street, as when a roomful of company is collected. The unhappy pair exhaust all that they can remember they ought to say to each other, in the space of a minute and a half, and another minute may be consumed in going through the process of taking a pinch of snuff; the next half minute is spent in mutual agony. Neither knows how to separate. As the only chance of release, one of the parties at last brings in a joke, or what is meant to be such, to his aid. The other, of course, feels bound to laugh, and both seizing the opportunity, escape in different directions under cover of the witticism.

STORY OF MRS. MACFARLANE.

(Concluded.)

Mrs. Macfarlane, the strange lady described at the end of the preceding part of this tale, was the only daughter of a gentleman of Roxburghshire, who had perished in the insurrection of 1715. An attempt was made by his surviving friends to save the estate from forfeiture, so that it might have been enjoyed by his orphan daughter, then just emerged into womanhood. But almost all hope of that consummation was soon closed, and, in the meantime, the unfortunate young lady remained in a destitute situation. The only arrangement that could be devised by the generosity of her friends was to permit her to reside periodically for a certain time in each of their houses—a mode of subsistence from which her spirit recoiled, but to which, for a little while, she was obliged to submit. It was while experiencing all the bitter pangs of a dependent situation, encountered for the first time, and altogether unexpectedly, that Mr. Macfarlane, a respectable and elderly law agent, who had been employed by her father, came forward and made an offer of his hand. Glad to escape from the immediate pain of dependency, even at the hazard of permanent unhappiness, she accepted the proposal, although her relations did every thing they could to dissuade her from a match so much beneath her rank. The proud spirit of Elizabeth Ker swelled almost to bursting, when she entered the dwelling of her low-born husband; and the humble marriage-feast which was there placed before her, seemed in her eyes as the first wages of her degradation. But her own reflections might have been endured, and in time subdued, if they had not been kept awake by the ungenerous treatment which she received from all her former friends. The pride of caste was at this period unbroken in Scotland, and it rigorously demanded the exclusion of "the doer's wife" from all the circles in which she had previously moved. The stars made a conspiracy to banish the sun. If Mrs. Macfarlane had been educated properly, she would have been able to repel scorn with scorn, and, in these tergiversations of the narrow-spirited great, would have only seen their degradation, not her own. But under her deceased mother, a scion of a better house than even her father's, she had grown up in the full participation of all the ridiculous notions as to caste, and of course was herself deeply sensible of the advantages she had forfeited. Rendered irritable in the highest degree by consciousness of her own loss, she received every slight thrown upon her by society into her innermost heart, where it festered and fed upon her very vitals. She found that she had fallen, that the step was irretrievable; and as fictitious degradation, imposed by the forms of society, always in a short time becomes real, her character suffered a material deterioration. She took refuge from offended self-love in a spirit of hatred and contempt for her fellow-matrons, and began to entertain feelings from which, in earlier and happier years, she would have shrunk as from actual crime.

There was at least one branch of the better sort of Edinburgh society which never manifested any disinclination to her acquaintance. This was the class of loose young men of good birth, who daily paraded at the Cross with flowing periwigs and glancing canes, and nightly drowned their senses in a vulgar debauch, from which they occasionally awoke in the morning with the duty of settling scores by a rencontre in St. Ann's Yards, or at St. Leonard's Crags. This set of brawlers, the proper successors of those drunken cavaliers who disgraced a preceding age, subsisted in a state of pure antagonism to the stayed and decorous habits of the general community; many of them were literally the children of cavaliers, and indebted in a great measure for their idle way of life to the circumstances of the government, which dictated an exclusive distribution of its patronage among its own adherents, and of course left the poor Jacobites exposed to all the temptations of idleness. Dicing and golfing were the employments of their forenoons; in the evening they would stagger from table into Heriot's Green or Lady Murray's garden in the Canongate, where they would make a point of staring out of countenance such sober citizens and their daughters as ventured to frequent those fashionable promenades. According to a Presbyterian writer of the day, they sent to London regularly for the last fashions and the newest oaths; but, perhaps, the latter part of the report is only a scandal. If such personages were to revive now-a-days, and appear some forenoon among the modern *beaux esprits* of Prince's Street, they would be looked upon, with their long wide-skirted coats, and buckles, and cravats, as a set of the most solemn looking gentlemen [illegible] in their

own time there were no ideas associated with them but those of reckless, hot-headed youth, and daily habits the most opposite to those of decency and virtue.

Mrs. Macfarlane, whilst she sunk from the society of gentlewomen of her own rank, still retained such acquaintance as she had ever happened to possess, of their wild sons and brothers. With them, she was, in her turn, an object of great interest on account of her transcendant beauty, or rather its fame—for the fame with such persons is of far more importance than the reality. It was not disagreeable to Mrs. Macfarlane, when she walked with her husband on the Castle-hill, and found herself passed with dry recognition by persons of her own sex, to be made up to by some long-waisted Sir Harry Wildair, who, in language borrowed from Congreve or Farquhar, protested that the sun was much aided in his efforts to illuminate the world by the light of her eyes. A rattle of the fan was the least favour that could be dispensed in reward for such a compliment; and then would ensue a conversation, perhaps only interrupted by a declaration from Mr. Macfarlane, that he felt the air getting rather cold, and was afraid to stay out any longer on account of his rheumatism. The society of these fops was never further encouraged by Mrs. Macfarlane; indeed, it was only agreeable to her in public places, where it consoled her a little for the ungenerous slights of more respectable persons. Yet it had some effect upon her reputation, and was partly the cause of all her misfortunes.

About two years after the insurrection of 1715, the host of Edinburgh fops received an important accession in Mr. George Cayley, a young English gentleman, who was sent down as one of the commissioners upon the forfeited estates. Cayley brought with him a considerable stock of cash, an oath of recent coinage, said to be very fashionable in Pall-Mall, and a vest of peculiar cut, which he had lately got copied at Paris from an original belonging to the Regent Orleans. As he also brought a full complement of the most dissolute personal habits, he might be considered as recommended in the strongest manner to the friendship of the native beaux; if, indeed, his accomplishments were not apt rather to produce displeasure from their superiority. Some days after his arrival, he was introduced to Mrs. Macfarlane, to whom he was an object of some interest, on account of his concern in the disposal of her father's estate. If she felt an interest in him on this account, he was not the less struck by her surpassing beauty and elegant manners, which appeared to him alike thrown away upon her husband, and the city in which she dwelt. He rushed home from the first interview in a state of mind scarcely to be imagined. That such a glorious creature should squander her light upon the humble house of an attorney, when she seemed equally fit to illuminate the walls of a palace, was, in his eyes, a perversion of the designs of nature. He wished that it was in his power to fly with her away—away from all the scenes where either was known, to some place far over this world's wilderness, where every consciousness might be lost except that of mutual love. Over and over again he deplored the artificial bonds imposed by human laws, and protected by the virtuous part of the human race, by which hearts the most devoted to each other were often condemned to eternal separation. His heart, he found, was possessed by sensations such as had never before moved it. It worshipped its object as a kind of idol, instead of, as formerly, regarding it as a toy. He flung himself in idea before the shrine of her splendour, in breathless, boundless, despairing passion.

It is probable that if Cayley had been fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Macfarlane before she was married, he might have been inspired with an attachment equally devoted, and which, being indulged innocently, might have had the effect of purifying him from all his degrading vices and raising him into a worthy member of society. As it was, the passion which, in proper circumstances, is apt to refine and humanize, only lent a frantic earnestness to his usual folly. He made it his endeavour to obtain as much of her society as possible—an object in which he was greatly favoured by his official character, which caused him to be treated with much less coolness by Mr. Macfarlane than was otherwise to have been expected. That individual had not altogether lost hope of regaining the property to which his wife was entitled, and he therefore met Mr. Cayley's advances with more than corresponding warmth, every other sentiment being for the time subordinate to this important object. The young Englishman, in order to cultivate this delightful intimacy with the greater convenience, removed from his former lodgings to a house directly opposite to Mrs. Macfarlane's, in the High-street, where, at such times as a visit was out of the question, he would sit for hours watching patiently for the slightest glimpse of her through the windows, and judging even a momentary gleam of her figure within the dim glass as an ample compensation for his pains. He now became much less lively than before—forsook, in some measure, the company of his gay contemporaries—and seemed, in short, the complete *beau-ideal* of the melancholy, abstracted lover. It was his custom to spend most of his evenings in Mrs. Macfarlane's house; and, except during those too quickly flying hours, time was to him the greatest misery. Existence was only existence in that loved presence; the rest was a state of dormancy, or watchfulness only to be spent in pain. If he applied at all to the business for which he was commissioned by the government, it was only to that part of it which related to the inheritance of Mrs. Macfarlane, in order that he might every night have an excuse for calling upon that lady, to inform her of the progress he was making in her cause. His attachment in that quarter was soon whispered abroad in society; and, while it served as a grateful theme for the tongues of Mrs. Macfarlane's former compeers, the favour with which he seemed to be received was equally the subject of envy to the young men, few of whom had ever found much countenance in her house for want of something to recommend them equally to her husband.

Scarcely any thing is calculated to have so deteriorating in effect upon the mind as the constant fret of an unlawful passion. In every one of the clandestine and stealthy operations by which it is sought to be gratified, a step is gained in the downward descent towards destruction. Cayley, who was not naturally a man of wicked dispositions, and who might have been reclaimed by this passion, had it been virtuous, from all his trivial follies, gradually became prepared, by the emotions which convulsed his bosom, for an attempt involving the honour of his adored mistress, and consequently her whole happiness in life, as well as that of many innocent individuals with whom she was connected. This he now only waited for an opportunity of carrying into effect; and it was not long ere it was afforded.

Called by the urgent request of a Highland client, Mr. Macfarlane had left town somewhat suddenly, and was not expected to return for upwards of a week. During his absence, Mrs. Macfarlane endeavoured to repress the attentions of Mr. Cayley as much as possible, from a sense of propriety, and contented herself with a kind of society—dumb, yet eloquent—which she felt to be much more fit for her situation—the society of her infant child. One evening, however, as she sat with her tender charge hushed to sleep upon her bosom, Mr. Cayley was unexpectedly ushered in, notwithstanding that she had given directions for his exclusion after a certain hour, now past. To add to her distress, he appeared a little excited, as she thought, by liquor; but, in reality, by nothing but the burning and madly imprudent passion which had taken possession of him. He sat down, and gazed at her for a few moments without speaking, while she remonstrated against this unseasonable intrusion. She then rung her bell, in order to chide her servant for disobedience of her orders; but Mr. Cayley tranquilly told her, that he had taken the liberty of sending the girl away upon an errand.

"In the name of heaven," said the lady, "what do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear Madam," answered he, "to have a little conversation with you upon a subject of great importance to us both, and which I should like to discuss without the possibility of interruption. Know, Madam, that, ever since I first saw you, I have fondly, madly loved you. You are become indispensable to my existence; and it depends upon you whether I shall hereafter be the most happy or the most miserable of men."

"Mr. Cayley," cried the lady, "what foolery is this? You are not in your senses; you have indulged too much in liquor. For heaven's sake, go home; and to-morrow you will have forgot that such ideas ever possessed your brain."

"No, never, my angel!" cried he, "can I forget that I have seen and loved you. I might sleep for ages; and, if I awakened at all, it would be with your image imprinted as strongly as ever upon my heart. You now see a man prepared for the most desperate courses in order to obtain you. Listen for a moment. In the neighbourhood a coach stands ready to carry us far from every scene where you have hitherto been known. Consent, and I procure for you (which is now within my power) a reversal of your father's attainder. You shall again possess the domains where your fathers, for ages back, have been held in almost regal veneration, and where you spent the pleasant years of your own youth. Deny me, and to-morrow your reputation is blasted for ever. The least plausible tale, you well know, would be received and believed by society, if told respecting Mrs. Macfarlane."

"Profligate wretch!" exclaimed the unfortunate lady; "can I believe my ears when they tell me that such wickedness exists in a human bosom? Look, Sir, at this infant; were there no principles of virtue within me to dictate a contemptuous rejection of your proposals, do you think that I could leave this innocent to pine and die under the cold neglect of strangers, or to survive to a less blessed life with the stigma of a disgraced mother fixed for ever upon her? Were I the basest woman that ever lived, as you seem to think me, would nature permit so awful a violation of her laws? Could I leave my child, and not next moment be struck dead by fire from heaven for my crime? The alternative, indeed, is awful. Well you know the point upon which I am most easily affected. Base, however, as you avow yourself I cannot yet suppose that you could be guilty of a trick so worthy of the devil himself, as to blast the reputation, where you could not fix the real cause of infamy."

"Do not flatter yourself too much on that score," rejoined Cayley; "you do not now see a man actuated by ordinary principles. I am tortured and confounded by an impetuous passion, which you have excited. If you take from me all hope of a consent to my first proposal, I must endeavour to bring you into my power by the second. To-morrow! did I say? Nay, I will go this night and tell every man I know that you are the slave of my passion. Not a lady in Edinburgh but will know of it to-morrow before she has left her pillow. You will *then*. I think, see the necessity of consenting to the scheme of flight which I now put into your power."

He pronounced these words in such a disordered and violent manner, that the unhappy lady sat for some time unable to reply. She hardly recovered her senses till she heard the outer door clang behind him, as he went upon the demoniac purpose which he had threatened.

The first place that Mr. Cayley went to was John's Coffee-house, a fashionable tavern in the Parliament Square, where he found a large group of his dissolute young friends, drinking claret out of silver stoups. The company was in an advanced stage of intoxication and riot, very much to the annoyance, apparently, of a few smaller knots of decent citizens, who were indulging in some more moderate potations after the fatigues of the day, and endeavouring to understand as much as they could of the London Intelligencer, the Flying Post, and other little sheets of news which lay upon the various tables. "Well, Cayley," cried one of the young roisterers, "come and tell us how you are getting on now with the fair lady over the way—husband not at home—must be making great advances, I suppose." "Make yourself quite at ease on that subject; "*I* am so, I assure you." This he said in so significant a tone, that it was at once understood. A flood of raillery, however, was immediately opened upon him; no one would believe what he said, or rather implied—and thus, as they designed, he was drawn to make much more explicit declarations of his supposed triumph. No attempt was made by himself or others to conceal the subject of their conversation from the rest of the individuals present. It was understood distinctly by the sober citizens above-mentioned, some of whom shrugged their shoulders, knocked their cocked hats firmly down upon their heads, took staff in hand, and strode consequentially and indignantly out of the room. As Cayley had predicted, the whole affair was blazoned abroad before next morning.

Mrs. Macfarlane, as might be supposed, enjoyed little sleep after the agitations of the preceding evening. She could hardly believe that any thing so wicked as what had been threatened by Mr Cayley could be perpetuated by a being in human shape; but yet, recollecting the extraordinary state in which he seemed to be, she could not altogether assure herself of the contrary. In the forenoon she went to pay a visit in a distant part of the town; and she could not help remarking, that while she seemed to have become an object of additional interest to the male sex, the ladies, even those with whom she had formerly been on terms of civil recognition, averted their eyes from her, with an expression, as she thought, of contempt.

The lady upon whom she called received her in the coldest manner, and, on an explanation being asked, did not hesitate to mention what she had heard as the town's talk that morning, namely, that Mr. Cayley professed himself to be her favoured lover. The unfortunate lady burst into a passion of tears and lamentations at this intelligence, protested her innocence a thousand times, and declared herself to be only the victim of a profligate; but still she saw that she did not produce an entirely exculpatory effect upon the mind of her friend. She went home in a state of distress bordering on despair. Her early misfortunes through the severity of the government; her dependent situation in the houses of her kinsfolk; her unhappy marriage to a man she could never love; and, finally, the cruel coldness with which she had been treated by her former friends in the days of her depression, all recurred upon her mind, and, united with the more awful grief which had now overtaken her, prepared her mind for the most desperate resolutions.

Early in the afternoon she sent a note to Mr. Cayley, requesting, in the usual terms, the favour of his company. The receipt of her billet threw him into transports of joy; for he believed that his scheme had already taken effect, and that she was now prepared to accede to his proposals. He therefore dressed himself in his best style, and at the proper hour (he felt too secure of his prey to go sooner) walked across the street to his appointment. He was shown into a room at the back of the house, where he had never before been, and where there was little furniture besides a picture of Mrs. Macfarlane, painted by Sir John Medina, an Italian artist who long practised his trade at the Scottish capital. This portrait, which he began to gaze upon with all the enthusiasm of a lover, represented his mistress in a style and manner strikingly beautiful. The utmost serenity, united with the utmost innocence, shone in those sweetly noble features. The fair open brow glowed like the summer sky, calmly and cloudlessly beautiful. The eyes shone with the lustre of gladness and intelligence, and the whole expression was resolved into an exquisite and killing smile. The lover stood in a sort of transport before this image of all he held dear on earth, as if he were yielding to an idolatrous contemplation of its extraordinary loveliness, when the door was opened—and behold the original! Instead of the voluptuous smile which shone on the canvass of Medina, a beautiful Fury stood before him—a Hecate not yet grown old. He started with horror; for not only did she bear in her countenance the most threatening ensigns of passion, but she carried in her hand two large pistols, one of which she held extended to him, while with the other she locked the door behind her, at the same time keeping a watchful and glaring eye upon her victim.

"Wretch," she said, "you have ruined one who never did you wrong. You have destroyed me as completely as if you had stretched me lifeless beneath your hand. More than this, you have rendered others who are dear to me unhappy for ever. My child—you have deprived her of the nurture of a mother; you have fixed upon her name a stain which will never be washed out. And yet for all this, society, cruel as it is to the victims, provides no punishment—hardly even any censure—to the criminal. Were it now my will to permit you, you might walk away scatheless from the fair scene you had ravaged, with nothing to disturb your triumph, but the lamentations of so many broken hearts. You shall not, however, enjoy this triumph—for here you shall die!"

Cayley had stood for a few moments, gazing alternately at her face and at the weapon she held extended towards him. He heard her address as if he had heard it not. But at the last word, he recovered a little of his presence of mind, and made an effort to approach her. She at that moment fired, but without effect. The effort of drawing the trigger had depressed the muzzle of the weapon, and the ball entered the floor at his feet. She lost not an instant to present and fire the other, the shot of which penetrated his breast, and he fell next moment before her, with but one indistinct murmur of agony—and then all was still.

One brief embrace to her child—a moment at the toilette to arrange her travelling dress, which she had previously prepared, and the beautiful murderess was ready to fly. She instantly left town for the south, and, as, already mentioned, received shelter and concealment in the house of her distant kinsman, Sir John Swinton. How long she was there protected is not known; but it was

probably as long as the search of justice continued to be in the least eager. It was always understood, by those aged persons who knew her story, and from whom the preceding facts have chiefly been derived, that she ultimately escaped to some remote continental state, where she was supported by contributions from her relations. So closes one of the most tragical tales that stain the domestic annals of Scotland during the last century.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

CRIMINAL LAW.

While the civil law of Scotland possesses few points of similitude to that of England, a difference of the like nature prevails with regard to the criminal jurisprudence of the two nations. In this branch of the Scottish law certain ancient peculiarities and usages exist which have no parallel in the sister country, or perhaps any part of the world at the present day. The difference between the two codes may be briefly stated:—In England, every possible crime which can be imagined, or which has happened, is met by a statute for its future prevention and punishment; In Scotland, on the other hand, while there are numbers of crimes similarly met by particular legislative enactments, a far greater proportion are dealt with, as they occur, on general principles—thus, the one is called *the Statute Law*, the other, *the Common Law*, and both are the boast of the nations to which they respectively belong. From what I have remarked of the observations of English writers on the criminal law of Scotland, it appears that few understand it thoroughly, and that they are generally ignorant or regardless of many local usages and moral characteristics of the people which influence its operation. Under the Statute Law, every man is well aware of his danger, when under temptation to commit a misdemeanour, and he may approach the very verge of crime with impunity, even while actually transgressing the moral law. With us, on the contrary, no man may leave the path of rectitude with the expectation that he is safe, and consequently he is wary in entering an enclosure in which he may in a moment be surprised. To judge fairly of the properties and value of the two opposite codes of law pointed out, it would be necessary to bring both into view collaterally with the other institutions of the country; or by doing so, it would be found that the mischiefs of a too scrupulous regard to statutes on the one side, and an apparent danger in the dispensation of general law on the other, were in a great measure neutralized by minute provisions, not seen until the forms are nearly examined. This is more observable in the Scotch than the English law, and a comparison of their merits would incline me to prefer the former, on the score not only of vigour, but humanity. The criminal statute law of England is allowed to be sanguinary, and, I am afraid, it is very elusory. Besides, even granting that its alleged minuteness might be beneficial, its unintelligibility, from a concourse of enactments, many hundreds of which have been rescinded, extended in their meaning, or obscured by others more recent, render the whole one of the most contradictory and useless codes of jurisprudence in the world.

The most obvious mischief in the statute law, is the permission it gives to commit new offences, as well as an allowance to go within a hair breadth of an actual infraction of penal ones; thereby confusing ideas of right and wrong. Hume, a popular Scotch writer on criminal law, points out the superiority of the common, over the statute, law, in these words:—An incipient desire to commit crime in Scotland "is repressed in its beginning, and more effectually than it can ever be by any statute, because all statutes are liable to be partial and defective in their description of offences; and thus the transgressor finds the means of eluding the sanction, and the law itself falls into contempt. But it is also a merciful course to the offender; because the crime being censured on its first appearance, and before it has become flagrant or alarming to the community, is restrained at that season by far milder correctives than are afterwards necessary to be applied to it, when the growing evil has come to require the passing of an express law in its behalf. Thus in England, the sending of incendiary or threatening letters is punished with death, in virtue of certain statutes which passed at a time when this sort of wickedness prevailed. But the judges published the first offender of this sort (whose trial was within these fifty years) with transportation; and this has never been found necessary to seek authority of any further or more rigorous punishment. The same is true with regard to the corruption or alterations of bills, promissory notes, and the like, to the prejudice of the acceptor, which in certain statutes is felony without benefit of clergy in England, and is punishable with us at common law with transportation. Many other examples might be given. In short, if things are to be judged of upon the testimony of experience, and not according to the fallacious conjectures of human wisdom before the event, the inhabitants of Scotland have no reason to envy the condition, with respect to the administration of criminal justice, of any other part of Europe."

Though this eulogium on the superiority of Scotch criminal law be correct, in so far that in many cases a leniency is exercised in Scotland, which would not have taken place in England under like circumstances, it is but justice to say, that there could likewise be produced evidence where undue severity, according to the caprice of judges, has been inflicted. Nevertheless, if we examine the conduct of judges in recent times, and bring to remembrance some particular subsidiary checks which frustrate the malignity of prosecution, we have much to regret, that the criminal law is so ill defined in its properties. It is confessed, that at one period, and that not of a distant date, the will of judges, aided by the dependent character of juries, and the trammels under which the press laboured, tended to lower the respectability of our criminal jurisprudence; but I am strongly inclined to think that a very different line of procedure would in the present day be adopted.

Whatsoever may be the expression of the statutes in reference to particular crimes, it is a certain fact, that in almost all cases of misdemeanour or infraction of the laws, the character of the culprit sways both the public prosecutor and the minds of the judges. On many occasions, neither have it in their power to do otherwise than apply the exact punishment, or to divert the regular course of justice, leaving the mitigation of the penalty to his Majesty; but more ordinarily they have it in their power to modify the asperity of the law, according to circumstances. The chief guiding legal principle in a Scottish criminal prosecution, is the strict attention which is paid to the former good or bad character of the accused. The English statute law in some instances provides a higher degree of punishment for the commission of a crime for the second time; but in bringing an individual to trial, it does not rest any plea upon his having been simply a bad character, either supposed or established; and this acts as a slight check to the general severity of the law. In being subjected to a criminal prosecution in Scotland, the law acts very differently. When an accusation is laid for a specified crime, accompanied with the charge of being "*habit and repute*" an evil doer, the indictment rises prodigiously in value, and the punishment is inflicted with a rigour, which in a case without such an aggravation would be entirely unknown. To be habit and repute a thief or other felon, was at one time a most dangerous property. It could have formed the sole ground of indictment, and, if proved, might have been punished by scourging, imprisonment, and even transportation from the kingdom. It has long since been disused on these unduly severe terms, and now acts only as an aggravation of the special charges.

The law of habit and repute has been denounced by various writers as ungenerous, and the mention of such a singular mode of making up a charge may perhaps excite the contempt of a stranger; but really, though apparently mischievous at first view, it seems on all occasions to be used to great advantage in clearing society of only its worst characters. In no case is it stretched to the extent of depressing a criminal, who may have in former times been known to live a course of iniquity, and after betaking himself to an honest mode of life for some years, again relapsed into crime. It is only applied to those who are caught in the midst of their career of wickedness, and have been a torment to society. It has the incalculably beneficent effect of raising a distinction between the hardened ruffian, and the unfortunate poverty-propelled infringer of the laws for the first time,* although both be charged with the commission of nominally the same crime.

English criminal statutes are often very explicit in regard to the penalty to be incurred by stealing articles of a particular value—raising the punishment in proportion as the price rises in amount. The law of Scotland makes little or no difference in the degree of punishment it inflicts on this score. When a larceny is committed to the extent of thirty shillings, the penalty will be as severe as if it were to the amount of forty shillings, or forty pounds. On this account, that species of ridiculous straining of counsel in England, to make it appear on trial that the value of goods stolen was beneath a certain amount, is never witnessed in this country. It is the characteristic of habit and repute, which here as every where else regulates the penalty; and it may often have occurred, that while one man, who has been charged with stealing forty shillings' worth of goods, has been only doomed to three months' imprisonment, another for a larceny of twopence, has been transported, or even hanged. The charge of stealing a pair of old shoes, of threepence in value, as a witty writer notices, and with being at the same time *habit and repute a thief*, if proved, would bring the prisoner by law to the gallows, when, without this qualification, a very modified degree of punishment, such as a few days' imprisonment, would be inflicted. In practice, such cruelty is avoided by the temperate and adroit management of the public prosecutor, who uses his discretion in restricting the penalty; and so happily is this generally done, that in Scotland, none but the most debased criminals, in whom no redeeming property can be discovered, are put to death on the scaffold.

The office of *Lord Advocate*, or General Public Prosecutor, just alluded to, will form the subject of my next paper on the Scottish National Institutions.

* There was once a curious merciful peculiarity in the Scottish law, by which any person in a famishing condition, or in a state of general destitution, could steal with impunity as much food as he could carry away on his back; and which usage is noticed by institutional writers under the name of the law of *burdinseek* or *burthynsack*. It has been long completely in desuetude, but it is nevertheless remarkable, that many of the lower orders of people have still an idea that persons dying for lack of food may help themselves from the store of others by force, without incurring a judicial penalty.

THE STOLEN PRESIDENT.

The custom of stealing away town-bailies and counsellors, so as to baulk the election of a particular member of Parliament, and which is of no very rare occurrence in Scotland, meets with a parallel in early periods of our history in the abduction of persons of considerable influence in the state or on the bench. An incident of this nature illustrative of the former unsettled state of the country may here be related for the amusement of my readers:

In the reign of Charles I., when the moss-trooping practices were not entirely discontinued, the tower of Gilnockie, in the parish of Cannoby, was occupied by William, or Willie Armstrong, a lineal descendant of the famous John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, executed by James V. The hereditary love of plunder had descended to this person with the family mansion; and, upon some marauding party, he was seized and imprisoned in the tolbooth of Jedburgh. The Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer, happening to visit Jedburgh, and knowing this border moss-trooper, inquired the cause of his confinement. Willie replied, he was imprisoned for stealing two *tethers* (halters); but, upon being more closely interrogated, acknowledged there were two *delicate colts* at the end of them. The joke, such as it was, amused the Earl, who exerted his interest, and succeeded in releasing Willie from bondage. Some time afterwards, a law-suit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be decided in the Court of Session, and there was every reason to believe that the judgment would turn upon the voice of the presiding judge, who has a casting vote in case of an equal division among his brethren. The opinion of the President was unfavourable to Lord Traquair; and the point was, therefore, to keep him out of the way when the question should be tried. In this dilemma, the Earl had recourse to Willie Armstrong, who at once offered his service to kidnap the President. Upon due scrutiny, he found it was the judge's practice frequently to take the air on horseback on the sands of Leith without an attendant. In one of these excursions, Willie, who had long watched his opportunity, ventured to accost the President, and engage him in conversation. His address and language were so amusing that he decoyed the President into an unfrequented and furzy common, called the Figgate Whins, where, riding suddenly up to him, he pulled him from his horse, muffled him in a large cloak which he had provided, and rode off with the luckless judge trussed up behind him. Will crossed the country with great expedition, by paths only known to persons of his description, and deposited his weary and terrified burden in an old castle in Annandale, called the Tower of Graham. The judge's horse being found, it was concluded he had thrown his rider into the sea; his friends went into mourning, and a successor was appointed to his office. Meanwhile, the poor President spent a heavy time in the vault of the castle. He was imprisoned, and solitary; received his food through an aperture in the wall, and never hearing the sound of a human voice, save when a shepherd called his dog by the name of *Batty*, and when a female domestic called upon *Maudge*, the cat. These, he concluded, were invocations of spirits, for he held himself to be in the dungeon of a sorcerer. At length, after three months had elapsed, the law suit was decided in favour of Lord Traquair, and Will was directed to set the President at liberty. Accordingly, he entered the vault at dead of night, seized the President, muffled him once more into the cloak, without speaking a single word, and using the same mode of transportation, conveyed him to Leith sands, and set down the astonished judge on the very spot where he had taken him up. The joy of his friends, and the less agreeable surprise of his successor, may be easily conceived, when he appeared in court to reclaim his office and honours. All embraced his own persuasion, that he had been spirited away by witchcraft; nor could he himself be convinced of the contrary, until, many years afterwards, happening to travel in Annandale, his ears were saluted once more with the sounds of *Maudge* and *Batty*, the only notes which had solaced his long confinement. This led to a discovery of the whole story; but in these disorderly times, it was only laughed at as a fair *ruse de guerre*. Wild and strange as this tradition may seem, there is little doubt of its foundation in fact. The judge upon whose person this extraordinary stratagem was practised, was Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, collector of the reports well known in the Scottish law under the title of *Durie's Decisions*. He was advanced to the station of an ordinary Lord of Session, 10th July, 1621, and died at his own house of Durie, July, 1646.

Rev. Edward Irving.—We conceive it not improbable that the consciousness of muscular power, that the admiration of his person by strangers, might first have inspired Mr. Irving with an ambition to be something, intellectually speaking, and have given him confidence to attempt the greatest things. He has not failed for want of courage. The public, as well as the fair, are won by a show of gallantry. Mr. Irving has shrunk from no opinion, however paradoxical. He has scrupled to avow no sentiment, however obnoxious; he has revived exploded prejudices; he has scouted prevailing fashions; he has turned religion and the Caledonian Chapel topsy-turvy. He has held a play-book in one hand, and a Bible in the other, and quoted Shakspeare and Melancthon in the same breath. He has taken the thorns and briars of scholastic divinity, and garlanded them with the flowers of modern literature. His imposing figure and dignified manner enable him to hazard sentiments or assertions that would be fatal to others. His controversial daring is backed by his bodily prowess. Take a cubit from his stature, and his whole manner resolves itself into an impertinence. But with that addition he *overcrows* the town, browbeats their prejudices, and bullies them out of their senses. All the mad tricks which he has performed have been done on the strength of a remarkably fine person and manner, and through that he has succeeded otherwise he would have perished miserably.—*Hazlitt.*

A Cure for the Gout.—"Pray, Mr Abernethy, what is a cure for gout?" was the question of an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a-day, and earn it!" was the pithy answer.

SCOTTISH JESTS AND ANECDOTES.

DR. ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As an anecdote of the first peculiarity, it is related of him, that, having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkaldy, dressed in little besides his night-gown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dumfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had, in reality, trudged along the King's highway all that distance, in the *pursuit* of a certain train of ideas; and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dumfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance, in a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.

It is told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that, on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his house-keeper, who exercised a kind of control over him.

It used to be related of him, that one day, as he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fish-women, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" *id est*, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

LORD KAIMES.

Lord Kaimes, it is very well known, paid great and successful attention to the improvement of agriculture. A great number of years ago, a German quack, who called himself Baron Von Haak, vaunted of having discovered a powerfully fertilizing manure, which he advertised for sale, pretending that a very small quantity sufficed to fertilize an acre of land in a very extraordinary manner. Happening to converse with one of his neighbours upon this subject, a plain sagacious farmer, the farmer observed to Lord Kaimes that he had no faith in the Baron's nostrum, as he conceived the proposed quantity vastly too small to be of any use. "My good friend," said Lord Kaimes, "such are the wonderful discoveries in science, that I should not be surprised if, at some future time, we might be able to carry the manure of an acre of land to the field in our coat pocket!" "Very possibly," replied the farmer, "but, in that case, I suspect you will be able to bring back the crop in your waistcoat pocket."

INTESTINAL WARDROBE.

An ancestor of Sir Walter Scott joined the Pretender, and, with his brother, was engaged in that unfortunate adventure, which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoats. A ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried a part of this dress into his body: and in this condition he was taken prisoner, with a number of his companions, and stript, as was too often the practice in these remorseless civil wars. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on, and an old sack about him, the ancestor of the great poet was sitting, along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet, which the ball had forced into the wound. "Oh man, Wattie!" cried his brother, "if you have got a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would vomit me a pair of breeks, for I have meikle need of them." The wound afterwards healed.

ANECDOTE OF SPEAKING OUT IN CHURCH.

A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred some years ago, in the parish of ———. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric, to something like the following effect:—"And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute his holy will. Was it a shark, my brethren? No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved Prophet amongst the deadly teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a' Tweed could swallow a man Besides, ye ken, it's mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than for salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it? Was it a sea lion, or a sea horse, or a sea dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not Scripter beasts ava. Ye're as aff t as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?"—Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, "Hoot, Sir, it was a whale, ye ken." "Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are!" cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; "thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!"

IMPROMPTU OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

When Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, was in Scotland, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visiters, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter Scott felt a good deal embarrassed as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer; but at length, resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few minutes, and on returning, presented him with the following epigram. To English readers it must be explained, that Sir Walter holds the situation of Sheriff of the county of Selkirk.

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood;
What should folk say to *you*? who have faces such plenty
That from under one hood, you last night shew'd us twenty!
Stand forth, arch deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth?
Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing did I ask?—each dead implement too,
A work-shop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the job;
And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the riot act, and bid you disperse.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION.

An old Scotch laird, who was engaged in selecting a liberal profession for his son, thus delivered his thoughts upon the subject:—"When I gang through the New Toon of Edinburgh, I see this ane *Vriter*, and that ane *Vriter*—amaist every nouse nas a Vriter leeving in't. Fient hae me but I think I'll hae to mak our Jock a Vriter too; no that I think the callant likely ever to make ony thing by't, but just it may aiblins keep the lave aff him."

HINT TO EMIGRANTS.

An acquaintance of Bailie M'G——, of D——, made a grievous plaint to him one day of the hard times, and the impossibility of scraping together a livelihood in this wretched country. The bailie's own experience ran directly counter to these dolorous croakings, for his industry had realized a handsome competence; but he knew too much of the world to attempt proving to the complainer that ill success might be partly his own fault. He contented himself with remarking, that it was surely possible for a tradesman to draw together a tolerable business. "Not in this country," his friend repeated. "Weel, then," said the bailie, "what say ye to emigration? I have heard that some push their way geyan weel at Hobart Town or the Cape." "Yes," replied his desponding townsman, "that might be the case aince in a day; but, if there is business there, there are mair folk now than can get a share o't." "Weel, it's maybe true ye say," rejoined the bailie, whose policy it was never to contradict any man directly; "but ye might gang farther—ye might gang up into the interior." "There's naething," said the inveterate grumbler there's naething there but kangaroos." The worthy magistrate was something nettled at this pertinacious hopelessness, and concluding that kangaroos were a tribe of native savages, among whom a careful pedlar might make indifferent good bargains, he replied hastily, "Weel, aweel, and isna a kangaroo's siller as good as another man's?"—*Chambers' Scottish Jests.*

FALLS OF TERNI.

The great object of attraction, the celebrated *Cascata della Marmose*, is between four and five miles from Terni. For nearly three miles the road ascends the valley of the Nar, clothed with copses of evergreen oak At Parpigno, the road divides, the upper road leading to the top of the fall, and the lower one to the bottom. The upper road ascends very rapidly the slope of a limestone hill, and then, for about three quarters of a mile, lies over ground nearly level, and sounding hollow to the tread, bearing everywhere traces of the course of the water, and formed, indeed, from its concretions. The channel in which the water runs above the falls is about 51 feet wide; the descent is one foot in twenty; and the rapidity of the current about seven miles an hour. The traveller is conducted to different points to look down this tremendous cascade; the best view is from a little summer house, on a projecting point considerably below this brow, said to have been built for the accomodation of Napoleon. The lower part of the cataract is not visible at the point, but the river is seen rushing among rocks, and precipitating itself in a succession of falls over a perpendicular precipice, losing itself in thunder amid the foam and spray of the gulf below. The first fall takes place where the stream is yet confined among the rocks of the channel, which is there much broken, and may have an elevation of 40 or 50 feet. The second fall is a perpendicular descent of between 500 and 600 feet. It afterwards strikes against a rock, and rushes down repeated falls, so close as to form almost one continued sheet of foam for 240 feet more into the Nar, so that the whole descent is upwards of 800 feet. The view of the falls from below, is, however, far to be preferred In any point of view, either from above or below, Lord Byron says it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together.—*Italy, by Josiah Conder.*

INFLUENCE OF STEAM NAVIGATION

The establishment of steam-boats between England and Ireland has greatly contributed to the prosperity of both countries. How have steam-boats done this? They have greatly increased the trade of both countries. On the examination of Mr Williams, before a Committee of the House of Commons, he stated "that before steam-boats were established, there was little trade in the smaller articles of farming production, such as poultry and eggs. The first trading steam-boat from Liverpool to Dublin was set up in 1824; there are now forty such boats between England and Ireland. The sailing vessels were from one week to two or three weeks on the passage; the voyage from Liverpool to Dublin is now performed in fourteen hours. Reckoning ten miles for an hour, Dublin and Liverpool are 140 miles apart; with the old vessels, taking twelve days as the average time of the voyage they were separated as completely as they would be by a distance of 2880 miles. What is the consequence? Traders may now have from any of the manufacturing towns in England, within two or three days, even the smallest quantity of any description of goods;" and thus, "one of the effects has been to give a productive employment to the capital of persons in secondary lines of business, that formerly could not have been brought into action." Mr Williams adds, "I am a daily witness to the intercourse by means of the small traders themselves between England and Ireland. Those persons find their way into the interior of England, and purchase manufactured goods themselves. They are of course enabled to sell them upon much better terms in Ireland; and I anticipate that this will shortly lead to the creation of shops and other establishments in the interior of Ireland, for the sale of a great variety of articles which are not now to be had there." And how do the small dealers in English manufactured goods find purchasers in the rude districts of Ireland for our cloths and our hardware? Because the little farmers have sent us their butter and eggs and poultry, and have either taken our manufactures in exchange, or have taken back our money to purchase our manufactures, which is the same thing. Many millions of eggs, collected amongst the very poorest classes by the industry of women and children, are annually sent from Dublin to Liverpool. Mr Williams has known fifty tons, or eight hundred and eighty thousand eggs, shipped in one day, as well as ten tons of poultry; and he says this is quite a new creation of property. It is a creation of property that has a direct tendency to act upon the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland; for the produce is laid out in providing clothes for the females and children of the families who engage in rearing poultry and collecting eggs. Thus the English manufacturer is bettered, for he has a new market for his manufactures, which he exchanges for cheap provisions; and the dealer in poultry and eggs has a new impulse to this branch of industry, because it enables him to give clothes to his wife and children. This exchange of benefits—this advancement in the condition of both parties—this creation of produce and of profitable labour—this increase in the number of labourers—could not have taken place without machinery. That machinery is the carriage which conveys the produce to the river, and the steam-boat which makes a port in another country much nearer, for practical purposes, than the market town of a thinly peopled district. A new machinery is added; the steam-carriage running on the rail-road, which, in the case of the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, as one of the witnesses truly says, "is like carrying Liverpool forty miles into the interior, and thus extending the circle to which the supply will be applicable." The last invention perfects all the inventions which have preceded it. The village and the city are brought close together in effect, and yet retain all the advantages of their local separation; the port and the manufactory are divided only by two hours' distance in time, while their distance in space affords room for all the various occupations which contribute to the perfection of either. The whole territory of Great Britain and Ireland is more compact, more closely united, more accessible, than was a single county two centuries ago.—*Working Man's Companion.*

Krim Gherri Katti Gherri.—Have any of our readers, in turning over the pages of the Edinburgh Almanac, ever been surprised in noticing as an office-bearer in one of our pious beneficiary institutions, a person with the singular title of *Krim Gherri Katti Gherri?* If they have, they will most probably be glad to learn who this strange gentleman is. Mr Krim Gherri Katti Gherri happens to be Sultan of the kingdom of Caucasus in Tartary; and, what is still more curious, his wife, the Sultana, is an Edinburgh lady, the daughter of Colonel ———. The history of young Krim may be soon told. While about fifteen years of age, he became acquainted with some missionaries who had taken up their station near the Caucasus; on which occasion he embraced the Christian religion, left his native country, and proceeded under their protection, to St Petersburg, which he shortly after quitted for Scotland—and here he soon acquired the English language, habits, and manners. While resident in Edinburgh, he became acquainted with the above lady to whom he was married, and carried her with him though against the consent of her relations. As Krim is lineally descended from the ancient Khans of the Crimea the throne of the present Sultan, Mahmoud, will be his on the extinction of the reigning family. He has sons; and should any of them hereafter ascend the Ottoman throne the singular fact will be presented of a prince of a descent from an Edinburgh family, holding his court at Constantinople, and reigning over the Turkish empire.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN SOBIESKI.

The life of John Sobieski, the intrepid Polish patriot, is one of the most interesting which can be offered within the scope of royal biography, and cannot fail to be of universal acceptation. Joining all the spirit of ancient chivalry with Christian piety, and an extraordinary desire to secure the independence of his country, he finds few parallels in history, and can, perhaps, be compared only to our own Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace, though far surpassing him in the magnitude of his warlike operations, and their effects on the condition of Europe. While exciting our admiration of his conduct, he is equally entitled to our grateful reverence, for he was the saviour of Christendom; and but for his exertions, that might not have been a vain threat which destined the altar of St Peter's to become the manger of the Moslem's horse.

John Sobieski was descended from an illustrious Polish family, and was born in the summer of 1629. The education of the future hero, like that of his elder brother Mark, corresponded to his high fortunes. In his father's princely inheritance of Zalkiew, he was taught not only the theory of war, but languages, history, politics, philosophy—every thing, in fact, likely to be useful to one whom his birth and connections destined to the first offices in the state. His ready genius required little aid from instructors, and his active frame was rendered hardy by martial exercises. Whether listening to the counsels of a father, whom a cultivated understanding and great experience in the world rendered the best of teachers, or bearding the wild boar in the recesses of his patrimonial forests, he afforded sure presages of his future eminence. But the most agreeable of his occupations was in anticipating the vengeance which he vowed one day to take on the Osmanlis, or Turks, the continual enemies of his country, his religion, and his race.

Our young hero had scarcely attained his sixteenth year, when he and Mark were sent on their travels. In France he became the friend no less than the pupil of the great Condé; in Italy he applied himself to the fine arts, to public law, and to the policy of princes; at Constantinople he leisurely surveyed the proportions of the formidable antagonist against which, both as a Christian and a noble Pole, he had been taught to nourish unextinguishable hatred. He was preparing to pass among the Tartars, when an alarming insurrection of the serfs, and an invasion of Tartars, summoned him to the defence of his country. In no country in Europe was the slavery of the lower classes so utterly galling and abject as in Poland. But human endurance has its limits. The dreadful tyranny to which the serfs were subjected led them at length to break out into the present rebellion. An aged Cossack chief had his property seized by a Polish intendant; he was himself bound in fetters, and his wife and family murdered. His soul being on fire with these injuries, on his release he loudly proclaimed his wrongs; and 300,000 of his countrymen and of the Tartars whose Khan had espoused his cause, rose to avenge them. At the head of this imposing force he cut in pieces the armies sent against him by the diet. As he advanced into Polish Russia, he was joined by the serfs who had previously massacred their lords, and by some thousands of Arian and Calvinistic nobles, whom the intolerance of the diet or state council had doomed to death. In this manner rolled on the frightful inundation, when the two intrepid Sobieskis hastened from the Ottoman capital to oppose the confederated forces. Having supported the election of John Cassimir to the throne of the republic, John Sobieski eagerly commenced his military career. In the outset he had a subordinate rank, but his valour soon raised him to distinction. In the first campaign his brother Mark was slain. The insurrection was finally quelled; but new foes arose—on the one side the Swedish Charles Gustavus, on the other the Muscovite Czar Alexis ravaged the country with impunity. The Polish armies were annihilated—John Cassimir was driven from his throne—and for a time the nation ceased to exist. But —se true hearts there were, and among those none was truer or braver than Sobieski's, who never despaired of the country. Noble and peasant at length combined, and Cassimir was restored. During these contentions, which continued many years, Sobieski was gradually rising to higher commands. His successes over the Muscovite general, Sheremstoff, and above all, the brilliant victory he gained over the same enemy at Slobadyssa, where 70,000 of the Czar's forces were killed or taken, drew on him the attention of Europe, and elevated him to a rank with the greatest captains of the age. His exploits during the six following years against the Muscovites and Tartars procured him, from his grateful sovereign, first the elevated post of Grand Marshal, next that of Grand Hetman of the crown. In the former capacity, he presided over the administration, and was the only man in the realm, who, by virtue of his office, could inflict the punishment of death without appeal. In the latter capacity he was invested with the supreme disposal of the military force.

The joy of the Poles was great to see their favourite captain thus placed at the head of all the civil and military dignities of Poland. The confidence they expected in his abilities was soon put to a severe trial. In 1667, 100,000 Cossacks and Tartars invaded the kingdom, and to meet these formidable numbers, there were only 10,000 ill-equipped soldiers; "but," said an officer of state, "if we have no troops, we have Sobieski, who is an army himself; if the public treasury be empty, his own revenues supply what is wanting; he burdens his patrimony with debts, that he may support the men he has raised." This was literally true. At his own expense the patriotic Hetman raised the army of 20,000, and fearlessly marched to meet the enemy. Having intrenched himself at Podhaic, he sustained, during sixteen successive days, with unshaken intrepidity, the impetuous onset of the assailants, on whom he inflicted a heavy loss. He did more: on the morning of the seventeenth, with his greatly diminished band, he issued from his fortifications, audaciously assumed the offensive, and in a few hours utterly routed Cossack and Tartar, with the Sultan Galga at their head, and compelled them to sue for peace. Success so splendid had been expected by no man, and all Poland flocked to the churches to thank God for having given her such a hero in the time of her need.

In the succeeding reign of Michael, the services of Sobieski were fully as important. In 1671 he opened a campaign with a handful of followers, and triumphed over Cossack, Tartar, and Turk. But he derived little satisfaction from his splendid successes. The King, terrified even in victory, consented not only to the dismemberment of the kingdom, but to the humiliation of an annual tribute as the price of peace. At the conclusion of this ignominious peace, the nation was torn by factions, and the Hetman retired to his estates in disgust. He was again called forth in order to defend his character from the vilest aspersions, which he did most effectually, and accomplished at the same time the rupture of the disgraceful treaty. This event once more brought Sobeiski into the field. His exploits were now fully more astonishing than they were before. He captured the strongest holds of the Turks, and drove them beyond the Danube; and Europe thanked God for "the most signal successes which, for three centuries, Christendom had gained over the Infidel." At the close of the compaign, Michael, who was an imbecile monarch, fortunately died. This latter event immediately induced a meeting of the Polish diet, in which every landholder in the country considered himself entitled to assist. On the 20th of April, 1674, the diet opened, all the chivalry of Poland being ranged under their respective palatinates. Various foreign candidates were on this occasion proposed, and each, in his turn, rejected. At length the President of the Assembly spoke—"Let a Pole reign over Poland;" a sentiment which was hailed with approbation by the crowd. "We have," he continued, "a man among us who has ten times saved the republic by his head and his arm; who is hailed, both by the whole world and by ourselves, as the first and greatest of the Poles. By placing him at our head, we shall best consecrate his own glory; happy shall we be in being able to honour, by an additional title, the remaining days of one who has devoted every day to the interests of the republic; happier still in securing our own safety, by rescuing genius and patriotism from the shackles cast over them, and investing both with new energy and power. We know that such a King will maintain our nation in the rank it occupies, because he has hitherto maintained it in its present elevation—an elevation to which he himself has raised it. Poles!" concluded the animated speaker, "if we here deliberate in peace on the election of a king; if the most illustrious potentates solicit our suffrages; if our power be increased, and our liberties left to us—where is the glory? Call to mind the wonders of Slobadyssa, Podhaic, Kaluz, Kotzin—imperishable names! and choose for your monarch JOHN SOBIESKI!" The effect was electrical; all the Polish and Lithuanian palatinates shouted, "Long live King John III!" The soldiery drew their swords, swearing to exterminate all who did not join the cry. Sobieski was hence proclaimed, and entered on his new and royal functions with the approbation of all.

John Sobieski was thus raised for his talents and services to the highest office at which any human being can arrive. He was now the King of Poland; but we shall immediately see whether his apparently enviable honours brought with them peace and satisfaction. The new King was almost immediately called on to justify the confidence reposed in him by a gallant nation. While obtaining his accustomed successes over the Tartars, he was suddenly assailed by Mahomet at the head of an amazing, and a disciplined force. He had but 8000 men left, and the arrival of supplies was of all things the most contingent. He threw himself into Lemberg, where he was speedily invested. All Poland believed him lost; yet he sent for his queen and children, resolved, that, if conquered, their lives and his should there find a tomb. Taking advantage of a heavy fall of snow, which a high wind blew in the face of the foe, he one day issued from the fortress, led on his heroic band, shouting his favourite and pious war-cry of *Christ for ever!* and, after a sharp conflict, again routed the infidels, who fled with precipitation before this second Cœur de Lion. Well might all Christendom cry *a miracle!* for such wonders had never been wrought since the heroic days of Crecy and Poitiers. It was hoped that such disastrous defeats would deter the Moslems from opposing a captain who appeared as if raised up by Providence to be their scourge, if not their destruction; but this time their pride was exasperated; they levied another or more formidable army (three hundred thousand strong), which they confided to the Pacha of Damascus, the most resolute and ferocious of their generals. The Polish king's forces might reach ten thousand, yet, fearful as were the odds, he scorned to retreat. Having entrenched himself between two small villages on the banks of the Dneister, he supported during twenty successive days the most desperate efforts of the enemy, whose formidable artillery showered continued destruction into his camp. Never before had his situation been so critical. The bombardment was terrific, and was not remitted day or night; the ranks of the Poles were thinned by it, no less than by the frequent sallies which the king led to the very centre of the dense ranks of the Moslem. The Pacha was utterly confounded at such supernatural resistance; it gave way to admiration of the great hero; he proposed terms of peace, but they were rejected with scorn. After a pause the bombardment recommenced; and as the balls and shells fell thick among this heroic band, Sobieski ordered them to be returned by his own guns and mortars. The alacrity of the soldiers in gathering up every ball and shell as they fell, in thrusting them into the ever-active engines, and dashing them into the faces of those who had sent them, would have roused the patriotism of the most insensible, and inspired even cowards with bravery. The Turks were thunderstruck at seeing so brisk a fire all at once resumed; they doubted not that the Tartars, their allies, who occupied the left bank of the Dneister, had suffered supplies to be poured into the camp. Forty-eight hours of inaction followed. On the morning of October 14th, 1676, the astonishment of the Moslems knew no bounds when they saw the Pole calmly issue from his entrenchments, with his few followers drawn up for battle, apparently as confident of the result as if legions had compassed him. They could not believe *a mere man* would attempt such a thing: from that moment their superstition invested him with supernatural powers. The Tartars exclaimed that there was no use contending with "the wizard king." The Pacha would not engage, and offered an honourable peace, which was immediately accepted.

In these extraordinary efforts Sobieski received no support from the European powers, although he promised, if succoured, to drive the Mussulmans of Turkey back into those solitudes which vomited them forth. During the short peace which followed his last campaign, his life was embittered by the political intrigues of his wife, a Frenchwoman. This inquietude was, however, soon exhilarated by a new and still more tremendous war with the Turks, who now broke in upon Hungary in irresistible force, threatening the subjugation of Austria, and terrifying the adjacent principalities. All eyes were again directed to Sobieski. Rome trembled, and the Pope continually dispatched couriers to implore his interference in saving the church from the Moslem yoke. With the subsidies which he received from Rome, our hero was enabled to raise an army of 16,000 men. Soon he was joined by the Austrian forces, and his exultation was extreme to find himself at the head of 70,000 troops, having never before commanded half so many; with these he thought himself a match not only for 300,000 Turks and Tartars, but for the whole infidel world. The celebrated campaign of Vienna was now opened, but need not be related here. On the morning of September 11, 1683, the allied army reached the summit of a chain of mountains, from which the Austrian capital and the wide-spread gilded tents of the Moslems formed a magnificent prospect. Great was the astonishment of Kara Mustapha, the Turkish commander, to behold heights which he had confidently deemed inaccessible littering with Polish lances. He did not then know that

"the wizard king" was there, but the unwelcome intelligence was soon conveyed to him.

Next day, having heard mass and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when any great struggle was impending—the King descended the mountain to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslems in the plains below. The shouts of the Christian army bore to the infidels the dreaded name of *Sobieski!* The latter were driven from their entrenchments after some time. On contemplating these works, he deemed them too strong and too formidably defended to be forced. Five o'clock P.M. had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He himself made towards the Pacha's tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice, *Non nobis, non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo, da gloriam!* (Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name, Lord of Hosts, be ascribed the glory.) He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry; they drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. At that moment the hussars, raising their national cry, "*God for Poland!*" cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the deep ranks of the enemy. They were a gallant band: their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings—"That if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the points of their lances!" The shock was rude, and for some minutes dreadful; but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of the leader, and more than all, the finger of God, routed these immense hosts; they gave way on every side; the Khan of the Tartars was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now-despairing Vizier. "Canst not thou help me?" said Mustapha to the brave Tartar; "then I am lost indeed!" "The Polish king is there!" replied the other. "I know him well! Did I not tell thee that all we had to do was to get away as quick as possible?" Still the Vizier attempted to make a stand; in vain—as well might he have essayed to stem the ocean tide. With tears in his eyes he embraced his sons and followed the universal example—of flight. It would be impossible to describe the transports of the Christian world when the result of the campaign was known. Protestants as well as Roman Catholics caught the enthusiasm; every pulpit in Italy, Spain, and England, resounded with the praises of the illustrious victor. The Pope was overwhelmed with joy, and, bathed in tears of gratitude, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix. Reader, this successful battle of Sobieski saved a large portion of Europe from the bloody and iron yoke of the Mahommedans. This was their last attempt on Europe, and from thenceforward they acted only on the defensive.

Amidst the rejoicings of Christendom, Sobieski was unhappy. He was beset by factions in the kingdom, who rendered his reign and his life miserable. True to its character, Poland continued divided against itself. There was no unanimity in its councils, and all its successes only engendered new causes of discontent. Finding himself unable to controul the Polish nobles, and distracted by the intrigues of his wife, Sobieski resolved on abandoning the load of royalty with which he had been invested. On his resolution being made known, the voice of faction was hushed, and even his enemies prayed him to continue their sovereign and protector. After a short struggle between his inclination and sober judgment, he submitted to the unanimous voice of the people. He therefore continued king, but it was only in name. Sick of the court, he fled into the forests, or wandered from one castle to another, or pitched his tent wherever a beautiful valley, picturesque landscapes, the mountain torrent, or any natural object, attracted his attention. Sick, too, of the world, he sought for consolation in religion and philosophy. With his intimate friends, he discoursed on the nature of the soul, the justice of Heaven, and the wonders of another life more mysterious than even this. At length, the end of this great man approached. A dose of mercury—or, as is conjectured, poison—which he had been recommended to take, was too strong for his constitution, and speedily released him from all his sufferings. John Sobieski, or John III., who thus died in the year 1696, was the last independent prince of the country; and with him ended Polish greatness.*

* The above sketch has been drawn up chiefly from an able article in the Foreign Quarterly Review for April, 1831.

SCOTCH VERSION OF THE PSALMS.—The metrical version of the Psalms of David, used in the Scottish Church, was composed by an Englishman, named Francis Roos, a native of Cornwall, who flourished as one of the keenest republicans during the troubles of the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth. Besides this version of the Psalms, which was intended for the use of the church in England during the general prevalence of presbytery, he published a variety of controversial tracts, now entirely forgot. In early life Roos studied as a lawyer; but he abandoned this profession on becoming a member of the celebrated "Rump Parliament." He subsequently assisted Cromwell to the supreme authority; and after a life of political strife, died in 1658, and was buried at Eton College. At the restoration, his place of interment, like that of many others, was most shamefully desecrated. Roos's version of the Psalms, though in many places very defective and quaint in phraseology, is much superior in point of poetical merit to that of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady; and the taste of the Church of England in adhering to either of these cannot be commended.

TOMB OF RACHAEL.—Carne, in his travels in Judea, thus describes the tomb of Rachael:—The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived; no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast; not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness, that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom, in the valley of Jehosaphat, or of the Kings, in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachael, his fancy wanders "to the land of the people of the East," to the power of beauty that could so long make banishment sweet to the devoted companion of the wanderer, who deemed all troubles light for her sake.

POPULAR ERRORS.—It is a favourite paradox of some, that the greatest dandies make the bravest soldiers; as many take pleasure in repeating, that great men have usually had small persons. These opinions spring from that love of finding or making a wonder, which is one of the most tenacious principles in human nature, and is the cause of half the error that exists in the world. The fact seems to be, that brave men have been in general neither dandies nor slovens, but simply neat and cleanly, though, of course, there are exceptions of both kinds. Great men, also, have been in general neither little nor big, though there have been many of both classes. Size has nothing to do with the matter; and the middle class has produced the greatest number of geniuses, simply because it is the most numerous; just as those who purchase ten tickets in a lottery have a greater chance of winning than those who possess only one.—*Monthly Mag.*

EMIGRATION—NEW BRUNSWICK.

As little is comparatively known of the state of this transatlantic colony, I beg to lay before my readers the following judicious observations, elicited on the subject. It may be premised that a Company is established at Liverpool, under very favourable auspices, for the purpose of purchasing lands in New Brunswick, and promoting emigration to that settlement.

"Richard John Uniacke, Esq., is Attorney-General of Nova Scotia; read with great attention the evidence given before the committee, with respect to the emigration to Canada; is of opinion that emigration could with greater advantage be carried on to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. One reason is, the passage is shorter, and can be accomplished at less expense—the other reason is, that the provisioning and providing for the settlers in that country would be at much less expense, at least one-third less; brought out emigrants, settled them, and is acquainted with the expense; is certain that the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick would provide for a population of four or five millions. The population of each may be now estimated at one hundred thousand.

"There is a new settlement going forward, which Lord Dalhousie put under his management, and for that purpose allotted him a track of country; called it Irish Town, and settled some people sent to him from Cork and Waterford, upon it. The first five families had not five shillings amongst them; those families are now increased to 25 families, in the course of five years, for the people who come out write to their families at home to say how comfortable they are, and those at home raise heaven and earth to try and come out to them; every year brings out new additions to the colony; they have given me 80*l.*, which I am to apply in sending out their relations. The last time I visited the place I asked them how they were situated, and they said, 'Tell our masters at home that we would not exchange situations with them.' Thinks there is in the island of Cape Breton, which is in Nova Scotia, and in New Brunswick, more than four millions of acres of ungranted land, of good quality—the average produce of wheat in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick may be from 20 to 28 bushels of 63 pounds to the acre—had himself ample means to estimate the climate and soil of New Brunswick and other colonies, as capable of producing wheat in as large quantities to the acre as any part of the United States; means to say he raises as good wheat in Nova Scotia, with as little labour, and in as large quantities to the acre, as they do in any part of the United States; there is no uncertainty of climate. We have the finest grass and corn crops—it is true we are obliged to hand-feed our cattle longer than in England or Ireland; our summers are hotter, our winters not so cold; though our frosts are harder. 'T is not frost that makes cold; is sufficiently acquainted with provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, including the island of Cape Breton, to form and opinion of the coals. The island of Cape Breton alone would supply the consumption of half Europe—in Nova Scotia there is an immense mass of coals, and in New Brunswick coals are discovered on the river St. John."

The passage from Great Britain to New Brunswick is shorter than to Quebec; opportunities more frequent than to Nova Scotia, which ought in some degree, to lessen the expense; on arriving, the business and activity that prevails in every part of the province, will give the emigrant casual employment and support. New Brunswick offers a large quantity of vacant land, of a good description, and excellent situations. So universal is the water communication through this province, that lots may be easily laid out adjoining some stream, or to no great distance from it, which, besides supplying the want of roads, affords convenient seats for mills, and a supply of fish for the emigrant's support. The winter is here colder than in Nova Scotia, but the summer is warmer and less clouded with fog. Everything the seller has to buy is cheaper, and every thing he has to sell, is dearer than in any of the colonies, owing to the ease with which he can pay for the manufactures of Great Britain by the timber trade, and which are imported in great abundance, and sold at reasonable prices; and owing to excess of consumption above the produce arising from the people being engaged in timber trade, corn, and fruits of the earth are therefore dear."

"Considerable sums are appointed every year by the Colonial Assembly for repairing and improving roads to the remote plantations. New Brunswick, with the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the one side, and the Bay of Fundy on the other, possesses a valuable fishery on its own shores; its coasts are indented with numerous bays and harbours, and the country possesses innumerable smaller streams to such a degree, that there is not, it is said, a point in the province eight miles distant from a navigable stream. In fertility of soil, it yields to no part of America; the face of the country is level, and is covered with an almost inexhaustible forest of large timber trees; beneath are mines of coal, freestone, lime, and gypsum; and it may be added that the ports in the Bay of Fundy are the only harbours north of New York that are never closed by ice. At present this province contains about 80,000 inhabitants, whose exports are at least 1,000,000 annually, and employ 150,000 tons shipping, and 17,500 seamen." "New Brunswick is bounded almost on two-thirds of its circumference by the ocean—*it invites the commerce of the world.* The general face of the country may be described as composed of bold undulations, sometimes swelling into the height of mountains, and again subsiding to vale and low lands, principally covered by noble forests, *not so dense* as to be inaccessible. The banks of the larger rivers, for the most part, disclose a country of the latter description; so in many places, they are enclosed by lofty and precipituous rocks, whilst the abundance of inferior streams produces frequent slips or spaces of what is termed *intervale*, which being overflowed during the wet seasons, become, at stated intervals, distinguished by extreme fertility. The borders of the rivers and the islets with which they abound, furnishing extensive tracks of pasture and flourishing crops of Indian and European corn, attest the general adaptation of the soil to the most profitable uses of agriculture."

The importance of the province of New Brunswick must be acknowledged by every man who will be at the trouble to place the map of the British North America provinces before him. It exceeds 27,000 square miles, and comprises nearly 18,000,000 acres; is situated between the parallels of 45° 5′ and 48° 4′ north latitude, and between 36° 47′ and 67° 58′ of west longitude.

In common with every portion of America, this province enjoys that grand advantage and distinguishing feature, water communication; not a section of it but is traversed and intersected by almost innumerable streams, whilst the greater rivers from accessible channels of intercourse from its heart to its extremities. The distance from Cork, Valentia, Kilrush, and Galway to this province, is not more than about 2500 miles, the population of which is at present only between 70 and 80,000 souls; yet in the year 1824 its imports in 1070 vessels, measuring 241,000 tons, and navigated by 11,400 seamen were valued at 514,550*l.*; and the exports the same year in 1265 vessels, measuring 274,173 tons, navigated by 12,234 seamen, and their cargoes valued at 462,043*l.*, no bad proof of the comfort and industry of so small a population, or of the capabilities of this valuable colony. The table of exports and imports, adds the price of sixty new vessels, built in the province, and valued at 10*l.* per ton, the whole measuring 16,488 tons, making the whole exports 626,913*l.*

"Mr. Nicholas Cunliffe, of Woodstock, commenced clearing his farm in May, 1824. The work was done by contract, at the rate of from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 4*l.* per acre. He has now 107 acres of land cleared, excepting the stumps of the trees (74 acres were cleared since May last); and the crop raised from this land, last season, was 900 bushels of good clean wheat, weighing 63 pounds to the bushel, 400 bushels of Indian corn, nearly 100 bushels of potatoes, besides a quantity of beans and garden stuff, of which no particular account was kept. This crop alone will leave a profit of about a 100*l.* over and above the expense of clearing the whole of the land."

"Mr. Joseph Bedell commenced clearing his farm at Richmond, in the parish of Woodstock, about four miles from the River Saint John, in May, 1821. Without any other assistance than that of three sons (the eldest of whom is now but sixteen, the next twelve years of age, and the other still younger), he had cleared fifty acres of land, from which he raised, last season, two hundred and forty bushels of wheat, two hundred and fifty bushels of oats, fifty bushels of buck wheat, six hundred bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty bushels of turnips, and a small quantity of Indian corn. He has paid 110*l.* since he went on the farm, is now clear of debt, and owns four cows, one pair of horses, eight head of young cattle, twelve sheep, and eight hundred acres of good land."

Column for Young Women.

FASHIONS.

CONTINUING the subject of the TOILET, it has to be observed, that "although the fickle goddess of fashion rarely approaches the realms of the truly beautiful, except immediately after having rioted in the regions of absurdity, yet in spite of her absurdities she is not only obeyed, but admired in all ages and in all climes. By the force of habit, and by an unconscious association in the mind, of a dress and its wearer, fashion, even to those who are somewhat fastidious, generally appears graceful. To please her, the fine lady of one country almost feeds herself into an apoplexy; and the would-be beauty of another starves herself into 'the sister to a shade.' The Chinese females cripple their feet, and the Europeans torture their waists into the narrowest possible compass. In one age she induces the fair sex to cover their faces with patches; and in the next, to blush, if necessity compel them to apply one; alternately to cashier, as it were, their natural tresses, in favour of false locks set on wires, to make them stand at a distance from the head—to elevate their hair to an immoderate height—or to cultivate it into drooping ringlets over the ears.

"General fashions should certainly be conformed to, when, as Goldsmith observes, they happen not to be repugnant to private beauty. They may often be so modified as to suit the persons of all, and occasionally be so managed as to seem to have been created expressly for the most advantageous display of many individual graces of form or delicacy of complexion. Should high flounces be patronized, short ladies must abstain from adopting them, because they are becoming only to the tall; and if narrow dresses obtain pre-eminence, the slender must not sacrifice that fullness in the attire, for which, to them, the most exquisite display of fashion can never be a sufficient compensation. The example of those who have long necks and low shoulders should never lead those of a different style of person to wear necklaces of great breadth, to raise the dress towards the ears, or, by a quantity of drapery, or profusion of ornament, to produce an apparent union of the head-gear and the shoulders. Jewellery should never be used to cover any imperfections in the neck; it is in much better taste, for such a purpose, to wear a neat collar, reaching as high as the cheek. Those who happen to be faultless in this respect, look better, perhaps, with the neck altogether unadorned.

"Whatever be the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be generally esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of a dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head, and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is. Those who have round or broad faces should wear drooping clusters of curls; and although it be customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side, if it grow low on the forehead and beautifully high on the temples; but if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides, whatever temptations fashion may offer to the contrary.

"It is almost impossible to form a theory of the proper combination of colours applicable to dress: they are subject to a thousand contingencies, and we daily discover agreeable harmonies of tint where we least expected them, and excruciating discords produced by the juxtaposition of tones. The influence of some neighbouring tint, the position of the colours combined, their relative stations, and the materials adopted for each, frequently tend to produce these effects. The colour of a single rosette often destroys the general tone and appearance of the dress, and occasionally it may be managed with such skill as to blend the tints of two or more principal parts of the costume, which, without some such mediator, would render each other obnoxious to the eye of taste. It is quite certain, that the same colour which imparts a liveliness and brilliancy when used for light embellishments, and in a small quantity, becomes vulgar, showy, and disagreeable, if adopted for the most extensive portion and leading tint of the attire; and, on the other hand, the delicate or neutral colours, which look well when displayed over a considerable surface, dwindle into insignificance if used in small detached portions for minor ornaments. Generally speaking, trimmings will bear a greater richness of colours than the principal material of the dress, the breadth of which is apt entirely to subdue its decorations if they be not a little more powerful in tint. But it is a grave error to endow the minor parts of the costume with an undue superiority over the rest: it should never be forgotten that the trimming is intended to embellish the dress, rather than that the dress should sink into a mere field for the display of the trimming. In all cases, the short should not wear their trimmings so high as the tall.

"The occurrence of glaring offences against good taste in the trimmings or fixed embellishments of any principal part of the attire, is rare, compared with those which are perpetrated in the minor articles of gloves, shoes, ribbons, &c. How often have we seen a dress, exquisite in all its parts, utterly ruined, by the wearer, as a finishing touch, drawing on a vulgar glove. Much mischief of a similar nature is frequently done by feathers, flowers, ribbons, shoes, and articles of jewellery. It is not enough that a flower is pretty; it must harmonize with, or form a pleasing contrast to, the other parts of the costume. Coloured shoes or boots ought to be avoided as untasteful, and very inferior in appearance and respectability to those of a clear black hue. Gloves should be in the most delicate tints that can be procured. But these, and many other arrangements connected with the toilet, must be governed by taste, which is the grand requisite, combining the triple qualities of propriety, neatness, and elegance."—*Young Lady's Book.*

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

The refinements of fashion, the duties of the toilet, and what compose the elegant amusements of young women, should, on no account, unless in very particular instances, impede their course of instruction in the more useful and lasting duties of domestic life. To preserve a house, however mean or however dignified, in the best possible order, to have a knowledge in the making up of female attire, and to be learned in the divers processes of cookery, are, in general, absolutely essential; that is to say, if young women have any ambition to be placed at the head of a domestic establishment suitable to their rank and prospects in life. The house being the appropriate kingdom of the wife, it is necessary that she should be thoroughly mistress of all its details, and in no instance be left at the mercy of strangers or servants, who, even if anxious to please, seldom possess an education which renders them competent to carry on a household in its different parts. By a close, yet tempered supervision on the part of the mistress of the establishment, a corresponding degree of comfort, peace, and saving of expense, is produced, and by her laxity or carelessness, exactly the opposite results take place. Without proper discipline and firmness, all the cares of the young wife may be frustrated. I think it is Miss Edgeworth who says, in one of her excellent novels, that the greater proportion of the miseries of life *proceed from taking things for granted.* The good wife take nothing for granted. She gives forth her orders distinctly, and, if requisite, *sees* them executed. Let those things be impressed on the minds of my fair young countrywomen. William Cobbett, who has written a good deal on the value of industry in household affairs, has well said "that the lover is blind; but that the husband has eyes to see with. He soon discovers that there is something wanted besides dimples and cherry cheeks; and I would (says he) have fathers seriously reflect, and to be well assured, that the way to make their daughters to be long admired, beloved, and respected by their husbands, is to make them skilful, able, and active in the most necessary concerns of a family. Eating and drinking (continues he) come three times every day; the preparations for these and all the ministry necessary to them, belong to the wife; and I hold it to be impossible, that, at the end of two years, a really ignorant, slattish wife should possess anything worthy of the name of love from her husband. A woman who understands all things above mentioned is really a skilful person; a person worthy of respect, and that will be treated as such."

"How great is the change (says a respectable female writer) which is instantly effected in the situation of a woman by the few solemn words pronounced at the altar! She, who the moment before was, perhaps, a careless member of one family, finds herself, as if by magic, at the head of another, and involved in duties of the highest importance. If she possess good sense, her earnest wish will be to act with propriety in her new sphere. The married and single state equally demand the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and the mind. Sincerity, discretion, a well-governed temper, forgetfulness of self, charitable allowance for the frailty of human nature, are all requisite in both conditions. But the single woman being, in general, responsible for her own conduct solely, is chiefly required to cultivate passive qualities. To fall easily into the domestic current of regulations and habits; to guard with care against those attacks of caprice and ill-humour which disturb its course; to assist rather than to take the lead in all family arrangements, are among her duties: while the married woman, in whose hands are the happiness and welfare of others, is called upon to lead, to regulate, and command. She has to examine every point in the new situation into which she is transplanted; to cultivate in herself, and to encourage in her husband, rational and domestic tastes, which may prove sources of amusement in every stage of their lives, and particularly at the latter period, when other resources shall have lost their power to charm. She has to proportion, not, as in the single state, her own personal expenses merely, but the whole expenditure of her household, to the income which she is now to command; and in this part of her duty there is often exercise for self-denial as well as for judgment. The condition of her husband may require her to abandon, not only habits of expense, but even those of generosity. It may demand from her a rigid adherence to economy neither easy nor pleasant, when contrary habits and tastes, under more liberal circumstances, have been fixed and cultivated. Such alterations in habit may at first be regarded as sacrifices, but, in the end, they will meet their compensation. Sometimes, however, the means of indulging liberal and generous propensities are extended by marriage. Where this is the case, that extreme attention to economy, which circumscribes the expenditure very much within the boundaries of the income, would betray a narrow and mean spirit, and would have the effect to abridge the blessings which by affluence may be dispensed around.

"No woman should place herself at the head of a family without feeling the importance of the character which she has to sustain. Her example alone may afford better instruction than either precepts or admonition, both to her children and servants. By a 'daily beauty' in her life, she may present a model by which all around her will insensibly mould themselves. 'Knowledge is power' only when it fits us for the station in which we find ourselves placed. Of all the social domestic and personal obligations of the young wife, her husband is the centre: when they are properly discharged, his welfare and happiness are certainly promoted; and his esteem, affection, and confidence established on a permanent basis. In neglecting them, he is neglected, his respectability diminished, and his domestic peace and comfort destroyed. One who, selfishly regardless of family-duties, leads a life of dissipation and amusement, whose heart and soul are in the world, and never at home, is worthless as a wife or mother. She neglects the chief and positive duties of life, without fulfilling those of a minor character with any good effect. At home her example is injurious, and if abroad she possess any influence, it is merely of a temporary nature, resting, probably, on no securer ground than that of fashion. In pourtraying the *beau-ideal* of a married woman, I should describe one not absorbed in any single part, but attentive to the whole of life's obligations—one who neglects nothing—who regulates and superintends her household concerns; attends to, watches over, and guides her children, and yet is ever ready to consider, in moderation, the demands upon her time, which the numerous and various claims of society may make. Such appears to me to be a right sketch of the character of the married woman.

"The first year of a woman's married life is not always most free from vexations and troubles. She carries into one family the prejudices and habits of another, which sometimes prove so different as to cause the task of assimilating herself, in her new character, to those with whom she is henceforth to dwell, to be both painful and difficult. If she be solicitous to promote unanimity between her new connections and herself, she will, perhaps, examine how far she can yield up her own opinions, and render herself agreeable to her new relatives. By yielding a little she may establish herself firmly in their affections. Much of the comfort of the married state depends on the good temper of the wife. Even should the temper of the husband be peculiar, she may, by having the command of her own, lessen some of its bad effects upon the happiness of the family; and though she may not be able to avert them entirely, yet she will derive much satisfaction from knowing she has not increased the evil by her own want of forbearance and good humour. Good temper in a wife is, indeed, indispensable to conjugal happiness. A man may possess every advantage which the world has to give, and may have talents that render him a valuable member of society; yet if his wife be contentious, fretful, or discontented, his sum of happiness is most incomplete. Every man, whether employed in the duties of public or of professional life, meets with numerous circumstances and disappointments which harass and distress him. For the painful effects of these, a happy home provides an instantaneous antidote. Every thing beyond its walls seems for a time forgotten, while the mind is relieved, and its powers renovated for future exertions in the world, by the healthy air of cheerfulness which he breathes in the domestic circle. How important then it is, that the wife, by her amiable conduct, should obtain that influence over her husband's mind which will prompt him to turn frequently from the world to her society, for happiness and refinement."—*Mrs. Parkes on Domestic Duties.*

With these observations I must conclude my COLUMN FOR THE LADIES, promising to revert, at an early opportunity, to the various household duties necessary to be performed by them on entering into the married life.

MATRIMONY.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

THEN come those full confidings of the past,
All sunshine now where all was overcast.
Then do they wander till the day is gone,
Lost in each other; and, when night steals on,
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are!
Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,
Far above singing!—But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words; and now the shadows close,
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly? As departs the day,
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven!

Then are they blest indeed; and swift the hours
Till her young sisters wreathe her hair in flowers,
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,
Known by her laugh that will not be suppressed.
Then before all they stand—the holy vow
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!
How oft her eyes read his; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked to rapture by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before!

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise,
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,
To meet him coming; theirs through every year
Pure transports, such as each to each endear!
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill
Their halls with gladness. She, when all are still,
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,
In sleep how beautiful!

EELS TRAVELLING OVERLAND.

The eel (says Mr. Jesse, in his "Gleanings in Natural History") is evidently a link between the fish and the serpent; but, unlike the former, it can exist a long time out of water, which its nocturnal migrations prove, though probably a certain degree of moisture on the grass is necessary to enable it to do this. That they do wander from one place to another, is evident. I have been informed, upon the authority of a nobleman well known for his attachment to field sports, that, if an eel is found on land, its head is invariably turned towards the *sea*, for which it is always observed to make in the most direct line possible. If this information is correct (and there seems no reason to doubt it), it shows that the eel, like the swallow, is possessed of strong migratory instinct. An annual migration of young eels takes place in the river Thames, in the month of May; and they have generally made their appearance at Kingston, in their way upwards, about the second week in that month. These young eels are about two inches in length, and they make their approach in one regular and undeviating column of about five inches in breadth, and as thick together as it is possible for them to be. As this overland procession of eels generally lasts two or three days, and as they appear to move at the rate of nearly two miles and half an hour, some idea may be formed of their enormous number.

AN ALLIGATOR HUNT.

I must give a short account of an alligator hunt, at a place called Nellivelley, near Trincomalee, got up for the admiral's express amusement, and performed by a corps of Malays in the British service, the 1st Ceylon regiment. Very early in the morning of the 22d of September, the party, which consisted of several ladies and a large proportion of red coats and blue coats, were summoned from their beds to set forth on this expedition. The admiral, as usual, was up, dressed, and on horseback, long before any of the rest of the company, whom he failed not to scold or to quiz, as they severally crept out of their holes, rubbing their eyes, and very much doubting whether the pleasures of the sport were likely to compensate for the horrible bore of early rising.

In other countries the hour of getting up may be left to choice; in India, when anything active is to be done, it is a matter of necessity; for after the sun has gained even a few degrees of altitude, the heat and discomfort, as well as the danger of exposure, become so great, that all pleasure is at an end. This circumstance limits the hours of travelling and of exercise in the East very inconveniently, and introduces modifications which help in no slight degree to give a distinctive character to Indian manners. As there was little risk o being too late on any party of which Sir Samuel Hood took the lead, the day had scarcely begun to dawn when we all cantered up to the scene of action. The ground lay as flat as a marsh for many leagues; here and there the plain was spotted with small stagnant lakes, connected together by sluggish streams, or canals, scarcely moving over beds of mud, between banks fringed with a rank crop of draggled weeds, and giving birth to clouds of musquitoes.

The chill atmosphere of the morning fell so thick clammy, it was impossible for the most confident in his own strength and health not to think of ague, jungle fevers, and all the hopeful family of malaria The hardy native soldiers, who had occupied the ground during the night in despite of the miasmata, were drawn up to receive the admiral; and a very queer guard of honour they formed. The whole regiment had stripped off their uniform, and every other stitch of clothing, save a pair of short trowsers, and a kind of sandal. In place of a firelock, each man bore in his hand a slender pole about six feet in length, to the extremity of which was attached the bayonet of his musket. His only other weapon was the Malay crease, a sort of dagger or small edition of the waving two-edged sword with which the Angel Michael is armed in Raphael's picture of the Expulsion of our First Parents from Paradise.

Soon after the commander-in-chief came to the ground, the regiment was divided into two main parties, and a body of reserves. The principal columns, facing, one to the right, the other to the left, proceeded to occupy different points in one of those sluggish canals I have already mentioned, connecting the lakes, or pools, scattered over the plain. These detachments, being stationed about a mile from one another, enclosed an interval where, from some peculiar circumstances known only to the Malays (who are passionately fond of this sport), the alligators were sure to be found in great numbers. The troops formed themselves across the canal, in three parallel lines, ten or twelve feet apart; but the men in each line stood side by side, merely leaving room enough to wield their pikes. The canal may have been about four or five feet deep in the middle of the stream, if stream it may be called, which scarcely moved at all The colour of the water, when undisturbed, was a shade between ink and coffee; but no sooner had the triple line of Malays set themselves in motion, and the mud got stirred up, than the consistence and colour of the fluid became like those of pease-soup.

On every thing being reported ready, the soldiers planted their pikes before them in the mud, and, if I recollect right, each man crossing his neighbour's weapon, and at the word "march," away they all started in full cry, sending forth a shout, or war-whoop, sufficient to curdle the blood of those on land, whatever effect it may have had on the inhabitants of the deep. As the two divisions of the invading army, starting from opposite ends of the canal, gradually approached each other in pretty close column, screaming and yelling with all their souls, and striking their pikes deep in the slime before them, the startled animals naturally retired towards the unoccupied centre.

Generally speaing, the alligators, or crocodiles (for I believe they are very nearly the same), had sense enough to turn their long tails upon their assailants, and to scuttle off as fast as they could towards the middle part of the canal. But every now and then, one of the terrified monsters, either confused by the sound or provoked by the prick of a pike, or mystified by the turbid nature of the stream, floundered backwards, and, by retreating in the wrong direction, broke through the first, second, and even third line of pikes. This, which would have been any thing but amusement to unpractised hands, was the perfection of sport to the delighted Malays. A double circle of soldiers was speedily formed round the wretched aquatic who had presumed to pass the barrier. By means of well-directed thrusts with numberless bayonets, and the pressure of some dozens of feet, the poor brute was often fairly driven beneath his native mud. When once there, his enemies half-choked and half-spitted him, till at last they put an end to his miserable days in regions quite out of sight, and in a manner as inglorious as can well be conceived. For the poor denizens of the pool, indeed, it was the choice between Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance and I am half ashamed to acknowledge the savage kind of delight with which we stood on the banks, and saw the distracted creatures rushing from one attack right into the jaws of another. The Malays, in their ecstacy, declared that the small fry from one side rushed down the throats of the big ones whom they met flying in the opposite direction. But this seems very questionable, though positively asserted by the enraptured natives, who redoubled their shouts as the plot thickened, and the two bodies of troops, marching from opposite quarters, drew within a hundred yards of each other. The intermediate space was now pretty well crowded with alligators, swimming about in the utmost terror; at times diving below, and anon showing their noses, well plastered with mud, high above the surface of the dirty stream; or occasionally making a furious bolt, in sheer despair, right at the phalanx of Malays. On these occasions, half-a-dozen of the soldiers were often upset, and their pikes either broken or twisted out of their hands, to the infinite amusement of their companions, who speedily closed up the broken ranks, as if their comrades had been shot down in battle. The killed were none, but the wounded many; yet no man flinched in the least.

The perfection of the sport appeared to consist in detaching a single alligator from the rest, surrounding and attacking him separately, and spearing him till he was almost dead. The Malays, then, by main strength, forked him aloft, over their heads, on the end of a dozen pikes, and by a sudden jerk, pitched the conquered monster far on the shore. As the alligators are amphibious, they kept to the water no longer than they found they had an advantage in that element; but as the period of the final mêlée approached, on the two columns of their enemy closing up, the monsters lost all discipline, floundered, and ploutered up the weedy banks, scuttling away to the right and left, helter-skelter.

The concluding battle between these retreating and desperate alligators and the Malays of the reserve was formidable enough. Indeed, had not the one party been fresh, the other exhausted, one confident, the other broken in spirit, it is quite possible that the crocodiles might have worsted the pirates, as the Malays are called in every other part of the world but the East, where they are generally admitted to be as good a set of people as any of their neighbours. It is needless to say, that while all this was going on, our gallant admiral, Sir Samuel Hood, was a pretty busy spectator. His eagle eye glanced along the canal, and at a moment took in the whole purpose of the campaign. As the war advanced, and sundry affairs of out-posts took place, we could see his face flushing with delight. But when the first alligator was cast headlong and gasping at his feet, pierced with at least twenty pike wounds, and bristled with half-a-dozen fragments of these weapons fractured in the onslaught, the whole plain rung with his exclamation of boyish delight. When the detachments closed in upon their prey, and every moment gave birth to some new prodigy of valour, or laid a whole line of Malay soldiers prostrate on the muddy stream, like so many nine-pins, I verily believe, that if none of his own people had been present, the admiral would have seized a pike himself, and jumped into the thickest of the fight, boots, sword, cocked hat, and all! As it was, he kept himself close to the banks, and rivalled the best Malay amongst them in yelling and cheering on the forces to their duty.

This intensity of eagerness had well nigh proved rather awkward for his Excellency's dignity, if not his safety; for in spite of the repeated warnings of the English officers of the regiment, who knew from former hunts what was sure to happen eventually, the admiral persisted in approaching the edge of the canal as the final act of the alligators' tragedy commenced. And as we, his poor officers, were, of course, obliged to follow our chief into any danger, a considerable party of us found ourselves rather awkwardly placed between the reserves of Malays already spoken of and the canal, just as the grand rush took place at the close of the battle. If the infuriated crocodiles had only known what they were about, and had then brought their long sharp snouts, and still harder tails, into play, several of his Majesty's officers might have chanced to have found themselves in a scrape. As it was, we were extremely near being wedged in between the animals' noses and the pikes and creases of the wild Malays. It was difficult, indeed, to say which of the two looked at that moment the most savage—the triumphant natives or the flying troop of alligators walloping away from the water. Many on both sides were wounded, and all, without exception, covered with slime and weeds. Some of our party were actually pushed over, and fell plump in the mud, to the very provoking and particular amusement of the delighted admiral, whose superior adroitness enabled him to avoid such an undignified catastrophe, by jumping first on one side and then on the other, in a manner which excited both the mirth and the alarm of his company; though, of course, we took good care rather to laugh with our commander-in-chief than at him. I forget the total number of alligators killed; but certainly there could not have been fewer than thirty or forty. The largest measured ten feet in length, and four feet in girth, the head being exactly two feet long.—*Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels, Second Series.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article, a Roman patera, which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the distinguished Baronet at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused, during the time of the bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. "If the parritch-pan," she at length burst out, "if the *parritch-pan* gangs at that, what will the *kail-pat* gang for?"

Electrical Clock.—The Journal of Geneva gives the following description of a curious clock, exhibited in that city, and executed by M. Biancki of Verona. This machine, which is especially remarkable on account of its extreme simplicity, is composed only of a pendulum, a large wheel, two escapements, and a quadrature. Such are the visible parts. We must, however, suppose that a pinion and a wheel make the communication between the great wheel and the quadrature, though we cannot see them. The pendulum, at each vibration, causes one of the escapements to advance the great wheel one tooth, which, after this movement, has a pause making the dead round. As there is no metallic moving power to set the machine going, we find, on examining what keeps up the motion, that the pendulum, which is almost out of proportion with the clock, descends into a case, and there, at each vibration, the ball, or bob, which is furnished with a conductor, approaches alternately two poles, to which voltaic piles supply their portion of electricity. So that the pendulum, when once put in motion, retains it by means of the electricity alternately drawn from the two poles. This machine, which is equally simple and ingenious, is worthy of the attention of the artist. Perhaps other interesting results may be obtained by employing the electric fluid as a moving power, however slight the force such an agent may seem capable of communicating.—*Literary Gazette.*

Vitality of Insects.—If the head of a mammiferous quadruped, or of a bird, is cut off, the consequences are of course fatal. But the most dreadful wounds that imagination can figure or cruelty inflict, have scarcely any destructive influence on the vital functions of many of the inferior creatures. Leeuwenhoeck had a mite which lived eleven weeks transfixed on a point for microscopical investigation. Vaillant caught a locust at the Cape of Good Hope, and after excavating the intestines, he filled the abdomen with cotton, and stuck a stout pin through the thorax, yet the feet and antennæ were in full play after the lapse of five months. In the beginning of November, Redi opened the skull of a land tortoise, and removed the entire brain. A fleshy integument was observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived for six months. Spallanzani cut the heart out of three newts (in Scotland, called *asks*), which immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. A decapitated beetle will advance over a table, and recognise a precipice on approaching the edge. Redi cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived eighteen days. Colonel Pringle decapitated several libellulæ or dragon flies, one of which afterwards lived four months, and another for six; and, which seems rather odd, he could never keep alive those with their heads on above a few days. —*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

Civilization of the South Sea Islanders.—It is a pleasing fact, which demonstrates unequivocally that the South Sea Islanders are not deficient in capacity, but are capable, when inducement sufficient is offered, of acquiring habits of close industry, that in the islands of Raiatea and Huahine, or any of the stations in the Leeward Islands, there is hardly an adult female, excepting the aged and infirm, who could not use her needle so as to make her own clothes, and those required by other members of the family. I have not had equal opportunity of knowing what progress the females in the Windward Islands have made, but have reason to believe it is highly creditable to their application. The occupation furnished by the new order of things that has followed the introduction of Christianity, is one of the important sources of their present enjoyment. But this is not the only advantage resulting therefrom. It has opened a new channel for commercial enterprise, and has actually created a market for British manufactures, the consumption of which among the islands of the Pacific that have received the Gospel, is already considerable.—*Ellis's Polynesian Researches.*

Extent of the British Dominions.—The sun never sets on the dominions of our King. Before the evening ray leaves the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone for three hours on Port-Jackson; and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the Ganges. —*Entertaining Press.*

ANTS.

Very erroneous opinions are prevalent with regard to the food of ants, which have often been supposed to consume corn, and to do great injury to plants by devouring their roots or stems. The truth is, that they are chiefly carnivorous insects, preying indiscriminately on all the softer part of animals, and especially the viscera of other insects. These, indeed, they will often attack when alive, and overpower by dint of numbers, either devouring their victim on the spot, or dragging it a prisoner into the interior of the nest. If, however, the game should be too bulky to be easily transported, they make a plentiful meal, and exert, like the bee, a power of disgorging a portion, and of imparting it to their companions at home; and it appears that they are even able to retain at pleasure the nutritious juices unchanged for a considerable time. The rapidity with which they consume, and in fact anatomize, the carcass of any small bird or quadruped that happens to fall in their way, is well known, and furnishes an easy method of obtaining natural skeletons of these animals, by placing their dead bodies in the vicinity of a populous ant-hill. In hot climates, where they multiply to an amazing extent, their voracity and boldness increase with their numbers. Bosman, in his description of Guinea, states that in one night they will devour a sheep, leaving it a fine skeleton, while a fowl is for them only the amusement of an hour. In these situations they will venture to attack even living animals of considerable size. Rats and mice often become their victims. Their power of destruction keeping pace with their increase of numbers, it is hardly possibly to assign limits to either; and the united hosts of this diminutive insect have often become formidable to man himself. A story is related by Prévost, in his *Histoire General des Voyages*, of an Italian missionary, resident in Congo, who was awakened by his negroes in great alarm at the house being crowded by an immense army of ants, which poured in like a torrent, and before he could rise had already mounted upon his legs. They covered the floor and passages, forming a stratum of considerable depth. Nothing but fire was capable of arresting their progress. He states that cows have been known to be devoured in their stalls by these daring devastators.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

Mr. Chambers feels gratified in mentioning, that the demand for the Journal is undergoing a daily increase in all parts of the country, and that the weekly impression now amounts to 31,000 copies.

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THE DOWNDRAUGHT.

SIDE by side with *Victims*, whom we commemorated in a former Number, might be placed the kindred species *Downdraughts*, who are only different from the accident of their having friends who will rather be *weighed down* by them to the very earth, to the grave itself, than permit them to sink by themselves. The Downdraught is in reality a Victim, and one of the darkest shade, being generally a person totally worthless in character, and abandoned in habits; but then he has not altogether cut the cables which bound him to his native grade in society—he has not all forgot himself to stone—he is still domesticated with his friends—he has a mother, or a wife, or a brother, or a sister, or perhaps an old aunt, who will try to keep him in food and clean linen, and, having lost all hope of his ever being actively good, will do anything for him, if he will only preserve a neutrality, and not be positively evil. He is a victim in appearance (always excepting the clean shirt), but he enjoys the happy superiority over that class, of having an open door to fly to when he pleases, and either a kind relation, who considers him "only a little wild in the meantime," or else one who, for the sake of decent appearances, will endeavour to patch up all his peccadilloes, and even be tyrannised over by him, rather than shock society by an open rupture. The personal tendencies of a Downdraught to victimization are strong as the currents of the great deep, but he is withheld from it by others. He has always some anchorage or other upon decent life, to keep him back from the gulf to which he would otherwise hurry on. In many cases, the very kindness and indulgence of friends was the original cause of his becoming a Downdraught. He had every thing held to his head. He was encouraged in his pretences of headaches as an excuse for staying away from school. When afterwards an apprentice, he was permitted to break off, on the score of being compelled to put on fires and sweep out the shop. Or, perhaps, it was from none of those causes. Possibly, he was just one of those persons who seem to be totally destitute of all perception of the terms upon which men are permitted to exist in this world; that is, that they are either to be so fortunate as to have "their fathers born before them," so that they may accede to wealth without exertion, or must else do something to induce their fellow-creatures to accord them the means of livelihood without beggary. That many persons are really born without this great leading faculty, is unfortunately but too indisputable; and, assuredly, they are as proper inmates for a lunatic asylum as more frantic madmen; for what is the use of reason, or even of talent, without the desire of exerting it, either in one's own behalf, or in behalf of mankind? The terms of existence we allude to are expressed in the text of Scripture, "By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread;" so that the man must be considered a kind of heretic, as well as a fool, who will not, or can not, understand them. Yet the fact is so, that many men arrive at maturity with either a sense of these conditions of life, more or less imperfect, or no sense of them at all. They perhaps conceive themselves to be born to keep down the pavement of Prince's Street with boots one inch and a half deep in the heel, or to fumigate the air of that elegant street with cigars at three shillings per dozen; but that is the utmost extent to which their notions of the purposes of life ever extend. These men, of course, are predestined Downdraughts. We see them already, with our mind's eye, exhausting the kindness and patience of a brother, or a wife, yea almost of a mother, with their idle and dissolute habits—dragging those relations slowly but surely down into misery and disgrace—and only in the meantime saved from being kicked out of doors, as they deserve, not by any regard for merits of their own, for they have none, but by the tenderness of those relations for their own reputation.

A decent citizen, of the name of Farney, retired about five-and-twenty years ago from active life, and, planting himself in a neat villa a little way beyond the southern suburbs of Edinburgh, resolved to do nothing all the rest of his life but enjoy the ten or twelve thousand pounds which he had made by business. He was a placid, inoffensive old man, only somewhat easy in his disposition, and, therefore, too much under the control of his wife, who, unfortunately, was a person of a vulgarly ambitious character. The pair had but one child—a daughter, Eliza Farney,—the toast of all the apprentices in the South Bridge, and really an elegant, and not unaccomplished, young lady. The only object which Mr and Mrs Farney now had in life, besides that of enjoying all its comforts, was the disposal of this young lady in marriage. Whenever there is such a thing as ten thousand pounds connected with the name of a young lady, there is generally a great deal of more fuss made about it than when the sum is said to exist in any other shape or circumstances. It is important in the eyes of all the young men who think themselves within shot of it. It is important in the eyes of all the young women who have to lament that they do not possess similar advantages. It is important in the eyes of all the fathers and mothers of sons who think themselves within range of it. And, lastly, it is important, immensely important indeed, in the eyes of parties, young lady, mother, and father, sister or brother, who have any thing to say in the disposal of it. Money in this shape, one would almost think, is of a different value from money in any other: the exchange it bears against cash in business, or cash in the prospect of him who knows he can win it, is prodigious. At the very lowest computation, a thousand pounds in the purse of a young lady is worth ten thousand in the stock of a man of trade. Nay, it is astonishing what airs we have known a few hundred pounds of this kind put on in respect, or rather disrespect, of decent people, who were almost winning as much in the year. In fact, the fiddle-faddle about the disposal of an heiress is a great farce, and never fails to put either the parties concerned in the disposal, or else the candidates for the acquisition, into a thousand shabby and selfish attitudes. It is hard to say if the young lady herself is the better for it all. The only *certain* effect of her possessing a fortune, is, that it deprives her of ever having the pleasing assurance, given to most other women, that she is married for her own sake alone. Sincere love is apt to retire from such a competition, through the pure force of modesty, its natural accompaniment; and the man most apt to be successful is he who, looking upon the affair as only a mercantile adventure, pursues it as such, and only hopes to be able to fall in love after marriage.

It happened that Eliza Farney was loved, truly and tenderly loved, by a young man of the name of Russell, whose parents had been acquainted with the Farneys in their earlier and less prosperous days, but were now left a little behind them. Young Russell had been the playmate of Eliza in their days of childhood; he had read books with her, and taught her to draw, in their riper youth; and all the neighbours said, that, but for the brilliant prospects of Miss Farney, she could not have found a more eligible match. Russell, however, was still but the son of a poor man. He was himself struggling in the commencement of a business, which he had begun with slender means, in order to sustain the declining fortunes of his parents. His walk in life was much beneath the scope of his abilities, much beneath his moral deserts; but, under a strong impulse of duty, he had narrowed his mind to the path allotted to him, instead of attempting to do justice to his talents by entering upon any higher and more perilous pursuit. Thus, as often happens, an intellect and character, which might have brightened the highest destinies, were doomed to a sphere all unmeet for them, where they were in a manner worse than lost, as they only led to a suspicion which was apt to be unfavourable to the prospects of their possessor, namely, that he was likely to be led, by his superior tastes, into pursuits to which his fortune was inadequate, or into habits which would shipwreck it altogether. Russell looked upon Eliza Farney, and despaired. He saw her, as she advanced into womanhood, recede gradually from his sphere in society, and enter into one more suitable to her father's improving fortunes, into which it was not for him to intrude. Eliza had, perhaps, entertained at one time a girlish fondness for him; but it was not of so strong a character as to resist the ambitious maxims of her mother, and the sense of her own importance and prospects, which began to act upon her in her riper years.

"Amongst the rest young Edwin sighed,
But never talked of love."

Some appearance of coldness, which he saw, or fancied he saw, in her conduct towards him, caused his proud and pure nature to shrink back from the vulgar competition which he saw going forward for the hand of "the heiress." It was not that the fondest wishes of his heart were met with disappointment—perhaps he could have endured that—but he writhed under the reflection, that external circumstances should separate hearts that once were allied, and that no conscious purity of feeling, no hope of hereafter distinguishing himself by his abilities, was of avail against the selfish and worldly philosophy which dictated his rejection. It was only left for him to retire into the chambers of his own thoughts, and there form such solemn resolutions for improving his circumstances and distinguishing his character, as might hereafter, perhaps, enable him to prove to the cold being who now despised him, how worthy, how more than worthy, perhaps, he was of having enjoyed her affections, even upon the mean calculations by which he was now measured and found wanting.

The mother, to whom this rupture was chiefly owing, now applied herself heartily to the grand task of getting her daughter "properly disposed of." Every month or so, her house was turned topsy-turvy, for the purpose of showing off the young lady in gay assemblies. Care was taken that no one should be invited to these assemblies who was merely of their own rank. Unless some capture could be made in a loftier, or what appeared a loftier circle, it was all as nothing. The human race hang all in a concatenation at each other's skirts, those before kicking with all their might to drive off those behind them, at the same time that they are struggling might and main, despite of corresponding kicks, to hold fast, and pull themselves up by means of their own predecessors. This is particularly the case where a mother has a daughter to dispose of with the reversion of a few thousands. Money under these circumstances, as already explained, would be absolutely thrown away if given only to a person who estimated it at its ordinary value; it must be given to one who will appreciate it as it ought to be, and sell pounds of free will and honourable manhood for shillings of the vile dross. At length, at a ball held in the Archers' Hall—a kind of Almack's in the east—the very man was met with—a genteel young spark, said to be the grand-nephew to a Baronet in the north, and who was hand in glove with the Greigsons, a family of *quis quis* gentility in the New Town, but who loomed very large in the eyes of a person dwelling in the south side. This fellow, a mere loose adventurer, whose highest destiny seemed to be to carry a pair of colours if he could get them, and who positively had no claims upon consideration whatsoever, except that he kept a decent suit of clothes upon his back, and was on terms of intimacy with a family supposed to belong to the *haut ton*—this poor unannealed wretch, recommended by impudence and a moustache, which he amiably swore he would take off when married, gained the prize from which the modest merit of Russell was repelled. In a perfect fluster of delight with the attention he paid to her daughter, terrified lest he should change his mind, or any unforeseen event prevent the consummation so devoutly to be wished, the managing mother presented no obstruction to the courtship. "Such a genteel young man!" she would say to her husband. "He is greatly taken out in good company. Just the night before last, he was at the Honourable Mrs ——'s party in Oman's Rooms. He danced with Miss Foster, the great heiress, who, they say, is distractedly in love with him. But he says she has naething like the elegant carriage o' our 'Liza. Indeed, between you and me, says he, jokingly, to me the other day, she's splay-footed. He could make his fortune at

once, you see, however, and I'm sure its really extraordinary o' him to particulareese the like o' us in the way he's doing"—and so forth. The old man sat twirling his thumbs and saying nothing, but having his own fears all the time that all was not really gold that glittered. He was, however, one of those people who, upon habit and principle, never say a single word about any speculative thing that is proposed to them, till the result has been decided, and then they can tell that they all along thought it would turn out so. It was untelling the prescience and wisdom that old Farney believed himself to be thus possessed of. Suffice it to say, the managing mother, within the month, made out a mittimus of destruction in favour of her daughter, Eliza Farney, spinster, consigning her to the custody of William Dempster, Esq., blackguard by commission, and Downdraught by destiny.

The fortune of Miss Farney was not exactly of the kind that suited Mr Dempster's views. It was only payable after the death of her father. Mr Dempster, therefore, saw it to be necessary to take expedients for obtaining the use of it by anticipation. He commenced a large concern in some mercantile line, obtaining money in advance from the old gentleman in order to set the establishment on foot. He also procured his signature to innumerable bills, to enable him to carry it on. The business in reality was a mere mask for obtaining the means of supporting his own depraved tastes and appetites. There was hardly any kind of extravagance, any kind of vice, which he did not indulge in at the expense of old Farney. The result was what might be expected from such premises. Exactly a twelvemonth after the marriage, Dempster stopped payment, and absconded without so much as even taking leave of his wife. His folly and profligacy together had already absorbed the whole fortune with which Mr Farney had retired from business, besides a good deal more for which the unfortunate old man was security. He was in consequence totally ruined, left destitute in old age, without the least resource; while the young elegant female, who, a short year before, was the admiration and envy of glittering circles, had just become a mother, upon the bed which only waited for her convalescence to be sold for behoof of her husband's creditors.

Farney found refuge—and considered himself most fortunate in finding it—in a beneficiary institution for decayed citizens of which he had himself, in better days, been one of the managers, but which he did not live long to enjoy. His wife, about the same time, died of one of those numberless and varied diseases which can only be traced to what is called a broken heart. The daughter—the unhappy, and, in a great measure, guiltless victim of her wretched ambition—had no eventual resource, for the support of herself and her infant, but to open a small school, in which she taught female children the elements of reading, writing, and sewing. The striking infelicity of her fate, joined to her own well-known taste and industrious habits, in time obtained for her considerable patronage in this humble occupation; and she would eventually have been restored to something like comfort, but for the unhallowed wretch whose fate had become identified with her own. Where this fellow went, or how he subsisted, for the three years during which he was absent, no one ever knew. He was heard to talk of the smugglers in the Isle of Man, and of the United Irishmen of the sister isle; but it can only be surmised that he joined these respectable corps. One day, as Mrs Dempster sat in the midst of her little flock of pupils, the door was opened, and in crawled her prodigal husband, emaciated, travel-worn, and beggar-like, with a large black spot upon one of his cheeks, the result of some unimaginably low and scoundrelly brawl. The moment she recognised him, she fainted in her chair; the children dispersed and fled from the house, like a flock of chickens at sight of the impending hawk; and when the unfortunate woman recovered, she found herself alone with this transcendant wretch, the breaker of the peace of her family, the murderer of her mother. He accosted her in the coolest manner possible, said he was glad to see her so comfortably situated, and expressed an anxiety for food and liquor. She went with tottering steps to purvey what he wanted; and while she was busied in her little kitchen, he sat down by her parlour fire and commenced smoking from a nasty black pipe, after the manner of the lowest mendicants. When food and drink were set before him, he partook of both with voracious appetite. Mrs Dempster sat looking on in despair, for she saw that the presence of this being must entirely blight the pleasant scene which her industry had created around her. She afterwards said, however, that she could have perhaps overlooked all, and even again loved this deplorable wretch, if he had inquired for his child, or expressed a desire to see him. He did neither—he seemed altogether bent on satisfying his own gross appetites. After spending a few hours in sulky unintermitted smoking and drinking, he was conveyed to a pallet in the garret, there to sleep off his debauch.

It were needless to go through all the distressing details of what ensued. Dempster henceforth became a *Downdraught* on his wife. This forlorn woman often confessed to her friends that she was perfectly willing to support her husband, provided he would be but content with the plain fare she could offer him, and just walk about and do nothing. But he was not of a temper to endure this listlessness. He required excitement. Instead of quietly spending his forenoons in the arbour, called *the Cage*, in the Meadows, among decayed military pensioners, and other harmless old men, he prowled about the crowded, mean thoroughfares, drinking where he could get liquor for nothing, and roistering in companies of the most debased description. He incurred debts in all directions on the strength of his wife's character, and she was necessarily compelled to liquidate them. The struggles which she at this time made were very great. Like the mother of Gray the Poet, she endured all kinds of ill usage, and persevered under every difficulty to give her son a respectable education, in order that he might have an opportunity of wiping away the stains of his father's vices, and be a comfort to his mother in the decline of life. To do this, and at the same time continue paying the vile debts of her profligate husband, was altogether impossible. She exhausted the beneficence, and even tired the pity of her friends. It need hardly be mentioned, that the creditors of a husband have an undeniable claim upon the effects of his wife. It unfortunately happened that the wretches with whom Dempster contracted his debts were as worthless as himself. After draining every resource which his wife could command, he summed up his villany by giving a promissory note for fifteen pounds to one of his lowest associates. It is supposed that he struck the bargain for a couple of guineas, for with this sum he again absconded from Edinburgh, and, taking his way to Greenock, shipped himself on board of a vessel for America. At first his wife was thankful for the relief; she again breathed freely; but her joy was soon turned into mourning. The promissory note made its appearance; she had just scraped up and paid her rent; she had not therefore a farthing in the world. In a fortnight the whole of her effects were sold upon distraint. She was turned to the street a second time, almost bent to the dust with the burden of her miseries. The first night she received shelter in the house of a respectable "much-tried" widow, who was the only person she could freely speak to about her destitute condition. Next day, by the advice of this good woman, she took a room in the neighbourhood, and endeavoured to gather together her pupils, who, it seems, did not desert her, but took a deep interest in her misfortunes. She had also the good fortune to get her boy into one of the educational hospitals, and she, therefore, expressed herself thankful for the mercies she still received.

An interval of many years now occurs in the story of Mrs Dempster, during which she heard nothing of her husband, except a rumour that he was drowned on a lumbering excursion in the rapids of the St Lawrence. Through the influence of her pitiable tale and real merit, she obtained the situation of superintendant of a large public seminary for young ladies in a country town. Here she lived in peace, comfort, and honour, for some years, till she had almost forgot that ever such a wretch as Dempster existed. What was her horror one day, when, as she was entertaining a large party of respectable people at tea, the demon of her fate stood once more before her, not the mere squalid beggar which he formerly appeared, but a concentration of blackguardism and shabbiness, of utterly ruined and broken down humanity, such as was never perhaps surpassed, even in the sinks of London and Parisian vice. There was now more than mendicancy in his aspect—there was robbery, murder, and every kind of desperate deed. The wan face, blackened and battered with bruises and wounds—the troubled eye, bespeaking the troubled spirit—the ropy, sooty attire, through which peeped the hardly whiter skin—the feet bare and ulcerated with walking—every thing told but one tale of unutterable sin and misery. The guests shrunk aghast from this hideous spectre, and the hostess shrieked outright. Little regarding the alarm which he had occasioned, he exclaimed, in a hollow and scarcely earthly voice, "Give me meat—give me drink—give me clothing—I am destitute of all: there you sit in enjoyment of every luxury, while your husband, who is flesh of your flesh, has not known what it is to eat heartily, or to be covered from the piercing wind, for weeks and months. Do not shrink from me. Wretched as I seem, I am still your husband. Nothing on earth can break that tie. Meat, I say—drink—I am in my own house, and will be obeyed. For you, gentles, get you gone; your company is not now agreeable." The company dispersed without further ceremony, leaving the unhappy woman alone with her husband.

Next day, the stranger appeared abroad in a decent suit of clothes, and Mrs Dempster seemed to have recovered a little of her equanimity. Every sacrifice, however, which she could make for this wretch, was in vain, or only encouraged him to demand greater indulgences. An unlimited supply of liquor in his own house would not satisfy him. He required large sums wherewith to treat all the *canaille* of the town. Entreaties, indulgences, every thing that could be devised to gratify him, were unavailing to impress him with a sense of his wife's situation. He intruded his unhallowed front into her school, and insulted her before her pupils. Those who laughed at his antics he would seize by the shoulders, and turn out of doors. He had also a most perverse desire of pushing himself into her presence, whenever he thought she was conversing with any of her employers, before whom an observance of propriety and decorum was most particularly necessary. Indeed, he just delighted to do exactly what his wife wished him not to do; the grand object of his low mind being to show how much he had her comfort and welfare in his power. At length, with every feeling of respect for Mrs Dempster, her employers, the magistrates, found it necessary to inform her, that they could not permit her to retain the school any longer under such circumstances, as it was threatened with utter annihilation by the gradual diminution of the number of pupils. She proposed to her husband to allow him regularly the full half of her earnings, if he would only stay in some other place, and never again intrude upon her. But he scorned to be bought off, as he said. He insisted rather upon her giving up the school, and accompanying him to Edinburgh, where, with the little sum she had saved, and what besides they could raise by the sale of her superfluous furniture, he would enter into business on his own account, and should never again be obliged to work for either herself or for him. The poor woman had no alternative. She was compelled to abandon the scene, where, for so many years, she had enjoyed the comforts of life and the respect of society, in order to be dragged at the chariot wheels, or rather at the cart's tail, of her husband's vices and fortunes, through scenes to which she shuddered to look forward.

In the capital, Dempster's design of entering into business, if he ever seriously entertained it, was no more talked of. Fleshed once again with a taste of his former indulgences, he rushed headlong into that infamous career which already had twice ended in voluntary banishment. His wife's finances were soon exhausted; but, with the barbarity of a demon taskmaster, he would every day leave her with a threat, which she but too well knew he would execute, of beating her, if she should not be able to produce next morning a sum necessary for the gratification of his wretched appetites. It was now in vain to attempt that mode of subsistence by which she had hitherto supported herself. So long as she was haunted by this evil genius, *that* was impracticable. By the interest, however, of some of her former friends, she obtained a scanty and precarious employment for her needle, by which she endeavoured to supply the cravings of her husband, and her own simpler wants. From morning early, through the whole day, and till long after midnight, this modest and virtuous woman would sit in her humble lodging, painfully exerting herself at a tedious and monotonous task, that she might be able to give to her husband in the morning that sum without which she feared he would only rush into greater mischief, if not into absolute crime. No vigils were grudged, if she only had the gratification at last of seeing him return. Though he often staid away the whole night, she never could permit herself to suppose that he would do so again, but she would sit bending over her work, or, if she could work no more from positive fatigue, gazing into the dying embers of her fire, watching and watching for the late and solitary foot, which, by a strange exertion of the sense, she could hear and distinguish long ere any sound would have been perceptible to another person. Alas, for the sleepless nights which woman so often endures for the sake of her cruel helpmate! Alas, for the generous and enduring affection which woman cherishes so often for the selfish heart by which it is enslaved!

A time at length arrived when the supplies purveyed by Mrs Dempster from her own earnings were quite incompetent to satisfy this living vampire. She saw him daily rush from her presence, threatening that he would bring her to the extremity of disgrace by the methods he would take to obtain money. She lived for weeks in the agonising fear that the next moment would bring her news of some awful crime committed by his hand, and for which he was likely to pay the last penalty of the law. She hardly knew who or what were his associates; but occasionally she learned, from mutterings in his sleep, that his practices were of the most flagitious and debased kind. He seemed to be the leader or director of a set of wretches who made a livelihood by midnight burglary. At length, one day he came home at an unusual hour, accompanied by three strangers, with whom he entered into conversation in the next room. Between that apartment and the room in which she was sitting, there was a door, which, being never used, was locked up. Through the thin panels, she overheard a scheme laid for entering the house of ———, a villa in the neighbourhood, in order to rob the tenant, whom they described as a gentleman just returned from the East Indies, with a great quantity of plate and other valuables. One of the persons in conference had visited the house, through the kindness of a servant, to whom he had made up as a sweetheart, and he therefore was able to lead the attack through such a channel as rendered success almost certain. "The nabob," said this person, "sleeps in a part of the house distant from the room in which his boxes are for the present deposited. But should he attempt to give us any disturbance, we have a remedy for that, you know." And here the listener's blood run cold at hearing a pistol cocked. From all that she could gather, her husband was only

to keep watch at the outside of the house, while the rest should enter in search of the booty. It is impossible to describe the horror with which she heard the details of the plot. Her mind was at first in such a whirl of distracted feeling, that she hardly knew where she stood; but, as the scheme was to be executed that very evening, she saw it necessary to exert herself quickly and decisively; and, therefore, she immediately went to the house of a friend, and wrote an anonymous note to the person most concerned, warning him of a design (she could use no more specific language) which she knew was entertained against a certain part of his property, and recommending him to have it removed to some more secure part of his house. To make quite sure of this note being delivered in time, she took it herself to the gate, and left it with the porter, whom she strictly enjoined to give it immediately into the hands of his master. She then went home, and spent an evening of misery more bitter than the cup of death itself. She had formerly passed many a lonely night at her cheerless fireside, while waiting for the return of her wretched husband; but she never spent one like this. When she reflected upon the happiness of her early days, and the splendid prospects which were then said to lie before her, and contrasted them with the misery into which she had been so suddenly plunged, not by any any fault of her own, but, as it appeared, by the mere course of destiny, she could have almost questioned the justice of that supreme power by which she piously believed the concerns of this lower world to be adjusted. What dire calamities had sprung to her from one unfortunate step! What persecutions she had innocently endured! How hopeless was her every virtuous exertion against the perverse counteraction of a being from whom society could not permit her to be disjoined! And, finally, what an awful out-burst of wretchedness was at this moment, to appearance, impending over her! Then she recalled one gentle recollection, which occasionally would steal into her mind, even in her darkest hours, and fill it with an agreeable, but still painful light—the thought of Russell—Russell, the kind and good, whom, in a moment of girlish vanity, she had treated harshly, so that he vanished from her presence for ever, and even from the place where he had suffered her scorn. Had fate decreed that she should have been united to that endeared mate of her childhood, how different might have been her lot! how different, also, perhaps, might have been his course of life—for she feared that her ungenerous cruelty had also made shipwreck of his noble nature. These meditations were suddenly disturbed by the entrance of Dempster, who rushed into her room, holding a handkerchief upon his side, and, pale, gory, and breathless, fell upon the ground before her. Almost ere she had time to ascertain the reality of this horrid vision, quick foot-steps were heard upon the stair. The open door gave free admission; and in a moment the room was half filled with watchmen, at the head of whom appeared a middle-aged gentleman of a prepossessing though somewhat disordered exterior. "This," he exclaimed, "is the villain; secure him, if he be yet alive, but I fear he has already met the punishment which is his due." The watchmen raised Dempster from the ground, and, holding his face to the light, found that the glaze of death was just taking effect upon his eyes. The unhappy woman shrieked as she beheld the dreadful spectacle, and would have fallen upon the ground if she had not been prevented by the stranger, who caught her in his arms. Her eyes, when they first re-opened, were met by those of Russell.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings with which these long-severed hearts again recognised each other, the wretchedness into which she was plunged, by learning that her well-intended efforts had unexpectedly led to the death of her husband, or the returning tide of grateful and affectionate emotion which possessed his bosom, on being informed that those efforts had saved his life, not to speak of the deep sensation of pity with which he listened to the tale of her life. A tenderer feeling than friendship was now impossible, and, if it could have existed, would have hardly been in good taste; but Russell, now endowed with that wealth which, when he had it not, would have been of so much avail, contented himself to use it in the pious task of rendering the declining years of Eliza Farney as happy as her past life had been miserable.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

There is a large class of inquiring minds in the humbler walks of life, and another large class composed of the young of all orders, who, in entering upon a course of general modern reading, must be greatly at a loss for a knowledge of many men and books which are familiarly alluded to, and things with which every body is understood to be acquainted, but which, in reality, are only familiar to persons of perfect education, and to those who have been living for a considerable time in intimate converse with the world. It appears to be a proper object for such a work as the present, to supply such information on modern literature as may help to bring up the minds now spoken of to a level with those which are generally addressed by literary men; so that the large class of persons who at the present time are just beginning to read, or are anxious to do so, may have less difficulty at the first. The manner in which I shall endeavour to supply this information will be peculiar. I shall write as if I understood my readers to be almost entirely ignorant; and, therefore, my disquisitions may perhaps appear to more informed persons as childish. I trust, nevertheless, that every one will excuse the introduction of matter which is to him quite familiar, for the sake of the multitudes to whom it will be nearly altogether new.

It is probable that Sir Walter Scott is the author of all others whose name is most familiar to the persons now addressed. He is a native of Edinburgh, about 60 years of age, originally, by profession, an advocate in the chief Law Court of Scotland, but latterly settled in the respectable office of a clerk to that Court, from which, however, he has lately retired. Walter Scott began his literary career as a collector of old Scottish ballad poetry, and an imitator of that style of writing. He published, about the beginning of this century, a collection of ballads, under the title of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, which was looked upon as a very pleasing and very learned work. He next published, under the title of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, a romantic poetical tale of his own composition, being somewhat in the style of those old ballads. This book was in one volume, and it was so much liked that 25,000 copies were sold in the first six years. In 1808, two years after the Lay had appeared, he published a second and similar romantic poem, under the title of Marmion, for which a bookseller paid him no less a sum than one thousand guineas. It was fully more admired than the former work; and his next attempt, the Lady of the Lake, was most admired of all. The success of these fine poems induced him to write two others in succession, styled Rokeby, and the Lord of the Isles; but either the story was not in those cases so interesting, or the style of the author was becoming a little too familiar; for they were not nearly so much admired as the previous productions. Mr Scott, who is a man of much worldly sagacity, as well as great poetical genius, saw that it was necessary to write in a different manner, in order to please his customers, the public; and so he began to write romances in prose. Having an idea that his name was getting somewhat hackneyed, he resolved to publish these works anonymously. The first that appeared was Waverley, a story founded upon the rebellion of the Scotch Highlanders in 1745—in three volumes. It met with as great success as the first of his poems. Every one who read it was delighted with its lively descriptions of scenery, its natural delineations of character, and a peculiar romantic charm which this author invariably gives to every incident of past history to which he alludes. Waverley appeared in the year 1814; and ever since down to the very present time, this great author has continued to publish every year one or more narratives of the same kind, generally relative to some incident in Scotch or English, or occasionally foreign history. As he derived a great deal of money from his writings, he was enabled to purchase a considerable quantity of land in one of the southern counties of Scotland, where he built a house called Abbotsford. In consideration of the literary honour which he reflected upon his country, King George IV. conferred upon him the dignity of a baronetcy in the year 1820. He continued to publish without putting his name upon the front of his books, down till 1826, when his Edinburgh bookseller became a bankrupt, and involved him in pecuniary embarrassments, which rendered it impossible for him any longer to conceal that he was the *Great Unknown* who had so long delighted the world with his romances. It was understood that Sir Walter was engaged for this bookseller in obligations to the amount of sixty thousand pounds, being a great proportion of all that he had ever received for his writings. Thus, in one respect, a series of literary exertions, the most splendid the world has ever known, was, in a great measure, rendered ineffectual. Sir Walter, however, has since been enabled to gain so much money as has cleared off nearly the whole, if not the whole, of this vast debt. It is only to be lamented that his health has, in a great measure, sunk under the effort. On this account, he is at present sojourning in Italy, for the benefit of a milder climate than his own. The personal character of this great man is as much to be admired as his literary merits. He has been conspicuous all his life for the amiable and dignified simplicity of his manners—the perfect purity of his moral conduct—his benevolence and kindness towards all his fellow-creatures—and a total want of those mean, narrow feelings, such as jealousy or envy, which so often have degraded genius to a level with ignorance. He was married in early life to a French lady of the name of Carpenter, who left her native country in consequence of the Revolution, and who died in 1826. By this lady he had two sons and two daughters, all of whom are now arrived at maturity.

Among the great literary intellects, Robert Southey is to be next mentioned. He is a native of England, about the same age as Sir Walter Scott, and has lived for many years in an elegant retirement near the village of Keswick, in Cumberland. In his early years, like most young men of the period, he was captivated with the principles of the French Revolution, and wrote a play called Wat Tyler, which abounds in sentiments of that nature. Mr Southey subsequently changed his opinions in politics; and, as this has often been urged against him, he perhaps feels the publication of his first production to have been the most fatal error in his life. Mr Southey is essentially and exclusively a man of letters; that is to say, he lives by what he can obtain for his writings. In early life he wrote a series of poetical narratives, of a wild and wondrous nature; the most remarkable are respectively entitled Thalaba and Madoc. A rich and luxuriant imagination was observable in these works; but they were accused of being written too much in defiance of the ordinary rules of poetry, Hence, Mr Southey's poems are not now read. Like many other men of poetical genius in the present age, he has betaken himself to the composition of prose—the kind of composition, after all, most adapted to the daily wants of the reading part of mankind. He has published many large and most respectable prose works, such as the Book of the Church (a brief ecclesiastical history of England, in which he strongly advocates the principles of the Reformation), in two volumes; Colloquies on the Prospects of Society, in two volumes, &c. But his chief exertions are said to lie in the Quarterly Review, a periodical work afterwards to be described. Mr Southey is allowed to be one of the best, or purest, writers of the English language now living. He possesses, in his house at Keswick, a large miscellaneous library, in which he almost constantly lives. He enjoys the small, but honourable sinecure office of Poet Laureate, to which there is attached a pension of a hundred pounds a-year, with the addition of a pipe of wine. Formerly the Poet Laureate was a regular member of the King's household, for the purpose of saluting him on his birth-day with an appropriate ode. But the ode is now dispensed with, and the pension and wine only form a kind of encouragement to some meritorious man of letters, to whom the country may be supposed to be indebted. It may be mentioned that both Sir Walter Scott and Mr Southey are Tories.

Next to Southey may be mentioned Thomas Campbell, author of a poem entitled the Pleasures of Hope. This gentleman is a native of Scotland, but for thirty years past has resided in London. He is somewhat younger than Scott and Southey. He received his education at the University of Glasgow; and in 1801, when scarcely out of his teens, published at Edinburgh his Pleasures of Hope, which at once gained a wide popularity. This poem is a series of fine bursts of sentiment, expressed in the most glowing and beautiful language, with only here and there a monotony of rhymes, and redundancy of expression, which may well be excused as the faults of a very young author. Mr Campbell afterwards produced several smaller poems of great beauty, among which must be mentioned the sublime odes, entitled Hohenlinden, the Battle of the Baltic, and, "Ye Mariners of England." The muse of Campbell was more correct in pace than abundant in effusion. He produced no poem of considerable length for ten years after he had written the Pleasures of Hope. At length, in 1809, appeared Gertrude of Wyoming, a beautiful narrative poem, founded on an incident in the history of an American settlement. This forms almost the sum of Mr Campbell's literary exertions. In 1821, he undertook the management of a monthly periodical work, entitled the New Monthly Magazine; but it was always understood that little of the work was his own composition. In truth, it is the misfortune of Mr Campbell that he has a natural and habitual reluctance to exertion. A pension which he enjoys from the government supplies most of his daily wants, and he is content to pass in indolence days and years of which his contemporaries would be disposed to ask from him a very different account. It is not too much to say that there are many men of letters in Britain who have undergone as much labour in one year, as this gifted son of genius has undergone in the whole thirty years of his literary existence.

Wordsworth and Coleridge are the names of two living poets, whose writings are hardly known to any part of the reading public, but who are nevertheless entitled to notice. The former is a quiet, retired, old gentleman, who has spent nearly the whole of his life in a secluded part of Cumberland, deriving his support from some sinecure office. He has written a large poem called the Excursion, and many smaller ones, some of them in the style of ballads, &c. This poet made a great mistake in the beginning of his career, and he never has since got out of it. He conceived that the best subjects for poetry are to be found in the incidents and characters of humble life, and that the language to be employed should be as nearly as possible that used in the same walk. Hence many of his poems have been childish and unmeaning jingles, while still, here and there we find strains of profound sentiment, and a feeling of nature and her workings, such as to make us regret that so noble a mind should have been so strangely lost. The language, too, is not always of the mean kind alluded to. It is often for a large space the most touching, the most tender, the most melodious, that is to be found in modern literature. Indeed, Wordsworth may be described as one of the great poetical minds of the country, but with the detracting qualification, that it is in a state of partial weakness. Coleridge is even a still more pitiable specimen of crazy greatness. His works, however, are so entirely out of the public sight, that it is unnecessary to give any account of them.

Hardly any of the above persons, though still alive as men, can be said to live as poets. Their exertions in this walk of literature have been for many years given up, and almost forgotten. If they now work at all, it is as prose writers. Poetry, indeed, has not been a profitable field of adventure for some years. It has given way in a great measure to certain more fashionable kinds of literature, such as novels and periodical works. Byron, a young, dissolute nobleman, who died in 1824, was the greatest poet of modern times; and certainly his writings have enjoyed a high degree of popularity; but few of the rest have made a great impression by their verses. Thomas Moore is a name entitled to notice. His chief poetical work is called Lalla Rookh, (a romance of Asiatic life), and he has also derived great celebrity from a series of songs which he has composed for the airs of Ireland, which is his native country. Moore, however, has too little of that nature of which Wordsworth aims at having too much. His sentiments are not the spontaneous

gushings of the full and feeling heart, but a cold and artificial effusion measured out according to rule. His way of making up his verses is as artificial as his sentiment. He forces images from the ends of the earth, and plants them here and there along his verses, as an African prince places Birmingham buttons upon his native clothing, not for their use, but that he thinks some ornament looks better at that place. His similes might be chipped off his verses, as easily as so many handles from so many tea-cups, without in the least impairing the quantity of the vessel. He must be allowed credit, however, for the ingenuity with which he can drag the most untoward ideas into his verses. It must be acknowledged that, though the forcing is always visible, the case would evidently be much worse, or not practicable at all, in the hands of a less perfect adept. This is also the less favourable view of Moore's poetry. If the constant appearance of labour could be overlooked, his gay vivacious fancy would give unmingled pleasure.

Among the multitude of men poetically dead, but personally living, may further be mentioned, SAMUEL ROGERS, LEIGH HUNT, and JOHN WILSON. Rogers is an aged man of fortune, residing in the vicinity of London. Towards forty years ago, he published the Pleasures of Memory, a poem full of the gentlest feelings and most beautiful images, though it would now, perhaps, be held as a little too cold in tone. Rogers is now rather a patron and friend of literary men, than a poet himself, though it is not above ten years since he produced a very elegant poem in blank verse, styled "Italy." Leigh Hunt is a middle aged man, a native of London. He began his poetical career about twenty years ago, his first works being Rimini, the Feast of the Poets, &c., which made a considerable impression upon the public, though not written in the best taste. Hunt is a man of good intentions, but corrupted a little by education, mannerism, and perhaps vanity. His poetry is about to be republished in a purified and collected form, we regret to say, as a means of relieving himself from the bitter evil of reduced circumstances, accompanied by ill health. John Wilson is a native of Scotland, but educated chiefly in England. He first appeared in the literary world about twenty years ago, as author of several volumes of poetry, under the various titles of the Isle of Palms, the City of the Plague, &c. His verses received praise in the Edinburgh Review, and other critical works of eminence, where it happens that many books receive the only notice they are ever destined to be blest with. Dr Johnson says of a novel by Congreve, that he would rather praise it than read it; and to this principle may be traced the reputation of many more famous poems than those of Mr Wilson. The poetry was most excellent poetry—there could be no doubt of that, for several high critical oracles were most decided upon the point; but the public has sometimes an obstinate way of its own with books—it would not believe a word of it. Hence Mr Wilson's poems never were honoured with the least mark of popular acceptation—could scarcely be said, indeed, to have ever been published. Like many other writers of poetry, he has latterly turned his attention to prose. He has written several tales and sketches depicting Scottish humble life, but in such a sickly, romantic, and exaggerated style, that the original is hardly to be recognised. By profession, Mr Wilson was originally an advocate at the Scottish bar, but some years ago he was installed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which office he continues to occupy. He has also, for many years, been the editor or chief contributor to that extensively circulated monthly work, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine; a task for which he seems to be eminently fitted. His mind, it must be remarked, though gifted with only a few leading ideas, possesses the strange power of showing these once every month in a new shape, generally diluted into a lavish effusion of brilliant, though unpolished verbiage; and in this way he continues to keep up a constant succession of dashing, frothy articles in the work referred to. I mentioned that Southey was reckoned the writer of the best or purest English in the present day; on the same principle Wilson may be reckoned among the coarsest. His frolicsome, loose style is exceedingly captivating, and has produced a host of imitators among young writers, not one of whom has approached him in point of talent or brilliancy; and the consequence has been, a perfect inundation of flippant, useless writing, in every department of periodical literature. Mr Wilson enjoys a considerable local fame on account of these contributions to Blackwood's Magazine; but as his name is connected with no individual work that can have the least claims upon posterity, it is easy to predict that this must not only be confined to the scene, but also to the period of his exertions.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IN whatever manner we are called upon to examine the character and circumstances of the inhabitants of Great Britain, we feel impelled to remark, that they are altogether an exceedingly peculiar people, and that they possess talents and properties possessed by no other nation under heaven—that of the great western republic, who are of British descent, always excepted. Their country is comparatively small, and its climate is inferior to that of any other in the neighbourhood, or in a large portion of Europe; yet under these disadvantages, they have contrived to place themselves at the head of the affairs of nearly the whole world, and to dictate the terms of their bargains with a confidence which certainly no other people has dared to imitate. The whole secret of all this superiority lies in their industrious habits and their intelligence. They have also been much indebted to the isolation of their country for the preservation of their national character; and a genealogist might fondly trace their greatness to the happy mixture of Celtic and Gothic blood, and the amalgamation of Saxon simplicity and steadiness of character with the gallant bearing of the Normans. Besides possessing these natural advantages, they have been fortunate in the enjoyment of security of property, since the rise of the middling classes in Henry the Seventh's time. If to this we add the possession of inexhaustible stores of mineral products, as iron, lead, tin, and coal, the cause is given of their extraordinary industry and opulence. The fossils which have been of the greatest benefit to the British people, are iron and coal. Without these no nation can be permanently great or independent. The iron of the Mendip Hills, Somersetshire, Derbyshire, North Wales, and Alsten in Cumberland, as well as that used at Carron in Scotland, with the coal of Northumberland, Durham, and Lanarkshire, have reared a mighty fabric of trade, commerce, and machinery, no where paralleled, and which it would be impossible to supersede.

The whole of England, and some of the counties in Scotland, is but one immense manufactory, sectioned into divisions, and swarming with a population whose innate skill and industry put to shame the perseverance of the ant, or the ingenious labour of the bee. Let us, for example, take a glance at this wonderful human hive. Entering England from the north, we first fall in with the great trading district on the Tyne, covered with ship-building establishments, soaperies, glass works, potteries, iron founderies, and other works of a similar kind, connected with the coal trade and mines. In Cumberland, we find manufactories of ginghams, calicoes, corduroys, and other cotton goods; sail-cloth, carpets, paper, pottery, and glass bottles. The hilly district of Westmoreland, we find, gives employment to the woollen manufactories of Kendal, and other towns in that quarter. In Durham are found extensive founderies and forges, producing anchors, mooring chains, files, edge-tools, sword blades, and all such hardware as is necessary for artificers. Yorkshire comes next, and we perceive it has an extraordinary variety of manufactures. The East Riding furnishes wool in large quantities to the weavers of the West Riding, which is without exception the greatest manufacturing district in the world. The manufactures of Leeds, Wakefield, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and places adjacent, comprise broad and narrow cloths of all qualities, shalloons, calimancoes, and flannels, with every kind of woollen goods. From Sheffield, cutlery, printing types, and plated goods, are exported to all parts of the world. The knives of Sheffield have been celebrated for many centuries. West from Yorkshire lies Lancashire, which is famed for the extent and variety of its manufactures, consisting of silk, cotton, woollen, linen, hats, stockings, pins, needles, nails, watch-tools and movements, tobacco and snuff, earthenware, porcelain, paper, and many other articles. In this busy scene lies Manchester—a city of cotton-mills and machinery, forming light fabrics of goods intended for the clothing of females, in every part of the globe which can be reached by merchants. Here also is manufactured an inconceivable variety of small wares, as tapes, threads, laces, &c. In the vicinity are situated the establishments for printing and dyeing the calicoes. In this district are also found manufactories of iron and copper, glass, white-lead, lamp-black, vitriolic acid, paints, &c. Liverpool is the great outlet for these products.

Proceeding down into Cheshire, we discover manufactories of silk, cotton, linen, ribbons, thread, buttons, leather, and salt. Shropshire, adjoining, has its coal, iron, and tar works, besides manufactories of garden flower pots, tobacco pipes, china, and queen's ware; also some linen and cotton manufactories. In Montgomeryshire, we find some of the best flannel manufactories in Britain. Let us retrace our steps, and view the centre of England. Here we find the stocking, silk, and lace manufactures of Nottinghamshire; the worsted, woollen, and hat manufactures of Leicestershire; the woollen, linen, cotton, silk, and polished marble manufactures of Derbyshire. The great wonder of England is the Staffordshire potteries, which occupy a central district. For ten square miles the whole land seems a series of volcanoes, as interesting, and a thousand times more profitable than those of Sicily, or the Neapolitan territories. An abundant supply of coal found here, has produced the establishment of these potteries, which give employment to an immense population, and send out Delft goods to every country. Warwickshire falls next under our notice. Here every town is celebrated for manufacturing some particular article. Birmingham is filled with manufactories of hardware, muskets, pistols, and other goods of a similar nature. In Coventry and neighbourhood, not less than sixteen thousand people are employed in manufacturing ribbons; and many are engaged in making watches, which are reckoned among the best in Britain. Gloves, horn combs, hosiery, flaxen goods, and needles, are a few more of the chief Warwickshire products. Worcester is the great mart of the glove and carpet trade. Gloucestershire has its manufactories of iron, tin-plate, edge-tools, brass wire, wire-cards, pins, and nails. On the water of Stroud, are extensive manufactories of fine scarlet, blue, and black cloths; the best worsted stuffs are made at Cirencester, and stockings at Tewkesbury. In Buckinghamshire, lace and paper are the chief manufactures. In Dunstable, Bedfordshire, straw plait is the principal source of employment. Kent has the most extensive paper-mills in the world; gunpowder, calicoes, sacking, and hop bagging, are also made to a great extent, and the various dock-yards of Deptford, Woolwich, Chatham, &c. employ numerous hands. In the southern county of Berkshire, sacking, paper, cotton, blankets, and copper, are manufactured. In Wiltshire, the finest woollens, flannels, broadcloths, kerseymeres, fustians, and gloves, predominate. Dorsetshire is celebrated for its twines, cordage, sail-cloth, nettings, and shirt-buttons; Somersetshire for its stockings, woollen cloths, coarse linens ticks, and gloves. The metropolitan districts abound in manufactures, and in London itself almost every kind of goods is made and prepared for exportation. In all the large towns on the sea-coasts round the whole island, ship-building is carried on to a greater or less extent, and which necessarily engages a variet of local manufactures. Such is a superficial glance a the pursuits of industry in England alone (for I find I must leave Scotland to form the subject of another paper); and in these are demonstrated some of the main causes of the true glory and prosperity of the empire.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES REGARDING BURNS.

OUR native Poet Burns is so great a favourite with his countrymen, and we hear all that regards him with so much interest, that I am sure my readers will be pleased with the few authentic gleanings with which I now present them.

It is mentioned in Dr Currie's Life of the Poet, that when he was in Edinburgh, he accompanied his friend, Mr Robert Ainslie, now Writer to the Signet, on a horseback excursion from Edinburgh to Peebles, down the Tweed, all the way to Coldstream, and from thence to Berrywell, near Dunse, the residence of Mr Ainslie's father. The weather was charming; the parties then youthful and in good spirits; and the Poet delighted with the fine scenery, and the many poetical associations connected with it. When they arrived at Coldstream, where the dividing line between Scotland and England is the Tweed, Mr Ainslie suggested going across to the other side of the river by the Coldstream bridge, that Burns might have it to say he "*had been in England.*" They did so, and were pacing slowly along on English ground, enjoying their walk, when Mr Ainslie was astonished to see the Poet throw away his hat, and, thus uncovered, look towards Scotland, kneeling down with uplifted hands, and, apparently, in a state of great enthusiasm. Mr Ainslie kept silence, uncertain what was next to be done, when Burns, with extreme emotion, and an expression of countenance which his companion will never forget, prayed for and blessed Scotland most solemnly, by pronouncing aloud, in terms of the deepest devotion, the two concluding stanzas of the Cottar's Saturday Night.

> Oh *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil!
> For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
> Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
> Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
> And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
> From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
> Then, how'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
> A *virtuous populace* may 'rise the while,
> And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle.*
>
> O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
> That stream'd through *Wallace's* undaunted heart;
> Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
> Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
> (The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
> His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
> O never, never *Scotia's* realm desert;
> But still the *patriot*, and the *patriot bard*,
> In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

In the course of that excursion, they went to visit an old gentleman, a friend of Mr Ainslie's, in Teviotdale, who was possessed of an arm chair that had belonged to Thomson, the Poet of the Seasons. This Burns examined, and sat in with great interest, as if catching inspiration by the very touch of it.

Some time after that, the Poet was a considerable time in Edinburgh, visiting Mr Cruikshanks, then one of the masters of the High School, who lived in St James's Square, New Town. Mr Ainslie had then a small bachelor house on the north side of the same square, and, intimate as the parties were, it may be supposed they spent many an hour together; and, to Mr Ainslie, most agreeable they were. He remembers one pleasant summer afternoon, the Poet came over to him after dinner. Mr Ainslie was then but a Writer to the Signet's *apprentice*, but had already a *cellar*, though it must be admitted it was no extensive one, for it was no more than a *window bunker*, and consisted but of *five* bottles of port—all that remained of a dozen which had been his laid-in store; but it was excellent, and old, and got from a wine-merchant who favoured him. He was too hospitable not to offer a bottle to his friend, and that friend was one of the *finest fellows* in the world. What, then, was to have been expected to happen? that some nice points would have been discussed—an exercise in which the Poet displayed great eloquence—and many a fine quotation made, in which he constantly indulged with great fervour; and, lastly, that several of the poor five bottles might have suffered in the cause, to the great elucidation of all the questions, and the increase of the beauty and sublimity of the passages quoted. But no such thing. "No, my friend," said Burns; "we'll hae nae wine the day; to sit dozing in the house on sic a glorious afternoon as this. Besides, ye ken you and I dinna require wine to sharpen our wit, nor its adventitious aid to mak us happy. No; we'll tak a walk about Arthur Seat, and come in to a late tea." The two did so; and his companion says he never found the Poet so amusing, so instructive, and altogether so delightful, as he was in the charming stroll which they had together, and during the sober "tea drinking" which followed it.

I mentioned above that Burns was extremely fond of quoting, in society, favourite poetical passages; but, in his correspondence with his intimates, he indulged himself also in doing so, much to their gratification. In a late small book on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, called "*Reasons for the Hope that is in us,*" lately written by the same gentleman to whom I have been alluding as the companion of the Bard, he concludes one of the Essays of which it consists, namely

that on the "Immortality of the Soul," with two fine verses which were sent him in that manner by the Poet, though not said to have been composed by him; and the author annexes an explanatory note regarding them. I first give the verses, and then Mr Ainslie's note. The letter was on the prospect of a Happy Eternity, and Burns concluded his reflections thus :—

'Tis *this*, my friend, that streaks our morning bright;
'Tis *this* that gilds the horror of our night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few;
When friends are faithless, and when foes pursue:
'Tis *this* that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels the dart;
Within the breast bids purest rapture rise,
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.

The following are the terms of Mr Ainslie's note :— "These lines I find in a letter written to me by Burns, forty years ago. He had his memory stored with the finest poetical passages, which he was in the habit of quoting most aptly in his correspondence with his friends; and he delighted also in repeating them when in company with those of them who enjoyed them. Living, as I did, in habits of close intimacy with him during his residence in Edinburgh, when he published the second edition of his poems, often have I heard him recite these fine verses, which seemed to have made much impression on him. Poor Burns! Those who were best acquainted with him knew that he viewed and considered these noble and interesting subjects as he ought. The lapse of fleeting years is fast dissipating the remains of unkind feeling with which some latterly regarded him; and while his country justly appreciates him, his fame will descend to future times, worthy of the author of THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

REGINALD HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER, equally distinguished for his talents and for his piety, was born on the 21st of April 1783, at Malpas, in the county of Chester. From his earliest years religion was the predominant feeling of his mind. His passions, which would seem to have been naturally ardent, he quickly learned to hold in subjection, and was thus happily delivered from those stormy agitations and poignant regrets to which those who are formed of more fiery materials are but too frequently liable. Like most other men who have been remarkable for their attainments in after life, Heber was strongly addicted, while a boy, to extensive miscellaneous reading, and at the same time his study of the Sacred Scriptures was incessant.

In the year 1800, Heber was entered a student of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, where he exhibited on all occasions the same high sense of religion, and primitive piety, which had distinguished him in his earlier years. His studies, in the mean while, were pursued with passionate ardour, particularly all those which were connected with poetry, of which his soul was as yet a fountain, as it were, and which, if possible, cast additional beauty and splendour on his faith. His principal poetical work at this period was his "Palestine," which he was called on to recite in the theatre of the college. None will ever forget his appearance on this occasion, so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience, when his universally-admired son ascended the rostrum; and it is said that the sudden thunder of applause which then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart. In the autumn of 1804, same year, he was elected a fellow of All Souls College; shortly after which, his academical career terminated. He now entered on the active stage of life. About the middle of the year 1805, he accompanied his early friend, Mr John Thornton, on a tour through the north of Europe, proceeding through Sweden and Norway to St Petersburgh. Here they remained some time, amusing themselves with learning the German language. The travellers next proceeded to Moscow, where they arrived on the 3d of January 1806. Upon leaving this city, in which Heber was dazzled with the gorgeous splendour of the inhabitants, they proceeded southward through the Ukraine, the country of the Cossacks. They next traversed the Crimea, Russian Poland, Hungary, Austria, and Northern Germany. In October 1806, both arrived in England, and Heber immediately set forward to join the family circle at Hodnet, in Shropshire, where he enjoyed the satisfaction which every wanderer feels when returning, after a long and toilsome journey, to his native home.

In the year 1807, Heber took orders, and obtained the living of Hodnet, which was in his brother's gift; he then returned to Oxford for the purpose of taking his degree as master of arts. It will readily be supposed that he, whose piety was truly apostolical, even while in a secular station, now that he had assumed the habit of a Christian minister, became doubly anxious to render not only his conduct, but the very thoughts of his mind, pure as became his holy calling. The Church of England has in no age been destitute of teachers remarkable for their virtue and benevolence; but, even among preachers of the gospel, it is not often that a man so gifted as Heber with genius, with enlarged knowledge of mankind, with almost boundless charity and benevolence, can be found, the perusal of whose life must create in the reader the vain wish that he had been numbered among his friends. Yet Heber was far from being an ascetic. Like all men of high imaginative powers, who have never suffered vice to brush away the down from the nobler feelings, he had a bold faith in the enduring nature of worldly affection. In April 1809, he married Amelia, youngest daughter of Dr Shipley, Dean of St Asaph. On this occasion he undertook an excursion in Wales, the beauties of which, notwithstanding the variety of scenes he had beheld, he seemed to consider equal to those of any country in the world. He then settled in his rectory, and employed himself earnestly in diffusing among his parishioners a proper sense of religion, and habits of piety and virtue. "He became indeed," says his excellent widow, "their earthly guide, their pastor and friend. His ear was never shut to their complaints, nor his hands closed to their wants. Instead of hiding his face from the poor, he sought out distress; he made it a rule, from which no circumstances induced him to swerve, to 'give to all who asked,' however trifling the sum; and whenever he had an opportunity, he never failed to inquire into, and more effectually to relieve, their distress. He could not pass a sick person, or a child crying, without endeavouring to soothe and help them; and the kindness of his manner always rendered his gifts doubly valuable."

Heber, whose leisure, however, was not considerable, was more led by a praiseworthy literary ambition to become a contributor to the Quarterly Review, where many of the excellent critiques on books of travels, which appeared about that period, were of his writing. In 1812, he gave to the world the collected edition of all his poetical works. It seems he was an early riser, and, having performed his daily devotions, devoted the larger portion of the day to literature; from which, nevertheless, he was ready to separate himself at the call of duty. In 1815, he was appointed Bampton lecturer, and two years afterwards he was promoted to a stall in the cathedral of St Asaph. In the autumn of 1820, he paid a visit to Oxford, where he had the inexpressible gratification of hearing "Palestine" performed as an oratorio in the same theatre, where seventeen years before he had recited it with such acclamations of applause.

About the close of the year 1822, Heber received through his friend, the Right Honourable Watkins William Wynn, the office of the bishop of Calcutta. Our traveller had long viewed with deep interest the progress of Christianity in the east, and the prospect opened to him by this office, of contributing by his own zeal and exertions to the success of so holy a cause, seems quickly to have outweighed in his mind every consideration of personal interest, and to have determined him, at all hazards, to accept of that dangerous post. The conduct of Mr Wynn on this occasion—his ardent desire that India should not be deprived of the services of so good, so great a man (for virtue, like Heber's, is true greatness), while he was scarcely less unwilling to lose, certainly for a considerable time, if not, as it happened, for ever, a friend of incomparable value—reflects the highest honour on his heart and character. All the preliminaries being settled, Heber prepared to leave England. As soon as his intentions became known, he received from every quarter those warm voluntary testimonies of affection and regret which nothing but virtue, distinguished, persevering, exalted, can command. His own parishioners, as was natural, were the foremost in their demonstrations of their profound esteem. Rich, poor, old, and young—all joined in presenting their exemplary pastor with a lasting mark of the veneration in which his character was held among them. "Almost the last business," says Mrs Heber, "which Dr Heber (he had recently been created D.D. by the University of Oxford) transacted before he left Shropshire, was settling a long standing account in which he had been charged as a debtor to the amount of a hundred pounds; but it was believed by those who were best acquainted with the circumstances, that he was not bound either in law or probity to pay it. As he himself, however, did not feel certain on this point, he resolved to pay the money, observing to a friend who endeavoured to dissuade him, 'How can I reasonably hope for a blessing on my undertaking, or how can I commence so long a voyage with a quiet conscience, if I leave even the shadow of a committed act of injustice behind?' On the 22d of April 1823," she continues, "Dr Heber finally took leave of Shropshire. From a range of high grounds near Newport, he turned back to catch a last view of his beloved Hodnet; and here the feelings which he had hitherto suppressed in tenderness to others, burst forth unrestrained, and he uttered the words which have proved prophetic, that he 'should return to it no more!'"

Heber, having made all necessary preparations for his long voyage, and received consecration, repaired, on the 16th of June, on board the company's ship Grenville, in which he and his family were to proceed to India. As our traveller's first desire, in whatever position he happened to be placed, was to effect all the good in his power, he no sooner found himself on board than he endeavoured to communicate to the sailors a sense of their religious duties; which he did with all that authority and effect which genius and virtue invariably exert over inferior individuals. His exhortations were listened to attentively and respectfully, and, there can be no doubt, produced, in many instances at least, conviction and amendment of life. On the 3d of October, the ship safely anchored in Sangor roads, in the Hooghly, or great western branch of the Ganges. Heber was now arrived in the most extraordinary region, Greece and Egypt perhaps excepted, which has ever been inhabited by mankind.

They now entered the mighty Ganges, and, sailing up towards Calcutta through the Sunderbunds, or rather along their western limit, beheld their dark impenetrable forests stretching away interminably towards the right, while a rich vegetable fragrance was wafted from the shore. The current of the river, when increased by the ebb-tide, was found as they ascended to be tremendously rapid, running at no less a rate, acording to their pilot, than ten or eleven miles an hour. On arriving at Calcutta, Heber found that the ecclesiastical business of his bishopric, at all times multiplex and extensive, had now, since the death of Dr Middleton, accumulated prodigiously; so that, although he had come out neither with the expectation nor the wish to find his place a sinecure, he felt somewhat alarmed at the laborious prospect before him. However, he was a man accustomed to labour, and not easily discouraged. He therefore diligently applied himself to business, and had soon the satisfaction to find that, notwithstanding the formidable appearance of things on his first arrival, it was still possible, after fully performing his duty, which no consideration could induce him to neglect, to command sufficient leisure for studying whatever was curious or striking in the natural or moral aspect of Hindoostan. Former travellers, he now found, were, notwithstanding their numbers, very far from having exhausted the subject, either because the phenomena of Asiatic manners are, like those of the heavens, in a state of perpetual change, or because, these continuing the same, which, however, they do not, appear under various phases to different men, from being viewed by each individual from the peculiar point of observation afforded by his character and acquirements.

In the course of seven months, Heber had achieved that portion of his task which was to be performed in the capital. Next to this in importance was his visitation through the Upper Provinces, an expedition in which he had hoped to be accompanied by his family; but this being rendered impracticable by the delicate health of his wife, and the tender age of his infant child, he departed with his domestic chaplain, Mr Stowe, in a sixteen-oared pinnace, for Dacca. The shores of the Ganges, though flat almost throughout Bengal, are far from wanting in stately or picturesque objects: Lofty pagodas, with their fantastic angular domes, towering over forests of bamboos, banyans, and cocoa-trees; ruins of Mussulman palaces; wild tracts of jungle inhabited by tigers; groves of peepul or tamarind trees; with Hindoo villages or hamlets, perched upon artificial mounds to escape the periodical inundations of the river.

Thus our traveller sailed from Calcutta to Dacca. Furreedpoor, his next station, did not long detain him. Near Rajmahal he approached, but did not visit, the ruins of Gour, an ancient city, which almost rivalled Babylon or Nineveh in extent, and which fell to decay, because the Ganges, which once flowed under its walls, changed its bed, and took another direction, six or seven miles south of the city.

From thence he proceeded, as before, up the Ganges, observing whatever was remarkable, making a short stay at each of the European stations on his way, for the purpose of preaching or baptising, and arrived on the 20th of August at Patna. At this city, which is extensive, and situated in a commanding position, he remained several days, for the purpose of preaching and administering confirmation. He then continued his voyage to Ghazeepoor, famous for its rose-gardens and salubrious air. "The rose-fields, which occupy many hundred acres in the neighbourhood, are described as, at the proper season, extremely beautiful. They are cultivated for distillation, and for making 'attar,'" or rose water.

A short way further up the stream, Heber quitted his pinnace, and, providing himself with bearers, continued his journey to Benares by land. Heber's stay in Benares was short. He visited with attention its principal curiosities, and conversed on several points with some of its Brahminical professors, whose belief in Hindooism he regarded as very equivocal. He then continued his voyage up the river to Allahabad, where he dismissed his pinnace, and made the necessary preparations for performing the remainder of his journey by land.

At Lucknow Heber separated from his companions; and, accompanied merely by his attendants, directed his course towards the wild districts at the foot of the Himalaya. On arriving at Barelly, not more than fifty miles distant from the nearest range, he vainly looked out for the snowy peaks of this "monarch of mountains;" but, instead, discovered nothing but a ridge of black clouds, and a gray autumnal haze through which no object was discernible. The features of the country now became wild and striking. Forests infested by malaria, tigers, and lions, and half desolate plains, announced the termination of the fertile provinces of Hindoostan, and the approach to a different region. Here "we had," says Heber, "a first view of the range of the Himalaya, indistinctly seen through the haze, but not so indistinctly as to conceal the general form of the mountains. The nearer hills are blue, and in outline and tints resemble pretty closely, at this distance, those which close in the vale of Clwyd. Above these rose what might, in the present unfavourable atmosphere, have been taken for clouds, had not their seat been so stationary, and their outline so harsh and pyramidical—the patriarchs of the continent, perhaps the surviving ruins of a former world, white and glistening as alabaster, and even at this distance, of probably one hundred and fifty miles, towering above the nearer and secondary range, as much as those last (though said to be seven thousand six hundred feet high) are above the plain in which we were standing. I felt intense delight and awe in looking on them, but the pleasure lasted not many minutes; the clouds closed in again, as on the fairy castle of St John, and left us but the former gray cold horizon, girding in the green plain of Rohiland, and broken only by people and mango trees.

Next day, soon after sunrise, he saw distinctly, painted on a clear blue sky, the prodigiously lofty pinnacles of these mountains, which, as he justly observes, "are really among the greatest earthly works of the Almighty Creator's hands—the highest spots below the moon—and overtopping by many hundred feet the summits of Cotopaxi and Chimborazo." To approach these mountains, however, from the south, the traveller has to traverse a belt of forest and jungle, where the air is impregnated with the most deadly qualities. At the foot of these mountains stands Almorah, the last point of Heber's journey in this direction; whence, after a short stay, he again descended to the plain, and pursued his route to Meerut, and thence to Delhi, the ruins of which extend over a surface as large as London, and is still the residence of the descendants of the Mogul sovereigns of India.

From Delhi, Heber proceeded to the still more ancien

capital of Agra, where the principal objects of curiosity "are the Motee Musjeed, a beautiful mosque of white marble, carved with exquisite simplicity and elegance; and the palace built by Akbar, in a great degree of the same material, and containing some noble rooms, now sadly disfigured.

Our traveller's journey through Rajpootana was attended by circumstances flattering to his personal feelings. The petty sovereigns through whose dominions his route lay invariably received him hospitably, when he visited their capitals, and on some occasions, when he did not choose to diverge so far from the road, sent messengers expressly to meet him on the way with polite invitations to their court. He pushed on, however, with considerable expedition, and having traversed the territories, and beheld the capitals of Jypoor, Ajmere, Bunaira, and others, proceeded, by way of Neemuch and Baroda, to Bombay. His time, during his stay in this city, was principally occupied with ecclesiastical business, in promoting the founding of schools, and in conversing with that venerable statesman and traveller, Mr Elphinstone, the governor, who, from the most humane and enlightened motives, has endeavoured, with success, to diffuse among the natives a knowledge of our literature and sciences. Here Heber had the satisfaction of being joined by his wife and elder child. With these, shortly afterwards, he visited the cavern temples of Elephanta and Kennery; and subsequently, in company with Archdeacon Barnes, made an excursion across the Western Ghauts to Poonah, in the Deccan, during which he enjoyed an opportunity of examining another celebrated cavern temple at Carlee.

From Bombay, Heber sailed with his wife and daughter to Ceylon, a large portion of which he visited. He then proceeded to Calcutta. On the 30th of January 1826, shortly after his recovery from a fever, he again quitted his family for the purpose of visiting Madras and the southern provinces of India. At Madras he was received with great kindness by Sir Thomas Munro, who was warmly desirous of rendering his position as little disagreeable as the season and climate would permit. From thence he proceeded through Caddalore and Tanjore to Trichinopoly, where, on the 3d of April 1826, his pious, active, and valuable life was closed. "It were a useless," says Mrs Heber, "and a deeply painful task, to enter into any detail of the apparent cause of his death: it is sufficient to say that disease had, unsuspected, been existing for some time; and that it was the opinion of all the medical men in attendance that, under no circumstances, could his invaluable life have been very long preserved, though the event was undoubtedly hastened by the effects of climate, by intense mental application to those duties which increased in interest with every step he took, and was finally caused by the effects of cold on a frame exhausted by heat and fatigue. His mortal remains were attended to the grave with the highest honours, and followed by the tears of the inhabitants of Trichinopoly. They rest on the north side of the altar in St John's Church."—*Abridged from Lives of Celebrated Travellers.—National Library.*

ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.

In the course of the "Wanderings of Charles Waterton," in Demerara and the adjacent parts of South America, this enterprising traveller relates a variety of curious personal adventures in his excursions through the forests and tangled wildernesses, one of which, an encounter with a snake, may be selected for the amusement of my young readers:—

"The sun (says he) had just passed the meridian in a cloudless sky; there was scarcely a bird to be seen, for the winged inhabitants of the forest, as though overcome by heat, had retired to the thickest shades; all would have been like midnight silence were it not that the shrill voice of the pi-pi-yo every now and then resounded from a distant tree. I was sitting with a Horace in my hand, when a negro and his little dog came down the hill in haste, and I was soon informed that a snake had been discovered; but it was a young one, called the bushmaster, a rare and poisonous snake. I instantly rose up, and, laying hold of the eight-foot lance, which was close by me, 'Well then, Daddy,' said I, 'we'll go and have a look at the snake.' I was barefoot, with an old hat, and check shirt, and trousers on, and pair of braces to keep them up. The negro had his cutlass, and we ascended the hill; another negro, armed with a cutlass, joined us, judging, from our pace, that there was something to do. The little dog came along with us, and when we had got about half a mile in the forest, the negro stopped, and pointed to a fallen tree; all was still and silent; I told the negroes not to stir from the place where they were, and keep the little dog in, and that I would go in and reconnoitre. I advanced up to the place slow and cautious. The snake was well concealed, but at last I made him out; it was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but large enough to have crushed any of us to death. On measuring him afterwards, he was something more than fourteen feet long. This species of snake is very rare, and much thicker, in proportion to his length, than any other snake in the forest. A coulacanara of fourteen feet in length is as thick as a common boa of twenty-four. After skinning this snake, I could easily get my head into its mouth, as the singular formation of the jaws admits of wonderful extension. A Dutch friend of mine, by name Brouwer, killed a boa, twenty-two feet long, with a pair of stag's horns in his mouth; he had swallowed the stag, but could not get the horns down; so he had to wait in patience with that uncomfortable mouthful till his stomach digested the body, and then the horns would drop out. In this plight the Dutchman found him, as he was going in his canoe up the river, and sent a ball through his head. On ascertaining the size of the serpent which the negro had just found, I retired slowly the way I came, and promised four dollars to the negro who had shown it to me, and one to the other who had joined us. Aware that the day was on the decline, and that the approach of night would be detrimental to the dissection, a thought struck me that I could take him alive. I imagined, if I could strike him with the lance behind the head, and pin him to the ground, I might succeed in capturing him. When I told this to the negroes, they begged and intreated me to let them go for a gun, and bring more force, as they were sure the snake would kill some of us; but I had been in search of a large serpent for years, and now having come up with one, it did not become me to turn soft. So, taking a cutlass from one of the negroes, and then ranging both the sable slaves behind me, I told them to follow me, and that I would cut them down if they offered to fly. I smiled as I said this; but they shook their heads in silence, and seemed to have but a bad heart of it. When we got up to the place, the serpent had not stirred; but I could see nothing of his head, and I judged by the folds of his body that it must be at the farthest side of his den. A species of woodbine had formed a complete mantle over the branches of the fallen tree, almost impervious to the rain or the rays of the sun. Probably he had resorted to this sequestered place for a length of time, as it bore the marks of an ancient settlement. I now took my knife, determining to cut away the woodbine, and break the twigs in the gentlest manner possible, till I could get a view of his head. One negro stood guard close behind me with the lance, and near him the other with a cutlass. The cutlass which I had taken from the first negro was on the ground close by me in case of need. After working in dead silence for a quarter of an hour, with one knee all the time on the ground, I had cleared away enough to see his head. It appeared coming out betwixt the first and second coil of his body, and was flat on the ground. This was the very position I wished it to be in. I rose in silence, and retreated very slowly, making a sign to the negroes to do the same. We were at this time about twenty yards from the snake's den. I now ranged the negroes behind me, and told him who stood next to me to lay hold of the lance the moment I struck the snake, and that the other must attend my movements. It now only remained to take their cutlasses from them, for I was sure if I did not disarm them, they would be tempted to strike the snake in time of danger, and thus for ever spoil his skin. On taking their cutlasses from them, if I might judge from their physiognomy, they seemed to consider it as a most intolerable act of tyranny in me. Probably nothing kept them from bolting, but the consolation that I was to be betwixt them and the snake. Indeed my own heart, in spite of all I could do, beat quicker than usual; and I felt those sensations which one has on board a merchant vessel in war time, when the captain orders all hands on deck to prepare for action, while a strange vessel is coming down upon us under suspicious colours. We went slowly on in silence without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about a foot from the ground. The snake had not moved; and, on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side, just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next to me seized the lance, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief. On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and the additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloose my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth. The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head, and held it firm under my arm, one negro supporting the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times, for the snake was too heavy for us to support him without stopping to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was now too far spent to think of dissecting him. Had I killed him, a partial putrefaction would have taken place before morning. I had brought with me into the forest a strong bag, large enough to contain any animal I should want to dissect. I considered this the best mode of keeping alive wild animals when I was pressed for daylight; for the bag yielding in every direction to their efforts, they would have nothing solid or fixed to work on, and thus would be prevented from making a hole through it. I say fixed, for after the mouth of the bag was closed, the bag itself was not fastened or tied to any thing, but moved about wherever the animal inside caused it to roll. After securing afresh the mouth of the coulacanara, so that he could not open it, he was forced into this bag, and left to his fate till morning. I cannot say he allowed me to have a quiet night. My hammock was in the loft just above him, and the floor betwixt us, half gone to decay, so that in parts of it no boards intervened betwixt his lodging and mine. He was very restless and fretful; and had Medusa been my wife, there could not have been more continued and disagreeble hissing in the bed chamber that night. At daybreak, I sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance; I could have done with half that number, but judged it most prudent to have a good force, in case he should try to escape from the house when we opened the bag. However, nothing serious occurred. We untied the bag, kept him down by main force, and then I cut his throat. He bled like an ox. By six o'clock the same evening he was completely dissected."

Column for the Fancy.

JACK CAVANAGH.

Did you ever hear of Jack Cavanagh, the famous hand-fives player—the greatest and cleverest man of his day among the fancy, the envy of the town, the champion of ball playing, the right good hearty fellow, the thoughtless, the courageous, the peerless, Jack Cavanagh? Well, if you say you havn't, I shall tell you something about him. Jack flourished about fifteen years ago; and no man who ever breathed could match him at hitting a ball with his hand against a dead wall. This, some of you will perhaps say, was a strange and not a very great accomplishment; yet it forms an amusement which, when moderately pursued, gives the finest exercise for the body and the best relaxation to the mind, and is infinitely better than climbing or leaping over poles All your real fancy men know this; so I proceed. Jack Cavanagh is described by Hazlitt, who announced his decease and wrote his eulogy, to have been a perfect miracle at the game of fives, "Whenever he touched the ball (says he), there was an end of the chase. His eye was certain, his hand fatal, his presence of mind complete. He could do what he pleased, and he always knew exactly what to do. He saw the whole game, and played it; took instant advantage of his adversary's weakness, and recovered balls, as if by magic and from sudden thought, that every one gave over for lost. He had equal power and skill, quickness and judgment. He could either outwit his antagonist by finesse, or beat him by main strength. Sometimes, when he seemed preparing to send the ball with the full swing of his arm, he would by a slight turn of his wrist drop it within an inch of the line. In general, the ball came from his hand, as if from a racket, in a straight horizontal line; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake and stop it. As it was said of a great orator that he never was at a loss for a word, and for the properest word, so Cavanagh always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did his work with the greatest ease; never took more pains than was necessary, and, while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court. His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution. He had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to show off an attitude, or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than any one else could even affect to do, He was the best *up-hill* player in the world; even when his adversary was fourteen, he would play on the same or better; and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his play was, that he never *volleyed*, but let the balls top; but if they rose an inch from the ground, he never missed having them. There was not only nobody equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed that he could give any other player half the game, or beat them with his left hand. His service was tremendous, He once played Woodward and Meredith together (two of the best players in England) in the Fives Court, St Martin Street, and made seven and twenty aces followed of services alone—a thing unheard of. Cavanagh was an Irishman by birth, and a house-painter by profession. He had once laid aside his working-dress, and walked up in his smartest clothes, to the Rosemary Branch, to have an afternoon's pleasure. A person accosted him, and asked him if he would have a game. So they agreed to play for half-a-crown a game, and a bottle of cider. The first game began—it was seven, eight, ten, thirteen, fourteen, all. Cavanagh won it. The next was the same. They played on, and each game was hardly contested. 'There,' said the unconscious fives player, 'there was a stroke that Cavanagh could not take; I never played better in my life, and yet I can't win a game. I don't know how it is.' However, they played on, Cavanagh winning every game, and the by-standers drinking the cider and laughing all the time. In the twelfth game, when Cavanagh was only four and the stranger thirteen, a person came in, and said, 'What! are you here, Cavanagh?' The words were no sooner pronounced than the astonished player let the ball drop from his hand, and saying, 'What! have I been breaking my heart all this time to beat Cavanagh?' refused to make another effort. 'And yet I give you my word,' said Cavanagh, telling the story with some triumph, 'I played all the while with my clenched fist.' He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen House for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen chimney, and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed, 'That is the Irishman's ball,' and the joints trembled on the spit. Jack was a young fellow of sense, humour, and courage, He once had a quarrel with a waterman at Hungerford-Stairs, and Jack served him out in great style. In a word, there are hundreds at this day who cannot mention his name without admiration, as the best fives player that ever lived (the greatest excellence of which they have any notion), and the noisy shout of the ring happily stood him instead of the unheard of voice of posterity."

CAN HORSES AND DOGS SEE GHOSTS?

It is one of the "good old ideas" of the people that horses and dogs can see spirits or ghosts in the dark, when human beings can see nothing. Now, this is all nonsense. Horses and dogs have curious *imaginations*. They often *think* they see ghosts, which turn out to be no ghosts at all. An intelligent sportsman has mentioned, "that returning home in the dusk with his pointer, the dog all at once skulked behind him, and refused to advance, in spite of his master's threats. Upon looking towards the horizon before him, the sportsman descried what he at first took for a tall man, with a broad hat, extended arms, and a body as thin as a lath. This object which produced the dog's alarm, was a gigantic thistle, which the grey of the twilight had magnified into fearful dimensions." I have noticed—and it has been noticed thousands of times—that however foolishly dogs behave with regard to ghosts, they have always the sense to know a beggar or a poor man from another person. But they have a good reason for doing so. They invariably suspect that all is not right when they see any one approaching a house in a timid manner; and they often observe that beggars—that is, ill-dressed persons—are huffed away from doors and treated in a sorry way. Of course they think they may use the same indignities. Nothing will terrify a dog so much as the sight of a naked man, because this is an object he has been quite unaccustomed to. If he were to see people formed with spokes and a rim, like a car-

wheel—as the inhabitants of Saturn may be for anything I know to the contrary—he could not be more surprised. It is told that a tan-yard at Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, was a few years ago extensively robbed by a thief, who took this method to overcome the courage of a powerful Newfoundland dog, who had long protected a considerable property. The terror which the dog felt at the naked thief was altogether imaginary; for the naked man was less capable of resisting the attack of the dog, than if he had been clothed. But then the dog had no experience to direct him, and in all probability he thought he saw a ghost.

A BIT OF SCIENCE.

It is a principle in animal mechanics, that power is exhausted fully more by the time occupied in action than by the intensity of force exerted; that is to say, the quicker that work is done, though by great exertion for the moment, it is better for the animal than if it were put to a tedious pull. Suppose two men of equal weight to ascend the same stair, one of whom takes only a minute to reach the top, and the other takes four minutes, it will cost the first but a little more than a fourth part of the fatigue, while it costs the second a great deal, because the exhaustion has relation to the time during which the muscles are acting. Again, a healthy man will run rapidly up a long stair, and his breathing will scarcely be quickened at the top; but if he walks up slowly, his legs will feel fatigued, and he will have to wait some time before he can speak calmly. Now, the moral of this is, that it is much better (as a coachey well knows from practice) that coach horses should be made to gallop up a short hill in preference to walking them, and allowing them a short rest at the top.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

This gentleman, in preventing the "Old English Sports" from running to decay, must be considered as the most distinguished *fancier* in the sporting world; as a thorough-bred sportsman, he stands pre-eminently high. Whether he be viewed in partaking of the diversions of the chase, or paying attention to improve the system of agriculture; or in displaying his extraordinary feats of pedestrianism; or exercising his judgment in training men to succeed in foot races and pugilistic combats, Captain Barclay decidedly takes the *lead*. His knowledge of the capabilities of the human frame is complete, and his researches and practical experiments to ascertain the physical powers of man would have reflected credit on our most enlightened and persevering anatomists. The sporting pursuits of Captain Barclay are completely *scientific*, and his plans so well matured, that his judgment generally proves successful.

Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq. of Ury, succeeded his father in the eighteenth year of his age. He was born in August 1779, and, at eight years of age, was sent to England to receive his education. He remained four years at Richmond school, and three years at Brixton Causeway. His academical studies were completed at Cambridge.

The Captain's favourite pursuits have ever been the art of agriculture as the serious business of his life, and the manly sports as his amusement. The improvement of his estates has occupied much of his attention, and, by pursuing the plan adopted by his immediate predecessor, the value of his property has been greatly augmented. His love of athletic exercises may proceed from the strong conformation of his body, and great muscular strength. His usual rate of travelling on foot is six miles an hour, and to walk from twenty to thirty miles before breakfast is a favourite amusement. His style of walking is to bend forward the body and throw its weight on the knees. His step is short, and his feet are raised only a few inches from the ground. Any person trying this plan will find his pace quickened, that he will walk with more ease to himself, and be better able to endure the fatigue of a long journey, than by walking perfectly erect, which throws too much of the weight of the body on the ankle-joints. He always uses thick-soled shoes and lambs' wool stockings, which preserve the feet from injury. In his arms, the Captain possesses uncommon strength. In April 1806, while in Suffolk with the 23d regiment, he offered a bet of one thousand guineas that he would lift from the ground the weight of half a ton. He tried the experiment, and lifted twenty-one half hundred weights. He afterwards, with a straight arm, threw a half-hundred weight the distance of eight yards, and over his head the same weight a distance of five yards.

The following list contains the most prominent public and private pedestrian exploits performed by Captain Barclay.

The Captain, when only 17 years of age, entered into a match with a gentleman in London, in the month of August 1796, to walk six miles within an hour, fair toe and heel, for 100 guineas, which he accomplished on the Croydon road.

In 1790, he performed the distance of 70 miles in 14 hours, beating Fergusson, the celebrated walking clerk, by several miles.

In December 1799, he accomplished 150 miles in two days, having walked from Fenchurch Street, in London, to Birmingham, round by Cambridge.

The Captain walked 64 miles in 12 hours, including the time for refreshment, in November 1800, as a sort of preparatory trial to a match of walking 90 miles in 21½ hours, for a bet of 500 guineas with Mr Fletcher of Ballingshoe. In training, the Captain caught cold, and gave up the bet. In 1801, he renewed the above match for 2000 guineas. He accomplished 67 miles in 13 hours, but having drank some brandy, he became instantly sick, and unable to proceed. He consequently gave up the bet, and the umpire retired; but, after two hours' rest, he was so far recovered, that he had time enough left to have performed his task.

Captain Barclay felt so confident that he could walk 90 miles in 21½ hours, that he again matched himself for 5000 guineas. In his training to perform this feat, he went *one hundred and ten miles* in nineteen hours, notwithstanding it rained nearly the whole of the time. This performance may be deemed the greatest on record, being at the rate of upwards of 135 miles in 24 hours.

On the 10th November 1801, he started to perform the above match, between York and Hull. The space of ground was a measured mile; and on each side of the road a number of lamps were placed. The Captain was dressed in a flannel shirt, flannel trowsers, and night-cap, lambs' wool stockings, and thick-soled leather shoes. He proceeded till he had gone 70 miles, scarcely varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in 25½ minutes, taking refreshment at different periods. The Captain commenced at 12 o'clock at night, and performed the whole distance by 22 minutes 4 seconds past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, being one hour, seven minutes, and fifty-six seconds within the specified time. He could have continued for several hours longer, if necessary.

In December, the Captain did 100 miles in 19 hours, over the worst road in the kingdom. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in 17 hours and a half, or at the rate of about fives miles and three quarters each hour on the average.

As an additional instance of the Captain's strength, he performed a most laborious undertaking, merely for his amusement, in August 1808. Having gone to Colonel Murray Farquharson's house in Aberdeenshire, he went out at five in the morning to enjoy the sport of grouse shooting, where he travelled at least 30 miles. He returned to the Colonel's house by five in the afternoon, and after dinner set off for Ury, a distance of 60 miles, which he walked in 11 hours, without stopping once to refresh. He attended to his ordinary business at home, and in the afternoon walked to Laurencekirk, 16 miles, where he danced at a ball during the night, and returned to Ury by seven in the morning. He did not yet return to bed, but occupied the day in partridge-shooting. He had thus travelled not less than 130 miles, supposing him to have gone only eight miles in the course of the day's shooting at home, and also danced at Laurencekirk, without sleeping, or having been in a bed for two nights and nearly three days.

In October 1808, Captain Barclay made a match with Mr Webster, a gentleman of great celebrity in the sporting world; by which Captain Barclay engaged himself to go, on foot, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour, for a bet of one thousand guineas, to be performed at Newmarket-heath, and to start on the following first of June. In the intermediate time, the Captain was in training by Mr Smith, of Owston, in Yorkshire. To enter into a detail of this matchless performance would be tiresome to our readers; suffice to say, he started at twelve o'clock at night on Thursday, the 1st of June, in good health and high spirits. His dress from the commencement varied with the weather. Sometimes he wore a flannel jacket, sometimes a loose grey coat, with strong shoes, and two pair of coarse stockings, the outer pair boot-stockings, without feet, to keep his legs dry. He walked in a sort of lounging gait, without any apparent extraordinary exertion, scarcely raising his feet two inches above the ground. During a great part of the time the weather was very rainy, but he felt no inconvenience from it; indeed, wet weather was favourable to his exertions; as, during dry weather, he found it necessary to have a water-cart to go over the ground to keep it cool, and prevent it becoming too hard. Towards the conclusion of the performance, it was said, the Captain suffered much from the spasmodic affection of his legs, so that he could not walk a mile in less than twenty minutes; he, however, ate and drank well, and bets were two to one and five to two on his completing his journey within the time prescribed. About eight days before he finished, the sinews of his right leg became much better, and he continued to pursue his task in high spirits, and consequently bets were ten to one in his favour, in London, at Tattersall's, and other sporting circles.

On Wednesday, July the 12th, Captain Barclay completed his arduous undertaking. He had till four P. M. to finish his task, but he performed the last mile by a quarter of an hour after three in perfect ease and great spirit, amidst an immense crowd of spectators The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying that he did not like such parade. The crowd, however, became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so much interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his last mile with apparently more ease, and in a shorter time than he had done for some days past.

With the change of weather he had thrown off his loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and walked in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat, he said he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awaked twice or thrice in the night to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. One hundred guineas to one, and, indeed, any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success, that no bets could be obtained. The multitude who resorted to the scene of action, in the course of the concluding days, was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured on Tuesday night at Newmarket, Cambridge, Bury, or any of the towns or villages in the vicinity, and every horse and vehicle were engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed the conclusion of this extraordinary performance, were the Dukes of Argyle and St Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c. The aggregate of the bets is supposed to have amounted to L.100,000. Upon the whole, Captain Barclay must be viewed as a most extraordinary man, and shows the extent of vigour that the human frame derives from exercise.—*Pierce Egan.*

A LARGE ROYAL FAMILY.

At Sir Gore Ouseley's audience of leave, he begged the Shah of Persia graciously to tell him what was the number of his children, that he might give his own monarch correct information on so interesting a subject, provided, as was probable, he should make inquiry. "A hundred and fifty-four sons," replied the Shah. "May I venture to ask your Majesty how many children?" The word daughters, according to the rules of oriental etiquette, he dared not to pronounce, and, indeed, the general question was, according to Persian notions, almost an offence. The King, however, who liked Sir Gore very much, did not take it ill. "Ha, ha! I understand you, said he laughing, and called to the chief of his eunuchs, "Musa, how many daughters have I?" "King of Kings," answered Musa, prostrating himself on his face, "five hundred and sixty." When Sir Gore Ouseley repeated this conversation to the Empress Mother in St Petersburgh, she only exclaimed, "Ah, le monstre"—*Travels of a German Prince.*

THE HOLY LAND

In proceeding from Jerusalem to the banks of the Jordan, I travelled in one part through a rocky and perilous defile, and came to a frightful desert of hills, tossed as it were and jumbled together in the wildest confusion by some violent agitation of nature. On one of these, which is of great altitude, or, in the language of the Evangelist, "an exceeding high mountain," it is said our Saviour, after being baptized in Jordan, was led and tempted by the devil. There are various caverns or cells dug in the sides of horrible precipices, the abodes of the religious, who inhabited them, but *particularly during the period of Lent*, after the example of our Lord's rigorous fasting in the wilderness, wherein he sets us a glorious example of triumphing over the vanities of this world, and the most powerful temptations of hell. The utter wildness, awful silence, and bleak sterility of this extensive wilderness, where no house of any description, nor so much as a single tree, was visible to afford shelter from the scorching beams of a meridian sun, or the note of a bird is heard, caused me to sympathise in the wish of the Prophet, that I might find some place of refuge. Never did I behold a spot of earth more secluded, or better suited for the votaries of abstinence, or to form the abode of such anchorites as Peter the Hermit, or Simon the Misanthrope. It was impossible to behold these caverns without being forcibly reminded of that interesting detail given by the great Apostle of those unparalleled sufferings endured by the early Christians who had set their seals to the word of God, which is the testimony of Jesus, and who, in a state of destitution, were forced to wander in deserts, and to hide themselves from their sanguinary persecutors, in dens which in all probability might have been those identical caves I was now visiting, and who had before their eyes the example of their Lord himself, who despised the shame of enduring the cross. Indeed, after such vengeance had been visited by the Jews on the Messiah, it was not to be supposed that the least mercy would be extended to those who followed his blessed steps. Whatever opinion, however, we may entertain of that spirit of persecution which had been directed towards the little flock, we must at the same time contemplate with astonishment the exact fulfilment of their divine teacher. Notwithstanding these persecutions, eternal thanks to the Almighty, the word of God mightily prevailed, the cross of Christ was triumphant, and his prophecy of the growth of the church is ranked among his remarkable predictions.—*Rae Wilson's Travels in the Holy Land.*

BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the familes of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

SILVER HORSE-SHOES.

It is mentioned by Beckmann, that when the Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix his bride, about the year 1038, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and, when any of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is well known that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity; having had his horse shod with silver shoes so slightly attached, that, by purposely curvetting the animal, they were shaken off, and allowed to be picked up by the populace.

MINUTE BEASTS OF PREY—HYDRACHNÆ.

The minute beings now under consideration occur abundantly in stagnant or slowly moving waters. The spring season is the most favourable for the observance of their habits. They *run* through the water with great rapidity, with a continual movement of their legs. Their dispositions are carnivorous, and their food consists of animalcular species, of minute insects, small flies, and aquatic larvæ. Müller kept many Hydrachnæ in vessels of water full of *animalcula infusoria*, millions of which were eaten in a few days, soon after which the Hydrachnæ were found in a state of great languor, and transparent from exhaustion. They speedily revived when a few drops of water containing animalcules were mingled with that through which they swam.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

COBBETT ON MILK.

As to the pretended *unwholesomeness* of milk in certain cases, as to its not being adapted to *some constitutions*, I do not believe one word of the matter. When we talk of the *fruits*, indeed, which were formerly the chief food of a great part of mankind, we should recollect that those fruits grew in countries that had a *sun to ripen* the fruits, and to put nutritious matter into them. But, as to *milk*, England yields to no country upon the face of the earth. Neat cattle will touch nothing that is not wholesome in its nature; nothing that is not wholly innoxious. Out of a pail that has ever had grease in it they will not drink a drop, though they be raging with thirst. Their very breath is fragrance. And how, then, is it possible that unwholesomeness should distil from the udder of a cow? The milk varies, indeed, in its quality and taste, according to the variations in the nature of the food; but no food will a cow touch that is any way hostile to health. Feed young puppies upon *milk from the cow*, and they will never die of that ravaging disease called "*the distemper*." In short, to suppose that milk contains any thing essentially unwholesome, is monstrous. When, indeed, the appetite becomes vitiated; when the organs have been long accustomed to food of a more stimulating nature; when it has been resolved to eat ragouts at dinner, and drink wine, and to swallow "a devil" and a glass of strong grog at night; then milk for breakfast may be "*heavy*" and disgusting, and the feeder may stand in need of tea or laudanum, which differ only as to degrees of strength. But, and I speak from the most ample experience, milk is not "*heavy*," and much less is it *unwholesome*, when he who uses it rises early, never swallows strong drink, and never *stuffs* himself with flesh of any kind. Many and many a day I scarcely taste of meat, and then chiefly at *breakfast*, and that, too, at an earlier hour. Milk is the natural food of *young people*; if it be too rich, *skim* it again and again till it be not too rich. This is an evil easily cured. If you have now to *begin* with a family of children, they may not like it at first. But, *persevere*; and the parent who does not do this, having the means in his hands, shamefully neglects his duty. A son who prefers a "devil" and a glass of grog to a haunch of bread and a bowl of cold milk, I regard as a pest; and for this pest the father has to thank himself. —*Cobbett's Cottage Economy.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

This work was commenced on the 4th of February last; and in ten weeks from that date, its success has been such as to astonish even the most sanguine persons connected with it. The sale, which at the first reached about fifteen thousand copies, has now increased so much, that of No. XI. *thirty-one thousand* were printed, of which five-sixths immediately disappeared from the shop of the publishers to answer the demands of the regular purchasers. What is most wonderful of all, not above three thousand of this vast quantity of copies go out of Scotland, while even in that country there are many large districts in which, from various circumstances, the work has never yet appeared. The confined range of the publication has been owing, partly to the difficulty of transmitting so bulky an article to a distance; partly to the difficulty of getting the printers employed to execute reprints of the early numbers in time; but, most of all, to the difficulty of procuring proper agents for the management of a publication so entirely out of the usual scope of the trade. The publishers have particularly to regret that they were unable for so many weeks to give the work a fair chance in London, and throughout England. They have now, however, the satisfaction of announcing, that their agent in London, Mr W. S. Orr of Paternoster Row, has deemed the work worthy of being reprinted in that city, at his own risk, for the purpose of being brought fully into circulation through all parts of England, Wales, and Ireland. By this arrangement, which has been rendered quite agreeable to the publishers, and which takes effect from the present number, it is considered not unlikely that the impression will soon amount to the better part of a hundred thousand copies!*

At this great stage in the history of the Journal, it is considered proper to explain anew the principles upon which it is conducted. It may be most readily described as a weekly magazine, at the least possible price. The articles are partly original, consisting of tales, sketches of society (chiefly of the middle ranks of life), and matters of solid and useful information. Another part of the work consists of extracts from new or old books, not apt to be in the hands of general readers; and here the united principles of information and amusement are also adopted. Mr Chambers would be happy, for his own part, to make the work exclusively of a useful cast, but he fears that what might be added to its solidity would detract from its circulation, and, consequently, lessen its real usefulness. He conceives that so long as good taste is not offended, the frivolous matters of lighter literature serve the same good end as the wings attached to certain seeds, by which they are carried away and diffused over the earth. The reader may be led through the portico of a droll anecdote into the solemn temple of religion, or the groves of the academy. The work is calculated for all classes of society; but the conductor at the same time may mention that he contemplates, in a particular manner, the interests of the Young, and of the Poor; two classes towards whose improvement the greatest men of the present age have been proud to direct their efforts. In order to attain perfect universality of appreciation, the work never trenches upon either religious or political prepossessions.

Mr Chambers has learned that London at the present time abounds in periodicals equally cheap with the present, or even more so, but in many cases reprehensible, as circulating matter of a kind not calculated to improve their readers, and also as infringing upon the privileges of the newspapers. The legislature having thought fit to oblige newspapers to purchase the prerogative of publishing intelligence of "passing occurrences of the day" at a heavy price, any attempt to convey news without buying that prerogative is exactly the same injurious offence as smuggling. The conductors of this Journal call upon the proprietors of newspapers to observe that it contains *no news*—that, in reality, it *cannot* do so, as, from the extent of the impression, it is prepared and made up generally ten days, and sometimes even a fortnight, before it comes out. It must be obvious to them, from a cursory glance at the pages of the Journal, that it has less reference to time than even many works of a respectable nature which have been published for a long series of years without stamps. Allusion is here made to the class of works which profess to give a weekly report of the progress of literature, science, and art; which review books immediately on publication, *or even before it*; give notices of the plays performed during the week at the theatres, and chronicle the transactions of learned societies. The Journal does not take advantage of even this grace of the legislature; and it may therefore be said, that, if its extensive circulation should excite the hostility, instead of the friendship of the newspaper press, it does so, not by its demerits, but by something akin to the reverse.

Another distinguishing characteristic of the Journal should be mentioned. Its pages are not filled with advertisements—a species of material which, however profitable it may be, the conductor and publishers are by no means anxious to avail themselves of, and which, with the utmost good will, they leave to the proprietors of stamped sheets.

For the amusement of the general reader, and at the same time to convince the booksellers and newsvenders in England of its aptitude for extensive circulation, the publishers will now state a few particulars as to the sale of the work in the different places where it has as yet been tried. In the first place, 10,000 copies are absorbed in Edinburgh and Leith, or within two miles of the spot where the work is published. Of these, 1500 are distributed every Saturday morning by the publishers among as many subscribers throughout the city, chiefly of the higher orders. About a third of the whole 10,000 are sold in the Old Town: a fact which the publishers mention with much pleasure, as it shows the extent to which the work is appreciated by the industrious classes of the community. They may also mention, as a curious fact, that the booksellers of a single street in the New Town, not more than a hundred and fifty yards in length, sell every Saturday 1000. They have further pleasure in mentioning, that the sale of the work has been favourably received in villages near Edinburgh, where, perhaps, nothing of a literary nature was ever sold before, except the most ordinary books of religious instruction. In Glasgow, the sale of th Journal is now about 4000; in Perth, it is 1400; in Aberdeen, 1200; in Dundee, 1400; in Dumfries (which completes the circle of the principal towns), 1000. Even in the smaller towns of Scotland, the sale is astonishingly great. Dunfermline sells 400; Inverness, 200; Stirling, 300; Arbroath, 200; Kirkcaldy, 200; Dunbar, 100; Haddington, 200; Lanark, 100; Hawick, 108; Elgin, 130; Paisley, 300; Greenock, 200; Selkirk, 100; Kelso, 100; Jedburgh, 102; Montrose, 380; Cupar, 260; Falkirk, 337; Linlithgow, 183; Galashiels, 132. The last case is somewhat remarkable, as the sale is there the greatest in proportion to the population of any town in the country. In almost all the other towns and villages of Scotland, the work is sold to a greater or less extent. In Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Carlisle, and other towns in the north of England, upwards of 2000 are circulated. Berwick-upon-Tweed takes 130. The publishers have to regret, that, owing to the high charges of the Highland coaches, they have been considerably baulked in their endeavours to diffuse it in that quarter of the country, where it is perhaps most required. It is, however, established in Inverness and Dingwall, where a small additional charge is necessarily made, in order to defray the expense of carriage. The publishers also entertain hopes of being able very speedily to establish it in Kirkwall and Lerwick, the capitals of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, so that such instruction as is to be derived from these cheap columns may be diffused even to the remotest parts of the British empire. It may likewise be explained, that in all the considerable places throughout Scotland, and England, the Journal is published on one day—that of its date; so that the work is more simultaneously in the hands of its readers than any newspaper.

One word in conclusion as to the price of this paper, which at first sight is apt to have a depreciatory effect. The publishers have no hesitation in acknowledging that to sell their production at three-halfpence, is less dignified than to sell it at sixpence, eightpence, or a shilling; which prices are perhaps more appropriate to such a quantity of literary matter. But they beg leave to point out, that, if it were not for the smallness of the price, the sale would not be so great, nor the enterprise itself so onerous and important. Even if the splendid moral aims and prospects of the paper were not what they are, the meanness of the price of an individual copy must be lost in the consideration that, for the whole impression now used in Scotland alone, the public pays upwards of ten thousand pounds a-year, of which one thousand, as duty on paper, goes into the government treasury, being as much as is paid by many newspapers for their stamps and advertisement duty. But the real dignity of the work lies in *this* fact; that already from one to two hundred thousand persons, chiefly of those orders to whom knowledge has as yet been most inaccessible, must be hebdomadally receiving an accession of new ideas, besides, it is to be hoped, some moral, and occasionally a little religious edification, from its columns. There may be something in the numismatic aristocracy above alluded to; sixpence may perhaps be entitled to look down a little upon its quarter cousin three-half-pence, but the distinction of instructing thousands, and hundreds of thousands, for the hundreds of others, is a greater distinction still; and, possessing the one, the conductor and publishers may be patient, perhaps, under the want of the other

* The Editor has just been favoured with the following copy of an advertisement which appeared in the New York papers of the middle of last month:—"Three brothers, well known to the reading people in Scotland, have lately commenced a weekly publication under the title of 'Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.' It contains original papers by two of the brothers, which we deem worthy of being preserved; and we, therefore, propose to republish them by subscription, as they shall reach us. Those by Mr William Chambers we shall designate 'Ethics,' those by Robert 'Satires;' and as they will appear separately, they may be separately subscribed for. Subscription papers lie at Mr Tannefeather's, the Three Bibles, in History Row." While the Editor cannot help feeling some pride in this mark of the extensive utility of his labours, he must inform Mr Pennefeather that, in his segregation of the different articles, he seems likely to make a grievous mistake. The contributions, for which he has been indebted to his younger brother, are both of a grave and a humorous character; and so, he must say, are his own compositions.

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TALE OF THE SILVER HEART.

In the course of a ramble through the western part of Fife, I descended one evening upon the ancient burgh of Culross, which is situated on a low stripe of land beside the sea-shore, with a line of high grounds rising behind it, upon which are situated the old abbey church and the ruins of a very fine mansion-house, once the residence of the lords of the manor. On stepping forth next morning from the little inn, I found that the night had been stormy, and that the waves of the Forth were still rolling with considerable violence, so as to delay the usual passage of the ferry-boat to Borrowstouness. Having resolved to cross to that part of the opposite shore, I found that I should have ample time, before the boat could proceed, to inspect those remains of antiquity, which now give the burgh almost its only importance in the eyes of a traveller. The state of the atmosphere was in the highest degree calculated to increase the interest of these objects. It was a day of gloom, scarcely different from night. The sky displayed that fixed dullness which so often succeeds a nocturnal tempest; the sea was one sheet of turbid darkness, save where chequered by the breaking wave. The streets and paths of the little village-burgh showed, each by its deep and pebbly seam, how much rain had fallen during the night; and all the foliage of the gardens and woods around, as well as the walls of the houses, were still drenched with wet. Having secured the services of the official called the *bedral*, I was conducted to the abbey church, which is a very old Gothic structure, but recently repaired and fitted up as a parochial place of worship. It was fitting, in such a gloomy day, to inspect the outlines of abbots and crusaders which still deck the pavement of this ancient temple; and there was matter, perhaps, for still more solemn reflection in the view of the adjacent mansion-house. Culross Abbey, as this structure is called, was finished so lately as the reign of Charles II., and by the same architect with Holyrood-house, which it far exceeded in magnificence. Yet, as the premature ruin of youthful health is a more affecting object than the ripe decline of age, so did this roofless modern palace, with the wall-flower waving from its elegant Grecian windows, present a more dismal aspect than could have been expected from any ruin of more hoary antiquity. The tale which it told of the extinction of modern grandeur, and the decline of recently flourishing families, appealed more immediately and more powerfully to the sympathies than that of remote and more barbarous greatness, which is to be read in the sterner battlements of a border tower, or an ancient national fortress. The site had been chosen upon a lofty terrace overlooking the sea, in order that the inmates might be enlivened by the ever-changing aspect of that element, and the constant transit of its ships; but now all useless was this peculiarity of situation except to serve to the mariner as a kind of landmark, or to supply the more contemplative voyager with the subject of a sigh. With a mind attuned by this object to the most melancholy reflections, I was conducted to what is called an aisle or burial vault, projecting from the north side of the church, and which contains the remains of the former lords of Culross. There images are shown, cut in beautiful Italian marble, of Sir —— Bruce, his lady, and several children, all of which must have been procured from the Continent, at a great expense; for this honourable knight and his family flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, when no such art was practised in Scotland. The images, however, and the whole sepulchre, had a neglected and desolate appearance, as may be expected by the greatest of personages, when their race has become unknown at the scene of their repose. In this gloomy chamber of the heirless dead, I was shown a projection from one of the side-walls, much like an altar, over which was painted on the wall the mournfully appropriate and expressive word "FUIMUS." Below was an inscription on a brass plate, importing that this was the resting-place of the heart of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, formerly proprietor of the princely estate of Culross; and that the story connected with it was to be found related in the Guardian, and alluded to in Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion. It was stated that the heart was enclosed in a silver case of its own shape, which had reposed here ever since it ceased to beat with the tide of mortal life in the year 1613, except that it was raised from its cell for a brief space in 1808, in the course of some repairs upon the sepulchre. As I had a perfect recollection of the story told by Steele, which, indeed, had made a deep impression upon me in boyhood, it was with no small interest that I beheld the final abode of an object so immediately connected with it. It seemed as if time had been betrayed, and two centuries annihilated, when I thus found myself in presence of the actual membrane, in bodily substance entire, which had, by its proud passions, brought about the catastrophe of that piteous tale. What! thought I, and does the heart of Edward Bruce, which beat so long ago with emotions now hardly known among men, still exist at this spot, as if the friends of its owner had resolved that so noble a thing should never find decay? The idea had in it something so truly captivating, that it was long ere I could quit the place, or return to the feelings of immediate existence. The whole scene around, and the little neglected burgh itself, had now become invested with a fascinating power over me; and I did not depart till I had gathered, from the traditions of the inhabitants, the principal materials of the following story, aiding them, after I had reached home, by reference to more authentic documents:—

Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, the second who bore the title, was the son of the first Lord, who is so memorable in history as a serviceable minister to King James VI. during the latter years of his Scottish reign, having been chiefly instrumental, along with the Earl of Mar, in smoothing the way for his Majesty's succession to Queen Elizabeth. After the death of his father, the young Lord Bruce continued, along with his mother, to enjoy high consideration in the English court. He was a contemporary and playmate of Henry, Prince of Wales, whom he almost equalled in the performance of all noble sports and exercises, while, from his less cold character, he was perhaps a greater favourite among those who were not prepossessed in favour of youthful royalty. There was not, perhaps, in the whole of the English court, any young person of greater promise, or more endearing qualities, than Lord Bruce, though, in respect of mere external accomplishments, he was certainly rivalled by his friend, Sir George Sackville, a younger son of the Earl of Dorset. This young gentleman, who was the grandson of one poet,* and destined to be the grandsire of another,† was one of those free and dashing spirits, who, according to the accounts of contemporary writers, kept the streets of London in an almost perpetual brawl, by night and day, with their extravagant frolics, or, more generally, the feuds arising out of them. His heart and genius were naturally good, but the influence of less innocent companions gradually betrayed him into evil habits; and thus many generous faculties, which might have adorned the highest profession were in him perverted to the basest uses. It was often a subject of wonder that the pure and elevated nature of young Lord Bruce should tolerate the reckless profligacy of Sackville; but those who were surprised did not take a very extended view of human nature. The truth is, that real goodness is often imposed upon by vice, and sees in it more to attract and delight than it does in goodness similar to itself. The gentle character of Bruce clung to the fierce and turbulent nature of Sackville, as if it found in that nature a protection and comfort which it needed. Perhaps there was something, also, in the early date of their intimacy, which might tend to fix the friendship of these dissimilar minds. From their earliest boyhood, they had been thrown together as pages in the household of the prince, where their education proceeded, step by step, in union, and every action and every duty was the same. It was further remarked, that, while the character of Bruce appeared always to be bolder in the presence of Sackville than on other occasions, that of Sackville was invariably softened by juxtaposition with Bruce; so that they had something more like a common ground to meet upon than could previously have been suspected.

When the two young men were about fourteen, and as yet displayed little more than the common features of innocent boyhood, Sackville was permitted by his parents to accompany Bruce on a summer visit to the paternal estates of the young nobleman in Scotland. There they enjoyed together, for some weeks, all the sports of the season and place, which seemed to be as untiring as their own mutual friendship. One day, as they were preparing to go out a-hunting, an aged woman, who exercised the trade of *spaewife*, or fortune-teller, came up to the gate. The horses upon which they had just mounted were startled by the uncouth appearance of the stranger, and that ridden by Sackville was so very restive as nearly to throw him off. This caused the young Englishman to address her in language of not the most respectful kind; nor could all the efforts of Lord Bruce, who was actuated by different feelings, prevent him from aiming at her once or twice with his whip.

"For heaven's sake, Sackville," said Lord Bruce, "take care lest she make us all repent of this. Don't you see that she is a spaewife?"

"What care I for your spaewives!" cried Sackville. "All I know is, that she is a cursed old beggar or gipsy, and has nearly caused me break my neck."

"I tell you she is a witch and a fortune-teller," said his gentler companion; "and there is not a man in the country but would rather have his neck broken than say any thing to offend her."

The woman, who had hitherto stood with a face beaming with indignation, now broke out—

"Ride on to your hunting, young man," addressing Sackville; "you will not have the better sport for abusing the helpless infirmities of old age. Some day you two will go out to a different kind of sport, and one only will come back alive; alive, but wishing that he rather had been doomed to the fate of his companion."

* Lord Buckhurst.

† The Earl of Dorset, a poetical ornament of the court of Charles II.

Both Sackville and Bruce were for the time deeply impressed with this denunciation, to which the superstitious feelings of the age gave greater weight than can now be imagined; and, even while they mutually swore that hostility between them was impossible, they each secretly wished that the doom could be unsaid. Its chief immediate effect was to deepen and strengthen their friendship. Each seemed to wish, by bestowing more and more affection upon his companion, at once to give to himself a better assurance of his own indisposition to quarrel, and to his friend a stronger reason for banishing the painful impression from his mind. Perhaps this was one reason—and one not the less strong that it was, in some measure, unconscious—why, on the separation of their characters in ripening manhood, they still clung to each other with such devoted attachment.

In process of time, a new and more tender relation arose between these two young men, to give them mutually better assurance against the doom which had been pronounced upon them. Lady Clementina Sackville, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dorset, was just two years younger than Sir George and his friend, and there was not a more beautiful or accomplished gentlewoman in the court of Queen Anne. Whether in the walking of a minuet, or in the personation of a divine beauty in one of Ben Jonson's court masques, Lady Clementina was alike distinguished; while her manners, so far from betraying that pride which so often attends the triumphs of united beauty and talent, were of the most unassuming and amiable character. It was not possible that two such natures as those of Lord Bruce and Lady Clementina Sackville should be frequently in communion, as was their case, without contracting a mutual affection of the strongest kind. Accordingly, it soon became understood that the only obstacle to their union was their extreme youth, which rendered it proper that they should wait for one or two years, before their fortunes, like their hearts, should be made one. It unfortunately happened that this was the very time when the habits of Sir George Sackville made their greatest decline, and when, consequently, it was most difficult for Bruce to maintain the friendship which hitherto subsisted between them. The household of Lord Dorset was one of that sober cast, which, in the next age, was characterised by the epithet puritanical. As such, of course, it suited with the temper of Lord Bruce, who, though not educated in Scotland, had been impressed by his mother with the grave sentiments and habits of his native country. Often then did he mourn with the amiable family of Dorset over the errors of his friend; and many was the night which he spent innocently in that peaceful circle, while Sir George roamed about, in company with the most wicked and wayward spirits of the time.

One night, after he had enjoyed with Lady Clementina a long and delightful conversation respecting their united prospects, Sir George came home in a state of high intoxication and excitement, exclaiming loudly against a Scotch gentleman with whom he had had a street quarrel, and who had been rescued, as he said, from his sword, only by the unfair interference of some other "beggarly Scots." It was impossible for a Scotsman of Bruce's years to hear his countrymen spoken of in this way without anger; but he repressed every emotion, till his friend proceeded to generalize upon the character of these "beggarly Scots," and extended his obloquy from the individuals to the nation. Lord Bruce then gently repelled his insinuations, and said, that surely there was one person at least whom he would exempt from the charge brought against his country. "I will make no exemptions," said the infatuated Sackville, "and least of all in favour of a cullion who sits in his friend's house, and talks of him puritanically behind his back." Bruce felt very bitterly the injustice of this reproach; but the difficulty of shaping a vindication rendered his answer more passionate than he wished; and it was immediately replied to by Sackville, with a contemptuous blow upon the face. There, in a moment, fell the friendship of years, and deadly gall usurped the place where nothing before had been but "the milk of kindness." Lady Clementina, to whom the whole affair seemed a freak of a hurried and unnatural dream, was shocked beyond measure by the violence of her brother; but she was partly consoled by the demeanour of Bruce, who had the address entirely to disguise his feelings in her presence, and to seem as if he looked upon the insult as only a frolic. But though he appeared quite cool, the blow and words of Sackville had sunk deep into his soul, and after brooding over the event for a few hours, he found that his very nature had become, as it were, changed. That bitterest of pains—the pain of an unrequited blow—possessed and tortured his breast; nor was the reflection that the injurer was his friend, and not at the time under the control of reason, of much avail in allaying his misery. Strange though it be, the unkindness of a friend is the most sensibly felt and most promptly resented, and we are never so near becoming the irreconcileable enemies of any fellow-creature, as at the moment when we are interchanging with him the most earnest and confiding affection. Similar feelings possessed Sackville, who had really felt of late some resentment at Lord Bruce, on account of certain references which had been made by his parents to the regret expressed by this young nobleman respecting his present course of life. To apologise for his rudeness was not to be thought of; and, accordingly, these two hearts, which for years had beat in unison, became parted at once, like rocks split by one of the convulsions of nature, and a yawning and impassable gulf was left between.

For some weeks after, the young men never met; Sackville took care never to intrude into the family circle, and Bruce did not seek his company. It appeared as if the unfortunate incident had been forgotten by the parties themselves, and totally unknown to the world. One day, however, Bruce was met in Paul's Walk by a young friend and countryman, of the name of Crawford, a rambling slip of Scottish nobility, whose very sword seemed, from the loose easy way in which it was disposed by his side, to have a particular aptitude for starting up in a quarrel. After some miscellaneous conversation, Crawford expressed his regret at a story which had lately come to his ears, respecting a disagreement between Sackville and Bruce. "What!" he said, "one might have as well have expected Castor and Pollux to rise from their graves and fall a-fighting, as that you two should have had a tussle! But, of course, the affair was confined merely to words, which, we all know, matter little between friends. The story about the batter on the face must be a neat figment clapped upon the adventure by Lady Fame."

"Have you indeed heard," asked Bruce, in some agitation, "that any such incident took place?"

"Oh, to be sure," replied his companion; "the whole Temple has been ringing with it for the last few days, as I am assured by my friend Jack Topper: And I heard it myself spoken of last week to the west of Temple-Bar. Indeed, I believe it was Sackville himself who told the tale at first among some of his revellers; but, for my part, I think it not a whit the more true or likely on that account."

"It is," said Bruce with deep emotion, "too true. He did strike me, and I, for sake of friendship and love, did not resent it. But what, Crawford, could I do in the presence of my appointed bride, to right myself with her brother?"

"Oh, to be sure," said Crawford, "that is all very true as to the time when the blow was given; but then, you know, there has been a great deal of time since. And, love here or love there, people will speak of such a thing in their ordinary way. The story was told the other day in my presence to the French ambassador; and Monsieur's first question was, 'Doth the man yet live?' When told that he was both living and life-like, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked more than I can tell."

"Oh, Crawford," said Bruce, "you agonise me. I hoped that this painful tale would be kept between ourselves, and that there would be no more of it. I still hoped, although tremblingly, that my union with the woman I love would be accomplished, and that all should then be made up. But now I feel that I have been but too truly fore-doomed. That union must be anticipated by a very different event."

"You know best," said the careless Crawford, "what is best for your own honour." And away he tripped, leaving the flames of hell in a breast where hitherto every gentle feeling had resided.

The light talk of Crawford was soon confirmed in import by the treatment which Bruce began to experience in society. It was the fashion of the age that every injury, however trifling, should be expiated by an ample revenge; that nothing should be forgiven to any one, however previously endeared. Accordingly, no distinction was made between the case of Bruce and any other; no allowance was made for the circumstances in which he stood respecting the family of his injurer, nor for their former extraordinary friendship. The public, with a feeling of which too much still exists, seemed to think itself defrauded of something which was its right, in the continued impunity of Sackville's insolence. It cried for blood to satisfy *itself*, if not to restore the honour of the injured party. Bruce, of course, suffered dreadfully from this sentiment wherever he appeared; insomuch that, even though he might have been still disposed to forgive his enemy, he saw that to do so would only be to encounter greater misery than could accrue from any attempt at revenge, even though that attempt were certain to end in his own destruction.

It happened that just at this time Bruce and Sackville had occasion, along with many other attachés of the court, to attend the Elector Palatine out of the country, with his newly-married bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of the King and Queen. The two young men kept apart till they came to Canterbury, where, as the royal train was viewing the cathedral, it chanced that they saw each other very near. The Elector, who knew a little of their story, immediately called Sackville up to him, and requested his sword, enjoining him, at the same time, in a friendly manner, to beware of falling out with Bruce so long as he was in attendance upon the court. His Highness said, further, that he had heard his royal father-in-law speak of their quarrel, and express his resolution to visit any transgression of the laws by either of them with his severest displeasure. Sackville obeyed the command of the Elector, and withdrew to a part of the cortege remote from the place where Bruce was standing. However, it happened that, in surveying the curiosities of that gorgeous architectural scene, they came to the monument of a Scottish crusader, who had died here on his way back from the Holy Land. Sackville muttered something respecting this object, in which the words "beggarly Scot" were alone overheard by Bruce, who stood at no great distance, and who immediately recriminated by using some corresponding phrase of obloquy applicable to England, to which Sackville replied by striking his former friend once more upon the face. Before another word or blow could pass between them, a number of courtiers had rushed forward to separate them, and they were immediately borne back to a distance from each other, each, however, glaring upon the other with a look of concentrated scorn and hate. The Elector thought it necessary, after what had taken place, that they should be confined for a time to their apartments. But no interval of time could restore amity to those bosoms where formerly it had reigned supreme. It was now felt by both that nothing but blood could wipe out the sense of wrong which they mutually felt; and, therefore, as the strictness of the King regarding personal quarrels rendered it impossible to fight in Britain, without danger of interruption, Bruce resolved to go beyond seas, and thence send a challenge requesting Sackville to follow him.

In forming this purpose, Bruce felt entirely like a doomed man. He recollected the prediction of the old woman at Culross Abbey, which had always appeared to him, somehow, as implying that Sackville should be the unhappy survivor. Already, he reflected, the least probable part of the prediction had been fulfilled by their having quarrelled. Under this impression, he found it indispensable to his peace that he should return to London, and take leave of two individuals in whom he felt the deepest interest—his mother, and his once-intended bride. Notwithstanding the painful nature of his sensations, he found it would be necessary to assume a forced ease of demeanour in the presence of these beloved persons, lest he should cause them to interpose themselves between him and his purpose. The first visit was paid to his mother, who resided at his own house. He had received, he said, some news from Scotland, which rendered it necessary that he should immediately proceed thither; and he briefly detailed a story which he had previously framed in his own mind for the purpose of deceiving her. After having made some preparations for his journey, he came to take leave of her, but his first precautions having escaped from his mind during the interval, his forehead now bore a gloom as deep as the shade of an approaching funeral. When his mother remarked this, he explained it, not perfectly to her satisfaction, but yet sufficiently so to avert further question, by reference to the pain of parting with his mistress on a long and dangerous journey, when just about to be united to her for life. As he pronounced the words "long and dangerous journey," his voice faultered with tenderness; but there was so much truth in the real meaning of the phrase (however little there might be now), that no metaphorical interpretation occurred to the mind of Lady Bruce. He even spoke of his will without exciting her suspicions. There was but one point in it, he said, that he thought it worth while to allude to. Wherever or whensoever it might please fate to remove him from the coil of mortal life, he wished his mother, or whoever might survive him, to recollect that his dying spirit reverted to the scenes of his infancy, and that his heart wished in life that it might never in death be parted from that spot. These words, of course, communicated to Lady Bruce's spirit that gravity which the mention of mortal things must ever carry; but yet nothing seemed amiss in what she heard. It was not till after she had parted with her son—not till she felt the blank impression of his last embrace lingering on her bosom, and thought of him as an absent being, whom it would be long before she saw again—that his final words had their full force upon her mind. Those words, like a sweet tune heard in a crowd with indifference, but which afterwards in solitude steals into and melts the soul, then revived upon her mind, and were pondered upon for days afterwards with a deep and unaccountable sadness of spirit.

It now only remained that he should take leave of his mistress. She was in the garden when he arrived, and no sooner did she obtain a glimpse of his person, than she ran gaily and swiftly towards him, with a face beaming with joy, exclaiming that she had such good news to tell him as he had not ever heard before. This turned out, upon inquiry, to be the permission of her father that their nuptials should take place that day month. The intelligence fell upon Bruce's heart like a stab, and it was some moments ere he could collect himself to make an appropriate answer. Lady Clementina observed his discomposure, and with a half-alarmed feeling, asked its cause. He explained it as occasioned by regret for his necessary absence in Scotland, to which he was called by some very urgent business, so as to render it necessary that the commencement of their mutual happiness should be put off for some time longer. "Thus," he said, "to be obstructed by an affair of my own, after all the objections of others had been removed with so much difficulty, is particularly galling." The disappointment of the young lady was more deeply felt than it was strongly expressed. She was reassured, however, by a fervent and solemn promise from her lover, that, as soon as possible, he would return to make her his own. After taking leave of her parents, he clasped her in one last fond embrace, during which every moment seemed an age of enjoyment, as if all the felicity of which he was about to be defrauded had been concentrated and squandered in that brief space. At one moment, he felt the warm pressure of a being beloved above all earthly objects, and from whom he had expected a whole life of happiness; at another he had turned away towards the emptiness of desolation, and the cold breath of the grave.

One hour did he give to reflection upon all he left behind—an hour such as those which sometimes turn men's hair grey—the next, and all after it, he devoted to the enterprise upon which he was entering. Crawford, whom he requested to become his second, readily agreed to accompany him for that purpose; and they immediately set out for the Netherlands, leaving a challenge for Sackville in the hands of a friend, along with directions as to the proposed place of meeting.

The remainder of this lamentable tale may be best told in the words of Sir George Sackville. That unhappy young man, some months after the fatal tragedy, wrote an account of it to a friend, for the purpose of clearing himself from certain aspersions which had been cast upon him. The language is somewhat quaint; but it gives a more forcible idea than could otherwise be conveyed of the phrenzied feelings of Bruce, under the wrongs which he had suffered from his antagonist, as well as of the actual circumstances of the combat.

"——We met at Tergosa, in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; he being accompanied with

one Mr Crawford, a Scotch gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man. There having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the midway but a village divides the States' territories from the Archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that, having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that, in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill-fortune had subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it gain. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, as I conceive, he could not handsomely, without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the privilege of the challenged to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and, therefore, he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words), 'that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour.' Therefore Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The Lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon Sir John, leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance I had not for a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon the full stomach more dangerous than otherwise), I requested my second to certify him I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other, some twelve score paces, for about some two English miles; and then passion having so weak an enemy to assail as my discretion, easily became the victor, and, using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger that the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which with willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow, ancle deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure; we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and, in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in my revenge I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest. But at last breathless, yet keeping our hold, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform; and restriving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench I freed my long captive weapon, which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword, both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accede to either of my propositions, through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried, 'Oh! I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back—when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying, 'He scorned it.' Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon afar off, cried, 'He would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.' Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so, being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me; when I escaped a great danger; for my Lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his Lord's sword; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand!' So may I prosper, as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation.

"Louvain, September 8, 1613."

Such is the melancholy story of Edward Lord Bruce, a young nobleman, who, but for a false point of honour, arising from the incorrect judging of the world, might have lived to make many fellow-creatures happy, and adorn the annals of his country. The sacred griefs of those to whom he was most peculiarly endeared, it would be vain to paint. A mistress, who wore mourning, and lived single for his sake all the rest of her life—a mother, who survived him only to mourn his irreparable loss—upon such holy sorrow it is not for me to intrude. It may be only mentioned that the latter individual, recollecting the last parting words of her son, caused his heart to be embalmed, and brought to her in a silver case (the body being buried in the cathedral of Bergen-op-Zoom), and carried it with her to Culross, where she spent the remainder of her life in gloomy solitude, with that object always before her upon her table. After her death, it was deposited in the family vault already described, where it has ever since remained, the best monument of its own fatal history.

HOURS OF THE DAY.

In all parts of Christendom, or the civilised world (with the exception of Italy), it is customary to divide every complete revolution of day and night into twenty-four hours, reckoning twice twelve, and beginning the day precisely at midnight. Has it ever occurred to my young readers that this process of enumerating the hours of the day, and settling its commencement at midnight, are the result of conventional usage, and are of comparatively modern date? In ancient times the day was divided into twelve parts, and the night into four watches. The parts into which the day was divided consisted of portions of time, or hours, which varied in length according to the season. In that period of the year when the day-light remained longest, the hours were made 70 minutes in length; and when the days were short, the hours were of less than 50 minutes in length; when light and darkness were equal, the hours were of much the same length as they are with us. These proportions of summer and winter hours are of course stated generally, for they varied according to the latitudes of every particular place. It is, however, very uncertain whether the ancients began the day with sunrise, or with the first appearance of the light in the east. The four watches into which the night was divided consisted each of three hours in length. To determine the exact terminations of these watches, was a matter of great difficulty. The Jews, whom we may take for an example, kept watchmen, or servants, for the sole purpose of watching the stars; by the rising, altitude, and disappearance of which they tried to calculate the lapse of time. These time-keepers are noticed in the Books of the Old Testament, particularly in the 11th and 12th verses of the 21st chapter of Isaiah: "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morn cometh, and also the night," &c. Among the Romans, each watch was announced by the sound of a trumpet. The Jews had this other peculiarity in the computation of their time; they began the day with the evening. ("And the evening and the morning were the first day.") Hence, till the present time, their day begins, as we would say, in the evening of the day before, and, as it happens to be, at six o'clock P.M.

It is not exactly known when the present mode of beginning the day at midnight first came into use; but it is certain that for several centuries after the introduction of Christianity, the Christians continued to compute their time after the manner of the ancients, in which case they would probably begin their Sabbath on Saturday at six o'clock in the evening, and finish it on Sunday evening at the same hour. It is understood that we are indebted to the Church of Rome for the excellent invention of beginning the day at midnight. As many of the church festivals were kept up to a late hour at night, and others began at an early hour in the morning, the middle of the night appeared the most expedient division between the two days. The influence of religion naturally induced a similar observance in civil affairs, and this division became a general rule. The only difference now existing in most Christian countries is that between mean time (that which is indicated by a clock), and apparent time (that which is indicated by a sun-dial.) Mean time is generally used in England, but on the Continent apparent time seems chiefly to prevail. As the apparent course of the sun is not uniform as the motion of a good clock, it is evident that mean time, which never requires alteration, is the most convenient division. The Italians (I here quote from the Companion to the Almanack) follow a mode of computing time different from that which is in use in any other part of Europe, and which, although convenient enough for some purposes, is so much at variance with the true-going of clocks, and with the practice of other nations, that it seems likely to be abandoned at no very remote period. It is now, in fact, but partially used in the larger towns of Italy—most public clocks in Florence, Rome, and Milan, being set to the hour designated on French or English clocks. The Italian hours, instead of being regulated by the coming of the sun to the meridian, as with us, depend on the hour of sunset, and consequently differ in every different latitude. The close of the day is considered to take place half an hour after sunset, from which time the hours are counted straight on from 1 to 24, instead of being divided into twelve. One o'clock is therefore an hour and a half after sunset, two o'clock two hours and a half after sunset, and so on for four and twenty hours. This strange custom is found very puzzling by English travellers. The division of the day among Mahomedans is chiefly subservient to the stated times of performing their devotions, and is not generally accurate. They begin their account at sunset, reckoning twelve hours from thence till sunrise, whether the night be long or short; from sunrise till sunset they also reckon twelve hours, and consequently a night hour is longer in the winter than an hour of the day, and in summer the hours of the day are longer than those of the night. At the equinoxes alone, all the hours are of equal length. The Chinese division of the day is as simple as our own, and not much unlike it. The Chinese begin the day an hour before midnight, and divide the twenty-four hours into twelve parts, of two hours each; instead of numbering the hours 1, 2, 3, &c. as we do, they give a different name to each period of two hours. The names of these periods are *toze*, *chow*, *yin*, *maow*, *shin*, *sze*, *woo*, *we*, *shin*, *yew*, *seo*, *hae*. The word *keaow* is added when the first hour of each period is intended, and *ching* for the last. There are also words for the quarters, but it does appear that smaller divisions are reckoned. The Hindoos divide the day into four watches, and the night into the same number; the day being considered to extend from sunrise to sunset. The watches are again divided into *ghurees*, or hours, which are each 24 minutes in length. The Hindoos measure out and mark the ghurees in a curious manner. They provide a thin metal cup, through the bottom of which a small hole is drilled; the cup swims on the surface of a vessel of water, until the water, running gradually through the hole, fills the cup, which then sinks. The hole is made of such a size, that the water rising sinks it in 24 minutes. A sort of gong, or shallow bell-metal pan, called a ghureeal, is hung up near the vessel, to be struck at the expression of each ghuree, which is known by the sinking of the cup. A man who is employed to watch the sinking of the cup, and to strike on the bell, is called a ghureealee. For the complete establishment of a ghuree, six or eight servants are necessary, who keep watch in turns. Such an expense can, of course, be afforded only by the wealthy; but the sound of a gong is usually loud enough for a whole village, and serves the purpose of a church clock.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

The noble Scottish family of *Rollo* derives its origin from Richard de Rollo, an Anglo-Norman, who settled in Scotland during the reign of David I., and from this munificent prince received some lands in Perthshire, where this ancient race was planted, and still remains. In 1651, the family of Rollo was advanced to the peerage. The Scottish name *Rollock* is supposed to be from the original. The family of *Kinnaird* derives its origin from the same eventful period. Rodolph, the progenitor of the race, received the lands of Kinnaird, in the Carse of Gowrie, from William the Lion; and the family name was taken from the property. The *Ruthvens* are sprung from a person called Thor, of Saxon or Danish lineage, who came from the north of England, and settled in Scotland under David I. Thor having attached himself to Earl Henry, is believed to have received a grant of the lands of Ruthven from him, and hence the name of Ruthven came to be the surname of the race. The main branch of this family obtained the earldom of Gowrie, 1581. The respectable Scotch family of *Durward* deduces its origin from the De Lundins or Lundie, of Fife and Forfarshire, already mentioned. The first who received the appellation was Thomas, the son of Malcolm de Lundie, who, receiving from William the Lion the office of *doorward (hostearius)*, or keeper of the King's door, the name became fixed upon him; and, as the office was made hereditary, the appellation was continued in the family.

The *Abernethys* are sprung from a person of English lineage, called Orm, the son of Hugh, who flourished in Scotland under Malcolm IV., and who, receiving the lands of Abernethy, at the foot of Strath-earn, his descendants assumed the name of Abernethy. There were a number of *Orms* who came into Scotland, and have left traces of their residence in places of the name of *Ormiston*, which is common in the southern parts of the country. The *Grays* are also of Anglo-Norman extraction. A younger son of Gray of Chillingham, a Norman family, who settled in Northumberland, obtained a settlement in Scotland under William the Lion. From this personage the various families of the surname of Gray are descended. The *Kers*, or *Cars*, were Anglo-Normans, and a branch

settled in Scotland during the thirteenth century. They possessed lands on the Borders, and originated the two respectable houses of the Kers of Cessford and Fernieherst. From the former sprung the noble family of Roxburghe, and from the latter that of Lothian. The word *Ker*, or *Car*, signifies a strength or fortlet, and is significant of the adventurous military character of the first of the name. The *Colvils* trace their origin in Scotland to Philip de Colville, who came thither in the twelfth century, and acquired possessions in various parts of the country, particularly in Ayrshire, where the noble house of the Colvilles, Lords of Ochiltree, was founded. The distinguished house of *Gordon* is likewise of Anglo-Norman origin. The first of the race, having settled in Berwickshire, soon after the commencement of the twelfth century, took the surname of Gordon, from the title of his estate, which is still called Gordon. At the end of the thirteenth century, Sir Adam de Gordon acquired lands in Galloway, which he gave to William, his second son, who was the progenitor of the Viscount Kenmure. Sir Adam afterwards acquired lands in Strathbogie, on the forfeiture of their previous possession; and on that account removed with the main line of the family to the north, where it has since remained. The numerous families of the name of Gordon in Scotland are all derived from this common stock.

The noble family of *Graham* was also of English origin. The first of the race in this country was William de Graham, who settled under David I., and obtained from that monarch the lands of Abercorn and Dalkeith, in the Lothians, where he sat down with his followers. When William de Graham died, he left two sons, Peter and John, the first of whom inherited his father's lands in the Lothians, and was succeeded by a race which took a lead in the district till the time of Robert Bruce. This branch of the house then merged in a female heir, who married William de Douglas, the predecessor of the Douglases of Lothian, who became Earls of Morton. The descendants of John, the second son, received lands in Forfarshire, and laid the foundation of the distinguished family of the Grahams of Montrose. The chief families in Scotland with the name of Graham are descended from this honourable source; among other persons conspicuous in history to which it gave rise, was Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.

Few of the Anglo-Norman settlers of David the First's reign arrived at such eminence as the *Sinclairs*, or *Saint Clairs*. The principal families in Scotland of this name are descended from the Anglo-Norman family of Saint Clair, who came to Britain with the Conqueror. Two distinct branches settled in this northern part of the island, the Sinclairs of Roslin and the Sinclairs of Hermandston. The progenitor of the first was William de Saint Clair, who obtained the manor of Roslin, in Mid-Lothian, where he settled during the reign of David I. This family was in after times raised to the earldom of Orkney. From the same stock sprang Sinclair Earl of Caithness, Sinclair Lord Sinclair, and many others. The Sinclairs of Hermandston derived their origin from a later settler, under the Morvilles, Constables of Scotland, and gave rise to a number of respectable families.

The families of *Ros*, in the north of England, and in the south of Scotland, are of the same root, having taken their name from the lordship of Ros, in Yorkshire. The first settlers of the name in Scotland appear as vassals of the Morvilles in Ayrshire, and having obtained the lands of Stewarton, became the progenitors of the Rosses of Hawkhill, of Ross Lord Ross, of Ros of Tarbet, in Cunningham, of Ros of Sanquhar, and other families of the name in the south of Scotland; besides the Roses of Kilravoch, the Roses of Geddes, Rose of Howe, and others in the north.—*To be continued.*

CURIOUS RESULT OF INJURY OF THE BRAIN.

There are instances, says Mr Green in his lectures, at King's College, as reported in the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, where a whole class of words, nay, a language, was completely obliterated from a man's memory. I remember seeing a patient in St Thomas's Hospital who had an injury of the head. During his illness he began suddenly to speak in a language which nobody in the ward could understand; very fortunately in one of the most voluble moments of this patient the milkman of the hospital was passing through the ward and listening to the sick man, who instantly recognised the Welch language. A freer communication immediately took place between the parties, and it appeared, according to the account delivered by the milkman, that the patient understood and spoke English very well, but that, in consequence of the accident, that language had been fairly knocked out of his head.

BRITISH COLONIES.

A BRIEF recital of the number of our colonial possessions, and their utility in point of trade, may be of value to a number of our readers who have not had leisure to examine this very important branch of affairs. Notwithstanding the loss of the United States, the colonies of Great Britain, exclusive of India, exceed in number, extent, and value, those of every other country. In North America we possess the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, with their dependencies, in which are included Prince Edward's Island. Great Britain also possesses the Hudson's Bay territory; a tract of vast extent, but situated in an unprofitable climate, and worth very little except as hunting grounds for beaver, &c. We also possess the large islands of Newfoundland and Cape Breton, but the soil is barren, and the climate severe and foggy; so that they are valuable principally as fishing stations. The entire population of all these North American colonies may be estimated at about one million.

In the West Indies we possess Jamaica, Barbadoes, St Lucia, Antigua, Grenada, St Vincent, Trinidad, and some other islands, exclusive of Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, in South America. Jamaica is by far the largest and most valuable of our insular possessions. Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo, were taken from the Dutch during the late war, and were definitively ceded to us in 1814. The British also possess the settlement of Belize in the Bay of Honduras.

In the East we possess the island of Ceylon, which, though populous, is one of the least valuable of our possessions. The British possess a large and not very valuable territory in Southern Africa, called the Cape of Good Hope, of which Cape Town is the capital. This colony was also ceded by the Dutch to the British in 1815. Great Britain likewise owns the island of Mauritius, which was ceded by the French in 1814. This island is not very fertile, and it measures about 150 miles in circumference. The largest possession of the British in the Southern Hemisphere is the island, or continent, of New Holland, and the adjoining island of Van Dieman's Land. These with their dependencies receive the collective appellation of Australasia. The population of the whole is only about 37,000, exclusive of aborigines. The most valueless of all our possessions is Sierra Leone, a district on the south-west coast of Africa. This colony was founded partly as a commercial establishment, but more from motives of humanity. It was intended to consist principally of free blacks, who, being instructed in the Christian religion, and in the arts of Europe, should become, as it were, a focus whence civilisation might be diffused among the surrounding tribes. About 1200 free negroes, who having joined the royal standard in the American war, were obliged, at the termination of that contest, to take refuge in Nova Scotia, were conveyed thither in 1792: to these were afterwards added the Maroons from Jamaica; and since the legal abolition of the slave trade, the negroes taken in the captured vessels, and liberated, have been carried to the colony. The total number of liberated Africans under the superintendence of the colonial authorities is about 22,000. Great efforts have been made to civilise those blacks, but all have failed, and the colony presents a melancholy instance of perverted and abused national philanthropy.

The British possess certain islands and places in the Mediterranean. The chief possession in this quarter is Malta, an island 20 miles long, and from 10 to 12 broad. It was definitively ceded by the French in 1816. It is retained as a military and naval station. The population, including troops and strangers, amounts to about 102,000. The small island of Gozo, adjacent, has a population of about 17,000. The Ionian Isles, in Greece, also belong to Great Britain. The principal foreign military station belonging to the British in this part of the world is Gibraltar, a rocky promontory near the southernmost extremity of Spain, and commanding the strait which communicates betwixt the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The population is about 16,500, exclusive of the troops, which usually amount to 3000 or 4000. Such are the British colonial possessions worth mentioning.

The retention of colonies is understood to serve two chief purposes. The import and export trade with them is said to be of great benefit to the mother country; and this traffic encourages the maritime profession, which is always associated with the welfare of this insular nation. The trade carried on betwixt Great Britain and some of its colonies is immense. In the year 1829 the imports from the British North American colonies amounted in value to L.1,088,622, and the exports thither to L.2,064,126. In the same year, 1609 ships arrived from the same colonies with a burden of 431,124 tons, while 1652 ships cleared outwards with a burden of 418,147 tons. The imports consist generally of timber, ashes, fish, oil, skins, and other raw produce. The exports consist of luxuries of every description, and all kinds of manufactured goods. The British West India colonies export three great articles, sugar, coffee, and rum. In the year 1830 there were about 4,000,000 of hundred weights of sugar imported from thence, upwards of 27,000 of lbs. of coffee, and nearly 8,000,000 gallons of rum. From this vast importation of goods the government received in duties seven millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling, being between a seventh and a sixth of the whole revenue of the British empire. The exports from this country to our West India colonies consist of coarse cottons, linens, checks, hats, and other articles of negro clothing; hardware and earthenware; staves, hoops, coal, lime, provisions, fish, furniture, &c. The total amount of imports from the West India colonies in the year 1829 was L.9,087,914, while the total of exports in the same year was L.5,521,169, of which Jamaica itself had about L.2,000,000. The number of ships which arrived was 968, having a burden of 263,338 tons; the number outwards was 918, with a burden of 252,292 tons. The prices of all kinds of West India produce have greatly fallen, on account of the cultivation of the same articles being now carried on in new countries not formerly taking part in this trade. The British possessions in the Bay of Honduras afford means of obtaining abundant supplies of mahogany, and serve as an *entrepôt* for the supply of Guatemala with English goods. The trade with the remaining colonies is of inferior value. Mauritius exports nearly 500,000 hundred weights of sugar annually; its coffee trade is declining; it exports tortoise-shell to the extent of L.9000 a-year. Provisions, machinery, clothing, &c. are largely imported. With regard to the Cape of Good Hope, it appears that that colony exports to Great Britain goods to the value of about L.200,000, on an average, annually, while the value of the exports thither amounts to upwards of double that sum.

TRADITIONS OF THE PLAGUE IN SCOTLAND

[THE following notices of the Plague in Scotland were, like the Tale of the Plague in a former publication, written several years before any expectation was entertained of our being again visited by pestilence, and while, indeed, any apprehension of that kind would probably have been laughed at. They are now brought forward, on account of the temporary interest which they derive from the actual presence of a similar calamity amongst us. It is curious to know what impression remained at a late date on the minds of the common people, respecting the visitation with which their ancestors were afflicted two hundred years ago: it is the next thing to acquiring an idea of the actual feelings of the people under the calamity. We may thus be helped to draw a contrast, more or less correct, between the way in which the awful "plague of pestilence" was endured by a people rude and untutored like those of the seventeenth century, and the conduct of a generation certainly possessed of far more worldly knowledge, and in whose favour medical skill and general humanity are infinitely more on the alert.]

In numerous places throughout Scotland, spots are shown, where, according to the belief of the common people, "the plague was buried." It is now so long since this dreadful epidemic afflicted the country, that few know what is implied by this tradition, or even what the plague was. All that is generally to be learned from the populace upon the subject simply is, that within this mound, or beneath this stone, LIES THE PLAGUE; and no one would break the one or remove the other for any consideration short of life and death. How melancholy the reflection, that perhaps a century hence the same species of tradition may indicate the spot in our churchyards where *the cholera* lies interred!

Spots are pointed out as the burial places of the plague at Nether Minzien, in Tweedsmuir, where the shepherds are scrupulous to prevent their sheep from feeding within the little circle which encloses the tomb of plague: and near Prestwick in Ayrshire, where are also shewn the ruins of a house, built by Robert Bruce for the reception of lepers, still called King Case. In order, moreover, to show that individual suffering was little considered in cases where the public welfare was endangered, it may be mentioned, as one of the rules of a leper house at Greenside, at the north base of the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, that the penalty imposed upon any inmate who should venture out of doors was no less than death; and that with a view at once to the prevention of such a misdemeanour, and its prompt punishment, a gallows stood constantly in readiness at the end of the house.

At Peebles a place is shown in the neighbourhood of the town where "the plague was buried." It is a low mound, like a grave, but much larger, situated in a marshy valley, called the Gytes. Children designate this place Sampson's Grave, probably on ac-

count of its appearing to be such a grave as would hold that scriptural hero, whose bulk is popularly supposed in Scotland to have been of a piece with his strength.

Amidst the ruins of the ancient collegiate church of Methven, in Perthshire, it is popularly believed that a vast treasure lies concealed. This, it is said, would not have been permitted to lie so long, had it not been understood that the plague was also buried in the same place, and would burst out if any excavations were attempted. Some excavations *were* attempted by the country people; but before they had got many feet beneath the surface, a suspicious-looking vapour arose, and, according to the account of the treasure-seekers, a low terrible voice was heard to vociferate, as from some remote recess of the ground, "Let sleeping dogs lie!" whereupon the shovels and mattocks were instantly abandoned by the adventurers, whose task no one has ever since thought of resuming.

The pestilence which afflicted Edinburgh and neighbourhood in 1645 appears to have been particularly fatal to the inhabitants of the village of Water of Leith, so much so, that all intercourse with that village was at that time strictly prohibited. At length, however, on the 15th May, the restriction was taken off in part. The register of the parish of that date bears the following entry:—"Thos in the southsyd of the Watter Leith being long inclosed ar liberat, on conditioune they resave na clothes to washe." During that fatal period also, no large convivial parties were allowed to convene; nay, a fine of L.10 Scots was imposed on all who invited more than twelve persons to their marriage, or six when their child was baptised. From June till December, even the kirk session did not assemble; and none who died of the plague were allowed to be interred in the churchyard on Sabbath from sun-rise to sun-set.

Thomas the Rhymer prophesied to the monks of Aberbrothock,

> From Sidlaw eastward to the sea
> Plague nor pest shall ever be.

And it is very remarkable, that the great plague ravaged Dundee, Brechin, and Montrose, without ever touching Arbroath.

Few towns suffered so much by the plague as Brechin, the inhabitants of which place have inherited a salutary dread of its visitations It attacked the town in the year 1647, at a time when it had not recovered from the effects of a general conflagration inflicted by Montrose, two years before. Its ravages are commemorated on a rude tablet in the churchyard, by an inscription in these words:—

> 1647.
> Luna quater crescens
> Sexcinto, peste peremptos,
> Disce mori, vidit.

Implying that in the month of April 1647, six hundred people were taken away by the plague: "Learn to die."

The most curious and superstitious tradition connected with the plague is one told by the people in Kincardineshire, who, like many others, are of belief that the plague had a bodily form, and flew through the air in the shape of fine threads, or minute flying serpents. On the farm of Mindynes, in the parish of Fordoun, and at no great distance from the banks of the river Bervie, stands in the middle of a ploughed field a large stone, underneath which the plague is said to have been buried. At the last occurrence of "the pest" in Scotland, say the peasantry, there dwelt in this district a benevolent warlock, who determined to free his country for ever from the terrible destroyer. By dint of spells he succeeded in drawing towards him the whole material of the plague, and winded it up round his fingers, as people wind thread. The clew reached the size of a man's head before every particle was collected. When completed, he took it in his hand to the spot mentioned, put it into the earth, and covered it with a large stone. All this was done by spells, the power of which ceased when the stone was laid down; so that, according to the popular belief, if *that* stone were to be removed, there is no saying what might be the direful consequences. At the very least, the ball would burst forth, explode, and the plague would again overspread the country!

EMIGRATION.—Upper Canada.

As this journal does not happen to be a newspaper, I do not find myself at liberty to detail the progress of emigration from Great Britain, and especially from Scotland, towards North America; but I cannot be prevented from giving my friendly advice to those who feel inclined to swell the flood of human beings pressing on towards the western settlements. From all that I have read on the important subject of emigration, I am induced, from many considerations, to give a decided preference to Upper Canada. This extensive territory has also its preferable places of settlement. That part of the province which stretches from Lake Simcoe and the rivers Trent and Severn, westward to Lake Huron and the St Clair River, and southward to Lake Erie and part of Lake Ontario, has a soil of extraordinary fertility, capable of producing the most luxurious crops of wheat, and every other sort of grain. The climate is so particularly salubrious, that epidemic diseases, either among men or cattle, are almost entirely unknown. Its influence on the fertility of the soil is more generally perceptible than it is in Lower Canada, and is supposed to be congenial to vegetation in a much superior degree. The winters are shorter, and not always marked with such rigour as in the latter. The duration of frost is always accompanied with a *fine clear sky and a dry atmosphere*. The spring opens, and the resumption of agricultural labours takes place, from six weeks to two months earlier than in the neighbourhood of Quebec. The summer heats rarely prevail to excess, and the autumns are usually very friendly to the harvests, and favourable for securing the late crops. What a splendid tract of land lies in the angle formed by Lakes Huron and St Clair on the west, and Lakes Erie and Ontario on the south! In some pleasant spot in this well watered and salubrious district I would purchase my farm and build my log-house. The lakes just mentioned communicate with the River St Lawrence, and give to this territory all the advantages of an extensive inland navigation, and serve as an outlet for exports. This tract of land, lying with its base on Lakes Ontario and Erie, as far west as the junction of the Thames with the St Clair Lake, is laid out in townships, and partly settled. But the population is so very thin, as not, on an average, to amount to more than *sixteen* persons to a square mile, in settled townships; while the fertility of the soil is such, that 120 persons to a square mile would not be a dense population. To the north of the river Thames, along the banks of the St Clair, and the shores of Lake Huron, round to the river Severn, and thence to the river that joins the Nippissing and Lake Huron, is a boundless extent of country that is entirely unoccupied. The interior of this space has hitherto been but imperfectly explored; but the banks of the St Clair, and the shores of Lake Huron, afford the finest situations for settlements. The soil is in many places of the greatest fertility, the river and lake teem with fish, and every variety of the best timber is found in the greatest profusion. In 1783, the settlers in Upper Canada were estimated at only 10,000; in 1825 they amounted to upwards of 157,000, and now amount to about 190,000—a miserably small population for a country that could easily support *many millions* of inhabitants in a state of the greatest comfort.

Having wound up your affairs in this country, and otherwise prepared yourself and your family for proceeding to the Land of Promise, it is recommended that you should take with you a box of tools, whether you be learned to use them or not. The tools should consist of an American axe, handsaw, wager, pick-axe, spade, two gimlets, a hammer, iron wedge, three hoes, a kettle, frying pan, an iron pot, nails, and a small portable handmill for grinding corn; a gun and fishing nets will be of great service, if you have means to purchase them. You should also have good warm freeze coats and jackets, and worsted stockings and mittens for the winter; linen trousers and jacket for the summer, as many linen shirts as you can afford to take out (linen being dear in Canada), and a short flannel shirt, to be worn next the skin, both in summer and winter. Without caution as to clothing, the settler has a chance of being attacked with ague, which is the only complaint to be dreaded. You should also provide yourself with a small stock of simple medicines, to preserve the bowels in regularity. Every one ought to take a dose of medicine on landing. No bulky articles or furniture of any kind should be taken. Every thing should be packed in substantial handy trunks. Plain furniture can be bought at a cheap rate in the colony, or you can perhaps manage to make some useful articles for your new household. The bark of the bass tree, woven or laced across your bedstead, will support a mattrass, and that mattrass need consist of nothing more expensive than the boughs of the spruce fir, or dry beech leaves; a buffalo skin will answer for quilt and blankets. In sailing to Canada, Greenock is preferable to any port in Scotland, and vessels may nearly always be found there ready for departure.

In removing, many persons prefer to enter into arrangements with agents of the Canada Company in London, Edinburgh, or other places, making a small deposit in their hands. This seems an advisable plan. The Canada Company is a most respectable association, possessing a large tract of land of that part of Canada above recommended. The agents of the Company, on the arrival of the emigrants at Quebec or Montreal, will convey, at the Company's expense, purchasers who pay a first instalment in this country of 2s. an acre upon not less than one hundred acres, to the head of Lake Ontario, which is in the vicinity of their choicest lands; and their agents in all parts of the Upper Province will give emigrants every information and assistance in their power. Should emigrants, on arrival, not settle on the Company's lands, the money paid them will be returned, deducting the actual expense of conveyance to York. The Canada Company sold upwards of eighty thousand acres of land in 1829, 1830, and 1831, in lots of various extent, at from 10s. to 14s. per acre. Much the same prices are now charged by the government for land; 10s. an acre being the average price, of which 2s. must be paid on purchasing, and the remainder in annual instalments, with interest, which an industrious settler would be able to pay out of the crops. There are always a number of half-cleared lands in the market for sale; and when the emigrant has a little capital, and is not very well adapted to commence the operation of clearing, these are particularly worthy of his attention. At York, Upper Canada, every information is to be had regarding cleared and uncleared lands; and such is the choice, that no time may be lost in making a selection. The expense of clearing the land ready for seed is from L.2, 10s. to L.3, 10s. per acre, if paid in money. To a person who is about to settle on an entire woodland, I would recommend the following system:—Clear well a few acres in the immediate vicinity, and all around the site on which the house is intended to be built, that the trees left standing may be at a sufficient distance to be out of danger falling on it, and let a small piece be fenced off for cattle to lie in at night, out of the same danger, in windy weather; then cut down, on ten or fifteen acres, the small and decayed trees and under-brush; burn them, and girdle or notch round the remainder of the trees; sow this ground with wheat early in the fall (autumn), or part of it with oats in the spring, and with them clover and a small quantity of grass seeds mixed; the clover and grass to be mowed the first year or two, and grazed afterwards. Do the same next year with a still further quantity, for six or seven years in succession, and likewise clear a small piece quite off for corn and potatoes, cabbage, &c., in front of the house, and next to the road. In about six or seven years the roots of the trees will be rotten, and some of the girdled ones fallen; then begin and chop down ten or fifteen acres of these girdled trees yearly, in a dry time, felling them across each other to break them in pieces; put fire into them in various parts of the field, and it will burn most of them up; what little may be left unconsumed must be collected into heaps, and burned. It is necessary to keep a watch over the fences while this is going on, that they do not take fire After this you may plough and plant what you please, as generally the ground will be in pretty good condition. The mode of sowing wheat for the first two years on new land is very simple—merely harrowing in the seed; for the soil is so rich that it requires no artificial dressing. Wheat is sown in the fall; oats are sown in May or June. After clearing the land, potatoes and turnips answer remarkably well.

All the fruits and vegetables common to the English kitchen garden thrive well. Sugar, for domestic purposes, is made from the maple tree on the land. The soil and country possess every requisite for farming purposes, and comfortable settlement. The samples of Upper Canada wheat have not been exceeded in quality by any in the British market. With regard to the price of labour, it should be mentioned that it is expensive in Upper Canada, and that there is an absolute necessity for the emigrant and his family working with their own hands. Persons desirous of employment as agricultural labourers will receive from L.2 to L.3 per month, with board and lodging. At these wages there is a constant demand for labour in the neighbourhood of York. Working artizans, particularly blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, masons, coopers, mill-wrights, and wheelwrights, get high wages. However, industrious men of every class may look forward with confidence to an improvement in their situation, as many save enough out of one season's work to buy land themselves in settled townships.

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH PEASANTRY.

Two English gentlemen, about sixty years ago, happened to have a dispute respecting the character of the Scottish peasantry; one party maintaining the superiority of the natives of Scotland, as compared with those of England, in point of intellect and information, while the other espoused the contrary opinion—contending that, amongst the lowest class of bumpkins in any country, the degree of knowledge must be nearly on a par. A wager was the result; and, governed perhaps by a whim of visiting Scotland—a portion of the empire at that period very little known or thought of—more than by any other consideration, our two gentlemen, who, it seems, were men of considerable opulence, were not long in reaching Edinburgh; and thereafter, as a matter of course, found their way to Clirchugh's Tavern, in Wri-

ter's Court, as the most respectable house of entertainment which at that time graced the Scottish metropolis, although, in the present day, a house of such a bearing would be most decidedly and emphatically sneered at by any one having the slightest pretensions to *haut ton*. Our travellers, after having visited the few lions then worth seeing in the northern capital, bethought themselves of the main object of their trip; and no better means of coming to their point occurring, they resolved to impart the secret to their host, who, withal, appeared a shrewd, sensible fellow, and likely to aid them in the matter in hand.

Clirehugh instantly comprehended the affair; and after a pause, recollected, as it were accidentally, that *Coal John*, a Gilmerton carter, who served the house in the way of his calling, and whom he did not fail to describe as the most rustic clown extant within ten miles of the city, would be there, with a cartful of his commodity, early in the course of the morrow. It was therefore settled, that, as the said John was just the kind of man the gentlemen were in quest of, he should, by some means or other, be introduced to them on his arrival. In the mean time, Clirehugh, who had begun to get a good deal interested in the result of the wager, as a matter involving a point of national honour, had come to the resolution not to trust its issue to the "real Simon Pure," but to one who should personate John, and who could be more relied on.

The individual pitched upon by Mr Clirehugh was one admirably adapted to sustain the character—a true type of the genus *Driver*—a character at that time by no means uncommon in Edinburgh; a shabby subaltern of the law; one of those queer, reckless, drink-and-drown-care sort of fellows, whom a periodical acquaintance with toddy and oysters, when these could b e gt, and at least a diurnal acquaintance with the gill-stoup and small ale, in less propitious seasons—with the help, at all times, of a select junto of drouthy brother cronies—reconciled to the business of the day, without imparting much disquietude as to the cares of the morrow. Such was the individual who undertook the part of John the coalman; a wight of "shrewd parts and pregnant humour." At the appointed time, therefore, our hero betook himself to what might be styled the Rialto of the Carbonari; in other words, to that quarter of the city where the gentlemen of that profession were "wont most to congregate,"—namely, St Mary's Wynd, the thoroughfare by which the great bulk of the coal for the consumption of the city, at that time, was accustomed to pass. There, by virtue of a suitable parole and countersign, given to the *bona fide* John, who was soon *spoke* on that highway, he easily furnished himself with the appropriate costume and other adjuncts of the character, including, of course, the cart with its contents

Endued, therefore, in one of the most conspicuous *habits de corps* of the coal fraternity—consisting, *inter alia*, of blue-ribbed stockings, shoes with soles rather thicker than what the Cockneys call Vauxhall slices, studded, moreover, with nails which might have served for the decoration of the postern gate of *Front de Bœuf's* castle, corduroy jacket and trousers, with dubious-coloured plush vest and other *et cetcras*, not omitting a *quant. suff.* of *coom* on his face—the self-elected John wended his way up the High Street of Auld Reekie.

The shrill hilloa of Tom Pipes, when announcing to Tunley, the landlord, the august approach of the naval duumvirate, Trunnion and Hatchway, could not be more astounding than the intimation given to Mr Clirehugh's establishment of the arrival of the coals—said intimation conveyed, of course, in the choicest and most prolonged cadence of Gilmerton—a *patois*, by the way, it may safely be said, which is, of all other Doric dialects, the most offensive to an English ear: "Hollo, the coals!"

The inmates of the house were of course advertised beforehand; and the next question was, to drag John into the presence of the two English gentlemen. In suffering himself to be hauled along, he protested, with abundance of noise and vociferation, that it was impossible the gentlemen could have any thing to say to him; while the Englishmen themselves, on the other hand, were encouraging John to come up by all means, professing they only wished to have a little conversation with him. At last our hero made his appearance at the landing-place; and here was another demur. "Such grand gentlemen," with well-feigned awe and astonishment, he declared, "could never hae ony thing to say till the like o' him." At last, however, being urged and entreated by the gentlemen, on the one hand, and jogged on by Clirehugh at his elbow, on the other, John did venture into the "presence;" but first stooped down for a hold of the flap of the carpet, which he forthwith began, with much deliberation and humility, to roll before him. "The deuce take the fellow!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen to Clirehugh, on observing this proceeding; "although we wished you to procure us an interview with one of the clowns of your country, we did not intend you should introduce to us an absolute fool." "Dear sir, I'm nae better than a fule, as ye may say; but, anent the carpet, wad ye hae me come into so grand a chaumer, without either rowin' up the claith, or casting aff my shoon?" "Well, well, John, we won't quarrel with you on that matter; only just sit down now and take a glass of something." This proposal, we may suppose, was to the point, whether addressed to John *in propria persona* or *quoad* his fictitious character. At last, after some general and desultory conversation, in all of which our hero acquitted himself *á merveille*, and when John was supposed to be, by the aid of an elevating glass, considerably more at his ease, the question was propounded which was to decide the bet; and after an introduction as to what they had heard of the superior education of John's countrymen, it came out in this shape—"Pray, John, can you tell us who was Adam's father?" "Adam's father?" said John, "eh, ay; let's see:" then recollecting the catechetical table he had learned at school, after a short pause—"Ou, ay; Noah was the son of Lamech, who was the son of Methuselah, who was the son of Enoch, who was the son of Jared, who was the son of Mahalaleel, who was the son of Cainan, who was the son of Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of *God*."—"Well done!" exclaimed the Englishman; "John, you are a clever fellow, and have gained the bet;" which was perfectly acquiesced in by the other party; neither of whom, by the bye, had any idea of the logical ratiocination which John had brought to bear on the question.

This matter being settled, after the glass had been pushed round pretty swiftly, and our hero had treated the strangers with a great many jokes and shrewd remarks, which raised him still higher in their estimation, he said, "Weel, gentlemen, I dinna ken weel what to say to you for your extraordinar kindness, or how to thank ye; and I maun now be steppin'. But as I hae gotten a gowd guinea frae ye, for answering the bit question ye speird, wad ye no tak it amiss, if I was to speir ane at you, which will no be muckle langer than yer ain; and, as I maun say, ye hae been sae very frank, and haena taen amiss my want o' havins, if ye like I'll pit down my guinea again, for a wad against yours." "Oh, most certainly, John; most certainly; we shall by very glad to answer your question, in place of taking it amiss." "Then," says John, "can ye tell me wha *my father* was?" "Confound the fellow!" exclaimed both the Englishmen; and it is almost needless to add, that John was permitted to withdraw himself as quickly as he chose, with his three guineas, without being troubled, for that time, with any more questions.—*Scottish Jests and Anecdotes.*

REAL STORY OF JEANY CAMERON.

Mrs Jean, or as the English insist upon styling her, Mrs Jenny Cameron, is a name of some celebrity, or rather, perhaps, notoriety. She has been the subject of much discourse, both in her own time and in ours. The pamphlets published at the time of the insurrection of 1745 were full of her; nay, we have even seen a kind of novel, in one volume, which had apparently been got up by some gentleman of Grub Street, on that occasion, and in which she acted as the heroine. The generally received notion, both at the time and since, has been, that she accompanied Prince Charles, as his mistress, during the whole of his expedition; and it is on this understanding that Fielding causes his heroine, Sophia, to be mistaken for her at Gloucester. Of late times, another idea has got abroad, namely, that she survived to old age, and went about begging in men's clothes, with a wooden leg; till at length she died in the Edinburgh Infirmary, of an accident which had befallen her on the street. Now, it is very strange, but very true, that Mrs Jean Cameron *never saw Prince Charles Stuart in her life*, and that she spent the whole of her life in circumstances perfectly respectable.

The *real history* of this lady is, in its way, a desideratum, and we therefore have no little pleasure in giving it, in the following terms, upon the credit of the late Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassefern (nephew of the gallant Lochiel, and father of the equally gallant Colonel Cameron of the 42d, who fell on the field of Waterloo), who died within the last three years, at the age of ninety.

She was the daughter of Cameron of Glendessery, in Lochaber, who generally resided in Morven, where he had another estate. She was married in early life to an Irish gentleman named O'Neal, and she lived with him for some years in Ireland, till his brutal usage necessitated her to divorce him. She then returned to her own country, and was distinguished by the appellation of Mrs Jean, and sometimes Lady Jean Cameron. At the time of the insurrection she resided in Strontian, where she managed the extensive estates of her brother, Cameron of Dungallon, while he served Prince Charles as an officer. Many more of her relations were engaged in this enterprise, together with about eight hundred petty men who bore her name. No clan, indeed, of equal extent, went so heartily into this adventure as the Camerons. Mrs Jean did what she could for the cause, by sending a large present of cattle to Prince Charles at the time of his raising his standard in Glenfinnin. It is also acknowledged that she made several attempts to see him; but she never was successful. During the whole period of the insurrection she did not leave her own residence in the Highlands. She was a woman of beauty and fashion, of good manners, and possessed a masculine understanding. Her death took place in the year 1774, at her house of Mount Cameron, in Lanarkshire. *All these facts* we give with the most perfect assurance of their *historic truth.*

The whole rumour as to this lady having been the mistress of Prince Charles appears to have arisen from some misapprehension. Nothing can be more certain, however, than that the idea was thoroughly rivetted in the public mind. Just about the time when the Highland army was returning into Scotland, a lady who visited Stirling in a coach, was seized by the garrison there as the noted Jean Cameron. It was soon discovered that the lady was a respectable milliner, or mantuamaker, in Edinburgh, who was only at Stirling on a visit, and who had nothing in common with the Prince's supposed mistress except the name. This fact is stated in all the newspapers and magazines of the day. Mrs Cameron herself was one day walking on the High Street of Edinburgh, along with some friends, waiting for a coach, when a boy came up with a lot of loose papers over his arm, which he was proclaiming as a full, true, and particular account of the adventures of Jeany Cameron and Prince Charlie Stuart; whereupon she mildly remarked to her friends, what an extraordinary fate hers had been, to be thus universally famed as the mistress of a man whom she had never once seen. As for the one-legged woman in male attire, who latterly affected to be Jeany Cameron, we have ascertained that she was a mere maniac, crazed through Jacobitism, and proud to be considered even the mistress of so glorious a being as the rightful heir of these three kingdoms.

AN INDIAN PAGODA.

A description of a pagoda, or temple of the large class, may not be uninteresting. A high solid wall incloses a large area in the form of an oblong square; at one end is the gateway, above which is raised a large pyramidal tower; its breadth at the base and height proportioned to the magnitude of the pagoda. This tower is ascended by steps in the inside, and divided into stories; the central spaces on each are open, and smaller as the tower rises. The light is seen directly through them, producing at times a very beautiful effect, as when a fine sky or trees form the back-ground. The front, sides, and top of this gateway and tower, are crowded with sculpture; elaborate, but tasteless. A few yards from the gate, on the outside, you often see a lofty octagonal stone pillar, or a square open building, supported by tall columns of stone, with a figure of a bull couchant, sculptured as large, or much larger than life, beneath it. Entering the gateway, you pass into a spacious paved court, in the centre of which stands the inner temple, raised about three feet from the ground, open and supported by numerous stone pillars. An inclosed sanctuary at the far end of this central building contains the idol. Round the whole court runs a large deep verandah, also supported by columns of stone, the front rows of which are often shaped by the sculpture into various sacred animals rampant, ridden by their respective deities. All the other parts of the pagoda, walls, basements, entablatures, are covered with imaginary and ornament of all sizes, in alto or demi-relievo. Here you may see faithfully represented in black granite all the incarnations of Vishnu the Preserver; here Siva the Destroyer, riding on his bull, with a snake twisted round his neck, and a crescent on his head; Krishen, their Apollo, with his flute; Kawadeva, their Cupid, riding on a parrot, with his bow of sugar-cane, strung with flowers, or bees; Ganesa, the god of prudence, with his elephant-head; Surya, the sun, drawn in his chariot by a seven-headed horse; Chandava, the moon, in a car drawn by antelopes; Agnee, the god of fire, riding on a ram; Varoona, the god of the seas, on a crocodile; many female deities and inferior nymphs presiding over seasons instruments of music, &c., or crowds of warriors on horseback, and the fabulous actions of their superior gods pourtrayed in groups and pictures of demi-relief every where. Generally in front of the idol, and in other parts of the temple, you see lingaurs on their altars. Near every pagoda is kept a huge wooden car, or rather temple, on wheels. This, also, is curiously carved; but the scenes and figures represented are usually so indecent and unnatural as not to admit of description. At certain seasons, an idol, painted and adorned, is placed on it, and dragged by the united strength of hundreds in procession. Such, though but roughly, and, I fear, not very intelligibly sketched, is a pagoda. Here the worshippers daily resort with their humble offerings of rice and plantains; and thither on high festivals, they crowd with flowers, fruit, incense, and money, to gaze on groups of dancing girls—beautiful in form, gaudy in attire, and voluptuous in every look and motion; or listen to the wild obscure fictions, sung by religious mendicants to the sound of strange and discordant music; or gather round self-torturing devotees, with frantic shouts of approbation.—*Sketches of India.*

STATE OF FRANCE.

According to Dupin, in his *Forces Productives et Commerciales de la France*, "the division of landed property which has taken place in France within the last thirty years, has produced a more general diffusion of prosperity; it has extended the means of comfort and of health to many families which did not before possess them. While the progress of industry has increased the demand for labour, and raised wages, the improvements made in arts and manufactures have reduced the price of a multitude of useful or agreeable productions, and thus a double melioration has taken place in the condition of the labourer. He is now able to procure better food, better clothes, and better lodging. In most of the provinces of France, those shapeless hovels which afflicted the eye of the traveller have been replaced by substantial houses, well built, well covered, and supplied with better furniture. Thirty years ago, there were in various parts of France a vast number of habitations which received no other light than by holes in the wall, which were either left entirely open, or stuffed with straw. At present there are few of these openings which have not been converted into sashed and glazed windows; and the more constant supply of light thus obtained has contributed to cleanliness, and, of course, to health."

Column for "All whom it may Concern."

WINES.

Omnia vastatis ergo quum cerneret arvis
Desolata Deus; nobis felicia vini
Dona dedit; tristes hominum quo munere fovit
Reliquias, mundi solatus vite ruinam!
Vanieril Præd. Rusticum, lib. xi.

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."—*St Paul's First Ep. Tim.* v. 23.

No species of beverage has obtained so respectable an antiquity, and been of such universal appreciation among mankind, as WINE. The use of this liquor can indeed be traced up to the earliest ages of the world. We find from the sacred writings that Noah planted a vineyard shortly after the deluge; and a modern Latin poet, exalting the origin of wine in the above quatraine, ingeniously represents the vine as a gift from Heaven, to console mankind for the miseries entailed upon them by that grand catastrophe. I hope my readers will allow me to present them with a brief account of the most celebrated ancient and modern wines, gleaned for their amusement from the best authorities on the subject.

This generous liquor, as is well known, is an expression of the grape, the fruit of the vine, a shrub indigenous to Persia and the Levant, but now found in most temperate regions. From Asia the vine was introduced into Greece, and thence into Italy. The Phœcans, who founded Marseilles, carried the vine into France, in which country and in Portugal it is at present in the most extensive cultivation. There are a great variety of vines; and this circumstance, combined with difference of soil, climate, mode of preparation, &c., has occasioned an extreme variety in the different species of wine. But even between places immediately contiguous to each other, and where a cursory observer would hardly remark any difference, the qualities of the wines, though produced by the same species of grape, and treated in the same way, are often very different. A great deal evidently depends on the aspect of the vineyard; and it is probable that a good deal depends on the peculiarities of soil, while not a little also depends on the management of the vintage. Thus, for a brisk wine, the grapes are gathered before they are perfectly ripe; for a dry, as soon as they have acquired their proper maturity; and if a sweet wine be desired, the gathering is postponed to the latest period. Dry and clear weather is generally chosen for the vintage; but the best brisk Champagne is made from the grapes that are collected during a fog, or before the dew that has settled on the vines is dispersed. The roughness of wines depends, in some degree, on the circumstance of the stalks of the grapes being added or excluded. In the preparation of port, I believe, they are always used, but in the manufacture of the more delicate red wines of Bourdeaux they are generally excluded. With regard to colour, this is derived from the skin of the grape; for the juice of red or black grapes, with the exception of the *Tantilla* grape, the pulp of which is coloured, yields as colourless a wine as that procured from white grapes, when it is fermented without the hulls.

The earliest of the Greek wines was the Maronean, a sweet black wine, which Homer describes as "rich, unadulterate, and fit for the gods," and as so potent, that it was usually mixed with twenty measures of water. Nearly of equal antiquity was the Pramnian, a strong, hard, astringent, red wine, from the island of Icarus. It resembled our port wine, like which also it was often used medicinally, and on that account was sometimes called *pharmacites*. The best Greek wines, however, and those in which they surpassed all other nations, were the luscious sweet wines, the products of the Ionian and Ægean seas, particularly Lesbos, Chios, and Thasos. They were wines of a pale amber colour, with much odour and a high flavour. The Phanean, which is extolled by Virgil as the king of wines, was from Chios. The lighter wines were the Mendean, the Argitis, and the Omphacites; but the Greeks were also acquainted with the African and Asiatic wines, several of which were in high reputation. The Bythnian wines were of the choicest quality; the wines of Byblos, in Phœnicia, on the other hand, vied in fragrancy with the Lesbian; and if confidence is to be placed in the report of Athenæus, the white wines of Mareotis and Tænia in Lower Egypt, were of almost unrivalled excellence. The former, which was sometimes called the Alexandrian, from the neighbouring territory, was a light, sweetish, white wine, with a delicate perfume, of easy digestion, and not apt to affect the head; though the allusion of Horace, to its influence on the mind of Cleopatra, would seem to imply that it had not always preserved its innocuous quality. The wine of Meröe, however, which was produced at the feast given to Cæsar by that voluptuous female, would appear to have been in still higher estimation.

The wines of ancient Italy were more celebrated than those of Greece. The choicest of the Roman wines were the Massic and Falernian, besides which there were many wines of an inferior quality, but in all of which the Roman citizens in the upper ranks indulged with great freedom at their expensive public and private feasts. No wine has ever acquired such extensive celebrity as the Falernian, or more truly merited the name of 'immortal,' which classic writers have conferred upon it. All writers agree in describing the Falernian wine as very strong and durable, and so rough in its recent state, that it could not be drunk with pleasure, but required to be kept a great number of years before it was sufficiently mellow. Horace terms it a 'fiery' wine, and calls for water from the spring to moderate its strength. From Galen's account, it appears to have been in best condition from the tenth to the twentieth year; and afterwards it was apt to contract an unpleasant bitterness, especially if not preserved in glass bottles. Horace, who was a lover of old wine, proposes, in a well-known Ode, to broach an amphora, or jar, which was coeval with himself, and which, therefore, was probably not less than thirty-six years old. It will be remembered by some of my readers, that on one occasion Cicero having supped with Damasippus, he had some indifferent wine presented to him, which he was pressed to drink, as being Falernian, forty years old; and that, on tasting it, he pleasantly observed, that it bore its age uncommonly well! It is the opinion of Dr Henderson, who has written a history of wines, that Xeres and Madeira wines may be fixed upon as the two to which the Falernian offers the most distinct features of resemblance. Both are straw-coloured wines, assuming a deeper tint from age, or from particular circumstances in the quality or management of the vintage. Both of them present the several varieties of dry, sweet, and light. Both of them are exceedingly strong and durable wines; being, when new, very rough, harsh, and fiery, and requiring to be kept about the same length of time as the Falernian, before they attain a due degree of mellowness. This celebrated Roman wine was the produce of the Campagna Felice, which possesses a soil analogous to that of the island of Madeira. In preparing their wines, the ancients often inspissated them till they became of the consistence of honey, or even thicker. These were diluted with water previously to their being drunk; and indeed the habit of mixing wine with water seems to have prevailed much more in antiquity than in modern times.

The best wines of France are those produced in Champagne, Burgundy, Dauphiny, and the Bordelais; Languedoc and Rousilon also produce wines in considerable quantities, but they are reckoned inferior. The wines of Champagne are commonly divided, following a distinction occurring as early as the ninth century, into River wines—*Vins de la Rivière de Marne*, which are for the most part white; and Mountain wines—*Vins de la Montagne de Reims*, which are red. The former are mostly brisk or sparkling wines, and distinguished by their delicate flavour and aroma. But the briskest wines are not always the best; and unless they are very strong, much of the alcohol is carried off with the carbonic acid gas which occasions the froth. Hence the slightly frothing wines—*cremans*, or *demi-mousseux*, are preferred by persons of *haut gout*. Sillery, which has obtained its name from the vineyards which yield it, holds the first rank among the white wines of Champagne. It was brought into vogue by the peculiar care bestowed on the manufacture of it by the Marechale d'Estrees, and was long known by the name of *Vin de la Marechale*; and has always been much in request in England. The most celebrated of the river wines, strictly so called, is that of Ay. Of the Reims mountain wines, those of Verzy, Verzenay, Mailly, Bouzy and St Basle, are most esteemed. But the Clos St Thierry furnishes the only red wine that can be said to unite the rich colour and aroma of Burgundy with the delicate lightness of Champagne.

The choicest of the Burgundy wines—for which the Dukes of Burgundy deservedly merit their ancient designation of "*princes des bons vins*"—is that of Romanée-Conti, a wine scarcely known in England, and produced in small quantities only; the vineyard being not more than six and a half English acres in extent. Chambertin, another Burgundy wine, almost rivals Romanée-Conti. It was the favourite wine of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon. It is the produce of a vineyard of that name, situated seven miles to the south of Dijon, and furnishing each year from 130 to 150 puncheons, from an extent of about 65 acres. Chambertin wine is of a full body and colour. The next was that of the Clos Vougeot, when that small domain was the property of the Church; but it is now considered as the third or fourth growth, and is surpassed by those of Romanée de St Vivant, Musigny, Clos de Premeau, and some others. Under the name Mâcon, which is the red Burgundy best known in England, are comprehended not only the growths of the Mâconnais, but also the chief wines of the Beaujolais, forming part of the department of the Rhone. These wines are all red; but the white wines of Burgundy, although less known than the red, maintain the highest rank among the French white wines. The best is the Mont Rachet wine, famous for its high perfume and agreeable nutty flavour; but there are three varieties of it, *aîné*, *chevalier*, and *batard Mont Rachet*, the last of which sells, or used to sell, for only one-third of the price of the first.

The wines of Dauphiny are among the most ancient in France; but the celebrity of some of them, the Condrieux, the Hermitage, and the Côte Rôtie, is of very ancient date. The hermitage, which derives its name from the ruins of a hermitage on the rock on which the vineyard is situated, is both red and white; the former being the production of the *siras* and the latter that of the *marsanne* and *rousanne* grapes. The Côte Rotie resembles the hermitage in flavour and perfume; and the department of Vaucluse furnishes a few growths analogous to both, but inferior in quality. Dauphiny yields also a luscious wine, resembling the best Constantia. It is made from the richest grapes, which are hung up or spread upon straw for six or eight weeks, or until they become half-dried, from which circumstance the liquor obtained from them is named "Straw Wine," or *Vin de paille*.

The wines of Languedoc, Provence, and Rousillon, are superior only in the class of sweet wines. The wines of Travel, Chuzclan, St Geniœ, Lirac, and St Laurence, are the best of the red wines of Languedoc. They have a bright rose tint. The red wines of Rousillon are the strongest and most durable that France produces; the choicest are those of Bagnols, Cosperou, and Collioure. The wines of Provence are of very ordinary quality. Among the dry white wines of these districts are the Rivesaltes and the Frontignac. The wines of Gascony and Guienne are better known by name in England than any other of those of the French vineyards; the names Lafitte, Grave, Château, Margaux, Sauterne, and Barsac, being familiar to most ears on this side of the Channel; yet these wines are understood to be seldom seen on the table in this country, owing to the various processes to which they are subjected by the merchants of Bourdeaux, in adapting them for the English market. Thus we drink an artificial wine called *Claret*, which is made up by adding to each hogshead of Bourdeaux wine three or four gallons of Alicant, or Benicarlo, half a gallon of stum wine, and sometimes a small quantity of hermitage. This mixture undergoes a slight fermentation; and when the whole is sufficiently fretted in, it is exported under the name of claret.

The wines of Spain are distinguished by high flavour, aroma, strength, and durability; but, from the mismanagement of the fermentation, the red wines in particular are dull and heavy on the palate; and, except in dry white wines, none of the Spanish wines will bear comparison with the more delicate growths of France. The most perfect are the produce of Xeres, from which our *Sherry* takes its name. The Spanish wines, when not exported, are stored in skins smeared with pitch, which gives them a peculiar and disagreeable taste, called the *olor de bota*, and renders them more liable to become muddy. The principal vineyards at Xeres are in the hands of British and French settlers, and to these the great improvement, of late years, in the manufacture of sherry, is attributed. In making this wine, red and white grapes are used indiscriminately, and dried to a certain extent before they are pressed. The fermentation is allowed to be continued from October till the middle of December, before it is racked from the lees; and that intended for exportation receives a certain proportion of brandy, which seldom exceeds three or four gallons to the butt. The nutty flavour, so highly prized in this country, is produced by infusing bitter almonds in the wine. Good sherry is of a deep amber colour, and has a fine aromatic odour; its taste is warm, with some degree of agreeable bitterness. When new, it tastes harsh and fiery; it is mellowed by being allowed to remain four or five years or longer in the wood; but it does not attain to its full flavour and perfection until it is kept fifteen or twenty years. It is a very strong wine, containing about 19 per cent. of alcohol. Perhaps no wine is so much adulterated as sherry. Its consumption is very large, amounting to above 2,000,000 of imperial gallons.

In Portugal, the principal wine district is the province of Upper Douro, in which port wine is grown to a great extent, and shipped at Oporto, whence its name. Besides the Douro, other districts in Portugal supply wine. The growths of Alenquer, Torres Vedras, Lamego, and Mongaon, furnish wines resembling the second growths of the Bordelais. The Colares port, which is grown near Cintra, is the only one which has found its way to this country. Bucellas, Setuval, and Carcavellos, are the best of the Portuguese white wines. To return to port. When this respectable and substantial liquor arrives in this country, it is of a dark purple or inky colour, has a full rough body, with an astringent bitter sweet taste, and a strong flavour or odour of brandy. After it has remained some years longer in the wood, the sweetness, roughness, and astringency of the flavour abate; but it is only after it has been kept ten or twelve years in bottle, that the odour of the brandy is completely subdued, and the genuine aroma of the wine developed. When kept to too great an age, it becomes tawny, and loses its peculiar flavour. During the process of melioration, a considerable portion of the extractive and colouring matter is precipitated on the sides of the vessels in the form of crust. In some wines this change occurs much earlier than in others. A large quantity of brandy is always mixed with the wine shipped from Oporto to England. Genuine unmixed port wine is very rarely met with in this country. We have been so long accustomed to the compounded article, that, were it possible to procure it unmixed, it is doubtful whether it would be at all suited to our taste. According to Mr Brande's analysis, port wine, as used in England, contains about 23 per cent. of alcohol; consequently, nearly the fourth part of every glassful is pure spirit. It should, however, be observed, that this proportion of spirit is not injurious, as the other matter in the wine neutralizes its effects. In purchasing good port, as in other liquors, a very great deal depends on the respectability of character of the merchant. The quality is understood to be injured previous to its shipment, in consequence of a monopoly long enjoyed by an association, called the Oporto Wine Company, under the auspices of the Portuguese government. The quantity of port shipped annually from Oporto to Britain, amounts to above 20,000 pipes, or above 2,300,000 imperial gallons, being about the same quantity that is used of sherry.

The wines of Italy and Greece are but little imported into England. They are, without a single exception, in all respects very inferior to those of France. The natives of Italy bestow no care upon the culture of the vine; and their ignorance, obstinacy, and want of skill in the preparation of wine, are said to be almost incredible. In some districts the art is, no doubt, better understood than in others; but had the Falernian, Cecuban, and other famous ancient wines, not been incomparably better than the best of those that are now produced, they never would have elicited the glowing panegyrics of Horace.

Madeira wines, the produce of the island of that name, have long been in extensive use in this country. There is a considerable difference in the flavour and other qualities of the wines of Madeira. The best are produced on the south side of the island. Though naturally strong, they receive an addition of brandy when racked from the vessel in which they have been fermented, and another portion is thrown in previously to their exportation. This is said to be required to sustain the wine in high temperature, to which it is subjected in its passage to and from India and China, to which large quantities of it are sent; it being found that it is mellowed, and its flavour materially improved, by the voyage. Madeira wines may be kept for a very long period. Indeed, they cannot be pronounced in condition until they have been kept ten years in the wood, and afterwards allowed to mellow nearly twice that time in bottle; and even then they will hardly have reached the utmost perfection of which they are susceptible. The Madeira wines unite great strength and richness of flavour with an exceedingly fragrant and diffusible aroma; they have latterly fallen into disrepute in England. The growth of the island is very limited, not exceeding 20,000 pipes, of which a considerable quantity goes to the West Indies and America. Hence, every sort of deception was practised with respect to it, and large quantities of spurious trash were disposed of for the genuine vintage of the island. This naturally brought the wine into discredit; so that sherry has for several years been the fashionable white wine. Malmsey, a very rich lucious species of the Madeira, is made from grapes grown on the rocky grounds exposed to the full influence of the sun's rays, and allowed to remain in the vine till they are over ripe

Teneriffe wine, the produce of the island of Teneriffe, is used to a moderate extent in England. It resembles Madeira, and is not unfrequently substituted in its place; but it wants the full body and rich flavour of the best growths of Madeira.

The wines of Germany imported into England are principally produced on the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle. The Rhine wines constitute a distinct order of themselves. They are drier than the French white wines, and are characterised by a delicate flavour and aroma, quite peculiar, and which would be reckoned *sourness* by the uninitiated. The vineyards of Johannisberg, Steinberg, and Grafenberg, yield the choicest vintage on the Rhine. The hock, or hocheimer, is a Mayn wine. In the Austrian states, the wines are almost all of an inferior quality, being sharp and often entirely acid. Tokay is a Hungarian wine, and is merely the juice which exudes from the half-dried grapes by the pressure of their own weight. It is lucious, and at the same time possessing a high degree of flavour and aroma.

Of the remaining wines imported into England, those of the Cape of Good Hope form the largest proportion; the quantity annually entered for home consumption being about 540,000 imperial gallons. The famous Constantia wine is the produce of two contiguous farms of that name, at the base of the Table Mountain, between eight and nine miles from Cape Town. Cape wines are all inferior in quality to those produced in Europe; some are indeed execrable, but being admitted at half the duty of other wines, they are largely imported as a menstruum for adulterating and degrading sherry, to which they bear

a resemblance. In cookery, Cape wines, from their cheapness, are also sometimes used instead of sherry.

The total amount of wines of every description used annually in the United Kingdom, is about 7,000,000 of imperial gallons, from which the government derives a duty of about L.1,500,000.

In former times the chief and most fashionable wine drunk in "Merry England" seems to have been Canary, a "stoup" of which cheering liquor mingles in all our descriptions of the "olden time." Canary wine, the produce of the Canary Islands, is now little heard of, being almost as obsolete as Sack. With regard to the last-mentioned wine, which has been immortalised by Shakspeare, little is satisfactorily known. It has been ascertained that the wines called Sacks were imported from Spain, and that the name is derived from *sec*, signifying dry. We are informed by Venner that "Sacke is completely hot in the third degree, and of thin parts, and therefore it doth vehemently and quickly heat the body." This description accords with the epithet "sprightly," usually bestowed on it by the old writers, some of whom extol it as "the elixir of wines." Falstaff complained that there was lime in his Sack, which has been thought to allude merely to the adulteration of Sack by the vintners, but, in fact, it throws much light on its genuine qualities, and proves it to be of the same nature as the wines still manufactured in Spain and other countries, from the ripest grapes, which receive a sprinkling of gypsum, or burnt lime, before they are pressed and introduced into the vat. Of Sacks there were different species, as Canary-sack, Palm-sack, and Malaga-sack, &c. Sacks of all kinds are now among the liquors which have been; and, alas, "we ne'er shall look upon their like again."

THE BLUFF MUTTONEER.

Tantus amor *ovis*, atque gloria!
VIRGIL.

Definition.—MUTTONEER is a term founded upon the word BUCCANEER, and is used to denote a man who is constantly going about seeking what he may devour in the way of good mutton; pursuing this end with all the pertinacity and eagerness with which a buccaneer follows the small craft which he makes his prey, and scarcely to be turned aside from his purpose by any ordinary obstruction.

You may talk of your dandies, your bloods, and fine fellows,
And of all the gay creatures of Princes' Street tell us;
But in my estimation there's none that can peer
With that jolly good fellow, the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

The Bluff Muttoneer! would you have him before ye,
In all his majestic proportions and glory?
Do you wish that the genuine man should appear?
Then look, and I'll show you the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

More sturdy than tall, to the fat just inclining;
A belly whose jet shows some good capon living;
A swell arriere, over which dangle clear
The gaucy coat-tails of the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

A visage as broad and as bright as the moon,
When she rises in autumn nine nights alike soon;
And like her when half-risen, half-hid, you would swear,
In the web round the neck of the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

A hat o'er this visage cocks somewhat ajee,
As it was in the year eighteen hundred and three;
A mouth for a jeer and an eye for a leer,
And a cane in the hand of the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

And then of the causeway he walks on the crown,
With a sough on the air, would knock any man down;
My faith, ye had better take care how ye steer,
When ye come near the track of the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

For every thing's big 'bout this wonderful blade,
His look is a stare, and his voice a cascade;
Ye had better shake hands wi' a Spitzbergen bear,
Or with a smith's vice, than a Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

Yet the Bluff Muttoneer has his softnesses too;
To the friends of his heart he's both kindly and true;
And good wether mutton he holds very dear,
And he's had his *attachments*—the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

On port, now, and mutton, are placed his affections,
And for meaner things he has few predilections;
That he still "likes the gi'ls," he sometimes will swear,
But it's all to no good with the Bluff Muttoneer,
Derry down, &c,

Should you ask him to dine, yet, forgetting his taste,
Give him only some kickshaws surrounded with paste;
Alas, my good friend, they'd be viewed with a sneer,
Being nought in the hands of a Bluff Muttoneer,
Derry down, &c.

In case such an error you e'er should commit,
I'll tell you what things will his appetite hit,
So that you may invite him without any fear
Of affronting—and starving the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

First have a good jigot—be sure it's a wether—
Five-year-old—Teviot fed—and a smack of the heather;
A glass of good sherry—a glass of good beer—
Then port, at the will of the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

See him planted at table with knife and with fork,
With what practised adroitness he gets through his work!
How he knows when the moment of gorging is near,
And fills to a hair-breadth—the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

With what constitutional horror he sees
Fellows keeping a corner for pancakes or cheese!
Such vile disregard of the principal cheer
Seems treason—or worse—to the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

After dinner he talks of some Jockey Club case,
Or what yesternight at the *Shakie** took place!
Or he sings them a song with his whistle so clear,
"If they'll join in the chorus"—the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

His songs are the songs of his own early day,
"Dear Tom, this brown jug," or, "In Trafalgar Bay,"
Such things as "Young Love," or the "Calm Bendemeer,"
Are all tol de rol loi with the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

When at nine the *young men* make a move from their chairs,
And say something 'bout joining the ladies up stairs,
He gives them a look that their livers might spear,
And "the more I won't come," thinks the Bluff Muttoneer.
Derry down, &c.

At length when the time has roll'd on to eleven,
He ends with a glee—"To Anacreon in Heaven;"
And beginning to feel rather muzzy and queer,
Home staggers in glory the Bluff Muttoneer!
Derry down, &c.

* A *house* which formerly existed under the name of Shakspeare's Tavern, near the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh—a great *house*

——"in the year eighteen hundred and three."

THE VENETIAN OLIGARCHY.

The senate of Venice, which made it a rule never to defend the republic but by foreign arms—never to enlist its citizens under its banners either as generals or soldiers—further observed that of governing with extreme rigour those foreign adventurers of whom its armies were composed, and of never believing in the virtue of men who trafficked in their own blood. The Venetians distrusted them: they supposed them ever disposed to treachery; and if they were unfortunate, though only from imprudence, they rendered them responsible. The condottieri were made fully to understand that they were not to lose the armies of the republic without answering for the event with their lives. The senate joined to this rigour the perfidy and mystery which characterise an aristocracy. Having decided on punishing Carmagnola for the late disasters, it began by deceiving him. He was loaded with marks of deference and confidence; he was invited to come to Venice in the month of April 1432, to fix with the signoria the plan of the ensuing campaign. The most distinguished senators went to meet him, and conduct him to the palace of the doge. Carmagnola, introduced into the senate, was placed in the chair of honour: he was pressed to speak, and his discourse applauded. The day began to close; lights were not yet called for, and the General could no longer distinguish the face of those who surrounded him; when suddenly the *Sbirri*, or soldiers of police, threw themselves on him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him to the prison of the palace. He was next day put to the torture, rendered still more painful by the wounds which he had received in the service of this ungrateful republic. Both the accusations made against him, and the answers he made to the questions, are buried in the profound secrecy with which the Venetian senate covered all its acts. On the 5th of May 1432, Francesco Carmagnola, twenty days after his arrest, was led out, his mouth gagged, to prevent any protestation of innocence, and placed between the two columns on the square of St Mark: he was there beheaded, amidst a trembling people, whom the senate of Venice was resolved to govern only by terror.—*Sismondi.*

BEAVERS.

Such is the sagacity of the beavers, that a tribe of American Indians consider them as a fallen race of human beings, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape, but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the power of speech, and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already well acquainted with the surprising sagacity of these wonderful animals, with their dexterity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fallen race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking. To see them anxiously cocking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and when its creaking announces its approaching fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip it of its branches; after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others, and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness; should, however, any fellow be incorrigible, and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. These outlaws are, therefore, obliged to pass a miserable winter, half-starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them "lazy beaver," and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and *prévoyance* secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the winter —*Ross Cox's Colombia.*

Gardening.—May.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Thin out the young fruit of apricots, leaving double the quantity intended for the crop. Disbud all sorts of fruit trees against walls, except figs, from forenight and side shoots, which are not required, and, where long enough, train the rest to the wall. Espalier trees must be looked over in the same manner. All curled and blistered leaves of peaches and nectarines should be picked off and burned, without suffering them to fall on the ground, and the trees washed over by the engine after the middle of the day, but not so late as to prevent the trees getting dry before sunset. If the trees are much infected with insects, and mildew appear, dust the young shoots and leaves with flour of sulphur. Strawberry buds should now be covered between the plants with short grass or straw, in order to keep the surface moist, and the fruit from being soiled by heavy rains. Thin grapes in the stove forcing house, or vinery.

KITCHEN-GARDEN.—Continue hot-beds for cucumbers and melons. Sow seeds of cucumbers under hand-glasses, and ridge out those which were sown last month, to come in for the first hand-glass crop. Sow Cape broccoli, garden and kidney beans, lettuces, peas, spinach, and turnips. Plant out love-apples against walls, poles, or banks; prick out celery, and thin out cardoons. Hoe out carrots, leeks, onions, parsnips, and turnips. Transplant cauliflowers from frames and hand-glasses, and plant out winter greens.—*Lindley's Guide.*

PARENTAGE OF ROBERT BRUCE.

This great man—the saviour of Scottish independence at a most dangerous crisis—was the son of Bruce, Lord of Annandale, by a lady who was Countess of Carrick in her own right. It appears that the first acquaintance of his parents and their subsequent marriage took place through fortuitous circumstances, so that his existence, and consequently the independence of his country, may be said to have depended upon mere accident. The particulars are thus related by Mr P. F. Tytler, in his late work entitled "Scottish Worthies," published as part of Murray's Family Library:—"It appears that a short time after his return from the crusade, Bruce was riding through the beautiful domains of Turnberry Castle, the property of the widowed Countess of Carrick, who, in consequence of the death of her husband, had become a ward of the crown. The noble baron, however, if we may believe an ancient historian, cannot be accused of having visited Turnberry with any view of throwing himself in the way of the Countess of Carrick; and, indeed, any such idea in those days of jealous wardship would have been highly dangerous. It happened, however, that the lady herself, whose ardent and impetuous temper was not much in love with the seclusion of a feudal castle, had come out to take the diversion of the chase, accompanied by her women, huntsmen, and falconers; and this gay cavalcade came suddenly upon Bruce, as he pursued his way through the forest alone and unarmed. The Knight would have spurred his horse forward, and avoided the encounter, but he found himself surrounded by the attendants; and the Countess herself riding up, and, with gentle violence, taking hold of the horse's reins, reproached him in so sweet a tone for his want of gallantry in flying from a lady's castle, that Bruce, enamoured of her beauty, forgot the risk which he run, and suffered himself to be led away in a kind of triumph to Turnberry. He here remained for fifteen days, and the adventure concluded, as might have been anticipated, by his privately marrying the youthful countess, without having obtained the concurrence of the king or any of her relations. Alexander III., however, although at first indignant at this bold interference with the rights of the crown, was a benevolent prince, and on the payment of a large feudal fine, extended his forgiveness to Bruce. The eldest son of this marriage of sudden and romantic love was Robert Bruce the younger, Earl of Carrick, and afterwards King of Scotland. The second was Edward Bruce, Lord of Galloway, who was crowned king of Ireland in 1316; and besides this regal issue, the Countess of Carrick, who appears to have proved a faithful and affectionate wife, bore her husband three more sons and seven daughters."

A REVOLUTION ANECDOTE.

Gilbert Elliot of Craigend, and afterwards of Minto and Headshaw, ancestor to the ennobled family of Minto, was a "writer" in Edinburgh towards the end of the seventeenth century. In that capacity, he was of such service to the Rev. William Veitch, a persecuted Presbyterian clergyman, as to save his life. The eclat which he acquired by this event brought him into favour and practice. He afterwards became an advocate, and, subsequent to the revolution, was raised to the bench under the designation of Lord Minto. When Lord Minto visited Dumfries, of which Mr Veitch was minister after the revolution, he always spent some time with his old friend; and their conversation often turned on the perils of their former life. On these occasions his Lordship was accustomed facetiously to say, "Ah! Willie, Willie, had it no been for me the pyets had been picking your pow on the Nether-Bow Port;" to which Veitch replied, "Ah! Gibbie, Gibbie, had it no been for me, ye would hae been yet writing papers for a plack the page."

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CULTIVATIONS.

ALL men are not agriculturists, horticulturists, or arboriculturists; but yet almost all men are *cultivators*. By this it is meant that men in general cultivate, or coax, or unduly appreciate and fondle, some particular feature of their persons, or else, perhaps, some integument connected with their persons, to such a degree as to be rather conspicuous, while to every thing else they only give the ordinary degree of attention. There are many features of human nature which remain to be detected and described; and this is one—*Cultivations*. So far as I am aware, no one ever thought of pointing it out to mankind; the subject of cultivation has hitherto remained totally *uncultivated*. So it shall be no longer.

Hair, as the only part of the person which actually grows like a vegetable, is naturally a large subject of cultivation. The Cavaliers long ago cultivated love-locks, which they kept hanging down in graceful fashion from their temples. These locks, or curls, are now changed for tufts or bunches of hair, which the young men cultivate at the same place, and are ever shaking up and tedding, exactly as if it were a crop of hay instead of hair. Mark a modern beau as he walks along the street, and you will observe at one glance that the principal part of the man—the heart—the sensorium—the cynosure—the point from which all the rest evolves—the root of the man, in short, is the tuft under the right rim of his hat. All the rest of him is a mere pendulum, vibrating from this axis. As he walks along, he hardly feels that any other part of him is in existence, besides that. But he feels his tuft most intensely. Thought, feeling, every thing, lies concentrated in that; head, body, and limbs, are all alike mere members devolved from it. If you were to cut off the side-bunch of a modern beau in his sleep, he would, for the time, be utterly ruined. It would be like the polypus, deprived of every thing but a single leg; and he would require several months of dormant existence—that is, retirement from the streets—to let the better part of him grow out again from the worse, which had remained behind. Let not the demure Puritan, however, think that the joke lies all against the gay cavalier or beau. There may be as much of the sin of cultivation in the stroked and glossy hair of the Roundhead or *plain man*, as in the love-locks and bunches of their antipodes in sentiment. I have seen some men, who affected to be very unaffected, cultivate a peak on the top and centre of their brows as sedulously, and with as much inward gratulation on account of it, as ever I saw a dandy cultivate a tuft, or train a side-curl. It must be understood that there are cultivations of a negative character, as well as of a positive, and he who is guiltless of cultivation in his heart is alone guiltless. Next to curls stand whiskers. What a field of cultivation have we there! The whisker is a bounty of nature, which man does not like to refuse taking advantage of. The thing presses upon him—it is *there;* and to put it altogether aside, except upon the demand of temporary fashion, is scarcely to be thought of. Some men, however, are more able to resist the demon of whiskers than others. There are some men so prone to the temptations of this fiend, that they enlarge and enlarge their field of cultivation, by small and imperceptible degrees, till at length the whole chin falls a prey, excepting, perhaps, a small bit about the mouth, just enough to preserve the cultivator within the pale of the Christian church. Sometimes the Whisker Fiend makes an insidious advance or sally up towards the corners of the mouth; and there—in those small creeks or promontories—does the sin of cultivation invariably flourish more proud and rampant than anywhere else. The whisker of the cheek is a broad, honest, candid, downright cultivation; but that down about the corners of the mouth is a sly and most impish one—a little pet sin, apt to beset its cultivator in a far less resistible fashion than any other; and it may, indeed, be said that he who has given himself fairly up to this crime is almost beyond redemption.

There are some men who cultivate white hands, with long fair nails. For nothing else do they care very particularly—all is well, if only their hands be neat. There is even a ridiculous notion that elegant hands are the most unequivocal test of what is called good birth. I can say, for my own part, that the finest hands I ever saw belonged to a woman who kept a butcher's shop in Musselburgh. So much for the nonsense about fine hands. Then there is a set of people who cultivate a ring on a particular finger—evidently regretting, from their manner of managing it, that the South Sea fashion of wearing such ornaments in the nose has not ever come into this country. Some men cultivate neat ebony canes with golden heads, which, they tell you, cost a guinea. Some cultivate a lisp. A few, who fall under the denomination of stout gentlemen, rejoice in a respectable swell of the haunch, with three wrinkles of the coat lying upon it in majestic repose. Some cultivate a neckcloth—some a shirt breast—some a jewelled pin, with a lesser pin at a little distance, which serves to it as a kind of anchor. There has also of late been a great fashion of cultivating chains about the waistcoat. Some only show about two inches of a gold or silver one between the buttons and the pocket; others, less modest, have themselves almost laced round and round with this kind of tracery. There is also to be detected, occasionally, a small patch of cultivation in the shape of a curious watch-key or seal, which depends from part of the chain, and is evidently a great pet. A not uncommon subject of cultivation is a gold watch.

In our time we have known some men whose taste for cultivation descended so low as the very foot: they took a pleasure in a particular jet of the trouser at the bottom, where it joined the shoe. Then there is a class who cultivate silk umbrellas. It is a prevalent idea among many men that a silk umbrella is an exceedingly *genteel* thing. They therefore have an article of this kind, which they are always carrying in a neat careful manner, so as to show that it is silk. They seem to feel as if they thought all right when they have their silk umbrella in their hand: it is a kind of patent of respectability. With a silk umbrella, they could meet the highest personages in the land and not be abashed. A silk umbrella is, indeed, a thing of such vast effect, that they would be content to go in humble guise in every other respect, provided they only had this saving clause to protect them. Nay, it is not too much to suppose them entertaining this belief—that five-and-twenty shillings put forth on a good silk umbrella produces as much value, in dignity, as five pounds spent upon good broad cloth. How some men do fondle and cultivate silk umbrellas!

There is a species of cultivators who may, in some cases, be very respectable, and entitled to our forbearance, but are, in others, worthy of a little ridicule. I mean the health-seekers; the men who go out at five in the morning to cultivate an appetite, and regularly chill every sharp-set evening party they attend, by sitting like Melancholy retired, ostentatiously insisting that they "never take supper." When a health-seeker takes a walk, he keeps his coat wide open, his vest half open—seems, in short, to woo the contact of the air—and evidently regrets very much that he cannot enjoy it in the manner of a bath. As he proceeds, he consumes air, as a steam-boat consumes coal; insomuch that, when he leaves the place, you would actually think the atmosphere has a fatigued and exhausted look, as if the whole oxygen had been absorbed to supply his individual necessities. Wherever this man goes, the wind rises behind him, by reason of the vacuum which he has produced. He puffs, pants, fights, strives, struggles for health. When he returns from his morning walk, he first looks in the glass, to congratulate himself on the bloom which he has been cultivating in his cheek, and thereafter sits down to solace the appetite which he finds he has nursed into a kind of fury. At any ordinary time, he could spring from his bed at nine o'clock, and devour four cups of tea, with bread, ham, eggs, and haddocks, beyond reckoning. But he thinks it necessary to walk four hours, for the purpose of enabling himself to take eight cups, and a still more unconscionable proportion of bread, ham, eggs, and haddocks. He may be compared, in some measure, to the fat oxen which are sometimes shewn about as wonders, though apparently there is nothing less wonderful, the obvious natural means being taken. These oxen, if left to themselves in a good park, would become very respectable oxen—a little *en-bon-point*, perhaps, but no more. But, being treated otherwise, they are rendered unnecessarily fat and unwieldy; and so it is with the appetite of the health cultivator

CULTIVATIONS, it will thus be observed, is a subject of vast extent, and of great importance, not only to the *landed* interest, but to all the other interests of the country. I should be glad to treat it at full length in a separate volume, for which, I doubt not, ample materials might be found. But I must content myself with giving it in the mean time only a kind of *topping*, as the farmers say; and perhaps I may return to it next *harvest*.

VICISSITUDES OF THE EARTH.

No study can be more universally interesting than that which leads us to an acquaintance with the changes our earth has undergone in past ages. If it be possible to ascertain the order of those changes, and the probable periods in which they were effected, it is clear that we may form a complete history of the planet we inhabit, for the entire period necessary to produce the appearances within reach of examination, as well as to infer, with something like certainty, the course of future revolutions. With respect to the origin of the materials composing the globe, science and observation can give us no information. But the vicissitudes to which they have been subjected, and the agents which have been most energetic in operating these vicissitudes, we can easily explore, with the certainty of acquiring information more and more accurate as we prosecute the investigation.

The science which employs itself in this task is called GEOLOGY, or the study of the structure of the earth. A system, which would account for the original birth and organization of the globe, is called *Cosmogony;* but no system of this nature can be more than a series of guesses strung together in some plausible order, or an hypothesis, since nature, though she offers us abundance of signs by which we may learn the changes to which she has been subjected, gives us no indication of a period when she began to exist, or of the mode in which the material universe was brought into being.

Now, the first idea which must strike any one who looks, even in the most superficial manner, on the natural objects by which he is surrounded, is, that every portion of the earth has undergone total, and, until they are accounted for, stupendous changes. If he dig a hole in a peat-moss, he finds huge trees rooted in spots where now there is only a shrubless morass; if he cut through the soil of a verdant meadow, he may find a bed of peat enclosing the trunks of trees; if he go still lower, he discovers a bed of clay, including the beds of fresh water fish; still lower, the shells of sea-fish will be intermingled; while below this last layer, or stratum, the shells of salt water shell fish, or, as a naturalist would call them, marine testacea, which have no river or fluviatile species mixed with them. Again, a mountain stream, the sudden melting of ice, or an unusual frost, detaches a fragment from the side of a hill; and behold, similar layers of buried trees, and shells, and bones, are suddenly exposed to view on the elevated mountain precipice! The native of the district collects some of these shells; he has never seen any like them before; no such fish inhabit the neighbouring lakes, or rivers, or ocean, and he preserves them in silent and ignorant amazement. At length a traveller arrives; to him the unknown curiosities are shown; and he redoubles the perplexity of the possessor by informing him that he has frequently collected similar shells inhabited by living fish on the shores of the Indian Ocean, or the banks of some distant river. Ten thousand conflicting ideas now crowd upon the collector's mind. Curiosity so startlingly awakened cannot slumber until some satisfaction has been given to its restless spirit. Did these very objects before me once inhabit those distant climes where their brethren now reside? Were they swept from their original seat by the resistless force of some mighty deluge, and left to perish in these ungenial climes? He looks at the hill-side, and the regular order in which he sees layer after layer deposited, checks this conjecture. Surely, had such been the cause of their transportation, masses would have been heaped upon each other in wild confusion. Can they then have once made this their home and dwelling place? Was this once an expanse of waters fitted for the reception and support of creatures which require the heat of a tropical sun? If so, how can the climate have undergone so miraculous a change? Has the sun changed his course? Such are his probable reflections, until he puts an end to his perplexities in one of those ways, according to the character of his mind. If his intellect be restless, impatient, and feeble, after revolving the matter once or twice, and "finding no end in wandering mazes lost," he discards it altogether from his thoughts as impracticable and useless; if he be a pert, conceited, reasoning thing, ever skipping from conclusion to conclusion, with a sneer for all who do not imitate his agility, he straightway forms an hypothesis, quits his single trace of facts, and flits away to some new topic. Should another traveller pay him a visit, and detail new facts inconsistent with his theory, he gives himself no trouble about that. Ignorance and self-conceit have a ready balm for such wounds, and he contents himself with thinking, if he does not absolutely remark, with the Frenchman, that it is "so much the worse for the facts." But if he has a patient, reflecting spirit, a true desire for knowledge, and a proper sense of the united extent of his information—if, in short, he is by nature and by habit a philosopher in the true sense of the word, he treasures up his acquired knowledge, and sets diligently to work to add to his store. He digs new holes, cuts the face of other hills, carefully observes the appearances offered to his view, and procures all the information in his power from those whose observations have been more extensive than his own, or carried on in another direction. Thus he may hope in time to acquire sufficient information to enable him to form some just idea of the causes of the various and apparently inconsistent appearances he has noticed. The first of these classes are evidently incapable of inquiring with effect into any subject. Numbers of the second, and a few of the third and rarest class, have occupied themselves in geology. Among those, incomparably the most distinguished is Professor Lyell, the Newton of the science, whose views I shall now proceed to explain in as simple and as clear a manner as I can. Indeed, it would be difficult to state Professor Lyell's views of the great law which governs the changes to which the structure of the earth is liable, otherwise than simply and clearly; for simplicity is the characteristic of all the great laws of nature; and when once elucidated, they appear to have been, from the first, a most obvious solution of the phenomena or appearances.

Like all other great philosophers, or men who have been remarkably successful in developing the laws of nature, Professor Lyell has constructed his simple hypothesis upon an almost boundless accumulation of facts. In the industry with which he has amassed information respecting the state of the globe, and the cautious use he has made of his materials, he has no superior except the great master of human knowledge, Aristotle, and the reviser of the true Aristotelian mode of philosophising, Lord Bacon.

Before proceeding to explain Lyell's system, it is necessary to point out some of the errors he has to combat. Hitherto geologists, when at a loss to account for the traces every where left on the face of the earth of gigantic change, have called in to their aid the unbridled violence of the elements. They have supposed the earth at some past eras to have been seized with convulsive paroxysms, which have dislocated all its parts, and shattered its very frame-work. That after these chaotic agitations, it has again settled down into a comparatively quiescent state. In one of these happy intervals we at present exist, warned only of the lurking energies which have wrought these tremendous results, and which may again probably annihilate, in one vast explosion, the present order of things, by the low growl of some insignificant volcano, the slight tremor of a local earthquake, or the ravages of a partial inundation. These philosophers wielded the powers of nature much in the same way as the præ-Newtonian astronomers did the frame-work of the heavens. As the latter lavished upon the celestial architecture, spheres, cycles, and epicycles, without end, "to save the phenomena," so have the former discharged the earthquake, the volcano, and the deluge, with remorseless fury over the fair face of creation. Were they at a loss to account for the elevation of a mountain ridge? Straightway the subterranean mines were charged, and an explosion which would shake creation to the centre shot the Andes up into the regions of air. Were they perplexed by the remains of marine animals on the summits of lofty mountains? Some sudden inversion of the planet hurled an ocean over the heights, and transported thither fragments and relics from the most opposite and distant regions. Such was the recent state of the science of geology. The entire theory of paroxysms and convulsions was as completely a tissue of inventions, supported by no analogy in nature to account for appearances, as the cycles and epicycles of the astronomers. However, Newton arose, and, by the announcement of the simple law of gravity, put an end for ever to the din of conflicting spheres, and the dizzy maze of centric and eccentric orbs. The simple fact announced by Professor Lyell, as the result of extensive observation and calculation, which is to dispense with these periodical returns of agitation, is, that the operations of nature, as seen around us from day to day, are fully adequate to the production of every change which we can ascertain to have taken place in the structure of the globe. He tells us that we may daily see processes going on, which, though insignificant to our limited and brief opportunities of observation, are yet sufficient, by their ceaseless operation, to level the loftiest mountains, fill the profoundest depths, dissipate existing continents, and elevate into their place the "oose and sunken bottom" of the present ocean.

To do justice to his theory, we must consider it under two divisions—the agencies by which these changes are to be effected, and the most probable popular objections to which it may be liable. These agencies are divided into two principal classes—inorganic and organic; that is to say, agents not endowed with life, and those endowed with life, or vegetables and animals. The inorganic causes of change are again subdivided into aqueous and igneous. The aqueous are streams, springs, tides, and currents. The igneous are the earthquake and volcano. These causes, incessant in their operation, are sufficient, according to Lyell,* to produce every change which can be traced in the structure of the earth, and in the distribution of sea and land. To establish this theory, he has collected an astonishing multitude of facts, comprehending almost all the remarkable earthquakes, eruptions, landslips, and floods, recorded in the annals of time. He shows us how the rivers are incessantly wearing down the hills from which they spring, and the soil through which they flow, and conveying the materials to the ocean; how tides are continually filling up arms of the sea, and conflicting currents excavating the floor of the ocean in one place, and heaping up huge accumulations in others. He tells us how earthquakes have occasioned the sudden subsidence or sinking of land in some quarters, and volcanoes have raised new mountains and islands in others. These changes have actually been effected during the very brief period of which we have any records. Now, then, if the same causes continue to operate through an indefinite series of ages, they are obviously sufficient to produce a revolution in the aspect of the globe, and, in the lapse of time, to restore it again to its present condition. Thus we can ascertain, that, within the last two thousand years, the upper part of the Adriatic has received accessions of land of many miles in extent from the deposits left in it by the Po, the Adige, and other rivers descending from the Alps. How can we, therefore, avoid the conclusion, that, in process of time, that gulf must become an alluvial valley, bounded by the Appenines on the west, and its present mountainous shores on the east, and irrigated by the lengthened Po wandering through the centre? Having once pictured such a result in our imagination, as the certain consequence of causes now in operation, we have only to turn our eyes to the great valleys through which many existing rivers flow, to recognise at once the process of their formation.

A recent intelligent traveller in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland describes to us his astonishment and delight in discovering the seas on the west coast filled with living creatures, all of which were engaged in the process of forming land. He perceived that the sea, from Shetland to the Mull of Cantyre, was filled with animals like glittering sand, each of which, on inspection, was found to consist of a minute spiral, resembling the worm of a ramrod, but not the hundredth of an inch in diameter. So numerous were these, that the water seemed muddy with their presence; and he calculates, that if all the hairs on the heads of the men, women, and children, born since the beginning of the world, were enumerated, and all their separate hairs were lives, these would not amount to one generation of this spiral people, born on Monday morning to die on Wednesday night, and so on for ever and ever. Such an infinity of number is absolutely appalling. But even this is nothing, when it is found that the intervals between these are filled by fifty different kinds of creatures, each of them fifty times smaller, and all engaged in the same endless occupation. The invisible, insensible toils of these ephemeral points, conspiring with others in one great design, working unseen, unheard for ever, guided by one volition, by that One Volition which cannot err, converts the liquid water into the solid rock; their bodies die, sink, and concrete; the bottom of the ocean, and the shores of islands, are gradually elevated by the morbid deposit; the deep ocean is at length converted by them into dry land, and extends the dominion of man, who sees it not, and knows it not, over regions which even his ships had scarcely traversed. Thus the Great Pacific, by other means than that of the alluvium of inflowing rivers, is destined, at some future day, to be a new continent.

Facts like these are enough, in my estimation, to indicate the principle of Professor Lyell's theory—a principle which was in fact recognised by some of the ancient philosophers. Indeed it is not to natural objects alone that the great principle of revolution, of decay, and reproduction, is applicable. Every succeeding addition to our knowledge appears to bring us back more and more directly to the views of the leading ancient philosophers, as though science, as well as the material world, had its periods of use, decay, and restoration. Every successive discovery of modern times appears to point more plainly to the principles of the ancients, as though all that we know had been known before, all that we discover discovered before, and the results only to have survived. The process by which the early philosophers arrived at those results has perished; hence doubt and contempt have been thrown upon them by conceited ignorance, until philosophy, after re-exploring the arcana of nature, appears to be finding her way once more to her original resting places. So true is it that there is nothing new under the sun.

In a limited sketch like this it is impossible to do more than indicate the line of argument followed in Professor Lyell's work. For the ample details of facts calculated to establish its truth, I must refer to the work itself.

Let us, however, consider one or two of the objections most likely to occur to plain people when the theory is first explained to them. Many persons are very ready to follow reasoning to a certain extent, who, when a more startling result is presented to them, find it impossible to assent, although it may be quite as fair a deduction as the former. For example, a man may say, "I can easily believe you, when you tell me that a peat-moss was once a forest, and that it was so less than two thousand years ago, when, in addition to the undeniable remains of trees, many of them still rooted in the ground, which I observe, I find beneath it the traces of a Roman road, and hear that the historians of that people mention the spot as a wood; but when I see a bed of coal of prodigious thickness extending quite across the bed of the Forth, at a considerable depth, and you call on me to believe that that too was once vegetable matter, I am staggered, I cannot go along with you." The only way to meet such persons is to show them some equal, or greater, wonder going on before their eyes in a manner which they cannot deny. Detail to him then what is now going on at the mouth of the Mississippi, and his incredulity must give way. In addition to the incalculable quantity of loose drift timber annually carried down and embedded in the Gulf of Mexico by that enormous stream, there is a single raft formed of torn-up trees, ten miles long, two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep, the whole of which has been accumulated, in consequence of some accidental obstruction, in *thirty-eight* years. How insignificant, then, must this mass of timber, enormous as it is, be, when compared to what must have accumulated in the course of centuries at the mouth of the river! When the progress daily making by the river in shallowing the gulf is ascertained, it requires no distant *geological* view to look forward to a time when that expanse of water will be converted into a vast alluvial plain, through the centre of which the mighty stream will roll its extended course towards "the bated and retiring waters" of the Atlantic. Our objector will now at once perceive, that, whenever such a time shall come, there must be found beneath the bed of the river strata of vegetable origin, more extensive than imagination can conceive.

There may be no analogy between the actual cases, but the one is not more wonderful than the other; and on the other hand, they might have been similar. A single fact may sometimes occur so intelligible and undeniable, as to have greater weight with many mind than the most ample evidence collected from quarters less accessible and obvious. Thus, the tree lately found in Craigleith quarry, near Edinburgh, was enough to make a Lyellist of the most obstinate of misbelievers. There it was—no child could see it and doubt that it was a tree—the bark, the bend in the trunk, the spots whence branches had been rent, were all too plain to admit of a moment's mistake. Moreover, it lay embedded fifty or sixty feet in solid rock

* Principles of Geology. By Charles Lyell Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo.

"How did it get there?" was the question. Plainly, the rock could not have been rock when the tree got into its bosom. What alterations of flood, earthquake, and volcano might have been brought into play for the purpose of inserting the hapless monarch of the antediluvian forest in the spot where it unquestionably was found, it is impossible to say. Fortunately, Captain Basil Hall had not long before published a volume of travels, in which occurred the following passage:—

"Some years ago," observes the Captain, "when the Mississippi was regularly surveyed, all its islands were numbered, from the confluence of the Missouri to the sea; but every season makes such revolutions, not only in the number but in the magnitude and situation of these islands, that this enumeration is now almost obsolete. Sometimes large islands are entirely melted away—at other places they have attached themselves to the main shore, or, which is the more correct statement, the interval has been filled up by myriads of logs, cemented together by mud and rubbish. When the Mississippi and many of its great tributaries overflow their banks, the waters, being no longer borne down by the main current, and becoming impeded amongst the trees and bushes, deposit the sediment of mud and sand with which they are abundantly charged. Islands arrest the progress of the floating trees, and they become in this manner reunited to the land; the rafts of trees, together with mud, constituting at length a solid mass. The coarser portion subsides first, and the most copious deposition is found near the banks where the soil is most sandy. Finer particles are found at the farthest distances from the river, where an impalpable mixture is deposited, forming a stiff unctuous black soil. Hence the alluvions of these rivers are highest directly on the banks, and slop back like a natural 'glacis' towards the rocky clifs bounding the great valley. The Mississippi, therefore, by the continual shifting of its course, sweeps away, during a great portion of the year, considerable tracts of alluvium which were gradually accumulated by the overflow of former years, and the matter now left during the spring-floods will be at some future time removed. One of the most interesting features in this basin is 'the raft.' The dimensions of this mass of timber were given by Darby, in 1816, as ten miles in length, about two hundred and twenty yards wide, and eight feet deep, the whole of which had accumulated, in consequence of some obstruction, during about thirty-eight years, in an arm of the Mississippi called the Atchafalaya, which is supposed to have been at some past time a channel of the Red River, before it intermingled its waters with the main stream. This arm is in a direct line with the direction of the Mississippi, and it catches a large portion of the drift wood annually brought down. The mass of timber in the raft is continually increasing, and the whole rises and falls with the water. Although floating, it is covered with green bushes, like a tract of solid land, and its surface is enlivened in the autumn by a variety of beautiful flowers. Notwithstanding the astonishing number of cubic feet of timber collected here in so short a time, greater deposits have been in progress at the extremity of the Delta in the Bay of Mexico."

This settled the matter at once; nothing could be plainer; the rock was sand when the tree was swept down and embedded; its very position is described as exactly as though the Captain had had his eye upon it when writing. This rock, then, was once sand; and a river capable of sweeping down trees of such dimensions as this, held its way over the spot where I am standing. This is certainly evidence of gigantic change, of revolution, which it makes one giddy to contemplate; yet, after all, the very same process is going on at this very moment on the other side of the Atlantic. I may there see actually in progress operations, to the results of which this apparent wonder before me is the fac-simile. With many minds incapable of doing justice to cumulative evidence, one fact so obvious as this would be decisive.

There is another class of objectors, whose doubts I am peculiarly anxious to remove, because, although their hesitation arises purely from ignorance, yet their motives and feelings are entitled to respect. Persons of imperfect education, unaccustomed to the contemplation of philosophical subjects, too often derive their only notion of the formation of our earth from the account given in the first chapter of Genesis. As that account is very brief and general, it is totally impossible that such persons should acquire any but the most confused and imperfect ideas. Studied, indeed, by the light of philosophy, illuminated by knowledge drawn from that ampler revelation of his works, which the Divine Being has vouchsafed to all his creatures in the great volume of nature, its unexplained announcements are felt to be invested with the unalienable sublimity which belongs to the simple enunciation of mighty truths. The revealed Word of God, as contained in the Holy Scriptures, is one only of the manifestations which he has been pleased to make of himself. Its extent has hitherto been limited; its object is clearly defined, to inform man respecting his relation to his Maker, to unfold to him his immortal destiny, and to instruct him how he may become fit for future happiness. It is in no way intended to supply us with information upon natural philosophy. The great volume of nature is spread before us, on which we may see the history of the works of God traced in characters admitting neither of obliteration nor mistake. The incidental notices, therefore, of such topics, occurring in the written Word of God, must be explained and understood by a reference to the more explicit revelation granted for that purpose. The immeasurable spaces of time required by the geologist, especially under the system we are considering, to produce results which can be undeniably shown to have taken place, will appear to any who understand the usual account, in a certain sense inconsistent with its details. Though this error may, in the present day, be confined to very ill educated, or childish persons, yet there was a time when it was dangerous for a philosopher to give an opinion on any natural phenomena inconsistent with the ordinary expression of sentiment. Galileo was consigned to a dungeon for asserting that the earth revolved round the sun, whereas it was argued that the sun came forth from the east, and ran his course to the west. Buffon was compelled, by the doctors of the Sarbonne, to recant his theory of the formation of the earth, because it was thought contradictory to the narrative of Moses; and in our country many philosophers, little more than a century ago, were exposed to obloquy, if not persecution, from the same propensity to adduce the authority of Scripture on topics foreign to its purposes.

Let none then fear that his religious belief can be endangered by the rational and unfettered study of nature. It is our duty to study God, in his works and in his Word, and to seek in each that peculiar instruction which they are generally intended to afford. Their lessons, if read aright, will infallibly be found to reflect mutual lustre; distinct, but not discordant; differing, indeed, in dignity, but each bearing the visible impress of the same divine origin.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

No mistake could perhaps be greater than to suppose that we only can take an interest in the sorrows of very lofty and distinguished characters. Yet, upon the strength of this supposition, how exclusively, for many ages, have poets confined their efforts to the tragedies of high historic life! How inseparable is the idea of *dignity* with that of the Tragic Muse! No liberal person will deny that the majestic sorrows of even the remotest historical personages have a power over our sympathies; while the very remoteness of their period of existence, and their removal above the general sphere of life, give a scope for romantic sentiment and elevated poetical diction, which would in vain be sought for in the humble tales of the modern domestic world. I would contend, however, that there sometimes occur, in even "the short and simple annals of the poor," situations of more touching distress, more calculated to make the heart gush up to the mouth in a resistless tide of sympathy, than are to be found in almost the whole circle of tragic composition.

Some years ago there appeared in one of the Edinburgh newspapers an unpretending paragraph, respecting the death of a white mouse in the possession of a poor Italian boy. The incident occurred in George Square, in the south side of the town, upon a very cold day, immediately following a deep fall of snow. The boy was described as quite confounded with grief at the decease of the little animal, which had hitherto been the sole means of procuring his subsistence. A white mouse is perhaps but a poor wonder, and, intrinsically or otherwise, of very little value. But, trifling as it was, it was the poor boy's all. He had ventured from his Italian home, thus far into a less clement latitude, upon the strength of this little creature's life; it was his whole stock in trade; and now that he wanted *it*, he was reduced to utter poverty and desolation, and no hope remained for the future. The boy had sat down upon an outer stair, reckless of the cold, and the still-descending snow. He had taken the expiring creature from its unsheltered cage, and endeavoured to restore its declining strength by fondling it in his bosom. But it died in spite of all his efforts. Still unwilling to believe in the hardness of his fate, he hurried it back again into his bosom. When, at length, he could no longer doubt of the reality of death, he laid the animal upon his knee, and fixed upon it an eye, which, though filled with only one undropping tear, seemed to predicate a whole history of future sorrow. Now, this story, though not here related with the simple force of the original, is in itself superior to one-half of existing tragedies.

An incident somewhat akin took place still more recently. There is a poor old soldier who made a livelihood in Edinburgh by going about with a nondescript machine, which he employed in grinding knives and razors. The cry of this man, though probably intended to be nothing unusual, was given in such a broken-down voice as to be almost unintelligible. His wheel was employed both in moving the machine along, and in turning the stones upon which he professed to sharpen his knives. The whole was a perfect ruin, patched in all places—here with iron clasps, there with ropes, and even in some places with old rags. It would appear that a system of careful repairing will serve in such a case for a certain time; but it will not serve for ever. The machine got at length so clogged with its bandages, that, when attempted to be turned, it sometimes stood still altogether. One day, in George Street, while employed upon a boy's pen-knife, the fatal crisis arrived. The old man desperately plied the thing upon which his foot rested; but it would not do. He tried to put it to rights, when suddenly the whole engine fell to pieces, and presented only the appearance of a heap of old decayed wood, mingled with ropes and rags. Over this heap the veteran stood like a ruder Niobe. He for the first time found himself in perfect despair. His eye did not see alone that wretched pile of rubbish. It penetrated far beyond, and contemplated a home unprovided with the usual humble necessaries, a wife in despair, and children who would cry for bread, and he have none to give them. For a moment there was to be seen upon that lordly street as expressive a picture of real woe as poet or painter could have conceived. Fortunately it was but for a moment. Opposite to the scene of distress lived Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, who, happening to be at the window at the time, observed the deplorable accident, and immediately came forth to the street. Sir William had himself been a soldier, and could sympathise with the sorrows of a brother in arms, however far beneath him in rank. He therefore immediately consoled the man by giving an order for a new machine. Thus, for the sum, I believe, of fifteen shillings, did a man of rank purchase one of the most delightful and ennobling sensations which can warm a mortal bosom—the consciousness of having rescued a fellow-creature from undeserved misery. The last pillow of such a man cannot fail to be smooth.

Another tale of simple distress has been thus related by a country correspondent:—Jean Scott, a poor woman about seventy, lives in the neighbourhood of Hawick. She was the daughter of a small farmer, with whom she lived till her fiftieth year, as a servant. Being then left by him without any provision, she sunk into the condition of a field worker, at some such pittance as sixpence or eightpence a-day. At the age of fifty-seven, even this wretched source of subsistence failed her. She was seized with an universal rheumatism, which nearly deprived her of the use of her limbs. She was then compelled, much against her will, to accept of parochial relief, if relief it can be called, which in almost all cases in Scotland is only a weekly alms, a mere mockery of the wants of a human being. Jean lived in a small cottage in a secluded spot, and, though held in universal esteem on account of her humble goodness and piety, and in compassion for her unhappy fate, she was seldom visited. Almost the only company she could be said to enjoy was that of her cat, a large sensible-looking animal, which she had kept since it was a kitten. When the parish officers were first applied to on Jean's account, they represented that it was not proper for a pauper to support such an animal, as either it must take the bite from her own mouth, or from that of some other poor person. Jean was informed of this; but, humbled as she was, she would not hear of parting with her faithful Gibbie. "John Garlies," she said, "had little ado when he took notice she kept a cat. The puir beast had been maistly her only friend for mony a lang day; and if he were to leave her, what other friend or companion would she hae? In reality," she added, "Gibbie needs nae parish support; he's sic a grand hunter that he can support himsel'; or, at maist, never expects ony thing but his wee drap milk, that's neither here nor there. Part wi' Gibbie! na, ye may tell John Garlies that, rather than do that, I wad want his fourteen-pence a-week a'thegither." Jean carried the day by her energy. The relief was granted without any farther notice of the cat. At length, one severe winter, the friend who was in the habit of bringing her little weekly sum was prevented from doing so by the impossibility of making way through the snow to her secluded and remote abode. All the meal she had in the house was in time exhausted, and, as she had not many peats remaining, she thought it best to take refuge in her bed. There she lay down, with hardly any hope of being rescued from the most painful of all deaths. For a day and a night she lay thus without food. At length, on the second morning, what was her delight on seeing Gibbie come in with a hare in his mouth, which he laid down by her bed-side! It was an animal which some poacher had wounded, and which, in its subsequent distress, had fallen an easy prey to her favourite. Jean, after devoutly blessing her Maker for this supply, rose, and repairing to the burn for water to dress her meal, was now able to prepare a meal even much superior to her usual fare. She remarked to the person who first came to her in her loneliness, that it was evident that He who fed his favourite children with manna and with quails, was still able to provide food in the wilderness for the poorest of his servants. No meal, she said, was ever so delicious in her mouth, not only from the "savour" of the flesh, but from the taste of God's mercy and goodness which she enjoyed along with it.

As a conclusion to these little traits of the poor, I present the following verbatim as I have received it, from the pen of a lady:—

"As I was hurriedly crossing one of the streets of the New Town about a year ago, I was arrested by hearing a *sigh*, and, looking aside, I perceived an old man, who slightly touched his hat, when I paused a moment to look at him, as I was conscious the sigh had proceeded from him. I asked him if he was in distress. He spoke not, but took his hat from his head, and, with a piteous, heart-rending look, held it out to me. To my great distress, I happened not to have a farthing in my pocket that day, but I assured him that I would be owing him a penny, which I should pay the next time we should meet. I had frequently seen him before, but, from the circumstance of his never having stopt to ask alms, or attracting my attention in any other way, he had passed unheeded. About a week after this time I met him again. My heart smote me—I had no money in my pocket—I paused, and told him so—he burst into tears. I felt touched with pity, and inquired with earnestness into the cause of his distress. He shook his head mournfully, and replied, that his story was long; that I would not stay to hear the sum of his grief; that the rich were callous to the miseries of the poor—*he* had found it so. I said, he wronged me; that I had really intended to relieve him, but by an unfortunate chance, had no money both times. The old man saw I was serious, and immediately taking off his threadbare ragged hat, which exposed a snow-white head, told me that he was the son of gentleman, whom he had scarcely ever seen since his childhood; that he had never known his mother He had been sent at the age of seven years to a seminary about twenty miles from Edinburgh, and had there received a liberal education. At the age of sixteen he was taken from school, and sent to the University of St Andrews. Thus, he was a gentleman and a scholar. He had always received remittances through an agent of his father, but now the agent sent for him to his house, and told him that his father had been nearly ten years in India; but as he was in ill-health, it was his wish to return to his native country for three years, and go out again; but previous to setting off, he intended to see his son fairly settled there, and begged that his departure might not be delayed. Every preparation was therefore speedily made, and he set out for India, where he arrived after a

tedious voyage of nine months. His hopes were high, but he met his father with uncertainty; he was yet a stranger to him; there was a mystery about his birth that he was never able exactly to comprehend, and into which he was almost afraid to inquire. His father received him kindly. He had a small property in India, besides a commission under the Company. He meant his son to take the management of his property in his absence, and told him that when he was in England, he would take measures to secure it to him as his successor. He then told him that he was a natural child, and an only one; his mother had died shortly after his birth. More he did not say, and more the son could not ask. It was enough. He felt the sting severely, but it would have been still more severe had he not already more than half feared the reality. After some months spent in daily occupations on the grounds, his father left him for England; but, alas! he was destined never more to see his native land—he died on his passage home. As soon as his death was reported to his friends, a nephew came forward as heir to his monies and estate. He went out to look after it himself. The poor unhappy son was despised and neglected; he had not a place whereon to lay his head. Thus do the errors of the guilty often bring punishment upon the innocent. After spending forty years in India, tossed up and down, enduring many hardships, and perils, and ill-health, he gathered as much together as enabled him to return to Scotland, where he had been wandering up and down without a friend to help him, or a relation that he knew of in the world, seeking what he could find, and occasionally making a little money by writing a few short sketches of his travels, and selling them to a country newspaper or magazine. From one thing to another he at last became a poor unhouselled wretch; and when I saw him, he had almost overcome, from mere want and destitution, all feelings of shame, and was just verging upon the condition of a common beggar. We know not half the hardships the poor go through, nor can we know, unless we make inquiry. I gave the old man my card, and begged him to come to my house, and receive some relief. He came, and regularly returned once a-week, according to my desire, for two months. After that I heard nothing more of him for a long time, and I began to fear that he might be among the number of those unfortunate individuals who had lately lost their lives by the pestilence. My curiosity was strongly excited by reading in the newspapers, among other cases reported, that of an old man who died after twelve hours' illness. It was supposed he had caught the infection from going to a house where there had been three deaths the night before. I was strongly tempted to inquire into the case, and accordingly made every inquiry both from the medical man of the district, and others concerned. I was right; it was the same old man, with the silver hair and dejected countenance; and I was told that when he was first aware that he was taking cholera, and they were preparing to convey him to an hospital, he made a singular confession. He had heard, he said, that persons who were suspected of having been at the houses of any who had died of cholera, were immediately taken up by the Police, and carried off to a quarantine hospital, where there was every comfort and accommodation; good meat and drink, warm fire and bed—in short, a paradise to what he had been accustomed to. This idea taking possession of his mind, he had at first wilfully visited an infected house, and then gone and surrendered himself to the Police. Alas! in seeking for a temporary haven of rest, he had rushed upon destruction. Ere he had been four-and-twenty hours in the hospital, the symptoms of the disease appeared upon his emaciated frame, and, being immediately removed to the sick hospital, he died after twelve hours of intense suffering."

OUR EAST INDIA POSSESSIONS.

The colonies immediately dependent on Great Britain, and which are treated as provinces of the empire, however distant they may be, are all inferior in point of value and capabilities to the extensive territory of Hindostan, or the East Indies, as the place has been called. This region, which has fallen under the authority, and almost the proprietary, of a body of English merchants, in a manner immediately to be described, is situated at the southern extremity of Asia, and is principally peninsular in its form. On its northern or inland quarter it is bounded by the Himalaya Mountains, a lofty and extensive range, separating it from the Tartarian deserts. On the south it is everywhere washed by the ocean, and at its outer extremity lies the island of Ceylon. The extreme length of Hindostan has been computed to exceed 1900 miles; its extreme breadth has been taken at 1500; yet such is the irregularity of its form, that the total artificial area cannot be estimated at more than 1,280,000 English square miles. This district is marked out, as it were, by nature, into three grand divisions. The first and greatest of these, called Hindostan Proper, embraces all the provinces north of the Nerbuddah, from the river Indus in the east, to the borders of Chittagong. The second, called the Deccan, includes all within the Nerbuddah and the Kistna. The third, or India south of the Kistna, takes in the remainder of the country. The outermost, or narrowest portion of the peninsula, comprehends the districts called the Mysore and Carnatic.

Every geological feature of India is on a great scale. There are vast sandy deserts, many extensive morasses or jungles, and ranges of Ghauts or mountains of enormous proportions. There are thirteen rivers in the country of the first magnitude; the greatest of these waters being the Ganges. The seasons are periodical in India, and every degree of temperature is to be found, from burning heat to perpetual frosts; but with the exception of an alpine tract among the northern mountains, the climate is strictly tropical; it promotes the growth of all congenial fruits, plants, and vegetables, in the most luxuriant profusion, but is generally injurious to the health of Europeans. The country is easily affected with pestilences from its hot jungles, and these carry off great numbers of the natives, who, according to one of their own writers, would soon increase to too great a number, but for the occasional destruction of life which thus takes place.

Hindostan has been, from a very remote period of history, in the possession of a race of men as singular in their moral and political habits as they are strongly marked by the peculiarity of their physical formation. Though belonging to a variety of petty principalities, the inhabitants, or Hindoos, bore a resemblance to each other; they were scrupulously divided into sects or castes, were simple but munificent in their mode of living, and were Pagans in their worship. Hindostan was overrun by hordes of Mahomedan invaders in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and these being generally successful in gaining the mastery, quite a new and severe authority was established over India. This interesting country is found to have reached a high degree of refinement, and been engaged in commercial pursuits long before it was visited by Europeans for purposes of civilization. The Greeks and Romans procured from India, ivory, spices, precious stones, silks, and cotton piece goods, in exchange for woollen cloths of a light texture, linen in chequered work, glass, and other articles. It is ascertained that the Hindoos, at an early period, were so far masters of astronomy as to be able to calculate eclipses accurately, and upon sound principles, while numeration by decimals seems to have been indigenous to their country.

While the sovereignty of Hindostan passed from one foreigner to another, or became divided among a multitude of lesser usurpers, the productions of the country, both natural and manufactured, continued to be held in high estimation by nations in the west. The luxuries or manufactured goods of India were nevertheless introduced into Europe by a tedious and expensive route. They were conveyed by land by a march of eighty or a hundred days to the banks of the Oxus, on which they were embarked in vessels which bore them to the Caspian Sea, across which they passed, not without risk, and then ascending the river Cyrus, as far as it was navigable, they were transported over land by a five days' carriage to the Phasis. From the Phasis again they passed to the Black Sea, into which the Phasis falls, while from the Black Sea itself they were conveyed by an easy and well known course to Constantinople. The hazards attending the conveyance of goods were necessarily very great, for in their journey across the vast plain extending from Samarcand to the frontier of China, caravans were exposed to the assaults and depredations of the Tartars, the Huns, the Turks, and other roving tribes which infest the north-east of Asia. Yet the trade with the east was carried on, despite of all these disadvantages, with singular perseverance and ardour. Constantinople became in consequence a great mart of Indian productions.

The Venetians at length interfered in this lucrative traffic, and had the address to secure the most of its advantages. The envy of the other nations of Europe became excited; a thousand schemes were devised with a view of gaining a share in a commerce so profitable, which in the end were successful on the part of the Portuguese. Vasco de Gama, a man of rare talents and courage, succeeded in doubling the Cape of Good Hope on the 20th of November 1497, and pushing boldly across the Indian seas, arrived at Calicut, on the coast of Malabar, on the western side of the peninsula, on the 22d of May 1498.

The discovery of a road by sea to Hindostan produced an extensive traffic with Portugal for the period of a century, but led, as might have been expected, to the ultimate subjugation of the Indian powers by the Europeans. The English having fallen into the opinion that none but the Portuguese had a right to use the route by the Cape of Good Hope, they did not disturb their commerce; the spirit of the nation, however, was not dormant; it was attempted to discover new roads to India, and the adventurous voyages of Drake and Cavendish (1580-6) to Hindostan, by the Straits of Magellan, or the southernmost point of South America, in some measure laid the regions of the East open to British enterprise. In the meanwhile the Portuguese, though they added several valuable stations, particularly Bombay, to their Indian empire, were not left without a rival in the trade to the East, independent of the British. The Dutch penetrated the forbidden channel, and appeared, to the dismay of the Portuguese, among the Moluccas. Here the sagacious Hollanders were not slow in supplanting their rivals in the spice trade, whilst they were very little scrupulous in the application of force, as soon as they saw ground to expect that it might be applied advantageously. After a brief but sharp struggle the Portuguese were wholly expelled from the Moluccas; establishments were next formed in Java and Sumatra; and rapid strides were made towards the erection of a new monopoly, which threatened to engross all the most valuable commerce of these regions. Nor were the Dutch less careful in providing means for the protection of the trade, than industrious in securing the trade itself. They erected forts at convenient stations, which they filled with soldiers, while their armed fleets swept the bays and channels both of the Chinese and Pacific Oceans, with a force which even England would have found it a hard matter, at that time, adequately to oppose. It was no sooner known in London that the Dutch had penetrated beyond the Cape of Good Hope, than the English merchants determined, at all hazards, to keep pace with their rivals.

Now commences the history of the British power in India. In the year 1599, an association of merchants, consisting of a governor and twenty-four directors, was formed, and incorporated by a charter, dated 31st December 1600. The corporation was entitled "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." They were empowered to make bye-laws; to inflict punishments, either corporal or pecuniary, provided such punishments were in accordance with the laws of England; to export all sorts of goods free of duty for four years; and to export foreign coin, or bullion, to the amount of L.30,000 a-year, L.6000 of the same being previously coined at the Mint; but they were obliged to return, six months after the completion of every voyage, except the first, the same quantity of silver, gold, and foreign coin that they had exported. The duration of the charter was limited to fifteen years, but with and under the condition that, if it were not found for the public advantage, it might be cancelled at any time, upon two years' notice being given. Such was the origin of the East India Company, the most celebrated commercial association either of ancient or modern times, and which has now extended its sway over the whole Mogul empire.

The first adventure of the Company was exceedingly fortunate. On the 13th of February 1601, five ships, loaded with bullion, iron, broadcloths, glass, cutlery, and other goods, set sail from England, and landed at Sumatra, in July 1602. Commercial treaties were entered into with some of the native powers; a valuable cargo of pepper and other produce was taken on board, and the vessels returned home, falling in with and capturing on the way a richly laden Portuguese vessel. The expeditions which immediately followed were not so profitable. But in 1612, Captain Best obtained from the court of Delhi, at that time one of the chief Indian powers, several considerable privileges, and amongst others, that of establishing a factory at Surat, which city was henceforth looked upon as the principal British station in the west of India, till the acquisition of Bombay.

It is curious to trace the steps now pursued to secure the sovereignty of this extensive and fair territory. In establishing factories in India, the English (says M'Culloch, whose excellent condensed account of the East India Company I now quote from) only followed the example of the Portuguese and Dutch. It was contended that they were necessary to serve as depots for the goods collected in the country for exportation to Europe, as well as for those imported into India, in the event of their not meeting with a ready market on the arrival of the ships. Whatever weight may be attached to this statement, it is obvious that factories formed for such purposes could hardly fail of speedily degenerating into a species of forts. The security of the valuable property deposited in them furnished a specious pretext for putting them in a condition to withstand an attack, while the agents, clerks, warehousemen, &c. formed a sort of garrison. Possessing such strongholds, the Europeans were early emboldened to act in a manner quite inconsistent with their character as merchants; and but a very short time elapsed before they began to form schemes for monopolising the commerce of particular districts, and acquiring territorial dominion. A detail of the means employed by the East India Company to secure a footing in Hindostan, and its rise to its present enormous power, will form the subject of another paper.

SAILORS AND MARINES.

The words marine and mariner differ by one small letter only: but no two races of men, I had well nigh said no two animals, differ from one another more completely than the "Jollies" and the "Johnnies." The marines, as I have before mentioned, are enlisted for life, or for long periods, as in the regular army, and, when not employed afloat, are kept in the barracks, in such constant training, under the direction of their officers, that they are never released for one moment of their lives from the influence of strict discipline and habitual obedience. The sailors, on the contrary, when their ship is paid off, are turned adrift, and so completely scattered abroad, that they generally lose, in the riotous dissipation of a few weeks, or it may be days, all they have learned of good order during the previous three or four years. Even when both parties are placed on board ship, and the general discipline maintained in its fullest operation, the influence of regular order and exact subordination is at least twice as great over the marines as it ever can be over the sailors. Many, I may say most of their duties, are entirely different. It is true, both the marines and seamen pull and haul at certain ropes leading along the quarter-deck; both assist in scrubbing and washing the deck; both eat salt junk, and drink grog, sleep in hammocks, and keep watch at night; but in almost every other thing they differ. As far as the marines are concerned, the sails would never be let fall, or reefed, or rolled up. There is even a positive Admiralty order against their being made to go aloft.—*Basil Hall.*

Scottish Anecdotes.

DR WEBSTER.

THERE never, perhaps, was a man of higher convivial powers than the late Dr Webster, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He, in the first place, could enjoy a plenteous and substantial dinner. Then, he could drink three, or even four, bottles of wine at a sitting, without injury to hi sconstitution, or even to his senses, for the time. Lastly, his conversation, on all festive occasions, was a treat of the highest kind. In his time, the magistrates of Edinburgh used to hold frequent festivals in the Star and Garter Tavern, Writers' Court (the celebrated "Clirehugh's;") and at all their meetings, they made it their endeavour to have Dr Webster. He was thus led oftener into company than the decency of his cloth could warrant; yet he was, withal, so worthy a man, and so eloquent a preacher, that it would have been a heinous fault indeed which was not forgiven him, both by his flock and by society at large. What rendered this the more remarkable was, that he not only stood high in the ranks of the orthodox, or rigid party, of the Scottish clergy, but was the pastor of a flock which had long been noted for its highflying doctrinal belief, as well as for the strictness of its moral conduct. Reader, he was the minister of that portion of St Giles's called the Tolbooth Kirk; and his congregation was commonly styled the Tolbooth Whigs, on account of their resemblance to the Covenanters of the seventeenth century. Frequent as were his indulgences, and stern as was his flock, Dr Webster lived and died respected, and almost venerated by them. He was a most noted illustration of a great truth—that sins for which ordinary men are condemned and punished with all due severity, are only smiled at, or even perhaps appreciated, in men who have acquired the good graces of the world by genius, or any other agreeable quality. There seemed actually to be a conspiracy among the citizens of Edinburgh to wink at the failings of this popular clergyman. Sometimes, when he was observed walking through the streets of the city at two or three o'clock in the morning, the people would only observe, "Ah, there's Dr Webster, honest man! He's been ta'en out o' his warm bed, I'se warrant, at this untimeous hour o' nicht, to see some puir body. Worthy man!—zealous Christian!—*he* doesna weary in weel-doing, I trow. It maun be sair on the puir man's health, this nicht wark; but it will a' tell to his ain guid in the end o' the day."

On one particular occasion, when, rather later and rather more intoxicated than usual, he was stepping softly along the pavement, a friend who met him could not help remarking, "Ah, doctor, doctor, what wad the Tolbooth Whigs say if they saw ye just now?" "Deed," answered the doctor, with his wonted readiness of reply, "they just wadna believe their ain een;" that is to say, they were so prejudiced in his favour, that they would not trust the evidence of their own senses to condemn him.

The history of Dr Webster's marriage is romantic. When a young and unknown man, he was employed by a friend to act as go-between, or, as it is termed in Scotland, black-fit, or black-foot, in a correspondence which he was carrying on with a young lady of great beauty and accomplishment. Webster had not acted long in that character till the young lady, who had never entertained any affection for his constituent, fell deeply in love with himself. Her birth and expectations were better than his; and however much he might have been disposed to address her on his own behalf, he never could have thought of such a thing, so long as there was such a difference between their circumstances. The lady saw his difficulty, and resolved to overcome it, although at the expense of her own delicacy. At one of these interviews, when he was exerting all his eloquence in favour of his friend, she plainly told him that he would probably come far better speed if he were to speak for himself. He took the hint, and, in a word, was soon after married to her. He wrote upon the occasion an amorous lyric, which exhibits in warm colours the gratitude of a humble lover for the favour of a mistress of superior station, and which is perhaps as excellent altogether in its way as the finest compositions of the kind produced in either ancient or modern times. There is one particularly impassioned verse, in which, after describing a process of the imagination, by which, in gazing upon her, he comes to think her a creature of more than mortal nature, he says, that at length, unable to contain, he clasps her to his bosom and—

"Kissing her lips, she turns woman again;"

one of the finest amatory ideas ever committed to song.

As may be easily supposed, Mrs Webster was not by any means disposed, like the rest of the world, to regard her husband's convivial propensities with indulgence. On the contrary, she endeavoured, by all possible means, to prevent him from remaining abroad too late at night; never permitting him to get home on any of these occasions without questioning him very closely as to the where, the wherewithal, and the wherefore, he had been thus besotting himself. It is well known, that if wives *will* ask impertinent questions of that kind, husbands *will* tell dreadful lies, to avoid the wrath which they know must fall upon them in case of their divulging the truth. It was a frequent custom of the doctor to answer, that he had just been down calling for Dr Erskine [a brother clergyman,] and the doctor had insisted upon him staying to supper." Dr Erskine, who was a clergyman of great worth, but withal not averse to a joke, happened eventually to learn that his friend Webster was in the habit of making him his stalking-horse in this manner; and he resolved to expose the defaulter, in a good-humoured way, to his much-deceived wife. One night, therefore, when Dr Webster was actually in his house, in an accidental way, he made an excuse to retire, and, leaving Webster to sup with Mrs Erskine, went up to the Castle-hill to call for Mrs Webster. Dropping in, as if nothing unusual was in the wind, he consented to remain with Mrs Webster to supper; and thus the two clergymen mutually supped with each other's wife, and in each other's house, neither of the said wives being aware of the fact, and Webster equally ignorant of the plot laid against his character for veracity. Long before Webster's usual hour for retiring, Dr Erskine took leave of Mrs Webster, and returned to his own house, where he found the reverend object of the hoax as yet only as it were pushing off from the shore of sobriety. When his time was come, Webster went home, and being interrogated as usual, "Why," answered he, now at least speaking the truth, "I've just been down at Dr Erskine's." Let the reader conceive the torrent of indignant reproof, which, after having been restrained on a thousand occasions when it was deserved, at length burst forth upon the head of the unfortunate, and for once innocent doctor. The violence and copiousness of the torrent was such, that for some time the intellects of its devoted object were fairly swept away and buried beneath the inundation. When it had at length subsided, and left some points of dry land above the flood, the doctor discovered the hoax which had been played off upon him; and the whole affair was explained satisfactorily to both parties next day by Dr Erskine's confession. But Mrs Webster declared, that, from that time forth, for the security of both parties from such deceptions, she conceived it would be as well, when Dr Webster happened to be supping with Dr Erskine, that he should bring home with him a written affidavit, under the hand of the said Dr Erskine, testifying the fact.

THE LOST WIG.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His Lordship had just popped his head out of the window directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Damocles, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing-place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for, along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His Lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror, of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned: but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait, for honest men's wigs.

RALPH ERSKINE, THE FATHER OF THE SCOTTISH SECESSION

The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also tell the following traditionary anecdote connected with the subject:—A poor man, in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the ull com liment of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of ——, some miles off (not that of Mr Erskine), where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. "Na; he's no at hame yenoo," answered the servant lass; "he's down the burn fishing; but I can soon cry him in." "Ye needna gie yoursel the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "nane o' your fishin' ministers shall bapteeze my bairn." Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he's no at hame the day; he's been out since sax i' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made out (fatigued) when he comes back, that he'll no be able to say bo to a calf, let-a-be kirsen a wean!" "Wait, lassie!" cried the man, in a tone of indignant scorn; "wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at six i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to gude Mr Erskine at Dunfermline; and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor shooting, I think." The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their arriving, however, at the house of the clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from the upper chamber. "The minister will no be at hame," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad (sweetheart) wadna be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle." "The minister *is* at hame," quoth the girl, "mair by token it's himsell that's playing, honest man; he aye takes a tune at night, before gang in to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate: it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could." "*That* the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If *he* does this, what may the rest no do! Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this haill day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointment in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gudewife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa back to our ain minister after a'! He's no a'thegither sound, it's true; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if ever I kenned him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days!"—*From Chambers' Scottish Anecdotes.*

PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.

THE habits and peculiarities of authors in almost every branch of literature have, in many instances, been sufficiently ridiculous Rousseau, for instance, could write only when dressed in the highest style of refinement, and with crow pens, on tinted or gilt paper. Dr Samuel Johnson was almost the only author of the last century who could write at any time and under any circumstances. In recent times, and in the present day, we find the greater proportion of authors free of the peculiarities which were fashionable among their predecessors; occupying half their time with some ordinary pursuit, and taking up the pen in most cases in the intervals of business. The chief composers of music were in general still more affected and impassioned in their feelings than the authors of last century, and were apparently unable to compose, unless under great excitement. It is seen from a recent article in the *Harmonicon*, a respectable musical periodical, that Gluck, in order to warm his imagination, and transport himself in idea to Aulis, or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him, and a bottle of Champagne by his side, he wrote his two Iphigenias, his Orpheus, and other works. Sarti, on the contrary, required a spacious, dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling; and it was only in the most silent hours of night that he could summon musical ideas. Cimarosa, it seems, was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently, in the course of a single night, he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends. Cherubini was also in the habit of composing when surrounded with company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the *pips* with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though certainly not equally great with both. Sacchini could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gambolling about him. Paisiello composed in bed; and it was there that he planned *Il Barbiere de Siviglia*, *La Molinara*, and other *chefs-d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. Zingarelli would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the Fathers of the Church, or in some Latin classic. Haydn, who was lofty in his conceptions, required a peculiar, but a harmless species of excitement. Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which, he said, was necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when h was at work.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

Among men who have distinguished themselves in literary pursuits, and been remarkable for the difficulties which they overcame in attaining a deserved eminence in society, none can be more worthy of being made known to my juvenile readers than the late amiable Dr Blacklock, a Scottish poet of the last century, and a person who, from his earliest youth, laboured under the irremediable calamity of total blindness.

Thomas Blacklock was born on the 10th of November 1721, at Annan, a town in Dumfries-shire; his parents were natives of Cumberland, his father a bricklayer, and his mother the daughter of Mr Richard Rae, an extensive cattle-dealer. Before he was six months old, he lost his sight in the small-pox, and was thus rendered incapable of learning a mechanical trade, while the poor circumstances to which a series of misfortunes had reduced his father, placed equally beyond his reach an education for any of those professions where the exercise of the mental faculties is principally required. His affectionate parent seems to have been aware, however, that the happiness of his son, shut out from so many of the enjoyments afforded by the external world, must mainly depend upon his intellectual resources; and, in order to form these, he devoted part of his leisure hours to such instruction as his poor blind boy was susceptible of;—he read to him at first the books adapted to the understanding of a child, and afterwards those fitted for a maturer capacity, such as Milton, Spenser, Prior, Pope, and Addison. His companions also, who pitied his want of sight, and loved him for his gentle disposition, lent their assistance in this task of kindness; and by their help he acquired some little knowledge of Latin. Thomson and Allan Ramsay were his favourite authors; and it was as early as his twelfth year that he evinced still more decidedly his love of the poetical art by the composition of an ode, addressed "To a little Girl whom I had offended"—a production not remarkable solely on account of the future celebrity of its author, but because it displays at once his mildness of temper and lively fancy.

Thus early did Blacklock show, that in the course of reading chosen for him, his father had not mistaken the bent of his inclination. But though, as I have mentioned, some of his comrades delighted to forward his favourite studies, and, by their assiduous attentions, to make him forget the deprivation under which he laboured, there were others who took pleasure in rendering him bitterly conscious of his misfortune, and exulted in the success of such practical jokes as it was easy to make him the subject of. It is but too obvious that his own experience at this period, when exposed to the insults of unfeeling boys, suggested the reflection introduced in the article "Blind," afterwards written by him for the Encyclopædia Britannica: "Parents of middle or of higher ranks," he there remarks, "who are so unfortunate as to have blind children, ought by all possible means to keep them out of vulgar company. The herd of mankind have a wanton malignity which constantly impels them to impose upon the blind, and to enjoy the painful situation in which these impositions place them. This is a stricture upon the humanity of our species, which nothing but the love of truth and the dictates of benevolence could have extorted from us. But we have known some," he adds, evidently referring to himself, "who have suffered so much from this diabolical mirth in their own persons, that it is natural for us, by all the means in our power, to prevent others from becoming its victims." The very means taken to alleviate Blacklock's misfortune in some sort increased its force; for as his mind expanded, it taught him to feel with greater keenness his own dependent condition: familiar with some of the noblest flights of genius, and himself become a poet, he would probably have exchanged all his intellectual stores for the ability of earning his bread by handicraft labour. Lamenting his blindness, he thus closes an enumeration of the miseries it entailed upon him—

> "Nor end my sorrows here: The sacred fane
> Of knowledge, scarce accessible to me,
> With heart-consuming anguish I behold:
> Knowledge for which my soul insatiate burns
> With ardent thirst. Nor can these useless hands,
> Untutor'd in each life-sustaining art,
> Nourish this wretched being, and supply
> Frail nature's wants, that short cessation know."

Alternately depressed by a sense of his own helplessness, and comforted by that piety with which he seems to have been from first to last most deeply embued, Blacklock lived at home till his nineteenth year. A fresh misfortune then overtook him in the loss of his father, who was crushed to death by the fall of a malt-kiln, with eighty bushels of grain upon it, belonging to his son-in-law. Blacklock's affection for his parents must have exceeded that of other children; for that anxious solicitude about his safety and comfort, which other boys begin to forget when the business of the world removes them from its immediate influence, had been to him extended over those years when to the helplessness of a child he added the sense and feelings of a man. To his keenly susceptible mind this stroke must therefore have been peculiarly afflicting. And it was attended not only with regret on account of remembered benefits, but also by the anticipation of future evils. A means of livelihood was indeed suggested by Blacklock's love of music. As he played well on the violin and flute, and even composed pieces with taste, it was proposed that he should follow this art as a profession. "But the unhappy situation in which he was then placed," says the authority upon which this statement is given, "made him dread consequences to which he could never reconcile his mind. The very thought that his time and talents should be prostrated to the forwarding of loose mirth and riot inspired him with an honest indignation." Unable to bring down his mind to this occupation—the only one which seemed within his reach—deprived of the stay on which he had hitherto leaned, blind and feeble, no wonder that the fate of a houseless beggar sometimes presented itself as what might possibly happen to himself. Burns occasionally indulged in similar forebodings; but when he depicts his unhappy fortune, and doggedly exclaims

> "The last o't, the warst o't,
> Is only but to beg!"

we must be excused for iron-heartedly recollecting that he was an able-bodied man, who, as his brother Gilbert records, never met with his match in mowing—the hardest of all rustic labour. A man so gifted, yet so complaining, meets with little sympathy, as he is entitled to none; but with poor Blacklock the dread of dying a houseless wanderer was more than a mere rhetorical flourish, or the indulgence of a groundless querulousness. While we read the lines in which he unfolds his fears, we perceive that anguish wrung his heart in writing them, and we know that his situation justified his apprehensions.

> "Dejecting prospect! soon the hapless hour
> May come—perhaps this moment it impends—
> Which drives me forth to penury and cold,
> Naked, and beat by all the storms of heaven,
> Friendless and guideless, to explore my way;
> Till on cold earth this poor unsheltered head
> Reclining, vainly from the ruthless blast
> Respite I beg, and in the shock expire."

Although gloomy anticipations like these sometimes intruded, Blacklock did not permit them to overwhelm him, but calming his fears, and resting with a pious confidence in the awards of a protecting Providence, he continued to live with his mother for a year after his father's death.

Some of his poems had by this time got abroad, and made him known beyond his own immediate circle of friends. I shall not pretend to deny that the circumstance of his blindness had some effect, in addition to the intrinsic merits of these productions, in making them be sought after and dispersed among literary persons. On account of their being the verses of a blind poet, they were no doubt read by many who were little able to appreciate their real excellences, and who, having gratified their curiosity, did not concern themselves about the condition of the author; but still by this means the fame of Blacklock's genius was extended; and at last it reached a gentleman, who to curiosity added benevolence of heart. This was Dr John Stevenson, a physician in Edinburgh, who, while on a professional visit in Dumfries, saw some of our author's pieces, and resolved to afford the young man's talents the opportunity of expanding in avocations and amid society more congenial to one so much restricted to pleasures of an intellectual kind. Accordingly, Blacklock was, in 1741, induced to remove to the metropolis, where he attended a grammar-school for some time, and afterwards entered as a student in the college, Dr Stevenson supplying him with the means necessary for the prosecution of his studies. To the friend who thus so efficaciously patronized him, he afterwards inscribed an imitation of the ode to Mæcenas, which occupies the first place in his poems as it does in those of Horace; and that he never forgot the benefits bestowed upon himself is manifested by the ready zeal which his future life at all times displayed for the encouragement of unnoticed genius.

Blacklock's studies were interrupted by the expedition of the Highlanders, in 1745; and during the distractions consequent upon that memorable campaign he resided in Dumfries with Mr M'Murdo, his brother-in-law. On the re-establishment of peace, he returned to college, and studied six years more. In this period he acquired a good knowledge of all those branches of education where he was not hindered by the want of sight, and became better skilled than was common in the French language, from being on habits of intimacy with the family of Provost Alexander, whose wife was a Parisian. It may well inspire wonder that latterly there was no science with which Blacklock had not made himself acquainted—no learned language which he did not master—and no modern tongue, of any acknowledged use to a man of general literature, with which he was not more or less familiar.

Amid the severer studies of classical learning, philosophy, and theology, his attachment to poetry was not forgotten. In 1746, a volume of his verses in 8vo. was published at Glasgow. A second edition followed at Edinburgh, in 1754; and two years afterwards, a quarto edition, with an account of his life by Mr Spence, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, came out by subscription in London.

Hume the historian was among the friends who early interested themselves in the fortunes of Blacklock, and was of considerable service in promoting the subscription to the London edition of his poems; but all intercourse between them was subsequently broken off.

The course of study followed by Blacklock at college was that usually gone through for the purpose of entering upon the ministry; but it was not till after the abandonment of a project (which he began to entertain in 1757, and from which he was dissuaded by Mr Hume, after making considerable preparations towards it) for delivering lectures on oratory, that he finally adopted the resolution of becoming a clergyman. Having applied himself for some time exclusively to the necessary studies, he was licensed as a preacher by the presbytery of Dumfries, in 1759. He soon acquired considerable reputation as a pulpit orator, and took great delight in composing sermons, a considerable number of which he left behind him; these it was at one time the intention of his friends to publish, but for some reason or other this has never been done.

I have already adverted to the unthinking insults to which his blindness exposed him while a boy, and it appears but too certain that many who had arrived at manhood in respect of their outward frame, did not treat him with greater tenderness in his maturer years. They did not, perhaps, decoy him to the edge of a ditch that they might have the satisfaction of seeing him flounder into it, or offer prickles to his grasp that they might be diverted by the contortions of countenance which the unexpected wounds occasioned; but they went to see the blind poet, and induced him to recite his verses, from the same kind of motive that takes people to witness the exhibition of a learned pig. Blacklock's position in regard to such visitors was peculiarly painful: he was in a great measure dependent upon his talents for support; and to have indignantly refused to display them, would have been to raise up obstacles to his own success. His feelings were at the same time the most nicely wrought, and even the triumphs of genius did not afford him perfect gratification; for he knew that his hearers were not carried away by his enthusiasm, but listened with a cold and critical attention, noting every peculiarity of tone, look, and gesture. He has himself told us how exquisitely painful was the consciousness of being the object of such unfeeling curiosity.

In 1762, the Earl of Selkirk procured from the Crown a presentation to the parish of Kirkcudbright in favour of Mr Blacklock, who, having thus the prospect of a competent income, married Mrs Sarah Johnston, daughter of Mr Joseph Johnston, surgeon in Dumfries. But, though not disappointed in the happiness he expected to derive from this union, the gleam of fortune which seems to have induced him to form it, forsook him immediately after the step was taken. He was ordained a few days after his marriage; but the people of the parish refused, on account of his blindness, to acknowledge him as their pastor; and a lawsuit was commenced, which, after two years, was compromised by Blacklock retiring upon a moderate annuity. From the first moment of opposition, it had been his wish to make this arrangement, not from any conviction of incompetency to the duties of a parish minister, but because he saw it was needless to contend against a prejudice so strongly maintained.

In 1764, after the connection between him and the parish of Kirkcudbright was dissolved in the manner just mentioned, Blacklock removed to Edinburgh, where he received boarders into his house, superintending the studies of those who chose to have such assistance. "In this occupation," says Mackenzie, "no teacher was perhaps ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor master of a family to its inmates, than Dr Blacklock. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others which led him so constantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure him the love and regard of the young people committed to his charge; while the society which esteem and respect for his character and his genius often assembled at his house, afforded them an advantage rarely to be found in establishments of a similar kind. The writer of this account has frequently been a witness of the family scene at Dr Blacklock's; has seen the good man amidst the circle of his young friends, eager to do him all the little offices of kindness which he seemed so much to merit and to feel. In this society he appeared entirely to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy, which, at other times, it might produce. He entered with the cheerful playfulness of a young man into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, the humorous jest, that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and, above all, lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, the gaiety of others. Several of those inmates of Dr Blacklock's house retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression which his friendship at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world he had friends and correspondents, from whom no length of time, or distance of place, had ever estranged him."

In these hours of social relaxtion, Blacklock found one of the greatest pleasures of his existence. Music also afforded him a lively gratification; for he sang with taste, and performed tolerably well on several instruments, particularly on the flute. He had learned to play on the flageolet in consequence of a dream in which he supposed himself to listen to the most enchanting melody, produced by a shepherd on a hill-side from that instrument; and he always carried one in his pocket, on which he was by no means averse from being asked to perform—"a natural feeling," says Mackenzie, "for a blind man, who thus adds a scene to the drama of his society."

Finding that his increasing years and infirmities required repose, Dr Blacklock discontinued the keeping of boarders in 1787. But though his bodily vigour began to fail, he experienced no diminution of that benevolence which had ever characterised him. His own genius having been greatly indebted to patronage, he was ready to acknowledge it in others, and especially to

cultivate and bring it into reputation where he found it struggling with obscurity. Nor were his efforts for this purpose confined to occasional acts of liberality—they were laborious and long-continued. He had taken a boy from a village near Carlisle to lead him, and perceiving in the youth a willingness to learn, taught him Latin, Greek, and French, and having thus fitted him for a situation superior to that in which he was born, procured for him the situation of secretary to Lord Milton, who was chief active manager of state affairs in Scotland for many years. This young man was Richard Hewitt, known to the admirers of Scottish song as the author of "Roslin Castle." Hewitt testified his gratitude to his instructor by a copy of complimentary verses, in every line of which may be traced the chief excellence of compositions of that description—sincerity; but he did not long enjoy his change of fortune, having died in 1764 from the fatigue of the office to which he had been elevated.

But we find a still more eminent example of Blacklock's solicitude to promote the interests of the sons of genius, in his being the first man among the literary circles of Edinburgh who appreciated the poetry of Burns (perhaps, indeed, because he had the earliest opportunity of becoming acquainted with it), and kindled in the author the ambition of a prize beyond that of provincial fame. The Rev. Mr Lawrie of Newmills had transmitted to Blacklock a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's Poems. It is not easy for a modern reader to understand with what wonder and delight Blacklock must have perused them. In our time, the pleasure felt from his most perfect pieces is damped by the recollection of their author's melancholy fate. What reflecting mind can turn from the perusal of the "Mountain Daisy," with any other feeling than that of sorrow that Burns was not a better and a happier man? But while his career was yet to run, with what enviable anticipations must such a perusal have inspired a generous heart! Here was poetry the purest and most genuine: he who produced it was of no note; but to what a high place in his country's esteem might he not rise! The world was then all before him, and he capable of attaining whatever fame the most ardent imagination could desire. With calmness, yet with energy, the enthusiastic Blacklock indicated his own admiration and the certainty of the poet's future fame:—"I had taken the last farewell of my few friends," says Burns; "my chest was on the road to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Scotland—'The gloomy night is gathering fast'—when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition. The Doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction."—"Blacklock received him," says Dr Currie, "with all the ardour of affectionate admiration; he eagerly introduced him to the respectable circle of his friends; he consulted his interest; he emblazoned his fame; he lavished upon him all the kindness of a generous and feeling heart, into which nothing selfish or envious ever found admittance."

Besides the miscellaneous poems by which Dr Blacklock is best known as an author, he published several other works. In his latter years he was occasionally afflicted with deafness—in his case a double calamity, as at the period when it visited him, he was in a manner shut out from all communication with the external world. In this forlorn condition—old, blind, and sometimes deaf—it was more difficult for him than formerly to bear up against the depression of spirits to which he had always been more or less subject; but his gentleness of temper never forsook him, and though he could not altogether avoid complaint, he was not loath to discover and state some alleviating circumstance along with it. He died from fever, after a week's illness, on the 7th July 1791, and was buried in the ground of St Cuthbert's Chapel of Ease, where there is a tombstone erected to his memory, with an inscription by Dr Beattie.

It has been said of Dr Blacklock that "he never lost a friend nor made a foe;" and perhaps no literary man ever passed through life so perfectly free from envious feeling, and so entirely respected and beloved. His conversation was lively and entertaining; his wit was acknowledged, but it had no tinge of malice; his temper was gentle, his feelings warm—intense; his whole character was one to which may be applied the epithet of amiable, without any qualification.

To Dr Blacklock as a poet, the rank of first-rate excellence has not been assigned, and is not claimed; but his works possess solid merits, which will always repay a perusal. The thoughts are for the most part vigorous, seldom less than just; and they are conveyed with a certain intensity of expression, which shows them, even when not uncommon in themselves, to be the offspring of a superior genius. As the production of a blind man, they present a study of the very highest interest, and have frequently been viewed as a problem in the science of mind.—*Abridged from Chambers' Scottish Biographical Dictionary.*

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

There are at least one million and a quarter of scholars belonging to Sunday schools in the united kingdom; and, taking the population at twenty-one millions, that will give one child to Sunday schools out of every seventeen persons of the population. The average expense of conducting a Sunday school, of two hundred children, is about L.5 per annum for lessons and books, if purchased at the Sunday School Union Depository, and about L.15 per annum for rent: the chief part of which sums are, in most cases, contributed by the teachers themselves, in addition to their gratuitous labour. So that the children can be instructed in the Sunday school for two shillings per annum.—*Imperial Magazine.*

Column for Little Boys and Girls.

My Dear Little Boys,

Again I return with pleasure to the agreeable duty of furnishing for your instructive entertainment a relation of certain remarkable things well worthy of your attention, and which, I have no doubt, your little sisters will be quite as glad to hear something of as yourselves. Run, therefore, to the door, and call Elizabeth, and Mary, and Emma, and all the rest of them, and tell them that the gentleman who puts the nice true stories into the Journal for boys has just called, and brought a pretty little book in his pocket, containing a variety of delightful pieces, which it will be quite charming to read by the fire-side. Ay, now that is right—there you are all gathered; so sit down in quietness; and see you, Tom, you who are a clever little chap, and are said to be the best reader, take this handsome volume, which you perceive is entitled "Art in Nature,"—an ingenious and pleasing production, just published, for the special use of all good boys and girls; and commence reading, in a clear soft voice, the account given by the author of the character and habits of *Bees*. The chapter, I think, is that called "The Confectioners"—a subject which is prettily introduced.

"Spring walks over the earth clothed in beauty as with a garment, and thousands of lovely flowers arise in her footprints.

'There the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.
But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens; the frail snow-drop,
Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow
Fixed like a pale and solitary star;
The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modesty;
The fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the tangled woodbine,
Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns,
And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.'

How delighted are children with them! See, they come joyously with what they have gathered! but they have loaded themselves too much;—one blue flower, and then a yellow one, and now one of crimson, falls from the pinafore to the ground; and in the meadows, some are bounding about "to gather kingcups," or make of them a little heap, and then sort or bind them together, with many a sly antic and merry gambol.

And this feeling seems sometimes "to grow with the growth, and strengthen with the strength." People of early times and distant spots showed its powers. Flowers were used at banquets, scattered in the temples, presented on the altars, strewed in the path of conquerors, and offered by the young and the aged as the expression of friendship and of love.

With such thoughts as these, Mr and Mrs Elwood were walking, preceded by their two children, one fine morning towards the end of May, when, as they were about to pass a garden in which there was a snug and rose-covered cottage, Mr Elwood desired his children to stop and observe what was going on. A boy, who had been set to watch the hive, had just given notice of the flight of its inmates, and forthwith a ringing commenced with pans and fire-shovels, to "charm them down," as the country people say. Happily, the queen-bee quickly alighted on the end of a bough, and the rest of the bees clustered about her; when the neatly-dressed and healthy-looking cottagers spread a cloth on the table, and, holding an empty hive under the swarm, suddenly shook them into it, and placed it, with its captives, on the cloth. Then they were carried to the spot they were to occupy, on the edge of a flower-bed; and in a few hours, Mr E. remarked, they would be perfectly contented with their new home.

Frederick and Emma wished to know all about these wonderful little creatures at once; but their father said he could give the best account of the hive bee when he was at home, because he had some books there from which he should like to read the remarks of those who had attentively studied the subject; and, as they were about to return, their patience would not long be exercised.

Accordingly, Mrs E. had no sooner taken off her bonnet and shawl, and entered the parlour where Mr E. and his son were seated, than Emma came bounding in, saying, 'Now, dear papa, for the bees!'

'Or suppose we call them the confectioners,' said her father. 'We passed Mr Duncombe's shop just now, so full of candles, jellies, and preserves; but these little creatures were wholesale manufacturers of sweets even before the flood. In many parts of the east, honey may still be drank from the rock, in cavities of which it is frequently deposited; and doubtless it was often received from thence by the patriarchs themselves. But shall I tell you, my dears, about their making honey *only*, or shall I connect with this some other curious things?

E. Perhaps, papa, making honey would be a very short story; and the longer one of yours is, the better we like it.

Mr E. Then I will begin with reading what Reaumur says about dividing a swarm—a process like that which you have just seen:—'After the tumult excited by their removal into a little glass hive was calmed, and I had looked at it for ten minutes, for the first time in my life I succeeded in seeing a queen bee, which was walking at the bottom of the case. For the first few minutes in which I followed her with my eyes, I was tempted to believe that the stories of the respect paid her by the other bees, the train by which she was attended, were fables rather than facts. She was alone, and walking, perhaps, at a slower pace than the rest. The friends who were with me were pleased to discover in her gait something of gravity and majesty. She advanced unattended to one of the squares of the hive, up which she mounted to join a group of her subjects perched at the top. In a little time she appeared at the bottom, but still sadly neglected. She ascended a second time, and I lost sight of her for a few instants; she then appeared for the third time at the bottom of the hive. Now, however, twelve or fifteen bees were ranged around her, and seemed to form her train. In the first moments of trouble and confusion we think only of ourselves. If we were in a large saloon, and it had suddenly broken down, in the confusion we should forget that others dearer than ourselves were in the room. Thus it was with these bees; for, being huddled into the little glass hive, turned topsy-turvy, the first impulse of each seemed self-preservation; and it was only when they had recovered their composure that they began to recollect the mother, which, in their fright, they had forgotten and neglected.

'In spite of my inclination to believe that the first train which I had perceived was the effect of chance—in spite of my disposition to think that a big bee would be followed precisely because it was big—I was forced to acknowledge that there was some other foundation for the homage, the cares, and attentions, which the rest paid to *her* who was destined to be the mother of a numerous progeny. The queen, with her little suite, disappeared for a moment among a cluster of bees. In a short time she re-appeared at the bottom of the hive, when a dozen others hastened to join the train. A row flanked her on each side as she walked; others met her before, and made way as she advanced; and in a very short time she was surrounded by a circle of upwards of thirty bees. Some of these, approaching nearer than others, licked her with their trunks; others extended their organ, filled with honey, for her to sip; sometimes I saw her stop to partake of the food; at other times she sucked when in motion.'

E. But what are the other bees in a swarm?

Mr E. It consists, first, of *workers*, amounting generally to many thousands in number, and easily recognised by their smallness and their industry; and, secondly, of *males*, of which several hundreds belong to each community; these are larger than the working bee, and live idly.

F. How do they begin to work, papa?

Mr E. By searching for pollen, or yellow dust, which lies loosely in the middle of flowers. As the breast, legs, and many other parts of the bee's body are covered with a fine down or hair, it enters the cup of a flower, rolls itself round, and is soon quite covered with the yellow dust. The last joint but one of each leg is formed exactly like a brush, and these natural brushes are passed one after another over the various parts of its body to secure the treasure, and to collect it into two little heaps. The thighs of the last pair of its legs are furnished with two cavities fringed with hair; and these form a convenient little basket for its use. The dust collected from a thousand flowers is kneaded into small pellets, or balls, and stuck into these hollows, and as soon as the balls are as large as a grain of pepper, away flies the insect to place its store in the hive. On reaching it, it enters one of the cells head foremost, takes out the pellets from the cavities, and these, being moistened and mixed with a small portion of honey, are kneaded into a substance called in the country 'bee-bread,' a proper supply of which is necessary to the health and strength of the bees during the winter season. Without this, they become consumptive and die. Besides this, however, they want propolis,

F. What is that, papa?

Mr E. A resinous gum found in certain trees, such as the birch, the willow, and the poplar. Near the outlet of one of his hives, Huber placed some branches of the latter, out of which comes a transparent juice of the colour of garnet. On these some weaker bees soon perched. Having taken some of the gum, they formed it into pellets, put them into the baskets of their thighs, and, thus loaded, flew to the hive, where some of their fellow-labourers instantly came to help them in laying it down; after which the pellets were laid in a little heap as near as possible to the place where they were to be used. A bee then drew out a thread from the mass, which it cut off with its teeth, and held with the claw of one of its feet; and when he came out, one part of the cell was found by this means to be lined and soldered. Others gave him their aid, proceeding from one cell to another, until all the cells destined for the young had been soldered and strengthened by this substance, which is soft at first, and at length becomes much harder than wax.

E. Wax, papa! what is wax?

Mr E. It is a secretion found in the form of scales under the belly of the bee. Among the workers in a hive, some are architects, who plan and build, and, at the same time, nurse the young; and others only bring the materials, but do not give them shape; the former Huber calls the nurse bees; the latter wax-workers. The wax-workers, then, having filled themselves at the flowers, hang motionless in festoons—that is, like rows of curtains one above another—and, in four-and-twenty hours, thin white scales appear under the rings of the abdomen. Huber watched some doing this, and, at length, saw a bee come out from the middle of the group, and, clearing a space about an inch round at the top of the hive, applied the pincers of one of its legs to its side, took off a scale of wax, and began to mince it with its tongue, which sometimes appeared like a bricklayer's trowel, then flattened like a spatula, or broad-bladed knife; and at other times, ending in a point like a pencil. The scale, moistened with a frothy liquid, became glutinous, and was drawn out like a ribbon. This bee, which Huber calls 'the founder,' then put all the wax it could make to the vault of the hive, and went its way; a second did the like; a third followed, but, owing to some blunder, did not put the wax in the right line, upon which another bee, as if sensible of the defect, removed the misplaced wax, and, carrying it to the former heap, placed it there exactly in the order and direction pointed out.

F. What was done then, papa?

Mr E. The result of these labours was a little block of wax, fixed to the vault of the hive, running in a straight line, with a rough surface, but round in its edges, half an inch long, a sixth of an inch high, and about the twenty-fourth part of an inch thick. The wax-workers, having got the stock of materials ready, an architect, or nurse-bee, quitted the cluster, examined both sides of the block, felt about with its antennæ, or horns, and then, like a skilful mason, began to scoop out, exactly in the centre, as much of the block as equalled the size of a common cell; and, after kneading what it had removed, placed it carefully at the sides of the opening. Having done this it was succeeded by a second bee; and, in this manner, upwards of twenty workers followed each other, each one taking care to push forward the material so as to extend the walls of the cell.

F. But, papa, is not the stock of wax they make soon out?

Mr E. It would be, were not the wax-workers constantly making a fresh supply. Their dispatch is very great. When first settled in a new hive, they will sometimes form a comb twenty-seven inches long, by seven or eight inches wide, in twenty-four hours; and they will half fill the hive in five or six days; thus in the first fifteen days of their possession of a new abode, as much wax is made as they use during the remainder of the year.

E. Of what use are the cells?

Mr E. The first sort are for the larvæ, or grubs of workers; the second for those of the males, or drones, which are larger, and usually placed in the middle of the comb; the third are the royal cells. Some might suppose that the various cells composing a cake are little habitations for the workers to rest in, each in his own house after the labours of the day, but it is not so;

some are filled with honey, and others are closed up. Most of the cells, indeed, contain a little worm—the young of the bee, which is an object of the greatest anxiety and care. The mode of rest is singular; four or five cling to a part of the hive, and stretch out their hind legs, to which others cling by their fore-feet; these do the same for another line; and thus at all times bunches, or festoons, of bees, may be seen reposing. Huber, however, has seen the workers retire to a cell, and remain motionless for twenty minutes.

F. How long are the bees in growing, papa?

Mr E. I will read what Huber says:—'The worm of the worker takes twenty days, the male twenty-four, the queen sixteen days, in reaching maturity. The worker remains three days in the egg, and five in the grub state, when the bees close up its cell with a waxen covering; it is thirty-six hours in spinning its cocoon; in three days it changes to a nymph, or chrysalis, passes six in that form, and then comes forth a perfect bee. The male passes three days in the egg, six and a half as a worm, and on the twenty-fourth makes its appearance as a winged animal. The royal insect passes three days in the egg; is five a worm, when the bees close its cell, and it immediately begins its cocoon, which is finished in twenty-four hours. During eleven days, and even sixteen hours of the twelfth, it remains in a state of complete repose. Its transformation into a nymph then takes place, in which state four days and a part of a fifth are passed.'

F. Does she lay any eggs?

Mr E. On the fifth day after her appearance, she quits the hive; forty-six hours after she begins to lay eggs, and a hive will often contain forty thousand inhabitants, the most of them her own offspring. The first eggs of the queen always produce workers. She must be at least eleven months old before she begins to lay the eggs of males; the time she and the workers well know, and they take care to provide suitable cells.

F. That is very strange. Are the queen's cells like the others?

Mr E. No; they are like a pear with the stem downwards. When the queen lays in them, they are like an acorn-cup; after this they are quite closed up. Careful as the bees are at other times of materials and of space, when their future queen is concerned, neither is grudged. More wax goes to make the cradle of the infant queen than would build a hundred, or a hundred and fifty common cells, and on them no labour is spared.

E. Does a cell ever tumble, papa?

Mr E. Mr Walond, on looking at his bee-boxes one day, saw that a centre comb, burdened with honey, had separated, and was leaning against another comb, so as to prevent the passing between of the bees. This accident made the bees very active, but Mr W. could not see what was done. But, at the end of a week, he found they had made two horizontal pillars betwixt the two combs, and had taken so much of the honey and wax from the top of each as to allow the passing of a bee; in about ten days more there was a passage quite free.

F. How do the cells look, papa?

Mr E. As to their shape, I must talk to you another time. But, while building, they seem to be soft, not smooth, nor yet transparent, but of a dull white colour; in a few days they become tinged with yellow, and their edges become thicker, less regular, heavier, and so tough that they will bend rather than break. A glutinous substance may be seen round the opening, and threads of this are applied to various parts, as if to bind and strengthen the walls. This appears to be produced from the propolis of which I have told you. Beside painting and varnishing their cells, as I have just described, they strengthen the weaker parts with a peculiar sort of mortar. And it is remarkable, that, while our houses soon fall and decay, those of he bees grow stronger the oftener they change inhabitants. Every bee-grub, before it changes into a nymph, fastens its skin to the partitions of its cell, but without altering, in the least, the regularity of its figure. Accordingly, the same lodging may serve during summer for three or four grubs, one after the other, and next season, it may be used by an equal number. Reaumur found as many as seven or eight skins spread over one another, so that all the cells, being thus covered again and again, and well dried and cemented with propolis, daily become more solid. When, however, by these means the cells become too small, they are sometimes used as storehouses for bee-bread and honey; and, at others, bees are bred in them: these, therefore, are, of necessity, smaller, and form, in fact, the important class of *nurse-bees*.

E. Papa, how do they get the honey? For you said that, like Duncombe, they were makers of sweets.

Mr E. It is obtained from that part of a flower called the nectarium. To collect this, the bee has a trunk or tongue, which it can double up or lengthen at pleasure. It is not like a tube by which the fluid is to be sucked up, but like a tongue to lick away the honied juice, which the bee always knows where to find, though it is only lately that skilful botanists knew where it was. This sweet juice, conveyed by the tongue to the mouth, passes into the first stomach, or honey-bag; and when this is filled, the bee returns to the hive, and taking only a small part for its own use, puts the remainder into one of the cells, or delivers it to another bee at the entrance of the hive, and flies off for a fresh supply. Some honey-combs are always left open for the common use of the workers, but the greater number of cells filled during the summer are carefully stopped up until the internal supply of honey begins to fail. When, however, the honey is very plentiful, the bees lengthen their cells, or build new ones in which to store it.

F. Papa, I have just thought of something; can you tell us what is done when a queen dies

Mr E. With pleasure, my dear, I answer your question, by relating one of the most astonishing facts in the history of bees. When a queen dies, they proceed to repair the loss. For this purpose they form several of their royal cells, and taking a common worker-worm out of the ordinary ones, they put it into a royal cell, feed it with royal food, and, in a few days, the worker becomes a queen. In many parts of Germany, the peasants, knowing this, shut up a few hundred working bees with a piece of honey-comb, containing common grubs three or four days old; the worker-bees immediately set about destroying some of the common cells, make royal cells instead, place the grubs in these cells, and give them food proper for grubs which are to become queens. This experiment never fails. In due time, a number of young queens is produced, all are destroyed but one, and she governs the hive. Thus hives are multiplied at pleasure. And now, my dears, have you any more questions to ask?

F. Not now, papa."

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

By Charles Lamb.

I loved a love once, fairest among women:
Closed all her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood,
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces.

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

EMIGRATION.—United States.

"At seven o'clock A. M. (continues Mr Fergusson, in his "Notes"), we embarked in the North America, a splendid steam-boat, of which the Americans are justly proud, to proceed up the Hudson to Albany, a distance of 145 miles. The morning was rather cold, and a strong breeze blew down the river, wind, and tide, and stream, being all against us, notwithstanding of which, the irresistible power by which we were impelled landed us in Albany within fourteen hours. It is difficult for those who have never seen an American steam-boat, to conceive its elegance and comfort. They are handsomely fitted up, well furnished, and a capital table is kept, while the total absence of coal-smoke leaves every thing tidy and clean. The North America is a day-boat, that is, she performs her voyage between sunrise and sunset, a circumstance of which travellers ought to be aware, as they may deprive themselves of the enjoyment which the highly interesting scenery of the Hudson affords, should they chance to go unawares by an evening boat. This fine vessel is propelled by two engines of ninety horse-power each; the steersman, from an elevated platform in the fore-end, guides the vessel by ropes which communicate with the rudder; a safe and admirable contrivance, universally employed in America, enabling the person at the helm to command an uninterrupted view of the ship's course, and to escape many dangers which might otherwise occur. The North America has a magnificent public cabin, with suitable private accommodation for ladies. Her length is about 225 feet, and her breadth 60. There are a lower and upper deck for promenading, with an awning when the sun is powerful, and, in short, every luxury and comfort which the best hotel could afford, not forgetting the *barber's shop*, where the master informed me he had frequently the honour of taking fifty gentlemen by the nose in one forenoon. This ancient craft, so greatly degenerated in our own country, seems to be here in its very zenith. Innumerable are the party-coloured poles in every town, indicating the barber's shop, and, the general practice being favourable to their calling, they are in great request. I observed, in New York, one of the sides of the shop fitted up with pigeon holes, where stood the labelled soap-boxes of Mr A, Mr B, &c., indicating steady customers. The steam-boats and large hotels have generally a barber as part of the establishment, and I found them every where maintaining the old professional character of cleanly, civil, and obliging gossips.

The fare to Albany is only 9s. 6d., and a very moderate charge for meals. Of course, it is a favourable mode of conveyance, and the company is not always remarkably select. The steward told me he had nine hundred passengers to breakfast and dinner one day last summer, and that 500 or 600 are frequent. With such a multitude some confusion must unavoidably occur, however excellent the arrangements, and these appeared to me to be very complete. Upon this occasion I think we sat down about 200 at table; many homely enough in appearance, but nothing either rude or revolting came under my notice. I was seated at dinner between Judge S——, a very intelligent man, and of much repute as a lawyer, and a plain Massachussets farmer. We soon got engaged in agricultural conversation, for the judge was well versed in these matters, and afforded much useful advice and information to the professional farmer and his friends. After dinner he entered into more general discussion, running over the different States, and pointing out to me what he considered their relative advantages and draw-backs. He thinks well of Ohio and some parts of Indiana for European settlers, and strongly advised me, if I thought of a purchase, to prefer a farm already, in some measure, improved, and to be upon my guard against designing persons, who are every where on the look-out for strangers. He assured me that a good understanding with Great Britain was daily gaining ground in the States, and that the idea prevailed, that if the two nations stand by each other, they may rule the world.

I had a long chat with the Massachussets farmers, who had been at New York with a drove of fat oxen, weighing about 75 stones (14 lb. to the stone) each, and for which they had got about L.22 a-head. They were in high spirits, as every thing was bearing a high price. Their sheep are Saxon and Merino, and they had refused 2s. 8½d. 75 cents. per pound for their wool, while last year they considered themselves well paid with 2s. 1d. 50 cents. They raise fine crops of turnips, and rear many sheep. A ewe fetches this season 9s., while last year she brought only 4s. 6d. They pay a sheep-doctor 27s. each 100 sheep per annum for his attendance, and this man devotes himself to sheep alone, never interfering with any other stock. He came out to them from England.

Our dinner table was supplied with a profusion of good things, well cooked, and neatly served up. The captain takes the head of the table, the ladies who have no gentlemen along with them being always under his special charge: and, however large the party, or however mixed the company, scrupulous deference is paid to the accommodation of the fair; and, I am confident, the most unpolished farmer would suffer any inconvenience rather than interfere with a lady's comfort.

The fare from New York to Albany, 145 miles, is, as before observed, two dollars, or 9s. 6d., and the charge for an excellent dinner 2s. 3d., or half a dollar, including brandy, whisky, and Hollands, placed upon the table, at the discretion of the company—a latitude which, I may here observe, was never abused, upon this or any other occasion, throughout my tour. The scenery of the Hudson, between New York and Albany, is probably not to be surpassed in romantic beauty by any river scenery in the world. About forty miles above New York, the river emerges from the high lands, and, for 100 miles above that, the eye is gratified by a succession of lofty mountains, and bold rocky headlands, clothed in wood—towns, villas, farms, &c. in perpetual succession. The river itself is a noble object, covered with innumerable sloops and steamers, sometimes making abrupt turns amongst the rocks, and again stretching out like a peaceful lake.

Albany is an ancient city in American chronology. It is the capital of the State of York, and the seat of the State government, though now greatly eclipsed by *The City*, as New York is emphatically termed. A great proportion of internal commerce centres in Albany. The Grand Erie, and the Champlain, or northern canal, both find their outlet here, and numerous very large steam-boats ply to New York. The population of Albany is about 16,000. The tide runs nearly to Troy, about six miles above. In contemplating the commercial enterprise, the busy buzz of men, the large warehouses and stores, the variety of equipages, waggons, stage-coaches, &c. which are met on every hand, as a stranger proceeds through the city, it is impossible not to revert to the pictures so graphically drawn by an amiable and venerable authoress, and to contrast its present condition with the early days of Albany. "When this city was a kind of semi-rural establishment, every door had its garden, well, and a little green behind; before every door a tree was planted, rendered interesting by being coeval with some beloved member of the family; many of their trees were of prodigious size, and extraordinary beauty, but without regularity; every one planting the kind that best pleased him, or which he thought would afford the most agreeable shade to the open portico, at his door, which was surrounded by seats, and ascended by a few steps. It was in these that each domestic group was seated in summer evenings to enjoy the balmy twilight, or the serenely clear moonlight. Each family had a cow, fed in the common pasture, at the end of the town. In the evening the herd returned altogether, of their own accord, with their tinkling bells hung at their necks, along the wide and grassy street, to their wonted sheltering trees, to be milked at their masters' doors. Nothing could be more pleasing to a simple and benevolent mind than to see thus at one view all the inhabitants of a town, which contained not one very rich, nor one very poor, very knowing or very ignorant, very rude or very polished, individual; to see all these children of nature, enjoying, in easy indolence or social intercourse,

'The cool, the fragrant, and the dusky hour,'

clothed in the plainest habits, and with minds as undisguised and artless. These primitive beings were dispersed in porches, grouped according to similarity of years and inclinations. At one door were young matrons; at another the elders of the people; at a third, the youths and maidens, gaily chatting or singing together, while the children played round the trees, or waited by the cows, for the chief ingredient of their frugal supper, which they generally ate, sitting on the steps in the open air." It is a sketch not unworthy of Rip Van Winkle himself. The mighty tide of time is ever rolling on, and such scenes as these must now be looked for in the newly reclaimed regions of the west, or the Canadian forest, where many an embryo city, destined to rear its edifices, and to diffuse riches and civilization around, is at this hour commencing its career with the saw-mill, the grist-mill, and the wooden wharf.

The local situation of Albany is very fine, the town being placed upon the declivity of a hill, overhanging the river on its western bank; and the panoramic view from the roof of the Capitol is beautiful and extensive, embracing the Catskill mountains, nearly 4000 feet high, clothed with wood to the very summit, the noble Hudson, spreading out below, and a fine country on every side."—*Agricultural Journal.*

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FITS OF THRIFT.

NOTHING is more common in the middle ranks of life than to find housewifes taking what may be called *fits of thrift*. Though sensible women in their way, excellent advisers and charming gossips, and though by no means spenders on a great scale, they have no enduring principle of economy, but are only frugal by fits and starts. They take qualms of thriftiness now and then—sometimes from reading a string of plausible receipts for cookery on a cheap scale, or from being struck with the excellent arrangements in the household of a friend, who tells her, that, by managing in such and such a manner, salting all her own beef, and making all her own preserves, she has, one way and another, saved a good deal of money, which is really a thing of some consequence in these bad times, when so little is coming in. This chronic frugality is common to single ladies, under, as well as above one-and-twenty, and to married ladies with large families. The fits have different tendencies, although the prevailing symptoms are the same. Occasionally the furor seizes one single young lady in a family of sisters; and I have seen that it comes on most commonly in the spring. In such cases the disease perhaps takes the direction of butter and eggs. Some day about the month of April or May, and when breakfast is on the table, the young lady begins to make observations on the exceeding rancidity of the butter. I declare for my part, says she, we have been poisoned for the last six months with that stuff that we get from the woman who keeps the little shop in the area on the opposite side of the street. You know it was only out of pity to her when her husband was burnt to death at the distillery, that we said that we would take some small things from her; but you see she does not keep wholesome articles, and really, in my opinion, it is high time we were looking about for something we can trust to. With this sort of discourse the young notable opens the plan of her campaign. She says she is resolved to rise every morning at seven, and go with a basket herself to the market. The mornings, she says, are now greatly lengthened out, and, besides saving a penny a pound on the butter, and getting a better article, she is confident the walk will prove of great benefit to her health. It may always be observed that the husband, father, or elder brother of the notable, never makes any objections when such schemes of saving are propounded. They know intuitively that the whole is a delusion, which will work itself off in a week or two; that the same disease has visited the family once every year about the same period ever since they can recollect, and that it will now, as formerly, only furnish a little harmless temporary excitement in the house. Armed with a negative approval from these relations, together with a pound note, the young notable starts next Saturday morning between seven and eight o'clock, and after taking half an hour to array herself in an undress, studiously selecting for the occasion a shabbyish shawl, and a pair of shoes that she puts on only on "bad days," also a straw bonnet faded both in the material and in the ribbon, she sallies forth with her basket to the market. With what an air of knowingness she goes from cart to cart, examining, and tasting, and smelling their contents! How she tries to elicit, by cross-questioning the man in the sky-blue coat, or the blowsky girl in the dimity head-gear, sitting amidst their savoury boxes with leather hinges, every particular in the history of the butter; where and when it was made, and why it happens to be *up* this morning, and so forth. How she wanders amidst the egg women, holding up the eggs between her and the light, asking if they be sure they are not Orkney eggs, and what their probable age may be? What with toiling up and down the market for three quarters of an hour, and beating down the prices in a most exemplary manner, she at last accomplishes her purchases, and brings home her cargo of native produce. When you come down to breakfast, you will be at once reminded of what has been going on, by the air of superiority and triumph assumed by Miss Notable. She thinks that by rising an hour sooner than any body else, and saving, as she thinks, the sum of twopence, she has purchased the character of a thrifty personage, and, consequently, is entitled to look down upon the whole house. There is no end to her account of how she managed to find out the best butter in the cart, and how she higgled the man out of a halfpenny in the pound. When she places a slice of this extraordinary butter before you, she takes care to show you how fresh the colour is, and waits with impatience to hear your expected, and not to be dispensed with, praise of its taste. The butter she has bought is, in fact, her pet for the whole week She considers it as *her* butter: and if any visiter slight it, by not paying it the necessary compliments, he is of course not indebted to her for any future invitation to the house.

A fit of thrift of this nature lasts generally three or four weeks, seldom more. I have seen it continue a fortnight in tolerable strength; it then declines, and wears off towards the fourth Saturday. The decline of this household disease is as amusing in its way as its increase. The young lady begins to find, that, so far from improving her health or strength by such morning exercise, she only "makes herself out," and is unfit to do any thing else the whole day. And then it is, after all, only to save a few halfpence. She also finds that her purchases do not always turn well out, and that she cannot coax her father, or the rest of them, to be perpetual admirers of her butter and eggs. As a get-off, she commences a eulogy on her butter, which, she says, is sold by a man in Rose Street—a person who was once a farmer, but was reduced by misfortunes to open a small shop in the town, and sell dairy produce. This man, she says, is *experienced* in butter, and imports every week as much as will serve a dozen families. She has made interest with him through the servant to be counted one of his regular customers, and he will supply the family at all times exactly at the market price, not a farthing more. This new plan helps greatly as a solace to the conscience in abandoning her morning airings with her basket and dishabille; and so she gradually subsides into the ordinary routine of domestic arrangements.

The married notable is subject to fits of thrift in a greater or less degree about the months of October and November. Some day at dinner, when there happens to be rather a poorish leg of lamb on the table, and not much else, she opens her attack by saying, in a peevishly authoritative manner, that really the family has been long enough on fresh meat; that, for her part, the lamb that they have had so often does not agree with her, and that she would rather prefer a good salt herring. "Mrs Lockhart has just been telling me that the doctor has advised them to eat twice or thrice a-week a piece of salt meat—that is to say, a piece of beef newly powdered, just the fresh taste off it, and hardly having the appearance of the saltpetre at the bone; and I *do* think that we cannot do better than just follow such a sensible man's advice, and get two or three pieces next Wednesday for salting—you know it will be a great saving of money." The drift of all this is, that the husband shall forthwith exhibit on the table a couple of twenty shilling notes; but as he knows that these handy pieces of paper are sometimes not very easily got, he perhaps tries to throw an obstacle or two in the way of the salting project, and, for instance, mentions that his wife has no convenience for curing beef. You observe, says he, it requires a tub, or something of that sort, and, besides, there is a great knack in curing the meat thoroughly; and if you do not take care, you will spoil the whole. As a matter of course, these or similar observations cannot hold good in the face of a wife under a fit of thrift. All you can say is borne down, and the money is at length consigned with a groan to the steel purse of the good lady, who, next day—for she is in the fidgets till her purpose is executed—sets out in her muff and shawl (the first time for the season) on an expedition, first to lay in her beef, and then to buy a sufficient and commodious *salting can*. Well, the *can*, that darling object of a notable's ambition, *is* purchased. The beef *is* salted; and the goodman and his family are shortly put on salt meat, whether they like such fare or otherwise. The thrifty lady all this time takes care, on every occasion, to show off her beef as well worthy of being tasted by visiters; and the short and long of it is, that the said beef is eaten up in half the time it is expected to last; fresh meat begins to show itself more frequently at your table, and the fit is put aside till another opportunity occur of playing it off.

These are very ordinary instances of fits of thrift; but there are hundreds of the same description which I could mention. Sometimes the fit takes the direction of a new gown for going out with on bad days, to save others of a better sort; at another time it is "a house gown," as "really my best black silk one is absolutely getting wasted with having to go so often into the kitchen." Occasionally it is the hiring of two maid-servants, "so that the washings need not any longer be given out;" at other times it is the buying of a crumb-cloth, to save the carpet, or the purchasing of loads of old china and crockery at auctions. I have seen all the ladies in the house manifest this phrenzy by working their own lace, or painting pictures which had to be hung in dear gilded frames. Again, I have noticed it in great vigour in a family in town resolving to have a garden, so as to grow their own vegetables. It comes on very frequently in a desire to dye old ribbons, or feathers, or "dress" shawls; in which case the lady who is affected sets out on a voyage of discovery through all the obscure courts and alleys about the town, seeking for some old woman whom they have heard of as being "the best" at these processes of renovation. It may be remarked, that the fit visits the nation, like an epidemic, towards the end of July. Almost every house in the kingdom is then thrown into an uproar by the ladies, young and old, confederating to manufacture gooseberry jam or currant jelly. Such a requisition is there then in all quarters for "brass pans," and such a deal of money is spent in this popular confectionery! At the approach, and during the continuance of the epidemic, the husbands very wisely make no remonstrance, well knowing that such would be utterly thrown away. You know, my dear, would say the thrifty spouse, we shall require at least two dozen pints this season; for nothing is more useful in a house, in case of colds; and you will remember how much good a spoonful or two did little George last February, when we thought he was going to take the fever; indeed the doctor said it had been the very saving of his life. Nothing, of course, can withstand an appeal to such authority; so the money is disbursed for the purchase of the fruit and other materials, although the goodman never can exactly see how some pounds' worth of jelly should be laid up in store, all for the sake of needing two teaspoonfuls.

Sometimes the family is so unfortunate as to get

an oven, and a particularly economical Miss undertakes to bake what is called family bread. A great saving is expected from this source; but it soon turns out that so much of the article is given away to friends, as a kind of curiosity, or to impress them with a sense of the economy practised in the house, that a great deal more is lost than gained by the novelty. In fact, it always turns out, as in the case of the Vicar of Wakefield and his thrice notable spouse, that these chronic economists are not observed to make their husbands any richer by their contrivances, so much is lost by the expense of the experiment, compared with what is gained by the short duration of the practice.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Our first article under this title embraced the principal Poets now alive, but who have ceased to publish poetry: the present will run over a few of those who are still in active poetical life, or have more recently aspired to poetical honours.

Decidedly the first *active* poet of the age is Felicia Hemans, a married lady verging upon middle life, who first came into public notice about twelve or fourteen years ago. Mrs Hemans has not published any long or elaborate poem. Her efforts are chiefly confined to brief lyrical pieces, developing generally one particular train of sentiment. Her poems have almost all appeared in periodical works, chiefly the New Monthly and Blackwood's Magazines; and it is somewhat remarkable that, while a single piece invariably has a most delightful effect when read amidst the other details of such works, they never have made any impression when collected into a distinct volume. Her volumes, "Songs of the Affections," and "Records of Woman," are understood to have had a very limited circulation, partly owing, no doubt, to the difficulty of publishing a volume of poetry, but mostly to the diminished effect which the fair authoress produces when many of her productions are read at one sitting. Mrs Hemans is eminently the poet of the affections—the female affections especially; she is high priestess of the nobler emotions of woman's heart. It is in describing what woman has done and suffered on greatly trying occasions, that her harp gives forth its most thrilling tones. At the same time, whatever there is meek, whatever there is holy, whatever there is pure, whatever there is beautiful in ordinary domestic life, becomes in her hands more meek and holy, more beautiful and pure, and is committed in that state to her verses. Mrs Hemans resides, we believe, chiefly in London, and is very much respected in private life.

James Hogg is another of the active poets of the age, and perhaps the most wonderful of them all. Born in the cottage of a shepherd, in one of the most rude and sequestered parts of Scotland, he received hardly any education till his twentieth year. The whole of his early life was spent in the condition of a shepherd, amidst his native mountains; and if it had not been perhaps for the legendary poetry which was occasionally recited to him by his mother, his mind might have never received the impulse of song. At the beginning of the present century, when about thirty years of age, he was *discovered* by Sir Walter Scott, who was then collecting the materials of his Border Minstrelsy, and to whom he was pointed out as a young man who knew many old ballads. In the course of a few years he was gradually led from his solitude into the bustle of the capital, where he published a few volumes of his poetical compositions, without, however, meeting with great success. At length, in the year 1813, appeared his greatest work, the Queen's Wake; a series of poems in the ballad style, strung into a narrative of a singularly captivating nature. This volume established Mr Hogg's reputation upon an imperishable basis. As a whole, and in its parts, it was alike felicitous, novel, and beautiful. In one of the ballads, styled "Kilmeny," an entirely new string, one of wild and melancholy grace, seemed added to the Scottish lyre. In the latter part of his literary history, Mr Hogg has not been so successful; but no failures in poetry or prose will ever cloud the lustre of that meritorious effort. It is the ambition of Mr Hogg to rival the fame of Burns; but there is no earthly reason why he should ever match his strength against that illustrious man, except the mere accident of his having been also born a Scottish peasant. The poetry of Mr Hogg is as original in its own way as that of Burns; and he therefore ought to endeavour rather to avoid than to court comparison with his predecessor. There is only one feature in which we should like to see him imitate the Ayrshire Bard—namely, that self-respect, which, amidst every external contamination, preserved even for the poor exciseman an essential personal dignity, and was alike effectual in repelling the familiarity of the mean, and the more intolerable patronage of those who affect to be exalted.

Mr Hogg has, in later life, attempted the profession of a store-farmer in his native valleys; but, not having met with success, he now resides upon a small farm, which has been generously gifted to him for life by the great territorial lord upon whose property he was born—the Duke of Buccleuch. He has just commenced a republication of his prose tales in a series of cheap volumes; and when we reflect upon the amusing nature of these stories, disfigured though they be by numberless instances of false taste, and the most glaring improbability, we cannot entertain any doubt of their renewed popularity. In the autobiography which he has prefixed to this series, he makes a confession of his feelings almost as unreserved as that of Rousseau; and among other traits of character, mentions that he delights in nothing so much as to write about himself. This is a curious acknowledgment; but if other poets were equally unconcerned about personal respect, we might see it oftener made. The truth is, vanity and egotism are at the bottom of most literary exertions, and modesty is only another word for indolence. The most of literary characters, if dissected, would be found to exhibit an intense self-appreciation, side by side with the loftiest and most extended powers of reflection; and, were it otherwise, the faculties useful to mankind would in general be lost. Mental power, indeed, appears as if it often required to be *set* in a rather inferior character, in order to be developed—as the pearl is only found in the shell of the diseased fish. But this is a subject which would require to be treated by itself.

The present age cannot boast of many other poetical names of distinguished merit. Miss Landon, perhaps better known by her initials L. E. L., a young lady of the metropolis, has published four volumes of poetry, respectively entitled the Improvisatrice, the Troubadour, the Golden Violet, and the Venetian Bracelet. Besides these, she has been a large contributor to the periodicals of the day, especially the Literary Gazette, in which, indeed, her powers were first developed. Miss Landon's poetry is of an amorous and chivalric cast, replete with the tenderest sentiment and the most romantic association, but perhaps too often expressed in a melancholy or despairing tone. Next may be mentioned Mr Bayley, author of many modern popular songs, an imitator of Moore, without his perpetual glitter, but with a great deal of more genuine sentiment. There is a whole herd of lesser lights, whom we must leave to struggle a little farther forward before we advert to their efforts.

TRADITIONARY STORY OF ANNANDALE.

The predatory incursions of the Scots and English borderers, on each other's territories, are known to every one in the least acquainted with either the written or traditional history of his country. These were sometimes made by armed and numerous bodies, and it was not uncommon for a band of marauders to take the advantage of a thick fog or a dark night for plundering or driving away the cattle, with which they soon escaped over the border, where they were generally secure. These incursions were so frequent and distressing to the peaceable and well-disposed inhabitants, that they complained loudly to their respective governments; in consequence of which some one of the powerful nobles residing on the borders was invested with authority to suppress these depredations, under the title of Warden of the Marches. His duty was to protect the frontier, and alarm the country by firing the beacons which were placed on the heights, where they could be seen at a great distance, as a warning to the people to drive away their cattle, and, collecting in a body, either to repel or pursue the invaders, as circumstances might require. The Wardens also possessed a discretionary power in such matters as came under their jurisdiction. The proper discharge of this important trust required vigilance, courage, and fidelity; but it was sometimes committed to improper hands, and consequently the duty was very improperly performed.

In the reign of James V. one of these wardens was Sir John Charteris of Amisfield, near Dumfries, a brave but haughty man, who sometimes forgot his important trust so far as to sacrifice his public duties to his private interests.

George Maxwell was a young and respectable farmer in Annandale, who had frequently been active in repressing the petty incursions to which that quarter of the country was exposed. Having thereby rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the English borderers, a strong party was formed, which succeeded in despoiling him, by plundering his house and driving away his whole live stock. At the head of a large party, he pursued and overtook "the spoil-encumbered foe;" a fierce and bloody contest ensued, in which George fell the victim of a former feud, leaving his widow, Marion, in poverty, with her son Wallace, an only child, in the tenth year of his age. By the liberality of her neighbours, the widow was replaced in a small farm; but by subsequent incursions, she was reduced to such poverty that she occupied a small cottage, with a cow, which the kindness of a neighbouring farmer permitted to pasture on his fields. This, with the industry and filial affection of her son, now in his twentieth year, enabled her to live with a degree of comfort and contented resignation.

With a manly and athletic form, Wallace Maxwell inherited the courage of his father, and the patriotic ardour of the chieftain after whom he had been named; and Wallace had been heard to declare, that although he could not expect to free his country from the incursions of the English borderers, he trusted he should yet be able to take ample vengeance for the untimely death of his father.

Although his own private wrongs and those of his country had a powerful influence on the mind of Wallace Maxwell, his heart was susceptible of a far loftier passion.

His fine manly form and graceful air had attractions for many a rural fair; and he would have found no difficulty in matching with youthful beauty, considerably above his own humble station. But his affections were fixed on Mary Morrison, a maiden as poor in worldly wealth as himself; but nature had been more than usually indulgent to her in a handsome person and fine features; and, what was of infinitely more value, her heart was imbued with virtuous principles, and her mind better cultivated than could have been expected from her station in life; to these accomplishments were superadded a native dignity, tempered with modesty, and a most winning sweetness of manner. Mary was the daughter of a man who had seen better days; but he was ruined by the incursions of the English borderers; and both he and her mother dying soon after, Mary was left a helpless orphan in the twentieth year of her age. Her beauty procured her many admirers; and her unprotected state, for she had no relations in Annandale, left her exposed to the insidious temptations of unprincipled villany; but they soon discovered that neither flattery, bribes, nor the fairest promises, had the slightest influence on her spotless mind. There were many, however, who sincerely loved her, and made most honourable proposals; among whom was Wallace Maxwell, perhaps the poorest of her admirers, but who succeeded in gaining her esteem and affection. Mary and he were fellow servants to the farmer from whom his mother had her cottage; and on account of the troublesome state of the country, Wallace slept every night in his mother's house as her guardian and protector. Mary and he were about the same age, both in the bloom of youthful beauty; but both had discrimination to look beyond external attractions; and although they might be said to live in the light of each other's eyes, reason convinced them that the time was yet distant when it would be prudent to consummate that union which was the dearest object of their wishes.

A foray had been made by the English, in which their leader, the son of a rich borderer, had been made prisoner, and a heavy ransom paid to Sir John, the warden, for his release. This the avaricious warden considered a perquisite of his office; and it accordingly went to his private pocket. Soon after this, the party who had resolved on ruining Wallace Maxwell for his threats of vengeance, took the advantage of a thick fog during the day, succeeded by a dark night, in making an incursion on Annandale, principally for the purpose of capturing the young man. By stratagem they effected their purpose; and the widow's cow and Wallace her son were both carried off as part of the spoil. The youth's life might have been in considerable danger, had his capture not been discovered by the man who had recently paid a high ransom for his own son, and he now took instant possession of Wallace, resolving that he should be kept a close prisoner till ransomed by a sum equal to that paid to the warden.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to say whether the grief of Widow Maxwell for her son, or that of Mary Morrison for her lover, was greatest. But early in the ensuing morning the widow repaired to Amisfield, related the circumstance to Sir John, with tears beseeching him, as the plunderers were not yet far distant, to dispatch his forces after them, and rescue her son, with the property of which she had been despoiled, for they had carried off every thing, even to her bed-clothes.

Wallace Maxwell had some time before incurred the warden's displeasure, whose mind was not generous enough either to forget or forgive. He treated Marion with an indifference approaching almost to contempt, by telling her that it would be exceedingly improper to alarm the country about such a trivial incident, to which every person in that quarter was exposed; and although she kneeled to him, he refused to comply with her request, and proudly turned away.

With a heavy and an aching heart, the widow called on Mary Morrison on her way home to her desolate dwelling, relating the failure of her application, and uttering direful lamentations for the loss of her son—all of which were echoed by the no less desponding maiden.

In the anguish of her distress, Mary formed the resolution of waiting on the warden, and again urging the petition which had already been so rudely rejected. Almost frantic, she hastened to the castle, demanding to see Sir John. Her person was known to the porter, and he was also now acquainted with the cause of her present distress; she therefore found a ready admission. Always beautiful, the wildness of her air, the liquid fire which beamed in her eyes, from which tears streamed over her glowing cheeks, and the perturbation which heaved her swelling bosom, rendered her an object of more than ordinary interest in the sight of the warden. She fell at his feet and attempted to tell her melancholy tale; but convulsive sobs stifled her utterance. He then took her unresisting hand, raised her up, led her to a seat, and bade her compose herself before she attempted to speak.

With a faultering tongue, and eyes which, like the lightning of heaven, seemed capable of penetrating a heart of adamant, and in all the energy and pathos of impassioned grief, she told her tale—imploring the warden, if he ever regarded his mother, or if capable of feeling for the anguish of a woman, to have pity on them, and instantly exert himself to restore the most dutiful of sons, and the most faithful of lovers, to his humble petitioners, whose gratitude should cease only with their lives.

"You are probably not aware," said he, in a kindly tone, "of the difficulty of gratifying your wishes. Wallace Maxwell has rendered himself the object of vengeance to the English borderers; and, before now, he must be in captivity so secure, that any measure to rescue him by force of arms would be unavailing. But, for your sake, I will adopt the only means which can restore him—namely, to purchase his ransom by gold. But you are aware that it must be high; and I trust your gratitude will be in proportion."

"Every thing in our power shall be done to evince our gratitude," replied the delighted Mary; a more animated glow suffusing her cheek, and her eyes beaming with a brighter lustre—"Heaven reward you."

"To wait for my reward from heaven, would be to give credit to one who can make ready payment," replied the warden. "You, lovely Mary, have it in your power to make me a return, which will render me your debtor, without in any degree impoverishing yourself"—and he paused—afraid or ashamed to speak the purpose of his heart. Such is the power which virgin beautyand innocence can exert on the most depraved inclinations.

Although alarmed, and suspecting his base design, such was the rectitude of Mary's guileless heart, that she could not believe the warden in earnest; and starting from his proffered embrace, she with crimson blushes replied—"I am sure, sir, your heart could never permit you so far to insult a hapless maiden; you have spoken to try my affection for Wallace Maxwell; let me therefore again implore you to take such measures as you may think best for obtaining his release;" and a fresh flood of tears flowed in torrents from her eyes,

she gazed wistfully in his face, with a look so imploringly tender, that it might have moved the heart of a demon.

With many flattering blandishments, and much artful sophistry, he endeavoured to win her to his purpose; but perceiving that his attempts were unavailing, he concluded thus—"All that I have promised I am ready to perform; but I swear by heaven, that unless you grant me the favour which I have so humbly solicited, Wallace Maxwell may perish in a dungeon, or by the hand of his enemies; for he shall never be rescued by me. Think, then, in time, before you leave me; and for his sake, and your own future happiness, do not foolishly destroy it for ever."

With her eyes flashing indignant fire, and her bosom throbbing with the anguish of insulted virtue, she flung herself from his hateful embrace, and, rushing from his presence, with a sorrowful and almost bursting heart, left the castle.

Widow Maxwell had a mind not easily depressed; and although in great affliction for her son, did not despair of his release. She was ignorant of Mary's application to the warden, and had been revolving in her mind the propriety of seeking an audience of the king, and detailing her wrongs, both at the hands of the English marauders and Sir John. She was brooding on this, when Mary entered her cottage, and, in the agony of despairing love and insulted honour, related the reception she had met from the warden. The relation confirmed the widow's half-formed resolution, and steeled her heart to its purpose. After they had responded each other's sighs, and mingled tears together, the old woman proposed waiting on her friend the farmer, declaring her intentions, and, if he approved of them, soliciting his permission for Mary to accompany her.

The warden's indolent neglect of duty was a subject of general complaint; the farmer, therefore, highly approved of the widow's proposal, believing that it would not only procure her redress, but might be of advantage to the country. He urged their speedy and secret departure, requesting that whatever answer they received might not be divulged till the final result was seen; and next morning, at early dawn, the widow and Mary took their departure for Stirling. King James was easy of access to the meanest of his subjects; and the pair had little difficulty in obtaining admission to the royal presence. Widow Maxwell had in youth been a beautiful woman, and, although her early bloom had passed, might still have been termed a comely and attractive matron, although in the autumn of life. In a word, her face was still such as would have recommended her suit to the King, whose heart was at all times feelingly alive to the attraction of female beauty. But on the present occasion, although she was the petitioner, the auxiliary whom she had brought, although silent, was infinitely the most powerful pleader; for Mary might be said to resemble the half-blown rose in early summer, when its glowing leaves are wet with the dews of morning. James was so struck with their appearance, that, before they had spoken, he secretly wished that their petitions might be such as he could with justice and honour grant, for he already felt that it would be impossible to refuse them.

Although struck with awe on coming into the presence of their sovereign, the easy condescension and affability of James soon restored them to comparative tranquillity; and the widow told her "plain, unvarnished tale" with such artless simplicity and moving pathos, as would have made an impression on a less partial auditor than his Majesty. When she came to state the result of Mary's application to Sir John, she paused, blushed, and still remained silent. James instantly conjectured the cause, which was confirmed when he saw Mary's face crimsoned all over.

Suppressing his indignation, "Well, I shall be soon in Annandale," said he, "and will endeavour to do you justice. Look at this nobleman (pointing to one in the chamber); when I send him for you, come to me where he shall guide. In the mean time, he will find you safe lodgings for the night, and give you sufficient to bear your expenses home, whither I wish you to return as soon as possible, and be assured that your case shall not be forgotten."

It is generally known that James, with a love of justice, had a considerable share of eccentricity in his character, and that he frequently went over the country in various disguises—such as a pedlar, an itinerant musician, or even a wandering beggar. These disguises were sometimes assumed for the purpose of discovering the abuses practised by his servants, and not unfrequently from the love of frolic, and, like the Caliph in the Arabian Tales, in quest of amusement. On these occasions, when he chose to discover himself, it was always by the designation of the *Gudeman of Ballengeich*. He had a private passage by which he could leave the palace, unseen by any one, and he could make his retreat alone, or accompanied by a disguised attendant, according to his inclination.

On the present occasion he determined to visit the Warden of the March *incog.*; and, making the necessary arrangements, he soon arrived in Annandale. His inquiries concerning the widow and Mary corroborated the opinion he had previously formed, and learning where Mary resided, he resolved to repair thither in person, disguised as a mendicant. On approaching the farmer's he had to pass a rivulet, at which there was a girl washing linen, and a little observation convinced him it was Mary Morrison. When near, he pretended to be taken suddenly ill, and sat down on a knoll, groaning piteously. Mary came instantly to him, tenderly inquiring what ailed him, and whether she could render him any assistance. James replied it was a painful distemper, by which he was frequently attacked; but if she could procure him a draught of warm milk, that and an hour's rest would relieve him. Mary kindly said, if he could with her assistance walk to the farm, which she pointed out near by, he would be kindly cared for. She assisted him to rise, and, taking his arm, permitted him to lean upon her shoulder, as they crept slowly along. He met much sympathy in the family, and there he heard the history of Mary and Wallace Maxwell (not without execrations on the warden for his indolence), and their affirmations that they were sure, if the King knew how he neglected his duty, he would either be dismissed or severely punished: although the former had spoken plainer than others whom James had conversed with, he found that Sir John was generally disliked, and he became impatient for the hour of retribution.

Marching back towards Dumfries, James rendezvoused for the night in a small village called Duncow, in the parish of Kirkmahoe, and next morning he set out for Amisfield, which lay in the neighbourhood, disguised as a beggar. Part of his retinue he left in Duncow, and part he ordered to lie in wait in a ravine near Amisfield till he should require their attendance. Having cast away his beggar's cloak, he appeared at the gate of the warden's castle in the dress of a plain countryman, and requested the porter to procure him an immediate audience of Sir John. But he was answered that the warden had just sat down to dinner, during which it was a standing order that he should never be disturbed, on any pretence whatever.

"And how long will he sit?" said James.

"Two hours, perhaps three; he must not be intruded on till his bell ring," replied the porter.

"I am a stranger, and cannot wait so long; take this silver groat, and go to your master, and say that I wish to see him on business of importance, and will detain him only a few minutes."

The porter delivered the message, and soon returned, saying, "Sir John says that however important your business may be, you must wait his time, or go the way you came."

"That is very hard—there are other two groats; go again, and say that I have come from the Border, where I saw the English preparing for an incursion, and have posted thither with the information; and that I think he will be neglecting his duty if he do not immediately fire the beacons and alarm the country."

This message was also carried, and the porter returned with a sorrowful look, and shaking his head.

"Well, does the warden consent to see me?" said the anxious stranger, who had gained the porter's good will by his liberality.

"I beg your pardon, friend," replied the menial, "but I must deliver Sir John's answer in his own words: he says if you choose to wait two hours he will then see whether you are a knave or a fool; but if you send another such impertinent message to him, both you and I shall have cause to repent it. However, for your civility, come with me, and I will find you something to eat, and a horn of good ale to put off the time till Sir John can be seen."

"I give you hearty thanks, my good fellow; but, as I said, I cannot wait. Here, take these three groats; go again to the warden, and say that the *Gudeman of Ballengeich* insists upon seeing him immediately."

No sooner was the porter's back turned than James winded his bugle-horn so loudly, that its echoes seemed to shake the castle walls; and the porter found his master in consternation, which his message changed into fear and trembling.

By the time the warden had reached the gate, James had thrown off his coat, and stood arrayed in the garb and insignia of royalty, while his train of nobles were galloping up in great haste. When they were collected around him, the king, for the first time, condescended to address the terrified warden, who had prostrated himself at the feet of his sovereign.

"Rise, Sir John," said he with a stern and commanding air. "You bade your porter tell me that I was either knave or fool, and you were right, for I have erred in delegating my power to a knave like you."

With a faltering tongue and a quivering lip the warden attempted to excuse himself, by stammering out that he did not know he was wanted by his majesty.

"But I sent you a message that I wished to speak with you on business of importance, and you refused to be disturbed. The meanest of my subjects has access to me at all times; I hear before I condemn; and shall do so with you, against whom I have many and heavy charges."

"Will it please your majesty to honour my humble dwelling with your presence, and afford me an opportunity of speaking in my own defence?" said the justly alarmed warden.

"No, Sir John, I will not enter beneath that roof as a judge, where I was refused admission as a petitioner. I hold my court at Hoddam Castle, where I command your immediate attendance; where I will hear your answer to the charges I have against you. In the meantime, before our departure you will give orders for the entertainment of my retinue, men and horses, at your castle, during my stay in Annandale."

The king then appointed several of the lords in attendance to accompany him to Hoddam Castle, whither he commanded the warden to follow him with all possible dispatch.

Sir John was conscious of negligence, and even something worse, in the discharge of his duty, although ignorant of the particular charges to be brought against him; but when ushered into the presence of his sovereign, he endeavoured to assume the easy confidence of innocence.

James proceeded instantly to business, by inquiring if there was not a recent incursion of a small marauding party, in which a poor widow's cow was carried off, her house plundered, and her son taken prisoner; and if she did not early next morning state this to him, requesting him to recover her property.

"Did you, Sir John, do your utmost in the case?"

"I acknowledge I did not; but the widow shall have the best cow in my possession, and her house furnished anew; I hope that will satisfy your Majesty."

"And her son, how is he to be restored?"

"When we have the good fortune to make an English prisoner, he can be exchanged."

"Mark me, Sir John! If Wallace Maxwell is not brought before me in good health, within a week from this date, you shall hang by the neck from that tree waving before the window. I have no more to say at present; be ready to wait on me in one hour when your presence is required."

The warden knew the determined resolution of the king, and instantly dispatched a confidential servant, vested with full powers, to procure the liberation of Wallace Maxwell, at whatever price, and to bring him safely back without a moment's delay. In the meantime, a retinue of men and horse, amounting to several hundred, were living at free quarters in Sir John's castle, and the visits of the king diffusing gladness and joy over the whole country.

Next morning James sent the young nobleman, whom he had pointed out to the widow at Stirling, to bring her and Mary Morrison to Hoddam Castle. He received both with easy condescension; when the widow, with much grateful humility, endeavoured to express her thanks, saying that Sir John had, last evening, sent her a cow worth double that she had lost; also blankets and other articles of higher value than all that had been carried away; but, with tears in her eyes, she said all these were as nothing without her dear son, assuring them that their request had not been neglected. James dismissed them, with the joyful hope of soon seeing Wallace, as he would send for them immediately on his arrival.

The distress of the warden increased every hour, for he was a prisoner in his own castle; and his feelings may be conjectured, when he received a message from the king commanding him to come to Hoddam Castle next day by noon, and either bring Wallace Maxwell along with him, or prepare for a speedy exit into the next world. He had just seen the sun rise, of which it seemed probable he should never see the setting, when his servant arrived with Wallace, whose liberty had been purchased at an exorbitant ransom. Without allowing the young man time to rest, Sir John hurried him off to Hoddam Castle, and sent in a message that he waited an audience of his Majesty.

To make sure of the youth's identity, the king sent instantly for his mother, and the meeting called forth all the best feelings of his heart, for maternal affection triumphed over every other emotion; and it was only after the first ebullition of it had subsided, that she bade him kneel to his sovereign, to whom he owed his liberty, and most probably his life. Wallace gracefully bent his knee, and took heaven to witness that both should be devoted to his majesty's service.

James was delighted with the manly appearance and gallant behaviour of Wallace; and after having satisfied himself of the sincerity of his attachment to Mary, he ordered him to withdraw.

He next dispatched a messenger for Mary, who, the moment she came, was ushered into the presence of Sir John; James marking the countenance of both—that of Mary flushed with resentment, while her eye flashed with indignant fire. The pale and deadly hue which overspread the warden's cheek was a tacit acknowledgment of his guilt. "Do you know that young woman, Sir John? Reply to my questions truly; and be assured that your life depends upon the sincerity of your answers," said the king, in a determined and stern voice.

"Yes, my liege, I have seen her," said Sir John, his lip quivering and his tongue faltering.

"Where?"

"At Amisfield."

"On what occasion?"

"She came to me for the release of Wallace Maxwell."

"And you refused her, except upon conditions which were an insult to her, and a disgrace to yourself. Speak; is it not so?"

"To my shame, my sovereign, I confess my guilt; but I am willing to make all the reparation in my power; and I leave it to be named by your majesty."

"You deserve to be hanged, Sir John; but when I look on that face I acknowledge your temptation; and it pleads a mitigation of punishment. You know that Mary loves and is beloved by Wallace Maxwell, whom you have already ransomed; you shall give him a farm of not less than fifty acres of good land, rent free, during his life, or that of the woman he marries: and farther, you shall stock it with cattle, and every article necessary, with a comfortable dwelling;—all this you shall perform within three months from this date. If you think these conditions hard, I give you the alternative of swinging from that tree before sunset. Take your choice."

"My sovereign, I submit to the conditions, and promise that I shall do my best to make the couple happy."

Wallace was now called in, when Mary clasped him in her arms, both falling on their knees before their sovereign. He raised them up, and said, "I have tried both your loves, and found them faithful. Your Mary is all that you believed her, and brings you a dowry which she will explain. I shall see your hands united before I leave Annandale, and preside at the feast. Let your care of the widow be a remuneration for what she has done for both, and I trust all of you will long remember the Gudeman of Ballengeich's visit to Annandale."*

SCOTTISH MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

SCOTLAND possesses its manufacturing districts as well as England, and the degree of industry and ingenuity displayed in the latter country now meets with a parallel in this northern kingdom. The comparatively recent rise and rapid progress of manufactures in Scotland well merit attention. The prospe-

* The above tale is reprinted from the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, July 4, 1829.

rity of the country in this branch of its affairs is coeval with the revival of agriculture, and may be dated within the period of a century. England had its extensive cloth and other manufactures in the reign of Henry the Seventh; Scotland had not made the same advances till the reign of George the Third; yet such have been the activity and care bestowed on its manufactures within the period of the last seventy or eighty years, that in many processes of labour it already rivals its more favoured and more precocious sister nation. It may justly be said that no country in the world—the United States of America excepted—has made such extraordinary strides in the career of prosperity, in all that concerns it, as Scotland. Under the manifest disadvantages of a worse climate than is found in the greater part of England; a mountainous uneven territory, ill adapted for roads and canals; an unfortunate local situation, rather out of the way of European commerce; a most serious want of capital; and a recent rise from barbaric usages and the affliction of civil broils—it has fallen upon judicious means, through the energy of its character, of establishing a reputation highly worthy of respect, and of placing itself as much as possible on a par with its southern neighbour. There are some countries—Ireland for instance—where the mechanism of society, and every thing relative to national institutions, trade, and commerce, are continually going wrong: whereas in Scotland no beneficial practice has ever yet been introduced, from the epoch of Malcolm Canmore downwards, which has not readily taken root and been a source of national advantage and gratulation.

The principal manufacturing district in Scotland is that of Lanark and Renfrew shires, lying on the western side of the island, and intersected by the Clyde. The manufacture of lawns, cambrics, and other articles of a similar fabric, was introduced into this district about a century ago, but was not of any moment till the decade of 1770-80. A very flourishing commerce with the American colonies having then been checked, the attention of the trades of Glasgow was directed to other objects of enterprise; and being assisted by the discovery made by Arkwright of the improved process of spinning cotton wool, they commenced the manufacture of muslins. The late Mr James Monteith of Anderston was the first person who warped a muslin web in Scotland. The progress of the cotton manufacture at Glasgow after this was very rapid; dyeing and printing linen and calico were brought fully into practice; and soon the goods of Glasgow were exported to all parts of the world. Since the use of steam power commenced in Glasgow, about 180 engines, having the power of at least 3000 horses and in the proprietary of upwards of 150 manufacturers, have been established within two miles of the Cross of that city. The cotton manufacterers of Glasgow have also water mills and establishments in a number of places throughout the adjoining country, and the goods they produce rival those of the Lancashire manufacturers. The manufactures of Paisley, in Renfrewshire, differ from those of Glasgow. About the year 1760, the making of silk gauze was first attempted in Paisley in imitation of those of Spitalfields. The success was beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who engaged in it. The inventive spirit, and the patient application of the workmen, the cheapness of the labour at the time, and the skill and taste of the masters, gave it every advantage for being naturalized there. The consequence was, that nice and curious fabrics were devised, and such a vast variety of elegant and richly ornamented gauze was issued from the place, as to outdo every thing of the kind that had formerly appeared. Spitalfields was obliged to relinquish the manufacture, and companies came from London to carry it on in Paisley, where it prospered, and increased to an inconceivable extent. In 1784 the manufacture of silk gauze, lawn, and linen gauze, and white sewing thread, amounted to the value of L.580,000, and no fewer than about 27,000 persons were employed. Since that epoch the gauze trade has declined: but the manufacture of cotton thread, cambric, shawls of silk and cotton, shawls of silk and Merino wool, scarfs, plaids, Canton crape shawls, and handkerchiefs, has risen, and been carried on with more or less vigour. The manufactures of Glasgow and Paisley engage the labour of a dense population, scattered over the whole of the villages in the west of Scotland, and reaching even into more distant parts of the country. The outlet for those manufactures is chiefly by the Clyde and by Greenock. The increase of the population of Glasgow and Paisley within the last fifty years has been very striking. In 1780 the city of Glasgow contained only 42,832 individuals; and in 1831 it possessed a population of nearly 233,000. Paisley and its environs in 1782 contained 17,700 inhabitants; in 1831 the population was nearly 60,000.

Lanarkshire has a variety of other manufactures; machinery to a great extent is made at Glasgow, and there are iron works in the upper vale of Clyde, within the shire In an alpine region of Lanarkshire and Dumfries-shire, amidst a wilderness of heathy mountains, lie the villages of Leadhills and Wanlockhead, both celebrated for their lead-mines. The annual produce of the Scotch lead-mines is 65,000 bars, or 4120 tons, which, at the value of lead, on an average of the last twenty years, amount to L.82,400.

Let us now proceed to other parts of Scotland. Dumbartonshire is now the seat of a number of print-works, which have been established on the Leven, in consequence of the exceeding purity of its water,

> "That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
> With white round polished pebbles spread."

The county is likewise noted for the manufacture of glass for windows, both plate and common, an article begun to be made here in 1777. The glass-works of Dumbarton give employment to 19,000 tons of shipping, and pay from L.40,000 to 60,000 of excise duties per annum. Ayrshire, which is contiguous to Renfrewshire, has for a number of years taken the lead in woollen manufactures. The chief seat of this trade is at Kilmarnock, a rapidly improving town, possessing a population of about 18,000. In this thriving inland town about 1200 weavers and 200 printers are engaged in the manufacture of harness and worsted printed shawls, which are annually produced to the value of L.200,000. In the manufacture of Brussels, Venetian, and Scottish carpets and rugs, the quality and patterns of which are not surpassed by any in the country, there are upwards of 1000 weavers employed. The annual amount of this important branch of manufacture cannot be less than L.100,000. The town is noted for the manufacture of striped woollen night-caps and bonnets; of the latter, 224,640 are made yearly, the value of which is L.12,000. Kilmarnock is also a mart for boots and shoes; about 2400 pairs are made every week, three-fourths of which are for exportation; annual value about L.32,000. The thriving village of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, enjoys a large share of the manufacture of Highland bonnets, regimental and otherwise. A considerable portion of the population of this county is engaged in weaving for the Glasgow and Paisley manufacturers. Ayrshire has other two articles of manufacture worth mentioning—iron and snuff-boxes. The seat of the iron manufacture is at Muirkirk, where there are blast furnaces for pig iron, and an extensive forge for bar iron. The pig iron made here is soft, easily melted, and of the best quality. The bar iron is superior to any in Britain, and not inferior to Swedish iron. There are also some coal tar works at Muirkirk. Cumnock, a village in the heart of Ayrshire, on the Lugar water, is celebrated for the manufacture of those beautiful wooden snuff-boxes now so common, a species of trade carried on nowhere else in Scotland, except at Laurencekirk and Montrose. It is little more than twenty years since some ingenious individuals commenced the making of these curious little cabinets. There are now upwards of one hundred persons, men, women, and children, employed in the trade, all of whom get more considerable wages by their labour than most other artizans. Planetree is the wood used in the manufacture, and great ingenuity is evinced in adorning the lids with devices. The very nice manner in which the hinges are constructed, so as to be almost invisible, is deserving of the highest credit. It is calculated that a piece of rough wood, costing only twenty-five shillings, will make three thousand pounds' worth of snuff-boxes.

Stirlingshire has some manufactures peculiar to itself. These consist of carpets, coarse woollens of divers kinds, tartans and cottons, which are principally made in the town of Stirling, and the adjacent villages of St Ninians and Bannockburn. There are also establishments at different places for manufacturing paper, copperas, alum, Prussian blue, soda, and whisky. Some of the villages are celebrated for the excellence and quantity of the nails which they manufacture; and the article so produced has long had a command of the Scottish market. But the grand staple manufacture of Stirlingshire is iron goods, cast and malleable, at Carron, on the banks of the river of that name, near Falkirk. This establishment, which is celebrated all over Europe, manufactures all kinds of cast-iron goods, for use in war, agriculture, domestic economy, or any other purpose. Cannon, mortars, howitzers, and carronades, of every description, are here made in the greatest perfection. The outlet for these heavy goods is the Frith of Forth, or the canal which communicates with the Clyde. Including those employed in the works, and those engaged in the mines and pits, with the individuals employed in the coasting and carrying trade, the whole will amount to between 2000 and 3000 persons, who subsist directly by the works.

No county in Scotland surpasses Fifeshire in point of industry, general intelligence, and comfort. This peninsular county (including part of Kinross-shire) is the busy seat of the Scottish linen manufacture, which was introduced into it about sixty years since, when the London trade was opened up. In the course of the intervening period of time, the county has been overspread with spinning-mills, bleach-fields, weaving-looms, and other essentials for carrying on a great trade. From time to time, considerable changes have occurred, according as the demand for particular articles varied; and in the present day the weaving of fine diapers and shirtings is the chief employ. Some of the most meritorious improvements in the art of bleaching and hand-weaving have been the discovery of natives of Fife. Dunfermline, in this county, enjoys the reputation of being the first town in Scotland for fine linens. The yarns used are from foreign flax, and are mostly spun and bleached on the river Leven. The Kirkland spinning-mills, near the seaport town of Leven, are the most extensive in the county. In the weaving of linens, whole towns, villages, and hamlets, are constantly employed. The cloth produced is, for the greater part, exported to London, as the Scotch themselves wear almost none of their own goods, being contented with the cheaper linens of Ireland. Blankets and plaidings are also manufactured in this shire. The operative weavers of Fife form an independent respectable class of artizans, thoroughly national in their habits and sentiments; and being, in most instances, provided with gardens and potato grounds, if not pigs and cows, near their cottages, they live in a state of peace and comfort, I venture to assert, nowhere equalled, at least not surpassed, among the working classes in any portion of the united kingdom. In no part of the country are there seen fewer idlers, fewer ill-clad people, or fewer public houses—solid testimonials of the sobriety, the industry, and the intelligence of the natives.

Forfarshire, which lies immediately north from Fife, has the chief trade in manufacturing coarse flaxen and hempen goods, principally from Baltic produce. The seat of this lucrative branch of manufactures is at Dundee, a town which, like Paisley and Glasgow, has made extraordinary advances within the last fifty years. Brown linen, sailcloths, bagging, and coarse household stuffs, are the staple branches. In the year ending Whitsunday 1830, the exports of lint and hempen goods amounted to 464,752 tons. The wealth diffused by a commerce of such magnitude may well be conceived to be great. Steam power is applied very extensively at Dundee, and all the towns and villages within many miles are kept busily engaged in weaving. Dundee is also famous for the excellence of its manufacture of kid gloves.

In that portion of Scotland lying betwixt the Borders and the Frith of Forth, manufactures are thinly scattered. Hawick in Roxburghshire began to manufacture woollen stockings in 1771, and since that period it has risen to be the chief town in this line in Scotland. There are now upwards of twenty manufacturers in the place, and these employ between five and six hundred looms. It was lately calculated that there were about 900,000 pounds weight of fine wool spun into yarn, three-fifths of which were wrought up into hose, &c., and the remainder sold to manufacturers of stockings in Leicester, Derbyshire, Glasgow, &c. Galashiels, a small thriving town in Selkirkshire, has for a number of years been making considerable advances in the manufacturing of cloths, plaidings, flannels, hosiery, &c. The town had recently ten woollen mills, or factories, which wrought about 30,000 stones of wool per annum, value L.22,000. The cloth made here is remarkably strong and durable.

The district of Mid-Lothian, of which Edinburgh forms the centre, has a great variety of manufactures. Printing papers are now made to a vast extent at a number of mills on the Esk and other streams; pottery and salt are made at the towns on the shore of the Frith of Forth; glass or crystal is made to a large amount at Leith; and among other manufactures, those of refined sugar, ale, beer, leather, and chemical preparations, have a conspicuous place. The Edinburgh ales are deservedly celebrated; its silk shawls are also well known; and it has recently put forth some of the finest carpets. Edinburgh is, however, chiefly known as a mart for literary productions. Though not employing a dense population like Lanarkshire, the county possesses those vital principles of action which enable it to put the whole machinery of improvement in motion over the kingdom. Its banking establishments supply capital to nearly the whole of Scotland, and rouse the spirit of industry in the most distant isles.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.

THE biography of James Watt, a man to whom mankind has been greatly indebted for the ingenious improvements he effected on the steam engine, having been brought under the notice of my readers, I now propose to give some account of Sir Richard Arkwright, an individual in some measure associated with the great inventions of Watt; his rise from a very humble origin to affluence and distinction being the result of his persevering attention to the improvement of machinery connected with the cotton manufacture.

"Arkwright (says his biographer, in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge) was born on the 23d of December 1732, at Preston, in Lancashire. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of a family of thirteen children; so that we may suppose the school education he received, if he ever was at school at all, was extremely limited. Indeed, but little learning would probably be deemed necessary for the profession to which he was bred—that of a barber. This business he continued to follow till he was nearly thirty years of age; and this first period of his history is of course obscure enough. About the year 1760, however, or soon after, he gave up shaving, and commenced business as an itinerant dealer in hair, collecting the commodity by travelling up and down the country, and then, after he had dressed it, selling it again to the wig-makers, with whom he very soon acquired the character of keeping a better article than any of his rivals in the same trade. He had obtained possession, too, we are told, of the secret method of dyeing hair, by which he doubtless contrived to augment his profits; and perhaps, in his accidental acquaintance with this little piece of chemistry, we may find the germ of that sensibility he soon began to manifest to the value of new and unpublished inventions in the arts, and of his passion for patent-rights and the pleasures of monopoly.

It would appear that his first effort in mechanics, as has happened in the case of many other ingenious men, was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion. It was in inquiring after a person to make him some wheels for a project of this kind, that in the latter part of the year 1767 he got acquainted with a clockmaker of the name of Kay, then residing at Warrington, with whom it is certain that he remained for a considerable time after closely connected. From this moment we may date his entrance upon a new career.

The manufacture of cotton cloths was introduced into this country only towards the end of the seventeenth century; although stuffs, improperly called Manchester cottons, had been fabricated nearly three centuries before, which, however, were made entirely of wool. It is generally thought that the first attempt at the manufacture of cotton goods in Europe did not take place till the end of the fifteenth century, when the art was introduced into Italy. Before this, the only cottons known had been imported from the East Indies.

The English cottons, for many years after the introduction of the manufacture, had only the weft of cotton, the warp, or longitudinal threads of the cloth, being of linen. It was conceived to be impracticable to spin the cotton with a sufficient hard twist to make it serviceable for this latter purpose. Although occasionally exported too in small quantities, the manufactured goods were chiefly consumed at home. It was not till about the year 1760 that any considerable demand for them arose abroad.

But about this time the exportation of cottons, both to the Continent and to America, began to be carried on on a larger scale, and the manufacture of course received a corresponding impulse. The thread had hitherto been spun entirely, as it still continues to be in India, by the tedious process of the distaff and spindle, the spinner drawing out only a single thread at a time. But as the demand for the manufactured article continued to increase, a greater and greater scarcity of weft was experienced, till, at last, although there were 50,000 spindles constantly at work in Lancashire alone, each occupying an individual spinner, they were found quite insufficient to supply the quantity of thread required. The weavers generally, in those days, had the weft they used spun for them by the females of their family; and now "those weavers," says Mr Guest, in his History of the Cotton Manufacture, "whose families could not furnish the necessary supply of weft, had their spinning done by their neighbours, and were obliged to pay more for the spinning than the price allowed by their masters; and, even with this disadvantage, very few could procure weft enough to keep themselves constantly employed. It was no uncommon thing for a weaver to walk three or four miles in a morning, and call on five or six spinners, before he could collect weft to serve him for the remainder of the day; and when he wished to weave a piece in a shorter time than usual, a new ribbon or gown was necessary to quicken the exertions of the spinner."

It was natural, in this state of things, that attempts should be made to contrive some method of spinning more effective than that which had hitherto been in use; and, in fact, several ingenious individuals seem to have turned their attention to the subject. Long before this time, indeed, spinning by machinery had been thought of by more than one speculator. A Mr Wyatt, of Litchfield, is stated to have actually invented an apparatus for that purpose so early as the year 1733, and to have had factories built and filled with his machines, both at Birmingham and Northampton These undertakings, however, not being successful, the machines were allowed to perish, and no model or description of them was preserved. There was also a Mr Laurence Earnshaw, of Mottram, in Cheshire, of whom "it is recorded," says Mr Baines, in his History of Lancashire, "that, in the year 1753, he invented a machine to spin and reel cotton at one operation, which he showed to his neighbours, and then destroyed it, through the generous apprehension that he might deprive the poor of bread"—a mistake, but a benevolent one.

It was in the year 1767, as we have mentioned, that Arkwright became acquainted with Kay. In 1768, the two friends appeared together at Preston, and immediately began to occupy themselves busily in the erection of a machine for the spinning of cotton-thread, of which they had brought a model with them. They had prevailed upon a Mr Smalley, who is described to have been a liquor merchant and painter of that place, to join them in their speculation; and the room in which the machine was fixed was the parlour of the dwelling-house attached to the free grammar-school, the use of which Smalley had obtained from his friend, the schoolmaster. At this time Arkwright was so poor that, an election contest having taken place in the town, of which he was a burgess, it is asserted that his friends, or party, were obliged to subscribe to get him a decent suit of clothes before they could bring him into the poll-room. As soon as the election was over, he and Kay left Preston, and carrying with them their model, betook themselves to Nottingham, the apprehension of the hostility of the people of Lancashire to the attempt he was making to introduce spinning by machinery having, as Arkwright himself afterwards stated, induced him to take this step. On arriving at Nottingham, he first made arrangements with Messrs Wrights, the bankers, for obtaining the necessary supply of capital; but they, after a short time, having declined to continue their advances, he took his model to Messrs Need and Strutt, stocking-weavers of the place, the latter of whom was a particularly ingenious man, and well qualified, from his scientific acquirements, of which he had possessed himself under many disadvantages, to judge of the adaptation of the new machinery to its proposed object. An inspection of it perfectly satisfied him of its great value; and he and Mr Need immediately agreed to enter into partnership with Arkwright, who accordingly, in 1769, took out a patent for the machine as its inventor. A spinning-mill, driven by horse-power, was at the same time erected, and filled with the frames; being, unless we include those erected many years before by Mr Wyatt, the first work of the kind that had been known in this country. In 1771 Arkwright and his partners established another mill at Cromford, in the parish of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, the machinery in which was set in motion by a water-wheel; and in 1775 he took out a second patent, including some additions which he had made to his original apparatus.

In what we have hitherto related, we have carefully confined ourselves to facts which are universally acknowledged; but there are other points of the story that have been stated in very opposite ways, and have given rise to much doubt and dispute.

The machinery for which Arkwright took out his patents consisted of various parts, his second specification enumerating no fewer than ten different contrivances; but of these the one that was by far of greatest importance, was a device for drawing out the cotton from a coarse to a finer and harder twisted thread, and so rendering it fit to be used for warp as well as weft. This was most ingeniously managed by the application of a principle which had not yet been introduced in any other mechanical operation. The cotton was in the first place drawn off from the skewers, on which it was fixed by one pair of rollers, which were made to move at a comparatively slow rate, and which formed it into threads of the first and coarser quality; but at a little distance behind the first was placed a second pair of rollers, revolving three, four, or five times as fast, which took it up when it had passed through the others, the effect of which would be to reduce the thread to a degree of fineness so many times greater than that which it originally had. The first pair of rollers might be regarded as the feeders of the second, which could receive no more than the others sent to them; and that, again, could be no more than these others themselves took up from the skewers. As the second pair of rollers, therefore, revolved, we will say, five times for every one revolution of the first pair, or, which is the same thing, required for their consumption in a given time five times the length of thread that the first did, they could obviously only obtain so much length by drawing out the common portion of cotton into thread of five times the original fineness. Nothing could be more beautiful or more effective than this contrivance, which, with an additional provision for giving the proper twist to the thread, constitutes what is called the water-frame or throstle.

Of this part of his machinery, Arkwright particularly claimed the invention as his own. He admitted with regard to some of the other machines included in his patent, that he was rather their improver than their inventor; and the original spinning-machine for coarse thread, commonly called the spinning-jenny, he frankly attributed in its first conception to a person of the name of Hargrave, who resided at Blackburn, and who, he said, having been driven out of Lancashire in consequence of his invention, had taken refuge in Nottingham; but, unable to bear up against a conspiracy formed to ruin him, had been at last obliged to relinquish the farther prosecution of his object, and died in obscurity and distress.

There were, however, other parties who had an interest as well as Arkwright in these new machines, and who would not allow that any of them were of his invention. As to the principal of them, the water-frame, they alleged that it was in reality the invention of a poor reed-maker, of the name of Highs, or Hayes, and that Arkwright had obtained the knowledge of it from his old associate Kay, who had been employed by Highs to assist him in constructing a model of it a short time before Arkwright had sought his acquaintance. Many cotton-spinners, professing to believe this to be the true state of the case, actually used Arkwright's machinery in their factories, notwithstanding the patent by which he had attempted to protect it; and this invasion of his monopoly was carried to such an extent, that at last he found himself obliged to bring actions against no fewer than nine different parties.

It would be needless to enter here into the history of Arkwright's legal contests, which, after various success, he finally lost. Whatever conclusion may be come to on the subject of his claim to the invention of the machinery introduced by him into his spinning factories, it is incontestible that to him alone belongs the merit both of having combined its different parts with admirable ingenuity and judgment, and of having, by his unwearied and invincible perseverance, first brought it into actual use on anything like an extensive scale, and demonstrated its power and value. The several inventions which his patent embraced, whether they were his own or not, would probably but for him have perished with their authors; none of whom except himself had the determination and courage to face the multiplied fatigues and dangers that lay in the way of achieving a practical exemplification of what they had conceived in their minds, or to encounter any part of that opposition, incredulity, ridicule, of those disappointments, repulses, losses, and other discouragements, over all of which he at last so completely triumphed. When he set out on this career he was poor, friendless, and utterly unknown. We have already stated that, on his coming with Kay to Preston, he was almost in rags; and it may be added, that when he and Kay made application immediately before this to a Mr Atherton for some pecuniary assistance to enable them to prosecute their plans, Arkwright's appearance alone was enough to determine that gentleman to have nothing to do with the adventure. Can we have a more exciting example, then, of what a resolute heart may do in apparently the most hopeless circumstances?—of what ingenuity and perseverance together may overcome in the pursuit of what they are determined to attain? And this is the grand lesson which the history of Arkwright is fitted to teach us—to give ourselves wholly to one object, and never to despair of reaching it. Even after he had succeeded in forming his partnership with Messrs Need and Strutt, his success was far from being secured. For a long time the speculation was a hazardous and unprofitable one; and no little outlay of capital was required to carry it on. He tells us himself in his case that it did not begin to pay till it had been persevered in for five years, and had swallowed up a capital of more than twelve thousand pounds. We cannot doubt that it required all Arkwright's dexterity and firmness to induce his partners to persevere with the experiment under this large expenditure and protracted disappointment. But it was the character of the man to devote his whole heart and faculties to whatever he engaged in. Even to the close of his life, the management of his different factories was his only occupation, and even amusement. Although he had been from early life afflicted with severe asthma, he took scarcely any recreation—employing all his time either in superintending the daily concerns of these establishments—which were regulated upon a plan that itself indicated in its contriver no little ingenuity and reach of mind—or in adding such improvements to his machinery, from time to time, as his experience and observation suggested. And thus it was, that from a poor barber he raised himself to what he eventually became—not merely to rank and great affluence, but to be the founder of a new branch of national industry, destined in a wonderfully short space of time to assume the very first place among the manufactures of his country."

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL PLAGUE.

THE different plagues which had visited Great Britain within the last five hundred years, were summarily adverted to in the first number of the Journal, particularly that in London in the year 1665. It was there stated that one of the greatest of these pestilences occurred in the reign of Edward III.; and as this was perhaps the most dreadful and most universal plague which is related in modern history, it is worth while to present a more lengthened description of its character and duration. For this purpose I take the liberty of abridging an excellent account of this great plague from a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine*.

"This dreadful pestilence, like the cholera, made its first appearance in the east. It arose in China, Tartary, India, and Egypt, about the year 1345. It is ascribed by contemporary writers to a general corruption of the atmosphere, accompanied by the appearance of millions of small serpents and other venomous insects, and in other places, quantities of huge vermin, with numerous legs, and of a hideous aspect, which filled the air with putrid exhalations. Making every allowance for the ignorance and credulity of the age, it appears evident that some natural causes had contributed to corrupt the air, and load it with pestiferous vapours. Thus it came into England in the end of the year 1368; and it rained from the previous Christmas till midsummer, almost without ceasing. Great inundations followed, and accumulations of stagnant water, by which the whole atmosphere was poisoned. It appears that in many countries there were also earthquakes and tremblings of the earth. In many of the accounts given of these convulsions of nature, we may presume there was a good deal of exaggeration. But the testimonies are too numerous and respectable to leave any doubt that, before and during the pestilence, the elements were in a state of general convulsion which seems unparalleled in history.

The plague extended its ravages from India into the more western parts of Asia, into Egypt, Abyssinia, and thence into the northern parts of Africa. It proceeded over Asia Minor, Greece, and the islands in the Archipelago, almost depopulating the regions over which it stalked. It may be literally said to have *decimated* the world, even though we were to take this term as implying the destruction of *nine* in place of *one*, out of ten. The plague appears to have staid five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Its symptoms are minutely described by many writers, and appear to have been the same in every country it visited. It generally appeared in the groin, or under the armpits, where swellings were produced, which broke out into sores, attended with fever, spitting and vomiting of blood. The patient frequently died in half a day—generally within a day or two at the most. If he survived the third day, there was hope, though even then many fell into a deep sleep from which they never awoke.

From Greece the plague passed into Italy. The Venetians having lost 100,000 souls, fled from their city, and left it almost uninhabited. At Florence, 60,000 persons died in one year. France next became exposed to its ravages, and the mortality was horrible. The malady proceeded northward through France, till it reached Paris, where it cut off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where its ravages are estimated at the enormous amount of 12,400,000 souls.

At last this fearful scourge began to be felt in England. About the beginning of August 1348 it appeared in the seaport towns on the coasts of Dorset, Devon, and Somersetshire, whence it proceeded to Bristol. The people of Gloucestershire immediately interdicted all intercourse with Bristol, but in vain. The disease ran, or rather flew, over Gloucestershire. Thence it spread to Oxford, and about the 1st of November reached London. Finally, it spread over all England, scattering everywhere such destruction, that, out of the whole population, hardly one person in ten was left alive. Incredible as this statement may appear, it seems borne out by the details of contemporary annalists. In the churchyard of Yarmouth, 7052 persons who died of the plague were buried in one year. In the city of Norwich, 57,374 persons died in six months. In the city of York, the mortality was equal. In London, the dead were thrown into pits—forty, fifty, or sixty, into one; and large fields were employed as burial places, the churchyards being insufficient for the purpose. No attempt was made to perform this last

office with the usual care and decency. Deep and broad ditches were made, in which the dead bodies were laid in rows, covered with earth, and surmounted with another layer of bodies, which were also covered. The mortality fell chiefly upon the lower classes of society, and, among them, principally on old men, women, and children. [In these respects, this plague seems to have differed from some of the plagues in the seventeenth century, which fell particularly upon the upper classes.—See Journal, No. I.] It was remarked, that not one king or prince of any nation died of the plague, and of the English nobility and people of distinction very few were cut off. Among the higher orders of the church, the deaths were rare." It appears that no precautions could prevent the influence of the contagion. The bonds of society were loosed; parents forsook children, and children parents; some fled to the country, others locked themselves up in their houses, and many went on board vessels. But everywhere the fugitives were followed, for the destroying angel had a foot on the waters as well as on the land. "The pestilence spread into Wales and into Ireland. As to the Scots, they are said to have brought the malady upon themselves. Taking advantage of the defenceless state of England [or rather resolved to avenge the injuries they had suffered under the Edwards], they made a hostile irruption with a large force into the country. But they had not proceeded far, when the plague overtook them. They perished in thousands, and carried the disease with them into Scotland, where its ravages were soon as destructive as they were in England. Early in the year 1349, the plague began to abate; and by the month of August it had entirely disappeared. Its consequences, however, continued for some time to be severely felt. During the prevalence of the disease, the cattle, for want of men to tend them, were allowed to wander about the fields at random, and perished in such numbers as to occasion a great scarcity. Though the fields, too, were covered with a plentiful crop of corn, much of it was lost for want of hands to reap and gather it in. The last dregs of this great plague were drained by that unfortunate race, the Jews. A belief spread over several countries that they had produced the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and in many places they were massacred in thousands by the infuriated populace. In several parts of Germany, where this persecution chiefly raged, the Jews were literally exterminated. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and multitudes of them, in the extremity of their despair, shut themselves up in their houses, and consumed themselves with fire. The extent of such atrocities, in a barbarous age, may well be imagined, when we remember the outrages which were at first produced in some parts of the Continent by th cholera panic."

ON HOME.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

THAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hour away,
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light—
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give
A home in which the heart can live—
These walls no lingering hopes endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here,
Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh—
Eliza, canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's on the tented plain,
The maiden's, in her bower of rest,
The infant's on its mother's breast—
But where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found:
'Tis not in place: it hath no bound.
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear;—
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,
O'er-shadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend;—
Where'er thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with health will soon be past.
Oh! when will time consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.
Oh! when shall Israel's mystic guide.
The pillar'd cloud, our steps decide,
Then, resting, spread its guardian shade,
To bless the home which love hath made?
Daily, my love, shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be,
Thus consecrate and shared with thee.

New Monthly Magazine, Oct. 2, 1825.

Scottish Anecdotes.

LORD MELVILLE.

Ere the late Lord Melville had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was by no means popular in that country. On the contrary, he was, oftener than once, in danger of his life from mobs in Edinburgh. Paying a visit to the capital on one occasion, after having been concerned in some odious public measure, he sent for a barber, in the morning, to shave him at his hotel. The tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr Dundas, and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron, he began to lather his face; during which operation, he cast upon him sundry scowling and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length, flourishing his razor, he said in a sharp and stern voice, "We are much *obliged* to you, Mr Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."—"What!" replied the secretary, "you are a politician, I find? I sent for a *barber*."—"Oh, yes," returned the knight of the pewter basin, "I'll shave you directly;" which he did, until one half of the beard was cleanly mowed; when, coming to his throat, he drew the back of the razor across it, saying, "Take that, ye traitor!" and off he ran, down stairs, into the street. Whether Mr Dundas felt any uneasiness at the barber's manner, we know not; but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word—induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat, and to make a loud gurgling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered, by the pantomimic gestures of Mr Dundas, what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the faculty, of all degrees—apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians! It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron, and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution, it was found to be in a perfectly whole state, there not being even a scar visible! Though Mr Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was not a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found that he had to pay for the attendance of the medical gentlemen; which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself—for he would trust no more barbers—he decamped from Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.

WILKES.

At the period of Wilkes's popularity, every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble, he stood upon the chimney-pieces of half the houses of the metropolis; he swung upon the sign-post of every village, of every great road throughout the country. He used himself to tell, with much glee, of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked, looking up, and murmuring within his hearing, in much spleen, "He swings every where but where he ought!" Wilkes passed her, and, turning round, politely bowed.

GARRICK.

On one occasion, Garrick dined in the beef-steak room at Covent Garden, ready dressed in character for the part of Ranger, which he was to perform the same night at the other theatre. Ranger appears in the opening of the comedy; and as the curtain was not drawn up at the usual time, the audience began to manifest considerable impatience, for Garrick had not yet arrived. A call-boy was instantly dispatched for him, but he was unfortunately retarded by a line of carriages that blocked up the whole of Russel Street, which it was necessary for him to cross. This protracted still farther the commencement of the piece; and the house evinced considerable dissatisfaction, with cries of "Manager, manager!" When Garrick at length reached the green-room, he found Dr Ford, one of the patentees, pacing backwards and forwards in great agitation. The moment the doctor saw him, he addressed him in a strong tone of rebuke. "I think, David, considering the stake you and I have in this theatre, you might pay more attention to its business." "True, my good friend," returned Garrick, "I should have been in good time; but I was thinking of my *steak* in the other." The appearance of their favourite soon pacified the audience, and Garrick went through the character with more vivacity than ever.

POLITICAL BON MOT.

Some one jocularly observed to the Marquis Wellesley, that in his arrangements of the Ministry, "His brother the Duke had thrown him overboard." "Yes," said the Marquis, "but I trust I have strength enough left to swim *to the other side*."

THE PRETENDER'S HEALTH.

There was not much wit, but there was some good humour in the reply George II. made to a lady, who, at the first masquerade his Majesty was at in England, invited him to drink a glass of wine at one of the *beaufêtes*: With this he readily complied, and the lady filling a bumper, said, "Here, mask, the Pretender's health;" then filling another glass, presented it to the king, who, receiving it with a smile, replied, "I drink with all my heart to the health of all unfortunate princes."

MESS-ROOM GOSSIP.

The late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W. at the mess of the 11th regiment, that the colonel was uncommonly bald, and, although a younger man than his royal highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his royal highness, that his baldness could be very easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his royal highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W. replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The Duke was so pleased with the reply that the gallant colonel obtained promotion in a few days afterwards.

THE FAMILY OF ELIBANK.

Every body is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply, or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them, in the afternoon, that the "hough was in the pot," thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment. It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had lifted, as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to espy a large haystack in a farm-yard by the way-side, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be lifted, the chieftain looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression, "By my saul, if ye had four feet, ye should gang too." A member of this family was what might have then been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he was inveigled by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very fact. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution. Elated with his victory, he went home and communicated his intention to his lady. "Are you mad?" said her ladyship; "would you hang the young laird of Harden, you that has sae mony unmarried daughters? Na, na, it'll be a hantle mair wiselike to mak the young laird marry ane o' them." The eloquence of the lady prevailed; and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an "open countenance;" that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected. "Weel, weel, young man," says the laird of Elibank, "ye's get 'till the morn's mornin to think about it," and so saying, he left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections. In the morning, Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him, and he began to think that life, even though spent in the society of "Muckle-Mou'd Meg," was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden's hand. There were no marriage laws in those days—no proclamation of banns—no session-clerk's fees. The priest was sent for, and the indissoluble knot was tied. Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg, notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was in fact one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and withal a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices, was in the highest degree cordial and constant.—*Chambers' Scottish Jests and Anecdotes.*

LIVING ABROAD.

I will endeavour to enable any one to judge how far it may be worth his while to come to reside in France from motives of economy. The French are sometimes puzzled to make out why the English come abroad; perhaps the English, if they were asked, would be equally puzzled themselves. The price of almost every article, the produce of agricultural or manufacturing industry, has been increased one-third, some say two-fifths, in France, since the beginning of the revolution; the taxes have been trebled. The result of between three and four years' experience is, that about one-sixth is saved by living, not in Paris, but in a provincial town in France, or, that a franc (10d.) will go as far as a shilling. Set against the saving the expense of the journey, and the saving will not be great to those who do not retrench in their mode of life. House-rent is higher in France than in England; fuel much dearer; some manufactured articles, as woollen cloth for coats, and linen and cotton for shirts, are equally dear; tea is cheaper, as the Americans supply it, or England with a remission of duty. But there are no assessed taxes, no poor-rates; provisions I found to be cheaper by about one-third, and instead of small beer, my children now drink wine.—*Four Years in France.*

Column of Serious Reading.

IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND BY CHRISTIANITY.

In the eleventh number of the Journal, I took the liberty of offering to my juvenile readers a concise comparative view of the philosophies of the ancients, and the religion of Christ; in which, in the spirit of impartiality, I showed the marked superiority of the latter, simply as regarded its moral efficacy. Since writing that paper, I have fallen in with an exceedingly pleasing and edifying production, in a small compass, entitled, "*Reasons for the Hope that is in us*," by Robert Ainslie—a gentleman whose name is associated with reminiscences of the literary circles of the Scottish metropolis towards the end of last century, and the author of a similar previous work, designated "A Father's Gift to his Children." It is the characteristic of this author to exhibit Christianity under its most alluring, and, what I would humbly imagine to be, its most correct form. While he instructs by the extent and familiarity of his details, as well as by the clear simplicity of his style, he invites our sympathy by depicting religion in such an attractive garb that he cannot fail in fixing the attention of the wavering, and securing the respect even of the avowed sceptic. It is not my present purpose to offer an analysis of the evidences of natural and revealed religion here so plainly laid down, or enlarge on the various other topics introduced; as I trust that families will lose no time in procuring the volume for a patient perusal, seeing that it is particularly adapted to the young: it is more my design to follow up my former comparative view, by presenting an extract from one of the most interesting chapters, illustrative of the *Improvement effected on mankind through the permanent establishment of Christianity.*

"In taking a view of the morality and feelings of ancient and modern times (says the author), a material difference between them generally presents itself, and we perceive a great superiority of the latter over the former. Instead of the barbarity of the old world, we now find wars carried on with less ferocity; humanity towards the vanquished when the conflict has ceased; domestic slavery abolished or mitigated; suicide abated; the desperate evil of human sacrifices over; protection given to the helpless; institutions abounding for the sick and destitute; revenge forbidden and discountenanced; and philanthropy considered as the greatest virtue. True religion has of all things the most steady and lasting influence on the human mind; and we will find no difficulty in discovering in it the causes of such changes in sentiment and conduct. This we shall do on contrasting the beneficent system introduced by the Saviour, with those which prevailed under the heathen superstitions, and their grossness, their cruelties, and their fostering the worst of human passions.

As the world came to be Christianised, the humane and benevolent doctrines of the Scriptures became, in sundry different countries, the foundation of, or engrafted with, their municipal laws. Thus many parts of those of Theodosius and Justinian were taken from the Gospels. Those of the Visigoths, Burgundians, Franks, and other rude races of men, were amended by the fine spirit which portions of the word of God had infused into them. Alfred the Great transcribed into his civil institutions the ten commandments, and several chapters of the Book of Exodus; and many of the laws of Charlemagne and Louis were taken from the books of Moses. It was impossible that nations should not receive general culture and civilisation from such excellent sources. That they did so, I shall now proceed to show.

The horrors of war have been extremely mitigated through the prevalence of Christianity, and the injunctions of the pious and the good. Thus Constantine, the first of the Christian Roman Emperors, expressly enjoined his soldiers that mercy should be made by them to follow victory; and finding, in some instances, his orders little attended to, he himself ransomed his own prisoners even from his own troops. When Attila, the barbarous King of the Huns, who was styled the "Scourge of God," had laid waste Italy, and resolved to march straightway to Rome, where the greatest devastation would have ensued, he was turned aside from his fatal purpose by the admonition of a pious Archbishop; and even the terrible Alaric, the Goth, when he had stormed the Imperial City, respected the churches, and saved those who fled there for refuge; exhorting his soldiers, in the midst of their conquest, to spare unresisting citizens who had so sheltered themselves. The middle ages of Europe were extremely improved by *chivalry*, where gallant knights fought for the Cross of Christ, and the safety of the destitute. Although the romance of that noble institution is now long over, yet modern times still feel its benign influence, and are bettered by the humane and gentle manners and sentiments which were imperceptibly introduced by it; and these have shown themselves in many an interesting instance. Now, no such things are to be found in the histories of the ancients; but probably the finest instance of all, of the striking difference between them and the moderns, and of the merciful feeling in the heart of the brave, is found in the prayer of Nelson, composed by him immediately before his entering into the battle of Trafalgar; and which ought to be engraven in letters of gold, for the sake of all future generations. It was in the following terms:—"May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory; may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; *and may humanity after victory be the* PREDOMINANT FEATURE in the British fleet." Such in modern times have been the sentiments and the conduct of the gallant and the good towards their fallen foes. And let this be compared with the ferocity of the ancient heathens. The victorious legions of Rome, when they were directed by Scipio, at the sack of Carthage, to put to death all without distinction, were told by him "that such was the *custom of Rome*." Julius Cæsar, besides all his slaughter in the field, and in subduing of nations, stormed a thousand cities with the usual ferocity, and reduced a million of people to abject slavery. But where, in an especial manner, is the source of such wonderful difference? It is found in the admonition of the Son of God, "*Love your enemies, and be merciful, as your Father in Heaven is merciful.*"

Infanticide, or the slaughter of young children, to repress too numerous a population, was not only sanctioned by the customs of the ancient world, but was recommended by its sages, and even enacted by its legislators. Thus Plato and Aristotle both enjoined the practice, and Lycurgus made it a part of the law of Sparta. In the Roman world, during the reign of Caligula, it was common; and so general must it have been among the nations connected with it, that Tacitus, in treating of the Germans, mentions it as a remarkable circumstance that the custom was not found with them. The same dreadful expedient to restrain what is considered an inconvenient increase of mankind, has been adopted also, to a great extent, in more modern times, where Christianity has not prevailed. Such systematic murder of helpless children has given way gradually before the increasing light of the Gospel.

Human sacrifices were extremely prevalent in the ancient world. Of old it was a rule with every Grecian state before their armies were marched against an enemy, to immolate human victims; and it is well known that the Athenians had a custom of sacrificing a man every year, after loading him with dreadful curses, that the wrath of the gods might fall upon his head, and be turned away from the rest of the citizens. Such sacrifices prevailed also at an early period among the Romans. In the time of Porphyry, a man was every year sacrificed at the shrine of Jupiter Latialis. All barbarous nations have followed this practice. The annual sacrifices of the Mexicans required some thousands of human victims; and in Peru two hundred children were devoted to the health of the Inca, and sacrificed. But these, and all other immolations, ceased in the light of the Gospel, and before that One Great Sacrifice offered for the sins of all mankind.

Suicide was not only extremely prevalent in the old world, but was countenanced by the philosophy of the times. Gladiator fighting was also very common in the old world. Very little attention was likewise paid to strangers, but the use and promulgation of these blessed words, "*I was a stranger and ye took me in*," gave rise in after ages to many pious institutions for their protection and relief. In the same manner the state of all descriptions of prisoners was deplorable of old. Whipping and putting to death of debtors were permitted by the early laws of Rome. The first being who seems to have felt for the fate of those in prison was Christ, and the words which he uttered "*I was in prison and ye visited me*," laid the foundation of merciful laws in every Christian country for diminishing the captive's misery, and cheering the gloom of his melancholy dwelling.

The protection of widows and orphans, and the healing of the sick and wounded, also attracted the attention of the early Christians, and produced in the more modern world what the ancients altogether wanted, viz. charitable institutions of all kinds for these humane purposes. Christianity has reformed the general conduct of men. But not only has it reformed their morals—it has been the means of also enlightening and instructing them. Suffice it to notice, that when the world was overrun with barbarism on the fall of the Roman empire, learning found a safe asylum in the Christian sanctuaries, from which it afterwards came forth to bless mankind; that connected with it have arisen noble institutions for the instruction of the rich and the middle ranks of Europe, while the constant perusal of the Scriptures, which now takes place in the most of its countries, and the hearing of their exposition, lay open to all a truer theology, a purer morality, and more just views of human nature, than what the greatest of the ancients ever knew. This necessarily brief enumeration of the essential benefits occurring to mankind from the beneficent influence of Christianity, may be wound up in the appropriate language of a recent American writer. 'The Christian religion,' says he, 'has been a *rich* blessing to every country which has embraced it; and its salutary effects have borne proportion to the care which has been taken to inculcate its general principles, and the cordiality with which its doctrines have been embraced. If we cast our eyes over the map of the world and inquire what nations are truly civilised? where does learning flourish? where are the principles of morality and the dictates of humanity best understood? where are the poor and afflicted most effectually relieved? where do men enjoy the greatest security of life, property, and liberty? where is the female sex treated with due respect, and exalted to its proper place in society? where is the education of youth most assiduously pursued? where are the brightest examples of benevolence? and where do men enjoy most rational happiness? I say, if we were called upon to designate those countries in which these advantages are most highly enjoyed, every one of them would be found in *Christendom*; and the superiority enjoyed by some over the others would be found to bear an exact proportion to the practical influence of *pure Christianity*.'"

SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE ARMIES.

THE following succinct account of the amount of the Spanish and Portuguese regular armed forces, is given by Dr Browne in his valuable article ARMY, in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica:—

"The Spanish army, which, under Charles V., Pescaira, the Duke of Alba, and the Constable of Bourbon, had proved itself so formidable—extending the theatre of its exploits from the Pyrenees to the Po and the Adige on the one hand, and to the Elbe, the Meuse, and the Waal on the other—degenerated rapidly under the disastrous reigns of the last princes of the House of Austria. When Philip V. ascended the throne at the beginning of the last century, it scarcely amounted to 15,000 men. By that prince and his successors, however, it was gradually increased, until, in the year 1792, its establishment amounted to 116,000 infantry, 12,200 cavalry, with upwards of 10,000 artillery, and its effective force to about 120,000 men of all arms. At present its effective amounts to 90,000 men, and its disposable force to 75,000 combatants. It is composed of the general active staff, of the staff of the fortresses, of the household troops and royal guard, of the infantry and cavalry of the line, with artillery, engineers, and veterans. Its staff consists of 6 captain-generals, 77 lieutenant-generals, 122 major-generals, 350 brigadier-generals, with inferior officers in proportion. There are 15 captaincs, viz. 12 territorial and 3 colonial. In Spain, and its possessions contiguous to the Peninsula, there are 150 fortresses, posts, forts, citadels, or open towns where troops are in garrison. The household troops consist of six squadrons of the body guard and a company of halberdiers; of these, four squadrons are Spanish, and two foreign, called Saxons, in honour of the queen. The royal guard is organized like that of France, and consists of two divisions of infantry, one division of cavalry, and three companies of artillery, one of which is horse-artillery. The first division consists of four regiments of grenadiers, each composed of two battalions, divided into eight companies of 120 men each; and the second of two regiments of the elite of the provincial militia, divided into three battalions of four companies each. The cavalry forms a division of two brigades; and the artillery consists of three companies of 100 men, each; serving a battery of six pieces mounted. The infantry of the line consists, first, of 10 regiments of three battalions each; secondly, of the Swiss regiment Wimpffen, one battalion only; thirdly, of a regiment, fixed at Ceuta, composed of four companies of 100 men each, the refuse of the army. Seven regiments, of two battalions each, of the same number and composition as those of the line, form the light infantry. The militia consists of 42 regiments of one battalion each, which is divided into eight companies. The cavalry consists of 13 regiments, of which 5 are of the line, and 8 light horse, each of four squadrons, composed like those of the royal guard; together with two companies of cuirassiers at Ceuta, one formed of native Spaniards, and the other of Moors. The royal corps of artillery is divided into the theoretical and practical. The troops of this arm consist, first, of 6 battalions of foot artillery, in garrison at Barcelona, Carthagena, Seville, Corunna, and Valladolid; secondly, of 4 companies of horse-artillery, in garrison at Carthagena and Seville; thirdly, of 5 companies of artificers; fourthly, of 5 battalions of the train; fifthly, of 3 brigades and 15 companies fixed in garrison, but exclusive of the *personnel* in America. This arm has a splendid museum at Madrid, besides a theoretical and practical school, directed by a brigadier-general or colonel, in the principal town or place of each province. The engineers are a corps of officers not regimented or brigaded, consisting of an engineer-general, 10 directors sub-inspectors, 17 colonels, 20 lieutenant-colonels, 34 captains, and 56 lieutenants; together with a regiment of sappers, consisting of 2 battalions of 8 companies each, viz. 5 of sappers, 1 of miners, 1 of pontoneers, and 1 of workmen. The establishments of this arm are, a topographical depot-general, or collection of maps, plans, and military memoirs; a museum, containing representations in relief of the fortresses, and different models of fortifications; and an academy for the instruction of young officers intending to enter this branch of the service, after they have passed through the primary school of Segovia. All these establishments are situated in the capital.

The Spanish army is recruited by voluntary enrolment, and, in case of insufficiency, by ballot or conscription. The term of service is eight years for the first enrolment or ballot, and two or four for the second, when the soldier becomes entitled to an increase of pay. Before the war of independence no one could attain the rank of officer without having been a cadet; and each cadet was bound to prove his nobility. But since the return of Ferdinand these proofs have been dispensed with, and serjeants now obtain a third of the sub-lieutenantcies; the other two-thirds being reserved for the *élèves* of the military school of Segovia, who have passed the customary examinations at the end of their course of study. The dress and equipment of the Spanish army are in the worst state; the pay of the troops is exceedingly irregular; and their discipline is, in consequence, as bad as it is possible to imagine, or rather, there is scarcely such a thing known.

After the general peace of 1814, when all the powers of Europe had reduced their military establishments, Portugal alone did not follow their example, but fixed the peace establishment of its permanent army at 49,268 infantry and 5230 cavalry; which, with the militia, made a force of 59,325 men, or about 22 soldiers for every 100 inhabitants. Such a state of things, however, was much too violent to be durable. Accordingly, one of the first cares of the constitutional government of 1821 was to reform a military system so disproportionate to the population and the financial resources of the king-

dom. The armed force since that period has therefore consisted exclusively of the permanent army and the militia. The permanent army is composed of a general staff, an engineer corps, 24 infantry regiments of the line of 1 battalion each, 6 regiments of *chasseurs á pied*, and 12 regiments of *chasseurs á cheval* of 3 squadrons each, 4 regiments of artillery, a battalion of engineer artificers, a company of soldiers of the train, a police guard, and 30 companies of veterans. The general staff consists of an indeterminate number of lieutenant-generals, 16 major-generals, 24 brigadier-generals, 6 superior officers, 6 subalterns, 12 aids-de-camp, 12 secretaries, 10 employés, and a veterinary surgeon-in-chief; in all 100. The engineer corps *(corpo de engenheiros)* is composed of 4 colonels, 4 lieutenant-colonels, 8 majors, 12 captains, 12 lieutenants of the first class, 12 of the second; in all 64. Each regiment of infantry of the line and of light troops consists of 44 officers and 780 non-commissioned officers and soldiers. The effective strength of a regiment of artillery is 551 men, including 33 officers. The corps of the train of artillery *(artilheros conductores)*, reduced to a single company by the organization of 1821, is composed of 12 officers, 30 soldiers, and 70 mules *(bestas muares.)* The battalion of engineer artificers consists of 201 men, including 12 officers. Each of the 30 companies of veterans is from 70 to 80 strong, including 2 officers. The police guard of Lisbon consists of a battalion of infantry of 8 companies and 980 men, including officers; together with a battalion of *gens d'armerie à cheval* 230 strong, divided into 4 companies. The effective force of the permanent army on the peace establishment is therefore 29,645 foot, and 4411 horse. But the events of which Portugal has since 1821 been the theatre, and the circumstance of six battalions having been sent to Brazil, render it probable that, at the period of the insurrection of the Marquis de Chaves, the regular army did not exceed 24,000, or at most 25,000 men. The militia form 48 regiments of infantry, of the same strength and composition as those of the line; together with six separate corps, of which three are infantry, two cavalry, and one artillery: amounting in all to 38,542 men, and, with the army of the line, making the total of land forces, 68,187 men of all kinds and arms."

VALUE OF PROPERTY IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

THE Editor has already alluded to the vast accumulation of capital, or savings of labour, which annually takes place in Great Britain under any circumstances—whether of national prosperity or adversity—and which will, in all probability, ever act as a safeguard against great or irremediable misfortunes. The late Mr Colquhoun, in his work on the wealth of the British empire, estimated the amount of property which was thus annually created within the United Kingdom, its colonies, and dependencies, as follows. The period more particularly alluded to is 1812, since which time the amount of property in the empire has greatly increased.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Agriculture,		L.216,817,624
Mines and minerals,		9,000,000
Manufactures,		114,230,000
Inland trade,		31,500,000
Foreign commerce and shipping,		46,373,748
Coasting trade,		2,000,000
Fisheries (exclusive of the colonial fisheries of Newfoundland),		2,100,000
Banks, viz. chartered banks, and private banking establishments,		3,500,000
Foreign income,		5,000,000
Dependencies in Europe,		1,818,000
		L.433,339,372
British possessions in *North America*,	L.13,215,474	
British West India colonies,	28,712,466	
		41,917,940
British settlements in *Africa*,		800,300
British colonies and dependencies in *Asia*,	6,194,230	
Territorial possessions under the management of the *East India Company*,	211,966,494	
		218,160,724
Total,		L.693,228,336

The same eminent statist calculated the amount of property in the British empire, or the value of the United Kingdom and all its colonies and dependencies in Europe, America, Africa, and Asia, including the territorial possessions under the management of the East India Company, in 1812, as follows:—

EUROPE.—Great Britain and Ireland, including the navy	L.2,736,640,000
Dependencies	22,161,330
AMERICA.—British possessions in North America	46,575,360
British West India colonies	100,014,864
Conquered West India colonies	75,220,000
AFRICA.—British settlements	550,500
Conquered idem	4,220,100
ASIA.—British colonies and dependencies	11,280,000
Conquered idem idem	27,441,090
Territorial possessions under the management of the East India Company	1,072,427,751
Total property in the British Empire	L.4,096,530,895

(The above summary is extracted from *Bell's Popular and Scientific Geography.*)

TEA DRINKING.

THERE is a certain class of people who take every opportunity of sneering at their neighbours for indulging in the "folly" of drinking tea, which they tell you is poisonous, and for the use of which the Chinese, as they say, make a point of laughing at us. I have generally remarked, that those who in this manner condemn the use of tea are themselves addicted to the drinking of intoxicating liquids of some kind or other, and that, in most instances, they are not a bit more healthful or more innocent than the unhappy tea drinkers whom they affect to pity. In the way that tea is usually made with a large mixture of sugar and cream, both which ingredients are highly nutritious, it is fully more salutary, and a great deal more refreshing, than any other light liquid that could be poured into the stomach. With all due deference to Cobbett, milk, even entirely divested of its creamy particles, is *heavy*, and though it may be used with advantage as a meal, when work is done in the open air, it can never suit the appetites of the great mass of the people, who are confined by sedentary employments. Milk is the food of men in a rude state, or in childhood; but tea or well-made coffee is their beverage in a state of civilisation. It would seem that the civilised human being must use a large quantity of liquid food. Perhaps solid meat is more nutritious; but there are cases in which a small degree of nutriment is quite sufficient. A lady or a gentleman of sedentary habits does not require to feed like a ploughman, or a fancy man training for a pedestrian excursion. They can subsist in a healthful state with a small quantity of solid food, but they do not do well unless with a large quantity of liquids, and these of a light quality. Good beer has been recommended as a substitute for tea; but beer is at the best a cold, ungenial drink, except to robust people who have much exercise. Beer may certainly be made almost as light as water itself, but in that case it is filled with gaseous matter or confined air, and it cannot be drunk with comfort as a simple refreshment.

It will always be remembered that there are different kinds of tea, and that some are more salutary than others. Green tea ought by all means to be avoided by persons of weak nerves. Black tea is the preferable for general use, and, if properly made, will prove antispasmodic, and relieve pains or cramps in the bowels. In some instances tea does not suit the particular state of the stomach, and it should then be abandoned, the taste naturally pointing out when it should be taken. But no species of prepared fluid seems so suitable to the palates and the stomachs of the people of this country. No kind of drink is so refreshing after a journey or fatigue as tea. It restores the drooping spirits, and invigorates the frame for renewed exertion. No other kind of liquid with which we are acquainted has the same remarkable influence morally and physically. Fermented or distilled liquors, taken under the same circumstances, either induce intoxication or sleep. It is preposterous to say that tea is poisonous. As there is an astringency in its properties, I believe it would be most injurious were we to live upon nothing else, or drink it as a tincture. But who does either? As it happens to be prepared and used, it answers merely as a refreshing and pleasing drink, either to the solid bread and butter taken along with it, or after a recent dinner of substantial viands. How idle it is to say that this harmless beverage is ruining the constitutions of the people of this country! The very reverse can be demonstrated. The inhabitants of Great Britain use nearly twenty-seven millions of pounds weight of tea annually, which is about the rate of 1 lb. 9 oz. on an average for every individual. From thirty to forty years ago they used a great deal less than the half of this quantity, yet the average length of human life has been greatly extended since that period. The English and Scotch now use more tea than all the rest of Europe put together, and yet they are the healthiest nation on the face of the earth. The North Americans are also great tea drinkers, and human life among them is of nearly an equal value. Who would for a moment compare the thin wretched wines of France and Germany, or the sour krout of Russia, to the "comfortable" tea of Great Britain, and who would lose time in calculating the different effects of these liquids on the constitution?

Tea has other excellent properties. At this present moment it is putting down the pernicious practice of dram-drinking, and evidently limiting the extent of after-dinner potations. It seems to be impossible that a regular drinker of tea can be a lover of ardent spirits; and it is generally observed that as a man (or woman either) slides into the vice of tippling, he simultaneously withdraws from the tea-table; so true it is that the brutalized feelings of the drunkard are incompatible with the refined sentiments produced by

"The cup which cheers, but not inebriates."

It is hence to be wished that tea, or some other equally simple prepared fluid, should be still more brought into use. Do not let it be urged as an objection that tea is expensive, for even under its excessive dearth, compared with its original cost, it is the cheapest beverage in use. With respect to price, it should not be placed against water or milk. It comes in place of some other indulgence—intoxicating liquors for instance—respecting the price of which we never heard any complaints from the lower walks of life. Tea is thus not entirely a superfluity. The clamours as to its fostering habits of evil and light speaking are so antiquated as hardly to deserve notice. Formerly, when tea was exclusively a luxury among women, the tea-table was perhaps the scene where scandal was chiefly discussed. But while I suspect that the same amount of scandal would have been discussed if there had been no tea-tables whatever, I must observe that tea is now partaken of under greatly different circumstances. From being the favourite indulgence only of women, it is now an ordinary domestic meal, and there is no more disposition to draw forth the failings of our neighbours over tea than over roast beef or punch, at seven o'clock any more than at five. In the upper classes of society, what with late dinners, routs, and frivolities of every description, tea-drinking may be put aside as a vulgarism; but as being, in point of fact, a powerful agent in humanising the harsh feelings of our nature, and cultivating the domestic affections, I trust it will long hold a place in the dietetics of the respectable middle and lower classes of Great Britain.

THE COSSACK AND THE PANTHER.

Mogul Tartary (says Holman, the blind though entertaining traveller) is cold and rugged in the extreme, and often dangerous to the traveller, in consequence of the great number of wild animals that inhabit it. A singular rencontre took place some time since in the neighbourhood of the Chinese frontier between a Cossack and a panther, an animal which is exceedingly rare in this country. A young Cossack, inspecting one day a track in the woods, and observing the footsteps of an animal which were strange to him, returned to communicate the circumstance to his father, who mounted his horse, with an axe in his hand, and, followed by his dog, went in search of him. He was soon discovered between some rocks, whence he retreated to another lair, but pursued by the Cossack. As the latter approached, the animal made a spring upon the horse, placing one foot on his fore part, and the other on his hind part, with his mouth between, widely open upon his pursuer, who, from the dreadful urgency of the case, thrust his left hand and arm down his throat, and, with his axe, at length destroyed him. The intrepid fellow's arm was, however, so much lacerated, that he has entirely lost the use of it. The animal, which proved to be a panther, was subsequently sent to St Petersburg, where it is now preserved in the museum; and his Imperial Majesty directed that the Cossack should be provided for, as a reward for his bravery, and a recompence for the injury sustained in this extraordinary combat.

It was announced in the Prospectus of the Journal, and subsequently notified, *that no communications in verse or prose were wanted;* and to save trouble to all parties, as well as a considerable expense, such a peculiarity in the conducting of this paper is again respectfully made known.—In reference to a communication on the subject, it has to be mentioned, that the articles on the British Colonies, &c. were written partly from accurate information furnished by the printed circulars of the Canada Company, from Parliamentary papers, and from the very valuable digest by J. R. Macculloch, entitled *"A Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation,"*—a work which cannot be sufficiently appreciated by the mercantile classes of Britain for the extent of its statements, and which the Editor of the Journal, who proposes speedily to offer an analysis of its details, has been in many instances considerably indebted to.

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FLITTING DAY.

OUR readers will perhaps recollect something of a former article in the Journal, in which we treated of the subject of removals—that is to say, the practice so general in Scotland (though otherwise in England) of shifting almost every year from one house to another, in a constant expectation of finding the TO KALON, as the Greeks call it, or, as we shall rather style it, the QUITE THE THING of house accommodation, which, however, is discovered at one year's end to be exactly as remote as it was a twelvemonth before, and still, like general happiness, is "on before"—far looming over the horizon, like a vessel bound for some distant part of the globe, and not to be caught or overtaken, let us speed after it as we may. We have heard various individuals acknowledge that there were some good *home truths* in that article, though we rather believe the housewives in general were surprised at our blindness to the beauties of a good back-green. Let that be as it may, there was one thing in which that article was totally deficient—to wit, an account of the particular horrors of *removing day* itself, or, as we in Scotland call it, *flitting day*—a day styled in the calendar Whitsunday, and dedicated to we don't know what sacred use, but which, without regard to its sacred use, whatever that may be, we think men might wish that, above all others, it were fairly blotted out of the calendar—expunged from the very year itself—utterly annihilated and forgotten, because of the unhappy secular use to which it has been put from time immemorial. The 25th of May, or Whitsunday, old style, is indeed a day of peculiar agony amongst us. It is a day consecrated to the disruption of all local ties, to the rending of every kind of pleasant association, to the discomfiture of all the household gods. The very week in which it occurs is black with its atmosphere of pain.

It may be surprising to persons unacquainted with Scotland, that the people should be so fond of removing, since the day on which that event takes place is apt to be so very disagreeable. They might as well wonder that people should ever marry, when they know so very well that the charge of a family is apt to be burdensome. Candlemas day, on which people take their houses, is a day of heedless joy, a day of fond and delirious anticipation; and Whitsunday is to it what execution-day is to the particular time when an unfortunate man was tempted to enrich himself at some other body's expense. On Wednesday I killed my wife, on Saturday I was hanged, as the child's rhyme goes: no one can doubt that Wednesday was in this case a very pleasant day, whatever might be the state of the honest man's feelings at the end of the week. So it is with Candlemas and Whitsunday. On the former of these days we are actuated by a spirit of spite and dissatisfaction with our present abode; it is every thing that is disagreeable, and we must at all hazards get quit of it. Accordingly, the taking of another, and, as we think, better habitation, naturally appears as the opening of a haven of relief, and, of course, we have a great deal of either positive or negative pleasure in the day. Nor is this satisfaction confined to the day on which the new house is leased: it extends up to the very commencement of that week of suffering which involves Whitsunday—up to the first material disarrangement of furniture preparatory to removal. During the time which elapses between the leasing of the new habitation and our removal to it, we abandon all care for our present abode. Any thing that goes wrong about it must just remain so. If a lock were required for the door, we would scarcely put ourselves to the trouble of getting it, but remain content with some provisional system of security, such as putting a table behind it. A large piece of plaster might fall down from the ceiling, or half of the floor of the dining-room sink into the kitchen—a whole gable or side wall, almost, might fall away, but we would never think of troubling ourselves with any attempt at repairs. It is a horrid house at any rate, and, for all the time we are to be in it, it does not matter. We'll soon be getting into our nice new house, and I'll warrant you no plaster will fall down from the ceiling *there*, nor either floor or gable give way. Every thing will be right when we get to —— Street. The house, under this system of feeling, begins to wear a desolate look. Every thing is permitted, according to the old Scottish phrase, just to hang as it grows. The whole bonds of household discipline are relaxed. The servants, who are to be changed too, perhaps, as well as the house, begin to do things *any way*, and yet the mistress hardly chides them The fact is, she has given up all idea of comfort in the condemned house, and lives entirely on the hope of seeing every thing trig in her new abode. She would make no great complaint, as we verily believe, if the servants obliged her by their carelessness to spend all the remaining part of the lease up to her knees in water. Every thing will be right when we get to —— Street, so we'll just put up with it. Every now and then one of the children comes in, like the messengers in Macbeth, to tell her of the progress of mischief. One has to mention, that a boy throwing stones has just broken two panes in the drawing-room window, the lower chess having been up at the time. No matter; all will be right when we get to —— Street. Another "cream-faced loon" rushes in to say, that the girls in the kitchen have just broken down the grate, and snapped the poker in two. No matter; all will be right when we get to —— Street. Nay, it is not too much to suppose that, although she were told of the house having just begun to sink into the earth, she would take it all with the most philosophic coolness, and console herself for every present mishap by a reference to the joys which are to be experienced in that home of promise. The prospect of a removal, it will be observed, is thus enough even to revolutionise human nature. People abandon their most cherished objects of care, and disregard that of which they are in general most solicitous, under the influence of this prospect. Like the pilgrim of Bunyan (not to speak it profanely), they thrust their fingers in their ears, in order to shut out all lateral subjects of thought, and rush on—on—on towards the new house.

At last the throes of actual removal begin to be felt, and, for the time, all happy anticipation is deadened within us. You have long ago ascertained, by a ceremonious call upon the present tenants of your new mansion, that they cannot remove an hour before Whitsunday at noon, which gives you the comfortable assurance that your flitting will be, like a sharp fever, soon over. The lady who is coming to *your* house, soon after makes a ceremonious call upon *you*, and ascertains, of course, that you can only remove at that hour also. If matters should happen otherwise—if you are either going to a house altogether new, or to one which can be vacated a short while before the term-day, then what a convenience it is! we shall have the painters in, and get it all put to rights before we flit a single stick; and after it is all right, we shall move quite at our leisure By this plan we shall not only avoid the risk of breaking things, which is always the case in a hurried flitting, but we shall get porters and carters a great deal cheaper, for these fellows, you know, charge three wages on the actual term day, when every body is flitting. But if it should happen, as above mentioned, that you are limited to a few hours, so that your furniture, as it goes out, will meet the furniture of another person coming in, and, as it goes in, will meet, in tug of war, that of another person coming out, then the blessed anticipation of your future comforts in "that nice house" reconciles you to every thing, and you make yourself think that, after all, it is better, when one *is* flitting, to have it all over in the shortest possible space of time.

Sometimes, even when you have a vantage space, you are strangely jockeyed out of it before you are aware. Say the house is to be painted before you go into it. Being quite at your ease, you are satisfied that the painters are engaged about two months before the term. You know very well that these men are the greatest of all rascals; that, indeed, they have no other principle within them but just to put people to as much trouble as possible. But two months! that must surely be sufficient Well, the painters come all this time before the term, and, like the ancient Spanish navigators, take possession of a newly discovered country, mark the job for their own, by planting a nasty pail in one room, and setting up a brush on end against the wall in another. You look in about a week after, and see the pail and the brush *in statu quo*: the fellows have as yet done nothing but taken *seisin*.* You think this is not just quite right, and, calling in a cool easy way at the master's as you go home, express your wish that the job should be immediately proceeded with, being anxious to get into the house as long before the term as possible. The painter is all politeness, and promises to *put men upon the house* next morning, so that it will be got ready for your reception in *no time*—by which he appears to mean a space of time so brief as not to be worth defining, but which you eventually find to have signified that the job would be finished *not at all in time*. As you come home to your dinner next afternoon, you take a turn that way to see how "the men" are getting on. The house is as empty and desolate as ever; but, from a change in the relative situations of the pail and the brush, you see that they *have been* there. On inspecting things more minutely, you find that one bed-room has been washed down, and is now, to use a kitchen phrase, *swimming*. Well, this is a beginning, you think. The men have been doing what they could to-day, and to-morrow they would be a good way advanced. On this supposition, you take no more thought about the house for three or four days more, when, dropping in as before, you have the satisfaction of seeing that there is *another pail*, and that the ceiling of the dining-room has been whitewashed. Still, dilatory as the rascals evidently are, you hardly think there is a sufficient *casus fœderis*, or breach of treaty, to entitle you to go and blow up the polite man at head-quarters. You suffer for another day, and, then dropping in again, you find a little Flibbertigibbet of a boy exerting himself with his tiny arms to whitewash the ceiling of the parlour. Well, my boy, where are "the men?" This is your question; but for answer you only learn that there have never been any men in the matter—nobody has ever been here but Flibbertigibbet himself. You feel, at this intelligence, almost as much bewildered and obfusculated as George the Second was when he asked an Irish serjeant at a review, after the seven years' war, where was the —— regiment? and was answered, "Please your Majesty, I'se the —— regiment," the Hibernian being in reality

* A ceremony in the law of Scotland by which a man becomes invested with a piece of land or house property.

the only man that had survived the last campaign. Is this *the men*, you say to yourself, that Mr —— promised to put upon the house? You go of course instantly, and, Mr —— being, by his own good fortune, from home, you leave a note for him, expressed in such terms as you are sure must bring him to his senses, if any thing will. Dropping in next day to see the effect, your ire is soothed at finding three men at work besides Flibbertigibbet, and every thing seems going on so well that you trouble them no more for a week. But it is needless to pursue this painful theme any farthe Suffice it to say, that, having once got these artists into the house, you feel by and bye as if they were never again to be got out; you fear that, contrary to the catastrophe of the well known jest, there will be no letting go the painter. Their pails, and buckets, and brushes, and all their slopery, are just as rife in the house a week before the term as they were a month earlier; and still to every remonstrance Mr —— replies, that all he can do is to *put on more men next Monday morning*. It is all you can do, perhaps, to get the odious varlets trundled out, "pots and all," on the very day before you are compelled to remove; so that, instead of having ample scope and verge enough, as you expected, you find that you will be just as much hurried and flurried as if you had been going to a house not previously vacated

Well, whatever be the foregoing circumstances, flitting day at last arrives in all its horrors. The lady of the household has for several days been storing all kinds of small things bye into drawers and boxes, that they might the more safely be transported, so that the family finds itself already deprived of the half of those things which are necessary to comfort, and the whole of what minister to luxury. Your shaving box is amissing two mornings before flitting day, and has to be fished up, like a "drowned honour," from the bottom of some abyss of well-regarded trifles. When you come home to dinner on flitting-day-eve, it is any money for a boot-jack. You take your meals that evening without table-cloths; and unless you can bring down your proud stomach to a brown kitchen bowl, anything like a comforting drink is out of the question. The crepuscular anguish of the day is already felt. You go to your bed that night off an uncarpeted floor, and in the midst of all kinds of tubs covered up with pack sheet, and looking-glasses swaddled up in linen. If you get a night-cap, you may consider yourself lucky above all mortal men. You go to bed; but sleep there is none, for you have to rise next morning long before the usual hour, and the anticipatory sense of what you have to go through that day fills every nook and cranny of your mind. You awake to a rush of children and servants on the stairs; and though you exert every nerve of your memory to recollect the new geography of things in the room, it is ten to one but you stumble over some tub or chest in the dark, where you thought no tub should be; and, upon the whole, the feeling with which you thrust your poor cold distressed shanks into your vestments is not much short of that which must possess a man about to walk to the scaffold. A breakfast composed of every thing but the proper materials, and taken out of every thing but the proper vessels, collects such a group of shabby slatternly figures as you did not before think yourself husband, or father, or master to. The meal is gulped in agonies of haste, for the carts were to be at the door at seven exactly, and it is now within a few minutes of the hour. Well, the carts come; one by one are your household goods displaced and packed up on those vehicles. Grates are placed on the breadth of their backs at the bottom, by way of ballast. Then mattresses go over them, to make an agreeable flooring for other things. Tables are tumbled a-top, with their legs reared high in the air, like cart-horses enjoying themselves in their Sunday pastures; and to the ropes with which the heaps are bound down, are attached fry-pans, children's toys, and other light articles, all by way of garnishing. Though far above such things in general, you are obliged on this occasion to see after very mean details, lest your property should suffer some dreadful damage. The more delicate articles are necessarily intrusted to porters or other serviceable individuals, who carry them separately to your new house. "The boys," glad to escape the school for a day, are employed, to their great satisfaction, in transporting single things "which don't break;" and the servants see after certain baskets of crystal and crockery "which do." To see all things properly disposed of—each to the individual best fitted for it—is your business, and no easy one it is. At length, after every thing is fairly packed off, the lady and yourself walk away together, the cat following in a pillow-slip under the charge of your second eldest daughter.

Before three in the afternoon, the whole of your furniture, broken and whole, has been thrust, nigglety-pigglety, into your new house, where you find all things in the most chaotic state of confusion. Kitchen things repose in the dining-room; drawing-room chairs are deposited in the kitchen; and a huge chest of drawers stands in the vestibule, with a shoulder thrust so far out into the *fair way* as to render it almost impossible to pass. The kitchen grate is only to be built in after six o'clock in the evening, when the masons are released from their day's work; so there is no possibility of cooking any thing. A *provisional* arrangement is therefore made on this point. You, and your wife, and your children, and all your assistants, bivouack in some shabby parlour, and regale yourselves (*absit elegantia*) with rolls and porter. Henry, your eldest son, who has wrought like a Turk all day, leads the feast with his coat off, and the scene can only be compared to a rough-and-tumbling in the back woods of America. No ceremony as to knives. Rolls, and even large loaves, are torn through the middle, and large mouthfuls dug out from the mass by the thumb or fore-finger. The liquor goes round in some ordinary vessel, never before appropriated to such a purpose, and all feeling of discomfort being stolen away by the novelty and strong natural feeling of the occasion, the jest and laugh abound. Even in the midst of all the disarray, great hopes and expectations are expressed regarding the new mansion. Such capital high ceilings! Such a broad elegant lobby! So different from that dismal hole we have left! Or, if the ceilings are low and the lobby narrow, while in the former house they were the reverse, the contrast is drawn in reference to some other point, where superiority is indisputable, while the demerits of the new abode are cast discreetly into shade, only to be brought out and complained of at the approach of next Candlemas. You either have left a good view from the windows, or you are entering upon one. Suppose your former house, being in the centre of the town, had hardly any view, then your wife thus comments upon it:—"Such a dark confined place! Nothing to be seen from the windows but the opposite houses, or else the chimney-stalks and *old wives*. Now, here we are quite in the country. The drawing-room commands Fife and North Berwick Law, and even from the bed-rooms we catch a great lump of the Dalmahoy hills. If we just step to the end of the house, we are into the fields; and then we'll be so very quiet here, compared with what we were. Not a carriage or a cart passing from morning till night. We'll get some rest at last; and truth to tell, my health is in great need of it. How truly delightful thus to get fairly out of that black, smoky, noisy town, to a place where we can enjoy all the pleasures of the country, and yet be within reach of every convenience of the city! And just consider how much benefit the walk must be to your own health. We formerly lived so near your place of business, that you got no exercise at all, seeing that I never could prevail upon you to take a walk on purpose. But here you *must* walk, and the good it must do you will be visible in a week's time,"—&c. &c. &c. If the case has been totally the reverse, you are addressed as follows:—"How delightful to get fairly away from that cold, out-of-the-world, dull place, and once more feel ourselves snug in the town! We've no prospects here from the windows; but, 'deed, when folk have prospects, I never see that they make much use of them. For my part, I never looked out of the drawing-room windows once in the month; for what are the Fife hills or North Berwick Law after one has once seen them? [What philosophy we have here!] And then, what good did we get from the garden? It was just a fash to keep right; and I'm sure, when we had paid the gardener, we did not make a penny off the vegetables. Now, here, although there be little prospect from any of the windows, we're at least a great deal better protected from the wind. If we have not a garden of our own, have we not the green market almost at the door? And such a weary distance you had to walk every day! No more of that now. Here, when you want a walk, you can take one; and when you don't like, you can let it alone. Walks are very well, perhaps, in good summer weather; but I've no idea of seeing you plash through a long dirty road twice every day through the whole winter. Whenever we want either a walk or a prospect, we'll get it in the Queen Street gardens; for you know Mrs —— has told me that we may have her key whenever we like. In our old ill-contrived house we had no place to put anything off our hand; not so much as a cupboard in the whole house; but now, you see, we have as many presses as rooms, and a capital cellar for coals and lumber. And how near we are here to all the best shops! If it were for nothing but the convenience of getting tea-bread at a minute's warning from Mr Littlejohn, the baker's, whenever any person calls upon us in the evening, it would have been worth while to remove to this house. The lass likewise tells me that there is a very obliging woman, quite at hand, who keeps a mangle for the use of the neighbourhood, which will be a great convenience to the family; and that she will take in hand to supply us with milk or cream at any hour of the day,"—&c. &c. Thus, it will be observed, neither the spirit of discontent nor the spirit of hope is ever without material for feeding its particular necessities.

You have now got fairly into your new house, bag and baggage. It is after the manner, however, of a certain pound of comfits which a carrier once brought from a city confectioner to a country customer. The paper bag having proved insufficient in the journey, the contents had dispersed themselves throughout all the other packages in the cart. Every parcel, and bag, and box, had to be shaken clear of the lurking carvy, till, the whole of the bulky articles having been discharged and laid off, the little white particles were found at the bottom mingled with straws, fragments of rope, and paper, and all other kinds of trash. The whole having been swept out, however, the honest old carrier brought them to the owner in a large platter, saying, with the air of a man who has relieved his conscience of some uncommon weight, "Here they are, mistress; ye hae them a' for me." Just like the comfits are all your goods and chattels—your ox, and your ass, and your children, and your every thing else—the whole are there; but in such a state! Perhaps, to add to your distresses, you have to delay putting the principal rooms to rights till the painters have to be with you. This, of course, adjourns the termination of your agonies *sine die*. Perhaps, about three months after, when you have battled the rascals out of one room into another, much after the manner of the siege of St Sebastian, you get at last into the enviable attitude, "as you were," resolving of course never again to remove as long as you live, but still as ready before next 2d of February to take that step as ever.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

FIRST ARTICLE.—INTRODUCTORY.

In the present number of the Journal, a new, and, it is hoped, a most agreeable feature of the work, is developed. Encouraged by the favourable manner in which the papers entitled "Popular Information on Literature" have been received, the Editor now offers the first of a series of articles on scientific subjects, which will be treated in the same humble and unpretending style, and be thereby adapted to the capacities and the tastes of even the most unlearned of his readers. In this age of intellectual excitement, innumerable means have been devised for the purpose of diffusing the blessings of education throughout all classes of society; and schools of art have been judiciously instituted, and popular lectures delivered, with the view of communicating, in the most easy and familiar manner, those principles of science which explain the different phenomena of nature, and the process of art by which we can supply the wants and the luxuries of life But so advantageous an opportunity as this widely disseminated paper offers, of opening the treasures of scientific knowledge to the people at large, never before occurred. Henceforward, therefore, the Journal will at intervals bring home to every fireside in the kingdom a portion of that species of information which has hitherto been confined to schools and lecture rooms, or published in an expensive and too elaborate form for general use. A perfect simplicity of diction will be a guiding rule in the composition of these articles. Scientific knowledge has unfortunately often been neglected from an idea that it can only be obtained by those who already possess considerable information. But this is an error; for nature is simple in all her operations, and these may be rendered as intelligible to the mind of the humble and unlettered peasant, as to that of the erudite and high-born philosopher. It is true that formerly, partly from ignorance, or the imperfection of language, and partly from an ungenerous desire to fetter the progress of the human mind, the simplest truths were studiously veiled in obscurity; but the fanciful signs and figures—the crude and complicated phraseology—the harsh and unmeaning technical terms which were then in vogue, have been exploded, and the path to the temple of science is now open, easy of access, and even strewed with flowers.

Science admits of two general divisions; the first comprehends investigations into the nature and operations of our own minds; the second, into the various properties and conditions of matter, or the objects which we observe in the external world. It is by examining these that we become acquainted with the laws of nature, without some knowledge of which we must continually pass over unnoticed numerous objects and events that would otherwise excite the greatest possible interest and admiration. Nor is this all; for when any event does occur of so uncommon and striking a kind as must arouse our attention, and so disturb this repose of ignorance, being unable to explain it on fixed principles, we must have recourse to the suggestions of fancy, which invariably lead to the most absurd and extravagant superstitions. Comets, meteors, thunder and lightning, northern lights, rainbows, every phenomenon of nature, has in its turn excited those superstitious feelings which appear natural to man in a state of ignorance. Comets at a very early period were regarded as prodigies, which appeared in the heavens to foretode the most dismal calamities, such as wars and pestilence, the dethronement and death of kings, and the destruction of empires. Thus in the history of Rome we observe how much undue importance was attached to the comet that appeared before the Augustan war, and to that which attended the battle of Pharsalia; nor has the Jewish historian Josephus been sparing of them at the destruction of Jerusalem. At this period it was imagined that they were merely flaming meteors. But the progress of discovery has enabled astronomers to examine their nature more accurately; to point out the orbits they describe; and to predict with certainty the periods of their return. Hence they have prognosticated the re-appearance of a comet of six years and a half duration in the November of the present year; and already the voice of superstition has been raised in Germany, where some have ignorantly predicted that it will destroy our earth. But no such event is likely to happen, as it will in its nearest position remain at a distance of sixteen millions of leagues from it, according to the calculation of the most distinguished astronomers in France. Meteors, which so much more frequently occur, have also excited the apprehension of the vulgar, who have fancied them to bear along the spirits of the departed, and to be the certain precursors of death. The account, says Mr M'Pherson, given to this day by the ignorant, is very poetical. The ghost comes mounted on a meteor, and surrounds twice or thrice the place destined for the person to die in, and then goes along the road through which the burial is to pass, shrieking at intervals; at last the meteor and the ghost disappear above the burial place. Thunder and lightning have also been regarded as occurrences out of the ordinary course of nature. The Jews were accustomed to open their doors and windows during a thunder storm, as they expected amidst this commotion of the elements the appearance of the Messiah. In Athens, when a person was struck dead by lightning, the spot

on which the accident occurred was railed in, and an altar raised for sacrifice to the Gods. The Catholics in Suabia, and other districts of Germany, toll the bells of the churches during the continuance of a thunder-storm. The apprehensions of the ignorant, which gave rise to such customs, have, from the advancement of science, been dispelled, and we now have learned, by a very simple contrivance, to rob the cloud of its lightning, and to protect our houses and public buildings from its otherwise disastrous effects. Northern lights have in like manner given rise to many absurd conjectures and predictions. If of a pale appearance, they were supposed to be the precursors of famine; if of a brilliant crimson colour, to be ominous of pestilence and war. Even the rainbow, which "compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle," has given rise to numerous fanciful notions. Altars were raised to it by the Athenians; and even in the earlier ages of Christianity, to the colours it exhibits was assigned a mysterious interpretation. The red and green colours were considered to be significant of the destruction of the world by water and fire; and in others were recognised typical allusions to the mysteries of baptism and the holy Eucharist. These, and other superstitions we might enumerate, shew that without some knowledge of the elementary principles of science, we not only fail to observe and appreciate, but are apt to place an absurd and mischievous interpretation on the most interesting and beautiful phenomena of nature.

By the aid of scientific principles, derived from the observation of a few facts of the most simple kind, and which are capable of immediate demonstration, we are enabled to explain the properties and effects of light—the sources, operations, and various applications of heat—the composition of air and water, and the various kinds of earths, minerals, metals, and other substances, which enter into the structure of the globe we inhabit. Besides which, there are numerous phenomena of very frequent occurrence which claim peculiar attention;—the varied and often lovely colours that are seen reflected along the sky—the formation and varieties of clouds—the condensation and fall of snow, hail, rain, and dew—the motions of the air, sea and land breezes, trade winds, whirlwinds, the hurricane, the tornado, and the simoon—the various appearances which prognosticate change of weather—the transparency, the glowing tints and depths of the ocean, with the motion of its waves, its tides, its currents, and its whirlpools—the lakes, rivers, and springs which so beautifully diversify the face of nature—the terrible convulsions which, under the form of earthquakes, lay the proudest cities in the dust, and overwhelm with fear the heart of man—these, and innumerable other wonders of creation, are calculated to arouse even in the most languid mind a spirit of inquiry, which, once excited, will go along upon its path rejoicing, fully conscious that at every step it is gathering power and enlarging the boundaries of human happiness. Natural historians, moralists, poets—all mankind, are accustomed to speak of the exceeding beauties of nature; but these cannot be felt nor sufficiently appreciated without being properly understood; and this therefore is one of the strongest inducements for us to cultivate such knowledge, for whatever may be the sphere of life in which we have been destined to move—whatever may be the occupations or the duties we may have to perform, or the cares and anxieties that may oppress us—there are times when we escape from these into the free open air, to wander perhaps through the fields or along the sea shore, or through the suburbs or streets of a city; and the mind so informed then carries with it a talisman by which it can always summon up the most interesting subjects for its contemplation. But besides the above inquiries, which relate principally to what is called inorganic matter, when we have examined the irregularities of the earth's surface, its plains and its vallies—its hills and mountains—its level shores and stupendous rocks, it will remain for us to consider the numerous tribes of organic beings which in these different regions find their appropriate habitations. We shall find that the vegetable creation alone opens up to us a world which first bewilders us with the multitude of its beauties and wonders, and then charms us into meditation. All plants, from the humble moss clinging to its barren rock, to the majestic oak of the forest—from the neglected weed on which we tread, to the lovely flower it is our pride to cultivate, are under the influence of the same immutable laws—they all require light, heat, air, and moisture; they all possess a living principle, and require a certain quantity and kind of nutriment, which is elaborated into sap, and converted into different kinds of matter for the leaves, flowers, and fruit; they have all the faculty of reproduction, whereby the same species is continued, and they all grow, attain maturity, and then die; and their decayed remains, even as human dust, then contribute to the formation of the soil of the earth, which is always by such means in the course of renewal. The seeds and fruits of some of these plants, by processes of art, are converted into food, instances of which we have in the numerous kinds of grain now cultivated in Britain; others into materials which supply us with the means of clothing, examples of which we recognise in the hemp, flax, and cotton plants; others yield important medicinal substances, by which we are enabled to mitigate and often subdue the sufferings and progress of disease; besides which, we need scarcely add that timber of different kinds is applied to so many common purposes of life, that it forms a most important article of commerce.

Thus the vegetable kingdom not only adorns the world with verdant loveliness, but all its productions, its grasses, herbs, shrubs, and trees, are adapted to supply the numerous conveniences of man. But not man alone thence derives support and enjoyment; the plants that grow beside rivers, the shrubs that adorn the sides of rocks, the trees that are grouped together, and form extensive forests—all afford nutriment and protection to myriads of living beings. Here tribes of insects that have as yet escaped the notice of the naturalist, and birds whose notes of melody no human art can rival, fly at liberty; there, too, secure from the usurpation and dominion of man, animals, in their wild and undomesticated state, find shelter. As the principle of life which exists in plants does not lead to the obvious manifestation of any sentient or thinking principle, they have been placed at the lower part of the scale of organized beings, ascending from which the numerous living beings that inhabit the air, the waters, and the earth, and which exhibit a regular chain of gradation from the most simple to the most complicated structures, engage our attention and interest. These we likewise find governed by certain general laws—they all require light, heat, air, and food—they all have the power of multiplying their individual and distinct races—they all grow and enjoy the power of locomotion—they have all senses which warn them of the approach of danger, and enable them to select the substances which are most proper for their nutriment—they have all their appropriate regions of distribution, some being the inhabitants of hot, others of cold climates, some being destined to live on the heights of mountains, others in the bosoms of vallies—they have all habits which are connected with certain peculiarities visible in the structure of their several physical frames—they all endure only a temporary existence, some of them living only for a few minutes, others for many hundred years. Finally, the remains of their disorganising bodies, like the plants of which we have spoken, contribute to the formation of the soil on which we tread. The naturalist, finding himself perplexed by the multitude of these animated beings, has arranged them according to their respective forms and habits into certain general divisions, and these again he has subdivided into particular classes, genera, species, and varieties. At the head of these, pre-eminently distinguished by the faculty of speech, and the powers of his mind, we find man, whose knowledge, when tempered with humanity, teaches him humility, forbearance, and gentleness, to all living things. In his uncivilized state man is perhaps a more abject and helpless being than any other that moves on the face of creation; nor is it until the light of reason dawns that he can perceive how to minister to his numerous necessities and comforts. Naked, unarmed, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, he seeks only to redress his immediate physical wants. His hunger he satisfies by eating the fruits of the trees, or the roots of herbs—his thirst he slakes at the river's side, and his only habitation is the depth of otherwise unfrequented woods. In this state he has no language to articulate his ideas; but we turn from a picture humiliating to human vanity, to contemplate man in his more civilized state, enjoying all the luxuries which have been conferred upon him by the progress of the arts and sciences. It is said that Rome itself originally consisted only of a few mud cottages irregularly scattered, and Vitruvius informs us that even in his time the Temple of Romulus was preserved, thatched with straw. Such was the origin of that proud city, which afterwards became the mistress of the world, and this is only a type of the great changes, improvements, and contributions to happiness that have been, and will be effected, by the progress of the human mind.

Great Britain itself, which has held so pre-eminent and commanding an attitude among other nations, has in like manner arisen from as humble an origin; and to what may her glory and prosperity be principally attributed? To the advanced state of the arts and sciences; it is this which led to her conquests both by land and by sea; it is this which at the present moment forms the broad basis of her commerce. The application of the principles of science to her different manufactures has brought many of them to a state of most wonderful perfection; nay, it is impossible to examine them without experiencing the highest gratification. When, therefore, it is considered that the knowledge of a few principles of chemistry will enable us to understand the most interesting processes of art, surely it is a desirable attainment, more especially as it requires no very great sacrifice of time nor intense application to study. By the union of potash and a certain kind of sand, and the application of heat, glass is formed, which supplies us with the means of enjoying light in our habitations, at the same time that it excludes the inclemency of the weather. The old English historian, Bede, informs us that in the seventh century it was not known how to make window-glass in England; and we read in Henry's History of Great Britain that before this period the windows of houses, and even of cathedral churches, admitted light through fine linen cloths or lattices of wood. The greatest improvements have taken place in the mode of manufacturing glass, which now forms an important part of British trade. The arts of bleaching, dyeing, and tanning, are likewise chemical operations, which may be understood without difficulty. The process of bleaching is one of great antiquity; for we learn from Theophrastus, who lived 300 years before Christ, that lime was then employed in bleaching. Here again the bleacher has been considerably indebted to the progress of science, without knowing the elementary principles of which, it is not possible to understand the action that takes place in this process. In dyeing, not a colour can be imparted unless an affinity or attraction exists between the cloth and the dye; and if this is not present, the dyer is obliged to have recourse to some other agent, which he then employs as a bond of union between them. If we digest some indigo in a little common vitriol, and dilute it largely with water, and then insert into the solution a piece of silk, linen, or cotton, we shall find, on taking it out immediately, that the indigo combines with the cloth, and gives it a blue colour. But if, instead of indigo, we make an infusion of cochineal, logwood, or madder, and immerse the cloth in the coloured liquid, we shall find that there is so slight an attraction exerted between the colouring matter and the fibres of the cloth, that it only receives a stain, which may be removed by washing. In this case the third substance is requisite to combine the colouring matter with the cloth, and render the dye permanent: this is what is termed the mordaunt or basis, which generally consists of a certain preparation of iron or tin. Here, therefore, we perceive that the process of dyeing depends on a chemical action, which admits of a very simple explanation. The act of tanning can likewise only be understood by having recourse to the science of chemistry, which has taught us that, in the barks of trees, more especially of the oak kind, a substance is obtained called tannin, which may be made, by a very simple process, to combine with skins, so as to form leather. Besides these, the mode of extracting metals from their different ores, in order that they may be converted subsequently into various utensils, and the important art of agriculture, require a knowledge of chemical principles. Even the most simple culinary processes, daily going forward in our kitchens, proceed likewise on principles of chemistry, which we ought to understand. Accordingly, that distinguished philosopher, Count Rumford, did not disdain to exercise the powers of his scientific mind in devising means to improve the art of cooking. He endeavoured to ascertain how the greatest quantity of nutriment could be obtained from food at the least possible expense; and so well did he succeed, that in one of his establishments at Munich, three women were sufficient to prepare a dinner for a thousand persons, and they burned only ninepence worth of fuel. He went so far in his improvements as even to economise all the heat of the smoke; and hence it was said that he would soon be found cooking his dinner with the smoke from his neighbour's fire. We might here adduce numerous other examples to illustrate the universal application of the principles of science, but sufficient has been said to show how much there is to amuse and interest the mind as it advances along the path of useful knowledge. In conclusion, we may observe that the information which thus qualifies us to appreciate the beauties of nature, and which enables us to understand the different processes of art, should exert the happiest and most beneficial effects on human character; for such meditations are calculated to elevate the thoughts, refine the feelings, enrich the imagination, and render us happier as we proceed on our pilgrimage through the world.

ITINERATING LIBRARIES.

I HAVE much pleasure in bringing under the notice of the people of Great Britain generally, an institution calculated to be of the greatest service in the diffusion of knowledge, but which is as yet little known beyond the limits of a particular district in Scotland. About forty years ago, or shortly after the impulse given to the public mind by the revolution in France, an urgent demand began to be manifested over most parts of Scotland for the perusal of instructive publications, less limited in their range in literature than had prevailed throughout the preceding age. Reading associations sprung into existence, frequently under the fostering care of the landed gentry and clergy; and it will be recollected by my readers, that our national poet, Burns, whose active genius appreciated this scheme of widening the scope of human intelligence, was instrumental in forming one of those book societies in a country part of Dumfries-shire. Since that epoch, libraries in the proprietary of a body of subscribers, chiefly in the middle and lower ranks of life, have, with much advantage, been set on foot in every town and populous village in the kingdom. Scotland has therefore for at least a quarter of a century been in the enjoyment of a very beneficial system of mental cultivation by local libraries, and this alone has formed a most interesting feature in its intellectual statistics.

But no human institution is perfect. The country libraries labour under a natural defect, for which no ingenuity can offer a remedy, unless by a total alteration in the character of the institution. It has been found that in almost every instance the desire for knowledge, through such means, has been quenched in the limited amount of the volumes; or, in other words, that the subscribers have *read the library out*, and that more speedily than new books can be added for their gratification. Thus, *stationary* country libraries cease to ex-

cite much interest after a few years, and the objects of so valuable an institution are, in a certain sense, as completely frustrated as if the library were altogether removed. A remedy has, however, been found, most effectual in its design and tendency. Arrangements have in some places been made to establish libraries in a series, moveable from place to place, so that as soon as the inhabitants of a village have read one library, it moves off, and another supplies its place. These are called ITINERATING LIBRARIES, and I now purpose to say a few words regarding them. To whom the merit is due of inventing this almost magical mode of circulating books, I have never heard; but whoever he was, his name deserves to take its place alongside of the inventors of paper and printing. With an obscurity hanging over the origin of the practice, it can be stated with precision, that it was first made known in East Lothian, and very greatly improved by the indefatigable and philanthropic exertions of Mr Samuel Brown, merchant in Haddington, son of the late Dr John Brown of that place. According to Mr Brown's mode, there is a head station (which seems absolutely necessary), where the books lie for some time, after which they are sorted and put in operation, always coming back to the head station at the end of every two years before they pass on to another district. This appears to be necessary, for the purpose of repairing the damaged volumes, and infusing new books into the stock. The system pursued by Mr Brown, I give by an extract from a communication with him on the subject. "The plan of itinerating libraries (says he) was introduced in 1817, and it has been attended with a degree of success unexampled in the history of reading associations. It commenced with five divisions (or libraries) of fifty volumes each; and there are now, in 1830, upwards of 2000 volumes belonging to the institution. The new books are kept for a few years at the head library at Haddington for the use of subscribers, and afterwards they are arranged into divisions of fifty volumes, and stationed in the towns and villages of the country for two years, when they are removed and exchanged. The regular removal and supply of new divisions has excited and kept up such a disposition to read, that in several stations there is frequently not a volume left in the library box. To persons acquainted with the issues from the usual settled libraries of 2000 volumes, or even of a much smaller number, and of thirteen years' standing, the following statement will appear almost incredible:—The issues of books at Haddington to the subscribers have been nearly eight and a half times per annum for every volume kept in them. The gratuitous issues at Haddington have been seven and a half times every volume; at Gifford, Salton, Aberlady, North Berwick, Belhaven, and Spott, they have been seven times every volume; and the issues of the whole establishment, so far as reported, have been on an average five times for every volume, or 10,000 issues of 2000 volumes." It may be explained, that the divisions of books are all kept in boxes, or presses, and deposited with careful individuals. In all cases these librarians have acted gratuitously. The books are purchased chiefly from the accumulation of voluntary subscriptions, or small annual charges. I believe it is now proposed to issue the books the first year that a division is in the place, at the rate of a penny a volume; but as a subscription, however small, might essentially impede the success of the scheme, and as it is of immense consequence to bring the books within the reach of the whole population, particularly of the young, they will continue to be issued gratuitously the second year. It is mentioned in a memoir relative to these itinerating libraries, that a single library of fifty volumes, with book-case, catalogue, labels, advertisements, and issuing books, may be procured at from L.10 to L.12 A series of fifty divisions for one of the Scottish counties might perhaps be formed for L.500 Hitherto these East Lothian libraries have been in some measure made up by donations of books; and I am confident that when gentlemen who have large libraries, containing many books they do not often require, are aware of the prodigious benefit which may result to the country by assisting the institution in this manner, they will hasten to present the head establishments which may be formed with liberal donations. A single volume lying unnoticed in a corner of their bookshelf may be thus made to diffuse its concentrated knowledge over the peasantry of a whole country. Mr Brown has published a number of reports relative to the libraries under his charge, from which it appears he possesses very sanguine notions as to the extension of his scheme over the whole United Kingdom, nay, even over the West India and American colonies, if not the whole world. Now, it is quite evident that the progress of these beneficial establishments can only follow in the tread of the schoolmaster, and be successful where a certain degree of mental cultivation has been already effected. He speaks of a great head institution in London, something like the Central Bible Societies, as being necessary in the developement of his plan. I would admonish him and all others to drop so crude and preposterous a project. Great head institutions are in general great *jobs*, for they are conducted by men who serve merely for pecuniary emolument, and care little for the *morale* of their establishments. Let the plan of the East Lothian itinerating libraries be copied from county to county; let local excitement only be put in force; let a few spirited and liberal minded men, belonging to different classes of the community, but club their intelligence to set the libraries agoing in their vicinities, and there can be no question that the whole country will, in a brief space of time, be covered with the desired establishments. In the success which has attended Brown's itinerating libraries in Haddingtonshire, another useful lesson is read to mankind. We find that in this, as in almost every other great good bestowed on the species, the benefit has been conferred by *a single individual*, and not by a society, the drivelling formalities of which, in rare instances, prevent everything like an efficiency of action, and retard fully more than they quicken the genius of human improvement.

THE PECHS.

EVERY child in Scotland has heard of the Pechs, a race of small red-haired men, who are said to have lived long ago, and built all the huge castles and bridges in the country.

The Picts, whom antiquaries suppose to have been the same as what are called the Pechs, are understood to have been the people who lived in the country north of the Forth, about a thousand years ago. They had a king of their own for many ages; but at length a race of Irish adventurers, who came in upon Scotland by the west, got the better of their monarch, or else succeeded to his crown by marriage, so that there was never any more heard of them as a separate nation. This event is said to have taken place in the year 843.

Tacitus, a Roman historian of the second century, describes these Picts as a tall and fair race; but tradition now speaks differently of the Picts. Both in the border counties, and in those which the Picts once occupied, they are represented by the common people, and in all nursery stories, as a squat and robust race of men, with red hair, and arms of such length, that they could tie the latchets of their shoes without stooping. The Scottish peasant ascribes all old public works of which he does not know the origin to the Pechs, and their plan of working, according to his creed, was to stand in a row between the quarry and the building, handing forward stones to one another. When a person has either red hair, long arms, or a very sturdy body, it is common to say to him tauntingly, "Ye maun be come of the Pechs." Yet there is also a very prevalent understanding that they are now entirely extirpated, at least as a nation; and there are some popular tales which even speak of the death of the last individual of the race.

The inhabitants of Lammermoor, a lonely mountain region between East Lothian and Berwickshire, have a tradition that the last battle fought by the Pechs against the Scots, by whom they were oppressed, took place near a hill called Manslaughter Law. So dreadfully were they cut up, that only two persons of the Pictish nation survived the fight, a father and a son. These were brought before the Scottish king, and promised life on condition that they would disclose the secret, peculiar to their nation, of the art of distilling ale from heather. But this was a secret upon which the Pechs prided themselves very much, so that, it is said by Boece in his history, they never would divulge it except to their own kindred. Both had refused to purchase their lives on this condition, and they were about to be put to a painful and torturing death, when the father seemed to relent, and proposed to yield up the secret, provided that the Scots would first kill his son. The victors, though horrified at the unnatural selfishness of the old man, complied with his request, and then asked its reward. "Now," said the ancient Pech, "you may kill me too, for you shall never know my secret. Your threats might have influenced my son, but they are lost on me." The king of Scots could not help admiring this firmness of principle, even in so small a matter as small ale, and he condemned the veteran savage to life. It is further related by the tradition of Teviotdale, that his existence, as a punishment from heaven for his crime, was prolonged far beyond the ordinary term of mortal life. When some ages had passed, and the last of the Pechs was blind and bed-rid, he overheard some young men vaunting of their feats of strength. He desired to feel the wrist of one of them, in order to compare the strength of modern men with those of the early times, which were now only talked of as a fable. They reached him a bar of iron instead of a wrist, that they might enjoy the expressions of indignation which they thought he would be sure to utter. But he seized the huge bar, and, snapping it through like a reed, only remarked very coolly, "It's a bit gey grissle,* but naething to the shackle-banes o' my young days." The feelings of the young men may be imagined. Into such forms as these do historical facts become transmuted after a long series of ages; and such is the popular remembrance of a nation which once occupied the greater part of this country, but the very existence of which is now a matter of historical certainty.

THE LADY OF WOODHOUSELEE.

ON the left bank of the North Esk, betwixt Roslin and Auchindinny, stand the few remaining ruins of the old house of Woodhouselee, which seems to have been a castellated mansion of a commanding appearance. The scenery around, which is exceedingly beautiful, has furnished a theme for many a romantic ballad, and the locality is connected with a tragic circumstance of more than ordinary interest, which occurred in the year 1569, during the troubles of the reign of Queen Mary. Crawford, in his memoirs of the affairs of Scotland, relates the event in the following words:—"With regard to Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, he was one of those who, among bold and loyal men of that clan, fought for the Queen at Langside, was then taken prisoner and sentenced to be hanged, but afterwards made his escape, and was forfeited. His wife, who was heiress of Woodhouselee, not thinking her husband's crimes would affect her estate, willingly abandoned that of Bothwellhaugh, in Clydesdale, which was his ancient patrimony, and took possession of her own property; but the Earl of Moray being informed of the matter by Sir James Ballandine (a mighty favourite of his, to whom he had gifted Woodhouselee), sent some officers to take possession of the house, who not only turned the gentlewoman out of doors, but stripped her naked, and left her in that condition in the open field, in a cold dark night, where, before day, she became furiously mad, and insensible of the injury they had done her." From this moment, Bothwellhaugh, her husband, resolved on putting Moray, the Regent, to death, which he accomplished, as is well known, at Linlithgow, by firing upon him from a balcony, on the 23d of January, 1569. From the place of assassination Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph; for the ashes of the house in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Moray's army, were yet smoking. After a short abode at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland, and served in France, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommended by having revenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. The carbine with which he shot the Regent is preserved at Hamilton Palace. It is a brass piece of a middling length, very small in the bore, and, what is rather extraordinary, appears to have been rifled or indented in the barrel. It had a match lock, for which a modern firelock has been injudiciously substituted. To return to Woodhouselee, the scene of the above melancholy event: The country people around were long possessed of the idea that the ruins of the mansion were tenanted by the restless spirit of the Lady of Bothwellhaugh, and which spectre is said to have been so tenacious of her rights, that a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and even of very late years has excited considerable disturbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the *rights of ghosts*, as the present Woodhouselee, the seat of the respectable family of the Fraser Tytlers, is situated on a slope of the Pentland Hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. In Pinkerton's Collection of Scottish Songs he gives one from tradition, entitled the Laird of Woodhouselee, the substance of which is, that at a great feast, where there were present full twenty "golden dames," every one with her knight, each lady being called on to give to the minstrels the name of her favourite, in order that they might celebrate his prowess and accomplishments in verse, the Lady of Woodhouselee commanded them to sing Salton's praise. Her Lord, taking offence at such an order, expressed his anger in a manner which alarmed her; whereupon she consulted her nurse, who advised her to poison him, and prepared the poison, which the lady administered in a glass of wine. News coming to the father of his son's death, and the supposed cause, he immediately repaired to the King, and, throwing himself at his feet, besought just vengeance on the murderess. The King, incensed at the lady's crime, ordered her to be burnt at the stake; and the ballad closes with her lamentation, and admonition to take warning from her fall.

* Cartilage.

THE RESOLVE.

In imitation of an old English Poem.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

My wayward fate I needs must 'plain,
Though bootless be the theme;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream:
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone;
No more I'll bask at flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile;
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot—
I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow;
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won;
I'll steel my breast to beauty's dart,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides;
The flame its glory hurls about;
The gem its lustre hides.
Such gem I fondly deemed was mine,
And glowed a diamond stone;
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darkling dwell alone.

Nor waking dream shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain;
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall 'tangle me again;
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own;
Nor shall wild passion trouble it—
I'll rather dwell alone,

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest—
Thy loving labour's lost;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,
To be so strangely crost.
The widowed turtles mateless die,
The phœnix is but one;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone.

—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808.

ON THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH.

CLEANLINESS—BATHING.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats.
THOMSON.

THE enjoyment of sound health of body, next to that of sound health of mind, is one of the greatest of terrestrial blessings, and a few plain observations on the best mode of attaining this state of physical comfort may be perused with advantage. The science of preserving health is generally comprehended under the term *Dietetics*, which has a reference to cleanliness, the preparation and consumption of food, air, exercise, rest, the passions, sleep, and other matters connected with the functions of the body. Among the lower animals, who are governed by an unerring instinct, there is no need for the correction of abuses in the healthful preservation of the body; but man, who is the creature of circumstances, and who has been left to be governed by his reason so as to suit his taste and convenience, stands constantly in need of advice on the general heads just referred to. Our artificial mode of living, the prodigious variety of our employments in and out of doors, our different modes of dwelling and dressing, the endless variety of substances used as food and drink, the great diversity of national customs and manners, the difference and changeableness of climate, and our vicious indulgences, have all a powerful influence on our physical welfare. By our present mode of living we are certainly stronger in frame and of greater longevity than savages (though there is a prejudice to the contrary), but we pay the penalty of this superiority in our liability to numberless complaints originating in the artificial habits of social life.

I do not imagine that persons who live in ordinary intercourse with society can pretend to exist like anchorites, or follow *every* rule laid down for the preservation of their health; but I do believe that, with a little firmness and no great sacrifice of feeling, a very excellent state of health may be obtained, even with our present artificial practices. All who have studied the condition of the human body lay down *personal cleanliness* as the first thing to be attained in the pursuit of health, and without this all other means will prove abortive. The outer skin of the human body is composed of the most minute scales, between which are interstices, or openings, called pores, from whence constantly exude the liquid matter which we denominate perspiration, but which is, in fact, the refuse of the internal blood. The quantity of perspiration daily exuded, under ordinary circumstances, is from one to two pounds weight, and it is essential to our existence that this should be projected outwards. As the clothes worn next the body act as sponges for the receipt of perspirable matter, they should invariably be preserved in the most cleanly condition; for if they be soiled or impure, they will not receive the liquid effusion, which is consequently lodged on the skin, and returned to the internal parts by the absorbents, greatly to the injury of the health. It is impossible to lay too much stress on this most important fact in dietetics. The clothes, whether of woollen or linen, worn next the skin, should be frequently changed—the oftener the better; but even this precaution, excellent as it is, will not preserve uniform sound health, unless the skin be from time to time thoroughly purified with water. The inhabitants of this country, and indeed of most countries, are culpably negligent in not generally attending to this point in cleanliness. Almost all the great law-givers and founders of religion, from the remotest antiquity, seem to have been aware of the influence of personal cleanliness upon the moral character of man, and have strongly inculcated it. In many cases it has been interwoven with the most solemn rites of public and private worship; and is so still, in a particular manner, in Mahommedan countries.

Let all clothes, linen, beds, blankets, and other articles coming in contact with the body, be kept in the most cleanly condition—that is, free of the perspired matter. Let the body, and particularly the joints, be frequently washed with pure water, especially in summer. The face, neck, and hands, ought to be daily washed, both morning and evening. In washing the face, the cold water should be always laved behind the ears and on the back part of the neck, by which practice toothach will in a great measure be prevented. The mouth should be well rinsed every morning with water, and the teeth simultaneously rubbed with the finger, which is considered to be better than a brush. It has been found that frequent shaving of the beard is conducive to free perspiration, and, consequently, to health. I would particularly recommend that the feet be very frequently washed. If bathed every morning in cold water, the complaint of *cold feet*, now so prevalent, would seldom be heard.

Bathing of every description is the basis of cleanliness, and may be pronounced one of the most beneficial restorers of health and vigour. To persons enjoying a perfect state of bodily vigour, the frequent use of the bath is less necessary than to the infirm, as the healthy possess a greater power to resist infirmities by means of their unimpaired perspiration, the elasticity of their minute vessels, and the due consistence of their circulating fluids. The case is very different with the infirm, the delicate, and the aged. In these the slowness of circulation, the viscidity or clamminess of the fluids, the constant efforts of nature to propel the impurities towards the skin, combine to render the frequent bathing or washing of their bodies an essential requisite to their physical existence. Although most persons acknowledge the propriety of frequent bodily ablution, there are not many who are fond of putting their belief in practice; they will tell you that they have no time, no convenience, for bathing. But these are frivolous excuses. It is their indolence which afflicts them; and rather than clean themselves, they will run the chance of having their health impaired, and live in a state of perpetual bodily discomfort. Every one has the use of water, and could easily spare a few minutes for so highly beneficial a process as washing themselves. On the other hand, those who indulge in the judicious practice of bathing enjoy a more active state of body and more durable state of robust health than those who do not. Bathing may be performed with hot or cold water, according as feelings dictate, or circumstances permit. The lukewarm or tepid bath, from 85 to 95 degrees of heat, is always safe; and the temperature may be raised to 102 degrees without danger to healthy persons. So far is the hot bath from relaxing the tone of the solids, that it may justly be considered as one of the most powerful restoratives with which we are acquainted. Instead of heating the body it has a cooling effect, and diminishes the quickness of the pulse. Hence, tepid baths are of eminent service, where the body has been overheated, from whatever cause, whether after fatigue from travelling, severe bodily exercise, or after violent exertion and perturbation of mind. By their softening and moistening power, they greatly contribute to the formation and growth of the body of young persons.

Bathing in rivers, as well as in the sea, is effectual for every purpose of cleaning the body; it washes away impurities from the surface, opens the cutaneous vessels for a due perspiration, and increases the circulation of the blood. For these reasons it cannot be too much recommended, not only to the infirm and debilitated, under certain restrictions, but likewise to the healthy. The apprehension of bad consequences from the coldnes of the water is in reality ill-founded; for, besides that it produces a strengthening effect by its astringent property, the cold sensation is not of itself hurtful. In a recent publication, entitled "The Economy of the Human Body," the author makes the following judicious observations on cold bathing:—"The best time for bathing is about noon, or two or three hours after breakfast. Cold bathing should never be practised when the body is loaded with food. For invalids, the morning is improper, as being chiller, and the body not having been invigorated by a slight meal. This is another popular error which ought to be corrected. Invalids and the delicate should plunge twice or thrice into the water, then come out, and have the body immediately rubbed dry with cloths. Practice will gradually enable a person to remain longer in the water; and the robust may enjoy the luxury for a considerable time with the most perfect impunity; but whenever chilliness, drowsiness, and inactivity, are felt after coming out, these are sure indications that either cold bathing does not agree with the constitution, or that too long time has been spent in the water. Sea water is most efficacious as a cold bath, for there is a stimulating quality in the salt which gives a grateful glow to the skin. There is a popular belief that it is necessary to plunge head foremost into the water, else a determination of blood to the head takes place, and headachs, &c. follow. Nothing can be more erroneous. A sudden plunge is often productive of mischief, but it is not necessary to wet the whole head in bathing, especially if there be too much hair, which, afterwards, taking a long time to dry, is often inconvenient. Whenever after a short immersion in the cold bath the individual feels chill, his skin pale, and the lips and nails of a purplish hue, it is a proof that cold bathing does not agree with him." With these useful observations I may here close this first branch of the subject of Dietetics.

A GLANCE AT ENGLISH HUSBANDRY.

WHEN a Scotchman travels for the first time through England, he sees much to engage his attention in the landscape not peculiar to his own end of the island. Independent of the general levelness of the land, and the other more prominent features of the country, he marks the difference in the disposition of the fields and the ordinary arrangements of the *rural manege*. Two things he particularly notices—the singular smallness of the enclosed fields, which seem no bigger than a common-sized kitchen garden, and the great quantity of them laid in grass. In some counties these peculiarities are not observable; but taking the country in the mass, they are essentially its most striking characteristics. Accustomed in Scotland to see fields of a large extent under an active process of husbandry for grain crops, he cannot well make out the cause for occupying so considerable a portion of the English soil with thick thorn hedges, and he is perhaps informed that much of the land is preserved under grass, so as to be free of a certain description of tithes. In all the arts of trade and commerce, England entered on its illustrious career several centuries before its northern neighbour; in the arts of agriculture it also obtained the advantage of priority; but it is indisputable that in this branch of industry it has been perceptibly outstripped, and may award the merit to Scotland. The revival of agriculture in Scotland—I say its revival, for it retrograded in consequence of the wars of the succession—though only of a date within the period of the last century, has been followed up with a most unprecedented energy and a signal success. Within the compass of ninety or a hundred years almost every instrument of husbandry of an ancient construction has disappeared, and been succeeded by implements formed on an efficient scientific principle. Thrashing machines, some moved by steam, are universal. A Scotchman acquainted with these distinctions in the husbandry of North Britain, is amused in beholding in the south instruments of field labour, waggons for conveying grain to market included, evidently as ancient and clumsy in construction as they were in the days of the Saxon Heptarchy. In Northumberland, some parts of Yorkshire, Norfolk, and other places, this is certainly not the case; but over the greater part of England and Wales it would appear that the public mind has not yet been roused to the value of the improvements I mention.

Yet how glorious is the appearance of this noble country in the verdant and luxurious months of summer, with its endless flourishing fences, its fields dotted with trees, its beautiful lawns and orchards, and its hearty honest peasantry, with their trim cottages and gardens. Let us take a glance at this highly favoured region. Entering by the "Eastern Marches," we find Northumberland, distinguished as an agricultural district, and in this respect bearing a resemblance to the Merse, on this side of the Tweed. The size of the farms is said to vary from L.50 to L.500 in rent. In Cumberland, grazing has long been the principal object of the farmers; extensive enclosures, however, have been recently made, and considerable quantities of flour and oatmeal are now exported. The dairies are small, but the butter is of excellent quality. There is much hilly, bleak land in Westmoreland and Cumberland, suitable only for sheep pasture. The Durham farms are in general small in extent, but excellent and powerful horses are bred here, and the cattle, by suitable feeding, are brought to a large size. In the East Riding of Yorkshire, particularly upon the wolds, agriculture is conducted upon a large scale, and has arrived at a high pitch of perfection. Half a century ago barley and oats were the principal kinds of grain produced here, and oat-bread was chiefly used by the inhabitants; now the valleys and the slopes of the hills wave with wheat. The western levels, also, have received great improvements. Within less than thirty years vast commons in its southern part have been enclosed and cultivated; and a dreary and swampy waste is now covered with well-built farm steads. The horses of Yorkshire have long been justly celebrated; they are bred principally in the East and North Ridings.

Proceeding into Lancashire, we find it generally more backward in its agriculture, and famous only for its potatoes. In Cheshire we find agriculture well understood, but the land chiefly devoted to the feeding of cattle for dairy produce. The cheeses of Cheshire, including those made in Shropshire, are the best in Britain. Agriculture is the essential and almost the whole pursuit of the inhabitants of Herefordshire; they also devote great attention to their orchards, which we find in every situation. Cyder and perry are produced to a great amount. Hops are cultivated on the borders of Worcester, and at the centre of Nottinghamshire. Staffordshire is not remarkable for its agriculture. Grazing, or breeding and feeding stock, is the great object of the Leicestershire farmer. More than half the land is constantly in pasture. Cheese is made to a great extent. Leicestershire is also eminent for its breed of beautiful black horses. In Northamptonshire dairies are numerous and extensive. Cattle are fed in great numbers. Agriculture is in a low state. The country here grows wood for dyers. The rich vales of Gloucestershire are chiefly devoted to the produce of the dairy and the rearing of cattle. The Gloucester and double Gloucester cheese are the produce of different districts. In a part of this county called the Forest, there is much oak and forest trees, and one place has furnished 1000 tons of ship timber annually for a course of years. The husbandry of Oxfordshire is not of an approved character. In Buckinghamshire, vast numbers of oxen are fed, and butter is made in great quantities. The chief produce of Bedfordshire are corn and butter.

In the eastern district of England lies Lincolnshire, remarkable for its flat land or fens, formerly inundated by the sea, which, being now protected by great embankments, form one of the richest tracks in the kingdom. The drainage of them has been chiefly accomplished within the last 40 or 50 years, and is still going on. Upwards of 150,000 acres have in this manner been reclaimed, yielding annually L.150,000, exclusive of all expenses. The fertility of the improved lands is in many places extraordinary, owing, it is supposed, to their great impregnation with sea salt. They are all adapted to ordinary crops, but are chiefly devoted to grazing. In the summer season they are covered with innumerable flocks and herds, which, from the luxuriance of the pastures, grow to an amazing weight. In winter, much of the land being overflowed, nothing is to be seen but a wide expanse of water, varied with a number of seafowl. Many of the fens are devoted to the breeding and rearing of geese, which here form a highly valuable stock. Their quills and feathers are sent in immense quantities to the London and other markets. The northern part of Cambridgeshire forms the Isle of Ely, which is almost a complete marsh. In these low lands, the towns and villages, built upon elevated spots, appear like islands. The soil is extremely fertile, and produces luxuriant crops of wheat and oats. The aspect of Norfolk, though in some places diversified by little swells, is generally uninteresting. The soil is not naturally fertile, but has been greatly improved by cultivation. Agriculture is here conducted upon the most improved system. Suffolk is in general level, and the climate is reckoned the driest in the kingdom; the cows of this county are excellent milkers. Hertfordshire is reckoned the first corn county in England. Essex is level, but in general sufficiently elevated to be dry and arable. In Kent, hops are grown to a great extent, and also various other horticultural plants and roots. Almost the sole business of the Middlesex agriculturists is to provide articles of necessity for the metropolis, in the vicinity of which the land is mostly rented by cow-keepers, gardeners, and nurserymen. Surrey is behind in its agriculture. Sussex is one of the most beautiful counties in England, being richly clothed with wood, covered with orchards, and disposed in fertile fields.

In the southern district of England, we find Hampshire, distinguished for its agriculture. Wiltshire, especially in its south division, is almost entirely devoted to sheep pasture. Dorsetshire is also pastoral. Proceeding into the west of England, the traveller will be pleased with the appearance of Somersetshire, which possesses every gradation of surface. The plains are remarkable for their luxuriant herbage. Possessing a climate mild and genial, this county stands high in reputation for its agricultural produce. Devonshire is partly open and uncultivated, and partly fine vales, laid out in orchards, or cultivated in a style of improvement. The Devonshire cyder rivals that of Herefordshire. In conclusion, the agriculture of Cornwall is rude, the

mines attracting the chief attention of the inhabitants. I have thus rapidly sketched the local characteristics of English husbandry, which, even under the most improved modes, is in a general sense inferior to that seen in the best agricultural districts of Scotland, where the new scientific instruments of labour, the ingenuity and educated habits of the peasantry, the scheme of leasing land on an enlarged principle, the rotation of cropping, and many other advantageous circumstances, have combined to bring farming in the north to the very height of perfection."

SCENES IN PALESTINE.

On the following day (says Carne, in his letters from the East) we ascended the side of Carmel, next to the sea, into which it almost descends; and on this part of its summit tradition says that Elijah the prophet stood when he prayed for rain, and beheld the cloud rise out of the sea. The next day we ascended the mountain in another part, and traversed the whole of its summit, which occupied several hours. It is the finest and most beautiful mountain in Palestine, of great length, and in many parts covered with trees and flowers. On reaching at last the opposite summit, and coming out of a wood, we saw the celebrated Esdraelon beneath, with the river Kishon flowing through it; Mounts Hermon and Tabor were in front; and on the left the prospect was bounded by the hills of Samaria. On the following day we arrived at Nazereth, which we could not perceve till we were at the top of the hill directly over it, as it stands at the foot and side of a kind of amphitheatre. Its situation is very romantic; the population amounts to about twelve hundred, who are mostly Christians. The Spanish Catholic convent, in which all travellers are accommodated, is a large and excellent mansion. The church of the convent is rich, and contains a fine organ. Below the floor, and entered by a flight of steps, is the cave or grotto where the angel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Mary; a granite column was rent in twain by the appearance of the angel; the lower part is quite gone, but the upper part, which passes through the roof, is suspended in the air. There is a handsome altar in this grotto. We next visited a small apartment which is shown as the workshop of Joseph; this stands at a short distance from the church; part of it only remains, and is certainly kept very neat. Not far from this is the school where our Lord received his education, and which looks much like other schools. But as curious a relic as any, is a large piece of rock, rather soft, about four feet high, and four or five yards long, its form not quite circular;—on this our Lord is said to have often dined with his disciples.

About a mile and a half down the valley is snown a high and perpendicular rock, as the very spot where our Lord, according to St Luke, was taken by the people to be thrown over the precipice. About midway down, in the face of the rock, is the spot where his descent was arrested, and the mark of his hands, and part of his form, are shown, where he entered into the rock and disappeared. Such are the tales of the fathers of the convent. But of far higher interest than traditions and relics is the scenery around Nazareth; it is of the kind in which we would imagine the Saviour of mankind delighted to wander and to withdraw himself when meditating on his great mission; deep and secluded dells, covered with a wild verdure, silent and solemn paths where overhanging rocks shut out all intrusion. No one can walk round Nazareth without feeling thoughts like these enter his mind, while gazing often on many a sweet spot, traced perhaps by the Redeemer's footsteps, and embalmed by his prayers.

The next day we rode to Mount Tabor, about six miles distant; it stands alone on the plain, and is a very small and beautiful mountain, rising gradually on every side; about the fourth part of the ascent towards the summit is covered with a luxuriance of wood. The top of Mount Tabor is flat and not of large extent; the view from thence is most magnificent. At the foot is shown the village, amidst a few trees, that was the birth-place of Deborah the prophetess. Hermon stands in the plain about six miles off, and at its foot is the village of Nain. We next proceeded towards Cana by a narrow and rocky path over the mountains. This village is pleasantly situated on a small eminence in a valley, and contains two or three hundred inhabitants; the ruins of the house are still shown where the miracle of turning the water into wine was performed. The same kind of stone waterpots are certainly in use in the village; we saw several of the women bearing them on their heads as they returned from the well.

Proceeding on our journey, we wound along the coast, passing by the site of Cæsarea, and arrived at Joppa or Jaffa. The appearance of Jaffa is singular, being situated on so steep a declivity that the houses almost climb over each other up the face of the hill. A dark and naked room is shown as having been the residence of Simon Peter, the tanner. We were now only twelve hours journey from Jerusalem, and rode to Ramha early on the following day: this place is finely situated on an extensive plain, and has some woods and olive trees around it. By moonlight next morning we were on the way to the sacred city: for about three hours it led over the plain, and then ascending the hills, became excessively disagreeable, in some parts so narrow that one horse only could proceed at a time, and that not always with safety. At the end of nine hours, however, as we proceeded over the summit of a rugged hill, we beheld Jerusalem. Its aspect certainly was not magnificent or inspiring, but sad and dreary. On reaching the gate of Bethlehem, we were speedily admitted, and, after some research, procured a lodging in the house of a native, not far from the walls, and near the tower of David. The morning after my arrival was a very lovely one, and, though it was in February, perfectly warm. I passed out of the gate of Bethlehem, and, traversing part of the ravine beneath, ascended the Mount of Judgment, on the south side of the city. How interesting was her aspect, beheld over the deep and rocky valley of Hinnom! her gloomy walls encompassing Mount Zion on every side: and as yet there was no sound to disturb the silence of the scene. The beautiful Mount of Olives was on the right, and at its feet the Valley of Jehoshaphat, amidst whose great rocks and trees stood the tomb of Zacharias, the last of the prophets that was slain; the only stream visible flowed from the fountain of Siloam, on the side of Zion opposite. It is true the city beloved of God has disappeared, and with all its hallowed spots once contained within its walls; and keen must be the faith that can now embrace their identity. Yet the face of nature still endures—the rocks, the mountains, lakes, and valleys, are unchanged, save that loneliness and wildness are now where once were luxury and every joy; and though their glory is departed, a high and mournful beauty still rests on many of these silent and romantic scenes. Amidst them a stranger will ever delight to wander, for there his imagination can seldom be at fault. The walls of Jerusalem can with ease be walked round on the outside in 45 minutes, as the extent is scarcely three miles. On the east of the city runs the Valley of Jehoshaphat, on the south and west that of Hinnom, and into these descend the steep sides of Mount Zion, on whose surface the city stands. To the north extends the plain of Jeremiah, the only level space around; it is covered partly with olive trees. It does not appear probable for the ancient city to have covered a larger space than the present, except by stretching to the north, along the plain of Jeremiah; because the modern walls are built nearly on the brink of the declivities of Zion and the adjoining hill. But the height of the hill is very small, for Jerusalem is on every side, except towards the north, overlooked by hills higher than the one whereon it stands. The circumstance that most perplexes every traveller is, to account for Mount Calvary's having been formerly without the city. It is at present not a small way within; and in order to shut it out, the ancient walls must have made the most extraordinary curve imaginable. Its elevation was probably always inconsiderable, so that there is little to stagger one's faith in the lowness of its present appearance.

* For the facts in the above paper, my authority is "*Bell's Geography, Popular and Scientific*"—a work I cannot sufficiently commend for the accuracy and comprehensiveness of its details.

AMERICAN LUMBERERS.

The timber trade, which, in a commercial as well as a political point of view, is of more importance in employing our ships and seamen, and the occasioning a great addition to the demand for British manufactures, than it is generally considered to be, employs a vast number of people in the British colonies, whose manner of living, owing to the nature of the business they follow, is entirely different from that of the other inhabitants of North America. Several of these people form what is termed a "lumbering party," composed of persons who are all either hired by a master lumberer, who pays them wages, and finds them in provisions, or of individuals, who enter into an understanding with others, to have a joint interest in the proceeds of their labour. The necessary supplies of provisions, clothing, &c., are generally obtained from the merchants on credit, in consideration of receiving the timber which the lumberers are to bring down the rivers the following summer. The stock deemed requisite for a "lumbering party" consists of axes, a cross-cut saw, cooking utensils, a cask of rum, tobacco and pipes, a sufficient quantity of biscuit, pork, beef, and fish, pease and pearl barley for soup, with a cask of molasses to sweeten a decoction usually made of shrubs, or of the tops of the hemlock-tree, and taken as tea. Two or three yokes of oxen, with sufficient hay to feed them, are also required to haul the timber out of the woods. When thus prepared, these people proceed up the rivers, with the provisions, &c., to the place fixed on for their winter establishment, which is selected as near a stream of water as possible. They commence by clearing away a few of the surrounding trees, and building a shanty, or camp, of round logs, the walls of which are seldom more than four or five feet high, the roof covered with birch, bark, or boards. A pit is dug under the camp to preserve any thing liable to injury from the frost. The fire is either in the middle, or at one end; the smoke goes out through the roof; hay, straw, or fir branches, are spread across, or along the whole length of this habitation, on which they all lie down together at night to sleep, with their feet next the fire. When the fire gets low, he who first awakes or feels cold springs up, and throws on five or six billets, and in this way they manage to have a large fire all night. One person is hired as cook, whose duty is to have breakfast ready before day-light, at which time all the party rise, when each takes his "morning," or the indispensable dram of raw spirits, immediately before breakfast. This meal consists of bread, or occasionally potatoes, with boiled beef, pork, or fish, and tea sweetened with molasses; dinner is usually the same, with pease soup in place of tea; and the supper resembles breakfast. These men are enormous eaters, and they also drink great quantities of rum, which they scarcely ever dilute. Immediately after breakfast, they divide into three gangs, one of which cuts down the trees, another hews them, and the third is employed with the oxen in hauling the timber either to one general road leading to the banks of the nearest stream, or at once to the stream itself; fallen trees, and other impediments in the way of the oxen, are cut away with the axe. The whole winter is thus spent in unremitting labour. The snow covers the ground from two to three feet from the setting in of winter until April, and, in the middle of fir forests, often till the middle of May. When the snow begins to dissolve in April, the rivers swell, or, according to the lumberer's phrase, the "freshets come down!" At this time, all the timber cut during winter is thrown into the water, and floated down until the river becomes sufficiently wide to make the whole into one or more rafts. The construction of the vast masses of timber floated down the St Lawrence, and other great rivers of America, is nearly on all occasions similar, but bound proportionally stronger together as the rafts increase in size. The raftsmen commence by floating twenty or more pieces of timber alongside each other, with the ends to form the forepart of the raft brought in a line, and then bound close together by logs placed across these, and by binding one log to another with poles fastened down by withes plunged firmly into holes bored in the logs for the purpose. The size of the raft is increased in this manner by adding pieces of timber, one after another, with their unequal lengths crossing the joints, until the whole lot of timber to be rafted is joined together in one flat mass on the river. The water at this period is exceedingly cold, yet, for weeks together, the lumberers are in it from morning till night, and it is seldom less than a month and a half, from the time that floating the timber down the stream commences, until the rafts are delivered to the merchants. No course of life can undermine the constitution more than that of lumberer and raftsman. The winter, snow, and frost, although severe, are nothing to endure in comparison to the extreme coldness of the snow-water of the freshets, in which the lumberer is, day after day, wet up to the middle, and often immersed from head to foot. The very vitals are thus chilled and sapped; the intense heat of the summer sun, a transition which almost immediately follows, must further weaken and reduce the whole frame, and premature old age is the inevitable fate of a lumberer. But notwithstanding all the toils of such a pursuit, those who once adopt the life of a lumberer prefer it to any other. They are in a great measure as independent, in their own way, as the Indians. After selling and delivering up their rafts, they pass some weeks in idle indulgence, drinking, smoking, and dashing off in a long coat, flashy waistcoat and trousers, Wellington or Hessian boots, a handkerchief of many colours round the neck, a watch with a long tinsel chain and numberless brass seals, and an umbrella. Before winter, they return again to the woods, and resume the laborious pursuits of the preceding year. The great number of the lumberers and raftsmen in Canada and New Brunswick are from the United States. Many young men of steady habits in our colonies are in the habit of joining the lumbering parties for two or three years, for the express purpose of making money; and, after saving their earnings, purchase or receive grants of land, on which they live very comfortably, cultivating the soil, and occasionally cutting down the timber trees on their lands for market.—*M'Gregor's British America.*

MY SISTER KATE: A Moral Tale.

There is a low road (but it is not much frequented, for it is terribly round about) that passes at the foot of the range of hills that skirt the long and beautiful gut or Firth of the Clyde, in the west of Scotland: and as you go along this road, either up or down, the sea or firth is almost at your very side, the hills rising above you; and you are just opposite to the great black and blue mountains on the other side of the gut, that sweep in heavy masses, or jut out in bold capes, at the mouth of the deep lochs that run up the Firth into the picturesque highlands of Argyleshire.

You may think of the scene what you please, because steam-boating has, of late years, profaned it somewhat into commonness, and defiled its pure air with filthy puffs of coal smoke; and because the Comet and all her unfortunate passengers were sunk to the bottom of this very part of the Firth; and because, a little time previous, a whole boatful of poor highland reaper girls were also run down in the night-time, while they were asleep, and drowned near the Clough lighthouse hard by; but if you were to walk this road by the seaside any summer afternoon, going towards the bathing village of Gourock, you would say, as you looked across to the highlands, and up the Clyde, towards the rock of Dumbarton castle, that there are few scenes more truly magnificent and interesting.

There is a little village exactly opposite to you, looking across the Firth, which is called Dunoon, and contains the burying place of the great House of Argyle; and which, surrounded by a patch of green cultivated land, sloping pleasantly from the sea, and cowering snugly by itself, with its picturesque cemetry, under the great blue hills frowning behind, looks, from across the Firth, absolutely like a tasteful little haunt of the capricious spirit of romance.

Well, between this road, on the lowland side of the Firth, and the water's edge, and before it winds off round by the romantic seat of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, farther up, there stand, or stood, two or three

small fishing cottages, which, from the hills nearly over them, looked just like white shells, of a large size, dropped fancifully down upon the green common between the hills and the road. In these cottages, it was observed, the fishermen had numerous families, who, while young, assisted them in their healthful employment; and that the girls, of which there was a number, were so wild in their contented seclusion, that if any passenger on the road stopped to observe them, as they sat in groups on the green mending their father's nets, they would take alarm, and rise and run off like fawns, and hide among the rocks by the sea, or trip back into the cottages. Now it happened, once on a time, that a great event took place to one of the cottager's daughters, which, for a long period, deranged and almost destroyed the happy equality in which they had hitherto lived; and becoming the theme of discourse and inquiry concerning things beyond the sphere of the fisher people and all their neighbours, as far as Gourock, introduced among them no small degree of ambition and discontent.

There was one of the fishermen, a remarkably decent well disposed highlandman, from the opposite shore of Argyleshire, named Martin M'Leod, and he had two daughters, the youngest of which, as was no uncommon case, turned out to be remarkably and even delicately beautiful.

But nobody ever saw or thought any thing about the beauty of Catharine M'Leod, except it might be some of the growing young men in the neighbouring cottages, several of whom began, at times, to look at her with a sort of wonder, and seemed to feel a degree of awe in her company; while her family took an involuntary pride in her beyond all the others; and her eldest sister somehow imitated her in every thing, and continually quoted her talk, and trumpeted about among the neighbours what was said and done by "my sister Kate."

Things continued in this way as Kate grew to womanhood; and she was the liveliest little body about the place, and used to sing so divertingly at the house-end, as she busied herself about her father's fishing gear, and ran up and down "among the brekans on the brae," behind the cottages, or took her wanderings off all the way to the Clough lighthouse at the point. I say things continued in this way until a gentleman, who, it turned out, was all the way from London, came to lodge in Greenock, or Gourock, or Innerkip, or somewhere not very far distant; and, being a gentleman, and, of course, at liberty to do every sort of out of the way thing that he pleased, he got a manner of coming down and wandering about among the cottages, and asking questions concerning whatever he chose of the fishermen; and then it was not long until he got his eyes upon Kate.

"The gentleman," as her sister used to tell afterwards, "was perfectly ill, and smitten at once about our Kate. He was not able," she said, "to take the least rest, but was down constantly about us for weeks; and then he got to talking to and walking with Kate, she linking her arm in his beneath the hill, just as it had been Sir Michael Stewart and my lady; and then such presents as he used to bring for her, bought in the grand shop of Bailie Macnicol, at Greenock; gowns, and shawls, and veils, and fine chip hats, never speaking of ribbons, an' lace edging, an' mob caps—perfect beautiful."

The whole of the other fishermen's daughters became mad with envy of poor Kate, and admiration of her new dress, which some said was mostly bought by her father after all, who wanted to have his daughter made a lady of; and now nothing was heard in the hamlet but murmurings and discontented complaints; every girl looking at herself in the little cracked glass that her father used to shave by, to see if she were pretty, and wishing and longing, not only for a lover of her own, but even for a gentleman. So, as matters grew serious, and the gentleman was fairly in love, old Martin M'Leod, who looked sharply after Kate, behoved to have sundry conversations with the gentleman about her; and masters being appointed to teach her right things, which the fisher folks never heard of, but which were to turn her into a lady, Kate and the gentleman, after a time, were actually married in Greenock new church, and set off for London.

During all this time, there were various opinions among the fisher people, how that Kate never was particularly in love with the gentleman; and some even said that she was in love with somebody else (for pretty maidens must always be in love), or, at least, that some of the youths of the neighbourhood were in love with her; but then the old folks said, that love was only for gentle-people who could afford to pay for it; and that when a gentleman was pleased to fall in love, no one had a right to say him nay, or pretend to set up against him. Some of the young women, to be sure, ventured to contest this doctrine, and cited various cases from the authority of printed ballads bought at the Greenock fair, at a half-penny each; and also from the traditionary literature of Argyleshire, which was couched in the mellifluous numbers of the Gaelic language; but, however this might be, the fame of Catherine M'Leod's happy marriage, and great fortune, was noised abroad, exceedingly, among the fisher people throughout these coasts, as well as about Gourock and all the parts adjacent.

As to the gentleman, it was found out that his name was Mr Pounteney, and that little Kate M'Leod was now Mrs Pounteney, and a great London lady; but what quality of a gentleman Mr Pounteney really was, was a matter of much controversy and discussion. Some said that he was a great gentleman, and others thought that, from various symptoms, he was not a *very* great gentleman—some went so far as to say he was a lord or a prince, while others maintained that he was only a simple esquire.

Nothing, therefore, could be talked of wherever Flora M'Leod went, but about "my sister Kate;" and she was quite in request everywhere, because she could talk of the romantic history and happy fortune of her lucky sister. Mrs Pounteney's house in London, therefore, Mrs Pounteney's grand husband, and Mrs Pounteney's coach, excited the admiration and the discontent of all the fishermen's daughters, for many miles round this romantic sea coast and these quiet cottages under the hills, where the simple people live upon their fish, and did not know that they were happy. Many a long summer's day, as the girls sat working their nets on a knoll towards the sea, the sun that shone warm upon their indolent limbs on the grass, and the breeze that blew from the Firth, or swept round from the flowery woods of Ardgowan, seemed less grateful and delicious, from their discontented imaginings about the fortune of Mrs Pounteney; and many a sweet and wholesome supper of fresh boiled fish was made to lose its former relish, or was even embittered by obtrusive discourse about the fine wines and the gilded grandeur of "my sister Kate." Even the fisher lads in the neighbourhood, fine fearless youths, found a total alteration in their sweethearts; their discourse was not relished, their persons were almost despised; and there was now no happiness found for a fisherman's daughter, but what was at least to approach to the state of grandeur and felicity so fortunately obtained by "my sister Kate."

The minds of Kate's family were so carried by her great fortune, that vague wishes and discontented repinings followed their constant meditations upon her lucky lot. Flora had found herself above marrying a fisherman; and a young fellow called Bryce Cameron, who had long waited for her, and whose brother, Allan, was once a sweetheart of Kate's herself, being long ago discarded; and she not perceiving any chances of a gentleman making his appearance to take Bryce's place, became melancholy and thoughtful; she began to fear that she was to have nobody, and her thoughts ran constantly after London and Mrs Pounteney. With these anxious wishes, vague hopes began to mix of some lucky turn to her own fortune, if she were only in the way of getting to be a lady; and at length she formed the high wish, and even the adventurous resolve, of going all the way to London, just to get one peep at her sister's happiness.

When this ambition seized Flora M'Leod, she let the old people have no rest, nor did she spare any exertion to get the means of making her proposed pilgrimage to London. In the course of a fortnight from its first serious suggestion, she, with a gold guinea in her pocket, and two one-pound notes of the Greenock bank, besides other coins and valuables, and even a little old fashioned Highland brooch, with which the quondam lover of her sister, Allan Cameron, had the temerity to intrust to her, to be specially returned into the hand of the great lady when she should see her, besides a hundred other charges and remembrances from the neighbours, she set off one dewy morning in summer, carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand, to make her way to London, to get a sight of every thing great, and particularly of her happy sister Kate.

Many a weary mile did Flora M'Leod walk, and ride, and sail, through unknown places, and in what she called foreign parts; for strange things and people met her eye, and long dull regions of country passed her like a rapid vision, as she was wheeled towards the great capital and proper centre of England. After travelling to a distance that was to her perfectly amazing, she was set down in London, and inquired her way, in the best English she could command, into one of those long brick streets, of dark and dull gentility, to which she was directed; and after much trouble and some expense, at length found the door of her sister's house. She stood awhile considering, on the steps of the mansion, and felt a sort of fear of lifting the big iron knocker that seemed to grin down upon her; for she was not in the habit of knocking at great folk's doors, and almost trembled lest somebody from within would frown her into nothing, even by their high and lofty looks.

And yet she thought the house was not so dreadfully grand after all;—not at all such as she had imagined, for she had passed houses much bigger and grander than this great gentleman's; it was not even the largest in its own street, and looked dull and dingy, and shut up with blinds and rails, having a sort of melancholy appearance.

But she must not linger, but see what was inside. She lifted up the iron knocker, and as it fell the very clang of it, and its echo inside, smote upon her heart with a sensation of strange apprehension. A powdered man opened it, and stared at her with an inquisitive impertinent look, then saucily asked what she wanted. Flora curtseyed low to the servant from perfect terror, saying she wanted to see Mrs Pounteney.

"And what can *you* want with Mrs Pounteney, young woman, I should like to know?" said the fellow; for Flora neither looked like a milliner's woman, nor any other sort of useful person likely to be wanted by a lady.

Flora had laid various pretty plans in her own mind, about taking her sister by surprise, and seeing how she would look at her before she spoke, and so forth: at least she had resolved not to affront her, by making herself known as her sister before the servants; but the man looked at her with such suspicion, and spoke so insolent, that she absolutely began to fear, from the interrogations of this fellow, that she would be refused admittance to her own sister, and was forced to explain and reveal herself before the outer door was fully opened to her. At length she was conducted, on tiptoe, along a passage, and then up stairs, until she was placed in a little back dressing-room. The servant then went into the drawing-room, where sat two ladies at opposite sides of the apartment, there to announce Flora's message.

On a sofa, near the window, sat a neat youthful figure, extremely elegantly formed, but petite, with a face that need not be described, further than that the features were small and pretty, and that, as a whole, it was rich in the nameless expression of simple beauty. Her dress could not have been plainer, to be of silk of the best sort; but the languid discontent, if not melancholy, with which the female, yet quite in youth, gazed towards the window, or bent over a little silk netting with which she carelessly employed herself, seemed to any observer strange and unnatural at her time of life. At a table near the fire was seated a woman, almost the perfect contrast to this interesting figure, in the person of Mr Pounteney's eldest sister, a hard-faced, business-like person, who, with pen and ink before her, seemed busy among a parcel of household accounts, and the characteristic accompaniment of a bunch of keys occasionally rattling at her elbow.

The servant approached, as if fearful of being noticed by "the old one," as he was accustomed to call Miss Pounteney, and in a half whisper intimated to the little figure that a female wanted to see her.

"Eh! what!—what is it you say, John?" cried the lady among the papers, noticing this manœuvre of the servant.

"Nothing, Madam, it is a person that wants my lady."

"Your lady, sirrah! it must be me!—Eh! what!"

"No, madam; she wants to see Mrs Pounteney particularly."

"Ah, John!" said the little lady on the sofa; "just refer her to Miss Pounteney. There is nobody can want me."

"Wants to see Mrs Pounteney particularly!" resumed the sister-in-law: "How dare you bring in such a message, sirrah? Mrs Pounteney particularly, indeed! who is she, sirrah! Who comes here with such a message while I am in the house?"

"You must be mistaken, John," said the little lady sighing, who was once the lively Kate M'Leod of the fishing cottage in Scotland; "just let Miss Pounteney speak to her. You need not come to me."

"No, madam," said the servant, addressing Miss Pounteney, the natural pertness of his situation now returning to overcome his dread of *the ould one!* "This young person wants to see my mistress directly, and I have put her into her dressing-room; pray ma'm, go," he added, respectfully, to the listless Kate.

"Do you come here to give *your* orders, sirrah?" exclaimed Miss Pounteney, rising like a fury, and kicking the footstool half way across the room, "and to put strange people of your own accord into any dressing-room in this house! and to talk of *your mistress*, and wanting to speak to her directly, and privately, while *I* am here! I wonder what sister Becky would say, or Mr Pounteney, if he were at home?"

"Who is it, John? Do just bring her here, and put an end to this!" said Kate, imploringly, to the man.

"Madam," said John at last to his trembling mistress, "it is your sister!"

"Who, John!" cried Kate, starting to her feet; "my sister Flora, my own sister, from Clyde side! Speak, John, are you sure?"

"Yes, Madam, your sister from Scotland."

'Oh, where is she, where is she? let me go."

"No, no; you must be mistaken, John," said the lady with the keys, stepping forward to interrupt the anxious Kate; "John, this is all a mistake," she added, smoothly; "Mrs Pounteney has no sister! John, you may leave the room;" and she gave a determined look to the other sister, who stood astonished.

The moment the servant left the room, Miss Pounteney came forward, and stood in renewed rage over the fragile melancholy Kate, and burst out with "What is this, Kate? Is it really possible, after what you know of my mind, and all our minds, that you have dared to bring your poor relations into my brother's house? That it is not enough that we are to have the disgrace of your mean connections, but we are to have your sisters and brothers to no end coming into the very house, and sending up their beggarly names and designations by the very servants! Kate, I must not permit this. I will not, I shall not:" and she stamped with rage. "Oh, Miss Pounteney," said Kate, with clasped hands, "will you not let me go and see my sister? Will you just let me go and weep on the neck of my poor Flora! I will go to a private place—I will go to another house, if you please; I will do any thing when I return to you, if I ever return, for I care not if I never come into this unhappy house more!" and, uttering this, almost with a shriek, she burst past the two women, and ran through the rooms to seek her sister.

Meantime Flora had sat so long waiting, without seeing her sister, that she began to feel intense anxiety; and, fancying her little Kate wished to forget her, because she was poor, had worked herself up into a reso-

lution of assumed coldness, when she heard a hurried step, and the door was instantly opened. Kate paused for a moment after her entrance, and stood gazing upon the companion of her youth, with a look of such passionate joy, that Flora's intended coldness was entirely subdued; and the two sisters rushed into each other's arms in all the ecstacy of sisterly love.

"Oh, Flora, Flora! my dear happy Flora!" cried Kate, when she could get words, after the first burst of weeping; "have you really come all the way to London to see me? poor me!" and her tears and sobs were again like to choke her. "Kate, my dear little Kate!" said Flora, "this is not the way I expected to find you. Do not greet so dreadfully; surely you are not happy, Kate!"

"But *you* are happy, Flora," said Kate, weeping; "and how is my good highland father, and mother, and my brother Daniel? Ah! I think, Flora, your clothes have the very smell of the seashore, and of the bark of the nets, and of the heather hills of Argyleshire. Alas! the happy days you remind me of, Flora."

"And so, Kate, you are not so *very* happy, after all," said Flora, looking incredulously in her face, "and you are so thin, and pale, and your eyes are so red; and yet you have such a grand house, Kate! Tell me if you are really not happy?"

"I have no house, Flora," said Kate, after a little, "nor, I may say, no husband. They are both completely ruled by his two vixen sisters, who kept house for him before he married me, and still have the entire ascendancy over him. My husband, too, is not naturally good tempered; yet he once loved me, and I might enjoy some little happiness in this new life, if he had the feeling or the spirit to treat me as his wife, and free himself and the house from the dominion of his sisters, especially the eldest. But I believe he is rather disappointed in his ambitious career, and in the hopes he entertained of matches for his sisters, and is somewhat sour and unhappy; and I have to bear it all, for he is afraid of these women; and I, the youngest in the family, and the only one who has a chance of being good tempered, am, on account of my low origin, forced to bear the spleen of all in this unhappy house."

"But, Kate, surely your husband would not behave so bad as to cast up to you that your father was a fisherman, when he took you from the bonnie seaside himself, and when he thought himself once so happy to get you?"

"Alas! he does indeed!—too often—too often; when he is crossed abroad, and when his sisters set him on; and that is very mean of him; and it so humbles me, Flora, when I am sitting at his table, that I cannot lift my head; and I am so sad, and so heart-broken among them all!"

"Bless me! and can people be eally so miserable," said Flora, simply, "who have plenty of money, and silk dresses to wear every day they rise?"

"It is little you know, my happy Flora, of artificial life here in London," said Kate mournfully. "As for dress, I cannot even order one but as my sister-in-law chooses; and as for happiness, I have left it behind me on the beautiful banks of the Clyde. O that I were there again!"

"Poor little Kate!" said Flora, wistfully looking again in her sister's face; "and is that the end of all your grand marriage, that has set a' the lasses crazy, from the Fairly Roads to Gourock Point. I think I'll gang back and marry Bryce Cameron after a'."

"Is Allan Cameron married yet?" said Kate, sadly. 'When did ye see blithe and bonnie Allan Cameron?—Alas! the day!"

"He gave me this brooch to return to you, Kate," said Flora, taking the brooch out of her bosom. "I wish he had not gien it to me for you, for you're vexed enough already."

"Ah! well you may say I am vexed enough," said she, weeping and contemplating the brooch. "Tell Allan Cameron that I am sensible I did not use him well—that my vain heart was lifted up; but I have suffered for it—many a sad and sleepless night I have lain in my bed, and thought of the delightful days I spent near my father's happy cottage in Scotland, and about you, and about Allan. Alas! just tell him not to think more of me; for I am a sad and sorry married woman, out of my own sphere, and afraid to speak to my own people, panting my heart out and dying by inches, like the pretty silver fish that floundered on the hard stones, after my father had taken them out of their own clear water."

"God help you, Kate!" said Flora, rising; "you will break my heart with grief about you. Let me out of this miserable house! Let me leave you and all your grandeur, since I cannot help you; and I will pray for you, my poor Kate, every night at my bedside, when I get back to the bonnie shore of Argyleshire."

Sad was the parting of the two weeping sisters, and many a kiss of fraternal affection embittered, yet sweetened, the hour; and anxious was Flora M'Leod to turn her back upon the great city of London, and to journey northwards to her own home in Scotland.

It was a little before sundown, on a Saturday evening, shortly after this, that a buzz of steam, let off at the Mid Quay of Greenock, indicated that a steam-boat had come in; and it proved to be from the fair sea-port of Liverpool, having on board Flora M'Leod, just down from London. The boat as it passed had been watched by the cottagers where she lived up the Firth; and several of them, their day's work being over, set out towards the Clough to see if there was any chance of meeting Flora.

Many were the congratulations, and more the inquiries, when they met Flora, lumbering homewards with her bundle and her umbrella, weary and looking anxiously out for her own sweet cottage by Clyde side. "Ah, Flora! is this you!" cried the whole at once; "and are you really here again—and how is your sister, and all the other great people in London? and, indeed, it is very good of you not to look the least proud, after coming from such a grand place!"

With such congratulations was Flora welcomed again among the light-hearted fisher people in the West of Scotland. But it was observed that her tone was now quite altered, and her own humble contentment had completely returned. In short, to bring our story to a close, she was shortly after married to Bryce Cameron, and various other marriages soon followed; for she gave such an account of what she had seen with her eyes, that a complete revolution took place in the sentiments of the whole young people of the neighbourhood.

It was observed in the hamlet that the unhappy Mrs Pounteney was never named, after this, by any but with a melancholy shake of the head; the ambition of the girls to get gentlemen seemed quite extinguished; and Flora, in time, began to nurse children of her own in humble and pious contentment.—*From the* "Dominie's Legacy," *a series of Tales, in three volumes, illustrative of Scottish Life.*

Column for Housewives.

Choice Receipts for Plain Cookery, selected from *The Cook and Housewife's Manual*, by MRS MARGARET DODS.

TO BOIL A ROUND OF BEEF.

A ROUND or buttock of salted beef may either be boiled whole, divided into two, or cut into three pieces, according to the size of the meat, and the number of the guests or family. It is a common error of vanity to boil too much of a ham or round at once. If boiled whole, the bone may be cut out; if divided, it is desirable to give each piece an equal proportion of the fat. Wash the meat, and, if over salt, soak it in one or more waters till it be sufficiently softened or freshened. Skewer it up tightly, and of a good shape, wrapping the flap or tongue piece very firmly round. Bind it with broad strong tape, or fillets of linen. The pot should be roomy, and the water must fully cover the meat. A fish drainer is convenient to boil this and other large pieces of meat on. Heat very gradually: take off the scum, of which a great deal will be thrown up, till no more rises, and throw in some cold water to refine the liquor, if needful; cover the pot close, and boil slowly, but at an equal temperature, allowing about three hours to from 12 to 16 pounds, and from that to four or five hours for a weightier piece. Turn the meat once or twice during the process. Put in the carrot and turnip about two hours after the meat. If the liquor is to be afterwards used for soup, these roots, instead of hurting, will improve the flavour. Greens may be either boiled in the same pot, or better separately in some of the pot liquor. When the meat is dished, take off with a clean sponge, or a cloth moistened in the pot liquor, any scum or films which, in spite of the most careful skimming, will often hang about salted meat; garnish with large sliced carrots (or with greens or carrots instead), and serve washed turnip and greens in separate dishes. The meat must be cut in smooth, thin, horizontal slices, keeping the surface level. The soft fat eats best when the meat is warm, the firm fat when it is cold. By good management, the meat will, in cold weather, keep for a fortnight or more.

TO ROAST A LEG OF MUTTON.

Mutton intended to be roasted may be kept longer than mutton for boiling, as the colour is of less importance. Cut out the pipe that runs along the backbone, which taints so early; wipe off the moistness that gathers on the surface, and in the folds and doublings of the meat, and below the flap. This and every other piece of meat may be lightly dusted with flour, or with pepper or pounded ginger, which, by excluding the external air and keeping off flies, helps to preserve the meat, and can be taken off in the washing previous to roasting. A *leg*, a *chine*, a *saddle*, a *loin*, a *breast*, a *shoulder*, and the *haunch*, or *gigot*, are the roasting pieces of mutton. Joint the roast well, whatever be the piece. Most of the loose fat should be cut from the loin, which may be stuffed, and must be peppered at first to preserve the kidney-fat. This roast requires a rather quick fire to concentrate its juices. A juicy leg of mutton requires no sauce save its own gravy.

TO ROAST TURKEY, FOWLS, OR GAME.

A turkey will keep a fortnight, a fowl a week. By care they will keep much longer; that is to say, if drawn, hung in a cool dry air, wiped often, and seasoned with pepper in the inside. The sinews of the legs must be drawn (those of fowls should all be drawn, especially when the birds are old); press down the breast-bone even more than in a fowl, to make the bird look plump; be careful, in drawing, to preserve the liver whole, and not to break the gall-bag. For *stuffing* to fill the craw, take a breakfast cup full of stale bread finely grated, two ounces of minced beef meat, or marrow, a little parsley parboiled and finely shred, a tea spoonful of lemon peel grated, a few sprigs of lemon thyme, a little nutmeg, pepper, and salt. Mix the whole well in a mortar, with a couple of eggs. Do not stuff too full; and with another egg work up what remains into balls, to be fried and served with the turkey. Paper the breast. Score the *gizzard*. Season it highly with pepper, salt, and cayenne, and drop in melted butter, and then bread-crumbs. A very large turkey will take nearly as long to roast as a sirloin. These are not the most delicate. A moderate-sized turkey will take from an hour and a half to two hours. The fire must be clear and sharp; dredge with flour when laid down. Fresh butter is always best for basting. Keep the turkey far from the fire at first, that the stuffing and breast may be done through. Hen turkeys are the most delicate, and the whitest; they are consequently preferred for boiling.

TO BOIL A LEG OF MUTTON WITH TURNIP, &c.

A leg of mutton—the *gigot* of the French and Scottish kitchen—may be kept from two days to a week before boiling. The pipe, as it is technically called, must be cut out, and the moistness which gathers on the surface, and the folds and soft places rubbed off occasionally. It is whitest when quite fresh, but most delicate when hung a few days in the larder, though not so long as to allow the juices to thicken, and the flavour to deteriorate. Hill wether mutton from four to seven years old is far the best, whether for boiling or roasting. Choose it short in the shank, thick in the thigh, and of a pure, healthy brownish red. Chop but a very small bit off the shank; if too much is taken off, the juices will be drained by this conduit in the boiling. If you wish to whiten the meat, blanch it for ten minutes in warm water. Boil in an oval-shaped or roomy kettle, letting the water come very slowly to boil. Skim carefully. Boil carrots and turnip with the mutton, and the younger and more juicy they are the better they suit this joint. Be sure never to run a fork or any thing sharp into the meat, which would drain its juices. *All meat ought to be well done*, but a leg of mutton rather under than over, to look plump and retain its juices. About two hours of slow boiling will dress it. Garnish with slices of carrot. Pour caper-sauce over the meat, and serve washen turnip or cauliflower in a separate dish. To make the caper-sauce, take two table spoonfuls of capers and a little vinegar. Mince the one-half and stew the whole of them into a half-pint of melted butter, or of strong thickened gravy. To prevent the butter from oiling, stew the sauce for some time.

TO BOIL POULTRY.

Be careful, in picking, not to break the skin. Let the fowls hang from two to five days; for the most delicate fowl will be tough and thready if too soon dressed. When to be used, draw, singe without blackening, and wash thoroughly, passing a stream of water again and again through the inside. Boiled fowls must be very neatly trussed, as they have small and firm sinews. Put them on with plenty of water, a little warmed. Having, as usual, skimmed very carefully, simmer by the side of the fire from twenty-five minutes to an hour, according to the age and size of the fowl.

TO BROIL BEEF STEAKS.

In England, the best steaks are cut from the middle of the rump. In Ireland, Scotland, and France, steaks which are thought more delicate are oftener cut, like chops, from the sirloin or spare rib, trimming off the superfluous fat, and chopping away the bone. This is the piece of meat usually cut into steaks in the shops of Edinburgh and Glasgow, rump beef being used for minced collops, sausages, &c. Beef for steaks must be killed for from three to five days, or more, to eat *tender*, but it does not require to be kept so long as a large piece to be roasted. Cut the steaks of equal thickness (about three quarters of an inch); beat them out to a level, though much beating is not recommended, as it expresses the juices from the meat. Let them be from three to four inches in breadth, and from four to six in length. *Sirloin* steaks shape themselves. When the gridiron is hot, rub the bars with suet, sprinkle a little salt over the fire [which ought to be very clear], and lay on the steaks. Turn them frequently, to do them equally and keep in the juices. When the fat blazes and smokes very much, quickly remove the gridiron for a second, till the blaze is past. From ten to twelve minutes will do a steak. Have a hot dish, rubbed with eschalot, placed by the side or over the fire, on the edge of the gridiron. When turning the steaks, if there be on the top any gravy that would fall on turning, drop it quickly into this dish to preserve it. Steaks are generally preferred *underdone*. Sprinkle them with a little salt just before they are dished in the hot dish. Turn the steaks over once or twice in the dish to express the gravy. Those who enjoy a well-dressed beef-steak discard all sauces save the native juice of the meat.—Beef-steaks ought not to be prepared till the moment they are to be eaten.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.

Procure the head of a middle-sized well fed cow calf, with the skin on; scale it: split and take out the brains and the gristles and bones of the nose; blanch it well in several waters, to draw out the slime and blood. Place it in a stew-pan, and cover it with cold water; boil it, and skim without intermission while any scum continues to rise. When the head has boiled gently for three quarters of an hour, take it out, and, as soon as cold enough to cut, carve it into small neat pieces, in the shape of diamonds, dice, triangles, &c. Peel the tongue, and cut it into cubes of an inch thick. Meanwhile, put the broken bones and trimmings of the head into your stock-pot, with a large knuckle of veal well broken, and three or four pounds of a shin of beef well socked. Let this boil very slowly, having carefully skimmed it, for at least four hours, and take care it does not stick to the bottom of the pot; then strain for future use, and lay aside a quart of this stock for gravy. Thus much may be done the evening before the soup is wanted. When the soup is to be made, take off the cake of fat which will be formed on the top, and put the stock, holding back the sediment, into a large stew-pan. If the stock is good it will be a jelly, or nearly so. When it is again skimmed, put to it a dozen onions sliced, and browned in the frying pan, with a half-dozen sprigs of fresh mild sage, also chopped and fried. Thicken the soup with butter kneaded in browned flour; and season highly with ground black and Jamaica pepper, a little cayenne, two blades of mace, an eschalot, four leaves of fresh basil, and the parings of one large and two small lemons. When the soup is strong and well coloured, strain it through a hair sieve very gently into a fresh stew-pan, and put the hash of the head to it. Add wine when it is nearly finished in the proportion of a half glassful to the quart. Madeira or sherry are the wines commonly employed. When to be dished, slip in two dozen of small force-meat balls, made of veal or veal kidney, minced parsley and crumbs; also hard boiled yolks of eggs, or egg balls, and the juice of two lemons squeezed through a strainer.

TO FRY HADDOCKS AND OTHER FISH

The following is an excellent mode of preparing fish. Clean and skin the haddocks If they be too large, cut them in two or three pieces, or split them, or slit the backs. When the fish are dried, rub them with flour, and, if to be higher dressed, rub off the flour, and with a paste-brush wash them over with beat egg; stew finely grated crumbs over them, and fry in a deep pan in plenty of clarified dripping or lard, heated to such a degree that it may neither scorch the fish, nor yet stew them. Turn and lift them carefully, and keep them hot by the fire, on a sieve and paper, to absorb the fat, till the whole are finished. The bone may be cut out, particularly in large fish. [I think it is always an improvement.] The same fat will fry more than once, if strained.

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SUSAN HAMILTON:

A TALE OF VILLAGE LIFE.

THE village of Daldaff lay in a nook of the hills, in one of the most rural districts of Scotland. Far from any of the great thoroughfares, or any of the large manufacturing towns, it continued, down even to the beginning of the present century, to be one of the most entire specimens in existence of all that a Scotch village used to be. Its situation was a deep hollow, upon the banks of a mountain stream; and it looked from some points of view as if a parcel of children's toy-houses had been shaken promiscuously in a bowl, and suddenly fixed in the way they happened to arrange themselves at the bottom. It was all a confused mixture of grey old walls and brown thatch, with green gardens, and arbours, and mountain ash trees. When you looked down from any of the surrounding heights, you wondered how communication was carried on amongst neighbours, or how strangers found an entrance into the village; for you saw no trace of streets, paths, or ways. It was only when you descended into the place that you saw here and there a narrow road threading its way among the houses, somewhat after the manner of the puzzle called the walls of Troy. Most of the little dwellings had a long stripe of garden, running from behind them up the hill; other houses had their sides or backs placed close against the bank, so that you might have walked off the ground upon their roofs without perceiving it—while the gardens spread downwards before them, like aprons. These gardens bore large beds of refulgent cabbages, with gooseberry bushes between; and always in some sunny and sheltered place there were a few bee-hives, the tops of which were kept warm either with a crown of straw or a mantle of turf. At morning hour you would have seen the honest weavers, who peopled most of the houses, busying themselves in delving and dibbling in these little patches of ground. During the long day, perhaps nothing of life was to be seen about them, except the circumspect and decent hen walking up the avenue with her chirping brood, or the cock flapping his wings, from the top of the wall, and crowing a defiance to some distant foe of his own kind; or the bees, as they one by one made themselves visible out of the universal sunniness, in the immediate shadow of the hive. At night, however, the weaver would be seen walking forth with his pipe in his mouth, his Kilmarnock cowl brushed back from his forehead, and his clothes loose at the knees, to observe the growth of the berries, or pull a bunch of lily-oak for his children, who came prattling behind him; or to hold converse through the evening stillness with a neighbour, perhaps four gardens off, respecting the last proceedings of "that dreadful fallow, Bonyparty." When standing in the centre of the village, you might have almost been persuaded that there was no other place in the world. The rim of the horizon was within two hundred yards of the eye all round, and nothing besides was to be seen but the contracted sky. On the top of the bank, in one direction, stood the church, with its little docked steeple, and its body-guard of old trees. In another direction there was a peep of the turrets of an old half-ruined mansion-house, which had not been occupied for many years, except by the spirit of a murdered man, which was understood to occupy a particular room, and always went by the horribly descriptive name of *Spotty*. Beyond the edge of the surrounding banks the country swept downwards in extensive flats, generally sterile, but here and there showing fine spots of pastoral green. Over these downs, groups of children would sometimes be seen rambling hand in hand, on those adventurous journies of half a mile from home, which children are so fond of taking; sometimes talking to each other of the novelties of the created world, which were every now and then striking their eyes and their imaginations; at other times pondering in silent and infantine abstraction on the beauty of the gowans which grew by their sides, and in the bosoms of which, as they gazed into them, they saw, reflected as in a mirror, their own fairness and innocence. There, also, while the wind even of summer carried its chill, the little neat-herd boy would be seen sitting on the leeward side of the green knoll, with his sister by his side, and a plaid drawn all around them, their arms laced round each other's necks, and their cheeks laid close together, as both read from the same tattered story book, or partook of the same pease-bread and milk, which served as their afternoon meal. Within the village all was primeval simplicity. The houses already mentioned were arranged without the least regard to each other's convenience—some back to back, some shoulder to shoulder, but as generally front to back, and shoulder to front. The white manse sat half-way up the bank, overlooking the whole, like an idol presiding over a crowded group of worshippers. On what might be considered the principal thoroughfare in the village, stood the inn, a house distinguished from all the rest by its being two storeys in height, not to speak of the still more remarkable distinction of a hanging sign, on which was painted something dark and grim, meant for a black bull, besides the frequent apparition of a carrier's cart resting with its beams high and rampant into the air. Another house, rather better than the rest, was occupied by "a merchant," a man originally a haberdashery pedlar, but who, having here at last set up his ellwand of rest, dealt not only in women's attire, but a thousand things else besides, as if he had been

"Not one, but all *shopkeepers'* epitome."

Then there was the modest tenement of Luckie Smytrie, with its window of four panes, showing to the passing traveller two biscuits on edge, and as many dark green bottles filled with comfits; while within, if you had chosen to enter, you would have found at one end of the room in which the decent woman lived, a large cupboard and a small table forming her mercantile establishment for the sale of all kinds of small wares. Were you to lounge a little in this humble retreat of commerce, you might see children coming in every now and then asking for such things as an ounce of soap, a quarter of an ounce of tea, a halfpenny worth of whip cord, or, perhaps (what would astonish you most of all), change of a penny—*i. e.* two half-pence. Luckie Smytrie was a woman who had experienced great trials in early life, had had husbands killed by accidents, sons enlisted for soldiers and slain in battle, and daughters that died in the morn and liquid dew of youth, innumerable. Her shop was therefore patronised by all the villagers, to the prejudice in some articles of the more ambitious establishment of the retired packman; but yet the old woman, like all shopkeepers who have little rivalry, was as much offended at losing any partial or occasional custom in favour of that individual, as if she had had a far stronger and more prescriptive right to the business of the place. For instance, you might see a boy come in with a small cotton handkerchief in his hand, and say that his mother had sent him for a halfpenny worth of thread, matching with that piece of attire, which she wished to hem. To which Mrs Smytrie would respond, in a cool voice, but intended to convey the most cutting sarcasm, "gang back, hinny, and tell your mother that it would be far better to get her thread where she got her napkin." Or, perhaps, it was an order for bread on a Sunday evening, from some one who had had an unexpected crowd of visitors at tea. The request was then put in the following terms:—"Mrs Smytrie [on other occasions it was plain Tibbie], my mother has her compliments t'ye, and she wad be muckle obleeged for twa tippeny bricks (loaves), as there's some folk come upon her to their four-hours that she didna expeck." To the which Mrs Smytrie would answer, in the same cruelly tranquil voice—"Tell your mother, my woman, that she had better get her bread on the Sabbath night where she gets 't on the Saturday 'te'en," well knowing all the while that the shop referred to was not open, and that there was no other besides her own in the whole village, or within ten miles round. Perhaps a child would come in for a halfpenny worth of paper, namely, writing paper; but Mrs Smytrie, mistaking the word, would set about the elaborate ceremony of weighing out what she supposed the required quantity of pepper. The boy would look on, not knowing what to think of it, till at last he was roused from his reverie by having a neat little conical parcel, with a twist at the point, presented to him instead of the roll of paper which he had expected. He would then murmur out with a ludicrous mixture of stupidity and terror—"It was paper I was wanting;" at which the old widow would break out with the anticipated torrent of invective, "Hech! dyted thing, could ye no speak plainer? What for did ye let me be makin' up the pepper for ye, and no tell me it was paper! Niff-naffin!" There was hardly any other house in the village in the least distinguished from its fellows. The most of them were occupied by a race of decent weavers—for this, indeed, was the staple employment in Daldaff. Through almost every lattice you heard the constant sound of the shuttle and lay, mixed with the voices of the honest operatives, as they sung at their work. In a preceding age, the village contained only three or four of this class of men, who employed themselves in weaving the homely woollen cloth and sheeting which were then used by the country people, being formed out of materials supplied immediately by themselves. But these kinds of manufacture had, in a great measure, given way in favour of the lighter *fabrics* of Glasgow. Cottons were now supplied from that immense mart, to be woven into showy webs, and, as the trade offered far superior remuneration to what had ever been known in the village, not only the old serge-weavers had changed the one employment for the other, but a vast flock of their sons and connections, and many of the country people around, had rushed into it, so that the primitive little village of Daldaff became neither more nor less than a kind of colony or dependency of the great western capital.

This revolution was at first productive of a great increase of comfort in the village, without materially altering the primeval virtues of its inhabitants. Old men began to lay bye blue bonnets in favour of hats. A few old hereditary black coats, which had been worn from youth to age, were at last rescued from the twilight of a Sabbath fame, and consigned ungrudgingly to a general use throughout the week. Young men began to abandon hodden grey for Galashiels blue; young women got straw bonnets to cover locks heretofore exposed in cockernonnies, and there were two if not three green gauze veils in the village. In respect of domestic economy, almost every housewife had the pot on three times a-week, so that third day's kail was beginning to be a thing almost unknown. Tea was also intruding its outlandish face into scenes where bread and milk was erst the only luxury. Some of the husbands held long out against it, but at length they almost all sneaked into a liking for it, and no more thought of wanting it at the end of their day's work, than they thought of wanting their halesome porridge at the beginning. It was sometimes lamented by the excellent old minister, that family worship was a usage not favoured by this change of circumstances; but still, both at nine in the morning, and about the same hour in the evening, you might have heard, in passing some of the houses, either the rude and tremendous psalmody raised by the father of the household, or the low and earnest prayer which he was pouring forth, with his knees and those of all his family resting upon his clay floor. Then all the good old sports were kept up. The boys, instead of being confined, like those of larger manufacturing towns, in unhealthy cotton mills, were permitted at all hours, except those during which they were engaged at school, to play at the golf and shinty, or at bows and arrows, upon the common haugh by the burn side, or else to roam farther a-field in search of birds' nests, or to harry the crows in the woods. On the same haugh, in the summer evenings, after work was done, the young men would be seen "putting the stane," or playing at "the pennystanes" (quoits), or perhaps amus-

ing themselves with the more energetic game of football, while their cowled fathers would walk forth to sympathize in and judge of their feats, and enjoy a hearty unmeasured laugh at every unharming "mischanter" which might befall them. Thither also would repair the trig short-gowned lass, just newly "redd up," as she would style it, her curls shining in their recent release from paper, over a face to which a good washing had lent a richer glow, and her *tout-ensemble* in every respect greatly improved—as female figures, somehow or other, always are—by being seen in the declining light of the golden eve. There, while the young of the different sexes interchanged their joke and their jibe, and the old raised the still heartier laugh at every feat in the game, and children shouted and dogs barked from the mere contagion of joy, while, moreover, the sun sent his last rich rays through the trees above the village, whence the

"——— sweet mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,
Made music that sweetened the calm;"

there a stranger might have supposed that happiness had found her last abode on earth, ere for ever winging her flight to her native skies.

Many villages in Scotland enjoy a humble local fame for some particular custom or sport, which is understood to reign there in supremacy over all others. If Daldaff was celebrated for any form of fun more than another, it was for curling—a sport peculiar to Scotland, and which may be best described to southern readers by the simple statement, that it employs large smooth stones upon the ice, much after the manner of bowls upon a bowling-green. The game can only be practised after a very hard frost, as it requires the strongest ice to bear the numbers who usually assemble either to play or look on. Curling is a game relished so keenly in Scotland, that, like other common appetites, it levels all distinctions of station and rank. In a rural and thinly peopled district like that around Daldaff, the laird might be seen mingling with not only his farmers, but his cottagers, interchanging the broad jest at his own failures, and giving applause wherever it was due. The minister might also be seen driving his stone with as much anxiety of eye as any one, and occasionally, perhaps, envying the good fortune of an unlettered peasant, whom, on another occasion, he would have to chide for his backwardness in the Single Catechism. Daldaff was fortunately situated for this game, as, less than a mile below the village, the mountain stream spread out into a little lake sufficient to have afforded room for half a dozen "rinks." There one Saturday afternoon the people of Daldaff had a *bonspiel*, or grand contest with the inhabitants of the adjacent parish of Sarkinholm, who had long disputed with them the palm of superiority. A bonspiel is not appointed to take place every day; neither is Saturday like any other day of the week. Hence, although an unfortunate thaw was just commencing, the disputants resolved to have out their game, trusting that the ice would at least last long enough to do their turn. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the ice, the bonspiel passed off with great eclat. Nearly all Daldaff and Sarkinholm were collected to witness the sport; and the *certaminis gaudia*, or joys of the combat, were felt perhaps as keenly in the hearts of the women and children of these respective places, as in those of the curlers themselves. Before the game was done, the men were standing inch deep in water, and the stones, as they came up to the rink, sent the spray high into the air before them, like shavings from a joiner's plane. The short day of January was also drawing very near to a close, and a deep dark cloud had settled down upon the mountains to the west, betokening a thorough change in the weather. At length victory declared itself in favour of Daldaff, and the parties "quat their roaring play," to betake themselves to their respective homes. All in a short time had left the place, except a small band of boys and girls, who continued to enjoy a pair of slides on a somewhat higher and drier part of the ice.

The rivulet connected with this little lake was one of those which, rising in a large basin of hilly country, are liable to be swelled occasionally in a very short space of time, so that, though at one hour they may scarcely show a rill among the channel-stones, they are the next raging like a large and impetuous river. On the present occasion, being fed by the cloud just spoken of, it came down in one of its most awful forms, and in one instant broke up the ice upon the peaceful lake with a noice like thunder. The children who had been sliding, though they scarcely had a moment of warning, escaped from the ice—all except one, Susan Hamilton, the daughter of the leading manufacturer in the village She had been the last to approach a gulf which had been leaped by all the rest, and, her heart failing her at the moment, she was immediately carried off from the land upon a large board of ice. What had lately been the solid surface of the lake was now gathered in a large glacier of peaky fragments at the bottom, while all around the water was extending far beyond its usual limits. Susan Hamilton was soon drifted down to this mass of ice, where, from the top of a lofty pinnacle, she cried loudly for help, which, however, was every moment becoming more difficult to be rendered. The most of her companions had fled in childish terror to the village; but as the danger was instant, there seemed little chance of rescue from that quarter. Fortunately a young man who had accompanied some friends to Sarkinholm happened to be returning to Daldaff, and hearing cries of distress, rushed up to the spot. Though the twilight was now deepening, he perceived the situation of the child, and being perfectly acquainted with the ground, he immediately resolved upon a plan of rescue. A large board of ice happened to be lying in a creek near the place where he stood. Upon this he fearlessly embarked, and, guiding it by means of his curling brush, he soon reached the iceberg to which Susan Hamilton was clinging. Having prevailed upon her to leap down into his arms, he placed her carefully on board his icy raft, and then steered back towards the shore, where, by this time, a few of the villagers, including the child's father, were collected. He was so fortunate as to return in safety, and had the satisfaction—which Bishop Burnet considered to be the greatest on earth—of rendering a man truly happy. The joy of the father was speechless; but the other villagers raised a shout of admiration in honour of his heroic conduct. Nor was the general feeling abated when, immediately after he had regained the shore, the vast glacier, loosed from its confinement at the bottom of the lake, was precipitated down the channel of the stream, where it tumbled and dashed along with the resistless force of rocks thrown down a hill-side, and the noise of a hurricane in a forest. It was seen that if he had hesitated but for a minute to adventure upon his perilous task, the child must have perished, almost before her father's eyes.

James Hamilton, who had this evening experienced the opposites of extreme agony and extreme happiness, was only a mere long-headed specimen of the weavers of Daldaff. Having saved a little money, and acquired a reputation for prudence and honesty, he had been able, when the Glasgow work was first introduced into the village, to get himself appointed by a manufacturing house in that city as agent for supplying employment to his brethren; and as he not only enjoyed a commission upon the labours of his neighbours, but also kept a number of looms going upon his own account, he might be considered the most prosperous man in the village. He had been married for many years, but was blessed with only one child, the fair young girl who was rescued from death in the manner above described. He was one of those individuals, who, though entitled to praise for their correct dealings and sagacious conduct in life, are yet apt to excite dislike by their contenting themselves too exclusively with those properties, and not showing enough of the amenity and friendliness of disposition, by which alone society at large is rendered agreeable. You could always make sure that James Hamilton would do you no wrong, but you were also impressed with the certainty that neither would he do you any good; and if it be possible that there can be an excess of circumspection and prudence, he erred in that excess. Rarely giving way to feeling himself, he could hardly believe that it existed in others, or, if he did acknowledge its existence, he despised it as only the symptom of an unworldly character. Even on seeing a single and beloved child rescued from destruction, though he could not repress the first gush of grateful and joyful emotion, he almost immediately after relapsed into his usual coldness, and seemed to chide himself for having been betrayed into that excitement.

Adam Cuthbertson, who had done for him almost the greatest service that one man can do to another, was the son of a poor widow in Sarkinholm, and now resided with a relation at Daldaff, under whom he was acquiring the universal craft of the district. Though graced with only a very limited education, and condemned to almost unceasing toil, Adam was a youth of some spirit and ingenuity. An old *black buke* of Scotch songs lay constantly on the beam at his left hand, and the rush of the shuttle and the dunt of the lay went in unison with as clear a pipe as ever lifted up the notes of our national minstrelsy. It was even whispered that Adam had himself composed a few songs, or there were at least certain ditties which the lasses of Daldaff might occasionally be heard singing at their washings on the haugh, and which were privately attributed to his pen—though, it is to be remarked, his modesty would never permit him to confess the soft impeachment. Adam also contrived to obtain some scientific books, which he pored over at night by his uncle's fireside, or, in summer, beneath a little bower which he had constructed in the garden. He was thought to be less steady at his work than some duller lads, and the case was not mended by a particular improvement which he had carried into effect upon the machinery of his loom. Although he practically demonstrated that he could work more with the same trouble by means of this alteration, the old workmen only shook their heads at it, and wished he might work as much with it in the long run. It happened one day that, as he was *dressing* his web with the brushes, he lost his balance by mere accident, and fell head-foremost through the white expanse before him, producing, of course, irremediable ruin. "Ay, ay," remarked some of the old stagers, "I never thought ony gude would come o' thae improvements. Wha ever heard o' ony *ordinar* workman playing sic a plisky?" Others, less disposed to observe the strict doctrines of causation, would ask what else could be expected of "that new-fangled way o' working the hiddles." The very minister, honest man, was heard to hazard a quiet witticism on the subject, not from any ill will towards his young parishioner, but just because the joke could hardly be avoided: "I was aye jalousing," said the worthy divine one day to his elder, James Hamilton, "that Yedie wad some day or other fa' through his wark." It is to be mentioned with regret that Hamilton, notwithstanding his obligations to the young man, was one of those who regarded his frank spirited character and forward genius with least favour. This did not appear to be solely the result of the opposition of their characters. Hamilton, who, in any circumstances, would have been sure to disapprove of the qualities manifested by Adam Cuthbertson, appeared almost to have contracted an additional dislike for him, on account of the very obligation which ought to have made him his friend. He seemed to dread the claims which the rescue of his child might establish, and acted as if he thought it necessary to give as little encouragement to those claims as possible.

There was however, *one* individual who did full justice both to the superior character and the gallant achievement of Cuthbertson. This was Susan Hamilton, the fair young girl whom he had saved. Susan, at the time of her rescue, was too young to regard her deliverer with any other feeling than that of grateful respect. But as she advanced towards womanhood, the childish feeling of awe with which she had always beheld him when they chanced to meet, became gradually exchanged for a sentiment of a softer and tenderer character, though not less bashful and abased. Adam's feelings towards her experienced a similar change. Ever after the day when he saved her life, he had taken rather more interest in that fair head and those sweet blue eyes, than in the features of any other child of the same age whom he saw tripping to school. But this feeling was merely one of circumstances. It solely referred to the adventure by which he had been so happy as to restore her to the arms of her father. Susan, however, in a very few years, ceased to be a little girl tripping to school. Her figure became considerably taller, and more attractive. Her blue eyes became filled with deeper and more thoughtful meanings. Her cheek, when she approached her deliverer, assumed a richer hue; and the voice, when it addressed him, surprised him with new tones. Sometimes he would hardly *permit himself to think* that she was in the least different from what she had been. He would still speak to her as a man addressing a child. But after they had parted, he would feel his soul troubled with a delight he had never before experienced. He would *feel*, though he did not *think*, that she was different. Need any more be said than that he in time found himself at once loving and beloved?

The sun never set with a richer glow, nor did the flowers ever give out a richer perfume, than on the evening when in the woods of Craigross, Adam Cuthbertson and Susan Hamilton first confessed their mutual attachment.

But fate was adverse to the passion of these amiable beings. James Hamilton, with all his homely wisdom, had so far given way to a wretched ambition as to wish his daughter to match in a sphere above his own rank. Laird Ganderson, of Windigate, had marked out Susan at church as a very proper person to undertake the management of his household, an office just become vacant in consequence of the death of his mother. Being arrived at the full and perfect age of forty-seven years, the beauty of the young lady was perhaps of a smaller consideration with the laird, than the contiguity of a few fields lately purchased by her father, to his somewhat dilapidated property. He therefore made some overtures to James Hamilton, which that individual listened to in a manner far from unfavourable. It was soon made up between them that Susan was to become Mrs Ganderson; all that remained to be done was to gain the approbation of the young woman herself towards the scheme. Susan, who, in addition to many better qualities, possessed a gift of rustic humour, endeavoured to convey her sentiments to the laird in a delicate way, by one evening frying him a dish of sliced p ats instead of Scotch collops; but the laird took it all as a good joke, and said he only liked her the better for her waggery. In fact, being anxious to have her only on the ordinary principles of mercantile speculation, he was not to be turned aside by any nice delicacy, any more than he would have been prevented from buying a horse at a fair by the animal showing a reluctance to part with its former proprietor. On the other hand, Cuthbertson felt in a manner entirely different. A taunt which he had received one night from the father, respecting the narrowness of his circumstances and prospects, determined him to quit Daldaff in search of fortune, taking no care but first to interchange with Susan a vow of eternal fidelity.

For one full year Susan was enabled to parry the addresses of the laird and the entreaties of her father. The former spent a great part of every day at James Hamilton's, where he smoked incessantly, or, if he ceased at all, it was only to ask for liquor, or to utter a ribald jest. By this familiarity he only rendered himself the more intolerable to Susan. But it had a different effect upon the father. The laird became so thoroughly ingratiated with that individual, that there was no exertion of friendship which Hamilton would not make in his behalf. In fact, in order to secure to his daughter the eclat of being lady of Windigate, he was understood to have compromised all that he was worth in the world in securities for the behoof of his future son-in-law, whose fortune was suspected to be in no very flourishing condition. The unfortunate weaver exemplified a very common failing in the most sagacious characters, namely, a disposition, after a whole life-time of prudence, to give way to some notably ridiculous error, which is rendered un-alarming to them from its being totally different in character and tendency from any that they have been accustomed to avoid.

At length came evil days. Owing to some turn of affairs in the progress of the war, cotton-weaving experienced a severe shock, by which many of the best Glasgow houses were materially damaged, and thousands of operatives throughout the country were thrown out of work. The very respectable establishment for which Hamilton had long acted as agent lingered for a time in existence, and was able occasionally to send a small scantling of work, hardly enough to employ a tenth part of the population of the

village. When the carrier was expected to come with these small supplies, numbers of poor men, attended by their wives and children, all of whom were alike unemployed, would go out for miles to meet the eagerly expected vehicle, to learn how much work was brought, and what prospect there was of more. On the small bag being opened by Hamilton, and perhaps only three webs being displayed, the grief of the poor people was beyond all description. The married men would then, by Hamilton's directions, draw lots for those precious morsels of employment. While this process went forward, what eager breathless hope in the faces of both men and women, tempered at the same time, by a religious sense of the misery which each man knew that his own success would inflict upon some equally deserving neighbours! What despair was depicted in each honest homely face, as it turned from the fatal lottery, upon the unhappy family group, which, more eagerly than himself, had watched the result of his throw! With what joy, mingled with sad sympathies for the rest, would the successful man bear home his load, though he knew that the price of his labour would hardly be sufficient to supply the food necessary to support him, even though he were to work sixteen hours a-day! At length, towards winter, even these wretchedly insufficient supplies were stopped. Hamilton's employers, after every effort to keep themselves afloat, were obliged to give way also; and, consequently, the Daldaff agency became at once a dead letter. People talk of the exemption of the present generation from disasters by fire and sword, which so frequently befel their ancestors; but what calamity was ever inflicted upon the poor, even in the most lawless days of past history, equal to the desolation which is now so often occasioned in a large district, by a total cessation of the staple employment? The cots which gave shelter to our ancestors were rebuilt in three days, after even the most savage invasion; the herds which had been gathered off to some place of security were restored to their indestructible pastures. The calamity, if unaccompanied by severe loss of life, must have been only, in general, an exciting adventure. But what retreat, what consolation is there for the hordes of poor artizans, who, by some commercial accident, arising, perhaps, from the imprudence of a few merchants, or some political or warlike movement, are deprived of the customary weekly pittance? It may be relied on, that such disasters exceed in measure of sorrow almost any kind of historical distress, except those of plague or famine. No other accident but these last ever introduced such coldness to the poor man's hearth, such despair to his heart, or made him regret with so bitter a pang that he had others to care for besides himself.

Amidst the public calamity, one of a most grievous nature overtook the father of our heroine. The affairs of the laird, which had long been desperately out of order, and for some time were only sustained by the aid of his intended father-in-law, came to a complete stand-still; and, the whole wealth of James Hamilton being engaged in securities, he was at once reduced to the condition in which he had entered life. The stroke at first seemed likely to be fatal. Thus to lose the whole earnings of a laborious life—to forfeit, at the eleventh hour, by one miserable piece of imprudence, all the honours of the wisely spent day, was more, almost, than he could bear. He had, however, two comforters in his affliction—the worthy old minister, who, in these calamitous times, had been a succouring angel to his flock—and his daughter, an angel of a still more gracious kind, who, forgetting all the severities with which she had been treated, and thinking only of his present affliction, applied herself to the sacred task of soothing his wounded mind, and inspiring him with hopes of better times. The change of his circumstances produced a complete change in the mind of Hamilton. Having no longer wealth to care for, the jealous centinels with which he had guarded it were withdrawn. The crust of wordly selfishness was broken off his character, and all its better affections were again called into free play. His eyes were now opened to the wickedness of which he had been guilty in endeavouring to force the affections of his daughter, and he only wished that he were again as he had been a twelvemonth before, in order to make her happy with the man of her heart.

Weeks of partial famine passed on, and now the distresses of the villagers were suddenly doubled by the premature commencement of a very severe winter. With the exception of their small patches of potatoes and garden vegetables, there seemed hardly any resource for them during the whole winter. The minister, whose own income was exhausted in providing for their wants, thought it necessary, under these distressing circumstances, to call them all together, and join them in one solemn exercise of humiliation appropriate to the occasion. Just as this was concluded, a boy belonging to an inn about ten miles distant upon the Glasgow road, arrived, after a toilsome journey through the snow, and gave the joyful news that a cart filled with webs was storm-stayed at his master's house, on its way to the village, the trade having suddenly experienced a slight revival. Transported with this intelligence, though no one could guess by whom the work could have been sent, they one and all resolved to proceed to Redcraigs, where the cart was lying, and aid in clearing a way for it through the snow. Every spade and semblance of a spade was then put in requisition, and the half of the bannocks in the village were brought forward, without the least regard to individual property, to provision the troop of pioneers. Thirty men set out early next morning on this expedition, graced with the blessings and prayers of all who saw them depart.

The snow, it was found, had only fallen to the depth of three feet; but it was drifted in many hollow parts of the road to six times that depth, so as to present an insurmountable obstacle to the progress of a cart. At all those places the weavers exerted themselves as they advanced to clear away the gelid heaps. The toil was most severe; but what these poor starved men wanted in strength, they made up by zeal—that zeal, above all others, which is inspired by the wish of answering the clamour of a hungry family circle with the necessary bite. The thought that work was before them, that money would again be procured, and, for that money, food to supply "the bairns at hame," nerved every arm with superhuman energy; and as the country people everywhere lent a willing, though less enthusiastic assistance, the party had before mid-day cleared their way to Redcraigs. What was their surprise on being met there by their friend Adam Cuthbertson, of whom they had not heard ever since he left Daldaff, and who now informed them, with ineffable pleasure beaming in his eyes, that he had been the happy means of procuring them this supply of work. He had entered, he said, into the service of a manufacturer at Glasgow, and having divulged to him a plan of improving the loom, had been advanced to a very onerous place of trust in the factory. His employer having weathered on till the present revival of trade, he had used the little influence he had to get his old master, of whose misfortunes he had heard, appointed to an agency, and was favoured with one of the very first parcels of work that was to be had, which he was now conveying to the relief of his old friends at Daldaff. "Let us on now, my friends," cried Adam; "and, before night is far spent, we shall be able to tell the women and the bairns that the bad times are now blown by, and that every one will get his porridge and his broth as he used to do." The cavalcade then set forward, the cart drawn by three horses in line, and every man more ready than another, either to clear away the drifted heap that lay before it, or to urge it with his desperate shoulder over every such impediment that might happen to be left. Though the way was long, and the labour severe, and the strength of the poor weavers not very great, yet every eye and voice maintained its cheerfulness, and the song, the jest, and the merry tale, were kept up to the very last. The wintry sun had just set upon the snowy hills ere the procession came within sight of Daldaff; yet all the women and children were collected at the Loanbraehead, near the village, to see it approach; and when the cart was first discerned turning a neighbouring height, with its large attendant train, a shout of natural joy arose through the clear air, such as might burst from those who gaze from the shore upon a wreck, and see the crew, one by one, make their escape from destruction. James Hamilton was there, though much reduced by a recent illness; and the joy which seized him on being informed by the workmen of his appointment, was almost too much for his frame. He looked in vain, however, for Cuthbertson, to pour before him the thanks of a repentant spirit. That excellent young man had eluded the observation of all, and diving through some of the lanes of the village, had taken refuge in the house of his uncle. He found that much as he had longed to see gladness once more restored to these poor villagers, he could not endure the scene at last. He had therefore escaped from their gratitude; and it was not till Hamilton sought him in his old lodgings that he was at length discovered. The old man took him warmly by the hand, which he did not quit, till leading him to his own house, he deposited it in that of his fair daughter. "Susan Hamilton," said he, "twice have you been saved by this good youth; you are now fairly his own property—you are no longer mine. May you both be happy!"

SCOTTISH LAKES.

SCOTLAND has been called "the land of mountain and flood," of wild blooming heather, and of the tangled wilderness of hill and dale, formed in all the prodigality of rude natural beauty. But Scotland is something more; it is the land of lakes; expanses of water lying amidst the mountainous country, and stretching away in every variety of fantastic size and figure. The Scottish lakes, or rather *lochs*, for they do not associate in sentiment with the English definition, are truly a striking feature of this our northern land, not hitherto brought very prominently forward.

It is quite impossible to say how many lochs Scotland possesses. I believe they never were counted, nor ever will, for in some places the land seems crowded with them, while in other places the water seems equally crowded with islands. It is an universal struggle for supremacy betwixt water and earth. At the head of the list, we have that most splendid expanse of water, Loch Lomond. How refreshing it is to alight from the coach which has brought us from Dumbarton, and be placed on the lovely margin of this most lovely of Scottish lakes! See how it stretches away towards the north, amidst huge mountain scenery, and see, especially on the east side, how it is overhung by the lofty Ben Lomond, towering to the clouds, and whose shadow is cast gloomily athwart its centre towards the Dumbartonshire hills on the opposite side. Viewing it from a favourite point on the rising ground north from Luss, the whole breadth of the lake is spanned by the eye, including

> "All the fairy crowds
> Of islands which together lie,
> As quietly as spots of sky
> Among the evening clouds."

How interesting is the appearance of these islands, all of different forms and magnitudes! Some are covered with the most luxuriant wood of every different tint; others shew a beautiful intermixture of rock and copse; some, like plains of emerald, scarcely above the level of the water, are covered with a rich mantle of verdant grass; and others again are bare rocks, rising into precipices, and destitute of vegetation.

These islands are not without their moral interest. What traditional stories could be told of the events they have witnessed through a dark period of Scotland's history! There lies Inch Loaning, the most northerly of the group, like a dark speck on the waters, celebrated for its yew trees, which afforded ready and valuable material for the bow and spear, when war was the game in the low country. There, near the southern extremity on the east side, lies Inch Caillach, "the isle of old women," measuring about a mile in length, and covered with trees. There, on the opposite quarter, lies the small isle, Inch Galbraith, famous for having once been a seat of the chiefs of Galbraith. But what needs it to reckon up these interesting islets? They must be seen to be appreciated.

Turning to the south, the prospect is bounded by the distant hills which intervene between Loch Lomond and the Clyde, and which here appear, in comparison with the mountains around, to be only gentle swells. The Leven, its vale, the rock of Dumbarton, and even the surface of the Clyde, are in the same direction conspicuous. Towards the east, the vale of the Endrick, its principal seats, the obelisk erected to Buchanan at Killearn, and the Lennox hills, are also distinctly visible. In comparison with the magnificent view up the lake, that to the south or east is less grand, but more soft, and fully as pleasing. The prospect below is not less worthy of notice. Luss, a delightful little village, with its church, stand on a peninsula between the small river Luss and the lake on its western margin. This pleasing hamlet is much resorted to in summer, on account of its being a convenient station for a tourist who wishes to spend a few days in search of the picturesque.

The character of the scenery has been thus described by the critical Macculloch:—"Loch Lomond (says he) is unquestionably the pride of our lakes, incomparable in its beauty as in its dimensions [measuring twenty-three miles in length, and five in breadth, where widest], exceeding all others in variety, as it does in extent and splendour, and uniting in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands. Everywhere it is in some way picturesque; and everywhere it offers landscapes, not merely to the cursory spectator, but to the painter. It presents numerically more pictures than all the lakes of the Highlands united. But it possesses, moreover, a style of landscapes to which Scotland produces no resemblance whatever. This is found in the varied and numerous islands that cover its noble expanse, forming the feature which, above all others, distinguishes Loch Lomond, and which, even had it no other attractions, would render it, what it is in every respect, the paragon of Scottish lakes."

The lake which is esteemed second in the list of Scottish lakes, and some, I believe, even contest for its superiority to Loch Lomond, is Loch Katrine. This lake, which lies but a few miles east from the north end of Loch Lomond, amidst the Highland hills of Monteith in Perthshire, is much smaller than that just mentioned, being about nine miles from east to west, with a breadth nowhere so much as a mile. The beauties of Loch Katrine are peculiar to itself. It is a splendid little gem, set in a piece of richly wooded mountain scenery, and possessing those sinuous lines of beauty which enhance the charm of its appearance. Loch Katrine dazzles by the style and multiplicity of its ornaments. The banks consist of slopes descending from the neighbouring mountains, the most of which are covered with beautiful natural woods, and supply innumerable picturesque points of view to the tourist. Near the east end of the lake is a beautiful little island, which has evidently supplied the poet with the imaginary residence of his fair Naïad of the Lake. Formerly, the extraordinary beauty of this Highland paradise lay entirely concealed and unknown; but since the publication of the "Lady of the Lake," of which it is the scene, it has become a favourite object with tourists, and is daily visited by multitudes during the summer and autumn. Connected with the east end of the lake, we have two minor lakes, Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar. The scenery along the banks of these is a range of fine sylvan territory, enhanced by the rough and Alpine character of the country. The lavish style of beauty of these interesting lakes and their mountain boundaries is well contrasted with the rude grandeur of the Trossachs, a wild, rocky, and dreary ravine, through which the traveller must pass in visiting them.

Turn we now to the West Highlands—what a scene of lakes lies before us! But which of them all can compare to Loch Awe—the lovely Loch Awe, spread out like a sheet of liquid silver, smooth as the polished mirror, studded with its sweet romantic islets, and their still more romantic castles, overhung by the mountains of Argyleshire, and placed under the guardianship of that lonely ruined castle of Kilchurn at its east end, a significant memorial of an age of strife, and not without its dark tales of blood and horror? What a feeling of romance steals upon the senses at the mention of the name of Loch Awe! Its name rouses in the name of the Gael of Cowall and Lorn the recollection of the melancholy notes of the pibroch floating on the breeze over the rip-

pling waters, and conveying the intelligence that the last mortal remains of a brother Celt were conveying across the lake to the little burying-ground in the Island of the Blessed. What a scene of Highland loneliness and Highland character all around! The hill sides, thickly garnished with the purple blooming heath, and the brown dusky glens leading to the innermost recesses of the country behind. The smoke from that little shieling or cottage situated aloft in the angle of the hills there to the left, is wafted downward by the light summer breeze. It is the genuine *reek* of the peat, and we may be assured we are now in the very heart of the Highlands.

There is an old phrase of the Campbells, "It is a far cry to Loch O;" so far, it would appear, that the place has been as little visited by modern tourists as by the lowland forces in bygone times. And yet how worthy of being visited and described in the glowing colours which it so well deserves! One of the charms of Loch Awe—for it has a number—lies in its pretty little islands, each of which is more or less celebrated in the history and songs of the district. Gentle reader, let us sit down on this rocky protuberance above the lake; the sun has been shining brilliantly all day, and there is no fear of damp on the lichens and moss; the air also is warm, and while the sun is yet above the mountains, and throws his slanting beams on the lake, its islands, and their ruined turrets, we may perhaps call up some of the legendary lore connected with these placid waters.*

You see two islands lying near each other, and the principal in the lake. Now, each of these could afford matter for a lengthened history. The name of one of them is Inishail, or "the beautiful island." Many ages ago this little spot of earth was the appropriate seat of a convent of Cistertian nuns, venerable from the sanctity of their lives, and the innocent purity of their manners. In the midst of peaceful quietude they were at length overtaken by the religious broils at the middle of the sixteenth century, when the innocent were involved with the guilty in the sufferings of the times, their house was suppressed, and the temporalties given to Hay, abbot of Inchaffray, who abjured his tenets, and, more than likely, for the sake of waifs of church property like the present, embraced the cause of the reformers. After this disruption of the domicile of the nuns, who found refuge amidst their kindred and the compassionate, their chapel served as a place of parochial public worship till 1736; but a more commodious building having been then erected on the south side of the lake, it has since been entirely forsaken, and a small part of the ruin is now all that is visible. But that veneration which renders sacred to the Highlander the tomb of his ancestors, has yet preserved to the burying-ground its ancient sanctity. It is still used as a place of interment by the people of this part of Argyleshire, and is approached by boats, whose dismal funeral procession, with the accompanying wail of the bagpipe, is sufficiently productive of melancholy feelings.

The neighbouring isle is designated, in the vernacular of the Gael, Fraoh Elan, or "The Isle of Heather;" and it has been called, by a native poet, the *Hesperides* of the land of Argyle. On this beautiful island you see the gaunt remains of a castellated mansion, once the stronghold of the Macnaughtans, a powerful sept in the west. It is recorded by history and tradition, that the island was given by King Alexander III., in 1296, to Gilbert Macnaughtan, the chief of his clan, on condition that he should entertain the King of Scotland whenever he passed that way. And it is worth while to note, as a trait of Highland character, that the proprietor, in 1745, influenced, no doubt, as warmly by attachment to the house of Stuart as a desire to fulfil the expression of the charter, actually made private preparations for entertaining *the Prince* in the castle of Fraoh Elan, had he passed in this direction, after landing in Glenfinnin. On one end of this interesting islet the rock rises almost perpendicularly from the water, and the lower part of the shore is embowered in tangled shrubs and old writhing trees. Above, the broken wall and only remaining gable of the castle look out over the boughs; and on the south side a large ash tree grows from the foundation of what was once the hall, and overshadows the ruin with its branches. On the top of the remaining chimney of the ancient strength, a water eagle long took up its family residence; but even it is deserted by this winged monarch of the lakes and salt friths, and we only observe flights of waterfowl hovering over the island and its precincts.

The other islands in Loch Awe have likewise a connexion with the times when clanship was in its strength. In the middle of that group of little islands you see one on which there is likewise a ruined fortlet; that is Inish Connel, and its ruin was once the chief mansion of the lordly family of Argyle. Near it is Inish Eraith, supposed to be the place where the traitor Eraith beguiled Duara, as recounted in lofty strains in one of the songs of Selma, and in which there are also a burying-ground and the ruins of a chapel.

The interest attached to these islands is not more than that connected with the solitary ruins of Kilchurn Castle, which occupies a rocky promontory at the east end of the lake. This feudal strength was reared so early as 1440, by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, called the Black Knight of Rhodes, who at the time was engaged as a crusader, and was the ancestor of the Breadalbine family. The very waters of the lake are the object of superstitious tradition, for it will be recollected that they have furnished a theme of wild romance in one of the songs of Ossian. The circumstance is thus associated with the existence and death of a supernatural being, called by the country people *Culliach Bhere*, or "the old woman." She is represented as having been a kind of female genie, whose residence was amidst the heavy mists which rested on the summits of the most lofty mountains. It is told with awe that she could step with ease, and in a moment, from one district to another; when offended, that she could cause the floods to descend from the mountains, and lay the whole of the low ground perpetually under water. Her race is described as having lived for an immemorial period near the summit of the vast mountain Cruachan, and to have possessed a multitude of herds at its foot. Calliach Bhere was the last of her line, and, like that of her ancestors, her existence was blended with a fatal fountain, which lay in the side of her native mountain, and had been committed to the charge of her family since its first existence. It was their duty at evening to cover the well with a large flat stone, and at morning to remove it again. This ceremony was to be performed before the setting and rising of the sun, that his last beam might not die upon the waters, and that his first ray should illuminate its bosom. If this care was neglected, a fearful and untold doom was denounced to be the punishment of the omission. When the father of Calliach Bhere died, he committed the office to his daughter, and declared to her, in a solemn charge, the duty, and the fatality of the sacred spring. For many years the solitary woman attended it without intermission; but on one unlucky evening, spent with the fatigues of the chase, she sat down to rest beside the fountain, and wait for the setting of the sun, and falling asleep, did not awake until next morning. When she arose she looked abroad from the hill; the vale had vanished beneath her, and a wide and immeasurable sheet of water was all that met her sight. The neglected well had overflowed while she slept; the glen was changed into a lake; the hills into islets, and her people and her cattle had perished in the deluge. The Calliach took but one look over the ruin which she had caused; the spell which bound her existence was loosened with the waters, and she sunk and expired beside the spring. From that day the waters remained upon the vale, and formed the lake which was afterwards called *Loch Awe!*

Such are the tales which used to be related by the Celtic inhabitants of this region, which abounds in legendary stories of the same description. These chroniclers of the origin of Loch Awe say nothing of the tributaries from whence its waters are partly supplied. One of these is a stream flowing from Loch Avich, a small lake in the vicinity, also possessing a certain romantic beauty in its scenery, and enriched in appearance by some beautiful little islands. On the northern margin of the lake are situated the ruins of a place of strength, receiving a name in Gaelic signifying "the Castle of the Red-Haired Maid." A considerable portion of this edifice is still extant, though of very remote antiquity. The origin of the name is singular, but accords with the barbarous usages of the desultory age in which it took place. According to tradition, the lord of the castle had a daughter of great beauty; she was of a fair complexion; and her hair consisting of flowing ringlets of a golden hue, she hence received the name of the Red-Haired Maiden of Loch Avich. Having once been rescued from a band of freebooters by a neighbouring chieftain, an attachment grew up between her and her deliverer, unknown to her father, with whom the chieftain was at feud. It seems she was to have been privately married to her gallant preserver, and her father being made aware of the arrangement by an insidious follower, he called her to the top of his castle just at the time she was to have eloped, and sacrificing every thing to his vengeful passion, threw her remorselessly from the battlements. Her lover, who waited for her below, beheld the dreadful catastrophe, and instantly rushed to her father, and stabbed him to the heart. The castle having been afterwards deserted, in time became ruinous; and from its tragical history, it received the name it still bears.

But in these garrulous legends we are forgetting our beautiful Scottish Lakes, many of which I have still to notice. Thus, we have Loch Maree, Loch Tay, and Loch Earn, of the large class, and fifty others of inferior size; and every one of them is not only worth describing, but worth visiting from even a distant part of the country.

* This lake has been well delineated and described in a work on the Highlands and Islands, publishing in parts at Perth.

HENDERSON'S SCOTTISH PROVERBS.

"Ere letters were invented," says Mr Motherwell, in his introduction to a collection of Scottish Proverbs just published, in a small volume, by Mr Andrew Henderson of Glasgow, "wisdom was abroad in the world. Proverbs were the genius of moral and political science, and they not unfrequently constituted the compendious vehicles for the transmission of the dogmas of religion, and the first principles of philosophy, of arts, and sciences. In this shape, oral tradition preserved among primitive ages the knowledge of times still more remote; and what marble, and brass, and other devices of human invention, have allowed to perish, proverbs, floating upon the living voice, have perpetuated. Proverbs are, to the vulgar, not merely a sort of metaphysical language, but a kind of substitute for philosophical principles. A man whose mind has been enlarged by education, and who has a complete mastery over the riches of his native language, expresses his ideas in his own words, and, when he refers to any thing beyond the matter under his view, glances towards an abstract principle. A vulgar man, on the other hand, uses those proverbial forms which tradition and daily use have made habitual to him; and when he makes a remark which needs confirmation, he clenches it by a proverb. Thus both, though in a different way, illustrate the observation of Bacon, that 'the nature of man doth extremely covet to have something fixed and immoveable, as a rest and support to the mind.'"

According with all that Mr Motherwell here says, we are glad to find that an attempt has been made to embody the national proverbs of Scotland in a neat and appropriate form. Not that we expect that this code of vulgar philosophy will ever be of much service in its printed shape, but simply that to preserve these proverbs is preserving the historical recollection of a capital trait of the national mind, which change of times and change of circumstances are fast tending to obliterate. The Scottish proverbs have, we believe, been allowed to rank higher in pertinence and savour than those of any other nation, excepting perhaps the Spanish, with which every body must be familiar through the medium of Sancho Panza. Somehow or other, these are productions which the Scottish mind is apt to produce in a high state of perfection, on account of its saving knowledge, its acquaintance with the grief of poverty, and its disposition to issue out sarcasms at every kind of absurdity in personal conduct. Hence it would appear, that for nearly three hundred years past, educated men have not thought it beneath them to collect these fragments of wisdom. The first collection understood to have been made is one ascribed to the celebrated Archbishop Beaton, now lost. The second was compiled in the reign of James VI. by Mr David Ferguson, minister of Dunfermline. In the early part of the last century, collections were published by James Kelly, A.M., and Allan Ramsay, the eminent poet. To such a degree, moreover, was this national inheritance appreciated by the people at large, that it used to be a common divertisement in the family circle, or in collections of young people, even within our own brief recollection, to have what was called a spell at the Scots Proverbs—that is to say, every person in the company pronounced one in succession, round and round; and the first individual who failed to be able to do so in proper time was liable to some little forfeit. Now that the schoolmaster is abroad to such good purposes throughout the land, our good old proverbs are a kind of dead letter, or only survive in the memories of very homely persons. Yet as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, they are decidedly worth preserving; and we are, therefore, obliged to Mr Henderson for the very full collection which he has been at the pains to lay before the public. He has enhanced its value by classifying the different kinds alphabetically under certain heads, which are in their turn placed in alphabetical order; and, as already alluded to, the work is enriched with an introduction, written by Mr Motherwell, a gentleman of extensive and accurate acquaintance with Scottish antiquities. All that we could have farther wished is, that the work had been sprinkled with notes, which, we think, would have not only cleared up many meanings now apt to be obscure, but would have done the still better service of enlivening the pages.

Mr Motherwell's introduction is chiefly devoted to an account of the former collections of Scottish Proverbs, with some remarks on proverbs in general; and, altogether, it is a very pleasant essay. He gives the following droll anecdote, as a proof of what good proverbs may sometimes do:—

"An intimate friend of our own, a gentleman of some eccentricity of character, was at one period of his life a very assiduous collector of proverbs. He piqued himself not a little upon his store of proverbial colloquialisms, and, in all argumentative matters, was sure to silence his opponents by fairly pouring into them a broadside of proverbs, great and small, light and heavy, pat or unpat, no matter which, if he only kept up a raking fire of this sort of verbal shot. At the time we speak of, it was his custom to note down every proverb which he might overhear in the course of conversation, on slips of paper, from which he transferred them to his *magnum opus*, when leisure occured. In this way, there seldom was a card, letter, or scrap of paper on his person but was literally groaning with 'rusty sayed sawes' and proverbial rhymes. No bee could be busier in sucking from every flower its pith and flavour, than our collector was in registering upon his sybilline leaves the fruits of every day's quest after these insulated morsels of wit and wisdom.

"On one occasion, he had been invited to a large party at a friend's house, where there happened to be not a few strangers present. Our friend, fortunately, we think, as the sequel will show, had forgotten to disgorge his pockets of their multifarious contents. Well, the good things disappeared, and the wine followed, and, with every bottle, the conversation assumed a more lively character. How some misunderstanding with our collector and another gentleman at the table arose, we cannot well explain, but certainly their words waxed high, and to such a degree was their dispute carried, that an abrupt termination was put to the festivities of the evening by the man of proverbs handing over his card to the stranger. Nothing, of course, was spoken of by the grave part of the company but this disagreeable quarrel, and the still more disagreeable results to which next morning's dawn must unavoidably give rise.

"Next morning came, and the gentleman began to bestir himself, as, according to the rules of honour, he must do, when there is a personal injury to be avenged. With the man of proverbs he was deeply enraged, and to refresh his memory as to name and address, he had recourse to the card put into his hands over night. He looked first at one side, then at the other, but name or place on neither could be found; but, in place of that, there was traced, in good legible characters—'Naething should be done in a hurry, but catching fleas.' The effect of this was irresistible. Mr ——— fell into an uncontrolla-

ble fit of laughter, and, with very altered feelings from those with which he left his couch, immediately called upon a mutual friend, where such explanations were given as to the quarrel of the evening before, that a hostile meeting was in a moment quashed. Had it not been, however, for this fortunate incident of proverb gathering, there is no saying how matters would have ended. We, knowing all the circumstances, are entitled to say that but for this excellent aphorism, one or two valuable lives might have been sacrificed to notions of false honour."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES BRUCE

I HAVE now to introduce to the notice of my young readers the life of the most eminent traveller whom Britain ever sent forth to discover the products and peculiarities of unknown regions of the globe, yet one who received less meed of praise for his extraordinary exertions than almost any other, and who has therefore double claims on the gratitude and sympathy of the present generation. James Bruce, the celebrated discoverer of the source of the Nile, was born on the 14th of December 1730, at Kinnaird, in the county of Stirling. Bruce was by birth a gentleman, being the eldest son of David Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird, who was in turn the son of David Hay of Woodcockdale, in Linlithgowshire (descended from an old and respectable branch of the Hays of Errol), and of Helen Bruce, the heiress of Kinnaird, who traced her pedigree to that noble Norman family, which, in the fourteenth century, give a king to Scotland. Unfortunately the traveller lost his mother at the early age of three years—almost the only worldly loss which cannot be fully compensated. His father marrying a second time, had an additional family of six sons and two daughters. In his earliest years, instead of the robust frame and bold disposition which he possessed in manhood, he was of weakly health and gentle temperament. At the age of eight years, a desire of giving his heir-apparent the best possible education induced his father to send him to London, to be placed under the friendly care of his uncle, Counsellor Hamilton. In that agreeable situation he spent the years between eight and twelve, when he was transferred to the public school at Harrow, then conducted by Dr Cox. Here he won the esteem of his instructors, as well as of many other individuals, by the extraordinary aptitude with which he acquired a knowledge of classic literature, and the singularly sweet and amiable disposition which he always manifested. At first he contemplated the profession of a clergyman, but this he abandoned for something of a bolder character. In the year 1747 he began to study law at Edinburgh; this, however, not being found congenial to his mind, he resolved on proceeding to India, to settle as a free trader. Whilst waiting in London for permission of the East India Directors, he was introduced to Adriana Allan, the beautiful and most amiable daughter of a wealthy wine merchant, deceased. This lady he married, and at the same time he was received as a partner in her late father's establishment. Most unfortunately the health of his wife soon declined, and she died while on a journey towards the south of France. By this event Bruce's attention was directed to the study of foreign languages, with a view to trading. About the year 1761 Bruce formed an acquaintance with Mr Pitt (the elder), then at the head of affairs, to whom he proposed a scheme of making a descent upon Spain, against which country Britain was expected to declare war. Though this project came to nothing, Lord Halifax had marked the enterprising genius of this Scottish gentleman, and proposed to him to signalize the commencement of the new reign by making discoveries in Africa. It was not part of this proposal that he should attempt to reach the source of the Nile. That prodigious exploit, which had baffled the genius of the civilized world for thousands of years, seemed to Lord Halifax to be reserved for some more experienced person; his Lordship now only spoke of discoveries on the coast of Barbary, which had then been surveyed, and that imperfectly, by only one British traveller, Dr Shaw. For this end Bruce was appointed to be consul at Algiers. In an interview with George III., with which he was honoured before setting out, his Majesty requested him to take drawings of the ruins of ancient architecture which he should discover in the course of his travels. It having been provided that he should spend some time by the way in Italy, he set out for that country in June 1762. He visited Rome, Naples, and Florence, and fitted himself, by surveying the works of ancient art, for the observations he was to make upon kindred objects in Africa. Here he formed an acquaintance with a native of Bologna, name Luigi Balugani, whom he engaged to attend him in his travels, in the capacity of an artist. He at length sailed from Leghorn to Algiers, which he reached in March 1763. Ali Pacha, who then acted as Dey in this barbarous state, was a savage character, not unlike the celebrated personage of the same name, whom Lord Byron introduced to European notice. An injudicious yielding to his will, on the part of the English government, who changed a consul at his request, had just given an additional shade of insolence and temerity to his character; and he expected to tyrannise over Bruce as over one of his own officers. The intrepidity of the new consul, it may be imagined, was, under such circumstances, called into frequent action. He several times bearded this lion in his very den, always apparently indebted for his safety to the very audacity which might have been expected to provoke his ruin.

After having traversed the whole of the Barbary States, and taken drawings of every antiquity which he esteemed worthy of notice, he moved further west to Tripoli, where he was received with great kindness by Mr Fraser of Lovat, British consul at that place. From Tripoli he dispatched the greater part of his drawings to Smyrna, by which precaution they were saved from the destruction which must have otherwise been their fate. Crossing the Gulf of Sidra, which makes a considerable sweep into the northern coast of Africa, Bruce now reached Bengazio, the ancient Berenice, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus. From this place he travelled to Ptolemata, where, finding the plague raging, he was obliged to embark hastily in a Greek vessel, which he hired to carry him to Crete. This was perhaps the most unlucky step he took during the whole of his career. The vessel was not properly provided with ballast; the sails defied the management of the ignorant man who professed to steer it; it had not therefore got far from shore when a storm drove it to leeward, and it struck upon a rock near the harbour of Bengazi. Bruce took to the boat, along with a great number of the other passengers; but finding that it could not survive, and fearing lest he should be overwhelmed by a multitude of drowning wretches, he saw it necessary to commit himself at once to the sea, and endeavour to swim ashore. In this attempt, after suffering much from the violence of the surf, he was at last successful. He had only, however, become exposed to greater dangers. A plundering party of Arabs came to make prey of the wrecked vessel, and his Turkish clothing excited their worst feelings. After much suffering he got back to Bengazi, but with the loss of all his baggage, including many valuable instruments and drawings. Fortunately the master of a French sloop, to whom he had renderd a kindness at Algiers, happened to be lying in that port. Through the grateful service of this person he was carried to Crete. An ague, however, had fixed itself upon his constitution, in consequence of his exertions in the sea of Ptolemata: it attacked him violently in Crete, and he lay for some days dangerously ill. On recovering a little, he proceeded to Rhodes, and from thence to Asia Minor, where he inspected the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra. By the time he got back to Sidon, he found that his letters to Europe, announcing the loss of his instruments, were answered by the transmission of a new set, including a quadrant from Louis XV., who had been told by Count Buffon of the unhappy affair of Bengazi. In June 1768 he sailed from Sidon to Alexandria, resolved no longer to delay that perilous expedition which had taken possession of his fancy. "Previous to his first introduction to the waters of the Nile," says his biographer, Captain Head, "it may not be improper, for a moment, calmly and dispassionately to consider how far he was qualified for the attempt which he was about to undertake. Being thirty-eight years of age, he was at that period of life in which both the mind and body of man are capable of their greatest possible exertions. During his travels and residence in Europe, Africa, and Asia, he had become practically acquainted with the religion, manners, and prejudices of many countries different from his own; and he had learned to speak the French, Italian, Spanish, Modern Greek, Moorish, and Arabic languages. Full of enterprise, enthusiastically devoted to the object he had in view, accustomed to hardship, inured to climate as well as to fatigue, he was a man of undoubted courage, *in stature six feet four*, and with this imposing appearance, possessing great personal strength; and lastly, in every proper sense of the word, he was a gentleman; and no man about to travel can give to his country a better pledge for veracity than when, like Bruce, his mind is ever retrospectively viewing the noble conduct of his ancestors—thus showing that he considers he has a stake in society, which, by the meanness of falsehood or exaggeration, he would be unable to transmit unsullied to posterity." From Alexandria he proceeded to Cairo, where he was received with distinction by the Bey, under the character of a dervish or soothsayer, which his acquaintance with eastern manners enabled him to assume with great success.

Receiving introductory letters, he commenced his voyage up the Nile, December 12, 1768, in a large boat, which was to carry him to Furshoot, the residence of Amner, the Sheikh of Upper Egypt. For two or three weeks he enjoyed the pleasure of coasting at ease and in safety along the wonder-studded banks of this splendid river, only going on shore occasionally to give the more remarkable objects a narrower inspection. He was at Furshoot on the 7th of January 1769. Advancing hence to Sheikh Amner, the encampment of a tribe of Arabs, whose dominion extended almost to the coast of the Red Sea, he was fortunate enough to acquire the friendship of the Sheikh, or head of the race, by curing him of a dangerous disorder. This secured him the means of prosecuting his journey in a peaceable manner. Under the protection of this tribe, he soon reached Cosseir, a fort on the Red Sea, having previously, however, sent all his journals and drawings, hitherto completed, to the care of some friends at Cairo. Bruce sailed from Cosseir on the 5th of April, and for several months he employed himself in making geographical observations upon the coasts of this important sea. On the 19th of September, after having for the first time determined the latitude and longitude of many places, which have since been found wonderfully correct, he landed at Massuah, the port of Abyssinia. Here he encountered great danger and difficulty, from the savage character of the Naybe, or governor of Massuah, who, not regarding the letters carried by Bruce from the Bey of Cairo, had very nearly taken his life. By the kindness of Achmet, a nephew of the Naybe, whom Bruce rescued from a deadly sickness, he was enabled to surmount the obstacles presented against him in this place, and on the 15th November began to penetrate the country of Abyssinia. In crossing the hill of Tarenta, a mountainous ridge which skirts the shore, the traveller encountered hardships under which any ordinary spirit would have sunk. Advancing by Dixan, Adow, and Axum, he found himself greatly indebted for safety and accommodation to the letters which he carried for the Greeks. Through the influence of the rude Christianity which prevails in Abyssinia, and which was originally infused by natives of Greece in the third century, this race of people have a firm footing and great influence in the country, forming, in fact, the most civilized class. Bruce, therefore, could not have been more fortunate than in possessing the means of claiming their protection. It was in the neighbourhood of Axum that he saw the unfortunate sight (the slicing of steaks from the rump of a live cow) which was the chief cause of his being afterwards generally discredited in his own country. The journey between Axum and Gondar was one, like all the rest, full of perils; yet, by dint of his amazing promptitude in meeting each particular danger in its own particular way—a constantly alternating exhibition of courage and cunning—he surmounted them all. On the 14th of February, after a journey of ninety-five days from Massuah, he reached Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, a town containing about ten thousand families. The king and his chief minister Ras Michael, to both of whom Bruce had letters of introduction, were now absent with the army, putting down a rebellion which had been raised by Fasil, a turbulent governor of a province. But Bruce was favourably received by one Ayto Aylo, a Greek, and chamberlain of the palace.

It was early in the afternoon of November 3d, that Bruce surmounted a ridge of hills which separated him from the fountain of the Nile, and for the first time cast his European eyes upon that object—the first, and, we believe, the only European eyes that have ever beheld it. It was pointed out to him by Woldo, his guide, as a hillock of green sod in the middle of a marshy spot at the bottom of the hill on which he was standing. To quote his own account of so remarkable a point of his life—"Half undressed as I was, by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes [a necessary preliminary, to satisfy the Pagan feelings of the people], I ran down the hill, towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour, had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vain glory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return;—I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had too rashly woven for myself." In this paragraph—one of the most deeply touching ever written—we find the Herculean mind of Bruce giving way, under the influence of success, to sensations which had scarcely ever affected him during the whole course of his journey, while as yet the desire of going onward, and the necessity of providing the means of doing so with safety, possessed and amused his mind. Nothing could be more characteristic of a great mind. The traveller relates that his despondency continued for some time; and that, as he could not reason it away, he resolved to direct it till he might be able, on more solid reflection, to overcome its progress. Calling to Strates, a faithful Greek who had accompanied him throughout all his Abyssinian travels, he said, "Strates, faithful squire! come and triumph with your Don Quixote at that island of Barataria, to which we have most wisely and fortunately brought ourselves! Come and triumph with me over all the kings of the earth, all their armies, all their philosophers, and all their heroes!" "Sir," says Strates, "I do not understand a word of what you say, and as little of what you mean; you very well know I am no scholar." "Come," said I, "take a draught of this excellent water, and drink with me a health to his Majesty George III., and a long line of princes." "I had in my hand a large cup, made of cocoa-nut shell, which I procured in Arabia, and which was brimful." [This cup was brought home by Bruce, and his representatives at Kinnaird still use it every day when they entertain company at dinner.] He drank to the king speedily and cheerfully, with the addition of "confusion to his enemies," and tossed up his cap with a loud huzza. He made forty observations as to the exact geographical site of the fountain of the Nile, and found it to be in north latitude 10° 59′ 25″, and 36° 55′ 30″ east longitude, while its position was supposed from the barometer to be two miles above the level of the sea. Bruce left Geesh upon his return on the 10th of November, and he arrived at Gondar, without any remarkable adventure, on the 17th.

Early in January 1771 he obtained the king's permission, on the plea of his health, to return home, though not without a promise that he would come back when his health was re-established, bringing with him as many of his family as possible, with horses, muskets, and bayonets. Ere he could take advantage of this permission, certain civil wars broke

out, large provinces became disturbed, and Bruce found that, as he had had to take part in the national military operations in order to pave the way for reaching the head of the Nile, so was it now necessary that he should do his best for the suppression of the disturbances, that he might clear his way towards home. During the whole of the year 1771, he was engaged with the army, and he distinguished himself so highly as a warrior, that the king presented him with a massive gold chain, consisting of one hundred and eighty-four links, each of them weighing 3 and 1-12th dwts. It was not till the 26th of December, thirteen months after his return from the source of the Nile, that he set out on his way towards Europe. He was accompanied by three Greeks, an old Turkish Janissary, a captain, and some common muleteers; the Italian artist Balugani having died at Gondar. On account of the dangers which he had experienced at Massuah from the barbarous Naybe, he had resolved to return through the great deserts of Nubia into Egypt, a track by which he could trace the Nile in the greater part of its course.

The sufferings undergone by Bruce in his return, were very great. In one place he says, "our situation was one of the most desperate that could be figured. We were in the midst of the most barren, inhospitable desert in the world, and it was with the utmost difficulty that from day to day we could carry wherewithal to assuage our thirst. We had with us the only bread it was possible to procure for some hundreds of miles; lances and swords were not necessary to destroy us. The bursting or tearing of a girba, the lameness or death of a camel, a thorn or sprain in the foot, which might disable us from walking, were as certain death to us as a shot from a cannon. There was no staying for one another; to lose time was to die, because, with the utmost exertion our camels could make, we scarce could carry along with us a scanty provision of bread and water sufficient to keep us alive." Under the pressure of such distress, the faculties of one poor attendant gave way; he was left to die in his phrenzy upon the sands. To ease the camels, which threatened to give way under the awful trial, the whole party, Bruce included, walked the greater part of the way; and their feet were only large moving ulcers, from which blood and lymph were constantly flowing. At length the exhaustion of the camels compelled Bruce to leave his instruments and papers behind; a necessity almost the most excruciating that could have befallen him, because it threatened to deprive him of the entire glory and use of his discoveries. What, perhaps, gave a still more imminent danger to their situation, the desert was haunted in all its more fertile and frequented places by roving bands of Arabs, who, in the event of meeting them, would have been almost sure to rob and murder them. The escape of Bruce from this danger seemed an absolute miracle, or could only be accounted for by his choosing the track less frequented, and therefore the most difficult and dangerous from other causes. At last on the 29th of December, just as he had given his men the last meal which remained to them, and when all, of course, had given themselves up for lost, they came within hearing of the cataracts of the Nile, and reached the town of Syene or Assouan, where succour in its amplest forms awaited them. Bruce thus describes his sensations on stretching himself at the root of a palm-tree in the outskirts of this blessed city:—"A dulness and insensibility, a universal relaxation of spirits, a kind of palsy or stupor of the mind, had overtaken me, almost to a deprivation of the understanding. I found in myself a kind of stupidity, and a want of power to reflect upon what had passed. I seemed to be as if awakened from a dream, when the senses are yet half asleep, and we only begin to doubt whether what was before passed in thought is real or not. The dangers that I was just now delivered from made no impression upon my mind; and what more and more convinces me I was for a time not in my perfect senses, is, I found in myself a hard-heartedness, without the least inclination to be thankful for that signal deliverance which I had just now experienced." Twelve dreadful weeks Bruce had spent upon the desert; his journey from the capital of Abyssinia to this point had altogether occupied eleven months. It was now exactly four years since he had left civilized society at Cairo; during all which time he had conversed only with barbarous tribes of people, from whose passions no man possessed of less varied accomplishment, less daring, and less address, could have possibly escaped. After refreshing himself for a few days at Assouan, he took camels, and rode back forty miles into the desert, where he had the felicity to find his instruments and papers exactly as he had left them. He then sailed down the Nile to Cairo, which he reached on the 10th of January 1773, and he easily obtained a passage to Europe. Arriving at Marseilles in March, he was immediately visited and congratulated by a number of the French *savans*, at the head of whom was his former friend, Count de Buffon. In the summer of 1774, he returned to England, from which he had now been absent twelve years. His fame having gone before him, he was received with the highest distinction. He was introduced at Court, where he presented to George III. those drawings of Palmyra, Baalbec, and the African cities, which his Majesty had requested him to execute before his departure from the country. The triumphs of this great man—decidedly the greatest traveller that ever lived—were, however, soon dashed and embittered by the mean conduct of a people and age altogether unworthy of him. Bruce, wherever he went, was required to speak of what he had seen and suffered in the course of his travels. He related anecdotes of the Abyssinian and Nubian tribes, and gave descriptions of localities and natural objects, which certainly appeared wonderful to a civilized people, though only because they were novel; he related nothing either morally or physically impossible. Unfortunately, however, the licence of travellers was as proverbial in Britain as elsewhere. It was also a prevailing custom at that time in private life to exert the imagination in telling wonderful, but plausible tales, as one of the amusements of the table. There was furthermore a race of travellers who had never been able to penetrate into any very strange country, and who, therefore, pined beneath the glories of a brother who had discovered the source of the Nile. For all these reasons, the stories of Bruce were at the very first set down for imaginary tales, furnished forth by his own fancy. This view of the case was warmly taken up by a *clique* of literary men, who, without science themselves, and unchecked by science in others, then swayed the public mind. This is a dreadful imputation upon the age of George III., but we fear that the cold and narrow poverty of its literature, and the almost non-existence of its science, would make any less indignant account of its treatment of Bruce unjust. Even the country gentlemen in Scotland, who, while he was carving out a glorious name for himself, and providing additional honour for his country, by the most extraordinary and magnanimous exertions, were sunk in the low sottishness of the period, or at most performed respectably the humble duties of surveying the roads and convicting the poachers of their own little districts, could sneer at the "*lies*" of Bruce. His mind shrunk from the meanness of his fellows; and he retired, indignant and disappointed, to Kinnaird, where for some time he busied himself in rebuilding his house, and arranging the concerns of his estate, which had become confused during his long absence. In March 1776 he provided additional means of happiness and repose, by marrying, for his second wife, Mary Dundas, daughter of Thomas Dundas, Esq. of Fingask, and of Lady Janet Maitland, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

For nine years, Bruce enjoyed too much domestic happiness to admit of his making a rapid progress in the preparation of his journals for the press. But after the death of his wife in 1785, he applied to this task with more eagerness, as a means of diverting his melancholy. The work appeared in 1790, seventeen years after his return to Europe. It consisted of five large quarto volumes, besides a volume of drawings, and was entitled, "Travels to discover the Sources of the Nile, in the years 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, and 1773, by James Bruce, of Kinnaird, Esq., F.R.S." It was dedicated to the king; and it is but justice to the memory of that sovereign to state, that, while society in general raised against it the cry of envy, jealousy, and ignorant incredulity, his Majesty stood boldly up in its favour, and contended that it was a very great work. The work of Bruce was bought up by the public at its very first appearance; it required the whole of the *impression* to satisfy the first burst of public curiosity. It was in the same year translated into German and French. While the most eminent literary characters of the age honoured it with a liberal and almost unqualified approbation, the myriad of little periodical critics attacked it with a buzzing and stinging virulence, after a manner of a cloud of gnats pursuing the course of a noble steed. By this class of persons, and by the public at large, it was the subject of almost unmingled ridicule. Hardly a single trait of manners which it described escaped the stigma of falsehood from these enlightened critics, the incredulity being exactly in the ratio of the departure of Abyssinian customs from the English—as if it were to have been expected that a remote and secluded African nation was to live exactly after the artificial manner of a cultivated people in the north of Europe. Of all the stories, that of steaks cut from the live cow was honoured with the greatest share of ridicule and incredulity—though we might contend that the practice could be more obviously necessary for human sustenance in wandering over a desert country. To escape from a painful subject, we may only mention, that, though no man has since been able to penetrate the countries explored by Bruce, his statements have been more or less confirmed by all succeeding travellers who have come near or touched upon his track—namely, Salt, Coffin, Pearce, Burckhardt, Brown, Clarke, Whittman, and Belzoni. The greatness of Bruce, therefore, is now in the course of being acknowledged to its proper extent, though, perhaps, it is scarcely to be hoped that his character will ever shake off altogether the stains of contemporary malignity and ignorance, while, alas, the grieved spirit has long fled beyond the reach of compensatory veneration. Bruce, during the few remaining years of his life, treated the contemptuous world with contempt in return, and never once deigned to reply to any of his critics. He opened his heart only to his daughter, to whom he sometimes said that he hoped she would live to see the time when the truth of all he had written would be confirmed by subsequent observation.

Little now remains to be told. On the evening of the 27th of April 1794, after he had entertained a large party at dinner, he was hurrying to escort an old lady down stairs to her carriage, when his foot—that foot which had carried him through so many dangers—slipped upon the steps; he tumbled down the stair, pitched upon his head, and was taken up speechless, with several of his fingers broken. Notwithstanding every effort to restore the machinery of existence, he expired that night. It may well afford a lesson as to the uncertainty of life, that he who had braved more real dangers than the most of his contemporary men, should have broken down and perished in one of the most simple and familiar of domestic duties—that he should have been reserved from the perils of Abyssinia, Nubia, and the Desert, to die from a false step in a staircase at home. He was buried, a few days after, in the church-yard of his native parish of Larbert, where a monument indicates his last resting-place.—*Abridged from R. Chambers's Scottish Biographical Dictionary.*

WIDOW OF BURNS.

An English gentleman visiting the widow of Robert Burns, the Scottish poet, at Dumfries, was exceedingly anxious to obtain some *relic* of the bard, as he called it; that is, some scrap of his handwriting, or any other little object which could be considered a memorial of the deceased. Mrs Burns replied to all his entreaties, that she had already given away every thing of that kind that was remarkable, or that she could think of parting with; that, indeed, she had no relic to give him. Still the visitant insisted, and still Mrs Burns declared her inability to satisfy him; at length, pushed by his good-humoured entreaties to very extremity, she as good-humouredly said, "Well, sir, unless you take myself, I really can think of no other *relic* (relict) of him that it is in my power to give, or yours to receive." Of course this closed the argument.

THE FAIR ONE WHOM I MEAN.

From the German of Burger.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair."

O, in what pomp of love serene,
Smiles she, the fair one whom I mean!
Tell it, my pious mouth, to earth;
Whose wonder-working hand shines forth?
Whereby in pomp of love serene,
She smiles, the fair one whom I mean!

Who has illum'd and kindled bright,
Like Paradise, her eyes' blue light?
Ev'n He whose power o'er sea and land
Heaven's blue bright bending arch hath spann'd:
He hath illum'd and kindled bright,
Like Paradise, her eyes' blue light!

Who with such master-skill hath spread
Sweet o'er her cheek life's white and red?
He, who to the almond's blossom lent
Its beauteous tincture dew-besprent:
He with such master-skill hath spread
Sweet o'er her cheek life's white and red!

Who formed her purple mouth so fair,
So rich with sweetness living there?
He, who with lusciousness so mild,
Fills the red cherry, July's child;
He made her purple mouth so fair,
So rich with sweetness living there!

Who made her silken tresses flow,
All waving round her neck of snow?
He, whose sweet west-wind o'er the plain
Rocks the glad stalks of golden grain;
He bade her silken tresses flow,
All waving round her neck of snow.

Who touch'd, for heavenly speech or song,
Her voice with rapture all day long?
He, who did lend the lark his note,
And Philomel her tuneful throat;
He touch'd, for heavenly speech or song,
Her voice with rapture all day long!

Who hath so arch'd her beauteous breast,
Where pleasure has his golden rest?
He, that the swan's white bosom fair
Curves out with plumage rich and rare,
He hath so arch'd that beauteous breast,
Where pleasure has his golden vest!

What artist framed, in high design,
Her waist so delicate, so fine?
He, from whose perfect mind beam'd forth,
Beauty's each form in heaven and earth;
That mighty artist did design
Her waist so delicate and fine!

Who breath'd into her form, a mind
So pure, angelical, and kind?
He, that the angels made on high,
These holy children of the sky;
He breath'd into her form, a mind
So pure, angelical, and kind!

O! praise, Great Maker, to thine art!
And thanks, warm bursting from my heart!
That beauty's type enchants me so,
Crown'd with each grace thy world can shew;
O! praise, Great Maker, to thine art!
And thanks, warm bursting from my heart!

But ah! for whom on earth below
Smiles she, attired in beauty so?
O God! might I have ne'er been born,
Ne'er seen thy blissful light of morn,
If not *for me*, in beauty so,
Smiles she, that fair one whom I know!

—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

Column for the Mercantile Classes.

MACCULLOCH'S WORK ON COMMERCE.

THE genius which could contrive, and the perseverance which could carry through and complete, a work of such magnitude and comprehensiveness of detail, as the *Dictionary, Practical, Theoretical, and Historical, of Commerce, and Commercial Navigation*, must certainly be of no ordinary nature. It is so seldom that we find men of letters in the present day writing works of a useful or enduring nature, that we feel disposed to give the author, J. R. Mcculloch, a greater share of credit for his valuable production, than might otherwise have been the case. This is a work which recommends itself to the notice of every British, every American, and every Continental merchant; and it may well be allowed that no counting-house can be perfect till it owns a copy. Let the reader think of a huge octavo volume, consisting of between eleven and twelve hundred pages of closely printed matter, a great part of it in the shape of tables of figures; and then calculate the labour incurred in the collection of so vast a mass of materials on all manner of mercantile topics.

Many of the subjects in the Dictionary are treated at considerable length, and they are everywhere vouched by references to, and quotations from, acts of Parliament, tariffs, and other authorities. The chief articles appear to be—*Bank of England—Banks—Canals—Coal—Coffee—Colonies, and Colony Trade—Commerce—Corn Trade—Cotton—East India Company—Exchange—Exports and Imports—Insurances—Interest and Annuities—Navigation Laws—New York—Ships—Silk—Sugar—Tariff—Tea—Treaties—Warehousing System—Whale Fishery*, and *Wine*. In treating of these and most other subjects, there appears no species of partiality in dealing out plain correct statements; though, as might have been expected, the author does not fail to enlarge occasionally on those principles of political economy, for an adherence to which he has already gained some notoriety, and which might have been as well spared in a work of this description. The following succinct historical and statistical summary of foreign and British canals, though in an abridged form, will give an idea how the details are introduced. (The authorities referred to by the author need not be noticed in a work like the present.)

"The comparative cheapness and facility with which goods may be conveyed by the sea, or by means of navigable rivers, seems to have suggested, at a very early period, the formation of canals. The best authenticated accounts of ancient Egypt represent that country as intersected by canals, conveying the waters of the Nile to the more distant parts of the country, partly for the purpose of irrigation, and partly for that of internal navigation. The efforts made by the old Egyptian monarchs, and by the Ptolemies, to construct a canal between the Red Sea and the Nile, are well known, and evince the high sense which they entertained of the importance of this species of communication.

In China, canals, partly for irrigation and partly for navigation, have existed from a very early period The most celebrated amongst them is the Imperial, or Grand Canal, forming a communication between Pekin and Canton, being about 1660 miles long. The locks are constructed with very little skill, and as the vessels are generally dragged by men, the navigation is extremely slow. The canals are mostly faced with stone, and the bridges across them are said to be very ingeniously contrived.

The Italians were the first people in modern Europe that attempted to plan and execute canals. They were principally, however, undertaken for the purpose of irrigation; and the works of this sort, executed in the Milanese and other parts of Lombardy, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, are still regarded as models, and excite the warm admiration of every one capable of appreciating them. In 1271, the Navilo Grande, or canal leading from Milan to Abbiate Grasso and the Tesino, was rendered navigable.

No country in Europe contains, in proportion to its size, so many navigable canals as the Netherlands, and particularly the province of Holland. The construction of these canals commenced as early as the twelfth century, when, owing to its central and convenient situation, Flanders began to be the *entrepôt* of the commerce between the north and the south of Europe. Their number has since been astonishingly increased. 'Holland,' says Mr Phillips, in his *History of Inland Navigation*, 'is intersected with innumerable canals. They may be compared in breadth and size to our public roads and highways; and as the latter with us are continually full of coaches, chaises, waggons, carts, and horsemen, going from and to the different cities, towns, and villages, so, on the former, the Hollanders in their boats and pleasure barges, their treckschuyts and vessels of burden, are continually journeying and carrying commodities for consumption or exportation from the interior of the country to the great cities and rivers. An inhabitant of Rotterdam may, by means of these canals, breakfast at Delft or the Hague, dine at Leyden, and sup at Amsterdam, or return home again before night. By them also, a most prodigious inland trade is carried on between Holland and every part of France, Flanders, and Germany. When the canals are frozen over, they travel on them with skaits, and perform long journeys in a very short time; while heavy burdens are conveyed in carts and sledges, which are then as much used on the canals as on our streets. The yearly profits produced by these canals are almost beyond belief; but it is certain, and has been proved, that they amount to more than L.250,000 for about forty miles of inland navigation, which is L.625 per mile, the square surface of which mile does not exceed two acres of ground—a profit so amazing, that it is no wonder other nations should imitate what has been found so advantageous. The canals of Holland are generally sixty feet wide, and six deep, and are carefully kept clean; the mud, as manure, is very profitable; the canals are generally levels; of course, locks are not wanted. From Rotterdam to Delft, the Hague, and Leyden, the canal is quite level, but is sometimes affected by strong winds. For the most part, the canals are elevated above the fields or the country, to enable them to carry off the water, which in winter inundates the land. To drain the water from Delft land, a province not more than sixty miles long, they employ 200 windmills in spring time to raise it into the canals. All the canals of Holland are bordered with dams or banks of immense thickness, and on these depends the security of the country from inundation; of course, it is of great moment to keep them in the best repair—to effect which, there is a kind of militia, and in every village is a magazine of proper stores and men, whose business it is to carry stones and rubbish to any damaged place. When a certain bell rings, or the waters are at a fixed height, every man retires to his post. To every house or family there is assigned a certain part of the bank, in the repair of which they are to assist. When a breach is apprehended, they cover the banks all over with cloth and stones.'

The first canal executed in France was that of Briare, to form a communication between the Seine and the Loire, commenced in the reign of Henry IV., and completed in that of his successor, Louis XIII. The canal of Orleans, which joins the above, was commenced in 1675. But the most stupendous undertaking of this sort that has been executed in France, or indeed on the Continent, is the canal of Languedoc. It was projected under Francis I., but was begun and completed in the reign of Louis XIV. It reaches from Narbonne to Toulouse, and was intended to form a safe and speedy means of communication between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean. It is sixty-four French leagues long, and six feet deep; and has in all 114 locks and sluices. In its highest part it is 600 feet above the level of the sea. In some places it is conveyed by bridges of great length and strength over large rivers. It cost upwards of L.1,000,000, and reflects infinite credit on the engineer, Riquet, by whom it was planned and executed. But this splendid and successful effort has not been so much followed as might have been expected, and France is still inadequately furnished with canals. This effect is produced chiefly by the interference of the government with private speculation, and the idle official formalities to be attended to.

Owing partly to the late rise of extensive manufactures and commerce in Great Britain, but more, perhaps, to the insular situation of the country, no part of which is very distant from the sea, or from a navigable river, no attempt was made in England to construct canals till a comparatively recent period. The efforts of those who first began to improve the means of internal navigation were limited to attempts to deepen the beds of rivers, and to render them better fitted for the conveyance of vessels. The difficulties in the way of river navigation suggested the expediency of abandoning the channels of rivers, and of digging parallel to them artificial canals. The act passed by the legislature in 1755, for improving the navigation of Sankey Brook on the Mersey, gave rise to a lateral canal of this description; but before this canal was completed, the celebrated Duke of Bridgewater, and his equally celebrated engineer, the self-instructed James Brindley, had conceived a plan of canalisation, independent altogether of natural channels, and intended to afford the greatest facilities to commerce, by carrying canals across rivers and through mountains, wherever it was practicable to construct them.

The Duke was proprietor of a large estate at Worsley, seven miles from Manchester, in which were some very rich coal-mines, that had hitherto been in a great measure useless, owing to the cost of carrying coal to market. Being desirous of turning his mines to some account, it occurred to his Grace that his purpose would be best accomplished by cutting a canal from Worsley to Manchester. Mr Brindley having been consulted, declared that the scheme was practicable; and, an act having been obtained, the work was immediately commenced. After an extraordinary exertion of mechanical skill, and overcoming serious difficulties, the canal was at length completed, including a branch betwixt the Mersey and Manchester. 'When the Duke of Bridgewater,' says Dr Aikin, 'undertook this great design, the price of carriage on the river navigation was 12s. the ton from Manchester to Liverpool, while that of land carriage was 40s. the ton. The Duke's charge on his canal was limited by statute to *six* shillings, and, together with this vast superiority in cheapness, it had all the speed and regularity of land carriage. The articles conveyed by it were likewise much more numerous than those of the river navigation; besides manufactured goods and their raw materials, coals from the Duke's own pits were deposited in yards at various parts of the canal for the supply of Cheshire; lime, manure, and building materials were carried from place to place; and the markets of Manchester obtained a supply of provisions from districts too remote for the ordinary land conveyances. The example of the intrepid conduct of the Duke of Bridgewater, in setting these canals on foot, entitles his memory to much respect. He expended a princely fortune in the prosecution of his great designs, and, to increase his resources, restricted his own personal expenses to L.400 a-year. He died at the early age of fifty-six, having shortened his life by the toils and anxiety of mind inseparable from such great enterprises. But his projects have been productive of great wealth to his successors, and have promoted, in no ordinary degree, the wealth and prosperity of his country.'

The success that attended the Duke of Bridgewater's canals stimulated public spirited individuals in other districts to undertake similar works. Mr Brindley had early formed the magnificent scheme of joining the great ports of London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull, by a system of internal navigation; and though he died in 1772, like his patron, at the early age of 56, he had the satisfaction of seeing his grand project in a fair way of being realised. The Trent and Mersey, or, as it has been more commonly termed, the Grand Trunk canal, 96 miles in length, was begun in 1766, and completed in 1777. It stretches from near Runcorn on the Mersey, where it communicates with the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, to Newcastle-under-Line; thence southwards to near Tichfield; and then north-westerly till it joins the Trent at Wilden Ferry, at the north-western extremity of Leicestershire. A water communication between Hull and Liverpool was thus completed; and by means of the Staffordshire and Worcestershire canal, which joins the Grand Trunk near Haywood in the former, and the Severn near Stourport in the latter, the same means of communication was extended to Bristol. During the time that the Grand Trunk was being made, a canal was undertaken from Liverpool to Leeds, 130 miles in length; another from Birmingham to the Staffordshire and Worcestershire canal, joining it near Wolverhampton; and one from Birmingham to Fazely, and thence to Coventry. By canals subsequently undertaken, a communication was formed between the Grand Trunk canal and Oxford, and consequently with London, completing Brindley's magnificent scheme. In 1792 the Grand Junction canal was begun, which was in a pretty straight line from Brentford on the Thames, a little above the metropolis, to Braunston in Northamptonshire, where it unites with the Oxford and other central canals. There is also a direct water communication by means of the river Lea navigation, the Cambridge Junction canal, &c. between London and the Wash. In addition to these, an immense number of other canals, some of them of very great magnitude and importance, have been constructed in different parts of the country; so that a command of internal navigation has been obtained, unparalleled in any European country, with the exception of Holland."

Passing over the canals in Scotland, which may be more advantageously noticed in a subsequent original article, and also the Irish canals, which have been almost entire failures, we come to the American canals.

"The United States are justly distinguished by the spirit with which they have undertaken, and the perseverance they have displayed, in executing the most gigantic plans for improving and extending internal navigation. Besides many others, of great, though inferior, magnitude, a canal has been formed connecting the Hudson with Lake Erie. This immense work is 363 miles long, 40 feet wide at the surface, 28 feet wide at the bottom, and four feet deep. The locks, 81 in number, exclusive of guard locks, are 90 feet long and 14 feet wide, the average lift of each being 8½ feet; they are constructed of stone, and finished, like the rest of the canal, in a substantial and handsome manner. The rise and fall along the line is 661 feet. This great work was opened on the 8th of October 1823, but was not finally completed till 1825. It cost nearly L.1,300,000 sterling, and was executed at the expense of the state of New York. It has completely answered the view of the projectors, and will remain an example to other states; fully justifying the encomiums bestowed upon it. Various other canals have been completed in other parts of the Union." A table is added, showing the names of all the English canals, the number and price of their shares, the dividends, &c.

A SCOTCH PROVOST.

The magistrates of the Scottish burghs are generally the least informed, though perhaps respectable men, in their respective communities. And it sometimes happens, in the case of very poor and remote burghs, that persons of a very inferior station alone can be induced to accept the uneasy dignity of the curule chair. An amusing story in point is told regarding the town of L——, in B——shire, which is generally considered as a peculiarly miserable specimen of these privileged townships. An English gentleman approaching L—— one day in a gig, his horse started at a great heap of dry wood and decayed branches of trees, which a very poor-looking old man was accumulating upon the road, apparently with the intention of conveying them to town for sale as firewood. The stranger immediately cried to the old man, desiring him, in no very civil terms, to clear the road, that his horse might pass. The old man, offended at the disrespectful language of the complainant, took no notice of him, but continued to hew away at his trees. "You old dog," the gentleman then exclaimed, "I'll have you brought before the provost, and put into prison for your disregard of the laws of the road." "Gang to the deil' man, wi' your provost!" the woodcutter contemptuously replied; "*I'm provost mysel'.*"

REPROOF FROM THE PULPIT.

The Reverend Mr Shirreff, a most eccentric dissenting clergyman at Kirkaldy, could never endure to see any of his flock attend public worship in clothes that he thought too fine for their station in life. One Sunday afternoon, a young lass, who attended his meeting-house regularly, and was personally known to him, came in with a new bonnet of greater magnitude, and more richly decorated, than he thought befitted the wearer. He soon observed it; and, pausing in the middle of his discourse, said, "Leuk, ony o' ye that's near hand there, whether my wife be sleepin' or no, as I canna get a glint o' her for a' thae fine falderals about Jenny Bean's braw new bannet."

POLISH JEWS.

The city of Cracow, in Poland, has about forty thousand inhabitants, chiefly Jews, all of whom dress alike, in a black robe, and wear their hair very long. They carry long sticks, and usually wear fur hats, with broad rims. The part called Mount Vistula is inhabited exclusively by them. As you pass the doors, they come out and take you by the hand, imploring you to buy something of them. The women have very long hair, and caps of cloth and fur. The dress of the unmarried is somewhat distinctive, consisting of a red kerchief tied round the head like a turban, the curls falling from beneath.—*Webster's Travels through the Crimea.*

KENTUCKY SPORTS.

It may not be amiss, kind reader, before I attempt to give you some idea of the pleasures experienced by the sportsman of Kentucky, to introduce the subject with a slight description of that State.

Kentucky was formerly attached to Virginia, but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts farther into the recesses of the unexplored forests. Doubtless the richness of its soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, contributed as much to attract the Old Virginians, as the desire so generally experienced in America, of spreading over the uncultivated tracts, and bringing into cultivation lands that have for unknown ages teemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the Redskins was sanguinary and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and indomitable courage of the white men.

This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boon. The richness of its soil, its magnificent forests, its numberless navigable streams, its salt springs and licks, saltpetre caves, its coal strata, and the vast herds of buffaloes and deer that browsed on its hills and amidst its charming valleys, afforded ample inducements to the new settler, who pushed forward with a spirit far above that of the most undaunted tribes which for ages had been the sole possessors of the soil.

The Virginians thronged towards the Ohio. An axe, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for equipment of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new State, assured that, in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants. To have witnessed the industry and perseverance of these emigrants, must at once have proved the vigour of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground. Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts, with their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores Their cattle would often stray amid the rice pasturage of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days. To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampments, by the prowling and ruthless Indians; while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed, before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called *Stations*. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoy was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their waggons, their negroes, and their families. Their way was cut through the woods by their own axemen, the day before their advance; and when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guiding their steps as they approached, and the sounds of merriment that saluted their ears assuring them that all was weil. The flesh of the buffalo, the bear, and the deer, soon hung in large and delicious steaks, in front of the embers; the cakes already prepared were deposited in their proper places, and, under the rich drippings of the juicy roasts, were quickly baked. The waggons contained the bedding, and whilst the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth of the woods, some perhaps hoppled, but the greater number merely with a light bell hung to their neck, to guide their owners in the morning to the spot where they might have rambled, the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

In anticipation all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous sociality, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and although it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed towards the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio, when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land, for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared *arks* pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current, more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land, by the attacks of the Indians, who watched their motions. Many travellers have described these boats, formerly called *arks*, but now named *flat-boats*. But have they told you, kind reader, that in those times a boat thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric; that this boat contained men, women, and children, huddled together, with horses, cattle, hogs, and poultry, for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds? The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, ploughs, carts, waggons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, which themselves lay on the roof. Have they told you that these boats contained the little all of each family of venturous emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians under night, moved in darkness, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No, kind reader, such things have not been related to you before. The travellers who have visited our country have had other objects in view.

I shall not describe the many masacres which took place among the different parties of White and Red men, as the former moved down the Ohio; because I have never been very fond of battles, and indeed have always wished that the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add, that, in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the sports still enjoyed in that now happy portion of the United States.

We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To *drive a nail* is a common feat, not more thought of by the Kentuckians than to cut off a wild turkey's head, at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will *bark* off squirrels, one after another, until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night *snuffing a candle* at the distance of fifty yards, off-hand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have proved so expert and cool as to make choice of the eye of a foe at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the sureness of their piece, which has afterwards been fully proved when the enemy's head has been examined!

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sport, I shall present you with the results of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that State.

Several individuals who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun, are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping* it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it over. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot that comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is, of course, somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed *Driving the Nail.*

Barking off Squirrels is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring squirrels, whilst near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the *bead* (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the *sight*) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise, when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boon kept up his firing, and, before many hours had elasped, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boon, I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of the Green River, not far from a large pigeon-roost, to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen of tall stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torch-light. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as I intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle, I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. In every thinly peopled portion of the State, it is rare to meet one without a gun of that description, as well as a tomahawk. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bull's eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

After what I have said, you may easily imagine with what ease a Kentuckian procures game, or dispatches an enemy, more especially when I tell you that every one in the State is accustomed to handle the rifle from the time when he is first able to shoulder it until near the close of his career. That murderous weapon is the means of procuring them subsistence during all their wild and extensive rambles, and is the source of their principal sports and pleasures.—*Audubon's Ornithological Biography.*

SCOTCH JUDGE.

A judge of the Court of Session, well known for speaking his mother tongue in its broadest accent, as well on the bench as in common discourse, on a particular occasion was addressed by a barrister, equally noted for the elegance and purity of his style, as his Lordship was the reverse, who opened the case of his client in the following words:—"My Lord, the pursuer, my client, is an itinerant violin player." "What's that?" said his Lordship; "is that what ye ca' a blin' fiddler?" "*Vulgarly so called,*" said the lawyer.

MR ABERNETHY.

A lady consulting the late Mr Abernethy on a nervous disorder, entered into a long, frivolous, and fantastic detail of her symptoms. Unsatisfied with being referred to his "book" for instruction respecting the treatment of her complaints, she persisted in endeavouring to extract further information from Mr Abernethy. After suffering her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed to the repeated "May I eat oysters, Doctor? May I eat suppers?" "I'll tell you what, Ma'am; you may eat any thing but the poker and the bellows; for the one is hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind."

INTRODUCTION OF THE BUG FAMILY.

It is generally supposed that the bug was first introduced to this country in the fir-timber which was imported for the purpose of rebuilding London, after the great fire of 1666. It is said that bugs were not known in England before that time; and many of these insects were found almost immediately afterwards in the newly erected edifices. This may probably be true, as in many of the remoter parts of the empire they are unknown to the present day—or at all events extremely rare; and it is pretty well known that they generally attack newly arrived visitants from the country with the greatest severity. The female lays about fifty eggs at a time. These eggs are white, and at first are covered with a viscous matter, which afterwards hardens, and fixes them wherever they are laid. The young bugs come forth in about three weeks. The usual times of laying are in the months of March, May, July, and September. Two hundred young ones may be produce from every female bug that lives through the season Thus it may be seen what a numerous increase ther may be of those disgusting vermin, when proper care is not taken to destroy them.—*Griffith's Translation of Cuvier.*

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FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG.

"DEBTORS AND CREDITORS."

THE common feeling respecting debtors and creditors is very erroneous, and, as is common with popular fallacies, it imposes with double force upon the young and inexperienced. Debtors are represented in all works of fiction, and in the ordinary language of a large portion of society, as a set of amiable, unfortunate, and most interesting persons: Creditors, on the other hand, as an unmingled generation of execrable wretches, with a hardness of heart that would not disgrace the executioner, and indeed only one remove from another stony class of men, the much misrepresented jailors. Now, the person who writes this article has known many debtors and creditors, and he can say that, in by far the most cases, the latter were the better class of men. He alludes, of course, not to commercial men at large, who are in their own persons, in general, as much of the one thing as the other, but to cases where the creditor is a tradesman, and the debtor a customer; that is, where the debt is not incurred in the intercourse of business, but for the personal use and benefit of the debtor. In these cases, so far from the creditor being an unfeeling and relentless tyrant, as he is generally represented, he is only the indignant victim of the imprudence or guilt of the debtor. The latter may be an amiable and interesting person, for we often find these characteristics united to consummate folly and disregard of the rights of others. But the young must beware how they set down debtors, in a class, as purely estimable and entitled to sympathy, while they at the same time look upon creditors as only ruthless persecutors, worthy of the bitterest execration. They may depend upon it that no notion could be more erroneous, no error more apt to be fatal to them in their course through life. They must be informed that to incur debt for their own gratifications, without the ability to discharge it, is just another thing for selling themselves as slaves to their creditors. After doing so, they are no longer entirely free: part of themselves becomes the property of another, and thus they lose the respect of the world, which cannot see one man indulge in enjoyments at the expense of his fellow, without thinking of him very meanly. The incurring of debt for personal gratification is odious, for many reasons. In the first place, it violates that rule of nature which appoints every man to work for himself, and only enjoy as he works. It also tends to occasion the ruin of innocent persons. Creditors are not invariably rich, as one would suppose them to be, from reading novels. They are more frequently poor, industrious persons, who, in loosing money by their debtors, are apt to be made debtors themselves, and thereby ruined. In fact, the case stands generally thus:—An idle or extravagant person procures support for his bad appetites, and is enabled to show himself off as a very fine fellow, at the expense of a humble-minded honest trader, who confines himself constantly to his business, and forbids himself almost every indulgence, in order that he may be able to pay every one to whom *he* is indebted, and discharge all the other duties of a good citizen. Now, if young people will bring their naturally generous feelings to bear upon this point, they will see that the debtor, and not the creditor, is alone worthy of execration. And they may be assured that where creditors show a severity to their debtors, it is generally either merited by the latter, or is dictated by a justifiable consideration of the danger into which they are thrown by the non-payment of the money which is their due, and which they may be owing in their turn to some other person

In every rule there are exceptions; but it is necessary to guard against the breaking down of *great rules* by allowing for *trifling exceptions*. Because good men sometimes incur debt, and become insolvent, through no fault of theirs, we must not infringe upon the majesty of the great maxim, that debt ought to be paid, and that its non-payment is an evil. Young people, if they wish to prosper in the world, will do well not to excuse all contraction of debt for the sake of the few who contract it innocently. They must have impressed forcibly upon their minds, that every pleasure in which they indulge themselves, without the reasonable prospect of paying for it, though it be but to the amount of one penny, is a step in error, and apt to be the beginning of their destruction. They must have it impressed upon their minds that no man of good feelings can enjoy the least comfort, if he be not conscious of working for, or being honestly come into the possession of, fully as much as he spends. To persist in living beyond our incomes is to live a life of dishonesty and to subsist on the industry of relatives, as is sometimes the case with the idle and the dissolute, is worse still, for it involves an excessive meanness of spirit, ingratitude, and hard-heartedness —thus adding depth to the crime, and will be sure to be visited some day with feelings of anguish and remorse.

A predominating error among the junior classes of society, is a disinclination to wait for a short time till they be enabled to compete in the enjoyment of luxuries with others they see around them, and who it is more than probable have toiled long and painfully before they arrived at their present apparently prosperous condition. This impatience of reaching a certain height in the ladder of fortune, without taking deliberation to mount a number of preliminary and difficult steps, cannot, indeed, be sufficiently reprehended where it occurs, as it leads to that fatal resource of incurring debts never to be paid, and that supposed harshness of creditors, which a disordered process of reasoning brings into view. I would here tenderly admonish the youthful part of the community to refrain from indulgences they cannot honestly command. Let them believe one who has had some experience, when he tells them that there is not the least chance of the world running away from them; that the present generation of grown men will not consume all earthly enjoyments, but will leave a boundless variety of every thing which can please the senses, or gratify an honourable ambition. They need, therefore, be in no hurry whatever, and take time to build their fortune on a firm and secure basis. The rising generation cannot lay these things sufficiently to heart. They cannot be sufficiently taught, that suffering under the consequences of imprudently incurred debts does not necessarily make them heroes—is not entitled to unmingled sympathy, no more than a robber at the gallows is a martyr; but that, while pity is perhaps due to them, as to all who err in this frail world, the larger share of sympathy ought to be bestowed on their unfortunate victims, the creditors, whose families may be suffering from their criminal follies, and who are apt to be by far the better and honester men.

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

Continued.

FEW of the ancient families of Scotland can trace their genealogy to so distinguished a foreign source as that of Vans, or more properly Vaus, or Vaux. On the Continent of Europe the De Vaux family have been Dukes of Andrea, Princes of Joinville, Taranto, and Altamara, Sovereign Counts of Orange and Provence, and Kings of Vienne, and Arles, as well as Lords de Vaux in Normandy. Members of the Norman branch of the family accompanied the conqueror to England in 1066, and there their descendants became Lords de Vaux, of Pentney and Beevor in Norfolk, of Gilsland in Cumberland, and of Harrowden in Northamptonshire. It is mentioned by Sir David Lindsay, in his Heraldry, that Vaus was "one of the surnames of thame that came furth of Ingland with Sanct Margaret," the wife of Malcolm Canmore. According to Sir James Dalrymple, one of the family came to Scotland in the reign of David I.; and in the reign of his grandson and successor Malcolm IV., mention is made of Philip de Vallibus or Vaux, who had possessions in the south, and soon after the family is found proprietors of the lands and barony of Dirleton, in East Lothian. The chief remaining branch of this ancient house has long been that of the Vanses of Barnbarroch in Wigtonshire. The change of the name from Vaus to Vans, though curious, is not singular, as many Scottish surnames have been gradually altered in a similar manner, chiefly from a peculiarity in writing them down.

The noble family of Loudon in Ayrshire originated in James the son of Lambin, who obtained from Richard de Morville the manor of Loudon, in Cunningham. Here he settled as the vassal of Moreville, and assumed the designation De Loudon, according to the practice of the age. The estate and name merged, by the marriage of a female heir, into the Crawfords of Lanarkshire. The Vetrepontes, an Anglo-Norman family, settled in Scotland in these early times; but though they extended themselves over the country, they did not arrive at any eminence, and have bequeathed no surname. The distinguished name of the Frasers first made their appearance in Scotland about the reign of David I., their earliest place of settlement being in East Lothian, where they held lands as vassals of the Earls of Dunbar. From these Frasers were descended families of the same name, who acted a conspicuous part in the troublous period consequent on the death of Alexander III. Symon Fraser, a descendant, became possessor of extensive estates in Peebles-shire, and has been famed as one of the most gallant soldiers during the struggle which the Scotch maintained against Edward I. In time, the Frasers of East Lothian and Peebles-shire sunk through female heirs, or transferred themselves to the north, where they have ever since been found. During the reign of Robert Bruce, they proceeded northward into the Mearns, Aberdeenshire, and Inverness-shire, and from this stock branched off Fraser Lord Salton, Fraser Lord Fraser, and Fraser Lord Lovat.

The Cummings, or Cumyns, were also settlers in Scotland under David I., having come from the county of Northumberland. From Earl Henry, the son of David, Richard Cumyn received a grant of the estate of Linton Roderick in Roxburghshire, which was thus their first place of settlement. The Cumyns, like the Frasers, spread northward; one became Lord of Badenoch, and another, by marriage, Earl of Monteith. The name of Cumyn figures conspicuously throughout the disastrous period of the thirteenth century. Their ambition led them to put forth their claims to the Scottish crown, but they at length fell before the fortune of Bruce, and their surname has never since emerged from obscurity. Connected with these eminent persons, was another great family of Norman origin, the Baliols of Bernard Castle, in Durham, who obtained some lands in Scotland under David I. They became conspicuous under William

the Lion, and his son Alexander II. In 1233, John Baliol of Bernard Castle married Devorgoil, the youngest daughter of Allan, the lord of Galloway, by his second wife, Margaret, the daughter of David the Earl of Huntingdon. By this marriage he obtained, on the death of Allan, vast opulence; and on the demise of Alexander III. his family was involved in lasting misery. His son, John Baliol, it will be remembered, obtained the crown through his mother, his grandmother, and great-grandfather; had his claims allowed by Edward, and, after a bloody struggle, died in France in 1316. The various families of Baliols in Scotland seem to have become extinct after these disasters. The family which now falls naturally under notice is that of Bruce. Robert de Bruis was an opulent baron in Yorkshire, at the early epoch of Doomsday Book. His son Robert appeared in the court of Henry I. with Earl David, being nearly of the same age; and soon after the accession of King David in 1124, he obtained from him a grant of the district of Annandale. The charter by which David conferred this large domain is of a curious nature. It establishes the tenure by the sword; that is, gives a right to Bruce to take possession and retain by force of arms. It may thus be supposed that the English baron, in thus making good his settlement, would bring with him knights and yeomen from Yorkshire, as indeed might be shown by tracing to this source some respectable families—the Johnstons, for one, in Dumfries-shire. The baron, who in this manner acquired the district of Annandale, died in 1141; his son Adam inheriting his English estates, and becoming the progenitor of the Bruces of Skelton, and his youngest son Robert inheriting the property in Scotland, and laying the foundation of the royal house of Bruce in this kingdom. Robert, his grandson, married Isabel, the second daughter of David, the Earl of Huntingdon; and it was in consequence of this marriage that their son Robert entered into the competition for the crown, and that their great-grandson ascended the throne. In the genealogy of these Bruces, it appears that there had been nine persons in direct descent from Robert Bruis of Doomsday Book, to Robert Bruce the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, inclusive, and that there were eight of them named Robert, and one of them called William.

This superficial sketch may here be closed by some account of the not less distinguished family of Stewart. During the troublous conflicts of Maud and Stephen, in their competition for the crown of England, Walter, the son of Allan, the son of Flaald, fled from the family-seat at Oswestry, in Shropshire, and settled in Scotland. David I. made him his steward, and gave him lands to support the dignity of his office. By the charter we learn that these lands were those of "Passaleth (Paisley), Polloc, Talahee, Ketkert, le Drop, le Mutrene, Eglesham, Louchwinnock, and Inverwick." These estates in Renfrewshire (then a portion of Lanarkshire) were confirmed by Malcolm IV., in 1157, when he made the office of steward hereditary, and granted, in addition, various other estates in the same quarter. Besides these possessions, Walter acquired the western half of Kyle in Ayrshire, which hence was called Kyle Stewart. At this period the country was in a semi-barbarous state; but Walter the Stewart introduced new and civilised usages. He settled many of his military followers on his lands, and, founding the Abbey of Paisley, introduced a body of instructed men, who taught the ancient people domestic arts and foreign manners. By the marriage of one of these Stewarts with Margery Bruce, Robert the Stewart was born, and became King of Scots, 1370-1. We thus perceive that the Cumyns, the Baliols, the Bruces, the Stewarts, all claimants or inheritors of the Scottish crown, were the descendants of Englishmen, who at the distance of a very few generations had had no connexion whatever with Scotland. A fact still more curious may be mentioned. The illustrious family of Wallace was of the same recent English extraction. The first of the name, which appears to have been variously written Walense, or Waleys, was an Anglo-Norman, who settled under the Stewarts in Ayrshire and Renfrew. Richard Walense acquired lands in Kyle, where he settled, and named the place Ricard-tun, which till this day is the name of a village and parochial division. Another branch of the family of Walense took root in Renfrewshire under Walter the Stewart, in the early part of the thirteenth century; and from this branch was descended Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie. In this manner, the great-grandfather of this distinguished Scottish patriot must have been an Englishman by birth.—*To be continued.*

EUROPE EMERGING FROM THE MIDDLE AGES.

The least interesting period in the history of mankind occurs from the fourth till the twelfth centuries, a period entitled by historians "the middle ages," from the circumstance of its being preceded by the enlightened epoch of Roman history, and succeeded by the revival of arts and learning consequent on the crusades. The overthrow of the empire of Rome was begun to be effected by the warlike inroads of barbarous tribes in the course of the fourth century, and it was two hundred years before Europe recovered tranquillity under an entirely new system of government. The Saxons were by that time masters of the southern and more fertile provinces of Britain; the Franks, of Gaul; the Huns, of Pannonia; the Goths, of Spain; the Goths and Lombards, of Italy and the adjacent provinces. Very faint vestiges of the Roman policy, jurisprudence, arts, or literature, remained. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dresses, new languages, and new names of men and countries, were introduced. The magnificence of Rome was followed by the rudeness of savage races of men, whose temper long kept Christendom in a state of mental darkness. In these middle ages arose the feudal system—a plan of holding land by military service, and of introducing a perfect principle of vassalage, from the lowest serf up to the sovereign or conqueror. During this dark epoch, the great dominant power was the Church of Rome, and in whose clergy a knowledge of letters alone found a refuge.

The disorders in the feudal system, together with the corruption of taste and manners consequent upon these, which had gone on increasing during a long course of years, seemed to have attained their utmost point of excess towards the close of the eleventh century. From that era we may date the return of government and manners in a contrary direction, and can trace a succession of causes and events which contributed, some with a nearer and more conspicuous, others with a more remote and less perceptible influence, to abolish confusion and barbarism, and to introduce order, regularity, and refinement. The crusades, or expeditions in order to rescue the Holy Land out of the hands of infidels, seem to be the first event that roused Europe from the lethargy in which it had been long sunk, and that tended to introduce any considerable change in government or in manners. It is natural to the human mind to view those places which have been distinguished by being the residence of any illustrious personage, or the scene of any great transaction, with some degree of delight and veneration. To this principle must be ascribed the superstitious devotion with which Christians, from the earliest ages of the church, were accustomed to visit that country which the Almighty had selected as the inheritance of his favourite people, and in which the Son of God had accomplished the redemption of mankind. As this distant pilgrimage could not be performed without considerable expense, fatigue, and danger, it appeared the more meritorious, and came to be considered as an expiation for almost every crime. An opinion which spread with rapidity over Europe about the close of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century, and which gained universal credit, wonderfully augmented the number of credulous pilgrims, and increased the ardour with which they undertook this useless voyage. The thousand years, mentioned by St John in the second and third verses of the twentieth chapter of Revelations, wherein it is told that the devil was to be loosed after having been bound for that period of time, were supposed to be accomplished, and the end of the world to be at hand. A general consternation seized mankind; many relinquished their possessions, and, abandoning their friends and families, hurried with precipitation to the Holy Land, where they imagined that Christ would quickly appear to judge the world.

When the minds of men were thus prepared, the zeal of a fanatical monk, who conceived the idea of leading all the forces of Christendom against the Mahomedans who held possession of the Holy Land, and of driving them out by violence, was sufficient to give a beginning to that wild enterprise. *Peter the Hermit*, for that was the name of this martial apostle, ran from province to province with a crucifix in his hand, exciting princes and people to this holy war, and, wherever he came, kindled the same enthusiastic ardour for it with which he himself was actuated. The council of Placentia, where upwards of thirty thousand persons were assembled, pronounced the scheme to have been suggested by the immediate inspiration of Heaven. In the council of Clermont, still more numerous, as soon as the measure was proposed, all cried out with one voice, "It is the will of God." Persons of all ranks caught the contagion: not only the gallant nobles of that age, with their martial followers, whom we may suppose apt to be allured by the boldness of a romantic enterprise, but men in the more humble and pacific stations of life; ecclesiastics of every order, and even women and children, engaged with emulation in an undertaking which was deemed sacred and meritorious. It is related that no less than six millions of persons assumed the cross, which was the badge that distinguished such as devoted themselves to this holy warfare. All Europe, torn up from the foundation, seemed ready to precipitate itself in one united body upon Asia. Nor did the fumes of this enthusiastic zeal evaporate at once; the frenzy was as lasting as it was extravagant. During two centuries, Europe seems to have had no object but to recover, or keep possession of, the Holy Land; and through that period vast armies continued to march thither.

The first efforts of valour, animated by enthusiasm, were irresistible. Part of the Lesser Asia, all Syria and Palestine, were wrested from the infidels; the banner of the cross was displayed on Mount Zion. Constantinople, the capital of the Christian empire in the east, was afterwards seized by a body of those adventurers who had taken arms against the Mahomedans; and an Earl of Flanders and his descendants kept possession of the imperial throne during half a century. But, though the first impression of the crusaders was so unexpected that they made their conquests with great ease, they found infinite difficulty in preserving them. Establishments so distant from Europe, surrounded by warlike nations animated with fanatical zeal scarcely inferior to that of the crusaders themselves, were perpetually in danger of being overturned. Before the expiration of the thirteenth century (1294), the Christians were driven out of all their Asiatic possessions, in acquiring of which incredible numbers of men had perished, and immense sums of money had been wasted.

But from these expeditions, extravagant as they were, beneficial consequences followed, which had neither been foreseen nor expected. In their progress towards the Holy Land, the followers of the cross marched through countries better cultivated and more civilized than their own. Their first rendezvous was commonly at Italy, in which Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and other cities, had begun to apply themselves to commerce, and had made considerable advances towards wealth as well as refinement. They embarked there, and, landing in Dalmatia, pursued their route by land to Constantinople. Though the military spirit had been long extinct in the Eastern Empire, and a despotism of the worst species had annihilated almost every public virtue, yet Constantinople, having never felt the destructive rage of the barbarous nations, was the greatest as well as the most beautiful city in Europe, and the only one in which there remained any image of the ancient elegance in manners and arts. The naval power of the Eastern Empire was considerable. Manufactures of the most curious fabric were carried on in its dominions. Constantinople was the chief mart in Europe for the commodities of the East Indies. It was not possible for the crusaders to travel through so many countries, and to behold the various customs and institutions, without acquiring information and improvement. Their views enlarged, their prejudices wore off, new ones crowded upon their minds; and they must have been sensible on many occasions of the rusticity of their own manners, when compared with those of a more polished people. These impressions were not so slight as to be effaced upon their return to their native countries. A close intercourse subsisted between the east and west during two centuries; new armies were continually marching from Europe to Asia, while former adventurers returned home, and imported many of the customs to which they had been familiarised by a long residence abroad. Accordingly we discover, soon after the commencement of the crusades, great splendour in the courts of princes, great pomp in public ceremonies, a more refined taste in pleasures and amusements, together with a more romantic spirit of enterprise spreading gradually over Europe; and to these wild expeditions, the effect of supersititon or folly, we owe the first gleams of light which tended to dispel barbarism and ignorance.

The crusades were in a particular manner beneficial to the Italian states. The Venetians made themselves masters of part of the ancient Peloponnesus in Greece, together with some of the most fertile islands in the Archipelago. Many valuable branches of commerce, which formerly centred in Constantinople, were transferred to Venice, Genoa, or Pisa. Thus a succession of events, occasioned by the Holy War, opened various sources, from which wealth flowed in such abundance into these cities, as enabled them, in concurrence with another institution, immediately to be mentioned, to secure their own liberty and independence.

The institution here alluded to was the forming of cities into communities, corporations, or bodies politic, and granting them the privilege of municipal jurisdiction, which contributed more, perhaps, than any other cause, to introduce regular government, police, and arts, and to diffuse them over Europe The feudal government had degenerated into a system of oppression. The usurpations of the nobles were become unbounded and intolerable; they had reduced the great body of the people into a state of actual servitude. Nor was such oppression the portion of those alone who dwelt in the country, and were employed in cultivating the estate of their master. Cities and villages found it necessary to hold of some great lord, on whom they might depend for protection, and became no less subject to his arbitrary jurisdiction. The inhabitants were deprived of those rights which, in social life, are deemed most natural and inalienable. They could not dispose of the effects which their own industry had acquired, either by a latter will, or by any deed executed during their life. Neither could they marry, or carry on law-suits, without the consent of their lord. But as soon as the cities of Italy began to turn their attention towards commerce, and to conceive some idea of the advantages which they might derive from it, they became impatient to shake off the yoke of their insolent lords, and to establish among themselves such a free and equal government as would render property secure, and industry flourishing. Encouraged by their distance from the seat of government of the German emperors, and other circumstances, the inhabitants of some of the Italian cities, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, began to assume new privileges, to unite more closely, and to form themselves into bodies politic under the government of laws established by common consent. The rights which many cities acquired by bold or fortunate usurpations, others purchased from the emperors. The increase of wealth which the crusaders brought into Italy occasioned a new kind of fermentation and activity in the minds of the people, and excited such a general passion for liberty and independence, that, before the conclusion of the last crusade, all the considerable cities in that country had either purchased, or had extorted large immunities from the emperors.

This innovation was not long known in Italy before it made its way into France. Charters of community were granted, enfranchising the inhabitants of towns, abolishing all works of servitude, and forming them into corporations or bodies politic, to be governed by a council and magistrates of their own nomination. Much about the same period the great cities in Germany began to acquire like immunities, and laid the foundation of their present liberty and independence. The practice spread quickly over Europe, and was adopted in Spain, England, Scotland, and all other feudal kingdoms. The first community of this description formed in Scotland is understood to have been that of Berwick-upon-Tweed, which received its charter from William the Lion. Towns, upon acquiring the right of community, became so many little republics, governed by known and equal laws. The inhabitants being trained to arms, and being surrounded by walls, they soon began to hold the neigh

bouring barons in contempt, and to withstand aggressions on their property and privileges. The monarchs of Europe, in general, thus found these burgal communities of great service in opposing the overgrown power of the nobility, and, consequently, continued to load them with additional immunities. But another great good, of fully more importance, was produced. These free communities were speedily admitted, by their representatives, into the great council of the nation, whether distinguished by the name of a Parliament, a Diet, the Cortes, or the States-General. This is justly esteemed the greatest event in the history of mankind in modern times. Representatives from the English boroughs were first admitted into the great national council by the barons who took up arms against Henry III. in the year 1265; being summoned in order to add to the greater popularity of their party, and to strengthen the barrier against the encroachments of regal power. I notice this circumstance merely as a matter of history, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from an event which ultimately had the effect of revolutionizing the whole framework of society, and of rearing that great respectable body of the people styled "the middle classes."

The enfranchising of burgal communities led to the manumission of slaves. Hitherto the tillers of the ground, all the inferior classes of the country, were the bondmen of the barons. The monarchs of France, in order to reduce the power of the nobles, set the example, by ordering (1315-18) all serfs to be set at liberty on just and reasonable conditions. The edicts were carried into immediate execution within the royal domain. The example of their sovereigns, together with the expectation of considerable sums which they might raise by this expedient, led many of the nobles to set their dependents at liberty; and servitude was gradually abolished in almost every province of the kingdom. This beneficial practice similarly spread over the rest of Europe; and in England, as the spirit of liberty gained ground, the very name and idea of personal servitude, without any formal interposition of the legislature to prohibit it, was totally banished.*

THE STRANGER GUEST.

AN ENGLISH TALE.

THERE was in my neighbourhood a farm-house which was remarkable, as well for the peculiarity of its structure, as the very beautiful country by which it was surrounded. It was very ancient, and had the appearance of being of Saxon architecture. The farm attached to it was of considerable extent, and formed part of the estate of a nobleman who had large possessions in the county, but who rarely visited them. As a young man, he was conspicuous for the generosity of his disposition, a nice sense of honour, and the mildness and affability of his manners. His classical and intellectual attainments were of a high order; and his wit, like Yorick's, was wont to "set the table in a roar." He formed an attachment to a young lady, who, in a month before the day fixed for their union, suddenly, and without assigning a reason for the alteration in her sentiments, married a nobleman of higher rank. He received the intelligence of her faithlessness without uttering a syllable, or betraying any indication of anger or sorrow; nor was he ever known to allude to the subject—but, from that hour, he was a changed man. He withdrew entirely from female society, and became a member of a fashionable club, where a great portion of his time was passed. He engaged for a season in play; but, although his losses were insignificant, he soon grew disgusted with his pursuit and his companions. He then plunged deeply into politics, and was constant in his attendance at the House; but the vacuum in his mind was too vast to be filled by such expedients. He then quitted England, and travelled rapidly through France, Italy, and Germany, but could not outstrip the phantom that pursued him. At length he took up his residence entirely on the Continent, and thus his talents were lost to his country, whose senate he had so often charmed by his eloquence, and enlightened by his wisdom.

The management of his estates, in the meantime, was confided to his steward, Mr Giles Jenkins; a man who, although he would have made a grenadier among Lilliputians, was but a Lilliputian among grenadiers, being in stature exactly five feet two inches. His sallow complexion and forbidding aspect were by no means improved by an obliquity of vision and a red nose, which latter decoration was obtained at the expense of his temperance. He had been originally bred to the law, to the tortuosities of which his mind was admirably adapted. Diminutive as was his person, there was room enough in his bosom for the operation of some of the fiercest passions that deform humanity. His indomitable arrogance, grasping avarice, and insatiable revenge, made him the terror of all who were subjected to his influence, particularly of the tenants, among whom he exercised the most tyrannical sway. He was, moreover, a consummate hypocrite, and, as far as regarded his master, a successful one.

The farm at the period of which I am writing was tenanted by Andrew Hodson, whose ancestors had cultivated the same soil for more than a century.

Andrew had passed his fiftieth year; but the temperance of his habits, and the healthful nature of his employment, had protected him, in a great degree, from the inroads of time, and gave him the appearance of being much younger. His complexion exhibited the ruddy hue of health; and, although naturally fair, was imbrowned by the sun of many summers.

Andrew's wife, who had been pretty, and was then a very comely dame, was somewhat younger than himself. Her domestic virtues and acquirements were admirably adapted for a farmer's wife; and, although a shrewd, she was a very kind-hearted woman. They had two children, a son and a daughter; the former about one and twenty, and the latter two years younger.

Frank Hodson, very like his father in person, was an industrious, good humoured lad; and, when dressed in a smart green riding frock, light corduroy breeches, and long leather gaiters, or leggings, as they are called, was a very likely object to draw a second look from the village maidens, or even from dames of higher degree, as, mounted on his rough-coated forester, he passed on his way to the market town,

Those who, in their estimate of a rustic belle, are unable to separate the idea of vulgarity from the character, would do gross injustice to Amy Hodson, both as regards the style of her beauty, and the gentleness of manner by which it was graced. Nature is no respecter of persons; and in the formation of our race, has little reference to the stations we are destined to fill; since she as often bestows the fair heritage of beauty on the child of a peasant as on the heiress of a peer. Nor am I aware of any thing in the habits or occupation of a farmer's daughter, which has not a tendency rather to improve than to impair the symmetry of the form. Amy rose with the lark, breathing as sweet a hymn to the portals of heaven, and returning the first glance of Aurora with an eye as bright, and a smile as rosy as her own. Nor is Nature always aristocratic in dispensing understanding, and Amy's was an excellent one, on which the few advantages she had derived in point of education had not been thrown away.

The family, parents, and children, were bound together, not only by links of the strongest affection, but by the firmer bands of religion, of which they had all a deep and influential sense. The voice of contention was never heard in their dwelling.

Andrew Hodson for many years had prospered in the world, but on the expiration of the lease which had descended to him from his father, a reluctance to quit a spot which so many recollections had endeared to him, induced him to take the farm, at a rent above its value; so that, instead of saving money every year as he was wont to do, he began to find it a losing concern. At length, however, the failure of a provincial banker deprived him of the hundreds he had laid by, and placed him in circumstances of much difficulty. Thus it happened, that in lieu of having his homestead surrounded by wheat-stacks, the growth of former years, his sheaves were transferred directly from the harvest-field to the thrashing-floor, and the produce was sent to market under all the disadvantages of a forced sale, to meet his Michaelmas rent. Again, if a horse died, or was worn out, he was unable, for want of money, to supply its place; and thus the strength on his farm became gradually so much reduced, that many acres of his land, which might have been made productive, remained uncultivated.

Andrew and his family met his reverse of fortune as became them, by the sacrifice of very many comforts, in which, under more prosperous circumstances, they were warranted in indulging. The old man exchanged his favourite hackney for a cart-horse, and superintended the operations on his farm on foot. Frank gave up his forest galloway to the harrow and light plough; and poor Amy's pony was sold to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had taken a fancy to it for his daughter. The privation, however, which they most lamented, was the necessity of contracting, not only the scale of their hospitality, but the sphere of their charity. It is true, the wayfaring man never passed the door unrefreshed, nor the houseless wanderer unrelieved; and their hearth still shed its genial warmth upon the poor dependent, whom they had not the heart to displace from his seat in the chimney corner; but there were many who were left bitterly to regret that the liberal hand should ever be closed by the pressure of calamity.

Under the influence of all these inauspicious events, they had sources of comfort of which the world could not deprive them. The sound of the dance, and the voice of innocent hilarity, were no longer heard in their hall, but the still small voice of an approving conscience consoled them for the loss. Where a family are thus united, their home, although it were a hovel, cannot be desolate. Instead of sitting down in despair under their misfortune, each strove to cheer and support the other beneath its weight. They had all been early taught to look up to their God, and to put their trust in His mercy and wisdom under every dispensation; nor, at the morning and evening sacrifice, were their hearts less fervent in their thanksgivings for the blessings which were left to them, than when they were showered down with a profuser hand. Another source of consolation was supplied to them in the uniform respect of those around them, who regarded their calamity with that silent sympathy which is worth all the condolence that proud prosperity ever dinged into the ears of the unfortunate. Often would the neighbouring farmers, aware of the difficulties he laboured under for want of strength upon his land, club together, each contributing a horse, and thus furnish him with the use of a team for several days, in the busy seasons of seed-time and harvest.

One evening towards the close of the summer, as Andrew Hodson and his family were sitting at the window, they observed a horseman riding along the road, which lay within a few yards of the house. Frank, whose admiration of a fine horse was in no degree diminished by the circumstance of his no longer possessing one, exclaimed to his sister, "Look, Amy! is not that a fine creature? what action he has! and see how he throws his feet out; a little ewe-necked, to be sure, but that is a sign of blood."

In the meantime, the traveller had arrived nearly opposite to the house. He was rather tall, somewhat in years, but sat very erect on his horse, whose appearance justified the encomiums which Frank had bestowed on it. The gentleman's dress consisted of a blue coat, not remarkable for its lustre, and of a fashion almost coeval with the wearer; it was buttoned close up to his throat. His legs were encased in riding boots, and his intermediate habiliment was of buckskin which however did not fit its present proprietor quite so tightly at it did its deceased one.

"I wish, Frank," said the farmer, "you would keep that dog tied up," alluding to a small terrier which ran out at the gate, and barked at the heels of the traveller's horse. The animal reared in consequence, and then, in plunging, one of its feet alighted on a rolling stone; it stumbled and fell, throwing its rider to the ground with considerable violence. The steed was soon on its legs again; its master rose more slowly, approached his horse, passed his hand over its knees, and then attempted to remount, but in vain, and he was compelled to lean against the saddle for support.

By this time all the family were at his side, expressing much regret for the occasion of the accident, and apprehensions for the consequences. The stranger was with difficulty conducted into the house, and placed upon a sort of couch, where he remained for some minutes, without utterng a word, although his countenance was sufficiently indicative of his feelings, in which vexation appeared to predominate over pain. On his making a movement, which those around him interpreted into an attempt to rise, he was earnestly entreated not to think of quitting the house until the following day. He replied, in no very conciliatory tone: "No, no, you have me safe enough; I shall be your guest for some time to come, to my comfort, and no doubt to yours; and if that abominable cur be not hanged or shot, I think your house stands a fair chance of becoming an hospital." Frank expressed himself deeply concerned for the accident, but alleged that the dog had been tied up, and had broken its chain; he added, however, that the animal should not commit a similar offence, and, taking a gun from over the chimney-piece, declared his intention of destroying the culprit immediately. "I pray you, young gentleman, forbear," said the stranger; "what warrant have I that the animal is not mad? He may have bitten my horse, and my horse may go mad also and bite me. No, no, sir, tie the brute up again, securely, if you please, and 'when he foams at the mouth,' you may shoot him and the horse together." Perceiving that the gentleman was in great pain, the farmer inquired if he would prefer being conducted to bed to remaining on the couch. He replied, "Yes; and the sooner you take me there the better, if you wish to have the assistance of my legs in transporting me, for they are growing confoundedly stiff, I can tell you."

As soon as the difficulty of conveying him to bed was surmounted, Frank, borrowing a neighbour's horse, rode off to the village for the assistance of Mr Blandford, the only surgeon within some miles. He unfortunately being from home, Frank applied to me, supposing that a physician would answer the same purpose. It was a case scarcely within my province, but conceiving I might be of some use, I put a lancet in my pocket, and accompanied the messenger on his way back to the farm. I ascended to the apartment which the stranger occupied, and found him stretched upon the bed, apparently suffering very much from the effects of his accident. He regarded me, for some seconds, with a most acrimonious expression of countenance, and answered the questions which I found it necessary to put to him, at the least possible expense of words; differing very much, in this particular, from the generality of patients who have come under my notice. Every allowance, however, was to be made for his temper, the equilibrium of which, it must be confessed, such a tumble as he had met with was very likely to derange. I bled him, as a precautionary measure, and ordered some simple applications to his ankle, which had been severly sprained, and was much swollen. After assuring him that he need not entertain any apprehensions for the result of his accident, for that a few days' confinement would be the extent of the inconvenience, I promised to call on him again in a few days, and took my leave.

Agreeably to my promise, I called again at the farm, and found the stranger much improved, both in health and temper, although he was then very lame. He entered into conversation upon indifferent topics, in the course of which he dropped, as if incidentally, some questions regarding the character and circumstances of his host; in answering which, I bore testimony to the high respectability and worth of the one, and expressed my regret at the change which had occurred in the other.

The unremitting assiduity with which he was waited on by the family, combined, perhaps, with the improvement in his health, appeared to have wrought a material change in his behaviour towards them. His manner was more conciliating, particularly to Amy, who was frequently in attendance upon him. He never made the remotest allusion to his accident, until one day when the unlucky cur whose freak had occasioned it, happened to intrude into his apartment, he smiled, and remarked in reference to his own danger, and the sentence which had so nearly been executed on the dog, that their acquaintance had nearly proved fatal to both of them. He never mentioned his name, or dropped the slightest hint as to his quality, although there were some points in his conduct which did not altogether accord with the rank assigned to him by Frank. As soon as he could walk about without pain, he mingled freely with the family, and apparently took an interest in their concerns, and the business of the farm. The only suspicious circumstance connected with him was his uniformly retiring on the approach of strangers, so that, in fact, he was never seen by any but the family and their domestics.

The reader will not be surprised on learning that Amy had a lover; nay, he would rather marvel, perhaps, that she had not half a dozen, which, by the way, she might have had, for aught that I know to the contrary. Certain it is, however, she had but one favoured lover, and he was Robert Hawkhurst, the only son of an opulent freeholder in the neighbourhood, who farmed his own land. Robert was a tall, good-looking young man—Amy thought him handsome—and his general bearing and habits of life were adapted to the wealth, rather than

* The above paper is little else than an abstract of Dr Robertson's View of the State of Europe, prefatory to his Life of Charles V.

to the occupation of his father, who had bestowed on him a fair education, kept him a horse, and extended to him other indulgences, which, it is but justice to add, were well merited by his son. His father, who did not at first oppose the intimacy between Robert and Amy, had no wish, when he saw how matters were going with the Hodsons, that his son should involve himself in their misfortunes, and therefore had of late discountenanced, although he did not altogether forbid, his visits. But the prudent caution of age and the generous devotion of youth are somewhat opposite counsellors; and Robert, if he had not been too affectionately attached to Amy, possessed too honourable a mind to desert her when the tide of her family's prosperity was turning. On the contrary, it was his pride and pleasure to show to those around him, that the change in her circumstances had produced no alteration in his love. He always called for her on his way to church, and left her at the farm on his return. He would frequently put a side-saddle on his horse, a high-couraged but temperate animal, and take her for a ride; and he often observed, that he loved his bonny bay the better for carrying his Amy so safely. In fact, it was remarked that his attentions increased as the fortunes of the family were verging towards the crisis of ruin.

It was within a few days of the period which the stranger had fixed for his departure, and while he was sitting with Andrew Hodson and his family, that the steward was observed approaching on horseback; when their guest, as was his custom, retired to his room, and, by accident or design, left the door communicating with the apartment he had quitted partially open. The visit of the steward was on no very agreeable errand, as may be imagined, its object being to demand payment of the rent due at the preceding quarter-day, the amount of which Andrew had used every exertion to raise, but in vain. The steward became pressing, and affected to lament the necessity imposed on him, by the orders of his Lordship, to distrain for the money, if it were not immediately forthcoming. The farmer, on the other hand, pleaded for a delay of a few weeks, alleging the hardness of the times for agriculturists, the very high rent at which he stood, and finally the severe loss he had sustained by the failure of the banker. The other, in reply, merely stated that the instructions of his master were imperative, and admitted neither of modification nor delay. "Alas!" said the distressed Andrew, "is there no method by which the sacrifice of my farming stock and furniture can be prevented?" "There is one way, Master Hodson," rejoined the steward, "at which I have hinted pretty strongly upon more than one occasion, but you either could not or would not understand me. You know I have long loved your daughter Amy, and if you will effectually favour my suit, I need scarcely tell you, that I would strain a point rather than that my father-in-law should be degraded in the eyes of the world by an execution being served upon his premises, and himself ejected from the farm." "What, Master Jenkins, you marry my daughter Amy!" said the honest farmer. "Ay, that I will!" responded the condescending steward, evidently mistaking an exclamation of surprise for an interrogatory. "Stop, stop, Master Jenkins," rejoined Andrew, "not quite so fast. Have you ever said any thing to Amy about the matter?" "Why, yes," said the other hesitatingly, "I have, but it is some time since." "Well, and what did she say?" "Nothing very favourable, I must confess," continued the steward, "or I should have had but to ask your sanction instead of the exercise of your interest, and, if necessary, your authority, on the occasion." "What! I persuade Amy to marry a man she does not like! Are you mad, Master Jenkins?" "Not quite," was the reply; "but I think you are, or you would not so hastily reject my offer. Come, come, Andrew, see your own interest, and favour my views, and I will not only at once advance the money for the arrears of rent, but use my influence with my Lord to cancel the present lease, and grant you a new one on more easy terms." "No!" said the farmer, "not if you were to offer me the freehold, instead of a new lease. I will not sell my daughter to you, or any man: no, not if he was the king." "Then take the consequences, obstinate fool!" exclamed the steward, throwing off the mask; "before you are three days older, you shall be left without a wisp of straw that you can call your own;" and he quitted the house breathing vengeance upon the devoted farmer and his family.

It occurred that on the same evening the stranger, pleading increased lameness, kept his apartment, into which Amy carried his tea. He remarked that her air was that of deep dejection, and that she had recently been in tears. On one occasion their eyes met, and she beheld him gazing upon her with an expression of kindness and sympathy, of which she had scarcely believed his rigid countenance susceptible. "What has happened, my pretty maid, that you look so sorrowful?" said he, in a tone of almost paternal tenderness. "Alas, sir!" said the afflicted girl, "my poor father has long been struggling with hard times and a heavy rent, and, being unable to raise the sum due at the last quarter, they are going to put an execution, I think they call it, on the premises, and turn him out of the house. I do not care so much for myself, but for my poor father and mother to be cast upon the wide world, in their old age, without a shilling, and, it may be, without a friend to help them—oh, sir! it is hard, it is very hard!" and she burst into tears.

The stranger drew out his handkerchief, and, passing it over his face, complained of the closeness of the evening, and walked to the window for air; then, returning to Amy, he took her hand. "Nay, my poor girl," continued he, "be comforted; things may not come to so bad a pass as you anticipate; your landlord, from all that I know and have heard of his character, is not a man to push matters to extremities with so old and honest a tenant as your father." "Alas, sir," rejoined Amy, "the landlord, though they say he is far from being a bad-hearted man, lives abroad, and cannot, at that distance, know an honest tenant from a dishonest one. Besides, he leaves every thing to his steward, and he is a very wicked man, sir."

The stranger then quitted the room, pleading a desire to breathe a little fresh air before he retired to bed. On his return, in passing through the hall, he saw Andrew Hodson upon his knees, with an open book before him, and his fine countenance lifted towards heaven in the act of prayer, while his family and domestics were kneeling around him. Unwilling to disturb them, the stranger did not advance into the room so as to be seen; but, as he contemplated the group, he could not help thinking that there must surely be something more in religion than his philosophy had ascribed to it, since it could inspire with calmness, and even thankfulness and resignation, a family who were upon the brink of ruin, and who might on the morrow, like the Saviour in whom they trusted, have not where to lay their heads. "And these," thought he, "are they whom, under circumstances in which I should have been grateful to Providence for the preservation of my life, I stung with reproaches for what they could neither foresee nor prevent."

As he was passing on towards his bed-room, at the conclusion of the prayers, the farmer came up to him, and informed him of the calamity which was impending, intimating that it would be advisable for the stranger to depart early in the morning, as his horse would be included in the seizure which was expected to be made, under the execution, about noon. "I thank you, Mr Hodson," was the reply, "for your friendly caution, but never mind the horse. You sheltered me in my misfortune, and I will not desert you in yours. I cannot help you out in the payment of your rent, for my purse, you see," continued he, producing it, "is somewhat of the lightest; but I will wait the event, and, if I cannot avert the storm, I will try to comfort you under it. By the way, farmer, a word with you: these retainers of the law will make clean work of it when they come. That steward, if report belie him not, has the eye and rapacity of a hawk. They will not leave you so much as a wooden ladle. Now, I see you have some valuable articles of plate—that vase, for instance."—"Sir!" exclaimed Andrew inquiringly, having never before heard of such a thing. "I mean the cup and cover there," explained the other. "Ay," replied Andrew, "it was won by my grandfather at a ploughing match; it will grieve me to part with it." "No doubt it would," said the stranger; "there are those tankards, too—that ladle—those massive old-fashioned spoons; they are all very portable." "Well, sir?" said the farmer, not understanding the stranger's drift. "How dull you are!" rejoined the other, touching him with his elbow. "How easy would it be to get these things out of the way. You could confide them to some friend or relative—your mother earth, for instance—until the sweeping hurricane of the law has blown over. You understand me now, do you not?" "Sir," replied the farmer, "you mean well enough, I dare say, but you do not know old Andrew Hodson, or you would not have made such a proposal to him." "Tush, man! the thing is done every day." "I am sorry for it, sir, because the world must be much worse than I took it to be. The debt is just, though my creditor is a hard one, and I will pay him as far as the things will go." "But I maintain that the debt is not a just one. Is not the rent much higher than is warranted by the value of the land?" said the stranger. "No matter, I agreed to pay it." "You are too scrupulous by half." "Now, what do you suppose, sir, my neighbours would think of me, if I were to follow your advice?" "Tut, tut, who will know any thing of the matter but you and I?" "God Almighty, sir," said the farmer. "But consider, my good man," continued the stranger, "there may be enough to pay your rent without these articles, the value of which would set you up in the world again; for remember, these harpies will take every thing away from you." "No, they won't; they can't take my wife, nor my children, nor my good name; and I would not part with one of them for all the gold that was ever coined." "You will not be guided by my counsel, then, and remove the plate?" said the stranger. "No, not a teaspoon of it," was the positive reply. "Then I can only say," added the other, snatching up his candle, and hastening to bed, "that you are, without exception, the most obstinate, impracticable, honest old man I ever met with, and I must forswear your company."

The morning arrived on which the storm, which had been so long gathering, was to break over the heads of the devoted farmer and his family, who were stirring unusually early. In fact, the expectation of the catastrophe had allowed them to sleep but little, as their looks, when they assembled at the breakfast-table, plainly indicated. The stranger also had quitted his bed an hour before his wont, and betrayed great restlessness in his manner, for he walked to the window which commanded the road every five minutes, as if watching for the arrival of the expected, but unwelcome visitors.

Giles Jenkins was in advance of his myrmidons a quarter of an hour's march, and, taking the farmer apart, said to him, "Master Hodson, I did not threaten you without the power to execute. The officers will be here in a few minutes, which you will do well to use in reconsidering my proposal. Give me your daughter, and not only shall every thing about you remain as it is, but the possession of it shall be secured to you for many years." The farmer, losing his patience at the repetition of the insulting proposal, shook off the tempter (who, in his earnestness, had taken him by the arm), and said, "Villain, do your worst, for not for all you are going to take away from me—no, not for all your master's money, twice told, will I sell my lamb to the wolf." "Dotard," rejoined the steward, "you have pronounced your doom, and I go to fulfil it;" and, quitting the farmer, he conferred with his followers, who by this time had joined him, and they proceeded in their duty by taking an inventory of the farming stock, before they began on the household furniture.

Robert Hawkhurst arrived shortly afterwards and assisted the stranger in his endeavours to console the afflicted family. One of the domestics at length informed them that the officers were coming into the house to finish their task, when the stranger betrayed some little agitation, and retired to that part of the room in which he was least likely to attract observation. He had scarcely time to effect this, before the steward and his retainers entered, and proceeded in their ungracious office, without the slightest respect to the feelings of the sufferers. Giles Jenkins, in particular, appeared to exult in the exercise of his authority, and to take a pleasure in witnessing the distress which his cruelty had occasioned. The silver vase, before alluded to, was standing on a kind of sideboard in the apartment. The steward, who was about to remove it, had no sooner laid his fingers on it, than the voice of the stranger was heard exclaiming, "Mr Jenkins, I'll thank you to let that cup alone, for I like it very well where it is."

The steward withdrew his hand from the vessel, as if it had been of heated iron. He turned as pale as death, and he looked about in all directions, as if he thought the person from whom the voice proceeded was as likely to drop from the clouds, or start out of the earth, as to make his appearance from any other quarter. The stranger at last arose from his seat, and with a dignity which none of the family had before observed him to assume, he advanced into the middle of the room, and confronted the steward, who, somewhat recovering from his surprise, and glancing at the other's bandaged leg, said, with an affectation of great concern, "My lord, I grieve to see your lordship so lame." "You mistake, you abominable old hypocrite and measureless liar," said the earl; "a fortnight's residence in this house has cured me of my lameness, and my blindness too, and, having recovered the use of my own eyes, I shall have no further occasion for yours." "My lord!" stammered the steward. "Your lord no longer," said the earl, interrupting him; "how dared you, sir, for the gratification of your diabolical passions, abuse the powers with which I entrusted you, and oppress this worthy man, in direct contravention of my injunction, that you should, on no account, distrain upon a tenant, unless he were a fraudulent one. Now, be pleased to relieve me of your presence, taking with you these two worthy associates; and, do you hear me, sir, let your accounts be made up with all dispatch, for I shall shortly reckon with you. Then, addressing himself to the farmer, he continued: "Mr Hodson, I am very sorry for the trouble which this unfortunate affair has occasioned you. It was necessary, however, that I should have such evidence of that man's baseness. For yourself, I can only say, that your arrear is remitted, your present lease shall be cancelled, and substituted by another, at such a rent, that it shall not be my fault if you do not thrive again. I owe you thus much for the lesson you have taught me of resignation under unmerited calamity, as well as for the instance you have given me of uncompromising integrity, under circumstances of temptation that very few would have withstood. I pray you to forgive me for the experiment I made on your honour in the matter of the plate. It is refreshing to me, in my old age, to meet with such examples in a world which, I fear, I have hitherto regarded on the darker side. Your kindness, Mrs Hodson, and yours, Amy, to a petulant old man, I shall not forget; nor your honourable adherence to your mistress and her family in their adversity, Mr Robert. Of you, Frank, I have a favour to beg; you must give me that terrier of yours, to which I am primarily indebted for my introduction to this house, and for the advantages which have resulted to me from it."

The earl, after taking a kind leave of the circle he had thus made happy, mounted his horse and departed to his mansion, from which he had been so long absent, and to which he was returning when he met with the accident already related. The occurrences which followed so inauspicious an event, produced a most beneficial effect upon his mind: he became a better, and consequently, a happier man. His lordship took up his permanent residence on the estate, to the great joy of the tenantry, and to the discomfiture of Mr Jenkins, who, it is almost needless to add, was dismissed in disgrace.

I know it will be considered a somewhat trite termination if I finish my story with a marriage; and yet, should any of my readers be curious upon the subject, I cannot deny that such an event took place, and that Amy forgot all her past sorrows in her Robert's affections.*

* The above story is from "Tales of a Physician," by W. H. Harrison, London, 1829, 2 vols. and in all likelihood has furnished the plot of the popular dramatic piece, entitled "The Rent Day."

JUNE

And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in green leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appear.
SPENSER.

JUNE, the sixth month of the year, is understood to derive its name from Juno, a heathen goddess, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated at the beginning of the month. According to the old English distich,

"Summer is ycomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed anew."

"Thus," says Leigh Hunt, "sings the oldest English song extant, in a measure which is its own music." The temperature of the air, however, is still mild, and in our climate sometimes too chilly; but, when the season is fine, this is, perhaps, the most delightful month of the year. The hopes of spring are realised, yet the enjoyment is but commenced: we have all summer before us; the cuckoo's two notes are now at what may be called their ripest—deep and loud; so is the hum of the bee; little clouds lie in lumps of silver about the sky, and sometimes fall to complete the growth of the herbage; yet we may now lie down on the grass, or on the flowering banks, to read or write; the grasshoppers click about us in the warming verdure, and the fields and hedges are in full blossom with the clover, the still more exquisite bean, the pea, the blue and yellow nightshade, the fox-glove, the mallow, white briony, wild honeysuckle, and the flower of the hip or wild rose, which blushes through all the gradations of delicate red and white. The leaves of the hip, especially the young ones, are as beautiful as those of any garden rose. Towards evening, the bat and the owl venture forth, flitting through the glimmering quiet; and at night, the moon looks silveriest, the sky at once darkest and clearest; and when the nightingale, as well as the other birds, have done singing, you may hear the undried brooks of the spring running and panting through the leafy channels. "It ceased," says the poet, speaking of a sound of heavenly voices about a ship—

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on,
A pleasant noise, till noon;
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

"There is a greater accession of flowers in this month than in any other. In addition to those of the last, the garden sparkles with marygold, golden-road, larkspur, sun-flowers, amarynths (which Milton intermingles with sun-beams for his angel's hair), lupins, carnations, Chinese pinks, holyhocks, ladies' slipper, annual stocks, campanulas, or little bells, martagons, periwinkles, wall-flower, snapdragon, orchis, nasturtium, apocynum, chrysanthemum, corn flower, gladiolus, and convolvulus. The rural business of this month is made up of two employments, as beautiful to look at as they are useful—sheep-shearing and hay-making. Something like a holiday is still made of the former; and in the south-west of England, the custom, we believe, is still kept up of throwing flowers into the streams—an evident relic of paganism; but, altogether, the holiday is but a gleam of the same merry period in the cheap and rural time of our ancestors.

GARDENING.—The operations in the open garden during June are chiefly cleaning and refreshing; that is, hoeing, weeding, stirring, and watering. No main crops are now sown; but peas and beans may be put in the ground every two weeks, or ten days. Pickling cucumbers and gourds may be sown in the open garden, or on hillocks of hot dung, covered by a bell or hand-glass. New planted wall-trees to be trained in the horizontal manner, may have their leading shoots stopped about the middle, or towards the end of the month.

TOWN PIPERS.

IN ancient times, almost every town, especially in the south of Scotland, had a piper, whose office was often hereditary, and who was generally attached to the burgal establishment of the place. These functionaries, who are supposed to have been the last remains of the minstrels of a more early age, were frequently the depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of these musicians to make a progress through a particular district of the country. The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were usually gratified with a donation of seed corn. They received a livery and small salary from the community to which they belonged; and, in some burghs, they had a small allotment of land, called the Piper's Croft. It was the custom of James Ritchie, the town-piper of Peebles, who was among the last of his order, to make his rounds annually on *Handsel Monday*, or the first Monday of the year, for the purpose of receiving a gratuity from the different householders. His uniform consisted of a pair of red breeches and coat, of an antique fashion, with a looped-up cocked hat, and, till the last, he wore a plated queue. Robin Hastie, the last town piper of Jedburgh, and a contemporary of Ritchie, died about the beginning of the present century. His family was supposed to have held the office for about three centuries. Old age had rendered Robin a wretched performer; but he knew several old songs and tunes, which have probably died along with him. This order of minstrels is alluded to in the comic song of *Maggy Lauder*, who thus addresses the piper—

"Live ye upon the Border."

Habbie Simpson, to whom the lady farther alludes, was not a piper in a border town; he belonged to Kilbarchan, in Renfrewshire, where the author of the song, Robert Sempill, the son of Sir James Sempill, the ambassador to England in 1599, had an opportunity of being acquainted with his name and character. From the notoriety which Habbie thus acquired, the people of Kilbarchan have had some reason to be proud of having possessed such a personage; and his statue, copied from an original picture, has lately been affixed to the steeple of the schoolhouse of the town.

WAT OF HARDEN.

WE may form some idea of the style of life maintained by the border marauders from the anecdotes handed down by tradition concerning Walter Scott of Harden, or, as he was usually styled, *Auld Wat of Harden*, who flourished towards the middle of the sixteenth century. This ancient laird was a renowned freebooter, and used to ride with a numerous band of followers. The spoil which they carried off from England or from their neighbours was concealed in a deep and impervious glen, on the brink of which the old tower of Harden was situated. From thence the cattle were brought out, one by one, as they were wanted to supply the rude and plentiful table of the laird. When the last bullock was killed and devoured, it was the lady's custom to place on the table a dish, which, on being uncovered, was found to contain a pair of clean spurs—a hint to the riders that they must shift for their next meal. Upon one occasion when the village herd was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly *to drive out Harden's cow.* "*Harden's cow!*" echoed the affronted chief; "is it come to that pass? By my faith, they sall sune say Harden's kye" (cows.) Accordingly he sounded his bugle—mounted his horse—set out with his followers—and returned next day with a "bow of kye and a bassened bull." On his return with this gallant prey, he passed a very large hay-stalk. It occurred to the provident laird that this would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but as no means of transporting it occurred, he was fain to take leave of it with this apostrophe, now proverbial, "By my conscience, had ye but four feet, ye should not stand lang there."

Wat of Harden was married to Mary Scott, celebrated in song by the title of the Flower of Yarrow. By their marriage-contract, the father-in-law, Philip Scott of Dryhope, was to find Harden in horse and man's meat, at his tower of Dryhope, for a year and a day; but five barons pledged themselves that, at the expiry of that period, the son-in-law should remove, without attempting to continue in possession by force! A notary-public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names. The original is still in the charter-room of the present Mr Scott of Harden. By the Flower of Yarrow, the Laird of Harden had six sons; five of whom survived him, and founded the families of Harden (now extinct), Highchesters now representing Harden, Reaburn, Wool, and Synton. The sixth son was slain at a fray in a hunting match by the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh. His brothers flew to arms; but the old laird secured them in the dungeon of his tower—hurried to Edinburgh—stated the crime—and obtained a gift of the lands of the offenders from the crown. He returned to Harden with equal speed, released his sons, and shewed them the charter. "To horse, lads!" cried the savage warrior, "and let us take possession; the lands of Gilmanscleugh are well worth a dead son." The property thus obtained continued in the family till the beginning of last century, when it was sold by John Scott of Harden, to Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch.

EMIGRATION.

THE Editor has been occasionally called upon to offer some information and advice in regard to the subject of emigration to New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land. He, however, studiously refrains from exciting any desire to emigrate to these regions. He has perused the works of almost every writer on these countries, as well as various detached papers, and consulted with persons who have been in the colony, and it is now his deliberate opinion that emigration towards that quarter of the empire is most improper under almost any circumstances. Both New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land are crowded with a population formed of the offscourings of every town in England, Scotland, and Ireland—ruffians who break away in bands from their employers, and scour the settlements as freebooters. The natives are also more ferocious and troublesome than the savages of any other part of the known world. The emigrant who settles in these distant countries generally bids adieu to comfort and peace of mind. Unless in some favoured spots, he will find an absolute necessity of being constantly armed—a pair of loaded pistols must be his pillow and table companions! Who would not much rather descend to the meanest employment at home than endure the horrors of such a life? The distance from Great Britain, and the difficulty of carrying on trade with Europe, the great seat of consumption of produce, are also serious drawbacks. A good climate, soil, &c. can never compensate for the miseries of a settlement in such a place. Almost no country has been so shamefully overpraised as New South Wales. Books have been written to decoy settlers; and it is lamentable to state, they have been generally too successful. The work of the chief writer, it is confidently related by those who know the country from sad experience, is a tissue of exaggerated statements and fallacies. As these countries must necessarily undergo many important changes in their moral as well as in their physical condition, before they be fit for the settlement of families accustomed to enjoy a peaceful state of life, even though it be a poor one, those who feel inclined to seek a more profitable and pleasing scene for the developement of their manful energies must look across the Atlantic, and either in the United States of America, or Upper Canada, find their place of abode. In these favoured lands they need never lack the means of a humble and comfortable subsistence, provided they be but industrious; and they will, in almost every case, have the gratification of leaving their families in a state of comparative ease and competence. By emigration thither, they but remove, as it were, from one part of the United Kingdom to another; they settle amidst a people speaking the same language, of kindred affections, and endowed with the same virtuous political independence. To establish themselves in this productive and salubrious country, they do not pay a heavy penalty. They leave an island choked with a population of paupers; and perhaps from a bleak ungenial moor, which it would require millions of pounds to cultivate and render useful in the production of food, they are transferred to broad fertile prairies, which, by the slightest exertion, can be made to wave with the yellow grain of autumn.—Intending emigrants will find much useful information for their purpose in the previous numbers of the Journal. The Editor would also recommend them to purchase a small publication entitled, "Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada, by Martin Doyle," which is sold for one shilling, and may be obtained from booksellers in London, Dublin, or Edinburgh. It is the best manual on the subject.

The following extract from this little work, though perhaps too highly coloured, will give the reader an idea of the strain in which it is written. The recommendation given as to the place best adapted for settlement agrees with that which I have already offered.

"What a country will this yet become! Its free navigation, from the remotest parts of the interior to the ocean, commanding the export of the finest wheat the world produces; timber of the best descriptions, and all the other produce which the industry of man can raise in this most fertile region.

The rise and fall of nations and of empires are under the control of infinite wisdom. If with the new settlers, religious and moral habits be introduced, it may please that Mighty Power, whose impartial judgment decides on ruin or prosperity, to use this secondary cause of emigration, as the great instrument of rewarding individual merit, and raising up to a commanding eminence this once savage and benighted country, through the light of truth and the blessings of civilization. And it must naturally occur to the well disposed settler, that though his lot may perchance *for a short time* be cast beyond the reach of *regular* religious instruction, yet that the good Christian has always a *Friend above*, to whose willing ear he may address himself; nor will the anxious parent pass over without thankfulness the blessing of comparative solitude, if it shall have removed the objects of his affection from demoralizing scenes of bad example, and placed them where the good result of religious exercise will not be defaced by 'evil communications,' and where a patriarchal life of faith and holiness, with industrious self-exertion, cannot fail (under God's blessing) to produce prosperity and happiness."

But to proceed with my details: there are various other lakes which have not been mentioned—lake Simcoe, and many others on the northern side of lake Ontario and the St Lawrence, which will at no very remote period, it is probable, be connected by canals with each other and with the ocean. One great water-course is now almost completed from Kingston at the eastern extremity of Ontario, 133 miles in a northerly direction, consisting of a chain of lakes, joined by canal work, which unites them with the grand, or Ottawa river, so as to avoid the navigation of the St Lawrence from thence to Montreal; that portion of it being full of dangerous and troublesome rapids. The Ottawa meets the St Lawrence a few miles above Montreal, from which place to the ocean there is an uninterrupted sea navigation; this canal lengthens the distance from Montreal to Ontario very considerably; but the saving in time and expense will be very great indeed: and should wars unhappily occur with the States, it secures a free intercourse between Quebec, through Montreal, to the Upper Province, which might otherwise be frequently interrupted by the Americans, who possess one side of the St Lawrence. In time of war such a passage could not be thought of—without this canal you could not feel security—with it you have the certainty, at all times, and under all circumstances, of communication with Quebec, and consequently with your native country.

From Upper Canada, the colonists can send their timber and corn either to Montreal by the lakes, &c. (the course of which I have already pointed out), or by the Erie canal to New York; having *two* great outlets for the productions of their lands, and for the return of purchased articles—clothes, furniture, implements, &c—they can, according to the rates of freight, and comparative state of sales at Montreal, Quebec, or New York, select the most advantageous market.

With regard to the soil. From the authority before quoted, we have these observations:—

"Upper Canada is blessed with as productive soil as

any in the world, and it is easily brought into cultivation. The nature of the soil may be invariably discovered by the description of timber it bears. Thus, on what is called hard timbered land, where the maple, beech, black birch, ash, cherry, lime, elm, oak, black walnut, butter-nut, hickory, plane, and tulip tree, &c. are found, the soil consists of a deep black loam. Where the fir and hemlock pine are intermixed in any considerable proportion with other trees, clay predominates; but where they grow alone, which is generally on elevated situations, sand prevails. This also happens where the oak and chestnut are the only trees. These sandy soils, though naturally unfavourable to meadow and pasture, are found to produce the brightest and heaviest wheats, and can, with the assistance of gypsum, which abounds in many parts of the province, be made to bear the finest possible crops of clover and Indian corn. In moist seasons the clays furnish the greatest burthen of grass. Perhaps there does not exist in any quarter of the globe a country of the extent of Upper Canada, containing so small a quantity of waste land, either of marsh or mountain, yet there is not any deficiency of water; for, independently of the numerous rivers and streams which flow through the country on every side, good springs are universally found either on the surface or by digging for them.

The country is generally level, and covered with timber. Every description of soil can be had, so that the settler has it in his power to choose the description which he likes best; but unless he is an infallible judge of the qualities of land, I recommend his taking one who is perfectly so along with him, when about to make his selection. The surface is composed of a rich coat of vegetable mould, the deposit of decayed leaves, and wood from unnumbered ages, which, when tilled, yield several successive crops of great luxuriancy, without manure. In some places, on the banks of rivers, are to be met rich and extensive tracts of alluvial soil, and beyond these, rise, in beautiful elevation, portions of land the most tempting in their situations.

This excellent soil, however, is very unfairly treated by being kept under an unceasing succession of corn crops, without manure, and any land so treated, however naturally fertile, must be at length impoverished. There is less marshy or swampy land, it has been just now said, for its extent, in Upper Canada, than in any other part of the world; there *are*, however, *some* low and swampy grounds, and these, until the progress of population and improvement shall make it worth while to drain them, are the only situations from which I warn you to keep clear, while high and dry land, prudently chosen near the lakes or rivers, can be purchased *out and out*—in *fee*, as it is termed—for such a trifle as ten shillings an acre!!

Just fancy yourselves possessed of *real property*, on such terms—no yearly tenantcy—no terminable leases to breed *interminable* jealousies at the change of occupants, but pure fee simple—no rent to pay—after labouring here for a shilling, or tenpence, or eightpence, or sixpence, a-day. What a happy change would this be, and how irresistible the temptation to make the experiment! And only think of the advantage of working a rich, maiden soil, that will yield abundantly, instead of ploughing or digging a worn out one at home, without manure to *mend* it, and which, without abundance of it, will not yield a crop sufficient to pay its labour.

In trying the new country and the fresh soil, mind to fix yourselves near water carriage. I myself should prefer the banks of Lake Ontario, but there are excellent quarters about Lake Huron, where the climate is still milder, and the soil is said to be admirable; in either of these districts you can procure lots of land, of sand, loam, or clay—please yourselves—no compulsion to buy one lot if you like another better. The soil in the Huron territory is a rich sandy loam, suited to the culture of tobacco, of which much is grown there.

The Huron territory is a tract of 1,100,000 acres, in the shape of a triangle, its base being about sixty miles in length, resting on Lake Huron, and having a direct navigable communication, through Lakes Erie and Ontario, with the Atlantic.

The chief town in this district, called Goderich, is at the confluence of the river Maitland with Lake Huron, which promises, from its local advantages, to become one of the most important and flourishing settlements in the province.

Several enterprising colonists, attracted by these advantages, have left their farms in the neighbourhood of York, to settle at Goderich, with the intention of erecting a brewery, distillery, brick-kilns, and a grist-mill; a tavern and saw-mill have already been erected. The harbour, the only one on the Canadian side of the lake, is capable of containing vessels of the burden of 200 tons; and it has been established as a port of entry, which will insure to the inhabitants a great share of the trade with the upper countries, and their opposite neighbours in the new settlements in the United States.

The scenery on the river Maitland has been described as more like English than any other in America. There is abundance of brick-earth and potters' clay in every direction round the town.

Roads are in progress, an important preliminary to civilisation, which will connect the Huron Tract with Port Talbot and the various settlements and towns on Lake Erie and the Niagara frontier. Cattle and provisions can be obtained in abundance by this route, or by the still more easy water communication between Goderich and the old well-cultivated settlement of Sandwich, Amherstburgh, and Detroit. A road has also been completed, as before mentioned, from Goderich, by Wilmot and Guelph, to the head of Lake Ontario and York; and it is intended to improve and maintain all these communications, under the direct inspection of the officers of the government, so as to make them in every respect equal to the best roads in the oldest settlements in the province.

With respect to the important considerations of climate and soil in the Huron Tract, there is every reason to believe the former as good as the best in Upper Canada; and upon the latter point, it is only necessary to quote the words of the surveyor who has been employed to lay out the line of road through the heart of the tract:—'The quality of the soil through the whole thirty-three miles, is such, that I have not seen its equal in the province; the soil is generally composed of a deep, rich, black loam, thinly timbered. For the purpose of the intended road, there is not one mile in the whole distance otherwise than favourable; and there are four permanent streams, branches of main rivers.'"

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HERSCHEL.

One of the very greatest names in the modern history of astronomical discovery is that of the late illustrious Sir William Herschel; and he also was self-instructed in the science in which he earned his high reputation. Herschel was born at Hanover, in 1738, and was the son of a musician in humble circumstances. Brought up, as well as his three brothers, to his father's profession, for which it has been said that he qualified himself without much teaching, he was placed, at the age of fourteen, in the band of the Hanoverian Guards. A detachment of this regiment having been ordered to England in the year 1757 (or according to another account, 1759), he and his father accompanied it; but the latter returned to Germany in the course of a few months, and left his son, in conformity with his own wish, to try his fortune in London. For a long time the young man had to struggle with many difficulties; and he passed several years principally in giving lessons in music to private pupils in the different towns of the north of England. At last, in 1765, through the interest of a gentleman to whom his merits had become known, he obtained the situation of organist at Halifax; and next year, having gone to fulfil a short engagement at Bath, he gave so much satisfaction by his performances, that he was appointed to the same office in the Octagon Chapel of that city, upon which he went to reside there. The place which he now held was one of some value; and, from the opportunities which he enjoyed, besides, of adding to its emoluments by engagements at the rooms, the theatre, and private concerts, as well as by taking pupils, he had the certain prospect of deriving a good income from his profession, if he had made that his only or his chief object.

But long before this his active and aspiring mind had begun to direct its attention to other pursuits offering a wider scope for the exercise of its talents. While yet only an itinerant teacher of his art in country towns, Herschel had assiduously devoted his leisure, not only to the making himself more completely master of the language of his adopted country, but also to the acquiring of a knowledge of the Italian, the Latin, and even the elements of the Greek. At this time, probably, he looked to these attainments principally with a view to the advantage he might derive from them in the prosecution of his professional studies; and it was no doubt with this view also that he afterwards applied himself to the perusal of Dr Robert Smith's 'Treatise on Harmonics'—one of the most profound works on the science of music which then existed in the English language. But the acquaintance he formed with this work was destined ere long to change altogether the character of his pursuits. He soon found that it was necessary to make himself a mathematician, before he could make much progress in following Dr Smith's demonstrations. He now, therefore, turned with his characteristic alacrity and resolution to the new study to which his attention was thus directed; and it was not long before he became so attached to it, that almost all the other pursuits of his leisure hours were laid aside for its sake.

During his residence at Bath, although greatly occupied with professional engagements, the time he devoted to his mathematical studies was rather increased than diminished. Often, we are told, after a fatiguing day's work of fourteen or sixteen hours among his pupils, he would, on returning home at night, repair for relaxation to what many would deem these severe exercises. In this manner, in course of time, he attained a competent knowledge of geometry, and found himself in a condition to proceed to the study of the different branches of physical science which depend upon the mathematics. Among the first of these latter that attracted his attention were the kindred departments of astronomy and optics. It has been stated that Herschel's first attempts in the fabrication of magnifying-glasses were occasioned by his reading something upon that subject in a copy of Smith's optics, which accidentally fell in his way; but this story is perhaps nothing more than a version of the fact already mentioned, that his acquaintance with the mathematics began in his study of the 'Treatise on Harmonics,' by the writer in question. Another account of the matter which has been given is, that having, in the course of his philosophical studies, applied himself to the sciences of optics and astronomy, he became desirous of beholding with his own eyes those wonders of the heavens, of which he read so much, and for that purpose he borrowed from an acquaintance a two-feet Gregorian telescope. This instrument interested him so greatly, that he determined to procure one of his own, and commissioned a friend in London to purchase one for him, of a somewhat larger size. But he found the price was beyond what he could afford. To make up for this disappointment he resolved to attempt to construct a telescope for himself; and after encountering innumerable difficulties in the progress of his task, he at last succeeded, in the year 1774, in completing a five-feet Newtonian reflector. This was the beginning of a long and brilliant course of triumphs in the same walk of art, and also in that of astronomical discovery.

Herschel now became so much more ardently attached to his philosophical pursuits, that, regardless of the sacrifice of emolument he was making, he began gradually to limit his professional engagements and the number of his pupils. Meanwhile he continued to employ his leisure in the fabrication of still more powerful instruments than the one he had first constructed; and in no longer time he produced telescopes of seven, ten, and even twenty feet focal distance. In fashioning the mirrors for these instruments his perseverance was indefatigable. For his seven-feet reflector, it is asserted that he actually finished and made trial of no fewer than two hundred mirrors before he found one that satisfied him. When he sat down to prepare a mirror, his practice was to work at it for twelve or fourteen hours, without quitting his occupation for a moment. He would not even take his hand from what he was about, to help himself to food; and the little that he ate on such occasions was put into his mouth by his sister. He gave the mirror its proper shape, more by a certain natural tact than by rule; and when his hand was once in, as the phrase is, he was afraid that the perfection of the finish might be impaired by the least intermission of his labours.

It was on the 13th of March 1781 that Herschel made the discovery to which he owes, perhaps, most of his popular reputation. He had been engaged for nearly a year and a half in making a regular survey of the heavens, when, on the evening of the day that has been mentioned, having turned his telescope (an excellent seven-feet reflector, of his own constructing) to a particular part of the sky, he observed among the other stars one which seemed to shine with a more steady radiance than those around it; and, on account of that, and some other peculiarities in its appearance, which excited his suspicions, he determined to observe it more narrowly. On reverting to it after some hours, he was a good deal surprised to find that it had perceptibly changed its place—a fact which, the next day, became still more indisputable. At first he was somewhat in doubt whether or not it was the same star which he had seen on these different occasions; but, after continuing his observations for a few days longer, all uncertainty upon that head vanished. He now communicated what he had observed to the astronomer Royal, Dr Maskelyne, who concluded that the luminary could be nothing else than a new comet. Continued observation of it, however, for a few months dissipated this error; and it became evident that it was, in reality, a hitherto undiscovered planet. This new world, so unexpectedly found to form a part of the system to which our own belongs, received from Herschel the name of *Georgium Sidus*, or Georgian Star, in honour of the King of England; but by continental astronomers it has been more generally called either *Herschel*, after its discoverer, or *Uranus*. Subsequent observations, made chiefly by Herschel himself, have ascertained many particulars regarding it, some of which are well calculated to fill us with astonishment at the powers of the sublime science which can wing its way so far into the immensity of space, and bring us back information so precise and various. In the first place, the diameter of this new globe has been found to be nearly four and a half times larger than that of our own. Its size altogether is about eighty times that of our earth. Its year is as long as eighty-three of ours. Its distance from the sun is nearly eighteen hundred millions of miles, or more than nineteen times that of the earth. Its density, as compared with that of the earth, is nearly as twenty-two to one hundred; so that its entire weight is not far from eighteen times that of our planet. Finally, the force of gravitation near its surface is such, that falling bodies descend only through fourteen feet during the first second, instead of thirty-two feet, as with us. Herschel afterwards discovered, successively, no fewer than six satellites or moons, belonging to his new planet.

The announcement of the discovery of the *Georgium Sidus* at once made Herschel's name universally known. In the course of a few months the king bestowed upon him a pension of three hundred a-year, that he might be enabled entirely to relinquish his engagements at Bath; and upon this he came to reside at Slough, near Windsor. He now devoted himself entirely to science; and the constructing of telescopes, and observations of the heavens, continued to form the occupations of the remainder of his life. Astronomy is indebted to him for many other most interesting discoveries besides the celebrated one of which we have just given an account, as well as for a variety of speculations of the most ingenious, original, and profound character. But of these we cannot here attempt any detail. He also introduced some important improvements into the construction of the reflecting telescope, besides continuing to fabricate that instrument of dimensions greatly exceeding any

that had been formerly attempted, with the powers surpassing, in nearly a corresponding degree, what had ever been before obtained. The largest telescope which he ever made, was his famous one of forty feet long, which he erected at Slough, for the king. It was begun about the end of the year 1785, and on the 28th of August 1789 the enormous tube was poised on the complicated, but ingeniously contrived mechanism by which its movements were to be regulated, and ready for use. On the same day a new satellite of Saturn was detected by it, being the sixth which had been observed attendant upon that planet. A seventh was afterwards discovered by means of the same instrument. This telescope has recently been taken down, and replaced by another of only one half the length, constructed by Mr J. Herschel, the distinguished son of the subject of our present sketch. Herschel himself eventually became convinced that no telescope could surpass in magnifying power one of from twenty to twenty-five feet in length. The French astronomer, Lalande, in his continuation of Montucla's History of the Mathematics, states, that he was informed by George III. himself, that it was at his desire that Herschel was induced to make the telescope at Slough of the extraordinary length he did, his own wish being that it should not be more than thirty feet long.

So extraordinary was the ardour of this great astronomer in the study of his favourite science, that for many years, it has been asserted, he never was in bed at any hour during which the stars were visible. And he made almost all his observations, whatever was the season of the year, not under cover, but in his garden, and in the open air—and generally without an attendant. There was much that was altogether peculiar to himself, not only in the process by which he fabricated his telescopes, but also in his manner of using them. One of the attendants in the king's observatory at Richmond, who had formerly been a workman in Ramsden's establishment, was forcibly reminded, on seeing Herschel take an observation, of a remark which his old master had made. Having just completed one of his best telescopes, Ramsden, addressing himself to his workmen, said, "This, I believe, is the highest degree of perfection that we opticians by profession will ever arrive at; if any improvement of importance shall ever after this be introduced in the making of telescopes, it will be by some one who has not been taught his art by us."

Some years before his death the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon Herschel by the University of Oxford; and in 1816, his late Majesty, then Prince Regent, bestowed upon him the Hanoverian and Guelphic Order of Knighthood. He died on the 23d of August 1822, when he was within a few months of having completed his eighty-fourth year. —*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

THE BISCUIT.

[FROM THE MILITARY SKETCH BOOK.]

Our advanced guard had been skirmishing with the enemy for five days, and with empty stomachs. The commissary of the division had either missed us in his march with the provisions, for which he had been dispatched to the rear, or else had not been successful in procuring a supply. But whatever might have been the cause, the consequence was trying to us; for the men, officers and all, were wholly without provisions for three days. At the time the commissary went to the rear, two pounds of biscuit, one pound of meat, and a pint of wine, were served out to each individual; and upon this quantity we were forced to exist for five days; for nothing was to be bought. If we had been loaded with gold, we could not have purchased a morsel of any sort of food.

Most of the men, from having been accustomed to disappointment of supplies of rations, managed their little stock of provisions so economically, that it lasted nearly three days, but the greater part finished it in half the time. As the men grew weaker, the work grew heavier; and as hunger increased, so did the necessity for physical exertion. The enemy were constantly annoying us, and every hour of the day brought a skirmish, either with their little squads of cavalry, their riflemen, or their voltigeurs. The latter were troops of very short stature and strong make, very much esteemed by Napoleon. They wore short breeches and half gaiters, and none of the men were more than five feet three inches high. The rifles would advance by the cover of a hedge, or hill perhaps, while the voltigeurs would suddenly dart out from a ditch, into which they had crept under cover of the weeds, and fall upon our picquets with the ferocity of bull-dogs; and when they were mastered, would (if not killed, wounded, or held fast) scamper off like kangaroos. In like manner the cavalry would try to surprise us; or, if they could steal upon us, would dash up, fire their pistols, and, if well opposed, gallop off again.

On the fifth morning after the commissary had delivered the rations above mentioned, we had a very sharp brush with the enemy. A company of infantry and a few dragoons were ordered to dislodge the French from a house in which they had a party, and which was necessary to the security of our position; for, from this house, they used to sally upon our picquets in a most annoying manner. The French, not more than fifty in number, made a considerable resistance; they received the English with a volley from the windows, and immediately retreated to a high bank behind the house. From this point they continued to fire until their flank was threatened by our dragoons, when they retreated in double-quick disorder, leaving about fifteen killed and wounded.

Our men were then starving. The poor fellows, although they had forgotten their animal wants in the execution of their duty, plainly displayed in their faces the weakness of their bodies. Every man of the crowded encampment looked wan and melancholy; and all kept up their flagging spirits by resolution and patience. Many a manly fellow felt in silence the bitterness of his situation. There were no upbraidings, for all were sufferers alike.

In about an hour after the taking of the old house in front, I went out from our huts in a crowd to see the place of action. I met four or five of our men wounded, led and carried by their comrades. The officer commanding the party now joined me, and walked back to the house, to give farther directions regarding other wounded men not yet removed. When we had gone about fifty yards, we met a wounded soldier carried very slowly in a blanket by four men. As soon as he saw the officer who was along with me, he cried out in a feeble but forced voice, "Stop! stop!—lay me down—let me speak to the captain." The surgeon, who was along with him, had no objection, for, in my opinion, he thought the man beyond the power of his skill, and the sufferer was laid gently down upon the turf, under the shade of a projecting rock. I knew the wounded man's face in a moment, for I had often remarked him as being a steady, well-conducted soldier; his age was about forty-one or two, and he had a wife and two children in England. I saw death in the poor fellow's face. He was shot in the throat, or rather between the shoulder and the throat; the ball passed apparently downwards, probably from having been fired from the little hill on which the French posted themselves when they left the house. The blood gurgled from the wound at every exertion he made to speak. I asked the surgeon what he thought of the man, and that gentleman whispered, "It is all over with him." He said he had done every thing he could to stop the blood, but found, from the situation of the wound, that it was impossible to succeed.

The dying soldier, on being laid down, held out his hand to my friend the Captain, which was not only cordially received, but pressed with pity and tenderness by that officer. "Sir," said the unhappy man, gazing upon his Captain with a look such as I shall never forget—"Sir, you have been my best friend ever since I entered the regiment—you have been every man's friend in the company, and a good officer.—God bless you! You saved me once from punishment, which you and all knew afterwards that I was unjustly sentenced to. God bless you!" Here the tears came from his eyes, and neither the Captain, nor any one around, could conceal their kindred sensation.

The poor sufferer resumed—"I have only to beg, Sir, you will take care that my dear wife and little ones shall have my back pay as soon as possible;—I am not many hours for this world." The Captain pressed his hand, but could not speak. He hid his face in his handkerchief.

"I have done my duty, Captain—have I not, Sir?"

"You have, Tom, you have, and nobly done it," replied the Captain, with great emotion.

"God bless you!—I have only one thing more to say." Then addressing one of his comrades, he asked for his haversack, which was immediately handed to him. "I have only one thing to say, Captain," said he, "I have not been very well this week, Sir, and did not eat all my rations. I have one biscuit—it is all I possess. You, as well as others, Sir, are without bread; take it for the sake of a poor grateful soldier—take it—take it, Sir, and God be with you!"

The poor good-natured creature was totally exhausted as he concluded; he leaned back—his eyes grew a dull glassy colour—his face still paler, and he expired in about ten minutes after on the spot. The Captain wept like a child.

Few words were spoken. The body was borne along with us to the wood where the division was bivouacked, and the whole of the company to which the man belonged attended his interment, which took place in about two hours after. He was wrapped in his blanket, just as he was, and laid in the earth. The Captain himself read a prayer over his grave, and pronounced a short but impressive eulogy on the merits of the departed. He showed the men the biscuit, as he related to them the manner in which it had been given to him, and he declared he would never taste it, but *keep* the token in remembrance of the good soldier, even though he starved. The commissary, however, arrived that night, and prevented the necessity of trial to the Captain's amiable resolution. At the same time, I do believe that nothing would have made him eat the biscuit.

This is no tale of fiction: the fact occurred before the author's eyes. Let no man, then, in his ignorance, throw taunts upon the soldier, and tell him that his gay apparel and his daily bread are paid for out of the citizen's pocket. Rather let him think on this biscuit, and reflect, that the soldier earns his crust as well as he, and when the day of trial comes, will bear the worst and most appalling privations, to keep the enemy from snatching the last biscuit out of the citizen's mouth. It is for his countrymen at home that he starves—it is for them he dies.

THE ENCHANTED SLEDGE.

One of the most important employments at a certain period of the pastoral year in the south of Scotland, is the digging, drying, and driving home of the peat, which is almost the only fuel in these parts. The tough surface is paired off with the turf-spade, or *flaughter*; the firmer moss beneath is cut, by means of a spade of a particular construction, into quadrangular pieces rather more than a foot in length; these are lifted and laid along, side by side, till they acquire a certain hardness, when they are set on end, into a multitude of little pyramids, something in the same way as soldiers pile their muskets. After continuing in this position for some time, the peats are collected and built into *wind-raws* and *rickles*—small heaps, that is, through which the wind sifts, and gives them that degree of dryness that they are fit for burning. They are then driven home, built into large stacks for winter use, and covered with thatch.

As the moss best fitted for furnishing this kind of fuel is frequently found at the tops of nearly inaccessible mountains, the driving of the fuel home requires long and patient labour; for a very small load only can be removed at a time, and that by a road that every step must be looked to before it is ventured upon. Wheeled teams would be totally unmanageable on many of these trackless steeps. What is called a *slype* is therefore used, which resembles a cart dismounted from its wheels, only the shafts have a curve upwards, so as to bring them up to the horse's sides, while the body of the vehicle *slypes*, or slides, along the ground. In places still more impracticable, where the action of shafts would bring the horse to the ground, or knock it about too unmercifully, the *sled*, or sledge, is resorted to, which has no shafts, but is drawn by chains fastened with hooks, which may be lifted out whenever the act of drawing is relaxed.

In this occupation of driving home peats in a sled, Thomas Leyttle was employed when a very odd adventure befel him. Thomas was a man that conducted his horse and cart after a most primitive manner. With the simple sort of carriage which has been described, it will readily be imagined that the harness was not of a very tasteful description. The horse was not taught with a curb-bridle to arch its neck proudly, but was led by a halter of hemp, fastened round its head, without either blinders or bit. This halter was of considerable length, and it was the shepherd's practice to hold by its extremity with both hands brought round behind him, while he walked in front of his equipage, pulling stoutly, and thereby acting in some sort as a trace horse. The head of the animal was thus brought into an horizontal position in a line with its neck, and projected very much like the mouth of a piece of ordnance over its carriage.

In this way the good man saw any obstacle which the rough tract presented, and avoided or removed it. Many a time did he push over with his foot a large stone, which bounded off down the side of the mountain, to the no little risk and very great terror of the sheep that happened to be feeding there—and all because he was a merciful man to his beast. He seldom looked back. When the horse wanted a few moments' rest, it made a pause of its own accord, as, to be sure, it best knew when such a pause was necessary; and its conductor good naturedly halted, too, till it was the horse's pleasure to move forward again. Thomas did not alter his position upon these occasions, but stood in the middle of the path, keeping the halter at the stretch, and ready to proceed whenever he found the mass behind him in motion. If, as it sometimes happened, the horse was disposed to lengthen out these breathing-times rather unreasonably, it was admonished by one or two tugs at the halter, and a "Pull, Croppy, pull!"

One day that Thomas was bringing home a load, he stopped when he came near the door of his hut, and called out as usual, "Eppie, come and help me to coup!" His wife, thus summoned, came accordingly to assist in unloading; but when Thomas turned round for that purpose, there was nothing to be seen but his venerable white horse standing peaceably behind him; the load he had piled up at the peathill was gone; the vehicle he had piled it in was gone too. This to the reader may appear strange—and so it was, no doubt; but Thomas understood at once how the case stood; the fairies, he knew well, were playing a prank with him, and had cast glamour in his eyes; and, in order to confound him more, had left all other things visible, while they concealed the sled from his sight. It often happens, however, that no more than one person is bewitched at one time in this way; and Thomas made no doubt that the sled, though not discernible by him, was in its proper place, and palpable to his wife's organs. He therefore saw no use it would serve to make an ado about so simple a matter; and walking round to the place where the sled should have been, he desired his wife to lift out the one hook while he lifted out the other, that the horse might go at liberty till the sled should be emptied. An idea similar to that which had occurred to the husband struck his wife also; namely, that her eyes were under a spell; and she passed her hand across them, without moving from the spot on which she stood. Finding that this operation did not help her vision any thing, she was compelled to say, but with some hesitation, "Really, Thamas, I canna just say that I see the sled."

"Ye canna say that ye see't, can ye no?" said Thomas, groping in the empty space, evidently afraid that he should knock his shins against something. "An that be the case, I canna say that I see it clearly mysell."

Comparing notes, the couple now agreed that it was most advisable to let the good folks of Faery finish their frolic; and that, if they themselves adjourned to their mid-day repast (for it was about the hollow and hungry hour of noon), it was highly probable the charm would be dissipated on their return, and the load of turf restored to its place, visible as well as tangible. The careful peasant observed, however, that it would be an awkward thing if the horse should go picking of grass among the knolls, overturn the load, and perhaps break the sled in some inconvenient spot. To prevent this, he tied the halter to the door-post; and then both went into the house together.

The pair cautiously abstained from showing any signs of impatience, or even curiosity, knowing that any thing of that kind would only tempt their tormentors to prolong the delusion. Not even a peep from the window was indulged; but, in return for this exemplary submission, they fully expected to find all as it should be when the time for resuming the business of the day came. The time did come; but it did not bring the realization of their expectations. The horse, which they had left tied to the door-post, was still there, and stood patiently with its head dropped from the accustomed horizontal level, and one of its hind feet lifted a little way from the ground; but no sled nor peats appeared. Thomas did not rest satisfied with appearances; he knew how deceitful these often are, and, repeating the proverb, that "seeing's believing, but feeling's the truth," he made assurance doubly sure, by cautiously groping all about the spot which the vehicle should have occupied.

He did murmur a little on finding that the case was hopeless. "Granting that the creatures had porridge to make, and pots to boil," he said, "and did need fires in the winter season, to be sure they must have fuel, and he would not have grudged them the peats—no, nor twice as many; but to take the bit sled too! It was probable the wasterfu' things would just break it up for firewood, and it would take him a week to make a new one—that is, it would have taken him so long if he had had wood for the purpose, but he had used the last spar about the house to mend the handbarrow the week before." He went on with these melancholy reflections—"Winter was coming on, and the greater part of the peats were out on the hill. It was true, his wife and himself might sit in the nook, and try to keep their fingers warm by blowing on them; yet what method they were to fall upon to make the water boil for their porridge, he did not pretend to be able to discover." In this mood he unharnessed the horse, and ordered his wife to carry the furniture within doors beside Christian folk—though, he added, it was indeed of small value, now that the sled was gone. He turned the horse to grass, and, being greatly chagrined, sat him down, and spoke more disrespectfully of the "folk in green" all the evening than ever he had ventured to do before. According to his view, such conduct was far from being creditable to them; for, though he had shown a willingness to acknowledge their power, and to bear a harmless joke at their hands, they had done him a serious mischief. This, he knew, was quite contrary to their usual practice; for, though freakish, they are not malicious, and if their frolics are patiently submitted to, it commonly procures for the prudent rustic a speedy cessation of them.

But if Thomas's despondency was for some time great, it happened shortly after, to his unspeakable satisfaction, that, being out on the hill to look after his flock, he discovered his sled, filled with peats, as he had loaded it, standing about half way on the road betwixt the peat-hill and his house. He was at first chary of believing that the thing was real; for he argued, legitimately enough, that if the fairies had the power to prevent him from seeing what did exist, they might also be able to make things appear which were not; and the malicious spirit which they had already displayed led him to suspect that their persecution was not at end. Having satisfied himself, however, by repeated inspection and handling, that it actually was his lost sled which he now saw and grasped, he determined not to trust it again out of his sight, and, having unloaded it, drew it home with great labour, and then called his wife to watch it, whilst he ran to put the horse in yoke.

It was now that he repented of the harsh expressions he had lately used towards the "good neighbours." "They had played him a foul plisky," he said, "but not so bad as he once thought it, and he had spoken over rashly against them." He thought it best, however, to place as little confidence as possible in them for the future. It is supposed that the eye of a Christian person can protect any thing it is fixed upon from being made the sport or the prey of these little mischievous imps; thus, if the nurses watch a child with sufficient care, there is no danger of its being stolen: and Thomas determined to make use of this same precaution for the preservation of his sled. The idea of keeping an eye upon it, himself, however, while travelling to and from the peat hill, was one that never entered his head. A modern driver would have found no difficulty in keeping his vehicle in sight at the same time that he managed the horse; but Thomas considered the assistance he rendered, and the example he showed by tugging at the extremity of the halter, to be indispensable—and therefore he proposed that his wife should accompany him and keep up the necessary degree of surveillance. Still the couple did not avow the fears which led to this course; that would have been to forespeak the ill they dreaded. But the husband said he had observed that the sled, in descending any steep part of the road, rushed upon the heels of his horse, which, thus assailed, was apt to leap hastily forward, to the great risk of being overturned, and doing him some injury. He therefore conceived that it would be advantageous to have a person who might prevent this by pulling backwards; and his wife, who had been no less alarmed than himself at the thought of blowing her fingers in a cold corner through winter, readily acquiesced in this arrangement.

Thomas related the whole circumstances of this affair to the minister of the parish some time after they occurred. That worthy man listened attentively to the full detail, and then proceeded, with his habitual solemnity of manner, to remark, that with respect to the existence of ghosts, guardian angels, and other beings of a purely spiritual nature, he was not called upon on the present occasion to make any observations. The question before him, he said, was in regard to fairies. Now, these creatures were sometimes accounted to possess corporeal faculties, and sometimes the popular belief attributed to them feats such as could be performed only by ethereal essences, which involved a *reductio ad absurdum*; for how could matter become immaterial, and *vice versa*? For this reason, he had no hesitation in giving it as his opinion that no such beings as fairies existed; and therefore they could neither feloniously nor *per ludibrium*, abstract, or withdraw in any manner, any goods or property of any description. In explanation of the particular case now submitted to him, he suggested that the hooks which fastened the chains to the sled might have slipped out by some accident, and the thing never have been observed, as Thomas acknowledged that it was his practice to continue his way without once looking behind him. Our shepherd, however, by no means agreed either to the argument for non-existence of fairies, or to the solution which the minister gave regarding the temporary abstraction of his sledge. "It wadna do," he said, "for learned men to confess the truth of sic cantrips, and they needs must say something against it. But the thing was as clear as day."

Column for Naturalists.

BIRDS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

Though least in size, the glittering mantle of the humming-bird entitles it to the first place in the list of the new world. It may truly be called the bird of Paradise; and had it existed in the old world, would have claimed the title, instead of the bird which has now the honour to bear it. See it darting through the air, almost as quick as thought!—now it is within a yard of your face!—in an instant it is gone!—now it flutters from flower to flower to sip the silver dew—it is now a ruby—now a topaz—now an emerald—now all burnished gold. Cayenne and Demerara produce the same humming-birds. Perhaps you would wish to know something of their haunts. Chiefly in the months of July and August the tree called Bois Immortel, very common in Demerara, bears abundance of red blossom, which stays on the trees some weeks; then it is that most of the humming-birds are very plentiful. The wild red sage is also their favourite shrub, and they buzz like bees round the blossom of the Wallaba tree. Indeed, there is scarce a flower in the interior or on the sea-coast, but what receives frequent visits from one or other of the species. On entering the forest on the rising land in the interior, the blue and green, the smallest brown, no bigger than the humble bee, with two long feathers in the tail, are to be seen. As you advance towards the mountains of Demerara, other species of humming-birds present themselves. It seems to be an erroneous opinion that the humming-bird lives entirely on the honey-dew. Almost every flower of the tropical climates contains insects of one kind or other; now the humming-bird is most busy about the flowers an hour or two before sunrise, and after a shower of rain; and it is just at this time that the insects come out to the edge of the flower, in order that the sun's rays may dry the nocturnal dew and rain which they have received. On opening the stomach of the humming-bird, dead insects are found there.

Next to the humming-birds, the cotingas display the gayest plumage. They are of five species. Perhaps the scarlet cotinga is the richest of the five, and is one of those birds which are found in the deepest recesses of the forest. His crown is flaming red; to this abruptly succeeds a dark shining brown, reaching half way down the back; the remainder of the back, the rump, and tail, the extremity of which is edged with black, are a lovely red; the belly is somewhat lighter red; the breast reddish black; the wings brown. He has no song, is solitary, and utters a monotonous whistle which sounds like "quet." He is fond of the seeds of the hitia tree, and those of the siloaboli trees. The purple-throated cotinga has black wings, and every other part a light and glossy blue, save the throat, which is purple. The pompadour cotinga is entirely purple, except his wings, which are white, their first five feathers tipped with brown. The fifth species is the celebrated campanero of the Spaniards, called dara by the Indians, and bell-bird by the English. He is about the size of the jay. His plumage is white as snow. On his forehead rises a spiral tube nearly three inches long. It is jet black, dotted all over with small white feathers. It has a communication with the palate, and, when filled with air, looks like a spire; when empty, it becomes pendulous. His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at the distance of three miles. In the midst of these extensive wilds, generally on the dried top of an aged mora, almost out of gun reach, you will see the campaneros. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest, not even the clearly pronounced "whip-poor-wills" from the goat-sucker, cause such astonishment as the toll of the campanero. With many of the feathered race, he pays the tribute of a morning and evening song, and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouth of almost the whole of animated nature, the campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause again, and then a toll again, and again a pause. Then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on. He is never seen to feed with the other cotingas, nor is it known in what part of Guiana he makes his nest.

Whilst the cotingas attract your attention by their superior plumage, the singular form of the toucan makes a lasting impression on your memory. There are three species of toucans in Demerara, and three diminutives, which may be called toucanets. The largest of the first species frequents the mangrove trees on the sea-coast. He is never seen in the interior till you reach Macoushia, where he is found in the neighbourhood of the river Tacatore. The other two species are very common. They feed entirely on the fruits of the forest, and, though of the pie kind, never kill the young of other birds, or touch carrion. They are very noisy in rainy weather. The sound which the bouradi or the larger makes, is like the clear yelping of a puppy dog, and you fancy he says "pia-po-o-co," and thus the South American Spaniards call him piapoco. All the toucanets feed on the same trees on which the toucan feeds, and every species of this family, of enormous bill, lays its eggs in the hollow trees. They are social, but not gregarious. You may sometimes see eight or ten in company, and from this you may suppose they are gregarious; but upon closer examination, you will find it has only been a dinner party, which breaks up and disperses towards roosting time. The flight of the toucan is by jerks; in the action of flying it seems incommoded by its huge disproportioned bill; if the extraordinary form and size of the bill expose the toucan to ridicule, its colours make it amends.

The houtou ranks high in beauty amongst the birds of Demerara; his whole body is green, with a bluish cast in the wings and tail; his crane, which he erects at pleasure, consists of black in the centre, surrounded with lovely blue of two different shades; he has a triangular black spot, edged with blue, behind the eye, extending to the ear; and on his breast a sable tuft, consisting of nine feathers edged also with blue. This bird seems to suppose that its beauty can be increased by trimming the tail, which undergoes the same operation as our hair in a barber's shop, only with this difference, that it uses its own beak, which is serrated, in lieu of a pair of scissors; as soon as his tail is full grown, he begins about an inch from the extremity of the two largest feathers in it, and cuts away the web on both sides of the shaft, making a gap about an inch long. Both male and female Adonise their tails in this manner, which gives them a remarkable appearance amongst other birds. The thick and gloomy forests are the places preferred by the houtou. In those far-extending wilds, about day-break, you hear him articulate, in a distinct and mournful tone, "houtou, houtou." Move cautiously on where the sound proceeds from, and you will see him sitting in the underwood, and very rarely is he seen in the lofty trees, except the bastard siloaboli tree, the fruit of which is grateful to him. He makes no nest, but rears his young in a hole in the sand, generally on the side of a hill.

The cassique, in size, is larger than the starling: he covets the society of man, but disdains to live by his labours. When nature calls for support, he repairs to the neighbouring forest, and there partakes of the store of fruits and seeds which she has produced in abundance for her aërial tribes. When his repast is over, he returns to man, and pays the little tribute which he owes him for his protection; he takes his station on a tree close to his house, and there for hours together pours forth a succession of imitative notes. His own song is sweet, but very short. If a toucan be yelping in the neighbourhood, he drops it, and imitates him. Then he will amuse his protector with the cries of different species of the woodpecker; and when the sheep bleat, he will distinctly imitate them. Then comes his own song again, and if a puppy dog or a guinea fowl interrupt him, he takes them off admirably; and by his different gestures during the time, you would conclude that he enjoys the sport. The cassique is gregarious, and imitates any sound he hears with such exactness, that he goes by no other name than that of mocking-bird amongst the colonists. At breeding time, a number of these pretty choristers resort to a tree near the planter's house, and from its outside branches weave their pendulous nests. So conscious do they seem that they never give offence, and so little suspicious are they of receiving any injury from man, that they will choose a tree within forty yards from his house, and occupy the branches so low down that he may peep into the nests. The proportions of the cassique are so fine, that he may be said to be a model of symmetry in ornithology. On each wing he has a bright yellow spot, and his rump, belly, and half the tail, are of the same colour. All the rest of the body is black. His beak is the colour of sulphur, but it fades in death, and requires the same operation as the bill of the toucan to make it keep its colours.

You would not be long in the forests of Demerara without noticing the woodpeckers. You may meet with them feeding at all hours of the day. Well may they do so. Were they to follow the example of most of the other birds, and only feed in the morning and evening, they would be often on short allowance, for they sometimes have to labour three or four hours at the tree before they get at the food. The sound which the largest kind makes in hammering against the bark of the tree, is so loud, that you would never suppose it to proceed from the efforts of a bird. You would take it to be the woodman, with his axe, trying, by a sturdy blow often repeated, whether the tree was sound or not. There are fourteen species here; the largest the size of a magpie, the smallest not bigger than the wren. They are all beautiful, and the greater part of them have their heads ornamented with a fine crest, moveable at pleasure. It is said if you once give a dog a bad name, whether innocent or guilty, he never loses it. It sticks close to him wherever he goes. He has many a kick and many a blow to bear on account of it, and there is nobody to stand up for him. The woodpecker is little better off. The proprietors of woods in Europe have long accused him of injuring their timber, by boring holes in it, and letting in the water, which soon rots it. The colonists in America have the same complaints against him. Had he the power of speech, he could soon make a defence. "Mighty lords of the woods," he would say to man, "why do you wrongfully accuse me? Why do you hunt me up and down to death for an imaginary offence? I have never spoiled a leaf of your property, much less your wood. Your merciless shot strikes me at the very time I am doing you a service. But your shortsightedness will not let you see it, or your pride is above examining closely the actions of so insignificant a little bird as I am. If there be that spark of feeling in your breast, which they say man possesses, or ought to possess, above all other animals, do a poor injured creature a little kindness, and watch me in your woods only for one day. I never wormed your healthy trees. I should perish for want in the attempt. The sound bark would easily resist the force of my bill; and were I even to pierce through it, there would be nothing inside that I could fancy, or my stomach digest. I often visit them, it is true, but a knock or two convinces me that I must go elsewhere for support; and were you to listen attentively to the sound which my bill causes, you would know whether I am upon a healthy or an unhealthy tree. Wood and bark are not my food. I live entirely upon the insects which have already formed a lodgement in the distempered tree. When the sound informs me that my prey is there, I labour for hours together till I get at it; and, by consuming it, for my own support, I prevent its further depredations in that part. Thus I discover for your hidden and unsuspected foe, which has been devouring your wood in such secrecy, that you had not the least suspicion it was there. The hole which I make, in order to get at the pernicious vermin, will be seen by you as you pass under the tree. I leave it as a signal to tell you, that your tree has already stood too long. It is past its prime. Millions of insects, engendered by disease, are preying upon its vitals; ere long it will fall a log in useless ruins. Warned by this loss, cut down the rest in time, and spare, O spare, the unoffending woodpecker."—*Wanderings of Charles Waterton in South America.*

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GENERAL INVITATIONS.

"PRAY do call in an easy way some evening, you and Mrs. Balderstone: we are sure to be at home, and shall be most happy to see you." Such is the kind of invitation one is apt to get from considerably intimate acquaintances, who, equally resolved against the formality and the expense of a particular entertainment on your account, hope to avoid both evils by making your visit a matter of accident. If you be a man of some experience, you will know that all such attempts to make bread and cheese do that which is more properly the business of a pair of fowls, end in disappointment, and you will, therefore, take care to wait till the general invitation becomes a particular one. But there are inexperienced people in this world who think everything is as it seems, and are apt to be greatly deceived regarding this accidental mode of visiting. For the sake of these last, I shall relate the following adventure:—

I had been remarkably busy one summer, and, consequently, obliged to refuse all kinds of invitations, general and particular. The kind wishes of my friends had accumulated upon me somewhat after the manner of the tunes frozen up in Baron Munchausen's French horn; and it seemed as if a whole month would have been necessary to thaw out and discharge the whole of these obligations. A beginning, however, is always something; and, accordingly, one rather splashy evening in November, I can't tell how it was, but a desire came simultaneously over myself and Mrs. Balderstone—it seemed to be by sympathy—of stepping out to see Mr. and Mrs. Currie, a married pair, who had been considerably more pressing in their general invitations than any other of our friends. We both knew that there was a cold duck in the house, besides a bit of cheese just sent home by Nicholson, and understood to be more than excellent. But, as the old Scots song says, the *tid* had come over us, and forth we must go. No sooner said than done. Five minutes more saw us leaving our comfortable home, my wife carrying a cap pinned under her cloak, while to my pocket was consigned her umbrageous comb. As we paced along, we speculated only on the pleasure which we should give to our kind friends by thus at last paying them a visit, when perhaps all hope of our ever doing so was dead within them.—Nor was it possible altogether to omit reflecting, like the dog invited by his friends to sup, upon the entertainment which lay before us; for certainly on such an occasion the fatted calf could hardly expect to be spared.

Full of the satisfaction which we were to give and receive, we were fully into the house before we thought it necessary to inquire if any body was at home. The servant girl, surprised by the forward confidence of our entrée, evidently forgot her duty, and acknowledged, when she should have denied, the presence of her master and mistress in the house. We were shown into a dining-room as clean, cold, and stately, as an alabaster cave, and which had the appearance of being but rarely lighted by the blaze of hospitality. My first impulse was to relieve my pocket, before sitting down, of the comb, which I thought was now about being put to its proper use; but the chill of the room stayed my hand. I observed, at the same time, that my wife, like the man under the influence of Eolus in the fable, manifested no symptom of parting with her cloak. Ere we could communicate our mutual sensations of incipient disappointment, Mrs. Currie entered with a flurried surprised air, and made a prodigious effort to give us welcome. But, alas! poor Mr. Currie; he had been seized in the afternoon with a strange vertigo and sickness, and was now endeavouring, by the advice of Dr. Boak, to get some repose. "It will be *such* a disappointment to him when he learns that you were here, for he would have been *so* happy to see you We must just entertain the hope, however, to see you some other night." Although the primary idea in our minds at this moment was unquestionably the *desperatio cibi*—the utter hopelessness of supper in this quarter—we betrayed, of course, no feeling but sympathy in the illness of our unfortunate friend, and a regret for having called at so inauspicious a moment. Had any unconcerned person witnessed our protestations, he could have formed no suspicion that we ever contemplated supper, or were now in the least disappointed. We felt anxious about nothing but to relieve Mrs. Currie, as soon as possible, of the inconvenience of our visit, more especially as the chill of the room was now piercing us to the bone. We therefore retired, under a shower of mutual compliments and condolences, and "hopes," and "sorries," and "have the pleasures;" the door at last slamming after us with a noise which seemed to say, "How very glad I am to get quit of you!"

When we got to the street, we certainly did not feel quite so mortified as the dog already alluded to, seeing that we had not, like him, been tossed over the window. But still the reverse of prospect was so very bitter, that for some time we could hardly believe that the adventure was real. By this time we had expected to be seated snug at supper, side by side with two friends, who, we anticipated, would almost expire with pleasure at seeing us. But here, on the contrary, we were turned out upon the cold inhospitable street, without a friend's face to cheer us. We still recollected that the cold duck remained as a fortress to fall back upon; but, being now fairly agog in the adventure, the idea of returning home, *re infecta*, was not to be thought of. Supper we must have in some other house than our own, let it cost what it may. "Well," said Mrs. Balderstone, "there are the Jackson's! They live not far from this—suppose we drop in upon them. I'm sure we have had enough of invitations to their house. The very last time I met Mrs. Jackson in the street, she told me she was never going to ask us again—we had refused so long—she was going, she said, just to let us come *if* we liked, and *when* we liked." Off we went, therefore, to try the Jacksons. On applying at the door of the house, it flew open, as it were by enchantment, and the servant girl, so far from hesitating like the other, seemed to expect no question to be asked on entrée. We moved into the lobby, and inquired if Mr. and Mrs. Jackson were at home, which was answered by the girl with a surprised affirmative. We now perceived, from the pile of hats and cloaks in the lobby, as well as a humming noise from one of the rooms, that the Jacksons had a large company, and that we were understood by the servant to be part of it. The Jacksons, thought we, (I know my wife thought so, although I never asked,) give *some* people particular invitations. Her object was now to make an honourable retreat, for, although my dress was not entirely a walking one, and my wife's cap was brought with the prospect of making an appearance of dress, we were by no means fit to match with those who had dressed on purpose for the party, even although we were asked to join them. Just at this moment, Mrs. Jackson happened to cross the lobby, on hospitable thoughts intent, and saw us, than whom, perhaps, she would rather have seen a basilisk. "Oh, Mrs. Balderstone, how do you do? How are you, Mr. Balderstone? I'm so delighted that you have come in this easy way at last. A few of the neighbours have just dropped in upon us, and it will be so delightful if you will join them. Come into this room and take off your bonnet, and you, Mr. Balderstone, just you be so good as step up to the drawing-room. You'll find numbers there that you know. And Mr. Jackson will be so happy to see you," &c All this, however, would not do Mrs. Balderstone and I not only felt a little hurt at the want of specialty in our invitations to this house, but could not endure the idea of mingling in a crowd better dressed and more regularly invited than ourselves. We therefore begged Mrs. Jackson to excuse us for this night. We had just called in an easy way in passing, and, indeed, we never attended ceremonious parties at any time. We would see her some other evening, when she was less engaged—that is to say, "we would rather see you and Mr. Jackson at Jericho than darken your doors again." And so off we came, with the blandest and most complimentary language upon our tongues, and the most piqued and scornful feelings in our hearts.

Again upon the street—yea, once again What was to be done now? Why, said Mrs. Balderstone, there is excellent old Mrs. Smiles, who lives in the next street. I have not seen her or the Misses Smiles for six months; but the last time they were so pressing for us to return their visit (you remember they supped with us in spring,) that I think we cannot do better than take this opportunity of clearing scores.

Mrs. Smiles, a respectable widow, lived with her five daughters in a third floor in —— Street. Thither we marched, with a hope undiminished by the two preceding disappointments, that here at length we would find supper. Our knock at Mrs. Smiles's hospitable portal produced a strange rushing noise within, and when the servant appeared, I observed in the far, dim vista of the passage, one or two slip-slop figures darting across out of one door into another, and others again crossing in the opposite direction, and then there was heard a low anxious whispering, while a single disbevelled head peeped out from one of the doors, and then the head was withdrawn, and all was still. We were introduced into a room which had evidently been the scene of some recent turmoil of no ordinary kind, for female clothes lay scattered in every direction, besides some articles which more properly belonged to a dressing-room. We had not been here above a minute, when we heard our advent announced by the servant in an adjoining apartment to Mrs. Smiles herself and some of her young ladies. A flood of obloquy was instantly opened upon the girl by one of her young mistresses—Miss Eliza, we thought—for having given admission to any body at this late hour, especially when she knew that they were to be up early next morning to commence their journey, and had still a great many of their things to pack. "And such a room you have shown them into, you goose!" said the enraged Miss. The girl was questioned as to our appearance, for she had neglected to ask our name; and then we heard one young lady say, "It must be these Balderstones. What can have set them a-gadding to-night? I suppose we *must* ask them to stay to supper, for they'll have come for nothing else—confound them. Mary, you are in best trim; will you go and speak to them till we get ourselves ready? The cold meat will do with a few eggs. I'm sure they could not have come at a worse time." Miss Mary accordingly came hastily in after a few minutes, and received us with a thousand protestations of welcome. Her mother would be so truly delighted to see us, for she had fairly given up all hope of our ever visiting her again. She was just getting ready, and would be here immediately. "In the mean time, Mrs. Balderstone, you will lay by your cloak and bonnet. Let me assist you," &c. We had got enough however of the Smileses. We saw that we had dropped into the midst of a scene of easy dishabille, and surprised it with unexpected ceremony. It would have been cruel to the Smileses to put them about at such a time, and ten times more cruel to ourselves to sit in friendly intercourse with a family who had treated us in such a manner behind our backs. "*These Balderstones!*" The phrase was wormwood. My wife, therefore, made up a story to the effect that we had only called in going home from another friend's house, in order to inquire after the character of a servant. As Mrs. Smiles was out of order, we would not disturb her that evening, but call on some other occasion Of course, the more that we declaimed about the impossibility of remaining to supper, the more earnestly did Miss Smiles entreat us to remain. It would be such a disappointment to her mother, and still more to Eliza and the rest of them. She was obliged, however, with well-affected reluctance, to give way to our impetuous desire of escaping.

Having once more stepped forth into the cold blast of November, we began to feel that supper was becom-

ing a thing which we could not much longer, with comfort, trust to the contingency of *general invitations*. We therefore sent home our thoughts to the excellent cold duck and green cheese which lay in our larder, and picturing to ourselves the comfort of our parlour fireside, with a good bottle of ale toasting within the fender, resolved no more to wander abroad in search of happiness, unless there should be something like a certainty of good fare and a hearty welcome elsewhere.

Thus it is always with general invitations. "Do call on us some evening, Miss Duncan, just in an easy way, and pray bring your seam with you, for there is nothing I hate so much as ceremonious set calls," is the sort of invitation you will hear in the middle ranks of life, given to some good-natured female acquaintance, while you, yourself, if a bachelor, will in the same way be bidden to call "just after you are done with business, and any night in the week; it is all the same, for you can never catch us unprepared." The deuce is in these general invitations. People give them without reflecting that they cannot be at all times ready to entertain visitors; cannot be so much as at home to have the chance of doing so. Other people accept and act upon them, at the risk of either putting their host dreadfully about, or receiving a very poor entertainment. The sudden arrival of an unexpected guest who has come on the faith of one of these delusive roving invitations, indeed, in many instances, disorganizes the economy of a whole household. Nothing tries a housewife so much. The state of her larder or cupboard instantaneously flashes on her mind; and if she do not happen to be a notable, and, consequently, not a regular curer of beef, or curious in the matter of fresh eggs, a hundred to one but she feels herself in an awkward dilemma, and, I have no doubt, would wish the visitor any where but where he is. The truth is, by these general invitations you may chance to arrive at a death or a marriage, a period of mourning or rejoicing, when the sympathies of the family are all engaged with matters of their own.

If people will have their friends beside them, let them, for the sake of all that is comfortable, give them a definite invitation at once; a general invitation is much worse than no invitation at all; it is little else than an insult, however unintentional; for it is as much as to say that the person is not worth inviting in a regular manner. In "good" society, a conventional understanding obtains in the delicate point of invitations; there is an established scale of the value of the different meals adapted to the rank of the invited. I advise all my friends to follow this invaluable code of civility. By all means let your invitations have a special reference to time. On the other hand, if a friend comes plump down with a request that you will favour him with your company at a certain hour of the day, why, go without hesitation. The man deserves your company for his honesty, and you will be sure to put him to no more trouble than what he directly calculates on. But turn a deaf ear, if you be wise, to *general* invitations; they are nets spread out to ensnare your comfort. Rather content yourself with the good old maxim, which somebody has inscribed over an ancient doorway in one of the old streets of Edinburgh, TECUM HABITA—*Keep at Home*.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

LIGHT.

In the Mosaic account of the creation of the world we read, that in the beginning the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. Amidst this solemn and mysterious gloom, God said, let there be light, and there was light. The instantaneous fulfilment of the divine command; the sudden transition from the awful dreariness of darkness into the bright effulgence of light; the change presented over the whole aspect of the now illumined mass of waters, must fill every contemplative mind with a sense of power and sublimity which cannot be exceeded. Thus was light, so pure in its nature, and so beautiful in all its varied operations, suddenly summoned into existence; and when we consider its universal diffusion, and the blessings it scatters around us, we cannot feel surprised that it has claimed the attention of the most highly gifted and accomplished philosophers. Let us then enter on this subject, which is not one of an abstract and uninviting character, but rather one of the most animating and surpassing interest; let us then proceed to consider its sources, its nature and properties, and its effect on the animate and inanimate creation.

The sun, which has been adored as a visible God by many nations, is the most obvious source of light and heat; and every body is aware that it is the change of position which our earth, in its constant revolution, undergoes in its relation to that luminary, which causes and regulates the return and duration of day and night, and the succession and intensity of the different seasons. But the sun is not the only source of light; for, were this the case, we should be left during the period of night in the helplessness of darkness, than which nothing can be more terrible. Instead of this when he has sunk below the horizon, and the twilight which follows has faded away, the reflected light of the moon, and the light of innumerable stars, shed a soft and beamy radiance through the world. These heavenly bodies are the most obvious sources of natural light; but man, at a very early period, prompted by his necessities, learned to procure both light and heat artificially, to accomplish which he had recourse to various ingenious methods. It was observed, that when two bodies are rubbed pretty smartly against each other, both light and heat are evolved—thus it is obtained by friction. The arctic Highlanders of Baffin's Bay obtain fire by rubbing two fish bones against each other. The Fuegians, an uncivilized race of people, inhabiting one of the coasts in the Southern Ocean, procure fire, says Captain Weddell, by rubbing iron pyrites (a combination of iron and sulphur which occurs native) and a flinty stone together, and catching the sparks on a dry substance resembling moss, which is quickly ignited. The inhabitants of New Holland take two pieces of soft dry wood; the one a stick about eight or nine inches long, the other a flat piece. The stick they shape into an obtuse point at one end, and pressing it against the other, turn it quickly round, holding it between both their hands as we might a chocolate mill. By this method, light and heat are obtained in less than two minutes. Some American tribes, as in Kamschatka, have a machine on this principle. It is for this reason necessary to grease the irons at the axis of coach wheels, as, otherwise, from the friction, when the carriage is dragged swiftly along, they are apt to take fire—an accident which not unfrequently occurs. So likewise when the air has been very dry, even the boughs of forest trees rubbed against each other by the wind, have been known to take fire. Friction, therefore, is one of the sources of artificial light. When, instead of persevering in the motion we have described, one body is struck quickly and forcibly against another, as a piece of flint against a piece of iron, light and heat are likewise produced. In this case, some particles of the metal are struck away from the mass, and so violent is the heat produced, that it melts them, and these, falling into the dry tinder usually used in this country, ignite the match which is applied to them. This is the method of producing light and heat by percussion; and we all know it is taken advantage of in the flint-locks of guns and pistols. When fire has been thus produced, we apply it to an inflammable body, during the combustion or burning of which, a more or less intense light is emitted. Thus oil and tallow are inflammable substances, and by immersing in either of these a wick, or piece of cotton, in a certain manner, the oil or melted tallow, on lighting the wick, rises through its interstices, is consumed, and gives rise to a steady flame. So likewise many gases are inflammable, and, when mixed together in certain quantities, consume more or less rapidly.

Light is also produced by electricity, which is a very peculiar and subtile fluid, that seems to pervade, more or less, all bodies, inanimate as well as animate. When this electric fluid has accumulated in any particular region, it seeks to disperse or equalise itself, and, in so doing, evolves itself, and becomes perceptible to our sight. This is the cause of lightning, and some likewise think it is the cause of the aurora borealis, meteors, shooting stars, and many other interesting phenomena in nature. Certain animals also have the power of secreting or generating a phosphorescent kind of matter, which gives out light, examples of which we find in the glow-worm, the fire-fly of the West Indies, and some kinds of fish. It is probable that sea water is capable of dissolving this luminous matter, which explains the reason why the waters of the ocean by night often appear luminous when agitated. Such are the general sources of light. But the most obvious and constant of them all is evidently the sun.

The human mind, naturally inquisitive, is next led to ask, what is the nature of this light which is so universally diffused, and what are its properties; nor have these subjects remained uninvestigated. It was the opinion of the celebrated philosopher Descartes, that light is caused by a certain motion or undulation of a very thin elastic medium which he supposed pervaded space; but Sir Isaac Newton whose discoveries established a new era in the history of science, rejected this doctrine, and, from numerous observations, came to the conclusion, that light consists of very minute particles of matter, which are emitted in all directions from luminous bodies. The opinion of Descartes was afterwards advocated by many men eminent in science; but that of Sir Isaac Newton appears better founded, and is consequently more generally accepted. The particles of light are extremely small; nay, so exquisitely minute, that they do not affect the most delicate balance; but we must recollect, that as objects exist of such extreme minuteness as to escape even the powers of the microscope, so also matter exists of so subtile a nature as not to affect any scale we have yet constructed. This is the case with the matter of heat, and also with that of electricity. We may weigh, perhaps, the thousandth part of a grain; but, says Dr. Thomson, we are certain that no particle of light weighs the one-millionth millionth part of a grain. This exquisite minuteness of the particles of light enables them to enter freely into the eye, without inflicting any injury on the structure of so delicate an organ. Admirable indeed is the adaptation of every arrangement of nature, to fulfil its final end or purpose. The number of these particles which flow from every luminous body is also wonderful. It has been computed that there flow more than six million million times as many particles of light from a candle in one second of time as there are grains of sand in the whole earth. Be this as it may, the particles of light from a single candle, if there be no obstacle in their way to obstruct their passage, will fill a space of two miles distance in every direction. The velocity with which light travels has equally excited the wonder and admiration of every intelligent mind. The sun is above ninety millions of miles distant from our earth, yet its light reaches us in about seven minutes and a half. Dr. Brewster remarks that it moves at the rate of a hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred miles in a second. But while we pause on this surprising velocity, it may be well to remember that all our notions of distance and time are merely comparative, and in this, as in many other instances, our ideas are confined to the limits of our own feeble and narrow experience. We know that the fleetest racer can scarcely ever run more than a mile a minute, nor can he support this speed more than five or six minutes; but the swallow does this with pleasure for nine or ten hours a-day. The golden eagle will wing its way through the fiercest storm at the rate of forty miles an hour; and Spallanzani has affirmed that one of our smallest birds, the little swift, travels at the rate of two hundred and fifty miles an hour. We know from experiment that sound travels eleven hundred and forty feet in a second, and in all these instances the rapidity of motion is almost incredible, but we must never allow our scepticism to be excited by what at first sight appears to be beyond the range of possibility. A stream of these particles of light proceeding from the sun, or any luminous body, constitutes what is called a ray of light, which at all times proceeds, so long as it meets with no interruption, in a straight line. Thus we can see through a straight, but not through a bent, tube. In aiming with a gun or arrow at the bull's eye in the centre of a target, the effort we make is to direct the projectile along the straight rays of light which proceed from that point to our organ of vision, for which reason, to take a surer and more successful aim, we often close one eye in order to exclude all the rays of light excepting those which proceed from the point to which the attention is directed. Accordingly, we say that a ray of light moves in a straight line; but if it meet with a body, such as a glass mirror, that interrupts its progress, what happens? It is unable to proceed directly onwards, and is reflected out of its course as a marble is when struck against a wall. This is what is called the reflection of light. On a bright summer's day, when the sun is shining on the bosom of a lake or river, its rays of light are thus turned or reflected back to the eye, with a lustre so dazzling as to be often intolerable. So likewise in walking on the sunny side of the street, the reflection of the rays from the pavement and houses dazzles the sight, and induces us to seek the shade. On the sandy deserts of Africa and Egypt, this continued reflection of the rays of light, from the particles of sand, gives rise to dreadful and painful maladies of the organ of sight. It is for the same reason that when we walk out after a fall of snow, if the noonday sun shine brightly, the many rays that are reflected from the snow around, excite a painful sensation in the eyes. Travellers who have visited the northern latitudes, have complained much of the annoyance they had to endure from this reflection of light from the snow and ice which perpetually exist in those dreary and desolate regions. The Esquimaux are not even by habit reconciled to this inconvenience, but are subjected to inflammation and other diseases of the eyes. Many persons, says Captain Lyon, had lost their eye-lashes, and were nearly blind. A very curious kind of wooden eye-shade is worn by them, and so contrived as to admit but little of the light that is reflected from the ice. But if such be the painful consequence of the reflection of the sun's rays, how comes it that we do not ourselves experience more annoyance from this cause? The reason is this—that while certain bodies do reflect all the sunlight, others take up or absorb it in a considerable quantity, so that only a part of it is reflected. Thus a soft dark earthy soil allows the rays of light to enter into it, and they there remain retained. It is this power which certain bodies have of absorbing light, that prevents our having to walk through a world, in which we should otherwise be continually dazzled.

We have thus far spoken very generally of the reflection and absorption of light; now let us consider another very interesting property it possesses, and which gives rise to some of the most curious and beautiful appearances in nature. When a ray of light proceeds through the same medium, we will say the air, it moves in a straight line, and if admitted through a hole in a shutter, into a dark room, appears white; but if it passes obliquely from a rarer into a denser medium, as from air into water, it is then urged out of the straight line, and appears as if it had been suddenly bent. For this reason a straight rod or stick, when immersed in water, appears to be broken at the surface of the water; and the portion immersed appears to be bent upwards. The light thus proceeding out of its straight course is said to be refracted, and our observations on objects placed in water are liable from this circumstance to considerable deception. Thus:—a deep bodied fish seen near the surface of the water appears a flat fish; a round body there seems oval; and objects seen at the bottom of the water do not seem to be so deep as they really are, from which source of error, judging of the depth of a clear river from the bank, young persons have been often tempted beyond their depth, and drowned. Now, we must recollect, that light, in passing into our atmosphere, has moved from a rarer into a denser medium—that is, from the thin ether above the highest stratum of air, into the denser mass of air which more immediately surrounds the earth. This air is generally loaded with watery vapour, so that the medium through which light has to pass in our atmosphere undergoes many remarkable changes. Hence the distance, height, and relative position of mountains, hills, vallies, towns, often appear altered. A certain range of mountains in one condition of the atmosphere will appear nearer; in another, more remote from the spectator than usual. But in being thus bent out of its course, a ray of light exhibits a variety of beautiful colours, the cause of which may easily be explained. We have already observed that if a ray of light be admitted through the hole of a shutter into a dark room, it appears of uniform whiteness; bu

Sir Isaac Newton discovered that this white ray of light is a combination of seven different coloured rays, which, by a triangular piece of glass called a prism, may be separated easily from each other This illustrious philosopher proceeded thus: he made a hole in one of his window-shutters, and having darkened his chamber, let in a convenient quantity of the sun's light. He then intercepted this light with the triangular piece of glass, and found that in passing through the glass, the light was so refracted as to exhibit on the wall an image of seven different colours, viz. violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. "It was at first," says Sir Isaac, "a very pleasing divertisement to view the vivid and intense colours produced thereby," and after varying his experiments in a most ingenious way, he established this very interesting fact, that every ray of white light consists of seven other primary and different coloured rays, each of which seven is more or less refrangible than the other, Sir Isaac Newton having obtained the seven different coloured rays, gathered them again together by the aid of a lens, and re-produced the white ray of light. Further, in corroboration of this, he mixed together one part of red lead, four parts of blue bise, and a proper proportion of orpiment and verdigris. This mixture was dun, like wood newly cut. He now took one-third of the mixture, and scattered it over the floor of his room, where the sun shone upon it through the open casement, and beside it in the shadow, he laid a piece of white paper of the same size. Then going to the distance of twelve or eighteen feet, so that he could not discern the unevenness of the surface of the powder, nor the little shadows let fall from the gritty particles thereof, the powder appeared intensely white, so as to transcend even the paper itself in whiteness. Sir Isaac Newton's discovery, that the combination of these different coloured rays produced the white ray of light, and that each of these elementary or primary rays possessed its own specific degree of refrangibility, revealed to us at once the explanation of many of the most interesting appearances in nature. Nothing can be more beautiful than the colours with which the tops of mountains, the surface of the ocean, and the different shaped clouds, are tinged at sunrise and at sunset, the cause of which now became obvious. The white rays of the sun, entering into an atmosphere of varying density, pass through it like the sunbeam through Sir Isaac Newton's glass prism, and are in a similar way decomposed. The rays that are the least refracted or diverted out of their course reach the earth in all the purity and beauty of their own individual colours, and enter into a thousand varied combinations. When the sun is shining in all its noon of splendour high above the horizon, its rays, falling on the wide expanse of the ocean, are reflected back unchanged in all their original silver lustre; but when the sun is setting, and its rays fall obliquely on the waters, the red, being the least refrangible of the primary rays, floods with a fiery glow the heaving billows, and the line of the visible horizon. Around the heavenly bodies—the sun and the moon—circles of light of the most varying colours often appear, which may be explained on the same principle these halos being nothing more than the rays of light reflected and refracted by the globules of vapour through which they pass, before they reach the sphere of our vision. But the most familiar instance of the decomposition of light into its prismatic colours is exhibited to us by the rainbow, which is occasioned by the light of the sun shining on the spherical drops of water falling in an opposite shower. In this instance the rays of white light are refracted or resolved into their primary rays, which are reflected in the form of an arch across the heavens. Sometimes more than one or two of these arches are formed. Captain Parry saw five rainbows, each at the same time complete Sometimes the arches intersect each other, and they have been seen in an inverted position. Lunar rainbows also frequently occur, but do not display such variety of colours. Rainbows also often appear among the waves of the sea, when their heads or tops are buffeted by the wind, and blown into small drops. They appear, too, occasionally on the ground, when the sun shines on a very thick dew. The falls of Niagara, and falls of less note—even small cascades and fountains, whose waters in falling are divided into drops, display rainbows when the spectator is in a proper position to observe them. But the most remarkable consequence of the refraction and reflection of light is the numerous atmospherical deceptions which are thereby occasioned. Places at considerable distance are sometimes unexpectedly brought within the sphere of vision. Thus, in the year 1788, the coast of France was distinctly seen at Hastings, an account of which has been recorded in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London. Towns, hills, valleys, islands, ships, have been seen reflected in the heavens. In the county of Huntingdon, on the morning of July 16, 1820, at half-past four o'clock, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and the light vapours that arose from the river Ouse, were moving over a little hill near St. Neots, when suddenly the village of Great Paxton, its farm-houses, barns, dispersed cottages, trees, and its different grass fields, were clearly and distinctly visible in a beautiful aerial picture, which extended from east to west about four hundred yards. Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of the spectator as he looked at this surprising phenomenon, nor his regret at its disappearance in about ten minutes. Among the Harz mountains in Hanover, at Souta Fell in Cumberland, in the south of Italy, and in many other places, analogous appearances have been observed. In the year 1827, the Skerry Islands, situated in the sea about four miles distant from the north coast of Ireland, appeared at an extraordinary elevation, apparently 200 yards above the level of the sea, breaking off by degrees in the centre into appearances resembling old castles, towers, and spires, an account of which appears in the memoirs of the Wernerian Society of this city Two or three of such images in an inverted position are sometimes seen one above the other. In this neighbourhood, Inchkeith has been seen reflected in the sky in an inverted position above the island, and above that another picture of it in its proper position. In the arctic seas, owing to the peculiar refractive state of the atmosphere, such appearances are of frequent occurrence. When the rays of light fall on the surface of ice, they are thence reflected into the air above, and often afford an aërial map of the ice and sea below. This is termed the iceblink. Nothing can exceed the curious, and, at the same time, splendid exhibitions, presented by the unequal refraction of light from the ice and land in these regions Hummocks of ice, says Captain Scoresby, assumed the forms of castles, obelisks, and spires; in some places the distant ice was so extremely irregular and appeared so full of pinnacles, that it resembled a forest of naked trees; in others it presented the character of an extensive city, crowded with churches, castles, and public edifices. This intrepid navigator also records numerous instances of ships being seen reflected one above another in the sky, at a time when the ships themselves and the images were so distant as to be recognised only by the aid of a telescope. We have already explained how the rays of light become refracted in passing from a rarer into a denser medium, and the frequency of these appearances in these regions is owing to the varying and unequal density of the atmosphere, which, when moist and warm, becomes chilled and condensed by passing over the extensive surfaces of ice. Light produces the most important and beneficial effects on the inanimate and animate creation, and, without its benignant agency, all nature would sicken and die. Many substances—oils, mineral acids, preparations of mercury, silver, lead, &c., change their colour when exposed to light. Those parts of the walls of a room which are painted with white lead and oil, and which are defended from light by furniture, become darker than the rest, but, on exposure, acquire the same brightness. Plants raised in the open air, when put into darkness, become pale and fade in two or three days: those which, after being raised in darkness, have been exposed for a time to sunlight, cannot support the privation of light, but die. Plants that grow beneath stones, are white, soft, watery, and insipid, of which fact gardeners avail themselves to furnish our tables with white and tender vegetables, by binding up and compressing their leaves together, so as to defend them from the contact of light. The light of a lamp can, although imperfectly, replace that of the sun. The plant becomes green, and inclines to the light; but this artificial light has a more beneficial influence if reflected from mirrors, and hence many hill-sides are rendered peculiarly fertile by the similar reverberation of the light. When the sky has been long obscured by clouds, the grass and leaves of trees lose their usual bright green colour. "Clouds and rain," says a Professor, writing from America, "have obscured the hemisphere during the last six days. In that time the leaves of all the forests which are seen from this place have greatly expanded; but they were all of a pallid hue until this afternoon, when, within the period of about six hours, during which we had sunshine, they all changed their colour to a beautiful green."

The perfect absence of light is so injurious to plants that it has been concluded, that, without the light of the moon and stars, night would destroy vegetables. The complexion of man, and the colours of the different races of animals, are considerably modified by exposure to light. African ladies who live much in the house are not so dark as those persons who live much in the open air; the palms of the hands and soles of the feet are lighter than parts of the body more exposed. Animals in the polar regions do not exhibit the variety of colours which those present that are natives of tropical climates. In this country, too, we observe that foxes, rabbits, hares, &c. assimilate to the colour of the soil they frequent. Birds, too, that fly by night, do not display so varied and gaudy a plumage as those which fly by day. Animals, if totally deprived of light, would, like plants, languish and die. Nothing, indeed, can be more appalling than total darkness; and for this reason the threat of the Omnipotent is so terrible, which declares that the wicked shall be cast into outer *darkness*, where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Plentifulness of Fish in India.—The river Ganges swarms with fish, which are also plentiful in every tank and ditch. During the wet months they may be scooped up with a hand-net in every field, and procured at all times, at the expense of a crooked nail and a little plantain thread. They, therefore, next to rice and plantains, constitute the main food of the country.—*Heber's India.*

Effect of Music.—Major Denham, when in Africa, exhibited a musical snuff-box to the Sheik of Bornou, who was greatly astonished, and exclaimed several times, "Wonderful, wonderful!" His feelings were completely overcome by the sweetness of a popular Swiss air. He covered his face with bis hand, and remained silent; and a man near him breaking the charm with a loud exclamation, he struck him a blow, which made all his followers tremble. He asked "If one twice as large would not be better." The reply was, "Yes, but it would be twice as dear." He exclaimed, "It would be cheap if it cost a thousand dollars."

THE RAPIDS.—A Tale.

Midnight on board a steam-boat, a full moon, and a soft panorama of the shores of St. Lawrence gliding by like a vision! I thus assume the dramatic prerogative of introducing my readers at once to the scene of my story, and with the same time-saving privilege I introduce my *dramatis personæ*, a gentleman and lady promenading the deck with the slow step so natural on a summer's night, when your company is agreeable.

The lady leaned familiarly on the arm of her companion as they walked to and fro, sometimes looking at the moon and sometimes at her pretty feet, as they stole out, one after the other, into the moonlight. She was a tall, queenly person, somewhat *embonpoint*, but extremely graceful. Her eye was of a dark blue, shaded with lashes of remarkable length, and her features, though irregular, were expressive of great vivacity, and more than ordinary talent. She wore her hair, which was of a deep chestnut, in the Madonna style, simply parted, and her dress, throughout, had the chaste elegance of good taste—the *tournure* of fashion without its extravagance.

Her companion was a tall, well-formed young man, very handsome, with a frank and prepossessing expression of countenance, and the fine freedom of step and air which characterize the well-bred gentlemen. He was dressed fashionably, but plainly, and wore whiskers, in compliance with the prevailing mania. His tone was one of rare depth and melody; and as he bent slightly and gracefully to the lady's ear, its low, rich tenderness had the irresistible fascination, for which the human voice is sometimes so remarkable.

It was a beautiful night. The light lay sleeping on the St. Lawrence like a white mist. The boat, on whose deck our acquaintances were promenading, was threading the serpentine channel of the "Thousand Isles," more like winding through a wilderness than following the passage of a great river. The many thousand islands clustered in this part of the St. Lawrence seem to realize the mad girl's dream when she visited the stars, and found them

'——— only green islands, sown thick in the sky.'

Nothing can be more like fairy land than sailing among them on a summer's evening. They vary in size, from a quarter of a mile in circumference, to a spot just large enough for one solitary tree, and are at different distances from a bowshot to a gallant leap from each other. The universal formation is a rock of horizontal stratum, and the river, though spread into a lake by innumerable divisions, is almost embowered by the luxuriant vegetation which covers them. There is everywhere sufficient depth for the boat to run directly alongside, and, with the rapidity and quietness of her motion, and the near neighbourhood of the trees, which may almost be touched, the illusion of aerial carriage over land, is, at first, almost perfect. The passage through the more intricate parts of the channel, is, if possible, still more beautiful. You shoot into narrow passes where you could spring on shore on either side, catching, as you advance, hasty views to the right and left, through long vistas of islands; or, running round a projecting point of rock or woodland, open into an apparent lake, and darting rapidly across, seem running right on shore as you enter a narrow strait in pursuit of the covert channel.

It is the finest ground in the world for the "magic of moonlight." The water is clear, and, on the night we speak of, was a perfect mirror. Every star was repeated. The foliage of the islands was softened into distinctness, and they lay in the water, with their well-defined shadows hanging darkly beneath them, as distinctly as clouds in the sky, and apparently as moveable. In more terrestrial company than the lady Viola's, our hero might have fancied himself in the regions of upper air; but as he leant over the tafferel, and listened to the sweetest voice that ever melted into moonlight, and watched the shadows of the dipping trees as the approach of the boat broke them one by one, he would have thought twice before he had said that he was sailing on a fresh water river, in the good steam-boat Queenston.

Miss Viola Clay, and Mr. Frank Gresham, the hero and heroine of this true story, I should have told you before, were cousins. They had met lately after a separation of many years, and as the lady had in the meantime become the proudest woman in the world, and the gentleman had been abroad and wore whiskers, and had, besides, a cousin's *carte blanche* for his visits, there was reason to believe they would become very well acquainted.

Frank had been at home but a few months when he was invited to join the party with which he was now making the fashionable tour. He had seen Viola every day since his return, and had more to say to her than to all the rest of his relatives together. He would sit for hours with her in the deep recesses of the windows, telling his adventures when abroad. At least, it was so presumed, as he talked all the time, and she was profoundly attentive. It was thought, too, he must have seen some affecting sights, for now and then his descriptions made her sigh audibly, and once the colour was observed to mount to her very temples—doubtless from strong sympathy with some touching distress.

Frank joined the party for the tour, and had, at the time we speak of, been several weeks in their company. They had spent nearly a month among the Lakes, and were now descending by their grand outlet to Montreal. Many a long walk had been taken, and many a romantic scene had been gazed upon during their absence, and the lady had, many a time, wandered away with her cousin, doubtless for the want of a more agreeable companion. She was indefatigable in seeing the celebrated places from every point, and made excursions, which the gouty feet of her father, or the etiquette of a stranger's attendance, would have forbidden. In these cases, Frank's company was evidently a convenience; and over hill and dale, through glen and cavern, he had borne her delicate arm by the previous privilege of cousinship.

There's nothing like a cousin. It is the sweetest relation in human nature. There is no excitement in loving your sister, and courting a lady in the face of a strange family requires the nerve of a martyr; but your dear familiar cousin, with her provoking maidenly reserve, and her bewitching freedoms, and the romping frolics, and the stolen tenderness over the skein of silk that will get tangled—and then the long rides which nobody talks about, and the long *tete-à-tetes* which are nobody's business, and the long letters of which nobody pays the postage—no, there is nothing like a cousin—a young, gay, beautiful witch of a cousin.

Till within a few days Frank had enjoyed a monopoly of the lady Viola's condescensions; but their party had been

increased lately by a young gentleman who introduced himself to papa as the son of an old friend, and proceeded immediately to a degree of especial attention which relieved our hero exceedingly of his duties.

Mr. Erastus Van Pelt was a tall, thin person, with an aquiline nose, and a forehead that retreated till it was lost in the distance. It was evident at the first glance that he was high *ton*. The authenticity of his style, even on board a steam-boat, distanced imitation immeasurably. The angle of his bow had been an insoluble problem from his *debut* at the dancing school till the present moment, and his quizzing glass was thrown up to his eye with a grace that would have put Brummel to the blush. From the square toe of his pump to the loop of his gold chain, he was a perfect wonder. Every body smiled on Mr. Erastus Van Pelt.

This accomplished gentleman looked with an evil eye on our hero. He had the magnanimity not to cut him outright, as he was the lady's cousin; but tolerated him on the first day with a cold civility, which he intended should amount to a cut on the second. Frank thought him thus far very amusing; but when he came frequently in the way of his attentions to his cousin, and once or twice raised his glass at his remarks, with the uncomprehending 'Sir!' he was observed to stroke his black whiskers with a very ominous impatience. Further acquaintance by no means mended the matter, and Frank's brow grew more and more cloudy. He had already alarmed Mr. Van Pelt with a glance of his eye that could not be mistaken, and anticipated his 'cut direct' by at least some hours, when the lady Viola took him aside, and bound over his thumb and finger to keep the peace towards the invisible waist of his adversary.

A morning or two after this precaution, the boat was bending in toward a small village which terminates the safe navigation above the rapids of the Split Rock. Coaches were waiting on shore, to convey passengers to the next still water, and the mixed population of the little village, attracted by the arrival, was gathered in a picturesque group on the landing. There was the Italian-looking Canadian, with his clear olive complexion and open neck, his hat slouched carelessly, and the indispensable red sash hanging from his waist; and the still, statue-like Indian with the incongruous blanket and belt, hat and mocassin costume of the border; and the tall inquisitive-looking Vermontese—all mingled together like the figures in a painter's study.

Miss Clay sat on the deck, surrounded by her party. Frank, at a little distance, stood looking into the water with the intentness of a statue, and Mr. Van Pelt levelled his glass at the 'horrid creatures' on shore, and expressed his elegant abhorrence of their *sauvagerie* in a fine-spun *falsetto*. As its last thin tone melted, he turned and spoke to the lady with an air evidently more familiar than her dignity for the few first days seemed to have warranted. There was an expression of ill-concealed triumph in his look, and an uncompromised turning of his back on our *penseroso*, which indicated an advance in relative importance; and though Miss Clay went on with the destruction of her card of distances, just as if there was nobody in the world but herself, the conversation was well sustained till the last musical superlative was curtailed by the whiz of the escape valve.

As the boat touched the pier, Frank awoke from his reverie, and announced his intention of taking a boat down the rapids. Viola objected to it at first as a dangerous experiment; but when assured by him that it was perfectly safe, and that the boat, during the whole passage, would be visible from the coach, she opposed it no further. Frank then turned to Mr. Van Pelt, and, to her astonishment, politely requested his company. The dandy was thunderstruck. To his comprehension it was like offering him a private interview with a bear. 'No, Sir,' said he, with a nervous twirl of his glass round his forefinger. Miss Clay, however, insisted on his acceptance of the invitation. The prospect of his company, without the restraint of Frank's presence, and a wish to foster the good feeling from which she thought the offer proceeded, were sufficient motives for perseverance, and on the ground that his beautiful cap was indispensable to the picturesque effect, she would take no denial. Most reluctantly his consent was at last given, and Frank sprang on shore with an accommodating readiness to find boatmen for the enterprise.

He found his errand was a difficult one. The water was uncommonly low, and at such times the rapids are seldom passed even by the most daring. The old voyageurs received his proposition with shrugs and volumes of *patois*, in which he could only distinguish adjectives of terror. By promises of extravagant remuneration, however, he prevailed on four athletic Canadians to row him to Coteau du Lac. He then took them aside, and by dint of gesture and bad French, made them comprehend that he wished to throw his companion into the river. They had no shadow of objection. For 'a consideration' they would upset the bateau in a convenient place below the rapids, and insure Mr. Van Pelt's subsequent existence at the forfeiture of the reward. A simultaneous '*Gardez vous!*' was to be the signal for action.

The coaches had already started when Frank again stood on the pier, and were pursuing slowly the beautiful road on the bank of the river. He almost repented his rash determination for a moment, but the succeeding thought was one of pride, and he sprang lightly into the bateau at the '*Allons!*' of the impatient boatmen.

Mr. Van Pelt was already seated, and as they darted rapidly away with the first stroke of the oars, the voyageur at the helm commenced a low recitative. At every alternate line, the others joined in a loud but not inharmonious chorus, and the strokes were light or deep as the leader indicated, by his tone, the necessity of rapidity or deliberation. In a few minutes they reached the tide, and as the boat swept violently on, the oars were shipped, and the boatmen crossing themselves and mumbling a prayer to the saint, sat still, and looked anxiously forward. It was evidently much worse than Mr. Van Pelt had anticipated. Frank remarked upon the natural beauties of the river, but he had no eye for scenery. He sat on a low seat, grasping the sides of the boat with a tenacity as unphilosophical as it was out of character for his delicate fingers. The bateau glided like a bird round the island which divides the river, and, steering for the middle of the stream, was in a moment hurrying with its whole velocity onward. The Split Rock was, as yet, far below, but the intermediate distance was a succession of rapids, and, though not much dreaded by those accustomed to the navigation, they were to a stranger sufficiently appalling. The river was tossed like a stormy sea, and the large waves, thrown up from the sunken rocks, came rolling back upon the tide, and dashing over the boat, flung her off like a tiny shell Mr Van Pelt was in a profuse perspiration. His knees, drawn up to his head by the acute angle of his posture, knocked violently together, and no persuasion could induce him to sit in the depressed stern for the accommodation of the voyageurs. He sat right in the centre of the bateau, and kept his eye on the waves with a manifest distrust of Providence, and an anxiety that betrayed a culpable want of resignation.

The bateau passed the travellers on shore as she neared the rock. Frank waved his handkerchief triumphantly. The water just ahead roared and leaped up in white masses like a thousand monsters; and, at the first violent whirl, he was pulled down by a voyageur, and commanded imperatively to lie still. Another, and another shock followed in quick succession, and she was perfectly unmanageable. The helmsman threw himself flat on the bottom. Mr. Van Pelt hid his face in his hands, and crouched beside him. The water dashed in, and the bateau, obeying every impulse, whirled and flung from side to side like a feather. It seemed as if every plunge must be the last. One moment she shivered and stood motionless, struck back by a violent blow, and the next, shot down into an abyss, with an arrowy velocity that seemed like instant destruction. Frank shook off the grasp of the voyageur, and, holding on to the side, half rose to his feet. '*Gardez vous!*' exclaimed the voyageur; and, mistaking the caution for the signal, with a sudden effort, he seized Mr. Van Pelt, and, plunging him over the side, leaped in after him. '*Diable!*' muttered the helmsman, as the dandy, with a piercing shriek, sprang half out of the water and disappeared instantly. But the Split Rock was right beneath the bow, and like a shot arrow, the boat sprang through the gorge, and in a moment was gliding among the masses of foam in the smooth water.

They put back immediately, and at a stroke or two against the current, up came the scientific 'brutus' of Mr. Van Pelt, quite out of curl, and crested with the foam through which he had emerged to a thinner element. There was no mistaking its identity, and it was rudely seized by the voyageur, with a tolerable certainty that the ordinary sequel would follow. All reasoning upon anomalies, however, is uncertain, and, to the terror of the unlettered captor, down went *un gentilhomme*, leaving the envy of the world in his possession. He soon re-appeared, and, with his faith in the unity of Monsieur considerably shaken, the voyageur lifted him carefully into the bateau.

My dear reader! were you ever sick? Did you have a sweet cousin, or a young aunt, or any pretty friend who was not your sister or your mother, for a nurse? And do you remember how like an angel's fingers, her small white hand laid on your forehead, and how thrillingly her soft voice spoke low in your ear, and how inquiringly her fair face hung over your pillow? If you have not, and remember no such passages, it were worth half your sound constitution, and half your uninteresting health, and long life, to have had that experience. Talk of moonlight in a bower, and poetry in a *boudoir*—there is no atmosphere for love like a sick chamber, and no poetry like the persuasion to your gruel, or the sympathy for your aching head, or your feverish forehead.

Three months after Frank Gresham was taken out of the St. Lawrence, he was sitting in a deep recess with the lady, who, to the astonishment of the whole world, had accepted him as her lover. 'Miss Viola Clay,' said our hero, with a look of profound resignation, 'when will it please you to attend to certain responses you wot of?' The answer was in a low sweet tone, inaudible to all save the ear for which it was intended.*

EMIGRATION.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

While the flood of British emigration has been poured chiefly into Upper Canada, whose unoccupied lands offer a boundless scope for the efforts of human labour, the American colonial possessions lying nearer home, situated in and about the mouth of the St. Lawrence, have received a very considerable body of settlers, many of whom have proceeded from the Highlands of Scotland. The three principal places of settlement in this quarter are New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia. The first of these being already noticed in the Journal, I proceed to offer an account of the second, drawn from the valuable work of Macgregor on British America.

"Prince Edward Island is situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, within the latitudes of 46° and 47° 10′ north Its length is 140 miles, and its greatest breadth 34. It is separated from Nova Scotia by Northumberland Strait, which is only nine miles broad. Cape Breton lies within twenty-seven miles of the east point. In coming within view of Prince Edward Island, its aspect is that of a level country, covered to the water's edge with trees, and the outline of its surface scarcely curved with the appearance of hills. On approaching nearer, and sailing round its shores (especially on the north side), the prospect becomes interesting, and presents small villages, cleared farms, red head-lands, bogs, and rivers, which pierce the country; sand hills covered with grass; a gentle diversity of hill and dale, which the cleared spots open to view, and the undulation of surface occasioned by small lakes or ponds, which from the sea appear like so many valleys.

On landing, and travelling through the country, its varied, though not highly romantic, scenery, and its agricultural and other improvements, attract the attention of all who possess a taste for rural beauties. Owing to the manner in which it is intersected by various branches of the sea, there is no part at a greater distance from the ebbing and flowing of the tide than eight miles. It abounds with streams and springs of the purest water. There are no mountains in the island; a chain of hills intersects the country; and in different parts the lands rise to moderate heights, but in general the surface of the island may be considered as deviating no more than could be wished for the purpose of agriculture. Almost every part affords agreeable prospects and beautiful situations. In summer and autumn, the forests exhibit a rich and splendid foliage, varying from the deep green of the fir, to the lively tints of the birch and maple, and the character of the scenery at these seasons displays a smiling loveliness and teeming fertility. The island is divided into three counties, these again into parishes, and the whole subdivided into sixty-seven townships, containing about 200,000 acres each. The plot of a town, containing about 400 building lots, is reserved in each county. Charlotte Town, the seat of government, is situated on the north bank of Hillsborough river (east side of the island), and its harbour is considered one of the best in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The town stands on ground which rises in gentle heights from the banks of the river, and contains about 350 dwelling-houses, and about 3400 inhabitants.

The climate of Prince Edward Island, owing to its lying within the Gulph of St. Lawrence, partakes, in some measure, of the climate of the neighbouring countries; but the difference is greater than any one who has not lived in the colony would imagine. In Lower Canada the winter is nearly two months longer, the frosts more severe, and the snows deeper, while the temperature during summer is equally hot. In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, the frosts are equally severe, the transitions from one extreme of temperature to another more sudden, and fogs frequent along those parts that border on the Atlantic and Bay of Fundy. The atmosphere of this island is noted for being free of fogs. A day foggy throughout seldom occurs during a year, and in general not more than four or five that are partially so. As regards the salubrity of the island, it is agreed by all who have lived any time on it, and have compared its climate with that of other countries, that there are few places where health is enjoyed with less interruption. The fevers and other diseases of the United States are unknown here; no person ever saw an intermittent fever produced on the island, nor will that complaint, when brought here, ever stand above a few days against the influence of the climate. Pulmonary consumption, which is so common and so very destructive in the northern and central states of America, is not often met with here. Probably ten cases of this complaint have not occurred since the settlement of the colony. Colds and rheumatisms are the most common complaints; the first generally affect the head more than the breast, and the last seldom prove mortal. A very large proportion of the people live to old age, and then die of no acute disease, but by the gradual decay of nature. Deaths between twenty and fifty years of age are but few when compared with those of most other countries. The diseases at present commonly known are usually the consequence of colds or intemperance, if we except consumptions, which I have observed in most cases to be constitutional; and the young women born on the island appear to be more subject to this malady than those who remove to the colony from Europe. The climate is decidedly salubrious. Bilious complaints are unknown; and I have conversed with several people who were affected with ill health previous to their settling in this colony, who afterwards enjoyed all the comforts of an unimpaired constitution. The absence of damp weather and noxious exhalations, those certain generators of disease, and the island having no lakes, or few ponds of fresh water, while it is at the same time surrounded by the sea, will account satisfactorily for the excellence of its climate.

The general structure of the soil is, first, a thin layer of black or brown mould, composed of decayed vegetable substances; then to the depth of a foot, or more, a light loam prevails, inclining in some places to a sandy, in others to a clayey character; below which, a stiff clay, resting on sandstone, predominates. The prevailing colour of both soil and stone is red. To this general character of the soil there are but few exceptions; these are the bogs, or swamps, which consist either of a soft spongy turf, or deep layer of wet black mould, resting on white clay or sand. In its natural state, the quality of the soil may be readily ascertained by the description of wood growing on it, it being richest where the maple, beech, black birch, and a mixture of other trees, grow, and less fertile where the pine, spruce, larch, and other varieties of the fir tribe, are most numerous. The soil is fertile; and there is scarcely a stone on the surface of the island that will impede the progress of the plough. There is no limestone nor gypsum, nor has coal yet been discovered, although indications of its existence are produced Red clay, of superior quality for bricks, abounds in all parts of the island, Both the swamps and barrens bear but a small proportion to the whole surface of the island; and as they all may, with judicious management, be improved advantageously, it cannot be said that there is an acre of the whole incapable of cultivation. The marshes, which are overflowed by the tide, rear a strong nutritious grass, and, when dyked,

* From "The Legendary, consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Scenery, and Manners. Edited by N. P. Willis. Boston 1828."

yield heavy crops of wheat or hay.

Large tracts of the original pine forests have been destroyed by fires, which have raged over the island at different periods. In these places white birches, spruce-firs, poplars, and wild cherry trees, have sprung up. Poplars of great dimensions are plentiful Many other trees are met with. Among the wild fruits, raspberries, strawberries, cranberries, (which are very large), blueberries, and whortle berries, are astonishingly abundant. Foxes and hares are numerous. Mosquitoes and sand-flies, are only annoying during the heat of summer in the neighbourhood of the marshes, and in the woods; where the lands are cleared to any extent, they are seldom troublesome. The varieties of fish that swarm in the harbours and rivers, or around the shores, and that abound on the different fishing banks in the vicinage of the island, are numerous, each abounding in great plenty.

The excellence of its soil, its climate, and the configuration of the surface, adapt the lands of Prince Edward Island more particularly for agriculture than for any other purpose. All kinds of grain and vegetables raised in England ripen in perfection. Wheat is raised in abundance for the consumption of the inhabitants, and a surplus is exported to Nova Scotia. Both summer and winter rye, and buckwheat, produce weighty crops; but the culture of these grains is scarcely attended to. Barley and oats thrive well, and are, in weight and quality, equal to any met with in the English markets, and superior to what are produced in the United States. Beans of all kinds yield plentiful returns. Peas, when not injured by worms, which is often the case, thrive well; and turnips are sometimes liable to flies and worms. In no country do parsnips, carrots, beets, mangel-wurzel, or potatoes, yield more beautiful crops. Cucumbers, salads, cabbages, cauliflowers, asparagus, and, indeed, all culinary vegetables common in England, arrive at perfection. Cherries, plums, damsons, black, red, and white currants, ripen perfectly, and are large and delicious. Flax is raised, of excellent quality, and manufactured by the farmers' wives into linen for domestic use. Hemp will grow, but not to the same perfection as in Upper Canada, or some parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The principal grasses are timothy, red and white clover, and a kind of soft indigenous upland grass, of which sheep are very fond; also marsh grasses, on which young and dry cattle are fed during the winter months. As a few cold days and wet weather frequently occur in the latter end of April, or the first week in May, wheat or oats are seldom sown until the first of the latter month. Barley will ripen if sown before the 20th of June, although it is generally more early. Potatoes are planted about the last of May, or before the middle of June, and often later. Turnip seed is sown about the middle of July; some prefer sowing it in the first week in August, in which case the leaves are not so liable to injury from worms. Gardening commences early in May, and generally combines the different departments of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. Hay-making begins in the latter end of July, and as the weather is commonly very dry at this time, it is attended with little trouble in curing. Potatoes and turnips are left undug until the middle or end of October; the first are generally ploughed up, except on new land, where the hoe alone is used. Parsnips may remain on the ground during winter, and are finer when dug up in spring than at any other period.

Milch cows, and such horses and cattle as require most care, are housed in November, but December is the usual month for housing cattle regularly. Sheep thrive better by being left out all winter; but they require to be fed, and it is necessary to have a shelter without a roof, to guard against the cold winds and snow drift. Black cattle are generally smaller than in England; a good ox will weigh from eight to nine hundred pounds, but the common run will not exceed six or seven hundred. The beef is usually very fine and tender. Sheep thrive remarkably well; but until lately very little care was observed in improving the breed. Swine seem to thrive here as well as any other country, and the pork brought to Charlotte Town by the farmers is probably equal in general to that met with in the Irish market. Little care is, however, taken of swine. The horses are, with few exceptions, small, but capable of performing long journeys, and enduring great fatigue with much spirit. The greater number of farmers, particularly the Highland Scotch, keep by far too many cattle for the quantity of provender they usually have to feed them with during the winter. These people think if they can manage to carry their cattle through the winter, they are doing well; but the consequence is, that their cattle, especially milch cows, are in such lean condition in spring, that they are not in tolerable order till July. Various improvements are taking place by means of cattle shows, and exhibitions of agricultural produce, which have been established. It is also pleasing to observe the improvement in the mode of cultivating the land, which has spread over the colony during the last few years, and which may be attributed principally to the force of example set by a few of the old settlers, chiefly the loyalists and lowland Scotch, and by an acquisition of industrious and frugal settlers from Yorkshire in England, and from Dumfriesshire and Perthshire in Scotland.

The principal disadvantage connected with this island, and in fact the only one of importance, is the length of the winters, which renders it necessary to have a large store of hay for supporting live stock; and which also, from the abrupt opening of spring and summer, abridges the season for sowing and planting. These disadvantages are, however, felt with equal severity in Prussia, and over a great part of Germany, where the people employed in agricultural pursuits form the majority of the inhabitants. About a ton of straw for each, taking large and small together, is requisite to winter black cattle properly. The winter season has also many advantages—wood and firing poles are easily brought from the forests, over the smooth slippery roads made by the frosts and snows, and distances are shortened by the bays and rivers being frozen over. The ground is also considered to be fertilized by deep snow and frosts, and there are few farmers who consider the winter an impediment to agriculture, otherwise than the spring opening so suddenly upon them, and the astonishing quickness of vegetation, leaving them only five or six weeks for preparing the soil, and sowing and planting. When we consider, however, that the autumn and fall are much finer, and of longer duration, than in Europe, and the winter setting in generally much later, the former have, in reality, little cause to complain of seasons, as they have abundant time to plough all the grounds in the fall, which is, at the same time, known to be the most proper season for American tillage. The common plan of laying out farms in this colony, is in lots, containing a hundred acres each, having a front of ten chains, either on the sea shore, a bay, river, or wood, and running one hundred chains back. This plan from the farms being in strips, instead of square blocks, is often objected to; but it has many advantages, by giving a greater number of settlers the benefit of roads, shores, and running streams."

Mr. Macgregor proceeds to give us an account of the mode of settling on new lands, and a variety of interesting particulars regarding the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island; but these details must form the subject of another article.

CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1831.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER.

The changes effected both in the dress and manners of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and in the style of the city itself, since I last visited it in 1818, were to me most surprising and unexpected. Certainly the greatest portion of the imposing appearance of the Turks has been lost by the recent reform in their costume, which formerly was rich, elegant, and varied; but under this present Frank or European garb, they have become ar ill-dressed, slovenly, nay, even in most cases, a ridiculously mean-looking race. The crimson stuffed cap, surmounted by a blue spread tassel, descends low on the eyebrows, and how deeply must its enemies sigh after the proud and fanciful turban! The younger and less respectable Turks who have adopted the new costume, put on short round jackets with upright collars, buttoned to the chin, and, according to the season, wear very loose calico or woollen Cossack trousers. The older and more respectable classes make use of loose long surtout coats, with stiff straight collars; waistcoats, loose trousers, and tie black shoes, complete the dress; and sometimes a dirty white neckcloth is tied uncomfortably about their throats. To conceal, however, this cruel abolition of a beautiful national dress, a military cloth cloak is worn by the Effendis, which conceals the horrors of their present habiliments. So altered are the gentry of the new costume, that I should say their next step would be to turn Christians. The European dress was never intended for a Mahommedan, or even an Asiatic.

It is astonishing the effect dress has on the habits of the human race. Thus the Turks became more dignified and slothful than by nature they were intended to have been, because they could neither manage on foot the arrangement of their heaps of clothes, nor walk with comfort in their slippers. Since the tails of their coats have been clipped, certainly they move about with more activity. The sword is much more rapid in the work of conversion than the tongue. The Sultan uses the former weapon without any remorse; and it must be confessed, after all, that the Turks are a dastardly people, easily intimidated, submissive, and cringing.

This has become apparent since the destruction of the Janisaries. Military costume is the fashionable dress of the day; whilst all copying from the Sultan, wear their beards of the same length as his, and pull their caps equally low over their foreheads. The national colour for the army is blue. I never saw a better behaved body of men than the new troops, trained and regimented on the European principle; they are always ready to give assistance to foreigners when required.

The city of Constantinople is much improved by being kept very clean, by the erection of new bazaars, by the embellishment of the old ones, and by the guardianship of a very vigilant police. The streets are now free from all rubbish and offensive objects; no notice is taken of foreigners; and even European females, without the slightest change of costume, may walk through every part unmolested, and almost unobserved.

Last Friday we went to see the Sultan on his weekly visit to a mosque, to hear divine service. It was on the Pera side of the Bosphorus. About 5000 infantry, with a powerful band, were drawn out in one line from the entrance of the place of worship to receive him. They must have been part of a select corps, since the men were very well dressed, and remarkably good-looking, stout and tall They handled their arms well, and were steady. We were placed under the veranda of a coffee-house, close to which the Sultan passed His Majesty was preceded by six led horses, saddled and bridled in the European manner, with richly-embroidered shabracks; then come double files of mounted pages, dressed in various coloured jackets and white trousers, officers of the household, aides-de-camp, and other military attendants; and lastly, the favourite Meer Allace, or General of the Guards, Hoosain Pacha. To these succeeded the Sultan, immediately followed by a personal guard of infantry, composed of remarkably fine handsome young men. He wore the scarlet military cap, embroidered round the sides, and surmounted by a rich gold tassel, the long bullion of which hung like a fringe over its crown. A cloak of sky-blue cloth, with straight embroidered collar, almost concealed his under-dress, a light cloth jacket, buttoned tight up to the chin, his gold-laced white kerseymere trousers, and boots with spurs. On his left breast shone a most beautiful diamond star. His sabre and belt were European, as also his saddle and bridle. For a moment I could scarcely place faith in my sight, so changed was this haughty monarch "of the sea and earth" from what I had seen him some years back, moving in the full awfulness of Asiatic majesty. The waving plumes of a multitude of shattars, or running footmen, then screened him from the gaze of his subjects; he was borne on by his horse at a movement almost motionless, his eyes were fixed, countenance pale, gloomy, and most melancholy; and now I beheld the same powerful sovereign decked out in a flippant uniform, very similar to that of a light cavalry officer, with florid complexion, active inquisitive gaze, and beard clipped almost to the chin. I must say, Sultan Mahmood seemed to enjoy his emancipation from all the thraldoms of pomp and ceremony. In about half an hour the Sultan returned, and every part of the procession was managed without the slightest noise or confusion. Though, I imagine, the Sultan must have moments of great uneasiness regarding his personal safety, he does not hesitate to move amongst the crowded streets, or apparently shun occasions when attempts might be made on his life.

Persons who, by a long sojourn in Constantinople, have acquired a considerable and more than superficial knowledge of Turkish affairs, assert, that the late changes and ameliorations, instead of retarding, will accelerate the downfall of the Ottoman government. The spirit of the people has been broken, and both national and religious feelings humbled and outraged. It is an arduous undertaking for a monarch endowed even with great wisdom and resolution to reform a nation, particularly a nation professing the Mahommedan faith; yet I should say, that much has apparently been effected in Constantinople; and, judging superficially, we would deem it the capital of a prosperous and vigorous government. The public buildings are undergoing general repair, old edifices are removing to be erected anew, and every where there is a certain stir denoting activity. Yet these signs of improvements are only observable in Constantinople, whilst the provinces are oppressed, misruled, and absolutely defenceless. If the system pursued by the Sultan does not produce the results anticipated by many, even to the regeneration of his people, certainly the body of the nation has been relieved from the insolence and lawless habits of the Janisaries; and those predatory bands of horsemen, the Dehlees and Hytees, no longer pillage and desolate the country. Criminals are now with facility seized and punished, and for years the Turkish empire has not been so tranquil, or so secure for foreigners, travellers, or merchants.—*United Service Journal.*

SCENERY AROUND JERUSALEM.

The most pleasing feature in the scenery around Jerusalem (continues Carne, in his Letters from the East,) is the valley of Jehoshaphat. Passing out of the gate of St. Stephen, you descend the hill to the torrent of the Kedron; a bridge leads over its dry and deep bed; it must have been very narrow, though in winter a rapid stream. A few steps beyond the Kedron, you come to the garden of Gethsemane, of all gardens the most interesting and hallowed, but how neglected and decayed! It is surrounded by a kind of low hedge, but the soil is bare; no verdure grows on it, save five or six fine venerable olive trees, which have stood here for many centuries. This spot is at the foot of Olivet, and is beautifully situated; you look up and down the romantic valley; close behind rises the mountain; before you are the walls of the devoted city. While lingering here, at evening and solitary—for it is not often a footstep passes by—that night of sorrow and dismay rushes on the imagination, when the Redeemer was betrayed, and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple. Hence the path winds up the Mount of Olives: it is a beautiful hill. On the summit are the remains of a church, built by the Empress Helena, Descending Olivet to the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, you soon come to the pillar of Absolam: it has a very antique appearance, and is a pleasing object in the valley; it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, formed into three stages, and terminates in a cupola. The tomb of Zacharias, adjoining, is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock.

The small and wretched village of Siloa is built on the rugged sides of the hill above; and just here the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat meet, at the south east corner of Mount Zion; they are both sprinkled with olive trees. Over the ravine of Hinnom, and directly opposite the city, is the Mount of Judgment,

of Evil Counsel; because there, they say, the rulers took counsel against Christ, and there the palace of Caiaphas stood It is a broad and barren hill, without any of the picturesque beauty of Olivet, though loftier. On its side is pointed out the Aceldema, or field where Judas hung himself: a small and rude edifice stands on it, and it is used as a burying place But the most interesting portion of this hill is where its rocks descend precipitously into the valley of Hinnom, and are mingled with many a straggling olive tree. All these rocks are hewn into sepulchres of various forms and sizes; no doubt they were the tombs of the ancient Jews, and are in general cut with considerable care and skill.—The valley of Hinnom now turns to the west of the city, and extends rather beyond the north vale; here the plain of the Jeremiah commences, and is the best wooded tract in the whole neighbourhood. Above half a mile from the wall is a ruined desolate building, adorned with a few trees, and said to be the tombs of the kings.

On a delightful evening we rode to the wilderness of St. John. The monastery of that name stands at the entrance; it is a good and spacious building, and its terrace enjoys a fine prospect, in which is the lofty hill of Modin, with the ruins of the palace of the Maccabees on its summit. A small village adjoins the convent, in which are shown the remains of the house of Elizabeth, where the meeting with Mary took place. The next morning we visited the wilderness: it is narrow, partially cultivated and sprinkled with trees; the hills rise rather steep on each side; from that on the right, a small stream flows into the ravine below. The whole appearance of the place is romantic; and the prophet might have resided here, while exercising his ministry, with very little hardship. The neighbourhood still, no doubt, produces excellent honey, which is to be had throughout Palestine. High up the rocky side of the hill on the left, amidst a profusion of trees, is the cave or grotto of St. John. A fountain gushes out close by. When we talk of wildernesses, mountains, and plains in Palestine, it is to be understood that they seldom answer to the size of the same objects in more extensive countries; that they sometimes present but a beautiful miniature of them. From the east end of the wilderness you enter the famous valley of Elah, where Goliah was slain by the champion of Israel It is a pretty and interesting-looking spot, the bottom covered with olive trees. Its present appearance answers exactly to the description given in Scripture; the two hills on which the armies stood, entirely confining it to the right and left. The valley is not half a mile broad. Tradition was not required to identify this spot; nature has stamped it with the everlasting features of truth. The brook still flows through it in a winding course, from which David took the smooth stones; the hills are not precipitous, but slope gradually down; the vale is varied with banks and undulations, and not a single habitation is visible in it. From the scenes of some of the battles and positions of armies in those times, it is difficult to account for the mighty numbers stated as having fought; where could they be drawn up? The rich and beautiful plain of Esdralon is the most spacious area in the country, and was the theatre of some battles; and the plain of Jericho is next in extent; but when we read that many hundreds of thousands of men fought around Mount Ephraim, and other scenes in this country, one is tempted to wonder how the confined valleys and open places one traverses could have contained them.

At the south-east of Zion, in the vale of Jehoshaphat, they say the gardens of Solomon stood, and also on the sides of the hill adjoining that of Olivet. It was not a bad, though rather a confined, site for them. The valley here is covered with a rich verdure, divided by hedges into a number of small gardens. The places within the walls of the city, which tradition would render sacred, are innumerable. Beneath the gate of Bethlehem is shown the spot where Bathsheba was bathing when the King beheld her from the roof of his palace, and the present tower of David is built on the site of the ancient edifice. A small distance within the gate of St. Stephen that fronts Olivet, is the pool of Bethesda; it is deep and dry, the sides and bottom overgrown with grass, and containing two or three trees. A wretched street leads from this to the governor's palace, a spacious and rather ruinous building of Roman architecture; it contains some good apartments, the windows of which command an excellent view of the Mosque of Omar and its large area. In the palace the monks point out the room where Christ was confined before his trial; and at a short distance is a dark and ruinous hall, shewn as the judgment-hall of Pilate. A little farther on is the arch where the Redeemer stood, as his judge exclaimed "Behold the man." You then proceed along the street where Christ bore his cross, in which, and in the street leading up to Calvary, are three places where, staggering under the weight, he fell These are marked by three small pillars laid flat on the ground. Departing from Jerusalem, and after many dangers, we came in sight of the Dead Sea, whose waters cover the cities of Sodam and Gomorrah On reaching the brink of the precipices which hang over the Dead Sea, the dawn was just appearing; and in the grey and cold light, the lake was seen far beneath, stretched out to an interminable length, while the high mountains of Arabia Petræa opposite were shrouded in darkness. The descent of the heights was long and difficult; and, ere we reached the bottom, the ruddy glare of morning was on the precipices over our heads. The line of shore at the bottom was about two hundred yards wide, and we hastened to the edge of the lake; but for several yards from it, the foot sunk in a black mud, and its surface was every where covered with a greyish scurf, which we were obliged to remove before tasting it. There was not a breath of wind, and the waters lay like lead on the shore Whoever has seen the Dead Sea, will ever after have its aspect impressed on his memory; it is, in truth, a gloomy and fearful spectacle. The precipices, in general, descend abruptly into the lake, and, on account of their height, it is seldom agitated by the winds. Its shores are not visited by any footsteps, save those of the wild Arab, and he holds it in superstitious dread. On some of the rocks there is a thick sulphureous encrustation, which appears foreign to their substance; and in their steep descents there are several deep caverns, where the benighted Bedouin sometimes finds a home. No unpleasant effluvia are perceptible around it, and birds are occasionally seen flying across. For a considerable distance from the bank the water appeared very shallow; this, with the soft slime of the bottom, and the fatigue we had undergone, prevented our trying its buoyant properties by bathing. A few inches beneath the surface of the mud are found the black sulphureous stones out of which crosses are made and sold to the pilgrims. The water has an abominable taste, in which that of salt predominates, and we observed encrustations of salt on the surface of some of the rocks.

The mountains of the Judæan side are lower than those of the Arabian, and also of a lighter colour. Bitumen abounds most on the opposite shore. There is no outlet to the lake, though the Jordan flows into it, as did formerly the Kedron, and the Arnon to the south. It is not known that there has ever been any visible increase or decrease of its waters. Some have supposed that it finds a subterraneous passage to the Mediterranean, or that there is a considerable suction in the plain which forms its western boundary. But this plain, confined by the opposite mountains, is partially cultivated and produces trees, and a rude pasture used by the camels of the Bedouins, although in some parts sandy. It has never been navigated since the cities were engulfed; and it is strange that no traveller should have thought of launching a boat to explore it, the only way that promises any success. Some stunted shrubs and patches of grass, a mere mockery of verdure, were scattered on the withered soil near the rocks. The golden and treacherous apples

That turn to ashes on the lips,

will be sought for in vain, as well as the fish in the lake, which have been also asserted to exist. The length of the Dead Sea is probably about sixty miles, and the general breadth eight. The sun had now risen above the eastern barrier of mountains, and shone full on the bosom of the lake, which had the appearance of a plain of burnished gold. But the sadness of the grave was on it, and around it, and the silence also. However vivid the feelings are on arriving on its shores, they subside after a time into languor and uneasiness, and you long, if it were possible, to see a tempest wake on its bosom, to give sound and life to the scene. The passage over the wilderness of Ziph had given us a more complete and intimate view of the lake than the usual route to Jericho, which conducts only to its commencement, at the embouchure of the Jordan. We had now to walk to its extremity along the shores, and over the plain to Jericho, in a sultry day; and we took a last look of this famous spot, to which earth can furnish no parallel. The precipices around Sinai are savage and shelterless, but not like these, which look as if the finger of an avenging God had passed over their blasted fronts and recesses, and the deep at their foot, and caused them to remain for ever as when they first covered the guilty cities.

CAPRICES OF THE HUMAN APPETITE.

The human being has been described as an animal capable of suiting himself to every description of climate, ranging from the pole to the equator, and of adapting his habits either of those of savage life, or the highest state of refinement. His power of enduring a temperature which would freeze the blood of an alligator, or melt the body of a bear, is not more remarkable than the variety of food which he can digest, and the perfect power which he possesses of suiting his appetite to the different products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In the selection of food he is more governed by caprice and fashion, than the excellence of the repast; and the perversity of taste in this respect is really astonishing. We are informed by Tacitus that there was a man at Colonia Agrippina, whose favourite dish was spiders, and various tribes in the ancient world are noticed as having lived on a species of soup made of snakes and scorpions. Some barbarous nations in modern times feed on locusts, fresh or pickled, while the inhabitants of Madagascar are said to prefer them to the finest fish. But what must we say of the Cochin Chinese, who esteem rotten eggs as one of the greatest delicacies, and so far do they carry this desire, that putrid eggs are rated thirty per cent. higher than fresh ones. This taste, however, need not excite so much surprise, when we recollect that the upper classes in this country prefer putrid to fresh game, and would not taste it till it acquired the fashionable *gout*. It is a standing joke against the French that they dress and eat frogs, and yet I have seen Frenchmen, who were partial to those reptiles, sicken when they saw rook or crow pies in Scotland.

A story is told of a British sailor who could swallow and digest clasp or pen-knives, sometimes pouring half a dozen into his stomach at a time; and by which freak he ultimately killed himself. Perhaps it will be considered nearly as strange, when I mention, that the Chinese gentry are passionately fond of *birds' nests*—the real nests of birds of the swallow species. This fancy for birds' nests obtains all over China, but can be followed up only by the very wealthiest classes. Such is the extraordinary demand for this description of food, that its cost is enormous; and to say in China that a man eats birds' nests, is equivalent to saying that he is a grandee or a person of great opulence. The nests which are thus in such repute are not formed of clay, like those of our swallows, but are made of a substance resembling isinglass in appearance, which is understood by some to be gathered by the animal from certain marine matter. Mr. Crawfurd, in his valuable work on the Eastern Archipelago, presents us with some interesting details relative to these nests, worthy of notice.

"The birds' nests (says he) are those obtained in deep damp caves, and such as are taken before the birds have laid their eggs. The coarsest are those obtained after the young have been fledged. The finest nests are the whitest, that is, those taken before the nest has been rendered impure by the food and *fæces* of the young birds. They are taken twice a-year, and, if regularly collected, and no unusual injury be offered to the caverns, will produce, very equally, the same quantity, being very little, if at all, improved by the caves being left altogether unmolested for a year or two. Some of the caverns are extremely difficult of access, and the nests can only be collected by persons accustomed from their youth to the office. In one place the caves are only to be approached by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cavern is attained, the perilous office of taking the nests must often be performed with torch light, by penetrating into the recesses of the rock, where the slightest trip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf making its way into the chasms of the rock.

"The only preparation the birds' nests undergo is that of simple drying, without direct exposure to the sun, after which they are packed in small boxes. They are assorted for the Chinese market into three kinds, according to their qualities. The common prices for birds' nests at Canton are, for the first sort, no less than 3500 Spanish dollars the picul, or 5*l.* 18*s.* 1½*d.* per pound; for the second, 2800 Spanish dollars per picul; and for the third, 1600 Spanish dollars. From these prices it is sufficiently evident that the birds' nests are no more than an article of expensive luxury. They are consumed only by the great; and, indeed, the best part is sent to the capital for the consumption of the court. The sensual Chinese use them under the imagination that they are powerfully stimulating and tonic; but it is probable that their most valuable quality is their being perfectly harmless. The people of Japan, who so much resemble the Chinese in many of their habits, have no taste for the edible nests; and how the latter acquired a taste for this foreign commodity, is no less singular than their persevering in it. Among the western nations there is nothing parallel to it, unless we except the whimsical estimation in which the Romans held some articles of luxury, remarkable for their scarcity rather than for any qualities ascribed to them. The whole quantity of birds' nests exported from the Indian Archipelago is estimated at 242,400 lbs., worth 234,290*l.* The value of this immense property to the country which produces it, rests upon the capricious wants of a single people. It is claimed as the exclusive property of the sovereign, and everywhere forms a valuable branch of his income, or of the revenue of the state."

BISHOP LEIGHTON.

This amiable personage, who was once Bishop of Dunkeld, in the reign of Charles II., was exceedingly charitable. One day, as he was taking exercise in a secluded walk near the town, the widow of a poor clergyman, to whose support, and that of her children, his lordship had liberally contributed, broke in upon his solitude, and for a very strange reason. The good woman had been led to suppose that the real cause of the bishop's beneficence was desire to make himself agreeable to her. Accordingly, when he asked eagerly after her children, under the impression that her intrusion arose from sudden distress on their part, she replied that they were all well, but she had been unable to rest till she disclosed to his lordship a remarkable *revelation* which had been made to her. "A revelation to you!" exclaimed the astonished dignitary. "Yes, my lord," said the woman; "it was revealed to me that your lordship and I are about to be married." "Indeed!" cried Leighton, "no such revelation, however, has yet been made to me: and if we are to be married by revelation, the marriage cannot take place, you know, until it be revealed to *both parties*."

EXTRAORDINARY ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD.

The more that animals enjoy the qualities of youth, strength, and activity, the greater is the increase and development of their parts, and the greater the necessity for an abundant supply of food. Of many individuals exposed to an absolute abstinence of many days, the young are always the first to perish. Of this the history of war and shipwreck offers in all ages too many frightful examples. There are several instances on record of an almost total abstinence from food for an extraordinary length of time. Captain Bligh, of the Bounty, sailed nearly 4000 miles in an open boat, with occasionally a single small bird not many ounces in weight for the daily sustenance of 17 people; and it is even alleged, that 14 men and women of the Juno, having suffered shipwreck on the coast of Arracan, lived 23 days without any food. Two people first died of want on the fifth day. In the opinion of Rhedi, animals support want much longer than is generally believed. A civet cat lived 10 days without food, an antelope 20, and a very large wild cat also 20; an eagle survived 28 days, a badger one month, and several dogs 36 days. In the memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, there is an account of a bitch, which having been accidentally shut up alone in a country house, existed for 40 days without any other nourishment than the stuff on the wool of a mattrass which she had torn to pieces. A crocodile will live two months without food, a scorpion three, a bear six, a chameleon eight, and a viper ten. Vaillant had a spider that lived nearly a year without food, and was so far from being weakened by abstinence, that it immediately killed another large spider, equally vigorous but not so hungry, which was put in along with it. John Hunter inclosed a toad between two stone flower-pots, and found it as lively as ever after 14 months. Land-tortoises have lived without food for 18 months; and Baker is known to have kept a beetle in a state of total abstinence for three years. It afterwards made its escape. Dr. Shaw gives an account of two serpents which lived in a bottle without any food for five years.—*Encyc. Brit., new edit.*

WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

The largest waves proceed at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour; yet it is a vulgar belief that the water itself advances with the speed of the wave. The *form* of the wave only advances, while the *substance*, except a little spray above, remains rising and falling in the same place.—*Arnott's Physic.*

MUSIC.

The study of the piano-forte, which comprises within the compass of a single pair of hands, as much of harmony as is necessary to enjoyment, offers the greatest facilities to the improvement of the musical mind; and the amateur, who has accomplished sufficient variety of mechanical difficulty to play with freedom and ease, will find it more pleasing to extend her studies into the styles of masters, than to prosecute her practice on the piano-forte to a very high degree of perfection.—*Young Lady's Book.*

COLUMN FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

Oft in the pleasant villages of France,
Some high-born lady crowns the rustic maid
With floral emblems of her modest worth.

It must never be forgotten by young women that mental improvement should be always conducive to moral advancement. Piety, integrity, fortitude, charity, obedience, consideration, sincerity, prudence, activity, and cheerfulness, may be presumed to define those moral properties called for in the daily and habitual deportment of young females, whether in higher or lower stations of life. The chief of these virtues is piety; but while the juvenile heart glows with devotion to the Creator, it must be taught that there are many earthly duties to be performed in the business of life, and prudence will point out that the exercise of these is not incompatible with genuine religious feeling Piety forms a solid basis whereon to rear a superstructure of human affections and human action; and, when properly indulged in, it will not interfere with the necessary and virtuous pursuits of the world. It is one of the greatest errors which a young woman can commit, when she imagines that she will fall under the anger of the Almighty by attending to the ordinary duties of life. This is the perversion of true religion, and there have been many melancholy examples of its mischievous character. I once heard of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman in the country, who, from mistaken motives on this score, or allowing her mind to go into a diseased state, became affected with a religious madness, if it may be so called; she spent not only whole hours but whole days on her knees in the exercise of prayer; she gave up all attention to her domestic duties; would not enter into conversation or see any company, and almost broke the heart of a fond parent. No advice or admonition could turn the current of her feelings; she gradually pined away in her health and personal appearance, and it was obvious that she was not long for this world. While in this dismal condition, it happened that a certain clergyman called upon her father, and remarked with pain the altered aspect of his daughter; on hearing the reason, he endeavoured to show to her the impropriety of her behaviour, and how ill it accorded with that dutiful devotion to God pointed out by the tenets of our faith. Yet all would not do; the lady was obdurate. Before leaving the house, the clergyman, who was a poet as well as a divine, and is well known in the south of Scotland for the exceeding beneficence of his character, and the kindness of his manners, conveyed to her the following lines applicable to her case:—

THE PIOUS ENTHUSIAST.

Why, lovely maid, thus waste thy blooming prime,
Of earth regardless and the things of Time?
Thou may'st become an inmate of the skies,
Without dissolving Nature's tender ties:
The gracious Power who rules o'er heaven and earth
Is not the foe of youthful, harmless mirth;
And though He bids thee think on things above,
Forbids thee not to own an earthly love;
All sentient creatures happy are and gay,
In the mild morning of life's little day,
And seldom scorn to bless the cheerful light,
Thro' apprehension of the coming night;
Though Christ demands an undivided heart,
Yet kindred beings justly claim a part:
Thus heavenly objects may thy thoughts employ,
In harmony with Friendship, Love, and Joy.

It is satisfactory to add, that these simple lines had the beneficial effect of awakening the lady to a sense of her folly; and their insertion here may possibly have a similar result in cases to which they bear a reference.

PERSONAL BEAUTY.

A recent writer concludes his observations on the means to be adopted to procure beauty in the person, in these words:—"Let then the ladies observe the following rules:—In the morning use pure water as a preparatory ablution: after which they must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance, yet must this be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if they would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are a cure. Instead of rouge, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom in their cheek, unimitable by art. Ingenuous candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to their countenance that will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to their eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give their lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they now possess may be happily heightened and preserved, if they avoid late hours and card playing, as well as novel-reading by candle-light, but not otherwise; for the first gives the face a drowsy, disagreeable aspect, the second is the mother of wrinkles, and the third is a fruitful source of weak eyes and a sallow complexion. A white hand is a very desirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady would excel her companions in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. The motion recommended is working at her needle, brushing up the house, and twirling the distaff."

A LITERARY WIFE.

How delightful is it (says D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature), when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated, as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband. It is then truly that the intercourse of the senses becomes the most refined pleasure. What delight, for instance, must the great Budæus have tasted, even in those works which must have been for others a most dreadful labour! his wife left him nothing to desire. The frequent companion of his studies, she brought him the books he required to his desk; she compared passages, and transcribed quotations; the same genius, the same inclinations, and the same ardour for literature, eminently appeared in those two fortunate persons Far from withdrawing her husband from his studies, she was sedulous to animate him when he languished. Ever at his side and ever assiduous, ever with some useful book in her hand, she acknowledged herself to be a most happy woman. Yet she did not neglect the education of eleven children. She and Budæus shared the mutual cares they owed their progeny. Budæus was not insensible of his singular felicity. In one of his letters, he represented himself as married to two ladies; one of whom gave him boys and girls, the other was philosophy, who produced books. The lady of Evelyn designed herself the frontispiece to his translation of Lucretius. She felt the same passion in her own breast as animated her husband's, who has written with such various ingenuity. Of Baron Haller it is recorded that he inspired his wife and family with a taste for his different pursuits. They were usually employed in assisting his literary occupations; they translated manuscripts, consulted authors, gathered plants, and designed and coloured under his eye. What a delightful family picture has the younger Pliny given posterity in his letters! Of Calphurnia, his wife, he says, "her affection to me has given her a turn to books, and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. Her passion will increase with our days, for it is not my youth nor my person, which time gradually impairs, but my reputation and my glory, of which she is enamoured."

REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

We were dispatched from the squadron in order to draw the attention of the American troops from Baltimore, whilst our army advanced upon Washington; and, consequently, we were engaged in some annoying and offensive operations every day and night, * * * We had, on the morning of the day on which the following event occurred, not only burnt, but robbed, a house, from the parlour of which we had filched a mahogany table for our berth; we therefore got rid of our old oaken affair, and placed our ill-gotten furniture in its place. As this genteel apparatus was none the better for long neglect on shore, and the careless manner in which it had been handled in sending it on board, I, as the caterer of the mess—to which high situation I had been lately appointed—proposed that we should take it by turns to polish the table, in order to render it a proper bright appendage to our berth. Poor Sands, who was seated in a corner, looking wofully wretched, refused to assist; alleging, as a reason, that he felt perfectly convinced he should never eat off the table, as that night he was to be killed. In vain I attempted to rally him from the strange melancholy which had overtaken him; he sat in a state of almost perfect stupefaction. I ordered some supper, of which, however, he would not partake, but, opening his desk, he made all his oldest friends a trifling present; to me he gave a silver knife, and, with a sad countenance, said, 'I have nothing to send home; but my death will be severely felt there.' We, not having exactly the same awful feelings as our messmate, burst into a fit of laughter, which however neither excited the resentment nor the spleen of poor Sands. At this time he was the only midshipman destined to remain on board, the rest being appointed to the different boats and different divisions of small-arm men, to be ready for service by nine o'clock. As it was requisite to avoid anything like suspicion in the eyes of our enemies, (the frigate being placed within about pistol-shot of the shore), instead of using the boatswain's-mate's pipes to call the boats away, the order was merely whispered along the decks. Martin (who afterwards died in command of the *Nautilus*, I believe, in the Havannah) being asleep, and not being roused by the slight bustle, was absent when his boat was manned; and Sands, who had officiated in preparing the boats, was desired to command her in Martin's stead; thus he was thrust into service unprepared, and here he felt the certainty that his death was approaching. That morning Sir Peter Parker (the captain), in leaning backwards over the taffrail to make remarks upon the rigging at the mizen-top-gallant-mast head, let his laced cocked hat fall off. He said, very thoughtfully, and in a very unusual manner, 'I much fear my head will follow this evening.' From this moment he became thoughtful and reserved: he prepared his will with the purser; he destroyed his letters; he made several allusions to his wife and children; and at dinner—I dined alone with him that day—he was unusually reserved and dull; a kind of melancholy settled upon his countenance, and every feature indicated some secret foreboding awfully present to his imagination. Nine o'clock came; the boats were manned, and I, as his aid-de-camp, took my usual seat in his gig. All the boats left the ship at the same moment, and, with muffled oars and breathless silence, we approached the landing-place When the gig's keel grated on the sand and the boat stopped, I was surprised to find Sir Peter Parker remain motionless on his seat; and knowing his usual ambition to be first, I was rather slack in asking, which I was obliged to do, if I should land first. This awoke our chief from his lethargy; but, instead of walking over the gang-board, he stepped overboard alongside in the water, and walked on shore. The preparation of forming the men, selecting the advance-guard, and giving necessary orders, diverted Sir Peter from his melancholy, and he appeared as animated, and flushed with as much hope and confidence, as on any former occasion. * * * Sir Peter Parker mounted a steed, and, turning round to his army, gave the word, 'Battalion, advance!' Having some orders to deliver to the different officers, I passed in the rear, and on my return saw poor Sands: he expressed himself more and more satisfied that his end was approaching, and seemed only vexed at the idea of his marching a measured step to his inevitable destruction. I left him watchful as to his men, but irrevocably lost as to moral courage. * * * * * * *

To this moment Sir Peter Parker cheered on the marines with his usual determined courage; but now his voice failed, and he fell in my arms—a buck shot had cut the femoral artery, and he was bleeding to death. * * *

"We sent on shore a flag of truce in the morning. The Americans were aware they had killed the Captain; for they produced his shoe which had fallen from his foot. They likewise mentioned the death of poor Sands; a grape-shot struck him just above the heart."—*From the Life of a Sailor, in the Metropolitan for April.*

PHENOMENON AT ST. HELENA.

In the year 1821 I was a midshipman in his Majesty's ship Vigo, guard-ship at St. Helena, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lambert, and commanded by Captain Thomas Brown, during the latter period of Napoleon's exile. I had charge of an excellent establishment on shore called the stock-yard, for keeping a supply of fat cattle for the squadron, after the arrival of the animals from the Cape lank and lean. My party of men always slept on board, landing the next morning at day light. It was in the early part of May, a month rendered remarkable by the death of the Great Chieftain, which took place on the 5th day, that we were pulling in as usual in the launch, with several working-parties on board, but observing that the surf was too violent for the large boat filled with men to attempt a landing, we tried to accomplish it by a few at a time in the jolly boat. A small number, including myself, got on shore in this manner. Shortly after, I was engaged in conversation with an officer of the Honourable Company's ship Ganges, surrounded by native women, some children and Lascars, when I felt myself forcibly pulled by the arm, and heard a person exclaim—"Look at the horizon, run, save yourself, we shall all be lost!" I did look, and the sight I shall never cease to remember, it was so frightfully grand. On the horizon, from the north-west, appeared an immense undulation, or swell, resembling a bank of water rolling majestically in, directly in the wind's eye.—Whether it was my anxiety for the boats, or that astonishment had paralysed me, I cannot tell, but I felt rivetted to the spot alone, and before I could attempt to save myself, as others did, by climbing the rocks, I was whirled along with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of this dark wave. Almost in an instant I experienced a violent shock, which stunned me for a few moments; on recovering the perfect use of my senses, I found myself in the armourer's cave, with the forge lying across my thigh. To this circumstance I must draw attention, as, by its weight, keeping me from going into the sea as the water receded, and from being dashed against the rocks, to it I owe my preservation. Near me were lying two lascars, one was split up the middle, the other's scull was beat to pieces—both were dead. Fearing a return of the surf, as the sea usually rolls in quickly twice, and then comes with redoubled violence, I made the best use of my lungs; the carpenter fortunately heard my cries, and rescued me. My clothes were torn to shreds, my ears, eyes, and nose filled with ashes and blood; but with the exception of a few contusions, and lacerated hands, I was otherwise unhurt. One woman was drowned, and several men and children were picked up by the boats. This first swell that I have mentioned was the prelude to a gigantic surf, which lasted three days. This phenomenon (as nothing like it had ever taken place in the memory of the oldest inhabitants) was attributed to an earthquake. We had only telegraphic communication with the ship while it lasted. The fortifications were much injured in front of St. James Town; huge rocks were torn up and tossed into our little bathing-place to the left of the landing; the guard house was abandoned, the sea reaching the upper windows: the ships rode with sails aback to keep them astern of their anchors; and while it lasted, to see the mass of water burst upon the cliffs, as if to shake the island from its foundation, was the grandest sight I ever beheld. There may be some who would connect such a singular occurrence with the last days of the expiring emperor. Croly, if I recollect right, in his finely-written history of George the Fourth, speaks of his soul taking its flight amidst the noise of the tempest and roar of the surf, comparing it to the crash of a battle and armies meeting.—*United Service Journal.*

FIGHTS OF WILD BEASTS.

Captain Mundy, in his work on India, presents us with

the following interesting account of certain fights of wild beasts at Delhi :—

"His majesty, before he retired, informed the commander-in-chief that he had given orders for the wild-beast fights to be prepared for his edification on the morrow; and as these sports are celebrated for the grand scale on which they are conducted at Lucknow, we were all very anxious to witness them. Early in the morning, therefore, the whole party, including ladies, eager for the novel spectacle, mounted elephants, and repaired to the private gate of the royal palace, where the king met the commander-in-chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace in the park, in one of the courts of which the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope network. Sundry smaller cells, communicating, by sliding doors, with the main theatre, were tenanted by every species of the savagest inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad shaggy foreheads, well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes, sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically *appuyé* against the bamboos. The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers, and the same number of bears and leopards, rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hostilities, and made complete shuttlecocks of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos, beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared scarcely better; indeed the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however, to be no match for these powerful creatures, even single-handed, and shewed little disposition to be the assaulters. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap, but was finally (as the fancy would describe it) 'bored to the ropes and floored.' The leopards seemed, throughout the conflict, sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace. A rhinoceros was next let loose in the open court yard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger that was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger, and quietly surveyed him, as he writhed and growled, expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard gate, where he capsized a palankeen, which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports A buffalo and a tiger were the next combatants: they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely; but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat. A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive; the former falling on his knees, and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist. On our return home from the beast-fight, a breakfast awaited us at the royal palace; and the white table cloth being removed, quails, trained for the purpose, were placed upon the green cloth, and fought most gamely, after the manner of the English cock-pit This is an amusement much in fashion among the natives of rank, and they bet large sums on their birds, as they lounge luxuriously round, smoking their houkahs. Elephant fights were announced as the concluding scene of this day of strife. The spectators took their seats in a long veranda. The narrow stream of the river Goomty runs close under the palace walls, and on the opposite bank a large open, sandy space presented a convenient theatre for the operation of these gigantic athletes. The elephants educated for the arena are large powerful males, wrought up to a state of fury by constant feeding with exciting spices. On the spacious plain before us we counted several of these animals parading singly and sulkily to and fro, their mahouts seated on their backs, which were covered with strong network for the driver to cling by in the conflict. In attendance upon every elephant were two or three men, armed with long spears, a weapon of which this animal has the greatest dread. We soon discovered two of the combatants slowly advancing towards each other from opposite sides of the plain. As they approached, their speed gradually increased, and they at length met with a grand shock, entwining their trunks, and pushing, until one, finding himself overmatched, fairly turned tail, and received his adversary's charge in the rear. This was so violent, that the mahout of the flying elephant was dislodged from his seat; he fortunately fell wide of the pursuer, and escaped with a few bruises. Five or six couple were fought, but shewed little sport; the sagacious animals instantly discovering when they were over-matched. I had long been ambitious of witnessing the far-famed wild-beast fights of Lucknow, and having enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them, which few have had, it would hardly be fair to say that I was disappointed. Before the party left the palace, his majesty took a great fancy to a houkah belonging to one of the staff. It was formed on an entirely new principle; and the king was so smitten with the novel invention, that he signified his royal wish to purchase it, and immediately carried it off, to display its charms to the three hundred and fifty fair inmates of his zenana. In the evening a Piedmontese conjurer, in the pay of the nawawb, entertained us much by his ingenious tricks. He must be a useful fellow to amuse the vacant mind of an Eastern despot."

RICHARD THE THIRD'S BED.

Richard slept at the Blue Boar Inn, the night before the battle of Bosworth field, and the bedstead whereon he is supposed to have lain is still preserved, and its history is thus handed down:—"In the year 1613, Mrs. Clark, keeper of that inn was robbed by her servant maid and seven men, and the relation is thus given by Sir Roger Twisden, who had it from persons of undoubted credit, who were not only inhabitants of Leicester, but saw the murderers executed:—When king Richard III. marched into Leicestershire against Henry, Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII., he lay at the Blue Boar Inn, in the town of Leicester, where was left a large wooden bedstead, gilded in some places, which, after his defeat and death, in the battle of Bosworth, was left, either through haste, or as a thing of little value (the bedding being all taken from it), to the people of the house; thenceforward this old bedstead, which was boarded at the bottom (as the manner was in those days), became a piece of standing furniture, and passed from tenant to tenant with the inn. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, this house was kept by one Mr. Clark, who put a bed on this bedstead, which his wife going to make hastily, and jumbling the bedstead, a piece of gold dropt out. This excited the woman's curiosity; she narrowly examined this antiquated piece of furniture, and, finding it had a double bottom, took off the uppermost with a chisel, upon which she discovered the space between them filled with gold, part of it coined by Richard III., and the rest of it in earlier times Mr. Clark (her husband) concealed this piece of good fortune, though by degrees the effects of it were made known, for he became rich from a low condition, and, in the space of a few years, mayor of the town; and then the story of the bedstead came to be rumoured by the servants. At his death he left his estate to his wife, who still continued to keep the inn, though she was known to be very rich; which put some wicked persons upon engaging the maid-servant to assist in robbing her. These folks, to the number of seven, lodged in her house, plundered it, and carried off some horse-loads of valuable things, and yet left a considerable quantity of valuables scattered about the floor. As for Mrs. Clark herself, who was very fat, she endeavoured to cry out for help, upon which her maid thrust her fingers down her throat, and choked her; for which fact she was burnt, and the seven men who were her accomplices were hanged at Leicester some time in the year 1613.'"—*Baines's History of Lancashire.*

Privileges of the King's Smith.—One of our historians observes that, immediately preceding the Conquest, the art of working in iron and steel had arisen to such a state of improvement, that even the horses of some of the chief knights and barons were covered with steel and iron armour, Artificers who wrought in iron were so highly regarded in those warlike times, that every military officer had his smith, who constantly attended his person to keep his arms and armour in order. The chief smith was an officer of considerable dignity in the court of the Anglo Saxon and Welsh kings, where he enjoyed many privileges, and his weregeld was much higher than that of any other artificer. In the Welsh court the king's smith sat next to the domestic chaplain, and was entitled to a draught of every kind of liquor that was brought into the hall—a privilege that many artificers of our own day will not be disposed to make light of.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

"'Tis here all meet."—Blair.

A first-rate anchor weighs about three tons, employs twenty men for forty days in making, and costs 400*l*.—The celebrated Dr. Cullen was born at Hamilton, in Lanarkshire, in the year 1710.—The milk of the whale produces cream much richer than that of the cow, and a joint-stock company to establish a whale-cheese manufactory at Spitzbergen or the North Pole would certainly be a *capital* speculation.—Children may be hanged in England at twelve years of age, and married in Scotland at fourteen.—The people of Hampshire singe the bristles off their pigs instead of scalding them, and in this lies the secret of the excellence of the Hampshire hams.—While Columbus was engaged in discovering America, Henry VII. of England, and James IV. of Scotland, were entering into a treaty, which ultimately led to the union of the two kingdoms.—It was in the town of Dumfries that Kean first gave an earnest of that professional eminence to which he afterwards attained.—The last three Dukes of Athol planted altogether upwards of fourteen millions of larch and other trees.—The eagle which the Americans have chosen for the emblem of their nation, is described by Audobon to be an exceedingly mean and cowardly animal, and Franklin laments that such a bird should have been selected for so honourable a purpose.—It is thirteen hundred years since the first house in Edinburgh was built; Glasgow is of an equal antiquity.—Mrs. Jordan was an Irishwoman, and was born in the neighbourhood of Waterford, about the year 1762.—At the time when Addison was writing the Spectator, the Scotch were burning witches.—At the period that the peasantry of England were burning thrashing mills, those in Scotland were establishing scientific and literary associations.—Upwards of forty-three millions of quarters of corn were imported into Great Britain in 1831.—The original name of Paul Jones was John Paul.—At the Cape of Good Hope, says a traveller, "people die very fast; but the sheep have remarkably large tails."—Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, was a slave, and fought at the battle of Lepanto.—Corns may be effectually extirpated by placing on them the scrapings of chalk mixed with vinegar.—The distance from the Land's End to Charlotte Town in Prince Edward Island is 2280 miles.—Madden mentions that the walls of Constantinople could not endure a siege of six hours.—If milk be put into vessels lined with or formed of zinc, a much greater quantity of cream will be raised than in common vessels, and the butter will be of a finer quality; why is this not practised?—Bordeaux is situated on the navigable river Garonne, about 75 miles from its mouth, and has a population of 100,000 inhabitants.—Sobieski saved Christendom from the Mahommedans, about the time that Claverhouse and Balfour of Burley were fighting the battle of Drumclog.—The chief products of Owhyhee are arrow-root and cocoa-nut oil.—There is not a Protestant place of worship in Ireland in which the native Irish tongue is preached.—All the copies of Tacitus are copied from a single manuscript, discovered in a monastery in Westphalia.—Hyder Ali died in 1782.—The population of the United Kingdom in 1831 was 24,266,989, being an increase of 14½ per cent. since 1821.—Erasmus composed in a post-chaise.—The offices in London calculate on one alarm of fire every day, and about thirty-two serious fires every year.—There is a superstition in the west of Scotland that the earth of the parish of Roseneath kills rats, and that none of these animals can live in the district. A West India proprietor once imported a ship-load of this earth to clear his plantations of that species of vermin, but the experiment *is said* to have failed.—The sum of *thirteenpence-halfpenny* is called *hangman's wages*, because the fee of the executioner used to be a Scottish merk, or thirteenpence and the third of a penny.—Auctions were first introduced into England in the year 1700.—In Spain, in the year 1826, there were 1233 men committed for murder, 1773 for attempts to commit murder, and 1620 for robbery.—The annual export of paving stones from Arbroath, a seaport in the east coast of Scotland, is from 400,000 to 500,000 superficial feet.—In the year 1565, Mary Queen of Scots sent a boy from Edinburgh to Musselburgh on an errand to the magistrates, and the fee she paid him was a Scots shilling, or a penny sterling.—The scenting matter called musk is found in a small bag under the belly of a species of deer inhabiting the alpine mountains of the east of Asia.—The palace of the Tuilleries, in Paris, takes its name from a *tile* work once situated on the spot.—Handel was blind for eight years before his death.—When you buy a horse, avoid those having flat feet and low heels.—The city of Pompeii was overwhelmed with showers of lava, or ashes, from Vesuvius, in the month of August in the year 79, and remained buried for 1676 years.—In the state of New York 237 different newspapers are published.—The humorous production, Monsieur Tonson, was written by a Mr. Taylor, a gentleman of the press in London, now deceased.—If Lander and his companions, with their flat-bottomed steamer, reach in safety the quay of Timbuctoo, the natives may look for the arrival of guns, turnips, whisky, acts of Parliament, and the small pox, in about three years thereafter.—Ben Nevis rises 4300 feet above the level of the sea.—

"Frenchmen are mostly born in France,—
Mousetraps are not county jails,—
Turkeys are seldom taught to dance,—
They don't stuff geese with copper nails."

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

(From Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American Poet).

An Indian girl was sitting where
Her lover, slain in battle, slept;
Her maiden veil, her own black hair,
Came down o'er eyes that wept;
And wildly in her woodland tongue,
This sad and simple lay she sung:—

"I've pulled away the shrubs that grew
Too close above thy sleeping head,
And broke the forest boughs that threw
Their shadows o'er thy bed,
That, shining from the sweet south-west,
The sunbeams might rejoice thy rest.

"It was a weary, weary road
That lead thee to the pleasant coast,
Where thou, in his serene abode,
Hast met thy father's ghost;
Where everlasting autumn lies
On yellow woods and sunny skies.

"'Twas I the broidered mocsin made,
That shod thee for that distant land:
'Twas I thy bow and arrows laid
Beside thy still, cold hand—
Thy bow in many a battle bent,
Thy arrows never vainly sent.

"With wampum belts I crossed thy breast,
And wrapped thee in thy bison's hide,
And laid the food that pleased thee best
In plenty by thy side,
And decked thee bravely, as became
A warrior of illustrious name.

"Thou'rt happy now, for thou hast passed
The long dark journey of the grave,
And in the land of light, at last,
Hast joined the good and brave—
Amid the flushed and balmy air,
The bravest and the loveliest there.

"Yet oft thine own dear Indian maid,
Even there, thy thoughts will earthward stray—
To her who sits where thou wert laid,
And weeps the hours away,
Yet almost can her grief forget
To think that thou dost love her yet.

"And thou, by one of those still lakes,
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky,
A bower for thee and me hast made
Beneath the many-coloured shade.

"And thou dost wait to watch and meet
My spirit sent to join the blest,
And, wondering what detains my feet
From the bright land of rest,
Dost seem, in every sound, to hear
The rustling of my footsteps near."

Mr. Chambers has much pleasure in announcing, that the weekly impression of the Journal, in Edinburgh and London, now amounts to FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES. As the reprinting of early numbers has hitherto been a most serious drawback on the paper, operations are now in progress to stereotype every number as it occurs, by which means sets of the Journal may at all times be obtained. The stereotyping process will take place in Edinburgh, and as duplicates of the plates will be transmitted weekly by mail to London, and there, by means of steam-presses, subjected to an impression of twenty thousand or more copies in a few hours after their arrival, the art of printing, in this humble periodical, will have secured a triumph altogether unparalleled in this or any other country.

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CONFESSORS.

It is a very general impression, that the system of auricular confession was given up at the Reformation. Such is by no means the case; every man and mother's son in the country still keeps his *confessor*. By this epithet, it may be guessed, I mean that chief and most particular friend whom every man keeps about him—who stands his best man when he is married, and becomes his second when he fights a duel—his double, in short, or second self—a creature whom you almost always find with him when you call, and who either walks under his arm in the street, or is found waiting for him while he steps into some neighbouring shop, or, as the case may happen, is waited for by him.

I make bold to say, there is not a trader anywhere who does not keep his confessor. The creature haunts the shop, till he almost seems the Genius of the Place, to the grievous prepossession of newspapers, and, what is more intolerable still, to the exclusive occupation of the ear of the worthy shopkeeper himself. The evening is the grand revel-time for confessors of this genus. Between eight and nine, you see them gathering to the shops of their respective victims, like fowl to roost. As you pass about nine, you observe, on looking in, that the discipline and rigour of shop-life has dissolved. Master, men, and boys, feel the approach of the moment of emancipation, with a peculiar salience of thought, alternating with a deep and tranquil delight. The confessor reigns in the spirit of this glorious hour, and his laugh, and his joke, and his news, and his proffered pinch, are listened to, re-echoed, and partaken of by his devotee, with a pleasure of the keenest nature, and ominous, you may make sure, of oysters and gin punch on the way home.

In some shops, confessors cluster like grapes over a vintner's door. They block up the way of custom; and it it evident, in many cases, that the devotee would rather lose the chance of a penny from a customer, by omitting opportunities of attack, temptation, and inveiglement, than lose the joke that is passing in the merry circle of his confessors, which his ear drinks in as a precious *aside*, while he only can spare a mere fragment of his attention—a corner of one auditory organ—the front-shop of his mind—to the real business before him. In some shops confessors get no encouragement before dinner. The broad eye of garish day, in those fastidious establishments, could no more endure such a walking personification of idle gossip, than a ball-room, at high twelve, could tolerate the intrusion of a man in a short coat, with a pen stuck in his ear. But this is by no means the general case; and even in some instances, where the front shop will not admit of such an appendage, ten to one but, if the premises were well ransacked, you would find a specimen of the class snug in some out-of-the-way corner, filling up the greater part of his time with a newspaper, but every now and then resorted to by his votary, in the intervals of actual employment, like an Egeria receiving the visits of a Numa, and no doubt administering equally precious counsel.

The more common position of a shopkeeper's confessor is a chair opposite the door, whence he may command a view of all that passes in the street, with a full front inspection of every individual that makes bold to enter. Into this chair the confessor invariably glides as a matter of course. There he sits down, and, throwing one limb over the other, considers himself entitled to inflict his company upon the unhappy shopkeeper for any length of time. He notices, as if he were not noticing, all that goes on in the premises. Not an order is given for goods, not a payment made, or a penny-worth sold, but it is seen, and very likely made the subject of after comment. It is of no consequence to the confessor what description of customers enter the place. Were a princess of the blood to come in, he would keep his seat and his countenance equally unmoved, and a whole band of ladies, driven in to escape a shower of rain, will not stir him from the chair, to which he seems nailed, like the marble prince of the Black Islands, in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments The customers very naturally feel disinclined to patronise a shop which is thus, as it were, haunted by an evil spirit. Oh, how I do hate to enter that shop of Mr. Such-a-thing, says one young lady to another, for everything you do or say is noticed by that odious person who is always lounging there And in this manner Mr. Such-a-thing loses his business, almost without the possibility of recalling it. He longs to discover a means of disposing of the confessor, but he finds a great difficulty in accomplishing his purpose. He is disinclined to be churlish to a person to whom he has confessed himself for years. Still he makes an effort. He grows cool in his civility, and makes a point of being always busy on his arrival. Perhaps he has the good luck, at length, to shake off this pest of his premises; but it is more than probable that he submits to the terrific infliction for life, his confessor only leaving him when he is fairly in his grave. I once knew a dreadful case of confessorship, in which the shopkeeper had the hardihood to expel his visitant, and by a plan so ingenious, that I think it worth while to advert to it. The shop contained four chairs, including the confessional, which stood opposite the door. One day when the confessor arrived, and, as usual, proceeded to his seat, he was a little surprised in remarking that it was filled to a pretty good height with parcels of some kind or other. But as this appeared naturally enough to be caused by a press in the stock of goods, no observation took place regarding it, and another chair was selected. However, next day when he again appeared, another chair was found covered up in a similar manner. The following day, he even found a third filled with parcels; and on the fourth day the whole were thus engaged. The confessor now saw that a conspiracy had been formed to destroy his functions, and to expel him from his ancient settlements Like the unhappy antediluvians, who, as the flood arose, were driven from one spot of earth to another, and at last did not find a dry piece of ground whereon to rest their foot, so the unhappy confessor had been driven from chair to chair, till at last he could not discover a place whereon he could plant himself. A pang of vexation shot through his heart; a gleam of mingled shame and indignation passed over his countenance; and, with a last look of despair, he burst from the shop, and "ne'er was heard of more."

It must be allowed that some men do not stand so much in need of confessors, or do not indulge so much in them, as others; but, upon the whole, it may be taken as a general rule, that no man can altogether do without such an official. In the fair on-going business of life, one acts *suo more solito*, according to one's regular custom of trade, or by the common rules of the world. But occasions occur, where common practice does not furnish a rule. You are in love, and wish to interest a friend in your passion; you are about to marry, and require information about arrangements, and also some one to stand beside you, and pull off your glove, preparatory to the ceremony; you have a quarrel, and need a third party to tell you that you are in the right; you are about to enter into some commercial or other enterprise a little beyond your usual depth, and find it necessary to fortify your resolution by the sanction of a friend; or you write a poem or a novel, and require to have somebody to read the manuscript, and tell you that it is sure of success. In all these cases, the confessor is indispensable. *Without him*, you would be crossed in love; get stranded in the straits of matrimony; permit yourself, after giving offence and insult, to let off the object of it with impunity for his remonstrance; break down in your new business scheme; and let your manuscript waste its sweetness on the desert scrutoire. But *with him*, all goes smooth.

Upon the whole, it is better that one's confessor should be a little poorer, as well as a little more plausible in speech, than oneself: he ought to be a man to whom meat and drink are things of some account—a broken-down Scotch licentiate—an author who has published respectable books which have never sold; in short, some idle, poor, servile individual, to whom it is of the last importance to get a good grazing ground in the back premises of a substantial trader, upon whom he may revenge that partiality of fortune, which decrees all the real comforts of life to the mercantile and commonplace, while the real "clever fellows" starve.

But, after all, it must be allowed that there is a great deal of confessorship in the world, independent of a regard to cake and pudding It is in many cases simply a fascination exerted over one mind by another; in others, the result of that very common failing, the want of confidence in one's own resources. Young men—by which I mean men in the mason-lodge time of life, say between twenty and five-and-twenty—are most apt to indulge in confession. *They* think friends all in all, and for friends would give up every thing. All business and duty is to them an episode, only consented to because it is unavoidable; while the enjoyment of the countenance of their friends seems the main and true concern of life. Then are the joys of confession truly relished. Then does the vampire confessor suck deepest into the vitals of his devotee. Happy delusion—sweet morning dream—alas! too certain to awake to the conviction that it is "but a dream!"

POPULAR INFORMATION ON NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

BANKING INSTITUTIONS.

The institutions which have been established in different quarters of the empire, for the purpose of manufacturing and disseminating paper notes as the representatives of solid property or coin, are of that peculiar and interesting description which may well serve to excite the inquiry of those who are entering on the busy scene of a mercantile life. Establishments with designs of this nature have been formed, chiefly since the developement of the national energies at the revolution of 1688, over the united kingom of England, Scotland, and Ireland; but it may be impartially stated, that it is only in Scotland that banking has been carried to the height of its perfection, and erected on a basis of the most absolute security. Why the English and the Irish have failed in perfecting their systems of paper money, we need not stop to inquire with minuteness. Perhaps it has been owing to the habits and character of the people, perhaps to the comparative extensiveness of their country, or perhaps to the existence of legislative enactments injurious to a perfect and salutary freedom of trade.

Most of the peculiar institutions of the Scotch have been produced from the force of particular circumstances; and it is very possible that they have sometimes succeeded in the ends of their establishment, when the same result would not follow their erection in many other territories. The nature and limited extent of the country, the reflective habits of the people, and the long impoverished condition of the nation, have given a decided turn to the modes of action of the inhabitants In the absence of real wealth they have been driven to various expedients to keep on a level with their neighbours; and to this cause alone may we attribute, in a great measure, their success in processes of banking. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the measures which have been judiciously resorted to for the purpose of accomplishing a thorough paper currency in Scotland, may be adopted with propriety by other nations; but before they attempt to do so, I would recommend a patient investigation into some other accessary institutions in the country, for instance, the law of attaching heritable property for debt, and the prac-

tice of public registration, which contribute in an extraordinary degree to give strength and stability to our system of paper currency.

It has been established as a principle in political economy, that money, or coin, is not in itself wealth. It is only the representative of a commodity which, from its bulk, cannot be carried about, or of the wages of labour. The real wealth of a nation is the amount of its improved lands, the produce of its agriculture, its manufactured goods, and its industrious habits. If it want the latter, it will soon go to utter poverty, whatever be the quantity of coin it happens to have. At the revolution of 1688, or thereabouts, Scotland was much in the condition of a newly-discovered country. It had lands, but they were not improved, and consequently of little use; it had very little produce of any kind; and its people were by no means industrious in their habits. At that period they were of a slothful speculative turn of mind; yet they did not want a number of persons among them who were endowed with the most patriotic motives, and who volunteered to rouse and direct the dormant energies of the country. But nothing could be done without money, or its representative. To plough the fields and drain the morasses it was necessary to pay those employed in the task. The landlord of a thousand or ten thousand acres of hill and dale said, I am anxious to bring my lands into cultivation, and to make them produce crops of corn, but I have no horses, nor machinery, nor houses for labourers, and, to tell the truth, I have enough ado to keep my own family in food and clothing. However, he continued, if I could get credit for some ploughs, harrows, horses, and other essentials for carrying on some improvements, I would begin to clear my lands immediately, and I would certainly pay back what I had got, at the end of one or two years; for before that time I would have raised a considerable produce from the ground. This was the outcry of nearly all the landed proprietors in Scotland. They wanted credit. It may be asked, why did they not purchase what they wanted on credit? The reason of this was, that the makers of ploughs and other machinery, and the dealers in different kinds of goods, were as poor as themselves, and could not afford to give away their articles on the faith of a future payment. The thing now to be desired was promissory notes, which, by being given by the landlords to the manufacturers and people they employed, these again could give them to the people they employed, and so on and on through a variety of hands. But as the issuing of promissory notes by private gentlemen could serve little purpose, as the issuers could not be very widely known or trusted, a necessity arose for establishing a national *bank*, or an institution empowered to manufacture and lend notes on a great scale, and the payment of which would be guaranteed by a large body of individuals, each of considerable wealth, and each a depositor of so much coin, to lie in the bank, in order to pay the notes that chanced to come back to the establishment. The notes to be put forth, it will be seen by my young readers, were thus to bear a double character: they were to be the convenient representatives of credit, as well as the representatives of solid property, pledged by the large body of individuals who originated the bank. Such being the principle on which Scottish banking originated, and such being still its prominent characteristic, I proceed to state when and how the first bank was established.

The project of a bank to effect the purposes just alluded to, was hailed with acclamation by the most patriotic landowners and citizens; and in 1695, the scheme of its constitution being submitted to King William and the Scottish Parliament, it was sanctioned by both, and the bank was instituted by a charter of incorporation, under the designation of the BANK OF SCOTLAND. The capital of the bank (or the money to be paid in to meet the payment of notes when they came back) was named at 1,200,000*l.* Scots, or 100,000*l.* sterling, which would be reckoned a very small sum in modern times. The amount was raised by shares differing in extent, from 1000*l.* Scots, or 83*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* sterling, to 20,000*l.* Scots. In 1774, the amount of stock was extended to 200,000*l.* sterling; and now it is a million and half sterling. The shares still remain at 83*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

The establishment of the Bank of Scotland was of great service to the nation; the landholders borrowing notes, and bringing the country into cultivation, and a spur being by that means given to various branches of manufactures. The Bank of Scotland continued to be the only bank in the country till the year 1727, when a new and similar establishment was constituted, under the title of the ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND. These two establishments engrossed all the respectable banking business in the country till the year 1746, when a new association was formed, and incorporated by royal charter, with the title of the BRITISH LINEN COMPANY. The peculiarity in the designation of this banking house deserves a word of explanation. Hitherto the manufactures of Scotland, though partially developed by the above banks, remained in a very backward condition, and in an especial manner the manufacture of linens, for which the country was well adapted. In order to encourage the manufacture of linen, a number of individuals were incorporated under the aforementioned title, with power to raise a capital by shares, to the extent of 100,000*l.* The company itself did not take a part in the manufacturing of cloth; it only promoted it among others, through the aid of loans. Its salutary advances in this way soon wrought a great change among the working classes, and powerfully assisted to raise the character of Scottish linens to that pitch they have now acquired. The company gradually fell into the course of common banking business, and now occupies a high station among these institutions. From 100,000*l.* the capital of this bank has been raised to 500,000*l.* where it has long remained stationary. By very adroit management, it carries on a very great deal of business, and possesses as high credit as any bank in Scotland. It is understood to have been exceedingly fortunate in purchasing government stock at very fortunate periods. For many years its stock has been of a much higher value than that of any other company in the kingdom.

These are allowed to take precedence of others erected in the subsequent part of last, and in the present century, either in Edinburgh or in the provinces. Of the other banks, there are two kinds: one constituted by an extensive copartnery of shareholders, on the principles of joint stock companies; and another, composed of only a few wealthy partners. Among these, the bank of Sir William Forbes and Company stands prominent for its age and respectability. Of the former description, there are at present upwards of thirty; and of the latter, there are five. All the banks issue notes, with the exception of three of the last named, which act more as bill-broking institutions than banking-houses.

The constitution and internal arrangements of the different Scottish banks are by no means alike; yet in general features they are the same, and in many cases the only difference lies in the official designations of the functionaries.

The number of partners in these institutions is various, and depends generally on the price of the shares, or the amount paid in upon them. It sometimes occurs, that a provision is made that one person shall hold only a limited number of shares, and the votes of holders are regulated by a graduated scale. It is very difficult to say what may be the exact number of shareholders in any of the banks, as it must vary continually by the transfer of stock from one to many hands, or the reverse. It may give an idea of the number, however, when I state, that some time ago there were 1238 partners in the National Bank—500 in the Commercial Bank—446 in the Aberdeen Town and County Bank—and that in three of the remaining banks, the number exceeded 100—in six it varied from 20 to 100—and in seventeen was below 20.

It seems to have been a principle in Scottish banking from the very first, to institute shares of a certain amount, and only to call up portions of the same as is felt to be necessary or convenient. In the Bank of Scotland, and the other two first-mentioned banks, the whole amount of the shares is paid up. But this is far from being the case with most others. With respect to the Commercial Bank, in which the nominal value of the shares is 500*l.*, a fifth part, or 100*l.* per share, is paid in; and of the National Bank shares of 100*l.* each, 10*l.* is only paid. The amount of paid-in capital, in general, bears no feasible proportion to the nominal capital. It hence follows that, but for subsidiary checks, a danger would ensue of lowering the respectability of the holders of shares.

In the greater proportion of Scottish banking institutions, the shares have risen much beyond par. The *original* holders of stock, therefore, or their successors by inheritance, draw large profits from their shares; and in many instances they gain from seven to nine per cent. on their sunk capital. When shares have been acquired by purchase in recent times, the per centage, by reason of the heavy premiums paid, may be stated at about three and a half per cent. or thereabouts. The amount of premium paid in purchasing shares has been known to be immense. In 1825, when the mania for holding shares in companies was at its height, the 100*l.* shares of the British Linen Company sold for no less than 325*l.*—the 83*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* shares of the Bank of Scotland for 240*l.*—the 100*l.* (paid in) shares of the Commercial Bank for 227*l.*—and the 100*l.* shares of the Royal Bank for 235*l.*

Dividends of the profits of Scottish banks are paid twice a-year, after public advertisement has been made. But besides these half-yearly per centages, the partners or shareholders in most banks receive bonusses at intervals of from seven to ten years, generally to the amount of from 10*l.* to 20*l.* per share. Such monies are raised by the accumulation of a sinking fund, laid apart after the interest or per centage has been declared annually, in order to meet runs, should such occur; and as it is rarely that these funds are acted upon, they are, of course, dissipated either in whole or part at approved periods.

No shareholder in any bank can dispose of his stock until it has been first offered to the bank in its corporate capacity, as represented by its trustees. The broker employed to sell shares must in all cases primarily offer them to the bank, and if it do not accept of them at the market-price, the broker is told that he may dispose of them otherwise, which, when he does, the transfer is not complete until the name of the new owner is registered in the bank books. The real use of a provision of this nature, is for the sake of security against injury by the seller. To make this sufficiently understood, it has to be explained, that it is customary, in forming new banks in Scotland, to offer subscribers for shares a liberty of borrowing money by cash account to the extent of a half or third of the capital they pay in.

It is extremely probable that many are led to buy shares in banking institutions who could not well spare the whole price for any length of time; but it has the effect of procuring at once a number of good customers, who take care to keep the notes which are produced in circulation. Besides, the bank never can lose by lending these people money, because it has their paid-in stock in security, and, on this account, when they wish to sell out, by being made aware of their intention, it can thereby refuse to permit the sale till all debts which may be due, are paid to the establishment. Before the licence is given to sell, all their accounts must be balanced, and every bill they have had negociated by the bank, as drawers, acceptors, or indorsors, must be honoured.

The business done by the Scottish banking-houses is prodigiously increased by the institution of branches in the provincial and country towns. From those banks already noticed, which are situated in Edinburgh, and from two or three of the chief provincial banks, there were altogether deputed not long since about one hundred and forty branches, and this number is undergoing a regular increase. These subsidiary establishments are to be found in every town of any note, from the borders to the most northern point of Scotland. They are conducted by resident wealthy or responsible merchants and others, who give securities for intromissions, and are subjected to a very rigorous supervision by inspectors, who are continually travelling about for this purpose. By a mutual agreement between the Bank of Scotland and the Royal Bank, rivalry is prevented in agencies, by the former being conceded the minor towns, while the latter takes the city of Glasgow. The branch of the Royal Bank at that place, it has been long understood, does much more business than the parent establishment; but there can be little doubt that the institution of the Union Bank there will greatly injure its issues in that quarter. The number of branches belonging to different houses, varies according to the enterprise or capital of the companies. The Bank of Scotland had lately seventeen; the British Linen Company twenty-eight, the Commercial Bank thirty; and the National Bank eighteen. The conductors of the branch banks give no loans or negociate any heavy transactions without consulting with their masters. They keep beside them at all times a competent supply of notes, with which, on most occasions, they may discount bills, according to their own judgment.

The expressed value of the notes put forth by the Scottish banks is for the greater part 1*l.*, and though notes for five, ten, twenty, and a hundred pounds, are issued, they are seldom long in circulation, and are far less frequently seen. The notes of the Commercial Bank, the National Bank, the Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank, the British Linen Company, and Sir William Forbes and Company, enjoy the greatest circulation, and in a greater relative proportion, I would suppose, to their priority in the above order. They are dissipated over every county; and it is seldom that the notes of provincial banks are taken so readily from their place of issuing: provincial bank notes are at least not common in the metropolis, and their circulation is for the most part of a local nature; the community at large preferring the notes of Edinburgh bankers. All notes are declared to be payable *on demand* at the office from whence they are issued. It is not expressed that, though issued by the branches, they will be cashed there; yet, in practice, the agents take them in, and I never heard of an instance of the public having suffered by this provision, which is not commonly adverted to. It was at one time ordained that Scottish bank notes should not be re-issued after they were three years old, but such a regulation is abrogated, and they are now sent out as long as they are in good condition. Each of the one-pound notes costs about eight-pence, five-pence of which sum goes for the stamp. Almost all the modern notes are produced from plates of hardened steel, and of such peculiar and intricate devices, that forgery cannot be attempted with success, or remain long undetected. So little is forgery known, and in general so readily can it be recognised by the inferiority of workmanship, that nobody is imposed upon but very simple or careless persons.—*To be continued.*

THE NORTHERN LAKES.

AGAIN we find ourselves traversing the wild scenery of the Western and Northern Highlands, wandering through the gloomy recesses of the glens and passes, and pausing on the noon-day beauty of the lovely lakes of Caledonia. What a remarkable stretch of lakes do we find in the Great Glen of Scotland—Glenmore-nan-Albin, as it used to be called by

the Celtic inhabitants of these regions, and now suited to purposes of inland navigation, as the Caledonian Canal At the bottom of this strath, extending from one side of the island to the other, a distance of about sixty miles, lie Loch Ness, Loch Oich and Loch Lochy, with the rivers and artificial channels joining them in a continuous line. Loch Ness, the most northerly of the series, is a lake possessing some mysterious and even terrible characteristics. It extends about twenty-two miles in length, by a breadth of from half a mile to one and a half, but more generally nearly a single mile Its depth is considered to be greater than most parts of the sea between the northerly part of Scotland and the north of Europe, measuring in some places 185 fathoms, and throughout its whole length, except at two points, being able to sail a ship of the line, close upon the shore It stretches along in a perfectly straight line, between two lofty piles of hills, which rise steep as walls to a prodigious height; and the tourist looks along it from one end to the other, as through a telescope. This lake has the remarkable property of never freezing in the severest winter, and, in frosty weather is covered with a thick mist, having the appearance of a dense smoke; and it is usually agitated violently when any other part of the world is undergoing the phenomena of an earthquake. This remarkable peculiarity was particularly observable on the 1st of November, 1775, at the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon. The water rose rapidly, and flowed up the lake with amazing impetuosity, the waves being carried more than two hundred yards up the river Oich, breaking on its banks five feet above the level of the river. It continued ebbing and flowing for about an hour; at the end of which time, a wave much greater than the others terminated the commotion, overflowing the north bank of the lake to the extent of thirty feet.

Loch Ness is fed by a number of tributary streams; among others the water of Foyers, or Fyers on its south side. The water of Fyers and its falls form the chief wonder in this part of the country, and have long been an object of attraction to travellers proceeding by the Caledonian Canal. The river rises in a mountainous region in the district of Badenoch, Inverness-shire, and flows in a northerly course for about ten miles, through a vale abounding in beautiful scenery, to Loch Ness. At a short distance from its embouchure, it arrives at two precipices, down which its waters are necessarily poured. The upper fall is the smaller, and nearly half a mile above the lower. The former fall makes three leaps down a fearful gulf into a pool beneath. A stone bridge, unfortunately in an unsuitable taste, has been thrown across the ravine in front. The lower fall is that which chiefly attracts attention. The water, after flowing through a narrow rocky channel, suddenly makes a sheer unbroken descent of two hundred and twelve feet. From the top of the adjoining rocks, bristling with shrubbery and bedewed with the soft spray of the descending waters, to the surface of the troubled pool beneath, the height is four hundred and seventy feet. The appearance of this cataract is truly grand. Ideas of the magnificent efforts of nature, connected with feelings of romance, fill the mind of the tourist; and, as he scrambles down the face of the verdant precipices or looks aloft from the green esplanade at the bottom, he confesses, amidst the din of the rushing waters, that in Scotland are found scenes not too fondly praised in the patriotic rhymes of its bards, and surpassed by those of few foreign and similar lands.

Loch Oich, the next in the chain of lakes, is an exceedingly beautiful sheet of water, measuring about four miles in length. The banks here slope gently to the water, forming a number of beautiful bays, and possessing several pretty islets, mostly covered with wood. Loch Lochy, the most westerly of the whole, extends fourteen miles in length, and is likewise environed by some striking Highland scenery.

Since we are at this part of the country, we may, if the kind reader be not too much fatigued, take a stretch eastward towards the river Findhorn, where there are several small lakes of some beauty, and not destitute of historical interest. Of these little gems in the rugged wilderness, none pleases us so much as the pretty lake of Moy. The lake of Moy is situated in the pastoral united parish of Moy and Dalarossie, on the left bank of the Findhorn, and extends two miles long by three quarters of a mile in breadth. This small expanse of water is not without its islands, and, as in every instance, it is the islands which afford the greatest interest to the spectator. The lake, the trees, and the chief island, form a tiny picturesque scene so pleasing, that all around the country appears more dreary by the contrast. The island of Moy, situated in the centre of the lake, consists of perhaps two acres of ground, and contains the remains of a house once a chief seat of the lairds of Mackintosh, or heads of the powerful northern clan Chattan, and which attests, from various circumstances, the opulence and consequence of this long independent dynasty. Many a terrific tale of feud and battle is related about this insular strength. Among the prevailing legends of the Celts of Badenoch, the following has obtained a traditional notoriety. It is told that in a great battle which took place between the Cummins and Mackintoshes, the former were defeated, and being unable or unwilling to renew the war, a peace was proposed and accepted. To celebrate it, the Cummins invited the Mackintoshes to a feast prepared in the castle of Moy, with all the rude sumptuousness of feudal wealth. It was the secret design, however, of the treacherous inviters, to murder their unsuspicious guests, and it was arranged that a Mackintosh should sit, under the pretence of distinction, on the right hand of every Cummin, and that at a concerted signal he was to be stabbed by his neighbour. The signal proposed was the introduction of a bull's head. Happily this base and murderous plot was made known privily by one of the Cummins to the guests, and when the signal was made, so ready and active were the Makintoshes, that they instantly plunged their dirks into the bodies of those beside them, and so prevented this extensive scheme of assassination by a just and indiscriminate slaughter of their pretended friends.

It is surprising how little is known of some of the finest Highland lakes, even by the people of Scotland. Loch Maree, in the north-west part of the Highlands, is only known by name, or by the descriptions of at most one or two travellers. Being situated in the parish of Gairloch, in the western wilds of Ross-shire, it lies so much out of the common route of tourists, that it is perhaps thought to be unworthy of a journey across the moors and mountains. Yet it is a noble lake, extending about sixteen miles in length, by a breadth of from one to two, and emitting its redundant waters by a river, falling into a salt water bay on the west coast, called Loch Ewe. This extensive sheet of water is studded with some fine woody islands, and is partly surrounded with the sublimest mountain scenery. In the language of Maculloch, who alone has visited it in recent times for purposes of description, "it is bounded by high mountains, and having a very varied and irregular outline, its shores present a good deal of interesting scenery, the entire lake itself being displayed from many different points, and under a great variety of aspects, so as to produce some of the finest specimens of this class of landscape in the Highlands. In point of style, it ranks rather more nearly with Loch Lomond than with any other of the southern lakes, though still very inferior. The most accessible and the finest general views may be obtained from the rocky hills that bound the exit of the river. The mountain outline, which is grand and various, presents a greater diversity of form and character than any of the Scottish lakes; but Ben Lair is always the principal—graceful, solid, and broad. The middle ground is a source of variety—splendid and wild, an intermixture of rock and wood. The winding and wooded course of the river Ewe adds much to its loveliness. Though there is a road on each side of the lake, the circuit is both laborious and tedious. The northern margin of Loch Maree presents a great variety of close shore scenery, consisting of rocky and wooded bays and creeks, rising into noble and overhanging cliffs and mountains. In one place the remains of a fir forest, in a situation almost incredible, produces a style of landscape that might be expected in the Alps, but not among the more confined scope and lower arrangments of Scottish mountains. It was with some difficulty (continues the narrator) we explored our nocturnal way through the labyrinth of islands in the centre of this lake, as they are little raised above the water, and covered with scattered firs, and with thickets of birch, alder, and holly, while they are separated by narrow and tortuous channels. Inch Maree has been dedicated to a saint of that name; and it still continues a burial place, chosen, it is said, like all those which are found in islands, to prevent depredations from the wolves of ancient days."

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW.

BY MISS MITFORD.

In a winding unfrequented road, on the south side of our Village, close to a low, two-arched bridge, thrown across a stream of more beauty than consequence, stood the small irregular dwelling, and the picturesque building of Hatherford Mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon, was that old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage covered with the clustering Pyracantha, and the clear brook, which, after dashing and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mountain river, while pent up in the mill-stream, was no sooner let loose, than it subsided into its natural peaceful character, and crept quietly along the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranquil a trout stream as ever Izaak Walton angled in.

Many a traveller has stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford Mill, backed by its dark orchard especially when its accompanying figures, the jolly miller, sitting before the door, pipe in mouth, and jug in hand, like one of Teniers' boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his shoulders, carefully descending the out-of-doors steps, and the miller's daughter, flitting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

The scenery at the other side of the road was equally attractive, in a different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, an old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of witch elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an old-fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and its close filberd-walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawberry beds, sloping into the very stream; so that the cows, which in sultry weather, came down by twos, and by threes, from the opposite meadows, to cool themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

In my mind, that was the pleasanter scene of the two; but such could hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten passers-by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes steadily fixed on the mill; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at the miller's young daughter.

Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in the parish. Female critics in beauty would be sure to limit the commendation by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good feature in her face, and so forth; but these remarks were always made in her absence, and no sooner did she appear, than even her critics felt the power of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and health, the sweet and joyous expression, and, above all, the unrivalled brilliancy of colouring, that made Katy's face, with all its faults, so pleasant to look upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like the pear, her namesake, "on the side that's next the sun," were relieved by rich curls of brown hair, of the deep yet delicate hue that one sometimes finds in the ripest and latest hazel nut of the season. Her figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, and child-like; add to this "a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing pleasing tongue," and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.

But gay and smiling though she were, the fair maid of the mill was little accessible to wooers. Her mother had long been dead, and her father, who held her as the very apple of his eye, kept her carefully away from the rustic junketings, at which rural flirtations are usually begun. Accordingly, our village beauty had reached the age of eighteen, without a lover. She had indeed had two offers; one from a dashing horse-dealer, who, having seen her for five minutes one day, when her father called her to admire a nag that he was cheapening, proposed for her that very night as they were chaffering about the price; and took the refusal in such dudgeon, that he would have left the house utterly inconsolable, had he not contrived to comfort himself by cheating the offending papa, twice as much as he intended, in his horse bargain. The other proffer was from a stayed, thick, sober, silent, middle-aged personage, who united the offices of schoolmaster and land-measurer, an old crony of the good miller's, in whose little parlour he had smoked his pipe regularly every Saturday evening for the last thirty years, and who called him still from habit, "Young Sam Robinson." He, one evening as they sat together smoking outside the door, broke his accustomed silence with a formal demand of his comrade's permission to present himself as a suitor to Miss Katy; which permission being, as soon as her father could speak for astonishment, civilly refused, Master Samuel Robinson addressed himself to his pipe again, with his wonted phlegm, played a manful part in emptying the ale jug, and discussing the Welsh rabbit, reappeared as usual, on the following Saturday, and to judge from his whole demeanour, seemed to have entirely forgotten his unlucky proposal.

Soon after the rejection of this most philosophical of all discarded swains, an important change took place in the neighbournood, in the shape of a new occupant of the great farm. The quiet respectable old couple who had resided there for half a century, had erected the mossy sun-dial, and planted the great mulberry tree, having determined to retire from business, were succeeded by a new tenant from a distant country, the youngest son of a gentleman brought up to agricultural pursuits, whose spirit and activity, his boldness in stocking and cropping, and his scientific management of manures and machinery, formed the strongest possible contrast with the old-world practices of his predecessors. All the village was full of admiration of the intelligent young farmer, Edward Grey; who being unmarried, and of a kindly and sociable disposition, soon became familiar with high and low, and was no where a greater favourite than with his opposite neighbour, our good miller.

Katy's first feeling towards her new acquaintance was an awe, altogether different from her usual shamefacedness; a genuine fear of the quickness and talent which broke out, not merely in his conversation, but in every line of his acute and lively countenance. There was occasionally a sudden laughing light in his hazel eye, and a very arch and momentary smile, now seen, and now gone, to which, becoming as most people thought them, she had a particular aversion. In short, she paid the young farmer, for so he persisted in being called, the compliment of running away, as soon as he came in sight, for three calendar months. At the end of that time, appearances mended. First she began to loiter at the door; then she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; then she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then she began to talk in her turn; and before another month had passed, would prattle to Edward Grey as fearlessly and freely, as to her own father.

On his side, it was clear that the young farmer, with all his elegance and refinement, his education and intelligence, liked nothing better than this simple village lass. He passed over the little humours, proper to her as a beauty and a spoiled child, with the kindness of an indulgent brother; was amused with her artlessness and delighted with her gaiety. Gradually he began to find his own fire side lonely, and the parties of the neighbourhood boisterous; the little parlour of the miller formed just the happy medium, quietness without solitude, and society without dissipation—and thither he resorted accordingly. His spaniel, Ranger, taking possession of the middle of the hearth-rug, just as comfortably as if in his master's own demesnes, and Katy's large tabby cat, a dog-hater by profession, not merely submitting to the usurpation, but even ceasing to erect her bristles on his approach.

So the world waned for three months more. One or two little miffs had, indeed, occurred between the parties; once, for instance, at a fair held in the next town on the first of May: Katy having been frightened at the lions and tigers painted outside a show, had nevertheless been half-led, half-forced into the booth to look at the real living monsters by he ungallant beau. This was a sad offence. But unluckily our village damsel had been so much entertained by some monkeys and parrots on her first entrance, that she quite forgot to be frightened, and afterwards, when confronted with the royal brutes, had taken so great a fancy to a beautiful panther, as to wish to have him for a pet; so that this quarrel passed away almost as soon as it began The second was about the colour of a ribband, an election ribband. Katy having been much caught by the graceful person and gracious manners of a county candidate who called to request her father's vote, had taken upon herself to canvass their opposite neighbour, and was exceedingly astonished to find her request refused, on no better plea than a difference from her favourite in political opinion, and a previous promise to his opponent. The little beauty, astonished at her want of influence, and rendered zealous by opposition, began to look grave, and parties would certainly have run high at Hatherford, had not

ner candidate put a stop to the dispute by declining to come to the poll. So that that quarrel was perforce pretermitted. At last a real and serious anxiety overclouded Katy's innocent happiness; and, as it often happens in this world of contradictions, the grievance took the form of a gratified wish.

Of all her relations her cousin, Sophy Maynard, had long been her favourite She was an intelligent unaffected young woman, a few years older than herself, the daughter of a London tradesman, excellently brought up, with a great deal of information and taste, and a total absence of airs and finery. In person she might almost be called plain; but there was such natural gentility about her, her manners were so pleasing and her conversation so attractive, that few people, after passing an evening in her society, remembered her want of beauty. She was exceedingly fond of the country and of her pretty cousin, who, on her part, looked up to her with much of the respectful fondness of a younger sister, and had thought to herself a hundred times, when most pleased with their new neighbour, "how I wish my cousin Sophy could see Edward Grey;" and now that cousin Sophy had seen Edward Grey, poor Katy would have given all that she possessed in the world, if they had never met. They were heartily delighted with each other, and proclaimed openly their mutual good opinion. Sophy praised Mr. Grey's vivacity; Edward professed himself enchanted with Miss Maynard's voice. Each was astonished to find in the other a cultivation unusual in that walk of life. They talked, and laughed, and sang together, and seemed so happy, that Katy, without knowing why, became quite miserable, flew from Edward, avoided Sophy, shrank from her kind father, and found no rest or comfort, except when she could creep alone to some solitary place, and give vent to her vexation in tears. Poor Katy! she could not tell what ailed her; but she was quite sure she was wretched, and then she cried again,

In the meanwhile, the intimacy between the new friends became closer and closer. There was an air of intelligence between them that might have puzzled wiser heads than that of our simple miller-maiden. A secret—Could it be a love secret? And the influence of the gentleman was so open and avowed, that Sophy, when on the point of departure, consented to prolong her visit to Hatherford, at his request, although she had previously resisted Katy's solicitations and the hospitable urgency of her father.

Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening, towards the end of June, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the possibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows, sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world.

A pleasant walk it was, through those newly-mown meadows, just cleared of the hay, with a bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered by little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine, and the briar-rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom. Now a smooth turfy slope, green to the eye, and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willow-herb, the blue forget-me-not, and "a thousand fresh-water flowers of several colours," making the bank as gay as a garden.

It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy, who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged-robin, the wild rose, the crane's bill, and the fox-glove, or to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art," and show "what every flower, as country people hold, did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind, gathering a long wreath of the woodbine, and the briony, and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet, however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers, quoting the well-known lines from the Winter's Tale, and the almost equally charming passage from Philaster.

At length Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves in a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's "country art," but it is my favourite amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the Eastern fashion of courtship, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. And it shall be so," he added, after a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illuming his whole countenance; "the botanical name signifies, the Queen of the Meadow, and wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage of my heart, the proffer of my hand, shall go also. Oh, that the offering might find favour with my queen!" Katy heard no more She turned away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of peebles, overhung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she sat her down, trembling, cold, and wretched; understanding, for the first time, her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had ever been so unhappy before.

There she sat, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsciously making "rings of rushes that grew thereby," and Edward's dog Ranger, who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow water, and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream, as if trying to catch one, came to her, and laid his rough head, and his long curling brown ears, into her lap, and looked at her "with eyes whose human meaning did not need the aid of speech"—eyes full of pity and of love; for Ranger, in common with all the four-footed world, loved Katy dearly; and now he looked up in her face, and licked her cold hand. Oh! kinder and faithfuller than your master, thought poor Katy, as with a fresh gush of tears, she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sat in that position, as it seemed to her, for ages, whilst her companions were hooking and landing some white water-lilies.

At last they approached, and she arose hastily, and tremblingly, and walked on, anxious to escape observation. "Your garland is loose, Katy," said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet: "Come and see how nicely I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin of water, under those hazels! come!" He put her hand under his arm, and led her thither; and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on the stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical Queen of the Meadow, waving like a plume, over her own straw bonnet; felt herself caught in Edward's arms, for, between surprise and joy, she had well nigh fallen; and when, with instinctive modesty, she escaped from his embrace, and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Sophy's affectionate whisper, "I knew it all the time, Katy! every body knew it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised Edward to stay and be bride's-maid;" and the very next week they were married.—*Our Village.*

Easter Hunt at Epping.—Fitzstephen informs us, that the hunting at Epping and round London, at Easter time, commenced in 1226, when king Henry III. confirmed to the citizens of London, free warren, or liberty to hunt a circuit about their city, in the warren of Staines, Hainhault forest, &c.; and in ancient times, the lord mayor, aldermen, and corporation, attended by a due number of their constituents, availed themselves of this right of chase in solemn guise. From newspaper report, it appears, that the office of Common Hunt, attached to the mayoralty, is in danger of desuetude. The Epping hunt seems to have lost the lord mayor and his brethren in their corporate capacity, and the annual sport to have become a farcical show.

HIGHLAND HARDIHOOD.

John, the second Lord Reay, son of the unfortunate royalist, Donald, the first Lord Reay, and chief of the clan Mackay, was long kept in confinement in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, during the troubles of the Commonwealth, but at length, as is related by tradition, effected his escape in a manner well worthy of recording. His lady, the daughter of Mackay of Scaury, was uncommonly beautiful and handsome; and having been introduced to the Protector Cromwell, she fell on her knees before him, and in the most impressive manner begged that her husband might be liberated. He was so struck with her beauty and deportment, that he said he would do all that lay in his power to gratify her Lord Reay, he added, was a state prisoner, and he could not of himself order his liberation; but if she could manage so as to get him out of prison, he would grant him a protection or pass to secure him from further trouble, and which he delivered to her accordingly. A great difficulty still remained, how to get his lordship beyond the prison wall. His lady and his faithful servant, John Mackay, it seems, always had free access to him. There were two grenadiers placed before the entry to the prison, as guards,—a duty performed in later times by the members of an ancient civic militia, called the Town Guard. John said, if Lady Reay could get his Lordship brought that length, he would, at the hazard of his life, prevent the sentinels from obstructing him in his escape. The lady got her part effected; and as Lord Reay was ready to advance towards the sentinels, John suddenly laid hold of them both, and with the greatest ease laid them prostrate, the one above the other, and then disarmed them. As his master was now under cover of the protection, John surrendered himself, and was immediately put in prison, and laid in irons. He was afterwards brought to trial at which Cromwell himself assisted. He said, that the servant had no doubt forfeited his life; but his conduct, which went to obtain his master's liberty, and perhaps to save his life, was heroical; and if this man was put to death for an act of this nature, which proceeded wholly from his fidelity to his master, and was attended with nothing hurtful in itself, it would discourage their own and other servants from entertaining that degree of attachment to their masters, which a pardon granted to this prisoner would insure. His opinion, therefore, was, that, for the sake of justice, the prisoner should be condemned to die: but that, in the circumstances of the case, the punishment should be remitted, which was agreeed to unanimously After the sentence was intimated to Mackay, Cromwell took a full view of his person, and noticing his fierce aspect and athletic frame, exclaimed to those arouud him, "May I ever be kept from the devil's and that man's grasp.

Spanish politeness.—Near Naval-Moral, we met a Spanish family of rank travelling, a sight very uncommon. The ladies and female attendants were seated in a large, heavy, old-fashioned carriage, covered with carved work and tarnished gilding. This vehicle was drawn by eight mules which two fine-looking men on foot guided, sole'y by the voice, calling out their names, to which they appeared by their movements to answer with great docility. The gentlemen of the party rode with the male servants, all conversing familiarly together; and the last often put their heads into the carriage-window, and spoke to the ladies. The Spaniards, I have often observed, however exalted their rank, are exceedingly kind and affable to their servants and inferiors. And, indeed, the lower classes have much natural politeness; nor is there any thing in their language or manner which disgusts or offends. They have no vulgarity in their freedom, nor servility in their respect. I have often sat round the fire of a Posada, amid Spaniards of all classes, whom chance had assembled together, and been quite charmed to mark the general good humour, and the easy, unembarrassed propriety of behaviour of the common peasants.—*Recollections of the Peninsula.*

Towns in the Desert.—The extraordinary strength of the buildings in some parts of Syria has excited the surprise of most travellers. "In periods of misrule," says Buckingham, "one town becomes suddenly deserted and another repeopled at short intervals of time; and the edifices in each being of the most durable kind, they remain uninjured, and thus serve for the habitations of race after race, descending through many generations. For the same reasons, the houses may be said to be without permanent owners, the first occupier holding his right indisputable, until he is forced by some sudden emergency to quit it; when the next occupier enters and retains it on the same condition, no rent or taxes being paid in either case, any more than would be if a man lived in his own tents, or in a natural cavern which he might find suited to his purpose, and adopt for his abode. As there are in general more houses in these everlasting and indestructible towns than there are persons at any one time requiring to occupy them, an ample choice is afforded to all parties, but particularly to the earliest comers, and as no one has a permanent interest in the security of any one particular dwelling, very little attention is paid to improving them. The buildings are in themselves so strong, being wholly composed of stone, including roofs, and even doors, that they never need repairs. The doors have no hinges, being attached at the top and bottom with a pivot of stone. In times of great danger, when a visit from the Arabs of the Desert is apprehended, the inhabitants either retire to some other town, or barricade themselves in their houses by heaping up loose stones to oppose the approach of horsemen to the most defenceless parts of their dwellings, while they can assail them with the same material as missiles from the terraces above."

Un moment de peur.—Bonaparte lost four aide-de-camps during the short time he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appearing to Napoleon to lack the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst out against him in one of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word "coward" escaped him; Croisier determined not to survive it; he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed till the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches there, when such a sharp look-out was kept by the garrison, that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside them, it was instantly grazed by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you," cried Napoleon, in a voice of thunder; but it was too late—the victim of his severity fell at his feet. Murat, the chivalrous braver of all danger, had also his *moment de peur* (moment of fear,) which lost him the countenance of his general, until displeasure could no longer resist the brilliancy of his achievements. It was at the siege of Mantua, in the first Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were making a sortie from the garrison He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded—he was removed from the presence of the general—he was in every way discountenanced; in Egypt he was sent on the most distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than reconquered his character before the battle of Aboukir, on which occasion Napoleon himself was obliged to declare he was *superb*. The brave Marshal Lannes one day severely reprimanded a colonel who had punished a young officer for a *moment de peur*. "That man," said he, "is worse than a poltroon who pretends that he never felt fear.

A Mid-Lothian Tradition.—A tradition exists in Mid-Lothian relative to a house on the barony of Gilmerton, near Lasswade, which has given occasion to the beautiful ballad entitled "The Gray Brother," by Sir Walter Scott, and which is said to be of the following purport. The building alluded to, now called Gilmerton Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. The barony of Gilmerton belonged of old to a gentleman named Heron, who had one beautiful daughter. This young lady was seduced by the abbot of Newbotle, a richly endowed abbey upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of the Marquis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and learned also, that the lovers carried on their intercourse by the connivance of the lady's nurse, who lived at the house of Gilmerton Grange. He formed a resolution of bloody vengeance, underterred by the supposed sanctity of the clerical character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therefore, a dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a stolen interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, which he had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing ashes the dwelling, with all its inmates.

DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

It will be remembered by the readers of the History of America, that the latter days of Columbus, the discoverer of that continent and its islands, were embittered by the turbulence of his fellow adventurers, who succeeded him in

his command, and deprived him of the lustre belonging to his valuable services. Among those ambitious and discontented, but brave Spaniards, few were an equal match to Vasco Nunez de Balboa, either for the command which he obtained over his associates, or for his daring intrepidity in facing danger We learn from an exceedingly agreeable volume, entitled "The Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," published in the *Family Library*, that this man was one of the most enterprising of those commanders appointed by Spain in taking charge of the colony at Darien. He was never tired of levying war against the caciques or petty native princes, and it was on one of his expeditions of this nature, when extorting gold from one of the simple inhabitants, that he received intelligence of the existence of the great Pacific Ocean at no very great distance on the opposite side of the country. In the government of the colony, Vasco Nunez does not appear to have been much actuated by principles of moderation or justice By his audacious conduct he at length roused the indignation of the Spanish sovereign, and was condemned in certain damages. Informed of this storm, which had arisen in consequence of the complaints laid against him, and that he would be immediately summoned to the court of Spain, to answer the criminal charge advanced against him, he at once resolved on the means to be adopted for his protection.

"Vasco Nunez (says the author) was at first stunned by his intelligence, which seemed at one blow to annihilate all his hopes and fortunes. He was a man, however, of prompt decision and intrepid spirit. The information received from Spain was private and informal; no order had yet arrived from the king; he was still master of his actions, and had control over the colony. One brilliant achievement might atone for all the past, and fix him in the favour of the monarch. Such an achievement was within his reach—the discovery of the southern sea. It is true, a thousand soldiers had been required for the expedition, but were he to wait for their arrival from Spain, his day of grace would be past. It was a desperate thing to undertake the task with the handful of men at his command, but the circumstances of the case were desperate. Fame, fortune, life itself, depended upon the successful and the prompt execution of the enterprise. To linger was to be lost.

Vasco Nunez looked round upon the crew of daring and reckless adventurers that formed the colony, and chose one hundred and ninety of the most resolute, vigourous, and devoted to his person. These he armed with swords, targets, cross bows, and arquebusses. He did not conceal from them the danger of the enterprise into which he was about to lead them: but the spirit of these Spanish adventurers was always roused by the idea of perilous and extravagant exploit. To aid his slender forces, he took with him a number of bloodhounds, which had been found to be terrific allies in Indian warfare.

The Spanish writers make particular mention of one of those animals, named Leoncico, which was a constant companion, and, as it were, body guard of Vasco Nunez, and describe him as minutely as they would a favourite warrior. He was of a middle size, but immensely strong: of a dull yellow or reddish colour, with a black muzzle, and his body was scarred all over with wounds received in innumerable battles with the Indians. Vasco Nunez always took him on his expeditions, and sometimes lent him to others, receiving for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man. In this way he gained by him in the course of his campaigns upwards of a thousand crowns.

The Indians, it is said, had conceived such terror of this animal, that the very sight of him was sufficient to put a host of them to flight.

In addition to these forces, Vasco Nunez took with him a number of the Indians of Darien, whom he had won to him by kindness, and whose services were important, from their knowledge of the wilderness, and of the habits and resources of savage life. Such was the motly armament that set forth from the little colony of Darien, under the guidance of a daring, if not desperate commander, in quest of the great Pacific Ocean.

It was on the first of September that Vasco Nunez embarked with his followers in a brigantine and nine large canoes or pirogues, followed by the cheers and good wishes of those who remained at the settlement. Standing to the northwestward, he arrived without accident at Coyba, the dominion of the cacique Careta, whose daughter he had received as a pledge of amity. That Indian beauty had acquired a great influence over Vasco Nunez, and appears to have cemented his friendship with her father and her people. He was received by the cacique with open arms, and furnished with guides and warriors to aid him in his enterprises.

Vasco Nunez left about half of his men at Coyba to guard the brigantine and canoes, while he should penetrate the wilderness with the residue. The importance of his present expedition, not merely as affecting his own fortunes, but as it were unfolding a mighty secret of nature, seems to have impressed itself upon his spirit, and to have given correspondent solemnity to his conduct. Before setting out upon his march, he caused mass to be performed, and offered up prayers to God for the success of his perilous undertaking.

It was on the sixth of September, that he struck off for the mountains. The march was difficult and toilsome in the extreme The Spaniards, encumbered with the weight of their armour and weapons, and oppressed by the heat of a tropical climate, were obliged to climb rocky precipices, and to struggle through close and tangled forests. Their Indian allies aided them by carrying their amunition and provisions, and by guiding them to the most practicable paths.

On the eighth of September they arrived at the village of Ponca, the ancient enemy of Careta. The village was lifeless and abandoned; the cacique and his people had fled to the fastnesses of the mountain The Spaniards remained here several days to recruit the health of some of their number who had fallen ill. It was necessary also to procure guides acquainted with the mountain wilderness they were approaching. The retreat of Ponca was at length discovered, and he was prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to come to Vasco Nunez. The latter had a peculiar facility in winning the confidence and friendship of the natives. The cacique was soon so captivated by his kindness, that he revealed to him in secret all he knew of the natural riches of the country. He assured him of the truth of what had been told him about a great pechry or sea beyond the mountains, and gave him several ornaments ingeniously wrought of fine gold, which had been brought from the countries upon its borders. He told him, moreover, that when he had attained the summit of a lofty ridge, to which he pointed, and which seemed to rise up to the skies, he would behold that sea spread out far below him.

Animated by the accounts, Vasco Nunez procured fresh guides from the cacique, and prepared to ascend the mountains. Numbers of his men having fallen ill from fatigue and the heat of the climate, he ordered them to return slowly to Coyba, taking with him none but such as were in robust and vigorous health. On the 20th of September, he again set forward through a broken rocky country, covered with a matted forest, and intersected by deep and turbulent streams, many of which it was necessary to cross upon rafts. So toilsome was the journey, that in four days they did not advance above ten leagues, and in the mean time they suffered excessively from hunger. At the end of this time they arrived at the province of a warlike cacique, named Quaraqua, who was at war with Ponca.

Hearing that a band of strangers were entering his territories, guided by subjects of his inveterate foe, the cacique took the field with a large number of warriors, some armed with bows and arrows, others with long spears, or with double handed maces of palm wood, almost as heavy and hard as iron. Seeing the inconsiderable number of the Spaniards, they set upon them with furious yells, thinking to overcome them in an instant. The first discharge of fire-arms, however, struck them with dismay. They thought they were contending with demons who vomitted forth thunder and lightning, especially when they saw their companions fall bleeding and dead beside them, without receiving any apparent blow. They took to headlong flight, and were hotly pursued hy the Spaniards and their blood-hounds. Some were transfixed with lances, others hewn down with swords, and many were torn to pieces by the dogs, so that Quaraqua and six hundred of his warriors were left dead upon the field.

After this sanguinary triumph, the Spaniards marched to the village of Quaraqua, where they found considerable booty in gold and jewels, Of this Vasco Nunez reserved one-fifth for the crown, and shared the rest liberally among his followers. The village was at the foot of the last mountain that remained for them to climb; several of the Spaniards, however, were so disabled by the wounds they had received in battle, or so exhausted by the fatigue and hunger they had endured, that they were unable to proceed. They were obliged therefore reluctantly to remain in the village, within sight of the mountain-top that commanded the long-sought prospect. Vasco Nunez selected fresh guides from among his prisoners, who are natives of the province, and sent back the subjects of Ponca. Of the band of Spaniards who had set out with him in this enterprise, sixty-seven alone remained in sufficient health and spirits for this last effort. These he ordered to retire early to repose, that they might be ready to set off at the cool and fresh hour of day-break, so as to reach the summit of the mountain before the noon-tide heat.

The day had scarce dawned, when Vasco Nunez and his followers set forth from the Indian village and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn; but they were filled with new ardour at the idea of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships. About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended; and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence, from which they said the southern sea was visible.

Upon this Vasco Nunez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit the long desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannahs and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

At this glorious prospect, Vasco Nunez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend: "Behold my friends," said he, "that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that he has granted us this great honour and advantage. Let us pray to him to guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favour of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith."

The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nunez, and promising to follow him to death. Among them was a priest, named Andres de Vara, who lifted up his voice and chaunted *Te Deum laudamus*—the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The rest, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar than from that wild mountain summit. It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the new world, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts Was this the great Indian ocean, studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the east? or was it some lonely sea locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the savage? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous and powerful and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, through differing from Europe in their civilization; who might have peculiar laws and customs and arts and sciences; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, intercommuning by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents; but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nunez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the sovereigns of Castile; and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of sixty-seven men, signed their names. He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down, and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot from whence he had first beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved on the neighbouring trees. The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder, and, while they aided to erect the cross and pile up the mound of stones, marvelled exceedingly at the meaning of these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land.

The memorable event here recorded took take place on the 26th of September, 1513, so that the Spaniards had spent twenty days in performing the journey from the province of Creta to the summit of the mountain, a distance which at present, it is said, does not require more than six days' travel. Indeed, the isthmus in this neighbourhood is not more than eighteen leagues in breadth, in its widest part, and in some places merely seven; but it consists of a ridge of extremely high and rugged mountains. When the discoverers traversed it, they had no route but the Indian paths, and often had to force their way midst all kinds of obstacles, both from the savage country and its savage inhabitants. In fact, the details of this narrative sufficiently account for the slowness of their progresss, and present an array of difficulties and perils, which, as has been well observed, none but those "men of iron" could have subdued and overcome.

HINDOOISM.

In a pleasingly-written volume, entitled "Indian Recollections, by J Statham," intended, it would appear, to advance the cause of the Indian missions for the propagation of Christianity, we are presented with the following lucid view of Hindooism:—The Hindoo religion is so complex in its nature that it is impossible fully to detail its various branches; being founded on superstision, all its parts are moulded on an artificial system, difficult to unravel or explain. The whole family is divided into four branches or tribes, called Castes, and denominated Brahmins, Kyetra, Bhysya, and Soodra. The rank, occupation, and duties of these several castes, are fully explained in their Vedahs, or holy books. The Brahmins are the priests; they are required to be virtuous, learned, just, peaceable, and self-denying. If these were the distinguishing traits of their order, the very reverse are the features of their character now. The Kyetra is the military caste; the Vedahs require of them a thirst for glory; to die rather than retreat; generosity and princely conduct to captives. Bhysya form the agricultural part of the community; their duties are briefly defined as cultivators and traffickers. The fourth, or Soodra caste, consists of labourers, who are enjoined to serve with patience and fidelity; the former, I believe, they generally do, but as for the latter, it is only when constrained by fear of punishment, or loss of pay. The two middle castes have almost become extinct, or rather amalgamated with the former and latter. Thus, it may almost be said, that the whole Hindoo nation is now composed of Brahmins, or Soodras, both of which are divided into a great many degrees, or sub-castes; so that there are many orders of Brahmins as well as Soodras. Of the latter the Koit is the highest, and the Hurry the lowest, which caste embraces shoe-makers, mat-makers, bird-catchers, tanners, skinners, snake-catchers, and many others. By this division of caste, no possible means exist for any person to rise in the scale of society; all motives to exertion or mental improvement are cut off; no actions, however noble, no discoveries, however important to society, would ensure honour to a person of low caste: and those of high caste lose no honour or reputation by their ignorance and vice. Whatever be the mental abilities of a Hindoo, if born a Soodra, a Soodra he must remain; if the father be a snake-catcher, all his sons must be snake-catchers too; and the influence of caste follows him through all the ramifications of life Persons of different castes or occupations cannot eat, drink, or smoke together; neither can they intermarry, nor meddle with each other's employment. If a Hindoo loses caste, which is the case if he breaks

through any of the foregoing rules, the most distressing consequences ensue: no one will eat with him, or suffer him to come near his dwelling, or marry his children; his own wife and family disown him; looked upon as an outcast of society, he is deprived of all privileges, or means of comfort, as long as he lives; and, however respectable he may have been before, the meanest caste consider him a vagabond, and will not associate with him. It is caste that renders so many servants necessary to do the work which one or two might easily accomplish. They are born to one particular department of service, and no other can they perform without losing caste. Thus, the man who fetches water cannot wait at table, nor the man who cooks the dinner serve it up: neither will the person who attends the table sweep the room afterwards, and so on through all the different pursuits of life. A native embracing Christianity loses caste by partaking of the Lord's Supper; it requires, therefore, great fortitude of mind to make a profession of faith in the Gospel. There are many who have no caste, having been excommunicated because of some breach of the ceremonial laws of their religion, either by themselves or their forefathers; these are all termed Pariahs, and dare not touch the person, garments, food, utensils, or dwelling of a Hindoo of caste, as contamination follows. The Brahmins are a very lordly, domineering race, and exact the most severe homage of the Soodras. They themselves are under great restrictions, as well as the Soodras, particularly in the article of food, being prohibited from eating any thing that has had life, except fish; this, I consider, arises from their belief in the doctrine of transmigration, and as they believe that although the spirits of their ancestors may have entered the bodies of all beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects, yet they do not enter into another element, so that they may eat fish with impunity. Their principal diet is rice; this, with spices, milk, and ghee, is their principal repast, although they may partake of the flesh of such animals as are offered in sacrifice to the gods, the laws of men permitting this.

The Brahmins, though all eligible to the priesthood, yet do not all follow it. Some enter the military service of the Hon. Company, and others become clerks and copyists; but none are permitted to engage in menial employments, and in whatever state they are found, the same honour is paid by their associates, though perhaps not to that degree as if in priestly office. So great is the pride of the Brahmins, that they claim precedence of kings, and the noblest rajah will partake of food cooked or presented by a Brahmin, whilst the meanest Brahmin will not taste that which has been touched by the mightiest monarch, if not one of their own tribe. Many Brahmins are totally ignorant of their own Shasters, and these are always the most intolerant exactors of homage from the Soodras. Those amongst them who are at all learned are the most conceited pedants that can be possibly imagined. All pretend to a knowledge of astrology, and will calculate lucky days in which the business of life may be transacted. A Soodra always consults his teacher before he buys a cow, goes a journey, or engages in any concern, however trifling, and the Brahmins never act gratuitously. The whole system is founded in priestcraft.

The sacred writings of the Hindoos are of two kinds—the Vedas and Shasters. The former may be termed their scriptures, the latter expositions of them. The Vedas are divided into four books, all written in the Sanscrit language. The first book is called Rug Veda, which signifies the Science of Divination, concerning which it principally treats. The second is distinguished by the title of Sheeham, which signifies Piety or Devotion, and this book treats of religious and moral duties. The third is the Judga Veda, which, as the word implies, includes the whole science of religious rites and ceremonies. The fourth is denominated Obater Bah, or the knowledge of the Good Being, and accordingly this book comprehends the whole essence of theology and metaphysical philosophy. The Vedas, as also the Shasters or Commentaries, pretend to great antiquity; so much so, that many Europeans have been strangely staggered in their belief of the Mosaic chronology, by reading them. But it only requires a little consideration and research to discover a vein of imposition running through the whole details. The idea which their Shasters give of God is—that there is one Supreme Being, whom they style Bhogabon or Esher, sometimes Khodah; proceeding from him are three powers or deities, viz.—Brahmha, the Creator of all; Vishnu, the preserver of all; and Seeb, or Sheva, the destroyer of all. Now, whilst the latter is worshipped by all, the former has scarcely any attention paid to his temples; and Vishnu, the preserver, has few votaries, compared with the destroyer, Seeb. Subordinate to these are 330,000,000 inferior gods and goddesses, each representing some particular virtue or vice. They even go so far as to deify the waters of the Ganges, into which the whole population crowd morning and evening to bathe; and the water of this sacred stream is carried to all parts of India, and to swear by in a court of justice. At Allahabad, where the streams of the Ganges and Jumna unite, the country for many miles round is considered sacred ground; and so great is the number of pilgrims who resort thither for bathing, that the Vizier has received in one year half a lac of rupees for permission to enjoy the benefit of immersion in the sacred flood. Oftentimes have I witnessed children hurrying their parents to the river side, fearful lest they should die before they reached its bank. Nothing can be more distressing to the feelings than to behold these poor expiring creatures, some calling upon Rham, some upon one of their false gods, others upon another, with their bodies half in the water and half out, the rising tide soon to overwhelm them. Many are laid where the tide cannot reach them, and their case is more pitiable still. Beneath a burning sun, they are left without food, and many of them, who would no doubt recover from their diseases if proper attention were paid to them, are literally starved to death, or devoured by jackalls at night. The whole system of Hindooism is the most licentious and impure it is possible to conceive, so much so, that many of their rich men, who are very depraved, cannot but admit that it is too gross to be fully supported. The writings of the Hindoos, every class of them, even their works on ethics, are full of abominable allusions and descriptions, so that they are to-day what they were ages ago, a people unrivalled for impurity. The priests and the religious mendicants, under the dreadful profligacy which prevails, are the very ringleaders in crime.' How noble, it may be added, must be the enterprise of endeavouring to reclaim the populous empire of India from these heathenish and vicious practices, and establishing in their stead the pure principles and practice of our own beneficent faith; but until some civil enactment, and a large introduction of British emigrants, have the effect of demolishing all ideas of caste, it is hopeless to expect any change worth mentioning in the debased moral condition of the Hindoos.

HALIFAX, IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, is built on the east side of a peninsula, facing an inlet of the sea, and on the declivity of a hill which rises gradually from the water. In length it is rather more than two miles, and about half a mile in breadth. The streets are wide, and cross each other generally at right angles, but that only next the water is paved; most of the others, however, are macadamised, and, from the ascent, and nature of the ground, usually dry; but in summer, the dust, which is often whirled furiously along by the winds, is exceedingly disagreeable. The appearance of Halifax from the water, or from the opposite shore, is prepossessing and peculiar. The front of the town is lined with wharfs, alongside of which vessels of all sizes, and variously rigged, are incessantly discharging or loading their cargoes. Warehouses rise over the wharfs as well as in different parts of the town; and dwelling-houses and public buildings rear their heads over each other as they stretch along, and up the sides of the hill. The spires of different churches; the building above the town, in which the town clock is fixed; a rotunda-built church; the signal posts on Citadel Hill; the different batteries; the variety of style in which the houses are built, some of which are painted white, some blue, some red, and some built of brick and stone intermixed with those built of wood; rows of trees showing themselves in different parts of the town; his Majesty's ship moored opposite the dock-yard; the establishments and tall sheers of the latter; the merchants ships under sail, at anchor, or alongside the wharfs: the woody and rocky scenery of the back ground, with the islands and the small pretty town of Dartmouth on the eastern shore; are all objects which strike most forcibly on the view of a stranger when sailing up the harbour. The number of dwelling-houses is estimated at about 1700, the public buildings 82, and the population, exclusive of the army and navy, about 16,000. The houses are very irregularly built, some being one, some two, some three, and a few four stories high. Handsome stone and brick buildings are built and furnished in the English style; and many of the houses built of wood are really more imposing in their appearance, being large, neatly finished, and painted white, than the best stone houses.—*M'Gregor's British America.*

SLOGANS, OR WAR CRIES.

The *war-cry* may be traced up to the earliest ages amongst the most ancient people, and it seems, till a recent period, to have been almost universal. Sometimes the cry was of an invocatory nature for protection; at other times it was commemorative of some signal transaction; and in many cases it was a shout of allusion to a well-known place of rendezvous. The Irish, in all cases, used the interjection, *aboo*, along with their war-cries, as *Butler-aboo, Cromaboo, Leamhdearg-aboo*, and so forth. The Scoto-Irish brought with them the ancient custom of war-cries, though they dismissed the affix *aboo*; and for a long period they used a general cry before the onset began, shouting with an allusion to their native country and their generic name, *Albanich*. After the Saxon tongue was introduced into North Britain, the war-cry was called the *slogan*, or *slogan*, from the word *slug*, signifying an alarm of war. The Highland chiefs were most tenacious of their war-cries. The chief of the Mackenzies had for his slogan, *Tulloch-ard*, or the high hill; the mountain particularly signified being one of the most lofty in Kintail, and being that on the summit of which a flaming beacon was shown when it was wished that the clan should gather. The chief of the numerous clan of the Grants had the war cry of *Craig-elachie*, or the rock of alarm, which rocky eminence is situated in the country of the Grants in Strathspey. The chief of the Macphersons had *Craig-ubbe*, or the black rock, from a small but well-known black rock in Badenoch, the country of the Macphersons. The chief of the Macdonalds had *Craig-an-Fhithich*, the rock of the raven. The chief of the Macfarlanes had *Loch Sloy*, a place in the district of Arrocher, at the head of Loch Lommond. The chief of the Macgregors had *Ard-Chullich*. The chief of the Buchanans had *Clareinch*, which is an island in Loch Lommond, where he anciently resided. The Lowland Barons had likewise their slogans. The war-cry of the potent family of the Scotts of Buccleuch was *Alemoor*, from its commodious situation in the midst of the clan. The cry of the retainers of the Earls of Home was, *a Home, a Home;* that of the Douglases, *a Douglas, a Douglas;* and that of the house of Winton, *a Seton, a Seton*. The Maxwells had for their cry, *I bid you bide, Wardlaw*, which is the hill above Caerlaverock Castle, where the clan rendezvoused. The Johnstons, when they were the wardens of the borders, assumed for their slogan, *Light, thieves all*, which was the command of the warden to alight from their horses, and submit to the law. During the change of customs, ancient families converted their war-cries into *mottoes*, which they placed upon escrols above their crests; as the Dukes of Lennox, like the Duke of Leinster, assumed the war-cry of the family, *Avant Darnley*, as an appropriate motto for their armorial crests.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

It is delightful to see in the following anecdote (says Mr. Ainslie, in his excellent little production, "*Reasons for the Hope that is in us*") an instance of Christianity having found its way into the heart of even a poor slave, and having produced there its usual benign influence. It is told by Mr. Ramsay in his Essays on the Treatment and Conversion of African Slaves in the British Sugar Islands:—

"A lieutenant of a regiment in garrison at St. Christopher's died, and left his son an orphan boy. A particular family of his acquaintance on the island had promised him, on his death-bed, to take care of his child; but the boy was totally abandoned by them, and forced to keep among the negro children, and live upon such scraps as he could find. In this destitute state he caught that loathsome disease the yaws, which became an additional reason for their neglecting him. In the ulcerated condition produced by that distemper, a poor negress, named *Babay*, found him, took him into her hut, got him cured, and maintained him till he was able to work for himself. The first money that he earned went to purchase her freedom. He took her home to his house, and as long as she lived afterwards, which was upwards of forty years, he treated her with the greatest kindness and respect. When she died he gave her a most respectable burial, and had a funeral sermon preached on the occasion. As that discourse was delivered before many who were themselves in slavery, the preacher observed, 'This good woman was like many of you—a slave, and, as such, laboured under those disadvantages which some of you may plead for not doing your duty; yet in this situation she showed in her conduct the noblest fruits of religion and charity. A helpless child, left an orphan in a strange country, far from any relation or even acquaintance of his family, abandoned by those who undertook to rear him, from her alone could he receive pity or engage attention. When left by all of his own rank, and exposed to a dangerous and shocking disease, though son to a servant of the public, with whom every true lover of his country should have sympathised, she alone lodged him, watched over him, carefully nursed him, got him cured, and put him in a way to provide for himself. This instance of generosity,' he continued, 'found in one of her humble condition, is a proof that a charitable and affectionate heart is not, as is sometimes thought, confined to those of better condition. She had nothing to direct her but God's grace, working as a tractable spirit. Her benevolent temper showed itself, indeed, in every part of her conduct through life, and was fostered and improved by a true sense of religion. She was well acquainted not only with the doctrines of Christianity, but with all its duties, and ever spoke of it with a knowledge and earnestness which would have done credit to those who thought themselves far her betters.'"

A Liddesdale Outlaw.—The following tradition may be taken as illustrative of the character of the ancient borderers. Veitch of Dawick (a place in the upper part of Peebles-shire), a man of great strength and bravery, who flourished in the sixteenth century, was, it seems, upon bad terms with a neighbouring proprietor, Tweedie of Drummelyer. By some accident, a flock of Dawick's sheep had strayed over into Drummelyer's grounds, at the time when *Dickie of the Den*, a Liddesdale outlaw, was making his rounds in Tweeddale. Seeing this flock of sheep, he drove them off without ceremony. Next morning, Veitch, perceiving his loss, summoned his servants and retainers, laid a blood-hound upon the traces of the robber, by whom they were guided for many miles, till, on the banks of Liddel, he stayed upon a very large hay-stack. The pursuers were a good deal surprised at the obstinate pause of the blood-hound, till Dawick pulled down some of the hay, and discovered a large excavation, containing the robbers and their spoil. He instantly flew upon Dickie, and was about to poniard him, when the marauder, with the address for which the border thieves were famed, protested that he would never have touched a *cloot* (hoof) of them, had he not taken them for Drummelyer's property. This dexterous appeal to Veitch's passions saved the life of the freebooter.

Dr. Pitcairne.—Dr. Alexander Pitcairne, who died in 1713, but who is yet remembered most distinctly in Scotland for his strong Jacobitism, his keen wit, and his eminence as a physician, studied his profession in Holland, where he was for some time the preceptor of Boerhaave. His political principles causing him to be no friend to the republican Dutch, he amused himself with satirising them in verse. Dull, however, as the Dutch are generally esteemed, they had once paid him very smartly in his own coin. Pitcairne, it seems, took great offence at the facility with which the University of Leyden, like some of those in this country at a more recent period, conferred degrees upon those applying for them. To ridicule them, he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross an affront for even a Dutchman to swallow. In a spirit of resentment, an answer was returned, to the effect that, "search having been made in the books of the University, they could not find one instance of the degree of doctor having been ever conferred upon a horse, although, in the instance of one Dr. Pitcairne, it appeared that the degree had once been conferred on an ass."

Column for the Boys.

The youthful Yeomanry are in the field,—
Their tents are pitched, and every heart beats high
To join the friendly strife:—their stoutest forts
Are slender wickets;—all their entrenchments,
A popping and a bowling-crease; their weapons,
Bats;—their ammunition, a brace of balls,
In leathern and tight-fitting jerkins clad.

My Dear Little Boys,

I am almost afraid you will be beginning to think I have forgot my promise, in not devoting a column oftener to matters connected with your sports and amusements; but the truth is, as I can assure you, I have been kept very busy writing all manner of things, not a few of which, as you may have perceived, have been put into the Journal for the perusal of no one but yourselves. I daresay you will have found a number of my essays very dull and tiresome, and not the least funny; but then you know there are many good folks who like that kind of reading, and would not for the world that all the articles were light and humourous; and I could wager—though I hate betting, for it is an exceedingly bad practice—that in time you will also say you like to read a grave piece now and then, and will perhaps go the length of searching out some old neglected numbers of the Journal for the express purpose of reading those papers you now consider so very dry and valueless. When I was a little chap like yourselves, and ran about with a cap and a jacket, I had the very same notions of reading as you have, and could not bear the sight of a book which had no *stories* in it. When I fell in with a volume of old magazines, I did nothing but turn over the leaves to pick out the tales, if there were any, and you may be sure, when I did light upon a story, I was not long in going through it from beginning to end. I often in my own mind compare the condition of boys in my period of youth, with that of the boys of the present day, and I always think how much better off you are. In my time, boys were paid very little attention to, and had a sad life of it. They were generally driven to school by their fathers and mothers frequently with blows, and nearly all that they learned was thrashed into them by the schoolmasters. Many a time have I beheld little boys stripped half naked, laid across a table, and lashed over the back in the most frightful manner, all for the most trifling inaccuracy in their lesson, or what was worse, for the fault of another; and almost every man in the present day can tell how his hands used to be blistered at school by the dreadful strokes of hardened pieces of leather, administered without regard to principles of justice. The boys, in these times, had, in fact, no sort of comfort in their schools, and they had nobody to take their part when out of them. No one ever thought of writing amusing little books for them, excepting perhaps good old Mr. Newbury, at the corner of St. Paul's Church Yard, who got up the Adventures of Tommy Trip, and the History of King Pippin, and a few more delightful books of that class, in a small size, covering them with patches of gilding or Dutch metal, and selling them to boys for sixpence a-piece But, you know, boys soon get through these, and then there was not much else for them to read but fairy tales, which are all nonsense; so they spent their time frequently in very mischievous pursuits. Their case was very sad, indeed, as you may well suppose. Now, just consider how well you are off, in comparison with these exceedingly ill used boys. All your school books are improved and greatly simplified, and your masters, even those who belong to the old thrashing times, are generally very attentive and kind in giving you instruction. And then such lots of story books you've got for your entertainment at leisure hours. Very distinguished authors have condescended to write historical tales for your special use, every one of which is as nice reading as Beauty and the Beast, or Valentine and Orson, with the advantage of being true, and of showing you how this great nation, of which you have the good fortune to be members, arose from a barbarous state to be the most powerful and opulent kingdom in the whole world. And then, have you not a whole series of tales, amounting, I believe, to some dozens in number, written by that singularly good lady, Miss Edgeworth, all about the rising of poor boys into notice through their activity and good behaviour? I am sure you feel thankful to this ingenious authoress for the many happy hours you have spent in reading her stories, especially that one called Lazy Lawrence, which shows how a very humble but clever little boy worked for so many pence every day, to raise as much money as would pay the rent of his grandmother's cottage, and to save her from selling her old horse Blackberry, which was her chief means of support; and how he put the pence every night into a broken flower-pot in the stable, placing it in the manger to show the poor animal what was doing for his benefit; and how the money was stolen by a very naughty boy called Lazy Lawrence, who had associated with bad companions; and how the theft was detected, as thefts always are, sooner or later; and how vice was punished and virtue rewarded You cannot but remember this excellent story; and I am equally certain you will recollect the tale called Lame Jervas, which is the story of a boy in the tin mines of Cornwall, who, by doing his master a great service in discovering to him a valuable vein of metal when a plan had been laid to conceal it, was promoted in his service, and, being given a good education, became, from one thing to another, a gentleman of property. But, above all, you will certainly remember the excellent tale entitled To-Morrow, which discloses the history of a young man, a shopkeeper in London, who went all to wreck and ruin several times over, entirely from a bad habit he had of putting off the doing of every thing till to-morrow You will recollect how, when driven to America in search of employment, he completely lost the favour of a merchant by being half an hour behind in coming to dinner, all because he had spent his time foolishly in going to hear a frog concert. You will remember, also, how vexed you were for his excellent wife Lucy, who did all in her power to remedy the errors he committed, and who, as in the case of many unfortunate women who have chanced to get bad husbands, supported the family by her ability and diligence in sewing ' do not doubt but many of you have thought that when you grew up and married, you would be glad if you could get a wife as good-tempered and as clever as Lucy; and who knows but what you may, besides arriving at great eminence in your various professions, provided you but conduct yourselves with scrupulous honesty, as well as the most vigilant industry, never putting off your time in frivolous pursuits when you have any labour or duty to perform, and on no account leaving lessons to be learned or work done *to-morrow*. The desire to furnish you with subjects of agreeable reading, is, however, not confined to tales of this nature, but extends itself over every department of literature and science, and stoops to illustrate the most trifling sports in which you may innocently spend your unoccupied hours. You, therefore, see how much attention is paid to boys of the present day, not only in furnishing instruction, but also mere amusement, in comparison with what was done in former times. Of books of pastimes for the use of persons of your age, none equals in value the Boy's Own Book, from which I have already taken some extracts, and out of which I am now going to present you with a description of that capital out-of-door sport.

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

This truly English pastime, although long a favourite with the people of this country, never reached to a greater degree of popularity than it possesses at the present time. It is a favourite with the peer and the peasant—the member of the Society of Arts and the schoolboy. Royalty has heretofore stood bat in hand at the popping-crease, surrounded by those youthful buds of nobility of which our nation has since been proud; and, strange though it may seen, yet it is no less strange than true—young matrons have played matches of cricket against maidens, without impeachment to their usual reputation, and having husbands, brothers, and sweethearts for their spectators. In many countries, cricket is the universal pastime of the people; in others, it is rarely played, and in many scarcely mentioned. The man of Devon, who deems all sports inferior to wrestling, and the inhabitant of Somerset, who doats upon the manly game of back-sword, seldom bestow a thought upon cricket; it is, nevertheless, esteemed and enjoyed by the people of other counties, especially those about the metropolis, as a sport paramount, and is practised in so great a degree as nearly to exclude all other manly field recreations of a similar nature.

Cricket is usually played by eleven persons on each side, though a less number is sufficient. Two umpires are to be appointed, in order to settle all disputes that may arise; they are to take their stations at each wicket, and should be well acquainted with the laws of the game. The umpire at the striker's wicket should be rather behind it, so as not to be in the way of the players; and the umpire at the bowler's wicket directly behind it, to see that the striker does not strike the ball with his leg.

BATS, BALLS, WICKETS, &c.

The bat should not be higher than twenty-one inches in the pod, and four inches and a quarter in the widest part: this is the size for men; boys must, of course, have bats in proportion to their size and strength.

The ball, for the use of men, should weigh about five ounces for youth, however, it should be lighter.

Full-sized wickets are three stumps, which are sufficiently long to leave twenty-four inches out of the ground, with a bail, seven inches long, to fit the top. These, like the bat and ball, must be decreased in size for the young cricketer. They should be placed directly opposite to each other, at the distance of twenty-two yards for men, but varying according to the size of the player.

The bowling-crease should be in a line with the wicket, and have a return crease.

The popping-crease should be three or four feet from the wicket, and exactly parallel with it.

THE BOWLER.

Bowling is a very important part of the game, and requires great steadiness. Bad bowling is often the cause of losing a game. A bowler should not be too systematic, but vary his balls faster or slower, according to the peculiarities of the striker. The bowler and his partner at the opposite wicket should have a secret sign, by which they may hint to each other the propriety of varying the direction or swiftness of the balls. The mode of bowling most generally approved of, is to hold the ball with the seam across, so that the tips of the fingers may touch; it should be held with just a sufficient grasp to keep it steady; by a turn of the wrist it may be made to cut and twist after it is grounded, which will frequently perplex expert players.

THE STRIKER, OR BATSMAN.

The striker should always be ready for running; when his partner is about to strike, he should stand before the popping-crease, but he must be cautious not to leave the ground before the ball is out of the bowler's hand; for if he do, the bowler may put down his wicket, and he will, of course, be out. As soon as the ball is delivered, the striker may follow it, but should not run too far, so that, if no runs be obtained, he may return in time to save his wicket. The bat should be kept on the outside of the opposite partner, and care taken not to run against him.

THE WICKET-KEEPER.

The wicket-keeper should not suffer the striker to move from his ground without knocking down his wicket, which is called "stumping-out."

THE FIRST SHORT-SLIP.

The first short-slip should stand so as to reach within two feet of the wicket-keeper; if the latter should go from the wicket after the ball, the first short-slip should take his place until his return; but no player should take the ball before the wicket-keeper, provided it be coming straight to him.

THE POINT.

The point should place himself in the popping-crease, about seven yards from the striker. In backing up, he should take care to give the slip sufficient room.

LEG, OR HIP.

Leg, or hip, should stand a little back from the straight line of the popping-crease.

LONG-STOP.

Long-stop should stand a proper distance behind the wicket, to save a run if the ball should not be stopped by the striker or wicket-keeper. The person who is placed in this situation should not be afraid of the ball when bowled swift. He should also be able to throw in well, as it is not only to the balls that pass the wicket-keeper, but to such as are just tipped with the edge of the bat, that he will have to attend. He must also be attentive in backing up.

THE LONG-SLIP TO COVER THE SHORT-SLIP.

This player must stand about the same distance from the wicket as the long-stop, in a line with the striker, between the point and the short-slip.

TO COVER THE POINT AND MIDDLE-WICKET.

This player's place is on the off-side, so that if the ball should be hit to the point and middle-wicket man, and missed, he will be in readiness to receive it.

THE LONG-FIELD OFF SIDE.

He should be placed on the off side, between the middle-wicket man and the bowler, at a considerable distance in the field, so as to cover them. It is desirable to appoint a person to this situation who can throw well and judiciously.

LONG-FIELD ON SIDE.

Long-field on side is at some distance wide of the bowler's wicket, so as to prevent a second run.

If there be more players, they may be placed to back up, or save runs, in different situations about the field.

LAWS OF CRICKET.

The bowler should deliver the ball with one foot behind the bowling-crease, and within the return crease. He should bowl four balls before a change of wickets, which he is to do but once in the same innings. He must be careful to toss the ball in such a way that the striker can play at it; for if he should toss it above the striker's head, or out of the bounds of the bowling-crease, the party which is in shall be allowed one notch, to be put down to the byes; and such ball is not to be considered as one of the four balls. When the umpire calls "In ball," the hitter may strike at it, and get all the runs he can. When an exchange of bowler takes place, no more than two balls can be allowed for practice. If the arm be extended straight from the body, or the back part of the hand be uppermost when the ball is delivered, the umpire shall immediately call "No ball."

The striker, or batsman, is always out when the bail is knocked off the stump; when the stump is bowled out of the ground; or, if the ball should, from a stroke over or under his bat, or upon his hands (but not his wrists), be held before it touches the ground, even if it should be pressed to the body of the catcher; or if, while he is striking, or at any other time when the ball is in play, both his feet are over the popping-crease, and his wicket put down, except when his bat be on the ground within it. Likewise, if he hit down his own wicket; or, if either of the strikers prevent a ball from being caught, the striker shall be out; or, if the ball be struck up, and the hitter wilfully strike it again; or if, in attempting to run a notch, the wicket be struck down by a throw, or with the ball in hand, before his foot, hand, or bat is grounded over the popping-crease. If the striker remove or take up his ball while in play, without being requested by the opposite party; or if, with his leg or foot, he stop a ball which has been pitched in a straight line to the striker's wicket. If "A lost ball" be called, the striker shall be allowed four notches. If the players have crossed each other in running, he that runs for the wicket which is put down, shall be out; but if they have not crossed each other, he that has left the wicket which is put down, shall be out.

When a ball is caught, no notch shall be reckoned. When a striker is run out, the notch they were running for shall not be reckoned. While the ball is kept in the bowler's or wicket-keeper's hand it is considered no longer in play, nor are the strikers bound to keep within their bounds till the umpire has called "Play;" but if a player should go out of his ground, with intent to run, before the ball is delivered, the bowler may put him out. If a striker be hurt by a ball, or otherwise, during his play, he may retire from his wicket, and continue his innings; and another person may be permitted to stand out for him, but not go in. If any player should stop the ball intentionally with his bat, it shall then be considered dead, and the opposite party may add five notches to the score.

If the ball be struck up, the striker may guard his wicket either with his bat or his body. If the striker hit the ball against the wicket of his partner when he is off his ground, he is out, if it have previously touched the bowler's or any of the field-men's hands, but not otherwise.

Two minutes are allowed for each man to come in, and fifteen minutes between each innings; when, upon the umpires calling "Play," the party refusing to play shall lose the match.

The umpire should observe the situation of the bowler's foot when he delivers the ball, and if it be not behind the bowling-crease, and within the return crease, he shall call "No ball." If the striker should run a notch, the umpire shall call "No notch." The umpire at the bowler's wicket has a right to be first applied to for his decision on the catches.

SINGLE WICKET.

The game of Single Wicket is not so interesting as that of Double Wicket; but it may be played by almost any number of persons, though it is seldom played with more than four or six on a side. The business of a bowler and striker is nearly the same as in Double Wicket.

When the striker runs to the bowler's wicket, and knocks the bail from off two stumps placed there, with his bat, and returns to his own wicket without having it knocked down by the ball, he is entitled to count one notch. After he has run one notch, if he start for another, he must touch the bowling-stump, and turn again before the ball crosses the play, to entitle him to another notch. He is entitled to three notches for a lost ball.

If four, or a less number, are at play, then they should make all hits before the wicket with bounds, &c., and not move off the ground, except by agreement. Where there are more than four players on a side, there should be no bounds; and all hits, byes, and overthrows, should be allowed. It is, of course, to be understood that the bowler must bowl at the usual distance from the wicket. No more than one minute is to be allowed between each ball. When the striker hits the ball, one of his feet must be on the ground, and behind the popping-crease; otherwise the umpire shall call "No hit." The field's man must return the ball, so that it shall cross the play between the wicket and the bowling-stump; or between the wicket and the bounds; the striker may run till the ball shall be so returned. These are the principal rules and regulations, adopted by the most experienced Cricket-players at the game of Single Wicket. The distance between the wickets is precisely the same as Double Wicket, consequently the runner has twice the ground to win, in obtaining each notch; but we would suggest that this evil might be remedied by running only a little more than half the usual distance: by this method, Single Wicket will be rendered much less fatiguing, and far more lively and amusing, at least to the Batsman."

The Peer of Aberdeen.—During a late Jury trial at Jedburgh, in which three of the first luminaries of the bar (Messrs M-ncr-ff, J ffr-y, and C-ckb-rn) were engaged as counsel; while the former was addressing the jury, Mr. J-ffr-y passed a slip of paper to Mr. C-ckb-rn with the following case for his opinion:—"A legacy was lately left by an old lady to the *Peer* of Aberdeen. As the will was written by the dowager herself, and by no means distinguished for her correctness of orthography or expression, a dispute has arisen as to the intent of the testator; and the following claimants have appeared for the legacy—1st, The Earl of Aberdeen, 2*d*, The Commissioners for erecting the Pier at Aberdeen; and, 3*d*, The Manager of the Charity Workhouse, who grounds his right on the fact that the old lady was in the habit, *more majorum*, of pronouncing poor, *peer*. To which of the parties does the money belong?" Mr.

Lockhart immediately wrote in answer— 'To none of the three; but to the Horticultural Society of Scotland, for the purpose of promoting the culture of a sort of fruit called, or to be called, the Pear of Aberdeen."

YARROW UNVISITED.

Written in 1803.

By William Wordsworth.

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd.
And, when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"What'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow!
But we will downwards with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where, with chiming Tweed,
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My true-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

O! green, said I, are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path, and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland through;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

Let beeves and homebred kine partake
The sweets of Burn mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them, will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow.
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow

INSECTS IN THE STOMACH.

In the country parts of Scotland we often hear stories related of people swallowing, by accident or unwittingly, small reptiles or insects, which live and breed in the stomach, and put the unhappy person who has received them to great pain. There is reason to believe that these stories are in general fabrications, or that they are greatly exaggerated. It is found that, except in rare cases, no animal can live in the stomach, from its heat and from the juices which prevail in it. Worms of a certain description, however, can exist with perfect security in the stomach and intestines. We are informed that 1200 species of these intestinal worms have been discovered, and that sixteen of these have been found in the human body. Some of these worms are thin, flat-like pieces of tape, and others are round, or consist of a sort of elongated cartilage in joints. "That insects were, in some rare cases (says the author of Insect Transformations) introduced into the human stomach, has been more than once proved; though the greater number of the accounts of such facts in medical books are too inaccurate to be trusted. But one extraordinary case has been completely authenticated, both by medical men and competent naturalists, and is published in the Dublin Transactions, by Dr. Pickells of Cork. 'Mary Riordan, aged 28 years, had been much affected by the death of her mother, and at one of her many visits to the grave, seems to have partially lost her senses, having been found lying there on the morning of a winter's day, and having been exposed to heavy rain during the night. When she was about fifteen, two popular Catholic priests had died, and she was told by some old women that if she would drink daily, for a certain time, a quantity of water, mixed with clay taken from their graves, she would be for ever secure from disease and sin. Following this absurd and disgusting prescription, she took from time to time large quantities of the draught. Some time afterwards, being affected with a burning pain in the stomach, she began to eat large pieces of chalk, which she sometimes also mixed with water, and drank. Now, whether in any or in all of these draughts she swallowed the eggs of insects, cannot be affirmed; but for several years she continued to throw up incredible numbers of grubs and maggots, chiefly of the church-yard beetle.' 'Of the larvæ of the beetle,' says Dr. Pickells, 'I am sure I considerably underrate, when I say that not less than 700 have been thrown up from the stomach at different times since the commencement of my attendance. A great proportion were destroyed by herself to avoid publicity; many, too, escaped immediately by running into holes in the floor. Upwards of ninety were submitted to Dr. Thomson's examination, nearly all of which, including two of the specimens of the weal worm, I saw myself thrown up at different times. The average size was about an inch and a half in length, and four lines and a half in girth. The larvæ of the bipterous insect, though voided only about seven or eight times, according to her account, came up almost literally in myriads. They were alive and moving.' Altogether, Dr. Pickells saw nearly 2000 grubs of the beetle, and there were many which he did not see. Mr. Clear, an intelligent entomologist of Cork, kept some of them alive for more than twelve months. Mr. S. Cooper cannot understand whence the continued supply of the grubs was provided, seeing that larvæ do not propagate, and that only one proper and one perfect insect were voided, but the simple fact that most beetles live several years in the state of larvæ, sufficiently accounts for this. Their existing and thriving in the stomach, too, will appear less wonderful from the fact, that it is exceedingly difficult to kill this insect; for Mr. Henry Baker repeatedly plunged one into spirits of wine, so fatal to most insects, but it revived, even after being immersed a whole night, and afterwards lived three years. That there was no deception on the part of the woman, is proved by the fact that she was always anxious to conceal the circumstance, and that it was only by accident that the medical gentlemen, Drs. Pickells, Herrick, and Thomson, discovered it. Moreover, it does not appear that, though poor, she ever took advantage of it to extort money. It is interesting to learn that, by means of turpentine in large doses, she was at length cured."

A True Joe Miller.—In the time of Joe Miller, there was an old deaf player of the name of Cross, who, being very vain, took every pains to conceal his infirmity. Joe, walking along Fleet Street with a friend, saw Cross on the opposite side, and told his acquaintance he should see some fine sport. So, beckoning Cross with his finger, he opened his mouth wide, and began to assume the attitude and gestures of one who bawls very loud to a distant object. Cross, thinking that Miller had hallooed to him, and taking that as too broad a signification of his infirmity, came puffing across the street as hard as he could, and "What the devil," cried he to Joe, "do you make such a noise for? do you think one cannot hear?"

Diamond Mill of Amsterdam.—The diamond mill is one of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam. It is the property of a Jew, whose son, a clever lad, obligingly conducted us through the rooms, and explained the various parts of the process of polishing diamonds. Four horses turn a wheel, setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs, acting on circular metal plates, keep them in continued revolution. Pulverized diamond is placed on these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground, and even cut, by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation, diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire that is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. You are probably aware of the distinction between a rose diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set vertically, the other is divided, and set horizontally. The largest diamonds are reserved for roses, which always rise in the centre to an angle; the smaller are used as brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

The Lion in the Scottish Shield.—Antiquaries have found considerable difficulty in settling at what precise period the Scottish nation began to assume armorial bearings, although the obscure records of tradition assure us that they were first granted to the Scottish kings by Charlemagne. One thing is sufficiently certain, that none of the predecessors of William, who began to reign in the year 1165, adopted a court armorial, and that it was that sovereign who first assumed the cognisance of a lion on his banners, from which circumstance, as well as from his gallant bearing, he was termed *William the Lion.* We are told that the king of the beasts was anciently the cognisance of the Celtic nations, yet it is conjectured by George Chalmers, that William did not assume the red lion on that account, but rather because it was already the armorial bearing of the earldom of Huntington, and, as such, the cognisance of William's father. The lion is first seen on the shield of Alexander III., and appeared on gold coins in the reign of Robert III. It is said by Nisbet that the double tressure (or border) was anciently used on the royal shields to perpetuate the various leagues betwixt the French and Scottish monarchs. In the reign of James III., when the English faction predominated in the country, Parliament was induced to ordain "that in tyme to cum thair suld be na *double tressour* about the kingis armys, but that he suld ber hale armis of the lyoun, without ony mair." Yet the double tressure seems to have maintained its place in the armorial bearings of Scotland, even to our own times.

Hearing the Evidence.—Robert Burns dined in Edinburgh with a large party, in company with the late Lord Swinton, and the Honourable Henry Erskine. Honest Lord Swinton had become extremely deaf. From time to time he observed the company convulsed with laughter; but his deafness prevented him enjoying the exquisite humour of Mr. Erskine. That, however, was of little consequence: he inquired at his next neighbour, "Is that my friend Harry?" Being answered in the affirmative, he burst out into as hearty a laugh as the best of them, and in this manner partook in the general hilarity the whole evening. Burns next day mentioning the circumstance to a lady of his acquantance, she expressed her astonishment that a man who could act so absurdly should sit as judge on the lives and fortunes of his fellow-subjects. "My dear madam," answered Burns, "you wrong the honest man; he acts exactly as a good judge ought; he does not *decide* before he has *heard* the *evidence.*"

Curious Typographical Anecdote.—It is well known to literary people, that, in preparing works for the press, it is usual for the printer, after the proof sheets have been seen by the author, to go over them again, and clear them of what are called typographical errors, such as wrong spellings, inaccuracies of punctuation, and similar imperfections. In performing this office for a celebrated northern critic and editor, a printer, now dead, was in the habit of introducing a much greater number of commas than it appeared to the author the sense required. The case was provoking, but did not produce a formal remonstrance, until Mr. W——n himself accidentally afforded the learned editor an opportunity of signifying his dissatisfaction with the plethora of punctuation under which his compositions were made to labour. The worthy printer, coming to a passage one day which he did not understand, very naturally took it into his head that it was unintelligible, and transmitted it to his employer, with a remark on the margin, that "there appeared some obscurity in it." The sheet was immediately returned, with this reply, which we give *verbatim.* "Mr J. sees no obscurity here, except such as arises from the quantity of commas, which Mr W——n seems to keep in a pepper-box beside him, for the purpose of dusting all his proofs with."

German Philosophers.—On several occasions (says Hodgskin, in his Travels in Germany), I have mentioned the taste for trifles and absurdities which yet so much distinguishes scientific Germans, that their country is sometimes called a mad-house of natural philosophers. This unhappy propensity has undoubtedly been invigorated by the honours bestowed on such pursuits by the numerous sovereigns of Germany. At Cassel I was informed by a physician at Heidelbergh, who, in the madness of scientific or rather witchcraft experiments, prescribed human brains to be taken inwardly as a cure for violent fevers, and he had worked something like a wonder on his patients, probably by affecting their imagination. Another celebrated man had lately adopted the entrails of cats as a specific for all disorders. And a public newspaper, while it announced the death of a child of a celebrated physician, also announced his intention of preserving it in his anatomical museum, along with some more of his children already deceased.

Always Drunk.—Lord Newton, an eminent judge in the Court of Session, about the beginning of the present century, was an extraordinary bacchanal, even at the time when all were bacchanalian. He was proposing to buy an estate; and he mentioned to his friend and crony, J—— C——, that he should like it to be one with a well sounding name, as he might perhaps take his title from it. "Weel, ma lord," answered J——, "There's the yestate o' *Drunkie* in the mercat: buy it, and then ye'll no need to tak it amiss when folk say ye're *drunk aye.*"

National Salutations.—The common mode of salutation in Holland curiously exemplifies the remark, that the expressions used by various nations in token of friendly greetings bear reference to the object they most esteem, and bespeak their habits or general tone of feeling. The Greek and Roman salutations may be adduced as instances in point; so may the English, French, and Italian; nor can we forget the tranquillity and repose implied in the oriental word "*salaam.*" To these and other characteristic expressions, may be added the Dutchman's "How do you navigate?" Even on the water or in the water, the ideas of this amphibious people are inseparably connected with the element which they alone have subjected; and the words, which I have translated literally, inappropriate in any other mouth, are amply addressed by the Hollander to his aquatic brother.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

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A CHAPTER OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

WRITTEN FOR THE BRITISH PEASANTRY.

THE monstrous absurdity, that there is a principle in the economy of nature by which population increases beyond the means of support, has been stated by men eminent in various departments of political economy, and countenanced by individuals in whom the soundest reasoning and far-sightedness might have been expected. There is *not* a principle in nature having a tendency to increase population beyond the means of subsistence, or to overpeople the world. To suppose that there is, is to impugn the magnificent designs of the Creator, and to call in question his vigilant and ever-sustaining Providence. When the globe which we inhabit, and all that it sustains in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, was called into existence, and sent forth fresh from the hands of its Divine Constructor, certain fixed principles were ordained and put into unintermitting action, by which all were to be sustained, and prevented alike from coming to a stand, or into collision. These principles involved the production and reproduction of food for man and beast through an incalculable series of ages, and this process of production was left to be excited or retarded in a great measure by man, for whose convenience all subordinate parts were organized, and by whose thinking faculties the increase or decrease of food was apparently to be proportioned. In a word, it was left to our free will whether to cultivate the soil, or leave it in its rude and unproductive condition.

It has happened in the course of some five or six thousand years after the creation of the world, that a small island, lying in the seas which border on the northern part of Europe, a spot of earth so comparatively small that it may be traversed from one end to the other in the space of little more than a week, has, by the artificial state of its society, and a concourse of injudicious regulations, increased in its population to about seventeen millions of inhabitants; and because, as must necessarily be the case from the influence of these regulations, a number of the people are in impoverished circumstances, and are not so well fed as their neighbours, it has, forsooth, pleased a few men in this large mass of humanity to impeach the God of the universe, and to tell us that He creates millions of thinking beings only to put them to death by starvation.

To show the utter fallacy of this detestable theory, I need only bring under your notice two simple facts, in which all such vicious and shallow-minded reasoning finds an insurmountable obstacle to its establishment. It is a great, a comforting, and an undeniable fact, that there are immense tracts of land, islands, and even continents, which, till this hour, are lying in nearly their primeval state, with the soil untouched since the beginning of the world. So boundless are these almost uninhabited territories, so capable are they of sustaining human life, that, if the proper means were used, they would yield food, clothing, and a place of residence to more people than all that the ancient settlements of the human race at present contain. They could hold all the existing population of the earth, and not be filled. Canada itself could receive and maintain the whole of the population of Europe; and the seventeen millions of human beings belonging to the little island which has raised such alarm, might be transported to the banks of one of the mighty rivers in the United States, and it would hardly be known that they had taken up their residence in the country. "Send us over your whole population (says an American writer); we have plenty of room for you all, and a hundred millions more." But such a gratifying fact as this gives but a faint idea of the vastness, the capabilities of the world beyond the waters of the Atlantic. In a former number of the Journal, I honoured these humble pages with the account given by the ingenious naturalist Audobon, of the wild pigeons of America. Have my readers any recollection of the extraordinary number of these animals, and the calculation made regarding the quantity of their daily food? Let me here repeat and extend the calculation. The number of pigeons seen on the wing by Audobon, as computed by allowing two pigeons to the square yard, was *one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand*, and "as every pigeon (says he) daily consumes half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be *eight millions seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day.*" The species of food used is the produce of the trees. We thus find, that by a moderate calculation, a single flock of pigeons in the back woods of America, consumes in one day as great an amount of food, whether by weight or measure, as would support the whole seventeen millions of people in Great Britain for at least a week. The mind is lost in wonder in contemplation of so magnificent a fact. The faculty of thought is bewildered in pondering on so striking an instance of the astonishing bounty of the great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of his creatures. Where, where, may we then ask, have the predicters of famine been examining the sources of food for man? On what have their eyes and their thoughts been fixed, that they have passed over this prospect of inexhaustible plenty. It would seem that they have never looked beyond the confines of that little spot of land in the ocean, which I have alluded to, and whose superabundant thousands require only to be transferred to that division on the earth's surface holding out food, raiment, and residence for their gratuitous acceptance, in order that society may right itself.

The above is the *first* fact I have to offer in the elucidation of this important question; and I maintain, in direct opposition to those who have taken a contrary view of the subject—among whom I am sorry to include persons otherwise distinguished for the clearness and comprehensiveness of their views of the social compact—that until the *whole* earth has been peopled, and until it can hold no more, it cannot rationally be said that the means of subsistence are inadequate for the wants of the population. These means are no more inadequate, than that the produce of a kitchen-garden is insufficient to support the family to which it belongs; and if this family be prevented from seeking its subsistence beyond its garden walls, and so be half starved, their miserable case is exactly parallel with that of this over populated island. Remove, I would say, all restrictions of a certain description; do not, unnaturally foster population, either in a particular part of the country, or at a particular time; LET MANKIND ALONE; and, in the same manner that fluids find their level, so will the redundant population of Great Britain and Ireland be profitably dispersed over territories hitherto untrodden by the footsteps of civilized men.

My *second* fact is more hypothetical, but not less obvious to our understanding. It is an old proverbial expression, that "necessity is the mother of invention." Now, in this sentiment, we discover one of the wisest provisions of Providence. It is only by necessity that mankind, in a savage state, are compelled to hunt, or otherwise toil, for their subsistence. The same feeling predominates through all the ramifications of civilized society. In proportion as the necessities of men spur them on to seek out new means of subsistence, so do these new means of subsistence open upon their view. If we cast a retrospective glance upon those steps which society has traced from its infancy to manhood—from a state of barbaric rudeness to a condition of luxury and splendour—we invariably find that all improvements have originated in the wants of the people; and that, in proportion as they increased in number, so did they whet their invention, and contrive additional means of support. It is from this cause that Scotland, for instance, had no greater overplus of food when it had only a million of inhabitants than it has now, when it supports nearly three times the number. Nay, it had much less food, in proportion, when it had only a million of people; and hence it is proved that mankind, by their inventions and improvements, greatly increase the means of support beyond the point at which they formerly stood. The power of seeking out, or inventing, new means of subsistence, just as the old ones are perceived to be inadequate, has been actively at work since the beginning of time, and will operate for the benefit of our race as long as sun and moon endure. It is in the exercise of this transcendant faculty of the human mind that we see the beneficence of the Creator in providing unseen means of subsistence; and it is in it that we find the cheering hope, that at no period, however distant, even *when* the *whole* earth shall have been covered with inhabitants, shall mankind languish for lack of food. As they go on increasing in number, so will they go on perfecting their contrivances; every succeeding generation may labour under some new difficulty, but so will it be endowed with the faculty of releasing itself from it.

I have been led into these reflections by cogitation on the probable effects of that species of elemental locomotion in which steam is the active agent, and which appears to come into use for the benefit of our species precisely at the time that the quantity of food produced in this country has begun to be felt as too limited. An exceedingly instructive volume, illustrative of the commercial, political, and moral advantages of elemental locomotion, by means of steam-carriages on common roads, has appeared in London, from the pen of Alexander Gordon, civil engineer; and on turning over its leaves I am glad to perceive that the same idea, with regard to increasing the amount of food by the introduction of inanimate for animate power, is insisted upon both by the author and by those who have been examined on the question by a committee of the House of Commons.

"The substitution of inanimate for animate power (says Mr. Gordon), if not the panacea which is to cure all the evils of our condition, is at least one that comes recommended as a matter of fact—easy of operation and effectual in its result. If want of food, or, in other words, redundancy of population, be the bane of the country, it does not propose to meet that evil by a visionary project, tending in its operation to unhinge society, tedious in its process, and ending at length in bitter disappointment; but it meets the evil directly, substantially, and effectually, by the substitution of [consumers of] food." And how are all these immense advantages to be effected? By the substitution of inanimate for animate power. At present, the animate power employed in the commercial transportations of this great kingdom is estimated to amount to two millions of horses. Each horse consumes as much food as is necessary for the support of eight men. Hence the conversion of its consumption to purposes of human existence would, if carried to this practical extent, amount to a quantity of food equal to support sixteen millions of people. Now, the suppression of the stage-horses upon our principal thoroughfares, and of the dray horses in the great commercial towns, may be calculated to economise a saving of food equivalent to the supply of the above human beings. The reduction of farm consumption, the bugbear of the project, will be met and compensated by a steady and proportionate demand

from other quarters; whilst in the United Kingdom, the 8,100,000 acres of land now required to feed the horses, together with the capital sunk in their purchase, will, when both applied to other and general purposes, amply compensate for the change If instead of 20,000 horses we keep 30,000 fat oxen, butcher's meat will be always cheap to the operative classes, whilst the quantity of tallow will of course make candles cheap, and so many hides lower the price of leather. Or the same quantity of land may keep 30,000 cows, the milk of which will make both butter and cheese cheaper to the poor, as well as to the labouring manufacturer. The same thing may be said in favour of more sheep and woollen cloths.

"If, then, elemental locomotion can be made to supersede the expensive unproductive system of animate labour now in use it will indubitably be for the vital interest of all classes of society that the substitution should be realised speedily and extensively. That steam can be so applied, has been satisfactorily proved by the report of the committee of the House of Commons, in which it was expressed as an opinion that 'the substitution of inanimate for animal power, in draught or common roads, is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal improvement ever introduced.'" It would be needless here to particularize the evidence adduced before the committee, and I may only refer to what was said by Colonel Torrens, M. P. "With respect (says he) to the demand for labour, that demand consists of the quantity of food and raw materials which can be cheaply obtained; and, as by the supposition the displacing of horses will leave at liberty more food, and more material, the demand for labour will ultimately be greatly increased, instead of being diminished. If steam-carriages could ultimately be brought to such perfection as entirely to supersede draught horses on the common roads (not including horses used for other commercial, and for agricultural purposes), there would be food and demand for eight millions of persons. But when we take further into consideration, that lowering the expense of carriage would enable us to extend cultivation over soils which cannot now profitably be tilled, and would have the further effect of enabling us to apply, with a profit, additional portions of labour and capital to the soils already under tillage, I think it not unfair to conclude, that were elementary power on the common roads completely to supersede draught horses, the population, wealth, and power of Great Britain, would at least be doubled. In point of fact, superseding horses by mechanical power would have precisely the same effect in increasing the population and the wealth of England, as would be produced were we to increase the extent of the country, by adding thereto a new and fertile territory, equal in extent to all the land which now breeds all the horses employed upon common roads. Such addition to the extent of fertile territory in England, suddenly effected, would, in the first instance, lower the value of agricultural produce, and be injurious to the proprietors of the old portion of the territory; but no person would therefore contend, that if we could enlarge the island of Great Britain, by additional tracts of fertile land, the public interests would be injured by such enlargement. This would be monstrously absurd. It is not less absurd to object to the increase of food available for human beings, by substituting mechanical power for horses."

My readers may now perhaps be satisfied with what has been said on a topic which has in various shapes already excited a good deal of controversy, and which appears to have been strangely obscured by the elaborate essays of a certain description of political economists. In my humble opinion, it requires neither books nor intricate disquisitions to elucidate those principles which govern the production and consumption of food by man. The very simple facts I have here chosen to bring undisguisedly forward, might, I think, convince every one who does not prefer the mystifications of theorists to plain sense and plain truth, that the doctrine, as to the means of subsistence, having a constant disposition to fall beneath the demand for food, rests on no sure foundation—is irrational in its character, and in reality, amounts to a scandalous, though perhaps unintentional, libel on the benificent designs of Providence.

"O WALY, WALY."

Among the ballads of Scotland supposed to refer to real circumstances in private life, we hardly find one which possesses such touching tenderness and melancholy pathos as that beginning—

"O waly, waly, up yon bank
And waly, waly, down yon brae.
And waly, waly, by yon burn-side,
Where I and my love wont to gae!"

"Waly, waly," is a Scottish interjection of bewailment, and, with the remainder of the ballad, refers to a dark and treacherous transaction, in connexion with the fate of a Marchioness of Douglas. The story on which the ballad has been founded, may be related in a few words.

James, second Marquis of Douglas, when aged twenty-four, married, at Edinburgh, on the 7th of September 1670 Lady Barbara Erskine, eldest daughter of John, ninth Earl of Mar. This lady is said to have been previously wooed, without success, by a gentleman of the name of Lowrie, who, on account of his afterwards marrying Marriotte Weir, heiress of Blackwood, in Lanarkshire, was commonly called, according to the custom of Scotland, the tutor, and sometimes the laird, of Blackwood Lowrie, who seems to have been considerably advanced in life at the time, was chamberlain, or factor, to the Marquis of Douglas; a circumstance which gave him peculiar facilities for executing an atrocious scheme of vengeance he had projected against the lady. By a train of proceedings somewhat similar to those of Iago, he completely succeeded in breaking up the affection of the unfortunate couple. Lord Douglas, who, though a man of profligate conduct, had hitherto treated his wife with some degree of politeness, now rendered her life so miserable, that she was obliged to seek refuge with her father. The Earl came with a large retinue to carry her off, when, according to the ballad, as well as the tradition of the country, a most affecting scene took place. The Marquis himself was so overcome by the parting of his wife and child—for she had now borne a son—that he expressed, even in that last hour, a desire of being reconciled to her. But the traitorous Lowrie succeeded in preventing him from doing so, by a well-aimed sarcasm at his weakness.

The unhappy pair now parted, the lady lamenting her miserable fate—

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me,
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Oh, Martimas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
Oh, gentle death, when wilt thou come,
And take a life that wearies me?

Arthur's Seat is a conspicuous rocky hill rising on the east side of Edinburgh, and St. Anton's, or St. Anthony's Well, a fountain which springs from its base, near the ruins of a small chapel and hermitage, the tenant of which it must have supplied with water. This pleasing classic spot has been shockingly abused in recent times. The explanation here given of the occasion of the ballad is countenanced by local circumstances. The forlorn Marchioness, in alluding to the period when she was an honoured wife, speaks of a visit to Glasgow, a city near to her husband's residence and estates; in alluding to her present degraded condition, when residing with her father at Edinburgh, she introduces Arthur's Seat and St. Anthony's Well, two objects of note in the immediate vicinity of the capital.

Regarding the ultimate fate of the Marchioness, I am altogether ignorant. The ballad concludes in mentioning, that at last a reconciliation took place between her and her husband, and, for the sake of human nature and injured innocence, it is to be hoped that such was the case. Her son was afterwards a personage of some historical note. When only eighteen years of age, he raised the 20th, or Cameronian regiment, a band originally associated in 1689, for the purpose of protecting the convention of estates at Edinburgh, while the measure of the revolution was in agitation, but which he afterwards led abroad to fight in King William's French wars. He was killed, in the act of leading on the regiment, at the battle of Steinkirk, in 1692, when only twenty-one years of age. The Marquis of Douglas married a second wife, who bore him the noted Archibald Duke of Douglas, Lady Jane Douglas, and other children; and thus, what is a very strange circumstance, the venerable Lord Douglas, who died in 1827, was but grandson to the "fause love" who sent the heroine of "Waly, waly," to take her couch on Arthur's Seat, and slake her thirst at St. Anton's Well, in the decade of 1670.

The traitorous Lowrie, laird of Blackwood, distinguished himself in the religious troubles of the reign of Charles II. He had been accessary to the insurrection of 1666, and was condemned to death for his concern in the affair of Bothwell Bridge, but was pardoned. Fountainhall describes him as a man disliked by people of every party and every condition. It seems that Archibald Duke of Douglas used to take great pleasure in hearing the ballad sung, and that an old woman who had been dairy-woman at Douglas Castle was frequently sent for by his Grace to sing it to him. As she doled out the verses to their slow melancholy tune, his Grace wheeled round the room in a gilded chair, muttering imprecations against Lowrie, and sometimes exclaiming aloud, "Oh, that Blackwood must have been a detestable soul!" It says something for the heart of the Duke, whatever his general conduct in life says for his head, that he should have thus bewailed the treachery by which his father had permitted himself to be so grievously imposed upon. The old woman who sung the ballad to his Grace usually got a bottle of wine home in her lap, as her minstrel guerdon.—*(From "The Scottish Ballads, collected and illustrated by Robert Chambers.")*

A NORWEGIAN TALE.

In one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown 'guest, and placed before him the remains of a dried torsk-fish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian: and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm—"we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide."—"Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us: I see its white foam in the depth." Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed. The dog leapt to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight in a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet. "Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks us to save ourselves."—"Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named—"My life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!"—"It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer; but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more defeaning than the Maelstrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen trembling held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had brought to cheer them. He soon breathed and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulph of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice.' But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspicious simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year with no other recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children, and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us intrust this boy to her care, and *if* in one year——"—"In one year, if I live, I will reclaim him!" said the stranger solemnly;—"Show me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied amongst his winter stock of oil and deer-skins Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artizans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your

goodness: I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor!" said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen choose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederick-stadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side, singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth; and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself, ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest-cat, brought by Brande her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more, Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for your sake." —"He is so beautiful!" said old Hans.—"Ah, father!" added Claribell, "he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!"—The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, "My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it." Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell's lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured. —"My kinsman shall accompany you," said the fisherman; "he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield." Brande advanced, slinging his musket behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—"Not to-night!" said Claribell; "a snow-fall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed."—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell's long delay in fulfilling their marriage contract, and his eye measured the stranger's graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—"He is bold and faithful," said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor's blessing, and departed in silence.—All were sleeping in Hofland's hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping.—"So soon from Ardanger?" said Claribell; "your journey has speeded well."—"He is safe," returned her lover, and sat down gloomily on the earth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on his countenance. "Claribell!" he exclaimed, after a long pause, "will you be my wife to-morrow?"—"I am the lady Johanna's servant while she lives," answered Claribell —"and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?"—"They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold, and bade me keep it as your dowry."—Claribell cast her eyes on the heap of rubles, and on her lover's face—"Brande, you have murdered him!"—With these half-articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—"Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent."—"Follow me then!" said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father's dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen's. He was awake, reading by the summer moonlight.—"Sir," said Claribell in a firm and calm tone, "your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman's hand—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own." Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposit.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor's saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell's family almost without provision. Her father's strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the rein-deer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half famished, bestowed upon them. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage contract—"Wait," she replied, with a bitter smile, "till the traveller returns to sanction it." Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eyelashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter.—"Have mercy on us both," said Brande, with a despairing gesture— "Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?"—"They have trusted me," she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—"and I will not forsake them in life or death—Hast thou deserved trust better."

Brande turned away his face and wept. At that terrible instant the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she maintained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hofland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination, with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment, in the mine of Coningsburgh.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden upon her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—"Norwegians!—I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go."—"Be it so," said the judge, after a short pause—"darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment."—The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superior's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been brought before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, "*I accuse him!*" At this awful cry, from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed.—"There was but one witness, and I go to him!"—With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet, and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy; leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners, like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide.—"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendant of the miners; "and that white haired man was his kinsman and supposed accomplice."—"The woman is his widow then?" said the viceroy shuddering.—"No, my lord;—her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours; that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us."—While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave, and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ancles, and placed him with his daughter and the blind boy in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon, to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein.—"It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.—"My son!" was all the viceroy could utter, as he held him close to his heart.—"Claribell!" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself:—you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by a union with your virtues."—*European Magazine.*

VICIOUS FORMS OF SPEECH AND COMPOSITION.

Few even of the greatest writers are so perfectly conversant with the anatomy of the English language, as to be free from occasional improprieties: far less can the mass of the people be expected to avoid such errors in common speech. We think that it is impossible to write or speak too correctly, and it will be allowed that the greater part of the vicious forms of speech and composition might be prevented by a small degree of attention. We therefore submit a few corrections of the more obvious blunders in general use, for the purpose of putting every one on his guard.

Both, whether as a numeral, or as a conjunction, ought to be applied to no more than two objects of sentences.

Whether; a similar remark applies to this word, which in reality is a contraction of "which of the either," that is, which of *two* objects. *Whether* is too frequently applied to *three* objects.

Couple, which simply implies the juncture of two objects, cannot properly be used in reference to separate objects. "A couple of shillings," for instance, is an error.

The former and latter can only be used properly in respect of two objects.

Neither (or not either) is only applicable to two objects.

Every, and *each*, being singular ideas, ought never to be used as plurals. The error of so using them is very common.

Ate is the proper preterite of eat. Eat is now generally used as the preterite—a vulgar mistake arising from the pronunciation. Sir Walter Scott, who is nearly the most careless writer of the day, and whose writings abound in provincialisms, uses *eat* as the preterite.

Bade is the proper preterite of bid. *Bid* is often used as the preterite, an error similar to that just alluded to.

Lay is the proper preterite of lie. It is also the present of a verb, signifying to deposit. Care ought to be taken not to use it as the present of the former verb, which is often done.

Bidden, ridden, written, spoken, are the past participles of bid, ride, write, speak. We often hear people say, "He was *spoke* to;" "I have *wrote* to him;" "Eclipse was *rode* by Jenkins." Nothing could be more vulgarly erroneous.

Drunk is the proper past participle of Drink. Fastidious people have lately got into a way of saying, "His health was drank." Drank is the Preterite, and cannot be thus used without a palpable fracture of the skull of Priscian.

Don't, won't, and *can't*, though admitted as colloquial English, are not good contractions. We could forgive them, however, if people would avoid using don't in the third person singular. "He does not" can never be properly abbreviated into "He don't." This error, vulgar as it is, advances apace in good English society.

Had better, had rather. These are vulgar absurdities, arising, perhaps, from the desire of brevity. "I had rather" must have originally been "I would rather," contracted into "I'd rather." There is a singularly vile Scotticism—"*I had oblige* to do so and so." It should be, "I was obliged."

Short-lived, long-lived, should be short-lifed, long-lifed.

The above, as an adjective. "The above statement may be relied on." Above, being an adverb, can never be correctly used as an adjective. It is, however, very commonly employed in that capacity.

Then, as an adjective. "The *then* Earl of Winchelsea." Nothing can be more vicious.

A great many, a good many, a few; here a singular article is used with plural nouns. These are very incorrect forms of language.

Quantity is often used in reference to objects susceptible of numeration. It is only applicable to an object capable

of increase or decrease, *not* by numeration.

Differ with, different to, very bad. *From* is the only correct particle to use with *differ* and its derivatives. *Disagree with* is proper, because *agree* there governs, not the *dis*.

Supported by subscription, which simply means *by underwriting,* might be improved into "supported by contribution."

Lieutenant. Why should this be pronounced *lef-tenant?* Can it be because the *u* in *lieu* was once written *v*? an error similar to that which makes the Mackenyies in Scotland be called Mackenzies, and the name of Menyies be spelt Menzies, the *y* being mistaken by transcribers for *z*.

Beside means *over and above,* and occasionally *except.* To say, "sit beside me," or to use the word in any way as implying place, is incorrect.

Animal. It is generally supposed that this word is only applicable to quadrupeds, as *beast* certainly is. It is in reality applicable to any creature having life and breath.

Without, in the sense of unless, is certainly a vulgarism.

Oftener is decidedly wrong.

Men's minds, the horses' heads. Here the abbreviate of the singular *his* is used or implied for the plural *their.* Nothing can be more incorrect. "The minds of men," and "the heads of the horses," are the proper phrases.

Those sort of things ought to be *this* sort of things.

Progress, as a verb—an Americanism. What fault can be found with the good old English word advance?

Man-milliner seems to be both vulgar and wrong. Milliner, from its masculine termination, should certainly be applicable to males; and the word should be altered for the ladies.

Last night, last evening. These are poor substitutes for the fine old English sound of *yesternight.*

Antiquarian is often used for *Antiquary.* The former is the adjective, the latter the noun.

ITALY AND ITS SCENERY.

Italy is a country more interesting from the historical associations connected with it than almost any other region on the globe, with the exception of Greece. The following vivid description of this beautiful territory is from the poetical pen of Vieusseux, in his work entitled "Italy and the Italians."

It is in the southern division that we find the true classical ground of Italy; the land of antiquities, and of mighty recollections; the land of the fine arts. It is chiefly in the south that belong the romantic scenes described by poets and travellers; the beautiful moonlight nights; the glowing azure of the sky; the dark blue sea; the purple-tinged mountains; the forests of orange, lemon, and olive trees. There you find men lawless and impassioned; and female beauty,

'Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.'

There the landscapes of Salvator Rosa, and the Madonnas of Raphael, had originals in nature. There Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Paisiello were inspired. The wonders of Michael Angelo, the Temple of St. Peter, as well as the Coliseum and the Pantheon, are there to be found. It is the country of Dante, of Machiavelli, and of Tasso; it was the birth-place of Scipio, of Cæsar, and of Cicero.

The north of Italy is the country of plenty; less poetical, but better cultivated. It has also its recollections of glorious deeds and great men, although of a more recent date and less imposing aspect. It has produced Doria, Titian, Correggio, Ariosto, Alfieri, and Canova. The north has given the best soldiers; the south the keenest politicians. The southern painters excel in the genius of composition, and in the boldness of design; the northern ones, in the delicacy and warmth of tints, and in the softness of outlines. The architecture of the south is colossal and imposing; that of the north is more finished and convenient.

The scenery of the two countries is not less varied. The north is, for the greater part, a fertile plain, watered by abundant rivers, divided into well-cultivated fields and gardens; full of towns and villages, inhabited by a numerous and industrious race. The landscape is luxuriant, but monotonous; roads wide, level, and straight, never-ending avenues and trees; the misty glimpse of the distant Alps and Apennines is the only thing that relieves the sleepy dulness of the scene. In the south, on the contrary, the landscape varies every twenty miles. There are to be seen delightful valleys, surrounded by stupendous crags; torrents fearfully swelled at one time of the year, and rolling their foaming waters with the noise of thunder, and at other scenes reduced to scanty rivulets, bubbling over the pebbles of their rocky beds; wide, uncultivated plains, strewed with ruins of former greatness, inhabited by wild buffaloes, and wilder men; and in the midst of these the proudest city in the world lifting its melancholy head. Farther inland are seen ruinous castles and towers, perched upon almost inaccessible peaks, among beautiful forests of chestnut trees, and wild, solitary glens.

More to the south, the rich plains of Campania and of Apulia, the lovely shores of Parthenope, encircled by the frowning Apennines, which rise bolder, and higher, and wilder, as they extend further south; until at last, being narrowly confined between the two seas, they invade the whole breadth of the Peninsula, and heap their dark summits in the province of Calabria. There, at the extremity of Italy, exists a race of men little known to the rest of Europe, and as savage as the inhabitants of the opposite coast of Albania; living in an almost primitive state; full of uncultivated genius; ignorant, but intelligent; individually courageous, but unruly, ferocious, and impatient of discipline; faithful to their friends, but revengeful to the last against their enemies; capable of the darkest, as well as of the most heroic deeds.

The Italians of the north have less of those peculiar features which mark the fallen descendants of ancient Rome. They resemble more their neighbours, the French, Swiss, and Germans, with whom they have been long in contact, and from whom they have imbibed habits of greater comfort, of artificial luxury, of social discipline. They are of tamer manners; their ideas are more on a level with those of the rest of Europe; they have more the features of a modern nation; and are more likely to form one; they have, in short, the good and the bad qualities of modern civilized Europe.

The Italians of the south (with the exception of Tuscany in some respects) are yet much behind in modern improvements, or modern refinement. They have more characteristic traits of their own to distinguish them from their nations; they have more of the personal independence of half-civilised people, although living under absolute governments; they have stronger passions, but they have also greater enthusiasm for the beautiful, especially in the works of art and music. South Italy is essentially the country of painting and of song.

In the midst of this magic land rise three great cities, the resorts of the traveller—all three beautiful, and famed, although each of them totally different from the other two. Florence, the city of Italian society, Italian urbanity and elegance, and also of polite literature. Rome, the city of monuments, of religious pomp and splendour, and of the arts; the seat also of a certain solemnity and dignity which is more peculiarly her own, and becomes her name and former state. Naples, at last, gay and thoughtless, the city of voluptuousness, the syren of Italy, the spoiled favourite of a too bountiful nature, the seat of epicurism mixed with some degree of Greek refinement, the country of the senses, but the country also of the imagination."

CHARACTER OF FISH.

It would appear that the character of fish has been generally misrepresented or misunderstood, and Sharun Turner, in his "Sacred History," recently published, takes in hand to set us right on the subject. "The general character of fish (says he) is not that of voracity and hostility. It is gentleness, harmlessness, sociality, and animation. They are peaceful animals; happy in themselves, and for the most part harmonizing together, without any display of savage cruelty or malignant passions. Such as are appointed to be the food of others, die in that way, and are sought and taken for that purpose when the appetite actuates, but no farther. But they cannot be justly stigmatised as voracious for this habit, more than ourselves for taking and eating them and cattle, sheep, fowls, game, venison, and other living creatures. We are carnivorous, but not voracious. We kill and cook the animals we feed on, but we have no malice, or ill will, or hostility in such action or diet, any more than in plucking the apple, grinding the corn, or boiling the potato. It is, therefore, unjust to impute peculiar voracity and destructiveness to these tribes, because some feed on smaller fish, and others on molluscæ, worms, and insects that they find. These latter animals appear to be as specially provided for such as use them as slugs and caterpillars are for birds, and grass for cattle; for, at the particular seasons, the ocean is made to swarm with them, for no other visible purpose than that the fish may derive nutrition from them. The molluscæ, which supply so many of the natives of the sea with their subsistence, are therefore endowed with a power of multiplication, which, as in several other cases, astonishes us by its amount. It is the abundance of these petty invertebrated animals, of various species, so sedulously provided for the nutriment of the fish, which constitutes that luminous appearance, or phosphorescence of the sea, which so often surprises and delights the mariner on his watch in his nightly navigation. If some species of fish are always eating, which is not by any means an authenticated fact, they would but resemble the gramnivorous quadrupeds, who pass the day in browsing and in resting rumination; neither can be fitly branded as voracious in such perpetual mastication; for what animal is milder or more inoffensive than the tranquil though ever-eating cow, who takes 100lbs. of grass in the day? But there are some facts which indicate that the fish have been much misconceived in this respect; and that, however it may be with some particular classes or at particular seasons, the far greater number take less food, and live with pleasure, and apparently from choice, longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of. The gold and silver fish in our vases seem never to want any food; they are often seen for months without any apparent nourishment. Even the pike which has been so much branded as a devouring glutton, fattens on total abstinence. The salmon, although it comes in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach, an evidence of their taking none in that period of their existence, for herrings, when they shoal, are found, on being opened, to have fed largely on the sea caterpillar in their voyage. The lamprey tribe are confessedly small, or no eaters. Many facts of this sort will be recollected by the intelligent naturalist, which will lead him to inquire, whether the great majority of the finny world do not, for the larger part of their existence, content themselves with the nutrition they extract from water alone, without any additional substance. The mild and harmless character of the fish class of being, in its general prevalence is impressively exhibited by most of its largest tribes. The great Greenland whale pursues no other animal, leads an inoffensive life, and is harmless in proportion to its strength to do mischief. The massy sturgeon is of the same gentle nature. The formidable narwhal, or sea unicorn, with all its size and powerful weapon of offence, displays the same disposition. The Oroonoko manati, which has been found so huge in bulk that 27 men could not draw it out of the water, and the others of this tribe, of which some are twenty-eight feet long, and weigh eight thousand pounds, are likewise gentle and peaceable animals. These mightier chiefs of the finny nation are the true representatives of its general character. All are for the most part the same mild, playful, animated, and unoffending beings, and have been so designed and organized, habited and stationed, as to be continually of this placid temperament."

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC PRINCE.

Many distinguished persons, from a disease in the imagination, have fallen into strange notions regarding their personal identity and character. In the Memoirs of Count de Maurepas, there is an account given of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the Prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be a hare, and would suffer no bell to be rung in the palace, lest the noise should scare him in the woods. At another time, he fancied himself to be a plant, and, as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards imagined he was dead, and refused all nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This last whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg, and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty meal. While this turn of his disorder prevailed, he always dined in the cellar with some noble ghost. It is somewhat remarkable that this strange fantasy did not incapacitate him for business, especially where his immediate interests were concerned. Hypochondriasm is doubtless produced, in a great measure, from deep study, or from an artificial mode of living, and a want of proper air and exercise. We seldom hear of a ploughman or an industrious artizan falling into that diseased state of the imagination, and considering themselves hares, vegetables, plants, or disembodied spirits.

THE EARL OF CAITHNESS AND JAMES IV.

Under the vigorous administration of James IV., the young Earl of Caithness incurred the penalty of outlawry and forfeiture, for revenging an ancient feud. On the evening preceding the battle of Flodden, accompanied by three hundred young warriors, arrayed in green, he presented himself before the King, and submitted to his mercy. This mark of attachment was so agreeable to that warlike prince, that he granted an immunity to the Earl and all his followers. The parchment on which this immunity is inscribed is said to be still preserved in the archives of the Earls of Caithness, and is marked with the drum-strings, having been cut out of a drum head, as no other parchment could be found in the army. The Earl and his gallant band perished to a man in the battle of Flodden; since which period, it has been reckoned unlucky in Caithness *to wear green,* or *cross the Ord* (a huge mountain betwixt Caithness and Sutherland) *on a Monday,* the day of the week on which the chieftain advanced into Sutherland, on his way towards the south.

ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

"I felt the ennobling pride of learning. It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our energies. The struggle after knowledge, too, is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigour to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odour which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered or worked out by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another." "The high poetic talent—as if to prove that a poet is only, at the best, a wild, although beautiful error of nature—the high poetic talent is the rarest in creation."—*Contarini Fleming.*

NON BAPTISING OF THE RIGHT HAND.

In the border counties of Scotland it was formerly customary, when any rancorous enmity subsisted between two clans, to leave the right hand of small children unchristened, that it might deal the more deadly, or, according to the popular phrase, "unhallowed" blows, to their enemies. By this superstitious rite, they were devoted to bear the family feud, or enmity. The same practice subsisted in Ireland, as appears from the following passage in *Campion's History of Ireland,* published in 1633. "In some corner of the land they used a sinful superstition, leaving the right arms of their infants, males, unchristened (as they termed it), to the end it might give a more ungracious and deadly blow."

FIGHT WITH A LION.

A gentleman of our party had a perilous adventure with a lion, he having enjoyed the singular distinction of lying for some moments in the very clutches of the royal quadruped. The main features of the anecdote afford a striking illustration of the sagacity of the elephant, and may be strictly depended upon. A lion had charged my hero's elephant, and he, having wounded him, was in the act of leaning forward in order to fire another shot, when the front of the howdah (or car on the back of the elephant) suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated into the very jaws of the furious beast. The lion, though severely hurt, immediately seized him, and would doubtless shortly have put a fatal

termination to the conflict, had not the elephant, urged by the mahout or servant, stepped forward, though greatly alarmed, and, grasping in her trunk the top of a young tree, bent it down across the loins of the lion—and thus forced the tortured animal to quit his hold. My friend's life was thus preserved, but his arm was broken in two places, and he was severely clawed on the breast and shoulders. The lion was afterwards slain by the other sportsmen who came up.—*Captain Mundy's Sketches of India.*

THE MINISTER AND THE COLLIER.

A Fife clergyman, of very gentle disposition, one Sunday came upon a pair of Borrowstownness colliers, who had come over the Frith of Forth, and made a piratical descent upon one of his bean-fields. Disposed to take pacific measures with the offenders, the worthy man began to represent to them, in the first place, the sin of thus violating the sanctity of the sabbath; in the second, the wickedness of destroying so much of his property while in an unripe state, and when it could be of so little service to themselves. "Stay," he entreated, "till the beans are ripe, and, if you will not steal any before that time, I shall willingly give you a whole peck as a sort of reward for your patience and honesty."—"A peck!" cried one of the wretches, in a tone of mingled astonishment and scorn; "a peck! gae wa' man, we wadna tak your bow (boll)!"

THE EAGLE AND THE STOAT.

Brown, in his Anecdotes of Quadrupeds, relates the following interesting incident in relation to the *stoat*, a small animal resembling the weazel:—"A group of haymakers, while busy at their work on Chapelhope meadow, at the upper end of St. Mary's Loch (or rather of the Loch of the Lowes, which is separated from it by a narrow neck of land), saw an eagle rising above the steep mountains that enclose the narrow valley. The eagle himself was, indeed, no unusual sight; but there is something so imposing and majestic in the flight of this noble bird, while he soars upwards in spiral circles, that it fascinates the attention of most people. But the spectators were soon aware of something peculiar in the flight of the bird they were observing; he used his wings violently, and the strokes were often repeated, as if he had been alarmed and hurried by unusual agitation; and they noticed, at the same time, that he wheeled in circles that seemed constantly decreasing, while his ascent was proportionably rapid. The now idle haymakers drew together in close consultation on the singularity of the case, and continued to fix their attention on the seemingly distressed eagle, who rose perpendicularly, until he was nearly out of sight in the concave recess of the blue ether. In a short time, however, they were all convinced that he was again seeking the earth, evidently not as he ascended, in spiral curves; his descent was like something falling, and with great rapidity. As he approached the ground, they plainly perceived that he was tumbling like a shot bird; the convulsive fluttering of his wide and powerful pinions but slightly impeding the rapidity of his descent, until he fell at a small distance from the men and boys of the party, who had naturally run forward, highly excited by the strange occurrence. A large black tailed stoat ran from the body as they came near, turned with the usual *nonchalance* and impudence of the tribe, stood up upon its hind legs, crossed its fore paws over its nose, and surveyed its enemies a moment or two (as they frequently do, when no dog is near), and bounded into a willow bush. The king of the air was dead; and, what was more surprising, he was covered with his own blood; and, upon farther examination, they found his throat cut. It was clear that the stoat must have been the regicide."

SINGING.

The American physician, Dr. Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints. "Vocal music," says this celebrated writer, "should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists of psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life; and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast by singing contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions; nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquired by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by the exercise of their lungs in singing."—*Harmonicon.*

POOR MAN OF MUTTON.

A leg of mutton in its last stage of scraggism, is sometimes (in Scotland) devilled, or otherwise prepared for the table, and then bears the familiar title of "a poor man of mutton," or more briefly, "a poor man.' It is related by Dr. Jamieson, in his Dictionary, that a Scotch nobleman entering an inn at London, after a long journey, and being asked by the landlord what he would please to have, answered, with a yawn, "I dare say I could take a bit of a poor man." "A bit of what?" inquired the landlord. "A bit of a poor man," repeated his lordship. "The Lord have a care of my poor soul!" cried mine host, and made but one step from the top of the stair to the bottom; nor could he be prevailed upon, till the phrase was explained by the nobleman's valet, to make his appearance again in the parlour.

EMIGRATION.—Prince Edward Island.

"When travelling through the settlements of Prince Edward Island (continues Mr. Macgregor, in his work on British America), we discover the inhabitants to consist of Englishmen, who, though fewer than any others in numbers, are found from almost every county in England; Scotchmen, who form more than one-half of the population, from the Highlands, Hebrides, and the southern counties; American loyalists; and a few Dutch, Germans, and Swedes. The whole population may be estimated at 35,000 The English settlers, although for some time discontented with their condition, are generally found to thrive, particularly those from Yorkshire; and they are much more attentive to in-door comfort and cleanliness than most other settlers.

The Highland Scotch, particularly those who settled first in the colony, and their descendants, are exceedingly regardless of domestic cleanliness or neatness, while they are at the same time in much better circumstances than they would be in their native country. The Lowland Scotch make probably the best settlers, at least those who have, during late years, removed to the island, may be considered so; and the Perthshire Highlanders, as well as those sent to the colony by the late Earl of Selkirk, may also be classed among the most thriving part of the population. The American loyalists, who removed to the island after the revolutionary war, are generally most industrious in their occupations. They live very comfortably, and are extremely ingenious, building their own houses, are carpenters and joiners, make their own shoes, ploughs, harrows, carts, sledges, cabriolets, &c. The women spin, knit, and weave linens, cottons, and woollen cloth for domestic use. The Irish emigrants soon better their condition in this colony; but they are certainly a less steady class of settlers than any other. There are about 5000 Acadian of Nova Scotian French on the island, and these profess the Roman Catholic religion. Their priests are educated in Canada. The Indians, who wander about the colony, are now few in number.

The inhabitants of the colony, particularly the old farmers, are hospitable, kind, and obliging, and, generally speaking, a moral people. Litigation, which the timber business, and the credit given by the tavern-keepers and small shopkeepers, have produced, and the low price of rum, form the sole causes of immorality, and the most baneful evils connected with the island. The farmers are employed during the winter in attending to their cattle, thrashing out their corn, cutting and hauling home fire-wood for winter use, and a stock of fuel for summer; these occupations, with many other little matters connected with his farm, house, and markets, engage the constant attention of a managing industrious man. The farmers' wives and daughters are generally very industrious, decorous, and correct, and strictly domestic and attentive to household duties. They assist in the labours of the farm during seed-time, hay-making, and harvest, and, during winter, prepare their flax and wool for spinning and knitting, and many of them also weave their home-spun cloth. The different denominations of religion that have places of worship, are the Church of England, as established by law, the Kirk of Scotland, Scottish dissenters, Roman Catholics, Methodists, and Baptists. All the members of these professions associate together as neighbours, and frequently attend the places of worship of each other with great good feeling. There is in Charlotte Town a very respectable grammar-school, a school on the Madras system, and schools in most of the settlements for elementary instruction. The Legislative Assembly vote money for the partial support of these schools. The island is governed by a lieutenant-governor, a council, and a House of Assembly of eighteen representatives, elected by the people.

As to the prospects which this colony may present to persons in the United Kingdom who are desirous of emigrating, not more than 20,000 acres, if so much, are held by the crown. Woodlands in convenient situations may, however, be purchased for from 10*s.* to 2*l.* per acre; and leases in perpetuity, or, what amounts to the same thing, for 999 years, can be obtained for the annual rent of from 1*s.* to 2*s.* per acre, and in some situations for less. So that, taking into consideration the advantages of residing in the vicinity of well-disposed society, the opportunity that is afforded of having children instructed in the rudiments of education, of roads communicating between all the settlements, of corn-mills and saw-mills being almost every where in the neighbourhood, and having the convenience and benefit, by living near the shipping ports, of ready markets for the produce of the land or sea, it may be reasonably concluded, that the terms on which lands are now to be had in this island are much more favourable than those on which they can be had in the United States.

It is curious and interesting to observe the progress which a new settler makes in clearing and cultivating a wood farm, from the period he commences in the forest, until he has reclaimed a sufficient quantity of land to enable him to follow the mode of cultivation he practised in his native country. As the same course is, with little variation, followed by all new settler in every part of America, the following description may, to avoid repetition, be considered applicable to all the British American settlements:—The first object is to select the farm among such vacant lands as are most desirable, and after obtaining the necessary tenure, the settlers commences, usually assisted in his first operations by the nearest inhabitants, by cutting down the trees on the site of his intended habitation, and those growing on the ground immediately adjoining This operation is performed with the axe, by cutting a notch on each side of the tree, about two feet above the ground, and rather more than half through on the side it is intended the trees should fall on. The lower edges of these notches are cut horizontally, the upper making an angle of about 60° with the ground. The trees are all felled in the same direction, and after lopping off the principal branches, cut into ten or twelve feet lengths On the spot on which the house is to be erected, these junks are rolled away, and the smaller parts cleared off, or burnt. The habitations which the new settlers first erect are all nearly in the same style, and in imitation of, or altogether like, the dwellings of an American back-woodsman, constructed in the rudest manner. Round logs from fifteen to twenty feet long, without the least dressing, are laid horizontally over each other, and notched in at the corners to allow them to come along the walls, within about an inch of each other One is first laid on each side to begin the walls, then one at each end, and the building is raised in this manner, by a succession of logs crossing and binding each other at the corners, until the wall is six or seven feet high. The seams are closed with moss or clay; three or four rafters are then raised to support the roof, which is covered with boards, or more frequently with the rinds of birch or fir-trees, and thatched with spruce branches, or, if near the sea-coast, with a long marine grass, which is found in quantities along the shores. Poles are laid over this thatch, tied together with birch withes, to keep the whole set curely down. A wooden fame-work, placed on a sligh, foundation of stone roughly raised a few feet above the ground, leads through the roof, which, with its sides closed up with clay and straw kneaded together, forms the chimney. A space large enough for a door, and another for a window, is cut through the walls; and, in the centre of the cottage, a square pit or cellar is dug for the purpose of preserving potatoes or other vegetables during winter; over this pit a floor of boards, or logs hewed flat on the upper side, is laid, and another over head, to form a sort of garret. When the door is hung, a window-sash, with six or nine, or sometimes twelve panes of glass, is fixed, and one, two, or three truckle beds are put up; the habitation is then considered ready to receive the new settler and his family. Although such a dwelling has certainly nothing handsome, comfortable, or even attractive, unless it be its rudeness in appearance, yet it is by no means so miserable a lodging as the habitations of the poorer peasantry in Ireland, and in some parts of England and Scotland. In a few years, however, a much better house is built, with two or more rooms, by all industrious settlers. Previous to commencing the cultivation of woodlands, the trees that are cut down, lopped, and cut into lengths, are, when the proper season arrives, generally in May, set on fire, which consumes all the branches and small wood. The logs are then either piled in heaps and burnt, or rolled away for fencing. Those who can afford the expense use oxen to haul off the large unconsumed timber. The surface of the ground, and the remaining wood, is all black and charred; working on it and preparing it for the seed is as disagreeable probably as any labour in which a man can be engaged. Men, women, and children, however, must employ themselves in gathering and burning the rubbish, and in such parts of labour as the strength of each adapts them to. If the ground be intended for grain, it is sown without tillage over the surface, and the seed covered with a hoe. By some a triangular harrow is used in place of the hoe, to shorten labour. Others break up the earth with a one-handed plough (the old Dutch plough), which has the share and coulter locked into each other, drawn also by oxen, while a man attends with an axe to cut the roots in its way. Little regard is paid in this case to making straight furrows, the object being no more than to work up the ground. With such rude preparation, however, three successive good crops are raised without any manure. Potatoes are planted in round hollows, scooped four or five inches deep, and about twenty in circumference, in which three or five sets are planted, and covered over with a hoe. Indian corn, cucumbers, pumpkins, peas, and beans, are cultivated in new lands in the same manner as potatoes. Grain of all kinds, turnip, hemp, flax, and grass seeds, are sown over the surface, and covered by means of a hoe, rake, or harrow. Wheat is generally sown on the same ground, the year after potatoes, without ploughing, but covering the seed with a rake or harrow, and oats are sown on the same land the following year. Some farmers—and it is certainly a prudent plan—sow timothy, or clover seed, the second year, along with the wheat, and afterwards let the ground remain under grass until the stumps of the trees can be easily got out, which usually requires three or four years. With little additional labour, these obstructions to cultivation might be removed the second year. The roots of spruce, birch, and beech, decay soonest; those of pine and hemlock scarcely decay in an age. After the stumps are removed from the soil, and those natural hillocks called cradle hills, which render the whole of the forests of America full of inequalities of from one to three feet high, are levelled, the plough may always be used, and the system of husbandry followed that is most approved of in England or Scotland When the soil is exhausted by cropping, which, on alluvial lands, is scarcely ever the case, various manures may be procured and applied. In many parts of America, limestone, gypsum, &c. are abundant, but little else except stable dung is ever used. Composts are rarely known; and different manures, that would fertilize the soil, are so much disregarded, that, generally speaking, the cultivation of the soil is conducted in so slovenly a manner, that it appears astonishing how many of the settlers raise enough to support their families In this island, within many of the bays and rivers, numerous banks of mussel-mud abound, which consists of mussels, shells, and mud, composed of decayed vegetable and other substances. This forms an extremely rich manure, containing about forty-five parts of the carbonate of lime, and imparts extraordinary fertility for ten or twelve years to the soil. Sea weed, or ware which is thrown on the shores, especially

on the north side of the island, in great quantities, is another excellent manure, particularly for barley crops; and even the common mud which abounds in the creeks may be applied as a manure with advantage."

ENGLISH ODDITIES.

The peculiar and odd practices of the English have been frequently satirised, and to make the satire itself an instance of oddity, it has been as often levelled by the English themselves as by foreign writers. Goldsmith manifested a strong perception of what was ridiculous in our manners when he wrote his *Citizen of the World*; and a similar faculty has been shown by Southey, in his *Letters of Espriella*, from which the following passage may be quoted:—

Yesterday I went to see a show of tulips, as it is called, about three miles from town. The bed in which they were arranged, each in its separate pot, was not less than fifty *varas* in length, covered with a linen awning the whole way, and with linen curtains at the sides, to be let down if the wind should be violent, or the rain beat in. The first sight of this long gallery of flowers was singular and striking; and faint as the odour of the tulip is, the many thousands which were here collected together formed a very perceptible and sweet fragrance. The few persons present were brother florists, or amateurs of the science, and the exhibitor himself was a character quite new to me. Never before had I seen such perfect and complete enjoyment as this man took in his tulips; he did not seem to have a single wish, or thought, or idea beyond them; his whole business from one end of the year to the other was to nurse them up, and here they were in full bloom and beauty. The price of one, he told us was twenty guineas; another only ten; some were forty, fifty, as high as a hundred; there was one on which no price could be set—he did not know its value—indeed it was invaluable. We saw Julius Cæsar, and the Great Mogul, and Bonaparte, and St. George, and the Duke of Marlborough. "This," said he, "is poor Louis XVI.;—here's Pompey;—that's Washington, he's a grand fellow!" and he looked up in our faces with a feeling so simple and so serious, that it was evident his praise was solely designed for the flower. I ventured to admire one, and, as you may suppose, only betrayed my ignorance; it was a vulgar flower, and had no name; they told me it was *breaky*, by which term they meant that it was veined with colours which spread into the white part of the leaf, and faded away;—the very thing for which I had admired it. It seems, the perfection of a tulip consists in its form; the lips of the cup should just incline inwards, and just be tipt with a colour which does not diffuse itself. When I knew their standard of perfection, I began to see with the eyes of a connoisseur, and certainly discovered beauties which would never have been perceptible to me in my state of ignorance.

He and his man, he told us, sat up alternately to watch the garden; yet, notwithstanding their vigilance, some thieves had got in a few nights before: . . "The fools!" said he, "they took about fifty yards of the cloth before they were disturbed, but never touched one of the tulips." His man appeared to be as devoutly attached to the pursuit as himself. I never saw such complete happiness as both these men felt in beholding the perfections of their year's labour, such sober and deep delight as was manifest in every word and gesture. . . Never let me be told again that the pursuit of happiness is vain.

The tulip mania of the Dutch never raged in England, whatever you might imagine from this specimen; yet I have heard of one old gentleman who never was half a dozen leagues from his birth-place during his whole life, except once, when he went to Holland to purchase roots. There may be amateurs enough to make it not an expensive pursuit for the florist; and perhaps the number of persons, who, like us, give a shilling to see the exhibition, may be sufficient to pay for the awning: but I should think it can never be pursued for profit. The carnation, the ranunculus, and the auricula, have each their devotees, who have meetings to exhibit their choice specimens, and prizes for the most beautiful. These bring those flowers to a wonderful perfection, yet this perfection is less wonderful than the pains by which it is procured. Akin to the florists are the Columbarians or pigeon-fanciers, and the butterfly-breeders or Aurelians. . . Even as any thing may become the object of superstition, an onion or a crocodile, an ape or an ape's tooth, so also any thing does for a pursuit.

There is, perhaps, no country in which the passion for collecting rarities is so prevalent as in England. The wealth of the kingdom, the rapidity with which intelligence is circulated, and the facility with which things are conveyed from one end of the island to the other, are instrumental causes; but the main cause must be the oddity of the people themselves There is a popular notion which has originated, Heaven knows how, that a Queen Ann's farthing (the smallest coin they have) is worth 500*l.*; and some little while ago, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers offering one for sale at this price. This at once excited the hopes of every body who possessed one of these coins, for there are really so many in existence that the fictitious value is little or nothing. Other farthings were speedily announced to be sold by private contract—go where you would, this was the topic of conversation.

The passion for old china is confined to old women, and indeed is almost extinct Medals are in less request since science has become fashionable; or perhaps the pursuit is too expensive; or it requires more knowledge than can be acquired easily enough by those who wish for the reputation of knowledge without the trouble of acquiring it. Minerals are now the most common objects of pursuit; engraved portraits form another, since a clergyman some forty years ago published a biographical account of all persons whose likenesses had been engraved in England. This is a mischievous taste, for you rarely or never meet an old book here with the author's head in it; all are mutilated by the collectors; and I have heard that still more mischievous collections of engraved title-pages have been begun The book-collectors are of a higher order—not that their pursuits necessarily implies knowledge; it is the love of possessing rarities, or the pleasure of pursuit, which in most cases actuates them;—one person who had spent many years in collecting large paper copies, having obtained nearly all which had ever been thus printed, sold the whole collection for the sake of beginning to collect them again. I shall bring home an English bookseller's catalogue as a curiosity; every thing is specified that can tempt the curious purchasers; the name of the printer, if he be at all famous; even the binder, for in this art they certainly are unrivalled. The size of the margin is of great importance. I could not conceive what was meant by a *tall copy*, till this was explained to me If the leaves of an old book have never been cut smooth, its value is greatly enhanced; but if it should happen that they have been cut open the copy becomes inestimable.

The good which these collectors do is, that they preserve volumes which would otherwise perish; and this out-balances the evil which they have done in increasing the price of old books ten and twenty fold. One person will collect English poetry, another Italian, a third classics, a fourth romances; for the wiser sort go upon the maxim of having something of every thing, and every thing of something. They are in general sufficiently liberal in permitting men of letters to make use of their collections; which are not only more complete in their kind than could be found in the public libraries of England, but are more particularly useful in a country where the public libraries are rendered almost useless by absurd restrictions and bad management.

The species of minor collectors are very numerous. Some years ago many tradesmen issued copper money of their own, which they called tokens, and which bore the arms of their respective towns, or their own heads, or any device which pleased them. How worthless these pieces must in general have been, you may judge, when I tell you that their current value was less than two *quartos*. They became very numerous; and as soon as it was difficult to form a complete collection,—for while it was easy nobody thought it worth while, — the collectors began the pursuit. The very worst soon became the most valuable, precisely because no person had ever preserved them for their beauty. Will you believe me when I tell you that a series of engravings of these worthless coins was actually begun, and that a cabinet of them sold for not less than fifty pieces of eight? When the last new copper currency was issued, a shopkeeper in the country sent for a hundred pounds worth from the mint, on purpose that he might choose out a good specimen for himself. Some few geniuses have struck out paths for themselves; one admits no work into his library if it extends beyond a single volume; one is employed in collecting play-bills, another in collecting tea-pots, another in hunting for visiting cards, another in forming a list of remarkable surnames, another more amusingly in getting specimens of every kind of wig that has been worn within the memory of man. But the King of Collectors is a gentleman in one of the provinces, who with great pains and expense procures the halters which have been used at executions; these he arranges round his museum in chronological order, labelling each with the name of the criminal to whom it belonged, the history of his offence, and the time and place of his execution. In the true spirit of virtù, he ought to hang himself, and leave his own halter to complete the collection.

You will not wonder if mean vices should sometimes be found connected with such mean pursuits. At the sale of a virtuoso's effects, a single shell was purchased at a very high price; the buyer held it up to the company: 'There are but two specimens of this shell,' said he, 'known to be in existence, and I have the other;'— and he set his foot upon it and crushed it to pieces.

GRAND CAIRO.

In Cairo you seek in vain to realize the magnificent descriptions of the oriental writers. The immense hills of rubbish on all sides of the city, which have been accumulating for ages, and which are still increased by what is brought out from Cairo daily on the backs of mules, prove the superior magnitude of the old city. But with regard to the general map of the buildings, the modern capital is perhaps as splendid as the famous "Masr" of old; the palaces of caliphs, and some other public buildings, might have beautified the latter, but most of the streets of Cairo have an extremely antique appearance, and present in architecture and materials, no doubt, a picture of what it was formerly. In extent, it is very inferior to Constantinople, and contains about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. But much of the former is taken up with gardens, whereas Cairo is almost destitute of these elegancies. The houses are built of brick of a dirty colour, and are more lofty, and the streets are wider than those of the capital of Turkey. The windows of lattice or frame-work of wood often project a couple of feet beyond the wall, and admit the view of what is passing without, and are at the same time screened from observation; here the inhabitants love to sit. The interior of the houses, from their construction and the position of the windows, has scarcely any sun—coolness and shade being studied as much as possible. The streets are unpaved, but hard; and to allay the dust and keep them cool, the inhabitants throw water over them Camels loaded with skins of water are almost continually driven through them, and the water flows out on the path as they go along A traveller is soon convinced that the orientals judge rightly in building their capitals with such narrow streets; it is quite a luxury in this climate to enter one. The height of the houses, and the projection of the upper stories, keep them always cool and shaded, and the burning sun is excluded. This city is chiefly supplied with water from the Nile, in the conveyance of which to the different dwellings a vast number of camels are daily employed. The houses have all terraced roofs, and that of the consul's commands an extensive view of the city. It is delightful to rise by night, and walk there in the brilliant moonlight, which has the appearance of a tranquil and beautiful day. you can see to read with perfect ease. From thence you can look all around on the terraces of other dwellings, on which numbers of the inhabitants lie buried in sleep. During the greater part of the night you hear no sound in this wide capital, not even the tread of a passing traveller, or houseless Arab; nothing disturbs the impressive tranquillity of the hour, which strikes on the imagination. The lonely palm trees, scattered at intervals around, and rising high above the houses, are the only objects which break the view.—*Carne's Letters from the East.*

DRESS OF THE HAMBURGERS.

The dress of the men in Hamburg differs in no perceptible degree from our own. Some of the trades, however, have peculiar garbs; for instance, carpenters go about in cocked hats and leather aprons; while bakers are characterised by black waistcoats, and waiters at hotels by green aprons. The costume of the women of the lower orders is like that of some of the cantons of Switzerland. The straw hat is in the shape of a plate; the concave surface being applied to the head. A petticoat of coarse blue cloth depends from a dirty jacket without sleeves, and shoes with wooden bottoms and leather tops complete the grotesque figure. Unmarried women wear the hair braided into two tails, like those of China-men, hanging down their backs, and nearly touching the ground. Married women cut off one of these curious appendages; if they marry a second time, the other is amputated, and the whole hair concealed. It is singular that Tacitus, speaking of the ancestors of the Hamburgers—for such the Suevi probably were—remarks a peculiarity in their mode of dressing the hair. He observes that they braided and tied it up in a knot; and that they were thus distinguished from the rest of the Germans; while their slaves, like those of the neighbouring people, were kept shaven or close cropped. He adds that some of the other Germans braided their hair though only in youth; but the Suevi continued to do so even in old age: and their chiefs tied it in a knot on the top of their head (as the Sepoys do in India), to make themselves appear taller and more terrible to their enemies.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

THE TWO STORY-TELLERS

The clergymen of two adjoining parishes in Forfarshire (about the end of the last century) were both alike remarkable for an infinite fund of anecdote, as well as for a prodigious willingness, or rather eagerness, to disclose it. When one of them happened to be present in any company, he generally monopolized, or rather prevented, all conversation; when both were present, there was a constant and keenly contested struggle for the first place. It fell out, on a certain morning, that they breakfasted together, without any other company; when the host, having a kind of right of precedence in virtue of his place, commenced an excellent but very long-winded story, which his guest was compelled to listen to, though disposed, at the end of every sentence, to strike in with his parallel, and far more interesting tale. As the host proceeded with his story, he poured hot water into the tea-pot; and, so completely was he absorbed in the interest of what he was relating, or rather perhaps so intent was he to engage the attention of his listener, that he took no note of what he was doing, but permitted the water first to overflow the vessel into which he was pouring it, then the table, and finally the floor. The guest observed what was going on; but, being resolved for once to give his rival ample scope and verge enough, never indicated by word, or look, or gesture, that he perceived it, till at last, as the speaker brought his voice to a cadence, for the purpose of finishing the tale, he quietly remarked, "Ay, ye may stop noo—it's running out at the door!"

READ SERMONS.

The antipathy entertained by the Scotch of the lower orders against *read sermons*, is the subject of various good jokes in the country, but of none, perhaps, better than the following. A country clergyman, on the north side of the Forth, who had a most zealous respect for true religion and sound toryism, was guilty of this fault to a great degree—was indeed, as his parishioners say, *a perfect slave to the paper*. At the acquittal of the late Queen Caroline, in 1821, the inhabitants of the village where this clergyman's manse stood, resolved on having an illumination as well as their neighbours; and the bellman was sent round to announce the event. In the course of his peregrinations, John stopped opposite the manse, and read his proclamation. The news of a radical illumination in the parish alarmed the minister extremely; he ran out, crying, "Stop, John, wha bad ye cry that? Ye souldna cry that, John." "Deed, Sir," answered John, "I'll just cry what I'm paid for, and ne'er speer wha gies me the paper." The minister, seeing that no good was to be done in this way, made to John, and, snatching the paper from him, ran off. "Hoot, man," said the sardonic Scot, "ye needna rin sae fast; though ye canna tell your story wanting your paper, d'ye think I canna do wanting mine?"

A HIGHLANDMAN'S ANSWER.

A gentleman from the Highlands of Scotland, attended by his trusty servant Donald, a native of the wild and mountainous district of Lochaber, in Inverness-shire, when travelling through the fertile and delightful plains of Italy, asked Donald what he would do if he possessed an estate there? Donald instantly replied, "Please your honour, I would sell him, and buy an estate in Lochaber!!"

Column for Rural Economists.

THE GOLDEN PIPPIN.

The golden pippin, one of the most celebrated and esteemed apples of this or perhaps any other country, has been considered by some of our modern writers on pomology to be in a state of decay, its fruit of inferior quality in comparison to that of former times, and its existence near its termination. I cannot for a moment agree with such an opinion, because we have facts annually before our eyes completely at variance with such an assertion. Any person visiting Covent Garden or the Borough markets during the fruit season, and indeed any other large market in the southern or mid-land counties of England, will find specimens of fruit as perfect and as fine as any which have been either figured or described by any writer whatever, either in this or any other country. In favourable situations, in many parts of the country, instead of the trees being in a state of rapid decay, they may be found of unusually large size, perfectly healthy, and their crops abundant; the fruit perfect in form, beautiful in colour, and excellent in quality. If the golden pippin be planted upon a good soil, on a dry bottom, and in a warm or sheltered situation, well exposed to the sun, where its blossoms are secured from cold blasts in the spring, and where it can ripen its wood perfectly, it will be found hardy, without exhibiting those alarming signs of decay which have been held out as a presage of its speedy death. —*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

PROPAGATING PLANTS.

The propagation of plants is effected by the arts of *increasing by eyes, striking from cuttings*, laying, *budding, and grafting*. Increasing by eyes is the simplest of all these methods; it consists in nothing but extracting a single system of life, or a bud from a given plant, placing it in due heat and moisture, and surrounding it with fitting food; and thus causing it to grow as a solitary individual, instead of as one of the community to which it originally belonged. Striking from cuttings is a slight modification of the last method. Instead of taking a single bud, a stem containing two, three, or more buds, is placed in circumstances fitted for the maintenance of its life. In this case, the chances of success are increased by the additional number of buds which are the subject of experiment. That bud which is nearest the bottom of the cutting emits its roots at once into the earth, and so establishes a communication between the general system of the cutting and the medium from which its food is to be derived ultimately; the roots of all the buds descend between the bark and the wood, until they reach the earth, into which they finally pass, like those of the first bud. Laying is nothing but striking from cuttings that are still allowed to maintain their connection with the mother plant by means of a portion at least of their stem. Budding and grafting are operations that equally depend for their success upon the property that buds possess of shooting roots downward and stems upward; but in these practices the roots strike between the bark and the wood of the stock, instead of into the earth, and form new layers of wood instead of subterraneous fibres. The success of such practices, however, depends upon other causes than those which influence the growth of cuttings. It is necessary that an adhesion should take place between the scion and the stock, so that when the descending fibres of the buds shall have fixed themselves upon the wood of the stock, they may not be liable to subsequent separation. No one can have studied the economy of the vegetable kingdom, without having remarked that there is a strong tendency to cohesion in bodies or parts that are placed in contact with each other. This cohesion will be always found to take place in the cellular tissue only, and never in the vascular tissue. In the stems of all such trees as are grafted by orchardists, the cellular tissue is found alive only in the medullary rays and the liber; it is therefore essential in the first place, that those parts, both in the stock and the scion, should be placed in contact. In regard to the medullary rays, these are so numerous and so closely placed that it is scarcely possible that a portion of one stem should be applied to another without the medullary rays of both touching each other at many points. In regard to the liber, as this is confined to a narrow strip in both stock and scion, great care must be taken that they are both placed as exactly in contact with each other as possible, so that the line of separation of the wood and bark should, in both stock and scion, be accurately adjusted. The success of grafting depends very much in attention to this.—*Ibid.*

INVERTING TREES.

In the course of ascertaining how far a circulation of sap is carried on in trees, some interesting facts have been determined by Mr. Knight and others with regard to the effect of inverting stems, or, in other words, of planting the superior part of the stem, and thus converting it into a root. If the stem of a plum or cherry tree, which is not too thick, be bent, and the top be put under ground, while the roots are gradually detached, in proportion as the former top of the stem becomes firmly fixed in the soil, the branches of the root will shoot forth leaves and flowers, and in due time will produce fruit.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.

Oxalid acid has been successively used to make old seeds germinate. They are put into a bottle of the acid until germination commences, which is generally in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, when they are taken out and sown in the usual manner. Seeds from twenty to forty years old have been successfully treated in this way.

TO PRODUCE GRASSY LAWNS.

In the metropolis and its neighbourhood, the turf laid down in small gardens seldom lasts more than one season, and requires to be renewed at an expense, including the purchase of the turf and laying it down, of from 3d. to 4d. a square foot. Instead of being at this expense, if the ground to be turned were to be stirred up to the depth of three or four inches every spring, in the last week of March or the first week of April, and thickly sown with the following seeds, it would soon become green, and, if regularly mown, will remain as close and thick as any turf whatever during the whole summer; dying, however, in the succeeding winter, and requiring to be renewed in the spring. The grasses used for this purpose are: *Agrostus vulgaris var tenerifolia, Festuca duriuscula, Festuca ovina, Cynosurus cristatus, Poa protensis, Avena flavescens*, and *Trifolium minus*. These seeds are mixed together in equal portions, and are sown at the rate of from four to six bushels per acre. In lawns and shrubberies in the country, where turf frequently fails under large trees and in various other places. There is no cheaper or better mode of making good these defects, than by sowing the above mixture as early every spring as the situation and the soil will admit.—*Gardener's Magazine.*

PLANTING POTATOES WHOLE.

A correspondent of the "Gardener's Magazine," writing upon the above question, recommends that potatoes should be planted whole, and adds—"As a testimony, I will state an experiment of mine in 1828. I planted four plants, containing two eyes to each; viz, the crowns containing, perhaps, five or six eyes each; four small whole potatoes; four large whole ones (or what are termed large potatoes). Now for the weight of the produce of each kind: The produce of the first four roots weighed 8lbs., that of the second four, 11lbs., that of the third four, 15lbs., that of the fourth four, 17lbs. I think this will make clear to any one, that the reverse of what is generally followed ought to be practised, viz.—to plant crowns, or whole potatoes, in lieu of a plant with two eyes. This even the second trial I have made, and found it the same; but I was not so particular in the first experiment as in the second having determined by my eye, the difference was so obvious. I think this of the greatest importance to the agriculturist. If it hold good for an acre, what difference in the produce! The object of a little extra seed bears no comparison to the produce; and, beside, the labour of cutting is saved. The 'Journal Etranger' gives the following economical mode of procuring early potatoes: —Towards the end of February or the beginning of March, prepare a bed of fresh manure; cover it with sand, or very light earth, to the depth of about two or three inches; when the bed shall have become heated, cover the whole of its surface with peelings of potatoes, cut thicker than when the root is intended for culinary use. Place the peelings with the skin upwards, and all in contact; cover them with light earth, from two or three inches deep. This hot-bed is to be treated in the same way as others destined for forcing early crops, viz.—to be covered with matting, exposed at proper hours to the air and sun, and to be frequently watered. Vegetation will thus quickly proceed."

YARROW VISITED.

Written in September, 1814. By William Wordsworth.

And is this Yarrow? This the stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perish'd!
O that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness.

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, St. Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends on Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow vale lay bleeding?
His bed, perchance, was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that did'st appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread
A softness still and holy:
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature:
And, rising from those lofty groves
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shattered front of Newark's Towers,
Renowned in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
It promises protection
To all the nestling brood of thoughts
Sustained by chaste affection!

How sweet on this autumnal day,
The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on thy true-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights
They melt—and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought! which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image Yarrow!
Will dwell with me, to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

These stupendous cataracts, to which there is no resemblance in the Old World, and which form one of the greatest natural wonders of America, where the works of nature are all on a great scale, have been described a thousand times; but I have seldom seen a better account of them than that which is conveyed in the following detail of an emigrant from Scotland.

"By casting your eye on the map of North America (says he) you will easily conceive what an immense body of waters must be disgorged from these extensive lakes, or inland seas, situated to the north and west, Erie, St. Clair, Huron, Michigan, and Superior, with their innumerable tributary streams, all of which pass through the narrow channel of the River Niagara. The outlet of Lake Erie is at its eastern extremity, at Buffalo, and is about five miles in breadth between the Canadian and the United States shores, and here, properly, the river begins. Three miles farther down, at Black Rock, is the first regular ferry across, and the current runs here so rapidly that a steam-boat of the same power as those that ply on the Firth of Forth, betwixt Leith and Kinghorn, generally makes a semicircle of frequently a mile or two on her passage across. The river is here divided by a beautiful and fertile island (Grand Island) belonging to the States, about twelve or thirteen miles in length, which contains some of the finest land, and some of the most picturesque scenes that I have seen in America. The distance from the island to either shore nowhere exceeds a mile, and in some places on the States side not more than two hundred yards. The channel here is very deep, and the current runs so smoothly, at the rate of from three to four miles an hour, that boats and canoes can pass and repass with ease and safety. Beneath Grand Island, or rather dovetailed into it, as it were, lies a small island belonging to Great Britain, a mile in length, called Navy Island, at the termination of which the river suddenly widens to about three miles betwixt Fort Slusser on the States side, and Chippawa Village, at the mouth of Chippawa Creek, which forms the entrance to the Welland Canal, on the Canadian side. I mention these places so particularly, that you may be able to trace them on the map. The current here begins to run more swiftly, and continues to increase in velocity for two miles, when it arrives at what are called the Great Rapids. These constitute one of the most splendid objects imaginable, and to some they appear as beautiful, though certainly not so sublime, as the great fall itself. They are formed by numerous masses of rock that have been left alone to withstand the rude shocks of this prodigious accumulation of waters, the softer parts in some places having been washed away to a considerable depth by the constant action of the current. It is peculiarly beautiful on a fine summer evening to stand on the Canadian shore, at an elevation of a hundred feet above the river, and see the vast clouds of white foam ascending high in the air, sometimes beautifully tinged by the last rays of the setting sun, long after he has ceased to illumine the dark expanse beneath. There are also at irregular distances, shelving rocks, which appear to have been made of sterner stuff, which run completely across the river, forming numerous embankments, over which the waters roll and tumble with tremendous fury. It is altogether a magnificent scene, and what a painter would much delight to contemplate. These rapids continue battling with the current to the very brink of the great leap, a distance of rather more than a mile, and are divided by another small island, Goat Island, whose foundations may truly be said to be laid in the deep, and which, if it had been placed in the river Thames instead of the river Niagara, would, ere this, have been made a perfect paradise. A handsome bridge, about 150 yards in length, connects it with the village of Manchester. This bridge was built at considerable expense and risk; the workmen employed in its erection had to be secured by ropes tied round their waists, to prevent them being carried over the Falls, which are almost immediately beneath. It is an object of interest, to the tourist, as from the centre arch you have a beautiful view of the rapids, both up and down the river. You are already aware that this island, by dividing the river, makes two separate falls, but by far the largest portion of the waters goes down the Canada side. The breadth from the lower extremity of the island, where the river takes its awful leap, straight across to the British shore, may be about 500 yards, but, as the fall is something in the shape of a horse-shoe, the curve inwards, and deeply indented, the actual breadth is generally estimated at seven hundred or eight hundred yards; my own opinion is, that it cannot be short of half a mile. According to the best authorities of the many scientific men who have visited this place, the height from whence this huge body of water descends in one uninterrupted mass is one hundred and sixty-five feet above the level of the river below. But to enable you to form any idea of this stupendous scene from description, is utterly impossible. I have gazed on it a hundred and a hundred times, and always with increased emotions of admiration, fear, and wonder. When standing on the brink of the awful precipice, you think that the foundations of the earth are falling asunder; the tremulous motion of the rocks beneath your feet, and even of the surrounding country to some distance, which is distinctly felt, and the mighty thundering of the waters as they descend into the gulf beneath, are enough to shake a person of the strongest nerve. I have stood upon Table Rock, which is a broad shelving projection 180 feet above the boiling caldron, until my quickening pulse and giddy head warned me to retire. I cannot tell you, nor is it possible to ascertain, the depth of the river for some distance, either above or below the falls; but it must be immense to admit the escape of so great a body of water in so narrow a channel. I have heard the noise of the cataract at a distance of twenty miles; and I believe in a dense atmosphere, and the wind blowing in a particular direction down the river, that it may be heard at double that distance. A very heavy spray rises, particularly in clear weather, many hundred feet above the falls, sometimes flying away and incorporating itself with the dark clouds in the extreme distance, but more frequently condensing, and falling on the surrounding country as the wind blows it; and woe betide the poor wretch who is caught in the rain. No Scottish mist ever fell on the braes of Lochaber, or ever wet an Englishman into the skin, quicker than would the spray which ascends from the Falls of Niagara. When the wind blows down the river, the passengers in the ferry-boat are obliged to use umbrellas. By far the finest view of these falls is from the Canadian side, for here you have both the Horse-shoe and the American Fall at once before you. This last mentioned is a

most beautiful sheet of water, and well worthy to hold the rank of the second wonder of the world of this kind, although not to be compared, in grandeur and sublimity, with the other. It is about 150 or 200 yards in breadth, and either, from its rocky bed being composed of harder materials, or from the greater weight of water coming down the British side, and wearing away that channel more rapidly, it is about twenty feet higher than the Horse-shoe. It does not fall into a gulf or caldron as the other does, but amongst huge rocks, where it dashes itself into an ocean of foam, and then rushes with tremendous velocity to join its former companion. Our immortal countryman, the author of the "Twa Brigs," might have imagined an interesting scene here betwixt the two genii of these falls congratulating each other after their terrible tumble. From Goat Island a handsome flight of steps, well secured, leads you down to the margin of the river, where Sam Patch, of unhappy memory, made his celebrated leap. A ladder was erected 120 feet high, with a platform at the top, from which he descended into the eddy, to the great disappointment of thousands who had come far and near, expecting to see him actually leap over the falls. But no living thing has ever gone over them and been seen again. The story of an Indian in a canoe having achieved this, is all a humbug. On the Canadian side there is also a stair-case by which you can descend to the river, and the strong-hearted and adventurous can, by means of a ledge of rocks, go 150 yards completely in under the great leap—a fearful place truly, and which you are glad to get out of again. Nevertheless, every one who has ventured there must admit that he has been amply rewarded for the risk he ran, in surveying the beauty and grandeur of such a scene. To say nothing of the immense body of waters above, beneath, and around you, which is truly awful, you have reflected before you on a fine day, when the sun shines full on the cascade, a succession of the most beautiful prismatic colours that can be imagined; it is altogether a lively scene, and which, once seen can never be forgotten. It is a matter of no little jeopardy, however, to get the length of Termination Rock, as the farther extremity of this pathway is called, for the shelf or jutting of the rock is in some places so narrow that a single false step would precipitate the luckless wight to immediate destruction. There is a house erected at the head of the stair-case, where you can procure a guide for a trifle, and an oil-cloth garment, without which you would be drenched to the skin instantly by the spray which is constantly dashing around you. There is also kept a kind of album, in which are inserted the names of those who have been so fool-hardy as to venture the length of Termination Rock, and where I also had the honour to insert mine. Here are names recorded from every quarter of the globe, and you would be astonished to find so many in the course of one season as there are from England and Scotland. Amongst the latter, I recognised that of the celebrated Captain Basil Hall. A ferry-boat plys with passengers only about half a mile beneath the Horse-shoe, and lands within a 100 yards of the American fall, which, viewed from this place, has a most magnificent effect; but of all the sensations I ever experienced on water, the motion of this boat is the queerest. It is neither rolling nor tossing, but a mixture of both; yet the current is not so swift, at least not so perceptible, as one would expect from the well known great body of water that is running past; of course it must be of immense depth. The river continues for six miles to run between precipitous banks from 180 to 200 feet in height, until it come to Queenstown, forming in many places eddies and whirlpools where no boat could live. The width seldom exceeds 300, and in some places not more than 200 yards. Indeed, many people think, and with some appearance of probability, that the falls must have been as far down as this. An old farmer, who came from Roxburghshire, in Scotland, about forty years ago, told me, that in his time he has noticed a perceptible alteration, particularly at the curve of the Horse-shoe, where the heaviest body of water runs, and which would indicate that the rocks are gradually wearing away. Indeed, from certain landmarks which he pointed out to me, the great leap must now be thirty yards further up the river than it was when he first came to the country. It has been ascertained by naturalists, that the rocks forming the bed of the river, from the rapids upwards, are of a softer nature than those at the falls, and consequently less able to stand the action of the current. Certain people, therefore, who delight in the marvellous, speculate on the time when the bed of the river, having been washed away to a level with the bottom of Lake Erie, will allow its waters, and consequently those of the upper lakes, to escape so rapidly, that Ontario must overflow its banks, Lower Canada and the northern portion of the States be completely laid under water, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence turned into another ocean. At Queenstown the high precipitous banks disappear, the river widens to nearly a mile, and continues moving gently at the rate of three or four miles an hour, making many beautiful meanders until it mingles with the waters of Lake Ontario, twelve miles below the falls, and six below Queenstown."

BURNING WIDOWS IN INDIA.

Since I left Bengal (says Statham, in his 'Recollections of India'), the horrible practice of burning widows with the dead bodies of their husbands, called suttee, has been abolished by an order of government; and I can truly say, no intelligence was ever so grateful to me than the news of so praiseworthy an act on the part of Lord William Bentinck, who has gained more laurels by this order than any of his predecessors have done by splendid victories or advantageous political treaties. Never shall I forget the awful shrieks of expiring widows, which, in many instances, have met my ear. Sometimes I have beheld the poor aged matron, unable to ascend the pile, thrown upon it by the hard-hearted Brahmins, with as little remorse as they would have felt if they had been throwing up a log of wood, and with the same roughness too; whilst, at other times, I have beheld the youthful victim of superstition and Brahminical cupidity eagerly and fearlessly ascend the funeral pile of her deceased husband, and embrace the putrid remains, quietly submitting to be bound with flax, and to have a load of dry wood placed over her, till at length the fatal torch being applied by the next of kin, the swiftly-spreading flames have dispelled her dreams of fancied bliss. The last suttee I witnessed was attended with most distressing circumstances: the widow was young, and the mother of three, two boys and a girl.

"It was about seven o'clock in the morning of one of the hottest days of July, that I heard of the death of a man, and of the determination of the widow to become a suttee. I immediately went to the house, but was refused admittance. I returned home, but went again in a short time, and then found the body of the deceased husband before the dwelling-house, and the widow sitting by it. She had taken the cloth from her own shoulders and spread it over the face of her husband, so that she was naked from the waist upwards. In her hand she held the branch of a sacred tree, with which she brushed off the flies from the dead body beside her. I immediately reasoned with her on the sin and folly of her proposed self-destruction, pointing out the sinful nature of the crime, and in forsaking the duties incumbent on a mother, as well as the excruciating pains she must endure if she persevered in mounting the funeral pile. To all entreaties to desist from her purpose, she constantly answered, 'I am a suttee, a holy woman.' When I asked her what she hoped to obtain by this act of self-destruction, she said, 'Two millions of years of happy lives (or transmigrations) for myself and husband too.' This declaration was eagerly caught at by the host of Brahmins around, who, with clamorous tongues, assured her this would be the case, at the same time advising her to answer none of my questions. This advice for some time she strictly adhered to; and when I spoke to her, instead of answering, she would frantically shout, 'Hurrubholl, hurrubholl!' However, after reasoning with the Brahmins, and patiently and perseveringly putting questions to her, she at length returned answers to them; and I found that her mind was most fully bent on undergoing the fiery ordeal. She was the most interesting native female, in appearance, that I ever saw, and evinced a courage all through the awful scene that I seldom remember to have seen equalled. In consequence of the judge humanely desiring to prevent her burning, the perwhanna, or order, was not signed for two days, during the whole of which time she was obliged to remain without food, except a few grains of dried rice, presented by the officiating Brahmin; neither could she leave the dead body of her husband, which, long before the ceremony of burning took place, was become so putrid, that the Brahmins, who delighted in the cruel work, were obliged keep at a good distance from it; yet the poor woman sat beside the corpse, fanning away the flies the whole time and now and then addressing some endearing words to it. A great deal of impatience was manifested on the second day by all parties for the arrival of the perwhanna; and the brother of the deceased set out for Allipore, a distance of four miles to expedite the business. Through the haste and anxiety of this messenger, he brought away the order without the signature of the judge. What was now to be done, puzzled them all. The relatives wished to burn the bodies, but this the Daroga forbade. It was too late now to wait on the judge that day, as the offices were closed. Some advised that the dead body should be burned, and the woman on the same spot the next day; but the relatives said, if the body was once burnt, the woman's resolve might fail, so that it was determined to postpone the burning till the morrow.

Thinking, under the distressing circumstances in which she was now placed, another effort might succeed, I called her two little boys, who were sitting at a distance, to me, and taking one in each hand, went up to her, saying, "Can you, then, thus leave your children without a protector? Have you no maternal feelings left? Can you forsake the children to whom you have given birth? Remember how you have nursed and cherished them, and do not act so cruel, so unnatural a part, towards them." Leaping upon her feet, and lifting her hands to Heaven, she exclaimed, "They are not my children; I am a suttee—a holy woman. I have no children. Take them away—take them away." The little boys, evidently in great distress of mind, fell at my feet, and, embracing my knees, exclaimed, "Sahib, our father is dead, and if mother dies, what will become of us? Don't let her burn—don't let her burn, sahib." Whilst thus supplicating, an old man, who, I afterwards learned, was their father's uncle, rushing forward, caught hold of each by the hair of the head, and dragging them from me, constrained them to shout, Hurrubholl! It was a lamentable sight to behold them, with tears rolling down their cheeks, thus employed.

Early the next morning I approached the fatal spot again. All nature seemed hushed in silence; a refreshing dew had invigorated the herbs and trees, and a gentle breeze played on the surface of the river. Several large vultures were perched on the summit of the tree, beneath which the devoted victim sat, whilst several large Pariah dogs were prowling around, all attracted by the noisome effluvia issuing from the putrid corpse. The appearance of the woman was greatly altered for the worse. She seemed to be quite intoxicated; her eyes rolled, and her manner altogether was quite different from what it was on the preceding day. Her long dishevelled hair floated in the breeze, and she reminded me of the fabled Hecate. In the course of the night she had been allowed some bhang, which produces the same effect as opium, and is very much liked by the natives generally.

To reason with her in this state was impossible. About eleven o'clock the brother returned with the perwhanna, duly signed by the magistrate. The pile was soon in readiness; it was about seven feet long and five feet broad, and raised about five feet from the ground, composed of dry billets laid across each other, and kept in place by strong stakes driven into the ground; the interstices were filled with flax and shavings dipped in oil, and two large bands of flax were laid across the pile. As she walked boldly towards it, I attempted to gain her attention once more; but the Brahmins were become very insulting and violent. Having proceeded seven times round the pile, during which time she had given parched rice and several little ornaments to her surrounding relatives and friends, she boldly clambered up, and frantically cast herself upon the putrid corpse already deposited there. The two bands of flax were immediately drawn tightly round both the bodies, and tied fast together; many large dry billets were then piled upon them to a great height, and flax was cast in between every layer; then over the whole a kind of liquid butter was poured in abundance; and lest the poor victim should, on feeling the fire, make her escape, two large bamboos were fixed in the ground on one side of the pile, and, being bent over, were held down tightly by men on the other side, so that the escape of the woman was rendered impossible. Soon as this was completed, which was done in a very short time, a light was placed in the hand of the eldest child, and this poor suppliant for his mother's life was constrained to walk round the pile seven times, and then to set light to some flax beneath the head of his dead father and living mother. The pile was instantly in a blaze, and the noise of the tomtoms and screams of the multitude quite drowned the cries of the poor widow, except to those who were close to the pile. But I heard a scream from that fire which I shall never forget! It was a cry of horrible anguish and entreaty for liberation! But in a few minutes the cry ceased, and shortly after, nothing but a heap of burning embers was seen on the spot."

UTILITY OF THE LONG CLAWS OF THE LARK.

The lark makes its nest generally in grass fields, where it is liable to be injured, either by cattle grazing over it or by the mower. In case of alarm from either these or other causes, the parent birds remove their eggs, by means of their long claws, to a place of greater security; and this transportation I have observed to be effected in a very short space of time. By placing a lark's egg, which is rather large in proportion to the size of the bird, in the foot, and then drawing the claws over it, you will perceive they are of sufficient length to secure the egg firmly; and by this means the bird is enabled to convey its eggs to another place, where she can sit upon and hatch them.—*Jesse's Gleanings.*

American Vines.—There is perhaps no vegetable in America that strikes the mind with greater surprise than the wild vine. I have seen one with a stem nine inches in diameter, and heard of others measuring eleven inches. Some detached trees have their tops closely wreathed with the vines in a manner that forms an elegant and umbrageous canopy, into which the eye cannot penetrate. In the woods they overtop the tallest trees, and from thence hang the pendulous twigs almost to the ground, or pass their ramifications from the branches of one tree to others overshadowing a considerable space. In many instances their roots are at the distance of several feet from any tree, and their tops attached to branches at the height of sixty or eighty feet, without coming in contact with the trunks of trees, or any intermediate support. To make the case plain, I have only to say, that the positions of some of those vines have a near resemblance to the stays, and some other ropes of a ship. The question, how they have erected themselves in this manner, is frequently put. Boats that descend the Ohio are often moored without any other cable than a small vine. If a notch is cut in the stem of the vine in the spring season, clear and tasteless water runs out, not in drops, but in a continued stream. I have several times quenched my thirst from sources of this kind.—*Flint's America.*

NAILS.

The art of nail-making is one of the most ancient in Birmingham. It is not, however, so much a trade *in*, as *of* Birmingham, for there are but few nail-makers left in the town; the nailers are chiefly masters, and rather opulent. The manufacturers are so scattered round the country, that we cannot travel far in any direction out of the sound of the nail-hammer. Birmingham, like a powerful magnet, draws the produce of the anvil to herself.

When I first approached Birmingham (says Mr Hutton) from Walsall in 1741, I was surprised at the prodigious number of blacksmiths' shops upon the road, and could not conceive how a country, though populous, could support so many people of the same occupation. In some of these shops I observed one or more females stript of their upper garment, and not overcharged with their lower, wielding the hammer with all the grace of the sex. The beauties of their face were rather eclipsed by the smut of the anvil. Struck with the novelty, I inquired 'Whether the ladies of this country shod horses?' but was answered, with a smile, 'They are nailers.'"

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THE DRAMA.

THEATRICALS are said to be losing public favour in almost every place where they are known, and public writers are puzzled to account for it.

When the buckle-trade declined some years ago, the cause was at once seen to be the ascendancy of buttons. But it would appear that the cause of the decline of theatricals, though almost equally obvious, is more a subject of dispute. It is only so because the subject is larger, and composed of more parts. We think, however, that a little discussion will suffice to show, with equal clearness, what causes the failure of dramatic amusements, as a part of the great system of public entertainment.

Taking the middle of the last century as a period when dramatic exhibitions were generally well attended, let us inquire what there was in the condition and circumstances of the theatre at that period to have rendered this a matter of course. We reply at once, that plays were then as well written, as well *got up*, and as well acted, as any picture was then painted, or any novel or poem written. The drama was at that time on a perfect level with, or perhaps even superior to, the current literature of the day, or any other instrument of public amusement which existed. Nor was it beneath the standard of the general manners of society. It exhibited, in a gross enough manner, the vices of the age; but the people whose vices were exhibited were rendered insensible by those very vices to the grossness of the scene.

The theatre is now in quite a different condition from what it was in then. Whether owing to the want of legislative enactments, which might encourage literary men in writing for the theatre, or to some other cause, our dramatic entertainments are now of a character much beneath or behind the age. Our acting plays are either the old stock, displeasing us with the exhibition of obsolete vices; or modern trash, full of exaggerated character and sentiment, trusting for success, perhaps, to romantic scenery and machinery; or literal transcripts of nursery fables. Our drama, overlooking some better qualities, is, in a great measure, a compound of childishness, indecency, buffoonery, and, to no small extent, of profanity; in every point of view fifty years in taste behind our current fictitious literature, which, in itself, is susceptible of great amendment.

In Great Britain the drama has always appealed to the less serious and virtuous part of the community. At the time of the civil war, and after the re-establishment of the theatre at the Restoration, it was altogether a cavalier thing, and, like the cavalier party in general, too apt to make debauchery a mark of rectitude in politics. This character it has never entirely shaken off. With the exception of a certain number of mawkish and tawdry aphorisms scattered over our modern plays, they still maintain, in some measure, their old war against the decencies and proprieties of life. The truth is, the theatre has become so exclusively resorted to by a less serious part of the community, that it could hardly attempt to conciliate the other class, lest, in the vain effort, it lose the customers it has.

If the players thus produce an article of entertainment inferior both in talent and in taste to the other things which compete for the business of amusing the public, it is not to be wondered at that their houses are deserted. For the crown which at present purchases a night's entertainment at the theatre to one member of a family—an entertainment partly childish, perhaps, and almost certain to be somewhat immoral—that whole family can be supplied for a whole month with the best literary productions of the day from a circulating library, or it can purchase a single volume, which not only gives it rational entertainment and instruction for several nights, but remains a constant and ready instrument for repeating this entertainment and instruction whenever it is required. If we coolly reflect on the respective reputations which the drama and literature bear in the world, we will find that only a certain number of people wish well to the former, while the latter is an object of almost universal attachment and national pride The fact is, that the drama has shut itself out by its own misconduct from the sympathies of half the public, if not a much larger portion It is still dabbling in the low vices and mean order of feelings which prevailed in the reign of George II., or else in the nursery tales which lulled our cradles; while literature, shooting far a-head, is replete with the superior virtues and extensive benevolences of the present age. And not only does *literature* compete with the stage. Music, and other accomplishments of private life, are also now resorted to, for the purpose of furnishing an innocent amusement to the family circle—an amusement less attractive, perhaps, than the theatre, which, with all its errors, has still a powerful inherent charm, but preferred, nevertheless, as making up in simplicity, harmlessness, and cheapness, what it wants in the power of excitement.

When we speak of the stupidity and bad taste of the plays, we do not enumerate all the disadvantages of the theatre. As if every thing connected with the establishment were doomed to be of the same order, we find the players also exciting disgust in all well-regulated minds by the strange code of morality which they have been pleased to set up for themselves. Of course, we do not shut our eyes to the numerous instances of respectable and well-behaved actors, which occur nowhere, perhaps, so frequently as in the minor capital which we inhabit. But, as we remarked in a former paper, we must not have great generalities ruined or broken down by unimportant exceptions Taken as a whole, the players are a more dissolute fraternity than the members of any other profession; while some of them, ranking as the very highest in professional merit, commit transcendant breaches of the most sacred moral laws, as if to show how independent they are of all the rules of decent society. We would not gratify the wretched vanity which perhaps is one of the principal causes of those errors, by mentioning particular cases; but they are too notorious to require being specified. It is sometimes set forward as a plea for the extenuation of those offences, that the life of a player is more beset with temptations than any other; but what an argument is here against the whole system of play-acting? Another plea is, that the public has no business with anything but the public appearance of a player—has no right to think of their private lives; as if a person doing all he can to destroy the safeguards of domestic happiness by action and example, were to be equally well treated by society, as a person who does what is in his power to contribute to its happiness Society must, in the eyes of these pleaders, be a slavish thing indeed, if it is supposed that it must patiently submit to every insult and injury which it may please the sublime caprice of a buffoon to inflict upon it. And is the player judged less leniently than an offender in any other walk of life? When a tradesman commits an outrage on public decency, is he cherished on account of it by society? Is he not scouted for it, exactly as the player is, or, we should rather say, *ought to be*—for it can hardly be said that *he* is ever condemned for his offences by the regular friends of the stage, though the theatre is, on his account, still more resolutely abstained from by the good, who abstained from it before

If the players thus debase themselves by the impurity of their lives, and thereby render themselves unfit to be looked upon or listened to by the majority of society—if they continue to represent dramas suited to the taste of a past age, or else adapted only to the sympathies of children—if they persist in retaining about their whole system vicious forms of speech, indelicate gestures, and a code of moral feeling and action, all of which have long been pronounced intolerable in good society, how can they expect their theatres to be so prosperous as they once were, more especially when purer and better modes of entertainment are every where rising into competition with them? The person who pens these thoughts is by no means an enemy to theatricals in the abstract. With the most respectful deference to those who see in dramatic entertainments an express hostility to the divine law, he retains the conviction that they might be rendered as good and innocent a means as any other for producing that great end—the diversion of the public mind by amusement from the follies and vices of absolute vacuity. He does not consider the theatre, or any other amusement, so much with a reference to the good which it may do, as with respect to the evil which it may prevent. It is clear, however, that the really good and pure can never become the friends of the theatre, so long as it remains unreformed. There must be a combination among the virtuous actors to exclude the vicious from their body. A number of antiquated and absurd fashions of the stage must be brought nearer to the standard of ordinary natural life. And the best literary men of the day must be encouraged by legislative enactments to produce a crop of new plays with a stronger moral bent than the generality of those now existing. Till all this is done, and the theatre become as noted in public fame for a friendliness to what is good, as it has hitherto been for the reverse, it must be content to occupy its present degraded place amongst our prevailing modes of public entertainment.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

HEAT.—ITS DIFFUSION THROUGH NATURE.

THE desire of obtaining knowledge is one of the most natural, and, at the same time, most ennobling attributes of the human mind; for it is impossible, whatever may be our station in life, to walk through the world without witnessing facts of the highest interest, which cannot be duly appreciated unless properly understood. Again, then, we would insist that all such information may be obtained without our having to wade through a mass of difficulties; indeed, truth disdains all scholastic artifices; she loves not to appear masqueraded in the costume of quaint and hyperbolical devices; her ways are ways of the utmost simplicity, and may be readily understood by every person desirous of acquiring knowledge. In the last article, under the title of "Popular Information on Science," we explained, in a general manner, the sources, the nature, and the effects of light; and now, proceeding on the same principle—that is, avoiding as much as possible the use of scientific terms, and endeavouring to explain every thing in the most simple manner, we shall devote our attention to the subject of heat. We cannot look abroad, and take a survey of the magnificent theatre of nature, without perceiving at once the vast importance of this agent;—by its power, rocks, islands, hills, and mountains, have been upraised out of the innermost depths of the earth;—by its operation, the genial moisture, which, under the form of rain, descends, cooling the heated air and refreshing the parched up soil, is raised from the bosoms of rivers, lakes, and seas;—by its influence, the waters, which were chained up by frost during the desolate reign of winter, are again set free to sparkle along at the bases of their sunny banks;—by its benignant agency, the trees, that were deprived of their foliage, and the herbs, that were apparently withered, are again invigorated with new life, and arrayed in new beauty;—it controls and modifies, indeed, life under every form, and is the most universally pervading and important agent with which we are acquainted.

When we picture to ourselves the dreary monotony of

the polar regions, where human nature appears in its most humble and degraded form, and where the arctic bears, wolves, and foxes, seem alone to find appropriate habitations; and when we compare these trackless solitary wastes with the blooming and Eden-like valleys of Italy, we at once see the vast influence of different temperatures on the surface of the globe; nor have we any hesitation in referring such modifications to the sun, which is the most obvious fountain both of heat and light. The ancients, at a period when science was in its infancy, observed this general fact, and concluded that the sun was an immense globe of fire; but this opinion has been long since exploded. The astronomers of this enlightened age have shown, by the aid of telescopes, that the sun is itself a solid and opaque body, perhaps a habitable globe, and they have concluded that we owe both its light and heat to the peculiar atmosphere by which it is surrounded. However, although this opinion has been advocated by that illustrious astronomer, Sir William Herschell, it must be confessed that the manner and region of the sun in which heat and light are generated, can by no means be understood, and on this, as on every other subject of inquiry, it is better to acknowledge our ignorance, than to raise up a plausible and false theory to supply the place of more positive and satisfactory knowledge. Certain it is, that the rays of the sun do impart heat; but we must observe, that they do not do so unless they come into contact with some solid body—that is to say, they pass freely through the air without giving out any sensible heat until they reach the surface of the earth. Accordingly, the higher we ascend in the air, the colder it becomes—a fact experienced by aëronauts, or those who have ascended in balloons. Thus, M. Charles, Gay Lussac, and others have on such occasions found the thermometer sink a great many degrees, even below the freezing point. It is from the same cause that the higher we ascend a mountain, the more intense does the cold become, so that we at length arrive at a region where we can trace no signs of animal or vegetable life, all around being shrouded in perpetual snow. When we ascend the Cimborazo mountain, which forms the extremity of the Andes in South America, and which rises to the height of twenty thousand nine hundred feet above the surface of the earth, we leave at its base a hot region, where the exhalations of a marshy soil, and the continuance of heat, generate fevers and disease fatal to animal and vegetable life. We, then, ascending higher, arrive at a temperate region, which possesses a moderate and constant warmth, and is a perpetual season of spring to those who have arrived from the lower, summer-like, hot region. Above this again, as we ascend still higher, we find ourselves surrounded by ice and snow, and then we suffer the most intense winter cold, so that we may truly say, that summer, winter, and spring, are here seated on three distinct thrones, which they never quit, and where they are constantly surrounded by the attributes of their powers. Vegetable and animal life, in these different regions, present us with equally remarkable gradations—thus, the forests of the lower or burning regions are extremely rich, and they continually resound with the howlings of different tribes of monkeys, and the Yaguar ant-eater and black tiger prowl about them, while the surrounding air is infested with myriads of mosquitoes and other obnoxious insects. Higher up the mountain we find the most splendid palm trees, upon which the sloth may be seen hanging, and at the feet of which the terrible boa-constrictor and crocodile may be often seen extending their frightful forms. Above this region we meet with the most beautiful arborescent ferns, and the precious bark tree, and many flowers of great beauty; but here the air, as we ascend, becoming colder, the sensitive plant, as if warning us of the sterility and lifelessness of the region to which we are approximating, loses its peculiar sensibility, and no longer closes its leaves on being touched. At length, as we proceed higher, the gigantic trees appear to have dwindled; the eye rests on nothing but short stunted dwarfish shrubs and alpine plants, until at last the lichens and mosses amidst patches of scattered snow apprise us that we have arrived at the boundary of organised beings; and that above us is nothing save the dreary region of eternal winter. Here no animal is observed, excepting occasionally the great condor, which is the only living being that appears to inhabit these vast solitudes. Here it is obvious that there is a regular gradation of temperature from the surface of the earth to the upper regions of the air, and for every hundred and ten yards of ascent, the heat diminishes as much as if we were to advance one degree of latitude towards the northern polar regions. The facts here described are of very great importance, because we observe that on this account certain parts of the world are rendered not only habitable, but possess a fine and genial climate, which would otherwise be parched up by a tropical and burning sun. The city of Quito, for example, is almost under the equator, and were we to form a superficial judgment of its temperature from its situation, we might infer that it would be oppressed with intolerable heat, instead of which, owing to its elevation, the air of that city differs little in temperature from that which we find in Paris.

We now, therefore, understand that the rays of the sun do not produce heat unless they strike against some solid body, and even then the greater or lesser intensity of the heat they produce is greatly modified by the direction which they take, for when these solar rays fall directly or vertically on a particular district, they give out much greater heat than when they fall obliquely. The reason for which is simply this; that when they descend on a spot directly or vertically, they fall on it with much force, and a great number of them are included in a small space; whereas, when their direction is more oblique, they not only do not strike the spot with the same force, but are more scattered, so that they by no means produce the same intensity of heat. By this general fact, then, we are enabled to explain the diminution of temperature from the equator to the poles; that is, from the tropical to the frigid regions. Near the equator we find a zone, which passes immediately under the sun twice a-year, and receives its rays in a very direct or vertical manner; and here we have the tropical region. Next in succession we find a portion of the globe which does not receive the sun's rays so directly or vertically, but, on the contrary, more obliquely, so that less heat is produced, and here, therefore, we find the temperate region. After this we arrive at another region of the globe, which is deprived of the heat of the sun for a greater part of the year, and, during the other, receives its rays still more obliquely; and here, consequently, we have the frigid zone, that desolate region of eternal ice and snow, which has been explored in vain by so many bold and enterprising navigators. This variety of temperature, occasioned by the different direction which the sun's rays take in reaching the earth, is remarkably obvious in hilly countries. If a hill, having a southerly aspect, present a certain inclination, and the sun be at a corresponding altitude, the solar rays will strike the side of the hill perpendicularly, while on the plain below and around, the rays strike the soil obliquely, and, consequently, with a proportionate diminution of force. If the ground extend to the north, it will receive no rays, and remain always in shade; and on this account it is that in the Valais we see the Alps on one side, covered with eternal ice, whilst the opposite hills are adorned with rich vineyards, and orchards, and all the charms of fertility. Nor is the different manner in which the rays of the sun strike the earth the only circumstance to be considered in examining the temperature of different climates; for the rays of heat, like the rays of light, undergo a greater or lesser reflection; that is, when they strike the earth, they are thrown back into the atmosphere, and are more or less confined and diffused among the watery vapour with which it is always loaded. Hence arises the warm and genial temperature which surrounds the immediate surface of the earth, and which is so admirably adapted to support vegetable and animal life. Some soils likewise absorb the sun's rays more than others; thus a moist clayey soil takes up and retains the rays of heat for a considerable time; a dry sandy surface, on the contrary, immediately reflects them; and thence it is that the traveller, in journeying through the sandy deserts of Africa, experiences the most oppressive and almost intolerable heat. This is aggravated by the dryness of the air; for when it contains much moisture, as is the case over marshy soils, the heat is considerably diminished; but such marshes in hot countries undergo fermentation, and give rise to exhalations that produce the most pestilent diseases. The vicinity of the sea moderates also very considerably the effects of temperature; and on this account the interior of continents is colder than their coasts. Accordingly, so intense is the cold in the mountains of Norway, that it proved fatal during the war to most of the Swedish army, the dead bodies of the soldiers having been found lying rank and file; but those who live on the coasts of this country enjoy a very mild and agreeable climate. When the sun's rays fall on the surface of the water, part of them enter it, and the continual motion of the waves, presenting a cool and fresh surface to the heated air, it is cooled, so that, while the land air is heated, and rises up into the upper regions, a cool sea breeze springs up and rushes in to supply its place. The vicinity of the sea, therefore, moderates the heat of summer. Again it is known that the temperature of water is always more equalised than that of land, and, consequently, in winter, when the sun's rays fall very obliquely on the earth, and its surface is covered with snow which prevents the heat of the earth radiating into the air, the sea, having a more uniform temperature, continues to radiate heat, and thus a warmer region of air is formed, which modifies the cold of winter. Accordingly, at Plymouth, although the mean heat of the year is, on the whole, a little less than at Paris, the winter months are much less severe. So likewise, in the coldest winter season, the temperature of Edinburgh is some degrees warmer than that of London. From all, therefore, we have now stated, it must appear obvious that, while we regard the sun as the most obvious source of heat, yet the heat so produced is modified by the direction which the solar rays take in reaching the earth, by the reflection and absorption they there undergo, and by the vicinity of the sea.

Hitherto we have considered the heat produced on the surface of the earth by the direct and immediate action of the sun; but, independent of this, we have evidence of the existence of very intense heat in the central depths of the earth. In going down into deep mines, the temperature of the air has been found to increase as we descend, but the presence of the miners, the lamps and candles they use, and the explosions of gunpowder, render many of such experiments very erroneous. Other methods, therefore, to examine into the truth of the supposed fact, have been had recourse to, such as boring and cutting niches into rocks, taking at the same time as much precaution as possible against every source of fallacy. Still the result has been the same, and leads to the inference that a very great heat exists at a depth of the earth, and which is beyond the reach of the sun's influence. The hot springs, which abound not only in volcanic districts, but in various other parts of the world, also lead to the same conclusion; and of these we need only refer to those which are celebrated as medicinal in England, France, Italy, and Germany. The most remarkable springs of this kind are found in Iceland, where the principal one is called the Geyser, and is situated in the middle of a plain surrounded by forty other springs of a smaller size. These throw up their waters to a very considerable height. The eruption commences with short jets, which gradually increase in size; the steam then rushes forth furiously, accompanied by a loud thundering noise resembling, says Sir G. Mackenzie, the distant firing of artillery from a ship at sea, until at last a great mass of water is raised to a height of seventy, eighty, or ninety feet. The Icelanders use the more temperate of these springs as warm baths; in those that are hotter, or boiling, they boil their various articles of food, taking only the precaution to cover the vessel used for the purpose to prevent the volcanic odour giving a taste to their food. Volcanoes are also unquestionable proofs of the existence of this subterranean heat, which, we infer, must exist at a considerable depth in the earth, because rocks which we know have their original position at such depths, are, during their violent action, ejected into the air actually liquified by heat. Some of these volcanoes seem to have exhausted themselves, and have become extinct, examples of which we find in the central parts of France and Germany. Others exist in a state of frequent or continual activity, as is the case with Vesuvius, Ætna, Stromboli, and Hecla; besides which, we know, that owing to violent volcanic action, immense rocks are forced up often from a considerable depth, even from below the surface of the sea, and so form islands of greater or lesser extent. So recently as the year 1831, in the month of July, an island of this kind arose in the Mediterranean. The water was at first violently agitated, after which vast quantities of smoke and white steam were evolved, and enormous masses of hot cinders, dust, &c. ejected several hundred feet into the air. Captain Stenhouse landed on this island the following August, and estimated its circumference to be about a mile and a quarter. Rocks so formed are said to be of igneous origin, and of such rocks there are numerous examples in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Salisbury Crags, Arthur Seat, the Calton Hill, Inchkeith, North Berwick Law, present us with examples, each of these being of igneous origin, having been forced upwards by the agency of heat from a very considerable depth in the earth. In examining either of these, we at once see how these igneous rocks have rent asunder and forced their way through superincumbent strata, now filling up the immense crevices they have torn open, and now overrunning the whole subjacent mass. When these vast and powerful operations of nature took place, terrible and sublime, indeed, must have been the convulsions exhibited, and altogether beyond the range of the human imagination. From the facts here stated—from the temperature increasing in the deeper parts of rocks and mines—from the existence of hot springs in various parts of the world—from the phenomena exhibited by volcanoes, and the appearances of rocks that have visibly undergone a state of fusion, we are entitled to infer the existence of heat as a most important agent beneath the surface of the earth; and whether it arise from central fire, or whether it be generated by some remarkable chemical actions that are in progress, has not been satisfactorily determined. In taking this general survey of the sources and influence of heat in nature, we ought not to omit observing, that it is often seen to arise from electricity. Even in this country where thunder storms are by no means so violent as in other parts of the world, nothing is more common than for lightning to melt metallic substances, especially iron. In a great thunder storm that happened in Herefordshire last year, in the month of July, the thick band of iron that was used to support a wooden railing in a field adjoining to the city of Hereford, was between each piece of wood completely melted—a fact at once showing how intense must have been the heat evolved. In Italy, before the remains of the celebrated poet Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church, to the Library of Ferara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and the crown of iron laurels melted away—a circumstance which has been recorded by Lord Byron, in the following stanza in the fourth canto of Childe Harold.

> "The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
> The iron crown of laurel's mimic leaves,
> Nor was the ominous element unjust—
> For the true laurel leaf which glory weaves,
> Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
> And the false semblance but disgraced his brow,
> Yet still, if fondly superstition grieves,
> Know that the lightning sanctifies below
> Whate'er it strikes. Yon head is doubly sacred now."

When the operations of heat are considered on the extensive and magnificent scale on which they really take place in nature, we may readily suppose that mankind would be led, even in the earliest ages, to devise some method of procuring that peculiar modification of heat and light which constitutes fire; nor is it surprising that to it they attributed so many remarkable superstitions. The Persians we all know worshipped fire. The Patriarchs used it in their burnt-offerings; it was kept constantly burning in the Jewish tabernacle, and was regarded as the origin of life, the soul of the world, and the visible symbol of the Deity. Already, in our former article on light, we explained how it might be procured artificially by friction, or the rubbing of one body smartly against another, by which method the New Hollanders, Arctic Highlanders of Baffin's Bay, Fuegians, and other uncivilized tribes, are in the habit of ob-

taining it. We likewise showed that it might be readily produced by concussion, or the violent collision of one body against another—as when a piece of flint is struck forcibly against a piece of iron; and furthermore stated that it might be kept up with a greater or lesser intensity by the burning of inflammable bodies, which is what is termed combustion. The compression of the particles of bodies nearer to each other is always more or less attended by an evolution of heat; and this is the case with air; for if a quantity of air be confined in a syringe, in which there is a piece of tinder at the bottom, and then violently compressed, sufficient heat is produced to ignite the tinder. It has also been recently shown by one of the members of the Academy of Paris, that water itself, when submitted to a pressure of twenty atmospheres, gives out a certain quantity of heat. But it will be asked what is the nature of heat? of what does it actually consist? In reply to which we shall simply state that there are two opinions advocated; the one is, that heat consists of nothing more than a certain vibration or motion of the particles of the hot body; the other, that it does not consist of any such tremor of the particles of the heated body, but is itself an independent substance, being an extremely subtile and elastic fluid, contained and dispersed among the pores of matter. This latter view appears to us the most plausible, and among other reasons for our thinking so, we may briefly state two:—The first is, that the addition of heat to a body increases its bulk, leading us to suppose that it receives some addition; the second is, that bodies throw out, or radiate their heat to a considerable distance, which could scarcely happen unless the heat so evolved were distinct, and independent of the body itself, whence it proceeds. Heat, therefore, we conclude, is a very subtile and elastic fluid; but we should here mention, that some philosophers consider that light and heat are only modifications of each other, and this opinion has been very ingeniously supported by Sir John Leslie, of the Edinburgh University. Whatever be the abstract nature of heat, its accumulation in, or abstraction from, different bodies, gives rise to the most remarkable changes, which, as we proceed with these articles, we shall take every opportunity of explaining, at the same time referring especially to those phenomena of nature which, to a comprehensive mind, afford finer and grander illustrations of science than any experiments described for the laboratory of the chemist.

THE GRIDIRON;

OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S TRAVELS IN FRANCE.

A CERTAIN old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon certain festive occasions when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants who was exceeding fond of what he termed his "*thravels*," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "throth you won't, Sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and childher," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing: on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the bye, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest), Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember Pat turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself)—you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, Sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "ay, and farther, plase your honour."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they're not, Sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account"—(for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

"Yes, Sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic," a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to bow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord, at last, and the pumps was choak'd (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us, and throth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordianly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas*, went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed iligant, for we dar'nt show a stitch o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure its the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first of all—God help uz—and, oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—'Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land any where,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christhans as to refuse uz a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarthers in th' other world all of a sudden,' says he.

"'Thrue for you, captain darlint,' says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—'thrue for you, captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite'—and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld—well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshthal. But it was only the more crule upon uz, for we wor beginin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'thundher and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I. So he ups with his oring-'m-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, Sir) and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"'Hurra!' says he, 'we're all right now; pull away my boys, says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe its only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnes.'

"'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, Captain?' says I; "maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garman Oceant,' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth I was thinkin' so myself, says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same;' and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor sinse, and, with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that, my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so says I, captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why then,' says ne, 'thundher and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wildherness*,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sitch a *gommoch* all out as that any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beef-stake,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beef-stake,' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork,' says I.

"'By gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant,' (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) 'and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh by gor the butther's comin' out o' the stir-about in airnist now,' says he; 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France—and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do,' says I—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Oceant.

"'Leave aff your humbuggin', says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all, at all.'

"'*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

"'Oh your humble sarvant,' says he; 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain—'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

"'By gor that bangs Banagher, and al the world knows Banagher bangs the divil—I never met the likes o' you Paddy,' says he—'pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we wont get a good bellyfull before long.'

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was afther bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it quite timptin' like.

"'By the powdhers o' war, I'm all right,' says I; 'there's a house there'—and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd shew them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out of countenance—and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more be token from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard of wantin' the gridiron; 'and so, says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but its only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be intirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), 'indeed it's thrue for you,' says I; 'I'm tathered to pieces and God knows I look quare enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity—with that, says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, Sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all—and so says I—'I beg pardon, Sir,' says I, 'to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I; 'but I thought I was in France, Sir: aren't you furriners?' says I—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plaze?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and faith myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy—and so says I, making a bow and scrape agin, 'I know its a liberty I take, Sir,' says I, 'but its only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plaze, Sir, says I, '*Parly voo Frongsay*.'

"'We munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, Sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gie me; and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood began to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, its not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I though I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might undherstand—*Parly—voo—Frongsay*, munseer?'

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scram to you.'

"Well, bad win' to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.

"'Phoo!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison,' says I—'*Parly voo Frongsay?*'

"'We munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you wor in my country it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Chrishthan at all at all? are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—*Parly voo Frongsay?*' says I.

"'We munseer,' says he.

"'Then thundher and turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, Sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, the 'curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villian,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yet,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; and with that I

eft them there, Sir, and kem away—and in throth its often sinse, that *I thought that it was remarkable.*"—*From Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

I HAVE now to lay before my juvenile readers a sketch of the life and pursuits of one of the greatest men whom Great Britain has had the honour of having produced—a person alike distinguished for the great originality and depth of his philosophic views, and the simplicity and amiableness of his character—one whom we are perhaps called on to admire more than to imitate, yet one whose virtues and piety may well serve as an example to individuals in every sphere of life.

"Isaac Newton was born on the 25th of December 1642, in the parish of Coltersworth, in Lincolnshire. His father was lord of the manor, and cultivated his own moderate paternal property. After receiving the rudiments of education in the usual manner, under the superintendence of his mother, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to the grammar school at Grantham. The bias of his early genius was shown by a skill in mechanical contrivances, which excited great admiration. Whilst other boys were at play, his leisure was employed in forming working models of mills and machinery; he constructed a water clock from an old box, which had an index moved by a piece of wood sinking as the drops fell from the bottom, and a regular dial-plate to indicate the hours. His scientific paper kites, sent up in the dark, with Chinese paper lanterns attached to them, passed for meteors, and astonished the rustic gazers, at a time when such sights were rare and new: the yard of the house in which he lived, he turned into a useful sun-dial, by marking, from numerous observations, the hours upon the walls and roof. In his studies at school, his own report states him to have been negligent, till he was stimulated to exertion by the tyranny of a boy above him, on whom he determined to revenge himself, by passing him in the class; and he never rested till he became the first scholar.

His early attainments were not confined to mechanics: he showed a taste for the fine arts when he was a mere boy, and made very considerable proficiency in drawing, without having received any instruction; he copied prints, and even sketched portraits from life with tolerable fidelity and success. The walls of his room were decorated with these productions of his leisure hours.

Newton possessed, from his own report, considerable facility in versifying, but, like all young men who are anxious to succeed in gaining a respectable livelihood, he gave up the idle trade for a more serious calling. He lived, when at Grantham, with Mr Clark, an apothecary, who was brother to an undermaster of the school. Miss Story, the young and blooming niece of Mrs Clark, was the only female who is supposed to have made any impression on the heart of Newton. Instead of playing with other boys, he was in the habit of making, for his convenience and amusement, little tables and carriages, which moved mechanically like Merlin's chairs. His attachment to Miss Story is said to have continued even after he was sent to college; but as he could not marry without forfeiting his chance of a fellowship, and as he had no means of supporting a wife and family, he subdued his predilection in silence, and found consolation in the severest labour of study. He retained his feelings of kindness for her whilst she lived, visited her occasionally after she became Mrs Vincent, and, when she sunk into poverty, liberally supplied her wants. His utter unfitness for the humble and laborious details of a farmer's life was manifested by degrees; he was frequently reading under a tree when he should have been inspecting cattle, or superintending labourers; and when he was sent to dispose of farming produce at Grantham market, he was occupied in solving mathematical problems, in a garret or hay-loft, whilst the business was transacted by an old servant who had accompanied him to town. These strong indications of the bias of his disposition were not neglected by his anxious mother; she sent him again for a few months to school, and on the 5th of June 1660, he was admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The combination of industry and talents, with an amiable disposition and unassuming manners, naturally attracted the notice of his tutors, and the friendship of his admiring companions; amongst these was Isaac Barrow, afterwards justly celebrated as a preacher and a mathematician. Saunderson's Logic, Kepler's Optics, and the Arithmetic of Infinites, by Wallis, were the books first studied by Newton at Cambridge. He read the Geometry of Descartes diligently, and looked into the subject of judicial astrology, which then engaged some attention. He read little of Euclid, and is said to have regretted, in a subsequent part of his life, that he had not studied the old mathematicians more deeply. He was methodical in every thing; he kept a regular account of all his expenses at Cambridge; and under the date 1664, it is recorded that he purchased a *prism*: the fact of his buying a small piece of common glass may appear insignificant and trifling in itself, but it acquires a deep interest when it is considered as the foundation of his brilliant discoveries in the science of optics.—[For the nature of these discoveries, see article POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE, in the 20th number of the Journal.]

In 1665, the students of the University of Cambridge were suddenly dispersed by the breaking out of a pestilential disorder in the place. Newton retired for safety to his paternal estate; and though he lost for a time the advantages of public libraries and literary conversation, he rendered the years of his retreat a memorable era in his own existence and in the history of science, by another of his great discoveries, that of the theory of gravitation, or the tendency of bodies towards the centre of our globe. His mind was never idle; experiments, conclusions, and reflections, occupied it continually. He saw an apple fall from a tree, and immediately began to consider the general laws which must regulate all falling bodies. At that time a degree had never been actually measured upon the surface of the earth; his first attempts to account for the wonders of the whole solar system, by the principle of gravitation alone, were, therefore, imperfect, from the want of sufficient data; but resuming the subject afterwards, he found that the same cause which made an apple fall to the ground, retained the moon and planets in their orbits, and regulated, with a simplicity and power truly wonderful, the motions of all the heavenly bodies.

On his return to Cambridge in 1667, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College, and two years afterwards he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the place of his friend Dr Barrow, who resigned. His great discoveries in the science of optics formed for some time the principal subject of his lectures, and his new theory of light and colours was explained, with a clearness arising from perfect knowledge, to the satisfaction of a crowded and admiring audience. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671, and is reputed to have been compelled to apply for a dispensation from the usual payment of one shilling weekly, which is contributed by each member towards the expenses. He had at this period of his life no income except what he derived from his college and his professorship, the produce of his estate being absorbed in supporting his mother and her family. His personal wishes were so moderate that he never could regret the want of money, except inasmuch as it limited his purchases of books and scientifical instruments, and restricted his power of relieving the distress of others. About the year 1683 he composed his great work, entitled *The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy.* In 1688, the memorable year of the Revolution, he was chosen to represent the University in Parliament, and the honour thus conferred on him was repeated in 1701. His great merit at last attracted the notice of those who had it in their power to bestow substantial rewards, and he was appointed Warden of the Mint, an office for which his patient and accurate investigations singularly fitted him, and which he held with general approbation till his death. Honours and emoluments now flowed fast upon him. Leibnitz, having felt envious of the discoveries of Newton, tried to revenge himself by sending over a problem which he thought would show his superiority, by baffling the skill of the English mathematicians: it was received by Newton in the evening after his usual day's labour at the Mint, and he solved it before he retired to rest. After this there was no further attempt made to traduce his fame. In 1705 he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne.

Newton's benevolence of disposition led him to perform all the minor duties of social life with great exactness; he paid and received frequent visits, he assumed no superiority in his conversation, he was candid, cheerful, and affable; his society was therefore much sought, and he submitted to intrusions on his valuable time without a murmur; but by early rising, and by a methodical distribution of his hours, he found leisure to study and compose, and every moment which he could command he passed with a pen in his hand and a book before him. He was generous and charitable—one of his maxims being, *that those who gave nothing before death, never, in fact, gave at all*—a sentiment which ought to fall as a solemn admonition on the ear of those miserable-minded men who bequeath their property for such purposes as may purchase a character for philanthropy after death. His wonderful faculties were very little impaired, even in extreme old age; and his cheerful disposition, combined with temperance and a constitution naturally sound, preserved him from the usual infirmities of life. He was of middle size, with a figure inclining to plumpness; his eyes were animated, piercing, and intelligent; the general expression of his countenance was full of life and kindness; his sight was preserved to the last, and his hair in the decline of his days was white as snow. The severe trial of bodily suffering was reserved for the last stage of his existence, and he supported it with characteristic resignation. On the 20th of March 1726 he expired at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

The character of Newton cannot be delineated and discussed like that of ordinary men; its unity is so beautiful, that the biographer must dwell upon it with delight—and the inquiry, by what means he attained an undisputed superiority over his fellow-creatures, must be both interesting and useful. It has been asserted that all men are born equal in talents, and that the difference which exists amongst them is the effect of education; but this is disproved by the observation of every parent and every schoolmaster, a decided inequality in capacity for receiving instruction being exhibited distinctly by children even in infancy. Newton was endowed with talents of the highest order, but those who are less eminently gifted may study his life with advantage, and derive instruction from every part of his career. With a power of intellect almost divine, he demonstrated the motions of the planets, the orbits of the comets, and the cause of the tides of the ocean; he investigated, with complete success, the properties of light and colours, which no man before had even suspected; he was the diligent, sagacious, faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and Scripture; his philosophy tended to exalt the glory of the Creator; and he exhibited in his manners the purity and simplicity of the doctrines of the Gospel. He was a firm believer in Christianity, not as men in general believe, by coldly assenting to the truth of doctrines, merely because they have been early inculcated by parents and preceptors. He was deeply learned in history and chronology, and he applied the unrivalled powers of his mighty intellect to the complete examination of a subject, compared with which all others sink into insignificance; the result was a clear conviction of the truth of revealed religion, which is demonstrated in all his works, and which was still more effectually shown in his life and conduct. Those who consider his character will duly appreciate the value of his testimony."*

RATTLING ROARING WILLIE.

A Scottish border minstrel, of whom tradition relates a variety of anecdotes, was a person called by the country people Rattling Roaring Willie, a soubriquet probably derived from his bullying disposition; being, it would seem, such a roaring boy as is frequently mentioned in old plays. It is mentioned of Willie, who was among the last of the minstrels, that while drinking at a place called Newmill, upon Teviot, about five miles above Hawick, he chanced to quarrel with one of his own profession, who was usually distinguished by the odd name of Sweet Milk, from a place on Rule Water so called. They retired to a meadow on the opposite side of the Teviot, to decide the contest with their swords—and Sweet Milk was killed on the spot. A thorn tree marks the scene of the murder, which is still called Sweet Milk Thorn. Willie was taken and executed at Jedburgh, bequeathing his name to the beautiful Scotch air, called "Rattling Roaring Willie." A song was also composed, illustrating his history and woeful end, which terminates with the following verse:—

"The lasses of Ousenam water
Are rugging and riving their hair;
And a' for the sake of Willie,
His beauty was so fair.
His beauty was so fair
And comely for to see;
And drink will be dear to Willie
When Sweet Milk gars him dee."

LEYDEN.

Leyden is built on the ancient bed of the Rhine, a branch of which river still passes through it, and gives the name of Rhynland to the surrounding country. The town contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, and a hundred and forty-five stone bridges, forming communications between the islands into which Leyden is divided by numerous canals. Every street is undermined by sewers. One of these is a mile in length, and sufficiently large to admit a boat for the purpose of cleansing it. The gutters are covered with boards only, raised at pleasure, to receive the dirt. Leyden signalized itself in 1573, by the stand it made against the Spaniards, when the Duke of Alva had subjected the whole of Holland except this gallant town. The distress to which the besieged was reduced is scarcely surpassed in the history of Europe. Probably none but the Jews have ever suffered greater horrors. For seven weeks the flesh of dogs and horses, with a few roots and herbs, formed the only food of the inhabitants. At length the elements interposed on behalf of the sufferers; one of the dykes was burst by an equinoctial gale; the whole country was inundated; and the deluge that drove away the Spaniards bore on the surface of its waters boats laden with provisions sent from all quarters to the relief of the town. To reward their bravery, the Prince of Orange offered the burghers an university, or exemption from taxes for a certain number of years. Preferring the former, they have received a just reward in the rise amongst them of many who, in various departments of science, have attained an eminence on which they stand conspicuous to posterity. Foremost in this noble company is Boerhaave, whose talents and perseverance raised him to the rank of the first chemist and physician of his day. He professed these sciences in the university and in the examination-room, his picture is suspended, with those of all who have held the office of professor here. In this venerable society we remarked the portraits of Scaliger, Salmatius, Witsius, and Arminius. The painter Gerard Douw was a native of Leyden, and Rembrandt of its immediate vicinity. The botanical garden does honour to the taste and science with which it was arranged by Boerhaave, who planted there two palm-trees, the living memorials of that great master. The anatomical theatre also is worthy of such a patron; as are the museums of natural history and antiquities, which contain some of the finest collections in Europe of stuffed animals, skeletons, and minerals, besides twenty-four mummies.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

MOZART.

The charity of this great musician was once appealed to in the street by an old acquaintance, who had seen better days. Mozart put his hand into his pocket, but found nothing there; the discovery was embarrassing and painful under such circumstances, but immediately an idea occurred to that great genius; he requested the man to wait—stepped into a coffee-room, and there instantly composed a minuet, folded up the paper, and gave it to the applicant, recommending him to give it to a music-dealer in the city, who, when he saw the contents, would give him something. The man received five *louis d'ors*. It is needless to observe that the minuet

* This sketch of the life of Newton has been abridged from a work of great merit, which should be better known, entitled "Sketches in Biography, designed to show the influence of Literature on Character and Happiness, by John Clayton, Esq." Published in one volume, at Edinburgh, in 1825.

is considered a master-piece, it being the production of an artist who composed nothing but master-pieces; but it is more striking, as it displays an extraordinary degree of musical learning, as well as originality.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

By Mrs Child.

The county of Strafford, New Hampshire, is remarkable or its wild and broken scenery. Ranges of hills, towering one above another, as if eager to look upon the beautiful country, which afar off lies sleeping in the embrace of the clouds—precipices from which the eagle delights to build his eyry—dells rugged and tangled with dark and deep ravines, form the magnificent characteristic of this picturesque region.

A high precipice, called Chocorua's Cliff, is rendered peculiarly interesting by a legend, which tradition alone has saved from utter oblivion. This spot, being in the midst of very romantic scenery, is little known, and less visited; for the vicinity is, as yet, untraversed by rail-roads or canals, and no "mountain house," perched on the tremendous battlements, allures the traveller hither to mock the majesty of nature with the insipidities of fashion.

In olden time, when Goffe and Whalley passed for wizards and mountain-spirits among the superstitious, the vicinity of the spot we have been describing was occupied by a very small colony, which, either from discontent or enterprise, had retired into this remote part of New Hampshire. Most of them were ordinary men, led to this independent mode of life by impatience of restraint, which as frequently accompanies vulgar obstinacy as generous pride. But there was one master-spirit among them, who was capable of a higher destiny than he ever fulfilled. The consciousness of this stamped something of proud humility on the face of Cornelius Campbell, something of a haughty spirit, strongly curbed by circumstances he could not control, and at which he scorned to murmur. He assumed superiority; but unconsciously there was thrown around him the spell of intellect, and his companions felt, they knew not why, that he was "among them, but not of them." His stature was gigantic, and he had the bold quick tread of one who had wandered frequently and fearlessly among the terrible hiding places of nature. His voice was harsh, but his whole countenance possessed singular capabilities for tenderness of expression; and sometimes, under the gentle influence of domestic excitement, his hard features would be rapidly lighted up, seeming like the sunshine flying over the shaded fields in an April day.

His companion was one peculiarly calculated to excite and retain the deep strong energies of manly love. She had possessed extraordinary beauty; and had, in the full maturity of an excellent judgment, relinquished several splendid alliances, and incurred her father's displeasure for the sake of Cornelius Campbell. Had political circumstances proved favourable, his talents and ambition would unquestionably have worked out a path to emolument and fame; but he had been a zealous and active enemy of the Stuarts, and the restoration of Charles the Second was a death-blow to his hopes of advancement in his own country. Immediate flight became necessary; America was the chosen place of refuge, and to this solitary spot he withdrew with his family.

A small settlement, in such a remote place, was of course subject to inconvenience and occasional suffering. From the Indians they received neither injury nor insult. No cause of quarrel had ever arisen; and although their frequent visits were sometimes troublesome, they never had given indications of jealously or malice. Chocorua was considered a prophet among them, and, as such, an object of peculiar respect. He had a mind which education and motive would have nerved with giant strength; but growing up in savage freedom, it wasted itself in fury and ungovernable passions. There was something fearful in the quiet haughtiness of his lip—it seemed so like slumbering power, too proud to be lightly roused, and too implacable to sleep again. In his small black fiery eye, expression lay coiled up like a beautiful snake. The white people knew that his hatred would be terrible; but they had never provoked it, and even the children became too much accustomed to him to fear him.

Chocorua had a son about nine or ten years old, to whom Caroline Campbell had occasionally made such gaudy presents as were likely to attract his savage fancy. This won the child's affections, so that he became a familiar visitant, almost an inmate of their dwelling; and being unrestrained by the courtesies of civilized life, he would inspect every thing, and taste of every thing which came in his way. Some poison, prepared for a mischievous fox which had long troubled the little settlement, was discovered and drunk by the Indian boy, and he went home to his father to sicken and die.

From that moment jealousy and hatred took possession of Chocorua's soul. He never told his suspicions; he brooded over them in secret, to nourish the deadly revenge he contemplated against Cornelius Campbell.

The story of Indian animosity is always the same. Campbell left his hut for the fields early one bright balmy morning in June. Still a lover, though ten years a husband, his last look was turned towards his wife, answering her parting smile—his last action a kiss for each of his children. When he returned, they were dead—all dead! and their disfigured bodies too surely showed that an Indian's hand had done the work!

In such a mind, grief, like all other emotions, was tempestuous. Home had been to him the only verdant spot in the wide desert of life. In his wife and children he had garnered up all his life-heart, and now they were torn from him. The remembrance of her love clung to him like the death-grapple of a drowning man, sucking him down, down into darkness and death. This was followed by a calm a thousand times more terrible—the creeping agony of despair, that brings with it no power of resistance.

> "As if the dead could feel
> The icy worm around him steal."

For many days, those who knew and reverenced him feared that the spark of reason was for ever extinguished. But it rekindled again, and with it came a wild demoniac spirit of revenge. The death-groan of Chocorua would make him smile even in his dreams; and when he looked, death seemed too pitiful a vengeance for the anguish that was eating into his very soul.

Chocorua's brethren were absent on a hunting expedition when he committed the murder; and those who watched his movements observed that he frequently climbed the high precipice, which afterwards took his name, probably looking out for their return. Here Campbell resolved to effect his deadly purpose. Having traced the dark-minded prophet to his lair, he was one morning startled at a loud voice, from beneath the precipice, commanding him to throw himself into the deep abyss below. He knew the voice of his enemy, and replied with an Indian's calmness, "the Great Spirit gave life to Chocorua, and Chocorua will not throw it away at the command of a white man." "Then, hear the Great Spirit speak in the white man's thunder!" exclaimed Campbell, as he pointed his rifle to the precipice. Chocorua, though fierce and fearless as the panther, had never overcome his dread of firearms. He placed his hands upon his ears to shut out the stunning report; the next moment the blood bubbled from his neck, and he reeled fearfully on the edge of the precipice. But, recovering and raising himself on his hands, he spoke in a voice rendered more terrific as its huskines increased—"A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds, and his words are fire! Chocorua had a son—and ye killed him while his eye still loved to look on the bright sun and the green earth! The evil spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the war-path of the Indians! Panthers howl, and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorua goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white men."

The prophet sunk upon the ground—still uttering inaudible maledictions—and they left his bones to whiten in the sun. But his curse rested on the settlement. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife were busy among them, the winds tore up trees and hurled them at their dwellings; their crops were blasted, their cattle died, and sickness came upon their strongest men. At last the remnant of them departed from the fatal spot, to mingle with more populous and fortunate colonies. Campbell became a hermit, seldom seeking his fellow-men; and two years after the dispersion of this colony he was found dead in his hut.

To this day the town of Burton, in New Hampshire, is remarkable for a pestilence which infects its cattle; and the superstitious think that Chocorua's spirit still sits enthroned upon his precipice, breathing curses upon them.*

A CUP OF GENUINE SHERRY.

The information formerly conveyed relative to wines, ancient and modern, will be rendered more complete by the following account of the mode of managing the sherry wines previous to their shipment for this country, as given by Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, in his recently published work, entitled "*Sketches of Spain and Morocco.*" It will be remembered that sherry takes its name from the town of Xeres in Spain, which is the chief seat of its manufacture.

"Nothing at Xeres so much surprises the stranger, and is more worthy of his inspection, than the bodegas or wine-vaults. The vintage itself, though interesting, has nothing particularly striking or picturesque in it; and after having walked through the broiling vineyards, and seen the process of picking and pressing the grapes, the curiosity of the traveller will be satisfied. There are few, however, who would not feel inclined, I think, to repeat their visits more than once to the bodegas. The term wine-vaults is ill suited to convey an idea of these really splendid and extraordinary establishments, which I should class among the things best worth seeing in Spain. Instead of descending into a dark, low, grovelling, and nasty magazine, like the London-dock wine vaults, spacious as they are, you first pass through a street, one entire side of which, for the extent of a quarter of a mile, is occupied by one of these bodegas; and, entering through large folding doors, you find yourself, to your astonishment, in what at first sight appears to be a church of considerable dimensions, with a lofty roof, and divided into spacious aisles.

In the centre you see, in large characters, "Bodega of Jesus;" and, at the sides, "Nave of St Andrew, St Pedro, St Jago." Your eye soon runs along the lower part of the building, and you see some thousand butts of wine ranged along the aisles and against the arched pillars. A delicious fragrance, which you easily recognise, soon convinces you, notwithstanding the pious inscriptions you have been reading, that you are in a place exclusively dedicated to the enjoyments of the body.

On entering, you are waited upon by the superintendant of the bodega, who accompanies you through the different aisles, and who explains to you, in passing each barrel, the name, quality, age, and peculiar flavour of the wine within it; and, in order that you may understand it practically as well as theoretically, his observations are rendered clear and intelligible by a full glass of the delicious liquor. You proceed thus slowly through the whole range of the bodega, occasionally reposing, like Bacchus, astride of a large butt, and sipping bumpers of luscious Paxareti, fragrant Muscatel, or dark creamy Sherry, half a century old. While in the outside everything is blazing with the intenseness of the noontide heat, within, a coldness, and a soft mellow light prevail; and you fancy you should like to pass the remainder of your days in this pleasant retreat. In this manner you keep on quaffing the nectar which is so liberally supplied you, till you think it high time to make your retreat into the hot and dusty streets of Xeres.

Each wine establishment is conducted by an overseer, who is called the capataz, and to whom is entrusted the purchasing of the different wines from the grower, the selection, and the mixing of them, as also the proving and tasting of the brandies required. The interior of one of these large bodegas may be compared to an immense hospital filled with patients, and the capataz, or superintendant, to the visiting physician. The former goes his daily round, accompanied by one of the superintendants, whom we will call the apothecary. As he passes each butt, he begins his inquiry into the state of each patient; not by feeling his pulse, but by tapping, which is immediately performed by his attendant, who runs a spike into it, and presents him with a bumper of its contents. On tasting it, he may probably find that the wine is sick, as it is called by the merchants, being usually the case with young wines; a jar or two of brandy is therefore prescribed for the invalid, and the dose is forth-with administered. A second butt may be found to be equally qualmish, and is relieved in the same manner. The body or constitution of a third may probaby be naturally weak and delicate; this is strengthened and improved by being mixed with wine which is sounder and stronger; while a fourth may be at the very last extremity, so as to require the application of musk. Speaking, however, more seriously, the bodega requires a great deal of skill, constant attention, a nice taste, and a discriminating judgment in the selection not only of the wines but of the brandies; in the improving the delicacy and flavour of the former, increasing or diminishing the body, dryness, and colour, and finally giving such a variety of shades, and differences in flavour and price, as may best suit the particular market, and gratify the taste and appetite of John Bull.

With this I shall conclude the remarks I have been making, merely observing that, however far we may be from drinking the sherry wine in its original state in our own country, owing to the impossibility of preserving it without the addition of a spirituous body, it is so very superior to the lighter kinds of sherry, which are drank in their pure state, and which supply the general consumption in the country, that the last-mentioned wines cannot be compared to it. To the wealthy merchants and exporters of Xeres, we are indebted for a wine which, like port, may be called a sound British wine, and which is far more suitable to an English constitution and climate than the lighter wines of France and the Rhine."

We have all heard of certain idle enthusiasts who have studied the Spanish tongue for the purpose of reading Don Quixote in the original—who have travelled a thousand miles to taste the waters of the Jordan, or a mouthful of snow from Mont Blanc; to wash their hands in the Pacific, or see the sun rise from the summit of the great Pyramid. In the same feeling of devotion, who would not, after perusing the account of the travelled baronet, wish to set out on an expedition to quaff a cup of genuine sherry in the cool bodegas of Xeres?

RISE OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Having established factories in India, the East India Company found no other obstacle to its success than the hostility of the Dutch, which was long very formidable. "The Dutch (continues Macculloch, in the Dictionary of Commerce) endeavoured to obtain the exclusive possession of the spice trade, and were not at all scrupulous about the means by which they attempted to bring about their favourite object. The English, on their part, naturally exerted themselves to obtain a share of so valuable a commerce; and as neither party were disposed to abandon its views and pretensions, the most violent animosities grew up between them. During the civil war, Indian affairs were necessarily lost sight of; and the Dutch continued, until the ascendancy of the republican party had been established, to reign triumphant in the East, where the English commerce was nearly annihilated. But, notwithstanding their depressed condition, the Company's servants in India laid the foundation, during the period in question, of the settlements at Madras and in Bengal. Permission to build Fort St George was obtained from the native authorities in 1640. In 1658, Madras was raised to the station of a Presidency. In 1645, the Company began to establish factories in Bengal, the principal of which was at Hooghly. These were for a lengthened period subordinate to the presidency of Madras.

"No sooner, however, had the civil wars terminated, than the arms and councils of Cromwell retrieved the situation of our affairs in India. The war which broke out between the Long Parliament and the Dutch in 1652, was eminently injurious to the latter. The charter under which the East India Company prosecuted their exclusive trade to India being merely a grant from the crown, and not ratified by any act of Parliament, was understood by the merchants to be at an end when Charles I. was deposed. They were confirmed in this view of the matter, from the circumstance of Charles having himself granted, in 1635, a charter to Sir William Courten and others, authorising them to trade with those parts of India with which the Company had not established any regular intercourse The reasons alleged in justification of this measure, by the crown, were, that the East India Company had neglected to establish fortified factories, or seats of trade, to which the King's subjects could resort with safety; that they had consulted their own interests only, without any regard to the King's revenue; and, in general, that they had broken the condition on which their charter and exclusive privileges had been granted to them. Courten's association, for the foundation of which such satisfactory reasons had been assigned, continued to trade with India during the remainder of Charles' reign; and no sooner had the arms of the Commonwealth forced the Dutch to desist from their depredations, and to make reparations for the injuries they had inflicted on the English in India, than private adventurers engaged in great numbers in the Indian

* I believe this is the first time the above has appeared in Great Britain.

trade, and carried it on with a zeal, economy, and success, that monopoly can never expect to rival. It is stated in a little work, entitled *Britannia Languens*, published in 1680 (the author of which has evidently been a well-informed and intelligent person), that, during the years 1653, 1654, 1655, and 1656, when the trade to India was open, the private traders imported East Indian commodities in such large quantities, and sold them at such reduced prices, that they not only supplied the British markets, but had even come into successful competition with the Dutch in the market of Amsterdam, and very much sunk the shares of the Dutch East India Company. This circumstance naturally excited the greatest apprehensions on the part of the Dutch East India Company; for, besides the danger that they now ran of being deprived, by the active competition of the English merchants, of a considerable part of the trade which they had previously enjoyed, they could hardly expect that, if the trade were thrown open in England, the monopoly would continue in Holland.

"Feeling that it was impossible to contend with the private adventurers under a system of fair competition, the moment the treaty with the Dutch had been concluded, the Company began to solicit a renewal of their charter, which they succeeded in receiving from Cromwell in 1657. Charles II. confirmed this charter in 1661; and at the same time conferred on them the power of making peace or war with any people *not of the Christian religion*; of establishing fortifications, garrisons, and colonies; of exporting ammunition and stores to their settlements duty free; of seizing and sending to England such British subjects as should be found trading to India without their leave; and of exercising civil and criminal jurisdiction in their settlements, according to the laws of England. Still, however, as this charter was not fully confirmed by any act of Parliament, it did not prevent traders, or interlopers, as they were termed, from appearing within the limits of the Company's territories. Hence their monopoly was by no means complete; and it was not till after the Revolution that the authority of Parliament was interposed to enable the Company wholly to engross the trade with the east.

"In addition to the losses arising from this source, the Company's trade suffered severely during the reign of Charles II. from the hostilities that were then waged with the Dutch, and from the confusion and disorders caused by the contests among the native princes; but in 1668, the Company obtained a very valuable acquisition in the island of Bombay. Charles II. acquired this island as part of the marriage portion of his wife, Catherine of Portugal; and it was now made over to the Company on condition of their not selling or alienating it to any persons whatever, except such as were subjects of the British crown. They were allowed to legislate for their new possession; but it was enjoined that their laws should be consonant to reason, and as near as might be agreeable to the practice of England. They were authorised to maintain their dominion by force of arms; and the natives of Bombay were declared to have the same liberties as natural born subjects. The Company's western presidency was soon after transferred from Surat to Bombay. But the reign of Charles II. is chiefly memorable in the Company's annals, from its being the commencement of the tea trade. The first notice of tea in the Company's records is found in a dispatch, addressed to their agent at Bantam, dated 24th January 1667–8, in which he is desired to send home 100 lbs. of tea, 'the best he can get.' Such was the late and feeble beginning of the tea trade; a branch of commerce that has long been of vast importance to the British nation, and without which, it is more than probable that the East India Company would long since have ceased to exist, at least as a mercantile body.

"In 1677, the Company obtained a fresh renewal of their charter. During the greater part of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the affairs of the association at home were principally managed by the celebrated Sir Josiah Child, the ablest commercial writer of the time; and in India, by his brother Sir John Child. Sir Josiah was one of the first who projected the formation of a territorial empire in India. But the expedition fitted out in 1686, in the view of accomplishing this purpose, proved unsuccessful; and the Company were glad to accept peace on the terms offered by the Mogul. During the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and that of his successor, the number of private adventurers, or interlopers, in the Indian trade, increased in an unusual degree. After serious contests, the trade was virtually laid open by a vote of the House of Commons: 'That all the subjects of England had an equal right to trade to the East Indies, unless prohibited by act of Parliament.' Matters continued on this footing till 1698."

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

An interesting work, entitled, "*A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in* 1827, *by* Augustus Earle,' has made its appearance, and presents some new traits of character of the savage inhabitants of that distant island. It appears from the narrative that these people are much less ferocious than has generally been represented, and that they are a very superior and fine-looking race, in comparison with the natives of New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land. There is a missionary settlement in New Zealand; but, from the author's account, it does no good, and its religious members said to be chiefly mindful of their own comforts and aggrandisement—a circumstance requiring immediate inquiry in the proper quarter With all the good points of character which the narrator bestows on the natives, it seems they have still a strong hankering after human flesh, as is evident from the following quotation:—

"The New Zealanders (says Mr Earle) have been long charged with cannibalism; but as no person of importance or celebrity had actually been a witness to the disgusting act, in pity to our nature such relations have been universally rejected, and much has been written to prove the non-existence of so hideous a propensity. It was my lot to behold it in all its horrors! One morning, about eleven o'clock, after I had just returned from a long walk, Captain Duke informed me he had heard, from very good authority (though the natives wished it to be kept a profound secret), that in the adjoining village a female slave named Matowe had been put to death, and that the people were at that very time preparing her flesh for cooking. At the same time he reminded me of a circumstance which had taken place the evening before. Atoi had been paying us a visit, and, when going away, he recognised a girl who he said was a slave that had run away from him; he immediately seized hold of her, and gave her in charge to some of his people. The girl had been employed in carrying wood for us; Atoi's laying claim to her had caused us no alarm for her life, and we had thought no more on the subject; but now, to my surprise and horror, I heard this poor girl was the victim they were preparing for the oven! Captain Duke and myself were resolved to witness this dreadful scene. We therefore kept our information as secret as possible, well knowing that if we had manifested our wishes, they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village; and, being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies. On a spot of rising ground, just outside the village, we saw a man preparing a native oven, which is done in the following simple manner:—A hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewed around, and a boy was standing by them actually laughing: he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognised the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening! We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes; no doubt to hide it there for another meal! The man completed his task with the most perfect composure, telling us, at the same time, that the repast would not be ready for some hours! Here stood Captain Duke and myself, both witnesses of a scene which many travellers have related, and their relations have invariably been treated with contempt; indeed, the veracity of those who had the temerity to relate such incredible events has been every where questioned. In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle, nor the excuse that they eat their enemies to perfect their triumph This was an action of unjustifiable cannibalism. Atoi, the chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge Atoi with his brutality. Atoi received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn, if possible, the whole particulars. Atoi at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained it was for himself and his favourite companions After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Atoi frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added, that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objection to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; that if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked, it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sunset. We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and shewed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her:—'For,' said he, 'I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart!' My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and was a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim to his bloody cruelty was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age! While listening to this frightful detail, we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi, and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting mess was cooking. Not a native was now near it; a hot fetid steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass; and the same dog we had seen with the head now crept from beneath the bushes, and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing on this melancholy place; it was a lowering gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept round the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings. After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast: this resolution formed, we rose to execute it. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and, collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist in destroying the oven, and burying the remains of the girl: they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or a pickaxe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Atoi and his friends had by some means been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats to deter us, and seemed highly indignant; but as none of his followers appeared willing to come to blows, and seemed ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted by them to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave; then we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view—the four quarters of a human body half roasted. During our work clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust created by our task was almost overpowering We collected all the parts we could recognise; the heart was placed separately, we supposed as a savoury morsel for the chief himself. We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven." And when they were gone, the natives disinterred their favourite dish, and ate it.

CUSTOMS IN VISITING THE POPE.

Williams, in his Travels in Italy and Greece, gives an account of certain usages in Rome, of some interest to the English reader. Speaking of the intercourse which subsists betwixt the British residents and the Pope, he proceeds to mention that, "on occasions when the English have been introduced to him, the Pope has taken the opportunity to say flattering things respecting the English character. The number of introductions—for few Englishmen return from Rome without having been introduced, if he is at that time in Rome—cannot fail to be burdensome to his holiness. As England has had, since the Reformation, no accredited minister at the Roman court, the introduction of the English has usually devolved on some one of the Scotch or Irish ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church resident at Rome. Abbé Grant, of the Scotch college, long performed that office. The person to whom it now belongs (1820) is Abbé Taylor, an Irishman. To this gentleman you signify your wish, for the gratification of which, you have, however, frequently to wait some time, as his list is in the full season very numerous, and the Pope receives only seven strangers at one time, and many days often elapse between one reception day and the next.

The necessary equipment is a court dress, sword, &c., according to instructions from Abbé Taylor. Persons who have a claim to it may go in uniform, naval or military; and many do this who have no claim. The uniform of a naval lieutenant had got into the hands of a Roman tailor, who had let it out for the occasion of an introduction to the Pope, to so many of our countrymen, that it was nearly as well known at the Vatican as the habit of a Cardinal would be, and the navy lieutenant was a standing joke at Rome.

When the seven persons who are to form that day's party are all arrived at Abbé Taylor's, they set out for the Vatican, where they are first introduced by Cardinal Gonsalvi, and then, being first desired to divest themselves of their swords, are conducted by the Abbé to the presence of the Pope. Nothing can contrast more strongly with the pomp and circumstance of a royal levee than this scene. The Pope sits in a sort of study, at his table, writing, with some books near him, his dress being quite in dishabille, somewhat like a flannel dressing-gown. When the visitors enter, he rises and comes forward to the circle, and commences conversation, gene-

rally preceding it with something complimentary to the English character, and his high esteem for the nation. He observed to a friend of mine, that when he first came as a student to Rome, he scarcely remembered one chimney in the city, but that now he could count nearly 100; this he attributed to the British residents. He particularly mentioned his obligations to the English nation, for the restoration of so many works of art recovered to Rome at their expence. The period for remaining in the Papal presence is various, but generally not exceeding half an hour. Some English ladies procured the honour of an introduction, and wore black veils on the occasion.

We have often met his Holiness taking his favourite walk near the Coliseum His morning dress is a scarlet mantle, a scarlet hat with a very broad brim, edged with gold, scarlet stockings and shoes. When he is met by the Romans, they invariably fall on their knees, and he gives them his blessing. The British stand, and take off their hats, and their bows are graciously returned. His Holiness's carriage, which is a plain, crazy-looking machine, drawn by six horses with riders in purple livery, always follows him. On one of his walks, the Pope threw some money on the road among some poor people, and, to our surprise, they scrambled and fought for it as soon as his back was turned."

JULY.

Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
Unsinews labour. The swinkt mower sleeps;
The weary maid rakes feebly; the warm swain
Pitches his load reluctantly; the faint steer,
Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
The slow encumbered wain in midday heat.

JULY is the seventh month of the year. According to the reckoning of the Romans it was the fifth, and called QUINTILIS, until Mark Antony denominated it July, in compliment to Caius Cæsar, the Roman dictator, whose surname was Julius, who improved the calendar and was born in this month.

Leigh Hunt, in his *Months*, has the following characteristic observations on this delightful season of the year. "The heat is greatest in this month on account of its previous duration. The reason why it is less so in August is, that the days are then much shorter, and the influence of the sun has been gradually diminishing. The farmer is still occupied in getting the productions of the earth into his garners; but those who can avoid labour enjoy as much rest and shade as possible. There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is chapped with parching. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest because latest in leaf, form noble clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green against the blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country through the fields and the leafy lanes, where nevertheless the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle get into the shade, or stand in the water. The active and air-cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey about the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, 'fleshless and bloodless,' seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is also the only audible thing now, increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet by its gentle contrast. The bee now and then sweeps across the ear with his gravest tone. The gnats

Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide;—SPENSER.

and here and there the little musician of the grass touches forth his tricksy note.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's.——KEATS.

Besides some of the flowers of last month, there are now candy-tufts, catch-fly, columbines, egg-plant, French mary-golds, lavateras, London-pride, marvel of Peru, veronicas, tuberoses, which seem born of the white rose and lily; and scarlet-beans, which, though we are apt to think little of them because they furnish us with a good vegetable, are quick and beautiful growers, and in a few weeks will hang a wall or trellis with an exuberant tapestry of scarlet and green.

The additional trees and shrubs in flower are bramble, button-wood, iteas, cistuses, climbers, and broom. Pimpernel, cockle, and fumitory, are now to be found in corn-fields, the blue-bell in wastes or by the road-sides; and the luxuriant hop is flowering.

The fruits begin to abound, and are more noticed, in proportion to the necessity for them occasioned by the summer-heat. The strawberries are in their greatest quantity and perfection; and currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, have a world of juice for us, prepared, as it were, in so many crowds of little bottles, in which the sunshine has turned the dews of April into wine. The strawberry lurks about under a beautiful leaf. Currants are also extremely beautiful. A handsome bunch looks like pearls or rubies, and an imitation of it would make a most graceful earring. We have seen it, when held lightly by fair fingers, present as lovely a drop, and piece of contrast, as any holding hand in a picture of Titian.

Bulbous rooted flowers, that have almost done with their leaves, should now be taken up, and deposited in shallow wooden boxes. Mignionette should be transplanted into small pots, carnations be well attended to and supported, and auriculas kept clean from dead leaves and weeds, and in dry weather frequently watered.

It is now the weather for bathing, a refreshment too little taken in this country, either in summer or winter. We say in winter, because with very little care in placing it near a cistern, and having a leathern pipe for it, a bath may be easily filled once or twice a-week with warm water; and it is a vulgar error that the warm bath relaxes. An excess, either warm or cold, will relax; and so will any other excess: but the sole effect of the warm bath moderately taken is, that it throws off the bad humours of the body by opening and clearing the pores. As to summer bathing, a father may soon teach his children to swim, and thus perhaps might be the means of saving their lives some day or other, as well as health. Ladies also, though they cannot bathe in the open air as they do in some of the West Indian islands and other countries, by means of natural basins among the rocks, might oftener make a substitute for it at home in tepid baths. The most beautiful aspects under which Venus has been painted or sculptured, have been connected with bathing: and indeed there is perhaps no one thing that so equally contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper;—to health, in putting the body into its best state; to beauty, in clearing and tinting the skin; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable personages, 'the nerves,' which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner."

Gardening.—JULY.

FRUIT GARDEN.—In the beginning of this month, thin finally the later-ripening apricots, and early peaches and nectarines, following up those which ripen in succession. Wall-trees and espaliers must be looked over, and divested of their superfluous wood, and the rest trained regularly and neatly at length. Vines must be looked over, their tendrils taken off, the laterals shortened to one joint, if the upper bud has pushed since the last month long enough to require this to be done. The shoots which have produced fruit must be shortened to two joints above the uppermost branch, keeping those closely trained to the wall. Runners of all sorts of strawberries should now be taken off, and the young plants bedded out, in order to have them strong and well-rooted previously to their being finally planted out in the autumn. Should the weather prove dry, they must be well watered till they have taken root.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow cape broccoli, endive, kidney beans, lettuces, spinach, and turnips; hoe carrots, leeks, onions, parsnips, and turnips; plant out broccoli, cauliflowers, and winter greens. Plant out celery on the flat surface of rich ground, and on trenches, taking care to take up each plant with all its roots, and to divest it of all its side-shoots to its principal leaves, which would otherwise prevent its making a fine clean handsome head. Prepare mushroom spawn, if not done last month. Cucumbers will now be in full bearing upon the ridges, and should be kept pegged down, stopping the leading runners, so as to keep the plants close, and the ridges completely filled up. In earthing up the hills of melons, one or two of the frames or pits may now be spawned for mushrooms; these will produce their crop in the autumn. Take up garlic, potato onions, rocambole, and shallots, when the leaves begin to decay, and lay them on mats in an airy place to dry.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

WINTER GARDENS IN PRUSSIA.

At Berlin there are four extensive winter gardens, in which he appearance of a perpetual summer is kept up. They are simply large greenhouses, or orangeries, with paved floors, a lofty ceiling, and upright windows in front—the air heated by stoves, supplied with fuel from without. On the floor are placed here and there large orange trees, myrtles, and various New Holland plants in boxes. Round the stems of the trees tables are formed, which are used for refreshments for the guests, and for pamphlets and newspapers. There are also clumps of trees and of flowering plants; and sometimes pine apples and fruit trees. The gardens abound with moveable tables and seats, and there is generally music, a writer of poetry, a reader, a lecturer; short plays have even been acted in them on the Sundays. In the evening the whole is illuminated, and on certain days of the week the music and illumination is on a grander scale. In some of these orangeries there are separate saloons for billiards, for ladies who object to the smoke of tobacco, for cards, and select parties. In the morning part of the day the gardens are chiefly resorted to by old gentlemen, who read the papers, talk politics, and drink coffee. In the evening they are crowded by ladies and gentlemen, and refreshments of various kinds are taken; and it is quite common for company to call in after the play to meet their friends, or take refreshments. There is nothing of the kind in any other country of Europe to be compared to those gardens.—*Time's Telescope for* 1830.

THE ADIEU.

Written in 1808, by LORD BYRON, under the impression that he would soon die.

Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,
And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years:
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Southern home?

Home of my sires! a long farewell—
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view;
The faultering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy hall,
Forgets its wonted simple note;
But yet the lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet! along whose rippling surge
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
At noontide heat their pliant course,
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd:
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my friend! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear,
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of love the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn

All, all, is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,—
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead!

O, Fame thou goddess of my heart
On him who gains thy praise
Pointless must fall the spectre's dart,
Consumed in glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;
The meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies, and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of light! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within:
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calms't the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.

EXPEDITION OF JAMES V. AGAINST THE BORDER THIEVES.

THE remarkable expedition of James V., in the year 1529, into the southern Highlands of Scotland, to inflict judicial punishment on the marauders of these border districts, furnishes various amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the state of society in the sixteenth century. Having very sagaciously

as a first step, secured in safe custody the principal chief tains by whom the disorders were privately encouraged, namely, the Earl of Bothwell, the Lord Home, Lord Maxwell, Scott of Buccleugh, and Ker of Fernyherst, James assembled an army, and set out under the pretence of enjoying the pastime of hunting. The track which the King and his retinue pursued led him first through the western part of Peebles-shire, from whence he made a detour to the left, through Ettrick and Ewesdale. It is ascertained, by tradition, that in penetrating the wilds in the upper part of Tweeddale, he felt himself very much at a loss to discover the proper path into the vale of Drummelzier It is supposed that the main body of his attendants was sent up the strath of Manor Water, while he and a few retainers made a stretch westward, through the demesnes of Sir James Tweedie, a thane of considerable power in this quarter at the time, who resided in a strong peel-house, called the Thane's Castle, near Drummelzier, and the ruin of which is still extant, on the point of a steep conical rock. Here the chief of the Tweedies used to reside, and domineer over the adjacent region. He was likewise in the habit of exacting a species of court by persons passing his fastness, in much the same way that the petty princes of Africa oblige travellers to wait upon them, either to gratify their love of power or plunder The King having required a guide through the district of the Tweedies, a poor labouring man of the name of Bartram offered himself, and was accepted. This person assiduously escorted him from near the Rachan to Glenwhappen, through the vale commanded by Tweedie's castle, and so well was James pleased with his attention, that he granted him a freehold property, called Duck-pool, in the parish of Glenholm. It is somewhat curious that the lineal descendant of this Bartram still possesses a portion of the estate so conferred. In the course of three hundred years it has been much reduced in size, as much from the aggressions of the more powerful lairds as from the necessities of the family. Its dimensions are now to the extent of little more than an acre, yet it acknowledges no superior, and, from the peculiarity of the tenure, pays no tax or assessment.

The Thane of Drummelzier having been informed that a stranger, evidently of some note, had passed his mansion without paying the wonted obedience to its lordly owner, or craving his hospitality, pursued the King with sixteen attendants, uniformly arrayed, and mounted on white horses, to Glenwhappen; where, having found the refugee among his friends assembled, he imperiously demanded corporal satisfaction for this ideal affront: whereupon the King discovered himself, brought the proud Sir James on his knees for pardon, which, it is mentioned, was more readily granted by the King than forgiven by the Thane.

The King having shortly fallen in with his troops, proceeded onward to the tower of Henderland, standing near the mouth of the river Meggat, which falls into the pretty little lake of St Mary, in Selkirkshire. This fastness was the habitation of a person of the name of Piers Cokburne, who was noted for the great extent of his depredations. Not having been made aware of the approach of royalty, or the purposes of such an expedition, he and his family were encompassed and seized unawares Tradition tells that they were sitting at dinner when their gate was surprised. James's impetuous temper seems to have dictated that execution should follow rapidly on trial and condemnation, or rather upon accusation. Cokburne's wife and family were glad to be permitted to make their escape in opposite directions. The freebooter was himself instantly pinioned, and hanged over the gate of his own tower. While the execution was going forward, the unhappy wife of Cokburne took refuge in the recesses of the rocky bed of Henderland Burn, which passes near the site of the castle. Here she is said to have striven to drown, amid the roar of a foaming cataract, the tumultuous noise which announced the close of her husband's existence. By the ballad of "the Border Widow," which is supposed to apply to this incident, it appears that she ventured out after the deed was perpetrated, and took charge of the corpse. The words she is understood to utter are very affecting:—

"I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watched the corpse, myself alane;
I watched his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed and whiles I satte;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd him with the sod sae green."

After the execution of Cokburne of Henderland, James marched rapidly forward, to surprise in a similar manner Adam Scott of Tushielaw, called the King of the Border, and sometimes the King of Thieves. A path through the mountains, which separates the vale of Ettrick from the head of Yarrow, is still called the *King's Road*, and seems to have been the route which he followed. Tushielaw was a tower, or peel-house, now in ruins, overhanging the wild banks of the Ettrick. Here the same feat was performed. It is understood that other executions followed this, but of these none was of so bold a character as the killing of the famous Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie.

Johnnie Armstrong is a noted person both in history and tradition. He appears to have been a border depredator on a singularly magnificent scale. His tower is still extant. It occupies a pleasant situation among the bewildering beauties of Eskdale, in the south-eastern part of Dumfries-shire, and within an hour's ride of the Cumberland side of the border It is of considerable extent and space, though now only serving in the capacity of a cow-house to the neighbouring farmer. There is now reason to believe that Johnnie, the proprietor of this castle, and the head of a potent clan of Armstrongs, was not ignorant of the exterminating principles which actuated the king It is rather evident that he had determined on braving it out before "his grace." As the sovereign proceeded down the vale of the Ewes towards Langholm, the freebooter presented himself before him with "a gallant companie" of thirty-six well-mounted Elliots and Armstrongs, arrayed in all the pomp of border chivalry. The spot at which the meeting took place was at Carlinrigg Chapel, ten miles south of Hawick. It turned out that Johnnie had entirely miscalculated on the effect likely to be produced by the imposing appearance of his train. The King was incensed to see a freebooter so gallantly equipped, and commanded him instantly to be led to execution, saying, "What wants this knave, save a crown, to be as magnificent as a King." On this John Armstrong made earnest entreaty for his life, offering, at first poll, four and twenty milk-white steeds, and afterwards increasing his ransom in amount to twenty-four "ganging mills," with as much "gude red wheit" as would keep them in grinding for a whole year; but all was of no avail He, as a last shift, offered to maintain himself with fifty men, ready to serve the King at a moment's notice, at his own expense; engaging never to hurt or injure any Scottish subject, as, indeed, had never been his practice; and undertaking, that there was not a man in England, of whatever degree, duke, earl, lord, or baron, but he would engage, within a certain time, to present to the King, dead or alive. But the King would listen to no offer, however great, whereupon John broke out into a fume of proud indignation, and, as the ballad has it, exclaimed,

"To seek het water aneath cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie;
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me;"

continuing, that, had he anticipated such usage, he would have lived on the borders in despite of both King Harry and James, and that the former would downweigh his best horse with gold to know that he had been put to death. No farther parley took place. Johnnie and all his retinue were immediately hanged upon some growing trees, near the above-mentioned chapel. They were buried in its deserted church-yards, where their graves are yet shown. The country people, who hold the memory of the unfortunate marauders in very high respect, believe that, to manifest the injustice of their execution the trees immediately withered away.

CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF BIRMINGHAM MANUFACTURERS AND MANUFACTURES.

"Birmingham (says the late Mr William Hutton, in his history of this large and populous town) began with the productions of the anvil, and probably will end with them. The sons of the hammer were once her chief inhabitants; but that great crowd of artists is now lost in a greater. Genius seems to increase with multitude. Part of the riches, extension, and improvement of Birmingham, are owing to the late John Taylor, Esq. who possessed the singular power of perceiving things as they really were. The spring and consequence of action were open to his view. He rose from minute beginnings to shine in the commercial, as Shakspeare did in the poetical, and Newton in the philosophical hemisphere.

To this uncommon genius we owe the gilt button, the japanned and gilt snuff-boxes, with the numerous race of enamels. From the same fountain issued the painted snuff-box, at which one servant earned three pounds ten shillings per week, by painting them at a farthing each. In his shops were weekly manufactured, buttons to the amount of L.800, exclusive of other valuable productions. One of the present nobility, of distinguished taste, examining the works with the master, purchased some of the articles; among others, a toy of eighty guineas value; and while paying for them, observed with a smile, "he plainly saw he could not reside in Birmingham for less than two hundred pounds a-day." Mr Taylor died in 1775, at the age of sixty-four, after acquiring a fortune of L.200,000.

BUCKLES.

Perhaps the shoe, in one form or other, is nearly as ancient as the foot. It originally appeared under the name of sandal; this was no other than a sole without an upper-leather. That fashion has been since inverted, and we have sometimes seen an upper-leather nearly without a sole. But whatever was the cut of the shoe, it always demanded a fastening. Under the house of Plantagenet, the shoe shot horizontally from the foot, like a Dutch skate, to an enormous length; so that the extremity was fastened to the knee sometimes with a silver chain, a silk lace, or even a pack-thread string, rather than avoid *genteel taste*.

This thriving beak drew the attention of the legislature, which determined to prune the exorbitant shoot; for, in 1465, we find an order of council, prohibiting the growth of the shoe-toe beyond two inches, under the penalty of a dreadful curse from the priest—and, what was worse, the payment of twenty shillings to the king.

This fashion, like every other, gave way to time; and, in its stead, the rose began to bud upon the foot, which, under the house of Tudor, opened in great perfection. No shoe was fashionable without being fastened with a full blown rose. Ribbons of every colour, except white, the emblem of the depressed house of York, were had in esteem; but the red, like the house of Lancaster, held the pre-eminence. Under the house of Stuart the rose withered, which gave rise to the shoe-string. The beaux of that age ornamented their lower tier with double laces of silk, tagged with silver, and the extremities were beautified with a small fringe of the same metal. The inferior class wore laces of plain silk, linen, or even a thong of leather; which last is yet to be met with in the humble plains of rural life.

The revolution was remarkable for the introduction of William, of liberty, and the minute buckle, not differing much in size and shape from the horse bean.

This offspring of fancy, like the clouds, is ever changing. The fashion of to-day is thrown into the casting pot to-morrow.

The buckle seems to have undergone every figure, size, and shape of geometrical invention. It has passed through every form in Euclid. The large square buckle, plated with silver, was the *ton* of 1781. The ladies also adopted the reigning taste; it was difficult to discover their beautiful little feet, covered with an enormous shield of buckle; and we wonder to see the active motion under the massive load.

In 1812, the whole generation of fashions, in the buckle line, was extinct; a buckle was not to be found on a female foot, nor upon any foot except that of old age.

GUNS.

King William was once lamenting, 'that guns were not manufactured in his dominions, but that he was obliged to procure them from Holland, at a great expense, and with great difficulty.' Sir Richard Newdigate, one of the members for the county, being present, told the King, 'that genius resided in Warwickshire, and that he thought his constituents would answer his majesty's wishes.' The king was pleased with the remark, and the member posted to Birmingham. Upon application to a person in Digbeth, the pattern was executed with precision, and, when presented to the royal board, gave entire satisfaction. Orders were immediately issued for large numbers, which have been so frequently repeated, that they never lost their road; and the ingenious artists were so amply rewarded, that they have rolled in their carriages to this day.

It seems that the word 'London' marked upon guns is a better passport than the word 'Birmingham;' and the Birmingham gun-makers had long been in the habit of marking their goods as being made in London.

In 1813, some of the principal gun-makers of London brought a bill into the House of Commons to oblige every manufacturer of firearms to mark them with his real name and place of abode. The Birmingham gun-makers took the alarm; petitioned the house against the bill, and thirty-two gun-makers instantly subscribed six hundred and fifty pounds to defray the expense of opposing it. They represented that they made the component parts of the London guns, which differed from theirs only in being put together, and marked in the metropolis.

Government authorised the gun-makers of Birmingham to erect a proof-house of their own, with wardens and a proof master; and allowed them to decorate their guns with the ensigns of royalty. All fire-arms manufactured in Birmingham and its vicinity are subjected to the proof required by the Board of Ordnance: the expense is not to exceed one shilling each piece; and the neglect of proving is attended with a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds.

STEEL.

The manufacture of iron, in Birmingham, is ancient beyond research; that of steel is of modern date.

This art appeared at Birmingham in the seventeenth century, and was introduced by the family of Kettle. The name of Steelhouse-lane will convey to posterity the situation of the works; the commercial spirit of Birmingham will convey the produce to the antipodes.

From the warm but dismal climate of this town issues the button which shines on the breast, and the bayonet intended to pierce it; the lancet which bleeds the man, and the rowel the horse; the lock which preserves the beloved bottle, and the screw to uncork it; the needle, equally obedient to the thimble and the pole.

BRASS WORKS.

The manufacture of brass was introduced into Birmingham by the family of Turner about 1740. They erected those works at the south end of Coleshill Street; then near two hundred yards beyond the buildings, but now the buildings extend half a mile beyond them.

Under the black clouds which arose from this corpulent tunnel, some of the trades collected their daily supply of brass, but the major part was drawn from the Macclesfield, Cheadle, and Bristol companies.

Brass is an object of some magnitude in the trades of Birmingham; the consumption is said to be a thousand tons per annum. The manufacture of this useful article had long been in the hands of few and opulent men, who, instead of making the humble bow for favours received, acted with despotic sovereignty, established their own laws, chose their customers, directed the price, and governed the market. In 1780 the article rose, either through caprice or necessity, perhaps the former, from seventy-two pounds a ton to eighty-four pounds. The result was, an advance upon the goods manufactured, followed by a number of counter-orders, and a stagnation of business.

In 1781, a person, from affection to the user, or resentment to the maker, perhaps the latter, harangued the public in the weekly papers, censured the arbitrary measures of the brazen sovereigns, showed their dangerous influence over the trades of the town, and the easy manner in which works of our own might be constructed. Good often arises out of evil; this fiery match quickly kindled another furnace in Birmingham. Public meetings were advertised, a committee appointed, and subscriptions opened to fill two hundred shares, of one hundred pounds each, which was deemed a sufficient capital; each proprietor of a share to purchase one ton of brass annually. Works were immediately erected upon the banks of the canal, for the advantage of water carriage, and the whole was conducted with the true spirit of Birmingham freedom.

The old companies, which we may justly consider the directors of a South Sea bubble in miniature, sunk the price from eighty-four pounds to fifty-six pounds. Two inferences arise from this measure; that their profits were once very high, or were now very low; and that, like some former monarchs in the abuse of power, they repented one day too late.

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RECOGNITIONS.

"Dignus vindice *nod*-us."———

If you be a person that have lived for a long time in any large town, you must have ere this felt the dreadful inconvenience of knowing and being known by every body. The courtesy of society demands that, on meeting any one in the street, of whom you have the slightest acquaintance, you must *not* "affect to nod," like Alexander, but give a real *bona fide* nod, or, if you please, a bow, as a mark of respect or regard—a practice which leads to a thousand disagreeable sensations in the day, till at last you almost resolve that your progress shall be like that of a British war-chariot—CUTTING right and left, without regard to man, woman, or child. It is not that you have any abstract disinclination to pay this tribute to friendship; it is the frequency and the iteration of the thing that annoys you. You could tolerate, perhaps, a certain number of nods in the day—*I* would willingly compound for twenty—and it would be all very well if you only met a friend on the street once in the month or so. But this is not the way of it: you cannot be abroad two hours (supposing that you are of long standing in the town) without meeting fifty people and upwards, to whom you must "vail your haughty head," and, what is worst of all, the half of these are people whom you met and nodded to yesterday, and the day before, and every day before that again, back to the creation of the world With many of these persons, your acquaintance at first was of the very slightest nature. You met the man in a steam-boat, and had your respective names mentioned by a friend. You left a room one day as he was entering, and you were introduced, and, after exchanging only three words, made a friendly bow to each other, and parted. Perhaps he was introduced to you passingly on the street by some person to whom you had been introduced several years before, in the same transient way, by an individual whose acquaintance of you was originally of so slight a character that you had even then forgot for some years how it commenced. Your reminiscences upon the whole subject are a Generation of Shadows, traced back to Nothing Possibly you sat next to him one night "consule Planco," at a mason lodge, and to this blessed hour have never so much as learned his name. When it happens that you do not see or meet these acquaintances for six months after your first rencontre, the affair has by that time got cool enough to justify you mutually in cutting each other. But in most cases it happens quite differently. On the very morning, perhaps, after having scraped acquaintance with a merry fellow in some promiscuous company, you meet him going abroad, like yourself, to his place of business. As nothing of the world, or its concerns, has as yet got between you and your recollections of last night's conviviality, you pull up with him for a minute, shake hands, laugh cordially in each other's faces, hope each other is quite well after yesternight's business, remark what a deal of fun there was, what a deuced funny fellow that was who sung the comic songs, and so forth; and then, with another cordial shake of each other's hands, you part off, each to the serious duties of the day. Unfortunately, it happens that this new acquaintance of yours has to go to his place of business exactly at the same time in the morning with yourself, and that your places of residence and business are co-relatively in opposite situations. It is, therefore, your doom to cross each other's path regularly every morning at ten minutes before ten, for all the *rest* of your natural lives. Your eyes begin to open upon this appalling fact on the second day. You meet your man *then*, exactly at the same spot as on the morning before; when, the conviviality of the penult evening being totally spent, both in respect of its effect on your mind, and as a subject of conversation, you stand in an agony of a minute's duration talking to each other of you know not what, till, fortunately, perhaps, a friend comes up who is going your way, and you hook yourself upon him, and take a hurried leave of your new acquaintance. Next morning, you content yourself with shaking your friend by the hand cordially without stopping. Next morning, again, the affair has degenerated into a laughing nod. Next, it is an ordinary nod; at which point it continues ever after, till it is evident to both of you, as you approach each other, that you are beginning to be fairly tired of existence, and wish; mutually, that it were all well over with you, so far as this breathing world is concerned, and the whole affair hushed up in the silence of the grave.

It is not alone in the monotony of this system of recognition that the misery lies. You are also put to a great deal of pain and difficulty, in many cases, by the rank of the individuals to be recognised. Every man of the world has occasion to be brought into contact now and then with persons superior to himself, but who do not scruple to make themselves familiar with him in his own house or place of business Now, the plague is, how to treat these people on the street. If their rank be very far above your own, the case is comparatively easy, for a bow, with an elevation of the hat, is readily awarded on your part, and graciously received on his. But should his place in society be just a little above your own, or such as you expect to attain very speedily—or should he be just a little longer started in the general race of prosperity than yourself—then it is perplexing indeed. Man has no antipathy to the brother worms who are so far beneath his own level as never to be brought into contrast with him. A nobleman is quite at his ease with his tailor. But it is very different with the individuals who are just a little lower than ourselves, and liable to be confounded with us We could tolerate the *profanum et ignobile vulgus* itself, rather than the people whose manners and circumstances in life are but one step beneath our own. Hence, one is liable to perpetual grievances on the street, through, what he thinks, the forwardness of some people, and the haughtiness of others. Alternately cutting and cut, on he goes, in a state of unhappiness beyond all description. Sometimes he avoids recognising, through fear of its being offensive, a person who was fondly anxious to have his nod, and takes it very ill that he does not get it. Sometimes he is in the reverse predicament, and proffers a condescending bow, or intends to do so, to one who, putting quite a different construction on their respective degrees of consequence, coolly overlooks him.

In short, what with one thing and another, walking on the street is an exceedingly disagreeable exercise. For my part, having been long connected with the city I inhabit, I am obliged to take a thousand ingenious expedients in order to get along with any degree of comfort. For one thing, I would sooner walk some miles barefooted over broken glass, than parade on the principal streets of the city at high twelve. If I were to attempt a passage that way, I might go as I have been told Oechlenschlager the Danish poet does through the streets of Copenhagen, my hat in my hand, and my body in a perpetual inclination. I have to seek all possible kinds of bye-ways, through alleys profound and obscure; and when I cross a thoroughfare, it is with the same dogged straight-forward look with which a man swims across a dangerous river. When I do happen, in a moment of facility or confidence, to venture upon an open street, I have all kinds of expedients for avoiding and diminishing the pains of recognition When you see an acquaintance approaching, you must consider the relative circumstances. Much depends on the place of meeting—much on the time—much on the crowded or empty state of the streets, and much, of course, on the degree of your intimacy with him, and the distance of time since you last met. If it be a vacant street, and not a business time of the day, and six months since you last met him, you are in for a quarter of an hour's palaver as sure as you live, and hardly even a parting *then*, unless you can either of you manage to get up a good witticism, under cover of which you may escape If the street be crowded, and the time a busy one, you are tolerably safe, even although it should have been a twelvemonth since you met before. In this case, you fly past with a hurried nod, which seems to say, "We are busy just now, but will have another opportunity of stopping to speak." This is a nod of adjournment, as it were, and it is one of great satisfaction to both parties, for both argue, of course—though they don't put that into the nod—that, as it is a twelvemonth since they last met, it may be another before they meet again. Should you meet a man in a vacant street, even in the busiest part of the day, then the former circumstance annuls the latter, and you must stand and deliver, even although you be too late for an appointment of the most interesting character On the other hand, if you meet your man in the leisurely part of the day, in a crowded street, you get off with a nod, pretending to yourself that you are carried away by the current. Sometimes you may not take advantage of your good fortune in this last case, but so bring it about that you get into collision with your friend, and begin a conversation. In this case, even although you have only asked him how he does—not caring in the least what he has to answer—and though you positively have not another idea to interchange with him, he finds it necessary to disengage himself from the throng in order to reply. You now get upon the curb-stone, or upon the causeway, where, of course, you have no more advantage from the crowded state of the street than a fish has of a river after it has been thrown upon the bank You are now in the same predicament as if you had met your friend in the same cool part of the day *in a perfectly empty street*, and therefore, when he has answered your precious question as to his health, you are as fairly in for a quarter of an hour of wretched, bald, wishy-washy conversation about all kinds of nothings that you don't care one farthing about, as ever you were in your life. The only thing that can now save you is either a joke to laugh yourselves asunder upon, a crowd raised at a distant part of the street by some such matter as a child ridden over by a coach, or else, what is not a bad means of separation, though sometimes dangerous, you cut off one grievous incumbrance by taking on another; that is, you see another friend coming up your way, and, pretending you have something to say to him, shake off the old love and take on with the new: in which case it is not improbable that you spend longer time at the end of the street with this last individual than you might have had to spend with the former one if you had continued with him, and only given the other man a passing nod; but, of course, that is all the fortune of war, and, having done what seemed best under the circumstances, you must rather blame fate than your own imprudence. Consider well, however, in such a case, whether you are likely to get soonest off with the new or the old love; for if you take on with a bore of ten minutes power, in order to get off with one of only five, merely because he is going your way, and promises no interruption in the first instance, you may only fall into Scylla, seeking to avoid Charybdis.

After all, as in every matter arising from the affairs of this world, a great deal of our happiness, so far as it is concerned by the system of recognition, lies with ourselves. If we are prudent, and take counsel from experience, we may avoid much of this nodding and bowing misery which would otherwise fall to our share. A man, for instance, should not be always goggling and staring about him; otherwise he will be sure to fall in

with flying nods, which he could as well dispense with, if he does not even hit some person, perhaps, on the other side of the way, who, not having seen him for a long time, thinks it his duty—Lord confound him!—to come across the Hellespont of mud, and shake the spirits out of him with half an hour of tediousness and commonplace. When you debouch from your door, never look along the street in the direction you are not to travel, or ten to one but you see some one who, having the infelicity, poor devil, to catch your eye, must put himself on to a canter to come up to you; and so you get mutually entangled, perhaps for half the day. I give this caution with a particular emphasis; for I have observed that nine out of every ten men look back in the way described, as if it were one of the involuntary motions or inclinations of human nature. As you are walking along, never cast your regards upon any one coming obliquely across the street, or in all probability you are shot dead by an eye of your acquaintance, which, if it had not hit you, would have passed on innocuous. The eye is the principal mischief in all these cases. A man is often snared by that part of him, and dragged a hundred yards along a dirty street, for all the world like a silly salmon hooked by the nose, and laid, after half a mile of tugging and hauling, exhausted on the shore. Keep your eye well to yourself, and you are tolerably safe; for of this you may be assured, no man will come up to attract your attention, unless he be a country cousin, who was just looking about for you. Every mother's son of them is actuated by the same principles with yourself, and is glad to escape all the nodding he can. So reciprocal is this feeling, that many persons whom you are taking means to avoid, will, if you observe them narrowly, be found to be doing all they can to assist in the process. If you pretend, for instance, that you cannot see that gentleman there coming aslant the way, on account of the intense brightness of the sun, you will see out at the tail of your eye that he is pretending to be as much put about by the sunshine as yourself, and is doing all he can to shade his eyes from Phœbus and you, exactly in the same fashion with yourself. If you walk, as you ought to do, with your eyes fixed below what painters call the point of sight, but suddenly raise them for a moment, in order to look about you, it is ten to one but you see your very bosom friend—your confessor—the man whom you wear in your heart of hearts—in the act of sneakingly withdrawing his eye from your countenance, for the purpose of getting past you unnoticed. Take no scorn on account of these things, but put it all down rather to the strength of friendship; for can there be any stronger test of that sentiment, than the desire of saving those whom we love from any thing that is disagreeable to them?

It has been already remarked, that if you be in the regular habit of meeting and nodding to a person every now and then, the system is kept up till death do you part. On the other hand, if you can avoid seeing a person for some considerable time, the nod becomes *effete*, and you ever after see, as if you saw not, each other. Sometimes, however, one gets a great relief in the midst of a fixed and hopeless nodding acquaintance, by happening to meet once more at the social board in some friend's house, when you re-invigorate the principle, gather fresh intimacy, and perhaps, after all, take refuge from the unnecessary monotony of nodding terms in a serious friendship.

If you can help yourself by this means, it may be all very well, though certainly it is rather hard that one should be forced into an intimacy with a man merely because he crosses your path rather oftener than the most of your other slight acquaintances. The best way, however, to lessen this part of the evils of life is to walk with *as little circumspection as possible*. So ends my preaching about RECOGNITIONS.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

BANKING INSTITUTIONS.

Continued.

HAVING in a previous paper detailed the establishment of banks in Scotland, some account may now be given of the nature of the business they transact, and the influence of their paper money on the country.

The Scottish banks are chiefly distinguished as a species of agency betwixt lenders and borrowers. They receive deposits of any sum above L.10, for which they give a regular interest, negociate bills, occasionally lend money on heritable property, and effect cash accounts. With the capital not employed in any of these branches of business, they sometimes speculate in purchasing government stock. By a cash account is signified a process, whereby an individual, on entering into an arrangement with a bank, is entitled to draw out sums as required to a stipulated amount, and by an implied condition to make deposits at his convenience towards the liquidation of the same. Practices of this nature arose out of the wants of tradesmen, and the general impoverished condition of the country. Some of our readers may perhaps remember a scheme projected by Benjamin Franklin, for the institution of a process of giving small loans to industrious but indigent young men beginning business, with the obligation to pay them back at stated times with interest. This philanthropic idea, which arose in the mind of the American philosopher, from his own wants in the outset of his career as a printer, has been in some measure acted upon in Scotland. The process was in existence for more than half a century prior to the period at which Franklin wrote, though he certainly was not aware of the fact, otherwise he would have warmly patronized its introduction into Philadelphia, and other American towns.

It is now a hundred and three years since the first cash credit was instituted; and it is related that the custom arose in the following accidental manner:—A metropolitan shopkeeper, in the year 1729, found himself at times in the possession of more than a sufficient supply of ready money to carry on his trade, the overplus of which he consigned to the care of the neighbouring bank. But on other occasions, by reason of the length of the credits given to his customers, his money became so scarce, that after exhausting his bank deposits, he still felt himself in difficulties. Several dilemmas of this kind having occurred, and being averse to resort to the insecure practice of accommodation bills, he was prompted to make a proposal of a novel nature to the bank; to the effect that, if it would accommodate him in straits with small loans, he would always shortly afterwards make up such debits, and that the parties should come to a balancing of accounts at periodical intervals. It seems this novel plan was acceded to. A cash credit, or liberty to draw to a certain extent, was instituted under securities; and thus originated a system which has been of immense benefit to bankers and traders, and is now followed over the whole of Scotland.

Cash credits are guaranteed by two sufficient securities, or the applicants give infeftment to heritable property in caution of the contingent debt—a special act of Parliament having been passed to allow this to be done—and when any such debt is liquidated, the deed is cancelled. The expense of expeding a cash credit varies according to the amount of the desired loan. One for L.500 may be stated at about L.15. The deed requires no renewal; and although attended with a heavy outlay at first, the price is perhaps not more than what would soon be swallowed up by stamps for bills. Besides, this mode of borrowing is every way more secure than the discounting of bills; while the circumstance of commanding ready money to a certain extent at all times, gives a trader a great advantage in settling for his purchases. At the end of every six, and in some cases twelve, months, calculations are made of entries and debits; the interest for and against the bank—the one being a per cent. higher than the other—is added and balanced, and an account being then rendered, the balance, if in favour of the bank, is either paid up, or remains against the debtor at interest to his new account. In these cash credits, the borrower is always at the mercy of the bank, which can call upon him at any time to balance his account, or, by his failing to do so, have recourse upon his securities.

Since 1729, cash credits have increased to an extent hardly credible. In 1826, it was computed that there were TEN THOUSAND in Scotland, varying in amount from L.100 to L.5000 each, but averaging from L.200 to L.500. Though originally designed for mercantile persons, they are now operated upon by farmers, manufacturers, house-builders, miners, lawyers, and all classes of traders and shopkeepers. From 1826, it is extremely probable, that, instead of decreasing, they have increased a thousand or two more.

No one can have a just conception of the extraordinary degree of stability of the Scottish banks, and of the secure manner in which their business is transacted, unless he were made acquainted with the laws relative to banking, and had examined the history of the country. Previous to the year 1765, the banks were bound by no regular statutes, and their mode of management resembled that in England a few years since. In that year an act of Parliament was passed, which is still considered the great charter of Scottish banking. Subsequent enactments, as well as judgments of the Supreme Courts, have strengthened and extended the code. The grand principle of security in the institutions, is the liability of shareholders for the debts of the establishment. They are liable not only for the amount of their own shares, but for the shares of all the others, and the whole of their property may be seized to make up deficiencies. Although many of the shareholders are certainly not men of opulence, a number are so, and as their fortunes are good for the paper issued, the public runs no risk of injury. To strengthen this liability of shareholders, by the law of Scotland all heritable property, lands and houses, may be seized in satisfaction for their debts. Now, this is not the case in England, where personal or moveable property can alone be taken by creditors. Hence it would be idle to talk of establishing banks in the south part of the island, on the principle of the Scottish banks, till the law touching heritable property be altered. In Scotland, the houses, lands, goods, money, and person of a debtor, can be seized simultaneously for debt, and without such a comprehensive course of action, its banking institutions would fall in pieces. Farther, powerful aid is given to this law, by the registration of all the mortgages on heritable property. This is done at a national establishment in Edinburgh, and in the course of a single day, the search can here be made which will make it quite evident whether bankers be men of real property, and whether that property be unencumbered. An explanation of the system of public registrations will engage our attention in a subsequent paper.

Other causes, not of a legal nature, conspire to render the system of Scottish banking perfect. By reason of the circumscribed limits of Scotland, and the character of the people, a ramification of intelligence is created and preserved throughout the whole of society, altogether unknown in England, whereby the character, the wealthiness, and the conduct of the partners or directors of each bank, are made fully known to the res' All seek, and all find, a knowledge of the management of each other. All are mutually on the watch; and symptoms of over issues or other improprieties are spread with an amazing celerity, and have their immediate effect. It is also the custom of the banks to exchange the notes of each other once or twice in a week, by which means the notes are sent very speedily back to the owners, and an over issue on the part of any particular establishment is prevented.

In comparing Scottish banking institutions with those in England, and considering the different manner in which paper money has been guided by the two nations, the uniform security of the former appears almost miraculous. From the first issue of the bank notes in 1704, till the year 1830, a single panic or general run did not occur in Scotland, although, during at least two-thirds of the intervening period, paper money had been used to the almost total exclusion of a gold currency. During the insurrections of 1715–45, and during the panics in England of 1793–97, and 1825, no perceptible difference took place in the demand of specie for notes. When the Bank of England was reduced to the miserable expedient of protracting cash payments by laying down sixpences, none of the banks in this country experienced any excess of demand for gold or silver. Partial and very temporary runs have assuredly been felt from the effects of short-lived slander or mistaken notions, which have invariably been readily quashed; but in the course of a hundred and twenty-six years, there have only been two cases of banks failing to pay twenty shillings a pound (they paid 10s.) and four, in which, after a short suspension of payments, all demands were liquidated. In two of the latter, the notes were accepted almost immediately at other banks of the highest credit. These banks were all provincial, and had been injured by mismanagement. Their failure or stoppage, with the exceptions we mention, did not put the public to any loss, but this was on the ruin of the shareholders, many of whom were reduced from affluence to poverty.

It may safely be asserted that the above cases of insolvency of Scottish banks have not in the smallest degree shaken the public confidence in the good character of a paper currency, and can found no plea for traducing the institutions now under review. At this present moment the community feels, as it always has felt, that a bank note is merely a convenient representative of its expressed value, and that this value can at all times be procured on demand. When such are the conventional ideas of paper money, and when the supposition of its real value is just, the exchange of notes for gold ceases to be an object of any consequence. In as far as the greater part of mankind have come to an understanding that a piece of yellow metal is worth a certain price, so have the Scotch come to an agreement to consider a bit of paper, of a particular kind, capable of bringing a price fully as high; and it is difficult to see why such a notion should be disconcerted; for there is as much rationality in the one idea as the other. The note in Scotland is even liked better than a sovereign, which, when offered, is sometimes looked upon with suspicion as to its quality. A good metropolitan bank note is always preferred: It is easier carried or sent by letter, and in case of loss, can more easily be recovered than a gold piece.

It is not going too far to say, that without bank notes, Scotland at this day would have been very little advanced in any of the useful or elegant arts. Divested of such important auxiliaries, the poverty of the nation could in no respect have called into existence that quantity of solid wealth it is now possessed of. Unaided by paper money, it would have been altogether out of the power of the nation to compete with its neighbours, or act as a financial accessary in times of war or exigency; and even with its assistance, it is surprising how it has been able to pay its fair proportion of taxes. Looking back on the low condition of this northern kingdom for many years after the Union, and remembering the character of the soil and climate, it is obvious that, but for the help thrown out by banks to agriculturists and artizans, the country—scarcely cheered by English capital—must have continued long in a withering and gloomy condition. It required at that period little else than the temporary aid of money loans to commence its career of prosperity, or to give the first impetus towards improvement. In the absence, therefore, of the precious metals, the dissemination of paper as the representative of that species of national wealth, which, from its nature, was not susceptible of being put in circulation, was one of the most creditable, and eventually the most successful, devices ever fallen upon by any people to better their circumstances. It was not without much trouble, and a lapse of many years, that the system put in operation was perfected; but when the law at length interposed to secure the public, as well as the bankers, from contingent excesses, and defined the powers of lenders and borrowers, the triumph of the Scottish bank notes was completed. It is more the task of a historian than the writer of these humble sketches, to describe methodically what has been accomplished by their judicious administration: A recitation of their achievements would involve the history of nearly all that has been transacted in Scot-

land since the revolution. Until they made their gladdening appearance, the footmarks of the strife of past ages remained unobliterated on the soil. Before their influence, agriculture, domestic and foreign trade and commerce, and every species of improvement in the arts, have been instituted and supported. Almost whole towns have been erected and tripled in size by their services, and the sea has been covered by them with vessels, which would otherwise have been growing in their native woods—in a word, nearly all that a stranger has to contemplate in Scotland, wherein art has been employed; every thing he sees around him, beyond things the most indifferent, has been directly or indirectly created and reared by the transcendant powers of paper money.

THE JUBILEE.

Some years have elapsed (I am sometimes tempted to forget how many) since I endeavoured to compensate the deficiencies of a neglected education on my own side the Tweed, by voluntary studies at the University of Edinburgh. As a relaxation from severer pursuits, and an excuse for rambles in a country whose novelty alone was attraction enough to an untravelled Englishman, I occasionally accompanied a young artist of liberal education and pleasing manners, with whom I was acquainted, in his sketching expeditions in the romantic neighbourhood of his native city, the very contiguity of which to a great town rendered it more piquant and striking.

In one of these excursions, when, by the uncommon fineness of the weather and greater distance of the style of scenery requisite for his purpose, we were tempted to proceed beyond the brief limits of an autumnal day, instead of returning by the light of a rather waning moon to Edinburgh, G—— proposed that we should take up our quarters for the night at a neat little mountain inn, much frequented at various seasons by fishers and grouse-shooters, and affording, in consequence, accommodations of a description its unpretending aspect would scarcely have led one to expect. On nearing this rustic hostelry, kept by an *antique* of the true Meg Dods character, we were a good deal surprised to hear, issuing from its usually quiet haven, sounds of the most exuberant and unrestrained mirth, blending with, and nearly overpowering, the discordant strains of a brace of evidently belligerent fiddles.

"A penny wedding—by all that's lucky!" exclaimed my companion. "At least you, sir, as a stranger, will no doubt think one night's rest well sacrificed for a peep at these fast-waning saturnalia."

"Pray, explain," said I, delighted to witness, under any circumstances, so lively a scene of national festivity: "what do you mean by a 'penny wedding?'"

"Why, Sir, in pastoral and primitive districts—which, strange to say, though within a dozen miles of a capital, these hills seem likely long to remain—when a couple, of the lowest order, of course, are too poor to muster the sum requisite for marrying, their neighbours and acquaintance good-humouredly set on foot a subscription, out of which is first defrayed such a merry-making as you see going on yonder, while the surplus generally suffices to place the improvident pair beyond immediate want. It is not, you will say, a very eligible mode of settling in the world, nor is it so considered in these days, even among themselves. It is generally, indeed, more a frolic of the neighbouring young people, at the expense of some pair of elderly paupers, determined to marry *for worse*, instead of better, than, as it once was, a creditable scheme of establishment for a deserving young couple."

As he spoke, we descended the green shoulder of one of the pastoral hills, whose recesses of unsuspected beauty we had been all day exploring, and came full upon the little inn, its front beaming with unwonted illumination, and steam—savoury as the caldron of Meg Merrilees, amidst which my English organs readily detected the national perfume of "mountain dew"—issuing from every open door and window.

The fiddles, whose dismal scraping accorded ill with the accompaniments, might almost have been dispensed with, so completely were they drowned by yells and shrieks of frantic merriment, and so well was the time of the tune marked by the snapping of fingers and thumping of heels on the sanded floor of the kitchen. I scarcely know which expressed most surprise, my face, as I caught, over the shoulder of a tall, white-headed old Bluegown (the facsimile of Edie Ochiltree), a glimpse of the scene within, or that of Luckie Cairns, the usually stayed and somewhat aristocratical hostess, when the nakedness of her, for once, disorderly house was discovered to a couple of stranger gentlemen. She soon, however, recognised the old acquaintance G——, and addressed to him—though with the tail of her eye all the time on the "Englisher"—her characteristic apology.

It began, *more Scotico*, with a question, and with what G—— called "the first word o' flytin."

"Lord guide's! Mr G——, what's brought you here the day, wi' your pents and your nick-nacks, and a stranger comrade wi' ye, that's used to things wiselike, nae doubt—and the house a' disjeskit this gait, wi' the first and last ploy the callants e'er got me to countenance within my door? And they hadna hae gotten it now, but the silly body, Sanders, took it aye up and down wi' the gentle's fish to the carrier's, and their letters frae the post, and they persuaded me he was a kind o' serving body o' my ain; and traiking Tibbie had sell't my butter and eggs may-be thretty years and mair; so what could I do but let my house be made a public ae night in the thretty? and gentles to light on't, for a clean bed and hot supper! It's a judgment on me for being sae simple!"

"Keep yourself easy, Luckie!" answered G——, in her own style. "My friend here can get clean beds and hot suppers in England, but penny weddings are scarce enough, even in Scotland."

"The scarcer the better," said the hostess, drawing herself up with the demure look of one scandalized with unwonted revelry. "And now, sirs, what can I do for ye? There's no a bed in the house up but my ain; and tho' I wad gie ye't, I couldna promise ye peace to lie in't, for the fiddles 'll be scraiching, and the folk skirling, and the reels daddin, till far i' the night; and the smell o' the punch 'll be just poison to the gentleman frae England. Ye'll no be that ill for supper, for I've a curn mutton pies by ordinar', that I seasoned mysel, and there's a creel fu' o' trout walloping down bye at the burn that wad pleasure a Provost. Come slipping ben to my ain wee room, and ye's get a' the comfort I can gie ye, afore the folk's supper comes on;—and for beds—I'll send the lass to the Minister's, and get ye gude quarters for a word."

"I know the clergyman," said G——, seeing me hesitate. "His sons and I were at school together, and my first sunshiny holidays were spent among the hills we traversed today. I should like to see the Manse once more, and a welcome will not be wanting, unless Mr Maxwell should be strangely altered."

"He *is* altered, honest man!" said the landlady, heeding only my comrade's last words—"grief's a great alterer! o' auld folk especially! and it's fifty year come Monday since the minister was placed in the parish, and thirty come the time since he married me and puir John Cairns doucely and Christian-like, in that very spence whar they daft deevils are making a mock o' marriage atween twa auld randy ne'erdoweels! But its dune now, and what's the use o' reflections? Come your ways, gentlemen, to your supper."

It was with reluctance that I postponed, even to so important an affair—to a hungry prospect-hunter—the gratification of my curiosity. But reconciled to the landlady's fiat by the trout and mutton-pies, and the comfort and cleanliness which reigned in her sanctum sanctorum, G—— and I did ample justice to the savoury repast, and its crowning tumbler, whose whisky even I, a novice, could discern to be mountain-born, and guiltless of the Exchequer.

"I see ye're nae great hand at the whisky, sir!" said the hostess, in answer to an equivocal shake of the head with which an Englishman generally salutes the indigenous flavour of genuine peat-reek; "but tak my word for't, ae devil dings out anither, and if ye're to be dancin and daffin yonder, and the room reeking o' punch like a killogie, ye'll ken't a' the less for being a thought primed yoursel; and ye'll dance a' the better for't, I'se warrant,"—turning with a smile to G——; "a spur in the head's worth twa in the heel!"

So saying, the good lady, desirous to profit in her domestic affairs, by the intervals between the claims of her very opposite customers, snatched up the candle, and marshalled us to the scene of a festivity, to which, at the distance of a mile at least, our ears might have proved sufficient guides.

The hoarse squeak of the wary and muggy fiddlers was now well nigh drowned by the far more efficient "lilt" of some stentorian voices, on whose organs the "barley bree" had produced an exactly opposite effect; and the figure of one round rosy shepherd, who with bonnet "ajee" and picturesquely disposed plaid, sung, danced, and snapped his fingers, surrounded by a ring of admiring rivals, would have been worthy the pencil of a Teniers or a Wilkie.

His partner in the reel was no less a personage than the blushing bride—a weather-beaten crone of some sixty winters' bronzing; and as, exhilarated by the unwonted stimulant of applause, she strove to keep pace with the agile movements and giddy whirlings of her *vis a vis*, peals of unbridled laughter shook the quiet hostelry to its very base.

The bridegroom again, an old Chelsea pensioner, whose once steady soldier-like frame retained some shadow of military bearing, spite of the joint inroads of palsy and potations, was doing his best to keep his equilibrium, as, like "Panting Time," he toiled after the winged heels of a mountain fairy of sixteen, whose shy but earnest gaze at the strangers, and bounding rapidity of motion, reminded me at once of the roe on her native hills.

Moved by compassion for this ill-matched couple, and well aware of the popular course on such occasions, G—— dashed at once into the old man's place in the dance, and began threading its mazes with the blushing, but evidently flattered damsel, making me a sign to follow his example; a hint which neither my proficiency in the national dance, nor the charms of the bride, were sufficient to warrant my taking. I slid down unobserved beside some of the few elders present, whose shrewd remarks, and good-natured participations in the "daffin" of the youngsters, were not the least pleasing part of the motley scene.

The dance by this time—thanks to the punch, which had been freely circulating—was getting, as Burns says, "fast and furious." Gleams of broad national humour flashed through the habitual gravity of the demurest blue-bonneted peasant of the group; and for a while there was abundance to excite both the Scottish feelings and constitutional gaiety of the young painter, and the natural curiosity of an English stranger. But giddy at length with the endless reels, deafened with the mirthful accompanying shrieks, half stifled with heat, and the fumes of the national beverage, we both felt it high time to breathe a purer air; and were in the act of quietly withdrawing (after laying on the pewter plate appropriated for the offering, our mite towards the hopeful couple), when we ran against our hostess, arriving for the special purpose—a very unwonted one in her vocation—of turning us out of doors.

"I was just coming, sirs, to gie ye a bit word o' counsel. I'm sure ye'll no take it ill at my hand; but it's time the like o' you were flitting, for the maut's getting abune the meal yonder, and they tine respect whiles, and it's no wiselike to be in a minister's house, on Saturday night at e'en. Mr G—— kens that!"

"No, indeed—you're quite right," answered the painter, "and, indeed, we were going away fully satisfied, when we met you." "Aweel, gang your ways like gude gentlemen, and I'll gie yon daft chiels their supper, and hae them a' out o' my house by the clap o' eleven. There sall naebody say they saw a Sabbath morning within't, tho' I wadna wonder if some o' the ill doers were aff to the hill or some gait out o' hearing, to make a night o't. There's some folk canna hae their sairing either o' daffin or drink, the mair's the pity! —Hech! but ye'll be weel aff that's quiet down by!"

"I'll call and settle the reckoning another time, Mrs Cairns," said my friend.

"Ay, ay," answered she, more chary of her time than her money, "ony day when ye're daunering out amang the hills. Ye're awin me a day in hairst, ye ken, for this."

Never was the pure healthful mountain breeze more welcome than when it swept across our flushed and feverish brows on emerging from the steaming caldron within; or the silence of night more grateful than after the din of plebeian revelry in its most discordant form. But there reigned within the little parsonage an atmosphere holier and more healthful still! A more powerful contrast, a stranger juxta-position of the lights and shadows of Scottish life, could scarcely be conceived, than presented itself between the orgies, and sounds and scents, and coarsely heaped banquet we had left behind, and the hallowed stillness, untainted air of the minister's modest apartment, and the inviting aspect of the little supper table, on whose snow-white linen yet reposed the Bibles and Psalters, recently used in the household's evening devotions. In these we had been too late to partake, but the spirit which had animated and hallowed them still lingered on the minister's brow, and the slender, retiring figure of the good pastor's blooming grand-daughter seemed robed in almost angel purity.

There was that about our host which needed no such heightening. Even amid the sacred class of Scottish pastors, he rose pre-eminent—pre-eminent in trials, and in the submission which disarms them. Of a large and flourishing family, one daughter alone, the mother of the girl before us, survived; and she, separated from her grey-headed father, by the waters of the great Atlantic, could only cherish him by proxy, in the person of this interesting child.

It was not till after his hospitality had been requested for us that G—— heard from the landlady the extent of the pastor's bereavements, and he would gladly have wished to spare the father's feelings by suppressing all acknowledgement of former acquaintance. But in a parent's memory the playmates of buried children have an almost filial hold; and the first words of Mr Maxwell on receiving us, were—"You are welcome once more to Boneil, Willie! you've been twenty years a stranger."

"Not a willing one, sir, I am sure!—but my studies in England and Italy, and professional duty, not only occupied me, but kept me ignorant, till now, of the sad blanks it has pleased Providence to make on your hospitable board. Had I been aware of them, I would not have intruded now to renew, by my presence, those griefs which I could not alleviate." "And wherefore no? Willie!" said the old man, in a tone that went at once even to a stranger's heart—"My brave boys are gone before me, it is true, leaving their old father to buffet awhile with the billows. But praised be He who lent them!—they were such as a father can speak of with pride; and to do so with one who knew and loved them is a privilege rarely enjoyed. This gentleman, perhaps," turning courteously toward me, "will excuse the overflowings of a parent's heart, at sight of one whose fair delicate brow he has often blessed, along with the dark curling heads he has lived to see laid in the dust. Tall and pale, and unlikely to live, ye were then, Willie! but ye have proved the reed that the tempest spares when oaks are rended!—But we'll talk of our Lilly now," said the old man cheerfully, shaking the fair hand of his grandchild as she stooped to collect the sacred volumes. "I think her mother must have been about her age when she knew the Manse; saw ye ever two creatures liker?"

The entrance of a worthy old sister of our host's, who, on hospitable thoughts intent, had disappeared on our entrance, turned the conversation to more general topics—among others, to the penny-wedding.

"I am glad," said Mr Maxwell, "I was spared the degradation of my office, by the residence of one at least of the hopeful pair in a neighbouring parish; and I wish the idle frolic which united them had been carried on further from my door. I am no enemy to occasional rejoicings, and love to see innocent mirth; but the sport these poor wretches have been called to make, will end, I fear, like that of Samson, and bring an old house upon their heads.

"However, Sir," turning to me, "that you may not suppose all our junketings are of so boisterous and equivocal a character, I hope you will stay over Monday, and help me to thank my kind people for assisting in keeping my fiftieth anniversary among them. I am sure, Willie, I may count upon you, for auld langsyne!"

"Ay, that you may, Sir, come what will of palette and pupils," exclaimed the young artist: and my acceptance, if less enthusiastic, was not the less cordial. To see, in the midst of a grateful and affectionate flock, the faithful pastor of half a century, is a sight not often to be enjoyed, or lightly to be forfeited—and I too would have perilled fame or business, had they been mine, on the issue.

A Scottish Sabbath has been often described, but never, methinks, so as fully to convey to a stranger its exquisite stillness, and the palpable elevation of all in nature above the diurnal level of our "working-day world." It is not alone the absence of all sounds of labour or revelry, the softened tread of the rude hind, the subdued laughter of unconscious infancy; but the very whisper of the brooks and waving of the woods, seemed attuned to soberer and holier harmonies. The busy highway and toilsome furrow are alike deserted, while a thousand quiet hedge-row paths teem and glitter with long files of holiday-suited elders, and white-robed youth and childhood. If airs of Paradise do indeed ever penetrate our world's dense atmosphere, and breathe sweet influences from on high on privileged mortals, it is surely on a summer Sabbath amid the green hills and pastoral vales of Scotland.

The little church of Boneil, primitive as though, instead of being near a metropolis, it had been perched on some lone isle of the Hebrides, was filled to excess on the present interesting occasion, with a congregation as perfectly in keeping with the scene and situation, as it was novel and striking to me.

There was not a face in the assembly—a sprinkling of rustic *noblesse* in the gallery hardly excepted—which could have been assigned by a physiognomist to any vocation save a rural one.

When the minister rose, breaths were held in, and the very dogs recalled their dreaming fancies from the dun hill side, lest a start or suppressed bark should disturb the

solemn silence. The beautiful Twenty-third Psalm, always so great a favourite in a pastoral assembly, came more home to their feelings than ever, "when its green pastures and still waters" were applied, as they evidently were by the venerable reader, to his own tranquil sojourn of a lifetime in the glen of Boneil. The allusion to a darker valley, the inevitable, and not very distant termination of a lengthened pilgrimage, woke a yet tenderer chord; and when these words were sung, as the psalmody of Scotland so impressively is by young and old, it was not the voice of the grey-haired contemporary parish clerk alone that betrayed signs of emotion!

The text was the simple words of the Psalmist—"I have been young, and now am old;" and when the good man sketched with faltering voice an unpremeditated picture of that gradual pilgrimage from youth to age, every step of which many of his hearers had taken side by side with this tried veteran in the path of duty and affliction; when the young heard him allude with a parent's tenderness to follies they felt years could alone teach them entirely to abjure; and the old saw his venerable face lighted up with joys he had taught many, like himself, to draw from above—tears, fast and frequent as from dropping eaves, attested the sympathy that reigned between the good shepherd and his flock.

I awoke on the morrow, fancying all nature decked in tenfold beauty for the joyful anniversary; my own spirits elated with a healthful gladness which courtly fetes may take away, but could never yet bestow. The privileged guests for the day (G—— and myself included) were the elders, most of whose fathers had presided at the minister's ordination—the schoolmaster, who, in the absence of nearer and dearer, had long been to him as a son; and the doctor, who, under a dress and exterior rugged as those of his shepherd neighbours, veiled a skill beyond their simple wants, and few and rare ailments.

But a self-invited member was soon added to the group, in the person of a young neighbour laird, who made sport an excuse (with those who required any) for farming his own moderate patrimony, and enjoying, unfettered by the *etiquettes* of society—so called—the style of life most congenial to his age and disposition. At the breakfast-table, young Boneil, for so from his property he was styled, walked in, with his heartfelt congratulations, and a bag full of grouse, shot before town dandies had well composed themselves to their first sleep.

"Any other day of the year, Mr Maxwell," said the frank young sportsman, "I would have dropped in at dinner, and taken my chance of a welcome. But this is a sacred one, and I would like to have my intrusion sanctioned beforehand. If you think me worthy (and if you don't, you'll say so, in spite of all your hospitality) to rejoice with you on your fifty years' retrospect of duties fulfilled and good deeds done—remember, you'll find it a hard matter ever to shut the door on me or my pretensions again."

"God forbid I should, Norman," said the old man, shaking his manly visitor by the hand; "a kind heart and a leal one are aye welcome! Fifty years back, your father bore both, and his son is no changeling! Stay with us now, or return, as it bests suits you."

"Oh! I dare not stay!" cried the young man, with a significant smile at Lilly and her aunt; "I should be sadly in the way. Besides, I spied a roe in the glen this morning, and must have another hit at the venison. What say you to a pasty, Miss Anne, between this and noon yet?"

"I'll say for her, Norman, that it will be like the savoury meat of Esau, that old Isaac valued for the hunter's sake, if ye get it; and if not, we've the will for the deed, and that's just the same. And now off with ye—else your pies in the bush will stand in the way of aunt Anne's puddings in hand!"

"There goes as fine a lad as ever lived," said the pastor, as he went out. "If he were my own son, I could scarce love him better."

I looked up, and chanced to meet the delighted glance of the retreating Lilly; and it told me as plain as a thousand words, that the old man might, ere long, take to his heart a grandson!

The Manse, meantime, teemed all the morning with unbidden yet privileged guests. Neighbouring pastors came to congratulate the willing fellow-labourer, under whose fatherly shadow themselves had grown insensibly grey—with whom they had "taken sweet counsel and walked in the house of God as friends"—and with whom they hoped, though in all humility, to stand side by side at the great account. Couples married by him in the earlier periods of his incumbency, still lived to thank him for half centuries of happiness; while children and grandchildren, christened by his hand, and made Christian by his precept and example, came with them to add their grateful acknowledgements.

Our party, swelled by a few guests of the better order, at length sat down to dinner; and never did feast (for a feast it was, fit for the court of aldermen!) yield more unmingled satisfaction. The old man, exhilarated by the spontaneous burst of affection with which his anniversary had been hailed, felt a buoyancy of spirit to which he had for years been a stranger. G—— and I were excited to the utmost by so unwonted a celebration. The dominie himself, through the week the "observed of all observers," looked up in delighted admiration to his *own* exemplary teacher; while the rough diamond of a doctor eyed him with the exact counterpart of the expression with which his dog, of the true shepherd breed, fixed his eyes in mute devotion on his master's well-known countenance. All felt, that like the good Centurion in Scripture, he had but to say to any of them, "do this, and he doeth it; come, and he cometh." Their hearts, under Providence, were in his hand, and they felt it was well it should be so!

But there was in young Norman's reverential gaze, something deeper and more filial than any, and strange to say! on this day alone, when all seemed elated and emboldened, it was tempered for the first time with fear. For Norman had a suit to prefer, before that evening should close, on which hung his own and another's happiness; and not all the softened feelings of the day of jubilee would, he feared, reconcile the old pastor to the thought of parting with his Lilly! How this was to be brought about or even hinted at, was more than even a lover could devise—so to Providence he left it, as he had been taught by his pastor to leave all besides.

And strangely was the knot cut, and the difficulty removed, ere the thought had well passed from the young man's troubled mind: Among the healths of that eventful evening, "absent friends," the one ever dearest to the hearts of Scotsmen, was not forgotten; and then, for the first time, did the pious father allow himself to whisper a regret that his daughter, the only stay of his old age, should dwell divided from him by duty, in the new world. True, she was solacing by her kindness, and cheering by her society, the labours in Christian usefulness of a worthy countryman whom the spiritual necessities of his exiled brethren had induced to forego home and kindred for their sakes. But they had been long, long absent on this labour of love, and a father's heart *would* yearn, on the proudest day of his life, for a glimpse of his long banished only child!

The vain wish had crossed like a passing cloud, the rarely dimmed serenity of his mind, and left but a halo behind, when, as Lilly and Norman were leaving the house to prepare for the juvenile fete, two plainly dressed, but respectable looking people, opened with something of strange familiarity the garden gate, and asked if Mr Maxwell was at home.

"He is," replied Norman, answering for the bashful and surprised girl; "but very particularly engaged with friends, who would be loath to part with him to-night, even on business."

"Lilly, my own Lilly!" sobbed out the female traveller, clasping her daughter to her heart—and then finding breath to say, "How is my dear father?" "Oh, well! well!" cried the delighted girl, hanging round her father's neck in frantic joy; "come and see him directly!"

"Not just directly, my own Lilly!" said he, composedly;—"seventy-four is no age for surprises, even joyful ones—Sir," (turning to Norman, who stood *studying*, all lovers will guess how earnestly, the parents on whose fiat hung his life), "my wife had set her heart on reaching home on her father's day of jubilee. We had a quick passage and a safe one, God be praised! to Liverpool, and, travelling day and night, were set down by coach this morning at B——. How to get on in time was the difficulty—but the back woods have made us good walkers, and here we are, not too late for a grace-cup of thanksgiving to him who has brought us safe to our father's door, and to friends, who will make us welcome for his sake!—Please, sir, to pave the way for our meeting."

Norman hailed the omen, and came as deliberately as joy would let him, into the room. "There are strangers without, sir, who wish to speak with you; and as they have tidings from New Brunswick, perhaps your friends will consent to spare you, though unwillingly."

"From New Brunswick!" exclaimed the old man, hastily rising, then sinking down again from the painful agitation, "*you* have seen and spoken to them—is all well? Norman, my son, tell me truly." "All well, even as your heart could wish; but there are those without who could tell you better, far better than any words, about those you love!" "Are they still without?—oh, bring them in, pray—our friends will excuse." "But will you promise?" The old man cast a bewildered gaze around—caught a glimpse of Lilly's beaming face as it peeped eagerly in at the half-open door, and exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn!" sank back insensible on his chair!

We bore him gently out to the open air, whose reviving freshness, and, still more, the voice and aspect of his darling daughter, soon restored him to himself. Who could describe their meeting, half as well as one throb of long-severed hearts will bring it home to every bosom? Suffice it to say, it was a meet consummation for such an anniversary!*

SLAVERY IN NORTH AMERICA.

It appears from the works of various writers on the North American republic, that in thirteen out of the twenty-four states slavery has been abolished by law; in the eleven others, it exists in full vigour, though variously modified, according to the genius and character of the several governments. It is mentioned that much more inquietude is felt with respect to the free blacks than the slaves; for there, as every where else, the whites have an unconquerable aversion from any connexion or intercourse with persons of colour: and this puts a complete check to an amalgamation of the two races. When we reflect on the character of the social compact in the North American states, and the genius of the people, this objection on the part of the white population to mingle or associate with the blacks, certainly does appear an inconsistency: yet it can be reconciled with our own feelings; for it is a question which has never yet been answered satisfactorily, whether the British public, generally speaking, would enter into all the familiarities of ordinary life with free blacks, provided they made their appearance in a large body in this country. Whether, for instance, an emancipationist would willingly allow his white daughter to marry a black person just released from slavery, or at best the son of a slave. Now, until this be settled in favour of the negro, we have no right to sneer at the natural antipathies of the American. Unfortunately, there exist in some of the states laws relative to persons of colour very much at variance with the principles of the general constitution, which tend to keep up a separation of interests, as well as a deeply rooted hatred, among the two classes. In most of the states, the negroes may be sold to pay the debts of their masters, contracted before their emancipation. In thirteen of the states, the constitution expressly forbids them to vote, and, in all the others, except Pennsylvania and New York, they are deprived of this privilege by special laws. Some of the southern states have forbidden free negroes to enter their domains under severe penalties; and, in some states, slaves are only allowed to be emancipated on the understanding that they shall quit the state immediately on obtaining their freedom. Something has been done to relieve certain parts in the Union of the black population, by means of deportation to the coast of Africa, where a tract of country, called Liberia, has been purchased for a settlement. But the great and regular increase of slaves and free blacks renders this mode of disposal hopeless. How, then, the American states are to be relieved of this exceedingly large portion of their citizens, it is absolutely impossible to decide. In writing on this topic, Jefferson shuddered to contemplate the collision which must, sooner or later, take place between the two races; for, says he, "nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free; nor is it less certain that the two races, equally free, cannot live in the same government." Already, questions touching the delicate and dangerous subject of permitting the continuance of slavery have embittered the peace of the Union, and it is more than probable, that at no distant day, the southern, or slave-holding states, will separate themselves from those in the north, who discountenance such practices, and are more tolerant in their conduct.

* From 'The Literary Souvenir,' 1832.

PHYSICIANS

In England it was not customary for physicians to make their visits in carriages until about the year 1670, when they began to expect a double fee—viz. two angels, or twenty shillings, an angel of gold being an ancient coin of the value of ten shillings. "For," says the author of *Lex Talionis*, "there must now be a little coach and two horses and, being thus attended, half a piece, their usual fee, is but ill taken, and popped into their left pocket, and possibly may cause the patient to send for his worship twice before he will come again to the hazard of another angell." Before this physicians of much practice used to visit patients on horseback, riding, however, sideways, on footcloths, like females Doctor Simeon Fox, and Doctor Argent, are said to have been the last Presidents of the College who visited their patients in this manner.

PRAYERS AT SEA.

We were now sixteen days from Callao (says Stewart in his visit to the South Seas), without any incident worthy of notice. Having run the whole distance in the full strength of the south-east trade winds, and directly in their course, we have had a breeze unceasingly fresh and fair, with all the inconvenience of rolling so heavily before it, as to have been denied, to a great degree, every profitable occupation of time, even that of reading with comfort. Yesterday was our Sabbath. The only difference in the mode of performing religious service here, and on board the Guerriere, is in the signal used in assembling the crew. Instead of the boatswain's pipe, followed by the hoarse call around the decks, *all hands to prayers, ahoy!* as the bell strikes the time, the Portuguese hymn, from the band, breathes to every heart, in sweet and solemnising strains, the welcome invitation,

"O come and let us worship,"

while, from all parts of the ship, we silently obey its impressive call. My desk is the capstan spread with the American ensign, beside which I stand mounted on a shot-box, to secure the elevation of a foot or two above my audience.

ANECDOTE.

You may have heard an anecdote mentioned by the writer of a book of travels, in illustration of the paternal character of the government of Denmark. An Englishman who had brought some wild beasts to Copenhagen was in the habit of putting his head into the mouth of the lion. The police interfered to prevent an act fraught with danger to life; but the proprietor, who made money by the exhibition of a man's head in a lion's mouth, complained to the British minister. The only answer he could obtain was, that in Denmark human life must not be exposed to such a risk. The king's regard for the security of his subjects personal property is manifested by another law, which prevents a foreigner from obtaining the necessary signature to his passport, till he produce a document from the landlord of his inn certifying that he is not in debt.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

NOLLEKENS.

Nollekens, the celebrated sculptor, died immensely rich. "His singular and parsimonious habits," says his biographer, "were most observable in his domestic life. Coals were articles of great consideration with Mr Nollekens; and these he so rigidly economised, that they were always sent early, before his men came to work, in order that he might have leisure time for counting the sacks, and disposing of the large coals in what was originally designed by the builder of his house for a wine-cellar, so that he might lock them up for parlour use. Candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; and whenever they heard a knock at the door, they would wait until they heard a second rap, lest the first should have been a runaway, and their candle wasted. Mr and Mrs Nollekens used a flat candlestick when there was any thing to be done; and I have been assured, that a pair of moulds, by being well nursed, and put out when company went away once lasted them a whole year!" Insensible as Nollekens generally was when looking at works of ancient art, in no instance, except when speaking of Flaxman, did he depreciate the production of modern artists; on the contrary, he has frequently said, when he has been solicited to model a bust, "Go to Chantrey—he's the man for a bust; he'll make a good busto for you; I always recommend him." He has been known to give an artist, who could not afford to purchase it, a lump of stone, to enable him to execute an order, though at the same time he has thrown himself into a violent passion with the cat, for biting the feather off an old pen with which he had for many years oiled the hinges of his gates when they creaked.—*Nollekens and his Times.*

SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

The celebrated bull-fights of Spain have been frequently described by travellers, as they form a strong and remarkable characteristic in the manners of the people

and have scarcely no parallel in other parts of Europe. When Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke was at the town of St Mary's, in Spain, he witnessed these extravagant amusements, of which he presents the following interesting account in the work he has recently published:—

"At an early hour of the morning the bulls were brought in from the country, where, in the extensive plains and forests, they roam at large. The lower orders are highly delighted by the arrival of the animals, and hundreds generally sit up the preceding night amusing themselves with their cigars, singing, and dancing, until the hour when the beasts, having been previously collected, are driven, not without considerable risk, into an inclosure adjoining the theatre. The spectacle commenced in the afternoon; and on entering the box of the French general, the Count de Castellane, where I had been politely offered a seat, I found myself surrounded by the beauty and fashion of the place. The theatre, which was circular in form, and open at top, was so spacious as to be capable of accommodating 12,000 persons; the effect, filled as the house was with gaily attired groups, was singularly imposing. In former days it was the fashion of young men of family to enter the ring splendidly dressed as picadores, to attack the bull in honour of their mistresses, who were present to applaud their courage, and reward them by throwing down wreaths to them. The young men in those days rode fine spirited animals, instead of the poor wretched dog-horses now used, which are too weak to resist the attack of the bull, or even to get out of its way.

The theatre being filled, and every countenance displaying the most intense anxiety, a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of the governor, who entered his box. This was the signal for the commencement of the pageant. A detachment of soldiers paraded the arena in different directions, in order to clear it of the numerous stragglers who had leaped down from the adjoining seats.

The picadores, on horseback, half a dozen in number, now entered the ring, and, advancing to the governor's box, made an obeisance, and, having received their lances, wheeled round, and made their exit on the opposite side. They were mounted on sorry miserable steeds, and were themselves armed with a lance, the end of which was provided with a short angular iron point about an inch in length, and wrapped partly round with string to prevent it penetrating too deep; its purpose being to goad the animal, and turn it off from the horseman when an attack is made upon him. Sometimes, however, as I have seen on more than one occasion, the bull makes so furious a rush upon the picador, that the lance is accidentally driven some way into the body of the animal, who, after some time, works the instrument out in its galloping.

A flourish of trumpets now made the whole theatre resound; and the doors being thrown open, a procession entered, formed of those about to take part in the proceedings of the day, and consisting first of four picadores mounted: these were followed by the matadores and footmen, the rear being brought up by three horses abreast, gaily caparisoned with bells and coloured flags. Both horsemen and footmen, as they entered, advanced in front of the governor's box, and, respectfully saluting him, wheeled round and took their respective stations. The object of the footmen, or banderilleros, who are provided with small flags, is to divert the attention of the bull after he has made an attack on the picador, and to prevent the animal from immediately repeating it, which would be attended with great hazard both to the horse and rider. As soon, therefore, as the bull has made a charge upon the picador, the footman runs up, and by means of the banderilla or flag, which he flourishes towards the bull, shouting at the same time, the animal is induced to leave the picador, and makes at his new opponent, who, having now succeeded in drawing off the animal, effects his escape with great agility, by slipping behind the partitions which are erected in different parts of the arena as places of refuge. It sometimes happens, however, that the footmen are so closely pursued by the bull that they have not time to make good their retreat, and are obliged to save themselves by vaulting nimbly into the front row of seats, where the spectators are stationed, a few feet above the arena; and instances have happened where the animal has pursued the man so fiercely as even to spring over the enclosure after him, to the great danger and confusion of those in the neighbourhood.

The strength of the bulls is purposely weakened by a cruel expedient, which consists in pressing the back of the animal, as it rushes out, with a very heavy door, which shuts the stall, and is made to lift up, though of such weight as to require several men to raise it: this naturally strains the animal's back, and diminishes its power.

A tame bull, with a bell round its neck, was now led across the arena towards the folding doors through which the wild bulls were to make their entrée. Stationed close upon each side of these doors were the picadores, with their lances ready couched; and the bolts being withdrawn, the whole of the animals rushed into the theatre, and followed the tame one, which was led quickly back through the opposite door into a stable, from which they were to be let out singly for the combat. On sight of the animals, which rushed through in fine style, the whole theatre rung with the shouts of the multitudes, which added to the fury and amazement of the bulls at the scene so suddenly presented to their eyes.

Every thing was now ready. At the flourish of the trumpets, the doors were thrown wide open; and while breathless expectation kept the whole theatre in a state of profound silence, a fine black Andalusian bull came tearing at full speed into the arena, and was greeted by the loud acclamations of the spectators, and the waving of innumerable handkerchiefs of the fair sex. For a few seconds the animal appeared lost and stupified at a spectacle so novel to it, when, its rage returning, it wheeled round, and, perceiving the first picador, made a furious charge on man and horse, and was dexterously received on the point of the lance, the sudden prick of which caused the creature to turn aside and bound into the middle, bellowing with pain and fury.

The second picador now advanced for the purpose of attracting the notice of the animal, but, being in an awkward position for resisting it, received so severe an attack, that both man and horse were overthrown, and exposed to the rage of the beast. The violence of the shock threw the rider off, but he contrived to roll himself beyond the reach of the animal while it was venting its rage upon the unfortunate horse, which received so severe a wound as to survive but a few minutes. In the mean time the banderilleros darted forward like lightning to the assistance of the picador; and drawing off the bull to the opposite side by waving their flags at the animal, he was enabled to effect his escape without having received any particular injury.

The animal now galloped wildly round the arena, and was not long in making his attack upon the third picador with such strength and fury that both man and horse were actually lifted from the ground, loud shrieks proceeding at the same time from the female part of the audience. As soon, however, as it was found that the rider had sustained no injury, shouts of laughter and exultation resounded from all parts of the building, which, at least as respected the poor horse, were little called for; as the unfortunate animal, after staggering for some distance with his bowels protruding, fell dead, and was dragged out. The bull proved to be an excellent one, and received, in consequence, the noise and repeated plaudits of the assembled spectators. Every horse, indeed, had suffered from the attack of the infuriated animal; and it would be too shocking to describe minutely the various tortures these poor creatures had to undergo. It was not sufficient for their bodies to be ripped up and their insides exposed. As long as they could be kept on their legs, the merciless fiends on their backs kept urging them bleeding and exhausted round the arena to make a fresh attack, until, in some instances, the bowels, hanging down and dragging upon the ground, were actually trampled upon and torn out by the tortured animal itself, when it fell down and expired.

The first act of this bloody tragedy was now at an end; and the dead and wounded horses being dragged out, the trumpet sounded, and six footmen approached, each provided with a couple of darts about two feet in length, having a sharp single barbed point of iron, and the handle, which was of wood, being ornamented with white, or other coloured cut paper, which covered it like net-work.

Holding a dart in each hand, one of them advanced lightly and boldly towards the animal, provoking it at the same time by his gestures; and at the moment that the bull rushed upon him, and was in the act of lowering his head to toss his antagonist, the latter nimbly stepped aside, planting, at the same time, both darts behind the neck and on the top of each shoulder of the animal, which galloped wildly round the theatre from this additional pain, and tried to shake out the barbed points. A second then approaching, fixed two more with equal skill; and then a third, until the back of the creature was fantastically stuck over in this manner with these cruel weapons; while, mad with torture and rage, it galloped bellowing after its persecutors, who sheltered themselves behind the side slips, or, vaulting up into the front seats, escaped, by these means, the fury of their pursuer.

By this time the animal was nearly mad; and in order to render it completely so, and to exhibit at the same time a diabolical variety in the tortures of this poor creature, these demons now introduced short rockets barbed like the darts, and which, being stuck dexterously into the body, burnt fiercely, ending with a loud explosion, while the wretched creature, bewildered with the fire, the smoke, and the report, stood quite stupified, and paralysed with fear and agony.

The third and final scene was now about to commence, concluding with the death of the bull.

All eyes were directed towards the matador, whose name was Leon: he had attained great celebrity in this his dangerous profession, and had come purposely from Seville to be present.

On his head he wore a kind of flat black silk cap, similar to the montera cap worn by the mountaineers in some parts of Spain, his hair being fastened behind with a large court bag: his jacket, which was open, was of light blue silk, richly embroidered with silver, with a puce-coloured worked satin waistcoat: his small clothes were also of light blue silk, richly worked in silver at the knees, with white silk stockings and straw-coloured shoes. In his left hand he carried a small crimson flag, and in the other a straight sword about four feet in length.

Advancing in front of the governor's box with easy and polished demeanour, he exclaimed, in a loud voice, that, with his permission, he would, for the honour of his lady, himself, and that of the whole company present, now kill the bull. Leave having been accordingly granted by the governor, he bowed to all around, and advanced fearlessly towards the animal, whom the footmen were now drawing towards him with their flags, with a light and graceful step. Having approached within six feet of the bull, he held out his flag concealing under it his sword; and the animal, rushing immediately upon him, and while in the act of lowering his head to toss the matador, received the weapon on the point of the shoulder nearly up to the hilt.

The poor creature staggered, and in a minute or two lay down, and a person coming behind, despatched him by driving a sharp-pointed instrument into the vertebræ at the back of his head. The matador, now drawing out his sword, wiped it with his flag, and advancing amid the deafening plaudits of the whole theatre, made his obeisance to the governor, and retired. The trumpets upon this sounded, and three horses abreast, gaily adorned, and attached to a yoke, made their entrée; and the dead animal being fastened to it, was dragged across the theatre at full speed through the entrance doors.

Eight bulls in succession were thus brought in, and tortured in the manner above described, and at least thirty horses were mangled and destroyed from being exposed to their attacks. As the whole of the bulls are not usually slaughtered, it is a privilege accorded to the people by the governor to select those they please for the matador to despatch. Accordingly, when a bull has established its reputation for courage and vigour during the encounter, by having ripped up seven or eight horses, tossed their riders, and perhaps nearly killed two or three of the footmen, the audience are quite enchanted with the animal, and, as a compliment to its prowess, they beg, with loud cries of "*A la muerte*," addressed to the governor, that it may be killed: on the contrary, if a bull has shown itself docile and spiritless, they are silent, and the animal escapes death to endure the *disgrace* of existence!

Without entering into any inquiry how far the national character is affected by the bull-fights in Spain, I shall only observe, that it cannot but be lowered in the estimation of the feeling and benevolent, from the excessive barbarity of the amusement."

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The islands in the Mediterranean now constituting the Ionian republic, form one of the most interesting foreign possessions of Great Britain, and are the object of curious inquiry to the classic scholar. According to the authentic account of Kendrick, in his entertaining work on the subject, "these islands lie scattered along the west coast of Turkey and Greece, with whose ancient history they are intimately associated, and are the last remains of the Venetian conquests in the east. While the banner of the Sultans of Constantinople waved over the rest of the fallen empire of Greece, Venice, the powerful queen of the Adriatic, held possession of the Morea, Crete, Cyprus, the islands which skirt the western coast, or the eastern side of the gulf, with a narrow strip of land on the adjacent mainland. The arms of the republic, however, gradually declined; and, after many a gallant achievement, all her splendid acquisitions were reduced to Dalmatia, the Ionian Islands, and the adjoining parts of Parga, Prevesa, Vonitza, and Butrinto, in Albania, which remained in faithful obedience till the extinction of her independence in 1787. The despotic Venetian aristocracy left, even to its Italian subjects, little to boast of but the shadow of liberty; and their possessions in Greece, now under notice, were still farther from the enjoyment of freedom. Unwise restrictions on the cultivation of their soil, dictated, as it was thought, for the benefit of the mother country, with the usual arbitrary exactions of arbitrary governors, were the principal proofs of the maternal protection of Venice. But, with all these drawbacks, the islanders enjoyed advantages inestimably greater than those of their countrymen under the Turkish yoke.

This state of things continued till 1797, when Venice ceased to exist as a republic, and this part of her territory became subject to France. After a short occupation, the islands were evacuated by the French troops, and recognised, at the peace of Amiens, as an independent state, under the protection of Russia. A secret agreement with the Russian Emperor again consigned them to the power of Napoleon; and a large military force which landed in 1807, kept possession of Corfu till the termination of hostilities in 1814. At the very time that the English, who had occupied Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca and Cerigo, since 1809, and captured Santa Maura in 1810, had seized Paxa, for the purpose of preparing an expedition against Corfu, a convention placed the whole of the seven islands in the hands of Great Britain. The treaty of Vienna continued them under the protection of this country; a national flag was allowed them; and a constitution, under which they were denominated the "United States of the Ionian Islands," was ceded to them. The government at present consists of a senate of ten members, with a prince, president, and legislative assembly of forty deputies, who meet regularly at Corfu, and enact laws subject to the revisal and control of a lord high commissioner, appointed by the British crown. The aggregate extent of the Ionian republic is about equal to that of Somersetshire, and the amount of its population upwards of 200,000. Scattered along a line of coast, which stretches from latitude 36° to 40°, they are subject to great vicissitudes of heat and cold, though in some of the islands, particularly Zante, the air is pure and salubrious. The established religion is that of the Greek church, which, under British protection, has acquired a considerable accession of dignity. An archbishop presides over the whole.

The inhabitants of the Ionian islands are a mixture of the Greek and the Italian—two of the most debased na-

tions on the face of the earth. They are, in general, timid, revengeful, and implacable, litigious to an extraordinary degree; ignorant and superstitiously devout; full of professions which they have no intention of fulfilling; and utterly unworthy of confidence in commercial dealings. Oriental jealousy of females predominates. The women are treated as beings of an inferior nature, and their minds are consequently without cultivation or refined virtuous sentiment. This low state of morals is, however, said to be improving. Already do the islanders wonder at the inflexible impartiality with which public justice is executed on criminals; already has the uncompromising character of the English, and their uprightness in commercial transactions, excited admiration, and to admire and to imitate are not often disjoined. These islands could not, indeed, be placed in a situation more favourable for moral improvement, or political importance, than that which they now occupy under the protection of Great Britain. Freed from all apprehension of external foes, the citizens enjoy all the advantages of internal freedom; and it may be, indeed, with truth asserted, that since the ancient heroic ages, these isles have not held a rank so dignified among the nations of the world. Besides the English troops sent for the protection of the country, there is a native militia, both subsisted by the Ionians.

Corfu, or Corcyra, the most northerly of the group, though only second in size, is the first in importance. Under the 39th parallel of latitude, it stretches from north to south in a semi-circular shape, and is separated from the main land by a channel, which, at the narrowest point, is not more than two miles in breadth—has some high ridgy land, but the general appearance of the country is indicative of great fertility; its principal productions are wine and oil; and the climate, with a colder winter, differs little from the softness of Zante. In the midst of a bay, shut in by mountains, stands the capital, Corfu, pre-eminent in filth and deformity above the generality of the Mediterranean towns. It is surrounded by walls, and strongly fortified with outworks. The narrowness of the streets has been improved by the English, and shrubberies and plantations formed on the esplanade, the only beautiful or inhabitable part of the city. Here, and in the adjoining streets, the principal part of the public buildings are situated; and the palace of the high commissioner forms one of its prominent ornaments. In front of the harbour, about a mile from the shore, lies the battlemented rock of Vido, the batteries of which are bristled with heavy ordnance, and command both the town and the shipping. The island is divided into four districts; and of its population of 62,000, nearly one-fourth inhabits the capital, and the remainder is distributed in about eighty villages.

It is asserted by Strabo, that Corcyra was colonised by the Corinthians, six centuries anterior to the Trojan war; and if we give credit to the opinion which identifies this island with Phœacia of Homer, the poet's description of the gardens of Alcinous expresses, in glowing terms, its riches and refinement during those ages of fable. When we descend, however, into the regions of historical truth, we find the Corcyræans, after having abolished monarchical government, essaying the newborn strength of their republic in a successful contest with the mother-country, then governed by the famous Periander. They afterwards contributed their quota to repel the invasion of the Persian King; and gave protection to Themistocles, when the illustrious fugitive sought refuge from the violence of the Athenian mob. But the most glorious page in their history is the second struggle which they maintained against Corinth, and which, in its results, was one of the proximate causes of the Peloponnesian war. As to the antiquities of the island, not a vestige remains to indicate the ancient city of the Phœacians; but in the neighbourhood of the modern town are numerous ruins, among which scattered fragments of Doric and Ionic columns, large masses of square stone, and broken pieces of Mosaic, attest the wealth and magnificence of the capital of the Corcyræan commonwealth.

Cephalonia, the largest of the Ionian islands, still retains its ancient name. It is situate midway between Santa Maura and Zante, at the distance of about twenty-four miles from the western shore of the Peloponnesus, and is about 150 miles in circumference. The whole island consists of one irregular mountain mass, which traverses its greatest length from north-west to south-east; at the distance of fifteen miles from this latter extremity, rises abruptly into a lofty ridge the celebrated Mount Ævos, of antiquity. The ancient greatness of Cephalonia is evident from the stupendous ruins of Samos, Cranii, Palæ, and Pronos, the capitals of the four states into which it is divided.

Next in size is Zante, the ancient Zacynthus, being nearly 60 miles in circumference. Ramparted on its western coast by a steep range of limestone hills, upwards of 1000 feet in elevation, and on its eastern by Monte Skapo and other eminences, the intermediate space is occupied by a valley, on which nature has lavished all her charms; its surface is thickly strewn with groves of orange, and citron, and olive. On the mountain sides are scattered numerous flourishing villages, whose inhabitants derive their subsistence from the product of the pleasing landscape beneath them. The staple productions of Zante are currants and oil, though the soil also yields corn, cotton, and flax.

About six miles distant from the northernmost point of Cephalonia, and separated from the coast of Acarnania by a channel not more than fifteen miles in breadth, lies the once far-famed Ithaca. Little else at its first appearance than a rugged line of lofty rocks, it presents, on more close inspection, numerous features which characterise it as the seat of the empire of Ulysses. The island is about seventeen miles in length, and of a very irregular breadth, though in no part exceeding five miles.

To the north of Ithaca lies Santa Maura, the Leucodia of antiquity, of a figure somewhat triangular, measuring thirty miles from north to south, and of a rugged mountainous character. United originally to the continent, according to Strabo, it was divided from it by an artificial channel, cut by the commercial and enterprising Corinthians. This channel is now useless for maritime purposes, and in many places is not more than a hundred yards across. The sites of the two ancient cities Leucate and Ellomenas have been discovered, though much of the ground which they occupied has become the territory of the olive. A part of the island, and that not the least interesting, remains unaltered by the hand of time. We allude to the ancient Leucas, from which, as the poets tell, the unhappy and devoted Sappho cast herself into the ocean which rolls below it, and extinguished at once her passion and her life. The promontory of Leucas, or as it is now called, Cape Deccato, is situated at the most southern point of the island. It is a rugged cliff, rising to the height 115 feet above the sea. A few paces nearer its extreme point than the spot supposed to have been the scene of Sappho's leap, are to be seen some ruins, which are conjectured to be Apollo's Temple. The scenery of Santa Maura is often highly striking and picturesque, while, from some of its more elevated points, the spectator is presented with views as magnificent as any on which the eye can rest. To the northward may be seen the whole land of Cephalonia; part of the rugged Ithaca; the romantic scenery of the Bay of Arta, and the "beaked" promontory of Actium; whilst, to the eastward, rise the snow-topped mountains of the ancient mainland of Greece."*

* The above statements have been drawn from a work entitled "The Ionian Islands, by T. Kendrick, Esq.," and from an able article in Knight's Quarterly Magazine, an ingenious periodical, abandoned some years ago.

THE IRISH MAGISTRATE.

A FEW years before the battle of Knocktuadh, an extraordinary instance of civic justice occurred in this town, which in the eyes of its citizens elevated their chief magistrate to a rank with the inflexible Roman. James Lynch Fitz-Stephen, an opulent merchant, was mayor of Galway in 1493. He had made several voyages to Spain, as a considerable intercourse was then kept up between that country and the western coast of Ireland. When returning from his last visit he brought with him the son of a respectable merchant named Gomez, whose hospitality he had largely experienced, and who was now received by his family with all that warmth of affection which from the earliest period has characterised the natives of Ireland. Young Gomez soon became the intimate associate of Walter Lynch, the only son of the mayor, a youth in his twenty-first year, and who possessed qualities of mind and body which rendered him an object of general admiration; but to these was unhappily united a disposition to libertinism, which was a source of the greatest affliction to his father. The worthy magistrate, however, was now led to entertain hopes of a favourable change in his son's character, as he was engaged in paying honourable addresses to a beautiful young lady of good family and fortune. Preparatory to the nuptials, the mayor gave a splendid entertainment, at which young Lynch fancied his intended bride viewed his Spanish friend with too much regard. The fire of jealousy was instantly lighted up in his distempered brain, and at their next interview he accused his beloved Agnes of unfaithfulness to him. Irritated at its injustice, the offended fair one disdained to deny the charge, and the lovers parted in anger.

On the following night, while Walter Lynch slowly passed the residence of his Agnes, he observed young Gomez to leave the house, as he had been invited by her father to spend that evening with him. All his suspicions now received the most dreadful confirmation, and in maddened fury he rushed on his unsuspecting friend, who, alarmed by a voice which the frantic rage of his pursuer prevented him from recognising, fled towards a solitary quarter of the town near the shore. Lynch maintained the fell pursuit till his victim had nearly reached the water's edge, when he overtook him, darted a poniard into his heart, and plunged his body, bleeding, into the sea, which, during the night, threw it back again upon the shore, where it was found and recognised on the following morning.

The wretched murderer, after contemplating for a moment the deed of horror which he had perpetrated, sought to hide himself in the recesses of an adjoining wood, where he passed the night a prey to all those conflicting feelings which the loss of that happiness he had so ardently expected, and a sense of guilt of the deepest dye, could inflict. He at length found some degree of consolation in the firm resolution of surrendering himself to the law, as the only means now left to him of expiating the dreadful crime which he had committed against society. With this determination he bent his steps towards the town at the earliest dawn of the following morning; but he had scarcely reached its precincts, when he met a crowd approaching, amongst whom, with shame and terror, he observed his father on horseback, attended by several officers of justice. At present, the venerable magistrate had no suspicion that his only son was the assassin of his friend and guest; but when young Lynch proclaimed himself the murderer, a conflict of feeling seized the wretched father beyond the power of language to describe. To him, as chief magistrate of the town, was entrusted the power of life and death. For a moment the strong affection of a parent pleaded in his breast in behalf of his wretched son; but this quickly gave place to a sense of duty in his magisterial capacity as an impartial dispenser of the laws. The latter feeling at length predominated, and though he now perceived that the cup of earthly bliss was about to be for ever dashed from his lips, he resolved to sacrifice all personal considerations to his love of justice, and ordered the guard to secure their prisoner.

The sad procession moved slowly towards the prison amidst a concourse of spectators, some of whom expressed the strongest admiration at the upright conduct of the magistrate, while others were equally loud in their lamentations for the unhappy fate of a highly accomplished youth who had long been a universal favourite. But the firmness of the mayor had to withstand a still greater shock when the mother, sisters, and intended bride of the wretched Walter, beheld him who had been their hope and pride, approach pale, bound, and surrounded with spears. Their frantic outcries affected every heart except that of the inflexible magistrate, who had now resolved to sacrifice life with all that makes life valuable rather than swerve from the path of duty.

In a few days the trial of Walter Lynch took place, and in a provincial town of Ireland, containing at that period not more than three thousand inhabitants, a father was beheld sitting in judgment, like another Brutus, on his only son; and, like him, too, condemning that son to die, as a sacrifice to public justice. Yet the trial of the firmness of the upright and inflexible magistrate did not end here. His was a virtue too refined for vulgar minds: the populace loudly demanded the prisoner's release, and were only prevented by the guards from demolishing the prison, and the mayor's house, which adjoined it; and their fury was increased on learning that the unhappy prisoner had now become anxious for life. To these ebullitions of popular rage were added the intercessions of persons of the first rank and influence in Galway, and the entreaties of his dearest relatives and friends; but while Lynch evinced all the feeling of a father and a man placed in his singularly distressing circumstances, he undauntedly declared that the law should take its course.

On the night preceding the fatal day appointed for the execution of Walter Lynch, this extraordinary man entered the dungeon of his son, holding in his hand a lamp, and accompanied by a priest. He locked the grate after him, kept the keys fast in his hand, and then seated himself in a recess of the wall. The wretched culprit drew near, and, with a faultering tongue, asked if he had any thing to hope. The mayor answered, "No, my son—your life is forfeited to the laws, and at sun-rise you must die! I have prayed for your prosperity; but that is at an end—with this world you have done for ever—were any other but your wretched father your judge, I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solicited for his life, even though stained with murder; but you must die; these are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature; and, if you dare hope, implore that heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow-creature. I am now come to join with this good man in petitioning God to give you such composure as will enable you to meet your punishment with becoming resignation." After this affecting address, he called on the clergyman to offer up their united prayers for God's forgiveness to his unhappy son, and that he might be fully fortified to meet the approaching catastrophe. In the ensuing supplications at a throne of mercy, the youthful culprit joined with fervour, and spoke of life and its concerns no more.

Day had scarcely broken when the signal of preparation was heard among the guards without. The father rose, and assisted the executioner to remove the fetters which bound his unfortunate son. Then unlocking the door, he placed him between the priest and himself, leaning upon an arm of each. In this manner they ascended a flight of steps lined with soldiers, and were passing on to gain the street, when a new trial assailed the magistrate, for which he appears not to have been unprepared. His wretched wife, whose name was Blake, failing in her personal exertions to save the life of her son, had gone in distraction to the heads of her own family, and prevailed on them, for the honour of their house, to rescue him from ignominy. They flew to arms, and a prodigious concourse soon assembled to support them, whose outcries for mercy to the culprit must have shaken any nerves less firm than those of the mayor of Galway. He exhorted them to yield submission to the laws of their country; but, finding all his efforts fruitless to accomplish the ends of justice at the accustomed place and by the usual hands, he, by a desperate victory over parental feeling, resolved himself to perform the sacrifice which he had vowed to pay on its altar. Still retaining a hold of his unfortunate son, he mounted with him by a winding stair within the building, that led to an arched window overlooking the street, which he saw filled by the populace. Here he secured the end of the rope which had been previously fixed round the neck of his son, to an iron staple which projected from the wall, and, after taking from him a last embrace, he launched him into eternity.

The intrepid magistrate expected instant death from the fury of the populace; but the people seemed so much overawed or confounded by the magnanimous act, that they retired slowly and peaceably to their several dwellings. The innocent cause of this sad tragedy is said to have died soon after of grief, and the unhappy father of Walter Lynch to have secluded himself during the remainder of his life from all society, except that of his mourning family. His house still exists in Lombard Street, Galway, which is yet known by the name of "Dead Man's Lane," and under the front window are to be seen a skull and cross bones executed in black marble.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

ADVANTAGE OF SHORT STATURE.

Lord Chesterfield being given to understand that he would die by inches, very philosophically replied, "If that be the case, I am happy that I am not so tall as Sir Thomas Robinson."

LONG BREAKFAST.

A farmer observing his servant a long time at breakfast, said, "John, you make a long breakfast." "Master," answered John, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you would think of."

Column for Mothers.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Selected from MRS CHILD'S "*Frugal Housewife.*"

COTTON wool, wet with sweet oil and paregoric, relieves the earache very soon.

A good quantity of old cheese is the best thing to eat, when distressed by eating too much fruit, or oppressed with any kind of food. Physicians have given it in cases of extreme danger.

Honey and milk is very good for worms; so is strong salt water; likewise powdered sage and molasses taken freely.

For a sudden attack of quinsy or croup, bathe the neck with bear's grease, and pour it down the throat. A linen rag soaked in sweet oil, butter, or lard, and sprinkled with yellow Scotch snuff, is said to have performed wonderful cures in cases of croup; it should be placed where the distress is greatest. Goose grease, or any kind of oily grease, is as good as bear's oil.

Equal parts of camphor, spirits of wine, and hartshorn, well mixed, and rubbed upon the throat, is said to be good for the croup.

Cotton wool and oil are the best things for a burn.

A poultice of wheat bran, or rye bran, and vinegar, very soon takes down the inflammation occasioned by a sprain. Brown paper, wet, is healing to a bruise. Dipped in molasses, it is said to take down inflammation.

In case of any scratch, or wound, from which the lock-jaw is apprehended, bathe the injured part freely with lye, or pearlash and water.

A rind of pork bound upon a wound occasioned by a needle, pin, or nail, prevents the lock-jaw. It should be always applied. Spirits of turpentine is good to prevent the lock-jaw. Strong soft soap, mixed with pulverized chalk, about as thick as batter, put in a thin cloth or bag upon the wound, is said to be a preventive to this dangerous disorder. The chalk should be kept moist, till the wound begins to discharge itself, when the patient will find relief.

If you happen to cut yourself slightly while cooking, bind on some fine salt: molasses is likewise good.

Flour boiled thoroughly in milk, so as to make quite a thick porridge, is good in cases of dysentery. A tablespoonful of rum, a tablespoonful of sugar-baker's molasses, and the same quantity of sweet oil, well simmered together, is likewise good for this disorder; the oil softens the harshness of the other ingredients.

Black or green tea, steeped in boiling milk, seasoned with nutmeg, and best of loaf sugar, is excellent for the dysentery. Cork burned to charcoal, about as big as a hazel nut, macerated, and put in a teaspoonful of brandy, with a little loaf sugar and nutmeg, is very efficacious in cases of dysentery and cholera morbus. If nutmeg be wanting, peppermint-water may be used. Flannel wet with brandy, powdered with cayenne pepper, and laid upon the bowels, affords great relief in cases of extreme distress.

Dissolve as much table salt in keen vinegar as will ferment and work clear. When the foam is discharged, cork it up in a bottle, and put it away for use. A large spoonful of this, in a gill of boiling water, is very efficacious in cases of dysentery and colic. Among the numerous medicines for this disease, perhaps none, after all, is better, particularly where the bowels are inflamed, than the old fashioned one of English mallows steeped in milk, and drank freely. Every body knows, of course, that English mallows and marsh mallows are different herbs.

Whortleberries, commonly called huckleberries, dried, are a useful medicine for children. Made into tea, and sweetened with molasses, they are very beneficial, when the system is in a restricted state, and the digestive powers out of order.

Blackberries are extremely useful in cases of dysentery. To eat the berries is very healthy; tea made of the roots and leaves is beneficial; and a sirup made of the berries is still better. Blackberries have sometimes effected a cure when physicians despaired.

Loaf sugar and brandy relieves a sore throat; when very bad, it is good to inhale the steam of scalding hot vinegar through the tube of a tunnel. This should be tried carefully at first, lest the throat be scalded. For children, it should be allowed to cool a little.

A stocking bound on warm from the foot, at night, is good for the sore throat.

An ointment made from the common ground-worms, which boys dig to bait fishes, rubbed on with the hand, is said to be excellent, when the sinews are drawn up by any disease or accident.

A gentleman in America says that he had an inveterate cancer upon his nose cured by a strong potash made of the lye of the ashes of red oak bark, boiled down to the consistence of molasses. The cancer was covered with this, and, about an hour after, covered with a plaster of tar. This must be removed in a few days, and if any portuberances remain in the wound, apply more potash to them, and the plaster again, until they entirely disappear: after which heal the wound with any common soothing salve. I never knew this to be tried.

If a wound bleeds very fast, and there is no physician at hand, cover it with the scrapings of sole leather, scraped like coarse lint. This stops blood very soon. Always have vinegar, camphor, hartshorn, or something of that kind, in readiness, as the sudden stoppage of blood almost always makes a person faint.

Half a spoonful of *critic acid* (which may always be bought of the apothecaries), stirred in half a tumbler of water, is excellent for the headache.

People in general think that they must go abroad for vapour baths; but a very simple one can be made at home. Place *strong* sticks across a tub of water, at the boiling point, and sit upon them, entirely enveloped in a blanket, feet and all. The steam from the water will be a vapour bath. Some people put herbs into the water. Steam baths are excellent for severe colds, and for some disorders in the bowels. They should not be taken without the advice of an experienced nurse, or physician. Great care should be taken not to renew the cold after; it would be doubly dangerous.

Boiled potatoes are said to cleanse the hands as well as common soap; they prevent *chops* in the winter season, and keep the skin soft and healthy.

Water-gruel, with three or four onions simmered in it, prepared with a lump of butter, pepper, and salt, eaten just before one goes to bed, is said to be a cure for a hoarse cold. A syrup made of horse-radish root and sugar is excellent for a cold.

Very strong salt and water, when frequently applied, has been known to cure wens.

The following poultice for the throat distemper has been much approved:—The pulp of a roasted apple, mixed with an ounce of tobacco, the whole wet with spirits of wine, or any other high spirits, spread on a linen rag, and bound upon the throat at any period of the disorder.

Nothing is so good to take down swellings as a soft poultice of stewed white beans, put on in a thin muslin bag, and renewed every hour or two.

The thin white skin, which comes from suet, is excellent to bind upon the feet for chilblains. Rubbing with Castile soap, and afterwards with honey, is likewise highly recommended. But to cure the chilblains effectually, they must be attended to often, and for a long time.

Always apply diluted laudanum to fresh wounds.

A poultice of elder-blow tea and biscuit is good as a preventive to mortification. The approach of mortification is generally shown by the formation of blisters filled with *blood*; water blisters are not alarming.

Burnt alum held in the mouth is good for the canker.

The common dark blue violet makes a slimy tea, which is excellent for the canker. Leaves and blossoms are both good. Those who have families should take some pains to dry these flowers.

When people have a sore mouth, from taking colomel, or any other cause, tea made of low blackberry leaves is extremely beneficial.

Tea made of slippery elm is good for the piles, and for humours in the blood; to be drank plentifully. Winter evergreen is considered good for all humours, particularly scrofula. This plant resembles the poisonous kill-lamb, both in the shape and glossiness of the leaves; great care should be used to distinguish them. Some call it rheumatism-weed; because a tea made from it is supposed to check that painful disorder.

An ointment of lard, sulphur, and cream-of-tartar, simmered together, is good for the piles.

The constant use of malt beer, or malt in any way, is said to be a preservative against fevers.

Black cherry-tree bark, barberry bark, mustard-seed, petty morrel-root, and horse-radish, well steeped in cider, are excellent for the jaundice.

Cotton wool and oil are the best things for a burn. When children are burned, it is difficult to make them endure the application of cotton wool. I have known the inflammation of a very bad burn extracted in one night, by the constant application of brandy, vinegar, and water, mixed together. This feels cool and pleasant, and a few drops of paregoric will soon put the little sufferer to sleep. The bathing should be continued till the pain is gone.

A few drops of the oil of Cajput on cotton wool is said to be a great relief to the toothache. It occasions a smart pain for a few seconds, when laid upon the defective tooth. Any apothecary will furnish it ready dropped on cotton wool for a trifle.

A poultice made of ginger, or of common chickweed, that grows about one's door in the country, has given great relief to the toothache, when applied frequently to the cheek.

A spoonful of ashes stirred in cider is good to prevent sickness at the stomach. Physicians frequently order it in cases of cholera morbus.

When a blister occasioned by a burn breaks, it is said to be a good plan to put wheat flour upon the naked flesh.

The buds of the elder bush, gathered in early spring, and simmered with new butter, or sweet lard, make a very healing and cooling ointment.

Night sweats have been cured, when more powerful remedies had failed, by fasting morning and night, and drinking cold sage tea constantly and freely.

Lard melted and cooled five or six times in succession, by being poured each time into a fresh pail-full of water, then simmered with sliced onions, and cooled, is said, by old nurses, to make a salve, which is almost infallible in curing inflammations produced by taking cold in wounds.

Vinegar curds, made by pouring vinegar into warm milk, put on warm, and changed pretty frequently, are likewise excellent to subdue inflammation.

Chalk wet with hartshorn is a remedy for the sting of bees; so is likewise table-salt kept moist with water.

Boil castor oil with an equal quantity of milk, sweeten it with a little sugar, stir it well, and, when cold, give it to children for drink. They will never suspect it is medicine; and will even love the taste of it.

A raw onion is an excellent remedy for the sting of a wasp.

PRAYER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Pray'r is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpresst;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Pray'r is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear:
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Pray'r is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Pray'r is the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Pray'r is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heav'n by pray'r.

Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways:
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold he prays!"

The Saints, in pray'r, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son,
Their fellowship they find.

No pray'r is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O! Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

AN AMERICAN HUNT.

THERE is an extensive swamp in the section of the State of Mississippi, which lies partly in the Choctaw territory. It commences at the borders of the Mississippi, at no great distance from a Chicasaw village, situated near the mouth of a creek known by the name of Vanconnah, and partly inundated by the swellings of several large bayous, the principal of which, crossing the swamp in its whole extent, discharges its waters not far from the Yazoo River. This famous bayou is called False River. The swamp of which I am speaking follows the windings of the Yazoo, until the latter branches off to the north-east, and at this point forms the stream named Cold Water River, below which the Yazoo receives the draining of another bayou inclining towards the north-west, and intersecting that known by the name of False River, at a short distance from the place where the latter receives the waters of the Mississippi. This tedious account of the situation of the swamp is given with the view of pointing it out to all students of nature who may chance to go that way, and whom I would earnestly urge to visit its interior, as it abounds in rare and interesting productions: birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles, as well as molluscous animals, many of which, I am persuaded, have never been described.

In the course of one of my rambles, I chanced to meet with a squatter's cabin on the banks of the Cold Water River. In the owner of this hut, like most of those adventurous settlers in the uncultivated tracts of our frontier districts, I found a person well versed in the chase, and acquainted with the habits of some of the larger species of quadrupeds and birds. As he who is desirous of instruction ought not to disdain listening to any one who has knowledge to communicate, however humble may be his lot, or however limited his talents, I entered the squatter's cabin, and immediately opened a conversation with him respecting the situation of the swamp, and its natural productions. He told me he thought it the very place I ought to visit, spoke of the game which it contained, and pointed to some bear and deer skins, adding that the individuals to which they had belonged formed but a small portion of the number of those animals which he had shot within it. My heart swelled with delight, and on asking if he would accompany me through the great morass, and allow me to become an inmate of his humble but hospitable mansion, I was gratified to find that he cordially assented to all my proposals. So I immediately unstrapped my drawing materials, laid up my gun, and sat down to partake of the homely but wholesome fare intended for the supper of the squatter, his wife, and his two sons.

The quietness of the evening seemed in perfect accordance with the gentle demeanour of the family. The wife and children, I more than once thought, seemed to look upon me as a strange sort of person, going about as I told them I was, in search of birds and plants; and were I here to relate the many questions which they put to me in return for those which I addressd to them, the catalogue would occupy several pages. The husband, a native of Connecticut, had heard of the existence of such men as myself, both in our own country and abroad, and seemed greatly pleased to have me under his roof. Supper over, I asked my kind host what had induced him to remove to this wild and solitary spot. "The people are growing too numerous now to thrive in New England," was his answer. I thought of the state of some parts of Europe, and calculating the denseness of their population compared with that of New England, exclaimed to myself, "How much more difficult must it be for men to thrive in these populous countries!" The conversation then changed, and the squatter, his sons and myself, spoke of hunting and fishing, until at length tired, we laid ourselves down on pallets of bear skins, and reposed in peace on the floor of the only apartment of which the hut consisted.

Day dawned, and the squatter's call to his hogs, which, being almost in a wild state, were suffered to seek the greater portion of their food in the woods, awakened me. Being ready dressed, I was not long in joining him. The hogs and their young came grunting at the well known call of their owner, who threw them a few ears of corn, and counted them, but told me that for some weeks their number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large *Panther*, by which name the Cougar is designated in America, and that the ravenous animal did not content himself with the flesh of his pigs, but now and then carried off one of his calves, notwithstanding the many attempts he had made to shoot it. The *Painter*, as he sometimes called it, had on several occasions robbed him of a dead deer; and to these exploits the squatter added several remarkable feats of audacity which it had performed, to give me an idea of the formidable character of the beast. Delighted by his description, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy, at which he was highly pleased, but assured me that unless some of his neighbours should join us with their dogs and his own, the attempt would prove fruitless. Soon after, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbours, several of whom lived at a distance of some miles, and appointed a day of meeting.

The hunters, accordingly, made their appearance, one fine morning, at the door of the cabin, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses, which in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags, but which in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a Cougar or a bear through woods and morasses than any in that country. A pack of large ugly curs were already engaged in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, whilst his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality.

Few words were uttered by the party until we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse and seek for the fresh track of the Painter, it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot, until the rest should join him. In less than an hour, the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call of the distant huntsmen. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dog was sent forward to track the Cougar, and in a few moments the whole pack were observed diligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs, at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the Panther.

The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened

their pace. My companion concluded that the beast was on the ground, and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when, all of a sudden, their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was *treed*, by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again to gallop off to surround it.

Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the Cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity as to shew that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore-legs near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy; but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the Cougar being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy to follow the tract of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hoppled the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools, and making the best of their way over fallen trees and amongst the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself, all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of "beauty and fashion," or the quiet enjoyment of your "pleasure-grounds," alone delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an expedition.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the Cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the Cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree. His broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated Cougar fought with desperate valour; but the squatter advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The Cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead.

The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest, to procure venison, whilst the squatter's sons were ordered to make the best of their way home, to be ready to feed the hogs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The Cougar was despoiled of its skin, and its carcass left to the hungry dogs. Whilst engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a small deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter displayed his *pone* of bread, along with a flask of whisky. The deer was skinned in a trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal, and as the night grew darker, stories and songs went round, until my companions, fatigued, laid themselves down, close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep.

I walked for some minutes round the camp, to contemplate the beauties of that nature, from which I have certainly derived my greatest pleasures. I thought of the occurrences of the day, and glancing my eye around, remarked the singular effects produced by the phosphorescent qualities of the large decayed trunks which lay in all directions around me. How easy, I thought, would it be for the confused and agitated mind of a person bewildered in a swamp like this, to imagine in each of these luminous masses some wondrous and fearful being, the very sight of which might make the hair stand erect on his head. The thought of being myself placed in such a predicament burst over my mind, and I hastened to join my companions, beside whom I laid me down and slept, assured that no enemy could approach us without first rousing the dogs, which were growling in fierce dispute over the remains of the Cougar.

At daybreak we left our camp, the squatter bearing on his shoulder the skin of the late destroyer of his stock, and retraced our steps until we found our horses, which had not strayed far from the place where we had left them. These we soon saddled, and jogging along, in a direct course, guided by the sun, congratulating each other on the destruction of so formidable a neighbour as the Panther had been, we soon arrived at my host's cabin. The five neighbours partook of such refreshment as the house could afford, and, dispersing, returned to their homes, leaving me to follow my favourite pursuits.—*Audubon's Ornithology.*

MARINE RAILWAYS.

It has been found from experience that navigable canals are of little or no value for purposes of transmitting large sailing vessels from one sea to another, and thereby cutting off an extensive circuitous route round a promontory of land. The Caledonian Canal, the largest in Britain, which was intended for a purpose of this nature, has turned out almost an entire failure. The necessary dues prevent the entrance of vessels, and, besides, in this, as in other instances, the transmission is not effected with speed. The enormous expense incurred in cutting a canal for the transport of line-of-battle ships, or large merchantmen, will ever prevent this means of communication from being made on so immense a scale. Yet nothing could be more desirable than to establish some mode of conveyance for vessels across and athwart different parts of the island. At present the distance from sea-ports is one of the most serious drawbacks on central parts of the country. Provide a means of bringing ships into the heart of agricultural and manufacturing districts, and you open up new sources of human industry, and new outlets for products of every description. You might then have a flourishing sea-port for the reception of the largest vessels, in districts of the country now in a state of inaction and poverty. It is evident that water cannot be employed as an agent in so magnificent an undertaking. We must turn our attention to the railway. In this we perceive a means of communication, which, sooner or later, is to have the effect of revolutionising the whole economy of trade and commerce, and stimulating human capabilities in the greatest possible degree.

A writer on this subject in the *United Service Journal* for May 1832, is extremely sanguine in his anticipations of what is to be accomplished by means of those marine railways; no less than projecting the establishment of these lines of communication over Europe, and connected, by a chain bridge across the British channel, with lines radiating all over this country.

"I wish in the following remarks (says he) to exhibit the outline of an extensive project for marine railways, both in this island and the neighbouring European nations; thinking it probable that the world has yet obtained a glimpse only of the revolutionary wonders of the railway system—an invention which is destined to change the civil, commercial, and political condition of every nation on the globe. I first proceed to shew that there is neither difficulty nor novelty in raising vessels from the water; and it is apparent that when elevated to the level of the road, any weight may be drawn upon a railway.

By the patent slip, vessels are already drawn from the water up the steepest banks, by horse-power, to the shipyards, three horses being described as equal to the draught of a frigate full mantled, and partially in ballast. By stationary steam-engines, and the patent slip, therefore, vessels of any tonnage whatever may be raised from the water; and the track of the railway being formed of the required width and strength of metal, it only remains to attach the locomotive engine, and proceed with the vessel and cradle. Or the descent to the harbour may be graduated for miles, and rendered imperceptible upon the railway, when locomotive-engines, or horses alone, will suffice for the conveyance of vessels from the sea to any distance inland. The employment of hydrostatic pressure might be found an economical, speedy, and powerful method of elevating vessels; and equally convenient is the screw-dock, a machine lately introduced into the ports of the United States of America, for the purpose of raising vessels to copper and repair; an invention resorted to in consequence of the insufficiency of water for the formation of dry docks in that country, there not being the same rise and fall of tide in the harbours of America that we have round the coasts of England. The American engineers have not only remedied this deficiency, but greatly surpassed our method; the vessel being elevated to a level with the street, and consequently in a more favourable position for effectually working at the bottom. The screw-dock is still a new and very imperfect machine, being worked by capstans and manual power; but an instance of its great capability is in the circumstance that a vessel of 250 tons burthen, recently arrived in the port of New York, in distress and leaky, and being placed upon the screw-dock, without disturbing the cargo, was raised, repaired, and again despatched to sea in a single tide. Similar machinery has for a century been employed by the Dutch at the Island of Curaçoa, for the transference of vessels from one dock to another; and it is certain that in very ancient times, shipping were conveyed across the isthmus of Corinth: it cannot, therefore, defy the all-conquering mechanical powers of the present age, to accomplish a work which is undoubtedly required to the full developement of the commercial advantages of the railway system.

I propose then to form, first, a connected line of marine railways, passing from the southern to the northern counties of the island, and branching to the east and to the west, connecting all our seas.

From Dover to London, at the Thames Tunnel, is the first division of the work; and here a marine railway will save the expensive, circuitous, and dangerous navigation of the Downs and the Thames. The distance is seventy-two miles; and a small steam-engine will convey a vessel of 200 tons to London in about six hours; and at a toll of one farthing per ton per mile, the cost of conveyance will amount to the sum of fifteen pounds, and the expense of the return passage to Dover, an additional sum of fifteen pounds; the whole, therefore, amounting to a charge of thirty pounds. That a toll of one farthing per ton per mile will be a remunerating rate upon this marine railway, is proved by these calculations. The average number of vessels annually entering the port of London is considerably more than twenty thousand, exclusive of lighters, passage-boats, and small craft; and estimating these vessels at an average burthen of 200 tons, and the toll levied upon each being L.30, a revenue of L.600,000 will thus be derived from shipping alone; and the amount to be raised from the conveyance of passengers, mails, and military armaments, with all the local trade of the rich intervening counties of Kent and Surrey, will produce a total revenue of one million per annum. On the other hand, the present expense of sailing and returning from Dover to London, including pilotage, light-money, and all the oppressive and innumerable charges of the Thames, amounts to about L.300 for a vessel of 200 tons. The difference of victualling, wages, and interest upon the value of the vessel and cargo, for a period of seven days, usually occupied in sailing and returning from Dover to London, may be estimated at a farther sum of about L.50; and the vessel being conveyed no further than to warehouses in the neighbourhood of the Tunnel, whence railways for waggons may branch off to the various parts of Southwark, Westminster, and London: the present cost of porterage from the dock, and of the return cargo to the vessel, an average expense of L.25, will be saved entirely when the vessel is conveyed direct to the warehouse of the merchant. It is therefore apparent that this marine railway will create a saving of more than L.1, 10s. per ton, which, upon 20,000 vessels of a burthen of 200 tons, amounts to a difference of three millions annually saved to the shipping interest; and therefore, in the consequent diminution of the price of corn, coal, and all foreign articles of trade, the real result is a perpetual saving of three millions per annum to the consuming population of the kingdom.

Great opposition will undoubtedly be made to any proposal for diverting the trade from the Thames; but as the work will contribute to alleviate the disadvantages of our inland trade, and to diminish the size of this impure place of corruption, monopoly, and unmanageable mobs, the project should be zealously encouraged by government."—Whimsical as these and the succeeding statements may appear, they are worthy of the deliberate consideration of the mercantile classes of Britain.

TAPESTRY.

The art of tapestry, as well as the art of illuminating books, aided in diffusing a love of painting over the island. It was carried to a high degree of excellence. The earliest account of its appearance in England is during the reign of Henry VIII; but there is reason to believe that it was well known, and in general esteem, much earlier. The traditional account, that we were instructed in it by the Saracens, has probably some foundation. The ladies encouraged this manufacture, by working at it with their own hands; and the rich aided by purchasing it in vast quantities whenever regular practitioners appeared in the market. It found its way into church and palace, chamber and hall. It served at once to cover and adorn cold and comfortless walls. It added warmth, and when snow was on the hill, and ice in the stream, gave an air of social snugness, which has deserted some of our modern mansions.

At first, the figures and groups which rendered this manufacture popular, were copies of favourite paintings; but, as taste improved, and skill increased, they showed more of originality in their conceptions, if not more of nature in their forms. They exhibited, in common with all other works of art, the mixed taste of the times; a grotesque union of classical and Hebrew history; of martial life and pastoral repose; of Greek gods and distinguished saints. Absurd as such combinations certainly were, and destitute of those beauties of form and delicate gradations, and harmony of colour, which distinguish paintings worthily so called, still, when the hall was lighted up, and living faces thronged the floor, the silent inhabitants of the wall would seem, in the eyes of our ancestors, something very splendid. As painting rose in fame, tapestry sunk in estimation. The introduction of a lighter and less massive mode of architecture abridged the space for its accommodation; and, by degrees, the stiff and fanciful creations of the loom vanished from our walls. The art is now neglected. I am sorry for this, because I cannot think meanly of an art which engaged the heads and hands of the ladies of England, and gave to the tapestried hall of elder days, fame little inferior to what now waits on a gallery of paintings.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters, &c.*

ANECDOTE OF THE PLAGUE.

A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review relates the following anecdote of the plague:—"In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young, and then the old, of a whole family, dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door, with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled, for a time, to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length, the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more."

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PAY YOUR DEBT!

JOCK COLQUHOUN was a clever journeyman painter of the famous Old Town of Edinburgh, very much given, unfortunately, to Saturday evening potations, which was the cause why he never found himself, poor fellow, any richer one Monday than another, and generally lived during the rest of the week in, to say the least of it, a very desultory manner. Jock was a long slip of a lad, with a bright intelligent face and a woefully battered hat, and the whole man of him was encased, from neck to heel, in one glazed suit—I was going to say, of clothes, but I should rather say, of oil-paint; for, to tell the truth, his attire consisted rather more of the one material than the other. He was universally reputed as a very clever workman; but, then, every body said, what matters it that he can make five shillings a-week more than any of his fellow-journeymen, if he is sure every Saturday, when he gets his wages, to *go upon the scuff*, and so pass the half of the week in spending, not in gaining? Jock, however, had many good points about him; and it was, perhaps, less owing to his own dispositions than to the influence of evil company, that he got into such bad habits. He was such a good fellow that he would at any time part his money with an old crony out of bread, or treat to a can or a bottle any working brother who had got through his money a little before him, and who happened to feel rather dry upon some sunshiny Wednesday. In his profession he was matchless at all superior kinds of work. If his employers had anything to do that required an extraordinary degree of taste or dexterity, Jock was set to it, and he invariably managed it (beer and whisky aside) to their entire satisfaction. Jock might have long ago been foreman to his masters; nay, he might have set up as a general artist, and, with perseverance equal to his talent, would have been sure to do well. But gill-stoups were his lions in the way, and the deceitfulness of drink had beset him; and Jock, from year to year, was just the same glazed and battered, but withal rather spruce-looking fellow, as ever.

It would have been altogether impossible for any such man as Jock to carry on the war, if he had not had one howff,* above all others, where he enjoyed a little credit. This was an eating-house in the Canongate, kept by one Luckie Wishart, a decent widow of about forty, with four or five children, who had been pleased to cast an eye of particular favour upon the shining exterior of our hero. A pot sable upon a ground argent pointed out this house to the passers by, even if they had not been informed of its character by the savoury steam which always proceeded from it between the hours of one and five P. M., and certain spectral and unfinished pies which ran in a row along the sole of her little window, level with the street, as well as a larger display of the same article on a board half way down her somewhat steep and whitewashed stair. Luckie Wishart also sold liquors; but she was far too respectable a person to let Jock spend his wages at one bouse in her house. She always, as she said, shanked him off, whenever he came there of a Saturday night, and it was only when his pockets were empty, and no provisions to be had for the working days of the week, that he resorted to her. Generally about the Tuesdays, Jock came briskly down into her culinary Tartarus, quite sobered and hungry, sending his voice briskly along the passage before him, as if defending himself by anticipation from a shower of reproaches which he knew she would bestow upon him:—"Nothing of the kind," he would cry; "nothing of the kind—all a mistake—'pon my honour." There was generally, it may be supposed, fully as much scolding and raiting as he could have anticipated; but the end of the jest always was, that Jock got snug into some corner of Luckie's own particular den, where he was regaled with a plate of something or other, garnished always with a few last words of rebuke from the lady, like the droppings after a thunder storm, which he always contrived, however, to stomach with his beef, without manifesting any very great degree of irritation. There is something ominous in the act of drawing in one's stool at the fireside of a comfortable widow. It is apt to make a young man feel rather ticklish, even although he may never have thought of her before, except as a good cook. So it was with Jock, and the idea might have been fatal to his visits to Luckie Wishart's (for to speak the truth, she was no great beauty), if dire hunger, which tames lions, had not absolutely compelled him to continue the practice. In general, when Jock came in with his week's gains, he flung a few shillings upon the dresser, as part payment of what he had ate and drank during the past few days, reserving the rest for the bouse-royal. But, notwithstanding all these occasional deposits to account, his score got always the longer the longer, until it at last went fairly off at the bottom of a cupboard door, and had to be "brought forward" on the end of a chest of drawers.

"That's a shocking bad hat you've got," said Luckie to him one day, without any idea that she was anticipating a favourite English phrase by some years. "Of course, there's nae chance of such a drucken blackguard as you ever being able to buy a new ane. But what wad ye say, John, if I were to gie ye ane mysel'?"

"I would say, much oblige t'ye, ma'am," answered Jock, now for the first time in his life called by his proper Christian name.

"Here is one, then," said the widow, and at the same time produced a decent looking chapeau, which, she said, had belonged to *him that was away*—meaning her late husband—and had only been three times on his head at the kirk, when, puir man, he was carried without it to the kirk-yard.

Jock accepted the hat with great thankfulness, and made his old one skimmer into Luckie's fire, where, it is needless to say, it was speedily roasted in its own grease.

"Dear sake, Jock, man," said Mrs Wishart, some ys afterwards, "what kind o' a landlady hae ye got hame? She maun be nae hand at the shirts, I reckon; for fient a bit can ane ken ye on a Monday frae what ye are on a Saturday. Ye may be as touzly as ye like i' the outside o' your claes; but I wad aye like to see a man decent-like next the skin."

"Deed, mistress," said Jock, "to let ye into a secret, I have nae great stock o' linen, and whiles Mrs Ormiston's a wee hurried in getting a shirt ready for me. I'm a gude deal between the hand and the mouth in that respect."

"Ye're just the greatest neer-do-weel that ever I kenned," replied Mrs Wishart; "but yet, reprobate as ye are, I canna think o' seeing ye gaun that gate frae ae week's end to anither. Here's four gude shirts that I hae unco little use for now-a-days. Better ye should wear them, than that they should gang to the moths. Tak them hame wi' ye, man, and mak yoursel' something trig, and dinna gang to think that I'm aye to be gi'ing ye the buffet without the bite."

Jock did as he was bid, and towards the end of the week Luckie Wishart asked him "if he ever thought o' taking a walk on a Sunday evening wi' his lass to Restalrig, to treat her wi' curds and cream, or onything o that kind?"

"Oh, I daresay I have, mistress," said Jock, "in my day. But," added he, looking askance at his resplendent sleeves, "somehow or other I've fallen out of a suit of Sunday claes, and, of course, nae lass 'll gang wi' a chiel like a beggar."

"Weel, Jock," said the lady, "I think ye canna do better than just step into my auld gudeman's claes bodily, and let us hae nae mair wark about it."

This was accompanied with a look so significant, that Jock could not pretend to misunderstand it. He all at once felt as if the stool which he had drawn in towards the fire-side was burning under him, while all the burnished covers on the opposite wall looked like so many moons dancing in troubled water. "Od, mistress," he stammered out, "are ye serious?"

"Ay, that I am," answered she; "and dinna let your modesty wrang ye, my man, an' ye be wise. Ye see every thing here ready to your hand; and if ye just be steady a bit, as I'm sure ye will be, wi' me to look after baith your meat and your winnings, ye may be the snuggest painter lad in the town. What wi' what *ye* can make, and what wi' what *I* can make, we'll be very weel, or I'm muckle mista'en."

"But, Luckie," said Jock, "I maun get my ain consent first; and that, I'm feared, it'll not be sae easy to get. There was a lass ——"

"Oh, very weel, John," said Mrs Wishart; "of course, ae man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty winna gar him drink. There's some folk that dinna ken what's gude for them, and ye're ane o' them. But see, lad," she added, opening up the cupboard door, "what a score ye hae here! Twa pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence. When will ye be gaun to pay that?"

"I suppose I maun pay't when I can," said Jock, striding sturdily up stairs into the street.

Next day he was served with a summons to the Sheriff's court for two pounds fifteen shillings and eightpence, and as he never appeared to dispute the claim, a writ was allowed against him, warranting either the incarceration of his person, or the distraining of his goods. Goods Jock had none; his person therefore came into immediate request among certain individuals of whose companionship he was not ambitious. It would be vain to tell all the strange miracles by which he was enabled for some weeks to elude the pursuit instituted against him. Sometimes as the officers were entering at the door, he was escaping by the back windows. Once he had to drop himself down two stories into an alley. At another time, he sprang across a gulf about ten feet wide, between two garret windows, nine floors from the ground. This course of life could not continue long. He could not get rest any where to pursue his ordinary business, and of course he soon found himself upon very short allowance both as to meat and drink. Just at this crisis, Jock heard of an expedition which was about to sail from Leith, for the purpose of colonising Poyais, and through the intervention of an old chum, who was going thither, he was permitted to join the corps. On the night before the vessel was to sail, he skulked down to Newhaven, and got on board along with the family of his friend. He now, for the first time during three weeks, found himself, as he thought, safe from the avenging persecution of Luckie Wishart. For one happy night he slept amidst a parcel of sacks in a corner of the cabin, surrounded on all hands by squalid and squalling children, whose cries, however, were nothing to the dread which he had recently entertained for the fell Dido of the Canongate Next morning, the sun rose bright, the sails were set loose, the heart of every man on board beat high with hope, and Jock's bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne—when, oh manacles and fetters! a boat came along-side containing a whole bevy of Sheriff's officers. Jock now thought that it was all over with him;

* Alehouse of particular resort.

for, simple man, he believed that he was the sole individual in request. The case, however, was quite different. On a demand being made for admission into the vessel, the whole of the passengers, with one consent, raised their voices against it. "What! let these fellows in—as well give up the whole expedition!" The officers pleaded to have at least a representative sent on board, to show their case to the captain, which, after a great deal of difficulty, was consented to. One messenger was accordingly hoisted on board, and proceeded to call the names of the persons for whom they had captions—Jock Colquhoun among the number. But personalities of this kind were not to be endured. The passengers rose in absolute mutiny against the captain, demanded that he should instantly proceed on the voyage, even although one member of the expedition was yet to join; and as they feared to let the boat once more approach the vessel, they insisted that the messenger should be retained where he was, and carried out to Poyais and back again, as a punishment for his temerity. It was a mad affair altogether, and so small an addition to the general phrenzy was of little moment. So the boatswain, or somebody else, "gave the dreadful word," and, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of the *detenú*, which were both loud and vehement, the lessening boat of the officers was soon seen unwillingly rowing to land, while, instead of any white hand to wave adieu to those on board, the fist of big Pate Forsyth, the chief of the fraternity, was observed shaking in impotent rage over the stern, as much as to say to the captain, "If ever you come back to Leith, ye ken what ye'll get."

Jock soon found himself tolerably comfortable in his new situation. He had, no doubt, come on board without much luggage, and he was still the same greasy Pict as ever in respect of his attire. But then he was not, after all, much behind his neighbours; for if ever a fit garrison for the care of Adullam was collected since the days of King David, it was this ship's company. The whole set resembled a troop of strolling players, going to act a grand historical drama in some country town. A gentleman in tartan trousers was to be a kind of Cincinnatus, alternating between the plough and the cares of state. A young lad, in a blue bonnet, was to be Chamberlain, and Supreme Director of Literature and the Arts. Another carried with him all the materials of a bank, except credit and specie. The other *characters* and *properties*, to speak theatrically, were all on the same scale; and if a state could have been founded as easily as a castle of cards is built, or a puppet-show set in motion, Poyais could have immediately taken its place among the nations of the earth. In such a system it was easy to find a place for Jock. The Chamberlain was good enough to divest himself, in favour of this new friend, of that part of his commission which referred to the fine arts. Jock was therefore styled from this day forward, Director Colquhoun; and every one, including himself, agreed that the case could have only been improved, if he had happened to have any paints. However, nobody pretended to doubt that, so far as the fine arts could be cultivated without materials, Mr Colquhoun would prove himself an efficient member of the corps.

The voyage was a pleasant one, and, during the whole time, nothing was to be heard in the vessel but pæans of homage and gratitude to the Cazique Macgregor, who had sent them out to take possession of his territories. The only individual who did not partake of the general joy was the poor *detenú*, whose long gaunt person did not agree with a tropical climate, and who, therefore, sickened and threatened to die before reaching the land. It was in vain that the Chamberlain promised to make him Lord High Constable of the kingdom, if he would only keep up his spirits. Like the poor sparrow, who, in its last moment, refuses the very finest crumbs held to its mouth, he said it was all humbug to make him these offers, when it was clear he could never live in such a hot part of the world as this. He would lay his death, he said, to their door, and, if at all possible, he would be sure to haunt them after death. To the great grief of the company, the unfortunate messenger died on the very day when they cast anchor off the shores of Poyais.

About seventy or eighty individuals, from the Old Town of Edinburgh—forming the staff of a great empire—now landed on a flat bushy part of the Mosquito Territory—ominous name!—in the Bay of Honduras, with the expectation of immediately falling into the enjoyment of all the luxuries and pleasures which this world can bestow. They were, indeed, somewhat surprised to find that everything was still in its primeval state, and that even their houses were as yet to be built. However, having found one small opening in the forest of brushwood, they established themselves there, with such goods and chattels as they had; and their first duty was to give a decent burial to the *detenú*, whose body they had brought ashore for that purpose. A grave having been dug, the Chamberlain, assuming the character of High Priest of the kingdom, for want of a better, mounted an old shirt over his clothes, by way of sacerdotal vestment, and proceeded to read the funeral service of the Church of England over the body. In the very middle of the most solemn part of this ceremony, a large bird, with a curious beaky face, somewhat resembling that of the deceased, alighted upon a tree immediately above the funeral group, and cried, with a loud shrill voice, what was interpreted by all present (with the aid, no doubt, of a stricken conscience) into the phrase, "Pay your debt!"

The colonists saw and heard with terror, believing that the spirit which had lately animated the body before them was now addressing them in character, according to his threat before death; and, but for the protection which daylight always gives to the superstitious, the whole set, including both the civil and military departments of the state, would have fled from the spot. The Chamberlain saw the nature of the case, and drew hurriedly towards a conclusion; but yet, at every brief pause of his voice, there still came in the ear-piercing cry, "Pay your debt!" Before the grave had been closed, another and another bird of the same species drew towards the spot, and each lifted up his voice to the same tune—"Pay your debt"—"Pay your debt"—"Pay your debt"—till the whole forest seemed possessed by one spirit, and the ghost of the sheriff's officer appeared to the distracted senses of the settlers to have dispersed itself into a whole legion of harpies. The fact was, that the birds were brought forth by the coolness of the evening, according to their usual habits, and were now innocently amusing themselves with their accustomed cry, without the least idea of any personality towards the Poyaisians. The Chamberlain of the colonists, who had learned from books of travels that many American birds uttered something like a sentence of English as their habitual cry, endeavoured to assuage the alarm of his companions; but, nevertheless, a very general sense of terror remained.

"It may be all very true," said Jock Colquhoun, "that the birds of this country have each a particular word to say; but, od, it's gayan queer that the Poyais bird should have pitched upon a thing that jags our consciences sae sair."

The first night was spent in a very uncomfortable manner. To a day of intense heat succeeded a cold dewy night, which struck the limbs of the unprotected settlers with such severe cramps, that hardly a man could stir next morning. Their sleep, moreover was broken occasionally by the cry of, "Pay your debt!" which a few of their feathered friends kept up at intervals all night. Next day, instead of setting about the erection of their metropolis and sea-port, as was intended, they had to attend each other's sick-beds. Before night several of the women and children had expired. Next day, and the next again, the same sickness continued; and in less than a week half their number were under the earth. Jock, who had fortunately escaped every mishap except a rheumatic shoulder, now began to think how much more comfortable he would have been in Luckie Wishart's *laigh shop* in the Canongate of Edinburgh, than he was on this inhospitable coast, where there was no prospect of raising so much as a potato for a twelvemonth. "What a fool I was," said he, "not to make my quarters good there, as the honest woman proposed! Oh, to be walking wi' her down the King's Park on a Sunday nicht, even wi' a' the five bairns running after us! I'se warrant the gardens at Restalrig hae nae birds about the bushes that tell folk to pay their debt; naething o' the kind there, unless it be the boord, black letters on a white ground, that says, 'Pay on delivery.'"

Hardship had now dispelled from every mind the magnificent ideas with which they had hitherto been inspired. If the vessel had yet remained on the coast, the whole of the surviving company, prime minister and all, would have willingly exchanged their brilliant appointments under the Cazique for a snug berth on board. But it had departed immediately after landing them; and there only remained the chance that some other vessel would pass that way, and take pity on their distress. This, fortunately, happened in the course of a few days. A vessel bound to Balize came along the shore, and, on a signal from the unfortunate Poyaisians, sent a boat to inquire into their case. As only a few remained alive, it was soon arranged that they should be carried to the port for which the vessel was bound. With grateful and subdued hearts, and casting many a mournful glance towards the graves of their friends, the small remnant of the Poyais expedition betook themselves to the boat, and sailed off to the vessel. As a sort of parting admonition, a bird came up at the moment of their departure from the land, and, pronouncing one shrill, clear "Pay your debt!" flew off into the interior.

It were needless to relate the various hardships and adventures which befel Jock Colquhoun, before he regained his native shore. Be it enough, that he immediately sought the cozy den of Luckie Wishart, and *paid his debt* in the way originally desired by the lady, who, under the name of Mrs Colquhoun, continued for many years, with the assistance of her reformed husband, to regale the good people of the Canongate.

"A flitchy chield," she used to remark to her female friends, "was whyles the better o' finding the grund o' his stamack."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE principal languages of Western Europe are formed from the Latin, with a greater or less mixture of northern dialects. The Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Manx, and Basque, are vestiges of the language spoken by the Celtic Gauls who first peopled these parts of the globe. The Welsh is the principal surviving type of the tongue used by the Cimbric Gauls, the second great wave in the tide of immigration. The Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian, are almost exclusively the dialects of Roman provincials; the modern French contains a larger proportion of words derived from a northern source, while, in our own language, the majority is on the side of the Saxon, and the Roman appear as the tributary terms. This arose from the circumstance of the complete withdrawal of the legionaries from the island, and the nationalising system of conquest pursued by the Saxons, who afterwards became masters of the country. These latter, as we are told by the old historians, had no sooner obtained the predominance in any district, than they compelled the former inhabitants either to depart, or Saxonize, *i. e.*, adopt the Saxon language, dress, and customs. Saxon in consequence became for nearly eight hundred years the universal language of the island, from the Forth to the Tamar, and the Severn to the British Channel. It was the vehicle of the laws which still form the foundation of English jurisprudence, and boasted no contemptible literature. The conquest of the island, however, by the Roman provincials of Gaul, driven home by the invading Northmen, introduced the corrupted Latinity of the province as the dialect of the conquering caste. Years rolled on before any amalgamation took place between the races, and, of course, between the languages of the conquerors and the conquered. The pressure of a common danger in the protracted struggle between King John and his son on the one part, and the Barons, joined by the people, on the other, rapidly effected what time alone seemed scarcely capable of accomplishing. The reign of Henry III. saw the birth of our language, and Edward I. was the first monarch who reigned over a people united by identity of tongue, and the common title of *Englishmen*. The numerical proportion of the foreigners was small, and thus the bulk of the language was that of the commonalty, while the superadded French-Latin, though it still lingered in the court and the halls of justice, enriched us with new terms, without modifying to any important extent the Saxon forms of construction.

The growth of the mighty infant was suitable to its lofty destinies. It was no puny bantling prematurely thrust into an ungenial climate. It had become necessary for a people on whom opulence, arts, and glory were showering their choicest gifts, and the third generation saw it employed as a vehicle for the variety, the grace, the harmony, of Chaucer. From this period it underwent no material change, and received very dubious improvement, until the revival of learning in the sixteenth century. This great event was but one step in a mighty revolution, which, as it gave a new impulse to the intellectual energies of nations, could not but produce a corresponding effect upon their languages. The discovery of printing, we should perhaps rather say of paper, the disinterment of ancient literature, and the comparative emancipation from mental thraldom effected by the Reformation, were events which not only gave birth to a crowd of new ideas, but disseminated existing knowledge over a circle infinitely more extended than before.

The vast accession of words, drawn from classical sources, which was at this period made to our language, gave it, for a time, rather massive power than pliancy or grace. The prevailing style of the period is voluminous and unwieldy, stiff in its movements, impeded by foreign ornament, and a clumsy attempt at imitating the stately march of the ancients.

It is observable that the compilers of the Liturgy of the English Church, who wrote for the people at large, appear to have been fully aware of the distinction between the new and old forms of expression, and to have studious-

ly coupled them, as if to familiarise the lower orders with the sound and meaning of the terms. Thus, we find in the introductory exhortation, "acknowledge and confess," "assemble and meet together," "humble and lowly," placed in explanatory juxta-position, the one expression being in every case Saxon, the other Latin, but both precisely synonymous.

Some writers, indeed, contemporary with Hooker and Bacon, wrote prose which may vie in elegance and spirit with the style of any later writer, and this character will particularly apply to some passages in that wonderful work, Raleigh's History of the World. In general, however, we may safely say that a century elapsed before the additions made to our language at the revival of learning were so far assimilated and incorporated as to form part of its proper and inseparable substance. The poem, Paradise Lost, was written when the language had newly assumed its modern character and form; and the poet, with exquisite taste, has retained precisely so much of the old classical brocade as to give dignity and picturesque effect to his style, without any violation to the analogies of the popular language. To estimate the judgment and philosophical knowledge of language necessary to accomplish this, we have only to compare the style of the Paradise Lost with the more laboured passages of Shakspeare, and with the Fairy Queen. Milton is always elevated, often archaic, for the time at which he wrote. Shakspeare, in attempting elevation, with the materials of the language yet crude before him, frequently becomes stiff, cumbrous, and wearisome; and Spenser, in the effort to throw an air of antiquity over his work, has invented a lingo which never was and never could have been spoken by the people of this island.

To form any just idea of the distinctive characters of the English language, it should be studied in at least the following authors. Its native and idiomatic form can nowhere be so perfectly traced as in Swift, who studiously weeded words of direct Latin formation from his compositions, and scrupulously adhered to the forms of ordinary conversation. His language is, therefore, the most universally intelligible to natives of any author we can name. Among our present English writers must also be named Addison, Goldsmith, and Fielding, who has given us, in the introductory chapters to the books of Tom Joncs, some of the most perfect specimens of graceful English we can refer to. In Dr Johnson we may see the utmost that can be done with the English language on the opposite system of adapting it to a classical model, and investing it with the gorgeous magniloquence of Rome. The example, however, is a warning. The effect is always against the natural genius of the tongue, and, like all similar attempts, will much more probably terminate in a ridiculous failure than in success. Bolingbroke and Gibbon have proved it equal to the highest objects of the orator, statesman, and historian; and it has not degenerated in our own times in the hands of Canning and Southey. Those who are perfectly acquainted with the principal works of the four last named authors may have an adequate conception of the powers of the English language, its boundless variety and sincerity of expression, its exquisite adaptation to all the highest purposes for which language is employed by man.

Such is a rapid sketch of the history of our tongue. Its principal peculiarities of construction are to be traced to its Saxon origin. Rejecting the classical mode of indicating the various circumstances under which things and actions must be spoken of by changes of termination, it prefers the use of prepositions and auxiliary words of different descriptions. The indirect construction of a Roman sentence, suspending the whole interest or meaning on the conclusion, is therefore impracticable; no construction depending solely upon a variation of case—such as the "absolute" constructions of the classical grammarians—can be tolerated, since they are utterly unmeaning to the mere English ear. One necessary consequence of our perpetual employment of auxiliaries is, that the adverb must be interposed between the auxiliary and the principal verb, a source of incredible confusion to a foreigner accustomed to regard the auxiliary and its verb as signs of an indissoluble form.

To attempt to give any formal character of a language is idle. Draw the character of the people who employ it, and the character of the language may be inferred as certainly as the shape of an object from the form of its shadow. He who has studied the successive changes through which a language has passed, may trace the changes in the national habits, manners, and character with unerring precision, and he who neglects to draw such information from his acquisitions as a linguist, has passed over the most valuable results his labours might have afforded him. Those who boast the name of Britons may well be proud of a language which could never have been formed or employed but by a free-born and enlightened people. Its history hitherto has been glorious; it has already accumulated an unrivalled literature but the splendours of its destiny baffle the imagination. It is already the native tongue of the dominant race in two opposite hemispheres, and the remotest descendants of empires yet unborn, dwelling among the untrodden wildernesses of America, or lording it over continents yet buried in the bosom of the Pacific, will refer to the literature of England as the cradle of their laws, their language, and their customs.

SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

In the schools which have been lately established in this part of the empire, of which there are at present nine established by the Church Missionary, and eleven by the Christian Knowledge Societies, some very unexpected facts have occurred. As all direct attempts to convert the children are disclaimed, the parents send them without scruple. But it is no less strange than true, that there is no objection made to the use of the Old and New Testaments as a class book; that so long as the teachers do not urge them to eat what will make them lose their caste, or to be baptised, or to curse their country's gods, they readily consent to every thing else, and not only Mussulmans, but Brahmins, stand by with perfect coolness, and listen sometimes with apparent interest and pleasure, while the scholars by the road-side are reading the stories of the creation and of Jesus Christ. Whether the children themselves may imbibe Christianity by such means, or whether they may suffer these truths to pass from their minds, as we allow the mythology which we learn at school to pass from ours, some further time is yet required to shew; but this, at least, I understand, has been ascertained, that a more favourable opinion both of us and our religion has been apparently felt of late by many of those who have thus been acquainted with its leading truths, and that some have been heard to say, that they did not know till now that the English had "a caste or a shaster." You may imagine with what feelings I have entered the huts where these schools are held, on seeing a hundred poor little children seated on the ground writing their letters in sand, or their copies on banana leaves, coming out one after another to read the history of the good Samaritan, or of Joseph, proud of shewing their knowledge, and many of them able to give a very good count of their studies.—*Heber's India.*

NOW.

AN ARTICLE FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

By Leigh Hunt.

"Thon came hot July, boiling like to fire."——Spenser.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well, resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural alehouses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and ear-rings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drank it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence: that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as "I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler," or "I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good-looking and the lady in good humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says, "Ah! men can talk fast enough;" upon which the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, "So can women too for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and doats on the repartee all the day after. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road side, are thick with dust; and dogs rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish into their cool corners and say millions of "*my* eyes!" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through hay-fields by chance; and the latter say, "ha' done then, William;" and the overseer in the next field calls out to "let thic thear hay thear bide;" and the girls persist, merely to plague "such a frumpish old fellow."

Now in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in doorways, and out of windows, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water doorways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the streets, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a waterpipe let out and set it bubbling away in a tall and frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the lounger, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in great-coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage coach hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated; and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation: and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing."—*Indicator.*

MEDICINAL AND NUTRITIOUS PROPERTIES OF THE SUGAR-CANE.

Dutrone calls sugar the most perfect alimentary substance in nature, and the testimony of many physicians establishes the fact. Dr Rush, of Philadelphia, says, in common with all who have analyzed it, that "sugar affords the greatest quantity of matter of any subject in nature." Used alone, it has fattened horses and cattle in St Domingo for a period of several months, during the time when the exportation of sugar and the importation of grain were suspended from the want of ships. The plentiful use of sugar in diet is one of the best preventives that ever has been discovered of the diseases which are produced by worms. Nature seems to have implanted a love for this aliment in all children, as if it were on purpose to defend them from those diseases. Sir John Pringle tells us, that the plague has never been known to visit any country where sugar composes a material part of the diet of the inhabitants. Dr Rush, Dr Cullen, and many other physicians, are of opinion, that the frequency of malignant fevers of all kinds has been lessened by the use of sugar. Dr Rush observes, that, in disorders of the breast, sugar is the basis of many agreeable remedies, and it is useful in weaknesses and acrid defluxions in other parts of the body. The celebrated Honchin recommends "*Eau Sucré*" for almost every malady. Dr Fothergill was very anxious that the price of sugar should be sufficiently moderate, to render it accessible to the mass of the people. From experiments made by some eminent French surgeons, it appears to be an antiscorbutic; and this is confirmed by well-known facts. A writer from India observes, "The comfort and health arising to a poor family from a small patch of sugar-cane, exclusive of what the jaggry may sell for, can only be known to such as may have observed them in the time of cutting the canes, and noted the difference of their looks before the crop begins, and a month or six weeks after. The Cochin Chinese consume a great quantity of sugar; they eat it generally with their rice, which is the ordinary breakfast of people of all ages and stations. There is little else to be obtained in all the inns of the country but rice and sugar; it is the common nourishment of travellers. The Cochin Chinese not only preserve in sugar all their fruits, but even the greater part of their leguminous vegetables, gourds, cucumbers, radishes, artichokes, the grain of the lotus, and the thick fleshy leaves of the aloe. They fancy nothing is so nourishing as sugar. This opinion of its fattening properties has occasioned a whimsical law. The body-guard of the king, selected for the purposes of pomp and show, are allowed a sum of money with which they must buy sugar and sugar-cane, and they are compelled by law to eat a certain quantity daily. This is to preserve the *embonpoint* and good looks of those soldiers who are honoured by approaching so near the person of the king; and they certainly do honour to their master by their handsome appearance. Domestic animals, horses, buffaloes, elephants, are all fattened with sugar-cane in Cochin China. Sugar has been found to be an antidote to the poison of verdigris, if taken speedily and in abundance; and unlike many other organic substances, its nutritious qualities are not liable to change, from the operations of time or season. —*Porter's Treatise on the Sugar-cane.*

PROFANE HANDLING OF SACRED THINGS.

Let me caution all, and especially my young hearers, how they treat the Sacred Scriptures. There is a loose mode of speaking of the Bible, which is subversive of its influence. Some persons, in mere thoughtlessness, some out of an affectation of superior wit and cleverness, others to show their being above the restraints of what they deem common minds, are wont to sport profanely with sentences taken from the sacred book. Ludicrous anecdotes, in which an extravagant and sinful application of texts is made, are re-

tailed from one to another. Stories are narrated which have their peculiar jest, edged and sharpened by the phraseology of the Bible; and thus the most solemn words and awful things are associated with merriment and mad folly. Now, as you have any belief in the Divine authority of "the things revealed," as you know that they relate to the judgment-seat of God, and to the appearing of your soul there; as you are persuaded that they are truths in the reception of which your eternal welfare is concerned, be you warned on this head. The practice of jesting with the sacred Scriptures is most offensive to God, most hurtful to those you converse with, most ruinous to your own souls. It shakes good principles, wears off the impression of awe which religious truth may have made, and is employing the most effectual means of searing the conscience, and bringing on the dreadful visitation of a reprobate sense. For, can it be thought, that the Divine Spirit will not be "grieved," and be led, righteously, to withdraw his influence wherever "despite is done" to that very word which *He* dictated, and which he employs as the instrument of his greatest work on earth, the conversion and renewal of the soul that is "dead in trespasses and sins." I beseech you, treat "the things revealed"—ever treat them with reverence and awe. Quote them on no vain trifling occasion. Associate them not in your minds with aught but what is dignified and holy; speak of them as the discoveries of the will of God ought to be spoken of; and remember that they are made known to you for your salvation, and that every instruction conveyed by them, every warning and promise which they hold out to you, shall form the subject of the last and solemn account which you have to render.—*Dr Muir's Sermons on the Seven Churches of Asia.*

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Do not press your children too much during their early years on the subject of religion. Shew them, by your example, that it is the object of your own reverence; but suffer their religious principles to form gradually, as their understandings open. Do not make religion appear to them a burden; do not lay them under unnecessary restraints; do not let them see religion clothed in a dress repulsive to their youthful minds. To insure its making a good impression on them, let it be clothed in its native colours of attraction. Study to make them regard it as an object of veneration, but, at the same time, what it truly is, as a source of cheerfulness and joy. Do not let them regard the Sabbath as a day of gloom and restraint. Take them with you to the House of God, and accustom them to regard the institutions of religion with reverence, but do not compel them, during the rest of the day, to remain immured within the walls of your own house. Allow them the reasonable indulgence of air and exercise—an indulgence useful to their health, rational in itself, and no way inconsistent with their religious character; while the refusal of that indulgence has just the effect of making them regard the return of the day as a day of penance and mortification, instead of hailing it as a day of joy.

TRADITIONS AND ANECDOTES OF THE BAGPIPE.

There is at Rome a fine Greek sculpture, in basso relievo, representing a piper playing on an instrument bearing a close resemblance to the Highland bagpipe. The Greeks, unwilling as they were to surrender to others the merit of useful inventions, acknowledge, that to the barbarians—*i. e.* the Celts—they owed much of their music, and many of its instruments. The Romans, who, no doubt, borrowed the bagpipe from the Greeks, used it as a martial instrument among their infantry. It is represented on several coins, marbles, &c.; but, from rudeness of execution, or decay of the materials, it is difficult to ascertain its exact form. On the reverse of a coin of the Emperor Nero, who thought himself an admirable performer on it, and who publicly displayed his abilities, the bagpipe is represented. An ancient figure, supposed to be playing on it, has been represented, and particularly described, by Signor Macari, of Cortona, and it is engraved in Walker's History of the Irish Bards; but it does not, in my opinion, appear to be a piper. A small bronze figure, found at Richborough, in Kent, and conjectured to have been an ornament of horse furniture, is not much more distinct. Mr King, who has engraved three views of it, and others, believe it to represent a bagpiper, to which it has certainly more resemblance than to a person drinking out of a leathern bottle.

The bagpipe, of a rude and discordant construction, is in common use throughout the East; and that it continues the popular instrument of the Italian peasant, is well known. In this country, it is the medium through which the good Catholics show their devotion to the Virgin Mother, who receives their adoration in the lengthened strains of the sonorous Piva. It is a singular, but faithful, tradition of the church, that the shepherds who first saw the infant Jesus in the barn, expressed their gladness by playing on their bagpipes. That this is probable and natural, will not be denied; but the illuminator of a Dutch missal, in the Library of King's College, Old Aberdeen, surely indulged his fancy when he represented one of the appearing angels likewise playing a salute on this curious instrument. The Italian shepherds religiously adhere to the laudable practice of their ancestors; and in visiting Rome and other places, to celebrate the advent of our Saviour, they carry the pipes along with them, and their favourite tune is the Sicilian Mariners, often sung in Protestant churches.

It is the popular opinion, that the Virgin Mary is very fond, and is an excellent judge, of music. I received this information on Christmas morning, when I was looking at two Calabrian pipers, doing their utmost to please her, and the infant in her arms. They played for a full hour to one of her images, which stands at the corner of a street. All the other statues of the Virgin which are placed in the streets, are serenaded in the same manner every Christmas morning. On my inquiry into the meaning of that ceremony, I was told the above-mentioned circumstance of her character, which, though you have always thought highly probable, perhaps you never before knew for certain. My informer was a pilgrim, who stood listening with great devotion to the pipers. He told me, at the same time, that the Virgin's taste was too refined to have much satisfaction in the performance of these poor Calabrians, which was chiefly intended for the infant, and he desired me to remark, that the tunes were plain, simple, and such as might naturally be supposed agreeable to the ear of a child of his time of life."

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How many anecdotes might be given of the effects of this instrument on the hardy sons of Caledonia! In the war in India, a piper in Lord M'Leod's regiment, seeing the British army giving way before superior numbers, played, in his best style, the well-known "Cogadh na Sith," which filled the Highlanders with such spirit, that, immediately rallying, they cut through their enemies. For this fortunate circumstance, Sir Eyre Coote, filled with admiration, and appreciating the value of such music, presented the regiment with fifty pounds to buy a stand of pipes.—At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, the troops were retreating in disorder, and the general complained to a field-officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps. "Sir," said the officer, with a degree of warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play; nothing inspirits the Highlanders so much; even now they would be of some use."—"Let them blow, in God's name, then!" said the general; and the order being given, the pipers with alacrity sounded the Cruinneachadh, on which the Gaël formed in the rear, and bravely returned to the charge. George Clark, now piper to the Highland Society of London, was piper to the 71st regiment, at the battle of Vimeira, where he was wounded in the leg by a musket ball, as he boldly advanced. Finding himself disabled, he sat down on the ground, and putting his pipes in order, called out, "Weel, lads, I am sorry I can gae nae farther wi' you, but, deil hae my saul if ye sall want music;" and struck up a favourite warlike air, with the utmost unconcern for any thing but the unspeakable delight of sending his comrades to battle with the animating sound of the piobrachd.

It is a popular tradition, that the enemy anxiously level at the pipers, aware of the power of their music; and a story is related of one who, at the battle of Waterloo, received a shot in the bag before he had time to make a fair beginning which so roused his Highland blood, that, dashing his pipes on the ground, he drew his broadsword, and wreaked his vengeance on his foes with the fury of a lion, until his career was stopped by death from numerous wounds. It is related of the piper major of the 92d, on the same occasion, that, placing himself on an eminence where the shot was flying like hail, regardless of his danger, he proudly sounded the battle air to animate his noble companions. On one occasion during the Peninsular war, the same regiment came suddenly on the French army, and the intimation of their approach was as suddenly given by the pipers bursting out their gathering. The effect was instantaneous; the enemy fled, and the Highlanders pursued.—*Mrs S. C. Hall's Chronicles of a School Room.*

STORY OF CASSEM,

OR AVARICE PROPERLY REWARDED.

THERE dwelt at Bagdad, an old merchant, named Abou Cassem, noted for his avarice. Although he was very rich, his clothes were nothing but patches and rags; his turban was of the coarsest cloth, and so dirty that it was difficult to distinguish the colour. But of his whole dress, his *papooshes* [slippers] were what merited most the attention of the curious; the soles were armed with large nails, and the upper leathers were an assemblage of botches; the famous ship Argo had not so many pieces in it; and ever since they had been *papooshes*, which was about ten years, the most skilful cobblers in all Bagdad had exhausted their ingenuity to keep them together. They were even become so heavy that they passed into a proverb; and when any one wanted to express a thing that was remarkably clumsy, Cassem's *papooshes* were always the object of comparison.

One day, this merchant was walking in the *bazar*, when an offer was made him of a large quantity of crystal, of which he made an advantageous purchase; and hearing some days after that a perfumer, whose affairs were in a ruinous state, had some excellent rose-water to sell, which was his last resource, he instantly took advantage of the poor man's misfortunes, and bought his rose-water for half the value. This new bargain put him into good humour; however, instead of giving an entertainment to his neighbours, according to the custom of the merchants of the East, when they have made a fortunate purchase, he found it more convenient to go to the public baths, where he had not been for a long time. As he was undressing, a person whom he took to be his friend, for the covetous rarely have any real ones, told him that his *papooshes* were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. "I have thought of it a long time," replied Cassem; "however, they are not yet so bad but they may serve a little longer." During this conversation he was quite undressed, and retired to the bath.

While he was bathing, the Kazee of Bagdad came likewise to bathe;—Cassem, coming out before the judge, passed first into the dressing-room, and having put on his clothes, he sought in vain for his *papooshes*, in the room of which he discovered a new pair. Our avaricious merchant, persuaded, because he wished it so, that the person who had just rebuked him about his old slippers, had made him a present of the new pair, put them on his feet without hesitation, and quitted the place overjoyed at the thought of being saved the expense of buying.

When the Kazee had done bathing, the slaves looked about for their master's *papooshes*, instead of which they could only find a vile old pair, which were readily known to be Cassem's; the Kazee's officers went directly in search of the suspected thief, and finding him with the stolen effects upon him, after exchanging *papooshes*, the Kazee sent him to prison; and as he was reputed to be as rich as he was covetous, he was obliged to compromise the matter with the Kazee, by the payment of a considerable sum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassem, for very spite, threw his slippers into the Tygris, which ran under his windows. Some days afterwards, a fisherman, pulling up his net, found it heavier than usual, which was owing to the weight of the *papooshes*, the nails of which had caught hold of his net, and broke several of the meshes. The poor fisherman, enraged at Cassem and his slippers, took it into his head to fling them in at the windows; and he threw them with such force that he overset the crystal vases which decorated the cornices and mantel-piece of the room, and one of them likewise struck the bottle containing the rose-water, and dashed it to pieces.

Figure to yourself, if you can, the agonies of Cassem, on beholding this scene of devastation. "Cursed *papooshes*," exclaimed the covetous wretch, tearing his beard, "you shall not do me any farther mischief." So saying, he took up a spade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbours, who for a considerable time had owed him an ill office, seeing him turning up the ground, ran to the governor and acquainted him that Cassem had just dug up a hidden treasure in his garden. This was sufficient to arouse the cupidity of the commandant, and our miser in vain remonstrated, assuring him that he had not discovered any gold, but was only burying his cursed slippers; the governor had made sure of money, and the unfortunate Cassem could not obtain his liberty without giving a handsome present.

The distracted old man gave his *papooshes* most heartily to the devil, and went and threw them into an aqueduct at a great distance from the city, imagining that he should hear no more of them; but the devil, who had not done playing his tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they intercepted the current of the waters, and caused an inundation in the adjoining gardens. The owners, on discovering the cause, took the slippers to the Kazee, and demanded satisfaction for the damages they had occasioned. The unhappy master of them was once more committed to prison, and condemned to pay a fine which amounted to a larger sum than the two former ones together. After which, the Kazee, who would by no means detain his property, restored to him his choice *papooshes*.

Cassem, that he might be finally delivered from all farther harm from the slippers, now determined to burn them; but, as they had imbibed a great deal of water, he set them on the terrace at the top of his house to dry by the sun. But fortune had not yet exhausted her quiver against the unlucky man, and she now dealt him a more cruel stroke than all the rest. A young dog in the next house, perceiving the slippers, leapt from his master's terrace over to Cassem's, seized one of them in his mouth, and played his gambols with it, till at last he let it fall over the parapet, and, unhappily, it alighted on the head of a woman with child, who was passing along the street before Cassem's door. Fear, added to the violence of the blow, made the poor woman miscarry. Her husband carried his complaint to the Kazee, and Cassem was condemned to make him a recompense proportioned to the injury he had done his wife.

Upon this fresh misfortune, our miser ran home, and, taking his *papooshes* in his hand, he once more repaired to the Kazee. "Behold! my Lord," said he, with an impetuosity which diverted the Judge, "the instruments of all my sufferings; these cursed *papooshes* have reduced me to poverty; deign, therefore, to publish a decree, that I may not be made responsible for the ills they will doubtless occasion hereafter." The Kazee could not refuse this reasonable petition; and Cassem at length, by dear-bought experience, learned the fatal effects of vile avarice.*

MISS WILBERFORCE.

When Mr Wilberforce was chosen member for York, his daughter, in walking home from the scene of the election, was cheered by an immense crowd, who followed her to her own door, crying, "Miss Wilberforce for ever! Miss Wilberforce for ever!" The young lady turned as she was ascending the stair, and, motioning to the populace to be quiet, said, very emphatically, "Nay, gentlemen, if you please, not *Miss* Wilberforce for ever;" which sent them all home in good humour.

DIFFUSION OF INTELLIGENCE.

THE following are the observations of a foreigner (the late Baron de Staël) on the newspaper system of England:—"Of all means of publicity (says he in his letters) no one contributes more than the newspapers to that general diffu-

* From "The Orientalist, or Letters of a Rabbi," by James Noble, teacher of Oriental Languages at Glasgow; a remarkably amusing book.

sion of a moderate degree of knowledge, which may be mentioned as the distinguishing characteristic of England. In every country the periodical press is one of the most important results of modern civilisation; but nowhere is it so essential an element of the social organisation as with the English, and with the Americans, whose manners are perfectly similar to those of the English in this respect. Elsewhere, newspapers are a powerful weapon, of which governments and parties avail themselves by turns. In England and in the United States they are the agent and the indispensable medium of all the connexions men have with each other. There are few villages in England where the reading of a newspaper is not become a primary want; and in America, I am told, we even see servants making it one of the stipulations of their engagement.

"The circle of readers is incomparably more extensive in England than with us. They reckon about a thousand circulating libraries, and more than three hundred book-clubs—an ingenious institution, which, I think, might be introduced into France with advantage. Newspapers have quadrupled in England within the last forty years. In 1782, their number was seventy-nine; and in 1821, according to a report made to the House of Commons, they were two hundred and eighty-four. None of these papers, except the *Observer*, which is published only once a-week, have so many subscribers as the *Constitutionnel* or the *Journel des Debats*, which are sold at a much lower price. The style of the papers sometimes savours of this. Having to gratify the taste of the very great number of readers they reckon upon in the lower classes of society, they are obliged to have recourse to phrases, the energetic familiarity of which occasionally degenerates into coarseness. 'When I took up the *North Briton*,' says the celebrated Wilkes, 'the paper was written by two persons, Churchill and Lloyd—one a wit, the other a poet. I soon saw that it could not go on thus. I laid aside their fine writing, and began to cry as loud as I could bawl, 'The Scotch! the Scotch! the Scotch!' Thus I turned out Lord Bute.' In fact, the great strength of the newspapers consists in the frequent repetition of simple images and arguments level to all capacities. This strength is immense in England.

"The spirit of the French is perhaps better adapted than any other to newspaper writing, a species of literature that requires, most particularly, quickness of perception, lively repartee, clear and rapid recapitulation. Transient as have been the moments of liberty enjoyed by our journalists, and vicious as our present legislation is, very remarkable talents have already been displayed by this class of writers. I seldom open one of our periodical papers, without being struck with the elegance of style and sagacity of reasoning that are observable in a great number of articles; and I have seen this opinion shared by Englishmen, who, little acquainted with the progress France has made in this career, could not avoid showing some surprise, slightly tinctured with disdain. But we are, nevertheless, pursuing a false system in respect to newspapers. We have introduced the division of labour, where it is not merely useless, but injurious. We separate political and literary journals from commercial, legal, and magisterial news, and from periodical collections relative to jurisprudence. But as few persons are able to subscribe for these different publications, though they all more or less directly concern the citizens at large, it follows, that readers of each class remain ignorant of the subjects that are not within the immediate sphere of their business or tastes, and the publicity of each is only partial. The country manufacturer has no knowledge of any improvements made at Paris, or in other parts of France, or it reaches him very tardily. The monied man in the metropolis is ignorant of the ways in which his capital might be advantageously employed in the country. The decrees of our twenty-six royal courts are secrets to all but those who frequent them; while a more extensive publicity would perhaps, prevent a decree in opposition to one preceding it, or decision contrary to common sense; or would prevent a counsellor from undertaking a cause, for which he would afterwards have to blush at the bar of public opinion.

"The daily papers, the first object of which at present is to gratify the passions of their party, or amuse the idle, would acquire a more solid and useful character, when they became the depositaries of such a number of facts, and would be obliged to be cautious of assertions, to which these very facts would give the lie. An English newspaper is a kind of microcosm, in which all the circumstances that interest the community are displayed. We there see daily the debates in Parliament, the pleadings of counsellors, and decisions of the courts, faithfully reported; not merely, as with us, in a few cases that may excite curiosity, or serve the views of a party, but in all causes, civil or criminal. The charges of judges, and simple affairs of police, have the same publicity. Strongly as differences of opinion are pronounced in this country, violently as polemics are exercised, respect to facts is carried too far for a journalist to venture to falsify them. Never, or scarcely ever, does the same debate in Parliament, or the same cause in a court of justice, exhibit an aspect wholly different, when read in papers written by opposite parties. The first thought of the antagonists is to settle the lists with fidelity. Speeches at country meetings, and at assemblies of the people of every kind, whether religious, philanthropic, political, or commercial; those of the East India Company, of the Common Council of London, and of other corporate bodies of any consequence, are published in the newspapers. By these the government makes known the conditions of its contracts; the candidate for a seat in Parliament solicits the votes of electors, and thanks his supporters for their exertions; competitors of all kinds exhibit their claims, and solicit suffrages. The births, marriages, and deaths, of persons of any importance—their arrivals and departures, the company assembled at their houses, the least circumstances of their lives—are all known, all appear in print. The whole of Great Britain appears to be the house of glass of the ancient philosopher. Hence arise a boldness, a frankness, in all the reports, that are unknown to the Continent. The mind requires publicity, as the body does exercise in the open air; and every one is so accustomed to this system, that even men who are the most susceptible on the point of honour never think of taking offence at the jokes, of which an action or speech may be the subject in a newspaper."

EUROPEAN JOURNALS.

Mr Quetelet, in his Statistical Researches respecting the kingdom of the Netherlands, gives the following statement:—"We might, indeed, take the number of journals which appear in a country, in some respects, as the measure of the ardour with which knowledge is circulated. Such a measure, if not strictly accurate, at least offers an interesting classification of the several governments:—

States.	One Journal for Inhabitants.
Spain,	890,000
Russia and Poland,	674,000
Sardinian States,	560,000
Papal Dominions,	431,670
Austrian Empire,	376,471
Portugal and Tuscany,	210,000
Switzerland,	66,000
France,	52,117
Sweden and Norway,	47,000
British Islands,	46,800
German Confederation,	44,000
Prussian Monarchy,	43,090
Netherlands,	40,953

It is seen by this statement that newspapers or journals are more numerous in the Netherlands, in proportion to the population, than in any other state in Europe. In Spain they are least numerous. The difference would be still more striking if the extent of territory had been assumed as the basis of comparison. The writer does not seem to have calculated the amount of circulation of the respective journals, and which in some of the London and Parisian papers is enormous. Under this view, the British Islands may be said to possess by far the largest number of journals in proportion to the circulation, and that even under the payment of heavy duties."

JOSEPHUS.

Mr Tennant, author of "Anster Fair, a Poem," and not less distinguished for his erudition than by a rich and peculiar style of humour in poetry, gives the following account of the Jewish historian, in the Edinburgh Literary Journal:—

"Josephus, of all the Jews the most celebrated for his genius and learning, was the son of Matthias, an honourable citizen of Jerusalem, who was connected, by descent, both with the regal and priestly branches, and hence transmitted to his son a twofold honour, that was doubly dear in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. His son soon distinguished himself by his inclination for learning; and, what was remarkable in a Jew, he confined not himself to his own contracted sphere of Hebrew literature, but, boldly bursting through the prejudices that fettered his countrymen, he expatiated abroad into the more ample and diversified fields of Greek and Roman science. He made himself an eloquent master of the language of Athens, and became thereby enabled to defend, and do justice to his country, and to celebrate, in the universal and harmonious language of Homer and Herodotus, the institutions, manners, and achievements of his sublime and extraordinary countrymen. He was not only an accomplished scholar, but an ingenious and accomplished general; he, for a long time, checked and baffled, by his talents, the victorious arms of Vespasian; and when, at last, necessity compelled him to philosophize on the advantages or the expediency of submission, he had already secured the esteem and admiration of his noble opponents, who knew virtue too well in themselves not to value it in at once an accomplished and undaunted enemy. Like the Grecian General Polybius, to whom his character and circumstances bear considerable resemblance, he, after fighting bravely against the conquerors of the world, and sharing at last the fate of a captive, was at once admitted into their friendship and most familiar confidence; and, at last, with his pen, commended that magnanimity and skill in arms which at once had extorted his admiration and compelled his submission. Happy had it been for his countrymen had they been influenced by his excellent counsels, as the Greeks were by those of the virtuous general of Megalopolis!

The works of Josephus are voluminous, and bear testimony to his diligent and persevering genius. His largest, though not his best work, is his Archæology, or Jewish Antiquities, in twenty books, wherein he deduces the history of Judea from the creation to the age of Nero, and which is chiefly valuable from its filling up the chasm that separates Old and New Testament History. His Jewish War, in seven books—his most eloquent work—details, along with some preliminary recapitulation, the terrible incidents of that singular war that commenced under Nero, and terminated in the extirpation of the Jews, and destruction of their capital by Vespasian and Titus.

It is only of the style of the Jewish historian that the writer of these remarks means here to speak, and not of the credibility of his statements as compared with the Bible, and as inducing or justifying against their author a charge of credulity or of incredulity. The style of Josephus in his Archæology is somewhat irregular and discrepant. His mind and his pen seem to vacillate between the redundancies of Grecian eloquence, which, being fashionable in his day, he rather affected, and the simplicity of Hebrew narration, as presented to us, unadorned and unaffected, by the historians of the Old Testament, to which his mind, as it necessarily resorted to them for information, had also a propensity to adhere, as a native, in laudable imitation. There is a perpetual conflict, as it were, between the concise simplicity of Judea and the splendid exaggeration of Greece; a heterogeneous mixture of the splendid with the simple in writing, as, in architecture, the intermixture of Palestine plainness with Grecian magnificence in the tombs of the valley of Jehoshaphat. Accordingly, the naked narrative of Moses is in many places spoiled, as it passes through the hands of this historian, by unnecessary exuberance. The story of Joseph, so exquisitely impressive by its touching and forcible simplicity, where every word is, as it were, a weapon; the dedication of the temple by Solomon, one of the finest passages to be found in any writing, are vitiated and reduced in their effect by the cumbersome and spurious eloquence with which the sentiments are overloaded. It is in the history of times less ancient, and of transactions within the compass of his own experience, that his mind, making no reference to the simple annals of Judea, and left free and unfettered to its own scope of splendid illustration, manifests its peculiar power. In his Archæology, his account of the divisions that rent, tormented, and dispeopled the palaces of Herod; of the death of King Agrippa; in his Jewish war, his description, most masterly in its kind, of the siege of Jotapata; of the attack in the streets of Gamala; of the entrance of the Idumeans by night, during a storm, into Jerusalem; of the naval battle on the sea of Genesareth; of the captures of the fort of Masada; of the bloody conflicts in and round about Jerusalem; of the triumphal entry into Rome of Vespasian—are not surpassed either by Livy or any other Greek or Latin historian. He is undoubtedly the most sublime of all historians; his genius being decidedly Jewish, and partaking largely of that fervency and soaring superiority which characterise the writings of his extraordinary countrymen. Perhaps he is too sublime for history: his narrative flows along in epic pomp and dignity, broken sometimes into bursts of tragic vehemence: it is like the long and richly-flowing river of gold and silver, to which he himself likens the triumphal entry of Vespasian. As his narrative part is thus splendid, the argumentative portion, consisting of his orations, is, in a corresponding degree, eloquent; more discursory, perhaps, but not displaying less ratiocinative invention than the speeches of Livy. Indeed, of the Greek or Roman historians, Livy is the only one that may pretend to rival him in vivacity or splendour; and, if the Roman historian at all exceeds him, it is in the compression, the condensed force and invigorated majesty, of the language, rather than in the brightness and magnificent flow of the images. Of modern historians, or of modern writers, there is only one *great living name* that can aspire to an equality with him, or with the historian of Rome, in vivid expansion of imagery, all-illuminating splendour, and graphic energy of language.

As connected with the Old and New Testaments, and as throwing light on the incidents, characters, manners, and localities noted in Scripture record, the works of Josephus cannot be too much valued by a Bible student. They are by far the best commentary and expositor one can use in reading the Old and New Testaments."

THE LAIRDS OF INNES.

For a long period the family of Innes was one of the most respectable in the county of Moray, as may be gathered from the various ancient records relative to it, which are still extant in the country. The venerable building, with the surrounding lands, which still retains the name of Innes, situated about five miles from Elgin, in a north-east direction, was, some centuries ago, the seat of the representative of the illustrious family in question. We propose to lay before our readers some circumstances of a romantic, but perfectly authentic character, regarding the death of one of the Lairds of Innes, towards the close of the sixteenth century.

Lord John Innes, the representative of the family of that name in the year 1579, having had no children, settled about this time his titles and estate upon his heir-at-law, Alexander Innes of Cromy, his own cousin, granting him, at the same time, permission to enjoy both, even in his own lifetime. Robert Innes of Innermarky, of whom a sculptured representation in stone has recently been discovered among the ruins of Elgin Cathedral, was one of the cadets of the same family, and felt immeasurably chagrined at the conduct of Lord John, in thus voluntarily depriving himself of the honours and influence to which in virtue of his birth he was legitimately entitled. He had at the same time an anxious eye to the title and estate of Innes himself—although, of course, he was careful to conceal, as much as possible, from Lord John and his other friends, the ambitious aspirations by which he was actuated. Either through threats or otherwise, Innermarky so effectually wrought on the fears of Lord John, who by this time was considerably advanced in life, as to make him so far repent of his consigning over his honours and estate to his cousin Alexander, that he entered into a conspiracy with Innermarky to assassinate the former.

The only thing wanting was an opportunity of carrying their murderous purposes into execution, and such an opportunity was not wanted long. Alexander about this

time (April 1580) had gone to Aberdeen for the purpose of seeing his only son, a youth of sixteen, at this time a student in one of the colleges of that city. During Alexander's visit to his son, the latter became seriously indisposed; and his father's stay was consequently prolonged until he should witness the issue of his son's indisposition. The two conspirators, mustering a goodly number of their attendants, proceeded to Aberdeen, where they arrived at midnight, and immediately proceeded to execute their purpose.

They found the gate of the close in which their intended victim resided at the time, lying quite open; but the doors of the house were closely shut. To have broken open the doors by any violent means, would most probably have created an alarm in the neighbourhood, and thus entirely defeated the objects the conspirators had in view. It occurred to them, therefore, that the most likely method of succeeding in their murderous project would be to create a pretended dispute among their attendants, by which means the inmates of the house would probably open the doors with the view of ascertaining its cause, and witnessing its consequences. One of them accordingly set up a loud cry of "Help a Gordon! Help a Gordon!"—the gathering word of those of that name, which, as Alexander Innes was warmly attached to the interests of the Gordon family, they knew would be the most likely means of inducing him to come out from his bed. The stratagem was completely successful; Alexander instantly jumped out of bed—laid hold of his sword—came to the outside—and inquired into the cause of the dispute. Although the night was dark, Innermarky knew him perfectly by his voice, and, presenting his gun, shot him through the body in a moment. A crowd of the conspirators' attendants then rushed on their victim, and plunged their daggers into every part of his person. Lord John Innes, however, as if either shocked at the brutality he witnessed, or repenting of his being at all engaged in so horrible a business, stood trembling at a little distance from the spot on which the revolting murder was committed. Innermarky, on perceiving that Lord John thus stood aloof from the atrocities he was witnessing, ran up to him with a terrific expression of countenance, and holding to his throat the dagger which was still reeking with the blood of his victim, protested, that he should in a moment plunge it into the bosom of Lord John, if he did not immediately follow the example he and his attendants had set him in stabbing his dagger to the hilt into the body of his victim. Lord John, aware that death would be the certain consequence of any attempt at resistance, reluctantly followed the example of the others, and plunged a dagger into the body of his nearest relation, and the most courageous individual who bore his name. Every other person present who had not already done so, were also compelled to follow the example they had seen; and so anxious was Innermarky to involve as many as possible in the affair, in order that in the eye of the law all might appear equally guilty, that he actually compelled Mr John Innes, afterwards of Coxtoun, then a youth at school, to rise from his bed and also plunge a dagger up to the hilt, into the body of his dead relation.

The next object to which the conspirators turned their attention, was to seize the person of their victim's son, Robert Innes, who was then sick, with a view to his sharing the same fate as his father. On hearing, however, the cries of murder which his expiring parent uttered while the conspirators were stabbing him, the young man, seriously indisposed as he was, scrambled out of his bed, and by the help of a friend, escaped at a back door into a garden, whence he was taken into the house of an acquaintance, unknown to those who were meditating his life.

Innermarky then took off the signet-ring from the finger of his murdered relation, and having bribed the servant of the deceased to assist in the execution of his purposes, he dispatched him with it to Innes House, instructing him to present it to the wife of his deceased master as from her husband; and, at the same time, to request, as if by his orders, the box containing the papers relative to his title and estates, under the pretence that Lord John, who was represented as being at the time with her husband at Aberdeen, was desirous of making some important alterations which would render them more valid in the eye of the law than they then were. And in order still more effectually to prevent her from having any suspicions on the subject, Innermarky sent the bribed servant on her husband's own horse, instructing him to add, that the reason why he had sent his ring and his own horse, was, that he had not at the time an opportunity of writing her, and that he though the appearance of these, together with his own servan would be sufficient to convince her that all was right.

The lady of the deceased was somewhat uneasy at receiving such a message from her husband on a subject of so great importance; but seeing the ring which he daily wore—the horse on which he daily rode—and the servant who was daily in attendance on him—she could not doubt that he had actually desired the box and papers to be sent to him, and accordingly delivered them to the servant, and allowed him to depart from the mansion.

At this time there resided at Innes House a young man, an intimate acquaintance of Lady Innes's son, then lying indisposed in Aberdeen, and hearing of the servant's being about to return to that city, and feeling at the same time a strong anxiety to see his sick acquaintance, he asked permission of the servant to accompany him to the place in which he lay. The servant refused compliance with the young man's request, on various grounds. The latter, however, was determined to go by force if not by permission; and with this view, when the servant was setting out on his journey, he jumped up behind him on the horse's back. The servant insisted that the youth should dismount, while the latter was equally determined that he should not. A scuffle ensued between the contending parties, and soon assumed so serious an aspect, that the servant drew a dagger he carried with him, and aimed a deadly thrust at his youthful opponent; but the latter, by a masterly and courageous manœuvre, wrenched it from him, and with one deadly thrust plunged it into his bosom. The servant fell from his horse, and expired almost immediately. The young man then returned to Innes House with the box, papers, &c.

Lady Innes felt the utmost regret at the fatal scuffle which had taken place between the servant and the young man in question; and while in the act of giving full vent in copious tears to the melancholy emotions which the event had produced in her mind, another of her husband's servants arrived from Aberdeen, bringing the still more mournful intelligence of his murder by the hands of his own nearest relatives. When the confusion and sorrow consequent on the melancholy intelligence of her husband's death had somewhat subsided, Lady Innes secured all his papers, and fled for protection to her friends, who immediately conducted her to the King, before whom she detailed all the circumstances connected with the painful affair.

The Earl of Huntly, who was related by blood to the family of Innes, on hearing of the murder of Alexander Innes, hastened to Aberdeen for the protection of his sick son, whom he carried to Edinburgh, and for greater safety placed him under the guardianship of Lord Elphinstone, then Lord High Treasurer of the kingdom.

Lord John Innes and Innermarky, some days after the commission of the murder, returned so far as to Lord Saltoun's house, then situated in the parish of Rothiemay; from which, after procuring a new supply of horses, they proceeded to Innes House, and re-invested Lord John in the titles and estate.

For two years afterwards both these men kept possession between them of the estate of Innes, but at the end of that time they were declared outlaws; and the son of him they had so barbarously murdered came north from Edinburgh, with a commission against them and all others who had been accessory to his father's death. This young man had a few months previously been married to the Lord Treasurer's daughter, and in consequence of his connection with so influential a personage, the party he came with was so numerous and well provided with the implements of war, that they soon laid waste the possessions, and slew a great many of those who espoused the cause of their opponents. Lord John, however, fled to the south, and endeavoured to conceal himself there, but was discovered, apprehended, and sent back to Innes House, by the friends of the Lord Treasurer. The young laird, however, did not make his head the price of his conduct, as might under all the circumstances of the case have been expected, but contented himself with making him adhibit his name to various written papers, which incapacitated him from any future mischief in regard to his property.

Innermarky fled to the hills, where he continued to elude all the search which was made for him; but being soon wearied of the lonesome and unhappy life he led there, he ventured into the house of Edinglassy, where, in September 1584, he was surprised by the young Laird of Innes and a party of adherents, who instantly killed him, and afterwards cut off his head and gave it to Lady Innes, the widow of him whom he had murdered in Aberdeen a few years before. Lady Innes was so overjoyed at the possession of the head of the murderer of her husband, that she made a journey to Edinburgh, carrying it all the way herself for the express purpose of laying it at the feet of the King.—*Elgin Literary Magazine, August* 1829.

COLQUHOUN GRANT.

A JACOBITE ANECDOTE.

Colquhoun Grant, who, when a young man, had signalized himself in the army of Prince Charles, afterwards settled down into the cool and decorous citizen. As one of the numerous and respectable class of Writers to the Signet, he is said to have exerted the pen to as good effect as he had formerly played the sword; and in advanced age, he was noted as a man who both knew how to acquire money, and how to preserve it when it was acquired. There is something melancholy, and not altogether agreeable, in the idea, that the same mind which had been filled with chivalrous fervour in the campaign of 1745, should have subsequently devoted its glowing energies to the composition of law papers, and the acquisition of filthy lucre. Yet, that he never became altogether insensible to the enthusiasm which excited his youth, seems to be proved by the following anecdote.

Mr Ross of Pitcalnie, representative of the ancient and noble family of Ross, had, like Colquhoun Grant, been out in the Forty-Five, and consequently lived on terms of intimate friendship with that gentleman. Pitcalnie, however, had rather devoted himself to the dissipation than the acquisition of a fortune; and while Mr Grant lived as a wealthy *writer*, he enjoyed little better than the character of a *broken laird*. This unfortunate Jacobite was one day in great distress, for want of the sum of forty pounds, which he could not prevail upon any of his friends to lend to him, all of them being aware of his execrable character as a debtor. At length he informed some of his companions that he believed he should get what he wanted from Colquhoun Grant; and he instantly proposed to make the attempt. All who heard him scoffed at the idea of his squeezing a subsidy from so close-fisted a man, and some even offered to lay bets against its possibility. Mr Ross accepted the bets, and lost no time in applying to his old brother-in-arms, whom he found immured in his chambers, half a dozen flight of steps up Gavinloch's land, in the Lawnmarket. The conversation commenced with the regular common-places, and for a long time Pitcalnie gave no hint that he was suing *in forma pauperis*. At length he slightly hinted the necessity under which he lay for a trifle of money, and made bold to ask if Mr Grant could help him in a professional way. "What a pity, Pitcalnie," replied the writer, "you did not apply yesterday! I sent all the loose money I had to the bank just this forenoon. It is, for the present, quite beyond redemption."—"Oh, no matter," said Pitcalnie, and continued the conversation, as if no such request had been preferred. By and by, after some more topics of an ordinary sort had been discussed, he at length introduced the old subject of the Forty-Five, upon which both were alike well prepared to speak. A thousand delightful recollections then rushed upon the minds of the two friends, and, in the rising tide of ancient feeling, all distinction of borrower and lender was soon lost. Pitcalnie watched the time when Grant was fully mellowed by the conversation, to bring in a few compliments upon his (Grant's) own particular achievements. He expatiated upon the bravery which his friend had shown at Preston, where he was the first man to go up to the cannon; on which account he made out that the whole victory, so influential upon the Prince's affairs, was owing to no other than Colquhoun Grant, now writer to the signet, Gavinloch's land, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh. He also adverted to the boldness Mr Grant had displayed in chasing a band of recreant dragoons from the field of battle up to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle; and further, upon the dexterity which he subsequently displayed in making his escape from the town. "Bide a wee," said Mr Grant, at this stage of the conversation, "till I gang ben the house." He immediately returned with the sum Pitcalnie wanted, which he said he now recollected having left over for some time in the shottles of his private desk. Pitcalnie took the money, continued the conversation for some time longer, and then took an opportunity of departing. When he came back to his friends, every one eagerly asked, "What success?"—"Why, there's the money," said he; "where are my bets?"—"Incredible!" every one exclaimed; "how, in the name of wonder, did you get it out of him? Did ye cast glamour in his een?"—Pitcalnie explained the plan he had taken with his friend; adding, with an expressive wink, "This *forty's* made out o' the battle of Preston; but stay a wee, lads; I've Fa'kirk i' my pouch yet—by my faith, I wadna gie it for *auchty!*"—*Scottish Jests and Anecdotes.*

MUSICAL BEANS.

Mr Nicholson of Carnock, a genuine Scottish laird of the old school, like many greater men, was frequently known to confer a favour from no better or higher feeling than that excited by a witty, humorous, or eccentric reply. This weak side of his was well known, and signally improved upon by sundry wily applicants. Be it understood, that the aforesaid worthy piqued himself on being a capital player on that melodious instrument the bagpipe. One of his tenants, who was much in arrears for rent, had a most unseasonable visit from the laird, demanding immediate payment. Cunning Saunders knew well that his landlord was generally as hard as a millstone, yet he did not despair coming round him. "Atweel, your honour," says he, "I canna pay you just noo, for I hae na the siller."—"Why, Saunders," quo' the laird, "I must alloo that it is in ordinar accounted a very sufficient reason for ane's no paying his just and lawful debts; but it's weel kent through the hail countra side, that you have had a grand crap this year, and plenty o' siller you maun hae—that's past ae hair o' doot."—"The gude Lord forgie your honour," says Saunders, "what ca' ye a gran' crap? I'm sure you heard tell of my field o' beans, that I lookit for sae muckle siller frae, for nae ither purpose, Gude kens, but to put into your honour's pouch, an' hoo did they turn out? Och! sirs, sirs, my heart's like to break when I think o't!"—"Deil tak ye!" quo' the laird, "I aye thocht thae very beans were the best pairt o' your crap."—"The best pairt!" most dolefully ejaculated Saunders: "why, sir, gif ilka bean-stalk had been a *piper*, he wadna hae heard his neist neighbour play!" It is almost needless to add, that Saunders got his own time to pay.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BLADE FORGING.

The shop in which the blade of a cutting instrument is formed from the bar steel by hammering, is locally termed a *smithy*, and contains on one side a hearth with bellows, a *stithy* or anvil inserted in a large block of wood or stone according to circumstances, a water-trough for the purpose of hardening heavy steel-faced hammers, iron tongs, and some other implements of iron and steel. In fabricating the smaller articles, the individual who hammers the steel into the form of a knife blade, for instance, generally employs a boy to manage two or three bars in the fire, and hand them, when sufficiently heated, in succession to the hammerman, who, by thus alternately receiving the heated and returning the used rod, is kept constantly at work. The uniformity of exertion which is secured by this arrangement, and at the same time the dexterity by which, with very simple instruments, a material, seemingly the most intractable in nature, is moulded on the anvil, would astonish a stranger. Indeed, long habit and constant practice can alone enable a workman to transform rods of steel into neat blades with the requisite degree of precision and dispatch.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

CANADIAN MINERALOGY.

Canada, says Macgregor, is considered rich in minerals. Iron of the best quality has been found in great abundance. Silver has been picked up in small quantities; lead, tin, and copper, have been discovered in several places. We are however still ignorant of the mineral riches, and even of the geology of these regions. The researches of the Montreal Natural History Society lead us to expect important discoveries. The following extract from the Canadian Review enumerates most of the minerals that have been discovered:—"The mineralogy of the Canadas has hitherto been almost altogether neglected; but the imperfect researches which have been made prove it to be rich in the scarcer kinds of minerals, and not deficient in those applicable to economical purposes. Peltalite, one of the rarest substances in the world, and remarkable for containing the newly discovered fourth alkali, lithia, was sent from York, in Upper Canada, in 1820, by Dr Lyon, surgeon to the forces. Beryl is found at Lake of Woods; Labrador felspar (Lake Huron); axinite (Hawksbury Ottawa, the only place in North America); aventurnee (Lake Huron); amethyst (Lakes Superior and Huron); apalite, a phosphate of lime (Fort Wellington), may be added among others; argonite (Laclina) strontian, in magnificent forms (Erie, Ontario, &c.); schorl (St Lawrence); precious and manganesian garnet (River Moira, Ontario, &c.); cornelian, agate, zeolite, pretinite, larytes, and fluor spar (Lake Superior); brown and green cocolite (Montreal and Hall Ottawa); olivine, augite (Montreal); staurotide (Rainy Lake); and the very rare anthophyllite (Fort Wellington.) Marbles and serpentine are quite common. Plumbago, ores of antimony, lead, iron, and copper, are frequently met with. The northern and western shores of Lake Ontario abound in salt springs, some of which (Stony Creek and St Catherine's) are very productive, even with the employment of small capital. The north shore of Lake Erie exhibits immense beds of gypsum, the principal of which is in Dumfries, and quarried largely for the purpose of agriculture.

Column for Home.

IMPORTANCE OF DOMESTIC AFFECTION.

I AM extremely desirous to impress my readers, especially the young ones, with the great value of *domestic affectionate feelings*, as the source of much that is excellent both in private and public life. I am led to the subject by a perusal of the published correspondence of the late amiable Dr Currie of Liverpool, who, it will be remembered, was the first biographer of our renowned countryman, the poet Burns. Dr Currie, who was a Scotchman, had been long settled as an eminent physician in Live pool; but he still retained all his original regard for his own country, and the kindest recollections of the fireside where he had been reared.

"In my father's home (he writes) we had very good society: after a pretty extensive acquaintance with the world, I scarcely found any domestic circle better calculated to cultivate the affections, and not many where the powers of the understanding had fairer play." He always acknowledged, with unbounded gratitude, his especial obligation to an excellent specimen of a MAIDEN AUNT. "Those lay-sisters of charity (as is well remarked in the Edinburgh Review of those letters) are the comfort and salvation of so many families, that every home appears to be imperfect which has not the good fortune to have one of them appended to it." Among the letters is one from him to that same worthy lady, written by the Doctor, then become a man. "I do not know (says he) any one that flatters me more agreeably than my good and kind aunt. I can declare to her with great truth, that I am very sensible of her praise, and much gratified by any expression of her approbation. We are now very old acquaintances. We have seen many changes and participated in many sorrows; and I hope the mutual sympathy and affection between us will continue, while we are sensible of pleasure or sorrow. * * *

My obligations to you are now nearly of 34 years standing, and though they are not all fresh on my memory, yet many of them are; and instances of your kindness mingle themselves with the earliest impressions that remain on my mind. I can remember that you gave me a *halfpenny* to put in my first breeches pocket I ever had. I can remember, too, that once when we were walking from Gretna together, and a shower of rain came on, you took off your own scarlet cardinal, and put it round me, leaving yourself exposed. Truth to say, I neither understood the kindness nor received it as I ought. We had to come past Kirkpatrick school, and the boys were playing on the green, never minding the rain; and as we came by, they cried out *Eh! look at the little manny i' the reed cardinal.* Oh I was sadly mortified, and hard I struggled to get clear of the encumbrance; but, as I could not do that, I jumped into the burn as we crossed it, out of mere spite. It was many years before I saw this business in its proper light. Well, I hope you will not deny any of this—if you do, I will send you twenty times more of the same kind."

Dr Currie had a near relation who had settled in America. They had been "schoolboy companions," and the Doctor wrote to him thus:—"About 18 months ago, I visited your father and mother, both, as our phrase is, rather frail, but preserving nearly the same appearance, and displaying the same kind hospitality as formerly. I was entertained in the far room, where we used to sleep, and sat on the very same bed that held us together six-and-twenty years ago. The ideas were recalled to my mind, as fresh as if they had related to what happened yesterday; and I could not but suppose that I saw you lying under the clothes with your head bare, and a Jew's harp in your mouth, playing your favourite air. I talked with your mother about your old tricks, and drank drams with your father, so that we fell a kissing each other, and we could have cried heartily. I looked into Mean water to see if there were any minnows, and there they lay under the banks, just as when we left them."

What a kind heart is shown by those delightful sketches, which, in another art, would indeed have been worthy of the pencil of a Wilkie. It was impossible but such a heart must have had a warm love of its native country. In my concluding quotations from those letters, accordingly, it will be seen that that love was with the writer of them a predominant passion.

Writing from Liverpool, where it will be remembered the Doctor had been long sojourning, he says—"For my part, I assure you, I love Scotland dearly—I like her green vales, her clear streams, her bleak mountains: As I travel north, I always watch the moment, and mark the spot (a little beyond Penrith) where Burnswark rises above the English horizon, and, presenting itself the first object in Scotland, recalls at the same time the idea of my native country, and of the scenes of my early life. Considering that I have lived but little in Scotland, and that I left it early, there is no man retains more of the partialities of a Scotsman than I do. *Men whose connections in infancy deserved and possessed a large portion of their affection, always, I observe, love their country.*"

But I must draw the attention of my readers likewise to another work (a poem which has lately made its appearance), and I am led to do so from finding in it also one of the most beautiful and seemingly original strokes of domestic affection and feeling which I have met with. The book I allude to is entitled "POLAND," which, after de-
..ng with much force and talent the horrors of war in that unfortunate country, contains the following passage:—

"Seest thou that dying soldier on the ground,
Whose life is ebbing from a ghastly wound?
He hath no bed, except the frozen snow,
No friend to wipe the death-damp from his brow:
His eye is struggling through the mist afar
To catch the glimmer of that feeble *star:*
Why doth he seek its light so faint and dim?
It is no star of hope, alas, to him!
Ay—but it shineth on his quiet home,
That nest of peace, where war hath never come.
Within his fancy, even now, he sees
His old thatch'd roof beneath the linden trees;
The cradle, where his youngest infant sleeps,
Rock'd by his widow'd wife, who bends and weeps;
He sees his children that around her kneel,
And try to calm the grief they cannot feel."

FIRESIDE ENJOYMENTS.

DEARLY love what may be called fireside enjoyments. Music!—yes, it decidedly is, or ought to be, one; and a young lady employed in the exercise of that exquisite talent, for the purpose of soothing or enlivening the dear home circle, is ever an object of interest and affection. How delicious are some of our sweet ballads sung in the soft twilight—papa and mamma tranquilly listening to the well remembered notes of 'The Winter it is past,' 'The Birks of Endermay,' or the thrilling combination of sense and sound in the 'Exile of Erin,' and then blessing God for having given them an unspotted child, who, though it may be rich, and young and beautiful, derives more delight from their approval, than from the applause of the gay and brilliant.

Books!—what pleasure do they not impart? Quick,—draw the curtains—the circular table a little nearer the fire; Emily, the dear little Emily, on her own particular stool at mamma's feet, her fine doll in her lap, which she is stealthily undressing, lest papa should be shocked at seeing it *en robe de nuit;* Martha, the good-natured Martha, arranging some flowers in her *hortus siccus*; Rebecca, the sage, the wise young woman of the family, pondering over 'The Foreign Review,' or the last 'Quarterly,' or the sound yet laughing 'Blackwood,' or my especial favourite, 'The British Magazine;' mamma investigating the contents of a 'Tidy,' that newly invented receptacle of torn clothes, sighing over portions of the dilapidated wardrobe of seven children; papa turning the leaves of a musty folio, the stock-book of the household, for various purposes; while Alfred, the eldest hope of the family, stretches his feet on Pompey's silky coat, and tosses over and over an aged newspaper, from which (silly fellow) he knows he can derive no information. Gentle reader!—fancy such a scene, in a country mansion, some forty or sixty miles from London, at the beginning of November; and fancy, also, old Daniel, or old Joseph, or old Samuel—any old servant will do—entering with a parcel, a London parcel of books! Just fancy the delight such an event must occasion to such a party, who are all, with the exception of mamma, who has too much to think of, and Emily, who does not think at all, somewhat *book wormish;* how charming! A parcel containing the best of Colburn's publications, for those seniors of the party who ought to know how the proceedings of the literary world are conducted; books from Westly and Davis, fit for the Sabbath and the serious; and such charming pretty-looking things from Hailes and Harris, as make even Emily forget her doll. A heap of delightful Annuals for those who love pretty pictures and rational amusements. How much are we indebted to them during the winter evenings, when out of doors the snow is deep and the wind piercing!

I might say, and with truth too, that, for very little masters and misses, a quiet game of blindman's-buff is seasonable at Christmas time, particularly when a steady person is present to call 'fire' and prevent mischief; though I almost fear that to express such an opinion is likely to bring me into disrepute with the young *élégantes*, and those very smart juvenile gentlemen who come under the denomination of *little dandies*—troublesome monkeys! I could better, by a thousand times, endure a good romping boy, than a mincing, finikin, perking, bowing, simpering Jemmy Jessamy, with kidded hands, perfumed handkerchief, and empty head. But I am sure all little creatures, roly-polys under eight, will forgive me, ay, and love me too, for tolerating blindman's-buff.

I am sorry that needlework goes out of fashion; it is a gentlewomanly amusement, and ought not to be neglected, particularly by those who have many brothers and sisters, and whose parents are not rich. Many girls, I am sorry to say, despise their needle, and affect to think work unfit occupation for genteel or intellectual beings. I both grieve for, and am angry with such misses. I can tell them, that many of our high-born noble ladies employ their fingers in framing clothes for the poor and desolate widows and orphans of our distressed country. And I can also tell them that the sensible and instructive Hofland, the playful and highly-gifted Mitford, ay, and even the graceful and elegant Landon, think it no disgrace to form themselves the garbs in which they are always fascinating, because always unaffected. One advantage of the generality of female occupation is, that the mind can be engaged, either in hearing or reflecting, when the fingers are employed in plain work, or even in embroidering; and nothing is more delightful than a party enlivened by alternate reading and music, where the greater number are not too fine to be industrious.
—*Mrs S. C. Hall's Chronicles of a School Room.*

THE SHORT GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.*

Sublimest, fairest of thy sex, how can I match with thee,
When I'm but four feet and a half, and you are six feet three?
The time is really past, my dear, of which old writings tell,
When the little angels deep in love with giantesses fell.

I'm flattered much, I vow and swear, and may my oath be booked,
In not being by so tall a dame entirely overlooked;
Yet what may be a pleasant thing in meaningless flirtation,
Might prove, in wedlock's graver time, a pretty smart vexation.

First, now, suppose that courtship had commenced betwixt us two,
How strange a thing, if every time when I came here to woo,
I had to bring a telescope of Herschell's greatest size,
To pitch at you, that I might read the language of your eyes!

And if at last, some summer night, you were to blush consent,
And I was almost overpowered with love's soft ravishment,
You'll own 'twould be, upon the whole, an awkward sort of bliss,
Had a ladder to be ordered in ere I could reach a kiss.

These things, 'tis true, might be got o'er, being only *entre nous*,
But how, my dear, in heaven's name, d'ye think we e'er should do,
When we were going, man and wife, on friends and foes to call,
Already christened by some wag, "*The Cannon and the Ball?*"

'Twould break my heart, I'm very sure, though a stoutish heart it be,
If, while I walked on Prince's Street, hard trotting by your knee,
Some purblind dame were to cry out, "La, Mrs So-and-so,
This lady—sure, her reticule, she hangs it rather low."

I really am afraid, my dear, I should look something queer,
Hung from your lofty arm, like gem that hangs from Ethiop' ear;
Why, as you fashions lead sometimes, folk might begin to hint
At having patterns copied from your "elbow ornament."

Their endless jokes, I see them all, by Jove, drawn out before me,
As clear and dreadful as the kings that made Macbeth so stormy;
First some one, in contrasting us, would give me credit due,
But say that, on the whole, I fell a good deal *short* of you.

Another would remark that you must jealousy defy,
Seeing you kept your little man so much *beneath* your eye:
A third would wonder how at all I ever met your eyes,
Which ever go, like Milton's thoughts, "commercing with the skies."

No, no, my dear, it will not do, we can't be man and wife;
"*Unequal* yokes," St Paul has said, bring misery and strife;
Odds life, d'ye think I'd wed with one, who, spite of previous speeches,
Would be, however ill they'd fit, so sure to wear the breeches!

* This poem, here printed for the first time, was written some years ago, after reading a similar drollery by Mr H. G. Bell, in his Literary Journal, entitled—"The Tall Gentleman's Apology."

ALPHABET OF INSECTS.

UNDER this title we are presented with the first of a series of elementary works to be published under the general title of "Scientific Alphabets," by Professor Rennie, of K ng's College, London, a gentleman already well known to us as the author of several delightful works on natural history.† In the present work all technicalities, by which every branch of science is unfortunately so much obscured, have been thrown aside. "The general rule of style which I always adopt," says he in his preface, "is never to use a word derived from the Latin or the Greek, when I can readily find one of Saxon origin, not that it is possible to discard those derivative words altogether—the English language would be meagre indeed without such as have long been naturalized, and are well understood; but as they are not the basis of our language, we ought, I think, to try to keep up our native words, and not hunt after foreign terms, which we do not indispensably want. 'Spotless,' for example, I should generally prefer to *immaculate;* 'across,' for *transversely;* 'horny,' for *corneous;* forked, for *furcate;* and so on." Accordingly, following up this admirable plan, Mr Rennie has made his little work entirely free from those scientific terms which are so apt to frighten a student at the very threshold of inquiry. As a specimen of the simplicity of his work, we beg to extract his account of the

EGGS OF INSECTS.

Insects' eggs are not all of an oval form like those of birds, but some are like a pear, some like an orange, some like a pyramid, and some like a flask.

The eggs of the gnat, for instance, may be compared, in shape, to that of a powder flask, and the mother gnat lays about three hundred at a time. Now each egg, by itself, would sink to the bottom of the water; yet the gnat puts the whole three hundred together in the form of a little boat, and in such way, that they will all swim on the surface of the water; and a very curious way she has of managing this.

Like other insects, the gnat has six legs. Four of these (the four fore-legs) she fastens to a floating leaf, or to the side of a bucket, if she is on the water contained in one. Her body is thus held level with the water, except the last ring of her abdomen, which is a little raised. This being done, she begins to make use of her other two legs, (or hind legs) and crosses them in the shape of the letter X. The open part of this X, next to her tail, serves as a kind of scaffolding, to support the eggs she lays, until the boat is formed. Each egg, when laid, is covered with a kind of glue; and the gnat holds the first laid egg in the angle of the X until the second egg is laid by its side, and glued to it; she then glues another egg to its other side. All these stick together thus⁘, making a kind of triangle, or figure of three, and this is the beginning of the boat. Thus she goes on, piling egg upon egg, always keeping the boat in proper shape by her useful hind-legs. As the boat grows in size, she pushes it from her by degrees, still adding to the unfinished end next to her body. When the boat is half-built, her-hind legs are stretched out thus =, the X or cross form is no longer wanted, and she holds up the boat as cleverly as if it was done with two outstretched arms.

The boat is at length completed, and an excellent boat it is, quite water tight. For though it is very small and delicate, yet no tossing of the waves will sink it; and nothing can fill it with water, or turn it upside down. In fact, the glue with which it is covered prevents it from ever being wet. Even if the boat be pushed down to the bottom of the water, up it comes again quite dry: so that it is better than the best life-boat that has ever yet been invented.

The eggs of insects are not, like those of birds, always smooth, but are sometimes ribbed, and sometimes tiled, or otherwise sculptured or carved on the outside.

The shell of an insect's egg is rarely or ever brittle like that of a bird, but composed of a tough membrane which, in some instances, can be stretched out, as appears from the eggs of ants and some other insects growing considerably larger in the process of hatching.

The mother insects, usually dying before their eggs are hatched, do not sit upon them like birds, except in the singular instance of the earwig, which, from the proceedings of one kept by me in a glass, in March 1832, appears to attend more to shifting the eggs about to places where they may receive moisture, than any thing like hatching by covering them. Ants shift their eggs according to the changes of the day and night, and also of the weather, placing them near the surface of their nests when it is warm and dry, and deep down when it is cold or wet.

In consequence of being exposed to the same temperature, all the eggs of any particular species, in any given district, are hatched exactly at the same time, or at most within a few days; and when such eggs are numerous, an immense number of caterpillars make their appearance all at once on plants and bushes, and give rise to the notion that they are brought by winds, or generated by what is called *blighting* weather, though this is as absurd as to say the wind could bring a flock of cattle, or that the *blight* could generate a flight of sparrows or rooks without eggs to hatch them from.

By looking carefully on the bark of rose or currant bushes, or on the back ribs of gooseberry leaves, the eggs may be found sometimes in patches, sometimes in rows, whence the caterpillars are hatched that creep into the buds, or stream over the leaves and devour them.

We have just seen another work of Professor Rennie's, which we shall take an early opportunity of bringing before the readers of the Journal. It is entitled a "Conspectus of Butterflies and Moths," and, pursuing the plan adhered to in the above, seems a work equally well adapted for the tyro in entomology.

† Insect Architecture, Insect Miscellanies, Insect Transformation &c.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE IN HOLLAND.

The struggle maintained by the inhabitants of the Low Countries, against the tyrannous government of Spain in the sixteenth century, presents us with one of the most noble and instructive instances of national resistance to unjust oppression recorded in the history of Europe. The unfortunate connection by which the Spanish sovereigns acquired a power over Flanders and other provinces, need not be traced; it is sufficient to state, that its results were most fully developed in the reign of Philip II., son of Charles V., or the decades of 1560-70. This unprincipled and indolent prince conspired to ruin the liberty and trade of the Netherlanders, and to coerce them, by the establishment of the Inquisition under its most hated form, to renounce the reformed religion which they had embraced. The measures adopted by the unhappy Dutch and Flemings to stem the tide of Spanish aggression; their voluntary abandonment of their country, and their flight to England—a country in every age sacred as a refuge to the injured of all nations; their sufferings in person and property; the destruction of their towns; the loss of their commerce; the utter desolation of the rich and fertile territory from the Rhine to the Zuyder Zee; and the disruption of almost all social ties—form altogether such a picture of concentrated horrors as has rarely fallen to the lot of any historian to delineate. A History of the Netherlands, presenting a succinct and candid view of these and many other events, has been judiciously written by Thomas Colley Grattan, and published as a volume in Dr Lardner's Cyclopædia; and, from this accessible source, I shall draw a few facts illustrative of the proceedings of Philip, and his delegated instrument, the Duke of Alva.

"On the 5th of May 1567, this celebrated captain (the Duke of Alva), whose reputation was so quickly destined to sink into the notoriety of an executioner, began his memorable march, and, on the 22d of August, with his veteran army, consisting of about 15,000 men, arrived at the walls of Brussels. The discipline observed in this march was a terrible forewarning to the people of the Netherlands of the influence of the general and the obedience of the troops. They had little chance of resistance against such soldiers so commanded. Alva first turned his attention to the seizure of those patriot lords whose pertinacious infatuation left them within his reach. The next measures of the new governor were the re-establishment of the Inquisition, the promulgation of the decrees of the Council of Trent, the revocation of the Duchess of Parma's edicts, and the royal refusal to recognise the terms of her treaties with the Protestants. He immediately established a special tribunal, composed of twelve members, with full powers to inquire into and pronounce judgment on every circumstance connected with the late troubles. He named himself president of this Council, and appointed a Spaniard, named Vargas, as vice-president, a wretch of the most diabolical cruelty. This Council, immortalised by its infamy, was named by the Duke the Council of Troubles. By the people it was soon designated the Council of Blood. In its atrocious proceedings no respect was paid to titles, contracts, or privileges, however sacred. Its judgments were without appeal. Every subject of the state was amenable to its summons; clergy and laity, the first individuals of the country, as well as the most wretched outcasts of society. Its decrees were passed with disgusting rapidity and contempt of form. Contumacy was punished with exile and confiscation. Those who, strong in innocence, dared to have a trial, were lost without resource. The accused were forced to its bar without previous warning. Many a wealthy citizen was dragged to trial, four leagues distance, tied to a horse's tail. The number of victims was appalling. On one occasion, the town of Valenciennes alone saw fiftv-five of its citizens fall by the hands of the executioner. Hanging, beheading, quartering, and burning, were the everyday spectacles. The enormous confiscations only added to the thirst for gold and blood by which Alva and his satellites were parched. History offers no example of parallel horrors; for, while party vengeance on other occasions has led to scenes of fury and terror, they arose, in this instance, from the vilest cupidity and the most cold-blooded cruelty. After three months of such atrocity, Alva, fatigued rather than satiated with butchery, resigned his hateful functions wholly into the hands of Vargas, who was chiefly aided by the members Delirio and Della Torre. Even at this remote period we cannot repress the indignation excited by the mention of those monsters, and it is impossible not to feel satisfaction in fixing upon their names the brand of historic execration. One of these wretches, called Hesselts, used, at length, to sleep during the mock-trials of the already doomed victims; and as often as he was roused by his colleagues, he used to cry out mechanically, 'To the gibbet! to the gibbet!' so familiar was his tongue with the sounds of condemnation.

"In addition to the horrors acted by the Council of Blood, Alva committed many deeds of collateral but minor tyranny: among others, he issued a decree forbidding, under severe penalties, any inhabitant of the country to marry without his express permission. His furious edicts against emigration were attempted to be enforced in vain. Elizabeth of England opened all the ports of her kingdom to the Flemish refugees, who carried with them those abundant stores of manufacturing knowledge which she wisely knew to be the elements of national wealth.

"These judicial murders excited in the Netherlands an agitation without bounds. It was no longer hatred or aversion that filled men's minds, but fury and despair. The out-bursting of a general revolt was hourly watched for. The foreign powers, without exception, expressed their disapproval of these executions. The Emperor Maximilian II., and all the Catholic princes, condemned them. The princes of the Protestant states held no terms in the expression of their disgust and resentment; and every thing seemed now ripe, both at home and abroad, to favour the enterprise on which the Prince of Orange was determined to risk his fortune and life. The enterprise of the Prince, however, failed, and Alva's insolence continued unbounded. The following year was ushered in by a demand of unwonted and extravagant rapacity, the establishment of two taxes on property, personal and real, to the amount of the hundredth penny on each kind; and at every transfer of sale, ten per cent. on personal, and five per cent. for real property. It is here worthy of remark, that all the horrors of which the people of Flanders were the victims, and, in their full proportion, had not the effect of exciting them to revolt; but they rose up with fury against the payment of the new taxes. They sacrificed every thing sooner than pay these unjust exactions. The next important event in these wars was the siege of Haerlem, before which place the Spaniards were arrested in their progress for seven months, and which they at length succeeded in taking, with a loss of 10,000 men. Holland was now from one end to the other the theatre of the most shocking events. While the people performed deeds of the greatest heroism, the perfidy and cruelty of the Spaniards had no bounds. The patriots saw more danger in submission than resistance; each town, which was in succession subdued, endured the last extremities of suffering before it yielded, and victory was frequently the consequence of despair."

"At length, Alva was recalled, and he was succeeded by Requeseus, a moderate and honest man, who was soon overwhelmed with the difficulties of his situation. The Spanish monarchy now came down in its pretensions, and the celebrated *Pacification of Ghent* was published on the 8th of November 1576. Still the country continued subject to Spain, new governors were appointed, and in less than ten years the provinces were again in a state of open resistance, which continued till they secured their independence. One of the most remarkable events during these troubles was the siege of Antwerp, by the Prince of Parma, in 1585.

"The Prince of Parma had 80,000 men at his command. With such means of carrying on his conquests, he sat down regularly before Antwerp, and commenced the operations of one of the most celebrated among the many memorable sieges of those times. He completely surrounded the city with troops; placing a large portion of his army on the left bank of the Scheldt, the other on the right. In order to secure the navigation of the river, on which the success of the siege depended, he had to throw a bridge across the stream. Neither its great rapidity, nor its immense width, nor the want of wood and workmen, could deter him from this vast undertaking. He and his engineer first caused two strong forts to be erected at opposite sides of the river; and adding to their resources by every possible means, they threw forward a pier on each side of, and far into, the stream. The stakes, driven firmly into the bed of the river, and cemented with masses of earth and stones, were at a proper height covered with planks, and defended by parapets. These estoccades, as they were called, reduced the river to half its original breadth; and the cannon with which they were mounted rendered the passage extremly dangerous to hostile vessels. But to fill up this strait, a considerable number of boats were fastened together by chain-hooks and anchors; and being manned and armed with cannon, they were moored in the interval between the estoccades. The works of the bridge, which was 2400 feet in length, was constructed with such strength and solidity, that they braved the winds, the flood, and the ice of the whole winter.

"The people of Antwerp at first laughed to scorn the whole of these stupendous preparations; but when they found that the bridge resisted the natural elements, by which they doubted not it would have been destroyed, they began to tremble in the anticipation of famine. Ninety-seven pieces of cannon now defended the bridge; besides which, thirty large barges at each side of the river guarded its extremities; and forty ships of war formed a fleet of protection, constantly ready to meet any attack of the besieged. They, seeing the Scheldt thus really closed up, and all communication with Zealand impossible, felt their whole safety depended on the destruction of the bridge. An Italian engineer named Giombelli was at this time in Antwerp, and by his talents had long protracted the defence. He has the chief merit of being the inventor of those terrible fire-ships, which gained the title of 'infernal machines;' and with some of those formidable instruments and the Zealand fleet, the long-projected attack was at length made.

"Early on the night of the 4th of April, the Prince of Parma and his army were amazed by the spectacle of three huge masses of flame floating down the river, accompanied by numerous lesser appearances of a similar nature, and bearing directly against the prodigious barrier which had cost months of labour to him and his troops, and immense sums of money to the state. The whole surface of the Scheldt presented one sheet of fire; the country all round was as visible as at noon; the flags, the arms of the soldiers, and every object on the bridge, in the fleet, or the forts, stood out clearly to view; and the pitchy darkness of the sky gave increased effect to the marked distinctness of all. Astonishment was soon succeeded by consternation, when one of the three machines burst with a terrific noise before they reached their intended mark, but time enough to offer a sample of their nature. The Prince of Parma, with numerous officers and soldiers, rushed to the bridge, to witness the effect of this explosion—and just then a second and still larger fire-ship, having burst through the flying bridge of boats, struck against one of the estoccades. The Prince, unmindful of danger, used every exertion of his authority to clear away the monstrous machine, which threatened destruction to all within its reach. Happily for him, an ensign who was near, forgetting, in his general's peril, all rules of discipline and forms of ceremony actually forced him from the estoccade. He had not put his foot on the river bank when the machine blew up The effects were such as really baffle description. The bridge was burst through; the estoccade was shattered almost to atoms, and, with all that it supported—men cannon, and the huge machinery employed in the various works—dispersed in the air. The cruel Marquis of Roubais, many other officers, and 800 soldiers, perished, in all varieties of death—by flood, or flame, or the horrid wounds from the missiles with which the terrible machine was overcharged. Fragments of bodies and limbs were flung far and wide; and many gallant soldiers were destroyed, without a vestige of the human form being left to prove that they had ever existed. The river, forced from its bed at either side, rushed into the forts, and drowned numbers of their garrisons; while the ground far beyond shook as in earthquake. The Prince soon recovered, and by his presence of mind, humanity, and resolution, he endeavoured, with incredible quickness, to repair the mischief. He speedily raised the confidence of his army as high as ever," and, by his manœuvres, forced the city to capitulate after a siege of fourteen months.

LIFE IN CANADA.

"You are quite a townsman, my dear fellow; so it is needless for me to *bore* you about lakes, snows, serpents, &c. The inhabitants are tolerably civil. In a common tavern, your food and bed will ease your pocket of a dollar a-day; if in an hotel, half as much more, exclusive of wines, which are so so—no great shakes, a dollar a-bottle—and grogs in proportion. The fashionable young fellows follow a good deal the manners of the Americans—drink gin sling, sangaree, and lemonade; smoke cigars, and in the morning take bitters, cocktail, and soda water. The theatres are not open very often, unless some of your stars get erratic, and come over the water. They have their parties and their scandal through all the towns, the same as at home. You are well off, who are not bothered with these things in London; it is the only place in Britain where pride and presumption dare never show themselves, and where scandal can never thrive. The ladies dress very well, and seem to have a considerable quantity of conceit; their dresses here are not so plain and so elegant as with you; they have too great a profusion of flounces, feathers, and ruffles; few of them are to be met with very good-looking; the climate robs their complexions of all the beautiful colours, leaving behind the sallow, dun, and yellow; no pure red and white in Canada, and dimples and smiles are rare. I endeavoured to fall in love once or twice, and flung my old heart quite open to the little archer; but the frost, or something or other, would not allow the arrows to penetrate. I have met with girls from my own old Scotland that I liked to spend the day with very much, but they had no pretensions to beauty; we could talk of witches, and quote Burns together. But this love proceeds from many causes, which have but small connexion with beauty of person; it is to be traced to the affinity of mind—Humph.

"Do not let yourself be any longer deceived with the tale that there are no unmarried ladies here, for there are, in the greatest abundance; and also more bachelors than I like to live among, having boarded in a house for a few days where there were above thirty bachelors, between twenty and forty years of age, every day at dinner. What do you think of this? Canada is not a place for people to get married in. What is the cause, it is not easy to assign: methinks it proceeds from the bachelors being chiefly foreigners—people badgered up and down this world, who forget that there is such a state as matrimony. Those who are long without a home get careless about finding one. The natives, however, and settled residents, wed as becomes them; and at their weddings they have what are called *spireverees*, a parading kind of show, with sleighs, if in winter, or a two-wheeled kind of gig, if in summer. Round the town they fly—What a set-out!—fiddles playing, pistols firing—altogether composing lots of fun; a true Canadian *spree* is worth the looking at. In Montreal, the snow accumulates to a great depth in the streets during winter, rendering the walking very precarious; people wear a kind of cramp on their feet, called a creeper, and the ladies move about with stockings drawn over their boots. The Scotch brogue here is not only conceived vulgar, but highly offensive.'"—*Mactaggart's Canada, 2 vols.* 1829.

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THEY.

BEFORE saying a word upon the subject, I must make an apology similar to that presented by honest Andro Symson, episcopal minister of a Galloway parish before the Revolution, when, in singing the praises of Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, he says, his muse

———'gainst Priscian avers,
He, HE ALONE, *were my parishioners.*

As good Andro's congregation of one required to be spoken of in the plural, so do my friends THEY need to be mentioned in the singular number. The truth is, THEY is a collective ideality, a most potent plural unit, who does a great many remarkable things in the world, without ever being called to account for them, and without any body knowing very distinctly who or what he is. I venture to say, that hardly a subject of his Majesty does not, day by day, refer events and deeds to the agency of THEY, and yet never has presumed, to this blessed hour, to consider who this mysterious personage—this great unknown—this finer spirit than Ariel—can be. In very truth, he is a most impalpable being, and susceptible of a wonderful variety of shapes. There is no height of greatness, and no depth of degradation, which he may not arrive at. Sometimes, one would suppose that he is the Government itself—sometimes, only a Town Council. One of THEY's employments is the disposal of criminals. "Are THEY going to hang this fellow?" one man will ask another. "Perhaps THEY will only banish him," is the probable answer. If the culprit be not decently and humanely hanged, the people get dreadfully enraged at THEY, and look as if they would almost tear his eyes out. THEY also has a great deal to do in public works. "Why did THEY make the road so crooked?" "THEY have put up a very absurd set of street lamps, I see." "What, in wonder's name, do THEY mean by building a temple up there, like a boy's peerie, or an hour-glass?" Then THEY is the author of all kinds of rumours and surmises. "They say—what say they—let them say!" is an inscription on a wall within Aberdeen Cathedral, four hundred years old; and I do not doubt that THEY would have given currency to scandals regarding the mother of mankind herself, in Paradise, if there had been any other lady to tell them to—or if THEY had then existed. Old newspapers say, "THEY write from St Petersburg that the Empress Catharine is about to fit out an armament for the Caspian." "THEY talk at Rome of a change of counsels in the Vatican." Modern quidnuncs are also filled to the brim with things which THEY has been circulating. "They are now making out Lord —— to be non compos." "THEY will have a marriage to be on the tapis between SO AND SO and SO AND SO; personages, by the way, who claim a sort of kindred with THEY, and certainly are of imagination all compact. THEY is sometimes admired for his power, sometimes blamed for his stinginess. "THEY used to write capital solid books longago." "THEY used Burns very ill when he was alive." It certainly was bad of THEY to treat Burns so scurvily; but unfortunately the fellow is so utterly impersonal, that we blame without knowing what we are doing

THEY has a great deal to do with the *naming* of things. He may be called, in arithmetical language, the *Grand Denominator* Indeed, I do not believe that Adam himself named more things than THEY. 'What do THEY call this place?" one will ask a coachman, on nearing a town, village, or gentleman's seat. "THEY call it Ashbourne," or whatever else, is the reply. "What do THEY call ye?" is the ordinary question of a rustic boy to his unknown companion, and so forth. THEY is also the grand censor of all things which happen in the world. "I will not do this, for what would THEY say of me?" is a common expression, when a man hesitates upon some equivocal step. He may be convinced, from irrefragable data, of the propriety of what he contemplates; but then he could not convince THEY of it, and, of course, in these circumstances, he must let the scheme drop. THEY thus prevents many things that would be bad, many things that would be only strange, and many things that would certainly be good, if he could be convinced of it. A most uncompromising fellow is this THEY! He knows very well that he cannot enter into another man's bosom, to see all the various reasons and tendencies which lead him towards the thing he aims at; but, nevertheless, presuming that he is quite omniscient, or at least fully as well acquainted with every other particular man's business as his own, he never hesitates to give a decided contradiction to any proposal he is not, at first sight, pleased with. Many are the good original schemes which THEY has spoilt, from a hasty conclusion without premises.

THEY, also, amidst all his multitudinous and most Protean varieties of character, is a general scapegoat for all the mischief that is done in a household. "I see THEY have cracked that decanter." "THEY have at last made an end of the globe in the lobby." Or, as I once heard said by the lady of a house afflicted with a breaking woman-servant—"I declare THEY have broken the very kitchen poker!"—a compound fracture, too, it was. Such are a few of the doings of THEY in his household capacity; and it must be owned that, in this light, he is very great, and often comes aboveboard. The grandest aspect, however, in which THEY ever appears, is when he stands up as a representative of the government of the country. "THEY are going, I see, to bring us into a war with France." "THEY intend, it seems, to resume cash payments at the Bank." No matter whether the affair refers to privilege or prerogative; no matter for the claims of the particular officer under whose hands it ought to fall; King, Lords, Commons, Treasury, Admiralty, and Horse Guards—all melt, like mixed colours, into the single white light of THEY! Things may be different under the Reform Bill; but, heretofore, there has hardly been any precise government but THEY. THEY crowns the king—signs the orders of council—passes all bills through the Legislature, that *will* go through—fits out armies, and rigs fleets—makes war, and concludes peace—is church and state—Swing and the Press. THEY is a being of past history, and of present existence—a tyrant, or the people. THEY is the great despot pronoun of the *world!*

TRUST TO YOURSELF.

THIS is a glorious principle for the industrious and trading classes of the community; and yet the philosophy of it is not perhaps understood so well as it ought to be.

There is hardly any thing more common in the country than to hear men spoken of who originally, or at some period of their lives, were rich, but were ruined by "*security*"—that is, by becoming bound to too great an extent for the engagements of their neighbours. This must arise in a great measure from an imperfect understanding of the question; and it therefore seems necessary that something should be said in explanation of it.

I would be far from desiring to see men shut up their hearts against each other, and each stand, in the panoply of his own resolutions, determined against every friendly appeal whatsoever. It is possible, however, to be not altogether a churl, and yet to take care lest we be tempted into an exertion of benevolence, dangerous to ourselves, while it is of little advantage to our friends.

Notwithstanding the many ties which connect a man with society, he nevertheless bears largely imprinted on his forehead the original doom, that he must chiefly be dependent on his own labour for subsistence. It is found by all men of experience, that, in so far as one trusts to his own exertions solely, he will be apt to flourish; and, in so far as he leans and depends upon others, he will be the reverse. Nothing can give so good a *general* assurance of well-doing as the personal activity of the individual, day by day exerted for his own interest. If a man, on the contrary, suddenly finds, in the midst of such a career, a prospect of some patronage which seems likely to enrich him at once, or if he falls into the heritage of some antiquated claims to property or title, which he thinks it necessary to prosecute, it is ten to one that he declines from that moment, and is finally ruined. The only true way to make a happy progress through this world, is to go on in a dogged, persevering pursuit of one good object, neither turning to the right nor to the left, making our business as much as possible our pleasure, and not permitting ourselves to awake from our *dream of activity*—not permitting ourselves to *think that we have been active*—till we suddenly find ourselves at the goal of our wishes, with fortune almost unconsciously within our grasp.

Now, it is a most violent and unhappy disturbance of this system, to be always poking about after large favours from friends, whether for the purpose of adding fuel to what we think a good fire, or preserving a bad one from extinction. All that is obtained in this way is obtained against the very spirit of correct business, and is likely to be only mischievous to both parties. In the first place, it is probable that we shall not make such a good use of money got thus in a slump, without being painfully and gradually won, as of that which is the acquisition of our own daily industry. Then, it is always a presumption against a man that he should require such subsidies; and, accordingly, his commercial reputation is apt to suffer from every request he makes. Next, to consider the case in reference to the friend from whom the demand is made, it is obviously a most unfair thing, that, when men find it so necessary to be cautious in adventuring money on unusual risks, even for their own interest, and are, in such circumstances, so strongly called upon to make themselves acquainted with every circumstance of the case before venturing—when, moreover, they only do so in the prospect of an unusual profit—I say it is unfair, that, when they only adventure money on their own account under these circumstances, they should be called upon occasionally to adventure it for the profit of a friend, without knowing anything of the likelihood of its turning out well, without being able to take any of those expedients which they would use in their own case for insuring its eventual re-appearance, without the least chance of profit to compensate the risk—trusting the whole, in fact, to the uncertain and hidden sea of another man's mind, when perhaps they would not trust it upon their own, with a full knowledge of soundings, tide, wind, and pilotage Men may grant such favours, from their dislike to express such a want of confidence in a friend as a refusal is supposed to intimate. But this proceeds upon the erroneous principle that the refusal indicates want of confidence. In reality, it ought only to be held as indicating a want of confidence in the particular line of use upon which it is to be adventured When the man *now* wanting the loan of money expresses himself as certain to reproduce it at the proper time, he pledges too much of his honour; for there cannot be a stronger proof of the unlikelihood of his having money *then* than his wanting it *now*, so that the uncertainty of the reproduction of the sum could never be greater. The person from whom it is demanded is entitled, therefore, to take care that the petitioner is not deceiving both himself and the individual whom he wishes to supply his necessities.

Humanity—kindred—friendship—have many claims; and these will always be considered and answered by a man of good feelings. All that is here contended for, is

the inconsistency of a system of large accommodations with just business, as well as with the real interests of either of the two parties concerned. Upon the whole, a man will not only be obliging himself in the best manner, but he will also be obliging society in a higher degree than he otherwise could do, if he simply looks well after himself, so that he never *requires* a favour Let no man be unduly alarmed at the outcry of "*selfishness*;" it is the only principle which can ever become nearly general, and therefore the only one which can be equal or impartial in its action When this cry is raised, let the petitioned party always take pains to consider whether he in reality *is* the selfish person—whether the odium of that bad feeling does not indeed rather lie with the petitioner, who is content, for the purpose of saving himself some present inconvenience, or otherwise advantaging himself, to bring a portion of his friend's substance into hazard—for hazard, of course, there always is, whenever money leaves the possession of its owner, and in hardly any kind of adventure is it ever in greater peril than when lent, or engaged for, in this manner, without the prospect of a profit. It is, in a great measure, a mere error arising from want of reflection, to suppose that there can only be inhumanity on the part of the individual who refuses to lend or become bound. Inhumanity, of course, there may often be in such refusals; but is there to be no sympathy, on the other hand, for the friend betrayed? Are we only to have pity for the man who wants money—no matter through what causes he wants it—in March, and none for him who is called upon to undertake the risk of having to pay it in June, to his grievous inconvenience? Does pity only acknowledge the present tense, and not the future? Is it so silly a passion that it only feels for the present wants of an individual who goes a-borrowing, and has no regard to the contingent sorrows of him who, without fault of his own, but with every merit to the contrary, is beguiled into a ruin he did not purchase, in the ineffectual attempt, perhaps, to save one who, supposing him to be personally as worthy, was at least the only person with whom blame, if blame there be, can in such a case be said to rest.

SUMMARY.—Fortune is most easily and most certainly to be won by your own unaided exertions. Therefore, depend as little as possible upon prospects of advantages from others, all of whom, you will find, have enough ado with themselves. Be liberal, affable, and kind; but, knowing that you cannot do more injury to society than by greatly injuring yourself, exercise a just caution in giving way to the solicitations of your friends. Never be too ready to convince yourself that it is right to involve yourself largely, in order to help any person into a particular station in society; rather let him begin at the bottom, and he will be all the better fitted for his place, when he reaches it, by having fought his way up through the lower stages.

THE VICTIM OF FACILITY

As an illustration of the preceding little essay, we subjoin the memoirs of a person in real life, with which we have been supplied by a friend. We regret to be informed that the name alone is fictitious.

Heron of Bearcroft was the son of a clergyman in a remote part of Scotland, and, consequently, cannot be considered to have been born to great expectations; but the church, however poor in Scotland, is one of the few outlets for the families of men respectably born. Heron happened to be well connected, and by one accident and another, had, before he was thirty, succeeded, first to the farm and property of an uncle, considered worth about fifteen thousand pounds, and, thereafter, to the estate of another relative, which, in those good days, sold for at least fifteen thousand more Here, one would think, was a princely fortune for a man born to no expectation whatever; and so it might have proved, had the possessor not been the most facile of human beings. Being unmarried, and known to be possessed of a fortune, he had many friends and visitors; and at length persons who at first considered it an honour to be received in his house, and who perhaps ought never to have been received in it, now lived and boarded there. The poor man, naturally social, though by no means riotous, was pleased with seeing people happy about him, and with hearing all their doings related as such high things. Affecting to remain unchanged by his good fortune, he still continued to occupy his uncle's farm; and pretending it did not suit a poor farmer to sport wine (which in these days, as the saying is, *was wine*), whisky was the only acknowledged drink of the house; though an impudent dog, by getting possession of the keys, might dig out a bottle of excellent port on occasion, or by going to the very bin he was forbidden to go to, perhaps one of claret or Burgundy. For the general drink of the house there was a puncheon like a grocer's store-cask in the cellar, and a barrel of sugar, with a spade in it, hard by. There were no regular dinners, nor invitations, but there were very regular companies; and it was as regularly the rule that no company went on the day on which it came, if indeed for several days In all events, come as they might, and stay as they might, poor Heron was too polite not to say he was glad to see them, and almost too good natured not to feel it. The consequences may be anticipated: late nights make bad morning men; and a bad morning man is a bad farmer. The farm was not only left to servants, but to servants satisfied they were under no effectual superintendence. The good-natured man not only kept an open house, but almost an open purse. He took payments as they were offered—conceiving every body to be honourable, as he was. He felt happy in having it in his power to oblige a friend, or to do a good action. He would take an acknowledgement or an obligation for money lent, if offered; but to exact it, or to dictate terms, would have been to doubt the honour of the parties. It may be supposed that in this way the fortune, which he conceived infinite, and which, indeed, would have been so to him, soon began to draw towards a limit. He saw it; but with an infatuation entirely common in higher men, but easily explicable in *their* circumstances, though not so in his, he could not think of being so rude as desire people to cease to devour his substance, who had been accustomed to it. I even recollect hearing, that, being in the market one day, and receiving one hundred pounds, a bet was taken, and, I am sorry to add, gained, that he could not refuse the loan of the money, though he was known himself to require it at the time. The person walked up, and, with some ridiculous preface, requested the loan. "Certainly, Sir," said the infatuated man, drawing it from his pocket, and giving it. The bet was gained, but I do not recollect that it was added that the money was returned!

In a few years this person was a beggar; and, having strongly in him the feelings of a gentleman, he was in a situation much more deplorable than that of most beggars. To prevent personal inconvenience, or to promote their own interests, some professional men, who had known him in his better days, had his property placed under sequestration; and upon making the inspection usual in such circumstances, the state of things was deplorable. The furniture in the house was in a state of the greatest dilapidation, from the constant scenes of coarse revelry that had so long prevailed in it. All the servants were worthless as such, either from the total want of selection originally, or the habitual want of any rational superintendence. The horses and other stock, though most probably kept at much more expense than necessary, were almost in a starving state; but this was explained, by finding, on inspecting the barn, several bolls of grain, of different descriptions, stowed away among the straw, obviously deposited there by some servant for the purpose of being carried off, and either abstracted from the mangers of the unfortunate animals, or deposited there instead of being carried to them. In short, all was ruin and dilapidation. A proper overseer being appointed, the farm assumed a very different aspect in a short time. The stock, being originally good, though abused, revived as by magic; the house was cleaned out; the furniture repaired and cleaned, with a view to sale; the servants even assumed a conduct and aspect as different as was the management of them; and, in short, all looked cheerful and prosperous, as it might always have been. The master only was unchangeable, or rather sunk into greater dejection. When the proper persons went to take possession of his house, he was found sitting at dinner. He had always been himself temperate, both in eating and drinking. His substance had been dissipated wholly by others. Persons in respectable circumstances had long ceased to visit him. He had no longer any suitable entertainments to give, or even the means of giving them suitably. His table ware had been destroyed, and not replaced; the knives and forks even had failed; and the servants, either overworked or careless, having no changes of table-linen, or deeming the guests unworthy of it, had ceased to think of supplying, or, at least, of cleaning it Still he had guests! and when the persons above mentioned entered to strip him of every thing, he was sitting, in the utmost dejection it is true, with some beef and mutton bones before him, both in the same cracked dish, but dealing their remains to guests, who seemed, by their pertinacious adherence, determined to devour his last morsel.

These were all, as may be supposed, persons in desperate circumstances. They had received largely of this person's money to assist in their different schemes of life, but, instead of attending to their affairs, had preferred idleness and the hospitality of his house. Of course, they had not only never returned his money, but had in addition quartered themselves in his house; and it is questionable if they would not have considered abstaining to share his last crust a species of ingratitude!—a turning their backs upon their friend in his adversity! Be that as it may, there they were, and there they would have remained, had they not been brushed away by the same hand that removed their entertainer, and placed him on a temporary allowance, barely enabling him to support existence, in a quarter remote from all their usual haunts.

He came to Edinburgh, and there I had often occasion to see him; for having in his prosperous days warned him of the ruin that was coming upon him, he thought I must be able to devise some mode of alleviating it, now that it had happened. This, however, was impossible. The man who had proved so utterly incapable of managing his own affairs, could not be considered fit to be entrusted with those of others. He could not labour; "and to beg he was ashamed." A small annuity, to be purchased by the bounty of those he had obliged, was the only thing that appeared possible in the circumstances. This was at first thought well of, for it was certain that many persons now in prosperous circumstances had received largely from him; and there being no vouchers of their debts, and, from this, no chance of their being recovered in the usual way, and for behoof of the creditors, it was hoped the subscription would be certain and liberal. Some of these persons did subscribe, in appearance liberally beyond their circumstances; but this led to inquiries, which showed that they had merely acted as decoys; and that though he had taken no vouchers of *actual debt* from *them*, they had taken very sufficient guarantees against being called upon for any part of these unreal subscriptions! In short, the scheme entirely failed, and with it all the poor man's hopes. Even the pittance allowed by his creditors, was, it is said, withheld by their agent, or so negligently paid, that the object of their bounty often wanted even the bread they would have given him. As he sometimes stole to my residence in an evening, he at last mentioned these things; but as he seemed to feel keenly that they impeached his own prudence in times past, and his energy even now, he only muttered them through his teeth, as if his heart could not supply him strength to give them suitable utterance. His refusal to do justice to himself in any thing, must at last have cooled all who wished him well; or, though his own hospitality had been taxed so unceremoniously, he must at last have declined to accept of any Having confined himself at least on pretence of a severe cold, which, from inanition, and want of fire or covering, in an inclement season, he had doubtless caught, he appeared to have been forgotten. The consequences were melancholy. In a few weeks I was summoned to his funeral! and he appeared to have died from the want of every comfort, or even necessary. He had neither had covering, food, nor fire, nor the means of procuring them! though he had never complained, nor would ever allow an exertion to be made for him—till too late. Then it was made without consulting him, but also without avail; and a man of an Herculean frame, and robust constitution, of temperate habits, and in possession of affluence, and never personally expensive in any thing; whose general information was extensive, his perceptions, as concerned others, clear, and his observations even keen and searching; who in this way shewed that he had a very tolerable head, and whose heart was in the last degree honourable and affectionate; who had, in short, no fault so prominent as to excite observation, except an inexplicable FACILITY—this man, at the age of fifty-five, died a beggar, deserted and despised, with an exhausted constitution and a broken heart!

It would be painful even to think what must have been the feelings of this man when he lay down, as he doubtless did, abandoning all hope so far as this world was concerned, and desirous only to have done with it, and with existence. What a retrospect must have risen up to him, of comfort lost, and opportunities of doing good neglected; of money squandered, not only without doing good, but to the encouragement of idleness, dissipation, and every worthless propensity; assisting only the most unworthy and ungrateful, and depriving himself, by his overconfidence, of even the means of punishing them!—In short, of fortune and comfort lost, and talents misapplied. The man who is precipitated from fortune in spite of every honourable endeavour to the contrary, has some consolation in the reflection that he has done the best; but the thoughtless squanderer has no consolation. Reflection only embitters every misery; and unless he is of a mould very different from what is common in such cases, he sees no hope but in having done with life and consciousness together.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ATTRACTION.

THE word attraction is employed to denote that power or force by which all kinds of matter, whether of the size of atoms or of worlds, are drawn towards each other. There is, perhaps, no law of nature which produces phenomena so universally and continually presented to our observation, as attraction. If we lift our eyes to the starry heavens, and observe the motion, or, as Milton terms it, the "mystic dance" of these shining orbs, we find it, like an invisible rein, curbing them in their amazing journeys through the trackless ether, and compelling them to deviate from the rectilinear or straightforward course in which they would otherwise run, and wheel in a circular manner round some other body, the centre of their orbits of motion. Or if we turn our attention to the globe we inhabit, we find it drawing down to the earth again the stone which we have thrown into the air, or we see it forming into a globule the little drop of dew which hangs like an appropriate gem upon the delicate leaf of a flower. Or we see two contiguous drops upon the same spray, when brought near to each other, but still situated at a distance sufficient to be discerned by the eye, at last suddenly rush together and become one. Or we can detect its operations in uniting a few simple substances in various proportions, and producing the wonders of vegetable organization in infinite variety and never failing symmetry! How sublime, yet how simple; how minute, yet how comprehensive and magnificent is this law!—at once exercising a power over the smallest atoms around us, while at the same time it is determining the revolutions of the gigantic and innumerable orbs that roll throughout the universe; a height and a depth, a breadth and a length of existence, which imagination in vain attempts to picture, or reason to calculate.

> "That very law which moulds a tear
> And bids it trickle from its source,
> That law preserves the earth a sphere,
> And guides the planets in their course."—ROGERS.

This law is indispensable for the preservation and existence of the present order of things; and it would not be difficult to show, that the suspension of it, even with respect to a single star, would, in course of time, spread disorder and anarchy throughout the universe. But its invariable operation is the certainty of destiny. Without this unchangeableness, philosophy would be only a doctrine of chances; but eclipses for thousands of years to come, for instance (supposing our world were to remain as it is for that period), can be calculated upon without fear of error, almost to the beat of the stop-watch!

The subject of attraction naturally separates itself into two grand divisions. There is, first, the attraction which is exercised by masses of matter, situated at sensible distances from each other; and, secondly, the attraction existing amongst the atoms constituting these masses, which takes place at insensible distances. These two heads are again subdivided, the former into the attractions of gravitation, electricity, and magnetism; and the latter into those of aggregation or cohesion; and chemical attraction or affinity. Many philosophers have supposed, and with some degree of plausibility, that all these varieties depend upon some ultimate power of matter, and may thus be reduced into one; yet as no conclusive argument has been adduced in support of the hypothesis, it is unnecessary to trouble the reader with speculative theories, even allowing that they are probably correct.

By gravitation is meant that power which draws the objects of the universe towards each other. The sublime genius of Newton, it is said, conceived the idea of universal attraction from the simple incident of an apple falling from a tree in his garden. May not, he reasoned, the power which draws this apple to the ground with unerring certainty, be the same as that which regulates the movements of the celestial systems. And so, following up this idea, he made a series of discoveries the most brilliant that ever adorned the annals of philosophy. He proved satisfactorily that what we term *weight* is nothing more than an instance of universal attraction, which decreases in intensity as we recede from the earth in distance. This, of course, suggested the idea that weight must be less on the tops of mountains, and in balloons, than at the sea shore, or on plains, which is the fact. What weighs 1000 lb. at the sea-shore, weighs five lbs. less at the top of mountains of a certain height, as is proved experimentally by a spring balance; and, at the distance of the moon, the weight or attraction towards the earth of 1000 lbs. is diminished to 5 ounces. This has been proved by astronomical tests.

Before proceeding farther, it may be necessary to inform the reader of the manner in which gravitation operates on its amplest scale in regulating the movements of the unnumbered orbs which compose the system of the universe. All bodies have a tendency to continue in the state of *motion* or of *rest* in which they are put. In other words, bodies do not acquire motion, nor lose motion, nor change the kind or degree of their motion, unless some force or another be applied to them. This property, as it may be termed, is called in scientific language, the *inertia* of matter. For instance, when an arrow is shot from a bow, it would proceed onward through the infinity of space to all eternity, if some force did not curb its speed, and finally draw it to the earth. And what power is this? Plainly that of attraction. Besides, there is the resistance which the air offers to every body heavier than itself passing through it. Now, space originally was a vast vacuity, we shall suppose, in which there being no matter, there could exist none of the laws of matter. When the Divine Creator brought into existence our own system, to take a familiar instance, he placed the sun in the centre, and endowed it, so to speak, with power and authority over all the other bodies within its range; they were compelled to pay obeisance to it like the surrounding sheaves to the central one in Joseph's dream. The lesser or subordinate orbs may be supposed, for the sake of illustration, to have been hurled from the plastic hands of the Deity in a straightforward course, in which they would for ever have moved, had not the sun possessed the power of attracting them to its centre, and compelling them to revolve round him. There was just as much attraction given as would keep them in their proper orbits of motion, and just that degree of impetus imparted which would prevent them from coalescing with the sun on the one hand, or departing beyond the sphere of his attraction on the other. With what wisdom, and yet with what simplicity, have not the "worlds been framed." To each of them the Creator has traced out its course. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." And they cannot for a moment cross the boundaries he has assigned.

> "Lightnings and storms his mighty word obey,
> And planets roll where he has marked the way."

To this principle we are also indebted for the flux and reflux of the tides, which, as is well known, are caused by the moon's attraction.

> "For this the moon through heaven's blue concave glides,
> And into motion charms the expanding tides;
> While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
> Exalts her watery zone and sinks the poles."—FALCONER.

It is also the cause of the roundness of our earth, of the moon, the planets, and the sun itself. Hence it may be inferred that originally all matter was, to a certain extent, in a fluid state, and that at the divine behest the atoms were endowed with attractive qualities, by which they were impelled to a common centre; and thus the congregated masses assumed a globular form. At New South Wales, which is situated nearly opposite to England on the earth's surface, planets hang and stones fall towards the centre of the globe, just as they do here. And the people there are standing with their feet towards us; hence they are called our antipodes, from two Greek words—*anti* opposite, and *pŏdĕs* the feet. A plummet suspended near the side of a mountain will be attracted to it in a degree exactly proportioned to its magnitude. This fact was ascertained by Dr Maskeleyne near the mountain Shehallion in Scotland. But the plummet was not so strongly attracted to the mountain as it was to the earth, because the magnitude of the latter was so much greater than that of the former. Let it always be kept in view that it is size, in connection with distance, which determines the force of gravitation, and this may be illustrated by a few familiar facts.

A falling body receives fresh velocity every moment of its descent, while a body projected into the air loses velocity every moment of its ascent. Both propositions are illustrated by a very simple experiment. Sling a stone into the air, and the eye will be found incapable of following it till it has reached a certain height, when we can easily observe its progress. Upwards it rises slower and slower, and for a moment before it has reached and after it has passed its climax, there is scarcely any motion perceptible; just as the tide at the full appears for a moment neither to ebb nor to flow. Downwards the stone descends, however, gathering fresh velocity in every inch of its declination, until, as it approaches nearer to the earth, the eye can scarcely follow it. This may, no doubt, be partly accounted for from the well known circumstance, that, to the eye, bodies seen at a distance seem to move slower than they do when we stand nearer to them. But, in our calculations, the fallacy arising from this circumstance is comparatively trifling. The propositions have not only been proved by the most incontestible philosophical experiments, but a few familiar facts, when recalled to memory, will settle the point. Let a ball drop from the hand, and it can be caught easily the first instant; let it accumulate its motion, however, and the hand in vain pursues it. Take an instance on a vast scale—say the cataract of Niagara. Slow and heavily the broad column of waters bends over the precipice. It grows thinner and thinner, while its motion rapidly increases, until at last it plunges down the deep descent into the Phlegethon below, with irresistible force and swiftness, carrying all before it, and

> "Rivalling the lightning's glance in ruin and in speed."

All bodies, whatever their size or weight may be, should, from the law previously laid down, fall to the ground with the same speed. But this is found not to be the case. Here, for instance, is a ball of lead and a ball of cotton dropped from the same altitude at the same moment, and the lead has reached the earth some time before the cotton. At first sight this would really appear to be quite consistent with the law of nature; because there being, we shall say, a hundred parts more matter in the bullet than in the cotton, it will be drawn to the earth with an hundred times more force, the power of gravitation being always proportioned to the quantity of matter. But again, if there be an hundred parts more matter in the lead than in the other body, it of course requires an hundred times more attraction to bring it down, for bodies destitute of this quality, as was formerly observed, have no tendency to fall; and every atom of every description of matter is drawn to the earth with the same degree of force. What is it, then, which prevents the cotton from reaching the ground at the same moment with the weightier body? The resistance of the air. The bulks are equal, and of course the resistance offered to both is alike, but the one having a far greater number of atoms, and hence a far greater power of attraction in proportion to its bulk than the other, it overcomes the resistance with greater ease, or, in other words, it has far greater strength to expend with only the same obstructions to overcome, and hence it reaches its destination sooner. For illustration's sake, let us suppose there are two boats to start for the same goal. They are of equal size, and of course their bows present the same breadth of surface to the water, and are alike impeded by it. In the one boat there are two rowers, we shall suppose, and in the other six. They all pull with equal skill and power, and it is unnecessary to say which boat will reach its destination first. But suppose that the boat which had the smallest number of rowers were to be reduced in size, weight, and resistance in a proportion which exactly counterbalanced the power which the other had over it, they would both arrive at the same time. Thus, if the cotton ball were reduced to the density of the lead, they would both reach the earth at the same time. The powers of attraction possessed by the two substances, without attenuating our simile to an invisible thinness, may be compared to the physical energy exercised in the two several boats, and though the comparison be not perfect in some respects, it is sufficiently so in others to give a forcible illustration of the subject. In fine, it is found that in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, that is, a glass vessel deprived of its air, a feather and a guinea fall to the bottom at the same instant. It would not serve the end contemplated were the subject of gravitation to be pursued through all its labyrinths, and demonstrated by mathematical symbols. The point aimed at is rather to kindle up a desire for philosophical study, than to supply the materials of it. We do not mean to conduct the reader through the promised land, but only point it out from Mount Pisgah.

Very little need be said respecting the *magnetic* and *electric* attractions. They act only on certain bodies, or under peculiar circumstances, giving rise to a distinct class of phenomena. In so far as they operate on masses of matter at sensible distances, they coincide with gravitation. When certain bodies are submitted to friction, they exhibit electrical attraction. If a dry glass rod or a stick of sealing wax is rubbed upon a piece of silk, and then presented to light bodies, such as bits of paper or straw, these latter are attracted to the other body. With respect to the magnet, it is universally known that it possesses the property of attracting particles of iron or steel. Its undeviating tendency to turn to a certain point of the earth is also well known. No phenomenon of nature has been so often pressed into the service of poetry in the shape of a simile as this. What poet for the last two hundred years has not used it?

> "The obedient steel with living instinct moves,
> And veers for ever to the pole it loves."—DARWIN.

It is unnecessary to enter more particularly into these subjects at present, as they will be investigated and explained in all their relations in some future numbers of this Journal.

We shall now turn to the other grand division of the subject, namely, the attraction exercised between particles of matter situated at short or insensible distances from each other. Cohesive attraction is that power which retains atoms of the same kind together in masses. When two drops of the same sort of liquid are placed near to each other, as was remarked at the commencement, they attract each other, and uniting together, form one globule. The roundness of the drop is caused by this attraction.

> "Hast thou not seen two pearls of dew
> The rose's velvet leaf adorn—
> How eager their attraction grew,
> As nearer to each other borne?"—DRUMMOND.

If two globules of quicksilver on a smooth surface be brought near to each other, they will unite in a similar manner. They have also a tendency to remain in this state, and will not separate until some force be applied. Cohesion is strongest in solids. For instance, a bar of iron of half an inch in diameter, or even less, will defy all our efforts to break it with the hand. In fluids, the power is a great deal weaker, as is proved by the ease with which we can separate one portion of water from another. Small needles, however, can be made to float on water, their weight not being sufficient to overcome the cohesion of the fluid. In the same way many small insects walk on the surface of water without being wetted. In gaseous bodies, such as air, this attraction is entirely overcome, and a mutual repulsion exists amongst the particles, which is the cause of their elasticity. Cohesion is illustrated by the following facts:—When portions of the same size are cut from two leaden bullets, and the fresh surfaces being brought into contact, and slightly pressed, they will unite, and appear as if they had been originally cast in one piece. Fresh cut surfaces of India-rubber cohere in a similar manner. There is a species of attraction called *adhesive* attraction, instances of which come frequently under observation. If water be poured from a jug which has not a projecting lip, it will not fall perpendicularly, but run down the outside of the vessel. Hence the reason of having a spout to such utensils. A plate of glass, when brought into contact with a level surface of water, adheres to it with considerable tenacity, and resists a separation. Pieces of wood floating in a pond attract each other, and remain in contact; and the wrecks of vessels, when the sea is smooth, are often found gathered together in heaps.

There is a species of attraction called *capillary*, which takes place under the following circumstances:—When one end of an open glass tube is put into water, the enclosed liquid stands above the level of that on the outside, and it rises always the higher the smaller the bore of the tube is; the surrounding glass, being thus nearer to the water, attracts it more powerfully. A piece of lump sugar, whose lowest corner touches the water, soon becomes moistened

throughout. Thus also the wick of a lamp or candle draws up the oil or tallow to supply combustion. The sap which rises from the roots to the tops of vegetables, though chiefly an action of vegetable life, partly depends on capillary attraction for its ascent.

We come now to a most important and interesting part of the subject, namely, *chemical attraction*, or *affinity*.

There are in nature about fifty-four substances, which are termed elements, from the impossibility of human skill or industry to reduce them to any thing simpler. These elements, uniting together by the power of chemical attraction, form the infinite variety of objects around us. The investigation of this subject, from its great extent and vast importance, would require a separate article of itself to do it any thing like justice; but we hope to be able to give a general idea of it, sufficiently *attractive* to induce the reader to pursue the subject in more laborious compilations.

Chemical attraction is exercised between particles of dissimilar bodies, which, uniting, form a new substance possessing properties different from those of its ingredients. Frequently, indeed, the qualities of the compound are exactly the opposite of those of its constituents, as in the case of water. This liquid is composed of hydrogen, one of the most inflammable bodies known, and oxygen, the grand supporter of combustion on the globe. Yet when these are united, they form a fluid possessing qualities so totally different from their own, that it destroys all flame whatsoever, unless, indeed, the heat be so intense as to decompose the water; and frequently the same component parts, when united in different proportions, produce the most opposite substances. Thus the common air which we breathe is composed of the very same elements as aquafortis. All bodies have not a chemical attraction for each other. Thus oil and water, though shaken together, will never be made to unite; but if lime water is employed, a union takes place, and the result is a new compound, which is insoluble in water. Again, sulphuric acid, or vitriol, will not dissolve or unite with gold; but it will with copper or iron (besides a great variety of other bodies), forming in the first instance sulphate of copper or blue vitriol; and in the second, sulphate of iron or copperas. Common sea sand and soda, when heated together, attract each other, and, combining, form glass. What are called acids and alkalies have a strong affinity for each other, and their compounds form a class of substances called salts, which are most important in the arts and manufactures. Oil of vitriol and soda, for instance, combine with great facility, and the compound is Glauber salt.

Thus, by the existence and exercise of this peculiar property of matter, are formed the endless diversity of substances which constitute the mass of our globe. It is impossible to contemplate the subject of attraction in general, without a feeling of religious reverence and awe for the Divine Being who drew the mighty plan, set it in motion at first, and sustains it so still. But the wisdom of it is not more conspicuous than the benevolence. Indeed, the operations of all the various laws of nature are to man so many various sources of enjoyment. He stands as it were the centre of the system of life and nature around him. What attraction is in the abstract, human sagacity has not yet, and probably never will, unravel.

The chain of cause and effect here breaks off, or rather for the present may be said to terminate in the Deity. Future philosophers, however, may discover a proximate cause, and even trace the golden links through a thousand beautiful windings, but in a Divine Creator they must merge at last.

THE CROOKED STICK.

By Mrs S. C. Hall.

"And took the crooked stick t last?"
——— "Even so."

I HAVE rarely known any one, of either sex, who deliberated upon the matrimonial question until their hair silvered, and their eye dimmed, and then became numbered among the "newly wed," who did not, according to the old story, "take the crooked stick at last." All, doubtless, will remember the tale, how the maiden was sent into a green and beautiful lane, garnished on either side by tall and well formed trees, and directed to choose, cut, and carry off, the most straight and seemly branch she could find. She might, if she pleased, wander on to the end, but her choice must be made *there*, if not made *before*—the power of retracing her steps, *without* the stick, being forbidden. Straight and fair to look upon were the charming boughs of the lofty trees—fit scions of such noble ancestry! and each would have felt honoured by her preference; but the silly maid went on, and on, and on, and thought within herself, that at the termination of her journey she could find as perfect a stick as any of those which then courted her acceptance. By and bye, the aspect of things changed; and the branches she now encountered were cramped and scragged—disfigured with blurs and unseemly warts. And when she arrived at the termination of her journey, behold! one miserable, blighted wand, the most deformed she had ever beheld, was all that remained within her reach. Bitter was the punishment of her *indecision* and caprice. She was obliged to take the crooked stick, and return with her hateful choice, amid the taunts and the sneers of the straight tall trees, who, according to the fashion of the good old fairy times, were endowed not only with feeling and reason, but with speech!

Many, I fear me, are the crooked sticks which "the ancient of days," by a strange infatuation, compel themselves to adopt. And much might be gravely and properly said upon this subject, for the edification of young and old; but the following will be better than grave discussion, and more to the tastes of those who value scenes from real life:

"Lady Frances Hazlitt, Charles! Surely the most fastidious might pronounce her handsome?"

"My dear fellow, you must permit me to correct your taste. Observe, I pray you, the short chin, and that unfortunate nose; it is absolutely *retroussé*."

"It may be a little opposed to the line of beauty—calculated to overset it, perhaps; but did you ever see such a glorious brow?"

"Mountainous!"

"Such expressive eyes?"

"Volcanoes!"

"Psha!—Such grace?"

"Harry," replied the young nobleman, smiling according to the most approved Chesterfield principle, removing his eyeglass, and looking at his friend with much composure, "you had better, I think, marry Lady Frances yourself."

"You are a strange being, my good lord," replied his friend, after a pause. "I would wager a good round sum, that, notwithstanding your rank, fortune, and personal advantages, you will die—or, at all events, not marry until you are—a veritable old bachelor. I pray thee, tell me, what do you require?—A Venus?—A Diana?—A Juno?—A—a——"

"Simply, a woman, my dear fellow; not indeed one of those beings arrayed in drapery, whom you see moving along our streets, with Chinese features, smoke-dried skins, and limbs that might rival those of a Hercules; nor yet one of your be-scented, spider-waisted priminies, who lisp and amble—assume a delicacy which they never felt, and grace which they never possessed. My ideas of woman's perfections—of the perfections, in fact, which I desire, and—I may say"—(Lord Charles Villiers was certainly a very handsome and a very fashionable man, and yet his modesty, I suppose, made him hesitate in pronouncing the latter word)—"I may—I think—say—*deserve*," gaining courage as he proceeded, "are not as extravagant as those required by your favourite Henri Quatre. He insisted on *seven* perfections. *I* should feel blessed, if the lady of my love were possessed of *six*."

"Moderate and modest," observed his friend, laughing. "I pray you, tell me what they are?"

"Noble birth, beauty, prudence, wit, gentleness, and fidelity." Sir Harry Beauclerc drew forth his tablets, and on the corner of the curiously-wrought memorials engraved the qualities Lord Charles had enumerated, not with fragile lead, but with the sharp point of his pen-knife. "Shall I add," he inquired, "that these requisites are indispensable?"

"Most undoubtedly," replied his lordship.

"Adieu, then, Charles—Lady Frances's carriage is returning, and as you declare fairly off, I truly tell you that I will try to make an impression on her gentle heart; you certainly were first in the field, but as you are insensible to such merit, I cannot think you either deserve to win or wear it. Adieu! *au revoir!*" And with a deeper and more prolonged salute than the present courtesies of life are supposed to require, the two young fashionables separated—one lounging listlessly towards the then narrow and old-fashioned gate which led from Hyde Park into Piccadilly, trolling snatches of the last *cavatina*, which the singing of a Mara or a Billington had rendered fashionable; the other proceeding, with the firm and animated step that tells plainly of a fixed pupose, to meet the respectable family carriage, graced by the really charming Frances, only daughter of the Earl of Heaptown.

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To look forward for a period of five-and-twenty years blanches many a fair cheek, and excites the glow of hope and enthusiasm in those of vigorous and determined character; while the beauty trembles for her empire—the statesman for his place—the monarch even for his throne—those who have nothing to lose, and every thing to gain, regard the future as an undefinable *something* pregnant with light and life; to such, diamond-like are the sands that sparkle in the hour-glass of Time, while the withered hand which holds the mystic vessel is unheeded or unseen. So be it—so, doubtless, it is best. One of the choicest blessings bestowed by the Creator on the creature, is a hopeful spirit!

* * * * *

Five-and-twenty summers had passed over the brow of Lord Charles Villiers since Sir Harry Beauclerc noted on his tablet the six *indispensable* qualities the young nobleman would require in his wife. The lord still remained an unmarried, and an admired man, seeking to find some lady worthy his affections. It is true that some of the young creatures, just come out, on whose cheek the blush of innocence and modesty still glowed, and whose untutored eyes prated most earnestly of what passed in the sacred citadel, called heart—such creatures, I say, did discover, to the sad annoyance of their speculating mothers, and sensible—(Heaven bless the word!)—*sensible* chaperons, that Lord Charles's *once* beautiful hair was now indebted to "the Tyrian dye" for its gloss and hue; and that, moreover, a most ingenious scalp mixed its artificial ringlets with his *once* exquisite curls, that the belles (whom a few years had rendered staid mammas, and even grand—I cannot finish the horrid word) used to call, in playful poetry, "Cupid's bowstrings. Then his figure had grown rotund; he sat long after dinner, prided himself upon securing a cook fully equal to Ude—(I write it with all possible respect)—equal to Eustache Ude in his best days; descanted upon the superiority of pheasant dressed *en galantine*, to that served in aspic jelly; and gained immortal honour at a committee of taste, by adding a most *piquant* and delightful ingredient to Mr Dolby's "*Sauce á l'Aurore*." These gastronomical propensities are sure symptoms of increasing years and changing constitution; but there were characteristics of "old boyishness" about Lord Charles, which noted him as a delightful gentleman "*of a certain age*." A rich silk handkerchief was always carefully folded, and placed within the bosom of his exquisitely made Stultz, ready to wrap round his throat when he quitted the delightful crush room of the delightful Opera, to ascend his carriage; then an occasional twinge reminded him of the existence of gout—a most unpleasant reminiscence in the galopade, which he was hardy—I had almost said *fool*-hardy—enough to attempt. Had he not been so perfectly well-bred, he would have been considered touchy and testy; the excellent discipline of the old school fortunately preserved him from those bachelor-like crimes, at all events in ladies' society; and whatever spleen he had he wisely only vented on those who could not return it; namely, his poor relations, his servants, and occasionally, but not often (for he was a member or the society for preventing cruelty to animals,) on his dogs and horses. However, his figure was as erect, if not as graceful as ever; and many a fair lady sighed at the bare idea of his enduring to the end in single misery.

Sir Harry Beauclerc never visited London except during the sitting of Parliament; and it was universally allowed that he discharged his duties as M. P. for his native county with zeal and independence. Wonderful to say, he neither ratted nor sneaked; and yet Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, treated him with deference and respect. He had long been the husband of her, who, when our sketch was commenced, was known as Lady Frances Hazlitt; and it would be rare to behold a more charming assembly of handsome and happy faces than their fire-side circle presented at the celebration of merry Christmas. The younger portion of this family were noisily and busily occupied at a game of forfeits, while those who considered themselves the elders of the juvenile set, sate gravely discussing matters of domestic or public interest with their parents, when a thundering peal at the portal announced the arrival of some benighted visitor. I am not about to introduce a hero of romance at such an unseemly hour—only our old acquaintance Lord Charles, who claimed the hospitality of his friend as protection against an impending snow-storm. When the family had retired for the night, a bottle of royal Burgundy was placed on the table as the sleeping cup of the host and his guest; old times were reverted to; and Sir Harry fancied that there was more design than accident in the visit with which he had been honoured. This feeling was confirmed by Lord Charles drawing his chair, in a confidential manner, towards his friend, and observing that "he was a lucky and a happy fellow to be blessed with so lovely a family and so amiable and domestic a companion." Sir Harry smiled, and only replied that he *was* happy; and he hoped his friend would not quietly sink into the grave without selecting some partner, whose smiles would gild the evening of his days, &c. &c. A fine sentimental speech it was, but ill-timed; for the gallant bachelor suffered it to proceed little farther than "evening," when he exclaimed—"Faith, Sir Harry, you must have strange ideas. Evening! I consider myself in the prime and vigour of existence; and I have serious ideas of changing my condition—it is pleasant to settle before one falls into the sere and withered leaf. And although, as I said before, I feel myself in the very vigour of life, yet it is time to determine. You are considerably my senior——"

"Only a few months, my dear friend;—my birthday in May, yours in the January of the next year."

"Indeed! Well, to tell you the truth (it is however a profound secret, and I rely on your friendship), I am really a married man!—There—I knew I should surprise you. I shall surprise every body."

"Most sincerely do I wish you joy, my dear lord, and doubt not your choice is fixed upon one who will secure your happiness. I am sure Lady Frances will be delighted at an introduction. Your pardon one moment, while I relate a most extraordinary coincidence. Do you remember my noting down the six perfections which you required the lady of your choice to possess?—perhaps you recollect it was some five-and—But no matter—well, the tablets upon which I wrote, this morning—only this *very* morning, I was looking over a box of papers, and, behold! there they were—and do you know (how very odd, was it not?) I put them in my waistcoat pocket," continued the worthy baronet, at the same moment drawing them forth, "intending to show them to my eldest son—for there's a great deal—I assure you I speak in perfect sincerity—a great deal—my dear lord, what is the matter? you look ill?" To confess the truth, Lord Charles appeared marvellously annoyed—he fidgeted on his chair—the colour heightened on his cheek, and he finally thrust the poker into the fire with terrific violence. "Never mind the tablets, my good friend," said he at last; "men change their tastes and opinions as they advance in life—I was a mere boy then, you know, full of romance."

"Your pardon, my lord—*less* of romance than most young men," replied the persevering and tactless baronet, who was, moreover, gifted with a provokingly good memory, "decidedly *less* of romance than most young men—and not such a boy either. Here are the precious mementos. First on the list stands 'NOBLE BIRTH;' right, right, my dear lord, nothing like it—that (*entre nous*) is Lady Frances's weak point, I confess; she really carries it too far, for she will have it—that not even a royal alliance could purify a citizen." Lord Charles Villiers looked particularly dignified as he interrupted his zealous friend. "It is rather unfortunate," he observed gravely, "that I should have chosen you as my confidant on this occasion; the fact is, that, knowing how devilish proud all my connexions are, and my Mary—what a sweet name Mary is!—you remember Byron's beautiful lines,

'I have a passion for the name of Mary?'

—my Mary's father was only a merchant—a—a citizen—a very worthy—a most excellent man—not exactly *one of us*—but a highly respectable person I assure you; his name is Scroggins."

"Powers of fashion!" mentally ejaculated the baronet, "will it—can it be believed—the courted, the exquisite Lord Charles Villiers—'the glass of fashion, and the mould of form'—the star, the idol of ton and taste—married—positively married to Molly Scroggins of Bunhill-row!"

"I am anxious, I do confess, that Lady Frances should receive Lady Charles Villiers *here*," persevered his lordship, after a very long pause; "and I can answer for it, that the native and untutored manners of my unsophisticated bride would gain hourly upon her affections."

"Of course—of course, we shall be most happy to receive her ladyship," stammered forth the baronet; "and doubtless her BEAUTY"—glancing at the tablets —

"Pardon me, Sir Harry," interrupted the nobleman; "you must not expect what in our world is denominated *Beauty*;—she is all animation—

'Happy nature, wild and simple'—

rosy and laughing, but not a beauty, believe me."

Again the astounded baronet pondered. "What a subject for Almack's!—the rosy (doubtless signifying red-faced), laughing (meaning romping) daughter of some city butterman, thrust into the peerage by the folly of a man who might have plucked the fairest, noblest flower in the land!"

"At all events," he said, when his powers of articulation returned, "your lady is endowed with both PRUDENCE and WIT, and nothing so likely to create a sensation in the *beau*

monae as such a consternation."

"Oh, yes—*prudence* I dare say she *will* have, *much* cannot be expected from a girl of seventeen; and as to *wit*, between you and me, it is a deuced dangerous and troublesome weapon, when wielded by a woman."

"A flirt and a fool, I suspect," again fancied Sir Harry, "in addition to her other qualifications."

"GENTLENESS and FIDELITY," he ejaculated, fixing his eyes on the unfortunate tablets, while Lord Charles, evidently determined no longer to endure the baronet's untimely reference to the detestable memorials, snatched them (it is perfectly astonishing what rude acts *polite* persons will sometimes perform) from the hand of his friend, and flung them into the fire.

"Heavens! and earth, sir! what do you mean by such conduct?" said Sir Harry, at the same time snatching them from the flames. "These ivory slates are dear to me as existence. I must say, that I consider such conduct very ungenerous, ungentlemanly," &c. &c. One angry word produced another; and much was said which it would ill befit me to repeat. The next morning, even before the dawn of day, Lord Charles Villiers had quitted Beauclerc Hall, without bidding a single farewell either to its lady or its master.

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"There!" exclaimed the baronet, placing the fashionable "Post" in Lady Frances's hand at the breakfast table one morning, about three months after the above scene had taken place; "I knew how it would be; a pretty fool that noble friend of mine, Lord Charles Villiers, has made of himself. I never knew one of these absurdly particular men who did not take the crooked stick at last. By Jove, sir," (to his son,) "you shall marry before you are five-and-twenty, or you shall be disinherited! The youthful mind is ever pliable; and the early wed grow into each other's habits, feelings, and affections. An old bachelor is sure either to make a fool of himself, or be made a fool of. You see his lordship's wife has publicly shown that she certainly did not possess the last of his requisites—FIDELITY—by eloping with her footman. I will journey up to town on purpose to invite Lord Charles here, and make up matters; he will be glad to escape from the *desagremens* of exposure just now, as he is doubtless made a lion of for the benefit—as Sir Peter Teazle has it—of all old bachelors."—*Edin. Literary Journal.*

THE INVENTION OF "IRISH BLACKGUARD."

LUNDY FOOT, the celebrated snuff-manufacturer, some six-and-twenty years ago, had his premises at Essex Bridge in Dublin, where he made the common-scented snuffs then in vogue. In preparing the snuffs, it was usual to dry them by a kiln at night, which kiln was always left in strict charge of a man appointed to regulate the heat, and see the snuffs were not spoiled. The man usually employed in this business, Larey by name, a tight boy of Cork, chanced to get drunk over the 'cratur,' (*i. e.* a little whisky), that he had gotten to comfort him, and, quite regardless of his watch, fell fast asleep, leaving the snuff drying away. Going his usual round in the morning, Lundy Foot found the kiln still burning, and its guardian lying snoring with the fatal bottle, now empty, in his right hand. Imagining the snuff quite spoiled, and giving way to his rage, he instantly began belabouring the shoulders of the sleeper with the stick he carried.

"Och, be quiet wid ye, what the devil's the matter, master, that ye be playing that game?" shouted the astounded Larey, as he sprung up and capered about under the influence of the other's walking cane.

"You infernal scoundrel, I'll teach you to get drunk, fall asleep, and suffer my property to get spoiled," uttered the enraged manufacturer, as each word was accompanied by a blow across the dancing Mr Larey's shoulders.

"Stop! stop! wid ye, now! sure you wouldn't be afther spaking to ye'r ould sarvant that way,—the snuff's only a little dryer, or so, may be," exclaimed 'the boy,' trying to soften matters.

"You big blackguard you, didn't you get drunk and fall asleep?" interrogated his master, as he suspended his arm for a moment.

"Och, by all the saints, that's a good'un now—where can be the harum of slaaping wid a drop or so? besides—but hould that shilellah—hear a man spake raison."

Just as Lundy Foot's wrath had in some degree subsided in this serio-comic scene, and he had given the negligent watcher his nominal discharge, who should come in but a couple of merchants. They instantly gave him a large order for the snuffs they were usually in the habit of purchasing, and requested to have it ready for shipping by the next day. Not having near so large a quantity at the time by him, in consequence of what had happened, he related the occurrence to them, at the same time, by way of illustration, pointing out the trembling Larey, occupied in rubbing his arms and back, and making all kinds of contortions.

Actuated by curiosity, the visitors requested to look at the snuff, although Lundy Foot told them, from the time it had been drying, it must be burnt to a chip. Having taken out the tins, they were observed to emita burnt flavour any thing but disagreeable, and on one of the gentlemen taking a pinch up and putting it to his nose, he pronounced it the best snuff he had ever tasted. Upon this, the others made a similar trial, and all agreed that chance had brought it to a degree of perfection before unknown. Reserving about a third, Lundy Foot sold the rest to his visitors. The only thing that remained now was to give it a name; for this purpose, in a facetious mood, arising from the sudden turn affairs had taken, the master called his man to him who was lingering near, "Come here, you Irish blackguard, and tell these gentlemen what you call this snuff, of your own making".

Larey, who did not want acuteness, and perceived the aspect of things, affected no trifling degree of sulky indignation, as he replied—'And is it a name ye'r in want o' sir? fait I should have thought it was the last thing you couldn't give; without, indeed, you've given all your stock to me already. You may even call it 'Irish Blackguard,' stidd of one Michael Larey."

Upon this hint he spake, and as many a true word is spoken in jest, so was it christened on the spot. The snuff was sent to England immediately, and to different places abroad, where it soon became a favourite to so great a degree, that the proprietor took out a patent and rapidly accumulated a handsome fortune. Such are the particulars connected with the discovery of the far-famed Lundy Foot, or Irish blackguard—for which we are indebted to a member of the Irish bar, who was a resident in Dublin at the time."—*Miller's Nicotiana.*

LIBERTY.

Shame! that any should have been found to speak lightly of liberty, whose worth is so testified—whose benefits are so numerous and so rich. Moralists have praised it—poets have sung it—the Gospel has taught and breathed it—patriots and martyrs have died for it. As a temporal blessing, it is beyond all comparison and above all praise. It is the air we breathe—the food we eat—the raiment that clothes us—the sun that enlightens, and vivifies, and gladdens, all on whom it shines. Without it, what are honours and riches, and all similar endowments? They are the trappings of a hearse—they are the garnishings of a sepulchre; and with it the crust of bread, and the cup of water, and the lowly hovel, and the barren rock, are luxuries which it teaches and enables us to rejoice in. He who knows what liberty is, and can be glad and happy when placed under a tyrant's rule, and at the disposal of a tyrant's caprice, is like the man who can laugh and be in merry mood at the grave, where he has just deposited all that should have been loveliest in his eye, and all that should have been dearest to his heart. What is slavery, and what does it do? It darkens and degrades the intellect—it paralyses the hand of industry—it is the nourisher of agonizing fears and of sullen revenge—it crushes the spirit of the bold—it belies the doctrines, it contradicts the precepts, it resists the power, it sets at defiance the sanctions, of religion—it is the tempter, and the murderer, and the tomb, of virtue—and either blasts the felicity of those over whom it domineers, or forces them to seek for relief from their sorrows in the gratifications, and the mirth, and the madness of the passing hour."—*Dr A. Thomson's Sermons*, 1829.

ST DOMINGO, OR HAITI.

ALL the world has heard of the revolution which, upwards of thirty years since, was effected in the island of St Domingo, in the West Indies, by the rising of the slave population and the massacre of their French masters. The subsequent establishment of a free government of blacks, and the absence of all foreign or *white* interference in the government of the island, naturally raise our curiosity, and lead us to inquire how these negroes have conducted their affairs, or if they be in reality more comfortable than they were under the surveillance of the French and Spanish monarchies. The publication of a work entitled, "Notes on Haiti," (such being now the ordinary name of the country), by Charles Mackenzie, Esq. late his Majesty's consul-general in Haiti, gives us an opportunity of gleaning a number of instructive particulars regarding this interesting republic, and may here be taken advantage of The period of Mr Mackenzie's visit was 1826-7. It will be recollected that the population of Haiti still speak the French language.

"Port-au-Prince, the capital of the island, and the seat of government, is situated at the bottom of a very deep bay, and nearly surrounded by marshy ground. Under a burning sun, it is eminently unhealthy, and its insalubrity is not a little increased by the interruption that the sea-breeze meets with in its progress from the island of Genave, which blocks up the entrance to the bay. During the months of May, June, July, August, and September, the heat is most intense; for a considerable time my thermometer reached 99° every day in the shade. The consequence of these concurrent causes is mortal disease among new comers. The climate and new rum are omnipotent. The practice of attending funerals is carried to an extraordinary height, and I can with truth declare that all the invitations I received for the first six months of my residence were to funerals.

I have been repeatedly asked, is there any court in Haiti? Were I to answer directly, I should say, that there is none according to the European standard, and I suspect that there is nothing to correspond with the republican levees of Washington. Sunday is the only fixed public day, and at six o'clock in the morning the President receives all persons, whether natives or foreigners. Besides these weekly exhibitions, there are three days consecrated by the thirty-fourth article of the revised constitution of 1816 to public festivity, and in each of these the President holds a public court. The days are the 1st of January, the anniversary of Haitian independence; the 2d of April, that of the birth of Petim, the founder of the republic; and 1st of May, that of the establishment of the 'Fête d'Agriculture.'

The subjects or citizens of the district of Port-au-Prince were divided into three great classes; viz. a very few white men—every shade of colour between white and black—and the negroes In the order of their numerical proportions, they stand thus: black, coloured, white. The first two of these classes are again subdivided in reality (though all professing a common allegiance) into all the national distinctions of Europe and America; for by the forty-fourth article of the constitution, all Indians, Africans, and their descendants, whether of mixed or pure blood, may become citizens after a residence of twelve months. The residence, however, is often dispensed with, though contrary to the theory of the constitution. Hence Haiti, in general, becomes a place of refuge to all persons of those classes, who either have, or suppose themselves to have, reason to be dissatisfied with their own country; and the capital, from natural causes, is the place of principal resort, especially on first emigration. The remainder are native-born Haitians, having every peculiarity of opinion that may be imagined to have been engendered by their situation and circumstances Such, at least, is the opinion of the best-informed persons, natives as well as strangers. Notwithstanding the discordance of these materials, the government asserts that all the feelings and prejudices, either of the olden time, or on the subject of colour, or on that of natural origin, have been absorbed by intense patriotism: others, again, aver that in no part of the world do prejudices and feelings exist to so great an extent as in the capital itself, and I am disposed to fear that the latter opinion is the most correct, from many facts; but most especially so, from the maintenance of the 38th article of the constitution, which proscribes all whites from being citizens, in spite of the conviction of the most enlightened of the chiefs, who, I cannot but believe, reluctantly defer to the prejudices of the many. I made many inquiries on this point; for, besides its importance in determining the political concord of the republic, I was curious to ascertain how far a revolution, preceded by an hostility to prejudice of colour, had ended, with reference to what has been professed to be its most active immediate cause."

We cannot but esteem the above account of the state of citizenship as exceedingly worthy of attention. It no less than appears that in the vaunted black republic of Haiti there is a law to prevent white men becoming free citizens, or in the words of the 38th article of the constitution, "Aucun blanc, quelque soit sa nation, ne pourra mettre les pieds sur ce territoire *à titre de maitre* ou de proprietaire." Alas, for poor human nature. We are informed by the author that the indolence which pervades all ranks and all hues of the people, is a striking feature in their character. A general air of listlessness, which may be aptly described as "a death-like languor which is not repose," pervades all classes. This national indolence of the free blacks of Haiti is described as being the means of keeping the country almost in a state of nature. To such an extent is this carried, that whole districts are now found covered with tall rank weeds, which within the last thirty years were covered with sugar establishments. Of a place called Lator, the author mentions that there were "formerly one thousand seven hundred carreaus (each containing about three hundred and eighty square French feet) in canes; above one thousand five hundred slaves were employed on it; three sugar mills were constantly at work, and excellent sugar was made. Now about seven carreaus are in cultivation; not fifty labourers are employed; and the only produce is a little syrup and tafia, which last is retailed in a small shop by the road-side, in front of the President's residence.

"The very little field labour effected is generally performed by elderly people, principally old Guinea negroes No measures of the government can induce the young creoles to labour, or depart from their habitual licentiousness and vagrancy. The whole body of proprietors constantly lament the total incapacity of the government to enforce labour. In reply to inquiries I made respecting corporal punishments, I have the following answers:—The laws recognise no other punishment than fine and imprisonment with hard labour, although it is no uncommon thing to see the soldiery and military police use the 'plat de sabre' and coco-macac (a species of heavy jointed cane) in a most arbitrary and sometimes cruel manner; but almost always, from the natural obstinacy of the negroes, without the intended effect. The few young females that live on plantations seldom assist in any labour whatever, but live in a constant state of idleness and debauchery. This is tolerated by the soldiery and military police, whose licentiousness is gratified by this means. The rent of land is from two to three dollars an acre, and money is lent at 75 per cent. per annum!

"The author afterwards informs us that in that portion of the island formerly under the Spanish government, the inhabitants, coloured and black, are very superior in point of moral character, and exhibit industrious habits. Nearly the whole of the foreign commerce of the country is conducted by foreign merchants, as the credit of the natives is not so generally established, either at home or abroad, as to command the confidence of European and North American shippers; but the business of the foreigner is exceedingly limited by the 21st article of the law of patents. The purchasers from the foreigner cannot, under such regulations, be the great body of consumers. An intermediate class is thus created, chiefly, if not exclusively, composed of women called 'Marchandes,' who employ a number of hucksters that traverse the country. The principal articles of import are linens, cotton goods of all kinds, some few woollens, cutlery, iron goods, wines, brandies, provisions (beef, pork, and fish), flour, butter, cheese, lard, candles (chiefly spermaceti), refined sugar, oil, lumber generally, course iron goods, earthen ware, tin plates, &c. The staple produce of the country is coffee; besides which there is cotton, logwood, lignumvitæ, mahogany, cigars, tortoise-shell, hides, cocoa, cassia, tobacco, raw sugar, wax, ginger, &c. Nothing conveys such a striking picture of the indolent habits of the people, and of the political distractions which for many years they laboured under, as the deplorable fact that the exports from the island have declined to comparatively nothing since the date of its emancipation from the French and Spanish yoke Sugar, for example (says Macculloch), since 1789, has fallen off from 141,000,000 to 32,866 lbs.; coffee from about 77,000,000 to little more than 32,000,000 lbs.; cotton from 7,000,000 to 620,000 lbs.; indigo from 756,000 lbs. to nothing; molasses from 26,000

lbs. to nothing, &c. What a comment does this short statement furnish on the comparative value of compulsory and free West India labour! The result is painful to the mind of the philanthropist as well as the adherent of a generous code of political economy.

HIGHLAND STORIES.

ROBERT ROBERTSON.

About the beginning of the last century, a party of twelve Camerons made a creach or foray into the lands of Robertson of Struan, and carried off all the cattle upon one particular farm. In the morning, when the theft was discovered, Robert Robertson, called *Bane* on account of his fair complexion, who was the son of the farmer, and nearly related to the laird, took his broadsword and target, and though but a stripling, set out instantly in pursuit of the robbers. He came up to them on the top of a hill between Rannoch and Lochaber, and accosting the leader of the Camerons, demanded back his father's cattle. This was of course refused, and the party seemed to ridicule the chivalrous violence of the youth; but Robert challenged their commander to single fight, and as it was not consistent with the Highlander's notions of honour to refuse, the challenge was accepted. Before engaging, the leader desired his men to stand back, and upon no account to interfere, or to use Robertson badly, in case of his gaining the victory. A tough personal combat then ensued, in which it was soon seen that Robbie Bane's youthful ardour was no fit match for the cool practised vigour of his opponent. His strength becoming exhausted, he was on the point of yielding himself, when a slight advantage of ground put it in his power to finish the combat with honour and success. Getting upon a small hillock, which placed him rather above his antagonist, he collected all his remaining strength for one tremendous blow, which, though given at random, fortunately felled the Cameron, and decided the contest in his favour. The reavers were dreadfully incensed at the fall of their leader, and would perhaps have despatched the victor upon the spot, had not their attention been directed to the recovery of the fallen man. While they were busied about him, young Robertson went to a rivulet to wash his wounds, and while he was stooping down, one of the Camerons levelled a gun at his head, but was prevented from shooting by a companion, who said that they ought at least to delay their vengeance till the fate of their wounded clansman was determined. This was agreed to by all present, and Bane was forthwith seized and conducted along with the vanquished hero to a bothy in the neighbourhood, where he was seated in the *ben end* upon a seat of turf to await the issue. Cameron was laid out in the other end of the house, and his companions watched anxiously over him. While they were thus engaged, Robert Bane took the opportunity to whisper a girl of the cottage, and desired her to go to Rob Roy, who was then in the neighbourhood, to tell him that a Robertson was in distress, (mentioning the name of the place), and that his presence was earnestly intreated. The girl executed her errand with dispatch, and Rob Roy hastening off, entered the cottage with twenty-four followers just as Cameron breathed his last. Rob mingled with the throng, heard the story, expressed some sympathy, and concluded by taking Robertson under his protection and leading him from the cottage, to the great disappointment of the Camerons, who glared fiercely at their intended victim, though they durst not fall upon him in such company. The gallant Macgregor conducted the young Highlander into Rannoch, the ground of his chief, where he left him, desiring him to present his compliments to the laird, and telling him that he might now consider himself safe from immediate danger, though caution would be required in all his future intercourse with the Camerons. After this, Robertson was engaged in both the Rebellions, was the father of a family, and died at a good old age. But so much was his dread of the Camerons, that he never slept without his arms all around his pillow, and never heard a door suddenly open, without drawing his dirk and standing upon the defensive. He could not be suddenly approached without betraying some emotion, and none durst rouse him from his sleep except his wife, so apt would he have been to plunge his weapon in their bosom.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

Highland funerals are usually celebrated with a great deal of festivity. At their late wakes, or watchings of the corpse, many games used to be played; but now, decorum has substituted the amusements of dancing and drinking for all other divertisements. Two young men once concerted to give the company a fright, and it was to be done in the following manner:—One of them secretly contrived to shift the corpse from the bed, and to put himself in its place, with the intention of starting up in sight of the mourners, on the signal of a whistle being given by his companion. All was prepared, and the dance went merrily on for some time, when the young man, judging it time to give the signal, whistled softly towards the bed upon which the supposed dead body was extended. To his surprise, his companion did not start up as he expected. Again he whistled, and no notice was taken of his signal. He whistled yet louder, and again and again, and in the extremity of the moment gave vent to a certain expressive modulation of notes, meant to convey a sense of his impatience and alarm, and which has since been converted into a regular and well-known tune. But his companion was still silent, and apparently without motion. He at last went up to the bed, and threw down the clothes, when he found his friend as cold as the corpse which he had meant to represent. He was actually dead. If this event was brought about through the influence of a peculiar state of feeling, arising from his situation, how mysteriously horrible must that feeling have been!

SCOTLAND IN 1661.

(Extracted from Ray's Itineraries.)

August the 17th, we travelled to Dunbar, a town noted for the fight between the English and Scots. The Scots generally (that is, the poorer sort) wear, the men blue bonnets on their heads, and some russet; the women only white linen, which hangs down their backs as if a napkin were pinned about them. When they go abroad, none of them wear hats, but a party-coloured blanket, which they call a plaid, over their heads and shoulders. The women generally to us seemed none of the handsomest. They are not very cleanly in their houses, and but sluttish in dressing their meat. Their way of washing linen is to tuck up their coats, and tread them with their feet in a tub. They have a custom to make up the fronts of their houses, even in their principal towns, with firr boards, nailed one over another, in which are often made many round holes or windows, to put out their heads. In the best Scottish houses, even the King's palaces, the windows are not glazed throughout, but the upper part only; the lower have two wooden shuts or folds, to open at pleasure, and admit the fresh air. The Scots cannot endure to hear their country or countrymen spoken against. They have neither good bread, cheese, or drink; they cannot make them, nor will they learn. Their butter is very indifferent, and one would wonder how they could contrive to make it so bad. They use much pottage made of coal-wort, which they call keal, sometimes broth of decorticated barley. The ordinary country houses are pitiful cots, built of stone, and covered with turves, having in them but one room, many of them no chimneys, the windows very small holes, and not glazed. In the most stately and fashionable houses in great towns, instead of ceiling they cover the chambers with firr boards, nailed on the roof withinside. They have rarely any *bellows* or *warming pans*. It is the manner in some places there to lay on but one sheet as large as two, turned up from the feet upwards. The ground in the valleys and plains bears good corn, but especially *beer—barley* or *bigge*, and *oats*, but rarely *wheat* and *rye*. We observed little or no fallow grounds in Scotland; some layed ground we saw, which they manured from sea wreck. The people seem to be very lazy, at least the men, and may be frequently observed to plow in their cloaks. It is the fashion of them to wear cloaks when they go abroad, but especially on *Sundays*. They lay out most they are worth in cloaths, and a fellow that hath scarce ten groats besides to help himself with, you shall see come out of his smoaky cottage clad like a gentleman. There hath formerly been a strong castle at Dunbar, built on a rock upon the sea, but it is now quite ruined and fallen down. Yearly, about this time, there is a great confluence of people at Dunbar to the *herring-fishing*; they told us sometimes to the number of 40,000 persons; but we did not see how so small a town could contain, indeed give shelter to, such a multitude. They had at our being there two ministers in Dunbar; they sung their *gloria patri* at the end of the psalm after the sermon, as had been ordered by the Parliament, in these words—

"Glore to the Father and the Sonne,
And to the Holy Gheast;
As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and aye doth last."

There is in the church a very fair monument of the Earl of Dunbar, George Howme, made in King James's time.

August the 19th.—We went to Leith, keeping all along on the side of the *Fryth*. By the way we viewed Tantallon Castle, and passed over to the Basse Island, where we saw on the rocks innumerable of the soland geese. The old ones are all over white, excepting the pinion or haid feathers of their wings, which are black. The upper part of the head and neck, in those that are old, is of a yellowish-dun colour. They lay but one egg a-piece, which is white, and not very large. They are very bold, and sit in great multitudes till one comes close up to them, because they are not wont to be scared or disturbed. The young ones are esteemed a choice dish in Scotland, and sold very dear, (1s. 8d. plucked.) We eat of them at Dunbar. They are in bigness little inferior to an ordinary goose. The young one is upon the back black, and speckled with little white spots, under the breast and belly grey. The beak is sharp-pointed, the mouth very wide and large, the tongue very small, the eyes great, the foot hath four toes webbed together. It feeds upon mackrell and herring, and the flesh of the young one smells and tastes strong of these fish. The other birds which nestle in the Basse are these—the scout, which is double ribbed, the cattiwake, in English, cormorant; the scart, and a bird called the turtle-dove, whole-footed, and feet red. There are verses which contain the names of these birds among the vulgar, two whereof are,

"The Scout, the Scart, the Cattiwake,
The Soland Goose sits on the lack,
Yearly in the spring."

We saw few of the scout's eggs, which are very large and speckled. It is very dangerous to clime the rocks for the young of these fowls; and seldom a year passeth but one or other of the climbers fall down and lose their lives, as did one not long before our being there. The *Laird of this Island* makes a great profit yearly of the soland geese taken; I remember they told us L.130 sterling. There is in the isle a small house, which they call a castle; it is inaccessable and impregnable, but of no great consideration in a war, there being no harbour, nor any thing like it. The island will afford grass enough to keep 30 sheep. They make strangers that come to visit it burgesses of the Basse, by giving them to drink of the water of the well which springs near the top of the rock, and a flower out of the garden thereby. The island is nought else but a rock, and stands off the land near a mile; at Dunbar you would not guess it above a mile distant, though it be thence at least five. We found growing in the island, in great plenty *beta marina, lychnis marina nostra, malva arborea marina nostra*, and *cochlearia rotundifolia*. By the way, also, we saw glasses made of kelp and sand mixed together, and calcined in an oven. The crucibles which contained the melted glass, they told us, were made of tobacco-pipe clay.

At Leith we saw one of those citadels built by the Protector, one of the best fortifications that ever we beheld, passing fair and sumptuous. There are three forts advanced above the rest, and two platforms. The works round about are faced with freestone towards the ditch, and are almost as high as the highest building within, and withal thick and substantial. Below are very pleasant, convenient, and well built houses for the governor, officers, and soldiers, and for magazines and stores; there is also a good capacious chapel, the piazza, or void space within, as large as Trinity College (in Cambridge) great court. This is one of the four forts. The other three are at St Johnston's, Inverness, and Ayre—the building of each of which (as we are credibly informed), cost above L.100,000 sterling; indeed I do not see how it could cost less. In England it would have cost much more.

August the 21st, we went on northward as far as Sterling, 24 miles. By the way we saw the King's Palace at Lithgow, built in the manner of a castle; a very good house, as houses go in Scotland. There is a small lough or standing water on two sides of the house. This lough formerly was never without swans! but Mr Stuart, one of the bailiffs of the town, told us a strange story of those swans which left the lake when the house was taken and garrisoned by the English; and although two were brought on purpose for trial, yet would they not stay there; but at the time of the King's coming to London, two swans, *nescio unde sponte et instinctu proprio*, came hither, and there still continue.

Dumfries.—Here, as at Dunbar and other places, we observed the manner of their burials, which is this—when any one dies, the sexton or bellman goeth about the streets, with a small bell in his hand, which he tinkleth all along as he goeth, and now and then he makes a stand, and proclaims who is dead, and invites the people to come to the funeral at such an hour. The people and minister many times accompany the corpse to the grave at the time appointed, with the bell before them, where there is nothing said, but only the corpse laid in. The minister there, in the public worship, doth not shift places out of the desk into the pulpit. They commonly begin their worship with a psalm before the minister comes in, who, after the psalm is finished, prayeth, and then reads and expounds in some places, in some not; then another psalm is sung, and after that their minister prays again, and preacheth as in England. Before sermon, commonly, the officers of the town stand at the churchyard gate with a joined stool and a dish, to gather the alms of all that come to church. The people here frequent their churches much better than in England, and have their ministers in more esteem and veneration. They seem to perform their devotions with much alacrity. There are few or no sectaries or opinionists among them; they are much addicted to their church government, excepting the gentry who love liberty, and care not to be so strictly tied down. The country abounds with poor people and beggars. Their money they reckon after the French manner. *A bodel* (which is the sixth part of our penny) they call *tway pennies*, that is with them two-pence; so that upon this ground, twelve pennies, or a shilling *Scotch* (that is, six bodels), is a penny sterling. The *Scotch* piece marked with XX, which we are wont to call a Scotch two-pence, is twenty-pence Scotch, that is, two-pence sterling, wanting two bodels, or four pennies Scotch; the piece with XL is four-pence sterling, four bodels; and so one shilling sterling is twelve shillings Scotch. Thirteen-pence half-penny English, a marct Scotch. One pound Scotch, twenty-pence sterling. One bodel they call tway-pennies (as above); two bodels, a plack; three bodels, a bawbee; four bodels, eight pennies; six bodels, one shilling Scotch.

ADULTERATED FLOUR.

When you are about to try the quality of flour, proceed as follows:—Grasp a handful, give it a sharp squeeze, and set the lump on the table. If it holds together and preserves the form of the cavity of the hand, the flour is good; but if the lump soon falls down, the flour is adulterated. When the adulterant is ground bones, or plaster of Paris, the lump of flour falls down immediately; but when whiting or pipe-clay is present, the lump keeps its form a little longer. The presence of much bran is detected by the colour and feel of the flour; but in this case also the grasped specimen soon crumbles. Genuine flour retains the fine impressions of the grains of the skin much longer than any which is adulterated. Rub a little of the flour between the palms of your hands when they are moist; if you find any resistance, the flour contains whiting. Moisten the fore-finger and thumb with a little sweet oil, and rub a small quantity of the flour between them. If the flour is pure, you may rub it for any length of time without its becoming sticky and adhesive; the flour in the meantime becomes nearly black. But if whiting be present, the flour will soon be worked up into the consistence of putty, which will retain the original white colour, or nearly so. Mix a little flour with water in a tumbler, then drop a little numatic acid into the water. If any chalk or whiting be present, an effervescence will be produceb dy the discharge of carbonic acid gas.—*Domestic Chemist.*

REVENGE.

A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

THE COURT OF EGYPT.

A SKETCH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favourite residence of the Pasha of Egypt. The palace on the banks of the Nile is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange trees, you suddenly perceive before you tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and, entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular colonnade of white marble. It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barques, fastened to the land by silken cords. The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps, which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured, and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant banqueting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a colour vividly contrasting with the white-shining marble of which the kiosk is formed. It is a favourite diversion of the Pasha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barques, and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his Highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico and an exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians, shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery—the Nubians rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labours of the divan.

All the splendour of the Arabian Nights is realised in the Court of Egypt. The guard of Nubians, with their black glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, waving their glittering Damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is, perhaps, the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous harem, the crowds of civil functionaries, and military and naval officers, in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pages and pipe-bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military music, for which Mehemet Ali has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses and high-bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendour and luxury which easily recall the golden days of Bagdad, and its romantic caliph.

Yet this court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the gardens of Shubra. During the festival of the Baivam, the Pasha generally holds his state in this enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banqueting rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some seated in small Persian carpets, smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandees lounging in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadow over the moonlit water; from every quarter bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.

MENDICITY IN ANCIENT TIMES.

In every age and country there has existed a large class of persons dependent upon others for the means of subsistence. This is a necessary consequence of the state of society, and, to a certain extent, is requisite to its existence, although, if carried too far, it becomes dangerous and hurtful. Among the Greeks and Romans, and in the ancient world generally, a great mass of the population was in a state of slavery; but it was at the same time sure of being clothed, fed, and, in general, well treated. Those who were not in a state of slavery were supported by government; and when misery was likely to increase from any unexpected calamity, public works were undertaken to give them employment. It is to this cause that Pliny attributes the construction of the Pyramids of Egypt. Herodotus says, that in that country there were judges of police in each canton, whose business it was to receive, from time to time, from the inhabitants, a report of their professions, their means of subsistence, and the condition of their families. The idle were punished as dangerous to the state. Solon, in like manner, made idleness synonymous with infamy, and ordered the Areopagus to enquire how individuals gained a livelihood. All were allowed to exercise some trade; and he who did not bring up his son to a profession, was deprived of his reciprocal claim for assistance in his old age. In Rome, during the republic, and at the period of its highest glory, begging was unknown; and one of the principal duties of the censors was, to make diligent inquiry into the manner in which the citizens lived. As the republic sunk into the empire, and as the empire degenerated from power to weakness, the strict regulations of ancient Rome were forgotten; idleness and debauchery took the place of activity and virtue, and in a short time beggary was established almost as a profession. The *Dolce Farnienti*, so well known among the modern Italians, began to form the enjoyment of the poor as well as the rich. The primitive Christians, supposing they were following the model of their Divine Master, recommended poverty and contemplation as the surest means of pleasing the Divinity. But this poverty and contemplation, at first conscientiously practised, soon degenerated into beggary and idleness; and, in the reign of Constantine, the number of beggars (for they deserved no other name) professing the religion of Christ, had multiplied so as to be almost a scourge to the state. This prince, in his anxiety to check the increase of so dangerous an evil, and, at the same time, to insure assistance and relief to the votaries of a religion which he himself had embraced, constructed various hospitals to receive and maintain them; but these were of little avail, as the persons for whom they were designed preferred to wander through the country. The number of paupers increased as Europe became sunk in the darkness of the middle ages, and it was not diminished by the liberal donations which were so common. It became a sort of duty to Heaven to succour the poor and indigent. The Church of Rome forcibly recommended the plentiful distribution of alms; and, whilst the abuses and bigotry of that Church cannot be palliated, it must be allowed that it never failed in charity to the dependent classes of society. In fact, the only establishments of the time which merited the character of magnificence, were founded, in a great measure, for the relief of the poor; and the many religious houses which were so splendidly endowed, served, in many respects, as hospitals and asylums, to which the indigent flocked for assistance. In the early periods of the French monarchy, there was no lack of charitable bounty. Clovis II., who reigned in 638, dissipated all his father's wealth in feeding the poor during a year of scarcity, and in founding, on the instigation of St Lardry, Bishop of Paris, the Hotel Dieu of that city. Charlemagne was no less attentive to the condition of his poorer subjects; but he was more enlightened in the manner in which he displayed his charity. He published an *ordonnance*, enforcing the necessity of each *seigneur* and *abbé* providing for the maintenance of the poor of his own territory, and preventing them from wandering over the country as beggars. He further authorised all private persons, who should detect individuals begging under the pretence of feigned infirmities, to seize them, and reduce them to servitude. But great events soon succeeded in the history of France. The irruption of the Saracens, and subsequently the spirit of the Crusades, occupied the minds of men to the exclusion of every thing else; and the legislature, in consequence, being engrossed with more critical and important matters, the number of the idle and indigent increased in the absence of any attempts to repress them.*

* From a General Medical and Statistical History of the Present Condition of Public Charity in France.

THE PRESENT STATE OF HUNGARY.

The Hungarian nation, ancient and picturesque, and peculiarly characterised as it is, appears to be at present little known, and perhaps still less cared for, in England. Our indifference is singularly ungrateful; for there is scarcely an European country in which the Anglo-mania rages more fiercely than in that slighted land.

The Hungarians are fond of attempting to prove a national resemblance between themselves and the English; although, as a wreck of absenteeism, Ireland might surely afford them a closer parallel: but all who are acquainted with the *morgue* and presumption of the Magyar character, can appreciate the compliment intended by the expression of such an opinion. The English language has been of late years extensively cultivated among the higher classes; and the names of our popular writers and artists have become familiar in their mouths as household words. The portraits of Scott and Byron, and engravings after the works of Wilkie and Harlowe, are among their most common domestic ornaments. I should, however, be understood to allude simply to the inhabitants of their chief cities—of Presburg, Pesth, Ofen, or Caschau; for the provinces still remain in the lowest state of mental and moral degradation.

At the University of Pesth, there is a professorial chair for the English language, with a liberal endowment. It is at present filled by an intelligent Frenchman—a soldier of Napoleon's army, who has compiled in Latin, for the use of the students, an English Grammar, Dictionary, and other class-books, which have been honoured with the commendation of the critics of Gottingen. The works first placed in the hands of the scholars of Pesth, are the Vicar of Wakefield and Shakspeare's Comedies! But the writings of Scott, Byron, and Moore, with some of our best periodicals, are in extensive circulation.

Nor are our manufactures less appreciated. I noticed that *bobinée*, or English bobbinet, was lavishly distributed upon the dresses of the recent carnival; and that the price of five hundred florins, *mun*, or fifty guineas, was affixed to a set of Staffordshire crockery in a warehouse in Buda; while the most beautiful Vienna porcelain was valued at a third of the sum. The sign of "the English Lord" adorns several distinguished tailors' shops in the capital—typified by the effigy of "a fine, gay, bold-faced villain," in top boots, a hunting frock, and a brown beaver, or in an imitation of Werther's costume.

I venture to record these unimportant circumstances, to show that, while our sole or chief acquaintance with Hungary is derived from Dr Bright's excellent volume, there is scarcely an event of English life—a folly of London fashion—or an invention of British industry, which does not find admirers, and commentators, and imitators, among the Hungarians of respectable degree.

Since the publication of the work to which I have alluded, fourteen years of peace and tranquillity have done much towards the amelioration and advancement of a nation, which can scarcely claim more than to be considered as a connecting link between the barbaresque and civilized Europe. Pesth—the modern capital—is extending its Regent Streets and Waterloo Places along the banks of the Danube and requires only a permanent bridge, to form, in its union with Buda, one of the finest cities of the Austrian States; a city exhibiting, in the ancient walls of Ofen, the dignity of historical interest; and in the opulence and activity of her modern rival, a cheering instance of commercial prosperity. It seems probable, indeed, that should some change occur in the policy of the Austrian cabinet—Hungary, with an amended constitution, may claim that place among the nations of Europe from which she has been so long degraded. Were I to describe more fully the condition of this unhappy land, and the oppression by which it is daily polluted, I might create feelings of very painful interest in its favour; but I am aware that my limited acquaintance with the language of the people, and my ignorance of the classic tongue far more familiarly in use among them, might betray me into exaggeration.—*From the descriptive part of a work entitled* "Hungarian Tales," 3 *vols. London*, 1829.

THE TRUE POET.

The following account of what constitutes a true poet is from the North American Review, No. LXIV:—"The child of impulse and passion, yet retaining all the simplicity and easy confiding faith of childhood; impatient, impetuous, and full of life, with the blood ever running races through his veins, yet ever under the guidance of reason—not cold and pale as she is wont to be painted, but wise with an earnest wisdom, and warm with the glow and freshness of an earlier clime;—he must be skilled in human nature, and not only must he be familiar with the spoken word and the visible act, but with that philosophy according to which these are regulated. He must ponder deeply the motives of the heart, and be able, by a quick and divining sympathy, to penetrate into its very retirements. He must cherish his imagination, and cultivate his taste, by a careful study of all those whose works give evidence that they felt within them the strivings of the diviner mind; not to imitate, but to gain directions which may guide him to those guarded and enchanted fountains of inspiration from whence they themselves have drawn. He must be learned in all the branches of human knowledge, that his mind may be full of associations. He must become master of the most copious vocabulary, that *copia verborum*, not less important to the poet than the orator; and not only take pains to acquire command of words, but he must study into their powers, and busy himself in learning all those reflected shades and hues of meaning, with which they have been tinged by association, as if they had been dipt 'in the warm flush of a rainy sunset:' for this is the distinguishing peculiarity of a poetic dialect, that its words not only suggest the single and immediate idea to the mind, but come linked with a thousand beautiful, though dim, remembrances. But his most anxious labour ought to be to cultivate his own heart—to cleanse it from all the taints which it acquires by coming in contact with the world. He must strive earnestly to purify his imagination; to fill his mind with noble desires and motives; to divest himself of every selfish, local, or party prejudice; to become, in truth and in deed, a citizen of the world; to ennoble and expand his heart till it become a great sea, which shall gather tribute from the fountains of the whole earth, to purify and again give back their contributions in the shower and the fruitful dew. He must strive to make himself perfect in all good, wise, and great things, and to become a living example of that perfection upon which his soul's eye should be for ever fixed. Thus educated, those restless yearnings of the spirit, those unquenchable desires, ever thirsting for satisfaction, yet never satisfied, which form the real moving power that impels the true poet forward, will be left free to act; and those high instincts 'haunting the eternal mind, a presence that will not be put by,' will find for themselves a tongue and a ready utterance."

THE DROP OF DEW.

By Andrew Marvell.*

See how the orient dew,
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born,
Round in itself incloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames as it can its native element.
How it the purple flower does slight!
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls and insecure,
Trembling lest it grow impure,
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.

So the soul, that drop, that ray
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the *human flower* be seen,
Remembering still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves and blossoms green
And recollecting its own light,
Does in its pure and *circling thoughts* express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away;
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day;
Dark beneath but bright above,
Here disdaining, there in love:
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend;
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upwards bend,
Such did the manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire although congeal'd and chill;
Congeal'd on earth; but does dissolving run
Into the glories of the Almighty sun.

* A Poet of the reign of Charles II., and the friend of Milton.

FLORENCE.

WHILE the eye rests on this far-famed and beautiful city, its magnificent edifices, fine architecture, and antique buildings, rising in dark and imposing majesty, its bridges and its noble river, watering, far as the eye can reach, the vale of the lovely Arno, the mind insensibly wanders back, and recalls the days when turbulence and bloody feuds raged within the walls; when, on the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, now luxuriant with the olive and vine, and richly studded with peaceful dwellings, stood, proudly frowning, the castellated towers of the feudal chief, at once the terror and protection to the city. Of these towers scarcely a trace remains. The architecture of Florence is grand and gloomy beyond that of all other cities in Italy. Were these singular buildings displayed by greater breadth of street, or if these imposing fabrics could be translated to other cities, the vast and magnificent character which distinguishes the Tuscan style would then be seen. To this hour Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Every building has a superb and architectural form; the streets are short, narrow, and angular, and each angle presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre; each house is a palace, and a palace in Florence is a magnificent pile, of a square and bulky form, of a grand and gloomy aspect, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark grey stone, each measuring three or four feet. A coarse ruble work rises in a solid form to twenty or thirty feet in height. A great grooved stone, or slybolate, sets off the building from the street, forming a seat which runs the whole length of the front, and which, in feudal times, was occupied by the dependents of the family, who there, loitering in the sultry hours of the day, lay asleep under the shelter of the broad deep cornice, which, projecting from the roof, threw a wide shade below. The immense stones of this coarse front bear huge iron rings in capacious circles, in which sometimes were planted the banners of the family; at others, they were filled with enormous torches, which, in times of rejoicing, burned and glared, throwing a lengthened mass of lights along the walls. Not unfrequently merchandise was displayed drawn through these rings, and sometimes also they served for tying up the horses of the guests. The first range of windows, which are ten feet from the ground are grated and barred with massive frames of iron, resembling those of a prison, and producing an effect singularly sombre and melancholy The front of this building has, on the second floor, styleu piano nobile, a plain and simple architrave. The windows are high and arched, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and are ten or fifteen in number, according to the extent of the front. They were often so high from the floor within, that in turbulent times, when the house was itself a fortress, the besieged, leaping up three or four steps to the window, would from thence view and annoy the enemy. The third story is like the second in plainness and in the size of the windows. The roof is of a flat form, with a deep cornice and bold projected soffits, which gives a grand, square, and magnificent effect to the whole edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks, the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown; the slates with which they are constructed are placed in such a manner as to produce the effect of ventilation, having a plited form, resembling the fan heads of the inside of a mushroom. This gives a rich and finished aspect to the most trivial or most undignified part of the building. Immense leaden spouts, that project three or four feet, collect the waters which, in the great rains of these countries, fall with extreme violence, descending with the rush and noise of torrents from the roof Two or three long flat steps lead to the porch of the palace, and the entrance is by a high arched massive iron gate, the doors of which are cross-barred, studded with iron and bronze nails, and the ornaments of the panels are richly covered and embossed. The effect of these gates is very splendid. They open into a cortile or court, the base of which is encircled by a high arched colonnade, supported by marble columns. Beautiful gardens often adjoin the palace, and through a corresponding gate or iron railings the eye rests on the luxuriant verdure of rich foliage. It was under these arcades, shaded from the noontide, and cooled by the waters of the fountain which occupy the centre of the court, that the rich merchandise of the east, the silks, and shawls, and fine linen, and all the valuable manufactures of Tuscany, lay spread out, as in a place of exchange; while under vast arched and vaulted chambers was stored the wealth which was there brought for sale. Entering from this court, a great stair-case leads to a suite of noble chambers, halls, and saloons, hung with silks and richly adorned. The lofty ceilings are finely painted; the beams are always displayed, but are carved, ornamented, and gilded, so as to form a splendid part of the whole. The arcades of the court support the galleries, which, in former times, were generally filled with fine paintings, statues, vases, and precious relics of antiquity. In such palaces, the rulers, the magistrate, the noble, and the merchant, dined, surrounded by their family and adherents. The manner of the times bore a character of manly simplicity, which singularly contrasted with the splendour of the rich possessions, and the importance of their political sway among nations.—*Bell's Italy.*

OLD BURGH LAWS.

THERE is an old work, called "QUONIAM ATTACHIAMENTA" (because these are the first two words in the Latin copy), which contains all the laws for regulating society in our royal burghs, about the time of Robert Bruce, and his immediate successors. Many of these laws cast a very steady light upon the state of Scotland at that time, so far as the mercantile part of the community was concerned; and we therefore think it may be worth while to present a few extracts to our readers, so that they may form a judgment as to the comparative comforts of that and the present age.

Whenever a burgess in those days happened to die, his heir-at-law could claim certain of his goods and chattels, whatever might be the directions of the testament. From the list of articles which could be so claimed, we arrive at a tolerably distinct idea of the furniture of a burgess's house at that period. Mention is made of "the best boord [*table*], ane boord-claith, ane towell, ane bassin, ane lawer, the principall bed with the sheits, and the rest of the claithis pertaining to ane bed, ane feather-bed, the best leid, with the masking-fatt, ane gyll-fatt, ane barrell, ane gallon, ane kettil, ane brander, ane posnett, ane bag to put money in, ane calcruik, ane chimney, ane water-pot, ane kist, ane kuke, ane pleugh, ane wane, ane cart, ane charit, the greatest brassen pott, and ane littell pot and pan, ane rosting-iron, ane girdill, ane mortar, ane pastell, ane dish, ane dibler, ane charger, ane cuppie; gif there be twelve or mae spunes, the heire shall have twelve; gif there be bot twelve, or fewer, he sould have bot ane; he shall also have ane steele, ane furnse, ane flaill, the weyes, with the wichts, ane spaid, and ane aix."*

From the forms of challenge for the Chamberlain air, a kind of convention of burghs held at Edinburgh, it appears that a shameful degree of turpitude and faithlessness pervaded almost every portion of the community, and that the laws were completely disregarded even by their proper ministers; as, had not such been the case, the Chamberlain could never have supposed it possible for men to commit such flagrant acts of impropriety as the following:—The taster of aill "sa filled his belly in the time of tasting," that he lost the very *taste of his mouth*, and could not give a discreet opinion of the liquor submitted to his judgment. The fleshers sold their meat in secret places, and not in their open booths. The bakers did not make their bread in loaves agreeable to the money of the realm, as "bread for ane pennie, bread for ane half-pennie, and bread for ane farthing;" neither did they make all the kinds of bread required by law, as "ane fadge, symmel, wastell, pure clean breade, mixed bread, and bread of trayt." The millers occupied a greater space betwixt the "happer and the millstane for their awin profite than the law permitted; which was nae mair space nor ane sommer wand of ane hazel tree." But the *souters* were the greatest rogues of all They "made shoon, boots, and other graith, before the hides were barkit;" and they never scrupled to sew their goods with "false rotten threid, throu the quhilk the shoon are tint before they are half-worne." These consummate rascals, also, "did not give their leather gude oil and tauch [tallow], but water and salt!" The enormities of the taillyeours seem to have been nothing more than those alleged so oft against their decendants; for they were constantly making "over mickle refuse and skaithis in men's claith," and "took pieces and shreds, and other small things."

Great anxiety is expressed in the burgh laws, that persons having goods to sell should not conceal the fact, but expose them fairly in open booths. Fleshers are ordered to put their flesh "into their open windows." Brewster wives are threatened with a fine of four pennies if they do not "put furth ane syne of their aill, without the house, by the window or by the dure, so that it may be seen as common to all men." Bakers are commanded, also, to expose their bread either in their windows or in the market-place—"not to hide it, otherwise they shall pay a fyne of eight shillings." All persons, in general, dealing in the necessaries of life within the burgh, are commanded to sell to all people, strangers as well as indwellers, and never to withhold any articles for their own use, if otherwise required, above the value of four pennies. It may seem strange that traders should have long ago required such a command—every man being now as anxious to sell as any mortal can possibly be to buy. In fact, it would appear as if the system of that ingenious speculatist, Mr John Gray,* had been in force in the thirteenth century, against the public will. The circumstances of the country must be considered for the true explanation of the mystery. In those early times, when the system of communication was so imperfect, it might sometimes be difficult to procure supplies of goods, and in the case of there being only one dealer of a particular article in a town, he would feel himself under no necessity of being civil to his customers—might even affect to sell his goods rather by way of favour than according to the modern ideas of merchants.

The trade of the baker was, in those days, very important; and the inquirer into the early history of our trade corporations is constantly puzzled to account for the great numbers of this craft, which seems so irreconcilable with the recently universal practice, among even the middle ranks, of baking coarse barley and oaten bread for family use. In the early times we are referring to, the people must have had ovens in many cases wherein to bake their own bread; for it is statuted that no man have such an oven unless he be a king's burgess. It also appears to have been customary for a person to keep an oven for the use of his neighbours. Such an establishment was attended by four servants, each of whom had a small fee from every one who used it.

The price of goods was in those days a matter of state regulation—not, we are persuaded, from a disposition to embarrass trade or tyrannise over the mercantile classes, but simply as a *dernier resort* to protect the people at large from imposition. The price of mutton, for instance, was to be nineteen pennies for the whole carcass from Whitsunday till the feast of St James, ten pennies from that till Michaelmas, and one penny from Michaelmas till Pasch [Easter]. Brewster wives were restricted to sell their ale at two pennies per gallon between Pasch and Michaelmas, and one penny from Michaelmas till Pasch. This useful class of persons are enjoined to brew according to the consuetude of the burgh, otherwise they shall be suspended from their office of brewing. "And gif she makes gude ail, that is sufficient. But gif she makes evill ail, she shall pay an unlaw of aucht shillings," and be set on "the cock-stule." "The like is to be understood of mead as of evill ail."

It was not allowable in those days for any body to travel during the night, except to bring a priest to a sick man, to carry corn to the mill, or to pursue stolen goods. And even in these cases, it was necessary for the person travelling to make himself known to his neighbours before going away, and to the inhabitants of the towns through which he passed. No person was permitted to harbour a stranger longer than a night, unless he gave a pledge for him. All of these are sure signs of the insecurity of the times.

To conclude this picture of the wisdom and comfort of our ancestors, there was a solemn statute by King David the Second, that, if any man kill his neighbour's dog, he "sall walk [*watch*] or keep his midden for the space of a year and day," thereby compensating for the services of the deceased Argus, and at the same time enduring that pain and trouble due as the punishment of so grave an offence.

ANECDOTES.

On Burns's first appearance in Edinburgh he was introduced, among many others, to Mr Taylor, the overweening parochial schoolmaster of Currie, who was also a competitor in verse-making, and whose opinion of his own merits far overbalanced what little estimation he might have formed of the plain unlettered peasant of Ayrshire, whose name was as yet new to the public. Mr H——, at whose table Burns was a frequent guest, invited Taylor one day to dine with them, when the evening was spent with the usual good humour and jocularity. Taylor had brought his manuscript poems, a few of which were read to Burns, for his favourable opinion previous to printing. Some of the passages were odd enough, such as,

"Rin, little bookie, round the warld loup,
Whilst I in grave do lie wi' a cauld doup,"

At which Burns laughed exceedingly. Notwithstanding the pedantic and absurd perversity of the poems, he gave him a recommendatory line to the printer. Next morning Mr H—— meeting Taylor, inquired of him what he thought of the Ayrshire poet. "*Hoot,*" quoth the self-admiring pedagogue, "*the lad 'ill do—considering his want o' lear, the lad's weel eneugh.*"

An appreciation of self over the superior accomplishments of others, is not confined to the schoolmaster of Currie, as the two following anecdotes, here printed for the first time, will show:—

Commodore Elliot, who distinguished himself so much by capturing Thurot, was one day crossing the Frith of Forth in a Kinghorn pinnace, and, for want of any thing better to amuse himself with, he asked permission to steer the vessel. "Gad, Sir," said the Commodore, when he used to relate the anecdote, "I thought myself a good steersman. I had taken the helm of my own vessel, when chasing Thurot. It did not appear, however, that my qualifications made a great impression upon the master of this boat; for, soon after, I heard him say to his son (a lurching boy), 'Jock, tak the helm out o' that man's hand, for he canna steer nane.'"

Formerly an old man used to excite the commiseration of the passengers between Leith and Edinburgh, by his screeching performance on a wretched clarionet. One day a distinguished clarionet player, who had been brought down from London for a kind of musical festival, happened to come within hearing of this poor old man. He went up, and, begging a loan of the instrument, fitted on a new mouthpiece, and played a tune in his usual brilliant style. The friend of the performer then asked the old man what he thought of it. "Oh, if he practises," said the mendicant, "he'll aiblins come on."

* We get an idea of the accoutrements of the Scottish soldiery of Bruce's time, from the statute attributed to him, in the volume entitled the "*Regiam Magistatem.*" Every man having ten pounds worth of land was to have for his body, and for defence of the realm, "ane sufficient acton, ane basnet, and ane glove of plate, with ane spear and sword. Quha has not ane acton and basnet, shall have ane gude habergeon, and ane gude airn jak for his body, and ane airn knapiskay, and gloves of plate." Every man having the value of a cow in gudes "sall have ane bow with ane schaiff of arrows, that is, twenty four arrows, or ane spear."

* See a very extraordinary book recently published under the title of the "Social System," where it is proposed to substitute an universal combination for the present system of competition, and thereby render the demand necessarily commensurate with the supply.

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NOBODY TO BE DESPISED—

—Except on particular grounds of demerit. This is a maxim which it would be well if the world would pay more attention to.

There are many people—very good people, too—who have a habit of speaking contemptuously or lightly of almost every body but themselves. There are still more who do not seem to consider it necessary to treat the absent with the least respect, but, to use the words of a modern writer, are remarkably candid in owning and showing up the faults of their neighbours.

These, I think, are detestable practices of human nature—the issue of its weakness rather than its strength.

When I think of a great and good character, I cannot conceive that he has a habit of depreciating the respect due to his absent friends, or of treating any of his fellow creatures with scorn, unless for some specific delinquency. Such a person will be already too secure of his own reputation to seek to raise it at the expense of others. He will be able to take an enlarged view of human society, and, seeing that the condition of all men is in a great measure accidental, or at least moulded greatly by circumstances, will not despise any man on account of his mere place in the general system, but, on the contrary, give him respect in proportion to his good conduct in that place, whatever it may be. Such a man, also, will have too much respect for himself, to use language at any time which he would be ashamed to own at another time. He would not indulge in a tone of levity or rancour respecting any man, on whose entrance accidentally into the room he would have to alter his style, and hypocritically offer him the usual courtesies of society.

It happens, however, that all men are more or less remote from the greatness and goodness of this ideal character. We are, as yet, only in a state of comparative approximation to those qualities; hence we find that nearly all are alike given to speak slightingly of each other. There are two grand causes at the bottom of this—Selfishness and Thoughtlessness. The former gives us such an intense appreciation of ourselves, and of the rank we hold in society, that we speak and think as if every man and every class beneath us were too mean to be entitled to the least respect; we look upon the whole as a degraded caste, whose very existence must only be acknowledged indirectly, as a thing we have become acquainted with by seeing it at a distance, not by having ever come in contact with it. In this view of society our ordinary literature is very apt to confirm us. The key note is there struck always in *alt*. The whole strain of the work, its characters, its philosophy, its manners, are presumed to be something above the common level; for literary men are still, after all, very much the slaves of the great which they used to be. If the writer describes humble life at all, he describes it as seen by a bird's eye view from some lofty station—not as seen by a person who mingles in it and partakes of its sympathies. Even the middle ranks of the community, who, in this country, form the great mass of readers, and from which, moreover, almost all literary men arise, have no literature of their own: they have to read a literature which has been calculated for the sphere above them, and in which, of course, their sympathies must be of an imperfect character. And thus, after all that has been done, it still appears a desideratum that there should be both a literature and a philosophy *for the human race*.

Then, as to *thoughtlessness*, as a cause for this universally mutual contempt. It must be admitted, I should think, that if we only took a proper consideration of the noble destiny which all partake in common with ourselves, both in respect to the grand moral ends of this life, and the more sublime prospects for the future, we would hardly think meanly of any one, except, as before mentioned, on account of some specific worthlessness. For my part, I wonder how any man can *dare* to despise a fellow-creature upon other grounds. Is it difference of tongue, of rank, of personal character, of external manners, that makes you despise any one? What, I would ask, are all these distinctions to the great fellowship of our common humanity—the social end which we are working to as parts of a great community—as parts of a glorious world.—or the general destiny which awaits us at the close of this brief life? Reflect upon these things before you permit yourself to think lightly of a fellow-creature; or, if these things are of no avail with you, consider what you are yourself, that you thus scorn another. I must say that I have often observed the most contemptible man to be the most contemptuous. There are some men who hardly make any other pretension to the respect of the world, than in so far as they profess to treat *every thing* cavalierly. But, as he who sheds blood must submit to have his blood shed by others, so are these men at length detected, and tossed, as they deserve, in a blanket of their own weaving. Individuals may be assured that it is not by proclaiming a war of contempt against the world, or any large number of its members, that a comfortable situation is to be gained for themselves.

There is a good old national proverb, which tells us that the king's errand may come in the pedlar's road—that is to say, a very lofty man may occasionally have to take a favour from one in humble life. This is no mere flattering unction applied by the common people to themselves. It breathes the very spirit of an enlarged and humane philosophy. It tells us that all ranks of men are in reality dependent upon each other, and that every one, filling its proper place, is entitled to its proportion of regard from the rest. Treating the expression in its more limited sense, it instructs us that, in the prospect of our being occasionally obliged to accept of favours from very mean hands, we should never treat any person beneath us with disrespect—as, otherwise, with what grace can we accept of such a favour? On this point I take the liberty to relate a simple anecdote, as told to me some years ago, in illustration of the subject of this essay, by the individual chiefly concerned—the wife of a shop-keeper in a country town in the north of Scotland.

"In ——— there lived a poor woman named Peggy Williamson, a kind of washerwoman, whom every body looked upon as a wretched creature. This despised and not very reputable person had a son, who, on one occasion, was taken up by the town-officers for some trifling offence, and would have been thrown into prison, if I had not thought the case rather a hard one, and interceded with the magistrate in his behalf. Peggy, with all her faults, was not ungrateful; she came to me and said she never would forget my kindness.

"A long time after this, in consequence of a particular calamity, my husband's affairs got into a very hopeless state. I was attending the shop one bleak November day. Few customers were coming in, or likely to come in, and our prospects were gloomy and dull as the atmosphere itself. I never, indeed, since we began business, saw a day when things seemed less promising. The whole street—the whole town—appeared deserted. All was desolate, cold, and wintry; and, with the dread of utter ruin impending over us, you may suppose that our spirits were not very good. Well, just while we were in this dolorous state, in came my old friend Peggy Williamson, accompanied by a country girl, who, she said, wanted to provide herself with a number of our wares, being about to be married. This person expended six or eight pounds with us, and we could not help feeling it as a kind of God-send. It was, however, the result of my having at one time done a just—for I can hardly call it a kind action, to a person whom the most of people despised. Peggy, who was not perhaps aware of the full extent to which we appreciated her good offices, told me very modestly, as she left the shop with her friend, that she was glad to have had it in her power to recommend any body to us for goods, 'as she never could forget my kindness to Tam.' I thus satisfied myself, not only that an act of ordinary benevolence is likely to produce its reward where it is least expected, but that some good feeling may exist even in those characters, whom, on ordinary principles, we may be most inclined to despise."

Let us judge, then, or at leas let us always be inclined to judge, with tenderness, both of persons and of things. Let us not take our impressions of the characters of our fellow-creatures from the little obvious fault or foible which lies upon the surface, and affords, of course, the subject of largest discourse to the superficial; but, dashing aside the weeds which mantle the surface of the character, ascertain the extent and sweetness of the clear water beneath. It is of great importance to men, but especially to young men, to acquire a power of judging correctly and definitely of every thing. They must learn to estimate every thing relatively, and not be prevented from allowing merit, even where it exists in the smallest quantities, by its being mingled with a larger proportion of less worthy qualities. We often find one kind of merit denied because it is not another. A man of untutored genius is sneered at because he wants learning. A learned man is termed a stupid dunce or a pedant because he wants genius. The writer of an unpretending narrative is described by some of his invidious fellows as no Hume, or Gibbon, or Robertson. An industrious tradesman is ridiculed as a mere plodder; a farmer is laughed at because he is only acquainted with country affairs. Glasgow is condemned as deficient in the refined professional and literary classes of inhabitants, who reside in Edinburgh; and Edinburgh is scouted for its being "not at all a place of business." These are vicious habits of thought and speech—if *thought* there can be in what argues a total absence of every thing like reason.

JOCK O' THE HORN.

In former times the beggars of Scotland seem to have held a far higher rank in society than the vulgar vagrants of the present day. Even at the close of the last century they were rather a respectable sort of persons, and held in no little consideration among the country people; but still their estimation at that late period was nothing compared to their importance about a hundred years ago. Traditions exist of some who, at that time, exercised the high functions of occasional minstrels and envoys to great families, after the feudal custom or

keeping these officials in regular employment had ceased.

Of the latter class there once arose a mighty hero, who was commonly known under the appellation of Jock o' the Horn. The range of his walk extended over the whole of the south of Scotland, and even so far as the frontiers of the Highlands, where he sometimes associated with the gatherers of black mail, and gave information of the proper objects of attack, and subjects of exaction. He flourished during the period between the two rebellions, and died at an advanced age some years before the middle of the century.

Jock was a tall and powerful man. He usually rode upon a small grey horse, and was equipped in most of the usual accoutrements of a complete cavalier. He did not wear a sword, it is true, but he certainly carried fully as good a weapon, in the shape of a stout dagger, eighteen inches long, which was bound close to his body, under his clothes, by a broad leather belt. If he did not wear a gallant white plume on his hat, like what Sir Walter Scott has represented (in Rokeby) as the distinction of the Cavalier, he sported a bonnet equally redoubtable, being formed of the dressed skin of the badger, which gave an air of indescribable wildness to a countenance in itself sufficiently fierce. Seated on his ambling palfrey, his proud, erect, and almost noble figure gave him all the appearance of a knight of romance; while the immense horn from which he derived his title, slung below his right arm, at the same time communicated another and still more immediate idea of his pretentions to the character. On approaching the castles of his friends—he was too proud a beggar to enter a cottage—he rode briskly up to the gate, and blew a loud and sonorous blast upon his horn, by way of announcing his arrival. His horse was then abandoned to the attention of the domestics, and himself ushered into the hall with great ceremony, as being a visitor of the utmost consequence. His news could be communicated to no one but the master of the house, or, in case of his absence, to the chief officer of the establishment at least. He always used terms of the most distant respect in addressing his lordly host, and paid infinite attention to every requisite punctilio, when their meeting took place in the presence of the servants; but when his news or his messages were delivered in private, the utmost familiarity prevailed; or Jock, if occasion required it, assumed the tone of a counsellor. In receiving the hospitalities of the castle, and giving his news in exchange, he rather seemed to consider himself the obliging than the obliged party. He sat stiff and pompous upon his chair, giving forth intelligence of the most varied description,—while numerous attendants listened around,—to all appearance as important a personage as the baron whom he addressed. His information embraced a variety of topics; the recent transactions upon the Highland line; the deaths or marriages of the Scottish nobility, and the fetes thereupon, in which he had mingled; the principal affairs going on abroad, or in the British Cabinet; the exploits of the Ayrshire smugglers; together with an immense miscellaneous budget, resembling in its nature that species of news which afterwards passed in the papers under the general title of "Scottish Intelligence."

In another capacity he was wont to assume a still higher tone. He was frequently employed by the turbulent gentry of the period, as a spy upon the actions of their rival neighbours, or as an ambassador sent to their friends. At that time the laws of Scotland were but weakly enforced, and the baronial rights of pit and gallows still existed, though not so often or so barbarously acted upon as formerly. The nobles were unsettled in their adherence to the government, and still retained many of the feudal enmities which had once filled Scotland with blood and rapine. Of course rebellion was a subject at all times in agitation; and plots were constantly forming, with views of vengeance upon their neighbours and of aggrandisement to themselves. Jock o' the Horn was frequently employed by these as an emissary and spy. Sometimes he was deputed from the lowlands to the highlands, in order to sound the feelings of the gentry in that quarter, and again transmitted to the south with assurances of zeal and devotion in the favourite cause. At other times his errand was to take cognizance of the motions and force of the enemy, to get accurate intelligence of the most remarkable public proceedings in the country, and to receive and convey letters and presents smuggled into the coast from a certain quarter abroad. It will be perceived that he must have been a person of no little use at a time when newspapers were hardly known, and when a conventional system of conveying intelligence could scarcely be said to exist.

Jock o' the Horn was altogether quite a mysterious sort of being. His original was involved in the most impenetrable obscurity. Even the place of his nativity was unknown. All that could be discerned with any certainty was, that he must have belonged to Ayrshire, as he spoke the dialect of that county, and seemed always to have a greater attachment to it than to any other district. It was thought that he was the natural son of some nobleman in the county. Others were of opinion that he was a branch of some great cavalier family which had suffered among the civil broils of the preceding century. Certain it is that he was poor enough to substantiate either of the theories. Though he sometimes received considerable guerdons for his services, and no little occasional charity, he never hoarded money, but, on the contrary, spent it merrily, and kept himself in good case.

It appeared from his conversation that he was far travelled. He was perfectly intimate with the northern parts of France, with the Netherlands, and with Holland. He seemed to have made French manners his study, and many of his "queerest stories" turned upon that subject. The intercourse, however, which he appeared to have had with France, was common at that time to many of the vagrants of Scotland, of whom there were few who had not seen several foreign countries, and spoke their various languages. Jock o' the Horn entertained a sincere hatred and contempt of the Dutch, whose habits were so much at variance with his own.

Jock was a bold intrepid man, and in his time had engaged in many desperate enterprises. In particular, he had once, with some followers, gained a complete victory over a band of gipsies, who were approaching to cross a small river in Galloway. He planted his party in ambush by the side of the way, and kept quiet till the half of the enemy had passed the ford, when, like Wallace at the Bridge of Stirling, he rushed out with his band and attacked the remainder. Some dreadful blows were given and many severe wounds inflicted on both sides; but no lives were lost. Whenever this affair was mentioned in Jock's presence he did not say much himself, but looked with a triumphant smile, as much as to say that he did not like to boast of his exploits, but he was conscious of having done something in his day.

The next most remarkable Ayrshire beggar after Jock o' the Horn, was one of a less chivalrous but equally interesting character, named Charlie Brown, and commonly known under the name of *Cabbage Charlie*. This man was so noted for cunning, dexterity and enterprise, that it is probable he was of gipsy extraction; at least it may be said that he exhibited many of the distinguishing characteristics of that race.

The era of *Cabbage Charlie* was some years later than that of *Jock o' the Horn*. He flourished during the period between the Rebellion of 1745 and the year 1770, about which year he was gathered to his fathers.

The most ludicrous peculiarity attending this man was the great propensity he displayed for speculation and adventure. He indeed appeared to be gifted with what may be called a great mercantile genius; and if he had been born amidst a more commercial people, and under different circumstances, it is by no means hypothetical to suppose that he might have "strutted in a bank, and clerkit his cash-account," or "led a market," or moved an exchange at a nod, with the best of them. As it was, he certainly did more in his way than could have been expected. Not content with his own simple exertions, he kept a numerous band of beggars in pay, who went abroad as his servants throughout the county, and who, on coming back to the appointed rendezvous at the end of the week, gave up all the proceeds of their industry to him, and received a certain allowance, previously agreed upon, amounting to from ten to fifteen shillings per week. By a talent that might not have disgraced more celebrated names, he contrived to organize and reduce to a perfect system what would appear almost impracticable, considering the habits of those with whom he had to deal. He even found means of detecting the smallest dishonesty on the part of his men; and he acquired such a strange influence over them, that they durst make no remonstrances against the severity of his rules, nor complain of the penalties and taxes to which he sometimes subjected them. Indeed he was a perfect autocrat among them.

The principles of the system which gave him this absolute command, and induced them to pay implicit obedience, were founded upon a few well-known data, completely calculated to produce non-resistance.

In the first place, the persons whom he employed could make more of their labours by entering his service, than by going upon their own bottom; for it must be understood that the alms given by the country people to the poor consisted chiefly of meal; and, as none would take such an article off their hands, except the humblest class of cottagers, who gave them only half price for it, they would have suffered a very considerable loss, had not their master found out an expedient by which he got almost market price, and by which he could afford to allow them greater wages in money than they of themselves could have gained by disposing of their own individual collections. Charlie's method of selling his meal was to collect and mix the whole contributions of his men, and to make it up into loads and bolls for the regular market. It thus escaped the hateful imputation of being "*beggars' meal*," a thing generally abhorred, and only bought, as we have said, by the very poorest people.

At seed-time, too, when alms were frequently given in the shape of corn, Charlie found a method of selling the stock, more profitable to all parties, by disposing of it in bolls to stablers, &c.; a method more profitable, we say, than if his men had gone with it in smaller quantities to ostlers, when, though it might not be objected to on the same pleas of delicacy which lessened the value of their meal, they would have been obliged to be content with a diminished price, and at the same time would have been led into treating the ostler and his insatiable myrmidons with as much as they could drink.

In every respect, indeed, did Charlie's deputies find it their interest to keep on good terms with him. After they had once enlisted under his banner, he had them completely in his power. If they misbehaved, or grew lazy, or became inattentive to business, he had it in his power to discharge them; and if they *were* discharged from Charlie's employ, there was no more good to be expected of them in this world. They in a manner lost *caste*,—they forfeited the esteem of the country!—He contrived to undermine their exertions on all hands,—he circulated evil reports concerning them,—he prejudiced the minds of the country people against their necessities and pretensions to charity;—in short, he ruined their *character!* They either wandered about like ghosts, despised and unassisted; or they had to leave the county and seek for better success in a district beyond the reach of Charlie.

Upon the principle which awards such severe punishment to mutineers at sea, he was at all times inexorable in punishing them if they grumbled at the extent of his profits or the scantiness of the allowance he made them. In such cases, a severe fine at least was inevitable; and if the offence was attended with heinous circumstances, so as to exasperate his temper, he discarded them entirely from his employ. He was always very relentless, too, in discharging any one that attempted to get an increase of wages without leaving it to himself alone to settle the modicum of promotion. It is said that he once scored off about ten or a dozen hands, on hearing that a conspiracy had been entered into by a number of his band to get an addition to their wages by a general *strike!*

Nevertheless, like many other despots when they get their own way, Charlie was, when not fretted by opposition or misfortune, a kind and generous master. He seldom if ever failed, on settling accounts with his men on Saturday night, to treat them, "brats and callets, and all," to such a scene of festivity as that described in the inimitable "Jolly Beggars." Some of them, too, were allowed such wages as, considering their rank in life and little necessity of expenditure, were certainly respectable. An industrious single man, with a good faculty of

groaning, had perhaps ten shillings a week; if blind, he was worth half a crown more. One with a wife that could tell fortunes was worth thirteen or fourteen shillings; if with eight or nine children, they were no bad bargain at a pound. A shrivelled wretch who could exhibit a good running ulcer in his leg, or shake a well scorched arm in the eyes of the charitable, was in himself worth almost as much as a *whole* man with ten children; but the detruncated sailor who had neither arms nor legs, and who yet could sing one of those melancholy sea songs, the cadence of which resembles nothing so much as the wind whistling through the shrouds—whose rude but pathetic strains of

"William Glen was our captain's name,"

or,

"I am a poor sailor,
And far from my home!"

while they melted the hearts of the rustics, could elicit showers of sympathy in the substantial shape of halfpence,—such a beggar, I say, was invaluable,—his deserts could scarcely be stated—he was worth his weight in oatmeal every Saturday night!

BRAZIL.

Brazil is very singularly circumstanced among the nations of the American continent. It is the only state which has not adopted the republican form of government; and it appears that, in not adopting it, the people have been benefited. By this circumstance, mainly, the country has been saved from many of the evil consequences to be apprehended from a sudden and violent change in the character of its institutions.

The history of Brazil, previously to the revolution in 1808, caused by the removal of the royal court from Portugal to America, is almost nothing. This country, the most extensive in South America, and comprehending the richest portion of that peninsula, while it was held by the mother country, was governed according to such a rigid and narrow system of colonial policy, that, even in Portugal itself, little was known as to its internal wealth or management. It is a curious fact, as stated by Dr Walsh, that the Brazilian writers who lately published history of their country, were chiefly indebted to our countryman Southey's History of Brazil for their materials. So narrow and short-sighted was the policy of the government, that an intelligent stranger was enabled to glean more information relative to it than a native was permitted to gather from the legitimate sources of inquiry. Hence it was, that a nation so extensive that a year is required for corresponding between its remotest province and the capital, remained for centuries scarcely examined, scarcely cultivated, scarcely peopled—a blank in geography, and a blot upon its parent country.

Early in January 1808, an account was received at Rio Janeiro, that the combined French and Spanish armies were entering Portugal, and that, in consequence, the Prince Regent, afterwards king, had embarked with all the royal family for Brazil. "This news excited an extraordinary mixture of sorrow and joy; sorrow that such calamities should overwhelm the mother country, to which the good people of Brazil were still fondly attached, and joy that an august monarch, of whom they entertained the most exalted and extravagant notions, should condescend to visit their humble country, and take up his residence there."

The first acts of the sovereign on his arrival confirmed the sanguine anticipations of his subjects. A royal charter was issued, abolishing the old exclusive system, and granting to the people of Brazil the freedom of commerce with all friendly nations. This edict, a Brazilian writer justly says, ought to be written in letters of gold.

Among the other benefits conferred on the country by the arrival of the court, was the influx of Portuguese of intelligence and rank; and the establishment of foreign mercantile houses, of which the English were the earliest. Next to opening the ports to foreign enterprise, was the encouragement of it among the natives of all classes, who by a royal decree were for the first time permitted the free exercise of every kind of industry.

At the same time was introduced that mighty engine of knowledge and power—a printing press. For three centuries this simple apparatus had been inhibited in Brazil, and it was not till the year 1808 that this great country was permitted to print even the leaf of a book. The estimation in which this royal gift was held by those for whose benefit it was intended, may be estimated from the fact, that in the city of Rio Janeiro alone there are now thirteen periodicals published, and universally circulated and read.

Other improvements followed in rapid succession. A national bank was opened; a school of anatomy and medicine was founded, vaccination was introduced; roads were cut into the interior, attempts made to settle the native Indians, and several regulations promulgated for bettering the condition of the negro slaves.

The natural effect of all these measures was the singularly rapid improvement of the people, united with a strong feeling of personal attachment to the person of the sovereign from whose voluntary impulses they emanated. In the year 1815 the Prince Regent assumed the title of King of Brazil. The effect of this change upon the Brazilians, though but that of a name, was electric. It was felt and expressed by a spontaneous illumination all over the country; to use the inflated expression of one of their writers, "from the Amazon to the River of Plata was one continued blaze."

But the king of the new-formed sovereignty did not possess the qualities necessary to secure the sentiments of attachment and respect which these acts had justly acquired for him. No nation was ever more indebted to a sovereign than the Brazilians to him, for the wise, beneficent and liberal decrees which marked the first years of his transatlantic residence. He gradually laid the foundation of that independence which they now enjoy, and fitted them for it by a succession of acts tending to improve and enrich the country, and to enlighten the people. But he was altogether unfitted, from the timidity of his character, and the irresolution of his measures, to direct the spirit of independence, when once excited. Controlled or influenced by those about him, who thought only of making new arrangements subservient to their own selfish interests, the execution of those salutary measures was thwarted or impeded by the functionaries to whom the execution of the details was necessarily intrusted; negligence, corruption, and venality gradually crept into all the departments of government, and more particularly into the administration of justice, a department the purity of which is, above all, essential to the well-being and prosperity of the people.

While the feelings of veneration to the sovereign, first excited by his arrival, and subsequently heightened by the enlightened policy of his measures, were gradually wearing away, in consequence of his own personal weakness of character, and the vices of his dependents, those of attachment to the new constitution, which secured to the people a share in the legislature, were proportionably augmented. It was generally, and not illogically, argued, that the advantages derived from the revolution were due to the new regulations, which admitted the intellectual portion of the nation to a due share of that influence from which it had hitherto been excluded with so much jealousy, and that the practical defects under which every department laboured were attributable to the undue or overpowering influence of ill-directed regal authority. The natural result was an increased attachment to the democratical institutions, influenced also in no small degree by the example of the pure republics which were springing up on every side around them. The conflict of opinion broke out in some instances in insurrection; but those insurrections were formidable neither for the numbers engaged nor for the length of their existence; they were easily and quickly suppressed, with little loss of life in the field, and still less on the scaffold. The country was then tranquillized; foreign intellect and capital poured in; its amazing natural resources were developed; the national institutions became consolidated; the title of government has experienced a nominal change from that of a kingdom to a monarchy; and to Don Joas some years ago succeeded his son Don Pedro, who, again, has been obliged to abdicate in favour of his son Don Pedro II. as yet a mere child. The country, however, though torn considerably by domestic factions, is likely to continue under its present constitution, the condition of the neighbouring republics being by no means such as to invite to a change.—*Condensed from Dr Walsh's Notices of Brazil, 2 vols. 8vo, 1830.*

PERSONAL SECURITY DURING A THUNDER STORM.

"With respect to protection in the storm, it may be remarked, that when exposed in the open country, we must avoid seeking shelter under a tree, or by the wall of any building; and, agreeably to the numerous observations we have made, such trees as are isolated, or stand apart—for instance those in the middle of a field—are more likely to be struck by the lightning than such as form part of the group of a clump or forest; streamlets, rivers, ponds, or other collections of water, are dangerous, and may determine the lightning, which would find a superior conductor in the vertical human frame, and its circulating fluids; we must therefore retire from their banks. If the crash succeed the lightning with no sensible interval of time, we are exposed to the most imminent and immediate danger, and our obvious and best security is to throw ourselves down upon the ground, and maintain a horizontal position: being thoroughly wet will add to our safety; and if we can count from eighteen to twenty between the flash and succeeding peal, we are tolerably secure. It has been calculated that electricity moves with a velocity more retarded than light, and its movement is estimated at 1950 feet in a second of time: this being the case, we must deduct the movement of sound per second from the sum in question, which is 1142 feet; the remainder multiplied by the number of seconds between the flash and the peal will determine the distance from the observer. Let us suppose the interval is five seconds; then $1950 - 1142 = 808 \times 5 = 4040$ feet distance. The noise of the thunder is an announcement that the danger is over. The umbrella should never be used in a thunder-storm. When in the house we must not approach the fire place, for the chimney most with carbonaceous matter forms a tolerably good conductor. Last season a cottager was reading by the fire, the poker was inclined on the grate, and a dog was sleeping in contact with it: the dog alone was killed by the lightning, that descended by the chimney, and was conducted to the earth by the poker, while the man escaped, having received only an electric shock. In like manner the bell-pull must be avoided *if attached by metallic wire*, for the lightning has frequently entered a house, pervaded the bell wire, and, finding no escape to the earth, has exploded here, burst through the window, and shattered a tree in the garden. In like manner all metallic objects whatever are to be diligently and studiously avoided, even gilded mirrors and picture frames. We have lately been astonished to remark, in an instance where the lightning entered a building, the very extraordinary avidity with which it seemed to have run about, as it were in quest of some medium of escape from the premises; the very nails in the floor were attacked, as well as those which had attached the laths to the ceiling and partition, the hinge of the door, and even a nail which fastened the head of a spade to its shaft was wrenched out and imbedded in the wall; it appeared, indeed, to have ramified like '*wild fire*,' and attacked every thing in the shape of metallic matter, with a fierceness quite surprising."—*Murray's Atmospherical Electricity*, 1832.

LARRY M'FARLAND.

We extract from "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," a work of remarkable talent, published two years ago in Dublin, the following most graphic account of an Irish household, in a state of decay through improvidence. The story, which unfortunately has a historical as well as poetical merit, is supposed to be told by a gossip at the hero's wake:—

They were, indeed, the best natured couple in Europe; they would lend you a spade or a hook in potato time or harvest, out of pure kindness, though their own corn that was drop-ripe should be uncut, or their potatoes that were a tramping every day with their own cows, or those of their neighbours, should be undug—all for fraid of being thought unneighbourly. In this way they went on for some years, not altogether so bad but that they were able just to keep the house over their heads. They had a small family of three children on their hands, and every likelihood of having enough of them. Whenever they got a young one christened, they'd be sure to have a whole lot of the neighbours at it—and surely some of the young ladies, or Master George, or John, or Frederick, from the big house, should stand gossip, and have the child called after them. Then they should have tay enough to sarve them, and loaf-bread and punch; and though Larry should sell a sack of seed oats or seed potatoes for to get it, no doubt but there should be a bottle of wine to thrate the young ladies or jintlemen. When their children grew up, little care was taken of them, bekase their paarents minded other people's business more nor their own. They were always in the greatest poverty and distress, bekase Larry would be killing time about the squire's, or doing some handy job for a neighbour, who could get no other man to do it. They now fell behind entirely in the rint, and Larry got many hints from the squire, that if he didn't pay more attention to his business, he must look after his arrears, or as much of it as he could make up from the cattle and the crop. Larry promised well as far as words went, and no doubt hoped to be able to perform; but he hadn't steadiness to go through with a thing. Truth's best; you see, both himself and his wife neglected their business in the beginning, so that every thing went at sixes and sevens. They then found themselves uncomfortable at their own hearth, and had no heart to labour; so that what would make a careful person work their fingers to the stumps to get out of poverty, only prevented *them* from working at all, or *druv* them to work for those that had more comfort, and could give them a better male's mate. Their timpers soon began to get sour: Larry thought, bekase Sally wasn't as careful as she ought to be, that if he had taken any other young woman to his wife, he wouldn't be as he was; *she* thought the very same thing of Larry. "If he was like another," she would say to his brother, "that would be up airly and late at his own business, I would have spirits to work, by rason it would cheer my heart to see our little farm looking as warm and comfortable as another's; but, *fareer gairh*, that's not the case, nor likely to be so, for he spinds his time from one place to another, working for them that laughs at him for his pains; but he'd rather go to his neck in wather than lay down a hand 'or himself, except when he can't help it." Larry, again, had *his* complaint—"Sally's a lazy trollop," he would say to his brother's wife, "that never does one hand's turn that she can help, but sits over the fire from morning till night, making birds' nests in the ashes with her yellow heels, or going about from one neighbour's house to another, gostering and palavering about what doesn't consarn her, instead of minding the house. How can I have heart to work, when I come in, expecting to find my dinner boiled, but, instead of that, get her sitting on her hunkers on the hearth-stone, blowing at two or three green sticks with her apron, the pot hanging on the crook, without even the *white horses on it*. She never puts a stitch in my clothes, nor in the children's, nor in her own, but lets them all go to rags at once—the de

vil's luck to her! I wish I had never met with her, or that I had married a sober girl that wasn't fond of dress and dancing. If she was a good sarvant it was only bekase she liked to have a good name; for when she got a house and place of her own, see how she turned out.' From less to more, they went on squabbling and fighting, until at last you might see Sally one time with a black eye or a cut head, or another time going off with herself crying up to Tom Hance's or some other neighbour's house, to sit down and give a history of the *ruction* that he and she had on the head of some thrifle or another that wasn't worth naming. Their childher were shows, running about without a single stitch upon them, except ould coats that some of the sarvants from the big-house would throw them. In these they'd go sailing about, with the long skirts trailing on the ground behind them; and sometimes Larry himself would be mane enough to take the coat from the *goorson*, and ware it himself. As for giving them any schooling, it was what they never thought of; but even if they were inclined to it, there was no school in the neighbourhood to send them to. It is a true saying, that as the ould cock crows, the young one larns; and this was true here, for the childher fought one another like so many divils, and swore like Trojans—for Larry, along with every thing else, when he was a Brine-oge, thought it was a manly thing to be a great swearer; and the childher, when they got able to swear, warn't worse nor their father. At first, when any of the little souls would thry at an oath, Larry would break his heart laughing at them; and so, from one thing to another, they got quite hardened in it, without being any way checked in wickedness. Things at last drew on to a bad state entirely. Larry and Sally were now as ragged as Dives and Lazarus, and their childher the same. It was no strange sight, in summer, to see the young ones marching about the street as bare as my hand, with scarce a blessed stitch upon them that ever was seen, they dirt and ashes to the eyes, waddling after their uncle Tom's geese and ducks through the green dub of rotten water that lay before their own door, just beside the dunghill; or the bigger ones running after the squire's cars, when bringing home the corn or the hay, waiting to get a ride as the labourers would go back with the empty cars.

Larry and Sally would never be let into the squire's kitchen now, to ate, or drink, or spend an evening with the sarvants; he might go out and in to his male's mate along with the rest of the labourers, but there was no welcome for him. Sally would go down with her jug to get some buttermilk, and would have to stand among a set of beggars and cotters, she as ragged and as poor as any of them, for she wouldn't be let into the kitchen till her turn came, no more nor another; for the sarvants would turn up their noses with the greatest disdain possible at them both. It was hard to tell whether the inside or the outside of their house was worse; within, it would almost turn your stomach to look at it—the flure was all dirt, for how could it be any other way, when, at the end of every male, the *schrahag* would be emptied down on it, and the pigs that were whining and grunting about the door would brake in to the hape of praty skins that Sally would there throw down for them. You might reel Larry's shirt, or make a surveyor's chain of it; for bad cess to me, but, I believe, it would reach from this to the rath. The blanket was in tatters, and, like the shirt, would go round the house: their straw beds were stocked with the *black militia*—the childhers' heads were garrisoned with *Scotch greys*, and their heels and heads ornamented with all description of kibes. There war only two stools in all the house, and a hassock of straw for the young child; and one of the stools wanted a leg, so that it was dangerous for a stranger to sit down upon it, except he knew of this failing. The flure was worn into large holes, that were mostly filled with slop, where the childher used to dabble about and amuse themselves by sailing egg-shells upon them, with bits of boiled praties in them, by way of a little faste. The dresser was as black as dirt could make it, and had on it only two or three wooden dishes clasped with tin, and noggins without hoops, a beetle, and some crockery. There was an ould chest to hould their meal but it wanted the hinges; and the childher, when they'd get the mother out, would mix a sup of male and wather in a noggin, and stuff themselves with it, raw and all, for they were almost starved. Then, as the byre had never been kept in repair, the roof fell in, and the cow and pig had to stand in one end of the dwelling-house. Then, if a wet day would come, there wasn't a spot you could stand in for *down-rain*; and, wet or dry, Sally, Larry, and the childher, were spotted like trouts with the soot-drops, made by the damp of the roof and the smoke. The house on the outside was all in ridges of black dirt, where the thatch had rotted, or covered over with chicken weed or blind oats; but in the middle of all this misery they'd a horse-shoe nailed over the door for good luck. You know, that in telling this story, I needn't mintion every thing as it just happened, laying down year after year, or day and date; so you may suppose, as I go on, that all this went forward in the coorse of time. They didn't get bad of a sudden, but by degrees, neglecting one thing after another, until they found themselves in the state I'm relating to you—then struggling and struggling, but never taking the right way to mend. But where's the use in saying much more about it?—things couldn't stand, they were terribly in arrears out the landlord was a good kind of man, and, for the sake of the poor childher, didn't wish to turn them on the world, without house or shelter, bit or sup. Larry, too, had been, and still was, so ready to do difficult and nice jobs for him, and would resave no payment, that he couldn't think of taking his only cow from him, or prevent him from raising a bit of oats or a plat of potatoes every year out of the farm. The farm itself was all run to waste by this time, and had a miserable look about it. Sometimes you might see a piece of a field that had been ploughed, all overgrown with grass, because it had never been sowed or set with any thing. The slaps were all broken down, or had only a piece of an ould beam or a thorn bush lying across, to keep the cattle out of them. His bit of corn was all eat away and cropped here and there by the cows, and his potatoes rooted up by the pigs. The garden, indeed, had a few cabbages, and a ridge of airly potatoes; but these were so chocked with bur-docks and nettles, that you could hardly see them. I tould you before that they led the divil's life, and that was nothing but God' truth; and, according as they got into greater poverty it was worse. A day couldn't pass without a fight; if they'd be at their breakfast, maybe he'd make a potato hop off of her skull, and she'd give him the contents of her noggin of buttermilk about the eyes; then he'd *flake* her, and the childher would be in an uproar, crying out, "Oh, daddy, daddy, don't kill my mammy!" When this would be over, he'd get off with himself to do something for the squire, and would sing and laugh so pleasant, that you'd think he was the best tempered man alive; and so he was, until neglecting his business, and minding dances, and fairs, and drink destroyed him

CLIMATE OF THE CANADAS.

The prevailing winds, both in Upper and Lower Canada, are the north-east, north-west, and south-west which all have a considerable influence on the temperature of the atmosphere and the state of the weather. The south-west wind is the most prevalent, but it is generally moderate, and accompanied by clear skies; and the north-east and easterly winds usually bring with them continued rain in summer, and snow in winter; the north-west is remarkable for its dryness and elasticity, and, from its gathering an intense degree of frigor, as it sweeps over the frozen plains and ice-bound hills in that quarter of the continent, invariably brings with it a perceptible degree of cold. Winds from due north, south, or west, are not frequent. At Quebec, the direction of the wind often changes with the tide, which is felt for nearly sixty miles higher up the stream of the St Lawrence.

The azure of Canadian skies is beautifully transparent and pure, and the starry constellations are remarkably luminous and bright. The northern region of the heavens is very frequently glowing with the vivid coruscations of the evanescent aurora borealis, whose vertical irradiations are often of sufficient brilliancy to dispel the darker shades of night. This aerial phenomenon is sometimes so beautiful and sublime at Quebec, that it not unfrequently attracts considerable crowds on the ramparts and elevated public walks, to admire its waving and shooting splendours.

Fogs are almost unknown in Canada, but the morning dew sometimes rises in a light vapoury cloud, which is almost suddenly dispelled by the first solar rays that gild the horizon.

In summer, the electric phenomena of the atmosphere, as displayed in the vividness of lightning and the burst of loud thunders, are sometimes appalling in the extreme, and have, in numerous instances, been attended with very serious consequences. The destruction of extensive barns and hay stacks, and in several cases the loss of human life, are among the disasters that on some occasions result from the violence of thunder-storms in Canada, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Quebec, where it is probable the electric matter is more powerfully attracted by the elevation of the mountains and the magnetic properties it is likely they possess.

In point of salubrity, no climate in the world can perhaps be found to exceed that of Canada, which is not only a stranger naturally to contagious disorders, or fatal epidemics, but extremely conducive to longevity. In the early periods of the settlement of the upper province the fever and ague were indeed very prevalent; but as the cause of this local affection was gradually removed by the draining of marshes in the progress of cultivation, it has almost entirely disappeared. It is impossible, however, to guard on all occasions against the introduction of infectious diseases into the towns; and we therefore find that malignant fevers have, in some cases, crept into hospitals; but these cannot affect the general character of the climate, and the healthfulness and invigorating elasticity of the atmosphere.—*Macgregor's British America.*

EXPLANATION OF THE STOCKS.

There are few topics of conversation perhaps more frequently introduced, and, at the same time, less generally understood, than that of the Public Funds, and I know few subjects on which the uninstructed can derive so little information from books. I am certain, therefore, that I will render a very acceptable service to many, and these not the least respectable of my readers, if I can throw so much light upon the subject as may enable them to understand the prices of the Stocks, as given in the public papers.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to remark, that in every war in which this country has been engaged since the Revolution, the amount of the annual taxes has been found inadequate to defray the expenses of government. To supply the deficiency, our rulers have generally had recourse to loans,—that is to say, they have borrowed money from such individuals as were able and willing to lend it, giving these individuals a security for the payment of a certain annual interest. To explain the nature of this transaction, I shall take a very simple case. Suppose, then, that L.100 is the sum which government wishes to borrow, and that an individual offers to lend that sum at an interest of 5 per cent. On paying down the money, the lender receives a bill, bond, or acknowledgment, for the amount; by which acknowledgment he is entitled to draw yearly from the public revenue £5 of interest, but on the express condition that he is not to demand repayment of the principal, or sum lent, unless government is willing to repay it. The person who thus possesses the bill or acknowledgment is said to be a *holder of* L.100 *of 5 per cent. stock*, and the money lent upon that bill constitutes a part of what is called the *national debt*, because it is in fact borrowed by the nation, and the interest is paid out of the taxes. It is obvious, however, that few persons would be disposed to lend money on the condition of never being allowed to demand repayment, even though they were quite certain of receiving annual interest, and of transmitting the right to that interest to their posterity. To remedy this inconvenience, therefore, the lender who wishes to employ the sum which he lent to government in any other way, though he cannot directly demand repayment, is at liberty to sell his bill to any body who will purchase it, and for any sum that another may be willing to pay for it. In doing so, he merely sells to a second person the right which he himself possessed to the annual interest of L.5, and that second person is of course at liberty to dispose of his right to another in the same way. This transaction, in general, is called a *transfer of stock*; and in the particular case which I have supposed, the one is said to sell, and the other to buy, a L.100 of 5 per cent. stock. If 5 per cent. be considered as a fair and equitable interest for money lent, it is obvious that such a bill as I have now been speaking of, or, in other words, that L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, is just worth L.100 sterling. It is possible, however, that in certain circumstances, the holder of that bill may receive more or be obliged to take less for it than L.100. If two or three individuals, for example, have each a sum of money which they are anxious to lay out at interest, but find it difficult to do so, a competition will naturally take place among them to become the purchaser of the bill in question, which will always secure to the holder L.5 of yearly interest. The possessor of the bill will of course take advantage of this competition, and raise his price, say to L.105. The purchaser, therefore, pays L.105 for L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, or he lays out his money at an interest of L.5 for every L.105, which is at the rate of something more than 4¾ per cent. If, on the other hand, however, the possessor of the bill or stock is anxious to dispose of it, while few are willing to buy it, he will be forced to offer it for less than L.100, say L.95. The purchaser, in this case, pays L.95 for L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, or he lays out his money at an interest of L.5 for every L.95, which is at the rate of something more than 5¼ per cent. For simplicity of illustration, I have supposed that L.100 is the sum borrowed by government, and that of course there is just one bill to be disposed of, or transferred by the lender. If it be supposed, however, as is really the fact, that the loans generally amount to several millions, the necessity which the lenders are under of selling their bills, or, in other words, transferring their stock, will be more apparent. The transaction between government and the lenders is precisely the same in the case of millions as in that of a hundred; and it is unnecessary, therefore, again to illustrate the general principle of that transaction. It is evident, however, that even the most opulent merchants, who are generally the lenders, cannot be supposed to have such a command of money as to be able to advance ten or twelve millions to government at once. When they contract for a loan, therefore—that is, when they agree to lend to government the sum required—they generally pay the money by instalments, or partial payments, at certain intervals, say one million a month, till the whole is advanced. In the mean time they sell or transfer the bills or securities which they receive from government, to those who may have money to lay out at interest, and who of course will be disposed to purchase such bills, so that the sale of the bills of the first instalment may enable them to pay the second. In this way, government securities or bills become articles of commerce, and their price is regulated, like that of any other article, according to the supply and demand. If we suppose, as before, that the contractors for the loan, that is, the original lenders, receive from government a L.100 bill for every L.100 sterling that they lend, bearing 5 per cent., they will gain or lose by the transaction, according as they can dispose of these bills for more or less than L.100. If the buyers are numerous compared with the quantity of bills—that is, if there be a great number who are anxious to have

their money laid out at interest—they will be tempted perhaps to give, as was before supposed, L.105 for every bill; for though, by doing so, they will have only 4¾ per cent. for their money, still it may possibly be more than they can draw for it in any other way, while the security is better than if they lent their money to private individuals or companies. In this case the contractors would gain 5 per cent. upon the loan, or L.50,000 on the whole ten millions. If, on the other hand, however, comparatively few persons are found disposed to lay out their money at 5 per cent., the contractors may be obliged to offer their bills for less than L.100, say, as before, L.95. In this case the contractors lose 5 per cent. on the loan, or L.50,000 on the whole ten millions. It is easy to see, from this view of the subject, how the price of stock is liable to fluctuation from accidental circumstances. I shall not attempt to enumerate these; but it may be worth while to point out how it is affected by peace and war, as these two states of the country are generally found to have the greatest influence in raising or depressing the value of stock. In the time of war, then, the price of stock is comparatively *low*, because, in such a state of things, it is likely that government will be under the necessity of borrowing; and as every loan produces new bills, the quantity of those to be disposed of, or, in other words, the supply of the market, will be increased. The price, therefore, will fall, for the same reason that the price of corn falls after a plentiful harvest In time of peace, again, the price of stock is comparatively *high*, because, in such a state of things, the taxes are likely to be sufficient to defray the expenses of government without any loans, and consequently no new bills are to be disposed of, or the supply, though not positively diminished, ceases to be augmented. For the same reason, the price of stock in the time of war is materially affected by the nature of the intelligence that comes from the scene of action. If that intelligence be unfavourable, stock will fall, because there is a prospect either of protracted warfare, or of the necessity of more vigorous exertions on the part of government; in both which cases, new loans may be necessary, and consequently a new supply of bills will be thrown into the money market. On the other hand, should the intelligence be favourable, the price of stock will rise, because the prospect of a successful termination of the war renders it probable that there will be no new loan, and consequently no new supply of stock. It is this variation in the price of stock that gives room for the nefarious practice of stock-jobbing. That practice consists in raising and circulating reports calculated to raise or depress the price of stock, according to the particular views of the individual. If he wishes, for example, to sell his stock or bills, he endeavours to propagate some report or other favourable to the issue of the war, and the establishment of peace, in order, if possible, to raise the price of stock; and if he wishes to buy, he propagates reports of a contrary tendency. It is painful to think that this abominable system is sometimes carried on by men whose rank and station in society, to say nothing of the obligation of morality and religion, might be expected to place them far above any such disgraceful acts; but, in general, I believe it is confined to men of desperate fortune and little character, who subsist by a species of gambling, to which the finance system of this country has opened a wide and extensive field. I allude to those men who make a practice of buying and selling stock, without actually possessing any; and whose transactions, therefore, are nothing more than wagers about the price of stock on a certain day. To explain the nature of the transaction by an example, I shall suppose that A sells to B a government bill of L.100, or L.100 of 5 per cent. stock, to be delivered on a certain future day, and that the price is fixed at L.102. If, when the day arrives, the price of stock shall have fallen to L.100, A would be able to purchase the bill in question for L.100, while, in consequence of his bargain, B would be obliged to pay him L.102 for it, so that A would gain L.2. If, however, stock had risen to L.104, B would still be obliged to give only L.102, so that A would lose L.2; but instead of actually buying and selling the stock, the bargain is generally implemented by A paying to B, or receiving from him, the L.2, or whatever may be the sum of loss or gain. In such a case as this, it is obviously A's interest that the price of stock should fall, and as obviously B's interest that it should rise, between the day of the bargain and that of settling; and hence the temptation held out to both to circulate reports favourable to their own particular views. B, or the buyer, is usually denominated a Bull, as expressive of his desire to *toss up*; and A, or seller, a Bear, from his wish to trample upon, or *tread down*. The law, of course, does not recognise a transaction which proceeds on a principle of gambling; but a sense of honour, or, what is perhaps nearer the truth, *self-interest*, generally secures the payment of the difference, as the person who refuses to pay his loss is exhibited in the Stock Exchange under the designation of a *lame duck*, a disgrace which is considered as the sentence of banishment from that scene of bustle and business.

I have, in the preceding remarks, for the sake of simplicity, represented the transfer of stock as carried on in a way somewhat different from that in which it is really conducted. I have considered the securities which government gives to those from whom money is borrowed as consisting of bills and these bills as uniformly bearing interest at 5 per cent. Neither of these statements, however, is, strictly speaking, correct, as I shall have occasion more particularly to explain in a future communication; but as my object in this introductory paper was to simplify the subject as much as possible, for the sake of those who are unacquainted with it, I have chosen an illustration that appeared to me most elementary, and which, if well understood, will enable ordinary readers to comprehend with little difficulty the more intricate parts of the subject, to which I shall take the liberty hereafter to direct their attention.—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1818.

BURNS.—REAL FAME.

In one of my many wanderings, I happened to pass the month of January 182– in a Benedictine Monastery at the base of Mount Etna. The superior of the establishment was one of the most perfect gentlemen, and the best informed priest, I ever knew. As is pretty general in the order of Benedictines, he was a younger son of one of the noblest families in Sicily; and interest united with merit had elevated him thus high while still a very young man. To this similarity of age, and in some measure of tastes, do I ascribe the almost fraternal intimacy which soon subsisted between us. Never shall I forget the days we spent together. One evening is now present to my mind's eye as if actually passing. Conversation and reading had caused the early portion of the night to wear rapidly away, to the nearly total forgetfulness of the storm without. As it grew late, however, the hurricane increased, so as to excite an almost painful feeling; and its natural associations of melancholy were deepened in my imagination by the hollow booming of the priory bell as it was occasionally half swung round by the blast. In the apartment of the youthful monk, however, all was comfort. The suite consisted of two chambers, the exterior, except in extent, little distinguished from those of the brotherhood; but the inner, in which we were seated, still more capacious, exhibited, in its walls, hung round with tapestry and ancient looking paintings—its massive cabinets, and high-backed chairs of dark and richly carved chestnut wood—the very ideal of monastic elegance. Over this antique garniture, a pile of fagots blazing in the high chimney, from a huge but picturesque stand of iron threw a cheerful light, reflected in a thousand flickering shadows from the polished or broken surfaces upon which it fell. We had drawn our seats towards the hearth consequently somewhat in advance of the table at which we had been reading, and still covered with books and papers. An illuminated missal lay open, and near it a silver bell and crucifix, while a bronze tripod of veritable Greek workmanship supported a lamp in the centre showing, amid all these intellectualities, my substantial cold supper, where wine—true *lacrymæ Christi*—was not forgotten, with the prior's simple omelet in the remote corner. But with all these external appliances, both seemed more inclined to indulge in that quiet, unobtrusive, though, perhaps, somewhat selfish enjoyment, arising from the internal sense of security in the midst of danger and discomfort. It was probably this sentiment which caused me almost unconsciously to ejaculate—

> The storm without might rair and rustle,
> Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

"That's Burns," exclaimed the prior, to my astonishment. Burns known to a monk at the foot of Mount Etna! That surpassed all my preconceived notions. The prior, doubtless, observing my surprise, explained that he knew only these two lines, but that they had excited a strong desire to know something more, concluding with the question, "Is it possible to procure a Latin translation?" I suppose my expression was not altogether consistent with perfect politeness at the idea of the rhymes of the Scottish ploughman writhing under the infliction of classic hexameters or Horatian lyrics, for my friend, looking in my face, hastened to add, in an extenuating tone, "I should esteem it the most curious work in our library."—"And assuredly, my dear father," rejoined I, laughing, "such a volume would prove the greatest curiosity in any library."—"Nay, nay," interrupted the prior, perceiving himself to be getting deeper and deeper into some absurdity, though what he knew not, "hear my story out:—

"Two years ago, upon a night of storm similar to the present, the superior, for I was then but sub-prior, and myself, were seated together as we two now are; but," glancing his eye, with a half conscious smile, round the apartment, "this chamber then showed somewhat less of propriety. From a dull enough *tete-à-tete*, we were roused by a loud knocking at the outer gate, and in a few minutes a lay brother, dispatched by the sacristan, announced the arrival of strangers, who requested shelter. The situation of our house, on the route between one of the principal fruit and wine districts and Syracuse, exposes us to frequent claims of this nature. From my smattering of languages, I was, as usual, deputed to see the guests accommodated in the refectory. They were six in number,—an English and Scotch merchant, partners in a firm at Palermo, and who were known to me; an Irishman, making the tour of the island, a German architect, with an American and a Frenchman, officers of an American vessel lying at Messina, completed the company.

"These gentlemen had been proceeding in opposite directions; but happening to meet in the vicinity of our establishment, had been recommended by their guides to turn aside with us for the night I found them intelligent and well informed on most subjects, but disagreeing with each other on every possible topic. Politics, trade, literature, successively became subjects of discussion and of quarrel. But all preceding dispute had been as nothing compared with the war of words which arose on the antiquity of their respective nations, the American infusing bitterness into the contention, by the utter disdain with which he affected to treat all such claims. I thought my guests would actually proceed to the extremities deprecated by the Roman poet, and convert the implements of feasting into deadly weapons, when the Scot, who had been among the keenest, stood up, and, as seemed to me, in a tone of defiance, repeated the lines you now quoted. The verse, however, appeared to act as a sedative on the spirit of strife; for the Englishman good-humouredly called out,—" Ha, Stewart, on your hobby!—there, at least, you think you have the advantage, and I confess *we* possesss no national poet who, like Burns, comes home to the bosoms of the poor, yet awakens the admiration and sympathy of the great."—"Pardon me," replied the Irishman, "you speak, of course, only as respects England; the beauty of *our* national poetry is felt and allowed by all ranks; but I willingly acknowledge the merit of Burns."—"None of you," interrupted the American, "ever felt his full power; read or listen to his strains in our deep solitude of forest or savannah, and think that five thousand miles of ocean separate you from the country of your forefathers, the home and sanctuary of the poet's imagery—then talk of feelings. No, no—you would be silent. I am," continued he, "myself a Yankee, as you contemptuously term it; and I am proud of being a genuine son of America; but my mother was Scotch. Often, when a child, have I sat upon her knee while she wept and repeated from Burns. For his sake, and for hers, I love the country of my mother. Whole generations feel as I do; and when every other tie is broken between Britain and America, Burns, and such as Burns, will teach our children's children that they are come of one race."

"Even the Frenchman," resumed the prior, "had heard of Burns, as uniting the descriptive powers of Delille with the simplicity of La Fontaine; while in Germany, where English literature is generally known, the architect told us Burns had deen described to him as combining the power of Goethe with the sweetness of Gelert. Collecting some idea of his character from these remarks, I, willing to say something, observed to the Scotsman, that I supposed his poet resembled the Sicilian bard Meli; and in this comparison found I had come as near as our more artificial literature permits. In short, we discovered that, in our admiration of a man of genius, we had, at least, one common feeling, and thenceforward the evening passed away in the most cordial and entertaining conversation.

"Now, my good friend," concluded the prior, with a smile, laying his hand on my shoulder, "why I should esteem the works of your Scottish bard the most valuable curiosity in our library arises from this—that I could point them out to our visitors as a volume, on the merits of which men from the most distant countries, and of the most opposite sentiments, coincided—although they in nothing else agreed."—*Edinburgh Spectator.*

PAUL HOLTON.

In the fourth volume of that most delightful series of tales and sketches, entitled "Our Village," occurs the story of Paul Holton, a wealthy young farmer, who was likely to have obtained for his wife Letty Dale, a tanner's pretty daughter, till some ill-timed but not ill-intentioned raillery on her part, respecting his ill success at cricket, made him part in dudgeon, resolved to live no longer in that part of the country. The tale thus proceeds:

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr Paul Holton had departed over night, having authorized his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relation left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity; how much more so when he who goes—goes never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young unpractised heart,

> "And gentle wishes long subdued—
> Subdued and cherish'd long!"

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country-maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I was chosen to resume my

story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists the men of East-Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father; "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling—I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!" And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their some time friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not perhaps clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what, indeed, actually occurred, that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise, when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sate down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her, just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured, like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white; but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes. The blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness;—sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county. "Accident, mere accident!" of course, cried East-Woodhay; but another and another followed: few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches.—A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system, called it a toss, a throw, a trick—any thing but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery; and, finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, and see-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play."—Accordingly, the match was resumed; only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and these entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved.—"We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he; "and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr Paul Holton—we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man solemnly; "God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father."

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour, and the flower garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tanyard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick tempered!"

"And I knew nothing of this!" repeated Paul Holton, as, two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of all this!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's, was all but caught out by Sam Newton, and East Woodhay triumphed, and Hazelby sat quaking, when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, five at a hit; baffled the slow bowler James Smith, and the fast bowler Tom Taylor; got fifty-five notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away. "Letty, dear Letty," said he; "three years ago I lost the cricket-match, and you were angry, and I was a fool. But, Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other; and that, a month after, the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

STORMING OF BADAJOS.

A sortie was made on the 19th of March, with about 1500 infantry and some cavalry, who were driven back with considerable loss. Just before the sortie was made, and for some time after it was repulsed, every gun on the works was kept in play on the troops in the trenches in the most furious manner; and it occasioned us a heavy loss. The siege was prosecuted with the utmost vigour, in spite of the rains, which descended almost without intermission during the first ten days, and filled the trenches with water. So many men were required to carry on the operations, that nearly one half of our time was spent in the trenches. On the 25th our batteries opened their fire on the town, which was returned with equal spirit. The same night Fort Piccurina was stormed and carried by detachments from the 3d and light divisions, after considerable resistance, and with the loss of many men. Immediately on its fall, another parallel was commenced. From the ravelin of San Roque, and from the walls of the town, the covering parties were exceedingly galled by a constant fire of musketry. In the end of March and the beginning of April our batteries were in full play on the town, which being breached in several places, orders were given that it should be stormed on the night of the 6th of April. Two breaches were to be stormed by the 4th and light divisions, the former assaulting that on the right, and the latter that on the left. The 3d division was to escalade the castle; whilst the 5th division, which had not taken part in the siege, and had recently arrived in the neighbourhood, was directed to attack the town and the fort of Pardalleras to the left of the light division. Some Portuguese troops threatened Fort San Christoval and the works on the right of the Guadiana. Soon after dark the columns moved out of the trenches to the different points allotted them to attack. Major O'Hare, of the 1st battalion 95th, commanded the storming party which headed the light division; and some companies of our corps lined the glacis to keep down the fire of the enemy from the ramparts. The discharge of grape-shot and musketry, with buck-shot in addition to bullets, the hand-granades, rafters of wood, and various weapons of destruction hurled from the ramparts on the heads of the assailants in the ditch, in their desperate and reiterated attempts to force their way through the breaches, and to mount the ladders for the escalade of the castle and town, was of so dreadful and destructive a nature, as to beggar all description, and to render it a hopeless undertaking for the most gifted person to depict in true colours. The enemy had dug deep trenches between the top of the breaches and the town, and fixed sword-blades and pikes in the trench. From some houses near the top of the breach a terrible fire of musketry was poured on such as contrived to reach its summit. Those obstacles alone were insurmountable, without the addition of a continued and most deadly fire of grape and musketry from the ramparts, and from the summits of the breaches, in the repeated and fruitless attempts to carry which, the assailants were falling in vast numbers every moment. The 3d division having at length, after sustaining a dreadful loss, gained possession of the castle by escalade, and the 5th division having penetrated into the town by the same means, and also possessed themselves of Fort Pardalleras, the French were forced to retire from the breaches, by which the fourth and light divisions with difficulty entered the town. The French governor retired to Fort San Christoval, with some hundreds of his men; but finding that the town and castle were in possession of the allies, he surrendered. In this manner fell Badajos, after perhaps as desperate and destructive a struggle as the annals of history afford, considering the numbers employed in the attack and defence. Never were troops exposed to a more terrible fire, or placed in a situation where their sterling qualities were put more to the test. Every regiment employed suffered exceedingly, both in the storm and in the arduous duties of the siege. Amongst the many whom our regiment had to lament, was Major O'Hare, who fell in the breach. The service boasted not a more truly gallant soldier. Marshal Soult was marching from the south to the relief of Badajos; but his movements were too slow, and he retired towards Seville on receiving intelligence of its fall. The Dukes of Dalmatia and Ragusa were most completely outwitted, deceived, and disappointed,—one by losing Ciudad Rodrigo, and the other Badajos. Two frontier fortresses of vast importance were laid siege to in winter, in the teeth of the French armies, and wrested from them in a most skilful manner.—*Colonel Leake's Memoirs.*

A VISIT TO MOUNT ETNA.

It was a fine evening in April. I was walking in Messina, watching the deeper and deeper shades of purple that were let down upon the opposite mountains of Calabria. The long-winged *sparonaras* (or *feluccas*) were slowly moving past. The vesper bells were tolling. The people were doffing their caps, and muttering their *Ave Marias*; and the swallows were skimming about, high in the air, to enjoy the sunshine which was still reflected from the golden cross of the cathedral.

As I was thus sauntering about, I met one who had been my fellow-passenger from Naples; and finding that he was to sail in a few hours for Catania, I was easily persuaded to accompany him, as he assured me that the wind would keep fair, and we should have a fine passage. Luckily my passport bore the requisite "*buon per andare*," and the mule on which I meant to perform the journey was not engaged. Going on board before midnight, I found myself in sole possession of a bed under a tilt or arched canopy, which occupied the high and narrow poop. As I lay down, I saw the custom-house lamps shining on the water, and could perceive the dim separation of earth and air, somewhere far above the town. We soon got under weigh; the castle on the right glided past, and we moved on,

> With the solid darkness black
> Closing round the vessel's track.

I shall never forget the scene that burst upon me next morning. The bright blue water was rolling at my feet; and, from my little ark, I saw old Night retiring into the deep mountain recesses, while a multitude of crag-built towers were coming out into the daylight on the far-projecting precipices that alternated with the ravines or water-courses by which that bold rugged coast is finely intersected, as far as Jaormina. The wind now freshened, and the "*turriti scopuli*," galloped off to Messina; while

with rising spirits, our little bark rushed onward to its destination. Jaormina closed this part of the shifting panorama, and Etna was rapidly disclosed, rising in a long unbroken sweep, till all its regions were visible, from the coal-black lava on the beach, to the sunlit smoke that overhung the crater. As we advanced, the swell increased. A dimness came between me and the shore —my enthusiasm abated—I grew cold; and, stretching myself out in my moving dormitory, saw now the sun-clad summit, and now a fishing boat or two beating up against the wind.

We passed the rocks of the Cyclops, and landed among a crowd of friars, worthy representatives, and, I dare say, lineal descendants, of those ancient, foul-feeding, lazy thieves and cannibals. Each held in his nasty paw a long reed, to which was attached an open-mouthed bag, which its barefooted, rope-cinctured, brown-gowned owner kept thrusting impudently in the faces of the poor fishermen, for some of their anchovies. It was a painful spectacle, and I followed a guide to an inn, well known to all Sicilian travellers. I forget its name, and the name of its courtly and ever-smiling host; but I hope they still flourish in front of the elephant-supported obelisk of the fountain of the Great Square.

Our voyage had been prosperous. It was still early in the day; so, having changed my dress and breakfasted, I wandered through the town to the lava beds below. Nothing could be more appalling; and poor Catania looked for all the world like a beautiful child, who had sat down in the very race-course of the fiery-footed steeds, to be trampled to death at the next heat.

A pretty severe illness confined me to the house for the next two days, and produced a revolution in my plans. I gave up all thoughts of going farther, and only deliberated whether I had strength to make out the ascent and return in time to catch the steam-boat. I resolved to try; and, having completed my few preparations, and taken leave of an excellent family, whose kind attentions and easy manners gave me a most favourable impression of the Catanese, I set out at noon on a very good gray horse, with a boy on a mule, and reached "San Nicoloso," a wretched place, between the cultivated and woody regions, about an hour and an half before sunset. This gave me time to visit Monte Rosso, hard by—the crater of the eruption of 1669. On coming back, I found a young Englishman, who had just arrived from Aci, with an intention to ascend. We agreed to go together—engaged a guide and fresh mules—dined on boiled fowls and rice—slept two hours—took a cup of coffee—and, about eleven, sallied forth.

The air was serene; the stars were shining brightly, and every thing gave promise of a fine morning. We first crossed a track of volcanic lava, in which our mules sank deep at every step, and then entered the woody region, as we guessed by the thinly scattered trunks of great trees among which we seemed to be winding our upward way. On emerging from this "*selva obscura*," the acclivity became steep and rough, the darkness more profound, and we could scarcely distinguish one another, though we rode so close that the nose of each mule almost touched his leader's tale. The stars, now burning more dimly, looked large and unlike themselves,—while, through the subjacent gloom, we descried only some lights of a darker red. It was altogether strange, mysterious, and sublime. We spoke in whispers, and continued climbing, we knew not where or how, till we gained the edge of a field of snow. Here we dismounted, and, leaving our mules in charge of our guide, followed the other on foot. The snow was hard and firm, the ascent much less severe, and, as day began to break, we passed the Tower of Embedocks, and by and by reached the "Casa de Inglesi." Having rested there, and taken some of our bread and wine, we set out to scale the crater. Our guide now muttered "*Maladetto Scirocco*," and shook his head, when we spoke of an extensive view. It was such a calm grey morning as with us betokens a fine day, and we endeavoured to sustain our hopes.

The snow had now given place to a dry, cineritious crust, and a short walk brought us to the base of the cone. Our toil here became severe, and we discovered that there were very peculiar sensations belonging to a promenade at an elevation of eleven or twelve thousand feet.* We gasped for breath, and lay down every few minutes—rose and scrambled up a little farther—sank exhausted—and it was only by mutual encouragement, and a strong determination to make it out, that we were enabled to get to the top.

It was now past sunrise, but our view did not extend more than half way down the hill. This was a disappointment, and yet we did not regret our toil. Nay, I am not sure that the obscurity, by leaving so much for fancy to fill up, did not rather enhance the pleasure we felt as we sat on the very edge of that vast chimney, with nothing but a dense column of smoke on one hand, and the uniform haze that covered earth and air on the other. After communing with our thoughts in silense for about half an hour, we commenced our descent; and, by the middle of the day, regained the Osteria of San Nicoloso. As we got down, the heat grew insufferable. The air was like molten brass; and the young leaves of some unfortunate vines which they had planted there drooped as if they had been boiled. We rested ourselves by a short siesta—dined—shook hands—and set out in opposite directions.

The evening was still very hot, but the haze cleared away sufficiently to let me see the flower-enamelled fields, the immense sheets of cherry blossoms, the cavern retreats of the Cyclops, and all the haunts of Acis and Galatea. Gigi, to whose orders I submitted myself, allowed me supper, and a few hours' rest at the same place, and we entered Jaormina early next morning, before many of the inhabitants were stirring. The theatre was the only thing I wished to see, and Gigi, though averse to the delay, yielded with a good grace, and we rode round to it. But here I must break off.—*Edinburgh Spectator.*

* There is a little mistake in this reckoning. The very summit of Mount Etna is not more than 10,160 feet above the level of the sea.

TAMMY LITTLE.

BY WILLIAM TENNANT.

Wee Tammy Little, honest man!
I kent the body weel,
As round the kintra-side he gaed
Carocrin' wi' his creel.

He was sae slender and sae wee,
That aye when blasts did blaw,
He ballasted himsell wi' stanes
'Gainst bein' blawn awa.

A meikle stane the wee bit man
In ilka coat-pouch clappit,
That by the michty gowlin' wind
He michtna down be swappit.

When he did chance within a wood
On simmer days to be,
Aye he was frichtit lest the craws
Should heise him up on hie;

And aye he, wi' an aiken cud,
The air did thump and beat,
To stap the craws frae liftin' him
Up to their nests for meat.

Ae day, when in a barn he lay,
And thrashers thrang were thair,
He in a moment vanish'd aff,
And nae man could tell whair

They lookit till the riggin' up,
And round and round they lookit,
At last they fand him underneath
A firlot cruyled and crookit.

Ance as big Samuel past him by,
Big Samuel gave a sneese,
And wi' the sough o't he was cast
Clean down upon his knees.

His wife and he upon ane day
Did chance to disagree,
And up she took the bellowses,
As wild as wife could be;

She gave ane puff intill his face,
And made him, like a feather,
Flee frae the tae side o' the house,
Resoundin' till the tither!

Ae simmer e'en, when as he through
Pitkirie forest past,
By three braid leaves, blawn aff the trees,
He down to yird was cast;

A tirl o' wind the three braid leaves
Down frae the forest dang,
Ane frae an ash, ane frae an elm,
Ane frae an aik-tree strang;

Ane strak him sair on the back-neck
Ane on the nose him rappit,
Ane smote him on the vera heart,
And down as dead he drappit.

But, ah! but, ah! a drearier dool
Ance hapt at Ounston-dammy,
That heis'd him a' thegither up,
And maist extinguish't Tammy;

For as he came slow-daunderin' down,
In's hand his basket hingin',
And staiver'd ower the hie-road's breidth,
Frae side to side a-swingin';

There cam a blast frae Kelly-law,
As bald a blast as ever
Auld snivelin' Boreas blew abraid
To make the warld shiver.

It liftit Tammy aff his feet,
Mair easy than a shavin',
And hurl'd him half-a-mile complete
Hie up 'tween earth and heaven.

That day puir Tammy had wi' stanes
No ballasted his body,
So that he flew, maist like a shot,
Ower corn-land and ower cloddy.

You've seen ane tumbler on a stage
Tumble sax times and mair,
But Tammy weil sax hundred times
Gaed tumblin' through the air.

And whan the whirly-wind gave ower,
He frae the lift fell plumb,
And in a blink stood stickin' fast
In Gaffer Glowr-weel's lum.

Ay—there his legs and body stack
Amang the smotherin' soot;
But, by a wonderfu' good luck,
His head kept peepin' out.

But Gaffer Glower-weel, when he saw
A man stuck in his lum,
He swarf'd wi' drither clean awa,
And sat some seconds dumb.

It took five masons near an hour
A' riving at the lum
Wi' picks (he was sae jamm'd therein)
Ere Tammy out could come.

As for his basket—weel I wat,
His basket's fate and fa'
Was, as I've heard douce neighbours tell,
The queerest thing of a'.

The blast took up the body's creel,
And laid it on a cloud,
That bare it, sailin' through the sky,
Richt ower the Firth's braid flood.

And whan the cloud did melt awa,
Then, then the creel cam' down,
And fell'd the town-clerk o' Dunbar
E'en in his ain good town.

The clerk stood yelpin' on the street
At some bit strife that stirr'd him,
Down cam' the creel, and to the yird
It dang him wi' a dirdom!

THE EPITAPH FOR TAMMY.

O Earth! O Earth! if thou hast but
A rabbit-hole to spair,
O grant the graff to Tammy's corp,
That it may nestle thair!
And press thou light on him, now dead,
That was sae slim and wee,
For, weel I wat, when he was quick,
He lightly prest on thee!

Edinburgh Literary Journal.

VENICE.

To the eye of the stranger the aspect of Venice first presents itself like some vision of the deep, while her history fills the mind with awe and wonder at the stern and fearful realities and heroic recollections with which it abounds. She stands alone and unparalleled in the annals of Italy's tempestuous republics,—those hypocrites of liberty, which recoiled from foreign despotism only the more effectually to exalt themselves by harassing and oppressing each other. While, torn by internal factions and successive revolutions, the rest of Italy wielded at will their fierce democracies, Venice preserved unshaken her "high and palmy state," based on the deep, invisible foundations of her more than Machiavellian system,—the combination of petty tyrants, which, unlike that of slaves, seldom fails to accomplish the objects it has in view.

The Venetians arrived at their highest national glory when the capital of the eastern empire acknowledged them its conquerors. The wealth which that event poured into their treasuries made them the richest people in Europe—the fame which they acquired by it made them the most respected and renowned. But it is doubtful whether it was not the forerunner of the worst disasters which the republic was destined to suffer. In less than a century after this triumph, which rendered it in the eyes of Europe the great barrier against the power of the infidel, it had to support three sharp and bloody contests with the increasing strength of the Turks, and had suffered a disheartening defeat in all.

The celebrated Selim the First, and his son Soliman the Second, carried on successful wars with both native and foreign enemies; and the Ottoman power, every year acquiring fresh force, began more imminently to threaten the proud republicans. After forcing them to pay tribute for Cyprus, Selim the Second conceived the project of regaining entire possession of that rich and valuable island. While he was carrying on preparations for this enterprise, the Venetians were still further discomfited by the explosion of their arsenal, which, in the night of September 13th, 1569, tore up their walls and towers, part of their streets, and four churches. The nobles, astonished, and not knowing the cause of the frightful tumult, ran to arms; and the whole population of the city, believing that an enemy had forced and thrown down the fortifications, hastened to secure themselves by flight.

The storm at length broke forth, and the Venetians found themselves opposed to the whole strength of the Moslem, whose forces were seen covering the neighbouring shores of the gulf. The siege of Famagouste immediately followed, and the noblest spirit of the republic was manifested in the defence. After a desperate conflict, Bragadino, the chief of the garrison, having neither the means of subsisting his people, nor of supporting any further attacks, accepted the capitulation offered by Mustapha, the Ottoman leader. A few days were spent in settling the preliminaries; and the Moslem, expressing his high admiration of the Venetian captains, invited them to his tent. Bragadino, accordingly, and several of his officers, proceeded one evening to the entrenchment; the former on horseback, clad in the scarlet robes of a Venetian magistrate, and shaded by a parasol of the same colour. The pacha received them with great courtesy, but demanded hostages to secure the fulfilment of the capitulation. The chief haughtily replied, that the honour of Venice might be well trusted in; on which Mustapha, in a burst of fury, instantly ordered several of the officers to be strangled, only sparing Bragadino for greater cruelties. After the unfortunate captain had been forced to see the execution of his friends, his ears were cut off, and he was led through the town as a malefactor. He was then placed on a scaffold, fastened to a stake, and flayed alive, the infamous Mustapha enjoying the spectacle from a balcony, and afterwards causing the skin of the brave Venetian to be stuffed and paraded about the streets with all the insignia of the magistracy.

The battle of Lepanto shortly followed this event, and modern history records few engagements which it does not surpass in celebrity. It was in the same situation that the fate of Rome was decided by the battle of Actium; and though the latter was productive of the most important consequences, and the former was followed by none, it is doubtful to which warlike fame would give the greater glory. Certainly never had greater courage or skill been displayed in naval warfare than in this engagement. During the chief part of the day the combined Venetian and Spanish forces, and the whole strength of the Ottoman fleet, were opposed in close and incessant combat; and when the latter fled from the strife, it had lost near two hundred vessels and thirty thousand men. Venice, whatever glory she had acquired by this victory, reaped no advantage from it; and finding that the confederacy she had formed would not effectually aid her in the principal object she had in view, the government made peace with the Ottoman, and ceded the disputed possessions.

The elevation of Camillo Borgnese to the pontifical chair under the name of Paul V. gave birth to the most remarkable struggle which the republic had ever sustained. The new pope was determined to exercise his power to the utmost, and the Venetians were resolved to follow their usual customs in all ecclesiastical matters.

Paul had been known to say, that if he were pope, and the Venetians gave him any cause of uneasiness, he would at once launch against them the thunders of the church; "and I," said the ambassador Leonardo Donato, "if I were doge, would despise your anathemas." It was remarkable enough that they were now both in the situations alluded to, and both prepared for putting their respective threats into execution. The first cause of complaint with the pope was the two fundamental laws of the republic which forbade the building of churches without the permission of government, and the alienation of estates in favour of ecclesiastics. He next took offence at the imprisonment of a monk who had violated a female under circumstances of great atrocity, and demanded that he should be judged by his own order; which the council not only refused, but shortly after arrested the Abbé of Nervese for similar dissoluteness of manners. To revenge himself for these affronts, the pope protested against the election of Leonardo Donato to the ducal throne, and the contest began with a violence unknown before. At last the pope put the whole state, 17th April 1606, under the ban of excommunication. Venice was astonished, but not terrified, at the announcement. The council ordered the religious services to continue as usual, and were obeyed by all the secular clergy, but not by the monks or the Jesuits, who were immediately expelled in consequence of their endeavour to evade the decree. After a long contest, well supported on both sides, the combatants found it necessary to enter into negociations for peace. Various states offered to act as arbitrators; and, by the mediation of the French, the republic was induced to resign the two priests to the judgments of the church, and the ill-satisfied pontiff to accept of this tribute to his authority, and agree to remove the excommunication, though Venice retained all her laws and boasted independence undiminished.

But the severe and determined policy out of which this resistance sprung was not a sufficient safeguard against the evils which were about to assail the republic. So splendid hitherto had been her condition, that even the cities through which a portion of her wealth had to pass were regarded by other states with wonder and envy. The citizens of Bruges, it is said, emulated the pomp and luxury of the proudest courts; and when Joanna, wife of Philip le Bel, visited them, she angrily exclaimed, at seeing the costly dresses and ornaments of the merchants' wives, "I thought that I had been the only queen here, but I find that there are many hundreds more." The same observation would have applied to other cities as well as to Bruges; and if it was thus with places into which only the drops fell from the golden vessel of Venetian wealth, how are we to estimate the prosperity of Venice herself? The advantages thus enjoyed were also supported by the determined feeling of the people. They saw the true principles on which alone their grandeur could be permanently fixed, and they followed them too often, it is melancholy to add, to the violation of truth and freedom; but at other times with a keen, foreseeing wisdom, which has never since been so long and uniformly practised by a whole people. Thus, when threatened by the league of Cambray, they came forward and lent the best part of their fortunes to the state; and while the king of France had to pay forty-two per cent. for the money he expended in the war, Venice could raise millions at five per cent. When attacked by the Genoese, they practised a still greater generosity, and voluntarily brought sufficient to the public treasury to raise additional forces; and when the struggle with Ferrara pressed hard upon the usual revenues of the state, they not only cheerfully obeyed the first demands of the senate, but offered their jewels, their gold and silver, and other articles of luxury, to aid the cause of their country. And thus, supported by a deep, fearless, and unsparing policy on the one side, and by so wise a patriotism on the other, Venice might fairly hope to withstand every enemy, whether spiritual or temporal,—whether the banded princes of Europe, or the fierce and ambitious Moslem. But Columbus and Vasgo de Gama humbled a power which neither popes, princes, nor sultans could unsettle or overthrow. Their discoveries tore away its pomp and glory, as the diffusion of knowledge in a subsequent age humbled those of Rome.

But the deep and hitherto successful projects of this mysterious government were in a few years to be proved altogether unequal to meet the new spirit of enterprise then abroad in the world. The instability of the government, and an universal corruption of manners, contributed still more to the changes on the eve of taking place, and which were to reduce the once magnificent Venice to the lowest rank among nations. The degradation of the nobles at the commencement of the eighteenth century may be proved by the fact that the Ridotto, an immense building devoted to games of hazard, was the privileged resort of the patricians. Seventy or eighty tables were placed in its vast halls, at which the nobles only had the right of playing. Seated there, clad in their robes of state, and with their faces uncovered, the especial privilege of these honourable gamesters, they not only played for themselves, but were the capitalists of others who wished to engage in such enterprises, and were paid either by the year, month, or hour, for the accommodation they thus rendered to inferior speculators.

Such was the state of manners in Venice when it had to meet the shock of the French revolution. For many years past, the favourite maxim of its statesmen had been, to preserve peace at any sacrifice; and they had in consequence suffered their fortifications to decay, their arsenal to remain without defence, and their fleet in the same condition as when they had to fear no enemy or rival. When the war between France and the other states of Europe commenced, they would fain have acted on the maxim they had thus devoutly embraced, and determined to preserve a strict neutrality. But they are quickly undeceived in their hopes; and Verona and Padua had no sooner yielded to the French than they saw them approach within sight of their own shores. On the 30th of April 1797, a memorable day for Venice, the doge summoned all the different departments of the government to deliberate on the situation of the state. Various were the opinions advanced on the occasion: midnight had already past, and they had formed no determination as to what measures they should pursue, when a letter was delivered from the commander of their flotilla, announcing that the French had already commenced preparations for a blockade. Consternation was visible in every countenance; and the doge, agitated and trembling, walked up and down the apartment, exclaiming, "This night even we are not sure of sleeping tranquilly in our beds!" How changed was the Venetian spirit from what it was when the blind old Dandolo faced the batteries of Constantinople! It was at first decided that the operations of the French should be resisted, but a counter resolution reduced this determination to nothing; and the procurator Pesaro, almost the only member of the state who seemed to feel the degradation of his country, sighed deeply, and said, with tears in his eyes, "I see the fate of my country!—I cannot succour it; but a brave man finds a home any where: I must seek mine in Switzerland."

In a subsequent meeting it was debated whether a change in the constitution might not serve to remove some of the evils which were hanging over the state. The grand council was assembled to deliberate on the project. The palace on this occasion was surrounded with troops and cannon; the workmen of the arsenal, and different companies of citizens, were all under arms; while patrols hastening along the streets, their faces displaying signs of fear and amazement, served to spread apprehensions through every quarter of the city. Six hundred and nineteen senators met in this hour of terror to resolve on such measures as their situation allowed them to take. The doge, bowed with affliction, read a proposition, the purport of which was, to consider, with Bonaparte, what changes might be most profitably made in the government. A mournful silence succeeded; the measure was put to the vote, and four hundred and ninety-eight members of the council declared themselves in its favour. When the report of this determination was presented to Napoleon, he replied, that unless the death of his captain Laugier, and some others who had fallen in a late affair with the Venetian fleet, were revenged by the immediate punishment of those who had authorized the assault, he would in fifteen days enter Venice sword in hand. Neither the doge nor his councillors had any means of resistance to purpose, and they therefore gave their commissioners full power to treat with the general on his own terms. They found Bonaparte at Milan, and there a treaty was entered into that put an end to the sovereignty of the great council, which was thenceforth to reside in the whole body of the citizens.

On the 12th of May, while the council was holding its final session, and the doge was lamenting the miserable condition to which he was reduced, the sound of musquetry was heard near the palace. The most frightful confusion immediately prevailed throughout the chamber. Every one believed himself on the point of being massacred; and without further debate, and more like madmen than senators debating for the good of their falling country, they hastily gave their suffrages and departed.

The people who surrounded the palace, seeing a signal displayed at the windows, which announced to them the termination of the debate, expressed their feelings on the occasion in loud and contradictory vociferations. While some uttered exclamations in favour of the French, others were as eager in their lamentations over the fall of their ancient constitution; but all united in contributing to the confusion of the moment, by abandoning themselves to pillage or license. The night approached, and still these disorders remained unrepressed, till, about two hours after midnight, a small detachment of soldiers assembled on the Rialto, and some cannon being posted there, the mob was dispersed. In the morning a proclamation was issued, prohibiting, under pain of death, any opposition to the decree which had been passed.

On the 16th of May 1797, three thousand French troops disembarked on the Place Saint Mark, in the midst of the wild shouts of one part of the population, and the mournful tears and lamentations of the other. The demolition of the prisons of the inquisition was the first act of the new government; the burning of the book of gold, consecrated to the enrolment of the nobility, was the next; while the Lion of Saint Mark, instead of the inscription which designated his sacred character, was now made to bear the motto of "The Rights of Man."

But Venice was not yet reduced to its lowest stage of degradation. It had fallen beneath a conqueror, but it had never yet been made an object of barter between one master and another. To this, however, it was now reduced. By the treaty of Campo Formio, Venice was ceded to Austria, whose forces entered the city on January 18, 1798. The state inquisition was re-established, and Pesaro, who had made such a display of his patriotism in the scenes which preceded the final humiliation of his country, actually re-appeared in the character of an Austrian commissary. It was before him that the humbled patricians had to take the oaths of allegiance to their new master; and the ex-doge, who, though too weak and undecided for the situation he held, had the love of his country deep at heart, fell, as he pronounced the words of the oath, senseless on the ground. Thus sunk the free and queenly Venice.—*Landscape Annual*, 1831.

THE "PEST" OF ANCIENT TIMES.

From "*Ane Breve Descriptioun of the Pest. Set forth be Maister Gilbert Skeyne, Doctoure in Medicine. Imprentit at Edinburgh be Robert Lepreuik. Anno Do.* 1568." Published for the ostensible purpose of informing the people how to avoid or cure the plague then recently introduced into the realm.

"The pest is the corruptioun or infectioun of the air, or ane venemous qualitie and maist hurtful vapour thairof, quhilk hes strenthe and wickitnes above al natural putrefactioun, beand contractit, first maist quietlie infectis the spiritall partis of manne's bodie, thairefter the humoris, *puttand* sairest at the natural humiditie of the hart, quhilkis tholand corruptioun ane fevir maist wikit queitlie and thieflie strikis the patient." * * *

After describing the plague as being generally the result of God's indignation at the sins of men, he proceeds to state as "inferiour causis"—"Standand watter, sic as stank, pule, or loche, most corrupte and filthie: Erd, dung, stinkand closettis, deid carriounis unburiet, in speciale of man kynd, quhilkis, be similitude of nature, is maist nocent to man, as everie brutall is maist infect and to thair awin kynd. Farther," he continues, "continual schouris of weit with grete southin wynde, or the samyn blawand from pestiferous places. The cause of pest in ane privet citie is stinkand corruptioun and filths, quhilkis occupeis the comune streetis and gaittis, gret reik of colis without winde to dispatche the sam, corruptioun of herbis, sic as caill and growand treis," &c

BUTTONS.

This beautiful ornament appears with infinite variation; and though the original date is rather uncertain, yet we well remember the long coats of our grandfathers covered with half a gross of high tops, and the cloaks of our grandmothers ornamented with a horn button nearly the size of a crown piece, a watch, or a John-apple, curiously wrought, as having passed through the Birmingham press.

Though the common round button keeps on with the steady pace of the day, yet we sometimes see the oval, the square, the pea, the concave, and the pyramid, flash into existence. In some branches of traffic the wearer calls loudly for new fashions; but in this, the fashions tread upon each other, and crowd upon the wearer. The consumption of this article is astonishing; the value in 1781 was from threepence a gross to one hundred and forty guineas.

In 1818, the art of gilding buttons had arrived at such a degree of refinement in Birmingham, that three pennyworth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons; these were sold at a price proportionably low. The experiment has been tried to produce *gilt* buttons *without any gold*; but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the consumption than he saved in the material. There seems, says Mr Hutton, to be hidden treasures couched within this magic circle, known only to a few, who extract prodigious fortunes out of this useful toy, whilst a far greater number submit to a statute of bankruptcy. Trade, like a restive horse, can rarely be managed; for where one is carried to the end of a successful journey, many are thrown off by the way.

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NO CEREMONY.

If you were to poll society, you would find nine out of every ten profess their utter dislike of all ceremony. Take them at their own word, they are the most downright, unaffected people in the world; but see them in the practice of life, and they turn out to be as full of airs, and as much offended at any little omission of the punctilious homage due to themselves as may be. It seems as if we were under a constant wish to get back to nature and simplicity, but as constantly checked in every effort to that effect, by the powerful bonds which a state of society has imposed. We would all fain be the easy, pleasant, happy children which we think we once were, instead of the cold, artificial, heartless beings which we think we now are. But, in feeling thus, we forget that when we were children sporting with each other, we were perpetually giving and receiving offence, from rudeness of behaviour among ourselves—in other words, from the want of a conventional system of respectful manners—and that thus we were often the most unhappy wretches in the world, frequently snarling at each other, sometimes getting sound thrashings from our offended companions, and sometimes giving them, perhaps for very little fault; and, in general, only prevented from being rude and riotous, nay, sometimes, from being rank spoliators and oppressors, by the fear of punishment from a stronger hand.

If the world were only gratified in its general desire of abjuring ceremony *for one day*, by way of experiment, it would soon, I apprehend, find the necessity of returning to a decent degree of affectation. Suppose a respectable gentleman going abroad that morning, full of the idea of doing all kinds of things in an easy way, as he used to do when a boy. He sees an old school-fellow a little way before him on the street, and, thinking it a good joke, runs up and knocks the hat off his head, making it spin far into the highway, and then turns about and laughs in the face of the injured party. The *jokee*, however, has a different idea of the matter from the *joker*; and whereas in school-boy days it would have been settled by a slight pomelling, rendering them rather sulky with each other for a day or two, nothing less will serve in these rational days of adolescence, than a regular interchange of shot at each other, at the distance of twelve or nine paces, as the case may be. Suppose two ladies, intimate friends, meeting on the street. One admires the other's bonnet immensely, and, as might have happened long ago in the case of a pretty cap for a doll, she endeavours to snatch it from her friend's head. The other, however, defends her property at the point of the parasol, and the end of the joke is, that the two are taken to the police office. Suppose a dinner party meeting in the afternoon of this unceremonious day, if the day has lasted so long without a return to good breeding. Instead of each gentleman conducting a lady to the dining-room, which is a horrid piece of affectation, the whole male sex goes trooping off, in an easy candid way, leaving the women to come tro.loping after. Of course, the respect of the men for the women is not increased by seeing them come in at the door pell-mell like a drove of sheep; and, therefore, there is the less disposition to accommodate them with seats, or to serve them with food. The fair part of the company soon become quite indignant at the men, and attack them with all the virulence of the ancient harpies. A scene ensues which there is no describing. The greatest confusion prevails. There is a squabbling of tongues enough to deave Babel or Billingsgate. The air is darkened with flying plates and candlesticks. At last, within ten minutes after the ringing of the dinner bell, the ladies are seen pouring out of the house like enraged bedlamites, some with their bonnets and shawls, and more without them, and the want of a little ceremony is found to have

> "—— broke up this mirth, marred this good meeting,
> With most admired disorder."

In every department and contingency of life, the same results are experienced, so that before night the human race at large seems as if it were about to revert to the savage state.

Perhaps this is a somewhat exaggerated picture of what *might be*, in the event of all ceremony being abjured. It will be the more apt, however, to impress the reader with a sense of the absurdity of perpetually disclaiming ceremony. Preserve, if you are wise, a certain degree of ceremony, as it is called, with all persons, even the nearest relatives; for, though it may be in itself a kind of hardship, as being a departure so far from the dictates of natural and real feeling, it is the preventive, you may depend upon it, of much greater evils. Taking off the restraint of ceremony from the most of minds, is like unmuzzling the apparently tame tiger in the midst of a drawing room. By far the greater number of people, thus permitted to do or speak according to their random emotions, would do such mischief as years of formal harmlessness would not repair. Besides, to be always saying "no ceremony," is not the most polite thing in itself towards those to whom it is addressed—it seems to imply that we are afraid of their being over formal. It is calculated, indeed, to have quite the contrary effect to what is intended, by reminding the prisoner, as it were, of his chains. As to tell a man to be merry, is the surest way to make him sad, and to ask anybody to commence a conversation with you, is the most certain way of causing him to have nothing to say, so is the request that he will make no ceremony the readiest plan for putting your friend upon his p's and q's. Let things go on in an easy natural way, as if you were not conscious that there was such a thing as ceremony; and you will be sure to find that there is no undue stiffness. Cherish good feelings towards all mankind—kind feelings towards all with whom you are acquainted; and, if you have no desire of offending, it is ten to one but you render all happy around you. You may entertain as much dislike as you please for *fantastically* artificial and polite manners; but you may depend upon it, that a moderate observance of the conventional rules of society, is, in reality, the kind of behaviour most agreeable to the natural emotions and sympathies of a good mind, the whole being founded on a principle akin to a primary maxim in ethics—namely, speak to others as you would wish others to speak to yourself.

INSINUATION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO PAGAN MINDS.

An intimate acquaintance with human nature in all the circumstances under which it displays itself—from the wigwam of the savage, who has no farther aim than to support existence, to the study of the philosopher, whose investigations are directed to the nicest subtleties of the schools—is one of the effects which Christianity has produced among those who profess it, which could have been produced by the influence of no other known creed. The cause of this is plain. No one who knows the value of its precepts but wishes to see them more widely extended. Wherever the Christian meets a person ignorant of the benign doctrines of his own faith, a desire of imparting them sets him upon considering what are the best means of doing so. He examines not only the arguments by which they may be supported, but those by which the tenets of the man whom he is anxious to convert may be most successfully assailed; and, in order to this, he must acquire a knowledge of these tenets, of the sources whence they have been derived, and of every thing in the character of him who believes them which strengthens their hold upon his mind, and which must be combated in persuading him to shake them off. In this manner is undertaken a moral campaign, so to speak, in which the professor of another religion has no inducement to engage. The same thing takes place on a wider scale when an intercourse is opened with a country where the truths of Christianity are unknown. The missionary goes to work with the greatest industry; he makes himself acquainted with the religion of a people, with the people themselves, their dispositions, habits, and the extent to which intellectual cultivation has been carried among them. He comes in contact with men of every capacity, modified by every possible variety of circumstances; and, independently altogether of the end in view, the mental discipline, as regards himself, and inquiry as regards others, which are thus kept in constant activity, have disclosed much in the science of mind that we should have had an opportunity of learning in no other way.

The Mahometan cannot attain the same knowledge in this respect which the Christian possesses, for he proselytises by violence, and has no occasion to undergo the same course of study. The heathens of old could not arrive at it, for their religion consisted in the observance of rites rather than in any fixed belief, and they were fully more ready to adopt new gods than to extend the worship of their old ones. The Romans, for example, before invading a country, often invited all the gods of it to transfer themselves to Rome, without troubling themselves about the nature of the deities whose alliance they courted; and then, as they imagined, or at least caused their armies to imagine, advanced to certain victory over the unprotected natives. Where they inquired at all concerning the superstitions (as they called all religions but their own) of the conquered tribes, it was only lest any thing should exist in them tending to promote hostility against the majesty of the Roman name. This was the object of Pliny in his investigations concerning Christianity; and that, at an earlier period, the governors of Judea acted upon the same rule, appears from the fact, that when the Jews had agreed among themselves that our Saviour was guilty of blasphemy, they did not accuse him of that crime before Pilate, but charged him with a political offence.*

But perhaps some may think curiosity would induce the Romans, and would have induced us, to acquire a correct knowledge of the religion of other countries. Curiosity, however, is satisfied with a comparatively superficial knowledge. Of the truth of this remark we find a striking example in the treaties of Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum*, where the religion of the people is disposed of in a short paragraph. After mentioning that they worshipped Mercury, Hercules, and Mars, he adds, that they did not think it consistent with the character of the celestial existences to confine them within walls, or to form figures of them in a human shape, but consecrated groves and woods, which they called by the names of their deities, and visited with deep reverence. This is just the degree of knowledge that curiosity would pick up. The persons from whom Tacitus derived his information, observing no temples among the tribes of Germany, were probably struck with surprise at the singularity of the circumstance, and ask some blue-eyed savage if his countrymen acknowled no gods. The German would reply by an enumera of the deities above mentioned. The next question would be, "Where are their temples—their images?" and it would draw forth the explanation concerning the Druidical groves, and the want of any material representation of the objects of worship. These were the

* Luke xxii. 71, xxiii. 2. The Jews themselves asked our Saviour, "Art thou the Son of God?" but the tenor of their accusation to Pilate led him to ask, "Art thou the King of the Jews?"

points in which the German practice differed from that of the Romans; and when they were explained, the curiosity of the invaders was satisfied If they had observed statues and temples, it is possible enough they might not have thought at all of inquiring to what gods they were dedicated, or what the rites of worship were. Contented with the single piece of information that the Germans really had a religion of some sort, the Romans proceeded no farther in their interrogations; entered into no discussion for the purpose of discovering what hold his religious opinions had upon the mind of the German, or whether it might not be possible to improve him by communicating a better system of morality. All the dreary expanse of intellectual darkness over which superstition exerts her sway was left unexplored; for the proud Roman enjoyed no brighter a day than the poor barbarian His ideas of civilisation had relation merely to those contrivances which minister to the comforts of the present life, and he might despise, or perhaps pity, the German, on account of his inferiority in these respects; but the conqueror had not the power, even if he had felt the inclination, to assist the conquered in forming better conceptions of the Deity. He had no motive but curiosity to direct his inquiries concerning the religious opinions of others; and we have already seen how very short a way that motive carried him.

By way of contrast to this, and in illustration of our opening remark, it may be worth while to look back upon that time when the vast regions of America had been recently disclosed to the European adventurer, and to observe the degree of attention that was turned to the religion of the native tribes; and whether the inquiries on that subject did not incidentally disclose a view of the mind of man in its savage state beyond comparison more accurate than the conquests of the Romans ever opened to them. This object will be best accomplished by taking the relation of one of the missionaries for our guide, and touching upon a few of the details which his personal experience furnished. The narrative we shall use is that of Hennepin, a monk of the Franciscan order, who spent several years in the then French colony of Canada, and who had also been present in various excursions, made with a view to establish settlements in other parts of the country He claims credit for being one of the first who described in Europe the Falls of Niagara, and he sailed in the first vessel navigated by Europeans—indeed, the first vessel larger than a canoe that had ever been launched—upon the American lakes, when, as he tells us, "the savages of that vast continent were astonished to behold that fortress moving from one nation to another; and when they heard the noise of the cannon which we carried with us, they cried out that the thunder was about to strike them."

Father Hennepin seems to have laboured in his vocation with more zeal than was pleasing to those who were associated with him. He makes no scruple of confessing the difficulties that lay in the way of converting the heathen, and the small progress that had in his day been made in enlightening the natives of America. This unaffected earnestness and candour on his part was so little agreeable to the Jesuits and others, who were content with nominal converts, and were studious to circulate at home overcharged accounts of the efficacy of their exertions, that Hennepin found it advisable to retire from France, and published at Utrecht, in 1698, the work from which our materials are extracted.

All savages who have any notion of a heaven seem to agree in making it merely a better sort of earth; they differ only in ascribing to it the characteristics of the country they inhabit. The Canadian supposed Heaven to be a place affording plenty of deer in better condition and more easy to be killed than those he was accustomed to pursue. The Greenlander, on the other hand, imagined the joys of Paradise to consist chiefly in this—that an immense caldron would be kept constantly boiling, from which every one might take as much seal-blubber ready cooked as he wanted. In conformity with these prevalent ideas, when Europeans first appeared in the Indian villages, the natives received them as "ghosts permitted to review this world:" talked of them by the name of "spirits," and sometimes ventured to inquire concerning the welfare of their deceased relatives, and if they liked the other world well—according to their belief that the dead merely go to inhabit a different part of the globe, where the manner of life is somewhat happier, and hunting less toilsome and more successful than among themselves After a little intercourse, the savages began to have some notion that the Europeans were a kind of mortals, but still looked upon them as of a nature and destiny entirely distinct from their own. When the priests talked upon religious topics, the Indians listened with the greatest attention, and granted implicit credit to whatever was told them; but then they had their own story to relate in return, and were both disappointed and offended when its truth was questioned. One of the Fathers, trying to persuade a man to become a Christian, expatiated upon the joys of heaven, but was stopt by the savage, who inquired if there was good hunting in the place he mentioned. The priest answering in the negative, the Indian thereupon shook his head, and said that such a place might probably do very well for the people beyond the Great Lake, but it would not suit him This was the turn, indeed, that was generally given to every conversation with them on the subject of a future state, as well as other topics of a religious nature. Father Hennepin having endeavoured to explain what is taught in the Bible concerning the creation of the world, his hearers readily professed that they had no doubt of the truth of the account; but they only received it as referring to that part of the world from which he came, and he was forthwith called upon to acquiesce in the following legend, by which they accounted for the same event as far as related to their own portion of the globe.

"They told me," he says, "that a woman descended from heaven, and remained some time poised in the air, without finding any rest for the sole of her foot. The fishes of the sea took compassion upon her, and consulted among themselves which of them should receive her. The tortoise presented itself, and offered its back above the water, and the woman stept upon it, and took up her residence there. In the course of time the refuse of the sea gathered about the tortoise, and formed a great extent of land." This fable affords a curious example of the imperfect notions entertained in a savage state of society, assigning as it does a beginning to the land, and supposing the ocean and its inhabitants to have pre-existed. It had occurred to them that the earth which they daily trode must have been created as well as themselves; but their thoughts had not travelled beyond what was offered to their immediate attention, nor endeavoured to find a cause for the existence of water, still less for that of the viewless air Perhaps the legend ought to be considered a mixture of obscure traditions concerning the creation and the deluge. We find some traces of the history of Cain and Abel in the sequel. "They believe," Hennepin proceeds, "that this woman [who descended from Heaven] had two sons, who, when they grew up to manhood, fell at enmity. The one was a better hunter than the other; and quarrels took place between them daily. One of them was of a fierce temper, and cherished a mortal hatred of his brother, whose disposition was milder At last, matters came to such an extremity that they could no longer live together; the milder of the youths was obliged to abandon the earth, and, retiring to Heaven, called thunder to his aid, which he employed from time to time to frighten his fierce brother."

The refusal of the missionaries to believe the Indian fables, and their extreme eagerness to make the natives renounce them, perplexed the latter greatly; nor were they less surprised by the alterations recommended in regard to their customs and behaviour. Being in the practice of putting away their wives and taking new ones, whenever they found such steps convenient or agreeable, they could by no means be brought to comprehend the propriety of making their marriages indissoluble. "Do you not see," they said, when argued with on this subject, "that my wife is not pleased with me?—I am not pleased with her; she would agree better with my neighbour—his wife with me. Why would you have the whole four to be made wretched for the rest of our lives?"* Where any change of their habits was proposed in points similar to this, the Indians resolutely refused assent; but, in all indifferent matters, they gave a ready compliance. "When," Hennepin remarks, "we said to them, 'Pray to God with me, my brother,' they did so, and repeated, in their own language, word for word, the prayers which we taught them. 'Throw yourself upon your knees,' they kneeled; 'take off your cap,' they uncovered; 'be silent,' they held their peace. If we said to them, 'Listen to me,' they listened with the greatest attention; and if they were presented with crucifix or beads, they used them like trinkets for ornament, as if they were made of common glass or porcelain. When I told them it was Sabbath, or the day of prayer, they answered, 'Niaouä' (very well). I sometimes requested them to promise to the great Lord of life not to get drunk any more; they replied, 'Netho' (yes, I promise; I shall not fall into that sin)." The missionaries, when they saw this extraordinary docility, imagined they should make great progress in the work of conversion; but a short time sufficed to convince them of the fallacy of this expectation Those savages who had been baptised, having submitted a while to the restraints of a settled mode of life, under the superintendence of the missionaries, when the whim was over, went off to the woods, and resumed all their old habits. Seeing the eagerness of the priests to baptise, they began too to suspect that that ceremony was a spell whereby they should be compelled to become the slaves of the whites in the next world. They submitted to it willingly, nevertheless, if presented with a glass of spirits, or a pipe of tobacco; but then they wanted to bargain for its repetition on the same terms, and when they understood it could only be performed once, they offered their children, themselves claiming the solatium.

"This," proceeds Father Hennepin, "was the cause of dreadful alarms of conscience to our missionaries, at the commencement of their labours among the people of Canada. They saw that the few adults whom they had instructed, and afterwards admitted to the sacrament of baptism, soon fell back into their former indifference for the things which concerned their salvation, and that the children followed the example of their parents, so that the rite of baptism was visibly profaned by being administered to them. The case was examined to the bottom, and discussed with much anxiety. It was even carried before the Sorbonne; and, finally, after all possible attention, determined, that with respect to adults and children on the point of death, and of whose death there should appear a moral certainty, the missionaries might venture to administer baptism, when it was desired; but that other savages were not to be baptized, unless long and close observation should have proved that they were really penetrated with the truth of our mysteries, and completely detached from their own barbarous customs. A formulary was prepared, and a sort of fundamental canon to serve as a rule to our missionaries, and to which they should strictly conform in the performance of their functions."

Hennepin had these regulations to go by, and, though he laboured to enlighten all, admitted to baptism only such as the decision of the Sorbonne pointed at. "One day," says he, "I baptized a little child, which appeared in certain danger of death. The next day it got better, contrary to my expectation. Some time afterwards its mother related to other women, in my presence, in what manner I had cured her child. She took me for a sorcerer, and declared that I was an excellent one, who could cure all kinds of diseases by throwing water upon the head and temples. The native conjurors became jealous of me, in consequence of what this woman said, and began to spread reports that I was of an austere and gloomy temper, that I lived upon snakes and poison, and ate thunder, (!) adding that the Europeans had tails like brutes, and many other ridiculous stories; for these impostors were afraid that I should make them lose their credit, and so deprive them of many a good feast. The people listened with astonishment to these unfounded stories, and being simple and easily deceived, began to look upon me with suspicion; afterwards, when one of them fell sick, they came to demand if I had not poisoned him, declaring they would kill me if I did not cure him. I had great difficulty in undeceiving them, and was obliged several times to appease them by presents of knives, needles, awls, and similar trifles, of little value amongst us, but which the savages estimate highly.' Another trait of the simple ignorance of these poor creatures, upon a similar occasion, is as follows:—"They have some conception of the immortality of the soul. They say that there is a most delicious country towards the west where there is good hunting, and people kill as much game as they please. Thither, these blinded people say, souls go. They hope to see each other all again in that place. But what is very absurd is their assertion that the souls of pots, flints, firelocks, and other arms, which they place near the sepulchres of their dead, go along with them, and serve the same purposes in the land of souls as they do here. One day a savage girl died after baptism, and her mother, who had a slave then at the point of death also, came to me and said, 'My daughter must be quite alone in the country of the dead among the Europeans, without acquaintances or friends. It is now spring time, and she must plant some corn and pumpkins. Baptize my slave before she die, that she also may go to the place to which the souls of Europeans go, and assist my daughter.'"

A few such simple traits as these disclose to us a more intimate view of the mind of man in his uncivilised condition, and, consequently, establish a better foundation for our inquiries concerning the improved state of the intellectual faculties, than any heathen philosopher had the power to attain. Hennepin gives a more lively picture of savage life than Tacitus, with his infinitely superior abilities, could do And it would have been the same had civilisation continued among Pagan empires to this day. These were in their whole characters, as communities and as individuals, grasping; they aimed at power in one shape or another, without reference to the improvement of those whom their arms subdued. The love of dominion is indeed not yet extinguished among men; but conquests cannot be extended without carrying along with them a diffusive principle—the elements of ultimate amelioration.

* An Indian courtship, if this author's account of it be correct, must have afforded a strange contrast to the European mode: "The savage who is not married," he says, "goes to a girl who is not married either. He says to her, without preface or circumlocution, 'Will you come with me and be my wife?' She makes no immediate answer, but meditates some time, holding her head between her hands. While she is considering what to say, the man holds his head between his hands also, and remains in profound silence. After the girl has thought a while, she says, 'Netho,' or 'Niaouä,' which signifies, 'I agree.' The man thereupon rises and says, 'Oné,' that is, 'Well, it is done.' At night the woman takes a hatchet, cuts a burden of wood, and carries it to the hut of the savage."

THE ROCKING.

On Fasten-e'en we had a rocking,
To ca' the crack, and weave our stocking;
And there was muckle fun and joking,
Ye needna doubt:
At length, we had a hearty yoking
At sang about.

BURNS.

THE name of rockings was long given to meetings held in the winter evenings among the peasantry, for the purposes which Burns has explained in the prefixed motto

Even after that species of industry, which had been once practised at these meetings, and from which they received the name,* was discontinued, they retained the appellation, and those who frequented them, at the same time that they enjoyed, in their sphere, the pleasures of social converse, exercised themselves in such operations of thrift as employed the hands without requiring the mind to be constantly fixed After the labours of harvest were finished, the last cart-load of grain driven home, the *stackyard yett shut*, and every comfort provided against the approach of winter, the young men and women of a vicinage went round to one another's houses, and spent together the hours betwixt night-fall and the time of retiring to rest, which received the name of the *fore-suppers*. These meetings served a variety of purposes. They tended to enliven the dreariness of the season, by calling into exercise the social feelings of a neighbourhood. They afforded an excellent opportunity for disputants on religious, and other topics, to display their skill and information—and thus cherished the spirit of intelligence among the Scotch peasantry; and they were the schools for the preservation of traditionary tales, ballads, and songs. But, above all, the rockings served as places of rendezvous for rural wooers—a sort of lesser festivals between the grand gala-days of fair and preaching. Many a man travelled five miles on a bitter winter night under pretext of anxiety to have a "crack" with the elder, when his real purpose was to get a sight of the elder's fair daughter; and many a man gave an ear to the elder's discussions upon points of doctrine and points of worldly economy, for four mortal hours, that he might have an opportunity of whispering a single word to the elder's daughter as he wrapped his plaid round him to depart. Many great changes have been made upon the manners and habits of the Scotch common people within these thirty years. With other customs, which it is as well that they should have abandoned, they have laid aside some that it were, perhaps, to be wished they had retained. Amongst these are the rockings. In most parts of the country, only those who have reached to old age, or its confines, can tell what a rocking means. The name is lost; and though the practice of mutual visitings is still common to a certain extent, it has acquired more of formality, and lost some of that forthright spirit of good neighbourhood which formerly distinguished it, when people came uninvited, and were welcome.

"But to our tale." Somewhere about fifty years back, a rocking was held in the farmhouse of Hapcairton. The kitchen was the principal apartment in the dwelling as it then existed:—a handsome tenement, containing drawing-room, dining-room, parlour, and five bed-rooms, besides kitchen, cellar, and other accommodations, which render it a fitting residence for a gentleman farmer, or a proprietor who wishes to reside on his own land, all as set forth in the advertisements, has since been erected; but the kitchen was the principal apartment then. There was another division of the house, called the ben-end; but it was used merely as a stowage for household goods not in immediate use. The only partition was a range of low wooden bed-steads, or bed-cases rather, above which was stored lumber of every sort Ceiling there was none; but the roof, a spacious dome, gilded with a japanning of soot in a half liquid state, opened above Where a straw hung from the rafters, it was invested with a profusion of sable flakes, as blades of grass are loaded with rime on a frosty morning; these, during a high wind, descended plentifully among the inmates. Though the fire was placed so directly under the chimney that the rain, in bad weather, kept every one at a distance from it, the smoke never could find its way out; it curled up to the roof-tree, eddied along, fell lower and lower, till the house was filled, and then issued by the door. The thatching over the door (and this may still be observed in cottages upon the old plan in Scotland) was always dusky with soot from this cause. Food among the peasantry is almost wholly prepared by boiling, and while this process was going on, the lid of the vessel, when lifted off, was suspended over it to intercept the soot which the motion of boiling shook down from the chimney; and the *bussing*, or head-dress of the female (usually the goodwife herself), who superintended this part of the domestic affairs, was always abundantly bedropped with spots of a tawny yellow. Mutton hams, carefully wrapped up in cloths to preserve them from the prevailing contagion, depended in tiers round the brace, and kippers, but lately transferred from the cool brooks to these arid regions, were hung up among them, the whole presenting the promise of many future savoury morsels. So much for the scene of our story.

The men sat upon chairs and wooden stools round the fire, the wires of the knitters performing their operations with wonderful rapidity, though those who handled them seldom looked at their work: while the lasses, "bonny witches!" in modest deference, were seated farther back, birling at their wheels, and casting their jokes and their glances alternately among the group. Mighty shaggy collies stretched themselves upon the middle of the floor, while less lordly brutes skulked into corners; and the goodwife bustled about, putting things to rights, or to confusion, as might happen The night of an October day was just closing in, and all were about to quit their work, those who were at a distance from the window (which admitted but a glimpse of day at any time, not having panes of glass, but of tanned sheep-skin) beginning to depend partly upon the flame of the fire for light; for the economy of the old style of farmers' housekeeping did not admit of candles being burnt, except during the time of supper, or when the master of the house was performing family worship.

"So, ye see," said Tam o' the Binns, who had just returned from England, whither he had gone with a drove to the sheep-markets, and was, as a travelled man, entertaining the company with some of his adventures—"So, ye see, gudeman, when the farmers cam to weir the drove off their grunds—(they're unco feared for their gerse, having but sma' mailens)—I wad say, 'A bonny bit o' land ye hae here, and strang craft craps; and thae kye, I'se warrant I haena seen mony like them;' and then it was wonderfu' to see how fain the bodies grew, and how they pointed out their marches, and what riggs were best for bigg, and what for aits, and then praised me as being a clear-seen lad, and fer-travelled, and the like. My sheep taking a nibble, ye ken, I wasna slack"—

"O Tam, Tam!" interrupted the goodwife, "ye're aye the auld man yet! Na, sirs, that's naething ava to some o' his contrivances That very Tam o' the Binns—there he sits!—about twa years syne, nailed twa sticks in the shape of a cross, ettling to plant it upon the rigging of Elder Gowdie's house, to vex the honest body; and sae he mounted upo' the roof. But the elder's rafters being sair dazed wi' sypings o' rain and auld age, and Tam a buirdly loon, as ye may see, he cam down upo' the floor, wi' the broken sticks and divots dunting about his lugs. It was the howe o' night, and Tam had departit by the window-bole, before auld Johnnie, honest man, could discern whether it was beast or body, and he believed till the day of his death, which happened near a twallmonth syne—(our gudeman there gaed to the interment in spite of a' I could say till him, though it was the fearfu'est day o' black weather that ever blew frae the cluds; mair by token, it whuppit the coomb-claith frae 'mang their hands, and flang it ower the wast end o' the kirk—the gudeman was laid by wi' the rheumateeze for a month after that wearifu' day, whilk may be a warning to him to tak better heed to what's said till him for the time to come)—Weel, as I was telling ye, Elder Gowdie believed till his deeing day that our friend Tam there was the enemy, who had comed in at the tae side o' the house and gane out at the t'other, and never tauld the story without expressing his thankfulness that he had not been permitted to injure a hair of his head, nor of that of auld Rachel Williamson his wife. D'ye mind als," continued she, addressing Tam, "ye littleworth moonlighter! how ye garred our gudeman trow that his brass buckles were glenting gowd when the yaud was i' the corn?"

"Ah, but then, gudewife, I cam in har'st, and helpit to shear what she hadna eaten. And when I forgatherit wi' the herds, Arthur," addressing the shepherd, "lang swabbles o' chields, you and me could swap a dozen o' them ourselves. I began to joke them about the lasses—the mair if they were but beginners—and what splores I warranted they had seen in their time. They gied me lang screeds about their ploys; and though it was aye 'Bawtie this,' and 'Bawtie that,' they didna fash the drove muckle."

"And, Tam, what think ye o' the English lasses?" was the question put by one of the maidens.

"Tight, weelfa'ured queans," was Tam's reply; "I whiles lookit at them—I couldna bide to speak to them, for they're bye ordinar glib o' the gab, and I never kenned a word they said; but they hadna the blithe blink o' the lasses o' my ain country."

A tap was here heard at the window. "The herds and heezles were alarmed" in an instant; for nothing delights rustic gallants so much as to find out whither their neighbours "a-wooing wend;" and they are equally dexterous in preventing a discovery when the case is their own, and effecting it when it is their neighbour's.

"It's just him! it's just him!" whispered bonny Babie Davison to her confidante Peggie Dunlop—"He's surely daft to chap the night."

"No sae dooms daft, lass—the door's ranced," was the answer.

It seemed strange that this could have been accomplished with so little noise as not to be heard by those within, and still more without alarming the dogs, which are extremely alert in catching the slightest sound. Nevertheless, so it was; and when the rustics, eager for the pursuit, attempted to open the door, they found it was firmly secured on the outside. A boy was immediately ordered to get out by the window and undo the fastenings. This he was not willing to do, for one of the damsels had slyly suggested that there was great danger in the attempt. "I'se warrant," said she, "the man's just standing at the cheek o' the window wi' a tremendous stick in his hand ready to fell ye whenever you set out your head." It required much persuasion to overcome the boy's reluctance to encounter such a risk; and when at last the urchin consented to adventure forth, the goodwife had her joke to play off; for, perhaps from recollections of her own courtship, she had a fellow-feeling with her maidens. "Callant," whispered she, as she assisted the boy to get out by the window, "leave the sticks i' the gate, and I'll get duds to row up the broken shins, besides gieing you an orra whang o' cheese when you drive out the kye the morn."

"It's nae matter," said Babie, her alarm having subsided when she became fully aware of the precautions taken to insure her lover's safe retreat; "there's no ane o' them could hae catched him at ony rate."

"I wadna say that, lass," said Peggie Dunlop; "there's our herd Arthur wan the race against ten parochens."

"Ay, but *somebody* didna run against him," whispered Babie.

"But if they couldna hae catched him, they might hae kenned him by his fleetness," said the goodwife—"and now, when I think on't mysel ——"

The noise at the door interrupted the good dame in her conjecture. The obstacles on the outside had been removed, the door was opened, and the eager band rushed out. A pile of stakes had been thrown in the way according to the directions of the goodwife; the foremost of the rustics tumbled over this impediment, and those in the rear over the prostrate van—the dogs leapt over their masters, barking with all their might, worried each other and scampered over the green No sooner had the overthrown pursuers scrambled upon their legs, than a great outcry arose against the ill-deedy knave who had thus retarded them, and who now stood aloof laughing at the success of the trick. When charged with having intentionally left the stakes in the way, he kept at a safe distance, and argued, strenuously and loudly, that the accident was wholly owing to their own impatience, and that, had they staid quietly within for a few seconds, he would have cleared everything out of the way. There was a show of truth in this pretext, and they were obliged to give up the point. Considering also that the fugitive, if he made the best of his time, as they well knew he would, must already have escaped far beyond their reach, besides that they did not know in what direction to follow him, they returned to the house, crestfallen all, and some of their number halting a little.

"Hech, sirs! but ye hae run a bauld race atween the tangs and the tae end o' the house," was the greeting with which they were received by the goodwife; "I e'en lookit out some bits o' linen, for I dredd there might be broken heads gaun! and maybe the duds may be usefu', for though ye haena come to handigrips wi' this midnight stravaiger, you have run against something that was mair sure to meet you."

This sarcasm, and the tittering of the maidens, put the discomfited pursuers upon showing their indifference to what had befallen, and every one had his joke to pass upon the damage he had sustained.

"I'll mak' an errand to the maist feck o' the towns i' the parochen the morn," said Tam o' the Binns, "and tak care to let them ken where I was the night. I'll hirple like a born lamiter, and if the billy be i' the bounds, he'll be hard to pit aff wi' a wrang story about my limp."

"Ay, ay," said the goodwife, "there's Rob o' the Shaws; he bude to be rinning too, the young hempy that he is! and whae wad hae thought it o' him? he's as modest afore folk as gin he durstna look to the side o' the gate a woman body was passing on; but I warrant he could tell a bonny story ower, an he had a young thing by hersell!"

Rob's glance wandered to the opposite side of the house, and encountered by the way one from the bright black eyes of the goodwife's own daughter Bell. Both instantly looked upon the ground, and it was not easy to tell which of them seemed most shame-faced. Here was an unexpected disclosure unwittingly made on the part of the two inexperienced lovers; but it was complete, and the ordeal of raillery to which it subjected them was unrelenting. The young men passed across the floor to "rub shouthers" with Bell, under pretence of wishing to catch the infection of falling in love from her, while the poor young creature was ready to sink down with confusion.

"Haud up your head, deem, and dinna be blate," said her mother, who, Rob being a creditable lover, was rejoiced "to see her bairn respeckit like the lave," and was, moreover, a couthie dame, and loved a joke dearly.

"Bonny doings!" said her father, expressing his pride of heart in such a way that his words might also be understood as conveying reproof. "Rare doings, truly! Ye haena seen seventeen simmers yet, lassie!"

"Dinna tak it sae sair to heart, my woman," said Katie Dodds; "or ye come to my time o' life" (the confident little gipsy was not half a year older than the companion to whom, with a mock-matronly air, she thus addressed herself) "or ye come to my time o' life, ye'll hae learned better."

This was meant as a sort of diversion in favour of her friend; for women, that is, beautiful young women, have a greater sympathy for each other in such cases than is generally allowed, and it had the effect of turning part of their raillery upon herself.

"Weel, just that ye mayna die of auld age, Katie," said one of the gallants, "(there needs nane o' us look after Bell, I see), what wad ye say to a paction atween us twa?"

"Ou, I'm thinking I wad just hae to tak ye," said she; "but there's Tam o' the Binns has been speaking to me already, and I hae as gude as promised to young Lowrie Loup-the-dike, the foxhunter forbye some words of a bargain wi' Sandie Blinders, and ——"

"Routh o' canny keeks frae somebody else, ye unconscionable limmer," said he, interrupting her, "that gar ye step as lightly as gin ye war stepping to a fiddle—tak care ye dinna dance yourself aff your feet e'ethegither some day."

While the conversation was taking this lively turn among the one party, matters were not standing still with the other. A veteran maiden, whose charms might be said to have ungratefully absconded, while she thought of nothing else but repelling the assaults that were made

* Spinning from the simple distaff, or *rock*; exclusively, it is to be remarked, a female employment.

against them—as the commander of a garrison is sometimes abandoned by the townspeople whom he endeavours to defend—this experienced damosel took a seat beside Rob o' the Shaws, and urged him to recount to her every word of his courtship.

"Let us hear what ye said, Rob? How did ye begin? It wad be—'How ir ye the night, Bell, and how have ye been sin' I saw you last?' She wad answer, 'Oh, brawly, Rob; ir ye weel?' Syne there wad be some cracks about what for the t'ane or the t'other wasna at the last week's preaching, maybe; at length she wad say it was 'a cauld night,' and ye couldna but gie her a share o' your plaid then, and lead her away to some bield? Eh? was that the gate o't?"

And thus she ran on teazing him, with abundance of delight to herself, and vexation to him. Just when his tormentor had got the length of proposing, since he was so brisk a lad, to afford him an opportunity of saying some of his fine things to herself, Babie took pity upon his plight, as Katie Dodds had before upon that of his sweetheart. "Na, na, Mysie," said she, "its a' ower wi' the young fallows when ye begin to set your cap at them. Mony a ane hae ye garred break his heart in your time."

"In my time!—I assure ye!" said Mysie, tossing her head with as much offended dignity as if she had been a duchess; and she remained silent for the rest of the night.

After these matters of general moment had been pretty fully discussed, the company fell into separate parties, and, by some means or other, Tam o' the Binns found himself left to the mercy of the damsels, who showed some inclination to have a bout at badinage with him.

"Weel, Tam?" said Babie.

"Aweel?" rejoined he.

"Ye're a braw chield!" said Peggie.

"And ye're a bonny lass! Sall we mak a bridal o't?"

Here they were worsted in one issue. Peggie was silent, unwilling that he should have the last word, but at a loss to know what it was best to say to prevent it. The goodwife advised her to "say No, and tak him." It was but fitting courtesy that Tam should quit the vantage ground he had possessed, by standing upon the defensive in the first attack, and become the assailant in this tilt of wit.

"If ye'll do as the gudewife bids ye, ye sall hae walth o' your ain will," continued he.

"That means—leave to greet my fill when ye cross me," retorted she.

"I'll let you keep the purse."

"And ye'll spend the siller."

"When I dinna do as you bid me, ye'se hae liberty to cut the lugs out o' my head."

"And whaten a bonny gudeman wad I hae o' ye then?"

"Now ye hae gien me up my fit," quoth Tam, "ane canna think what to say for looking at your bonny face;" and, so saying, he bestowed a kiss upon the healthsome cheek of his fair adversary.

"Now, Tam! *weel*——" said she, and never got farther.

Tam, heedless of her expostulation, which, indeed, was not over-earnest, was about to pay the same compliment, as in courtesy bound,* to the rest of the damsels, when she for whom he designed it next started up, and made her escape.

"A flie'er wad aye hae a follower," said Tam, as he departed in pursuit.

"Tak care o' your fit and the bear trough," cried one; "it's just a man's length frae the jawhole."

"But the jawhole's no ower half that to the bottom," added another, "sae there is the less danger."

Tam was out of danger and out of hearing both, ere these warnings were uttered; and those of the party who remained rose and took their leave somewhat more formally.

Such is a specimen of the incidents and conversation by which the firesides of our peasantry were enlivened in the olden times. We could easily have gone on to give a veritable chronicle of the "hearty yoking at sang about," which was also resorted to to help the mirth of these meetings; but it is not required at our hands. The lays they sung are not so perishable as the desultory sallies of "fun and joking" which were first to be exhausted, before the wit of the bard was called for, to eke out the enjoyment of the evening.

* In all probability Tam o' the Binns could not have quoted canon on this point, though he was never behind in acting up to it. The said canon is—"Que si on salve une dame, et si en la compagnie de cette dame il s'en rencontre quelques autres qui soient d'égale condition, ou indépendantes d'elle—alors il faut les saluer de même." —*Traité de la civilité qui se pratique en France.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

PERIODICAL WORKS.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the literature of the age in which we live, is the concentration of the talents of many persons, eminent and otherwise, in the composition of individual works, appearing at stated intervals: in other words, our Periodical Literature. During the last century, many of the most distinguished names in the republic of letters employed themselves in sending forth to the world solitary essays at brief intervals; not only, however, did these rarely touch on topics of living interest, but, proceeding in most instances from a very limited number of hands, wanted that variety which alone can secure a sufficiently extensive *present* circulation to offer any very lucrative return to the author. The system of solitary and acknowledged publications, while it limited, from causes already referred to, the emolument of the writer, and did not encourage so far a circulation of his information or opinions among society, yet exacted a more critical attention in most cases to the matter, and almost always to the form and execution of his work. We may, therefore, find scattered among the British Essayists, papers which rank among the most profound, most brilliant, and most humorous writings in our language, but we uniformly trace a more methodical arrangement and more tempered digestion than our more hasty, though, perhaps, not less able, literature can boast. Labour is the point in which the average character—of which alone I can be understood to speak—of the Essayists stands conspicuously higher than that of our periodicals. Hence, the more eminent of them have ensured a degree of permanent fame to which, I fear, few, if any, of their successors can aspire; for my young readers may be assured that no reputation can be lasting which has not been reared by patient and persevering application. To society, then, the system of solitary authorship afforded the advantage of a more matured and polished literature; to the authors, that of a more durable and solid reputation.

The periodical literature of the present day is carried on almost entirely by anonymous writing, and it is only in a few cases that the names of the authors are known. The effect produced by this mode of publication is exactly what might have been expected. No writer feels bound to record his conscientious sentiments in his productions. Provided there be an understanding betwixt the writer and publisher, it is considered sufficient; and the readers have no other guarantee for the accuracy of the statements, than the character of the publisher. Such a process of issuing opinions certainly induces what may be styled literary hypocrisy, but this is hardly injurious in the end; for such opinions are met by counter opinions similarly expressed, and so out of the conflict of discussion the truth is elicited. The practice of anonymous writing in our modern periodicals has the beneficial effect of bringing forward humble and retiring genius. The individual who writes an article in a magazine has not the satisfaction of having his name made widely known, but his vanity—one of the most powerful and useful of the passions—is flattered by the immediate and extensive celebrity given to the publication of his sentiments. The various but unalterable modifications of human temperament render it inevitable that when men associate for literary objects, they should arrange themselves in groups, each characterised by some predominant cast of thought. When, therefore, any individual is permitted to employ the organ of one of these parties for the publication of his sentiments, he is certain at least of the approbation of his brotherhood, while the unascertained character of his pretensions ensures him a far less partial judgment from all than he could otherwise have attained. Thus the modest assume confidence, and the vain eagerly seize the present meed of popular applause, without very accurately calculating the chances of their posthumous honours. Whether, indeed, the new system offers preponderating advantages to the public, may be doubted. Setting aside the consideration of political questions, and viewing our periodical literature as entertaining moral, literary, and scientific subjects alone, I am disposed to answer the question in the affirmative. The quality of the food supplied to society may be in some respects deteriorated, but the supply is more ample, the table infinitely more extended, and greater variety introduced among the viands.

Having premised this much on the general subject of our periodical literature, I will now offer a few remarks on the more important of the works of which it consists. In doing this I shall endeavour to keep as much as possible out of sight the politics of the respective journals, and confine my observations to their literary pretensions and character. Viewed in this light, I apprehend all persons of all parties will concur in placing the QUARTERLY REVIEW at the head of the list. Indeed, there is not only no other journal which rivals, but none which approaches it in the ability of its criticisms and discussions in almost every department of literature. In politics it has been the unvarying advocate of the Tory party, and has of course commanded the services of the most able writers among that class of politicians. The political views of the other parties who divide the country may have been advocated with equal ability in their respective organs, but in the departments of classical literature, history, geography, and belles lettres, the Quarterly has had no rival, while the extent of its circulation has frequently led the most eminent writers on professional topics to prefer its pages to those of the journals appropriated to such matters.

The Quarterly Review attained its present celebrity under the management of WILLIAM GIFFORD, whose life has already been detailed in the pages of the Journal. The patient perseverance by which this man won his way into notice from the lowest origin, and in spite of every conceivable disadvantage, is enough of itself to shew that Gifford was not a man to be disheartened by difficulties, or exhausted by labour. His prominent literary qualifications were strong common sense, with its "shade inseparable," a keen sense of the ridiculous; ready command of language; and irresistible power of sarcasm. Late as his education commenced, his continued application had stored his mind with varied learning, while the precision of his memory enabled him on all occasions to recal at a moment the particular information required. His moral qualifications for directing the public mind were not less valuable than his intellectual. Towards vice, meanness, hypocrisy, cant, and servility, he felt that genuine indignation which makes the cheek redden and the tongue eloquent. He published a translation of the Satires of Juvenal, which has been reckoned meritorious in its way. In the Bæviad and Mæviad, an original satire, he shewed that degree of talent which has induced his admirers to regret that he wasted his strength on insects, which, though annoying, were but ephemeral, and against which a lady's fan would have been a more suitable weapon than the club of Hercules. No circumstance can give a higher idea of the sterling value and independence of his character than that he was originally brought forward into public life by a Whig nobleman, Lord Grosvenor, who continued his zealous patron while patronage was necessary, and whose friendship suffered neither intermission nor abatement from the energy with which Gifford advocated principles opposite to his own. A circumstance like this impresses us with an exalted idea of both the parties.

Such was the man under whom the Quarterly Review attained pre-eminence. His talents and his principles gave a respectability and weight to the work, which brought men of the highest eminence to its support, and among Gifford's body of contributors were soon enrolled the most distinguished names not only of the secluded scholars of the universities and the church, but of men engaged in the most active scenes of public life. Heber, Milman, Southey, Canning, Croker, Barrow, and several of the most conspicuous ornaments of the present episcopal bench, were among the staff who surrounded Gifford on many a field of victory. Under this management, however, the Quarterly, though always able, and generally brilliant, became at length somewhat too uniform in its character. Severity in the exposure of veiled wickedness or empty pretension was the giant strength of the editor, and he certainly did sometimes use it as a giant. What he (doubtless conscientiously) believed to be mean or vicious, he scrupled not to expose in a style of abuse only equalled by one other periodical, and for this he has been condemned (doubtless as conscientiously) as acting the character of a base and servile tool of the party to which he happened to belong. The life of Gifford affords an illustration of the contrast drawn between the authors of the present century and those of the last. Had Gifford flourished sixty years earlier, his influence and reputation while alive could scarcely have been half as extensive as they actually were, nor is it at all probable that he would have been able to spend his latter years in the comparative luxury which he enjoyed, while, on the other hand, his name might have descended to posterity coupled with some monument not less splendid than the Rambler. As it is, the Great Editor—the man who long stood at the head of a great branch of English literature—is little more than the shadow of a great name. The Mæviad and Bæviad have perished from the insignificance of their objects of attack; the fame of a translator had but a reflected lustre, and over his contributions in the Quarterly there hangs a cloud of uncertainty, which jealousy may thicken at present, as time will rapidly condense it into impenetrable darkness.

After a short interregnum, the management of the Quarterly was devolved upon the present editor, J. G. LOCKHART. This gentleman is a Scotchman by birth. He was educated at one of the English Universities, and, in after life, was married to a daughter of Sir Walter Scott. While resident in Edinburgh, he contributed largely to Blackwood's Magazine, and produced a volume of translations of Spanish ballads, besides, it is believed, some prose works of fiction. To fill the chair of the Great Editor, without any diminution of its authority, required a combination of qualities not easily to be found. Lockhart, however, has not only fulfilled this condition, but has supplied deficiencies which, though counterbalanced by illustrious qualities, were still experienced under his predecessor. Cradled in literature, the companion of wits from his youth, combining every advantage which domestic cultivation and foreign travel could bestow on a mind naturally acute, lively, and profound, he imparted a degree of grace, polish, and variety to the Quarterly, which early disadvantages never permitted Gifford to acquire. Severity was the original charter of the Quarterly, and assuredly it has not been forfeited under Lockhart's management. It would be difficult to imagine a man better qualified for the situation he occupies. As a classical scholar, he stood in the first class at Oxford; in acquaintance with German, Spanish, French, and Italian literature, he is second to no one of his countrymen; while his juvenile efforts proved him capable of taking the highest rank among our poets and novelists, had he not turned his attention to graver subjects. These solid acquirements and talents would, of themselves, have ensured him the co-operation of the ablest men of his day; but companionship in education, and his alliance with Sir Walter Scott, have given him a personal influence over large sections of the literary world, independent of his actual attainments. The most frequent contributor to the Quarterly, after its successive editors, is understood to have been Southey. His articles embrace a wide range of topics connected with general literature, and particularly in relation to the progress and prospects of society. His writings are distinguished for historical accuracy, purity of idiom, and a felicitous arrangement, the simple perspicuity of which is owing to complete mastery of his subject, and long continued labour in the art of composition. As I mentioned in my first article on this subject, he is probably the greatest living master of English prose, and may justly challenge that highest praise of art—that the unexperienced reader is left wholly incautious of its exertion. Since the accession of Lockhart as editor, it is believed that Sir Walter Scott has furnished a few articles, also of surpassing merit of their kind, and equally distinguishable for the soft placidity of the diction. The Quarterly continues to adhere most resolutely to its original political bias, and it will be freely allowed by persons of the most opposite opinion, that in no publication in the present day has such strength of argument been used in the defence of what are entitled "conservative principles." The work is thus the

great bulwark of its party, and were it abandoned in the melée of contest, sore, sore, I doubt not, would be the lamentation over its fall.

BABBAGE ON MACHINERY.

Charles Babbage is one of the few original bold-thinking minds of the present age, in which genius seems to be granulated into a common level, and few take the liberty of thinking for themselves. This ingenious author, who happens to be Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, some years ago had the temerity to write a work on the Decline of Science in England, which created no small degree of consternation among various metropolitan societies deeming themselves the sole repositories of modern science and philosophy; and now he has brought forward an instructive volume on the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures, the materials of which can only have been collected by extraordinary industry. The work is superficial in its details, but contains much that is novel and useful to most readers on almost every branch of mechanics and manufactures. Mr Babbage is an enthusiast in matters connected with these very important essentials in the greatness of our empire. For a considerable period he has been labouring to produce a machine capable of working certain questions in arithmetic and logarithms, and has thus contrived, and nearly brought to perfection, one of the most wonderful combinations of mechanism ever invented by man. The book which he has now published contains a brief account of the mode of manufacturing a vast quantity of articles in daily use, particularly exemplifying the value of mechanical and scientific power in simplifying human labour and saving outlay of capital. To give my readers an idea of the tone in which the work is written, I shall present a few passages relative to the economy of human time—the employment of materials of little value—and the use of tools.

"The art of using the diamond for cutting glass has undergone, within a few years, a very important improvement. A glazier's apprentice, when using a diamond set in a conical ferrule, as was always the practice about twenty years since, found great difficulty in acquiring the art of using it with certainty, and at the end of a seven years apprenticeship many were found but indifferently skilled in its employment. This arose from the difficulty of finding the precise angle at which the diamond cuts, and of guiding it along the glass at the proper inclination when that angle is found. Almost the whole of the time consumed and of the glass destroyed in acquiring the art of cutting glass, may now be saved by the use of an improved tool. The gem is set in a small piece of squared brass with its edge nearly parallel to one side of the square. A person skilled in its use now files away one side of the brass, until, by trial, he finds that the diamond will make a clean cut, when guided by keeping this edge pressed against a ruler. The diamond and its mounting are now attached to a stick similar to a pencil, by means of a swivel allowing a small angular motion. Thus the merest tyro at once applies the cutting edge at the proper angle, by pressing the side of the brass against a ruler; and even though the part he holds in his hand should deviate a little from the required angle, it communicates no irregularity to the position of the diamond, which rarely fails to do its office when thus employed.

The relative hardness of the diamond, in different directions, is a singular fact. An experienced workman, on whose judgment I can rely, informed me that he had seen a diamond ground with diamond powder on a cast-iron mill for three hours without its being at all worn, but that, changing its direction with reference to the grinding surface, the same edge was ground down.

The skins used by the goldbeater are produced from the offal of animals. The hoofs of horses and cattle, and other horny refuse, are employed in the production of the prussiate of potash, that beautiful, yellow, crystallized salt, which is exhibited in the shops of some of our chemists. The worn-out saucepans and tin ware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts loaded with old tin kettles and worn-out iron coal-scuttles traversing our streets. These have not yet completed their useful course; the less corroded parts are cut into strips, punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish for the use of the trunkmaker, who protects the edges and angles of his boxes with them; the remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the outskirts of the town, who employ them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black die for the use of calico printers.

The difference between a *tool* and a *machine* is not capable of very precise distinction; nor is it necessary, in a popular explanation of those terms, to limit very strictly their acceptation. A *tool* is usually more *simple* than a machine; it is generally used with the hand, whilst a machine is frequently moved by animal or steam power. The simpler *machines* are often merely one or more *tools* placed in a frame, and acted on by any moving power. In pointing out the advantages of *tools*, we shall commence with some of the simplest.

To arrange twenty thousand needles thrown promiscuously into a box, mixed and entangled with each other in every possible direction, in such a form that they shall be all parallel to each other, would, at first sight, appear a most tedious occupation; in fact, if each needle were to be separated individually, many hours must be consumed in the process. Yet this is an operation which must be performed many times in the manufacture of needles; and it is accomplished in a few minutes by a very simple *tool*; nothing more being requisite than a small flat tray of sheet iron, slightly concave at the bottom. The needles are placed in it and shaken in a peculiar manner, by throwing them up a very little, and giving at the same time a slight longitudinal motion to the tray. The shape of the needles assists their arrangement; for if two needles cross each other, (unless, which is exceedingly improbable, they happen to be precisely balanced,) they will, when they fall on the bottom of the tray, tend to place themselves side by side, and the hollow form of the tray assists this disposition. As they have no projection in any part to impede this tendency, or to entangle each other, they are, by continually shaking, arranged lengthwise, in three or four minutes. The direction of the shake is now changed, the needles are but little thrown up, but the tray is shaken endways; the result of which is, that in a minute or two the needles which were previously arranged endways become heaped up in a wall, with their ends against the extremity of the tray. They are now removed by hundreds at a time, by raising them with a broad iron spatula, on which they are retained by the fore-finger of the left hand. During the progress of the needles towards their finished state, this parallel arrangement must be repeated many times; and unless a cheap and expeditious method had been devised, the expense of manufacturing needles would have been considerably enhanced.

Another process in the art of making needles furnishes an example of one of the simplest contrivances which can come under the denomination of a *tool*. After the needles have been arranged in the manner just described, it is necessary to separate them into two parcels, in order that their points may be all in one direction. This is usually done by women and children. The needles are placed sideways in a heap, on a table, in front of each operator, just as they are arranged by the process above described. From five to ten are rolled towards this person by the forefinger of the left hand; this separates them a very small space from each other, and each in its turn is pushed lengthwise to the right or to the left, according as its eye is on the right or the left hand. This is the usual process, and in it every needle passes individually under the finger of the operator. A small alteration expedites the process considerably; the child puts on the forefinger of its right hand a small cloth cap or finger-stall, and rolling out of the heap from six to twelve needles, he keeps them down by the forefinger of the left hand, whilst he presses the forefinger of the right hand gently against their ends: those which have the points towards the right hand stick into the finger-stall; and the child, removing the finger of the left hand, slightly raises the needles sticking into the cloth, and then pushes them towards the left side. Those needles which had their eyes on the right hand do not stick into the finger cover, and are pushed to the heap on the right side previously to the repetition of this process. By means of this simple contrivance each movement of the finger, from one side to the other, carries five or six needles to their proper heap; whereas, in the former method, frequently only one was moved, and rarely more than two or three were transported at one movement to their place.

Various operations occur in the arts in which the assistance of an additional hand would be a great convenience to the workman, and in these cases tools or machines of the simplest structure come to our aid: vices of different forms, in which the material to be wrought is firmly grasped by screws, are of this kind, and are used in almost every workshop; but a more striking example may be found in the trade of the nail-maker.

Some kinds of nails, such as those used for defending the soles of coarse shoes, called hobnails, require a particular form of the head, which is made by the stroke of a die. The workman holds the red-hot rod of iron out of which he forms them in his left hand; with his right hand he hammers the end of it into a point, and cutting the proper length almost off, bends it nearly at right angles. He puts this into a hole in a small stake-iron immediately under a hammer connected with a treadle, which has a die sunk in its surface corresponding to the intended form of the head; and having given one part of the form to the head by the small hammer in his hand, he moves the treadle with his foot, which disengages the other hammer, and completes the figure of the head; the returning stroke produced by the movement of the treadle striking the finished nail out of the hole in which it was retained. Without this substitution of his foot for another hand, the workman would probably be obliged to heat the nails twice over.

Another, although fortunately a less general substitution of tools for human hands, is used to assist the labour of those who are deprived by nature or by accident of some of their limbs. Those who have had an opportunity of examining the beautiful contrivances for the manufacture of shoes by machinery, which we owe to the fertile invention of Mr Brunel, must have noticed many instances in which the workmen were enabled to execute their task with precision, although labouring under the disadvantages of the loss of an arm or a leg. A similar instance occurs at Liverpool, in the Institution for the Blind, where a machine is used by those afflicted with blindness, for weaving sash-lines; it is said to have been the invention of a person suffering under that calamity. Other instances might be mentioned of contrivances for the use, the amusement, or the instruction of the wealthier classes, who labour under the same natural disadvantages. These triumphs of skill and ingenuity deserve a double portion of our admiration when applied to mitigate the severity of natural or accidental misfortune;—when they supply the rich with occupation and knowledge;—when they relieve the poor from the additional evils of poverty and want."

In a subsequent article I shall take the liberty of examining Mr Babbage's calculations relative to the manufacture and sale of books.

THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST.

The Twelfth of August! Are there four words in the English language that call up such a host of agreeable associations? The fair one's whisper must be prodigiously sweet when she articulates the consenting Yes; yet I have known youths, and men of mature years too, who appeared to be in much higher spirits while putting everything in order for the moors, than when about to depart on their marriage jaunts. And I do not wonder at all at the circumstance. To see the sun rising from the ocean, at half-past four in the morning—ourselves stationed on a high hill-top—the congregated vapours curling and dispersing far below—measureless tracts of heather around, glistening with dew, and tipped with pencils of new-born light, more radiant than its own purple bells—to surprise the shrill sky-lark at his matins, and the hare as she steals upon her early fare; why, these are enjoyments that would be poorly exchanged for slothful slumbers on the softest couch that ever derived its elasticity from down filched from the eider-duck's breast. Add to this, the high gratification of having your cheek fanned by the first breeze that is chased into action by the morning's breath; the independence implied by the possession of manly and vigorous powers; the admirable docility and tactics of animals which bring their instincts to bear upon their master's pleasures, and then, in place of inquiring *who would*, rather say *who would not be a sportsman?* Topers, we are told, drive at every fresh debauch an additional nail into their coffins; but as every proposition has its converse, he who repairs annually to the moors must draw, at least, one nail out; and there is, moreover, some reason for believing that there are many who would sink under the winter's toils, but for the seasonable and needful repair which their constitutions undergo during the autumn. As the viol-strings are slackened by the friction of the bow, so a strictly sedentary life impairs and unhinges the most elastic frame; but air and exercise are the pegs or knobs that screw us into *tune*—that restore the wonted harmony of the system, and give to all the springs that minister to health, a higher tone and a freer play. And if these reasons fail to satisfy you, only think of the sportsman's evening comforts, for then you see him all in his glory. He who never trode the moors knows nothing comparatively of the luxury of dining—not of picking like a bilious citizen, but of eating like a hale and healthy man. An individual, we shall say, who but a week before hung languidly over the breast of a chicken, now acquits himself so super-excellently as a trencherman, that you would not give a pin's fee for the reversion of his interest in a heaped platter of beef-steak. While recounting with a friend the events of the day, he may perhaps take a cup extra, but his slumbers are refreshing notwithstanding. The very depth and breadth of his inspiration may convince you that he has acquired an accession of strength, and that you would find it rather difficult to awaken him, even if you were to employ the town drummer to strike up a march under his ear.

Most sportsmen agree in thinking that grouse are declining, while blackcocks are increasing fast in numbers. Some, in fact, maintain that blackcocks attack and kill the grouse, or extirpate them by some other means, while those who denizen almost constantly on the hills, aver that they never witnessed anything of the kind. Formerly live blackcocks were exported to Yorkshire for the purpose of introducing and extending the breed; but, touching this point, many Englishmen have received of late a new light, and have taken such a dislike to the truly *Scottish* qualities of the biped in question, that they now insist stoutly on the necessity of keeping the blackcocks *out*, as the only means of keeping the grouse *in*. As these birds breed on marshy grounds, the moor-burn rarely reaches their dwellings: and hence it has been rather rashly inferred that an immense destruction of grouse is occasioned by the fires that are annually lighted on our moors. But it should be kept in mind, that blackcocks flock to the arable plains in summer, as many a farmer knows to his cost; that their camp is not always a heatherbush, but that they often roost on trees at such a height as enables them to escape the ravages of vermin. But grouse and moor-partridges are differently situated; and all the shepherds I have conversed with believe that the principal cause of their depopulation arises from the prejudice that exists as to burning heath. Corn is the staff of human life—green or blooming heather, the food of the heath-cock, and his numbers, like our own, may be augmented or thinned by the comparative plentifulness or scarcity of food. It may be impracticable to plough a barren hill, but if you burn it occasionally, the crop it bears will be improved both as to quantity and quality. Old heather runs to wood, and only bears a scanty herbage at top; and independently of this, its foliage becomes so tough, that neither sheep nor birds will eat it, if there be anything better within their reach.

I have thus got quit of one objection, and the remaining one is—Does not moor-burn destroy a great many eggs? I believe not, and have evidence before me which seems pretty conclusive. One experienced sheep farmer, and land proprietor, says—"I have burnt heather all my life, and never was placed under any restrictions. I never knew a grouse hatch in a plantation or plot of old heather, but always in young heath, or single bushes too far apart to be touched by the flames. I will give the observations I made last year as a specimen. One nest was in a bush about a foot high, and measuring 17 inches by 35; the heather was burnt two years before, all round. Other three nests were in young heather, six or eight inches high, and on the sides of brown or broken land; several were at the back of drains and rivulets, as I suppose. But burning of heath ought to be done in rotation; perhaps a *third* or *fifth* rotation, according to the dryness or wetness of the soil, or the stock that feed on it. Old sheep eat heath more than young ones, and it springs sooner on moist soils than dry. By following this plan the grouse will rapidly increase in

members. It is evident that sheep, cattle, and hares always prefer young heath when it can be had; any person who observes where hares feed in winter, when there is a little snow on the ground, may know whether this is true. It is a fact that those farms which are most regularly burnt abound most with game As an example, I shall mention Halhouse, on the water o Æ, where, according to the extent of ground, there is more grouse killed than on any farm in its neighbourhood; and there is no cause to be assigned but that the heather is younger, being more regularly burnt. I am aware that those who dislike burning give two reasons for it; namely, *shelter and protection*, which, if examined, have no evidence to support them. Surely what will shelter a lamb will shelter a bird, not more than a few inches high when standing, and still fewer when sitting. But it may be said that lambs are more under our care, and not exposed to the same danger; but for that very reason our precautions as to birds are of no avail; we cannot alter the laws or instincts by which they are guided; we can neither place them where we would, nor keep them there if we could. All that man ought to attempt to do is to increase their food, and observe the instincts which guide them; and these I have had many opportunities of observing for the last five-and-twenty years."

From what has been said, I feel inclined to draw the following inferences:—

First, that part of the heather on every sheep farm which may cover on an average half the surface, should be burnt every year; the nature of the ground regulating the rotation. The stalks, when reduced to ashes, promote vegetation; sweet heather and sweet grass spring up simultaneously; so that umbrageous spots which were formerly avoided, and covered with herbage which no animal would eat, are restored to a profitable state of cultivation.

Second, that as regards mountain-heath, the best thing you can do to promote the growth of game is to follow the best mode of sheep husbandry. A farmer who is unrestricted, as compared with one fettered by conditions, will give L.50 per annum more for a sheep-gang—say of 1500 acres; and if this and the preceding facts be admitted, it would certainly be prudent to abandon a system which is alike prejudicial to the landlord's profits and the sportsman's pleasures.

Third, if heath be burnt on one farm and not on another, the grouse will form themselves into emigration societies, and occupy locations without asking any body's leave, or submitting to the forms imposed on every class of rational settlers; their wings obviating the necessity of tonnage, expense of outfit, and every other charge. Those, therefore, who think the old system the best, would do well to adopt the new in self-defence.—*M'Diarmid's Sketches of Nature*, 1830.

THE JILTED BAGMAN.

A TALE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Beware how you loiter in vain
Among nymphs of an higher degree.

SHENSTONE.

Mark Anthony Snubbs was the youngest son of a respectable butcher in Leeds. Even in childhood, young Snubbs was remarkable for an ambition which soared beyond the narrow sphere to which his birth threatened to confine him. He disdained to associate with the young butchers of the neighbourhood, and attached himself to the genteeler society of attorneys' clerks and mercers' apprentices—a circumstance which excited the indignation of his father, who threatened to disinherit him, on pretence of his being too fine a gentleman to do credit to an honourable calling. But, fortunately, the young man's maternal uncle, a silk weaver in the place, viewed his character in a more favourable light; he admired his nephew's spirit, and, resolving to encourage it, obtained for him the place of shop-boy with an eminent haberdasher in London. In this situation young Snubbs neglected no opportunity of cultivating the graces; and as he at the same time had tolerable parts, a modest assurance, and a ready tongue, he rose so rapidly in his master's favour, that he was appointed to travel for the house to the north of England, and to Scotland. This appointment had long been the aim of our hero's exertions, and the object of his ambitious wishes; and Alexander of Macedon felt not greater pride, when he had first tamed the fierceness of Bucephalus, than did Snubbs, when he found himself master of a stout hackney, trotting on the highway to happiness and Carlisle. It was here that he met, for the first time, the accomplished Miss Geraldine Snooks, the daughter and heiress of a rich attorney. He had the honour of dancing with her at a charity ball; he afterwards met her at a tea party, and took the liberty of offering to accompany her next morning to a concert. His attentions now became more particular; he visited her at her father's house—stole her fan—wrote verses upon her French poodle—and, in short, had made a strong impression upon her affections, when he was discovered, one morning, kissing his mistress's hand, and trying to prevail with her to accompany him upon his northern excursion, as far as Gretna Green, by old Snooks, who kicked him down stairs, and forbade him his house for ever. This was a severe blow to his hopes; and Snubbs, in the height of his indignation, meditated claiming satisfaction from the attorney, either by the duello or an action for assault. Upon farther reflection, however, he adopted the more prudent and Christian resolution of overlooking the affront, in consideration of his love for the fair Geraldine He immediately quitted Carlisle, where he had lost his heart, and, we are sorry to add, his book of patterns; the latter loss, however, was scarcely felt before it was relieved, by the restoration of the article, with a hastily written and indifferently spelt note from Miss Snooks, expressing sympathy for his sufferings, and swearing unalterable attachment to his person and fortunes. The truth is, the patterns had slipped from the pocket of Mark Anthony's inexpressibles, during his somewhat precipitous retreat, before the enraged Octavius Snooks. The constancy of his mistress greatly consoled our hero under the indignity he had just experienced, and he comforted himself with the thought, that "the course of true love never did run smooth"—a truth which was farther confirmed in his own experience, by his horse stumbling on a piece of new laid road, and depositing the unhappy lover in a dry ditch. Snubbs did not allow this accident to ruffle his lately recovered equanimity; on the contrary, as he discovered that his nag had lost a shoe, he led him, with much tenderness, to a neighbouring smithy; and while the grim master of the forge was performing his office, our lover availed himself of the unavoidable delay, to pen a few stanzas to his mistress, in imitation of Shenstone's "Pastoral Ballad." In this piece he paints the pangs of absence, threatens to break his pipe and crook, and pathetically recommends his sheep and his goats to the care of his brother swains, as he is entirely occupied with his passion for the divine Snooks. After despatching this effusion by a ragged little cyclops, whom he bribed with a sixpence and a glass of purl, he resumed his journey, and arrived safe in Glasgow, where he, for a time, forgot his love, in transacting the business of his employers. But a short excursion which he had occasion to take into the Highlands effectually recalled his attention to love and the muses. During his passage by steam, from Balloch to the head of Loch Lomond, he composed a long elegy, of which the following stanzas are a fragment:—

While hapless exile, on a distant shore,
I wander far from joy and Geraldine:
Still 'mid the torrent's rush, the tempest's roar,
Angelic Snooks! my heart is ever thine.

Condemn'd amid these 'orrid scenes to stray,
What dangers has thy Snubbs already passed—
Where savage Celts their hairy thighs display,
In naked freedom, to the northern blast.

* * * * * *

Ah! should my bark, when winds too rudely blow,
Be doom'd to perish in this boundless sea,
Wilt though, my Snooks—I know thou wilt—bestow
A tear for him who died for love of thee?

It does not clearly appear that Mr Snubbs was entitled to consider himself as dying for love of Miss Snooks, even in the event of the catastrophe which he here contemplates, seeing that the exclusive object of his excursion on Loch Lomond—which, by the way, he somewhat absurdly mistakes for a boundless sea—was to make a descent on Glenfalloch, and thence pass to Inverary, for the purpose of collecting certain setts of tartan. But poetical licence must be allowed to a bagman and a lover.

On his return from this Highland excursion, Mark Anthony had a short, but satisfactory, interview with his mistress, who gave him a lock of her hair, which we may here mention, was of that shade of red which is commonly called *sandy-colour*. In return, Mr Snubbs presented her with an elegant tweezer case; vows of the most lasting attachment were mutually pledged between the lovers, and a day fixed for their elopement. In the meanwhile, Mr Snubbs considered himself bound, in honour, to return without delay to London, and give his employers an account of his northern journey. This account was found to be highly satisfactory; and the manager of the commercial house to which he was attached was so pleased with his diligence and success, that he promoted him, from a trotting galloway, and ninety pounds per annum, to a higher salary, and the luxury of a gig. Greatly elated with his promotion, our traveller lost no time in writing to his inamorato an account of his brightened prospects; nor was he long in receiving an answer, as warm as he could have wished, and earnestly pressing him to return immediately to Carlisle, where his anxious Geraldine was expecting him with open arms. But the gifts of fortune are not only fallacious in their own nature—they are also very apt to exert a mischievous influence on the character and feelings of individuals. We cannot say that Mr Snubbs's love was now less warm than when he was less favoured by the capricious goddess; but finding himself more flush of ready money than usual, he resolved to make the most of his bachelor liberty, by mixing freely in the gaieties of the metropolis. He spent much of his time at Astley's, the Haymarket, the Cockpit, and even ventured once or twice to the Opera Such a life of pleasure could not be expected to last; and Mark Anthony's superfluous funds were soon exhausted. But, in proportion as his finances began to be impaired, his love revived; and he was seriously meditating a northern excursion, with the intention of acquiring a husband's claim over the person and fortune of his love-sick Geraldine, when, fortunately, his employers resolved to send him thither on commercial business. Hitherto we have contemplated Snubbs as the *enfant gâté* of fortune; but the mutability of human affairs extends to bagmen as well as to kings and heroes; and Mark Anthony Snubbs, like his great namesake, the triumvir, was destined to be made the sport of a woman. Though naturally sanguine, and free from superstition, he felt oppressed with a presentiment of evil as he approached the ancient city of Caerleon. It was night before he arrived at his inn; yet the anxiety which he felt would not permit him to call, as usual, for his slippers and nightcap; he therefore hurriedly discussed a pound and a half of minced collops, with a cut of salmon, for his supper, and having swallowed half a quart of distilled waters, by way of security against the night air, he sallied forth to reconnoitre Mr Snooks's premises, and obtain, if possible, an interview with his mistress. The wealthy attorney's house, with the retiring modesty which is supposed to characterize its owner's profession, stood a little back from the line of the street, and was surrounded with a small, but neat orchard. An iron gate, which was secured only by a latch, afforded ready access to this second paradise, and Mr Snubbs succeeded in stealing round to his mistress's window unobserved. Here, however, he tapped and whispered in vain; he even ventured to hum, in a disconsolate tone, the words of a Scotch song,—

This ae night, this ae night,
O rise and let me in.

Still no Miss Snooks echoed back the cadence of his song. In a fit of desperation, the love-sick bagman now approached a window, through which streamed a flood of light. The shutter was only half closed, so that our traveller could easily perceive what was doing within; but what pen can describe the horror of the unfortunate bagman, when he saw, in Mr Snooks's best parlour, which was splendidly lighted up for the occasion, with wax tapers and argand lamp, Miss Geraldine Snooks in her bridal dress, and smiling from ear to ear, leading down a dance with an elderly gentleman in tights, with huge gold buckles, and a George the Fourth wig, and whom he readily recognised as old Oroonoko, the rich tobacconist, for whom the fickle Miss Snooks had often expressed a particular aversion. At this unexpected sight, Snubbs could not suppress an audible groan, which instantly interrupted the festivities within. The attorney, snatching a horse-pistol from the mantelpiece, rushed to the door, followed more leisurely by the bridegroom, armed with the fire-shovel. Our hero now endeavoured to effect his retreat, but unsuccessfully, as one leg was caught in a man-trap, which Snooks had placed near a favourite apple tree, and the other was held fast by a large house dog, who had rushed forth upon the first alarm. The bagman's cries guided the company to the scene of action. Lights were procured, and poor Snubbs was at last rescued from his perilous situation He had fortunately received little bodily harm, but his wright was excessive, and his clothes were torn. He was speedily recognised, and his sufferings excited rather merriment than sympathy; but what affected him most was, that his mistress, instead of shewing any signs of remorse or pity, joined very heartily in the mirth which his deplorable plight had provoked. Old Snooks, indeed, threatened a prosecution for trespass; but the good natured tobacconist interfered, and even Mrs Oroonoko joined in interceding for her unfortunate lover.

The Jilted Bagman is now a respectable mercer in his native town of Leeds, and, in the arms of an affectionate wife, has forgotten the disdain of Miss Geraldine Snooks. —*Edinburgh Spectator.*

PEOPLE WITH ONE IDEA.

Have any of my readers the misfortune to be acquainted with some person who has but one idea, or who speaks for ever upon only one subject, no matter what? There are such persons, and they are serious annoyances in society. I call them *monomaniacs*, or people who have run mad on one subject. On every thing else they will talk rationally though only for a moment. They feel pained at the introduction into conversation of something apart from their own favourite notion, and hurry to start the idea on which they have talked all their lives, and which they will probably never leave at rest till they themselves are quiescent. Hazlitt, in one of his essays, hits off people with one idea in his happiest and most sarcastic style:—"There is Major C—— (says he); he has but one idea or subject of discourse—Parliamentary reform. Now, Parliamentary reform is, as far as I know, a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about; but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic, is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still. Like a piece of packthread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed without it. Some schoolboys cannot read but in their own book; and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of or preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments, for a man's being of opinion with himself It would be well if there was any thing of character, of eccentricity, in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified—a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is just as if a man were to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every time you meet, or like the story of the Cosmogony in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get, and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have, and this is what makes the matter hopeless. He goes out of his way to be absurd. He has got possession of a subject which he conceives to be of universal and paramount interest. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself. But time and tide wait for no man. The business of the state admits of no delay. The question of —— —— stands first in the order of the day—takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Any other topic, grave or gay, is looked upon in the light of impertinence, and sent to *Coventry*. Business is an interruption; pleasure is a digression from it. It is the question before every company where the person with his one idea comes, which immediately resolves itself into a committee of the whole world upon it, is carried on by means of a perpetual virtual adjournment—and it is presumed that no other is entertained while this is pending—a determination which gives its persevering advocate a fair prospect of expatiating upon it till his dying day. As Cicero says of study, it follows him into the country; it stays with him at home; it sits with him at breakfast; and goes out with him to dinner t is like a part of his dress, of the costume of his person, without which he would be at a loss what to do. If he meets you in the street, he accosts you with it as a form of salutation; if you see him at his own house, it is supposed you come upon that. If you happen to remark, "It is a fine day, or the town is full," it is considered as a temporary compromise of the question; you are suspected of not going the whole length of the principle. A topic of this sort, of which the person himself may be considered as almost sole proprietor and patentee, is an estate for life; free from all encumbrance of wit, thought, or study, you live upon it as a settled income; and others might as well think to eject you out of a capital freehold house and estate as think to drive you out of it into the wide world of common sense and argument. Every man's house is his castle; and every man's common-place is his strong-hold, from which he looks out and smiles at the dus-

and heat of controversy. There are some who fancy the corn-bill the root of all evil, and others who trace all the miseries of life to the practice of muffling up children in night clothes. They will disclaim by the hour together on the first, and argue themselves black in the face on the last. It is in vain you give up the point. They persist in the debate, and begin again—"But don't you see, —— ?" These sort of partial obliquities, as they are more entertaining and original, are also, by their nature, intermittent. They sometimes hold a man but for a season. He may have one a-year, or every two years; and, though, while he is in the heat of any new discovery, he will let you hear of nothing else, he varies from himself, and is amusing undesignedly. People of the character here spoken of—that is, who tease you to death with but one idea—generally differ in their favourite notion from the rest of the world; and, indeed, it is the love of distinction which is mostly at the bottom of this peculiarity.'

China.

The following interesting account of China, and the commerce carried on with it by this country, is drawn up from a Parliamentary paper published two years ago.

China and Europe are the two most opposite communities in the world, not merely in geographical position, but in every thing that constitutes nationality; both highly civilized, far above the average of any of the nations surrounding each, yet of a species of civilisation singularly different; the opposition of habits, customs, manners, descending into the minutiæ of every day particulars in a manner and a direction of divergency almost ludicrous. Our relative ideas of each other's importance are regulated by the same standard of opposition; an ancient Chinese map represents the celestial empire as occupying the whole of the sheet on which it is drawn, with the exception of one corner, which is set apart for all the rest of the world; in an ancient European map of the world, on the other side, we look in vain for China, or find it perhaps a solitary name, as a part of Terra Incognita. We live now in better times; our globes or maps are not disgraced with distorted drawings of that great nation; and its neighbouring territories, its geographical positions, are laid down with tolerable precision; but as to the interior, with the exception of the general lines of deviation of some of its larger rivers, and the bearings of some of its more important positions, our knowledge, it must be confessed, is very inadequate, either to the absolute magnitude of that wonderful empire, or to its relative importance as affecting our extended and still extending commercial and political relations.

The information given in the evidence now before us fills up several of these chasms. It comes also in an authenticated form, from individuals well acquainted with the particulars they detail, deeply interested in the inquiry, and placed in a situation in which they know that a searching eye is watching over their relation, active to catch, and eager to expose any misstatement or fallacy. The accounts given by them may therefore be safely relied upon, as to general fidelity and accuracy.

The real amount of the population of China has been long one of the unsolved problems in geography. Though the commonly received statements were usually considered to be overrated, yet it was deemed an indisputable fact that the total, after every reasonable deduction had been made, was far beyond that of any European country, or, indeed, of any with which we are acquainted. From the statistical table already alluded to, it appears that the whole population of China proper, exclusive of Tartary and the dependent provinces, amounts to 141,470,000 souls, which, when compared with the area or surface of the country, gives an average of 103 souls for every square mile. Let this be compared with the known averages of some other countries.

	Souls.
China, per square mile - -	103
Hindoostan, - - - -	104
Austria, - - -	110
France, - - -	164
England, - - -	222

Thus we see that this so much vaunted population does not amount to one half of that of England, compared with the relative extent of territory of each country.

The cause of the apparently excessive population of China arises from the provinces being very unequally peopled, and the over-crowded portion of the country being that to which foreigners generally, if not solely, had access. There are, in fact, but four provinces, out of the fifteen into which the empire is divided, that are densely inhabited; these embrace but little more than one-fourth of the entire area, yet contain above two-thirds of the population.

The circumstances connected with emigration have been also ill understood, and therefore much misrepresented. The following summary of the information given in this curious document will serve to shew the real state of the case, and in some measure to develope the grounds of the misconception. The emigrations of the Chinese take place chiefly from the four southern maritime provinces. The emigrants direct their course to every neighbouring country where there is any hope of finding employment and protection. They are excluded, like the European nations, from settling in Japan, on political grounds; the government of Cochin-China affords them no great encouragement, from the same reason, and the Dutch and Spanish governments of Java and the Philippines have always looked on them with much suspicion. Distance, and the existence of a dense and comparatively industrious population, exclude them from the British possessions in Hindoostan, where there are only a few shoemakers and other artizans from that country, and these confined to Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

Every emigrant who leaves China does so with the intention of returning to it, although comparatively few are able to accomplish this object. The expense of emigration to the countries to which the Chinese usually resort, amounts to very little. Yet even the slender sum required is commonly paid from the fruits of the emigrant's labour on his arrival, and seldom in advance. They are invariably of the labouring classes, and their whole equipment for the voyage consists of little else than the coat on their back, a bundle of old clothes, and a dirty mat and pillow to sleep on. They no sooner land than their condition is wonderfully improved. They meet their countrymen, and find immediate employment in a congenial climate, where the wages of labour are, perhaps, three times as high as in China, and the necessaries of life cheaper by half.

The Chinese are not only intellectually, but physically, superior to the nations among whom they settle. A Chinese is, at least, two inches taller than a Siamese, and by three inches taller than a Cochin-Chinese, a Malay, or a Javanese, and his frame is proportionably strong and well built. Their superiority in personal skill, dexterity, and ingenuity, is still greater. The wages of a Chinese labourer at Sincapore are eight dollars a month, and of a Malay four; thus proving the work of the former to be of double the value of that of the latter.

The different classes of Chinese settlers not only live apart and keep distinct from those of other nations, but from each other. There is a wide difference between their character, habits, and manners, according to the provinces from which they proceed. The emigrants from the town of Canton, besides being addicted to mercantile pursuits, are the best artizans, and are much disposed to enter into mining speculations. It is they who are chiefly employed in working the silver mines of Tonquin, the gold mines of Borneo, and of the Malay peninsula, and the tin mines of the latter country, and of Banca. The Chinese of Macao, and the other islands, are held in very little repute by the rest of their countrymen, but those of the mountainous districts, who are numerous, are the lowest in rank. Their most frequent employment is that of fishermen and mariners; and it is from their ranks that European shipping, when in want, have occasionally received hands. Of all the Chinese, these are the most noisy and unruly.

The Chinese settlers, of whatever class, engage with much eagerness in agricultural employments, seldom, however, unless through necessity, as day labourers. They conduct, almost exclusively, the cultivation and manufacture of the catechu or terra Japonica in the strait of Malacca, the pepper cultivation of Siam, and the culture of the cane, and the manufacture of sugar in Java, Siam, and the Philippines. Differing materially from each other in manners, habits, and almost always in language and dialect, and entertaining towards each other provincial prejudices and antipathies, broils and quarrels, sometimes even attended with bloodshed, frequently break out among them. These are occasionally subjects of embarrassment in the European settlements; but nothing is to be apprehended from their systematic combination or resistance; for of all the Asiatic inhabitants of our eastern dependencies, the Chinese are the most obedient to the laws, and, notwithstanding the superior amount of their property, and even of their numbers, afford the least employment to the courts of justice.

The emigrant population from China is of a peculiar description, consisting, for the most part, of adult males, and of very few women or children, a circumstance easily explained. The laws of China, which prohibit emigration in general, are a dead letter, as far as the men are concerned; but it is imperative in respect to women and children, or, perhaps, more strictly, the manners and feelings of the people themselves prevent the latter from quitting the country. The person who gives this part of the evidence, and who had resided many years in the British dependencies, states that he had never seen nor heard of a female among the emigrants, and never saw a Chinese woman, except at Hué, the capital of Cochin-China, where two or three were pointed out as objects of curiosity, who had been kidnapped, and brought there when children. The emigrants, however, without scruple, form connexions with the females of the country, and the descendants of these repeatedly intermarrying with Chinese, are in time not to be distinguished from the genuine Chinese, either in features or complexion. But in countries where the settlers have been only recently established, the disproportion of the sexes is immense. Thus, out of the 6200 Chinese inhabitants of Sincapore, the number of females is but 360, and even of these, the greater part are Chinese only in name. The number of emigrants who return to China, though considerable, is very small in comparison with the arrivals. Even of those, the greater number come back again. There are resident in the British settlements, Chinese emigrants, men of property, who have visited China, and returned with titles

The evidence details a great number of facts relative to the culture and exportation of tea, highly worthy of notice. The excellency of the herb is attributed chiefly to the attention paid to its culture; hence it is, that though the tree itself is a hardy plant, thriving under a great variety of climate, the marketable commodity produced from it is very inferior in all other countries to that of China. Like the grape, it also differs in flavour from difference of soil and management, and there is as much difference between the choice teas conveyed overland to Russia, and those sent to Europe, as between the claret and Burgundy wines of France. It is also said that the flavour of the plant is much deteriorated by the sea voyage.

TO SCOTLAND.

Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me!
Hail, country of the brave and good,
Hail, land of song and story
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
Thy sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
Thy land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land,
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherish'd!

Oh, Scotland, through thy wide domain,
What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place for ever?
Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter farm or shieling,
That is not garner'd fondly up
Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad,
Those rivers join the ocean:
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshen'd by the lightsome flood,
As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze—the "bonny broom,"
The thistle, and the heather;
The blue bell, and the gowan fair,
Which childhood loves to gather.

Oh, for that pipe of silver sound,
On which the shepherd lover,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
Beneath the mountain's cover!
Oh, for that Great Lost Power of Song,
So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
And every lesser feature;
For where is there the spot of earth,
Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
Has taken consecration?

First, I could sing how brave thy sons,
How pious and true-hearted,
Who saved a bloody heritage
For us in times departed;
Who, through a thousand years of wrong,
Oppress'd and disrespected,
Ever the generous, righteous cause
Religiously protected.

I'd sing of that old early time,
When came the victor Roman,
And, for the first time, found in them
Uncompromising foemen;
When that proud bird, which never stoop'd
To foe, however fiery,
Met eagles of a sterner brood
In this our northern eyry.

Next, of that better glorious time,
When thy own patriot Wallace
Repell'd and smote the myriad foe
Which storm'd thy mountain palace;
When on the sward of Bannockburn
De Bruce his standard planted,
And drove the proud Plantagenet
Before him, pale and daunted.

Next, how, through ages of despair,
Thou brav'dst the English banner,
Fighting like one who hopes to save
No valued thing but honour.
How thy own young and knightly kings,
And their fair hapless daughter,
Left but a tale of broken hearts
To vary that of slaughter.

How, in a later, darker time,
When wicked men were reigning,
Thy sons went to the wilderness,
All but their God disdaining;
There, hopeful only of the grave,
To stand through morn and even,
Where all on earth was black despair,
And nothing bright but heaven.

And, later still, when times were changed,
And tend'rer thoughts came o'er thee,
When abject, suppliant, and poor,
Thy injurer came before thee,
How thou did'st freely all forgive,
Thy heart and sword presented,
Although thou knew'st the deed must be
In tears of blood repented.

Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me;
Hail! country of the brave and good,
Hail! land of song and story,
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

R. C.

SIR DARBY MONAGHAN.

The Duke of Rutland, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, frequently indulged himself in incognito rambles, with a few boon companions, through the meaner parts of Dublin, in the course of which he occasionally met with strange adventures.

One evening, his Grace, Colonel St Leger, and one or two others, having entered into a public house in the *Liberty*, they found the landlord to be so comical a blade, that they invited him to sit down to supper with them. Darby Monaghan, who knew his Grace by sight, took good care that the entertainment should be such as to give every satisfaction to his guests, and he contrived to season it with such an abundant flow of native wit and drollery, that they were quite delighted with him. His wine and whisky punch were so good, that by two in the morning they were all quite jolly, and ready to sally out into the street in quest of adventures. This, however, was prevented by the politic Darby, who contrived, by the humour of his songs, and the waggery of his jests, to fascinate them to the spot, until, one after another, they fell drunk under the table.

During their libations, and after Darby had said several good things in succession, the Duke, in a fit of good humour, and by way of a joke, turned round to him, and said, "By Jove! landlord, you are a glorious fellow, and an honour to your country What can I do for you, my boy (Hiccup.) I'll *knight you*, my lad! so—(hiccup again —down upon your marrow-bones this instant!" "Your Grace's high commands shall be obeyed," said Darby

kneeling. The Duke drew his sword, and, although Colonel St Leger endeavoured to prevent his carrying the joke too far, he struck him over the shoulder, and uttered the ominous words, "Rise up, Sir Darby Monaghan!" Darby, having humbly thanked his Grace, and sworn fealty to the King of England in a bumper, an immense bowl of punch was ordered in; this was filled and refilled, until at length the whole party became blind-drunk, as before stated.

The weather being warm, and the great quantity of punch which they had drunk, prevented the topers from feeling any inconvenience from the hardness of their couch, and they slept as soundly as they would have done on a down bed, either at the Castle or the lodge Darby, who, from long seasoning, was soon enabled to overcome the effects of the whisky, rose betimes, and, having bustled about, soon prepared a comfortable breakfast of tea, coffee, and chocolate, for the sleeping partners of his debauch.

When all was ready, not liking to rouse them by shaking or otherwise, he stepped into the room upon tiptoe, and gently opened the window-shutters. The sun shining in full upon them, they soon awoke from their slumbers, wondering where they were. The landlord, who was listening at the door, speedily put an end to their suspense, by thrusting in his black head, and nodding to his Grace, assuring him, "that they were safe and sound, and not a bone broke, in Darby Monaghan's own comfortable and fashionable *hotel*; also, that, if his Honour's Grace and the other gentlemen would just shake themselves a bit, and sluish their faces with a little nice cold spring water, they might fall to without any more delay, for there was a breakfast fit for a laird laid out for them in the next room.

This intelligence was received with much pleasure by the party, who, having put themselves in decent trim, adjourned to the breakfast room, where they found every thing of the best laid out in homely style; but what pleased them the most, was Darby's attention in bringing in a bottle of whisky under one arm, and one of brandy under the other. Pouring out several glasses, he presented them to each, according to their choice; taking the blessed Vargin to witness that a glass of good spirits was the best maid'cine iver envinted for weakness of the stomach, after straitching it with punch the overnight.

Darby's courtesy was taken in good part; and after he had retired, the conversation turned upon his extraordinary humour. At length, Colonel St Leger, seeming to recollect himself, said, "I am afraid, my Lord Duke, your Excellency made a bit of a blunder last night: you conferred the honour of knighthood on this same landlord." "Did I, by heaven!" exclaimed his Grace. "That you did," replied the Colonel. "Bless me, how unfortunate! why didn't you prevent me?" "I endeavoured to do so with all my might, but your Excellency's arm was too potent; and I preferred seeing your weapon fall upon *his* shoulder, rather than have it thrust into me." "What an unfortunate affair!" exclaimed the Duke, rising; "but I suppose the fellow doesn't recollect the circumstance more than myself: let us call him in. I wouldn't have such a thing reported at St James's for the world; I should be recalled, and be the laughing stock of every one at the Court. Zounds! to knight the landlord of a common punch-house! the thing is surely impossible."

"Both possible and true," replied the Colonel; "but let us ring for him, and hear what he himself says about the matter." Darby, who was in attendance on the outside of the door, heard all that passed, and resolved to resist every attempt at depriving him of his newly acquired honours. On his entering the room, the following dialogue took place.

Duke of Rutland.—I say, landlord, we were all quite jolly last night?

Darby Monaghan.—Your honour's noble Grace may say that same; we drank thirteen whacking bowls of punch amongst five of us?

Duke.—Ah! so we did, I believe—thirteen to the dozen—and you supped with us?

Darby.—Many thanks to your Grace's Excellency, Darby Monaghan did himself that same honour.

Duke.—No honour at all, my good fellow. But I say, Darby, do you recollect any thing particular that I did, in the way of joke, you know; some foolish thing, when we were all as drunk as fiddlers?

Darby.—Certainly, your Dukeship may say that, any how. I daresay the Colonel well remembers you filling up the last bowl from the whisky jug, instade of from that containing the hot water. By the powers! I could not stand that; it set me off, whizzing like a top, and I doesn't recollect one single thing after we emptied it.

Duke.—(*Laughing*)—Oh, then, you don't remember my drawing my sword, and threatening to run you through the body?

Darby.—The Lord above for iver presarve yer Dukeship's Highness from cru'l murder and sudden death all the days of yer life! I don't remimber any such thing; but I reminber well the whack yer Excellency's Royl Highness gave me with that same sword over my shoulder, when ye bid me "rise up, Sir Darby Monaghan."

Duke.—You do? eh! But that was all in jest, you know, Darby; and so we must think no more about it.

Darby.—Long life to your Highness! but I took it in right arnest; more by token that my shoulder aches at this moment with the blow; but I mustn't mind that, for it was given upon an honourable occasion, and resaived with good will—so, thanks to yer Excellency for all the favours, now and hereafter.

Duke.—But you don't presume to suppose, my good fellow, that I actually conferred upon you the honour of knighthood?

Darby.—By the powers! your Highness, but I do. Sure I wouldn't be after doing your Highness such discredit as to think ye meant to break yer royl word to man or mortal.

Duke.—Oh, the devil!—(*whispering.*)—I say, Colonel, what is to be done?

Colonel.—(*Whispering.*)—Give him some birth, and make him promise to say nothing about the frolic.

Duke.—Well, Darby, I don't mean to act scurvily towards you. I can give you a tidewaiter's place, or something in the excise, that will bring you in about one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and make you independent for life.

Darby.—(*Kneeling, and kissing the Duke's hand.*)—Let me go on my merry bones once again, to thank yer Royl Highness for being so good and marciful to poor Darby Monaghan! He'll niver forget to remimber to pray for yer Excellency to the blessed saints, on Sunday or Holiday.

Duke.—Well, then, Darby, it is settled that you give up the title, and that nothing shall ever be said about last night's adventure?

Darby.—Give up the title! yer Grace? and not be called Sur! after all? I thought the hundred and fifty pounds a-year was to keep up my style as a true and loyal knight.

Duke.—No, faith! you sha'n't have place and title too—so choose without delay.

Darby.—(*Pausing.*)—Well, yer Grace, if yer Excellency plaises, I'd rather keep the title; for, d'ye see, it 'ill be such a wonderment for a punch-house to be kept by Sir Darby Monaghan, that I'll soon have all the custom of Dublin city; and that'll be better than a tidewaither's place, any how.

Duke.—(*Laughing.*)—Well, then, without more argument about the matter, you shall have a place of about two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and you must give up your knighthood this instant.

Darby.—(*Going out.*)—Plase your Excellency, then, I'll just step up stairs, and ax hir *Ladyship's* advice; and, I daresay, she'd rather have the money. So, I'll inform your Honour's Grace in a twinkling.

Her Ladyship was accordingly consulted on this important question; and she wisely, and without hesitation, voted for the income of two hundred and fifty pounds, which they enjoyed for many years. The *title*, too, stuck by them till the last; for, after the Duke's departure from his viceroyalty, the affair was bruited abroad, to the great amusement of the middle and lower orders in Dublin, who never failed to address the fortunate couple by the appellations of "Sir Darby and Lady Monaghan."—*Clubs of London*, 2 *vols.* 8vo. 1829.

THE ELEPHANT.

To give a description of the elephant would seem superfluous: man has been familiar with it from the remotest times; it has been the auxiliary of armies, the pride of princes, the servant of merchants, and one of the chief attractions of every menagerie. All sorts of persons, from the sage to the showman, have thus combined to set forth the appearance, the magnitude, and the sagacity of the elephant, till, if the brute that roams the thick forests of India could read, it would really not know its own history. From so many and so interested and ignorant sources, it would be vain to expect any thing either very true or very consistent; and probably the most wild and wretched romance in the circulating library is not a more wide caricature of human nature, than the majority of written accounts are of the elephant.

As the elephant is the largest, and, estimating him as a mass in motion, the most powerful of land animals, there has been a great tendency to endow him with those superior attributes, which fancy, without regard to the facts, is so very apt to associate with mere magnitude. He has been styled the wisest and most lofty-spirited of brutes, and his reasoning powers have been stated as more than matter of imputation. As to the reasoning, one fact is decisive; the elephants of the present day have no more understanding than they had in the time of Darius. As for the independence, again, it has just as little foundation; the elephant is at first tamed by fear and starvation; and his motions are directed by an iron hook, which his driver thrusts into his forehead to push him on, and into his ear to turn him aside. The story of their not breeding in confinement, from delicacy or haughtiness, or any other intellectual cause, is not true, as they have bred in that state both in ancient and modern times; and the cause of their doing it so seldom is physical—they are not sufficiently fed, and too hard worked. Even what is told of a sexual paroxysm taking place at a particular season annually, in male elephants, is not true; for in their native forests the elephants breed at all seasons; and it has been ascertained that the period of gestation in the female is about twenty months and a half. The age to which they live has not been fully ascertained; but there is reason to believe that it is not less than two hundred years. According to the observations that have been made, the maternal feelings of the elephant are very blunt.

The form and covering of the elephant are well fitted for enabling it to make its way through jungles and forests. Its head forms a battering ram; and in order that the brain may not suffer pain from the concussion, the frontal sinuses are extended to two large cavities. The projections formed by those cavities are probably one of the causes of that imaginary wisdom which is imputed to the elephant, as they lead those who are not acquainted with its structure, to suppose that the celebral mass is anteriorly very much developed But the "sagacious facial line" has nothing to do with the brain of the elephant, that organ being remarkably small, not more than one twenty-third of that of the human subject, in proportion to the weight of both. And yet the senses of the animal are wonderfully acute. Of the sense of taste in this animal, we know less than of any of the others; but the great partiality of the elephant for sugar canes, for the sake of which it leaves the forest, and ravages the cultivated fields, and its fondness for sweet things, show that it has a power of election in its eating. The sense of sight is very quick, though, from the position of the eyes, and the shortness and stiffness of the neck, it is limited in its range backwards, except near the ground. It sees the rider, or the load upon it, with difficulty, if at all. Its hearing is very acute, and thus it has a very great discrimination of sounds; and there have been instances of one once domesticated escaping, being taken again in the usual manner, and at once obeying its old keeper, though till then it had given no sign of ever having been in human training, or having the least knowledge of the snare in which it had been formerly caught. Indeed the principal sagacity of the elephant seems to depend upon the power of following a certain sound with a certain act. An elephant, which was some years ago butchered in London, probably in consequence of ignorance on the part of those about it, listened to the voice of its keeper, even when it had been irritated and mortally wounded.

The sense of smell is very wonderful, and is no doubt the one by which the course of the animal is chiefly guided in those places where sight would be useless, and hearing of little more avail, on account of the rustling that itself must make. Thick as the hide of the elephant is, it is far from invulnerable. The insects of the jungles give it a great deal of annoyance, and put it to many shifts in order to get rid of them. Indeed, when left to itself, and where it has plenty of food and water, the hide of the elephant is soft; and it is dry and chapped in confinement, only because the animal does not get proper food, or enough of exercise to promote digestion. With the exception of the human hand, and the express organs of feeling in animals that have to grope for their way and their food, there are few organs in nature in which the sense of touch appears to be more acute and delicate than in the trunk of the elephant, especially in that part of it which serves as a hand.

Notwithstanding its great strength, and the formidable weapons with which nature has furnished it, the elephant is a harmless, and even a retiring aminal; and, unless when alarmed for its own safety, it wages war upon no other living creature. The extensive and thick forests are its chief abode; and the places of India where it is most abundant are the moist forests in the south-east of Bengal, and some parts of the western Ghauts, but more especially the former. The forests on the Tippera hills, on the south of the Silhet district, have long been the place where the principal continental supply of elephants has been obtained; and there they are still numerous, being found in herds of about a hundred in number. They are, like many of the other animals that live entirely upon vegetables, gregarious; and the herd are generally found to follow the oldest pair as leaders, and to go readily wherever they lead the way. In their marches through those forests, tangled as they are with underwood, sight would be of little avail; and therefore their means of communication are scent and sound. Food, friends, and foes, appear to be detected with great certainty, and at a considerable distance, by the former; and the latter also admits of considerable variety An elephant has three cries. The one is rather clear and shrill—a trumpet note, produced wholly by the trunk, and emitted when the animal is in good humour, and all is safe. The second is a growl or groan, issuing from the mouth, and is the cry of hunger, or an intimation to the rest when one has come upon an abundant supply of food; the third sound is loud as the roaring of the lion, and is the war-cry by which the animal prefaces his own hostilities, or calls his associates to his aid. They are seldom found far from each other, unless in the case of males that are expatriated, as is the case with deer and some other animals; and those often quit the forest, and are caught by using three or four tame females as a decoy. Even alone, in these cases, the beasts of prey—even the tiger, notwithstanding his agility and strength—will hardly venture to attack the elephant The male receives him on his tusks, tosses him into the air, and stands prepared to stamp his fatal foot upon him, the instant that he touches the ground. The female elephant has no tusks upon which to receive an enemy; but she has the art to fall upon him, and crush him by her weight.

In their native forests, where they are in herds, the elephants are invincible to all enemies, but man. If one gives an alarm, others hasten to the spot, and where they act in concert, the carnivorous animals keep their distance. In those places man is the only inhabitant of the earth by whom they can be subdued; and he owes his superiority chiefly to an element which the lower animals have never been able to engage in their service. Man, even in his most savage and uncultivated state, rubs one piece of wood against another, till one or both be ignited; he applies the match, so lighted, to a bundle of sticks, or to the reeds, brushwood, or grass, and the stoutest and most daring animals own his sway, and shrink from this the symbol of his dominion. When we reflect on the power and the security which this single and simple operation of the lighting of a fire gives to a man in those parts of the world that are infested by ferocious animals, we cannot help being struck at the vast superiority which the possession, even of the lowest degree of reason, has over the perfection of mere animal courage and strength."—*Picture of India*, 2 *vols.* 8vo. 1830.

ENGLISH HORSES.

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CONSULS.

THE population of a large town is perpetually receiving accessions from the country—not for the purpose of increasing the aggregate of inhabitants, but to supply the waste of existence which takes place in such a scene, and to furnish a better selection for the peculiar offices and business of a city than what could be obtained from the successive generations of the ordinary inhabitants. Nothing can be more clear than that the youths born and bred in a large city have a less chance to establish themselves in its first-rate lines of business, than the lads who come in from the country as adventurers; the fact being, that the latter are a selection of stirring clever spirits from a large mass, while only the same proportion of the former are likely to possess the proper merit or aptitude. Besides, the town-bred lad is apt to have some points of silly pride about his status in society; he cannot do this and he cannot be that, for fear of the sneers of the numerous contemporaries under whose eyes he is always walking. But the gilly, hot from Banff or Inverness, who comes into the town, "with bright and flowing hair," rugging and riving for a place in some writer's office, or elsewhere—why, the fellow would push into the most sacred parts of a man's house, like Roderick Random, and at the most unconscionable hours, in search of some prospective situation; and when he has got it, what cares he about what he does (within honesty) in order to advance himself, seeing that all who ever knew him before are on the other side of the Grampians. Thus, the sons of the respectable people of large cities are constantly retiring from the field—some to the East Indies—some to the West—some evanish nobody knows how—while their places are taken by settlers from all parts of the country, whose children, in their turn, give way to fresh importations Then, there is a constant tide towards the capital, of all kinds of rural people, who, having failed to improve their fortunes in the country, are obliged to try what may be done in the town. A broken-down country merchant sets up a grocery shop in some suburb—a farmer who has been obliged to relinquish his *dulcia arva*, sets up an hostelry for carriers, and so forth. Every recurrence of Whitsunday and Martinmas sends in large droves of people on the tops of heavy carts, to pitch their camps in Edinburgh; many of them with but very uncertain prospects of making a livelihood when they get there, but yet the most of them astonished a year or two after to find that they are still living, with the children all at the school as formerly, although, to be sure, the "reeky toun" can never be like the green meadows and dear blue hills which they have left behind in Menteith, or Ayrshire, or Tweeddale. What change, to be sure, to these good people, is the close alley of the Old Town of Edinburgh, the changeless prospect of house tops and chimneys, and the black wall opposite to their windows, ever casting its dark shade into their little apartments, for the pleasant open fields in which they have sown and reaped for half a lifetime, and where every little rustic locality is endeared to them by a thousand delightful recollections! But yet it is amazing how habit and necessity will reconcile the mind to the most alien novelties. And, even here, there are some blessings. The place of worship (always an important matter to decent country people in Scotland) is perhaps nearer than it used to be. Mr Simpson's chapel in the Potterrow is amazingly convenient. Education for the children, though dearer, is better and more varied. There is also a better chance of employment for the youngsters when they grow up. Then Sandy Fletcher, the —— carrier, goes past the door every Wednesday, with a cart-load of home reminiscences, and occasionally a letter or a parcel from some friend left at the place which they have deserted. By means of this excellent specimen of corduroyed honesty and worth, they still get all their butter and cheese from the sweet pastures of their own country side, so that every meal almost brings forward some agreeable association of what, from feeling as well as habit, they cannot help still calling *home*. Then it is always made a point with them to plant themselves in an outskirt of the town, corresponding to the part of the country from which they come, and where they think they will have at least a specimen of the fresh air. A Clydesdale family, for instance, hardly ever thinks of taking a house (at least for the first year or two) any where but in the Grassmarket, or about Lauriston, or the Canal Basin. People from East Lothian harbour about the Canongate. Bristo Street and the Causewayside are appropriated indefeasibly to settlers from Selkirkshire and Peeblesshire. Poll the people thereabouts, and you will find a third of them natives of those two counties. In fact, the New Town, or any thing beyond the Cowgate, is a kind of *terra borealis incognita* to folk from the south of Scotland They positively don't know anything about those places, except, perhaps, by report. Well, it must certainly be agreeable, if one is banished from the country into a town, at least to dwell in one of the outlets towards *that part of the country*; so that the exile may now and then cast his thoughts and his feelings straight along the highway towards the place endeared to him; and if he does not see the hills which overlook the home of his heart, at least, perhaps, hills from which he knows he can see other hills, from which the spot is visible—the long stages of fancy in straining back to the place

"—— He ne'er forgets, though there he is forgot."

There is one other grand source of comfort—in fact, an indispensable convenience—to people from the country living in a large city, namely, CONSULS. Every person in the circumstances described must be familiar with the character and uses of a CONSUL, though perhaps they never heard the *name* before. The truth is, as from every district of broad Scotland there are less or more settlers of all kinds of ranks and orders, so among these there is always one family or person who serves to the occasional visitors from that part of the country, as well as to the regular settlers, all the purposes which a commercial Consul serves in a foreign port. The house of this person is a *howff*, or place of especial resort, to all and sundry connected with that particular locality. It is, in fact, the Consul-house of the district. Sometimes, when there is a considerable influx from a particular place, there is a Consul for almost every order of persons connected with that place, from the highest to the lowest. The Consul is a person—generally an old lady—of great kindliness of disposition, and who never can be put about by a visit at any time upon the most vaguely general invitation. Generally, a kind of open table—a tea-table it is—is kept every Sunday night, which is resorted to by all and sundry, like an "at home" in high life; and though the Consul herself and some of her family sit on certain defined and particular chairs during the whole evening, the rest are tenanted by relays of fresh visitors almost every hour, who pay their respects, take a cup, and, after a little conversation, depart. In general, the individuals resorting to these houses are as familiar with every particular of the system of the tea-table—yea, with every cracked cup, and all the initials upon the silver spoons—as the honest Consul herself. Community of nativity is the sole bond of this association, but hardly any could be stronger. A person from the country takes little interest in the gossip of the city, important as it may sometimes be. He likes to hear of all that is going on in the little village or parish from which he has been transplanted. All this, and more, he hears at the house of the Consul for that village or parish, the same as you will be sure to find a London newspaper in the house of the British resident at Lisbon. Any death that may have happened there since his last visit—any birth—any marriage—any anything—he gets all in right trim at the Consul-house, with all the proper remarks, the whole having been imported on Thursday in the most regular manner by the carrier, or else on some other day by a visitant, who, though only a few hours in town, was sure to call *there*. At the Consul-house you will hear how the minister is now liked—who is likely to get most votes in the coming election—from whom Mrs —— bought her china when she was about to be married—and the promise of the crops, almost to a sheaf or a potato. But the topics are of endless variety One thing is remarkable. The most determined scandal is bandied about respecting their ancient neighbours; and yet they all conspire to think that there is no sort of people to be compared with them in the mass. They will let nobody talk ill of them but themselves. There is sometimes a considerable difference in the characters and ranks of the individuals who frequent a Consul-house. Perhaps you find, among persons of higher degree and more dignified age, apprentice lads, who, being the children of old acquaintances of the Consul, are recommended by their mothers to spend their Sunday evenings here, as under a vicarial eye of supervision, and being sure to be out of harm's way in the house of so respectable a person. These stolid youths, with their raw untamed faces, form a curious contrast, occasionally, to the more polished individuals who have been longer about town, such as writers' clerks or licentiates of the church. Possibly they will sit you out five mortal hours in a Consul-house, without ever speaking a word, or even shifting their position on their chairs, staring with unvaried eyes, and hands compressed between knees, right into the centre of the room, and hearing all that is going on as if they heard not. At length the young cub rises to go away, and the only remark is, "Well, Willie, are you going home? Good night." After which, the Consul only remarks to the adults around her, "That's ane o' John Anderson's laddies—a fine quiet callant." But this holds good only respecting Consuls in a certain walk of life. There are houses where people of very high *style* from a particular district are wont to call and converse; and there are dens in the inferior parts of the town, to which only serving girls, or boys (there is no rank among boys), resort. Every place, every rank, has its Consul. And not only is the Consul valuable as an individual who keeps a Sunday-evening conversazione. She actually does a great deal of business for the particular district which she represents. If a townswoman wants a gown dyed, or to obtain *swatches* of some new prints, or to purchase any peculiar article which requires some address in the purchasing, then is the Consul resorted to. A little square inexplicable epistle, with not nearly enough of fold to admit a wafer, and the phrase "for goods" on the corner, supposed to be a kind of Shibboleth that exempts letters from the laws of the Post-office, comes in with the carrier, requesting that Mrs —— will be so good as go to this or that shop, and do this and that and t'other thing, and send the whole out by return of Pate Fairgrieve, and the payment will be rendered at next visit to town. Thus, the Consul is a vast commission agent, with only this difference, that she makes nothing by it to compensate her immense outlay of capital. The duties, however, of the Consulate are their own reward; and we doubt if Brutus, who first assumed the office, bore it with a prouder head, or more satisfied heart, than many individuals whom we could point out Henceforth, we do not doubt, people will refer to the days when such and such a person was Consul for their native village, in a style similar to the ancient chronology of Rome; and "Consule Tullo" itself will not be more familiar or more memorable language, than "in the consulate [shall we so suppose?] of Mrs Bathgate!"

POPULAR INFORMATION ON NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

SCHOOLS.

It is now fully understood among inquiring minds, that in almost no civilised country in Europe is education less generally diffused, or ignorance more prevalent, than in England. It has happened through the extreme carelessness of those to whose management the country was committed, both in a bodily and spiritual sense, as well as from the dreadfully keen pursuit of gain and animal comfort which everywhere prevails, that the great mass of the people, whether in trade or agriculture, are totally ignorant of the first rudiments of letters, and have not the smallest knowledge of the art of writing. I have often been astonished at the quietness of the intelligent newspaper and periodical press under this melancholy state of things. The writers of these useful productions must have ample means of being acquainted with, and, in some degree, the power of reforming, an abuse which makes the heart of the philanthropist sicken, and that of the political economist almost despair. It is a fact perhaps not generally adverted to, as its contemplation is somewhat unpleasant, that the Irish nation have a much greater appetite for literary instruction, and are much more generally educated than the English. It is related by the Rev. C. Anderson, in his excellent work on the Native Irish, that the people of Ireland, of all grades and persuasions, are extremely desirous of having elementary instruction communicated to their children. Such, however, has been the lack of books and schools, he continues, that many thousands of children have been taught in churchyards by peripatetic teachers; the letters of the epitaphs being their only primer, and a piece of chalk and the gravestones being their only pen and copy book. In Ireland, also, there have been instances of men communicating a knowledge of reading to individuals only on condition that each would teach other ten, and thus, in the absence of all attention on the part of the state, a knowledge of letters has been diffused over many of the wildest districts of our unhappy sister kingdom. Now, in England, there is nothing of this species of feeling. The desire for furnishing children with the elementary branches of education can be said to exist only among those classes who are at perfect ease in their circumstances. There will be found in England, perhaps, two or three millions of parents who would not forego the indulgence in a single draught of beer, were they thereby to have the power of educating the whole of their family for a twelvemonth. Some how or other, "school learning," as it is called, is not supposed by these and other parents to be a thing of any value to their offspring, or suited to their habits of life, and few seem to be at pains to convince them of the contrary. The apathy of the corporate bodies of England is one of the chief causes of this extraordinary ignorance of the people. It cannot be but known to the clergy, to statesmen, and to the legislature generally, that four-fifths of the industrious classes of the community can neither read nor write; and it cannot escape notice, that the larger proportion of those convicted of crimes, both before the sessions and petty judges, are in total ignorance of all branches of scholastic learning. Yet, with this knowledge, and the most appalling deterioration of the people, nothing is done—that is to say on an efficient general principle; for the institution of charity and Sunday schools has little effect on the great strongholds of ignorance, which are everywhere observable.

I have no desire to harrow up, with any thing like bitterness, the complacent sloth of those who ought to take the lead in instituting a great national system of education in England; but as one who is acquainted with the beneficial educational institutions of his own country, and would, above all things, wish to see them imitated in the southern part of the island, I must be permitted to bring forcibly before the English their sad deficiences in the matter now under discussion, and endeavour to rouse them into a state of beneficial exertion. In the first place, the temptation to keep children from school, by the wages which they can earn even while in the tenderest years of youth, ought at once to be removed by a legislative enactment, calculated to prevent the employment of children in any kind of manufactory till they be ten years of age. There may appear to be a harshness in this regulation, but the safety of the commonwealth and the character of the nation, in a certain sense, depend on its exercise. Simultaneously with this arrangement, a school ought to be be established in every parish, or lesser division, and supported in nearly the same manner as is practised with such triumphant success in Scotland. The funds to support institutions of this description cannot require any length of time to be discovered; while the obtrusion of such seminaries on every little vicinity would soon incite a desire among the people to have the minds of their children imbued with the elements of instruction and useful knowledge. I may now bring forward a few useful particulars, illustrative of the nature of the Scottish schools, and of the taste for instilling a knowledge of letters, so characteristic of the nation.

It would be extremely difficult to convey to the mind of an Englishman any adequate idea of the ardent desire which burns in the heart of Scottish parents to give their children a knowledge of the rudiments of scholastic education. So universal is the principle, that the humblest, nay, almost the most vicious and abandoned, would consider themselves guilty of a serious crime, and labouring under an indelible disgrace, if they did not procure for their offspring a knowledge of reading and penmanship; and, except in some remote parts of the Highlands, a human being above the age of childhood is hardly to be found who cannot read his Bible or a newspaper, or unable to subscribe his name; while there are very few even in the middle ranks of life who have not enjoyed the advantages of a classical education. To accomplish the object of this passionate desire, families will deny themselves the use of many a luxury and necessary in sustaining life, and poor widowed women will toil night and day, in all seasons of the year, to find the means of educating their children. The feeling is indeed a psychological curiosity in its way, and might attract the investigations of the enquirers into the course of human action.

The establishment of parochial schools in Scotland was begun to be agitated by Knox and other reformers, and something was done in the reigns of James VI. and Charles II. in order to compel the erection and support of such institutions by the landholders. Yet nothing satisfactory was arranged till the revolution had given an impetus to the public mind. The old laws were revised, and in 1696 an act of Parliament under William III. was passed, appointing a school to be settled in every parish in Scotland, and compelling the salaries of the masters and other expenses to be liquidated by the landholders. The Presbyterian clergy having obtained the power of supervising the schools, warmly espoused the enactment, and to their fostering and persevering care the country has been much indebted for the success of the institution. Acts of Parliament since 1696 have considerably enlarged the salaries of the parochial schoolmasters, and otherwise bettered their condition. Their salaries are nominally fixed at so much grain, which being computed at the average market prices of so many years back, the amount is paid in money, each landholder paying his proportion. The salaries now vary from about L.20 to L.35 per annum, exclusive of a neat cottage and garden. They also receive school fees from pupils, but these are generally very small, and are regulated by the clergy and landowners, who have the complete control of the establishment. The fee for reading is now in general two shillings and threepence—writing, about a shilling additional—and these, included with arithmetic, three shillings and sixpence a quarter. If algebra or practical mathematics be added, another small charge is made. A very common charge for instruction in Latin is five shillings, and French the same sum, per quarter. Schoolmasters may thus double or treble their salaries; and their condition is bettered by their acting as clerks to the church session, precentors, &c. A number also teach psalmody. What are called the fine arts do not form a branch of education in the parish schools. In a number of the schools, also, Latin is not taught. The poor of the parish are taught gratuitously, and are put on the same footing in the schools as the other children.

The parochial schoolmasters of Scotland form a valuable and respectable body of men, who, in consideration of their toils, are very inadequately provided for. They are, in almost every instance, like their brethren, the clergy, drawn from the lower ranks of the people, and have been pushed forward at some little expense to their parents, and often of themselves; as teaching is frequently an after-thought, arising from physical incapacity, or a desire to rise above the common ranks. In many instances the profession is hereditary, and in a number of cases it is made the preliminary to a living in the church, though this practice is now discountenanced. The schoolmasters, on their admission by the landowners and Presbytery, undergo examinations as to their ability and moral character; and, by the law of the country, they are called on to subscribe the Confession of Faith of the Scottish Kirk.

While the country parishes of Scotland are thus provided with a ready and cheap means of education, it is very unfortunate that in the large populous cities there are no institutions of this description. This is a serious error in the Scottish national system. One of the ministers of the metropolis, in his statement in the recent reports of the Scottish clergy to Parliament regarding the schools, alludes to this deficiency in these words:—"Some legislative provision in burghs and large manufacturing towns, corresponding to the schools in the landward parishes of Scotland, and adequate to the cheap education of the poorer inhabitants, has become indispensably necessary to uphold the character and prosperity of the country. To this subject the magistrates have, in general, been commendably attentive; but the expenditure required has, in many cases, overgrown their means, and the legislature can alone supply the defect." To this statement I give a cordial assent; for the principal towns being devoid of endowed schools on the parochial plan, education is procured with great difficulty by the poorer class of inhabitants at private seminaries. Charity and Sunday schools have certainly been established to remedy the evil, but a great deal, in this way, has yet to be done in Edinburgh, and most other large towns. If these places be destitute of such powerful accessaries to the diffusion of knowledge, the case of the greater proportion of the second, third, and fourth-rate towns is very different. In these places, education is on the best possible footing. Each possesses a parish school for the plain elements of education; and a grammar school for Latin, Greek, and other higher branches of a classical education. It is to this latter description of schools I would beg particularly to direct the attention of my readers in England, for they have hitherto been unaware of their existence or character. The Scottish grammar schools occupy, in some measure, that situation which is held in England by "finishing seminaries for young gentlemen," and which dispense education, at an enormous price, to the children of the upper ranks. These Scottish institutions are under the immediate patronage and supervision of the town councils and magistracy, who, though frequently an ignorant enough class of men themselves, take no small pride in securing respectable teachers for the schools under their charge, and in the selection of whom they are assisted by the clergy and others. The masters are supported partly by small salaries from the town funds, and partly by fees. These schools are resorted to by pupils who have finished their education at the parish schools, which may be at the age of ten or eleven years, and are attended by boys boarded with the masters. All are taught together, and by this means a very beneficial intermixture of ranks takes place of boys who have been sent from cities and foreign places, and the natives of the towns and country districts. Friendships are hence perpetually formed among different classes of society, which terminate only with existence, and associations are created in the minds of young men relative to their early haunts and acquaintance, which rarely wear out, though the business of life may compel their emigration to the most distant quarters of the globe.

No kind of schools has been so carefully attended to, and improved as occasion required, as these institutions. The payment of salaries by the towns has had the effect of considerably lowering the price of classical education. As a specimen, Latin is usually taught for, at most, 7s. 6d. a quarter. Boarders pay for the whole routine of study according to age and other circumstances. In order that the young men from the parish schools may not lose their previous elementary education, they continue to be taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the former low terms. The general charge for boys, including board and education, varies from L.25 to L.40 per annum. At present there is an obvious competition of grammar schools throughout the country. As many of the burgh towns have little or no trade, they are excellently adapted, from their retired characters, for the possession of such establishments. Examinations are made once a-year (generally in August) by a number of the clergy of different persuasions, the magistrates, and gentlemen invited for the occasion. Prizes in classical books are given, and the vacation which follows usually lasts for a month. These, and all other schools, are always open to visitors; what is called *Fagging* is totally unknown. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and some other large towns, these establishments are called High Schools, as they are under a regular series of masters, and carry on education to a greater height, though at a much greater expense. I regret that my limits prevent me from laying before my readers the outlines of the various courses of study and modes of management, for they do great credit to the national character, and might be advantageously imitated in the south. These grammar and high schools serve as preparatory seminaries for young men intended for a collegiate education; but in a far greater number of cases they are attended by boys whose occupations are to be of a trading and mercantile nature, and who are not sent to the colleges. In nearly all the schools, instruction in religious duties forms an object of careful attention.

The whole tenor of education in Scotland, though confessed to be the best in practice, and though having the effect of distinguishing Scotsmen in whatever country they are found, is not without its faults and deficiences. Here, as everywhere else, the art of teaching boys to think or reason has not been introduced on proper or rational principles. Education is still considered an exercise of memory, and it very frequently happens that the "best scholar" turns out the dullest man, and *vice versa*. But this defect is universal, and is only beginning to attract the notice of intelligent men in different parts of Europe

MAHOMET ALI.

DO not know any species of intelligence which could communicate such a thrill of delight throughout Christendom, as that which would inform us of the surrender of Palestine and Syria by the slothful and sanguinary Turk to the conquering arms of a civilised power. Ever since these unfortunate countries were degraded and disgraced by the settled residence and sway of Mahommedans after the departure of the Crusaders, they have ceased to be an object of political strife among Christian princes—have been almost unheard of, except by the accounts of adventurous travellers—yet have never been forgotten by the reflective, or supposed to be totally lost to the renewed influence of that benign faith which was first promulgated in their rugged mountain recesses, and along the shores of their interesting lakes and rivers. The reform of the Turkish empire, partly effected by the present Sultan, but, in particular, the ambition and desire for conquest of the intelligent Pacha of Egypt, give cause to imagine that the restoration of the Holy Land will

be accomplished much earlier than we had any reason to anticipate. Mahomet Ali, who has been for some years the chief of Egypt, and nominally a Pacha of the Sultan, is one of the most extraordinary men of the present age, and should he completely subjugate Syria and Palestine, as there can be little doubt he will, these long abused countries will, in a brief space of time, be as open to the visits and settlement of Europeans as any civilised territory we are acquainted with. This being effected, what may we not expect to follow? Roads will be opened up; commodious inns and conveyances established; tours to Jerusalem, and through the scenery consecrated by the events recorded in the sacred Scriptures, will be of easy accomplishment; and the religion of Christ will once more openly be preached in the temples of Mount Zion. But all this in the meanwhile depends on the success of the intrepid Mahomet Ali, whose operations may be traced in the newspaper accounts of the day, and which it is not my province to detail.

As little, I believe, is generally known about this person, on whom so much good now depends, I shall take the liberty of condensing an excellent account of his life and actions, written by a correspondent of the Examiner:—

"The Pacha of Egypt was originally only a common soldier amongst the troops raised in Albania, and by the vigour of his arm, by his talent and enterprise, he rose to be the Pacha of Egypt, one of the highest posts of honour in the whole Turkish empire. Such promotion in Turkey is not very extraordinary; for there are no hereditary honours, and as the Sultan is the heir of all who die in office, there is but little hereditary property. Accordingly, persons originally in the lowest station constantly rise to the highest rank in the empire, and the sons of the greatest Pachas descend to a low condition. But Mahomet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt, on getting the command of that province, soon shewed that he was no ordinary man—that he was not one who would travel in the beaten paths of ignorance and prejudice, and the changes which he has wrought in Egypt, although far from being equal to what a still greater degree of knowledge and benevolence would have effected, are utterly astonishing as coming from an originally uneducated Turk. He soon succeeded in establishing a regularly paid and disciplined military force, instead of the irregular and tumultuary bands of men, serving as soldiers in Turkey; and by their help, he soon put down all bodies of robbers and plunderers, and rendered life and property perfectly safe throughout all the land of Egypt. The remnant of the Mamelukes, that singular military body, which, since the days of Saladin, had governed Egypt, he annihilated, it must be confessed, by means but little consonant to our ideas of humanity, but still he did completely effect his purpose, and he made himself the sole and uncontrolled lord of the land of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, Cæsars, and Caliphs. Travelling from one end of Egypt to the other is now as safe as in any kingdom of Europe; and foreigners, coming either for commercial or scientific purposes, feel themselves perfectly secure.

Having rendered the commerce of Egypt perfectly safe, he next set about rendering the agricultural productions such as would command a profitable return on exportation to foreign lands. He soon became aware that Egypt, possessing almost throughout a great depth of alluvial soil, and annually fertilized by the slimy inundations of the Nile, and warmed by a sun all but tropical, inasmuch as the southern part just reaches within the tropic, might be made to rival the richest lands of the eastern or western world; and the expense of supporting an Egyptian fellah to till the ground was still less than that which would feed and clothe a West Indian negro. Mahomet accordingly caused extensive tracts of Egypt to be cultivated with sugar and cotton. In these operations he availed himself of the science and talents of natives of Europe, and Christians of enterprise and talent found patronage and profitable service under a Mahometan prince. The value of the exports of Egypt was prodigiously increased, but Mahomet did not allow the cultivators to enjoy except a small portion of the advantage. He himself monopolised the whole trade. He compelled the cultivators to deliver over to his agents the whole of their produce at his own price; and this produce, by means of his agents, he sold to the European merchants; and to secure himself against the effects of any combination at Alexandria, to keep down the price, he sent his agents to France and England to dispose of his goods, and hence the cotton of Egypt has long been a regular article of trade in the prices current of Liverpool and Marseilles.

As the chief support of all power, Mahomet set about placing his army on a footing equal to the improved knowledge of the times. Instead of the tumultuous, undisciplined, scarcely regimental hordes of men, without uniform, and armed only with the musket and sabre, Mahomet caused his troops to be formed into regiments, battalions, and companies, like European troops; to be clothed in uniform, to be armed with gun and bayonet, and to be taught European tactics. To effect this he engaged in his service European officers; and the cessation of the great wars in 1814 made it easy for him to obtain a supply of skilful warriors to any number. His cavalry and artillery were put on a footing equal to the infantry, and the army of Egypt on parade for review soon appeared equal in discipline and efficiency to an equal number of European warriors. Schools for instruction in the sciences necessary for war, and manufactures of arms and ammunition, were also established.

The marine of Egypt was also put upon a formidable footing, and displayed a force of line-of-battle ships and frigates far beyond what could have been expected from a country of a population supposed to be less than three millions of people; and the fleet was kept in a state of discipline corresponding with that of the land forces.

Being well aware that the superiority of modern armies arises from the science of the leaders, the Pacha has endeavoured to supply skilful officers for his troops, by means of an academy in which instruction is given, chiefly by European masters, in the various branches of knowledge. Young men of marked talent have also been selected, and sent, chiefly to France, and some to England, for improvement. Knowing, also, the immense power of the press over the minds of the people, the Pacha has also established a newspaper, the first of the kind ever seen in the Turkish empire. Of course, this paper will speak only what the Pacha pleases; but still it is an immense step in civilisation to have recourse to a moral power of persuasion, instead of the whip, the bludgeon, and the sword, the usual instruments of rule in all the Turkish provinces. Even the Grand Sultan himself has seen the use which may be made of the press, and a newspaper now appears in Constantinople itself.

The Pacha has made an approach to what we may even call the liberal in politics. He has selected leading men of the various provinces of Egypt, and brought them together to form a deliberative council or Parliament at Grand Cairo. No doubt Parliament men, who have the fear of the scimitar and bowstring before their eyes, will be careful to meddle with nothing but what is propounded to them, and will be guarded in the language which they employ; but still such a council may be of eminent service both to the Pacha and to the people. The evils of bad government more frequently result from ignorance than criminal intention, and even a Pacha may prefer beneficial measures when he has no strong passion to gratify by an opposite course. Such a council, therefore, to supply a Pacha with information of what is to his advantage, may be a considerable blessing.

With the formidable strength of land and sea forces possessed by the Pacha, it was not to be expected that he should not endeavour to enjoy the recreation of monarchs—the game of war. His troops proceeded up the valley of the Nile far beyond the acknowledged boundaries of Egypt; and the Nubians, after a sanguinary, but useless resistance, submitted to his power. His forces crossed the desert, and the inhabitants of the Oases yielded obedience and tribute. He extended his authority along the shores of the Mediterranean to the west of Egypt, into the now thinly peopled territories of Lybia and Cyrene. But a far mightier and more glorious war brought renown to his standards. The fanatical sect of the Wahabees in Arabia, under the name of reform, had overcome the faithful, and at last taken possession of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and putting a stop to the pilgrimages, had rendered it physically impossible to observe the most meritorious of all the precepts of the Koran. The Sultan of Constantinople, as head of the faithful, was bound to re-open the way to the tomb and birth-place of the prophet, and for this purpose he called on the Pacha of Egypt to send his forces to the war. After two campaigns, the most complete success was obtained, the armies of the Wahabees were defeated, and the broken remnants were driven off to the deserts.

For many years political writers have said, why does the great chief of Egypt yield submission to the Sultan of Constantinople and pay him tribute, and waste his treasures and his troops in wars in which he is not himself the party chiefly interested? Such writers have forgot that there is more appearance than reality in the power of the Turkish Pachas. Every one of them appears as a king in his own province, though none so completely so as the Pacha of Egypt has become. They have forgot the fanatical attachment of all the Turks to their Pope and Chief, the Sultan of Constantinople; and Mahomet Ali, of Egypt, was so well aware of the extreme hazard of a contest, from the probable desertion of his followers, that necessity only could drive him to the attempt.

Hence, in the case of the war carried on by the Turks to subdue the Greeks, the Pacha of Egypt, on being so commanded, sent his land army to attack the Morea, and his fleet, uniting with the Turkish navy, shared with them in the disastrous defeat at Navarino. After that event, and the arrival of the French troops, the Egyptian army readily yielded to superior power, and, without leave of the Sultan of the Turks, returned to their country. From that time the Pacha of Egypt employed himself in re-establishing his army on its complete war footing, and equipping his marine, and in the two years war of the Turks and Russians, he excused himself from sending treasures or troops to maintain the standard of the Faithful. The Pacha of Egypt probably saw that the time was at last come when he could no longer remain on friendly terms with his chief; and his only chance of safety and honour lay in boldly entering on war, and leading his armies to attempt to conquer the territories of the neighbouring Pachas. Accordingly, he sen his troops across the desert that lies between Egypt and Palestine, and his navy putting to sea, co-operated in the war."

Ali Pacha is now a man in the decline of life, but of stout constitution, and is said to be easy and familiar in his habits. Though despising the Turkish character in some of its points, he is still addicted to all the indulgences of Mahommedanism. In his appearance, he is venerable, from a long flowing white beard, and is remarkable for the keen quickness of his eyes. Should he have the bravery and good fortune to secure Palestine as one of his possessions, he will assuredly be considered one of the most interesting personages in modern history.

WILL BLOCK.—A True Tale.

"But the creed of a sailor still farther extends:
He believes 'tis his duty likewise
To comfort his poor distress'd messmates and friends,
And the girl that is faithful to prize."

It was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter, and shortens the journey to the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his "What cheer, what cheer?" could not refrain from turning round and stopping to take another look. Indeed, that sparkling eye of good-humoured pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily passed by unnoticed, or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trowsers; a straw-hat bound with black riband thrown carelessly back upon his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silvered grey that flowed beneath, and a black silk handkerchief, loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt; a short cudgel was tucked under his arm. He had now reached the inn by the wayside, where he purposed heaving to, to hoist in a fresh supply of grog and biscuit for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with vile discordant sounds of some one in a terrible passion. "Never throw hot water and ashes to windward," says the old tar, shortening sail; "I'd sooner engage a squadron of fire-ships, than one woman in a rage. They're sure to have the last broadside, even while sinking." He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice, in plaintive supplication, struck upon his heart, and brought him up. 'Twas in reply to the vociferations of the termagant, and he remained backing and filling in the passage. "What, money—clothes—all lost, did you say?" exclaimed a rough-strained throat, something resembling the combined noise of a blacksmith's bellows and a flint-mill; "All gone, eh?" "Yes, ma'am all—all is lost to me," replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that claimed the smallest acquaintance with humanity. "So you think that story will do, eh?" continued the first; "'twon't though, missus, so you must tramp. I don't keep a house for vagrums, and sich like." "Indeed, indeed, 'tis true; the villains robbed me of all, and I've walked many, many weary miles. Oh but for a piece of bread—a little cold water!—can you deny me this? Indeed I've not been used to beg!" "Why that's the way with all you canting creatures—all ladies, forsooth! Where do you come from?" "Oh, ma'am, I'm a wretched girl, yet I was once happy; sorrow has indeed reached me—lost, lost Lucy!" "Ha, I see how it is! What, you've been with the fellows, have you? Why, you good-for-nothing!—there, get out of my house—get out, I say!" "Can you have the cruelty to let me perish? Where—where shall I find compassion, if my own sex refuse it! Oh, remember, that mercy—that pity, is the attribute of angels!" "Don't talk to me of angels, hussy! and as for tributes, there's sesses, and taxes, and poors' rates enough—Out, I say! What you won't, eh? Here, John! Bet! where are you all? you pack of idle vagabonds! Here, take this miss, and turn her out." "Oh, let me implore your pity—here humbly let me beg ——" This was too much for our honest tar. Entering the kitchen, he beheld a young girl, plainly but neatly dressed, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seemed fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasped one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid-servant together, were attempting to force her out. "Yo-hoy, what's the matter here?" said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trip that laid him sprawling on the other. "Cowardly, lubberly rascals! what, grapple a vessel in distress? And you (turning to the landlady) to stand looking on! Is this a Christian country? For shame, old woman!" "Old woman, forsooth!" exclaimed the now doubly-exasperated landlady, "Old woman, forsooth! What, you takes the part of the young-un, eh? But she shall budge directly." "I say she shan't, then. Come here, pretty one, and nobody shall harm you while old Will Block can keep the weather-gage." "Well, this is fine treatment, too, in my own house! And you, ye rapscallions, who eat my victuals and take my wages, to see it tamely! Lay hold of her, I say." "Touch her if you dare," says old Will, flourishing his stick, "and I'll—I'll——Ay, that's right, keep off, for if you come athwart my hawse, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables!" Poor Lucy had got close to his side; but, fearing her protector would be injured for his generosity, she intreated him to desist. "I am not worthy your notice, sir; only a drop of water, for I am very faint." "Shall have the best the house affords, while I've a shot in the locker. Go along, old Mother Squeezelemon, and get something for the poor child; don't you see she's all becalmed?" "What, give my property to vagrums and wenches!—not I, indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?" "Avast, old Grampus! think of this here when you stands at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then? This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go, get her a glass of wine." "And who's to pay? Wine, indeed!—get her some water, Jack," said the now alarmed landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was uttered, operated powerfully on her conscience. "Heave to, you porpoise-faced swab—none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house, too, d'ye hear! Why, what's the lubber grinning at? Will this satisfy you, ye old she-shark?" thrusting his hand into his jacket pocket, and drawing it out again filled with gold—"Will this satisfy you?" The landlady's countenance brightened up: "Why if so be as how you means to pay for it, that's another thing. Well, well, I dare says you're a gentleman, after all. Come, child, (to Lucy,) I'm sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes—Stop, John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear." "Ha, ha, ha! what a generous heart!" cried Will; "how readily it expands at the voice of distress!" shaking his pockets. "Here's the key will unlock the flood-gates of her benevolence at any time, (holding up a guinea.) But come, pretty one," drawing a chair, "sit down and rest." "Oh, sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?" said Lucy. "Wait till I ax you," replied Will, who felt hurt at the idea of being repaid. "Here, miss," said the landlady, entering, "take this nice cake and wine, 'twill do you good. God bless your sweet face! why, do you think that I would go for to hurt a hair of your head?" "There, there, there's enough of it—no more palaver; I arn't agreed for that, you know, though I suppose you'll consider it in the bill." Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the bell rung violently in another room, and she disappeared. "Come, come, don't be backward; never mind an old sailor," said Will: "refresh yourself, and then tell me what I can do to serve you; speak as if I was your father." "Oh, sir, don't talk of my father—I have fixed a wound in his heart"—— "There, there; don't cry: I can't bear to see a woman's tears—it makes a fool of me: but tell me honestly all about it, for I've got to be at old Admiral M——'s

oy night." "Of —— Grove?" inquired Lucy, much agitated. "Why, ay; do you know him?" "No, sir, but—but I have seen—I have been in company with his nephew;" and again she burst into tears as if her heart would break. "Why, ay, I see how it is; knock old Will down for a witch. I see how it is: this is some of Mr Tommy's doings, eh? Zounds!" clenching his fist; "but no matter. And where are you come from?" "From my father's, sir." "And who is your father?" "Oh do not ask me! my name is Lucy B——." "What, the daughter of old B——, that was in the Venerable as first lieutenant?" "Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter." "Zounds! why," starting up in a passion, "why, and has Tom dared?—— But don't be frightened, don't be frightened. And so you have deserted your home and my poor old friend?" "Spare me, sir! spare me! If my father was indeed your friend, oh succour his erring child!" "Well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocence, and then abandon his victim—zounds! But come, come along" "I thought of going to the Admiral's, sir." "To be sure, to be sure! we'll be under weigh in a minute." "Yet, sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interests; and oh I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart." "A what? a feeling heart! Why are you here then? But come along, sweetheart!" and, discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old Admiral M—— was the most eccentric. He had risen solely by merit from the station of cabin-boy to vice-admiral of the white; and 'twas ever his boast that he had never skulk'd in great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar-bucket. "I came in at the hawse-holes," he would say, "and didn't creep in at the cabin windows." He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together; and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discovered the track he had taken. He would frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring his bell, and order refreshments, as if he had never quitted it. Not an old sailor that ever sailed with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer; and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform (if of good character, but not so successful as himself) always sat at his own table. Possessed of an immense fortune, which he was accustomed to say was drawn from the Spanish *stocks*—yet without children, for he was a bachelor, he had adopted his nephew, determined to leave him the bulk of his property The young man, who really was naturally of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favour, associated with some of the dashing characters of the day, and became tinctured with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieutenant B—— by a brother officer; and that acquaintance, which terminated so sadly for poor Lucy, was begun. Yet he passionately loved her; but, fearing the condemnation of the admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had withdrawn himself from Exeter without even bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immure himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was ambitious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeable to the high prospects in view before him, and equally convinced that to thwart his inclinations would but annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world. Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left her home to endeavour to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life, according to his own account, had sailed with the admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the household was composed. She had been plundered by some villains of all she possessed at daybreak, but still continued her journey, till, worn with hunger, and faint with fatigue, she entered the inn, and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell on the landscape as they passed under the avenue of trees that led to Grove House. Will, having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr M—— and his convoy, left her at a short distance, and proceeded onward. Almost overpowered by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she leaned against the trunk of a tree, expecting to see the being whom, next Heaven, she loved most tenderly. 'Twas now too dark to distinguish objects, but she could hear footsteps approaching, and she sunk without sense or motion to the ground. On recovery, she found herself sitting on a couch in a small room, and the old housekeeper, with other females, sedulously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly round for another object, while the old lady strove to soothe her mind, informing her that 'twas herself who had discovered her in the avenue, at the request of old Will. Refreshments were placed, of which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr M—— was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her kind conductor.

"Pray, sir," said the admiral, entering the room abruptly when his nephew was sitting alone, and ruminating upon his own hapless condition, but more upon the object of his sincere attachment, little imagining that she who occupied his thoughts was at that moment under the same roof—"pray, sir, what does that man deserve who robs a friend of his dearest treasure—who, stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl, under the flag of affection, turns pirate, and plunders his prize with remorseless cruelty?" The young man sat petrified, for these questions were precisely accordant to his own feelings previous to the entrance of his uncle. "Answer me!" exclaimed the admiral, raising his voice, "answer me directly!" "I cannot, sir; I am too deeply sensible of error." "Or what does he merit," continued the admiral, "who, contrary to the views of a relative that has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young female, and then deserted her!" "Infamy!—infamy and disgrace!" exclaimed the agonized M—— "I feel it all—all, and shudder!" "You have judged right, sir. Your acquaintance with the poor distressed child of Lieutenant B—— I have just received information of, and your own lips have condemned you." "Not so much as my heart, sir," replied M——. "Pass what sentence you please; but oh! suffer me to expiate my fault!—do not drive me to desperation!" "'Tis well, sir, you are convinced of your error;" and, ringing the bell violently, a servant appeared. "Order Mr M——'s horse to the door;" then, turning to the young man, "This is no longer a home for you; however, you shall first have the satisfaction of facing your accuser;" and, again ringing the bell, directed another servant to introduce the stranger. No culprit ever stood more agitated than M—— while these orders were given. He fixed his eyes upon the door in anxious expectation; but what were his feelings—what his agony—when Lucy herself appeared! He would have rushed towards her; but his uncle caught his arm, and, in a voice that made the poor girl tremble, "No, sir! would you again coil like a snake about your victim? would you once more sting a bosom whose only fault was loving a villain? Go, sir! you have forfeited all pretensions to my favour—you have degraded my name—you have disgraced yourself. Go, and let me never see your face again!" This was too much for poor Lucy; she had expected a private interview with her lover, and imagined, when she quitted the housekeeper's apartment, 'twas for that purpose the folding-doors of the drawing-room were thrown open. How great, then, was her surprise and distress when she found herself in the presence of the admiral! He was habited in an immense cloak, that covered his whole person, and his laced cocked hat upon his head; but the sentence was no sooner pronounced than Lucy knelt before him, imploring mercy. M——, at the same moment, threw himself by her side, caught her upraised hand, joined it in his own, and offered his petitions with hers. The old admiral dashed the tears from his eyes, and, overcome by the scene, grasped their united hands, and blessed them. But who can express the astonishment, the gratitude, of Lucy, when, throwing off his cloak and hat, he appeared before her as her generous benefactor, protector, and guide—even old WILL BLOCK!—*Greenwich Hospital.*

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN SWEDEN.

FLAGRANT crimes (says Rae Wilson in his Travels in Normandy, &c.) rarely occur in Sweden, and not a single execution, I was told, had taken place in Gottenburg for twenty-four years. An affair, however, attended with circumstances of marked atrocity, took place just before I arrived, that excited a more than ordinary degree of interest. The history of it is shortly this: A Danish vessel was boarded and plundered by some ruffians, who had long been notorious for their bad conduct, and, in truth, held to be a pest to that part of the coast where they lived. At this time their acts of outrage and violence exceeded those of any previous period. In addition to their committing robbery, they attacked and boarded a vessel, which they not only plundered, but they barbarously murdered two men and a boy, who formed the crew. On the crime being discovered, the whole country to a man turned out to hunt up the authors of these bloody deeds, and completely encircled the spot to which they had fled for refuge. On being discovered, they were apprehended and taken to Gottenburg, and brought to trial before a court of assize. It is laid down as a fundamental law in the criminal code of this country, that, in cases of murder, no proof of a circumstantial nature is admitted as sufficient for inflicting capital punishment; and, of course, hearsay must be of still less authority. This can only proceed on two grounds; namely, the full confession of the criminal himself, or a positive evidence of the crime having been actually seen committed. Should this not happen, he is confined to jail; where it often occurs that the horrors of a guilty conscience prompt him to confess his crime, and thus satisfy the ends of public justice. The ringleader here first admitted the full extent of his guilt, and showed the greatest mark of contrition. He was permitted to address the people on Sunday from the window of his prison, in a kind of sermon, which, it is said, was delivered with great sincerity and devotion. The other two confessed their criminality at the distance of three months afterwards, and all were led out for execution. The mode of punishment was as follows:—Their right hands were first cut off, and immediately afterwards their heads; when their bodies, with the clothes, were stretched out horizontally on three different wheels, attached each to the top of a pole about ten feet in height. The heads and hands were nailed on separate poles of similar height, and the whole left exposed, till they dropped from the effects of the elements.

SPANISH LITERATURE.

THE literature of Spain is well known to be in the lowest condition, and in a state most prejudicial to the cultivation of genius, or the intelligence of the people. This particularly appears to be the case from an account written by Henry D. Inglis, in his work entitled "Spain in 1830."—"A priest, with whom I was acquainted in Madrid (says he), telling me one day that he had thought of going to London or Paris to print an English and Spanish Grammar which he had written, I asked him why he did not print them in Madrid, since they were intended for the use of his own countrymen, especially as they could contain nothing political? His answer was, that nothing was so difficult as to obtain a licence to publish a book, even although it contained no allusion to politics; and 'the better the book, said he, 'the more difficult it is to obtain a licence, and the more dangerous to publish; because government does not wish to encourage writing, or even thinking, upon any subject; and the publication of a good book sets men a-thinking.' This comprehensive reply explains, pretty nearly, the present state of literature in Spain, judging of it by the number and merit of published works.

The number of books published, from 1820 to 1823, was very considerable. The energy then communicated to letters, from the removal of all restriction, was extraordinary; books upon all subjects issued from the press, and the best proof perhaps that can be given that many of these were books of talent is, that most of them are now prohibited. Literature, however, then received an impetus, which still continues, in some degree, to affect it, notwithstanding the difficulties to be overcome; for there is a considerably greater number of books published now than previous to the revolution: and no reasonable doubt can be entertained that another removal of the restrictions which press upon literature would bring into the field a large accession of native talent. Even after a licence has been obtained to publish a manuscript, its publication is still a dangerous speculation; because it frequently happens that, when the book is printed and partly circulated, some great man, even more fastidious than the censors, discovers a dubious passage, and the book is prohibited. There are four difficulties, therefore, which an author must resolve to face before he sits down to prepare his manuscript:—The probability that he may be refused a licence; the probability that, before being licensed, his manuscript may be mutilated; a probability that, I am told, amounts almost to a certainty, unless the work be upon one of the exact sciences; the probability that, after the work be published, some caprice may forbid its sale; and the certainty that, if the work be a talented work, the author of it, whether obtaining his licence or no, will be looked upon with suspicion; and, if in government employment, will almost certainly lose his appointment. These are sad drawbacks upon literary exertion; but there is yet another. Men are afraid to read as well as to write; and the sale of the work is therefore insecure. Booksellers do not care to venture upon the publication without some guarantee; the consequence of which is, that almost every book published in Spain is published by subscription or in numbers, or both in numbers and by subscription—by either of which modes the risk is lessened. What should we say in England of bills posted about the streets, announcing a new novel, to be published by subscription and in numbers? Yet I saw an announcement of this kind, of a novel to be called 'El Dissemulador'—the Dissembler. But the greater number of books at present published in Spain are translations from French and English, adapted, of course, to the Spanish censorship.

Although the Spanish government endeavours by every means to repress intelligence, and thwart the progress of knowledge, there is no lack of books in Spain to those who will and dare to read them. This is, indeed, done under the rose; but it is done. There are two libraries in Madrid, which contain the best French authors; and persons who are known to the librarian, or recommended to him, may obtain almost every prohibited book. I had personal proof of this. Sitting one morning with a lady connected with the royalist party, but a woman of very liberal views, and one of the few blue stockings of Madrid, I was compassionating the situation of those who, like herself, were lovers of literature, but who were denied the means of gratifying their taste. The lady assured me, she had no need of my compassion upon this score, for that she might have any French author she chose, and many English authors, from the library of ——. And when I expressed some surprise at this, she desired me to fix upon any celebrated books that occurred to me, and they should be put into my hands in less than half an hour. I chose accordingly; and, in ten minutes, I had in my hands a Paris edition of the "Social Compact," and the Basil edition of "Gibbon's Historical Work." Books, therefore, may be had; but persons are afraid to have and to read them. We may ask, can these restrictions and fears exist much longer? I think not. The reign of ignorance in Spain, it is evident, already gives symptoms of its dissolution."

The Scottish Dukes.

HAMILTON.

GREAT as this family has been in the recent periods of Scottish history, it is not very ancient. It possessed no distinction before the reign of James II., and cannot well trace its existence any higher than the time of Bruce. In the space of time between the reigns of these two monarchs, *Hamilton of Cadyow* was only a knight of small estate. Sir James Hamilton, the seventh of the series, was a man of eminent political ability, and in 1445 became a lord of Parliament, under the title of Lord Hamilton. His principal lands were those of Cadyow and Mawhan, in Lanarkshire, and Kinneil in West Lothian.

In the earlier part of his career, he joined the turbulent Earl of Douglas, but at last he left that nobleman at a most critical moment, and gave the superiority to the royal forces. Rising upon the ruins of his former friends, he married the princess Mary, daughter of James II., and widow of Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran This great nobleman died in 1479. His son James, second Lord Hamilton, was created Earl of Arran by James IV. immediately after the marriage of that monarch to the princess Margaret of England in 1503. The Earl of Arran bore a conspicuous part in the transactions of history during the minority of James V. His son, the second Earl, as great-grandson to James II., would have succeeded James V. as king, but for the birth of the unfortunate Mary, a few days before the death of that monarch. As some consolation for this disappointment, he was made regent of the kingdom, an office for which his vacillating character was ill fitted. Having favoured the views of France in bringing about a match between Mary and the Dauphin, he was honoured with the French title of Duke of Chastellherault, which, however, has since fallen into abeyance. The eldest son of this nobleman was insane, and the family influence and vassalage were managed, during his life, by his brothers Lord John and Lord Claud, the latter of whom was ancestor of the Abercorn family. These noblemen acted and suffered much for Queen Mary, who, when about to submit to the executioner, took a ring off her finger, and sent it to Lord John, as a memorial of her gratitude. After suffering years of exile on her account, he was restored by James VI., and, his insane brother being put aside, was created Marquis of Hamilton, April 17, 1599. He died in 1604. His son James, the second Marquis, was a favourite courtier of James VI. during his English reign, but died young, March 2, 1625, a few days before the king. James, the third Marquis, son of the preceding, was a remarkably amiable nobleman, and for many years was chief adviser to Charles I. on Scottish affairs. In the unfortunate disputes between his countrymen and their sovereign respecting religion, he took a conspicuous part as a mediator, but entirely failed in all his efforts to preserve peace. He consented to serve his master as commander of the fleet sent in May 1638 to overawe the Covenanters. But he never dared to land. It is said that when his ships appeared off Leith, his mother rode down to the shore amidst the people, with pistols at her saddle-bow, and threatened to shoot him with her own hand, if he should dare to set a hostile foot upon his native country. He never put this threat to the proof, but in a few weeks sailed back to England In the heat of the civil war, he and his brother, the Earl of Lanark, became so obnoxious to the royal suspicions, on account of their mediation, that the king imprisoned them in Pendennis Castle. Previously, however, in 1643, he was created Duke of Hamilton. Having been afterwards released, he endeavoured, in 1648, to rescue his unfortunate master by means of a Scottish army called the *Engagement*, but was defeated by Cromwell, and taken prisoner. When Charles passed through Windsor to his trial, the captive Marquis was permitted to approach. He fell at the feet of his royal kinsman, and could only murmur forth, "My dear master!" "Yes," said Charles, punning, in bitterness of spirit, upon the words, "I have indeed been a dear master to you." He was beheaded in Palace Yard, Westminster, a few weeks after the death of the king. His brother, who succeeded to his honours, fell at the battle of Worcester, little more than two years after; and the titles and estates then devolved on Anne, daughter of the first duke. This peeress is said to have been supported during the usurpation chiefly by the exertions of a female servant. She married a son of the Marquis of Douglas, who, after the Restoration, was created Duke of Hamilton for life. Thus the family name ceased, in reality, to be Hamilton, and became Douglas. This peer acted a conspicuous part at the Revolution, by presiding over the Parliament which settled the crown on William and Mary. He died in 1694, and, in 1698, upon the resignation of the Duchess (who survived till 1717), the titles were transferred by royal patent to their son James, who had all along been a violent Jacobite. This nobleman acted a prominent part in the politics of Queen Anne's reign, as leader of the country interest, but, in November 1712, was cut off in the famous duel with Lord Mohun, in Hyde Park. On this occasion, Lord Mohun was also killed. Owing to the false evidence of the Duke's second, Colonel Hamilton, General Macartney, who had acted in that capacity to Lord Mohun, was accused of having killed his Grace, of which, however, he was honourably acquitted upon trial. It affords a curious instance of the difficulty of ever altogether wiping off a false imputation, that, in common fame at this day, the Duke of Hamilton is supposed not to have got fair play. This nobleman, who had been created Duke of Brandon as a British peerage, was succeeded by his son James, fifth duke, who, in his turn, gave place to James, sixth duke, the grandfather of Douglas, the eighth duke, who was succeeded by his uncle, Archibald, father of the present noble inheritor of the titles. The family has not, ever since the reign of Queen Anne, made a great figure in public events, having been, during one part of the intermediate time, Jacobites, and in the remaining part Whigs, and thus, in a great measure, debarred from high official employment. The present Duke is a Whig; and the family possessions, which, rather curiously, are just about the same in extent as in the reign of James II., may be estimated at about L.50,000 a-year.

LIFE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

The events of Bunyan's life were few. He was born within a mile of Bedford, in the year 1628; his parents were braziers, and he was brought up to the same trade. He seems, by his own account, to have been rather dissipated in his youth, but he married early, and soon afterwards acquired decidedly religious habits. Being of a very enthusiastic temperament and vivid imagination, he was continually haunted by what appeared to him visions and heavenly revelations. Having taken means to disseminate his own peculiar notions, he was arrested as a dangerous person, and thrown into prison, where he remained for twelve years. It was here he wrote most of his works, which are very voluminous. He survived his confinement sixteen years, during which time he paid regularly an annual visit to London, employing himself in preaching, and superintending the publication of his different compositions. He died in the year 1688, aged sixty. He left behind him a widow, who had been his second wife, and three children. The year in which the first edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was published is not known. The second edition is preserved in the British Museum, and bears date 1678.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

Edward Daniel Clarke, the object of the following interesting biographic sketch, and one of the most distinguished travellers in recent times, was born on the 5th of June 1769, at Willingdon, in the county of Sussex. "Even when a child," says his biographer, in the work entitled the *National Library*, "he is said to have displayed great narrative powers, which he exercised as frequently as possible for the amusement of his father's domestics and parishioners. In his boyish studies, however, he was wanting in application, a fault arising from the quickness and vivacity of his mind, actuated by insatiable curiosity, and characterised from the beginning by a decided partiality for natural history. In the spring of 1786, he obtained the office of chapel clerk at Jesus College, Cambridge, and next year he sustained the loss of his father, when he had to contend with numerous difficulties. He seems to have been disgusted with the system of education at Cambridge, caring nothing for mathematics, which were there regarded all in all, and finding nothing whatever to kindle the ardour of his ambitious mind. His favourite studies, such as they were, he nevertheless pursued with considerable eagerness; and by degrees his taste, after wavering for some time, settled definitively on literature.

In the year 1790, Clarke obtained the office of private tutor to the Hon. Henry Taftar, nephew to the Duke of Dorset; and in 1794, he was fortunate enough to obtain an engagement to travel with Lord Berwick, through Germany and Switzerland into Italy. He was now in the position for which nature had originally designed him. "An unbounded love of travel," says he, "influenced me at a very early period of my life. It was conceived in infancy, and I shall carry it with me to the grave." Clarke and his companion having passed the Alps, which, however frequently seen, still maintain their rank among the most sublime objects in nature, descended into Italy, visited Turin and Rome, and then proceeded to Naples, in which city and its environs they remained nearly two years.

In the summer of 1793, there was, as is well known, an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which our traveller, now an inhabitant of Naples, enjoyed ample opportunities of visiting. And here a striking manifestation of the daring intrepidity of the English occurred: for not only Clarke himself, part of whose business as a traveller it was to familiarise himself with danger, but numbers of other English gentlemen, and even ladies, ascended to the mouth of the burning crater, and the sources of lava-streams in an active state, for mere amusement; where, on one occasion, a lady narrowly escaped death from a large stone from the volcano, which flew by her like a wheel. At another time the whole party were menaced with the fate of the elder Pliny. It was in the month of February. "I found the crater in a very active state," says Clarke, "throwing out volleys of immense stones, transparent with vitrification, and such showers of ashes involved in thick sulphurous clouds, as rendered any approach to it extremely dangerous. We ascended as near as possible, and then crossing over to the lava, attempted to coast it up to its source. This we soon found was impossible, for an unfortunate wind blew all the smoke of the lava hot upon us, attended at the same time with such a thick mist of minute ashes from the crater, and such fumes of sulphur, that we were in danger of being suffocated. In this perplexity I had recourse to an expedient recommended by Sir W. Hamilton, and proposed immediately crossing the current of liquid lava, to gain the windward side of it; but felt some fears, owing to the very liquid appearance the lava there had so near its source. All my companions were against the scheme, and while we stood deliberating, immense fragments of stone, and huge volcanic bombs, that had been cast out by the crater, but which the smoke had prevented us from observing, fell thick about us, and rolled by with a velocity that would have crushed any of us, had we been in the way. I found we must either leave our present spot, or expect instant death; therefore, covering my face with my hat, I rushed upon the lava and crossed over safely to the other side, having my boots only a little burnt, and my hands scorched. Not one of my companions, however, would stir, nor could any persuasion of mine avail in getting a single guide over to me. I then saw clearly the whole of the scene, and expected my friends would every moment be sacrificed to their own imprudence and want of courage, as the stones from the crater fell continually around them, and vast rocks of lava bounded by them with great force. At last I had the satisfaction of seeing them retire, leaving me entirely alone. I begged hard for a torch to be thrown over to me, that I might not be lost when the night came on. It was then that André, one of the ciceroni of Resina, after being promised a bribe, ran over to me, and brought with him a bottle of wine and a torch. We had coasted the lava, ascending for some time, when looking back I perceived my companions endeavouring to cross the lava lower down, where the stream was narrower. In doing this, they found themselves insulated as it were, and surrounded by two different rivers of liquid fire. They immediately pressed forward, being terribly scorched by both currents, and ran to the side where I was; in doing which one of the guides fell into the middle of the red-hot lava, but met with no other injury than having his hands and face burnt, and losing, at the same time, a bottle of vin de grave, which was broke in the fall, and which proved a very unpleasant loss to us, being ready to faint with excessive thirst, fatigue, and heat. Having once more rallied my forces, I proceeded on, and in about half an hour I gained the chasm through which the lava had opened itself a passage out of the mountain. To describe this sight is utterly beyond all human ability. My companions, who were with me then, shared in the astonishment it produced; and the sensations they felt, in concert with me, were such as can be obliterated only with our lives. All I had seen of volcanic phenomena before, did not lead me to expect such a spectacle as I then beheld. I had seen the vast rivers of lava which descended into the plains below, and carried ruin and devastation with them; but they resembled a vast heap of cinders on the scoriæ of an iron foundry, rolling slowly along, and falling with a rattling noise over one another. Here a vast arched chasm presented itself in the side of a mountain, from which rushed, with the velocity of a flood, the clear vivid torrent of lava in perfect fusion, and totally unconnected with any other matter that was not in a state of complete solution, unattended by any scoriæ on its surface, or gross materials of an insolvent nature; but flowing with the translucency of honey, in regular channels cut finer than art can imitate, and glowing with all the splendour of the sun."

In the July of the same year our traveller viewed Vesuvius under another aspect, when soft, tranquil beauty had succeeded to terrific sublimity. "While we were at tea in the Albergo Reale," says he, "such a scene presented itself, as every one agreed was beyond any thing of that kind they had ever seen before. It was caused by the moon, which suddenly rose behind the convent on Vesuvius; at first a small bright line, silvering all the clouds, and then a full orb, which threw a blaze of light across the sea, through which the vessels passed and repassed in a most beautiful manner. At the same time, the lava, of a different hue, spread its warm tint upon all the objects near it, and threw a red line across the bay, directly parallel to the reflection of the moon's rays. It was one of those scenes which one dwells upon with regret, because one feels the impossibility of retaining the impression it affords. It remains in the memory, but then all its outlines and its colours are so faintly touched, that the beauty of the spectacle fades away with the landscape; which, when covered by the clouds of the night, and veiled in darkness, can never be revived by the pencil, the pen, or by any recourse to the traces it has left upon the mind."

In the autumn of 1793, Clarke received from Lord Berwick a proposal that he should accompany him to Egypt and the Holy Land, with which our traveller, whose secret wishes had long pointed that way, immediately closed. While preparations were making for the journey, Lord Berwick suddenly recollected that some living, to which he was to present his brother, might fall vacant during his absence, and be lost to his family. He determined, therefore, on sending an express to England; and when he had hired his courier, Clarke, who perhaps felt the want of violent exercise, offered to accompany the man, that no time might be lost. He accordingly set out for England, and, having remained two or three days in London to execute the commission with which he had been intrusted, he hurried down to Shropshire, and arranged the business which had brought him to England. This being accomplished, he returned to London, where, to his infinite surprise and mortification, he found a letter from Lord Berwick, informing him that the expedition to Egypt had been postponed or abandoned. His engagement with this nobleman, however, had not yet expired. He, therefore, after a short stay in England, hastened back to Italy, from whence he finally returned in the summer of 1795.

Clarke now spent some time with his mother and family at Uckfield, and, in the autumn of the same year, undertook, at the recommendation of the Bishop of St Asaph, the care of Sir Thomas Mostyn, a youth of about seventeen. This engagement continued about a year, during which period he resided with his pupil in Wales, where he became known to Pennant, with whom he afterwards maintained a correspondence. When this connection had, from some unexplained causes, ceased to exist, our traveller undertook a small periodical work, called "Le Rêveur," which, when twenty-nine numbers had been published without success, was judiciously discontinued, and sunk so completely into oblivion, that not a single copy, it is believed, could now be found.

In the autumn of 1796, Clarke entered into an engagement with the family of Lord Uxbridge, which, under whatever auspices begun, was highly beneficial to himself, and satisfactory to his employers. The youth first placed under his care, delicate and feeble in constitution, soon fell a prey to disease; but the next youngest son of the family, the honourable Berkeley Paget, succeeded his brother; and with him, in the summer and autumn of 1797, our traveller made the tour of Scotland. This was in every respect an agreeable and fortunate journey for our traveller, who not only enjoyed the scenery, wild, varied, and beautiful, which the North of England and many parts of Scot-

land afford, but secured in his pupil a powerful friend, who, so long as our traveller lived, promoted his interests and when his life had closed, continued the same benevolent regard to his family.

On the termination of his connection with Mr Paget, who was now sent to Oxford, Clarke retired to Uckfield, where, for a time, he seemed entirely immersed in the pleasures of field-sports. His devotion to this species of amusement, however, was destined to be of short duration. A young gentleman of Sussex, whose education had been very much neglected, succeeded about this time to a considerable estate, upon which he intimated his desire of placing himself for three years under the guidance and instruction of our traveller, first at Cambridge, and afterwards during a long and extensive tour upon the continent. The pecuniary part of the proposal was very liberal, says Mr Otter, and the plan was entered upon without delay. The traveller and his pupil remained a whole year at Cambridge, during which the former, who fully understood the advantages of knowledge, and had been hitherto prevented by his wandering life from pursuing any regular course of study, profited quite as much as the latter.

The preliminary portion of their studies being over, Clarke and his pupil began to prepare for their travels. Two other individuals were at first associated with them—Professor Malthus, author of the celebrated treatise on population; and the Rev. Mr Otter, afterwards the biographer of our traveller. The party set out from Cambridge on the 20th of May 1799, and arrived at Hamburg on the 25th. Here they made but a short stay before they set out for Copenhagen, and from thence, by way of Stockholm, across the whole of Sweden to Tornea, on the Gulf of Bothnia. Malthus and Otter left them at the Wener Lake. Clarke, with all the enthusiasm of a genuine traveller, could never imagine he had carried his researches sufficiently far; but, having reached the 66th degree of northern latitude, declared he would not return until he should have snuffed the polar air. His pupil, Cripps, seems to have shared largely in his locomotive propensity, and in the courage which prompts to indulge it. They therefore proceeded towards the polar regions together; but having reached Enontakis, in latitude 68 degrees 30 minutes 30 seconds north, our traveller, who had previously been seized by a severe fit of illness, was constrained to abandon the polar expedition, and shape his course towards the south. Writing from Enontakis to his mother, "We have found," says he, "the cottage of a priest in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him a few days. Yesterday I launched a baloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment when they saw it rise from the earth.

"Is it not famous to be here within the frigid zone, more than two degrees within the arctic, and nearer to the pole than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon, but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his courtesy without setting. At midnight the priest of this place lights his pipe, during three weeks in the year, by means of a burning-glass, from the sun's rays."

Having, for the reason above stated, given up the design of visiting the polar regions, they returned to Tornea, and thence proceeded through Sweden and Norway, which latter country (probably for the same reason which made Pope of the opinion of the last author he read) he preferred for sublimity of scenery to Switzerland. They then entered Russia, and arrived at Petersburg on the 26th of January, 1800. Clarke, it is well known, entertained a very mean opinion of the Russians; but, judging from the testimony of Bishop Heber, a calmer and more dispassionate man, as well as from that of many other travellers, it would appear that his judgment was neither rash nor ill-founded. "We have been here five days," says he. "Our servants were taken from us at the frontiers, and much difficulty had we with the Russian thieves as we came along. Long accustomed to Swedish honesty, it is difficult for us to assume all at once a system of suspicion and caution: the consequence of this is, that they remove all the moveables out of their way. I wish much to like the Russians, but those who govern them will take care I never shall. This place, were it not for its magnificence, would be insufferable. We silently mourn when we remember Sweden. As for our harps, there are no trees to hang them upon; nevertheless, we sit down by the waters of Babylon, and weep. They open all the letters, and therefore there is something for them to chew upon. More I dare not add; perhaps your experience will supply the rest."

To this, if we add his picture of the execrable despot who then governed Russia, enough will have been said of his experience at Petersburg. "It is impossible," he writes, "to say what will be the end of things here, or whether the Emperor is more of a madman, a fool, a knave, or a tyrant. If I were to relate the ravings, the follies, the villanies, the cruelties of that detestable beast, I should never reach the end of my letter. Certainly things cannot long go on as they do now. The other day the soldiers, by his order, cudgelled a gentleman in the streets, because the cock of his hat was not in a line with his nose. He has sent the Prince of Condé's army to the right about, which is hushed up, and it is to appear that they are ceded to Great Britain. He refuses passports even to ambassadors for their couriers. One is not safe a moment. It is not enough to act by rule, you must regulate your features to the whims of a police-officer. If you frown in the streets, you will be taken up."

From Petersburg they proceeded in sledges to Moscow, which, like most oriental cities, seemed all splendour from a distant view, but shrank upon their entering it into a miserable collection of hovels, interspersed with a few grotesque churches and tawdry palaces. This place, which is too well known to require me to dwell much upon its appearance, they quitted to proceed to the Crimea. Arriving at Taganrog, on the sea of Azov, Clarke amused himself with swimming in the Don, the ancient Tanais, between Europe and Asia, and in thinking of the vast extent of country over which his good fortune had already carried him, and of the far more more glorious scenes—Palestine—Egypt—Greece—which yet lay in his route. "Do, for God's sake, imagine," says he, in a letter to a friend, "what I must feel in the prospect of treading the plains of Troy! Tears of joy stream from my eyes while I write." To a person of such a frame of mind—and no others should ever leave their firesides—travelling, next to the performance of virtuous actions, affords the most exquisite pleasure upon earth. The imagination, impregnated by a classical education, with glowing ideas of what certain scenes once were, invests them with unearthly splendour, of which no experience can ever divest them."

As it would be improper to curtail the biographic sketch of this celebrated traveller, and as it would extend to too great length for one article, the remainder will be presented in the succeeding number of the Journal.

OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

MANY years ago there appeared in the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE a series of articles illustrative of the civil history, religion, laws, learning, arts, commerce, manners, customs, dresses, &c. of the people of Britain, both before and after the Norman conquest, and which being now little known, I consider worthy of being abridged and introduced to the notice of my readers. The authorities need not be quoted.

SLAVERY.

It is mentioned that the commerce of England was considerable, even before the abdication of the Romans, and that it continued to flourish under their successors, the Saxons. During the supremacy of that people, the slave trade of Britain rose into great importance. Great numbers of unhappy men, women, and children, were annually exported and exposed to sale in all the markets of Europe; and it was the spectacle of so great a number of English slaves, exposed in this manner, in the market of Rome, that inspired Gregory the Great with the resolution of attempting their conversion to Christianity, and which he afterwards accomplished under St Augustine. The people of Bristol seem to have taken the lead in this infamous traffic.

ARTICLES IMPORTED.

Books, especially on religious subjects, as well as relics, pictures, statues, vessels, vestments, &c. formed no inconsiderable articles of importation; and when the city of Venice, and afterwards the cities of Pisa and Amalphi, became the repositories of the east, precious stones, gold, silver, linen, spices, drugs, and other kinds of goods, were likewise imported. What particularly increased this bold species of commerce, was a law made by Athelstan, which enacts, "That if a mariner or merchant so prosper as to make *three voyages* over the high seas, with a ship and cargo of his own, he shall be advanced to the honour of a thane." Wines were likewise imported from Germany and Flanders, and furs, deer-skins, whale oil, ropes, &c. from Scandinavia. In short, it appears that the foreign trade of England was so extensive, even in this remote period, as to furnish such of her inhabitants as could afford to pay for them, with a share of all the commodities that were then known in any part of the world.

PRICES OF ARTICLES.

A sheep, by the laws of Athelstan, was estimated at one shilling, or fifteen pence of our money. The fleece was two-fifths of the value of the whole sheep, which is much above its present estimation. Silk and cotton were quite unknown. Linen was not much used. An ox was computed at six times the value of a sheep, and a cow at four. A horse was valued at about thirty Saxon shillings, which may be equal to thirty-six shillings of our money; a mare or colt was twenty shillings. A scouie one shilling and threepence. The board wages of a child the first year was eight shillings, or the price of a cow's pasture in summer, or an ox in winter. Between the years 900 and 1000, a hide of land was bought for 118 shillings, which was little more than one shilling an acre, and which appears to have been the usual price. The Saxon Chronicle tells, that in the reign of Edward the Confessor, there was the most terrible famine ever known; insomuch that a quarter of wheat rose to sixty pence, or about fifteen shillings of our present money; consequently, it was as dear as if it now cost seven pounds ten shillings sterling. This much exceeds the great famine at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, when a quarter of wheat sold for four pounds.

CHARACTER OF THE SAXONS.

The Anglo-Saxons and Danes are described by all the ancient writers as remarkably tall, strong, and robust in their person; being distinguishable for the elegance of their shapes and the fairness of their complexions. They had considerable genius, and possessed a degree of courage equal to all northern natives, particularly the Danes, who made a considerable proportion of the first settlers; and who, coming from a barren uncultivated state, living mostly by plunder and piracy, were a remarkably hardy and daring race. It was one of their favourite martial axioms, "That a Dane who wished to acquire the character of a brave man should always attack *two* enemies, stand firm and receive the attack of *three*; retire only one pace from *four*, and fly from no fewer than five." The Anglo-Saxons and Danes, when they were incorporated as a nation, were of a social disposition, and delighted much in forming themselves into fraternities, and guilds of various kinds, which were cemented by frequent convivial meetings. The social usages of this period induced a general hospitality, which spread all over the country. Great excesses in eating and drinking were introduced by the Danes, who were always, and in some respect continue till this day, lovers of the pleasures of the table. The profusion and indulgence of one Gurmand, a Danish chief, was so excessive, that his name was applied to characterise persons of a luxurious living, and hence our phrase *gormandize*.

DEMEANOUR AND DRESS.

The Anglo-Saxons and Danes were at first rude and unpolished in their manners. The Welsh, or native British, were also so rude, that there was a necessity for making a law, "that none of the courtiers should give the Queen a blow, or snatch anything with violence out of her hand, under the penalty of forfeiting her majesty's protection." The dress of the Anglo-Saxons, on their arrival in this country, was after the manner of their German ancestors, very simple, consisting of a large mantle or plaid, which covered the whole body, and was fastened on the right shoulder by a button or brooch; and those who could afford it wore under those mantles a kind of tunic, exactly fitted to the shape of their bodies, and ornamented with patches of the skins of different coloured animals. To these were appended breeches made of woollen or linen cloth, which hung below the knee like modern trousers. It is conjectured, with much feasibility, that the ordinary smock-shirt of the English peasantry in the present day is but a modification of the ancient tunic of these Anglo-Saxons, and is thus a very curious memorial. About their bodies, and above their tunics, they wore belts or girdles, in which their swords hung almost perpendicular. As they wore no stockings, nor any kind of covering for the legs, for several centuries, they long retained their fondness for bathing in warm water, which was not only considered as one of the necessaries of life, but enjoined by the church; and the deprivation of this was among the penances inflicted by the clergy on those guilty of transgressions. To bathe every Saturday was the constant practice of all who had any regard for personal propriety. About the year 785, they began to wear stockings, or bandages of woollen or linen cloth tied about the legs from the foot to the knee. These bandages are very visible on the figures in ancient tapestry. They were in the habit of wearing shoes before the use of stockings; but, what appears extraordinary, so late as the ninth and tenth centuries, wooden shoes were the only ones worn by the highest ranks of the people. Those of one of the sovereigns are thus described by a person who had seen them, and shows that *right and left* shoes were known in England fully a thousand years since:—"The shoes which covered each of his feet are still remaining: their soles are of wood, and the upper part of leather, tied with thongs: they were so nicely fitted to the shape of his feet, that you might discern the order of his toes, terminating in a point at the great toe; so that the shoe of the right foot could not be put on the left, nor that of the left on the right."

BEARDS.

Some of the ancient German nations allowed their beards to grow till they had killed an enemy in battle; and the Anglo-Saxons, probably on their first arrival in Britain, and for a considerable time after, followed this fashion. After the introduction of Christianity, the clergy were obliged to shave their beards, in obedience to the laws and practice of all the western churches. By degrees, the English laity began to imitate the clergy so far as to shave all their beards, except their upper lips, on which they left a lock of hair, by which they were distinguished from the French and Normans, who shaved their whole beards. In modern times we find this national practice completely reversed.

CANADIAN FORESTS.

THE *bush* is the native title of the boundless forests of Canada. To the bush goes the settler, hungered out of the old world, and there he finds food for his family. To the bush goes the lumber-man, and there is a supply of timber for the Quebec market for ever and a day. To the bush goes the furrier, and there are his otters and beavers, the muffs and the tippets. In exploring the bush, a person fancies at times that he has got into complete solitude: he bustles along, and the rustling he makes in getting through the brushwood deafens his ears to other sounds, while musquitoes, &c. are too apt to obscure the functions of the eyes; but let him listen a little, and various singular sounds meet the ear, as do also strange prospects the eye. Birds fly about screaming piteously, as if their nests had been lately robbed—these remind us of the lapwings in England. None of the feathered tribe in the woody wilderness perch upon boughs, and warble sweet notes. No linnets—no nightingales there: the music is melancholy, the cadence is sorrow, creating similar sensations in the wanderer. Partridges there sit on the branches, and there is the robin red-breast as large as a thrush, yet a much greater coward than the British robin; he turns tail on the proffered crumb, and fears to enter the most hospitable mansion, although the doors may be flung open to receive him. In the bushy hemlock the owl is found dozing, while the swamps croak with bull-frogs and bitterns. During the cold frosty nights, the trees creak, as if ten thousand *bûcherons* were at them with their hatchets. On the banks of the wild rivers are curious trodden paths—these are the walks of the wolves, foxes, deer, &c. These roads the Indians always adopt when on their journeys. Places called *deer-licks* are also frequent: these are salt-marshes, where the deer assemble to lick the saline soil. Hunters looking for the animals await them at these marshes with their guns, and shoot scores of them.

The bush is an interesting scene. There is, as Byron says,

"A pleasure in the pathless woods."

When a man loses his way, he follows down the first running brook he comes to, and this never fails to conduct him to the banks of some river, where he generally may obtain information of his situation. The Indian writes his letters on the bark of a tree, and places them in some post-office well known to his tribe; which post-office is generally an old hollow cedar. Thus they conduct their business in the bush, and breathe sighs to their squaws from Lake Simcoe perchance, to beyond the Rocky Mountains.—*Mactaggart's Canada.*

SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT BEFORE THE UNION.

THE number of Peers in the Scottish Parliament was latterly 160, and of Commons 155. The latter were divided into Members, or Commissioners (as they were called) for shires and boroughs, and all sat in one house, and voted promiscuously.

On the meeting of Parliament, the members went to the house in great solemnity; and the procession which they formed, on account of the predominance of equestrian figures (for all except inferior servants were on horseback), was called the RIDING OF THE PARLIAMENT. This scene of splendour is spoken of in Scotland with feelings of enthusiasm even to this day.

When the King, or Lord Commissioner, was ready, the members mounted their horses in the court before Holyrood Palace. The burgesses went foremost, in pairs, each attended by a lacquey, two trumpeters, and as many

pursuivants, leading the way. Next came the Commissioners or Knights of shires, two by two, each having two pages. Then came such officers of state as were not noblemen; and two door-keepers of the council brought up the rear. Next to them rode the Lords, two and two, in their robes, their order being arranged according to their rank and precedence. Four trumpeters, four pursuivants, six heralds, and the gentleman-usher of the white rod, followed by the Lords. Next, the Lyon King at Arms, bareheaded, in proper habiliments and footmantle, with his baton in his hand. Next came the sword of State, the Sceptre, and the Crown, carried by three of the ancient nobility, bareheaded, and supported by macebearers. After them came a nobleman, bearing a purse which contained the warrant of the Lord High Commissioner. Last of all came that great officer himself, with the Dukes on his right, and the Marquises on his left. When the King was present, the master of the horse rode near, but a little aside. Each Duke had eight lacqueys; a Marquis had six; an Earl four; and the Viscounts and Barons had three. Every nobleman had a gentleman to bear his train.

In the time of episcopacy, the two Archbishops were allowed the equipage of Dukes, and the Bishops that of Lords. When the King was present, the Marquises rode after the Earls, the Dukes after the Marquises; then the Lord Chancellor immediately before the King, bearing the great seal. The lacqueys had over their liveries short velvet coats, embroidered with their badges, crests, and mottoes.

The great officers of state being robed, rode up from the palace about half an hour before the cavalcade, attended by their friends on horseback, and waited in the Parliament House.

When the High Commissioner entered, the Lord Chancellor took his purse, and ushered him from the bar to the throne. When the King was present, the Lord Chancellor received his Majesty at the door of the Parliament House, and ushered him up to the throne. All the members of Parliament waited on the King, or Commissioner, in the great hall; the noblemen in their scarlet robes, faced with ermine, according to their degree; the guards following, and the streets lined with the city guard and trained bands.

The throne was raised six steps, with a canopy of state over it. On the first step sat the Lord Chancellor, with other great officers on each side; on the other step sat the judges. On the right hand of the throne were two rows of benches, upon which the Archbishops and Bishops formerly sat. In the middle of the floor were two tables, one for the regalia; and near it, in two great chairs, sat the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marischal. At the other table sat the Lord Clerk-Register, with his deputies the Clerks of Parliament. The Commissioners for shires sat upon forms, on the right side; and the Commissioner for boroughs on the left. If the King was present, he spoke to them in his robes, with the crown upon his head, and all the members standing uncovered; but the Commissioner appeared only in a common suit, and spoke uncovered.

The members returned in the same order, only the Constable and Marischal rode on the Commissioner's right and left hand, with caps of permission. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Privy Seal stood behind, till all withdrew; and then returned in the same state to the Palace as they came to the Parliament House.

The same ceremonial of riding was observed also on the last day of the Parliament, but not during the session.

Spaldin, in his History of the Troubles, &c. in Scotland between the years 1624 and 1645, gives an account of the riding of Charles I.'s Parliament in 1633, different in a few particulars from the above, and perhaps more picturesque in detail. "In the first rank," says he, "rode the Commissioners of boroughs, ilk ane in their own places, well clad in cloaks, having on their horses black velvet foot mantles; secondly, the Commissioners for barons followed them; thirdly, the Lords of the Spirituality followed them; fourthly, the Bishops, who rode altogether, except the Bishop of Aberdeen, who was lying sick in Aberdeen, and the Bishop of Murray, who, as Eleemosynar, rode beside the Bishop of London, a little nearer the King; fifthly, followed the temporal Lords; sixthly, followed the Viscounts; seventhly, the Earls; after whom, the Earl of Buchan carried the sword, and the Earl of Rothes carrying the sceptre, riding side for side with each other; eighthly, the Marquis of Douglas carrying the crown, having on his right arm the Duke of Lennox, and on his left the Marquis of Hamilton, following them. Then came his Majesty, immediately after the Marquis of Douglas, riding upon a chestnut-coloured horse, having on his head a fair branch of feathers, with a foot mantle of purple velvet, as his robe royal was, and none rode without their foot mantles, and the nobles all in red scarlet-furred robes, as their use to ride in Parliament is; but his Majesty made choice to ride in King James the Fourth's robe royal, which was of purple velvet, richly furred and laced with gold, which was carried up from the earth by five grooms of honour, ilk ane after another, all the way as he rode, to his Highness lighting; he had also upon his head an hat, and a rod in his hand. The heralds, pursuivants, macers, and trumpeters, followed his Majesty in silence. In this order his Majesty came frae the Abbey up the High Street, and at the Netherbow the Provost came and saluted the King, and still attended him while he lighted. The causeway was railed frae the Netherbow to the Stinking style (a narrow passage between the east end of the Tolbooth, and the west end of the contiguous line of buildings called the Luckenbooths, all of which are now demonished), with stakes of timber dung (driven) in end, on both sides, yet so that people standing without the same might see well enough; and that none might hinder the King's passage, there was within the rails a strong guard of the townsmen, with picks, partizans, and muskets, to hold off the people; and withal the King's own English foot-guard, with partizans in their hands, was still about his person. Now, his Majesty, with the rest, lighted at the Stinking style, where the Earl of Errol, as Constable of Scotland, with all humility received him, and conveyed him through his guard, to the outer door of the High Tolbooth, and the Earl Marischal of Scotland likewise received him and convoyed him to his tribunal, through his guard, standing within the door, and set the King down. After his Majesty, all the rest followed; the Marischal, Prelates, and Nobles, all after their own degree; then the Earl of Errol sat down in a chair, and he in another, side for side, at a four-nooked taffil set about the fore face of the Parliament, and covered with green cloth."

ANECDOTE OF DAVID HUME.

About a fortnight before his death, he added a codicil to his will, in which he fully discovered his attention to his friends, as well as his own pleasantry. What little wine he himself drank was generally port, a wine for which his friend the poet [John Home] had ever declared the strongest aversion. David bequeaths to his friend John one bottle of port and, upon condition of his drinking this even at two down-sittings, bestows upon him twelve dozen of his best claret. He pleasantly adds, that this subject or wine was the only one upon which they had ever differed. In the codicil there are several other strokes of raillery and pleasantry, highly expressive of the cheerfulness which he then enjoyed. He even turned his attention to some of the simple amusements with which he had been formerly pleased. In the neighbourhood of his brother's house in Berwickshire is a brook, by which the access in time of floods is frequently interrupted. Mr Hume bequeaths L.100 for building a bridge over this brook, but upon the express condition that none of the stones for that purpose shall be taken from a quarry in the neighbourhood, which forms part of a romantic scene in which, in his earlier days, Mr Hume took particular delight. Otherwise the money to go to the poor of the parish.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

THE WIDOWER.

By the Honourable Mrs Norton.

I saw the widower mournful stand,
Gazing on the sea and the land;
O'er the yellow corn and the waving trees,
And the blue stream rippling in the breeze.
Oh! beautiful seem the earth and sky—
Why doth he heave that bitter sigh?
Vain are the sunshine and brightness to him;
His heart is heavy, his eyes are dim;
His thoughts are not with the moaning sea,
Though his gaze be fixed on it vacantly:
His thoughts are far, where the dark boughs wave
O'er the silent rest of his Mary's grave.
He starts, and brushes away the tear;
For the soft small voices are in his ear,
Of the bright-hair'd angels his Mary left,
To comfort her lonely and long bereft.
With a gush of sorrow he turns to press
His little ones close with a fond caress,
And they sigh—oh! not because Mary sleeps,
For *she* is forgotten—but that HE weeps.
Yes! she is forgotten—the patient love,
The tenderness of that meek-eyed dove,
The voice that rose on the evening air,
To bid them kneel to the God of prayer,
The joyous tones that greeted them, when
After a while she came again—
The pressure soft of her rose-leaf cheek—
The touch of her hand, as white and weak
She laid it low on each shining head,
And bless'd the sons of the early dead!
All is forgotten—all past away
Like the fading close of a summer's day;
Or the sound of her voice (though they scarce can tell
Whose voice it was, that they loved so well)
Comes with their laughter, a short sweet dream—
As the breeze blows over the gentle stream,
Rippling a moment its quiet breast,
And leaving it then to its sunny rest.
But *he!*—oh! deep in his inmost soul,
Which hath drunk to the dregs of sorrow's bowl—
Her look—and her smile—the lightest word,
Of the musical voice he so often heard,
And never may hear on earth again,
Though he loved it more than he loved it then—
Are buried—to rise at times unbid,
And force hot tears to the burning lid;
The mother that bore her may learn to forget,
But *he* will remember and weep for her yet!
Oh! while the heart where her head hath lain
In its hours of joy, in its sighs of pain;
While the hand which so oft hath been clasp'd in hers
In the twilight hour, when nothing stirs—
Beat with the deep, full pulse of life,
Can he forget his gentle wife!
Many may love him, and he, in truth,
May love; but not with the love of his youth:
Ever amid his joy will come
A stealing sigh for that long-loved home,
And *her* step and *her* voice will go gliding by
In the desolate halls of his memory!

—*From "The Undying One."*

SONG.

She died in beauty!—like a rose
Blown from its parent stem;
She died in beauty!—like a pearl
Dropp'd from some diadem.
She died in beauty!—like a lay
Along a moonlit lake;
She died in beauty!—like the song
Of birds amid the brake.
She died in beauty!—like the snow
On flowers dissolved away;
She died in beauty!—like a star
Lost on the brow of day.
She *lives* in glory!—like Night's gems
Set round the silver moon;
She lives in glory!—like the sun
Amid the blue of June!

—*Sillery's Eldrid of Erin.*

THE HERRING FISHERY.

Within the last sixteen years, the herring fishery carried on in the Moray Frith has risen into great importance, and, in a great measure, usurped the place formerly occupied by the Caithness and other fisheries. The Moray Frith herring fishery commences in the middle of July, and the fish commonly leave the coast in the end of August or first of September. For the first four weeks the shoals are small and detached; and the fishings only average from two to five barrels per boat. Herrings are caught at this early stage of the fishing on the coast of Moray, nearly opposite the mouth of the Spey; but they swim in no determinate track. As the season advances they come higher up, form into larger bodies, and pursue a route tolerably certain. At this second stage, the quantity of barrels caught by each boat averages from eight to fourteen. The point at which the shoals unite is a long narrow bank, lying in the middle of the Frith, nearly opposite the bay of Cromarty, and which the fishermen term Guilliam, from the little conical hillocks on the northern shore with that name. The breadth of the ridge does not exceed half a mile, but its length is nearly thrice as much. There have been repeated instances of fishings prosecuted on this bank for the space of a whole week, at the average rate of eight hundred barrels per day; but the quantity of fish does not seem to undergo any diminution. In the beginning of the season the fish advance towards the spawning ground, but proceed so slowly, that in five weeks, supposing them to move in a direct line, they only swim about thirty miles, till they reach the bank, on which they generally remain stationary. Immediately on their ceasing to advance, they begin to spawn, and, when emptied, they turn down the Frith, and swim with such rapidity as to remove beyond the reach of the fishermen in a single night. Their stay on the spawning ground varies from four to ten days, and this is the time when the fishery is prosecuted.

The set of nets employed in fishing by each boat is termed a drift; and the number varies from sixteen to twenty-six. The length of each is sixteen fathoms, and the depth four. The upper edge is bordered by a strong rope laced through square perforated pieces of cork, and termed the cord-baulk. The lower is bound with a cord called the ground-baulk, and furnished with loops for sinkers. These baulks, both lower and upper, are about four feet larger than the body of the net, and by their ends the whole nets of the drift are tied together. At each fastening, that is, between every two nets, a buoy is attached. By all these means, the nets hang or float in nearly a sloping direction, and present a barrier to the progress of the herring shoal, and as the boats sail to and fro, but chiefly against the tide, the herrings strike the meshes of the nets, and being thereby entangled, they are hauled up by the boatmen as soon as a sufficient weight of fish is in the net. The fishermen are first apprised of the nets coming in contact with the shoal by the sinking of the buoys. When the wind is high, the tract of a moving shoal is shown by the appearance of the water, which, however rough in other places, is of a dead smoothness over the herrings, and looks as if coated with oil. When one of these calm patches crosses the line of the drift, the fishermen prepare to haul, and are seldom disappointed of a fishing. A slight pull is sufficient to bring to the surface a net charged with live herrings, which, if suffered to remain in the water until the fish died, would defy the united efforts of the crew to raise from the bottom.

The profession of the herring fisherman is one of the most laborious, and most exposed both to hardship and danger. From the commencement to the close of the fishing, the men who prosecute it pass only two nights of each week in bed. In all others they sleep in open boats, with no other covering than the sail. In wet weather their hard couch proves peculiarly comfortless; and even in the most pleasant it is one upon which few besides themselves could repose. The watchfulness necessary in their circumstances becomes so habitual, that during the fishing their slumbers rather resemble those of the watch-dog than of men. They start up on the slightest motion or noise, cast a hurried glance over the buoys of their drift, ascertain their position with regard to the fishing bank, or to the other boats around, and then fling themselves down again. During the height of a stream-tide their occupation is doubly harassing. It not unfrequently happens, that when shooting their drift, the nets thrown out are caught by the vortices of an eddy, and ravelled together in such a manner that hours elapse, those too, it may chance, the hours of midnight, before they can be disentangled. At such seasons also, these drifts come in contact with those of other boats, and to free them is one of the most laborious employments of the fisherman. The herring caught in the Moray Frith and adjacent seas on the eastern shore of the north of Scotland, are cured in various towns along the coast, and after engaging the industry of a large portion of the population, are exported to all parts of the world.

The preceding sketch has been abridged from a pamphlet, entitled "Letters on the Herring Fishery in the Moray Frith," which originally appeared in that intelligent provincial print, the Inverness Courier.

THE WIDOW OF CHARLES STUART.

LADY MORGAN, in her "Book of the Boudoir," gives the following account of this lady (originally a German princess) in 1820:—

"Talking of the accident, incidents, and odd conjunctions of travelling, it happened, one fine autumnal morning, at Florence, that my illustrious countryman, Mr Moore, my husband, and myself, were seated on a sofa in our old palace in the Borgo Santa Croce, looking at the cloud-capt Apennines, which seemed walking in at the windows, and talking of Lord Byron—from whose villa on the Brenta Mr Moore had just arrived—when our Italian servant, Pasquali, announced "The Countess D'Albany." Here was an honour which none but a Florentine could appreciate!—for all personal consequence is so local! Madame D'Albany never paid visits to private individuals, never left her palace on the Arno, except for the English Ambassador's, or the Grand Duke's. I had just time to whisper Mr Moore, "The widow of the Pretender! your legitimate Queen! and the love of your brother poet, Alfieri," and then came my turn to present my celebrated compatriot, with all his much more durable titles of illustration: so down we all sat, and "*fell to discourse.*"

I observe that great people, who have been long before the public, and feel, or fancy, they belong to posterity, generally make themselves agreeable to popular writers; and they are right; for what are the suffrages of a titled coterie, which can "bear but the breath and suppliance of an hour," to the good opinion of those whose privilege it is to confer a distinction, to awaken an interest that vibrates to the remotest corner of the known world? Kings may give patents of nobility—genius only confers patents of celebrity. One line from an eminent writer will confer a more lasting dignity than all the grand and arch dukes that ever reigned from Russia to Florence can bestow.

Madame D'Albany, already forgotten as the wife of the last of the royal Stuarts, will live as long as the language of Dante lasts in the lines of Alfieri.

The Countess D'Albany could be the most agreeable woman in the world; and, upon the occasion of this flattering visit, she was so. She could also be the most disagreeable; for like most great ladies, her temper was uncertain: and her natural hauteur, when not subdued by her brilliant bursts of good-humour, was occasionally extremely revolting. Still she loved what is vulgarly called fun; and no wit or sally of humour could offend her.

We had received very early letters from London, with the account of the King's death (George the Third.) I was stepping into the carriage, to pay Madame D'Albany a morning visit, when they arrived; and I had them still in my hand on entering her library on the *roi-de-chaussée*, where I found her alone and writing, when I suddenly exclaimed, with a French theatrical air,

"Grande Princesse, dont les torts tout un peuple deplore,
Je vien vous l'annoncer, l'*Usurpateur* est mort!"

"What usurper!" asked Madame D'Albany, a little surprised, and not a little amused.

"*Madame, l'Electeur d'Hanovre cesse de vivre!*" The *mauvaise plaisanterie* was taken in good part; for, truth to tell, though the Countess D'Albany always spoke in terms of respect and gratitude of the royal family, and felt (or affected) an absolute passion for his present Majesty, whose picture she had, she was always well pleased that others should consider her claims to the rank of queen as legitimate, of which she herself entertained no doubts. She, however, affected no respect for a husband, whom, living, she had despised for his vices and hated for his cruelty."

BATHING.

THE great utility of bathing, as regards the establishment of sound bodily health, was fully explained some weeks ago in the Journal; and, for a particular reason, I again advert to the subject. The use of sea-bathing is sufficiently acknowledged, and the use of the warm bath is becoming more prevalent; but it unfortunately happens that few towns can command the first of these luxuries, and there are not many which can support the second. Most of the English manufacturing towns have been hitherto destitute of baths for the use of the populace, and this circumstance is very much to be lamented, more especially as such places have beside them the means of erecting and supporting hot and tepid baths to a large enough extent. There are few towns without steam engines and boilers, and with little trouble the waste hot water would answer all the purposes of the bath. Already this scheme has been tried with great success at Leith. Two or three years ago, a private individual here erected an extensive suit of mills for grinding grain, moved by steam power, adding to the establishment a series of small apartments, furnished with excellent marble baths, and supplied with hot or cold, salt or fresh water, in the utmost abundance, from the tanks and boilers. He also fitted up a large tepid plunge bath, and spared no pains to render the establishment every way worthy of public support. The charge for a bath of any kind was made as low as one shilling. As far as the baths are concerned, this has been one of the most successful and lucrative speculations in or near Edinburgh, and now when made generally known over the kingdom, I would hope, would be imitated, both for private and public advantage. Although sea water is not to be had in inland towns, this is of comparatively little consequence, as hot fresh water baths serve almost the same purpose. Let the proprietors of steam-works, therefore, begin to use up the overplus of their hot water in this manner, and, by accommodating the public at a low price, they will be almost certain of reaping a large profit. I would, however, suggest that there ought to be in each town a series of baths of this description appropriated to the use of the working classes; and I have no doubt but that many proprietors of steam-works will fit up baths, at their own charge, for the accommodation of those in their employment.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

In most of the states of the American Union, if not the whole, there are now schools established by the legislatures for the education of all the youth, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and supported by a public and general tax This system was adopted in Massachussetts as early as 1647. "All here (says an American writer) can read and write, and rarely can one be found not qualified by education to transact the common concerns of life. To educate his children is the first object and the chief glory of the parent, their ignorance is to him and to them disgraceful. In these schools the human mind receives its first impulse in the career of learning; an impulse which carries many forward to high stations of honour and of usefulness." England, it may be seen, has therefore been completely outstripped by the United States, as regards its institutions for the general diffusion of elementary instruction.

BRAVERY OF THE ABERDONIANS.

No civic community in Scotland has been so distinguished in history for their bravery in battle and their resistance to foreign aggression as the people of Aberdeen. They assisted Bruce in 1308, and, having aided in vanquishing the English betwixt Old Meldrum and Inverary, they returned and put the garrison of Edward to the sword. They subsequently opposed, with great vigour, the landing of English troops at Dunnoter; and were defeated only after some severe fighting and slaughter. At the celebrated battle of Harlaw, which was a sort of pitched fight betwixt the Highlanders and Lowlanders, and took place in 1411, the citizens are known to have fought so bravely as to turn the fate of the day against Donald of the Isles and his tartaned host. In 1530, the Aberdonians repelled the attack of a body of Forbeses, with their usual intrepidity, and saved the town from being plundered. Seven years afterwards, they sent a large complement of men southwards to oppose the invasion of the English under the Duke of Somerset; and they nearly all perished on the well-fought field of Pinkey. The brave Aberdonians had also their share in the disastrous troubles of Charles the First's reign. For the eminent services performed by the citizens during the wars of the independence, they received many privileges from Robert Bruce. In commemoration of a deed of extraordinary daring—namely, the destruction of the whole English that garrisoned the town in one night—they received, as a motto to their arms, the phrase, "Bon Accord," which was the watchword on the occasion, and which is still used in common speech by the Aberdonians as a familiar name of the town.

SUPERSTITION OF THE HORSE SHOE.

THE horse shoe was, of old, held to be of especial service as a security against the attacks of evil spirits. This virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contraries, from its being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the Evil One; or from the rude resemblance which the horse shoe bears to the rays of glory which, in ancient pictures, are made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notion of its purity acquired in passing through the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or afflicted by any distemper which village farriery did not understand; such disease was invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoes which the animal wore, had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly, the horse was led into the smithy; the door was closed and barred; the shoes were taken off, and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered.

We have a farther proof that the efficacy of fire constituted a part of the virtues inherent in the horse shoe, in the manner of reclaiming bewitched milk. All who have the management of a dairy know that at certain seasons of the year butter will not "come" from cream, nor milk be converted into curd, with the same ease as at others. The modern reasoners on the causes of things look upon this as being occasioned by the sort of food the cattle take; but all the farmers' wives of last century knew perfectly well that it was the effect of nothing else but some envious person's evil eye; and they took their measures accordingly. On the return of the milkmaids from the loaning with their milking pails upon their heads, when the foremost took down her vessel in order to pass under the door-way, the mistress was ready to drop a horse shoe heated redhot into the milk. It was necessary that the ceremony should be performed at the instant when the young woman was lowering the pail; and as it was farther required that no one should be aware of the good dame's intention, the troop of milkmaids was often thrown into the utmost dismay by the sudden bubbling and hissing, and the screams of their companion more immediately concerned. The loss of the whole meal of milk was the usual consequence, to say nothing of the work created for the cooper by the crash of tumbling cogues; but these were matters of inferior importance, the future productiveness of the milk being an ample set-off against lesser mischances—and *that*, it need scarcely be added, was invariably secured.

A horse shoe was commonly nailed upon the doors of the cow-houses; but this was not at all times a sufficient protection, as in summer the cows were not driven home at night, but milked a-field, and shut up in an open enclosure. When people began to be half ashamed of superstition, instead of nailing the horse shoe on the outside, they fixed it to the inside of the doors both of dwelling-houses and farm-offices; and in that situation it may at this day be detected in many parts of the country. Thus the devil, though not openly defied, might come to burn his fingers if he were to attempt an entrance.

Sailors are, or were, for the most part, careful to have a horse shoe nailed to the mizen-mast, or somewhere on deck near midships, for the protection of the vessel.

The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horse shoe, as we are informed by Captain Hall, in his voyage to Loo Choo; which custom is very curious, as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of the superstition prevalent among ourselves.

BOOK-TRADE OF FRANCE.

The activity of the French press has been very greatly increased since the downfall of Napoleon. The Count Daru, in a very instructive work, *Notions Statistiques sur la Librairie*, published in 1827, estimated the number of printed sheets, exclusive of newspapers, produced by the French press in 1816, at 66,852,883, and in 1825, 128,011,483! and we believe that the increase from 1825 down to the present period has been little if any thing inferior. The quality of many of the works that have recently issued from the French press is also very superior; and it may be doubted whether such works as the *Biographie Universelle*, the new and enlarged edition of the *Art de verifier les Dates*, in 40 and octavo, and the two octavo editions of *Bayle's Dictionary*, could have been published in any other country. The greater number of new French works of merit, or which it is supposed will command a considerable sale, are immediately reprinted in the Netherlands, or Switzerland, but principally in the former. To such an extent has this piratical practice been carried, that it is stated in the *Requête* presented by the French booksellers to government in 1828 that a single bookseller in Brussels had, in 1825 and 1826, and the first six months of 1827, reprinted 318,615 volumes of French works! Having nothing to pay for copyright, these counterfeit editions can be afforded at a lower price than those that are genuine. This is a very serious injury to French authors and publishers, not only by preventing the sale of their works in foreign countries, but from the ease with which spurious copies may be introduced into France.

DESCRIPTION OF ALMACK'S, BY A "GERMAN PRINCE."

"The first Almack's ball took place this evening; and from all I had heard of this celebrated assembly, I was really curious to see it; but never were my expectations so disappointed. It was not much better than at Brighton. A large bare room, with a bad floor, and ropes around it, like the space in an Arab camp parted off for the horses; two or three small naked rooms at the side, in which were served the most wretched refreshments; and a company into which, spite of the immense difficulty of getting tickets, a great many 'nobodies' had wriggled; in which the dress was generally as tasteless as the *tournure* was bad—this was all. In a word, a sort of inn-entertainment; the music and the lighting the only good things. And yet Almack's is the culminating point of the English world of fashion. This overstrained simplicity had, however, originally a motive. People of real fashion wished to oppose something extremely cheap to the monstrous *faste* of the rich *parvenus*; while the institution of lady-patronesses, without whose approbation no one could be admitted, would render it inaccessible to them. Money and bad company (in the aristocratical sense of the word) have, however, forced their way; and the only characteristic which has been retained is the unseemly place, which is not unlike the 'local' of a shooting-hall in our large towns, and forms a most ludicrous contrast with the general splendour and luxury of England."

THE PATIENCE OF GEORGE III.

Never, perhaps, was his patience more tried than at a private audience which he gave to Lord George Gordon. On being admitted to the King's presence, his Lordship very unceremoniously locked the door, which the lord in waiting had purposely left open. He then said he had an excellent pamphlet in his pocket, which he would do him self the honour, and his Majesty the pleasure, of reading. He accordingly began the pamphlet, and the King listened very patiently till it began to grow dark, when he observed, "I am sorry, my Lord, that light fails you, but some other day." "Please your Majesty," replied Lord George, "there is no time like the present, and as for light, a little of that will suffice for me." He then familiarly poked the fire, the blaze of which enabled him to continue the pamphlet, which he read to the last word. The King expected now to be released, but, to his amazement, Lord George said, "Please your Majesty, I will next read to you ten or eleven excellent letters, which I have received from your Protestant subjects, in which none were, nor ever will be, surpassed." He then commenced the letters, and this vexatious interview lasted two hours longer, at the termination of which, the fire having gone out, or ceased to blaze, Lord George departed.—*The Georgian Era.*

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LEISURE.

THE most fallacious ideas prevail respecting leisure. People are always saying to themselves, "I would do this, and I would do that, if I had leisure." Now, there is no condition in which the chance of doing any good is *less* than in the condition of leisure. The man fully employed *may* be able to gratify his good dispositions by improving himself or his neighbours, or serving the public in some useful way; but the man who has all his time to dispose of as he pleases, has but a poor chance, indeed, of doing so. To do increases the capacity of doing; and it is far less difficult for a man who is in a habitual course of exertion to exert himself a little more for an extra purpose, than for the man who does little or nothing to put himself into motion for the same end. This is owing to a principle of our moral nature, which is called the *vis inertiæ*, literally, the strength of inactivity, but which I will explain at once to unlearned persons by reminding them, that to set a common child's hoop a-going in the first place requires a smarter stroke than to keep it in motion afterwards. There is a reluctance in all things to be set a-going; but when that is got over, then every thing goes sweetly enough. Just so it is with the idle man. In losing the *habit*, he loses the *power* of doing. But a man who is busy about some regular employment for a proper length of time every day, can very easily do something else during the remaining hours: indeed, the recreation of the weary man is apt to be busier than the perpetual leisure of the idle. As he walks through the world, his hands hang unmuffled and ready by his side, and he can sometimes do more by a single touch in passing, than a vacant man is likely to do in a twelvemonth.

All this is exemplified fully in the actual practice of life. Who, I would ask, compose the class who perform most of the business of public charity? It is not those who are highly endowed with wealth and leisure. It is not in general those whom wealth has placed at ease, but the class of well employed traders and manufacturers, who, to appearance, are entirely engrossed by their own concerns. These men will snatch an occasional hour from their well-employed lives—perhaps an hour that ought to be devoted to relaxation—and do you more real work in that time than an idle man would accomplish in the half of his yaw-yaw existence. What is curious, if you place the busy trader on the shelf, as no longer requiring to work for his subsistence, he immediately loses the power of doing these little superfluous acts of goodness. In getting out of the way of all exertion, he becomes unable to do any thing, even when he wishes it. On the same principle, men never give a job to a lawyer or any body else, who is not pretty well occupied. And this is from no irrational homage to the name of the man, as is sometimes thought: it is because the man who does much is most likely to do more, and most likely to do it well.

Let no man, then, cry for leisure in order to do any thing. Let him rather pray that he may never have leisure. If he really wishes to do any good thing, he will always find time for it, by properly arranging his other employments. The person who thus addresses the public has acquired the power of doing so, such as it is, not by having had a great deal of time at his own disposal, but solely by ravishing the inglorious hours which the most of men spend in unprofitable and *unenjoyed* pleasures, and employing them in the cultivation of his mind. There is an anecdote told of a French author of distinction, who, by regularly employing, in a few jottings, the five minutes which his wife caused him to wait every day while she dressed for dinner, at last formed a book; certainly not the least meritorious of his works. Hazlitt also remarks, that many men walk as much idly upon Pall Mall in a few years, as would carry them round the globe. In fact, it may be said that to ask for leisure or time to do any ordinary thing, is equivalent to a confession that we are indifferent about doing it.

It is very fair that the busy man should be at ease at last. It is often the object for which he works. Neither can it be allowed that there is any absolute claim upon the wealthy to exert themselves for the good of the community. Wealth must be enjoyed as the possessor pleases, or it is no longer wealth, and one of the objects of industry is taken away. But it would be of vast importance—both to the wealthy idle themselves and to the community—if their tastes could oftener be directed to some beneficial employment within the range of their abilities and influence. It is a shame to those who are entirely at their own disposal, that almost all the general good that is done in the world is done by those who are already overworked. It might rather be expected that the affluent, who have no particular business of their own to attend to, should devote themselves to the general good. This is the more particularly to be expected when we observe the worse than trifles upon which idle opulence generally employs itself. If actual vice be avoided, the most contemptible frivolities and paltry amusements are sought after, for the purpose of—disgraceful word!—*killing time*. Sometimes we find the universal necessity of doing something, taking a good direction, or one at least rather on goodness' side. The female part of the affluent world are often found to be actively benevolent; and nothing can be more laudable. But the ells of idle humanity, that every day walk the street in vain, are beyond all mensuration. Now, I am convinced that if these leisurely persons only once fell into the way of employing themselves for some good end, they would find themselves far more comfortable than they are at present. They would suddenly feel the inspiration of a worthy purpose of existence. They would feel the self-importance of active exertion—the majesty of industry; that lofty feeling which even the hard-working housewife feels in increased proportion amidst the sloperies of a washing Saturday, and which gives to the early riser his right to taunt and look down upon all the recumbent part of mankind. The *gentlemen* must think of it. They must up and be doing. It is, I repeat, a disgrace to them, in this universally busy scene, to let all the laurels of charity and kindness be carried away by those who have enough ado to obtain their own subsistence.

OXFORD.

"Unfaded in glory, unfailing in years,
The mother of Churchmen and Tories appears."

IT is almost impossible for an untravelled Scotsman, even with the aid of Mr Ackerman's splendid publication, to conceive a distinct idea of Oxford. It is a kind of VENICE OF THE LAND, sitting upon the green and leafy meadows of central England, like that ancient capital upon the blue waters of the Adriatic; while, clear into the summer air, rise its numerous fanes and towers, with one immense dome presiding like a sovereign in the centre. Around it the level waters of the Isis and the Charwell press slowly on through masses of verdure and foliage, with a hundred merry skiffs gliding over their surface. Enter the city in any direction, and you immediately find yourself under the majestic shadow of some vast palace of learning, which oppresses you at once with the sense of its antiquity, and its overpowering dignity.

In Scotland, an *university* is one plain quadrangular house, generally placed in some crowded part of a commercial town. In England, an university (we are thinking of Oxford) consists of some four-and-twenty splendid buildings, few of them much less elegant, and many of them more so, than the Palace of Holyroodhouse or Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh, and these are scattered throughout a small beautiful city, which is interspersed with other public structures of an equally magnificent nature. In Scotland, an university is chiefly a mere school for the completion of an ordinary classical education, or the instruction of young men in the duties of a very simple church establishment. In England, it is a fortress of literature, garrisoned by hundreds of learned personages, who batten in it most of their lives, like a set of well-fed monks, upon a simple showing that they possess a certain degree of literary accomplishment. While the Scottish establishment is a matter of bare utility of the present day, like a shop or manufactory, the English university seizes the imagination as a thing invested with much of the trappings of an ancient system of worship, redolent of the literary glories of a thousand past years, and full of all kinds of obsolete fashions and customs, which have the merit of being totally useless. In fact, there is all the difference between the two institutions which there is between an honest Scotch parish kirk and the graces of St Peter's or St Paul's.

The colleges in Oxford are generally built of a pale chalky stone, and, though there are many older buildings, the most of them show that elegant mixture of the Gothic and Grecian styles of architecture, which obtained in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and is now fast reviving in our country mansions. In almost every case they form a square, the front of which abuts upon some street or lane. The inner court of Christchurch measures 264 by 261 feet, and has a lake in the centre! But all the rest are smaller. Each of these communities is, to a certain extent, independent in itself, and is under the control of its own set of officers. The students, most of whom bear the designation of *commoners*, reside in apartments which they hire for themselves, and of which each purchases the furniture from his predecessor in occupancy. A hall, in which all dine together, generally occupies one side of the square. A chapel, in which they are compelled to attend prayers every day, often occupies another side, or is sometimes a detached and more magnificent building. Besides the officers, who have separate apartments, there are generally a certain number of learned inmates called *fellows*, who, having duly qualified themselves by learning, are supported in a style of gentlemanly ease, with hardly any hardship in their situation except an inability to marry, till they are provided for with a church living, of which every college has a certain number in its gift; after which they may marry as they please. For every kind of person connected with the university, there is a particular sort of gown, and also a skull-cap, with a square top more or less decorated. The students, or, as they call themselves the *men*, are all obliged, under penalties, to wear their *academicals* when they appear abroad. They are in general desirous of escaping this regulation, especially when they walk into the country; but, when caught by any of the proctors, even so much as *sporting beaver*, that is, wearing a common hat (for they have a cant name for almost every thing), they are sure to be put to some extra tasks. Dr Johnson was so devoted an adherent to all the practices of the university, that, whenever he visited it, even late in life, he resumed his academicals. The common undress gown is, however, so slight as to occasion very little inconvenience, while it must be acknowledged that a uniform costume adds much to the *esprit de corps*, which gives Oxford its peculiar character as a seat of learning, and perhaps assists in the preservation of more important rules.

The glory of Oxford is, that every thing about it is old, and long established, and respectable. Antiquity, in the phrase of Smith, would almost appear to have begun,

since this university attained the ripeness of maturity This is particularly apt to strike a Scotchman, all of whose antiquities, in respect of native literature, are comparatively modern. If he visits Merton's, he finds that Duns Scotus, whom he supposes to be his countryman, and who lived six hundred years ago, studied in those venerable halls He learns with a curious feeling that Antony Bek, the puissant Bishop of Durham, who aided Edward I. in his wars for the subjugation of Scotland, was once a quiet school-boy here. He goes to Baliol's, and finds that Devorgilla, Princess of Galloway (then a savage province), is still "remembered in prayer" every day in the chapel, for having fulfilled the designs of her husband for the foundation of this college; that husband being the father of John Baliol, King of Scots! In the hall, he sees a portrait of Wycliffe, the morning-star of the Reformation; for Wycliffe was "of Baliol's." As he treads the street in front, he is startled into awe by being told that on this spot Ridley and Latimer testified, amidst the flames of persecution, their adherence to the Protestant faith. In the cathedral—for Oxford is an episcopal see—he is shown the tomb of Frideswith, a Saxon female saint (contemporary with Edward the Confessor), who had a priory here before the erection of even the present very ancient building. A college, founded by William of Wykeham, in 1390, is termed *New* College, from its comparative want of antiquity, although Scotland had not a college at all for twenty years later. He enters the glorious hall of Christchurch, erected by Wolsey, and which is nearly as large as the Parliament House at Edinburgh, and he is surprised with accounts of plays and pageantries got up here for the entertainment of Elizabeth, of Parliaments held in it by Charles I. and Charles II., when expelled from London by the plagues of pestilence or republicanism, and many regal shows besides; for Christchurch is the college where the Sovereign always resides when visiting Oxford. In this splendid room he sees the lofty walls everywhere covered with the portraits of distinguished personages, who have been educated in Christchurch. Among them is the famous original portrait of Henry VIII., by Holbein, and also a picture of certain English divines of the time of the civil war, who are represented as reading the prayer-book in secret, because it was then a proscribed book. Strange, a Scotchman thinks, that religious associations should here be appealed to, by an object which, in Scotland, is looked back upon as connected with persecution, and the cause of many civil broils. What would Jenny Geddes think?

In this hall several hundred students dine every day; and it is mentioned with envy by the commoners of less magnificent establishments, that the *men* here are a luxurious set of fellows—they take their meat off pewter plates with hot water underneath. (By the way, there seems to be far more silver than crockery used at Oxford: the existence of Wedgewood and Spode is a thing not yet acknowledged in this antique world-within-itself.) The very kitchen of Christchurch is a sight: it has a fire that would roast not only an entire ox, but an entire crocadile. To dine in hall in any of the colleges is a treat of the highest kind to a Scottish visitant. He sits under the shades of the mighty who have sat here before him. He sees around the generous youths from whom the future dignitaries of the land are to be selected. He eats the bounteous food which Old England supplies to her learned sons. He drinks out of silver cups, which were, perhaps, gifted to the college centuries ago by grateful pupils, then advanced to greatness. And when he contrasts all this comfort with the starveling condition in which learning too generally appears in his own country, he feels somewhat like the simple husbandman in Hogg's Queen's Wake, who was transported one night, by the powers of his witch-wife, into the King of France's wine-cellar, and permitted there to swill at his ease. This recals to our memory an amusing anecdote of Dr Adam Smith, which we once lighted upon in a volume of the Gentleman's Magazine Smith was one of the young men sent by Glasgow College to be educated at Baliol's, upon *Snell's foundation*—an endowment originally intended for the rearing of a certain number of Episcopal ministers, in order to propagate that form of faith in Scotland, but which has latterly become a mere piece of patronage in the hands of our western university. When Smith first came into the hall to dine, the *scout*, or servant, who brought in the roast beef, was much struck by the bashful, and, perhaps, somewhat grotesque appearance of the young Scottish stranger, who seemed confounded at the grandeur of every thing he saw around him. "Well, Sawney," said the servant, as he placed the groaning representative of English good fare upon the table, "did you ever see any thing like that?" What the future author of the Wealth of Nations said in reply, or whether he replied at all, is not recorded.

The real elegance and beauty of many of the objects in Oxford is, in the highest degree, gratifying to a person of taste. The enormous cone of the Ratcliffe Library, so beautifully proportioned, notwithstanding its size; the fine spire of St Mary's Church; the admirable tower of St Magdalen's; and, perhaps, more than all, the sweetly shaded walks which every where surround the city; seize and captivate the imagination Among the ecclesiastical structures, the chapel of New College bears the first place for beauty. The choir is a hundred feet long, by thirty-five in breadth, and sixty-five in height; the antechapel, besides, is eighty feet long. Splendid windows of stained glass, a beautiful diced floor of black and white marble, seats and other furnishings of the most costly magnificence, mostly originating with Archbishop Laud, conspire to render this place of worship an object of the utmost interest. The writer of this article visited it during evening service. A train of robed ecclesiastics, with a few pupils of the college, entered, and took their seats in the desks arranged along the walls. Prayers were first chaunted, then some church music was sung by the choristers, who sat opposite. The organ, a remarkably fine instrument, lent its mellow notes to the general effect, which exceeded any thing of the kind he had ever known. The music, at the distance of more than a year, still haunts his mind in delicious snatches. After about an hour thus spent, the long train left the chapel in the same solemn wise: and concluded a scene which, we must confess, was as seductive to our Presbyterian mind, as ever the feminine vision was to St Augustine.

It is delightful to observe the keen feeling of appreciation with which every college holds up for its own glory the great names connected with it—how Queen's rejoices in Addison and Collins—Lincoln's in Wolsey—Christchurch in Peel, and a thousand great men before him—University in Eldon—Baliol's in Dr Adam Smith, and so forth. Each has its illustrious list, which constantly stands in the eyes of the present *alumni* as a motive for their exertions. Then every college has its own traditionary recollections. In the delightful "water-walk" of Magdalen's, you see a tree beneath which was Addison's favourite seat. You also recollect that it was the attempt of James II. to impose a Catholic head upon this college which helped so materially to forward the Revolution. You farther recollect the allusion of Pope to "Maudlin's learned grove." In reference to this college, and as a trait of the opulence of this learned scene in general, it may be mentioned that there is a deer-park connected with Magdalen's, in which, by the rules of the society, a certain number of those animals must always be kept.

Some of the customs of the university are exceedingly antique and curious, being kept up in accordance with very ancient rules, in which any flaw, however trivial, might perhaps endanger the whole foundation. For instance, on New Year's Day, the bursar presents a needle and a thread to every member of Queen's College, saying, "Take this and be thrifty." This is an old punning allusion to the name of the founder, Robert de Eglesfeld, who was confessor to Philippa, consort of Edward III.; Eglesfeld being interpreted into *aiguille et fil*. Nor is this all. Holingshed mentions in his history of England, that, when the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., who was educated at this college, went to court, in order to clear himself from certain charges of disaffection, he wore a gown of blue satin, full of oilet holes, and at each hole a needle hanging by a silk thread. This is supposed to prove that the original academical habit of Queen's College was also fashioned in allusion to the name of the founder. While this and other customs are simple, and somewhat ridiculous, one kept up at Magdalen's is, in the highest degree, poetical. Previous to the Reformation, a mass was performed every May-day morning on the top of Magdalen Tower, for the soul of Henry VII., who had paid the college a visit in 1487. At the abolition of the Catholic worship, the mass was given up. But yet, early on every first of May, ten choristers ascend to the top of this tall and elegant tower, and there execute certain pieces of church music, for which they receive in remuneration ten pounds yearly out of the Rectory of Stainbridge, in Gloucestershire. The solemnity generally attracts thousands of visitors; and certainly it must be a sight of no common interest to see ten white-robed worshippers raising their voices far and high into the dewy calm of the May morn, as if they would rival the very lark, that at the same time pours its unpurchased music at heaven's own gates.

Another curious ceremony was once practised at Magdalen's. From a stone pulpit in a corner of the square was formerly preached an annual sermon to the members of the college, on the festival of St John; and in order that the scene might be rendered somewhat suitable, the whole place was fitted up with green boughs, to represent the *wilderness* in which that blessed apostle first announced the gospel. Some of our countrymen will be apt to declaim against these observances as rank popery; but they would be papists, or any thing, at Oxford.

As most of the young men at Oxford are the sons of parents in an exalted rank of life, their mode of living is appropriately a somewhat expensive one. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that any general system of prodigality prevails. Such of the youths as come here without the design of studying for a profession, lead perhaps a somewhat idle, and, it may often be, a dissolute life; but these would not be better in any other situation whatsoever. Most of the young men spend their mornings in close study in their own rooms, and only recreate themselves occasionally with a walk into the country, or a boating on the river. As no wine is permitted at the general table in the hall, they often retire in little parties to each other's rooms, and crack a bottle or two together. Music is a favourite amusement amongst them, as is testified by the great number of music shops in the town, and by the frequent strains which are heard issuing from the rooms in the evenings. It is pleasant, in passing under their open windows, to observe here a flute, and there a guitar, hung against the walls within. It conveys the idea of innocent recreation, and of an accomplishment which always sits gracefully on youth. As every man is obliged, upon a penalty, to be in his own college at nine in the evening, it is very difficult to carry any entertainment to excess at Oxford. The bell of Christchurch, called the Great Tom, is then rung; and though, as their old song says,

> "There's not a man
> Will leave his can,
> Till he hears the mighty Tom,"

yet they must sit no later, if they wish to preserve either their own comfort or their good character. The janitors, who are always respectable conscientious men, are rigorous in marking down any delinquency, and the aggregate of these at the end of the term, or season, always counts against a man in the eyes of his superiors, to whom he is to look for his honours. The Great Tom is a curiosity in his way. He formerly belonged to the neighbouring abbey of Ouseney, whence he was translated, at the Reformation, to the great tower of Christchurch. His rim was at that time inscribed with the following whimsical sentence:—

"In Thomæ laude, resono Bim Bom sine fraude."

In the praise of Thomas, I sound Bim Bom without fraud; the meaning of which is certainly far from clear. However, Tom was re-cast in 1680, and his present inscription simply implies that he is the Great Tom of Oxford.

In the square of Christchurch, by the way, is shown a statue of Bishop Fell, who presided over the College in the reign of Charles II. It was either upon him, or upon his predecessor, Dr Samuel Fell, that the well-known epigram was written—

> "I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
> The reason why, I cannot tell.
> But this at least I know full well—
> I do not like thee, Doctor Fell."

This last Dr Fell, however, must have been a man of some sensibility, and, we should suppose, not so utterly unamiable as the jest would represent him. He was a great royalist, and on that account was expelled by the republicans in 1647. Two years afterwards, on hearing of the execution of Charles the First, he immediately expired! It is also worth mentioning, that the celebrated Burton, author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, and who, as we have heard, was descended from Scottish parents, lies buried in the cathedral connected with Christchurch College. We were much struck by his epitaph, which, if we recollect rightly, runs thus—

> "Hic jacet Thomas Burton,
> Cui vitam et mortem dedit mēlancholia."

Here lies Thomas Burton, to whom melancholy gave both life and death. Opposite to Christchurch, is the small and comparatively obscure institution called Pembroke College, in which Johnson received his education. His apartment is still pointed out.

Such, in fine, is Oxford—at least as Oxford appears to a native of our own country. The whole produces such impression of misty and entangling antiquity, that, after labouring under it for a day or two, it becomes a relief to see any object of expressly modern associations—such, for instance, as a Birmingham stage-coach. Reader, let us escape into the nineteenth century!

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

HEAT—ITS PROPERTIES AND EFFECTS.

In resuming the duty we have undertaken, of explaining in a simple and popular manner the principles of science, we again come forward, like the guide to a stranger in a foreign country, desirous of leading our young friends through the most agreeable paths to knowledge. Still no scholastic difficulties will be found to perplex or impede our progress; for there is now no necessity to affect, like the priests of old, an air of mystery in explaining the very simple means which nature takes to accomplish many of her most important and beautiful operations. Already we have spoken generally of light, and surely there is no person of any intellect or feeling who can fail to be affected by the exquisite beauty of its nu-

merous and diversified phenomena; but another agent, as universally diffused, and as important, now claims our attention:—let us proceed to examine the properties and effects of heat, without whose benignant influence the earth would not pour forth its thousand streams, nor be clothed with verdure—nor the air be refreshed with genial moisture—nor the humblest of living beings be enabled to support its own bare existence.

When speaking of the nature of heat, we stated that most probably it consists of a peculiar and very subtle fluid, which interposes itself in greater or lesser quantities between the particles of all bodies—an opinion which seems sufficiently supported by the fact that heat may be readily transferred from one body to another, which certainly could not happen did it consist only of a certain vibration of the particles of the body itself giving rise to the sensation of heat. It is reasonable to consider—although, like light and the electric fluid, it cannot be weighed in our clumsy scales—that it is a substance distinct from the body which gives it forth, and it is called a fluid, because, like all fluids, it has a tendency to seek its own equilibrium; that is to say, to distribute itself equally in every direction.* If we suspend a red hot iron ball in an apartment, the heat from the iron escapes, dispersing itself equally through the cooler air, until the iron ball is reduced to the same temperature as the air by which it is on all sides surrounded. A fire burning in a grate communicates its heat equally in all directions, until every object in the room has arrived at the same temperature. By rarifying the air, and thereby producing motion in it, heat is very equably diffused through the air we breathe; and were it not for this tendency to equalize its distribution, it is obvious that it would accumulate in vast and irregular quantities, and we should be continually exposed to the most painful transitions, like the unhappy spirits described by Dante and by Milton, hurried incessantly from the sufferings of the most excessive heat to the equally intense agonies of the extremest cold:—

> Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
> From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice.

Heat, therefore, at all times seeks its own equilibrium; it also enters in greater or lesser quantities into the pores of all bodies; but some do not allow it to pass through them so readily as others. If we place the one end of a rod of iron in the fire, the heat from the fire passes so quickly through the whole length of the rod, that very shortly we cannot touch the other end without being burned; but we may hold the one end of a short stick, while the other is actually blazing, so slowly does the heat pass through the substance of the wood. Urns, coffee-pots, tea-pots, and other metallic vessels used for containing hot fluids, require ivory, bone, or wooden handles, which, on the same principle, being very slow conductors of heat, interrupt its communication to the hand. Those bodies which allow heat to traverse through them very quickly, are called good conductors—those that retard its progress, bad conductors of heat; and it has been found that the densest bodies are the best conductors. Silver, copper, gold, iron, allow heat to traverse them more readily than glass, wood, porous earths, and bodies of a looser texture. The hardest woods generally conduct heat best; and it is worthy of remark, that heat, seeking its equal distribution, rises from the earth, and is conducted along the longitudinal course of the woody fibres, rather than across them; so that the interior of a tree becomes of the same temperature as the soil whence it derives its nourishment. It is evident that bodies which are good conductors soon carry away the heat from those with which they are in contact; it is well, therefore, that porous earths are bad conductors, since, on this account, the soil on the surface of the globe retains, for a sufficient length of time, the temperature necessary for the evolution of seeds, and the growth of plants, shrubs, and trees. Fluids, owing to the mobility of their particles, receive and transmit heat better than solids; hence, when a hot body is plunged into water, it cools more quickly than it would do were it plunged into a mass of sand. Air is not a good conductor of heat, which is another admirable provision; for if it allowed its transmission as readily as the metals of which we have spoken, the heat from the surface of the earth would be so rapidly carried away, that no being, however humble in the scale of organization, would be able to support life. Count Rumford, indeed, discovered that air, in a state of absolute rest, does not conduct heat at all—a fact of very considerable importance. On a hot summer day, when there is scarcely a breath of wind stirring, the oppression we feel is in a great measure owing to this cause, for we are then moving in an atmosphere which does not conduct away the accumulating heat of the body. Furs, wools, feathers, and loose spongy substances, are, for the same reason, bad conductors of heat; for the air which is retained between their interstices, and which is at rest, prevents its transmission through them. Such materials we choose, therefore, for winter clothing, not because they contain or impart any heat, but simply because they prevent its escaping from the body, and protect us at the same time from the external cold air. Thus protected, many bold and enterprising navigators have braved the winter of the northern regions, and lived with impunity amidst the appalling coldness of those dreary solitudes, which seem to place an insurmountable and eternal barrier against the further extension of human dominion.

Nature, prodigal in her beneficence, has, on the principle we have endeavoured to explain, provided an appropriate and adequate covering for the animals of every region on the face of the globe. Those that live in hot countries have the hair of their coat fine, thin, and short, as may be observed in the graceful antelope, the camel, and in the stupendous elephant. Again, in those that frequent more temperate climates, the hair becomes thicker and woolly, as may be observed in the horse, dog, and sheep. Lastly, in the coldest countries in high latitudes the coat becomes shaggy, coarse, and thick, as may be observed by looking at the Lapland dog, the arctic bear, or fox. Animals that live much in water—the beaver, otter, and other quadrupeds—are provided with the finest, longest, and thickest furs; and in all instances the fur is thicker on the parts of the body most exposed, more especially on the back, because the heat, escaping upwards, requires a greater obstruction in that direction. Birds frequenting the higher regions of the atmosphere require not only that their bodies should be light, but well protected from the cold, which, as we before explained, increases as we ascend into the higher regions of the air. Accordingly, we find that nature has not been unmindful of their exigencies; for in them the bones constituting the skeleton are hollow, and communicate with the lungs, so that they are continually filled with air, whereby the body is not only rendered light, but enveloped in a medium, which does not readily carry off their natural heat. But this is not all; for their plumage, so beautiful to the eye of the spectator, is also an admirable protection against cold; for the quill, the shaft, and the web of the feather, are so constructed as to offer the necessary obstruction to the escape of heat. The feathers, too, vary in kind and in quantity, according to the habits of the bird, the climate it inhabits, and the season of the year. We elsewhere observed that dark substances absorb and retain more heat than light ones; and this may be the reason why the birds of tropical climates are provided with such bright and dazzling plumage, which cannot but reflect the rays of heat, which otherwise might be absorbed. Many birds frequenting the colder countries have a feathery covering nearly as bulky as their whole body; but the contrary is observed in the birds of warmer climates. Birds that frequent the water are provided with an admirable defence against the cold to which they are subjected; for between the ordinary plumage we find a more delicate feathery structure, called down, which protects the breast against the coldness of the wave, which, in swimming, it divides. The swan, which is a favourite bird on account of the exceeding grace it exhibits on the waters, and indeed all water-fowl, exhibit this admirable provision. But there are animals destined to live in the northern seas, which are exposed to a much more intense degree of cold, yet which are neither protected by feathers nor by furs. These are provided, however, with an equally efficient protection, for, beneath the skin, disposed in small cells, vast quantities of fat or thick oil are imbedded, which completely envelopes the whole body. Such is found in the walrus, the seal, and the whale; and the oil that is thence procured is well known to be a very important article in commerce. In all these instances such coverings operate simply as non-conductors of heat; preventing at the same time the escape of the natural warmth of the body, and the penetration into it of the external cold. Man, taught by observation and experience, has taken advantage, as we have already observed, of these facts to supply himself with winter-clothing, and, according to the experiments of Count Rumford, it appears that hare fur and eider down are the warmest materials for such apparel; after which beavers' fur, raw silk, sheeps' wool, and cotton wool, and after them lint, or the scrapings of fine linen.

Here we may pause to remark, that in pursuing any subject connected with science, it is desirable, nay, absolutely necessary, to understand and remember every principle explained; because, however trivial it may at first sight appear, on proceeding further it may be found to constitute a most important link in the great chain we have to unravel. We presume then, from what we have above stated, that it is understood that heat has at all times a tendency to distribute itself equally in all directions, and that some bodies allow it to pass through them more readily than others; which facts will now enable us to understand the cause of our sensations of heat and cold. When several bodies having the same temperature are placed in contact with each other, they each give out and receive the same quantities of heat, so that there is no increase of the temperature; but when bodies of different temperatures are placed in juxta-position, the hotter gives out heat to the colder, the exchange always being from the hotter to the colder body, until the same temperature is established between them. Accordingly, when the hand grasps a body colder than itself, it becomes sensible of cold, because a portion of its heat is conducted away by the colder body; but if it grasp a body that is hotter than itself, then the body of higher temperature communicates heat to the hand, which becomes sensible of warmth. In all these instances the intensity of the sensation depends on the superior or inferior conducting power of the body grasped, for the more rapidly the heat is carried away from the hand, the more intense is the sensation of cold thereby produced. The carpet in a room, of usual temperature, feels nearly as warm as the hand; the table feels rather colder; the marble chimney-piece still colder; and the fire irons coldest of all; but each of these will, on the application of a thermometer, be found of the same temperature, and the difference of the sensation, is produced only by the greater or lesser rapidity with which they severally conduct away the heat from the body. Our sensations of heat and cold, therefore, are merely relative; for even ice, when transported into a room, the temperature of which is below the freezing point, will radiate heat. Snow appears cold to a healthy finger; but it is applied to a frost-bitten limb because it is warmer than the limb so affected; and the object is to apply heat in the most gradual manner. Two persons bathing will, according to the heat of each, find an apparent difference in the temperature of the same stream. A person arriving from India into England, in the spring of the year, will complain of the coldness of the season, although the residents in that country are beginning, at that period, to cast away their winter apparel. The danger which arises from going out of a heated ball-room, or theatre, is occasioned in this way by the transition of the warm body into a colder medium; by which, indeed, many lives are annually sacrificed, as it were, on the shrine of pleasure, and the seeds are sown, by which the fairest and loveliest of the land fall victims of lingering consumption.

So subtile and so universally diffused an agent is heat, that we at present have not discovered any kind of matter that is totally destitute of it, and its accumulation, or abstraction, in various bodies, must necessarily effect great changes in them. It is well known that the particles of all solid bodies are held together by a power of attraction which they exert among themselves, and which is called the attraction of cohesion, or aggregation; but no two particles of matter are ever in actual contact. Interstices of greater or lesser magnitude must exist between them; and it is into these that the matter of heat insinuates itself. It is evident, therefore, that heat must produce expansion; for by accumulating, it must distend these spaces, and force the particles bounding them to a greater distance from each other, whereby the whole body must necessarily be increased in bulk. But as this accumulation of heat causes an increase in the size, so must its abstraction, by diminishing the size of these interstices, and allowing the surrounding particles to approach nearer to each other, occasion the contraction of a body. An iron bar, when heated, cannot be made to enter an opening which, when cold, it will enter readily. Coach-makers avail themselves of this fact. In making carriage-wheels, they place the outer large iron rim round the wheel while red hot; then, as the iron rim cools, it contracts, and embraces more firmly the wooden frame-work of the wheel. The heat of summer alone is, even in this country, sufficient to occasion remarkable changes in the condition of metallic bodies; thus the centre arch of an iron bridge is higher in hot than in cold weather; the gate of an iron railing, which during cold weather will open and shut readily, will sometimes stick fast on a warm day, owing to there being a greater expansion of it and of the neighbouring railing than of the earth in which they are fixed. The pitch of a pianoforte or harp is lowered during a warm day; and although tuned in a morning drawing-room, will become out of tune when the crowded party has heated the room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than that of the wooden frame-work of the instrument. The pendulums of clocks, the balance-wheels of watches, and many delicate metallic instruments, are thus affected by the change of season, or removal to a warmer or colder climate, to compensate for which numerous very ingenious methods have been devised. Buildings of considerable size and strength are often very much injured by the expansion of the iron bars fixed in different parts of them, which only lately happened to Bow Church in London. In this church the bars of iron used to hold together the stones of its fine steeple expanded during summer, and forced the stones sufficiently apart to allow dust and sandy particles to lodge between them; nor is there any doubt but that, had it not been repaired soon enough, the whole edifice, in the course of time, might have fallen. A curious application of the known expansion of metals by heat occurred some time ago in Paris at the Abbey St Martin, now the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers. The weight of the roof was forcing the walls of the building asunder, when they were restored in the following manner to their perpendicular position:—Holes were made at opposite points in several parts of the walls, through which iron bars were introduced, so as to extend across the building, and their extremities beyond the walls. Large nuts were then placed upon their ends, and screwed up so as to press upon the walls. Every alternate bar was then heated by powerful lamps, so that its length increased by expansion, and the nuts, before in contact with the walls, retired some distance from them. The nuts were then screwed up to the walls; and the iron bars, on cooling, contracted, and, from the pressure of the nuts, the walls were drawn together, so as to be restored to their proper position.

Accordingly, from what we have now stated, it must be obvious that the first effect of heat is the expansion of the body into which it enters; and when a still farther quantity is added, another change is produced, and the body, however dense it may be, is converted into a liquid. Silver, gold, iron, lead, tin, and all substances with which we are acquainted, excepting the diamond, which is a combustible body, and catches fire at a low temperature, may thus be liquified. The most remarkable circumstance attending liquifaction is this—when a body changes its state from a solid to a liquid, or from a liquid to a vapour, its expansion occasions a sudden increase of its capacity for heat, in consequence of which it absorbs an additional quantity, which becomes fixed, and so concealed as not to affect the thermometer. This is called *latent heat*. It is this addition of heat which occasions the body to pass from the solid to the fluid state: thus, when ice is converted into water, it absorbs as much heat as would, if it did not melt it, raise its temperature 140 degrees. On the other hand, before water can be converted into a solid state, it must, after being reduced to 32 degrees, part with this 140 degrees of heat, which occasioned it to exist in a fluid form. It is on this account that the processes of freezing and of thawing are slow operations; were it otherwise, the cold of a single night might suddenly freeze an ocean, and the heat of a single day suddenly convert the accumulated snows of winter into one sudden and frightful inundation. When water has been heated in an open vessel to the boiling point, instead of its temperature increasing, the additional heat escapes in the form of steam, and this steam absorbs 1000 degrees of heat, which immediately becomes insensible. It is for this reason that water projected on a raging fire so powerfully represses it, for the heat enters so rapidly into its latent state in the conversion of the water into steam, that it is soon abstracted from the burning body. We now, therefore, understand that, after expansion, the next effect of heat is to produce liquifaction; but if the heat be still continued, the material particles being forced to a still greater distance from each other, the liquid enters into a state of vapour. Water affords a good example of this, being very readily vaporised; indeed it undergoes spontaneous evaporation at very low temperatures; but, on the application of cold, the watery vapour is soon condensed. When steam is first formed, it is invisible, as may be observed by noticing it issuing from the spout of a kettle; but when it comes into contact with the colder air it is immediately condensed,

* Philosophers call this matter *Caloric*, and restrict the use of the word *heat* to the *sensation* it produces; but in this place, instead of using the word caloric, we prefer speaking simply of heat, or of the matter of heat.

and assumes the appearance of a visible cloud. An immense quantity of water is continually evaporating from the surface of the earth. After a heavy fall of rain the fields and roads are inundated, but the water soon disappears during a little subsequent fine weather. The Mediterranean sea receives many large rivers; but the evaporation from its surface is so considerable as to prevent its increasing in size. The water thus evaporated from rivers, lakes, and seas, ascends into the air, and becomes condensed into clouds. It seldom happens in this country that the sky is perfectly transparent, but often, on a fine day, we may observe a cloud suddenly formed by a cold current of wind in the upper regions of the air, which rapidly condenses the watery vapour there into light fleecy clouds. Water, we may add, does not evaporate so quickly when still, as when agitated by a brisk wind; hence variable winds are generally regarded as the precursors of rain, and more rain falls during spring and autumn than during summer or winter.

When a body has absorbed a certain quantity of heat, it distributes it forth again; and in so doing, the heat passes off from its surface in rays or straight lines. When a solid substance is interposed, however, the rays of heat are intercepted, as happens when we use a hand-screen to protect the face from the heat of a common fire. Professor Leslie, of this University, has made a number of curious and interesting experiments on this subject; and he found that a rough and dark surface projects heat better than a smooth and polished surface, so that metals do not radiate heat so well as other substances. Since bright metals project heat most feebly, vessels intended to retain their heat, as tea and coffee-pots, should be made of such materials. Steam-pipes intended to convey heat to distant apartments should be on this account bright in their course, but dark when they reach their destination. Were it not for this radiation, the earth which has been absorbing the sun's rays for many days would become parched up by the accumulation of heat; instead of which, when the sun has set, it radiates it forth again into the circumambient air. The consequence of this is, that the surface whence this radiation takes place becomes colder than the surrounding atmosphere, and condenses the invisible vapour which the air always contains, into dew. Accordingly, dew is only deposited on those substances that are below the temperature of the air by which they are surrounded; and as filamentous substances radiate heat best, the dew appears in greater abundance where it is most wanted, on the grass of open plains rather than on bare earth, rocks, and masses of water. It is known that dew is deposited in the greatest quantity on a fine clear night, and that little is produced when the sky is overcast with clouds—the reason of which is, that the clouds, acting like a concave mirror, reflect back the radiated heat to the earth's surface, and so tend to keep it warm. Gardeners on this principle protect their tender plants, by covering them over with a mat or layer of straw, which protects them from cold, by preventing the heat being radiated away from them. Snow acts in the same manner; and by obstructing the radiation of its heat, keeps the earth below warm, while the air above is many degrees below the freezing point. Our own bodies radiate heat. When we go out into the open air at night, this radiation of heat induces a sensation of cold; and the coldness we experience is most intense when we are in an open country on a clear calm night. When it is cloudy, the heat is reflected back to us; and even in towns the reflection from the houses affords to us some compensation; but in the country, when the night is clear and calm, this radiation proceeds without interruption.

MYSIE AND THE MINISTER.

THAT eccentric genius, the late John M'Taggart, in his "Gallovidian Encyclopædia," says that Nathan M'Kie, the minister of Crossmichael, who died in the year 1781, was so much afraid of bogles, that he would not go out of a house at night, without some person going along with him, and holding him by the coat-tail, which assertion is strengthened by the following anecdote:—

Returning home from the manse of Kells on a hot summer day, he stepped off the road to rest his nag, and have a little chat with his old friend Snodgrass, who at that time rented the moorland farm of Tornorroch, at the junction of the Dee and the Ken. The farmer, and Nanny Nettle, his old maiden housekeeper, with nearly all the domestics, were busily employed in the kail-yard, striving to conduct a swarm of young bees into a new hive, by the rattling of old girdles, tongs, candlesticks, and such other articles about the steading as are usually put in requisition on such occasions.

Nothing could have been more agreeable to the minister of Crossmichael than to assist this rustic band in skepping the bees; and being well acquainted with all the rules since laid down by Bonar for the management of these insects, he soon succeeded in lodging the young community in their new habitation. Snodgrass was too good a landlord to allow his guest to depart without taking potluck, but it was unfortunately what is called in the country CAUL-KAIL-DAY, and the minister took only a few slices of a braxy ham; but what he wanted of *soddin* he made up in *sap*, of which few people ever left Tornorroch without a quantum sufficit

Snodgrass was such a noted hand at the bottle, that it was said he could drink even Craigdarroch, the champion of "the whistle," a well known Bacchanalian poem by Burns, blind, without being in the least tipsy himself—which made him more than a match for poor Nathan, who, when the sun was setting in the western horizon, supposed the reflection of that luminary in the "black water of Dee" to be an additional sun going down in the firmament. This the old maid, Nanny Nettle, took to be a sure indication that it was full time for the priest to be stepping homewards; and knowing how much he dreaded to be out under the cloud of night, and afraid lest on that account, if she allowed him to sit much longer, he might take the resolution of remaining for the night at Tornorroch, and, consequently, protracting his visit longer than she wished him to do, therefore took the liberty of reminding him how far he was from the manse of Crossmichael, and how soon the foxes would begin to howl in the neighbouring mountains. Another cheerer before mounting, and the stirrup cup, occupied so much time, that, ere he had passed the Boat-a-Rhone, the twinkling stars were overshaded by the dark clouds that rose in the west, and spread over the arch of heaven, and the demons of darkness began already to haunt his heated imagination. His fear was greatly increased by a tinkling which he fancied he sometimes heard at a distance, and at first supposed to be the wedder-bell of some neighbouring flock; but as the sound seemed to follow him on his journey, he became satisfied that his opinion in that respect was not correct; and, as if he had suddenly discovered the mistake, he said to his old gerran, as she cocked her ears, seemingly as much afraid as her master, "Ah! I have it now! the bees have left their new hive at Tornorroch, and crabbed Miss Nettle is tinkling her tongs to wile them back again! What a time of night this is to be following bees! I wish my friend Snodgrass and Lady Nettle have not been plying the bottle a little too freely since I left them." Then reining up his mare, he turned back as if to convince the old maid of the folly of her pursuit; but as he stood in breathless expectation of her approach, the tinkling sound died away in the evening breeze, filling the good man's mind at the same time with great consternation. But as soon as the mare recommenced her journey homewards, "What a fool I was," said he, "to think that the folk of Tornorroch were following me when the tingling is actually in another direction; it is undoubtedly the sound of the vesper bell coming from that Catholic house of Glendinning there at Parton." For a few minutes he continued to be of this opinion, but as his mare advanced, every step convinced him more fully that the sound proceeded from her feet, and he fancied it was occasioned by her shoes being loose: his mind was then a little relieved, for he was just at the smithy of Black Baldie of Cogarth, who, upon the minister's desiring him to do so, examined the shoes of the horse, and declared them to be all firm and fast.

"You are certainly in your cups to-night, Baldie, as I have too frequently found you to be before, otherwise you would not say so; the mare's shoes have clinked one after another every step from the Boat-a-Rhone, and you must therefore put a good stout nail into each of them."

"Aweel," said Baldie, "a body shou'd na stand in his own light, by refusing a job when he can get ane from sic a good customer," at the same time lifting his tool-box, and going through all the operations of horse-shoeing, without either drawing or driving a nail, so dexterously, that he of the manse was quite satisfied, and mounted again, praying that he might meet with no further interruption on the way. But at the first step the tingling commenced as loud as formerly, not far distant from where he supposed the sound to have proceeded before, but not quite so near the earth. He now believed that the whole was undoubtedly an illusion of the Great Enemy of Mankind to gain an ascendancy over him for some unseen purpose.

In great perturbation of mind he arrived at the manse, where the beadle of the parish was in attendance to receive him. "Lord save us, Sirs, but you are late to-night." "Ay, ye may weel say that, John," was the reply; "but you little ken how my patience has been tried, and how the arm of Omnipotence has supported me through the dark watches of the night, since I left the haunted How of the Airds, where ye ken the deil was once seen making spoons, and he has clinked at my heels all the way. But let us overcome the foul fiend by prayer." John was as superstitious as his master, and, hearing what he supposed to be an unearthly sound somewhere about the person of the priest, was equally terrified. To prayer they went, but all to no purpose, for as the minister staggered up stairs, the former ting-tang commenced, and sapient John stood motionless as a statue: but Mysie, the minister's maid, who was less afraid of bogles than either her master or his man, saw there was a "whaup in the rape" that would soon get out, meaning thereby a mystery that would soon be dispelled; nor was she kept long in suspence.

The sound that was heard below indicated that the reverend gentleman had only trampled once across his chamber, when a sudden rap was heard on the floor with a loud accompanying ting. "Ah!" cried John, "our master is triumphant at last; that is the sound of the foul fiend taking his departure; he is nae doubt in an unco fyke at being sae worsted." "If that be the case, I maun hae a parting glimpse of him," said Mysie, bounding up stairs; and, looking through the key-hole of the door of her master's chamber, she saw him lift a dark globular substance from the floor, which had seemingly fallen from a pocket in his coat, which he had cast off preparatory to going to bed, and had laid over the back of a chair, as was his usual custom; and as he held it in his hand, she heard him exclaim, "Gramercy! does what I so recently conceived to be a wedder-bell, the bees of Tornorroch, the vespers of Glendinning, the sound of my horse's shoes, and even the voice of Satan himself, turn out to be only this minikin table-bell, which I must have unconsciously pocketed in the kail-yard of my friend Snodgrass, after I had used it in skepping the bees. Had this mistake been discovered by my hairbrained maid Mysie, who is whiles fyking where she is no wanted, it might have proved unpleasant to me, as she would soon have made it ring over my whole parish, and then some ill-willy folk might have called John Barleycorn the father of it."

How the bell was returned to its proper owner, or if Mysie's account of it never met poor Nathan's ear, are particulars I have not been able to learn. But certain it is, that, from her recital, the lost bell of Tornorroch soon became a favourite fireside story in the Glenkens of Galloway.

DOLLS' EYES.

THOSE who are strangers to the extraordinary extent of manufactures in England, can have no idea of the amount of capital sunk, and industry exercised, on what might be termed the merest trifles. The following extract from the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, on the Report on Artizans and Machinery, and introduced with effect by Babbage into his late work on the Economy of Manufactures, illustrates this remark. The person examined was Mr Ostler, a manufacturer of glass beads, and other toys of the same substance, from Birmingham. Several of the articles made by him were placed upon the table for the inspection of the committee, which held its sittings in one of the committee-rooms.

"*Question.* Is there any thing else you have to state upon this subject?

"*Answer.* Gentlemen may consider the articles on the table as extremely insignificant; but perhaps I may surprise them a little, by mentioning the following fact. Eighteen years ago, on my first journey to London, a respectable-looking man, in the city, asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes; and I was foolish enough to feel half offended; I thought it derogatory to my new dignity as a manufacturer, to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite as wide, and perhaps twice the length of this, and we had just room to walk between stacks, from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'These are only the legs and arms; the trunks are below.' But I saw enough to convince me that he wanted a great many eyes; and, as the article appeared quite in my own line of business, I said I would take an order by way of experiment; and he showed me several specimens. I copied the order. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and qualities. On returning to the Tavistock hotel, I found that the order amounted to upwards of L.500. I went into the country, and endeavoured to make them. I had some of the most ingenious glass toy-makers in the kingdom in my service; but when I showed it to them, they shook their heads, and said they had often seen the article before, but could not make it. I engaged them by presents to use their best exertions; but after trying and wasting a great deal of time for three or four weeks, I was obliged to relinquish the attempt. Soon afterwards I engaged in another branch of business (chandelier furniture), and took no more notice of it. About eighteen months ago I resumed the trinket trade, and then determined to think of the dolls' eyes; and about eight months since, I accidentally met with a poor fellow who had impoverished himself by drinking, and who was dying in a consumption, in a state of great want. I showed him ten sovereigns, and he said he would instruct me in the process. He was in such a state that he could not bear the effluvia of his own lamp; but though I was very conversant with the manual part of the business, and it related to things I was daily in the habit of seeing, I fel I could do nothing from his description. (I mention this to show how difficult it is to convey, by description, the mode of working.) He took me into his garret, where the poor fellow had economized to such a degree, that he actually used the entrails and fat of poultry from Leadenhall market to save oil (the price of the article having been latterly so much reduced by competition at home.) In an instant, before I had seen him make three, I felt competent to make a gross; and the difference between his mode and that of my own workmen was so trifling, that I felt the utmost astonishment.

"*Question.* You can now make dolls' eyes?

"*Answer.* I can. As it was eighteen years ago that I received the order I have mentioned, and feeling doubtful of my own recollection, though very strong, and suspecting that it could [not] have been to the amount stated, I last night took the present very reduced price of that article (less than half now of what it was then), and calculating that every child in this country not using a doll till two years old, and throwing it aside at seven, and having a new one annually, I satisfied myself that the eyes alone would produce a circulation of a great many thousand pounds. I mention this merely to shew the importance of trifles; and to assign one reason, amongst many, for my conviction, that nothing but personal communication can enable our manufactures to be transplanted."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

(Concluded.)

THE stay of Clarke in Russia was of no long duration, and was rendered so disagreeable, first, by the savage tyranny of the Emperor, and, secondly, by the evil character of his subjects—which, as being every where felt, was infinitely more annoying—that our traveller regarded himself among a civilized people when he reached Constantinople. In fact, he found himself in a sort of English society; which, congregating together at the palace

of the embassy, engaged in the same round of amusements which would have occupied them in London. The time which these agreeable occupations left him was employed in searching for and examining Greek medals, and in viewing such curiosities as were to be found in Constantinople; among other things the interior of the seraglio, where no Frank, he says, had before set his foot.

Clarke next proceeded to Rhodes, the Gulf of Glaucus on the coast of Asia Minor, and thence by sea to Egypt, where the English fleet was then lying in Aboukir Bay. He did not, however, see much of Egypt on this occasion, for the country was still in possession of the French; and, therefore, after a short visit to Rosetta, he sailed for Cyprus; and, on returning from this voyage, proceeded to Palestine. Here he visited Jerusalem, Nazareth, Bethlehem, the Lake of Gennesareth, near which he enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with a party of Druzes, or Israelites of Mount Lebanon.

"His stay in Palestine was exceedingly short, just sufficient to enable him to say he had looked at it. He then returned to Aboukir Bay, where his brother was commander of an English ship, which now, on the 6th of August 1801, swarmed with French prisoners, like a beehive. When the road to Cairo was rendered practicable by the defeat of the French, our traveller proceeded to that city, where the most interesting objects existing were the beautiful young women, who had been torn by the French soldiers from the harems of the bey, and then, when they evacuated the country, deserted and abandoned to their fate. Here he procured a complete copy of the 'Arabian Nights,' which, with many other works that were so many sealed books to him, gave rise to much unavailing regret that he had bestowed little or no attention on the Arabic language. The pyramids, he of course, admired. 'Without hyperbole,' says he, 'they are immense mountains; and when clouds cast shadows over their white sides, they are seen passing as upon the summits of the Alps.' From the pinnacle of the loftiest he dated one of his letters to England, all of which are filled with lively dashing gossip, accompanied with rash, headlong, unphilosophical decisions, which the reflections of a moment, perhaps, might have served to dissipate. The news of the capitulation of Alexandria induced him to hurry back to the coast. He found the French troops still in the city, but preparing to embark with all speed. Great disputes, he says, had already arisen between General Hutchinson and Menou respecting the antiquities and collections of natural history which had been made by the French; the former claiming them as public, and the latter refusing them, as private property. The part performed by Clarke himself in this affair, he shall relate in his own words:—'When I arrived in the British camp, General Hutchinson informed me that he had already stipulated for the stone in question (the Rosetta marble), and asked me whether I thought the other literary treasures were sufficiently national to be included in his demands. You may be sure I urged all the arguments I could muster to justify the proceeding; and it is clear they are not private property. General Hutchinson sent me to Menou, and charged me to discover what national property of that kind was in the hands of the French. Hamilton, Lord Elgin's secretary, had gone the same morning about an hour before, with Colonel Turner of the Antiquarian Society, about the Hieroglyphic Table. I showed my pass at the gates, and was admitted. The streets and public places were filled with the French troops, in desperate bad humour. Our proposals were made known, and backed by a menace from the British general, that he would break the capitulation if the proposals were not acceded to. The whole corps of Sçavans and engineers beset Menou; and the poor old fellow, what with us and them, was completely hunted. We have been now at this work since Thursday the 11th, and I believe have succeeded. We found much more in their possession than was suspected or imagined. Pointers would not range better for game than we have done for statues, sarcophagi, maps, MSS., drawings, plans, charts, botany, stuffed birds, animals, dried fishes, &c. Savigny, who has been years in forming the beautiful collection of Natural History for the republic, is in despair. Therefore we represented to General Hutchinson, that it would be the best plan to send him to England also, as the most proper person to take care of the collection, and to publish its description, if necessary.'

No man, I suppose, who has passed beyond the frontiers of his own country, can fail to have experienced frequent depressions of spirit, during which he has probably repented him of his wandering habits. But Clarke was like a weathercock, now pointing to the east, now to the west. In the island of Zea, off the promontory of Sunium, he repented heartily of having undertaken the voyage to Greece. 'Danger, fatigue, disease, filth, treachery, thirst, hunger, storms, rocks, assassins—these,' he exclaims, 'are the realities' which a traveller in Greece meets with! Anon, at Athens, he writes, 'We have been here these three days; we sailed into the port of the Piræus after sunset on the 28th. The little voyage from Cape Sunium to Athens is one of the most interesting I ever made. The height of the mountains brings the most distant objects into the view, and you are surrounded by beauty and grandeur. The sailors and pilots still give to every thing its ancient name, with only a little difference in the pronunciation. They show you, as you sail along, Ægina and Salamis, Mount Hymettus and Athens, and Megara and the mountains of Corinth. The picture is the same as it was in the earliest ages of Greece. The Acropolis rises to view as if it were in its most perfect state; the temples and buildings seem entire; for the eye, in the Saronic Gulf, does not distinguish the injuries which the buildings have suffered; and nature, of course, is the same now as she was in the days of Themistocles. I cannot tell you what sensations I felt—the successions were so rapid, I knew not whether to laugh or to cry—sometimes I did both.

'Our happiness is complete, we have forgotten all our disasters, and I have half a mind to blot out all I have written in the first part of this letter. We are in the most comfortable house imaginable, with a good widow and her daughter. You do not know Lusieri. He was my friend in Italy many years ago. Think what a joy to find him here, presiding over the troop of artists, architects, sculptors, and excavators, that Lord Elgin has sent here to work for him. He is the most celebrated artist at present in the world. Pericles would have deified him. He attends us every where, and Pausanias himself would not have made a better cicerone.

'Athens exceeds all that ever has been written or painted from it. I know not how to give an idea of it; because having never seen any thing like it, I must become more familiar with so much majesty before I can describe it. I am no longer to lament the voyage I lost with Lord Berwick; because it is exactly that which a man should see *last* in his travels. It is even with joy I consider it is perhaps the end of all my admiration. We are lucky in the time of our being here. The popularity of the English name gives us access to many things which strangers before were prohibited from visiting, and the great excavations that are going on discover daily some hidden treasures. Rome is almost as insignificant in comparison with Athens as London with Rome; and one regrets the consciousness that no probable union of circumstances will ever again carry the effects of human labour to the degree of perfection they have attained here.'

Not one, after this, will accuse Clarke of being deficient in enthusiasm; but this is not all. On reaching the summit of Parnassus, he bursts forth into expressions of admiration, which, if they were not justified by the sublime beauty of the scenes themselves, or by the historical glory with which they must be eternally associated, would be absurd. 'It is necessary to forget all that has preceded—all the travels of my life—all I ever imagined—all I ever saw! Asia—Egypt—the Isles—Italy—the Alps—whatever you will! Greece surpasses all! Stupendous in its ruins! Awful in its mountains!—captivating in its vales—bewitching in its climate. Nothing ever equalled it—no pen can describe it—no pencil can portray it!

'I know not when we shall get to Constantinople. We are as yet only three days' distance from Athens; and here we sit on the top of Parnassus, in a little sty, full of smoke, after wandering for a fortnight in Attica, Bœotia, and Phocis. We have been in every spot celebrated in ancient story—in fields of slaughter, and in groves of song. I shall grow old in telling you the wonders of this country. Marathon, Thebes, Platæa, Leuctra, Thespia, Mount Helicon, the grove of the Muses, the cave of Trophonius, Cheronea, Orchomene, Delphi, the Castalian fountain, Parnassus; we have paid our vows in all! But what is most remarkable, in Greece there is hardly a spot which hath been particularly dignified, that is not also adorned by the most singular beauties of nature. Independently of its history, each particular object is interesting.'

From Athens they proceeded by land to Constantinople through ancient Thrace, by a route partly trodden by Pococke. After a short stay at this city, they directed their course homewards through Roumelia, Austria, Germany, and France, and arrived in England after an absence of upwards of three years. Cripps now returned for a short period to his family, and Clarke, who had by this time acquired an immense reputation, took up his residence at Cambridge, where, with very few intervals of absence, he remained nearly twenty years. He was very soon rejoined by his pupil, the completing of whose education, together with the arranging of his curiosities and antiquities, and the composition of his travels, fully occupied his leisure for some time. A statue of Ceres, which our traveller had dug up, and sent home from Greece, was presented, on his return, to the university; in consequence of which the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Clarke, and that of M.A. upon his companion.

In 1805, Dr Clarke published a 'Dissertation on the Sarcophagus in the British Museum,' which, though necessarily neglected by the public, is said to have given considerable satisfaction to the learned, and procured for its author many valuable acquaintances. Another, and a very different subject, employed his mind throughout a great part of the following year. This was no less a thing than matrimony; which, as soon as the idea got footing in his brain, occupied his ardent imagination to the exclusion of every thing else. His suit, however, was successful. The lady of his choice became his wife; and to increase this piece of good fortune, two livings, for he had entered into orders, were presented him by his friends, the one shortly before, and the other immediately after his marriage. He now occupied himself with lectures on mineralogy, which were delivered at the university to crowded audiences, and were a source of considerable profit. This, as he expected, led to his appointment as professor of mineralogy; and 'thus,' says Mr Otter, 'were his most sanguine wishes crowned with success; and thus were his spirit and perseverance rewarded with one of the rarest and highest honours which the university could bestow.'

Dr Clarke now began to think of turning the treasures he had picked up in his travels to account; he sold his MSS. to the Bodleian Library at Oxford for L.1000, and his Greek coins to Mr Payne Knight for one hundred guineas. The publication of his travels next followed, and produced him a clear sum of L.6595. In the year 1814, his old passion for travelling revived, and an expedition was projected into the Grecian Archipelago, for the purpose of collecting antiquities, manuscripts, &c. But he was overruled by his friend, who probably believed that his constitution was now unequal to the fatigue which would be the inevitable attendant on such a mission. To this scheme he would appear to have been urged by the extravagant manner in which he had for some time lived; but a more practicable, or at least a more certain mode of recovering from the effects of this false step, presented itself, which was no other than reducing his expenses, and living within his income. This he had the courage to undertake and execute, and from that day forward seems to have led the life of a sensible man. His passion now took a new turn, and he was wholly absorbed by chemistry. In September 1816 he wrote as follows to a friend: 'I sacrificed the whole month of August to chemistry. Oh how I did work! It was delightful play to me, and I stuck to it day and night. At last, having blown off both my eyebrows and eye lashes, and nearly blown out both my eyes, I ended with a bang that shook all the houses round my lecture-room. The Cambridge paper has told you the result of all this alchemy, for I have actually decomposed the earths, and obtained them in a metallic form.'"

The constitution of this enthusiastic traveller and man of letters could not endure this continued, high-wrought mental excitement; and he died on the 9th of March 1822.—*Abridged from Lives of Celebrated Travellers.*

PRONUNCIATION.

The inhabitants of the Scottish border counties, particularly in Roxburghshire, have a peculiar way of using the letter *a*, which, as the English use it in *gall*, they generally pronounce as in *gale*. The following dialogue, which passed a few years ago, at the inn at Hawick, between a gentleman travelling for a mercantile house in London, and a female servant who had just conducted him to the traveller's room, will serve as an illustration:—

Traveller.—Send the waiter here.

Servant.—Yes, sir—(goes out, but returns almost immediately.) What kind o' waiter do you want, sir?

Traveller.—Kind of waiter! Why, how many kinds have you?

Servant.—Tway, sir—*waiter-waiter* and *wall-waiter*.

Traveller.—Waiter-waiter and wall-waiter! And pray what is the particular distinction?

Servant.—Distinction, sir? Ou, the yin is soft and guid for washin', and the other hard and pleasant for drinkin'.

Our traveller was at a stand-still; he was literally done up. At last he desired the female to send both before him, that he might judge for himself, which she accordingly did; but his surprise came to a climax when she presented him with two jugs which she said contained the *waiters* he desired. After no little trouble he discovered that the good people of Hawick pronounced the words *water* and waiter alike, and that the only difference between *waiter-waiter* and *wall-waiter* was, that the one was water from the river (or *water*), and the other water from the well (or wall.) As for "waiting waiters" they had "nane"—they were a' "waiting maids." The item for "*fash*" at the end of the traveller's bill was a tickler; but mine hostess contrived to explain it by saying, "it was answering the bell, cleanin' his shoon, and sick-like."

ANTIQUITY OF WHISKY.

There is pretty good evidence for supposing that no less a person than Osiris, the great God of Egypt, was the *first distiller of whisky* on record; for the Egyptians had, from time almost immemorial, a distillation or brewage from barley, called by the Greeks barley-wine, not inferior, they say in flavour, and superior in strength, to wine. Allusion is made to this liquor in several passages of ancient writers. The poor people of Egypt drank it instead of wine, and were wont to intoxicate themselves with it, just as our poorer people do with whisky. It seems also to have been no stranger to the Hebrews; for reference is certainly made to it in the Old Testament, under the name of "strong drink," stronger than wine, and resorted to by determined drinkers for the sake of inebriation. Among the Celtæ in Spain and France, it seems to have been common as a substitute for wine; Polybius speaks of a certain Celtic king o part of Iberia, or Spain, who affected great court pomp, and had in the middle of his hall golden and silver bowls full of this barley-wine, of which his guests and courtiers sipped or quaffed at their pleasure—a custom which, it is said, for many a century prevailed among his Celtic descendants, the reguli chiefs of our Scottish Highlands. The antiquity of this distillation is proved by the Egyptian tradition which ascribed its invention to Osiris. It may not improbably be supposed that the Egyptians communicated the invention to the Babylonians and Hebrews, who transmitted it northwards to the Thracians and Celtæ of Spain and Gaul, who, in their migrations north-westwards, carried it along with them into Ireland and our Scottish Highlands. This barley-wine was called by the Greeks ζυθος—(Qu. brew?)—which, in all likelihood, was its Egyptian or Celtic name. Aristotle entertained an extraordinary notion of this potation. Those intoxicated with it, he says, fall *on the back part of their heads*; whereas those drunk with wine fall *on their faces!* Julian, the emperor, wrote a Greek epigram on this Celtic beverage, which proves in what estimation it was held by the Greeks. We subjoin an attempted translation of it for the benefit of the distillers:—

Whence art thou, thou false Bacchus, fierce and hot?
By the true Bacchus! I do know thee not:
He smells of nectar; thy brain-burning smell
Is not of flowers of heaven, but weeds of hell.
The lack-vine Celts, impoverish'd, breech'd, and rude,
From prickly barley-spikes thy beverage brew'd;
Whence I should style thee—to appraise thee right—
Not the rich blood of Bacchus bounding bright,
But the thin ichor of old Ceres' veins,
Expressed by flames from hungry barley-grains,
Child born of Vulcan's fire to burn up human brains.

SIMPLE HABITS OF LIFE.

A manufacturer of Paisley, after a long life of severe toil, and little indulgence in the comforts of life, was suddenly enriched at last by the death of a relative in the West Indies, who bequeathed him the bulk of his fortune. The old man was soon afterwards at Edinburgh, where he happened to be introduced to the celebrated Lord Monboddo, to whom, at the same time, the story of his late acquisition

of fortune was related. "Then," said Monboddo, contemplating the spare figure of his new acquaintance, "you ought to live generously: you and your wife should begin to take a glass or two of wine, and otherwise improve your diet a little." "Ay, auld man," said the Paisley weaver, evidently thinking the advice completely anticipated by the alteration he had already effected in his system of domestic economy, "we tak parritch and *sweet milk* to our supper."

The elder Sir William Forbes, banker in Edinburgh, and a very polite man, was one afternoon leaving the bank, about four o'clock, with a plain country acquaintance, who had been doing business with him. "Good morning," said Sir William, in parting with this person. "Good mornin'!" cried the other in surprise; "I got my denner twa hours syne."

EPIGRAM.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES GRAY, of his Majesty's marine corps, and author of a volume of poems chiefly in the Scottish language, was once obliged by the boatmen at Deal to pay an exorbitantly high fee for carrying him out to his vessel. Recollecting that this was the scene of Gay's well known marine ballad, he immediately penned the following epigram:—

When black-eyed Susan came on board—
If from the beach the Deal-men barged her—
I wish it had been on record,
How much those smuggling fellows charged her.

THE ATTENDANTS OF A HIGHLAND CHIEF.

The Gille-corse, or henchman, who closely attended the person of his chief, and stood behind him at table.

The Bladair, or spokesman.

The bard.

The Piobaire, or piper.

The Gille-piobaire, the piper's servant, who carried his instrument,

The Gille-more, who carried the chief's broad-sword.

The Gille-casfluich, who carried him, when on foot, over the rivers.

The Gille-comhstraitham, who led his horse in rough and dangerous paths.

The Gille-trusareis, or baggage-man.

The Gille-ruithe, or running footman, was also an occasional attendant.

Besides these, he was generally accompanied by several gentlemen, who were near relations; and a number of the commoners followed him, and partook of the cheer, which was always provided by the person to whom a visit was paid. These large followings, or *tails*, occasioned an act of council to be passed, prohibiting the northern lairds from appearing at Edinburgh with so formidable and inconvenient a retinue. The tails of the Highland chiefs were, however, sufficiently imposing on occasion of his majesty's late visit to Dunedin.—*Logan's Scottish Gael.*

MILES ATHERTON.

THERE are many beautiful little dwellings of industrious men scattered through the suburbs of Manchester; and none who have viewed with consideration their honey-suckled walls and the flowery gardens in which they stand, just out of the reach of the smoke and stir of the town, will doubt the good feeling and intelligence of the working classes. Manufactures have by no means that deteriorating influence on the character which some moralists would draw in such frightful colours. Industry at the loom may not be so poetical as industry at the plough, but surely it is not less intellectual. In manufacturing districts, where multitudes are gathered together, the vice that exists will force itself painfully on observation, while retired virtue often escapes notice; and in the din issuing at evening from the licensed haunts of the profligate, the passer-by is apt to forget the stillness of many a neighbouring fireside, where the operative is sitting happy with his wife and children, reading perhaps aloud, for their instruction and his own, or eking out, should wages be low, the week's means by an occasional by-hour of skill and ingenuity.

In one of those dwellings, for which, if beautiful be too strong an epithet, let us substitute neat and comfortable, Miles Atherton had lived for ten years, and in his own little world of labour, had enjoyed an equal contentment—the only human felicity. His wife was from Scotland, the daughter of a shepherd—brought, when just woman-grown, from her native pastoral braes into the midst of a new life. But, in the watchfulness of affection, she soon became familiarised with objects and occupations very different from every thing about her father's house, and in a few years the murmur of the sylvan Jed visited her earonly in some Sabbath dream. The working days were exclusively filled with delights and duties, joys and griefs, born and dying within the room where her husband and her children slept. Her parents had both died since she left Scotland; and though Mary Atherton and a few distant relations still mutually lived in each other's memory, yet in time and separation the living are almost like the dead, and, as they sometimes rise from oblivion, are but pleasant phantoms. But seldom as Mary Atherton, perhaps, now thought of Scotland, her simple and heartfelt voice spoke of her birth beyond the border, and now and then a wanderer from the "North Countrie," directed by neighbours to her house, repaid her charities by telling her that he had been in her native parish, had seen the spire of the kirk, and the plaided shepherds on the hill.

The evil of poverty is not in the suffering with which it wrings the heart, but in the poison which it too often mingles with the affections. Bread steeped in tears it is difficult to eat in thankfulness; and there is no blessing in the prayer in which there is no present hope. When earth stops its bounty, we despair of help from Heaven; and the piety which worshipped God by the warm hearth, faints over the dead embers. The change on our whole moral nature may be slow, but it is sure. Each successive day is darkened and disturbed to the sullen or angry heart; beloved objects lose their charm; and things formerly abhorrent to our nature possess a spell over us which, loathsome though it be, we cannot break, and under whose infatuation we hurry on to guilt, despair, and death. For three months Miles Atherton was poor—miserably poor; and in other three, just as winter came, with all its severities, he was also profligate—miserably profligate. His pretty children, a boy and a girl, were taken from school; their mother's face had undergone a change like that of many years' sickness; and their house, so long the pride of the suburban village, looked as if it were uninhabited.

Mary Atherton, before the neighbours, endeavoured to look cheerful, and an honest pride sometimes supported her when better feelings had worked themselves out; but that strength was of avail only in the open day-light. When the door was shut, she often sat for hours without moving, in a sort of blind resignation; for the little work she could get, or was able to do, could procure so small a portion of the very necessaries of life, that she took it up only in hurried snatches, and would lay it down again in despair, when her eyes met those of her pining and sickly children. Misery had made her husband hard-hearted—almost brutal; so that often at midnight she trembled to unlatch the door for him, and dared not, till he slept, approach his bosom. Yet the poor creature loved him as well—better than ever; and kisses and tears he knew not of fell on his haggard countenance, disturbed even in his dreams. The time for advice or reproaches was gone by, and her last hope was in meek silence and uncomplaining sorrow.

One morning the unhappy man took his boy by the hand, and little Alec allowed himself to be led away without ever once venturing to look into his father's face. Fear had not quelled love in that innocent heart, but it had sunk its expression in his downcast eyes; and now he walked along as if conscious of some crime, and about to receive punishment. His father stopped on a bridge over a canal, and placing the boy beside him on the ledge, looked on him in gloomy silence. It was a lonely place—the water brown and muddy—and little Alec began, he knew not why, to weep. His father, incensed at the wailing sound, and distracted by an evil conscience, struck him on the face, and in an instant the child was silent; for this was the first time he had thus felt the hand that used to stroke down so gently his hair over his forehead; and pain, fear, and wonder, checked sigh and speech. In a little while he heard his father groan, and then was lifted up on his bosom, and there forgot that cruelty as if it had never been. "Alec, my little Alec, would you be afraid to die?" "Yes, to be drowned, father; but not to die in my bed, with you and mother praying beside me, as you did when I had the fever in spring." A grim and hideous figure stood before them at these words, and, after some talking in a low voice, which the child feared to listen to, he felt himself alone in the grasp of a fiend, for his father had suddenly disappeared.

The winter came and went, and the mother knew not what had become of her sweet Alec, or if he were, as her husband said, yet alive in this miserable world. "Our boy is alive; but I could not support him, as you know, and he is apprenticed where he will do well enough, as the world goes, though he will have his hardships." How she herself was able to outlive all these months was a mystery—an upbraiding to her weary spirit; for, surely, she often thought, had not other wretchedness killed all love within her, she had long since been in the church-yard. All that the kindness of her poor neighbours could do was lost upon her, and she accepted their charity without gratitude. They wondered how she was kept alive; for no one ever saw her at a meal; and often, on the bitterest days, there was not a spark of fire in the house. Her daughter was frequently wiled away into other dwellings, and fed and warmed; but the mother kept her room, like a ghost, and was often seen, by persons looking through the window, leaning with her head on the Bible, which she was nowise able to read, for her eyesight had failed her, and she was almost as one of the blind. "Oh, Mary, leave your worthless husband, and become one of us," sometimes said her best friend—herself with a large family, and very, very poor; but the wife strove to straighten her crouching frame at these words, and said, in a hollow whisper, "Never, never, till he lay me in my grave."

It was the evening of a spring holiday; and for a brief space forgetting, or at least laying aside their sorrows, almost every family, in street and lane, had gone out for amusement. Low as wages were, and provisions dear, parents laid out something on their own dress and that of their children, that they might not seem worse off than they really were; and sights and sounds of merriment were rife through the suburb. Mary suffered her daughter to join the festivities—at least she made no answer to the richly-ribboned dame who came to invite her solitary child; and then fell back into that stupor which, to many eyes, often appeared to be a mid-day sleep. But the influence of this annual spring-holiday could not be wholly unfelt, far gone as she was in woe and want; and as the merry minstrelsy passed the door, she opened her eyes, and for one blessed moment thought she beheld little Alec, with some flowers wreathed round his hat, and dancing in his glee; but the vision and the music died away together, and she only uttered, "Perhaps it was his ghost!"

In an hour there was a knock at the door, which then slowly opened, and a soldier came in, seemingly off a long march. "Are you Mary Atherton?" said he, with a kind voice. "Yes; I am Mary Atherton: has my husband enlisted, and is he going away to a foreign country? Oh! that he could be suffered to stay for a week or two, and then he would have no widow to forsake." "I have come, my good woman, to tell you good tidings of your lost boy; his name, he says, is Alec, and he is not far off." He was, indeed, near at hand; for almost, while the soldier was speaking, Alec was upon his mother's bosom—not in her arms—for they hung lifelessly—but in her bosom, and upon her neck; and, perhaps, his sobbings were not unheard in her swoon.

The mother recovered her senses, but not her speech; she held him now fast in her arms, as if about to bear him away from devouring fire; she loved more in that one dreadful clasp than she had ever loved in her whole life; and the thought of the great God was along with that of her first-born; so too was forgiveness of her husband—penitence for her impious sorrows, willingness now to die—and a desire—oh, how profound!—of yet a few days, months, years of this mortal life!

A few words from her boy told the tale of a whole winter's miseries. A father had sold his child into slavery! All those pretty curls were gone, whose golden lustre had once been the joy of a proud mother's heart; the roses had left his cheek; and his little hands were wasted to the very bone, and covered with scars and wounds; his voice was low and timid, as if terror had pitched its key; but still, in all that rueful change, it was the same cheek, the same forehead, the same hair, the same hands, the same voice, the same smile! "O bitter, bitter cold—dreadful, more dreadful heat—and cruel, cruel stifling of that sweet breath, hast thou, my blessed Alec, too long endured! Yet beautiful is my boy as ever; nor think that I could not have known my boy had I seen him all begrimed in his wretchedness—heard but his small pattering footsteps—had it been even in the uttermost parts of the earth!

The soldier who had rescued the poor sweep from slavery now rose to depart. The grateful mother began to request him to take some refreshment, and then her voice all at once ceased. After a pause she said—"You have brought riches into the house of poverty, for we have not at this blessed moment one morsel of bread!"

Mary was now left alone with her restored son, and that cold, dreary, desolate chamber was to her like one of the many mansions in the house of her heavenly father. With what divine happiness did she gaze on him kneeling once more by the bed-side, and saying distinctly his unforgotten prayer! Hardly could she believe that he had indeed been brought back to her from the dreadful darkness of some remote region, till she lay down and took him into her bosom. Wearied and worn with his long journey homewards, and all at once made perfectly happy after so many horrid months, the boy soon fell asleep, and his warm breath thrilled through his mother's heart, to the entire possession of all its affections, and utter oblivion of all its long distress.

When little Alice came home from the merriment, her smiles met with a joyful return, that startled the affectionate girl with a new kind of happiness. Awe-struck by the face of her long-lost brother, covered with the placid light of sleep, Alice muttered not a word, as her mother withdrew the curtain, saying, "Bless God for his return." In a few minutes she was laid by his side, and, without awaking him, placed her little arm softly across his neck, and, closing her eyes, soon beheld him in the pastime of her innocent dreams. No fire burned on the hearth—not even a rushlight twinkled—but the moonshine filled the chamber with a sweet, solemn, and sacred light, and all within was thankfulness, piety, and peace.

"Not yet gone to bed!" said Miles Atherton, with a harsh voice, as he entered the room in that reckless and violent manner habitual to the profligate. His wife was now above the power of fear—no beating at her heart—no trembling in her limbs; for the comforter had been with her, and there was such an expression of blessedness on her countenance, as the moonlight shewed it pale, wan, sunken, but rejoicing, that the wretched intruder was fixed in amazement, and calmed by the unexpected and inexplicable change of every feature. "Look here, my beloved husband, look here—look here!" and he beheld Alec and Alice fast asleep, and locked in each other's arms—"Yes, father, I love you—forgive you; will you let me kiss you, father?" murmured the boy, buried in a profound dream; and the sweet broken voice brought the sinner on his knees, as if God's own hand had smitten him with sudden death.

Hours passed away; and the grey light of dawn saw husband and wife yet kneeling as in morning prayer. Mercy and forgiveness are the attributes of the Eternal; and, like an effluence from his Spirit, may be breathed from one human heart to another, destroying both grief and guilt. Remorse had long preyed upon its victim, but now he was delivered up to penitence. Evil found now no abiding-place in his spirit; and, after many sudden visits—many ghost-like hauntings and midnight knockings at its gate, forsook it for ever—leaving but a salutary and monitory dread of its return. In a few months the summer flowers were again bright in the garden, and clustering round the porch; and before the summer was gone, as the family, in decent apparel, walked duly every Sabbath to church, the neighbours had almost entirely forgotten how grievously one had erred, and all had been afflicted. But it was on the Sabbath-day that the penitential man most remembered all his sins; and, in its blessed freedom from wordly cares, he then communed with his own heart, and knew that it had been desperately wicked. His son's face was a perpetual memento of his guilt, but one that he loved to look on; and the beauty of returning health on that other face which, in its most deadly wanness, never had upbraided him, reminded him, almost every time it smiled, of the long-continued cruelty that had nearly brought it to the dust. But contrition settled down within his heart; for he felt as if he had finally made his peace with God, and that the past ought to be remembered only for sake of the future.—*James.*

ARCHITECTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

I HAVE just had put into my hands an instructive and pleasingly written tract, in a pocket size, entitled "a Lecture illustrative of the Archi-

tecture of the Human Body, intended for the Rising Generation, by Henry William Dewhurst, Esq. professor of Zoology, London." What delights me most with this humble production is the pious and benevolent feeling in which it seems to be composed; the author invariably tracing the wonderful mechanism of our corporeal frame to the *forethought* and *design* of an Omnipotent Creator. There is such a simplicity in the language, also, that it can be read with edification by even the most unlearned. I am sure my young readers will not be disinclined to peruse the following extract.

"Man is placed by an all-wise Providence at the head of the whole animal creation, who are made subservient to the gratification of his wants and necessities. In him we perceive a great chain of characters by which the Almighty has been pleased to distinguish him from the inferior classes of animals by whom he is daily more or less surrounded, and to whom he resembles in many points by their structure and functions. The most evident feature is that man alone is intended to walk in the erect posture, an action no other creature is capable of performing, whilst the structure of the most perfectly formed monkey prevents the animal sustaining the upright position for any length of time without a great effort, or clinging to some external support.

The higher characteristics of man constitute his peculiarities. He possesses intelligence; and the prominent features of his mental powers are his *animal propensities*, by which he is placed on a par with the lower animals; thus enabling him to propagate and rear his offspring, and provide for their necessities;—his *moral sentiments*, which govern his animal passions, and give him a sense of good and evil;—lastly, his *intellectual faculties*, which stamp his importance and superiority, as composing the summit of the animal kingdom.

Let us philosophically examine the manner in which he is constructed, and we shall find that it is in perfect accordance with the most exact mechanical principles: investigating the heart and the blood vessels, through which the vital fluid circulates, it is proved to be a perfect hydraulic machine, the heart being a most powerful engine by which the blood is propelled to the extremest part of the body; the lungs constitute an inimitable pneumatic apparatus; the beautiful membranes and transparent humours of the eye, forming an admirable optical instrument; in the same manner are the ears constructed on the most accurate principles of acoustics.

What an animated being! how vigorous and powerful! what beautiful and complicated machinery forms the graceful column of man! It being composed of bones, articulations or joints, arteries, and veins, clothed with muscles and integuments! how duly balanced! how aptly contrived for his various movements! At the summit of this column the head appears, appointed to this high situation as containing the seat of sensation, the light of understanding, and the faculty of sight. In the cranium, or skull, is situated the brain, the *organ* of the immaterial principle. In the brain the mind takes up its residence: here she holds communication with all the material things around her; from the brain she issues her commands, through the agency of the nerves, and sensations are conveyed from all parts of the body to the brain. The brain being extremely tender and susceptible of injury, the slightest local compression disturbing its action, it was necessary that it should be well protected from external violence.

The skull will frequently bear the most surprising degree of mechanical force applied to it without suffering any injury. It is composed of eight bones united by dove-tailed lines or sutures; if it had consisted only of one bone, it could not have answered every purpose for the defence of the brain. The division of the cranium into so many bones enables it to grow much faster, and with greater facility. In the early fœtal state, as the first and second month after we are created, that which afterwards becomes the strong bony case of the brain exists only as a tough flexible membrane.

Ossification, or the deposition of bony matter, commences in the middle of each bone long before birth; the brain soon appears as if it was covered by so many scales or shells held together by the membrane not yet ossified. In order to facilitate the birth of the child those scales overlap each other, so as most usefully to diminish the size of the skull. If the cranium had only consisted of one bone, this provident design of nature could not have taken place. The dove-tailed joints by which the bones of the skull are connected, are evidently of great utility in preserving the extension of fractures of the bones of the head; owing to the *sutures* which prevent the extension of the fracture, we generally find the effects of the injury confined to the bone on which the blow was received.

In no other part of animals do we see a greater instance of mechanical advantage, or lever power, than in the *lower jaw*. The temporal and masseter muscles pull almost *directly* at right angles to the line of the jaw; while in most other cases, as in that of the deltoid muscle lifting the arm, the muscles act *obliquely*, and with intensity diminished in proportion to their obliquity: an object placed between the back teeth is compressed with the whole direct power of the strong muscles of the jaw. Hence the human jaw can crush a body that resists with great force. The *teeth* form an extraordinary set of chisels and wedges for cutting and tearing food. They are covered with a hard substance called enamel; on this account the teeth of many of the larger animals were used in former times for the same purposes as we now use steel, from the quantity of earth it contains. A set of small teeth appear soon after birth, and serve the child until the sixth or seventh year; these, in the course of time, fall out, and are replaced by larger ones, which last during a considerable period of our life. The number of teeth is only completed when the man and woman are full grown, by four more, called wisdom teeth.

In order to facilitate the various movements of the head backward and forward, and in the act of nodding, looking upward and downward—to effect these extensive purposes, it moves as an articulated fulcrum or prop, on which it can turn either backward or forward, up or down, horizontally to the right or to the left. The two first movements are effected by a hinge-joint fitted to the *atlas*, or first bone of the neck, but limited by ligaments, in its movements backward and forward, to prevent suffocation. The horizontal motion is effected by a peculiar auxiliary, placed on the bone below the first vertebra. It is a process of bone resembling a tooth, which fits into a pivot of the bone above it, and serves as an axle for the head to turn, but only to a limited extent, the muscles on each side protecting it from danger.

The spine, or back bones, are a continuation of the vertebræ, various uses and amazing powers can never be wholly investigated, yet the reflective man can perceive sufficient of the magnificence of design to compel him to adore and venerate the superior excellence of his God.

The spine, in figure, resembles, in some degree, an Italic *s*, and consists of twenty-four vertebræ, or bones, joined together by smooth-rubbing surfaces, and connected to each other by very strong intervening cartilages, more correctly termed intervertebral substance, which is extremely pliable, allowing great motion to the bones, and preventing their separation from one another, which would be followed by a material injury to the spinal marrow, and consequently to the destruction of life. The spine is the centre pillar on the top of which the head is situated; its use is to contain a prolongation of the brain, called the *spinal marrow*, which is of the greatest importance to animal life: if it is injured in the slightest degree, immediate death, or a paralysis of the parts below the injured portion, are the consequences. Consequently, in unison with all the works of the Creator, we find the spine uniting with great strength great elasticity and flexibility. The spine is susceptible of the greatest variety of motion; if it had only consisted of one bone, no motion could have taken place, and the spinal marrow would have been rendered more liable to injury. Those horrible distortions of the spine so often seen in highly civilized circles, are the effects of a disease of the intervertebral substance between the bones of the spine, created by that disgraceful system of tight-lacing the stays by fashionable females.

From the spinal marrow, the nerves supplying some of the principal organs in the chest, abdomen, and inferior extremities, receive their origin. The spine affords support to all the muscles of the trunk; the ribs are articulated into the vertebræ of the back.

There are twenty-four bones in the human spine, joined to each other by broad bases; in some parts these bases are shallower than in others, according as they are to serve more immediately either the purposes of flexibility or strength. In the back, where strength is most wanted, they are firmer than in the loins, where flexibility is necessary; and still firmer in the neck, where the erect posture is chiefly required. Each of these bones is perforated through the middle, and so placed over and under those next to it, as to form a close canal for the medullary substance. To prevent this passage from being disturbed on change of posture, by the vertebræ shifting over one another, these bones are supplied with cartilages, which, being of an elastic and yielding nature, allow of these motions without separation of the bones themselves.

I may mention a curious fact, but yet a truism, that we are taller in the morning when we rise from our bed, than when we retire to it, for this reason, the weight of the body compresses the cartilages between the bones of the spine, which are restored partly by their elasticity, and partly from the superincumbent weight being removed during the horizontal position we assume when at rest.

On the various joints of the bones much of their different effects depend. Each is mechanical, and resolvable by human reason. There are two principal sorts of joints; *viz. ball and socket*, and the *hinge-joint*; one or the other is used according to the extent of motion required. At the knee (the most complicated in structure) a hinge answers the purpose of moving the leg backwards and forwards: at the hip, a ball and socket serve to co-operate with the motion of the leg, and to move the limb to the right or left in any required position. The shoulder-joint is a ball and socket; but the socket here is very shallow, with a cartilage round its margin, while the cup of the thigh bone is very concave, and formed of more solid materials. These differences agree with the situations of each of them, and the purposes they are separately to answer; for as the one is a principal instrument of motion, the shallowness of the socket, and the flexibility of the cartilage, form its motion; while in the thigh and leg, which are to support the body, firmness is likewise necessary, which has been conceived in the conformation of the joints connected with them. In all the joints of the body, the ends of the bones are covered with cartilage, to prevent injury by the friction of hard substances. The ball, or head of the thigh bone, is tipped, and the cup lined, with this yielding substance; and the hip joint is protected by it. Each joint is supplied with a fluid denominated by anatomists *synovia*, by butchers, *joint oil*, which prevents the dreadful effects of friction.

Having considered the joints on which animal motions depend, we may next contemplate the mechanism by which these motions are generated and supported. The muscles and their tendons are not only constitutionally endowed to generate and regulate motion, but also differently constructed for these purposes, according to the movement required and the instruments used. For example, at the knee and elbow, where the joint is large, which serves only to move the limb in the same plane, the tendons are placed parallel to them, and lengthen or shorten in that direction; but in the hip and shoulder where the ball and socket joint is found, the muscles are variously placed, and are capable of contracting and restoring themselves in each position. The muscles also, by their different directions, support the bones, particularly the head; and all the limbs are regulated in their movements chiefly by their agency. Each muscle has what is called an antagonist muscle; *viz.* one that acts in a direction contrary to the other; for the muscles cannot expand beyond their natural size, though they cannot contract; therefore, to produce a contrary motion, another muscle must be called into action: it is by this contrary motion of the muscles of the face, that the features are duly balanced in their places. The natural strength of the muscles may be either increased or diminished by exercise; for we perceive the legs of a dancing-master, the arms of a pugilist, waterman, or anchor-smith, are stronger by use. All the limbs of the body are levers of the third class; for the resistance must be farther from the prop than the power, the power being in the joint itself.

Muscles in general are pairs (with one or two exceptions we find them single, as the circular muscle of the mouth, &c.); their number has been estimated at two hundred and eighty-nine: but as they are the same on both sides, this must be doubled, which makes five hundred and seventy-eight, an enumeration which is pretty nearly correct. All animal motion is effected by muscles. They are divided into two great classes, *viz.* the *voluntary* and *involuntary*; those under the influence of the *will*, as the muscles of the arm and leg, &c.; and those whose action is independent of the will, as the *heart*, &c., which is merely a hollow muscle for the purpose of receiving the blood, and propelling it by means of arteries to all parts of the body. Each muscle has an antagonist muscle; *viz.* one that acts in a direction contrary to the other: one muscle throws the arm out, which is called the extensor; the other bends the arm, and is called the flexor: one muscle relaxes, while the other contracts. Nothing is satisfactorily known about muscular contraction: this physiological question is not decided. The muscles are supplied with nervous energy by means of white cords, called nerves, which arise from the brain and spinal marrow; we know nothing of the nature of this principle circulating in nerves; we can only witness its effects. That nervous energy is necessary to the healthy performance of the various functions of the body, there can be no doubt. Digestion, secretion, sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, &c. cannot be effected if the nerve of communication between their respective functions and the brain be divided.

The body is supported by the blood, which is circulated by means of tubes denominated arteries and veins; the former carrying it from, and the latter returning it to, the heart, which organ gives a motion to the arteries, synchronous with the heart itself, and extending to the extremest ramification in the body; this motion we denominate the pulse. Thus is man a complete piece of machinery, the whole of which is put into action by means of a power derived from the brain through the agency of its nerves. The vital fluid passes from the heart into the lungs in a state dangerous to the preservation of life, being loaded with carbon, which it gives off in these organs; on receiving a due proportion of oxygen from the atmosphere, the blood becomes purified and fit for the support of animal life. It circulates from the heart of a bright scarlet colour, and returns again to this organ of a reddish black, united with a great quantity of carbon, which it has obtained in the course of its circulation, after it has performed the trifold offices of *secretion, nutrition*, and *vivification* or the *preservation of life*; while the digestive organs perform their due offices, create the various secretions, and form new blood in lieu of that which is expended.

The blood in an adult human body has been estimated to circulate throughout the whole system in four hours, or about six times in the course of a single day. Its quantity has been estimated by Bartholine to be about twenty-four pounds, and Sir Charles Bell considers thirty-three pounds as the average proportion, but in my opinion its exact quantity can never be truly ascertained.

By means of the beautiful mechanism of the heart and lungs is the important function of the circulation of the blood accomplished; and there is no portion of physiological research which displays greater perfection of design, a more admirable and splendid contrivance, or more ingenious machinery, than is exhibited in the formation of the heart and its vessels. The exquisite construction of even the most minute organ, and the harmonious sympathy pervading the whole, are objects of wonder, and must ever excite the veneration and admiration of all who delight to search after and contemplate the more elaborate works and unerring operations of the great Author of Nature.

I have already stated that an animal body is supported by means of blood, which is carried from the heart by means of tubes called arteries, and circulated by these through all parts of the body, and conveyed back again to the heart by veins. The nutritious portions of the various kinds of food we daily swallow are converted into blood. After masticating our food, it mixes with the saliva of the mouth, and is conveyed in a pulpy state to the stomach; it is there acted upon by a juice secreted by glands within the coats of the stomach, called *gastric* juice, which converts the food into *chyle*; it then passes from the stomach in this state into the large intestine, called the *duodenum*, where the nutritive part becomes separated from the feculent, and is converted into *chyme*, a substance resembling milk, which enters into a large vessel, called the *thoracic duct*, and passes upwards to its termination in a large vein near the neck, where it is converted into blood. This blood is not adapted for the nourishment of the body without passing through the lungs, where it is acted upon by the oxygen of the atmosphere, and becomes oxygenated, converted into *arterial blood*, in which state it nourishes the human body.

The organs of sense are the instruments by which we enjoy intercourse with the external world, and first—

The organ of *vision*. In man, and the higher orders of animals, they are two in number, situated in cavities formed by certain bones of the cranium and face. They are furnished with muscles which move it in every direction, and surrounded by a very soft delicate species of fat, which protects them and yields to them in all of their movements. The eye is composed of a series of tunics, some of which are transparent, containing diaphanous humours, through which the rays of light are transmitted to the retina, and enables us to perceive objects around us. There are appendages, as the eyebrow, &c. whose offices are to preserve the eye from injury.

2. The organ of *hearing*, a most beautiful but complicated piece of mechanism, is divided into the external and internal ear, by the musculus tympani, or drum of the ear. The former is on the outside and well known, the latter is contained within the petrous process, or internal portion of the bone. The limits of this lecture, however, will not permit me to give even a concentrated description of this organ.

3. The organ of *smelling*. The seat of this sense is in the cavity of the nose, in which a delicate vascular membrane is distributed throughout its extent, and upon which the olfactory nerves are ramified in great numbers. Its office is the detection of fragrant and unpleasant odours, and to secrete a mucus for its defence.

4. The organ of *taste*. It would be waste of words to describe the form and situation of the tongue. Besides constituting the organ of taste, it presents a most interesting subject to the physiologist and pathologist, from the concern it has in the functions of mastication, deglutition, and articulation. Its bulk is composed of numerous muscles. It is covered by the continuation of the membrane of the mouth. At the tip, edges, and upper surface of this organ, there are numerous projecting processes, called papillæ, and in these the sense of taste resides.

5. The organ or sense of *touch*. The whole external surface of the body is covered with a strong elastic integument, called the skin. Anatomists divide this into two layers, of which the internal is termed the true skin, while the external is called the scarf skin; a third layer can only be demonstrated in negroes, in which the colour is said to reside: this layer is called the *rete mucosum*: it also exists in Europeans, but is difficult to demonstrate. The use of the skin is to afford protection and support to the organs beneath it, and to exercise a function necessary for our comfort, *viz.* the exhalation of a gas, the exudation of the perspirable matter.

Now let us turn to man in his latter years, when he is about to shake off this mortal coil of infirmities and disease. When old age approaches, the arterial system acts more weakly, the irritability is less, the functions are more weak, the glands diminish in bulk, the fat is absorbed, and the fluids become more acrid. The arteries can no longer conquer the accumulated load in the veins, the brain is overloaded, and serum exhales in the abdomen and under the skin; the glandular vessels cannot propel their fluids, the nerves no longer possess their irritability, and the senses decay. From these causes the limbs grow stiff—the arteries ossify, or are partially converted into bone—the whole system is oppressed with a load it cannot overcome. The eyes become dim, and the vital functions refuse to perform their office, nature fails, and we expire."

HUMAN STRENGTH.

As an appropriate accompaniment to the foregoing article

we are tempted to present the following anecdotes of the power of the human frame, which we derive from a delightful volume, just published in the *Family Library*, by our countryman Sir David Brewster, entitled, "Letters on Natural Magic." The feats which immediately follow relate to Thomas Topham, who exhibited about a century ago, being 31 years of age, and 5 feet 10 inches high:—

1. Having rubbed his fingers with coal-ashes to keep them from slipping, he rolled up a very strong and large pewter plate. 2. Having laid seven or eight short and strong pieces of tobacco pipe on the first and third finger, he broke them by the force of his middle finger. 3. He broke the bowl of a strong tobacco pipe placed between his first and third finger, by pressing his fingers together sideways. 4. Having thrust such another bowl under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hams, without altering the bending of his leg. 5. He lifted with his teeth, and held in a horizontal position for a considerable time, a table six feet long, with half a hundred weight hanging at the end of it. The feet of the table rested against his knees. 6. Holding in his right hand an iron kitchen-poker, three feet long and three inches round, he struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle. 7. Taking a similar poker, and holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him, and he then pulled it almost straight again. This last feat was the most difficult, because the muscles which separate the arms horizontally from each other are not so strong as those which bring them together. 8. He broke a rope about two inches in circumference, which was partly wound about a cylinder four inches in diameter, having fastened the other end of it to straps that went over his shoulder. 9. Dr Desaguliers saw him lift a rolling-stone of about 800 lbs. weight, with his hands only, standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a frame fastened to it. Hence Dr Desaguliers gives the following relative view of the strengths of individuals:

Strength of the weakest men . .	125 lbs.
Strength of very strong men . .	400
Strength of Topham	800

The weight of Topham was about 200.

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice, under the direction of an officer of the American navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath; and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed, that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left as it were behind. At Venice the experiment was performed in a much more imposing manner. The heaviest man in the party was raised and sustained upon the points of the fore-fingers of six persons. Major H. declared that the experiment would not succeed if the person lifted were placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board. He conceived it necessary that the bearers should communicate directly with the body to be raised. I have not had an opportunity of making any experiments relative to these curious facts; but whether the general effect is an illusion, or the result of known or of new principles, the subject merits a careful investigation.

HISTORICAL CONTRAST.

AMONG the prejudices which we should like to see swept away by the advance of enlightened feeling, is that *other kind of self-love* which consists in an intense appreciation of our own nation, to the exclusion of almost all respect for our brethren in the great family of mankind. It is time that the Briton were made aware of the existence of military prowess, learned accomplishment, and other good qualities, in countries beyond his own seas; and it would also be worth while to inform him of what some enlightened foreigners have said respecting us; by which, in learning that he and his fellow-countrymen are beheld occasionally with the same prejudiced feelings which he entertains regarding them, he would be induced to cast those ideas away from him, as quite unworthy and unjust; and, at the same time, perhaps, he might have his own real faults so strongly placed before his eyes, that he must needs be conscience-struck by them. A work containing the remarks of the most *enlightened* foreigners upon our country would be one of much use, and of very great interest.

We are not going to present any parallel between the British nation and its neighbours—although we may perhaps do so at another time. The two following passages from a very pleasing work, contain a contrast between the manners of Christian Europeans and Mohammedan Asiatics, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Remote as the period is, the reader will blush to think that ther should have been so much more humanity under the cres cent than the cross. The extracts are from the "History of the Knights of Malta," written for CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY by the late amiable Mr Alexander Sutherland, of Edinburgh, a person of much literary merit, who died at the early age of thirty-seven, carrying with him the regrets of all who had had an opportunity of knowing the extent of his talents, and, what was even more conspicuous in him, his extraordinary worth in private life.

THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

On the 7th of June 1099, the Christian army encamped before the city. Battle, desertion, and disease, had frightfully thinned its ranks; and of the seven hundred thousand fighting men who had marshalled in the plains of Bithynia, there remained, exclusive of the garrisons left in the conquered cities, scarcely twenty-two thousand fit for the field. The pious zeal of the crusaders, however, had survived all the vicissitudes of their long and toilsome march. When they beheld the hallowed city from afar, the van-guard uttered a shout, which, rolling backward on the line of march, was echoed by the whole host The more devout manifested their rapture by kneeling down in the dust, and shedding tears of joy, and many bared their feet on approaching the sacred walls. The Counts of Flanders and Normandy pitched their tents to the northward of the city, near the church erected on the spot where Stephen the proto-martyr died. Godfrey and Tancred erected their standards on the first swell of Mount Calvary—and Raymond of Toulouse occupied a position to the south of Mount Sion. On the fifth day of the siege, the crusaders made a furious attack; and, amid a storm of arrows and fire balls, burst the first barrier, and strove to surmount the walls by escala.e. The want of engines to batter them down, and ladders to scale them, rendered the assault abortive; and the crosses were driven back with shame and slaughter to their camp. This defeat was followed by a grievous scarcity of provisions and water; and the excessive privations which this deficiency occasioned, overwhelmed the whole army with suffering and anguish. So extreme was the thirst of the soldiers, who vainly sought for water in the stony ravines that seamed the country, that they dug holes in the ground, and pressed the damp clods to their lips to moisten them. On the 15th of July, the army again advanced to the assault. Through the exertions of Godfrey and Raymond, some Genoese mariners from Jaffa constructed two huge movable towers of timber, brought from Sichem, a place thirty miles distant, and rolled them with immense labour to the foot of the fortifications. Drawbridges were made to extend from the top of these turrets to the battlement; and when the sun rose on the beleagured city, they were seen crowded with chosen warriors, eager to grapple hand to hand with the Moslem foe. Raymond's tower was burned to ashes by the fire which the besieged hurled against it; but the Count Bouillon's fully answered the purpose for which it had been constructed. Armed as an archer, Godfrey posted himself on its summit, and for a considerable time his bowmen alone maintained the battle. "But at the hour," says the Chronicler, "when the Saviour of the world gave up the ghost, a warrior named Letolde, who fought in Godfrey's tower, leaped the first upon the ramparts. He was followed by Guicher—the Guicher who had vanquished a lion; Godfrey was the third, and all the other knights rushed on after their chief. Throwing aside their bows and arrows, they now drew their swords; at sight of which the enemy abandoned the walls, and ran down into the city, whither the soldiers of Christ with loud shouts pursued them." At three in the afternoon, the standard of the Cross waved in triumph on the walls; and, after four hundred and sixty years of bondage, the Holy City passed from under the Mohammedan yoke.

The victory thus bravely won was tarnished by the ferocity of the conquerors. All who showed the smallest disposition to resist were hewn down; and, for three whole days, promiscuous massacre and pillage prevailed. Ten thousand miserable beings, who had been promised quarter, were barbarously put to the sword; and infants even were butchered in the cradle, and at their mother's breast. In the court of the Mosque of Omar, a structure built on the site of the famous temple of Solomon, to which thousands of fugitives fled as a sanctuary, the Latin knights rode fetlock deep in Saracen gore. The whole city swam with blood; and the victors, sated at last with slaughter, looked themselves with horror on the desolation which their own inhuman fury had made.

When the work of death was over, the chief crusaders, in accordance with the devout zeal which animated them, laid aside their arms, washed their bloody hands, and, barefooted and uncovered, repaired in solemn procession to the Redeemer's tomb. The fierce warriors who had so recently abandoned themselves to the most revolting atrocities, were seen kissing with pious fervour the memorials of the sufferings of Him who had been the messenger of peace to man; and the Holy Sepulchre resounded with their triumphant anthems and repentant groans. In the height of their enthusiasm, they fell at Peter the Hermit's feet, praising God as glorified in his servant.

THE RE-CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY SALADIN.

The last days of the kingdom of Jerusalem now seemed to be fast approaching. The king and the flower of his nobles were in captivity—the manhood of the country had fallen under the swords of the Infidels—and the military orders were nearly extinct It was under these disastrous circumstances that the few Hospitallers, still marshalled under their once victorious banner, assembled, to elect a leader in the stead of the venerable knight who had received his death-wound in the battle of Tiberias. That dignity was no longer an object of competition, but so beset with cares and perils, that the knights with difficulty prevailed on Ermengard Daps, on whom their choice fell, to accept it, which he did, under the conviction that it remained only for himself and his brethren to seek an honourable death (1187.) Saladin lost no time in following up his victory by new conquests. Many of the strongest places in the kingdom, drained of their garrisons, and filled with dismay at the rapidity with which he overran the country, threw open their gates, and, at length, anxious to smite the Christian power to the core, he laid siege to Jerusalem, which was defended only by a few thousand Christians, the chief of whom were followers of the Greek church, and of course hostile to the Latin supremacy. The queen, who awaited within the walls the ruin of her throne, offered to capitulate; but Saladin, knowing her inability to offer a protracted resistance, rejected the proposition, and declared, that, if the city did not instantly surrender, he would scale the ramparts, sword in hand, and avenge, by an indiscriminate massacre of the inhabitants, the Moslem blood shed by Godfrey of Bouillon. This answer rendered the Latins desperate, and they resolved to bury themselves under the ruins of their shattered battlements. Even the women, gathering courage from despair, took arms, and prepared themselves to share the death that awaited their natural protectors; and so bravely did the garrison repel every assault, that, at the end of fourteen days, the sultan was glad to sign the treaty which he had previously rejected. The terms were at once honourable to the garrison, and indicative of a rare humanity in the conqueror. The city was left undespoiled, and the Christian nobles and soldiers were permitted to march out with their arms, and guaranteed a safe convoy to any town in which they might choose to seek refuge. As to the inhabitants, the native Greeks were allowed to remain unmolested; but such as were Latins by descent, were required to pay a ransom; the men ten, the women five, and the children two crowns of gold, and to remove to some other place. All persons who were unable to pay this ransom were detained as slaves.

Notwithstanding the clement terms of this treaty, the last article of which alone pressed with severity on the vanquished, religious associations gave it an aspect of refined cruelty to the unhappy Latins, who passed the last night they remained possessors of the city in lamentations and tears. Multitudes, carried away by a pious enthusiasm, which momentarily became stronger as the hour of their expulsion drew near, hastened to the Holy Sepulchre, and prostrated themselves in mournful humiliation before it. Saladin, with a consideration that did him honour, refrained from entering the city, though the gates were thrown open at sunrise, until these melancholy demonstrations were ended, and the last of the Latin Christians had bidden it a final farewell. The matrons carrying their infants, led the procession;—after them came the men, bearing provisions for their journey, and such household relics as circumstances permitted them to remove;—and, lastly, came the queen, and the two infant princesses, her daughters, surrounded by the priesthood, the remnant of the nobility, and the few military men who were still able to grasp a lance. It is said that several of the Christian ladies, whose lords were in captivity, uttered dolorous cries, and lifted up their hands in earnest supplication, when they beheld Saladin, as he stood watching their departure. The noble-minded Kurd, on being made acquainted with the cause of their grief, which one of them, who had prostrated herself at his feet, energetically described as to be lightened only by the liberation of their natural protectors, humanely ordered such prisoners as they named to be set free, and dismissed the fair suppliants with several princely gifts. Nor did the generosity of the conqueror terminate with this chivalrous action. With that respect for valour and humanity which supremely distinguished him, he no sooner heard of the benevolent attention which the Hospitallers were in the habit of bestowing on the sick and wounded, than he granted ten of them permission to remain a year longer in Jerusalem to perfect the cure of all the sufferers who had been confided to their care.

Thus, on the 2d of October 1187, at the distance of eighty-eight years from its conquest by the first crusaders, Jerusalem passed once more under the Mohammedan yoke. Saladin, ere he entered the subjugated capital, caused the bells of the Christians temples to be broken and melted down; and the Patriarchal Church, which had originally been a magnificent mosque, built by the Caliph Omar, on the ruins of the famous Temple of Solomon, was carefully purified with rose-water, and again dedicated to Infidel rites. The great cross which surmounted the dome of this superb structure was also displaced by the sultan's orders, and, as a mark of degradation, dragged for two successive days through the filth of the streets. The wars of near a century had won for the city that had been the object of so much pious zeal and so many sanguinary conflicts, nothing save fresh dishonour and a heavier chain.

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THE STRANGERS' NOOK.

IN country churchyards in Scotland, and perhaps in other countries also, there is always a corner near the gateway which is devoted to the reception of strangers, and is distinguished from the rest of the area by its total want of monuments. When you inquire of the passing peasant respecting this part of the burial-ground, he tells you that it is the corner for strangers, but never, of course, thinks that there is or can be any sentiment in the matter. To me, I must confess, this spot is always more interesting than any other, on account of the more extended scope which it gives to those feelings with which one surveys a churchyard. As you wander over the rest of the ground, you see humble memorials of humbler worth, mixed perhaps with the monuments of rank and wealth. But these tell always a definite tale. It is either the lord or the tenant of some of the neighbouring fields, or a trading burgher, or perhaps a clergyman; and there is an end of it. These men performed their parts on earth, like the generality of their fellows, and, after figuring for a space on the limited arena of the parish or the district, were here gathered to their fathers. But the graves of the strangers! what tales are told by every undistinguished heap—what eloquence in this utter absence of epitaphs!

There can be no doubt that the individuals who rest in this nook belonged, with hardly the possibility of an exception, to the humbler orders of the community. But who will say that the final sufferings and death of any individual whatsoever are without their pathos? To me, who have never been able to despise any fellow creature upon general considerations, the silent expressive stories related by these little heaps possess an interest above all real eloquence. Here, we may suppose, rests the weary old man, to whom, after many bitter shifts, all bitterly disappointed, wandering and mendicancy had become a last trade. His snow-white head, which had suffered the inclemency of many winters, was here at last laid low for ever. Here also the homeless youth, who had trusted himself to the wide world in search of fortune, was arrested in his wanderings; and, whether his heart was as light and buoyant as his purse, or weighed down with many privations and disappointments, the end was the same—only in the one case a blight, in the other a bliss. The prodigal, who had wandered far, and fared still worse and worse, at length returning, was here cut short in his better purpose, far from those friends to whom he looked forward as a consolation for all his wretchedness. Perhaps, when stretched in mortal sickness in a homely lodging in the neighbouring village, where, though kindness was rendered, it was still the kindness of strangers, his mind wandered in repentant fondness to that mother whom he had parted with in scorn, but for whose hand to present his cup, and whose eye to melt him with its tenderness, he would now gladly give the miserable remains of his life. Perhaps he thought of a brother also parted with in rage and distrust, but who, in their early years, had played with him, a fond and innocent child, over the summer leas, and to whom that recollection forgave every thing. No one of these friends to soothe the last moments of his wayward and unhappy life—scarcely even to hear of his death when it had taken place. Far from every remembered scene, every remembered face, he was doomed here to take his place amidst the noteless dead, and be as if he had never been. Perhaps one of these graves contains the shipwrecked mariner, hither transferred from the neighbouring beach. A cry was heard by night through the storm which dashed the waves upon the rocky coast: deliverance was impossible, and next morning, the only memorial of what had taken place was the lifeless body of a sailor stretched on the sand. No trace of name or kin, not even the name of the vessel was learned; but, no doubt, as the villagers would remark in conveying him to the Stranger's Nook, he left *some* heart to pine for his absence, *some* eyes to mourn for him, if his loss should ever be ascertained. There are few so desolate on earth as not to have one friend or associate. There must either be a wife to be widowed, or a child to be made an orphan, or a mother to suffer her own not less grievous bereavement. Perhaps the sole beloved object of some humble domestic circle, whose incomings and outgoings were ever pleasant, is here laid low, while neither can the bereaved learn aught of the fate and final resting-place of their favourite, nor can those who kindly, but without mourning, performed his last offices, reach their ears with the intelligence, grateful even in its pain, of what had been done to his remains: here the energies which had battled with the waves in their hour of night, and the despair whose expression had been wasted upon the black tempest, are all stilled into rest, and forgotten. The storm is done; its work has been accomplished; and here lies the strange mariner, where no storms shall ever again trouble him.

Such are the imaginings which may arise in contemplating that neglected nook in our churchyards which is devoted to the reception of strangers. The other dead have all been laid down in their final beds by long trains of sorrowing friends. They rest in death in the midst of those beloved scenes which their infancy knew, and which were associated with every happiness, every triumph, every sorrow which befel them. The burns in which they had "paidlet" when they were children, run still in their shining beauty all around and about their last resting-place; the braes over which they wandered hand and hand "to pull the gowans fine," still look down in all their summer pride upon the fold into which they have at last been gathered for eternity. But the homeless strangers! *they* died far from every endeared scene. The rills were not here like those which *they* had known; the hills were different too. Instead of the circle of friends, whose anticipated grief tends so much to smooth the last bed of suffering man, the pillow of the homeless was arranged by strangers: they were carried to the burial-ground, not by a train of real mourners, anxious to express their respect and affection for the departed, but by a few individuals who, in so doing, complimented human nature in general, but not the individual. To the other graves there was also some one to resort afterwards, to lament the departure of those who lay below. The spot was always cherished and marked by at least one generation of kind ones; and, whether distinguished by a monument or not, it was always a greater or less space of time before the memory of the deceased entirely perished from its place. Still, as each holy day came round, and the living flocked to the house of prayer, there was always some one to send a kind eye aside towards that little mound, and be for a moment moved with a pensive feeling, as the heart recalled a departed parent, or child, or friend. But the graves of the strangers! all regard was shut out from them as soon as they were closed. The decent few who had affected mourning over them had no sooner turned away than they were at once forgotten. That ceremony over, their kind had done with them for ever. And so, there they lie, distinguished from the rest only by the melancholy mark that they are themselves undistinguished from each other; no eye to weep over them now or hereafter, and no regard whatsoever to be paid to them till they stand forth with their fellow men at the Great and Final Day.

ANECDOTES OF THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

MANY dogs have an ear for music, and cannot hear a shrill note without breaking into a corresponding howl. They are now for the most part excluded from churches; but at no very distant period it was common for them to attend their masters thither in the country parishes; and large bands being thus assembled, they did not scruple to interrupt the service by gambolling about the passages, snarling, fighting, and other indecorous behaviour. Some of them, too, whose aural nerves were nicely strung, while the psalms were singing, at those turns of the tune which peculiarly affected them, struck in with a howling that was apt to discompose the younger part of the congregation, and greatly scandalized others; so the intrusion of dogs has been at length prohibited. But the evil cannot be altogether prevented, for many will not stay behind their masters; if tied up, they gnaw the rope, and chains are not to be had for confining them. If they are shut up, why, ten to one, some article vanishes from the place where they are confined, or a child, with whom they are favourites, is determined to see how they are passing the time, and, opening the door, allows them to escape. But some of them are by far too cunning to permit themselves to be either tied or shut up. One old cur in the parish of M—— knows the Sabbath as well as his master, and takes care to keep out of reach at a safe distance from the house all the morning. He watches the time when the family set out for church, and accompanies them. During the sermon and prayers he lies quiet, but erects himself into a posture of attention and enjoyment when the singing commences. Placed directly before the precentor, he points his nose upwards, and waits till a high note is reached, when, being unable longer to restrain himself, he shuts his eyes and joins with a shrill and prolonged howl. To a stranger this accompaniment has an odd effect; but the congregation are well accustomed to it, and nobody is discomposed by it, or disturbs the venerable animal. An anecdote of a different kind, but equally exhibiting the sagacity of the collie, we have heard from the person who witnessed the circumstances.

In the winter of 1823, our informant D. took charge for a few days of the flock of his brother, who was ill. His brother's dog, a docile animal, was easily induced to attend and obey him, contrary to the habits of most of the same breed, who refuse to make themselves serviceable to any but their master. A severe snowstorm took place while D., who had been accustomed to a town life, was performing these novel duties. At such times, it is scarce necessary to remind any of our countrymen the snow drifts to great depths in one place, while in another the surface of the ground is scarcely covered. If the wind, for example, blows upon the north side of a hill, its force lifts the snow from the ground, drives it over the summit, and lodges it on the south side. On this south side, perhaps, is situated the round, or shelter, in which the flock is penned in severe winter weather during the night; but here, though they find protection from the blast, no food is to be had—and hence the necessity of removing them during the day to more favourable ground, where, by penetrating a smaller depth of snow, they may reach the herbage. This work of removing a whole flock is very tedious, as they have to form a track through the snow. To render it less difficult, the shepherd usually takes half a score of the strongest, and drives them in the direction he judges most easy; he then returns for the bulk of the flock, who, finding a road opened, form into a long line, and thus proceed to the place of feeding. In order still more to shorten the time which this necessarily occupies, D. was in the habit of taking the advance guard under his own charge, and leaving the remainder to that of the dog, who seemed perfectly to understand what was expected of him, and brought on his drove with a steadiness and deliberation which showed him to appreciate fully the difficulties of the way. Sometimes, from the inequalities of the ground, D. was completely hid from view, and, from the strength of the sheep, and greater facility of pushing forward a small number, a long way in advance. On such occasions, the dog would leave his drove, and make his appearance on some elevated situation, whence he could command a view of D.'s motions. Here he sat for some time and watched them; then returned of his own accord to his charge. D. could account for this in no other way than by supposing the sagacious animal to be aware of

his inexperience in the employment; that he considered himself in some degree as "his guide, his monitor, and friend;" and made these reconnoitring expeditions from an anxiety he had, lest some difficulty should occur that required his assistance. As soon as they had conducted the flocks to the place where they were to feed, and met to congratulate each other on the successful accomplishment of the task, he testified his satisfaction in a manner which comported with the character of so considerate an animal, not by leaping upon his master and loud barking, like foolish dogs that have no command over their feelings, but he approached, wagging his tail, poked his nose upon D.'s hand, and licked it, his eyes beaming all the while with the liveliest kindness. "Nor can I ever persuade myself," concluded our informant, "that his joy arose entirely from a consciousness of having performed his own duty well: he felt, I have no doubt, a load of anxiety on my account removed from his *mind*, and was glad beyond measure that no untoward event had fallen out between us. The friendship which then commenced has not been broken off; my faithful assistant still survives, and never fails to recognise me when we meet even after long intervals of absence."

THE COMING COMET.

Of all the bodies which constitute a part of the celestial system, comets are the most remarkable in their appearances, physical constitution, and orbits of motion. They form one of the three classes into which astronomers have divided the radiant orbs which adorn the sky during the night. There are first those stars, which, from their immense distance, seem constantly to maintain the same situation, and are hence termed *fixed stars;* secondly, the planets, or wandering stars (as the term signifies), of which the earth forms one; and thirdly, comets, which in many respects display a striking difference from any of the two preceding classes. In the early ages, ere the light of true philosophy had disenchanted the mind of man from those superstitious chimeras in which he is always so prone to indulge, the stars were considered to have some mysterious influence over the "fate of men and nations." Such being the case with respect to these bodies, ever placid in their aspects, and regular in their appearances, it does not surprise us to find, that comets shooting down from the remote regions of space with inconceivable velocity, and suddenly presenting themselves under aspects the most uncommon and terrific, should have been looked upon with terror and dismay, and regarded by superstitious ignorance as visible demonstrations of the wrath, and harbingers of the vengeance of offended deities. But it does not a little astonish us that at the present day ideas no less absurd should be entertained respecting the comet which is to visit us in October of the present year. It is entertained by numbers upon the Continent (we cannot say that we have found a proselyte to the belief in this country), that the heavenly stranger is to come in contact with the earth, and dash it to pieces. What gives this fiction a sort of humorous character is, that some of their own journalists have announced the appalling event as certain; and they have done so with a coolness which would be admirable were it not ridiculous. This has called forth an essay on comets by the celebrated M. Arago, of the French Board of Longitude, in which he has not only shown the absurdity of entertaining such a notion, but also given a very able account of the philosophy of comets in general. The grand end of all philosophy is to minister to human comfort; and certainly if any thing can, this essay of M. Arago's will restore the wonted serenity to the minds of our mercurial neighbours. It appeared in the *Annuaire* for 1832 (a species of almanack published at Paris); and as a translation of it has been spoken of by scientific men in this country as a *desideratum*, we obtained one, by the kindness of a friend, which, however, appearing too long for the Journal, we have condensed and simplified it in the following manner:—

These bodies have received the name of comets (*coma* in Latin signifies hair), from the bearded appearance which they frequently exhibit. Independent of their orbits of motion, they have, in general, three distinguishing characteristics. First, the luminous points in the centre, called the *nucleus;* second, the nebulosity, vapour, or shining aureola, surrounding the nucleus, which is called the coma—these united constitute the head of the comet; third, the brilliant trains, more or less long, which accompany most of the comets—these are called their tails. Every bearded star which the ancients perceived was termed by them a comet. Modern philosophers have still retained the name, although many of the stars so entitled have neither nebulosity nor tail. It is by the peculiarity of their motions that they are now, and more philosophically, distinguished from the planets. They pass through space in curves so extremely elongated as to be carried so far from the earth in some parts of their course that they become invisible to it. The orbits of the planets are confined within a narrow zone, or to planes not greatly inclined to the ecliptic, while those of comets are inclined in all possible directions. When Herschel first discovered Uranus, the peculiarity of motion which it appeared to have, led philosophers to consider it a comet; but when its track was proved to be nearly circular, it was immediately ranked amongst the planets.

By some ancient philosophers, comets were believed to be only meteors engendered in our atmosphere. To the celebrated Tycho Brahé we are indebted for the first discovery, that they are stars. It has since been proved that they revolve round the sun in obedience to regular laws, bearing an analogy to those observed by the planets, and that their orbits are ellipses, or ovals, much elongated. The sun always occupies one of the foci of the ecliptic orbit of each comet. The top of the ellipsis, which is that point of its orbit nearest to the sun, is called the perihelion, and that most distant, the aphelion. Comets can only be seen from the earth when they are in the neighbourhood of their perihelion. Their paths during the time of their appearance differ very little from parabolas; and hence it is usual, on account of the facility of computation, to assume that they really move in parabolic curves. An ellipsis, or a parabola, can be travelled in two different directions—that is, from west to east, which is called direct, and is the track of the moon, the planets, and satellites; the other is from east to west, and is called retrograde. Comets move in either direction.

It is not by the physical circumstances of its size and splendour that astronomers are enabled to determine the identity of a comet with one of those which previously visited the system. As soon as one appears, its parabolic elements are computed, which are, the inclination and longitude of its node (or the point in which it cuts the plane of the earth's orbit), serving to determine the plane of the orbit; the longitude of the perihelion, which makes known the direction of the great axis of the orbit, or the situation of that curve in its proper plane; and the perihellic distance, which frees from uncertainty the form of the parabola, for the focus necessarily coincides with the centre of the sun. In this way, the parabolic elements of a great number of comets have been computed. Now, it is by referring any new calculation to these tables that the fact of a comet's previous appearance and periodic revolution is ascertained. If it coincides with none of them, it is to be considered a new comet; but if it differs only a very little in its parabolic elements from another system of elements contained in the table, and belonging to a comet formerly perceived, then we can with great probability consider them as identically the same comet. There is no mathematical impossibility in two comets describing in space two curves equal and similarly placed, but hitherto, confidence in the probability has been justified by success. I shall now make application of these principles to the only three comets whose periods are at this time properly established.

The comet of 1759.—A comet having made its appearance in 1682, Halley determined its parabolic elements. These were found to correspond very nearly with those of two comets which had respectively appeared in 1531 and 1607. The lapse of time between each of these periods is about 75 years, and Halley accordingly concluded that the three orbits belonged to the same identical comet. After a vague estimate of the perturbations it must sustain from planetary attraction, he predicted its reappearance at the end of 1758, or the beginning of 1759. The verification of this prediction was likely to be the commencement of a new era in cometary astronomy; so, to convince the most incredulous, philosophers deemed it necessary to do away with the vagueness of the date assigned by Halley for its return. In his time it was impossible to determine with exactness the strength of the aberrations. This difficult problem Clairaut resolved. He found that, by the attraction of the planets, it would take 618 days more to return to the perihelion than in the preceding revolution. The passage ought, therefore, to have corresponded to the middle of April 1759; but Clairaut, aware that want of time had caused him to overlook some terms in his calculation, intimated that these might amount to 30 days either more or less in the 76 years. The event justified all his predictions, for the comet appeared, as had been foretold, and passed its perihelion on the 12th of March 1759. Its parabolic elements were a little altered from those of its former visit, and exactly agreed with Clairaut's calculations.

All doubt being now dissipated as to the periodical return of this luminary, it only remained to reckon the date of its next appearance. This was accomplished by M. Damoiseau, who has brought his approximations still nearer the truth than his predecessor. He has also accounted for the action of the planet Uranus, which was discovered subsequent to the time of Clairaut. The conclusion at which he arrived was this—"The interval between the passage of the comet to the perihelion in 1759, and the next passage through that point, will be 28,007 days, which, to reckon from 12th March 1759, the commencement of this period, answers to 16th November 1835." In three years, then, we may expect a visit from that comet which in 1456 passed so near to the earth, accompanied with a tail which flamed over 60 degrees of the heavens, and was shaped like a Turkish sabre. An object so striking and so terrific could not fail in a superstitious age to excite universal terror, and be regarded as portentous of the greatest calamities to mankind, if not of the final catastrophe which was to terminate the tragedy of time. At the period to which we refer, the Mahometan arms had been very successful. They had carried Constantinople, and overthrown the empire of the east, which in Christendom spread the panic still more. Accordingly, it is not to be wondered at when we find Pope Calixtus exorcising both the comet and the Turks. It is to be hoped, however, that on the ensuing visit his holiness will save himself the trouble of anathematising the harmless luminary.

The next comet of importance was that discovered by Messier in 1770. Its elements of motion did not correspond with those of any hitherto observed. It was found, however, by Lexell, that it performed its revolution round the sun in 5½ years. This important discovery obviated one objection. With a revolution so quick, frequent opportunities would thus be afforded of observing it. But it seems to have shared the fate of the last Plaeiad; it has never been seen since, though attentively sought for in the exact places where the elliptic orbit of Lexell points out its return. This singular disappearance has been accounted for by supposing that the influence of the planet Jupiter, near to which it approached, was so great as to change its orbit, and compel it to move in another ellipse. It is quite certain that such an influence could bring it within the range of our instruments in the first instance, and deprive us of it in the second; but were we to attempt to prove the fact, it would plunge us into abstruse calculations, which are not consistent with a paper of the present description.

The next comet is one of a very short period. It was discovered at Marseilles on 26th November 1818, by M. Pons. On the calculations being made, its elements were found to resemble those of a comet observed in 1805. Its periodicity was thus put beyond a doubt, and Encke of Berlin afterwards established, by incontestible calculations, that it took only 1200 days to travel the whole extent of its elliptic orbit. Why, it has been asked, since it returns to its perihelion in so short a space, was it never observed prior to 1805? The only plausible answer is, that this comet is very small, and has so feeble a light as to be invisible to the naked eye. The short period of its revolution, however, has been incontrovertibly proved by its return in 1822, 1825, and 1829. It returned to its perihelion on the 4th of May 1832, but in an unfavourable position for observations. The astronomers of the Cape of Good Hope and New Holland will have had the best opportunity for exactly determining its course.

The comet of 6¾ *years.*—We have now come to that celebrated periodic comet which certain grave journalists inform us is to run a tilt with our own compact and solid globe, and which heavenly warfare is to terminate so disastrously for us. This comet was perceived at Johannisberg, on the 27th of February 1826, by M. Biela, and ten days afterwards at Marseilles, by M. Gambart. The latter computed its parabolic elements without loss of time, and he found, on inspecting the table already spoken of, that it had appeared before in 1805 and 1772, and hence was periodic. It was necessary from that time to go over the parabolic with the elliptic elements, to discover the duration of the comet's revolution, which the parabolic elements left wholly undetermined. Clausen and Gambart undertook this calculation, and both found, almost at the same time, that the new comet made an entire revolution round the sun in the space of something less than seven years. This curious result was adopted without dispute, for, by 1826, the antiquated notion was completely departed from, that the times of the revolutions should be necessarily very long. However, after the failure of 1770, it would have been hazardous to determine the day of the future appearance without every contingency being accurately calculated—all the derangements and sensible aberrations which would result from planetary attraction. This task was accomplished by M. Damoiseau, and the result was,

That the comet of 6¾ years would cross the plane of the ecliptic, that is, the plane in which the earth moves on the 29th of October 1832, before midnight.

The earth during its annual journey round the sun

never swerves from the plane of the ecliptic; it is, therefore, only in that plane that any body can come in contact with it. Let us now inquire whether the point in which the comet will cross the plane of the ecliptic is near the curve described by the earth, because this condition is no less necessary than the preceding to the meeting of the two bodies. By the calculation it is ascertained that the passage of the comet through the plane of the ecliptic ought to take place a little within our orbit, and at a distance from that circle equal to 4¾ terrestrial semidiameters. This distance, already so trifling, would wholly disappear if submitted to the elements given by Damoiseau, the little variations of which it appears difficult to account for. Furthermore, let us take the distance of 4¾ terrestrial semidiameters as true, and allow that it agrees with the centre of the comet; then let us see if the dimensions of that star are large enough to make some of its parts encroach upon points of our orbit.

In the appearance of 1805, some observations made by the celebrated Olbers, of Bremen, gave for the length of the semidiameter of the comet 5½ terrestrial semidiameters; from this calculation, compared with the preceding, it is evident that, *on the 29th October next, the nebulosity of the comet will comprise a portion of the earth's orbit.*

There now remains only one question to solve, and it is an important one, viz. at the moment when the comet will be so near our orbit, that its nebulosity will encroach upon a part of it, where will the earth itself be situated?

I have already stated that the passage of the comet, near a certain point of the terrestrial orbit, would happen before midnight, on the 29th of October; but the earth will not arrive at the same point until the morning of the 30th November, which is more than a month after. It must now be recollected that the smallest rapidity of the earth in its orbit is 674 thousand leagues a-day, and a very simple calculation will prove that

THE COMET OF 6¾ YEARS WILL BE ALWAYS, IN ITS APPEARANCE IN 1832, AT LEAST MORE THAN 20 MILLIONS OF LEAGUES FROM THE EARTH!*

To ascertain the least distance of the earth from the comet in its future appearances, we must recommence the same operations. If, instead of passing in this year through the plane of the ecliptic on the 29th October, it should arrive there only on the morning of 30th November, it would undoubtedly mingle its atmosphere with ours, and perhaps also dash against us! But it must not be forgotten that an error of a month in the passage of the comet to its node is impossible. I also add, that in this discussion I have been solely occupied with the nebulosity, properly speaking, of the comet, for no trace of a tail has ever been observed attached to this star during any of its previous visits.

The reader is now in possession of all that can interest him concerning the route of the forthcoming comet. In our next article on comets, we shall pursue the subject further, and give an account of the physical constitution of comets, as far as that is known.

* I am aware that, notwithstanding the effort to simplify this description of the approaching comet, certain phrases are necessarily used which may render the article somewhat obscure. In one simple sentence, therefore, I may explain, that the earth which we inhabit travels on a regular road; that the comet, now about to appear, travels on a path which crosses the earth's road, and that it is known by calculation, that the comet will pass about a month before the earth comes up—hence there will be no collision, as some people have imagined.

GRETNA-GREEN.

IT is hardly necessary to inform any British reader, that Gretna Green, or rather the village of Springfield, in the parish of Gretna, in Dumfries-shire, has long been celebrated in the annals of clandestine marriages. It happens that, while a marriage can be performed in Scotland without the least solemnity (nothing more being necessary than a mutual acknowledgement of the parties, before witnesses, that they take each other respectively for man and wife), no pair can be coupled in England without many previous ceremonies, besides a regular performance of the marriage service in church, or else in private by special licence, which is a luxury that only the wealthy can afford. Hence, when young people in England wish to marry without the consent of friends, they find it necessary to escape to Scotland; and as Gretna is the nearest part of the Scottish border to the *bulk* of England, it is generally resorted to; and there, of course, a regular matrimonial forge has been established. An account of the Gretna system was published some years ago in a provincial periodical, by Mr M'Diarmid, Editor of the *Dumfries Courier*; and as it may well amuse a more extensive circle of readers than it has yet obtained, while the main features of the practice which it delineates can only communicate a wholesome disgust to the mind, we extract the greater part of it in this place:—

"If Gretna-Green marriages be not always the happiest in the end, they are at least by far the merriest at the time; and Miss Lydia Languish was partly in the right when she pettishly remarked, that there was no fun in a love affair at all, that did not lead to a leap from a window into a lover's arms, a chase, a challenge, and, as a matter of course, a paragraph in the newspapers. Yet, mistake me not, gentle reader; I am no advocate for imprudent marriages, and have no great respect for your boarding-school misses, who devour novels until their heads are turned, and with their feelings wound up to the highest pitch, are ready to fly into the arms of the first man they meet, merely because his address is easy, his face handsome, and his carriage debonair. Love, they say, must be caught at first sight, and yet I should doubt whether a courtship in which the eye is the sole arbiter is likely to lead to the happiest results. A good husband gained in this way would be as great a windfall as the highest prize in a state lottery, and for every rash and inconsiderate nymph who espouses a man of sterling sense, whose talents and industry more than compensate his lack of fortune and humble lineage, there are probably a hundred that throw themselves away upon dolts and dandies, who are generally too much in love with themselves to become permanent worshippers at any other shrine. On this principle, a cross maiden-aunt or an obdurate parent, who look exclusively to a union of interests, may often do the state signal service by checking the evils of which Dr Malthus is so much afraid. But are there no cases of a different character?—is there no bane of an opposite nature, to which Gretna-Green furnishes an antidote? Many a fraudulent creditor has found an asylum within the precincts of Holyrood; but honest, upright, though unfortunate men, have been glad to fly to the same sanctuary, as the only means of eschewing the fangs of a merciless creditor. A luckless Edinburgh wight of my acquaintance became bankrupt some fifteen years ago, and though he voluntarily surrendered his whole effects, one of his creditors remained inexorable. In this dilemma, he tried every means to bring the churl to reason, fondly hoping he would come round at last, and pass from his threat of attaching his person. But no. A messenger arrived with a caption in his pocket, rung the bell, and inquired if Mr W. Y. was at home. Mr Y., who opened the door himself, with great presence of mind desired the officer to walk in, and without even waiting to lift his hat, closed the door suddenly behind him, bolted down stairs as if the furies had been chasing him, made for Leith Street, turned first one corner, then another, till he arrived unharmed at the back of the Canongate, and then darted away at a speed he never either equalled or exerted before. The officer, too, was a good runner, but he had made a little lee-way in the first instance; and though he strained every nerve, and even, I believe, was the fleetest man of the two, the fugitive gained the strand before him. Though only a few feet intervened between them, the officer, thanks to the strand, knew well that he durst not touch a hair of my friend's head, no more than the witches could have dared to dock Maggy's tail had she gained the farther side of the running stream. In a word, the quarry had escaped—the bay-hound was at fault, and he whom it was sought to place in durance vile paused on the very margin of the strand; and panting and blowing, exclaimed in scarcely articulate accents—'A good race, eh!—won by half a neck, eh! but *I* beat, *I* beat—good day, Sir.'

Now the goal of the lover, like the goal of the debtor, is frequently gained by speed of foot; the race in the one case being performed by bipeds, in the other by quadrupeds, who drag a vehicle of some kind at their heels. And though the pursued contrive to take the advantage at starting, the tables are sometimes well nigh turned, particularly if they have journeyed far from home; but the accommodating priests are neither far to seek nor ill to find, and when time presses, they discharge their duty with astonishing celerity. Should an enraged father, supposing the distance to be rather trifling, ride or drive his own horse, he has some chance of overtaking the lovers; but if he trusts to post-boys, he leans, alas! on a broken reed. The rascals have a spice of knight-errantry about them which enlists their sympathies in favour of the runaways, and though, with a brace of lovers deposited in the chaise, they rattle along with the speed of Jehu, yet, if called upon to mar, rather than expedite the happy pair's progress, they can play the French postilion in fine style, and make a terrible flourish with heel and whip, while they are purposely losing ground all the while. The very horses seem to guess at the character of the persons they carry, and the time is frequently so accurately reckoned, that just as the marriage ceremony has been concluded, the pursuing party arrives at Springfield, steps out of his carriage, rushes into the inn, and perceives, with looks which it would baffle pen or pencil to pourtray, that all his exertions have been unavailing.

Thoughts and fancies, such as these, were passing rapidly through my mind on the 25th August 1824, as I was slowly travelling from Annan to Langholm, and nearing the celebrated village of Springfield. Our frugal meal was soon dispatched at the inn, and after divers questions put to the landlord, as well as to the tidy maiden who waited on us, touching the important business of marriage, it was mutually agreed that we should send our compliments to Mr Elliot, one of the priests, and invite him to join us in a glass of toddy. His reverence (I use the word in no offensive meaning), who very probably expected a job, was not slow in making his appearance; and indeed from the hints, whispers, and looks of the landlady, I am firmly persuaded that the belief was general, that I and my companion, if not the principals, were at least the *avant couriers* of a marriage party. But here they laboured under a great mistake; bigamy is not permitted in Britain, and even were it otherwise, neither of us, I suspect, had found the cares of the married life so light as to think playing the fool over again. Be this as it may, our courteous guest neither expressed nor looked disappointment. The cheerful glass circulated freely, and before we parted, he became complimentary, and more than once confessed that he was better pleased with the polite manner in which we had requested the favour of his company, than if he had been sent for professionally, and with the prospect of receiving a pretty handsome fee. The effect of liquor in opening and softening the human heart has been compared to the power of a lighted taper placed in an alabaster or any other vase; what at first seemed opaque and impenetrable, suddenly becomes clear and distinct, enabling the observer to look through and through an object, and scan correctly its internal configuration. And so I found it in the present instance. The man, who seemed naturally shy and taciturn, gradually became frank and communicative, and in the course of a pretty long sederunt, I gleaned from him the following facts and circumstances, which I now lay at the feet of the reader, in the hope, that when he is not better employed, they may serve to while away an idle half hour.

At what precise period the first runaway marriage was celebrated at the spot called Gretna-Green, cannot now be satisfactorily ascertained; but in common parlance the custom is said to have existed from time immemorial. Old Joseph Paisley, who died in 1814, at the advanced age of four-score years, resided in his youth at Megg's-hill, a small farm situated betwixt Gretna and Springfield; and hence the name of Gretna-Green. But so far back as 1791, he abandoned Megg's-hill, and removed to Springfield as a more convenient spot; and though the popular name is still kept up, it is no longer geographically accurate. Though he generally went by the name of the Blacksmith, he knew nothing of the secrets of the anvil and the forge. On the contrary, he was bred a tobacconist, and continued to roll and liquor the seaman's quid until the trade he had followed merely as a bye-job threw so surprisingly that he found he could subsist on it alone, and that too without taking *a stave from his bicker*. *Wel ing* or joining is a term well known in the smithy; and it is believed that it was the metaphorical application of this term that procured for Paisley the appellation of Blacksmith. Though neither avaricious nor cold-hearted, he was a rough, outspoken, eccentric fellow; drank like a fish, swore like a trooper, and, when once in his cups, forgot entirely the character he had assumed. Still he monopolised the whole trade, and only on one occasion was threatened with opposition; but he soon put an end to his rival's pretensions, by proposing a copartnery, in which the assistant, in addition to the hope of a lucrative succession, was allowed to pocket the whole profits accruing from the visits of pedestrian couples. On more than one occasion, he earned the handsome fee of a hundred guineas, in a briefer space than a barber requires to shave a country bumpkin; old Charles B., Lord Deerhurst, and one or two others, paid fully that sum; and though these were catches of rare occurrence, many of the inferior fees were so handsome, that the priest, had he been careful, might have lived merrily, and yet died in easy circumstances. But he liked his bottle too well for that, and the same remark will apply to his successors. What is easily come by goes as cheaply, and the trade of marrying, though not so hazardous, has this feature in common with the trade of smuggling, that there is seldom much money gained by it in the end.

At present there are two rival practitioners at Springfield, one of whom married the grandaughter of Paisley, and fell heir to his trade, in much the same way that some persons acquire the right of vending quack medicines. Still the other gets a good deal of custom; and here, as in every thing else, competition has been favourable to the interests of the public. Though a bargain is generally made before-hand, a marriage-monger who had no rival to fear might fix his fee at any sum he pleased; and instances have occurred, in which the parties complained that they had been too heavily taxed. Not long before my visit to Springfield, a young English clergyman, who had failed to procure his father's consent, arrived for the purpose of being married. The fee demanded was thirty guineas, a demand to which his reverence demurred, and at the same time stated, that though he had married many a couple, his highest fee had never exceeded half-a-guinea. The clergyman, in fact, had not so much money about him, but it was agreed at last that he should pay L.10 in hand, and grant a promissory note for the balance; and the bill, which was certainly a curiosity of its kind, was regularly negociated through a Carlisle bank, and as regularly retired at the time appointed. And here I must mention a circumstance which has not been provided for in the new bill regarding combinations of workmen, though it manifestly tends to augment the tax on irregular marriages. At Springfield there are two inns, as well as two priests, one of which each of the latter patronises exclusively. More than this, the house at which a lover arrives at Springfield, depends entirely upon what inn he starts from at Carlisle. Though he may wish to give a preference, and issue positive orders on the subject, these orders are uniformly disobeyed. The post-boys will only stop at one house, and that for the best of all reasons, that the priest goes snacks with them, and knows full well the value of their patronage. Excepting in the case of sickness or absence, the priests never desert their colours—all the guests of the one house are married by Mr ——; of the other by Mr Elliot; so that those who are most deeply concerned have very little to say in the business. In this way something like a monopoly still exists; and what is more strange still, not only the post-boy who drives a couple, but the whole of his brethren about the inn, are permitted to share in the profits of the day. The thing is viewed in the light of a windfall, and proceeds placed in a sort of fee-fund, to be afterwards shared in such proportions as the parties see fit. To what extent the priests are taxed, I could not with all my art learn, but I suspect the demands made on them are rather exorbitant, and that if they saw any feasible plan, they would willingly rid themselves of a set of jackalls, who, unlike the animal who brings the lion his prey, neither wait till their master has feasted, nor are contented with a small share of the booty. Altogether, the marrying business must bring a large sum annually into Springfield. Indeed, an inhabitant confessed that it is 'the principal benefit and support of the place.' Upon an average, 300 couples are married in the year, and half-a-guinea is the lowest fee that is ever charged. But a trifle like that is only levied from poor and pedestrian couples, and persons even in the middle ranks of life are compelled to pay much more handsomely. In September last, one gentleman had given L.40; and, independently of the money that is spent in the inns, many hundreds annually must find their way into the pockets of the priests and their concurrents, the post-boys. In its legal effect, the ceremony performed at Gretna-Green merely amounts to a confession before witnesses that certain parties are man and wife; and the reader is aware that little more is required to constitute a marriage in Scotland—a marriage which may be

censured by church courts, but which is perfectly binding in regard to property and the rights of children. Still a formula has a wonderful value in the eyes of the fair; and the priests, I believe, read a considerable part of the English marriage-service, offer up a prayer, require the parties to join hands, sign a record, &c. &c. But on this part of their vocation they prudently observe a strict silence; for, although the law cannot reach them at present, they could scarcely hope to escape punishment, were they openly to assume the character of parsons. They also grant lines, of which the following is a literal copy:—"These are to certify to all whom it may concern, that —— —— and —— —— came before me and declared themselves to be both single persons, and were lawfully married according to the *way* of the Church of England, and agreeably to the laws of the Kirk of Scotland.—Given under my hand at Springfield, near Gretna-Green, this —— day, &c. before these witnesses." At my request Mr Elliot produced the marriage record, which, as a public document, is regularly kept, and which, to confess the truth, would require to be so, seeing that it is sometimes tendered as evidence in Court. True, they cannot subpœna a witness from Scotland, but the priest is of course allowed his expenses, and this he himself remarked, 'when a man knows that he goes in a righteous cause, why should he be either unwilling or afraid?'

A stranger who had leisure to rusticate about Springfield, tippling with the priests, and pumping the crones and oracles of the village, might pick up many a queer story that would add to his stock of standing jokes, or peradventure eke out the well thumbed pages of the 'Encyclopædia of Wit;' but as my time did not admit of this, I can only relate one or two.

Not long ago, a gentleman who had settled somewhere in Scotland arrived at Springfield, and spent an hour or two in one of the inns, chiefly, I believe, from motives of curiosity. He was accompanied by his daughter, a very beautiful and interesting creature, though not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age. Neither father nor daughter had ever crossed the Sark before, and they were both more than ordinarily curious to know every thing about Scotland and Scotch marriages. In particular, they expressed a wish to see the *Blacksmith*, not doubting that a true son of Vulcan, with a begrimed face and leathern apron, would pop in upon them and demand their pleasure. But here they were speedily undeceived, and when Mr Elliot arrived, the gentleman endeavoured to be as witty as possible, stating among other things that he wished to introduce a young lady, that she might know both her man and the way back again. To this salutation Mr E. answered drily, that he had known as unlikely things come to pass; and in less than three or four months, the same young lady actually came before him, and was married to one of her father's ploughmen. In point of looks, the bridegroom and bride seemed formed for one another, and the jocular priest, who from the first recognised his old acquaintance, ventured to hint after dinner that surely Mr —— would not be angry with his fair daughter for proving herself so apt a scholar, and profiting by the lesson he had himself taught. But alas! the blow fell so heavily on the poor Cumbrian, that it at first threatened to break his heart, or unsettle his understanding. The lovely and light-hearted Beatrice was the apple of his eye—the stay and pride of his maturer years; and so far from wishing to match her with a common clown, there were few even of the better class of yeomen that he deemed worthy of aspiring to such an honour. In the course of time, however, the old man's wrath gradually gave way to better feelings; a farm was taken for his son-in-law, and stocked and plenished nobody knew how; and if report may be credited, the praiseworthy conduct of both the young people is likely to lead to a complete and permanent reconciliation.

On another occasion, a middle-aged gentleman arrived from the south of England, and was united to a lady considerably his junior in years and appearance, and who, very unfortunately, happened to be the sister of his former wife. The veteran bridegroom was in high spirits, scattered his money very freely, and seemed so well satisfied with the accommodations of the place, that he was in no haste to retire from the scene of his second nuptials. At length, however, the carriage was ordered to the door; and just as the sun was sinking in the west, and, by the agency of the clouds that congregated around the falling monarch, intersecting the broad expanse of the Solway with many a beautiful zone of light, the happy pair bade adieu to Springfield, and with a degree of haste, not at all requisite in their situation, made the best of their way to merry England. Nor had they left the inn above an hour or so, when a second chaise and four drove up, and discharged a fresh cargo of lovers, younger, and fairer, and better matched, but neither so wealthy, nor so prodigal as the first. And whom, reader, might the second pair be?—whom but a handsome, well-favoured youth and the only daughter of the former bridegroom, who, in revenge for her father's frailty and folly, had yielded to the entreaties of an honest yeoman, who had wooed her long and loved her dearly. The spirited young lady had no objection whatever to a stepmother, but a stepmother and an aunt in the same person formed a species of relationship utterly irreconcileable with her notions of propriety; and as she was determined to change her residence at any rate, she thought it just as prudent to change her condition at the same time. On arriving at Carlisle, the father found a letter awaiting him at the inn, marked 'in haste,' and revealing to him the secret of his daughter's elopement; and not doubting that the parties had gone on the same errand as himself, he immediately ordered fresh horses, and hurried back to Gretna-Green. The carriages, in fact, must have met on the road; but the night being dark, neither party was aware of the presence of the other; and though the Yorkshire proprietor reached Springfield before his daughter and her lover had departed, he was unfortunately a stage too late. Much and loudly he bragged and bullied, and fain would he have carried his daughter along with him; but the yeoman refused to part with his bride, and when the other threatened to disinherit his child, and proscribe her husband, he very coolly replied, that, 'as matters stood, the connection was none of the most respectable—that he knew the value of a good wife, though without a guinea or a friend to take her part—that in a moderate way he could do his own turn, as well as the purse-proud gentleman he was addressing—and that as to the rest, he would trust to Providence and his own industry.' 'Nobly spoken,' roared the exhilarated priest; 'and faith, let me tell you, Jonathan Oldbuck, if I had known you were after marrying your wife's sister, I would have rather thrust my fingers in the fire than *welded* metals of such an opposite nature. The lines are now your own property; but if you'll restore the bit of plain paper, I'll hand you over every note, and wash my hands of the whole business.' But to this condition the Yorkshireman demurred, and perceiving that matters could not be mended, he left the apartment and the village too 'growling all the while like a Russian bear.'"

ITALIAN AND BRITISH CLIMATE.

Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanded to the skies.—Goldsmith.

Rome, once the chief city in the world, and still commanding respect from its antiquity and the events connected with its history, stands in the midst of one of the most insalubrious plains in Italy, styled the *Campagna di Roma*. This circumstance is often alluded to in the old Roman writers; among others, by Livy and Cicero, the latter remarking that Romulus, in seeking a healthy spot, built his city in a region of pestilence; and again complaining that the Appian way was so lined with mausoleums and tombs, that little room was left for the habitations of living beings. In modern times, the marshy and pestilential character of the country around Rome has been greatly augmented, and is the dread of the traveller. Dr James Johnson, in his recent work, entitled "Change of Air, or Pursuit of Health," thus describes this fearful wilderness, across which so many of our English tourists proceed in search of the antique, and that ever fleeting object—health.

"It is from the high mountains of Viterbo (says he) that we have the first glimpse of the wide-spread Campagna di Roma. The beautiful little lake of Vico lies under our feet, its sloping banks cultivated like a garden, but destitute of habitations, on account of the deadly malaria which no culture can annihilate. From this spot till we reach the desert, the features of poverty and wretchedness in the habitations themselves, as well as in every thing around them, grow rapidly more marked. We descend from Monte Rosi upon the Campagna, and at Baccano we are in the midst of it. If a stranger come upon the Campagna in this direction, unacquainted with the causes of its desertion, he would feel no other impression than that of crossing a very extensive heath of moorland, which was destined to pasturage, because not rich enough for agriculture. It is not more marshy than was Hounslow Heath at one time; and it is far more undulating in its surface, its soil being, generally speaking, dry and sandy. To the south of Rome, however, and in many parts of the valley of the Tiber, the ground is very marshy, and there is much stagnant water. But no human form meets the eye, except the gaunt figure of the herdsman, muffled up to the chin in his dark mantle, with his gun and his spear—his broad hat slouched over the ferocious and scowling countenance of a brigand! The buffalo which he guards is less repulsive than he. As for the shepherd, Arcadia forbid that I should attempt his description. The savage of the wigwam has health to recommend him. As we approach within ten or twelve miles of Rome, some specks of cultivation appear, and with them the dire effects of malaria on the human frame. According to Eustace, 'bloated bellies, distorted features, dark yellow complexions, livid eyes and lips; in short, all the symptoms of dropsy, jaundice, and ague, united in their persons.'"

To this testimony may be added that of Sir T. C. Morgan, who informs us, that "whole villages (meaning, no doubt, their inhabitants) came from La Marca and Ravagna to the Campagna, during the winter and part of the summer. They assemble at daylight in the public squares of Rome for hire. They are a miserable looking people. We were assured that every year *one in ten* of these wretches dies of the fever; and those who escape carry the marks of the poison in their swollen and sallow countenances. Very few are able totally to throw off the disease, and repeated exposure to the malaria, in successive seasons, never fails to destroy them."

Some of my less informed readers may here ask, "but what is this *malaria*, which is so destructive in its nature?" Malaria signifies a pestilential air or vapour, produced by the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances, through the means of heat and moisture. This dreadful species of bad air is extricated from the marshy grounds, and even from the cracks in the dry scorched plains of Italy, to an extent of which we have no conception in this country. In Rome, and other cities where the pavement and foundations of the houses cover the ground, and where the high walls shelter the passenger from the infectious gales, the malaria is less felt and heeded; but let us turn to most of the country parts—to those regions where animal and vegetable matter are acted upon by the heat of the sun, we find it reigning triumphant. According to Dr Macculloch, "the fairest portions of this fair land are a prey to this invisible enemy; its fragrant breezes are poison; the dews of its summer evenings are death. The banks of its refreshing streams, its rich and flowing meadows, the borders of its glassy lakes, the luxuriant plains of its overflowing agriculture, the valley where its aromatic shrubs regale the eye and perfume the ear—these are the chosen seats of this plague, the throne of the malaria. Death here walks hand in hand with the sources of life, sparing none; the labourer reaps his harvest but to die, or he wanders amidst the luxuriance of vegetation and wealth, the ghost of man, a sufferer from his cradle to his impending grave; aged even in childhood, and laying down in misery that life which was but one of disease. He is even driven from some of the richest portions of this fertile yet unhappy country; and the traveller contemplates at a distance deserts, but deserts of vegetable wealth, which man dares not appropriate—or he dies."

So this is Italy, the land whose climate is supposed to be so exceedingly delightful, and which is flocked to by thousands for the restoration of vigour to their animal existence. Vain imagination! The climate of Italy is found, on examination, to be, on the whole, much less salubrious than that of Great Britain. It is allowed that sixty thousand persons fall a sacrifice to consumption every year in this island; but in France, and all along the shores of the Mediterranean, this terrible malady is no less fatal to human life. The warmth of Italy is in reality no protection to the valetudinarian; for with the warmth there is a moisture, and this induces malaria, which is fully as destructive as consumption itself. The desired climate for those of consumptive habits is that which has at once warmth and dryness, without variability. But these three virtues are rarely to be found combined. It is an ascertained fact there is no part of Europe perfectly sheltered from the piercing winds of spring, or possessing uniform warmth and dryness, or, indeed, any thing approaching to it. Madeira comes nearest to perfection. Its winter is 20 degrees warmer than that of London, while its summer heat exceeds that of London by 7 degrees. It is also exempt from keen winds, and is not subject to great varieties of climate. Nevertheless, how little is observed to be effected by a visit to this apparently salubrious region, and how much more efficacious in most instances is the *attention* which home can only afford, or the influence of native air. In comparing our climate with those of different countries, and especially that of Italy, we find it exceedingly salubrious, and less injurious to human life than most others. Although occasionally intemperate and variable, it is certainly free from native pestilential vapours, and has nothing deadly in its character. We may every where traverse the land fearless of the consequences; and instead of being affected by the diseased herdsman, or brigand, scowling in his sickliness and villainy upon us as we pass, are we not rejoiced in hearing the jocund laugh of the reaper, or in seeing the harmless shepherd boy driving his charge

"along the mountain side."

SCOTLAND:

ITS TRADE, SHIPPING, AND POPULATION.

The increase which has taken place in recent times in the trade and manufactures of Scotland has been more rapid and astonishing than is observable in any other part of Europe. Looking back to the year 1656, we find that the whole vessels belonging to the country amounted only to 137, carrying 5736 tons. Of this number, Glasgow had no more than 12, of a burden of from 12 to 150 tons. At the Union in 1707, the shipping of Scotland had risen to 215 vessels, carrying 14,485 tons. In 1760, the number of ships employed in the fisheries, and in foreign and coasting trade, amounted to 999, carrying 53,913 tons; and in 1800, the shipping amounted to the more respectable number of 2415, carrying 171,728 tons, and employing 14,820 men.

It appears, by a Parliamentary paper, that in 1823 the number of vessels belonging to Scotland under 100 tons was 2160, and the number above 100 tons 983—total 3143, the total amount of registered tonnage of which was 300,836. We thus find, that from the Union till 1823, the shipping of Scotland rose from 215 to 3143 vessels, being a multiplication of about 14½ times within the period of 121 years. By a table in the Parliamentary paper it appears that Aberdeen owns the greatest amount of tonnage of any port in Scotland. Its tonnage is 46,587, that of Greenock 37,786, Glasgow 36,220, Leith 26,107, and Dundee 24,227. But this does not give a certain idea of the comparative amount of traffic carried on at these ports, for they employ the shipping of one another, and freight the vessels of inferior ports. In 1755, the imports into Scotland, in round numbers, were L.465,411, and the exports L.535,576: in 1825, the imports had increased to L.4,994,304, and the exports to L.5,842,269.

Such has been the extent and value of the agricultural improvements of Scotland within the same period, that

the country could now supply her whole population with food without importation of corn, while the export of her manufactured goods pays for all foreign luxuries, and leaves a heavy balance in her favour. What is remarkable, Scotland both exports and imports nearly the same kind of grain, and deducting the one from the other, it appears that she is annually indebted to England and Ireland for 120,000 quarters of barley, and 180,000 of oats, while on the other hand she sends these countries 60,000 quarters of wheat. There being from three to four millions of bushels of malt made yearly in Scotland, chiefly for the whisky distilleries, the great demand for barley is accounted for.

It was recently calculated by Sir John Sinclair that the whole amount of manufactures in Scotland will annually exceed in value L.14,000,000 sterling, including the price of the raw materials. The value of the mineral productions, such as coal, lime, iron, lead, &c. he calculates at L.1,597,653, 6s. 8d. The fisheries he reckons at L.1,300,000, and the gross produce of land at L.23,261,155, 10s. The rise in the amount of population in Scotland, though steadily progressive since the Union, has not kept pace with the increase of trade and manufactures; consequently the present population must be much more wealthy than their predecessors a hundred and twenty years since. In 1700, the population of Scotland was 1,048,000, and in 1821 it was 2,093,000, having taken 121 years to double itself; but perhaps great allowance should be made for the emigration which has constantly been going on into England, and latterly America. In 1831 the population was 2,365,807.

I cannot close this sketch without mentioning it as a fact well worthy of remark, that the tonnage of vessels on the Clyde is nearly as much as that of all Ireland, the tonnage of which, during 1828, only amounted to 97,369 tons, not one third of the total tonnage of Scotland; in fact, the tonnage of Aberdeen is as great as that of Dublin and Belfast, the two principal Irish ports, put together. Were I asked to explain the reason for this extraordinary superiority, I would state that the whole is attributable to the comparative habits of the people. For a hundred and twenty, and, most of all, for the last sixty years, the Scotch have reflected deeply and wrought hard in every department of the arts of civilized life, and the result has naturally been those gratifying facts above narrated. The Irish, on the other hand, have not reflected with judgment, nor have they been at all industrious. Ever pursuing some wild theoretic vision which, when realized, is to make them happy and great, and ever discussing some great party question, which keeps the mind in a state of constant abstraction, they invariably lose the substance for the shadow, and are never advancing a single step in improvement or real national wealth. If any thing could convince them of this dreadful folly and its results, it would be a dispassionate comparison betwixt the extent, the capabilities, the wealth, and the amount of population of their own beautiful island with those of Scotland, a country not nearly so much favoured by nature, and which is much more severely taxed for the support of the state. The time has been, it must be remarked, when Scotland was also afflicted with abstract questions; the seventeenth century was entirely lost in Scotland, on account of a battle about religion, similar in many respects to that now carried on in Ireland. But this was at length got over, and it is exactly from the date of the settlement of that great question that the country has done any good.

WATERING PLACES.

Within the last few years the resort to watering places has become particularly fashionable among the middle classes of Scotland, while the discovery of salubrious springs in different quarters of the country, and the competition among their proprietors, have given rise to a number of pleasant places of summer recreation suitable to the demands and taste of the people. As occasionally some difficulty exists at this season in making the selection of a summer watering place of the description I mention, I propose to offer a series of sketches useful for the guidance of families. The first place I may notice is

MOFFAT.

This pleasing village is situated on an eminence at the opening of the hilly country, near the junction of the Moffat and Annan streams, in the upper part of Annandale, Dumfries-shire. It is situated at the distance of fifty-two miles south-west from Edinburgh, and twenty-one north-east from Dumfries. The distance from Glasgow is fifty-five miles. Being environed with lofty hills, some of them finely clothed in plantations of considerable beauty, an air of comfort and seclusion is thereby conveyed to the place, favourable to its character. One principal street, looking from the gentle declivity on which the town stands, towards the south, constitutes the body of the place, and affords fine prospects of the vale beneath. This street is judiciously laid out, spacious, and well calculated to form an agreeable promenade both for inhabitants and strangers. Much of the town is new, and the whole has a neat, cleanly appearance. Among the buildings are two good inns, at one of which at least visitors may be accommodated with horses, gigs, cars, or post chaises, for recreation along the different rides and drives about the town, or for travelling. The Dumfries and Edinburgh royal mail coach passes through Moffat daily. The town possesses upwards of fifty good lodging houses, whose private apartments may always be had on reasonable terms. The market is well supplied with provisions, including vegetables, fruits, &c. Goats' and asses' milk is also to be had; and as there are more than a hundred cows kept in the parish, butter, milk, and cream, are plentiful. Around Moffat are some neat villas, all of them adding more or less, by their shrubberies and small plantations, to the beauty of the scenery. The parish church is an ornamental structure in the place, and besides it there are several dissenting chapels.

Moffat derives the whole of its celebrity from the excellence of its mineral waters, which are of the most salubrious character, and are considered fully more efficacious by those who have resorted to them, than those of Harrowgate, Leamington, or Bath. In the administration of these waters to valetudinarians, great improvements, suitable to the refinement of the age, have been effected in recent times. Over the chief spring, or well, there has been erected a splendid pump-room, measuring 60 feet by 30, answering the purpose of a lounge and news-rooms. At the back of this structure there is a series of baths, fitted up on the plan of the new baths at Leamington, with a dressing-room and fire to each; and it is mentioned that the supply to the mineral or sulphureous water baths is sufficient to accommodate bathers at any hour. Shower and vapour baths can likewise be had, and there is a sedan chair for the use of invalids. In the Bath gardens there is a fine bowling-green for the use of visitors.

The salubrious springs at Moffat are three in number, one of them being sulphureous, and two of them chalybeate—that is, having an impregnation of iron or steel. The sulphureous is distinctly styled Moffat Well, and has an odour resembling the water of Harrowgate. Its taste is somewhat saline; it sparkles when poured into a glass, and requires, so quickly do some of its best particles evaporate, to be drank at the fountain. No closeness of cork will preserve it in bottles. Another spring, called, from its rising at the base of the Hartfell mountain, the Hartfell Spa, is a chalybeate, pretty strong at all times, but most so after heavy rains. A third spring, also chalybeate, is near Evan bridge, a little to the south of Moffat. Of a wine gallon taken from each of the three, the analyses made by the late Dr Garnet, professor at Glasgow, afterwards lecturer to the Surrey Institution, were as follow:—

MOFFAT WELL.

" Muriate of soda (common salt),	36 grains,
Sulphuretted hydrogen gas, -	10 cubic inches,
Azotic gas, - - -	4 ditto,
Carbonic acid, - - -	5 ditto.

" N. B.—This water will become useless if kept. Its efficacy has been proved in scorbutic and scrofulous cases.

HARTFELL SPA.

" Sulphate of iron (iron vitriol), -	86 grains,
Sulphate of alumina, - -	12 ditto.
Azotic gas, - - -	12 cubic inches.

" The water of this spring may be kept long without injury to its medicinal powers. It is a powerful tonic, of proved utility in obstinate coughs, stomach complaints affecting the head, gouty sores disordering the internal system, disorders to which the fair sex are liable, internal ulcers, &c.

EVAN BRIDGE SPA.

" Oxide of iron, - - -	2 grains,
Carbonic acid, - - -	13 cubic inches.
Azotic gas, - - - -	2 ditto.

" This being a weaker chalybeate than the preceding, resembling, in fact, a good deal the Harrowgate chalybeate, might, it is thought, although now much neglected, prove useful when the preceding would be of too astringent a nature."

Little could be added to this just account of the properties of the mineral waters of Moffat. Having been frequented for many years, the place is one of the most respectable and comfortable among those towns claiming the notice of persons who wish to spend a few weeks agreeably in the country. The society is generally select and pleasing, and if the restoration of health be sought, I do not know a watering place which would be more certain to fulfil the expectations of the valetudinarian. The fame of Moffat is now not confined to Scotland, but is considerably extended in England, and attracts many visitors from the south; and as it lies near the border, on the great north road by Carlisle and Dumfries, it is much better adapted for the visits and residence of the English, than any other watering place in Scotland.

LIBERIA—AMERICAN BLACK POPULATION.

A few weeks ago I took occasion to say a few words regarding slavery in North America, and the subject has again been brought under my notice by some pamphlets sent to this country, purporting to be Reports of the Pennsylvania Colonisation Society, and of the American Society for Colonising the Free People of Colour. Until I had perused these interesting papers, I was not aware of the great degree of exertion which is at present in operation on the other side of the Atlantic towards the removal of the black population to a land and climate more congenial with their nature and habits than the American continent. " Slavery (we are told in the introduction to one of the reports), and its inconsistency with the dictates of Christianity, have long been freely acknowledged and deeply lamented by the people of the United States, and its removal, the great problem which has occupied the attention of her best and wisest men. So far back as 1698, the Assembly of Pennsylvania, to put an end to the introduction of slaves, laid a duty of L.10 per head upon their importation; but this benevolent law, together with about fifty of similar tenor, which were passed by the neighbouring colonies up to the period of their revolution, were all refused the sanction of the mother country. The introduction of slaves was one of the great causes of complaint which led to their declaration of independence, dated July 4, 1776. Scarcely (continues the writer) had that struggle ceased, when a colony on the coast of Africa, similar to that of Liberia, was proposed, but the prosecution of the slave trade, by every civilized power, defeated these benevolent views. In 1796 the plan was again revived in a series of luminous essays by Gerard J. Hopkins, a distinguished Friend in Baltimore; and shortly afterwards the legislature of Virginia, a state containing nearly one third of the black population of the Union, pledged its faith to give up all their slaves, provided the United States could obtain a proper asylum for them. President Jefferson negociated in vain for a territory either in Africa or Brazil; but that great state renewed its pledge in 1816, by a vote of 190 to 9 (most of the members being slave-holders), upon which, General C. F. Mercer, the Wilberforce of the American Congress, opened a correspondence with the philanthropists of the different states, which led to the formation of the American Colonisation Society on the 1st of January 1817. The great objects of that society were—the final and entire abolition of slavery, providing for the best interests of the blacks, by establishing them in independence upon the coast of Africa; thus constituting them the protectors of the unfortunate natives against the ravages of the slaver, and seeking through them to spread the lights of civilisation and Christianity among the many millions who inhabit those dark regions."

About ten years have elapsed since this association commenced its operations, which have as yet been attended with perfect success. A tract of land was purchased on the coast of Guinea from the aborigines of the soil, south from the free colony of Sierra Leone, from about latitude 5 to 7, and the chief entrepot for the reception of emigrants settled at Cape Mesurado, between latitude 6 and 7. " Five years of preliminary operations (says Elliot Cresson, in a speech before the society) were requisite for surveying the coast—propitiating the natives—and selecting the most eligible sites; numerous agents were subsequently employed—ships chartered—the forest cleared—schools, factories, hospitals, churches, government buildings, and dwellings erected, and the many expenses requisite here defrayed; and yet, for every 50 dollars expended by our society from its commencement, we have not only a settler to show, but an ample and fertile territory in reserve, where our future emigrants may sit under their own vines and fig trees, with none to make them afraid. During the last year (1830) an amount nearly equal to the united expenditures in effecting these objects has been exported by the colonists; and from Philadelphia alone, eleven vessels have sailed, three of them chartered through the efforts of the Pennsylvania society, and bearing to the land of their forefathers a large number of slaves, manumitted by the benevolence of their late owners."

The colony of free blacks thus planted in Liberia, as it is called, already numbers about 2000 citizens, managed by themselves on republican principles, under a governor appointed by the society. The soil is fertile, and the climate congenial to their constitutions. The colonists have established relations of friendship and trade with the native chiefs, more than a hundred of whose children have been sent to Liberia for instruction in the schools established there. Each individual has thirty acres of land bestowed upon him, and in one year the settlers have shipped upwards of seventy thousand dollars worth of produce. The colony now possesses a newspaper, conducted of course by a black editor, and which having seen in London, I can vouch for the respectability of its tone and appearance. The import and export trade of the colony is annually improving, and already there are regular traders betwixt it and some of the American ports. The capital of the territory is called Monrovia, a neat town built on a neck of land betwixt the Atlantic and the estuary of the Mesurado river, and therefore well adapted for trade.

When we are informed that there are two millions of slaves and three hundred thousand free blacks in the United States, which jointly have an annual increase of about sixty-six thousand, and that it costs L.7, 10s. to remove a single individual to Liberia, and place him in a way of supporting himself, the foregoing plan of free colonization appears almost hopeless and desperate. It is impossible for us to see how any thing like an impression can be made on the immense mass of negroism in the United States. It may be very true that Great Britain has expended in twenty-four years L.8,000,000 sterling on Sierra Leone—a sum which would colonize the whole coloured population of the Union; but America has not the wealth of this country, and could not indulge in so expensive a freak. It therefore appears that, as the colonization societies are supported only by voluntary contributions—and I may here mention, that donations from Britain will be most thankfully acknowledged—the amount of deportation to Africa must continue on a most inefficient footing as respects the clearing out the whole black population. This, however, is the gloomy side of the picture. We are all well acquainted with the effects of an incessant drop of water, which will wear the hardest rock; and it may be predicted, that an unflinching perseverance in this truly noble cause will eventually work results which human reason cannot now properly foresee. Besides, even although the exportation of the blacks, with their own consent, could not, by any accessible means be effected, a very great object would be gained, simply by the planting of a civilised negro race on the shores of Guinea. Hitherto the vast continent in the interior has been impervious to the inroads of Christianity, commerce, or any of the ordinary means of civilisation, chiefly from the destructiveness of the climate on the lives of white men. By the establishment in Guinea of a nation of blacks, trained in all the varied pursuits and religion of the whites, a grand obstacle is overcome, and I sincerely pray that that light which the American Colonisation Society has kindled on the coast of Africa, and which is growing brighter and brighter, may be the proximate means of illuminating the benighted millions of human beings who inhabit that extensive continent, and of causing them to stand up disenthralled, emancipated, and regenerated.

THE ESQUIMAUX.

The Esquimaux constitute a most widely-diffused race, occupying all the shores of the Northern Ocean, and embracing nearly the entire circuit of the globe. Richardson and Franklin found them along the whole coast of the American Polar Sea; Kotzebue, in the channel near Behring's Straits. The Samoiedes and Kamtchadales, in northern Asia, seem to belong to the same family. A similarity of visage and figure, boats, huts, and instruments—even a resemblance in habits, character, and mode of life—might have been produced by the common pressure of the same very peculiar outward circumstances. The affinity of speech, however, which is such as proves the dialects of all the Esquimaux to

be mere varieties of one common language, affords a clear proof that an original race from some one quarter has spread over the whole range of those immense and desolate shores. This migration must have been facilitated by the vast continuity of coast, which stretches along the Arctic Ocean, and which is not equalled in any other quarter. Hence, probably, the Esquimaux, at distant ages, connected the old and new continents, which, at all other points, were then wholly unknown to each other.

The external form of that people seems influenced, and, as it were, characterised, by the severity of the climate. Their stature is decidedly lower than that of the Europeans; five feet nine inches being considered, even in a man, as almost gigantic. Though the trunk of the body is somewhat thick, all the extremities are small, especially the hands and feet, and the fingers short. The face is broad and flat, the nose small, and at the same time, so sunk and deep, that in some instances a ruler could be applied from cheek to cheek without touching it. It is somewhere observed, that their visage presents that peculiar form which the human face naturally assumes under exposure to intense cold, that all the projecting features are drawn in, and the cheeks, consequently, pushed out. In the same way, exposure to the weather may perhaps produce the high cheek-bones of mountaineers. Under these modifications, however, both their bodies and their limbs are very tolerably shaped. Even the female countenance, though without pretensions to regular beauty, is often agreeable, with a frank and good-humoured expression; so that, were it cleared of the thick crust of grease and dirt, so as to exhibit the real complexion, which is only that of a deep brunette, it might, even in Europe, be reckoned handsome. The skin is unctuous, and unpleasantly cold to the touch; the flesh soft and flabby, owing, probably, to the fat animal substances which form the principal part of their food.

In their moral qualities, the Esquimaux, or at least this particular tribe, present much that is worthy of commendation. At the first opening of the intercourse, the most undeviating honesty marked all their conduct, though this quality, in the course of two winters' communication, was considerably undermined. They were exposed, indeed, to most severe temptations, by seeing constantly scattered about the ships little planks, pieces of old iron, and empty tin pots, which was to them as if the decks had been strewed with gold and jewels. It also came to their knowledge that, in some of their early exchanges, rich skins had been bartered for beads, and other trifles of no real value—a system against which they exclaimed as absolute robbery. From first to last, the virtue now mentioned was practised among themselves in a manner worthy of the golden age. Their dresses, sledges, and all their implements of hunting and fishing, were left exposed inside or outside of the huts, without any instance being known of their having been carried off. Property, without the aid of laws or tribunals, was in the most perfect security. The common right to the products of the chase marks also a singular union, without seeming to relax their diligence in search of food, though it may perhaps contribute to their very thoughtless consumption of it. The navigators admit that they were received with the most cordial hospitality into the little huts, where the best meat was set before them, and the women vied with each other in the attentions of cooking, and drying and mending their clothes. "The women working and singing, their husbands quietly mending their lines, the children playing before the door, and the pot boiling over the blaze of a cheerful lamp," gave a pleasing picture of savage life. Yet a continued intercourse showed that the Esquimaux inherited their full share of human frailty. Begging we shall pass over, though in many instances persevering and incessant, because it seems to have been called forth almost entirely by their connexion with our countrymen, and by too lavish presents at the first; while their little bursts of envy appear to have flowed from the same source But the fair Esquimaux are charged with strong propensity to slander and detraction, which were as busy among them as they sat in circles round the door mending their lines, as in the most fashionable drawing-rooms. Their own conduct, meantime, is said to have afforded the most ample scope for censure, especially in regard to connubial fidelity; and yet, when it is admitted that these faults were carefully concealed, and much outward decorum observed, and that the propensity to calumny often led the natives beyond the strict limits of truth, we doubt whether too implicit reliance may not have been placed on the scandalous chronicle of the frozen regions. The natives certainly do appear to display a peculiar apathy in regard to the sufferings and even the death of neighbours and relations. Widows, and the aged and infirm, if they have not children of their own, experience the greatest indifference. In times of plenty, indeed, they share in the general abundance of food; but, during scarcity, a very small quantity reaches them, and, receiving no attendance in their sickness, they often perish through pure want and neglect. The children are treated with extreme tenderness; though the practice of adoption, which prevails most extensively, and which establishes in full force, between the parties, the ties of father and child, is practised with regard to boys only, and seemingly with the view that they may contribute to support the old age of their fictitious parents.

The religious ideas of the Esquimaux, though they cannot be dignified with any better name than superstition, are not much more absurd than the popular creed of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Their principal deity is Aywillaigoo, a female, immensely tall, with only the left eye, wearing a pigtail reaching to her knee, so thick that it can scarcely be grasped by both hands. Captain Lyon witnessed a mighty incantation, in which Zoolemak, the chief magician, summoned Aywillaigoo to the upper world to utter her oracles. 'The party were assembled in a hut, where light after light was put out, till they were left in total darkness. Zoolemak then, after loud invocations, professed to descend to the world below to bring up the goddess. Soon there rose a loud chant of peculiar sound, imagined to be the voice of Aywillaigoo. During half an hour, in reply to the loud screams and questions of her votaries, she uttered dubious and mystical responses; after which, the sound died away, and she was supposed to descend beneath the earth. when Zoolemak, with a shout, announced his own return to the upper world. The magician, however, being soon after on board a British ship, was treated with nine glasses of hot water (brandy), under the influence of which he began to act over again his enchantments, when it appeared, that by varying modes of applying the hand or jacket to the mouth, he produced those changeful sounds which had passed for the words of Aywillaigoo. This divinity has for her father a giant with one arm. The Esquimaux pantheon comprises, moreover, Pamiooli, a spirit frequently invoked, and a large bear, whose dwelling is in the middle of the ice, and who frequently holds converse with mankind. The natives believe also in a future world, the employments and pleasures of which, according to the usual creed of savage races, are all sensual. The soul descends beneath the earth through successive abodes, the first of which has somewhat of the nature of purgatory; but the good spirits, passing through it, find the other mansions successively improve, till they reach that of perfect bliss, far beneath, where the sun never sets, and where, by the side of large lakes, that never freeze, the deer roam in vast herds, and the seal and walrus abound in the waters.—*Murray's Polar Seas and Regions, in Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

Gardening.—August, September.

The operations of the gardener being nearly alike in August and September, may be noticed in one place Runners of all sorts of strawberries must now be taken off and bedded out, if this has not been done already Cut down all the last year's canes of such raspberries as have ripened their fruit. This will cause the young canes to grow stronger, ripen better, and be productive of finer and much better fruit than if left, according to the usual custom, till the plants are pruned in the winter or spring. Budding must be performed at this period, beginning with cherries, apricots, or plums, and continuing with nectarines, pears, and apples. Continue to nail up all fruit trees close to the wall, in order that the young wood may be properly ripened. Toward the middle of September cut off close to the principal shoot all such lateral side shoots of the vine as were before shortened back in one joint, as the principal eyes now will not push out any new shoots; this will give the plants air and light. and naturally assist in ripening both their wood and fruit. Protect the grapes from wasps and the large blue flies, by putting the bunches in thin gauze bags. In some seasons, particularly in hot and dry summers, wasps and flies are so numerous that they attack every description of fruit as it becomes ripe. They may be destroyed very readily by hanging up bottles on different parts of the wall, with vinegar and water mixed with honey, sugar, or treacle, emptying the bottles from time to time, and returning the liquor into them again. Ants are also great devourers of ripe fruit. When they are numerous, they may be effectually destroyed by one quart of water in which an ounce of pounded arsenic has been boiled half an hour, and mixed with sugar, so as to form a syrup. This must be placed in oyster shells at the foot of the trees or bottom of the wall, covering them so as to keep off the rain; this will require to be frequently removed, and kept in a liquid state.

Kitchen Garden.—Sow cauliflower and early purple brocoli for frames, lettuces, Flanders and prickly spinach, short-topped and turnip radishes. Plant out *couve tronchuda* in frames, the same as cauliflower, to be kept through the winter. Make mushroom beds in the mushroom-house, or under sheds for winter crops. Plant out brocoli and winter greens. Earth up celery, cardoons and tie up endive blanch. Prick out cabbage plants Hoe out winter spinach to three or four inches distance from plant to plant. Pull up onions as soon as their tops are nearly dead, or they will push out fresh roots after rain, which will greatly injure their bulbs, and prevent their keeping in a sound and firm state to their usual period in the following spring.—*Lindley's Gardener's Calendar.*

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE STOCKING MANUFACTURE.

"It is well known that the Romans and other ancient nations had no particular clothing for the legs. During the middle ages, however, hose or leggins, made of cloth, began to be used; and, at a later period, the art of knitting stockings was discovered. Unluckily, nothing certain is known as to the individual by whom, the place where, or the time when, this important invention was made. Howell, in his History of the World, says that Henry VIII. wore none but cloth hose, except there came from Spain, by great chance, a pair of silk stockings; that Sir Thomas Gresham, the famous merchant, presented Edward VI. with a pair of long silk stockings from Spain, and that the present was much taken notice of; and he adds, that Queen Elizabeth was presented, in the third year of her reign, with a pair of black knit silk stockings, and that from that time she ceased to wear cloth hose. It would appear from this circumstantial account that the art of knitting stockings, or at least that the first specimens of knit stockings, had been introduced into England from Spain about the middle of the sixteenth century; and such seems to have been the general opinion, till an allusion to the practice of knitting, in the pretended poems of Rowley, forged by Chatterton, caused the subject to be more strictly investigated. The result of this investigation shewed clearly that the practice of knitting was well known in England, and had been referred to in acts of Parliament, a good many years previously to the period mentioned by Howell. But it had then, most probably, been applied only to the manufacture of woollen stockings, and the general use of cloth hose, that even there had not been numerous. There is no evidence to show whether the art is native to England, or has been imported.

It is a singular fact that the stocking frame, which, even in its rudest form, is a very complex and ingenious machine, that could not be discovered accidentally, but must have been the result of deep combination and profound sagacity, should have been discovered so early as 1589, before, in fact, the business of knitting was generally introduced. The inventor of this admirable machine was Mr William Lee of Woodborough, in Nottinghamshire. He attempted to set up an establishment at Calverton, near Nottingham, for the manufacture of stockings, but met with no success. In this situation, he applied to the Queen (Elizabeth) for assistance; but, instead of meeting with that remuneration to which his genius and invention so well entitled him, he was discouraged and discountenanced! It need not, therefore, excite surprise that Lee accepted the invitation of Henry IV. of France, who, having heard of the invention, promised him a magnificent reward if he would carry it to France. Henry kept his word, and Lee introduced the stocking frame at Rouen with distinguished success; but after the assassination of the king, the concern got into difficulties, and Lee died in poverty at Paris. A knowledge of the machine was brought back from France to England by some of the workmen who had emigrated with Lee, and who established themselves in Nottinghamshire, which still continues the principal seat of the manufacture.

During the first century after the invention of the stocking-frame, few improvements were made upon it, and two men were usually employed to work one frame. But in the course of last century the machine was very greatly improved. The late ingenious Mr Jedediah Strutt of Derby was the first individual who succeeded in adapting it to the manufacture of *ribbed* stockings. Estimating the population of Great Britain at 16,000,000, and the average annual expenditure of each individual upon stockings and knit gloves at 5s., the total value of the manufacture will be L.4,000,000. Of this sum, the value of the silk and cotton stockings and gloves may amount to L.2,500,000."

The foregoing statements have been extracted from the Dictionary of Commerce by J. R. M'Culloch, who quotes from Beckmann's History of inventions. We may now be permitted to say a word relative to the manufacture of stockings in Scotland. Although it appears that the stocking frame came into use in England about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and most likely soon banished the use of the knitting wires, the effect of this invention was very late in being seen in Scotland. Till far on in the eighteenth century, the use of knitted stockings was universal. Mittens, or woollen gloves for the hands, and boot-hose for drawing over the legs in riding, were also quite common. and all were wrought by the hand. The manufacture was carried on solely by women, the wives and daughters of farmers chiefly, and the produce was sold as the means of eringing in a small revenue. In Aberdeenshire, the females of mostly all ranks carried on the knitting of stockings to a considerable extent, not only for home, but for foreign consumption. The introduction of the stocking frame to Hawick in 1771, and the change of manners which took place about this period, soon ruined this lucrative traffic, but still the greater part of the stockings worn by people in the country on ordinary occasions are knitted at home, of white or coloured wool. The art is also still in use in Shetland, where knitting forms almost the only amusement to relieve the tedium of a long winter, and where the articles produced are exceedingly fine in the texture.

CONDITION OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

The poverty and wretchedness of the lower classes of people of Naples, in Italy, are almost beyond credibility. Vieusseux, an Italian writer, thus describes them:—"A stranger can hardly form an idea of the poverty which the interior of poor Neapolitan families exhibits. Several generations are huddled together on the naked floor in a garret, or on the ground floor; old and young, healthy and infirm, males and females, to the utter destruction of health and morals. Some live actually in the streets; many in the boats, and these are the best off. Such is the state of the lower classes, including most of those who live by daily labour, and who constitute perhaps one-third of the inhabitants of this city. There is scarcely any thing here to be compared to the middle classes of England. There are few intermediate steps between indigence and riches—between want and luxury It is really distressing to see such a number of wretched beings, and appalling to think how easily they might be led astray to commit any crimes, as has been the case in times of political convulsions. The wonder is, how they keep quiet at all; and it must be said, that amongst all their vices, these people are not naturally malignant or sulky; they are, on the contrary, rather good natured, when not provoked by immediate want or oppression. Women, particularly, have a look of carelessness and joviality in the midst of all their miseries, which is truly astonishing. They are fully susceptible of a better condition, and the greater pity it is that they should be left in such a state of degradation. But many causes conspire to keep them down to it, which perhaps originate in part with the climate and nature of their country, and with their own physical and moral qualities."

Column for Clever Little Boys.

ARITHMETICAL AMUSEMENTS.

Cocker and Dilworth, Walkinghame and Vyse,
In their own sphere by BIDDER were outshone;
They, or with pen or pencil problems solved,—
He, with no aid but wondrous memory;
They, when of years mature acquired their fame,—
He, "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

OH, how I do love to see a clever little boy; none of your dull dunderheads, who never stir from the bottom of their class, and who, when you ask them to do any little job, don't know what you mean, or require to be told twice before they move; none of these stupid fellows for me: shew me a smart active boy of industrious and honest habits, a boy who is never at a loss for his lesson, and who will run or jump in a moment to execute what you want done without grumbling, or pretending there are difficulties in the way; nay, who will even know how to be of service to his father, or his elder brothers, or may be his uncle, without constant telling. Oh, how I do love to see such a smart and ingenious serviceable boy. These are the sort of boys who are to be great men when they grow up; these are the boys who are to take the lead in future society. I don't care for boys who cannot count; that is, those who have no knowledge of arithmetic. I have observed that it is of no use for boys to be clever if they do not properly understand the value of figures or numbers. They are liable to imposition on all hands, and may even be cheated by the woman who sells the berries at the corner. I would advise all boys to try what they can to be good *counters*. Some will arrive at much greater perfection in this art than others; still it is astonishing how expert any boy may become, simply by diligence and attention to his slate. I know there are thousands and thousands of boys, both in England and Scotland, who read the JOURNAL every Saturday when it comes out, and that many of them are quite expert at figures, besides being excellent scholars in other respects. I therefore wish to give these clever little chaps an afternoon's amusement with their pencil. For this purpose, I beg to lay before them the following observations on arithmetic and arithmetical games, selected from that valuable juvenile manual, "THE BOY'S OWN BOOK."

"The delightful and valuable science of arithmetic (says the author) first arrived at any degree of perfection in Europe, among the Greeks, who made use of the letters of the alphabet to express their numbers. A similar mode was followed by the Romans, who, besides characters for each rank of classes, introduced others for five, fifty, and five hundred, which are still used for chapters of books, and some other purposes. The common arithmetic, in which the ten Arabic figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, are used, was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and came into Europe, by way of Spain, from the Arabians, who are said to have received it from the Indians. It is supposed to have taken its origin from the ten fingers of the hand, which were made use of in computations, before arithmetic was brought into an art.

The Indians are very expert at computing without pen or ink; and the natives of Peru, in South America, who do all by the arrangement of grains of maize, excel the European, with the aid of all his rules and implements for writing. But the dexterity of these people cannot for a moment be compared with the feats of mental arithmetic exhibited by George Bidder. This astonishing boy, at a very early age, and without education, was capable of solving very intricate questions in arithmetic, without the use of pen, pencil, or writing implements of any sort, but entirely in his own mind, as correctly and quickly as the most expert person could in the common way. We have, personally, witnessed his ability in this respect, and among many other complicated questions which were put to him we recollect the following:—Supposing the sun to be 95 millions of miles from the earth, and that it were possible for an insect, whose pace should be 7½ inches per minute, to travel that space, how long would it take to reach the sun? This he mentally solved in a very short time.

Several other mental arithmeticians have appeared within these few years. Among the rest, Jedediah Buxton, an illiterate peasant, who was never taught to read or write, appears to have been eminent. Several of the questions answered by this man have been recorded; among others, we recollect the following:—How many times will a coach-wheel, whose circumference is six yards, turn in going 204 miles? In thirteen minutes Buxton answered—59,840 times. Then he was asked:—And, supposing sound travels at the rate of 1142 feet per second, how long will it be before the report of a cannon is heard 5 miles off? His answer was—23 seconds, 7 thirds, and 46 remain. On being required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the product in a very short time; and, when requested to work the question audibly, so that his method might be known, he multiplied 456 first by 5, which produced 2280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100; this product he again multiplied by 3, which produced 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300; it remained, therefore, to multiply his by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2280 (or the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5), by 15, as 5 times 15 are 75. This product, being 34,200, he added to 136,800, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 300, and this produced 171,000, which was 375 times 456. To complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1368, and having added this number to 171,000, he found the product of 456 multiplied by 378, to be 172,368. By this it appears, that he was so little acquainted with the common rules, as to multiply 456 first by 5, and the product by 20, to find what sum it would produce, multiplied by 100; whereas had he added two ciphers to the figures, he would have obtained the product at once.

TO TELL ANY NUMBER THOUGHT OF.

Desire any person to think of a number, say a certain number of shillings; tell him to borrow that sum of some one in the company, and add the number borrowed to the amount thought of. It will here be proper to name the person who lends him the shillings, and to beg the one who makes the calculation to do it with great care, as he may readily fall into an error, especially the first time. Then say to the person—'I do not lend you, but give you 10, add them to the former sum.' Continue in this manner:—'Give the half to the poor, and retain in your memory the other half.' Then add—'Return to the gentleman, or lady, what you borrowed, and remember that the sum lent you was exactly equal to the number thought of.' Ask the person if he knows exactly what remains: he will answer 'Yes.' You must then say—'And I know, also, the number that remains; it is equal to what I am going to conceal in my hand.' Put into one of your hands 5 pieces of money, and desire the person to tell how many you have got. He will answer 5; upon which, open your hand, and shew him the 5 pieces. You may then say,—'I well knew that your result was 5; but if you had thought of a very large number, for example, two or three millions, the result would have been much greater, but my hand would not have held a number of pieces equal to the remainder.' The person then supposing that the result of the calculation must be different, according to the difference of the number thought of, will imagine that it is necessary to know the last number in order to guess the result: but this idea is false; for, in the case which we have here supposed, whatever be the number thought of, the remainder must always be 5. The reason of this is as follows:—The sum, the half of which of given to the poor, is nothing else than twice the number thought is, plus 10; and when the poor have received their part, there remains only the number thought of, plus 5; but the number thought of is cut off when the sum borrowed is returned, and, consequently, there remain only 5.

It may be hence seen, that the result may be easily known, since it will be the half of the number given in the third part of the operation; for example, whatever be the number thought of, the remainder will be 36, or 25, according as 72 or 50 have been given. If this trick be performed several times successively, the number given in the third part of the operation must be always different; for if the result were several times the same, the deception might be discovered. When the five first parts of the calculation for obtaining a result are finished, it will be best not to name it at first, but to continue the operation, to render it more complex, by saying, for example—'Double the remainder, deduct two, add three, take the fourth part,' &c.; and the different steps of the calculation may be kept in mind, in order to know how much the first result has been increased or diminished.—This irregular process never fails to confound those who attempt to follow it.

A SECOND METHOD.

Bid the person take 1 from the number thought of, and then double the remainder; desire him to take 1 from this double, and to add to it the number thought of; in the last place, ask him the number arising from this addition, and if you add 3 to it, the third of the sum will be the number thought of. The application of this rule is so easy, that it is needless to illustrate it by an example.

A THIRD METHOD.

Desire the person to add 1 to the triple of the number thought of, and to multiply the sum by 3; then bid him add to this product the number thought of, and the result will be a sum, from which if 3 be subtracted, the remainder will be ten times the number required; and if the cipher on the right be cut off from the remainder, the other figure will indicate the number sought.

Example:—Let the number thought of be 6, the triple of which is 18; and if 1 be added, it makes 19; the triple of this last number is 57, and if 6 be added, it makes 63, from which if 3 be subtracted, the remainder will be 60; now, if the cipher on the right be cut off, the remaining figure, 6, will be the number required.

THE MONEY GAME.

A person having in one hand a piece of gold, and in the other a piece of silver, you may tell in which hand he has the gold and in which the silver, by the following method:—Some value, represented by any even number, such as 8, must be assigned to the gold, and a value represented by an odd number, such as 3, must be assigned to the silver: after which, desire the person to multiply the number in the right hand by an even number whatever, such as 2; and that in the left by an odd number, as 3; then bid him add together the two products, and if the whole sum be odd, the gold will be in the right hand, and the silver in the left; if the sum be even, the contrary will be the case.

To conceal the artifice better, it will be sufficient to ask whether the sum of the two products can be halved without a remainder; for in that case the total will be even, and in the contrary case odd.

It may be readily seen, that the pieces, instead of being in the two hands of the same person, may be supposed to be in the hands of two persons, one of whom has the even number, or piece of gold, and the other the odd number, or piece of silver. The same operations may then be performed in regard to these two persons, as are performed in regard to the two hands of the same person, calling the one privately the right, and the other the left.

THE GAME OF THE KING.

This game is an application of one of the methods employed to tell several numbers thought of, and ought to be performed in a company not exceeding nine, in order that it may be less complex. Desire any one of the company to take a ring, and put it on any joint of whatever finger he may think proper. The question then is, to tell what person has the ring, and on what hand, what finger, and on what joint.

For this purpose, you must call the first person 1, the second 2, the third 3, and so on. You must also denote the ten fingers of the two hands, by the following numbers of the natural progression, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, &c. beginning at the thumb of the right hand, and ending at that of the left, that by this order the number of the finger may, at the same time, indicate the hand. In the last place, the joints must be denoted by 1, 2, 3, beginning at the points of the fingers.

To render the solution of this problem more explicit, let us suppose that the fourth person in the company has the ring on the sixth finger, that is to say, on the little finger of the left hand, and on the second joint of that finger.

Desire some one to double the number expressing the person, which, in this case, will give 8; bid him add 5 to this double, and multiply the sum by 5, which will make 65; then tell him to add to this product the number denoting the finger, that is to say, 6, by which means you will have 71; and, in the last place, desire him to multiply the last number by 10, and to add to the product the number of the joint, 2; the last result will be 712; if from this number you deduct 250, the remainder will be 462; the first figure of which, on the left, will denote the person; the next, the finger, and, consequently, the hand; and the last, the joint.

It must here be observed, that when the last result contains a cipher, which would have happened in the present example, had the number of the finger been 10, you must privately subtract from the figure preceding the cipher, and assign the value of 10 to the cipher itself.

THE GAME OF THE BAG.

To let a person select several numbers out of a bag, and to tell him the number which shall exactly divide the sum of those he has chosen:—Provide a small bag, divided into two parts, into one of which put several tickets, numbered 6, 9, 15, 36, 63, 120, 213, 309, &c.; and in the other part put as many other tickets, marked No. 3 only. Draw a handful of tickets from the first part, and, after shewing them to the company, put them into the bag again, and, having opened it a second time, desire any one to take out as many tickets as he thinks proper; when he has done that, you open privately the other part of the bag, and tell him to take out of it one ticket only. You may safely pronounce that the ticket shall contain the number by which the amount of the other numbers is divisible; for, as each of these numbers can be multiplied by 3, their sum total must, evidently, be divisible by that number. An ingenious mind may easily diversify this exercise, by marking the tickets in one part of the bag, with any numbers that are divisible by 9 only, the properties of both 9 and 3 being the same; and it should never be exhibited to the same company twice without being varied.

THE CERTAIN GAME.

Two persons agree to take, alternately, numbers less than a given number, for example, 11, and to add them together till one of them has reached a certain sum, such as 100. By what means can one of them infallibly attain to that number before the other?

The whole artifice in this consists in immediately making choice of the numbers 1, 12, 23, 34, and so on, or of a series which continually increases by 11, up to 100. Let us suppose that the first person, who knows the game, makes choice of 1; it is evident that his adversary, as he must count less than 11, can, at most, reach 11, by adding 10 to it. The first will then take 1, which will make 12; and whatever number the second may add, the first will certainly win, provided he continually add the number which forms the complement of that of his adversary, to 11; that is to say, if the latter take 8, he must take 3; if 9, he must take 2; and so on. By following this method, he will infallibly attain to 89; and it will then be impossible for the second to prevent him from getting first to 100; for whatever number the second takes, he can attain only to 90; after which the first may say—"and 1 makes 100." If the second take 1 after 89, it would make 90, and his adversary would finish by saying—"and 10 make 100." Between two persons who are equally acquainted with the game, he who begins must necessarily win.

MAGICAL CENTURY.

If the number 11 be multiplied by any one of the nine digits, the two figures of the product will always be alike, as appears in the following example:—

11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
11	22	33	44	55	66	77	88	99

Now, if another person and yourself have fifty counters a-piece and agree never to stake more than ten at a time, you may tell him, that if he permit you to stake first, you will always complete the even century before him.

In order to succeed, you must first stake 1, and remembering the order of the above series, constantly add to what he stakes as many as will make one more than the numbers 11, 22, 33, &c. of which it is composed, till you come to 89; after which your opponent cannot possibly reach the even century himself, or prevent you from reaching it.

If your opponent have no knowledge of numbers, you may stake any other number first under 10, provided you subsequently take care to secure one of the last terms, 56, 67, 78, &c.; or you may even let him stake first, if you take care afterwards to secure one of these numbers.

This exercise may be performed with other numbers; but, in order to succeed, you must divide the number to be attained, by a number which is a unit greater than what you can stake each time; and the remainder will then be the number you must first stake. Suppose, for example, the number to be attained be 52 (making use of a pack of cards instead of counters), and that you are never to add more than 6; then, dividing 52 by 7, the remainder, which is 3, will be the number which you must first stake; and whatever your opponent stakes, you must add as much to it as will make it equal to 7, the number by which you divided, and so in continuation.

THE CANCELLED FIGURE GUESSED.

To tell the figure a person has struck out of the sum of two given numbers:—Arbitrarily command those numbers only that are divisible by 9; such, for instance, as 36, 63, 81, 117, 126, 162, 261, 360 315, and 432.

Then let a person choose any two of these numbers; and, after adding them together in his mind, strike out from the sum any one of the figures he pleases.

After he has so done, desire him to tell you the sum of the remaining figures; and it follows that the number which you are obliged to add to this amount, in order to make it 9 or 18, is the one he struck out. Thus:

Suppose he chooses the numbers 162 and 261, making altogether 423, and that he strike out the centre figure, the two other figures will, added together, make 7, which, to make 9, requires 2, the number struck out.

THE DICE GUESSED UNSEEN.

A pair of dice being thrown, to find the number of points on each die without seeing them:—Tell the person who cast the dice to double the number of points upon one of them, and add 5 to it; then, to multiply the sum produced by 5, and to add to the product the number of points upon the other die. This being done, desire him to tell you the amount, and, having thrown out 25, the remainder will be a number consisting of two figures, the first of which, to the left, is the number of points on the first die, and the second figure, to the right, the number on the other. Thus:

Suppose the number of points of the first die which comes up to be 2, and that of the other 3: then, if to 4, the double of the points of the first, there be added 5, and the sum produced, 9, be multiplied by 5, the product will be 45; to which, if 3, the number of points on the other die, be added, 48 will be produced, from which, if 25 be subtracted, 23 will remain; the first figure of which is 2, the number of points on the first die, and the second figure 3, the number on the other.

THE SOVEREIGN AND THE SAGE.

A sovereign being desirous to confer a liberal reward on one of his courtiers, who had performed some very important service, desired him to ask whatever he thought proper, assuring him it should be granted. The courtier, who was well acquainted with the science of numbers, only requested that the monarch would give him a quantity of wheat equal to that which would arise from one grain doubled sixty-three times successively. The value of the reward was immense; for it will be found, by calculation, that the sixty-fourth term of the double progression divided by 1:2:4:8:16:32: &c., is 9223372036854775808. But the sum of all the terms of a double progression, beginning with 1, may be obtained by doubling the last term, and subtracting from it 1. The number of the grains of wheat, therefore, in the present case, will be 18446744073709551615. Now, if a pint contain 9216 grains of wheat, a gallon will contain 73728; and, as eight gallons make one bushel, if we divide the above result by eight times 73728, we shall have 312749974112?5 for the number of the bushels of wheat equal to the above number of grains: a quantity greater than the whole surface of the earth could produce in several years, and which, in value, would exceed all the riches, perhaps, on the globe.

THE HORSE-DEALER'S BARGAIN.

A gentleman, taking a fancy to a horse which a horse-dealer wished to dispose of at as high a price as he could, the latter, to induce the gentleman to become a purchaser, offered to let him have the horse for the value of the twenty-fourth nail in his shoes, reckon

ing one farthing for the first nail, two for the second, four for the third, and so on to the twenty-fourth. The gentleman, thinking he should have a good bargain, accepted the offer; the price of the horse was, therefore, necessarily great.

By calculating as before, the twenty-fourth term of the progression, 1 : 2 : 4 : 8 : &c., will be found to be 8388608, equal to the number of farthings the purchaser gave for the horse; the price, therefore, amounted to L.8738, 2s. 8d.

THE DINNER PARTY.

A club of seven persons agreed to dine together every day successively, as long as they could sit down to table differently arranged. How many dinners would be necessary for that purpose?—It may be easily found, by the rules already given, that the club must dine together 5040 times, before they would exhaust all the arrangements possible, which would require above thirteen years.

THE BASKET AND STONES.

If a hundred stones be placed in a straight line, at the distance of a yard from each other, the first being at the same distance from a basket, how many yards must the person walk, who engages to pick them up, one by one, and put them into the basket?—It is evident that, to pick up the first stone, and put it into the basket, the person must walk two yards; for the second, he must walk four; for the third, six; and so on, increasing by two, to the hundredth.

The number of yards, therefore, which the person must walk, will be equal to the sum of the progression, 2, 4, 6, &c. the last term of which is 200 (22.) But the sum of the progression is equal to 202, the sum of the two extremes, multiplied by 50, or half the number of terms: that is to say, 10,100 yards, which make more than 5¾ miles."

LONDON PORTER.

It has been generally believed that the superiority of London porter is caused by its being made of Thames water. This is a very erroneous opinion. The Thames water, from its impurity, has been long abandoned by the London porter brewers, who use either New River water or hard water, I believe, chiefly the latter. London is built on fine sand and gravel, and about two hundred feet below the foundation of the city there is a stratum of clay and a stratum of chalk, and here is found a most abundant supply of water, which is lifted by pumps. Hence, the superiority by no means lies in the water used, but in the immense quantity made, and in the art of the manufacturer. It is a very remarkable fact, that, except at Dublin, this beverage has never yet been equalled in point of strength and flavour. Good porter, of the most refreshing quality, is now sold all over the metropolitan districts. Imitations have been tried, with great exertion and outlay of capital, in different parts of the country, but they can all be detected by their *burnt taste*, and bear no comparison to the rich, full body of the genuine London porter. This generous liquor, as is well known, is always drunk out of pewter or silver pots, which impart a finer flavour to the mouth of the drinker than if glass or earthenware were used. The reason for this can be scientifically accounted for, by the electro-chemical action which is going on betwixt the acid of the porter and the metal; and, therefore, the popular taste is quite correct in adhering to pewter pots. The Scotch, who import London porter to a large extent, do not seem to be aware of this remarkable fact, as they always drink the liquor from glass tumblers. Between six and seven millions of barrels of porter or strong beer are made annually in England; in 1830, the quantity exported was 74,902 barrels.

EDINBURGH ALE.

While London bears the palm of superiority in the art of porter brewing, Edinburgh challenges all the world to compete with it in the manufacture of ale. In the making of this luxurious beverage, it has, for a considerable period of years, had no rival, unless we allow, what is perhaps correct, that the brewers of Leith, Prestonpans, and Linlithgow, and some other small towns, are equally entitled to hold up the superiority of their liquors; nevertheless, the whole fall under the designation of Edinburgh ale. This ale differs entirely, in body, flavour, appearance, and character, from the English ales. It is as clear as amber, and of the same colour; soft and delicious in taste; so strong, that a few glasses produce a slight intoxication, or inclination to sleep; and has a thin creamy top. It is exceedingly difficult to keep, and is easily affected by atmospheric phenomena, although kept in casks in a close cellar, and generally turns hard or sourish after being kept more than a season. It is always used at Edinburgh in glass quart bottles—never in draught; and, when diluted with water, forms an agreeable table beer. It has been occasionally alleged, from the intoxicating qualities of Edinburgh ale, that it is mixed with *cocculus indicus*, or some other poisonous ingredient; but this is, without doubt, an idle fallacy, the liquor being simply the strength of malt and hops. It is used only in moderate quantities, being quaffed from long tapering glasses made for the purpose, and cannot be indulged in so freely as porter, to which it bears no other resemblance than it is made from nearly the same materials, differently prepared. The quantity of strong beer or ale made in Scotland annually, amounts to about 110,000 barrels, upwards of 3000 of which are exported; the chief export being to London. About 130,000 barrels of table beer are also annually manufactured, besides an immense quantity of small beer—a species of light, cheap, frothy liquid, in great domestic request in Scotland, and which, from its resemblance, in some respects, to ginger beer, might be manufactured in the English towns with every chance of success.

COUNTERPART ANECDOTES.

THE following remarks on the English language are from a recent work, entitled, "Mirabeau's Letters during his Residence in England." They are introduced here chiefly for the sake of the anecdote at the end, to which we are suprised to find that we can furnish an exact counterpart:—

"But what is particularly vexatious is, that having learned English tolerably well with your eyes, it is very possible that your ear may not comprehend a syllable. Not only I do not know a language the orthography of which agrees less with its pronunciation, but I know of none the pronunciation of which is so difficult, so capricious, so uncertain. One would feel inclined to believe that the writing and the pronunciation of this language are separated by a lapse of many centuries. 'You write *bread*,' said Madame Denis, Voltaire's niece, to her English master—'you pronounce *bred*: why do'nt you simply say *du pain* ?'"

A French teacher, lately resident at Edinburgh, but now practising his profession, in which he is very eminent, at Glasgow, one evening gave a *petit souper* to some of his friends in the Scottish metropolis. Among those present was a simple-hearted honest Scotch matron, whose claims to be of the party arose, we believe, from her having some children under Mr F——'s charge. During supper, she heard a great deal of French talked, which afflicted her with strong surprise. "It was sic a daft-like language," she thought, "whan ane heard it yattered away that gate. And, dear sake, Mr F——," she added, taking up a slice of a loaf, "just let me ask what ye ca' this, in that queer language o' yours?"

"Pain, madame," answered the polite Frenchman.

"Peng!" she cried; "sic a like word! Dear me, Mr F——, wad it no be far wiser like, and mair to the purpose, just to ca't *breede*?"

The good lady little thought how her wit was jumping with that of a more distinguished person.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.

A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at eighteen hundred miles from its mouth, only eight hundred feet above the level of the sea—that is, about twice the height of St Paul's Church in London [or the height of Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh], and to fall these eight hundred feet, in its long course, the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for a thousand miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only five hundred feet in all that distance. Above the commencement of the thousand miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean, that in Paraguay, fifteen hundred miles from its mouth, large ships are seen, which have sailed against the current all the way, by the force of the wind alone: that is to say, which, on the beautifully inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to an elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires. —*Arnott's Physics.*

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

(Continued.)

IN our last article on this subject it was correctly shown, however painfully to Scottish feeling, that the various families of the Cumyns, the Baliols, the Bruces, the Stewarts, and the Wallaces, were all descended from English settlers in Scotland. In continuing the catalogue of distinguished names who assisted in forming Scottish society, the next to be mentioned is that of *Douglas*. This once exceedingly powerful and haughty family draws its origin from no higher source than the blood of a Flemish emigrant. Theobaldo Flamatico, as he was named in the charters, appeared in this country about the year 1150, and, as a vassal of the Abbot of Kelso, received a grant of some lands on Douglas water, in Clydesdale; and his descendants, as was customary, took a surname from their estate. *Dhu-glas* signifies the dark blue stream. It has been of late warmly contested that the Douglases had a much higher foreign extraction; but we have seen no document to prove that such was actually the case, while their Flemish origin seems incontestibly fixed by the chartulary of Kelso. The family did not make any particular figure in history till the eventful epoch of the wars of Bruce, when it became conspicuous for its adherence to the interests of that monarch. It was raised to an earldom by David II. in 1357, but before this period the chiefs of the family went occasionally by the name of the Lords of Douglas.

There are now a number of respectable families in Scotland with the name of *Menzies*. This name is a corruption of the ancient English surname of *Manners* or *Meyners*, having originally been such. The first of the race who settled in this part of the island was Anketil de Meyners, who witnessed a charter of William de Vetrepont to the monks of Holyrood at the beginning of the thirteenth century. This person is understood to have been a younger son of the English family of Meyners, and he was probably the father of Robert de Meyners, who flourished under Alexander II., and was appointed chamberlain on the accession of Alexander III. Subsequently the family acquired lands in Perthshire, where their descendants are still found under the appellation of Menzies.

The *Hamiltons* also draw their origin from Anglo-Norman settlers of the same early period. Roger and William, two younger sons (says George Chalmers) of Robert, the third Earl of Leicester, and the grandson of Robert, the first earl, who came over with the Conqueror, went to Scotland in the reign of William the Lion, to whom they were related by his mother, the Countess Ada. Roger became Chancellor and Bishop of St Andrews, and William married, and, acquiring a large estate, founded the family which afterwards rose to ducal honours. The surname, *De Hambleton*, was assumed by William, from the manor where he was born, in Buckinghamshire.

Families with the surname of Boswell deduce their origin from a branch of the English family of Bosville, who settled in Scotland under David I., and soon spread into different quarters of the country. It is impossible to trace any connection betwixt this name and that of St Boswell's, a village in the south of Scotland; for it is ascertained that this place took its name from one Boisil, a monk of Melrose, who lived many centuries before the Bosvilles arrived in the country. The family of *Charteris* of Amisfield, and other families of the same name, were likewise Anglo-Norman settlers of David's reign. The *Burnets* are of the same Anglo-Norman lineage, being all descended from Robert Burnard, who settled in Teviotdale as early as 1128, and was the first of the name in North Britain. The *Edmunds* of Mid-Lothian, now extinct, and their place only remembered by the name of Edmonston, an estate near Edinburgh, were also from an Anglo-Norman stock of the same period. The *Ferrarses*, another extinct Mid-Lothian family, were a branch of the English race of Ferrars. The *De Burnvilles*, also extinct, but probably continued under the name of Burn or Burns, were also settlers under David I. One of them held the lands of Brocsmouth in East Lothian under William the Lion. One of the most distinguished foreign settlers of William's reign was Helias, the son of Hutred, who obtained from Waldeve, the son of Gospatrick, the lands of Dundas in West Lothian. Helias, on his settling on these lands, assumed the appellation as his own surname, and hence the origin of the family of *Dundas*—a name associated with the history of the country for six centuries, and known both for good and evil up even till our own times. The *Mowbrays* likewise settled at this period, and also the *Gourlays* in the year 1174. The first of the latter family was Inglegram de Gourlay, who obtained some lands in Fife, and became the progenitor of the Gourlays of Kincraig. Another family of the Gourlays settled in Lothian, as vassals of the Earls of Dunbar. The *Mortimers* appeared in the country at the same time, and one of them, receiving the lands of Moncrieff in Perthshire, assumed that title as his surname, and became the progenitor of the families named *Moncrieff*.—*To be continued.*

THE *LONG NAILS* OF THE PACHA.

When Mahomet Ali, the illustrious restorer of civilisation to Egypt, first sent out his army, modelled after the European fashion, to attack the Wahabees in the interior, every where they marched they were looked upon with pity, both by the natives and by the outposts of the enemy. Instead of being mounted on richly caparisoned horses, loaded with all the finery of the Osmanlees, and armed with a scymitar, the men marched on foot quietly in files, dressed in coarse red jackets, and all the arms they appeared to possess was a musket with a *long nail* at the end of it. On coming up and forming a position on a plain in front of the Wahabees, the latter considered that these poor wretches had delivered themselves up for slaughter; rushing down the hills, therefore, with the usual impetuosity of Turkish cavalry, and with the intention of surrounding the Egyptians, they were dreadfully staggered in their career by receiving a well-directed fire from the lines. Surprised and daunted by the shower of balls which fell among them, and emptied scores of saddles at every volley, they were obliged to retreat in quick time, pursued by the grenadiers and light companies, who hunted them through their fastnesses, at every step letting them feel the use of the *long nails* on the muskets, until they retired into an inner part of the country. When the news of this first engagement of his new troops reached Mahomet Ali, he bounded from his divan with joy; and ever since, the dread of the close rank and file, and, above all, the *bayonet*, has favoured every military movement of the Pacha.

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TALENT AND CONDUCT.

THERE is an idea prevalent, that want of worldly prudence is one of the most obvious marks of talent; and therefore many persons who wish to be thought possessed of ability think it necessary to take down a peg in their morality. What a degrading notion is this—what a miserable affectation! Talent without conduct is like a gilded boat unprovided with rudder or compass. It may make a fine show as it leaves the harbour; but whenever it gets into the open sea, it is found unfit for use, and perhaps leads its crew to destruction. On the other hand, nothing can be more worthy of admiration than talent accompanied by upright conduct and pure manners. In the one case the good faculty is worse than useless; while the folly and vice by which it is attended only show the more contemptible from their connection with so illustrious a quality. In the other instance, the praise of ability at least experiences no drawback. The individual gets the usual credit for his personal worth, and the homage due to his ability besides. But the more general disposition of men is to accord only the more admiration to talent, in so far as it goes hand in hand with virtue.

In an age when intellect is so active, and so many persons are constantly seeking to advance themselves by means of literature from the lower walks of life, it is of great consequence that right ideas should be entertained respecting the personal behaviour of men of genius. To suppose that extended powers of mind are likely to produce, or to be accompanied by, a blindness to the ordinary moral responsibilities, is, in my opinion, an absurdity. The more likely event is, that the man of talent is just the more able to appreciate and walk by the best precepts of conduct. It is true, we have some splendid instances of at least the poetical order of intellects, which distinguished themselves by a line of private conduct in no respect estimable. But not only are these mere exceptions; but, in all such cases, the fault might be traced either to some radical defect of character, or to a want of acquaintance with the world. I am here only alluding to the splendid instances where it is impossible to suppose *affectation*. But, in the great majority of cases, *that* is the key to the mystery. The truth is, that most vicious habits arise at first from affectation. There is not, I am persuaded, much plain honest sin, resulting from real impulse. The most of it is committed in imitation of something which we think fine. One silly fellow thinks it looks fine to be seen smoking cigars. Accordingly he smokes cigars. There is no trace of a love of tobacco in the whole vice. He only wishes to be seen with a cigar in his mouth. Another silly fellow's imagination is dazzled by the glories of the table; he accordingly drinks—not at all because he likes drink—but because he thought some other people looked uncommonly fine fellows when they were drinking, and so he must drink too. A third swears because he liked the sound of an oath one day in the mouth of a friend. In the same manner, the most of the instances which are pointed out, of men of talent who have become degraded by their vices, are in reality only pretenders, or little better, setting themselves with great anxiety to ruin themselves into a character for cleverness. Men of that kind are only worthy of pity. They are foolishly losing the good name of honest citizens, in order to gain—nothing. The fact is, that degraded habits are totally inconsistent with the exercise of the higher mental faculties. Instead of the fancy being burnished, as many people suppose, by the use of liquor, it is deadened. Intoxication enchains and blunts the intellectual powers; and a man might just as well attempt to improve his dancing by tying up his legs, as think of writing better by means of a libation to the jolly god. I grant that liquor loosens the tongue considerably, and in general seems to brighten the hours of conversation. But its effect is quite different when the toper comes to paper. He then finds that the steady accurate exertion of mind which is required for composition is out of the question; and after writing a few sentences, which he knows, even in his blind state, to be incoherent and useless, he quits the pen in despair.

The proper end and use of an extraordinary degree of intellectual power unquestionably is the benefit of those who are less gifted. All talent which is not exerted for some purpose of this kind is useless, or worse. Now I am disposed to affirm that no man is truly capable of improving his fellow-creatures to a great extent, or even of supplying them with fanciful effusions that are calculated to *please without injuring*, unless his own personal character be rather above than below the average. The whole thoughts and sympathies of a man bear the complexion of his habits; and whence are we to expect manly thoughts or worthy sentiments, but from the mind and heart that are manly and worthy? Besides, there is much in personal example. I have always observed that the clergyman whose private life is irreproachable gains far more attention to his precepts, and oftener sees them reduced to practice, than he who has the misfortune to be otherwise. If a reader, for instance, were aware that a historical volume put into his hands was composed by a man notorious in private life for speaking without a regard to truth, would not his mind be haunted by that idea all the time he was perusing it, so as to prevent him in a great measure from trusting, and consequently from deriving any advantage from the work. Again, if the reader were to read a brilliant effusion of feeling or fancy, and be then told that, fine as it looked, it was the composition of a man who in reality had no heart—a cold, haughty, vain person, who plumed himself not only upon his abilities, but upon far more trivial and common-place distinctions—who forgot all to whom he had ever been obliged, even his near relations, on being elevated a little above them in society (if such a person *can* be really elevated)—would he not throw it away with contempt, and turn for relief to the simple virtues of some ordinary character, where much was neither given nor required?

The general truth unquestionably is, that talent can only be profitably exercised—can only appear properly to exist—when it is accompanied by correct conduct; and, with very few exceptions, those who appear to unite it with the reverse are only empirics, or men who have grasped at the shadow instead of the substance.

THE VICTIM OF FACILITY.

SECOND INSTANCE.

IT is a common, but very vulgar notion, that legal practitioners are, as a class, selfish and faithless, ever on the outlook for their own advantage, and for an opportunity of serving it, however nefarious, if it can only be made consistent with law. This may be true in particular instances: there are rascals in every profession; but, if matters were rightly understood, for every unfaithful *man of business*, as a law-agent is generally termed in Scotland, there are ten clients that would be unjust if they could; and for one charge against men of business that proceeds on just grounds, ten at least, or ten hundred, proceed either in gross ignorance, or wilful, and often most ungrateful, misrepresentation. Men of business are no doubt responsible persons, and should be correct; but it is too much to insist that they should live constantly amid fire and remain unchanged; constantly liable to be injured, or, if they are successful in guarding against that, misrepresented, and not at last feel callous to the opinion of the world, and, even in defiance of that opinion, to look to themselves and their families. To expect the contrary is to expect in them a constant philosophy, and even a constant Christian feeling and forbearance, far beyond what might be expected, certainly beyond what would be experienced, in those who live by preaching the doctrines of philosophy and Christianity.

And such virtue is actually *often* found among men of business, in its most distinct form, and yet practised as an ordinary duty. After the most arduous and successful exertions, they are often left, not only without payment, but with the bitterest reproaches. Money liberally expended, and at the sacrifice of more lucrative modes of applying it, or with personal inconvenience, is often ungratefully denied, till denial is no longer possible, or the returns of their severe labour are withheld in the express view of compelling them to accept, from necessity, less than they ought to receive in justice. What is even more galling to a man of good feelings, the perverse client, after being preserved by one, runs to be destroyed by another, satisfied if that other can only assist in perpetrating an injustice against the man who had merited nothing but respect and gratitude. Yet all this they often experience, and all this they are accustomed to receive, not as a conduct they are to punish, but to guard against if they can. They express little resentment, perhaps none; but resorting to that law for their protection, without the aid of which they and their families would be ruined, their success in their own cause is termed oppression, and that ruin imputed to them which has been rushed upon by their opponents.

My acquaintance R—— had entered into business in early life. He had no connections but such as his talents and industry might bring him; but these soon became conspicuous, and were followed by the usual success. He was constantly occupied, and very seldom seen, except on business occasions, and then he was cheerful, yet placid; and his facility of apprehension being great, as his openness was proverbial, every one left him impressed at once with a sense of his talents and his integrity. He never affected doubts where he had none, nor sought to create business where no real business was to be done. The consequence was, he deprived himself of many small gains, which a more prudent or self-seeking man might have secured. But he obtained a reputation, that perhaps fully indemnified him, for quickness and liberality; his disdain of these petty gains being considered to proceed from principle, though it was only from constitution. Such as he was, he was envied by many, and respected by all who had occasion to know him; and his arrival at an early and respectable competence seemed certain.

While matters were in this state, a man bearing a recommendatory letter called upon him for his advice. Laying aside the business by which he was occupied, he read the letter, heard the story of the individual, and received his papers, desiring he might see him again, at what appeared a time when he might be prepared to give his opinion. The opinion was favourable to the man's views. His case was gone into, stated, gained for him; and here, if the matter had terminated as it ought, all would have been well. But while the business was in dependence, symptoms of oppression had been manifested towards the litigant, that excited the sympathy of his adviser. He had a wife and family, whose welfare, as well as his own comfort, depended upon evading these oppressions, and his adviser assisted him. In this way he became committed in his client's affairs. Oppressions conquered, were followed by others, all equally easily accounted for, and in appearance equally easy to be repressed. The involvement became greater, till in the end a general trust-assignation

(as it is called) was proposed and accepted. The client was to conduct his business with the assistance and under the guardianship of his trustee; and the trustee was to be secured and indemnified by the actual though only interim possession of the property of the truster, and by receiving the proceeds of his business.

In this way things proceeded as is usual in the outset of most undertakings. This was arduous; but the trustee had energy, and had calculated upon its use, expecting a fair reward for his trouble, besides the consciousness of having not only rescued a man and his family from unjust oppression, but restored both to comfort and independence. For several months the prospect was unclouded; the business proved lucrative beyond expectation, and the owner industrious and faithful. Engagements were therefore readily entered into by the trustee, where they seemed necessary, or promised to be profitable; and had the character of the individual proved as much to be depended on as his talents and the returns of his business, all would have been well.

But the man who had been recommended, and of whose character he had asked nothing beyond what the introductory letter, coupled with the justice of the transaction that had led to it, supplied, was in reality only a smooth rascal. With great talents, he appeared never to have turned them to any account beyond entrapping individuals of respectable character in succession, to support him so far, and, when he could carry them no farther, putting in practice all the devices of a villain who had from the beginning been on the outlook for materials of final annoyance or destruction.

The first intimation of this would seem almost to have been conveyed on purpose, by an associate of the individual, to whom he had boasted, that as he had destroyed several others who had attempted to resist his will, so he would now destroy the man who had raised him from beggary to respectability, if he did not submit to such terms of closing their connection as he should dictate. Mr R—— saw at once that if such was the character of the individual, he had gone too far. He determined to conceal all knowledge or suspicion of the trap that had been laid for him, and by every art that prudence would suggest endeavoured to retreat. But the suspicions of a villain are not to be evaded. He sees in the most obvious act of prudence or necessity a design to counteract the villanies of which he himself is conscious; and a system of these prudential measures, however carefully veiled, must at once drive to the same conclusion, that whether his plans are detected or not, they will be defeated, and nothing is left to him but to throw off the mask.

It would be painful to follow a villain through the maze of his treacheries or acts of heartless ingratitude, with a view to rob at once of fortune and reputation the man who had merited only his prayers, and whose only error had been in not spurning him from his door a beggar as he had entered it. It is enough to say, that he did throw off the mask, denying debt or favour, in the face of a thousand evidences, and resorting to all the chicanery, calumny, and deliberate dishonesty, that the worst character could be guilty of, to carry his purpose out; that he more richly deserved a thousand times to die on a gibbet, than the wretch who, in robbing on the highway, though he may ruin the fortune of the individual, yet leaves his character untarnished; and to the most atrocious crime, short of murder or violation, added the equally detestable, and, morally considered, more damning crime of the blackest ingratitude.

For twelve months the law raged, to the great profit, doubtless, of the parties employed, on the one side to labour through the most revolting falsehoods and attempts at villany, and on the other to defeat them. The law, as usual, showed its total impotence, where it would have been for the interests of society that it should have power. It can apprehend, imprison, arraign, convict, and execute, in the course of a very few days, a misled and miserable creature, who, unwilling to starve, puts forth his hand and steals to satisfy the cravings of his hunger; but it takes years, and an enormity of expense and labour, to bring to conviction the villain who contrives to abuse the confidence of his friend, and finally dismisses him, with only an injunction to restore the plunder he has in the mean time purposely spent or secreted; and by means of which he can still, by the forms instituted for the protection of the honourable and unfortunate, secure himself from all punishment whatever. This is "a sore evil under the sun;" but this evil exists; and let the young and sanguine beware of it, for it is sufficient to dry up the springs of humanity for ever, and give us gall for blood.

While the supreme court of the kingdom was sitting to weigh the gross falsehoods of a reckless plunderer, that plunderer was disposing of and dissipating the fruits of his spoil, in open day, and laughing at the law and all who relied on it.

Meantime his victim was ruined. His engagements for this scoundrel, the expense of a tedious and weighty law-suit in the endeavour to bring him to justice, and some considerable failures in other quarters (for when misfortunes come they come in troops), completely overpowered him. Some friends (for, to do the world justice, he *had* friends) obtained him the protection of the court, when he was little heedful of what was done, by rendering him a bankrupt, under one or other of the fictions known in law; and he accordingly appeared in that rank that puts a gulf for ever between its occupants and the hopeful world. I saw him in the first days of his grief! and, like a soldier that has been branded with cowardice, he seemed to think that every eye was turned upon him in wonder. He felt unfit to breathe the very air that was breathed by ordinary men! His anguish was indescribable!

And this was not the first of it. For weeks and months before this he had not enjoyed a sound sleep, either from apprehension of what was to happen, or anxiety to devise the means of warding it off. Often did he rise with a palpitating heart and burning brain, to seek, in wandering through his dark apartment, some mitigation of the torture of a sleepless pillow! It was wonderful that rupture of the brain did not follow, or insanity or imbecility relieve him from the tortures of a rational consciousness, to deliver him from the tortures of a consciousness without reason. He escaped all, but to end in a misanthropy and suspicious hauteur, that for a time equally distorted his feelings. No longer a solvent citizen, he shunned the resorts of all men. When he could not avoid meeting a friend, he waited with the most searching suspicion to be recognised; and if not recognised, or not in the style which he conceived had been usual, or his situation demanded, from that moment he refused to be recognised at all; and all peace and truce was at an end between them!

I attended the meeting of his creditors, where I understood some proposal was to be made in his name; but to my astonishment he himself appeared. He had heard that some questions had been asked, and some difficulties started; and pride, that makes a man shrink in ordinary circumstances, impelled him in circumstances of more moment to come forward with a decision that put all ceremonies to flight. He explained every thing with the greatest clearness and the most imperturbable temper, though I could see that every question seeming to infer a shadow of suspicion rivetted his eye on the propounder. There was at last, at the very last, some asperity in his manner; and the person answered ventured to remark, that he seemed to conduct himself as if he were the party injured. "And so I am!" he exclaimed. "You have lost twenty pounds, or such part of it as I cannot pay. I have lost ten thousand! You are the creditor or pretended creditor of an infamous scoundrel! and through him have got hooked on me; and *you* come here to badger me with questions and suspicions, that ought never to have stood in my presence!" With that he seemed disposed to avenge himself somewhat summarily; but the individual having, it is presumed, satisfied his curiosity, very speedily left the apartment. After this a proposal for compromise seemed out of the question; but it was made, of an amount beyond what the estate could in any probability pay, and with security. This was all that could be desired. But unfortunately the security was cavilled at. A man—a devout man too—and now rich, but who, as it proved, had formerly been otherwise, and while in these circumstances had received many kindnesses from the individual then before him, both in person and in family, had become a creditor through his wish to serve him, and remained a creditor by mere accident. This individual doubted the ability of the proposed cautioner to pay. "I do not mean that he should be called upon," said the bankrupt calmly; "I intend to pay myself. But you are of those wise persons, who having trusted, and been happy to be allowed to trust a man for twenty shillings, cannot, when it happens to be necessary, think of trusting him for less! or perhaps, as you are a religious man, you wish to punish your debtor, as you wish those to punish you who may have debts against you! or as I have fed and clothed you and your children, you think the proper return is to endeavour, as far as in you lies, to prevent me from ever feeding myself, or my children if I should ever have any! If *your* voice is necessary to my release, may I never receive it in this world! and if it is necessary to remain one moment longer where *you* are, in order to settle this business, here the business must end, so far as I am concerned"—and with that he walked from the apartment. It is obvious that such a spirit was not fitted for the part assigned it. He was incapable of following out his release through such a process as the law had rendered necessary, and he from that moment relinquished all thoughts of it.

Yet he was not subdued. He fell into no vice, and submitted to no meanness; but, determined to be restored where he had been hurt, he continued where he was; and, pursuing the avocations left to him, as if nothing had happened, determined to suffer imprisonment rather than submit to the degradations necessary to extricate himself. He lived by tolerance, unmolested, till, his character restored, and confidence so far regained, he found the means of satisfying every claim; and seems likely to die, an instructed, but cold and unconquerably retiring man.

His plunderer lives, but universally avoided; and has often, with his brood, known something of the misery he inflicted, and which they had mocked at. But the punishment of a villain is a slender compensation to society for the loss of a useful member, or to that member for the loss of every comfort of mind and person to which his character had entitled him.

The moral of all this is, that FACILITY, when carried too far, is attended to the individual, and may be so to his family, with all the consequences of crime, except its shame; and that if we wish well to ourselves, if we would even continue to think well of human nature, we will avoid, as at once a crime and a folly, the first approaches of FACILITY.

IRISH COTTAGERS.

We do not know who Martin Doyle is,—we are not so much as informed if this be his real name; but we have no hesitation in allowing that he is one of the most prolific and useful writers at present belonging to "poor ould Ireland." Martin is a great writer of shilling publications—half volume and half pamphlet, every one of which is intended to instruct the Irish peasantry in some important particular affecting their condition, and calculated—if they would but "take a thought and mend," to raise them in the scale of civilization and comfort. Martin's "Hints to small Farmers" is a complete system of agriculture, suited to men who cultivate from half a dozen to a dozen acres; his "Hints on Planting," and "Roadmaking," are something of the same nature; his "Address to Landlords" should be read by every absentee and resident proprietor; his "Hints to Emigrants" we have already commended; and his "Irish Cottagers" gives us an insight into the interior of Irish cabins, and presents us with a correct picture of the mode of life of the inmates—their marriages and deaths, fights and frolics,—interlarded with the moral, which, by the way, has been seldom or ever told the Irish before—that they owe most part of their misery to their own misconduct and idleness, and that there is little or nothing to hinder them from being happy and comfortable, provided they would be but industrious. Our honest friend Martin gives us the example of a good and bad cottager; and for the benefit of my readers across the water, we shall endeavour to extract the story of the first of these characters from the different parts of the publication in which he is mentioned.

STORY OF MICK KINSHELLA.

"Ah! then, could I be after spaking a few words to you, Peter Brady?" said old Daniel Kinshella, some years ago, to the other, as they were leaving their parish chapel on the Sunday before Shrovetide, and proceeding together in the direction of their homes, which were in the same township.

"To be sure you can, Dan," responded Peter; "and why shouldn't you? Aren't we neighbours, and neighbours' childer, these hundred years and more? And haven't you a good right to ax me what you plase, when I know 'tis all in civility?"

"I'll tell you, Peter," said Daniel; "and if you're not plased, why we won't be any worse friends, I expect, after. My boy Mick has a liking for your daughter Joanny" (something like a grunt from Peter); "and so I was thinking, as we're neighbours and neighbours' childer ourselves, we might knock up a match between them: that's what I wanted to say to you."

"Dan," replied Peter, "Mick Kinshella is no match for Joanny Brady, barring you mane to give him the biggest half of your little houlding, a couple of cows, and lashings of money besides. The best boys in the parish are after Joanny, I can tell you, because they know I'll give her"——

"Ah! then, what will you give her?" so quickly demanded Daniel, as to embarrass, for a moment, his cautious companion, who had no intention whatever of having the depth of his purse fathomed, or of prematurely committing himself in this or in any other matter of bargain.

"Why, I'll give her penny for penny with you, Daniel Kinshella."

"No," said the other, "that won't do; but I'll tell you what Mick Kinshella shall have, since he's so entirely bothered about the girl. I'll divide the parkeens equally with him, perch for perch, and give him the brindled cow, and the year old breeding sow, and (after a pause) five guineas in gold."

"It won't do, Dan; you must mend your hand."

"Why, Peter Brady, man, you're mighty hard upon me this day, of all blessed days in the year. Where would I get any more, barring a sheep or two."

"Well, Dan, give me your hand," taking and slapping it on the palm. Double the five guineas, and it's a match."

Here Peter Brady's hand was seized by his friend, who giving it a tremendous bang in return, offered, by way of a clincher, two guineas more.

"Seven guineas, Peter; that's the sum total of what I'll give Mick, provided that you give Joanny the thirty hard guineas you have in the box."

"No; make it the even ten guineas," rejoined Peter, "and it's a contract; and I'll give Joanny five-and-twenty guineas in hand."

"Split the difference," sagaciously hinted Dick Doyle, who had just come up, "and let us have a naggin at Pat Colfer's; for there's no luck in a dry bargain anyhow."

"I won't brake your word, Dick," added each of the old boys; so, after a little more hard dealing, when matters were pretty well concluded, they drank —something more than one naggin, you may be sure, at Peter Brady's expense, in Pat Colfer's little parlour, without altering the terms already stated, farther than making mutual stipulations, through Dick's management, that Joanny was to receive a bed, and some other articles of furniture, with two geese and a gander, from her father, while it was admitted by the other party that the marriage-money should be paid by the Kinshellas, and, what was of more importance to the young folks, that they should live, for the first year, turn about with their parents.

These preliminary arrangements being thus concluded, and the marriage determinately fixed on, it only remained to consult Father Murphy, the aged and respected priest of the parish, as a point of duty; and to submit the matter, as an affair of courtesy (a due proportion of self-interest, of course, involved in it) to Mr Bruce, the landlord, a gentleman of rank and character, who a few years before had left England, where he had been chiefly educated, to reside altogether on his Irish estate, in the vicinity of which he became acquainted with a very charming woman, to whom he soon became united by marriage. From the former a wedding was almost sure of approval, from the latter it met no discouragement in this case; and as the young people had long before made up their minds to the match, there was nothing to prevent it from taking place on the succeeding Shrove-Tuesday. It is true that there were a few trifling things to be looked to—beef and mutton, turkeys and geese, chickens and bacon, puddings and pies, whisky and sugar, and a few bottles of port for Father Murphy, his coadjutor, and the landlord (whose condescension in promising to appear for an hour or two at the wedding excited no little vanity in the two families so especially interested), cakes and bread, tobacco and candles, were to be provided; besides petticoats, shifts, caps, shoes, stockings, cloak, bonnet, and gloves. However, as there was nearly a day and a half for the buying, killing, scalding, plucking and cooking, cutting out, stitching, sewing, washing, starching, and drying these necessaries for the inside and the outside; and as Joanny Brady, always prompt and dilligent, now laboured with double assiduity, the aforesaid preparations were completed in due time. Fortunately there was no need of an attorney to draw up a settlement; the stipulated fortune was paid into Mick's hands an hour or two before the priests and the 'squire had arrived, and just as nine or ten pair of young men and women were in view, riding double, and "fiery red with haste," to win the bride's garter. One of the jockeys in this sweepstakes, however, was so intent, as many a greater man has been, on the garter, that he left the companion with whom he started, pillion and all, sprawling on the spot where she had fallen from her seat, and arrived singly at the winning post; but not having brought up his weight, he was sent back, very properly, for the girl he left behind him. But the secrets of this wedding shall not be disclosed by me. I might be extremely entertaining and communicative on this subject, if I thought proper to indulge my humour, and could relate many things which occurred at it; for instance, how, when the cloth was taken off, the plate of cake was handed round, first to the landlord, who took a bit, and laid down a guinea in its stead, and how crowns and half-crowns emulously followed, in contribution to the priest's fees; and how Father Murphy drank a blessing to the newly married couple, in a bumper out of his own bottle, which nobody else presumed to meddle with; and how the bride's heart thumped against her ribs when she got up to dance before the gentlemen, and how gracefully she did "heel and toe," and "covered the buckle," and "cut it acrass;" and how Tom Duff came for the coadjutor to marry him to Mary Donohoe, although he had promised the day before to have Biddy Doyle; and how Biddy got over her disappointment by taking Pat Whelan; and how the coadjutor had afterwards to perform the same ceremony for Mr Bruce's four dairy-maids and their lads; and how tired both their reverences were from all the duty they had discharged in this way during the two days and nights preceding; and how Father Murphy's watch was an hour slower on this night, just to keep within canonical hours; and how the same accident, as to time, had annually happened at the same hour, for half a century preceding; and how he rode home on his own horse that night, which was remarkable, as he was a very absent man, and usually mounted the first horse that was brought to him, provided that he was a steady, sober-going beast, like his own, and somewhat of the same altitude and colour; and how Mick Kinshella, when he was retiring to the bridal bed-room, escaped from the volley of cabbage stalks which was prepared for him, by cleverly throwing his coat and waistcoat over Nick Moran, who was drunk in a corner of the kitchen, and only roused to sensibility by receiving on his own person the whole discharge of the vegetable artillery which had been designed, according to custom, as a *feu de joie* for the body of the bridegroom; and many other events of that wedding I could also narrate, if I chose to do so; but I won't disclose a single particular that happened, because even if I had been there (and no matter whether I was there or not), I make it a point of honour to keep all matrimonial secrets to myself.

During the year which they passed with their respective parents, our new married folks were industriously employed. Mick, having hired an able young fellow to assist him for a month or two, commenced his mud-walled house, and Joanny plied the wheel (she had sown half a rood of flax on her father's land during the preceding year), until she had as much thread spun as furnished her with a good supply of strong sheets and table-cloths; she also spun two stones of wool for blankets, and made up cheap calico curtains for the bed and window of the intended sleeping room, as neatly as if they had been executed by the monitress general of the Education Society's Model School in Dublin, which confessedly sends out some excellent hands at all kinds of needlework; nor did she allow this occupation to prevent her from keeping Mick's shirts and stockings in good order, nor even from adding a few pair to his supply.

Mr Bruce had recommended that their united fortunes should be deposited in a saving bank, and only taken out as necessity required; a plan of good management from which the young couple afterwards derived profit and comfort. The building of the house, however, cost a smart sum in the first instance; and the hire of the man, during Mick's busy time, came to four pounds, besides the sum expended in the purchase of an ass and cart, and a good heap of dung, and some lime, from a neighbour who was going to America, which, when paid for, left very little in the bank; but still the *nest egg* was there, a matter of great moment to the thrifty and provident.

Mick at first had thought of buying a horse; but when Mr Bruce showed him that his capital would be totally sunk by doing so, and that the farm could never afford such an incumbrance, he adopted the plan of buying the ass for drawing the manure from the emigrant's farm, and materials for roofing and thatching the house from the wood, and his father's bawn, where he got the straw for nothing.

The first piece of farming work was to level the furze fences (if crumbling and uneven banks deserve the name), which, during the time of his grandfather and father, had, at different times, on one foolish plea or another, been raised to divide and subdivide the ill-tilled and dirty fields which they inclosed. By this process the *tenth* part of his land, previously lost to any useful purpose, was brought into cultivation, and not an inch of his four acres (the total quantity of the little farm) left useless; and as much furze stumps and faggots were collected from these levelled fences as afterwards supplied half a year's fuel.

While Mick was engaged in throwing down these mouldering banks, Mr Bruce rode into the field; for this gentleman was constantly encouraging and directing the rural improvements on his estate, as well as promoting the household comforts of his tenants; and seemed highly pleased with Mick's economy of his land, and took the opportunity of explaining to him, that the only parts of those ditches or banks then valuable were the tops and sides, though they had originally formed the worst part of them. He pointed out the fact, that if a bank be made for the purpose of a fence, suppose four or five feet wide at bottom, and diminishing to three at top, the stuff of which that bank (or ditch) is made will in the course of no great number of years entirely alter its nature and condition; for, in the construction of the bank, all the productive soil is at the bottom, and all the unproductive in the upper part; yet, after a lapse of years, when it comes to be levelled, the qualities or characters of its constituent parts will be found exactly reversed: the top will have become mellow and kindly soil, and all parts of it *which were not too far removed from the action of the air* will be found to have improved, while even the fertile surface, or rather the surface which had been fertile when the bank was built, will be found to have changed its texture, to have become hard and stiff, and to have forfeited all claim to fertility. Mr Bruce, therefore, advised Mick to lay off the upper part and sides of his old broken ditches (the dykes of which were very narrow, and not deep), and to dig the foundation part of the bank pretty deeply, filling up the small dykes with part of it, and covering the entire of the levelled surface with what had been laid aside; and assured his young tenant, that when the whole mass should have been exposed for two or three years, by repeated diggings, to the influence of the air, with the addition of some enriching substances, those new parts of his fields would become as productive as any other.

"But here," continued Mick's landlord, pointing to half an acre of wet land, "you have something to do. Is there a spring in this place to be cut off? or has an under drain been closed? For surely it cannot have been left by your father and grandfather in this unprofitable state, without some effort to drain it."

Mick, however, honestly stated that it had never been thought *worth while* by his predecessors to mend such a *small patch* (although they would at once have gone to law if a square yard had been damaged, or encroached on, by a neighbour), which had been found to answer grazing purposes well enough in summer. It appeared that there was no spring to be cut off, but that a stiff impenetrable bottom prevented the surface waters from soaking downwards; that, while in winter it was in a state of mortar, in dry seasons it was too hard, and apt to open in cracks, until saturated again with water.

"You must treat this," said Mr Bruce, "in the Gloucestershire way. Lay it in ridges thirty feet wide, a few of which will include all the diseased part, and raise them to the height of three or four feet in the centre."

Mick, who though he had never seen nor heard of such highly elevated and broad ridges, had judgment enough to inquire if corn crops would ripen evenly on land so formed, the sunny and sheltered side being likely to ripen sooner than that which would be exposed to the prevailing winds, and less open to the sun.

"It is true," said the landlord, "and I give you credit for your inquiry, that one side will ordinarily produce a better crop than the other; *but, on the whole*, the return from a field so managed will be much greater than from ridges laid in a flatter form, with a *much greater number* of furrows, which, from being always under water in wet weather, will never yield anything but sour grass in summer. Take your spade and shovel," continued he, "throw off *all* the corn earth, or upper soil, into rows at the distances I have recommended; then shape the hard under clay in the intermediate space into ridges four feet high in the centre (work, in short, as if you were making a *road*, except in making your ridges much higher than for that purpose), and then spread the earth which you had removed equally over this new surface. By this mode of treatment you will render your land *perfectly* dry at all times, which, with such an under soil, could not be the case even if drains were cut in it as close as the bars of a gridiron; and all your upper soil will be of uniform depth; and when once these ridges are formed, they are completed for ever.

In occasional conversations of this kind, Mick acquired much solid knowledge from his benevolent landlord, which he immediately applied to practice, to the surprise of his neighbours, who could not be persuaded that he was not making a fool of himself by changing the *ould method*. One notion, however, quickly got into their heads, namely, that he was only trying to humour the master, and that all his losses, for losses they anticipated as certain) would be made good by him. But this never proved to be the case; because Mick became a gainer, not a loser, by following the new system recommended to him; and Mr Bruce, on principle, abstained from giving any undue advantages to this man, whom he designed for a model to his other small holders. It is true that he gave a fair and accommodating time for paying up the rent, and in this way was more indulgent to him than he would have been had Mick's general habits been different, and his husbandry practices unimproving.

To stimulate his tenantry to the improvement of their farms, and the cleanliness, and even embellishment of their cottages, Mr Bruce had, two years before this time, proposed annual premiums, which, after a very careful and rigid inspection at midsummer, were distributed, according to a fixed scale, among those whose houses, fields, gardens, orchards, and cattle were in the best condition; there was at the same time a minute inquiry into the moral state of each competitor's family, with a well-understood condition that no candidate whose children were of proper age to receive benefit from the schools provided for them, should under any pretences be excused for neglecting to avail themselves of the advantages which these seminaries afforded.

On one of those days in June, when, even in comparatively rude and unimproved districts, the face of nature has that smiling appearance which gladdens the heart of man, which makes him feel that even merely to exist is happiness, the Bruces, the Gumbletons, Father Murphy, Doctor O'Neill the medical superintendent of the dispensary, and several strangers invited for the occasion, assembled at the "great house" to breakfast, after which the visiting procession issued forth in all the pomp of visitorial dignity. The list of prizes comprehended many heads:—cottage premiums—green crops, including clover and vetches, for summer, and mangel wurzel, turnips, cabbage, and rape for winter food—stall feeding—dairy management—hedges—trees, &c. &c. The respective claims being minutely examined into, each successful candidate was classed according to his merit.

The state of Michael Kinshella's house and farm was as follows: First, as to the interior of his house,

the floors, which had been remarkably well and evenly laid with a composition of yellow clay and lime, were as clean as possible; the dresser well scrubbed, and filled with its pewter garniture as bright as silver; the tables perfectly clean; a coarse clean piece of rubber cloth hung suspended from a roller, for the purpose of wiping the face and hands before and after meals, a process especially necessary in a labouring family, whose manual operations are so varied and unceasing. The sleeping-room was equally neat and comfortable; its floor boarded, its window opening on hinges to admit the air, its curtain, as well as that of the bed, neatly arranged, the sheets white and clean though coarse, and the quilt (Joanny's patchwork while a spinster) corresponding in cleanliness. There was a decent chest of cherry-tree drawers, too, and a rack on which Joanny's bonnet and Mick's Sunday clothes were usually hung. Nor was the parlour without its appropriate furniture: a cupboard full of cups and saucers, with a somewhat ostentatious display of china plates, broken at the manor-house, but ingeniously reunited, and here "wisely kept for show," gave an appearance of snugness to the household economy, which was rendered complete by the appearance of two chubby children, the younger just learning to walk, tidily dressed in good strong linsey of home manufacture, and gazing with amazed yet delighted eyes on the group of gentry visitors.

The dairy was next inspected; it was a very little room outside the house, and with a northern aspect, just large enough for the purpose; the small churn and milk-pail, cooler, strainer, wooden bowl, and skimming dish, were each and all of them just as they should be, untainted to the smell, and perfectly clean to the eye.

The garden before the house was small, but well cropped, the walks clean, fruit trees growing in the borders, and the young thorn quicks which had been planted in the breast of the surrounding fence carefully preserved from weeds; carrots, parsnips, turnips, cabbages, onions, and beans, thriving well; and in a sheltered corner there stood nine or ten beehives.

The outside of the cottage presented a very agreeable appearance, being neatly dashed and coloured. The windows of the cottage were large, and a few hop plants and roses appeared over the front wall. Nor were these plants unprofitable: Mick had sold the hops in the preceding year for five shillings, and the roses were taken by a neighbouring apothecary in exchange for some medicines which the children required. The cow was in her shed, feeding most voluptuously on vetches, secure from the attack of the gad-fly and the relaxing effects of a hot sun, and most liberally adding to the accumulations of the dunghill. There were two sheep also confined in a little yard with a covered shed in it, fattening on the refuse of the garden vegetables and clover. A very fat pig, in a dry and well littered stye, completed the stock of this improving small holder. Nor were all these matters arranged merely for the day, and then suffered to fall into disorder.

Mr and Mrs Bruce, who had been in the habit of unexpectedly popping in on the Kinshellas, always found them in the same state. They never *embarrassed* these cottagers by a visit, for in their little establishment there was time and place for every thing, and every thing was timed and in its place.

The field, too, which three years before had been in a miserable condition, now showed the effects of skill and industry. According to the proposed premiums, Mick was awarded the total sum of L.4. 10s. The visitors, after expressing their admiration of the Kinshellas, proceeded on their inspection, and viewed some other premises, most of which were immeasurably inferior to those of Michael Kinshella. The last upon the list for a cottage premium was the unfortunate drunken and idle wretch Nick Moran, whose house had been so recently trimmed up for the expected remuneration, that there was hardly yet time for its decay; the panes of glass were still unbroken, so that there was not need for stopping up vacancies with the remnants of Nick's corduroy unmentionables, the crown of his *caubeen*, or the tattered fragments of his wife Molly's dirty garments.

The history of this thriving family need not be pursued further. The honest and industrious Mick gradually rose in general estimation, and even wealth, on his small farm, showing what could be accomplished under many disadvantages by the Irish small farmers, simply by paying due attention to their fields and cottages, especially if encouraged in their exertions by the presence and advice of *resident landlords*.

THE PRODUCTIONS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The soil seems favourable to the production of most of those grains, fruits, and vegetables which are in general request in Europe; together with the maize or Indian corn, in America always, from its being so extraordinarily prolific, a favourite article of culture. The soil, of which we are scarcely enabled to give a correct geological description, has been found, in all those parts yet subjected to tillage, favourable to the production of wheat, rye, oats, barley, beans, peas, buckwheat, and flax. To these may be added the ordinary esculent roots of Europe, such as turnips, carrots, parsnips, onions, beet, radishes; with domestic vegetables, as cabbages, salads, cauliflowers, peas, &c. not omitting that invaluable root the potato, which here yields as bountiful an increase as in any country in which its advantages have yet been introduced. The islands, islets, and slips of interval near the beds of streams, afford good pasture and abundance of hay, which render the rearing of live stock easy and profitable. Botanical investigation, we believe, has not yet been pursued to the length of producing a catalogue of the various plants and grapes indigenous to the soil; but white and red clover, timothy, lucerne, browntop, sainfoin, and others, ordinarily grow in this country, and produce satisfactory crops.

Apples, plums, cherries, currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, and cranberries, are plentiful, and form the ordinary produce of gardens; some grapes, of small size but good flavour, are also produced; whilst hazel nuts, beech nuts, and butter nuts, abound in the woodlands, and falling on the ground after the great frosts in large quantities, furnish a seasonable assistance towards the fattening of hogs. There are, besides, a variety of wild plants of trifling value, which it would be here superfluous to enumerate, especially without a scientific classification.

The animals found in this country differ but little from those which characterise the United States. The moose deer, or elk, has been nearly extinguished by the avidity with which it was pursued by the early settlers for the sake of its skin. Bears, foxes, wolves, cariboo, sables, racoons, the minx, squirrel, weasel, musk rat, wild cat, and that valuable animal the beaver, are also natives of the soil, and, though not abundant, are not extinct.

The ordinary domestic fowls of Europe, such as turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, are here reared with every facility; whilst partridges, wild geese and ducks, and pigeons, furnish objects for the sportsman. Crows, owls, and swans, are also found, with many small birds, offering no peculiarities worthy of description.

The rivers abound with salmon, shad, eels, trout, perch, chub, and smelt; and the harbours, coasts, and adjacent fishing ponds supply large quantities of cod, haddock, mackerel, and herrings.—*Macgregor's British America.*

SCHOOLMASTERS.

In the article upon Schools in a recent number, I forgot to allude to a circumstance of particular moment to English readers. In various papers on the subject of a general system of education in England, the writers have usually represented the impossibility of procuring as many as perhaps ten or twelve thousand men capable of being parochial teachers. This, I am happy to state for their satisfaction, need be no longer an obstacle. Scotland could take in hand to furnish at present two or three thousand individuals every way suited to the duties of a country schoolmaster, and would, with little or no trouble, send across the borders the whole ten or twelve thousand in the course of two or three years at most. The whole of these young men would possess a competent knowledge of the classics, and a general education in mathematics and other useful branches; they would possess a moral and religious character which would bear any scrutiny; they would feel no scruple in conforming to the usages of their southern brethren; while, I have reason to believe, they would be well contented with the remuneration of L.100 per annum, with the chance of rising in their profession. The proposal of irrigating England with Scottish schoolmasters is perhaps ludicrous enough, and may remind some of my readers of the native of Aberdeen, who, according to Smollet, in his Roderick Random, came to London to teach the natives English. The absurdity, is, however, more apparent than real, as the Scotch, however broad they may *speak*, read in a different style, and according to the just pronunciation of the language. But be this the case or not, it is tolerably evident that there is no other source from whence a large portion of the teachers could be procured than Scotland. Most unfortunately for England, it has no means of educating schoolmasters to a sufficient extent. Its universities can be attended only by the sons of the wealthiest classes, and it possesses no other gymnasia suited to the preparation of teachers. Now, the Scottish grammar schools are excellent preparatories for tutors and masters; and the Scottish colleges, with all their faults, are eminently adapted for finishing the studies of young men whose profession will not demand a knowledge of the very highest branches of classical lore. They could send forth annually some thousands of active well-informed young men of this description, who would be willing to make themselves available as teachers in any part of the world. The English may therefore give themselves no further uneasiness on this score; their neighbours in the north being ready at a moment's warning to afford the most efficacious assistance in the great and glorious work of disseminating the blessings of education!

DELHI.

Captain Skinner, in his new work on India, presents us with the following vivid sketch of Delhi.

"Generally in the towns of the East the streets are very narrow, and little better than dark passages. In Grand Cairo, if you unfortunately meet a string of masked beauties upon donkeys, you must make a rapid retreat, or resign yourself to be squeezed to a mummy against the wall for daring to stand in their course, if your curiosity should tempt you to do so. The Chandy Choke, in Delhi, is, however, a great exception to this rule, and is perhaps the broadest street in any city in the East. The houses in it have occasionally balconies in front of them, in which the men sit, loosely arrayed in white muslin, smoking their hookahs; and women, who have forfeited all pretensions to modesty, are sometimes seen unveiled, similarly occupied. The din of so populous a place is very great, for every house seems as well furnished as a hive of bees. The population is nearly 200,000 souls, in an area of seven miles in circumference, which is the extent of the wall of modern Delhi. The great peculiarity of an eastern town is, that every thing is done in public; the people talk as loudly as they can, and sometimes, when engaged in unimportant matters, seem to be scolding each other in the most outrageous manner; the neighing of horses, the lowing of cattle, the creaking of cart-wheels, and the 'clinking of pewterers' hammers' (for all occupations are carried on in a little open space in front of each shop), are beyond all endurance. The trumpeting noises of the elephants, with the groaning of the camels, varied occasionally by the roaring of a leopard or a cheator (which animals are led about the streets hooded to sell for the purposes of hunting), with the unceasing beat of the tom-tom, the shrill pipe, and the cracked sound of the viol, accompanied by the worse voices of the singers, are enough to drive a moderately nervous person to desperation. Among the natives of Mahometan towns there seems to be a familiarity of manner that places every one in a moment at his ease. If a stranger enter the town and find a group engaged in any amusement, he will not scruple to join it instantly, and take as much interest in its pursuit as if he had known the members of it all his life; and then, perhaps, tendering his pipe to one of the party, or receiving one from it—a sure sign of intended hospitality—sit down and relate his history with as much frankness as if he had met a brother. The houses are generally irregular in their construction, and not unfrequently curiously decorated. Different coloured curtains hang before the doors; variegated screens serve as blinds to the windows; and the custom of hanging clothes, particularly scarfs of every hue, pink, blue, yellow, green, and white, on the tops of the houses to dry, makes them look as gay as a ship on a gala-day with all its colours flying. The clouds of dust from the number of equipages, with the insects that surround the pastry-cooks' shops, are the most intolerable plagues of all. The rancid smell of the nasty-looking mixtures that are constantly in course of manufacture before you, with the general stench of the town, is a sign that it is seldom indeed that a 'musk caravan from Koten passes through it.' I think, in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, there is a story of a princess threatening to have a confectioner beheaded, if he did not put pepper in his tartlets. However despotic it may appear in this lady, I cannot help thinking it a just satire upon the pastry of the East; for to season it out of all taste of its own fundamental ingredients, is the only way to make it palatable. This cook, I think, nearly fell a martyr to the honour of his profession, and refused to be dictated to; and I do not believe any thing would induce his brethren of the present day to improve their confectionary. Riding through the town requires much management and some skill. It is necessary to shout, push, and kick the whole way, to warn the multitude to get out of the road. Occasionally you have to squeeze past a string of loaded camels, or start away from a train of elephants; and if your horse be frightened at these last animals, which is frequently the case, it needs some ingenuity to avoid being plunged into the cauldrons, which simmer, on each side of the way, in front of the cooks' shops. The fear is mutual very often; and the elephants, in attempting to escape from the approach of a horseman, may well be supposed to throw the whole street into a fine confusion. In one of my strolls through the city on horseback, I was nearly swept away by a species of simoom, caused by the progress, through the dusty town, of some important personage travelling in state. When overtaken by such a storm, it is a long time before you can recover either your sight or position. The idle cause of all this tumult was reposing quietly in a shining, yel-

low palanquin, tricked out with gilt moulding in every possible direction. He was preceded by a large retinue of strange-looking beings, mounted on horses and dromedaries, and dressed in the most fantastic style. The animals were covered with scarlet housings, bound by gold lace, their bridles studded with shells; round their necks were collars of gold or silver, with little drops hanging to them, that kept time most admirably with their jogging measure. The camels were likewise adorned with bells. The riders were in large cloth dresses, caftans, reaching from their necks to their heels, open only on each side from the hip downwards, for the convenience of sitting on horseback. These were fastened round the waist by a cotton shawl, either of white or green, in several folds. The common colours of the coats were red and yellow. A cimeter hung by their sides, and they bore matchlocks upon their right shoulders. A helmet, sometimes of steel and sometimes of tin, pressed close to the head, in shape not unlike a dish-cover; a pair of jack-boots reaching to the knee, and fitting quite tight to the leg; the loose trousers gathered above, giving to the thigh the appearance of being the seat of a dropsy; and a pair of spurs resembling two rusty weather-cocks, completed the equipment of these splendid retainers. Then followed a mass of servants on foot, some naked, and some with their limbs bare and bodies covered. They carried sheathed swords in their hands, and shouted out the titles of their lord at frequent intervals in their passage through the city. They were followed by the stud, each horse beautifully caparisoned, and led by a groom; then came the elephants with their showy trappings, gilt howdahs, and umbrellas of gold or silver tissue. The palanquin, bearing the owner of these motley assemblages, at length appeared, and he was followed by a guard similar to the one that preceded him. At a distance these processions look very grand, particularly the elephants and their castles; but when near there is a great deal of tawdry and ill-assorted tinsel. The horsemen of the party add greatly to the interest of the scene, by exhibiting their evolutions upon the line of their route. Some tilt at each other with their spears, and others affect to pursue with drawn swords the runaways of the party, who, in their turn, chase their followers back into the ranks. In the management of the horse, and the use of the spear, the natives are generally very skilful; but some of the irregular cavalry of the country excel all belief in these exercises. They will gallop at a tent-peg, stuck firmly into the ground, and divide it with the point of a spear, not abating their speed in the least; and I have seen a troop of men, one after the other, break a bottle with a ball from their matchlocks, while flying past at a racing pace."

POPULAR RHYMES.

The common people of Scotland preserve a species of poetry, which has as yet received but little attention from antiquaries, notwithstanding that in many instances it possesses an inexpressible charm both for the ear and the understanding. This poetry consists chiefly in short snatches of rhyme, which they hand down from one generation to another, respecting the places and natural objects they see around them, and which, it is easy to perceive, are in many cases almost as old as the language itself. For our own part, at the risk of being charged with puerility of taste, we have a strange liking for these old bits of natural verse, which we always think of as things that arose in a distant age, beside the happy firesides of a peasantry that lived, and breathed, and rejoiced like ourselves, but have long been inurned in forgetfulness, leaving no memorial but the songs which they sung, or the rhymes in which they embodied their simple observations and local knowledge. There is a charm, too, it must be recollected, in the mere sound of versified lists of localities; otherwise how does it happen that an ordinary reader will delight just as much in such a passage as the following in "Paradise Lost," as in any average part of that admirable poem.

> His eye might there command wherever stood
> City of old or modern fame, the seat
> Of mightiest empire, from the destined wall
> Of Cambala, seat of Cathaian law
> And samarchand by Oxus, Timur's throne,
> To Paquin of Sinæan kings; and thence
> To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
> Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
> The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
> In Hispahan; or where the Russian Ksar
> In Mosco; or the sultan in Bizance,
> Turchestan born; nor could his eye not ken
> The empire of Negus to his utmost port
> Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,
> Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
> And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
> Of Congo, and Angola furthest south;
> Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
> The kingdoms of Almanzar, Fez, and Sus,
> Morocco, and Algiers, &c.

The truth is, all names of places have their own peculiar associations; and thus, instead of such verses being poor or cold, they are in reality rich in both thought and feeling. This particularly holds good respecting the local rhymes of one's native land, because the associations awakened by them are much more germane to our own hearts, as connected with all that we have held dear from our youth upward.

There is, besides, a poetical merit in some of these verses, or at least an unintentional power of exciting the mind to a certain extent. We hold, for instance, that in the rhyme which compares the respective attributes of the river Tweed, and its Northumbrian tributary the Till, there is something approaching to sublimity.

> Tweed said to Till,
> What makes ye rin so still?
> Till said to Tweed,
> Though ye rin wi speed,
> And I rin slaw,
> Yet where ye droun ae man,
> I droun twa.

The dreadful truth of this rhyme, the striking idea which it gives of the sullen fordless river, so noted for its destructiveness to unwary travellers, and the great force of the impersonation of the two streams, accomplished by a dash of the natural pencil in three or four lines, and involving as complete a contrast of character as if the streams were sentient beings, render this altogether a most extraordinary piece of poetry.

Of the same order, but hardly so effective, is a little rhyme respecting Perth:

> Says the Shochie to the Ordie,
> Where shall we meet!
> At the cross of Perth,
> When a' men are fast asleep.

The Shochie and Ordie are two tributaries of the Tay, falling into that river about five miles above Perth. The rhyme conveys the threat of an inundation to take place at some future time, and which shall overwhelm the sleeping inhabitants of a large city. This idea is not without its sublimity; and the words are the more impressive as proceeding from the waters which are to effect the menaced destruction. It must be observed, that the probability of such an inundation is ascertained by the historical fact, that in the year 1210 the town suffered very severely from a great rising of the waters of Tay, met by a spring-tide. It is curious, also, that the Highlanders have a rhyme of their own to the following effect:

> Tatha mhor na 'n toun
> Bheir i' scriob lom
> Air Peairt—

Signifying that "great Tay of the waves shall sweep Perth bare." It may be questioned, however, whether these rhymes refer to the past or to an expected inundation. They may perhaps be only prophecies after the fact.

It will be recollected that Dr Johnson, in his journey to the Western Islands, indulges in an enthusiastic expectation that the glories of Iona may all be renewed at some future time. "Perhaps," he says, "in the revolutions of the world, Iona may again be the instructress of the western regions." It is curious that this is in exact accordance with a Gaelic prophecy which the common people ascribe to the great Columba himself, and which is to the following effect:

> An I mo chridhe! I mo ghraidh!
> An aite guth mhanach bidh geum ba
> Ach mun tig an saoghal gu crich
> Bithidh i mar a bha!

What follows is an English translation:

> In Iona of my heart, Iona of my love,
> Instead of the voice of monks shall be lowing of cattle;
> But ere the world come to an end,
> Iona shall be as it was.

Whether this ancient prophecy was reported to the learned tourist when he visited the island, is more than we can say. It is worth mentioning, however, that other sayings of the great Columba are recollected by the Scottish islanders. One is,—

> Far am bi bo bidh bean,
> 'S far am bi bean bidh mallachadh.

He is said to have used this apophthegm on resolving to exclude the female sex from his insular retreat. The rhyme signifies literally, "where there is a cow there will be a woman, and where there is a woman there will be mischief." He found it necessary, it seems, in order that none of his followers should have an excuse for introducing a woman, to decree that there should never be a cow in Iona. We are informed, however, that at no great distance, and close to the shore of Mull, there is a snug islet, somewhat less than Iona, which bears the rather suspicious name of "Eilean nam Ban," that is, the Women's Island.

Another of Columba's rhymes is of a more pathetic sort. It promises that Iona, from its sacred character, shall be the sole port of the land of Erin (that is, of the Scoto-Irish country) which shall survive a dreadful inundation which is to take place seven years before the last day.

> Seachd bliadhna roimbh 'n bhra a
> Thig muir thar Eirinn re aon tra';
> 'S thar Ile ghuirm ghlais
> Ach snambaidh Icolum chleirich!

Dr Smith of Campbelton gives an elegant version of the rhyme in two English ballad verses:

> Seven years before that awful day
> When time shall be no more,
> A dreadful deluge shall o'ersweep
> Hibernia's mossy shore.
> The green-clad Isla too shall sink,
> While with the great and good,
> Columba's happier isle shall rear
> Her towers above the flood.

It is remarkable that a considerable proportion of the popular rhymes refer to inundations, and to the powers of water in general. In the neighbourhood of Eddlestone, in Peebleshire, is a hill of considerable magnitude, with a deep and spacious lake at the top. This is called Powbate, *pow* signifying pool. The common people often amuse themselves by the winter fire-side with speculations as to the mischief which Powbate would occasion if it were to burst through the sides of the hill. Observing the *lay* of the country, they calculate that it would deluge the whole vale of the North Esk, carrying off, in the first place, three farms in its own immediate neighbourhood. They throw their conjectures into the following shape:

> Powbate, an ye break,
> Tak the Moorfoot in your gate,
> Moorfoot and Mauldslie,
> Huntly-cote, a' three,
> Five kirks and an abbacie.

The five kirks are those belonging to the parishes of Temple, Carrington, Borthwick, Cockpen, and Dalkeith; and the abbacy (which shows the antiquity of the rhyme) is that formerly existing at Newbattle.

Among the rhymes most remarkable for an imposing sound, and a strange indefinable feeling of grandeur, we would instance the following, which appears in a somewhat different shape in Gordon's Itinerarium Septentrionale:

> Atween the camp at Ardoch
> And the Greenan hill o' Keir,
> Lie seven kings' ransoms,
> For seven hunder year.

The space here pointed out is very small,—only the breadth of the narrow valley which interposes between the Great Roman camp of Ardoch (Perthshire), and the Greenan, *i. e.* sunny hill of Keir, on the opposite side of the Knaic water. In the most of minds, we are persuaded, this simple but most euphonous stanza will raise a train of grander ideas than many longer and more laborious compositions.

There is another which breathes the spirit of old misty tradition and early forgotten history. It is current along the coast of East Lothian and Berwickshire.

> St Abb, St Helen, and St Bey,
> They a' built kirks, which to be nearest the sea—
> St Abbs' upon the nabs,
> St Helen's on the lea,
> St Ann's, upon Dunbar sands,
> Stands nearest to the sea.

Not only is the melody of this as beautiful as can be imagined, but the ideas which it excites respecting the piety of the early Christian ages, when the daughters of kings were proud to assume the humblest guise of sanctity, have, by reason of the vague impression which they give, an effect exceedingly fine. St Abb, it is well known, was the daughter of a Northumbrian king, and some time in the sixth century built a small church and monastery upon the top of the wild headland which yet bears her name. The popular idea is, that she and two sisters, St Helen and St Bey (or St Ann, it seems uncertain which), contended which should build a church nearest the sea. St Abb erected hers upon the nabs or points of the headland mentioned; St Helen placed hers on a lea near Cockburnspath, where the empty walls are yet to be seen; and St Ann gained the victory by pitching hers on the very sands or beach of Dunbar, which she perhaps would not have done if she had been properly acquainted with the New Testament. The truth probably is, that the rhyme only arose as a kind of comment upon the somewhat remarkable circumstance, that three churches should have been planted near the coast in such a short space.

For these specimens we are indebted to the collection published some years ago by Mr R. Chambers, under the title of "Popular Rhymes of Scotland."

As a specimen, however, of the whimsical enumerations of localities which the peasantry sometimes compose as a relaxation in the winter-nights, we shall present one which never before appeared in print, and cannot fail, we should suppose, to tickle the ear of the reader. It embodies not only the principal localities, but also many of the families which flourished at a particular period, in the neighbourhood of Whitburn and Bathgate :—

The lang Flints o' Whitburn,
And Tennants i' the Inch,
John M'Call o Bathgate
Sits upon his bench.
Tarryauban, Tarrybane,
Tarbane-hills and Scaut-yawds,
Easter Whitburn sassy pets,
And Wester Whitburn's bra lads.
The Deuck i' the Head,
The Drake o' the Reeve,
The laird o' Craigmalloch and Birnieton-ha',
Hen-nest and hare-nest,
Cock-hill and Cripple-rest,
Belstane and the Belstane byres,
Bickleton-ha' and the Gutter-myres.

SEVENTY-NINTH REGIMENT, OR CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

The Cameron Highlanders were raised in 1793, in virtue of letters of service granted to a Perthshire gentleman, Allan Cameron of Errach, who, in consequence of his exertions, was appointed lieutenant-colonel-commandant. No bounty was allowed by government, Mr Cameron and his officers, who, like himself, recruited for their commissions, being at the sole expense. The regiment, on being embodied at Stirling, was numbered the 79th ; and in a short time afterwards was increased to a thousand men. Scarcely were the men properly enrolled when it was found necessary, in consequence of the revolutionary war with France being prosecuted with vigour, to order them to Flanders ; and they accordingly shared in the campaigns of 1794 and 1795. In the summer of the latter year the regiment embarked for the West Indies, where two seasons spent in Martinique considerably reduced it. In 1797 the privates were invited to volunteer into other corps in the West Indies, with the understanding that such of them as preferred returning to Europe should join the 42d, then under orders to embark, while the officers and non-commissioned officers should retire to Scotland to recruit for another battalion. Many preferred remaining in the West Indies, but 210 returned home—every one of whom landed in England in perfect health. In the course of a single year after his return, Colonel Cameron, who was greatly beloved in his own district, with the support of his officers raised a new corps of 780 men, who, before twelve months expired, gave proof of the gallant spirit that animated them, by deporting themselves with great bravery in the expedition to the Helder in 1799. In 1800 the regiment embarked for Ferrol under Lieutenant-General Sir James Pulteney, from whence it proceeded to join the force under Sir Ralph Abercromby destined for Egypt, in which memorable campaign it gained fresh laurels. In 1804 a second battalion was added to the regiment, the officers raising men for their promotion. In 1808 the 79th embarked for Portugal, and entering Spain under Sir John Moore, accompanied all his movements till his fall at Corunna. In the following autumn it embarked for Zealand under the Earl of Chatham, in which unfortunate campaign it suffered much less from the climate than any other corps. In 1810 it sailed for Spain, where it remained constantly employed in services of danger, till the war was carried into France, and peace proclaimed. At Fuentes d'Onor, in 1811, the 79th mainly contributed to repulse one of the formidable columns sent forward by Massena, in his repeated and desperate assaults on that village. The same observation applies to the Highlanders at the passage of the Nive in December 1813, where their cool and well-directed fire spread death along the enemy's line. At the battle of Toulouse they also bore a conspicuous part, and distinguished themselves for their steady bravery. On that occasion, in common with their countrymen of the 42d, they were mainly instrumental in carrying, and subsequently defending, the batteries which covered that city ; and four officers were left dead on the field, three of whom bore the name of Cameron. On the termination of hostilities they returned to England, but were again ordered on service to Flanders in 1815, which led to their being present at the memorable battle of Waterloo. In the precursory action at Quatre Bras their discipline and military qualities were put to a severe proof, but they nobly supported the name they had won in many a former conflict. Each corps might be said to fight separately on its own ground, and to rely entirely on its own individual exertions. Not satisfied with merely repelling the enemy, the Camerons drove them off the ground, yet, at the same time (says General David Stewart, from whose work this memoir is chiefly compiled), "preserved such regularity of formation, that they were prepared for every fresh attack." These attacks were received sometimes in position ; at other times the Highlanders advanced to meet the charge of the French infantry, which never stood the onset. The cavalry were received in squares, and with equal success. In the grand struggle of the 18th June, the third day of the battle, the 79th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Neil Douglas, was in Major-General Kemp's brigade with the 28th and 32d regiments, and formed the centre of the gallant Picton's division. The 32d and 79th were stationed 150 yards in rear of a hedge occupied by a corps of Belgians and part of the rifle brigade. About two hours after the commencement of the battle, three heavy columns of the enemy, preceded by artillery and sharpshooters, advanced with a seeming determination to take possession of the hedge. The Belgians fired a volley, and retreated in great confusion. The 32d, 79th, and rifle corps, instantly pushed forward, occupied the ground left by the Belgians, and, forming upon the hedge, fired a volley and charged. This threw the enemy into confusion as they were deploying into line. The French then made an attempt to turn their opponents' right, but were received by the 28th, which opened a heavy fire as they advanced. The other two regiments followed up the advantage, by each attacking the column opposed to them ; and at length the enemy had to sound a retreat. It was at this moment that General Picton fell. General Kemp was also severely wounded, but refused, with a spirit worthy of his old commander Sir Ralph Abercromby, whose confidential secretary he had been, to quit the field. The enemy, anxious to gain the position behind the hedge, repeated their attempts, but in every instance without success. The cannonading and skirmishing of the sharpshooters, however, galled the 79th dreadfully ; but what it lost in number was compensated by the honour which, in common with other corps, it acquired in this decisive engagement. It is worthy of remark, that the 79th is the only regiment particularized by Byron in his Childe Harold, when describing the marshalling of the British army on the first morning of the battle. He says,

"And wild and high the Camerons' gathering rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have their Saxon foes ;
How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill. But with the breath that fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evans's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears."

The 79th remained in France attached to the army of observation, and did not return to Britain till 1818. In an eventful peroid of twenty-two years' service from its formation, till the final peace in 1815, it bore an active share in perilous operations in Europe, Africa, and the West Indies. The affection of Colonel Cameron, the father of the corps, for his gallant mountaineers, was unbounded. Though far advanced in life when he girted on the claymore, he never lost a day's duty when any perilous service was to be performed, till his promotion to the rank of major-general rendered further regimental duty incompatible. He headed the regiment in Flanders, the West Indies, Holland, Egypt, Portugal, and Spain, at a period of life when men of less strength of mind and common constitutions and habits would have been incapable of encountering such changes of climate and such exhausting duties. His eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips Cameron, a young officer of talents and professional promise, fell at Fuentes d'Onor ; and his second, a major of his regiment, died of sickness brought on by severe soldierly toil. Under the same honourable banner also fell Captain James Campbell of Duntroon, killed at Bergen in 1799, a perfect model, says General Stewart, of one of Ossian's heroes ; also Lieutenant-Colonel Macdowal, nephew of the Earl of Dumfries, who was killed in Egypt ; Major Lawrie at Burgos ; and Captain Purves, only son of Sir Alexander Purves, at Toulouse ; all officers whom their friends and country had great cause to lament. The 79th Highlanders bear on their colours and appointments, in token of their meritorious services, the words Egmont-op-Zee, Egypt, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Toulouse, Peninsula, and Waterloo.

The foregoing account of this gallant corps was written by the late lamented Alexander Sutherland, Esq. editor of the *Edinburgh Observer*, in which it first appeared.

SONNET.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of water, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most furious stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung,
Armoury of the invincible knights of old ;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake ; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

SCOTTISH ANECDOTES.

EXAMINATION OF A CANDIDATE.

About the middle of the 17th century, the office of schoolmaster at Dirleton becoming vacant, several of the *literati* made suit to the patron for the living. A laird then, like our ministers of state now, was accessible only through his principal servant, who was called his *gentleman*. The laird of Dirleton had a gentleman called Hugh ———, who presided over his levee service, and turned the admission of tenants and dependents into the presence-chamber considerably to his pocket account. One of the candidates, not very purse-proud, but close-fisted enough, often addressed Hugh for a word with the laird, but was always either very coldly received by Hugh, or industriously shifted, as he would never even so much as attempt to mumble at *speaking to the purpose*. Effectually disgusted at last with Hugh's indifference, the candidate watched an opportunity of the laird going abroad, and, accosting his honour becomingly, told his errand. As the benefice was to be collated on the candidate who should best acquit himself at the competition, Dirleton, being on horseback, and in a hurry, bid him explain the following rule of syntax in *Despauter's Grammar* :—

En ecce hem, semper primum quartumve requirunt ;
Heu petit et quantum, velut O ; hei væque dativum ;
Proh primum, quantum quintumque, tenere notatur.

And thus the candidate commented :—*En*, an like your honour ; *ecce hem*, see what sad hempies are laird's men ; *semper primum quartumve requirunt*, we maun always creesh their loofs before we can get a word of their masters ; *heu*, what think you of your man Hugh ? *petit et quantam*, he seeks even a fifth part of the salary ; *velut O*, like a cipher as he is ; *hei vœque dativum*, deil tak him that gies it ; *proh*, 'tis a shame for your honour to keep him in your service ; *notatur*, for he's a great rascal ; *tenere primum, quantum quintumque*, and is worth a thousand merks. Struck with the punster's ready humour in turning the grammatical rule so happily to his own circumstances, Dirleton ordered Hugh to deliver the key of the school to him instantly, and to cause write out his call, maugre all postponing *interjections* whatsoever.

AYRSHIRE COURTSHIP.

A respectable farmer in the parish of Cumnock being a widower, went a-courting a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer in the parish of Auchinleck. The farmer, who was no great orator, but was young, had a good person, and was in affluent circumstances, addressed his fair one rather bluntly, and proposed marriage without much ceremony. The lady replied, in the same frank and open way, "Deed, Jamie, I'll tak ye, but ye maun gie me my dues o' courtin' for a' that." The wedding took place accordingly.

THE MAD MINISTER OF MOFFAT.

Dr Walker, Professor of Natural History at Edinburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, was not a little finical in dress. His hair-dressing was, till afterwards that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to the late Sir James Clerk of Pennycuik, he stopped at a country barber's on the way, in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his customer, but was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey the numerous directions which he received ; with astonishing patience did he, for three hours, curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the doctor's hair. At length, however, he could not avoid exclaiming, "In all my life, I never heard of a man so ill to please as you, *except the mad minister of Moffat*.

HUMOROUS REPROOF.

A late nobleman, in whose character vanity and parsimony were the most remarkable features, was, for a long time before he died, in the habit of retailing the produce of his dairy and his orchard to the children and poor people of his neighbourhood. It is told, that one day observing a very pretty little female child tripping through his grounds with a milk-pipkin, he stooped to kiss her ; after which he said, in a pompous tone, "Now, my dear, you may tell your grandchildren, and tell them in their turn to tell their grandchildren, that you had once the honour of receiving a kiss from the Right Honourable the Earl of B——." The girl looked up in his face, and, with a strange mixture of simplicity and archness, remarked, "But ye took the penny for the milk, though !"

TIMBER TO TIMBER.

At the placing of Mr F–rl–ng, minister of the Chapel of Ease, Glasgow, of whose abilities Mr Thom entertained no great opinion, when they came to that part of the ceremony where the hands are imposed, the other members of the presbytery were making room for Mr Thom, that he might get forward his hand on the head of Mr F–rl–ng likewise ; but Mr Thom, keeping at a distance, said, "Na, na ; timmer to timmer will do well enough," laying his staff on the head of the new divine.

Another Column for the Fancy.

TRAINING.

One of the most important concerns of a regular *man of the Fancy* is the art of *training*; for without the grand preparative, the human frame is unable to endure exertions in the field, or in any feat of pedestrianism. Without training, a man is a mere *lath*, when it comes to the push; and that closes the philosophy of the subject. Let us see how Pierce Egan, Captain Barclay, and other great men of the Fancy, have laid down the rules of this ingenious art. "The pedestrian who may be supposed in tolerable condition enters upon his training with a regular course of physic, which consists of three doses. Glauber salts are generally preferred; and from one ounce and a half to two ounces are taken each time, with an interval between each dose. After having gone through a course of physic, he commences his regular exercise, which is gradually increased as he proceeds in the training. When the object in view is the accomplishment of a pedestrian match, his regular exercise may be from twenty to twenty-four miles a-day. He must rise at five in the morning, run half a mile at the top of his speed up hill, and then walk six miles at a moderate pace, coming in about seven to breakfast, which should consist of beef-steaks or mutton chops under done, with stale bread, and old beer. After breakfast, he must again walk six miles at a moderate pace, and at twelve lie down in bed, without his clothes, for half an hour. On getting up, he must walk four miles, and return by four to dinner, which should also be beef-steaks or mutton chops, with bread and beer, as at breakfast. Immediately after dinner, he must resume his exercise, by running half a mile at the top of his speed, and walking six miles at a moderate pace. He takes no more exercise for that day, but retires to bed about eight, and next morning proceeds in the same manner. After having gone on in this regular course for three or four weeks, the pedestrian must take a four-mile sweat, which is produced by running four miles in flannel at the top of his speed. Immediately on returning, a hot liquor is prescribed, of which he must drink one English pint. It is termed the *sweating* liquor, and is composed of the following ingredients: one ounce of caraway-seed, half an ounce of coriander-seed, one ounce of root liquorice, and half an ounce of sugar-candy, mixed with two bottles of cider, and boiled down to one half. He is then put to bed in his flannels, and being covered with six or eight pair of blankets and a feather-bed, must remain in this state from twenty-five to thirty minutes, when he is taken out and rubbed perfectly dry. Being then well wrapt in his great coat, he walks out gently for two miles, and returns to breakfast, which, on such occasions, should consist of a roasted fowl. He afterwards proceeds with his usual exercise. These are continued weekly till within a few days of the performance of the match, or, in other words, he must undergo three or four of these operations. If the stomach of the pedestrian be foul, an emetic or two must be given about a week before the conclusion of the training, and he is now supposed to be in the highest condition. Ardent spirits are strictly prohibited; and broths, soups, and tea or other slops, are also pernicious. Besides his usual or regular exercise, a person under training ought to employ himself in the intervals in every kind of exertion which tends to activity, such as cricket, bowls, throwing quoits, &c.; so that, during the whole day, both body and mind may be constantly occupied."

A SPORTING DRESS.

The first consideration, in our variable climate (says the author of *British Field Sports*), is defence against rheumatic attacks, which ultimately may occasion even the pleasures of the field to be bought at too great a price; and against danger to the lower limbs whilst passing hedge, ditch, wood, or waste, and the attacks of venomous reptiles. In point of general convenience, HALF BOOTS which lace close, and having a sole as substantial as consists with good speed and the safety of the ankle joints and back sinews, with trousers or overalls strongly defended within side by leather, and *thorn proof*, deserve a preference as lower attire. The sole and leather of the boots should be varnished, and rendered water-proof. [Ordinary boots and shoes may be rendered impervious to water by applying the following compost:—Take three ounces of spermaceti, and melt it in a pipkin or other earthen vessel, over a slow fire; add thereto six drachms of India rubber, cut into slices, and these will presently dissolve. Then add successively eight ounces of tallow, two ounces of hog's lard, and four ounces of amber varnish. It will be soon sufficiently mixed, and will be fit for use immediately. The boots or other material to be treated are to receive two or three coats with a common blacking brush, and a fine polish is the result.] For the upper attire, there is no need to urge the use of flannel, so suited to our climate, since, at some periods, our young men have been accustomed to load and waistcoat themselves in the style of *wasting jockeys*. I entirely agree with Mr Hawker in the proper materials for the SHOOTING JACKET. In the early and warm season, *jean*, *satteen*, or *nankeen*; for late autumn and winter, *fustian* or *velveteen* are to be chosen, the SHOOTING WAISTCOAT to be made of the same stuff. Then, as the French say, persons *d'un certain age*, who would wish to guard against those exquisite comforts during a sleepless night, *lumbago* and *sciatica*, will not be offended at the caution, to have their winter jackets and waistcoats made long, as a defensive comfort to the loins. A SIDE POCKET next the heart is with me a *sine qua non*, being so convenient for wadding, and various small articles; and the larger, or HARE POCKET, should either be lined with oil-skin, which may be sponged, or, that which is still more cleanly, have a thick lining, which may be taken out and washed. A copper-wire, pendant from a button, should always be at hand to clear the touchhole; and generally the sportsman should go into the field fully provided with all those little tools which will readily occur to the memory, and which are indispensable in cases of emergency, by no means forgetting a flask of the best Nantz, and biscuit.

CURIOUS CRICKET AND RUNNING MATCH.

About six and thirty years since, when England was a little more "merry" than it has latterly been, the fancy men of the metropolis, and all those loving "a bit of fun," were amused with the announcement of a cricket-match, to be played by *eleven Greenwich pensioners with one leg, against eleven with one arm*, for one thousand guineas, at the new Cricket Ground, Montpelier Gardens, Walworth. An immense concourse of people of course assembled, and about nine o'clock the men arrived in the Greenwich stages; about ten the wickets were pitched, and the match commenced. Those with but one leg had the first innings, and got ninety-three runs. About three o'clock, while those with but one arm were having their innings, a scene of confusion took place owing to the pressure of the populace to gain admittance; but this speedily subsided, and about six o'clock the game was renewed. The field was now all expectation and anxiety. Those with one arm got but forty-two runs during their innings. The one legs commenced their second innings, and six were bowled out after they had got sixty runs, so that they left off one hundred and eleven more than those with one arm. The match was played again on the Wednesday following, and the *one legs* beat the *one arms* by one hundred and three runnings. After the match was finished, the eleven *one legs* ran one hundred yards for twenty guineas: the three who were first in the race divided the money.—Such are the amusements of John Bull!

"THE GOOD OLD COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."

"This character, now worn out and gone, was the independent gentleman of three or four hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in his drab or plush coat, with large silver buttons, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in field amusements, and his travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and sessions, or to attend an election. A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies; and it was undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation. He always appeared regularly at church on Sunday; and never played at cards but at Christmas, when he exchanged his usual beverage of ale for a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg.

"The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, or of red brick striped with black timber (this is a style very common in some parts of England); large casement bow-window, a park with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house were well inhabited by martins, and the court set round with holy-hocks and clipt yews; the hall was provided with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with fowling-pieces and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars; the vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns; in the window his library, consisting of *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanvil on Witches*, *Quincey's Dispensatory*, *Bracken's Farriery*, and the *Gentleman's Recreation*. In this room, at Christmas, round a glowing fire, he entertained his tenants. Here were told and heard exploits in hunting, and who had been the best sportsman of his time; and while the glass was in continual circulation, the traditionary tales of the village were solemnly recounted. The best parlour, which was never opened but on some particular occasion, was furnished with worked chairs and carpets, by some industrious female of the family; and the wainscot was decorated with portraits of his ancestors, and pictures of running horses and hunting matches.

"Among the out offices of the house was a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds; and near the gate was the horse-block, for the conveniency of mounting.

"But these men and their houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, to become the humble dependents on great men, and to solicit a place or a commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and to draw their rents before being due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house, until, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some lawyer or fortunate contractor."—*Sporting Anecdotes.*

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

In the last "*Column for the Fancy*," in number thirteen of the Journal, it was stated in the sketch of Captain Barclay, that that celebrated pedestrian on one occasion, for a bet of a thousand guineas, lifted from the ground "twenty-one half-hundred weights," being upwards of half a ton. This extraordinary fact, it seems, has been doubted, or supposed to be a typographical error; but I can assure my readers among the fancy that it is quite correct, and consistent with the other feats in the life of the Captain. It will be recollected that in lifting weights a very great deal depends on retaining the body in a particular position, so as not to strain the spine; and it is more than likely that Captain Barclay put this *knack* in practice.

THE TOURIST'S ADVENTURE.

Sauntering on the road between Nairn and Campbelton, in the north of Scotland, I was overtaken by a Highlander, a thick-set, hardy, rough looking fellow, all nerve. "Fine day, Sir," said he, with a friendly sort of smile on his countenance. "Beautiful," replied I. "How far is it to Campbelton?"—"About three miles, Sir."—There is no bittock at the end, I hope?"—"No, Sir; the distance is not more than three English miles."—"If you are going thither," said I, "and do not march in quick time, we are comrades." He doffed his bonnet and took out his mull. The Waterloo medal was glistening on his breast, and my own thrilled with pleasure at the sight; I felt respect for the wearer; unconsciously I projected my finger and thumb for a pinch of snuff. "You have seen some service, my good fellow; in what regiment?"—"The Forty-Second, Sir."—"Then you have been in the thick of it."—"Aye, Sir; our regiment has a good name; there are many others as brave, I think."—"Perhaps so," said I, "but not so conspicuously brave; the recollection of this gives a becoming pride to your heart—that medal is your country's sanction of the feeling."—"I think highly of it, certainly," replied he. "I am not a soldier," continued I, "but I have some intimacies with the pleasures and privations to which he is subjected. I visited the field of Waterloo shortly after the battle; saw the scattered fragments of military equipment, the newly raised heaps of mould, and the scorched earth, where fire had assisted in hiding the havoc of that day; were you wounded?"—"I was hit, Sir, towards the close of battle, and while on the ground pierced by a lancer as his horse leaped over me; but by good luck I was carried to the rear, and afterwards to an outhouse at Mont St Jean, where my wounds were attended to, and being in good health, I soon lessened the trouble of the surgeon, refused to go to Antwerp with my disabled comrades, but joined my regiment in time to march into Paris; never did I feel such pleasure as when the regiments of Russia saluted us as we passed."—"You have been a fortunate, and are a happy fellow," said I. "Yes, Sir, and my pleasure is renewed whenever I meet with one who knows what we had to do." Waterloo would have furnished us with subject for three hundred miles, tired as I was. My travelling trunk had been forwarded to Campbelton by the coach, as I purposed to cross the Moray Frith. When we arrived at the inn, I invited the Waterloo man to take refreshment with me; he accepted my offer, seemed grateful and happy. He told me he was going home to Inverness; but as I was a stranger in these parts, in return for my kindness he should feel pleasure in pointing out the striking objects which might be seen from a lofty sandhill at the back of the town. Accordingly away we trudged, conversed and took snuff like old acquaintances. On the way a tall thin Highlander accosted my companion in Gaelic, and detained him a few minutes. I had no doubt of being the subject of their remarks, their eyes being frequently turned towards me. I felt uneasy, and could not suppress an increasing dislike to the figure and countenance of the meagre Highlander, whose features exhibited all the characteristics of his country. His eyes were deeply sunk, his brown cheek-bones harshly prominent, a long thin nose, with lips so remarkably narrow, they seemed to increase the width of his mouth; a broad chin, covered with a bristly red beard, and huge whiskers connected with a fiery head of hair, gave him a peculiar expression of ferocity. A small bonnet was placed on one side his head, his shirt-collar was unbuttoned, his clothing was thread-bare, and his general appearance excited the idea of a barbarian. I was glad when my Waterloo man joined me, and we proceeded to the summit of the sandhill. "This," said he, "is the spot on which Oliver Cromwell encamped; no one knew better how to select a good station. That building jutting into the Frith is Fort St George, well placed to intercept the navigation, and to keep these parts in awe; but no longer necessary. On the opposite side of the Frith is the town of Fortrose, and near it the village of Rosemarche, backed by the hills of Ross. A little to the east is the entrance, by the Souters, to Cromarty, a mart for herrings in the season. Onward is the North Sea. On this side of the Frith to the south-east are immense mounds of sand, stretching along the coast from this to Nairn, past the mouth of the Findhorn, and beyond Forres, where the lofty building stands in memory of Nelson. Looking inland, the celebrated castle of Cawdor may be seen, and far in the south highlands of Perthshire. To the west, near the banks of the Frith, is the famous field of Culloden; beyond it is the bonny town of Inverness; farther are the highlands that overlook the Hebrides and the Western Ocean. These few leading features of the country I point out to you, Sir, because I know them to possess interest. The great historical events connected with them you are better acquainted with than I." My eyes had followed his finger, and my mind was satisfied. "Thank you, my good fellow," said I, putting a piece of money into his hand as I shook it. He would have refused my present—he would remember me, he said, in connection with Waterloo. "Farewell, Sir, the latest passage of the Frith is about eight o'clock, when the ferry-boat comes with the mail; may health and happiness attend you, Sir." "The same to you; farewell." The last glimpse I had of him was while he was waving his bonnet in the air to me, as he passed on his way to Inverness. I sat down and reviewed the delightful scene. The sun now and then illumed the white sails of the shipping as they passed, and touched with brightness many distant objects I had not seen before. I regretted the loss of my guide, for I desired to know more than sight afforded; a pleasing melancholy came over me; I seemed deserted, oppressed I knew not why; perhaps I had been strongly excited; I felt a lonelines, and gazed about with an approach to unconsciousness, till I was aroused by seeing the tall Highlander slowly pacing along the sandy road that wound from the hill towards the ferry at Fort George. All the unfavourable impressions I had received at first sight of that man returned. We can dislike an object till we dread it; perhaps some fear mingled in my thoughts. I judged our comparative strength. I knew how to use my stick, and it was a stout one; he might know how to use the claymore. I knew the use of my fists, at least with the gloves on; he might have a dirk;—but why either should have occasion to attack or to defend, did not appear. The days of violence have passed away, and I began to think I was unjust to an individual of whom I knew nothing; yet his glancing small grey eyes conveyed sufficient to put any one on his guard; there was nothing to lull awakened suspicion, and the possibility of bad intention remained. I saw I was observed by him, but sat until a ridge of sand intervened; he passed on, and I returned to my inn. The time for departure came, and I engaged a youth to take my trunk to the ferry, about a mile and a half distant. As we walked along I inquired about the tall Highlander, and described

him; he was perfectly represented in my mind's eye. The lad knew nothing of such a man. The Waterloo man he knew well; a better fellow never breathed. The evening was advancing; I was the only passenger, and I felt great anxiety to cross before darkness came on. The lad told me, that by the payment of threepence, I could have a signal hoisted, which the ferrymen on the opposite side would immediately attend to; but it was too near the time at which the mail usually arrived for the signal to be noticed. The lad returned home, and I sat down on my trunk. The sun had shed his farewell beam on the hills beyond Inverness, their dark masses were reflected on the Frith, the gleam that hovered in the west faintly marked the increasing ripple, the wind came chilly from the north-west for August, and I wrapped my cloak about me, looking out for relief like a wrecked seaman. The scene which had so delighted me but an hour ago became dreary. The walls of Fort St George rose behind me in solemn stillness, and I regretted having left the inn at Campbelton. Turning to cast a longing look that way, I beheld, with horror, the tall Highlander! He was leaning with his hands crossed on the top of his long staff, and his bristly chin resting on his hands; his keen grey eyes flashed a fierceness at which I started; but resuming a degree of composure, I inquired if he were waiting for the ferry-boat! He nodded. I observed it was getting cold and dark. He nodded. I looked across the water, perceived with pleasure the ferry-boat standing over with a freshening breeze, and soon heard her stout keel grate on the shore. A man hurried off with the mail-bag; I gave my trunk to one of the boatmen, and ascended a plank to the boat, which was capacious for the conveyance of horses,—rigged with main and fore-sail, and managed by two stout weather-beaten old seamen. Before I had seated myself astern, I saw the tall Highlander spring over the bow of the boat, and haul on board the plank, with a loud Gaelic yell, at which the boatmen laughed. The sails were set, and we commenced a beating passage. Night came on apace, with a drizzling shower, and the spray beat over us, so as to make me feel uncomfortable and melancholy. By tack for tack we reached the opposite shore. The town of Fortrose was a mile and a half from the ferry; how was my trunk to be conveyed thither? The boatmen recommended the tall Highlander, who sprang forward, speaking Gaelic, while he took up my trunk and stalked on shore. I asked the boatmen if they knew the man? "No; but they dared say he would take my trunk safe enough." This was a rude repellant of my suspicion that I did not like. I followed the tall Highlander along the shore, where the sand was so interspersed with tufts of rushes, that I was alternately stumbling over them, or sinking up to my ankles in sand, and it was by great exertion that I could keep up with my trunk, hurried on as it was by the huge strides of the bearer. I called to him—he stopped, and seeing some lights a short distance to the right, I directed his attention to them, inquiring if they were not at Fortrose? He nodded, and away he strode through fields of potatoes. I felt exhausted, and a painful regret at having intrusted a stranger with all on which my comfort depended; danger seemed to surround me, but nothing could be done, save the endeavour to treat it lightly. The Highlander stopped in the middle of a field, seated himself on my trunk, and muttering, wiped his forehead. I watched him with earnestness, and thought he was fatigued; he sat while the lights one after another were extinguished. This, thought I, is the spot, concerted with the boatmen, on which I am to be attacked, and I expected no other than a struggle for my life. All was silent; I asked the Highlander if he were tired? he nodded. Could he proceed? he nodded. Not a word, no voice but my own—where was I? why had I been so rash? what means could I adopt? Thus was my mind occupied, till I became overpowered by apprehensions.—The Highlander rose—the time is come, thought I, glancing my eye around; no one appeared—it was nearly dark—he made to the nearest cottage—I followed in silence, but was glad to find we were on road. I rapped repeatedly at the door; at length a head appeared through a small window.—I learned that we were at Rosemarche, that there was no inn in the place, and that Fortrose was nearly two miles westward. The state of anxiety I had endured prevented my speaking more than was absolutely necessary. I pointed to the road, and the Highlander proceeded in sullen silence till we reached the inn at Fortrose. Here also all were in bed, the house being kept by Miss ———, a good kind of lady, who preferred a life of single blessedness to all the happiness a double-tongued gentleman had promised by marriage. She had but one servant, a short, stout, freckled Dingwall lassie, who had been in service far south, and now filled the stations of waiter, boots, ostler, and chamber-maid. She came cheerfully at the first summons. I could have a bed, but no refreshment save oat cake and whisky. I however felt at home, and began to remonstrate with some severity at the Highlander's having subjected me to such disagreeables. He spoke to the girl in Gaelic, and she became interpreter; it had never occurred to me that he could not speak English. However, I learned from the girl that he was ashamed at having deceived me as to his knowledge of the road; that his necessities had induced him to become my guide; that he was a native of Dornoch, travelling for work as a miller. I gave him half a crown. He gazed at me with astonishment; his grey eyes filled with tears; he called on God to bless me; that he would thank me while memory should last; that had I ten miles farther to go, he would have seen me placed in safety, for he had received directions so to do from his cousin the Waterloo man. Extraordinary! all my fears were caused by that morbid sensibility which often induces tourists to represent that which has no existence but in imagination.

MASSACRE OF THE MAMELUKES.

It has been related that one of the chief means employed by Mahomet Ali in civilizing Egypt, or in improving the state of the country, was the destruction of the Mamelukes—a class of hired foreign soldiers, who, as usual in such cases, were opposed to all changes in the government. It was only by resorting to a barbarous stratagem in one of his campaigns that the sanguinary blow was struck. The following is the account given of this dreadful affair, by Giovanni Finati, in the narrative of his life and adventures.

"The chiefs of the Mamelukes, with their adherents, being assembled, by invitation from the Pasha of Egypt, within the citadel of Cairo, after a time, according to Eastern custom, coffee was brought, and last of all, the pipes; but at the moment when these were presented, as if from etiquette, or to leave his guests more at their ease, Mahomet Ali rose and withdrew, and, sending privately for the captain of his guard, gave orders that the gates of the citadel should be closed; adding, that as soon as Saim Bey and his two associates should come out for the purpose of mounting, they should be fired upon till they dropped, and that at the same signal the troops posted throughout the fortress should take aim at every Mameluke within their reach, while a corresponding order was sent down at the same time to those in the town, and to such even as were encamped without, round the foot of the fortress, to pursue the work of extermination on all stragglers that they should find, so that not one of the proscribed body might escape. Saim Bey, and his two brothers in command, finding that the pasha did not return to them, and being informed by the attendants that he was gone into his harem (an answer that precluded all farther inquiry), judged it time to take their departure. But no sooner did they make their appearance without, and were mounting their horses, than they were suddenly fired upon from every quarter, and all became at once a scene of confusion, and dismay, and horror, similar volleys being directed at all the rest, who were collected round, and preparing to return with them, so that the victims dropped by hundreds. Saim himself had time to gain his saddle, and even to penetrate to one of the gates of the citadel; but all to no purpose, for he found it closed like the rest, and fell there pierced with innumerable bullets. Another chief, Amim Bey, who was the brother to Elfi, urged the noble animal which he rode to an act of greater desperation, for he spurred him till he made him clamber upon the rampart; and preferring rather to be dashed to pieces than to be slaughtered in cold blood, drove him to leap down the precipice, a height that has been estimated at from thirty to forty feet, or even more; yet fortune so favoured him, that though the horse was killed in the fall, the rider escaped. An Albanian camp was below, and an officer's tent very near the spot on which he alighted. Instead of shunning it, he went in, and throwing himself on the rites of hospitality, implored that no advantage might be taken of him; which was not only granted, but the officer offered him protection, even at his own peril, and kept him concealed so long as the popular fury and the excesses of the soldiery continued. Of the rest of that devoted number, thus shut up and surrounded, not one went out alive; and even of those who had quietly remained in the town, but very few found means to elude the active and greedy search that was made after them, a high price being set upon every Mameluke's head that should be brought. All Cairo was filled with wailing and lamentations; and, in truth, the confusion and horrors of that day are indescribable; for not the Mamelukes alone, but others also, in many instances wholly unconnected with them, either from mistake, or from malice, or for plunder, were indiscriminately seized on and put to death; so that great as the number was that perished of that ill-fated body, it yet did not comprehend the total of the victims. For myself, I have reason to be thankful, that, though I was one of the soldiers stationed in the citadel that morning, I shed none of the blood of those unhappy men, having had the good fortune to be posted at an avenue where none of them attempted to pass, or came near me, so that my pistols and musket were never fired. The strange fact of the leap and escape of Amim Bey, and of his asylum in the officer's tent, reached at last the pasha's ears, who sent instantly to demand him; and when the generous Albanian found that it would be impossible any longer to shelter or screen his fugitive, he gave him a horse, and recommended him to fly with all speed into Asia, where I afterwards saw him, living in the palace of Suleyman Pasha at Acre, at the time of my first visit there with Mr Bankes."

ANCIENT VESSELS.

Magnificent and large as are some of our modern steam-vessels, they are inferior, if we may judge from description, both in size and splendour, to the vessels constructed by the kings of Egypt and Syracuse, on a scale of grandeur corresponding to the immense preparations of their sculpture and architecture. Ptolemæus Philopater, king of Egypt, built a vessel 420 feet long, 56 feet broad, 72 feet high from the keel to the top of the prow, but 80 to the top of the poop. She had four helms of 60 feet; her largest oars were 56 feet long, with leaden handles, so as to work more easily by the rowers; she had two prows, two sterns, seven rostra or beaks, successively rising and swelling out one over the other, the topmost one most prominent and stately; on the poop and prow she had figures of animals, not less than 18 feet high; all the interior of the vessel was beautified with a delicate sort of painting, of a waxen colour. She had 4000 rowers; 400 cabin boys, or servants; marines to do duty on the decks, 2820; with an immense store of arms and provisions. The same prince built another ship, called the Thalamegus, or Bedchamber-ship, which was only used as a pleasure yacht for sailing up and down the Nile. She was not so long or large as the preceding, but more splendid in the chambers and their furnishings.—Hiero, king of Syracuse, built an enormous vessel, which he intended for a corn-trader; her length is not given. She was built at Syracuse, by a Corinthian ship-builder, and was launched by an apparatus devised by Archimedes. All her bolts and nails were of brass; she had twenty rows of oars; her apartments were all paved with neat square variegated tiles, on which was painted all the story of Homer's Iliad. She had a gymnasium, with shady walks, on her upper decks; garden-plots stocked with various plants, and nourished with limpid water that flowed circulating round them in a canal of lead. She had, here and there on deck, arbours mantled with ivy and vine branches, which flourished in full greenness, being supplied with the principle of growth from the leaden canal. She had one chamber particularly splendid, whose pavement was of agates and other precious stones, and whose pannels, doors, and roofs, were of ivory, and wood of the thya-tree. She had a scholasterium, or library, with five couches, its roof arched into a polus or vault, with the stars embossed; she had a bath, with its accompaniments all most magnificent; she had on each side of her deck ten stalls for horses, with fodder and furnishings for the grooms and riders; a fish-pond of lead, full of fish, whose waters could be let out or admitted at pleasure; she had two towers on the poop, two on the prow, and four in the middle, full of armed men, that managed the machines invented by Archimedes, for throwing stones of 300 pounds weight, and arrows eighteen feet long, to the distance of a furlong. She had three masts, and two antennæ or yards, that swung with hooks and masses of lead attached. She had, round the whole circuit of her deck, a rampart of iron, with iron crows, which took hold of ships, and dragged them nearer, for the purpose of destroying them. The tunnels or bowls on her masts were of brass, with men in each. She had twelve anchors and three masts. It was with difficulty they could find a tree large and strong enough for her highest mast. Great Britain—an ominous circumstance for the superiority of British oak!—had the glory of bestowing upon her a sufficient tree for that purpose; it was discovered amid the recesses of Albion's forests by a swineherd! What is remarkable in the construction of this gigantic vessel is, that her sentina, or sink, though large and deep, was emptied by *one man*, by means of a pump invented by Archimedes. Hiero, on finding that the *Syracusan* was too unwieldy to be admitted with safety into the harbours of Sicily, made a present of her to Ptolemy, who changed her name to the *Alexandrian*. We may add, as a *paneygon* to this long tale of a ship, that Archimelus, the Greek epigrammatist, wrote a little poem on the large vessel, which was rewarded by Hiero with 1000 measures of corn—a premium proportioned, if not to the poem, at least to the magnitude of the theme celebrated.—*From Mr Tennant's contributions to the Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

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COUNTRY AND TOWN ACQUAINTANCES.

THE exact balance of favours in ordinary acquaintanceship is a matter very difficult to be adjusted. Sometimes people think they are giving more entertainments than they get, and on other occassions you would suppose that they are mortally offended at their friends for not coming oftener to eat of their meat and drink of their cup. It is hard to say whether a desire of reserving or of squandering victuals predominates; for though one would argue that it is more natural to keep what one has than to give it away for nothing, yet, to judge by the common talk of the world, you are far more likely to give offence by coming too seldom than by coming too often to the tables of your friends. From this cause, I have often been amused to hear people, about whose company I was not very solicitous, making the most abject apologies for having visited me so seldom of late, but promising to behave a great deal better for the future—that is to say, to give me henceforward much more of what I never desired before, even in the smallest portions.

But this kindness of language is not confined to the party threatening a visit; the party threatened is also given to use equally sweet terms of discourse. "Really, you have been a great stranger lately. We thought we never were to see you again. What is there to hinder you of an evening to come over and chat a little, or take a hand with the Doctor and Eliza at whist? We are always so happy to see you. I assure you we are resolved to take it very ill, and if you don't repay our last visit we will never see you again." With an equally amiable sincerity, the shocking person with whom you have been long quite tired, (having ceased to gain any amusement or any eclat from the acquaintance,) replies, "I must confess I *have* been very remiss. Indeed, I was so ashamed of not having called upon you for such a length of time, that I could not venture to do it. But, now that the ice is broken, I really *will* come some night soon. You may *depend* upon it." And so the two part off their several ways, the one surprised at having been betrayed into so many expressions of kindness towards an individual about whom he or she is quite indifferent, and the other, either benevolently resolving, in the simplicity of his heart, to pay the promised visit, or as much surprised at having been brought into circumstances where he was reduced to make such a promise,—which, however, as he is sure to forget it in a few minutes, is a matter of very little moment. If these, however, be the puzzlements which beset a town acquaintanceship, ten times more difficult is it to adjust the mutual rights and balance of advantages appertaining to one in which the one party is of the town and the other of the country. In most such cases, either the one party or the other has great and real cause of complaint. For example, a citizen of tolerable style, who has been confined to some laborious employment all the year round, amidst gas light within doors, and a foggy and smoky atmosphere without, with what delight does he throw himself into the country some fine sunshiny day in September, for the purpose of paying a long promised visit of three days to a country friend! He is received with boundless hospitality The best bed-room, situated in that part of the house where you generally find a city drawing-room, is aired and provided in the most agreeable manner for his accommodation. The goodman rides about with him all day, and dines and drinks with him all night, except during those intervals when the lady or her daughters solace him with tunes on the piano, learned many years ago at a boarding school in town. The whole house, in fact, from the worthy agriculturist in chief to the chicken that has latest chipped in the barn-yard, are at his service, and he drinks in health, and rapture, and a taste for natural objects, every hour. The three days are imperceptibly elongated to as many weeks, till at last he has become just like one of the family, calls the lady good-wife, and the daughters by their abbreviated Christian names, and is a very brother and more to his excellent entertainer. At length, replenished with as much health as will serve him through a whole twelvemonth of city life, rosy in cheek and in gill, sturdy as a pine on the hills, and thickened immensly about the centre of his person, he finds it necessary to take his leave. The whole of the worthy ruralists gather about him, and, as if not satisfied with what they have already done for him while he was in their presence, load him with other acts of kindness, the effect of which is only to be experienced on the way, or after he has reached his own home. If he could carry a ewe cheese on each side, like the bottles of John Gilpin, they would have no objection to give them. In fact, there is no bound to the kindness, the sincere heartfelt kindness, of these people, except his capacity or willingness to receive. Of course, he feels all this most warmly for the time; and while the impression is strong upon him, he counter-invites right and left. The goodman is never to be a day in town without coming take pot-luck The ladies are to come in next winter, on purpose, and have a month of the amusements of the town, residing in his house. Any of their friends whatsoever, even unto the fourth generation, or no generation at all, he will be delighted to see, whenever they are in the city. He throws himself, his bosom, his house—all, all, open to them. But what is the real result of all this? He goes back to town, and resumes the serious labours of his profession. The roses fade from his cheeks, and gratitude from his heart. Some day, when he is up to the ears in a mysterious green box, like a pig in his trough, or a pullet in a well; or perhaps some day as he is rushing swiftly along the streets, intent upon some piece of important business, his city eyes awake upon a vision of the country, in the shape of that very friend who so lately was rendering him so many acts of kindness. The case is felt at once to be a scrape;—however, he must make the best of it. With almost breathless apprehension, he asks Agricola what stay he is going to make in town. What joy—he goes within an hour to Falkirk tryste! But, ah! this is but a short relief. He comes back the day after to-morrow, and can then spend a day. Well, a day it must be: it is all settled in a moment; and, three minutes after having entered the house, Agricola finds himself shaken by the hand out at the door, which is closed behind him ere he can well believe that he has as yet seen his city friend. He walks a little way in a confused state of mind, hardly able to say distinctly that he is himself, or that his late guest is the identical good fellow he seemed to be three months ago. The whole appears a dream, and he thinks it must be hours since he entered the house, though it is only minutes. Falkirk tryste over, he comes back, and, at the appointed hour, attends his city acquaintance, who meanwhile, having consulted with his spouse, has taken the opportunity, since there was to be a dinner at any rate, to invite all the stiff people he knows, in order to pay off his old debts. The honest agriculturist gets a place among the rest, perhaps a good one, but in such a scene he finds no entertainment, and hardly gets a word of conversation with his friend during the whole evening. At the proper hour, he rises to take his leave among the rest. The host enquires when he leaves town—this is always a leading question for a country friend—hears, to his unspeakable comfort, that it is to be by the morning coach—and so good-night Of course, after this, there is little inducement for Agricola to send his daughters to spend a month in the house of his city friend. The girls, however, do come in somehow or other, and are living with some other person on a visit, when one day, walking along the most crowded and fashionable street, they meet Urbanus arm in arm with his wife. Seeing that they have first perceived *him*, he runs forward in the kindest manner, and, after introducing them to his partner, inquires after every particular individual left at home. Some miscellaneous talk ensues, and then, just at the skirts of the conversation, when they are hovering on the point of separation, he throws in—"You will be sure to see us some evening before you leave town." And then—and then there is no more about it.

A varied case often occurs as follows:—A young lady of perfect accomplishments, though of the middle ranks of life, happens to be particularly convenient to a neighbouring family of gentry in the country, where she is constantly invited by them, and becomes the bosom friend of all the young ladies, but only because her accomplishments are useful to them as a means of spending their time. But this acquaintance, though of use in the country, and there felt as involving no risk of dignity, becomes inconvenient when the parties happen to meet in town. The high-born demoiselle, who elsewhere would have rushed into the arms of her humble, but ingenious friend, now tamely shakes her hand, and, with cold complaisance, addresses her thus: "Mamma is keeping no company this winter, but I dare say she would be glad to see you some evening to tea; and—good morning." Such is the world!

SUNSET.

I.

How beautiful the evening beams are falling on the sea,
Where many a white sail pleasantly is moving up and down;
There is not a cloud the sun to shroud, the sky from speck is free,
And as on a painted landscape sleep forest, tower, and town.
So freshly fair, and everywhere, the features of the scene,
That earth appears a resting-place, where angels might alight;
As if sorrow ne'er a visitant in human breast had been,
And the verdure of the summer months had never suffered blight.

II.

Now sinks the sun—a twilight haze enwraps the sea and shore—
The small waves murmur on the beach, as 'twere a dirge for day
The blackbird, from yon poplar green, its ditty warbles o'er,
And the evening star peeps south afar above the hills of grey.
In the glory of the sunset glow, my thoughts abroad had flown,
I only saw the landscape, in its splendid hues array'd,
But the dreams of long-lost pleasures, and of friends for ever gone
Came to me with the pensive hour of loneliness and shade.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLAND.

THE militia of the counties, the London police, village constables, and Mr. Macadam, have among them contrived to destroy all the romance of travelling—so that the most adventure-loving knight errant who wanders forth in search of the picturesque, may now journey from John o' Groat's to the Land's End in Cornwall, without ever meeting with a single incident worthy of noting down in his memorandum book—unless perchance the coach wherein he travels be overturned, a horse fall lame, or mine host of the roadside, contrary to his wont on such occasions, serve up a bottle of bad old Port. No making of wills before setting out on a long journey is now necessary; no unexpected pitfalls or quagmires now bisect the road; no postilions now league together with rascally innkeepers and robbers; no gallantly horsed highwaymen, ready booted and spurred, with faces covered with black crape, now leap the hedge to demand, as they politely cock their pistols, "your money or your life." The age of such doughty deeds has veritably passed away; and in travelling in merry old England, you may now either dose, conscious of security, in one corner of your carriage; or look wistfully out of the window, and watch houses, fields, trees, cottages, hedges, and ditches, whirl behind you, while thoughts, some bright with joy, others overcast with sadness, flit like shadows across your brain. Reader, it is the well known fashion

of this country to pass a certain number of the summer or autumn months away from the din of cities— "the buzz—the hum—the shock of men;" some retire from Edinburgh—splendid city as it is—to Portobello or Newhaven, or prefer the lovely neighbourhood of Aberdour, or the classical old city of St. Andrews; others betake themselves to the Western Islands, or ramble as far as Inverness; but we, unencumbered by wife or weans, taking advantage of these peaceable times, propose proceeding direct to England, by the intellectual safety coach, lately started under the title of CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL, which travels with the most unexampled rapidity through all parts of the United Kingdom.

Hail to thee, fellow traveller!—'tis now noon—the sun shines warm and bright—it is the month of August, and we have already proceeded far on our road to England; not indeed to take up our abode in that wilderness of dust and brick houses—London; not to sojourn in any crowded manufacturing town, where all is hurry, bustle, and confusion, and the voice of human nature is hushed amidst the hum of money seeking, money gaining, money spending denizens: let us rather proceed to some quiet inland village, where youth and age are alike uncontaminated by those artificial habits, which, begotten of luxury and vice, hold always despotic dominion in large and populous cities. Mankind, it would seem, cannot congregate in large masses, without becoming sophisticated and addicted to those follies and vices which undermine human happiness, and fall like a withering blight on the human mind: we, therefore, shall proceed, as 'tis our fancy, to some sequestered retreat, nor shall we, like other travellers, care to gain admission into those circles of gaiety and fashion, where "pale faced beauty holds her languid court," and is too often, amidst the dignity of rank and pomp of riches, "girt with the silent crimes of capitals." But where are we? The black, granitic heathery hills of old Scotland have receded; the rough irregular stone walls that lined the road on either side have given place to luxuriant hedges; the uplands and pasture fields are clothed with a softer and richer green than aught we have heretofore witnessed; the sky has a more intense and deeper blue; and surely we are breathing a milder and more balmy air. Yes—this is England! Nor can we help observing, as we proceed on our journey, how the mere luxuries of travelling appear to be augmented; for the coach now whirls along with greater rapidity; the horses now are obviously of a nobler and a finer breed; and even the coachman himself has become a statelier and more important personage: now cracking his whip with an air of conscious pride, he hurries along through the village, tipping as he goes, a knowing nod to the smirking wench of a bar-maid, who has just run out, and stands gaping and wondering at the inn door. His shining white broad-brimmed beaver hat—his brown coat with huge silken knotted buttons, and a large nosegay through the button-hole on the left side—his corduroy unmentionables, and snow-white top boots, augur that he has taken no inconsiderable pains with his costume,—for the race of English coach drivers differs marvellously from the race destined to the same calling in Scotland, owing, as report saith, to there being less spirit among the Scottish than among the English coach proprietors; and owing, as we farthermore opine, to the duties of the coachman being of a more arduous and miscellaneous description in Scotland; for the Scottish stage caachman, we have been credibly assured, officiates not only as driver, but as groom, a thing hardly to be believed by the dashing coachmen on the Cheltenham or Brighton road, who have no duties to perform, save when officially enthroned upon their coach boxes. But the increased rattling and jolting of the coach—the more frequently repeated smacking of the whip—the half musical and half discordant sound of the guards' horn,—now apprise us that we are entering into some large town; and a peculiar sensation—that something "within which passeth show," and is every whit as intelligible as the booming of the gong, or the sound of the dinner bell—admonishes us that we shall dine at this hotel; and as we draw up close upon the pavement edge, the anxious look of the master, the hurrying to and fro of the waiters, each with a clean napkin swung under his arm; and the stout landlady seen in perspective at the end of the passage, signify that all within has been haste and anxious activity; and that a good dinner, "tired Nature's sweet restorer," here at length awaits us. By the memory of the great Epicurus, and the glorious achievements of that prince of gastronomers, Doctor Kitchener, we are not disciples of Heliogabulus; but, assuredly, it escapeth us not, that there is better fare exhibited at stage-coach dinners in England than in Scotland,—a fact peculiarly deserving of the attention of all honest and well-disposed landlords, landladies, and deputy-innkeepers, on this side of the Tweed. But these things are of the "earth, earthy;" nor do we desire any stimulus, beyond the healthy excitement inspired by the contemplation of Nature. At the next village, therefore, shall we alight. It consists but of the clergyman's rectory, and a few scattered cottages, and is within a few miles of the spot which was chosen by Milton as the scene for Comus. Here, then, we rest on the brow of a small hill which commands an extensive prospect; for, from this point, the eye may wander over five adjoining and beautiful counties; and now bearing in mind Scotland, we cannot fail to observe how much more uniform is the face of the whole prospect of this English scene; for, in no direction do we here observe any wild and rugged peaks of rocks or mountains—no sudden depressions into wide and deep glens—no openings into extended and winding ravines—no bare bleak moors, with here and there a fertile spot, like "beauty sleeping in the lap of horror." No. There is less variety, less contrast. The whole scene is chastened and softened down into gentle undulations of rich and fertile land, which, compared with the scenery of the north, seems like a sea becalmed on a bright summer day, contrasted with the more sublime and awful spectacle of a sea, when its billows are raging mountains high amidst the terrors of the tempest. But let us descend this gentle declivity, and enter the road: and here, again, we cannot but remark, that the thick hedge, rising high on each side the road, and the trees, the boughs of which almost droop with their luxuriant and abundant foliage, seem as if Nature, prodigal of her munificence, sought to shelter alike from sunshine and from storm, the weary pedlar, as much as the more wealthy traveller. Nor is this all; for the shortness of the roads, and the graceful curves they take in sweeping gradually out of sight, have, in most parts of England, a peculiarly picturesque effect, seeming indeed, to invite our footsteps onward, and inducing a belief, that, at every turning, some new and more lovely prospect will open upon our enchanted sight. But, behold! the road is here bisected with an opening; it is a green lane, so narrow, that neither carriage, gig, baggage-waggon, nor cart, can pass along; and on each side arises a bank, covered with weeds and wild-flowers, exhaling delicious odours; while, above them, a hedge-row, prodigal of its leafy branches, curtains out even a glimpse of the adjoining corn field. Never have we, in our northern rambles, met with a green lane worth entering; not that we would hesitate, were we a travelling bagman, to explore the most wintry looking by-road that ever ran across a country. All we mean is, simply, that we have never, north of the Tweed, met with that retired, quiet, grassy looking green retreat, which, under the form of a "green lane" in England, seems destined for the evening walk of two confiding and loving beings, who may there pour forth their secret vows, interrupted only by the occasional murmurs of the passing wind, and overlooked only by the all-seeing eye of Heaven. Such a green lane as this is a peculiar feature of English scenery, and is worth travelling a thousand miles to walk through on a quiet summer evening. Here we may again pause to look around, nor are we less struck with the smooth and verdant aspect of the country. Here extend the richest pasture grounds,—there, crops of turnips, not indeed, drilled, as in Scotland, (a practice now becoming general in English counties,) but broad cast,—there, again, the richest yellow-looking corn fields, which now reflect, with many softened and chastened hues, the rays of the setting sun, Hush! we hear the light silvery tones of a sheep bell in the adjoining field. It is a sound we do not remember to have heard in our country rambles through Scotland; but, in the silence and twilight of evening, it has an extremely pleasing, nay touching effect. We see, too, from this point, rising above the trees, the village spire, which, "tapering points to heaven;" and, far as we have travelled, we feel forced to confess, that in no country have we seen simpler and more appropriate buildings for the worship of the great God. But, even now, we have entered the churchyard, and meet a train of young persons chiefly dressed in white, bearing in their hands flowers. They do not speak to each other; but one of them sobs aloud. Here let us pause. They make their way over the briar-bound mounds, significant of the repose of those who have died in hope and faith. They kneel. Their young hearts are now pouring forth a stream of fervent prayer. They rise, and scatter the flowers over a new-raised grave. There is something peculiarly affecting in this simple, but heartfelt ceremony. We would willingly abolish all needless forms and customs, and do not even admire the *Père la Chaise* in Paris; because it is not kept up as a matter of feeling, but of public exhibition. The flowers we there behold, may excite soothing and pleasing associations in the mind of a stranger; but these soon vanish, when we recollect that they are not placed there as tributes of love and affection, but for the idle purpose of worldly ostentation. How different is it with the simple ceremony which we have so often witnessed in England, when a gentle and beloved being has been cut down like a flower, in the spring of life. Young persons dressed in white, the emblem of purity and innocence, bear the coffin themselves to the grave; they afterwards, generally in the dusk of the evening, go together, carrying flowers, and, after praying round the grave, plant them in the earth. This custom, so affecting, when voluntarily performed, and without any desire of vain display, we are sorry to observe is now fast dying out, and is only preserved in a few counties immediately bordering on Wales. We have repeatedly, however, witnessed the ceremony under the most touching circumstances, and seldom have failed to remember the beautiful lines of the poet Herrick:—

> Thus, thus, and thus, we compass round
> Thy harmless and enchanted ground;
> And as we sing thy dirge, we will
> Thy daffodil
> And other flowers, lay upon
> The altar of our love, thy stone.
> * * * *
> May no wolf nor screech owl stir
> A wing about thy sepulchre,
> No boisterous winds or storms go thither
> To starve or wither
> Thy soft sweet earth; but, like a spring
> Love keep it ever flourishing!

But, passing through the rude little country churchyard gate, we re-enter the road; and as we walk back to the village, hear the chimes, or evening bells, which are still rung almost in every village in England, to summon the peasantry to their labours, or to advise them that they may cease their toils. Here, too, we meet with an English labourer, returning from his daily occupation. He is dressed in a coarse, and, without offence, we must add, dirty-looking frock, thrown over his shoulders, plaited on the breast, and descending to a little above the knees. Upon his shoulder he suspends a spade, a hoe, and some farming utensils; and his walk is heavy and cumbersome. Behind him follows a young clownish looking boy, probably his son, who bears upon his shoulder a pole, at the end of which is hung a small barrel, which, probably, was filled with cyder or perry, the beverages of the county. But twilight is now stealing up the valley, and we shall retire to the village, to take "our ease and our own inn." But we do not do so, without promising to renew our perambulations, for the purpose of pointing out those minute differences, which, when grouped together, constitute the whole distinction between Scotland and England.

COMETS.

In our previous article on this subject, it was shewn that the forthcoming luminary will occupy that point of the earth's course round the sun (and hence the only place in which there is the least danger of its mingling its atmosphere with the earth's) a month before that planet reaches the same spot. This would at once decide the point, but for the following objection:—With respect to comets, the theoretic position calculated, and the real position observed, do not exactly coincide; and this difference cannot be accounted for upon the principle of planetary attraction: hence has arisen the theory, that the resistance of a subtile fluid called ether, which is supposed to fill space, is the cause. There can be little doubt that such is the fact. The question then comes to be, how much will this ether retard the velocity of the comet? Will that body be stayed so long in its progress as to afford the earth an opportunity of coming up with it? It may be observed, that the resistance which this fluid offers to the earth is not appreciable, because of the density of our planet; whereas comets, being for the most part simple masses of light vapours, are susceptible of being sensibly retarded. [The principle of bodies of the same bulk, but of unequal weights, passing through the atmosphere with different degrees of velocity, will be found explained in the article *Attraction*, No. 26 of this Journal.] However startling it may at first sight appear, theory and observation demonstrate the fact, that the motion of the comet will be *accelerated*, and *not retarded*—that its encroachment upon the line of the earth's orbit will be rather before than after the time specified. The cause of this can be easily explained. The rapidity with which a body revolves round the sun depends upon its proximity to that luminary. This being allowed, and it is indisputable, the whole mystery becomes plain. The comet is in the first instance retarded,—its centrifugal force, or the rapidity with which it recedes from the centre of the sun, is diminished. Now, a little reflection will show that this is just equivalent to an increase of the sun's attractive powers,—hence the comet being brought nearer to the sun, the dimensions of its primitive orbit will be reduced, but its motion, according to the principle already laid down, will be *increased*. Thus, then, the resistance of the ether, instead of affording any grounds for alarm, must be looked upon as another strong argument against the probability of the dreaded catastrophe occurring.

But another question arises: although the collision should not take place, will the comet being able, in any way, sensibly to affect the earth; for instance, will it modify, in any shape, the seasons of the present year? In 1811, a brilliant comet illuminated the heavens. That year was remarkable for the elevation of its temperature, the abundance of its harvest, and the superior quality of its wines,—the cause of all this, vulgar prejudice ascribed to the influence of the luminary. That the idea was visionary and absurd, appears both from fact and theory. Comets, say these sapient reasoners,

warm our globe with their beams. Now it is a fact, that a majority of the years most prolific in comets were not distinguished for their temperature. For instance, 1808 was a cold year, and yet seldom have so many comets appeared in so short a time. 1829 was rather a cold year, and yet one appeared. Last year none made their appearance, and yet the temperature was higher than it was in 1819, which was honoured with a visit from three, one of which was very brilliant. There is another fact strongly militating against the theory of cometary influence; it is that cold years are commonly cloudy, and the most brilliant comets might pass unperceived through a sky thus enveloped.

To set the subject at rest, let us pursue it through its details. According to all philosophical principles, a comet can act upon the earth only in three ways,—by attraction,—by reflecting luminous and calorific rays,—and by the gaseous matter which composes its nebulosity, or its tail, which, in certain positions, may happen to invade the terrestrial atmosphere. It is unnecessary to examine this third species of action, as the forthcoming comet possesses no tail, and its nebulosity will be situated at an immense distance from the earth.

The comet of 1811 had a brilliant tail with a maximum length of forty-one millions of leagues; but it could not possibly touch the earth, for at its nearest approach it was distant forty-seven millions of leagues. At the height of its splendour, it did not throw upon the earth a light equal to the one-tenth part of that we receive from the full moon. The rays were concentrated to the focus of the largest lens, and acted on the blackened bulb of a thermometer, and yet no sensible effect was produced. Now, since by this mode of experimenting, an hundredth part of a degree of an ordinary thermometer would be perceptible, we must for ever abandon the idea of the calorific influence of the comets being capable of affecting the earth so as to produce an abundant crop.

Let us now consider the attractive power of comets. The tides of the ocean are caused by the attraction of the moon, and upon the power of this attraction depends the size of the tide. Now the comet of 1811 exercised not the slightest influence over the waters of the deep; hence the action of the comet upon the earth can only amount to a very trifling part of that of the moon. The attractive influence of the moon cannot fail to produce an atmospheric tide, the strength of which would be ascertained by the barometer; and yet, from an immense number of observations made in different places, and with the utmost exactness, the strength of the lunar atmospheric tide was scarcely susceptible on the scale of the instrument. After this, it would be ridiculous to suppose that in this way the comet could exercise any influence upon the earth. The vine-dressers of the continent must, therefore, look to something else than the appearance of the expected luminary for a realization of their hopes of an abundant harvest.

ON THE PHYSICAL CONSTITUTION OF COMETS.

In describing, in a former paper, the most common appearance assumed by a comet, I mentioned the nucleus, coma, and tail. I shall now enter into a detail of what telescopic observations have discovered of the peculiar constitution of these heavenly bodies. It has been already mentioned, that many comets have no perceptible tail; that several are destitute of any apparent nucleus; but none have been discovered, after having been carefully observed by the telescope, wanting that species of nebulosity or mistiness which the ancients named the coma.

OF THE NEBULOSITY.

Among the comets destitute of any apparent nucleus, and which seem to be simple globular masses of vapours slightly condensed towards the centre, it is only necessary to mention those of 1795, 7, and 8, observed by Olbers, and the small one of 1804, the nebulosity of which had a diameter of 6000 miles.

Seneca informs us, that stars could be seen through comets. This is true of those destitute of any nucleus; and the nebulosity is so rare and transparent that a feeble light, though placed at an immense distance behind it, will be visible. Herschel discovered a star of the sixth magnitude through the comet of 1795, and others have done the same even with respect to stars of considerably smaller magnitude.

When the comet possesses a nucleus, the nebulosity rarely tends towards it with a progressively increasing intensity; on the contrary, the parts of the nebulosity next the nucleus are the least luminous. They appear to be very rare and transparent. At some distance from the centre there is a sudden increase of brightness, which gives the comet an appearance of being encircled by a luminous ring. Sometimes two, and even three of these have been discovered, each separated by an interval where the light was scarcely perceptible.

To form some idea of this, let us simply suppose there are three layers of clouds, at three different heights, enveloping the earth; and that all of these, besides being diaphanous, possess certain optical qualities distinguishing them from the pure atmospheric air which is interposed between each. In the comet of 1811, the nebulosity was not less than 30,000 miles in thickness, and its inner surface was 36,000 miles distant from the nucleus. When the comet has the appendage of a tail, the ring appears closed only on the side next the sun, and is semicircular. The extremities of this semicircle are the points of the departure of those rays of light, the elongation of which forms the limits of the tail.

THE NUCLEUS.

Comets have often nuclei similar to the planets in their form and brilliancy. In general they are very small, but the reverse is sometimes the case. The comet of 1798, had a nucleus thirty-three miles in diameter, and in one of those which appeared in 1811, it amounted to 3267 miles. A knowledge of the nature of this nucleus is of considerable importance, and, accordingly, the subject of its transparency or non-transparency has been warmly canvassed, by several philosophers. One party states that they have seen stars through this nucleus, and others that they have seen them completely eclipsed by it. The following theory has been proposed:—We have seen that there are comets without any apparent nucleus, which, in all their extent, shine with the same splendour, and yet are nothing but simple agglomerations of a gaseous substance. A second degree of concentration of these vapours, let us suppose, produces a nucleus in the centre of the nebulosity remarkable for its brilliancy, but, being still in a liquid state, is diaphanous. At a more advanced period, the liquid being sufficiently cooled will be enveloped with a solid crust, and from that moment all transparency will cease. This nucleus being interposed between a star and the observer, will produce an eclipse as complete as those resulting daily with the moon and planets. Nothing absolutely disproves the existence of comets with a solid nucleus. The variety of aspect, and brightness which these bodies present, proves that they are not all fashioned after a uniform manner. The archives of science supply us with a variety of facts in support of this position. Keeping out of view those numerous stories which would doubtless be considered fabulous, recourse will only be had to incontestable observations.

In the forty-third year before the Christian era, a comet was seen by day with the naked eye, and was looked upon by the Romans as the metamorphosed soul of Cæsar, who had been assassinated a short time preceding the event. In 1402 there appeared two very remarkable comets. The first so brilliant that, in March, the light of the sun at meridian day did not prevent its being visible, as contemporary authors express it, to the extent of two fathoms. The second appeared in June, and was seen a long time before sunset. It was pretended that this comet announced the approaching death of Jean Galéas Visconti. This prince, who had got his horoscope calculated in youth, was so struck with the appearance of the comet, that the fear incident upon this no doubt contributed to realize the prediction.

Cardan relates that, in 1532, a comet appeared at mid-day, which greatly excited the curiosity of the inhabitants of Milan. At the time it shone (about the period of Sforza II.'s death) Venus was not in a favourable position to be seen in presence of the sun. The star of Cardan was then a comet, and is the fourth mentioned by historians as visible at mid-day. The famous comet of 1577, was discovered by Tycho Brahe before sunset.

But to come to a more modern luminary, the observations upon which have been properly detailed. On the 1st of February the comet of 1744 was, according to Chezeaux, more luminous than Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens. On the 8th it equalled Jupiter; and some days after it did not yield in splendour to Venus. At the commencement of the following month it was seen by several persons at one o'clock of the day.

After mentioning the appearance of comets so brilliant as these, and knowing that others lately observed vanish almost before the telescope can be brought to bear upon the point of space which they occupy, it can scarcely be doubted that these bodies are of different physical constitutions. It may be concluded, then, that there are comets *without* a nucleus, comets whose nucleus is probably diaphanous; and, lastly, comets more brilliant than the planets, and whose nuclei are probably solid and opaque.

OF THE TAIL.

That long luminous train with which comets have been frequently accompanied, has in all ages and countries borne the name of tail.

Pierre Appian, in observing attentively the comet of 1531, noticed that the tail, whatever might be the motion or situation of the star, was placed on the prolongation of the line which joined the sun and the nucleus. Some philosophers have attempted to generalize this principle, but at the expense of facts. It is true that usually the tail is placed behind the comet and opposite to the sun, but the line which unites the two does not always conform to the axis of the tail. It has also been found, that the tail inclines constantly towards the region which the comet has quitted. It would appear from this, that in passing through a gaseous medium, the substance of which it is formed experienced a greater resistance than that of the nucleus. In proof of this, it may be stated, that the deviation is greater the farther from the head. These deviations are such that the tail acquires a very sensible curve. That of 1744, for instance, formed nearly a quadrant in the extent of some degrees. Suppose, then, that the cause of the curvature is correctly accounted for, it will follow that the convexity will always be turned from that region towards which the comet travels. Only two imperfectly ascertained exceptions have been offered to this rule.

The tail enlarges greatly at a distance from the head of the comet. The sides of the curvature are more luminous than the middle, which commonly shews an obscure stripe, dividing the tail longitudinally into two distinct, and often almost equal, parts. Ancient observers believed this stripe to be the shadow of the comet. But this explanation cannot apply to tails not directed towards the sun. It is more consistent with phenomena to consider the tail as a hollow cone. The visual line directed to the borders of this cone, it is easily seen, will take in a greater quantity of nebulous particles than the line passing through the centre. Now, whether these particles shine by themselves, or only reflect the sun's rays, it is their total number which, in each direction, ought to determine the intensity of the light.

Comets have sometimes several tails. That of 1744, on the 7th and 8th of March, had six, each about six degrees in breadth, and from 30 to 44 in length. Their borders were bright and well defined, while their middle emitted only a very attenuated light; and, between two of the different tails, it was as dark as the rest of the sky. These tails sometimes stretch out to the prodigious length of 97 degrees; so the head of the comet could thus set, whilst a portion of its tail remained in the zenith.

My readers will perhaps, look for some details of the nature of cometary light,—of the causes of their tails—what changes their forms—what gives rise to the systems of concentric envelopes, which the nebulosity sometimes forms—are comets inhabited, &c. &c. But, as nothing certain can be stated on these points, I refrain from indulging in vague hypotheses, or philosophical romance. Cometary astronomy has made great progress within the last century and a half, but it still remains in a state of considerable obscurity, notwithstanding the zeal and assiduity which philosophers have displayed to elucidate and explain the subject.

MY NATIVE BAY.

My native bay is calm and bright,
As e'er it was of yore
When in the days of hope and love,
I stood upon its shore;
The sky is glowing, soft, and blue,
As once in youth it smiled,
When summer seas and summer skies
Were always bright and mild.

The sky—how oft hath darkness dwelt,
Since then, upon its breast;
The sea—how oft have tempests broke
Its gentle dream of rest!
So oft hath darker woe come o'er
Calm self-enjoying thought;
And passion's storms a wilder scene
Within my bosom wrought.

Now after years of absence, pass'd
In wretchedness and pain,
I come and find those seas and skies
All calm and bright again.
The darkness and the storm from both
Have trackless pass'd away;
And gentle as in youth, once more
Thou seem'st, my native bay!

Oh, that like thee, when toil is o'er,
And all my griefs are past,
This ravaged bosom might subside
To peace and joy at last!
And while it lay all calm like thee,
In pure unruffled sleep,
Oh, might a heaven as bright as this
Be mirror'd in its deep!

R. C.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

The following story, the simple and domestic incidents of which may be deemed scarcely worth relating after such a lapse of time, awakened some degree of interest, a hundred years ago, in a principal seaport of the Bay Province. The twilight of an autumn day; a parlour on the second floor of a small house, plainly furnished, as beseemed the middling circumstances of its inhabitants, yet decorated with little curiosities from beyond the sea, and a few delicate specimens of Indian manufacture,—these are the only particulars to be premised in regard to scene and season. Two young and comely women sat together by the fireside, nursing their mutual and peculiar sorrows. They were the recent brides of two brothers, a sailor and a landsman, and two successive days had brought tidings of the death of each, by the chances of Canadian

warfare, and the tempestuous Atlantic. The universal sympathy excited by this bereavement drew numerous condoling guests to the habitation of the widowed sisters. Several, among whom was the minister, had remained till the verge of evening; when one by one, whispering many comfortable passages of Scripture that were answered by more abundant tears, they took their leaves, and departed to their own happier homes. The mourners, though not insensible to the kindness of their friends, had yearned to be left alone. United, as they had been, by the relationship of the living, and now more closely so by that of the dead, each felt as if whatever consolation her grief admitted, were to be found in the bosom of the other. They joined their hearts, and wept together silently. But after an hour of such indulgence, one of the sisters, all of whose emotions were influenced by her mild, quiet, yet not feeble character, began to recollect the precepts of resignation and endurance, which piety had taught her, when she did not think to need them. Her misfortune, besides, as earliest known, should earliest cease to interfere with her regular course of duties; accordingly, having placed the table before the fire, and arranged a frugal meal, she took the hand of her companion.

"Come, dearest sister; you have eaten not a morsel today," she said, "Arise, I pray you, and let us ask a blessing on that which is provided for us."

Her sister-in-law was of a lively and irritable temperament, and the first pangs of her sorrow had been expressed by shrieks and passionate lamentations. She now shrunk from Mary's words like a wounded sufferer from a hand that revives the throb.

"There is no blessing left for me, neither will I ask it," cried Margaret, with a fresh burst of tears. "Would it were His will that I might never taste food more."

Yet she trembled at these rebellious expressions, almost as soon as they were uttered, and, by degrees, Mary succeeded in bringing her sister's mind nearer to the situation of her own. Time went on, and their usual hour of repose arrived. The brothers and their brides, entering the married state with more than the slender means which then sanctioned such a step, had confederated themselves in one household, with equal rights to the parlour, and claiming exclusive privileges in two sleeping rooms contiguous to it. Thither the widowed ones retired, after heaping ashes upon the dying embers of their fire, and placing a lighted lamp upon the hearth. The doors of both chambers were left open, so that a part of the interior of each, and the beds with their unclosed curtains were reciprocally visible. Sleep did not steal upon the sisters at one and the same time. Mary experienced the effect often consequent upon grief quietly borne, and soon sunk into temporary forgetfulness, while Margaret became more disturbed and feverish, in proportion as the night advanced with its deepest and stillest hours. She lay listening to the drops of rain, that came down in monotonous succession, unswayed by a breath of wind; and a nervous impulse continually caused her to lift her head from the pillow, and gaze into Mary's chamber and the intermediate apartment. The cold light of the lamp threw the shadows of the furniture up against the wall, stamping them immoveably there, except when they were shaken by a sudden flicker of the flame. Two vacant armchairs were in their old positions on opposite sides of the hearth, where the brothers had been wont to sit in young and laughing dignity, as heads of families; two humbler seats were near them, the true thrones of that little empire, where Mary and herself had exercised, in love, a power that love had won. The cheerful radiance of the fire had shone upon the happy circle, and the dead glimmer of the lamp might have befitted their reunion now. While Margaret groaned in bitterness, she heard a knock at the street door.

"How would my heart have leapt at that sound but yesterday!" thought she, remembering the anxiety with which she had long awaited tidings from her husband. "I care not for it now; let them begone, for I will not arise."

But even while a sort of childish fretfulness made her thus resolve, she was breathing hurriedly, and straining her ears to catch a repetition of the summons. It is difficult to be convinced of the death of one whom we have deemed another self. The knocking was now renewed in slow and regular strokes, apparently given with the soft end of a doubled fist, and was accompanied by words, faintly heard through several thicknesses of wall. Margaret looked to her sister's chamber, and beheld her still lying in the depths of sleep. She arose, placed her foot upon the floor, and slightly arrayed herself, trembling between fear and eagerness as she did so.

"Heaven help me!" sighed she. "I have nothing left to fear, and methinks I am ten times more a coward than ever."

Seizing the lamp from the hearth, she hastened to the window that overlooked the street door. It was a lattice, turning upon hinges; and having thrown it back, she stretched her head a little way into the moist atmosphere. A lantern was reddening the front of the house, and melting its light in the neighbouring puddles, while a deluge of darkness overwhelmed every other object. As the window grated on its hinges, a man in a broad brimmed hat and blanket coat, stepped from under the shelter of the projecting story, and looked upward to discover whom his application had aroused. Margaret knew him as a friendly innkeeper of the town.

"What would you have, goodman Parker?" cried the widow.

"Lack-a-day, is it you, mistress Margaret?" replied the innkeeper. "I was afraid it might be your sister Mary; for I hate to see a young woman in trouble, when I haven't a word of comfort to whisper her."

"For Heaven's sake, what news do you bring?" screamed Margaret.

"Why there has been an express through the town within this half-hour," said goodman Parker, "travelling from the eastern jurisdiction, with letters from the governor and council. He tarried at my house to refresh himself with a drop and a morsel, and I asked him what tidings on the frontiers. He tells me we had the better in the skirmish you wot of, and that thirteen men reported slain, are well and sound, and your husband among them. Besides, he is appointed of the escort to bring the captivated Frenchers and Indians home to the province jail. I judged you wouldn't mind being broke off your rest, and so I stept over to tell you. Good night."

So saying, the honest man departed; and his lantern gleamed along the street, bringing to view indistinct shapes of things, and the fragments of a world, like order glimmering through chaos, or memory roaming over the past. But Margaret staid not to watch these picturesque effects. Joy flashed into her heart, and lighted it up at once, and breathless, and with winged steps, she flew to the bedside of her sister. She paused, however, at the door of the chamber, while a thought of pain broke in upon her.

"Poor Mary!" said she to herself. "Shall I waken her, to feel her sorrow sharpened by my happiness? No; I will keep it within my own bosom till the morrow."

She approached the bed to discover if Mary's sleep were peaceful. Her face was turned partly inward to the pillow, and had been hidden there to weep; but a look of motionless contentment was now visible upon it, as if her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead had sunk down so far within. Happy is it, and strange, that the lighter sorrows are those from which dreams are chiefly fabricated. Margaret shrunk from disturbing her sister-in-law, and felt as if her own better fortune had rendered her involuntarily unfaithful, and as if altered and diminished affection must be the consequence of the disclosure she had to make. With a sudden step she turned away. But joy could not long be repressed, even by circumstances that would have excited heavy grief at another moment. Her mind was thronged with delightful thoughts, till sleep stole on and transformed them to visions, more delightful and more wild, like the breath of winter, (but what a cold comparison!) working fantastic tracery upon a window.

When the night was far advanced, Mary awoke with a sudden start. A vivid dream had latterly involved her in its unreal life, of which, however, she could only remember that it had been broken in upon at the most interesting point. For a little time slumber hung about her like a morning mist, hindering her from perceiving the distinct outline of her situation. She listened with imperfect consciousness to two or three volleys of a rapid and eager knocking, and first she deemed the noise a matter of course, like the breath she drew; next, it appeared a thing in which she had no concern; and lastly she became aware that it was a summons necessary to be obeyed. At the same moment, the pang of recollection darted into her mind; the pall of sleep was thrown back from the face of grief; the dim light of the chamber, and the objects therein revealed, had retained all her suspended ideas, and restored them as soon as she unclosed her eyes. Again, there was a quick peal upon the street door. Fearing that her sister would also be disturbed, Mary wrapped herself in a cloak and hood, took the lamp from the hearth, and hastened to the window. By some accident, it had been left unbasped, and yielded easily to her hand.

"Who's there!" asked Mary, trembling as she looked forth.

The storm was over and the moon was up; it shone upon broken clouds above, and below upon houses black with moisture, and upon little lakes of the fallen rains curling into silver beneath the quick enchantment of a breeze. A young man in a sailor's dress, wet as if he had come out of the depths of the sea, stood alone under the window. Mary recognized him as one whose livelihood was gained by short voyages along the coast; nor did she forget, that, previous to her marriage, he had been an unsuccessful wooer of her own.

"What do you seek here, Stephen?" said she.

"Cheer up, Mary, for I seek to comfort you," answered the rejected lover. "You must know I got home not ten minutes ago, and the first thing my good mother told me wa he news about your husband. So, without saying a word to the old woman, I clapt on my hat, and ran out of the house. I couldn't have slept a wink before speaking to you, Mary, for the sake of old times."

"Stephen, I thought better of you!" exclaimed the widow, with gushing tears, and preparing to close the latice; for she was no wit inclined to imitate the first wife of Zadig.

"But stop, and hear my story out," cried the young sailor; "I tell you we spoke a brig yesterday afternoon, bound in from Old England. And who do you think I saw standing on deck, well and hearty, only a bit thinner than he was five months ago?

Mary leaned from the window, but could not speak.

"Why, it was your husband himself," continued the generous seaman. "He and three others saved themselves on a spar, when the Blessing turned bottom upwards. The brig will beat into the bay by day-light, with this wind, and you'll see him here to-morrow. There's the comfort I bring you, Mary, and so good night."

He hurried away, while Mary watched him with a doubt of waking reality, that seemed stronger or weaker as he alternately entered the shade of the houses, or emerged into the broad streaks of moonlight. Gradually, however, a blessed flood of conviction swelled into her heart, in strength enough to overwhelm her, had its increase been more abrupt. Her first impulse was to rouse her sister-in-law, and communicate the new-born gladness. She opened the chamber door, which had been closed in the course of the night, though not latched, advanced to the bedside, and was about to lay her hand upon the slumberer's shoulder. But then she remembered that Margaret would awake to thoughts of death and woe, rendered not the less bitter by their contrast with her own felicity. She suffered the rays of the lamp to fall upon the unconscious form of the bereaved one. Margaret lay in unquiet sleep, and the drapery was displaced around her; her young cheek was rosy-tinted, and her lips half opened in a vivid smile; an expression of joy, debarred its passage by her sealed eyelids, truggled forth like incense from the whole countenance.

"My poor sister! you will waken too soon from that happy dream," thought Mary.

Before retiring she set down the lamp and endeavoured to arrange the bed-clothes, so that the chill air might not do harm to the feverish slumberer. But her hand trembled against Margaret's neck, a tear also fell upon her cheek, and she suddenly awoke.

SLEEP WALKING.

Sleep walking is in general a profitless occupation. There are, however, instances in which somnabulists have employed themselves in their daily labours, with considerable diligence. We were lately told in the newspapers of a servant girl in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, who, having been one evening desired to prepare a baking of cakes early next morning, arose in the night, brought water, of which there happened to be none in the house, from the canal whence it was commonly taken for the use of the family, baked a large farl, placed it upon the girdle, which she adjusted properly over the grate, but overlooked the necessity of lighting the fire. All this she discovered next morning when she awoke. What is more to our present purpose, is a relation given by Henricus ab Heeres, in his *Medical Observations*, of a student whose poetical talent was more lively at such times than when awake. This young man cudgelled his brains sometimes the whole day, in making verses, correcting and blotting them out again; and, not being able to please himself, was forced to leave many gaps till a more lucky sitting. Sometimes, after leaving his compositions in this imperfect state, he would rise in the night, open his desk, fall to writing, fill up the chasms, read aloud what he had written, laugh heartily at what pleased him, and call his chamberfellow to do the like, and yet all this while he was fast asleep; then putting off his shoes and clothes, shutting his desk, and laying his papers aside, he went to bed again, and slept till he was called up, utterly ignorant of what he had writ, said, or done in the night time. In the morning, returning to his studies, and finding the blanks in his verses filled up with his own hand, he was at a loss to know whether it was done by man or some evil genius, and was in great perplexity, till his fellow students set his mind at rest by a recital of his behaviour during his sleep. Some time after, he left the schools, and, betaking himself to a virtuous wife, was haunted by the same infirmity, would rise in the night, take the child out of the cradle, walk about the house with it, and answer any question truly that his wife then propounded to him, which he would not do at other times. About the fortieth year of his age, and to his great satisfaction, this custom left him, unless he had drunk hard overnight. His wife and whole family, that had seen him walking, reading, and writing, being desired to observe it, affirmed that he spoke as plainly as if he had been awake, and that his eyes were open all the time, of which he was totally ignorant, and sincerely protested he saw not at all, and remembered nothing of what they said he had done.

SHARP ENOUGH ALREADY.

A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to *file* your *bill*, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

ENGLISH ANECDOTES.

PROMOTION.

The late Duke of York once remarked to Colonel W. at the mess of the 11th regiment, that the colonel was uncommonly bald, and, although a younger man than his royal highness, he stood more in need of a wig. The colonel, who had been of very long standing in the service, and whose promotion had been by no means rapid, informed his royal highness, that his baldness could be very easily accounted for. "In what manner?" asked his royal highness, rather eagerly. To which Colonel W. replied, "By junior officers stepping over my head." The duke was so pleased with the reply, that the gallant colonel obtained promotion in a few days afterwards.

A LAWYER CANNOT BE TOO BAREFACED.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court, that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawyer cannot be too bareaced."

NEW CONSTRUCTION OF "EQUAM MEMENTO."

A gentleman told Lord North, that, from a variety of losses, he had found himself compelled to reduce his establishment. "And what," said his lordship, "have you done with the fine mare you used to ride?" "I have sold her." "Then you have not attended to Horace's maxim,—

"*Equam* memento rebus in arduis servare,"

VENETIAN BLINDS.

Three Venetians, whom the late Lord Byron brought with him into this country, were so dreadfully attacked by ophthalmia, as almost entirely to lose their eyesight. "What can we do with these poor fellows?" said his lordship, when he heard of their misfortune. "Why," said Dr. L., "at the worst, we can set each of them up as a *Venetian blind*."

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.

Lord Loughborough rallying a physician one day, on the inefficacy of his prescriptions, the doctor said, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "That," answered the witty lord, "is exactly what the hangman says."

NATIONAL PARADOXES.

Somebody once remarked, that the Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; the Scotchman is never at home but when he is abroad; and the Irishman is never at peace but when he is fighting."

A HARD RUN.

A droll equivoque, and not unseasonable, took place between Sir ——— and Mr. M——, at the time of the great cash distresses in 1826. The baronet overtook the latter on running from a fox chase; and, supposing the banker had been one of the field, and wishing to say something civil as he passed, observed, "A hard run to-day, Mr. M." "Oh no, sir, I assure you!" replied the conscious man of money, not of straw; "no such thing, sir; not in the least *hard-pressed* to-day; no run at all!" "Why we run him in!" rejoined the baronet, with evident surprise: "would you have all knocked up?" "Oh! you are talking of the fox, perhaps," said the banker, "and I was thinking of my bank. I have not been hunting, but *hunted* all the week by *a pack of fools*."

A MOVING DISCOURSE.

A certain reverend drone in the country, preaching a very dull sermon to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was nearly ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned doctor has made a very *moving* discourse."

PURITANISM AT BOWLS.

The puritans carried their peculiar tenets into the minutest affairs of life. When Lord Brooke, one of the number, played at bowls, he would sometimes run after his cast, and cry, "Rub, rub, rub," in the eager but absurd hope that such a cry would give effect to his play. On such occasions his chaplain would run after him with equal eagerness, and earnestly exclaim, "Oh, good my lord, you must leave that to God."

FIAT LUX.

A bishop of Lincoln adopted the strange conceit of having the grand Scripture sentence, "FIAT LUX," painted on all the windows of his house. In his hall, in particular, it was so thickly painted, that the reverse of the command was observable, and, as a wag remarked, you could scarcely see for light. A mad scholar, at last, happened to wait upon the bishop, and observing the opacity of the light, fell a-breaking the windows with his stick. Being carried by the servants into the presence of the bishop, and questioned as to the cause of his conduct, "Why, my lord," answered he, "I was only obeying your lordship's commands: *Fiat Lux*."

WIT IN CHOOSING TEXTS.

A young preacher, in the time of James I., being appointed to hold forth before the vice-chancellor and heads of the colleges of Oxford, chose for his text, "What, cannot ye watch one hour?" which carried a personal allusion, as the vice-chancellor happened to be one of those heavy-headed persons who cannot attend church without falling asleep. The preacher repeating his text, in an emphatic manner, at the end of every division of his discourse, the unfortunate vice-chancellor as often awoke; and this happened so often, that at last all present could very well see the joke. The vice-chancellor was so nettled at the disturbance he had met with, and at the talk it occasioned, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who immediately sent for the young man, to reprove him for what he had done. In the course of the conference which ensued between the archbishop and the preacher, the latter gave so many proofs of his wit and good sense, that his grace procured him the honour of preaching before the king. Here also he had his joke: he gave out his text in these words,—"James First and Sixth, "*Waver not*;" which, of course, every body present saw to be a stroke at the indecisive character of the monarch. James, equally quick-sighted, exclaimed, "He is at me already;" but he was, upon the whole, so well pleased with this clerical wag, as to make him one of his chaplains in ordinary. He afterwards went to Oxford, and preached a farewell sermon on the text, "Sleep on now, and take your rest."

THE SHARK.

There always follows, however, the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in its inside: but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the Alceste, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew up the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There, my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide."—*Captain Hall's Autobiography*.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WILLIAM BERRY.

THE individual whom we this week introduce to notice, in our biographical department, was one who exhibited great talents of a peculiar order, under very unfortunate circumstances, and, what is far more, who, notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, conducted himself through life in the most creditable manner, as a private citizen, and as the father of a family.

William Berry, an ingenious artist, was born about the year 1730, and bred to the business of a seal engraver. After serving an apprenticeship under a Mr. Bolton, at Edinburgh, he commenced business for himself in that city, and soon became distinguished for the elegance of his designs, and the clearness and sharpness of his mode of cutting. At this time, the business of a stone engraver in the Scottish capital was confined to the cutting of ordinary seals, and the most elaborate work of this kind, which they undertook, was that of engraving the armorial bearings of the nobility. Mr. Berry's views were for several years confined to the usual drudgery of his art; but, by studying some ancient intaglios, he at length conceived the design of venturing into that higher walk, which might be said to bear the same relation to seal engraving, which historical painting does to portrait painting. The subject he chose for his first essay was a head of Sir Isaac Newton, which he executed with such precision and delicacy, as astonished all who had an opportunity of observing it. The modesty of Mr. Berry permitted him to consign this gem to the hands of a friend in a retired situation of life, who had few opportunities of shewing it to others. He resumed his wonted drudgery, satisfied, we may suppose, with that secret consciousness, which, to some abstracted minds, is not to be increased, but rather spoilt, by the applause of the uninitiated multitude. For many years this ingenious man narrowed his mind to the cutting of heraldric seals; while, in reality, he must have known that his genius fitted him for a competition with the highest triumphs of Italian art. When he was occasionally asked to undertake somewhat finer work, he generally found, that, though he only demanded perhaps half the money which he could have earned in humbler work during the same space of time, yet even that was grudged by his employers; and he, therefore, felt, that mere considerations of worldly prudence demanded his almost exclusive attention to the ordinary walk of his profession.

Nevertheless, in the course of a few years, the impulse of genius so far overcame his scruples, that he executed various heads, any one of which would have been sufficient to ensure him immortal fame among judges of excellence in this department. Among these were heads of Thomson, author of "The Seasons," Mary Queen of Scots, Oliver Cromwell, Julius Cæsar, a young Hercules, and Mr. Hamilton of Bangour, the well-known poet. Of these, only two were copies from the antique, and they were executed in the finest style of those celebrated intaglios. The young Hercules, in particular, possessed an unaffected plain simplicity—an union of youthful innocence, with strength and dignity—which struck every beholder as most appropriate to that mythological personage; while it was, at the same time, the most difficult of all expressions to be hit off by the faithful imitator of nature. As a painter finds it much less difficult to imitate any extravagant violence of character, than to represent, with truth and perspicuity, the elegant ease of the gentleman, so the painter can much more easily delineate the most violent contortions of countenance than that placid serenity, to express which requires a nice discrimination of such infinitely small degrees of variation, in certain lineaments, as totally to elude the observation of men on whose minds nature has not impressed, with her irresistible hand, that exquisite perceptive faculty, which constitutes the essence of genius in the fine arts.

Berry possessed this perceptive faculty to a degree which almost proved an obstruction rather than a help in his professional career. In his best performances, he himself remarked defects which no one else perceived, and which he believed might have been overcome by greater exertion, if for that greater exertion he could have spared the necessary time. Thus, while others applauded his intaglios, he looked upon them with a morbid feeling of vexation, arising from the sense of that struggle which his immediate personal wants constantly maintained with the nobler impulses of art, and to which his situation in the world promised no speedy cessation. This gave him an aversion to the higher department of his art, which, though indulged to his own temporary comfort, and the advantage of his family, was most unfortunate for the world.

In spite of every disadvantage, the works of Mr. Berry, few as they are in number, became gradually known in society at large, and some of his pieces were even brought into competition, by some distinguished cognoscenti, with those of Piccler at Rome, who had hitherto been the unapproached sovereign of this department of the arts. Although the experience of Piccler was that of a constant practitioner, while Mr. Berry had only attempted a few pieces at long intervals, in the course of a laborious life; although the former lived in a country where every artificial object was attuned to the principles of art, while Mr. Berry was reared in a soil remarkable for the absence of all such advantages, the latter was, by many judges, placed above his Italian contemporary. The respective works of the two artists were well known to each other; and each declared, with that manly kind of ingenuousness, which superior genius alone can confer on the human mind, that the other was greatly his superior.

Mr. Berry possessed not only the art of imitating busts or figures set before him, in which he could observe and copy the prominence or depression of the parts, but he possessed a faculty which presupposes a much nicer discrimination—that of being able to execute a figure in *relievo*, with perfect justness in all its parts, which was copied from a painting or drawing upon a flat surface. This was fairly put to the test in the head he executed of Hamilton of Bangour. That gentleman had been dead several years, when his relations wished to have a head of him executed by Berry. The artist had himself never seen Mr. Hamilton, and there remained no picture of him but an imperfect sketch, which was by no means a striking likeness. This was put into the hands of Mr. Berry by a person who had known the de-

ceased poet, and who pointed out the defects of the resemblance in the best way that words can be made to correct things of this nature; and from this picture, with the ideas that Mr. Berry had imbibed from the corrections, he made a head, which every one who knew Mr. Hamilton allowed to be one of the most perfect likenesses that could be wished for. In this, as in all his works, there was a correctness in the outline, and a truth and delicacy in the expression of the features, highly emulous of the best antiques, which were, indeed, the models on which he formed his taste.

The whole number of heads executed by Mr. Berry did not exceed a dozen; but, besides these, he executed some full-length figures of both men and animals, in his customary style of elegance. That attention, however, to the interests of a numerous family, which a man of sound principles, as Mr. Berry was, could never allow himself to lose sight of, made him forego those agreeable exertions for the more lucrative, though less pleasing, employment of cutting heraldric seals, which may be said to have been his constant employment from morning to night, for forty years together, with an assiduity that almost surpasses belief. In this department, he was, without dispute, the first artist of his time; but even here, a modesty, which was so peculiarly his own, and an invariable desire of giving perfection to every thing he put out of his hand, prevented him from drawing such emoluments from his labours as they deserved. Of this the following anecdote will serve as an illustration, and as an additional testimony of his very great skill:—Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, on succeeding to his title and estates, was desirous of having a seal cut, with his arms properly emblazoned upon it. But, as there were no fewer than thirty-two compartments in the shield, which was of necessity confined to a very small space, so as to leave room for the supporters and other ornaments within the compass of a seal of ordinary size, he found it a matter of great difficulty to get it executed. Though a native of Scotland himself, the noble Duke had no idea that there was a man of first-rate eminence in this art in Edinburgh; and, accordingly, he had applied to the first seal engravers in London and Paris, all of whom declared it to be beyond their power. At this time, Berry was mentioned to him with such powerful recommendations, that he was induced to pay him a visit, and found him, as usual, seated at his wheel. The gentleman who had mentioned Mr. Berry's name to the Duke accompanied him on his visit. This person, without introducing the Duke, shewed Mr. Berry the impression of a seal which the Duchess Dowager had got cut a good many years before, by a Jew in London, now dead, and which had been shewn to others as a pattern, asking him if he would cut a seal the same as that. After examining it a little, Mr. Berry answered him readily that he would. The Duke, at once pleased and astonished, exclaimed, "Will you, indeed!" Mr. Berry, who thought that this implied some doubt of his ability to perform what he undertook, was a little piqued, and turning round to the Duke, whom he had never before seen, he said, "Yes, sir; if I do not make a better seal than this, I will charge no payment for it." The Duke, highly pleased, left the pattern with Mr. Berry, and went away. The original contained, indeed, the various devices of the thirty-two compartments distinctly enough to be seen; but none of the colours were expressed. Mr. Berry, in proper time, finished the seal, on which the figures were not only done with superior elegance, but the colours of every part so distinctly marked, that a painter could delineate the whole, or a herald blazon it, with perfect accuracy. For this extraordinary and most ingenious labour, he charged no more than thirty-two guineas, though the pattern seal had cost seventy-five. Thus it was, that, though possessed of talents unequalled in their kind, at least in Britain, and assiduity not to be surpassed,—observing, at the same time, the strictest economy in his domestic arrangements,—Mr. Berry died at last, in circumstances far from affluent, June 3, 1783, in the fifty-third year of his age, leaving a numerous family of children. It had been the lot of this ingenious man to toil unceasingly for a whole life, without obtaining any other reward than the common boon of mere subsistence, while his abilities, in another sphere, or in an age more qualified to appreciate and employ them, might have enabled him to attain at once to fame and fortune in a very few years. His art, it may be remarked, has made no particular progress in Scotland, in consequence of his example. The genius of Berry was solitary, both in respect of place and time, and has never been rivalled by any other of his countrymen. It must be recorded, to the honour of this unrequited genius, that his character in private life was as amiable and unassuming as his talents were great; and that his conduct on all occasions was ruled by the strictest principles of honour and integrity.—*Chambers' Scottish Biographical Dictionary.*

BURIAL FANCIES.

"The seventeenth stanza of the second book of the *Minstrel*," says Sir William Forbes, in his Life of Beattie, "in which he so feelingly describes the spot of which he most approved for his place of sepulture, is so very exact a picture of the situation of the churchyard of Lawrence-kirk, which stands near to his mother's house, and in which is the schoolhouse where he was daily taught, that he must certainly have had it in his view at the time he wrote the following beautiful lines:—

Let vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown:
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave,
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave!

"The wish, that our bones should be laid in the sepulchre with our fathers," has been so prevalent in all ages, that it seems to be a sentiment inherent in our nature. No wonder, therefore, that the local scenery, where his nearest and dearest connexions were interred, should have made an early and deep impression on the mind of young Beattie, and should have suggested to him the idea, that *there*, perhaps, might be his own place of sepulture.

"At a later period, however, he had changed his design in that respect; and after he began to spend so much time at Peterhead, he became fond of an ancient burying ground, at six miles distant, where had originally stood the church, now in ruins, of the parish of St. Fergus, in the middle of the beautiful links of that name. This was a favourite spot of Dr. Beattie's, where he much delighted to take his walks of meditation. Combining the idea of solitude and repose with the solemn purpose to which the scene was devoted, he felt a more than common interest in that sequestered spot, and used to say to his friends, that it was there he wished his remains might be laid. With that view, the first season in which his niece, Mrs. Glennie, accompanied him to Peterhead, he carried her to visit the churchyard in the links of St. Fergus. It was the recollection of that circumstance which induced Mrs. Glennie to ask him, after the death of both his sons, where he desired to be interred? to which he replied, that he 'would wish his body to be laid beside those of his two sons, rather than beside that of the greatest monarch upon earth.' He was, accordingly, buried at Aberdeen."

The remark that the wish to be buried with our fathers is inherent in our nature, is a frequent one. Whether it is true or not, the anecdote just cited proves that the wish not so deep rooted, but that it may be superseded before the course of human life is run. Beattie was susceptible of the romantic to a degree seldom equalled; his feelings, indeed, in this respect, bordered upon the morbid: and yet we see him changing his mind twice concerning his burial place; the first, or inherent wish, that he should be laid in the sepulchre with his fathers, having been abandoned upon a fancy that he had found a sequestered spot, where it would be rather an agreeable sort of thing to be buried: for some are so much impressed with the beauties of local scenery that they could almost wish to die for the sake of having their bones deposited in their favourite retreat.

Wilson, the American ornithologist, as his biographer informs us, "while in the enjoyment of health, had, in a conversation with a friend on the subject of death, expressed a wish to be buried in some rural spot, sacred to peace and solitude, whither the charms of nature might invite the steps of the votary of the Muses and the lover of science, and *where the birds might sing over his grave*. It has been matter of regret," adds this writer, "to those of his friends to whom was confided the mournful duty of ordering his funeral, that this desire had not been made known to them, otherwise it should have been piously observed."

Wilson's wish that his body should lie where the birds might sing over his grave, was a sentiment as finely conceived as any thing of the same kind to be met with in poetry; but the propriety of "piously observing" such wishes may be questioned: it would only encourage other similar fantasies—for it is nothing but a fantasy: man has done his duty to his dead brother when he has committed dust to dust,—it matters nothing where. A certain carpenter had such an idea of the dignity conferred upon man by the upright posture, that he thought the purposes of Nature ought not to be thwarted even in death. As far as regarded himself, in particular, he could not bear the idea of being laid on his back in the grave: but wanted to have a deep hole dug, and the coffin placed on end. He was quite serious and earnest on the subject; and, though a man of no public fame, his dying wishes were certainly as binding on his surviving relatives, as if he had been a great poet, philosopher, statesman, or warrior; but the thing was palpably a whim, and was disregarded accordingly. Wilson's fancy had not such an air of absurdity about it: it took a different direction, but was not more founded on reason. Where it is a matter of indifference, there is no harm in attending to injunctions of this kind; but to say we do it from principle, that they should be "piously observed," and to act upon it, were but to delude and be deluded. The dead, disguise it as we may, are buried for the sake of the living, not because it is of any consequence to themselves; and no outrage was done to the manes of the carpenter, who was interred in a recumbent instead of a standing posture; nor to Wilson, when buried in the churchyard and not in the woods, any more than to those of Beattie, because his body was not divided among the three places, which, at different periods of his life, he had chosen for his burial ground.

Yet though, to the eye of reason, no one spot, abstractly considered, is more desirable as a place of sepulture than another, the attachment which binds us to the graves where our fathers repose is connected with some of our noblest feelings, and helps to cherish them. We cannot expect to see all mankind raised to the dignity of Stoic philosophers, nor is it certain that that state would confer more real happiness than is derived from the indulgence of prejudices, which, though numerous, are harmless, and even amiable. "Where is your *earth?*" is a question frequently to be heard among the Scottish peasantry; and if all the associations which such an allusion is calculated to awaken, were rooted from our bosoms, why really, after all, this would be an exceedingly uncomfortable world to live in. In this way it is often found, that those things which we are most sensible are weaknesses, contribute materially to promote that kindliness of disposition, without which society were repulsive in its aspects, and unendurable in reality.

The fancy of being laid apart from the resting places of our fellow creatures, is so beautifully developed in a small poem by the late Mr. Crabbe, that we cannot resist the temptation of quoting it. It must be understood as the address of an ill-fated lady, slightly tinged with insanity, to her sister, when on her death-bed.

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, around my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.
As flowers that once on Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirit shed,
And every day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Oh, let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy hour of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below;
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
Their cold phosphoric fires dec .

That is the grave to Lucy shewn,
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth till then unturn'd,
Then let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,
Nor for new guests that bed be made.

There will the lark—the lamb in sport,
In air—on earth—securely play,
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground,
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shiv'ring body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In darkening beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earthworms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey;
I will not hear the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin;
And boys, without regard and shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not it is beneath my care,
I cannot those cold truths allow:
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But, oh, they vex and tease me now.
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But let my Lucy come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh, take me from a world I hate!
Men, cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,
For only generous souls design'd,
And not a man to meet us there.

THE SEA SHORES OF BRITAIN.

One of the most remarkable, and yet, perhaps, least regarded phenomena in nature, is the incessant change which is going on in the configuration and dimensions of the sea-shores of this and the adjacent continental countries. So fierce and unceasing is the action of the tides and current of the ocean, especially if affected by the influx of rapid streams, that in few parts of the coast do we find that outline and appearance which our ancestors beheld some hundreds of years since. Where there were once bare rocks, or bleak sand and morasses, we may find beautiful extensive meadows of alluvial soil; and, where the fields once bloomed in perennial beauty, we may behold nothing but huge stones, garnished with marine herbs, and forming the habitation of innumerable shell fish.

The extraordinary changes of this nature daily in action, are not observable in detail; but, after the interval of years, they can easily be distinguished. It is probably not generally known, that the island of Great Britain is melting away, like a mass of ice affected by the warming rays of the sun. Every hour it is becoming less in weight or bulk than it was the hour preceding—every day many hundreds of tons of matter are washed from its declivities, and carried by rivers and floods into the bed of the ocean. The result of so extensive a diminution is no where so observable as in the sea betwixt our island and Holland. Here the ocean is discovered to be fast filling up. It is now full of large banks, extending to a great length, the most extensive being the Dogger Bank, which stretches upwards of three hundred and fifty-four miles from west to south. The mountains rising beneath the waves of the sea are composed of matter chiefly drifted from the land; and as they will in time elevate their summits above the surface of the water, they will next begin to be covered with vegetation; and the period may arrive when there will exist a country as large as our own, though certainly flat in its character, and which will afford a home and support to a nation as powerful as those of elder creation. It is calculated that the banks we speak of would cover Great Britain to the depth of twenty-eight feet, were they scattered evenly on the ground; and this alone may give us an idea of the loss which our country has sustained. Our hills and valleys everywhere exhibit traces of the devastations which torrents and impetuous rivers have accomplished: every rivulet in our mountains exhibits, by their excavated banks, that large portions of the soil have been irrecoverably lost, or been floated off to form the basework of new countries not yet emerged from their watery bed.

It is a subject fruitful in interest to the reflective, the great change that must have been thus effected in the character of our dearly beloved island throughout the succession of past ages. On the close examination of facts and appearances, we have the strongest circumstantial evidence that Great Britain was by no means originally an island, but formed merely a prolongation to the north of the continent of Europe. "Whether England," says Lyell, in his *Principles of Geology*, "was formerly united with France, has often been a favourite speculation; and in 1753, a society at Amiens proposed this as the subject of a prize essay, which was gained by the celebrated Desmarest, then a young man. He founded his principal arguments on the identity of composition of the cliffs on the opposite sides of the channel; on a submarine chain, extending from Boulogne to Folkestone, only fourteen feet under low water; and on the identity of the noxious animals in England and France, which could not have swum across the straits, and would never have been introduced by man. He also attributed the rupture of the isthmus to the preponderating violence of the current from the north. It will hardly be disputed, that the ocean might have effected a breach through the land which, in all probability once united our country to the continent, in the same manner as it now gradually forces a passage through the rocks of the same mineral composition, and often many hundred feet high, upon our coast. Although the time required for such an operation was probably very great, yet we cannot estimate it by reference to the present rate of waste on both sides of the channel. For when, in the thirteenth century, the sea burst through the isthmus of Staveren, which formerly united Friesland with North Holland, it opened, in about one hundred years, a strait more than half as wide as that which divides England from France; after which the dimensions of the new channel remained almost stationary. The greatest depth of the straits between Dover and Calais is twenty-nine fathoms, which only exceeds, by one fathom, the greatest depth of the Mississippi at New Orleans." The speculative philosopher might perhaps deduce, from this ingenious theory, that, at some early period in the history of the world, our island was thus providentially cut off from France, in order that it might, at some future day, be inhabited by a people peculiar in their habits, and calculated to offer an example for the conduct of neighbouring nations.

With respect to the formation of alluvial land, there can be no doubt that it takes place almost entirely from the deposit of muddy particles brought from the interior by rivers, and prevented from going out to sea by the action of currents and tides. Thus, Holland and the adjacent low countries are supposed to be formed by the flux of earthy matter from the Rhine and other large rivers. At the mouth of the Thames, there are various examples of the gain and loss of land. On the south shore of the Firth of Forth, there are some places where land is in the course of being saved from the sea to a great extent, particularly near Bo'ness; and there are other places—for instance, betwixt Leith and Newhaven—where the loss has been very great, though not of such importance as to rouse the people to a just sense of the injury. The Carse of Falkirk has, in the same way, been formed of alluvial matter; and the Carse of Gowrie and Strathern exhibit every appearance of being of the same consistence. The Tay and the Earn are two of the largest Scottish rivers, both disemboguing into an estuary called the Firth of Tay. It is apparent that these beautiful streams do not flow in the channel which they once pursued.

The traditions of the country people, although always suspicious, are generally worthy of some credit, especially when local appearances give them countenance. It is a common tradition, that the Tay, instead of forming the southern boundary of the Carse of Gowrie, formerly bounded it on the north, running under the Sidlaw Hills. The usual tale is, that the Tay turned off from its present course about two miles below Perth, and making the circuit described, fell into the Firth, at the eastern extremity of the Carse; the Earn occupying by itself the channel of the two (now) united rivers. They ran along all the way down the Carse, parallel to, and at no great distance from, each other, winding round, and almost isolating various rising grounds which lay between them, and which, from this circumstance, were called *Inches*, or islands, as Inch or Meginch, Inchmartin, Inchmichael, Inchture, and others. A countryman, having drawn a furrow with his plough from the Tay along a low field which he wished to irrigate, caused the whole river to take this direct and to flow into the course of the Earn, leaving its former channel here, and taking away from the Inches their pristine insular character. Another result has been, that the Tay now appears to flow into the Earn as a tributary, instead of sustaining its real character as a principal. Wild and improbable as this story may appear, it is borne partly out by local facts. It is the opinion of the present writers, that the whole of that district or country, or space forming the beds of the Tay and Earn, with the carses on their banks, from that part of the Tay where it becomes shallow, a few miles above Dundee, to the eminences which bound the Carse of Strathearn on the west, was, at an early period, one immense lagoon, or jungle, such as is now seen on the continent of America, wherein was a trackless labyrinth of watercourses, pools, brushwoods, and forest trees. How or when the aboriginal forest disappeared, or the waters of the swamp betook themselves to defined channels, are questions which no writer can answer. It is only a matter of certainty that the country continued in a condition far from reclaimed after the land became inhabited, because the etymologies of the names of places now in use, are significant of the original nature of their respective localities. By these names we further discover that the district was the habitation of beasts of prey and animals of the chace. Boars, wolves, and foxes, from such a deduction, must have been the common inhabitants of the thickets and wilds. It has been shewn by the ingenious naturalist, the Rev. Dr. Fleming of Flisk, that what is now the bed of the Tay was once a forest, and this is proved by the discovery of the roots of trees, still in their natural position, within low water mark; immense beds of clay full of the leaves of fresh-water plants; also beds of peat, containing hazel nuts in great quantities; deposits of shell marl, and other remains equally significant. The process of forming dry arable land, out of the sludge of a shallow river, easily diverted from its course, has been pursued, first by Nature, and in the second place, by Art. The cause of the windings or links of the Forth, may be referred to a something so trifling that it is hardly worthy of belief. The fall of a tree has sent a stream in a new direction; the slight opposition offered by the edge of a stone, has directed the water into an opposite course. On a smaller scale, the whole operation may be seen in the case of a rivulet meandering through the bottom of a meadow. The *growth* of the land is likewise of no difficult solution. The grounds of the carse are the deposition of particles of earthy matter, washed down by the floods from the upper country, mingled with the residuum of forest trees and decayed vegatables. It is interesting to view the spectacle of the reclaiming of land from the Tay, now in operation, at the instance of both nature and art. This large and fine river is constantly bringing down from the recesses of the Highlands an infinitude of particles of sand or other matter, individually so small, that they cannot be seen by the naked eye, and whose presence is only known by the colour they infuse in the water. These particles are not carried out to sea. They are arrested by the tides opposite the carse ground above noticed, and, sinking to the bottom, they imperceptibly form a fine species of mire. In the course of time, this mire rises to the surface of the estuary. It is first left dry at ordinary high tides, and next becomes visible at the height of spring tides. For a very long while, it forms merely long bare reaches at low water, and at these ebbs of the tide, a person might, from appearances, be of opinion, that he could walk across the bed of the estuary with little difficulty. Floods and high impetuous tides at last drift so much matter on these rising reaches and half-formed islets, that they remain, at all times, above water, and finally, by the action of the winds blowing thither the seeds of plants, or by other causes beyond the reach of human discovery, the land so formed is covered with a rich herbage, shrubs, plants of various nature, and even trees. In the bed of the Tay there have risen, in this manner, Grange Island, Rhind Island, Cairney Islands, Carpow Island, Chisbinny Island, and Mugdrum Island, and perhaps these islands may at a future day be joined to each other, or to the mainland on one side, so as to offer a complete specimen, in modern times, of the way in which the great body of the carses have sprung into existence. The ingenuity and wisdom of man are hastening, though not with a very creditable rapidity, the extension of the dry land on the banks of the Tay, and gradually diminishing the unprofitable breadth of its channel. The work of creation is going on chiefly upon Fife side, a short way below Newburgh. Rude piers or dikes are run out from the shore, to the length of a few yards, at certain distances from each other, and at every flux of the tide, a small portion of the mire is left betwixt them. Little by little, the margin of the land is protruded farther and farther into the water, and when it has reached the outer termination of the dykes, additional projections are made, and the same result follows of an increase of land. In this way many flat fertile fields have been added to this portion of Fife; and, judging from a superficial calculation, it would seem to be no difficult matter to hem in the Tay to a narrow deep channel on the Perthshire side, thereby not only increasing the quantity of productive land to a vast amount, but doing much for the benefit of navigation.

THE SCOTTISH DUKES.

ARGYLE.

The first of this family was a gentleman of Anglo-Norman lineage, designated Gillespic (or Archibald,) Campbell, who, in the eleventh or twelfth century, married the heiress of an old Celtic race of heroes, who had possessed the barony of Lochow, in Argyleshire, if we are to believe the sennachies, from the year 404. Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, seventh in descent from Gillespie, was a notable adherent of King Robert Bruce, through all his various fortunes; he married the sister of that monarch, and was endowed by him with a great quantity of lands, forfeited by the adherents of Baliol. The estates of the family, from this period, increased very fast, insomuch that Sir Duncan, the fourth in descent from Neil, on becoming a hostage for the ransom of James I. in 1424, was found to be worth 1500 merks a-year. This great baron was made a Lord of Parliament in 1445, under the title of Lord Campbell. Colin, his grandson, added immensely to his territories, by marrying one of the three heiresses of Lorn: and, in 1457, was elevated to the rank of Earl of Argyle. The family had no political importance till the great division of opinion at the Reformation. It then obtained distinction by embracing the Protestant side. Archibald, the fourth earl, was the very first of the Scottish nobility who did so: and it is remarkable, that so long as there was the least dispute between the principles of protestantism and popery, or liberal and anti-liberal politics, the weight of this great territorial house was uniformly thrown into the former scale. The family of Argyle thus bears a conspicuous part in Scottish history, from the Reformation downward. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that in the covenanting movement in Scotland, Archibald, the eighth earl, was, almost from the beginning, in 1637, to the end, in 1651, the dominant spirit. It is related of this nobleman, that he never travelled without a Bible and Concordance. Charles I. in his absurd endeavours to pacify the Scots, created then favorite, Argyle, a marquis. He was, however, like all the rest of his countrymen, a royalist, and as such, exerted himself in favour of Charles II, who was admitted to a limited, or rather nominal, sovereignty in Scotland long before the Restoration. After that event, Argyle was beheaded for his cruelties to the ultra-royalists, and his acceptance of place under Cromwell. His son, Archibald, styled ninth earl, was the eminent patriot so highly eulogized by Fox. He was beheaded in the reign of James II., after an unsuccessful attempt at an insurrection. The family estates, forfeited on this occasion, were restored after the revolution, to Archibald, the tenth earl, son of the last unfortunate nobleman, who made a conspicuous figure under the liberalized reign of King William, and was raised to a dukedom by that monarch in 1701. Though a clever man, he was too dissipated to be a great statesman: it was alleged, by the scandal of the time, that he died from a wound received in a brothel. This event took place in 1703, when his son, Duke John, succeeded. This amiable and most accomplished nobleman, who, according to Pope, was

> ——— the state's whole thunder born to wield,
> And shake alike the senate and the field,

performed to the government of George I. the eminent service of suppressing the insurrection of 1715; which he did with an amazingly small force, and only by the exertion of the most consummate prudence. Archibald, the brother and successor of Duke John, was the confidant of Walpole, and his chief adviser in Scottish affairs. The family, since that period, has only been distinguished as a great territorial house, on the liberal side of the question. The present duke, who is a Whig, is understood, however, to have greatly reduced the estates collected through so many ages.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

SPECKS ON THE FINGER NAILS.

"I myself," says Milton, in a treatise called *The Figure-caster*, "have known many old women who hold, that, if the nails of the hand grow yellow, it is a great sign of ill luck, and that specks are the true signs of ill luck." The reverse is at this day augured, in Scotland, from the appearance of white specks on the finger nails: they are called "gifts;" and it is said to the person who has them, that he may shortly expect presents, greater or smaller, fewer or more numerous, according to their size and quantity.

ORIGIN OF THE CUSTOM OF WATCHING THE DEAD.

If a corpse were left in a house with the door ajar, it was supposed to be at the hazard of its being carried off by malevolent sprights. The spiritual part being separated from the corporeal, and the latter no longer hallowed by the blessing pronounced at baptism, it was supposed to be incapable of invoking the aid of higher powers, and was therefore exposed to the machinations of the imps of darkness, unless carefully watched and guarded by the living. The custom, once established, continues, though people are no longer under the influence of the superstition from which it originated.

ACHES AND CORNS.

There is nothing superstitious in the prognostications of weather from aches and corns, for "aches and corns," says the great philosopher Bacon, "do engrieve (*i. e.* afflict)

either towards rain or frost. The one makes the humour to abound more, and the other makes them sharper."

HOUSE LEEK.

It is common, in the north of England, to plant the herb house leek upon the tops of cottage houses. The learned author of the *Vulgar Errors* informs us, that it was an ancient superstition; and this herb was planted on the tops of houses as a defence against lightning and thunder.

WEATHERCOCKS.

Vanes on the tops of steeples were anciently in the form of a cock, (called from hence weathercocks,) and put up, in papal times, to remind the clergy of watchfulness. "In summitate crucis, quæ campanario vulgo imponitur, galli gallinacea effingi solet figura, quæ Ecclesiarum Rectores Vigilantiæ admoneat."

SWALLOWS.

It is accounted unlucky to destroy swallows: this is probably a Pagan relic. We read, in Ælion, that these birds were sacred to the Penates, or household gods of the ancients, and therefore were preserved. They were honoured anciently as the nuncios of the spring. The Rhodians are said to have had a solemn anniversary song to welcome the swallow. Anacreon addressed his tenth ode to this bird; of which the following is the elegant translation by Mr. Moore:—

Tell me how to punish thee
For the mischief done to me?
Silly swallow! prating thing,
Shall I clip that wheeling wing,
Or as Tereus did of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away—
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumber'd in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest.

ROSEMARY USED AT FUNERALS.

Rosemary, as are all evergreens, is an emblem of the soul's immortality. It is as much as to say, that though the body be dead, yet the soul is ever green, and always in life. It is not like the body, and those other greens, which die and revive again at their proper seasons. No autumn nor winter can make any change in it; but it is unalterably the same, perpetually in life, and never dying.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Mr. Addison supposes the popular ballad of the "Babes in the Wood" to have preserved the lives of many Robin Redbreasts. The subsequent stanza places them in a very favourable point of view:—

No burial this pretty pair
Of any man received,
Till Robin Redbreast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

SPITTING.

Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed in averting witchcraft, and in giving a shrewder blow to an enemy. Hence seems to be derived the custom our bruisers have of spitting in their hands before they begin their unmanly barbarity. Several other vestiges of the superstition relative to fasting spittle, (Fasci nationes saliva jejuna repelle, veteri superstitione creditum est. Alex. ab Alex.) mentioned also in Pliny, may yet be traced among our vulgur. Boys have a custom (interse) of spitting their faith, when required to make asseverations in a matter of consequence. In combinations of colliers, &c. in the north, for the purpose of raising their wages, they are said to spit upon a stone together, by way of cementing their confederacy. We have, too, a kind of popular saying, when persons are of the same party, or agree in sentiments, "they spit upon the same stone."

THE RING FINGER.

The particular regard to this finger is of high antiquity. It hath been honoured with the golden token and pledge of matrimony, preferable to any other finger, not, as Levinus Lemnius, in his "Occult Miracles of Nature," tells us, because there is a nerve * as some have thought, but because a small artery runs from the heart to this finger, the motion of which, in portioners, women, &c., may be perceived by the touch of the finger index.

FORESPEAKING.

To gaze steadily into a dark house or room, or out upon a dark night, when we know that nothing can be seen, is dangerous; for, according to the superstitious, evil spirits often take the opportunity of presenting themselves at these times, in order that we may not look in vain. When the whole creation is hid from our view, they apprehend that they have a right to shew themselves. It is also unsafe to look over one's shoulder in the night time, either from fear, or any other cause. In the first case, we are expressly looking for objects of dread, and it is no wonder they appear to us. On the same principle, imprecations are, above all things, to be avoided, for demons are extremely attentive, and will come for the least hint. "Speak of the devil," says the proverb, "and he'll appear." The same evil genii, though they do not start up in person, are ever ready to hasten calamities; and if a man be of a querulous temper, and give vent to his peevishness in the anticipation of approaching misfortunes, they will visit him—he has forespoken them. In this point, superstition was made to supply the want of reflection, teaching men not to distrust the goodness of Providence, but to live quiet-minded, without the dread of future disaster. They had the maxim; and, perhaps, it often kept them right, though they were unable to appreciate the true spirit of it. It is thus, that if we could trace many superstitions to their sources, we shall see them to have been deduced from very excellent rules of morality. Sometimes, also, they are connected with circumstances that may be accounted for from very sufficient natural causes, as in the following well known instance:—

RATS.

If a house is haunted by rats, it is accounted a presumption, that good fortune will attend the inmates, and that when the rats desert them, they will be exposed to want. This is nothing more than an *ex post facto* prophecy; for no rat will take up its abode where it does not find plenty to prey upon; and they will take their departure when they find provisions growing scarce. The same animals are believed to fly from a house about to fall, which may be true, because, having their roads and dwellings about the foundations of buildings, they may be apprized of the approaching catastrophe, by feeling them give way, or perceiving crevices forming in the hearts of walls. When, without reference to the reasons for them, these things came to be matter of belief in regard to a house, it was easy and natural to predicate the same thing concerning a ship; and, accordingly, instances have been known where sailors could not be procured to man a merchantman, when a rumour had gone abroad that the rats had abandoned her, that being considered a sure presage that she would be wrecked on the voyage. Many people forbear to use any means of destroying rats, believing that good luck would be banished along with them; whereas, if in place of considering the superstition to be abstractly true, they were to look to the facts it is founded upon, they would perceive the difference between an enemy flying from famine, and being driven back from abundant supplies.

* Mr. Wheatly tells us, that the rubrick of "Salisbury Manua" has these words: "It is because from hence there proceeds a particular vein to the heart." "This, indeed," he adds, "is now contradicted by experience; but several eminent authors, as well Gentiles as Christians, as well physicians as divines, were formerly of this opinion, and, therefore, they thought this finger the properest to bear the pledge of love; that from thence it might be conveyed, as it were, to the heart." This opinion has been exploded by later physicians; but it was from hence that antiquity judged it worthy, and selected it to be adorned with a circlet of gold. They called it also the medical finger, and were so superstitious as to mix up their medicines and potions with it.

ACCOUNT OF THE LADY WHO NURSED GEORGE IV.

Previous to the year 1745, the Earl of Glencairn was governor of Dumbarton Castle. His countess was sister or cousin of Murray of Broughton, superior of the parish of Anwoth in Galloway. At this time the schoolmaster of Anwoth was Mr. Andrew Waddel, A. M. (afterwards well known as the translator of Buchanan's Psalms), who, being a very learned man, was recommended by Broughton to Lord Glencairn, as tutor to his sons. In this way Mr. Waddel was translated from Anwoth to Dumbarton Castle. During Mr. Waddel's residence with this noble family, a soldier in the garrison, called Sutherland, died. His death was very soon followed by that of his wife; and they left a son and daughter totally destitute. The boy, William, entered the army; and Mr. Waddel, who was no less remarkable for his humanity than his learning, though encumbered with a large family of his own, and having very slender means, adopted the soldier's daughter.

The little Margaret Sutherland, as she grew up, became a paragon of beauty, and was no less admired for the gracefulness of her appearance than she was beloved for her amiable dispositions. Such attractions were too well calculated to excite stronger feelings than those of mere admiration. Though no less virtuous than beautiful, this innocent creature became the victim of unlawful passions. A Captain Scott of the artillery betrayed her unsuspecting confidence, and clandestinely carried her off from under the care of her venerable protector. It may easily be conceived that the good old man was plunged into the deepest distress by this unprincipled act. For three long years, notwithstanding the most diligent and unceasing inquiries, he heard nothing of his much loved protegée. At last a letter came, addressed to him in characters, which he himself had taught her to trace. The contents were most consolatory. The sweet girl, whose heart revolted at the idea of living with Captain Scott on the terms he proposed, had, with a degree of spirit for which he was not prepared, insisted on returning to the bosom of the family of her excellent friend in Scotland, from whom she never once doubted, even under such circumstances, of meeting with the most cordial reception. The Captain found that to part with her was worse than death; and at last adopted the virtuous resolution of affording her the only adequate reparation in his power, by making her his lawful wife, which he had now done.

We here come to the most interesting part of our story. When it became necessary to find a nurse for the infant Prince of Wales, the now happy and respectable Mrs Captain Scott, (who had by this time increased her family) was suggested, and accepted; and she had the distinguished honour of suckling our present most gracious Sovereign. The person from whom we have derived our information is the grandson of Mr. Waddel. He is himself an old soldier, and saw Mrs. Scott in London about twelve years ago. At this time she was old and infirm, but still retained traces of her former beauty. In her elevation she did not forget her brother, who, having returned disabled from the wars, enjoyed, through her interest, a small pension.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

ABERDEEN JOKES.

The following *facetiæ Aberdonenns* we extract from the last number of the Aberdeen Magazine:—"A venerable Aberdeen baillie, long, long ago called to his fathers, had once, on a most extraordinary occasion, to travel all the way to that great city, London. He was informed, before his departure, by an economical friend, that the cheapest way of living in London was to dine at a coffee-room. This practice he accordingly adopted. Seated in a coffee-room one forenoon, very hungry, he could by no means name to the waiters any dish which there was a possibility of procuring. At length, hearing a gentleman call for coffee, he vociferated, "I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae coffee, tee." "Coffee tea, Sir," said the waiter; "sorry we've no beverage called at ere in the house." "Lord sake, min," said the bailie, "canna ye gee's coffee, the thing the tither chap's gettin'?" "Oh, yes, Sir; bring you a cup of coffee." But when the coffee was produced, our townsman liked not the three miserable slices of toast which accompanied it; so, having crunched them all up, he vociferated, "I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae nae mair o' them wafers, ye maun bring me a shave o' loaf at ance." "Yes, sir, immediately." But the waiter was not so good as his word; for, returning, he stated, "Ve've sent and searched every bake'ouse in the street, Sir, "and can't find no such thing as a shave o' loaf among 'em all." Now this was truly perplexing, and our townsman had still to rack his ingenuity for his dinner. At length a lucky thought struck him. He saw some pigeons perched on a chimney close by, and he would have a "doo tert;" but what this meant all the learned men in the coffee-room could not discover, and he was at last enabled, by means of a series of signs, to make known that he wished a "pigeon pie."

WEST INDIAN VIPER.

The great viper, called *fer de lance*, is one of the most dreadful scourges in the West Indies, but is found only in Martinique, St. Lucia, and another small island. This viper is so savage that the moment it sees any person, it immediately erects itself and springs upon him. In raising itself, it rests upon four equal circles, formed by the lower part of the body; when it springs, these circles are suddenly dissolved. After the spring, if it should miss its object, it may be attacked with advantage; but this requires considerable courage, for as soon as it can erect itself again, the assailant runs the greatest risk of being bitten. Often, too, it is so bold as to follow its enemy by leaps and bounds, instead of fleeing upon him: and it does not cease the pursuit till its revenge is glutted. A. M. Morreau de Jonnes was once riding through a wood; his horse reared; on looking round to discover the cause of the animal's terror, he discovered a *fer de lance* standing erect in a bush of bamboo, and heard it hiss several times. He would have fired at it with his pistol, but the affrighted horse drew back so ungovernably, that he was obliged to look back for somebody to hold him. He now espied at some distance a negro upon the ground, wallowing in his blood, and cutting with a blunt knife the flesh from the wound occasioned by the bite of the same viper. When Mr. Jonnes acquainted him with his intention of killing the serpent, he earnestly opposed it, as he wished to take it alive, and make use of it for his cure, according to the superstitious notions of the negroes. He presently rose, cut some *leaves*, made a snare with them, and then, concealing himself behind a bush near the viper, he attracted his attention by a low whistling noise, and suddenly throwing a noose over the animal, drew it tight, and secured his enemy. M. Morreau saw this negro twelve months afterwards, but he had not perfectly recovered the use of the bitten limbs. The negroes persecute these vipers with the greatest acrimony. When they have killed one, they cut off its head and bury it deep in the earth, that no mischief may be done by the fangs, which are dangerous even after the death of the animal. Men and beasts shun this formidable reptile; the manifest the same antipathy towards it as they do to hawks and owls in Europe, and a small one of the *loxia* kind even gives warning, by its cry, that a viper is at hand.

WILLIAM PITT.

"He retained such an inclination for the classics, even amid the bustle of politics, in after-life, that he was seldom without having a Virgil or a Horace, a Homer or a Demosthenes at hand. He had been rather addicted, from his boyhood, to poetry, having, before he quitted home, been concerned, with his brothers and sisters, in composing a play in rhyme, which they afterwards performed before their parents and a few friends. At college he wrote a tragedy, which, while he was at the head of public affairs, he calmly consigned to the flames, in the presence of a friend, who had just read and warmly admired it."—*Georgian Era*, Vol. I.

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CHILDREN.

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come,
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

WORDSWORTH.

I MAY begin with the question of Henry IV., of France, when found by an ambassador at romps with his children,—"Are you a father?" If you are, we may go on with the game—if not, you must pass to the next article. A curious thing it is, this same fact, that children in general are only interesting in the eyes of those who are parents, while brats in particular are held as pests by all but their immediate father and mother. Some lightheaded author has compared the rush of children which takes place at the conclusion of family dinners, to the incursion of the Goths and Vandals. Perhaps it is all true, that children out of place are not agreeable; but is any thing agreeable that is out of place? Children, abstracted from the homely details of their management, and the anxiety which they always occasion, are a delightful study—a study, I maintain, fitted alike to engage the speculations of the philosophic, and the affections of the benevolent mind. I cannot, I must say, form the idea of a man of extended views and sympathies, who does not like children.

Among the grown-up part of mankind, there is always abundance of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. This fact I consider with reference to the circumstances in which men are placed, and I plainly conceive that where existence is only to be supported by an unceasing struggle, and where self-love is so perpetually receiving injury, it is needless to expect that men should be much better than they are. In children, however, we see no possibility of any rivalship: they are a harmless little people at *this* moment, and we run no chance of being jostled by them in our course of life, for many years to come. There is, therefore, no reason for envy, hatred, or uncharitableness with them. On the contrary, in our intercourse with children, our self-love is undergoing a perpetual compliment. The appeal which they are constantly making from their own silently confessed weakness to our tacitly acknowledged strength, soothes and delights us. A fellow-creature lies unconsciously abandoned to our mercy—unconsciously unable to resist. It asks for nothing, for it cannot; but it does not expect harm: there is the charm. It imputes to us none of our original sins of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, but seems to take it for granted that we are blanch and stainless like itself. It puts forth its little arms to us, with a perfect confidence in our gentler and better nature, and we feel it impossible to be evil when we are so sincerely understood to be good. We give, then, the love and faith that are demanded, and press the offenceless type of our original and perfect nature, with all the hues and all the odours of paradise rife around it, to our heart of hearts.

The whole external deportment of a child is delightful. Its smile—always so ready when there is no distress, and so soon recurring when that distress has passed away—is like an opening of the sky, shewing heaven beyond. Tales are told of murderers, who, after revelling in the blood of many adults, were at length arrested by the smile of a child, and suddenly became innocent because they were supposed to be so. The grasp of its little hand around one of our fingers—its mighty little crow when excited by the playfulness of its nurse—its manful spring upon the little wool-pack legs that refuse to bear its weight—are all traits of more or less pleasantness. Then the eye of a child—who can look unmoved into that "well undefiled," in which heaven itself seems to be reflected? Whether the gem be of sweet pellucid blue, or of the mysterious and unsearchable black, what meanings unexpressed, unintelligible, reside within; the germ of a whole life of feelings and ideas. Human nature is familiar in all its bearings to most men; yet how novel does every symptom of it appear, as first shown forth by a child! Every little imperfect function—every step in the attainment of physical power—every new trait of intelligence, as they one by one arise in the infantine intellect, like the glory of night, starting star by star into the sky—is hailed with a heart-burst of rapture and surprise, as if we had never known any thing so clever or so captivating before. The point thus gained is never lost. The darling child is reminded perpetually of the idea he lately seemed to comprehend, or of the word he seemed nearly able to pronounce, or of the little action he attempted to perform; and thus the whole of his little stock of accomplishments is carefully kept together, liable to a constant increase. Hosannas of affection celebrate every step of his progress towards maturity, and fresh blessings are showered upon his holy and harmless head, for every manifestation of the presence of the god-like mind. Nor is this interest in his advance confined to those whose daily joy it is to fold him to the beatings of a kindred heart. Almost every one who has occasion to observe the march of infant intellect feels an instinctive satisfaction in the contemplation. It seems indeed to be part of the grand and wise design, that all the mature of the human race should be concerned respecting the progress of the young; it is the silent working of nature towards the general good. Without a principle of this kind constantly at work—and it *is* always at work, in the attentions of the reflecting and grave, as well as in the apparently senseless prattle of the nurse—the moral world would be in danger of standing still.

The love of parents for their children, so far as it is not a sentiment arising from the contemplation of beauty or innocence, or helplessness, is a kind of self-love. Yet no one ever thinks of imputing to a parent, as a fault, that he has a high appreciation of his children. The truth is, though in one sense self-love, it is, in another, the most generous and self-abandoning feeling in nature. The world is also aware instinctively, that the fondness of parents for their children is necessary for their protection and education; and, therefore, if there were no other palliation of the passion, it would at least be convenient. In virtue of these excuses, a parent can indulge in all the pleasures of the most intense, devoted, devouring, self-appreciation, and yet have none of the usual reproach. He can admire himself in his children to a greater extent than ever did Narcissus in the fountain, and yet there is no chance that he changes into a daffodil. He can call himself every pretty name in the nurse's vocabulary, and yet no one will ever accuse him of flattering his own person. He may fondle and hug himself, till his miniature counterpart loses both breath and patience; he may expend upon his little self a thousand compliments and praises, and yet it will never be insinuated that Mr. —— is on uncommonly good terms with Mr. ——. This, it must be remarked, is one of the compensations allowed by Providence for the anxiety and pains attendant upon the keeping of a child.

It is a very common impression among those who are practically unacquainted with children, that there is an immense deal of trouble incurred in their management. There is, no doubt, much trouble; but there is also much to alleviate it. Women to whom, as mothers or as nurses, this trouble chiefly falls, are rarely heard to complain of it. The labour is either kindly and agreeable in itself, or it is rewarded by the generous pleasure of knowing that those are helped who cannot help themselves. There are few duties, it may be said, by which women appear to feel less oppressed, than the labour of managing children. What is very strange, it appears equally lightsome to the hired attendant as to the mother herself. There appears to be a general feeling among women that the neglect of, or the least cruelty to a child, is the most monstrous offence in nature: it is high treason of the sex. In the more refined circles of society, where it is convenient to employ deputies, this certain kindness of every female heart towards a child is very fortunate: in the lower circles it is still more so. *There* many mothers are compelled to depend much upon the good will of neighbours for the attentions necessary to their families. The infant is, indeed, in some measure, the protegée of a little vicinity, rather than of any individual. It is handed about from one hand to another, and kept for a little by each, so as to enable the mother to attend to other duties that are still more indispensable, such as the preparation of her family meals, or, perhaps, the work necessary for obtaining them. There is in this no danger for the child, and not much obligation for the parents. The poor are in the constant practice of performing acts of kindness to each other; they are their own best friends; and their condition would be quite insupportable if it were otherwise The attentions, therefore, which one neighbour bestows upon another's child, are felt as a very slight burden by the particular party obliging, while the aggregate of many such little favours forms an immense relief to the mother. Then, every one knows that if the case were her own, as it perhaps may be, the individual whom she now obliges would be ready and glad to oblige her in her turn. If the trouble of managing children had in it any thing really disagreeable, this universal system of mutual serviceableness could never obtain among the poor. But there is, indeed, no trouble in it which is not amply repaid, as is shown in the most convincing and beautiful language by Allan Ramsay, in a passage of his *Gentle Shepherd*.

Jenny. Oh, 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whynging getts * about the ingle side †
Yelping for this or that wi' fashious din:
To mak them brats ‡ then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean § fa's sick, ane scalds itsell wi' bro'e,
Ane breaks his shin, another tynes ‖ his shoe;
The *De'il gaes our Jock Wauster* ¶ hame grows hell,
And Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

Peggy. Yes, 'tis a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Now, Jenny, can there greater pleasure be
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee,
When, a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o', and obtain a kiss:
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like o' them, when love makes care delight?

To this *nothing can be added.*

It is surprising how much children tend to humanize and soften the stern scene of general life. The man who is so fortunate as to possess one or more children, finds it less easy to be wicked than if he had none; and however evilly disposed a man may be, he will hardly give way to his wicked tendencies in the presence of his children. There is something holy in a child. Its innocence puts it in association with all gentle and devout feelings; and scarcely any parent will venture deliberately to contaminate the bright image of heavenly purity, which the Father of Heaven has himself placed under his charge. Even the infidel can never form the wish that his child should be the same: he may dare many things upon the peril of his own soul, but he cannot dare to hazard the soul of his child. His own mind may be torn by the demons of doubt and error, but he will keep his child steadfast if he can, melting nightly at the infantine prayer, which he cannot offer himself. If a parent has been imprudent, and now suffers the bitter effects of his folly, in misfortunes which have exposed him to the contempt of mankind, here still is a resource. He can steal by night to the couch of his children, and, beside the unconscious babes, whose fate hangs all upon his, and who yet reprove not, in their silent innocence, the guilt which has exposed them to misery, weep himself into good resolutions, and into comfort.

One of the chief sources of a parent's pleasure in contemplating children, lies in the prospects which it is impossible to avoid forming regarding their future lives. No parent ever contemplates an unhappy fate for his child: all the look forward is sunny as its own sweet eyes — stainless as its incorrupted heart. There is ever hardly any parent who rests content with hoping that his children will be as fortunate and happy as himself. They must be much more so: they must reach heights of distinction far above any he had ever presumed to expect for himself To the parent who has occasion to lament his unhappy circumstances in life, what treasured consolation there is in these fond imaginings. The father, as he broods moodily over enterprises blighted, and a spirit confined for immediate bread to some narrow scene of action unworthy of its energies—one casual glance alights upon the fair brow of his child, the bitter present gives way to the glorious future, and all his own griefs are repaid by the prospective happiness of his offspring. The mother, who looks back to the comforts of an early home, unhappily exchanged for a scene of care and woe, feels, as she bends over her unconscious infant, her former happiness arise in the prospects of that endeared being, and is for the time consoled. It is this habit of forming flattering anticipations respecting the fates of our children, that renders the loss of them in infancy so very severe a calamity. In reality, the life of a child is of little value: it has as yet cost little, either in care or expense; and, unless in particular circumstances it holds but an unimportant place in society. Yet it is in this very want of all probation of its value, that the poignancy of the loss chiefly lies. We lament it, not at all for what it was at the time of its death, but for what it might have been if it had been spared. We often find that the loss of an infant is lamented with a more violent and unappeasable grief than that of an adult; and this is simply because, in the one case, the damage is ascertained, and forms but one distinct idea; while, in the other, it is arbitrary, vast, beyond imagination. A child is, in one sense, a dangerous possession: it is apt to warp itself into the vitals of our very soul; so that, when God rends it away, the whole mental fabric is shattered. It should always, then, be borne in mind, that life is the more uncertain the nearer its commencement, and that the beings we are disposed to appreciate most are those whom we are most apt to lose.

The feelings of a parent, regarding a child in dangerous sickness, are beautifully expressed in the following poem, which will surprise many readers into tears:—

Send down thy winged Angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild,
And bid him come, where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child.

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth *not* to weep!

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be:
We hope—and have despaired at times,
But *now* we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet soul'd angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child! *

When a scene like this is closed by death, what an extinction of hopes! No parent, it may be remarked, ever thinks he can *spare a child.* Whatever be the number of his family, he is almost sure to be afflicted to exactly a certain degree by the loss of any individual infant; for simply this reason, that every one has established its own claim to his affections, by some peculiar trait of its appearance or character. It is a lovely and admirable trait of human nature, that the parent is rather apt to appreciate the lost child above all the rest. The impossibility of a realization of his hopes regarding that infant, just makes all those hopes the brighter, so that the twilight of the child's *dead existence* is more splendid than the broad day of its living life. The surviving babes are all more or less connected with the common-place of this world—the homeliness of nature; but that fair-haired innocent, which went to its place in the blush and dawn of its faculties, what might it not have been? Then, the stirring grief of parting with that face that was our own—that more than friend, though but an infant—to break off all the delightful ties of prattling tenderness, that had bound us even in a few months to that gentle form for ever! A sorrow like this is long in being altogether quenched; it comes in soft gusts into the heart for many future years, and subdues us in the midst of stronger and stern feelings. The image lives always before us in unchanging infancy, and beauty, and innocence; it ever seems to be walking in our eyes as of yore, with its bright curling hair, and its lightsome carol; and we long for heaven, that we may enjoy that no small portion of its pleasures—a restoration to the company of that mortal angel which has been reft away.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

In explaining the different sources of light and heat, we have already stated, that, during the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter at the bottom of standing pools, a certain gas is often generated, which ignites immediately that it comes in contact with common atmospheric air. The *ignis fatuus* known also by the names of the *Will o' the Wisp*, or *Jack o'Lanthern*, is thus occasioned; and the fact of its appearing in boggy or marshy districts, has given rise to the popular superstition, that it is an evil sprite endeavouring to beguile the traveller into some luckless ditch or pond. The Aurora Borealis, or northern lights, so often witnessed in this country, have been attributed to the same cause, but we may hereafter explain that this theory does not satisfactorily account for this phenomenon. However, that a certain combination of gas called *hydrogen*, with a proportion of *phosphorus*, forms a compound which takes fire the moment it comes in contact with air, we can prove by direct experiment,* and strange to say, notwithstanding its apparent incredibility, it would seem that the human body itself may become so impregnated with these elements, or other inflammable matter, as to take fire spontaneously, and be almost entirely consumed. Human knowledge is so limited in its extent, that we should pause with great circumspection before we venture to deny the possibility of any thing; for facts, which may at first sight appear difficult to believe, may become subsequently explained on very simple principles. Vulgar and ignorant persons can easily play the sceptic, and deny the possibility of every thing which extends beyond the sphere of their own narrow and limited experience; but it remains for those who are possessed with higher philosophy, to receive with a proper spirit facts, sufficiently attested by disinterested witnesses, and to explain them afterwards, according to the theories which may be suggested by the advancement of science. We shall here select a few instances of spontaneous combustion; which, we believe, have been recorded by witnesses whose veracity cannot fairly be impeached, and which remain recorded on the best authorities.

Cornelia Bandi, Countess of Cesina, an Italian lady, sixty-two years of age, having felt drowsy one evening, retired earlier than usual to bed, and was attended by her maid until she fell asleep. When the girl, on the following morning entered her mistress's apartment, for the purpose of awakening her, a dreadful spectacle presented itself. At the distance of four feet from the bed there was a heap of ashes, in which the head, legs, and arms of the Countess alone could be traced. The head lay between the legs, but the half of its posterior part, together with the brain and chin, were entirely consumed. The legs and arms were uninjured. This case was communicated to the public by Dr. Cromwel Martimer, in the Philosophical Transactions in 1745. The following is another case, the authenticity of which cannot be doubted. Don G. Maria Bertholi, a friar, who lived in Mount Volere, went to the fair of Filetto, and having walked about all day, retired in the evening to the house of a relation at Fenille to spend the night. Upon his arrival, he went direct to his bed-room, and had a handkerchief placed between his shoulders, beneath his shirt. In a few minutes after having been left alone, a singular noise mingled with cries, was heard from his room; and when the people of the house rushed in, they found him on the floor, surrounded by a lambent flame. When visited next morning by Joseph Battagalia, a surgeon of Ponte Basco, the body was found much burned; he lingered in pain, and died the fourth day afterwards. The details of this case appeared at the time in a German periodical. Another instance, worthy of notice, and the authenticity of which of may be relied on, is the following:—Anne Neli's wife to a wine and porter merchant, living in Souht Frederick-street, Dublin, let in her husband, who had been out at a party, between twelve and one o'clock on Saturday night. After some altercation had taken place between them, both being in a state of intoxication, Mr. Nelis went up stairs to bed, but in a few minutes came down to request his wife to accompany him, an invitation which she positively declined, upon which he took with him her candle, observing, that if she was resolved to sit up, she should do so in the dark. Next morning the maid-servant having opened the windows of the back parlour, observed something in the arm-chair in which Mrs. Nelis usually sat, which she at first sight imagined to have been put there by young Nelis, who at the instant entered the room, for the purpose of frightening her. Upon examination, however, it turned out to be the remains of her

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* Querulous brats. † Fire-side. ‡ Clothes.
§ Child. ‖ Looses.
¶ A proverbial expression to imply extreme confusion.

* This exquisite little hymn is extracted from a volume of excellent, but, we fear, neglected poetry, lately published under the title of "English Songs, and other Small Poems, by Barry Cornwall." The real name of the author, we understand, is Procter; and in him much of the old pure spirit of poetry is revived,—the poetry of nature and of the affections.

As a farther specimen of this delightful volume, and akin to the subject of the above, we extract

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind,
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah, with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time.

* To prepare this gas artificially, pour into a glass retort a little water, then add a small quantity of caustic potash, and, when this is dissolved, drop into the solution a few small pieces of phosphorus. Then place the beak of the retort under water, and apply to it the heat of a spirit lamp. The gas immediately appears rising in bubbles through the water, and the moment they reach its surface, and come in contact with the air, they burst into flame. The action which here takes place may easily be understood. The gas required is a combination of hydrogen gas with a certain proportion of phosphorus, and is therefore called the *perphosphuretted hydrogen.* In the experiment before us, we have in the retort water, potash, and phosphorus. Now, water consists of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen, and, when the heat of the lamp is applied to this mixture, the water is decomposed. Its oxygen goes to a part of the phosphorus, forming phosphoric and hypophosphorus acids, which unite with the potash, and its hydrogen which remains then combines with another portion of the phosphorus, and so forms this, the perphosphuretted hydrogen gas.

mistress, which were found in the following state:—She was seated in the chair at a distance from the fire, which appeared to have burned out, with the head leaning upon her right hand, and bearing behind against the wall. The trunk of the body was burned to a cinder, as also the clothes which invested it; but the region of the pelvis, and the upper and lower extremities of the body had sustained no injury. Her face had a scorched appearance; but her hair, and the papers she had put in it, had escaped. The back and seat of the chair had not suffered, but its arms were charred on the inner side, where in contact with the body. With the exception of the arms of the chair, the surrounding bodies were not injured by the combustion. The room was filled with a penetrating and disagreeable odour, which lasted many days. Mr. Wood also, a Wesleyan clergyman, residing in Limerick, relates the following case in the Methodist Magazine for 1809:—Mr. O'Neil, keeper of the Five pounds Almshouse in the city of Limerick, was awakened about two o'clock, A.M., by a person knocking at his door, upon which he rose, and having inquired who knocked, he opened the door, and going with the person who called him into his apartment, which lay under Mrs. Peacock's room, he found a dead body lying on the ground burning with fire, and red as copper, having dropped down from the loft; he saw a large hole the size of the dead body burned through the boards and ceiling. He instantly ran up stairs, and having broken open Mrs Peacock's room-door, saw in the middle of the room the burned hole through which the body had fallen. Having, with assistance, quenched the fire about the hole, he examined by what means the body had taken fire, but could find no cause. There was no candle or candlestick near the place; no fire in the grate but what was raked in the ashes, as is the manner of preserving fire by night; the room was examined, and nothing had taken fire but that part of the floor through which she had fallen; even a small basket made of twigs, and a small trunk of dry wood which lay near the hole, escaped, and were not so much as touched by the fire. Here likewise we shall add another case on apparently good authority. Mrs. Stout, widow of a watch maker, and married a second time to a man of the name of Hanna, went to bed one evening in apparent health, and was found next morning burnt to a cinder, on the floor of her bed-room. When discovered, a vapour was still issuing from her mouth and nostrils, and those parts of the body, the form of which had not been altered, immediately crumbled down on being handled. Her chemise and night cap remained uninjured. This case occurred in 1808, in a place called Coote Hill, in the county of Cavan. The subject was a woman about sixty years of age, and an inveterate dram drinker. The Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Camden-street, Dublin, has also attested the following facts:—a woman of about sixty years of age, who lived with her brother in the county of Down, retired one evening to bed with her daughter, both being, as was their constant habit, in a state of intoxication. A little before day, some members of the family were awakened by an extremely offensive smoke which pervaded their apartment, and on going into the chamber where the old woman and her daughter slept, they found the smoke to proceed from the body of the former, which appeared to be burning with an internal fire. It was as black as coal, and the smoke issued from every part of it. The combustion having been arrested, which was effected with difficulty, life was found entirely extinct. Her daughter sustained no injury; nor did the combustion extend to the bed or bed clothes, which exhibited no other traces of fire, than the stains produced by the smoke. Acc rding to the testimony of one of the relations, who is represented as a woman of the strictest veracity, there was no fire whatever in the room.

In Germany, France, and Great Britain, so many cases of a similar description have occurred, that we could easily lay before our readers the details of other analogous instances; but these are sufficient to shew the curious and remarkable fact that the human body is, in certain conditions, capable of generating a gas, which, the moment it comes in contact with air takes fire. This has hitherto happened principally to those who have been addicted to ardent spirits; that is, to those whose bodies have, from excessive drinking, become saturated with alcohol; and it is well known, that, after death, the internal organs of such persons—even the brain—will give out the odour of spirits. The gas which is thus formed is a compound of hydrogen and phosphorus. Hydrogen is one of the principal constituents of water; and may, by the decomposition of water, be easily obtained. Now, the human body contains a great quantity of water; and phosphorus also, in a combination with earthly matter, enters into the composition of bones, and other solids of the body. This being premised, it is not difficult to understand, how in certain cases the phosphorus may be set free, so as to enter into combination with the hydrogen, producing this inflammable gas. Hence, it is not necessary to apply a spark, or flame, to the body, which becomes so ignited; and only those parts may be destroyed which present the requisite proportion of phosphorus; accordingly the clothes of such persons are not destroyed, nor does water put out the flame; because the water contains hydrogen, and, being immediately decomposed, its hydrogen unites with an additional proportion of phosphorus, and so renews the gas, which thus spontaneously inflames. Vic D'Azyr, Lecat Lair, Kopp, Dupuytren, and Marc, have, with many other celebrated men, paid particular attention to the phenomena exhibited during the spontaneous destruction by fire of the human body. Only recently M. de Fontenelle read a paper to the French Academy, in which he draws the following general conclusions:—

1. Spontaneous combustion generally happens to those who are habitual drinkers.
2. Old women are most subject to this calamity.
3. The combustion is always general, but sometimes very partial, the feet, hands, and the top of the head, are the only parts that have been preserved.
4. This kind of burning does not inflame the most combustible substances.
5. Water, instead of diminishing, increases the flame.

Such are the general facts which have been established on this interesting subject, and the moral we wish here to draw from their detail, is simply this,—that we should all of us hesitate before we dogmatically assert any thing to be false, because it does not accord with our own experience; for the progress of sciences hereafter, with which we are at present unacquainted, may explain, on very simple principles, the very facts which appear to us the most startling and incredible.

THE HAUNTED HEAD.

It was yet early in May morning, in the year 1540, when two travellers alighted at the little cabaret, known by the sign of the "Les quatre fils d'Aymon," at the entrance of the forest of Fountainbleau. They rode two very sorry horses, and each of them carried a package behind his saddle. These were, the famous Benvenuto Cellini, as mad a man of genius as the sun of Italy, which has long been used to mad geniuses, ever looked on, and his handsome pupil Ascanio, who were carrying some works of art to the King of France, at Fountainbleau. For particular reasons, Cellini set out by himself, leaving Ascanio; and he, getting tired towards evening, proposed to walk in the forest; but, before setting out, was specially warned to take care, in the first place, that the Gardes de Chasse did not shoot him instead of a buck; and in the next, that he did not stray too near a large house, which he would see at about a quarter of an hour's walk distant to the right of the path. This house, the host told him, belonged to the Chancellor Poyet, who said he did not choose to be disturbed in the meditations to which he devoted himself for the good of the state, by idle stragglers. To enforce his orders, too, he had an ugly raw-boned Swiss for a porter, who threatened to cudgel every one who walked too near his garden wall. There was also a hint of a poor young lady being shut up in this guarded mansion. A long garden, enclosed by a high wall, and thickly planted on both sides with trees, which entirely concealed its interior from view, was at the back; and it was this which Ascanio first approached.

He heard a low voice, which he thought was that of a woman in distress, and listening more intently, and approaching nearer, he was satisfied that his first impression was correct. He distinctly heard sobs, and such expressions of sorrow, as convinced him that the person from whom they proceeded was indulging her grief alone. A large birch tree grew against the garden wall near the place where he stood; he paused for a moment to deliberate whether he could justify the curiosity he felt, when the hint of the hostess, that a lady was imprisoned there, came across his mind, and, without farther hesitation, he ascended the tree. Ascanio looked from the height he had gained, and saw a young female sitting on a low garden seat, immediately below the bough on which he stood. She was weeping. At length, raising her head, she dried her eyes, and, taking up a guitar which lay by her, she struck some of the chords, and played the symphony to a plaintive air which was then well known. Ascanio gazed in breathless anxiety, and wondered that one so fair should have cause for so deep a sorrow as she was evidently suffering under. In a colloquy which ensued, she exhorted him to fly; told him she was an orphan whom Poyet wanted to force into marriage; and finally agreed to elope with her young lover.

Ascanio clasped the maiden in his arms, and once kissed her fair forehead, by way of binding the compact. He looked up to the wall to consider the best means of enabling the lady to scale it, when he saw above it a man's head looking at them. Ascanio at first thought they were betrayed, but the expression of the face which he continued to look at, removed his alarm on this head. It was a very fine countenance, highly intelligent, and uncommonly good humoured. It seemed, as well as Ascanio could guess, by the thick beard and mustachios, to belong to a man of middle age. He had a long pointed nose, bright eyes, and very white teeth: a small cap, just stuck on the left side of his head, gave a knowing sort of look to his appearance, and added to the arch expression of his visage, as he put his finger on his lip to enjoin silence, when Ascanio looked up at him. "Hush," he said, "it is a very reasonable bargain on both sides, very disinterested and strongly sworn to. And now, my children, as I have been a witness to it, although unintentionally, I feel bound to help your escape." Ascanio hardly knew what answer to make; but, as he saw it was perfectly indifferent to the stranger, who knew the whole of his secret, whether he should trust him or not, he resolved to accept his offer, and they immediately set about getting the lady over the wall.

While employed on this, three fellows were seen stealing round the walls with their swords drawn. "By St. Denis, we have been reckoning without our host," cried the stranger; "they don't mean to let us part thus. Come, my spark," he said to Ascanio, "you will have some service for that sword you wear, and which, pray Heaven, you know how to use. Do you stand on the other side of the tree, madam," he added, putting the lady, whose name was Beatrice, on his horse, "and, if the worst should betide, gallop down the path, keeping the high road, till you come to Paris: inquire for the Nunnery of St. Genevieve, and give this ring to the abbess, who is a relation of mine; she will ensure your protection." The lady received the ring, and, half dead with horror, awaited the issue of the contest. The assailants came on with great fury; and as they were three to two, the odds were rather in their favour. They consisted of a Gascon, Captain Sangfeu, the porter, and a servant, who seemed in no great hurry to begin the fight: they appeared astonished at finding two opponents, having seen only Ascanio from the house. They fell on, however, in pretty good order. It happened to be the lot of the stranger, perhaps because he was the bigger man, to encounter the servant and the captain. Just as they came up, he loosened his cloak from his throat, and twisting it very slightly round his arm, he made as serviceable a buckler as man should wish to use. Upon this he caught the captain's first blow, and dealt, in return, so shrewd a cut on the serving man's head, as laid him on the forest turf without the least inclination to take any farther share in the combat. The fight was now nearly equal; and, to do him justice, the Gascon captain was a fair match for most men: the stranger, however, was one to whom fighting was evidently any thing but new; and, in less than five minutes, the captain lay beside the servant, so dead, that if all the monks in Christendom had sung a mass in his ears, he would not have heard it.

"I have owed you this good turn a very long time, my gallant Captain Sangfeu. I have not forgotten an ill turn that you did me at Pavia, when you did not wear the rebel Bourbon's livery; but there's an end to all, and you die as a soldier should." And as the stranger muttered this, he wiped the blood-drops off his own sword, and looked at the fight which was continuing between the Swiss and Ascanio, but did not feel inclined to interfere. "Save him, for mercy's sake!" cried the lady. "By our Holy Lady," he replied, "I think he wants no aid. He is making gallant play with his slender rapier there against the large weapon of the Swiss. You shall see him win you, madam, or I have mistaken my man. Well evaded!—there he has it!" he shouted, as Ascanio's sword entered his antagonist's body, until the shell struck against his breast bone, and the giant fell at the youth's feet. "The varlet may get over it," said the stranger, kicking the servant's body; "but for the other two, I'll be their gage they'll never come out to assassinate honest men on moon-light nights again. But away with you," turning to Ascanio; "we shall have the whole country up in five minutes; begone:" and he held the horse, while Ascanio mounted. "But what will you do?" returned the youth. "I am not far from home; and if the hunt should become hot, I'll get up one of these trees; but take care of the horse; he'll carry you six leagues an hour. Good bye, Rabican," he added, patting the steed's neck, who, by his pawing, seemed to know his master.

The lovers did indeed put the speed of this noble animal to the test, and his gallop was as wild as if it would never end. But, on reaching Paris, Ascanio was at a loss how to dispose of his fair charge. Cellini was at this time living in an old castellated house on the left bank of the Seine, which had formed part of the Nesle Palace, and which Cellini had called "Il Piccol Nello." Almost all the chambers, excepting the few in which they dwelt, were occupied by the numerous works in which the artist was engaged. At length Ascanio's fertile invention suggested to him an expedient, by which he might ensure an asylum for the lady for a short time, at least until he should be able to explain the whole affair to Cellini. Among the odd whims which from time to time, reigned in the crazy brain of Cellini, that of making a colossal statue of Mars had for a long time been paramount, and he had proceeded

so far as to make the head of the figure, when some other freak drew off his attention. This head was about as large as the cottage of a London rurâlist, and occupied a large space in the court-yard of "Il Piccol Nello." The frame was made of solid timber, and the outside covered with a very thick plaster which was moulded into the form of a gigantic face, representing the aspect of the God of Battles; and a very terrible affair to look upon it was. Ascanio, who had often been much annoyed by the discordant noises with which his master conducted his labours, and no less by the incessant talking of the old housekeeper Catherine, had found a refuge from both in the cavity of this head, where he had formed a very convenient, and not a very small apartment. Here he used to study painting and music, both of which he loved far better than either sculpture or working in gold; and he had been wise enough never to tell Cellini or any other person of this retreat. He entered it easily by a chasm from the ground, and a small ladder, which he had placed withinside, conducted him to his chamber.

Cellini's oddities and the unceremonious method he had adopted of getting possession of the "Il Piccol Nello," had made him many enemies. Among others, there was a wretched little tailor, who had the honour of being employed for some of the Conseillers du Parlement. This tailor became the implacable foe of Cellini. He took a garret directly opposite his house, where he used to watch the motions of "Il Piccol Nello," and, to soften the exasperation of his mind, he bestowed on them from morning till night all the maledictions his ingenuity could invent. He had heard noises proceeding from the monstrous plaster head in the court-yard, and even sometimes, in the dead of the night, he had seen two streams of light issuing from the great eyes; but, as he had no notion that Ascanio was then within the head, drawing by the light of a lamp, or playing on a guitar, which he accompanied with his voice, the little tailor's fears and malice induced him to spread a report that Cellini was an enchanter, and that the "Testa di Marte" he had made, was some demoniacal contrivance which he had animated for the destruction of the good city of Paris. Not content with reporting this throughout the quarter in which he dwelt, he told it among all the laquais of all the consiellers he knew, until at length the story of the Devil's Head in "Il Piccol Nello" was as well known as any other current lie in the city. In this chamber Beatrice was placed.

Meanwhile, the chancellor had found his bullies where Ascanio left them, but could persuade none of the three to tell him what had brought them into so sad a plight; and for this reason,—two of them were dead, and the other was so faint, from the loss of blood, that he could not speak, and seemed very likely to follow his companions. The chancellor, however, pursued the fugitives, resolved, in his rage, to devote the youth to utter ruin, as soon as he should catch him; and, in the mean time, he proposed to glut his rage by sacrificing Benvenuto Cellini, who, as we said before, had made himself many enemies. Aware of Cellini's favour with the king, he was obliged to tread warily; but the superstition of that age rendered a charge of sorcery too grave to be parried. The haunted head was, therefore, made the hinge on which the artist's ruin was to turn; and the Duchess d'Estampes, the king's mistress, and his majesty's confessor, both enemies of Cellini, entered into the confederacy against him. The confessor devoutly believed in all the legends of the Romish church, and thought it highly probable that a man who could execute such beautiful sculptures, as Cellini had exhibited on the preceding day, must be in league with the devil. When, therefore, the chancellor began to tell his story, these two worthy personages chimed in, and backed his villanous project so well, that the good-natured king was diverted from his first intention, which had been to kick the chancellor, and to leave the confessor and the sultana (the only two persons in the world of whom he had ever been afraid) to themselves. He said he would see Cellini, who had staid all night in the palace by his orders; and the artist was accordingly sent for.

"How now, Cellini!" said the monarch, as he approached, "did I send for you to Paris that you should bring with you troops of fiends and demons, who, it is said, help you in your works?" "I have no devils to help me in my work," said Cellini, "but your majesty's subjects; and if my great countryman, Alighieri, were to lead me through all the darkest places in the Inferno, I could not find worse fiends." "But here," said the king, holding out the papers "two men swear that you have a head of the devil in 'Il Piccol Nello,' and that the whole of the neighbourhood is infested by his legions, to the disturbance of the public tranquillity, and the great scandal of our holy church." The confessor crossed himself. "I abjure the devil and his power," said Cellini, crossing himself with no less fervour; "and, next to them, I hate and abhor the villains who have thus slandered me to your gracious majesty. Give me to know their names, and I swear they shall be better acquainted with the real devil ere long." The king decided on examining into the matter personally; but Ascanio had married the fair Beatrice before the royal commission got to Paris, and was going to restore the stranger's horse according to the directions he had received, at the time it arrived at the Testa di Marte, wherein the bride was lodged.

The consternation of Beatrice may be better imagined than described, when she heard the arrival of so many strangers, but it was increased to an almost intolerable degree as she listened to the conversation which ensued, and heard the odious voice of her oppressor the chancellor. She could not see any of the persons, unless she looked out of the eyes of the figure, and this she dared not do lest she should discover herself. "And this," said the king, "is what they call the Devil's Head?" "Who calls it so?" asked Cellini, fiercely; "it is the head of Mars, and whoever has called it the head of the devil, is an ass and a liar!" "Patience, good Benvenuto," said the king; "let us hear what they have to say against the head, which seems to be a very fine work of art, whether it has been wrought by man or demon." The chancellor who had taken care on the journey to make his plans, now produced the little tailor, who saw here a glorious opportunity of being revenged on his formidable antagonist. He, therefore, began a long story, every third word of which was a lie, about the sights he had seen and the sounds he had heard, in and about this dreadful head. He had often seen the foul fiend himself go in and out, he said; he had heard the devils performing the sacred office of mass backwards; he had seen flames issue from the mouth; and, no longer than last night, as he was a Christian and a tailor, he swore that he had seen two fiends enter the head, immediately after which it was seen to roll its fiery eyes in a manner truly horrible and awful.

It would be impossible to convey any adequate notion of the extravagancies which Cellini committed, while this little idiot was uttering his lies. If he had not been restrained he would have killed him on the spot; he roared all sorts of imprecations, he cursed every tailor that had been on the earth since the creation, and then, adding all those curses together, he heaped them in a lump on the head of the particular tailor then before him: in short, he acted so whimsical a madness that the king laughed until his sides ached. The chancellor, however, took up the matter in a much more serious light. He said it was evident, from the relation of the witness, that some foul deeds were practised, and that the head ought to be exorcised; never doubting, that if he could once gain the assistance of the clergy, they would invent some pretext on which Cellini might be sent to prison, and knowing that their influence with the king was much greater than his own. The confessor fell into his scheme readily, and said he did not doubt that there was a spirit in the head, and repeated that it ought to be exorcised. The king had no objection to this, and as he had already enjoyed the farce so far, he wished to see it played out. Some of the brethren of the neighbouring Carmelite church were sent for, in all haste, and preparations made for the exorcising. The confessor directed a large stick of faggots, which stood in a corner of the yard, to be laid around the head; because, he said, the application of fire was always necessary to dislodge a spirit so malignant as that appeared to be which had taken up its abode in this structure. The preparations were soon made, and a torch applied, when a faint shriek was heard to issue from the head. All the bystanders looked aghast; the priests crossed themselves; even the king looked grave; Cellini's hair stood on end; and the tailor ran away. At this moment, Ascanio had returned from the park, and learning from a bystander that they were about to exorcise the Magic Head, at the Italian sculptor's, because there was a spirit in it, he rushed in just time enough to dash the torch from the hand of a lay brother of the Carmelites, who was applying it, and whom he knocked down, at the same time trampling out the fire which had begun to catch one of the faggots.

"Fiends! monsters!" he cried, "advance one step, and your lives shall be the forfeit!" Beatrice heard his voice, and, almost fainting with terror, she rushed out, and threw herself into his arms. Supporting her with his left arm, and holding out his sword with his right, he continued to menace all who should approach. "What means all this?" cried the king. But Ascanio was too much busied in encouraging the terrified girl, to listen to the question. The old chancellor, however, who recognized Beatrice instantly, now thought that his plan had succeeded even beyond his expectation. "My gracious liege," he cried, "this maiden is a ward of mine, whose person I require to be instantly restore to me; the youth I charge with having, in company with others, slain three of my household, and having carried off the maiden by force." "It is false," cried Beatrice, as she threw herself frantiely at the king's feet, "they were killed in fair combat, and I went willingly with him to seek protection from the cruelty of that vicious tyrant. Here, at your majesty's knees, I implore your pity and protection." "But what says the youth?" asked the king of Ascanio, who had been gazing on him in almost stupifying astonishment. He saw before him, in the person of the gallant Francis, the stranger who had so generously aided him in the forest of Fontainbleau. "Has he any witness besides that maiden, who is too deeply interested in this matter, to prove that he killed his antagonist in fair fight?" "He is one of a band of murderers and ravishers," cried the chancellor in a rage; "he has no witness." "Thou art a liar, though thou wert a thousand chancellors," replied the youth; "and since peaceful men like thee do not make war but on weak maidens, I defy thee by thy champion. No, my liege," he added, turning to the king, and kneeling—"I have no witness, save God and your majesty." "And may every honest man have witnesses as good in time of need, to oppose to perjurers and lawyers. He is no murderer, chancellor;—by my holy patron, Saint Denis, I believe he could himself have killed those three murderous villaïns whom thou didst retain; but know, that I helped him—that I cut the throat of that traitor, Sangfeu, whom in spite of me, thou didst cherish, to do deeds which thy black heart planned but dared not achieve. I helped him to carry off the maiden, thy dead friend's daughter, whom thou didst basely oppress; and, if he had not been there, I had done it myself."

The king and his train then departed, leaving the young people with Cellini, whom the disgrace of the chancellor had put into mighty good humour. He made Ascanio tell him the story of the fight in the forest over and over again; he kissed Beatrice, and called her his child; he forbade all work in "Il Piccol Nello" for a week; had the wedding celebrated with great magnificence; and said, that of all the works he had ever produced, none had made him so happy as La Testa di Marte.—*Hommage aux Dames.*

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, a young Scotsman travelled on the continent, and appears to have possessed learning and accomplishments, greater than might have been expected at his age, which were so well appreciated by his contemporaries that he has ever since passed by the name of the Admirable Crichton. By this designation he is known to many, who are wholly ignorant of the supposed excellent qualities on account of which he acquired it. His is a great name to boast of, but nobody can tell why. What great or meritorious action did he perform? what useful invention did he bequeath to his country? what valuable work did he compose? We ask in vain; for no one ever heard his name mentioned in connexion with any of these things, nor indeed in connexion with any thing else but the word Admirable.

It so happens that there is one point in which we can judge of the abilities of this wonderful person. He was as celebrated for his proficiency in the poetic art, as for his oratorical powers and his profound acquaintance with almost every branch of knowledge. Some fragments of his productions have been preserved, which are printed in the appendix to his life, written by Mr. Tytler; and we are fairly entitled to suppose that these were the parts best worth preserving. What indications of extraordinary genius are to be discovered in these precious relics? Our readers shall have the opportunity of deciding for themselves. By the translation which we present of the Ode to Lorenzo Massa, it will be seen that it has no pretensions to any thing like poetical fire. Crichton's biographer has indeed pronounced it to be "a little lyric poem, which for classic elegance, might do honour to any age of modern Latin poetry;" and Lord Woodhouselee has called it "a beautiful specimen of the lyric style of writing." But, however willing to acquiesce in the decision of these critics, we have been unable to discover in this ode any of the glowing thoughts which might have been supposed necessary to prompt so high an eulogium. It appears merely a commonplace copy of verses, neatly enough expressed, addressed to a great man in order to bespeak his favour. In the original Latin, the use of which language, with its dignified and sonorous flow, has acquired the fame of inspiration for many a meagre grammarian, the want of the "living power" of poetry is not so easily detected, so much attention is required to ascertain, in the first place, the accuracy of the rhythm and the degree of felicity displayed in the use of idiomatic expressions. It is the characteristic of a certain species of spurious wit that it cannot be transferred to another language; and perhaps no bad criterion of general excellence is, whether it will bear translation. Brought to this test, the ode to Massa is found greatly deficient; but it is worth perusing for the satisfaction of knowing exactly what are the true merits of that man who has been elevated into so mysterious and unaccountable a reputation. The ode is such that it will be none the worse of a few words to explain the occasion of it. "Soon after his arrival in Venice, in 1580," says Mr. Tytler, "Crichton was publicly introduced to the Doge and the Senate, in whose presence he made an oration, of which the eloquence was so brilliant, and the manner of delivery so perfectly graceful, that, in the words of Imperialis, he was esteemed a prodigy of nature. He afterwards disputed upon different subjects of theology, philosophy, and the mathematics, before the most eminent professors of the city, and an immense concourse of people, who, attracted by the high reputation which he had acquired, now flocked from all quarters to hear him. A great and general impression seems to have been made at Venice, by his uncommon learning, his engaging manners, and various accomplishments." It seems to have been after these public displays of his talents that he addressed the ode to Lorenzo Massa, secretary to the Venetian Republic, as in the sixth stanza there is an allusion to the favourable reception he experienced from the "cœtus," or assembly that attended his disputations, and to the numerous friends that these procured him. It was to bespeak the favour of the secretary, as an individual patron, that the following ode was written:—

TO LORENZO MASSA.

When I had left my Scottish home,
O'er seas and distant climes to roam,
Fired by a strong desire to view,
Unwonted scenes and cities new,
The Muses their best guidance gave
Across the fiercely rushing wave,
Follow'd my devious footsteps still,
And keep me safe from every ill.

As did the Cyprian queen of yore
Attend her son by sea and shore,

His guide and solace still the same,
Through threats of hostile sword and flame;
Nor should I scorching deserts brave,
Or farthest Gaditanian wave,
Or stray through savage Indian brake,
Would they their votary forsake.

But, the rough ocean's dangers o'er,
See me on friendly Adria's shore;
My home left, and its chilly sky,
To be the guest of Italy.
Nor did the assembly, learn'd and wise,
Me, a poor wanderer despise;
The Muses still their care prolong,
And place me 'mid a generous throng—
My brethren in the love of song.

Massa, the glory of a famous line!
Sole sharer of the cares of state!
In thee the highest virtues shine,
And wealth combines to make thee great.
Since, then, thou art the Muses' friend,
On whom their favours they bestow:
That favour which thou dost extend
To all who love them, to me show.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

SIR HENRY RAEBURN.

The subject of the present memoir may be considered as the founder of the resident school of Scottish painting. Scotland had not failed to produce artists of eminence, both in history and portrait. Among the latter, Jameson, called sometimes the Scottish Vandyke, and Allan Ramsay, son of the poet, hold most respectable places. Their country, however, did not afford patronage adequate to their merits; and they were obliged to seek employment and distinction in the sister metropolis. During the last half century, however, the progress of wealth and taste led to a sensible improvement in this particular; and during the early life of Mr. Raeburn, David Martin, though an artist of only secondary talent, and not to be compared to his two predecessors in the art, had obtained very considerable employment in Edinburgh.

Henry Raeburn was born on the 4th of March, 1756, and was the son of Mr. William Raeburn, a respectable manufacturer at Stockbridge, then a village about a mile distant from Edinburgh, though, in consequence of the great extension of that city, it has now become a closely contiguous suburb. While yet a child, he had the misfortune to lose both his parents; but this want was supplied to him, as much as it could be, by his elder brother, William, who succeeded to the business, and acted to him always the part of a father. We understand that Sir Henry, during his youthful education, did not discover any particular propensity to the art in which he was destined so remarkably to excel. It was only observed, at the class of arithmetic, when the boys were amusing themselves in drawing figures on their slates, that his displayed a very striking superiority to those of the other boys; but this did not lead any farther. In other respects he was distinguished by the affection of his companions, and formed, at that early period, intimacies with some of those distinguished friends whose regard accompanied him through life. Amongst this number was the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam.

The circumstances of young Raeburn rendering it urgent that he should, as early as possible, be enabled to provide for his own support, he was accordingly, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to an eminent goldsmith in Edinburgh. It was soon after this that he began to paint miniatures. In what manner this taste first showed itself is not exactly known; but it certainly was altogether spontaneous, without lesson or example, and without even having ever seen a picture. His miniatures were executed, however, in such a manner as drew immediate attention among his acquaintances. His master then took him to see Martin's pictures, the view of which altogether astonished and delighted him, and made an impression which was never effaced. He continued to paint miniatures; they were much admired, and were soon in general demand. His time was fully occupied, and he generally painted two in the week. As this employment of course withdrew his time from the trade, an arrangement was made, by which his master received part of his earnings, and dispensed with his attendance.

In the course of his apprenticeship, young Raeburn began to paint in oil, and on a large scale. To aid him in this task, he obtained from Martin the loan of several pictures to copy; but that painter did not contribute advice or assistance in any other shape; and having once unjustly accused the young student of selling one of the copies, Raeburn indignantly refused any further accommodation of this nature. Having begun, however, to paint large oil pictures, he soon adopted them in preference to miniatures, a style which he gradually gave up; nor did his after manner retain any trace of that mode of painting.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, Mr. Raeburn became professionally a portrait painter. At the age of twenty-two, he married a daughter of Peter Edgar, Esq., of Bridgelands, with whom he received some fortune. Ambitious still farther to improve in his art, he repaired to London, where he introduced himself and his works to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. That great man instantly saw all that the young Scotsman was capable of, gave him the kindest reception, and earnestly advised him to enlarge his ideas by a visit to Italy. He even offered, had it been necessary, to supply him with money. Mr. Raeburn accordingly set out for Rome, well furnished with introductions from Sir Joshua to the most eminent artists and men of science in that capital. He spent two years in Italy, assiduously employed in studying those great works of art with which that country abounds. He travelled with all practicable expedition to and from Italy, without stopping at Paris, or at any other place.

His powers now fully matured, Mr. Raeburn returned in 1787, to his native country, and immediately established himself at Edinburgh. Having taken apartments in George Street, he came at once into full employment as a portrait painter. Martin, who was still on the field, soon found himself eclipsed, and retired. Raeburn became the only portrait painter of eminence; and he continued always decidedly the first, notwithstanding the able artists who have since risen in Edinburgh, to adorn both that and other branches of the art.

A life spent in one place, and in uniform application to professional pursuits, affords few materials for narrative.

The real history of Mr. Raeburn is that of his painting; but his, unfortunately, only himself could fully have given. Having stored his mind with ideas drawn from the purest school of modern art, he was indebted for his subsequent improvement solely to his own reflections, and the study of nature. He was never in the habit of repairing to London; and, indeed, he did not visit that metropolis above three times, nor did he reside in it altogether more than four months. He was thus neither in the habit of seeing the works of his contemporaries, nor the English collections of old pictures. Whatever disadvantage might attend this, it never stopped the career of his improvement. Probably, indeed, it had the effect of preserving that originality which formed always the decided character of his productions, and kept him free from being trammelled by the style of any class of artists. Perhaps, also, the elevation and dignity of style which he always maintained, might be greatly owing to his exclusive acquaintance with the works of the Italian masters. In English collections, the Dutch specimens are necessarily so prominent, both as to number and choice, that a familiar acquaintance with them must be apt to beget a taste for that homely truth, and minute finishing, in which their merit consists.

The first excellence of a portrait, and for the absence of which nothing can atone, must evidently be its resemblance. In this respect, Sir Henry's eminence was universally acknowledged. In the hands of the best artists, there must, in this part of their task, be something precarious; but, in a vast majority of instances, his resemblances were most striking. They were also happily distinguished, by being always the most favourable that could be taken of the individual, and were usually expressive, as well of the character as of the features. This desirable object was effected, not by the introduction of any ideal touches, or any departure from the strictest truth, but by selecting and drawing out those aspects under which the features appeared most dignified and pleasing. He made it his peculiar study to bring out the mind of his subjects. His penetration quickly empowered him to discover their favourite pursuits and topics of conversation. Sir Henry's varied knowledge and agreeable manners then easily enabled him, in the course of the sitting, to lead them into an animated discussion on those ascertained subjects. As they spoke, he caught their features, enlivened by the strongest expression of which they were susceptible. While he thus made the portrait much more correct and animated, his sitters had a much more agreeable task than those who were pinned up for hours in a constrained and inanimated posture, and in a state of mental vacuity. So agreeable, indeed, did many of the most distinguished and intelligent among them find his society, that they courted it ever after, and studiously converted the artist into a friend and acquaintance.

Besides his excellence in this essential quality of portrait, Sir Henry possessed also, in an eminent degree, those secondary merits, which are requisite to constitute a fine painting. His drawing was correct, his colouring rich and deep, and his lights well disposed. There was something bold, free, and open, in the whole style of his execution. The accessories, whether of drapery, furniture, or landscape, were treated with elegance and spirit; yet without that elaborate and brilliant finishing, which makes them become principals. These parts were always kept in due subordination to the human figure; while, of it, the head came always out as the prominent part. Animals, particularly that noble species, the horse, were introduced with peculiar felicity; and Sir Henry's equestrian portraits are perhaps his very best performances. The able manner in which the animal itself was drawn, and in which it was combined with the human figure, were equally conspicuous. . . .

Sir Henry painted portraits of most of the celebrated individuals by whom Scotland has been illustrated during the last forty years.

Sir Henry did not devote any part of his attention either to historical or to landscape painting. His employment as a portrait painter was constant; and his leisure hours were devoted to other pursuits. Although his pieces were carefully finished, yet he painted with uncommon expedition. His firm and sure touch enabled him to execute at once what others effected only by successive trials and operations. Even Sir Thomas Lawrence, we understand, has been heard to say, that though he received a higher price for his pictures, he was worse paid for his time than Raeburn. An advice which Sir Henry received at Rome from Mr. Byers, a gentleman of great taste, and to which he invariably adhered, was, never to copy any object whatever from memory. Whether it was the principal figure or the minutest accessory, he had it always before him; and to the strict observance of this rule he ascribed, in a great measure, his continued improvement, and the genuine and natural character which his pictures always preserved.

The active mind of Sir Henry was by no means confined within the circle of his profession. Indeed, those who best knew him, conceived that the eminence to which he attained in it was less the result of any exclusive propensity, than of those general powers of mind which would have led to excellence in any pursuit to which he had directed his attention. Though in a great degree self-taught, his knowledge was varied and extensive. His classical attainments were considerable; but mechanics and natural philosophy formed the favourite objects of his study. To these, in a particular manner, he devoted the leisure of his evenings, when not interrupted by the claims of society. Sculpture was also an object of his peculiar study; and so great was his taste for it, that at Rome he at one time entertained the idea of devoting himself to that noble art, as a profession, in preference to painting. A medallion of himself, which he afterwards executed, satisfied all men of taste who saw it that he would have attained to equal excellence in this art, had he made it the object of his choice.

Few men were better calculated to command respect in society, that Sir Henry Raeburn. His varied knowledge, his gentlemanly and agreeable manners, an extensive command of anecdote, always well told and happily introduced, the general correctness and propriety of his whole deportment, made him be highly valued by many of the most distinguished individuals in Edinburgh; both as a companion and as a friend. His conversation might be said, in some degree, to resemble his style of painting,—there was the same ease and simplicity, the same total absence of affectation of every kind, and the same manly turn of sense and genius. But we are not aware that the humorous gaiety and sense of the ludicrous, which often enlivened his conversation, ever guided his pencil.

Sir Henry Raeburn, like Raphael, Michael Angelo, and some other masters of the art, possessed the advantages of a tall and commanding person, and a noble and expressive countenance. He excelled at archery, golf, and other Scottish exercises; and it may be added, that, while engaged in painting, his step and attitudes were at once stately and graceful.

The mental qualities of this excellent man corresponded with the graces of his conversation and exterior. By those who most intimately knew him, he is described as uniting, in an eminent degree, the qualities which command genuine esteem. His attendance on the duties of religion was regular and exemplary. In domestic life, he appeared peculiarly amiable. Though so much courted in society, he seemed always happiest at home, in the bosom of his family and of his grandchildren; and he was sure to unbend himself by mingling in their youthful sports. To young men who were entering the arduous career of art, he shewed himself always a most active and generous friend. Whether acquainted or not, they were welcome to come to him, and were sure of his best advice and assistance. Notwithstanding his extensive engagements and pursuits, a large proportion of his time was always spent in rendering these kind offices. When unable to command time during the day, he would engage them to come to him early in the morning. In passing sentence on the works of his brother artists, he evinced the most liberal candour, and, even where unable to bestow praise, was scarcely ever heard to blame.

The merit of Sir Henry was amply acknowledged, both by literary societies and by those formed for the promotion of art. He became a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Imperial Academy of Florence, of the Academy of New York, and of the South Carolina Academy. On the 2nd of November, 1812, the Royal Academy of London elected him an Associate; and on the 10th of February, 1815, they named him an Academician. This honour was conferred in a manner quite unprecedented, not having been preceded by any application whatever; while in general it is the result of a very keen canvass; and at that very time, the candidates were particularly numerous.

The time was come, however, when the talents of the artist were to meet a still more brilliant and imposing homage. His Majesty, in the course of that visit, which has left so many grateful recollections in the mind of his Scottish subjects, determined to shew his esteem for the fine arts by a special mark of honour conferred on the most distinguished of their professors. This view was happily fulfilled by conferring on Mr. Raeburn the dignity of knighthood. So far was this from having been the result of any application, that Mr. Raeburn had not the remotest idea of it till the evening before, when he received a letter from Mr. Peel, announcing the Royal intention, and requesting him to meet his Majesty next day at Hopetoun-house. The ceremony was performed in the great saloon, amid a numerous assemblage of company, and with the sword of Sir Alexander Hope.

The honour thus conferred on Sir Henry being completely sanctioned by public opinion, conferred equal credit on the bestower and the receiver. His brother

artists, instead of being moved with any feelings of envy, considered it as a noble tribute, which threw new lustre on themselves and their profession. These sentiments they expressed by a public dinner given to Sir Henry on the 5th of October.

Sir Henry received afterwards the appointment of portrait-painter to his Majesty for Scotland; a nomination, however, which was not announced to him till the very day when he was seized with his last illness. The King, when conferring the dignity of knighthood, had expressed a wish to have a portrait of himself painted by this great artist; but Sir Henry's numerous engagements prevented him from visiting the metropolis for that purpose. It reflects great honour on the subject of this memoir, that he never gave way to those secure and indolent habits, which advanced age and established reputation are so apt to engender. He continued, with all the enthusiasm of a student, to seek and to attain further improvement. The pictures of his two or three last years are unquestionably the best that he ever painted. But perhaps, the most interesting part of his recent works consists in a series of half-length portraits of eminent Scotsmen, which, during this period, he executed for his private gratification.

This amiable and excellent man was suddenly affected with a general decay and debility, not accompanied by any visible complaint. This state of illness, after continuing for about a week to baffle all the efforts of medical skill, terminated fatally on the 8th of July, 1823, when he had reached the age of 67.

Public honours were rendered to his memory, both in Edinburgh and London.

Sir Henry, as we already observed, married early in life, and Lady Raeburn survives him. He had two sons, the elder of whom, Peter, a most promising youth, who inherited his father's genius, died at the early age of nineteen. Henry, the second son, is married, and has a family. From his society his father always derived peculiar gratification, and, with the affectionate disposition which distinguished him, had entirely adopted his family as his own. During the whole period of their joint lives they lived under the same roof.—*Annual Obituary, quoted in the Literary Gazette.*

VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

In a certain point of view, man is one distinct creature; the rational sovereign of all other animals. It is found, however, that there are at least three kinds of men on the face of the earth; each of which *kinds* is different in many respects from the rest; and that even of these three kinds there are many subdivisions, and also some curious mixtures.

Upon the whole, the general tradition of Christendom, that the three departments of the whole continent, Europe, Asia, and Africa, were divided among Noah's sons, Japhet, Shem, and Ham, gets some countenance from the scientific inquiries into this curious subject. The three races are called by learned men, Caucasians, Mongolians, and Negroes; and, in general, they are to this day respectively confined, with slight exceptions, to Europe, Asia, and Africa.

The Caucasians, who inhabit nearly the whole of Europe, may be called the *fair* race. They take their name from the mountains of Caucasus, which lie between the Caspian and the Black Sea, and where the very finest, and most beautiful specimens of the human race are still to be found, among the people called Circassians. Perhaps the name Caucasians was only applied by scientific men to the fair races of Europe, because the people about Caucasus appeared to be the perfection of that branch of mankind, and because every variety appeared to have been a departure from that standard. The general features of the Caucasian race, are, an oval shape of the head, white skin, and hair of every shade of colour. In respect of mental power they seem to have been intended to assert a mastery over all other races, for they have ever been in the front rank of civilization. In the Caucasian mind, philosophy, science, and the arts, have found a genial home for upwards of thirty centuries; while the other races have remained in little better than their original barbarism. The Caucasians appear as if they had dispersed from their original country along both sides of the Mediterranean. On the southern shore of that sea, they are traced by analogies of language in the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the Arabs; in the Phenicians, the Jews, and the Abyssinnians, who were Arabian colonies; and probably in the ancient Egyptians. This last branch seems to have been inclined, in a remarkable degree, to mysticism: from it have sprung those religions, the influence of which has proved the most widely extended and most durable. Science and literature have flourished occasionally among these people, but always clothed in strange and mystic guise, and obscured by a highly figurative diction. Besides the shoot thus sent into Africa, another was sent into the large Asiatic peninsula of Hindostan, which has since been subdued by a totally different branch from the distant islands of Britain, so that, in all probability, these allied races of people will yet again mingle their blood, after having been apart for thousands of years. Part of the same great branch extended along the northern shores of the Mediterranean, into Greece, Italy, and Germany. Hence it is found that there is a likeness between the Hindoostanee languages and the classical tongues of ancient Greece and Rome, as also the German language, which now mixes so largely with that of Great Britain and other countries of the north of Europe. The German language is found in one variety (the Sclavonian) in Poland, Russia, and Bohemia; and in another (the Teutonic), in modern Germany, Denmark, Holland, the British Isles, Sweden, &c.

Previous, however, to this general diffusion of the Caucasians over Europe, the country seems to have been partially peopled by an aboriginal race, whose origin is not to be traced. They are called Celts, or Kelts; and it appears that the enlightened Caucasians dispersed them in all directions, to the extremities of the continent. They are now to be found, in a more or less mixed state, in the French province of Biscay (the Basques), in Wales, in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland. The original Europeans are, perhaps, nowhere so pure as in the last mentioned district. The fastnesses of the northern part of the British isle afforded them protection for centuries, we may almost say for thousands of years, after they had been driven out of all the level countries of Europe. Within the recollection of people still alive, they hardly owned the nominal government of the country in which they lived; and, on one occasion, acting for an exiled dynasty, had nearly revolutionized the state.

The origin of the ancient Persians is the same with that of the East Indians; and their descendants at the present day, with, perhaps, an admixture of the Mongol blood and complexion, bear the strongest marks of affinity to the European nations. By way of making this plain to our readers, it may be mentioned, that, even in familiar domestic words, there is a striking likeness between the terms used by the Persians and those use by the Lowland Scotch, a limited and secluded race, situate at the opposite extremity of the older hemisphere. For instance, our word fairy is plausibly supposed to be the same with the Persian *peri*, which refers to a similar spiritual being. Another example is still more surprising: the word *goose*, as implying the hot iron of a tailor, is from *gahouse*, the Persian verb signifying to smooth. It may also be mentioned that the word *eerie*, which is used in Scotland to describe the peculiar feeling which arises in the mind in a solitary and dismal scene by night, is from the Hindoostanee,—though it is innumerable centuries since the two tribes could have used the words together, at the head quarters of the race.

The Scythian, or Tartarean branch of the Caucasian race, at first extended towards the north and north-west of Asia. Accustomed to a vagabond and predatory life in those immense tracts of country, those wandering tribes left them only for the purpose of devastating the inheritance, and subverting the establishments of their more fortunate brethren. The Scythians, who, at a more remote period, made irruptions into Upper Asia; the Parthians who there destroyed the dominion of the Greeks and Romans; the Turks, who overturned the Saracen empire in Asia, and subdued, in Europe, the unhappy remnant of the Grecian people,—all sprung from this mighty branch of the Caucasian race.

The Finlanders and Hungarians are hordes of the same division, seemingly strayed, as it were, into the midst of the Sclavonian and Teutonic nations. The north and west of the Caspian Sea are still inhabited by people of the same origin, and who speak similar languages, but intermixed with a variety of petty nations of different descent, and discordant tongues. The Tartar people have remained longer than the rest, in the region extending from the mouth of the Danube to the farther branch of the Irtish, where they so long proved formidable to the Russian empire, though at length subjected to its sway. The Mongols, however, in their conquests, have mingled their blood with these nations; and we discover many traces of this intermixture, more especially among the nations of Lesser Tartary.

We now come to describe this Mongol race, which, as we have said, in general terms, belongs to Asia. The personal characteristics of the Mongols, are a half black, or olive complexion; prominent cheek bones; flat visage; narrow, and oblique eyes; hair, straight and black, and scanty beard. To the eastward of the Tartar branch of Caucasians, the Mongols begin to be discovered; from which boundary they extend to the eastern ocean. This race has formed mighty empires in China and Japan, and occasionally extended its conquests on this side of the great central desert of Asia; but its civilization has long appeared stationary. Its branches, the Calmucks, &c., are still wandering shepherds, perpetually traversing the Great Desert. Thrice did these nations—under Attila, under Gengis, and under Tamerlane—spread far and wide the terror of their names. The Chinese are thought, moreover, to have been the most early civilized, not only of this race, but of all the nations of the world. The Japanese, and the Coreans, and almost all the tribes which extend to the north-east of Siberia, under the dominion of Russia, are, in a great measure, to be ranked under this division of mankind. With the exception of a few Chinese literati, the Mongolian nations have but one religion, though in many sects—the superstition of Fo. The origin of the Mongolians seems to have been in the mountains of Altai, as that of ours was in the Caucasian. We cannot, however, trace the course and propagation of the branches of the one so well as those of the other. The history of these shepherd nations is as fugitive as their establishments. The records of the Chinese, confined to their own empire, throw but little light on the traditions of their neighbours; nor can the affinities of languages so little known lend much assistance to our researches.

The natives of the north of both Europe and Asia, such as the Laplanders and Esquimaux, spring, according to some authorities, from the Mongolian race. According to others, they are only degenerated off-shoots from the Scythian branch of the Caucasian variety.

Lastly, the Negro, or fully black race, is chiefly confined to Africa, possessing the whole of that vast, and little explored continent, except the northern extremities, which border on the Mediterranean. Its chief features, besides the coal black complexion, are crisp woolly hair, flat nose, and low cranium. In the prominence of the lower part of the face, and thickness of the lips, it manifestly approaches to the monkey tribe. The hordes of which this race is composed, have always remained in a state of barbarism, except where they have been transplanted as slaves into another soil, and partially illuminated by European masters; a process which is remarked to be very difficult, and not likely to make a great progress, till the negro race has been under cultivation for several generations.

In this segregation of mankind into three great flocks, no place or department has been found for the original Americans. The truth is, they cannot properly be referred to any one of the three races, nor yet do they exhibit any peculiarities sufficient to constitute them a fourth variety. Their copper-coloured complexion is not sufficient. The lank black hair would seem to approximate them to the Mongols, if their well-defined features and prominent nose did not oppose such a classification. Their languages are likewise as innumerable as their tribes; and no mutual analogy has yet been ascertained between them, nor any affinity with the dialects of the ancient world.

The preceding paragraphs we have chiefly derived from the pages of the "*Regne Animal*" of M. Cuvier, who ranks as the greatest naturalist of modern times. It remains to be remarked, that modern navigation and commerce have produced many decisive alterations upon the ancient settlements of the human race. In the immense continent of America, we see, within the last three hundred years, hordes of Europeans spreading themselves inward, upon the grounds once occupied by the uncivilized races just alluded to, who are now, in South America, mixed, in a small proportion, with the intruding people; but, in North America, are regularly driven back as the Caucasians advance, so that they must at last hang in small remnants upon the coast of the Pacific Ocean, like our Celts in Biscay and the Scottish Highlands. This piling of Europeans upon Europeans, must produce at last strange mixtures. When we turn our eyes to the East Indies, we see another process of the same kind likely to commence immediately, the dominion of the ground having been already obtained.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

Many strange pictures of the manners of the people and of the practices of the courts of law may be drawn from the criminal records of Scotland. We often shudder while we read, not so much because the crimes are greatly more atrocious than those perpetrated in our day, as because they disclose to us a state of society to which crime was familiar. Revenge was a part of the business of life, in the prosecution of which abettors were easily found, and the bloody accomplishment of which might be punished indeed, but inferred not the slightest degree of disgrace. The law which had to struggle against these disorders, to be in any sort effectual, must be in many respects summary—even cruel; and we are not to wonder if the powers which it put into the hand of the magistrate were sometimes exerted with rigour when the offender was completely in his mercy; with apparent remissness where the delinquent belonged to an influential faction, whom to have set at defiance might have involved the peace of the kingdom; and too often with indecent severity or undisguised oppression where private interest was pursued under pretence of public justice. Yet we are apt to judge with too much harshness of the conduct of those who administered the law in former times. If their decisions do not correspond with what our modern notions tell us they ought to have been, we are filled with indignation, and inveigh against them as if they had been blameably remiss in their endeavours to ascertain the truth, or had wilfully closed their eyes against it. But if we could abstract ourselves from all the knowledge that has been gained since their time, and from the greater readiness with which longer experience has taught us to apply it,—still more if we could assume the prejudices with which the age surrounded them—if, in short, we were to consider not only the shortcoming, but the circumstances that caused it, we should no longer wonder at the errors and imperfections which at first sight appeared to us so monstrous. It is not always safe to predicate that if more enlightened magistrates could have been found, the interests of society in its earlier stages would have been better promoted. It is perhaps more true that the progress of civilization would have been retarded by the efforts of such men, instead of others who had a rougher edge, but were on that account better suited to the period when they lived. The carpenter who, in order to the construction of some useful article, should commence his labours upon a log of wood with his finer tools, would be derided by his fellow-workmen, and have but poor success besides in his undertaking. The axe must lop off the gnarled parts of a trunk, and the saw farther reduce it to a manageable shape, before the

plane can be applied with advantage. And it would be as reasonable in the tradesman to find fault with his hatchet because it did not cut as smoothly as the plane, or to imagine that the latter could have done the work of the axe better than the axe itself, as it is in the historian to censure the conduct of public men of former times, because they did not employ, upon the rough elements with which they had to deal, the silken policy of modern days. With these preliminary observations, we think it will be no unprofitable thing to submit to our readers from time to time an account of some of the trials which took place in the Court of Justiciary, at an era preceding the modern more improved form of process; the materials for which have been supplied by Mr. Pitcairn's laborious and most useful publication, the *Criminal Trials*.

HAMESUCKEN.—ROBERT KENT.

This is one of the cases in which the parties concerned, who were neighbours, carried on hostilities, assaulting, retreating, and practising stratagems, in order to take each other at a disadvantage, more according to the usual system of prolonged warfare between contending powers, than under the temporary impulse of overpowering passion, which is seen to be the ordinary cause of bloodshed in the quarrels of individuals. The dissension arose from a very inconsiderable circumstance, namely, a cuff given by the lady of one house to a servant belonging to another. At the time when the indignity was offered, either because the insult was not deemed to be very heinous or because the opportunity was not favourable for revenge, Gabriel Montgomery retired with his man Kent to the house of his brother John at Thridpairt. This latter person, however, seems to have had a peculiar aptitude in discerning the niceties upon which a Scottish feud depended; and prevailed upon them to set out again that same night, with the intent of exacting a bloody vengeance from Hew Montgomery of Hesilhead, by whose wife the slap had been given. They proceeded to the place accordingly, and remained all night in a house hard by; next morning, finding the gate opened, they entered, and went up stairs to an apartment, where Marion Sempill, the mistress, was employed in some household affairs, with only a servant girl beside her. Kent seized her by the hair of the head, dragged her backward, struck her with his fists, and kicked her unmercifully, so that her bowels were broken, and she was disabled for life. His master, in the meantime, was stationed beside the door, with a pistol presented, hoping the screams of the lady would bring her husband to her assistance, and that he might shoot him as he entered. Hew Montgomery happened to be out of the way for the time; and the two unmanly assailants, perceiving the alarm to be given, and that the servants would soon assemble and overpower them, rushed out locked the tower gate behind them, caught a horse, and fled to Thridpairt. As soon as the gate could be broken open, Hesilhead followed with two servants, whom he despatched to reconnoitre, and approached the entrance to Thridpairt by himself. John and Gabriel Montgomery, seeing him alone, came out armed, both set upon, and wounded him behind and before; and thinking their revenge now accomplished, left him for dead. Some friends, however, came and carried him home in plaids, and he recovered. This was in July, 1576, and the same month, Gabriel Montgomery was killed by some of Hesilhead's adherents. In August, John Montgomery, with his brother, Walter and Kent, coming armed to Netherton of Hesilhead, seized one of Hew's servants, and then letting him escape, pursued him in expectation that his master would see his danger, and come out to the rescue. Their scheme failed, however; and for these various infractions of the peace, they were brought to trial in December. The facts charged against them being of a complicated nature, the jury by the mouth of John Somervell of Cambusnethan, returned a verdict of acquittal. No sooner were the prisoners released, than they made another attempt to gratify their revenge, for which they were indicted afresh in the January following. But the case was continued to the justice-air of Renfrew and Lanark, and we cannot trace the proceedings further.

WILFUL ERROR IN ASSIZE—SOMERVELL OF CAMBUSNETHAN AND OTHERS.

The acquittal of Kent gave rise to the indictment of the jury by whom he was tried. At that time, after reading the indictment, it was a very common thing for the king's advocate to take a protest, that if the verdict did not accord with it, the jury should be liable to a prosecution for wilful perversion of justice. In the present case this course was adopted, but we do not know what penalty followed, the trial having been postponed from the day first appointed for its taking place, and no entry regarding it afterwards appearing in the record; but instances frequently occurred where a refractory jury were punished by heavy fines and imprisonment. This was complained of as an iniquitous interference with the independent exercise of opinion, but was not formally abolished till the reign of William and Mary.

It may seem unaccountable that any law should sanction a mode of trial so totally inefficient as that by a jury, who had not even the appearance of possessing the power of judging according to their consciences, but were told beforehand, that if they did not decide as the crown counsel wanted them, they should be condiguly punished. But the case does not bear quite so flagrant an aspect when other circumstances, in which the ancient form of process differed from the present, are taken into consideration. It was customary for criminals to be pursued at the instance of private prosecutors, with concourse of the king's advocate. These private prosecutors were commonly the next of kin to the sufferers by the crime, and therefore, very frequently, the most competent witnesses against the accused. Where a man had been murdered, for example, in his own house, the testimony of his wife, if she had been an eye witness, was the most conclusive that could be had. According to the practice of the time, she appeared as a party against the murderers, but, that her evidence might not be lost, she was required to make oath to the truth of the facts specified in the indictment; so that, in many cases, the crime charged might be considered to be established against the panel by the indictment itself. The jury, too, where it was possible, were selected on account of their knowledge of the circumstances, and the advocate often referred to this knowledge as a proof of the crime. Sometimes we find a jury taking protest, that a verdict of acquittal should not subject them to prosecution for wilful error, "inasmuch as the indictment was not sworn, nor the facts notour, nor any evidence written or oral produced;" from which it would appear that the king's advocate had not the power of preferring a charge of that nature in the case of all acquittals indiscriminately, but only where the verdict was at variance with such evidence as was at that time held to constitute a proof. Thus, the practice of prosecuting jurors for wilful error proves to have been by no means so monstrous as it might seem at first sight.

GUERNSEY.*

The happiest community which it has ever been my lot to fall in with is to be found in the little island of Guernsey. The pictures of want, filth, and crime, which so frequently shock the eye of humanity in our own country, and which appear to a still greater extent in Ireland, and many parts of France, are not to be met with in Guernsey; but in their stead are to be seen the happy signs of abundance, comfort, and contentment. The poor man has his neat little house,—is surrounded by his cheerful family, and is under no apprehension that he shall not be able, with moderate labour, to provide a full meal and a comfortable lodging for all who are dependent upon him.

What are the causes of this superior state of things in Guernsey? Why is it that within so short a distance of places where the pining labourer is but half fed and half clad, the man of Guernsey should have a well-stored board, and abundance of clothing? The climate is not peculiar; the land is not remarkably fertile. The southern parts of England are quite equal to Guernsey in both these particulars. How is it, then, that Guernsey should be so much a-head in the career of happiness? *Guernsey has superior laws—superior institutions.* And the state of things in Guernsey is one among the thousand proofs that have been given, that the prosperity and happiness of a people are much more dependent on its laws, institutions, and the manner in which its government is carried on, than on climate and fertility of the soil.

I have twice visited the island of Guernsey under circumstances favourable for becoming acquainted with its condition: and, in the hopes of directing general attention attention to a model from which much might with advantage be adopted, I will give a brief account of what fell under my observation.

One of the most striking changes which the visitor, whether from England or France, meets with on his landing in Guernsey, is the entire absence of beggars. That miserable compound of imposture and real distress —the wandering mendicant—is there unknown. A tradesman who has been established at St. Peter's Port (the town of the island) for upwards of thirty years, assured me that during the whole of that period he had never once seen a beggar. For myself, I neither saw nor heard of one: and I was satisfied from all I learnt, that a beggar is in Guernsey a being of a past age,—a creation of history,—a fit subject for the speculations of the antiquary,—but too completely covered with the dust of ancient times, for those of the present day to examine.

Not only is the island free from beggars, but it is free also from those debasing but unfortunate creatures, whom the twilight of evening brings forth from their hiding-places, like swarms of moths, to join the giddy dance round the flame that is soon to destroy them. Prostitution proceeds from the same sources as mendicity,—want and ignorance,—and where the latter is not found, the former will rarely be met with. Be that as it may, however, the fact is, that the streets and roads of Guernsey are not disgraced by the appearance either of the prostitute or the beggar.

Two establishments, called the Town and Country Hospitals, exist in the island, to which all persons are sent who, for any reasons whatever, are unable to obtain an honest livelihood. In these establishments are to be found females who would otherwise be living by prostitution,—the habitual drunkard,—the lunatic,—the destitute orphan,—all have here an asylum, and are removed from the temptation and misery to which they would otherwise be exposed.

I visited the town hospital, situated, not in the town itself, but in the outskirts, and I was very much gratified with what I saw. The scene was a busy one: the men were occupied, some in weaving cloth, some as tailors, others as shoemakers, &c. The women were engaged principally in washing. In addition to the washing for the hospital, a great deal is taken in from families living in the neighbourhood, and by this means the women do much towards paying the expense of their maintenance. The greater part of the cloth, shoes, &c., which the men manufacture, is sold. The men are also employed as scavengers.

By thus employing the men and women at profitable labour, instead of setting them to turn a great stone, as is done in some of our parishes, the expense of the maintenance of the inmates of the hospital is greatly reduced. The average yearly expense of each inmate is not more than *seven pounds*, notwithstanding that at least half of those in the hospitals are boys and girls who produce but little, being the greater part of the day in school; and notwithstanding, also, that there are many lunatics and infirm people, who are of course unable to do any thing towards their own support. The number of inmates in the town and country hospitals together, is about three hundred, and their expense to the island is about £2,000 a-year.

The arrangements of the hospitals, and the discipline maintained in them, are excellent; at the same time, the inmates are treated with great kindness, are allowed an abundance of good wholesome food, and are well clothed and lodged. Those whose conduct deserves reward, are frequently allowed to visit their friends for a day or so; but if the privilege is abused, and, for instance, if any one returns to the hospital in a state of intoxication, he is not allowed to leave the hospital again for several months. On the whole, whether we regard these hospitals as asylums from misery, or as schools of morality, I must say that I have never yet seen any institutions n this country that would bear comparison with them.

There are many causes which co operate in preventing any numerous class of the people of Guernsey from sinking into that state of poverty, which leads to crime and misery. In the first place, all the necessaries oe life are exceedingly cheap. Wheat, during the lasf twenty years, has been about two-thirds of the price at which it has been sold in England. In the summer ot 1830, when I last visited Guernsey, wheat was twentyf shillings (Guernsey money) per quarter, in the measure of the island. This price is the same as forty-six shillings of English money, for an English quarter. The price of wheat in England, at the same time, was sixty or seventy shillings per quarter.

I need scarcely say, after mentioning the price of wheat, that our corn-laws do not extend to Guernsey. Wheat, as indeed every thing else, with the single exception of tea, can be freely imported into Guernsey. In the year 1815, when the rigour of the English corn-laws was greatly increased, it was intended to extend the corn-laws to Guernsey, and the other Norman Isles; but the inhabitants bestirred themselves, and succeeded in warding off this terrible blow to their prosperity. For their success in this struggle they were in a great measure indebted to the exertions of Mr. Brock, the Judge, or Bailiff, as he is termed, of Guernsey,—a gentleman who appears on all occasions to have been the good genius of the island. The inhabitants of each of the islands presented Mr. Brock with a piece of plate, as a token of gratitude for his services on the occasion in question. The people of the Norman Isles are not only allowed to import corn for their own use, from wheresoever they choose, but they are permitted to export all the corn they themselves can grow, to England. This being the case, the people of course consume but very little of the wheat their own islands produce. This latter supply is kept for the English market; so that there is the singular anomaly constantly going on, of corn from the Baltic actually sailing by the coasts of England to supply the people of the Norman Isles, and to enable them to send to England the wheat which is growing at their own doors.

Provisions of other kinds are at prices proportionately low with those of wheat. The ordinary price of good meat is fourpence per pound; that of moist sugar from threepence to fourpence a pound; potatoes sell for threepence a peck; the price of butter varies from sevenpence to tenpence per pound. Tea, though cheap compared with the price in England, (the price of the best black is from half-a-crown to three shillings a pound) is dearer than it otherwise would be did not the monopoly of the East India Company extend to the Norman Isles. The tea consumed in these Islands is not subject to a farthing of King's tax, so that the sole cause which keeps up the price of tea in these islands is that the East India Company have a monopoly of the supply. So

* Guernsey is one of the Norman Isles, which are near the north-western coast of France. These islands are in the possession of the English. They once formed part of the Duchy of Normandy, the whole of which was formerly under the dominion of England. When, happily for all parties, the English were compelled to abandon their claim to Normandy, the little islands, of which Guernsey forms one, remained attached to England. The extent of the island is about 25 square miles, and its population about 20,000. I have, in most cases, confined the following observations to Guernsey, because I can speak of what relates to that island from my own observation. The other islands I have not had an opportunity of examining. Much, however, which I may say respecting Guernsey, would apply equally to Jersey, and the other Norman Isles.

much d arer, however, does this make the tea, that it is a nstant article of smuggling from France. With the exception of tea, of which I have just spoken, and spirits, on which there is an import duty of one shilling a gallon, a perfectly free and untaxed importation is allowed of every species of food, and, indeed, of produce of every kind. The consequence is, that, as far as their limited demand will command a market, the inhabitants of the Norman Islands can select from the whole world the produce which each country is best able to furnish. Instead of using dear and bad Canadian timber, they employ good and cheap Baltic timber. Christiana deals, twelve feet long, nine inches broad, and three inches thick, sell for 15*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.* per 120, or rather more than half-a-crown each deal.

Among other things which are cheap in Guernsey, in consequence of their being free from taxes, I may mention newspapers. With a population of only twenty thousand people, the inhabitants of Guernsey support *five* weekly newspapers. The usual price of a newspaper is sometimes a *penny*, sometimes twopence. The charge for a short advertisement is *sixpence*. The taxes collected in the islands are very light. A tax of a shilling per gallon on imported spirits is the only indirect tax of any kind whatever. The principal tax is a direct one, of a very fair kind. It is a property tax, averaging about sixpence in the pound, upon all existing property. Thus, a man pays this property tax, not only for his land and houses, but for money which he may have in the funds, for money lent on mortgage, &c. The produce of this tax is appropriated to the support of the two hospitals, and the paving and lighting of the town. In addition to this property-tax, and the tax on spirits, the church receives a tithe on all kinds of corn, on fish and on a few kinds of agricultural produce of small importance, but not upon hay. This tithe completes the list of taxes in the Norman Isles.

If it should be a matter of surprise that these islands should have been so highly favoured by those who have had the framing of laws, imposing taxes, the explanation is readily given. The Norman Isles are so much nearer to the coast of France than to that of England, that it would not be a difficult matter for the inhabitants to transfer their allegiance from England to France. This would be a serious loss to England, as the islands are of great use as an asylum for English vessels, especially in time of war

The importance which has been attached to the possession of these islands, and their peculiar situation, has no doubt been the principal reason for the considerate manner in which they have been treated.

Next to the blessings of light taxes and unrestricted importation of food, I may mention the state of the laws of inheritance as being very favourable to he happiness of the people living in the Norman Isles. In our own country, when a man dies, his estate, if consisting of freehold lands, goes altogether to his eldest son, the other children being left to do as well as they can; at least, this is the case if the man has not left a will to direct that his property shall be divided, which is seldom done. But in Guernsey, and the other Norman Isles, a much fairer arrangement is adopted. Two-thirds of the estate are divided equally among the sons, however many there may be, and one-third among the daughters. This plan of division, though only an approach to perfect justice, is evidently much better than the one followed in this country.

In order to prevent an unnecessary splitting up of estates, it is provided that the eldest son shall, if he has it in his power, be allowed to pay each of his brothers and sisters the value of their share of the property, and then retain possession of the whole himself.

The consequence of this state of the law of inheritance is, that instead of the property of the islands being held in huge masses, each acre of which is but of insignificant value to the owner, the islands are covered over with clusters of small estates of from four to five to forty or fifty acres, so that every person has a little plot of land which he can call his own. We all know how men's hearts are set upon this, and what a powerful stimulus it is to greater exertions, superior economy, and a love of independence.

Next to the equal division of property, which prevents waste and extravagance on the one hand, and extreme poverty on the other, I may mention the abundance of paper money in the island of Guernsey as a great cause of the prosperity of the island. The paper money is issued by the governmen of the island, and in the following way. When any great undertaking has been determined on by the States (as the representatives of the people are called) such, for instance, as the opening of new roads, there is, immediately, an issue of one pound otes by the government. These notes are sent out as the work proceeds, and as money is wanted. When the undertaking is completed, and begins to yield an income, the notes are gradually bought in again, and new undertakings are commenced. The notes are not payable on demand: indeed the government has not even an office at which the notes can be presented. Nevertheless, the notes are never refused. The people find by experience that their representatives, "The States," do not issue the notes in greater abundance than the demand for them justifies, and consequently no depreciation in their value is to be feared. Moreover, the purposes for which the notes are issued are of advantage to every man in the island; so that every one looks upon them as coming from the bank to which he is a partner. Here, then, in the little island of Guernsey, we have, perhaps, the only instance in the world of a really national bank; a bank in which the whole property of the state is the security, and the profit of which is shared by the people at large.

By means of this truly "healthy" currency, undertakings of great magnitude (considering the size of the island) have been executed during the last few years. One work alone, namely, the opening of a new street into the town, the erection of a market-house in it, and the purchase of the neighbouring land, cost eighty thousand pounds. The profits of this undertaking have enabled the States to erect another market house for the sale of fish. This building is really on a magnificent scale. I am quite sure there are towns in this country, containing four times the population of the whole island of Guernsey, that cannot boast of a market house equal to it. A college for the education of the middle classes of the island has been erected at an expence of forty thousand pounds. A spacious court of justice has been built, and new and excellent roads have been made, crossing the island in different directions.—*From the Examiner.*

APPELLATIONS.

The *three blue balls* prefixed to the doors and windows of pawnbrokers' shops, by the vulgar humourously enough said to indicate that it is two to one that the things pledged are never redeemed, were in reality the arms of a set of merchants from Lombardy, who were the first that publicly lent money on pledges. They dwelt together in a street, from them named Lombard Street, in London, and also gave their name to another at Paris.

The appellation of Lombard was formerly all over Europe considered as synonymous with that of usurer.

At the institution of yeomen of the guards, they used to wait at table on all great solemnities, and were ranged near the buffets. This procured them the name of *buffetiers*, not very unlike in sound to the jocular appellation of *beef-eaters*, now given them; though, probably, it was rather the voluntary misnomer of some wit, than an accidental corruption arising from ignorance of the French language.

The opprobrious title of *bum bayliffe*, so constantly bestowed on the sheriff's officers, is, according to Judge Blackstone, only the corruption of *bound-bayliffe*, every sheriff's officer being obliged to enter into bonds and to give security for his good behaviour, previous to his appointment.—*Encyc. Brit., new edit.*

A SET-DOWN FOR CIGAR SMOKERS.

M'Nish, in his Anatomy of Drunkenness, has the following good remark: "At the present moment smoking is fashionable, and crowds of young men are to be seen at all hours walking the streets, with cigars in their mouths, annoying the passengers. They seem to consider it to be manly to smoke a certain number, without reflecting that there is scarcely an old woman in the country who would not beat them to nought with their own weapons, and that they would gain no sort of honour were they able to outsmoke all the burgomasters of Amsterdam. As the practice, however, seems more resorted to by these young gentlemen for the sake of effect, and of exhibiting a little of the *haut ton*, than for anything else, it is likely soon to die a natural death among them, particularly as jockeys and porters have lately taken the field in the same way, being determined that no class of the community shall enjoy the exclusive monopoly of street smoking.

LONGEVITY.

The salubrity of England has considerably increased, and the mortality diminished, for many years past. The results of the Population Acts afford satisfactory evidence that our ancestors did not enjoy the same degree of health and longevity that we do at present. The annual mortality has decreased nearly one-third in forty years. In 1780, the rate of mortality was taken at one in forty; in 1795, at one in forty-five; in 1801, at one in forty-seven; in 1811, at one in fifty-two; and in 1821, the results of the census show a mortality of one in fifty-eight.

The limits of human life are the same now as formerly, and will probably always continue the same; but more persons live now to an advanced age than in former times.—*Edin. Phil. Journal.*

A BOY'S LETTER.

The following specimen of a boy's letter is from *Hood's Comic Annual* for 1832. There is such a truth of character in it—so much of that spirit of drollery, mixed with mischief, which often prevails in the young human being of the male sex—that we cannot help declaring it to be, in its own words, "capital fun." The letter proceeds from a country boy, to what the polite letter-writer would call "his friend in town."

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for the cut behind. The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school, to help in agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before father comes down we mean to bait our bull with him. There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a-fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly, to get gentles. We've a pony, too, to ride upon, when we can catch him; but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you—run away. Remember you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and every thing that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musquet of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid our's by firing it off."

VISIT TO TIBERIAS

The enterprising John Carne, whose visit to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea we have already noticed, thus describes Tiberias:—approaching this celebrated place, "We passed by a spot on the left," says he, "on a gentle declivity where, tradition says, the five thousand were miraculously fed. The town of Tiberias is surrounded by a wall, but is rather a wretched place within. No ancient remains of any interest are at present found here. On the shore of the lake Tiberias, at some distance to the south of the town, are warm mineral baths, which are much used and esteemed. At the extremity of the north-eastern shore, some remains are said still to exist where Capernaum formerly stood. The inhabitants of the town are chiefly Jews, with some Turks. We lodged in the house of one of the Jews, a wealthy old merchant of Aleppo, who had come hither in his old age, and built his house far from his native home, in order that he might die at the Lake of Tiberias. The attachment of the Jews to the places of their ancient record and glory is sometimes excessively strong. In walking along the shores, we met, occasionally, Jews from Poland, chiefly elderly men, who had come from their native country to this spot, from no other motive but to spend their last years round the lake.

"On the night of our arrival, we walked on the terraced roof to enjoy the coolness of the air. It was moonlight, and the lake and its shores were as beautiful a scene as can be conceived. It brought to mind the night, though so different a one, when Christ walked on the surface of the waves to rescue his disciples. Yet Tiberias is a scene where nature seems still to wear as sublime and lovely an aspect as in the day when it drew the visitations and mercies of the Lord. No curse rests on its shores, as on those of the Dead Sea, but a hallowed calm, and a majestic beauty, that are irresistibly delightful. The length of the lake is about fourteen miles, and the breadth five. The fish it contains have a most delicious flavour, and are much the size and colour of a mullet. The boats used on it are, in some seasons of the year, much exposed, from the sudden squalls of wind which issue from between the mountains. The water is perfectly sweet and clear. The Jordan is seen to enter it at its northern extremity, and its course is distinctly visible through the whole extent of the lake. The range of mountains forming its eastern shore is very lofty; their steep and rocky sides are barren, with sprinkling of trees on a few of the summits. The western shore, where the town stands, is level, but its picturesque hills, divided by sweet valleys, are covered with a rich carpet of verdure, but almost destitute of trees. The side to the southern end of the lake is very pleasant, where the Jordan flows out of it. An ancient bridge, some of whose ruined and lofty arches still stand in the river, add much to the beauty of the scene. We bathed here in the Jordan, which issues out in a stream of about fifty feet wide, and flows down a rich and deserted valley, enclosed by bare and lofty mountains. The stream was here clear and shallow; but it soon became deep and rapid. Little is said in the Scriptures respecting the extensive valley of the Jordan between Tiberias and Jericho. It must have been thickly populated from its luxuriance, being watered throughout by the river. Yet, with all the charms of its situation, the air around the lake, during the summer, is close and sultry. Of all places in Palestine, however, a stranger would desire to fix his residence here, as a situation on any of the verdant hills around would be exempt from the often oppressive air on its banks."

CATALANI.

It is little known, and can hardly be credited, that this great singer, with all her experience of public favour, and inevitable consciousness of her own genius, continued to the very end of her career to be exceedingly timid and irresolute on entering upon her theatrical duties. She generally carried a Bible upon the stage along with her, as a kind of charm to ensure confidence, and always devoutly crossed herself, and prayed for support, as a soldier might do on going into battle.

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HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

We meet with numerous rules for the conduct of young newly-married women of all ranks; and if the world is not filled with good wives, it certainly is not because there is any want of matronly counsel for their guidance. But, though the happiness of the conjugal state depends at least as much upon the behaviour of the husband as on that of the wife, there has not, as far as we are aware, been hitherto promulgated any code of instructions for the use of the former. Our literature abounds with narrations which exhibit the dutifulness and affection of women to husbands unworthy of them, who repaid tenderness with brutality, nor relented till those whose every amiable feeling they ought to have cherished and rewarded with their love, either sank broken-hearted, or, grown desperate, became even more abandoned and profligate than themselves. The man is to blame in nine cases out of ten where an alliance proves unhappy. In the lower ranks especially, it is too often a want of prudence on his part that renders so many families wretched. *Of the multitudes of those who have wasted character, health, and means in intemperance, there is but a small proportion who might not have preserved respectability by listening to the admonitions of their wives.* Yet, with these numerous and undeniable facts before the world, no writer thinks of preventing such evils, by pointing out and enforcing the duties of the party from whose misconduct they chiefly spring. A small portion of our columns, therefore, will not be unprofitably bestowed on a subject of so much importance.

In order to secure the felicity of the married state, a husband must, in the first place, endeavour to secure the perfect confidence of his wife. He must banish every thing repulsive from his manner towards her, and live with her on such easy and friendly terms that she may never be discouraged from communicating with and consulting him on every affair, whether it be in the lesser or the greater concerns of life. If a wife do not find at home sympathy with her afflictions, cares, and anxieties, she will seek it abroad—she will detail her griefs to some acquaintance, to whom she will go for advice in matters of difficulty, and, perhaps, in matters of delicacy, which cannot properly be appreciated by a stranger, and, therefore, ought not to be entrusted to the ear of one. The happiness of the family will thus be made to depend in a great measure on a person not a member of it, who, whatever be her prudence, is not intimately interested in the preservation of its peace, and who is more likely to take a side and encourage feelings of animosity than to inculcate the duty of mutual forbearance.

The husband's duty must, therefore, be to establish in the mind of his partner an entire reliance on his affection, and a thorough persuasion that he is disposed, to the full amount of his power, to promote her comfort. Let him not think it beneath him to take an interest in her domestic arrangements; by showing that he does so, he will make her sensible that all her efforts to render home pleasing are not unappreciated; her labour for that end will be redoubled, and yet prove more light to her. As he must be abroad the greater part of the day, let him not deprive her of his company in the hours of leisure that business leaves him. A man cannot altogether seclude himself from the world in the bosom of his family; neither can he always carry his wife along with him; but he must not for a light reason allow himself to be detained from her society. A woman's hours are often lonely; and after she has bestowed her whole cares for a day to set her house in order, and anxiously awaits her husband's return, in the hope of enjoying a few hours' mutually endearing converse by the cheerful hearth, if she have to watch every approaching footstep in vain, it is a cruel disappointment. One of the greatest sins which the husband can commit, is that of making a practice of staying out late at night, which, though not reckoned among the usual catalogue of crimes against social life, is one of the most worthy of reprobation. The mental anguish endured by many excellent wives from this infamous practice, no one can picture unless they have witnessed it. There, by the lonely hearth—the fire sunk to a cinder and a mass of ashes—the candle verging to its close in the socket—the dingy silent apartment strewed with the toys and furniture of the children, sent hours since to bed—there, in the midst of this domestic wilderness sits the drooping, desponding, almost broken-hearted wife, counting the hours, and conning over in her wearied mind the numbers of times she has been so deserted, and foreseeing the still greater misery which awaits her by such a course of profligacy in her husband. And for what, may we ask, has the master of the household thus deserted his home?—the company of hollow friends, idle acquaintances, perhaps drunkards or gamblers, whose witless jocularity forms the temptation to abandon a good name, fortune, worldly respectability, and self-esteem. None but the wife who has endured trials of this nature can properly understand the horrors resulting from such a life of folly and dissipation.

Every reader must be delighted with the beautiful excuse which, among others, Sir Thomas More makes why he did not publish his Utopia sooner. It shows us how important that great man considered an attentive performance of the minor duties of life to be. "Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left for myself,—that is, for my studies. For, on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants. All which things I number among the duties of life; since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature hath provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen."

The husband must not accustom himself to form resolutions, and, without previously consulting his wife, make a sudden declaration of his purposes, in the same way as he would casually mention to a neighbour a plan the execution of which he is just on the point of commencing. Even although such resolutions may be come to in a spirit of wisdom, to determine upon any measure without her participation argues a want of confidence in her affection and judgment, and cannot fail greatly to distress and discourage her. Granting that there are some matters of which the husband is the most competent judge, and that his wife cannot aid or improve his schemes, still she ought to be made acquainted with them, and the reasons for them, as far as possible; for it is only proper that the wife should be admitted to the satisfaction of knowing what is expected to produce advantage to her husband. As to what some write, that women are not fit to be entrusted with great affairs, it may have been true in the cases which gave occasion to the remark, where the object involved a course of crooked policy, or where the ear to which the secret was committed was that of a female from whom fidelity was scarcely in any case to be expected. If a man's designs be bad, the best way for success in them is to make the disclosure to nobody—least of all to women, to whom, if they be depraved, how can he trust? And, if they be not thoroughly hardened in wickedness, how much less can he trust to them, seeing that, being of much tenderer consciences han men, they are always more ready to relent! Btut if he would make his way in the world by fair and honest practices, a husband can have no better counsellor than his wife: her stretch of understanding may not be so masculine as to embrace the subject in all its more important bearings, but, in the lesser details of management, her advice may prove invaluable.

Without a constant and unreserved interchange of sentiments, a constant and perfect cordiality cannot be maintained; and then, indeed, when things are communicated only by fits and starts, and perhaps never more than half explained, leaving an impression that her discretion is distrusted, the wife will be more apt to carry them abroad, to endeavour, by the help of other wits than her own, to penetrate what is concealed, and in the hope of finding, in the sympathy of others, consolation for the want of confidence with which she is treated at home. It is thus that a man becomes by degrees "a stranger in his own house." His domestic behaviour is observed with the same distant caution with which his conduct in public is scrutinized; and, as in all likelihood he does not take the same pains to produce a favourable impression, and is not equally on his guard to obviate misinterpretations of what he says and does, he must appear proportionably less amiable; and, as the endearments of domestic life are in consequence withdrawn, the bad effects of his own unsocial humour are at last felt in his own discomfort.

"Those that are curious observers of mankind," says a Christian philosopher, who is not so generally known as might be expected, from the excellence of his writings, "love to consider them in the most familiar lights. When men are abroad, they choose to appear (whatever they really are) to the best advantage; but at home, their minds, as well as their persons, are in a perfect undress and dishabille. The world is the great theatre on which they act a part; but behind the scenes they may be seen in their proper persons, without any studied appearances. Our domestic behaviour is, therefore, the main test of our virtue and good nature. In public, we may carry a fair outside; our love may be not without dissimulation, nor our hatred without disguise; but at home, nature, left to itself, shows its true and genuine face, with an unreserved openness, and all the soul stands forth to view, without any veil thrown over it. There we see men in all the little and minute circumstances of life, which, however they may be overlooked by common observers, yet give a man of discernment a truer opening into a man's real character than the more glaring and important transactions of it; because, as to these, they are more upon their guard—they act with more of caution and of art than of plain simple nature. In short, our good or ill breeding is chiefly seen abroad, our good or ill nature at home. It were to be wished that we had more family pieces preserved and transmitted down to us. The good public magistrate is of use to few only; but the prudent and affectionate father of a family is of a more general and extensive influence. For my part, I more admire Cornelius, the centurion, for that short sketch of his character, viz., that he was a devout man, and one that feared God, *with all his house*, than if he had been represented as the most victorious general that had enlarged the bounds of the Roman empire; for we learn from it this useful lesson—that the influence of a pious ex-

ample, like the precious ointment from Aaron's beard, descends downwards from the head of the family, diffuses itself over the main body till it reaches the very skirts—the lowest members of it."

SCOTTISH DUKES.

ATHOLL.

A NOBLEMAN of great estates, and formerly of great feudal influence, in the Highlands. The peerage is not ancient in the present family (Murray). Till the reign of Queen Mary, the ancestors of the present duke were only the undistinguished lairds of Tullibardine, an estate in the lower part of Perthshire. The Tullibardine of that day was a zealous reformer, and is noted for having challenged Bothwell to single combat at Carberry, in order to save further dispute. Bothwell refused, on the plea of his antagonist's inferiority of rank: *tempora mutantur*. He seems to have been drawn into historical and political importance, in some measure, through his sister Annapel, who married the Earl of Mar, afterwards regent, and was the governess of the infant James VI. Sir John Murray, of Tullibardine, the nephew of good Countess Annapel, was brought up with James, who, through mere youthful friendship, raised him to the peerage, under the title of Lord Murray, of Tullibardine (1604), and afterwards (1606) elevated him to the rank of Earl of Tullibardine. The son of this peer, in 1629, obtained the ancient title of Earl of Atholl, through his wife, Lady Dorothea Stewart, in whose father it had become extinct. He was a zealous royalist, as was his son, the second earl, who, in 1676, was elevated to the rank of marquis. This personage added greatly to the power of his family by marrying Lady Amelia Sophia Stanley, daughter to the royalist Earl of Derby, who, through her mother, Charlotte de la Tremouille, was related to most of the principal families of Europe. Through the Marchioness Amelia, the family acquired the seignory of Man, and large property in that island. Notwithstanding the conspicuous loyalty of the Marquis of Atholl in the two last reigns of the Stuarts, it is said that he would have willingly joined the Prince of Orange, if he could have obtained any preferment under the new government. William, though related to the Marchioness, did not receive him warmly, and he accordingly spent the rest of his life in the jacobite opposition. His son, John, second Marquis, was able to render himself more acceptable to King William, by whom he was created a peer in his father's lifetime, and appointed one of the secretaries of state for Scotland. In July, 1704, immediately after his father's death, the marquisate was exchanged by Queen Anne for the present dukedom Some unfortunate circumstances afterwards threw him into the opposition, and so zealous was he against the Union, that he put 6000 Highland followers into motion to oppose it. His eldest son, styled Earl of Tullibardine, appeared in both of the Scottish Rebellions, for which he was forfeited. The second son, however, succeeded to the titles. A still younger brother, Lord George Murray, was Prince Charles's generalissimo in the last of those extraordinary movements. By a rather curious arrangement, the son of this gentleman, though attainted in blood, having married the daughter and heiress of his uncle, was allowed to take up the titles, which he transmitted to his son, the lately deceased duke, whose son now enjoys them.

HUMAN HAIR.

THE human form, when well proportioned, has ever been regarded as a model of the most exquisite symmetry and grace, whether contemplated in the joyous season of infancy, in the years of maturer and sterner manhood, or in the decline of life, when age has enfeebled the limbs, bent the body, and thrown its silver about the brow. No sooner does the mind become animated by any interesting or lofty emotion, than the features of the human countenance become lighted up, and beam with the beauty of expression; and this having been universally acknowledged, philosophers have busied themselves in estimating the forms and proportions of the features, with the view of explaining the secret of their influence. The line of the nose, the elevation or depression of the eyebrow, the contraction or expansion of the cheek, the colour of the eye, the parting smile of the lips,—have all been duly estimated; but, in addition to the importance attached to their several proportions, we cannot fail to observe here how much more effective and beautiful the expression of the whole countenance and figure is rendered by the addition of the hair. Poets and painters, who generally keep their attention steadily fixed on nature, have not failed to observe this;—hence Spencer, describing the beauty of a bride, speaks of,—

> Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
> Sprinkled with pearl.

So, too, Milton, by introducing the same feature, gives peculiar effect to his description of our first parents:—

> His fair large front and eye sublime declared
> Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks,
> Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
> She, as a veil, down to the slender waist,
> Her unadorned golden tresses wore
> Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
> As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
> Subjection.

By this description, the expression of the whole figure is rendered infinitely more effective than it otherwise could have been; and so likewise the poet Ariosto, by introducing the same feature, adds a character, and, as it were, an additional shade to the grief of Angelica. "She stood on the desert shore stupid and immoveable; her hair was loose and disordered; her hands were joined, and, with unmoving lips, she raised her languid eyes to Heaven." We likewise find in Sir Walter Scott, that as the beauty of Rebecca is enhanced by his description of the "profusion of her sable tresses, which, each arranged in its own little spiral of twisted curls, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a cimarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting flowers in their natural colours, embossed on purple ground, permitted to be visible;" so the anguish of the poor Jew in his dungeon cell, surrounded with chains and shackles, is aggravated, and his picture brought more effectively before us, when we read, that in a state of passive resistance, and with his garments collected beneath him to keep his limbs from the wet pavement, "he sat in one corner of his dungeon, where his folded hands, his dishevelled hair and beard, his furred cloak and high cap, seen by the wiry and broken light, would have afforded a study for Rembrandt." Since the hair, whether braided or dishevelled, adds so much to the character of the human figure, we need not wonder that peculiar fashions and customs respecting it have prevailed among all nations. The Heathen priestesses, when under the influence of what they conceived inspiration, wore their hair dishevelled; for which reason St. Paul forbade the Corinthian women, when at devotion, to wear it in this manner. Hence, in the earlier ages of Christianity, when its divine doctrines were struggling through the darkness, the clergy, both secular and regular, were obliged to have the crown of the head shaved, as a signal of self-denial and mortification. The popes, indeed, denounced long hair, and Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced the sentence of excommunication on those who were guilty of so heathenish a fashion. Serlo, a Norman bishop, acquired great honour for a sermon he preached before Henry I. in the year 1104, on this subject, which had such an effect on the king and his courtiers, that they immediately consented to cut away their flowing ringlets. The Jewish and Grecian women generally wore the hair long, and ornamented with gold, silver, and pearls. The Roman women dressed their hair in the form of a helmet, mixing false hair with it, which they contrived to fasten to the skin. They anointed it with rich perfumes, and, by the aid of curling irons, raised it to a great height by rows or stories of curls. They, too, adorned their hair with gold, pearls, and precious stones, sometimes with crowns or garlands, chaplets of flowers bound with fillets, or ribands of various colours. They used a certain plaister to pull off the small hairs from their cheeks, or plucked them up by the roots with tweezers, called *volsellæ*. Among the ancient Gauls, long hair was esteemed an ornament, hence Julius Cæsar, having subdued them, made them, in token of submission, cut off their hair. Among the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, young ladies before marriage wore their hair uncovered and untied; but after marriage, they cut it short, tied it up, and wore head-dresses of various fashions. Amongst the Greeks, both sexes, a few days before marriage, cut off and consecrated their hair to some peculiar deity. It was customary also to hang the hair of the dead on the doors of their houses previous to interment. The ancients imagined that no person could die until a lock of hair had been cut away—an act supposed to be performed by the invisible hand of Isis, and consecrated to the god into whose realm the soul departed.

Having premised this brief account of some of the more remarkable prejudices that have been entertained concerning the human hair, we shall explain its structure, which is very simple, and may be easily understood. Every individual hair may be regarded as a tube which terminates in a root or bulb. This root or bulb is situated below the skin, and consists of two coverings, an external and an internal. The external exhibit a vast number of blood-vessels, which supply nourishment, and probably secrete the colouring matter of the hair. The internal is a simple membrane, within the other. It is hollow, and rises into the tube, which perforates the skin, and appears as the true hair externally. The tube arising from this bulb is filled with a soft matter, called the *medulla* or *pith* of the hair, and contains numerous vessels. In passing from the root or bulb through the skin, it often raises up small scales of the cuticle, which soon become dry and fall off, as almost every person, in brushing the hair, must have observed. Every hair, therefore, consists of an outer sheath, which embraces the internal substance, or *pith*, in the same way as the finger of a glove covers the finger—the end terminating below the skin in the bulb or root. This sheath, which we feel in touching the hair, consists of several very fine filaments, which are laid together longitudinally. They are of unequal lengths; and, the centre one being the longest, every hair is pointed at the end. Besides this, when laid together, they are found to possess many small eminences; whence, if we draw a hair between our fingers, from the root to the end, it will feel smooth and even; but if we reverse it, and draw it from the point to the root, the hair will feel distinctly rough to the touch. For this reason, cloths made of wool irritate the skin; and wool is so difficult to spin that these eminences require to be previously overcome by the aid of oil. On this structure of hair, the operation of felting depends, in which the hairs are pressed down in different directions, and become so interwoven, as to form a continuous mass. Such is the felt, of which hats are made. Curled hairs entwine themselves more closely than those which are straight, though flexible; as they do not, like them, recede from the point of pressure in a straight line. Hence, hatters adopt various methods to produce curl in the short furs of the rabbit, hare, and mole. The colour of the hair is next to be considered.

Already we have explained, that the hair, like a tube, contains a pulpy matter, through which vessels are distributed; and the probability is, that by these blood-vessels the oily colouring matter of the hair is secreted. The human hair is generally either black, brown, auburn, yellow, flaxen, or red; in addition to which, there is a white variety, which characterizes the race of people known as Albinos. Black hair prevails most in the northern regions of Europe and Asia; but the fact is, that the brown, auburn, yellow, and red varieties, so often seem to arise out of the black, that neither can be sufficiently well localized. The Jews, like the Arabs, are generally a black-haired race; but are often seen with light hair and beards, and blue eyes. In some towns in Germany, red beards are considered characteristic of Jews. Among the ancient Egyptians, the red variety seems to have existed; but light brown hair has been found in Egyptian mummies. Black hair was by the Hebrews regarded as an emblem of beauty and vigour; and white has often been termed the "colour of defect," the reason of which is allied to the cause of that appearance. Already we understand, that the colouring matter of the hair is secreted by the blood-vessels; and it is evident, therefore, that when this secretion is interrupted, it will cease to be deposited. Hence, its absence is generally a sign of debility. Horses with white feet are thought to be tender, and more susceptible of disease, than those of a more uniform dark colour. The hoariness of age, is likewise, from this want of secretion, connected with a defect of vigour. When the mind is agitated by any violent emotion, these vessels often suspend their functions, and the hair becomes very quickly grey. This happened to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France. "I was struck," says Madame de Campan, her attendant, "with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon her feature. Her whole head of hair had turned almost white, during her transit from Varennes to Paris." It also occurred to the unhappy Queen Mary. Her historian, describing her execution, says—"With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck upon the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair, already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows." Lord Byron, aware of this circumstance, makes Manfred exclaim, in the bitterness of his agony and remorse—

> ——— To be thus
> Gray hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,
> Wrecks of a single winter.

Every person, too, will remember the beautiful opening lines to the *Prisoner of Chillon*. When the blood-vessels which supply nutriment to the bulb of the hair cease to do so, the hair necessarily falls off, which generally happens during the period of weakness succeeding to a protracted illness, and not unfrequently from some local cause. Sometimes it falls off irregularly and indiscriminately, producing a general thinness of hair; sometimes it falls off in patches from parts of the skin, and sometimes the disease is universal, and not a hair remains on any part of the body. The Chevalier d'Eperney, after assiduous application for the space of four months, without any previous illness, lost his beard, eyebrows, eyelashes, and all the hair of his head and body. Lavater relates the case of a person, who, after a violent mental commotion, became blind with the right eye; and the hair of that side of the body lost its colour, and fell from the eyebrows, eyelashes, and head. The Romans estimated slaves at a low price, from whom the hair came easily away; and baldness was reckoned such a deformity among them, that, of all the honours decreed to Cæsar, none was more acceptable than that which was allowed him by the senate, of always wearing a laurel crown, which concealed this defect.

Some kinds of diet are said to produce baldness; hence it is reported to be more frequent in those islands where the inhabitants live much on fish. In the Shetland islands, so common was baldness formerly that it was a familiar saying, that "there was not a hair between them and Heaven." Tournefort relates also, that, in the island of Mycene, "the children are bald, or seldom arrive at the age of twenty without becoming so;'

and, although difficult to assign a reason for it, baldness is more common in Brighton than in many towns. The esteem in which a fine head of hair is held by the fortunate possessor, in this country at present, is not a whit less than it was formerly among the Anglo-Saxons; in illustration of which we may remark, that Dr. Reid, of London, a few summers ago, was attending a lady afflicted with typhus fever. She was yet sensible, when he informed her that he had no resource left excepting that of ordering her head to be shaved, whereupon she immediately replied, that to that she would never consent; she felt resigned, and would "leave it to Providence." Such being the case, our fair readers will certainly not excuse us from briefly stating the remedies devised by medical men to prevent the hair growing thin, or falling away. As this happens from a defect of the actions of the vessels about the bulb of the hair, the object is, in such cases, to restore their action. This is done by stimulating them either by the application of volatile oils, camphor, turpentine, and resins, or by astringent solutions of alum, earth, or green vitriol; or by friction, no matter whether with the fat of the mole, snail, hedgehog, or bear. But sometimes, instead of from a want of action, the hair falls away from a preternatural action of the vessels, or an inflammation about the roots of the hair, in which case local depletions, leeches, purgatives, and low diet, must be had recourse to. The diseases to which the skin of the head is liable, are so numerous, that all persons should guard against them by the strictest cleanliness. The Poles, who are accustomed to wear the hair very long, are, from want of cleanliness, subject to a dreadful disease, known by the name of the Polish plait, or *Plica polonica*. It prevails principally among the lower classes, in whom the hair becomes matted together, so that it is impossible to comb it out, and bleeds when it is cut. The hair, too, sometimes, though very rarely, becomes painfully sensitive. Baron Larrey attests a case which occurred in the hospital of the Royal Guards, at Paris. A private soldier, having received a violent kick on the back of the head from a horse, was afflicted with extreme cerebral excitement, and the sensibility acquired by the hairs was so great, that they could not be touched without aggravating considerably his sufferings. Hair is found upon all parts of the body; but instances are recorded of its having occurred in places where it could never have been anticipated. Lusitanus mentions a person who had hair upon his tongue. Pliny and Valerius Maximus concur, that the heart of Aristemenes was hairy. Schulterus, that hair is often found in the blood of those affected with Polish plait. It has been found in abscesses between the muscles, and most frequently in the breasts of women. Hair does not readily undergo decomposition; so that it will be found little altered in a coffin long after interment. When the coffin of Charles I. was opened, which was done in the year 1813, Sir Henry Halford informs us that "the hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has been some time cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful brown colour. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was not more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or, perhaps, by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king."

In life, assuredly, the kindliest thoughts and feelings are associated often with the hair; nor could Selim, addressing his beloved bride of Abydos, say any thing more affectionate than—

> I would not wrong the tenderest hair,
> That clusters round thy forehead fair,
> For all the treasures buried far,
> Within the caves of Istakar.

As a ringlet of hair has already been regarded as the most appropriate symbol of love, so, assuredly, no relic can be preserved after death, more touching to the affections. Every association connected with it, must breathe of pure and holy affection. It is laid upon the bosom, to be there cherished as the last and the only remains on earth, of the being whom, perhaps, we most adored. How many of such memorials are worn in secret, and call forth heavy sighs, when there is none to overhear!

THE FAITHFUL WIFE.—A Tale.

In the Atlantic ocean, near the eastern coast of New Hampshire, is situated a cluster of islands, called the Isles of Shoals. In the autumn of 1780, a small sloop was seen approaching one of these islands. It would have been a hazardous navigation for an unskilful seaman, for the rocks rose high, projecting far into the sea, and presented a thousand angles on every side. Yet the sloop moved majestically along, now riding on the billows, and now enveloped in their folds, and at every turn showing its white sail over the rocks. At length it moved round the point, and entered a little sandy cove, where a rude wharf had been constructed. Just on the edge of the beach were scattered a few miserable looking huts; some of them seemed but little more than a pile of stones, and lay half buried beneath the ridges of sand, which the winds and waves were continually throwing up. Behind this settlement, if it deserved the name, extended rows of dismal-looking fish-flakes, giving a still more barren appearance to the prospect, and tainting the air with their effluvia. It was towards night when the sloop anchored at the wharf. It was so uncommon for any but their own little fishing-boats to make for the cove, that an unusual excitement prevailed among the inhabitants. Men with torn red baize jackets and check shirts, women with tattered petticoats and slip-shod shoes, and barefooted children with scarcely any clothing, collected in a group, to discover the cause of this unusual visit. After waiting some time without being able to make any discoveries, one or two of the men approached the sloop with the intention of boarding her. A man immediately made his appearance on deck; his look was fierce and commanding, and he wore pistols in a leathern belt, that was buckled round his short jacket. He stood in an attitude of defiance, and asked the men what they wanted. "We did not know," replied they, in a surly tone, "but you might be after a cargo of fish." He made no other answer than by lengthening the rope which fastened the sloop to the wharf, and it floated to a distance that precluded any attempt to come on board. There was a marked contempt in this action that roused the indignation of the spectators. "Cheer him, my boys!" said one of the men; and the little urchins threw up their tattered hats and red caps, and huzzaed and shouted; and even the fair sex, to their shame be it spoken, joined in the chorus, which, it must be confessed, had nothing of the female cadence but its shrillness. After a few coarse jests and additional shouts, the attack ceased from want of opposition, and the miniature mob dispersed. Though the vessel remained at the wharf several days, no new curiosity was excited. It had been a passing impulse, and was not supplied by that fuel which imagination successfully employs.—There seemed to be but three occupants of the sloop; two who were evidently subordinate, and one man in the vigour of life, and evidently used to command.

In all degrees and classes of life, nature selects her favourite; even on this desolate spot, there was one building, that apparently promised better for its inhabitants than any of the others. The stones, that composed the walls of the house, were well fitted and arranged, and a tolerably neat wood pile promised comfort for the approaching winter. It was at the door of this house, late one night, that a violent knocking was heard. The owner of it, John Boland, arose and opened it.

"What do you want?" said he, "can't you settle your own quarrels, without coming to disturb quiet, well-behaved people?"

"For God's sake, come to our assistance," said the man; "don't stop to ask questions, or it will be too late."

The voice of distress cannot be mistaken. John hurried on his clothes, and, accompanied by his wife and daughter, a girl of about fifteen (for the females of the Shoals did not dread the night air), they all followed the stranger; the women often stopping to recover a shoe they had dropped in the sand. When they reached the sloop, their entrance was no longer opposed; they made their way to the miserable hole dignified by the name of cabin. In a narrow berth, lay a young and delicate woman, apparently dying. The man, who had before resisted any intrusion, hung over her with a fixed and anxious countenance.

"We can do no good to her," said John; "she is dying."

"What do you mean by that, John Boland?" said his wife, coming forward; "if she is dying, it is for want of air; if she had as many lives as a cat, it is enough to stifle her. Let us take her to our house."

No one made any opposition, and the lady was wrapt in her bed clothes, and conveyed to her new residence. Both Mrs. Boland and her daughter Susan fully justified Ledyard's testimony to the humanity of woman; for, though they had none of that peculiar gentleness which belongs to the sex, they were active in kind services.

In a short time the lady began to revive, but she was too feeble for utterance, though her eyes followed with intense anxiety every movement of her companion, who left the vessel and remained with her. He announced himself by the name of Maitland. There was no one on the spot capable of observing the nice gradations of feeling which either of the parties might have discovered; but, as the lady grew better, she had long private conversations with the gentleman, and frequently an agitation, which increased her disorder, was the consequence. At length he informed Mr. and Mrs. Boland that it was absolutely necessary for him to pursue his voyage—that he had only put in at the island on account of the indisposition of his wife—that she was still wholly unable to go on board—and that there was no alternative but to leave her under their care for a month. They willingly consented. Every article that might conduce to her comfort was brought from the sloop, and the mariners once more set sail. Whatever had been the struggles of Maitland and his wife (whom he called Adela), at parting, and whatever was the grief she might feel, it was expressed to no one; nobody had witnessed their interviews, nor was it apparent that she had objected to his leaving her; yet it seemed as if an increase of sorrow weighed down her spirits after his departure. It might be that the solitude in which she found herself, and the perfect uncongeniality of every thing around her, were more than her mind could support. The sea air, however, and the regularity of her mode of life, promoted her recovery, and she every day gained health. She soon became able to walk out, and found Susan not an unpleasant companion, who could scale the highest rocks, and assisted Adela to walk with more security. For the first three weeks the lady appeared tranquil; but, when the fourth arrived, it was evident her mind was suffering under the greatest anxiety. She repeatedly questioned John, "Did he tell you it might be a month?" But even the month expired, and he did not arrive. She thought of the delays of a sea voyage, of possible detentions, and she reasoned herself into a momentary tranquillity; but this could not last. Frequently, when the moon shone bright, and the people of the house believed her asleep, she seated herself at the window that looked on the little cove, and gazed on the ocean. In the indistinctness of the moonlight prospect, sometimes she imagined she beheld figures at a distance; and then by their fixture discovered them to be merely projecting angles of the rocks. Then, again, a white sail appeared to be approaching the shore; but, alas! it came no nearer. Often morning dawned upon her sleepless eyes, and with the light of day came new hopes. "He will certainly be here before night," thought she; and in this hope would quit the house while all were still, and wander by the sea and among the rocks. The scene was often a glorious one; the sun, just rising above the horizon, cast his broad red beam upon the ocean, which sparkled with a thousand colours. But such scenes brought no peace to her heart. "What am I," she would exclaim, "in this vast universe? Who cares for me, or will take thought of me? I might plunge into the ocean, and pass away unnoticed and forgotten like the sea-weed."

It would be wearisome to trace the emotions of this desolate being, as, hour after hour, and week after week, she gazed upon the ocean. Though many a sail rode proudly by, and sometimes, in tacking and veering, appeared making for the island, yet the beating of her heart was succeeded by the sickness of disappointment, for the keel rapidly cut the waters, and was soon lost in the distance.

In this agitating and exhausting state of mind, November passed away, and December came on with all the rigours of winter. There is no desolation like that of the affections; it palsies youth and destroys hope He who can lay his finger on one spot in the globe, and say, *it is mine*, has still something to love, to cling to; for *there* may cluster the sympathies of nature and the "endearing charities of life." But Adela felt that she had no such strong hold; and it was in vain that her kind though ignorant companions often tried to cheer her by pleasant anticipations.

It was after many gloomy weeks that, with the view of amusing her, John one day called to her to come out to the point and see a ship that was coming on in full sail. There is an exhilaration in the bright sun and the blue sky of a frosty morning. Adela felt it, as she stood and gazed at the swelling sails and the rapid movement of the vessel, as her keel divided the waters. All was brilliant and sparkling; the waves seemed rejoicing like living beings, as they dashed against its sides. As she gazed upon the ship, moving proudly and majestically along, with its tall masts and snowy sails marking the swiftness of its progress, to her it appeared like a creature of life and happiness exulting in its glory—the ocean, the wild and tumultuous ocean, ministering to its will, and the winds and waves subservient to its power. She gazed after it, as it proudly continued to divide the waters of the Atlantic, till it seemed like a speck upon the horizon. She was awakened from her reverie by the chillness of her feelings, and a sudden change in the atmosphere. The sky became darkened, the sea-birds wheeled to and fro, and seemed uncertain which way to steer their course; before she reached the house, flakes of snow fell at intervals, and all betokened one of those sudden storms to which our climate is subject. John gave it as his opinion, that the fine morning was a "weather breeder." The storm increased rapidly, the waves burst their natural limits, and rose high upon the island. The wind drove tempests of sleet and hail before it, and howled and shrieked in its fury. Adela thought of the noble vessel, and remembered how omnipotent she had believed it a few hours before; and she said to herself, "God help them, for no human being can!"

Night came on with tremendous darkness, and now, at intervals, they plainly distinguished minute guns. The men collected with torches of pitch and tar, and distributed themselves on the rocks; and the women, unrestrained by form, and guided only by their own impulses, were not less active. They supposed the vessel was dismasted and driven about by the fury of the elements, as the sound of the guns often changed its direction. It approached nearer and nearer. "It will be certain death," said one of the men, "if they can't keep off from the eastern breakers." At that moment, it was evident the vessel had struck. Shrieks were heard mingling with the gale, and the crash was even louder than the billows. One hope remained, that the men had cut the boat from the stern, and their lives might yet be saved. This was the case; they had succeeded in getting into the boat, and, in the darkness and tempest, had reached a ledge of rocks connected with the island; but their situation was still desperate; heavy seas broke over it, and there seemed but a short respite from death. One after another were swept into the ocean from which they had just escaped, yet a few still clung to the ledge; but the rocks rose perpendicular above it, and presented no possibility of retreat. The people above discerned, by their torches, the situation of

these unfortunate men. It was a long while before they could afford them any assistance; but, by lowering torches and shouting, they at length made them comprehend that their situation was known; and finally succeeded in throwing ropes, which the men fastened round them. Of the fifteen who had taken to the boat, three were saved!

It proved to be the same ship that had passed in the morning with a fair wind: but a sudden squall came up, and in a short time increased to a hurricane, with constant rain and hail; she was driven back with fury, and at night had lost so much of her rigging as to be totally unmanageable, and had struck upon the breakers.

Such was the melancholy account given by the three men whose lives had been so wonderfully preserved; two of them belonged to the crew, and one was a passenger. Adela learned from inquiry, that this last was a man rather advanced in life, and unused to struggle with hardship.

Some days elapsed before the shipwrecked passenger was able to walk abroad. He had been sheltered in one of the miserable fishing-huts, and Adela had kindly contributed from her superior stock of comforts to his wants.

He learned from the inhabitants the little they knew of the lady, yet it seemed sufficient to rouse all his interest, and, as soon as he was able, he requested to see her. She would gladly have excused herself, but there was no evading the request. The moment the stranger entered the room, she gave a loud shriek, and covered her face—it was her uncle! he who had supplied the place of a father, who had adopted her while she was almost an infant, and watched over her with unceasing tenderness. Her parents had left her to his protection, and, in the affection and caresses of the little girl, he had felt none of the weary void of a single life. Adela was petted and introduced into company, while she was yet a child; and the domestics, and even visitors, soon discovered that the way to the uncle's heart was through the child's favour. At the head of his table, she felt fully adequate to the direction of her own conduct, and for many years she apparently justified his confidence. She was frank, amiable, and affectionate. The fortune that she inherited from her parents was small, but by judicious management had been nearly doubled; but this was of little account: for Mr. Leslie, her uncle, was wealthy, and no one doubted that Adela would be his heir. Probably this circumstance might have attracted some of her lovers. The young lady, however, shewed no disposition to encourage any of them; and sometimes, when her satisfied uncle pleasantly said, "Why, Adela, I believe you are going to be an old maid;" she would reply—"To be sure I am, uncle; for who is so fit a companion for an old bachelor?"

It was at this crisis that a young man, who was a native of Great Britain, but who had passed the greater part of his life in the East Indies, arrived at the city. He brought letters from respectable mercantile houses, which established his claims upon fashionable society. He became a frequent visitor at Mr. Leslie's, and every one, but the uncle, perceived his object, and the probability of success. It was not till it was too late to recall them, that he discovered that Adela's affections were engaged. It was a heavy blow to his hopes and plans; but still more so, when he learned that the young man was dissipated in his habits, and justly suspected of a fondness for play. It was in vain that he now represented to Adela the suspicions that rested on his character; with the favourite motto of inexperienced, headstrong young ladies in her mouth, that "she had rather be miserable with him than without him," she adopted the resolution of marrying him. Mr. Leslie found it was too late to impose restraint, where discipline had never been exerted; as a last effort of kindness, he advised her to secure the principal of her own little fortune to herself. But Adela spurned the idea of such selfish, calculating prudence, and answered him with another celebrated quotation, as judicious as the former, "that where she could trust herself, she could trust her fortune." Unwillingly he resigned it into her hands, and they parted. Adela shed tears at what she called the hard-heartedness and unkindness of her uncle; and became the wife of Maitland in the full zeal of confiding affection. For a few weeks she was convinced that she was the most fortunate of women, and "the world well lost." It was not long, however, before Adela was doomed to recollect the warnings she had received, and the reports she had heard; in the late hours of her husband, his blood-shot eyes, and his petulance, she saw a conscience ill at ease. One evening he returned home in apparent agitation, and told her that he had had an unfortunate dispute with a young man,—they had fought, and he had wounded his antagonist; that it was necessary for him to escape, or he should be immediately arrested; that a vessel was waiting at the wharf, which was bound for Halifax, where he should be safe, and might remain concealed till the danger of excitement was over. Adela calmly acquiesced, but told him it was her fixed purpose to accompany him; it was in vain that he opposed her determination; she could not brook opposition, for she had been unused to it. "I have given up all for your sake," said she, "and if I give up you, nothing remains to me!" Maitland, in his turn, was obliged to submit. It was a dreary prospect, and a voyage of hardship, for a young lady accustomed to every luxury; but she bore it without complaining, till sea-sickness, and the want of proper accommodation, had reduced her almost to death. It was then that they put in at one of the Shoal Islands. When he found her unable to proceed, he alarmed her with fears for his own safety. "It is only now that there is danger," said he; "when the circumstances are known, I shall be permitted to return without fear of arrest." Adela became eager for his departure; and he quitted her in the full assurance that he would return in a few weeks.

It was now that Mr. Leslie informed her that the story of the duel was a fabrication; that, after losing her little fortune at play, Maitland had forged a checque in his name to a large amount, on one of the principal banks, withdrawn the money, and absconded with it; that his own object in this voyage had been to follow and arrest him; that he knew from authentic sources that he was still at Halifax, and, though he did not appear during the day, was every night at the gambling table. "Providence," he continued, "has restored you to me in a manner that marks out to us both our proper course. You shall return with me; we will forget all that is passed; and I will receive you again as my child, on condition that you give up Maitland." The tears of Adela were her only reply; at length she said, "And if I reject this offer, what are the consequences?" "Adela," replied he, "I feel no spirit of revenge; I was following Maitland to arrest him, in the hope of opening *your* eyes and redeeming *you*. I will, for *your* sake, withdraw my prosecution, and leave him in possession of the sum he has fraudulently obtained. If you return with me, not a reproach shall ever meet your ear; you shall be, as you once were, my comfort and my solace, and we will only feel that disappointment has more closely united us. If you still cling to your husband, my offer of kindness shall not be by halves; I will see that you are properly conveyed to him at Halifax. But I warn you, that he has long been a notorious gambler; since your marriage he has thrown off the mask; he has now been guilty of a crime that would condemn him to a prison for life; do not suppose this will be his last; his habits lead to death. I give you till to-morrow to weigh the subject, and determine."

When Adela was left alone, she endeavoured to think and reason, but her mind was too much agitated to do either. When her uncle came in the morning, she threw herself upon his neck, as she was wont to do in happier days; he pressed her closely to his heart. "Have you decided, Adela?" said he. "I *have*," she replied, in a low voice; "all you say is true, *but he is my husband!*" The uncle loosened his hold, and turned mournfully away. In one hour from that time, he was borne in a little fishing-boat far beyond her sight. Two days after, a vessel with a comfortable cabin, and good accommodations, anchored at the little wharf, the captain of which sent notice to Mrs. Maitland that he was to convey her to Halifax. She took an affectionate leave of John and his family, and liberally rewarded their kindness. Mr. Leslie returned to the south; he spoke not of his niece, and no one presumed to mention her name in his presence; years passed by, and her memory seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

In the year 1790, a gentleman was visiting one of our state prisons; an interesting woman caught his attention, as she passed into one of the cells. "Is it possible," said he, "that woman can be a convict?" "O no, Sir," replied the keeper, she is willing to remain here as an assistant, for the sake of attending her husband, who was sentenced here for life for forgery, but will soon be released by death." The gentleman's curiosity was awakened; he requested to be admitted to the cell. The wife supported the head of the husband, and administered to his wants. As the gentleman gazed upon her, his heart became softened; the recollection of former times returned, and he said in an impressive tone, "Adela!" She looked up, recognized her uncle, and fainted. When she recovered, he said, "O my child, go home with me!" She looked steadfastly at him, and replied, in the same tone in which she had spoken ten years before, "*He is my husband.*" Every alleviation that money could procure was supplied to the dying man; and when he had breathed his last, Mr. Leslie took Adela home. But she came not alone; she brought with her a little boy, named Leslie, and a second Adela. To these children she never spoke of their father; but she strove to instil into their minds principles of religion and virtue. The old age of Mr. Leslie was cheered by gratitude and affection.*

THE PROPER SITTING POSTURE FOR FEMALES.

This question has been disputed; one party insisting that girls should always sit erect, while others are advocates for a lounging position. It is not difficult to shew that both are wrong; when a delicately formed girl is supposed to be sitting erect, she is generally sitting crooked: to a superficial observer she may appear quite straight; but any one who will sit on a music stool, and endeavour to keep his body in a perpendicular line for ten minutes, will be convinced that it is difficult for even a strong man to sit as long as a delicate female is expected to do, without allowing the spine to sink on one side, or to fall forwards.

The attempt to sit erect beyond a certain time is injurious; for, although bending the spine occasionally is useful rather than hurtful, yet when it is done involuntarily, and when the bend is attempted to be concealed by an endeavour to keep the head straight, there is a danger of the spine becoming twisted. Indeed a double curve is generally the consequence; there is first a bend to one side, to give ease to the fatigued muscles; and then, to conceal this, there is a second curve, that is necessarily accompanied by a slight twist in the vertical line of the whole column.

The proposal to allow children to sit in a crooked or lounging position seems to have been founded on the idea that all the muscles are more relaxed in this way than even when the child lies at full length on its back. This notion is certainly incorrect, and such a mode of sitting is injurious; for, even were the muscles more relaxed by it, the bones and ligaments acquire such a shape as necessarily produces distortion.

It may naturally be asked how a girl should sit, since it would appear, whether she is in an erect or stooping position, she is equally in danger of becoming crooked. As sitting, in a manner generally recommended, affords little or no support to one who is weak, the answer would be, that a delicate girl should not sit for even more than five or ten minutes without having some support to her back, and when she is fatigued, that she lie down or recline on a couch. But as it would be very annoying to a girl not to be allowed to sit up except for so short a time, and as a couch is not always at hand, we must endeavour to shew how a delicate girl my remain in an upright posture for a reasonable time without incurring any risk of becoming crooked. This leads to an inquiry into the merits of the chairs which are at present generally used by children.

Young ladies are often obliged, while at their music lessons, to sit upon those chairs which have high backs, long legs, and small seats. These chairs are said to have been invented by a very eminent surgeon, and are intended, either to prevent distortion, by some supposed operation on the spine, or as the most effectual means of supporting the body. It is difficult to imagine how a chair of this description can effect the first purpose; and to discover how far it is calculated for the second, the reader should make the experiment on a chair of the same proportion to his figure as the chair in question is to that of a little girl. He will find that if the seat or surface on which he rests is small in proportion to his body, the chest will, after a time, either fall forward or on one side, unless he exert himself to a degree that is very fatiguing. Indeed, if the seat be at the same time so high that the feet do not rest fairly on the ground, but dangle under the chair, a forward position of the head is almost necessary to preserve the balance of the figure.*

The objection to such chairs have been met with the assertion, that girls feel remarkably comfortable in them. This is no argument in favour of their use; for it is not uncommon for a girl, who has seven or eight pounds of iron strapped upon her body, and next to her skin, to say the machine annoys her so little that she does not care how long she wears it.

But whether this chair is agreeable or not, it is easy to shew that it is not calculated to give much proper support to the body, and that it is almost impossible for a delicate girl to sit long in a natural or easy position upon it.

It may be allowed, that the chair which we consider the most comfortable, that is, the chair which affords the most support to the body, should, if made in proper proportions, be the best for a delicate girl. In such a chair, the seat should be scarcely higher than the knees (thus permitting the whole of the foot to rest upon the floor), and of such a size that, on sitting back, the upper part of the calves nearly touch it. This form of seat is very different from that of the chair alluded to, the back of which is also equally objectionable, for, instead of being in some degree shaped to the natural curves of the spine, it is made nearly straight, and projects so as to push the head forward. A delicate girl should always sit so as to rest against the back of the chair, and if the lower part of her spine is weak, a small cushion will afford great relief. As it is quite a mistake to suppose that the shoulders, if raised in any other way than by the action of the muscles, or by the curvature of the spine and ribs, will continue high, there is no real objection to a girl who is delicate being supported by an arm chair: for, occasionally resting on the elbows, a considerable weight is taken off from that part of the spine which is the most likely to yield.

These observations refer only to the manner in which delicate girls, whose spines are still straight, should sit; when the spine is actually distorted, it will be necessary to use other means.—*Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and Arts*, 1827.

CUSTOMER-WARK.

[In former times, it was the custom all over Scotland for the housewife, assisted by her servants, and, in case of a laird, by the wives and daughters of the tenantry, to spin as much woollen and linen yarn as sufficed to

* From *Stories of an American Life*, edited by Mary Russel Mitford.

* It must be also unnecessary to remind the reader, that if the knees are bent in standing or walking, there is a curve in the spine at the same time.

furnish clothes for her family, and napery for bed and board; a weaver being alone employed, besides, to put her handiwork into proper shape. Not long ago, a humble street in Edinburgh, called the Netherbow, was full of weavers of this kind; and, as a proof of the extent to which the system was carried two hundred years ago, even in the capital, we may mention that, when the Scottish Covenanters were about to invade England in 1640, the pious "wives" of Edinburgh supplied them, at a day's notice, with a sufficient quantity of *harden* (a species of linen cloth), to furnish the whole army, amounting to twenty thousand men, with tents. In the present improved state of Scotland, the division-of-labour system has, in a great measure, banished both the "big" and the "little" wheel; and, accordingly, there are not nearly so many weavers employed throughout the country, as used to be, in preparing cloth. Still, however, where such an individual is found, he is generally a more comfortable person than the muslin or cotton weaver, who, in his labour, has to compete against the enormous odds of machinery, and is, therefore, perhaps, the most abject and impoverished workman in the empire. Unfortunately, there are now very few *customer weavers*, as they are called, who can obtain full employment, and therefore their existence is generally found to be one of comfort, chequered with intervals of penury.

In the year 1824, one of the editors of the Journal happened to enter the cottage of a customer weaver in the vale of Ettrick, and had the curiosity to make himself acquainted with all the poor man's domestic and operative system, as well as his feelings respecting various external things. According to his own account of his affairs, he "daikered on here in a very sma' way." In one end of his cottage was his loom, half-embedded in the damp black earth; while in the other end, separated by two wooden beds, was his domestic establishment, condensing kitchen, parlour, and hall, into about ten feet square. He was engaged on a piece of coarse woollen cloth, the property of a customer; and by that, he said, he could make eighteen pence a-day. When customer-work failed, he was fain to work a piece upon speculation, by which he realized no immediate profit; and it was, therefore, only while the eighteen pence a-day lasted that he enjoyed any kind of comfort. On being asked if he had not better employ himself regularly for Glasgow, he declared all the work that came from that city—jaconets, blunks, ginghams, and cambrics,—to be stale, flat, and unprofitable, compared with "customer-wark." It was evident, from his conversation, that "customer-wark" was the only earthly thing that the weaver was interested in. Customer-wark was not only superior to every other kind of work; but it was a more blessed and excellent thing than any other he knew of in this world. The idea gave a strong character to his conversation, for the phrase was generally introduced three or four times into, and formed the termination of every sentence. When he paused for breath, he recommenced with "customer-wark;" and this ludicrous phrase accented every cadence. It was the alpha and omega of his mind.

The observations made at this time upon the habits and feelings of the poor weaver, being afterwards detailed to another of the editors of this paper, were by him thrown into a poem in the Scottish dialect, which was published, as a kind of episode, in a volume, entitled—"Illustrations of the Author of Waverley, being Notices and Anecdotes of Real Characters, Scenes, and Incidents, supposed to be described in his works." As a picture of a certain *condition* of human life, it is here re-produced, with some amendments.]

I.

In Ettrick's old vale, where the heather grows green,
Wi' aye here and there a bit plaintain between,
There lives an auld wabster, within an auld shiel,
As lang, and unchancy, and black as the de'il.
He works e'en and morn for his wife and his weans,
Till the very flesh seems to be wrought frae his banes;
Yet canty's the wabster, and blyth as a lark,
Whene'er he gets what he ca's customer-wark!

II.

This customer-wark's the delight o' his soul,
Whether blanket, or sheetin, or sarkin, or towel.
Nae trashtrie o' cottons frae Glasgow he cares for,—
Their tippence the ell is a very good wherefore;—
But God bless the wives, wi' their wheels and their thrift,
That help the puir wabster to fend and mak' shift;
Himself, and his wife, and his weans might been stark,
An it hadna been them and their customer-wark.

III.

The wabster's auld house, it's an unco like den,
Though, atweel, like its neebors, it has a ben-en'!
It's roof's just a hotter o' divots and thack,
Wi' a chimley dress'd up maist as big's a wheat-stack.
There's a peat-ruck behind, and a midden before,
And a jaw-hole would tak a mile-race to jump o'er!
Ye may think him neglectfu' and lazy,—but, hark,
He's better employ'd on his customer-wark!

IV.

Whate'er ye may think him,—the wabster's auld hut
Has 'wa bonns i' the ben, and twa beds i' the butt,
A table, twa creepies, three chyres, and a kist,
And a settle to rest on whene'er that ye list;
The ben has a winnock, the butt has a bole,
Where the bairns' parritch-leggies are set out to cool,
In providin' o' whilk he has mony a day's darque,
O' saxteen lang hours, at the customer-wark!

V.

The wabster's auld madam—her name it is Bell—
Lang, ill-faured, and black, like the wabster himsel—
She does naught the hale day but keeps skelpin the bairns,
And haurds three or four o' them tight at the pirns.
Her tongue is as gleg and as sharp as a shuttle,
Whilk seldom but gi'es her the best o' the battle;
And sometimes her neive lends the wabster a yerk,
That he likes na sae weel as his customer-wark!

VI.

The black cutty-pipe, that lies by the fire-side,
Weel kens it the day when a wab has been paid,
For then wi' tobacco it's filled to the ee,
And the wabster sits happy as happy can be;
For hours at a time it's ne'er out o' his cheek,
Till maist feck o' his winnings ha'e vanished in reek:
He says that o' life he could ne'er keep the spark,
An it werena the pipe and the customer-wark!

VII.

Then the wife, that's as fond o' her pleasure as he,
Brings out a black tea pot, and makes a drap tea;
And they sit, and they soss, and they haud a cabal,
And ye'd think that their slaistre wad never divaul.
By their wee spunk o' ingle they keep up the bother,
Each jeerin', miscau'in', and scaldin' the tother;
While the bairns sit out by, wi' cauld kale, i' the dark—
Nae gude comes to them o' the customer-wark!

VIII.

When the siller grows scarce and the splenchan gets toom,
The wabster gangs back to his treddles and loom,
Where he jows the day lang on some wab o' his ain,
That'll bring in nae cash for a twalmonth or twain;
Then the pipe is exhaustit and laid on the sill,
Though the wrecks of its sweetness will hang round it still;
And the tea-pot maun lie like a yaud in a park,
Till Heaven shall neist send some customer-wark!

IX.

Then the puir starvin' wabster grows thinner and thinner,
On a 'tatoe for breakfast, a 'tatoe for dinner,
And vanishes veesibly, day after day,
Just like the auld moon when she eelies away.
Clean purged out he looks, like a worm amang fog,
And his face like a clatch o' auld sweens in a cogue.
At last, when grown hungry and gaunt as a shark,
He revives with a mouthfu' o' customer-wark!

X.

A branksom gudewife, frae the neist farmer toon,
Comes in wi' a bundle, and clanks hersel' down,
"How's a' wi' ye the day, Bell? Ha' ye ought i' the pipe?
Come, rax me a stapper; the cutty I'll rype!
I maun see the gudeman—bring him ben, hinney Jess!
Tut! the pipe's fu' o' naithing but fushionless asse!"
The wife ne'er lets on that she hears the remark,
But cries, "Jess! do ye hear, deme?—*It's customer-wark!*"

XI.

Having gotten her lick i' the lug, Jess gangs ben,
And tells her toom father about the God-sen':
Transported, he through the shop door pops his head,
Like a ghaist glowrin' out frae the gates o' the dead.
Then, wi' a great fraise he salutes the gudewife,
Says he ne'er saw her lookin' sae weel i' his life,
Spiers for the gudeman, and the bairns at Glendeark,
While his thoughts a' the time are on customer-wark!

XII.

Then, wi' the gudewife, he claps down on the floor,
And they turn and they count the hale yarn o'er and o'er:
He rooses her spinning, but canyells like daft
'Bout the length o' her warp and the scrimpt o' her waft.
At last it's a' settled, and promised bedeen
To be ready on Friday or Fuirsday at e'en;
And the bairns they rin out, wi' a great skirlin' bark,
To tell that their dad's got some customer-wark.

XIII.

Then it's pleasent to see, by the vera neist ouk,
How the wabster thawes out to his natural bouk,
How he freshens a thought on his diet o' brose,
And a wee tait o'colour comes back to his nose!
The cutty's new mountit, and every thing's snug,
And Bell's tongue does nae sing half sae loud i' his lug;
Abstracted, and happy, and jum as a Turk,
He sits thinking on nothing but customer-wark.

XIV.

Oh! customer-wark! thou sublime moving spring!
It's you gars the heart o' the wabster to sing!
An 'twerena for you, how puir were his cheer,
Ae meltith a day, and twa blasts i' the year:
It's you that provides him the bit, brat, and beet,
And makes the twa ends o' the year sweetly meet,
That pits meat in his barrel, and meal in his ark!
My blessings gang wi' ye, dear customer-wark!

THE EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

It is found, on examining a Biographical Dictionary of distinguished individuals in all ages and countries, amounting to about five thousand in number, that the largest proportion are Frenchmen, next the English, Scotch, and Germans, and next the Italians, Dutch, and other nations. How it happens that there have been more men in France than in England who have arrived at distinction is accounted for, not by the comparative largeness of the country, but by the circumstance that the French make a point of patronizing men of genius, whether they be poor or otherwise; while, in England, few persons of talent, if they be not rich, or well-dressed, have the chance of receiving any patronage from the great. Out of the five thousand individuals, about a sixth have been descended from the upper classes, and there are not more than a dozen kings; another sixth are of unknown origin, but may be presumed to belong to the middle ranks, of which there is distinctly about another sixth; the remaining three-sixths, or the one-half, have been either descended from the trading or the poorer classes, and have personally undergone severe struggles with poverty in elevating themselves to distinction. It is also found that many men who have arrived at eminence began by studying mathematics, to which they voluntarily attached themselves.

The most curious branch of this inquiry is that relative to the original condition of those who have risen from the lower ranks. Strangely enough, some trades seem to have produced more men of genius than others. For example, there are many instances of shoemakers rising to great eminence in literary and other pursuits. There have been also various learned men who began life as tailors; various as weavers; and a number as gardeners, and stone-masons. More remarkably still, many eminent men, in ancient times, were originally slaves, or common soldiers. There have been some striking instances of men of genius being the sons of watchmakers. The following list of distinguished men who have in this manner risen from the humbler ranks, will be perused with some degree of interest.

Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus, all distinguished men in ancient times, were slaves at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter; Cleanthus, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens. The late professor Heyne, of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record, but he was finally rewarded with the highest honours. Bandoccini, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and he worked for many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor; and, although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures. The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Walcot, otherwise Peter Pindar, working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of Pleasures of Imagination, was the son of a butcher, in Newcastle upon Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a poor woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the mystic philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat, whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author, of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, who lived in the sixteenth century, was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire-light; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly. George Anderson, the translator of a treatise of Archimedes, and author of a General View of the East India Company's affairs, who died in 1796, was originally a day labourer. Massaniello, who headed a successful revolt against the Austrian Government at Naples, was a poor seller of fish. Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machinery for spinning cotton, was originally a country barber, or dealer in hair. Arne, an eminent English composer of music, who died in 1778, was the only son of an upholsterer, and was himself brought up as an attorney's clerk. Astle, the archæologist, and author of a work on the origin and progress of writing, was the son of the keeper of Needwood forest. Augerau, marshal of France, and Duke de Castiglione, under Buonaparte, was originally a private soldier in the French and Neapolitan ranks. John Bacon, an eminent sculptor of last century, was originally a painter of porcelain for potters. Baillet, a laborious and learned French writer, was born of poor parents at Neuville, in Picardy, but he extricated and raised himself by his genius. Ballard, the author of Memoirs of British Ladies, was originally a stay and habit maker, but, being patronized for his acquirements, he was educated at Oxford, and made beadle of that university. Barker, the inventor of pictorial representation by panorama, having failed in business, became a miniature painter, and settled at Edinburgh; and, it was while resident here, and taking a view from the Calton Hill, that the idea of forming a panorama entered his mind. His invention realized him a fortune. Beattie, the author of the Minstrel, a poem, and other works, was originally a parish schoolmaster at Fordoun. Belzoni, one of the most eminent travellers in Egypt, at one period, when in pecuniary difficulties, supported himself by exhibiting feats of strength in different towns in Great Britain. The famous Admiral Benbow served at first as a common sailor in a merchant vessel. Miss Benger, the authoress of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots, and many other productions of merit, was so very poor in early life that, for the sake of reading, she used to peruse the pages of books in a bookseller's window in a town in Wiltshire, where she resided, and returned day after day, in the hope of finding another page turned over. She afterwards obtained friends who assisted her. Sebastian Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, was born of poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphiny. The Abbé Hautefuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker. The eminent Prideaux, who rose to be Bishop of Winchester, was born of such poor parents that they could with difficulty keep him at school, and he acquired the rudiments of his education by acting as an assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, Oxford. The father of the famous Inigo Jones was a cloth maker. Sir Edmund Saunders, chief justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles

II. was originally an errand boy to the young lawyers. Linnæus was apprenticed to a shoe maker, with whom he wrought for some time, till rescued by a generous patron, who saw his genius for learning. Lomonosoff, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of last century, began life as a poor fisher boy. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some years as a bricklayer, but while he had a trowel in his hand he had a book in his pocket. Peter Ramess, a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century, was at first a shepherd boy, and obtained his education by serving as a lacquey to the college of Navarre. Longomantanus, the Danish astronomer, was the son of a labourer. Pareus, professor of theology at Heidelberg, and an eminent divine, was at first an apprentice to a shoemaker. Hans Sacho, an eminent German poet and scholar, was the son of a tailor, and he himself wrought as a shoemaker for many years. John Folez, an old German poet, was a barber. Lucas Cornelisz, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, had occasionally to support his family as a cook in gentlemen's kitchens. The illustrious Kepler spent his life in poverty, but in apparent contentment. Winckelman was so poor while a student that he sung ballads through the streets at night for his support. Wolfgang Musculus commenced his career in a similar manner, having for some time sung ballads through the country, and begged from door to door, in order to obtain a pittance wherewith to put himself to school. Pope Adrian VI., one of the most eminent scholars of his time, began life in great poverty, and, as he could not afford candles, often read by the light of street lamps, or in the church porches where lights are kept burning; his eminent acquirements, and unimpeachable character, led him successively through different preferments in the church till he was appointed Pope. Claude Lorraine is said to have been originally apprenticed to a pastry cook. Marmontel was born of poor parents, and was indebted for the elements of education to the charity of a priest. Lagrange, the French translator of Lucretius, was brought up in extreme poverty. La Spagnoletto began his career in great indigence. Miles Davies, a writer on antiquities in the early part of last century, hawked his productions from door to door. James Tytler, a person of great genius in Edinburgh last century, lived in the greatest indigence, composing some of his works in types, without the intervention of manuscripts. Parkes, the author of some celebrated works on chemistry, was originally an apprentice to a grocer, and underwent many difficulties before he was ultimately successful as a practical chemist. Sir Humphry Davy was the son of a carver on wood, and he himself began as an apprentice to an apothecary.

Such brilliant instances as these might well serve to stimulate the virtuous efforts of youth to better their condition; but I forbear all remarks on the subject till a few more cases have been laid before them.

PRINTING AND STEREOTYPING.

The art of printing, whose origin has been detailed in the early numbers of the Journal, is one of the most extraordinary results of human ingenuity, and is certainly the very noblest of all the known handicrafts. Yet, important as it is acknowledged to be, three centuries elapsed from the date of the invention before it was perfected in many of its most necessary details. At first, the art was entirely in the hands of learned men, the greatest scholars often glorying in affixing their names to the works as correctors of the press, and giving names to the various parts of the mechanism of the printing office, as is testified by the classical technicalities still in use among the workmen. It was formerly mentioned that Guttenburgh, the inventor, did not go the length of casting types from moulds: that great improvement is said to have been effected by Peter Schœffer, the companion of Faust; and from that event till the invention of italic letters by Aldus Manutius, to whom learning is much indebted, no other improvement took place. It does not appear that mechanical ingenuity was at any time directed to the improvement of the presses, or any other parts of the machinery used in printing, and the consequence was that, till far on in the eighteenth century, the clumsy instruments of Guttenburgh, Faust, and Caxton, continued in universal use. The presses were composed of wood and iron, and were slow and heavy in working, while the ink continued to be applied by two stuffed balls or cushions, at a great expense of time and trouble.

At length, an almost entire revolution was effected in the printing office, both in the appearance of the typography and the working of the presses. About the same period the art of stereotyping was discovered, and developed a completely new feature in the invention of printing. One of the chief improvements in the typography was the discarding of the long s, and every description of contractions, and, at the same time, the cutting of the letters was done with greater neatness and regularity. Among the first improvers of the printing press, the most honourable place may be given to the Earl of Stanhope, a nobleman remembered for his mechanical genius, who applied certain lever powers to the screw and handle of the old press, thereby diminishing the labour of the operative, and producing finer work. Since the beginning of the present century, and more specially within the last twenty years, presses wholly composed of iron, on the nicest scientific principles, have been invented by different men of mechanical genius in Great Britain and America, so as to simplify the process of printing in an extraordinary degree; and the invention of presses composed of cylinders, and wrought by steam power, has triumphantly crowned the improvements in the art. The introduction of steam presses has been furthered by another invention of an accessory nature, now of great value to the printer. Allusion is here made to the invention of the roller, for applying the ink, instead of the old unwieldly and insufficient balls. The roller, which is a composition of a glutinous nature, cast upon a wooden centre-piece, was invented by a journeyman printer in Edinburgh, and was so much appreciated as at once to spread over the whole of Britain.

It is our chief object, in this sketch, to give a brief explanation of the process of stereotyping—a process without the aid of which the present, as well as many other works, could not be so extensively nor so cheaply circulated through the country. Stereotyping seems to have been invented simultaneously by different persons in various parts of England and Scotland during the last century. When properly made known, it was hailed with acclamation by the printing and publishing world; but, as experience developed its powers, it was found to be strictly applicable only to a particular kind of work. In putting up types, they are lifted one by one, and built into a little case held in the hand of the compositor, who, by the accumulation of handfuls, makes up a page, and lays it, with the face uppermost, on a table. After being wedged at the foot and side into an iron frame, and corrected, the page is carried to the press for working, and when the whole of the impression is off, it is brought back to the table, and the types distributed into their places. When the page has to be stereotyped, the same process of putting up is gone through; but, instead of being carried to the press, the page is plastered over with liquid stucco to the thickness of about half an inch, so that a level cake is formed on the surface of the types. As soon as the stucco hardens, which it does almost immediately, the cake is separated from the types, and, on being turned up, shows a complete hollow or mould-like representation of the faces of the types and every thing else in the page. There being no longer any use for the types, they are carried off and distributed. As for the cake, it is put into an oven and baked to a certain degree of heat and hardness, like a piece of pottery. It is next laid in a square iron pan, having a lid of the same metal, with holes at the corners. The pan is now immersed in a pot of molten lead, and being allowed to fill by means of the holes, it is at length taken out and put aside till it cool. On opening the pan, a curious appearance is presented. The lead has run into the mould side of the cake, and formed a thin plate all over, exhibiting the perfect appearance of the faces of the types on which the stucco was plastered. Thus is procured a fictitious page of types, not thicker than the sixth of an inch, and which can be printed from in the same manner as in the case of a real page. Such is the process of stereotyping, or making *fixed* or *stationary types*;—and now for the utility of the invention.

In all cases of common book-work it is best to print from types to the amount of the copies required, and then distribute the types; but in most cases of books published in parts, sheets, or numbers, stereotyping becomes absolutely necessary. It is easy to perceive the reason for this. When books are published in numbers, it often happens that many more copies are sold of one number than of another, and unless the types be kept up to complete sets in the hands of the publisher, or to print copies according to the increased demand, a serious loss is sustained. The manufacture of stereotype plates is, therefore, simply a means of keeping up fictitious types to answer future demands, at an expense infinitely inferior to that of keeping the actual pages standing. For example, one hundred pounds' worth of types are employed in setting up a single sheet of this journal, while a set of stereotype plates, which answers the same purpose, costs only forty-five shillings. There being now thirty-four numbers of the journal printed, a capital of 3,400*l.* would require to be sunk to keep all the pages of the work standing in types, whereas, the stereotype plates for the same quantity of numbers has cost between seventy and eighty pounds only. As the journal is stereotyped weekly, there has perhaps never yet occurred such a remarkable instance of the value of this vast improvement in the typographic art. The very manner in which the work is effected furnishes matter for surprise. Two sets of plates are moulded, one of which is kept for use in Edinburgh, and the other sent in a box by the royal mail to London, where it is immediately subjected to a steam press, and, in a few hours, made to produce twenty thousand or more printed sheets. By this wonderful process, the expense of setting up the types in London is avoided, and the publisher thereby permitted to extend the circulation of the work on the most liberal principles, and in a very quick manner, all over the country, both to the benefit of the booksellers and the public. At the outset of the Journal, stereotyping most unfortunately was not resorted to; in consequence of this oversight, some of the numbers were put in types four and five times, to print off additional supplies; and it has only been since the whole were regularly stereotyped that the work has produced any profit commensurate with the exertions bestowed upon it, or been conducted with satisfaction to the parties concerned.

THE CONDOR.

The habits of the condor partake of the bold ferocity of the eagle, and of the disgusting filthiness of the vulture. Although, like the latter, it appears to prefer the dead carcass, it frequently makes war upon a living prey; but the gripe of its talons is not sufficiently firm to enable it to carry off its victim through the air. Two of these birds, acting in concert, will frequently attack a puma, a lama, a calf, or even a full-grown cow. They will pursue the poor animal with unwearied pertinacity, lacerating it incessantly with their beaks and talons, until it falls exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood. Then, having first seized upon its tongue, they proceed to tear out its eyes, and commence their feast with these favourite morsels. The intestines form the second course of their banquet, which is usually continued until the birds have gorged themselves so fully as to render them incapable of using their wings in flight. The Indians, who are well acquainted with this effect of their voracity, are in the habit of turning it to account for their amusement in the chase. For this purpose they expose the dead body of a horse or a cow, by which some of the condors, which are generally hovering in the air in search of food, are speedily attracted. As soon as the birds have glutted themselves on the carcass, the Indians make their appearance, armed with the lasso, and the condors, being unable to escape by flight, are pursued and caught by means of these singular weapons with the greatest certainty. This sport is a peculiar favourite in the country, where it is held in a degree of estimation second to that of a bull-fight alone.—*Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society.*

THE DEAR YEARS.

In former times, when Scotland was a poor, "half-fed, half-clad, half-sarkit" country at the very best, and ere the maxims of political economy, and the wealth introduced by commerce, had as yet provided men with the means of obviating the effects of bad seasons, our population was subject to the most awful visitations of famine, which sometimes lasted, with more or less virulence, for a course of years. The most severe calamity of this kind on record occurred at the meeting of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when a series of bad crops, commencing in 1697, and not ending till 1704, reduced the people to a state of privation and suffering quite unexampled. The earlier months of the winters of those years were so intensely cold that the unhouseled children of naturedied in the fields; the birds dropped from the trees; and the smaller insects, such as flies, were nearly exterminated. The meagre crops of those years had to be rescued from the snows of November and December– a species of labour which deprived many of the poor working people of the use of their hands and feet. The scarcity was at its height in 1700. The meal was then sold at two shillings a-peck, a price which placed it almost beyond the reach of the common people. And not only was this great cardinal necessary of Scottish domestic life elevated to such an exorbitant price, but it was sometimes difficult to procure it at all. It is related, traditionally, that when women sometimes came to market, and found that the whole disposable grain of the place had been already sold off, they would be seen clapping their hands, and tearing off their head-gear, with the most heart-rending exclamations of despair, knowing that they would have nothing to put into the mouths of their children for a number of days, unless succoured by the charity of their neighbours.

Under such distressing circumstances, the affections of domestic life were very apt to disappear in the selfishness of individual misery. Honest Patrick Walker, the pious pamphleteer so much quoted in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," relates, that some declared they could mind nothing but food, and were utterly unconcerned about their souls, whether they went to heaven or hell." Yet there were, no doubt, many instances, also, of mothers tearing the bit from their own disinterested mouths, to give it to their offspring,—of good hearts which could succour the deeper distress of their friends, at the risk of

their own destruction,—and of Christians who, regarding every evil in life as the infliction of an all-wise and unchallengable Deity, would bear their pains with unbroken minds, and fulfil, till the very last, all the duties of a good life.

There lived in those days a certain bailie, in the town of Coldstream, whose descendant, in 1826, related to me the following anecdotes, which had been handed down by family tradition:—

At one particular crisis of the famine, this good man, though one of the wealthiest in the place, found it quite impossible to procure a meal for his children. The day had been spent entirely without food, and, towards night, the youngsters were getting so clamorous that the parents despaired of seeing them fall asleep without something in the shape of supper. In this emergency, the bailie bethought him of a barrel of ale which had long lain in his cellar. But, in the first place, he called in the town-piper with his bagpipes. Having set this official to play a few merry tunes, the children all fell a-dancing, and he then supplied them each with a little of the ale, the piper included. Under this double influence of music and drink, the poor things danced still more energetically, till at length they became so overpowered by fatigue and the fumes of the liquor as to fall into a profound sleep, from which they only awoke next morning to a meal which had, in the mean time, been provided.

During the famine, four bolls of oatmeal were sent to Coldstream market to be sold, and were consigned to the care of the bailie. His wife took him aside, and, directed by the feelings of a mother, counselled him to secure one of the bolls for the use of his own family. But he kindly rebuked her for her selfishness, and said he would perform what he considered his duty, by dealing out the meal to the inhabitants in general, in portions corresponding to the extent of families, ranking himself among the rest. He did so most scrupulously; and it was remarked, as a token of the favour of Heaven for such humane and just conduct, that the little quota he thus reserved for his own use, served to sustain his family exactly till another supply was procured.

The mortality occasioned by this famine was very great. The people, by way of making their little occasional supplies of meal go as far as possible, used to grind it up with a large proportion of way-side herbs and seeds of an unhealthy character, which were almost as fatal as absolute want. Patrick Walker tells us, that deaths and burials at length grew so frequent, that the living were wearied with taking care of the dead; it was found difficult to raise a sufficient company to inter a neighbour decently; and many corpses got neither coffin nor winding-sheet, but were drawn to the grave upon sledges, as is done upon occasions of pestilence abroad.* It was quite a customary sight in Ayrshire, according to a traditionary source of intelligence, to see the bodies of people, who had died of starvation, lying under the high thorn hedges, which then formed the only boundaries of roads and fields throughout the country. Many of these were *never buried*; but, after lying above ground till the return of better times reawakened natural feelings in the breasts of the people, were put out of sight by a covering of earth.

It is said that the famine was fatal, to a remarkable degree, in the northern province of Moray; insomuch, that, in the parish of Kininvie, only three smoking cottages were left all the inhabitants of the others having died during that heavy visitation. "From poverty and the awful prevalence of mortality," says a provincial chronicler, (the *Inverness Courier*,) "the ordinary rites of Christian burial were denied to the poor, and large holes were dug in many places, into which their bodies were consigned. One maiden lady in Garmouth, whose memory is still gratefully embalmed in the recollections of the peasantry, provided shrouds and coffins for such as wandered to her door to die; and, so anxious were the poor to avail themselves of this last privilege, that they would husband their little stock, and journey far and near, *that they might close their eyes secure of decent interment!*" In the Highlands, hunger pinched the people as hard as anywhere else. There used long to be a traditionary recollection at Inverness, of a vision of poor famished wretches, who came out like spectres from the glens and woods, and set up a wail of misery before the town, that pierced the very hearts of the honest burghers, themselves very nearly as necessitous and as miserable.

The following little tale of human ignominy and wretchedness, connected with the famine of 1700, is from the recollection of an aged gentleman to whom it was related by his grandmother, the date of whose birth was 1704.

For many years before the famine, a poor old woman, belonging to the tribe of *gentle beggars*, as they are called in Scotland—that is, persons originally of good condition, but who have been reduced to beggary—used to wander about Ayrshire, living chiefly in the houses of the farmers, to whom her company was acceptable, on account of her having "a wonderful gift of prayer." About the year 1695, this sanctimonious person, though she had partaken of the family supper, was detected one night, at a farm-house where she lodged, licking the cream off one of the best boynes in the dairy. Such a failing in a woman of her character was very shocking to the religious feelings of the community, and, accordingly, the poor woman was now so much despised and reviled that she found it necessary to disappear from that district of the country, and try her fortune in a scene where she was less known. In time, the people almost forgot the very existence of such a person; the waves of society closed over her, and she was the same to Ayrshire as if she had never lived. But it would appear that the unhappy wretch did not find it possible to obtain a proper settlement anywhere else, owing, perhaps, to her not being anywhere else "*the accustomed beggar*." Thus, when the famine began, like a dejected bark driven back by storms to its own little haven, she found it necessary to seek a shelter and sustenance, everywhere else denied, in the circle of country where she was alone known, either for good or evil. Previous to the unfortunate exposure which drove her from Ayrshire, she had been a decent-looking, neatly dressed woman, with a trace of the gentility of better days; but now misery had pinched her hard; her clothes were the most wretched that could be conceived, and, to use the expressive phrase in which her tale was related, it was possible to trace her path by the vermin which she dropped in her progress. The last circumstance was a sufficient cause, if no other had existed, for denying a lodging to the poor wretch, while the famine of the time afforded an equally good reason for refusing to extend to her the means of supporting life. Thus circumstanced—an outcast, starved, diseased, loathsome to herself and all the world—this miserable creature dragged her living corpse to the banks of the water of Annick, (a rivulet which runs through the parish of Stewarton, and discharges itself into the sea at Irvine,) and there upon a little hillock lay down to die.

Through the kindness of a neighbouring farmer, the great-grandfather of my informant, who every day came out to the place where she was lying, and threw her a bannock and a piece of cheese, she survived nine days, but died upon the tenth, as striking a picture of human misery as ever cumbered the earth. The time was one of horrible sights, and accordingly no one stirred to offer her corpse the rites of burial, or even to fling a stone or a handful of earth upon it, for many months after.

* Since this article was penned, we have, unfortunately, had full exemplification of all the practices proper to a time of pestilence *at home*.

LONDON AND THE GAMING HOUSES.

In perambulating the streets of London, the stranger invariably strolls in a westerly direction, gradually leaving behind him the closely-packed houses, streets, and alleys of the city, and at every step approaching that part of the metropolis where the air seems freer, the buildings more elegant and spacious, the thoroughfares wider, and the passengers more tastefully and fashionably dressed. Temple-bar was long esteemed the line of demarcation betwixt traffic and gentility, inasmuch as it separates London from Westminster; but trade has, for many years, been creeping beyond this huge barrier,—has filled the Strand with shops—turned to the right and gone up the Haymarket and Regent Street—is fast pushing on its way towards Windsor—and there is no knowing where it may finally stop. Charing Cross, a spot where a number of streets diverge in different directions, at the western extremity of the Strand, is now the proper boundary betwixt the residence of the fashionable and unfashionable world. When you have walked westward as far as this radiating point, you begin to be struck with the magnificent proportions of the edifices; and, as you penetrate onward, you feel yourself the more astonished and plaesed with the elegance of the architecture (even though you may perhaps know that it is only brick disguised in plaster,) the beauty of the large plate-glass windows, and the great degree of opulence which the whole outline so significantly displays. If you have any town cousin with you, who has volunteered to show the wonders of the place, you most likely ask what description of persons inhabit houses of such grandeur; and he answers, that many are the residences of the nobility and members of the government, many are occupied as public offices, and club houses, and not a few are devoted to purposes of gaming.

The gaming-houses of London—at least those on a great scale—are all situate in this modern and elegant quarter of the town, and are among the greatest wonders of this world of houses and human beings. In the slang of the town, such dens of vice and plunder are designated *Hells*,—a name too applicable to the nature of the business transacted within them. We are credibly informed by the author of *Life in the West*—a recent production, that these houses are fitted up in a style of extraordinary splendour, and that their expences are enormous, though nothing in comparison to the profits realized. One house is supported at an expence of a thousand pounds a week. The next in eminence costs a hundred and fifty pounds a-week, and the minor ones vary from fifty to eighty pounds. Each house has a regular complement of officials, who are paid extravagant salaries. The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a-week each; the "croupiers," or dealers, three to six pounds; the waiters and porters, two pounds; and a person who keeps a look out after the police officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds. The money disbursed for secret information, wines, &c., cannot be easily ascertained, but must be very large.

Every thing in the interior of these mansions is elegant; but certain things betoken the dreadful and hazardous nature of the establishment. The doors and window shutters are fortified with strong iron plates, so that an ingress by violence is a tardy and difficult matter. There is one of these iron doors at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance of the gaming room. These are opened and closed one after the other as the person ascends or descends. In each of the doors there is a little round glass peep-hole, for the porter to take a deliberate view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom they choose.

An unsophisticated person would naturally enough suppose, from this account, that none but those of great courage would dare to penetrate into the heart of these establishments; but it must be explained that there is nothing like gruffness or jailorism in the keepers of the mansion. The whole is placed on an easy footing. No civility can equal that of the waiters, while the condescension of the proprietors, or *bankers*, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an interesting and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting mind. But what kind of people are they who keep such houses? are they born a particular class? By no means. In London there is always a large number of individuals, the refuse of every rank, and the natives of every country, floating on the surface of society, ready to engage in any desperate undertaking, providing it can bring money into the pocket, and indulgence to the passions. "The proprietors of these houses are composed of a heterogeneous mass of worn-out gamblers, black-legs, horse dealers, jockeys, valets, petty-fogging lawyers, low tradesmen, men in business who have failed through their debauchery, and others of a similar stamp. They dress in the first style of fashion, keep country houses, carriages, horses, and fare sumptuously; bedizen themselves out with valuable gold watches, chains, seals, diamond and other rings, costly snuff-boxes, &c.—property, with but little exception, originally belonging to unfortunates who had been fleeced of every thing, and who, in the moment of distress, parted with them for a mere trifle Some have got into large private mansions, and keep first-rate establishments. Persons, with a very superficial knowledge of the world, can easily discern through the thin disguise of gentlemen they assume."—*Life in the West*, vol. ii. p. 93.

One of these infamous establishments, which obtains more plunder than all the others put together, has been fitted up at an expence of £40,000, and has been set up as a bait for the fortunes of the great. "Invitations to dinner are sent to noblemen and gentlemen, at which they are treated with every delicacy, and the most intoxicating wines. After such liberal entertainment, a visit to the French hazard table in the adjoining room is a matter of course, when the consequences are easily divined. A man thus allured to the den may determine not to lose more than the few pounds he has about him; but in the intoxication of the moment, and the delirium of play, it frequently happens that, notwithstanding the best resolves, he borrows money upon his checks, which, being known to be good, are readily cashed to very considerable amounts. In this manner, £10,000, £20,000, £30,000, or more, have often been swept away." The profits thus gained are almost incalculable; for such is the gross stupidity of men of fortune, that they persist upon entering and "trying their luck," either at games with cards or dice, although perfectly well aware of the almost certain chance of losing. The house just alluded to lately realized in one season £150,000, over and above expences, which could not be less than £100 a-day." Some idea can be formed, (says the author we have quoted,) of what has been sacked, by the simple fact, that *one thousand pounds* was given, at the close of the season, to be divided among the waiters alone; a head-servant having half that sum presented to him as a new years gift.

The degree of blackguardism, villany, and wasteful profusion which characterize these infamous establishments, will, doubtless, appal the minds of thousands of our respectable and industrious readers; but there is a use in thus unfolding scenes capable of scaring the unwary man of property, or those in desperate circumstances, from the gaming table, while the virtuous portion of the community, in reading such accounts of what is hourly transacting—night and day, Sunday as well as every other day in the week—in the metropolis, will draw closer together, and learn to be thankful that their simple and honest occupations do not lead them into the way of such unhallowed temptations.

A DAY BETWEEN THE TROPICS.*

On the 15th of June, in lat. 14° 6′ 45″, we beheld, for the first time, that glorious constellation of the southern heavens, the cross, which is to navigators a token of peace, and, according to its position, indicates the hours of the night. We had long wished for this constellation, as a guide to the other hemisphere; we, therefore, felt inexpressible pleasure when we perceived it in the resplendent firmament. We all contemplated it with feelings of profound devotion as a type of salvation; but the mind was especially elevated at the sight of it, by the reflection, that even into this region, which this beautiful constellation illumines, under the significant name of the Cross, the European has carried the noblest attributes of humanity, science, and Christianity; and, impelled by the most exalted feelings, endeavours to spread them more and more extensively in the remotest regions.

In proportion as the southern firmament rose above our horizon, that of the northern hemisphere sank below it.

* From Travels in Brazil, by Doctors Von Spix and Martius, undertaken by the order of his majesty the king of Bavaria.

Those who considered Europe exclusively as their country, looked with painful sensations on the polar star as it sank lower and lower, till at length it vanished in the thick mists of the horizon.

In these seas the sun rises from the ocean with great splendour, and gilds the clouds accumulated in the horizon, which, in grand and various groups, seem to present to the eye of the spectator continents with high mountains and valleys, with volcanoes and seas, mythological and other strange creations of fancy. The lamp of day gradually mounts in the transparent blue sky; the damp gray fogs subside; the sea is calm, or gently rises and falls, with a surface smooth as a mirror, in a regular motion. At noon a pale, faintly shining cloud rises, the herald of a sudden tempest, which at once disturbs the tranquillity of the sea. Thunder and lightning seem as if they would split our planet; but a heavy rain, of a saltish taste, pouring down in the midst of roaring whirlwinds, puts an end to the raging of the elements; and several semicircular rainbows, extended over the ocean like gay triumphal arches, and multiplied in the wrinkled surface of the water, announce the termination of the great natural phenomenon. As soon as the air and sea have recovered their repose and equilibrium, the sky again shows its transparent azure; swarms of flying-fish leap sporting over the surface of the water, and the many coloured natives of the ocean, among which is the shark with his two inseparable companions, *Gasterostaus Ductor* and *Echeneis Remora*, come up from the bottom of the element, which is translucent to the depth of a hundred fathoms. Singularly formed Medusæ, the bladder-shaped Physalis, with its blue pungent filaments, serpent-like streaks of Salpæ, joined together, float carelessly along, and many other little marine animals, of the most various kinds, pass slowly, the sport of the waves, by the motionless vessel. As the sun gradually sinks in the cloudy horizon, sea and sky assume a new dress, which is, beyond description, sublime and magnificent; the most brilliant red, yellow, and violet, in infinite shades and contrast, are poured out in profusion over the azure of the firmament, and are reflected in still gayer variety from the surface of the water. The day departs amidst continual lightnings in the dusky horizon; while the moon, in silent majesty, rises from the unbounded ocean, into the cloudless upper regions. Variable winds cool the atmosphere; numerous falling stars, coming particularly from the south, shed a magic light; the dark blue firmament, reflected with the constellations on the untroubled bosom of the water, represents the image of the whole starry hemisphere; and the ocean, agitated even by the faintest breeze of the night, is changed into a sea of waving fire.

THE CAVERN TEMPLES OF ELORA.

The seven wonders of the world seem all to sink into insignificance, as stupendous instances of human exertion, compared with the cavern temples of Elora in Hindostan, which have only of late been made known to the enlightened part of mankind. Elora is situated 260 miles from Bombay, 650 from Madras, and above 1000 from Calcutta. Some years ago, soon after the place had been added to the British empire, it was visited by Captain J. B. Seeley, who published an account of it in an octavo volume. From that work we shall extract enough to give the reader some faint notion of the mighty wonders of the place:—

"Bruce's emotions were not more vivid or tumultuous on first beholding the springs of the Nile, than mine were on reaching the temples of Elora. I at once rushed into the wonders and glories of these immortal works; but it is totally impossible to describe the feelings of admiration and awe excited on the mind upon first beholding these stupendous excavations.

"On a close approach to the temples, the eye and imagination are bewildered with the variety of interesting objects that present themselves on every side. The feelings are interested to a degree of awe, wonder, and delight, that at first is painful, and it is a long time before they become sufficiently sobered and calm to contemplate with any attention the surrounding wonders. The death-like stillness of the place, the solitude of the adjoining plains, the romantic beauty of the country, and the mountain itself, perforated in every part, all tend to impress the mind of the stranger with feelings quite new, and far different from those felt in viewing magnificent edifices amidst the busy haunts of man. Every thing here invites the mind to contemplation, and every surrounding object reminds it of a remote period, and a mighty people, who were in a state of high civilization, whilst the natives of our own land were barbarians, living in woods and wilds.

Conceive the burst of surprise at suddenly coming upon a stupendous temple, within a large open court, hewn out of the solid rock, with all its parts perfect and beautiful, standing proudly alone upon its native bed, and detached from the neighbouring mountain by a spacious area all round, nearly 250 feet deep, and 150 feet broad: this unrivalled fane raising its rocky head to a height of nearly 100 feet—its length about 145 feet, by 62 broad—having well-formed doorways, windows, staircases to its upper floor, containing fine large rooms of a smooth and polished surface, regularly divided by rows of pillars; the whole bulk of this immense block of isolated excavation being upwards of 500 feet in circumference, and, extraordinary as it may appear, having beyond its areas three handsome figure galleries, or virandas, supported by regular pillars, with compartments hewn out of the boundary scarp, containing forty-two curious gigantic figures of the Hindoo mythology—the whole three galleries in continuity, enclosing the areas, and occupying the almost incredible space of nearly 420 feet of excavated rock; being, upon the average, about 13 feet 2 inches broad all round, and in height 14 feet and a half; while, positively, *above* these again are excavated fine large rooms. Within the court, and opposite these galleries or virandas, stands Keylas the Proud, wonderfully towering in hoary majesty—a mighty fabric of rock, surpassed by no relic of antiquity in the known world.

"Nothing can be more romantic and interesting than the view down the great hall, or into the large rooms, excavated in the northern and southern sides of the mountain facing you; or, if you wish to quit this gloomy grandeur, only cross the bridges through the small rooms, to the balcony over the gateway, and there is the open country, with beautiful nature robed in all the luxuriance and richness of oriental verdure.

"At the time these astonishing works were begun, the country, far and wide, must have enjoyed a profound peace; its resources, too, must have been great to have permitted such vast undertakings; and the people happy and contented who could, for purposes of religion, labour unremittingly for a series of years in the completion of these temples. It is, indeed, not unreasonable to conclude they had their origin before the followers of Mahomet ravaged and disturbed the tranquillity of India, then inhabited by a race purely Hindoo; long, probably, antecedent to the invasion by Alexander or Seleucus."

LATITUDE OF THE CALTON HILL.

As the Calton Hill is one of our most interesting mineralogical and geological points, we are happy, says the editor of the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, in having an opportunity of giving the precise position of the Observatory placed upon it. The latitude of this Observatory, as determined by Mr. Henderson, from the data of the trigonometrical survey, is 55 degrees, 57 minutes, 19.5 seconds north.

MRS. MARGARET LAUDER.

A SONG has long been popular in Scotland under the name of "Maggy Lauder," being the composition, we believe, of Robert Semple, a Renfrewshire bard of the reign of Charles II. The following note is given in "Chambers' Collection of Scottish Songs" (from a genealogical manuscript in the Advocates' Library), as probably referring to the heroine of the ditty:—

"NOTE.—There hath been a tradition in the burgh of North Berwick and country about, handed down to this time from father to son, that when Oliver Cromwell, that grand usurper, hypocrite, and great wicked man, lay with his army encamped about Dunbar, before the battle of Downhill, that he had sent a party to North Berwick, where Sir Robert Lauder, then of Bass, had his house, with barnyard, and other office houses. The party entered the barn, where the corn was sacked up, ready to be carried out to be sown; the party having offered to carry off the corn for the use of their master, the Lord Protector (as they called him), his army, Sir Robert's servant went into the house and acquainted Mrs. Margaret, alias Maggy Lauder, Sir Robert's sister, who had the management of his family and affairs. She immediately ordered the sharpest knife and flail to be brought to her, and went into the barn, where, after upbraiding the party, she ripped up the sacks, and managed the flail with such dexterity that she beat off the party; for which she most deservedly may be accounted amongst the greatest and most glorious heroines of that age. Sir Robert was obliged at that time to abscond, because he was a loyalist, as all of that and other families of that name have almost always been and still continue."

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

We have observed in a late Number of *The London Literary Gazette* (a work for which, on general grounds, we entertain much respect), an invective against the Society of Useful Knowledge, for their interference with the business of publishing. *The Penny Magazine* of the Society is there spoken of as affording an encouragement to other cheap works, which, like it, infringe on the stamp laws, and, in doing so, injure the newspapers. We profess to be at a loss to see in what respect *The Literary Gazette* differs from the works it now denounces, except in so far as *it* partakes much more of the character of an intelligencer, and therefore runs nigher to break the stamp laws, than many of *them*. For our own part, we must emphatically remonstrate against this system which *The London Literary Gazette*, and other papers above sixpence in price, have adopted, of denouncing to the stamp laws all literary sheets published below that standard of money. The stamp laws say, as plainly as words can speak, that all sheets which publish news and occurrences, and comment upon matters of church and state, shall pay duty. But the papers above sixpence give another reading to the law, and say, that all sheets *published at a cheaper price than theirs* shall be liable to impost. We had thought the law severe enough, since it prevented the people from getting news and politics without duty; but the severity of the law is liberality itself to the *pseudo-liberal* newspapers, which would urge the government, *against its own will*, to tax the dissemination of general knowledge also. The case is exactly the same ludicrous one as if the muslin mercer were to denounce war against the clothier for attracting customers to purchase his more substantial articles, to the neglect of gauzes and crapes. It is a mere commercial war, in which a regard to self has completely blinded the assailing party to those very principles of justice and truth which they affect to advocate so zealously in general questions.

We do not make this remonstrance in any fear as to the effect of these denunciations, which, being based entirely in wilful error, can do no real harm. We want to assert our own separate and independent status, and to distinguish ourselves in popular acceptation from the taxed news-sheets with which we are sought to be confounded. We spurn entirely at the idea of carrying on our present extensive, and, we trust, useful business, under the appearance of illegality. We have embarked more fortune and reputation in our undertaking than smugglers generally do; and it would be very hard if our efforts were, after all, to be set down as only the transactions of a bookseller who violates the law in the security of his poverty or his degradation. *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, we observe, in an article highly complimentary in other respects to the *Journal*, speaks of it as a thing following up the efforts of some "desperate men," who lately tried to publish newspapers without stamps, and as an experiment to try how far the mercy of the stamp laws could be tampered with. We are sorry to find ourselves unconsciously misrepresented by a Magazine of so much acuteness as *Tait's*. We deny altogether that the laws have any thing to do with us. If they had, or were likely to have, we would not publish our work. But they have not, and if any attempt were made to apply them to us, we would bring it to the highest legal decision that could be obtained, knowing that there is in reality no statute imposing a tax on such works. We would just ask the critic in *Tait's Magazine*, whether our work or the late *Edinburgh Literary Journal* approaches most nearly to the character of an *intelligencer*, or if he thinks it would have been offensive to the feelings of the editor of that work, had some one told him that he was living in defiance of the laws of his country? Our second reason for making this remonstrance is, that we may vindicate ourselves from the imputation of being only an inferior kind of newspaper. The newspapers may be what they please; but we think it rather hard that our own work, which involves much more original writing, and appeals to a high class of the moral faculties, should not stand on its own ground. If we wished to publish news as well as literature, we would pay our fourpence a sheet of duty, like the rest; but, in the mean time, we wish only to publish literature, and pay no tax, for the very good reason, that no tax has been demanded by the legislature. If we are enabled by this means to sell our sheet at a less price than the newspapers, what is that to them? No tradesman has a right to interfere with the price at which a dealer in another article chooses to sell that article. The general object of traders in large communities is to sell as low as possible, in order to attract the larger number of customers; and in what point of view do we differ in any respect from other commercial dealers?

The general deduction from this controversy cannot, we fear, redound very much to the credit of the news-sheets. Some of those which exclaim most loudly against the knowledge papers, have hitherto grounded their claims to public favour chiefly upon the energy with which they advocate measures for the advantage of the people. They have loudly demanded the abolition of all taxes on paper and print, in order that paper and print might find its way in larger quantities than heretofore into the hands of the people. Here, at length, have arisen various works by which general knowledge is disseminated among the people to an extent never before imagined; our own work, for itself, finding, at the least computation, two hundred thousand readers, and circulating a great deal more paper yearly than the whole newspaper press of Scotland. Yet, because this knowledge is not diffused through the medium of their own sheets, but in an independent form, they have at once turned frem all their former principles, and called as lustily for the suppression of knowledge as if they had a personal interest in the continuation of ignorance. In short, the whole affair seems to resolve itself into this proposition:—these truly liberal intelligencers would willingly see hundreds of thousands of their countrymen deprived of a weekly portion of knowledge and amusement, and the reign of ignorance perpetuated *ad infinitum*, rather than lose one of their own subscribers!

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A SUPPLEMENT to the JOURNAL, containing a Memoir of our distinguished and lamented countryman, SIR WALTER SCOTT, will be published with the present Number. It will occupy 12 pages, and the price will be Threepence.

The compilation of this Life, which contains sufficient matter to fill an octavo volume, has been the work of years; and consists of many curious and interesting particulars, both of his earlier and later days; an account of all his publications, some original fragments of his compositions, with a comprehensive view of his literary character. It is published in this cheap form for the purpose of furnishing the readers of CHAMBERS' JOURNAL with an appropriate and acceptable Supplement, as well as giving to every family in the British dominions, an opportunity of possessing the Life of one, whose genius has been of universal appreciation; and whose personal character formed one of the most noble of all moral examples.

CLEVER WOMEN.

THERE is an unaccountable antipathy to clever women. Almost all men profess to be afraid of blue stockings—that is, of women who have cultivated their minds; and hold up as a maxim, that there is no safety in matrimony, or even in the ordinary intercourse of society, except with females of plain understandings. The general idea seems to be, that a dull ordinary woman, or even a fool, is more easily managed than a woman of spirit and sense, and that the acquirements of the husband ought never to be obviously inferior to those of his wife. If these propositions were true, there would be some shew of reason for avoiding clever women. But I am afraid they rest on no good grounds. Hardly any kind of fool can be so easily managed, as a person of even first-rate intellect; while the most of the species are much more untractable. A dull fool is sure to be obstinate—obstinate in error as well as in propriety; so that the husband is every day provoked to find that she wilfully withholds him from acting rightly in the most trifling, and perhaps also the most important, things. Then the volatile fool is full of whim and caprice, and utterly defies every attempt that may be made by her husband to guide her aright. In the one case, his life is embittered for days, perhaps, by the sulkiness of his partner; in the other, he is chagrined by the fatal consequences of her levity. Are these results so much to be desired, that a man should marry beneath the rank of his own understanding, in order to secure them? I rather apprehend that cowardice in this case, as in most others, is only the readiest way to danger. As for the rest of the argument, I would be far from saying, that to marry a woman much superior to one's self in intellect, is a direct way to happiness. I must insist, however, that there is more safety for a man of well-regulated feelings, in the partnership of a superior than of an inferior woman. In the former case, I verily believe, his own understanding is likely to be more highly estimated than in the other. In the first place, he is allowed the credit of having had the sense at least to choose a good wife. In the second, he has counsel and example always at hand, for the improvement of his own appearances before society. The very superiority, however, of his wife, ensures that she will be above shewing off to the disadvantage of her husband: she will rather seek to conceal his faults, and supply his deficiencies, for her own credit. Now, what sense a fool has, she must always shew it, even though sure to excite ridicule from its being so little.

These arguments, which every reflecting person will be able to confirm by examples within his own range of observation, refer only to the immediate comfort of the husband. There are, however, other considerations. Will any man say that a woman of plain or inferior understanding is likely to educate her children as well as a person of superior intellect? He must be fond of dulness, indeed, who will advance such a proposition. The truth is, that, for the sake of her children alone, a woman can hardly be too well informed, or possessed of too much talent. The whole formation of the mental character of the family, and consequently their interests in future life, depend upon her; and it is therefore perhaps of more importance that *she* should possess a cultivated understanding, than that her husband should be so gifted—and this both to the husband himself, whose interests are identified with those of his children, and to the world at large.

This argument derives great force from the observations that have been made upon what I will call the *descent of intellect*. It is the most trite of all proverbs, that "a wise father may have a foolish son;" and nothing can be more obvious than the fact, that men of distinguished ability rarely find a match in their representatives. On the other hand, the mothers of distinguished men are almost universally found to have been women of a superior order, either in natural or acquired gifts. To explain this, some philosophic minds have suggested, that talent is inherited exclusively from the mother, and temper only from the father. Besides the specific facts which might be advanced in support of this theory, there is one strong general argument in favour of it. Talent, if of natural descent, would remain continually fixed in certain families, so as to give them a greater ascendancy over their fellows, than what is consistent with the general comfort of mankind. But, by descending through females, it is carried from one family into another, remaining no long period in any; so that all have a chance in the course of a few generations. In short, by this means, talent acquires a dispersive or diffusive property, which it could not have if limited to heirs-male.

Now, whether the mother gives inherent ability, or only good nurture, it is obvious that her talents must be a matter of infinite importance to her husband, and that, the greater they are, so much the more certain are his welfare and happiness. If the reader will accept of opinion instead of argument, I will tell him exactly what I think upon the subject. Intellect being, in my opinion, a decided good, and the want of it an evil, I think that its existence in woman makes her just so much the more valuable, both in respect of general society, and in regard to the advantage of her children. Folly and dullness are less negative properties than some people suppose; and tend, in my opinion, to have an active and positive effect in diminishing the comfort of existence; therefore they ought to be avoided in women. Let no man tell me that a very clever woman may be too good for her business, or above grappling with it. Depend upon it, excess of ability is the safe side of the question. Neither let me be told that a plain man is in danger of not showing well off beside his clever wife. He will find, on trying, that it takes a great deal of cleverness in a woman to match with the same *apparent* degree of it in a man, and that, in the long run, he is not nearly so far behind as he first supposed. By pitching, on the other hand, only a little beneath his own supposed intellect, he is apt to discover that his partner is in reality an immense distance in the rear.

It is a lamentable truth, that far more things are laughed at, in this world, than what are really ridiculous. It is so easy to laugh at any thing, that there is no wonder that some things are mistreated in this respect. Among the number of respectable things which the world has agreed to laugh at are *blue-stockings*,—such is the silly name given to women who aim at cultivating their intellects in a manner superior to their neighbours. Now, for my part, I cannot see that woman, in the middle and upper ranks of life, can be a whit the worse for general information. The intellects of women are not so much inferior, naturally, to those of the male sex, as they are rendered inferior by neglected education, and by the weaknesses to which they are liable, in consequence of being called upon so imperatively to cultivate personal graces. If these intellects, then, can be reclaimed from trifles, and directed to solidly useful pursuits, I cannot see what evil can flow from it. Perhaps, in a very humble rank, any thing that would make a wife less willing to perform servile drudgery would be a decided evil. But what is there in the duties of women in the middle and upper ranks, that can be supposed incompatible with the cultivation of the intellect? It rather appears to me, that, in these ranks of life, every hour spent by women in mental exercise, is just so much waste time redeemed from idleness or folly.

NATURAL HISTORY.*

"HE," says the great Linnæus, "who does not make himself acquainted with God from the consideration of Nature, will scarcely acquire knowledge of him from any other source; for if we have no faith in the things which are seen, how shall we believe those things which are not seen?"

One of the most useful lessons we derive from the study of Nature, is to know and acknowledge the Author of Nature, which are inculcated by the religion and morality of every civilized people. The history of the world shews that most nations have had some method of—what they considered—knowing the great Author of the universe, and have had some particular reasons which they assigned for loving and reverencing him. In short, Natural History, or the study of nature, may be reckoned as the parent of natural religion.

Without any consideration for that knowledge of the ALL-WISE which we derive from revelation, the study and reflection which arise from seeking after the wonders of what are termed *natural objects*, leads us to a knowledge of the Author of Nature. Every step we advance in pursuit of these inquiries—the astonishing skill and contrivance manifested in his works, call forth our wonder and admiration of the superhuman power and wisdom displayed in the general system and particular contrivance of the world, and its various details.

For this reason, the knowledge of the Author of Nature, through his works, may be designated the universal religion, as the love of fitness, induced by a taste for facts, may be termed the universal morality. Neither of these interfere with the religion or morality of any particular country.

This, then, is the first and chief use of the study of Nature, which teaches us to look from Nature up to *Him* who formed the universe, and who imparts the living principle to the lowest degree of animal existence.

An extensive knowledge of natural objects, either in individuals or in a nation, cannot exist without producing great and corresponding improvements in taste, literature, and in the elegant arts. A correct knowledge of natural objects will elicit greater accuracy in the delineation of them, both in the artist and the man of letters. It is well known that the public taste is gradually, nay rapidly improving as regards painting, sculpture, and architecture; and no inconsiderable portion of the improvement will be found to be attributable to the more correct representation of natural objects. This improvement has also extended itself to our manufactures, more especially to the figures printed on cotton, paper, and earthenware; the great superiority in these is acknowledged chiefly to consist in the more correct imitation of plants, animals, and general scenery.

> With what attractive charms this goodly frame
> Of Nature touches the consenting hearts
> Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
> Which beauteous imitation thence derives
> To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil.
>
> AKENSIDE.

What utility, pleasure, or instruction, can a reflecting people derive from the representations of beings which never had an existence—the imaginings of the heathens? It is indisputable, that no solid use is to accrue from beholding a hippogriff, a pegasus, a phœnix, a griffon, a dragon, and fifty more such fictitious animals, which have so long held sway in the ornamental parts of architecture. To the classical student who knows nothing of the beauties of creation, these may call up certain associations, but they are looked at, thrown aside and treated with contempt by the lover of nature. As natural history consists in an accumulation of facts, and to trace the *true character* of every object in Nature is the province and the delight of the disciples of Nature; so every thing which is detected as departing from the truth, must create rather disgust than pleasure in those who are accustomed to search after it.

The study of mineral substances is of the greatest importance, for we are by means of them led to the improvement of all the useful arts. What would civilized man be with-

* We have much pleasure in announcing this as the first of a series of papers on natural history, from a gentleman who has distinguished himself by his writings on that branch of science

out iron? An acquaintance with the different strata which compose the earth's crust, enables us to detect the localities of coal and other useful minerals. Hence the importance of this species of knowledge in working mines and quarries; and an acquaintance with geology adds greatly to the interest of the traveller in passing through a country. It besides enables us to draw some deductions from the changes which have evidently taken place on the earth's surface.

Having said thus much of the utility of the study of Nature, we now turn to the pleasure to be derived from a pursuit of it. We must in the first place premise, that we consider all knowledge to be pleasure, as well as power, and that in the pursuit of pleasure, the reward obtained will be commensurate with the labour bestowed. These are facts which the reason and experience of ages have incontrovertibly established, and ought to be treasured up in the mind of every young person, as perpetual incitements to exertion.

From this, however, we would not wish the young student to imagine, that very great mental exertion is required in the study of natural history, for the very reverse is the fact. The principal thing required is a good memory and a correct eye, both of which can be wonderfully improved by practice. It is the want of attention alone which makes the discrimination of objects *appear* a difficult task; for no sooner do we become acquainted with the trivial distinctions, than we are surprised to find how easy it is to recollect them; and things which appeared wrapt in mystery, now become obvious and familiar to us. It is the mere want of knowledge of the plain and simple means pursued by the naturalist, that has all along prevented thousands from following this, one of the most delightful and instructive exercises of the reasoning faculties; and such are the charms which it carries along with it, that almost all who once take to the study become zealots.

It is our intention to introduce a series of essays containing elementary instruction in the different departments of the system of Nature, and rendered in language which can be understood by every body; a certain number of technical terms are, however, indispensable, but which can easily be acquired.

We have said that want of attention alone makes the task of discriminating natural objects difficult, and we shall beg to be indulged in a very simple and familiar illustration of this fact.

There is scarcely a human being who is not acquainted with the general appearance of a sheep. We have looked upon hundreds of them hundreds of times, and yet, strange to tell, we have not acquired an intimate knowledge of their appearance; nor can we discriminate one from another, although they are as unlike each other as are individuals of the human race. Let one be picked out from a flock of five hundred, nay, even one hundred, and let us examine it for half an hour most attentively, and then set it at liberty again amongst its fellows; the chances are five hundred to one against us, that we shall never be able to find out the identical sheep. But let the experiment be tried with a shepherd, and he will, in a few minutes, detect the sheep, although set at liberty amongst thousands. And the shepherd requires no uncommon sagacity to be able to do so; for, on the contrary, there is scarcely a man exercising the calling, who will not readily perform this easy task. So is it with the study of Nature; a little attention and experience will soon render any object familiar and comparatively simple to the student.

The young student, who aspires to become a zoologist, a botanist, or a geologist, need not, therefore, be discouraged, from attempting to obtain his share of the superior delight which scientific knowledge can afford, by the obstacles which, only in *appearance*, oppose the acquirement.

Every step in the pursuit produces a reward and gratification in exact proportion to the difficulty, and each advantage thus gained produces fresh excitement to proceed in the path of science. Let us draw our illustration from the vegetable kingdom. For example, every plant of which we acquire a knowledge by sight and name, so as to be able to recognize it in another locality, not only gives a distinct pleasure at first, but the pleasure is renewed and increased, when we meet it for the second and third time, probably under very different circumstances, either as relate to ourselves, or to the plant. Thus, even the simple knowledge of their names, which enables us to communicate our ideas, although in an indistinct manner, brings with it sensations of a pleasurable kind, and often proves a source of the most interesting associations. But the pleasure we derive from a knowledge of the trivial names of plants, becomes greatly enhanced by more extended views regarding them, which are not strictly botanical. We are astonished when we study their geological relation in any particular district or country; their geographical distribution, relatively to the world itself, or their migration from one country to another; their connection with climate; their being domestic plants, which follow man in his improvement and change of soil, or wanderers seeking to inhabit distant and before uninhabited regions by their kinds, or by their being social, living, like man, in large communities; their abundance or rarity; their mode of propagation; their natural enemies, or more kindly friends; and, lastly, their properties, functions, uses, and culture. It is in a knowledge of all these that real pleasure is experienced; and, as we acquire this knowledge, our desire to become still farther acquainted with them increases.

To know any natural object, however, does not merely consist in having seen it, or in recollecting its name. For we cannot be justly said to be acquainted with a plant till we know its rank in the vegetable kingdom, its structure and habit, with all the other circumstances above hinted at.

There is hardly a child who cannot at once name a ranunculus, or tulip; but how few, even, who cultivate these deservedly admired productions of the garden, are aware that these two plants, however nearly they may be allied as fine flowers, are very different, in point of rank, in the scale of vegetable creation. They belong to separate fundamental divisions of plants, and the organization of the one is much more perfect than that of the other. They display totally different characters of structure and physiological economy, from the seminal embryo through every stage to the perfect plant. The ranunculus belongs to a division of plants characterized by a reticulated, or net-like structure in their parts. It will admit of portions of its leaves being broken, or cut off, without impeding the remainder of the leaf in the performance of its functions; or, in other words, the leaf will continue to grow, and arrive at a state of maturity, although deprived of a portion, or limb. Now, the tulip belongs to a division, the structure of whose fibres are parallel, and will not admit of part of the leaves, more particularly their extremities, being cut off, without impeding their functions, and, consequently, injuring the present health of the plant, and affecting its vigour for the following year. Here, then, we have another example of the utility of natural knowledge; for, any one who has paid the slightest attention to the anatomy or physiology of plants, will at once be able to know the distinctive structures of these two divisions; and, if only a part of a leaf is presented to him, the division to which it belongs will immediately be detected by him, and, by consequence, the culture, and general management of the plant, so far as regards its most important organs; for leaves are analogous to the lungs of animals. Thus we have the increased pleasure of not only knowing the plant by its name, but also its rank in vegetable physiology, and the manner in which its various functions are exercised.

One of the most extraordinary phenomena in nature is the endless variety of forms in the distinct species of animals, plants, and minerals; and still more wonderful is the infinite modifications of form in the same species. For it is our conviction, that, since the creation of the world down to the present time, there never have been two individuals of the same kind formed exactly alike in all their parts. This leads us naturally to an expression of our admiration of the works of Providence, in the words of the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

This idea is sublime; and however erroneous it may appear to those who have not deeply studied Nature, we firmly believe that it is nevertheless true. Let us illustrate this by another example from the vegetable kingdom. Behold the stately oak of the forest, spreading his branches afar on every side, who has reared and shed his millions of leaves for a series of hundreds of years, but never has produced two leaves exactly alike; and yet a general similarity of form has been, and will be, maintained to the end of time! Let any one who is sceptical on this point repair to the forest, and patiently examine every leaf which has clothed one of its largest oaks, and he will never be able to find two of them perfectly alike in size, shape, and particular structure; nay, he may extend his search to all the oaks of a forest, and he will discover that he has been seeking for that which, like the philosopher's stone, will never be found. So it is with all the works of creation, whether animate or inanimate, which strongly manifests the profound wisdom of the Creator and Preserver of the universe. One uniform and fundamental plan has been established, alike in its grand leading principles, but exceedingly varied in its detail. Let us for a moment suppose that all mankind were formed exactly similar. What would be the consequence? Endless monotony, confusion, and crime. The variety of form and intellect in the human species, creates in us those varied sensations of pleasure which are derived from the admiration and love of one object beyond that of another for some real or fancied quality. If all were alike, the love of one particular object could not exist, and a disgusting monotony would every where surround us, and man would not know his own wife nor the child its parent; perpetual scenes of confusion would prevail, and crime could not be traced to its perpetrators. There would be a total want of those varied sentiments which hold their sway over the human heart, and from which emanate everything that is pleasureable in existence. It has, however, pleased the dispenser of good to order every thing otherwise; and we now behold the world one vast machine, infinitely varied in its parts, but all of them tending to the furtherance of one mighty design.

The study of Nature teaches us to discover that, in the animal kingdom, there seems to be one great chain of being, from man down to the lowest scale of animated existence; and it is not impossible but this may prevail even through the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, although man has been hitherto unable to detect the connecting links.

> Each shell, each crawling insect holds a rank
> Important in the plan of Him who form'd
> This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost,
> Would break the chain, and leave behind a gap
> Which Nature's self would rue.
>
> STILLINGFLEET.

Natural History is a study calculated in an especial manner for elevating the character of the labouring classes of society. Indeed, it may be said to be a study which most labourers and mechanics are already engaged in, for their implements, and the material which they manufacture, are all derived from the field of Nature and only modified by the experience of man from his knowledge of several qualities which appertain to each Besides, it requires less preliminary information than almost any other branch of study; and even the humblest individual has within his reach the means of contemplating Nature in one form or other. And it is a much more rational manner of spending time than in dissipation, which debases the mind and undermines the constitution. While other branches of study have the effect of improving the reasoning powers of the mind, natural history may be said to improve and humanize the whole man. The intimate connection betwixt moral conduct and the love of animals and plants, will be thought intimate or remote according to the ideas of different individuals; but the more we consider and trace the design and purpose of the works of creation, shall we not sympathize the more with the fitness of man to the ends of human conduct? The deeper we enter into the details of nature, shall we not increase our relish for facts? which is nothing less than laying the foundation of justice and honesty.

Even those who have no knowledge of scientific zoology, derive great pleasure from their observations on the manifest variety in the forms, habits, and instincts of animals. And mankind are accustomed from these observations to transfer to some of the higher quadrupeds many of the virtues of humanity. We speak of the courage of the horse, the generosity of the lion, the sagacity of the dog, and the innocence of the lamb; we are delighted with the melody of the songsters of the grove; the industry of the bee holds up to man a useful lesson; the gay attire of the butterfly pleases us; and the noxious and disgusting appearance of various reptiles excite in us varied emotions. But all these are nothing when put in comparison with the pleasure derived by the scientific zoologist. He who can trace the varied degrees of power and intelligence imparted by the Supreme Being to animals, from intellectual man down to the lowest animalcule, and who knows scientifically that man is the most perfect of all animals, enjoys a degree of exalted pleasure which scientific knowledge alone can impart.

THE RED MANTLE.—A Tale.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Many years before the beginning of the thirty years' war, a young artizan of Bremen, travelling to perfect himself in his trade, entered a little market town, not far distant from the frontiers of the Netherlands, one evening after a long day's journey. Every corner of the inn was already taken possession of by a caravan of waggoners; and the landlord, who thought, perhaps, he discovered something of the *landlouper* in his frank, care-defying countenance, advised him, without much circumlocution, to walk on to the next village. Our weary traveller had nothing for it but to take his bundle on his back again, muttering all the while curses on this hard-hearted publican between his teeth.

All of a sudden the host seemed to be seized with a fit of compassion. "Hark ye, my lad," he cried, "upon second thoughts, I think I can stow ye away for the night. There is room enough in the castl there; it is not inhabited, and I have the key." In this offer, which Frank (that was our hero's name) gladly accepted, there was, however, more of the shew than the substance of kindness. The knavish host had suspected the nature of the stranger's complimentary expressions, and resolved to revenge himself by the agency of a roistering spirit which haunted the castle.

The residence of which he spoke stood upon an abrupt hill, which overhung the town, straight before the door of the inn, from which it was only separated by the road, and a small trouting stream. On account of its pleasant situation, it was still kept in repair and well furnished, and employed by its owner as a hunting-box. He used it, however, only in the day time. As soon as the stars shewed themselves, he marched out with all his attendants, to avoid the tricks played upon them at night by the ghost,—for by day it was quiet enough.

The sun had gone down, and a dark night set in, when Frank reached the door of the old buildin under the guidance of mine host, who carried a good supper and a bottle of wine in a basket. He had also brought along with him two candlesticks and a pair of wax tapers; for as no one dared to await the approach of twilight in the castle, all such moveables had been discarded as useless. By the way, Frank cast more than one anxious glance at these costly preparations, for he remembered the low state of his finances. "The light in the lantern is enough to shew me to bed, and I am too sleepy to be long of finding my way thither. By the time I awake, the sun will be up."

"I will not conceal from you," replied the host, "that there is a report of the castle's being haunted. But never fear, you see we are within call if any thing should happen. The household will be astir this whole blessed night; and, after all, I have lived in the place for thirty years, and never have seen any thing. I have heard noises to be sure, but they must have come from the cats and mice in the granary. In case of the worst, however, I have brought these lights, for we know that ghosts always shun them."

It was no lie that he had never seen a ghost in the castle; for he had taken precious care never to set a foot in it after sunset. Even on this occasion, he kept on the safe side of the door, handing the victuals to his guest, describing the way to the state apartments, and galloping down hill to the imminent hazard of his neck. Frank stepped fearlessly into the deserted abode, firmly convinced that the story of the ghost was mere nonsense. He had been advised by a wise man, when he set out on his journey, never to believe more than one-half of what he heard, and experience had taught him to disbelieve the other.

Following the landlord's directions, he mounted a spiral staircase, and reached a door which he opened with the key. A long sombre gallery, which echoed again to his sounding steps, brought him to a stately hall, out of which he passed by a side door into a suite of apartments, furnished with the utmost luxury and elegance. He selected for his bedroom the most cheerful, from the windows of which he looked down upon the inn, and could hear every word that was spoken there. He lighted his wax candles, set himself to supper, and ate with the relish and composure of a nobleman of Otaheite. The big-bellied bottle guaranteed him against thirst. As long as his teeth were busied, he never once thought of the ghost. If at some distant noise timidity would cry "There it comes," courage instantly answered, "Nonsence! it's the cats and rats battling." But, during the half-hour of digestion, terror whispered three anxious suggestions in his ear, for one answer that courage was able to frame.

He took care to shut and bolt the door before fear had completely mastered him, and sat down upon a seat in the bow-window. He opened the lattice, and in order to dissipate the thick-coming fancies that were creeping over him, he looked to the skies, examined the physiognomy of the moon, and counted how often the stars were snuffed.* The street beneath him was deserted, and notwithstanding mine host's story of the nightly bustle in his inn, the door was shut, the lights were extinguished, and every thing was quiet as a churchyard. The night-watch blew his horn, and filled the whole air with his sonorous voice as he announced the hour—so directly under the window, that Frank might have held a conversation with him, for company's sake, if there had been any chance of the dignitary's venturing to abide a challenge from so suspicious a locality.

It may be a pleasing recreation to philosophize on the pleasures of solitude in a populous city, full of bustle as a bee-hive; to represent her as the loveliest playmate of man, exaggerate all her most winning features, and sigh for her embrace. But in her native home, in some deep wood, or old deserted castle, where desolate walls and vaults awaken horror, and nothing breathes the breath of life save the melancholy owl—she is by no means the most agreeable companion for the timid night-wanderer, especially if he is in momentary expectation of a visit from a ghost. In such a situation, a conversation with the watchman from the window may have more attractions than the perusal of the most pathetic eulogy of solitude. Had Mr. Zimmerman chanced to find himself in our hero's situation, in Castle Rummelsburg, on the Westphalian frontier, he would have gained excellent hints for a much more interesting treatise on Sociality than that which, in all probability, some tiresome assembly set him to write about Solitude.

Midnight is the name of the hour at which the spiritual world awakes to life and activity, when grosser animal nature lies buried in deep slumber. Frank naturally preferred getting over that anxious period in his sleep; so he shut the window, made once more the round of the apartment, peeped into every nook and corner, snuffed the candles that they might give more light, and stretched himself upon the bed, which felt extremely soft to his weary limbs. He could not, however, fall asleep so soon as he wished. A slight palpitation of the heart, which he attributed to a degree of feverishness caused by the extreme heat of the day, kept him awake for a short time, which he employed in uttering a more earnest prayer than he had said for a long time. This exercise had its usual effect; it was followed by a sweet sleep. An hour might have elapsed, when he awoke with a sudden fright—nothing uncommon when the blood is fevered. He heard the clock strike twelve—an event which was immediately announced by the watchman to the whole town. Frank listened for a while, then turned himself warmly in bed, and was about to address himself again to sleep, when he heard, in the distance as it were, the creaking of a door, and immediately thereafter a heavy sound, as if it had been violently banged to. "O mercy, mercy!" thought he, "here comes the ghost. Pooh! it is only the wind." But the sound came nearer and nearer like the heavy tread of a man. There was a jingling accompaniment, as from a convict's chain or a porter's bunch of keys. It was no passing gust of wind; the blood rushed to his heart till it thumped like a smith's hammer.

The affair was now past a joke. Had terror allowed the poor terrified youth to recollect his treaty with the innkeeper, he would have rushed to the window and bawled lustily for assistance. As he was, however, too irresolute for such a decided measure, he betook himself to the mattrass—the last refuge of the terrified—on the same principle that the ostrich thrusts its head into some thicket when it can no longer fly before the huntsman. But without, one door after another was opened and shut with a dreadful clatter. At last it came to the sleeping apartment. There was a rattling and shaking at the door, many keys were tried at last the right one was found, but still the bolt held; so a sturdy kick, which resounded in Frank's ears like a clap of thunder, was applied—away crashed the bolt, and the door flew wide to the wall. A tall thin man, with a black beard, in an antique costume, and with a gloomy expression of countenance, entered. His eyebrows were contracted into an expression of sullen solemnity. He wore a scarlet mantle depending over his left shoulder, and a high-peaked hat on his head. He crossed the chamber three times with slow heavy tread, looked at the candles, and snuffed them. He then threw off his mantle, took from his side a barber's pouch, took out the shaving apparatus, and drew his glittering razor busily along the strap he carried at his girdle.

Frank lay all this while sweating under the mattrass, recommending himself to the Virgin's protection, and speculating regarding the comparative probability of this manœuvre having reference to his beard or his throat. To his unspeakable consolation, the spectre, having poured water out of a silver flask into a silver basin, whisked up a lather with his skinny hand, placed a chair, and solemnly beckoned the trembling spy upon his actions to come from his hiding place.

It was as impossible to remonstrate against this hint as for an exiled vizier to resist the angel of death, which the sultan sends after him in the shape of a bowstring. In such extreme cases, the most rational line of conduct is, of course, to yield to necessity, smile at the disagreeable joke, and acquiesce in the operation of strangling. Frank honoured the draft upon his obedience, threw away the mattrass, sprung from the bed, and took his place upon the chair. Wonderful as this sudden transition from terror to resolution may appear, the editor of the Psychological Journal will no doubt be able to explain it in the turning of a straw.

The spectral barber tied a cloth round the neck of his trembling customer, seized comb and scissars, and clipped away at his hair and beard. He then soaped in the most scientific manner, first his chin, then his eyebrows, and finally, the whole head, after which he shaved him from the crown to the throat, as bare as a scull. Having finished the job, he washed the head, dried it carefully, made his bow, tied up his apparatus, wrapped himself up in his cloak, and prepared to depart. Frank was not a little annoyed at the loss of his flowing locks, nevertheless he breathed more freely, for he felt as if the incubus had done all he was permitted to do.

It was so, indeed. Redmantle retired, dumb as he had approached—a most perfect contrast to his professional brethren of our day. He had not, however, advanced three steps towards the door, when he stopped, looked round with a woful gesture at him he had shaved so well, and stroked his long black beard. He repeated the pantomime when he had reached the door. It now struck Frank that the poor ghost wished a favour at his hands, and a rapid association of ideas suggested that it might wish to be paid in kind.

As the ghost, notwithstanding his woe-begone expression of countenance, appeared more inclined for a jest than any thing serious, all fear had now left its victim. He resolved to obey the suggestion of his fancy, and beckoned to the spectre to assume the seat from which he had just arisen. It obeyed instantly, threw off its red mantle, placed the shaving apparatus on the table, and seated itself in the attitude of a man who wishes to get quit of his beard. Frank followed exactly the routine which had been observed in his case, clipped the beard and hair, lathered the whole head, his ghostship sitting the whole time as steady as a barber's block. The awkward wight was but a bad hand at the razor, (he never before had touched one,) so he shaved the beard against the hair, whereby the ghost made as strange grimaces as the ape of Erasmus, when he emulated his master in the self-infliction of the same delicate operation. The inexperienced b'nderer began to feel strange, and thought of the proverb, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." He put, however, a good countenance on the matter, and shaved the spectre as bald as himself.

Up to this moment, the business had been conducted on the footing of a pantomine. "Stranger," said the unearthly being, with a graceful and cordial bow, "accept my best thanks for the service you have done me. Through your means am I at last freed from the long imprisonment within this withered and marrowless frame, to which my soul has been doomed on account of my misdeeds.

"Know that these walls were once inhabited by a reckless lord, who gratified his whims alike at the expense of clergy and laity. Count Hartmann was his name; he was no man's friend, acknowledged no law, no master, and was unrestrained in his humours even by the sacred laws of hospitality. He allowed no stranger, who sought the shelter of his roof, no beggar who came for charity, to depart, without playing them some ill-natured trick. I was his barber, and the creature of his moods. It was my custom to inveigle every pious pilgrim who passed into the castle, and when he expected princely treatment, to shave him bald, and turn him with mockery from the door. Then Count Hartmann would look from his window, and see with delight how the viper's brood of village boys mocked the abused saints, calling them bald head. Then the old practical joker laughed till his huge belly shook again, and his eyes swam in tears.

One day there came a holy man from far away countries: he carried a heavy cross on his shoulder, and had, out of devotion, pierced his feet and hands with nails; his hair was trimmed so as to resemble the crown of thorns. He begged, in passing, for some water to his feet, and a bit of bread.' I led him in, and, profane wretch that I was, shaved away his sacred circlet of hair. Then the pious pilgrim spoke a heavy curse over me. 'Know, evil doer, that, after death, heaven and hell, and purgatory itself, shall alike be shut against thy soul. It shall haunt these walls, teasing every one as in life was they pleasure, until some wanderer, more bold than his fellows, shall dare, undesired, to retaliate.'

"I fell sick immediately, the marrow dried in my bones, and I withered away to the shadow you see. In vain did I wait for relief: for know, when the bond between life and the soul has been snapped, it longs, with a lover's longing, for the place of rest; and this intense passion turns its years to eternities. To my own torture was I now obliged to carry on the joke, which, during my life, was a source of pleasure to me. Alas! my mischievous pranks soon drove every human being from the house. At long intervals only some stray pilgrim would pass the night here. I served them all exactly as I have done you, but none of them dared return the compliment, and free me from my slavery. The castle is now freed from my nightly pranks,—what a sleep I shall have! Again receive my thanks, young stranger. Were I the guardian of concealed treasures, I would freely yield them all to thee, but I was in my life nothing more than a poor barber. But listen to my prayer, and when you return to your home, get a couple of masses read for my soul's sake."

With these words he disappeared, having fully vindicated by his talkativeness his claim to the title of *ci-devant* barber to the noble master of Castle Rumnelsburg. His liberator remained full of wonder at the strange adventure. He tried to persuade himself it was all a dream, but his bald pate was too decisive an argument to be called in question. Having made up his mind on this weighty matter, he crept back to bed, and, fatigued by his terror yet more than by his journey, slept like a top till next mid-day.

The treacherous landlord was stirring with the dawn, that he might not miss his opportunity of laughing in his sleeve at the stranger, under the pretence of condoling with him. By the time mid-day had arrived, he began to feel anxious; the ghost might have strangled the poor youth, or frightened him to death, and Boniface had never dreamt of stretching his revenge so far. He assembled the *posse comitatus* of his household, marched up to the castle, and made straight for the chamber, in the window of which he had observed the stranger's light burning. He found a strange old-fashioned key in the lock, but the door was barred within; this Frank had taken care to do immediately after the ghost's departure. Mine host drummed on the door with a hubbub of feet, hands, head, and shoulders, that might have awakened the seven sleepers. Frank's first idea, which crossed him as he rubbed his eyes, was, that the barber had returned. As soon, however, as he heard the landlord's whimpering entreaty, that his guest would condescend to give a sign that he was alive, he collected himself, and opened the door.

The landlord clasped his hands above his head, with an affectation of astonishment. "By the whole regiment of saints! Redmantle" (the spectre was known among the inhabitants by this name) "has been here, and made a bald pate of you. I see now that the old story is no fable. Now, tell me, how did he look? what said he? and what has he done?" Frank, who saw through the speaker, replied: "The ghost resembled a man in a red mantle; what he has done you see; and what he said, that I remember well. 'Stranger,' said he to me, 'trust no knavish landlord—the rascal down the way knew right well what was awaiting you. Farewell, I am quitting these quarters, for my time is out. I am now to change my character for that of a noiseless mischief-maker, and as for the landlord, I will tease him incessantly, nip his nose, pull his hair, sit on his breast like a night-mare, if he do not, in return for his treatment of you, allow free roof-bield, and the run of his larder, until brown ringlets again twine themselves round your temples.'"

The host trembled at these words, made the sign of the cross in double quick time, and swore by the Virgin, to say nothing of a round dozen of saints whom he threw into the bargain, that he would board and feed our adventurer for nothing, so long as he chose to remain. He would have conducted him immediately to the inn, but Frank preferred the baronial apartments. A dare-devil from the town ventured to keep him company over night, and escaped the shaving, which, in former days

* The meteors called shooting stars are, in the popular mythology of some districts of Germany, believed to be the snuff of the bright candles of the firmament, thrown away instead of being put into a pair of snuffers.

would have been his reward. The owner of the castle, rejoiced to find it once more inhabitable, gave directions that the stranger should be well cared for.

When the grapes began to colour, and the apples to blush, Frank's brown locks were again in a condition to be seen. He packed up his knapsack, and prepared for his departure. When he took leave of the landlord, that worthy led from the stable a stout roadster, duly caparisoned, which the lord of the manor presented to him, out of gratitude that he had driven the devil from his house. The gift was accompanied by a good fat purse, and by their united aid, our hero in a short time reached his native town in good condition.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

Humphry Davy was born at Penzance, in Cornwall, on the 17th December, 1778. From his earliest years, he evinced the possession of uncommon endowments. He was passionately enamoured of the muses; and at twelve years of age, had actually completed an epic poem. Several of his poetical productions, which are still extant, and bear a later date, display rare fancy and surprising maturity of intellect. It is not at all to be wondered at, that the discoverer of the Safety Lamp should have been a poet in his youth. His splendid achievements in science were not more the result of a penetrating intellect, than a discursive imagination. It is pleasing to know, that, in after years his first love was not forgotten, but that, at intervals, when his mind relaxed from abstruse research, fancy, like the daughter of Ceres, was sometimes permitted to revisit her native bowers.

In 1795, Davy was articled to a surgeon and apothecary in Penzance. One of his first experiments, as far as can now be ascertained, was for the purpose of discovering the quality of the air contained in the bladders of sea-weed. His instruments were supplied by his own ingenuity. In the contrivance of apparatus, and invention of expedients, he thus early evinced great proficiency; and in after years, it is allowed by the scientific world, that, in this respect, as well as in others, he stood altogether unrivalled. The most fortunate occurrence of his noviciate, was his introduction to Mr. Davies Giddy, (afterwards Mr. Gilbert,) late president of the Royal Society. This worthy individual early appreciated the genius of Davy; and besides many other services which, at this period of the young philosopher's career, were of great importance to him, he procured his admission into the Pneumatic Institution of Bristol, as an assistant to Dr. Beddoes, in the experiments of the laboratory.

In October, 1798, Davy quitted Penzance for Bristol, having then scarcely attained his twentieth year. It was during his connection with Dr. Beddoes, that Davy pursued a series of the most hazardous experiments on record,—those upon nitrous oxide.* He inhaled this gas, literally at the risk of filling his lungs with *aqua fortis*. It was discovered, that it acted in the first instance as a stimulus, giving rise to highly pleasurable sensations, analogous to those experienced in the first stage of intoxication. Muscular power was increased, and an irresistible propensity to action was indulged in. Amongst those who were favoured with a draught of this "empyreal air," were the poets, Southey and Coleridge, who have both described their sensations in glowing terms. An almost invariable effect of inspiring this gas, is a propensity to loud laughter. Mr. Tobin, the brother of the dramatist, after inhaling it, started from his chair, struck, in good humour, however, at those around him, and then ran wildly through the different apartments of the house. Like the wit of Sir John Falstaff, the laughter of these philosophers is the cause of laughter in others. There is something irresistibly ludicrous in the exhibition of a number of grave and gifted men, with silk bags, (in which was contained the inspiring fluid,) tied to their mouths, bellowing, stamping, and flying round the apartment, as if "all bedlam or Parnassus were let out."

Davy, however, pushed his researches to extremity; and, in breathing the gas in a concentrated state, aqua fortis was actually formed in his mouth! His attempts to breathe carburetted hydrogen, (the gas used in lighting the streets,) and also carbonic acid gas, or fixed, were equally daring and terrific. The eclat which followed the publication of these investigations, spread the fame of the young philosopher. At this period the Royal Institution had just been formed; and Davy was invited to take the situation of assistant professor of chemistry, and director of the laboratory. He accepted that offer; and on the 11th of March, 1801, entered upon the scene of his future glory and triumph.

Only a few weeks had elapsed in this new sphere of exertion when he was appointed by the managers, lecturer in chemistry, instead of assistant. His first lecture was delivered in 1802, and from this period we may date the commencement of his splendid career. He at once succeeded in making a strong impression upon the public mind, and by a series of brilliant and unrivalled discoveries, he was enabled to maintain it to the hour of his death. His discourses were admirably adapted to fascinate his audience, which was composed, not of philosophers alone, but the gay and fashionable of the city, a considerable proportion of whom were ladies in the highest walks of life. His experiments, particularly with the voltaic battery, an instrument with which he was destined to work such miracles, revitted universal attention; philosophers admired and applauded, and the softer sex were involved in the most agreeable terrors. His style was highly florid. It largely partook of that poetical inspiration, which, as has been already stated, he so early evinced the possession of. Coleridge the poet, was a constant attendant on the lectures; and has himself declared it was to increase the stock of his metaphors. The goddess of science was divested of all austerity of aspect, and arrayed in the smiles and fascinating attire of the graces. So great was Davy's popularity, that duchesses vied with each other in doing homage to the young scientific Hercules; compliments, invitations, and presents, were showered upon him from all quarters; and no entertainment was considered complete without the presence of the chemical lecturer. All this adulation had its usual effect upon the mind of Davy. His devoted love of science remained unabated to the day of his death; but that simplicity of manners, which he brought with him from the country, and which so endeared him to his friends, was lost to himself and them for ever.

In 1803 he commenced a series of lectures on agriculture, which were continued for several years. These were afterwards published in a connected form, and are considered as forming the most philosophical and valuable work on the subject which has ever appeared. In the same year he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. From this period until 1807, he continued to increase in popularity, making at intervals discoveries which would entitle humbler investigators to an honourable place in the archives of science, but need scarcely be noticed in a life of Davy. His leisure months were spent in the country, sometimes encircled by his relations in the bosom of his native hills, at other times at the seats of noblemen and others; for all ranks delighted to honour him; but wherever he went, angling was his amusement. To this humble recreation he was as passionately attached as Isaac Walton himself; and frequently in company he would, with more satisfaction, boast of his triumph over a large salmon, than of having discovered the safety lamp.

We have now arrived at that period of his brilliant career when he effected those sublime discoveries which have crowned his name with a "peculiar diadem," and associated it with the great master-spirits of every age and country. We allude to his development of the *Laws of Voltaic Electricity*. At the time when Davy delivered his celebrated Bakerian lecture, the subject was involved in great confusion. The most contradictory theories had been repeatedly proposed, and as often abandoned, both in England and on the continent. The phenomena exhibited by the operation of galvanic agency were certainly most perplexing; and hence the greater honour is due to the powerful genius who called from the chaos of isolated facts, a system of beauty and order. But in a limited biography like the present, it is impossible to give a detail of the exact situation in which affairs stood at this eventful period. It is sufficient to say, that Davy brought this department of science to a state of almost absolute perfection. Nay, he may be said to have created, in the same way as Newton is allowed to have explained, the true theory of the universe. Previous philosophers had cleared the way for both—had even obtained a glimpse of the promised land; but it was not their destiny to reach it. Davy opened up a new path for the enterprise of philosophers, a new method of philosophizing. He had extorted from reluctant nature the magic word—the sesame,—at the mention of which her long cherished secrets were to be revealed; and the illustrious chemist himself was the first to profit by it, and enrich science with the discovery of new treasures.

Great as was the effect produced in England by this astounding lecture, it was not equal to the impression which it made upon the savans in Paris. Some idea of this may be formed from the circumstance, that it was crowned by the Institute of France with the prize of the First Consul, and that at a time when the nations mutually entertained the bitterest hostility towards each other, and were at open war. The prize here awarded was one founded by Napoleon when First Consul, for important discoveries in electricity and galvanism.

Having discovered the general principle of voltaic electricity, he proceeded in his investigation of phenomena; and the result was the brilliant and startling discovery that the fixed alkalies have metallic bases. It is well known, that, amongst other substances, potash and soda are, in chemical language, called alkalies. The former of these substances was submitted to the agency of a galvanic battery, and, by a variety of ingenious expedients, he succeeded in decomposing it, and obtaining as one of its constituents, small globules of metal resembling quicksilver. Some of these no sooner appeared than they burned with an explosion of bright flame. The difficulty of collecting this new and singular metal was great, from the strong attraction it has for oxygen, one of the gases of which air and water are composed; but, after various trials, he ultimately accomplished his object. Its external character is that of a white metal, instantly tarnishing by exposure to air. It received from its discoverer the appropriate name of *potassium*. When thrown upon water it decomposes that fluid, combining with its oxygen, and an explosion is produced, accompanied with a vehement flame. If ice be substituted for water, potassium burns with a bright rose-coloured flame, and a deep hole is made in the ice, which is found to contain a solution of potash. The latter substance, then, is a metallic oxide. Soda, and other alkalies, underwent the same rigorous investigation, and with a similar result. Thus, then, the genius of Davy had accomplished what had long baffled the ingenuity of all the philosophers in Europe. The alkalies had been tortured in every possible manner, but in vain. The English philosopher, like his illustrious countryman, Newton, called in new powers and new resources to his aid when the old failed; and Nature, thus cross-examined, at once revealed the truth.

It may easily be conceived with what astonishment and delight these extraordinary discoveries were received. The laboratory of the Institution was continually crowded with persons of every rank and description. All parties contended for the honour of his company at dinner, and the voice of the syren he had not philosophy enough to resist. On his return in the evening, his labours were resumed and continued till three o'clock in the morning. The consequence of such application was a severe fever, which nearly proved fatal. Fortunately for the world, he at last recovered, and set off, with renovated vigour, in his career of discovery. His attention was next directed to the earths, and while in the midst of his investigations, he received a communication from the chemist Berzelius, of Stockholm, informing him of a method of decomposing them. He repeated the experiments with complete success, and embodied them in a Bakerian lecture.

Let us pause a moment, and contemplate the value of such discoveries as the decomposition of the alkalies and earths. They have changed the history of the science, and opened up to our admiration new and important views of the secret workings of Nature. From a more lofty elevation the philosopher can now embrace in his glance a wider horizon, diversified with new and wonderful phenomena. It is probable that they may ultimately lead to a new theory of geology. A flood of light has been reflected upon that science, inasmuch as it has been shewn that agents hitherto unknown may have operated in the formation of the rocks and earths. That the phenomena of volcanoes, lavas, and subterranean heat, have also been placed in a clearer point of view, it is only necessary to introduce an account of an artificial volcano constructed by Davy. "A mountain," says an eye-witness, "had been modelled in clay, and a quantity of the metallic bases introduced into its interior: on water being poured upon it, the metals were soon thrown into violent action—successive explosions followed—red-hot lava was seen flowing down its sides from a crater in miniature—mimic lightning played around—and, in the instant of dramatic illusion, the tumultuous applause and continued cheering of the audience might almost have been regarded as the shouts of the alarmed fugitives of Herculaneum or Pompeii."

Various other investigations engaged his attention, the principle of which was regarding the nature of chlorine, and this he determined was a simple gas, by a variety of admirable experiments. In the years 1810 and 1811, he was invited to Dublin to deliver lectures on chemistry, and other scientific subjects. In 1812 he published his *Elements of Chemical Philosophy*, the most valuable record of discovery which has ever appeared since the *Principia* of Newton. The same year he married Mrs. Apreece, who brought him a large fortune. A day or two previous to this event he was knighted, the first who received the honour from the Prince Regent.

We must pass over his visit to the Continent, and other matters of comparatively trifling moment, and hasten to give an account of the safety lamp—one of the most important benefits that ever science bequeathed to humanity.

A few months after Sir Humphry Davy's return to England, his attention was called to the subject of those terrible explosions of inflammable air, or of fire-damp, in coal mines, which were then of frequent occurrence. He accordingly, with great alacrity, commenced an investigation into the nature of this gas, and in an incredibly short space of time he had invented no less than four different kinds of lamps, all of which might be used with impunity in the foulest atmosphere. To explain the subject simply, it may be stated, that in the course of his researches upon the subject, he made the following discovery—that if a lamp or candle is surrounded with wire gauze, or metallic plates, perforated with numerous small holes, though the gas or fire-damp may explode within, it will not inflame the surrounding atmosphere without. Upon this principle, accordingly, the safety lamp was formed; and it is needless to say, that it has completely answered the purposes for which it was invented. Sir Humphry also discovered, that if a coil of platinum wire be suspended over the wick of the lamp, although the latter should be extinguished, the former will glow with a light sufficiently strong to guide the miner through the darkness of his perilous subterranean, and that when he reaches a purer atmosphere, the heat will be sometimes sufficient to rekindle his lamp! He was led, by these researches, into some important results regarding the nature of flame; but they are of too abstruse a character to be here introduced.

In the year 1818, Sir Humphry took his departure for Naples, in order to examine the papyri of Herculaneum, and, if possible, discover some method of separating the leaves from each other. His efforts, however, failed, not from want of zeal or ingenuity on his part, but from the state in which the manuscripts were found. He returned to England, and was elected President of the Royal Society. On the 30th November, 1820, he took his seat in the chair of Newton.

* To those unacquainted with chemistry, it is necessary to explain, that nitrous oxide is a gas, which, when breathed by animals, destroys life in a short time, and that it is nearly the same as aqua fortis

It will be impossible to enumerate all the objects of inquiry which attracted the attention of this indefatigable philosopher during the remainder of his life. The most important was that regarding the corrosive action of sea water upon copper. He commenced his investigations in 1823, and prosecuted them for a considerable period. The truth of his beautiful theory was established; but, strange to say, the remedy failed. There can be little doubt, however, that, had his health continued, he would ultimately have succeeded. But disease began to set its seal upon his frame, and distract his attention from grave studies. He had recourse to his favourite piscatory pursuits, and published a work upon the subject, entitled "Salmonia," one of the most agreeable works ever written, combining profound philosophical reflection, with beautiful description and interesting anecdote.

In 1828, he took his departure for the Continent, in hopes that a milder climate would have some favourable effect upon him; but health was petitioned in vain,—he was destined never to return. The lamp of genius, however, burned bright to the last, as his "Consolations in Travel, or Last Days of a Philosopher," amply evince. This is an extraordinary production, notwithstanding a certain wild extravagance of fancy. It has been truly said by a great poet, that had not Davy been the first philosopher, he would have been the first poet of his day. He continued for some time at Rome, and afterwards proceeded to Geneva, where he expired, on the 29th of May, 1829. He died without issue.

The benefits which science and mankind at large have derived from the labours of Davy it is impossible to calculate, or to speak of in the cold language of philosophy. He is not only the greatest chemist that ever appeared in the world, but, in importance and practical utility, as well as in splendour, his discoveries probably surpass those of all preceding investigators in this branch of science. In proof of this, we need do no more than simply allude to his researches with regard to voltaic electricity and the safety lamp. In investigating both these subjects, he not only displays an ingenuity and tact which appears able to meet every exigency, but a sagacity which seems infallible—an instinct for truth which cannot err. To all who are in the pursuit of science his works should form a *vade mecum*, not only for the discoveries they contain, but for learning the true method of interpreting Nature.

THE AYRSHIRE SCULPTOR.

It is universally agreed upon among men of taste, that Sculpture is only calculated for the representation of some precise object or objects, which, in themselves, (that is, without any accompanying objects,) produce an effect upon the mind of the spectator. It is also asserted, that no object is worthy of being thus copied in its external form, unless it be of a highly sentimental character, either in point of beauty, or heroic manliness, or some other, and perhaps severer, grace. Dr. Adam Smith discusses this subject in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," and instances, by way of illustration, that a kitchen-dresser, covered with dead game, and fish and flesh, though it might make a capital picture, is an unfit subject for sculpture.

This theory is perhaps not to be controverted, but yet it is liable to some occasional exceptions. In the year 1828, a stone mason in Ayrshire, without any education in the art of sculpture, produced two figures of a homely character, which, though thus totally different from the usual subjects of the art, were very generally admired. His figures, which were of the size of life, represented two characters in Burns' poems—Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie; and they have since been exhibited with applause, not only in Scotland, where they were apt to be most appreciated, but in every quarter of the united kingdom. As some notice of this untaught artist and his works may be useful in encouraging the efforts of native and untutored genius in other minds, we reprint the following article from a late periodical work, by permission of its author—a gentleman who has made sculpture and painting his particular study for many years.

James Thom, the sculptor of these wonderful figures, is a native of Ayrshire, and of respectable parentage near Tarbolton. Although, like those of his countryman and inspirer, his relatives were all engaged in agricultural pursuits, (his brothers, we understand, possess large farms,) the young man himself preferred the occupation of a mason, and was, accordingly, apprenticed to a craftsman in Kilmarnock. This profession was probably selected as offering the nearest approach to the undefined workings and predilections of his own inexperienced mind, since he was not, as in the instance of several sculptors of eminence, thrown first into the trade of a stone mason by the force of circumstances. This would appear from his shewing little attachment to the drudgery of the art: accordingly, his first master is understood to have pronounced him rather a dull apprentice. From the beginning, he seems to have looked forward to the ornamental part of his calling; and in a country town where there was little or no opportunity of employment in that line, to those more immediately concerned, he might appear less useful than a less aspiring workman. The evidences of young Thom's diligence and talent at this time, however, still remain in numerous specimens of carving in stone, which he himself still considers, we are told, as superior to any thing he has yet done. The seeming errors which even the greatest men have made in the estimate of their own powers, have been commented upon as proverbial truisms. The causes of these apparent miscalculations have, however, not been taken into account. The artist or the author alone fully knows the difficulties encountered in the execution of any design—the triumphs he achieved over his own mind and means—the obstacles, both external and intellectual, which he had to remove.

His term of apprenticeship being expired, Mr. Thom repaired to Glasgow in pursuit of better employment. Here his merits were immediately perceived, and so well rewarded, that his wages were considerably higher than the ordinary rate.

In his present profession, Mr. Thom's career may be dated from the commencement of the winter of 1827. Being employed at this time in the immediate neighbourhood, he applied to Mr. Auld, of Ayr, who afterwards proved his steady and judicious friend, for permission to take a sketch from a portrait of Burns, with the intention of executing a bust of the poet. This is a good copy of the original picture by Mr. Nasmyth, and is suspended in the very elegant and classical monument, from a design by Mr. Hamilton, erected to the memory of the bard, on the banks of the Doon, near "Allowa's auld haunted kirk." The permission was kindly granted; doubts, however, being at the same time expressed, how far the attempt was likely to prove successful, Mr. Thom not being then known in Ayr. These doubts seemed to be confirmed, on the latter returning with a very imperfect sketch, taken by placing transparent paper on the picture. These occurences happened on the Wednesday, consequently nothing could be done till Thursday, when materials were to be procured, and other arrangements made, before the work was absolutely begun. The surprise then may be conceived, on the artist returning on the Monday following with the finished bust. In this work, though somewhat defective as a likeness, the execution, the mechanical details, and the general effect, were wonderful, especially when viewed in connexion with the shortness of the time, and the disadvantage of being finished almost from memory—the very imperfect outline, already mentioned, being the only *external* guide. It was this general excellence that encouraged the proposal of a full-length figure—a proposal to which the artist gave his ready assent, stating that he had wished to undertake something of the kind, but did not consider it prudent, without any prospect of remuneration, to hazard the expense both of the block of stone and the loss of time. On this Mr. Auld offered to procure any stone from the neighbouring quarries which the artist might judge fit for his purpose. Several days elapsed in this search; in the meantime, the matter was rather laughed at than encouraged; and some apprehensions of failure, and exposure to consequent comments, being expressed, "Perhaps," said the artist, endeavouring to reassure his friends, "I had just better try my *hand* at a *head*, as a specimen o' Tam." This being agreed to, he returned to Crosby church-yard, where he was then employed upon a grave-stone. The day following happened to be one of continued rain; and, finding that the water filled up his lines; probably, too, thinking more on "glorious Tam," than on the *memento mori* he was attempting to engrave, our artist resolved to take time by the forelock, and to set about the "specimen head" directly. Accordingly, pulling from the ruins of the church of Crosby a rabat of the doorway, as a proper material for his purpose, he sat himself down among the long rank grass covering the graves, and in that situation actually finished the head before rising. Nay, more, although the day has been described to us "as a dour-right pour," so total was his absorption in the work—so complete his insensibility to every thing else, that he declares himself to have been unconscious of the "rattling showers," from the moment he commenced. Such is the power of genuine and natural enthusiasm in a favourite pursuit. This head, which contained, perhaps, more expression than that even of the present figure, decided the matter. Next day, the block requisite for a full-length of Tam o' Shanter, was brought into Ayr, a load for four stout horses, and placed in a proper workshop, within Cromwell's fort.

It may be interesting to mention a few particulars of the manner in which these figures have been composed and finished. "Tam" was selected by the artist as a subject for his chisel. The figure is understood to bear a strong traditional resemblance to the well-known Douglas Graham, some forty years ago a renowned specimen of a Carrick farmer, and who, residing at Shanter, furnished to Burns the prototype of his hero.

> —— Souter Johnnie,
> His antient, trusty, drouthie cronie—

is said to be a striking likeness of a living wight—a cobbler near Maybole; not that this individual sat for his portraiture, but that the artist appears to have wrought from the reminiscences of two interviews with which he was favoured, after twice travelling "some lang Scotch miles," in order to persuade the said "souter" to transfer his body, by means of his pair of soles, from his own to the artist's studio. The bribe of two guineas a-week, exclusive of "half-mutchkins withouten score," proved, however, unavailing, and the cobbler remained firm to the *last*. By this refusal, "the birkie" has only become poorer by the said couple of guineas, and certain "half-mutckins drouthier," for so true has the eye of the sculptor proved, that every one is said instantly to recognize the cobbler's phiz and person. A strange perverseness, indeed, or fatality, or what you will, seems to have seized upon all the favoured few selected as fitting archetypes for these admirable figures. For, Tam's "nether man" occasioning some anxiety in the perfecting of its sturdy symmetry, a carter, we believe, was laid hold of, and the *gamashins* being pulled on for half-an-hour, Tam's *right leg* was finished in rivalship of the said gentleman's *supporter*. It appears to have been agreed upon that he should return at a fitting opportunity, having thus left Tam "hirpling;" but, in the interval, the story of the sitting unfortunately taking *air*, and the soubriquet of "Tam o' Shanter" threatening to attach to the lawful and Christian appellations of the man of carts, no inducement could again bring him within the unhallowed precincts of our sculptor's workroom. In like manner, though at a somewhat later period, while the artist was engaged upon the figure of the landlady, no persuasion could prevail upon one of the many "bonny lasses" who have given such celebrity to Ayr, to exhibit even the "fitting of their pearlings" to Mr. Thom's gaze. One sonsy damsel, on being hard pressed to grant a sitting, replied, "Na, na, I've nae mind to be nick-named 'landlady;' and, as for gudewife, twa speerings maun gang to that name."

It will, doubtless, excite the admiration of every one in the slightest degree conversant with the Arts, that these figures, so full of life, ease, and character, were thus actually executed without model, or drawing, or palpable archetype whatsoever. The artist, indeed, knows nothing of modelling; and so little of drawing, that we question if he would not find difficulty in making even a tolerable sketch of his own work. The chisel is his modelling tool—his pencil—the only instrument of his art, in short, with which he is acquainted, but which he handles in a manner, we may say, almost unprecedented in the history of sculpture. This, however, is the minor part; for we think, nay, are sure, we discover in this dexterity of hand, in this unerring precision of eye, in this strong, though still untutored, conception of form and character—the native elements of the highest art. These primordial attributes of genius, by proper culture, may do honour to the country and to their possessor. At all events, instruction will refine and improve attempts in the present walk of art, even should study be unable to elevate attainment to a higher. Now, however, it would be not only premature, but unjust, to criticise these statues as regular labours of sculpture. They are to be regarded as wonderful, nay, almost miraculous, efforts of native, unaided, unlearned talent—as an approach to truth almost in spite of nature and of science; but they do not hold with respect to legitimate sculpture—the high-souled, the noblest, the severest of all arts—the same rank as, in painting, the works of the Dutch masters do as compared with the lofty spirits of the Romans—precisely for this reason, that while similar subjects are not only fit, but often felicitous, subjects for the pencil, they are altogether improper objects of sculptural representation.

[Though, from the circumstance of being the principals in the composition, and from the intrinsic excellence of their conception, these two figures have chiefly occupied the public attention, they ought not to induce forgetfulness of the artist's other labours. These, besides the Landlord and his mate, consist of numerous copies, in various sizes, of this original group, and of numerous sculptures, of different character and purpose, from a "head-stane" upwards, executed by Mr. Thom, since his residence in Ayr as a professional stone-cutter. Here his studio is the resort of all intelligent strangers who visit this ancient and beautiful burgh; while his modest manners, and moral worth, have conciliated the respect of every one. The character of the Landlady is well sustained, as the buxom, bustling head of a well frequented "change-house." Her lord and master, on the other hand, is represented as one who has little to say in his own house, and better qualified to drink, than to earn, his pint. The former seems by no means disinclined to reciprocate glances with Tam; while the latter is so convulsed with laughter at the Souter's stories, as to be hardly capable of maintaining the equipoise of the foaming tankard in his hand. Neither, however, is equal in graphic truth and humour, to their two companions. A more gigantic, but by no means so happy a work, is the statue of the Scottish patriot, lately placed in the nich of the New Tower, just erected in Ayr, on the site of the ancient "Wallace Tower" of Burns. In fact, we regard this figure as nearly a failure. It possesses neither the truth of nature, nor the dignity of ideal representation. Omitting others of less moment, we shall pass to the most perfect of all Mr. Thom's works—the figure of "Old Mortality." This, though only a model, and not yet, we believe, even commissioned in stone, offers by far the most striking evidence of genius in its author. The costume, attitude, and expression of the old man, as he is represented sitting upon a grave stone, which he has been occupied in cleaning, are most admirable; and perhaps no artist ever more completely realized the exquisite conception of the original mind. The history of this composition supplies a striking instance of the power of genius over spirits of a congenial stamp, and of the singular coincidences which sometimes take place in its manner of conceiving the same sentiment. During a voyage to London, in a Leith steam packet, Mr. Thom one day found in the cabin, Sir Walter's delightful tale of Old Mortality, which he had never read. Taking it up, he quickly became entirely engrossed in the narrative. The description of the old man, to whom posterity is indebted for many a record, else lost, of our single-minded sufferers

for conscience' sake—so fixed itself upon the artist's imagination, that he instantly conceived the idea of representing it in sculpture. By way of concentrating his thoughts, he sketched a figure in the imagined attitude, on one of the boards of the book he had been reading. Pleased with his idea, he transferred it to his pocket-book. A few days after his arrival in London, he was introduced to our celebrated countryman, Wilkie, who, with his accustomed kindness, shewed him his portfolios. Mr. Thom's surprise may be imagined, when in one of these he found a sketch of Old Mortality, almost identical with his own, executed by Wilkie several years before. The same thought had struck both, and almost in the same manner.—*Sept.* 21, 1832.]

THE DEAF POSTILION.

In the month of January, 1804, Joey Duddle, a well-known postilion on the north road, caught a cold through sleeping without his nightcap; deafness was, eventually, the consequence; and, as it will presently appear, a young fortune-hunter lost twenty thousand pounds and a handsome wife, through Joey Duddle's indiscretion, in omitting, on one fatal occasion, to wear his sixpenny woollen nightcap.

Joey did not discontinue driving after his misfortune; his eyes and his spurs were, generally speaking, of more utility in his monotonous avocation than his ears. His stage was, invariably, nine miles up the road, or 'a long fifteen' down towards Gretna; and he had repeated his two rides so often, that he could have gone over the ground blindfold. People in chaises are rarely given to talking with their postilions. Joey knew, by experience, what were the two or three important questions in posting, and the usual times and places when and where they were asked; and he was always prepared with the proper answers. At those parts of the road where objects of interest to strangers occurred, Joey faced about on his saddle, and if he perceived the eyes of his passengers fixed upon him, their lips in motion, and their fingers pointing towards a gentleman's seat, a fertile valley, a beautiful stream, or a fine wood, he naturally enough presumed that they were in the act of inquiring what the seat, the valley, the stream, or the wood was called; and he replied according to the fact. The noise of the wheels was a very good excuse for such trifling blunders as Joey occasionally made; and whenever he found himself progressing towards a dilemma, he very dexterously contrived, by means of a sly poke with his spur, to make his hand-horse evidently require the whole of his attention. At the journey's end, when the gentleman he had driven produced a purse, Joey, without looking at his lips, knew that he was asking a question, to which it was his duty to reply, "Nineteen and sixpence," or "Two-and-twenty shillings," according as the job had been the "short up" or the "long down." If any more questions were asked, Joey suddenly recollected something that demanded his immediate attention, begged pardon, promised to be back in a moment, and disappeared never to return. The natural expression of his features indicated a remarkably taciturn disposition; almost every one with whom he came in contact, was deterred, by his physiognomy, from asking him any but necessary questions; and as he was experienced enough to answer, or cunning enough to evade these, when he thought fit, but few travellers ever discovered that Joey Duddle was deaf. So blind is man in some cases, even to his bodily defects, that Joey, judging from his general success in giving correct replies to the queries propounded to him, almost doubted his own infirmity, and never would admit that he was above one point beyond "little hard of hearing."

On the first of June, in the year 1806, about nine o'clock in the morning, a chaise and four was perceived approaching towards the inn kept by Joey's master, at a first rate Gretna Green gallop. As it dashed up to the door, the postboys vociferated the usual call for two pair of horses in a hurry; but unfortunately the innkeeper had only Joey and his tits at home; and as the four horses which brought the chaise from the last posting-house had already done a double job that day, the lads would not ride them on through so heavy a stage as the "long down."

"How excessively provoking!" exclaimed one of the passengers; "I am certain that our pursuers are not far behind us. The idea of having the cup of bliss dashed from my very lips,—of such beauty and affluence being snatched from me for want of a second pair of paltry posters,—drives me frantic!"

"A Gretna Green affair, I presume, sir?" observed the inquisitive landlord.

The gentleman made no scruple of admitting that he had run away with the fair young creature who accompanied him, and that she was entitled to a fortune of twenty thousand pounds:—"one half of which," continued the gentleman, "I would freely give if I had it, to be at this instant behind four horses, scampering away, due north, at full speed."

"I can assure you, sir," said the landlord, "that a fresh pair of such animals as I offer you, will carry you over the ground as quick as if you had ten dozen of the regular road-hacks. No man keeps better cattle than I do, and this pair beats all the others in my stables by two miles an hour. But in ten minutes, perhaps, and certainly within half an hour——"

"Half an hour! half a minute's delay might ruin me," replied the gentleman, "I hope I shall find the character you have given your cattle a correct one;—dash on, postilion!"

Before this short conversation between the innkeeper was concluded, Joey Duddle had put to his horses—which were, of course, kept harnessed—and taken his seat, prepared to start at a moment's notice. He kept his eye upon the innkeeper, who gave the usual signal of a rapid wave of the hand, as soon as the gentleman ceased speaking; and Joey Duddle's cattle, in obedience to the whip and spur, hobbled off at that awkward and evidently painful pace, which is, perforce, adopted by the most praiseworthy post-horses for the first ten minutes or so of their journey. But the pair over which Joey presided were, as the innkeeper had asserted, very speedy; and the gentleman soon felt satisfied, that it would take an extraordinary quadruple team to overtake them. His hopes rose at the sight of each succeeding milestone; he ceased to put his head out of the window every five minutes, and gaze anxiously up the road; he already anticipated a triumph—when a crack, a crush, a shriek from the lady, a jolt, an instant change of position, and a positive pause occurred, in the order in which they are stated, with such suddenness and relative rapidity, that the gentleman was, for a moment or two, utterly deprived of his presence of mind by alarm and astonishment. The bolt which connects the fore-wheels, splinter-bar, springs, fore-bed, axletree, et cetera, with the perch that passes under the body of the chaise to the hind wheel-springs and carriage, had snapped asunder; the whole of the fore parts were instantly dragged onwards by the horses; the traces by which the body was attached to the fore springs gave way; the chaise fell forward, and of course, remained stationary, with its contents, in the middle of the road; while the deaf postilion rode on, with his eyes intently fixed on vacuity before him, as though nothing whatever had happened.

Alarmed and indignant in the highest degree, at the postilion's conduct, the gentleman shouted with all his might such exclamations as any man would naturally use on such an occasion; but Joey, although still but at a little distance, took no notice of what had occurred behind his back, and very complacently trotted his horses on at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour. He thought the cattle went better than ever; his mind was occupied with the prospect of a speedy termination to his journey; he felt elated at the idea of outstripping the pursuers,—for Joey had discrimination enough to perceive, at a glance, that his passengers were runaway lovers,—and he went on very much to his own satisfaction. As he approached the inn which terminated the "long down," Joey, as usual, put his horses upon their mettle, and they, having nothing but a fore carriage and a young lady's trunk behind them, rattled up to the door at a rate unexampled in the annals of posting, with all the little boys and girls in the neighbourhood hallooing in their rear.

It was not until he drew up to the inn door and glided from his saddle, that Joey discovered his disaster; and nothing could equal the utter astonishment which his features then displayed. He gazed at the place where the body of his chaise, his passengers, and hind wheels ought to have been, for above a minute, and then suddenly started down the road on foot under an idea that he must very recently have dropped them. On nearing a little elevation, which commanded above two miles of the ground over which he had come, he found, to his utter dismay, that no traces of the main body of his chaise were perceptible; nor could he discover his passengers, who had, as it appeared in the sequel, been overtaken by the young lady's friends. Poor Joey immediately ran into a neighbouring hay-loft, where he hid himself, in despair, for three days; and when discovered, he was with great difficulty persuaded by his master, who highly esteemed him, to resume his whip, and return to his saddle.—*Three Courses and a Dessert.*

PINS.

The pin was not known in England till towards the middle or latter end of the reign of Henry VIII; the ladies until then using ribbands, loops, skewers made of wood, of brass, silver, or gold. At first the pin was so ill made, that in the thirty-fourth year of the king, parliament enacted that none should be sold unless they be "double-headed, and have the heades soudered faste to the shanke of the pynne," &c. But this interference had such an influence on the manufacture, that the public could obtain no supply until the obnoxious act was repealed. On referring to the statute book, the act of repeal, which passed in the thirty-seventh year of the same reign, contains the following clauses, which tends to show how cautious the legislature ought to be not to interfere with any manufactory which they do not perfectly understand. The act of repeal having recited the former act, it then goes on to say, "At which tyme the pynners playnly promised to serve the kynge's liege people wel and sufficiently, and at a reasonable price. And for as much sens the making of the saide act there hath ben scarcitee of pynnes within this realme, that the kynge's liege people have not ben wel nor completely served of such pynnes, nor are like to be served, nor the pynners of this realm (as it doth now manifestly appere,) be able to serve the people of this realme accordyng to their saied promise. In consideracion whereof, it maie please the king, &c. that it maie be adjudged and demed from hensforth frustrated and nihilated, and to be repealed for ever."—*Stat. Henrici Octavi* xxxvii. *cap.* 13.

WEAVING

The vestments of the early inhabitants of the world discovered neither art nor industry. They made use of such as nature presented and which needed the least preparation. Some nations covered themselves with the bark of trees, others with leaves, or bulrushes rudely interwoven The skins of animals were also universally used as garments, worn without preparation, and in the same state as they come from the bodies of the animals.*

In process of time recourse was had to the wool of animals,† and this led to the farther discovery of the art of uniting the separate parts into one continued thread, by means of the spindle; and this would consequently lead to the next step, the invention of weaving, which, according to Democritus, who flourished 400 years before Christ, arose from the art of the spider, who guides and manages the threads by the weight of her own body.

That the invention of weaving was long prior to the time of Democritus, appears from the sacred writings.‡ This is evident also, from the answer which Abraham gave to the king of Sodom:—"I will not," said he, "take from a thread of the woof, even to a shoe latchet, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abraham rich."

> Inventress of the woof, fair Lina flings
> The flying shuttle through the dancing strings,
> Inlays the broider'd weft with flowery dyes,
> Quick bent the reeds, the pedals fall and rise;
> Slow from the beam the lengths of warp unwind,
> And dance and nod the massy weights behind.

Chronology informs us, linen was first made in England, 1253. "Now began the luxurious to wear linen, but the generality woollen shirts." Table linen was very scarce in England, in 1386. A company of linen weavers, however, came over from the Netherlands in that year, after which it became more abundant.

A MARVELLOUS STORY.

I was bred up in the dislike of the marvellous, or the stupid wonderful, as my uncle called it. I must relate an anecdote in point Some gentlemen were dining together, and relating their travelling adventures; one of them dealt so much on the marvellous, that it induced another to give him a lesson.

"I was once," said he, "engaged in a skirmishing party in America; I advanced too far, was separated from my friends, and saw three Indians in pursuit of me: the horrors of the tomahawk in the hands of angry savages, took possession of my mind; I considered for a moment what was to be done; most of us love life, and mine was both precious and useful to my family; I was swift of foot, and fear added to my speed. After looking back—for the country was an open one—I at length perceived that one of my enemies had outrun the others and the well-known saying of 'Divide and conquer,' occurring to me, I slackened my speed, and allowed him to come up; we engaged in mutual fury; I hope none here (bowing to his auditors) will doubt the result; in a few minutes he lay a corpse at my feet; in this short space of time, the two Indians had advanced upon me, so I took again to my heels,—not from cowardice, I can in truth declare,—but with the hope of reaching a neighbouring wood, where I knew dwelt a tribe friendly to the English; this hope, however, I was forced to give up; for, on looking back, I saw one of my pursuers far before the other. I waited for him, recovering my almost exhausted breath, and soon this Indian shared the fate of the first. I had now only one enemy to deal with; but I felt fatigued, and being near the wood, I was more desirous to save my own life than to destroy another of my fellow-creatures; I plainly perceived smoke curling up amongst the trees, I redoubled my speed, I prayed to Heaven, I felt assured my prayers would be granted—but at this moment the yell of the Indian's voice sounded in my ears—I even thought I felt his warm breath—there was no choice—I turned round——" Here the gentleman, who had related the wonderful stories at first, grew impatient past his endurance; he called out, "Well, sir, and you killed him also?"—"No sir, he killed me."—*Memoirs of a Gentlewoman of the Old School.*

EPITHETS.

The meaning of the word *Wretch* is one not generally understood. It was originally, and is now, in some parts of England, used as a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. This is not the only instance in which words in their present general acceptation bear a very opposite meaning to what they did in Shakespeare's time. The word *Wench*, formerly, was not used in that low and vulgar acceptation that it is at present. *Damsel* was the appellation of young ladies of quality, and *Dame* a title of distinction. *Knave* once signified a servant; and in an early translation of the New Testamant, instead of "Paul the Servant," we read "Paul the Knave of Jesus Christ." On the other hand, the word *Companion*, instead of being the honourable synonym of Associate, occurs in the play of Othello, with the same contemptuous meaning which we now affix, in its abusive sense, to the word "Fellow;" for Emilia, perceiving that some secret villain had aspersed the character of the virtuous Desdemona, thus indignantly exclaims:—

> O, Heaven! that such *Companions* thou'dst unfold
> And put in every honest hand a whip,
> To lash the rascal through the world.

* Lucretius, lib. vi. verse 1011.

† Genesis xxxi. 19, and xxxviii. 12, 14. ‡ Ibid xiv. 23

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

ALISON PEIRSON—WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY.

At the period when this trial took place (May, 1588,) the jury had only the power of deciding upon the facts of the case; it remained with the judge to determine the degree of criminality incurred. Thus, if one man killed another in a fray, the jury could only go the length of finding that he did so; and it was then for the bench to settle whether the guilt was that of murder, slaughter, or homicide. The verdicts, therefore, instead of a simple declaration of the prisoner's guilt or innocence, frequently contain a recapitulation of those particulars in the indictment, which the jury held to be established by the evidence. In the case of Alison Peirson, the verdict is the only part of the proceedings recorded at any length, and it offers a pretty full detail of her alleged dealings with the evil powers. It is probably the substance of the poor wretch's confessions, elicited by the usual system of torture.

Happening once to fall sick on the Moor of Grange, Alison lay down alone, when there came a man dressed in green clothes and said to her, "that if she would be faithful, he wad do her good." Being greatly alarmed, she cried aloud for help; but no one hearing her, she charged him in Heaven's name to tell her, if he came for the weal of her soul. To this adjuration he made no answer, but went away and left her. He appeared to her afterwards with a large company of men and women, who with piping and mirth, made excellent cheer, which appears to have produced a favourable impression on Alison's mind; for she was now prevailed on to join the cavalcade, and to accompany them from Fife to Lothian, where the means of mending their cheer was afforded, by the appearance of puncheons of wine with the necessary "tasses," or drinking cups. Their jovialty seems not to have been bounded by discretion, but to have ended in a brawl, in which Alison got a blow from one of the party, which "tuke all the poistie of her ear syde fra her," that is, deprived her of the power of her left side. The place remained "blae and evill faurrit," (discoloured and unsightly,) though there was no pain in the particular spot where the stroke was inflicted.

After this, Alison had various encounters with the fairies, who were exceedingly variable in their conduct towards her. She was allowed to see them gather herbs before sunrise, which they converted into salves; and by the knowledge thus acquired, she was enabled to effect many cures in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews during a course of sixteen years. But, on the other hand, they handled her roughly at times, especially if she disclosed any of her meetings with them. She was sometimes well and sometimes ill; one while with them and another while away; she would go to bed "haill and feir" overnight, and not know whether she might be hurried before the morning. "When we hear the whirlwind blaw in the sea," says she, "they will be commonly with it, or coming soon thereafter." She dreaded their approach, and often shrieked with terror when they came.

What served to reconcile her in some degree to her intercourse with these fickle beings, was her intimacy with one Mr. William Sympson, an uncle of her own, "a great scholar and doctor of medicine," who must have received his learning and taken his degrees in Fairyland; for, according to his niece, when he was a child "ane mann of Egypt, ane gyant," carried him off, and he subsequently rose to be of much esteem and influence in the court of Elfame. His protection was of considerable advantage to Alison, whom he warned when the "good neighbours" intended to surprise her with a visit, instructing her how to behave towards them. He also initiated her into the mysteries of his art, describing every kind of sickness, the herbs proper for the cure of each, and the mode of using them, besides giving her directions for the treatment of particular cases.

It was with the assistance of this familiar that Alison furnished prescriptions to Patrick Adamson, Archbishop of St. Andrews, whose application to this source for the removal of his ailments was eagerly seized upon as a ground of censure, by those to whom he was opposed in matters of church government. "Verily," says Mr. James Melvill in his *Diary*, about "these witches we war plain and sharp with him, baith from pulpit, in doctrine, and by censure of our presbytery." By the exertions of this church judicatory, Alison Peirson had been apprehended, examined, and committed prisoner to the castle of St. Andrews, from which she escaped, it was alleged, with the connivance of the archbishop; and it was not till four years afterwards that she again fell into the hands of the administrators of the law, and was tried before the court of justiciary. Adamson was a man of sound learning, a poet of no mean pretensions, and so skilful in the management of affairs, as to have been the churchman upon whom King James principally depended for forwarding his views in regard to the establishment of episcopacy in Scotland. It has been made ground of reproach against this prelate, that he should have been so weak as to repose confidence in the charmed remedies with which this woman supplied him. But in as far as mere faith in her supernatural powers goes, his credulity was no greater than that of his opponents, who brought her to trial for the supposed exercise of those powers, for which she in the end suffered death. The only difference was that they stood upon the illegality of such practices, which he overlooked in consideration of the advantage he expected to derive from them. Whether there were any virtue in the incantations employed in the preparation, the medicines were of no watery and weakening consistence, for she caused him to eat a stewed fowl, and used to medicate a quart of claret with certain herbs, which the archbishop drank at two meals, a single draught at each. The use of ewe-milk was also enjoined, but in what manner is not mentioned, and his cheeks, neck, breast, stomach, and sides, were rubbed with an ointment compounded according to the directions of Alison's familiar, Mr. William Simpson. In consequence of this treatment, the disease, according to the belief of the time, was removed to a palfrey, which died by way of substitute for the archbishop.

A satire of the period exposed the archbishop's traffickings with the witches; but Alison Peirson was more severely dealt with, having suffered the fate indicated by the words "convicta et combusta." If we include in what is expressed by "convicta," the torments inflicted to produce a confession upon which the witch might be found guilty, they were often still more unendurable than the consequences of conviction—strangling and burning—which in these cases was implied by "combusta." There does not seem to have been any display of the malignant passions, on the part of this poor woman. If she herself believed that she possessed supernatural power, she did not try to exert it for the destruction or injury of her kind, but rather with a view to produce good by the cure of diseases. If the confession was wrung from her in the moment of extreme torture, and was merely a declaration made by her in the hope that it would procure a cessation of the cruelty of her prosecutors, still it shews that her temper was mild and inoffensive; for even in the fictions of a morose person, the native severity may be traced in the darker colouring with which it invests the story. The confessions of witches, though they cannot be received as proofs that the transactions they narrate actually happened, may in general be relied upon as evidencing the manner in which the wretched creatures would have employed the assistance of the spiritual world, could they have commanded it.

JOHN SEMPILL OF BELTREIS—TREASON.

The official statement of this gentleman's trial contains a recapitulation of the indictment, which is vague and general in its terms. Without condescending upon any overt act or specific treasonable speeches, it accuses him of devising "to sla, schwt, and cruellie murther" the Regent Morton; of "plainly conserting and conceiving the samin murder and slaughter, most treasonably and deceitfully in his heart and mind, ordaining the same to have been suddenly committed; doing what was in him to have performed the samin, conform to his deliberate intention, treasonably devised and precogitate, as said is." It mentions his having confessed the crime, and concludes with the sentence, "That he should be taken to the market cross of Edinburgh, and there demeaned as ane traitor; and all his lands, tacks, steadings, rowms, possessions, and goods, to be forfaulted and escheat to our sovereign lord's use."

On looking to other sources to supply the meagreness of this very unsatisfactory record, we find a disclosure of the most detestable oppression and cruelty on the part of the Regent. At the same time we must remark, that the confessions dictated to the accused seem to have been constructed in a very inartificial manner, as if from a consciousness that even an ordinary nicety was needless where the government, eager to convict, would be contented with a few declamatory generalities, which are much more easily thrown together, than a well compacted tissue of particular facts. Sempill had married one of the Queen's Maries (Mary Livingston,) on whom her royal mistress had bestowed a small portion of ground. Morton, desirous of reducing this grant (in order, Crawford alleges, that he might appropriate the piece of land which lay contiguous to a part of his estate,) brought the business before the Court of Session, contending that the crown lands could not be alienated. Beltreis in vain answered "that it was a plain deed of gift under the great and privy seals, and therefore could not be recalled." Morton sat in person to browbeat the judges. This exasperated the defendant, and seeing the cause about to be decided against him, he protested with incautious vehemence, "that if he lost the suit, he should lose his life too." Whiteford, younger of Milneton, a near relative of Beltreis, was not more circumspect, and gave vent to his indignation in an expression having a double allusion—to the Regent's lowness of stature, and to his tyrannical conduct: "Nero," he said, "was a dwarf to Morton." Both were instantly imprisoned, and it was given out that they had a plot to murder the Regent. On examination they denied the fact; but there was a method of subjecting every kind of contumacy not supported by uncommon physical firmness, as well as moral courage. The BOOT extorted from Beltreis an acquiescence in all that his examinators suggested; but Milneton was not to be so overcome—he endured the torture and confessed nothing. Such, unhappily, was the nature of the *precognitions* in the earlier practice of the Scottish courts. If an acknowledgment of guilt could have been wrung from both those gentlemen, their fate would have been sealed; but the constancy of the one was held to prove the weakness of the other, in a case not strengthened by the smallest vestige of other evidence. Milneton was discharged, and his nephew, though sentenced to be hanged, was ultimately dismissed also. The trial of Beltreis took place on 15th June, 1577.

SUPPLY OF WATER IN LONDON.

When men gather together in large bodies, and inhabit towns or cities, a plentiful supply of water is the first thing to which they direct their attention. If towns are built in situations where pure water cannot be readily obtained, the inhabitants, and especially the poorer sort, suffer even more misery than results from the want of bread and clothes. In some cities of Spain, for instance, where the people understand very little about machinery, water, at particular periods of the year, is as dear as wine; and the labouring classes are consequently in a most miserable condition. In London, on the contrary, water is so plentiful, that twenty-nine millions of gallons are daily supplied to the inhabitants; which quantity, distributed to about one hundred and twenty-five thousand houses and other buildings, is at a rate of above two hundred gallons every day to each house. To many of the houses this water is, by the aid of machinery, not only delivered to the kitchen and wash-house on the ground floors, where it is most wanted, but is sent up to the very tops of the houses, to save even the comparatively little labour of fetching it from the bottom. All this is done at an average cost to each house of twopence a day; which is a less price than the labour of an able-bodied man would be worth to fetch a single bucket, from a spring half-a-mile from his own dwelling. And how did the inhabitants of London set about getting this great supply of water, and, by so doing, render this vast place one of the most healthful cities in the world? As long ago as the year 1236, when a great want of water was felt in London, the little springs being blocked up and covered over by buildings, the ruling men of the city caused water to be brought from Tyburn, which was then a distant village, by means of pipes: and they laid a tax upon particular branches of trade to pay the expense of this great blessing to all. In succeeding times more pipes and conduits, that is more machinery, were established for the same good purpose; and two centuries afterwards, King Henry the Sixth gave his aid to the same sort of works, in granting particular advantages in obtaining lead for making the pipes. As this great town more and more increased, more water-works were found necessary; till, at last, in the reign of James the First, which was nearly two hundred years after that of Henry the Sixth, a most ingenious and enterprising man, and a great benefactor to his country, Hugh Myddleton, undertook to bring a river of pure water above thirty-eight miles out of its natural course for the supply of London. He persevered in this immense undertaking, in spite of every difficulty, till he at last accomplished that great good which he had proposed, of bringing wholesome water to every man's door. At the present time, the New River, which was the work of Hugh Myddleton, supplies thirteen millions of gallons of water every day; and though the original projector was ruined by the undertaking, in consequence of the difficulty which he had in procuring proper support, such is now the general advantage of the benefit which he procured for his fellow citizens, and so desirous are the people to possess that advantage, that a share in the New River Company, which was at first sold for one hundred pounds, is now worth fifteen thousand pounds.—*Results of Machinery.*

WILLIE OF WESTBURNFLAT.

One of the last border reivers of whom tradition preserves any account, was a personage of the clan Armstrong, who flourished within the beginning of the last century. After having made himself dreaded over the whole country, he at last came to the following e d. One ——, a man of large property, having lost twelve cows in one night, raised the county of Teviotdale, and traced the robbers into Liddesdale, as far as the house of this Armstrong, commonly called *Willie of Westburnflat*, from the place of his residence, on the banks of the Hermitage water. Fortunately for the pursuers, he was then asleep; so that he was secured, along with nine of his friends, without much resistance. He was brought to trial at Selkirk; and, although no precise evidence was adduced to convict him of the special fact, (the cattle never having been recovered,) yet the jury brought him in *guilty* on his own general character; or, as it is called in our law, habit and repute. When sentence was pronounced, Willie arose; and, seizing the oaken chair in which he was placed, broke it into pieces by main strength, and offered to his companions, who were involved in the same doom, that, if they would stand behind him, he would fight his way out of Selkirk with these weapons. But they held his hands, and besought him to let them *die like Christians*. They were accordingly executed in form of law. This was the last trial at Selkirk. The people of Liddesdale, who, (perhaps not erroneously,) still consider the sentence as iniquitous, remarked, that ——, the prosecutor, never throve afterwards, but came to beggary and ruin, with his whole family.

GRAMMACHREE MOLLY.

The following note, containing evidence to prove that the celebrated air, called "GRAMMACHREE MOLLY," was composed in Scotland, was drawn up in 1819, by the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, from the information of the aged individual alluded to, who died in 1827, above a hundred years of age.

From the very style of the music, there is every reason to believe that this celebrated air was composed in Scotland; for it possesses all that tenderness and simplicity by which the Scottish songs are so peculiarly distinguished. That point, however, seems now to be established beyond the possibility of doubt, by the evidence that was given by a very old man, John Macdonald, who was born near Kingsburgh, in the Isle of Skye, in the year 1726, and who, on the 20th December, 1819, was about ninety-three years of age, when he gave the following evidence:—

John Macdonald remembers, when he was about twelve years old, having learnt that air, which, in Gaelic, is called "*Mhalic Cheag og*," from a native of Breadalbane, who went about singing songs; and he recollects distinctly having heard that air sung by him in the year 1738. The tune, he was informed, was owing to the following incident:—

During King William's wars on the Continent, soon after the Revolution, it was usual, at the end of the campaign, for both armies to retire into winter quarters; and numbers, both of the men and officers, got leave of absence to go home and see their friends. Among others who availed themselves of this privilege, was a young Highland officer, whose relations lived in the upper parts of Perthshire. He visited about in that district, and entertained his friends by talking of the battles in which he had fought, and the wonderful events he had witnessed; and he everywhere met with the most cordial reception. He was at last invited to the house of a gentleman who had an only daughter, whose beauty was the universal theme of admiration. He there, as usual, recited his martial facts, till, like Othello, he made an impression on the young lady, which the gallant soldier soon perceived, and he contrived to settle a plan with her for their eloping together at midnight. They got off unperceived; and, having travelled several miles, they at last came to an inn, where they thought they might refresh themselves in safety. The enraged father, however, as soon as he had discovered his daughter's flight, assembled his men, and pursued them with such speed and eagerness, that he overtook them soon after they got into the inn. The lover, though he had nobody to support him, yet was determined not to yield up his mistress: and, being well armed and an excellent swordsman, he resolved to resist any attack made upon him. When the party pursuing entered the inn, his mistress ran for protection behind him; and when he was defending himself and her with his sword, which was a very heavy one, and loaded with what is called a steel-apple, (in Gaelic, *Uahal an a chlaibh*,*) in preparing for giving a deadly stroke, the point of his sword accidentally struck his mistress, then behind him, so violent a blow, that she instantly expired at his feet.

Upon seeing what had happened, he immediately surrendered himself, saying, "*That he did not wish to live—his earthly treasure being gone.*" When in prison, he composed both the air and the words; and the dreadful scene he had just witnessed, and of which he was the sole cause, would naturally call forth the most melancholy effusions of music and of poetry. He was executed the next day.

These events happened a number of years before John Macdonald first heard the air sung in the Isle of Skye, which was in the year 1738. It is also said, that the loves of the unfortunate officer and his mistress, are alluded to in the well-known song, "Will you go to Flanders, my Mally, O?"

RAPID GROWTH OF FISH.

The rapid growth of some fish is very extraordinary. I saw three pike taken out of a pond in Staffordshire belonging to the present Sir Jervoise Clark Jervoise, two of which weighed 36lb. each, and the other 35lb. The pond was fished every seven years, and, supposing that store pike of 6 or 7lb. weight were left in it, the growth of the pike in question must have been at the rate of at least 4lb. a year. Salmon, however, grow much faster. It is now ascertained that grilse, or young salmon, of from 2½ to 3lb. weight, have been sent to the London markets in the month of May, the spawn from which they come having only been deposited in the preceding October or November, and the ova taking three months of the time to quicken. It has also been ascertained by experiment that a grilse which weighed 6lb. in February, after spawning, has, on its return from the sea in September, weighed 13lb.; and a salmon fry of April will in June weigh 4lb. and in August 6lb.—*Gleanings of Natural History.*

* The steel apple was a piece of steel, that ran on a wheel from the hilt to the top of the sword, and gave great additional force to the stroke. John Macdonald, many years ago, saw one of these at Lord Macdonald's house at Mugstadt. The circumstance of the steel-apple is a strong proof the authenticity of the story, as it must have greatly added to the weight of the blow given by the sword, and consequently accounts for fatal catastrophe.

SCOTTISH DUKES.

BUCCLEUCH.

This, though a most respectable, has no claim to be considered as an ancient, family; nor has it figured much in history. Its first man of the least note, was Sir Walter Scott, laird of Branxholm, and some other lands in Roxburghshire, in the middleof the fifteenth century. Previously, their principal estate was Murdieston, in Lanarkshire; but Inglis of Branxholm having one day complained of the inroads of the English upon that border property, Scott offered him his Clydesdale estate in exchange, which was instantly agreed to. It is said, that, when the bargain was completed, Sir Walter drily remarked, that the Cumberland cattle were as good as those of Teviotdale; and instantly commenced a system of reprisals upon the English, which we shrewdly suspect to have been more than duly consolatory. Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm was one of the many gentlemen who rose upon the ruins of the Douglasses. He died about 1470, possessed of a great part of those pastoral lands in Selkirkshire and Roxburghshire, which still form the best part of the family property. His descendants, for several generations, were little better than *reavers*. The Sir Walter of Queen Mary's time was a zealous adherent of her interests. The day after the Regent Morton was killed, he, and Ker of Fernihirst, before they could have learned the fact by any ordinary means, broke into the English border upon an expedition of reprisal. On being asked how he could venture upon such an outrage, so long as the Earl of Murray was Regent, he said, "Tush, the Regent is as cold as my bridle-bit." It thus appears, that, like the Hamiltons and other partisans of Mary, he must have been privy to the design of assassinating Murray. His wife, who was reputed for a witch, is the heroine of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Their son, Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, performed the singularly perilous exploit of liberating a predatory dependent, of the name of Kinmont Willie, from Carlisle Castle, during the night. Being afterwards sent, by James VI., to make his peace with Queen Elizabeth, and asked by that princess how he could dare to do such an action; he answered, over his shoulder, drawing himself up haughtily, "Dare! what is there, madam, that a man may not dare?" The Queen, who, delighted in the exhibition of manly character, was much pleased with the reply. "With ten thousand such men," she said to a lord in waiting, "our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe." This bold baron was very active in quieting the borders, after the union of the crowns. He draughted off a regiment of desperate outlaws, and carried them over to fight in the wars of Holland. For his services in this way, he received the first peerage of the family—that of Lord Scott of Buccleuch—in 1606. The locality of the title is a small recess in one of the minor vales of Selkirkshire, in which, according to tradition, the *vis primus* of family, a mere peasant, first won distinction by helping the king to kill a buck. Walter, the son of the first lord, became Earl of Buccleuch, in 1619, by the favour of James VI. Francis, the second Earl, who added Dalkeith to the family property, was a zealous royalist; and, on that account, fined by Cromwell, in no less than 15,000*l*. At his death, in 1651, he left two daughters, Mary and Anne. The former, being one of the greatest matches in the country, instantly became the object of deep matrimonial intrigues. At the early age of eleven, she was united to Walter Scott, the son of a small border laird, and who afterwards became conspicuous, as Earl of Tarras, in the affair of Russel and Sydney. The event caused what would now be called a *great sensation*. The young countess, however, died in 1661, without issue, and the peerage descended to her sister Anne, who, at twelve years of age, was married (1663) to the Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II., who was then fourteen. Monmouth, on the day of his marriage, was created Duke of Buccleuch. Duchess Anne had six children by her husband. The affecting scene between her and the unhappy Monmouth, previous to his execution, is well known. It is said that James II., while he rigorously condemned his nephew to the scaffold, entertained, nevertheless, a strong degree of favour for the Duchess, who, being very plain, has almost been suspected of a rather scandalous intimacy with that monarch. [James, it is well known, was said, by his brother, to select his mistresses for penance.] His majesty certainly restored all her estates. The widow of Monmouth died so lately as 1732. She had married a second husband; but, nevertheless, continued, to the day of her death, to keep up the state of a princess of the blood, being attended with pages, served on the knee, and covered with a canopy in her room, where no one was allowed to sit in her presence. The late Duke Henry, grandfather to the present duke, was only second in succession to Duchess Anne. The family has not, during the last century, been in the least degree distinguished historically. It bears, however, a long descended character of true goodness and beneficence, which endears it to the bosoms of the common people. On the death of the Duke of Queensberry, in 1810, that title devolved upon the family of Buccleuch, through an ancestress; and both titles are now enjoyed by one person.

COMPULSIVE HOSPITALITY.

Mr. Logan, in his work called the "Scottish Gael," treating of Highland hospitality, tells us of a chief who used to lie in watch at his house for travellers, with the purpose of entertaining them, and who, on finding any one unwilling to come in and be refreshed, used to say, "that the fellow must be a scrub at home himself!" As a still more striking exemplification of this extreme species of kindness, we may mention that the Lairds of Newtyle, in Forfarshire, used to keep cannon pointed to the road near by their old castle, so as to *compel* the wayfarers to come in and be regaled. It is also worth telling, that the Lairds of Hangingshaw, in Selkirkshire, kept a large goblet, known far and wide as the "Hangingshaw Ladle," which they administered full of reaming ale to every person, of whatever degree, whether willing or unwilling, who entered the house. A circumstance still more in point is related regarding a former proprietor of Crichton Castle in Edinburghshire. A stout baron, with a goodly retinue, having presumed to pass this person's gates without the usual homage of stopping to take refreshment, the Laird of Crichton mounted horse, with all his merry men, and, overtaking the recreant traveller, brought him back, and threw him, with all his attendants, into the massymore of the castle. Afterwards, taking fear to himself for the result of such a strange exploit, he liberated the baron, and, planting him at table, endeavoured to restore him to good humour, by formally waiting upon him at meat.

THE SCENERY OF THE OHIO.

"The heart must indeed be cold that would not glow among scenes like these. Rightly did the French call this stream *La Belle Rivière*, (the beautiful river). The sprightly Canadian, plying his oar in cadence with the wild notes of the boat-song, could not fail to find his heart enlivened by the beautiful symmetry of the Ohio. Its current is always graceful, and its shores everywhere romantic. Every thing here is on a large scale. The eye of the traveller is continually regaled with magnificent scenes. Here are no pigmy mounds dignified by the name of mountains; no rivulets swelled into rivers. Nature has worked with a rapid but masterly hand; every touch is bold, and the whole is grand as well as beautiful; while room is left for art to embellish and fertilize that which nature has created with a thousand capabilities. There is much sameness in the character of the scenery; but that sameness is in itself as delightful, it consists in the recurrence of noble traits, which are too pleasing ever to be viewed with indifference; like the regular features which we sometimes find in the face of a beautiful woman, their charm consists in their own intrinsic gracefulness, rather than in the variety of their expressions. The Ohio has not the sprightly, fanciful wildness of the Niagara, the St. Lawrence, or the Susquehanna, whose impetuous torrents, rushing over beds of rocks, or dashing against the jutting cliffs, arrest the ear by their murmurs, and delight the eye with their eccentric wanderings. Neither is it like the Hudson, margined at one spot by the meadow and the village, and overhung at another by threatening precipices and stupendous mountains. It has a wild, solemn, silent sweetness, peculiar to itself. The noble stream, clear, smooth, and unruffled, sweeps onward with regular majestic force. Continually changing its course, as it rolls from vale to vale, it always winds with dignity, and, avoiding those acute angles which are observable in less powerful streams, sweeps round in graceful bends, as if disdaining the opposition to which Nature forces it to submit. On each side rise the romantic hills, piled on each other to a tremendous height; and between them are deep, abrupt, silent glens, which at a distance seem inaccessible to the human foot; while the whole is covered with timber of a gigantic size, and a luxuriant foliage of the deepest hues. Throughout this scene there is a pleasing solitariness, that speaks peace to the mind, and invites the fancy to soar abroad among the tranquil haunts of meditation. Sometimes the splashing of the oar is heard, and the boatman's song awakens the surrounding echoes; but the most usual music is that of the native songsters, whose melody steals pleasingly on the ear, with every modulation, at all hours, and in every change of situation. The poet, in sketching these solitudes, might, by throwing his scene a few years back, add the light canoe, and the war-song of the Indians; but the peaceful traveller rejoices in the absence of that which would bring danger, as well as variety within his reach."—*Hall's Letters from the West.*

MOURNING.

Mourning, among the ancients, was expressed by very different signs, as by tearing their clothes, wearing sackcloth, laying aside crowns and other ensigns of honour: thus Plutarch in his life of Cato, relates, that from the time of his leaving the city with Pompey, he neither shaved his head, nor, as usual, wore the crown or garland. A public grief was sometimes testified by a general fast. Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained, by law, for women who had lost their husbands. In public mourning, the shops of Rome were shut up, the senators laid aside their laticlavian robes, the consuls sat in a lower seat than usual, and the women put aside all their ornaments.

The colours of the dress, or habit, worn to signify grief, are different in different countries. In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is *black*; in China it is white, a colour that was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies; in Turkey, it is blue, or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown, and kings and cardinals mourn in purple.

Every nation and country gave a reason for their wearing the particular colour of their mourning: *black*, which is the privation of light, is supposed to denote the privation of life; white is an emblem of purity; yellow is to represent, that death is the end of all human hopes, because this is the colour of leaves when they fall and flowers when they fade; brown denotes the earth, to which the dead return; blue is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys; and purple or violet, is supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope.

The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings, is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Manomet.

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

With respect again to the modes of enforcing discipline in our standing armies, we would willingly draw a veil over them, which no hand should be permitted to raise till it could be lifted on the system recently introduced. There is no gratification in describing such punishments as picketing, riding the wooden horse, flogging till the wretched criminal almost died under the lash, or any other of the barbarous inflictions which our English soldiers owed to the tyranny of their German masters. Far more satisfactory is it to learn that the wisdom and good feeling of later times have laboured to infuse among soldiers a sense of honour, which renders 100 lashes more painful to the prisoner now, than 1000 were to his precursor in crime.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

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RELATIONS.

OWING to the different merits of the different members of a family, and in some measure, also, to the various chances which are vouchsafed to them of bettering their circumstances, we generally see that though they all begin alike, some go *up* and some go *down* in life, so that in the long run the family, or at least its second generation, is scattered over nearly the whole surface of society—from its top to its bottom. The case may seem startling; but it is our belief that there is hardly any person, be his own situation ever so exalted, who has not relations, and near relations too, in the very lowest walks of life—not only in the condition of servants, perhaps, for that is decent, and, in its way, respectable, but in the most degraded state to which human nature can well be reduced.

In the same way almost all of us have kinsfolk a little higher in the scale than ourselves, or whom we think so—it is all one. Now it is quite amazing how accurate our genealogical knowledge becomes respecting one of these individuals, compared with its equally surprising ignorance regarding those who have not been so fortunate. When a cousin or half grand-uncle rises above our level, he rises into a blaze of light, which enables us to trace our connection with him as plainly as we run our eye along the string of a boy's kite. But when a poor nephew or grand-nephew descends into poverty and contempt, he seems like a plummet submersed in the ocean, where, though we may occasionally feel him tugging at the bottom of the line, we are totally unable to trace the line itself. We are always most laudably ready to exchange the civilities of life and the affections of kindred with the cousin who has, in the first place, convinced us of his merit by thatching himself well over with bank notes. It is pleasant to go and dine at a kinsman's house, where we know our entertainment can be furnished without any distress to our worthy host. But really it is a totally different case to intrude upon a scene where our poor friend is doing his best, with the tears in his eyes, to satisfy the cravings of his family with, perhaps, a very homely meal. Humanity, in that case, demands that we should rather stay away, for we know he does not like to be seen in his poor state. And then, too, how easily we can put up with the eccentricities of a wealthy relation, even though they may sometimes gall our pride a little: how strangely liable, on the other hand, are we to fall out with the poor unfortunates below us! On the day after having been regaled to the uttermost excess by our wealthy friend, we will quarrel with the poor one for having drunk a single glass of some plebeian fluid. With the former, nothing—with the latter, everything is a fault. The imperfections of the poor are yawning and palpable as their own rags: those of the rich are as smooth as broad cloth can make them. The truth is, our senses can tolerate almost any odious or improper thing that is found in a scene above our usual grade in the world. We never know enough of it to be able to measure its real odiousness, or it is disguised by the cordial appliances which we always have ready for the sores of the great. But the vices, nay, the smallest foibles of the lowly, come before our senses so bare, so beggarly, so unannealed, and, moreover, they are so immediately followed by that additional wretchedness which wealthy error escapes, that we have no excuse for them. Hence we generally find, that we have shaken off the most of our poor relations on account of some trivial cause of offence, which we find it necessary, however, to be always nursing in our minds, in order to sustain us in the conviction that the breach of treaty—the *casus fœderis*—was sufficient.

There is one very obvious mark in the individual who despises poor relations—a perpetual reference to rich ones. Some people are constantly bringing in allusions to "my cousin Mr. This," and "my uncle Mr. That," and even to more remote relations, such as "my great-grandmother the Countess of Somewhere," A few are so very silly as to tell in their newspaper announcement of their marriage, that their bride, besides being daughter to this or that plain esquire, is "grand niece to General So-and-So," or "cousin to Mr. Such-a-thing, Secretary of State." These announcements are an impertinence fit for the interference of the legislature—or the police. If people have exalted relations, let them enjoy them as much as they can within themselves, but do not let them be perpetually presenting this odious little piece of vanity before others, who not only are not interested in it, but are perhaps reminded by it that they have no fine relations themselves. To be always thus singling out a relation from all the rest, and holding him up in connection with ourselves, is a direct injury to him, in so far that we are thus trying to exalt ourselves at his expense; an indirect insult to our kindred in general whom we leave out of view; and a nuisance to all before whom we thus exhibit our own poverty of soul. It is a *cultivation* of the most odious character, and necessarily suggests to every thinking person, that, in exact proportion to our homage to the great persons of our family, must be our haughtiness and severity to the humble. The people addicted to this vice of conversation are evidently satisfied in their own minds that they are talking very fine, and exciting no feeling in their hearers but admiration and respect; but in reality they are always scouted and ridiculed, even to the degree of being honoured with a nickname, carved, perhaps, out of the favourite phrase.

A really good and philosophical spirit will neither plume himself upon his more fortunate, nor despise his less fortunate relations. He will modestly rejoice on the success of the former, and take care, by avoiding the appearance of intrusiveness on the one hand, and a pettish and splenetic jealousy on the other, to afford no reason for the fortunate individual to feel incommoded by the connection, and consequently endeavour to shake it off. To those who are less fortunate than himself, he will be as encouraging and kind as circumstances render prudent or decent, neither manifesting that vulgar pride which tries needlessly to make a kind of virtue out of a low origin, nor that still more vulgar and pitiable vanity, which denies all inferior kindred, and seeks, at the expense of true dignity, the eclât of a few "great friends." We allow there is a general difficulty in the case. Friends in different worldly circumstances are like positive and negative clouds in electricity; there is a constant tendency to equalization, which is not relished by the parties whose purses are charged positively.* But human nature should be always contending with its weaknesses, and though full confiding friendship is not perhaps to be expected, there may still be a sufficient interchange of kindness to lighten, in no small degree, the general burden of life.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

THE earth—the surface of which is so beautifully diversified by water and dry land, mountains and valleys, extensive forests and tracts of open and bare country—is on all sides surrounded with air, without the presence of which, not even the humblest being in the scale of organization could support its own existence. The ancients were not unacquainted, at the earliest period, with the vast importance of this agent in the great economy of Nature; and, in their rude cosmogonies, or attempts to explain the history of the creation, they argued that it was one of the four elements whence all things originated. Nay, they even attached to it a species of idolatry; for Anaximenes believed it to be the principal Deity, and St. Augustine esteemed it the second parent of all earthly objects. But the age of such idle reveries and blind adorations has now passed away; and happily the human mind has emancipated itself from the monkish superstitions by which it was once encumbered; so that now the door of the Inquisition no longer threatens to close with all its horrors on the humble votary of science. The light that surrounds us—the air we breathe—the dust on which we tread—every object, animate or inanimate, that can be approached by the hand of man, has been carefully, and with impunity, investigated; nor need any person in quest of knowledge, like Hassan in the wilderness, now sit down and lament the dreariness of the prospect around him. Here then in continuation of our popular notices on science, we proceed to the subject of atmospheric air: and it will, assuredly, not be uninteresting to examine what is known concerning its height, density, humidity, electrical state, colour, composition, and its effects on the animate and inanimate creation.

The air is generally described as a fluid, because all bodies move through it with facility; and, in a state of rest, it does not oppose the passage of the minutest winged insect, or the transmission of the most delicate odour. Its whole mass, surrounding the earth, may be regarded as a great aërial ocean, at the bottom of which, man, and a vast variety of animals, live; while winged tribes alone rise into its higher regions. How high it extends has not been yet satisfactorily determined; but, from the length of time during which the sun's rays continue to be reflected from its upper regions back to the earth, after its orb has sunk below the horizon, there is reason to infer that it extends, in a state of extreme tenuity, to a very considerable height—nay, it has been conjectured, that, in this attenuated condition, it may pervade all space, accumulating round the sun, moon, and stars, and forming an atmosphere round each of them, of greater or lesser density, according to their respective powers of attraction. This notion, however, has been materially shaken by the observations of the late Dr. Wollaston, who, in conjunction with Captain Kater, observed in the year 1822, that, in the motion of the planet Venus towards the sun, her progress and position did not seem affected by any solar atmosphere. Also, it was observed, that the approach of the satellites to Jupiter did not seem affected by the existence of any atmosphere round that planet; which astronomical observation, if correct,

* Thunder is produced by the passing of electric fluid, from a full to an empty cloud, in other words, from one charged positively, to one charged in a negative condition,—there being no possibility of two clouds, in such circumstances remaining near each other without this phenomenon.

must subvert the idea of our atmosphere being infinite in its extent, and surrounding the numerous other worlds of this magnificent universe. From calculations founded on the rarefaction of air, and the duration of twilight, it has been concluded, that the atmosphere of our earth extends to the height of forty or forty-five miles; beyond which it is supposed not to extend, on account of the great tenuity of its particles, and the extreme cold there diminishing its elasticity, so as to prevent any additional extension. But it must be confessed, that, on this subject, we have not yet come to any satisfactory conclusion; and thus too often it happens that Science, in her proudest flights, is compelled to droop her pinions, and return dissatisfied to earth.

Whatever be the height to which the atmosphere extends, it is evident that the air in immediate contact with the surface of the earth must have to support the weight of the mass immediately above, whereby its particles must be forced nearer together; in the same way, that if a number of layers of wool were placed one above another, the undermost, from the pressure of those above, would have its fibres more closely approximated and massed together. The ancients—Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato—were aware that the air exerted a pressure on the earth; but it remained for Gallileo, who suffered persecution under the unhallowed edicts of the Inquisition, to shew philosophers that the pressure of the air is sufficient to support a column of mercury thirty inches high. If we take a glass tube, closed at one end, and pour into it mercury to that height; and if we then close the open end with our finger, invert it into a basin of the same fluid, and withdraw the finger, we shall find that the mercury in the tube will remain at the height of thirty inches; the reason of which is, that it cannot fall lower without raising the mercury in the basin, which, being pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere above, cannot give way. Toricellus, the pupil of Gallileo, extended the experiment to other fluids, and discovered, that, in the same way, the pressure of the atmosphere will support a column of thirty-four feet of water, that fluid being three or four times lighter than mercury. Accordingly, the pressure of the atmosphere is the same as if the earth were covered with mercury to the depth of thirty inches, or with water to the depth of thirty-four feet. This being understood, we may add, that the air near the earth's surface having to support this superincumbent weight, has a density indicated by about an ounce Troy to a cubit foot; but the higher we ascend, the more this pressure and density must be diminished. On these facts rests the principle on which the barometer is constructed, which is nothing more than a tube containing mercury, which indicates, by its rise or fall, the greater or lesser weight of the air immediately above it. At the level of the sea, the column of air being longer, the mercury is forced high up the tube; but on the tops of high mountains, the column of air being shorter, the pressure is diminished, and the mercury then falls. When the barometer is carried from the level of the Thames to the top of St. Paul's Church, in London, the mercury falls about an inch, indicating an ascent of about five hundred feet; when to the top of Mont Blanc, it sinks half of its entire height, marking an elevation of fifteen thousand feet; and in Du Luc's balloon ascent, it fell to below twelve inches, indicating a height of twenty-one thousand feet above the surface of the earth. Hence the barometer is used as a convenient instrument for measuring the elevations of different places; but this is not all: every person must be familiar with it as a monitor of the weather. When the water which has been suspended in the air separates as rain, the weight of the air diminishes; and consequently, the mercury in the barometer sinks. On the contrary, the more serene and settled is the weather, the highert he barometer ranges. Approaching high winds, from disturbing the equilibrium of the atmosphere, are often indicated by a sudden sinking of the mercury in the barometer; hence is constructed the instrument known as the marine barometer, which differs from that used on shore only in having its tube contracted in one place, to prevent the rising and falling of the mercury with every motion of the ship, and which gives almost providential warning of approaching tempest. "The marine barometer," says Mr. Arnott, "has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author was one of a numerous crew who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude—the sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare with all haste for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity. As yet, the oldest sailors had not perceived a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry of the preparations; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the bare yards and masts were in great part disabled; and, at one time, the whole rigging had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few moments, was the mingled roar of the hurricane above, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard; and, amidst the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given the warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have saved one man to tell the tale. On the following morning, the wind was again at rest; but the ship lay on the yet heaving waves, an unsightly wreck."

The pressure of the atmosphere being so considerable, how happens it that such a weight can be supported by living animals, for it is calculated that on an average its pressure amounts to fourteen pounds and a half on every square inch of the earth's surface, so that the human body must sustain a weight of from fifteen to twenty tons? This query, which has challenged the ingenuity of some of the most celebrated men who have distinguished themselves in the annals of science, has recently claimed the attention of the ingenious Dr. Dalton of Manchester, whose discoveries have already done so much to advance the progress of chemistry. He has explained what by experience is proved to be the actual weight of the human body; he has then, by adding together the calculated weight of its solid and fluid parts, and the air which enters into it, allowing a surplus for that which permeates the bones and muscles, &c. found that the weight of the living body, as proved by experiment, is less than the calculated weight. Whence this discrepancy? "Upon the whole (says he) I am inclined to believe the true explanation of the difficulty will be found in this, that the *substance* of the body is pervious to air, and that a considerable portion of it constantly exists in the body during life, subject to increase and diminution according to the pressure of the atmosphere, in the same manner as it exists in water; and further, that when life is extinct, this air in some degree escapes, and renders the parts specifically heavier than when the vital functions were in a state of activity."* The human body, then, is to be regarded as being throughout pervious to air, and as the elasticity and pressure within corresponds with that without, no weight is imposed on any part of it until the balance is destroyed; it is therefore a fallacy to speak of the human body having to support any such weight. When we place our hand over the glass of an air-pump, and withdraw the air below, the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside of the hand is scarcely felt, but the inside is swollen, rendered painful, and feels drawn into the receiver. When we ascend a mountain, and arrive at a region where the surrounding air is much rarified, the air within the substance of the body in like manner opposing an unequal pressure against that without, gives rise also to painful sensations, fulness and throbbing of the temples, and the most distressing lassitude. Dr. Clarke, in describing his ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, observes, "Every two or three minutes we all sunk down in the snow quite breathless, and scarcely able to utter a word. One of the guides had some bleeding from an accidental blow, not from simple rarefaction of the air. The blood appeared to me decidedly of a darker colour than natural; our lips were quite blue; our faces extremely contracted and pale, and the eyes very much sunk, with a deep dark zone beneath the lower eyelids; but no one had the least spontaneous hæmorrhage from the gums or eyes. Every start we cast a longing, lingering look at the summit, and then holding our heads low, pressed onwards till the feeling of exhaustion became irresistible, and we sunk again quite flat on the snow." Another traveller, Mr. Auldjo, who ascended Mont Blanc in 1827, thus describes the effect of the highly rarefied air when near the summit. "It was with some difficulty that I could be persuaded to leave the rocks, for all my enthusiasm was at an end; the lassitude and exhaustion had completely subdued my spirits. I was anxious to get to the summit, but I felt as if I should never accomplish it, the weariness and weakness increasing the moment I attempted to ascend a few steps, and I was convinced that in a few minutes I should be completely overcome. I was induced to proceed by the exhortations of the guides. We had to climb about one hour to get to the summit; but this part of the undertaking required most extraordinary exertion, and severe labour it was. From the place where the rarity of the air was first felt, we had been able to proceed fifteen or twenty steps without halting to take breath; but now, after every third or fourth, the stoutest, strongest guide became exhausted; and it was only by lying down or resting on the baton some seconds, and turning the face to the north wind, which blew strong and cold, that sufficient strength could be regained to take the next two or three paces." He further adds, "The earnest solicitude which my guests shewed, much to their own discomfort and annoyance, to keep my spirits up, was in vain; I was exhausted; the sensation of weakness in the legs had become excessive; I was nearly choking from the dryness of my throat and the difficulty of breathing, and my head was almost bursting with pain. My eyes were smarting from inflammation, the reflection from the snow nearly blinding me, at the same time burning and blistering my face. I had, during the morning, as a protection, occasionally worn a leather mask, with green eye-glasses, but latterly I found it oppressive, and wore a veil instead; that also I was now obliged to discard. I besought the guides to leave me. I prayed Julian Devouassoud to go to the summit with them, and allow me to remain where I was, that by the time I returned I might be refreshed to commence the descent. I told them I had seen enough. I used every argument in my power to induce them to grant my request. Their only answer was, that they would carry me, exhausted as they were, to the summit, rather than that I should not get to it; that if they could not carry they would drag me. Being unable to resist I became passive, and two of the least exhausted forced me up some short distance, each taking an arm." Having at length attained the object of his painful expedition, our traveller remarks, "I had taken very little notice of the progress we were making, when I suddenly found myself on the summit . . . . . The object of my ambition and my toil was gained; yet the rewards of my danger and fatigues could hardly produce enjoyment enough, to gratify me for a few moments. The mind was as exhausted as the body; and I turned with indifference from the view which I had endured so much to behold; and, throwing myself on the snow behind a small mound which formed the highest point, and sheltered me from the wind, in a few seconds I was soundly buried in sleep, surrounded by the guides, who were all seeking repose, which neither the burning rays of the sun, nor the piercing cold of the snow, could prevent or disturb." These distressing sensations at such elevations, arise not only from the increased rarity of the air demanding a more rapid respiration, in order that the necessary quantity of air should traverse the lungs, which is always accompanied by an accelerated circulation; but, as above explained, from the air within the body being denser and more elastic, and exerting a greater pressure, than is met by any counterpoise without. As in the case of the hand over the partly exhausted air-pump, the vessels are distended. Thence arises a sense of extreme uneasiness; and the more delicate bloodvessels in the eyes, mouth, and lungs, are occasionally ruptured. If the transition were more gradual, so as to allow time for the air within the body to acquire the same condition as the air without, such a loss of balance would not ensue. Indeed, there is reason to believe, that we might accustom ourselves to live under a much lighter pressure of atmosphere than we do, even under the weight of half an atmosphere. Mexico is 7775, and Quito 9550 feet above the level of the sea; yet, in neither of these places do the inhabitants complain of the rarity of the atmosphere. In this country, winds, heat, the quantity of vapour suspended in the air, and other causes, many of them little known, cause sudden variations in its pressure; on which occasions, many of us experience a difficulty in moving, and feel indolent, and accuse the weather of being heavy,—whereas, in fact, it is lighter than it was before; and our uneasiness arises from the balance of the aerial pressure within not corresponding precisely to that which is without the body. Another effect of the rarefaction of the air in these higher regions, may here be noticed, viz. its effect on the transmission of sounds. It is well known, that sound is transmitted by the undulation of the air; but the density of the air may be so diminished, as no longer to permit the transmission of sounds of ordinary intensity. "The most peculiar sensations," observes Mr. Auldjo, which all have felt who have

* *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, No. 25, p. 92

gained this great height, the summit of Mont Blanc, "arises from the awful stillness which reigns, almost unbroken even by the voices of those speaking to one another; for its feeble sound can hardly be heard." On one occasion, the party, in ascending this mountain, attempted to sing a Swiss chant; but found they could not modulate their voices. The report of a pistol on the top of Mont Blanc, sounded no louder than that of an Indian cracker. Almost every person must have observed the variations which occur in the transmission of sounds through the air, even in its ordinary state. The sound of distant church bells, when the air is perfectly calm, will often appear at a singular distance from, and often at a singular proximity to the listener. The sportsman on the open heath, will often notice the unaccountable variety of sounds produced by the discharge of his gun; all which must depend on the state of the surrounding air, on its density, the quantity of vapour suspended in it, and the clouds that extend above it. When the air is foggy, its undulations are interrupted, and the sound is dull and prolonged. When it is overarched with clouds, its undulations return back, producing a succession of echoes. And when, after night fall, the heat from the ground has been uniformly diffused, and the air is of an equal density, every sound is transmitted with peculiar intensity, whether we listen to the rippling of a distant stream, or the buzzing of some minute and unseen insect. Hence, Shakespeare, who may be said to have been one of the familiars of Nature, makes his Romeo not inaptly observe,—"How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night;" and, independent of all other accompanying associations, there are few of us who have not been sensible of the more exquisite effects of music heard in the open air, amidst that peculiar stillness which characterizes this season of repose.

[*This article will be completed in the ensuing Number.*]

THE AMERICAN SAILOR'S STORY.

"Come, spin us a yarn, Jack, my boy," said a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked young midshipman, to old Jack Palmer, one evening, as we were running down the Spanish Main, before as sweet a breeze as ever filled a to'gallant-sail. Jack Palmer was an old sea-dog, and a clever fellow, at least in the Yankee sense of the word. He had seen all sorts of service, and knew all sorts of stories, which were perhaps not the less amusing for their want of grammar, and their abundance of sea phrases. He was master's mate of the gun-deck; but when called upon for a story by Rosy Willy, (the name of the little reefer that had asked Jack for a yarn,) his business for the day was finished; the grog had been served; the bull stowed away in the spirit-room, and the key of the hatch returned to the master. It was a pleasant evening, too, and as it was only three bells of the second dog-watch, and of course too early to turn in, Jack sat down on the fo'castle chest, and signified his willingness to comply. He was immediately surrounded by a knot of midshipmen, eager to listen, and, after the usual preliminary of a fresh quid, he began as follows:—

Merriville Terry, or, as they used to call him for shortness, Merry Terry—and a right good name it was, for he was as gay a lark as ever gave life and animation to a steerage mess-table—was one of the noblest middies that I ever knew. He was as full of rigs and jokes as a French man-of-war is of music, and they were quite as harmless, too; for Merry never said any thing to hurt a shipmate's feelings, and no one ever thought of getting angry at his fun. There wasn't a reefer in the whole fleet that didn't love him like a brother; nor a luff that when there was hard duty to do, didn't favour him all he could; for Merry had a delicate constitution, and couldn't stand the rough and tumble of the sarvice as well as some. But he was no skulk, and blow high or blow low, Merry never shrank from his watch. When the relief was called at night, whether it was calm or storm, all sail or close-reefed top-sail and fore-sail, it made no difference, on deck he always was before the sound would be out of the bell. He didn't tumble up the hatchway either, as some of you reefers do, with your hands in your beckets, and your bow-ports half shut, or fumbling at your button-holes, like a green-horn at a gasket; but up he sprung, wide awake, and rigged from clue to earing, as if all dressed to go ashore on liberty. As I said afore, every body from stem to starn, liked Merry Terry, or for the matter of that, from one end of the navy list to the other—all except one man. As for the sailors, it would have done your heart good to see how they watched his eye when he had charge of the deck, as if they wanted to spell out his orders before he had time to speak 'em. They would do more for a single look of Merry, than for all the curses and damns of the skipper, though backed by the boatswain's mate, with the cats in his hand. It wasn't from any fear of him, you may be sure, for I don't b'lieve Merry ever stopped a man's grog, or as much as gave him a cross word, in his life; but it was from pure love and respect. When he spoke, to be sure, there was something in his tone and manner that seemed to say he must be obeyed; and when he looked at a man who had been cutting up rustics, though he didn't frown, or swell, or try to look big, as I have seen some officers do, yet there was that in his eye that made the stoutest quail. It was just so among the reefers at the mess-table. If two of them was sky-larking or quarrelling, or doing anything ungentlemanly, Merry would just look at them, and they would leave off at once, and droop their heads like a dog-vane in a calm. I said every body loved him; I remember once, when we were beating up the Straits with a Levanter dead a-head, and blowing so heavy it almost took the very buttons off our jackets, that Merry, some how or other, happened to fall overboard. He had been standing on the taffrel, with his quadrant in his hand, trying to get a chance at a lunar, when all of a sudden the old hulk made a heavy lee-lurch, and away he went splash into the water. Though there was a sea running, like so many mountains chasing each other, yet before you could say Jack Robinson, no less than four stout fellows were overboard after him. It liked to have gone hard with the whole five, for it was more than the stoutest swimmer could do to keep his head above board, and before we could clear away the starn boat, though we didn't stop to cast off the gripes, but cut and slashed away, they was almost out of sight to leeward. Old Tom Bowman, the quarter-gunner, and Bill Williams, the captain of the fo'castle, made out to reach Merry just as he was going down the last time; and though it was as much as their own lives were worth, they held him up till the boat came to their assistance. I well remember the joy of all hands when the boat pulled up under the starn, near enough for 'em to see that Merry was in it; and when they hooked on the tackles, I don't b'lieve that ever a ship's crew ran away with the falls with as much good will, as ours did that evening in running up the jolly-boat that had saved Merry Terry.

It was a long cruise that we were together, and Merry got to be as much of a man in size and appearance as any of us, before it was over, though he couldn't have been more than eighteen then. On our arrival in New York, the most of the middies got their walking papers as soon as they could, and made sail, each for his own home. Merry's connexions, who were of Irish descent, lived in Virginia, and it was that way he laid his course, you may be sure. I remember very well the morning when I had the third cutter called away and manned for him; and, as we wrung each other's hand at the gangway, neither of us had voice enough to say good-bye. My stomach felt all that day as empty as a midshipman's locker, and the ship seemed as lonesome to me as the old brig Nancy did once, when all hands died off of the yellow fever, and left me and the old tom cat the only living souls aboard of her.

For about two years after Merriville and me parted, I lost the run of my old shipmate. He continued ashore, but I soon got tired of being cooped up in the narrow streets, with no chance of seeing more of the sky than chose to shine between the tops of the dingy houses Happening to hear that some of my acquaintances were going aboard a ship then fitting out at Boston, I applied for orders myself, and was soon once more where I had a little sea-room to ware and haul upon. That was a short cruise, and by the time twenty months were up, we were all home again, the crew discharged, and I, with my hands in my beckets, spinning street yarn, and having nothing in the world to do.

The next ship I was ordered to was my own namesake, old Jack Adams; she was lying in Hampton roads, ready for sea. The first man I met, as I went up the accommodation ladder, was Merry Terry himself, who stood upon the gangway-sill to receive me. I knew him at a glance, though he was a good deal altered; and he knew me, too, as soon as his eye rested on my face. Merry was by this time about twenty years of age, or thereabouts, and a finer looking fellow never trod the quarter-deck. He had lately lost both his parents, and this had given a sort of sad expression to his countenance, that made him appear handsomer than ever. I soon found that he was the general favourite on board the ship, as indeed he always was, go where he would; and it was expected that before we sailed he would get his parchment from Washington, and mount a swab. An elegant luff he would have made, too, for if ever man knew how to work a ship, it was Merry Terry. When he had the deck, the old craft herself seemed to know it; and no matter what kind of weather we had, she was sure to behave as obedient as a side-boy. I have seen him put her in stays where there wasn't a breaker of water to spare, with rocks both a-head and a-starn, and the wind whizzing round and round, like a bee in a bucket of tar. But when it was "helm's a-lee," and Merry had the trumpet, there was no such thing as missing stays.

I mind I told you a while ago, that every body liked Merry Terry, except one man—that man was the skipper. Somehow or other he hated him worse than the devil hates a marine. He used to ride him down like a main tack, would row him on all occasions, and put him on all kinds of disagreeable duty. It was even thought he had clapped a stopper on his promotion. The story among the reefers went, that Merry had come athwart captain's hawse in some love affair: but whether that was so or not, was mere dead-reckoning, for Merry was as close as an oyster, and never spoke a disrespectful word of his commander. In return for all the abuse he received, he would only curl his lip a little, and look at him dead in the eyes—but such a look as he would sometimes give him! I would rather, for my part, have been on short allowance of grog for a month. Well, things went on in this way for some weeks, till at last sailing orders were given out, and, of course, there was no more going ashore for the middies. The boats were run up and stowed, the pole to'gallant mast struck, and storm stumps sent up in their place; all hands were called to unmoor, and we even hove short, so as to be ready to trip and be off, whenever word should come from the cabin to that effect. When all this was done, the captain sent up an order to have his gig lowered away and manned, and directly after came on deck himself, in a full rig of citizen's togs. Merry Terry stood in the gangway, leaning over the hammock cloth, when he heard the boatswain's mate pipe away the gigs; and, as the familiar sound struck his ear, I noticed that he started and turned pale. It was a glorious night—much such an evening as this, only later, about two or three bells in the first watch, I think. As the captain passed over the gangway, he gave a peculiar kind of look at Merry—something like what a monkey would at a marine after stealing his pipe-clay—and then, turning round to the first luff, he said—"Remember, Mr. Orlop, that you are under sailing orders, and that no one must leave the ship on any pretence." As he spoke this, he turned another malicious glance at Merry out of the corner of his eye, and, jumping into the stern sheets of the gig, ordered the men to let fall and give way.

As long as the sound of the oars in the rowlocks could be heard, Merry stood as still as a stock-fish, his eye following the wake of the boat till it was lost in the haze of distance. When he could neither hear nor see it any longer, he began to walk about as wild as the devil in a gale of wind; and the reefers, who would gladly have done anything they could to soothe him, saw clear enough that it wasn't a matter for them to meddle with. In the midst of his agitation, a shore-boat came alongside, the waterman in which handed a note up to the middy that went to the gangway to receive it, and immediately shoved off again. The note, of course, was given to the officer of the deck, according to man-of-war fashion, and he being a stately, pompous sort of fellow, took his own time to send one of the side-boys for a lantern. When the glim came up, he walked to the fife-rail, and looking at the superscription, discovered that the note was for Merry Terry. The latter, on learning this, eagerly extended his hand for it, and, tearing it open, rapidly devoured its contents; then, rushing to the gangway, he would have sprung into the shore-boat, which he hoped was still alongside; but, during the officer of the deck's delay, it had already got far beyond hailing distance. Three or four times Merry paced up and down the deck in violent agitation, his lip as white and quivering as a gib in the wind, and his eyes shining like the top-glim of a commodore's ship. All at once he walked right up to the first luff, who was standing abaft, leaning on the taffrel, and, in a voice that seemed to come from the cable tier, it was so hoarse and deep, he said, "Mr. Orlop, I must go ashore to-night." "You cannot, Mr. Terry, you heard the captain's orders." "Damn the captain!" (It was the first word I ever heard Merry swear, though he and I had been messmates going on five years.) "Mr. Terry, you forget yourself!" answered the first luff, in a firm, yet mild tone. "If you use such language, Sir, you will force me to a disagreeable exercise of my duty." "I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Orlop," said Merry, partly recollecting himself; "but I am half distracted. If you will lend me your ear, Sir, in a more private part of the ship, I will relate to you what may perhaps change your notions of duty."

Mr. Orlop was one of that class of officers who, to the knowledge and skill of an able seaman, added the feelings and address of a perfect gentleman. He, as well as every body else on board, had seen, and felt indignant at the treatment Merry received at the captain's hands; and some of the whispers respecting the cause had also reached him. Perceiving that poor Merry was now uncommonly agitated, and fearing that he might commit some indiscretion which would oblige him to exert unpleasant authority, he readily complied with his request, and led the way to his own state room.

The conference, whatever was its nature, was of short duration; but while it lasted, many a curious glance was cast towards the state-room door, and—I'm most ashamed to own it—many a listening ear was inclined towards the bulk-head. There was little satisfaction got that way, howsomever, for nothing was heard but a low, humming sound, now and then broken by a muttered curse in Mr. Orlop's voice; and terminated at last by a sudden exclamation of that gentleman, loud enough for the whole steerage, and birth-deck into the bargain, to hear. "Enough, Mr. Terry, enough!" cried he. "You shall have it—if it costs me my commission, you shall have it! There is a point where obedience becomes a crime. When military discipline conflicts with the principles of honour, I will be the first to set an example of insubordination."

As he spoke thus, the door of the state-room was thrown violently open, and the two officers issued suddenly to view. The cheek and lips of Merry were still pale and quivering, while the face of the other was flushed with a deep red. They both ran rapidly up the companion-ladder, Mr. Orlop, at the same moment, calling out to me—"Mr. Palmer," said he, "call the boatswain, and order him to get out the first cutter immediately. Do you attend yourself, sir, on the birth-deck, and start up all the men!"

By this time, his foot was on the top-step of the ladder. As soon as his head was fairly above the combings of the hatch, he began again: "Boatswain's mate!" "Sir!" sung out old Reuben James, in his peculiar drawl. "Call away the first cutters, and do you stand by and see to getting up the yard-tackles.—Captain of the fo'-

castle, there!" "Sir!" bawled the captain of both starboard and larboard watch, at once, startled at the loud earnestness of the first lieutenant's voice. "Lay aloft, and stand by to get your yard tackles on the fore yard! —Quarter gunners, do you hear? do you do the same on the main!—Foretop, there! out on the yard with you, and send down a whip for the yard-tackle block!" "Ay, ay, sir!" promptly responded a voice from the foretop; and with these and similar orders and replies, intermixed with the shrill pipings of the boatswain and his mates, the spar-deck now resounded for several minutes. By the end of that time the cutter was hoisted out, and brought to at the gangway. She was no sooner there than Merry Terry sprang down the side, and the crew after, who, though they wondered as much as all the rest of us, officers and men, how all this was going to end, yet seeing they would oblige their favourite by moving lively, shoved off, and had up their oars in the crossing of a royal. "Mr. Terry," cried the first lieutenant, "remember your word of honour that you will return to-night, provided you find or make all safe!" "Upon my honour," answered Merry, laying his hand on his heart: then turning quickly to the men, "give way!" and as long as we could hear him, he kept saying every now and then, "give way, my hearties, give way —pull with a will," and such like.

And they did give way too. They were a set of as stout oarsmen as ever manned a frigate's first cutter; but they never showed themselves afore as they did that night. The boat fairly jumped out of the water every clip, and the foam that she dashed off from her bows formed a long white streak in her wake, as bright and dazzling as the trail of a Congreve rocket. You may think it wasn't many minutes before they reached the shore, going at that rate as if the devil had sent 'em an end. Merry steered her right head on, and never cried "rowed of all," till she struck the sandy beach with such force that she ran up high and dry, pitching the two bow oarsmen, who had got up to fend off, about half a cable's length from her. At the first grating of the keel upon the gravel, he leaped ashore, and, without stopping to say one word to the men, darted off like a wounded porpoise, running with all speed up the bank. For two or three minutes, the boat's crew looked at each other with their eyes stretched wide open, like the mouth of a dying fish, as much as to say, what the devil's all this! At length they began to consult together in a low, grumbling tone, as they were afraid to hear themselves speak, and Bill Williams, who was coxswain of the cutter, was the first to offer a suggestion that met the approval of the rest. "Only hark," said he, "how his feet go, clatter-clatter-clatter, as fast as the flopping of a jib-sheet in the wind. I'm fear'd, my hearties, that Mr. Terry's runnin' 'mongst the breakers, and if you'll stay by the boat, I'll give chase—and, if so needs be, lend him a lift."

The proposal of the honest coxswain was relished by all, and he, accordingly, set off in the same direction that his young officer had taken. But Bill Williams, though he could run about a ship's rigging like a monkey in mischief, was no match for Merry in a land-chase. His sea legs wasn't used to such business, and he went pitching and heaving a-head like a Dutch lugger afore the wind, and seemed, at every step, to be watching for the weather roll.

In the meantime, Merry linked it off like a Baltimore clipper going large. He had proceeded perhaps about a mile from the boat, along the road which he had struck into directly after leaving the beach, and instead of shortening sail, appeared to be crowding more and more canvass all the time, when, all of a sudden, he luffed up and hove to, on hearing the clatter of an approaching carriage. The noise of the wheels sounded nearer and nearer, as they came rattling along over the rough road, and it wasn't long before the quick trampling of the horses' feet, and the clicking of their shoes against the stones, indicated that they were near at hand. The place where Merry had paused was about midway of a steep hill, and if he had chosen a spot it couldn't have been better suited to his purpose. The road, which had been rough and uneven from the first, was at this point broken into deep gullies by recent heavy rains, rendering, apart from the difficulty of the ascent, extreme caution necessary in passing with a vehicle. On one side, a steep wooded bank rose to a considerable height; and on the other, the surface of the ground gradually descended to the water, which was not quite excluded from view by a few scattering trees that occupied the immediate space. Behind one of these trees, that grew close to the road-side, and threw a deep shadow over it, Merry, gritting and grinding his teeth, crouched down, like a young shark watching for his prey. The carriage had already gained the foot of the hill, and was slowly labouring up, when a deep gruff voice cried out to the driver from within, bidding him drive faster. At the sound of that voice, Merry's eyes fairly flashed fire. The black, with instinctive obedience, cracked his whip, and was about to make a more effectual application of it, when a figure suddenly sprang from the road side, and, seizing the reins, commanded him to halt! The command, however, was scarcely necessary. The jaded horses had reached a short level stage in the ascent, and not even the sound of the whip had elicited any indication that they intended shortly to leave it. Merry, with a sailor's quick eye, perceiving this favourable circumstance, in an instant was at the side of the carriage, within which, a voice of a very different tone from that which last issued thence, was earnestly beseeching succour.

"Help! for Heaven's sake, help! save me from a ruffian!" cried a female in imploring accents. The last words were scarcely articulate, and were uttered with a smothered sound, accompanied with a noise of struggling, as if the ruffian was endeavouring to hold the lady still, and to silence her cries by pressing his hand upon her mouth.

The incentive of this well-known voice seemed hardly wanting to add more fury to the rage of Merriville. Choking with mingled emotions, he called to the ruffian to hold off his hand, and, with an effort of desperate strength, tearing open the door, the fastenings of which he did not understand, he seized the inmate by the collar, and dragged him to the ground.

"Scoundrel!—ruffian!" he cried, "I have you in the toils, and dearly you shall rue this night's violence."

"Mr. Terry!—I command—you shall suffer for this —a court martial—" and various similar broken ejaculations were uttered by the wretch, who violently struggled to get loose from the strong grasp in which he was held. Merriville, though not of a robust constitution, yet possessed much muscular strength. In the present contest, every fibre received tenfold vigour from the energy of the feelings that raged within him, and made him an overmatch for the guilty being who writhed within his arms. The faces of both were inflamed and convulsed with mighty passions, though of a widely and obviously different character; for the rage of the one, though fierce as ten furies, had yet something noble and commanding in it, while that of the other seemed kindled by a demon. The captain (for it's useless to tell you that it was he) struggled hard, but was evidently becoming exhausted. In the excess of his emotion, he had bitten his lip nearly in twain; and the blood which, in their tossing to and fro, had been smeared over the faces and clothes of both, gave additional wildness to their appearance.

The female, who by this time had recovered from the swoon into which she fell when the voice of Merriville first reached her ear, now screamed as she saw the blood with which he was so profusely stained, and, imagining him to be mortally wounded, she sprang from the carriage, and tottered towards him across the road. A sudden movement of the combatants, at the same moment, changed their position in such a way as to bring the back of Merriville towards the approaching figure, and, at this instant, his antagonist, having succeeded in releasing his arm from his grasp, hastily drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked, and fired it. The ball whizzed through the air, only slightly grazing the neck of the intended victim; but a piercing shriek from the lips of the female, heard above the loud report, announced that it had done more fatal execution in another quarter. As if by mutual consent, both parties ceased from their struggle for a moment, and rushed towards her. She staggered two or three steps forward, mumbled a few scarcely audible words, among which the name of Merriville was the only intelligible sound, and fell bleeding to the earth. In the meanwhile the horses, which had been scared by the near and loud report of the pistol, pranced suddenly round, and dashing down the hill, were soon lost to sight. Poor Merriville, with a groan of agony which he could not, which he did not seek to repress, bent over the form which lay stretched and pale before him, and raising it partly from the ground, gazed for a stupid moment in utter unconsciousness of all things else, upon the features of her still lovely face. The ball had passed directly through the heart, from which life had already bubbled out in a crimson tide, though a few darker drops continued to ooze from the livid orifice of the wound. Merriville whispered her name, but she answered not. In vain he leaned his ear to her lips, or bent his eyes upon them, till the hot tearless balls seemed bursting from their sockets—no sound, no motion, made reply. He laid his hand upon her heart—but its pulse was still. He looked into her eyes—but they returned not, as they were wont, an answering look; their light had gone out —the spirit had departed from its house of clay—she was dead, quite dead! As this fact impressed itself upon his brain, a maddening consciousness of the cause seemed slowly to return; his eyes rolled up till the balls were nearly hid, his face became of a livid darkness, and his teeth were clenched together, like those of one in mortal agony. Suddenly starting up, he turned quickly round, and with his arms extended, and his fingers curved like the talons of an eagle, he sprang wildly towards his guilty commander. The motion seemed to have been anticipated, for the wretch had prepared himself with a second pistol, which, as his antagonist approached, he deliberately aimed at him, and fired. Whether the ball took effect or not, it did not defeat poor Merry's object. He darted like a hungry tiger on the wretch, and with both hands, seizing him round the throat, he dragged him down to the earth. In vain his victim struggled—the sinews of his antagonist seemed hardened into steel. He tried to shriek for aid, but the grasp around his neck choked his utterance, and his words died away in a rattling sound, like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man. With a strength that seemed supernatural, Merriville raised him from the earth, and dragged him along the road. The struggling of the wretched man grew fainter and fainter, but still an occasional convulsive quivering of the limbs told that he yet lived. His face was almost black, his tongue lolled out of his mouth like a dog's, and his eyes, blood-shot and glassy, were protruded a full inch from their sockets. Blood had started from his nostrils in his mortal agony, and a thick wreath of mingled blood and foam stood upon his lips, which, wide distended, seemed stretched in a horrid laugh.

In silence, and with a strength that seemed more than human, Merriville continued to drag his victim along, till he reached the boat. He had been met by Williams not far from the scene of the first part of the contest, but he appeared not to see him. Williams, on his part, was too much awed to speak. The firing of the pistols had prepared him for some fatal event; for he had a dim and dark suspicion of the object of Merriville's errand, inasmuch as he had been the bearer of several notes between him and his betrothed; and had heard, also, that his captain was a rejected suitor for the same hand. One glance at the group served to show him the dreadful nature of the burden Merriville dragged along with him; he saw that his commander was already a corpse, and besides, he was too much intimidated by the unnatural lustre of Merriville's eye, by his pallid and unearthly hue, and by his still and terrible bearing, to interrupt the silence with a word. As they approached the boat, Williams waved his hand to the crew, who were anxiously waiting on the beach, and signified by an expressive nod, that they must not speak. Silently and sorrowfully they followed their young officer to the water's edge, entered after him the boat, and commenced rowing back to the ship. Poor Terry, still holding the body by the throat, took his seat in the stern-sheets, and leaned his head down on the gunwale in such a way that his garments concealed his face. The face of the corpse, however, was exposed in the broad moonlight; and as the head hung partly over the seat, with its features distorted and bloody, its hair matted with clots of blood and earth, and its glassy eyeballs apparently staring at the men, a superstitious shudder crept over them, which with all their manhood they could scarcely repress.

In this way, and in silence, they drew near the ship. The sentinel hailed them; but no answer was returned. As they came to the gangway, the officer of the deck called Mr. Terry by name; but still no reply. He saw by the terror painted on the countenances of the crew, that something dreadful had occurred, and descended quickly into the boat, where the whole terrible truth was soon ascertained. They were both dead! By the discharge of the second pistol, Merry had been mortally wounded, and his life had oozed away while his hands were still clasped with desperate energy around the throat of his victim. Even after death his fingers did not lose their tenacity. The officer tried to unlock the death-grasp, but without effect; and the two bodies, locked in an embrace, which, stronger than that of love, had outlasted life, were obliged to be hoisted up together.—*From the New York Mirror.*

EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

To continue our former list of distinguished men who, by the efforts of their genius and perseverance, rose from the lowest stations in society: Dr. Isaac Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, and known for his writings in defence of the church, was the son of a pastry-cook. The late Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian professor of mathematics, at Cambridge, was at first a weaver. Dr. White, professor of Arabic at Oxford, was also a weaver in his youth. Thedem, the chief surgeon of Frederick the Great, had in his youth been apprenticed to a tailor. The celebrated John Hunter, the anatomist, was originally apprentice to a cabinet-maker. William Kent and Francis Towne, landscape painters of eminence, began as apprentices to coach-painters. The famous Hogarth raised himself from the condition of a working engraver on silver. Edmund Stone, the eminent mathematician, was originally a boy who wrought in the garden of the Duke of Argyle, at Inverary, and who taught himself to read. Buchanan, the Scottish Historian, was born of poor parents, and being sent by an uncle to Paris for his education, he was there so neglected, that, in order to get back to his own country, he enlisted as a private soldier in a corps leaving France for Scotland: Buchanan had to undergo many difficulties before his learning was appreciated. Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, commenced life as a soldier, lost his left hand in battle, and was a captive in Algiers for five years, during which period he wrote part of his celebrated work. Giordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board of one of the Pope's gallies. William Hutton, the eminent historian, of Birmingham, and the author of some miscellaneous pieces, was the son of a poor wool-comber, and suffered the severest pangs of poverty in his early years. Joly, the French dramatist, was the son of the keeper of a coffee-house. Erasmus endured great poverty while a student. Blacklock, a Scottish poet, was blind from his infancy, and in early life was in a distressing state of poverty; yet he rose to a respectable station in society, and acquired considerable learning in scientific and theological branches of education. Boydell, one of the most eminent printsellers in Europe, and at one time Lord Mayor of London, was originally a working engraver. Breguet, a celebrated maker of chronometers, at Paris, and who has never been surpassed in this line of trade, was originally a poor Swiss boy, who went through some extraordinary difficulties at his outset, but surmounted the whole by perseverance and talent. Britton, a singular proficient in chemistry and music, and a collector of books and curiosities, cried small coal for sale about the streets. Michael Bruce, a Scottish poet of great merit, was a village schoolmaster at Kinneswood, in Kinross-shire, and contended long with poverty and sickness Bunyan, the author of the

Pilgrim's Progress, was the son of a tinker, and followed that profession himself for some time. Having been imprisoned for preaching, he supported himself and his family by togging laces, and in his leisure hours in his dungeon, he composed the work which has immortalized his name. The Scottish poet Burns, as is well-known, was born a peasant, and his early life was spent as a ploughman; yet, what fame did he not acquire? Cæcilius Statius, a celebrated dramatic writer in ancient Rome, was originally a slave, but was emancipated in consequence of his talents. Caslon, an eminent type-founder in London, was originally an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels, but being noticed by some printers for the elegance of his lettering, he was induced to become a cutter of types, in which he acquired a handsome fortune. Cavalier, the famous leader and protector of the Camisards, or protestants of Languedoc, when an attempt was made to exterminate them by Louis XIV., was the son of a peasant, and was bred a journeyman baker: he afterwards distinguished himself in the English service, in which he died, 1740. Ephraim Chambers, the compiler of a well-known dictionary of arts and sciences, was the apprentice of a mathematical instrument maker, and it was while in this occupation he projected his dictionary, some of the articles of which he wrote behind the counter. Captain Cooke, the eminent circumnavigator, was born of humble parents in Yorkshire, and began his career as a cabin boy in the merchant service. Cullen, who rose to such eminence as a physician, was originally apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in Glasgow, and supported himself in early life, by making several voyages, as surgeon, to the West Indies. Curran, the eminent Irish barrister, was born of humble parents, and had to struggle with want of practice, and consequent penury, before he became known, and rose to such splendid forensic fame. Sir William Davenant, an eminent dramatic writer, and partisan of Charles I., was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford. Daniel Defoe, the author of Robinson Crusoe, and other works, was the son of a London butcher, and had to struggle with many misfortunes. Demosthenes, one of the greatest orators of antiquity, was the son of a sword-blade manufacturer at Athens, and was left an orphan at seven years of age, and it was with incredible perseverance and labour that he brought himself into notice. James Dickson, the author of some eminent works on botany, and one of the founders of the Linnæan Society in London, was originally a working gardener, and rose by his own exertions. Dodsley, the publisher of the Annual Register, and the author of the Economy of Human Life, and other pieces, was originally a stocking-weaver, and afterwards a footman. Having, while in this situation, published a poem, entitled the Muse in Livery, he came into notice, was patronised by Pope, and enabled to commence as a bookseller in London, where he rose to fortune by his industry and merit. Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck," was the son of a barber at Edinburgh, (by others he is said to have been a native of Fife,) and entered the merchant service when young: he underwent many difficulties, and was at last drowned in a voyage to India. James Ferguson, the astronomer, and experimental philosopher, as already noticed in this publication, was the son of a poor labourer in Banffshire, served at first as a shepherd, and rose to eminence entirely by his force of genius and application. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and he himself served an apprenticeship to a grazier, and was employed in keeping sheep; the silence and solitude of which occupation produced a zealous religious feeling, which led to the propagation of his new scheme of human society. Benjamin Franklin, who rose to eminence as a philosopher and statesman, was originally, as is well known, a journeyman printer, and it was only by unremitting industry, and the exercise of his genius, that he rose to the enviable situation in which he closed his career. Andrew Fuller, a celebrated Baptist minister, and author of some works of merit, in the last century, wrought as a peasant till he was twenty years of age, Madame de Genlis, whose maiden name was Ducrest de St. Aubin, felt the stings of adversity and poverty in her youth, and depended on her musical abilities for support, till married to the Count de Genlis. Gifford, the late distinguished editor of the Quarterly Review, was left an orphan at thirteen; was put to sea as a cabin-boy; was afterwards bound to be a shoemaker, and was rescued from his humble fate at twenty years of age, by the kindness of Mr. Cokesley, a surgeon: Gifford was so utterly poor while a shoemaker, that he could not buy paper, and used to work algebraical questions with a blunted awl on fragments of leather. The life of this meritorious man has been already given in the Journal. Gray, the poet, was brought up in great poverty, and supported in his education entirely through the extraordinary exertions of his mother. John Harrison, who received the reward of £20,000 from Parliament, for his famous timekeeper, to determine the longitude at sea, was the son of a carpenter, and instructed himself in mechanics.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING SEASON.

The active duties of the husbandmen in bringing the fruits of the earth to maturity, are now over, and if he have been diligent, and been favoured with a beneficent climate, success will have crowned his exertions. The end of September and beginning of October form the most delightful season of the whole year in Great Britain, and embrace a happy mixture of the pleasures of summer and winter. The air is clear and bracing: the heat of the sun is tempered by a cool breeze proceeding out of the west, and sweeping with gentle force over the new shorn and deserted fields. The new sweet-scented clover, (I speak of Scotland) is perceived to have risen above the stubble, and along the long stretching hollows of the furrows, the hare and its leverets are seen scampering on the approach of the sportsman or idle passenger. This is the season in which dog and gun are peculiarly busy in the copses, or on the sides of the swelling upland and hills, where

> The moorcock springs on whirring wings,
> Amang the blooming heather.

To me, the country never possesses such charms as during the fall of the leaf. Neither the freshness of spring, nor the warm glow of summer, with its prospect of plenty for man and beast, furnish the same feeling of satisfactory pleasure to the mind as the close of autumnn. Then there were hopes and fears; now, the great object of universal expectation is accomplished. The earth has yielded her increase; the homestead of the farmer is thickly surrounded with substantial stacks of grain, towering, with their pointed peaks, aloft, like so many wigwams. Every thing betokens rest, and the surface of nature bespeaks the plenty which lies in store for the consumption of animated beings. The rural population wear, also, an air of settled comfort, as if reflecting with gratitude on the bounties of Providence brought to their very doors, or within their dwellings. The juvenile peasantry have not been idle in their vocation. Such happy days of gleaning have there been for these few weeks. As you walk, of an evening, along the highways, or pursue your way through the intersecting pathways, you meet troops of youngsters, with perhaps some aged females of the hamlet, loaded with neatly arranged bunches of stalks of grain, gathered from the shorn fields. And how satisfied are these gleaners with a sheaf or two of corn: how thankful they are if they can realize but as much as will furnish a homely daily meal for the space of a single week. The cottagers, you may likewise notice, have already dug up the most of their vegetables, leaving only their winter pot-herbs; and, in a month more, you may see their hillocks of potatoe-pits, neatly built and thatched for future use. There is certainly a pleasure in casting the eye over these signs of rustic wealth; and, when the shades of evening fall around, in seeing, within the lowly cottage window, the lighted hearth and the blazing fire giving token that the evening meal is in the act of preparation.

But, in these rambling observations on "Autumn's pleasant weather," I am forgetting my usual directions to the horticulturist. Let us see what that capital authority, "Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden," says on the subject:

GARDENING FOR OCTOBER.

"Trench and prepare borders and quarters, and transplant fruit trees against the walls, and standards and dwarfs in orchards; open quarters and borders in the fruit garden. Plums and cherries, planted out at this time, will make fresh roots during the autumn and milder part of the winter, and grow with much more vigour when headed down in the spring, than those planted out a month or more afterwards. Plant out cuttings of gooseberries and currants. In order to keep some of the more valuable apples in a perfect state to a late period of the season, they should hang till they can be readily detached from the tree. They should then be placed in casks or boxes, as they are gathered, beginning with a layer of thoroughly dry pit sand in the bottom, then a layer of apples, placed close to each other, then another layer of sand, just sufficient to cover the fruit, and no more; and so continuing alternately, till the cask or box is full, finishing with a covering of sand. These should be placed in the fruit room, where they may remain undisturbed till the others of the same kind, kept on the shelves, are nearly done. This method has been practised many years ago. I have myself, as well as several of my friends, adopted it for several years, and found it an excellent one. The windows of the fruit-room should be furnished with inside shutters, and kept closed, as it is found fruit keeps longer and better thus than when exposed to the light. Plant out strawberries where they are finally to remain."

In the kitchen garden—"Transplant cauliflowers and early purple broccoli under frames and hand-glasses. Plant out cabbages, garlic, rocumbole, and shallots. Tie up endive, and earth up cardoms and celery. Lay up carrots, potatoes, and red beet, for winter use. Make up mushroom beds, which have been omitted the last month. Clear the beds of aromatic plants from weeds, and let them have the winter's dressing. Where forced asparagus is required for use in winter, hot-beds may now begin to be made for gathering the first crop in November or December."

DREAMING.

The full operation of a gloomy temperament is now to be perceived only by looking back to the ages when no such correctives as the influence of general intelligence and public opinion existed. Men then regulated their conduct wholly in conformity to portents, dreams, and other supposed indications of the will of the gods. They did not consider whether their enterprises were such as entitled them to the favourable regard of a just Deity; but strove, by rivalling each other in the magnificence of their offerings and sacrifices, to bribe over to their side the rulers of mortal destiny. This is the point to which all superstition tends: when a fanatical gloom has diffused itself over the whole face of society, the notions of right and wrong are lost in the paramount doctrine of fatalism; the fear of retribution is next thrown off, and, by degrees, men come to believe that even their gods are venal. In our own times, though the stream of civilization flows pure and strong, there are many portions of society which, like the lagoons of a river, are not kept in motion at all, or but in a lesser degree, by the energy which pours along in the main current. There—among isolated individuals and communities—gloomy ideas are cherished. There the hypocondriac fancies, that are kept in restraint by intercourse with the world, and the disposition to which it is even of use to society, as tending to moderate the opposite extreme of reckless levity, luxuriate in their growth, and by degrees overshadow the whole faculties of the mind. Regulated only by the impulses of a dark superstition, the temper becomes at least variable—often habitually sullen; if bad passions are not in every case engendered, the equable flow of the benevolent affections is disturbed, and social life is either entirely embittered, or its enjoyments are rendered casual and precarious.

It is wisely ordered that abrupt turns should sometimes occur in human affairs, to remind us that they are under divine government. But the lessons thus conveyed have often been perverted by enthusiasts, ever upon the watch to discover what they term particular providences, thereby encouraging the unreflecting to believe that the Creator bestows upon his works only an occasional superintendence. Unusual occurrences, in place of affording examples of deviation from the laws of nature, would, if calmly inquired into, and properly understood, only bring the unerring regularity of these laws more distinctly into view. The law of gravity acts with more obvious force in precipitating water over the face of a rock, than in making the stream glide smoothly down a gentle slope; but it is, nevertheless, the same law. The power of the Governor of the universe is displayed as much in the regulation of its minutest, as of its most magnificent arrangements—as well in things which fall under our daily observation, as in those which we witness only once in our lives. But we have become familiar with some of the modes in which His power is manifested, and these we ascribe to the common course of nature; while unusual phenomena strike us with astonishment, the first impulse of which is to invest them with a miraculous character. In walking across the fields, we have been so much accustomed to contemplate the harvest as in some way indebted to man for the aspect it wears, that our thoughts seldom revert to the Prime Mover of all; the wild plants, also, that are well known, attract little attention; but if our walk stretch beyond its usual limits, the simplest herb catches our eye; we stop, call our companions to admire it, and exclaim, "How strange it is!" Yet a little reflection should teach us, that it is not more strange than those others which, but a short time before, we carelessly pronounced to have sprung up according to the common course of nature,—it draws its nourishment from the soil by a process not more minutely adapted to its necessities. Our admiration becomes awe when we meet with a production not analogous to any with which we were before acquainted—we call it, not only strange, but miraculous. Thus, many of the appearances of nature, now understood to proceed from established laws, were, in former times, viewed with fear and trembling, as instances in which the Divine Being interrupted the laws of nature, in order to give a demonstration of his power independent of these laws. Hence the manifold prodigies that appalled the heathen, and that long continued to appal Christians.

But it is not concerning physical objects alone that we argue in this incongruous way: A man shall jog on in the ordinary routine of life for years, and, though he acknowledges in general a superintending providence, yet he still looks upon himself as the principal disposer of the affairs around him; but when some sudden and unexpected change comes, that interrupts his plans, and makes it undeniably plain to him that he has not the complete controul of his own fortunes, he says, "The hand of God is here!" as if that thing, and no other, happened under the superintendence of the Deity. Another man shall go on forming schemes and pursuing trains of reasoning from day to day, and never think more of the matter than if he were driving round a wheel framed by his own hands; while, if he be agitated by a nightly vision, he employs much consideration to determine by intercourse with what angel, malignant or benign, his sleep was troubled; he takes to himself the whole credit of the sound and perfect exercise of his faculties; but, when their operations are irregular and inefficient, he must needs have it that a being of greater power and knowledge than himself has had the manage-

ment of them—into conclusions so contradictory are we betrayed by the propensity to wonder, which saves the trouble of reflection and examination in the mean time, but surrounds simple things with an intrenchment of perplexities, which it takes many ages for the slow axe of reason to clear away.

Persons truly devout, perhaps, but deficient in sound judgment, have contributed not a little to bring to full growth the seeds of superstition, for which, as we have just seen, the human mind affords a soil so favourable. If the detection of a crime follow a dream, for example, such persons are fond of remarking, that, though the guilty may escape for a time, the eye of a just God is upon him, and, where human means fail, will bring the wickedness to light in his own good time and way; and if an explanation be offered which does away with the idea of supernatural interpositions, they call it an attempt to weaken the force of the warning. So far, however, is this from being the case, that the warning is greatly strengthened when it can be shewn that guilt has been discovered without any departure from the usual course of events. There are not so many instances of crimes brought to light by what appeared to be supernatural means as to produce a salutary fear in the vicious; and if any single instance were added to the rest, it would not much increase their weight: but when we see it ordered, in the common course of human affairs, that vice almost invariably draws after it its own punishment, the effect of such a conviction in repressing crime must be very powerful. Here, then, is an arrangement which imposes a continual check upon the evil passions—a check which must be weakened as often as the arrangement is represented to be ineffectual, while the occasional instances of direct vengeance from Heaven would only substitute an occasional restraint. It is as if a peaceful nation were separated from a predatory tribe by a river known to be unfordable, and some persons, not thinking this protection sufficient, were to propose to turn its waters from this course, and to supply their place by a stream not so large, but with which they might frighten their warlike neighbours, by telling them that it was liable now and then to overwhelming floods. The following is an instance of a crime brought to light by a dream,—a particular examination of which will more fully elucidate the opinion above expressed:—

Maria Marten, aged twenty-five, daughter of a mole-catcher at Polstead, Suffolk, formed an imprudent connection with William Corder, son of a neighbouring farmer; he frequently visited her at her father's, and at last persuaded her to leave home with him, on the 19th of May, 1827, to go to Ipswich to be married. To deceive the neighbours, she put on a man's dress, intending to resume her own at a place called the Red Barn, on the farm belonging to Corder's mother. It was about twelve o'clock at noon when they left her father's, Maria going out by one door and Corder by another, to avoid attracting attention; and having met some distance off, they proceeded together towards the barn. Corder had a gun with him, and, before leaving the cottage, Maria asked, in the hearing of her mother, "Is this gun loaded, William?" to which he replied, "Yes." Some days after, Corder came to Polstead alone, and, when questioned by the girl's parents, said the marriage had not yet taken place, because he could not bring her home without displeasing his relations, but that he had left her in a place of safety, and hoped to make an arrangement for the wedding, and for bringing her home in six weeks; he added, that Maria's sister might wear her clothes, for she would not want them again. On the mother's inquiring, some time after, why her daughter never wrote, he made the excuse, that she was unaccustomed to use the pen, and delayed a task which was irksome. To the neighbours, who asked what he had done with his partner, he answered, that she was in a place where he could go to her whenever he liked. In a short time, Corder's health became impaired, and, in accordance with real or pretended medical advice, he expressed an intention of going abroad. Accordingly, he left home in September, having previously shewn great anxiety to have the Red Barn well filled, and himself assisted to store grain into it. Subsequently to this, letters from him were received, both by his own relations, and the Martens. In one to the girl's father, he said she was now his wife, and complained, as if by her desire, that a letter of her's had not been answered; in another letter, he gave an account of having made at the post-office an investigation concerning the miscarriage of Maria's letter. These letters of Corder's shewed that, in place of going to the Continent, he had remained in London. In the meantime, suspicions began to be entertained by the young woman's parents,—Corder's conduct was so variable, and he made so many pretexts without substantiating them. Strange surmises also ran among the neighbours. Thomas Marten, Maria's brother, recollected as an unaccountable circumstance, that about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day when his sister went off, he had seen Corder walking across a field in the direction of the Red Barn, with a pickaxe over his shoulder, when it was reasonable to suppose he should have been at a distance from that neighbourhood. All these things concurred to disturb the family; and their alarm was brought to its height by the mother dreaming, three successive nights, that her daughter had been murdered, and buried in the Red Barn. Upon this, she insisted that the floor should be taken up, and search made. This was done by the father and others on the 19th of April, 1828, and a sack was discovered containing a female corpse, not so much decayed but that marks of violence were perceptible. The body was identified as that of Maria Marten, by the want of two teeth, one on the left side of the upper jaw, and the other on the right side of the lower jaw. Corder had married in the interval, and lived apparently happy. He was apprehended at Ealing, in Essex, condemned upon circumstantial evidence, confessed the murder while in prison under sentence, and was executed in August, 1828.

When a story like this is told, the multitude take hold of only a part of it. "Here was a horrible murder," they say, "disclosed in a wonderful manner. A mother dreamt that her daughter had been made away with, and buried in a particular spot; and, search being made, the remains were found in the exact situation pointed out in the vision." This part of the facts passes from mouth to mouth, and is heard every where with superstitious amazement. It is true, as far as it goes, but is propagated with a false inference; for, to say that Corder was brought to punishment by supernatural means, presupposes an absence of all the circumstances which might have led to the discovery of his crime in an ordinary way. Now, the narrative has purposely been given at considerable length to shew that they were all present: there were strong grounds for suspicion, so strong that the suspicion was not confined to the girl's own family, but was common to them with the neighbours; and the dream was nothing else than a repetition of the mother's waking fears. The circumstance of Corder being the young woman's second seducer—the dissatisfaction of his friends with the proposed match—his being above her rank—were all antecedent presumptions that he would avoid the connexion if he could; next followed a train of direct presumptions that he had rid himself of her claims upon him by desperate means. He conducted her to a lonely place, the fit scene of a murder, having with him a loaded gun, the ready means of perpetrating it; he was seen afterwards, when he ought to have been at a great distance off, proceeding towards the Red Barn with a spade, the necessary implement for concealing a deed of blood. And his subsequent conduct added a series of accessary presumptions; his return to the village without his companion; the vague manner in which he accounted for her absence; his departure from the neighbourhood; the precaution of filling the barn with grain; the inconsistency of his remaining in London after pretending that it was necessary for his health to proceed to the Continent; the pretences by which he endeavoured, when the parents were not pressing him, to make them believe he was married to their daughter, while if it had been the case, the proof might have been given without any effort. All this formed a body of evidence so conclusive, that a magistrate, if it had been laid before him, would immediately have issued a warrant for the apprehension of Corder. It may appear surprising that the parents should have so long remained insensible to the force of such pregnant suspicions; but some are so little accustomed to exercise their judgment, that conviction cannot be produced in their minds, until impressed by the vivid touches of imagination. Where the obtuseness of the one faculty, however, is extreme, the operation of the other is proportionably active—a law of nature which leaves the evil-doer no security from protection, whether his practices be carried on against the intelligent or the ignorant portion of the community.

The dream just detailed was, without doubt, the immediate cause of the murder being discovered; but then the dream, instead of having a miraculous origin, was the natural consequence of the mother's fears: the discovery therefore took place as much according to the ordinary course of events as if no dream had intervened. The same sort of explanation is applicable to another set of dreams, through which it is sometimes alleged that innocent persons have been miraculously rescued from impending danger, though the parties might, for the most part, have hit upon the necessary precautions equally well without a dream, if they had attended to the suggestions of ordinary prudence. This will be made sufficiently obvious by the following instance:—

In Queen Mary's time, Mr. John Rough, a Scotsman, the minister, and Cutbert Symson the deacon, of a secret congregation of Protestants in London, were burnt in Smithfield, Rough on the 22d of December, 1557, and Symson, on the 28th of March, 1558, both having been apprehended, in consequence of the information of a pretended friend, on the third Sunday of Advent, in the first mentioned year. "The Friday, at night," says Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments of Martyrs*, vol. ii. p. 1843, edit. 1610, "before maister Rough was taken, being in his bed, he dreamt that he saw two of the guard leading Cutbert Symson, and that he had the book about him, wherein were written the names of all them which were of the congregation; whereupon, being sore troubled, he awaked, and called his wife, saying, 'Kate, strike light; for I am much troubled with my brother Cutbert this night. When she had so done, he gave himself to read in his book awhile, and then, feeling sleep to come upon him, he put out the candle, and so gave himself again to rest. Being asleep, he dreamt the like dream again, and, awaked therewith, he said, 'O Kate, my brother Cutbert is gone!' so they lighted a candle again, and rose. And as the said Mr. Rough was making him ready to go to Cutbert to see how he did, in the mean time the said Cutbert came in, with the book containing the names and accounts of the congregation. Whom when Maister Rough had seen, he said, 'Brother Cutbert, ye are welcome, for I have been sore with you this night;' and so told him his dream. After he had done so, he willed him to lay the book away from him, and to carry it no more about him: unto which Cutbert answered he would not so do; for dreams, he said, were but phantasies, and not to be credited. Then Mr. Rough straitly charged him, in the name of the Lord, to do it; whereupon the said Cutbert took such notes out of the book as he had willed him to do, and immediately left the book with Mr. Rough's wife."

If there had been no reason to fear either that Symson might be apprehended, or that the book, if found upon him, would involve others in his misfortune, it might have been plausibly alleged, that Mr. Rough's dream was a miraculous warning from Heaven; but when the Protestants daily saw victims dragged to the stake, and lived in constant alarm on their own account, not much reflection was necessary to shew the danger of any one of them, but especially an office-bearer, so much more exposed than others to the risk of being seized, keeping in his house, or carrying about his person, a list of his brethren. The only matter of surprise, in this case, is, not that the dream took place, but that a practice so unadvised as that which caused the dream, should have been persisted in by persons whom, from the situation they occupied, and the difficulty of the times, one would expect to have been not deficient in discretion.

In both of these instances, the dream was evidently suggested by a train of thought which the circumstances in which the parties were placed unavoidably forced upon them. They were no farther miraculous, therefore, than any of the other ordinary operations of the mind. Let us not, however, be misunderstood on this subject. So far from refusing to admit that human affairs are controlled by a superintending Providence, we would have people acknowledge its CONSTANT presence in ALL, and not by describing a few PARTICULAR cases as miraculous induce a belief that it is only CASUAL. Nor, by limitin, the number of miracles to those that are undeniably such, do we apprehend that the evidences of divine power are in the least diminished. On the contrary, the maintenance of the laws which regulate the universe, demonstrate the presence of all-sufficient wisdom much more clearly than an occasional interruption of these laws, or deviation from them. The feeding of the Israelites in the wilderness with manna from heaven, was a great and undoubted act of benevolent omnipotence; but how much greater is the sustaining of the myriads of human beings who have existed upon the face of the globe before and after that time, by a system ensuring the periodical renewal of the fruits of the earth, so that a few handfuls of scattered seed multiply to an extraordinary degree, and the "fields stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing!"

FIGHTING FITZGERALD.

The way in which this noted bully forced his way into Brookes's Club was truly ludicrous. He applied to Admiral Keith Stewart, to propose him as a candidate; and the worthy admiral well knowing that he must fight or comply with his request, chose the latter alternative. Accordingly, on the night in which the balloting was to take place, (which was only a mere form in this case, for even Keith Stewart himself had resolved to *blackball* him,) the duellist accompanied the admiral to St. James's street, and waited in the room below whilst the suffrages were taken, in order to know the issue.

The ballot was soon over; for, without hesitation, each member threw a *black ball:* and when the scrutiny took place, the company were not a little amazed, to find not even *one* white one among the number. However, the point of rejection being carried *nem. con.*, the grand affair now was, as to which of the members had the hardihood to announce the same to the expectant candidate. No one would undertake the office; for the announcement was sure to produce a challenge; and a duel with Fighting Fitzgerald had, in almost every case, been fatal to his opponent. The general opinion, however, was, that the proposer, Admiral Stewart, should convey the intelligence, and that in as polite terms as possible; but the admiral, who was certainly, on all occasions, a very gallant officer, was not inclined to go on any such embassy.

"No, gentlemen," said he; "I proposed the fellow, because I knew you would not admit him; but I have no inclination to risk my life against that of a madman."

"But, admiral," replied the Duke of Devonshire, "there being no *white ball* in the box, he must know that *you* have blackballed him, as well as the rest; and he is sure to call you out, at all events."

This was a poser for the poor admiral, who sat silent for a few seconds, amidst the half suppressed titter of the members. At length, joining in the laugh against himself, he exclaimed,—"Upon my soul, a pleasant joke I've got into. Hang the fellow. No matter: I won't go. Let the waiter tell

him there was *one* black ball; and that his name must be put up again, if he wishes it."

This plan appeared so judicious, that all concurred in its propriety. Accordingly, the waiter was in a few minutes after despatched on the mission.

In the meantime, Mr. Fitzgerald shewed evident symptoms of impatience, at being kept so long from his "dear friends" above stairs, and frequently rang the bell, to know *the state of the poll*. On the first occasion, he thus addressed the waiter who answered his summons,—"Come here, my tight little fellow; Do you know if I am *chose* yet?"

"I really can't say, Sir," replied the young man; "but I'll see."

"There's a nice little man. Be quick, d'ye see; and I'll give ye sixpence, when you come with the good news."

Away went the *little man;* but he was in no hurry to come back; for he, as well as his fellows, were sufficiently aware of Fitzgerald's violent temper, and wished to come in contact with him as seldom as possible.

The bell rang again; and to another waiter the impatient candidate put the same question:—"Am I *chose* yet, *waither?*"

"The balloting is not over yet, Sir," replied the man.

"Not over yet!" exclaimed Fitzgerald; "but, sure, there is no use for balloting at all, when my dear friends are all unanimous for me to come in. Run, my man, and let me know how they are getting on."

After the lapse of another quarter of an hour, the bell was rung so violently, as to produce a contest among the poor servants, as to whose turn it was next to visit the lion in his den; and Mr. Brookes, seeing no alternative but resolution, took the message from the waiter, who was descending the staircase, and boldly entered the room, with a coffee equipage in his hand. "Did you call for coffee, Sir?" said Mr. Brookes, smartly.

"Confound your coffee, Sir! and you too:" answered Mr. Fitzgerald, in a voice which made the host's blood curdle in his veins. "I want to know, Sur, and that without one moment's delay, Sur, if I'm *chose* yet?"

"Oh, Sir," replied Mr. Brookes, who trembled from head to foot, but attempted to smile away the appearance of fear; "I beg your pardon, Sir; but I was just coming to announce to you, Sir,—with Admiral Stewart's compliments, Sir,—that, unfortunately, there was one black ball in the box, Sir; and, consequently, by the rules of the club, Sir, no candidate can be admitted without a new election, Sir, which cannot take place, by the standing regulations of the club, Sir, until one month from this time, Sir."

During this address, Fitzgerald's irascibility appeared to undergo considerable *mollification;* and at its conclusion, the terrified landlord was not a little surprised and pleased to find his guest shake him by the hand, which he squeezed heartily between his two, saying—my dear Mr. Brookes, *I'm chose!* and I give you much joy; for I warrant, ye'll find me the best customer in your house. But there must be a small matter of mistake in my *election*; and as I should not wish to be so ungenteel, as to take my *sate* among my dear friends above stairs, until that mistake is directified, you'll just step up and make my compliments to the gentlemen, and say, as it is only a mistake of *one* black ball, they will be so good as to waive all ceremony on my account, and prodeed to *re-elect* their humble servant without any more delay at all. So now, my dear Mr. Brookes, you may put down the coffee; and I'll be drinking it while the new *election* is going on."

Away went Mr. Brookes, glad enough to escape with whole bones, for this time at least. On announcing the purport of his errand to the assembly above stairs, many of the members were panic-struck; for they clearly forsaw, that some disagreeable circumstance was likely to be the finale of the farce which they had been playing. Mr. Brookes stood silent for some minutes, waiting for an answer; while several of the members whispered and laughed in groups, at the ludicrous figure which they all cut. At length, the Earl of March, (afterwards Duke of Queensberry,) said aloud,—"Try the effect of *two* black balls. D—n his Irish impudence; if two balls don't take effect upon him, I don't know what will. This proposition met with unanimous approbation, and Mr. Brookes was ordered to communicate accordingly.

On re-entering the waiting room, Mr. Fitzgerald rose hastily from his chair, and seizing him by the hand, eagerly inquired,—"Have they *elected* me right, now, Mr. Brookes.

"I hope no offence, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the landlord; "but I am sorry to inform you, that the result of the second balloting is, that *two* black balls were dropped in, Sir"

"Oh, then," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "there's now *two mistakes*, instead of one. Go back, my dear friend, and tell the honourable members, that it is a very uncivil thing to keep a gentleman waiting below stairs, with no one to keep him company but himself; whilst they are enjoying themselves with their champaigne, and their cards, and their tokay up above. Tell them to try again, and I hope they will have better luck this time, and make no more mistake, because it's getting late, and I *won't* be *chose* to-night at all. So, now, Mr. Brookes, be off with yourself, and *lave* the door open till I see what dispatch ye'll make."

Away went Mr. Brookes, for the last time. On announcing his unwelcome errand, every one saw the palliative measures only prolonged the dilemma; and General Fitzpatrick proposed that Brookes should tell him, "His cause was hopeless, for that he was *blackballed all over*, from head to foot, and it was hoped by all the members that Mr. Fitzgerald would not persist in thrusting himself into society where his company was declined."

This message, it was generally believed, would prove a sickener, as it certainly would have done to any other candidate under similar circumstances. Not so, however, to Fitzgerald, who no sooner heard the purport of it than he exclaimed, "Oh, I perceive it is a *mistake altogether*, Mr. Brookes, and I must see to the rectifying of it myself; there's nothing like *daling* with principals, and so I'll step up at once, and put the thing to rights without any more unnecessary delay."

In spite of Mr. Brookes's remonstrance that his entrance into the club-room was against all rule and etiquette, Fitzgerald found his way up stairs, threatening to throw the landlord over the banister for endeavouring to stop him. He entered the room without any farther ceremony than a bow; saying to the members, who indignantly rose up at this most unexpected intrusion, "Your servant, gentleman! I beg you will be *sated*."

Walking up to the fire-place, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart:—"So my dear Admiral, Mr. Brookes informs me that I have been *elected* three times."

"You have been ballotted for, Mr. Fitzgerald; but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart.

"Well then," replied the duellist, "did *you* black ball me?"

"Why, good Sir," answered the Admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing!"

"Oh, I *supposed* no such thing, my dear fellow; I only want to know who it was that dropped the black balls in by accident, as it were,"

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member, and put the question *seriatim*,—"Did you black ball me, sur?"—until he made the round of the whole club; and it may well be supposed that in every case he obtained a similar answer to that of the Admiral. When he had finished his inquisition, he thus addressed the whole body, who preserved as dead and dread a silence as the urchins at a parish school do on a Saturday, when the pedagogue orders half a score of them to be *horsed* for neglecting their catechism, which they have to repeat to the parson on Sunday:—"You see, gentlemen, that as none of ye have blackballed me *I must be chose;* and it is Misther Brookes that has made the mistake. But I was convinced of it from the beginning; and I am only sorry that so much time has been lost as to prevent honourable gentlemen from enjoying each other's good company sooner. Waither! come here you *raskal*, and bring me a bottle of champaigne, till I drink long life to the club, and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a *rael* gentleman by father and mother, and—" This part of Fitzgerald's address excited the risible muscles of every one present; but he soon restored them to their former lugubrious position by casting around him a ferocious look, and saying, in a voice like thunder,—"*And who never missed his man!*—Go for the champaigne, *waither;* and d'ye hear, sur, tell your *masthur*, Masthur Brookes that is, not to make any more mistakes about *black balls;* for though it is below a gentleman to call him out, I will find other *manes* of giving him a bagfull of broken bones!"

The members now saw there was nothing for it but to send the intruder to Coventry, which they appeared to do by tacit agreement; for when Admiral Stewart departed, which he did almost immediately, Mr. Fitzgerald found himself completely *cut* by all "his dear friends." The gentlemen now formed themselves into groups at the several whist tables; and no one chose to reply to his observations, nor to return even a nod to the toasts and healths which he drank whilst discussing bottles of the sparkling liquor, which the terrified waiter placed before him in succession. At length, finding that no one would *communicate* with him in *either kind*,—either for drinking or for fighting,—he arose, and making a low bow, took his leave as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I bid you all good night; I am very glad to find ye so *sociable;* I'll take care to come earlier next night, and we'll have a little more of it."

The departure of this bully was a great relief to every one present; for the restraint caused by his vapouring and insolent behaviour was most intolerable. The conversation immediately became general; and it was unanimously agreed that half-a-dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening, to lay him by the heels, and bear him off to the watch-house, if he attempted again to intrude. Of some such measure Fitzgerald seemed to be aware; for he never shewed himself at Brookes's again, though he boasted everywhere that he had been unanimously chosen a member of the club!

The writer trusts that none of his readers are impressed with the idea, that want of personal courage on the part of any member contributed in the smallest degree to prevent Fitzgerald from being kicked out of the society into which he had so unwarrantably thrust himself; more particularly when he considers that the whole affair was so eccentric as to create mirth, rather than a desire to effect chastisement; and that many, particularly the junior members, had no small curiosity to witness the termination of an adventure so impudently and so ludicrously carried on. But, these considerations apart, it is not to be supposed, that men whose courage on ordinary occasions might easily be "screwed up to the sticking point," should be very ready, as Admiral Stewart expressed it, "to risk their lives against that of a madman." Moreover, in addition to the well-founded and rational dislike which many men have to duelling, family considerations, and a natural love of life, was sufficient to deter any man of sense from encountering the *fighting Fitzgerald*, either with sword or pistol; for, being really a good swordsman and marksman, and being accounted almost *invulnerable* in his own person, the result of a combat with him ceased to be an affair of chance, but amounted to a *dead* certainty. Is it surprising then, that no gentleman should have had the hardihood to espouse the cause of *all*, by throwing away his own life on the desperate chance of overcoming a professed bully?

To the foregoing account of the notorious Fitzgerald, given in the work entitled "the Clubs of London," we may add, that, at a subsequent period, he fought a duel, as it happened, with swords, when he was fully detected in *wearing armour beneath his clothes*, which accounted at once for his extraordinary boldness. This discovery blasted his reputation,—he betook himself to Ireland, where, with a band of associates, he way-laid and shot a gentleman in cold blood; he resisted all civil force in capturing him; his house was at last seized by a military party, after a regular bombardment; he was taken, tried, and condemned; and finished his atrocious career, in the cowardly and most miserable plight, on the common gallows.

GIPSIES, THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN EUROPE.

In 1400, the Gipsies abounded in Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, and, shortly afterwards, were found scattered through all the provinces of Italy, where the superstitious believed that the penance of wandering about for a term of seven years had been imposed on them by some supernatural agency. Here they were known by the appellation of *Zingani* or *Zingari*, and, in Saxony, in the year 1417, they were called "*Zigeni*, or *Zigeuni*." Aventine, too, mentions their arrival in Bavaria in 1411, and they then spread through Flanders and France, in which countries they were called Egyptians and Bohemians. In Spain, about the same period, they were termed *Gittanos*; and, shortly subsequent to this, they appeared in England under the name of Gipsies.

QUARRELLING OVER DRINK.

Two generations have scarcely elapsed since the custom of drinking deep, and taking deadly revenge for slight offences, produced very tragical events on the border, to which the custom of going armed to festive meetings contributed not a little. A minstrel who flourished about 1720, and is often talked of by the old people, happened to be performing before one of these parties, when they betook themselves to their swords. The cautious musician, accustomed to such scenes, dived beneath the table. A moment after, a man's hands struck off with a back-sword, fell beside him. The minstrel secured it carefully in his pocket, as he would have done any other loose moveable; sagely observing, that "the owner would miss it next morning." It is remarked of the inhabitants of Tweeddale, that they were exempt from this vicious practice of shedding blood at their orgies. It is said in praise of the inhabitants of that district, that, "when they fall in the humour of good fellowship, they use it as a cement and bond of society, and not to ferment revenge, quarrels, and murders, which is usual in other countries."

Column for Mothers.

Mothers, especially those who are inexperienced, often feel the want of some correct information for the guidance of the infants requiring their tenderest solicitude. On this, and every other topic connected with the management of a young family, we are furnished with much valuable information in the work entitled "Domestic Duties, or Instructions to Young Married Ladies, by Mrs. William Parkes," which we would particularly recommend to the perusal of our matronly readers. Having been occasionally asked to give some details of this nature, we take the liberty of quoting from Mrs. Parkes, who, we are informed, will be found a very safe and appropriate adviser.

"It is a very common practice in monthly nurses," (says the authoress,) "to keep an infant from its mother's milk for two or three days after its birth: this is equally bad for the parent and child. The first milk which the child draws out, acts as a purgative upon it, while its suckling keeps the parent's breast soft and pliable, and brings the milk into the proper channel. For these reasons, the infant should be placed at the breast three or four times after its birth; and this should be repeated as often as the mother's strength will permit it. When, however, there is a strong inflammatory disposition in the mother, the early application of the child to the breast is insufficient to keep down the milk, and sore nipples is the consequence. If a lady is to suckle her infant, the sooner it is applied to the breast the less chance there is of the nipples becoming sore; but, in some constitutions, this will occur in spite of every precaution. In washing an infant during the month, the water should be tepid; for water either too cold or too hot is equally injurious. The whole body of the infant, with the exception of the head, should be immersed in the water, when it is washed. The nurse should, in the morning, have in readiness a basin of tepid water, a very soft sponge, and a fine soft towel. On her right hand should stand her basket, in which should be laid her dust bag, containing powdered starch, a clean flannel band, and, in proper order beneath, all the other articles she will require in dressing the baby. The head, face, and throat, are then to be washed with the sponge, and to be dried with a soft linen towel. The starch powder may be used in those parts which appear at all tender, or likely to become chafed. Drying the skin well, when it has been wetted, is the best mode to prevent soreness. A careful nurse will endeavour to guard the organs of sense from any injury; such as exposing the eyes to a strong glare of light, or the ears uncovered to currents of air.

"At the end of the month, or even before that time, if the weather and other circumstances permit, gentle exercise is very desirable for the lying-in-lady, and particularly if she suckle her baby; because whatever tends to give her health and strength, will render her better able to perform that important duty. The office of suckling is, I am very sorry to say, considered by many mothers as troublesome and irksome, and as depriving them of that freedom which is valuable to them for the purpose of amusement and dissipation. Unless a woman can resolve to give herself up in a great measure to the performance of this duty, conforming her habits, as much as the circumstances in which she is placed will permit, so as to enable her to discharge it in a manner beneficial at once to her baby and to herself, she had better abandon it altogether, and leave the maternal office to be supplied by a kind nurse. Thus, late hours, much dancing, frequent and long absence from her nursling, would render her a bad nurse; and consequently, her child would be puny and delicate. In most cases health is promoted, and sometimes established by suckling; and, in many instances, constitutional diseases have been checked, if not entirely subdued, by it. This is certainly a strong argument in favour of the practice, life being a blessing to the healthy, but a burden to the diseased; yet still more powerful inducements to maternal affections and solicitude are to be drawn from the hopes of securing, not only present health to our offspring, but in establishing in them sound and vigorous constitutions, which can scarcely be done by any less natural means of rearing them.

"The cry of an infant ought never to be disregarded, as it is Nature's voice, which speaks of some pain or suffering. Cries, however, are of different kinds: for example, that of hunger may be soon known; it is short and wrangling; but when the cry is a continued one, and the legs are drawn up, there must be pain. In such a case as this, the breast must be administered until the pain be removed. Warm bathing, gentle friction on the bowels, examination of the clothes, to ascertain whether any ligature is drawn too tight, should be first tried, and if the infant still appear to be in pain, a *gentle* aperient medicine should be administered. Powerful medicines should be given only by the advice of the medical attendant. The *hiccough* in young infants may be stopped either by a little finely powdered sugar laid on the tongue, or by putting the child to the breast for a few minutes. If the chests of infants are well covered, they will not be very liable to hiccough, as it is often caused by cold air affecting that part.

"The time of weaning an infant depends so much upon circumstances, that no fixed period for so doing can be assigned. Sometimes a child may be healthy and thriving, while its parent or nurse is weakly and delicate; in which case the welfare of both requires the weaning to take place at a very early period; but if, on the contrary, the child be delicate, and the parent vigorous, it may be advisable to continue the suckling even for an unusual period. When nothing, however, exists to demand a deviation from what is common, a child may generally be weaned without suffering inconvenience, at seven, eight, or nine months. Care should be taken not to begin weaning an infant when there are any untoward symptoms of dentition. In every case, weaning should be effected by degrees; and this not more on account of the infant than of the mother. Three or four weeks should be devoted to the accomplishment of this point.

"As soon as the child's strength will permit, it should be in gentle motion almost the whole of the day, excepting during the intervals necessary for its sleep and nourishment. A child of four months old should begin to spring in its nurse's arms; to crow at the objects which attract its attention, and to grasp, though with imperfect vision, at the things beyond its reach. But how often have I seen the reverse! and have wished to have taken from the dull and indifferent nurse the little being that has hung heavily upon her arms, while it looked around it with vacant stupidity.

Children, unless they are ill, are generally ready to be pleased, particularly if they have not been permitted, by the neglect of their comfort, and for want of suitable amusement, to acquire the habit of fretful crying, which, besides being painful to hear, is most likely to end in forming a temper of confirmed fretfulness and discontent. It is an excellent art in a nursemaid to accustom children to amuse and occupy themselves, an art equally conducive to her comfort and their benefit. If she thus preserve their good temper and her own, she will not find them often refractory." Our accomplished authoress might here have added, that the plan of cramming children with food, or the fully worse practice of frightening them with looks or stories of a horrifying tendency, for the purpose of quieting them, are, to the last degree, improper, and should meet with the instantaneous reprobation of every sensible mother. Farther observations on the bringing up of children must be left till another opportunity.

THE LAST WOLVES OF MORAY.

The last wolves existing in this district had their den in a deep sandy ravine, under the Knock of Bre-Moray, a lofty mountain near the centre of the shire, near the source of the Burn of Newton. Two brothers, residing at the little place of Falkirk, boldly undertook to watch the old ones out, and to kill their young; and, as every one had suffered more or less from their depredations, the excitement to learn the result of so perilous an enterprize was universal. Having seen the parent animals quit their den in search of prey, the one brother stationed himself as a sentinel to give the alarm in case the wolves should return, whilst the other threw off his plaid, and armed with his dirk alone, crawled in to dispatch the cubs. He had not been long in the den when the wolves where seen by the watchman hastening back to the ravine. A sudden panic seized the wretched man, and he fled without giving the promised warning, and never stopped till he crossed the Divie, two miles off. There, conscience-striken for his cowardice, he wounded himself in various places with his dirk; and, on reaching Falkirk, he told the people, who eagerly collected to hear the result of the adventure, that the wolves had surprised them in the den, that his brother was killed, and that he had miraculously escaped, wounded as he was. A shout of vengeance rent the air; and each man, catching up whatever weapon he could lay hands on, the whole gathering set out determined, at all hazards, to recover the mutilated remains of their friend.

But what was their astonishment, when, on reaching the Hill of Bogney, they beheld the mangled and bloody form of him whom they supposed dead, dragging itself towards them. For a moment they were awed by a superstitious fear; but they soon learned the history of his escape. He had found little difficulty in killing the cubs, and he was in the act of making his way out, when the mouth of the hole was darkened, and the she-wolf was upon him. With one lucky thrust of his dirk, he despatched her at once; but his contest with her grim companion was long and severe; and although he fought in that narrow place, and from behind the body of the brute he had killed, he was nearly torn to pieces before he succeeded in depriving his ferocious enemy of life. The indignation of the people against the dastard brother, on thus beholding his falsehood and cowardice made manifest, knew no bounds. They dragged him before the laird, who, on hearing the case, adjudged him to be forthwith hanged on the summit of the conical hill,—a sentence that was immediately put in execution.—*Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's Account of the Moray Floods.*

MIRKWOOD MERE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Late, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood Mere's romantic dell,
The lake returned, in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam;
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool,
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if they lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,—
A world than earthly world more fair.
But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior at the battle cry
Invests him with his panoply;
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
Began to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world;
And to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.
Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change!
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strangely bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound.
While joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.
So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of Truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay;
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale;
For ever dead to Fancy's eye
Be each fair form that glided by;
While dreams of love, and lady's charms,
Give place to honour and to arms!

THE MONKS OF NEWHALL.

Most persons will have heard of the hospitality which was at one time exercised by the religious houses, prior to the Reformation. When the country was in a rude state, the monasteries served as a species of inns for the use of weary travellers, with this distinction, that they charged no price for their food and lodging. At the Reformation, all this was done away, by the monks themselves being reduced to a forlorn condition; yet we have to record a remarkable instance of a semblance of the old hospitable custom being continued, and which still continues in feeble operation. On the boundary of the counties of Edinburgh and Peebles, and lying at the southern base of the Pentland Hills, there was once a rich conventual institution of Cistertian Monks. They had a great deal of the adjacent lands in their possession; some of which, till this day, are distinguished as having belonged to the *Monks*. Fortunately, this religious body did not lavish their ample endowments on improper objects. Over a tract of country, of many miles in extent, they were alike renowned for their hospitality and piety. They were at that time, in this part of Scotland, what the Monks of St. Bernard are in own times. Their house was situated in the midst of a very wild region, yet far from being reclaimed. From the threshold of their monastery, the eye travelled over an apparently unlimited bleak morass, indented by ravines and hollows,—that wilderness land, a great portion of which is known by the name of Pennycuik Moor. To the west, this wretched district extended almost as far as the banks of the Clyde. For the greater part of the year, the climate here is raw and pinching. In the winter it is exceedingly inclement. The good Cisterian Monks, it may well be supposed, were seldom at a loss for objects whereupon to lavish their hospitality. At different places they established hospitals, or houses of refuge, at which refreshments were freely given to the passing traveller, who used them with becoming moderation, and warm lodgings for the night to persons overtaken by fatigue or darkness, in travelling over the waste. Besides these hospitals, or inns, there were two or three houses in which the sick and supercannuated were attended to on a more permanent scale. For the farther security and comfort of the traveller, there were crosses reared beside little fonts of water on the sides of the thoroughfares, which at once answered as land-marks in cases of deep snows, and as watering-places for cattle.

Every vestige is now gone of these edifices, and it is only in the course of agricultural improvement that their sites can be accurately pointed out, from the foundations being turned up. The names of the places likewise fix the locality of the institutions of the Cistertians. The modern mansion of Newhall is built on the site of the monastery, and different places in its neighbourhood are called *'Spital*. Thus, there is the Fore 'Spital and the Back 'Spital, both now farm steadings. Likewise *Monkhaugh*, *Monkrig*, *Monkburn*, and one place is still named *Font-and-Cross*. In confirmation of what has just been said of the ancient hospitality of the 'Spitals, a custom has prevailed, from time out of mind, at the Fore 'Spital, for giving shelter for a night, to poor wayfarers. An outhouse, well furnished with straw, is devoted to this object; and many is the occasion that, but for the beneficent, though mean, hospitality of the place, the poor beggar would have perished in this dismal territory. Few nights pass over, indeed, on which some houseless wanderers have not occasion to bless the kindly usages of the Monks of Newhall.

ST. CRISPIN AND THE SHOEMAKERS

Cobblers from Crispin boast their public spirit,
And all are upright, downright men of merit.

The most curious relics of the pageants of a past age, still exhibited in our streets in public processions, is that of King Crispin, and his gaudy retinue. Many of the beholders, however, are ignorant of the origin of so remarkable an exhibition, which, indeed, is referable to times exceedingly remote. Crispin and Crispianus, according to the tradition, were brethren, and born at Rome, from which city they travelled to Soissons, in France, for the purpose of propagating Christianity, in the year 303. It seems these pious pilgrims were of a noble disposition; and, in order that they might not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers, which, it is believed, they learned on purpose. Crispin and his brother were unfortunate in their apostolical career; they were seized by the governor of Soissons, and were inhumanly beheaded. In consequence of their piety, and the nature of their profession, they were hence chosen to be the titular saints of the shoemakers, whose occupation has since been designed as the *gentle craft*. At what period the shoemakers first began to form themselves into societies, and to observe the festival of these sainted personages, does not appear; it is natural enough to suppose, that the celebrity of Crispin and Crispianus would confer on the day and place of their martyrdom an honour, which they who wrought at the same occupation would wish to record and celebrate. Be this as it may, it is certain that the memory of the above saints is honoured in the city of their decollation, where churches, and other religious buildings are dedicated to "St. Crispin," "St. Crispin the Greater," "St. Crispin the Less," &c. In the Almanack, Crispin's day is marked the 25th of October. In Shakespeare's speech of Henry the Fifth, before the battle of Agincourt, the anniversary of Crispin is thus noticed:—

This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home
Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian,—
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world.

Among the various associations who have honoured St. Crispin, are two pious societies in Paris, (that is to say, if they have not perished amidst the wreck of the religious institutions in that unhappy city,) with the title of *Freres Cordonniers*, or brother shoemakers. They were established, by authority, about the middle of the sixteenth century; the one under the patronage of Crispin, and the other of Crispianus.

Shoemakers are legally called cordwainers, from Cordovan, a town and province in Spain, from whence the leather called Cordovan was brought. The Latin appellation of a shoemaker is Sutor—a word rendered popular in this country by its application in a contemptuous sense to the members of this ancient profession. The oldest association of shoemakers in Britain, is the Cordwainers' Company in London, which was first associated by Henry the Fourth, in the year 1410, by the style of the Cordwainers' and Cobblers' Company; the latter appellation not being a term of reproach, as it now is. They were afterwards incorporated by the title of "Cordwainers," alone. In Edinburgh, and, we suppose, every Scottish royal burgh, companies of cordwainers were established by the Scottish sovereigns, and remain constituted to the present day.

Although there is little reason to doubt that the story we have given of Crispin and Crispianus has a foundation in fact, it has been told in a variety of ways; and the shoemakers themselves appear to be much more fond of styling Crispin a *king* than a *saint*; and in some places they transform him, or one of his attendants, into an Indian prince. The pageants of Crispin, in modern times, it may be remarked, also vary in their character in different places, according, perhaps, to the fancy of the members of the *gentle craft*. Nowhere are these pageants enacted on such a scale of splendour as in Scotland, though it is chiefly on great occasions, as was witnessed in the celebration of a recent event of national importance, that the processions take place. In Edinburgh, a great expense is lavished on the dresses of the retinue of office-bearers of the *prince*, who, among other officials, has a champion cased in armour, and mounted on horseback.

ANECDOTE OF PITT.

He received the rudiments of education under the parental roof; and, notwithstanding his delicate health prevented him from devoting more than half the usual time to study, his progress was so rapid, that Lord Chatham, who assisted the Rev. Edward Wilson in instructing him, frequently expressed his firm conviction, that the boy would one day increase the glory of the name of Pitt; for that he would be the first man in the senate, whether in administration or not, and if a minister at all, that he would be premier. One evening, a member of parliament proposed taking the Earl's sons to hear an important debate in the House of Commons; but Lord Chatham would only suffer the elder, John, to go; "for," said he, "if William hears any arguments of which he does not approve, he will rise to controvert them; and young as he is, he has not even in that able assembly many equals in knowledge, reasoning, and eloquence!"—*Georgian Era.*

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TAILORS.

THERE are some things in this world which astonished me when I first opened my eyes upon it, and which I have never since been able to understand. One of these is the popular ridicule about the business of a tailor. The arts and crafts all alike refer to one grand object, the convenience and pleasure of the human race; and though there may be some shades of comparative dignity among them, I must profess I never yet could see any grounds, either in reason or jest, for the peculiar contempt thrown out upon one, which, to say the least of it, *eminently* conduces to the comfort of man. A joke is a joke, to be sure; but then it should be a *real* joke. It should have some bottom in the principles of ridiculous contrast, or else it cannot be what it pretends to be, and must consequently fall to the ground. Now, it strikes me that all the sniggering which there has been about tailors since the beginning of the world (the first attempt at the art, by the bye, was no laughing matter) has been quite in vain—perfect humbug—a mirth without the least foundation in nature; for, if we divest ourselves of all recollection of the traditionary ridicule, and think of a tailor as he really *is*, why, there is positively nothing in the least ridiculous about him. The whole world has been upon the grin for six thousand years about one particular branch of general employment; and if the world were seriously questioned as to the source of its amusement, I verily believe, that not a single individual could give the least explanation. The truth is, the laughter at tailors is an entire delusion. While the world laughs, the artists themselves make riches, and then laugh in their turn,—with this difference, that they laugh with a cause. I am almost tempted to suspect that the tailors themselves are at the bottom of this plot of ridicule, in order that they may have the less competition and the higher wages; for again I positively say, I cannot see what there is about the business to be laughed at. Nobody ever thinks of laughing at a shoemaker, though he applies himself to clothe the very meanest part of the human body. Nay, the saddler, who furnishes clothes to a race of quadrupeds, is never laughed at; while few trades awaken the human sympathies so strongly as that of the blacksmith, who is relatively as much meaner in his employment than the saddler, as the shoemaker is than the tailor. What, then, is the meaning—what is the cause of all this six thousand years' laughing? If any man will give me a feasible answer, I will laugh too; for I like a joke as well as any body; but, upon my honour, I cannot laugh without a cause. I must see where the fun lies, or it is no fun for me.

If the mirth be, as I suspect, entirely groundless, what a curious subject for consideration! A large and respectable class of the community has been subjected, from apparently the beginning of the social world, to a system of general ridicule; and, when the matter is inquired into, it turns out that nothing can be shewn in the circumstances of that class to make the ridicule merited. Men talk of the oppression of governments; but was there ever such oppression, such wanton persecution and cruelty, as this? Does any superior, in almost any instance, inflict such wrong upon those under him, as is here inflicted, by ordinary men, upon a part of their own set? How much discomfort there must have been in the course of time from this cause; and yet the jest turns out to want even the excuse of *being a jest!* Thousands of decent and worthy people have felt unhappy and degraded, that their neighbours might have an empty, unmeaning, witless laugh. The best of the joke is, that the human race must have paid immensely, in the course of time, for this silly sport. The tailors, very properly, would not make clothes and furnish laughing-stocks without payment for their services in both capacities. Their wages, therefore, have always been rather higher than those of other artizans; and few tradesmen are able to lend so much ready cash to good customers, as the London tailors. The fellows pocket the affront amazingly, having become quite reconciled to a contempt which is accompanied with so much of the substantial blessings of life. But the world should not allow this. It should say, "No, no, Messieurs Tailors, we see through the folly of our jesting, and would rather want it altogether, than pay so much more than is proper for our coats. So, if you please, we'll make a new arrangement. We'll agree never more to reckon up nine of you as necessary to make a man,—never more to speak of either goose or cabbage,—never more to use the words "prick the louse," or anything of that kind,—in short, we'll give up the whole of this system of obloquy, and make men of you, if you will only give us a discount of five per cent. off your charges." Let the world do this; and, if the tailors be not by this time quite hardened in endurance, and impervious to all shame, I think we might all save a good deal of our incomes every year, and yet the amount of genuine mirth not be much diminished.

THE NE'ER-DO-WEEL.

NE'ER-DO-WEEL is a term applied in Scotland to a class of individuals, who, let them try what course of life they please, *never do well* in any. There are two ways of accounting for such phenomena. Either the individual is supposed to want *good fortune*, or his infelicity is traceable to a want of certain powers necessary for success, with the possession, perhaps, of certain other qualities which operate unfavourably. Many of our readers will recollect the story of "Murad the Unlucky;" by Miss Edgeworth, where two Musselmauns, brothers, are represented as setting out in life together, with equal chances of prospering; but while one does every thing he should do, and at its right time, and consequently thrives to admiration; the other does every thing he ought not to do, or if he does a right thing by chance, it is out of time, and consequently he ends in misery, with the nickname which furnishes a title to the tale. It has for a considerable time been contemplated by one of the editors of this Journal, to pen the adventures of a kind of Scottish Murad, of whom many instances, alas, are to be found; but a friend, of much more experience in the world than he can pretend to, has, to his great satisfaction, spared him this trouble, by placing the following narrative at his command.

My uncle was a Scotsman:—that is but another name for a dry wit. He respected most of the feelings of his country, and even some of its superstitions; but if he thought either calculated to lead to wrong conclusions, he shewed them no mercy He often chose to reprehend them, however, in way of his own: one of these was, to appear to chime in with the superstition—to give it every apparent credence; and then, by accounting in a natural manner for the facts referred to, to tear it to pieces by shewing it wholly absurd.

One morning, a good-natured friend of his, of the opposite sex, was pleased to expatiate in his presence, on the subject of witchcraft, adducing, as is usual in such circumstances, a great variety of facts, that could not, in appearance, be accounted for in any other way. My uncle heard her in his usual manner, with his eyes shut, and leaning back on his chair; but without a symptom of dissent. At length, when she was fairly exhausted, he raised himself, not to express any dissent from her opinions, but, in appearance, to give a story in corroboration, and he gave it as follows:—

Unquestionably some people are bewitched from their birth, or mad, without suspecting it, or being, suspected by others. I knew a person of this description. His name was Nicol Badenoch. His father was a merchant in the country, in rather an extensive way; but he had risen to it entirely by his own exertions, and in a way that would make an entertaining and instructive history. In process of time he married a lady of a respectable family, but unfortunately not distinguished in their particular generation. In honour of this family, and to inherit a small maternal property, it was arranged that Master Nicolas should take the name of Badenoch; and it proved ominous to him; for either from that, or from some defect in his understanding or education, (for I do not pretend to decide dogmatically upon any thing,) young Badenoch never prospered in any action of his life. Some said the property was in itself unlucky, and destroyed the prosperity of every one who ever meddled with it. But it was not entailed, so as to make the son independent of and indifferent to his father; so it could not injure the individual in that way. It was not a life-interest in any respect, so as to render the inheritor indifferent to the property; so it could hardly injure him any way. Some pretended, indeed, that in very remote times it had been wrested from a good-natured proprietor for a debt, which, even with interest and law charges, formed a very inadequate price; but if we were to go back to these things, what lands would appear to have come well?

Be this as it may, Badenoch completely answered to his name from his earliest years upwards. Whether he meant well or ill, it was all one, he never *did* well; and yet no one considered him particularly vicious or foolish,—they only thought him *bewitched*.

There was one person who always dissented from the general conclusion, and that was his mother. Whatever was the cause, that individual shewed an attachment and a good opinion of him that was wholly unaccountable. She had other children, and these amiable and sensible; but she left them wholly to the guidance of their father

She thought only of her son Nick. If he was well, all was well; and if not, it was of little consequence how other matters went. If he played truant, which he often did, it was of no consequence; he had an estate, and did not need to care for the school. If he tore his clothes, it was no matter, so it was not his person. If he belaboured another boy, infinitely his junior, it was a proper act, and no doubt the little rascal deserved it; but if another boy happened to belabour him, and this often did happen, it was a shame and a scandal, and the schoolmaster and the whole parish heard of it. At last he could hardly stir out but some mischief happened to him. Some people said he had brought this upon himself by his own cowardice, and by exciting the constant clamour of his mother; others by his being constantly overdressed, and seeming very unworthy of it; and a school green is certainly not the place for a young master to exhibit extra finery; but most people were satisfied by merely saying he was bewitched.

As he grew up, he exhibited rather a handsome person and a stupid head. He was what in Scotland is termed a weel-faured gomeril; a young man with the affectation of gentility, without the good sense that alone gives grace. He did not compete for any of the prizes at college, because he had no need. He did not talk of the learning he had acquired at college, but of the sums he had spent, and the tricks he had played,—boasts that even the youngest of his hearers had sense to despise or to disbelieve. At last, after finishing his course, he was found to be as ignorant of all matters taught at college, as he had previously been of all matters taught at school; consequently, he could not be of any of the professions proper to gentlemen; neither could he be a mere landholder, for he had already spent half his estate, and the other was inadequate to his maintenance. He was therefore compelled to think of becoming a merchant, in order to avoid being a beggar; and every one was more and more satisfied that young Badenoch was certainly bewitched.

Well, he became a merchant, and opened in a great way; for it would have been disgraceful to him to have opened in a small one. For a time he flourished in appearance, for his house was always full of company, and his goods were new and fashionable, and sold cheap. Some people, indeed, alleged that he often sold cheaper than he bought; but that must have arisen from ignorance on their part. It seemed probable, however, that, as was farther alleged, he was often feasting his friends when he ought to have been following his business; and that they were such friends as neither added to his credit by their countenance, nor to his understanding by their counsel. At last, his entertainments began to be laughed at as the feasts of a fool; and his name became so common on bills, that it began to be refused at the banks. This was a critical moment for a merchant—it proved fatal to him. In eighteen months his affairs were so involved that they could not be extricated. From a blaze of apparent prosperity, he sunk at once into a bankrupt and a beggar. He had in that short space paid so many debts for other people, that he had nothing left to pay his own; and every body was satisfied that he was certainly bewitched.

And where was his mother during all this period? The admirer of all his proceedings, and now the trumpeter of his injuries, she saw nothing in his extravagance but liberality; nothing in his misfortunes but good nature. She did not say that he was imprudent, but that those who had taken advantage of him were villains; and she determined to support him at whatever expense.

In pursuance of this resolution, she insisted upon his being received back into his father's house. To have allowed him to be worse dressed, or less furnished with money than had been usual to him, would, she conceived, have been an affront to the family. There was, therefore, no change in this respect. His father protested against all this; often asseverated that, as he had made his money with toil, so no one should spend it in idleness. He even went so far as to refuse all supplies whatever, on the plea that those who would not work should not live; and farther, that his family was large, and had been expensive, and he could not afford it; and this last was found actually to be true. But with an infatuation not easily accounted for, the mother would not believe it, or, believing it, disdained to yield to the change of conduct necessary in the circumstances. She had formerly been useful in aiding the exertions of her husband, and he had trusted her largely. She not only knew where his bank bills were deposited, but had occasionally acted for him in investing or drawing sums. Will it be believed? In order to supply the foolish, tasteless, and even unenjoyed extravagance of a worthless son, or to pay debts which he chose to consider debts of honour, though from the actual circumstances they were only debts of folly or infamy, this woman forgot all duty to her husband and her family; and, by privately removing documents of debt, and uplifting their contents, in one year reduced her husband from a state of perfect credit to one of the greatest difficulty and danger; for though he saw his son was supported from some quarter, probably in a dishonourable manner, he never dreamt of the extent, nor of the treachery of his wife; and in these circumstances came under engagements in the way of his business, which she had wholly deprived him of the means of answering. Nothing but his long known probity, added to a distinct declaration of the fraud that had been practised upon him, could have saved the old merchant from ruin, and his family from want; and now every one who heard of the circumstance, declared that Nicol Badenoch was *certainly* bewitched.

It would be painful to enter into a detail of the miseries which these circumstances introduced into the family. It was now indispensable that the father should expel the son from his house, unless he would be considered cognizant of his follies, and even using them as a blind for defrauding his own creditors. This last feeling the honourable old man found intolerable; and therefore, though the mother clung to her son with a pertinacity little short of madness, he was decidedly expelled, and with him, for a time, the mother; for she declared that she would not be separated from him.

At last an incident happened that shook the foolish affections of even the mother. It is generally known how easily the marriage tie is come under in Scotland. The parties have only to acknowledge each other, before competent witnesses, to be husband and wife, and they are so to all legal intents and purposes, though certainly with the violation of all decency. Being one evening among his companions, and, as he pleaded, in no condition to judge for himself, (if ever he was in that condition,) in protecting the character of a young woman, whose character, it was supposed, required protection, and whose circumstances, at least, were humble, he declared, and, it is said, was from mere mischief incited to declare, in testimony of his conviction of her purity, that he himself was ready to make her his WIFE; and the young woman being procured, or, as it was said, being ready to be introduced at the expected crisis, the man made good his threat, and next morning found himself indissolubly married! It need not be added, that the world now declared unanimously that Ne'er-do-weel was *undoubtedly* bewitched.

Amid all his misfortunes, his mother had thought so well of her darling Nicolas, that she looked to his repairing every thing, and even rising beyond what he had ever been, by a splendid marriage. This was so completely fixed in her imagination, that she considered all that might happen in the interval as of little consequence; she merely looked forward to the period when he might submit to marry. In this impression she had singled out for him none but women of first-rate fortunes and accomplishments; and if she ever attempted to hint an instruction to her son, it was to think of looking after this or that lady, whom she considered such as he ought to be inclined to marry. A refusal on the part of the lady never entered her thoughts. It never affected her, that, one by one, the ladies she had in succession thought worthy of his preference, were retiring to their respective residences, with husbands of undoubted respectability, and of their own choosing. She only chid her son for not having stept forward in time. But this blow was a destroyer. She could not believe it—she *would not* believe it. It was such a folly, such a disgrace; she asseverated that it was impossible; and carrying her son off to another quarter, sent to tell the young woman never to think of what had passed but as a piece of folly and a dream. But the young woman had different views on the subject. At last the mother, foolish in every thing, thought of her usual remedy in such emergencies,—money; but there she was less powerful than heretofore, and the young person was vain. Though she believed her husband was a fool, and knew him to be a beggar, he was yet what the world had called a gentleman; and *she* was desirous of being a gentleman's wife. She was therefore as obstinate in maintaining her bargain, as the mother was for annulling it, neither being conscious that it did not rest with them; and the rage and agony of the mother were indescribable.

Had it rested with her, no punishment would have seemed too great for the low-born gipsy that had dared to get married to her son. But, in Scotland, there is no punishment by *law* for marriage; and we can fancy the face of sarcasm, with which our ancient law-givers would leave it to itself.

The old lady saw no remedy for this last misfortune of her son, but in, for a time, foregoing his presence in this country, and sending him abroad; and she hoped, that by thus decidedly breaking the connexion, the young woman would soon seek a more equal match for herself; or otherwise, so misconduct herself, as to forfeit the title that had been given to her, and so give her husband an opportunity of speedily revisiting his country, and at liberty to enter into a more suitable connexion. In pursuance of this prospect, a passage was taken for him in a vessel bound for the West Indies; and his father, who had of late remained callous to all circumstances connected with him, was prevailed on to advance the money necessary upon this occasion.

His infatuated mother, though the sole adviser of the expedition, yet could not avoid hazarding its success, by her extravagant and unaccountable sorrow. The son, too, though ruined and laughed at by his companions, could not avoid taking farewell of them. The circumstances transpired, and his route was traced by a circumstance completely characteristic. In taking leave of his mother, he was too late for the stage coach! She regarded it as a God-send, for it promised her another day of his company; but his father very truly predicted, that if he did not go as he could, he might not be allowed to go. The mother, as usual, ridiculed the old man's fears, and attributed them to the worst motives; but the approach of officers to surround the house, with the view of apprehending the son as in meditation of flight, soon satisfied her, for the thousandth time, that her folly was as complete as it seemed likely to be endless.

Contraband trade had been one of the occasional resources of the old gentleman, and so he still had the means of concealing his son. But the madness of the mother had well nigh rendered even this useless. She could not conceal her agony while the search of the officers was going forward,—scarcely refrain from screaming as they approached where she thought it likely her son was concealed. It was necessary to remove her by force to a room which the officers had searched, and there secure her on her bed, or she would have divulged the whole. In the same spirit she rendered it indispensable that her precious son should be huddled off in the dark, and without seeing her, to find his sea-port as he best could.

He found the sea-port; but the frenzy of his mother having blabbed it, the officers watched the vessel, and one of them even declared his intention of going with an admiralty warrant as far as a boat would carry him. The sagacity of his father had anticipated this; and so a correspondent was di-

rected to repair to the vessel, and announce that they should lie to, to receive him off the Western Isles. His escape now seemed certain, therefore; but there are people whose folly sets all human wisdom exerted in their favour at defiance. The hero of this story was one of them. On the eve of setting off for his rendezvous, he could not help boasting to a crony of two days' standing, how he had detected the plot laid for him, and how defeated it. He had scarcely been gone twelve hours, when the story was repeated in an open tap-room, in presence of the very officer who had been baffled, and who had now embarked so much money in the chase, and which he had no chance of realizing but by the capture of his man, that he was well nigh desperate. He therefore started immediately in pursuit; and the correspondent of the old gentleman, seeing the vessel no longer watched, soon traced the cause, and the route of the officer. He immediately sent a person in whom he could trust, to give warning; and the warning was duly received. But a fool, by being warned of danger, is only rendered incapable of escaping from it. This infatuated person's only plan for governing those he wished to influence, was, by appealing to their grossest passions, without considering whether he should not thereby incapacitate them from rendering the service he was so anxious to obtain. The difficulties of the land journey were past. He had only to embark for the Island, when he received information that it was necessary he should embark immediately. The boatmen were summoned. They were ready to embark; but he deemed it necessary to apprise them that they must also use despatch, and the wind was adverse. Nothing better occurred to this derelict, than to ply them with ardent spirits,—wisely deeming that the better they were fortified in this respect, the more they would be able and anxious to second his wishes. As might have been anticipated, they became irrationally drunk. They came to the beach, it is true, all confidence and noise, but wholly unfit for the business of facing a rough sea and a head wind in a dark night. But they got on board. With much staggering, and noise, and swearing, the sail was hoisted; but the boat could not be made to clear the bay. All night they lay hard to the wind; those at the sails and helm never quitting them, but, on the contrary, holding on with the most desperate perseverance, to prevent the vessel again falling upon the lee shore; for our hero now felt it necessary to declare, that he must not, upon any account, be landed again.

During the darkness they could see nothing, but that there were breakers still on the sea. The sailors swore and prayed by turns; for with every rag set, and the man at the helm watching every wave, they were satisfied they had not yet cleared the head, and, in short, with all their exertions, were doing nothing. They had never experienced any thing like this, and believed they must be bewitched. Our unfortunate hero himself believed at last that he must be bewitched. He ran over the whole course of his life. It was a life that ought to have been prosperous; but in every circumstance had been unprosperous. When others, without a shilling, had made fortunes, he, with every opportunity, had lost one. Instead of having married, so as to increase his comfort and respectability, he had become involved in a way, that precluded him for ever from either being comfortable or respectable through that connexion. Even when he had wished to fly from his native country, without a shilling that he could call his own, and without knowing whether he should ever be enabled to earn one, he had found it impossible. By merely telling to companions he had trusted, the course he meant to follow, that course had been betrayed. By lingering for a moment with a mother that loved him, he had lost the opportunity of travelling in comfort. And by merely mentioning to a stranger the fact of having overcome all difficulties, he had not only protracted and increased them, but rendered them overwhelming. The vessel even refused to sail, that ought to bear him on his destination. He sunk, overpowered with the inscrutable severity of his fate. He was certainly bewitched, if ever a man was.

When day-light appeared, it was found that though every sail was set, and every hand was at his post, and straining every nerve, they had not left the spot from which they intended to start. The wind was howling in the rigging, the sails were full to bursting, the helms-man was watching every pitch of the vessel, and screaming his orders to the over-laboured tars, who, now sober from fatigue and anxiety, were tightening every rope with increased ardour, and looking at the ocean and at the land at once, with a disappointment and astonishment almost amounting to frenzy. At last, a horseman was seen to reach the beach, attended by numerous companions on foot. Our hero at once knew him. It was his pursuer! Shouts at once, of triumph and of laughter, burst from them, as they leaped into a boat, to board the enchanted vessel. This only increased the rage of those on board of her. They saw that the others made way freely to overtake, while they could not stir to fly. They gnashed their teeth, while they exclaimed, what *could* be the cause! The cause was at once discovered,—the vessel was hard at anchor! In the drunkenness of the preceding night, they had totally omitted to weigh anchor; and all night, of course, had been contending with a phantom. In the rage of the moment, one of the seamen cut the cable and the vessel darted to seaward, exactly as the officers in pursuit hauled our hero into their own boat.

It will seem strange, that while the boat escaped, the person who formed the sole object of that escape should have remained behind. But this fact is to be referred, like the rest, to that person's unchangeable folly. He was standing, so anxious to see the vessel escape, that he had no eye or thought for any other circumstance; and, consequently, one of his pursuers threw a rope round him, without observation or resistance; and in another moment he was in the water, and too glad to be taken up even by his worst enemy.

The often disappointed messenger, as soon as he could reach our hero, clutched him, as if every thing short of strangulation was justified! He had often received money from him before, it is true; but no thanks for that. He had now a good ten pounds depending upon him; and to secure *that*, he would have dragged him through fire had it been necessary, as well as water. From the mere instinct of outraged nature, our friend, for once in his life, shewed some sense of right. He knew he had done nothing to justify the harshness shewn to him; and therefore, or from the necessity of freeing himself from suffocation, immediately exerted all his strength to free himself from the aggressor, and with such effect, that the messenger very speedily found himself in the same element from which our friend had so recently been rescued. At the same time, Mr. Badenoch, who for his amusement had learned to swim, immediately again plunged into the water, in a direction, it may be supposed, the very opposite to his antagonist. The boatmen were now divided in their object. Could they have seen the messenger, to throw him a rope, they would have done so, and made after his prize; but the messenger had not yet again made his appearance. One of the boatmen, therefore, threw a rope after the escaping individual; but they of the other boat, and who had fortunately not been paid their fare, had now returned, and either entering into the spirit of the rescue, or wishing to establish a merit with their own man, seemed determined to defeat the object of their neighbours, if possible. As soon as the rope was thrown, therefore, one of them seized it with a boat hook, pretending to understand it to be meant to bring the yawl on board. But this would have left *their* pay-master to his fate, and, consequently, their fare unpaid; for once, therefore, our friend was fortunate and escaped. His boat flew to sea, as if with a joyous velocity; and the disappointed officer, when picked up, was in no condition to reproach himself or any one else, for what had happened. He only "grinned horrible," forgetting to add the smile.

The boat of the bewitched one then got to sea; but only to be satisfied it was too late! The vessel had waited the appointed time, but in vain; and, with a heart bursting with many contending emotions (for these unfortunates *have* feelings—often strong feelings, though generally of the wrong description), our hero saw the masts of the ship, that was to have borne him to oblivion and safety, disappearing on the far ocean, and leaving him more hapless than ever!

The boatmen, seeing his situation, very feelingly took some trouble to avoid returning in such a way as to expose him to farther persecution. They steered for another part of the island; and, having landed their fare, returned as quickly as possible, and as if they had succeeded in effecting their object. Perhaps their personal vanity upon this subject was the real secret of their exertions. The messenger was deceived, and left the field.

Again our hero, therefore, became a burden upon his friends; but as he had shame enough to avoid returning to them, it was more tolerable. Taught at last by dire experience, he kept his own secret; and, in a few weeks after this disappointment, was fairly on his way to a foreign land.

[*The remainder of the Ne'er-do-weel's Adventures in our next.*]

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE ATMOSPHERE—*Continued.*

The humidity of the air next claims our attention, and we need scarcely observe, that the vegetable creation, which appears to have been destined for the support of myriads of animate beings requires a certain quantity of moisture, whether it descends in the form of dew, or of genial and refreshing rains, which are supplied by the evaporation which is constantly going on from the rivers, lakes, and seas, which adorn the surface of the earth. Accordingly, it is found that the air always holds either in solution or in suspension, a certain quantity of moisture. At 50° of Fahrenheit's thermometer, it will contain one fiftieth of its own volume, or about one seventy-fifth of its own weight of this vapour; but the quantity is varied by many causes. More vapour rises in maritime countries, and those interspersed with lakes, than in island countries; more rises during hot than during cold weather, and during a brisk wind, than during a calm. So long as the air holds this moisture in solution or suspension, so as not to exceed its capacity of saturation, it remains invisible; but if the temperature diminishes, the quantity of vapour which surpassed the degree of saturation condenses, and, according to its degree of condensation, resumes the liquid state, descending in the shapes of fogs or rain. It often happens on a fine clear day, when there is not a speck apparent in the azure sky, that from some sudden current of cold air in those higher regions, this vapour is suddenly condensed into light billowy clouds, which again after a time disappear. The excess of moisture in the air, indicating the approach of rain, is recognized by many prognostics, which are perhaps more familiarly known to the sailor and the peasant than to the man of science. Thus, when the moon appears of a pure and silvery white, good weather is indicated; but when it exhibites a reddish light, wind and storm, and when a brown tint, rain may be predicted—all of which appearances depends on the increased quantity of moisture affecting the density of the air. When the odour of plants is more powerful—when distant sounds are heard more distinctly—when objects afar off are seen more perceptibly than usual, the air is saturated with excess of moisture, and rain may generally be prognosticated. Instruments to ascertain the quantity of moisture present in the air, are termed *Hygrometers;* and are generally made of sponge, hair, or whalebone. That used by the celebrated Howard, who has furnished us with an admirable work on the climate of London, consists of a very slender strip of whalebone, which having been cut out of the piece across the grain, and reduced by scraping to the requisite thickness, with a length of about 3½ inches, is so mounted on a brass frame, with a counteracting spring of wire, as to move an index round a circular scale of three inches circumference. The shortening of the strip of whalebone by dryness, and the lengthening by moisture, while the spring keeps it extended, respectively carry the index toward the extremes of the scale. Certain vegetables, more especially the wild oat and other kinds of grasses, and also some flowers, indicate the excess of moisture in the atmosphere, and are good hygrometers.

The electrical condition of the air merits notice, as it obviously influences a variety of atmospherical phenomena. Here, then, we may observe, that the peculiar matter known under the form of electric fluid, seems to pervade all nature. It constantly seeks an equal distribution, and some bodies conduct it with more facility than others. Of this remarkable fluid the earth is the great reservoir, and when an equilibrium exists between it and atmospherical bodies, no sensible phenomena take place: water is a better conductor than air, for which reason, during a thick fog, when the earth is surcharged with electrical matter, the electricity is conducted away without any sensible effects; but if the air remain dry, as it often is in this country during the summer and autumn months, then the fluid, instead of being conducted gently, faces itself through the intervening space to the attracting body, and produces loud explosions. Hence the correctness of the poet who, in describing a storm among the Alps, says—

> ——— far along,
> From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder. Not from one lone cl[illegible]
> But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
> And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
> Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

The electrical state of the air varies in different climates, and at different periods of the day; hence storms rarely occur immediately after sunrise, because the rising vapours then equalize the electric fluid without any sensible

commotion; but they occur when the air has become dry during the more advanced period of the day and during the night. In summer, when the earth is dry, and the day warm, droughty, and serene, the atmospheric electricity increases from sunrise until mid-day, when it arrives at its maximum, and remains stationary a couple of hours, after which it diminishes until the fall of dew, and revives and increases again until midnight, to be shortly after almost extinguished.

When the electrical condition of the earth and clouds is dissimilar, and the equilibrium is disturbed, nervous people are often much affected, suffering difficulty of breathing, headach, painful anxiety, a sense of oppression, pains in the limbs, and mental depression, by which many of them are enabled to predict with certainty the approach of a storm. Nor does this result merely from imagination, for many animals, and persons who are insane, are at such times much affected. Occasionally the air is so much charged with electricity, that fire-balls are seen at the tops of masts, towers, and monuments. The manes of horses, and tips of their ears, often appear luminous during a thunder storm.* Julius Cæsar states, that after a great storm which occurred during the African war, and which injured the Roman army, the end of the soldiers' javelins and darts shone with a great light. The electricity of the atmosphere is not less by day than by night;—but it has been observed that winds often augment, and often diminish considerably its electrical state. Northern lights, shooting stars, the zodiacal light, and other similar phenomena, have been attributed to the accumulation and transmission of the electric fluid through the higher regions of the air. The forms of clouds, and the fall of rain, are said likewise to depend on electricity; but the variations in the electrical state of our atmosphere, and the influence of these on the human body in health and disease, are not yet sufficiently understood.

We shall next consider the colour of the atmoshere; and assuredly there are few observers of nature who have not marked with delight the glowing tints that "live along the sky," and the greater or the lesser intensity of the azure vault at different seasons of the year, and in different countries. It has by some been supposed that the air is itself of a blue colour, which when the air is accumulated in a mass is rendered more apparent; but this explanation is by no means so satisfactory as that which rests on the principles and beautiful theory of light propounded by Sir Isaac Newton. That illustrious philosopher showed, that when a ray of white light passes from a rarer into a denser medium, as from space, or subtile ether, into our denser atmosphere, it is bent out of its course and resolved into its primary ray. The colour of the sky is owing to the vapour suspended in the air, absorbing the least refrangible—that is, the red and yellow rays—and transmitting the blue or most refrangible of the rays, which when blended together, constitute a beam of light. Accordingly, the different shades of blue which the heavens display, depend on the quantity and nature of vapour suspended in the atmosphere. If the watery particles be to a certain degree condensed, the white light, or the light undecomposed, is reflected, and we have the pale tint of sky so frequently observed in this country. But if their suspension be more complete, and the air fully saturated, as is the case in warmer southern climates, then the blue rays are transmitted in their softest and deepest intensity. Travellers have observed, that in general the air is of a deeper blue under the torrid zone, than in high latitudes; and so likewise, in this climate, in summer than in winter.—Baron Humboldt remarks, that from the coasts of Spain and Africa, the azure colour of the heavens augmented from thirteen to twenty-three degrees, which he estimated by an instrument invented for that purpose, named the Cyanometer. Near the horizon, on account of the opacity of the vapours there generally accumulated, the sky is often of a pale tint; and for the same reason, when viewed from coasts it appears paler on the sea, than on the land side of the prospect. When we ascend a mountain, and attain a region above the diffusion of the aqueous vapour, which thus refracts the blue rays, the sky becomes of a deeper blue, and then its shades grow darker and darker, until its whole expanse appears black. Such was the aspect of the heavens, described by Saussure, from the top of Mont Blanc, and the Andes. So, likewise, M. Auldjo, in describing the sublime prospect from the top of Mont Blanc, thus expresses himself:—"On the south a blue space shewed where the plain of Piedmont lay; and far in the back ground of this, rose the long chain of the Apennines, and lofty Alps, forming the coast of the Mediterrean, and running thence towards the right, meeting the mountains of Savoy. Gilded as they were by the sun, and canopied by a sky almost black, they made up a picture so grand and awful, that the mind could not behold it without fear and astonishment." Here we may add, because it is consonant with this explanation, that Professor Leslie, of the University of Edinburgh, has observed, that the light diffused is weaker when the sky is of a very deep and pure blue, and when it is slightly covered by transparent vapour. Assuredly, the reason of this is, that in the deep blue atmosphere, the rays of light are many of them decomposed, as we have explained; while, in the more opaque vapoury sky, they are reflected in all their original dazzling whiteness. Hence, by presenting a medium for the refraction and reflection of light, the atmosphere which invests the earth tends to diffuse this blessing equally around us. Without its presence, when we turned our back on the sun, the rest of the sky would appear quite black, and the instant that glorious orb sunk below the horizon, instead of a gentle twilight succeeding, we should be involved in total darkness.

We do not in this place consider it expedient to dwell at any length on the chemical constitution of atmospheric air; but we may remark, that instead of being a simple element, as was supposed by the ancients, it is a mixture of two gases,—the one named *oxygen*, the other *nitrogen*; besides which there is found a small portion of a more deleterious gas, known as *carbonic acid gas*, the fixed air which gives the sparkling buoyancy to soda water, champaign, &c. The oxygen may be called the stimulating principle of the air. If a spark of light be plunged into it, the spark shines with a bright and dazzling lustre. If we were to inspire it, the pulse would become increased, the breathing more rapid, and the stimulus be too great for the endurance of life. Yet without its presence no animal could live, so that, when confined in a close apartment, as the quantity of this gas diminishes, our breathing becomes laborious, and, were not a fresh quantity admitted, respiration would entirely cease. Without its presence no flame is supported. A candle placed under a jar, when it has consumed the oxygen, becomes extinguished. It likewise acts upon metals entering into combination with them; as with mercury, lead, manganese, from which it may readily be expelled by the agency of heat. Such being the qualities of this gas, and as it could not be breathed pure, Nature, in forming atmospheric air, has supplied a diluent in the nitrogen, 79 parts of which added to 21 of oxygen constitute the air we breathe, and in this proportion the air is found at the highest altitudes and in all countries. Saussure analyzed the air on the top of Mont Blanc and found it consisted of the same constituents as the air in the valleys below. Berthollet analyzed the air of Egypt, and found it the same as the air in France. The carbonic acid gas, being so deleterious, exists only in a very small proportion—one part in a thousand; but it varies, the quantity being greater in summer than in winter, and during the night than during the day. It was supposed at one time that it existed only accidentally in the air, but it is now ascertained that it exists in the air over the high mountain ranges. Gay Lussac brought it from twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea, that being the amazing height to which he ascended in his balloon. Every body is aware, that air is necessary for the support of human life—hence we read in the Mosaic account of the creation, that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Let us therefore attend to what has been observed on this subject; at each inspiration from twenty to forty inches of air are taken into the body, and this air consists of a certain quantity of oxygen, nitrogen, watery vapour, and a very little carbonic acid; but at each expiration its condition is materially changed, the quantity of nitrogen remains the same, that of the watery vapour is little changed, but a part of the stimulating principle of the oxygen disappears, and an additional quantity of carbonic acid gas is emitted in its place: this applies to animals. It is evident therefore that a vast quantity of oxygen is continually being extracted from the air, and to compensate for this loss, Nature has not failed to make an ample and all wise provision. This is done by the aid of plants and trees, which, during the day, in the process of their breathing, absorb the carbonic acid gas, and give out a quantity of oxygen, so that while animals are deteriorating, plants are purifying the atmosphere. In the shade, however, and during the night, it is found that plants emit carbonic acid;—hence in a plain, only lightly shaded with wood, the air is salubrious, but in the interior of extensive forests it is thick and unwholesome. Accordingly, as the poet expresses it, "all are but parts of one stupendous whole," and thus is the vegetable creation essential to the purification of the air we breathe. No wonder is it, then, that the Dutch paid so heavy a penalty for their ill judged proceeding at Ternate; where in order to heighten the value of the fruit of the clove tree, which grew plentifully on that island, they ordered all the clove trees to be cut down, shortly after which the air became unwholesome, and the whole island sickly. Air, we may also remark, is rendered very deleterious by gases and vapours generated in the earth. In the island of Java, the carbonic acid is thrown out in such quantities in a certain valley, that no animal can there exist, and birds flying low drop dead. It is a volcanic district, and thus is appropriately called the "Valley of Death." At Fashlun in Sweden, noted for copper mines, the mineral exhalations so affect the air, that the silver in the purses of the possessors becomes discoloured. In Carniola and Campania, the air is impregnated with sulphur. It has also been found to contain arsenic; and that such poisonous matters are sent from below, and arise from some subterranean action, may be inferred from the destruction of millions of fishes. Whole coasts have been covered with dead fishes, supposed to have been killed by such poisonous matter from below; volcanoes have at such times been in a state of activity, and earthquakes have occurred.

After the account we have given of the composition of the air, and the difference between the air expired, and that inspired, how important must be the proper ventilation of all hospitals, prisons, and manufactories. The air of hospitals, during the period of an epidemic, when it was supposed to be loaded with contagious matter has been analyzed; but the proportion of its constituents has not been found altered. We do not believe that any variation in the proportion, or any mixture of gases, could generate a matter of contagion to affect with any specific disease the living body; but when it is rendered deleterious by having been frequently breathed, and when it is charged with the exhalations of filth and putrifying matter, then the seeds of contagion, which have been generated in some sickly, but yet living frame, and which are more or less constantly wafting about, find a congenial medium for their evolution, and all the horrors of plague then thicken round us. Thus, when the great fire of London broke out in the year 1665, that city was in the most uncleanly and lamentable condition; dirt of all kinds was allowed to lie in the streets, the drains choked, and every kind of excrementitious matter was thrown into them. The floors even of the middling ranks were covered with hay and rushes, which though occasionally renewed, were suffered to lie unmolested beneath beer, grease, fragments of meat, excrements, &c. The houses were high, the streets narrow, and every obstacle that could possibly oppose a free current of air was offered. The great plague that ravaged Rome in 1695, is referred by Lancisus to an analogous want of cleanliness and ventilation. It is indeed commonly observed, that epidemic diseases arise, and often prove most destructive in the closer and filthier parts of cities; and we are perfectly satisfied that the salutary measures recently recommended, and had recourse to, by the Edinburgh Board of Health, have in a great measure mitigated and checked the progress of the disease, which has so recently spread ten-fold terrors and desolation through Dublin, Paris, and other European cities.

While the atmosphere produces such important effects on living bodies, both animal and vegetable, its influence may also be observed on inert inanimate matter. Iron, copper, and most of the metals when exposed to its action, attract its carbonic acid, and become rusted. Boyle relates, that in the southern English colonies the great guns rusted so fast, that after lying in the air a few years, large cakes of crocus martis could be separated from them. The purbeck stone, of which Salisbury Cathedral is built, is observed to become gradually softer on the surface exposed to the air. Rocks, most of which contain iron in greater or lesser abundance, change their colour, from that metal being acted upon by the carbonic acid of the atmosphere. Hence is derived the red or yellow colour exhibited by rocks, and which seen scattered over with lichens, or crowned with stunted shrubs, adds so much to the beauty of such scenery. We might trace many other effects of the atmosphere on inanimate matter; but already we have exceeded our limits, and for the present bid our readers "all and each a fair good night," promising to appear before them again at our earliest convenience.

THE FREEBOOTER OF LOCHABAR.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, there lived a certain notorious freebooter, in the county of Moray, a native of Lochabar, of the name of Cameron, but who was better known by his cognomen of *Pad-ig Mac-an-Ts'agairt*, which signifies, "Peter, the priest's son." Numerous were the creachs, or robberies of cattle, on the great scale, driven by him from Strathspey. But he did not confine his depredations to that country; for sometime between the years 1690 and 1695, he made a clean sweep of the cattle from the rich pastures of the Aird, the territory of the Frasers. That he might put his pursuers on a wrong scent, he did not go directly towards Lochabar, but, crossing the River Ness at Lochend, he struck over the mountains of Strathnairn and Strathdarn, and ultimately encamped behind a hill above Duthel, called, from a copious spring on its summit, *Cairn-au-Sh'uaran*, or The Well Hill. But notwithstanding all his precautions, the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat, then chief of the Frasers, discovered his track, and dispatched a special messenger to his father-in-law, Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, begging his aid in apprehending Mac-an-Ts'agairt, and recovering the cattle.

It so happened that there lived, at this time, on the laird of Grant's ground, a man also called Cameron, surnamed Mugach-more, of great strength and undaunted courage; he had six sons and a stepson, whom his wife, formerly a woman of light character, had before her marriage with Mugach, and, as they were all brave, Sir Ludovick applied to them to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Sir Ludovick was not mistaken in the man. The Mugach no sooner received his orders, than he armed himself and his little band, and went in quest of the freebooter, whom he found in the act of cooking a dinner from part of the spoil. The Mugach called on Padrig and his men to surrender, and they, though numerous, dreading the well known prowess of their adversary, fled to the opposite hills, their chief threatening bloody vengeance as he went. The Mugach drove the cattle to a place of safety, and watched them till their owners came to recover them.

Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt did not utter his threats without the fullest intention of carrying them into effect. In the latter end of the following spring, he visited Strathspey with a strong party, and waylaid the Mugach, as he and his sons were returning from working at a small patch of land he had on the brow of a hill, about

half a mile above his house. Mac-an-Ts'agairt and his party concealed themselves in a thick covert of underwood, through which they knew that the Mugach and his sons must pass; but seeing their intended victims well armed, the cowardly assassins lay still in their hiding-place, and allowed them to pass, with the intention of taking a more favourable opportunity for their purpose. That very night they surprised and murdered two of the sons, who, being married, lived in separate houses, at some distance from their father's; and, having thus executed so much of their diabolical purpose, they surrounded the Mugach's cottage.

No sooner was his dwelling attacked, than the brave Mugach, immediately guessing who the assailants were, made the best arrangements for defence that time and circumstances permitted. The door was the first point attempted; but it was strong, and he and his four sons placed themselves behind it, determined to do bloody execution the moment it should be forced. Whilst thus engaged, the Mugach was startled by a noise above the rafters, and, looking up, he perceived, in the obscurity, the figure of a man half through a hole in the wattled roof. Eager to despatch his foe as he entered, he sprang upon a table, plunged his sword into his body, and down fell—his stepson! whom he had ever loved and cherished as one of his own children. The youth had been cutting his way through the roof, with the intention of attacking Padrig from above, and so creating a diversion in favour of those who were defending the door. The brave young man lived no longer than to say, with a faint voice, "Dear father, I fear you have killed me!" For a moment the Mugach stood petrified with horror and grief, but rage soon usurped the place of both. "Let me open the door!" he cried, "and revenge his death, by drenching my sword in the blood of the villain!" His sons clung around him, to prevent what they conceived to be madness, and a strong struggle ensued between desperate bravery and filial duty; whilst the Mugach's wife stood gazing on the corpse of her first-born son, in an agony of contending passions, being ignorant, from all she had witnessed, but that the young man's death had been wilfully wrought by her husband. "Hast thou forgotten our former days?" cried the wily Padrig, who saw the whole scene through a crevice in the door; "how often hast thou undone thy door to me, and wilt thou not open it now, to give me way to punish him who has, but this moment, so foully slain thy beloved son?" Ancient recollections, and present affliction, conspired to twist her to his purpose. The struggle and altercation between the Mugach and his sons still continued. A frenzy seized on the unhappy woman. She flew to the door, undid the bolt, and Padrig and his assassins rushed in. The infuriated Mugach no sooner beheld his enemy enter, than he sprang at him like a tiger, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him to the ground. Already was his vigorous sword-arm drawn back, and his broad claymore was about to find a passage to the traitor's heart, when his faithless wife, coming behind him, threw over it a large canvass winnowing sheet, and, before he could extricate the blade from the numerous folds, Padrig's weapon was reeking in the best heart's blood of the bravest Highlander that Strathspey could boast of.—His four sons, who had witnessed their mother's treachery, were paralyzed. The unfortunate woman herself, too, stood stupified and appalled. But she was quickly recalled to her senses by the active clash of the swords of Padrig and his men. "Oh, my sons! my sons!" she cried, "spare my boys!" But the tempter needed her services no longer—she had done his work. She was spurned to the ground, and trampled under foot, by those who soon strewed the bloody floor around her with the lifeless corpses of her brave sons.

Exulting in the full success of this expedition of vengeance, Mac-an-Ts'agairt beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on an oblong hill, that runs parallel to the road on the east side of Carr Bridge, from which it is called *Tom-nan-Cean*, the Hill of the Heads. Scarcely was he beyond the reach of danger, than his butchery was known at the Castle Grant, and Sir Ludovick immediately offered a great reward for his apprehension; but Padrig, who had anticipated some such thing, fled to Ireland, where he remained for seven years. But the restlessness of the murderer is well known, and Padrig felt it in all its horrors. Leaving his Irish retreat, he returned to Lochabar. By a strange accident, a certain Mungo Grant of Muckrach, having had his cattle and horses carried away by some thieves from that quarter, pursued them hot on foot, recovered them, and was on his way returning with them, when, to his astonishment, he met Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, quite alone, in a narrow pass, on the borders of his native country. Mungo instantly seized and made a prisoner of him. But his progress with his beasts was tedious; and, as he was entering Strathspey at *Lag-na-cuillich*, about a mile to the westward of Aviemore, he espied twelve desperate men, who, taking advantage of his slow march, had crossed the hills to gain the pass before him, for the purpose of rescuing Padrig. But Mungo was not to be daunted. Seeing them occupying the road in his front, he grasped his prisoner with one hand, and brandishing his dirk with the other, he advanced in the midst of his people and animals, swearing potently, that the first motion at an attempt at rescue by any one of them, should be the signal for his dirk to drink the life's blood of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt. They were so intimidated by his boldness, that they allowed him to pass without assault, and left their friend to his fate. Padrig was forthwith carried to Castle Grant. But the remembrance of the Mugach's murder had been by this time much obliterated, by many events little less strange; and the laird, unwilling to be troubled with the matter, ordered Mungo and his prisoner away.

Disappointed and mortified, Mungo and his party were returning with their fellow captive, discussing, as they went, what they had best do with him. "A fine reward we have had for all our trouble!" said one. "The laird may catch the next thief her nainssel for Donald!" said another. "Let's turn him loose!" said a third. "Ay, ay," says a fourth, "what for wud we be plaguing oursels more wi him!" "Yes, yes! brave, generous men!" said Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, roused by a sudden hope of life from the moody dream of the gallows tree, in which he had been plunged, whilst he was courting his mournful muse to compose his own lament, that he might die with an effect striking, as all the events of his life had been: "Yes, brave men! free me from these bonds! it is unworthy of Strathspey men,—it is unworthy of Grants, to triumph over a fallen foe! Those whom I killed were no clansmen of thine, but recreant Camerons, who betrayed a Cameron! Let me go free, and that reward of which you have been disappointed shall be quadrupled for sparing my life!" Such words as these, operating on minds so much prepared to receive them favourably, had well nigh worked their purpose. But, "No!" said Muckrach sternly, "it shall never be said that a murderer escaped from my hands. Besides, it was just so that he fairly spake the Mugach's false wife. But did he spare her sons on that account? If ye let him go, my men, the fate of the Mugach may be ours; for what bravery can stand against treachery and assassination?" This opened an entirely new view of the question to Padrig's rude guards, and the result of the conference was, that they resolved to take him to Inverness, and to deliver him up to the sheriff.

As they were pursuing their way up the south side of the river Dulnan, the hill of Tom-nan-Cean appeared on that opposite to them. At sight of it, the whole circumstances of Padrig's atrocious deed came fresh into their minds. It seemed to cry on them for justice, and, with one impulse, they shouted out, "Let him die on the spot where he did the bloody act!" Without a moment's farther delay, they resolved to execute their new resolution. But on their way across the plain, they happened to observe a large fir tree, with a thick horizontal branch growing at right angles from the trunk, and of a sufficient height from the ground to suit their purpose; and doubting if they might find so convenient a gallows where they were going, they at once determined that here Padrig should finish his mortal career. The neighbouring birch thicket supplied them with materials for making a withe, and, whilst they were twisting it, Padrig burst forth in a flood of Gaelic verse, which his mind had been accumulating by the way. His song, and the twig rope that was to terminate his existence, were spun out and finished at the same moment, and he was instantly elevated to a height equally beyond his ambition and his hopes.—*Sir T. Lauder Dick's Account of the Moray Floods.*

EFFORTS OF GENIUS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

We now bring forward the conclusion of our list of men, who have risen from the lower ranks to eminence through the force of their genius and perseverance.

Hawkesworth, the author of the Adventurer, was the son of a watchmaker, and was at first brought up to that profession. He afterwards became a clerk to a stationer, and then rose to distinction as a literary character. Sir John Hawkwood, a distinguished military commander of the fourteenth century, was originally an apprentice to a tailor; but entering as a private soldier, he rose to eminence. Haydn, one of the most celebrated music composers, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herder, a German philosopher and writer, and who has been called the Fenelon of his country, was born of poor parents, and nurtured in adversity. Sir William Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers of modern times, was originally a player in the band of a Hanoverian regiment. General Hoche, who commanded an expedition against Ireland, in 1796, began life as a stable-boy. The Joan of Arc, who, by her heroism, delivered France from the English, was born of poor parents, and supported herself in early life by keeping sheep, and taking care of horses at a country inn. Samuel Johnson was the son of a bookseller at Litchfield, and attempted to support himself by keeping a school; before he became known, and was patronised by the crown, he had to endure severe pecuniary difficulties. Henry Jones, a poet and dramatist of last century, was born of poor parents at Drogheda, and was bred a bricklayer. The famous Paul Jones was the son of a working gardener, and commenced his maritime life as a sailor boy. La Harpe, a French dramatist, poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a Swiss officer, who died in poverty, and left him an orphan, in such destitute circumstances, that he was supported by the Sisters of Charity, and it was by their recommendations that he was gratuitously educated. Lannes, Duke of Montebello, and a marshal under Napoleon, who esteemed him highly for his bravery, was born of poor parents, and was, at his outset in life, a common dyer. David Levi, a Jew of considerable literary talent, and author of a variety of works, was first a shoemaker, and next a hatter, but contrived to acquire a respectable portion of learning. Leyden, the author of some beautiful Scottish poems, and a person of refined sentiment, was the son of a shepherd in Roxburghshire. Maitland, the historian of London and Edinburgh, began the world as a travelling dealer in hair. Benjamin Martin, who flourished as a writer on science at the beginning of the last century, was originally a farmer's labourer, but by dint of perseverance he acquired sufficient learning to become a schoolmaster, and afterwards a lecturer on experimental philosophy. Matsys, an eminent Dutch painter, was originally a blacksmith, and his love for the daughter of an artist is said to have been his inducement to study painting. Moliere was the son of a valet-de-chambre of the French king. Murat, one of the most intrepid of the French marshals, was the son of an innkeeper at Bastide. Ney, "the bravest of the brave," was the son of an artizan. Samuel Richardson, the author of Sir Charles Grandison, and other works of fiction, was the son of a joiner, and had a very scanty education: he was bound an apprentice to a printer, and by his genius and perseverance rose in his profession, and became an eminent literary character. Rousseau, one of the most eminent French writers, was the son of a watchmaker; and being apprenticed to an engraver, he was so ill-treated by his master, that he ran away before he was sixteen: his education was totally neglected, and for years he wandered as a vagabond seeking a precarious subsistence; yet by his natural abilities he brought himself into notice and fame. Ruyter, the famous Dutch admiral, began the world at eleven years of age as a poor sailor boy. The illustrious Shakespeare was the son of a dealer in wool, and such was the poverty of the young dramatist, that he employed himself first as a prompter's call-boy; other accounts represent him as holding gentlemen's horses at the door of the playhouse. Shield, the famous English violinist and musician, was the son of a singing-master, who left him fatherless: his early years were spent as an apprentice to a boat-builder, but his genius led him from this occupation to that of music, in which he was eminently successful. Jeremy Taylor, an eminent theologian and prelate of the seventeenth century, was the son of a barber. Toussant L'Ouverture, who was appointed govenor and president of the free black republic of St. Domingo, was born a slave, in which condition he remained till the revolution in the island brought forward his abilities and courage. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, began life as a page to the margrave of Burgau—a situation almost equivalent to that of a foot-boy to an English country gentleman. Webbe, who has been so celebrated for his musical compositions, especially his glees, was originally a poor destitute boy, who gained a meagre subsistence by copying music, but by dint of incessant study, he became an excellent composer.

West, the American painter, was the son of a quaker, and had many difficulties to contend with at his outset. Jarvis Spencer, a miniature painter of last century, was originally a valet, or menial servant. Hanam, the painter, was at first the apprentice of a cabinet maker. Richard Wright and Lawrey Gilpin were originally ship-painters. Barry, an Irish painter, was originally a working mason. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of an innkeeper at Bristol, and such was the poverty of his parents and his own natural genius, that, when a mere boy, he supported the family by painting. Giotto, the reviver of painting in Italy, was the son of a peasant, and he himself kept sheep while a boy. Ghret, the famous drawer of botanical objects, was the son of a working gardener. Canova was the son of a stone-cutter, was left an orphan, and raised himself entirely by his genius. Taylor, the water poet, was a waterman. Antonio Bianchi, an Italian poet, was a gondolier. Allan Ramsay was the son of a workman at Leadhills, and began life as a barber. Stow, the author of the Survey of London, and Speed, the author of the History of Great Britain, were originally tailors. And Anthony Purver, a self instructed man of learning, and a preacher; Joseph Pendrell; Bekman, the German; Holcroft, the novelist; Bloomfield, the poet; Lackington, who rose to such eminence as a bookseller in London; and Drew, the metaphysician, were all originally members of the "gentle craft" of shoemaking.

[The next number of the Journal will contain an article embodying a few general views as to advancement in the world.]

BRITISH WOOLLEN MANUFACTURE.

The manufacture of woollen cloth in Britain derives its origin chiefly from the settlement of ingenious tradesmen from the Netherlands, who were compelled to emigrate on account of civil and religious persecution. The excellence of British cloths has been long acknowledged, although they are hardly superior to those of Germany, as was recently decided by competent judges at Leipsic; and it appears that, from being the leading branch of manufactures in the country, they are now second to cotton goods, which have rendered many articles of inferior consequence. It has been estimated, that the value of the manufactured woollen goods annually consumed in Great Britain is £11,000,000; and if to this be added £7,000,000, which is about the average value of those exported, the total value of the annual produce of this manufacture will be about £18,000,000. Estimating the value of the raw material at one third of the value of the goods, a sum of £12,000,000 is left as the aggregate

amount of profits and wages. Estimating the profit of the manufacturers, and the sum necessary to indemnify them for their outlay, at 18 per cent., the total amount of wages paid in this manufacture, will be £9,840,000, and taking £15 as a fair average of the annual wages obtained by the various descriptions of individuals in this department of industry, we shall get 546,000 as the total number of workmen, and at least 1,100,000 human beings, or one thirteenth part of the inhabitants of Great Britain, as supported by the woollen manufacture. In the course of years, numerous improvements have been effected in the cloth-making establishments, which have simplified human labour, and caused more work to be done by fewer hands. But we learn that another improvement, of American origin, is about to be adopted at the mills, which will very considerably diminish the number of persons employed, and throw many families into that state of destitution so obviously the case of the hand-loom cotton weavers. In ten years hence, therefore, much less than a thirteenth part of the inhabitants will be so employed. In Scotland, the manufacture of cloths is continuing to advance, both in the quantity and the quality of the article produced.

The finer cloths made in England are now made partly from fine foreign wool, of which the import for the ten years previous to 1819, amounted to 11,000,000 lbs. The following was the declared value of British manufactured woollens, and of woollen yarns, exported from Great Britain to foreign parts, from 1820 to 1828.

Year.	£	s.	d.	Year.	£	s.	d.
1820	5,987,442	9	11	1825	6,042,411	4	4
1821	5,585,430	2	2	1826	6,194,926	2	3
1822	6,463,920	12	2	1827	4,982,908	16	6
1823	6,488,673	14	6	1828	5,277,861	6	2
1824	5,636,471	2	6				

CREDULITY IN INDIA.

An amusing anecdote, related by Bishop Heber, gives us a good idea of the foibles and ignorance of one of the petty princes of India, and the rascality of the minister who managed his affairs. The fondness of the king for mechanics (says the bishop), led him to try some experiments, in which he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word—"if he were wise, to leave Lucknow." The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera; ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood. He was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. "Undoubtedly," was the reply; "I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children." "Harumzada," said the king, bursting into a fury, "look there, and never see my face more!" The vizier turned round, and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of "God be merciful!" "Satan is strong!" "In the name of God, keep the devil from me!" he said, "I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object." "Touch him," said the king, "the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality." "Istufirallah!" said the favourite; "and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?" The king still stormed; but his voice faltered, and curiosity an anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. "It is certain, refuge of the world," resumed the minister, "that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who has stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it, to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty dismiss us: I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened, he may enter it again peaceably." The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore, with a horrible oath, that "if he did not put himself upon the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning, if he ever trod the earth again, it should be as a vampire indeed." This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses.

PECULIARITIESOF GERMANY.

Every hotel in Germany is divided into three departments; the hotel (properly so called,) the tavern, and the cafe; each of these is perfectly distinct and separate from the other two, and the waiters' accounts, &c. are totally unconnected one with another, although all be paid to the same proprietor. In consequence of this, it is not the custom here, as in France and England, to run up bills; you pay for each article immediately on receiving it; and certainly this practice has its advantages, compelling you, as it does, in a great degree, to live within your income, and precluding the possibility of your being cheated by clerks or waiters.

In almost all the towns of Germany, Vienna excepted, there is a table d'hote at one o'clock. In general, you get an excellent dinner on reasonable terms. The society, too, is, for the most part, very good, and adorned by the presence of a fair proportion of charming women. After dinner, mountebanks, singers, and musicians, attend for the amusement of the company, who reward them after their own good pleasure, from one halfpenny up to twopence; the latter sum makes a German stare. At most places, smoking does not begin till the ladies have retired; but, at the Schwartzer Ross, the first hotel in Prague, I remarked it commenced long before the fairer portion of the company had displayed any intention to leave the table. You generally sup *a la carte*, paying separately for each article ordered, and gratifying the attendant with a donation of a halfpenny or a penny, the latter being very liberal.

In most hotels in which there is not a table d'hote, there are two separate dining rooms, or speise saales, one for the benefit of smokers, the other for ladies and such gentlemen as are not amateurs of the pipe.

In England, or even in France, it would be considered an unpardonable offence against the common decencies of life to spit, or throw water or beer about the room; here it is done constantly in the very best houses. A young blood of the first water will come into your lodgings, take one of your pipes, (of which, to be in the fashion, you should have ten or twelve,) and, however handsome and costly may be the furniture, spit about him in all directions, without even dreaming of offering the least apology. You, of course, avail yourself of the earliest opportunity to return the compliment *chez lui*, that the reciprocity may not be all on one side, as a gallant admiral declared it was in the free trade system. So that every thing is comfortably arranged upon the accommodating principle—

Hanc veniam petimus damus que vicissim.

It must be borne in mind, though, that such a thing as a carpet is totally out of the question, even in the palaces of Prince Esterhazy, sovereign though he be. Indeed, if you wish specially for cleanliness, you should never leave England, or, at farthest, France; *c'est à dire*, as far as taverns, cafes, and hotels, are concerned; but, touching the peasantry and their cottages, there is nothing to reproach withal. The cottages and peasantry throughout Hungary and Austria Proper, are both remarkable for the neatness and comfort of their appearance. The house is always conveniently furnished, and you generally see in its neighbourhood a couple of horses, and as many cows, which are the property of the tenant. Before I had seen other countries, I was in the habit of considering the peasantry of England the happiest and most comfortable in the world. My opinion is now, I confess, altogether changed. The lower orders throughout the Austrian dominions are in a condition far superior to those of a similar rank in any English county. This speaks much in favour of the despotic government of the empire, which, however rigorous in theory, must be essentially mild in practice, since it secures such general happiness and prosperity to the people who are subject to it. —*From a recent book of Travels, of which we have mislaid the title.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

NICOLO PAGANINI.

The power of natural genius, in bursting forth under every species of disadvantage and impediment, has been seldom so triumphantly manifested as in the life of Paganini, the musician. To excel in music as a science, does not require, by any means, a high order of intellect, neither does it demand that extraordinary cultivation by art necessary in the pursuit of the other sciences; but to be perfect in its theory and practice, much intuitive ability, and a happy expertness, are requisite; for, without these, the aspirant will, in general, only reach a respectable mediocrity, hardly worthy of being attained. In the life of the renowned personage now to be noticed, it will be seen that genius was born with him, and soon made itself known.

Nicolo Paganini was born at Genoa in February, 1784; it is not mentioned what his father's profession was, if indeed he had any; and all we are told is, that his chief pursuit was to improve his circumstances, which were not the best in the world, by speculating in the lottery; so that when his little son, Nicolo, began, at an unusually early age, to give strong indications of musical talent, it seemed as if the wheel of fortune had at last been propitious, and he accordingly lost no time in setting to work to make the most of his prize. Having some skill on the violin himself, he resolved to teach him that instrument, and, as soon as he could hold it, put one into his hands, and made him sit beside him from morning till night to practise it. The incessant drudgery which he compelled him to undergo, and the occasional starvation to which he subjected him, seriously impaired his health, and, as Paganini himself asserts, laid the foundation of that valetudinarian state which has ever since been his portion, and which his pale sickly countenance and his sunk and exhausted frame so strongly attest. As his enthusiasm was such as to require no artificial stimulus, this severe system could only have been a piece of cool and wanton barbarity.

In his eighth year, under the superintendence of his father, he had written a sonata, which, however, along with many other juvenile productions, he lately destroyed; and, as he played about three times a week in the churches and at private musical parties, upon a fiddle nearly as large as himself, he soon began to make himself known among his townsmen. At this time he received much benefit from one Francesco Gnecco, who died in 1811, and whom he always speaks highly of.

In his ninth year, being applied to by a travelling singer to join him in a concert, he made his first public appearance in the great theatre at Genoa, and played the French air, "La Carmagnole," with his own variations, with great applause.

His father now resolved to place him under the tuition of the well-known composer, Rolla, and for that purpose took him along with him to Parma. The particulars of their interview afford a striking proof of the proficiency which he had by this time acquired. As Rolla happened to be ill and lying in bed, the party were shewn into the antichamber, when, observing upon the table one of the composer's newest concertos, the father beckoned to his son to take up his violin and play it, which he did at sight, in such a way that the sick man immediately started up, demanded who it was, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to believe that the sounds had proceeded from a little boy and his intended pupil; but, as soon as he had satisfied himself that that was really the case, he declined to receive him—"For God's sake," said he, "go to Paer; your time would be lost with me; I can do nothing for you."

To Paer accordingly they went, who received him kindly, and referred him to his own teacher, the old and experienced "Maestro di Capella" Giretti, from Naples, who gave him instructions for six months, three times a week in counterpoint. During this period he wrote twenty-four Fugues for four hands, with pen, ink, and paper alone, and without an instrument, which his master did not allow him, and, assisted by his own inclination, made rapid progress. The great Paer also took much interest in him, giving him compositions to work out, which he himself revised, an interest for which Paganini ever afterwards shewed himself deeply grateful.

The time was now come when Nicolo was destined, like other youthful prodigies, to be hawked about the country, to fill the pockets of his mercenary father, who managed to speculate upon him with considerable success in Milan, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, Leghorn, and most of the upper and central towns of Italy, where his concerts were always well attended. Young Paganini liked these excursions well enough; but being now about fifteen years of age, he began to be of opinion that they would be still more agreeable if he could only contrive to get rid of the old gentleman, whose spare diet and severe discipline had now become more irksome to him than ever. To accomplish this desirable object, a opportunity soon offered. It was the custom of Lucca at the feast of Saint Martin, to hold a great musical festival, to which strangers were invited from all quarters, and numerous travellers resorted of their own accord; and as the occasion drew near, Nicolo begged hard to be allowed to go there in company with his elder brother; and, after much entreaty, succeeded in obtaining permission. He made his appearance as a solo player, and succeeded so well, that he resolved now to commence vagabondizing on his own account—a sort of life to which he soon became so partial that, notwithstanding many handsome offers which he occasionally received to establish himself in several places as a concerto player, or director of the orchestra, he never could be persuaded to settle any where. At a later period, however, he lived for some time at the court of Lucca, but soon found it more pleasant and profitable to resume his itinerant habits. He visited all parts of Italy, but usually made Genoa his head-quarters, where, however he preferred to play the part of the dilletante to that of the virtuoso, and performed in private circles without giving public concerts.

It was not long before he had amassed about 20,000 francs, part of which he proposed to devote to the maintenance of his parents. His father, however, was not to be put off with a few thousands, but insisted upon the whole. Paganini then offered him the interest of the capital, but Signor Antonio very coolly threatened him with instant death, unless he agreed to consign the whole of the principal in his behalf; and in order to avert serious consequences, and to procure peace, he gave up the greater part of it.

Those who know any thing of the gay, romantic sort of life which artists in Italy, particularly those connected with the all-engrossing object of music, usually lead, the diversified society in which they mingle, and the incidents and adventure which they meet with, will not wonder that Paganini should have felt inclined to pass his days there, among his own countrymen, who felt and appreciated his talent, received him upon all occasions with

the most enthusiastic applause, and showered down upon him all the gold they could afford, besides flowers, garlands, and sonnets, in abundance. He loved the manners and customs of his country, its beautiful scenery, its climate; but their kindred souls were still more congenial to his heart. He was their idol; wherever he went his fame preceded his approach, and the multitudes poured in to hear him in streams as if he had been a worker of miracles. Having music at their command at all hours of the day, there is no country where concerts are worse attended than in Italy, and yet those which he gave never failed. People seemed never to be satiated with the delight of hearing him; and at Milan he gave, with the most brilliant success, no fewer than nineteen concerts rapidly succeeding each other. The only place in the whole of his peregrinations where he was unsuccessful, was at Palermo in Sicily. At Rome, Naples, and Florence, he was eminently triumphant, and at the former of these places, his Holiness the Pope was pleased to confer upon him the order of the *Speron d'Oro*.

It was early in 1828 when Paganini arrived at Vienna, where he gave a great many concerts with a success equal, if not superior, to any which had hitherto attended his exertions. His performance excited the admiration and astonishment of all the most distinguished professors and connoisseurs of this critical city. With any of the former all idea of competition was hopeless; and their greatest violinist, Mayseder, as soon as he had heard him, with an ingenuousness which did him honour, as we ourselves have reason to know, wrote to a friend in London, that he might now lock up his violin whenever he liked.

In estimating the labour which it must have cost a performer like Paganini to have arrived at such transcendant excellence, people are often apt to err in their calculations as to the actual extent of time and practice which has been devoted to its acquisition. That the perfect knowledge of the *mechanique* of the instrument which his performance exhibits, and his almost incredible skill and dexterity in its management, must necessarily have been the result of severe discipline, is beyond all question; but more, much more, in every case of this kind, is to be ascribed to the system upon which that discipline has proceeded, and to the genius and enthusiasm of the artist. The miraculous powers of Paganini, in the opinion of his auditors, were not to be accounted for in the ordinary way. To them it was plain that they must have sprung from a life of a much more settled and secluded cast, than that of an itinerant Italian musical professor. It was equally clear, from his wild, haggard, and mysterious looks, that he was no ordinary personage, and had seen no common vicissitudes. The vaults of a dungeon accordingly were the local habitation which public rumour, in its love of the marvellous, seemed unanimously to assign to him, as the only place where "the mighty magic" of his bow could possibly have been acquired. Then, as to the delinquency which led to his incarceration, there were various accounts. Some imputed it to his having been a captain of banditti; others, only a carbonaro; some to his having killed a man in a duel: but the more current and generally received story was, that he had stabbed or poisoned his wife, or, as some said, his mistress; although, as fame had ascribed to him no fewer than four mistresses, it was never very clearly made out which of his seraglio it was who had fallen the victim of his vengeance. The story not improbably might have arisen from his having been confounded with a contemporary violin player, of the name of Duranowski, a Pole, to whom in person he bore some resemblance, and who, for some offence or other, having been imprisoned at Milan, during the leisure which his captivity afforded had contrived greatly to improve himself in his art; and when once it was embodied into shape, the fiction naturally enough might have obtained the more credence, from the fact that two of his most distinguished predecessors, Tartini and Lolly, had attained to the great mastery which they possessed over their instrument during a period of solitude—the one within the walls of a cloister—the other in the privacy and retirement of a remote country village. At all events, the rumours were universally circulated and believed, and the innocent and much-injured Paganini had for many years unconsciously stood forth in the eyes of the world as a violator of the laws, and even a convicted murderer. He seems never to have been made fully aware of the formidable position in which he stood until he had reached Vienna, when the Theatrical Gazette, in reviewing his first concert, dropped some pretty broad hints as to the rumoured misdeeds of his earlier life. Whereupon he resolved at once publicly to proclaim his innocence, and to put down the calumny; for which purpose, on the 10th of April, 1828, there was inserted in the leading Vienna journals, a manifesto, in Italian as well as German, subscribed by him, declaring that all these widely circulated rumours were false; that at no time, and under no government whatever, had he ever offended against the laws, or been put under coercion; and that he had always demeaned himself as became a peaceable and inoffensive member of society; for the truth of which he referred to the magistracies of the different states, under whose protection he had till then lived in the public exercise of his profession. No one dared to invalidate the truth of this appeal.

His command of the back string of the instrument has always been an especial theme of wonder and admiration, and, in the opinion of some, could only be accounted for by resorting to the theory of the dungeon, and the supposition that his other strings being worn out, and not having it in his power to supply their places, he had been forced from necessity to take refuge in the string in question; a notion very like that of a person who would assert, that for an opera dancer to learn to stand on one leg, the true way would be—to have only one leg to stand upon. We shall give Paganini's explanation of this mystery in his own words.

"At Lucca, I had always to direct the opera when the reigning family visited the theatre; I played three times a-week at the court, and every fortnight superintended the arrangement of a grand concert for the court parties, which, however, the reigning princess, Elisa Bacciochi, Princess of Lucca and Piombino, Napoleon's favourite sister, was not always present at, or did not hear to the close, as the harmonic tones of my violin were apt to grate her nerves, but there never failed to be present another much esteemed lady, who, while I had long admired her, bore (at least so I imagined) a reciprocal feeling towards me. Our passion gradually increased, and as it was necessary to keep it concealed, the footing on which we stood with each other became in consequence the more interesting. One day I promised to surprise her with a musical *jeu d'esprit*, which should have a reference to our mutual attachment. I accordingly announced for performance a comic novelty, to which I gave the name of 'Love Scene,' All were curiously impatient to know what this should turn out to be, when at last I appeared with my violin, from which I had taken off the two middle strings, leaving only the E and the G string. By the first of these I proposed to represent the lady, by the other the gentleman; and I proceeded to play a sort of dialogue, in which I attempted to delineate the capricious quarrel and reconciliations of lovers; at one time scolding each other, at another sighing and making tender advances, renewing their professions of love and esteem, and finally winding up the scene in the utmost good humour and delight. Having at last brought them into a state of the most perfect harmony, the united pair lead off a *pas de deux*, concluding with a brilliant finale. This musical scena went off with much eclat. The lady, who understood the whole perfectly, rewarded me with her gracious looks, the princess was all kindness, overwhelmed me with applause, and, after complimenting me upon what I had been able to effect upon the two strings, expressed a wish to hear what I could execute upon one string. I immediately assented; the idea caught my fancy; and as the Emperor's birth-day took place a few weeks afterwards, I composed my Sonata 'Napoleon' for the G string, and performed it upon that day before the court with so much approbation, that a cantata of Cimarosa, following immediately after it upon the same evening, was completely extinguished, and produced no effect whatever. This is the first and true cause of my partiality for the G string, and as they were always desiring to hear more of it, one day taught another, until at last my proficiency in this department was completely established."

No one has been more cruelly misrepresented than the subject of this notice. In reality a person of the gentlest and most inoffensive habits, he is any thing rather than the desperate ruffian he has been described. In his demeanour he is modest and unassuming to a fault. Like most artists, ardent and enthusiastic in his temperament, and in his actions very much a creature of impulse, he is full of all that unaffected simplicity which we almost invariably find associated with true genius. He has an only son, a very precocious child, who already indicates strong signs of musical talent. Being of a delicate frame of health, Paganini never can bear to trust him out of his sight. "If I were to lose him," says he, "I would be lost myself; it is quite impossible that I can ever separate myself from him; when I awake in the night, he is my first thought." Accordingly, ever since he parted from his mother, he has himself enacted the part of a child's nurse. Nor in his filial duties is he more remiss than in the parental. The wealth which he has amassed has been partly applied to provide for the comforts of an aged mother, and not unfrequently dispensed in acts of bounty towards his more necessitous relations and friends.

The above life of Paganini we have condensed from an able account of him, which appeared upwards of a twelvemonth ago in an extremely useful and meritorious publication, devoted to continental literature, under the title of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. Since then, the genius of the violin, as he may be called, has paid a professional visit to Great Britain and Ireland, in which countries he is understood to have reaped very large sums. Ultimately, we believe, he intends to retire to the continent, to enjoy his gains in Tuscany, the climate of which he prefers to all others.

THE LARCH.

This species of the fir, or pine, which is now seen in every gentleman's plantation, was accidentally brought to Scotland about a hundred years ago. Mr. Menzies of Culdares was in London, in 1737, and hearing of a beautiful pine shrub recently imported, procured four plants: he gave two to the Duke of Atholl, which are now in full vigour at Dunkeld, and may be called the parents of all the larch in the kingdom: he gave a third to Mr. Campbell of Monzie, and kept the fourth for himself, which was unfortunately cut down fifty years ago. It had been planted forty-five years, and had grown to seven feet nine inches in circumference. The Duke of Atholl's plants were placed in a green-house at Dunkeld, where they did not thrive, and were thrown out, when they immediately began to grow, and quickly shewed the consequence of being placed in a proper climate. The larch has proved a valuable acquisition to the produce of many barren moors in the Highlands, where the climate is found more favourable for this species of pine than in the plains. As an instance of the value of these trees, the late Duke of Atholl sold one thousand larch trees, of seventy years' growth, for £5000

AN AMERICAN SCENE.

In travelling through the state of New York, Mr. Fergusson, from whose notes we have already quoted, mentions, that he arrived at the rural town of Waterford, which, says he, "is a sweet village, containing many gay white mansions, with green Venetians, neat gardens, &c., and the scenery around is extremely pleasing. The Hudson flows past the town and the Mohawk falls in a short way below, with many wooded and rocky islands in front. From Waterford, our route lay nearly parallel to the river, through a well cultivated country, with many handsome farms, the soil varying in quality, and of inferior value as you recede from the river. A gentleman, whom I had known in Scotland, possesses a fine property on this road, and I resolved to surprise him with a visit.

We were most heartily welcomed, and only made good our retreat by a promise, if possible, to return. He has found his purchase a very advantageous one; the land seems of excellent quality, and he has evidently made great improvements in clearing, draining, fencing, &c. The Northern Canal intersects the estate. He has a very comfortable mansion, with a well laid out garden, rather ingeniously formed in the hollow of an old quarry. The Hudson, with many wooded romantic islets, and enlivened by rafts, constantly shooting down some strong rapids, with high land, well timbered, on the opposite bank, forms the landscape from his porch, where we found the old gentleman enjoying the sunshine of a delightful April day. A few miles after passing Stillwater (a small hamlet and post-office,) we arrived opposite to Easton, the residence of my friend. It was now requisite to cross the river, which here expands to a very considerable breadth, and, from its placidity, gives name to the hamlet and district. A rather ill-defined track led us through a field, and we descended the bank, as I thought, with some hazard, to the water edge. Here no handy waterman waited to give us his aid, but a *catamaran-like* boat, denominated a *scow*, long enough, though of a breadth barely sufficient to receive the carriage, was at our service, when cleared of the water, with which she was half full. I received orders to remain in the phaeton, under the guidance of the coachman, while my friends soon baled out a portion of the water, and handled two long poles, by which we were to be put across. The prospect, I must admit, was far from satisfactory; however, having no choice, I had only to submit, and, after a proper plunge and a rare jolt, our well trained active horses deposited us on board, and we committed ourselves to the gentle current. In due time, we reached the opposite bank, and, after another scramble, got safely ashore, where my good friend was ready to welcome us. This was the first specimen I had met with of the docility which is almost universal in American horses, and is the natural result of kind treatment. From the moment that these four spirited animals entered the boat, until they were required to leap out, a period of half an hour, not one of them moved a hoof. My friend's property formerly belonged to a branch of the Schuyler family, and is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Hudson, consisting of rich clay land, low hills, well adapted for sheep pasture, and woodland behind. The house stands not far from the river, and commands a very pleasing view. The valley of the Hudson is here of considerable breadth. The Northern, or Champlain Canal, connecting New York with Vermont, Lower Canada, &c. passes on the west side, at the distance, in general, of about half a mile from the river. There is a large extent of rich flat land upon the eastern bank, rising into low hills and woodlands as you recede; and, some miles in the interior, it is intersected by a line of turnpike from Troy, &c. to the north, with a district of settled country, inferior, however, in quality to the river side. Numerous little brooks descend from the hilly ground, affording a copious supply of water for agricultural, and sometimes for mechanical purposes. Upon one of these, running through his property, my friend has erected a brewery, which, in the hands of two enterprising Scotchmen, promises to flourish. Sure I am, if *superlatively good ale* can secure customers, the Easton brewery deserves to succeed. Ice is supplied in a particular and scientific method, which enables the brewery to work when others are in general closed, from the temperature of the summer. In returning one evening from dining with our neighbours at the brewery, I was regaled and astonished, for the first time, with a *frog* concert. The night was dark, and we were picking our steps by the aid of a lantern, when the chirrup at once opened on every hand from a thousand mouths. The whole valley seemed to be alive with one mass of squeaking voices, which continued through the night without intermission. The bull frog occasionally sings *bass*, but this evening he was silent. The noise breaks strangely to a stranger's ear on the quiet hour; and I could not help associating it, in some degree, with the annoying recollection of fever and ague, which will, less or more, continue to prevail until a general system of draining shall thin this orchestra.

Some varieties of the frog grow here, and in Canada, to a prodigious size. A plain honest Scotsman, with whom I travelled some days in Canada, amused me much with his account of them, when detailing his feats in the slaughter of wood pigeons. "*You never saw the like o' the puddocks, Sir; I brought down three dows at ae shot, and afore I could tak' them up, a muckle deevil, wi' a mouth as braid's my loof, gobbled up yin o' them, stoup an' roup.*" Mrs. R——, too, assured me, that, from her vicinity to the meadows at the river side, she had no chance of rearing ducks, the young brood always falling a prey to the frogs.

SNUFF-TAKING—SMOKING.

As snuff and tobacco form a considerable item in the expenditure of the working classes, it may be proper to mention, that the highest medical authorities are of opinion that the use of them is prejudicial to health. The following is the opinion of the celebrated Dr. Cullen on the subject:—"Tobacco is a well-known drug, of a narcotic quality, which it discovers in all persons, even in a small quantity, when first applied to them, I have known a small quantity of it, snuffed up the nose, produce giddiness, stupor, and vomiting; and, when applied in different ways, in larger quantity, there are many instances of its more violent effects, even of its proving a mortal poison. In all these instances, it operates in the manner of other narcotics; but, along with its narcotic qualities, it possesses also a strong stimulant power, perhaps with respect to the whole system, but especially with respect to the stomach and intestines, so as readily, even in no great doses, to prove emetic and purgative. By this combination of qualities, all the effects of tobacco may be explained; but I shall begin with considering its effects as they appear in the use of it as an article of living. When snuff is first employed, if it be not both in small quantity, and be not thrown out immediately by sneezing, it occasions some giddiness and confusion of the head; but, by repetition, these effects cease to be produced, and no other effect of it appears in the accustomed, when not taken beyond the accustomed quantity. But, even in the accustomed, when it is taken beyond the usual quantity, it produces somewhat of the same giddiness and confusion of head that it did when first employed; and, in several cases, these effects in the accustomed, depending on a larger dose, are not only more considerable, as they act on the sensorium, but as they appear also in other parts of the system, particularly in the stomach, occasioning a loss of appetite, and other symptoms of a weakened tone in that organ. With respect to this, it is to be observed, that persons who take a great deal of snuff, though they seem, from the power of habit, to escape its narcotic effects, yet, as they are often liable to go to excess in the quantity taken, so they are still in danger from these effects operating in an insensible manner; and I have observed several instances of their being affected in the same manner as persons are from the long use of other narcotics, such as wine and opium,—that is, by a loss of memory, by a fatuity, and other symptoms of the weakened or senile state of the nervous system, induced before the usual period. Among other effects of excess in snuffing, I have found all the symptoms of dyspepsia produced by it, and particularly pains of the stomach, occurring every day. The dependence of those upon the use of snuff became very evident from hence, that, upon an accidental interruption of snuffing for some days, these pains did not occur, but, upon a return to snuffing, the pains also recurred; and this alternation of pains of the stomach and of snuffing having occurred again, the snuff was entirely laid aside, and the pains did not recur for many months after, nor, so far as I know, for the rest of life. Another effect of snuff to be taken notice of is, that, as a part of the snuff is often carried back into the fauces, so a part of this is often carried down into the stomach, and then more certainly produces the dyspeptic symptoms mentioned. These are the considerations that relate to snuffing; and some of them will readily apply to the other modes of using this drug. Smoking, when first practised, shews very strongly the narcotic, vomiting, and even purging powers of tobacco, and it is very often useful as an anodyne; but, by repetition, these effects disappear, or only show themselves when the quantity smoked is beyond what habit had before admitted of; and, even in persons much accustomed to it, it may be carried so far as to prove a mortal poison. From much smoking, all the same effects may arise which we said might arise from excess of snuffing. With respect to the evacuation of mucus, which is produced by snuffing, there are analogous effects produced by smoking, which commonly stimulates the mucous follicles of the mouth and fauces, particularly the excretories of the salivary glands. Sometimes smoking dries the mouth and fauces, and occasions a demand for drink; but as commonly the stimulus it applies to the mucous follicles and salivary glands draws forth their liquids, it occasions, on the other hand, a frequent spitting. So far as this is of the proper saliva, it occasions a waste of that liquid, so necessary in the business of digestion; and, both by this waste, and by the narcotic power at the same time applied, the tone of the stomach is often weakened, and every kind of dyspeptic symptoms are produced. The third mode of using tobacco is that of chewing it, when it shews its narcotic qualities as strongly as in any other way of applying it, though the nauseous taste of it commonly prevents its being carried far in the first practice. When the practice, however, is continued, as it is very difficult to avoid some part of it, dissolved in the saliva, from going down into the stomach, so this, with the nausea excited by the taste, makes vomiting more readily occasioned by this than the other modes of applying it. They are the strong, and even disagreeable, impressions repeated, that give the most durable and tenacious habits, and, therefore, the chewing of tobacco is apt to become one of these; and it is, therefore, in this way that it is ready to be carried to the greatest excess, and to shew all the effects of the frequent and large use of narcotics. This practice is also the occasion of the greatest loss of saliva; and the effects of this in weakening digestion, and perhaps, from thence especially its noted effect of producing emaciation, may appear."

Several cases of disease are mentioned, in which the use of tobacco is said to be beneficial; but it appears to be the conviction of this great physician, that, in none of its forms, can it be beneficial to the healthy subject.

LINLITHGOW PALACE.

Where noble men of proven might,
And ardent youthful souls, have been,
And eyes, full of love's glances, bright
Have shone on many a festal night—
Bright, and bewitchingly serene;
Where hearts of warriors have leapt
When daring deeds were to be done,
And ladies at the thought have wept
How that might end which was begun;
The damp-drops, like those baneful dews
Which trickle from the dungeon wall,
Now from the vaulted ceilings ooze,
And heavy on the pavement fall.
These roofs, when wassail cups went round,
To mirthful shouts have often rung;
But now their echoes doleful sound,
Long, long unused to human tongue:
Where once were gay and gilded halls,
Are now but crack'd and blacken'd walls,
With blades of grass among their seams,
And weeds and ends of fore-scathed beams.

And where are they—the brave and fair—
Who have been glad and happy there?
How many hands that grasped the hilt,
With eager haste, for war or tilt,—
How many arms that none might stay,
That swept resistless, and made way
Among a thousand foes,
Have lain at rest through long, long years,
And stirr'd not though fierce shouts and cheers,
And groans among conflicting spears,
Above their graves arose!

How many ages, too, are over,
Since watchful eye of timid lover
Responsively hath trembled,
Upon the glance of one, of all
The lady-loves, whom mask, and ball,
And pomp, have here assembled.

The gaudy barge, by galliards row'd,
That still blue lake has often plough'd,—
Their plumes upon its billows danced—
With love the eyes of ladies beam'd—
The sun upon the fair scene glanced,—
Then gay that lake, and lovely seem'd,
As was the freight upon its waves
Of Scotland's sons and daughters;
'Tis lonely now, as are the graves,
Beside its silent waters.

Thus they, perhaps, in musing mood,
Have said of those before them,
Unthinking that like darkness should
In future gather o'er them;
Thus do we ponder of the past,
And our own fate is coming fast.

BRITISH FOOT REGIMENTS.

The Scots Royals are known to be the oldest regiment in the British service. We are not informed when this corps was raised, but there is a commission in it still extant, bearing date in 1636.

In the old French army lists, the Scots Guards likewise were distinguished as the oldest regiment in their service.

The oldest regiment in the British service, however, whose rise is ascertained, is the Coldstream Guards, raised for General Monk, in 1660.

Upon Charles the Second's marriage with the infanta of Portugal, the city of Tangier was ceded to the English, as part of her marriage portion, and four regiments sent to take possession of it. Out of these four was formed the Queen's Tangier regiment, or Queen's Royals, ranking at present as the Second Regiment of foot. As this regiment, in James the Second's reign, was commanded by Colonel Kirk, it is likely to have been the same corps that was guilty of so many excesses in the west of England, after the Duke of Monmouth's insurrection, where they were ironically nicknamed Kirk's Lambs.

The Royal Irish, or 18th Regiment, seems to have particularly distinguished itself at the seige of Namur, the principal achievement of King William in his Flanders campaign. The officers' badge is still inscribed with the words, "Premium virtutes Namurcencis."

The 25th and 26th Scots, and the 27th Irish Regiment, were raised at the time of the Revolution, and were all three at that time composed of Presbyterians.

Three of the old Scots regiments seem to have been a good deal noticed in King William and Queen Anne's wars, viz. the present 21st, or Scots Fusileers; the 25th, or Old Edinburgh; and the 26th, or Cameronians. After the Revolution, they were known as M'Kay's, Leven's, and Angus's regiments. It is curious enough that Sterne, in his Tristam Shandy, and he is known to be correct enough in his allusions to the history of these wars, speaks of these regiments a good deal; and, as a compliment to them, puts his uncle Toby in Leven's, and Lieutenant Le Fevre in Angus's.

The old British foot regiments were first publicly distinguished by their numbers, according to seniority, about the year 1750, though we find them numbered in the army lists some years before. Formerly they were distinguished by the names of their colonels only.

In 1782, for the sake of more speedy recruiting, such of the old foot regiments as had no other distinction but their numbers, were allowed to take the name of one or other of the counties in England. Thus the 52d regiment is designated the Oxford Regiment, &c.

JOCK GRAME.

The Salkeldes, or Sakeldes, were a powerful family in Cumberland, possessing, among other manors, that of Corby, before it came into possession of the Howards, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. A strange stratagem was practised by an outlaw, called Jock Grame of the Pear Tree, upon the Salkelde, sheriff of Cumberland, the fact having occurred late in Elizabeth's reign. The brother of this freebooter was lying in Carlisle jail for execution, when Jock of the Pear Tree came riding past the gate of Corby Castle. A child of the sheriff was playing before the door, to whom the outlaw gave an apple, saying, "Master, will you ride?" The boy willingly consenting, Grame took him up before him, carried him into Scotland, and would never part with him till he had his brother safe from the gallows.

DR. ADAM FERGUSON.

The late celebrated Dr. Adam Ferguson, who was chaplain to one of the Highland regiments, is well remembered for the fearlessness with which he went through his affecting and sacred duties in the midst of the hottest engagements. On one occasion, when the regiment to which he belonged was taking its ground preparatory to battle, Sir Robert Munro perceived the chaplain in the ranks, and, with a friendly caution, told him there was no necessity for him to expose himself to unnecessary danger, and that he ought to be out of the line of fire. The Doctor thanked Sir Robert for his friendly advice, but added, that, on this occasion, he had a duty which he was imperatively called upon to perform. Accordingly, he continued with the regiment during the whole of the action, in the hottest of the fire, praying with the dying, attending to the wounded, and directing them to be carried to a place of safety. By his fearless zeal, his intrepidity, and his friendship towards the soldiers, (several of whom had been his school-fellows at Dunkeld,) his amiable and cheerful manners, checking with severity when necessary, mixing among them with ease and familiarity, and being as ready as any of them with a poem or heroic tale, he acquired an unbounded ascendancy over them.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Our sketch of the life of this illustrious man, which we have some pride in pointing out as the first instance of an original work of such extent, being published in a style calculated for *universal circulation*, has by this time, we trust, afforded to many thousands of our countrymen, such a picture of excellence in mind and character, as they have never before looked on. We have now much pleasure in giving our readers assurance of the general accuracy of that work—the quality chiefly aimed at in its composition—from the testimony of one peculiarly able to speak to the point; namely the editor of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal newspaper, who for forty years was the bosom friend of the illustrious subject of our memoir, and might be styled, indeed, his literary Achates. After expressing, in the paper of October 3, his regret that ill health prevented him from giving a sketch of Sir Walter Scott, from his own pen, the editor of the journal thus proceeds:—"In the meantime, we recommend to general perusal an excellent biographical sketch of the great departed, which appeared in a supplement to Messrs. Chambers's last journal. It is *singularly copious, comprehensive, and correct*, and arranged with that marked fairness and perspicuity, which have mainly contributed to give to these writers their extensive popularity."

While we have to express the gratification we derive from this decisive testimony, candour also obliges us to mention one or two mistakes chiefly of a trivial kind, which have been pointed out to us upon good authority.

The real situation of Sir Walter Scott, in the volunteer corps in 1797, was that of Quarter-master, and the name of the regiment was the Edinburgh Light Dragoons.

[A characteristic anecdote, connected with this part of his life, may here be introduced as a compensation for the error. The commander of the corps, as not unusually happened, was rather ignorant of his duty, and required to have a card of the movements constantly in his hand. One unfortunate morning—a very cold one—he forgot to bring this monitor along with him, and was of course desperately non-plussed. He could positively do nothing: the troop stood for twenty minutes quite motionless, while he was vainly endeavouring to find the means of supplying the requisite document. At this moment, while the men were all as cold as their own stirrup irons, and were more like a set of mutes at a funeral, than a band of redoubted volunteers, ready to do battle at whatever odds against the might of Gaul, Sir Walter came limping up, and said to a few of the other officers, in his grave way—"I think the *corpse* is rather long in lifting this morning;" a drollery so fit to the occasion and to their feelings, that the whole burst out in a fit of laughing, which speedily communicated to the whole corps.]

The story of Sir Walter's financial embarrassments is so exceedingly involved and confused, that perhaps it could not be properly explained without the aid of an accountant. The deceased himself, in his preface to the new edition of his Chronicles of the Canongate, mentions 120,000*l.* as the extent of his losses by Messrs. Constable and Cadell. Yet the trust, as recorded in our narrative, embraced only 102,000*l.*, of which a large part referred to personal debts otherwise incurred. Our statement as to a dividend of six-and-eightpence, is not exactly correct; but there can be no mistake as to the aggregate of the dividends that had been paid at the time of Sir Walter's decease—namely, eleven-and-eightpence. This, we understand, with the money payable by insurance offices, and sums due out of the profits of his works, left twenty-one-thousand pounds due, at the period of his decease, exclusive of the accumulated interest.

In a note upon the 299th page, we regret to find that an unjust imputation (originally adopted from a newspaper,) was conveyed, respecting the bill of 6th August, for appointing a new sheriff for Selkirkshire. That bill was in reality unavoidable, on account of the new duties imposed on officers of this class by the Reform Bill, and was entered into with the full concurrence of Sir Walter's nearest relatives.

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CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF SCOTLAND," "GAZETTEER OF SCOTLAND," &c. AND BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, AUTHOR OF "TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH," "SCOTTISH BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY," &c.

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ADVANCEMENT IN LIFE.

THE last number of the Journal contained the conclusion of a pretty ample list of persons who originally were in very humble and apparently unfavourable circumstances, but eventually rose, through the force of talent and application, to eminent situations in life. That list was drawn up, and presented in our h umble, but, we earnestly hope, useful pages, as a means of furnishing every poor boy into whose hands it might chance to fall, with some hope of also escaping from his native condition, and shining out hereafter as a superior character.

It is very certain that all men are not born to be Franklins, and, likewise, that if any considerable number of such persons were to arise, their utility and their distinction would be diminished. There is a good old proverb, however—"aim at a silk gown, and you may get a sleeve of it;" which may be followed out, both to the advantage of individuals and to the benefit of the community. As it, therefore, would seem proper that every means should be taken to inspire youth with the ambition of well-doing, we make no apology for laying the following general observations before the public.

First, there is one great maxim that no youth should ever want before his eyes, namely, that hardly any thing is beyond the attainment of real merit. Let a man set up almost any object before him on entering life, and, if his ambition be of that genuine kind which springs from talent, and is *not too much for his prudence*, there is a strong chance in his favour that a keen and steady pursuit of the object will make him triumph at last. It is very common, when the proposal of a young man's entry into life is discussed, to hear complaints as to the pre-occupation of every field of adventure by unemployed multitudes. There may occasionally be some cause for this; but the general truth is undeniable, that, in spite of every disadvantage, men are rising daily to distinction in every profession—the broadest shoulders, as usual, making their way best through the crowd. It is the slothful and the fearful that generally make such complaints; and they obviously do so in order to assure themselves that they are not altogether wrong in continuing to misspend their time. When we hear of the overcrowded state of any proposed profession, we are apt to overlook that an immense proportion of those engaged in it are destined, by the weakness of their character, and want of specific qualifications, to make no way for themselves, and must soon be the same, so far as rivalry is concerned, as if they had never entered it. If the entrant, then, has only a well-grounded confidence in his own powers of exertion and perseverance, he need hardly be afraid to enter any profession. With the serious desire of well-doing at heart, and some tolerable share of ability, he is sure very soon to get ahead of a great proportion of those already in the field. Only let him never despair—that is, tell himself it is all in vain, in order that he may become idle with a good conscience—and there is hardly any fear of him.

The present writer entertains some different ideas respecting original humility of circumstances from what are generally prevalent. The common notion is, that humble circumstances are a great obstruction at the outset of life, and that the more difference between a man's origin and his eventual condition, the greater is the wonder, and the greater his merit. Since it appears, however, that so large a proportion of distinguished men were poor at the beginning, a question may naturally arise, are not men just the more apt, on that account, to become eminent? Although we are all familiar as possible with instances of fortunes made from nothing, it will be found, on recollection, that cases are comparatively rare of men who began with fortunes having ended by greatly increasing them. Many a poor boy has made twenty thousand pounds before he was forty years of age; but few who had ten thousand at the age of majority are found to double it with their years. Here—here is a reason for hope. The fact is, large sums are not to be acquired without an appreciation and an understanding of the meanest financial details. To make pounds, we must know the value of shillings; we must have felt before how much good could sometimes be done, how much evil could sometimes be avoided, *by the possession of a single penny!* For want of this knowledge, the opulent youth squanders or otherwise loses more, perhaps, than he gains. But he who has risen from the ranks knows the value and powers of every sum, from the lowest upwards, and, *as saving is the better part of the art of acquiring money*, he never goes back a step—his whole march is ONWARD. At the very worst, it is only a question of time. Say one man begins at twenty with a good capital, and another at the same age with none. For want of experience, and through other causes above mentioned, it is not likely that the former person has made much advance within the first ten years. Now, ten years is an immense space to the individual who only commenced with good resolutions. In that time, if he has not accumulated actual money, he may quite well have secured good reputation and credit, which, prudently managed, is just money of another kind. And so, while still a young man, he is pretty much upon a par with him who seemed to start with such superior advantages. In fact, fortune, or original good circumstances, appear to the present writer as requisites of a very unimportant character, compared with talent, power of application, self-denial, and honourable intentions. The *fortunate*—to use the erroneous language of common life—are selected from those who have possessed the latter indispensable qualifications in their best combinations; and as it is obvious that young men of fortune (necessarily the smaller class) have only a chance, according to their numbers, of possessing them, it follows, as a clear induction, that the great mass of the prosperous were originally poor.

TALENT.—It is a common cry that those who succeed best in life are the dullest people, and that talent is too fine a quality for common pursuits. There cannot be a greater fallacy than this. It may be true that some decidedly stupid people succeed through the force of a dogged resolution, which hardly any man of superior genius could have submitted to. But I am disposed to dispute, in a great measure, the existence of talent, where I do not find it at once productive of superior address in ordinary affairs, and attended by a magnanimity which elevates the possessor above all paltry and vicious actions. The genius which only misleads its possessor from the paths of prudence, or renders him a ridiculous and intolerable member of society, is too much allied to Bedlam to be taken into account; and in reality there is nowhere so much of what is called genius as in the madhouses.* The imputation of dullness to a man who has prospered in life, will be found by impartial inquirers, in nine cases out of ten, to be a mere consolatory appliance to the self-love of one who has neither had the talent nor the morality to prosper in life himself. Let every man, then, who possesses this gift, rejoice in it with all his heart, and seek by every means to give it proper guidance and direction.

APPLICATION is another of the indispensable requisites. Detached efforts, though they may individually be great, can never tell so well in the aggregate as a regular and constant exertion, where the doings of one day fortify and improve the doings of the preceding, and lead on with certainty to the better doings of the next. It is not economical to work by fits and starts; more exertion is required, by that system, for a certain end, than what is necessary in the case of a continuous effort, and thus the irregular man is apt to fall far behind his rivals. Men of ability are apt to despise application as a mean and grubbing qualification—which is only a piece of overweening self-love on their part, and likely to be the very means of frustrating all the proper results of their ability. On the other hand, the industrious man is apt to despair for want of ability—not seeing that the clever fellows are liable to the weakness we describe, which causes them to be constantly giving way in the race to mere plodders. Besides, while few faults are more common than an overestimation of one's self, it is equally obvious that many men only discover their abilities by chance, and that all of us possess latent powers, which might be turned to good account, if we only knew and had confidence in them. No man, therefore, should be too easily dashed on the subject of his abilities. He should try, and, with the aid of a persevering industry, he may do wonders such as he never dreamt of.

SELF-DENIAL.—Perhaps among all the qualifications which, in a combined form, lead to fortune, none is more absolutely indispensable than this. A man may have talent, may have application, both in abundance; but if he cannot resist vulgar temptations, all is in vain. The Scotch, as a nation, are characterised immensely by self-denial, and it is the main ground of their prosperity both at home and abroad. It is one of the noblest of the virtues, if not, indeed, the sole virtue which creates all the rest. If we are obliged at every moment to abandon some sacred principle in order to gratify a paltry appetite; if the extensive future is perpetually to be sacrificed for the sake of the momentary present; if we are to lead a life of Esau-like bargains from the first to the last—then we are totally unfit for any purpose above the meanest. Self-indulgence makes brutes out of gods: self-denial is the tangent line by which human nature trenches upon the divine. Now, self-indulgence is not inherent except in very few natures; it is almost invariably the result of "evil communications" in youth, and generally becomes a mere use or habit. The most of error arises from the contagion of example. A youth at first debauches himself because he sees others do it; he feels, all the time, as if he were sacrificing merely to the glory of bravado; and there is far more of martyrdom in it than is generally supposed. But though a person at first smokes in order to show how much disgust he can endure, he soon comes to have a real liking for tobacco. And thus, for the paltriest indulgences, which only are so from vicious habit, and perhaps, after all, involve as much dissatisfaction as pleasure, we daily see the most glorious and ennobling objects cast, as it were, into hell-fire.

We are by no means hostile to all amusement. The mass of men require a certain quantity of amusement almost as regularly as their daily food. But amusement may be noxious or innocent, moderate or immoderate. The amusements which can be enjoyed in the domestic circle, or without company at all, are the safest; there is great danger in all which require an association of individuals to carry them into effect

* This remark is borrowed from the conversation of a medical friend.

Upon the whole, a multitude of bosom friends is the most pernicious evil that ever besets a man in the world. Each becomes a slave to the depraved appetites of the rest, and is at last ulcerated all over with their various evil practices. At the very best, he is retarded to the general pace, and never finds it possible to get a single vantage hour, in order to steal a march upon his kind.

Honourable Intentions are also indispensably necessary. The reverse is simply want of sense and understanding; for it is obvious to every one who has seen the least of human life, that infinitely more is lost in reputation and *means and opportunities of well-doing*, by an attempt to gain an undue advantage, than what can in general cases be gained. If we had to live only for a short time certain, trickery might be the most expedient course, so far as this world is concerned; but if a man contemplates a life above a single twelvemonth, he will endeavour, by the guarded correctness of his actions, to acquire the good character which tends so much to eventual prosperity. The dishonest man, in one sense, may be termed the most monstrous of all self-flatterers: he thinks he can cheat the whole of the remaining part of mankind—which certainly is no trifling compliment. He soon finds, however, that he was seen through all the time by those whom he thought mere children, and his blindness and silly arrogance receive their deserved punishment. Even where the depravity may be of a very slight kind, it is alike in vain. In ordinary transactions, the one party deals with the other exactly according to his character: if the one be in general disposed to overreach, the other is just proportionably on his guard; so that there is no result but trouble, and a bad name. One thing should be strongly impressed upon such persons: they are far more generally understood and watched than they are aware of; for the world, so long as it can simply take care of itself without much difficulty, is not disposed to adopt the dangerous task of a monitor. The police-officer knows of many rogues whom he passes every day on the street; he never lays hold of any, unless for some particular offence.

Such are the principal qualities necessary for advancement in life, though any one of them, without much or any of the other, will, if not counteracted by negative properties, be sure to command a certain degree of success. He who is about to start in the race would do well to ponder upon the difficulties he has to encounter, and make up a manful resolution to meet them with a full exertion of all his powers. To revert to the general question—what is it that enables one man to get in advance of his fellows? The answer is obvious—it can only be his *doing* more than the generality of them, or his *enduring more privation* than they are generally inclined to do [that is, self-denial], in order that he may acquire *increased power of doing*. The fault of most unsuccessful persons is their want of an adequate idea of what is to be *done*, and what is to be *endured*. They enter business as into a game or a sport, and they are surprised, after a time, to find that there is a principle in the affair they never before took into account—namely, the tremendous competition of other men. Without being able to do and suffer as much as the *best* men of business, the *first* place is not to be gained: without being able to do and suffer as much as the second order of men of business, the *second* place is not to be gained: and so on. New candidates should therefore endeavour to make an estimate of the duties necessary for attaining a certain point, and not permit themselves to be thrown out in the race for want of a proper performance of those duties. They should either be pretty certain of possessing the requisite powers of exertion and endurance, or aim at a lower point, to which their powers may seem certainly adequate.

NATURAL HISTORY.

We stated in a former article, that, in the animated kingdom of Nature, there appeared to be one general chain of being, from man down to the lowest degree of animated existence. How numerous, therefore, must be the links of that chain! This has rendered indispensable the conventional institution of systems, so as to enable us the more easily to trace and investigate the history, character, and relations, of any animal, plant, or mineral, which may come under our notice. Without such systematic arrangements, the task would be next to an impossibility.

It was not till the time of Linnæus, that systematic arrangement was brought to any thing like perfection. This great naturalist reduced all natural objects into three great divisions; these he termed kingdoms—namely, the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral kingdoms. Each of these he again subdivided into classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties.

Let us trace the superstructure of the system to its simplest elements. All animals, which are alike in every particular, are of the same species. For example, the sky-lark is a distinct species. Climate and accidental circumstances may produce a variety; but its specific distinctions will ever remain the same. Now, almost every one knows, that there are several kinds of larks, which, upon the whole, are very much alike, but, when examined minutely, have characters, or parts, differing from each other in size, the colour of the various parts of their plumage, the colour of their eyes, bills, and legs, the length of their toes, nails, and legs, with various other trivial distinctions, which constitute them of different species. These, in a state of nature, by a wise law, abstain from sexual intercourse, and thus maintain in purity their race to the end of time. In Britain, we have the sky-lark, tit-lark, field-lark, wood-lark, red-lark, &c. all having well marked distinctions, but all agreeing in having certain characters; such as *cylindrical-shaped bills, which are awl-shaped; the upper and under mandible, or chaps, both of equal length, and opening a little at the base; their tongues are cleft at the points; the claws of the back toes are longer than the toes themselves, and nearly straight.* This, then, is their generic character, which Linnæus considered as entitling them to be brought under one genus. Let us compare this generic character with that of the parrots, and we shall at once see the distinction. *Bills hooked, the upper mandible moveable, and in general furnished with a skin called a cere, which covers its lower half; the under mandible is cut off at the point, as if incomplete; the tongue is fleshy, blunt at the point, and not cleft.* There are a vast variety of parrots, all agreeing in these particulars, but very different in point of size, colour, and other peculiarities. These, of course, are so many different *species* of parrots. We now come to the formation of *orders*, which comprehend a plurality of *genera*. The birds which we have above chosen as illustrations are of different orders. The larks are of the order called Passarines, all the genera of which agree in the following particulars. *They have conical sharp-pointed bills; their nostrils are generally naked and oval; their feet are formed for walking, or hopping, with three toes before, and one behind;* and feed on seeds, plants, and worms. Now the parrots belong to an order called *Levirostres*, or smooth-bills. *The bills are remarkable for their size and strength; they are always of a convex form, more or less crooked; the toes are formed for climbing.* They feed on the fruits of plants, nuts, &c. The number of orders vary according to the opinions of different naturalists, who have constructed systems; but birds, taken generally, constitute *one class*. When to these we add the classes of quadrupeds, fishes, insects, shells, &c. we make up what is termed the animal kingdom. When, therefore, an object is presented to us which we have never before seen, we first refer it to a class; we next compare it with the characters of the orders; and having ascertained to which it belongs, we trace it to its genus; and, having satisfied ourselves as to this, we next endeavour to ascertain its species. Here, then, an animal has been sent to us; we find it belongs to the class called Birds; that it is of the *Passarine* order, that is, an *Alauda*, or lark; and that, from its specific character, it must be that charming songster—the harbinger of the morning—the sky-lark, who is heard,

> From its watch tower in the skies,
> Ere the dappled dawn doth rise.

It will thus be seen how perfectly simple and natural systems are, and that, without their aid, the innumerable objects in the great field of nature must present themselves to us in a confused mass; and, by their aid we can now readily trace every object to its proper station in the system of Nature. We shall first treat of the animal kingdom.

Since the time of Linnæus, has arisen that great genius, and profound comparative anatomist, Cuvier, who has remodelled the system of Linnæus, in his great work, called, "The Animal Kingdom." His system is a natural one, founded on the organization and essential resemblances of living beings. It may be compared to a kind of chart of animal life, and shews us, at one comprehensive view, all the great leading characters and varied forms, from which are founded the four grand divisions of the animal kingdom; namely,—I. Vertebrated Animals, or those animals which have a backbone, or spine. II. Molluscous Animals, or animals which are destitute of a spine, or bones of any kind, as snails, &c. III. Articulated Animals, which have no internal bones, but whose members are articulated by an external crust or shell, as crabs, &c.; and, IV. Radiated Animals, or such as those whose members radiate from a common centre, as exemplified in star-fish, &c.

There are two leading characters which are common to all animals; these are sensation and motion. The brain and nervous system are the channels by which all the animal functions are conveyed; while the heart and its accessory organs, nutrition and generation, are what may be termed the vegetative functions, and are common to both animals and plants. Sensation exists in the nervous system. As we descend in the scale of being, these agents gradually become less perfect, till they finally disappear, or grow imperceptible to human scrutiny—if they really exist at all; and the muscles or flesh gives place to a shapeless mass of animal matter, a mere pulp.

THE PLAGUE-SHIP.

[The following impressive story was first published a few years ago in the *Edinburgh Observer* newspaper, to which it was contributed, among other excellent articles in prose and verse, by Mr Andrew Belfrage Picken, a youth of no ordinary talent, but who, we regret to think, has ultimately seen fit to cast his lot on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr Picken, whom we knew from boyhood to more advanced life, was a leading individual in the expedition to Poyais, and it was while returning from that unfortunate enterprise that he picked up the impressions embodied in "The Plague-Ship."]

Some years ago, Carl Andersen, the mate of the May-flower, and the original narrator of the following occurrences, was associated, by necessitous circumstances, with the mob of ragged and sun-burnt adventurers that infest the quays and landing places of Campeachy, and gather their miserable livelihood by assisting in the shipment of sugar and indigo cargoes, or any other office of drudgery at which the slave is permitted to turn up his nose. These sort of rabble are common to all the seaports of the West Indies, but in particular to those of Havannah and Campeachy. In the latter place they are very numerous, and are mostly to be met with on the moles and quays near the harbour, sauntering idly up and down, or squatted in the dirt, playing at cards, or extracting chiggers and worms from their feet, exhibiting the most disgusting picture of filth and indolence the traveller can meet with either in Europe or America—the Neapolitan lazzaroni, and the Gitanas of Madrid, not excepted. The chinganahs or coffeehouses of Campeachy are, particularly during the heat of the day, infested with these vagabonds, though their beverage is rarely confined to that refreshing liquid. They meet in those places in such numbers that the smoke of their segars may be seen issuing in a continued stream through the gelloosees and other apertures of the house, as if from a confined fire, while the ringing of flagons, the loud discord of voices, among which, ever and anon, the piercing treble to which the angry negress can so well elevate her tones, wakens like the scream of a peacock, strike the ear with a clamour, which, on a near approach, is absolutely deafening. There are many circumstances which combine to render the chinganah a scene of merriment: all sorts of itinerant musicians, jugglers, and mountebanks, are there permitted to pursue their vocations; and it is not unfrequent to find a company of dancers and a trained monkey performing antics to the same guitar; sometimes, also, Carib children, who are particularly dexterous in the use of the bush knife, exhibit a sort of gladiator game, which consists in throwing these weapons at each other, and catching them in the air before they have time to do injury. I have witnessed those feats at different times, and it is singular that they were never attended with any bad consequences. It is no wonder, therefore, that the chinganahs should be the favourite resort of the rabble I have alluded to, when they afford such ample and constant means of beguiling the time which hangs so heavy on their hands.

It so happened that a group of those worthies was stationed one evening under a bungaloe or small shed, erected for the shelter of goods, upon one of the quays. The sun had descended into an abyss of huge clouds that gathered over him like conquerors, darkening his glorious path with deep and stormy shadows, and reflecting his farewell smile upon the world with a lurid and brassy glare. Those banners of the tempest were not long of imparting their gloomy colours to every object beneath them, and the white-walled houses of Campeachy, which a little while before had blushed beneath the declining ray, now shrunk into obscurity, and specked the gathered darkness like tombs of Italian marble, peering through the gloom of a cemetery. Andersen and his companions had been waiting for the arrival of a vessel, whose approach had been announced by the island telegraph two days before, but which had been kept beating about in the offing by head winds ever since. This day, however, had been remarkably calm and sultry, and the loiterers, who had expected to profit by her arrival, after lingering till expectation became vain, had disappeared one after another, so that the solitary group I have mentioned was all that remained to face the squall that seemed bearing overland. Before it set in, they were hailed from the water by a negro pilot, named Mingo, who was bringing up his canoe, with an appearance of anxiety and fatigue. Andersen returned his halloo. "What cheer, Mingo?" "A plague-ship! a plague-ship!" was his immediate reply, as with two or three heavy strokes he ran his craft up to the landing. His relation was received with mingled curiosity and indifference. Andersen contemned the idea of danger, and most of his companions had never heard of the contagion but as a sort of yellow fever to which they were familiar. It was, therefore, a matter of speculation and interest to them, but not of alarm. The pilot informed them that the strange vessel was a brig from Cadiz, which he had gone out to meet in the morning. She was now brought to anchor on the lee-side of a small quay covered with mangroves, and had suffered much from stress of weather; the island, however, presented a sort of shelter for the meantime, and she was likely to ride out the gale in safety. He had been surprised, on coming within hail of the vessel, to perceive no person upon deck, and was at a loss whether to make the customary signals, or to run his craft round to leeward at once. He did not remain long in uncertainty—his first halloo had the effect of calling up a single figure from the forehatch, who invited his ap-

proach with hurried and frequent gestures, and he ran his doree alongside. The sailor leant over the gangway, and as Mingo raised his eyes towards him, he was struck with the appearance of ghastly and death-like languor which he presented. He spoke in Spanish, with a low exhausted voice, and informed the terrified pilot that the vessel contained the plague—that it had first broken out in the Gulf of Florida, when the hatches were opened to stop a leak, and that it had been brought from Barcelona with some bales of cloth, which had been shipped at Cadiz for Vera Cruz. "We are all dying," said the poor wretch, wringing his hands, "we are all dying." Mingo set his feet in the chains, and sprang up to look over the sideway; two men were lying dead upon their faces in the lee-scuppers, and a third was reclining against the cabousse, with his head thrown back, his teeth set, his eyes strained, and his hands clenched, as if he had expired in despair. One look of those dismal objects was sufficient for the little pilot, who leapt back into his canoe instantly, and put off from the vessel, regardless of the melancholy cry that adjured his stay only to convey a message to the shore; and it was not until he had almost exhausted himself in rowing, that he ventured to rest his paddle, and pause for respiration. The vessel was still within hail, and Mingo could perceive the same solitary individual pacing the deck, and tossing his arms distractedly above his head. After several turns in this manner, he appeared to stop opposite the cabousse, as if he was contemplating, with a sort of desperate firmness, the object from which the pilot had retreated. Mingo then observed him stoop, as if to raise the dead body from its recumbent position, and having lifted it, with great apparent effort, to the tafferel, let it drop overboard. The white spray leapt up against the ship's side for a moment as it fell, and the sailor leant faintly over the bulwarks, either overcome by the exertion, or watching the eddies which the sinking carcase left upon the surface of the water. Mingo's heart sickened within him, and, feeling a kind of insecurity while he shared the same element with the infected vessel, he made for the land with the utmost eagerness. Andersen and his associates were the first who received his intelligence. I recollect well the manner in which Andersen related this part of the story, and it will be told better in his own words.

"What was the plague to us," said he, "who were compelled to risk our lives for almost every mouthful we swallowed—*to us* who had spent merry privateering lives through all the long French war—*to us* who had tracked the Guineamen to their bushlair, and waded up to the very ankles in blood before we left it? Had we not, besides, seen the eyes running out of their heads with the horrid disease which is peculiar to slave traders?—what was the plague to us?—not the whiff of a cigarita! 'Come, my lads,' cried I, 'we will count the *pesos* of the Spanish skipper—we will see whether the sea water will not wash the plague from his Barcelona cravats.' They would have followed me to Davy Jones, who was just beginning to sound his whistle overhead; but the scud was fair for the ship, and we had all seen the weather-side of Davy's face before now; so we unfastened Mingo's doree, as soon as the cowardly lubber, who was lip-ful of the story, had gone up with the news to the commandant's house, and put off for the plague-ship. It was now as dark as the grave, but we kept her close before the wind, which was almost due south; and we knew that, in that case, we were standing fair for the Mangrove Key. It was then, skipper, while Mingo's cock-boat was mounting like one of Mother Carey's birds over the black waves, that were rising like leviathans around us—it was then—I remembered the osier sledges that used to carry me, like a Will o' the Wisp, over the icy tracks of my own country, and my whole heart leapt up to my throat, with a feeling of wild and measureless exultation. As the surges tossed our slight craft in the air, I recollected all those happy feelings; and, wringing the spray from my hair, I called to mind one of my old Norse ditties, and piped it loudly and willingly to the gale that was passing over us. Ha, ha!—I did not think I had so much of the young slip left in me; but I neither feared the devil nor the deep sea."

There are very few better sea-boats than the creears of the West Indian pilots, and few who are more expert in managing them than the stivee doers, as they are called, of Campeachy. The reckless adventurers reached their destination in safety. The Mangrove Keys were an archipelago in miniature, and formed a kind of semicircle, in the centre of which, sufficiently screened from the weather, the "pesthouse of the waters" floated in perfect security. There was a dim light twinkling in the binnacle, that discovered to Andersen and his companions the same solitary wretch mentioned by the pilot, still reclining on the tafferel, with his arms folded drowsily beneath his head, as if he had been yet watching the body he had consigned to the waters. He did not appear to distinguish the canoe, though the desperadoes that manned her ran her close up to the ship's side, and shouted lustily for a rope's end; neither was there the slightest attention paid to the demand, though it was urged with a volley of Spanish execrations, which could not fail at least to be understood. A wave hove the slight craft near to the gangway, and one of the crew laying hold of the chains, the canoe yawed close, and the whole company leapt easily on board. Andersen, as self-appointed leader of the enterprise, was the first who approached the "watch on deck," and he shouldered his long paddle with an air of menace as he did so, which was meant to impress the sufferer with the conviction that in this case "might would constitute right." The watchman did not move, however, and a suspicion, which a moment's scrutiny confirmed, occurred to Andersen, and overcame his determined indifference—with a feeling of involuntary dread. The Spaniard was a corpse—and at the very time when Andersen became aware of the fact, the vessel gave a sudden lurch, and the body fell back upon the quarter-deck. Andersen retreated in disgust, and the creoles lifted the body, and threw it overboard. They then advanced to the companion; and, looking down, Andersen perceived that the cabin, which the creoles were in some hesitation to enter, was lighted by a small lantern suspended from a bulk head. "Pray for me, my hearties," cried the Norwegian, "for I'll bide this risk by myself," and he descended the trap-stair at two steps.

Oh! what a scene of utter misery and desolation did that dark and confined apartment present to him, and how welcome was the first breath of the cold and pure atmosphere that he inhaled as he retreated at first with an impulse of horror from its infected precincts! It was the very charnel-house of the plague, and the crew of the vessel were mingled there without distinction; some dead, and some whose feeble moanings were the last exertions of exhausted nature. Its victims in the first stages of the disease had forsaken the forecastle, the close contaminated air of which was imbued with destruction, and had gathered in the cabin, whose lattices gave a free current to the breeze, and made it therefore the most eligible situation for the sufferers. The first object that arrested Andersen's attention, as he entered, was the countenance of a negro, probably the steward of the vessel, which was still distorted by the convulsions in which he had expired. He was reclining upon a locker immediately opposite the light, which fell upon his sable visage with an imposing and frightful effect. Turning from this object, the regards of the Norwegian were attracted to an obscure corner of the cabin, where, stretched on a low mattress, in an attitude of exhaustion and despair, lay the figure of a young female. A profusion of dark hair lay dishevelled on her pillow, and formed a strong contrast to the ashy paleness of her features; and her heavy voluptuous eyelids, deeply marked by long black fringes, appeared closed in a stupor from which she was never to awake. One white arm was folded listlessly over her bosom, as if to watch the expiring struggles of nature, and the other sustained a rosary of very large amber beads, that reflected the light of the cabin lantern with a warm and steady lustre. The sight of this valuable object restored the Norwegian to a sense of his interest, and at once swallowed up every feeling that interfered with it. It was, he considered, now perfectly useless to its possessor; and he approached to claim it, before the creoles, who had apparently mustered courage from his example, had descended the trap-stair. He plucked it hastily from the relaxed fingers of the dying girl, who opened her dim eyes for an instant, with a feeble exclamation in Spanish, and, immediately closing them again, breathed out her spirit with a heavy and convulsive sigh. It was the action of a moment, and before any of his associates had entered the cabin, he had secreted his prize under his Guernsey frock; and if any human eye in that dismal place was aware of the theft, death had sealed it up ere it could betray it.

To dwell upon the proceedings of those desperadoes, during that long stormy night, and the feeble and unavailing resistance that was offered to them by a few dying wretches, who lay in an adjoining birth, would compel me to enter upon a detail of cruelties of which Andersen had long and sincerely repented before he related the adventure, and which, for his sake, I would now willingly forget. The centinels and night-watchers of Campeachy and its neighbourhood were astonished by an apparition, which borrowed a deeper character of terror from that wild and squally night, and was not soon forgotten by those that witnessed it. The midnight gun had discharged its wonted signal; and though the gale was somewhat abated, the sky was loaded with black and dreary clouds, which still sent out arrows of fire as if the angels of the tempest were unwilling to forego their warfare. But though less vivid than those "electric wanderers," there suddenly arose through the blackness that pervaded the offing, a long fiery train, which appeared to be carried away by the wind as it ascended, as if some "mysterious monster of the deep" were flying up to heaven, and had tinged with a red lurid glare the low hung clouds that were drifting over it. This phenomenon lasted for at least an hour. At the end of that time it passed away with an explosion like the discharge of a cannon, which came booming over the disturbed waters with a lulled and heavy sound. The plague-ship was swallowed up in that dreadful conflagration, the dying and the dead were mingled in one funeral pile, and those who had set forth on that evening on their errand of plunder, had concluded it with an act of desperate and merciless wickedness.

"We stood up in our creear, skipper," said Andersen, "when we had rowed to a safe distance, and watched the progress of the flames, which were already bursting through the hatchways enveloped in sheets of smoke, and were reflected from the wet sails that flapped above them. There was one devoted sinner, strong in his agony, who staggered about the deck like an antic fiend exulting in his own element. I think I still hear the shrill, searching cries of that doomed wretch—that rose above the gale in tones that were almost heartbreaking—but I dared not listen to them. Sometimes the fiery smoke whirled round him as if impatient for its prey, and for a moment stifled the accents of his despair, but the next they rose louder and louder, and ran through my head like a knife. Woe for me, skipper, if my penitence has been rejected in Heaven, for I shall hear those screams of agony again when the anchor of fate is fixed for ever."

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF DISEASES.

THE following observations on the geographical distribution of diseases have been extracted from an excellent article on the subject in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, for October 1832, by Henry Marshall, Esq. Deputy-Inspector-General of Army Hospitals:—

In some portions of the earth's surface particular diseases occur much more frequently than in others; and there are great divisions of the globe where certain specific diseases never, or very rarely, appear. The causes of the prevalence of diseases in one part of the world, while they are not found in another, are frequently involved in great obscurity. Sometimes they seem to depend upon the influence of meteorological phenomena; but they frequently happen where no satisfactory origin can be assigned. Wherever mankind exists, there disease of one kind or another will occur, whatever care may be taken to obviate its causes. Death will have its victims; and probably from one to five per cent. die annually, not only among the savage races, and other classes who undergo great privations and want of skilful medical attendance, but also among those orders of society which are furnished with every comfort and luxury that wealth can procure.

Examples of a deficiency of the skin, hair, and eyes, occur much more frequently among the inhabitants of intertropical [or hot] climates than in temperate latitudes. Albinoes [or persons of a supernaturally or extremely fair complexion] seem to be relatively more numerous in Africa than in Asia or America. The King of Ashantee collected nearly 100 white negroes. It is remarkable that the few Albinoes who have been born in Europe have been generally males. When Albinoes are matched with blacks, the progeny is either white or black, not brown coloured, like a mulatto. In the oriental archipelago [a large cluster of islands near Hindostan] Albinoes are not rare among quadrupeds.

The affection called *goitre* is common among the inhabitants of the vallies of the Alps, Appenines, and Pyrenees. In Savoy, Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Carinthia, there are villages in which the greater number of the inhabitants, more particularly of the female population, have some swelling of the neck. About two-thirds of the inmates of the Lunatic Asylum at Milan, when it was lately visited by a friend, suffered under this affection.

In the frozen regions of the north, the appetite for food and the power of digestion are commonly excessive. Captain Cochran, in his account of a Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, gives some remarkable illustrations of this fact. Admiral Saritchef states, that a Yakuti informed him, "one of their men was accustomed to consume at home, in the space of a day or twenty-four hours, the hind quarter of a large ox, twenty pounds of fat, and a proportionate quantity of melted butter for his drink. The appearance of the man not justifying the assertion, the Admiral had a mind to try his gormandizing powers, and for this purpose he had a thick porridge of rice boiled down with three pounds of butter, weighing together twenty-eight pounds; and although the glutton had already breakfasted, yet did he sit down to it with the greatest eagerness, and consume the whole without stirring from the spot." Captain Cochran says, "I have repeatedly seen a Yakut, or a Tongouse, devour forty pounds of meat in a day;" and "I have seen three of these gluttons consume a rein-deer at one meal." He adds, "I myself have finished a whole fish in a frozen state, which might have weighed two or three pounds; and, with black biscuit and a glass of rye brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal."

The geographical distribution of the disease of stone *(calculus vesicæ)* seems to be, in a great measure, limited to the temperate latitudes. But even in temperate climates it is much more frequent in one place than in another a very short way distant. Dr Dancer states, that calculus never occurs in Jamaica. Dr Scott makes a similar statement in regard to Bombay. Dr Ainslie, who was for more than thirty years on the peninsula of India, says, "I have had occasion to attend both Hindoos and Musselmauns suffering for gravel or stone."

Cancer.—This disease is, in a great measure, confined to the temperate latitudes. In Jamaica, Dr Dancer states that "cancer seldom occurs, and it is peculiar to water-drinkers."

The mean annual mortality of all ages in Great Britain has been found, by the census of 1821, to be about 1 in 56; but in round numbers I shall assume that it is 1 in 50, or 2 per cent. Now, according to the London bills of mortality since 1808, it appears that one-fourth, or 25 per cent., of the deaths is on

casioned by consumption. If the proportion of consumption to general mortality be admitted to be as 1 to 4, and if it be granted that the annual mortality is to the population as 1 to 50, while, by the census of 1821, it is ascertained that the inhabitants of Great Britain amount to 14,391,631, it will be found that the annual number of victims to consumption in this island amounts to 71,358. Perhaps this estimate is rather below than above the real number. At New York, consumption seems to engross one-sixth, and sometimes a fifth, of all the deaths.

The annual mortality in France is about 1 in 40, and the relative proportion of deaths by consumption to the general mortality is 23 per cent., or nearly one-fourth. Pleurisies destroy one-fourth of the whole population of Petersburgh, fevers one-third, and consumptions one-sixth. Within the tropics, Europeans suffer much less by consumptions than in temperate latitudes. On the continent of Africa comsumption is a rare complaint. In the West Indies, Africans are very liable to diseases of the chest, but chiefly to tubercular consumption.

Hydrophobia has been chiefly observed in Europe. It has, however, never been described as occurring beyond the Arctic Circle; and, indeed, according to some authors, it is seldom if ever heard of at Archangel, Tobolsk, or in the country north of St Petersburgh. It has never been observed at Constantinople [which swarms with dogs], Syria, or Egypt. Hillary states that he saw some cases of the disease at Barbadoes. It is, however, a disease which is extremely rare in the West Indies; I believe that, in many of the islands, it has never been noticed. Valentin asserts that it is extremely rare in the warm regions of America, but common in the northern part of that continent. Rabies occurs in India, but not often. According to Barrow, the dogs in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope very rarely go mad.

EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY OF WILLIAM FRASER.

Some remarks on the Admirable Crichton, penned in a spirit of incredulity, lately appeared in the Journal, and were followed up by a translation of one of his poems, which certainly showed little of the feelings and ideas which are now deemed requisite for that branch of compesition. Since the publication of that paper, we have been made acquainted with some particulars respecting William Fraser, a youth born in Edinburgh, near the close of the last century, which, taken in connection with what we know of similar persons, such as Zara Colburn, the American boy, and the boy Bidder of England, would seem to prove that nature does occasionally send forth prodigies of genius, such as Crichton is reputed to have been. We shall proceed to lay before the reader such particulars as we have been furnished with respecting Fraser:—

He was the son of an engraver in Edinburgh, and had the misfortune to lose both his father and mother at a very early age. Circumstances then threw him under the protection of an eminent teacher of writing and accounts in his native city, who treated him as one of his own family, and gave him the advantage of instruction in an *intellectual* system of arithmetic, which he had invented for the use of his own scholars, and practised with great success. Not only did Fraser make great progress in this branch of knowledge, but in languages, in music, and many other accomplishments, he displayed an aptitude that astonished all who had occasion to observe him. What rendered this the more surprising, was, that he never appeared to study. His disposition was playful to an extreme bordering on folly, and he indulged to the fullest extent in all the sports of his companions. He seemed to acquire all his knowledge and proficiency by intuition; for it is the distinct recollection of his patron, that he was hardly ever seen *seated at a book*. Yet, in this way, without the least observable exertion, he speedily mastered the Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish, and (what is perhaps most surprising) German languages, so as to be able, at an almost childish age, to teach them to others. He could also play beautifully on the violin, flute, and piano-forte, and sing in a masterly and graceful manner, without ever having received instruction from a teacher.

At a very early age he was adopted as a sort of assistant by his kind patron, and took his share in all the laborious duties of the academy. His extraordinary genius had now attracted considerable attention, and, being very good natured, he made no scruple to gratify visitors with an exhibition of his arithmetical powers. He would allow a person to cover an entire slate with figures, and hold the wrong end towards him from the other side of an ordinary dining-table. He would then, in a playful manner, look at it with one eye, and sum up the columns, though twelve or fifteen figures deep, at the rate of a second for each column. Being asked, on a certain occasion, how he could know the amount of a column by a single glance of his eye, he answered by another question, "How do you know a friend when you meet him, without distinctly and sensibly marking every part of his person from top to toe?" "But how is it," said the inquirer, "that you know the columns equally well when the figures are all upside down?" "Why," said Fraser, "if your friends were all to change their mode of walking, and meet you every day with their heels uppermost, would you not soon come to recognise them as readily in that way as in any other?" It afterwards turned out that he had got into a habit of reckoning accounts in this inverted manner, in order to save time in his teaching operations. The pupils being arranged along two sides of a broad desk, he found it convenient sometimes to examine the proceedings of a scholar on the off side, without going round by the end of the table, at the same time that he was keeping his eye upon those who were nearer to him; and thus he gradually became able to read figures as well the one way as the other. It was at length found necessary to invent a short-hand set of figures for his use in arithmetical calculations.

Many anecdotes are preserved of the frolicsome disposition which Fraser manifested throughout all these triumphs of his genius. When about eight years old, he was mentioned to Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster as an extraordinary genius, and that gentleman, with his usual benevolent interest in such subjects, expressed a desire to see him. He accordingly called at Sir John's residence, but the servants refused him admittance. He then obtained the loan of a trifle from a companion, with which he hired a pony, and, mounted on this animal, he called again at Sir John's house, with the same companion equipped as his servant. Being then readily admitted, he showed his expertness in calculation, and came off with great eclat.

An unhappy accident, which happened when he was a very young man, and some time after he had left the house of his first patron, produced a considerable derangement in the nervous system of Fraser. While fencing with a companion, he had the misfortune to wound a boy who ran in between them, in a mortal part. Some of the other boys having raised a cry of murder, the city-officers rushed in, and, apprehending Fraser, dragged him like a common felon to jail. The horror of his mind at the unfortunate act, joined to his mortification at thus enduring the gaze of the multitude, gave such a shock to his nerves as affected him seriously through life.

In early life, Fraser left the Scottish metropolis, and sought his fortune in London. He soon obtained employment as usher in one of the principal boarding-schools in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, but was speedily dismissed, on account, it was understood, of the jealousy of the master, who could not bear to see himself outshone before the boys. Previous to this time, Fraser's Edinburgh patron had removed to London, and it was in his friendly home that the unfortunate youth now sought a refuge, which, it is needless to say, was readily and cordially granted. Soon after this, a gentleman, in conversing with his patron, mentioned that he had in view to propose to government the establishment of a public office in the Admiralty, which would be of great service in that department; and that the preparatory calculations were so extensive as to require an unusually expert arithmetician for that part of the undertaking. Mr Paton—for it was he who acted in so kind a manner to this extraordinary youth*—at once recommended Mr Fraser; but it was thought necessary to consult certain eminent calculators concerning the preparatory business—namely, the formation of a complete set of annuity tables for three lives. The answer was, that it would require ten accountants for ten years, or one person for one hundred years, were it possible that he could live so long;† and that Price and other great calculators had contented themselves with making approximations, instead of forming a complete set of tables. In short, it was reckoned that the figuring requisite for the above purpose, by ordinary modes of calculation, would cover waggon-loads of paper. Fraser, however, undertook to finish the whole in one year, and actually produced a proportionate quantity in a month, so that the office was immediately established.

Soon after this, the gentleman formerly mentioned proposed the formation of another government office, and Mr Fraser was employed as before, and with equal success. While thus occupied, his apartment presented the idea of a magician's cave, being filled with graduated scales, yards in length, corresponding to magic wands, with other ingenious apparatus, contrived by himself, and inexplicable by others. Like many ingenious individuals, who have benefited others without improving their own condition, he failed in obtaining the advantages which were to have been expected from these singular efforts, and again was obliged to take a situation as usher of a provincial academy. Soon after, Mr Paton received a letter from him, mentioning that he was now very happily situated, having the honour of frequent invitations to the houses of the neighbouring gentry, among whom he figured to great advantage. Within a month, all this happiness was reversed. Having caught a severe cold, by exposure on the top of a public coach during a rainy night, he found it necessary once more to return to the house of his early friend and protector—thus resembling the hare, which, when closely pursued by the hounds, and unable any longer to extend her course over the country, reverts at length to her own form. Though medical advice was procured, and every comfort administered, poor Fraser died in a fortnight—a mere youth, but not before he had given token of such mental powers, as, in their maturity, must have been a wonder and a blessing to his kind.

Alas! while we thus endeavour to rescue from oblivion the story of one of the most extraordinary geniuses that ever lived, and which, but for a mere accident having brought it under our notice, might have remained in obscurity for ever, how forcibly occurs the melancholy thought—that many persons of singular genius are *never heard of by the world at large*, but live and die as notelessly as those to whom no such gifts have been vouchsafed!

* Mr George Paton, himself the father of a family of genius, and who, after having for some years been unknown in Edinburgh as a teacher, has again recently commenced amongst us the business of instructing of youth in accounts, writing, geography, &c. using, in the first of these branches, the excellent system which may be said to have produced the extraordinary specimen of scholarship we have been employed in commemorating.

† This circumstance has a kind of resemblance to an anecdote in the life of the Admirable Crichton. When that personage challenged the Professors of the University of Paris, and came off triumphantly, they are said to have declared that it would require an ordinary person a *hundred years* of constant study to acquire the knowledge which he had displayed on the occasion.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE POLE-CAT.

On a journey from Louisville to Henderson in Kentucky, performed during very severe winter weather, in company with a foreigner, the initials of whose name are D. T., my companion, spying a beautiful animal, marked with black and pale yellow, and having a long and bushy tail, exclaimed, "Mr Audubon, is not that a beautiful squirrel?" "Yes," I answered, "and of a kind that will suffer you to approach it, and lay hold of it, if you are well gloved." Mr D. T. dismounting, took up a dry stick, and advanced toward the pretty animal, with his large cloak floating in the breeze. I think I see him approach, and laying the stick gently across the body of the animal, try to secure it; and I can yet laugh almost as heartily as I then did, when I plainly saw the discomfiture of the traveller. The pole-cat (for a true pole-cat it was, the *Mephitis Americana* of zoologists) raised its fine bushy tail, and showered such a discharge of the fluid given him by nature as a defence, that my friend, dismayed and infuriated, began to belabour the poor animal. The swiftness and good management of the pole-cat, however, saved its bones; and as it made its retreat towards its hole, it kept up at every step a continued ejectment, which fully convinced the gentleman that the pursuit of such squirrels as these was at the best an unprofitable employment.

This was not all, however. I could not suffer his approach, nor could my horse; it was with difficulty he mounted his own; and we were forced to continue our journey far asunder, and he much to leeward. Nor did the matter end here. We could not proceed much farther that night; as, in the first place, it was nearly dark when we saw the pole-cat, and as, in the second place, a heavy snow-storm began, and almost impeded our progress. We were forced to make for the first cabin we saw. Having asked and obtained permission to rest for the night, we dismounted, and found ourselves amongst a crowd of men and women who had met for the purpose of *corn-shucking*.

To a European who has not visited the western parts of the United States, an explanation of this corn-shucking may not be unacceptable Corn (or you may prefer calling it maize) is gathered in the husk, that is, by breaking each large ear from the stem. These ears are first thrown into heaps in the field, and afterwards carried in carts to the barn, or, as in this instance, and in such portions of Kentucky, to a shed made of the blades or long leaves that hang in graceful curves from the stalk, and which, when plucked and dried, are used instead of hay as food for horses and cattle. The husk consists of several thick leaves rather longer than the corn-ear itself, and which secure it from the weather. It is quite a labour to detach these leaves from the ear, when thousands of bushels of the corn are gathered and heaped together. For this purpose, however, and in the western country more especially, several neighbouriug families join alternately at each other's plantations, and assist in clearing away the husks, thus preparing the maize for the market or for domestic use.

The good people whom we met with at this hospitable house were on the point of going to the barn (the farmer here being in rather good condition) to work until towards the middle of the night. When we had stood the few stares to which strangers must accustom themselves, no matter where, even in a drawing-room, we approached the fire. What a shock for the whole party! The scent of the pole-cat, that had been almost stifled on my companion's vestments by the cold of the evening air, now recovered its primitive strength. The cloak was put out of the house but its owner could not be well used in the same way. The company, however, took to their heels, and there only remained a single black servant, who waited on us until supper was served.

I felt vexed at myself, as I saw the good traveller displeased. But he had so much good breeding as to treat this important affair with great forbearance, and merely said he was sorry for his want of knowledge in zoology. The good gentleman, however, was not only deficient in zoological lore, but, fresh as he was from Europe, felt more than uneasy in this out-of-the-way house, and would have proceeded towards my own house that night, had I not at length succeeded in persuading him that he was in perfect security.

We were shewn to bed. As I was almost a stranger to him, and he to me, he thought it a very awkward thing to be obliged to lie in the same bed with me, but afterwards spoke of it as a happy circumstance, and requested that I should suffer him to be placed next the logs, thinking, no doubt, that there he should run no risk.

We started by break of day, taking with us the frozen cloak, and after passing a pleasant night in my own house, we parted. Some years after, I met my Kentucky companion in a far distant land, when he assured me, that whenever the sun shone on his cloak, or it was brought near a fire, the scent of the pole-cat became so perceptible, that he at last gave it to a poor monk in Italy.

The animal commonly known in America by the name of pole-cat is about a foot and a half in length, with a large bushy tail, nearly as long as the body. The colour is generally brownish-black, with a large white patch on the back of the head; but there are many varieties of colouring, in some of which the broad white bands of the back are very conspicuous. The pole-cat burrows, or forms a subterranean habitation among the roots of trees, or in rocky places. It feeds on birds, young hares, rats, mice, and other animals, and commits great depredations on poultry. The most remarkable peculiarity of this animal is the power, alluded to above, of squirting for its defence a most nauseously scented fluid contained in a receptacle situated under the tail, which it can do to the distance of several yards. It does not, however, for this purpose, sprinkle its tail with the fluid, as some allege, unless when extremely harassed by its enemies. The pole-cat is frequently domesticated. The removal of the glands prevents the secretion of the nauseous fluid, and when thus improved, the animal becomes a great favourite, and performs the offices of the common cat with great dexterity.—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

BRITISH SILK MANUFACTURE.

It is learned, from the accounts of different authors, that the Chinese were the first people who cultivated the production of silk by the means of silk-worms, and that a knowledge of the art was made known in Europe as early as the sixth century, and that by an accidental circumstance. Two Christian missionaries having travelled into China, there viewed with a curious eye the common dress of the people, and the myriads of insects employed in furnishing the material for the manufacturer. On returning to Europe, they mentioned these circumstances; and, stimulated by the offer of a large reward, they retraced their steps to China, where they contrived to possess themselves of a quantity of the eggs of the silk-worm moth, which they concealed in a hollow cane, and brought safely to Constantinople, in the year 552. From this caneful of eggs, which were hatched in due season, have sprung all the silk-worms now found in almost every country of Western Asia and the south of Europe. These are daily multiplying, and, up to the present time, an immensely increased demand for silk has been felt all over the civilized globe.

Silk came into use in England in the fifteenth century, but its manufacture was long in arriving at maturity. It was for more than two hundred years used almost exclusively by the upper ranks, and it is only in recent times that it has formed a part in the garments of the middle and lower classes. The first manufacture of the article on regular principles was at Spitalfields, where a large body of French refugees settled, in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685; it was, however, upwards of a century later, when the raw silk of India could be imported with facility, before it became a great object of national concern. The imports of raw and thrown silk into Great Britain in 1824 amounted to 3,382,357 lbs., of which 1,716,734 were furnished by Italy, and 1,307,300 by the East Indies and China; in 1829, they amounted to 2,892,201 lbs. It is difficult to form any precise estimate of the present value of the British silk manufacture. Mr Wilson, a well-informed and extensive manufacturer, in his evidence before the House of Lords' Committee, stated that he calculated that 40,000 hands, whose wages would amount to L.350,000, were employed in throwing silk for the weaver; that L.300,000 were consumed in soap and dye-stuffs used in the manufacture; and L.265,000 were paid to 16,500 winders. The number of looms he estimated at 40,000, affording employment to 80,000 persons, whose wages would amount to L.3,000,000. If we include infants and dependants, about 400,000 mouths will be fed by the silk-manufacture, the value of which Mr Wilson estimated at L.10,000,000. British silk goods are, in general, higher priced than those of France; but the prejudice in favour of the latter is wearing out, and, in fact, the greater proportion of silks professing to be brought from Lyons and Marseilles, are direct from Spitalfields or Manchester.

It appears, from a statement now before us, that it requires thirty thousand worms to produce five pounds of silk. If we reckon that at the present time a million and a half pounds are imported annually, it therefore seems that nine thousand millions of insects are kept constantly working in order to furnish the British with the raw silk from which we make such a beautiful article of manufacture.

HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

The violin holds in the orchestra the highest rank: it always, and of right, is in the hands of the leader; for the grand point of instrumental imitation is the human voice, and no instrument approaches, by its tones, its delicacy of execution, and its brilliancy, so close to the human voice as the violin. Its origin is in the remotest antiquity. Bernardin Maffei, the cardinal, born in 1514, in his treatise on inscriptions and medals, gives an antique of Orpheus playing with a bow on an instrument resembling the violin, but which was called the lyre. The Nublium and the Psalterium of the ancient Jews are said to have strongly resembled the violin, as the Psalterium of the present day obviously does. Euphorion, in his book de Isthmiis, describes an ancient instrument called Magadis, which was surrounded by strings, and which, placed on a pivot, turned round, while the performer drew his bow across it. This machine was also called the Sambuce. The hieroglyphics of Peter Valeriam, p. 628, c. 4, have a figure of a muse holding a bass viol in her hand. Philostratus, who taught at Athens in the time of Nero, thus describes the lyre:—"Orpheus supported the lyre against his left leg, while he beat time by striking his foot on the ground; in his right hand he held the bow, which he drew across the strings, turning his wrist slightly inwards; he touched the strings with his left hand, keeping the knuckles perfectly straight." This was of the nature of the modern viol-di-gamba. The word *plectrum* should be generally translated by bow, though it is uncertain whether the bow was not sometimes used merely to strike the strings. In the middle ages, the violin family were numerous, though the instrument had not attained its present exactness of shape. The troubadours were often called violleurs, or violin players. It was in high estimation in the monasteries; and among their treasures are still preserved cases of violins, violas, and similar instruments tending to the lute, beautifully wrought with ivory and the precious metals. The modern violin has been brought into celebrity by a long succession of fine performers. Arcangelo Corelli, a Bolognese, was the first great violinist. He died January 1713, aged 60 years. He was the founder of the Roman school. Tartini was of a noble Venetian family. He died in 1770, first violin master of the church of St Anthony, in Padua. In Germany, the violin received great cultivation during the last two centuries. In France, the violin was brought into favour by Baltazarini, an Italian, sent from Piedmont by Marshal Brissac to Catherine de Medicis. Lully flourished in the time of Louis XIV., 1652. The conservatoire has in the present age furnished France with a multitude of fine violin performers. In England, the violin became popular at the Restoration. Charles II. established a band of violin tenors and basses, and placed at their head Thomas Baltzar, a Swede, the first violinist of his time. Banister, an Englishman, succeeded Baltzar. At the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, Nicolas Matteis, an Italian, arrived, and astonished every one by his mastery of the instrument; his style of bowing and his shakes were peculiarly fine. Francesco Geminiani, born at Lucca about 1666, a disciple of Corelli, was leader of the orchestra at Naples. He died in Ireland in 1762, aged 96. He was a great improver of the general taste on the violin by his publications. Veracini, the first violinist of his time, and a man of great power of composition, arrived in London in 1715. Felici Giardini, a Piedmontese, and pupil of Somis, arrived in England in 1750. His first performance was for the benefit of Cuzzoni, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, when he played a solo and a concerto. The applause rivalled the loudest ever given to Garrick. In 1755 he led at the opera. His elegance of bowing, his facility in embellishing passages, and his taste in varying common airs extempore, were surprising. After a long residence he retired to Italy. William Cramer was born in Manheim in 1744; about 1773 he came to London, and succeeded Giardini as leader of the opera band for nearly twenty years. He led at the commemoration of Handel in 1784. His execution was remarkable for neatness, and fullness of tone; his facility of playing at sight was extraordinary; as a leader he had no equal; he died in 1799. The principal native violinists were, Corbett, leader of the opera in 1710; he died in 1748;—Dubourg, leader of the King's band in Ireland; he died in London in 1767;—Clegg, his pupil, leader of the opera band;—Pinto, born of Italian parents, leader at the opera, and afterwards at Drury Lane; he died in Ireland a few years since; his grandson, G. F. Pinto, also dead, was a great performer and musical genius.

The finer order of violins are expensive instruments; a brilliant toned violin can seldom be had in England or France for less than fifty guineas. Violins have been raised even so high as L.250. The general price for a Stradivarius is a hundred guineas. The choice of violins cannot be made but by a master's experience. But new instruments are always to be avoided: if they have a good tone, it is almost sure to grow worse. The best violins are generally repulsive in their early tone, and few of them are good for any thing under fifty years. The violin makers most memorable are, Amati, of Cremona—(there were several of the name, Andreas, Jerome, and Anthony, his sons, and Nicolas, the son of Anthony); he flourished about 1600. Their violins are distinguished by beauty of shape and sweetness of tone. Stradivarius; there were two of the name, both of Cremona; the latter was living in 1700. His signature was *Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis faciebat, anno A. S.* Andreas Guarnerius, also of Cremona. His signature was *Andreas Guarnerius, fecit Cremonæ, substiulo, Sanctæ Teresæ*, 1680. Stainer, a German, a native of Tyrol; his violins are distinguished by their piercing and full tone. His signature is *Jacobus Stainer, in Absom prope Œnipontum*, 1647. Mathias Albani, a Tyrolese; his signature was *Mathias Albani, fecit, in Tyrol, Bulsani*, 1654. It is remarkable that almost the entire of the fine violins now to be found are the work of those Cremonese makers. Time may have done something for them, for the violin certainly improves by age, if it be originally a good one. But there is still something more difficult to be ascertained in their workmanship. Their violins have often been taken to pieces by the most expert artists, for the purpose of constructing others on their exact model, and yet the experiment has utterly failed. New constructions have been tried, and scientific models on the principles of sound have been invented, but without shaking the superiority of the Cremonese. But the most studied and dexterous experiments were made about ten years ago in Paris, by a M. Chanot. This intelligent artist presented one of his instruments to the French Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, with a curious memoir, in which he explained his proceeding. His principle was the acknowledged one, that the long fibres of the wood are fitter for the production of the low tones, and the shorter fibres, or arches, for the high tones. By fixing the sounding post at the back of the bridge, the fibres of the sounding board are divided into two arches, instead of being cut in two on the side of the E string. And this division is necessary, because the high tones being produced on that side, the bridge acts on the shorter arches like a small lever, while on the side of the bass string the fibres are enabled to vibrate in the long arches necessary to produce the low tones. But the more remarkable change was in the cutting of the sounding board. Among other points here, M. Chanot disapproves of the shape of the letter *f* for the sound holes of the violin, as cutting too many fibres. In his invention those holes are parallel and straight. A committee, on which were Cherubini the composer, and Prony the engineer, gave in a favourable report on this violin, which they had heard played on by Boucher, the famous violinist, in an adjoining room, alternately with a Stradivarius, without being able to discover which was which, excepting that they mistook the old violin for the new, which, as being the presumed superior, was a triumph for M. Chanot. But from all this we have not heard of any further results. The violin of Cremona still holds its ancient supremacy, and deserves it, at least in point of figure, for the new violins are angular and unpleasing to the eye. We have heard no more of M. Chanot, and are inclined to conclude that his invention was finally found inapplicable. This, however, should not deter our English artists from the experiment. They make the best harps and pianos in the world, and why they should not make every other instrument equally well, is beyond our conjecture.—*From an Album.*

THE NE'ERDOWEEL.*

To continue the relation of my uncle:—Mr Badenoch was now on his way to a foreign strand. It is unnecessary to trace the progress of a man so hopeless, as if he were a hero. He was landed at Demerara, that land where health is staked by the desperate for a chance of wealth, and where, with care and assiduity, wealth may be attained, and some measure of health preserved. The little island of Wakenham, at the mouth of the river, was the scene of our hero's destination. As he arrived at the finest part of the season, the country seemed delightful; and as he had formed the most anxious determination to repair the past, and as, moreover, his recommendations were strong, he soon found employment. He became a book-keeper under the attorney on a considerable estate.

For a time he exerted himself to acquire a knowledge of the duties of his new profession; and though he felt humbled from many circumstances, and, consequently, unhappy, yet, as he was inoffensive in his nature, and his employer proved one of those who can maintain their dignity without harshness, he was becoming a very faithful and useful servant of the estate. He had ever a pride in keeping his provision-grounds neat, and the fences of his coffee-land in the very best order, and yet working his people with the greatest gentleness, and expending his stores at once with fairness and economy. A feeling for the poor blacks, compelled, like himself, to a situation that was unpleasant to them, was the cause of much of this, combined, perhaps, with a melancholy wish to disappoint the auguries of his enemies, and to return at no distant day to his native country, with at least some share of wealth. Be this as it may, he became a favourite with the slaves, and so far respected by his master; and being now, in some measure, seasoned to the climate, he considered himself at last in the way to do well. Must it be told?—this was the dream of a moment. The good feelings of those to whom discretion has been denied, are equally capable of injuring themselves as the bad. He could not be kind to the poor slaves without forgetting that they were uninformed. From wishing to show kindness, perhaps a foolish and pa-

* Resumed from last week.

tronising kindness, he became familiar; from familiarity, they became presuming and negligent. Seeing his kindness, as he conceived, abused, he became resentful. The slaves could not bear ordinary severity where they had been treated with indulgence. From mutual sullenness, they proceeded to hatred; severity on his part, and rebellion on theirs. The gang was declared disorganised, and the manager was compelled to intimate his wish to the proprietors that they should part. Once more, therefore, our hero was at large upon the world, and had he been near those who formerly knew him, once more he would have been pronounced bewitched.

He soon found another appointment; but his character for discretion was lost. He could never hope to rise beyond the situation of a mere overseer, unless after proof of a steadiness of which he was little capable. He soon put an end to his probation. Some of the slaves whom he had helped to spoil, now regretting him as much as they had hated him, and resenting the just distance observed by his successor as much as they had abused the undue lenity shown by himself, escaped from their plantation, and ran to him for protection. Had he known any thing, he would have known that the concealment of a runaway slave is never forgiven by the colonists. He should instantly have given information, endeavouring only to mitigate the punishment. He intended this, but from time to time deferred it, till the retreat of the negroes was discovered. It was then too late for both parties. The act was plain; his intentions could not be known; and it was speedily evident that he must leave the colony, or starve. He went to Jamaica; but he took no character with him—or rather his character followed him—he was a marked man. He wandered about from estate to estate—hospitably enough received, as far as a meal would go, but employment was out of the question. He was declared unfit for, and even dangerous in, the West Indies, at least in any situation connected with the negroes, though it seemed extremely probable he might in time find something to do in a store.

As he wandered about from estate to estate, he envied even the slaves, as, contented and free of care, they trudged along under branches of rich plantains, or, in merry bands, carried the richer cane to its final destination in the mill. Often, if shame would have allowed him, he would have begged to take the place of the well-fed and cheerful black, that acted as "boy" in the families that, from time to time, received him as he trudged his weary round, sooner than submit to returning home poorer than he left it, and with the reputation of being fit for neither the old world nor the new.

A very unexpected incident soon decided him. A vessel from Scotland arrived in Kingston Roads; and having nothing to do, and the thoughts of home again coming strong upon him, he went on board. As he was ashamed to declare himself, farther than as a native of Scotland, little passed beyond the usual and natural inquiries; but being accustomed in his young days to climb about his father's vessels, he must needs shew the seamen of the vessel in question his dexterity. She was of considerable tonnage, so that in ascending the masts he had to come out a considerable distance in the puttock shrouds, his back downwards, and hanging by the feet and arms. Either from being long unused to such exercise, or from being desirous to shew off a little too much, he lost hold with his feet and one hand; and after hanging by the other for some time, to the amusement, doubtless, of the seamen, who were occasionally looking at him, as, with folded arms, they leaned on the gunwales, or loitered about the deck, he dropt with a scream into the water; and a shark having been for some time in waiting, right under him, he came up in a very few moments with a loss of a very serviceable leg! Here was a consummation! Was it possible to account for such misfortune on ordinary principles? Even the people of Kingston, who had never heard the opinion of those of the place of his nativity, could not help looking and laughing even while they pitied him, and exclaiming that the fellow was certainly bewitched!

This was too much. Unable to live on land, and bit by sharks the moment he, but by accident, dropt into the water, he now felt that there was only one refuge left, and that the sooner he was with his mother the better. But how to return? He had no money. He could not now work, even as a common seaman. A merchant who heard his history told him to make himself easy, and, as soon as he had recovered, gave him a passage to London. In the interval he had given him some employment about his stores—and had he been of ordinary prudence, an opening might thus again have been found for him; but lame and penniless as he was, and a married man as he had confessed himself, he had taken some opportunities afforded by the civility of the merchant, to make advances to his only daughter! and the old man, in turning him with contempt from his premises, could not help joining in the universal exclamation, that the fellow was certainly bewitched!

After any misfortune, our friend generally became prudent—it might be said religious—for a period proportioned to the severity of the evil. Upon this occasion his good resolutions lasted him till he was several days at sea. His fellow passengers were highly respectable. Our hero attached himself particularly to an elderly gentleman who had made his fortune, and was returning home, accompanied by a lady, the sister of a friend, and who was coming to join some relations in this country. According to his general custom, Mr Badenoch boasted of the wealth of "the Old Boy," as he termed his father, and of his own absurdity; and the last being very obvious, connected with other circumstances, generally gained credence for the first. The young lady proved nearly as absurd as himself; at least they had not been many days in company till they began to be very constantly together; to consider in secret every body fools but themselves, and quiz them accordingly; and at last to join in evading the old gentleman, who, doubtless for very good reasons, saw it necessary to discourage rather than encourage their intimacy.

It was too late! The lady was stout and handsome, sung delightfully, and conversed well—at least our friend thought so; for by silly people mere talk is considered conversation. As she had been genteelly educated, however, had much softness of person, and grace and even dignity of manners, it is very possible the man was attached, and that, had there been no obstacle in the way, and either possessed of fortune, their connection might have appeared sufficiently suitable, and, as Squire Richard says, "done no harm to nobody." But there was not a shilling of fortune upon either side, the gentleman, as we have seen, being worse than nothing, and the lady depending on the good opinion of her friends; and to crown all, the man was already married! All these things, however, went for nothing. They were intoxicated with one another: they rose up but to flirt and wander together, and lay down only to dream of one another. The elderly gentleman found his authority set at nought—the captain and other persons in authority were bribed—a marriage ceremony even was gone through in the Scottish form, which, being accompanied by written engagements, satisfied both parties, and the moment they could confirm it in England, it was confirmed. Being firmly married, they began to think at last of what they should have thought of first, namely, how they should maintain themselves; and upon this point their speculations were very black. The gentleman knew he had nothing to look to, so upon that point there was no difficulty; and the temporary guardian of the lady, as well as her friends in the country, being either really enraged, or finding it for their interest to appear so, they were at once left to themselves, with the old declaration that they were certainly bewitched.

At last it occurred to our friend that he had written to his family of his misfortunes, and his intention to return home, and desiring to hear from them in London, at the house of an old correspondent of his father. As he had given the name of the vessel in which he sailed, and her arrival had been announced for some time, he found a letter for him, but it was neither from his mother nor his father, the last being still too angry to write to his son, and the first incapable of permitting herself to write, in the terms that were necessary. Since his leaving the country, short as that period had been, strange things had happened. First, a young gentleman had come into the world, who claimed to be the inheritor of his name, and, what proved of rather more consequence, his estates. These, it is true, were at one time considered little more than his share of the General Entail, that is to say, of the states of sin and misery bequeathed by Adam; but the father of the lady who had the honour of producing him, being one of those pragmatical fellows, who, though they expect to see nothing in a well, will yet look into it, and talk about a property that *has been*, for three or four generations after it has left them, so now, finding his daughter not only within a hair's breadth of having been a woman of property, but absolutely not exactly divorced from it, nothing would hinder him from stepping forward to see whether he had not at least a right to talk about the matter.

He decided very properly, that, of lawyers, the best for a doubtful case is one whom all his brethren have conspired to call the most troublesome fellow on earth; one whose very name strikes terror; who knows it, and acts up to it, in order to secure the reputation of his *prestige*, that being his talisman for opening the purses of his employers. It is impossible to step aside to describe the person and character of a Scotch country writer particularly, but we shall do what we can. Mr Thomas M'Quirk was a middle-sized, dark, pock-pitted man, with bushy hair; very tolerably made, but with a most forbidding look; at least all who disliked him said so, and they were pretty numerous. Your dandy man of business, who has only one journey to go in a year, not only torments his maid servant in preparations for a whole morning, after having tormented the neighbourhood about it for a week, but has as many knick-knacks proper for riding to put on, as a tailor preparing for a race-course. Our friend Tom had not time for ceremonies. After *taking a proof* ten or fifteen miles from home in one direction, and astonishing all the old women of the place with the fact of his keeping all law and lawyers at defiance by his single strength, he often found letters lying for him, or messengers waiting with directions not to go without him, that whistled him perhaps twice as far on the other side of his residence; for a famous writer, like a famous doctor, is sent for, as the saying is, from far and near; and no one that can get hold of either can die or be hanged comfortably without having him. Our friend Tom, in consequence, required often to start on a new journey without shaving, after feeling at the fag-end of the old one as if his bones were shaking loose in his clothes. His riding appointments, therefore, were very simple. He wore leather breeches, because they served for dress or riding clothes indifferently; shoes and stockings for the same reason; and a single spur; because, like Hudibras, he knew that, when one side of his horse could be stirred to a trot, the other was not likely to lag behind. A spur, therefore, might be said to constitute his whole riding-dress—switch he had none. He always supplied himself from the hedges, any thing else being expensive, and apt to be lost. He carried a pen in his waistcoat pocket, with a nose that defied injury, and abundance of paper in his coat. Such were the person and appointments of Mr M'Quirk—and Mr M'Quirk was the lawyer selected upon this occasion.

As lawyers know, as well as vultures, when a carcase is in the wind, and Mr M'Quirk knew upon this occasion that the windfall was considerable, the very idea of having a finger in it was sufficient. He already looked upon the greater part of the property as his own. When he entered the room, all was going on smoothly. The creditors of Nicholas Badenoch had lodged claims sufficient to have swallowed up fifty such subjects as remained to pay them; many groaning over the loss of hundreds, that were never supposed to have had twenties to lose; others pretending claims whom every body else supposed to be debtors; but Mr Fiddlededee, the agent in the sequestration, was what the world calls a very decent man—that is, nine times in ten a very great blockhead. He received and entered all claims with suitable gravity, regretting only that there would be so many honest men losers. He very prudently said little about his own loss on the occasion, because it is no credit for a man of business to lose upon any occasion; moreover, perhaps, because upon this occasion he had not lost at all. He had taken all suitable instructions for disposing of the property, and the meeting was about to have closed with the utmost harmony, when, to their horror, they saw approaching the figure of Tom M'Quirk!

When Tom entered, and saw so many there whom he did not expect to see, he gave a loud whew! which did not diminish their uneasiness. They instantly saw for whom he appeared—for a country client knows too well to trust even his own writer out of his sight; so the grey hair and sun-burnt brow of old Dockenroot were seen behind Tom, like a victim behind the swarthy figure of a demon. At first there was an impression that his appearance there was ridiculous, as he had advanced no money, and there could be no reversion; and it seemed to give great satisfaction that they might oust him summarily. But Tom took his seat. He stated himself to appear *inter alios* for the *heir* of *the bankrupt*, and as *curator ad litem!*—which means, to manage his law-pleas; desired that the minutes of the meeting might be read; and heard all with such an imperturbable stare as made all alike afraid. "Have you the titles to the property?" said he, for that was their principal hope. "No; but there could be no doubt it fell under the sequestration." "The minute's no worth a damn!" said Tom; and immediately every one believed it. He said the first thing was to apply to the Court for authority to recover their titles; after that, he believed *his client* would be found exclusively entitled. He also knew that many of the claims would be found bad, at all events; but he did not desire them to be withdrawn, as an agent could never have too much security for his account; but, in the meantime, he declined to rank his own client, or to go farther than record his demand of the titles, as he might be compelled to take entirely separate measures. Several who had at the outset been freely and even ostentatiously showing their grounds of claim, had long since removed them out of sight with great quietness; and others, as they put their hats on their heads with both hands, and took a farewell look of the meeting, took also farewell of the business; for they saw it would *now* end in no good. In this way our friend was left to dictate his minute to rather a thin meeting; and to them he did not hesitate to let it be known that he meant to contend every inch of ground for the benefit of his infant client, who, he thought, in his long minority, would again bring matters round.

All this was mere bravado at the time, but it proved to be nearly correct; for upon looking into the titles of the property, it was found that it was so devised to a series of heirs, by the contract that had been entered into by Nic's father and mother, as to be incapable of being burdened by him, or evicted for his debts. This had been done by the old grandfather, to guard against the vicissitudes of trade, which he hated, being himself unfit for it—but kept a secret, almost from the parties themselves, certainly from the mother, that the credit of the father might be increased by the supposed unfettered property of the estate, rather than diminished by a recorded restriction. The debts, therefore, incurred in Nic's minority, and which had been subsequently confirmed by him, and made good, as it was supposed, against the estate by adjudication, now became merely personal; the young heir and his mother remained unencumbered possessors in expectancy, and with such advice as they had, were not likely to be smuggled out of it. In addition to this, it was discovered that sundry superiorities, or rights to vote for a member in Parliament, belonged to the property; and titles to these, even for the life of the incumbent, were then of great value. Upon proper inquiry, also, it was ascertained that many of the bills of poor Nic had been granted for accommodation of

the parties who held them, and yet had not scrupled to propose ranking for them, as they afterwards said, that the dividends might cover other and unknown claims; and, lastly, many debts obviously due to him, but which had been ranked against him, as the parties said, for greater security, were in due time recovered from the real debtors. The father, therefore, soon saw it expedient to step forward, and, upon a principle at once proper and honourable, made offer of a composition generally, that he might get quit as easily as possible of debts that were unreal, or had been improperly contracted, but paid all such debts as were just, without any deduction. In short, it was soon seen that Nic might have remained at home, and almost in independent circumstances; and when this was heard, it only confirmed people in saying, what they had long said before, that he was certainly bewitched.

The letter which he now received in London briefly announced these circumstances, so far as necessary, and informed him that his wife and child were well, and living creditably on an allowance made by his father, from the proceeds of the estate. It farther enclosed him a sum for his immediate expenses, and to bring him home; and concluded by cautioning him against all farther nonsense, as, though he fortunately could not do all the mischief which it had been supposed he could, he would at least make himself miserable for life, and that was pretty well.

When our friend had read this letter, he was so overpowered as to let it fall from his hands; and the old merchant who delivered it, having nearly about the same time received one from the father, that put him nearly in possession of the facts of the case, could not help being astonished. He therefore asked with some impatience what was the matter; and very soon ascertained that our friend had once more arrived at what might be termed prosperity—with the trifling drawback of being liable to be transported for bigamy! He immediately inquired into the circumstances; and finding that the lady was not only respectable, but had a guardian of very strong notions of propriety, and, therefore, likely to do the worst, he could not help exclaiming with the rest of the world, as he turned from him, "The fellow is certainly bewitched!"

The advice of the old merchant was very distinct. It was immediately to make himself scarce in England, and not even to sound a trumpet before him in Scotland; and Badenoch took leave with the intention of implicitly obeying him. But good advice is wasted on fools: it is, as Solomon has said long ago, casting pearls to pigs. Our friend had not passed a thousand yards in the right direction, when he thought it would be in the last degree cruel to part without seeing *his Maria*, as he called her, and even sharing what he had with her; forgetting that the old merchant was, as soon as he should be out of danger, to do every thing that was proper in that respect. He therefore went to her; and having blubbered till she thought him a fool, and almost told him so, closed by convincing her that he was also a knave. This was too much! Casting upon him one bitterly contemptuous look, she left the apartment; and while he sat in stupor, vainly trying to think what he should do, she had hastened to the house of her guardian. He began to think at last that he must pack up his things at least, if only to be in readiness; but by the time he had finished this, he found himself attended by several ill-looking gentlemen, with the warrant of a magistrate to commit him for examination!

The greatest fool has generally some sense of shame. He was almost distracted to think that his name and crime should be blazed in all the newspapers, and read by every one by whom he wished to have been respected. He was carried to the house of a bailiff for the night; and as these places soon extinguish lights, he had ample time to reflect upon his *incorrigible folly in every single circumstance*. Even to himself it appeared endless as it was inconceivable; and he threw himself upon the bed in an agony of shame and repentance. He acknowledged to himself that he could follow no right advice in any one particular, far less act rightly for himself.

As he, above all things, wished to escape public examination, and he had seen that the doors were so secured as to render egress in that way impossible, he determined to try the window. For this purpose he got up; and having placed the table under the window, and such props as he could find, upon it, he mounted, and opened the casement to reconnoitre. To his surprise he found that though there were bars set into the wall, they were not strong; probably from the height of the apartment, or from its opening into a yard, about as secure as the house; but these things did not occur to our friend. He therefore set himself to force out the bars, that he might see from what height he had to fall; and he succeeded. He now stretched up at all his length to ascertain the height, but a man with a wooden leg, however well made, does not act so freely as a man whose supports are natural. Just as our friend, therefore, had satisfied himself that his escape was hopeless, and was drawing back his head, the support of his feet gave way, and his head being caught between the casement and its frame, he hung suspended at a height of several feet!

As the casement opened outwards, his weight only increased the certainty of its hold. It seemed certain that he would soon be relieved from all farther trouble. Indeed, he felt that he deserved to be hanged; he was so utterly incorrigible. But it was otherwise ordered. The bailiffs, always on the alert to secure, and even keep alive people whom it would be charitable to allow to escape or die, heard the noise, and were instantly in the apartment. Thinking of nothing but to pull the man back into the den, they had almost destroyed in the act of endeavouring to secure him, by pulling him down instead of lifting him up; but a groan soon apprised them that he was suspended. A light being procured, they soon released him, but found that he was in a state of insensibility.

Medical aid was obtained, and he was at last recovered so far as to breathe; but the idea of an examination was out of the question. The old merchant's address being found upon the letter that had been obtained through him, he was sent for; and having met with the lady's guardian, they soon came to an understanding. The former marriage, though involuntary, was indisputable; that point, therefore, was settled. The man, though a criminal, was a fool; that also was settled; and the old gentleman took care to say nothing of his inheriting the slightest property, and he himself fortunately could not blab for the present. It was, therefore, resolved, as the best way of settling a bad business, that the lady should immediately return to her friends, as the climate of this country was evidently too cold for her—and she returned accordingly.

In the meantime, our friend Nicholas had in so far recovered, as that he could sit in the sun in a chair, and even turn his head, though not without pain. It was universally believed that he had wished to destroy himself, and, though that was not the fact, he half inclined to let it be understood, that people might be more gentle with him. He agreed to live in England, to the great relief of his father—and his wife and child joined him; and though he never experienced what could be called happiness, yet he was so far happy from not expecting it. He had ease and competence, with a careful, almost an affectionate nurse; and having no charge of money, nor opportunity of wasting it, he got by degrees into the reputation of a respectable invalid; and, dying at last without encumbering his estate, he was considered as not the most unfavourable specimen of the family of Badenoch.

His second wife, not relishing the idea of returning to her friends with such a character as she knew she must carry with her, married the master of the vessel in which she had embarked, and never set foot in Jamaica.

A feeling so strong as this indicated, interested her friends in her behalf, and they gave her a sum sufficient to set her husband forward in his profession. Thus prospering, and with a woman naturally good hearted, and now painfully instructed, handsome, moreover, and accomplished far beyond his hopes, he was tolerably well off; and though her fortune was not brilliant, she had the means of humble happiness, and was contented. Her only regret was, that she had ever been connected with the name of Badenoch.

It would appear, from all together, that stupidity is worse than witchcraft; that there is no witchcraft so destructive as stupidity. That without proper training, the world is a world of pitfalls, while with it there are few situations in which opportunities of happiness do not present themselves—in short, that conduct is fate, misfortune too often but another name for folly; and bewitching for good or ill but another mode of indicating good or bad conduct—at least such was the opinion of my uncle.

WALTER-SCOTTIANA.

It was stated in our Life of Sir Walter Scott that the title of his Thesis was not mentioned in the minutes of the Faculty of Advocates, at the place where his admission into that body was recorded. We have now not only learned the title of his Thesis, but obtained the use of a copy; and as it is curious, both on general and particular considerations, we have resolved to present an English translation to our readers. The title-page is as follows:—

JURIDICAL DISCOURSE,
On the 24th head of the 48th book of the Pandects,
Concerning the BODIES OF CRIMINALS,
which,
under divine favour,
by authority of the most illustrious and learned
HENRY ERSKINE
of Newhall,
Dean of the Honourable Faculty of Advocates,
and also
With the permission and by decree of the said Faculty,
was submitted to public discussion,
in order to obtain the office of Advocate,
by
WALTER SCOTT, AUTHOR AND RESPONDENT,
On the 10th day of July, at the usual hour and place.

Edinburgh:
From the press of Balfour and Smellie,
Printers to the Faculty of Advocates.
M,DCC,XCII.

After an imprimatur from William Miller and David Williamson, now Judges under the respective designations of Lord Glenlee and Lord Balgray, follows the dedication:—

To the Honourable ROBERT MACQUEEN
of Braxfield,
Lord Justice Clerk,
and a most meritorious Judge in the Court of Session;
a faithful as well as skilful lawyer,
and therefore
distinguished equally by prudence and impartiality
in the discharge of these offices,
both in punishing crimes with due severity,
and in restoring and vindicating the rights of the oppressed;
These Juridical Theses are dedicated
with the highest respect,
by
Walter Scott.

The body of the work then follows; and we may mention that it is an *unusually short* juridical discourse:—

INTRODUCTION.

It would almost appear that there is implanted in mankind a certain care and solicitude for the decent burial of the body after death, as if on the disposal of it in some measure depended the condition of the soul. For among all the nations hitherto discovered, not one has been found in which some funeral ceremonies, however dissimilar, did not prevail. This anxiety is indeed the natural consequence of the various doctrines concerning the state of the dead, and the migration of souls, held by different tribes.

The opinion of the Romans on this subject appears from the following lines of Virgil:—

The ghosts rejected are the unhappy crew
Deprived of sepulchres and funerals due;
The boatman, Charon; those the buried host
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not composed in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.
DRYDEN.

The opinions of the Stoics also leant the same way. Lipsius, in the 9th dissertation of his third book *De Physiologia Stoica*, has shown from various authors that they considered the soul to be nothing else than a particle of ethereal fire. Burning was therefore held by the Stoics to be the shortest and most compendious way of unloosing the souls of the dead from the earth, and of enabling them to rejoin their proper element—namely, ethereal fire (Macrobius, book 1st, chapter 9th; Martian. Capella, book 2d, *De Nupt. Phil*). If the body was not consumed, it was believed that the sorrowful spirit lingered round the corpse, and did not ascend to heaven till the last honours had been duly paid (Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* book 7th, chapter 52d). But if a person had been drowned in the sea, it was thought the soul of fire was completely extinguished by the contrary element.

It is not therefore surprising that the exposure of the body should be denounced against the more atrocious criminals as the severest possible infliction. Hence was probably derived the punishment of parricide, described in § 6. *Instit. de Pub. Jud.*, and dwelt upon in such emphatic language by Cicero in his oration for Roscius. He who had deprived a parent of life was sewed up in a leathern sack, along with a viper, an ape, a dog, and a cock, conveyed to the sea-side on a cart drawn by black oxen, and cast into the deep, that the water gaining admission by degrees, might extinguish him. Thus while alive he was deprived of the power of breathing, and when dead, rejected by the earth, and tossed between sea and shore; he underwent, according to the Stoics, the death and destruction of the soul as well as of the body. Against robbers also, and those convicted of treason, this last doom is threatened (book 28th, § 15, *D. de Pœnis.*) The bodies or ashes of traitors were thrown into the Tiber; but robbers were fixed to a cross, to remain the sad memorials of their crime and punishment.

Although the introduction of Christianity abolished the doctrines of the Stoics, these laws were not abrogated. For as we have been accustomed to feel the utmost horror at the sight of a corpse unburied and decaying, so we are willingly led to believe that some kind of intercourse still subsists between this body and the soul; in consequence of which the latter, so long the guest and companion of the former, sympathizes, in some degree, with whatever injuries and contumely are inflicted upon it. And, indeed, from the very dawning of Christianity, an opinion prevailed that the connexion between soul and body is not wholly dissolved by death, but that souls cherish a certain affection for their terrestrial relics, hover round, and never cease to protect them.

The exposure of the bodies of criminals was ordered, however, not so much to punish the dead, as for a warning to the living. For what is calculated to strike greater terror into those who meditate unholy deeds, as the loathsome, foul, and livid corpses of those who have undergone sentence for similar crimes, exposed to be the prey of fowls and wild beasts?

By the municipal law of Scotland, the exposure of the bodies of those who have been hanged on the accursed tree, in some cases, especially on account of the crimes of murder or homicide, is in like manner appointed. In modern times, however, the custom, certainly to be approved, has become frequent among us of delivering such bodies to anatomists to be dissected for the ad-

vantage of medicine. In this manner criminals are not only stigmatized with deserved infamy, but, at the same time, good is elicited from evil, the bodies of those who, when alive, made it their study to produce loss and the worst of evils to the state, being, when dead, converted to beneficial purposes.

THESIS I.

Among the Romans the bodies of condemned persons could not be interred unless permission were obtained from the prince or judge (book 1st, *D. huj. tit.*) It might be obtained, however, if petitioned for, unless in regard to the more atrocious criminals, concerning whom we shall afterwards treat (book 2d, *D. huj. tit.*) Thus in the New Testament we find Pilate readily granting the blessed body to Joseph of Arimathea. See also book 11th, *C. De Religiosis*, and book 3d, *huj. tit.*

THESIS II.

In a few cases, however, the privilege of burial was denied to the bodies of the condemned. Many lawyers (legislators) ordained that noted highwaymen or robbers should after death be fixed on gibbets in the places where they resorted; both that the mournful spectacle might deter others from the same outrages, and that the infliction of punishment in the spot where the murders had been perpetrated might afford consolation to the relatives and friends of those who had been slain (book 28th, *D. de Pœnis*, § 15). Sometimes even these enemies of the human race were sentenced to be cast to wild beasts, in the bloody jaws of which they found a bloody grave.

But, in particular, sepulture was denied to traitors (book 1st, *D. huj. tit.*, book 11th, *D. de his qui notant. infamia*; book 35th, *C. de Religios*). The bodies or ashes of those guilty of treason were to be thrown into a river.

THESIS III.

Finally, the bodies of exiles, or of those confined in an island, who died in banishment, were not to be transported to another place or buried, unless the permission of the prince were specially asked and obtained (book 2d, *D. huj. tit*). Permission to this effect was very frequently granted by rescripts, as is testified from the same law by Marcian.

ANNEXED POINTS.

I.

A mandatory, if he exceeds the limits of his instructions, cannot maintain an action.

II.

An oath concerning crimes cannot be given by proxy.

III.

An oath contains a sort of bargain.

IV.

An action for expenses incurred is not competent to a possessor who has not acted in the best faith.

V.

A father may appoint a tutor even to a disinherited son.

VI.

An accused person may be twice put to the torture on suspicion of the same crime.

VII.

An agreement to make a partnership pass to heirs is not valid.

Lady Scott one day speaking of a person who had been very fortunate in life, seemed to impute a good deal of his success to luck. "Ah, Mamma!" said Sir Walter (he often addressed his wife familiarly by the term *Mamma*), "you may say as you like; but take my word for it, 'tis skill leads to fortune."

Lady (then Mrs) Scott had a rich piece of cake, which she presented upon a salver to a glass of wine, and which, not being cut into *nibbleable* pieces, had been long permitted to remain entire, and had been presented and re-presented times without number to successive visitors, till her husband at length became quite tired of seeing the same piece so often, and one day remarked, when a guest was present, "Really, Charlotte, this piece of cake of yours is beginning to *make me an auld man!*"

Sir Walter resembled every man of true greatness of mind, in his deep respect for the illustrious Johnson. This is apparent throughout all his prose works, in which he never misses an opportunity of introducing a quotation from the "great moralist." Being one day in company when the various merits of Johnson's imitators were discussed, "Ay, ay," said he, "many of them produce his report, but which of them carries his bullet?" This is one of the most beautiful testimonies that one great mind ever bore to the greatness of another; and the metaphor in which it is conveyed is, in addition, singularly appropriate to the forcible character of Johnson's writings. We have been informed that Sir Walter was often heard to express his admiration of Dr Johnson, and, on one occasion, in the presence of several persons, he took out a volume of his works, and read "the Vanity of Human Wishes" in a tone which showed how deeply he felt the beauties and acquiesced in the truths of that fine moral poem.

Sir Walter said to a friend one day (long before the Waverley secret was divulged), "Man, do you ken what was the first book that was lent out in the circulating libraries at sixpence a-night?" The individual thus addressed did not know what to say, for he had never heard of any book but the Author of Waverley's novels being lent at that enormous charge. Sir Walter, however, soon relieved him by saying, "Man, it was *Bruce*," meaning Bruce's Travels into Abyssinia, which, being a very expensive book (L.7, 7s.), was charged proportionably high by the librarians.

Sir Walter told the following anecdote to a gentleman, who immediately afterwards related it to one of the Editors of this paper:—"When Marmion came out, it made a considerable noise, and had its day, no doubt; and many people went to see Flodden Field; so that an honest fellow thought it would be a good speculation to set up a public-house upon the spot, for the accommodation of the visitors: and he sent to me, asking me to write a few lines for a sign he was going to erect, thinking, as his letter told me, that any thing from me would have a good effect. I sent him back word, that I was at present a good deal occupied; but begged to suggest, as a next best, a quotation from the book which had occasioned his undertaking, which, I remarked, would do very well with a slight alteration—taking out the letter *r*—

"'Weary stranger, rest and p[r]ay.'"

Sir Walter, who hardly ever spoke slightingly of superstitious beliefs, related the following circumstance to the same gentleman:—When Abbotsford was built, the furniture was procured from London, and some of the upholsterer's men came down to put it up, and arrange it in the house. The night after all was put to rights, Sir Walter, and indeed the whole household, heard noises among the furniture in a distant part of the house, as if the workmen had been still engaged in arranging it. A few days after, intelligence was received that the upholsterer had died in London.

Sir Walter also gave this gentleman a curious trait of his own personal character. He had once ridden in a chase, along side of Mr Archibald Park (brother of the celebrated traveller), when that person, observing his fearless deportment in riding (which in Sir Walter's young days was very remarkable), said to him, "Od, ye'll never halt till ye get a fa' that 'ill send ye hame wi' yere feet foremost!" Sir Walter replied, that when he got upon horseback he felt himself quite changed, entering as it were upon another sort of existence, and having no power of restraint over himself. After this, who can wonder at his glowing descriptions of knights and war-horses?

He also said, that when his first two or three works were published, he felt exceedingly anxious to see the reviews, and hear how the world received him; but after that his curiosity or vanity died so much away, that he never made the least attempt to see a review, and often never heard or saw a word that was said upon the subject.

He had sent a copy of his first publication to a lady of Jedburgh, the wife of his friend Mr Robert Shortreed, who accompanied him on his tour among the Liddisdale farmers.* On his next seeing her, he asked, with the solicitude of a young author, how she liked his "William and Helen." She plainly answered, "Not very much;" upon which he took up the little volume, and requested permission to read it aloud to her, in order that the composition might receive all possible advantage from his knowledge of the emphasis due to various passages. After he had done, he was somewhat provoked to find that the good lady's opinion was quite unaltered. It is somewhat curious thus to view the champion of a hundred fields in his first stage as a warrior, and anxious, as we may say, about what people thought of his way of tying on his sash.

Sir Walter was one day visiting the Ettrick Shepherd, while the Waverley authorship was still a mystery, and took a sight of his library, in which his own prose works formed a conspicuous feature, with the back-title, "SCOTT'S NOVELS." "What a stupid fellow of a binder you must have got, Jamie," exclaimed Sir Walter, "to spell Scots with two t's!"

A Methodist congregation at Kelso, when some repairs were about to be made upon their chapel, sent some of their number about through the country to get subscriptions for the undertaking. An old widow brought a subscription paper to Sir Walter. He read only the preamble and the conclusion, which bore—"and your petitioners shall ever pray;" and returned the paper to the woman with a guinea, saying only, "Well, well, my good lady, here is something for you, as I am very anxious to have the prayers of the righteous."

So *facile* was he in contributing to charitable purposes, that a Burgher congregation, about to set up a meeting-house in opposition to a country minister, who was not giving satisfaction, applied to him for a subscription towards the building. He said, "Really, I am not very favourable to such things as this, and think I shall not subscribe." To which the applicant made answer, "Come, come, now, Sir Walter; ye ken ye subscribe to mony a thing ye care as little for as this, and ye maunna begin and mak' step-bairns o' hus!" "Well, well," said the good-natured poet, "here's a guinea for you." Out of all the numerous applications made to him for charity, he was hardly ever known to refuse one; and, indeed, it is acknowledged by all who knew him that he squandered great deal of money every year in this way.

Not long before the close of his life, while sitting at Mr Watson Gordon, he was shown a little picture by that distinguished artist, representing a battle. "This is not the thing at all," said he, in reference to the clearness and multitude of the figures; "when you want to paint a battle, you should in the first place get up a gude stour [cloud of dust]; then just put in an arm and a sword here and there, and leave all the rest to the spectator." In this sublime counsel may be said to lie the germ of all his power in the description of battles.

Like his counterpart Shakspeare, Sir Walter Scott was much given to punning. Among a thousand instances of this propensity in the latter, we record one. A friend borrowing a book one day, Sir Walter put it into his hands with these words—"Now, I consider it necessary to remind you, that this volume should be soon returned, for, trust me, I find that although many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, almost all of them are good *book-keepers*."

* It may be mentioned, by the way, that, besides the gig employed by the two travellers on these occasions, they sometimes also rode on horseback. Mr Shortreed generally used a grey mare, which recommended itself to the young minstrel by its sagacity in crossing mosses and mires; and it was the the prototype of Dandie Dinmont's Dumple, as Sir Walter himself stated a few years ago.

THE JEWS.

On the hopelessness of all attempts to convert the Jews to Christianity, Carne, in his Travels in the East, thus speaks:—"Great efforts have been made for some years, and much money has been spent, for the regeneration of this singular and fallen people; or rather, it should be said, for their conversion, of which their establishment in their native land is to be one of the results. The zealous and benevolent people of England have a right to disperse their donations to any land under heaven, and there is, no doubt, a peculiar charm in the idea that they are scattering them over so hallowed a country; that they are aiding to bestow on it a fresh glory, second only to that of the last dispensation of life and truth. It is a pleasing, but entire illusion. The mind of the Israelite is steeled at all points against the pure and simple faith of Christianity; he will converse and reason with the missionary in perfect good temper, and will, in most cases, give him a very civil reception in his house. We have even seen the descendants of the ancient people receive copies of the New Testament, sit on the divan by the side of their converted countrymen, listen calmly to his remonstrances and persuasions, promise to consider the weighty and long disputed subject, and read and judge of it maturely for themselves. All this sounds very plausibly and sweetly to the ear that is ever on the stretch for the happiness of the fallen Hebrew, to whom words and promises cost nothing, but who in every instance stop short, sternly and decidedly, of the threshold of conversion. Long cherished devouring pride, like a spectre, stands in the way that leads to Calvary, and warns the wanderer back."

ON the 3d of November it is our intention to commence the publication of a Monthly Periodical on an entirely new plan, to be called CHAMBERS' HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER; and in size and price exactly similar to the JOURNAL. This Periodical is intended to form an instructive and entertaining Monthly Miscellany, of a nature entirely distinct from the EDINBURGH JOURNAL, to which work, according to the taste of readers, it may form a useful supplement. The following are the features contemplated in the HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER.

Each Number will contain a complete and familiar view of the *News*, or general and local events, of the month preceding its appearance. In the composition of the Articles, an endeavour will be made to treat events rather in the dispassionate and philosophic style of history, than with the heat which immediate impressions, and imperfect intelligence, are apt to introduce into works of more frequent appearance. Occasionally, papers will be introduced, illustrative of subjects inappropriate to a literary print; in the composition, however, of these and all other Articles, the writers will sedulously avoid all partisanship; treating every subject in that simple and elementary manner, which has been so generally acceptable in the JOURNAL. The work is also intended to furnish to readers, of all classes, a ready means of refreshing their memories with details which they were perhaps only able to glance at, in their intercourse with the other Journals, during the month. If preserved, and bound up, along with the JOURNAL, or in a separate volume, it will serve the purpose of a work of reference for the occurrences of the whole year;—an ANNUAL REGISTER, in fact, at half the price of a MAGAZINE.

CHAMBERS' HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, like the JOURNAL, will be printed both in Edinburgh and London, and, if possible, published in all the large towns in Scotland and England, on the same day. The Scottish and English Editions will respectively be suited, in the matter of local intelligence, to the tastes and uses of the various countries in which they are published; and, in both cases, the news, foreign and domestic, will be brought up to the day preceding publication. The Work will be beautifully printed on a super-royal sheet, forming eight pages quarto, uniform, in size and appearance, with the JOURNAL. Being, by the mode of its publication, placed beyond the scope of the taxes on the diffusion of public intelligence, it will be sold at no higher price than the JOURNAL, namely, *Three-halfpence*, or supplied to Subscribers, for a whole year, for *One Shilling and Sixpence*; and thus every man will be enabled, at least once in the month, to do that which very few can now do at any time,—purchase a Newspaper for deliberate perusal at his own fireside, and which he may retain for the use of his family.

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ATTACHMENTS.

ATTACHMENTS to persons and places are among the most familiar sentiments of the human heart; yet there are some very mistaken notions respecting them. The general idea is, that they are, or ought to be, as enduring as the heart itself; that no one who has ever cherished either friendship for man or love for woman should change, or *can* change; and that, let our circumstances or our situation on the globe be altered as they may, we must never forget the people who formerly were around us, or the spot we once called our home. Thus, when we part from a friend, whom we are almost certain never to see again, we take as many vows of fidelity, and exchange as many promises of a close epistolary correspondence, as if our mutual welfare in future depended upon a continued attachment, or as if any thing else would be a kind of treason against one of the most sacred of human sentiments. We depart for the new scene and the new society, with desponding hearts, as if we believed it impossible ever again to form such attachments as those we are just breaking. It may be whispered to us that there is much pleasure in novelty, and that we may perhaps soon forget our old friends for the sake of the new, and lose the recollection of former scenes in the charm of the present. But we repel these insinuations with a kind of indignation, and determine, I may almost say, whether we will or no, to preserve a mournful retrospection of the past.

Now, the truth is, we are not designed to live upon the recollection of either past faces or past scenes. Friendship and love are not to be supported for any length of time without personal intercourse; nor can any scene ever be so important to us in recollection as that in which we are immediately placed. Instead of affection being a tangible object, which we can pledge away for ever, as the heart is supposed to be in nonsensical poetry, it is a *power* residing inalienably within us, to be exerted on whatever successive objects we are pleased with, the new objects regularly attracting a certain quantity of affection away from the old, till, in the end, the old have little or none remaining. Some readers will exclaim against this doctrine as a most unnatural one; but, in order to convince ourselves that it is really correct, let us recollect the fate of any one of all the friendships and loves we ever cherished. Suppose, for instance, the case in which friendships are supposed to be most warm—a school intimacy. Who that ever entertained even the most enthusiastic attachment of this kind, and, on parting, vowed to write regularly every month, if not oftener, ever found that the correspondence was in the least degree interesting after the first year? A few fond letters *are* exchanged, breathing the very spirit of old friendship. But soon this becomes tiresome. One of the parties happens to delay answering a letter of the other, till he is almost ashamed to do it; the reply to this is more dilatory still; and at last the correspondence, from which so much was expected, ceases altogether. It is much the same with tenderer intimacies. Love, to be lasting, must be frequently fed with a sight of the loved object. At a distance, other objects are presented, and the affair is at length only maintained at the expense of a struggle of principle—in which case it is, of course, no longer love. Nor is it wrong that our affections should be thus transferable. If we could never love but one woman in the course of our lives, or experience a friendship but for one local set of friends, we would be miserable creatures indeed. The chances would, in that case, be ten to one against our obtaining a partner in the least agreeable to us: we would probably enjoy both friendship and love only for one brief space in youth, while happening to be at a particular place, far from our eventual residence. All the rest of life—every other part of the world—would to us be a waste. Now, as the case really stands, though the scenes, and the friends, and the mistresses of youth, are, perhaps, the most permanently endeared, and though it is certainly proper that we should not cast off old attachments with an appearance of indifference or inconstancy, so as to give pain to those we are parting from, we can, nevertheless, find more or less pleasure in all the scenes which fortune has provided for our residence—all the various sets of people among whom we are thrown, from the beginning even to the close of life—and each successive woman upon whom our *power* of affection has chanced to be exerted.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

TREES.

"GIVE me," says the common thinker, "only a little practice, and a fig for the visions of theory." Theory, nevertheless—that is, science—is the great source of instruction for practice, and it would be just as reasonable for the man who lights the gas lamps in our streets to laugh at the German philosopher who invented the use of gas, as it is for practice in general to undervalue theory. In most of the arts of life, theory already regulates the most esteemed practice, and these may be said to be in a perfect state; because, in them, every thing that is done is done on principles perfectly well ascertained, and for which it is known that none better can be substituted. But yet, in some of the most common and most important arts, it is surprising to find that science was only of late, or is not even yet, employed. For example, it is not above forty years since a Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Dundonald, gave the first hints as to the application of chemical science to agriculture; it is little more than twenty years since these hints were enlarged upon and enforced by Sir Humphrey Davy; and even at this day, important as agriculture is to all men, most rural operators proceed upon practice alone, and are totally ignorant of many methods suggested by Dundonald and Davy, of cultivating the ground in a much superior manner.

It is natural that men should at first proceed upon practice alone. Adam, and his descendants for many generations, could know nothing but that, if they put seed into the earth, it would grow up again with an increase; or that, if they boiled their grain or their animal food, it would make it more agreeable in taste, and perhaps more salubrious. But it is disgraceful to mankind to continue acting upon these simple principles, after men of science have pointed out to them principles that are superior, grounded upon the internal nature of the things operated on, by which the workman may not only know *why* he does such or such things, but may do them in a better and far more profitable manner. Science, from its usually coming in so late, finds unfortunately that practice, with all its blindness, has established itself in a certain degree of reputation, and that men are, from natural indolence, apt to content themselves with a present good, derived from this source, to the neglect of a greater, which could not be acquired without superior labour. But this must be manfully contended with. We must not permit the mass of mankind to be too easily contented. They must be roused to a sense of their own benefit, whether they will or no—if not for their own enjoyment, at least for that of their posterity. Learn, then, they must, that science, in almost every case, can confer some advantage on the common arts of life, and that theory, as they call it, so far from being a more vague or uncertain thing than practice, is in reality the *only certain guide of the two*, and that, without *it*, we should not perhaps have as yet made any great advances beyond the condition of our savage ancestors.

The cultivation of timber, as every body knows, is an art of great importance, especially in a country whose chief means of defence lie in what are fondly called its "wooden walls." Trees protect the country from foreign invasion: Trees soften the climate, and shelter the soil, so as to favour the production of food: Trees render the country more delightful to the eye, and give it an indelible and endearing feature in the fondness of recollection. The children of the gentry delight in the old trees that surround the ancestral homes of Britain: The children of the peasantry have their own heartfelt pleasure in the ancient village beech, beneath whose boughs youth has sported, and age looked on, during many generations. Whither does the lover delight to lead the mistress of his bosom?—to the green and far retreats of the wood, where all the minstrels of nature are in full voice. What scene does the student choose for his abstracted wanderings?—the solemn grove, where few intrude. Wood, indeed, enters to an immense extent both into the pleasures and the accommodations of human beings, and its culture, accordingly, cannot be otherwise than an important object of science.

Strange to say, no attempt was made in Britain, nor in any other country of Europe, to apply scientific principles to this useful art, till the year 1828, when Sir Henry Steuart, of Allanton, in Lanarkshire, published his "PLANTER'S GUIDE," a work in which those principles are laid down in clear, forcible, and even eloquent terms, together with a complete view of their previous reduction to practice on the author's own estate. By the diffusion of two ample editions of this work, the scientific principles of the art are already pretty generally known; yet they have not hitherto been so generally acted on as to preclude the necessity of our giving a brief view of them, for the use of our own readers.

Trees, as well as all other plants, are living beings, organised on principles somewhat similar to, but not possessed of all the functions of, animals. It might at first sight be supposed that they are chiefly composed of fibres or thready substances; but in reality the substance of trees is almost altogether composed of vessels or tubes, through which the sap flows, like blood in the veins of an animal. Seven millions of these vessels have been counted in the surface of a square inch of wood! The vessels in trees, like those in animals, are of different sizes; but it has been ascertained that there is not any thing in trees performing the same functions as the heart in animals; that is, propelling the blood throughout the system, and, by its return again to the heart, completing the circulation. The vessels simply extend from one end of the tree to the other, sometimes joining with each other, as the veins and arteries of animals do, and, moreover, exhibiting circles, which, when the tree is cut across, have the appearance of rings. One of these circles of vessels grows round the outside of the tree (under the bark) every year, and is called *alburnum*, or sap-wood, while the inner and harder matter is called *duramen*; and thus, when a tree is cut, it is possible, by counting the rings, to ascertain its age.

A tree consists of four principal parts—the Root, the Trunk, the Branches, and the Leaves.

The ROOT consists of two parts—the body or bulb of the root, and the long branch-like fibres, great and

small, which disperse themselves abroad into the soil. The body of the root differs little in substance from the trunk, but the rootlets terminate in slender spongy threads, fitted for absorbing the sap of the earth, and sending it up into the rootlets, whence it ascends into the trunk. It is observed that the earth is only exhausted of its nourishing matter in the neighbourhood of those soft extremities of the roots.

The TRUNK is called by Linnæus *Caudix ascendens*, or root above ground, an illustration perhaps more fanciful than philosophical. It is covered by *bark*, consisting of a series of thin layers, one of which is formed (next the timber) every year; while in the outside of all is a very thin layer of a different substance, called the epidermis or cuticle, analogous to the outer skin of the human body. The new inner layer which is formed every year receives the name of *liber*, because it was on this substance that the ancients, before the invention of printing, were accustomed to write; and *liber*, it is well known, is the Latin word for a book. Within the bark is the wood, consisting chiefly of vessels, great and small, which may be torn asunder from each other, and which are employed in conveying sap to the upper extremities. In the very centre of the trunk is a small space filled with a soft substance called pith, which is supposed to be a reservoir of nutritious matter for the developement of the buds in spring.

The BRANCHES require no further notice than that they precisely resemble the trunk in every respect, except that they are upon a minor scale in point of size.

The LEAVES consist principally of tissue, like the trunk, with vessels throughout, and an external cuticle enveloping the whole; and they are connected with the branch by a small stalk called the *petiole*. The leaf is one of the most important parts of the whole tree. By a most curious process, not certainly known to us, the crude sap rises through the wood, in the manner just described, and is elaborated or prepared into juice of a more nutritious sort, by the leaves. That process, according to some, is effected by means of an alternate contraction and dilatation of the sap-vessels, and, still more, by a respiration, perceptible and imperceptible, in the leaves, and by the action of the atmosphere; but, according to others, it is rather the exhalation from the leaves, than what are properly their respiratory functions, that effects the ascent of the crude sap. It is then converted into proper sap, or cambium, and, being fitted for the nutrition of the whole tree, it descends by the returning vessels of the leaf-stalk, and the longitudinal vessels of the rind or inner bark. At length it reaches the roots, which originally supplied the crude sap itself. This elaborated sap is like human food digested into chyle, and as it forms the only real nourishment of the tree, it becomes apparent that the plant must decay if stripped of its leaves.

Although some of these facts were discovered about the year 1660, by Dr Grew, an English physician, and nearly about the same time by Dr Malpighi of Bologna, yet, till Sir Henry Steuart published his book in 1828, no planter of wood had ever thought of applying them to the practice of his art. The transplanting of a full-grown tree has, in all ages, been deemed next to impossible; and when it was attempted, the operator thought it necessary to cut off a great number of the branches (and consequently the leaves), from an idea that, if suffered to remain, they would require more sap than the roots could supply in their new situation. Of course, just in as far as they deprived the tree of its branches, or, we may rather say, of its leaves, they deprived it of the principal organ of its existence, and it invariably decayed to a corresponding degree. The lopping was like a cutting off of the lungs in a human being; and it would be as absurd to expect a man in that state to be healthy and strong, as it was to hope for vigour in the stripped member of the forest.

Sir Henry Steuart, having studied the internal structure of trees, began, a good many years ago, to practise the art of transplanting on what he justly calls the preservative principle; that is, without mutilating either roots or branches, as was universally practised till his time. His seat, Allanton House, is situated on an irregular slope, on the right bank of the river Calder, which is a tributary of the Clyde. The neighbouring ground, though diversified, has no very picturesque natural points; but he has contrived, by the removal of large trees, and forming an artificial lake and river, to realize in some measure the miracle of bringing new and picturesque scenery into actual existence, in an almost endless variety of combination. He has, in fact, *created* landscape, where no landscape existed before, and almost as promptly as the Hero of the Lamp created the palace of Aladdin. An English aristocrat, who observed with jealousy the extensive building operations of a mercantile neighbour, cried, "Thank heaven, the fellow can't build a tree!" But the citizen who seeks to employ his honourable wealth in rearing a suitable home for the evening of his life, is now placed by Sir Henry Steuart upon a level with the proudest baron in the kingdom, seeing that he can build a forest, if he pleases, by only exerting industry, according to the laws of Science, and then leaving Nature to do her own work. Having studied the principles of landscape, Sir Henry arranged his trees in such a manner as to form a great variety of beautiful pictures on a larger or smaller scale, the combination of which is almost as endless as there are numerous points in the park for beholding them. Here almost every tree is made to serve several purposes. Perhaps, when beheld from the west, it is an undistinguished member of a beautiful clump or grove; when seen from the east, it possibly terminates a fine vista; at some other point, it forms the opening of some delightful glade, leading the eye *in remoto gramine* (to quote a happy expression of Horace); that is to say, into some far and dim retreat, where the eye is lost in a mass of foliage and verdure.

Besides all this, each individual tree is, of course, useful to the general landscape effect of the whole park. Sir Henry, as we understand, does not previously, as might be imagined, delineate these striking pictures on paper; he merely stakes them out upon the ground in the general outline, adding the subordinate features as the work proceeds in the execution, until the whole is finished to the intended design, and as he has imagined it in the beginning. Yet the result is a new and happily conceived mode of producing pictures in real landscape,* which has probably never been attempted in our times, and such as would transmit his name, as an artist, to future ages, were not his discoveries destined to a higher and more useful purpose, namely, that of giving *fixed principles to general arboriculture*, and raising it from the rank of a mechanical, to that of a *scientific art*. Had he drawn up a dry and didactic treatise on general tree culture, as improved by physiology, instead of enforcing its laws through the medium of a popular branch of the art, his work most probably would have attracted but little notice.

It is impossible, in our limited space, to pursue this interesting and scientific system through its various ramifications; we must therefore refer the reader to Sir Henry's excellent volume. But we cannot omit to suggest to an intelligent public, laudably anxious to carry *reform* into every department of arts as well as institutions, the expediency of establishing a society for promoting the improvement of arboriculture among us. As it is to our English neighbours that we stand originally indebted for our knowledge of most of the useful and elegant arts, so, in eminently advancing those of agriculture and arboriculture, it is pleasing to think that we have of late been able to repay, with interest, some portion of these obligations. Of such an object as the society in question, the landowners and country gentlemen must beyond a doubt be the prime movers and most efficient supporters. These constitute the great and influential class of British planters; and were phytological science to become a favourite study among them, it would, of course, be acquired by gardeners and nurserymen, who would soon become its ostensible and most appropriate professors, whether in the creating of real landscape in parks, or for general forest purposes. In their present state, we regret to say that the British planter is never a physiologist, and the physiologist is never a planter, whether in the north or south. The planter, therefore, is the mere pupil of experience, that slow instructress who can tell him only *how* certain results are brought about respecting trees, but who is utterly ignorant *why* they are brought about. But before many years pass over us, we are confident that a revolution must take place in our ideas of arboricultural skill and science, as complete as in political. The future, compared with the present condition of our race of planters, will then be like that of mariners who have long been at sea without a compass, or like men *working in the dark*, when the *light of the sun* was let in upon their labours!

* By "real landscape" is here meant a picture formed of *Nature's own materials*, such as wood, water, ground, &c., in contradistinction to "artificial landscape," which is produced on canvass or paper, by means of colours.

THE BRAVE BRITISH TAR.—A TALE.

"There's a sweet little cherub sits perch'd up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

To be sure there is, and it's the best and sweetest hope of a tar, that, in every hour of danger and of difficulty, "the same gracious Providence watches for all." But there, I arn't a going to give you a long rigmarol for a prologue. No, no, I'll just tell you the story as I've heard it fifty times with my own ears on board the ould "Marmaid," commanded by Captain Malcolm, for d'ye see Jem Gantline knew all about it, and many a mid-watch he's kept us awake by telling it.

"It was one beautiful morning in July (says Jem), and the sun was just taking his look-out aloft, that Ned Davenport quitted his native village to become a lonely wanderer upon the wide world, determined to stifle recollection among the busy scenes of life, or amidst the tumult and wild roar of warfare. Yet, on passing through the churchyard, he stopped to shed one last tribute on the grave of his parents. He looked on the surrounding lands and spacious farm which once had been their property, and thought of the time when, overwhelmed with accumulated distress, they had descended to their long home in anguish and poverty. He turned from this to catch a distant view of the stately mansion which contained all that was dear and precious to him in existence; and a sweet girl she was too (Jem would say), for I remembers her, messmates, like a lovely flower blooming on the breast of spring. But when poor Ned was left destitute, all intercourse was forbidden between them, and the hearts that had throbbed together from infancy were cruelly torn from each other; but I lie, messmates, I lie; nothing on earth can separate the hearts that truly love. Howsomever, they parted without a hope of meeting again on the shores of time. Oh, who can paint the sorrows of his soul as he lay prostrate on the grassy mound, and poured forth the anguish of his spirit? I cannot do it justice, messmates, for my scuppers overflow whenever I think of it. That name, that endearing name, he had first learned to lisp in early infancy, 'My mother!' burst from his lips, and then he prayed to Heaven for mercy. Mercy was near—a kindly voice, mild as the gentle breeze on the shores of the Mediterranean, instilled the balm of consolation on his wounded mind, and directed him to look up to that wise unerring Being who feeds the young ravens when they cry. 'Twas the curate of the village, who had been passing the night by the humble pallet of a dying cottager, administering the last offices of humanity, and encouraging the departing spirit ere it took its flight to the realms of everlasting rest. He was returning to his little home when he heard the petition for mercy, and, as the servant of that Power to whom it was addressed, he soothed the sufferer's anguish, calmed the inward tempest of his mind, and they parted—the curate to his modest mansion, and Ned—ay, Ned, to brave the dangers, to feel the contumely, of that world to which he was a stranger.

"The father of Anna had risen from comparative obscurity to wealth and honours: he was what they call a privy councillor. I don't know what it means, but they told me it was something near the King, and so he had no time to devote to his daughter, whose mother died in giving her birth; and the sweet girl grew like a mountain rose-bud, luxuriantly wild, till poor Ned's parents, feeling for her situation, loved and cherished her as their own; and thus was formed that deep, strong, deathless passion, which distance could not shake, nor time dissolve. I knows what love is, messmates, for in my younger days I—but there, its over now, its over—yet I love to think about it too. She heard of Edward's departure, and struggled with her agony; but the generous man who had softened the sorrows of the youth performed the same kind office for the sinking maid. Her principal gratification was to wander to the lone churchyard, and, sitting on the cold grave-stone near the resting-place of her early friends, she would recall the visions of her childhood, and commune with her own sad heart. Now, messmates, you shall hear in what manner she kept her vows of truth and constancy; but, poor thing, she couldn't help it!

"It was one still calm evening that a gallant little 20-gun ship lay under easy sail in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, to protect the commerce of our country from the attacks of the enemy. Five weeks had already passed on that enchanted station (many of you know it, messmates, no doubt), and our cruise (for I was in her) had been particularly fortunate in making captures and reprisals. The week after we were to return into port for stores and provisions. Well, d'ye see, the hands were turned up to skylark, and every soul hurried upon deck to enjoy the sport. The captain and officers assembled abaft, and shared among themselves in the amusement; but in all their athletic exercises no one could be found fore and aft to equal the junior lieutenant. This young man had risen solely by merit to the quarter-deck; and his bravery in several actions had recommended him so powerfully to his commander (whose life he had once preserved at the imminent risk of his own), that he adopted him as his son, and obtained him a commission in his own name, for Captain Malcolm himself had come in at the hawse-holes, and had no relations that he knew of in the world. Young Malcolm was beloved, ay, almost idolized, by every hand aboard. He was the smart seaman, the brave officer, and, without departing from the strict line of duty, he conciliated the esteem and regard of all the men. His face, bronzed by a tropical sun, was seamed with honourable scars, that made him appear much older than he really was. His figure was remarkably neat and trim, firm-built and powerful, and he tried to copy his benefactor in every pursuit.

"A match against time had just been made from the deck to the mast-head and down again, and the lieutenant was laying his hand upon the truck, when, casting his eye round the horizon, he shouted, 'A sail, a sail upon the lee beam!' All was instantly hushed. 'Turn the hands up, make sail!' cried the captain. 'Keep her away, boy! Square the afteryards! Stations, men, stations! Mast-head there!' 'Sir!' 'Look out when she's right a-head.' 'Ey, ey, sir; starboard a little—there, steady, so, steady!' In a few minutes every stitch of canvass that would draw a breath of wind was spread and trimmed. We had just light sufficient to make out that the stranger was a large ship, when darkness obscured all further observation. The breeze freshened, and the officers crowded on the forecastle to look out for the chase. Eight bells came, and we began to fear that we had missed the stranger. The captain was just giving directions to alter the course, when a marine sung out, 'I've got her, sir, I've got her!' 'Got who?' inquired the lieutenant. 'Got her, sir, got the ship,' replied the sodger. 'Where? where?' said the captain, running aft. 'Here, sir! here, in the starboard waste.' 'That's right, my lad, hold her fast,' exclaimed a midshipman, while the sail was shortened and the ship hauled to the wind. We were sufficiently close to discover that the stranger was a heavy frigate, and, as our night signals were unanswered, concluded she was an enemy. 'Give him a shot,' cried the captain;

it was instantly returned by a whole broadside that laid several of our best men lifeless on the deck, and the action commenced with daring bravery. Well, d'ye see, we kept at it for about two hours, when the frigate's fire began to slacken, and shortly after ceased. 'Sail-trimmers to the weather braces,' cried the captain. 'Boarders on the starboard quarter! Stand by to heave all aback, and, Malcolm, be ready to lead the men.' All this was obeyed; but, just as we got with our yard-arms touching, the enemy poured in a tremendous fire, and Captain Malcolm, with his second lieutenant, fell. It would be impossible to describe the sensations of horror which this event occasioned. The young officer ran and raised his generous friend. He was yet living, though the tide seemed ebbing fast; but his poor messmate was a corpse. 'Leave me, Malcolm; leave me, my brave lad,' faintly articulated the captain; and pointing to the colours, added, ''Tis the flag of England—do your duty. Take her, and I die content.' At this moment one of the midshipmen came to young Malcolm, and told him the first lieutenant talked of striking. Rage and indignation shook his frame. The captain had been carried below senseless, and the command devolved upon the senior officer—that officer who was about to disgrace himself for ever. The first lieutenant was giving directions to haul down the colours and the light, when Malcolm rushed aft. Here he found the boatswain standing by the ensign halliards, with his pistol cocked, swearing he would shoot the first man that offered to touch them. The commanding officer drew his sword, and was in the act of making a thrust, when a shot very unceremoniously walked off with his head, and the sole charge now rested upon Malcolm, who fought the ship with heroic intrepidity, determined not to surrender till every hope was lost. The carpenter appeared, and reported that we were making so much water, that she could not hold it out another half hour. This was appalling news, yet, rousing all the energies of his mind, he called to the master to lay him aboard the frigate. In a few minutes the young officer, followed by his brave crew, were upon the enemy's deck, and the conflict became terrible. In vain we swept away our foes; others instantly supplied their places, and, though our numbers were fast diminishing, yet our hearts were unsubdued. Twenty minutes had elapsed in hard fighting, when the master, carpenter, and surgeon, were seen on our own decks carrying in their arms our beloved commander—the ship was sinking. This sight operated like enchantment on the men; a wild shout of desperation resounded, and in a few minutes more the frigate was our own. Scarcely had Malcolm received the Dutch captain's sword (for she was a Dutch frigate, laden with specie for the Cape), scarcely had the three officers with their dying burden been assisted on board, than our own gallant little bark went down. In a few hours afterwards our brave captain breathed his last, and we bore up for England, where we anchored in Plymouth Sound, in about eight days' time. The young hero landed, and was ordered by the commander-in-chief to carry his own dispatches to the metropolis; at the same time receiving letters of introduction to a nobleman in a high official station. On his arrival he drove immediately to the house, and it happened that a large party of the nobility were assembled to a sheave-o, as they call it. Now, I can tell you all this, messmates, for a fact, because, d'ye see, I was with him to take care of the colours and baggage, having sailed with him when he was a youngster, and first taught him his duty as a seaman; but no matter for that; his Lordship left the company, and entered the room where Malcolm was waiting to receive him; but when their eyes met, the young officer staggered back upon a chair, and turned as pale as ashes. Recovering, however, he apologized for his behaviour, and attributed it to the effects of his unhealed wounds. The Dutch captain's sword and the frigate's colours were displayed, and, while the lieutenant took some refreshment, Lord N—— returned to the drawing-room, and related the particulars. All were desirous of seeing the intrepid young tar immediately; but his Lordship promised to introduce him the following day, as he had no doubt that Malcolm required rest. Among the party were several members of the cabinet (that's a strong box, I believe, messmates, and every one of the gemmen belonging to it carries a gold key in his pocket, but I arn't sure): howsomever, next morning some of 'em got telling our good old King about it, and he expressed a wish to see the officer. Malcolm, of course, was introduced, and appeared before his Majesty with his right arm bound round with a black bandage, his left suspended in a sling, while his curly hair, hanging over his forehead, scarcely concealed the covering of a deep wound. 'Make, make, make him a captain,' said old George; 'shall be a captain, shall be a captain—he deserves it—good officer, brave officer—shall be a captain;' and Malcolm obtained a commission for post rank. On the same evening he dined with his Lordship, but on entering the room his embarrassment and agitation were excessive, as the ladies crowded round, and were almost ready to embrace him. Lord N—— led him first to his daughter, and Anna (for 'twas she, messmates, 'twas she) received him with all the natural warmth and goodness of her heart. I saw it all, for they would drag me up too. I was never so daunted in my life; for all the beautiful creatures said such kind things, I was ready to pipe my eye. I dare say I looked foolish enough, for I scratched my head, shucked up my trousers, and twirled my hat, till at last I dashed my quid into the fire, and offered to kiss 'em. My eyes, how they run! all but one sweet little cherub, who put her arms round my neck, and then—there, don't laugh, messmates, 'twas the sweetest buss I ever had in my life—and says she, 'If the brave defenders of our country do not merit our gratitude, who does?' To see Anna, and not love her, was impossible; and what's a sailor without a sweetheart, eh? Why, he is like a ship without stays, and so Malcolm fell in love. When we were alone, he used to talk all manner of things, but I couldn't understand him. Anna's affections, however, were still fixed on *him*, whom she feared was lost to her for ever. 'Tis true, she felt pleased in the captain's company, for he was so widely different from the airy flutterers that continually buzzed in her ear; but love—oh, no, she had sworn never to love but one. On the following week after our arrival, his Lordship purposed returning to his country seat, and we were invited to accompany him; but Malcolm candidly told him the state of his heart, and his Lordship, with equal candour, related the story of her early attachment and continued fidelity, declaring 'that, though the captain was unexceptionable, yet he had promised never again to importune his daughter.' A circumstance occurred which detained Lord N—— another week in town, during which time the captain passed every spare moment with his beloved Anna, till she became alarmed at his attentions, and yet an indescribable emotion prevented her from checking them. His conduct was so delicate, his manners were so engaging, and he appeared to anticipate her wishes with such winning kindness, blended with a marked respect, as excited a deeper interest in her heart than she liked to confess even to herself. Well, d'ye see, at last we commenced our journey early one morning, and the next afternoon arrived at the family seat. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, his Lordship withdrew to arrange some affairs with his steward. The captain took a stroll in the park, while Anna hastened to her old friend, the curate, who had been prevented by the gout from attending their arrival. After passing some time with that excellent man, she promised to return on the morrow with the captain, and took her leave. One other duty yet remained—the visit to the lone churchyard. The shades of evening began to fall heavier and heavier on the landscape, but Anna was superior to fear. Advancing with a light step towards the hallowed spot, what was her surprise and agony to see a man kneeling by the grave in the attitude of prayer! She bounded forward, 'It is he—it is he—Edward, my Edward!' and she sunk senseless in the arms of Captain Malcolm, who sprang from the grassy tomb, and caught her to his heart. Yes, it was Edward, her own Edward, that held her to his breast, changed in all but that affection which could never change. He called her his Anna, moistened her lips with kisses, and, as she slowly recovered, heard her sweet voice acknowledge him. The poor lad, who had once implored the mercy of Heaven on that very spot, when cast abandoned like a weed upon the ocean, was now—yet, why need I repeat it? Ned Davenport and Captain Malcolm were one. Together they retraced their steps to the curate's cottage, where they poured forth the fulness of their hearts in gratitude and praise. Lord N—— heard their tale, joined their hands, and blessed them. There, messmates, it's a tough yarn, but 'tis all true, you may depend on't; and some other time I'll tell you all about the wedding, when I got groggy for joy; but it's my next look-out, and so I'll just shut my eyes for five minutes, to keep 'em warm."—*Greenwich Hospital.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

PETER THE GREAT.

Few men, and, least of all, those in an exalted station in society, have so distinguished themselves for the pursuit of knowledge as Peter the Great of Russia, one of the most extraordinary men who ever lived; and although his life has been already communicated in various forms to the public, it is considered that a relation such as that which follows will not be without its effect in the present publication:—

The Czar, Peter I. of Russia, was born in 1672, and at ten years of age found himself in nominal possession of the throne, although, for some time, all the actual power of the state remained in the hands of his sister, the princess Sophia, who was about five years older than himself. But his boyhood was scarcely expired, when he gave proof of the energy of his character by ridding himself of this domination; and in 1689 the princess was already removed from the government, and immured in a monastery. From this moment, the young Czar, now absolute in reality as well as in name, directed his whole efforts to the most extraordinary enterprise in which a sovereign ever engaged; being nothing less than to change entirely the most settled habits and prejudices of his subjects, and not so much to reform them, as to transform them, almost by main force, from barbarians into a civilized people; for the Russians at this time—not more than a century and a half ago—were, in truth, little better than a nation of savages. Nay, Peter himself was born and reared a savage; and to his last days the passions and propensities of his original condition remained strong in his nature. It speaks the more for his wonderful genius that, throughout his whole history, he forces us to feel that we are reading the adventures of the chief of a barbarous country, struggling to civilize himself as well as his people; and undoubtedly we do not follow his progress with the less interest on that account. Nothing, in fact, in his proceedings or his character, so much engages our curiosity as to watch the astonishment with which his own ignorance was struck on the first view of those arts of civilized life which he was so anxious to introduce among his less ambitious, but hardly more ignorant, subjects. It is exactly the case of a strong-minded and enterprising leader of some tribe of wild Americans, or South Sea Islanders, setting out to see with his own eyes the wonders of those distant lands of which his white visitors have told him, and, after all, viewing the scenes which civilization presents to him with an intoxication of surprise, which shows how imperfectly even his excited fancy had anticipated their actual nature. But, however he was at first struck with what he beheld, Peter did not continue long lost in mere amazement. The story which is told of the occasion which awakened him to the ambition of creating a Russian navy is very illustrative of his character. While looking about one day among some old stores, and other neglected effects, he chanced to cast his eye upon the hulk of a small English sloop, with its sailing tackle, lying among the rest of the lumber, and fast going to decay. This vessel had been imported many years before by his father, Alexis Michelovitch, also a prince of distinguished talents, and who had nourished many schemes for the regeneration of his country; but it had long been forgotten by every body, as well as the object which it was designed to promote. No sooner, however, was it observed by Peter than it fixed his attention; he made inquiries of some of the foreigners by whom he was surrounded, as to the use of the mast and sails, even the general purposes of which he did not know; and the explanations which he received made him look on the old hulk with new interest. It immediately became, in his imagination, the germ of a magnificent national marine; and he could take no rest till he had made arrangements for having it repaired and set afloat. With some difficulty the Dutch pilot was found out whom Alexis had procured at the same time with the sloop to teach his subjects the method of managing it; the man, like the vessel of which he was to have the charge, had long been forgotten by all the world. Once more, however, brought out of his obscurity, he soon refitted the sloop; and the Czar was gratified beyond measure by at length beholding it, with its mast replaced and its sails in order, moving on its proper element. Delighted as he was, he went himself on board, and was not long before he became a sufficiently expert seaman to take the place of his Dutch pilot. For several years after this his chief attention was given to maritime affairs; although his first ships were all of foreign construction, and it was a considerable time before any issued from his own docks. From so small a beginning as has been described, Russia has since become, after England, one of the greatest naval powers in the world.

But the most extraordinary of the plans which Peter adopted in order to obtain an acquaintance with the arts of civilized life, was that which he put in execution in 1697, when he set out in the suite of his own ambassador to visit the other countries of Europe. On this occasion, passing through Prussia, he directed his course to Holland, and at last arrived in the city of Amsterdam. His embassy was here received by the government of the United Provinces with all manner of honour and distinction; but he himself refused to be recognised in any other character than as a private individual. The first days of his visit were spent in perambulating the different streets of the city, the various wonders of which were probably never viewed by any eye with more astonishment and gratification than they excited in this illustrious stranger. The whole scene was nearly as new to him, and as much beyond any thing by which he had ever before been surrounded, as if he had come from another world. The different arts and trades which he saw exercised, and the productions of which met him, wherever he turned, in such surprising profusion, were all attentively examined. But what especially attracted his attention was the great East India dock-yard in the village of Saardam (situated a few miles from Amsterdam), which was then the principal establishment of this description in Holland. Here he actually took the singular resolution of entering himself as a working carpenter; and accordingly, giving in to the superintendant the simple name of *Peter Michaelof*, he took his place among the other workmen, and became in all respects one of them, even wearing the same dress, eating the same sort of food, and inhabiting equally humble lodgings. The hut in which he lived is still shewn at Saardam. When he first made his appearance in the dock-yard, nobody knew who he was, and he of course attracted no notice; but, even after his true quality was discovered, he would suffer none of the observances usual to persons of his rank to be paid to him, repelling every attempt of the kind with evident displeasure. And in this way of life he passed several months, during which time he bore a considerable part in the building of a vessel, which, when completed, was named the *St Peter*, and was purchased by the royal person whose hands had thus helped to put its timbers together. While thus employed, however, the Czar did not neglect his duties and appropriate occupations as a sovereign. After the labours of the day were over, his evenings were generally employed either in writing dispatches to the mi-

nisters whom he had left in charge of affairs at home, or in holding consultations with his ambassador regarding the negociation pending with the Dutch government, in which he took the most anxious interest, as having for its object the procuring of a supply of vessels and seamen from that power to aid his favourite scheme of forming a navy for Russia. In this application, however, he was unsuccessful.

On leaving Holland, Peter proceeded to England in a vessel sent to convey him by the government; but on his arrival in London he insisted upon still being treated only as a private individual. Here he spent his time at first as he had done in Holland, examining the many interesting objects that everywhere met his view. Among other places he went to see the Tower, where he was much delighted with the armoury, and the coining of money in the Mint. He was taken also to see the two houses of Parliament when sitting; and he appeared twice or thrice at the play, but did not seem to have much relish for that species of amusement. He was very fond, however, of visiting the churches; and was so anxious to learn the mode of worship observed by the different denominations of dissenters, that he attended several of their chapels. On one occasion he was present at a Quaker's meeting. He paid one visit to Oxford, to see the University; and another to Portsmouth, where he was greatly entertained by a mock sea-fight that was exhibited to him. On this occasion he declared that he considered an English admiral a happier man than a Czar of Muscovy. He also applied himself with zeal and diligence to learn whatever he deemed useful, without regarding the humble nature of any of the handicrafts in which he wished to become a proficient. With these views he did not scruple to work as a common labourer in paper-mills, saw-mills, rope-yards, and other establishments of a similar kind. Voltaire mentions that he studied with particular attention the art of watch-making. His first residence was a house appointed for his reception by government below York Buildings, in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge; but he found this both a very noisy place of abode, and not conveniently situated for the object on account of which principally he had come to England—his improvement in the art of ship-building. After a short time, therefore, he removed to Deptford; and here he spent several months in the dock-yard, employing himself in the same manner as he had done in that of Saardam.

While the dock-yard, however, was the place in which the Czar spent the greater part of the day, he employed many of his leisure hours in taking lessons in mathematics, navigation, and even anatomy, which he had begun to study, while in Holland, under the instruction of the eminent professor Frederick Ruysch, whose museum he afterwards purchased for the sum of thirty thousand florins. Peter, indeed, neglected no opportunity, during his travels, of forming the acquaintance of distinguished individuals; and both in Holland and England many of the ablest men of the time were introduced to him, some of whom he persuaded to accompany him home to Russia. He also expended considerable sums in purchasing such curious productions of art as he conceived might best excite the emulation of his subjects.

We cannot here enter into any detail of the various reforms in the customs of his people which this extraordinary man proceeded to introduce on his return to his own dominions, with the view of assimilating them more to those which he had found prevailing in the other countries of Europe. Suffice it to say, that by a series of the most energetic and frequently violent measures, he succeeded in effecting a complete change in some of the oldest institutions of his empire, and even commenced a revolution in the habits and manners of general society, which, from that beginning, has since gone on till it has established, in what was before almost a barbarous country, all the benefits of a flourishing civilization. Peter may be said, indeed, to have given to his subjects nearly every art of civilized life, of which they were some time afterwards found in possession. He taught them navigation, commerce, and even agriculture and the management of flocks, having imported from Saxony and Silesia both herds of sheep and shepherds to take care of them. He called to him artists of all descriptions from other countries, and employed them in contriving, each in his appropriate department, how best to bring into development the natural resources of the country. He built a new capital, the first truly European city that had been seen in Russia, on a site which did not form part of the empire at his accession. Finally, he founded schools, academies, colleges, libraries, and museums, and thus laid the surest of all foundations for the permanent and progressive improvement of his people.

A college of physicians, a dispensary, an observatory, and a botanical garden, were among the establishments with which he adorned his two capitals. The art of printing had been introduced into Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century; but this early press seems to have hardly left any trace of its operations, and Peter, at his accession, found his country without books. To supply this deficiency, he had some scientific works translated into Russian; and when he was in Amsterdam, he employed a printer of that city to print them, giving him a monopoly for the sale of them in Russia. His Majesty himself, some time after this, remodelled the alphabet of his native language, considerably simplifying the forms of the characters, and established several printing-houses in Petersburg, at which various elementary works were thrown off, mostly translated from foreign tongues.

In 1717, the Czar set out on a second foreign tour, attended on this occasion as became his rank. In the course of his progress he visited successively Hamburgh, Berlin, Amsterdam, and Paris; in the last of which cities especially he found all that the arts had yet contrived for the use and enjoyment of man, in the highest state of advancement. He no longer now applied his hand to the practice of the different crafts which he inspected; his days of apprenticeship were over; but he was not on that account less diligent in visiting every workshop and manufactory in which any thing novel or curious was to be seen. He went also to see the observatory, the libraries, and the different learned institutions, and was present at a sitting of the Academy of Sciences, which admitted him one of its members.

This great man's education in his youth had been worse than neglected. His sister and her counsellors had even surrounded him with every seduction most calculated to deprave both his moral and intellectual nature, and to stifle in him the desire of knowledge. The bad parts of his character were undoubtedly, in a great measure, the result of the manner in which he was treated at this time of his life. Yet, violent and ungovernable as his passions continued to be, in some respects, to the last, making him act often with a ferocity unsurpassed by any thing that is told of the excesses of infuriated savages, he succeeded in completely overcoming that one of his evil habits which he found would have interfered most with the conduct of his great schemes. In his youth he was a slave to the love of ardent spirits, but he had weaned himself entirely, in his maturer days, from that destructive vice; nor was he insensible to the other defects of his original character which he had failed to correct. "Alas!" he would sometimes exclaim, on recovering from one of those paroxysms of rage by which he was liable to be carried away, "I have reformed my people, but have not been able to reform myself." Perhaps, however, no man in any station ever did more than this illustrious monarch to repair the mischievous consequences of a neglected youth, as far as intellectual acquirements are concerned. In addition to a competent knowledge of mathematics, mechanics, navigation, medicine, and anatomy, he appears to have made himself master of more than one of the modern languages of Europe. He translated several works from the French, the manuscripts of which are still preserved at Petersburg. He had even made himself familiar with the Latin tongue, if we are to believe an anecdote told by M. Stählin, of his detection, upon one occasion, of the inaccuracies of a monk whom he had employed to translate a work written in that language into Russian.

When he began to educate himself, he did not neglect even the more elegant and ornamental acquirements. During his first visit to Holland, he had an opportunity of seeing many good pictures; and this gave him a taste for painting, to which he was ever afterwards much devoted. Even while at Amsterdam, many of his hours were spent in the working-rooms of the eminent artists who then resided in that city, some of whom he engaged to accompany him to Russia. He afterwards expended very considerable sums in the purchase both of pictures and sculptures, and commenced the formation of a gallery of these works of art at Petersburg. He also formed a valuable collection of medals. Every department of liberal knowledge, indeed, found in Peter a munificent patron, and, so far as his leisure and opportunities permitted, even an ardent cultivator. When passing through any country, interesting from its historical recollections, were he conducting his army on a warlike expedition, he would go many miles out of his way to examine a celebrated ruin, or to tread a spot that fame had consecrated. In the same spirit, he was especially solicitous for the preservation of the old historic memorials of his own country. While travelling, his constant habit was to obtain as much information as he could beforehand, with regard to every place he was about to visit; and even when he approached the smallest village, he would inquire if it contained any thing remarkable. If those about him told him it did not, he would reply, "Who knows? if it be not so to you, perhaps it is to me; let me see all." When setting out on his investigations, on such occasions, he carried his tablets in his hand; and whatever he deemed worthy of remembrance was carefully noted down. He would often even leave his carriage, if he saw the country people at work by the way side as he passed along, and not only enter into conversation with them on agricultural affairs, but accompany them to their houses, examine their furniture, and take drawings of their implements of husbandry. He obtained in this manner much minute and correct knowledge which he could scarcely have acquired by other means, and which he afterwards turned to admirable profit in the improvement of his own country.

He was rarely absent when a dissection took place in Petersburg, and occasionally he assisted as one of the operators. He let blood and extracted teeth with great expertness; and he is recorded to have once tapped a patient for dropsy. These may not seem the most appropriate accomplishments for a king; but we must remember the peculiar circumstances of Russia during the reign of this great author of her civilization. On the one hand, the simplicity of the national manners was such that it was not held at all indecorous for the Emperor to mix in the domestic circles of his subjects, almost as one of themselves; and, on the other, the prejudices of the people were so strong, and their aversion to innovation so bigotted, that probably nothing less than the actual example of their sovereign would have roused them to take any interest in the new arts he wished to introduce among them. Peter, therefore, rightly felt that the consideration of the undignified nature of some of the occupations in which he engaged was far more than overbalanced by the advantages that his personal exertions gave him, in overcoming the inertness and positive opposition on the part of his countrymen which his reforms had to encounter.

This must be his apology also (if the case shall be thought to require any) for certain other labours to which he was sometimes wont to apply his hand. He once passed a month, M. Stählin tells us, at Müller's iron-works at Istia, about seventy miles from Moscow, during which time he employed himself in learning the business of a blacksmith; and so much progress did he make, that on one of the last days of his stay he forged, with his own hand, 720 pounds of iron, making his mark on each bar. On his return to Moscow, he proceeded to Müller's house, and, having received from that gentleman the same pay for his labour which would have been allowed to any other workman, about two shillings of our money, he immediately went and purchased a pair of shoes with it, which he ever afterwards took great pleasure in shewing. One of the bars he forged on this occasion is still to be seen at Istia. He was also accustomed, according to Voltaire, to take his place sometimes among the men employed in cutting canals, a species of public labour on which he expended large sums, in order to encourage and animate them in the more difficult parts of their work. But his favourite art was that of ship-building, his lessons in which, learned in Holland and England, he took care not to forget on his return home.

Peter died in 1725, in the fifty-third year of his age. His history presents us with, perhaps, as remarkable a case of the conquest of difficulties in the pursuit of knowledge as it would be possible to quote. In his noble resolution to educate not only himself, but his country, he had to contend with obstacles at every step, which nothing could have overcome but that determination to succeed which overcomes all things. Few monarchs have better deserved the epithet of Great, if he is to be appreciated either by the great powers of mind he displayed, or the great effects he accomplished. And of these last, it is to be remarked that none have passed away; all have been permanent and productive. Compare Peter the Great, in this respect, with many other characters who during their time have filled the earth with the noise of their exploits, and how high must he be placed above them! Alexander's mighty empire fell to pieces as soon as his own hand had resigned its sceptre; so did that of Charlemagne; so did that of Buonaparte. These all, after moving everything, established almost nothing. But whatever the Russian planted still grows and flourishes, and bears fruit more plentifully every year. The reason is, that while other builders up of empires have trusted, for the support of their institutions, alone or chiefly to the sword, he based his on the moral strength of knowledge and civilization.
—*Abridged from Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

BURYING WITH THE HEAD TO THE WEST.

It is too much the custom in Presbyterian places of worship for the congregation to disregard all those observances which might be construed as signs of respect for the place where they are assembled. The people in the country march along the passages with their hats on, in the very same manner that they do in the highway; and when seated, they loll about in the pews, rest their heads upon their hands, fold their arms, and try all methods to adjust themselves in an easy position during the service. Then they think nothing of blowing their noses, which sound like so many occasional blasts of a trumpet; they seem to keep all their coughs for the Sunday, and burst in, full bark, between the singing of psalms and prayers, so that the minister and precentor are frequently under the necessity of pausing a space, until these appalling sternutations subside. Some, indeed, do remain *at rest* during the sermon; but though the poor preacher may flatter himself that it is because they are immersed in the profoundest and most reverential attention, he is destined, at the close of his discourse, to behold them stretch themselves as if they were just relieved from an oppressive load, or were struggling to get rid of the effects of a powerful soporific draught. If any one drops a bible or a pair of spectacles, a great commotion and stretching of necks take place, on account of the remarkable anxiety which generally prevails to ascertain with precision what it is that has caused the noise. There is a general looking of watches when the hour strikes, from a natural curiosity to know how many minutes of difference there is between their pieces and the church clock; and some who are scrupulous about keeping time, take that opportunity to adjust and regulate their watches. so that, as the cases are again successively closed, a snapping of springs and catches is heard all over the church. Then, if a baptism is to take place, every

one starts to his feet as if he were about to put in a protest against the ceremony, though the real motive is a wish to see what the man and his child are like. Then it would be unpardonable to go home, and not be able to tell who were at church; and a sketch of the colour and fashion of the clothes they wore never proving unacceptable to the female friends who may happen to have kept the house for the day, a concussion of bonnets is not unfrequently the consequence of one female being desirous to gratify her curiosity as to the occupants of the seats to the left, while her next neighbour on that hand is preparing to make a similar scrutiny of those to the right. In short, too many people do little else, from the moment they enter church, but make signals to show how extremely uneasy they are in it.

On the other hand, the Catholic is attentive to preserve all the appearances of devotion. He listens unwearied to the discourse of the priest, looks with reverence upon the ceremonies which are gone through in his presence, and departs apparently impressed with a sense of the truth of what he has heard. This punctiliousness in the observance, in all that regards the Deity, of all those forms of respect which civility requires from a man towards his superior, probably gave rise to a custom, which, as it is a convenient one, has been adhered to by Protestants, of whom few have any idea, or at all trouble themselves to consider, what may be the origin of it. The practice of digging all graves in a direction from west to east produces this advantage, that a much smaller plot of ground serves for a churchyard than if space were less economized, and bodies were laid in all directions, along, across, and aslant, as accident or fancy might determine. It was not this, however, but another consideration, which gave rise to it. There is a passage in the Gospel of St Matthew (chap. xxiv. ver. 27), which says, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be." The meaning of this passage probably is, not that our Saviour, when he comes to judge the world, will approach it from any particular quarter, but that the knowledge of his presence will pervade it as rapidly as lightning. From a literal interpretation of the words, however, the opinion seems to have in elder times prevailed, that Jesus would at the resurrection appear from the east; and hence that, by being deposited in the grave with their faces upward and their heads to the west, the dead would be in readiness to stand up with their faces towards their Judge—a position more respectful than any other mode of sepulture would permit them to assume. As we have said, the custom, being established, is convenient for the present, though wholly immaterial as respects its supposed ultimate results.

It is plain that Swift alludes to this practice when he says, in Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput, that the inhabitants of that country "bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth, which they conceive to be flat, will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them," he adds, "confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues in compliance to the vulgar." This Lilliputian theory, it will be observed, would, if carried into effect, have produced peculiarly awkward consequences to those who held it, because, although, by the earth turning upside down, they would have been placed with their feet downwards, it would have been with nothing to stand upon; which any one may satisfy himself of who sticks a pin in a board, supposing the point to be the head of a man, and the board the earth; on reversing the board, the man's head is indeed upward, but the earth is above him, and his feet rest upon nothing. In this situation the Lilliputians would have been in a bad case for walking. This may be one absurdity of the doctrine which their learned men perceived; but the main one was that of believing that it could be of the slightest avail to any one at the last day whether his body had been deposited with the head or the heels upward. One of Swift's commentators has very widely mistaken the meaning of this passage. "Here," says Lord Orrery, "the author dares even exert his vein of humour so liberally as to place the resurrection, one of the most encouraging principles of the Christian religion, in a ludicrous and contemptible light. Why should that appointment be denied to man, or appear so very extraordinary in the human mind, which the Author of Nature has illustrated in the vegetable world, where the seed dies and corrupts before it can rise again to new beauty?" This is a very cruel misinterpretation, the doctrine ridiculed being, as is above shown, not that of the resurrection, but the belief that the particular position of body will be of any consequence to people when that great event arrives.

It is probable that the Author of Waverley had this superstitious belief in his eye when he makes Meg Merrilies manifest her anxiety to be placed on her deathbed in a posture the reverse of that in which the dead are buried. It is very natural to suppose that the laying of a sick person with his head to the west should come to be considered ominous, and that, therefore, the position was always the reverse. It is quite in unison with Meg's character, that, though in a state where an omen of death could not make its approach more certain, she should be scrupulously observant of old customs. The passage referred to is as follows:—"When the gipsy arrived at the hut, she produced the key; and when they entered, and were about to deposit her upon the bed, she said, in an anxious tone, 'Na! na! not that way; the head to the east;' and appeared gratified when they reversed her posture accordingly." On the scaffold, before the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, a reference to the same superstition was made, and his comment upon it may very well serve to conclude what we have to say on the subject. "He called for the executioner," says Jardine, in his Criminal Trials (vol. i. p. 509), "who kneeling, and asking his forgiveness, he laid both his hands upon his shoulders, and said he heartily forgave him. And there being some dispute that his face should be toward the east, he made answer and said, 'So the heart be straight, it is no matter which way the head lieth.'"

Now that the bodies of suicides are sometimes permitted to be interred in consecrated ground, they are not buried like the other dead, but with the head to the north and the feet to the south. Suicides were formerly buried in England in cross ways, and had a hedgestake driven through their bodies; in Scotland they were buried—as if not only consecrated ground, but every other portion of earth, rejected, as far as possible, the unholy remains—where "three lairds' lands met." This was for the most part in wild situations on the tops of mountains; and many such places, particularly in the south of Scotland, are still distinguished by names which mark them out as spots where such interments have taken place. "The Dead Wife's Grave" is a prevailing designation of this kind for mounds still to be seen on many elevated ridges.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

EGYPT.

The study of History, which is so much calculated to enlarge and cultivate the understandings of youth, usually commences with a perusal of the annals of those nations in the east in which the light of science and the charms of civilization first arose and humanized the faculties of our race. Among those ancient kingdoms and empires, now decayed and little known in the intercourse of the modern world, the most honourable place has been given to Egypt—a country which, long ere Greece was known, or the foundations of Rome were laid, was inhabited by a learned and ingenious people, governed on regular principles, and capable of offering an example to the inhabitants of other parts of the earth. In point of local situation, Egypt possesses various advantages. It lies in the north-east corner of Africa, in a salubrious part of that vast continent, presenting its northern base to the Mediterranean Sea, and bounded on the east by the Red Sea, which separates it from Asia. Through the whole land from north to south, a length of six hundred miles, flows the Nile, a fine large stream rising in the inland kingdom of Abyssinia, and, from certain periodic floods, of great use in irrigating and fertilizing the country. A large portion of Egypt consists of an alluvial plain, similar to our fertile carse grounds, formed by the deposits of the river, and bounded by ranges of mountains on either side. The greatest breadth of the land is 150 miles. Anciently this territory was divided into three principal parts—Upper Egypt, or Thebais (from Thebes, its capital city), which was in the inner or southern part; Middle Egypt; and Lower Egypt, which included what was called the Delta, a low district of land on the shores of the Mediterranean, formed by the mouths of the Nile into the shape of the Greek letter Δ, or delta.

The history of the people who at one time inhabited this remarkable country is carried by their annalists to the very earliest ages of the world; indeed, to a period far more remote than that ascribed by Moses to the creation of the universe. When divested of fable, it appears that an Egyptian monarchy was established by Menes, or Misraim, in the year of the world 1816, and that it lasted till the year 3479, when it was destroyed by Cambyses, King of Persia. To Misraim succeeded a line of sovereigns of great power and fame, almost every one of whom seems to have delighted in rearing edifices of extraordinary magnitude and splendour. Extensive and beautiful cities, obelisks, pyramids, and temples, were erected without regard to the toil or resources of the people; and as their remains are till this day extant, and have been described by travellers, we are impressed with the most significant tokens of the taste and knowledge of the ancient Egyptians. Although each of the Egyptian monarchs was distinguished by his own peculiar name—as Moeris, Rameses, Sesostris, Pheron, Cheops, &c.—those who reigned for a considerable period, in Lower Egypt especially, were designated Pharaoh, a title commonly used in Scripture to express the Egyptian rulers at the time. The Pharaoh who was noted for his oppression of the Israelites, and who flourished 1577 years before the Christian era, was properly called Rameses Miamum, while his son, the Pharaoh under whose reign the Children of Israel departed out of Egypt, and who was drowned in the Red Sea, was entitled Amenophis.

The country thus governed, by a course of circumstances unknown to the present age, and which will most likely ever remain hid from our understanding, was the first on the face of the earth which exhibited any demonstrations of education and intelligence, and it was from hence that most of the arts, the sciences, and other branches of human skill and knowledge, were derived. "This kingdom (says Rollin) bestowed its noblest labours and finest arts on the improving of mankind; and Greece was so sensible of this that its most illustrious men—as Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, even its great legislators, Lycurgus and Solon, with many more—travelled into Egypt to complete their studies, and draw from that fountain whatever was most rare and valuable in every kind of learning. God himself has given this kingdom a glorious testimony, when, praising Moses, he says of him, that 'he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.'" Such was the desire for encouraging the growth of scientific pursuits, that discoverers of any useful invention received rewards suitable to their skill and labour. They studied natural history, geometry, and astronomy, and, what is worthy of remark, they were so far masters of the latter science as to be aware of the period required for the earth's annual revolutions, and fixed the year at 365 days 6 hours—a period which remained unaltered till the very recent change of the style. They likewise studied and improved the science of physic, in which they attained a certain proficiency. The persevering ingenuity and industry of the Egyptians are attested by the remains of their great works of art, which could not well be surpassed in modern times; and although their working classes were doomed to engage in the occupations of their fathers, and no others, as is still the custom in India, society might thereby be hampered, but the practice of handicrafts would be certainly improved. The Egyptians were also the first people who were acquainted with the process of communicating information by means of writing, or engraving on stone and metal; and were, consequently, the first who formed books and collected libraries. These repositories of learning they guarded with scrupulous care, and the titles they bore naturally inspired a desire to enter them. They were called the "Office for the Diseases of the Soul," and that very justly, because the soul was there cured of ignorance, which, it will be allowed, is the source of many of the maladies of our mental faculties. As these repositories of the learning of the ancient Egyptians were all destroyed, and are only known from the records of historians, the works of their sages and poets cannot now be shewn; and it is by little else than the inscriptions on stones, found amidst the ruins of pyramids and temples, that we are so much as aware of the nature of the characters employed in their writing. These characters were exceedingly curious, consisting chiefly of representations of animate and inanimate objects, each of which stood for some particular idea. The use of emblematic figures seems to have been, as it still is, common among uncultivated races of men, being the first approach towards literature; but the use of an alphabet, by which words are formed by combinations of different characters, was, in early times, confined entirely to the Egyptians, from whom the invention was communicated across the Mediterranean to Greece, by a person of celebrity called Cadmus, and from thence spread into other European nations. It is also understood that the Israelites, and other Asiatics, received their knowledge of letters from the learned inhabitants of Egypt. The use of rude emblematic figures was not abandoned by the Egyptians as letters became known, but continued chiefly to denote matters of a mysterious or religious tendency. These figures have received the name of *hieroglyphics*, and are of various kinds, more or less significant of the thing or idea intended to be expressed. For thousands of years the world remained in total ignorance of the manner of deciphering these hieroglyphics, for the Egyptians left no clue wherewith to make the discovery; and it was only in 1814 that, by the researches of some Frenchmen, a key was made known. It was found that, although the figures often signify the thing which they represent—for instance, the figure of a lion signifying that animal—yet, that in many instances it does no such thing, but stands simply for the letter L, which is the initial letter in the word *lion*. The discovery of this mode of deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics, by reckoning only the initial letters in the names of the things represented, lays open a wide field for the investigation of learned and inquisitive travellers in the ancient territory of the Pharaohs.

The comparative intelligence of the Egyptians did not rescue them from the most debasing superstitions in their religious faith. They had a great number of ideal gods; among others, Osiris and Isis, which are thought to have been the sun and the moon. They also worshipped a number of beasts, as the ox or bull (under the name of Apis), the dog, the wolf, the hawk, the crocodile, the ibis or stork, the cat, &c.; and such was the reverence which they had for these animals that, in extreme famine, they chose to eat one another rather than feed on their imagined deities. The Egyp-

tians had a belief, inculcated by their priests, that the souls of men, after death, passed into the bodies of clean or unclean animals, according to the deeds done in the body, and that at a distant period of time they returned to the body to which they originally belonged. A doctrine so extravagant led their kings to build enormous architectural edifices for the reception of their bodies, in order that they might, as they thought, repose in safety till they were again to be endowed with a living soul. In this fantastic notion we find a satisfactory solution of the mysterious practice of inhuming mummies in those huge pyramids, now reckoned among the greatest wonders in the world.

In the days of Egypt's ancient glory, it was dignified with two greater and many lesser cities. The two principal were Thebes, the capital of Upper Egypt, and a city of extraordinary extent and splendour; and Memphis, the capital of the middle district of the country. Memphis was built on the west side of the Nile, and has been succeeded by the comparatively modern city of Cairo, on the east bank of the river. On the site of Thebes and Memphis, and in their neighbourhood, are now found the greatest quantity of the ruins of ancient temples and other magnificent erections. In the present day Thebes receives the name of Said.

Like all other distinguished nations of antiquity, Egypt, after a lengthened period of extensive civil power, military glory, and dignified learning, suffered a series of reverses of fortune, and finally sunk into a state of utter poverty and barbaric ignorance. The political distractions into which it fell were taken advantage of by the Babylonians, under their king, Nebuchadnezzar, who, according to the promises of the Almighty, recorded by the prophet Jeremiah—"I will give the land of Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, and he shall take her multitude, and take her spoil, and take her prey, and it shall be the wages of his army," &c.—overran the country with his hosts, and carried off, in peace, an immense quantity of its moveable wealth. This transaction took place about 569 years before Christ; and it will be remembered by the readers of Scripture that the Egyptians, on this and other occasions, excited the anger of the Deity, and brought upon them the visitations of his outraged providence, by their vicious and idolatrous practices. About forty-four years afterwards, Egypt was again intruded upon by force of arms, and fell a prey to the conquering hordes of Persia under Cyrus. It now became a distant colony of Persia, which maintained an authority over it for more than two hundred years, at the end of which it was seized by Alexander the Great, a monarch of Greece, who shortly afterwards conquered the whole of Persia. Besides settling the government of the country, Alexander improved it in various ways—among the rest of his enterprises, building the city of Alexandria, which he called after his own name; and as it was placed on the sea-coast, at one of the mouths of the Nile, it speedily rose to be one of the largest and most opulent sea-port towns in the world. Upon the division of the Persian empire some time later, Egypt fell to Ptolemy Lagus, one of Alexander's generals, who was succeeded by a race of princes distinguished by the name of Ptolemy, in addition to their other appellations; and hence the Ptolemies of Egypt who are spoken of in ancient history. The last royal descendant of this noble Grecian line was Cleopatra, a princess of great beauty and accomplishments, and at her decease, which she accomplished by suicide, the land of Egypt became a province of Rome, some of whose emperors endeavoured to revive in it a love of letters, and enriched it by various improvements. Subsequently, Egypt fell into a state of ruinous distraction, consequent on the troubles and decline of the Roman government, and was at last completely subdued by the Saracens, who introduced the religion of Mahomed, destroyed the libraries, and, as far as possible, the splendid works of art; so that, under their sway, every species of barbaric rudeness was made to supersede the ancient refined habits of the people. Since that dismal epoch, Egypt has, century after century, sunk deeper and deeper into a state of perfect neglect and ruin. In recent times it has been under the immediate despotic rule of Mahomet Ali, nominally a pasha of the Sultan of Constantinople, and a man who is apparently both able and willing to do much towards restoring civilization to the place of its birth.

CRACOW.*

At about one A.M. on the 19th of August we reached the confines of the small portion of territory attached to the town of Cracow. Here we were stopped, it being necessary that our passport and luggage should be examined at the customhouse, which could not take place before five or six o'clock. Our German had now ceased to be of service to us; and as the postilion understood nothing but Polish, we were kept half an hour in the midst of the road in a dark rainy night, vainly endeavouring to persuade our postilion to proceed, and unable to conjecture the cause of delay. The mystery was at length explained by our being taken back to the posthouse where we had last changed horses, the driver of which, being a German, informed us of the nature of the predicament in which we were placed, and having directed us to a miserable hovel, called an inn, left us to shift for ourselves during the rest of the night as well as we were able. We aroused the people, and, after much difficulty, gained admission to a dirty room, where we found two German officers asleep on the chairs. There being no beds to be had in the place, they brought us in two bundles of straw, and spread it on the floor. We laid ourselves down in the hope of having a few hours' repose. Scarcely, however, had we closed our eyes, when a simultaneous attack of fleas soon convinced us that sleep was not for us; and the remainder of the night was spent in writhing and scratching, and wishing for day-light. An early breakfast, on black coffee and brown bread, the only refreshment which the house afforded, having been soon despatched, we once more set out, and in a few hours after, having passed through the purgatorial forms of the customhouse, we found ourselves in the suburbs of the once flourishing and populous Cracow. The inn at which we stopped had a long range of apertures for windows, eighteen in number, only three of which were furnished with glass. The chimneys tottering, and the tiles sliding from the roofs of all the surrounding houses, added to the miserable and squalid appearance of the inhabitants, who consisted of Jews, convicts, and a semi-barbarous peasantry, presented a scene of dilapidation and misery never to be forgotten. Having been provided by the landlord of the inn with a sort of cicerone, who undertook to shew us the principal parts of the town, we turned our steps towards the castle. This is a large pile of building, on a slight eminence, which commands the town. Only a part of the inclosure within the walls is occupied by the structure itself, there being a large yard, from which you enter the cathedral. Here are the tombs containing the mouldering remains of the Kings of Poland. The valiant and the vile, the paternal and the despotic, side by side, partake a general doom, untroubled by the woes and slavery of their wretched country, for whose downfall they, by internal dissensions, but too surely prepared the way. But the tombs of the Casimirs, the Sigismunds—rich as they are in historic recollections—pass from the mind of the traveller as he stands by the monument raised to the memory of Sobieski. This hero was the first to stem the torrent of Islamism, which, having overrun the whole of Hungary, threatened to sweep away the Austrian empire; and, with an army of sixty-three thousand men, though opposed by six times that number, he repelled the invaders, saved the throne of Leopold, and caused a turn in that tide of Ottoman power which is now at its lowest ebb in Europe. Lamentable indeed is it, that the empire, so rescued in its hour of need, which owed its safety, and, we may say, owes its present existence to Poland, should have been among the first to assist and partake in the dismemberment of that once rich and noble kingdom—a dismemberment which must eternally stand recorded among the most flagitious and unblushing outrages on political faith and national law. Our regret for the unmerited prostration of Poland is increased, if we take a comparative view of the present state and prospects of the Poles and Greeks. Whilst the former are subject to a system of unremitting espionage and constraint, and, in return for their chivalrous exertion in the cause of Christianity and European freedom, are abandoned to a merciless despotism, the latter, who, by their intrigues and pusillanimity, prepared the way for the Turkish invasion; who lowered the cross to the crescent, and crouched in the very dust beneath Ottoman dominion; who equal their conquerors in fanaticism, and exceed them in vice, without partaking of one spark of that honour and bravery which have ever distinguished the Turkish character; are held forth as the inheritors of the high spirit and patriotism which gave undying glory to ancient Greece. Thus, the needy adventurer and Philhellene, taking advantage of the false impressions imbibed through classic associations, mislead the untravelled enthusiast; and thus is the fate of nations decided by the dreaming influence of schoolboy recollections.

On leaving the body of the church, we were conducted by our guide to the crypt below, which contains the tomb of Sobieski, and the coffin in which are the remains of Poniatowski. We then left the castle, and, descending the eminence, entered a church, which we found crowded with people lying round the altar, with their arms extended and motionless. The aisles were filled with devotees, many kissing the ground, some striking their breasts, and few evincing the calm of true devotion. The church is long, lofty, and gaudily gilded. Returning towards the inn, we entered a bookseller's shop, to seek for some publication enumerating the objects worthy of being visited in the town, and were surprised to find a translated edition of Scott's Life of Napoleon, which, though only published in England a few weeks before, had already found its way to this remote and unfrequented city.

On a height to the left, about a mile from the town, is a conical mount, to the memory of Kosciusko.

Cracow has about forty thousand inhabitants, chiefly Jews, all of whom dress alike, in a black robe, and wear their hair very long. They carry long sticks, and usually wear fur hats with broad rims. The part called Mount Vistula is inhabited exclusively by them. As you pass the doors, they come out and take you by the hand, imploring you to buy something of them. The women have very long hair, and caps of cloth and fur. The dress of the unmarried is somewhat distinctive, consisting of a red kerchief tied round the head like a turban, the curls falling from beneath.—*Webster's Travels through the Crimea*, 1830.

* One of the chief cities in Poland.

BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

In the year 1388, the Scottish nobles had determined upon an invasion of England on a large scale, and had assembled a great army for that purpose; but, learning that the people of Northumberland were assembling an army on the eastern frontier, they resolved to limit their incursion to that which might be achieved by the Earl of Douglas, with a chosen band of four or five thousand men. With this force he penetrated into the mountainous frontier of England, where an assault was least expected, and, issuing forth near Newcastle, fell upon the flat and rich country around, slaying, plundering, burning, and loading his army with spoil.

Percy, Earl of Northumberland, an English noble of great power, and with whom the Douglas had frequently had encounters, sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to stop the progress of this invasion. Both were gallant knights; but the first, who, from his impetuosity, was called Hotspur, was one of the most distinguished warriors in England, as Douglas was in Scotland. The brothers threw themselves hastily into Newcastle, to defend that important town; and as Douglas, in an insulting manner, drew out his followers before the walls, they came out to skirmish with the Scots. Douglas and Henry Percy encountered personally; and it so chanced that Douglas got possession in the struggle of Hotspur's spear, to the end of which was attached a small ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls, on which was represented a lion, the cognizance, as it is called, of the Percies. Douglas shook this trophy aloft, and declared that he would carry it into Scotland, and plant it on his castle of Dalkeith. "That," said Percy, "shalt thou never do. I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back into Scotland." "Then," said Douglas, "come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent."

The Scots army, having completed the purpose of their expedition, began their retreat up the little river Reed, which afforded a tolerable road running towards the Scottish frontier. They encamped at Otterbourne, about twenty miles from the frontier, on the 19th August 1388. In the middle of the night the alarm arose in the Scottish camp that the English host were coming upon them, and the moonlight showed the advance of Sir Henry Percy, with a body of men equal, or superior, in number to that of Douglas. He had already crossed the Reed water, and was advancing towards the left flank of the Scottish army. Douglas, not choosing to receive the assault in that position, drew his men out of the camp, and, with a degree of military skill which could scarce have been expected when his forces were of such an undisciplined character, he altogether changed the position of the army, and presented his troops with their front to the advancing English.

Hotspur, in the meantime, marched his squadrons through the deserted camp, where there were none left but a few servants and stragglers of the army. The interruptions which the English troops met with threw them a little into disorder, when the moon arising showed them the Scottish army, who they fancied were retreating, drawn up in complete order, and prepared to fight. The battle commenced with the greatest fury; for Percy and Douglas were the two most distinguished soldiers of their time, and each army trusted in the courage and talents of their commanders, whose names were shouted on either side. The Scots, who were outnumbered, were at length about to give way, when Douglas, their leader, caused his banner to advance, attended by his best men. He himself, shouting his war-cry of "Douglas!" rushed forward, clearing his way with the blows of his battle-axe, and breaking into the very thickest of the enemy. He fell, at length, under three mortal wounds. Had his death been known, it would probably have decided the battle against the Scots; but the English only knew that some brave man-at-arms had fallen. Meantime the other Scottish nobles pressed forward, and found their general dying among several of his faithful esquires and pages, who lay slain around. A stout priest, called William of North-Berwick, the chaplain of Douglas, was protecting the body of his patron with a long lance.

"How fares it, cousin?" said Sinclair, the first Scottish knight who came up to the wounded leader.

"Indifferently," answered Douglas; "but, blessed be God, my ancestors have died in fields of battle, not on down beds. I sink fast; but let them still cry my war-cry, and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust it will be this day accomplished."

The nobles did as he had enjoined; they concealed the Earl's body, and again rushed on to the battle, shouting "Douglas! Douglas!" louder than before. The English were weakened by the loss of the brave brothers, Henry and Ralph Percy, both of whom were made prisoners, fighting most gallantly, and almost no man of note amongst the English escaped death or captivity. Hence a Scottish poet has said of the name of Douglas—

> "Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
> And Douglas dead, his name has won the field."

Sir Henry Percy became the prisoner of Sir Hugh Montgomery, who obliged him, for ransom, to build a castle for him at Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire, which he called *Poinon*, from having been reared with *poined* money. The battle of Otterbourne was disastrous to

the leaders on both sides, Percy being made captive, and Douglas slain on the field. It has been the subject of many songs and poems, and the great historian Froissart says that, one other action only excepted, it was the best fought battle of that warlike time.

NOVEMBER.

Now (says the author of the *Mirror of the Months*), as the branches become bare, another sight presents itself, which, trifling as it is, fixes the attention of all who see it. I mean the *birds' nests* that are seen here and there in the now transparent hedges, bushes, and copses. Now, the *felling of wood* for the winter store commences; and, in a mild still day, the measured strokes of the woodman's axe, heard far away in the thick forest, bring with their sound an associated feeling, similar to that produced by a wreath of smoke rising from out the same scene: they tell us a tale of

"Uncertain dwellers in the pathless wood."

The "*busy flail*," too, which is now in full employment, fills the air about the homestead with a pleasant sound, and invites the passer-by to look in at the great open doors of the barn, and see the wheatstack reaching to the roof on either hand; the little pyramid of bright grain behind the threshers; the scattered ears between them, leaping and rustling beneath their fast-falling strokes; and the flail itself flying harmless round the labourers' heads, though seeming to threaten danger at every turn; while, outside, the flock of "barn-door" poultry ply their ceaseless search for food, among the knee-deep straw; and the cattle, all their summer frolics forgotten, stand ruminating beside the half-empty hay-rack, or lean with inquiring faces over the gate that looks down into the village, or away towards the distant pastures.

Of the *birds* that have hitherto made merry even at the approach of winter, now all are silent; all, save that one who now earns his title of "the household bird," by haunting the thresholds and window-cills, and casting sidelong glances in-doors, as if to reconnoitre the positions of all within, before the pinching frosts force him to lay aside his fears, and flit in and out, silently, like a winged spirit. All are now silent except him; but *he*, as he sits on the pointed palings beside the door-way, or on the topmost twig of the little black thorn that has been left growing in the otherwise closely-clipt hedge, pipes plaintive ditties with a low *inward* voice—like that of a love-tainted maiden, as she sits apart from her companions, and sings soft melodies to herself, almost without knowing it.

Some of the other small *birds* that winter with us, but have hitherto kept aloof from our dwellings, now approach them, and mope about among the house-sparrows, on the bare branches, wondering what has become of all the leaves, and not knowing one tree from another. Of these the chief are the hedge-sparrow, the blue titmouse, and the linnet. These also, together with the goldfinch, thrush, blackbird, &c., may still be seen rifling the hip and haw-grown hedges of their scanty fruit. Almost all, however, even of those singing-birds that do not migrate, except the redbreast, wren, hedge-sparrow, and titmouse, disappear shortly after the commencement of this month, and go no one knows whither. But the pert house-sparrow keeps possession of the garden and courtyard all the winter; and the different species of wagtails may be seen busily haunting the clear cold spring-heads, and wading into the unfrozen water in search of their delicate food, consisting of insects in the *aurelia* state.

Now, the *farmer* finishes all his out-of-door work before the frosts set in, and lays by his implements till the awakening of spring calls him to his hand-labour again.

Now, the *sheep*, all their other more natural food failing, begin to be penned on patches of the turnip-field, where they first devour the green tops joyfully, and then gradually hollow out the juicy root, holding it firm with their feet, till nothing is left but the dry brown husk.

Now, the *herds* stand all day long hanging their disconsolate heads beside the leafless hedges, and waiting as anxiously, but as patiently too, to be called home to the hay-fed stall, as they do in summer to be driven afield.

Now, cold *rains* come deluging down, till the drenched ground, the dripping trees, the pouring eaves, and the torn ragged-skirted clouds, seemingly dragged downward slantwise by the threads of dusky rain that descend from them, are all mingled together in one blind confusion; while the few cattle that are left in the open pastures, forgetful of their till now interminable business of feeding, turn their backs upon the besieging storm, and, hanging down their heads till their noses almost touch the ground, stand out in the middle of the fields motionless, like dead images.

Now, too, a single rain-storm, like the above, breaks up all the paths and ways at once, and makes home no longer "home" to those who are not obliged to leave it; while, *en revanche*, it becomes doubly endeared to those who are.

London is so perfect an antithesis to the country in all things, that whatever is good for the one is bad for the other. Accordingly, as the country half forgets itself this month, so London just begins to know itself again. Its streets revive from their late suspended animation, and are alive with anxious faces, and musical with the mingled sounds of many wheels.

Now, the shops begin to shine out with their new winter wares; though as yet the chief profits of their owners depend on disposing of the "summer stock," at fifty per cent. under prime cost.

Now, the theatres, admonished by their no longer empty benches, try which shall be the first to break through that hollow truce on the strength of which they have hitherto been acting only on alternate nights.

Now, during the first week, the citizens see visions and dream dreams, the burthens of which are barons of beef; and the first eight days are passed in a state of pleasing perplexity, touching their chance of a ticket for the Lord Mayor's dinner on the ninth.

Now, all the little boys give thanks in their secret hearts to Guy Faux, for having attempted to burn "the Parliament" with "gunpowder, treason, and plot," since the said attempt gives them occasion to burn every thing they can lay their hands on—their own fingers included: a bonfire being, in the eyes of an English schoolboy, the true "beauteous and sublime of human life."

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa,
Young Randal was a bonnie lad, when he gaed awa;
'Twas in the sixteen hunder year o' grace and thretty twa,
That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa.

It was a' to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
And mony wae friends i' the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the ha',
His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters twa,
And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the castle wa',
And, mair than a' the lave, loot the tears doun fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back?" sae kindly did she spier,
"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinnie and my dear?"
"Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal black, when he gaed awa,
Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red, when he gaed awa,
And in his bonnie ee, a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie lark, in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an altert man when he came hame,
A sair altert man was he, when he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a *sir* at his name,
And grey, grey cheeks, did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit wi' the ring,
And down came a ladie to see him come in,
And after the ladie came bairns feifteen—
"Can this muckle wife be my true-love, Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carl is this," quo' the dame;
"Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"
"Oh, tell me, fair madam, are ye bonnie Jeanie Grahame?"
"In troth," quo' the ladie, "sweet sir, the very same."

He turned him about, wi' a waeful ee,
And a heart as sair as sair could be:
He lap on his horse, and awa did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the puirtith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be—
For they've wrecked the bravest heart in this hale countrie!

R. C.

MIERS'S "TRAVELS IN CHILE."

The difference between a Frenchman and an Englishman is certainly very great and very remarkable. Mr Miers, the author of this book, in conjunction with a friend, was possessed of a disposable capital of twenty thousand pounds. Were a Parisian to find himself in possession of a moiety of this sum, would he not, married or single, live in two or three spacious garrets within half a mile of the gardens of the Tuileries or the Luxembourg? Would he not spend his mornings at the café or the reading room? his evenings in promenading the walks and gardens, or assisting at some *spectacle?* Would his wife have any domestic affairs to attend to? Certainly not. He and she dine, separately or in company, at a restaurateur's, who takes all the business of dinner on himself, and, with the keeper of the café, all the business of all the meals. The quiet home is disturbed by few servants, and by no odour of cookery, neither by noisy children: a Parisian family is always small. It is exceedingly *ennuyeux* to both parties to be burthened by more than one or two children. Look on this picture, and then on the English one. Mr Miers, being in possession of a moderate and disposable fortune, considers it in no other light than capital—as the seed of future wealth—and immediately casts about how he may increase it by some enterprise tenfold, and in a few years make himself an enormously rich man. The scene of money-making for the moment is supposed to be South America—Chile presents itself, and an experiment on copper promises much. Yes; "the conclusion was irresistible," says Mr Miers, "that upon the given data an *immense* fortune might *rapidly* be made in the proposed speculation." This was enough—Mr Miers spends his honeymoon in purchasing and shipping a grand train of machinery for refining, rolling, and manufacturing copper into sheathing; the next months of married happiness are spent on board a packet bound for Buenos Ayres; his wife is then hurried across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the painful period of gestation is passed in tumbling through the broken roads and barbarous deserts of the Pampas, until the moment of parturition arrives, and the unfortunate wife of the anxious speculator is brought to bed, if it may be so termed, in a savage pass of the lofty and almost inaccessible Andes. All this too, with the utmost attachment and tenderness on the part of the enterprising husband; and with the greatest courage, strength of mind, and heroic fortitude of the English wife. The unhappy lady faints on her mule; her anxious husband conveys her to a wretched post-hut, unsheltered from either rain or wind, where she is delivered. In this atrocious place she recovers from her labour and her puerperal fever, until the time comes when her husband may carry her, on hides and poles borne on the shoulders of himself and of three others, forty-five miles to the nearest civilized place, which he does till the poles eat into the very flesh of his scapulary muscles. This is only a trifling part of the difficulties which Englishmen will voluntarily encounter in a speculation, when an "immense fortune" is to be "rapidly" acquired. Mr Miers leaves his wife and new-born child in a comfortable retreat, and proceeds to the end of his journey; for his machinery is to be landed, the ships will charge for demurrage, and the workmen will get drunk and run away; besides, the capital is lying dead. When this machinery is landed, the speculator has all the prejudices of the natives to contend with, their rogueries and jealousies to defeat, the corruption and delay of their courts of justice to submit to, the ingratitude and neglect of friends to bear with, before the great manufacturing train can be put into action. All this and more Mr Miers, it seems, had to contend with, for we doubt whether the machinery is even yet at work; and Mr Miers is in England, and Mrs Miers is at Concon, in Chile, where the great fortune is or was to be made. However, whether Mr Miers has succeeded in making a good speculation or not, his adventures have put him into the way of compiling an excellent book. Certainly, neither the very excellent one of Captain Basil Hall, nor that of Mrs Graham, nor any other we have seen, is entitled to more attention, from the fulness and variety of its instruction.—*London Magazine.*

AN OLD SCOTTISH PUNISHMENT.

It appears, from the Records of Justiciary, that a custom at one time prevailed in criminal jurisprudence of commuting sentence of death into gifting away as slaves into perpetual servitude under specified masters. The following extract will make the mode of gifting understood:—

"At Perth, the 5th day of December 1701. The Commissioners of Justiciary of the south district, for securing the peace in the Highlands, considering that Donald Robertson, Alexander Stewart, John Robertson, and Donald M'Donald, prisoners within the Tolbooth, and indicted and tried at this court, and by virtue of the inquest, returned guilty of death; and the Commissioners have changed their punishment of death to perpetual servitude, and that the said pannels are at the court's disposal: Therefore, the said Commissioners have given and gifted, and hereby give and gift, the said Donald M'Donald, one of the said prisoners, as a perpetual servant to the Right Honourable John Earl of Tullebardane; recommending to his Lordship to provide a collar of brass, iron, or copper, which, by his sentence or doom, whereof an extract is delivered to the magistrates of the said burgh of Perth, is to be upon his neck, with this inscription—'Donald M'Donald, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, December 5, 1701, and gifted as a perpetual servant to John Earl of Tullebardane:' Recommending to his Lordship to transport him from the said prison next week," &c.

It would appear that a similar commutation was made of the doom of the other prisoners. About forty years ago, some fishermen, in dragging their nets in the river Forth, above Alloa, brought up from the bottom a brass collar with this inscription upon it:—"Alexander Stewart, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, 5th December 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars, as a perpetual servant to Sir John Aresken of Alva." This curious collar is now in the possession of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

LORD SANQUHAR AND THE FENCING-MASTER.

We learn from every authority that duels became nearly as common in England, after the accession of James VI., as they had ever been in France. The point of honour, so fatal to the gallants of the age, was nowhere carried more highly than at the court of the pacific *Solomon* of Britain. Instead of the feudal combats upon the *Hiegate of Edinburgh*, which had often disturbed his repose at Holyrood, his levees at Theobald's were occupied with listening to the detail of more polished, but not less sanguinary contests.

Though such shifts might occasionally be resorted to by the faint-hearted, yet the fiery cavaliers of the English court were but little apt to profit by them; their vengeance for insulted honour sometimes vented itself through fouler channels than that of fair combat. It happened, for example, that Lord Sanquhar, a Scottish nobleman, in fencing with a master of the noble science of defence, lost his eye by an unlucky thrust. The accident was provoking, but without remedy; nor did Lord Sanquhar think of it, unless with regret, until some years after, when he chanced to be in the French court. Henry the Great casually asked him how he lost his eye? "By the thrust of a sword," answered his Lordship, not caring to enter into particulars. The King, supposing the accident the consequence of a duel, immediately inquired, "Does the man yet live?" These few words set the blood of the Scottish nobleman on fire; nor did he rest till he had taken the base vengeance of assassinating, by hired ruffians, the unfortunate fencing-master. The mutual animosity betwixt the English and Scottish nations had already occasioned much bloodshed among the gentry, by single combat; and James now found himself under the necessity of making a striking example of one of his Scottish nobles, to avoid the imputation of the grossest partiality. Lord Sanquhar was condemned to be hanged, and suffered that ignominious punishment accordingly.

Gardening.—November.

Fruit Garden.—Plant out all sorts of fruit trees and bushes in the orchard, against walls, and in the quarters and borders of the garden. Prune and train vines, and all other fruit trees against walls and espaliers, except figs, which must be left till April. Prune also all standard and dwarf fruit trees and bushes in orchards, and in the quarters and borders of the garden. Where late grapes are now hanging upon the vines, in an immature state, the branches may be cut off, with a joint or two of the branch above and below the fruit, and hung up in a dry, warm room, or in a warm, airy kitchen, which is much better, when they may be preserved two months, and will acquire a higher degree of maturity. Fig-trees, which are likely to be injured by frost, should now be covered with mats, having previously tucked in a little soft hay among the branches. Newly planted trees should be mulched, to prevent the frost from injuring their roots.

Kitchen Garden.—Trench and manure ground for planting. Earth up cardoons and celery. Take up parsnips on a dry day, as soon as the leaves are dead, and lay them up for winter use. Sow frame peas and Mazagan beans, on a warm south border. Plant out lettuces under frames and hand-glasses the beginning of this month, if they have been omitted before. Tie up endive when the plants are dry; or the middle of the plants may be covered with slates or tiles. Draw up the mould close to the heads of sea kale, so as nearly to cover them. Clear artichoke plants from their old stalks, and cover up the heads with half-rotten tung, to keep off the frost. Cut down the stems of asparagus; dig the alleys, and cover the beds with mould three inches deep. Lay into the ground purple and white broccoli, if it has not been already done in the last month. Take up the tuberous roots of the scarlet running kidney bean, and preserve them in dry sand, in a cellar excluded from frost. In taking up the roots, care must be taken not to injure the stem, but to cut it down to within a foot of the crown of the root; this part must also be carefully covered with old tan, to preserve it from the frost. In April these roots must be planted out again, when they will produce another abundant crop. —*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

VALUE OF MACHINERY.

The creation of employment amongst ourselves by the cheapness of cotton goods produced by machinery, is not to be considered as a mere change from the labour of India to the labour of England. It is a creation of employment, operating just in the same manner as the machinery did for printing books. The Indian, it is true, no longer sends us his calicoes and his coloured stuffs; we make them ourselves. But he sends us forty times the amount of raw cotton that he sent when the machinery was first set up. In 1781 we imported five million pounds of cotton wool. In 1828 we imported two hundred and ten million pounds—enough to make twelve hundred and sixty million yards of cloth—which is about two yards a-piece for every human being in the world. The workman on the banks of the Ganges (the great river of India) is no longer weaving calicoes for us, in his loom of reeds under the shade of a mango tree; but he is gathering for us forty times as much cotton as he gathered before, and making forty times as much indigo for us to colour it with. The export of cotton has made such a demand upon the Indian power of labour, that even the people of Hindostan, adopting European contrivances, have introduced machinery to pack the cotton. Bishop Heber says, that he was frequently interested by seeing, at Bombay, immense bales of cotton lying on the piers; and the ingenious screw, by which an astonishing quantity is pressed into the canvass bags. The Chinese, on the contrary, from the want of these contrivances, sell their cotton to us at much less profit; for they pack it so loosely, that it occupies three times the bulk of the Indian cotton, and the freight costs twelve times the price to which it might be reduced by mechanical skill. When the Chinese acquire the knowledge from other nations, which their institutions now shut out, they will know the value of mechanical skill, in preference to unassisted manual labour.—*Results of Machinery.*

THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

Italy had the honour of inventing both the thermometer and barometer, the most important auxiliaries of modern science. Three different forms of thermometers, constructed for the *Academy del Cimento*, were copied and circulated over Europe. But the great object now was to procure an exact correspondence, by fixing on some standard scale. The Italians began the divisions at the cellar heat, supposing this to be uniform; and they marked other points by plunging the ball in certain chemical mixtures. Boyle proposed the freezing of the oil of aniseed for the lower point; and Halley recommended the ebullition of alcohol as the limit of the scale. The great advantage of deriving a point from the congelation of water was not at first perceived. Many observers believed it to vary under different circumstances, being deceived by the fact that water will bear a greater cold before it shoots into crystals, though the temperature at which ice or snow begins to melt is always the same. Guericke was the first who started from the thawing point, in dividing the scale of a large spirit of wine thermometer. To regulate the divisions, two different ways occurred; either to assume a higher point, or to distinguish into small portions the capacity of the ball. The latter was the mode adopted by Newton, who recreated his mind with chemical experiments. Employing linseed oil, which expands largely, and bears a great heat, he subdivided the capacity of the glass into 10,000 equal parts; and, beginning from the point of thawing ice, he found the liquid to expand 256 at the heat of the human body, 725 at boiling water, and 1516 at melting tin; but preferring smaller numbers, he assumed 12 for blood heat, and reduced the other numbers in the same proportion to 34 and 71. This method was quite philosophical, but of very difficult execution. A correct and ingenious process for determining the scale of heat was proposed in 1694 by Renaldini, a learned Italian mathematician. Taking the freezing and boiling of water for the extremes, he found the intermediate points from a mixture of ten parts, composed progressively of melting snow and water just ceased from ebullition, the ingredients being 1 and 9, 2 and 8, 3 and 7, &c. About twenty years afterwards, Brook Taylor and Hauksbee applied that ingenious mode to ascertain whether the expansions of certain fluids are exactly proportional to the corresponding accessions of heat.—*Encyc. Brit. new edit.*

THE WILD PINE.

During the fervid consuming heats of this season, the woodcutters of Campeachy betook themselves to the forests in search of the wild pine, which afforded them a hearty and refreshing draught. This interesting plant is minutely described by Dampier in that clear and succinct manner which characterizes all his notices of natural productions:—"The wild pine," he says, "is a plant so called because it somewhat resembles the bush that bears the pine; they are commonly supported, or grow from some bunch, knot, or excrescence of the tree, where they take root and grow upright. The root is short and thick, from whence the leaves rise up in folds one within another, spreading off at top. They are of a good thick substance, and about ten or twelve inches long. The outside leaves are so compact as to contain the rain-water as it falls. They will hold a pint and a half, or a quart; and this water refreshes the leaves and nourishes the root. When we find these pines, we stick our knives into the leaves just above the root, and that lets out the water, which we catch in our hats, as I have done many times to my great relief."—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.

The Russian Mercury contains the results of a census of the Russian empire, taken officially in the year 1829. It is curious, inasmuch as it gives these results differently from those which have been published by able writers upon statistics. The population of Russia amounts to 43,700,000; the great principality of Finland to 1,250,000; the kingdom of Poland to 4,050,000; the whole of the Russian empire to 49,000,000. The population of Georgia, Inverski, Mingrelia, Gouriel, Armenia, and, in short, all the countries to the south of the Caucasus and the mouth of the Terch, of which there are no official accounts, is estimated at 1,200,000. The military portion is 743,537, comprising in this number all the Cossacks, Calmucks, the wandering tribes of the Bachkirs, the Bogouls, and the Samoiedes, at 6000. The inhabitants of Siberia, both wandering and fixed, who pay tribute in furs, are put down at 400,000. We find amongst the clergy 6638 Mollahs for the Mahometan Tartars, and 150 Lamas for the Calmucks.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

No season has offered such *variétès* in costume as the early part of the present month. Fancy dresses of the most *outré* description have appeared, even in the streets. Short waists and long, full sleeves and empty, broad skirts and narrow, whole skirts, half skirts, and none at all, have been indifferently worn. For the *Promenade*, rags and tatters of all kinds have been in much favour; very few buttons are worn, and the coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons, have been invariably padded and stuffed with hay or straw. We observed several *exquisites* making morning calls in scare-crow great coats; the skirts, lappels, collars, and cuffs, picturesquely, but not too formally, jagged, *a la Vandyke*. The prevailing colours—all colours at once. Wigs have been very general—both *en buzz* and *frizzé*; these have been commonly composed of deal-shavings; but in some cases of tow, and sometimes horse-hair. For the evening party, a few squibs and crackers are stuck in the *perruque* or hat, and the boots and shoes are polished up with a little pitch or tar; sometimes a Catherine wheel has been added *en coquarde*. Frills, collars, and ruffles, of *papier coupé*, have entirely superseded those of cambric or lace, and shirts of every description are quite discarded. Paint has been in much request, and ruddle seems to have been preferred to *rouge*; patches are also much worn, not on the countenance, but on the clothes; for these the favourite *materiel* is tartan, plush of any colour, or corduroy. Several dandies appeared on the 5th with gloves, but they are not essential requisites to be in the *ton*: canes are discarded; even a riding whip would be reckoned to evince *mauvais goût*, but a half-penny bunch of matches "*à la main*" is indispensable to a fashionable aspirant. The old practice of being carried abroad in chairs has been universally revived; and it must be confessed that it exhibits the Figure to much advantage.

Amongst the *Nouveautés* we observed the following *Caractère*, as making a felicitous *debût*. The coat was *à la militaire*, of the colour formerly so much in vogue, under the name of *fumée de Londres*, turned up with *flamme d'enfer*. It was *garni* with very dead gold; and slashed *à l'Espagnolle*, back and front. The pantaloons were equally *bizarre*; one leg being composed of Scotch tartan, and the other of blue striped bed-ticking, made very full, *en matelot*, in compliance with the prevailing taste. The wig was made of green and white willow shavings, with a large link for a *queue*, tied on with a *nœud* of red tape. The hat, brown, somewhat darker than the Devonshire beaver, but disinclining to black. It had no brim, and was without a crown. A tarnished badge of the Phœnix Fire Office, on the bust, gave a *distingué* air to the whole Figure, which was going down Bond Street, and excited a sensation quite *à l'envie* by its appearance in the World of Fashion.—*Hood's Comic Annual.*

THE BIBLE ANALYZED.

The Bible history ceases 430 years before Christ. The Septuagint version was made in 284; and first divided into chapters in 1253. The first English edition was in 1536; the first authorized edition in England was in 1539; the second translation was ordered to be read in churches, 1549; the present translation finished, Sept. 1611; permitted by the Pope to be translated into all the languages of the Catholic states, Feb. 28, 1759. The following is a dissection of the Old and New Testament:—

	In the Old Testament.	*In the New.*	*Total.*
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	929	260	1189
Verses	23,214	7959	31,173
Words	592,493	181,253	773,746
Letters	2,728,100	838,380	3,566,480

The Apocrypha has 183 chapters, 6081 verses, and 125,185 words. The middle chapter, and the least in the Bible, is the 117th Psalm; the middle verse is the 8th of 118th Psalm; the middle line is the 2d book of the Chronicles, 4th chapter, and 16th verse; the word *and* occurs in the Old Testament 35,535 times; the same word in the New Testament occurs 10,684 times; the word *Jehovah* occurs 6855 times.

Old Testament.—The middle book is Proverbs; the middle chapter is the 29th of Job; the middle verse is the 2d book of Chronicles, 20th chapter, and the 18th verse; the least verse is the 1st book of Chronicles, 1st chapter, and 1st verse.

New Testament.—The middle is the Thessalonians, 2d; the middle chapter is between the 13th and 14th of the Romans; the middle verse is the 17th of the 17th chapter of the Acts; the least verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of the Gospel by St John.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet in it.

The 19th chapter of the 2d book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The book of Esther has 10 chapters, but neither the words *Lord* nor *God* in it.

TO RESTORE FROSTED POTATOES.

This is partially done by steeping potatoes, or any other frosted vegetable, in cold water till thawed. A better and more effectual method has been discovered by a Cumberland gentleman. This remedy is simply to allow the potatoes to remain in the pits after a severe frost, till the mild weather has set in for some weeks, and allowed them to recover gradually. If once exposed to the atmospheric air, no art will recover frosted potatoes.—*Cook and Housewife's Manual.*

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

In the "Adventures of Ross Cox on the Columbia River," &c. the author presents the following traits of manners in the Sandwich Islanders:—

USE OF SILK STOCKINGS.

Tiam's brother was our *major domo*; he attached himself particularly to Nicolls, who called him Tom; and as a compensation for his trouble and obliging attention to us, made him a present of his stockings, which, unfortunately for poor Tom, were silk ones. He was so proud of the gift, that he immediately put them over his olive-coloured calves, and, without any shoes, he continued walking and working about the house. This was usage to which silk stockings were not accustomed, and the consequence was, that before morning their soles had vanished.

KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

There was a degree of negligent simplicity about his dress, which strongly characterized the royal philosopher. His head was crowned with an old woollen hat! the coat was formed of coarse blue cloth in the antique shape, with large metal buttons; the waistcoat, of brown velvet, which in its youthful days had been black. A pair of short, light, and well-worn velveteen pantaloons displayed to great advantage coarse worsted stockings and thick-soled shoes, all admirably adapted for the tropics; while his shirt and cravat, which had formerly been white, seemed to have had a serious misunderstanding with their washerwoman. Such, gentle reader, was the costume of Tamaahmaah the First, King of the Sandwich Islands, hereditary prince of Owhyee, and protector of a confederation of escaped convicts from New South Wales!

HORSE FLESH.

We lived principally on deer, trout, and carp, and occasionally killed a fat horse, as a substitute for beef. Custom had now so far reconciled us to the flesh of this animal, that we often preferred it to what in Europe might be regarded as luxuries. Foals or colts are not good, although a few of our men preferred them. A horse for the table should not be under three years, or above seven. The flesh of those which are tame, well fed, and occasionally worked, is tender and firm, and the fat hard and white; it is far superior to the wild horse, the flesh of which is loose and stringy, and the fat yellow and rather oily. We generally killed the former for our own table; and I can assure my readers, that if they sat down to a fat rib, or a rump steak off a well-fed four-year-old, without knowing the animal, they would imagine themselves regaling on a piece of prime ox beef.

PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

The chief told her, that if she would become his wife, he would send one hundred sea-otters to her relations: that he would never ask her to carry wood, draw water, dig for roots, or hunt for provisions; that he would make her mistress over his other wives, and permit her to sit at her ease from morning to night, and wear her own clothes; that she should always have abundance of fat salmon, anchovies, and elk, and be allowed to smoke as many pipes of tobacco during the day as she thought proper; together with many other flattering inducements, the tithe of which would have shaken the constancy of a score of the chastest brown vestals that ever flourished among the lower tribes of the Columbia.

ANECDOTES
PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

PARTY DISTINCTIONS.

The present Dukes of Richmond and Bedford, though married to two sisters, daughters of the late Duke of Gordon, are firmly attached to opposite parties, and may be said to have literally handed down to their children the distinction of party—one of the sons of the former bearing the name of Lord William Pitt Lennox, and a son of the latter Lord Charles James Fox Russell.

SHOPS *alias* CHOPS.

An English traveller happening to be on the street in Aberdeen, observed the town crier proclaiming with an audible voice, "that, by order of the magistrates, next day being the king's fast, all persons were strictly enjoined to keep their CHOPS (meaning SHOPS, but speaking broad Scotch) shut during the whole of the day." The Englishman immediately went and told his landlord that he must be under the necessity of quitting the place forthwith, as he was not prepared for such a rigid observance of the king's fast as the magistrates purposed.

MISUNDERSTANDING MISUNDERSTOOD.

A countryman, going into a court of justice, took notice of two lawyers at the bar, who, being employed on opposite sides of the cause at issue, scrupled not to wrangle and contradict each other frequently, while at the same time each bestowed the appellation of *brother* on his opponent. The simple bystander observed to another person next him, that there seemed to be no brotherly love between the two. "Why," says the other, "you misunderstand the matter; they are merely brothers in law." "Oh, then," replied the countryman, "I presume they are married on two sisters; and in this case the old saying holds good, that relations agree best when separate."

FEMALE ORTHOGRAPHY.

A lady, writing to a friend, meant, among other things, to inform her "that she had got a great cough and hoarseness, and that she was advised to try black beans for her hoarseness; she hoped, however, if the hoarseness went away, the cough would follow." Instead of this sense, the letter was literally expressed in the following manner:—"I have got a great *coach* and *horses*, and am advised to try black beans for my horses; however, I hope, if the horses go away, the coach will follow."

EARLY RISING.

Richardson, the author of "Clarissa," &c. used to encourage diligence and early rising among his workmen, by leaving at night sometimes money and sometimes fruit in the letter boxes.

HIGHLANDER.

"A Highlander," says Mrs Grant (that is, one of the real mountaineer kind), "never sits at ease at a loom; it is like putting a deer in the plough."

CHINESE TAILOR.

The Chinese tailors do not take measures like the Europeans, though they can make clothes exact enough to a pattern. An American captain at Canton wishing to have a new coat, sent the proper quantity of cloth, with an old coat as a pattern, to a tradesman of the place. It unluckily happened that the old coat had a large patch at one of the elbows, and this defect was carefully copied by the Chinese, to the no small mortification of his employer.

COSTS OF COURTSHIP.

A young couple in the west of Scotland, after the usual term of courtship, fixed a day for their wedding. In the meantime, the lady thought proper to change her mind, and drew up with another man. The disappointed lover, enraged at this conduct, prosecuted the lady for damages; in an account of which, publicly produced, there appeared not only the expense of furnishing a house, but a charge for the loss of time sustained by him in the courtship, stated by him in this manner—"To so many hours' attendance on you this day," &c.

AMBIGUOUS SIGN.

The following is said to be copied from a sign-board at D——: "Boarding-school for young *laddies*."

PRINTED SERMONS.

In a manse in Fife, the conversation of a large party one evening turned on a volume of sermons which had just been published with considerable success, and was supposed to have brought a round sum into the hands of the author. When the minister's wife heard of what had been made by the volume, her imagination was excited, and, turning to her husband, who sat a little aside, she said, "My dear, I see naething to hinder you to print a few of your sermons, too." "They were a' printed lang syne," said the candid minister in his wife's ear.

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TURNERS.

"TURNERS" are a class of people, so called because they regularly take what they call a *turn* every Sunday afternoon before dinner. They are a middle-aged order of men, married and unmarried; and you may always know them at a distance, even when they mingle in the crowds of the emptying churches, by their faces rendered rosy with the country air, their shoes somewhat dusty or muddy, and the breasts of their coats blown back over their shoulders, as if they were anxious to receive as much of the air as possible. Your turner of the present year of God 1832, is a *buck* of the year of Grace 1808 or 9, and a *muttoneer** of 1820. He is confined all the week by some sedentary employment, to which he sits down every day regularly at ten o'clock—having first opened, with a neat and adroit jerk, the lowest button of his waistcoat—and from which he does not rise till four, after which he takes a *constitutional walk* till five. The arrear of exercise and air, which has been gathering during the week, he pays off by one good "turn" on the Sunday afternoon, having first heard the forenoon sermon—or perhaps not—in some respectable church, such as St Giles's, which always presents ample scope and verge enough for a great number of what may be called skirmishing church-goers. Say he has been indulging a little on the Saturday night, in the lodgings of some friend, or in the Rainbow; perhaps a brother turner drops in upon him next forenoon, exactly out of time for sermon, and finds him, as the bells are just ringing in, beginning to reach his arms out of bed, and calling for breakfast. In one hour after that date, the two are seen dropping out at the bottom of the King's Park, on the way to Portobello. We say no more. They return about four, and, falling into the ranks of the church-going people, may be singled out, secure as they think themselves, by the characteristics we have described. But we must look back to the turners and the turner system of thirty years since—a class, of course, who were the gay young men of the time of Deacon Brodie.

Suppose the High Street of Edinburgh, on a Sunday forenoon, about that period—a fine summer Sunday—the sun throwing a deep black shade on the south side of the street, and brilliantly illuminating the north side; the bells of St Giles's just beginning to stagger to a cessation; Dr Blair past in his gown; only a few decent citizens, with their wives and children, remaining unchurched; these evidently about to disappear off the street altogether. A small group of middle-aged respectable Lawnmarketeers, who have hitherto been standing at the Cross, as if intending to go into church themselves, begin to observe that the streets are getting so empty as to make *their* appearance a little conspicuous. When the bell ceases entirely, they start a little, as if taken by surprise, and, muttering something about being too late, psalms begun, and so forth, pull out their watches to see if they are exact with the town clock, cast a few affectedly careless glances around them, and then begin to sidle away in different directions, some apparently towards the Tron, others towards St Giles's. They never reach those places, however. They are absorbed in closes and stairs upon the way. In about half an hour, if you were stationed about the Meadow Walk, or Bruntsfield Links, you would see the same figures come oozing out at different exits from the town, and meet at the Golf-house, or at the Cage, or other place of rendezvous, and then proceed, in full band, in the direction of Currie or the Hunter's Tryste. About one o'clock, Mr J—— L—— might be seen cooling it through Straiton, in the midst of a slow procession of bellied men, his hat and wig perhaps borne aloft on the end of his stick, and a myriad of flies buzzing and humming in the shape of a pennon, from behind his shining pow. Perhaps Captain B——, of the town-guard, is of the set; he has a brother a farmer about Woodhouselee; and they intend to call there, and be treated to a check of lamb, or something of that kind, with a glass of spirits and water, "for really the day is very warm." The talk is of Sir Ralph Abercromby and General Brune, and the Duke of York and the Texel; or, more interesting subject still, the last week's proceedings of the Edinburgh volunteers in the Links. These fat men, who not only sleep o' nights, but almost o' days too, are all serjeants and corporals in the regiment, though, of course, they employ real veteran serjeants to run about planting the little flags to march by, and other matters of duty; it being as much as they can do to go through the regular business of the drill.

"'Pon my honour," says one, "it was too bad of Justice Clerk Hope to keep us so long upon the ground on Thursday. Two mortal hours. I thought I should have fainted with the fatigue and the heat together. I declare, when we all rushed afterwards into the Golf-house to get a draught of porter, I think I drank a whole bottle before ever I felt the taste of it. It was all spent upon the mere aridity of the soil."

"It was a terrible drill, indeed," remarks another. "I heard Lieutenant Beveridge himself say, that he never knew one so fatiguing; Captain Jardine was quite at a loss to know what his Lordship meant. That hopping body, ——, who was my rear rank man, tramped down the heel of my shoe at the beginning of the drill, and I had to march all the time in that state: I thought I should have died of the pain of it."

"But what do you think Lord Cathcart said of us," asks another, "after our last review? Why, he said that with five hundred such troops he would not be afraid to meet the charge of three thousand Frenchmen."*

The turners do not countenance newfangled flashy houses of entertainment, which spring up by the wayside every now and then, and, after a year or two, sink again into another state of existence. They are attached to old, small, permanent thatched ale-houses, kept by decent *widow-women*, whose husbands perished many years ago by the shooting of quarries, or other accidents, and who were then set up "in a way of doing" by subscription. With the snecks of the doors of such houses they are as familiar as with their own firesides. They enter the humble quiet abode, and in an easy friendly way step into the family apartment, where they find the widow compounding between God and Mammon (being unable to leave the house for church), by sitting in front of an extinct fire, with a large Bible open upon her knees, which she reads with one of the eyes of her spirit, while the other is cast backward and *benward*, in reflection upon a reckoning there in progress.

"Well, Mrs Simpson, how are you the day? Very warm weather. When did you hear from your son William? And how is John getting on now?"

"Oh, sir," answers the widow, "William's still with the army in Holland; but I heard frae him lately, and, thank Heaven, he keeps his health. John has been in the Hielands for mair than a year, and he's now gardener to Mr M'Scandlish of Dronascandlish—some gait about Badenoch, I think they ca' it."

"And is your dochter Jean still in her place with Mr Smith, in Edinburgh?"

"Ou ay, sir; and she has got an addition of ten shillings a-year to her wages."

After some chat of this kind, the result of a sincere interest which the Messrs Turners take in the affairs of the widow *once a-week*, some undertoned communications pass amongst them—whispers, and mutterings, and unsyllabled sounds—concerning neither they nor any other body knows what, but which at last take shape and language—"*Ay, a little spirits and water;*" their minds, be it remarked, having been all alike made up upon the subject, without communication, for the last two miles of the road, though nobody likes to pronounce the exact words till a certain trace of the general wish is mutually perceived through the hum of discussion. "Ay," at last says one aloud, after the sounds have been advancing gradually to speech for a quarter of a minute, "a little spirits and water." The widow parades the desired liquor, which is no sooner set upon the table, than they begin with renewed vehemence to wipe their dewy foreheads, and remark upon the heat of the day, although for a minute or two previously they had intermitted that employment. As there is only a single tumbler, one who assumes the office of high priest of the stoup, presents a little of the fluid to his neighbour, who says, however, with a disinterested air and hurried tone, "Be doing yoursel', Mr ——, be doing yoursel'—I'm in nae hurry"—though in secret he is all the time absolutely burning to be at it; and then, taking up the water, he says, "Tell me when to stop," and so pours the proper modicum of that less generous fluid upon the spirits already in the glass. "Hech, that's refreshing!" is the exclamation of each, as he sets down the empty rummer. "We've had a long walk. I dinna ken the time when I was so thirsty before." "Good whisky that," says one; "Clemie's Wells, I suppose." "A wee thocht of a goo,"* says another, "but *good whisky*." "I thought," says a third, tasting a little of it raw, with a very knowing air, and a peculiar compression of the lips, and shutting of the eyes, "I thought it had a kind o' *took*.† Where dye get this, mistress?" "Ou, I deal wi' Mr Galloway, i' the Bow-fit. We juist get ey the twa gallons as ither twa's dune. He's an *extro-o-rnar decent man*, Mr Galloway." They then enter into extensive conversation with the widow about the improvements of the country-side, and the late deaths and marriages among the inhabitants. "That's a fine new gate Mortonha' is building." Or, "that's an excellent crop of beare behind the house, Mrs Simpson." Or, "Mrs H. of C. has had a son lately, I hear." Or whatever else. The object is to keep up an apparently interested talk, or what Haggart would have styled gammon, for the landlady, till they are fully gratified with liquor. Afterwards they stroll back to town in a cool light way, with their sticks at the advance, and their lapels drifting far over their shoulders in the wind.

Sometimes turners are very much annoyed by the weather. At setting out, they are by no means critical about the sky. They hope for good weather so fondly, that they will hardly permit themselves to suppose that it can be any thing but fair. If either the sky, however, is overcast, or a few straggling drops from some passing cloud are felt upon the cheeks, then is it curious to observe how they coax, as it were, the powers of the air, and extract, like true

* See Journal, No. 14.

* This was said by different officers of every militia regiment raised during the French war. It was a pickled phrase for review-days, and, we need not remark, had little reference to the real merit of any particular corps of which it was said.

* Gout—*Fr.* taste.

† This word, we suspect, is beyond even Dr Jamieson.

philosophers, good out of evil. "A little dull, I think: clouds high, though." "Draw to heat, I think." "Likely clear up about twelve o'clock." "Only a few drops: good to lay the dust." "Too much wind to be much rain." "A little rain do much good: help to lay the wind." Sometimes it is "the rain to lay the wind;" sometimes "the wind to lay the rain:" but there is always some consolation—always some refuge. If the rain come seriously on when they are, perhaps, one mile out of town, "Oh, never mind; soon be at Mrs Thomson's." Sometimes, however, a traitor to the cause of turning remarks, as he contemplates the soaking of his clothes, "It would have been better, perhaps, if we had been all at church *yet*;" a sentiment that falls upon the poor company like ten additional bucketfuls. Another, however, chancing to look up, says, cheerfully, "Clearing in the west! We'll have a fine day yet." When, again, all is joy; and Mrs Thomson's door is passed—that not being "*the house*." "A mere skiff, after all: nothing to speak of. The folk at Pennycuik are getting it, though." "There's a rainbow—it's all off—down with the umbrellas."

There is a certain class of turners, who have a particular *penchant* for Leith Pier, as the object and goal of a walk. "A turn to the end of Leith Pier" used to be a nice neat thing, just sufficient to give a keener relish for the jigot of mutton done to a turn at home, and to be partaken of at five. They used to drop down Leith Walk, or the Easter Road, at the rate of two knots and a half in the hour; and when they had reached the end of the pier, they would stand listlessly for a quarter of an hour, gazing over the parapet, and casting their minds, as it were, abroad upon the waters. This has long been a favourite walk, we suspect, among the turners; for we observe that in the acts passed in the reign of King William against Sabbath-breaking, the Castlehill, the King's Park, and *Leith Pier*, are the promenades particularly pointed out as most frequented by the public. Judge, then, how the race and order of turners have felt of late at seeing the *end* of the pier—or what had been the end from time immemorial—converted into a middle, by the elongation of the mole towards the Martello Tower! Was not that a matter for despair? A friend, who enters fully into the feelings and associations of "the turners," is of belief that they have not yet acknowledged the wooden addition as a part of the *pier proper;* just as some stately old government of the east of Europe might refuse to sanction a new-set-up country made out of a province in the west, and which pretended to have a king of its own. They cannot away with this unseemly upstart thing, or piece of work, which has disturbed their souls with new and untoward ideas. In short, the novelty of the lengthened pier has destroyed all their comfort in this walk; and while the managers of the work are congratulating themselves and the public on its advantages for the harbour, they little think how much mischief it has occasioned among the TURNERS.

[The English and provincial reader will, it is hoped, make some allowance for the locality of this article: there is little reason to doubt that corresponding characters are to be found standing in the same relation to corresponding places in and about every large town in the empire. The Editors at the same time hope that the burlesque which lurks at the bottom of the article will be obvious enough to satisfy those who consider the trespasses of the turners in their more serious light.]

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE JEWS.

THOUGH there were nearly as great a variety of nations in ancient times as in the present, there were much fewer who practised the art of reading and writing: hence the very names of most of them are forgotten, and what we know of the rest is derived only from the records which three celebrated nations have left of their own neighbourhoods, or of the places visited by their armies or merchants. The countries occupied by these three nations, the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans (independent of that of the Egyptians, already noticed), lay at different points along the shores of an inland sea, and were neither large nor far removed from each other. When we look on the coast of the Mediterranean, at the places where they dwelt, we wonder that our whole knowledge of the world for four thousand years should be derived only from the inhabitants of such inconsiderable spots. But it was in these spots only that means were in practice for transmitting the knowledge acquired in one age to the people of another. Over all the rest of the world, when a generation passed away, its labours and knowledge passed away with it: the knowledge of every man, however much he had done or learned, died when he died, and was lost to his successors; hence the bulk of the people of antiquity never rose above the situation of savages. Among some of them there were indeed certain imperfect modes of writing; but on account of their clumsiness, these took so much time to acquire even in their imperfections, that they could only be learned by a few, such as the priests, and were never diffused among the people. This was the case in Egypt, and, it is supposed, also in Persia and Chaldea, in all which countries, relics of some lame attempts at the use of letters are found on stones, and rocks, and in tombs; but they contain, as far as they can be unriddled, only names, and circumstances serving for dates, which would be utterly unintelligible without the light thrown on them by the writings of the three nations we have mentioned. The Egyptians had made considerable progress in some arts, such as painting, building, and statuary; but every thing was learned by direct instruction from one man to another, almost in the manner of apprenticeship; and their marks used for writing were quite insufficient for communicating specific instruction on any subject. Hence we know nothing of their history but what is learned from the Hebrews and Greeks, whose writings are sometimes dimly illustrated by monuments and dubious inscriptions found in Egypt itself. With regard to all the other nations of antiquity, it is the same; what even is known concerning them is known only from the books of the three nations we have mentioned. Without these the whole world, for four thousand years, would have been to us as if it had never been; and concerning every people whom they have not mentioned (with a few exceptions), it is so now. We know nothing of them, not even of their existence; whole nations lived, flourished, and became extinct; tongues and languages were formed, changed, and lost during several thousand years, without one step of the process having reached our ears; solely because they were beyond that circle which was known to the only nations who were acquainted with the art of writing. In the continent of North America there are now and then found relics of a people more civilized than any who have lived there for many ages; fortifications, it is said, have been discovered, which could only have been planned by some degree of science; and tools of excellent quality have been found in certain gold mines recently opened in Virginia; all of which are traces of the existence of a race of men now forgotten, and of whom the very name has perished; it seems like believing in a mystery to credit even their very existence. Yet, had it not been for the solitary writings of the Hebrews, a like darkness would have overspread the memory of all the nations of our own continent for the first two thousand years of its existence; the Greeks rescued it from oblivion for the next thousand; and the Romans only were added for another thousand, to preserve the memory of its nations from perishing.

The Hebrews are the most ancient of these "People of the Book," and were descended from an Arabian shepherd of the name of Abraham, whose grandson, Jacob, and his children, emigrated into Egypt, where they settled, and became a numerous, though distinct, people. In their adopted country they received the name "Hebrew," or "Foreigners," and were at the beginning treated with much kindness, and had peculiar privileges, especially while under the protection of Joseph, who, as described in Scripture, was the original cause of their migration. Agreeable to ancient patriarchal usages, the sons of Jacob became the heads of separate tribes, or clans, yet all adhering together in a general union of interests. From an early period, the descendants of Abraham, as we are told in the inspired writings, were selected by the Almighty for the purpose of establishing a religion much more pure than any prevalent in the ancient world, and intended as a typical precursor of that still purer faith which all civilized nations now profess. This is a most extraordinary fact in the history of the Hebrews, who, be it well remembered, were, from whatever cause, the only people in the early ages who had any conception of the nature and attributes of the true and unseen GOD.

The rapid increase of the Hebrews in Egypt soon excited the jealousy of the masters of the country; and, from being in high favour, their tribes gradually fell under the lash of power, and came to be treated as public slaves. From the description of their situation, which is given in Genesis, and the affecting allusions to it afterwards in different passages of the Psalms, it appears that their tyrannical masters viewed them with the same kind of hatred, contempt, and fear, which are now inspired by the negroes in the southern States of America, and by slaves, indeed, in every country. Their sufferings were at last avenged by a direct interposition of Providence, which visited their oppressors with successive plagues, storm, vermin, and pestilence, till every living and growing thing in the land of Egypt was threatened with destruction; and the selfish rulers of the country were at last constrained by terror to release their injured bondsmen. The God of their fathers brought the Hebrews out of Egypt with a high hand and an outstretched arm; a branch of the Red Sea was dried up in order to aid their departure; and the Egyptians, who attempted to pursue them, were overwhelmed in the returning waters. Even during their sojourn in the "house of bondage," the Hebrews seem to have cultivated a national learning, which rendered them superior to their taskmasters; for though Moses, their leader, had been trained in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, he was obliged to have recourse to the eloquence of his brother Aaron, the Levite (who had been educated after the manner of the Hebrews), on any occasion where it became necessary to speak in public. The acquaintance with writing, besides, which is shown in the transactions of the Hebrew leaders, immediately on their taking command of their countrymen, is a feature not to be traced in any relics we have of Egyptian knowledge; the latter people seem to have paid more attention to the arts of life, which their wealth gave them the means and inducement to cultivate; while the Hebrews, who were poor and oppressed, sought relief in the recollection of an ancestry of whom they had just reason to be proud, and cultivated the use of letters, that they might be enabled to cherish their fame. One of the tribes was early set apart for sacred duties, and for preserving the records of their nation; and their history is therefore complete and authentic, shedding a steady light on all the first ages of the world.

After crossing the Red Sea (before Christ 1490), the Hebrews passed into a desert country, parched, rocky, and barren, with the purpose of journeying through it, to take possession of the fertile land which lay onwards to the north-west. In this sandy and trackless wilderness, their multitudes could neither have traced their way nor procured subsistence, without a continual miracle—the hand of God brought for them rivers of water out of the flinty rock; rained manna, or bread, from heaven; and gave a pillar of cloud to direct their journeys through the day, and a pillar of fire by night. He delivered the tables of a moral law to Moses, their leader; and gave out a set of regulations for the ceremonies of worship, the establishment of a separate order devoted to religion and learning, and for the civil government of the nation. They had thus a regular polity and written laws, when most other countries of the world knew only the law of the sword, or of savage animal superiority.

The country which was allotted as a settlement to this people was at that time occupied by many numerous and warlike tribes, who had grown strong in its fertile plains and vallies; and the generation of the Hebrews, whose spirits had been tamed by the bondage of Egypt, was too timid to be willing to encounter such enemies. Their want of confidence in the arm which had hitherto protected them was punished by a sojourn in the wilderness of forty years, till the whole of that generation had died, and left their bones in the deserts.

The contest of their successors with the Canaanites, the inhabitants of the country which they were to occupy, was not of long duration. They defeated them one after another in rapid succession; and the alarm which had deterred their fathers from making the attack was now transferred to their enemies, who feared it. The old Israelites had said in the desert, "we are in our own sight as grasshoppers, before these sons of Anak; hath the Lord brought us out of the land of Egypt to fall by the sword of this people?" But the new generation had a firmer confidence in the help which was promised them; and it was now the turn of their foes to shrink, insomuch that "their hearts melted, neither was their spirit in them any more, because of the children of Israel." (Before Christ 1450.)

The Book of Judges exhibits the Hebrews in possession of the Promised Land, but often forgetful in their prosperity of the God who had guided them through their sufferings. To punish their ingratitude, and remind them of their dependence on Heaven, they were obliged to maintain a continual struggle with the nations who surrounded them, for the fertile country which they occupied. They were at this time divided into two or three separate governments, each of which had at times a different judge, and sometimes fell separately under the arm of some powerful enemy. The instances of generous patriotism, of bravery, and of devout confidence in the God of their fathers, which are shown in the acts of several of the judges, render the record of their history one of the most interesting and romantic in the earth. Yet they were often reduced to the greatest distress. "Because of the Midianites," it is said, "the Children of Israel made them dens in the mountains, caves, and strongholds; and when Israel had sown, the people of the east came up against them, and destroyed the increase of the earth, till they left no sustenance for Israel, neither sheep, nor ox, nor ass—for they came up as the grasshoppers for multitude; and the Children of Israel cried to the Lord." From these calamities they were at times delivered by the devotion of some pastoral soldier among their tribes. Their songs of rejoicing on such occasions still more pathetically tell the disturbed state of the country, and present the troubles of its inhabitants for three hundred years (before Christ 1427 to 1112), while they formed a republic under their judges; but it is also a picture of the whole earth at that period: the Hebrews only bore a share of calamities, which fell much more severely upon others, in an age when regular government was unknown. It says much for this people, that in the midst of such a scene of unrest, they continued still to cultivate letters. The beautiful simplicity of the narratives given concerning the heroes of their country is not to be equalled in any other remains of antiquity.

The epoch of kings succeeded that of judges. The reign of Saul, their first monarch, though the people were stronger by being united, was gloomy and troubled. David, who succeeded, was a soldier and a conqueror. He rendered the Hebrews formidable to the whole of their enemies, and gave them a regular and defensible position, expelling their old antagonists from every part of the country. He left an empire peaceful, respected, and strong; and, what was of as much importance, he selected from among his sons a successor who was able to improve all these advantages, and to add to the progress which his countrymen had already made in prosperity. Under Solomon, the name of the Hebrew government being able to protect its subjects in other countries, the people and their king began to employ themselves in commerce. Their trade was at first engrafted on that of Tyre, a people speaking a similar language with themselves, and like them, too (though certainly to a smaller degree), acquainted with the art of writing. The commerce of the time of Solomon is the only portion of that part of the history of the Jews which is noticed in sacred writ, but there is no reason to sup-

pose that after his day it was discontinued. It was, perhaps, no longer a matter of state; but the wealth of the country (which exposed it to continual pillage), and the number of prosperous Hebrews who were found in all parts of the earth (it would be idle to say that these were all brought away as captives), render it probable that, from the splendid reign of this monarch, they always continued to be addicted to commerce. It is indeed likely that they had been so before his reign, and that Solomon merely took commerce under the protection of the state; for there is no instance on record of any monarch all at once, and successfully, creating a national trade. However this may be, a greater contrast cannot be imagined than between the troubles of the time of the judges (only one hundred years before), and the peace, security, and enjoyment of this reign. "And the king made silver to be in Jerusalem as stones; and cedars made he to be as sycamore trees that are in the vale for abundance: and Judah and Israel were many; as the sand which is by the sea-shore for multitude, eating, and drinking, and making merry." The riches lavished upon the temple, which was erected in his time, are still the wonder of the east and west; and though the building itself may now be rivalled in extent by many of our parish churches, yet the gold, ivory, and other precious materials employed in its decoration, indicate a wealth which must, at that time, have been without a parallel. Both Solomon and David, his father, were men accomplished in learning, as well as in the arts of government; and the writings which they have left, if they show their own abilities, indicate not less a great attention to the cultivation of knowledge among the rest of the Hebrews. That nation could neither have reared such men, nor treasured up their productions, had there not been many among them well qualified to relish, and even to imitate, such efforts. We do not here allude to the inspiration of these writings; it is merely to their poetical beauties, and to the profound and calm knowledge of mankind with which they abound, "beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame." It is vain to look in all the long list of the kings of other nations for two such names as David and Solomon.

After the death of Solomon, the country fell into the same divisions which had weakened it in the time of the judges. Each of the districts of North and South Israel were under a separate king, and they were exposed both to the attacks of their enemies and to quarrels with each other. Their history is a succession of agitating conflicts for independence, and of unexpected and remarkable deliverances, of a similar nature to those of the earlier period, and they continued for about the same length of time (380 years); but they are marked by fewer of those traits of heroic devotion which distinguished the epoch of the judges. The backslidings, errors, and misgovernment of their kings, is the chief and painful subject which is presented to us; and though these are relieved at times by the appearance of such monarchs as Josiah, Jehoshaphat, and Hezekiah, yet the whole history of this period is overcast with the gloominess of progressive decline. By far the most delightful parts of it are those which relate to the lives of the Prophets, who were raised up at intervals, to warn the nation and its rulers of the fate which they incurred by forsaking the religion of their fathers. These inspired men sometimes sprung up from among the humblest classes of the community: one from "the herdsmen of Tekoa," another from "ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen;" several were of the priestly order, and one (Isaiah) is said to have been of royal lineage; but the works of all are marked with the same sacredness, force, and authority. They reprehend their countrymen, in the most eloquent strains, at one time for their idolatry, and at another for their hypocrisy; and their indignation is expressed with the same freedom and dignity against the vices of the highest and the lowest. It has become fashionable to trace the free spirit of our national tone of thinking to the historians and orators of Greece and Rome, which are taught in our schools; but any one who looks into the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and sees the boldness and energy with which the humblest of them threatens the nobles and princes of his country, or chastises the vices of the nation around him, will remark the pedantry of seeking, in volumes known only to the learned, for an effect which may be traced to books whose strong and pathetic eloquence has long swayed the affections of every peasant of the country. There is no subtlety of reasoning, no sporting with ambiguities, in these writings; every thing is bold, decided, and powerful, appealing to great principles, and marked with high and energetic feelings. What a film of fancy-work are the metaphysical ingenuities of Plato, compared with the firm, broad, and uncompromising morality, the mild domestic charities, taught in the books of Psalms and Proverbs, or the pathetic and indignant remonstrances of the Prophets against the backslidings of the "daughter of their people!"

At the end of the epoch of the kings (about 600 years before Christ), the land of Israel was swept by several powerful invaders, who carried off many thousands of the people into captivity. Little is known of the fate of those of the northern district, who are sometimes supposed to have been carried to India, sometimes to Tartary; but there are many interesting notices of the captives of Judah. They were carried to Babylon, a flat country intersected by rivers, to the eastward of their own. Here they seem to have been treated with kindness, and many of them even arrived at wealth and distinction. Nothing, however, could overcome their regret at being torn from the country of their ancestors—a feeling which is expressed with unrivalled beauty in the 137th Psalm, where the Hebrew captive looks back mournfully to the mountains and brooks of Judah, as he hangs his harp on the willows by the sluggish Euphrates, and refuses, with sorrow and scorn, to gratify his conquerors by singing the celebrated songs of his country in a strange land. It is a farther proof of what we have said of the general intelligence and education of the Jews, that all the conquerors who carried them off granted them high privileges in their new countries. Alexander, it is said, made them equal with his own Macedonians in the city which he founded; Ptolemy conferred on them similar privileges. We find one celebrated man of their nation (Daniel) chief minister of two successive monarchies. Hebrew generals more than once commanded the armies of Egypt; and the scattered notices of history present to us many of them in other public situations of importance and trust.

After 70 years (during which there is little account of the people who were left in the country), permission was given to some of the chief Hebrews of the captivity to return with their people to Judea, and to establish there a government, conducted by their own countrymen, under the protection of the Persians. They were also allowed to rebuild the temple. Many families returned accordingly; and the Hebrews from this period enjoyed, as tributaries of this powerful monarchy, a long peace of about 220 years, during which their country seems to have been quiet and prosperous. About 187 years before Christ, in consequence of their becoming involved in the quarrels of neighbouring powers, they were obliged to maintain a series of struggles in behalf both of their religious and national independence, more fierce and prolonged than we read of in almost any other nation. We are accustomed to admire the gallantry and perseverance of Wallace and of William Tell in behalf of their country; but Judas Maccabeus surpassed both, and with more brilliant success. The actions of one family of Jewish priests, belonging to a town (Modin) of which the very site is unknown, might dignify the scutcheons of a whole aristocracy. Under them the Hebrews were again, for three reigns, an independent and even a powerful people.

The empire of the Romans was now extending itself to the east; and that power being called in to aid the Hebrews on one occasion (about 70 years before Christ), seized the opportunity to establish its influence among them permanently. Their kings, the three Herods, and their other rulers, were now dependants of the emperor, and their country the tributary of Rome. But they were by this time a people scattered over the whole earth; their captivities and emigrations had taken them abroad, and their intelligence or knowledge had rendered them prosperous; so that, when, about 70 years after our Saviour's birth, those who remained at home engaged in a rebellion against the Romans, and were slain in tens and hundreds of thousands at the capture of Jerusalem, the misfortune had no more effect in extinguishing the Jewish name than it would have now.

As in the case of Egypt, already detailed, the country of the Jews, now known chiefly by the name of Palestine, became a conquest of the Saracens, a half-civilized Arabian people, and the professors of Mahomedanism. Since that event it has been the seat of barbaric ignorance, and been little visited. Of the Jews themselves, few are found in their ancient territory, the nation being scattered over the face of the whole earth, yet in its misfortunes maintaining an individuality so surprising as to be almost miraculous, and as if designed, according to the prophecies of the sacred writers, to be at some period restored to the beloved Zion from which it has been banished.

HUNTING ADVENTURES.

THE following anecdote is abridged from that clever periodical, the *Monthly Magazine*, of March 1831, where it is given upon the authority of a Danish writer. Whether true or not, it possesses a power and force of description altogether its own:—

About three years since, after a short residence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil, in order to visit from thence the celebrated mountains of Quito. On arriving at Guayaquil, I found there two travellers, who were preparing to take the same route. These were Captain Wharton, an English naval officer, and a young midshipman, named Lincoln. The frigate which Wharton commanded had suffered considerably in her voyage through the South Seas; and as it was now undergoing the necessary repairs, Wharton resolved to devote some of his leisure time to visiting the forests and mountains of Quito. It was quickly agreed that we should make the journey together. I found Wharton a frank and open-hearted man; and his young favourite, Lincoln, a youth of eighteen, had a handsome sun-burnt countenance, with an expression of determined bravery.

We set out on a fine clear morning, attended by my huntsman, Frank, and two Indians as guides. On beginning to ascend the mountain, the scenery became more enchanting at every step. The mighty Andes, like a vast amphitheatre, covered to their summits with gigantic forests, towered aloft; the snow-crested Chimborazo reared its proud front; the terrific Cotopaxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame; and innumerable other mountains, branching from the far-spreading Cordilleras, faded away in the distance. With an involuntary shudder I entered the narrow path that leads into the magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from branch to branch; the paroquets chattered incessantly; and the eagles, from amidst the tall cypresses where they had built their nests, sent down a wild cry. The farther we advanced, new objects presented themselves on every side: the stately palms, with their broad sword-like leaves; the singular soap-tree; the splendid mongolia; the tall wax-tree, and the evergreen-oak, reared themselves proudly over the orange groves, with whose fragrance was blended the aromatic perfume of the vanilla.

Towards evening, our guides began to quicken their pace, and we hastened after them. In a short time they uttered a shout of joy, of which we quickly discovered the cause. By the light of a large fire, which was kindled in an open space of the forest, we descried a little Indian village, consisting of several huts erected on trunks of trees, and to which were appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who was employed in replenishing the fire, answered the cry of our guides in a similar tone; and, after a short conference, we were conducted into one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning we again resumed our way through the deep shade of the forest, and in due time stopped to enjoy a repast under a broad-leaved palm.

We then continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snowy head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gradually gathering round it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid, that the steel-work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopt. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents, along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and so violently, that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes. Then came the lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath—everywhere a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned; he had discovered a spacious cavern. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar-trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of ——." He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!"—and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar-tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the

stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury, upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him!" said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang, growling, from the entrance, but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton; "we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close behind the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning; and the tiger, who heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance shewed us what he had been doing. He had strangled the two cubs; and before we were aware of his intention, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I censured my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of the action, I perceived, by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue, and with it all sense of the ties between master and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of birds in the neighbouring forest, and the sun was streaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton, "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with her's. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look round, as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head —"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for that the tigers had gone round the height, possibly to seek another inlet to the cave. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprung up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and, with his sword, divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance—she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Maddened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of his blow: he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain. For an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it, to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror—then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's bed, and listened to his deep breathing. It became more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to repass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination; and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief when they learnt poor Lincoln's fate. Some hastened away in search of the body, and I remained with my wounded friend, who still lay insensible to every thing around him. Sleep at length overpowered me. Towards morning a song of lamentation and mourning aroused me—it was from the Indians, who were returning with Lincoln's body. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to return back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tigers' skins, which they had strewed with green boughs; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe.

DIGESTION.

THE food being received into the stomach, is prepared for assimilation with the body by digestion. This process—to borrow the words of an acute modern writer—taken in its most general and most proper sense, may be defined the conversion of dead into living matter; at all events, it is the conversion of dead animal and vegetable substances into an animalized fluid, qualified to enter into the current of the circulation, and then to become part and parcel of the living machine. No other fluid, not even milk from the living udder, can be poured into the blood-vessels without risk of life; and, therefore, we are authorised to conclude, that the chyle (that is, the digested food) is a vitalized fluid, like the blood itself.

There have been various opinions concerning the manner in which the digestive process is carried on. The ancients supposed that it was effected by heat; and this opinion was formed from a consideration of the situation of the stomach, which they thought was in the hottest part of the body, being placed in the cavity of the abdomen, and surrounded by numerous soft organs. That heat acts as an auxiliary to digestion, is not to be doubted; but it can never be considered as a principal agent in the process; for cold-blooded animals are known to digest their food sufficiently well to supply the wants of the machine; their temperature is but little higher than that of the atmosphere.

Another idea was that of *fermentation;* but the food does not remain a sufficient time in the stomach to allow of fermentation; nay, if this process should take place, it would induce disease. The best founded theory is that of solution; that is, of solution through the means of a very peculiar solvent. Rheaumur inclosed alimentary matter in tubes, which were pervious at both ends, and introduced them into the stomach of animals; when they were discharged, he found that the substances which he had inclosed in the tubes were so acted upon by the gastric juice as to become almost dissolved. Sometimes a part of the stomach itself has been found dissolved or digested after death; but this phenomenon is rarely found in those who have died of any lingering malady; it usually occurs in such as die suddenly, and are at the time immediately previous to their death in good health; it is observable also, that in these cases it is always the upper portion of the stomach which disappears. The following interesting experiments, made by Dr Stevens, will show, in a very forcible manner, the effect of this peculiar process of solution. The first series which we shall describe was made upon a man who was in the habit of swallowing stones. Alimentary matter was introduced into hollow silver spheres, divided into two cavities by a partition, and having a number of apertures on the surface, to allow the gastric juice to mix freely with the food. In one experiment a portion of *meat* was put into one of the cavities, and into the other a portion of *fish:* when the sphere was discharged, both the substances were found to have been acted upon by the gastric juice, but more especially the fish. In another experiment, the Doctor wished to ascertain if the cooking of meat retarded its digestibility. For this purpose he introduced a quantity of boiled meat into one part of the sphere, and some roast into the other, when it was ascertained that the boiled meat was more dissolved than the roast. The next discovery he wished to make was the comparative effect of this extraordinary solvent upon food previously masticated, and upon that which was swallowed whole. This experiment was conducted like the former, and the food, which was previously masticated, was more dissolved than the other.

Finding that animal substances thus submitted to the action of the gastric juice were easily digested, he made many similar experiments on vegetables, which were also digested, but not so speedily as animal matter. Inanimate substances not being so readily soluble, he next inquired how far living animals were capable of resisting the action of the gastric juice.

To ascertain this, he inclosed a leech in a sphere, to prevent its wounding the stomach. The man swallowed it, and, when voided, nothing was found in the

sphere but a viscid black miasma, the undefined remains of the digested leech.

Dr Stevens, having no longer an opportunity of conducting his experiments on the man, had recourse to dogs and ruminating animals. Having previously weighed a quantity of animal and vegetable matter, he inclosed them in different ivory spheres, and made a dog swallow them. Some hours after this the dog was killed, and the animal food was found to be by far the most dissolved. The gastric juice of these animals has such a strong solvent power, that the ivory spheres which were employed were found to have been acted upon. He then made several experiments on herbivorous animals, by giving them animal and vegetable substances inclosed in different tubes. When these were discharged, the animal food had undergone no alteration; while, on the contrary, there were no remains of the vegetable matter.

These experiments plainly prove that digestion is by solution, in which process the gastric juice is the principal and general agent that acts upon the food, dissolves it, and combines with it previous to its propulsion into the intestines, where the process of assimilation is further advanced. It also appears, from these experiments, that some animals can only digest vegetable substances, while others are only capable of digesting animal food—every species of animal having, in fact, its peculiar gastric juice.—*New London Literary Gazette.*

SICILY.

In common apprehension, Sicily is a good place for the scene of a dark-blue romance about castles, and dukes, and priests, and daggers. Nobody knows any thing about the place; and the writers of fiction, presuming upon the public ignorance, have taken occasion to people it with a world of their own, which they might almost as well place in Great Britain, if it were not that they would be found out if they did. This is not right. Sicily has as good a right to be known for exactly what it is, and what it contains, as any place; and we therefore present the following account of it from the work of a recent and most intelligent traveller:*

The island of Sicily, which lies in the Mediterranean Sea, at the most southerly extremity of Italy, possesses a population of only a million and a half. The disproportion of nobles is great, there being in this small kingdom, exclusively of the royal family, the archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, and other church dignitaries, no less than one hundred and twenty-seven princes, seventy-eight dukes, one hundred and forty marquises, with counts, barons, and knights almost innumerable. Many of these titles, however, never wore the honourable badges of power and trust, but simply marks of distinction, conferring little more than local importance, and bestowed by the crown for various services. The baronial peers alone possess any influence in the country, and are entitled to sit in the Upper House of Parliament.

A few of the nobles attend to public affairs, and shew a considerable share of talent and sagacity; but, from defective education, and from being deprived of the advantages of travelling, the majority have narrow and contracted ideas, which lead them to prefer the dissipation and the heartless pleasures of the capital, to rural, literary, or scientific pursuits. So far from enjoying the varied beauties of Sicilian landscape, their country excursions, called Villeggiature, are confined to a residence of about a month in spring and autumn, at a small distance from the great towns, where the time is passed in the usual routine of paying and receiving visits, in those monotonous assemblies called conversazioni, and in gambling. In their deportment they are obliging, affable, and attentive, though very ceremonious. Those violations of truth and morality that so frequently cloud the brightest titles, may be attributed to the neglect of the domestic ties, to their indolence, and to the effects of bad example.

In this elevated class the rights of primogeniture are so strictly exercised, that the eldest son alone is well provided for; the others, being retainers for life, on a small pension, called "Il piatto," or dinner-cover, at the father's or elder brother's table, are driven to mean habits; and, as they are not allowed to marry, and are generally deficient in military or civil enterprise, they abandon themselves to idleness, vice, and debauchery.

There is also a class of nobility miserably poor, whose honours never had any patrimony annexed to them, and who are yet too vain to permit themselves or their progeny to engage in commercial or professional undertakings; and it is this class that, by its misdeeds, has lowered the respectability of the whole Sicilian peerage.

A pompous affectation of title is, indeed, the principal trait of the Sicilian character, and is as observable in the vain inscriptions which their public edifices, fountains, and statues display, as in the metaphoric superscriptions of letters in use among all ranks; for even tradesmen address each other Most Illustrious, and a letter to any gentleman scarcely ranking with an esquire in England, is addressed as pompously as to the first peer of the realm.

Most of the nobles have a palace of their own, which goes by their name; but very few, if any, have an establishment sufficiently numerous to occupy the whole building, and many let even the "apartamento nobile," or second floor, restricting themselves to an inferior suite of rooms. They are proud of having a tall robust man as porter at the gate, decked out in more gorgeous livery than any of their other servants, with mustachios, a huge cocked hat and feather, broad cross-belt and hanger, and a large silver-headed cane.

In Sicily every house is a palace, and every handicraft a profession; every respectable person is addressed as his Excellency, and even a servant on an errand is charged with an embassy. This attachment to ostentation is so inveterate, that the poorer nobility and gentry are penurious to an extreme in their domestic arrangements, and almost starve themselves to be able to appear abroad in the evening with an equipage, often mean, and calculated rather to indicate poverty than comfort.

All the Fine Arts are at a very low ebb in Sicily, while the mechanics are idle, and have no notion of constant work. Although there is a manifest decay in the genius of their literature, some expressive sonnets and pastoral poems of merit, with a few works on jurisprudence, ethics, mineralogy, mathematics, natural philosophy, and archæology, however disguised in diffuse and inflated language, prove that talent has not fled from amongst them; but statistics are neglected, and reviews, travels, romances, tales, plays, and other lively productions, are almost strangers to their press. Perhaps the custom of submitting manuscripts to the inspection of supervisors and censors, has contributed to clog the flights of fancy, and occasioned the suppression of many an elegant treatise; for even their "Opusculi, Effemeridi, Notizie Letterarie," and various other journals, have severally existed but for a short period. From the causes before enumerated, female readers are few, and writers of that sex unknown. Of private libraries there is a great dearth. Public libraries are numerous, though but little attended; and foreign authors, except a favoured few, (those principally German that have been translated,) are interdicted; for the least reference to freedom of opinion, in religion or politics, is sufficient to prohibit their introduction into the country. Scarcely any English works, except *Young's Night Thoughts* and *Hervey's Meditations*, are in circulation. The names of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Goldsmith, and other British bards, have barely pierced the gloomy atmosphere of Sicilian prejudice; and even Shakespeare was only latterly introduced to public notice, by a ballet founded on Macbeth. Scott, Crabbe, Byron, and other ornaments of the present day, have found a few admirers; some of our new works on chemistry and medicine became known and esteemed, during the occupation of the island by the British troops, when many students were received as assistants into our military hospitals.

Gambling seems to be still more universal than any other pursuit; it is the inveterate vice of all ranks.

Besides the riches of her mineral and vegetable products, Sicily boasts the finest fisheries in the Mediterranean Sea. There is a destructive method of fishing practised, called the Bilancella, in which two latine-rigged vessels, with a fresh breeze, drag an immense net by means of hawsers, which draws in every thing in its course.

In eating, the Sicilians are generally temperate, though there are many exceptions; and when an entertainment is given, the guests are expected to taste of all the dishes, which are, therefore, successively handed round by the servants, after having been carved. At the feasts of the great, the head of the table is opposite the door where the servants enter, and is appropriated to the most honoured of the company, while the dependants are ranged at the opposite end, around the family chaplain, who is, too often, the butt of the party. The meal commences with soup, which is followed by maccaroni, vegetables variously dressed, and shell-fish, called "frutti di mare." The table, during the changes, remains garnished with small plates of raw ham, anchovies, olives, and fresh figs, and melon when in season; then come bouilli, huge fish, made dishes, roast meats, salad, luscious pastry, and, lastly, fruit and coffee. Wine is plentifully drunk during the repast, sometimes accompanied with "brindisi," a kind of toast, expressed in an extemporaneous complimentary couplet, ending with, and rhyming, either to the name of the guest, or that of the host; and, latterly, the English custom of pledging has been frequently adopted. When the dessert is finished, every one rises with the ladies, a measure that contributes greatly to prevent excess. From the jealousy of their government, they are deprived of that fertile topic of conversation, political discussion. The habit of pilfering at entertainments is a singular meanness, derived from the Romans, and still in full practice, as is also that of placing good wine at the upper end of a table, and bad, or indifferent, among the dependants. The rage to excel in the size of fish for their grand entertainments, yet exists; and I have seen the late Prince of Butera, than whom nobody better understood good cheer, place a whole tunny, garnished round with mullet, like a leviathan, in the centre of his festive board.

Besides the usual fare, snails, ink-fish, frogs, hawks, jackdaws, and small birds of every kind, are eaten; but maccaroni, with cheese grated over it, is the standard and favourite dish of all classes; and there are not a few, even of their public characters, renowned for their prowess in its attack; a kind of honour, corresponding to that enjoyed by our five and six bottle men. Their bread is very fine, and of good quality, with the sweetish seeds of the "gingiolina," an indigenous Sicilian plant, strewed over it. They eat a greater quantity of salads, fruit, pulse, and other vegetables, than, perhaps, would be wholesome, were they not qualified by numerous culinary ingredients, among which cinnamon and other spices, sugar, oil, and garlic, form a prominent feature.

The usual drinks are light wines, lemonade, and orgeat; beer and tea they are strangers to, except medicinally. Iced creams are a favourite luxury, with which they daily regale themselves, besides drinking iced water at their meals, sometimes corrected by a few drops of "zambù," a spirit distilled from aniseed.

* Memoirs descriptive of Sicily and its islands, interspersed with antiquarian and other notices. By Captain W. H. Smyth, R. N. London, 1824.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

"There is perhaps nothing more difficult to an American traveller (continues Mr Fergusson, in his *Notes on the United States and Canada*) than to assign their due and proper *status* to the places which he may visit on the Western Continent, where a mill and a few paltry stores or shops start, as it were by magic, into importance, and where he will hear of the busy transactions of men, carried on in villages or towns, which he may look for in vain upon his map. Buffaloe [a town at the east end of Lake Erie, opposite the Canadian frontier] was becoming a place of some importance in 1814, when it was burnt by the British in a hostile incursion, and would, in our old *jog-trot* part of the world, have been most probably thereby utterly extinguished, or thrown back for a long and indefinite period. Not so, however, here. A spirit of enterprise, which, without doubt, characterises the citizens of America, forbade the local advantages of such a place to remain dormant. The town is now rapidly advancing in wealth and trade, full of bustling merchants, and stores amply provided with the products of every quarter of the globe. The navigation of the great inland seas [Lakes Erie, Ontario, Superior, &c.], and of the Grand Canal [which, by means of the Hudson river, communicates with the Atlantic at New York] here uniting, must confirm the prosperity of Buffaloe; and the influx of emigrants flowing through it, to secure the rich and virgin treasures of the western lands, is almost without example. At this time [about eighteen months ago] the numbers were such, that it required compulsory measures to clear the decks of the daily steamers upon Lake Erie. The population of Buffaloe (I believe) at this time is about 7000. Besides the concourse of strangers common to the season, the town was particularly crowded, during my visit, from the interest excited by the incorporation of a new bank, of which the shares were to be at this time apportioned, and being considered an extremely good investment, a downright scramble ensued for the stock. The capital had been fixed by the State Legislature at 200,000 dollars; but in a few minutes a million and a half were subscribed, and the greatest disappointment expressed by those who had failed to obtain shares, and many of whom had come a great distance for that purpose. The dividend was expected at once to reach 10 per cent.

"I took my departure this morning from Buffaloe, by the track-boat on the Erie Canal, for Rochester, a distance of 94 miles. Fare 3½ dollars, or 15s. 9d., three capital meals included. These boats are much in use by travellers; they are moderate in their charges, comfortable, and well regulated. The cabins are provided with books and pamphlets, and the table abundantly supplied with good cheer. The upper deck affords a pleasant promenade, with fine views of the country, though rather frequently interrupted by innumerable bridges upon the canal, so near the deck that it is absolutely indispensable to descend upon approaching them. The Erie Canal is undoubtedly a magnificent work, and reflects high credit upon those who planned it, and upon the legislature of the state of New York, who have carried it into effect, within the short period of five years, at an expense of 8,000,000 of dollars. It is the property of the state. The outlay has been most judicious, and will produce large returns to the public exchequer, besides the incalculable collateral advantages which it must confer upon the state. It has made a very prosperous opening this spring. Upon the 23d of April, the collection of dues amounted to 4483 dollars, or about L.1200; and the average since has been about L.450 per day. The canal is 40 feet wide at top, 28 at bottom, and 4 deep. The whole extent is 360 miles. Soon after leaving Buffaloe, my eye was attracted to a strange-looking barge, which proved to be a floating menagerie, and I gave *Jonathan* credit for the idea. The great length

of the canal, and the rich improving country which it intersects, will make the speculation, I dare say, a good one; and by judicious intervals in their visits, with a reasonable change of stock, it may expect to retain the charm of novelty. Another travelling establishment lay near it, containing a grocer's store, which must prove a considerable accommodation to families on the line of the canal, living distant from villages or towns.

"Lockport, 27 miles from Buffaloe, has been rapidly transformed from the wilderness into a thriving village of perhaps 2000 inhabitants. The canal near this has been cut through the solid calcareous rock, for a distance of five miles, to a depth of from 5 to 30 feet, and still maintaining the general width of 40. At the termination of this stupendous excavation are placed five double combined locks, of handsome solid masonry. The descent, I believe, is about 70 feet, and the scene is altogether picturesque and interesting. After having been for above an hour immured by the rock on either side, you find yourself suddenly emerge, and approaching steadily to an abyss of a somewhat threatening aspect. Presently, however, a halt takes place, and the beautiful mechanism of the hydrostatic ladder transports you in safety to the plains below. You have in fact descended the Falls of Niagara, for it is the same ridge which intersects Canada, and you are now upon the level of Ontario. Next day we reached the far-famed Rochester; and here I took leave of the canal, intending to prosecute the remainder of my journey to Albany by land. Rochester is well known, to all who take an interest in America, as a remarkable instance of what may be done in the way of transition, and as exhibiting in its streets a perfect sample of the progress from stumps to steeples. It is certainly an interesting place, and presents a busy scene of manufacturing and commercial enterprise."—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THE REV. ROBERT WALKER,

Otherwise styled, THE WONDERFUL WALKER.

Mr Wordsworth, the poet of the English Lakes, in the notes to his poetical volume styled "Sonnets on the River Duddon," gives a prose account of the Rev. Robert Walker, who acted for many years during the last century as curate of Seathwaite, in that part of the country. This person's character and mode of life are so perfectly extraordinary, and afford a picture so truly grateful to the moral affections, that we have resolved to make room for it in our columns.

In the year 1709, Robert Walker was born at Under-crag, in Seathwaite; he was the youngest of twelve children. His eldest brother, who inherited the small family estate, died at Under-crag, aged ninety-four, being twenty-four years older than the subject of this memoir, who was born of the same mother. Robert was a sickly infant; and, through his boyhood and youth continuing to be of delicate frame and tender health, it was deemed best, according to the country phrase, to *breed him a scholar;* for it was not likely that he would be able to earn a livelihood by bodily labour. At that period few of these dales were furnished with school-houses, the children being taught to read and write in the chapel; and in the same consecrated building, where he officiated for so many years both as preacher and schoolmaster, he himself received the rudiments of his education. In his youth he became schoolmaster at Lowes-water; not being called upon, probably, in that situation, to teach more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. But, by the assistance of a "gentleman" in the neighbourhood, he acquired, at leisure hours, a knowledge of the classics, and became qualified for taking holy orders. Upon his ordination, he had the offer of two curacies; the one, Torver, in the vale of Coniston—the other, Seathwaite, in his native vale. The value of each was the same, viz. five pounds per annum: but the cure of Seathwaite having a cottage attached to it, as he wished to marry, he chose it in preference. The young person on whom his affections were fixed, though in the condition of a domestic servant, had given promise, by her serious and modest deportment, and by her virtuous dispositions, that she was worthy to become the helpmate of a man entering upon a plan of life such as he had marked out for himself. By her frugality she had stored up a small sum of money, with which they began housekeeping. In 1735 or 1736, he entered upon his curacy; and, nineteen years afterwards, his situation is thus described, in some letters to be found in the Annual Register for 1760, from which the following is extracted:—

"*Coniston, July* 26, 1754.

"Sir—I was the other day upon a party of pleasure, about five or six miles from this place, where I met with a very striking object, and of a nature not very common. Going into a clergyman's house (of whom I had frequently heard), I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue frock, trimmed with black horn buttons; a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them (what we call clogs in these parts), with a child upon his knee eating his breakfast; his wife, and the remainder of his children, were some of them employed in waiting on each other the rest in teasing and spinning wool, at which trade he is a great proficient; and, moreover, when it is made ready for sale, will lay it by sixteen, or thirty-two pounds weight, upon his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles, will carry it to the market, even in the depth of winter. I was not much surprised at all this, as you may possibly be, having heard a great deal of it related before. But I must confess myself astonished with the alacrity and the good humour that appeared both in the clergyman and his wife, and more so at the sense and ingenuity of the clergyman himself." * *

Then follows a letter from another person, dated 1755, from which an extract shall be given:—

"By his frugality and good management, he keeps the wolf from the door, as we say; and if he advances a little in the world, it is owing more to his own care than to any thing else he has to rely upon. I don't find his inclination is running after further preferment. He is settled among the people, that are happy among themselves; and lives in the greatest unanimity and friendship with them; and I believe the minister and people are exceedingly satisfied with each other; and indeed how should they be dissatisfied, when they have a person of so much worth and probity for their pastor?—a man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness in principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in; and bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity."

We will now give his own account of himself, to be found in the same place:—

"The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about L.17, 10s., of which is paid in cash, viz. L.5 from the bounty of Queen Anne, and L.5 from W. P. Esq. of P——, out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and L.3 from the several inhabitants of L——, settled upon the tenements as a rent-charge; the house and gardens I value at L.4 yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth L.3; but as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees very low, this last-mentioned sum consists merely in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in the happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good will with one another, and are seemingly (I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the established church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of L.40 for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kindness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life."

About the time when this was written, the Bishop of Chester recommended the scheme of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and the nomination was offered to Mr Walker; but an unexpected difficulty arising, Mr W., in a letter to the Bishop (a copy of which, in his own beautiful hand-writing, now lies before me), thus expresses himself: "If he," meaning the person in whom the difficulty originated, "had suggested any such objection before, I should utterly have declined any attempt to the curacy of Ulpha; indeed, I was always apprehensive it might be disagreeable to my auditory at Seathwaite, as they have been always accustomed to double duty, and the inhabitants of Ulpha despair of being able to support a schoolmaster who is not curate there also; which suppressed all thoughts in me of serving them both."

And in a second letter to the Bishop he writes:—

"My Lord—I have the favour of yours of the 1st instant, and am exceedingly obliged on account of the Ulpha affair; if that curacy should lapse into your Lordship's hands, I would beg leave rather to decline than embrace it; for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha annexed together would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places, by either thinking themselves slighted, being only served alternately, or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid." And in concluding his former letter, he expresses a similar sentiment upon the same occasion, "desiring, if it be possible, however, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

The year following, the curacy of Seathwaite was again augmented; and to effect this augmentation, fifty pounds had been advanced by himself; and in 1760, lands were purchased with eight hundred pounds. Scanty as was his income, the frequent offer of much better benefices could not tempt Mr Walker to quit a situation where he had been so long happy, with a consciousness of being useful.

Besides being liberal in the education of his numerous family, he was even munificent in hospitality as a parish priest. Every Sunday were served upon the long table, at which he has been described sitting with a child upon his knee, messes of broth, for the refreshment of those of his congregation who came from a distance, and usually took their seats as parts of his own household. It seems scarcely possible that this custom could have commenced before the augmentation of his cure; and, what would to many have been a high price of self-denial, was paid, by the pastor and his family, for this gratification; as the treat could only be provided by dressing at one time the whole, perhaps, of their weekly allowance of fresh animal food; consequently, for a succession of days, the table was covered with cold victuals only. His generosity in old age may be still further illustrated by a little circumstance relating to an orphan grandson, then ten years of age, which I find in a copy of a letter to one of his sons; he requests that half a guinea may be left for "little Robert's pocket-money," who was then at school; entrusting it to the care of a lady, who, as he says, "may sometimes frustrate his squandering it away foolishly," and promising to send him an equal allowance annually for the same purpose. The conclusion of the same letter is so characteristic, that I cannot forbear to transcribe it. "We," meaning his wife and himself, "are in our wonted state of health, allowing for the hasty strides of old age knocking daily at our door, and threateningly telling us we are not only mortal, but must expect ere long to take our leave of our ancient cottage, and lie down in our last dormitory. Pray pardon my neglect to answer yours: let us hear sooner from you, to augment the mirth of the Christmas holidays. Wishing you all the pleasures of the approaching season, I am, dear son, with lasting sincerity, yours affectionately, R. W."

He loved old customs and usages, and in some instances stuck to them to his own loss; for, having had a sum of money lodged in the hands of a neighbouring tradesman, when long course of time had raised the rate of interest, and more was offered, he refused to accept it; an act not difficult to one, who, while he was drawing seventeen pounds a-year from his curacy, declined, as we have seen, to add the profits of another small benefice to his own, lest he should be suspected of cupidity. From this vice he was utterly free; he made no charge for teaching school; such as could afford to pay, gave him what they pleased. When very young, having kept a diary of his expenses, however trifling, the large amount, at the end of the year, surprised him; and from that time the rule of his life was to be economical, not avaricious. At his decease he left behind him no less a sum than L.2000, and such a sense of his various excellencies was prevalent in the country, that the epithet of WONDERFUL is to this day attached to his name.

There is in the above sketch something so extraordinary as to require further *explanatory* details. And to begin with his industry: Eight hours in each day, during five days in the week, and half of Saturday, except when the labours of husbandry were urgent, he was occupied in teaching. His seat was within the rails of the altar; the communion table was his desk; and, like Shenstone's schoolmistress, the master employed himself at the spinning-wheel, while the children were repeating their lessons by his side. Every evening, after school-hours, if not more profitably engaged, he continued the same kind of labour, exchanging, for the benefit of exercise, the small wheel, at which he had sat, for the large one on which woo is spun, the spinner stepping to and fro. Thus was the wheel constantly in readiness to prevent the waste of a moment's time. Nor was his industry with the pen, when occasion called for it, less eager. Entrusted with extensive management of public and private affairs, he acted in his rustic neighbourhood as scrivener, writing out petitions, deeds of conveyance, wills, covenants, &c., with pecuniary gain to himself, and to the great benefit of his employers. These labours (at all times considerable) at one period of the year, viz. between Christmas and Candlemas, when money transactions are settled in this country, were often so intense, that he passed great part of the night, and sometimes whole nights, at his desk. His garden also was tilled by his own hand; he had a right of pasturage upon the mountains for a few sheep and a couple of cows, which required his attendance; with this pastoral occupation, he joined the labours of husbandry upon a small scale, renting two or three acres in addition to his own less than one acre of glebe; and the humblest drudgery which the cultivation of these fields required was performed by himself.

He also assisted his neighbours in hay-making, and shearing their flocks, and in the performance of this latter service he was eminently dexterous. They in their turn complimented him with a present of a hay-cock or a fleece; less as a recompence for this particular service than as a general acknowledgment. The Sabbath was, in a strict sense, kept holy, the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scripture and family prayer. The principal festivals appointed by the church were also duly observed; but through every other day in the week, through every week in the year, he was incessantly occupied in work of hand or mind, not allowing a moment for recreation, except upon a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a newspaper, or sometimes with a magazine. The frugality and temperance established in his house were as admirable as the industry. Nothing to which the name of luxury could be given was there known; in the latter part of his life, indeed, when tea had been brought into almost general use, it was provided for visitors, and for such of his own family as returned occasionally to his roof, and had been accustomed to this refreshment elsewhere; but neither he nor his

wife ever partook of it. The raiment worn by his family was comely and decent, but as simple as their diet; the home-spun materials were made up into apparel by their own hands. At the time of the decease of this thrifty pair, their cottage contained a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth, woven from thread of their own spinning. And it is remarkable that the pew in the chapel in which the family used to sit remained a few years ago neatly lined with woollen cloth spun by the pastor's own hands. It is the only pew in the chapel so distinguished; and I know of no other instance of his conformity to the delicate accommodations of modern times. The fuel of the house, like that of their neighbours, consisted of peat, procured from the mosses by their own labour. The lights by which in the winter evenings their work was performed, were of their own manufacture, such as still continue to be used in these cottages; they are made of the pith of rushes dipped in any unctuous substance that the house affords. *White* candles, as tallow candles are here called, were reserved to honour the Christmas festivals, and were, perhaps, produced upon no other occasions. Once a month, during the proper season, a sheep was drawn from their small mountain flock, and killed for the use of the family; and a cow, towards the close of the year, was salted and dried, for winter provision; the hide was tanned to furnish them with shoes. By these various resources, this venerable clergyman reared a numerous family, not only preserving them, as he affectingly says, "from wanting the necessaries of life," but afforded them an unstinted education, and the means of raising themselves in society.

It might have been concluded that no one could thus, as it were, have converted his body into a machine of industry for the humblest uses, and kept his thoughts so frequently bent upon secular concerns, without grievous injury to the more precious parts of his nature. How could the powers of intellect thrive, or its graces be displayed, in the midst of circumstances apparently so unfavourable, and where, to the direct cultivation of the mind, so small a portion of time was allotted? But, in this extraordinary man, things in their nature adverse were reconciled; his conversation was remarkable, not only for being chaste and pure, but for the degree in which it was fervent and eloquent; his written style was correct, simple, and animated. Nor did his *affections* suffer more than his intellect; he was tenderly alive to all the duties of his pastoral office; the poor and needy "he never sent empty away"—the stranger was fed and refreshed in passing that unfrequented vale—the sick were visited. The feelings of humanity found further exercise among the distresses and embarrassments in the worldly estate of his neighbours, with which his talents for business made him acquainted; and the disinterestedness, impartiality, and uprightness which he maintained in the management of all affairs confided to him, were virtues seldom separated in his own conscience from religious obligations. Nor could such conduct fail to remind those who witnessed it of a spirit nobler than law or custom; they felt convictions which, but for such intercourse, could not have been afforded, that, as in the practice of their pastor there was no guile, so in his faith there was nothing hollow; and we are warranted in believing, that, upon these occasions, selfishness, obstinacy, and discord, would often give way before the breathings of his good will and saintly integrity. It may be presumed also, while his humble congregation were listening to the moral precepts which he delivered from the pulpit, and to the Christian exhortations, that they should love their neighbour as themselves, and do as they would be done unto, that peculiar efficacy was given to the preacher's labours by recollections in the minds of his congregation, that they were called upon to do no more than his own actions were daily setting before their eyes.

The afternoon service in the chapel was less numerously attended than that of the morning, but by a more serious auditory; the lesson from the New Testament, on those occasions, was accompanied by Burkitt's Commentaries. These lessons he read with impassioned emphasis, frequently drawing tears from his hearers, and leaving a lasting impression upon their minds. His devotional feelings and the powers of his own mind were further exercised, along with those of his family, in perusing the Scriptures; not only on the Sunday evenings, but on every other evening, while the rest of the household were at work, some one of the children, and in her turn the servant, for the sake of practice in reading, or for instruction, read the Bible aloud; and in this manner the whole was repeatedly gone through. That no common importance was attached to the observance of religious ordinances by his family, appears from the following memorandum by one of his descendants, which I am tempted to insert at length, as it is characteristic, and somewhat curious:—"There is a small chapel, in the county palatine of Lancaster, where a certain clergyman has regularly officiated above sixty years, and a few months ago administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the same, to a decent number of devout communicants. After the clergyman had received himself, the first company out of the assembly who approached the altar, and kneeled down to be partakers of the sacred elements, consisted of the parson's wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, with her husband; whose ages all added together amount to above 714 years. The several and respective distances from the place of each of their abodes to the chapel where they all communicated, will measure more than 1000 English miles. Though the narration will appear surprising, it is without doubt a fact, that the same persons, exactly four years before, met at the same place, and all joined in performance of the same venerable duty."

It would be unpardonable to omit, that, in the maintenance of his virtues, he received due support from the partner of his long life. She was equally strict in attending to her share of their joint cares, nor less diligent in her appropriate occupations. A person who had been some time their servant in the latter part of their lives, concluded the panegyric of her mistress by saying to me, "she was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor, she was good to every thing!" He survived for a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one grandaughter; and when the corpse was lifted from the threshold, he insisted upon lending his aid, and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, took hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin, and, as a bearer of the body, entered the chapel, a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

What a contrast does the life of this obscurely-seated, and, in point of worldly wealth, poorly-repaid churchman, present to that of a Cardinal Wolsey!

"O 'tis a burthen, Cromwell, 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man who hopes for heaven!"

THE PERSECUTIONS OF GENIUS.

The successful efforts of genius have not been more remarkable in the biography of eminent individuals, than the miseries which have often, during barbarous times, been endured by men of learning and scientific skill, through the ignorance of the very persons whom they intended to benefit. It is only, indeed, in the present age that we find the discoverers of new arts and sciences rewarded with the approbation of their fellows, if not with more substantial gifts; and in considering what has from first to last been the amount of the cruel persecutions of the learned, the existing generation can hardly believe it credible that so much wanton abuse of power can have been exercised. On this subject of melancholy interest, D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, has collected a variety of striking particulars. "Before the times of Galileo and Harvey (says this accurate writer), the world believed in the diurnal immovability of the earth, and the stagnation of the blood; and for denying these, the one was persecuted, and the other ridiculed. The intelligence and virtue of Socrates were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecutions, swallowed poison. The great geometricians and chemists, as Gerbert, Roger Bacon, and others, were abhorred as magicians. Virgilus, Bishop of Saltzburg, having asserted that there existed antipodes, the Archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames; and the Abbot Trithemius, who was fond of improving stenography, or the art of secret writing, having published some curious works on that subject, they were condemned, as works full of diabolical mysteries. Galileo was condemned at Rome publicly to disavow his sentiments regarding the motion of the earth, the truth of which must have been abundantly manifest: He was imprisoned in the Inquisition, and visited by Milton, who tells he was then *poor* and *old*. Cornelius Agrippa—a native of Cologne, and distinguished by turns as a soldier, philosopher, physician, chemist, lawyer, and writer, was believed to be a magician, and to be accompanied by a familiar spirit in the shape of a black dog—was so violently persecuted that he was obliged to fly from place to place; the people beheld him as an object of horror, and not unfrequently, when he walked, he found the streets empty at his approach: This ingenious man died in an hospital. When Urban Grandier, another victim of the age, was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head: a monk, who had heard that Beelzebub signifies in Hebrew the God of Flies, reported that he saw this spirit come to take possession of him.

"Even the learned themselves, who had not applied to natural philosophy, seem to have acted with the same feelings as the most ignorant; for when Albertus Magnus—an eminent philosopher of the thirteenth century—constructed an automaton, or curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, Thomas Aquinas (a celebrated theologian) imagined it to be the work of the devil, and struck it with his staff, which, to the mortification of the great Albert, annihilated the labour of thirty years. Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland when he first published his opinions: Voetius, a person of influence, accused him of atheism, and had even projected in his mind to have this philosopher burnt at Utrecht in an extraordinary fire, which, kindled on an eminence, might be observed by the seven provinces. This persecution of science and genius lasted till the close of the seventeenth century."

THE SCOTTISH COTTAR.

The peasantry of Scotland have been long noted for the simplicity and purity of their manners, as well as for their sagacity and spirit of independence. Burns, in his "Cottar's Saturday Night," feelingly embodies an exceedingly accurate detail of their character and manners, with which his birth and early life led him to be peculiarly well acquainted. Though still maintaining the greater part of their ancient characteristics, the peasantry have been much modified in their habits of living and style of thinking. A taste for refinements in dress, and a less sober system of manners, have in most places broken down the old distinctions of their class, while their deportation from the soil, and the destruction of their hamlets, in consequence of the modern practice of farming on a large scale with improved machinery, have tended to cast them loose on society, and make them totally regardless of their ancient masters, the landed proprietors. The settlement of Irish emigrants has been another obvious cause in reducing the tone of the peasantry, and is one which, in all likelihood, in a certain space of time, will leave no remnant of a class, which for ages has been an object of national boasting.

There are few places in Scotland traversed by the tourist which can now offer a perfect specimen of the old Scottish peasant and his family, nearly the whole land having undergone a change as wonderful as it has been rapid. Perhaps, in the wilder parts of Ayrshire and Galloway, or in the secluded vales of Nithsdale, the "cottar's ha'" is to be found in a more primitive condition, as to its structure and inmates, than in any other part of the country. The following picture of one of these rude residences, with the venerable rites of which it was often the scene, presented by Mr Cromek, in his "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," is extremely interesting, and may be given as a memorial of the former condition of our respected peasantry:—

"On entering a neat thatched cottage, when past the partition or hallan, a wide, far projecting chimney piece, garnished with smoked meat, met your eye. The fire, a good space removed from the end wall, and contained in a grate open all round. Behind this were benches stretching along the gable, for the use of the family as well as for all visitors. The cottar sire was placed on the left of the fire, removed from the bustle of housewifery. A settee of oak, antiquely carved, and strewn with favourite texts of Scripture, was the good man's seat, where he rested after the day's fatigue, nursing and instructing his children. His library shelf above him displayed his folio Bible, covered with rough calf-skin, wherein were registered his children's names and hour of birth; some histories of the old reforming worthies, the sacred books of his fathers, lay carefully adjusted and pretty much used; and the acts and deeds of Scotland's saviour, Wallace, and the immortal Bruce, were deemed worthy of holding a place among the heroic divines who had won the heavenly crown of martyrdom. Above these were hung a broad sword and targe, the remains of ancient warfare, which happily the hand of peace had long forgot to wield. From the same pin depended the kirn-cut of corn—the name given to the last handful of grain cut down on the harvest field—curiously braided and adorned with ribbons. Beside him was his fowling-piece, which, before the enaction of game laws, supplied his family with venison and fowls in their season. At the end of the lang-settle was the window, which displayed a few panes of glass and two oaken boards, that opened like shutters, for the admission of air. On the gudewife's side appeared her articles of economy and thrift. A dresser, replenished with pewter plates, with a large meal chest of carved oak, extended along the side wall; bunches of yarn hung from a loft or flooring, made of small wood or ryse, spread across the joisting, and covered with moor turf. The walls, white with lime, were garnished with dairy utensils (every cottar almost having one or two kye). At each side of the middle entry was a bed, sometimes of very curious and ingenious workmanship, being posted with oak, and lined with barley straw, finely cleaned, and inwoven with thread; these were remarkably warm and much valued.

"Family worship was performed every evening; but on the Sabbath morning it was attended with peculiar solemnity. At that season all the family, and frequently some of the neighbours, presented themselves before the aged village apostle. He seated himself on the lang-settle, laying aside his bonnet and plaid. His eldest child came submissively forward, and, unclasping the Bible, placed it across his father's knees. After a few minutes of religious silence, he meekly lifts his eyes over his family to mark if they are all around him, and decorous. Opening the Bible he says—in a tone of simple and holy meekness—'Let us reverently worship our God by singing the (eighth) Psalm.' He reads it aloud; then gives or recites line after line, leading the tune himself. The *Martyrs* is a chosen air, so called in honour of those men who displayed a zeal worthy of the name, and perished in "the Persecution." All the family join in this exquisitely mournful tune till the sacred song is finished. A selected portion of Scripture is then read from the sublime soarings of Isaiah, or the solemn morality of Job. As the divine precepts of his Saviour are the sacred rules by which the good man shapes the conduct of his children, Isaiah's fifty-third chapter, where the coming of the Redeemer is foretold, is the soul-

lifting favourite of rustic devotion. It is read with an exalted inspiration of voice, accordant with the subject. The family rise as he clasps the book, fall down on their knees, bowing their heads to the ground. The good man, kneeling over his Bible, pours his prayer to heaven in a strain of feeling and fervent eloquence. His severity of church discipline relaxes in the warmth of his heart—'May our swords become ploughshares, and our spears reaping-hooks: May all find grace before thee!'

"There is not perhaps a more impressive scene than a Scottish Sabbath morn presents, when the wind is low, the summer sun newly risen, and all the flocks at browse by the waters and by the woods: how glorious then to listen to the holy murmur of retired prayer, and the distant chant of the cottarman's psalm spreading from hamlet and village!"

STREETS.

THE people of Great Britain, who are so much accustomed to the use of certain comforts not known in other nations, that they are hardly aware of possessing any thing peculiar, do not sufficiently appreciate the comparative excellence of the pavement of their streets. Throughout the greater part of the Continent the streets are kept in an execrable condition. There are no water or gas pipes laid;* no proper establishment of lamps; few or no common sewers, the whole liquid refuse of the town flowing in the gutters; and, what is worst of all, no side pavements for foot passengers. When foreigners land in this our well-regulated island, the first thing which astonishes them is the side pavements, of which they had previously little or no knowledge. Bonaparte felt chagrined at the want of these comfortable appliances to the streets of Paris, and in some of his improvements attempted a piece of side pavement, which is esteemed one of the wonders of that city. It is somewhat remarkable that in the destroyed towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, there were side pavements, which shews that the invention is by no means British.

In illustrating this subject, Beckmann, in his *History of Institutions and Inventions*, has the following observations:—

"The public accommodations now so commonly found in every great town, are considered as so indispensably necessary, that they are generally supposed to have been coeval with the first erection of cities; yet, if we inquire into the antiquity of many of them, we shall find that some, of the most obvious utility, were not only unknown to the most splendid capitals of ancient times, but are, in fact, comparatively modern improvements.

Among the first of all public conveniences is that of a facility of locomotion; and hence we find that the Greeks and Romans paid particular attention to the construction of their roads. But it is somewhat singular, that they were at the same time indifferent as to the state of their streets; and although one might imagine that men would be more desirous of a good pavement in front of their houses, where they daily trod, than on highways which they could seldom have occasion to use, it is nevertheless certain that the streets of ancient Rome were only very partially paved during its most brilliant era, and are described by authors of that period as being filled with dirt.

Although the most minute accounts have been transmitted of the buildings in many of the Grecian cities, yet we hear nothing of the pavement of any of them: except, indeed, that the streets of Thebes were under the inspection of certain officers, whose duty it was to keep them in repair; from which some persons have inferred that they were paved.

The oldest pavement of which we have any account, in modern cities, is that of Cordova, in Spain, which was paved with stones so early as the middle of the ninth century, while under the dominion of the Moors, in the thirtieth year of the reign of the Caliph Abdulrahman II., who also caused water to be conveyed into the city in leaden pipes.

Paris was the next to adopt this improvement; but it did not take place there until the year 1184, on which occasion Rigord, the historian of Philip II., says, 'that the name of the city was changed from Lutetia, by which it had been previously called on account of its filthiness, to that of Paris the son of Priam.' What connection there was between the city and Priam does not appear; but he tells us that the king, standing one day at a window of his palace, and remarking that the dirt thrown up by the carts produced a most noxious stench, resolved to remedy the nuisance by causing the streets to be paved. We may, indeed, conjecture how offensive they must have previously been, from the circumstance that swine were constantly permitted to wallow in them, until a prince of the blood being killed by a fall from his horse, in consequence of a sow running between its legs, an order was issued that they should not in future be suffered in the streets. But against this the monks of the Abbey of St Anthony remonstrated strongly, insisting that it was a want of respect to their patron to prevent his pigs from going wherever they pleased; and it was, in consequence, found necessary to grant them the exclusive privilege of wallowing in the mire without molestation, only requiring the holy fathers to turn them out with bells about their necks.

The streets of London were not paved in the eleventh century; nor is it certain at what time this improvement was first introduced. In 1090, Cheapside was of such soft earth, that when the roof of Bow Church was blown off by a violent gale of wind, four of the beams, each twenty-six feet long, were so deeply buried in the street, that little more than four feet remained above the surface. The first toll that we know of in England, for repairing the highways, was imposed in the fourteenth century, during the reign of Edward III., for mending the road between St Giles's and Temple Bar. It was not until 1417 that Holborn was paved, though it was often impassable from its depth of mud. Even during the reign of Henry VIII. many of the streets are represented as 'very foul, and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noyous, as well for all the King's subjects on horseback as on foot, and with carriage;' and Smithfield was without pavement until 1614. In 1678, Commissioners of Sewers were appointed: but we learn from a proclamation of the Lord Mayor, in the following year, that the paving and cleansing of the city were still much neglected, and, in fact, down to 1762, the streets of the metropolis were generally obstructed with stalls, sheds, sign-posts, and projections of various kinds. Each inhabitant paved before his own door, in such manner, and with such materials, as pride, poverty, or caprice might suggest: there were no flagged trottoirs—the footway was exposed to the carriage-road, except in some of the leading streets, where they were separated by a line of posts and chains, or by wooden paling. In that year the 'Westminster Paving Act' passed, from which we may date all those improvements which have rendered London superior in cleanliness and accommodation for passengers to any other city in Europe.

They who are only accustomed to the pure air and clean streets of London, will scarcely believe that many large cities are even yet in a great measure destitute of the convenience of water-closets. Madrid was without this improvement at a time when it was found by English navigators near the habitations of the savages of New Zealand, and most of the towns throughout Spain are still deficient in that respect. In the streets of Lisbon the filth is suffered to accumulate in heaps, which, in the summer months, are dried into dust and scattered by the wind, and in the winter are partially carried off by the rain; hogs and unowned dogs are the only scavengers; and, in some of the narrow lanes of the old town, the inhabitants are supposed never to have seen the pavement. It is only a few years since the streets of Warsaw ceased to be the common receptacle of every kind of dirt. Even those of the now elegant Berlin were never cleaned until about the middle of the seventeenth century; and hog-sties were at that time to be found immediately under the windows.

The pavement of the cities of Holland is superior to any other, both from being entirely composed of that kind of brick which we call clinkers, and from its being but little worn by carriages. The Dutch could scarcely be otherwise than cleanly, from the abundance of water in all the streets of their large towns."

The streets of Edinburgh, which were formerly in an uncleanly condition, are now kept in the best order, through the exertions of the police, and the improvement in manners in the inhabitants. The side pavement of this city, from the quantity of fine freestone in the neighbourhood, is also excellent, and is, perhaps, superior to that of any other town in the world.

* Gas is now, or was lately, manufactured at Brussels, but on a scale which is surpassed by any Scottish country town.

SONG.

MINNIE TO HER SPINNIN'-WHEEL.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair," &c.

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
The roofs and wa's are dash't wi' rain;
The wind doth gowl at ilka pane;
But here I sit fu' warm and dry,
And care na for the blasts out-by,
Aye birrin' at my spinnin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Hey, how the towslet tow comes down!
Hey, how the wheel rins roun' and roun'!
How merrily, hey, the tirlin' pirn
Snaps wi its iron teeth the yairn,
Aye followin' fast the birrin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Kate's bridal day will soon be here,
And she maun hae her pairt o' gear;
The weaver's hands are toom o' wark;
He's crying loud for sheet or sark,
And flytes you, lazy spinnin'-wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
Haud aff, ye bairns! touch nae the rock;
Play farrer aff, wee Jean and Jock;
For minnie is taskit and set to hae
A braw linen wab ere sweet May-daye,
Wi' birrin' at her spinnin' wheel!

Birr on, birr on, my spinnin'-wheel!
Spin on, spin on, my birrin'-wheel!
The roofs and wa's are dash't wi' rain;
The wind doth gowl at ilka pane;
But here I sit fu' warm and dry,
And care na for the blasts out-by,
Aye birrin' at my spinnin'-wheel!

COTTON TRADE.

Of the cotton cloth made in England, three hundred and sixty million yards are annually exported, and three hundred and ninety-nine million yards are retained for home consumption. This was the state of the cotton trade upon an average of years from 1824 till 1828.

AN ITALIAN ROBBER.

At Rochefort there is a convict, a native of Italy, whose ingenuity in putting travellers under contribution might have furnished the facetious Grimaldi himself with a banditti scene in a pantomime. This hero was for some years the Turpin of France, and was much dreaded by travellers. Gasparini, though guilty of many robberies on the highway, has never been accused of wanton cruelty. He some years ago undertook alone to stop a diligence as it was passing at nightfall through a wood; here he drew up his forces, which literally consisted, not of bloody-minded robbers, but of half a dozen of well-stuffed coats, fixed on poles, with formidable caps, presented arms, and other appendages well suited to inspire the travellers with terror. When the diligence arrived, he ordered the postilion to stop; he then made the conductor and the passengers alight, and in a resolute tone, pointing to his supposed companions, whom he had ranged on the skirts of the wood, desired the trunks to be opened, out of which he took what he thought proper. He then said to the trembling travellers—"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; allow me to take what I require, and depend on it my troops shall not advance a step further; from them, I assure you, you have nothing to fear." This modern Rolando was sentenced to hard labour for life in the galleys. It appeared on the trial, that when the gendarmes went to scour the wood, they were not a little surprised to find half a dozen robbers who appeared determined to stand their ground: they summoned them to surrender, and on receiving no reply, fired a volley, and then attacked the *manikins* sword in hand: of course they met with but feeble resistance, and laughed heartily at the joke.—*Goldsmith's Statistics of France.*

TORTOISE-SHELL.

The following singularly barbarous process for obtaining the tortoise-shell is abstracted from an Indian newspaper, called the Singapore Chronicle:—This highly-prized aquatic production, when caught by the Eastern islanders, is suspended over a fire, kindled immediately after its capture, until such time as the effect of the heat loosens the shell to such a degree that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its capturers this time, however, with a very thin shell. This, if true, shows more policy and skill than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders; it is a questionless proof, too, of tenacity of life in the animal, and must further be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.

USE OF FORKS

A foreigner remarks, in his work on Great Britain, that an Englishman may be discovered any where if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone without the knife; and a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a toothpick. Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterised by their peculiarity in the use of the fork at table. An affectation of the French usages in this respect seems now to be gaining ground in this country.

MONSIEUR LE CHAT.

Mr Shaw, an agent of one of the Fur Trading Companies, had passed many years in the interior of the North-West Territory, and was by the voyageurs called *Monsieur Le Chat.* On quitting the Indian country, he married a Canadian lady, by whom he had several children. Some years after this event, one of his old foremen, named Louis la Liberte, went to Montreal to spend the winter. He had heard of his old *bourgeois's* marriage, and was anxious to see him. Mr Shaw was walking on the Champ de Mars with a couple of officers when La Liberte spied him. He immediately ran up, and seizing him by both hands, began as follows:—"Ah, mon cher Monsieur Le Chat, comment vous portez-vous?"—"Tres bien, Louison."—"Et comment se porte Madame La Chatte?"—"Bien, bien, Louison! elle est tres bien."—"Et tous les petits Chatons?" This was too much for Mr Shaw, who answered shortly, that *kittens* and all were well, and, telling him to call at his house, turned away with his military friends, leaving the Catechetical Louison quite astonished at the abruptness of his departure.—*Ross Cox's Adventures.*

FRANCE.—CHEAP LITERATURE.

Cheap literature is becoming even more prevalent in Paris than in London; that is to say, literature of a particular class. I have now before me five prospectuses of works of this nature; the first is a collection of the principal historians, comprising Rollin, Cuvier, Anquetil, Lingard, &c. beautifully printed, and illustrated by maps and portraits; this is published in weekly volumes, containing about two hundred pages each, at twelve sous, or sixpence per volume; the next comprises the complete works of Buffon, edited by Cuvier, and published in the same manner, and at the same price; the third is a translation of Sir Walter Scott's works, published in the same manner, but at fifteen sous per volume; the fourth is a collection of the most celebrated voyages in every country, and will form two hundred volumes, in 18mo., published in a similar manner, at thirteen sous per volume; and the fifth comprises an admirable selection of all the best authors in the French language, at twelve sous per volume; the whole are got up in a style which would make them admissible to any library, while the price and mode of publication render them accessible to those to whom otherwise they would be for ever forbidden fruit. In the last-mentioned work, L'Histoire de Charles XII. is comprised in one volume for sixpence, and his Siecles de Louis XIV. and Louis XV. in another. The importance of publications of this description is most perceived with reference to the rising generation. Young people allowed to appropriate sixpence per week in this manner, instead of squandering it as formerly, feel at once the pride of seeing their own library accumulate around them, and shame, if they are not masters of its contents. Hence the mind is early stored with materials for thinking, and it is easy to give a proper direction to the use of these materials when collected. The importance of general education becomes every day more universally felt and acknowledged; even those who at first opposed it, find themselves carried away by the strong current of opinion, and are compelled (reluctantly, indeed, and not without some insidious efforts to poison the springs of truth) to lend their assistance to the great work.—*New Monthly Mag.*

THE PASHA.

However familiar this title may be to European ears, its real meaning and derivation are scarcely familiar even to the "erudite few." The word itself is compounded of the Persian "pai shaw," or the shah's foot, and is a standing memorial of the designations which, according to Xenophon, Cyrus bestowed on his officers of state, calling them his feet, hands, eyes, and ears. Those entrusted with domestic affairs were styled "*the eyes;*" the secret emissary was termed "*the ear;*" the tax-gatherer "*the hands;*" the warrior "*the foot;*" and the judge, as mouth-piece of the law, the "*tongue of equity.*" Of so remote an institution as this is the name of the present Turkish Pashas, who, in their several capacities of Governor, General, and Vizier or Minister, are appositely styled the "feet of their master."

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MONSIEUR MOLLIN.*

About the end of the last war, a considerable number of the French officers, who had been taken prisoners and sent to the depôts in Scotland, were liberated upon their word of honour, and permitted to reside in the neighbouring towns, upon a certain small allowance made to them by our government. Amidst a host of dashing fellows who resided on this footing at the ancient burgh of Cairnton, in the south of Scotland, there were a few old personages who had been captured in the earlier years of the war, and almost grown grey in this species of honourable imprisonment. Some of these latter personages were so different in age and habits from the others—were so entirely, as it were, of a different generation or fashion of Frenchmen (for every thing about this nation changes in ten years)—that they hardly seemed to belong to the same country. While the gay young officers of the Emperor went frolicking about in long surtouts and moustaches, turning the heads of all the girls, and running into as much debt as possible with all the tradesmen, the ancient subalterns of the Republic and First Consul were a race of quiet, little, old, wind-dried men, with much of the *ancien regime* about them, wearing, in some cases, even the anti-revolutionary powder, and all of them as inoffensive as if they had been each sensible that he was in his own parish. A particular individual, called Monsieur Mollin, had become so perfectly assimilated with the people of the town, that he was not at all looked on in the light of a stranger. He lived in a small room, which he rented from a poor old "single woman," Lizzie Geddes by name, and nothing could be more simple or irreproachable than the whole tenor of his life. In the morning, before breakfast, he went to the public green, which he traversed in one particular direction exactly ten times. For the ducks which cruised along the neighbouring mill-race, he had a few crumbs: for the servant lasses, who spread their washings on the sod, he had a few complaisant observations. If Jamie Forbes, the shoemaker, happened to be leaning over the bottom-wall of his kail-yard, Monsieur Mollin would courteously salute him, and express hope that Madame Forbes (otherwise called Kirsty Robertson) was well. If, in returning to breakfast, a group of weavers were found clustering about the head of the close, the benevolent old gentleman would join their conversazione, and learn, perhaps, that Napoleon Bonaparte was about to set up a new kingdom, or that John Jamieson had got a new coat. After partaking of his frugal meal (consisting of the usual Scottish fare in humble life, porridge and milk), he would set out for a country walk, and perhaps return about one, with his pockets filled with *fir-tops*, which he made a practice of gathering in the plantations, in order that they might aid his landlady's little fire. He then ate his slender dinner, in company with Lizzie Geddes and her nephew, and had, it was said, as many polite observances in the matter of second-day's broth and a cold scrag of lamb, as if he had been seated at the table of a sovereign prince. In the evening, good Monsieur Mollin was to be seen, perhaps, mingling in the clamorous company who amused themselves in the bowling-green, or else enjoying another cool walk beside the mill-race, where, I well recollect, there was a little trodden footway, which I believed to have been solely formed by his own "constant feet," so exclusively, to my childish apprehension, did it seem appropriated to himself.

Lizzie Geddes, in whose humble garret Monsieur Mollin occupied an apartment, was the daughter of a person who had been town-clerk in Cairnton, in an age far beyond the ken of the present generation; and an annuity of ten pounds was all that she could depend upon for her subsistence, the rent of her house being paid by what she got from Monsieur Mollin for his lodging. Though little removed above the condition of a pauper, she had had a good education, and possessed a mind of no vulgar cast. In her old age, she had been burdened with the duty of bringing up an orphan nephew, to which task, however, she applied with a zeal that went far beyond her humble means. As the boy showed an aptitude for learning, and as the school-fees at Cairnton were remarkably cheap, she was tempted to give him a classical education, instead of placing him at some trade by which he might have sooner begun to support himself. There was some hope of patronage from a distant relation, who, holding some inferior public office at Edinburgh, was looked upon at Cairnton as a person of immense consideration. But when application was made to this individual for the means of setting forward the youth at College, all those hopes were found to have been fallacious, and young Geddes, with the refined notions of a classical scholar, and at an age when ambition begins to bud in the human bosom, was obliged to abandon his books and become a shoemaker. Monsieur Mollin, who in all respects treated Miss Geddes as a sister, and took a sincere interest in the prospects of her nephew, was exceedingly chagrined at this sad reverse; but he was so poor himself that he could not help it. "If I ver not one poor prisonér," he would say, "if I ver once more in mine own countrie, and had so much money as I once had, begar, Mademoiselle Geddes, your nephew should not stop till he ver one ministér, putting his head into one pulpit; but I am only one poor prisonér, with six shillings in de week from your king—and what can I do with that?" The good old man was determined, nevertheless, that the youth should not forget his learning, or sink into the tastes and habits proper to his new condition. So, every evening after Thomas had returned from his work, he caused him to bring forth his books, and heard him execute a translation in Virgil or Livy before going to rest. Sometimes this was varied by other intellectual exercises, such as the reading of a novel from the circulating library. Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, or Thaddeus of Warsaw, or the Farmer of Inglewood Forest, or any other crack book of the year 1812, was borrowed at the cheap and easy price of eighteenpence a quarter, and read by Thomas to his aunt and her lodger, who generally became so much absorbed in the interest of the tale, that they heeded far less the progress of the war then going on in Russia, important as it was to the interests of both French and English, than they did the proceedings of the fictitious hero among a set of characters as shadowy as himself. Thus, while an ordinary person would have been apt to answer the common question of "what news?" by mentioning that Bonaparte had overthrown the Russian army at the Borodino, poor Lizzie Geddes would have been apt to state that Robert Bruce had just made his escape from the English court, with his horses' shoes put on backwards; her mind, in fact, running upon the last chapter she had heard read of the Scottish Chiefs.

For several years this little family lived in humble peace and general affection, with hardly an incident to ruffle the habitual calm. Monsieur Mollin daily exhibited his thin shanks, in white cotton stockings, on the beaten foot-path in the green, and every evening enjoyed mental pleasures beside his landlady's fire. Sunday after Sunday, he was to be seen gallanting Miss Geddes to church; himself rigged out in a clean shirt, exhibiting a profusion of frill, and a large New Testament under his left arm; while she, on her part, tried to look as well as possible in a well-saved cardinal, first put on about forty years ago; Thomas bringing up the rear, in his leather cap and corduroys, with almost as much linen folded over his shoulders and back as what could be supposed to be in contact with his skin. Few persons in Cairnton lived a more blameless life, or were more generally respected.

At length, the tranquil contentment of this scene was broken up by the peace of 1814, which afforded to Monsieur Mollin, for the first time since his capture, an opportunity of returning to his native country. Had it been the old man's fate to live on and on a prisoner till death, he would have been perfectly happy in his bonds, for time had so completely reconciled him to the present scene and manner of his existence, that he never formed a wish respecting any other. When it came to pass, however, that a residence in Cairnton was no longer a matter of necessity, when a possibility of returning to France actually arose, that which, in ordinary circumstances, ought to have been hailed as a blessing, became to him a bitterness and a misery. "Mademoiselle," said he, "I must leave you—I must go back *a ma patrie:* your king will give me no longer any money to live upon, and I must see what I can do in mine own countrie. It is *tres grand malheur*—one great distress; for I do not expect that I vil find any one in France to love as much as you and your nephew. But vat can I do? how shall I pay my lodging? how shall I live?" The case was too clear to admit of argument; and Monsieur Mollin, therefore, packed up his baggage in an old satchel that had once held Thomas's books, and prepared to take his leave. In the first place, however, he made *two* walks each day for a week, to gather fir-tops, of which he was thus able to store up as many as promised to serve for a week after his departure. He then spent as much money as he possibly could spare, in purchasing a stock of sugar and tea for Miss Geddes; as likewise a few drugs, which she occasionally required for a particular malady to which she was subject. On the day when he and his fellow prisoners were appointed to march, it happened that Miss Geddes was confined to bed with this indisposition—a circumstance that added greatly to his distress. "Ah, pauvre Mademoiselle," said he, as with his own hand he mixed and brought forward her medicine, "*je suis bien faché* at your *maladie*—that is, I am not vat you call *fashed*, but I am sorry—I am *penetré* with grief, that I should have to leave you on your bed of indisposition. Come now—*prenez votre medicin*, and make yourself better. Here is de cup; and I vil leave it on de little table, and you must take von other tea-spoonful in two hours more, and de good fille, Peggy Dickson, down stairs, she say she vil come soon and see if you vant any thing. I have myself taken de dirty vater away, and swept in de hearth-stone, and now let me put in de clothes at your back, and make you comfortable. One kiss, Mademoiselle—now adieu—God bless you for ever—adieu!" And they separated, with tears more bitter, perhaps, than any ever shed by youthful lovers when parting to meet no more.

About two months after the departure of Monsieur Mollin, his friends at Cairnton received a letter from him, informing them that he had got back to his native city of Bourdeaux, where he had the satisfaction to find that he had recently been left heir to a small property, which promised to maintain him in comfort during the remainder of his life. He was distressed, however, to learn that hardly any of his relations

* Our late article, entitled "ATTACHMENTS," serves, in some measure, as an introduction to the following tale, which is from real life.

were alive. The only one in whom he felt the least interested was a young girl, who had for some years been an orphan—the daughter of a niece who had once been his favourite, and a person, as he described her, of the most agreeable properties—quite fitted, he said, to become, in a few years, the wife of his young friend Thomas, provided they had an opportunity of seeing each other. He complained, however, of the change that had taken place in his absence, the effect of which was to render his native country far less kindred to him than even Scotland; and "it is not impossible," he added, "that I may come back to Cairnton, and spend the remainder of my days with you."

This was destined to be the actual consummation of his story. About six months after having left his humble lodging at Cairnton, Monsieur Mollin reappeared on the street, with a sprightly young Frenchwoman leaning on his arm. Quite disappointed with his native country and its new regime, he had made up his mind to return to the quiet little Scottish burgh, where he had spent so many happy years, and where dwelt almost the only two individuals of his race in whom he felt the slightest interest. The joy of the Geddeses, as may be supposed, was boundless, more especially as Monsieur Mollin took an early opportunity of declaring his intention to complete the education of his friend Thomas, and push him forward in the profession he originally contemplated. In a few days the whole of the little party was established in a neat house in the suburbs, where it soon became apparent, to the delight of the benevolent Frenchman, that his niece and Thomas were exceedingly taken up about each other. In the process of time, the young man obtained a manse, and Eloise as his companion in its occupancy; and the latter days of Mollin and Miss Geddes have been spent in serenity and happiness.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

The Mountain of Vesuvius, celebrated in ancient and modern times for the number and terrific violence of its volcanic eruptions, stands upon the shores of the Bay of Naples (an inlet of the Mediterranean Sea, on the west side of Italy), and is distant about eight miles from the Neapolitan metropolis. It is at present about 3400 feet high, having lost 800 feet of its height by the last eruption, which happened in 1822. Five miles from Vesuvius, and thirteen from Naples, stands, or rather stood, Pompeii, at the bottom of the above-named bay; and on the same coast, between Pompeii and Naples, but nearer to the latter city, and also to Vesuvius, was situated Herculaneum. Of the early history of these devoted cities, nothing certain is known: their origin is enveloped in the common and impenetrable darkness which hangs over remote ages. Strabo, however, has the following passage:—"This city (*i. e.* Herculaneum) and its next neighbour, Pompeii, on the river Sarnus, were originally held by the Osci, then by the Tyrrhenians and Pelasgians, then by the Samnites, who were in their turn expelled by the Romans." Farther than this, it will be in vain to inquire.

SITUATION.

Both Pompeii and Herculaneum were sea-ports. The latter town is still very near the shore, but a mile of land now intervenes between Pompeii and the bay which formerly washed its buildings. This gain of land is owing to the filling up of the bed of the sea with volcanic matter. Pompeii occupied a small eminence, composed of the ancient effusions of lava from Vesuvius. Flights of stairs led down to the water's edge, and the lowest steps of these are said to be still on a level with the sea. The adjacent country was distinguished in all ages for its romantic loveliness and beauty. The whole coast as far as Naples was studded with villas, and Vesuvius, whose fires had been long quiescent, was itself covered with them. Villages were also thickly scattered all along the shores, and the scene presented the appearance of one vast city, cut into a number of sections by the luxuriant vegetation of the paradise in which it was embosomed. The following epigram of Martial gives an animated view of the scene previous to the dreadful catastrophe which so bloated this fair page of Nature's book:—

> Here verdant vines o'erspread Vesuvius' sides;
> The generous grape here poured her purple tides.
> This Bacchus loved beyond his native scene;
> Here dancing satyrs joyed to trip the green.
> Far more than Sparta this in Venus' grace;
> And great Alcides once renowned the place;
> Now flaming embers spread dire waste around,
> And gods regret that gods can so confound.

ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, IN THE YEAR 79.

The scene of luxurious beauty and tranquillity above described was doomed to cease, and the subterranean fire, which had been from time immemorial extinct in this quarter, again resumed its former channel of escape. The long period of rest which had preceded this event seems to have augmented the energies of the volcano, and prepared it for the terrible explosion. The first intimation of this was the occurrence of an earthquake in the year 63 after Christ, which threw down a considerable portion of Pompeii, and also did great damage to Herculaneum. In the year following, another severe shock was felt, which extended to Naples, where the Roman Emperor Nero was at the time exhibiting as a vocalist. The building in which he performed was destroyed, but, unfortunately, the musician had left it. These presages of the approaching catastrophe were frequently repeated, until, in A. D. 79, they ended in the fatal eruption. Fortunately we are in possession of a narrative of the awful scene by an eye-witness, Pliny the younger, who was at the time at Misenum, with the Roman fleet commanded by his uncle Pliny the elder. The latter, in order to obtain a nearer view of the phenomena, ventured too far, and was suffocated by the vapours.* His nephew remained at Misenum, and describes the appalling spectacle in a very lively manner.

A dense cloud was first seen to ascend from Vesuvius to a great height, and, spreading itself out laterally as it rose, bore a strong resemblance (says Pliny) to a pine-tree. Darkness more profound than night enveloped the land for many miles round the mountain, occasionally alleviated by columns of blood-red fire, which were belched forth by the raging phlegethon, and appeared far more terrible than the utter gloom which they pierced. Showers of ashes and volumes of steam were spouted for miles into the sky, and then rained down again in torrents upon the earth, which, convulsed in every part, reeled and staggered like a sinking ship. The sea receded from the shore, as if it shrunk from the appalling scene, and left numbers of the finny tribes upon dry land. These horrors were augmented by the shrieks of the women and children, and the cries of the men—some lamenting their own fate, others that of their family—now "howling to their gods"—and anon finding consolation in the miserable belief that they were about to perish with the world itself.

No lava appears to have flowed from Vesuvius during this eruption; and hence Pompeii was buried under the shower of ashes and sand which continued to pour down for eight days. Much of this matter was deposited in a liquid state; which is accounted for by supposing that the steam projected into the air was condensed, and descended in torrents of rain. Proofs of this fact will be afterwards noticed. It was not by one eruption alone that the cities were covered to their present depth. Successive layers are clearly to be traced, and the lowest has evidently been moved while the others remained untouched—a proof that some time had elapsed between their deposition, and that the inhabitants had made excavations in search of their property. This is further established by the fact, that few articles of intrinsic value have been found. But let us hasten to a period nearer our own, when the long-forgotten cities of antiquity were to be reclaimed from the sepulchre where they had lain unknown and undisturbed for nearly seventeen centuries, and again revisited by the glimpses of the moon.

DISCOVERY OF HERCULANEUM.

Herculaneum, though buried many feet deeper than the other city which shared its fate, was the first discovered, by the accidental circumstance of a well being sunk in 1713, which came down upon the Theatre, where the statues of Hercules and Cleopatra were soon found. It may well be conceived with what interest the intelligence was received, that a Roman city had been discovered, which, safely entombed under ground, had thus escaped the barbarian Goths and Vandals who ravaged Italy, or the sacrilegious hands of modern pillagers. The process of excavation began; but it was found so excessively tedious, from the depth and hardness of the volcanic products beneath which the city lay, that places formerly cleared it was found necessary to fill up again with the rubbish of new excavations. The Theatre alone is open to inspection, and it can only be seen by artificial light. Several articles of use or luxury were, however, obtained, which at present adorn various museums. But the disappointment felt at the obstacles opposed to the exhumation of Herculaneum, was repaired by the

DISCOVERY OF POMPEII.

This city, as was formerly observed, stood at a greater distance from Vesuvius than the companion of its fate; and hence the streams of lava which have successively flowed over the latter have never reached the former. The ashes, &c. under which it was buried, are of a loose and friable description, and, therefore, easily removed. The upper stories of the buildings, which were probably composed of wood, were either burned by the red-hot stones which fell upon them, or borne down by the weight of matter which collected on their roofs and floors. With this exception, the city may be said to stand as it did nearly two thousand years ago—the buildings unaltered from their original designs; furniture standing in all the disarrangement of recent use; paintings apparently fresh from the easel; articles of value abandoned in the precipitation of flight, as if they had dropped from the trembling hands of some fugitives, who, like Orpheus, were not permitted to look back even upon their dearest treasures. Memorials of a more impressive kind, the skeletons of some sufferers, also bear sad testimony to the suddenness of the doom which overtook them. One-fourth of Pompeii has now been rescued from its subterranean darkness, and laid open to the sun. Of this portion we shall endeavour to give as minute an account as our limits will permit.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF POMPEII.

The city was surrounded with walls, the greater portion of which has been traced; and six gates and twelve towers have also been counted. Its greatest length is little more than three quarters of a mile, its breadth less than half a mile, and its circuit nearly two miles. It occupied an area of about one hundred and sixty-one acres. The general figure of the city is something like that of an egg. There have been excavated about eighty houses, an immense number of small shops, the public baths, two theatres, two basilicæ, eight temples, the prison, the amphitheatre, with other public buildings of less note, and also fountains and tombs.

The streets are paved with large irregular pieces of lava, neatly dovetailed into each other. This pavement is rutted with the chariot wheels, sometimes to the depth of one inch and a half. In general, the streets are so narrow that they may be crossed at one stride. Where they were of greater breadth, a stepping-stone was placed in the middle for the convenience of foot passengers. On each side of the street there is a footpath, the sides of which are provided with curbs, varying from one foot to eighteen inches high, to prevent the encroachments of the biga, or chariot. But to proceed to the public buildings: and first, let us enter the

FORUM.

A Roman Forum was the focus of business, and the arena of political and legal contention. As the city of Rome itself increased in wealth and splendour, it was found necessary to have two classes of fora—Venalia, mere markets, and Civilia, those devoted to the other purposes of a public assembly. The Forum of Pompeii answered for both. It is situated at the north-west corner of the city, and is entered by a flight of steps, leading downwards through an arch in a brick wall, still partly covered with stucco. Upon entering, the spectator finds himself in a large area, surrounded by columns, the ruins of temples, triumphal arches, and other public erections; there are also a number of pedestals for the support of statues. The wall by which we have thus entered, is connected with the back of a building called by some the Temple of Jupiter, and by others the Senaculum, or Council-chamber. It stands upon an elevated basement, which was ascended by a flight of steps. Those near the columns, which served both for ornament and for supporting the upper part of the building, run along the whole front of the portico. The interior has been painted; red and black are the prevailing colours. Fragments of a colossal statue were discovered upon the pavement; a sundial was also found.

Near this temple are the ruins of what has been conjectured was the Granary, from the public measures being found near them. Adjacent to this building is the prison, where were found the skeletons of two soldiers, their leg bones still within the shackles. These are preserved in the museum at Portici.

PANTHEON.

One of the buildings surrounding the Forum has received this appellation, from there being found in the centre of its area an altar encircled with twelve pedestals, on which it has been presumed stood the statues of the mythological deities. The area is one hundred and twenty feet in length, by ninety in breadth. Numerous cells attached to this building have been found; these in all probability were for the accommodation of priests. Near to the Pantheon, ninety-three brass coins were discovered, and also statues of Nero and Messalina.

On the north side of the Pantheon, there runs a street named the Street of Dried Fruits, from the quantity of fruits of various kinds preserved in glass vases which have been found. Scales, money, moulds for pastry and bread, were discovered in the shops, and a bronze statue of Fame, small and well executed, having bracelets of gold upon the arms. In the entrance which conducts from this street to the Pantheon, a box was found, containing a gold ring with an engraved stone set in it, forty-one silver, and a thousand and thirty-six brass coins. On the walls are representations of Cupids making bread. The mill stands in the centre of the picture with an ass on each side, from which it may be inferred that these animals were employed in grinding the flour. There are a great number of other paintings in this building, some of which are very beautiful.

Adjoining to the Pantheon is a building supposed to have been the Senaculum, or place for the meeting of the Senate or Town Council. In the centre is an altar, and on each side of this, in two large recesses, stand two pedestals, which most likely supported effigies of the gods to whom the place was sacred. Near this is a small temple elevated on a basement. On the altar there is an unfinished bass-relief, representing a sacrifice. In the cells attached to this building were found a number of vessels in which wine was kept. The liquor was brought to the door in large skins, and then drawn off into these vases.

Adjacent to this is a large building, which, from various inscriptions, appears to have been erected at the expense of a lady named Eumachia, for the benefit of the public. Amongst other relics found, was a statue of the lady, five feet four inches high, and painted green and red.

* The death of this celebrated naturalist was probably occasioned by carbonic acid gas. This noxious vapour must have been generated to a great extent during the eruption. It is heavier than common air, and, of course, occupies in greater proportion the substrata of that circumambient fluid. The supposition is greatly strengthened by the fact, that the old philosopher had lain down to rest: but the flames approaching him, he was compelled to rise, assisted by two servants, which he had no sooner done than he fell down dead.

Along the south side of this building runs a broad street, which, from various articles of jewellery being found there, is called the Street of the Silversmiths. On the walls of the shops several inscriptions appear, one of which has been thus translated—"The scribe Issus beseeches Marcus Cerrinius Vatia, the Ædile, to patronise him: he is deserving." This is somewhat analogous to our own—"Patronised by his Royal Highness," &c. At the end of this street was discovered a skeleton, supposed to have been a priest of Isis. In the hand was a bag of coarse linen, not entirely destroyed, containing three hundred and sixty silver coins, forty-two of copper, and six of gold. Near him were also found various articles belonging to the worship of Isis.

The next building of importance connected with the Forum is the Temple of Venus, in one of the apartments of which was found a very beautiful painting of Bacchus and Silenus, in a state of perfect preservation. In most of the paintings, the colours are as vivid as when first laid on.

These are the principal edifices which surround the Forum. An account of the baths, theatres, amphitheatres, manuscripts, and other interesting relics of antiquity, which have been discovered, will be comprised in another article.

THE PLANTER.

A WEST INDIAN STORY.

FIFTY—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now.

The colonists themselves were not what they are at present; that is to say, they were not then humane, temperate, independent people; on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidam and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by contemning the mustees and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-caste, who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn; but probably all the rest: and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their "superiors," be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Englishman went there, in order to inspect his newly acquired property. His name was John Vivian. He came of a tolerably good family in ——shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in his own county, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no control, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries), he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, *our* humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship "Wager," at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woollens to nankeens—from English cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious groups which distinguish our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which we will unfold for the reader's benefit.

"Well, Dick—here am I, thy friend John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago I would have ventured a grosschen that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England: but the unkennelling a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeiras—the Peak of Teneriffe—the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter. But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable. I began with sea-sickness and piercing winds—I ended with headache and languor, and weather to which your English dog-days are a jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed away into a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which your care provided could have saved me. My mouth was wide open, like the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content with water. I poured in draught after draught of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived finally at Demerara.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' I'faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed, pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your umbrageous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side—and you may roam among orange and lemon trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloes and cocoa-nut, and cotton and mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself once more on a Lancashire moor. Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pine-apples, grow as wild as thyself, Dick; and where black, brown, white, and whitey-brown people, sangaree and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, merchant in Demerara.' That respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he know that he held the great 'proprietor,' Vivian, in his garret At present, I am nothing more than a poor protegee of Messrs Greffulhe, come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and employment."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, paroquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however, for the sea-port of a West Indian colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negresses and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrowful for sixpence, and the aid of a dozen Sambos for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home, having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arm's length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the hand-writing of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Franz Greffulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents. These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new comer (who was announced as Mr Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation. "As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter. He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction, and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his co-mate Sambo (another "nigritude"), who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch-bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burden, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment lovingly at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said, exultingly, "Dear massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbruchen and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruchen. The visitors of the family avoided her, as though she had the plague (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance); and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however, was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded, and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way, and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much their superior. At last the truth came upon him; she was the child of—*a quadroon!* She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there *was* a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of an European; and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"But she *shall* be my friend," was Vivian's exclamation, "my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein?" said Vivian to her one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady; "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito; "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my show of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come, will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as the Sandhills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm-Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?" "Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory; but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think, Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well! Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves?" "No." "Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbour was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter whom I have spoken of had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he *did* aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager ——"

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought, that, if the parent was ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West Indian colony. Well, sir, to end this tedious story ——"

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian—"deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and earnest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir, the end was, that Morson advanced the money; that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor old man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and, finally, his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man (Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and

betrayed great agitation)—the old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread. This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr Vivian's property; perhaps the other (she spoke this with some acrimony) is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton? Did he urge his suit?"—"He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is essentially the master. In the absence of Mr Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master—I, who am the only daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"*You!*" exclaimed our hero; "are *you* the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour, my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachenbruchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara—past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, needs not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorised by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-consequence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed; but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm), his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and, turning to the merchant, he said hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person:" and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily; "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more, "I speak as the agent only of Mr Vivian. This—gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means, by no means," replied the merchant. "All in good time. We will talk of that presently. In the meantime, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you: I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal, Vivian."

"Bah! man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr Vernon's arm, and ——"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rung a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton; "I am Vivian's representative."—"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic; "Mr Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek—"

"Ha!" said Seyton, then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr Manager, or whatever you are, take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worse part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master *loves* ——"

"What!" exclaimed Sophie; but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, wooes, and whom, if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtingly and humbly), he will win—for *this* atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more seize upon her, men; seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"*He is here!*" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries; "he is here: he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look, slaves, I AM Vivian, *your master!* Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr Vivian," said the merchant; and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant. Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "What is this?" inquired the merchant; "you ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But, Mr Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves (which from this moment is all your own), you take an incumbrance with it."

"And that is— ?" said Miss Halstein, inquiringly.

"It is *myself*, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee, be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm-Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is!" whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough," answered the other. "Yet would I wager a grosschen that he succeeds. He is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in any thing that they set their hearts upon."

The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestein flourished; but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time, the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labours.

"After all—the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian, one day to his wife, "is *conferring* pleasure; and the greatest pleasure which one can confer, is to give *Freedom* to one's fellow men."—*Abridged from "Friendship's Offering" for* 1831.

ANAGRAMS.

ANAGRAMS are now hardly known as efforts of wit, but in ancient times they formed the subject of learned disquisition, and were ranked among the cabalistic sciences. The paltry process of anagramatising sentences and proper names was also extremely fashionable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, occupying that place now enjoyed by conundrums, and other small means of amusement among the idle. The French are reputed to have been exceedingly fond of anagrams. On one occasion an anagram was made on the mistress of Charles IX., which threw the nation into an ecstacy of delight. The name of the lady was *Marie Touchet*, the letters of which words were transformed into *Je charme tout* (or, *I charm all*)—an anagram said to be historically just. But this anagram was perhaps surpassed by the following: The assassin of Henry III. was *Frere Jacques Clement*, and it was soon discovered that the letters of these three words could form the appalling sentence, *C'est l'enfer qui m'a crée* (or, *It is hell which created me.*)

Various anagrams were appropriately formed on the name and titles of our own King James VI., one of which was, *James Stuart—a just master.* One on the same monarch, but referring to his complete name, was, *Charles James Steuart—claims Arthur's Seat.* Of the poet *Waller* it was said—

> His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
> Since in his *name* with *Laurel* he is crowned.

And *Randle Holmes*, a person who wrote a book on heraldry, was complimented by the expressive anagram, *Lo Men's Herald!* Perhaps the happiest of all anagrams, says D'Israeli, "was produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character: she was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name, *Eleanor Davies*—to *Reveal O Daniel.* The anagram had too much by an *l*, and too little by an *s*; yet *Daniel* and *Reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poising text against text. One of the Deans of the Arches, says Heylin, took up a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram: *Dame Eleanor Davies—Never so mad a ladie!* The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state. No more was heard of the prophetess."

COLKITTOCH.

[SOME years ago, a series of interesting papers appeared in that respectable weekly report of literature, the London Literary Gazette, entitled "Traditions of the Western Highlands." "They were communicated," says the Editor of the Gazette, "by a gentleman intimately acquainted with the language and the manners of the Highlanders in the present times—who was indeed born and bred among them—and who, with the advantages of learning and a very extensive acquaintance with general history, had rare opportunities of collecting materials to throw light on the history of the Highlanders." We propose to do ourselves an honour, which we are sure Mr Jerdan will not object to, by giving one or two of these traditions a circulation more germane to their character than what they have hitherto had, in the columns of the Edinburgh Journal. The following refers to a very remarkable person:—]

THE name of Colkittoch often occurs in the history of the great rebellion in the reign of Charles I. By some he is denominated Macdonald of Colkittoch, by others Colkittoch, and by many he is confounded with his son. His name was Coll, or Colle, Macdonald: he was a native of Ireland. His father was Archibald Macdonell, who was an illegitimate son of the Earl of Antrim. With the aid of his partisans, Coll took violent possession of the island of Colonsay, one of the Hebrides, having driven away the Macfees, who had held it for many centuries. Coll was denominated Kittoch, or, more correctly, Ciotach, from his being left-handed. Coll had distinguished himself in the unhappy disturbances in Ireland; and when Lord Antrim sent troops to Scotland as auxiliaries in the royal cause, he served as an officer under his own son, Allister, or Alexander, who had the chief command of the corps. The father and son were well qualified for this service, both of them being well known in the Highlands, and connected by blood or marriage with some of the best families in that country.

Coll was noted for his strength and prowess, though tainted with the cruelty too familiar to his countrymen at that time. He fought in all the battles in which the Irish auxiliaries were engaged under Montrose; he was also concerned in their plundering expeditions in Argyleshire, where private revenge was unfortunately added to the horrors of war. Many of the lyric compositions of those days extol his bravery and his bloody vengeance on his antagonists, the Campbells, though it seems he was on very friendly terms with some of that name.

Coll had possession of the Castle of Duntroon, and having placed a garrison in it, he went to another quarter; but in his absence it was taken by stratagem. He was ignorant of this misfortune, and on his return he steered his boat direct for the castle. His own piper was then a prisoner there; and knowing his master's boat, to warn him of his danger, he played a tune which he composed for the purpose; and so accurately did the sound correspond with the meaning, that Coll understood the intention, and avoided the castle.

After the defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, and the retreat of his son Alexander to Ireland, Coll was left in command of the Castle of Dunaovaig, the ancient seat of the Macdonalds of Islay. The garrison consisted of 150 men; but the pipes which conveyed the water being cut by the enemy, on the assurance of Sir David Leslie, who commanded the parliamentary forces, Coll was induced to go out of the castle, to hold parley with his old friend Campbell of Dunstaffnage. Leslie basely broke his word, and made Coll prisoner. The Marquis of Argyle was present on this occasion, and was blamed for this. After the Restoration, when Argyle was brought to trial, he was accused of the heinous crime of having ordered this garrison to be put on a rock, surrounded by the sea, to perish without food or water. He denied all knowledge of any such thing; and the proof on this point does not appear satisfactory, nor could we find any tradition in that country of such an atrocious action.

Coll was committed to the custody of the captain of Dunstaffnage, in whose castle he was confined, and the tower where he lay is still named after him. That gentleman being no doubt sensible of the dishonourable treatment his prisoner had received, gave him every possible indulgence. He permitted Coll to walk about the place, but he had cause to repent his lenity.

The Marquis of Argyle charged him with misconduct; and dreading the well-known severity of his chief, Dunstaffnage denied it. Argyle swore that if Coll should be found at large, the captain would be severely punished, and a messenger was dispatched to ascertain the fact. Dunstaffnage being at Inverary at the time, ordered his foster-brother to set off with all speed, and outrun the other, which he did; and on coming in sight of the castle, he cried out, *Coll in irons! Coll in irons!* Coll was occupied in superintending the shearing of corn at the time, and was the first who heard the cries. Conjecturing what the cause might be, he instantly retired to his dungeon, and with his own hands put on the irons. He was soon after this brought to trial before the Sheriff of Argyle, in the castle where he was confined. Maclean of Ardgour, who originally had been on the royal side, was one of the jury; and wishing to display his zeal for the republican cause, which, with many others, he then espoused, asked Coll if he had been present at the battle of Inverlochy; the prisoner boldly replied, "*By my baptism! I was so, Carle, and did more service there than thyself.*" He was condemned to die, and was executed, by hanging from the mast of his own boat, laid across the cleft of a rock. He suffered death without dismay, requesting that his body might be laid so near that of his friend the captain of Dunstaffnage, that they might exchange snuff-boxes in their graves; and this request was complied with. The fate of Colkittoch was amply avenged: at the Restoration, his death and sufferings formed some of the most serious and fatal charges against the Marquis of Argyle.

Coll's execution took place in 1647.

THE PATRIOTIC SHOEMAKER.

Mr Timothy Bennett, a shoemaker, resided in the village of Hampton-Wick, near Richmond, in Surrey. The first passage from this village to Kingston-upon-Thames, through Bushy Park (a royal demesne), had been for many years shut up from the public. This honest Englishman, "unwilling," as he said, "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted a lawyer upon the practicability of recovering this road, and the probable expense of a legal process. "I have seven hundred pounds," said this honest patriot, "which I should be willing to bestow upon this attempt. It is all I have, and has been saved through a long course of honest industry." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to produce this result; and Timothy determined accordingly to proceed with vigour in the prosecution of this public claim. In the meantime, Lord Halifax, ranger of Bushy Park, was made acquainted with his intentions, and sent for him. An excellent engraving of Mr Bennett is still extant, which represents him of a firm and complacent aspect, sitting down in the attitude of his conversation with his Lordship. The inscription beneath the engraving is, "Timothy Bennett, of Hampton-Wick, Middlesex, Shoemaker, aged 75." "And who are you?" inquired his Lordship, "that have the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my Lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton-Wick. I remember, an't please your Lordship, when I was a young man, sitting at my work, the people cheerfully pass by to Kingston market; but now, my Lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burdens, and I am 'unwilling (it was his favourite expression) to leave the world worse than I found it.' This, my Lord, I humbly represent, is the reason of my conduct." "Begone, you are an impertinent fellow," replied his Lordship. However, upon more mature reflection, being convinced of the equity of the claim, and anticipating the ignominy of defeat, "Lord Halifax, the Nobleman, nonsuited by Timothy Bennett, the Shoemaker," he desisted from his opposition, and opened the road, which is enjoyed, without molestation, to this day: he died 1756.

Such a disinterested instance of public virtue is highly worthy of being recorded; and though it may not be in the power of every one to suggest valuable improvements, or to confer lasting benefits on posterity, yet each may, like the patriotic Bennett, *endeavour*, at least, *not to leave the world worse than he found it.*—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

When Captain Watling and his company escaped from Juan Fernandez three years before, they had left a Mosquito Indian on the island, who was out hunting goats when the alarm came. This Mosquito-man, named William, was the first and the true Robinson Crusoe, the original hermit of this romantic solitude. Immediately on approaching the island, Dampier and a few of William's old friends, together with a Mosquito-man, named Robin, put off for the shore, where they soon perceived William standing ready to give them welcome. From the heights he had seen the ships on the preceding day, and, knowing them to be English vessels by the way they were worked, he had killed three goats, and dressed them with cabbage of the cabbage-tree, to have a feast ready on the arrival of the ships. How great was his delight, as the boat neared the shore, when Robin leaped to the land, and running up to him, fell flat on his face at his feet! William raised up his countryman, embraced him, and in turn prostrated himself at Robin's feet, who lifted him up, and they renewed their embraces. "We stood with pleasure," says Dampier, "to behold the surprise, tenderness, and solemnity of their interview, which was exceedingly affecting on both sides; and when these their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends, come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

At the time William was abandoned, he had with him in the woods his gun and knife, and a small quantity of powder and shot. As soon as his ammunition was expended, by notching his knife into a saw he cut up the barrel of his gun into pieces, which he converted into harpoons, lances, and a long knife. To accomplish this he struck fire with his gun-flint and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardened for this purpose in a way he had seen practised by the Buccaneers. In this fire he heated his pieces of iron, hammered them out with stones, sawed them with his jagged knife, or grinded them to an edge, and tempered them; "which was no more than these Mosquito-men were accustomed to do in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments without either forge or anvil, though they spend a great deal of time about them." Thus furnished, William supplied himself with goats' flesh and fish, though, till his instruments were formed, he had been compelled to eat seal. He built his house about a half-mile from the shore, and lined it snugly with goat-skins, with which he also spread his couch or *barbecue*, which was raised two feet from the floor. As his clothes wore out, he supplied this want also with goat-skins, and, when first seen, he wore nothing save a goat's skin about his waist.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Travelling through the Barrens of Kentucky, in the month of November, I was jogging on one afternoon, when I remarked a sudden and strange darkness rising from the western horizon. Accustomed to our heavy storms of thunder and rain, I took no more notice of it, as I thought the speed of my horse might enable me to get under shelter of the roof of an acquaintance, who lived not far distant, before it should come up. I had proceeded about a mile, when I heard what I imagined to be the distant rumbling of a violent tornado, on which I spurred my steed, with a wish to gallop as fast as possible to the place of shelter; but it would not do; the animal knew better than I what was forthcoming, and, instead of going faster, so nearly stopped, that I remarked he placed one foot after another on the ground with as much precaution as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. I thought he had suddenly foundered, and, speaking to him, was on the point of dismounting and leading him, when he all of a sudden fell a-groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his four legs, as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still, continuing to groan. I thought my horse was about to die, and would have sprung from his back had a minute more elapsed, but at that instant all the shrubs and trees began to move from their very roots, the ground rose and fell in successive furrows, like the ruffled waters of a lake, and I became bewildered in my ideas, as I too plainly discovered that all this awful commotion in nature was the result of an earthquake.

I had never witnessed any thing of the kind before, although, like every other person, I knew of earthquakes by description. But what is description compared with the reality? Who can tell of the sensations which I experienced when I found myself rocking as it were on my horse, and with him moved to and fro like a child in a cradle, with the most imminent danger around, and expecting the ground every moment to open, and present to my eye such an abyss as might engulf myself and all around me? The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened as quickly as they had become obscured; my horse brought his feet to the natural position, raised his head, and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider.

I was not, however, without great apprehension respecting my family, from which I was yet many miles distant, fearful that where they were the shock might have caused greater havock than I had witnessed. I gave the bridle to my steed, and was glad to see him appear as anxious to get home as myself. The pace at which he galloped accomplished this sooner than I had expected, and I found, with much pleasure, that hardly any greater harm had taken place than the apprehension excited for my own safety.

Shock succeeded shock almost every day or night for several weeks, diminishing, however, so gradually as to dwindle away into mere vibrations of the earth. Strange to say, I for one became so accustomed to the feeling as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others. I never can forget the effects of one of the slighter shocks which took place when I was at a friend's house, where I had gone to enjoy the merriment that, in our western country, attends a wedding. The ceremony being performed, supper over, and the fiddles tuned, dancing became the order of the moment. This was merrily followed up to a late hour, when the party retired to rest. We were in what is called, with great propriety, a *log-house*, one of large dimensions, and solidly constructed. The owner was a physician, and in one corner were not only his lancets, tourniquets, amputating knives, and other sanguinary apparatus, but all the drugs which he employed for the relief of his patients, arranged in jars and phials of different sizes. These had some days before made a narrow escape from destruction, but had been fortunately preserved by closing the doors of the cases in which they were contained.

As I have said, we had all retired to rest, some to dream of sighs and smiles, and others to sink into oblivion. Morning was fast approaching, when the rumbling noise that precedes the earthquake began so loudly, as to waken and alarm the whole party, and drive them out of bed in the greatest consternation. The scene which ensued it is impossible for me to describe, and it would require the humorous pencil of Cruickshank to do justice to it. Fear knows no restraints. Every person, old and young, filled with alarm at the creaking of the log-house, and apprehending instant destruction, rushed wildly out to the grass enclosure fronting the building. The full moon was slowly descending from her throne, covered at times by clouds that rolled heavly along, as if to conceal from her view the scenes of terror which prevailed on the earth below. On the grass-plat we all met, in such condition as rendered it next to impossible to discriminate any of the party, all huddled together in a state of almost perfect nudity. The earth waved like a field of corn before the breeze; the birds left their perches, and flew about not knowing whither; and the Doctor, recollecting the danger of his gallipots, ran to his shop-room, to prevent their dancing off the shelves to the floor. Never for a moment did he think of closing the doors, but, spreading his arms, jumped about the front of the cases, pushing back here and there the falling jars, with so little success, however, that before the shock was over, he had lost nearly all he possessed.

The shock at length ceased, and the frightened females, now sensible of their dishabille, fled to their several apartments. The earthquakes produced more serious consequences in other places. Near new Madrid, and for some distance on the Mississippi, the earth was rent asunder in several places, one or two islands sunk for ever, and the inhabitants fled in dismay towards the eastern shores.—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

SCOTTISH DUKES.

GORDON.

The Gordon family affords a lively instance of what is by no means uncommon in Scottish family history—a race of Norman lineage, which has gradually acquired, in no very remote times, the character of Highland chiefship. The founder of the race, a settler from England, possessed, in the reign of David I. (1123-56), the lands of Gordon, in Berwickshire, from which he probably took his name. Sir Adam de Gordon, in the time of Bruce, is found a powerful Baron. In reward for his services to Bruce, he obtained a royal grant of the lands of Strabogie, in Banffshire, which has ever since been the principal residence of the family. With a natural attachment to local prepossessions, the names Gordon and Huntly, which belonged to their lands in Berwickshire, were tranferred to places in their northern territory. The last of the line, another Sir Adam de Gordon, fell at the battle of Homildon Hill, in 1402, and his memory is embalmed in the drama by Sir Walter Scott, styled (*pro euphoniæ gratiâ*) "Halidon Hill." His daughter and heiress marrying a Seton, the true line of the Gordons was lost, though the name was still retained. Alexander, the son of this pair, was elevated from his territorial style of Lord of Gordon, to the title of Earl of Huntly, by King James II., in 1449. He was a conspicuous adherent of the royal cause against the rebellious Douglases and Crawfords. Having obtained a grant of the lordship of Badenoch, which forms a large district in the centre of the Highlands, he laid the foundation of that influence in the country of the Gael, by which his successors have been so much distinguished; an influence derived exclusively, it will be observed, from the possession or superiority of lands, and from no pretensions of birth or lineage. George, second Earl of Huntly, married the sister of the King, and was the father of that Lady Catherine Gordon who became the wife of Perkin Warbeck, as well as of Sir William Gordon of Gicht, whose family ended in the person of Lord Byron. The immense estates of the Earls of Huntly, with the power they possessed of marshalling all their tenants and dependants in warlike array, rendered them so very powerful, that, but for the remoteness of their residence alone, they must have been at all times the leading noblemen of the country. George, the fourth Earl, was at the head of the Catholic interest in Queen Mary's time, and offered to that Princess to place her in the government without any toleration of the reformed doctrines; but she thought it safest to go in with the Protestants, and entrust her affairs to her brother James, Earl of Moray. The consequent turbulence of the Earl of Huntly ended fatally; he was killed in rebellion by Murray. Notwithstanding this unhappy incident, his son, the fifth Earl, was a partisan of the Queen in her latter and evil days. Nor for a hundred and fifty years did they forsake this faith, or abandon the Tory politics which formerly used to be always connected with it. George, the sixth Earl, occasioned infinite troubles in the reign of James VI., by his endeavours to obtain toleration for the ancient faith, and his in-

trigues with foreign Catholic powers for that purpose. He it was who killed the young Earl of Murray—a dreadful piece of feudal revenge. Though frequently in open arms against King James, he was in reality rather the enemy of the royal counsellors, than of the royal person. James loved him very much, gave him his cousin Lady Henrietta Stewart to wife, and in 1599 created him Marquis of Huntly, being the first Peer of that rank in the kingdom. This nobleman was as great a favourite with Charles I. as he had been with King James, but was not so well fitted to shine in the more polished court of the former monarch. Having arrived there after a long absence, he excited the surprise of the glittering circle, by omitting that gesture which Sir Pertinax MacSycophant has caused the greater part of Englishmen to believe in he highest degree characteristic of their northern neighbours. On being reminded of the omission, he begged the King's pardon, and excused his want of respect by saying, "he was just come from a place where every body bowed to him." The COCK OF THE NORTH was in those days, as it has been since, the popular and highly appropriate title for this Highland potentate and his descendants. In 1636, the first Marquis left his honours and estates to George, second Marquis, who, after many zealous efforts in favour of King Charles I., was beheaded by the Maiden at Edinburgh, March 22, 1649; chiefly, it was said, at the instigation of his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Argyll. Four sons of this nobleman distinguished themselves in the cause of royalty; and one of his daughters, marrying a Polish nobleman, was ancestress to the unfortunate Prince Czartorinski. His grandson George, the fourth Marquis, proved his loyal zeal by holding out Edinburgh Castle, after the Revolution, in favour of King James; and his wife afterwards, in the easy times of Queen Anne's Tory ministry, created a vast sensation by presenting a Jacobite medal openly to the Faculty of Advocates. This Marquisate was, in 1684, converted by Charles II. into a Dukedom, when the title was changed from Huntly to Gordon. The family throughout all the last century, and to the present hour, professed those Tory principles which it has advocated, with such extraordinary consistency, ever since the division of opinion at the Reformation. The Catholicism, however, was resigned about a century ago, in consequence, it is said, of a rustic jest. A tenant on the estate had experienced some neglect at the hands of his Grace's factor; at last, he applied to the Duke personally, by whom he was very quickly redressed. Catching a glimpse, on this occasion, of the images within the family chapel, he asked what they were. The Duke answered that these were the representations of certain holy men, to whom good Catholics were accustomed to apply for intercession with the Deity. "Such nonsense!" said the honest farmer; "would it not be far better to do as I have been doing—speak to the laird himsell?" It is said that this was the proximate cause of the conversion of the family. The late Duke, Alexander, who died in 1828, was the fourth possessor of the ducal title; and it is remarkable, that he had possessed it for the space of about seventy-six years, having succeeded his father in 1752. He married, in 1767, his celebrated Duchess, Jane, second daughter of Sir William Maxwell of Monreith—one of the most sprightly, elegant, and fascinating women of her time; an eminent favourite of the highest class of British society for nearly half a century, and who lived to see three daughters married, each to an English Duke, and one to a Marquis. The present Duke, who, as Marquis of Huntly, distinguished himself highly in the late war, and was, in 1807, created a British Peer, is a High Tory. As a man and a landlord, he is greatly respected. From his want of issue, the title, dissevered from a large portion of the estates, will probably descend to the Earl of Aboyne, a cadet of the ducal house.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WASHINGTON.

OUR young readers who have followed us through the various accounts presented to their notice, of men of genius and perseverance rising from the most humble situations in life to places of honourable distinction, will now be gratified in perusing a sketch of the life of one who, from the condition of a private gentleman, attained the highest situation in his country, and died with the extraordinary reputation of having preserved integrity of principle and genuine simplicity of character to the close of his career.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, in the North American colony of Virginia, on the 22d of February 1732, and was great grandson of John Washington, a gentleman of the south of England, who, about the middle of the seventeenth century, emigrated to this province. The education of [illegible] Washington extended only to the reading of English, and some of the more practical branches of mathematics. His inclinations, it seems, led him to adopt a sea life, and, when very young, he obtained the commission of midshipman in the British navy, but was soon induced to relinquish that service, by the pressing entreaties of his mother. After this, he entered upon the business of land-surveying, and was remarked for his diligence and expertness, but particularly for a certain gravity and dignity of demeanour, that would have graced riper years, and a more elevated station. In this humble sphere, however, his countrymen seem early to have discovered his capacity; for, when only nineteen years of age, he was appointed one of the adjutants-general of the Virginia militia, with the rank of major. But the opinion of his prudence and capacity was still more conspicuously displayed by his appointment as envoy to the French commandant on the Ohio, to remonstrate against certain encroachments of his troops upon the province of Virginia. Upon his return, he published a very clear and interesting account of this arduous mission, and was immediately appointed lieutenant-colonel of a regiment which had been ordered to proceed against the French, the answer of the commandant not having proved satisfactory. He had not proceeded far, when the command devolved upon him by the death of the colonel, and his services in this campaign obtained the thanks of the legislature of Virginia. Soon after, he resigned his commission, in consequence of certain regulations which he thought derogatory to the officers of the provincial troops, and retired to Mount Vernon, an estate on the banks of the Potomac, to which he had lately succeeded by the death of his brother, purposing to devote himself to the occupations of a country life.

His military bias, however, did not permit him to remain long in retirement. He was invited once more to defend the frontiers of the provinces from the invasions of the French, and his conduct, during the whole expedition, was so much approved, that, though only twenty-three years of age, he was soon made commander of all the provincial troops of Virginia. The frontiers being in some measure secured from invasion, he again, in 1758, resigned his commission, amidst the applauses and regrets of his soldiers.

Here might have terminated the military career of George Washington, and he might have passed the remainder of his days in the quietude of rural affairs, but for the unfortunate quarrel which took place betwixt Great Britain and her American possessions. It will here be necessary to explain to our juvenile friends the origin and nature of this distressing dispute. For a considerable period Great Britain possessed a large tract of territory in the North American continent, divided into colonies or separate jurisdictions, the inhabitants of which being chiefly emigrants from this country, were governed by English laws, and guaranteed that civil and religious liberty common to ordinary British subjects. Each of these colonies had a local parliament or assembly of delegates of its own, presided over by a governor appointed by the British ministry. One of the understood regulations in managing these distant countries was, that they should contribute no taxes to Britain; but it having happened in the course of time, that the British treasury stood much in need of a supply of money, our ministry and parliament resolved on exacting certain taxes or duties from the American colonists. These taxes, we are informed, would have been freely contributed by the Americans, provided they had been granted the power of sending representatives to Britain to sit in parliament; but this proposal being strenuously refused, through a fear of its leading to further changes in the British legislature, the result was, that the Americans refused to pay any taxes whatever, and in a short time opposed their exaction by force. All men are now of opinion that the British government at this period acted with extreme impropriety; nevertheless, the nation at the time rushed heedlessly into a war with the colonies, expecting speedily to quell all opposition to the laws. As for the Americans, they sagaciously prepared for the struggle.

In constructing an army for the defence of the provinces, the Americans bestowed the command of the forces on George Washington, of whose military talents and prudence they had already seen many proofs. No man in any age or country ever filled a more arduous station than that in which he was now placed. He was called to defend an extensive country just beginning the perilous experiment of self-government, altogether unpractised in war on a great scale, and with no other resources than her spirit, against a nation possessed of all the means, and strong with all the sinews of war, and able, by its command of the ocean, to carry its hostilities against any part of that extensive coast, which had drawn towards it the best part of the wealth and industry of the country. For a considerable period, his troops had no fire-arms but what they provided themselves; they had no tents, no magazines, no cavalry, no artillery, and scarcely any ammunition. So provided, or rather unprovided, the best troops in the world would not have been able to do much; but when we consider the nature and description of the American armies, we must wonder that he was able to keep the field for a single campaign against the well-trained forces of Britain.

The history of the war in America may be summed up in a few words. Instead of transporting large masses of men capable of crushing in an instant the united force of the colonists, the British ministry dispatched small detachments of troops, who were invariably cut up in detail as they marched through the country, and on some occasions whole regiments had ignominiously to lay down their arms. In this species of inglorious war, which has afforded our American brethren some cause for boasting, Washington was equally conspicuous for his cool determination and courage in the heat of conflict, and his mercy after victory, so as to win the applause of both friend and foe. The situation of the general was, moreover, one of peculiar difficulty. He experienced languor, insubordination, and desertion in his followers; and it was only after he had the address to induce his countrymen to establish a standing army, on something like regular principles, that success crowned his exertions. It is allowed by all parties that the services of Washington in this grand struggle against oppression were as great as ever were performed by any man to any nation. History is full of far more brilliant exploits; but it must always be recollected that in Washington's situation, not to be defeated was victory. In the arrangements on the day of battle, we should discover but a small portion of those happy endowments which gave him an unrivalled ascendancy over the minds of his countrymen; which enabled him to keep a powerful enemy in awe with fluctuating levies, whose defective constitution for bade the necessary severities of discipline; which enabled him to awaken sentiments of honour and patriotism in hearts divided by animosities and jealousies. In criticising his military conduct, we must always keep in view his means; and if we cannot discover any single achievement of peculiar brilliancy, we shall yet be forced to admire a long series of arduous operations, which display penetration and energy, combined with uniform and unerring sagacity. Although it was simply the redress of grievances relative to taxation which prompted them to take up arms, as they began to feel their strength, they aspired to higher views.

The war was commenced on the 14th of June 1774, and, with greater or lesser vigour, was carried on for about eight years. Two years after its breaking out, on the 4th of July 1776, the colonists declared their independence of the English crown, which was acknowledged by France in 1778, by Holland in 1782, but not by the British parliament till the 30th of November 1783. Yet, in thus securing the blessing of national liberty, the colonists, it seems, were by no means satisfied. They broke out into parties; disaffection spread on all sides; and had not the wisdom and patriotism of Washington suggested expedients to allay the ferment and avert the danger, the Union of States would have been dissolved, and national ruin and disgrace the consequence.

Having given liberty to his country, Washington once more retired from public life to his paternal roof, followed by the fervent admiration of his countrymen. Unlike Cromwell, or Napoleon in later times, he had no desire to take advantage of his situation or popularity, and so secure the office, for life, of emperor, king, or protector. He freely renounced all official distinction, thereby offering an example of moral virtue quite unparalleled in the history of modern times, and retaining no other reward for his extraordinary services than his country's love. The following letter to La Fayette—a distinguished French nobleman, who assisted in establishing the independence of the States, and who still survives—written soon after his arrival at Mount Vernon, gives a lively picture of his feelings, and breathes a fine spirit of philosophy.

"At length, my dear Marquis, I have become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree. Free from the bustle of a camp, and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame—the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, or the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all—and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in the hope of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers."

During his retirement, objects of public utility still occupied his thoughts; and it was not long before he formed, with his characteristic sagacity, a plan of improving the internal navigation of the country. This plan was, to open as high as possible the great eastern rivers, and to connect them, by means of intermediate streams, with the Ohio: and his object in this magnificent undertaking was to draw the States beyond the Alleghany mountains into a closer connexion with those upon the Atlantic; and thus, by multiplying their commercial relations, to give stability and unity to those of a political nature. These beneficent schemes of Washington have been fully accomplished. He was soon, however, called upon by a sense of duty into more burdensome labours. The jealousies prevailing among the States threatened again to wreck the newly-formed republican government. When at last it became evident to all that some alteration of the general system was indispensable to the preservation of its parts, a convention was held under his auspices; and the constitution which it formed having been adopted by the greater part of the States, he was, in April 1789, called to the office of First President, by the unanimous voice of the confederation. There is abundance of evidence that he accepted this office of chief magistrate of the United States with the greatest reluctance. He had no ambition of high place; and, free from all presumption, this truly great man felt diffident of his capacity to administer, in peace, the affairs of a country which, in war, he had saved from ruin. "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and domestic felicity," says he, in

an entry in his diary; "and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best dispositions to render service to my country, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

The duties of Washington's civil administration, though far less arduous than those of his military command, yet required much of that fortitude and sagacity which that command so conspicuously displayed. To re-establish credit, and provide for the debts of the Union, when there was every desire to profit by injustice, and where taxation was both difficult and odious—to give stability and energy to a new government, encountered in its first operations by the contending interests of thirteen separate States—and to preserve the blessings of peace to a rising community, when the misguided feelings of the people would have precipitated a war, were efforts which statesmen are seldom called to make, and which but few would have been equal to perform. In his public conduct, we look in vain for any of those vices which oppose the prosperity of nations, and the peace of the world. In choosing the officers of his government, in virtue of the powers committed to him by the constitution, he is universally allowed to have displayed the utmost disinterestedness. No prejudices, no affections, no interests, were seen to interfere with his great duty, to call to the management of a nation's concerns the talents from which a nation has most to hope. His addresses to the people and to Congress—as the parliament of the American States is called—afford indubitable proofs of the purity, as well as the solidity of his principles; and it is impossible to read them, and to trace them, as exemplified in the whole course of his public career, without admitting "that he performed justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." General Washington survived his retirement from the Presidency, which he twice enjoyed, only two years. He died on the 14th of December 1799, of an inflammation in the throat, occasioned by a slight rain to which he had been exposed the preceding day. Soon after the disease commenced, he foresaw he would die; and he met his fate with his accustomed fortitude.

The personal appearance of this lamented statesman was noble and commanding; and it has been frequently remarked, that the impression of awe which it was calculated to produce, was never effaced by frequency of intercourse. He was reserved in his manners, and unaffectedly modest. He was hospitable, and his establishment expensive, but under exact regulation. He spoke with diffidence; but his letters to Congress, and his written addresses, are admirable for clearness and solidity. His personal habits were exceedingly temperate, and the purity of his morals was never questioned. In short, to use the words of Mr Fox, "a character, of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed with any vices, is hardly to be found in the pages of history." By all classes of citizens in the United States, the memory of George Washington is cherished above that of all other patriots, while his name serves as a lasting incitement to the nation to preserve its institutions unimpaired to a distant posterity.

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

WITCHCRAFT AND POISONING—KATHERINE ROSS LADY FOWLIS.

This woman, daughter of Ross of Balnagown, was the second wife of the fifteenth Baron of Fowlis; and the object of her crimes was to destroy her stepsons Robert and Hector Monro, with about thirty of their principal kinsmen, in order that her own children might succeed to the possessions of their father, which were considerable, and lay in the counties of Ross, Sutherland, and Inverness. Her brother, George Ross, seems to have been in league with her for the accomplishment of this diabolical purpose—a participation the more atrocious in his case, because his wife, Marjory Campbell, called the young Lady Balnagown, was marked out as a victim, whose removal, with that of the persons already named belonging to the Fowlis family, might pave the way for his marriage with the wife of Robert Monro, the young laird. Their schemes were brought into active operation in the summer of 1577. In the end of November of that year, four of their accomplices, Agnes Roy, Catherine Ross in Canorth, William MacGillievorie-dam, and Thomas MacKane More MacAllan MacEvoch, were arraigned in a justice court held in the cathedral kirk of Ross, convicted, and burnt. One of the judges who presided at this trial was Robert Monro, the husband of the principal instigator of the crimes, and father of the family whose lives were practised against. Lady Fowlis, upon the discovery of her wickedness, fled into the county of Caithness. After remaining there for the space of three quarters of a year, her husband was persuaded, "be lauburrous," and by the influence of the Earl of Caithness, to receive her home again. What kind of "lawburrows" it was that existed at that time, of force enough to effect a reconciliation in such circumstances, is not explained, and we are totally at a loss to conjecture. Lady Fowlis seems to have lived unmolested during the rest of the life of the old baron; and even the young laird, for whose destruction she had perseveringly laboured, made no exertion to bring her to justice. He, however, enjoyed the family estates only from November 1588 to October 1589. His brother Hector, on succeeding him, procured a commission for the punishment of certain witches and sorcerers, which was understood to be aimed at his stepmother; but before he had time to act upon the power thus granted, she had influence enough to obtain a suspension of the commission; and it was not till the July of 1590, thirteen years after the perpetration of the crimes, that she was brought to trial at his instance. The evidence mainly rested upon seems to have been the notoriety of the facts, and the confession of the accomplices; each count of the indictment closes with a reference to the record of the process before the provincial court, with the occasional addition of "as is notour," "as is manifest be the haill countrie of Roiss," or words to that effect. The verdict was favourable to the accused; but Mr Pitcairn is of opinion that her escape was owing to her powerful interest. "The inquest," he says, "bears all the appearance of a selected or packed jury, being in a very inferior rank and station of life to the pannel, contrary to the usual custom." It is also to be remarked, that several individuals who had been summoned as jurymen did not come forward, and were, in consequence, "unlawit," or fined in the sum of forty pounds (Scots). Their failure to answer the citation may not improbably have been a discreet way of avoiding the inconveniences that might have followed, had they passed upon the assize, and given their voice *against* a person of influence like the Lady Fowlis. The dittay or indictment is the only part of the proceedings which is preserved; indeed the reading of it seems to have constituted the whole case of the prosecutor, and the simple denial of the "samin and the haill poyntis thereof," the whole case for the accused; after which the jury retired to consider their verdict. The acquittal which followed was no doubt such as any modern jury, with no better proof before them, would instantly acquiesce in; but this can scarce be held a presumption of the innocence of the party, because we are now habituated to an entirely different manner of leading evidence; and if the whole tribe of ancient evildoers, whose crimes were neither few nor trivial, were arraigned, according to the forms and practice of their own times, before a court of the nineteenth century, not a single conviction could be obtained. But to come to the matter against Lady Fowlis.

The first method adopted to compass the deaths of the persons who stood in the way of her ambition, was to form figures to represent the young Laird of Fowlis and the young Lady Balnagown, which were shot at with elf-arrows, in conformity with the belief that, if these charmed weapons struck the typical bodies, the wounds would be felt in their real bodies, and produce invisibly the desired effect. For the performance of the necessary rites, a meeting of three witches took place in the house of Christian Ross at Canorth, Christian herself being one of them, Lady Fowlis another, and third, Marjory MacAllester, a hag of peculiar eminence, distinguished also by the name of Loskie Loncart, which was probably conferred upon her by the second or diabolic baptism, to which the rest had not attained. Having constructed two images of clay, they placed them on the north side of the western chamber, and Loskie, producing two elf-arrows, delivered one to Christian Ross, who stood by with it in her hand, while, with the other, Lady Fowlis shot twice at the figure of Lady Balnagown, and Loskie three times at that of Robert Monro, without success. In the meantime the images, not having been properly compacted, crumbled to pieces; and their purpose being thus thwarted for the present, the unhallowed convocation broke up, Loskie Loncart having engaged, at the command of Lady Fowlis, to make two other figures. MacGillievorie-dam seems now to have been taken into their counsels; and, by his advice, an image in butter of the young Laird of Fowlis was placed by the side of the wall in the same western chamber of Canorth, and sho at eight times with an elf-arrow by Loskie, without effect. This was on the 2d July 1577; and, nothing discouraged by repeated failures, a clay figure of the same person was constructed on the 6th, when the indefatigable Loskie discharged the elf-arrow twelve times, sometimes reaching the image, but never wounding it. The other two hags stood by, anxiously watching for a successful shot, Christian Ross having provided three quarters of fine linen cloth to be bound about the typical corpse, which was to have been interred opposite the gate of the Stank of Fowlis, in order to complete the enchantment by a full representation of every circumstance which they were desirous of producing as its consequence. The main part of the rite, however, consisted in the infliction of a wound; and this not having been accomplished, they desisted from the vain labour.

What are called elf-arrow heads, as the reader is probably aware, are pieces of flint chipped into the shape of a barb with serrated edges, used by our barbarian ancestors for mutual destruction in the absence of the more effective weapons which civilization contrives for the same purpose. They are sometimes dug up in considerable quantities together, and were long thought by the vulgar to be of fairy origin, and to possess destroying powers without the infliction of a visible wound; thus, if a man or beast were seized with any disease attended with unusual symptoms, it was immediately concluded that they were elf-shot. Even till within a few years of the present day, when cattle were grievously tormented with flies in the summer, and galloped about in a distracted manner to get rid of them, it was no unusual thing to hear exclamations of "What can be the matter with the beasts? They're surely elf-shot!" the impression being, that they were consumed by some invisible smart that preyed upon the vitals, and drove them about in maddened flight. Lady Fowlis was so eager to obtain one of these arrow heads, that she sent four messages to John MacNilland in Dingwall, who possessed one, and who was at last induced to pay her a visit at Fowlis, and dispose of it for four shillings (Scots). Another messenger was dispatched to Tain, and procured a second from two women there, reputed witches, who had it in keeping.

The more secret arts of witchcraft having failed to effect the desired ends, Lady Fowlis next had recourse to poison; and numerous were the consultations held to concoct drugs, and devise means for administering them. The same assistants figured as the chief agents in this equally abominable work. A stoupful of poisoned ale was first mixed in the barn of Drumnyn; but opportunity not serving for its immediate use, it was kept three nights in the kiln; and the stoup being leaky, the liquor was lost, all but a very small quantity, to prove the strength of which, Lady Fowlis caused her servant lad, Donald Mackay, to swallow it. The three confederates were assembled upon this occasion, and as the draught did not kill the boy, but only threw him into a state of stupor, Loskie Loncart was dismissed with an injunction to "mak ane pig-full of ranker poysoune." The obedient hag prepared the potion, and sent it to her patroness, by whom it was delivered to her nurse, Mary More, to be conveyed to Angus Leith's house, where the young Laird then was, that it might be employed for his destruction. Night was the time chosen for dispatching her on this errand; she broke the vessel by the way, spilt the liquor, and wishing probably to ascertain the nature of what had been entrusted to her under such circumstances of mystery, tasted it, and paid the forfeit of her curiosity with her life; and what helps to show the deadly qualities of this preparation, the indictment adds, that "the place quhair the said pig brak, the gers that grew upon the samin wes so heich by (beyond) the natour of uther gers, that nather cow, ox, nor scheip ewir preavit (tasted) thairof." It were endless to detail all the traffickings and messengers kept scouring the country to collect the requisite quantity of poison. Loskie Loncart was lodged and maintained a whole summer in Christian Ross's house, for the greater convenience of assisting to drug drinks, and devise means of administering them—MacGillievorie-dam was sent to consult the gipsies about the most effectual way of poisoning the young laird. He also purchased a quantity of the powder used to destroy rats, from a merchant in Elgin, and another portion in Tain, and was strictly questioned by Lady Fowlis whether it would suit best to mix the ingredient with eggs, brose, or kale. No fitting opportunity seems to have occurred for administering any of the potions to Robert Monro; but, after three interviews, John MacFarquhar, young Balnagown's cook, was prevailed upon, by the present of two ells of grey cloth, a shirt, and twelve shillings and fourpence (Scots), to lend them his aid in accomplishing their purpose on his mistress. That young lady being to entertain a party of friends one night at her house of Ardmore, a witch named Katherine Neynday carried poison thither to MacFarquhar, who strewed it on the principal dish, which was kidneys. This woman remained to witness the effects, and afterwards declared that she "skunnerit," or revolted, at the sight, which was "the sarest and maist cruell that evir scho saw, seing the vomit and vexacioun that was on the young lady Balnagown and her company." The victim of these horrible practices did not die immediately, but contracted a deadly sickness, "quhairin," says the indictment, "scho remanis yet [that is, upwards of twelve years after taking the poison] incurable."

Such were the desperate means adopted by a lady of the 16th century to elevate her own children to the birthright of the elder sons of her husband. We might be apt to think that the affection was at least very strong which prompted her, for the benefit of her offspring, to engage in these odious practices, and to incur so great hazards. But this is a supposition founded solely upon modern notions of the atrocity of her guilt. If a woman *now* were to meditate murder for the space of a year, and to use all that time in unwearied endeavours to carry her purpose into execution, risking constantly, for so long a time, the infamy and the penalty of discovery, while, even if her design succeeded, the principal advantage was to be reaped by her son and brother, we must accord to her the character of being disinterestedly and heroically wicked. But in the time of Lady Fowlis, crime was not so repulsive in itself, nor so fatal in its consequences. The daring requisite for its perpetration was, therefore, not so great. Men's minds, in place of revolting at the idea of depriving a fellow-being of life, were familiar with every form of murder: it was the business of the next of kin to revenge it; but it exposed the guilty individual to the execration of no one beyond the limits of blood-relation to the sufferer. Hence the ease with which accomplices were found in the basest crimes. The persons named as privy to the designs of Lady Fowlis were numerous, and included the daughter of a baronet of her own name, whose interest in the matter seems to have been merely that of a connection, or, at most, of a clanswoman; and the bribes with which she purchased assistance and secrecy were of the paltriest kind. She provided

lodgings in the houses of her adherents, for some whom she wished to have near her, for the better maturing of her schemes. The cook of young Lady Balnagown was bribed, as we have seen, with little more than a shirt, and a shilling sterling! The fidelity of Christian Ross was bespoken, by reminding her that she ought not to reveal any thing against one who was her lady and mistress. Another of the gang was paid with "ane half furlett of meill." MacGillievoriedam got four ells of linen for his trouble, but, besides, appropriated six and eightpence (Scots) of the money given him to be expended in the purchase of poison; at other times, however, this person was conciliated with 20s., a firlot of meal, five ells of linen, and 16s. The brother of Lady Fowlis is also said to have promised to Thomas MacKane More MacAllan MacEvoch "ane garmounthe of clais" (suit of clothes) for his services in the same base plot.

From a review of this whole case, with others of the same date, it will appear that the crimes of former times were distinguished from those of the present, not so much by the greater atrocity of any single act, as by the length of time for which they were meditated, and the number of persons admitted to a knowledge of them without any fear of disclosure. They were the offspring of habitual thoughts rather than the effects of sudden starts of passion. Before the eye of sober investigation, the romance with which many of the bloody deeds of the olden time and of savage life are invested must vanish. The villain then had not to brave the risk of certain punishment, nor to cut himself off, as it were, from sympathy with his kind. The villain of civilized times acquires the courage to do both. If we desire, therefore, to admire the *beau ideal* of a bold ruffian, let us not take the trouble to search into antiquity. There we find only the exercise of habitual ferocity, with the necessity of breaking through few restraints. It is our own day that gives birth to peculiar monstrosity of crime, where the impulse of passion, or the dogged purpose of an impenetrably hardened heart, finds itself withstood by almost every conceivable restraint, and sets them all at nought.

SIR M. HALE.

THE character of Sir Matthew Hale as a judge was splendidly pre-eminent. His learning was profound; his patience unconquerable; his integrity stainless. In the words of one who wrote with no friendly feeling towards him, "his voice was oracular, and his person little less than adored." The temper of mind with which he entered upon the duties of the bench is best exemplified in the following resolutions, which appear to have been composed on his being raised to the dignity of Chief Baron at the Restoration:—

"Things necessary to be continually had in remembrance:

"1. That in the administration of justice I am intrusted for God, the King, and country; and therefore,

"2. That it be done, 1. Uprightly; 2. Deliberately; 3. Resolutely.

"3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

"4. That in the execution of justice I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

"5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unseasonable and interruptions.

"6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

"7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

"8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also due to the country.

"9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

"10. That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, or favour to the rich, in point of justice.

"11. That popular or court applause or distaste have no influence in any thing I do, in point of distribution of justice.

"12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

"13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.

"14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no more harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

"15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

"16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

"17. To charge my servants, 1. Not to interpose in any matter whatsoever; 2. Not to take more than their known fees; 3. Not to give any undue precedence to causes; 4. Not to recommend counsel.

"18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be the fitter for business."

Under the influence of resolutions like these, the conduct of Hale on the bench appears to have been almost irreproachable.

CORK.

MANY persons see corks used daily without knowing whence come these exceedingly useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of bark of the cork-tree, a species of the oak which grows wild in the countries in the south of Europe. The tree is generally divested of its bark at about fifteen years old, but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing; and the operation may be repeated every eighth or ninth year, the quality of the cork continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flame of a strong fire; and, after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weights, in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, the ease with which it may be compressed, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to this substance, that no efficient substitute for it has yet been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all the purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples for bottles—the ancients mostly employing cement for closing the mouths of vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which, being spread on the inside with a resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the close of the seventeenth century, wax being till then chiefly in use for that purpose. The cork imported into Great Britain is brought principally from Italy, Spain, and Portugal. The quantity annually consumed is upwards of 5000 tons.

AN ADVENTURE.

As Mr Thomson, with his companion, was proceeding across the uninhabited desert in South Africa, he met with the following adventure:—

"We proceeded on our course, over extensive plains, sprinkled with numerous herds of game—quaggas, elands, gnoos, koodoos, hartebeests, gemsboks, and smaller antelopes, the movements of which helped to relieve our lonely journey. The gnoo here was of a larger size, and apparently different from that on the other side of the Cradock, being of a dark blue colour, and having a black bushy tail, instead of a white one. I observed also two sorts of hartebeests. As we travelled along, I observed my Hottentot continually looking out for the *spoor* (track) of human feet, being exceedingly anxious to get to some kraal before night; but the only tracks he could discover were those of the wild animals above mentioned, and of their pursuer, the lion. The foot-prints of the latter were so frequent and so fresh, that it was evident these tyrants of the desert were numerous and near to us. Frederick also remarked to me, that wherever such numbers of the large game were to be seen, we might be certain lions were not far distant. The numerous skeletons of animals scattered over the plain, presented sufficient proofs of the justness of our apprehensions, and these were soon confirmed by ocular evidence. We were jogging pensively along, the Hottentot with two horses about ten yards before me, I following with the other two. Frederick was nodding on his saddle, having slept little, I believe, the preceding night. In this posture, happening to cast my eyes on one side, I beheld, with consternation, two monstrous lions, reclining under a mimosa bush, within fifteen yards of our path. They were reclining lazily on the ground, with half-opened jaws shewing their terrific fangs. I saw our danger, and was aware that no effort could save us, if these savage beasts should be tempted to make a spring. I collected myself, therefore, and moved on in silence, while Frederick, without perceiving them, rode quietly past. I followed him exactly at the same pace, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glaring monsters, who remained perfectly still. When we had got about seventy or eighty yards from them, I rode gently up to Frederick, and, desiring him to look over his shoulder, shewed him the lions. But such a face of terror I never beheld, as be exhibited, on perceiving the danger we had so narrowly escaped. He was astonished, too, that he had not previously observed them, being, like most of his countrymen, very quick-sighted. He said, however, that I had acted very properly, in not speaking or evincing the least alarm, while passing the lions; for, if I had, they would probably not have let us pass so quietly. Most likely, however, we owed our safety to their hunger being satiated, for they appeared to have been just devouring some animal they had killed, a quagga, as it seemed to me, from the hurried glance I had in passing."

WATCHMEN OF STOCKHOLM.

THE appearance of the watchmen in Stockholm is most grotesque. Their dress consists entirely of the skins of animals, and they walk constantly in pairs, carrying in their hands a curious instrument for seizing culprits who may endeavour to escape from them. It is so contrived as to shut fast about the neck, being applied below the back part of the head, and becomes tighter the more the person caught struggles to get free.

STANZAS

Written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

By HERBERT KNOWLES.

"It is good for us to be here; if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."—*St Mat.*

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a dark narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before:
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin that, but yesterday, fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
Save the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain;
Who hid in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again;
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah, no! They have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above:
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet, none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear,
Peace! peace! is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah, no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

One Sunday morning, some time before Burns commenced author, when he and his brother Gilbert were going to the parish church of Tarbolton, they got into company with an old man, a Moravian, travelling to Ayr. It was at that time when the dispute between the Old and New Light Burghers was making a great noise in the country; and Burns and the old man, entering into conversation on the subject, differed in their opinions about it, the old man defending the principles of the Old Light, and Burns those of the New Light. The disputants at length grew very warm in the debate, and Burns, finding that with all his eloquence he could make nothing of his antagonist, became a little acrimonious, and tauntingly exclaimed, "Oh! I suppose I have met with the Apostle Paul this morning." "No," replied the old Moravian coolly, "you have not met the Apostle Paul; but I think I have met one of those wild beasts which he says he fought with when at Ephesus."

ANIMAL LIFE.

The following is a scale of the average duration of animal life from the most celebrated writers on natural history:—A hare will live 10 years, a cat 10, a goat 8, an ass 30, a sheep 10, a ram 15, a dog from 14 to 20, a bull 15, an ox 20, swine 25, a pigeon 8, a turtledove 25, a partridge 25, a raven 100, an eagle 100, a goose 100.

THE ODD FAMILY.

In the reign of William the Third, there lived in Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the *Odd Family*. Every event remarkably good or bad happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behaviour; the very letters in their Christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rabah; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye, and Roger lost his right eye by accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was humpbacked; all these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet two inches high at the age of nineteen; the stump-footed Jonas and the humpbacked David got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the children's was red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep sawpit, where he was starved to death in the year 1701, and his wife, refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered. Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places on the same day in 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723.

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A TURN FOR BUSINESS.

NEXT to a thorough grounding in good principles, perhaps the thing most essential to success in life is a habit of communicating easily with the world. By entering readily into conversation with others, we not only acquire information by being admitted to the stores which men of various modes of thinking have amassed, and thereby gain an insight into the peculiarities of human character, but those persons into whose society we may be accidentally thrown are gratified to think that they have been able to afford instruction. Seeing that we appreciate their favourite subject, they conceive a high opinion of our penetration, and not unfrequently exert themselves wonderfully to promote our interests. Men in business, particularly, who have this happy turn of being able to slide as it were into discourse, and to throw it into that train which is best suited to the capacities and humours of others, are wonderfully indebted to it for the run of customers it entices to their shops. A stately, grave, or solemn manner, is very inappropriate in measuring stuffs by the yard; and though a man be penetrated by the deepest sense of gratitude, if his bow be stiff, and his countenance not of a relaxing cast, he makes not half so favourable an impression as another who may not perhaps be a more deserving person in the main, but has a more graceful method of acknowledging his obligations. It is astonishing, too, at how cheap a rate good will is to be purchased. An insinuating way of testifying satisfaction with the pleasantness of the weather, is often a very effectual way of extending popularity; it is regarded as an act of condescension when addressed to some, while with others it is received as the indication of a happy temperament, which is at all times attractive. A person who "has little to say," or, in other words, who does not deign to open his mouth except when it is indispensably necessary, never proves generally acceptable. You will hear such a one described as "a very good sort of man *in his way*;" but people rather avoid him. He has neither the talent of conversing in an amusing vein himself, nor of leading on others to do so; and they are only the arrantest babblers who are contented with an inanimate listener. I remember a striking example of the various fortune of two persons in the same profession, who happened to be of those different dispositions.

Two pedlars made their rounds in the same district of country. The one was a tall, thin man, with a swarthy complexion. Nothing could exceed this fellow's anxiety to obtain customers; his whole powers seemed to be directed to the means of disposing of his wares. He no sooner arrived at a farm-house than he broached the subject nearest his heart—"Any thing wanted in my line to-day?" He entered into a most unqualified eulogium on their excellency; they were all unequalled in fineness; he could sell them for what might be said to be absolutely nothing; and as for lasting, why, to take his word for it, they would wear for ever. He chose the table where the light was most advantageous, proceeded immediately to undo the labyrinth of cord with which his goods were secured, and took the utmost pains to exhibit their whole glories to the eyes of the admiring rustics. If the farmer endeavoured to elicit from him some information concerning the state of the crops in the places where he had been travelling, he could only afford a brief and unsatisfactory answer, but was sure to tack to the tail of it the recommendation of some piece of west of England cloth which he held in his hand ready displayed. Nay, if the hospitality of the goodwife made him an offer of refreshment before he entered upon business, he most magnanimously, but unpedlar-like, resisted the temptation to eat, animated by the still stronger desire to sell. There was no possibility of withdrawing him for a moment from his darling topic. To the master he said, "Won't you buy a coat?"—to the mistress, "Won't you buy a shawl?"—to the servant girls, "Won't you buy a gown a-piece?" and he earnestly urged the cowherd to purchase a pair of garters, regardless of the notorious fact that the ragged urchin wore no stockings. But all his efforts were ineffectual; even his gaudiest ribbons could not melt the money out of a single female heart; and his vinegar aspect grew yet more meagre as he restored each article untouched to his package.

The rival of this unsuccessful solicitor of custom was a short, squat man, fair-haired and ruddy. He came in with a hearty salutation, and set down his pack in some corner, where, as he expressed himself, it might be "out of the way." He then immediately abandoned himself to the full current of conversation, and gave a detail of every particular of news that was within his knowledge. He could tell the farmer every thing that he desired to know—what number of corn-stacks appeared in the barn-yards wherever he had been, and what quantity of grain still remained uncut or in shock, and he took time to enumerate the whole distinctly. He was equally well prepared in other departments of intelligence, and so fascinating was his gossip, that when the duties of any member of the family called them out of hearing, they were apt to linger so long, that the goodwife declared he was "a perfect offput to a' wark." This, however, was not meant to make him abate of his talkative humour; and neither did he: the whole budget was emptied first, and he received in turn the narratives of all and sundry. Then came the proposal from some of those whom he had gratified with his news, to "look what was in the pack." The goods were accordingly lugged from their place of concealment, and every one's hand was ready to pick out some necessary or some coveted piece of merchandise. The master discovered that, as he would be needing a suit ere long, it was as well to take it now. The mistress was just waiting for Thomas coming round to supply herself with a variety of articles, "for," quoth she, "mony things are needit in a house." The servants exhorted each other to think whether they did not require something, for it was impossible to say when another opportunity of getting it might occur. The ellwand was forthwith put into diligent requisition, the scissars snipt a little bit of the selvage, and an adroit "screed" separated the various cloths from the rapidly diminishing webs. The corners of many chests gave up their carefully hoarded gains, with which cheap remnants were triumphantly secured. In the midst of this transfer of finery, the poor herd boy looked on with a countenance so woefully expressive of the fact that he had not a farthing to spend, that some one took compassion on him, and, having laid out a trifling sum, had the satisfaction of making him perfectly happy with the equivalent, flinging it into his unexpectant arms, and exclaiming, "Here, callan, there's something for you!" What a multiplicity of pleasing emotions had this trader the tact of calling into exercise, all of them redounding tenfold to his own proper advantage! It was impossible to say whether he cultivated his powers of talk from forethought, as knowing that they would produce a crisis favourable to his own interests, or if he indulged in them because gossiping was congenial to his own disposition. He had a sharp eye enough to what is called the main chance; but at the same time he did not possess that degree of intellectual depth, which we might expect to find in one who could calculate upon exciting the purchasing propensities by a method so indirect. Most probably, therefore, his success in business was more the result of an accidental cast of mind than of wisdom prepense, or any aptitude beyond common for the arts of traffic, as considered by themselves.

Such, also, in most cases, is that talent which gets the name of "a fine turn for business." The possessor exerts his powers of pleasing, alike when engaged in the concerns of his profession, and in society when there is no object to serve but that of passing time agreeably. His engaging address is productive of commercial advantages, but it is not a thing acquired and brought into exercise solely for that end. Some people, no doubt, finding themselves to have a prepossessing manner, do employ it systematically to promote their views of business; but by far the greater number employ it because they have it, and without reference to the pecuniary profit that may accrue. The pecuniary profit, however, follows not the less as its consequence; and we have the satisfaction of seeing urbanity of manners almost uniformly rewarded by attaining to easy circumstances, while the man of a gruff unsocial humour has usually to maintain a hard struggle with fortune. The mere packing of knowledge into the heads of children is not the only thing required to ensure their future respectability and happiness—the qualities of the heart also demand the fostering care of the instructor; and since so much depends on their temper and behaviour to those around them, parents cannot be too assiduous in the cultivation of affability, the possession of which virtue is the grand secret that confers "a fine turn for business."

NATURAL HISTORY.

ANIMALS WITH A BACKBONE.

MAN is the most perfect of all vertebrated animals; from him down to the lowest fish, the brain is protected by a skull, and the spinal marrow is inclosed in a bony column, consisting of small bones articulated together, which is called the spine or backbone. The ribs are attached to the sides of the spine, as well as the bones of the legs and arms; there is no instance of their having more than four limbs. These are technically called the upper and lower extremities. Above the bones are built the muscles, or fleshy substance which gives action to them. The alimentary, or nourishing system of the body, is inclosed within the cavity of the ribs, and belly.

All animals with a backbone have a muscular heart; their blood is of a red colour; their mouth consists of two horizontal jaws. Organs are situated in their head, through which they enjoy what is called the senses; namely, seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting.

By a knowledge of comparative anatomy, we are enabled to trace a similarity of the various parts of man through the whole animals which are provided with a backbone. Fishes are vertebrated animals, the most remote from man in their external structure. Yet comparative anatomists can trace in these, different series of bones, which correspond to or represent the bones of the arms, legs, hands, fingers, feet, and toes of man. The knowledge of these facts has tempted many philosophers to hazard the absurd opinion that man had his beginning in a minute animalcule, and has attained his present perfect condition from progressive improvement by reproduction. These opinions first originated with the ancients, from their want of knowledge of facts which are now universally established. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should have been deceived into these views; but when we find, so late as the year 1773, that Lord Monboddo, a learned and philosophi-

cal senator of the Scottish College of Justice, should have adopted such opinions, we must feel surprise; and we learn with astonishment that even so late as the year 1803, one of the greatest scholars, and ablest medical man of his day, Dr Darwin, espoused these false doctrines. He says—

"Hence, without parent, by spontaneous birth,
Rise the first specks of animated earth;
From Nature's womb the plant or insect swims,
And buds, or breathes, with microscopic beings."*

He is of opinion that life first commenced in the ocean. On this point he says—

"Organic life, beneath the shoreless waves,
Was born and nurs'd in Ocean's pearly caves;
First forms minute, unseen by spheric glass,
Move on the head, or pierce the watery mass;
These in domestic generations bloom,
New powers acquire, and larger limbs assume;
Whence countless groups of vegetation spring,
And breathing realms of fin, and feet, and wing.
Thus the tall oak, the giant of the wood,
Which bears Britannia's thunders on the flood;
The whale, unmeasured monster of the main,
The lordly lion, monarch of the plain;
The eagle soaring in the realms of air,
Whose eye, undazzled, drinks the solar glare;
Imperious man, who rules the bestial crowd,
Of language, reason, and reflection proud,
With brow erect, who scorns this earthly sod,
And styles himself the image of his God;
Arose from rudiments of form and sense,
An embryon point, or microscopic ens!"†

The acute anatomical knowledge of the Doctor, and his deeply sophisticated arguments, have a strong tendency to seduce the less philosophical reader into his baseless doctrines.

But views like these can never be entertained by healthy minds, and it requires but little reflection to dispel such absurd theories. Xenophon, who flourished 550 years before Christ, in his "*Treatise De Re Equestri*," describes Arabian horses exactly as they are found at the present day; and pedigrees are preserved of horses by the Arabs for upwards of five hundred years; and we have never heard of a horse becoming another animal. In short, this theory is too absurd to require a serious refutation.

There is a law in nature completely opposed to these doctrines, which is, that wild animals, of different species, while in a state of freedom, never commix; and thus the purity of their race is preserved in an unsullied and uninterrupted stream. In a state of domestication, man has so far changed the habits of some nearly allied species, as to induce them to propagate a spurious breed, but the produce are invariably mules; that is, they are barren, and incapable of continuing their kinds, with the exception of a few solitary instances; and these have never extended beyond the second generation, seldom living long, and always incapable of reproduction. But for this wise law, the world would become a scene of hideous monstrosity.

The organs of sense, in all animals with a backbone, consist in two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, the tongue, and all the muscles which cover the skeleton. The nervous system takes its rise in two masses situated in the cavity of the skull; the essential part is called the medullary substance or marrow; and anatomists have remarked, that its quantity is proportioned to the intellectual energy. The true nature of the marrow has not yet been ascertained. When minutely examined, it appears a soft matter, of a cream-coloured white, and seems to consist of innumerable infinitely minute globules. It appears itself to be devoid of motion; but from it are transmitted to the mind the impressions of the senses, whether in man or animals, and from the brain are conveyed the impulses of the will to the different muscles of the body.

The brain itself seems to be principally composed of marrow; and the spinal cord, or marrow, is the great stem leading from it, which conducts the numerous branches of the nerves through every part of the body. It is from the nerves we enjoy sensation or feeling.

The flesh, or what is termed the muscular fibre, is composed of many series of fleshy threads, whose distinctive property consists of contraction, arising either from the contact of an external body, or the agency of the will carried along the nerves.

The whole ingredients of the body are derived from the food which is taken into the stomach; this is termed the vegetative system. All the substances taken into the stomach are converted into fluids, of which the blood is the principal, and contains the general ingredients of the animal system. It is composed of carbon, or the essence of charcoal; hydrogen, or one of the constituent parts of which water is composed; oxygen the acid principle, another constituent of water; and azote or nitrogen, or that gas which has the quality of extinguishing flame. They are all combined with a substance called fibrin; gelatin, or jelly, and a compound substance named albumen; these combine to form constituent parts of the animal solids and fluids; there are, besides, phosphorus and lime, of which the bones are principally composed; also iron, and oily or fatty matter.

Hence it is evident that the fluids derived from food sustain and supply the waste of all the solid parts of the body, which are subject to perpetual change, from respiration, perspiration, and other causes.

The intestines, or what is termed the alimentary or intestinal canal, extends from the mouth to the opening of the rectum; and its length comprises various degrees of expansion, which anatomists have designated by different names. The food, after it has been digested, is, in its passage through this alimentary canal, converted into a fluid substance, called chyle. This substance enters a series of vessels, or tubes, which have their opening into the large vessel called the thoracic duct, and are called the lymphatics, whose cavities are contracted at small and unequal distances; they are carried into the glands of the mesentery. In the words of the poet—

"The glands
All artful knots, of various hollow threads,
Which *lymphaducts*, an art'ry, nerve, or vein,
Involv'd and closed together wound, contain."

Chyle is conveyed by these vessels to the heart, and it mixes with the mass of blood.

The blood, after having served the end of nourishment, is returned to the heart by the veins. This blood, for the purpose of restoring its arterial character, must pass, either wholly or in part, through the lungs, or organs of respiration, before it is conveyed by the arteries to the various parts of the body. In the three first classes of animals with a backbone the lungs consist of a number of small cells, through which the external air passes as it is breathed.

The quantity of respiration, or breathing, depends on two causes: first, the relative portion of blood contained at every instant of time, in the breathing organ; and, secondly, the quantity of oxygen which enters into combination with the surrounding fluid.

The blood receives its red colour, in its passage through the lungs, by being exposed to the oxygen contained in the air, which is drawn into them while breathing.

In animals which suckle their young, the circulation is double, and is performed by means of their capacious lungs alone. The volume of their breathing is, consequently, greater than in reptiles, or fishes, whose organs of respiration are less.

Birds breathe in greater quantity than quadrupeds, in consequence of their double circulation and aërial respiration, with the addition of cavities, which penetrate through almost every part of their bodies.

Hence, in quadrupeds, which are designed for walking and running, the respiration is moderate. Birds which are lightly formed, and which require strength of muscle to support them in the air, have a greater degree or extent of respiration. Reptiles, which crawl along the earth, have more restricted powers of breathing; and fishes, which move through a fluid so much heavier than themselves, breathe by means of gills.

OF THE MAMMALIA, OR ANIMALS WHICH SUCKLE THEIR YOUNG.

These are placed at the top of every system, as possessing a superiority of structure, and a higher degree of intelligence. Their organs are more perfect, their faculties more numerous, and their sensations more delicate—thus entitling them to a higher rank in the scale of animal life.

They all produce their young in a living state, which are nourished after their birth by milk secreted within the breasts of the female; hence the name of the Class, from the Latin word *mamma*, a breast.

The animals of this class have but moderate powers of breathing, and are, with a few exceptions, only fitted for progressive motion on the earth, which, however, they can sustain for a great length of time. A few species, such as bats, can mount into the air by means of extensible membranes, in the form of wings. These are attached to their limbs, and are usually greatly lengthened. Animals of this construction may be considered as the connecting links betwixt the feathered tribe and quadrupeds. On the other hand, whales, and all that tribe of marine animals which breathe by lungs, seem to be the connecting links betwixt quadrupeds and fishes. These suckle their young in the same manner as quadrupeds. They are formed for moving in the water only, from the shortness of their limbs.

Most of the distinctions of the genera of quadrupeds are founded on the number and structure of their teeth, together with the size and shape of the bones of the skeleton. Man is the most perfect of organised beings; his skeleton contains all the bones of other animals. His teeth are of three kinds, namely, the incisory or cutting teeth, which are the four centre ones in both jaws; next to these on each side, are the four canine teeth, being one above and below in each jaw; all the other teeth are called the molars or grinders.

We would recommend to all who wish to have a thorough knowledge of the natural history of animals, to make themselves acquainted with the bones of the skeleton, and also of the several muscles which form the *outer* covering of the body.

Genus Man.

Generic Character.—Man has eight incisory or cutting teeth, four above and four below; four canine teeth, one above and below, on each side of the cutting teeth; and twenty grinders or molars, five above and five below, further into the mouth than the other teeth; being in all thirty-two. The angle of his face varies in different nations.

Man, who ranks at the head of created beings, consists but of *one* species. When he enters the world, he is a helpless and defenceless creature, and continues in a state of infancy longer than any other animal, and arrives at maturity from the years of twelve to twenty, according to the latitude in which the individual lives. Speech and reason, which place man above all other creatures, are but germs, which do not ripen of themselves, but are evolved by the aid of culture and education. His instinct seems inferior to that of most other animals; for they possess internal impulses, peculiar to their kinds, by which they can provide for themselves almost immediately on entering the world, and in maturity are capable of forming habitations for their young, while man is entirely destitute of these instincts. The Almighty has, however, given him in their stead reason and reflection. He is also provided with a soul, by which he can give utterance to infinite modifications of articulate sounds; and thereby has constructed language, which enables him to communicate his ideas to his fellow-men. These qualities are possessed by every known race of mankind. Man, besides, differs from all other creatures in his upright gait, and in the admirable construction of his hands, which enable him to perform actions and to form instruments with much nicety. These, in connection with his intellectual qualities, have enabled him to make discoveries beyond the sphere of this earth.

The *specific* distinction betwixt man and all other animals consists in his upright posture, and in the bones of his legs and arms being so constructed that it is impossible for him to walk with ease on his four extremities. The length of the thigh bone would bring the knee in contact with the ground, and the short inflexible structure of his feet disqualify him for this sort of action. The arms, being so far separated from the central line and the articulations of the shoulder joints, together with their distance from each other, show that he could not support himself in a horizontal position. The muscles, which act as a binder betwixt the shoulders, are small in man compared to those of other animals; his head is heavier, and the bones and muscles of his neck are weaker, so that he could not possibly long support himself in this posture. In the quadruminous animals, or those having four hands, such as apes and monkeys, the arteries which supply the brain with blood are subdivided, while in man they are entire; and would, consequently, in the horizontal position, flow with such force and rapidity as soon to produce stupor. Man is the only true biped, his feet being exclusively formed for walking, and his hands for higher and more varied purposes. In one particular they differ widely from those of all other animals, namely, in the structure of the thumb, which, being entirely independent from the fingers in its action, gives a facility and power in grasping, greatly superior to the orang-outang or chimpanse, whose structure approaches most nearly to that of man.

But what raises man far above every other creature, is his brain. Several of the inferior animals, as the elephant and whale, have larger brains in absolute size than man; various species of monkeys, and in the sparrow, canary, linnet, and redbreast, the brain is larger in proportion to the size of the body than in him. But man is distinguished from the inferior creatures by the possession of several cerebral parts, which are wanting in them. For example, in man there are several convolutions lying transversely in the upper region of the brain, under part of the parietal bones; and also a variety of convolutions in the anterior lobe, which do not present themselves in the brains of the inferior animals. These would appear to be connected with certain moral feelings and intellectual faculties which are denied to brutes.

Man, under all his varied modifications, is but of one species. Cuvier has reduced these changes to three distinct varieties, which, he considers, preserve uniformity of character; namely, the white, or Caucasian; the yellow, or Mongolian; and the negro, or Ethiopian. These, however, we conceive too limited, and agree with Bloomenbach, that they may be divided into five races or varieties; namely, the Caucasian, Mongolian, Ethiopian, American, and Malayan.

For a more detailed account of the varieties of the human race, we beg to refer the reader to an article on that subject in Number 34, of the Journal.

* Darwin's Temple of Nature, Canto I., line 247, &c.
† Ibid, line 295, &c

ONE NIGHT IN ROME.*

During those extraordinary times when Nero wantoned in every species of atrocity, a young man, by name Agenor, was brought up in one of the provinces of Italy. He lost both his parents, and finding himself his own master, set out to visit Rome.

It was at dusk, after a fatiguing journey, when he first made his approach to that immense labyrinth of wonders and of crimes. Lights were seen scattered all over the city. The sound of chariot wheels, vociferations, and musical instruments, reached him before his entry, and soon after stunned him, in passing along the streets, where senators and women of rank, flamens, gladiators, knights, thieves, matrons, orators, and debauchees, were strolling together in companies, and conversing in a thousand different tones, of drunkenness, derision, kindness, resentment, vulgarity, and high breeding. In short, it was the festival of Cybele, the mother of the gods, and all Rome was in an uproar.

Our youth feels abashed in the metropolis. The number of countenances that wear a look of intelligence and penetration, without any stamp of moral goodness, dismays and confounds him. He falls into reveries upon the subject, and tries to conceive what

* From "Fragments and Fictions."

style of manners would best protect him from ridicule in dealing with such men; or how he could endeavour to match their shrewdness, when it was accompanied by no respect for justice or truth.

In the meantime, a scuffle took place among some slaves. One of them was wounded, and retired among the pillars of a temple, where he lay down, without receiving the least notice or comfort from any passenger. Agenor went up to the spot and spoke to him. After inquiring into the nature of his hurt, he learned the name and abode of his master, who was a prætor, and whom he next went to seek, for the purpose of procuring assistance.

It was a magnificent house to which the slave had directed him. The master was out at supper, but his lady was giving an entertainment in his absence, and, ere long, came in person to learn what intelligence our youth had to communicate. She was a noble figure, had some beauty, with a gay look, and an eye full of a thousand meanings. While Agenor was telling his story, she regarded him attentively. Indeed his cheek had a fine bloom, and his locks were as rich and exuberant as what we now behold on the forehead of the charming Antinous. As for his manner, it implied the most unbroken simplicity, so that after giving orders for bringing home the wounded slave, she begged, in a matronly tone, that he would come up stairs, and partake of a repast along with some of her friends, "because," added she with a smile, "it is the festival of Cybele." Agenor complied.

There was a good deal of company in her saloon. Among others, a centurion, who did not appear so devout as Cornelius; an old senator, toothless and half blind; a Greek belonging to the theatre; several married women of the city; and a beautiful young girl, with dark eyes and modest lips, whose name was Phrosine, a niece of their absent host.

It was upon this young person that our hero's thoughts were principally fixed during supper: although the lady of the house never allowed much time to pass without asking him some question, or sending a smile to meet his eye as it wandered over the table; and although she presented him with a sweatmeat where there was a sprig of myrtle floating in the juice. Phrosine spoke little, but Agenor could observe she never missed any thing he said. This made him talk with animation, and gave his voice that sort of mellowness which quiets the female bosom into a delicious languor, while it penetrates to its very core. An easy gaiety prevailed throughout the company. The perfumes which were burned in the chamber, together with the occasional strains of music performed by attendants, operated in producing that luxurious indolence which is averse to any sort of contention. Every disagreeable thought was turned aside by some dexterous pleasantry. No altercation had time to occur before it was solved by a jest. The choicest wines of the prætor were circulated with a liberal hand: and the old senator, from time to time, poured forth unmeaning gallantries, without knowing exactly to whom they were addressed. Agenor began to perceive the beauty of nonsense, which is almost the only thing that can relax the vigilance of our self-love, and enable us to live harmoniously together.

In the meantime, a great deal of gossip took place among the married women. Nero's conduct was examined with freedom, but more as an object of ridicule than of detestation. The Greek enlarged upon some fine panthers then at the circus. The centurion drank assiduously, and lay in watch for any ambiguities of language that might happen to drop from the company. These he regularly followed up with such remarks as implied his adoption of their worst meaning; and he showed an expertness in this exercise, which long practice only could have taught him. Indeed, not one sentence escaped from the senator which he did not mould into some equivocal declaration or proposal. The reverend father himself had no suspicion of this, although shouts of laughter were constantly breaking forth among the male part of the company; and therefore he continued slowly bungling forward from one subject to another, while the long chasms between his ideas were filled up and furnished by the centurion at his own discretion. In those days an old senator was considered as the finest butt in the world.

When the party broke up, Agenor came near Phrosine, and said, for the pleasure of speaking to her, "How long does the festival of Cybele continue?" Any question will serve to accompany the looks of a lover. Phrosine replied, "Only two days more; but in that time you will see much of the nature of Rome;" and then added with a girlish ignorance of her own feelings, "What a pleasant companion that old senator is! I never spent a night so happily." "Nor I," said Agenor, who knew the reason better.

A servant was waiting at the door of the saloon. Agenor followed him; but instead of being shown down to the street as he expected, he was left in a solitary chamber, enriched with furniture and paintings of exquisite beauty. Here was an ivory couch, lined with purple; two Etruscan vases full of roses; and a Cupid of Parian marble, by one of the first sculptors in Greece. The paintings were all of an amorous description. Satyrs gambolled along the walls, and thoughtless nymphs were seen very much exposed among the dark recesses of an ancient forest. Agenor endeavoured to find out the meaning of his situation, but could not. Presently the prætor's wife entered. She took his hand with much cordiality, and said, "My dear Agenor, pardon me for this detention. I cannot let you depart, without some advice concerning the perils of this bad city; for I perceive you are a stranger. Young men sometimes endeavour to get near the Emperor in public places, in order to see his person. Beware of doing so. It is impossible to say what might happen if you should attract his notice; for his power is absolute, and mischief is always in his thoughts. Do not associate with gladiators and charioteers, who seldom leave an obolus in the pockets of their companions; nor with Greeks, who are sad impostors. Again, your handsome person may chance to captivate some of our matrons, who love gallantry; but although they should smile on you from their windows, and beckon with a look of insinuation, do not stop to talk with them, otherwise you will get entangled in a thousand scrapes. You will be left in the lurch, while they go to intrigue with some other person. Avoid all this, and come often back to visit me," said the prætor's wife, laying her hand upon his shoulder: "Be assured I will prove as good a friend as can be met with in Rome."

Agenor was a good deal astonished. Perhaps he would have been at a loss what to say; but the prætor himself was that moment heard lumbering up stairs, and hemming at intervals, in a state of intoxication. His wife started up, and bade Agenor good night. She then opened a private passage down to the street, and gently pushed him out, saying, with a smile, "Farewell at present; come back to-morrow, and I shall introduce you to the prætor, who is a very worthy man."

When Agenor came away, the streets were still as crowded as ever, but afforded more examples of the debaucheries and vices of Rome. The town which Cato loved was now sadly altered. Every god and every virtue had left the place; and although their temples remained as beautiful as in better times, they were filled with scoffing instead of prayer. Agenor had lived as yet uncontaminated; and the conduct of the prætor's wife that night had not seduced him, because he thought of Phrosine. Phrosine's image engrossed his attention so much that he could scarcely find the house where he meant to sleep; and when he lay down, the fantastic dreams of youth continued hovering about his pillow.

Next morning he took a walk through the town. He viewed the public buildings, the places noted in history, the books of the Sybils, which he could not understand, and the charming productions of the fine arts, worth all the rest put together. Many a beauteous head, and many a voluptuous form of alabaster, awoke in him the softest feelings of delight; many a group of Bacchanals taught him a jovial indifference; and many a picture bore a motto from the songs of Horace, which told him that life is short, and that we should gather its roses while fate leaves them in our power. Xeno's philosophy had once been his pride; but a softness of heart now crept in upon him, and the feelings of the Stoics died away before other feelings, which rendered him a fitter inhabitant for modern Rome. In the morning he had scrupled about returning to the prætor's house, but now, he said, "I must go back to see Phrosine."

In the meantime, as it was yet early in the forenoon, he repaired to the circus, where he found the citizens already placed in thousands along its far-spreading benches, and some of them distinguished by very magnificent attire. The games began. Racers and combatants appeared on the vast arena. Trumpets were sounded. A number of tigers, newly brought from confinement, scattered the dust in their terrific gambols. Blood began to be shed, and acclamations to rise from the populace. The wild animals increased the noise in receiving their mortal stabs, and the gladiators fought and died with enthusiasm; for the sweet music of applause rung in their ears until they could not hear it any longer.

Agenor grew much interested in these fatal sports. Nevertheless, he fell sometimes into reveries about Phrosine; and in glancing his eye over the long rows of the circus, observed the prætor's wife, attended not only by her husband, who was a corpulent figure with a red nose, and a countenance full of good-natured sensuality, but also by some of the handsomest men in Rome.

Agenor thought there was no need of increasing the number. He therefore left the circus, and went to see if Phrosine had been left at home. Fortunately this was the case. He found her watering some plants in an open gallery, and removing such of their leaves as had withered by too powerful a sun. She recognised him with blushes of gladness; and after a short time, Agenor engaged in dressing the flowers along with her. These young people found this occupation a very pleasing one. Their smiles met every moment over hyacinths and myrtles; and their words were breathed in a low voice among exhalations of perfume. When Phrosine thought the jars were ill arranged, Agenor transposed them so as to produce a finer grouping of the blossoms; and when their pitcher of water was exhausted, this languishing boy and girl, who had already forgotten all conventional forms of behaviour, went, arm in arm, to the fountain down in the garden to get more. There, at a basin of marble, which foamed to the brim, they replenished their vessel. Some drops of the spray came dashing on Phrosine's white shoulders, and Agenor used the freedom to wipe them off with a corner of her garment. Phrosine submitted with a slight struggle; but all this took place in silence, for the feelings of the parties were by far too serious to suit with jests and compliments. Afterwards they leant for a long time, side by side, against the trunk of a chestnut. Their souls were lost in musing, and their eyes were fixed on the shadows of branches that played over the sunny ground before them. "Ah, how pleasing is a country life!" said Phrosine. "I sometimes wish that I could get leave to spend my time in Calabria, or Apulia, or some of those delightful provinces where the ground is covered with yellow sheaves, and where the days are so beautiful, that if a person merely walks about in the open air, it is enough to make him regardless of all other pleasures. I do not like the town, or its inhabitants. Our visitors are so cold-hearted, that I am treated as a child if I behave kindly to them. They laugh at any person who is simple enough to feel attachment even for themselves. Again, there is no peace or security in Rome; for every one is afraid of being cruelly insulted by the Emperor, or some of his favourites; and their brutality renders so many precautions necessary, that I am inclined more and more to envy the inhabitants of those distant provinces, who are out of its reach. Pray, from what province do you come?" "From no other than Calabria," replied Agenor. "I have a small farm there; but a country life is sometimes insipid, and I came to Rome from curiosity and desire of change. Ah, Phrosine! if I had not come to Rome, I should never have enjoyed the happiness of being near you; and, now, if I go back to Calabria, I shall not know what to do with my heart."

"Keep your heart with sufficient care," said Phrosine, blushing, "and it will give you no trouble. Those deep and lasting attachments which have been described by the poets, are no longer to be found in Rome. It is now the fashion to change rapidly from one object of admiration to another, and, indeed, never to allow the feelings to be seriously engaged at all. The example of Nero and his detestable court has annihilated every thing amiable, and left us nothing but selfishness, profligacy, and indifference."

"Then you must seek elsewhere," said Agenor, "for a heart which is worthy of you. Rome, as you describe it, can never be the theatre of your happiness."

"Oh! I could endure it well enough," said Phrosine, "provided I were agreeably situated at home. But the prætor's wife is jealous of the attention I receive from her visitors, and sometimes treats me with a degree of harshness which it is difficult to support. She is still fond of admiration, as you may observe, and imagines that I wish to encroach upon her share."

"There can be no doubt of it," replied Agenor. "It is evident she wishes you out of her family."

"But what is worse," said Phrosine, with tears in her eyes, and at the same time laying her hand upon his shoulder; "would you believe it, Agenor? I can hardly be sure that my own uncle, if circumstances should entice him, will not deliver me up to this monster who calls himself the Emperor. It seems he had observed me with particular attention somewhere in public, and has repeatedly inquired about me since. The prætor is at present in favour; but if he were to evade any of Nero's orders, there would at once be an end to his farther good fortune, and perhaps to his life."

"Then why, my beautiful Phrosine," said our youth, gently encircling her waist, "why do you remain here to endanger your uncle's life? Would it not be much wiser, and more consistent with your duty, to marry a poor husbandman who adores you, and set out for Calabria, where you will enjoy all the pleasures of a charming climate, and never hear of this wicked Emperor any more? Surely this proposal need only be stated, to make you at once perceive its propriety."

"Oh! but my aunt," said Phrosine, sobbing, in great agitation; "she would not approve of my conduct."

"Nor would you approve of hers, if you knew all the particulars of it," replied Agenor. "Wrap your veil about your head, and we shall get out by the garden door, which opens into some of the back lanes. A couple of mules can soon be purchased; and in a short time we will be far from Rome."

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine; "I cannot go just now."

"Just now is the very best time," replied Agenor. "Every person is at present in the circus, where Nero performs as a charioteer; and neither the prætor nor his wife can return till the games are finished. Come along," said our youth, employing a little gentle violence.

"Oh, no! it is impossible," said Phrosine, weeping and struggling, and gradually allowing herself to be dragged away.

The moral of the story is, that a great deal may be done with young ladies, if they are taken by surprise.

ANECDOTE.

An English gentleman travelling in the north of Scotland, was told, when he came to Edinburgh, that he would not be able to understand the Aberdeenshire dialect, and was advised to take an Edinburgh servant as an interpreter, which he did; and upon his arrival at Lady F——'s, an old Scottish countess, he was desired by the hospitable lady, when seated at dinner, to "*fa' tee, fa' tee and eat.*" Upon his application to the interpreter for an explanation, the servant said, "Hoot, man, her ladyship means. *fa' tu and eat.*" "And pray what the devil," replied his master, "is *fa' tu?*"

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The improvement of the Highlands of Scotland, the change from barbarity and poverty to civilization and comparative comfort, have been almost magical, and cannot be too widely made known. The grand improvement of the district has been its intersection with roads, any one of which is as good as is to be found in the southern part of the island. Along these commodious ways, which have been constructed by parliamentary commissioners, and extend in length upwards of 900 miles, there are now suitable inns, affording good accommodation for travellers, both as regards lodgings, and the hire of horses, chaises, and gigs. Regular carriers of goods also travel in all directions, conveying intelligence, personal comforts, and luxuries, to the most remote regions. Formerly there were few or no carts used in agriculture; now they are numerous in every quarter, and serve to introduce the use of ploughs, and other cumbrous instruments of husbandry. As an instance of the improvement that has taken place in Ross-shire, now the most beautiful and highly cultivated county in the Highlands, it may be mentioned, that more wheat is now grown on certain farms than was produced in the whole shire thirty or forty years since. It was not until 1813 that the first barley mill, north of the Cromarty Firth, was erected; and it was not till 1821 that the first flour mill was established. To such an extent, however, has cultivation of late years been carried, that the growth of wheat alone is now estimated at 20,000 quarters annually. Among other exports may likewise be mentioned the produce of various extensive whisky distilleries, and a considerable quantity of salted pork, bacon, &c. A marked improvement is every where observable in domestic animals. Since the communication with the south has been opened up, considerable attention has been recently paid to the breed of horses, both for the purposes of agriculture and draught; and, in some instances, those of the finest description have been successfully reared. The improvements in many parts of Inverness-shire have been scarcely upon a less extensive scale than in the county of Ross, although the field for agricultural operations in that county is naturally more limited. In the county of Sutherland, the objects of the commissioners have been promoted in an extraordinary degree, by the liberal exertions of the Marquis of Stafford, and other heritors, who have effected a complete revolution in the state of that extensive district of the Highlands. Agriculture is there conducted on the most approved plans, and farm buildings, and other establishments of husbandry, have been erected on a scale equally extensive and complete as in the most improved parts of the kingdom. This is the more remarkable, as, not twenty years ago, nothing of the kind existed; and until that period the great body of the inhabitants were confined to the upper parts of the county, and had undergone little change from their primitive and uncultivated habits, living in huts of the most wretched description, and strangers to every species of industry or comfort. Latterly, however, crofts, or small portions of ground, were gradually lotted out for them near the coast, in such positions as were best calculated to employ their labour with advantage to themselves and to the country; and every encouragement was given for the improvement of the lands, and the erection of comfortable and suitable cottages, while the upper parts were converted into extensive farms for the rearing of cattle and sheep, to which they are naturally adapted, and in which way only they can prove valuable to the proprietors or to the community.

Certainly a more striking example of what roads do effect, and effect, too, in an extremely poor country, has rarely been seen than in Sutherlandshire; such a quick developement of what natural wealth lay latent in such a country, is unexampled. From this wild and mountainous territory about 80,000 fleeces of wool and 20,000 Cheviot sheep are annually exported, besides a good many droves of well-fed cattle, and from 30,000 to 40,000 barrels of herrings and other fish. The effects of the different improvements are particularly exhibited in the usages of the people:—the pigs and cattle are treated to a separate table; the dunghill is turned to the outside of the house; the tartan tatters have given place to the produce of Huddersfield and Manchester, Glasgow and Paisley; the Gaelic to the English. Thanks to the exertions of the Scottish ecclesiastical establishment, under the immediate direction of the very Rev. Principal Baird of Edinburgh, few of the inhabitants, comparatively speaking, are now found who cannot both read and write—accomplishments yet unknown to thousands of individuals in England, who, perhaps, never think of the Highlanders but as ignorant savages.

The various improvements in the Highlands have had the effect of raising the rental and value of property to a most remarkable degree. Estates which were lately let for L.70 or L.80, now bring about L.600. In 1790, a property on the Beauly Firth was sold for L.25,000, and in 1824 was again sold for L.135,000. Estates in the romantic district of Strathglass have risen, since 1785, from L.700 of rental, to be worth now upwards of L.5000. When Donald Macdonell of Glengarry died in 1788, his yearly income did not exceed L.800; the same lands now yield from L.6000 to L.7000 a-year. But instances of this nature are so numerous that they need not be particularised. It will not be unimportant to remark, says the writer of a Report to Parliament, from which these details are extracted, that the formation of roads has also led to the advantageous establishment of great sheep and cattle fairs in the north. At Inverness, which has in various ways become the central point in Highland commerce, there is one of these markets at which an astonishing amount of business is now transacted. Thither all the sheep farmers resort from the remotest parts of the country, to meet the wool-dealers and manufacturers of the south. There, nearly the whole fleeces and sheep of the north of Scotland are generally sold, or contracted for in the way of consignment. At a recent yearly fair, upwards of 100,000 stones of wool, and 150,000 sheep, were thus disposed of.

BISSET, THE ANIMAL TEACHER.

Few individuals have presented so striking an instance of patience and eccentricity as Bisset, the extraordinary teacher of animals. He was a native of Perth, and an industrious shoemaker, until the notion of teaching animals attracted his attention in the year 1759. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at St Germain's, curiosity led him to experiment on a horse and a dog, which he bought in London, and he succeeded in training these beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand, one of which he taught to dance and tumble on the rope, whilst the other held a candle in one paw for his companion, and with the other played the barrel organ. These antic animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks, such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling on a horse's back, and going through several regular dances with a dog. Being a man of unwearied patience, three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He taught those domestic tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several regular tunes, having music-books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. He afterwards was induced to make a public exhibition of his animals, and the well known *Cats' Opera*, in which they performed, was advertised in the Haymarket Theatre. The horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause to crowded houses; and, in a few days, Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds, to reward his ingenuity and perseverance.

This success excited Bisset's desire to extend his dominion over other animals, including even the feathered kind. He procured a young leveret, and reared it to beat several marches on the drum, with its hind legs, until it became a good stout hare. He taught canary birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company, to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and perform many other surprising feats: he trained six turkey cocks to go through a regular country dance; but, in doing this, confessed he adopted the eastern method, by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months' teaching, he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name in the company. He trained a dog and a cat to go through many amazing performances. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a goldfish, which he did not despair of making perfectly tractable. But, some time afterwards, a doubt having started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was devoted to the experiment. He bought a black sucking pig, and trained it to lie under the stool at which he sat at work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose; and, despairing of every kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of sixteen months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in the world, to become the most tractable. In August 1783, he once again turned itinerant, and took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was shown for two or three nights at Ranelagh's. It was not only under full command, but appeared as pliant and good natured as a spaniel. When the weather made it necessary that he should move into the city, he obtained the permission of the chief magistrate, and exhibited the pig in Dame Street. "It was seen," says the author of *Anthologia Hibernica*, "for two or three days by many persons of respectability, to spell, without any apparent direction, the names of those in the company; to cast up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; to point out the married, to kneel, and to make his obeisance to the company," &c. &c. Poor Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a man, whose insolence disgraced authority, broke into the rooms without any sort of pretext, assaulted the unoffending man, and drew his sword to kill the swine, an animal that, in the practice of good breeding, was superior to his assailant. The injured Bisset pleaded in vain the permission that had been granted him; he was threatened to be dragged to prison. He was now constrained to return home, but the agitation of his mind threw him into a fit of illness, and he died, a few days after, at Chester, on his way to London.

THE HEADLESS CUMINS.

In the parish of Edinkellie, a place towards the centre of Morayshire, in the northern part of Scotland, there is a romantic and fearful chasm, supposed to have been at one time the bed of the river Divie. It has two entrances at the upper end, and the ancient courses which led the river into these successively, are easily traceable. The lower extremity of the ravine terminates abruptly about forty feet high above the Divie, that flows at its base. This spot is one of a very interesting nature. Its name in Gaelic signifies "the Hollow of the Heads," a name originating, it is said, in the following transaction:—

Near the upper end of the ravine there is a curious cavern, formed of huge masses of fallen crags, that cover the bottom of the place. It enters downwards like a pit, and the mouth, which is no more than wide enough to admit a man, is not easily discovered. Here it was that the brave Allister Bane secreted himself after the battle of the Lost Standard. At this time the Castle of Dunphail was besieged by Randolph, Earl of Moray; and Allister Bane, who could no longer make head against him in the open field, contented himself with harassing the enemy. Knowing that his father and his garrison were reduced to great want, he and a few of his followers disguised themselves as countrymen, and, driving a parcel of horses yoked in rude sledges, laden with sacks, they came to the edge of the glen where Randolph's beleaguering party lay, and, pretending to be peasants carrying meal from the low country to the highlands, they entreated their protection from one Allister Bane, of whom they were afraid. Their prayer being granted, they unyoked their horses, and took care to leave their sledges at the brink of the precipice, so that, on a given signal agreed on with the garrison, they tumbled sledges, sacks, and all, over into the glen below, and the garrison, making a sally at the same time, each man bore off a sack on his back, whilst the pretended peasants sprang on their horses, and were out of sight before the astonished sentinels of the enemy had well given the alarm.

Randolph was so provoked on learning who the author of this trick was, that he set a price upon his head. A certain private pique led a Cumin to betray his master's lurking place. His enemies hurried to the spot to make sure of their game; but when they saw the small uncouth-looking aperture, they paused in a circle around it. One only could descend at a time, and the death of him who should attempt it was certain; for the red glare of the Cumin's eye in the obscurity within, and the flash of his dirk-blade, shewed that he had wound up his dauntless soul to die with the "*courage*" of the lion on his crest. They called on him to surrender at discretion. He replied by hurling a deep note of defiance from the dark womb of the rocks—"Let me but come out, and, with my back at that crag, I will *live or die like a Cumin!*" "No!" exclaimed the leader of his foes; "thou shalt die like a fox as thou art!" Brushwood was quickly piled over the hole, but no word of entreaty for mercy ascended from below. Heap after heap was set fire to, and crammed blazing down upon him. His struggles to force a way upwards were easily repelled by those above, and, after a sufficient quantity of burning matter had been thrust in to insure his suffocation, they rolled stones over the mouth of the hole.

When the cruel deed was done, and the hole opened, Allister Bane was found reclining in one corner, his head muffled in his plaid, and resting on the pommel of his sword, with two or three attendants around him, all dead. To make sure of them, their heads were cut off, and thrown, one after another, into the fortress, with this horrible taunt to the old man—"Your son provided you with meal, and we now send you flesh to eat with it." The veteran warrior recognised the fair head of his son. "It is a bitter morsel indeed," said he, as he took it up, kissed it, and wept over it; "but I will gnaw the last bone of it before I surrender."—*From Sir T. Dick Lauder's Account of the Moray Floods.*

WITTICISM OF KING JAMES.

The following pleasant joke of the witty King James has seldom been in print. In his first journey to London, his Majesty was treated with a splendid entertainment by the mayor of an English town, whose liberality was such that he kept an open house, in honour of the new sovereign, for several days. Some of the English courtiers took occasion from this to hint, that such examples of munificence must be very rare among the civic dignitaries of a certain other kingdom. "Fient a bit o' that are they," cried King James; "the provost o' my burgh of Forfar, whilk is by nae means the largest town in Scotland, keeps open house a' the year round, and aye the mae that comes the welcomer!" The secret was, that the chief magistrate of Forfar kept an ale-house.

THE BRITISH IRON TRADE.

GREAT BRITAIN has been particularly fortunate in possessing inexhaustible mines of coal and iron—two natural products which give the country a prodigious superiority over the adjacent continental nations. By means of these valuable materials, and the skill of the inhabitants, we are able to export hardware goods and machinery of every description, on the most advantageous terms, to all parts of the world. From an early period the natives have enjoyed a high reputation for the manufacture of warlike weapons; and, what is justly esteemed a compliment to the people, it has more than once occurred that they have supplied fire-arms, bayonets, swords, and daggers, to the very nations with which they were at war: thus furnishing instruments for their own annoyance and destruction.

The iron trade of England is one of the chief staples in the country, and gives employment to a vast body of labourers and artizans. Every where our observation is attracted towards the combinations and results of this extensive branch of traffic, and we find that there is even less to create astonishment in the multitude and variety of the products, than in the exquisite perfection of the machinery employed—machinery seeming almost to usurp the functions of human intelligence. "No one, for instance," says a writer in the Quarterly Review, "can adequately comprehend the mighty agency of the steam-engine, who has not viewed the machinery of some of our mining districts, where it is employed on a scale of magnitude and power unequalled elsewhere. In Cornwall especially, steam-engines may be seen working with a thousand horse power, and capable (according to a usual mode of estimating their perfection as machinery) of raising nearly 50,000,000 pounds of water through the space of a foot, by the combustion of a single bushel of coals. No Englishman, especially if destined to public life, can fitly be ignorant of these great works and operations of art which are going on around him; and if time can be afforded in general education for Paris, Rome, and Florence, time is also fairly due to Manchester, Glasgow, Leeds, Birmingham, and Sheffield. Nor, speaking of the manufactures of England, can those be neglected which depend chiefly or exclusively on chemical processes. It may be conceded, that the French chemists have had their share in the suggestion of these processes; but the extent, variety, and success with which they have been brought into practical operation in England, far surpass the competition of any other country. These are, perhaps, from their nature and from their frequent need of secrecy, the least accessible of our manufactures to common observation; yet they, nevertheless, offer much that is attainable and valuable. Connected with our manufactures are the great works of the civil engineer, which cover every part of the kingdom; the canals, roads, docks, bridges, piers, &c.; works which attest more obviously than any other the activity, power, and resources of the country."

It was lately computed that about 700,000 tons of iron are annually made in Great Britain, a very large proportion of which are the produce of South Wales and Staffordshire. In Scotland, 36,500 tons were, at the same time, made. The chief consumption of this immense quantity of metal is in the island itself, there being little more than 100,000 tons exported. The value of that which was exported was, for British iron, L.1,226,617, and for hardware and cutlery, L.1,387,204.

The great seat of the iron manufacture in Scotland is at Carron, a place in Stirlingshire, situated on the north bank of the river Carron, about three miles from the south shore of the Firth of Forth, and a short way north of Falkirk. The Carron iron-works, which are reckoned one of the greatest wonders in North Britain, are the property of a chartered company, established in 1760. They are employed in smelting ores, and the manufacture of all kinds of cast iron goods, whether used in war or agriculture, domestic economy, or any other purpose. Cannon, mortars, howitzers, and carronades of every description, are here made in the greatest perfection. The *carronade* now used in warfare was first made at Carron, and hence assumed its name. Shot and bomb-shells of every sort and size are also made, and on a scale which rivals the manufactories of Germany and Russia. This large establishment is placed in the midst of a country, possessed of inexhaustible stores of the materials of its manufacture, and has every facility of export. Besides these qualifications, the country is rich in every species of produce, and able to support a dense population. Including those employed in the works, and those engaged in the mines and pits, with the individuals employed in the coasting and carrying trade, the whole will amount to between 2000 and 3000 persons, who subsist directly by the works. To a stranger, the approach to the establishment from the north, in a calm night, is striking and terrible, from the illumination of the atmosphere, which is seen at a great distance, the noise of the weighty hammers resounding upon the anvils, the groaning of blast machines, and the reflection of the flames in the reservoir which bounds the works on the north, as in a large mirror. The scene is much admired, and often resorted to, in "the calm summer e'en," even by the local inhabitants.

THE AURORA BOREALIS IN ORKNEY.

[WE borrow the following short, but vividly descriptive article, from a volume entitled "Orcadian Sketches; Legendary and Lyrical Pieces, by David Vedder," Edinburgh, 1832. The volume appears to contain the first literary efforts of a strong, graphic, and poetical mind, and forespeaks, we are persuaded, better things to come.]

To the contemplative mind, which, enthusiastically fond of the sublime and beautiful, gazes on nature with the eye of a poet, and lists with rapture to the howling of the deep-toned winds—the moaning of the ocean—the never-ceasing murmur of a hundred mountain streamlets—the irresistible Atlantic rushing with inconceivable velocity into countless subterranean *gios* or *helyers*, with a noise louder than thunder, and anon receding with equal rapidity, few places are equal to the island of Hoy, in Orkney.

Towering over the neighbouring islands, like the fragment of some huge Gothic cathedral over the humble cottages of the peasantry, this insulated mountain may be seen from forty to sixty miles' distance, according to the state of the atmosphere, from every point of the compass, whilst its rocky base is deeply immersed in, and lashed by a tremendous

> ——— wilderness of waves
> Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
> In their uncrowded graves!

But the freshness of spring, the glories of summer, the sere and yellow leaves of autumn, and the vapours, clouds, and storms of winter, dwindle into insignificance when compared with certain celestial phenomena which very frequently occur in these wild regions during the winter months.

Let the reader imagine himself standing alone in the midst of such desolate scenery, surveying the azure vault of heaven, bespangled with stars innumerable, whose scintillating rays converge and blend, apparently throwing a gossamer veil of silver over the blue expanse.

Let him turn his eyes northward, and what must be his feelings, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, ten thousand rainbows rush into a glorious existence, and fill the celestial arch with their radiance, shifting their positions with the velocity of a sunbeam, blending into a circular halo round the concave of heaven, mounting to the zenith like squadrons of cherubim, diving into the profound like bright but fallen spirits, and evanishing with the speed of thought, leaving the stars and planets glowing in tranquil sublimity, and the spectator, if he possesses a particle of the *vivida vis animi*, entranced with the recollection of the glories by which he had been surrounded? Again and again, in my school days, have such visions of celestial grandeur floated before my delighted eyes, and many a chilly hour have I passed amidst the rigour of a hyperborean winter night, watching the progress, the advance, the retreat, the *melée*, and the final extermination of these celestial armies; and I do aver, that no object in nature can illustrate the wars of the

> Thrones and dominions, potentates and powers,

of Milton, half so well as the splendid sight which I have been attempting to describe.

It is rather humiliating to human nature when I observe, that the majority of the peasantry regard this beautiful phenomenon with frozen apathy.—Though its splendours are beyond the power of pen to delineate, though its glories, on particular occasions, are absolutely overpowering, yet I have frequently mingled in the groups, made one in their parties, and never heard an impassioned exclamation escape a single individual of them, though the aurora borealis was flickering and flaming, and glowing, nay, actually *hissing*, as if in scorn of the frigid feelings of those who were so happy as to witness the jousts and tournaments of these aërial revellers.

THE SACRED HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

A WORK with this title, written by Sharon Turner, and published, in an octavo volume, by Longman and Company, London, has recently made its appearance, and we feel bound to state, that a more valuable production could not be brought under the perusal of families requiring instruction on the great topics treated of in its pages. The creation of the world, as narrated to us in the most ancient history and book now existing, and which has been universally venerated in the Christian world for its truth and its origin, from the commencement of the Christian faith, is naturally the first subject of investigation to this erudite author, while the opinions he expresses throughout seem of the soundest description. The following observations on the origin of the earth which we inhabit, and the universe of which our globe forms but a mere unit, as well as on the nature of the Being who created and sustains the whole, will be perused with edification by our young readers.

"Our globe consists of its earthly structure—of the ethereal fluids which move upon it and above it—of the watery masses and effusions—of the vegetable kingdom—and of the animated races. It is subjected to the potent and varied agencies of the sun and moon. It rolls, with undisputed and unsupported freedom, through a boundless space; and it is connected by immediate relations with the planets of our system; more remotely with the splendid stars, whose nature and numbers we have not yet ascertained; and occasionally, at intervals, some of which are recurrent, with the rapidly-moving comets. These rush suddenly and unexpectedly, for the most part, into our visible heavens, by laws and for purposes yet unknown; rather advertising us of their existence, and amazing us by their appearance, than exercising any perceptible effect or imparting any knowledge of their composition, of the causes of their journey, or of the places from which they come, and to which they so mysteriously depart. In this grand system of existence, man is the most intelligent being that is visible to our material sense; and we have as yet no decisive evidence that any thing, below the Creator, will be ultimately his superior.—The sacred history of the world is built on the grand truth expressed in the first verse of the Pentateuch:—

> 'In the beginning, God (*Elohim*) created the heavens and the earth.'

This is the foundation of all religion, whether popular or philosophical. The intellectual world possesses an invaluable treasure in this simple, but emphatic, information. It deserves the epithet invaluable, because it is a fact which could be certainly known to us only from revelation, as no human eye could have witnessed the event; and because the greatest minds of antiquity were in doubt and darkness, and in opposition to each other, on this subject, as we should still be, if the book of Genesis had not descended to us. Instead of deriving the world from God, it was more common among the classical nations to derive their gods from the world. Hesiod, as well as Epicurus, makes his divinities to be an order of beings springing out of the material universe. Several Pagan nations, even in our own times, thus account for their existence. Few have thought the Deity to be the Creator of the earth or of the heavens; and the mind had become so confused on this point, that it was more generally supposed, that either these were eternally what they are, or that they were united into what we see them to be, by a fortuitous concourse of self-moving atoms. Such ideas were highly patronized in ancient times; and until the prevalence of Christianity diffused the knowledge and authenticity of the Mosaic record as to the origin of things, nothing was positively known or rationally believed about it. The more we investigate the conflicting and chimerical opinions of mankind on this great topic, the more we shall appreciate the first chapter of Genesis. On no subject of its thought has the human mind been more fantastic, than in its suppositions on the origin of the gods whom it chose to worship, and of the material world in which it was residing. Revelation has banished these, by giving to us the desirable certainty.

The theory, that the component atoms or particles of things could have moved themselves into the beautiful forms and scientific arrangements and motions of visible nature, was felt to be incredible by some of the finest minds of antiquity, and finds no patronage now from the true philosopher. Design, contriving thought, the adaptation of things to each other, and the skilful production of important ends by the application and co-operation of the fittest means, are so manifest in the structure of the earth, in the formations of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and in all the astronomical phenomena, that no judicious inquirer will attempt to support the Lucretian reveries. The more favoured opinion of some, who desire to remove the Creator from the material universe, is the arbitrary assumption, that the system and course of things which we admire, has had no origin at all, but has been eternally what we see it to be. This is no new conception of the human mind, but it is that to which those who are adverse to religion, and who discredit revelation, seem to be now most inclined to adopt. For this reason, it may be useful to suggest an observation, which seems to prove it to be an impossible hypothesis.

If the material world had been one uniform homogeneous mass, its eternal existence would have been always a possibility. It would then not have contained any evidence in itself to contradict the supposition. But the actual fact is, that all visible nature is a multifarious association of very compounded substances. Nothing is simple—nothing is uncompounded. Every thing we see, feel, or handle, is a composition, a mixture or union of more particles or of more elements than one. Not merely the grosser earthly bodies are so, but even the water, the air, and the light, are in this compounded state. Now, it is impossible that any compound can have been eternally a compound. Composition and eternity are as incompatible, as to be and not to be. The particles of which compounds consist, must have been in some other state before they were compounded together. The single condition of the elements must have preceded their union in the composition; and thus it is physically impossible that a compound can have been eternal. The school boy perceives at once that his plum-cake cannot have been eternal. The plums, the flour, the butter, the eggs, and the sugar, of which it is composed, must have been in some other places and state, before they were brought together to make the substance which gratifies him. So the mighty world we live on, the rocks, the mountains, the minerals—so every substance around us, animate and inanimate—cannot have been eternal, because every one is a combination of numerous particles, usually very heterogeneous, and the primary elements of each must have been in their elementary state, and in some other position, before they moved and joined into their compound one.

The process of creation, in the primitive construction of our earthly fabric, has not been detailed by the Hebrew legislator. He mentions no more of its massive composition than this short sentence:—

'The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of Elohim moved upon the face of the waters.'

'The earth was without form.' It had therefore to be put into form. Its material substance had been created, but had not been arranged into any specific formation. It was also 'void;' it was therefore empty; vacant of all that now adorns its surface, or that was afterwards made within it. It had to receive and to be replenished, both internally and externally, with all those additional and organized things and beings, or more specific metals and minerals, which were intended to be within it and upon it. As 'darkness was upon the face of the deep,' there was in its primeval state a deeper abyss—a vast obscure concavity; and as 'the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,' its surface must have been covered with the aqueous fluid. Thus the first state of our earth which is noticed to us after the general creation, is that of a dark mass, unformed and void, with an abyss within, and whose surface was covered with moving waters, but on which the Divine Spirit was operating. The effects of this operation are not stated, but we may presume them to have been to produce those formative arrangements which constitute its present structure—its great masses of rocks and strata—its geological system and construction.

At this point of time, when its specific composition was taking place, the Divine command was issued for the appearance of the luminous fluid. The introduction of this grand agent of the creative process is mentioned with that sublimity of diction which arises from the emphatic conciseness of imperative dignity:—

'And Elohim said, "LIGHT! BE," and light was.'

It came instantaneously, pouring on and pervading the terrestrial mass; and the operations of this beautiful element, whose penetrating, universal, and marvellous agencies are yet so little understood, fulfilled its author's wishes:—

'Elohim saw the light, that it was good.'

The next act of the Deity was to make a boundary, or division, between the effect of the visible presence or action of light, and that darkness which arises from its latent state or disappearance; calling the duration of our luminous sense of it 'day,' and the time of its absence 'night.' Their succession was made to constitute that portion of time which we designate by a natural day. 'The evening and the morning were the first day.' Our earthly day is that space of time in which our globe turns once completely round. This section of time, which we subdivide into twenty-four parts, or hours, does not depend upon the sun, nor arise from it. As it is only an entire rotation of the earth, it could occur as well without a solar orb as with one.

The annual circuit, or a year, which is the completed orbit of the earth round this luminary, could not take place without a sun; but a day requires the existence and revolving motion of the earth alone. This is mentioned by Moses as beginning before the sun was made the centre of our astronomical system. As this fact denotes the diurnal movement to be distinct from the sun, and independent of it, it is another instance of the correctness of the Mosaic account. The first rotation of the earth round its own axis made the interval of the first day, and each subsequent revolution constituted the several days which succeeded. Our planet might cease to turn round in this diurnal continuity, and might yet circle round the sun in its yearly course. The moon moves in this way about our earth; for it has no rotatory motion. The cause of our earth's revolving round its axis is quite distinct from the double and mutually counteracting forces which produce its annual orbit. Physics have not discovered, nor can rational conjecture assign any reason for the diurnal rotation, except the commanding will and exerted power of the Divine Creator. Nor is it a mere revolution alone which makes our day; but it is a revolution with that particular, chosen, specifically assigned, and limited and yet marvellous velocity, in which this movement is and ever has been performed. To occupy that portion of time which composes our day, it must move precisely, and with constant and undeviating exactness, at the rate of about 1000 miles an hour, or above 16 miles every minute; a stupendous celerity for a massy globe nearly 8000 miles in diameter! A greater velocity would make our day so much the shorter; a slower progress would as much prolong it. But this revolving force has been continued and has acted for nearly 6000 years with a precision which has never varied. In all the ages of which history has preserved any memorial, the natural day has always exhibited every where the uniform duration; a proof that the rolling power which actuates it has never undergone any alteration or diminution, but has still the same measured and governed proportion or agency with which it was first attached to our terrestrial habitation.

When sufficiently arranged and consolidated, our earth was placed, with the planets, at those immensely distant points and scientifically calculated intervals, both from each other and from the sun, which would accomplish the purposes to be fulfilled in each. A mighty impulse was then added to each, apparently differing in amount, which, if it had been unchecked, would have propelled them through the endless expansion of the universe; but an attractive force was at the same time attached to the sun, which drew them, by a mysterious gravitating tendency, down to his centre. A marvellous adaptation was then skilfully and most exactly settled between these counteracting forces, and according to their individual diversities; by which, while the attraction of gravitation was made by an invariable law to be ever equal to the masses of each planet, the centrifugal or projectile impulsion, precisely proportioned in every one to that attraction, was given to each planet: so that in no one it should exceed the solar attraction, and yet that it should be always sufficient to prevent that commanding power from pulling any one out of its appointed orbit down to the absorbing centre. On this nicely balanced adjustment of two most mighty and ever struggling and opposing forces, all the movements of our planetary system are daily proceeding, ever on the verge of the most destructive danger, by either energy mastering the other; and yet such a powerful and vigilant superintendence is constantly governing both, that this perilous contest has continued nearly 6000 years without the balance varying in the slightest degree. The most scientific harmony continues to regulate them with unabated constancy and unrelaxing exactitude—ceaseless battle with as unceasing equalization of force and energy; the most miraculous activity with the most steady maintenance of undeviating order. Nothing but the Divine wisdom could have composed such a finely-balanced system of tremendous forces; nothing but the Divine power could command them, or perpetuate their indispensable equality; and nothing but the Divine will can dissolve what it is upholding. We may again repeat, and on high human authority, that it is impossible that this can be the meaningless result of unmeaning chance; for it is La Place who has said, 'One of the most remarkable phenomena of the solar system is the rigorous equality which is observed to subsist between the angular motions of rotation and revolution of each satellite. IT IS INFINITY TO UNITY that this is not the effect of hazard.'"

YANKEE COURTSHIP.

AFTER my sleigh-ride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me jump and swear, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one of them again to all eternity. O, but I was wicked. Tear out their eyes, says I; blame their skins; and torment their hearts. Finally, I took an oath, that if I ever meddled or had any thing to do with them again, I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house choke-full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog-shop—it's all smoke.

I held out, and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays—forenoons, afternoons, and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to do when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprung his body forward like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones's pew is next but two to mine, and when I stand up to prayers, and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right straight at Sally Jones. Now, Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so nigh matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door. "Walk in. Well, John, how der do? Get out, Pompey."—"Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, and how do *you* do?"—"Why, so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop? Haul up a chair, and sit down, John."

"How do *you* do, Mrs Jones?"—"O, middlin'; how's yer marm? Don't forget the mat there, Mr Beedle." This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times, in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones's turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?" Mrs Jones, going close to his ear, screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle."—"Ho, Johnny Beedle, I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston."—"No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty year."—"Ho; but where does he come from?"—"Daown taown."—"And what does he follow for a livin'?" And he did not stop asking questions, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs Jones's last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one handiron; the cat squat down upon the other. Silence came on by degrees like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow-birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair-back—her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap; but they would not lie still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said, "hem." Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use—the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door—and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old captain all at once sung out, "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up on an end.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusaler. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But skull your chair round, close er long side o' me, so yer can hear. Now, what have you come a'ter?" "I a'ter? O, jest takin' a walk." "Pleasant walkin', I guess." "I mean, jest to see how you all do." "Ho!——That's another lie. You've come a-courtin', Johnny Beedle—you're a'ter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?"

This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping-cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider,; and, the ice being broke, plenty chat with Mammy Jones, about the minister and the "sarmon." I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text, and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum—there was no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs Jones lighted t'other candle; and, after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings, and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also some pretty 'cute guesses at what it was likely to be in future. At first I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then, growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by the side of her.

"I vow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day that I wanted to eat you up." "Pshaw, git along you," says she. My hand had crept along, somehow, upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. "Try it agin"—no better luck. "Why, Miss Jones, you're gettin' upstropulous—a little old maidish, I guess." "Hands off is fair play, Mr Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me—so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a gridiron.

The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and have done with it." "No, I won't, so there, nor tech to." "I'll take it, whether or no." "Do it, if you dare." And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and, at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dishcloth. But she had no

room to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and whorah, came a whole school of blue and white beads scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey, if Sally Jones isn't real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder!

[This humorous specimen of the off-hand style of a New-Englander, originally appeared in one of the newspapers under the signature Y. Y.]

LIFE IN INDIA.

Young men who enter the Indian army as cadets are peculiarly situated. They at once join regiments composed of foreigners, to whose language and habits they are entire strangers; who form a class of men remarkable for superstitious attention to habits, and bigoted attachment to the manners and religious ceremonies of their ancestors. Among these people the European officer is probably destined to pass the greater part of his life; and one of the first objects of his duty, as regards himself individually, as well as the men to be placed under his command, must be to acquire their language, and to become familiar with their customs.

Indian cadets are usually like yourself, youths from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who have seen very little of the world, and know nothing beyond what they have acquired at the schools in which they have been educated. It is not surprising, therefore, to find, that on their first arrival they are struck with astonishment at all they see, nor that they should at first dislike, and become even disgusted with, the habits of nations so essentially different from their own. In addition to these circumstances, there is another feeling, which, in India, tends to create a contempt towards the natives, and, however absurd the notion, it is, nevertheless, true, that their dark complexions convey to the mind of a European a sensation of inferiority. It is a well known fact that most of the barbarous nations in the universe, and the savages found on the several islands discovered by modern navigators, are dark, and that the unhappy and debased slaves conveyed from the western coast of Africa are also black. From this circumstance, which renders them the objects of commiseration, probably arises the contempt we feel for men of that colour, and which leads us to consider them as a degraded race, whose minds are incapable of energy, or of the nobler passions of mankind. This prejudice, so commonly prevalent among Europeans towards all dark men, makes us too apt to identify fairness of complexion with intellectual powers and civilization, and to associate with the term "black man," the idea of barbarism and brutality.

These notions are usually brought to India by every cadet, and they frequently receive confirmation by an association with the officers of the ship, who see and know little of the natives of India in general. Their intercourse is confined to those interested and mercenary individuals abounding at sea-ports in every part of the world, and who, feeding on the necessities and ignorance of seafaring men, make unfavourable impressions on their minds of the whole nation. Yet it would not be more unfair in a foreigner to judge of the whole English people by the casual communication he maintains with the boatmen, and others concerned in clearing ships at Liverpool, Blackwall, or Portsmouth, than to draw unfavourable conclusions of the Hindoo race from the specimens which an Englishman sees of the natives of Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. There is, however, an additional reason why a person arriving from on shipboard should, on his first landing in this country, be more shocked with every strange object he sees, than a traveller would in Europe. In the latter case, although he meets with great varieties of dress, of modes of worship, and of manners, yet there is a general similarity to what he has always been accustomed. For instance, though the costumes in Europe vary, still there is no absolute nakedness, such as strikes every person on arriving in India. This is observable at Madras in particular, where, with the exception of a small stripe of linen round his girdle, and a sharp-pointed skull-cap, made of leaves, fitting the head, the men in the canoes are absolutely naked. To a European the sight is hardly human, to see a black animal kneeling on three bits of wood, connected only with the fibres of the cocoa-nut, paddling away, alone, several miles from land. Yet, strange to say, these men, on their rude skiffs, pass through a tremendous surf on the coast, into which no English seaman or English boat dare venture. The natives, however, fearlessly attend the country boats, filled frequently with European passengers, in order to save their lives; and they encounter, night and day, not only the risk of drowning, but the more serious chance of being carried away by sharks, to which animals many of them frequently fall victims. As rewards for their services, however, we see these naked Indians adorned with medals, presented by government for their brave exertions in saving the lives of shipwrecked persons, of which they are justly as proud as any military and naval heroes who may have fought for their king and country.

In Europe, the climate every where requires that the human body should be clothed, which is by no means necessary in India. Religion, too, though it assumes various forms among the numerous sects of Protestants, Roman Catholics, &c., and the disciples of the Greek church, still none of these differences shock us by their extravagances. We have, in some degree, become familiar with them by our education; and, in the course of passing from one country to another, a traveller in Europe becomes gradually introduced to the novelties which occur on his journey. With regard to customs, too, though in some respects different, yet there is a general similarity preserved throughout the European and Christian nations. The same habit every where prevails of saluting by uncovering the head; of sitting on chairs and couches; of entering houses, and even palaces, with shoes; of eating all sorts of flesh, fish, and fowl, and of using knives, forks, and spoons at our meals. All these customs are so common, and so universal with us, that when we find the whole of them neglected, we are naturally disposed to think such a people sunk into the lowest state of barbarism. Our surprise is not less than that of an Indian chief, who one day asked me if we had abundant rice crops in England; but was surprised to hear that neither rice, nor any other of the Indian grains, wheat excepted, grew in England. You will be equally astonished, no doubt, to learn that a great part of a population of a hundred millions of inhabitants, exists, for the most part, without eating wheaten bread, flesh, fish, or fowl, or drinking fermented liquors of any sort. Both the Indian and the European would very naturally ask of each other, "Then what is it you do subsist on?"

What, then, must be the feelings of a person landing fresh from London, without having witnessed any intermediate state of society between the height of European civilization in the finest city in the universe, and that to which he is so suddenly brought!

All the several shades of similarity which exist in European society, are lost in this hemisphere.

The climate, as I have already observed, requires the natives to use very little clothing, and the labouring classes, consequently, hardly use any. The middling and upper classes, instead of being clad in close broadcloth garments, are habited in long flowing linen robes, giving them, in our eyes, an air of effeminacy. The men shave their heads, both for cleanliness and comfort, and use cotton turbans of various colours, instead of hats. These it is rude to take off on any pretence; so that what we do out of courtesy, must to them appear ill-bred. The women have their heads uncovered, and wear their hair after the fashion of the Greeks. The eyelids of the Mahommedans are tinged with antimony, to give the eyes brilliancy; the complexions of the Hindoos are not unfrequently dyed yellow with saffron; and the teeth of the Mahommedan females are stained black as ebony after they marry.

The dryness and the heat of the climate render it unnecessary to use chairs or couches, as in Europe. The floors of the rooms of the upper classes are covered with carpets, brocades, or fine linens. Upon these they sit, eat, and lie down: hence the custom throughout the East of taking off the shoes before entering on them, which, soiled by the dirt of the streets, would not only injure the furniture, but also pollute the linen garments in which they are clad. The custom of removing the shoes from off the feet, on coming into houses and temples, and on approaching superiors, is very ancient; and a stronger proof of the fact need not be adduced, than by consulting the third chapter of Exodus, when God commands Moses "to put off his shoes, for he stands on holy ground;" and yet, till we become accustomed to this habit, it is extremely repugnant to our feelings to see men walking about our houses with naked feet; and it is the more extraordinary, that we know it is done purely out of respect.

—Briggs' Letters to a Young Person in India.

LIFE AND TRAVELS OF JOHN LEDYARD.

Ledyard was an American. He was first designed for the law, a study which did not suit his romantic turn of mind; secondly, for a missionary among the Indians, which proved as uncongenial to his habits and dispositions. While prosecuting his theological studies at College, to relieve the tedium of the chapel and the lecture-rooms, he introduced the acting of plays, occasionally performing himself in a long grey beard. The missionary scheme was soon abandoned, and he made his escape from college in a canoe which he hollowed from the trunk of a tree; sailing alone, and dressed in a bear-skin, he reached home after performing a voyage of 140 miles on a dangerous river. His next profession was that of a common sailor on board a vessel bound for Gibraltar. Having heard his grandfather speak of some wealthy relation in England, he resolved on a journey to London; and accordingly setting out from New York, he was landed at Plymouth without a shilling or a single acquaintance. In company with an Irishman as thoughtless and poor as himself, and agreeing to take their turn in begging along the road, he reached London, where he discovered the house of his rich relation. His story, however, was discredited, and himself treated as an impostor, which roused his indignation to such a pitch that he abruptly left the house, resolved never to return. Upon further inquiry his friend became satisfied of the truth of the connexion, and sent Ledyard a kind invitation, which he haughtily declined. He even rejected a sum of money which his relation, on hearing of his distressed situation, had sent; desiring the servant to tell his master that he belonged not to the race of the Ledyards. His next function was that of a corporal of marines, on board the ship of Captain Cook, then preparing for his third and last voyage round the world; in which capacity he made the tour of the globe. He was present at Cook's death, and published a short narrative of the voyage. From a marine he was next converted into a fur-merchant, having his head full of romantic projects about a trading voyage to Nootka Sound. His main difficulty was in procuring a ship. He applied to various individuals in New York and Philadelphia, but all he got was a promise. Finding himself disappointed, and cursing the lack of enterprise among his own countrymen, he resolved to try his fortune in Europe. He visited Cadiz, Brest, L'Orient, and Paris, with no better success. At Paris he got acquainted with Paul Jones, an adventurer as enthusiastic as himself, and with Sir James Hall, who generously gave him fifteen guineas, as he was now reduced to a sort of wandering vagabond, without employment, motive, or means of support. His next plan was a journey, by land, through the northern regions of Europe and Asia, then to cross Behring's Straits to the continent of America. While waiting for the permission of the Empress of Russia, he received an invitation to London from Sir James Hall, who had procured him a free passage in an English ship, bound for the Pacific Ocean, and to be put on shore at any spot he chose on the north-west coast. Sir James, moreover, gave him twenty guineas, with which Ledyard "bought two great dogs, an Indian pipe, and a hatchet," the only companions of his journey. The happy moment seemed now arrived when he was to open to his blinded countrymen the path to unbounded wealth: but, on reaching Deptford, the vessel was seized by a custom-house officer, brought back, and exchequered. This was a severe blow, but Ledyard was never without a resource: "I shall make the tour of the globe (says he), from London eastward, on foot." A subscription was raised by Sir Joseph Banks, Sir James Hall, and others, by which means he got over to Hamburgh, which he reached, he tells us, "in perfect health, and with ten guineas exactly," with which he had to traverse the vast continents of Europe and Asia. His ten guineas, however, were otherwise disposed of. His host, at the tavern where he lodged, having informed him that a Major Langhorn, an American officer, and "a very good kind of man," had left Hamburgh for Copenhagen, "with only one spare shirt, and very few other articles of clothing," Ledyard concluded that the man must necessarily be in distress; and, moreover, that a person in this situation was just suited to be the companion of his travels. The sympathy was irresistible. "I shall fly to him (says he) and lay my little all at his feet." Accordingly, though it was the dead of winter, and Copenhagen several hundred miles out of his way, he set out on this charitable expedition. After a tedious journey through Sweden and Finland, he reached the Danish capital, and discovered his countryman, the Major, shut up in his room, where he had been some time detained in captivity for want of money and a clean shirt. Ledyard's countenance glowed with joy as he disbursed the remains of his ten guineas into the palm of this needy adventurer. After staying a fortnight, he propounded to his friend the other grand object of his visit, viz. that the Major should accompany him to St Petersburgh. The proposition met with an abrupt refusal. "No," was the reply; "I esteem you, but no man on earth shall travel with me the way I do." This dissolved the intended association; and Ledyard, having parted with his friend and his last shilling, set out alone for the Russian capital. The passage by sea being impracticable, he was obliged to perform a journey of twelve hundred miles, round the Gulf of Bothnia, which, in a direct line, did not exceed fifty. We cannot here follow him in his route from St Petersburgh across the regions of snow and desolation which he traversed on his way to Okotsk. After many hardships and delays, he reached Irkutsk, where he was apprehended as a French spy, and put under arrest by an order from the Empress. Accompanied by a guard of soldiers, he was conveyed back to the frontiers of Poland, a distance of six thousand versts, in six weeks! "Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, as he approached the boundaries of civilized Europe, "petticoats appear, and the glimmerings of other features." Here the soldiers set him at liberty, giving him to understand that he might go where he pleased, only if he again returned to the dominions of the Empress, he would certainly be hanged. He contrived, by drawing on his friends, to reach London, where he was introduced to Mr Beaufoy, Secretary to the African Association. In a short time he set out on a mission of discovery to that ill-fated country; and was among the first that fell a victim to the cause of African geography. His plan was to proceed up the Nile as far as Senaar, and from thence to strike across the African continent to the coast of the Atlantic. He died, however, at Cairo, of a bilious complaint, about the end of November 1788, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

ANECDOTES

PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

MODERN INQUISITION ANECDOTE.

Mr G——, a native of Xeres, near Cadiz, from the commercial intercourse his family carried on with Britain, had imported a number of English books, which he was fond of perusing. While residing in the house of his uncle, a considerable merchant at Xeres, the parish priest was a frequent visitor. This man, with a little more erudition, though not honesty, than usually falls to the lot of Spanish ecclesiastics, had acquired some knowledge of our language, and was in the practice of borrowing from Mr G—— some of the best English authors. Blair's Sermons, in particular, attracted his attention, as a work which he could turn to account. By way of precaution, he observed to Mr G——, that no other but a Catholic clergyman could produce such elegant compositions. Mr G——, though he knew better, took care to agree with him for obvious reasons. Not long after, on a Palm Sunday, which is observed by the Catholics with more than usual solemnity, the priest regaled his parishioners with a Spanish version of one of our countryman's most flowery discourses. Every body was charmed at such an unexpected display of pulpit eloquence. "My uncle, in particular," said Mr G——, "expressed himself highly delighted with the preacher's exertions. I could not help remarking to him," added Mr G——, "that I could point out the source from whence all these fine sentiments and imagery were derived—in plain language, that the friar was a downright plagiary." Mr G—— was then challenged to make a translation himself of the sermon in question. This task, after some delay, he performed, and his uncle failed not instantly to recognise the striking likeness which it bore to the subject treated by the friar, on Palm Sunday. In the fullness of his heart, he seized the first opportunity of triumphing over the dishonesty of the priest, who was accordingly, for this purpose, forthwith invited to dinner. "Pray, father ——, every body is in raptures with your Palm Sunday sermon; have you all the merit of that wonderful discourse?" "I certainly consider it as my masterpiece," replied the other, "having employed some months in its composition." "Why, my nephew here alleges he read a sermon remarkably like it in an English book." The friar was mute—he felt mortified, but took care to conceal his chagrin, and parted with the company seemingly in good humour. "Next day," added Mr G——, "to the great surprise of the family, the house was beset with the officers of the Inquisition, who had a warrant to seize my person, and all the English books." I made my escape to Port St Mary, where a relation concealed me for a fortnight. By that time the sacrifice of a considerable sum enabled me to make my peace with the Holy Office; but upon the whole, the detection of this glaring imposition cost me rather dear.

INGENIOUS RECTIFICATION OF AN OMISSION.

Dr S——, after realizing a considerable fortune abroad, having no near relations, left the bulk of his fortune to endow an hospital near Edinburgh. It happened, in the latter part of his life, that he became acquainted with a mason of his own name, who proved to be a distant kinsman. This man, who was rather in confined circumstances, had a family of twelve children, all of whom had arrived at maturity. To each of eleven of these, the twelfth being probably omitted by oversight, the Doctor bequeathed a legacy of one hundred pounds. The mason having got notice of the particulars of this will, was naturally anxious that his children should partake equally of the Doctor's bounty. He took an early opportunity, therefore, of calling his whole family together, and, having informed them that Dr S—— had left L.100 to each of them except one, whom he did not name, he recommended them to sign an agreement that the L.1100 should be equally divided among the twelve. To this proposal all parties cheerfully consented, as no one could tell on whom the loss would fall, if any one should refuse to concur in such a measure. Thus the whole twelve were very nearly as well provided for as if each had been left L.100.

TITLE APPROPRIATE.

Mr Matthew Ross, who some years ago bore the honourable distinction of Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, though a lawyer of reputation, was rather of diminutive stature. About the time General Kerr's estate of Littledean was advertised for sale, Mr John Clerk made up to Mr Ross, and told him that this property would be a very desirable purchase for him, "as you know, in that case, you would be Little Dean of that ilk."

FLOOD EXTRAORDINARY.

An inhabitant of an upper flat in the highest part of the town of Glasgow, was in company one evening, where a good deal of conversation passed on the subject of the Clyde overflowing its banks, and inundating the lower part of the houses of the Bridgegate (the street next the river). Next morning when he awoke, it being quite dark, and the former night's discussion still engrossing his thoughts, the first step he made out of bed was into a tub of water, which had, accidentally, been misplaced. He could not help exclaiming, "If the water is come to this height, Heaven have mercy upon the folks of the Briggate."

DISADVANTAGE OF A WRY NECK.

The postman who went between Perth and Dundee formerly happened one day to fall from his horse into a ditch, and was a good deal hurt. A stranger passing by, and observing what had happened, endeavoured to give him what assistance he could. Not knowing, however, that the postman was wry-necked, he laboured hard to make his neck straight, thinking this part of his body had got a wrong twist by the fall. The poor man, thus tortured by his benefactor, exclaimed, "Ay, ay, that way," meaning that his neck had been always in that position; but the other, supposing he wished him to persist in his attempts to rectify what was wrong, redoubled his efforts; and before the matter could be explained, the patient had suffered not a little by the well-meant exertions of the operator.

VALUE OF LONG NAILS.

At Batavia, the Chinese used to pay the Dutch for a licence to wear their nails long.

THE LADYE THAT I LOVE.

Were I a doughty cavalier,
On fire for high-born dame,
To win her smile, with sword and spear,
I'd seek a warrior's fame;
But since no more stern deeds of blood
The gentle fair may move,
I'll woo in softer—better mood,
The ladye that I love.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
And plumes that flout the sky,
I'll bear a mind of hardier mould,
And thoughts that sweep as high.
For scarf athwart my corslet cast,
With her fair name y-wove,
I'll have her pictured in my breast—
The ladye that I love.

No mottled steed through battle-throng,
Shall bear me bravely on,
But pride shall make my spirit strong,
Where honours may be won:
Among the great of mind and heart,
My prowess I will prove;
And thus I'll win, by gentler art,
The ladye that I love.

R. C.

"TAKE HIM, DEAD OR ALIVE."

The late Lord H——d, whose irritable disposition, eccentricities, and facetiousness, have been so aptly pourtrayed by the author of the Scrap Book in his story of "The Man," had his natural propensities called into action on another occasion, when presiding in a criminal court in the north. A trial, where life or death was at stake, was proceeding with that solemnity which distinguishes our justiciary courts over those of our neighbours, when a wag (for there are some characters who must have their joke, however solemn the occasion) entered the Court, and set a musical snuff-box a-playing "Jack's Alive" upon one of the benches. In the silence of conducting the inquiry, the music struck the ears of the audience, and particularly the venerable judge, whose auricular organ was to the last most admirably acute; and a pause to the business was the immediate consequence. He stared for an instant at a sound so unusual in a court of justice, and with a frantic demeanour exclaimed, "Macer, what, in the name of God, is that?" The officer looked around him in vain to answer the inquiry, when the wag exclaimed, "It's 'Jack's Alive,' my Lord." "Dead or alive, put him out this moment." "We canna grup him, my Lord." "If he has the art of hell, let every man assist to arraign him before me, that I may commit him for this outrage and contempt." Every one endeavoured to discover the author of the annoyance, but he had put the check upon the box, when the sound for a time ceased, and the macer informed his Lordship that the person had escaped. The judge was indignant at this, but not being able to make a better of it, the trial proceeded, when, in about half an hour, sounds of music again caught the ears of the Court. "Is he there again?" exclaimed his Lordship. "By all that's sacred, if he shall escape me this time; fence, bolt, bar the doors of the Court, and, at your peril, let a man, living or dead, escape." All was now bustle, uproar, and confusion; but the search was equally vain as before. His Lordship, who had lived not long after the days of witchcraft, began to imagine that the sound was something more than earthly, and exclaimed, "This is a *deceptio auris*; it is absolute delusion, necromancy, phantasmagoria;" and to the hour of his death never understood what had occasioned the annoyance that day to the Court.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, *power must always be the standard of truth*; if every dreamer of innovation may propagate his projects, there can be no settlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent, there can be no peace; and if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy against these evils is to punish the authors; for it is yet allowed, that every society may punish, though not prevent, the publication of opinions, which that society shall think pernicious; but this punishment, though it may crush the author, *promotes the book*; and it seems not more reasonable to leave the right of printing unrestrained because writers may be afterwards censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief.—*Dr Johnson.*

ANTS.

Among the foreign ants, we may mention a small yellow ant of South America, described by Dampier, which seems, from his account, to construct a nest of green leaves. "Their sting," he says, "is like a spark of fire; and they are so thick among the boughs in some places, that one shall be covered with them before he is aware. These creatures have nests on great trees, placed on the body between the limbs: some of their nests are as big as a hogshead. This is their winter habitation; for in the wet season they all repair to these their cities, where they preserve their eggs. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the woodlands, for they never trouble the savannahs. Great paths, three or four inches broad, made by them, may be seen in the woods. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads on their backs, all of the same substance, and equal in size. I never observed any thing besides pieces of green leaves, so big that I could scarcely see the insect for his burden; yet they would march stoutly, and so many were pressing forward, that it was a very pretty sight, for the path looked perfectly green with them." Ants observed in New South Wales, by the gentlemen in the expedition under Captain Cook, are still more interesting. "Some," we are told, "are as green as a leaf, and live upon trees, where they build their nests of various sizes, between that of a man's head and his fist. These nests are of a very curious structure: they are formed by bending down several of the leaves, each of which is as broad as a man's hand, and glueing the points of them together, so as to form a purse. The viscous matter used for this purpose is an animal juice which nature has enabled them to elaborate. Their method of first bending down the leaves we had no opportunity to observe; but we saw thousands uniting all their strength to hold them in this position, while other busy multitudes were employed within, in applying this gluten that was to prevent their returning back. To satisfy ourselves that the leaves were bent and held down by the efforts of these diminutive artificers, we disturbed them in their work; and as soon as they were driven from their stations, the leaves on which they were employed sprang up with a force much greater than we could have thought them able to conquer by any combination of their strength. But though we gratified our curiosity at their expense, the injury did not go unrevenged, for thousands immediately threw themselves upon us, and gave us intolerable pain with their stings, especially those which took possession of our necks and hair, from whence they were not easily driven. Their sting was scarcely less painful than that of a bee; but, except it was repeated, the pain did not last more than a minute."—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

THE SPIRITED SHOEMAKER.

The following pleasant anecdote used to be told by the eccentric Dr Monsey:—The Duke of Leeds, the Doctor, and his Grace's Chaplain, being one morning, soon after breakfast, in his library, Mr Walkden, of Pall Mall, his Grace's shoemaker, was shewn in with a pair of new shoes for the Duke. The latter was remarkably fond of him, as he was at the same time clerk of St James's church, where the Duke was a constant attendant. "What have you there, Walkden?" said the Duke. "A pair of shoes for your Grace," he replied. "Let me see them." They were handed to him accordingly. The chaplain, taking up one of them, examined it with great attention. "What is the price?" asked the chaplain. "Half a guinea, sir," said the shoemaker. "Half a guinea! what, for a pair of shoes!" said the chaplain. "Why, I could go to Cranbourn Alley and buy a better pair of shoes than they ever were or ever will be, for five and sixpence." He then threw the shoe to the other end of the room. Walkden threw the other after it, saying, that, as they were fellows, they ought to go together; and at the same time replied to the chaplain—"Sir, I can go to a stall in Moorfields and buy a better sermon for twopence than my Lord gives you a guinea for." The Duke clapped Walkden on the shoulder, and said, "that is a most excellent retort, Walkden; make me half a dozen pairs of shoes directly."—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

[*In consequence of the very numerous applications we have received for a reprint of the early Numbers of the* JOURNAL *in its present size, we have made arrangements for a re-issue, which will commence in a week or two.*]

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CONTROLLERS-GENERAL.

It is a prevailing notion, that people are all so exclusively engrossed with their own concerns in this world, as to have no time or opportunity to take the least interest in those of their neighbours. No idea could be more mistaken. The truth is, a great many people—perhaps a *third* of the population of large towns, and *three-fourths* of those in small ones—are far more anxious about the concerns of their neighbours than about their own. In fact, society in this respect resembles the ape department in a menagerie, where, it is said, every individual chatterer neglects his own pan of meat (opposite his cage), and stretches with all his might to reach the mess of some distant companion in captivity, who, on his part, tries, with equal straining and exertion, to rob some other friend. The case, however, differs immensely as to intention. The monkeys, as we seriously believe, act thus from a wish to eat all the neighbouring pans of meat in the first place, after which they think it will be time enough to attend coolly to their own. But human beings look after each other's morals and worldly prosperity through the most generous impulses. They think it selfish to be always attending to their own affairs, and that it would be an utter defiance of the greatest law of nature, if they were only to look after themselves. Our own business requires, perhaps, the first attention, but common justice to our race demands that all our *spare* time, at least, should be devoted to a supervision of the concerns of other people, and a surveillance of their moral conduct. We are to love our neighbours as ourselves, and, in order to testify that we love them, we are to do as we do with children, castigate them properly whenever they misbehave.

It is lamentable to think how negligent some large classes of society are respecting the affairs of their neighbours. In large cities, the more actively engaged citizens go on from year to year in the pursuit of their own advantage, never casting a single thought upon their next door neighbours, unless, perhaps, to make a transient inquiry into the state of their credit. Is it not fortunate, that, while the men are thus apt to get wrapped up in their own sordid interests, the fairer and more generous part of the race are still in general sufficiently at leisure to see after their neighbours? What *would* society do without these amiable controllers general?—or what would society do, if these amiable controllers were to get so much engaged too, as to have no time for the affairs of their friends? It is dreadful even to think of such a calamity. How many poor improvident wretches would, in such an event, be left to sink or swim as chance directed! How naughty the world at large would become!

Let us contemplate the delightful picture of one of these friends of society. She is generally a person very much at leisure; for without leisure, that natural preference of our own concerns to those of others precludes all exertion of the faculty: she is also, in general, placed in a tolerably secure position in the world, whence she may survey, with compassionate and patronising eyes, the poor strugglers beneath her. Virtuous she is, as virtuous can be; that is to say, she is altogether beyond temptation. Herself and all her own immediate friends have been fortunate; therefore she has a kind of prescriptive title to speak freely of the misfortunes of others. It is incredible what exertions this amiable person will make to procure data for her remarks, or, to speak more properly, grounds whereon she may proceed in her benevolent exertions. Charity being an excuse for every thing, she will even descend so far from her dignity as to institute inquiries, through servants and children, into the concerns of those persons whom she has taken under her patronage. Her own Betty, having the same turn with herself, takes frequent opportunities of visiting the kitchens of her friends; and all the remarks that the girl has been able to make upon the external state of things there, and all the prattle she has been able to pick up from the servants in that house, is brought home and faithfully detailed to her mistress, who accidentally, for that purpose, opens a conversation with her. Nor is this all. Through the impulse of her benevolent wishes, the good lady will often take information from her servant, which *she* has learned from another servant, respecting the concerns of a family in which that other servant has perhaps a sister or a friend; her sincere desire of doing good being so strong as to reconcile her to every possibility of misrepresentation, which a story may be supposed to undergo in its progress through so many mouths. It is also to be observed, that she is not exclusively attentive to the concerns of those whom she actually knows. The acquaintances of her acquaintances, and their acquaintances again, even to the third generation, she will inquire about with equal solicitude; and if she knows any thing disagreeable connected with your friends, or any thing that might be thought to unfit them for your acquaintance, she always very kindly lets you hear of it, so that you may be *quite upon your guard*.

"What do you think?" the talk, perhaps, thus proceeds; "they say she is such a *fine lady* that she never enters her kitchen: she never knows any day what is to be for dinner: all that kind of thing she leaves to her servants. And such quantities of company they keep! Hardly a night but what there are more or less visitors. A neighbour of ours, Mrs Blackwell, has an aunt who lives opposite them; and *she* says that the racket is without end. I'm sure I was just saying to our goodman the other day, that if *we* were to go on in such a way [be it marked, the speaker is reputed to be in infinitely better circumstances than the party commented on], we could not go on long. Puir young things! I'm greatly concerned about them—although, to be sure, it's not *my* business. I was at the school with her mother, and I would like to see them keep right, if it were possible. Young folk are often newfangled about things at first. They think every body that they see is their friend—and its 'this one, come to your supper,' and 'that one, come to your dinner,' as if they could not get past it. When they come to my time o' life, they'll not be sae flush."

"They say she's highly accomplished," thus runs another strain of remarks; "plays on the piano-forte and harp—draws—speaks French and Italian. That would be all very well if *he* had a fortune to keep it up; but a poor man's wife! Commend me to a woman that can darn her husband's stockings, and help to get ready his dinner. I think there's naething like a gude plain education—reading, writing, and sewing—what mair does a woman need? The gudeman and I were often advised to send our girls to learn music, but I never thought it their station. It just puts a parcel o' nonsense into a girl's head. Our lasses never learned ony thing but what they could mak a gude use o'; while, there's Mary Foster does nothing but read novells from morning till night: she's one o' your fine misses. If our girls were to bring a novell into our house, I would put it at the back of the fire, though there was na another novell i' the world."

It is said that in nunneries, where there is neither vice, nor the possibility of it, the ladies, if unable to talk real scandal, make up for it by censorious remarks upon the most trifling foibles in their companions, or upon the most unimportant failures in the performance of the most unimportant duties. If a holy sister has been observed to smile at a wrong moment, if she has miscounted a bead, or tripped in her gown while walking in a procession, there is as much prattle about it as if she had committed a real offence. Just so, in a country town, every trivial incident becomes a subject of comment for those amiable people who make a point of attending to every body's business but their own. The consequence is, that every person moves in a country town as if he were upon an ambuscading party: he sends by stratagem for every necessary of life which he requires: he takes all kinds of byways and back roads to escape observation, and cannot so much as cross the street without fearing he will be circumvented. Any thing like a good round thumping impropriety is hailed in such a place like rain in a drought. The most of the matters of remark are very small deer, hardly worth hunting down. When one of a more important character arises, it is quite a godsend. Suppose, for instance, the failure of some unfortunate merchant, who has been ruined by mere simplicity of character. The country people, somehow, have a most exaggerated idea of the mischiefs of bankruptcy. A bankrupt, in their eyes, is a person of distinguished criminality—almost enough to make him be regarded as a world's wonder. In proportion, therefore, to their previous remarks for the edification of the unhappy man, is their wholesome severity afterwards. They are surprised to find that, after such an event, he still bears the ordinary shape of a human being—that he has not become signalised by some external transfiguration, of a kind sufficiently awful to indicate his offence. Another thing they are astonished at—that the family of a bankrupt should continue to have the usual appetites of human beings—that they should not, indeed, have altogether ceased to eat, drink, or sleep. The following is very nearly a conversation which really occurred, on such an occasion, in a somewhat humble rank of mercantile life.

"Weel, hae ye heard the news?"

"What news, woman?"

"Ou, hae ye no heard it?—James Sinclair's shop's no open this mornin'—that's a'."

"Aih, weel, has it come to that at last? I aye thocht it. It was easy seeing *yon* could na stand lang. Sic on-gauns as they had for a while—sic dresses—sic parties! But every thing comes to its level at last. I wonder folk dinna think shame to gang on sae wi' other folk's siller. It's a perfect black-burning disgrace. And *she's* just as muckle to blame as *him*. There was hersell, just last Sunday eight days, at the kirk wi' a new pelisse and a bannet, and the laddies ilk ane o' them wi' new leather caps. I'se warrand there was nae bannocks ever seen in their house—naething but gude wheat bread. Whenever a bairn whinged for a piece, it buid to get a shave o' the laiff. I't-weel her grandfather, auld George Morrison, was na sae ill to serve. Mony a claut o' cauld parritch he gat frae my aunty Jess, and was thankfu' to get them."

"Na, but, woman, I saw Jamie himsell gaun up the street this mornin', and a superfine coat on his back just the same as ever. Na, the lass was seen this forenoon getting a leg o' lamb—a fifteenpence leg it was, for our Jenny got the neebor o't—the same as if naething ava had happened. But, of course, this'll no gang on lang. They'll be roupit out, stab and stow, puir thochtless creatures; and I'm sure I dinna ken what's to come o' them. She has nae faither's house to gang back to now. They'll hae to set up some bit sma' public, I reckon."

"Heaven keep us a' frae extravagance—I had neve

ony brow o' that new plan she had o' pitting black silk ribbands round the callants' necks, instead o' cotton napkins."

Such are a few of the remarks of our good friends the controllers-general of society; and we are very sure that few people alive but what must look upon them as a most useful, most exemplary, and most benevolent class of persons.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

METEOROLITES,

OR STONES WHICH HAVE FALLEN FROM THE SKY.

Amongst the few instances in which vulgar belief has outstripped philosophy in the explanation of natural phenomena, the fact of stones having really fallen from the atmosphere is perhaps the most remarkable. It is strange, that, after an accumulation of facts of such occurrences, merely to give the dates of which would fill more than a page of this Journal, the scientific world should have looked on with callous indifference, and maintained the utter impossibility of such events.

So late as the year 1790, an iron tempest which fell in a parish of France, and was authenticated by a great number of individuals, some of whom were of the highest respectability, was treated in the most contemptuous manner by the journalists of the time, and said to be calculated to excite not only the *pity* of the learned, but of all rational beings. Meanwhile Mr Howard, an able English chemist, was prosecuting the study of the subject, and pursuing the only route which could lead to a solution of the problem. He collected specimens of stones which had fallen at different times, and in various places. His researches led to the important conclusion, that they are all composed of the same principles, and in nearly the same proportions. This remarkable circumstance has since been proved by the investigations of philosophers of the highest authority, both in chemistry and mineralogy.

A thin crust, of a deep black colour, covers the whole of them. They have no gloss, and the surface is roughened with small asperities. When broken, they are internally of a greyish colour, and are of a granulated texture, amongst which, four different substances can be discovered by a lens. Those which occur most frequently vary from the size of a pin's head to that of a pea. They are of a greyish colour, sometimes inclining to brown; opaque, with a little lustre, and capable of giving faint sparks with steel. The second kind is of a reddish yellow colour, and black when powdered. A third consists of small particles of iron, in a perfectly metallic state. From the presence of these, the mass possesses the quality of being attracted by the magnet. The fourth is in general of an earthy consistence, and crumbles when pressed between the fingers. These bodies are composed of iron and nickel, both in a metallic and oxidized state; sulphur, silex (an earth), magnesia, and about one per cent. of chrome.

The chronicles of almost every age and country record the fall of these bodies. The Chinese and Japanese noted down with great care every thing connected with the appearance of these extraordinary phenomena. The Chinese actually made catalogues of them, believing they were connected with contemporary events. There is no occasion for laughing at this oriental superstition, since there were not wanting, half a century ago, philosophers in enlightened Europe, who declared the impossibility of stones falling from the atmosphere at all.

One of the most remarkable cases of antiquity is that mentioned by Pliny, in his Natural History. This stone fell near Egospotamos, in Thrace, about 465 years before the Christian era. Pliny informs us that it was still shown in his day, and that it was the size of a cart, and of a burnt colour. The Greeks believed it to have fallen from the sun, and that the philosopher Anaxagoras had predicted the exact period when it should arrive on the earth's surface. According to the historians who have recorded the event, its fall was preceded by a meteoric appearance of a very unusual character. We are told that a large fiery body, like a cloud of flame, careered through the heavens with a vague, uncertain motion. By its violent agitation, several fragments were projected from it in various directions, sweeping with the velocity of "shot stars down the troubled sky." On examining it after its fall, no trace of combustible matter was found, and the stone, although large, did not at all correspond to the dimensions of the meteor. Various other instances are recorded of the fall of meteoric stones in ancient times, but we prefer giving an account of the better authenticated cases which belong to a modern date.

On the 7th of November 1492, between eleven o'clock and noon, there arose a furious storm at Ensisheim, a town of France. The sky was inlaid with sheeted flame, and loud thunder "pealed in the blood-red heaven." We are told by a contemporary that there were also other sounds of a strange confused description; these probably arose from the rapid passage of the falling body through the atmosphere. In the midst of this "hurtling in the air," a large stone was seen to fall in a field of wheat; and, on examination, it was found to have sunk between five and six feet into the ground; its weight was about 260 lbs. In the true spirit of the times, this event was considered an indubitable miracle, and the meteorolite was accordingly, by order of the king, suspended in the church of Ensisheim, all persons being prohibited from touching it. At all events, this was a wise prohibition, and was probably the cause of its preservation. It is now in the library at Colmar, but has been reduced in weight to 150 lbs.

The celebrated Gassendi informs us, that, on the 29th November 1637, about 10 o'clock A.M., while the sky was perfectly serene and transparent, he saw a flaming stone, apparently about four feet diameter, fall on Mount Vaision, an eminence situated between the small towns of Perne and Guillaumes, in Provence. This stone was encircled with a zone of various colours, like a rainbow, and accompanied in its fall with a noise resembling the discharge of artillery. It was of a dark metallic colour, extremely hard, and 59 lbs. in weight.

In June 1668, two stones, one of which weighed 300, and the other 200 lbs., fell near Verona. The event took place during the night, and when the weather was perfectly serene and mild. They appeared to be all on fire, descending in a sloping direction, and with a tremendous noise. The phenomenon was witnessed by a great number of people, who, when the sounds had ceased, and their courage sufficiently re-established, ventured to approach these celestial deposits, and found that they had formed a ditch, with such a velocity and force had they descended from the heavens.

In July 1790, another case occurred at Barbotan, a place in the vicinity of Bourdeaux, which is thus described by Lomet, a respectable citizen who witnessed the phenomenon:—"It was a very bright fire-ball, luminous as the sun, of the size of an ordinary balloon, and, after inspiring the inhabitants with consternation, burst, and disappeared. A few days after, some peasants brought stones, which they said fell from the meteor; but the philosophers to whom they offered them laughed at their assertions as fabulous. The peasants would have now more reasons to laugh at the philosophers." So they would, Monsieur Lomet. One of these stones, fifteen inches in diameter, broke through the roof of a cottage, and killed a herdsman and a bullock. After reading the above statement, we cannot refrain from wondering at the slow belief of philosophers as to the heavenly origin of these stones. Where was the body to come from, a body of the dimensions described, which was capable of breaking through the roof of a cottage, and committing such deadly havoc, if it did not come from the atmosphere, ay, and from an immense height too?

The following shower of meteorolites is not only remarkable in itself, but because, though slighted by many eminent philosophers at the time, it ultimately led to the conversion of most of them. This phenomenon occurred in August 1790, near Juillac, a small town of France. It is described, amongst others, by two credible witnesses nearly as follows:—About nine o'clock in the evening, while the air was calm and the sky cloudless, they found themselves suddenly surrounded by a pale clear light, which obscured that of the moon, though then nearly full. On looking up, they observed, almost in the zenith, a fire-ball, in size exceeding the diameter of the moon, with a tail five or six times longer than itself, which gradually tapered to a point, the latter approaching to blood-red, though the rest of the meteor was of a pale white. It proceeded with amazing velocity from south to north, and in two seconds split into portions of considerable size, like the fragments of a bursting bomb. Two or three minutes after, a dreadful explosion was heard, like the simultaneous firing of several pieces of ordnance. The concussion of the atmosphere shook the windows in their frames, and threw down household utensils from their shelves; but there was no sensible motion felt under foot. The sound continued for some time, and was prolonged in echoes for fifty miles along the mountain chain of the Pyrenees. At the same time a strong sulphurous smell was diffused in the atmosphere. The fragments of the exploded meteor were found scattered in a circular space of about two miles in diameter. Some of them weighed eighteen or twenty, and a few, it is said, even fifty pounds.

We pass over several interesting details of these phenomena, and proceed to notice the great shower of stones which fell at Aigle, in Normandy, in April 1803. The best account is that given by Biot, the celebrated French philosopher, who was appointed by the Institute of France to proceed to Aigle, and collect all the information possible upon the subject. He says—"On Tuesday, 6th Floréal, year 11 (April 26, 1803), about one o'clock P.M., the weather being serene, there was observed from Caen, Pont d'Audemer, and the environs of Alençon, Falaise, and Verneuil, a fiery globe, of a very brilliant splendour, and which moved in the atmosphere with great rapidity. Some moments after, there was heard at l'Aigle, and in the environs of that town, in the extent of more than 30 leagues in every direction, a violent explosion, which lasted five or six minutes. At first there were three or four reports, like those of a cannon, followed by a kind of discharge which resembled the firing of musketry; after which there was heard a dreadful rumbling, like the beating of a drum. The air was calm, and the sky serene, except a few clouds, such as are frequently observed. This noise proceeded from a small cloud which had a rectangular form, the largest side being in a direction from east to west. It appeared motionless all the time that the phenomenon lasted; but the vapours of which it was composed were projected momentarily from different sides, by the effect of the successive explosions. This cloud was about half a league to the north-north-west of the town of l'Aigle. It was at a great elevation in the atmosphere, for the inhabitants of two hamlets, a league distant from each other, saw it at the same time above their heads. In the whole canton over which this cloud was suspended, there was heard a hissing noise, like that of a stone discharged from a sling, and a great many mineral masses exactly similar to those distinguished by the name of *meteor-stones* were seen to fall. The district in which these masses were projected forms an elliptical extent of about two leagues and a half in length, and nearly one in breadth, the greatest dimension being in a direction from south-east to north-west, forming a declination of about 22 degrees. This direction, which the meteor must have followed, is exactly that of the magnetic meridian, which is a remarkable result. The greatest of these stones fell at the south-eastern extremity of the large axis of the ellipse, the middle-sized in the centre, and the smaller at the other extremity. Hence it appears that the largest fell first, as might naturally be supposed. The largest of all those that fell weighs seventeen pounds and a half. The smallest which I have seen weighs about two *gros* (a thousandth part of the last). The number of all those which fell is certainly above two or three thousand."

In the same month and year as the preceding fall, a fire-ball struck the White Bull Inn, at East Norton, in England, and left behind it several meteoric fragments. Exactly twelve months after the above, a stone fell with a loud hissing noise at Possil, near Glasgow. In 1810, a great stone fell at Shahabad, in India. It burned five villages, and killed several people.

Such are a few instances of the descent of meteoric stones. In a late number of a French periodical, above two hundred falls are enumerated. That they occur frequently is evident. How many relations of the phenomena may have passed into oblivion from the contempt with which they were treated by the learned! How many showers may have fallen in desert and unexplored tracts of country, on the tops of inaccessible mountains, and in the pathless expanse of the sea!

With respect to the ultimate origin of these stones, no perfectly satisfactory theory has yet been propounded. Some have supposed them to be merely projected from volcanoes. This doctrine, however, appears to us untenable; first, because the phenomena have sometimes taken place at such immense distances from any volcano, that the possibility of their being transmitted so far can scarcely be entertained; secondly, nothing ever thrown out by these safety-valves of the globe, has, in its composition, borne any resemblance to meteoric stones. Indeed, the latter have nothing similar to them on the surface of the earth, as far as man has yet been able to investigate. This is a very extraordinary circumstance, and, when taken in connection with the fact already noticed, that the whole of them consist of the same substances, or nearly so, it seems to favour the hypothesis that they were thrown from our satellite, the moon. The profound La Place demonstrated the *possibility* of this, and Dr Hutton, with great ingenuity, has reasoned upon the *probability* of it. Others have followed in the same wake, but the subject is still involved in great obscurity. Some have maintained that their origin is to be ascribed to the combinations of gases in the higher regions of the atmosphere. In chemistry, many cases might be enumerated where two gases combine, and form a solid substance. This theory, therefore, involves no impossibility; but there are almost insuperable difficulties opposed to its probability. It would hence be an unfruitful task for us to speculate upon a subject which so few scientific men have formed any definite opinions upon; indeed, they have been singularly cautious in offering any—a clear proof that they were not themselves perfectly satisfied with any solution of the problem hitherto given. The fact, however, that stones have fallen from the atmosphere, is now an established philosophical truth.

GOING TO THE RACES.—A Tale.

A memorable day was the third of last June to Mary and Henrietta Coxe, the young daughters of Simon Coxe, the carpenter of Aberleigh, for it was the first day of Ascot races, and the first time of their going to that celebrated union of sport and fashion. There is no pleasure so great in the eyes of our country damsels as a jaunt to Ascot. In the first place, it is, when you get there, a genuine English amusement, open alike to rich and poor, elegant as an opera, and merry as a fair; in the second, this village of Aberleigh is situate about fourteen miles from the course, just within distance, almost out of distance, so that there is commonly enough of suspense and difficulty—the slight difficulty, the short suspense, which add such zest to pleasure.

All people love Ascot races; but our country lasses love them above all. It is their favourite wedding jaunt, for half our young couples are married in the race week, and one or two matches have seemed to me got up purposely for the occasion; and of all the attentions that can be offered by a lover, a drive to the races is the most irresistible. In short, so congenial

is that gay scene to love, that it is a moot point which are most numerous, the courtships that conclude there in the shape of bridal excursions, or those which begin on that favoured spot in the shape of parties of pleasure; and the delicate experiment called "popping the question" is so often put in practice on the very course itself, that when Robert Hewitt, the young farmer at the Holt, asked Master Coxe's permission to escort his daughters, not only the good carpenter, but his neighbours the blacksmith and the shoemaker, looked on this mark of rustic gallantry as the precursor of a declaration in form; and all the village cried out on Hetta Coxe's extreme good luck, Hetta being supposed, and with some reason, to be the chief object of this attention.

Robert Hewitt was a young farmer of the old school, honest, frugal, and industrious; thrifty, thriving, and likely to thrive; one of a fine yeomanly spirit, not ashamed of his station, and fond of following the habits of his forefathers, sowing his own corn, driving his own team, and occasionally ploughing his own land. As proud, perhaps, of his blunt speech and homely ways as some of his brother farmers of their superior refinement and gentility, nothing could exceed the scorn with which Robert Hewitt, in his market cart, drawn by his good horse Dobbin, would look down on one neighbour on his hunter, and another in his gig. To the full as proud as any of them was Robert, but in a different way, and perhaps a safer. He piqued himself, like a good Englishman, on wearing a smock frock, smoking his pipe, and hating foreigners, to our intercourse with whom he was wont to ascribe all the airs and graces, the new fashions, and the effeminacy, which annoyed him in his own countrymen. He hated the French, he detested dandies, and he abhorred fine ladies, fine ways, and finery of any sort.

Henrietta Coxe was a pretty girl of seventeen, and had passed the greater part of her life with an aunt in the next town, who had been a lady's maid in her youth, and had retired thither on a small annuity. To this aunt, who had been dead about a twelvemonth, she was indebted for a name, rather too fine for common wear—I believe she wrote herself Henrietta-Matilda; a large wardrobe, pretty much in the same predicament; an abundant stock of superfine notions, some skill in mantua-making and millinery, and a legacy of a hundred pounds, to be paid on her wedding-day. Her beauty was quite in the style of a wax doll; blue eyes, flaxen hair, delicate features, and a pink and white complexion, much resembling that sweet pea which is known by the name of the painted lady. Very pretty she was certainly, with all her airs and graces; and very pretty, in spite of her airs and graces, did Robert Hewitt think her; and love, who delights in contrasts, and has an especial pleasure in oversetting wise resolutions, and bending the haughty self-will of the lords of the creation, was beginning to make strange havoc in the stout yeoman's heart. His operations, too, found a very unintentional coadjutrix in old Mrs Hewitt, who, taking alarm at her son's frequent visits to the carpenter's shop, unwarily expressed a hope, that if her son did intend to marry one of the Coxes, he would have nothing to do with the fine lady, but would choose Mary, the elder sister, a dark haired, pleasant looking young woman of two-and-twenty, who kept the house as clean as a palace, and was the boast of the village for industry and good humour. Now, this unlucky caution gave Robert, who loved his mother, but did not choose to be managed by her, an additional motive for his lurking preference, by piquing his self-will; add to which, the little damsel herself, in the absence of other admirers, took visible pleasure in his admiration; so that affairs seemed drawing to a crisis, and the party to Ascot appeared likely to end like other jaunts to the same place, in a wedding. It is true that the invitation, which had been readily and gratefully accepted by her sister, had been received by Miss Hetta with some little demur. "Going to the races was delightful; but to ride in a cart behind Dobbin was odious. Could not Mr Hewitt hire a phaeton, or borrow a gig? However, as her sister seemed to wish it, she might perhaps go, if she could find no better conveyance." And with this concession the lover was contented; the more especially as the destined finery was in active preparation. Flounces, furbelows, and frippery of all descriptions, enough to stock a milliner's shop, did Hetta produce for the adornment of her fair person; and Robert looked on in silence, sometimes thinking how pretty she would look; sometimes, how soon he would put an end to such nonsense when once they were married; and sometimes, how odd a figure he and Dobbin should cut by the side of so much beauty and fashion.

Neither Dobbin nor his master were fated to be so honoured. The evening before the races there happened to be a revel at Whitley Wood: thither Hetta repaired; and there she had the ill fortune to be introduced to Monsieur Auguste, a young Frenchman, who had lately hired a room at B., where he vended eau de Cologne, and French toys, and essences, and did himself the honour, as his bills expressed, to cut the hair and the corns of the nobility and gentry of the town and neighbourhood. Monsieur was a dark, sallow, foreign looking personage, with tremendous whiskers, who looked at once fierce and foppish, was curled, and perfumed in a manner that did honour to his double profession, and wore gold rings in his ears and on his fingers, a huge bunch of seals at his side, and a gaudy brooch at his bosom. Small chance had Robert Hewitt against such a rival, especially when, smitten with her beauty or her hundred pounds, he devoted himself to Hetta's service, made fine speeches in most bewitching broken English, braved for her sake the barbarities of a country dance, and promised to initiate her into the mysteries of the waltz and the quadrille; and, finally, requested the honour to conduct her in a cabriolet, the next day, to Ascot races. Small chance had our poor farmer against such a Monsieur.

The morning arrived, gloomy, showery, and cold, and at the appointed hour up drove the punctual Robert, in a new market cart, painted blue with red wheels, and his heavy but handsome horse Dobbin (who was indeed upon occasion the fore horse of the team), as sleek and shining as good feed and good dressing could make him. Up drove Robert with his little sister (a child of eleven years old, who was to form one of the party) sitting at his side; whilst equally punctual, at Master Coxe's door, stood the sisters ready dressed, Mary in a new dark gown, a handsome shawl, and a pretty straw bonnet, with a cloth cloak hanging on her arm; Hetta in a flutter of gauze and ribbons, pink and green, and yellow and blue, looking like a parrot tulip, or a milliner's doll, or like any thing under the sun but an English country girl. Robert looked at her and then at Mary, who was vainly endeavouring to persuade her to put on, or at least to take, a cloak, and thought for once without indignation of his mother's advice; he got out, however, and was preparing to assist them into the cart, when suddenly, to the astonishment of every body but Hetta, for she had said nothing at home of her encounter at the revel, Monsieur Auguste made his appearance in a hired gig of the most wretched description, drawn by an equally miserable jade, alighted at the house, and claimed Mademoiselle's promise to do him the honour to accompany him in his cabriolet. The consternation was general. Mary remonstrated with her sister mildly but earnestly; Master Coxe swore she should not go; but Hetta was resolute; and farmer Hewitt, whose first impulse had been to drub the Frenchman, changed his purpose when he saw how willing she was to be carried off. "Let her go," said he; "Monsieur is welcome to her company; for my part, I think they are well matched. It would be a pity to part them." And, lifting Mary rapidly into the cart, he drove off at a pace of which Dobbin, to judge from his weight, appeared incapable, and to which that illustrious steed was very little accustomed.

In the meanwhile, Hetta was endeavouring to introduce her new beau to her father, and to reconcile him to her change of escort; and the standers by, consisting of half the men and boys in the village, were criticising the Frenchman's equipage. "I could shake the old chaise to pieces with one jerk, it's so ramshackle," cried Ned Jones, Master Coxe's foreman. "The wheel will come to pieces long before they get to Ascot," added Sam, the apprentice. "The old horse has a spavin in the off fore leg, that's what makes him so lame," said Will Ford, the blacksmith. "And he has been down within the month. Look at his knees!" rejoined Jem, the carter. "He's blind of an eye," exclaimed one urchin. "He shies," cried another. "The reins are rotten," observed Dick, the collarmaker. "The Frenchman can't drive," remarked Jack, the drover, coming up to join the crew; "he'd as nearly as possible run foul of my pigs." "He'll certainly overturn her, poor thing," cried one kind friend, as, overcome by her importunities, her father at length consented to her departure. "The chaise will break down," said another. "Break! he'll break her neck," added a third. "They'll be drenched to the skin in this shower," exclaimed a fourth; and amidst these consoling predictions the happy couple departed.

Robert and Mary, on their side, proceeded for some time in almost total silence!—Robert too angry for speech, and Mary feeling herself, however innocent, involved in the consequences of her sister's delinquency; so that little passed beyond Anne Hewitt's delighted remarks on the beauty of the country, and the hedge-rows, bright with the young leaves of the oak, and gay with the pearly thorn blossoms and the delicate briar rose.

Anne and Mary enjoyed the races much. They saw the line of carriages, nine deep—more carriages than they thought ever were built; and the people—more people than they thought the whole world could hold; had a confused view of the horses, and a distinct one of the riders' jackets; and Anne, whose notions on the subject of racing had been rather puzzled, so far enlarged her knowledge and improved her mind as to comprehend that yellow, crimson, green, and blue, in short, all the colours of the rainbow, were trying which should come first to the winning post; they saw Punch, a puppet-show, several peep-shows, and the dancing dogs; admired the matchless display of beauty and elegance when the weather allowed the ladies to walk up and down the course; were amused at the bustle and hurry-scurry, when a sudden shower drove them to the shelter of their carriages. In short, they had seen every thing and every body, except Hetta and her beau; and nothing had been wanting to Mary's gratification, but the assurance of her sister's safety; for Mary had that prime qualification for a sight-seer, the habit of thinking much of what she came to see, and little of herself. She made light of all inconveniences, covered little Anne (a delicate child) with her own cloak during the showers, and contrived, in spite of Robert's gallant attention to his guest, that Anne should have the best place under the umbrella, and the most tempting portion of the provisions; so that our farmer, by no means wanting in moral taste, was charmed with her cheerfulness, her good humour, and the total absence of vanity and selfishness; and when, on her ascending the cart to return, he caught a glimpse of a pretty foot and ankle, and saw how much exercise and pleasure had heightened her complexion, and brightened her hazel eyes, he could not help thinking to himself, "My mother was right. She's ten times handsomer than her sister, and has twenty times more sense; and, besides, she does not like Frenchmen."

But where could Hetta be?—what had become of poor Hetta? This question, which had pressed so frequently on Mary's mind during the races, became still more painful as they proceeded on their road home, which, leading through cross country lanes, far away from the general throng of the visitors, left more leisure for her affectionate fears. They had driven about two miles, and Robert was endeavouring to comfort her with hopes that their horse's lameness had forced them back again, and that her sister would be found safe at Aberleigh, when a sudden turn in the lane discovered a disabled gig, without a horse or driver, in the middle of the road, and a woman seated on a bank by the side of a ditch—a miserable object, tattered, dirty, shivering, drenched, and crying as if her heart would break. Was it—could it be Hetta? Yes—Hetta it was. All the misfortunes that had been severally predicted at their outset had befallen the unfortunate pair. Before they had travelled three miles, their wretched horse had fallen lame in his near fore leg, and had cast the off hind shoe, which, as the blacksmith of the place was gone to the races, and nobody seemed willing to put himself out of the way to oblige a Frenchman, had nearly stopped them at the beginning of their expedition. At last, however, they met with a man who undertook to shoe their steed, and whose want of skill added a prick to their other calamities; then Monsieur Auguste broke a shaft of the cabriolet by driving against a post, the setting and bandaging of which broken limb made another long delay; then came a pelting shower, during which they were forced to stand under a tree; then they lost their way, and owing to the people of whom Monsieur inquired not understanding his English, and Monsieur not understanding theirs, went full five miles round about; then they arrived at the Chequers public house, which no effort could induce their horse to pass, so there they stopped perforce to bait and feed; then, when they were getting on as well as could be expected of a horse with three lame legs and a French driver, a waggon came against them, carried away their wheel, threw Monsieur Auguste into the hedge, and lodged Miss Henrietta in the ditch; so now the beau was gone to the next village for assistance, and the belle was waiting his return on the bank; and poor Hetta was evidently tired of her fine lover and the manifold mis-adventures which his unlucky gallantry had brought upon her, and accepted very thankfully the offer which Anne and Mary made, and Robert did not oppose, of taking her into the cart, and leaving a line written in pencil on a leaf of Mary's pocket-book, to inform Monsieur of her safety. Heartily glad was poor Hetta to find herself behind the good steed Dobbin, under cover of her sister's warm cloak, pitied and comforted, and in a fair way to get home. Heartily glad would she have been, too, to have found herself reinstated in the good graces of her old admirer. But of that she saw no sign. Indeed, the good yeoman took some pains to show that, although he bore no malice, his courtship was over. He goes, however, oftener than ever to the carpenter's house; and the gossips of Aberleigh say that this jaunt to Ascot will have its proper and usual catastrophe—a merry wedding; that Robert Hewitt will be the happy bridegroom, but that Hetta Coxe will not be the bride.—*Abridged from* OUR VILLAGE, *by Miss Mitford.*

HIGHLAND LAKES.

In our various excursions through the romantic regions in the northern district of Scotland, we do not recollect of having seen a prettier or more interesting lake, of the class to which it belongs, than one lying in the bosom of the mountainous country of Badenoch, entitled Loch Laggan. This beautiful expanse of water, which, after Lochness, is the only lake of any great extent in Inverness-shire, was made known to the amateur tourist only within the last twenty years, by the opening of the branch of the great Highland road which pursues its way westward to Fort William.

Loch Laggan lies nearly east and west, and is fed by numberless mountain torrents, the most considerable of which, the Pattaig, usually distinguished by the designation of a river, brings down with it the drainage of a great tract of country extending as far as the borders of Rannoch in Perthshire. The surplus of this large assemblage of water is carried off by the Spean, which, leaving the lake at the west end, passes through the extensive vale of Glen Spean and finally loses itself in the Lochy, to which it contributes a great portion of the waters which the latter discharges into the Western Sea. Loch Laggan is embo-

somed in hills of vast elevation, particularly those on the south side, two of which are known by the name of Easter and Wester Binnean, a term in the Celtic tongue denoting a *peak*. These mountains are covered with verdure to their very summits, and afford *summering* to numerous flocks of sheep, which have now in a great degree supplanted the aboriginal natives of these wilds, the red-deer. A few straggling parties and individuals, however, of this magnificent species, are occasionally to be found venturing, like their brother vagrant of the American forest, the Red Indian, upon a stolen visit to their early haunts, and, like him too, experiencing the common result of the progress of civilization, in the baying of the hound, or the salutation of a bullet. Not many months ago the remains of no less than six of these fugacious creatures were discovered at the foot of an almost inaccessible precipice near the top of Wester Binnean, while, a little way above them, lay bleaching the bones of their ruthless pursuer. Gruim, the son of Oscar—both sire and son the finest specimens of their kind—chancing to fall on the scent of the deer, had given his conductor the slip, and his fate continued a matter of mystery and wonderment till the accidental discovery of his remains and those of his luckless intended prey. The lake is nearly nine miles in length, by about one in breadth, having its banks densely clothed with wood, chiefly the fragrant birch, one of the few remnants now to be met with of the forests with which the whole face of the country is understood to have been covered of old; a conjecture countenanced by the name of the district, Badenoch in Gaelic implying *woody*. The attractions of this beautiful sheet of water appear not to have been unacknowledged in pristine times. King Fergus, the venerable founder of the Scottish monarchy—probably long before the period when the Castle of Inverlochy was the seat of royalty, or when the Fingalean engineers were employed, according to the theory of a late worthy Lochaber parson, in contributing to the diversion of their chiefs, by framing, with pick and shovel, the triple parallels of Glenroy—made this lake and the surrounding hills the scenes of royal pastime. A favourite spot on the south bank is yet known by the name of Ardmerigie, or *the Height of Fergus*. Of several islets in the lake, two are consecrated to the memory of the same prince; one by the name of Ilan na Righ, or *the King's Island*, which still exhibits traces of rude masonry; the other by that of Ilan na Conn, or *Island of the Dogs*, where Fergus is understood to have kept those indispensable accompaniments of Highland sport. On the adjoining hills the unfortunates of 1746 found security, if not shelter; and there is a well-authenticated tradition that the royal fugitive himself, while roving with some ill-fated companions in arms, condescended to honour Macdonald, the tacksman of the farm of Tullochchrombe, by accepting a portion of dress to replace some exhausted habiliment. Loch Laggan abounds in excellent trout, and it would be unfair to conclude this sketch without apprising the angling sportsman that he will find a boat at his service at the little inn lately built by Cluny Macpherson, the proprietor, near the head or east end of the lake. Here, too, besides sundry other comforts, the adventurous Southron may be accommodated with abundance of good English, a commodity not always attainable in a Highland inn, as well as with a profusion of civility from the learned professor, who performs the part of master of the ceremonies to all who honour his *hospitium* with a visit.

The other lakes of this district of Inverness-shire are so insignificant in point of size, and so entirely destitute of interest otherwise, that they may be disposed of summarily with little more than a mere enumeration. Loch Spey, the parent of the "rapid Spey," is a miserable reedy marsh on the borders of Glenroy. Lochnalarig and Dearg Lochen, amidst the Monileä hills, between Badenoch and Stratherrick, are known only for their trout—a distinction common to every collection of water in that country. Loch Pattaig, on the high ground near the borders of Rannoch, has an air of wild grandeur, which can find admirers only in a class of people who have seldom leisure or taste to turn aside in quest of the picturesque, the sportsman and the shepherd. Loch Inch and Loch Alvie, on the line of the great Highland road between Pitmain and Aviemore, are indebted for what attractions they present rather to the operations of man than to the hand of nature.

From this enumeration is intentionally excluded Loch Ericht, famed in song, which, though situated in the midst of that gigantic range of mountains which separates Badenoch from Rannoch, may claim to be reckoned a Perthshire lake—a pretension the more readily allowed when it is known that it discharges its waters into the German Ocean by the Tay, the common receptacle of all the streams of Perthshire.

EFFECTS OF CERTAIN EMPLOYMENTS ON HEALTH.

An interesting little work, entitled "The Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, on Health and Longevity," written by C. Turner Thackrah, has just fallen under our notice, and as it abounds in curious matter, suitable for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we take the liberty of inserting the following details relative to that description of operatives who approach nearest to the perfection of the physical state, or whose employments are chiefly in the open air:—

Butchers stand at the head of this division. They are much in the open air, and take strong exercise. Most of the masters ride on horseback to the neighbouring markets, and often traverse the surrounding country to buy cattle. They are well known to ride fast, and to take often long journeys. Drovers of cattle for the butchers, though their action is generally less violent, have great distances to travel. They walk twenty, thirty, or forty miles a-day. Butchers, and the slaughter-men, their wives, and their errand-boys, almost all eat fresh cooked meat at least twice a-day. They are plump and rosy. They are generally also cheerful and good-natured. Neither does their bloody occupation, nor their beef-eating, render them savage, as some theorists pretend, and even as the English law presumes. They are not subject to such anxieties as the fluctuations of other trades produce; for meat is always in request; and butchers live comfortably in times as well of general distress as of general prosperity. They are subject to few ailments, and these the result of plethora (overfulness of blood).

The atmosphere of the slaughter-house, though sufficiently disgusting to the nose, does not appear to be at all injurious to health. The mere odours of animal substances, whether fresh or putrid, are not apparently hurtful; indeed, they seem to be often decidedly useful. Consumption is remarkably rare among the men employed in the slaughter-house.

Cattle and Horse Dealers, leading an active life in the open air, are generally healthy, and would be almost exempt from ordinary maladies, were it not for their habit of drinking. Wet and cold would rarely produce even temporary ailment to temperate men in an employment so conducive to vigour. Horse-dealers' grooms or riders are a sickly set of men. Their appearance indicates those diseases of the stomach and liver which result from a debauched and irregular life.

Fishmongers, who bring fish from the coast, are of course greatly exposed to the weather. They are not, however, subject to rheumatism or other inflammatory disease. Generally hardy and temperate, they enjoy health, and attain considerable age. Different is the state of the retailers of fish in towns. These are often addicted to dram-drinking, and are consequently sickly and short-lived.

Cart-Drivers, though exposed to atmospheric vicissitudes, are healthy in proportion to their temperance and the nourishment they take. Their wages, however, are low; they are often indifferently fed; and many, particularly among the coal-leaders, congregate and spend at the alehouse that money which would be better employed in buying solid food. The attention of masters might do much to correct the evil.

Labourers in Husbandry, Sand Leaders, and Men employed on the Roads, would be healthy, were their means of subsistence adequate to their wants. A man who has himself, his wife, and family, to support on twelve or sixteen shillings a-week, cannot be well fed. Hence this body of men are far less robust in figure than we should expect from the nature of their employ. They are subject to disorders of the digestive organs, and generally suffer also greatly from epidemics.

Brickmakers, with the advantage of full muscular exercise in the open air, are subject to the annoyance of cold and wet. These, however, appear little, or not at all injurious. Brickmakers, half naked, and with their bare feet in the puddle all day, are not more liable to catarrh, pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs), and rheumatism, than men whose work is under cover and dry. Of twenty-two brickmakers of whom we made personal inquiry, only one had been affected with rheumatism, or could state himself subject to any disease. All declare that neither rheumatism, nor any inflammatory complaint, is frequent among them. Individuals of great age are found at the employ.

Chaise-Drivers, Postilions, Stage-Coachmen, and Guards of Coaches, with an equal advantage of fresh air, are differently situated in reference to exercise. Postilions, of course, have great and continued exertion; but the kind is objectionable. Their position on the saddle is bad, and they use the arms unequally; hence curvature of the spine. They are moreover said by Morgagni to be particularly subject to aneurism of the aorta (a diseased condition of the principal artery of the body). The drivers of chaise and hackney-coaches have more moderate and equal exercise; but their position subjects them to popliteal aneurism (a swelling of the artery in the ham). They, as well as postilions, suffer from irregular living, and the habit of frequent potation. They are subject to disorders of the head and the stomach. Still worse is the state of stage-coachmen and guards. With an equal or greater degree of intemperance, they have less muscular exercise to counteract its effects. In addition to morning sickness, and other affections, indicating gastric disease (disease of the juices of the stomach), they have venous congestion of the abdomen; then of the head; finally, apoplexy and palsy.

Gentlemen's coachmen often suffer from excess of nourishment; they eat more than they work. Having often to wait for their masters—to use Dr Good's phrase—"they fill up their time, by filling up their stomach." They also take ale too frequently.

Coach-Builders may be divided into three classes—carpenters smiths and painters. In the first, the only injurious circumstance is the common atmospheric impurity of a town. The men work in open sheds, have full and varied muscular exertion, and are temperate in their habits. They are consequently healthy, and frequently attain advanced age. The smiths are often drunken, and neglect their work for days at once. They labour, consequently, under disorder of the digestive organs, and die comparatively young. The painters, steady in their habits, suffer, though in a less degree, from the disorders which we shall have to notice when we speak of house-painters.

Carpenters, Joiners, Wheelwrights, and Millwrights, appear to receive no injury from their respective employments. I must state, however, that although temperate millwrights are healthy, and continue their employ to a great age, often even to that of 60, there is another class, who fit up the shafts and wheels to convey the power from the steam-engine to the machinery, and who suffer from their debauched habit of life. These men earn high wages, take much of that pernicious compound called ale, and sometimes even drams in addition, and are, moreover, off work at the pothouse two or three days in the week. Such men, of course, are unhealthy and short-lived.

Coopers have good muscular exercise. When lads enter the employ, the stooping posture affects the head; and the noise, the hearing. This, indeed, is often permanently, though not greatly impaired. The men are annoyed also by pain in the loins, the result of posture. On the whole, the employment is healthy.

Ropemakers, though they have exercise in the open air, suffer inconvenience from their stooping posture. A similar observation applies to Gardeners.

Paviers are well known to have strong muscular exercise in the open air of the town. Though exposed to the weather, they are not subject to acute diseases. Their chief complaint is pain in the loins, which increases with their age. It is probably the effect of long standing and labour. Though addicted to dram-drinking, they often live to an advanced period.

A GLANCE AT GLASGOW.

It has been remarked in some of our papers of statistical information, that no country on this side of the Atlantic has exhibited so speedy a rise from poverty and idleness, to opulence and habits of industry, as Scotland. Within the last sixty or seventy years this naturally poor, and by no means fortunately situated country, has undergone a perfect revolution in its appearance and character. So striking and gratifying an instance of what can be accomplished by perseverance under difficulties and peaceful pursuits, is particularly exemplified in the history and present condition of the city of Glasgow. This large and populous town, which enjoys a pleasant situation on the north bank of the Clyde, at the head of the navigation of that beautiful river, originated in the sixth century as the seat of a pious ecclesiastic, named Mungo, and continued for many ages little else than an episcopal village. So long did it continue to be a place of small consideration, that it was not till the year 1630 that it possessed a printing press, and it was only at the revolution of 1688 that a regular quay was erected for the reception of the vessels which navigated the Clyde. Until the year 1707, when the highly advantageous measure of the Union took place, the traffic carried on by export was confined to transactions with the Continent of Europe, but, even at the best, on a small scale. It was not till the Union took effect, that any thing like a real and advantageous system of commerce was instituted. At this auspicious epoch, Glasgow rose on the ruins of many small towns on the east coast of Scotland, particularly those of Fife, whose trade if acquired. As *Bailie Nicol Jarvie* was pleased to express himself—"nane were keener against the Union than the Glasgow folk, wi' their rabblings, and their risings, and their mobs," and none have profited to such an extent by this judicious measure. In short, the Union opened up a trade with the American and other colonies, induced the manufacture of lawns, cambrics, muslins, and other articles of similar fabric, and created that energy of mind in the people that has placed them in the highest rank of commercial enterprise and intelligence.

Though this great emporium of the commerce and manufactures of Scotland possesses not either the picturesqueness or the elegance of the legal and aristocratic capital, it is nevertheless an impressive and fine city. The number of its spires, and the judicious arrangement of its public buildings—the more general prevalence of a moderate degree of elegance in the private structures, and the grace given to the whole by the Clyde, are points in which it surpasses the more ambitious city of the east. It possesses various other advantages in point of outward appearance. Its cathedral gives a solemn dignity to the more ancient district. The college buildings, the finest in Scotland before the erection of those of Edinburgh, and still possessing the superior merit of more nearly resembling the splendid models of Oxford, have also a highly dignifying effect. The Trongate, which, with its continuations, intersects the whole city from east to west, is a noble piece of street scenery, indeed one of the finest things of the kind in Europe. Few of the streets are irregular or mean, while many of them may be called fine; and what must add greatly to the pleasure experienced by a stranger contemplating them, is, that all are filled during the whole day by

crowds of prosperous and happy-looking people, who walk at a lively pace, and in whose eyes some animating piece of business or of pleasure may constantly be read.

The men of Glasgow—for by this appellation are they distinguished, in popular phraseology, from the *folk* of Greenock and the *bodies* of Paisley—shine peculiarly in the walk of social hospitality. There is an openness of heart about them, that at once wins the affection and admiration of strangers. They are prosperous, and prosperity disposes them to take the world well, and view aliens with a kindly aspect. They often hold wealth by an uncertain tenure, and therefore lay the less stress upon its possession. There is also an ease in the fitness of all the individual parts of Glasgow society, which enables a stranger to join its ranks without in aught disarranging them. There is plenty of wealth for all, and no one need be jealous lest another pull the morsel from his mouth. And as there is little distinction of ranks in the commercial republic, no occasion exists for jealousy on the score of pretension. All this has a beauty in it which we look for in vain among such towns as Edinburgh, where society consists of two distinct classes, both of which are kept in a state of continual irritation and fret, by the reserve on the one hand of the upper ranks, and on the other by the forward ambition of the lower. While in Edinburgh there prevails a perpetual straining to appear members of the higher ranks of society, often at a ruinous expense, and where the glare of outward show frequently covers much secret poverty and want of substantial comfort, in Glasgow there is comparatively none of these peculiarities. There the internal abundance and comfort of the domicile ordinarily supersedes the reliance on outward architectural splendour, and the satisfaction of being in good circumstances leaves little to be desired as to the vanities of an ideal superiority of rank. The social interchange of friendly communication, which is produced by the simplicity of character in the people of Glasgow, has been highly advantageous to the general interests of the citizens. The remarkable hauteur of manner which is so observable among the mass of the population of Edinburgh, and which amounts to a species of horror of coming in contact with fellow-citizens supposed to be in the slightest degree inferior as to worldly circumstances or family connection, has been unfortunately the cause of leading the town into the most ridiculous projects, and the most grievous debts, as, by the total want of concert, in almost all cases, the inhabitants have been imposed upon by small factions of designing individuals. The opposite freedom of intercourse, which, as we say, is pursued in Glasgow, gives at all times room for a very thorough investigation of all public matters, which generally stand or fall by the prevalent opinion. The voice of all, moreover, is concentrated by a species of representation in two large reading-rooms or Exchanges—a mode of collecting general sentiment unknown in Edinburgh, where institutions of this kind have never succeeded, principally from the existing dread of a collision of ranks.

Although such are the characteristics of society in Glasgow in comparison with that of Edinburgh, it has to be stated, that before this mercantile capital arrived at its present pitch of prosperity, and ere wealth had been so universally diffused throughout all parts of its community, there seems to have existed in it as marked a division of ranks as may be observed in all less commercial cities at the present day. Many of the earlier merchants of Glasgow were younger sons of the neighbouring gentry, and traded at a time when ideas of birth were still fondly clung to by even lowlanders. When the Virginia and other foreign trades, therefore, prospered in their hands, and enabled them to hold up their heads perhaps a little higher than even the cousins, or brothers, or nephews, who represented their own families, they did not fail to comport themselves as became men who had not only a little blood, but, moreover, a good deal of money. Assuming the complete air proper to Scottish gentlemen of what is now called the old school, they wore, it is said, fine scarlet cloaks deeply trimmed with gold or silver lace, cocked hats, and canes, not forgetting under-clothes of costly velvet, and silver buckles at knee and instep. In the pride of their wealth and birth, they could be compared, we believe, to no race of men but to the merchant princes and nobles of Venice. In fact, they formed among themselves a class distinct from all their fellow-townsmen—a sort of mercantile aristocracy. Such were the Walkinshaws, the Crosses, the Stirlings, and the Glassfords, of whom it is recorded by the tradition of Glasgow, that they usually walked upon a particular side of the Trongate, and took it ill if any inferior persons presumed to approach or jostle them. They considered it a vast condescension to a shopkeeper or retailer if they acknowledged him in passing upon the street; and if they were graciously pleased to walk a little way with him along the pavement, they thought they had put him in a fair way of making his fortune. Though this superciliousness of manner be long since gone, and though there prevails throughout the present community of Glasgow that system of equality already noticed, society is not altogether deficient now, any more than formerly, in what may be considered an aristocracy. Among the active manufacturers of Glasgow are to be found men of prodigious wealth, and, at the same time, highly elevated and enlightened minds, who form a sort of nobility. These men, though in general raised from a very humble rank in life, display a munificence of disposition, and a proud feeling of honour in their dealings, which might add lustre to coronets and garters. It is perhaps their noblest characteristic, that whatever may be their superiority over the rest of the citizens in point of capital, they exhibit no disposition to withdraw themselves from, or, to use other language, lord it over their less eminent brethren. They, on the contrary, disdain not to attend daily to the minutest details of their business, and, on the agitation of any public measure, are usually the first to take any interest in it, and the most active in carrying it into effect. Altogether, their public spirit and their talent, their well-won and well-used wealth, their greatness and their humility, entitle them to the admiration of even those who may be least disposed to applaud greatness in the first generation.

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"The following lines were written by Walter Scott when he was between ten and eleven years of age, and while he was attending the High School, Edinburgh. His master there had spoken of him as a remarkably stupid boy, and his mother with grief acknowledged that they spoke truly. She saw him one morning in the midst of a tremendous thunder storm standing still in the street, and looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he remained looking upwards without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house, she was very much displeased with him: 'Mother,' he said, 'I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil.' She gave him one, and, in less than five minutes, he laid a bit of paper on her lap with these words written on it:—

'Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll,
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky;
Then let the good thy mighty power revere,
Let harden'd sinners thy just judgments fear.'

The old lady repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes: for I really believe, simple as they are, that she values these lines, being the first effusion of her son's genius, more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world besides."
—*Extract from an Original Letter.*

About the year 1820 or 21, when in the very zenith of his supposed prosperity, and engaged in building Abbotsford House, he one day discovered the sense he entertained of his extraordinary fortunes (a thing generally hid in the simplicity of his manners), by saying to a very familiar friend, "Lo, I passed the river Tweed with my staff and scrip, and now I am become a great nation." He probably intended to adapt to his own case the expression of Jacob, Genesis xxxii. 10, "for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

Mr Tegg, the London publisher, was taken by a Galashiels manufacturer to Abbotsford, and the latter, having been informed, jestingly, by Mr Tegg, that he was the author of Jokeby, introduced him to Sir Walter with that designation attached to his name. "The more jokes the better," said Sir Walter, as he bustled about for a chair; and in the whole course of the interview he never made further allusion to the burlesque poem, but, after his usual manner, or it may be called policy, conversed generally upon the profession of the individual whom he was addressing.

It is on all hands confessed that nothing ever spoilt this great man. Through all his exaltations, both of fortune and reputation, he never lost the original good, easy, kind, and benignant man—never for a moment ceased to be what he naturally was. Mr Dugald Stewart, in his life of Dr Robertson, relates that that eminent writer "used frequently to say, that in Mr Hume's gaiety there was something approaching to *infantine*; and that he had found the same thing so often exemplified in the circle of his other friends, that he was almost disposed to consider it as characteristical of genius." This remark derives great additional force from the example of Sir Walter Scott, who seemed to prefer natural affections and natural feelings above all things, and could sympathize in all the levities and simple ideas of childhood. The individual who relates these anecdotes recollects well with what true *grandfatherly* feeling he spoke, in the end of the year 1824, of the precocious talent of his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, then a child of hardly four years of age. John, he said, had composed a verse in imitation of a certain nursery riddle, to the following effect:—

"The waters of Tweed have broken the law,
And they've come roaring down the haugh;
Grandpapa and all his men
Cannot turn them back again."

Whether we are to believe that the child really performed this feat of versification without assistance, may be matter of debate; but certainly Sir Walter spoke of the thing quite seriously, and with no little pride, as a composition of his grandson.

As another illustration of the extreme familiarity and simplicity of his manners, the following may be related:—He was sitting one evening after dinner, with a friend who has been oftener than once alluded to in these anecdotes. They were no longer drinking, neither were they talking; both were in that state of partial somnolence which sometimes occurs after the second tumbler or first bottle has been emptied, and while as yet the candles have not been introduced to stir the company afresh with the excitement of light. All at once, amidst the twilight stillness of the hour, a hen got up a most vivacious cackle in the court-yard, so as to rouse them both effectually; and Sir Walter, to the great amusement of his friend, burst out with a musical, or rather most unmusical, imitation of the cheerful sound, which he perhaps recollected for the first time since his childhood, being a human interpretation of what the hen is supposed to say to the old woman, her mistress, when she cackles—

"Buy tobacco—buy tobacco—I'll pay a'!"

the "I'll pay a'" terminating in a *scraugh* in alt, exactly after the manner of the hen. Perhaps some of our old readers will remember the time when boys used thus to give verbal expression to the parturient exultations of Dame Partlet.

In the *Album* at the Bell Rock Light-house are the following lines by Sir Walter Scott:—

PHAROS LOQUITUR.
Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail.
July 30, 1814. WALTER SCOTT.

THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

On the Continent of America the works of nature are on a great and extensive scale; and in estimating their magnitude, the mind is actually lost in wonder. When we think of the valley of any river in this country, we have only in view a district of ground measuring at most a hundred miles in length by less than the third of that extent in breadth; but in speaking of the vallies in America, we are called on to remember that they sometimes include a territory far more extensive than the whole island of Britain. The chief wonder of this description in North America is the valley of the Mississippi, which is the natural drain of the central part of that vast continent, and embraces all that tract of country of which the waters are discharged into the Gulf of Mexico. It is bounded on the north by an elevated country, which divides it from the waters that flow into Hudson's Bay, and the northern lakes and St Lawrence; on the east by the table land from whence descend the waters that fall into the Atlantic; and on the west by the Rocky, or Chippewau Mountains, which separate the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific.

This great central vale of America is considered the largest division of the globe, of which the waters pass into one estuary. It extends from the 29th to the 49th degree of north latitude, or about 1400 miles from south to north, while the breadth across is about the same dimensions. To suppose the United States and its territory to be divided into three portions, the arrangement would be—the Atlantic slope, the Mississippi basin or valley, and the Pacific slope. A glance on any map of North America will show that this valley includes about two-thirds of the territory of the United States. The Atlantic slope contains 390,000, the Pacific slope about 300,000, which, combined, are 690,000 square miles; while the valley of the Mississippi contains at least 1,300,000 square miles, or four times as much land as the whole of England. This great vale is divided into two portions, the Upper and Lower Valley, distinguished by particular features, and separated by an imaginary intersecting line at the place where the Ohio pours its waters into the Mississippi. This large river has many tributaries of first rate proportions besides the Ohio. The chief is the Missouri, which indeed is the main stream, for it is not only longer and larger, but drains a greater extent of country. Its length is computed at 1870 miles, and upon a particular course 3000 miles. In its appearance it is turbid, violent, and rapid, while the Mississippi, above its junction with the Missouri, is clear, with a gentle current. At St Charles, 20 miles from its entrance into the Mississippi, the Missouri measures from five to six hundred yards across, though its depth is only a few fathoms.

The Mississippi Proper takes its rise in Cedar Lake, in the 47th degree of north latitude. From this to the Falls of St Anthony, a distance of five hundred miles, it runs in a devious course, first south-east, then south-west, and, finally, south-east again; which last it continues, without much deviation, till it reaches the Missouri, the waters of which strike it at right angles, and throw the current of the Mississippi entirely upon the eastern side. The prominent branch of the Upper Mississippi is the St Peter's, which rises in the great prairies in the north-west, and enters the parent stream a little below the Falls of St Anthony. The Kaskaskia next joins it, after a course of 200 miles. In the 36th degree of north latitude, the Ohio (formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela) pours in its tribute, after pursuing a course of 750 miles, and draining about 200,000 square miles of country. A little below the 34th degree the White River enters, after a course of more than 1000 miles. Thirty miles below that, the Arkansas, bringing in its tribute from the confines of Mexico, pours in its waters. Its last great tributary is Red River, a stream taking its rise in the Mexican dominions, and flowing a course of more than 2000 miles.

Hitherto the waters in the wide regions of the west have been congregating to one point. The "Father

of Waters" is now upwards of a mile in width, and several fathoms deep. During its annual floods it overflows its banks below the mouth of the Ohio, and sometimes extends thirty and forty miles into the interior, laying the prairies, bottoms, swamps, and other low grounds under water for a season. After receiving Red River, this vast stream is unable to continue in one channel; it parts into separate courses, and, like the Nile, finds its way to the ocean at different and distant points.

The capabilities of the Mississippi for purposes of trade are almost beyond calculation, and are hardly yet developed. For thousands of years this magnificent American river rolled its placid and undisturbed waters amidst widely-spreading forests, rich green prairies, and swelling mountain scenery, ornamented with the ever-varying tints of nature in its wildest mood, unnoticed save by the wandering savage of the west, or the animals which browse upon its banks. At length it came under the observation of civilized men, and now has begun to contribute to their wants and wishes. Every part of the vast region irrigated by the main stream and its tributaries can be penetrated by steam-boats and other water craft; nor is there a spot in all this wide territory, excepting a small district in the plains of Upper Missouri, that is more than one hundred miles from some navigable water. A boat may take in its lading on the banks of the Chataque Lake, in the state of New York—another may receive its cargo in the interior of Virginia—a third may start from the Rice Lakes at the head of the Mississippi—and a fourth may come laden with furs from the Chippewau Mountains, 2800 miles up the Missouri—and all meet at the mouth of the Ohio, and proceed in company to the ocean.

Reader, you probably inhabit the island of Great Britain, where the traffic of every sea-port, every branch of inland navigation, has been pushed to its utmost limits—where every art is overdone, and where the heart of the ingenious almost sinks within them for want of scope for their enterprise. But, reader, here, on this wide-spread ramification of navigable streams, there is an endless, a boundless field for mercantile adventure. Within the last twenty-four years, the Mississippi, with the Ohio, and its other large tributaries, have been covered with steam-boats and barges of every kind, and populous cities have sprung up on their banks. There are now *sea*-ports at the centre of the American continent—trading towns, each already doing more business than some half dozen celebrated ports in the Old World, with all the protection which restrictive enactments and traditional importance can confer upon them.

The valley of the Mississippi, one of the greatest natural wonders of the world, will one day possess and comfortably sustain a population nearly as great as that of all Europe. Let its inhabitants become equally dense with England, including Wales, which contains 207 to the square mile, and its numbers will amount to 179,400,000. But let it become equal to the Netherlands—which its fertility would warrant—and its surface will sustain a population of *two hundred millions*. What reflections ought this view to present to the philanthropist and the Christian!*

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BATHS.

It is well known, that, amongst the Romans, bathing formed a part of every day's occupation. It was a luxury universally indulged in by both sexes; and the buildings erected for the accommodation of the public were generally remarkable for their costliness and splendour. In the year 1824 the baths of Pompeii were excavated. They are admirably arranged, spacious, highly decorated, and superior to any thing of the kind in modern cities. They are, fortunately, in good preservation, and throw considerable light on what the ancients have written upon the subject.

It was customary with the Romans to solemnize the completion of a public work by dedicating it, which consisted simply in opening the building to the people in a solemn manner, and gratifying them with largesses and the exhibition of spectacles, to which that extraordinary people were exceedingly partial. Various circumstances prove that the completion of the baths only a short while preceded the destruction of the city. They occupy a considerable space, and are divided into three separate compartments. One of these was set apart for the fire-places and the accommodation of the servants; and the other two were each occupied by a set of baths, one of which was appropriated to the men, and the other to the women. The apartments and passages are paved with white marble in mosaic, or alternate white and black squares. The chambers are ornamented with various devices, and highly finished. Above one thousand lamps were discovered during the excavations.

There were three kinds of baths; the frigidarium, or cold baths; the tepidarium, or tepid baths; and the caldarium, or warm baths. The frigidarium is a round chamber, encrusted with yellow stucco, with indications here and there of green. The walls are ornamented with figures modelled in stucco. The basin is twelve feet ten inches in diameter, and two feet nine inches deep, and is entirely lined with white marble. The plan for emptying and filling it was similar to that adopted amongst ourselves. This frigidarium is remarkable for its preservation and beauty.

The tepidarium was so called, because its temperature was of a mild warmth, and which prepared the bodies of the bathers for the more intense heat which they were to undergo in the vapour and hot baths, and also softened the transition from the hot bath to the external air. It is divided into a number of compartments by Telamones,* two feet high, carved in high relief, placed against the walls, and supporting a rich cornice. They are composed of baked clay, encrusted with the finest marble stucco. They have been originally painted of a flesh colour, with black hair and beards. The basket on their heads, and the moulding of the pedestal, were in imitation of gold. The pedestal itself, the wall behind, and the niches for the reception of the bathers' clothes, were an imitation of red porphyry. The ceiling is worked in stucco, and ornamented with figures, and carvings. The window of this room is two feet six inches high, by three feet wide, in the bronze frame of which were four beautiful panes of glass, fastened by small nuts and screws, so that they could be removed at pleasure. From this, it is evident that windows of glass were in use amongst the ancients. Glass-blowing seems to have been better understood by them than the learned seem inclined to admit of. This is proved from the quantities of bottles, vases, glasses, and other utensils which have been discovered at Pompeii. Amongst other articles found in this bath was a large and handsome bronze brasier.

The caldarium had on one side the laconicum, where was placed a vase, called labrum, for washing the hands and face. On the opposite side was the hot bath, called lavacrum. The labrum was a great round basin of white marble, into which the hot water bubbled up through a pipe in its centre, and served for the partial ablutions of those who took the vapour bath. This apartment like the others is well stuccoed, and painted yellow. These details, although necessarily circumscribed, afford us some idea of the value which the Romans attached to bathing.

In a street which conducts to the Forum, called the street of Fortune, an immense number of utensils have been found. Amongst other articles were vases, basins with handles, bells, elastic springs, hinges, buckles for harness, a lock, an inkstand, gold earrings, a silver spoon, an oval cauldron, a saucepan, a mould for pastry, and a weight of alabaster, used in spinning, with its ivory axis remaining; a number of lamps, three boxes, with a slit to keep money in, in one of which were found several coins of Titus, Vespasian, and Domitian, &c. &c. Among the most curious things discovered were seven glazed plates packed in straw. A pair of scales and steelyard were likewise found.

Gell informs us that the skeleton of a Pompeian was here found, "who, apparently, for the sake of sixty coins, a small plate, and a saucepan of silver, had remained in the house till the street was already half filled with volcanic matter." From the situation in which he was found, he had apparently been arrested while in the act of escaping from the window. Two others were also found in the same street.

THEATRES.

There have been two theatres excavated, a large and a small one; both display the remains of considerable magnificence. They are constructed after the usual plan of a Roman theatre. The seats for the audience were semicircular, and sloped downwards like those in the galleries of our own theatres. At the bottom was the orchestra, and in front the stage. Within the orchestra were circular ranges of seats set apart for the senate, and other distinguished individuals. The theatre is formed upon the side of a hill, the corridor being the highest part, so that the audience on entering descended at once to their seats. There is space to contain about five thousand persons. This theatre appears to have been entirely covered with marble, although only a few fragments remain—another proof that the ancients had visited Pompeii after the eruption, and despoiled it of what was most valuable.

The small theatre nearly resembles the large one in plan and disposition of parts, but there is this remarkable difference: it appears from an inscription to have been permanently roofed. It has been computed that it accommodated fifteen hundred persons.

Adjoining to the theatres, a building has been excavated, called, from the style of its architecture, the Greek Temple, otherwise, the Temple of Hercules. The date of its erection some have supposed to be as far back as eight hundred years before the Christian era. It is in a very dilapidated state. Before the steps in front there is an enclosure, supposed to have been a pen to contain victims for the sacrifice, and by its side two altars. Near to the small theatre, a large angular enclosure has been excavated, which has been called the Provision Market by some, by others the Soldiers' Quarters. It contains a number of small chambers, supposed to have been occupied by butchers, and venders of meats, liquors, &c. In one of these, utensils for the manufacture of soap were discovered; in another, an oil mill; in a third, supposed to have been a prison, stocks were found; and in a fourth were pieces of armour, whence it has been called the Guard Room. In this quarter of the city a bronze helmet was found, enriched with bas-reliefs relating to the principal events of the capture of Troy. Another helmet found represents the triumphs of Rome; greaves of bronze, highly ornamented, were also found. Contiguous to the little theatre the house of a sculptor has been cleared. Here were found statues, some half finished, others just begun, with blocks of marble, and all the tools required by the artist.

The Temple of Isis is here situated. It is one of the most perfect examples now existing of the parts and disposition of an ancient temple. The skeleton of a priest was found in one of the rooms. Near his remains lay an axe, from which it would appear that he had delayed his departure till the door was closed up, and so attempted to break through the walls with his axe. He had already forced his way through two, but, before he could pass the third, was suffocated by the vapour. Within the sacred precincts lay a number of skeletons, probably those of priests, who, reposing a vain confidence in their deity, would not desert her temple, until escape was hopeless. Several paintings of the priests of Isis, and the ceremonies of their worship, together with a statue of the deity herself, were found.

AMPHITHEATRE.

A Roman amphitheatre was a building of an oval form, having its area encompassed with rows of seats, one above another, where spectators might witness gladiatorial and other exhibitions. In the Street of Tombs, which is situated without the principal gate of the city, there is a bas-relief on one of the tombs, which represents the amusements of the amphitheatre. These, it would appear, consisted of combats of various kinds between men and wild beasts—as bears, lions, panthers, &c.; and also between two gladiators, some of which were equestrian.

The Amphitheatre of Pompeii does not differ in any particular from other Roman buildings of the same kind. Its form, as usual, is oval. The extreme length, from outside to outside of the exterior arcade, is 430 feet; its greatest breadth is 335 feet. The spectators were admitted by tickets, which had marks and numbers on them corresponding with similar signs on the arches through which they entered. The seats are elevated above the arena upon a high podium or parapet, upon which, when the building was first opened, there were several inscriptions, containing the names of duumvirs who had presided upon different occasions. There were also paintings in fresco—one representing a tigress fighting with a wild boar; another, a stag chased by a lioness; another, a battle between a bull and a bear. There were other representations besides these; but the whole disappeared upon exposure to the atmosphere. The Amphitheatre comprises twenty-four rows of seats, and is calculated to have accommodated ten thousand people, exclusive of those who were obliged to take up with standing room.—*To be continued.*

THE POINT OF HONOUR.

"He would find it another guess story,
Would bring his bare back to the cat."

"I SAY he was a Tartar," said an old pensioner, turning round the quadrangle of the building, and advancing upon the terrace, near the spot where I was standing, contemplating the beauties of a summer evening—"I say he was a Tartar." "Then you are mistaken, Harry," replied his companion; "he was a lad who did his duty, and saw that every one did theirs. I allow that he was strict, but always a sailor's friend." "Ay, ay, for tarring a rope's end, or rope's-ending a tar, 'twas all the same to him. His *cats* were often fed, Tom." "That's poor wit, Harry; I sailed with him captain and admiral some years, and ought to know a little about him." "Well, well, messmate, mayhap you did so; let's hear, for I love to talk about past times and old commanders. There's old Jarvis has dowsed his coach-whip, and gone out o. commission, and Lord Keith has resigned his command to harbour in a better world. I've sailed with 'em both, but I'll not *say more* till you've told me of *Seymour*." "Why then, d'ye see, where could there be a stronger attachment shown to our officers then when we arrived at Spithead during the mutiny? Ah, Harry, you old cartridge! you was then in that rebel ship the *Triumph*—but howsomever I won't blow you up. You must know Lieutenant Q—— was commanding-officer when the delegates came on board. 'Well, my men,' says he, 'what do you want here?' 'We want to speak to the ship's company, sir,' said the foremost. 'Oh, certainly, certainly,' replied the lieutenant. 'Here, boatswain's mate, pass the word, and walk forward my men.' Well, Harry, you old rogue, didn't we all muster on the forecastle, and listen to their lingo? Ay, that we did. And says our spokesman, says he, 'Mayhap, gemmen, you have had bad treatment, and are dissatisfied with your officers?' 'Yes, yes,' said the leader, 'you're right.' 'Then all we have to say is,' said our spokesman, 'that we are not. We like our ship, like our captain, like our officers, and like one another—and so, gemmen, good day.' There was reasoning for you, you old swab. Ah, Harry, you ought to have been taken in *tow* for a mutineer; and, now I'm in the line, I'll tell you more. D'ye see, every order was exposed publicly for

* The facts in this article have chiefly been gleaned from a small American publication, entitled "Peck's Guide to Emigrants, containing Sketches of Illinois, Missouri, and the adjacent Parts. Boston, 1831."

* Figures of men, usually in a slightly stooping position and supporting cornices in buildings

the ship's company to read, so that every man fore and aft knew what he had to do. This was his plan: 'Do your duty, and no one shall wrong you; neglect it, and I'll punish.' Among other orders, there was one, that no man should sing out, either in pulling a rope, or any other duty, but all were to be silent as death. One day we were mooring ship, when some one sung out, at the capstan, 'Hurrah, my boys! heave!' The captain heard it—'Send that man on deck directly.' The officer immediately pick'd him out, and he was ordered aft under the sentry's charge. As soon as the ship was moored, the hands were turned up for punishment. Well, up we goes, and there stood the captain with the Articles of War in his hand—by-the-by I don't think he was a lord then. Howsomever, there he stood, and the officers around him in their cocked hats and swords. The gratings were lashed to the break of the poop, the quarter-masters ready with their foxes, and the boatswain's mates with the cats. 'Come here, my man,' said the captain. 'Was it not my orders that there should be silence fore and aft?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And why did you disobey?' 'It warn't me, sir; I never opened my lips.' 'Are you sure this was the man that sung out at the capstan?' said the captain, turning to the officer. 'Yes, sir, confident: I removed him instantly from the bar.' 'Indeed, sir, Mr —— is mistaken—I never spoke.' 'Are you certain, Mr ——?' 'Yes, sir, quite certain.' 'Strip, then.' It was complied with. The poor fellow was seized up—hats off—the article for disobedience of orders read—and 'boatswain's mate, give him two dozen,' was heard. The tails of the cat were clear'd, the arm was lifted up, and the blow just falling, when a man rush'd from amongst us, and call'd out, 'Avast! it was I that sung out at the capstan!' and in an instant his shirt was over his head, and his back bare. 'Stop,' said the captain to the boatswain's mate; and, then, turning to the seaman, 'Why didn't you come forward before?' 'Because, sir, I was in hopes you would have taken my messmate's word, for he never tells a lie, axing your pardon; but when I saw him likely to suffer for me, no, no, I couldn't stand that.' 'And did he know it was you?' 'Yes, your honour, he knew it well; I was alongside of him at the bar—but he scorn'd to flinch.' 'Cast him off, and pipe down,' said the captain. But oh, Harry, if you had seen the two bare-backed dogs stand and look at each other for more than a minute without moving, and then, grasping each other's hands, after a hearty shake, walk off together—but I can't describe it, though I've got it all in my heart as strong now as I had then."

"And what became of the officer?"

"Why, the captain slued round to him, and ——"

Here they again turned the quadrangle; all was hush'd, and I sought my pillow.—*Greenwich Hospital.*

DOES THE SOUL ALWAYS THINK?

A FAVOURITE argument with the advocates for faith in dreams is, that, though the body be liable to exhaustion, and to a temporary suspension of its powers, while the repair of its wasted energies is going on, the soul, which is of an imperishable, and, therefore, indefectible essence, never relaxes its activity, but, while the limbs are sunk in repose, gladly seizes the opportunity of escaping from its mortal coil, and, roaming in the world of spirits, holds communion with kindred angels, and from them receives instruction in such knowledge as is suitable to its nature. A portion of the knowledge acquired in these excursions, penetrating the dull vapours which wrap our mortal being, is represented to reach us in dreams, the greater part, however, never being perceived at all; "for," says an old writer, "the thoughts of worldly affairs, and the intemperances most men commit in meats, drinks, labours, exercises, and passions, enfeeble and destroy the brisk, lively apprehensions, and stupify all the faculties of nature: and particularly the memory and retaining power are so dulled and rendered fluid and oblivious, as not to conserve any impressions made thereon—as we see in drunken men, who the next day remember none of those loud vociferations and mad pranks they played over night. And you may as well argue," continues he, "that such lewd people did not commit any such extravagancies, because very often they are not sensible of them after they come to be sober, as to think you do not dream, because sometimes you cannot remember it when you wake."*

Addison, in the 487th paper of the Spectator, pursues the same fanciful train of thought. "Our dreams," says he, "are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in the action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company."

Absolute proof that the soul does not always think, cannot perhaps be given; but, as far as the subject admits of investigation, we find every fact obtained to be arrayed against the supposition that it does. In the first place, if the soul be so resolute upon perpetual thought, and so well fitted for it that it never breaks off from the exercise, one would expect it not to flag or be overcome with fatigue, but to be at all times equally vigilant and able to perform whatever task of contemplation comes in its way. How does the experience of every man who has been accustomed to think at all contradict this! How worn out by long application to study, and, after an interval of relaxation, how invigorated to resume it is he whom the pursuit of knowledge has captivated! The soul must be very capricious indeed, if it be fit for continual motion, and yet get on at this halting pace; when, too, the goal in view is one which itself fervently desires to reach. In the second place, if the soul were occupied in thinking as well when we sleep as when we are awake, it would surely be a matter of indifference to it in which of these states the body is; and drowsiness, stealing heavily on the eyelids, should never be able to deaden the liveliness of our ideas. Now, in sinking to rest, we perceive the powers of thought gradually weakened till they approach the point of complete suspension. We should be still more sensible of this declension of their energies, if it were not that the effort necessary for observation counteracts the pleasing encroachments of oblivion, and banishes those symptoms which it is our object to examine. But, though we cannot, upon any single occasion, minutely scrutinize the steps by which sleep advances, their repeated occurrence makes us in time sufficiently aware of their nature, and teaches us how to invite them. Accordingly, many persons who, at the hour of rest, find their minds employed with mistimed activity on any subject which excites the attention strongly, have recourse to numbering, in order that, excluding those ideas we have from reflection and association, and confining themselves to a single exertion of memory, the current of thought may at last become so attenuated as to be easily got rid of altogether. The mind thus throws off its thoughts just as a man gives the slip to a crowd of troublesome companions, and, released from their pressure, delivers itself up to the enjoyment of the wished-for repose.

At some times, also, when we are not desirous to invite sleep, we find it induced by whatever tends to limit the range of our ideas; pleasing and monotonous sounds—the hum of bees, the murmur of a fountain, the chanting of music to which the ear is accustomed, the reading of an uninteresting discourse—withdraw the mind from other contemplations, and do not present it with any new theme of meditation. The consequence is, that, in this insidious manner, many an honest gentleman is stolen from his thoughts at very inconvenient seasons. "It is also matter of common observation," says Stewart, "that children, and persons of little reflection, who are chiefly occupied about sensible objects, and whose mental activity is in a great measure suspended as soon as their perceptive powers are unemployed, find it extremely difficult to continue awake when they are deprived of their usual engagements. The same thing has been remarked of savages, whose time, like that of the lower animals, is almost completely divided between sleep and their bodily exertions."

While we thus see that the absence of thought brings on sleep, it is no less true that the active exercise of the thinking powers keeps drowsiness aloof. Anxiety, in its various shapes, banishes long the desire of repose; the philosopher, intent on his favourite study, pursues it deep in the night; and even those who have no good will to watch, are often compelled to be awake, because they have become involved in a train of musing, from which they cannot escape till the whole current of thick-coming fancies be run out. If the soul can think as well without the assistance of the corporeal functions, is it not strange, that, when it has matters of contemplation on hand, it should detain them so long from yielding to the soft enticements of slumber? Its conduct in this respect would appear no less unreasonable than that of a mathematician who should insist upon his whole household sitting up until he solve his problem, although their doing so cannot help him a jot.

But the advocates for perpetual thought deny, that, in long application to business or study, it is the soul which fails. This principle of life and action, they say, would never relax its exertions, unless some defect in the body forced it to desist, and abandon the material organ till the waste be repaired—just as a breach in the roof of his workshop obliges the artificer to desert it until the tiles be renewed. There is, however, we may remark, this difference between the two cases—that, while the artificer may pursue his trade elsewhere with little diminution of his profits, the soul, let it think ever so assiduously when absent from the body, derives no benefit from any of the stores of knowledge it may then accumulate. It might, therefore, as well avoid all this fruitless trouble. "To think often," says Locke, "and never to retain it so much as one moment, is a very useless sort of thinking; and the soul, in such a state of thinking, does very little, if at all, excel that of a looking-glass, which constantly receives varieties of images or ideas, but retains none; they disappear and vanish, and there remain no footsteps of them; the looking-glass is never the better for such ideas, nor the soul for such thoughts." And not only does the soul never bring back from its nocturnal flights any new discoveries, by which its own condition, or that of its companion, the body, might be elevated or improved, but it is wholly unconscious of having been engaged in them; insomuch that, if a man were roused, and, with a sword pointed to his breast, commanded to tell what he was thinking of the moment before, he could not save his life by giving any manner of account of his sleeping contemplations—they have escaped him utterly, and without the smallest hope of recall. This is a degree of forgetfulness which we can find nothing to parallel. That produced by intoxication is, indeed, said to resemble it; but it can by no means be made to appear that it is the same, or even makes an approach to it: for, though the reveller may recollect but hazily in the morning that he broke a watchman's lantern overnight, he is conscious of it while the act is doing, and for some time after; so that, if it were possible for his drunkenness to be shaken off as instantaneously as sleep is dispelled, there seems no reason to suppose he would be at a loss to remember his riotous behaviour the moment before. The same thing may be said of persons, who, on recovering from delirium, brought on by fevers or otherwise, remember nothing of what they said or did, and yet were active and percipient all the while.

Nor is it an argument to the purpose to say, that one may as well maintain a drunken man was guilty of no extravagancies, because he does not remember them when the fumes of the liquor have evaporated, as to think the soul is not employed during sleep, though all its transactions cannot be traced after waking. Watchmen with their shattered lanterns afford sufficient extraneous evidence of the midnight riot. But no testimony whatever can be brought to the fact of the soul's thinking; we are not conscious of it ourselves, and no man's soul ever perceived his neighbour's soul so engaged.

It is indeed said, that glimpses of the occupations of the soul during sleep are afforded by dreams; and that, since there are some dreams which we recollect imperfectly, and others, of which, though we are certain we had them, no particulars are retained, it is reasonable to conclude it is owing to defect of memory that the whole of the soul's midnight musings are not retained. But this is to offer conjecture for argument: as well might the judge hold it to be established against a reveller, that he continued breaking lamps the whole night without intermission, whenever it is established against him that he broke one or a couple.

Moreover, if we were to grant that dreams are the offspring of the soul at a time when it is independent of the body, and has an opportunity of exerting its native energies uncontrolled, what would be the consequence to the argument of those who maintain such a doctrine? The body is represented as being a clog upon its spiritual companion, restraining all its nobler aspirations, and keeping it to the drudgery of ordinary thinking; and dreaming, we are told, is a state in which the soul, released from this ignoble subserviency, rushes amid scenes worthy of itself, and engages in conceptions upon a magnificent scale, which prove the vastness of its powers, and the perfection of its original constitution. One would therefore naturally expect dreams to be the most rational things in the world—models which wise men should never for a moment lose sight of in training themselves to correct habits of thinking. Is it so? The case is entirely different; nor is there any thing which so readily suggests the idea of disorder and extravagance as the mention of a dream. To what a poor pass, then, would they reduce the soul, who would persuade us, that in dreams we have a glimpse of the excellent thoughts it might be expected to hit upon, if it were not for its unfortunate connection with the body! They appreciate dreaming better, who hold it to be a deteriorated kind of thinking—"an emunctory of the brain," as Fordyce expresses it, "by which the whole refuse of fancy is drained off."

Thus we see there is no proof nor tenable argument for the opinion that the soul spontaneously engages and continues engrossed in dreams or trains of thought during the whole time that the body is asleep. The only other conclusion is, that the soul, as well as the body, requires rest, and that, though they are so distinct in their nature, their union is arranged upon principles of mutual dependence so perfect, that they both need repose at the same intervals, and are equally refreshed by the same portion of it.

* A Treatise of Dreams and Visions, by Philotheos Physiologus.

Gardening.—December.

Fruit Garden.—Continue to prune and train wall trees and espaliers, and to prune all standard and dwarf trees and bushes in the orchard and garden. In looking over the espaliers, where any of the stakes are decayed they must be replaced with new ones, and the whole put into a thorough state of repair, previously to the commencement of training. Where the trees and bushes have been pruned in the quarters or on the borders, these places should be dug over, leaving the ground rough to be acted upon by the winter frosts; and where manure was wanted, it ought to have been dug in, which will benefit the trees much more than it would if left till the spring.

Kitchen Garden.—Trench and manure ground for spring crops. Force asparagus, Elford rhubarb, and sea kale. In the early part of the month lay in purple and white broccoli, unless it has been done already. Earth up peas and beans, where the tops are advanced from early sowing; also cardoons and celery, for the last time. The finest ridges of celery should now be covered with litter or soft meadow hay, to keep off severe frost, or the tops will rot, and this will in time extend down to the root. Cover the mushroom beds thickly with clean dry straw, and do not let the mushroom-house descend to a lower temperature than 50 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. Look over the cauliflower plants in frames, and pick off all decayed leaves. Every day the weather is mild and dry, let the glasses be taken off, that the plants may have free air; but let the lights be put on every night. When the weather is very wet, keep the lights over them; but, at the same time, if mild, let them be raised at the back of the frames, to let in a large portion of air to the plants. In severe frosty weather, keep the plants constantly covered with the glasses, and other covering of mats, straw, fern, and other long litter; and apply long litter also round the outsides of the frames, when the frost is very rigorous. Cauliflower plants under hand-glasses must be treated in the same manner. Lettuces in frames and under hand-glasses require similar treatment.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

JEANIE MORRISON.*

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never, can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! Oh, mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

O mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon;
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wud
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' vera gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

* This poem—the most beautifully natural, the most elegantly expressed, the most replete with tender and mournful association, that we have read for a long time—is the composition of William Motherwell, Esq. a gentleman who promises to become a distinguished ornament of Scottish literature. It is borrowed from *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*

March of Science over Improved Roads.

Nearly all the plans for proposed new rail-roads set forth with proposals to carry goods and passengers at the rate of twenty miles an hour, including stoppages. It is the opinion of the most distinguished men of science, that this rate is only the first step in improvement, and that it is not extravagant to expect that this rate will in time be doubled with safety, and the cost of the conveyance at the same time cheapened. Compare this with the state of the roads until within fifty or sixty years ago. "It is not easy," says Mr M'Culloch, in his new and able Commercial Dictionary, "for those accustomed to travel along the smooth and level roads by which every part of this country is now intersected, to form any accurate idea of the difficulties the traveller had to encounter a century ago. Roads were then hardly formed, and in summer not unfrequently consisted of the bottoms of rivulets. Down to the middle of the last century, most of the goods conveyed from place to place in Scotland, at least where the distances were not very great, were carried, not by carts or waggons, but on horseback. Oatmeal, coal, turf, and even straw and hay, were conveyed in this way. At this period, and for long previous, there was a set of single-horse traffickers (cadgers), that regularly plied between different places, supplying the inhabitants with such articles as were then most in demand, as salt, fish, poultry, eggs, earthenware, &c.; these were usually conveyed in sacks or baskets, suspended one on each side of the horse. But in carrying goods between distant places it was necessary to employ a cart, as all that a horse could carry on his back was not sufficient to defray the cost of a long journey. The time that the carriers (for such was the name given to those who used carts) usually required to perform their journeys, seems now almost incredible. The common carrier from Selkirk to Edinburgh, thirty-eight miles distant, required a fortnight for his journey between the two places, going and returning! The road originally was among the most perilous in the whole country; a considerable extent of it lay in the bottom of that district called Gala-water, from the name of the principal stream, the channel of the water being, when not flooded, the tract chosen as the most level, and easiest to travel in. Even between the largest cities, the means of travelling were but little superior. In 1678, an agreement was made to run a coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow, a distance of forty-four miles, which was to be drawn by six horses, and to perform the journey from Glasgow to Edinburgh and back again in six days. Even so late as the middle of last century, it took a day and a half for the stage-coach to travel from Edinburgh to Glasgow, a journey which is now accomplished in four and a half or five hours. So late as 1763, there was but one stage-coach from Edinburgh to London, and it set out only once a-month, taking from twelve to fourteen days to perform the journey! At present, notwithstanding the immense intercourse between the two cities by means of steam-packets, smacks, &c., six or seven coaches set out each day from the one for the other, performing the journey in from forty-five to forty-eight hours."—*Edinburgh paper.*

Singular Anecdote of Garrick.

One afternoon, when Garrick expected Dr Monsey to call on him, he desired the servant to conduct the Doctor into his bed-room. Garrick was announced for King Lear on that night, and when Monsey saw him in bed, he expressed his surprise, and asked him if the play was to be changed. Garrick was dressed, but had his nightcap on, and the quilt was drawn over him, to give him the appearance of being too ill to rise. Monsey expressed his surprise, as it was time for Garrick to be at the theatre to dress for King Lear. Garrick, in a languid and whining tone, told him that he was too much indisposed to perform himself, but that there was an actor named Marr, so like him in figure, face, and voice, and so admirable a mimic, that he had ventured to trust the part to him, and was sure that the audience would not perceive the difference. Pretending to be worse, he requested Monsey to leave the room, that he might get a little sleep, but desired him to attend the Theatre, and let him know the result. As soon as the Doctor quitted the room, Garrick jumped out of bed, and hastened to the Theatre. Monsey attended the performance. Having left Garrick in bed, he was bewildered by the scene before him, sometimes doubting, and sometimes being astonished at the resemblance between Garrick and Marr. At length, finding that the audience were convinced of Garrick's identity, Monsey began to suspect that a trick had been practised upon him, and hurried to Garrick's house at the end of the play; but Garrick had been too quick for him, and was found by Monsey in the same apparent state of illness. Some friends of Garrick who had been let into the secret, and were present at the performance, witnessed and enjoyed Monsey's perplexity, who, when he discovered the deception, shared in the laugh at his own expense, determining, however, to retaliate on the first opportunity.—*Records of My Life, by the late John Taylor.*

Curious Custom in Sweden.

It is an almost universal custom in Sweden, at Christmas time, to expose a sheaf of unthrashed corn on a pole in the vicinity of their dwellings, for the poor sparrows and other birds which at this inclement period of the year must be in a state of starvation.

European Sheep.

Nearly every country in Europe has its own race of sheep. These, again, are subdivided into peculiar varieties, arising from difference of climate, food, treatment, and intermixture. European sheep vary considerably in size and form; but the most important difference is in the quantity and quality of the wool, it being thin in some, dense in others, coarse or fine, more or less elastic, &c. &c. Of the German sheep there are the following varieties:—The Friesland, about three feet high and four in length, producing a coarse wool about four or five inches long. It yields two lambs in the year, is strong, and endures winter even in the open air. It is found in the marshes of Schleswick, near Husum, in Friesland, in the environs of Bremen, in Holland, &c., and if put upon inferior pasture, soon degenerates, and becomes smaller. The Eyderstaedt, which is somewhat smaller, having long wool on the back, and very short hairs on the belly and thighs. The Suabian, also termed Zaubelschaaf, found in different parts of Suabia and Franconia. It is small, lambs twice yearly, and produces about two pounds of fine wool, like flock silk. It is soon affected by the wet. The Heather sheep, also called Heidschnucke, one of the smallest kinds, found on the heath of Lunebourg, in the environs of Bremen, and the Mark. It is commonly horned, with black face and legs, and has a lively, wild disposition. It is clipped twice a-year, yielding each time about a pound and a half of long, coarse wool. This method of twice clipping has been generally adopted in large flocks, amongst sheep bearing a secondary quality of wool. The Spiegelschafe, found in Mecklinburg, Franconia, &c., with a blue woolly ring round the eyes, may be considered a species of German sheep, produced by intermixture. The Polish sheep resembles the German sheep in size and wool. The Danish is distinguished by a smooth head, erect ears, and wild disposition. The wool is coarse, mingled with stiff hairs. The Norwegian is said to be a description of it, but improved by a cross with the English and Spanish. The Swedish, a cross breed of the Spanish, has lately been much improved. It had originally but little wool, and that of a coarse quality. The Belgian, Flemish, and Flanders sheep, are nearly five feet in length, and weigh about two cwt. They originally came from the East Indies, and are remarkable for fecundity, producing several lambs in the year. The wool is middling. The Dutch sheep are a species of them. The Hungarian sheep, like the Moldavian, have a very long, coarse, and inferior wool, and the flesh is very fat and unpalatable.—*Newspaper.*

A Negro's Answer.

A planter in St Domingo was one day disposing of a horse to a neighbour, and being questioned by the purchaser regarding its qualities, among the rest, whether it kicked, the disposer replied it was the quietest beast imaginable. He had, however, hardly used the expression when it flung up its heels to the danger of the bystanders. The purchaser being irritated at the duplicity of the other, reproached him with his intended deception, when, to substantiate the peaceful character of the animal, he called one of his slaves, and demanded of him if he ever saw this fine animal kick before. "O, no me massa," smartly answered the negro, "never saw him kick before—always saw him kick behind."

Advantage of Snuffing Candles.

Count Rumford made various experiments to ascertain the relative expense of different inflammable substances for the production of light, and the results were, that a good wax candle, properly snuffed, and burning with a clear bright flame, consumed 100 parts in weight; a good tallow candle, burning under the same circumstances, consumed 101; but a similar tallow candle, burning very dim from the want of snuffing, consumed 229; so that the consumption of more than double the quantity of combustible matter yielded less light. This latter circumstance proves the advantage of snuffing candles frequently, both as regards the quantity of light, and the economy of the practice.

Along with the present number of the Journal, may be purchased the second number of a monthly record of events, under the title of Chambers's Historical Newspaper, price three halfpence. This work regularly appears at the beginning of every month, and bears exactly the same appearance with a number of the Journal, to which it is designed to form a kind of supplement, though in every respect an independent work.

For the satisfaction of some individuals, who have expressed a doubt upon the subject, the Editors have to state, that every article in the Journal, to which no quotation is attached, is *original, and composed expressly for the work.*

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WHERE IS MY TRUNK?

IT is well known in Scotland that the road from Edinburgh to Dundee, though only forty-three miles in extent, is rendered tedious and troublesome by the interposition of two arms of the sea, namely, the Firths of Forth and Tay, one of which is seven, and the other three miles across. Several rapid and well-conducted stage-coaches travel upon this road; but, from their frequent loading and unloading at the ferries, there is not only considerable delay to the travellers, but also rather more than the usual risk of damage and loss to their luggage. On one occasion it happened that the common chances against the safety of a traveller's integuments were multiplied in a mysterious, but most amusing manner—as the following little narrative will show.

The gentleman in question was an inside passenger—a very tall man, which was so much the worse for him in that situation—and it appeared that his whole baggage consisted of a single black trunk—one of medium size, and no way remarkable in appearance. On our leaving Edinburgh, this trunk had been disposed in the boot of the coach, amidst a great variety of other trunks, bundles, and carpet bags, belonging to the rest of the passengers.

Having arrived at Newhaven, the luggage was brought forth from the coach, and disposed upon a barrow, in order that it might be taken down to the steam-boat which was to convey us across. Just as the barrow was moving off, the tall gentleman said—

"Guard, have you got my trunk?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the guard; "you may be sure it's there."

"Not so sure of that," quoth the gentleman; "whereabouts is it?"

The guard poked into the barrow, and looked in vain among the numberless articles for the trunk. At length, after he had noozled about for two or three minutes through all the holes and corners of the mass of integuments, he drew out his head, like a terrier tired of earthing a badger, and seemed a little nonplussed.

"Why, here it is in the boot!" exclaimed the passenger, "snug at the bottom, where it might have remained, I suppose, for you, till safely returned to the coach-yard in Edinburgh."

The guard made an awkward apology, put the trunk upon the barrow, and away we all went to the steam-boat.

Nothing further occurred till we were all standing beside the coach at Pettycur, ready to proceed on the principal terraqueous part of our journey through Fife.

Every thing seemed to have been stowed into the coach, and most of the passengers had taken their proper places, when the tall gentleman cried out—

"Guard, where is my trunk?"

"In the boot, sir," answered the guard; "you may depend upon that."

"I have not seen it put in," said the passenger, "and I don't believe it is there."

"Oh, sir," said the guard, quite distressed, "there can surely be no doubt about the trunk now."

"There! I declare—there!" cried the owner of missing property; "my trunk is still lying down yonder upon the sands. Don't you see it? The sea, I declare, is just about reaching it. What a careless set of porters! I protest I never was so treated on any journey before."

The trunk was instantly rescued from its somewhat perilous situation, and, all having been at length put to rights, we went on our way to Cupar.

Here the coach stops a few minutes at the inn, and there is generally a partial discharge of passengers. As some individuals, on the present occasion, had to leave the coach, there was a slight discomposure of the luggage, and various trunks and bundles were presently seen departing on the backs of porters, after the gentlemen to whom they belonged. After all seemed to have been again put to rights, the tall gentleman made his wonted inquiry respecting his trunk.

"The trunk, sir," said the guard, rather pettishly, "is in the boot."

"Not a bit of it," said its owner, who in the mean time had been peering about. "There it lies in the lobby of the inn!"

The guard now began to think that this trunk was in some way bewitched, and possessed a power, unenjoyed by other earthly trunks, of removing itself or staying behind, according to its own good pleasure.

"The Lord have a care o' us!" cried the astonished custodier of baggage, who, to do him justice, seemed an exceedingly sober and attentive person. "The Lord have a care o' us, sir! That trunk's no canny."*

"It's *canny* enough, you fool," said the gentleman sharply; "but only you don't pay proper attention to it."

The fact was, that the trunk had been taken out of the coach and placed in the lobby, in order to allow of certain other articles being got at which lay beneath. It was now once more stowed away, and we set forward upon the remaining part of our journey, hoping that there would be no more disturbance about this pestilent member of the community of trunks. All was right till we came to the lonely inn of St Michael's, where a side road turns off to St Andrew's, and where it happened that a passenger had to leave us to walk to that seat of learning, a servant having been in waiting to carry his luggage.

The tall gentleman, hearing a bustle about the boot, projected his immensely long slender body through the coach window, in order, like the lady in the fairy tale, to see what he could see.

"Hollo, fellow!" cried he to the servant following the gentleman down the St Andrew's road; "is not that my trunk? Come back, if you please, and let me inspect it."

"The trunk, sir," interposed the guard, in a sententious manner, "is that gemman's trunk, and not yours: yours is in the boot."

"We'll make sure of that, Mr Guard, if you please. Come back, my good fellow, and let me see the trunk you have got with you."

The trunk was accordingly brought back, and, to the confusion of the guard, who had thought himself fairly infallible for this time, it was the tall man's property, as clear as brass nails could make it.

The trunk was now the universal subject of talk, both inside and outside, and every body said he would be surprised if it got to its journey's end in safety. All agreed that it manifested a most extraordinary disposition to be lost, stolen, or strayed, but yet every one thought that there was a kind of special providence about it, which kept it on the right road after all; and, therefore, it became a fair subject of debate whether the chances *against*, or the chances *for*, were likely to prevail.

Before we arrived at Newport, where we had to go on board the ferry steam-boat for Dundee, the conversation had gone into other channels, and, each being engaged about his own concerns, no one thought any more about the trunk, till just as the barrow was descending along the pier, the eternal long man cried out—

"Guard, have you got my trunk?"

"Oh, yes," cried the guard very promptly, "I've taken care of it now. There it is on the top of all."

"It's no such thing," cried a gentleman who had come into the coach at Cupar; "that's *my* trunk."

Every body then looked about for the enchanted trunk; the guard ran back, and once more searched the boot, which he knew to have been searched to the bottom before; and the tall gentleman gazed over land, water, and sky, in quest of his precious encumbrance.

"Well, guard," cried he at length, "what a pretty fellow you are! There, don't you see?—there's my trunk thrust into the shed, like a piece of lumber!"

And so it really was. At the head of the pier at Newport, there is a shed with seats within, where people wait for the ferry-boats; and there, *perdu* beneath a form, lay the enchanted trunk, having been so disposed, in the bustle of unloading, by means which nobody could pretend to understand. The guard, with a half-frightened look, approached the awful object, and soon placed it with the other things on board the ferry-boat.

On our landing at Dundee pier, the proprietor of the trunk saw so well after it himself, that it was evident no accident was for this time to be expected. However, it appeared that this was only a lull to our attention. The tall gentleman was to go on to Aberdeen by a coach then just about to start from Merchant's Inn; while I, for my part, was to proceed by another coach, which was about to proceed from the same place to Perth. A great bustle took place in the narrow street at the inn door, and some of my late fellow travellers were getting into the one coach, and some into the other. The Aberdeen coach was soonest prepared to start, and, just as the guard cried "all's right," the long figure devolved from the window, and said, in an anxious tone of voice—

"Guard, have you got my trunk?"

"Your trunk, sir!" cried the man; "what like is your trunk?—we have nothing here but bags and baskets."

"Heaven preserve me!" exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, and burst out of the coach.

It immediately appeared that the trunk had been deposited by mistake in the Perth, instead of the Aberdeen coach; and unless the owner had spoken, it would have been, in less than an hour, half way up the Carse of Gowrie. A transfer was immediately made, to the no small amusement of myself and one or two other persons in both coaches who had witnessed its previous mis-adventures on the road through Fife. Seeing a friend on the Aberdeen vehicle, I took an opportunity of privately requesting that he would, on arriving at his destination, send me an account by post of all the further mistakes and dangers which were sure to befall the trunk in the course of the journey. To this he agreed, and, about a week after, I received the following letter:—

"DEAR ——,

"All went well with myself, my fellow travellers, and THE TRUNK, till we had got a few miles on this side of Stonehaven, when, just as we were passing one of the boggiest parts of the whole of that boggy road, an unfortunate lurch threw us over upon one side, and the exterior passengers, along with several heavy articles of luggage, were all projected several yards off into the morass. As the place was rather soft, nobody was much hurt; but, after every thing had again been put to rights, the tall man put some

* Not innocent—a phrase applied by the common people in Scotland to any thing which they suppose invested with supernatural powers of a noxious kind.

two-thirds of himself through the coach window, in his usual manner, and asked the guard if he was sure the trunk was safe in the boot.

"'Oh, Lord, sir!' cried the guard, as if a desperate idea had at that moment rushed into his mind, 'the trunk was on the top. Has nobody seen it lying about any where?'

"'If it be a trunk ye're looking after,' cried a rustic, very coolly, 'I saw it sink into that well-ee* a quarter of an hour syne.'

"'Good God!' exclaimed the distracted owner, 'my trunk is gone for ever. Oh my poor dear trunk! —where is the place—show me where it disappeared.'

"The place being pointed out, he rushed madly up to it, and seemed as if he would have plunged into the watery profound to search for his lost property, or die in the attempt. Being informed that the bogs in this part of the country were perfectly bottomless, he soon saw how vain every endeavour of that kind would be; and so he was with difficulty induced to resume his place in the coach, loudly threatening, however, to make the proprietors of the vehicle pay sweetly for his loss.

"What was in the trunk, I have not been able to learn. Perhaps the title-deeds of an estate were among the contents: perhaps it was only filled with bricks and rags, in order to impose upon the innkeepers. In all likelihood, the mysterious object is still descending and descending, like the angel's hatchet in Rabbinical story, down the groundless abyss; in which case its contents will not probably be revealed till a great many things of more importance and equal mystery are made plain."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE GREEKS.

THE north-eastern part of the Mediterranean is divided into two large bays or gulfs, which run far up into the European continent; that towards the west being called the Adriatic, and the other the Egean Sea. The peninsula, or tongue of land which lies between the two, is the original country of the Greeks: colonies of the same nation have, from times beyond the reach of history, occupied the whole coasts and islands of both these gulfs, from Sicily almost to Cyprus; but the parent states of the middle peninsula are those to which the Grecian name is indebted for all its splendour; and it is this country only which is properly called Greece.

From the situation of the Greeks in a region whose bays, headlands, and islands present a great extent of sea-coast, habits of adventure and mutual intercourse were produced among them in the earliest times, which had the greatest influence in cherishing a national activity of character, and making each community eager to rival the prosperity of the others. The people were early accustomed to make voyages, sometimes for traffic, sometimes for war, betwixt the opposite coast of their gulfs, guiding themselves by the stars from island to island; and a curious proof both of their adventurous spirit, and of the difficulties they encountered in their attempts at navigation, is afforded by the tradition which exists in some old poems concerning one of these isles called Delos, a huge pile of limestone rock, which was frequently used as a sea mark in the Egean: this island is said once to have floated about on the waves, and only to have been fixed in its place at last by Jupiter driving a stake through its centre. In the present age we can understand by this poetical flight that the Greek canoe-men sometimes lost their reckoning, and fell in with the island where they did not expect it, or, as happened once to a more scientific mariner with regard to St Helena, sailed over the ground where they reckoned on finding it, and declared that it had shifted from its place.

The early period of Grecian history has been made famous by Homer, a celebrated poet of that nation, whose works are still read and admired. The picture there given of the manners of the people at this time, affords but little promise of the elegance or philosophy of the ages that followed. The country was divided among a number of petty chieftains, whose incessant raids upon one another distracted the people, and maintained among them habits of idleness and mutual plunder, instead of the regular pursuits which afterwards made them powerful and celebrated. The names of some of these tyrants have been handed down for execration by the poets; while others of a better kind, who stood forward to oppose them, are enshrined, on the same authority, as heroes and demi-gods; among the latter are Theseus, Castor and Pollux, and Hercules. The religion of the Greeks consisted at this time in the worship of a set of imaginary beings dignified with the name of gods, but who fought, squabbled, made love, and cheated each other like the Greeks themselves; and who, indeed, seem to have differed from them in no respect, except that they were not subject to death, or to work for subsistence. The same legends were circulated concerning them in later periods, but were then chiefly taken up, like our fairy tales, as good subjects for poetry, and were believed only by the common people, who, in all countries, even while partaking of the comforts of civilization, have unhappily too little share in its knowledge. With regard to the progress of the Greeks at this time in other matters, we see, from the same poems, that any acquaintance which they had with the mechanical arts was like the skill of the savage in making his boat or his hatchet, chiefly valued for its usefulness in war. Strength, swiftness, or dexterity in the use of weapons, were reckoned the only manly qualities among the young; and the leading of an expedition, or arranging an ambuscade, gave the chief title to wisdom in advanced life: like the savages of our own times, they only copied such of the arts of civilized life from the stangers who came among them, as were useful for carrying into effect their own projects. They had early learned, from Cadmus and Danaus, adventurers of Phenicia and Egypt, the art of working the metals, which was made instantly available for war. The same persons had also brought with them a knowledge of the alphabet; but this piece of information seems to have lain dormant, or known only to a few for many centuries; it is not doubtful that Homer himself was unacquainted with it. Some idea of the motions of the stars, and other elements of science, they seem to have gradually learned from persons of the same countries, as they became useful to them: and the fertility of many parts of Greece led them also to an early acquaintance with agriculture, on which Hesiod, an author to whom, like Homer, writing was perhaps unknown, has left a poem. From this work, it appears that the Greek farmers of his day paid nearly as much attention to lucky and unlucky days as to the state of the weather; a circumstance which says more for the steadiness of the climate than the industry of the people. The simpler labours of agriculture seem to have been understood; but it is not to be supposed that many improvements could originate in a country where, as we are told by one of these historians, the most barren district (Attica) became at last the most thriving, because the others were continually plundered on account of their fertility.

Such is a picture of the state of Greece in its early ages, a period which the poems of Homer have made as interesting as those in which the knowledge and real superiority of the country gave it an actual title to fame. A long period intervenes from the war of Troy (which was the subject of his work), 1184 years before Christ, till the Persian war, 700 years later, during all which time the Greeks continued to improve, and to acquire habits of civilization; so that, in the next writer who describes them (Herodotus), we find them a very different people indeed from that depicted by the poets. Their governments had now been changed from turbulent chieftainships to orderly magistracies; most of the states had begun to see the advantage of protecting those of the people who were making profit by the ordinary occupations of peace; much riches had been acquired by trade; and some of the states had foreign colonies subject to them. Those districts which were most celebrated in the heroic times (as Thessaly), and which still retained the same habits, had fallen into the rear; while others, such as Athens, that were hardly known in the early period, had now, by their industry and better form of government, begun to take the lead in every national affair. As a proof both of the wealth of the country, and of its increasing taste for the arts, it is mentioned that there were in the different temples a hundred ivory statues of the gods, all larger than life, and many of them covered with gold. The treasures of one temple alone, that of Delphi, were reckoned equal to a year's revenue of the Persian empire. Public games were celebrated yearly in different parts of the country, which were also attended as great annual fairs, and drew together vast numbers of people. The games were contests in wrestling, leaping, running, horse-racing, and chariot-racing, and trials of merit in literature and the fine arts. They afforded thus equal interest to all classes of the community, and were the means both of keeping up among the young a useful bodily training, and of diffusing a thirst for knowledge. The first and most interesting history of Greece that ever was written, was read (after this period, however) at the games called Olympian, by its author Herodotus, and the venerable historian was listened to there by thousands of his countrymen, who learned, by this means, both to emulate the deeds of their ancestors, and to feel the value of the learning which preserved their memory.

Such was the state in which we find Greece at the time of the Persian invasion, about 500 years before Christ. The Persian king sent three successive armies against it, and came himself in command of the last, which consisted of more than a million of men. All his efforts were discomfited by the bravery of a handful of patriots, fighting in defence of their national independence; and the vain tyrant was obliged to make his escape in shame and confusion, leaving the bones of his army strewed over the countries through which he had led them.

Greece was now left secure from foreign enemies (before Christ 470 years), and a splendid period followed, which is adorned by some of the greatest names in history. The different Grecian communities arrived at a pitch of wealth and influence which, in such small states—for none of them was larger than a middling county—appears extraordinary. Athens, which had a territory only about 40 miles long by 30 broad, brought under her dominion great part of the coasts and islands of the Egean Sea, and added to her wealth daily by the trade and revenue of many opulent cities. A new harbour was made for the protection of her shipping, and the road to it from the city was formed by walls five miles long, on which two chariots could pass abreast, and which were built of the largest stones fixed together with bars of iron. Many public edifices were erected, whose ruins continue to be the admiration of ages for their grandeur and architectural beauty; while the sculptures of Phidias, and of the artists who wrought under his direction in their decoration, are dug out of the falling edifices with almost religious care, and preserved as models of elegance and skill in the most splendid museums of Europe. The philosophers and poets who flourished in Athens during the same century, still attract the admiration and reverence of the world; and the high qualities of their writings are even now —at the distance of twenty-two centuries—reckoned a reward sufficient for learning the language of Greece, though it has long ceased to be spoken, except by a barbarous people. Of the philosophers who taught morals, Socrates, though he left no writings of his own, deserves the highest place, for the practical benevolence and good sense of his doctrines, and his patient forbearance under persecution; in both of which respects he acted as if he had already been guided by the example of our Saviour. He was also the first, and almost the only heathen philosopher who taught, without reference to poetical fables, the doctrine of the soul's immortality. Different schools of philosophy were established in Athens, all of which attained high celebrity from the talents of their founders, and the curiosity of an opulent and inquisitive people. It deserves to be mentioned, as a remarkable trait of Athenian manners, that a public theatre, in which the plays of their great dramatists were performed, was maintained in the city, to which the whole people had access free of expense—the establishment being maintained out of the revenues of the dependent towns.

Sparta, the next considerable state in Greece, was, in every thing, the reverse of Athens. There is not a single Spartan writer or philosopher; not a stone remains of her public buildings; and her people cultivated no amusements but those which tended to fit them for war. The state of society here was highly artificial, the people properly named Spartans being comparatively few, and the rest consisting of slaves called Helots, who did all kinds of labour and drudgery. The Spartans were excellent soldiers, having performed prodigies of valour in the Persian war, and long contested the supremacy of Greece with Athens, which at one time they completely humbled. But their country only retained its consideration while it could do so by force; whereas the learning and arts of Athens rendered her respected even when she could not defend her own walls.

Of the other cities of Greece, Delphi was celebrated for its mysterious oracle of Apollo, and for being the seat of all that kind of learning which related to the worship and history of the gods. Elis was famous as the site of the Olympian games, and possessed a temple whose magnificence, in days when less money is expended on temples, almost surpasses belief. Its statue of Jupiter is said to have been 60 feet high, of gold and ivory, the later material being then almost as precious as gold. Many of its decorations were also of gold; and the sculpture in all was of the highest character. The front of the temple presented a splendid marble colonnade, 68 feet high and 230 long, all points of which were adorned with the most elaborate sculpture, or with statues of the divinities.

After the Persian war, though the country was not disturbed by foreign enemies, the several states harassed one another with continual hostility. First, Athens (before Christ 405 years), and then Sparta (before Christ 371 years), were brought to the very brink of destruction, by quarrels which spread the misery of war through all the states and colonies of Greece. The jealousies of the several states, though they promoted a kind of useful emulation among their citizens, had the effect of retarding the general prosperity, by keeping up a continual civil war. Some of the greatest of the Grecian generals, such as Epaminondas, are only famous for victories gained over a different clan of their own countrymen.

The next great epoch in the history of Greece (before Christ 360 years) begins with the reign of Philip of Macedon, the most northern of the Grecian countries. This prince, by artifice, bribery, and by his talents as a general, thwarted all the councils of the independent states, took advantage of their divisions, defeated their armies, and, finally, reduced them to a state of dependence on his own power. After his time, the boasted liberties of Greece existed only in name, or by the toleration of his successors. But the country seems to have lost little happiness by the loss of its ill-regulated independence. His son, Alexander the Great (before Christ 330 years), carried a conquering army to the centre of India; and under his command the valour and discipline of the Greeks, which had long been wasted in quarrels among themselves, were employed in rendering the name of their country respected over the whole eastern world. Their arms and regular order seem to have made an impression on the ignorant orientals, like that which the gunpowder of the Spaniards produced on the natives of America. And out of the fragments of his empire, his generals were able to form for themselves three great kingdoms, which endured for several centuries. His conquests, which were the conquests of Greeks, had a more beneficial effect than those which had yet been made by any other power; for, as Greece was far advanced in civilization, and had both cultivated lite-

* The orifice of a deep pool in a morass is so called in Scotland.

rature and the elegant arts, the influence of the conquerors rendered the pursuit of these both creditable and easy, where otherwise they were despised, and, perhaps, unattainable. European knowledge was thus naturalized, both in Asia and Africa; and those arts, which had during many centuries been growing slowly to maturity in the little peninsula of Greece, were diffused, with sudden splendour, over a great part of the east. It is to the conquests of Alexander, and the thirst for knowledge which they diffused, that we owe the first translation of the Bible; and the splendid ruins of Palmyra, Petræa, and other deserted cities, which were raised in those eastern countries to which Grecian knowledge had penetrated, still show the powerful effects which the influence of that people produced through the means of Alexander's conquests.

After this period the Greeks continued for a time subject to the kings of Macedon, sometimes struggling bravely against their dominion, but never able altogether to throw it off. About 200 years before Christ, the Romans took occasion to interfere in their national affairs; and after a gallant but ineffectual struggle, the country became a province of that empire, and thenceforth took no part in the affairs of the world, except under its guidance.

But though her independence was destroyed, the influence of the superior knowledge and civilization of Greece became now more powerful than ever. The Romans, though they were rude and ignorant in comparison with the people whom they had conquered, had still a kind of blind respect for the knowledge in which they excelled; and as a proof both of the fame of Greece and the ignorance of Rome, it is mentioned that the Roman general who took Corinth seized several pictures, which were prized as the highest works of Grecian art, and in order to secure their safe transport to Italy, told the persons who were sent in charge of them, that if they damaged one, they should be obliged to produce another as good. As Greece had formerly sent her knowledge and arts over the east by the arms of one of her own kings, she now diffused them through the western world under the protection of Rome. Athens, which was the emporium of Grecian learning and elegance, became the resort of all who were ambitious of excelling either in knowledge or the arts; statesmen went thither to improve themselves in eloquence; philosophers to learn the tenets of the sages of Greece; and artists to study models of excellence in building, statuary, or painting: natives of Greece were also found in all parts of the world, gaining an honourable subsistence by the superior knowledge of their country. That country, in the meantime, was less disturbed by intestine feuds than formerly, but was not exempt from the usual fate of conquests, being subject to the continual extortions of governors and lieutenants, who made the conquered provinces the means of repairing fortunes which had been broken by flattering the caprices of the populace at home.

Greece has passed through many stages of fortune since the days of her celebrity. It has been the singular fortune of the country to give rulers to many powerful kingdoms, and to impose her language and manners upon one of the largest empires of the world —the Greek empire of Constantinople—while the native region of all this influence remained an unnoticed and dependent province. Greece herself has in later times been repeatedly the theatre of action for contending armies, and, amid the quarrels of the great powers by whom she has been surrounded, has seldom had her fate at her own disposal. The period of her independence, during which all those great deeds were performed which have attracted the attention of the world, may be reckoned from the era of the first Persian war to the conquest of Macedon, the last independent Greek state, by the Romans. This period reached from 490 to 190 years before Christ, and thus includes only 300 years. It is not therefore from the duration or the extent of her political power, that her fame arises. Even the patriotism of her soldiers, and the heroism of Thermopylæ and Marathon, have been emulated elsewhere, without attracting much regard; and we must therefore conclude that it is chiefly from the superiority of her poets, philosophers, historians, and artists, that she has gained such an empire over the minds of men. It was not from the warlike qualities of the Greeks, but from the manner in which they improved their intervals of peace, that their fame arose. Even in their late wars, the modern people of the country could emulate all the martial virtues of their ancestors, and performed many actions which were worthy of the best days of Sparta; but they knew not how to unite for any of the useful purposes of peace. The fiercest savages may be easily trained to the blind discipline of war, and if they have indeed only a few well-informed men to command them, they make the best soldiers; but it requires higher qualities in a people to turn a time of peace to advantage. It was this in which the ancient Greeks excelled, and it is the want of this which now marks out their descendants as a semi-barbarous people.

Greece has been long under the power of the Turks, a people themselves careless of improvement, and, therefore, bent on crushing it in all who are subject to them. All the natural capabilities of the country remain; its sunny hills and rich vallies, its magnificent bays and long fertile line of sea-coast, are still the same; but the spirit which animated the whole has been dormant for many centuries. A small part of the Grecian country, consisting of the southern angle of the peninsula, has been lately declared independent, and is to have a king from one of the royal families of Europe; but it will take many years to restore proper feeling and national union to tribes who have been either slaves or rebels for many centuries.

HIGHWAYMEN AND HOUSEBREAKERS.

One of the most remarkable exemplifications of the changes in society within these few years, is found in the character of the crimes which are now committed in comparison with those prevalent half a century ago. There was a time, and it is not long since, when no man might securely travel, singly or in company, without fire-arms. Every horseman who appeared on the horizon was suspected to be a *Golden Farmer* or a *Sixteen-stringed Jack*; and every pedestrian you met, especially if the unfortunate wight carried a stick, which was, of course, considered to be a bludgeon, was looked upon as a footpad, and you prepared either to resist, or "stand and deliver," as suited your taste. Now all this is changed; paper money, stage coaches, and the police officer, have outwitted these heroes of the road, and you may travel any thoroughfare in Britain without having your journey signalized with an adventure of the least moment. An excellent paper, on the subject of crimes and criminals, has just appeared in that successful periodical, *Fraser's Magazine*, the writer of which appears fully aware of the alteration in the nature of crime we here allude to. "Highway robbery (says he), according to the usual acceptation of the term, is now an unknown crime, Haynes, of Hounslow Heath memory, being the last of those termed highwaymen. It is now only committed by occasional desperate men, and generally in the suburbs of the metropolis, or in a crowd, where a gang of persons sometimes surround the person, robbing the party in the face of all the standers-by. Nothing but the vigilance of the police can cope with those characters, as the recklessness and desperate state of the thief at the time, arising from want of money, places the offence out of the pale of all precautionary measures; and it may be relied on, that the generality of thieves have even an abhorrence of any violence committed on the person. They have a very unfavourable opinion of any of the fraternity who cannot carry on the business without it.

"I had an opportunity of seeing a remarkable instance of this last year. An Irish itinerating tinker knocked a captain of a vessel down in the neighbourhood of the London Docks, in a most brutal manner, in the dark, and robbed him of his money. When the fellow was committed to Newgate, he applied to me to make out his brief. From the desperate nature of his offence, I at first declined doing it, knowing he must suffer; but the man urged me so much that at last I consented, he saying, 'if I am found guilty, I know I am as dead as Henry the Eighth, and shall not blame you.' There were in the same yard where he was before his trial, nearly a hundred prisoners, one half of whom were transports, but not one of them would associate with him, in consequence of the nature of his offence; and when I went to take his instructions for making out his brief, they all called out for me not to do it, and I got some insults for having undertaken it. They afterwards led the man such a life, that he appeared to be relieved when he was condemned and sent to the cell. From this it may be seen that, as Lord Byron writes, 'none are all evil.'

On the morning of this man's execution, not a word of commiseration for him, or reproach on the practice of hanging, was uttered, by one hundred and twenty men who followed crime as a trade. On the contrary, they all, *nemine contradicente*, said he deserved his fate.

The explanation of this is, that the character and feelings of the public thief, as of all other classes of society, have undergone a visible and marked change within the last thirty years. Whether it has been for the better is another question. Formerly the heroes of their party were fellows conspicuous and famed for open and daring acts of plunder, in whom the whole body had a pride, and whom they all felt ambitious to imitate, failing only to do so from lack of the same quantum of courage. The more desperate and numerous the instances of robbery, the more were the parties lauded and admired. It was then the fashion among these men to boast of their conduct under punishment. In those times there must be no snivelling, no 'peaching, no contrition; and the malefactor must die bravely to entitle himself to fame. The Turpins and Jerry Abershaws of the day were the objects of their admiration; such men as, on the road to execution, would stop and drink gin, offering libations to the success of all highwaymen, and, when on the gallows, kick off their shoes, swearing with an oath they "always said they would never die with them on;" or, like Despard, who, when brought out for execution, remarked to the executioner that it was a fine morning, and wondered what sort of weather in the other country, adding, "but never mind, I shall soon know all about it." All this kind of heroism has subsided, and their leaders now are men rendered famous for scheming, subtlety, and astuteness. Formerly, the passport to enrolment under their banners was a name for boldness and monstrous acts of outrage; now a certificate must be brought of the man never having committed an indiscreet act in his calling, and that the party "is up to all the moves on the board, and knows something."

"Although not the largest body of offenders (continues this clever writer), the housebreakers are yet a numerous and a formidable party, and a greater proportion of them have eluded the vigilance of the law than any other species of criminal. None of the gangs under the heads of crime as stated above, confine their operations wholly to the metropolis. London is the head-quarters of the regular and practised delinquent—it is the centre to which they all gravitate, and whence they again diverge into the country to commit crime; many of them taking journeys as regularly as any mercantile house of business in the city of London. There is a gang of pickpockets who start regularly every spring to make the circuit of all the race-courses, cattle fairs, and other places of public resort, returning as the season closes to winter business in town. The housebreaker travels at all seasons, but his journeys are direct, for the accomplishment of some one specific object of robbery. Sometimes it is a *put-up affair*; that is, notice has been given them by some one on the premises intended to be robbed, or by an agent residing near the spot, of an opportunity to commit a robbery. When an intimation of this kind is given, hands are forthwith sent down with a vehicle, to accomplish the speedy removal of the property to town. Some of the parties are always in the country on the adventure and look-out for business. When the burglary is accomplished, one of the party drives with all possible speed to town, where the goods are either carried direct to a buyer, or deposited in a house kept for the purpose by one of their confederates, who takes no part in the business otherwise than keeping the premises for the reception of property, and making a respectable show of carrying on some kind of trade. As he is never seen in any transaction of actual robbery, they conceive no suspicion can ever be attached to him. Their wariness on this head is carried to an extreme. None of the operative burglars are ever allowed to go to the house, save for the purpose of depositing the goods when first stolen; and some of them are even deceived in this, as the property is sometimes, on its arrival in town, left at one place, and subsequently removed by the master-men to the depôt. Some of them are so wealthy as to be enabled to keep their goods for years, and thus avoid any risk of immediate sale.

Many of these house robberies are through servant girls, who very simply give admittance to men of loose character, under the idea of courtship; and thus the localities of the premises and the habits of the family become known to the gang. Hundreds of burglaries are through sweeps, who, as they go occasionally into every room in the house, can give the necessary information. I can name several boys, now in custody, who have been actors in some of the most complicated schemes of burglary—one in particular, who began his career by robbing a gentleman in Mark Lane of plate to a considerable amount; and as it shows one method of committing a robbery, I will relate how it was accomplished. The boy was under sentence of death when I got the history of his life from him, he having been nine years in the successful commission of crime. Whilst in custody, his constant theme of regret was, that he had left the parties in whose services he had been so long and so securely employed, to join some of his own age, embarking in business for themselves, by which he was taken up. He was an orphan, and had been brought up in the poor-house, where he was apprenticed to a sweep in the city. He was a remarkably sharp boy, which no doubt was noticed by those who are always on the look-out for agents to aid them in their schemes. He was met one morning early, with the soot-bag on his back, by a man who pretended to be his uncle, and who gave him a half-crown piece, making another appointment for a meeting; the result of which was, that before he had served sixteen months of his time, he had given information by which fifteen robberies had been committed. He of course had been paid for his services, which soon made him disgusted with the sooty business; and he made an arrangement with the man who drew him into crime, to leave his master's service, and to commit with him a robbery on their own private account before he left. The house fixed on was the one above alluded to in Mark Lane. The premises had before been surveyed, and deemed impregnable; that is to say, they were considered too well guarded to be robbed without detection. They, however, got possession of the plate in the following manner:—The boy was a favourite with the cook of the house, and she would have no other to sweep her kitchen chimney, a matter of business which was performed the last Saturday in the month. It was concerted between the man and the boy that the former should dress himself in the character of a sweep, and accompany the latter as his overlooker or assistant. The real sweep overlooker, of course, must be kept out of the way; and here lay all the difficulty. It cost the boy (to use his own expression) six months' longer punishment as a sweep, and the man six appearances, at an early hour of the morning, in the same character, before the object could be carried, namely, to get rid of the real sweep. At length, one Saturday, by pretending to forget the job until all the men were gone out upon other work, the boy, affecting suddenly to recollect it, persuaded the master to

let him go alone, saying he himself could perform the duty. It was five o'clock in the morning when he and the disguised robber reached the house; the cook opened the door, having nothing on save a blanket thrown over her shoulders. The arch young rogue said, 'it's only me and Harry; it's a very cold morning; if you like to go to bed again, cookey, we will do it well, and leave all clean, and shut the door fast after us.' She went to bed, and they went to the plate depository, which had been well noted oftimes before. They put the whole of its contents into the soot-bag, and fearlessly walked through the streets with it on their backs. The boy, a few hours afterwards, was so metamorphosed, being dressed in the smartest manner, with cane in hand and fifty pounds in his pocket, that he walked the streets in full confidence that not even his master or his fellow apprentices would know him."

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH.

SOUND health of body, which, next to an unburdened conscience, forms the greatest of earthly blessings, is defined to be that condition of the living body, when all its various functions are performed without either pain or any physical impediment. If we view the animal machine, we find it to be composed of a bony skeleton, upon which the whole of the locomotive organs are sustained; and in the cavities, formed by the bones, the vital softer parts are preserved, and protected from external injury; so also are the organs of sense, together with a variety of others, which are destined to perform certain important offices or functions. Now, these functions are absolutely necessary to animal existence, and, consequently, physiologists have given them the name of *vital functions*. If, therefore, any circumstance occurs which tends to their interruption or cessation, the life of the individual becomes endangered, and death is necessarily the result. The vital functions are, the circulation of the blood, the office of respiration or breathing, together with that irritability connected with the brain and the nervous system. If the human body only possessed these powers, this machine, the *chéf d'œuvre* of the Almighty's works, would soon perish, inasmuch as the solid parts of the system would be materially injured by the constant exercise of these functions; they would be worn down, and its fluids dispelled from the incessant motion, or they would be corrupted spontaneously. But the Omnipotent Creator has constructed organs possessed with the power of repairing its various losses, and of counteracting its tendency to immediate death or destruction. These organs and their powers are denominated the *natural functions*, in contradistinction to the former which we have mentioned; they are the functions of digestion, nutrition, and secretion, and to which may be added that of discharge or excretion. These organs are constituted for the reception of food and drink, together with a series of vessels which extract the nutritious portions of the aliment, and convey it into the system through the medium of the blood-vessels (*i. e.* the subclavian vein, which lies under the left clavicle or collar-bone); by this means the waste occasioned by the performance of the vital functions, as well as the loss caused by the secretion of the fluids, is made up, and no injury to the constitution thereby sustained. Thus constructed, the vital engine would be devoid of all connection with the objects in the external world, if it had not what are denominated the *animal functions*—as the organs of sense, the powers of volition and of locomotion, and the mental faculties superadded; by means of the latter, we are enabled to acquire a knowledge of the physical circumstances of the globe, and to modify them in due accordance with our pleasures, desires, and necessities. The human body is said to be in a state of perfect health when all the functions we have enumerated are duly performed with freedom, ease, and regularity. This state of the system is compatible with a very considerable variety in the condition of the various functions, both mentally as well as bodily; whence we perceive the various temperaments and constitutions of different individuals. These are very frequently hereditary, inasmuch as we see them often descending from one generation to another; as also with different degrees of disposition and abilities, of magnitude, symmetry, and muscular strength in the corporeal structure. There are also great varieties of the particular functions, such as digestion, respiration, &c.

The most excellent health, however, is generally found to be connected with a peculiar conformation of the various organs of which the body is composed, and is marked by certain characteristic signs and qualities of the system. Thus the most powerful constitution, which possesses all the usual functions performed in the most healthy manner, is generally to be found in a well-formed and proportioned body, neither very tall nor yet very short; it must neither be lean nor loaded with fat—an accumulation of the latter is universally allowed (even by the least informed) as prejudicial to health. The frame must not be slender, but rather stout, and should be particularly endowed with a fine expanded and open chest, and a moderate breadth of shoulders. The bones forming the skeleton in such an individual are somewhat large; the muscles are fine and fleshy, as also firm, strong, and well marked; the skin on the surface of the body is soft, rather inclined to moisture, but never dry; the colour of the body, especially on the face, is steady, and not inclined to vary, whether it verges to the fair or brown, if it does not exhibit an approximation, on the one hand, to a paleness, or to a yellowness, on the other. There is an open and cheerful countenance, the eyes are bright and quick, with sound and strong teeth. The step of the foot is firm, the limbs affording a strong support to the superincumbent weight of the body; a steady and erect walk; the various exercises of the body are performed with ease and freedom; and even severe and long-continued labour causes no exhaustion, or derangement of the constitution. The organs of sensation are capable of performing all their wondrous, though mysterious, functions, as there is neither a dullness on the one hand, nor a too great sensibility on the other; the nocturnal rest is calm and continued, inasmuch as it is not easily disturbed, and affords refreshment to the system, particularly after long fatigue; and if the sleep is not devoid of all dreams, at least they are not of that frightful nature to create disturbance or inquietude. In fact, the sleep of a person enjoying a sound state of health lays to repose all the cares of life in a calm and grateful oblivion, and soothes, with the agreeable phantoms of imagination, the mental faculties.

We may also enumerate among the symptoms of a healthy constitution, a steady, calm, and regular circulation of the blood; the pulse arising from the contractions of the arterial system being strong, full, soft, and equal, it is neither too frequent nor too slow, neither is it too easily excited to unusual quickness; the respiration is full, free, slow, and almost imperceptible, which is not much accelerated by exercise or bodily motion; the voice is powerful and sonorous, and in men it is grave in tone, not being easily rendered hoarse; the vapour, or breath, from the lungs, is not disagreeable, being destitute of any unpleasant smell; the mouth is moist, there being not too much saliva secreted, but only a sufficient quantity for the various offices of mastication, articulation, &c.; the tongue should not be too red, but, at the same time, destitute of fur; the appetite should be good, but not so as to require the aid of stimulants; the thirst moderate; the digestion of the various species of food easy and good, without flatulence, or any uneasiness in the stomach.

The health of both sexes principally consists not alone in the due performance of the mental and bodily functions, but likewise in a tenuity, if we may use the expression, of this regularity, and in an accommodation of the habit of body to many of the variations in the climate, weather, and seasons, species of diet, and method of life. Thus, although the human constitution may bear with impunity many causes of disease, which would altogether annihilate the weaker or less healthy system, or at least endanger its falling into a severe, and perhaps a malignant disease, yet, the health of the same individual, although it may continue good, is not always the same, inasmuch as very many important changes occur in the animal economy during life; so that one man can hardly be said to differ so much from others of the same age and stature as himself, as he differs from himself at various periods of his own existence, whether we consider his conformation, the muscular strength of his body, the faculties of his mind, or the internal composing parts and functions depending upon them.

Having described the body in the state of health, we shall now make a few observations on the best mode of *preserving* it. It is an old but trite saying, that *health is more valuable than wealth*, and one in which the general voice of mankind coincides. To obtain, then, this blessing, we must avoid all injuries to the various organs of the body, as also derangements of the important, and, in particular, the vital functions in the system, as far as possibly lies in our power, when consistent with the exertions and the various forms in which the human frame is exposed, either in the exercise of our various daily employments and avocations, or in the performance of the different acts of humanity which circumstances, or the misfortunes of others, thrust upon our attention, and demand our services; or, in common language, to avoid the exciting causes of disease in a constitution formed similar to the one which we have described, having all the qualities which are conducive to the healthy performance of its various functions. And at first sight such precaution may appear almost superfluous; but it must be borne in mind that mankind have not so often the happiness of enjoying such an inestimable blessing, inasmuch as the majority of the human race, in consequence of either hereditary weakness, or constitutional predisposition to certain diseases, or some acquired tendency to particular maladies, arising from intemperance, dissipation, or imprudence, and, in many instances, from the injurious effects of education, profession, or habits of life. It is to these individuals, in particular, that the preservation of health becomes an object of great care and interest, and by whom the precepts of the theologian, moralist, and the physician, are not to be scorned with impunity. In persons of this nature, there is in general some one function or other more easily impeded or deranged; and such is the concurrent sympathy or connection that exists between the functions and organs in the constitution, that, upon the least cause, the whole system is thus very easily and readily disordered.

In the habits of human existence, there are two circumstances by which the regularity of the functions is in particular well maintained; that is to say, temperance in the due gratification of the appetites and passions, especially the appetite for food and exercise. For, as the poet justly remarks—

> Think not, ye candidates for health,
> That aught can gain the wished-for prize,
> With pill or potion, power or wealth,
> But temperance and exercise.

Great moderation in the employment of food is necessary, especially while it does not overload the stomach and organs of digestion, nor disturb the digestive powers; neither must the alimentary canal be stimulated to inordinate action, because, when properly taken, it affords a supply of excellent nutriment to the system, without annoying any of the nutritive and vital organs with a deposition of fat. Similar moderation in the use of drink is also of some importance, inasmuch as, while it contributes to the furthering of the digestive process, it does not exhaust the necessary excitability, and the system at large, by its stimulus; neither does it produce the morbid derangements of the biliary and other viscera, with which those dreadful maladies incidental to the frame of man frequently date their origin, as sickness, apoplexy, gout, dropsy, insanity, and numerous other affections. Temperance is in itself the art of avoiding the causes of one half, or nearly two-thirds of the diseases to which the human body is subjected, and the abuse of ardent spirits is unfortunately the cause of more diseases than the majority of mankind suppose; and, without entering into all the principles promulgated by the Temperance Societies, yet we are happy to say, that, though our knowledge of these institutions is but limited, yet there is not the least doubt but they will be the means of ultimately preserving numbers of the community from suffering one fiftieth part of the agony they now labour under from disease. We cannot but justly coincide with the remark made by Professor Dr Elliotson, in one of his able lectures in the University of London, who, after stating the effects of dropsy from an indulgence in spirituous liquors, observed, that "one of the best sermons for drunkards and regular tipplers would be to exhibit to them the heart, lungs, and liver of an inebriate, by the side of the same organs in a sound state." This he considers would do more in convincing mankind of their impropriety than by any other means.

Another method of preserving health is the due employment of exercise, and this should be gentle, not laborious, but merely sufficient to induce gentle fatigue, to excite a free circulation of the blood in the most minute ramification of the vascular system, and this to the extremest part and in every organ of the body. This it is that contributes to the more perfect performance of all their respective functions, or, in more familiar language, immediately conduces to the healthful condition of the human constitution. To these precautionary measures we must add, that the influence of heat and cold must be carefully guarded against, inasmuch as the transition from heat to cold is the more frequent cause of disturbance of the healthy functions than any other of the common vicissitudes of circumstances. We must also guard against this inconvenience by the employment of proper clothing, and the recruiting of the exhausted powers effected by proper intervals of sleep; all excessive play and mental emotions, and particularly those of the passions of the mind, must be shunned, by carefully avoiding the exciting causes; and here we must bear in mind the trite proverb, *remove the cause, and the effects will cease*; in short, we must prevent any stimulus that can exhaust the vital powers, or to avoid their recruital; the most delicate female frame can be supported, even through a long and unhealthful life, and, at the same time, with less chance of the pain and suffering arising from a great and almost fatal malady, than the strong and robust individual possessing, *á priori*, an excellent constitution, who is either negligent, or avoids these precautionary measures.

It is almost self-evident that it is next to an impossibility to prescribe rules for the preservation of health in every individual, inasmuch as these depend upon the peculiarities existing in the constitutions of different persons; their various and different methods of existence; the effects and differences in their respective climates, &c.; and much must, as a matter of course, be left to the judgment of the party to acquire a knowledge of those substances which are injurious to the habit and constitution under different circumstances. Most individuals, at least those who are advanced to an adult age, must have been instructed on this head by experience. Generally speaking, we seldom find that mankind err in this respect solely through ignorance, but in consequence of their being unable or unwilling to avoid the constant habits of intemperance, want of prudence, &c.; by this means they find it utterly impossible to assume a proper control over their habits; thereby they are unfortunately in the daily custom of destroying, or, to say the least, deranging the digestive and natural functions of the body. It is not the quality or pernicious nature of any of the substances employed as food that alone create disease, but, on the contrary, it is the quantity that is too often the bane; it is often from the excess in the proportion they are taken, that health becomes injured, and the constitution disturbed. We may apply the same remark to the great neglect in the other exciting causes of disease; for, unfortunately, mankind are too prone to prefer the present gratification of something that affords them immediate pleasure or interest, than to avoiding what may prove the source of future disease and consequent suffering.

NEW ORLEANS.

When a traveller from Europe sails down any of the large western rivers of North America, he often finds reason to express his surprise at the manner in which the water flows. In Great Britain, and most other countries, the rivers seem to have worn a natural channel in the soil, so as frequently to leave high romantic banks on their margins; but in many places in the western and southern part of the United States, where the district is flat, the waters flow as it were in a canal on the top of a ridge, so that when floods are poured down, the river breaks over its banks, and spreads over the adjacent country, greatly to the distress of the unhappy agriculturist. This is particularly the case with the Mississippi in its lower division, and should carefully be borne in mind by intending emigrants.

As you descend the Mississippi from Natchez, or some other trading town in the interior, in one of the numerous water craft now incessantly sailing to and fro on that magnificent stream, you begin to remark the devastations which the river has from time to time committed, particularly as you approach New Orleans. For a hundred and fifty miles above this city the planters on the banks of the stream have raised a regular embankment or mound called a *levée*, which is elevated from six to ten feet above the natural surface of the banks. It is raised on both sides of the river, and continues below New Orleans, as far as plantations have been made. Casting your eye beyond this earthy barrier, you perceive a broad strip of land near the banks brought under cultivation, divided into beautiful plantations, producing sugar cane and rice in abundance. The extensive plantation houses, and the immense groups of negro huts, succeed each other, and form a singular and striking appearance. The dwelling houses of the planters are neat, some are splendid, and are all seated amidst groves of oranges and jessamine, and surrounded with the multiflora rose and other shrubs. This is probably the richest district in the United States, and presents a beautiful and delicious scenery, beyond almost any thing which can be conceived. Behind these cultivated grounds there appear dense dark green forests, or level swamps, stretching out as far as the eye can travel over the waste, and relieved only by the live oak and cypress which grow on their surface.

At the distance of a hundred and five miles above the chief mouth of the Mississippi, and something more than one thousand below that of the Ohio, stands the city of New Orleans, the great maritime capital of the valley of the Mississippi. New Orleans, which enjoys a commodious situation on the north bank of the river, was founded so late as the year 1719, and now possesses a fixed population of about 50,000, and in the winter, or trading season, perhaps 25,000 more. "This is one of the most wonderful places in the world. Take a little turn with me on the levée (says a native writer*), and first survey the river. As far as you can see, almost up and down, the margin is lined with flat-bottomed boats come from above, from every point almost in the valley of the Mississippi. Some are laden with flour, others with corn, others with meat of various kinds, others with live stock, cattle, hogs, horses, or mules. Some have travelling stores; occasionally some are to be found which are full of negroes; and some full of what is infinitely worse, 'Old Monongahela' whisky. Along the lower part, you will see a forest of masts; higher up, you may see twenty or thirty steam-boats, with their bows up against the levée, or else projecting over an 'up country' flat-bottomed boat. Every day some come from above and others depart, on short excursions of trade of a thousand or two miles, to St Louis, or Louisville, or Nashville, or Pittsburg, or hundreds of other places; for distance is no longer thought of in this region—it is almost annihilated by steam! And if you cast your eye down the river, you may see a whole fleet, sometimes, coming up without a sail stretched, or an oar manned, all carried along, and not at a slow rate, by a steam tow-boat, of tremendous power. I was perfectly amazed the first time I saw this spectacle. It was the Grampus, or Porpoise, or Shark tow-boat, marching up, having two large ships grappled to her sides, two or three brigs at a cable's length behind, and, still further in the rear, one or two schooners, and two or three sloops! all moving steadily along. And if you turn your back to the river, you will see wonderful 'sights,' as the Pennsylvanians say. In one place you will see the busy and anxious-looking merchant, receiving from the steam-boat, or putting on board his ship, his cotton, his sugar, his molasses, tobacco, coffee, boxes of goods, &c., which cover the levée far and wide. Along the whole line are the owners of the flat-bottomed boats trading with the citizen shop-keeper. Whole rows of English and Americans are to be seen peddling those valuable little stores which one can move about in a hand-barrow, or carry about in a basket. And then such crowds (especially along that part of the levée which is opposite the market-house) of negresses and quadroons [four removes from blacks], carrying on their bandanaed heads, and with solemn pace, a whole table, or platform, covered with goodies, such as cakes, and apples, and oranges, and figs, and bananas or plantains, and pine-apples, and cocoa-nuts, &c., which it would be tedious to enumerate. And then, if you go through the city, which is fast improving in its appearance, you may look at the steam saw-mills, steam cotton compressing machines, the market house, the state-house of ancient appearance, the hotels, the theatres if you like, the cathedral, the jail, the charitable hospital, and last, as the terminating point to us all, the place where repose, in the stillness of the tomb, those who once inhabited this city, now so full of life, activity, and mirth. There is nothing more interesting to a reflecting man than the Catholic and Protestant burying grounds, which seem to be covered with beautiful white mausoleums, some of several feet in height, some standing solitary, and others crowded together."

The population of New Orleans is exceedingly various. A large portion speak the French language—this part of the Union having once been a French colony—some the Spanish, and the remainder the English. Those that speak the French are generally Catholics, and are, through all their conditions and complexions, a polite, agreeable, and interesting people—honest, frugal, and inoffensive. As for the Americans who reside here, they are devoted to the exclusive business of acquiring wealth. The place has its wickedness, as has every large city. Of the permanent population much might be said of an interesting character: there is much intelligence among them. Five daily papers are published, three of which are partly in French and partly in English, and all are conducted with tolerable ability. Much has been said of the intemperate habits of the inhabitants generally; but such a charge has chiefly to be brought against the "half-horse half-alligator" characters that come down the river, and lead a roving hard-working life. Yet even these have been partially reformed in recent times; and, what is worthy of remark, they have been reformed by *steam*, which now relieves them of a great part of their labours, and gives them less reason to indulge in intoxicating liquids. Such is a sketch of New Orleans, now a place of great business and commerce, and which, from its fortunate situation at the outlet of the extensive valley of the Mississippi, or central division of North America, will assuredly increase in magnitude, and maintain its rank as the metropolis of the southern portion of the United States.

* The author of a letter in the New York Observer.

THE LANARKSHIRE SCULPTOR.

The object of our present sketch is Mr Robert Forrest, a native of the parish of Carluke, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire. He was bred a stone mason; that is to say, bred in the way that country masons generally are—to prepare mortar, cut a rybat, and level a lintel, little more being deemed necessary to entitle him to assume the distinguished appellation of a mason. About the year 1810, however, he had occasion to visit a number of noblemen and gentlemen's seats, where some specimens of art were to be seen, grown over with moss—such as Maudslie Castle (then the property of the Hyndford family), Craig Nethan Castle, and Douglas Castle, all of them within his native county. Having again and again examined those specimens of art, his self-esteem was roused; he thought he could fashion something as good; at all events he determined to make an attempt; but, as if ashamed of what he had resolved on, he selected as his *studio* a remote spot in a wood on the banks of the Clyde, and which was almost inaccessible to every creature save the winged inhabitants of the firmament above, and now and then a stray fox or a hare. In this sequestered spot he spent every hour not employed in his usual avocations—rising early and sitting up late—in cutting figures of the lower animals by which he was surrounded. He next essayed some miniature figures of the human species; but though he soon became possessed of a considerable variety of specimens, he almost wished, like Frankenstein, to undo what he had formed, not being satisfied with the "labour of his hands."

For some years he followed the bent of his fancy, exciting only the curiosity that might have been expected among his immediate neighbours and compeers, till, in the autumn of 1817, Colonel Gordon, of the Lanarkshire militia, when on a shooting excursion, in traversing the wood, to his infinite surprise stumbled on the *studio*—the roof of which was formed by the canopy of heaven—and discovered the embryo sculptor at work. The mutual exclamations of astonishment having subsided into sober conversation, the Colonel closed the interview by making a purchase of a small figure of Bacchus—this being the first sale the artist had made of his labour as a sculptor; and shortly after, a second figure, of a similar description, was cut for a gentleman in accordance to an order from Mr Gordon.

The productions of Mr Forrest now began to form a subject of general conversation in Lanarkshire; and Mr Robertson of Hallcraig wished Mr Forrest to make for him a figure of a Highland chief. This was the first full-sized human figure the artist had attempted; and, suffice it to say, Mr Robertson was highly pleased with it, and placed it in front of his mansion-house. The figure was six feet in height, in the full Highland costume, bonnet, plaid, and kilt, with a sword in the right hand, in the attitude of attack, and a targe in the left.

It is not our purpose, in this brief sketch, minutely to detail the early figures cut by Mr Forrest. It is sufficient to say, that he was drawn from the wood, and fixed his *workshop* at a quarry near Orchard, a few miles below Lanark. Here he attempted several historical figures, such as Old Norval, Sir John Falstaff, and Rob Roy. About this time he cut, for the town of Lanark, a statue of Sir William Wallace, whose brief but eventful history commenced at that burgh. This was the first public work of art in which our sculptor was engaged, and the manner his efforts were received was to him highly flattering and encouraging. The figure, which is seven feet six inches in height, in Roman costume, with sword and buckler, is placed in a niche in the steeple of the church, fronting the principal street. The elevation of the statue of the patriotic knight to the place destined for its reception, was celebrated in Lanark as a day of public rejoicing; all classes seemed imbued with a spirit of general enthusiasm; and a proud day it was to the young sculptor, who was, whether he would or not, carried in triumph throughout the streets, preceded by music, and the banners of the different trades.

From the flattering manner in which his works had been received, Mr Forrest was induced, in 1823, to attempt depicting the passions, unfavourable as sandstone is for the developement of the minute workings of the human mind; and the subjects he chose were Simon and Bauldy, from Allan Ramsay, and Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie, from Burns; intending to represent surprise and terror, convivial mirth and quaint humour. Tam O'Shanter was the only one of the four that Mr Forrest found time to finish, as he was now engaged by the Committee of Subscribers to the Naval Monument in St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, to cut, according to a design by Chantrey, a colossal figure of Viscount Melville, to be placed on the top of that conspicuous structure.

Tam O'Shanter and other rustic figures were now set aside in a quarry, neglected by all save the curious, and strangers, who made this spot a favourite resort. To give an idea of the importance certain individuals attached to this exhibition, although Mr Forrest himself seemed to consider it as next to nothing, the coach betwixt Lanark and Glasgow was advertised as being permitted to stop at this place for some time, for the gratification of those who had a desire to examine the *studio* of a native artist, and we believe the figure of "Tam" formed the subject of general commendation. To the statue of Lord Melville, which is about fifteen feet in height, and composed of nine blocks of stone, Mr Forrest devoted much time and great attention, adopting every suggestion which he thought would give due effect to the figure. He was now frequently visited by the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Belhaven, and others of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood; but from the manner this statue was finished, and other circumstances connected with it, Admiral Sir David Milne, Michael Linning, Esq. of Colzium, Mr Stevenson, civil engineer, and the other members of the Committee, became his warm patrons, and have since continued to be so.

The cutting of the figure of Lord Melville led to Mr Forrest being employed to model and cut a colossal figure of the great Scottish Reformer, John Knox, which is erected in the Merchant's Park, near Glasgow. This figure is 12 feet high, composed of seven blocks of stone; and John Knox is represented in a Geneva gown, with the Bible in his right hand. Of this statue it were idle to say more than refer to the subjoined certificate:—

Glasgow, Feb. 7, 1826.

The undersigned, being members of the Superintending Committee for the Erection of a Monument to John Knox, the great Reformer of Scotland, do hereby certify, that Mr Robert Forrest modelled and completely finished the colossal statue of that monument, in a manner which has given to them the highest satisfaction; that they consider it to do great honour to Mr Forrest as a statuary in that species of sculpture, and trust that it may prove the means of increasing his reputation and professional success. They have much pleasure in adding, that in all their intercourse with him in this business, he manifested the most obliging disposition, and honourable desire to fulfil to the utmost the obligations he had contracted.

(Signed by) Stevenson Macgill; Jas. Ewing; James Cleland; Wm. Rodger; Thomas Hopkirk; John Herbertson, Superintending Architect.

While Mr Forrest was engaged in these figures for public monuments, other artists in the same line appeared, whose works, being honoured by public patronage in a manner they highly merited, induced Mr Forrest to enter on a new field of speculation, and to finish for exhibition a portion of what he had commenced for other purposes. But as following exactly in the track of his new contemporaries would have evinced a want of originality in himself, Mr Forrest attempted what he was certain was decidedly new, viz. equestrian groups. Four of these, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Marlborough, Queen Mary and Lord Herries, Robert the Bruce and the Monk Baston, form the leading subjects of an exhibition on the Calton Hill, which has been honoured with the patronage and approbation of the chief nobility and gentry, as well as the most distinguished connoisseurs in art resident in Edinburgh.*

* The Duke of Wellington is represented leaning against the shoulder of his charger, supposed to be addressing his officers after the battle of Waterloo. His Grace is dressed in the costume of a field-marshal, and the mode in which the detail is finished is well worthy of minute examination. The charger is in the attitude of pawing.

The group in which the Duke of Marlborough is the leading figure is after the Elgin Marbles. His Grace is dressed in a Grecian costume.

The third group represents Queen Mary mounted on a Scots Galloway, and Lord Herries urging the unfortunate Queen to fly, after the defeat of her troops at the battle of Langside. When the late Sir Walter Scott visited Mr Forrest, he expressed himself not merely pleased with the *tout ensemble* of this group, but highly commended the manner in which he had succeeded in represent-

Such is a plain unvarnished outline of the history of one of Scotia's humble sons, who, by the efforts of his genius and strength of mind, has raised himself from the obscurity of his native glen to be an honour to himself and to the country which gave him birth; and one who, to those that have known him from his youth, still appears the simple, unassuming, unpretending country mason, apparently as much astonished at his own efforts as those who look on them are gratified.*

THE FIRE-FANCYING DOG.

We have all heard strange stories told of the sagacity and peculiar habits of dogs, but among these none are so remarkable as that related of an *eccentric* dog now living in London, which makes a point of being at every *fire* that happens in the metropolis. The following interesting account is given of this animal:—

About three years ago, a gentleman residing a few miles from the metropolis was called up to town in the middle of the night, by the intelligence that the premises adjoining his house of business were on fire. The removal of his furniture and papers, of course, immediately claimed his attention; yet, notwithstanding this, and the bustle which is ever incident to a fire, his eye every now and then rested on a dog, whom, during the hottest progress of the devouring element, he could not help noticing running about, and apparently taking a deep interest in what was going on, contriving to keep himself out of every body's way, and yet always present amidst the thickest of the stir.

When the fire was got under, and the gentleman had leisure to look about him, he again observed the dog, who, with the firemen, appeared to be resting from the fatigues of duty, and was led to make some inquiries respecting him. "Is this your dog, my friend?" said I to a fireman. "No, sir," answered he; "it does not belong to me, or to any one in particular. We call him the firemen's dog." "The firemen's dog!" I replied. "Why so? Has he no master?" "No, sir," rejoined the fireman; "he calls none of us master, though we are all of us willing enough to give him a night's lodging and a pennyworth of meat; but he won't stay long with any of us; his delight is to be at all the fires in London, and, far or near, we generally find him on the road as we are going along, and sometimes, if it is out of town, we give him a lift. I don't think there has been a fire for these two or three years past, which he has not been at."

The communication was so extraordinary, that the gentleman found it difficult to believe the story, until it was confirmed by the concurrent testimony of several other firemen. None of them, however, were able to give any account of the early habits of the dog, or to offer any explanation of the circumstances which led to this singular propensity. A minute of the facts was made at the time by the inquirer, with a view to their transmission to some of the journals or periodicals which publish anecdotes of the natural history of animals, but other things interfered, and the intention was lost sight of.

In the month of June, last year, the same gentleman was again called up in the night to a fire in the village in which he resided, Camberwell, in Surrey, and to his surprise here he again met with "the firemen's dog," still alive and well, pursuing, with the same apparent interest and satisfaction, the exhibition of that which seldom fails to bring with it disaster and misfortune, oftentimes loss of life and ruin. Still he called no man master, disdained to receive bed or board from the same hand more than a night or two at a time, nor could the firemen trace out his resting-place.

Such was the account of this interesting animal as it appeared in *The Standard*, and several other papers. A short time after, some firemen being in attendance at Union Hall police-office, were asked whether some curious circumstances relative to a dog, which was known by the name of "the firemen's dog," an account of which appeared in some of the newspapers, were founded in truth. A fireman replied, that he had not heard of nor seen the account, but the dog "Tyke" was an old acquaintance of his, and he supposed that he was the animal to which the paragraph alluded. The magistrate asked whether it was a fact that the dog was present at most of the fires that occurred in the metropolis. The fireman said, that during their acquaintance he never knew Tyke to be absent from a fire upon any occasion that he (the fireman) attended himself. The magistrate said the dog must have an extraordinary predilection for fires. He then asked what length of time he had been known to possess that propensity. The fireman replied, that he knew Tyke for the last nine years, and although he was getting old, yet the moment the engines were about, Tyke was to be seen as active as ever, running off in the direction of the fire. The magistrate inquired whether the dog lived with any particular fireman. The fireman replied, that Tyke liked one fireman as well as another; he had no particular favourites, but passed his time amongst them, sometimes going to the house of one, and then to another, and off to a third when he was tired. Day or night, it was all the same to him; if a fire broke out, there he was in the midst of the bustle, running from one engine to another, anxiously looking after the firemen, and, although pressed upon by crowds, yet, from his dexterity, he always escaped accidents, only now and then getting a ducking from the engines, which he rather fancied than otherwise. The magistrate said that Tyke was a most extraordinary animal. The fireman: We have an annual dinner at the outskirts of the town, which takes place during the summer: if Tyke happened to be absent from the firemen of our company for a week previously, he is always sure to be at the house where we meet to go in procession to the dinner, to which he accompanies us, as he well knows he fares right well upon those occasions. He gets a regular blow-out of whatever we have ourselves, and eats so revenously of the good things that he can scarcely wag. The magistrate asked whether a fire ever happened to break out when Tyke was indulging with them at their annual festival. The fireman did not recollect an instance of the kind, but he was convinced, knowing Tyke's love to be present at a fire, that he would leave the entertainment, and scamper off to the scene of action.

The magistrate having expressed a wish to see this dog, he was shortly after exhibited at the office, and some other peculiarities respecting him were related.

There is nothing at all particular in the appearance of the dog; he is a rough-looking small animal, of the terrier breed, and seems to be in excellent condition, no doubt from the care taken of him by the firemen belonging to the different companies. There was some difficulty experienced in bringing him to the office, as he does not much relish going any distance from where the firemen are usually to be found, except in cases of attending with them at a conflagration, and then distance is of no consequence. There was stratagem obliged to be used. A fireman commenced running: Tyke, accustomed to follow upon such occasions, set out after him; but, this person having slackened his pace on the way, the sagacious animal, knowing there was no fire, turned back, and he was obliged to be carried to the office.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.—A Tale.

In the course of a late tour in the south of Europe, I remained for a short time in Florence, before proceeding to Naples. It was in autumn, the most delightful season of the year in the Tuscan capital. The beauty of its situation, its splendid edifices, and brilliant streets, are then seen to the best advantage; while the peculiarly lively animated appearance of the inhabitants awakens emotions of the most pleasant description. The country, not less than the city, is fitted in a high degree to excite interest. The whole vale presents the aspect of a continued grove and garden, enhanced in beauty by the graceful windings of the river Arno, which intersects it from east to west. Numerous white villas, situated along its banks, strike the eye through the extensive orchards; and romantic residences, equally beautiful, stud the surrounding hills, rising in every variety of form, till the prospect is bounded by the lofty Apennines.

With such inducements to perambulate, I was daily abroad. One of my favourite routes was the line of road leading to the Abbey of Vallambrosa, a place the name of which must be familiar to every reader of Milton's "Paradise Lost." In this direction I frequently met an elderly gentleman and a lady, apparently his daughter, generally riding in an open vehicle. There was something in her appearance that affected me deeply. She seemed about twenty years of age. Her features were of nature's finest mould, and her whole form was elegance and grace. I could easily perceive, however, that a settled melancholy rested on her countenance—the sure indication that grief, deep and poignant, preyed upon her heart. The rose's bloom, indeed, had not left her cheek, but consumption seemed, prematurely, to have begun its work, and I could not help exclaiming as she passed, "My dear young lady, the destroyer has already marked you as his victim, and you are destined, ere long, to enter the gates of the city of the dead."

Having met her father, shortly afterwards, at the house of a friend, I availed myself of the opportunity of inquiring after her health. This was evidently touching a tender chord. After answering my inquiry, and informing me he expected her that day to join the party at dinner, he thus proceeded:—

"I perceive, sir, that you are, like myself, comparatively a stranger in Florence. It is little more than three months since I left Scotland with my daughter, to try what a change of air, and a variety of scenery, might effect in the restoration of her health. Hitherto, our tour has been productive of no benefit to her, and I am beginning to fear that the results may be fatal. The anticipation of such an event is to me the more dreadful, for I have myself to blame as the sole cause of her present affliction. Amelia is my only child. She had the advantage of being trained under one of the best of mothers, till she was twelve years of age, when she was sent to a boarding-school in the neighbourhood of London. She remained there for nearly four years, when the illness of her mother rendered it necessary to recall her home. This was a trying season to Amelia. She neglected all attention to her own personal comfort, watching night and day by her mother's bedside, and administering to her wants with the most endearing tenderness. Never did a daughter display greater intensity of filial affection, and never was there a parent who better deserved it. But every effort that affection or medical aid could devise, was ineffectual. Disease continued to extend its ravages, till Amelia was rendered motherless, and I was deprived of one of the most valuable of womankind. Among those who visited her during her illness, none was more unwearied in his attentions than Mr R———, the respected tutor at Rosehall. With her, even when in health, as well as with myself, he had always been in high esteem, and it gave us great pleasure when he occasionally spent an afternoon or evening with us at Bentley House. He was a young gentleman of unaffected piety and engaging manners. He had distinguished himself at the University by the extent and variety of his classical and literary acquirements. Unsuspicious of danger, I encouraged his visits after the death of my wife, and his interesting conversation tended much to relieve our minds of the grief consequent on such a bereavement. Amelia herself did every thing she could to comfort me, and I was thankful to Heaven that I had been blessed with such a daughter. Every month she became more endeared to me by her affectionate attentions. With rapture I viewed her rising to womanhood, acquiring those accomplishments which were fitted to adorn the situation in society which she appeared destined to occupy. At home or abroad, there was no one in my estimation superior, or even equal to Amelia; and the flattering attention every where shown her was but too much calculated to confirm a father's partiality. By the time she had reached her eighteenth year, her admirers were numerous; many of them exceedingly wealthy, and of high respectability. Her own fortune, left her by her mother, was handsome; while the addition likely to be given by me, rendered her not an unfit match for any gentleman of distinction in our neighbourhood. I early perceived, however, that external equipage and splendour presented few attractions to Amelia, unless accompanied by personal worth. With just discrimination, she admitted into her confidence only those whose correctness of principle and consistency of conduct were a sufficient guarantee for the stability of their friendship. Of those who aspired to the favour of her hand, there was one Mr Tarnley, for whom I felt some partiality. He was the son of my former partner in business; he had lately returned from the West Indies, and was sole heir to his father's fortune, which was immense. But she had discovered, on a very short acquaintance, that his morals had been corrupted during his residence abroad. Any civility she subsequently showed him was very distant, and seemed rather in deference to my feelings, than from her own choice. Mr Tarnley was much piqued at her indifference; and, in conversation with me, attributed it to an unworthy attachment she had been cherishing for the tutor at Rosehall, and with whom, it was suspected, she intended to make an early elopement. I had, indeed, observed that Amelia always treated that gentleman with the most marked respect; but this I attributed not to any attachment she could have formed for one so much her inferior in rank, but to regard for his worth, and gratitude for his attention to her mother. When I spoke with her on the subject that evening, she solemnly assured me, that if Mr R—— really entertained an affection for her, he had never avowed it, and that any communications she had ever received from him were merely translations of select passages, chiefly from German and Italian authors, whose works he had been reading—all of which papers she laid before me. On examining them, I found many pieces of exquisite beauty, while every one of them seemed designed either to refine the taste or purify the heart. From the ambiguous manner in which she expressed her own feelings on the occasion, as well as from what I witnessed shortly afterwards, not a doubt remained on my mind that this intercourse, begun in friendship, had, on her part, gradually ripened into love. Strong as was my affection for Amelia, and much as I respected Mr R———, the knowledge of this attachment gave me great pain; and I resolved at once to break up a correspondence which threatened to bring disgrace on my family and friends. Without communicating my design to Amelia, I wrote to him that very evening, forbidding further visits at Bentley House; but, in consideration of his kind services during the illness of my wife, enclosed him a small present, which I begged him to accept as a proof of my gratitude, and as a memorial of her name. Little did I then know that, by that act, I was inflicting additional pain on a heart already overcome with sorrow; and as little did I anticipate the serious consequences which should ensue from it, to the only one whom I held dearest on earth.

"Next morning Amelia, taking a walk before break-

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ing ancient armour; and so minute was the worthy Baronet in his examination of the details, that the very saddle-girth did not escape his scrutinizing eye, and he was pleased to say that it was one of the best representations of the ancient girth he had ever seen. Queen Mary's steed is rampant.

Robert the Bruce, and the Monk Baston presenting him with verses after the battle of Bannockburn, are the leading figures in the fourth group. The monk came to curse, but remained to bless. The King's charger is represented as restive.

These statues are all cut from a greyish sandstone, of that kind known to masons by the name of liver rock. It is very hard and durable, and free from spots and streaks. It is found in a quarry, the property of Lord Douglas, in the parish of Lesmahagow. Each block, before being begun to be dressed, was estimated to weigh fully 20 tons; when finished, the groups weigh 4 to 7 tons each.

Mr Forrest has in preparation the statues of three eminent public characters, lately deceased, and which he expects to be able to produce to the public in the course of the spring.

* We consider it proper to state, that the Committee of Contributors to the National Monument, when it was known that Mr Forrest intended to exhibit the efforts of his chisel in Edinburgh, generously gave him the use of the enclosed area at the National Monument.

fast, had a packet put into her hand by the footman from Rosehall, which she instantly opened, without perceiving that it was addressed to me, and read as follows :—

"'DEAR SIR—What the circumstances are to which you refer I know not, nor is it likely I ever shall, as I leave this part of the country early to-morrow morning, never to return. I had just finished perusing the mournful and unexpected intelligence of the death of my beloved mother, when I received your card; and shortly after, one of a most reproachful kind from Miss Amelia. The contents of both astonish me; but it is almost needless to add, that, had I remained here, your commands would have been most sacredly obeyed. I am willing, however, to believe that you have been made the dupe of some designing villain; and with this impression I leave you, on parting, my cordial forgiveness. For the purity of the motives by which I have been actuated, in all my intercourse with you, I appeal to the Omniscient Searcher of hearts, before whom we must shortly appear.

"'For obvious reasons, I decline accepting the very elegant gift which you have now done me the honour to enclose. I could never look on it, without associating with it the letter with which it was accompanied. In so far as it might be a token of remembrance of the late Mrs B——, I have only to say, that no such extraneous symbol is necessary to remind me of her many virtues and excellencies. They have made a deep impression on my heart, and they will ever be held by me in affectionate remembrance.

"'Wishing you, and your amiable and accomplished daughter, every temporal and spiritual blessing, I bid you farewell.'

"In the perusal of this letter, and the one addressed to herself, which was designed as an answer to hers of the preceding day, feelings of a most painful kind agitated the bosom of Amelia. She stood for some time struck with astonishment. She had written him no letter. The villany of Tarnley at once flashed upon her mind. The letter she had sent to him, two days before, was of the character described. With some acid he had discharged the superscription, and addressed it to Mr R———. Scarcely knowing what she did, she returned to the house, threw both letters on my table, and rushed up stairs to give vent to the bitterness of her sorrows. My heart smote me the moment I read them, and I instantly rang for Amelia. After waiting for some time with great impatience, I ran to her apartment. She had sank into a swoon in the arms of her servant. On her recovering a little, I attempted to console her, and to justify the part I had taken, assuring her that it originated solely in a desire for her welfare, and respectable settlement in life. She was too well convinced of the sincerity of my affection to blame my motives—still the measure, designed though it was to promote her worldly interests, was evidently one which met not the approbation of her heart. I then called over at Rosehall, designing to apologize for what I had done, but found that he had gone off several hours before. It appeared that he had been greatly beloved, for the whole family were sunk in grief. The lady herself had entreated him even with tears to return as soon as he conveniently could, after the mournful occasion was over; but he continued inexorable. His feelings had been much tried in parting with the young people, to whom he was devotedly attached. On my return home, I wrote to Mr Tarnley, upbraiding him for the baseness of his conduct, in reference to Mr R———, and received a reply filled only with the most horrible imprecations. Shortly after, he left the place, but not before mournful traces of his villany had become visible. Meanwhile, Amelia remained inconsolable. Hers was not a violent paroxysm of affection, which speedily wastes itself in the violence of symptoms, and then disappears. It had taken entire possession of her heart, and it continued its power till reason had utterly departed from her throne. All was now sadness and desolation in the once happy residence of Bentley House. The sun arose, day after day, shedding down his benignant rays on the surrounding landscape. All was 'beauty to the eye and music to the ear,' but our dwelling contained one tenant that heeded them not—one, did I say?—all seemed insensible to what was passing around. During this, my agony was intense. Conscience never ceased to utter its reproaches—even the silent looks of my domestics spoke 'unutterable things;' and I viewed myself as one of the greatest monsters under heaven. In this state Amelia continued for three months, when reason again dawned; but it brought along with it no diminution of her sorrows. Her physicians, one and all, ascribed her illness to some painful circumstance pressing upon her mind, and declared, that, till this was removed, they had no hope of her recovery. I immediately wrote to Mr R———, urgently desiring him to meet me at ——, but received no answer. A tour to the Continent was then recommended as the last resource, with a view to her recovery. We have proceeded thus far; but her mental suffering still continues. Nearly two years have now elapsed since she was first taken ill, and to all appearance nature cannot long sustain the struggle. Oh, sir, had I the wealth of empires, it would instantly be sacrificed to procure happiness to my daughter, and to do justice to the merits of Mr George Robinson!"

"George Robinson!" I exclaimed, with emotion, as the old gentleman had finished his narration, and was bathed in tears. "Did he belong to —— nea ——?" "The very same," replied Mr Bennett looking on me with an eye of inquiring interest. "Well, then," said I, "George is my old class-fellow and intimate friend. I have not heard from him, indeed, since his mother's death, which took place at the very time when I was preparing to leave the country; but his sister's address is in my possession. The last letter I received from her was dated from her aunt's; and as she understood I was then about to proceed to the Continent, it contained a handsome memento of her gratitude, for a service once rendered to her brother." Here I took from my breast an elegant silver medal, which I showed him. It bore the following inscription:—"Presented by Harriet Robinson to Mr **** *****, as a memorial of her lasting gratitude for saving her brother's life, at the imminent danger of his own, May 1826."

Mr Bennett was just returning me the medal, when we observed Amelia coming into the garden, accompanied by the lady of the house. We soon joined them, when I was introduced to Amelia as an intimate friend of Mr R———'s. A ray of hope instantaneously lighted up her finely-expressive and intellectual countenance, and she received me with uncommon warmth and cordiality. At the father's request, I accompanied them home that evening. Their residence was a few miles from Florence, on the very line of road where I had so frequently met them. After this, I visited them almost daily; and though, when Mr R——— was spoken of, hope and fear seemed alternately to prevail in the bosom of Amelia, yet it was very evident that her mind had been considerably relieved. In the meantime, I wrote to Miss Robinson, making inquiry after her brother, but, week after week, was disappointed of an answer. I was much puzzled to account for this, and, on my return from visiting Mr Bennett one evening, having carelessly thrown the reins on my horse's mane, was musing as to the measures I should next adopt for discovering Mr R———, when, on a sudden, from some cause which I never knew, my horse reared, and, in a few seconds, horse and rider were thrown over a dangerous precipice of considerable depth. That moment my recollection left me. On recovering, I found myself in bed, but not in my own apartment, and an elderly matron sitting near me reading. On attempting to move, I discovered that my head and left arm were bandaged. She had observed my motion, and rising up, to my surprise, addressed me in the language of my country, putting several kindly inquiries. "Thank Heaven," said she, "young gentleman, that you have escaped. My mistress had been accompanying her brother to the nearest post-town on his way to Naples, when on her return you were found lying insensible, your head streaming with blood, and your horse dead by your side. You were immediately put into the carriage, and conveyed thither. My young mistress has been in deep concern ever since you were found. O the dear angel! how anxious she is for your recovery. I hope God will reward her. She has just gone out with a lady who was paying her a visit, but will be here presently." That instant she entered the room, and appeared astonished to see me engaged in conversation. Throwing aside her veil, and approaching me, she discovered two of the finest light blue eyes I had ever seen, which, heightened in effect by contrast with her lovely yellow hair, in golden ringlets, adorning a countenance of exquisite beauty, gave her an appearance almost angelic. She expressed her sympathy for me on the unfortunate accident which had occurred, and desired me to make their house my home till I should be completely recovered. Her manner had in it so much sweetness and feeling that I could not help being struck with it; and I thanked her for her disinterested kindness to one who was a stranger in their country. "Sir," said she, "if I mistake not, neither your name nor your history is unknown to me. Are not you Mr —— of ——?" On my answering, with surprise, in the affirmative, she instantly asked, "Do you remember George Robinson?" "I do, Ma'am," said I, "and will to the latest hour of my life. Do you know any thing of him?" I immediately rejoined, with some impatience. "Yes, sir," said she, blushing; "George is my brother, and you are now in his house. The medal on your person led me to suspect who you were, the moment we found you. George was appointed, shortly after my mother's death, to an office of considerable emolument and literary distinction in Florence. He is at present on a visit to Naples, but will be home in two or three weeks. Oh, how overjoyed he will be to see you! he speaks frequently of you, and wonders why you have never written an answer to his letters. But I forget—longer conversation, in your present exhausted state, may expose you to a relapse; I must, therefore, leave you to repose." Before I could recover from my astonishment, she had left the room. Her sylph-like form seemed still to move before me; every look, and word, and action, was impressed upon my mind; and emotions, such as I had never before experienced, swelled my bosom. Every day she appeared to me more interesting. I was never happy unless when she was with me. I seemed to live—to breathe—only for Harriet. In a short time I was out of danger, and able to move about, when I wrote Mr Bennett, informing him of what had occurred, and of my intention of remaining in Mr R———'s till his return from Naples, after which he might expect an early visit from us. That very evening George returned, and our joy at meeting was unbounded. Among other topics of conversation, my interviews with Mr and Miss Bennett held a chief place, and at my request he consented to visit them the following day. We were nearly ready for our departure when a carriage stopped at the door, and Mr and Miss Bennett were immediately announced. George's bosom heaved with indescribable emotion, and he stood for a little in breathless suspense. Mr Bennett then entered the room, accompanied by Amelia. In a moment the two lovers were locked in each other's arms. The father was deeply affected, and burst into tears. Harriet and I instantly left the room, and were speedily followed by Mr Bennett. The feelings of the lovers in the interval I shall not attempt to describe. They were of too pure and ethereal a kind for my feeble pen. Suffice it to say, the interview was a most endearing one. That was to George the happiest hour of his life—to Amelia it was as life to the dead. By the time of dinner, both had regained composure, when Mr Bennett, addressing himself to Mr Robinson, and cordially taking him by the hand, said, "My dear sir, I humbly crave your forgiveness for the injury I formerly did you. I have seen enough to convince me of the sincerity of the affection that exists betwixt you and my daughter, and I am now persuaded you richly deserve her. Rest assured, that henceforth I shall be no barrier in the way of your happiness." From that hour a load was removed from Amelia's spirits, and she soon regained her health and beauty. George was in transports at having an honour conferred on him which he had never hoped to realize. Harriet was overjoyed at her brother's good fortune; and my gratification was none of the least, that, while I had thus been the mean of bringing together two so well worthy of each other, I had received such an important accession to my own happiness in securing the affection of the amiable Harriet. We were waited on, shortly afterwards, by a presbyterian clergyman from Scotland, then in the neighbourhood; and the same hour that united George to Amelia, made Harriet mine.*

THE BETTER LAND.

(From Mrs Hemans' Songs of the Affections.)

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! oh where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

SPEAKING JACKDAWS.

IN modern times, parrots are almost the only birds that have the gift of speech, though connoisseurs are not ignorant that starlings and jackdaws have good abilities in that way, when properly educated. The ancients could at times make them speak to some purpose: Macrobius tells us that when Augustus Cæsar was returning in triumph to Rome from his victory over Mark Antony, there appeared among the crowd which welcomed him, a bird borne on a man's hand, which flapped its wings, and cried out, "God save the Emperor, the victorious Cæsar!" Augustus, delighted to see himself saluted by this winged spokesman, gave its owner a handsome sum for the bird. The owner pocketed the money, refusing to share any of it with an associate who had aided him in training his jackdaw. This man, in order to be revenged, and to shew the loyalty which had animated his friend, brought to the Emperor another bird which they had in training, and which called out, "God save the victorious Mark Antony." Augustus, whose good nature is well known, only laughed at the joke, and ordered the confederates to divide the money. After his liberality in this instance, he had a number of speaking jackdaws and parrots brought to him. One poor fellow, a shoemaker, took great pains to teach a bird which he had got for the purpose, hoping to make his fortune by it. The bird, who had no such prospects, was but a slow scholar; and his master, in the midst of his lessons, often ejaculated in despair, "Well, I have lost my labour!" Having at last, however, and with much pains, completed his education, the daw was brought out one day to salute Augustus, and repeated his "God save the Emperor" with great distinctness. "Tut!" said Augustus, "I have too many courtiers of your kind." "Well," cried the daw, who at that moment remembered his master's ejaculation—"well, I have lost my labour." The Emperor was so much amused with its answer, that he bought the feathered wit for double the expected sum.

* From "The Literary Museum and Critical Review," a Glasgow monthly publication.

THE MILLER AND THE FREEBOOTER.

In Glenquoich, in Aberdeenshire, in the early part of last century, there was a corn-mill erected for the use of the neighbourhood, and as the construction and management of such machines were ill understood in that part of Scotland at the time, a miller was brought from the low country to superintend it. In this neighbourhood there lived at that time a certain Donald Mackenzie, a hero remarkable for his haughty and imperious manner, and known by the appellation of *Donald Unasach*, or Donald the Proud. Being a native of Glenquoich, he knew as little of the English language as the miller did of Gaelic. He was an outlaw, addicted to freebooting, and of so fierce and unruly a temper, that the whole country stood in awe of him. One circumstance regarding him struck every one with superstitious awe, and created much conjecture and speculation among those around him: he was never known to be without abundance of meal, and yet he was never known to carry any corn to the mill.

But the sagacious miller of Glenquoich soon discovered, that, in order to bilk him of his proper milldues, the caitiff was in the habit of bringing his grain to the mill in the night, and grinding it, and carrying it off before morning. To charge him directly with this fraud, was too dangerous an attempt. But the miller ventured to ask him now and then, quietly, how he did for meal, as he never brought any corn to the mill; to which the freebooter never returned any other answer than one in Gaelic, signifying that "strong is the hand of God!"

Provoked at last, the miller determined to take his own way of curing the evil; and, having some previous notion of the next nocturnal visit of his unwelcome customer, he took care, before leaving the mill in the evening, to remove the bush, or that piece of wood which is driven into the eye of the nether millstone, for the purpose of keeping the spindle steady in passing through the upper stone. He also stopped up the spout through which the meal discharged itself; and as the mill was one of those old-fashioned machines, where the water-wheel moved horizontally, and directly under the stones, it follows, that, by this arrangement of things, the corn would fall into the stream. Having made these preparations, the miller locked his house door, and went to bed. About midnight, Donald arrived with his people, and some sacks of dry corn; and finding every thing, as he thought, in good order in the mill, he filled the hopper, and let on the water. The machinery revolved with more than ordinary rapidity; the grain sank fast in the hopper; but not a particle of it came out at the place where he was wont to receive it into his bag as meal. Donald the Proud, and his *gillies*, were all aghast. Frantic with rage, he and they ran up and down; and, in their hurry to do every thing, they succeeded in doing nothing. At length Donald perceived, what even the obscurity of the night could not hide, a long white line of fair provender flowing down the middle of the stream, that left not a doubt as to where his corn was discharging itself. But he could neither guess how this strange phenomenon was produced, nor how the evil was to be cured. After much perplexity, he thought of turning off the water. But here the wily miller had also been prepared for him, having so contrived matters, that the pole, or handle connecting the sluice with the inside of the mill, had fallen off as soon as the water was let on the wheel. Baffled at all points, Donald was compelled at last to run to the miller's house. Finding the door locked, he knocked and bawled loudly at the window; and, on the miller demanding to know who was there, he did his best to explain, in broken English, the whole circumstances of the case. The miller heard him to an end; and, turning himself in his bed, he coolly replied, "strong is the hand of God!" Donald Unusach gnashed his teeth, tried the door again, returned to the window, and, humbled by the circumstances, repeated his explanation and entreaties for help. "*Te meal town te purn to te teil! hoigh, hoigh!*" "I thought ye had been ower weel practeesed in the business to let ony sic mischanter come ower ye, Donald," replied the imperturbable lowlander, "but, you know, 'strong is the hand of God!'" The mountaineer now lost all patience. Drawing his dirk, and driving it through the window, he began to strike it so violently against the stones on the outside of the wall, that he illuminated the house with a shower of fire, and showed the terrified inmates the ferocious countenance of him who wielded the weapon. "*Te meal to te mill, te mutter to te mailler*," sputtered out Donald, in the midst of his wrath, meaning to imply, that, if the miller would only come and help him, he should have all his dues in future. Partly moved by this promise, but still more by his well-grounded fears, the miller arose at last, put the mill to rights, and ground the rest of the corn. And tradition tells us that after this the mill-dues were regularly paid, and the greatest harmony subsisted between Donald Unasach and the miller of Glenquoich.—*From Sir T. Dick Lauder's Account of the Moray Floods.*

SWEDISH METHOD OF PRESERVING APPLES.

They are skinned and quartered, and then half baked, which produces a disagreeable shrivelled appearance; but they retain their flavour, and in that state can be kept any length of time.

THE BHATTEE ROBBER.

The country of the Bhattees is situated in the north-eastern quarter of the province of Ajmeer, in the East Indies. Until the progress of events brought the British arms within the limits of their country, this class of the natives of Hindostan was scarcely known even by name. The Bhattees were originally shepherds. Of late years they have abandoned that honest occupation, as servile, and unworthy of their talents, and have adopted a predatory system of life, which is considered by them more noble than tending sheep. The following is a portion of the system of education:—When the young Bhattee is about three or four years of age, his education, or training, is commenced, by being compelled to walk and run a given distance daily. As he advances in years, the exercise required of him is increased in proportion, until he may at last be said to have gone through a regular course of gymnastics, in the etymological sense of that word—for all his exercises are performed in a state of nudity. The object and natural effect of this kind of schooling is to increase the physical powers of the body in all situations, and to enable the individual to endure with comparative ease the greatest fatigue or labour. Among other essential accomplishments in which the young Bhattee is expected to perfect himself by unremitting practice, the following may be mentioned as absolutely indispensable. He must acquire the art of bleating like a sheep, barking like a dog, crowing like a cock, braying like the ass, and in like manner of imitating all kinds of animals. He must also be able to throw himself, as occasion may require, into every kind of attitude, to crawl along or lie as flat as possible on the ground, to run like a goat or a dog, to stand on his head with his legs extended widely, so as to appear in the dusk like the stump of a tree. With reference to the last-mentioned acquirement, I recollect to have heard a sentinel of the 4th Bengal cavalry tell his officer, that when he was on duty, on a certain occasion, he heard something move about the head-ropes of his horse. On looking round, he saw what he supposed to be a large dog, which ran between his legs and nearly upset him. The sentinel, however, had heard of the ability with which many of the natives could imitate different animals, and was not satisfied with this explanation of the noise that had first excited his attention. He still suspected that some roguery was on foot, and, the better to detect it, he placed himself behind what appeared to be the stump of a tree, at a short distance from the spot on which he had been previously standing. On the supposed stump he hung his helmet, and, bent on the most attentive scrutiny, he placed his head between the two limbs of the stump, so as, unperceived, to command a direct view of the quarter from which the noise had originally proceeded. This, however, was too much for the thief (for such, in reality, was this pseudo tree-stump), who, unable to restrain his laughter, and finding his situation somewhat critical, suddenly executed a somerset, upset the astonished soldier, and made clear off with his helmet.—*Englishman's Magazine.*

MOURNING.

Mourning, among the ancients, was expressed by very different signs, as by tearing their clothes, wearing sackcloth, laying aside crowns and other ensigns of honour: thus Plutarch, in his Life of Cato, relates, that from the time of his leaving the city with Pompey, he neither shaved his head, nor, as usual, wore the crown or garland. A public grief was sometimes testified by a general fast. Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained, by law, for women who had lost their husbands. In public mourning, the shops of Rome were shut up; the senators laid aside their legislative robes, the consuls sat in a lower seat than usual, and the women put aside all their ornaments. The colours of the dress, or habit, worn to signify grief, are different in different countries. In Europe, the ordinary colour for mourning is black; in China, it is white, a colour that was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies; in Turkey, it is blue, or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia, brown, and kings and cardinals mourn in purple. Every nation and country gave a reason for their wearing the particular colour of their mourning: black, which is the privation of light, is supposed to denote the privation of life; white is an emblem of purity; yellow is to represent that death is the end of all human hopes, because this is the colour of leaves when they fall and flowers when they fade; brown denotes the earth, to which the dead return; blue is an emblem of the happiness which it is hoped the deceased enjoys; and purple or violet is supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope. The custom of mourning for the dead in shrieks and howlings, is of great antiquity, and prevails almost universally among the followers of Mahomet.

GREAT NEWS FOR GARDENERS—HOW TO KILL SLUGS.

Take a quantity of cabbage-leaves, and either put them into a warm oven, or hold them before a fire, till they get quite soft; then rub them with unsalted butter, or any kind of fresh dripping, and lay them in the places infested with slugs. In a few hours the leaves will be found covered with snails and slugs, which may then be destroyed in any way the gardener may think fit.—[We have tried this at Bayswater, and found it attended with complete success.]—*Loudon's Gardener's Magazine.*

THE COTTON MANUFACTURES OF FRANCE.

The French cotton manufacture has increased with great rapidity since the peace, as appears from the fact that the quantity of cotton wool imported was 25,000,000lbs. in 1810, and is between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000lbs. at present. The French, however, can never rival the English in this manufacture, and though they have nurtured up great manufacturing communities, who have rapidly gained wealth, this is at the expense of all the rest of France. The cost of fitting up a cotton mill with machinery at Rouen is at least one-third more than at Manchester; fuel is four times as dear; and the working and repairing of the machinery must therefore be far more expensive and difficult. Many of the machines are brought from England. The fact that cotton goods are now three or four times as dear in France as in England, is a decisive proof that this government has judged ill in compelling so much capital and labour to take so unprofitable a direction. It is true the French manufacturer may gain a profit on his dear goods whilst the cheap goods of England are rigorously excluded; but is it an advantage to the French nation generally to foster such a branch of industry at the expense of buying the products of that industry at three or four times the price for which similar goods might have been brought across the Channel? But the mischief is now done. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been invested in machinery, buildings, and materials, and many thousand hands have been trained up to the manufacture here, and at St Quentin, Cambray, Lisle, Paris, and in the department of the Haut Rhin. It is obvious that the French cotton manufacturers can never supply other nations with their goods; France must have all the benefit, or rather all the cost, of supporting the system herself. This being the case, the manufacturing prosperity of Rouen rests on a precarious foundation, seeing that it can only be upheld at the expense of the agriculture, the wine trade, and the foreign commerce of France.

HAYDN AND HIS PUPIL PLEYEL.

It was a custom of Haydn, as soon as he had finished any new work, to lay it aside for some time before he again looked at it, for the purpose of retouching and correcting. It happened that, under the influence of low spirits and chagrin, this great master had written six quartetts, all in a minor key. According to custom, he left the manuscript on his piano, and, as was also usual with him whenever he had finished a new work, he dismissed from his mind, and forgot entirely, the subjects and ideas on which he had been working. Some time afterwards, Haydn felt inclined to revise these quartetts, of which he thought favourably; but he sought for them in vain; they had disappeared, were no where to be found, and all attempts to recover them ended only in disappointment. Pleyel, who alone had access to Haydn's house and apartment, was suspected by him of having stolen the missing quartetts; and, notwithstanding all the protestations of his pupil to the contrary, he continued for a long time firm in that opinion. At length, however, the sincere and devoted attachment of his young pupil convinced Haydn that his suspicions must be unfounded: he restored him to his friendship, and thought no more of the circumstance, except occasionally to regret the disappearance of what he considered one of his best productions. The most singular part of the whole affair is, that the thief, whoever he may have been, did not attempt to derive any advantage from his robbery; these stolen quartetts never saw the light.—*Memoir of Pleyel, in Harmonicon.*

HILL OF IRON.

This hill is situated in Brazil, on the left of the road from Queloz to Villa Rica, rather more than a league from the former place. It is described by Mr Luccock as "one entire mass of iron, so perfectly free from any mixture of common soil as to produce no vegetable whatever, being covered with a coating of rust, or oxide of iron. The hill is so lofty and steep, that its top was not discernible, but, from its more elevated part, nodules of corroded metal had rolled down and greatly embarrassed the road. At the foot of the mountain the soil is red clay, mixed with ponderous brown dust. As we advanced, the metal seemed to become less pure, until, after an extent of two leagues and a half, it altogether vanished, and was succeeded by common clayey land. I had often heard of this immense mass of metal, but none of the reports had presented an adequate picture of it to the imagination. The very core of the hill, as far as we could judge, appeared to consist of vast blocks of iron, in tables, and it is so singularly free from alloy as to produce, when melted, twenty-five per cent. of pure metal."

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EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY OF MR THOMAS JENKINS.

THE facts we are about to relate respecting this person are of so extraordinary a nature, that, if they had happened at a place distant from our scene of publication, or at a time remote from the present, we would have despaired of procuring credence for them, and, perhaps, on that account, abandoned the idea of giving them publicity. It happens, however, that, both in respect of time and place, they are so readily liable to be denied, if found incorrect, that we can bring them forward with the greatest confidence.

Mr Thomas Jenkins was the son of an African king, and bore externally all the usual features of the negro. His father reigned over a considerable tract of country to the east of, and, we believe, including *Little Cape Mount*, a part of the wide coast of Guinea, which used to be much resorted to by British vessels for the purchase of slaves. The negro sovereign, whom the British sailors knew by the name of King Cock-eye, from a personal peculiarity, having observed what a superiority civilization and learning gave to the Europeans over the Africans in their traffic, resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, in order that he might acquire all the advantages of knowledge. He accordingly bargained with a Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick in Scotland, who traded to the coast for ivory, gold dust, &c., that the child should be taken by him to his own country, and returned in a few years fully educated, for which he was to receive a certain consideration in the productions of Africa. The lad recollected a little of the scene which took place on his being handed over to Swanstone. His father, an old man, came with his mother, who was much younger, and a number of sable courtiers, to a place on the side of a green eminence near the coast, and there, amidst the tears of the latter parent, he was formally consigned to the care of the British trader, who pledged himself to return his tender charge, some years afterwards, endowed with as much learning as he might be found capable of receiving. The lad was, accordingly, conveyed on ship-board, where the fancy of the master conferred upon him the name of Thomas Jenkins.*

Swanstone brought his protege to Hawick, and was about to take the proper means for fulfilling his bargain, when, unfortunately, he was cut off from this life. No provision having been made for such a contingency, Tom was thrown upon the wide world, not only without the means of obtaining a Christian education, but destitute of every thing that was necessary to supply still more pressing wants. Mr Swanstone died in a room in the Tower Inn at Hawick, where Tom very faithfully attended him, though almost starved by the cold of a Scottish winter. After his guardian had expired, he was in a state of the greatest distress from cold, till the worthy landlady, Mrs Brown, brought him down to her huge kitchen fire, where, alone, of all parts of the house, could he find a climate agreeable to his nerves. Tom was ever after very grateful to Mrs Brown for her kindness. After he had remained for some time at the inn, a farmer in Teviot-head, who was the nearest surviving relation of his guardian, agreed to take charge of him, and, accordingly, he was removed to the house of that individual, where he soon made himself useful in rocking the cradle, looking after the pigs and poultry, and other such humble duties. When he left the inn, he understood hardly a word of English; but here he speedily acquired the common dialect of the district, with all its peculiarities of accent and intonation. He lived in Mr L——'s family for several years, in the course of which he was successively advanced to the offices of cowherd and driver of peats to Hawick for sale on his master's account, which latter duty he discharged very satisfactorily. After he had become a stout boy, Mr Laidlaw of Falnash, a gentleman of great respectability and intelligence, took a fancy for him, and readily prevailed upon his former protector to yield him into his charge. "Black Tom," as he was called, became, at Falnash, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. He acted as cowherd at one time, and stable-boy at another: in short, he could turn his hand to any sort of job. It was his especial duty to go upon all errands to Hawick, for which a retentive memory well qualified him. He afterwards became a regular farm-servant to Mr Laidlaw, and it was while acting in this capacity that he first discovered a taste for learning. How Tom acquired his first instructions is not known. The boy probably cherished a notion of duty upon this subject, and was anxious to fulfil, as far as his unfortunate circumstances would permit, the designs of his parent. He probably picked up a few crumbs of elementary literature at the table of Mr Laidlaw's children, or interested the servant lasses to give him what knowledge they could. In the course of a brief space, Mrs Laidlaw was surprised to find that Tom began to have a strange appetency for candle-ends. Not a *doup* about the farm-house could escape him. Every scrap of wick and tallow that he fell in with was secreted and taken away to his loft above the stable, and very dismal suspicions began to be entertained respecting the use he put them to. Curiosity soon incited the people about the farm to watch his proceedings after he had retired to his den; and it was then discovered, to the astonishment of all, that the poor lad was engaged, with a book and a slate, in drawing rude imitations of the letters of the alphabet. It was found that he also kept an old fiddle beside him, which cost the poor horses below many a sleepless night. On the discovery of his literary taste, Mr Laidlaw put him to an evening school, kept by a neighbouring rustic, at which he made rapid progress—such, indeed, as to excite astonishment all over the country—for no one had ever dreamt that there was so much as a possibility of his becoming a scholar. By and by, though daily occupied with his drudgery as a farm-servant, he began to *instruct himself in Latin and Greek*. A boy friend, who in advanced life communicated to us most of the facts we are narrating, lent him several books necessary in these studies; and Mr and Mrs Laidlaw did all in their power to favour his wishes, though the distance of a classical academy was a sufficient bar, if there had been no other, to prevent their giving him the means or opportunity of regular instruction. In speaking of the kind treatment which he had received from these worthy individuals, his heart has often been observed to swell, and the tear to start into his honest dark eye. Besides acquainting himself tolerably well with Latin and Greek, he initiated himself in the study of mathematics.

A great era in Tom's life was his possessing himself of a Greek dictionary. Having learned that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he proceeded thither, in company with our informant. Tom possessed twelve shillings, saved out of his wages, and his companion vowed that if more should be required for the purchase of any particular book, he should not fail to back him in the competition—so far as eighteenpence would warrant, that being the amount of his own little stock. Tom at once pitched upon the lexicon as the grand necessary of his education, and accordingly he began to bid for it. All present stared with wonder when they saw a negro, clad in the grey cast-off surtout of a private soldier, and the number XCVI. still glaring in white oil-paint on his back, competing for a book which could only be useful to a student at a considerably advanced stage. A gentleman of the name of Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him forward, and inquired with eager curiosity into the seeming mystery. When it was explained, and Mr Moncrieff learned that thirteen and sixpence was the utmost extent of their joint stocks, he told his young friend to bid as far beyond that sum as he chose, and he would be answerable for the deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and he was turning away in despair, when his young friend, in the very nick of time, threw himself into the competition. "What, what do you mean?" said the poor negro, in great agitation; "you know we cannot pay both that and the duty." His friend, however, did not regard his remonstrances, and immediately he had the satisfaction of placing the precious volume in the hands which were so eager to possess it—only a shilling or so being required from Mr Moncrieff. Tom carried off his prize in triumph, and, it is needless to say, made the best use of it.

It may now be asked—what was the personal character of this extraordinary specimen of African intellect? We answer at once—the best possible. Tom was a mild unassuming creature, free from every kind of vice, and possessing a kindliness of manner which made him the favourite of all who knew him. In fact, he was one of the most popular characters in the whole district of Upper Teviotdale. His employers respected him for the faithful and zealous manner in which he discharged his humble duties, and every body was interested in his singular efforts to obtain knowledge. Having retained no trace of his native language, he resembled, in every respect except his skin, an ordinary peasant of the south of Scotland: only he was much more learned than the most of them, and spent his time somewhat more abstractedly. His mind was deeply impressed with the truths of the Christian faith, and he was a regular attender upon every kind of religious ordinances. Altogether, Tom was a person of the most worthy and respectable properties, and, even without considering his meritorious struggles for knowledge, would have been beloved and esteemed wherever he was known.

When Tom was about twenty years of age, a vacancy occurred in the school of Teviot-head, which was an appendage to the parish school, for the use of the scattered inhabitants of a very wild pastoral territory. A committee of the Presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to sit on a particular day at Hawick, in order to examine the candidates for this humble charge, and report the result to their constituents. Among three or four competitors appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a heap of books under his arm, and the everlasting soldier's greatcoat with the staring "XCVI." upon his back. The committee was surprised; but they could not refuse to read his testimonials of character, and put him through the usual forms of examination. More than this—his exhibition was so decidedly superior to the rest, that they could not avoid reporting him as the best fitted for the situation. Tom retired triumphant from the

* The mind of the reader will here at once revert to the well-known story of Lee Boo, who, about fifty years ago, was entrusted by his father, a king in the Pelew Islands, to Captain Wilson of the *Antelope*, for the same purpose. Lee Boo, it will be recollected, belonged to an order of uncivilized people who are not considered so hopeless as the negroes of Africa. Yet, while the dispositions of Thomas Jenkins were equally amiable with those of Lee Boo, it will be found that he more than realised all the expectations which were formed regarding the intellect of that promising boy, unfortunately cut off before his education had been well commenced.

field, enjoying the delightful reflection that now he would be placed in a situation much more agreeable to him than any other he had ever known, and where he would enjoy infinitely better opportunities of acquiring instruction.

For a time, this prospect was dashed. On the report coming before the Presbytery, a majority of the members were alarmed at the strange idea of placing a Negro and born Pagan in such a situation, and poor Tom was accordingly voted out of all the benefits of the competition. The poor fellow appeared to suffer dreadfully from this sentence, which made him feel keenly the misfortune of his skin, and the awkwardness of his situation in the world. But, fortunately, the people most interested in the matter felt as indignant at the treatment which he had received, as he could possibly feel depressed. The heritors, among whom the late Duke of Buccleuch was the chief, took up the case so warmly, that it was immediately resolved to set up Tom in opposition to the teacher appointed by the Presbytery, and to give him an exact duplicate of the salary which they already paid to that person. An old *smiddy* [blacksmith's shop] was hastily fitted up for his reception, and Tom was immediately installed in office, with the universal approbation of both parents and children. It followed as a matter of course that the other school was completely deserted, and Tom, who had come to this country to learn, soon found himself fully engaged in teaching, and in the receipt of an income more than adequate to his wants. To the gratification of all his friends, and some little confusion of face to the Presbytery, he turned out an excellent teacher. He had a way of communicating knowledge that proved in the highest degree successful, and, as he contrived to carry on the usual exercises without the use of any severities, he was as much beloved by his pupils as he was respected by those who employed him. Five days every week he spent in the school. On the Saturdays, he was accustomed to walk to Hawick (eight miles going and as much returning) in order to make an exhibition of what he had himself acquired during the week, to the master of the academy there; thus keeping up, it will be observed, his own gradual advance in knowledge. It farther shows his untiring zeal, that he always returned to Hawick next day—of course, an equal extent of travel—in order to attend the church.

After he had conducted the school for one or two years, finding himself in possession of about twenty pounds, he bethought him of spending a winter at college. The esteem in which he was held rendered it an easy matter to demit his duties to an assistant for the winter; and, this matter being settled, he waited upon his good friend Mr Moncrieff (the gentleman who had enabled him to get the lexicon, and who had since done him many other good offices), in order to consult about other matters concerning the step he was about to take. Mr Moncrieff, though accustomed to regard Tom as a wonder, was, nevertheless, truly surprised at this new project. He asked, above all things, the amount of his stock of cash. On being told that twenty pounds was all, and, furthermore, that Tom contemplated attending the Latin, Greek, and mathematical classes, he informed him that this would never do: the money would hardly pay his fees. Tom was much disconcerted at this; but his generous friend soon relieved him, by placing in his hands a *carte blanche* order upon a merchant in Edinburgh, for whatever might be further required to support him for a winter at college.

Tom now pursued his way to Edinburgh with his twenty pounds. On applying to the Professor of Humanity [Latin] for a ticket to his class, that gentleman looked at him for a moment in silent wonder, and asked if he had acquired any rudimental knowledge of the language. Mr Jenkins, as he ought now to be called, said modestly that he had studied Latin for a considerable time, and was anxious to complete his acquaintance with it. Mr P——, finding that he only spoke the truth, presented the applicant with a ticket, for which he generously refused to take the usual fee. Of the other two Professors to whom he applied, both stared as much as the former, and only one took the fee. He was thus enabled to spend the winter in a most valuable course of instruction, without requiring to trench much upon Mr Moncrieff's generous order; and next spring he returned to Teviot-head, and resumed his professional duties.

The end of this strange history is hardly such as could have been wished. It is obvious, we think, that Jenkins should have been returned by some benevolent society to his native country, where he might have been expected to do wonders in civilizing and instructing his father's, or his own subjects. Unfortunately, about ten years ago, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, animated by the best intentions, recommended him to the Christian Knowledge Society, as a proper person to be a missionary among the colonial slaves; and he was induced to go out as a preacher to the Mauritius—a scene entirely unworthy of his exertions. There, for any thing known to the contrary by his Scottish friends, he is still living.

Feeling that this tale requires only its own facts to render it both instructive and agreeable, we are little disposed to draw inferences from it. It is true: that is enough. Most of the individuals connected with the fate of Jenkins are still alive, and, while we accord them the praise due to their disinterested services in his behalf, we earnestly hope that no one will feel aggrieved by being noticed publicly in this manner, a liberty which we have been induced to take by the best of motives—an anxiety to put the facts of the story beyond a doubt.

NATURAL HISTORY.

MONKEYS, APES, AND ORANG-OUTANGS.

Having presented an outline of those physical and moral properties which distinguish Man above all other animated beings, we may now appropriately point out the natural characteristics of the monkey tribes, forming the order of *Quadrumana*, that is, creatures with four hands. The animals of this interesting order have three kinds of teeth, namely, incisory or cutting teeth, canine teeth, and grinders; their four extremities are terminated by hands, with the thumb separate from the other fingers, and more or less opposable to them; they have long and flexible fingers; they have from two to four teats, situated on the breast; the clavicles or collar bones are complete; the bones of the legs and arms are distinct, and susceptible of motions of pronation and supination; they have a simple membranous stomach; and their intestines are of medium length.

In internal and external conformation, apes and monkeys approach nearest to man of any other animal. In their grimace and actions, also, they bear a striking similitude to the lords of creation; yet how far inferior are they in point of intellect to several other animals, such as the dog, the elephant, and the horse! They, however, possess the power of imitation in an eminent degree, and seldom miss an opportunity of putting it in practice. In countries where apes and monkeys abound, the natives take advantage of this propensity, and thereby entrap them. These ape-catchers wash their hands and faces in a pitcher of water in situations where apes inhabit, after which they pour out the water, and replace it by a solution of glue; then leave the spot, when the apes descend from the trees, and wash themselves as they had observed the men do; their eyelashes are, consequently, glued together, and they are rendered unable to escape from their enemies, and are thus easily taken. It was from this that the ancient generic name of the tribe was established, that of *Simiæ*, from the Latin word *simulare*, to imitate.

The strong impression of the human likeness which is borne by apes, has induced many to suppose that man is only an animal of the same kind, but more perfect in his form, and other qualities. It has been argued that the *os coccygis*, or the prolonged portion of the spine in man, which is analogous to the tail of animals, is strongly confirmatory of this, and that they have, like monkeys, originally had tails. We have already stated that comparative anatomists can trace all the bones corresponding to those of man, developed, in a greater or lesser degree, through the whole class of animals which naturalists term vertebrated, or those which have a backbone. This is a wonderful manifestation of the uniformity of the plan of the Framer of the universe, or what may be termed the harmony of creation; and this very harmony is deeply imprinted in the mind of man, and from which we enjoy many of our pleasurable sensations. As familiar examples of this, we may notice the harmony of colours, and the harmony of the notes of music.

Although, in the general distribution of the parts of animals, there is usually an admirable adaptation of their structure to the uses to which they are to be employed, yet in many cases we are unable to trace the reason why parts are of a particular formation, or why animals should be furnished with those parts at all, which appear to be of no use to them. This we can only attribute to the general harmony of design. We shall give as an example the *Proteus anguinus*, a reptile which inhabits the waters of certain subterranean caverns in Carniola. Some of these subterranean lakes are of vast size and depth, and perfectly secluded from all light. It is, therefore, quite evident that eyes to animals which inhabit such situations would be quite useless. The Proteus is totally blind, and yet it has an indication of eyeballs, but which are covered with skin.

But what distinguishes all the ape tribe from man is their horizontal position in walking, for it has been now satisfactorily ascertained, that, although they may occasionally assume the upright position in progressive movement, it is by no means natural to them. Another evident distinction is their lower extremities being in the form of hands, with long fingers fitted for grasping; from which it is quite evident that the whole tribe are essentially formed for climbing trees, and they are, consequently, principally found in the confines of forests. When they walk on the ground, their motions on all-fours are awkward, and their progress is rather by leaping than walking. The head of apes, besides, is not placed in equilibrium on the spine as in man, their pelvis is very small, and the muscles of their thighs being attached very low on the legs, prevent their assuming with ease the upright posture. Their very long arms, with hands on their lower as well as higher arms, admirably adapt them for their mode of life. They, however, can sit erect with the greatest ease, and, indeed, it is the posture natural to nearly the whole tribe.

The time of gestation in apes varies, according to the species, from five to seven months, and they seldom produce more than one or two at a birth. The females carry their young in their arms like the human species, or upon their backs. They generally are nursed in the same way as human infants.

Apes live in large communities, and generally on peaceable terms; their social instinct, however, seems limited to the tendency which all frugiferous animals have in general to live in wandering troops, for the purposes of mutual protection. They frequent large and fertile solitudes, and not unfrequently in great herds of different kinds, and without one species commingling with another. But should any intruders present themselves upon a district possessed by these troops, they all combine to assert what they think their natural rights. De Maisoupre, and six other Europeans, witnessed a combat betwixt two opposite herds, that took place within the wall which surrounds the pagoda of Cheringham. A large and powerful ape had got into the place, but was soon recognised as an interloper by the resident tribe, and upon the alarm being given, a number of males united in an attack; and although the intruder was much more powerful than his assailants, he soon perceived that he was to be overcome by their united strengths, and fled for refuge to the top of the pagoda, which was eleven stories in height; but this did not screen him, for he was closely pursued thither by his enemies. Having reached the top of the dome, which was small and narrow, he availed himself of the security of the position. In this advantageous situation, and by his superior strength, he seized four of the most forward of his pursuers, pitched them headlong to the bottom, and they were consequently killed by the fall from such a great height. This proof of his strength somewhat damped the ardour of the rest, who, after setting up a loud and threatening chattering, judged it prudent to make good their retreat. The intruder kept his situation till the evening, when he descended and escaped.

When MM. de la Condamine and Bouquer were making their observations in South America on the figure of the earth, they were greatly annoyed by domesticated apes, which are very numerous, looking through their telescopes, planting signals, running to the pendulum, taking their pens and trying to write, and, in short, imitating every action which they saw performed by these gentlemen.

In many districts of India, apes and monkeys are objects of religious veneration, and various temples have been erected in honour of them. In these countries it is considered as sinful to molest them, and they consequently become bold and troublesome. They enter cities in large troops, and venture into the domiciles of the natives. In Amadabad, the capital of Guzerat, there are three hospitals erected for monkeys, where the sick and lame are fed and relieved by medical attendants, kept there for the express purpose, at the public expense.

At the head of this extensive tribe of animals stands the Chimpansé, who, in face, form, and internal organization, approaches most nearly to that of man. We are, however, yet unacquainted with the height to which this animal grows, as all the specimens which have hitherto reached Europe have been young. There is every reason to believe that the Chimpansé is the wild man of the woods so frequently mentioned by travellers.

The angle of the face of the Chimpansé is 50 degrees; he is destitute of cheek pouches or tail, nor has he any callous skin on his hinder parts; his arms are short, and the superciliary ridges are distinct; his canine teeth are a little projecting, and are close to the cutting teeth and grinders, like those of the human species; the head is rounded, and the muzzle very slightly projecting.

This animal seems entirely confined to Central Africa, and probably some of the islands in the same latitude.

We are informed by M. de Grandpré, that he saw a female Chimpansé on board of a vessel, which manifested great intelligence. She had been instructed to heat the oven, and took care that no coals should fall out. She had a perfect knowledge of the proper temperature of the oven, and, when it was in a condition for baking, immediately apprised the baker that it was so, who placed implicit confidence in her information, and never failed to fetch him in due time. This animal performed many useful occupations; she assisted at unfurling the sails, and spliced ropes, and could pull a rope along with the sailors. The vessel in which this animal was seen in, was bound for America, but which country she did not live to see, the mate on one occasion having inflicted a very cruel punishment on her, which she did not deserve, and which she bore with the utmost fortitude, only holding out her hands to break the force of the blows, and at the same time supplicating for mercy. From that time she refused all sustenance, and died on the fifth day from grief and hunger, lamented by all on board but the cruel and unfeeling mate.

Next in order is the Orang-outang, who is probably much superior in size to the Chimpansé. The canine teeth of the Orang-outang are somewhat longer than the others; the grinders are more equal than those of man, the tubercles of which are more acute; the head is round, and he is destitute of a superciliary ridge; his facial angle is 60 degrees, and he has no cheek pouches; his ears are rounded, as in man; his thumbs are rather short, and he has no tail.

The Orang-outang inhabits Cochin-China, and several of the larger islands of the Indian Ocean. This animal is next to the Chimpansé in perfection of form, and grows to a gigantic size, being, when full grown, from seven and a half to eight feet in height.

Until Dr Clarke Abel published an account of this animal, we had no certain information of its great size, which is now established without a shadow of doubt.

Dr Abel says, "My attention was directed to this Orang-outang, by the following notice of the animal in the Hurkara newspaper, which was sent to it, as I have ascertained, from one of the persons actually concerned in his capture:—A party having landed on the south coast of Sumatra, from the Mary Anne Sophia, Captain Cornfoot, for the purpose of watering, fell in with an animal of the monkey species, of most gigantic size. It was upwards of seven feet in height, and, after receiving seven shots, was killed. After the fifth shot, it climbed a tree, and reclined against its boughs, to all appearance in great pain, and vomited a considerable quantity of blood. Some of the teeth are about three inches long. The lower jaw is immense; and the skin of its arms, although cut off from the wrists, was considerably longer than the length of a man's arm about six feet high. The back is remarkably broad, and covered with long coarse brown hair. Its gait was slovenly, and as it went, it waddled from side to side."

Captain Cornfoot dwells much upon the human-like expression of its countenance, and especially on the beautiful arrangement of its beard.

It appears that on the spot where this animal was killed were five or six trees, which occasioned great trouble to the hunters in procuring their prey; for in consequence of the extreme agility and power of the animal in springing from branch to branch, and bounding from one tree to another, his pursuers could not fix their aim, until they had cut down all the trees but one. When thus limited in his range, the Orang-outang was shot, but did not die till he had received five balls and the thrust of a spear. One of the five balls probably penetrated his lungs, as he, immediately after receiving the wound, slung himself by his feet from a branch with his head downwards, and allowed the blood to flow from his mouth. On receiving a wound, he always put his hand over the injured part, and his pursuers felt distressed at the human-like agony of his expressions. When on the ground, after being exhausted by his many wounds, he lay as if dead, with his head resting on his folded arms. It was at this moment that an officer attempted to give the *coup de grâce*, by pushing a spear through his body; but he immediately jumped on his feet, wrested the weapon from his antagonist, and shivered it to pieces. This was his last wound, and last great exertion; yet he lived some time afterwards, and drank, it is stated, great quantities of water.

CATHERINE AND LOUISA.—A Tale.

"It just wants one week to-day," said Catherine to her sister Louisa, "and then, O happiness! we make our first appearance at the county ball. We must really do as papa tell us, practise our quadrilles every evening before that time; for it would be sad, indeed, if we were to make fools of ourselves. Lady Elizabeth would never patronize us again." "O, Catherine," said her sister, "you are always talking that way; I am sure, for the last month, you have spoken of nothing else but that county ball. Now, I really feel a good deal afraid about it, and should not wonder if I were, as you say, to make a fool of myself." "Really," replied Catherine, "you astonish me; you were not afraid when it was first talked of. You know papa has promised for the last two seasons to *bring us out*, but we have been always disappointed. Now I feel quite delighted, and I am sure I shall enjoy myself exceedingly. I know you are disappointed that Mr Marston has been called away to town, and cannot go; but never mind, dear Louisa; there will be plenty of nice beaux there, I dare say; and Lady Elizabeth tells me that Colonel Danby, and all the officers of the 12th, are to be there with their charming band. Oh! how delightful it will be to dance to military music, you know how much I enjoy a band! And I am sure Colonel Danby will pay us great attention, for we are such favourites of his." Thus chatted the two beautiful daughters of Sir Robert Gordon of Belston, as they were walking in the shrubbery one day before dinner. It had been the intention of their father for the last two years to bring out his daughters, but circumstances had prevented him fulfilling this design. Either he was obliged to go to London at the time appointed, or Lady Elizabeth M., who was to patronize them, was from home. But now there was no hinderance; every thing was in preparation for that important event; their dresses had arrived from Madam Devys, and they had been permitted for the first time to see the ornaments that were to be appropriated to each from their dear departed mother's jewel-box. When Louisa was presented with hers, she wept, and could not be consoled; lamented her sad bereavement afresh, and went out alone into the garden, to hide the tears and the anguish she could not control. It was just three years since she had lost a much beloved mother, and she had a lively and tender recollection of her. When Catherine received hers, she felt sad; still they were *so* beautiful, she could not help admiring them. When she looked up, she saw the tears glistening in her father's eyes. This recalled all her tenderness, and all her sorrow; she flew to his arms, and sobbed as if her heart would break. "My own Catherine," said he, "my darling Catherine, take these jewels, and wear them for the sake of your dear mother; they were presented to her by her own father on her presentation at court, which was her first appearance in public. They have been kept for you; she always said they should be yours, as you are her name-daughter; they are the most expensive trinkets she ever possessed, and I need hardly tell my Emily to be careful, and to value them." She dried her tears, promised every thing he could wish, asked a great many questions about the ball, and left the room in high spirits. Just as she was taking another look at her superb necklace, before depositing it in its red morocco case, Louisa returned: she was calm and composed, but in low spirits. She had not mourned solely for the dead; thoughts and regrets for the living intruded, and made her spiritless and sad. "If Arthur had been here," thought she, "and going with us, I should have been gay and happy as Catherine, but I need not, dare not think of it now. I know he will not return at this time." Louisa mourned, and mourned alone; for she dared not trust her volatile sister with her sorrows and her secret. She had met with a disappointment in her first love. When young Marston applied to Sir Robert for permission to address his daughter, he was refused. Two days after, he was on the road to his estate, to look after the cultivation of his farm and his trees, and to forget, as he at present thought, but rather to brood, as time afterwards showed, over his disappointment. It was understood by every one after this, that Sir Robert looked for *titles* to his daughters. At last the important day arrived, the day that Catherine thought would never come. And such a tiresome week as it had been to her! But now all was joy and bustle; the day would soon pass, and Lady Elizabeth would come in her own carriage to fetch them, and the ten miles of distance they had to go would seem nothing. The two sisters were soon dressed, for their hair, naturally beautiful, and always well kept, did not require the aid of roses or ribands to make it look well. They both wore a simple band round the head, with a small ornament clasping it at the side. It was with no small degree of pleasure and pride that Sir Robert beheld his two lovely girls, in all the bloom of youth and gaiety, dressed in the most becoming manner, and looking as he had never seen them look before. Lady Elizabeth arrived, and the *parti quarrée* set off for the county town. When the full blaze of light, beauty, and dress met the delighted eyes of Catherine, she felt fluttered and bewildered. The dazzling splendour of the officers with their dresses of scarlet and gold, ladies with feathers waving in the dance, and, above all, the delightful music, which Catherine loved to enthusiasm, all conspired to give a new feeling, a sensation perfectly different from any thing she had ever felt before. After the ceremony of introduction was over, Catherine had time to *think*. She looked to her sister, who was leaning on the arm of her father, and wondered what her feelings could be. Louisa was perfectly composed; she looked as if she had never felt, never wondered. Catherine was amazed at her stoicism. Just then, Colonel Danby came bowing up, paid his compliments to each, and begged permission of Sir Robert to introduce a young friend. He soon again appeared, and presented to Catherine a young officer, tall and handsome as she could have wished, who immediately led her to the dance. Colonel Danby himself requested Louisa to honour him with her hand. In the same quadrille, *vis-á-vis*, stood the two lovely girls. All eyes beheld them with admiration, and "who is she?" and "what are they?" resounded from every quarter. "That dark girl, how majestically she moves! and the laughing blue-eyed fair one, how light and how graceful!" Many and clamorous were the requests made to Colonel Danby by the young officers to introduce them to Sir Robert, that they might have the pleasure of talking to his charming daughters, and, perhaps, have the chance of being asked to Belston during the shooting season with the Colonel, who was a frequent guest there, and devotedly fond of dogs and game. Captain Harvie, the young officer to whom Catherine had been introduced at the commencement of the evening, was the only one who succeeded in the wish of procuring an invitation to Belston; and as he handed Catherine to the carriage, and saw her sweet smile when she heard Sir Robert request the pleasure of his company along with the Colonel to shoot, he fervently wished the dreary three weeks past, and would have given the world that it had been to-morrow. Sir Robert acted well. Captain Harvie was the eldest son of an old baronial family, and not only would he inherit, at the death of his father, a title and estate, but he had the prospect of an earldom at the death of an uncle who had no family. Moreover, Sir Robert saw that he had been captivated with Catherine, and, from the warm expressions of admiration he had used to the Colonel about her, he at once thought it advisable to ask him. September came, and with it the two gentlemen. Louisa was not able to receive them. She had been for some time a drooping flower; her father and Catherine were not aware of the great change that a few weeks had produced upon her; but those who had not seen her for some time felt shocked and alarmed at her appearance. The roses had fled from her cheeks, and instead of the lively and good-natured girl that used to sing, and dance, and laugh, she was now the cold and distant Miss Gordon, who repelled all kindness and attention by her air of *hauteur* and *sang froid*. She had given up all her hopes of happiness to *family pride*: She had passed a vow to her father never to marry without his consent, and he had tried every means to make her believe that to be connected with Mr Marston would be a degradation to herself and family: She had hinted to her father that the only terms on which she would give up all idea of her marriage was, that the subject (of matrimony) might never be spoken of, or proposed to her again: She had, therefore, made up her mind as to her future conduct, and determined to repel all advances, and conduct herself as the high and honourable daughter of Sir Robert Gordon of Belston, one of the oldest families in Scotland. Alas! in thus making up her mind to change her very nature, she knew not that her health would sink under the trial; she thought the task easy, but found it difficult and bitter. When the gentlemen returned from their walk before dinner, and saw Louisa reclining on a sofa, pale and emaciated, they could hardly believe it possible that she was the same blooming girl that they had seen so shortly before. The old Colonel started; he had been a frequent visitor for many years, and had seen the sisters as they had gradually made an advance into womanhood, and improved in beauty; in fact, he was just as much interested about the girls as Sir Robert could possibly be, and the shock he received when he then saw her was great. She perceived his look, and knew his feelings, and the painful consciousness of her altered appearance caused the blood to rush to her face and neck, and in an anguish of agitation she burst into tears. Her father had never seen her act thus before, and he felt both sorry and angry; it showed him that she had not yet completely conquered her feelings. As soon as she had left the room with her sister, he explained to the Colonel the whole affair, and begged that, when he could find a fitting opportunity, he would talk to her on the subject, and endeavour to reconcile her to the paternal decree.

Poor Marston was little better than Louisa; his mind was in a most unsettled, unhappy condition; he could apply himself to nothing. Life, in short, was a burden, and he determined (as soon as he could arrange affairs at home) to do what most young men do in cases like his—go to the Continent for a few years, and forget, in the excitement of a tour, his disappointed hopes.

Weeks rolled on, and still Louisa drooped, and her father was relentless. In the meantime, the young and gallant Captain Harvie lost no time in gaining the consent of Sir Robert and his own friends to an alliance with Catherine. He had gained his own consent at the very first, and now nothing remained but to procure hers. *That* he felt quite sure of, as he had seen that Catherine was in every way disposed to favour him. What was his astonishment, then, to learn, from her own lips, that it was *not* her intention to marry, and nothing but *one* circumstance could alter her determination! She knew that her father was favourable, nay, anxious that she should accept of Captain Harvie's offer, for it must prove a very advantageous and honourable settlement for her; but her father had disappointed Louisa, and she had formed the heroic resolution of refusing the man of her choice, and her father's wishes, till he should first consent to make her sister happy. Sir Robert had mentioned to Catherine the affair of Marston with Louisa, and explained his reasons for declining him; and she knew from his firm manner of speaking that there was little or no hope of his changing his mind. She thought there was but *one* way of doing it, and that was by refusing all offers herself, till he should give his consent to Louisa's marriage; and she *was* firm, and determined. Not all the persuasions of her lover, who foresaw the case to be hopeless, nor the anxious entreaties and remonstrances of her father, could change her. Colonel Danby was the only cool person in the house. Louisa was wretched; Catherine was heroic; Captain Harvie was in despair; and Sir Robert was furious. The Colonel only waited till things calmed down a little to talk with Sir Robert on the subject, and try to argue him out of his resolutions.

Just at this crisis the agreeable and delightful Lady Elizabeth came to pay a visit at Belston. The girls hoped every thing from her influence with their father, and he in like manner hoped every thing from her influence with them; so, with one consent, affairs were turned over to her, and her decision was to be definite. Sir Robert felt quite secure in thus leaving matters to her, for he knew her to have *high family notions*, and was assured that she would try to instil what *he* called *right principles* in the breast of Louisa, and turn Catherine any way she chose. He was right so far. Lady Elizabeth said the connection with Marston was degrading, and not to be thought of. "He was, to be sure, an only son, and wealthy; but he had no rank, no title, nor the least prospect of one: and was," as a matter of course, "*nobody*." Captain Harvie was much to be wished for; but Catherine was not to be shaken in her fixed purpose of refusal: not even Lady Elizabeth could sway her. And now a year had passed over since these incidents occurred. Our sisters were living quietly at home. Captain Harvie had been in London, but was every day expected at Belston; he had not yet given up all hopes of

Catherine changing her mind. Poor Marston was most unhappy; he had not yet had enough of resolution to go abroad; he still lingered at home in hopes of hearing something that might give him some hope. His friends wished him to stand for the county; but, whether it was from want of energy to *push* the business, or that he heard that Sir Robert himself was proposing to canvass, we know not, but he declined, which was much wondered at, as he had many friends and great influence among the freeholders. Their estates lay in the same county, but thirty miles distant from each other. It was true that Sir Robert intended proposing for the county; and when one of his friends called upon Mr Marston to request his vote, he gave it cheerfully, and felt happy at being able to serve the father of Louisa. It gave a new impulse to his feelings, a sort of hope that he might yet, through some means, be enabled to overcome Sir Robert's reluctance to the match. This hope roused all his dormant energies, and he determined to use all his influence, and exert himself to the utmost in his favour. Had Sir Robert's principles been of a different nature from his own, he could not have done so; but, fortunately, they were both liberals. He succeeded in procuring three votes, and received a letter of thanks from Sir Robert. The day of election arrived, a day of much anxiety and trouble to many. Sir Robert was likely to lose, for the opposition candidate had one vote more. Just as all were collected in the Town-house, and the Sheriff about to pass the decision against Sir Robert, a carriage was heard to drive up, and Mr Marston entered, along with two freeholders who had been out of the way at the time of the canvass, and whom he had taken the trouble to collect from distant parts of the country, and bring off post haste. They arrived at the critical moment. Sir Robert was duly elected; and, in gratitude for such eminent service, he requested Marston to accompany him with his friends to dinner. This was an important day for Arthur Marston; he saw his beloved Louisa, and trembled at the change he saw in her appearance. He determined once more to solicit Sir Robert, as a sort of desperate and final effort to gain her. He did so, and Sir Robert could hardly refuse the man who had done him such distinguished service. At the earnest solicitations of Catherine and Captain Harvie, he complied; at least Mr Marston had the satisfaction of receiving an invitation that night to spend a few weeks at Belston: and it need hardly be told that he considered it as a tacit encouragement to pay his addresses to Louisa. At this moment all is bustle and preparation at Belston House. The gay and lively Catherine is happy in accepting the offered hand of the handsome Captain, and the two sisters are to be married on the same day, which is not far off.

RAILWAYS.

The following is an abstract of the evidence on the advantage of railroads, given on the London and Birmingham railway bill, which was thrown out by the House of Lords:—Before the establishment of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, there were twenty-two regular, and about seven occasional extra coaches, between those places, which, in full, could only carry, per day, 688 persons. The railway, from its commencement, carried 700,000 persons in eighteen months, being an average of 1070 per day It has not been stopped for a single day. There has occurred but one fatal accident on it in eighteen months. The fare by coach was 10s. inside, and 5s. outside; by railway it is 5s. inside, and 3s. 6d. outside The time occupied in making the journey by coach was four hours; by railway it is one hour and three quarters. All the coaches but one have ceased running, and that chiefly for the conveyance of parcels. The mails all travel by the railway, at a saving to government of two-thirds of the expense. The railway coaches are more commodious than others; the travelling is cheaper, safer, and easier. A great deal of traffic which used to go by other roads comes now by railway: both time and money are saved, though the length of the journey may be often increased. The proportion of passengers carried by railway over those carried by coach has been 22 to 10 in winter, and 17 or 18 to 10 in summer. A regiment of soldiers has been carried by the railway from Manchester to Liverpool in two hours. Gentlemen's carriages are conveyed on tracks by the railway. The locomotive travel in safety after dark. The rate of carriage of goods is 10s. per ton; by canal it used to be 15s. per ton. The time occupied in the journey by railway is two hours; by canal it is twenty hours. The canals have reduced their rates 30 per cent. Goods are delivered in Manchester the same day they are received in Liverpool; by canal they were never delivered before the third day. By railway, goods, such as wines and spirits, are not subject to the pilferage which existed on the canals. The saving to manufacturers in the neighbourhood of Manchester in the carriage of cotton alone has been L.20,000 per annum; some houses of business save L.500 a-year in carriage. Persons now go from Manchester to Liverpool and back in the same day with the greatest ease; formerly they were generally obliged to be absent the greater part of two days. More persons now travel on their own business. The railway is assessed to the parochial rates in all the parishes through which it passes: though only thirty-one miles, it pays between L.3000 and L.4000 per annum in parochial rates. Coal-pits have been sunk and manufactories established in the line, giving great employment to the poor; manufactories are also erected on the line, giving increased employment, and thus reducing the number of claimants for parochial relief. The railway pays one-fifth of the poor-rates in the parishes through which it passes. Fresh coal-mines have been sunk, owing to facilities of carriage and reduced price. It is found advantageous for the carriage of milk and garden produce: arrangements are about to be made for milk to be carried 15 miles at 1s. per 10 gallons (*i. e.*, less than one farthing per quart). A great deal of land on the line has been let for garden ground at increased rents. Residents on the line find the railway a great convenience, by enabling them to attend to their business in Manchester and Liverpool with ease, at little expense. No inconvenience is felt by residents from smoke or noise, but, on the contrary, great advantages are experienced by means of travelling, to and fro, distances of ten miles in half an hour for 1s., and without any fatigue. The engines only burn coke. The value of land on the line has been considerably enhanced by the operation of the railway: land cannot be purchased but at a large increase in price; it is much sought after for building, &c. The Railway Company, in their late purchases, have been obliged to pay frequently double the price they originally paid for their land. A great deal of land has been sold for building at three times its former value. Much waste land on the line has been taken into cultivation, and yields a good rent. Land-owners, originally opposed to the railway, are now its warm advocates: having found their fears wholly groundless, they have now been solicitous that the line should pass through their land. Mr Babbage observes, in his book on the "Economy of Manufactures," "One point of view in which rapid modes of conveyance increase the power of a country deserves attention. On the Manchester railroad, for example, above half a million of persons travel annually; and supposing each person to save only one hour in the time of transit between Manchester and Liverpool, a saving of five hundred thousand hours, or of fifty thousand working days of ten hours each, is effected. Now, this is equivalent to an addition to the actual power of the country of one hundred and sixty-seven men, without increasing the quantity of food consumed; and it should be also remarked, that the time of the class of men thus supplied is far more valuable than that of mere labourers."

The great utility of railways, and their productiveness in a pecuniary point of view, have just been exemplified at Edinburgh, where a railroad, formed for the purpose of introducing coal to the city from pits a few miles distant, has been covered with vehicles for the conveyance of passengers to all parts of the adjacent country. A similar degree of success has attended a railway in the west of Scotland; and it may safely be presumed that no species of commercial enterprise would be so certain of prospering, and yielding so large a return for capital, as a railway betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow, the intercourse betwixt which towns resembling that between Liverpool and Manchester, and the level nature of the country rendering the plan comparatively easy of accomplishment.

BOUNDARY BETWIXT SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

The present boundary on the east, betwixt Scotland and England, is the Tweed; but this line of division is of comparatively modern date. For several ages prior to the eleventh century, the borders of England extended as far north as some part of Stirlingshire, and therefore included all that portion of country now known by the name of Lothian, as well as Berwickshire, and part of Roxburgh and Selkirk shires. This fair district of Scotland was seized from the natives by Anglo-Saxon invaders, who poured in from the north of England at the middle of the fifth century, and who, fixing themselves in the country by the erection of forts and other strongholds, the chief of which was the Castle of Edinburgh, retained possession of it for about six hundred years. During this period the Anglo-Saxons completely dispossessed the original inhabitants, and introduced their own language, laws, and customs. Their country received the title of *Lot-ting*, or *Lod-ding*, Saxon or Teutonic words, signifying a special jurisdiction on the marches of two kingdoms, and not derived, as Buchanan has mentioned, from a supposed king of the name of *Loth*. In the year 1018, Malcolm II., King of Scots, in prosecution of a quarrel with the Earl of Northumberland, and possessor of the territory of Lothian, conducted his Scottish warriors from their western and northern domain, and met his foe between Carham and Wark, on the south bank of the Tweed. This battle, so important in its results, was long contested with desperate valour, and the palm of victory was claimed by the English leader; but this prince being soon after assassinated, his earldom descended to his brother, who, dreading the arms of the Scots, was induced, for the sake of peace, to cede Lothian for ever to Malcolm. This event occurred in the year 1020, and ever since, the Tweed, in its lower part, has been the acknowledged boundary betwixt Scotland and England.

LETTER FROM AN EMIGRANT.

A letter from a person who lately emigrated from Bristol to the United States of America, recently appeared in a Leeds newspaper, and from which the following extract is given, in the expectation of its being useful to many of our readers.

"Though greatly reduced by my long voyage, it has been of great service to my health. I am now perfectly well, and have nothing of that cough I have been subject to. My beloved wife and dear children are all very well, and look more healthy than before we left England. This is the case, likewise, with all our friends and their children (three families from Bristol, who removed about the same time). We are all very comfortable, and often meet together, and discuss, contrast, and compare things in America with those in England; on some points we agree in our likes and dislikes, and on some points differ very widely. On all material points, however, we fully agree—that this is the best *poor man's country*; the best to bring up and launch out a family; the best for persons of small incomes (if they can accommodate themselves to circumstances, and depend upon their own resources); servants ('helps') may be had here, board and wages both considered, at an expense but little more than in England; but then the maid is as good as her mistress, the man as his master.

"Though to parents coming out here, if they have the common feelings of our nature, it must be a sacrifice of the pleasures of friendship, and at first an endurance of many inconveniences, yet their children will bless them for their self-denial; and I believe, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, parents will feel thankful they had sufficient nerve to come to this country. Parents have no difficulty in bringing up their children, and placing them out in business; nor need they fear their future prosperity. Here, also, there is far less temptation to vice of every kind—sobriety and good order prevail in a way unknown in England. The direct and indirect effects of temperance societies are truly astonishing. This true happiness may be found in England; but I believe the sum of happiness in America is infinitely greater than in England. The chief cause of sorrow and distress in England is *unknown here!* Here there is not the garb of poverty, nor the look of distress.

"It was a fine morning; I walked five miles before breakfast on a very good tow-path, with the canal on my right, and the Mohawk River on my left, with a pretty fertile country and varied scenery. It reminded me strongly of Hay, my native place. We met a very agreeable English gentleman on the aqueduct over the Mohawk. He had travelled extensively through the States, and was then on his return to England, with a view of bringing his family over. He was highly pleased with the country and the people, and said, 'the English will never believe America to be so happy and prosperous a country, unless they see for themselves.' This reminded me of what an English gentleman at New York said to me. He inquired if I intended to send a full account home of what I saw. 'Certainly,' was my reply. 'And do you,' he said, 'expect they will believe you?' 'Surely they will.' 'Take my word for it,' he said, 'they will not believe the one-half of what even you say.'

"We arrived at Schenectady about two o'clock; it is a pretty good town. There is a rail-road from Albany to this place, for steam-coaches, which go 14 miles an hour. Wednesday, at daylight, came in sight of Utica. This is a very handsome town, abounding with well-built churches, of the various denominations, with spires. I do not know in England so regular and good a town—not the semblance of poverty or poor-houses. I will give you present prices of provisions:—Fowls, 12½c. (a cent is a halfpenny) per couple; turkeys and geese, 25c. each; venison, very fine, 1½c. per lb.; beef, veal, and pork, 3c.; potatoes, 25c. per bushel, very good, but not so mealy as the English; butter, always good, 12½c., now considered very dear; apples, 25c. per bushel; cider, 1½ dollar per barrel of 32 gallons; flour, now high, 4½ dollars per barrel; corn, 20c. per bushel. The horses are generally good, and the oxen are fine large beasts for labour. Self supporting, or manual labour schools, are already established in many parts of the Union, and promise to be the means of diffusing more good than any other society established in modern times. These schools are promoted by the Baptists, who are a very numerous sect in America. I would just observe that young men desirous of being educated for the ministry, as well as others entering these schools, obtain a good classical and religious education. By their labouring at some trade on the premises four hours a-day, they pay for their board, and one hour more for their education. Mechanics in this State get well paid. A working jeweller in the town of Newark gets 9½ dollars per week, besides board and lodging; and common carpenters and coopers get 20 dollars a-month, besides board and lodging. When at New York, my friend Mr Jennings told me, if 500 young women were to come over, they would immediately get into situations there: were many thousands to come over, they would find sufficient employment in the States, and get well paid for their services."

BRITISH AND IRISH LINEN MANUFACTURE

THE superiority of British manufactures is not more manifest in any branch of trade than in that of linen. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom, whatever may be their poverty in particular circumstances, pride themselves in possessing good linen shirts, and, if possible, a proper assortment of household drapery of the same substantial stuff. The cultivation of flax, and the weaving of that produce into linen, is therefore one of the staple employments in the country. But a vast proportion of the cloth which is prepared is exported to other nations, and this yields a large return of capital to the manufacturer. Some of the chief manufacturing districts for this article are found in Scotland and Ireland. In Scotland the trade is confined almost entirely to Fife and Forfar shires, and in Ireland it is limited to the northern portion of that kingdom. The introduction of the linen manufacture into Scotland is comparatively recent, great efforts having been made, both by government and associations of individuals, about a century ago, to turn the attention of the people towards this branch of trade, which was appropriate both to the climate and the condition of the country. Linen was much earlier made in Ireland. The trade, we are informed, flourished here during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; but from the particular fashion of the Irish shirts, great part of the linen manufactured was used within the country. The settlement of many industrious families from Britain, in the province of Ulster, most likely led to the prosperity of the linen trade, and brought it, through various vicissitudes, to its present flourishing state. The linen which is now made in Ireland is reckoned remarkably fine for shirting, &c., but has generally the reputation of being overdressed on the surface, and of being somewhat unequal in the proportion of weft to the warp. The Scottish linen has not, in most cases, so attractive an appearance as that of Ireland, but is esteemed superior in point of wearing qualities, and brings a higher price in the English market. It appears from official returns that the annual average of the linen trade of Ireland, for ten years, from 1770 to 1780, was 25,000,000 yards. In 1782, and the ten succeeding years, the average rose to 40,000,000, being an exact annual increase of 15,000,000. The exports of linen from Ireland in 1814 amounted to L.2,645,912, and of linen yarn, L.62,928. They have since greatly increased.

Scotland does not export linen to such an extent as Ireland, the amount of exports of this article, in the year ending 5th January 1828, being 14,945,299 yards, the official value of which was L.803,267; but this, it is presumed, is exclusive of coarse linen and hempen goods. The finer fabrics of the Scottish linen manufacture are made in Fife, principally at Dunfermline and the adjacent villages; while the coarser articles, in which steam power is employed, are produced at Dundee, and other towns in Forfarshire. The trade in flax and hemp goods at present carried on in these thriving seats of population is immense, considering their recent rise. "The precise period at which the trade was established (says the writer of an article on the subject in *The Dundee Chronicle*) we have not been able to ascertain, but there are various reasons for believing that it was about the beginning of the last century. It made little progress for some time, as appears from a statement of imports and exports in the year 1745, which is to be found in Dr Small's Statistical Account of Dundee. In that year, 74 tons of flax were imported, but no hemp. The quantity of linen exported is estimated at one million of yards, but there is no mention of sailcloth or bagging. In Dr Small's book there is also a statement of imports and exports in the year 1791, which shews that a considerable increase had by that time taken place. The import of flax then amounted to 2444 tons, and of hemp to 299 tons. The quantity of linen exported that year had increased to 7,842,000 yards, besides 280,000 yards of sailcloth, and 65,000 yards of bagging. From this period the trade began gradually, but not very rapidly, to extend itself; and the foundation was laid for that extraordinary increase in it which has taken place during the last fifteen years. Before the peace of 1814, the quantity of machinery employed in spinning was not great. About this time, however, and in consequence chiefly of improvements in the machinery, the trade altogether became more safe than during the war, when the supply of raw material from the Baltic was apt to be cut off by the operations of the belligerent powers. The consequence has been, that, since the date just mentioned, the importation of flax at Dundee has increased from 3000 tons to 15,000 tons per annum, and the exportation of linen in an equal proportion. Nor is it easy to predict any probable limit to its further increase.

"The following abstract of imports and exports of the articles above referred to, for the year ending 31st May 1831, shews an increase of the trade almost wonderful. Flax imported, 15,010 tons; hemp, 3082; linen shipped off, 356,817 pieces, measuring about 50 millions of yards; sailcloth, 85,522 pieces, measuring about 3½ millions of yards; bagging, 62,199 pieces, measuring about 4 millions of yards. Total, 57½ millions of yards."—A great proportion of this large quantity is exported to the United States of America and the West Indies.

A HIGHLAND LAIRD.

THE last of the Chiefs was Glengary, Macnab was the last of the Lairds—but MacNichol of Fishwig was well entitled to be considered a well-marked specimen of that species of the squire genus. Where or when he was born, is of little consequence. Most probably it was on his hereditary property in Caithness, and about seventy or seventy-five years ago. It is certain he must have been born, and also grown and prospered, for his stature exceeded six feet, and he was stout in proportion; and when you fancy an Herculean person of these dimensions, with regular features, and sandy hair, an eye that, like the eye of Highlanders in general, is easily kindled, with somewhat of a stoop, a habit of folding his arms, and walking slouchingly, and a taker of snuff, you have an idea of Fishwig in his latter days.

In his early days he must have been handsome in spite of himself, but he was probably always indifferent to it. He was bred to the profession of medicine, but it had never been bread to him. He was a laird, however, in expectancy from the beginning, and at last, in fact; and therefore, and from his ancient family, felt doubtless no difficulty in getting married; and he happened to find the circumstance of some consequence, for he required to be married three times. In his younger days he probably drank and snuffed moderately; rode to the town on market days, when his father was unable; drew the corks after dinner, when there was company, and even went to the cellar—in short, was a young laird. He was also able very probably, upon compulsion, to tell a tenant, or a tenant's wife, what was the matter with them, when they ailed, and came to the place in quest of advice; but without taking the trouble of drawing his hands from his pockets to write a prescription, or even go through the farce of feeling their pulse—except under the threat of having his head broken if he did not. In due time, the old laird died, and the son was a doctor no more; and farther history sayeth not, upon that occasion. He only emerges into notice and notoriety in his first widowhood; and then he is full grown, perhaps in his fortieth year; very frequent in his visits among his tenants, and continuing them till not only the tenants' patience, but his pantry, and even his shirts and stockings, were completely worn out. What first led him into this habit is not known; it is only certain, that for days, weeks, and months, he would remain sometimes in the poorest houses; not occupying the best apartment, or the best bed, but lying along by the fire, in his plaid; sometimes with not only the cats and dogs of the family lying down beside him, or sitting by him demure and listless as he; but, in a wet day, with even the fowls roosting on him. Some people may be apt to fancy this utter abandonment of himself, the effect of his domestic privation; and exclaim with the poet—

"Ah! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

The mind is much obliged to them, but it had no claim to nobility; nor was it overthrown; it was only if any thing in particular, laid to rust like an old razor, that in time it might shave again. Others may fancy, that having now no game at home, a barn-door fowl or a pullet might be in favour, and that the laird, like a lazy malkin, was merely desirous of being near his prey; but even that is not alleged. He was not yet in want of money, for he had not yet gone to law, nor consequently thought of keeping an agent. He seemed, from causes nearly inexplicable, to have only got into a snuffing, drinking, loitering sort of state, and to have preferred indulging in those, in the company of a tenant, or a tenant's wife, to doing either in solitude, and at home.

Meantime the house, now seldom conscious of the presence of the master, would become more and more unfit for it. When the laird returned, a blowsy, or perhaps grim and scraggy cow-milker, would remove the milk dishes from the dining-room table, if there was one unbroken; scrub and flap off with her apron the uppermost of the dust from the chairs. She would sweep in, with all haste, the ashes that had lain in the fire-place since the last fire, and perhaps contrive to create as much smoke in the cold chimney as to make the apartment thoroughly disagreeable or uninhabitable. Perhaps the can would be off the chimney top, the tongs straying, and the poker bent, not from age, but ill usage, till it disdained to be any longer assisting in stirring the coals for any one. There would be no meat in the house, of course; there was nobody to eat it; no bread for the same reason; no sugar, no tea; not even warm water. There would only be some cakes, some cheese, and perhaps some whisky, if the laird had left any, but that seems unlikely. There would not even be a bed, for the sheets and blankets, like the ship-boy's cheese, would be at washing. The laird would naturally and necessarily look dismay; he would swear—for who *could* endure this? He would turn his steps from his own house, as a matter of absolute necessity; and woe to the tenant that received him, under the full impression of all these impediments to his return.

History states, that after due time there was a necessity for his being again married; and though we are aware that in proper circumstances little courtship is necessary on the part of a laird, the forms must be gone through; society requires it. Before a man can go to court, he must dress himself; and here the annals of the period have done posterity some justice: The dress of the Laird of Fishwig, upon this occasion, is minutely described. According to the most authentic accounts, he wore his usual old hat, a little turned up behind; not, like a parson's beaver, from the propriety and dignity of the thing, but from use; he wore a coat, whether black, blue, or grey, is not said; he found a pair of buckskin breeches wandering about the house, and apprehended them as proper to ride in; white silk stockings would be proper, as he was going among ladies; and so perceiving something of that description hanging over a drawer, he took them; there was only one hole too many in each, and that had been made by his own heel, but it was only a few inches above the shoe, and so was of little consequence. That shoe was strong, and well ironed for the country, and as clean as was necessary to go riding through dirty roads. He had a spur for one side of the horse, and a stick was soon cut for the other. He had only to catch a plough-horse, and have the old saddle cast on him, which to be sure had wanted a stirrup since the mistress's death, but a rope one soon supplied it; and, with a cart bridle, as the riding one was not to be found, MacNichol of Fishwig was mounted, and went upon his way. No old shoe was thrown at him; they had been all used; and, besides, there was nobody cared whether he was married or not. The woman servant was glad that he had done railing at her, because she had taken no care to have a clean shirt for him; the man, for that the cart-horse was, as furry as if there was not a wisp of straw to curry him with in the kingdom; and they went away, each admiring the unreasonableness of masters, to assist one another in conjecturing the probable result of this outfit.

It is of no use to describe a laird's courtship; we know the end of it before it is begun. Before Fishwig alighted, the roads had coated his legs so completely over, especially behind, that the holes in his silk stockings, though ample, were undistinguishable. He was received by the young lady's father (if, as we suppose, ladies are always called young till they are married) with his hands in his breeches pockets, at the stable door. Seeing our friend's feet and ancles rather muddy, he observed, that he had been taking samples of the roads, and recommended that, in order to make decent, he should walk through the water of Strathy, a rivulet that run hard by. Our friend declined this, being of opinion, perhaps, that when things are better hid than shown, they ought not to be shown. His host could only insist, therefore, that his river was useful notwithstanding; for, said he, now that I am not able to go out to get my feet wet in the moors, as I used to do, I every morning, as soon as I am dressed, walk through that water, and then I am comfortable for the day.

The lady was one of those stayed respectable-looking persons that may often be seen in the parlours of old families, too proud to marry beneath themselves, and formerly supposed pretty, and too poor to *secure* a husband whenever they may choose to give in. She was what is called not far from forty, although she had for some time been going farther from it every day. As soon as she had received, and coldly shook hands with, our friend, she sat down, and crossed her arms. The old laird was merry, because he thought his daughter was going to get married; not that he had any wish to part with her, and particularly with the cattle and money which he foresaw must change owners at the same time, but because she had not allowed her mother, or indeed any of the family, to remain ignorant that she wished it—as many a broken plate could testify, were it considered of consequence to preserve such witnesses. It is certain she had wished to be married—not for any thing that she need be ashamed of, but because it is discreditable, and an evidence of the most abominable luck in the world, to be unmarried, or at least without an offer; and this lady declared, and was joined in it by more than one old woman in the parish who understood these matters, that her mother *must* have omitted to have her wrapped in a man's linen when she was born, or it was impossible she could have remained without an offer so long.

The supposition was now about to be proved false. As soon as the ladies had retired after dinner, the laird and the old gentleman talked freely of the business in hand. They both of them agreed that marriage was often a great bore, and every snuff and tumbler gave strength to their assertions. They talked of fifty people who had been made miserable in fifty ways, in, by, and through their wives. "There is one good thing," said Fishwig; "they may be unchangeable, but they are not immortal." "You, at least, have been fortunate," said the other; "but *I* have been married these fifty years, and, for any thing I see, may be so many more." "If my luck should be the same," said the laird, "I defy me to be much unhappier than I am;" and he set down his tumbler as on a conclusive argument. "Then, 'take me!'" said the other, "if you can put up with the woman, if I would not give the cattle and the money to you, sooner than to any other man I know!" Our friend thanked him, and acknowledged his obligations; and in evidence of all together they shook hands, and replenished their tumblers in the most affectionate manner.

With tea the ladies returned, and the subject was introduced in full conclave with our friend's consent. We believe no woman makes such a contract without some emotions, both of affection and gratitude, and we are sure we have no wish to insist upon the con-

trary. This lady, though dark, and not comely, looked moved. It is even said—

"Some natural tears she shed!"

Fishwig saw it, and was not insensible. On the contrary, being now warm with excellent brandy, or, as he himself would have expressed it in his latter years, "well stricken in drink," he started up, and, to the discomfiture of his friend, striking the laird's shin with his heel, and tearing his intended bride's gown with his toe, he not only squeezed her hand in his shoulder of mutton fist, but absolutely inflicted a kiss! and, smiting her again on the hand between his two, declared it a bargain! a done thing! a bargain that he would not renounce for twice the money; "unless," said he mentally, "it were to be paid down, and I had a better prospect!" and, having made this honest acknowledgment to himself, he resumed his seat without much farther damage, and the exercise of his tumbler without the least delay. The maiden of WETANSTOUR retired a trembling bride, our friend accompanying her to the door, and assuring her the thing was not worth being moved about; and as soon as by the dispatch of a bowl of cold punch, in which the laird and he, by special contract, went equal partners; we say, as soon as by the dispatch of this he could regain his single vision, and saw, by repeated observations carefully taken, that the different articles on the table appeared tolerably steady, he again got carefully upon his horse—collecting his legs into the stirrups, for fear that a vagrant dyke, or some such matter abroad in that dark season, might effect a separation between horse and foot, and reached home, as far as we have learned, not much more the worse of liquor than he expected to be.

For several days after, there was a vigorous ejectment, from the house of Fishwig, of old shoes and all the other stationery of a neglected bachelor's residence. Certain habiliments of various ages and denominations were obliged to vacate their seats on the chairs. In ten or fifteen days, by a great expenditure of swearing and whisky, the house was painted by an old man, one of the first painters in the neighbourhood; the bell-wires were all repaired, as far as the blacksmith could judge; the furniture was all reviewed by a cartwright of the first eminence; and wherever a leg was wanting to a mahogany table, or an arm to a chair, a substitute of the finest birch, stained to match, was introduced; and the article thereby, as every one that saw it declared, made stronger than ever. Floors were planked, roofs pointed, windows patched, and courts cleaned, so that, with the help of a wet dishclout judiciously applied, the house looked more glorious than ever; and the laird, having taken a *cursory* view of the subject (that is to say, sworn at every one thing that had been done, that it was as badly done as possible, and even beyond what he had ever conceived possible), gave orders for renewing the crockery, which, it is asserted, proved absent without leave, even to the cat's dish, and left not a single article bearing the name of stone, except a few Delft dishes for milk; and, finally, let on the whisky, and prepared for the great occasion.

We will not attempt to describe a Highland wedding. It is not in our line. We only know this, that the bridegroom, having sent suitable presents, and the bride presented the gentleman with a shirt, as use is, intended, we suppose, to provide, that if a lady takes her husband in his shirt, it shall be a good one, she herself came home, amid the clamour of pipes, the shooting off of guns, the snorting of horses, and the hallooing of men and boys; that a cake was broken on her head; that there was a long table in the barn, with plenty of beef, bread, and beer, and sitters to match; that in the house the same order of battle was observed; that there was a cask of sugar on the stair-head, with a spade in it, and brandy and whisky not far distant; and that next morning when they sought for them, "behold they were not." Fancy the couple married then; fancy the honey-week over; fancy Fishwig not so unhappy as he thought he would be, nay, "comparatively happy"—for he now was no longer out either at elbows or heels, had part of a clean shirt to his back, and a shoulder of mutton on his table; fancy the lady matronising in style, and Fishwig himself less snuffy and shaved, happy when, with an old companion, to see a cheerful fire, a clean house, and to have broad-cloth without and whisky within. He was what Scrub calls, "clean another sort of man." The lady kept the key, both of the cellar and cash-box, but neither in extremes; he had always a glass for a friend, and some shillings to rattle in his pockets. He dressed, he shaved, talked wisely, and went to church. But man is not born to be happy; and how could our friend hope to be allowed to continue so? He was not allowed. He became in the last degree unhappy, and acquainted with sorrow. And how? Hear it, ye hardened bachelors, and, like some others that we could mention, "believe, and tremble." He lost his wife! We are sorry to be accessory to her death, even after the fact; but the course of our history requires it. She died, and was buried.

Instead of falling into his former habits, of deserting home, or seeking unsuitable company, or going to the devil in any of the many hundred ways,

"For which the door is open night and day,"

He did what in the estimation of many is equal to, and synonymous with, them all—he went to law.

How our hero got into debt and repented, and how he *again* married and became a gentleman, we shall embrace another opportunity of recording.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

ATHENS AND SPARTA.

THE two principal states of ancient Greece were Athens and Sparta; they were both republics, but there were several curious peculiarities in their form of government which may be interesting to our readers.

The government of Athens has been said to be democratic; but it was so in a much more limited sense than is frequently supposed. Only a small part of the inhabitants had privileges, which entitled them to vote either in the election of candidates to public offices, or in the management of the business of the state. This right belonged only to a class who claimed to be descended from the original citizens of Athens, and who, in a population of perhaps 120,000, did not, with their families, amount to more than 21,000: the males who at any time actually exercised the right of citizens of Athens (or freemen of the town, as it would be called in our times) did not, therefore, much exceed six thousand. The exclusive privileges of this small body were guarded by them and their descendants with the utmost jealousy; and no one, except by special permission of the whole assembly, was allowed to be added to their number. The hereditary nature of this right, and the small number of those who held it, led to the worst consequences; no citizen, however poor, lost his privileges, and no mere resident, however wealthy, could acquire them: hence the right of voting in the public meetings, and of electing candidates to offices, fell gradually into the hands of a set of people, who, as a body, were far from wealthy; and who were, therefore, accessible to bribes, and to all those other temptations with which intriguing statesmen seek to influence the poor. The fact that the citizens, properly so called, depended for a great part of their subsistence on the entertainments made at public sacrifices, or on the pittance allowed to them for attending the courts and assemblies, sufficiently shows both their small number and their poverty. Hence they were continually the tool of every man of rank or influence who chose to flatter or to feed them. One rich person held the ascendancy in Athens a long time, by throwing open his gardens, and making public feasts for them; another, who had not the same wealth, got a decree passed that all *citizens* should have freedom to attend the theatre gratis; and as the same dependent class were employed as a kind of jurors both on civil and criminal trials, some public men flattered them by increasing the pay they received in that capacity, from three half-pence a-day, its original amount, to fivepence, which was the highest sum ever given. Statesmen who had the art of managing them, made every effort to get their influence increased; and as this could be done by their own act, the power of the popular assemblies gradually encroached on all the powers of the government. The habits of the people who possessed these privileges, and abused them in this manner, could not be otherwise than vicious; and we accordingly find them the object of contempt in most of the ancient writers who venture to describe them truly: the comedian Aristophanes treats the fivepenny judges (*trioboli*) with unsparing ridicule. And the absurd situations into which they threw the republic, at the suggestion of some of their favourites of the moment, justifies all that can be said of them as an ignorant, unsteady, and mercenary rabble. At one time they gave their patron Alcibiades the command of the most important and expensive armament ever fitted out in Athens; and almost as soon as he was gone, and had it no longer in his power to bribe and flatter them, they listened to some of his enemies, and ordered their commander home on trial for his life—a step which ruined their army and fleet, and led to the downfall of their power soon after. One day a decree was obtained from them for executing thirty generals, who, after a victory at sea, had neglected, on account of a storm, to bury the dead; and in a few weeks, the man who had brought about this consummation, was himself sentenced to be poisoned. Some enemies of Socrates got the miserable *citizens* to pass sentence of death against him; and, shortly after, his friends, by a little management, made them issue a decree for erecting a temple to his memory. The men who managed public affairs through the instrumentality of this body, being under the necessity of attending to their wishes, often levied large sums from the conquered cities, in order to provide public entertainments, where they might be amused or feasted. And, singular as it may appear, we find, at the time the Athenian power was at the highest, grave calculations of the amount which would be required from each of the tributary towns, to support all the citizens in idleness and comfort.

It is obvious that the caprices, corruption, and meanness of this body of people, arose from the smallness of their number, and the hereditary nature of their privileges, which kept political influence in the hands of men who were not above being influenced by considerations of petty gains, and even daily subsistence. The rest of the inhabitants, who consisted of residents (*non-freemen*), servants, and slaves, formed a very large population. The numbers are uncertain, for ancient writers are woefully deficient in statistical information; but, from the great commerce of Athens after the subjection of Egina, they could not amount to less than 100,000. The slaves, who were treated much in the same way as our servants, formed what would now be called the populace of the town. There were generally four slaves to every freeman in the Greek cities, and these not marked out as bondsmen by their speech or complexion, but of the same blood as their masters, and sometimes attaining their freedom, though seldom, if ever, the right of citizenship. There were some foreign slaves in Athens, but these at all times must have been an inconsiderable number; the vast majority were only Greeks of inferior condition.

The character and circumstances of the persons who thus formed the basis of political power in Athens, gave a tinge to the whole proceedings of the government, making it unsteady and fluctuating, according as one or other of the favourites of the people had the ascendancy. This evil became greater as the power of the citizens increased, and, from the time of Pericles, who was the first that endeavoured to render himself popular in this way, there was little consistency or system in the proceedings of Athens. That statesman established his own influence over his tools, by giving them privileges which rendered them too vain of their power to submit long to any of his successors; and, accordingly, the weak citizens vacillated between the bribes of one demagogue and the promises of another, till the power of Athens sunk into contempt. It was in the latter part of its history that the influence of oratory became conspicuous; and it is to the idleness and caprice of the *citizens* of Athens (a very different class from the Athenian people) that we owe the cultivation of eloquence, an art peculiarly necessary for amusing public assemblies.

We do not mean to say that the government of Athens, as thus constituted, was entirely without useful qualities. The most upright statesmen are not without ambition, and some of these condescended to seek influence among the citizens by the usual means, which they afterwards employed for admirable purposes. Sometimes the sense of imminent danger, or great public advantage, led the people to act right, in spite of their flatterers; and the public assemblies often formed a drag on the bad purposes of the worst demagogues, who sometimes found it easier, even here, to do right than to defend the wrong, which they would have preferred. But with all this, the limited and hereditary tenure of the right of citizenship (or franchise) was the cause of ultimate ruin to this celebrated government. Had the privilege of citizenship not been hereditary, but given to those who had acquired property in the city, the system of Athenian government would have been very different, and its prosperity would have been chequered by fewer of those reverses which at last destroyed its power as a free state.

Sparta presents a still more singular spectacle than Athens. In this state the ruling class was a body still smaller than in the latter, but they had no deliberative powers; there was little electing of candidates, no canvassing of public measures: the whole class were soldiers, forming a body of military nobility not unlike that of Poland in more modern times. They had different ranks among themselves, each of which was excessively jealous of its own precedence. There were, in the first place, the Spartans properly so called, who, like the "Hebrew of the Hebrews," could boast of pure Spartan descent, untainted by any other alliance: of these, in the authentic periods of Grecian history, there were not more than a hundred families, chiefly of senatorial rank. The next class was the Lacedemonians, who were more numerous, consisting of the freemen or rather gentry of mixed descent, in the capital, and other districts; though those of the latter were held to be inferior in degree. It is with regard to these three classes that the strange romance passes current, of their conforming to certain laws established by Lycurgus in the poetical times of Greek history. It is said that he enjoined an exact equality of property; the use of iron money, to prevent trade; common tables where the rich and poor ate together without distinction; and a number of other laws equally absurd and impracticable—and which, moreover, we know never were practised; for the distinctions of rank were maintained with more invidious severity in this state than in any other of Greece, and there were rich men and poor in every authentic period of its history, the state of equality here, as in other nations, having existed in the golden and poetical ages only. The secret of their having little money or iron money was not because their laws prevented it, but because, like other half savage nations, priding themselves on being great warriors, they were ignorant of any art of trade which could induce strangers to bring money among them. What appears certain is, that the education of the young freemen (or *gentry*, shall we still call them?) of Sparta, was exclusively military, and that they lived, perhaps, in a kind of barracks, along with the grown-up persons who had them in training. This is all that is credible of their system of equality, because every other part of it is contradicted whenever we are brought into actual contact with any part of Spartan history. The training of these young men as soldiers was very severe and complete; they formed always a steady and trustworthy force, both in action and for enduring fatigue. But they acquired no other accomplishment except their military exercises, and no search after knowledge was encouraged among them. Lycurgus—or whoever framed their laws—by branding all handicrafts with disgrace, by banishing trade, and excluding strangers, took the most effectual means to form a nation of ignorant soldiers; and the gloomy military virtues of the Spartans accordingly

remind a reader in the present day of nothing so much as the fame of the Troquois or Cherokees. Their regulations concerning lending wives, and the destruction of weakly infants—if ever such regulations were put in practice—were more absurdly savage than any thing among the wildest tribes of North America. It is impossible to read the commendations of *Spartan virtue*, which has passed into a proverb among ancient and modern writers, without a smile; for there never was a people of more grossness of manners, or a set of laws more fitted to perpetuate barbarism, than those of Sparta. Among none of the Greeks do we find more duplicity, or less disinterestedness, than in the transactions of the Spartan generals and statesmen.

The classes already mentioned formed, as we have said, a distinct and superior order in Sparta; the great bulk of the population was reckoned as their slaves, and was held by them in the most rigorous and degrading subjection. These slaves were called helots, and they were the only working people in the community. They farmed the land as small tenants, and paid a certain rent in kind to the public funds of the superior class; they were employed as artizans in all the coarse manufactures which the rudeness of Spartan manners admitted; and they were also the domestic servants and slaves of their masters. In the wars they formed by far the greater part of the armies, but were always slightly armed, and never employed in any situation of trust; for the Spartans (that is, the ruling class) made it a maxim that almost every one of themselves should have some command, however inconsiderable. It appears, therefore, that the helots were by far the most useful and industrious class in the state; yet, by their masters, they were treated with every mark of scorn and cruelty. They were allowed only to appear in a dress betokening slavery; a bonnet of dog-skin (worn in the rudest times of Greece), and sheep-skin vests, were the only apparel they dared to use: they were prohibited from teaching their children any accomplishments which might make them like their lords: and a Spartan might flog them once every day, merely to remind them that they were slaves. It is hardly to be supposed that such laws, any more than those of Lycurgus, were actually in practice; for we find that, in spite of them, many of the helots rose to a certain degree of wealth, and that they sometimes fought for their masters with zeal; but we know also that as soon as any of them gained by these means a little consideration, the spirit of jealousy was awakened among their barbarous superiors, who, in order to get rid of those who were likely to become leaders among them, had recourse to assassination. The murder of a serf (or helot) was not punishable by law; nay, it was even allowable, if we can believe this horrible part of the story, for the young Spartans to lie in wait, as a kind of sport, for any good-looking or saucy-looking slave, and stab him to the heart in the highway. It is certain that at one time, when the helots had stood their masters in good stead in battle, they were desired, by way of reward, to choose out 2000 of their best men, that they might receive their freedom, and be enrolled as Spartans, and that these 2000 men were all silently murdered soon after. At another time, when danger was apprehended from the growing numbers and petty wealth of the boors, the senate enacted the farce of declaring war against them, and coolly murdered many thousands, in order to thin their numbers and break their spirit. Had there been any redeeming trait in the Spartan character to compensate for such barbarity, one would have wondered less at the respect which is sometimes paid them; but their military fame only adds another instance to the many already on record, that the most ignorant and savage tribes make the most dogged soldiers.

Such were the Spartans and Athenians, the most celebrated of the Greek states, and whose transactions have made the greatest figure in history.

COAL.

A few minutes' reflection upon the subject will convince every one, that to this inflammable mineral Britain is indebted for the rank which she holds amongst the nations of Europe. Coal is the most valuable substance that ever was dug from the bowels of the earth, and hence the most inestimable terrestrial gift of the Great Creator. Suppose that our island had, instead of her coal-mines, those of the precious metals, such as gold and silver, would she have been a profiter by the exchange? Far otherwise. There might, indeed, have been as many human beings directly engaged in extracting the treasure from the earth, and fabricating it in various ways, and also in exporting it to other countries. But we do not consider coal as principally valuable because a number of individuals are employed in raising it from its subterranean bed, no, nor even in its usefulness for domestic purposes. Its great value consists in its application in the arts. We look to it in its relation to the steam-engine, that stupendous power which may be said to have changed the history of the world. What would we be as a nation without our manufactures? what would our manufactures be without the steam-engine? and what, again, would it be without coal? It may be replied that we might have had recourse to wood. But this combustible is a great deal more expensive, and does not answer the purpose half so well. Besides, had wood been used, long ere this time there would not have been left a standing tree on the whole island, and a foreign supply could scarcely be relied upon. It was liable to be cut off by the casualties of war, or the caprice of governments.

Coal to manufactures and commerce is just what food is to the human body. The combustible mineral is not a steam-engine, or the gold of the mint, it is true, but it is the vital life of the one, and the creator of the other. Food is not the blood, or the bones, muscles, sinews, &c.; but is it not them all in embryo? If our coal-mines were to become exhausted, the nation would sink like a foundered ship, and several centuries of civilization would go down with the wreck. It hence becomes matter of deep interest to every one in whose bosom there is a kindling of patriotism, to know how our country stands with respect to this invaluable treasure. But we shall first say a few words on the nature and history of coal.

Mineralogists have divided coal into three great families, namely, black, uninflammable, and brown, each of these being again subdivided into a vast number of different species. Into the metropolis of England no less than *seventy* different kinds of coal are imported, and *forty-five* of these come from Newcastle alone. All the common coals, such as cannel coal, slate coal, foliated coal, &c., belong to the black family. Uninflammable coals are those known in Scotland by the names of *blind* or *deaf* coals, and in England by those of Welsh, culm, or stone coals. The Kilkenny coals of Ireland belong also to this species. At Bovey, near Exeter, the brown coal is principally found. It is more commonly known by the name of the place where it is found.

The Scotch coals are familiarly called *open burning* coals, from their not running into a cake during combustion, like those of Newcastle. The best fires for household purposes are made by a mixture of Scotch and Newcastle coals.

Coal and wood, although very different in their appearance, are in their composition very nearly alike. Carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, are the chief constituents of both. It is well known that the gas employed for lighting the streets is obtained by heating coal in close vessels. The hydrogen gas, or inflammable air combined with the coal, is driven off by the heat, and collected in vessels for the purpose. The substance which remains is called *coke;* and when wood is treated in the same manner, the residuent is called *charcoal.* They are both nearly pure carbon.

The fact is, that much of our coal is transformed wood, a great number of the mines being evidently the remains of forests; for the species of plants and trees which formed the coal-beds can still be distinguished; they are also often found mixed up with the remnants of animals. The peat-mosses now existing on the surface of the earth consist principally of vegetable remains in an early stage of transformation into the state of coal.

Beds or strata of coal occur amongst those of gravel, sand, clay, &c., of which the present surface of the earth is composed, and their accumulation must be ascribed to the agency of water. These strata, by long contact and pressure, became solidified into a rocky crust; and this crust, by repeated convulsions of the earth, of which there are abundant evidences, has been broken, and heaved up above the level of the sea, so as to form the dry land, diversified into mountain and plain. Coal, as well as other precious minerals, was first discovered by man at the fractures of the strata, which may often be seen lying one above another like piled books. It was at last discovered that the mineral strata occur among themselves in regular succession, so that the discovery of one stratum is a sure indication that the other is lying near; and thus the operations of the miner have been rendered of much surer result than if no such order were observed in nature. Indeed, expensive boring through superior strata can now be undertaken with a certainty of finding the desired treasure, provided the proper indications are given at the commencement.

HISTORY OF COAL.

Coal appears to have been known to the ancient Britons, although history, as far as we can recollect, is silent upon the subject. Indeed, it seems scarcely possible that they could have remained ignorant of its properties. Certain it is that they knew of its existence, for its present appellation is a British, and not a Saxon word, and still subsists among the Cornish in their *kolan* to this day. But, for many centuries after its discovery, wood was the prevailing fuel of the nation. In the year 852, we find the abbey of Peterborough granting some lands under the reservation of certain payments to the monastery, and amongst these there are mentioned sixty cart-loads of wood, and twelve of pit coal. Thus at this period the consumption of coal, in comparison with wood, was as one to five. The fact is, that as long as the immense forests remained, it was matter of policy to clear the soil of them.

The first public notice of coal occurs in the reign of Henry III., who granted a charter to Newcastle, conferring on the inhabitants the privilege of digging for coals. The first statute regarding this article was the ninth of Henry V. c. 10, ordaining all keels in the port of Newcastle to be measured by commissioners before carriage of coals, under the penalty of forfeiture. It was not, however, until the reign of Charles I. that they came into any thing like common use; they were sold at that time for about 17s. per chaldron. At the Restoration, the quantity imported was supposed to amount to about 200,000 chaldrons. At the Revolution they amounted to about 300,000 chaldrons, and the importation has, of course, gone on to increase with the growing magnitude of the city: it at present amounts to 1,600,000 chaldrons. A London chaldron is 26½ cwts.

For a long period, and until very lately, the most grievous taxes were laid upon the importation of coals into London. The government duty of six shillings per chaldron has been recently abolished, but several burdens, in no ordinary degree oppressive, still remain. Perhaps the heaviest is the price paid for conveying the coal from a little below London Bridge to the consumers in the city. It amounts to more than the entire cost of the coal in the north, which is about 14s., and the sum paid by the consumer in London is L.2, 4s. 7½d., above 14s. of which goes to defray the expense of the carriage above noticed. The principal cause of the exorbitant charge for conveying coal is to be traced to the monopoly enjoyed by those who are employed in the operation, they being paid in almost every instance *four* or *five* times more than they should be.

Another abomination existed until lately, that of selling coal by measure, instead of weight. A cubic yard of coal is nearly equal to five bolls; if broken into pieces of moderate size, it measures seven and a half bolls; and if broken small, nine bolls. Here the dealer had an opportunity of defrauding his customers, by pulverizing his coals. Indeed, the profit of many of the retailers arose from the increase of measure by the breakage of the article. Parliament, however, has recently enacted that it must be sold by weight. But we must hasten to the most important branch of the subject, namely,

THE PROBABLE QUANTITY OF COAL WHICH OUR ISLAND CONTAINS.

The investigations hitherto made as to the magnitude of the coal-mines, and the extent to which they can be wrought, are vague and unsatisfactory, and hence a near approximation to the truth cannot be looked for. But there has been one consoling fact elicited by the inquiries of those who have studied the subject: all are agreed that many centuries must elapse before any difficulties can be felt from a diminished supply of coal. Mr Taylor, an experienced coal-owner, has given it as his opinion that the coal-fields of Durham and Newcastle alone will furnish the present annual supply for 1700 years. Dr Buckland, the celebrated geologist, thinks this estimate greatly exaggerated; but in his examination before the House of Commons, he approves of a passage in Bakewell's Geology, which states that the coal-beds in South Wales are themselves sufficient to meet the present demand for a period of 2000 years. The passage is as follows:—"Fortunately we have in South Wales, adjoining the Bristol Channel, an almost exhaustless supply of coal and ironstone, which are yet nearly unwrought. It has been stated that this coal-field extends over about 1200 square miles, and that there are 23 beds of workable coal, the total average thickness of which is 95 feet; and the quantity contained in each acre is 100,000 tons, or 64,000,000 tons per square mile. If from this we deduct one half for waste, and for the minor extent of the upper beds, we shall have a clear supply of coal equal to 32,000,000 tons per square mile. Now, if we admit that 5,000,000 tons from the Northumberland and Durham mines is equal to nearly one-third of the total consumption of coal in England, each square mile of the Welsh coal-field would yield coal for 100* years' consumption; and as there are from 1000 to 1200 square miles in this coal-field, it would supply England with fuel for 2000 years after all our English coal-mines are worked out!"

After reading the above statement, we do not think there can be any exaggeration in saying that the coal-mines of Britain are inexhaustible; for if we add to the Welsh mines those of England and Scotland, they will be found collectively to contain fuel for more than 4000 years. Indeed, this we think a very low estimate. Again, coal is continually forming in the bowels of the earth, and it is very probable that long ere 2000 years have run the circle of the world, vast mines of the mineral will have reached a state of perfection. How absurd then is it to restrict the exportation of the article by heavy duties! We are aware that recently these have been reduced, but not so much as they might be without any danger of exhausting the mines, and with a certain prospect of benefiting the country. But this is not the place for political argumentation.

Many other nations of Europe possess considerable coal-mines, as France, Germany, Sweden, &c. It also abounds in several parts of America. But in all other countries the article is much inferior to our own.

* This is evidently a mistake; it should be *two* years. But we give the passage as it has appeared in various works, in order that to point out the error to the notice of those concerned.

JAMAICA.

It is a curious fact, that Jamaica, at this time, produces a greater revenue to the mother country than the whole amount of the national revenue in the Protector's time. Jamaica was no doubt generally considered, at the period of its conquest, and for several years after, as far inferior in importance to either Cuba or Hispaniola; as in truth it would be at the present day, were those islands equally improved by cultivation. It was reserved for the enterprising industry and commercial spirit of the British to render Jamaica what it now is, the most highly cultivated and most productive colony in the American archipelago.

The following particulars will show the progressive improvement of the cultivation, population, and commerce of Jamaica, for the last century and a half:—

In 1673, there were in the island 7768 whites, and 9504 slaves. The chief products were cocoa, indigo, and hides. Sugar had just then been begun to be cultivated.

In 1722, the island produced 11,000 hogsheads of sugar.

In 1734, there were 7644 whites, 86,546 slaves, and 76,011 head of cattle in the island.

In 1744, there were 9640 whites, 112,428 slaves, and 88,036 head of cattle; and the island produced 35,000 hogsheads of sugar, and 10,000 puncheons of rum.

In 1768, there were 17,000 whites, 166,914 slaves, and 135,773 head of cattle; and 55,761 hogsheads of sugar, and 15,551 puncheons of rum were produced.

In 1774, the island produced only 654,700 lbs. of coffee; and in 1790, 1,783,740 lbs.

At present there are in Jamaica about 350,000 slaves, 300,000 head of stock; and the annual average produce may be about 130,000 hogsheads of sugar, 60,000 puncheons of rum, and 18,000,000 lbs. of coffee, &c.

In return for its commodities, Jamaica receives from Great Britain an annual supply of almost all her manufactures. The exclusive right which she claims of supplying this and the other islands with her products is one important source of her commercial and manufacturing prosperity. The annual amount of British manufactures imported into this island alone is upwards of two millions. The imports from other parts (of lumber, provisions, cattle, &c.) amount to nearly a million currency.

The annual exports to Great Britain and Ireland may amount, one year with another, to about five millions; and those to other parts to about L.400,000.

PECULIAR METHOD OF TURNING WOOL INTO FUR.

The wool-growers of Podolia and the Ukraine, and particularly in the Asiatic province of Astrachan, have a peculiar method of turning wool into fur. The lamb, after a fortnight's growth, is taken from the ewe, nourished with milk and the best herbage, and wrapped up as tight as possible in a linen covering, which is daily moistened with warm water, and is occasionally enlarged as the animal increases in size. In this manner the wool becomes soft and curly, and is by degrees changed into shining beautiful locks. This is the kind of fur which passes under the name of Astrachan, and is considered on the Continent as the most genteel lining for winter cloaks. Similar trials with German sheep have been attended with the same success. The Saxon breed of sheep have, within the last ten years, superseded the merinos, and their wool is of superior quality.

GRATITUDE AMONG THIEVES

That the thieves of Paris are not without sentiments of probity and gratitude, the following fact may serve to prove:—M. Jacquemin, physician to the prison of La Force, had his pocket picked of his opera-glass, a few evenings since, on his return from the theatre of the Palais Royal. Next morning, on visiting the prison, he complained bitterly of the ingratitude of the thieves, who had thus so badly requited the care which he had bestowed upon them. "Yes, it is too bad," cried a skilful practitioner among the light-fingered tribe. "He must have been a novice, an ignorant fellow, who could so far forget himself as to exercise his vocation upon you. I am sorry I cannot get out, or in two hours I would give you some account of your glass. But stop—let me see—yesterday evening—at the Palais Royal. Give me a description of the glass; if it is still in the hands of the *fourgats* (purchasers of stolen goods), we shall have it." Our honest thief contrives to transmit a hint upon the subject to his *collaborateurs* outside, and next day the glass is forwarded to the Director of La Force, in order to be restored to the doctor. A similar adventure happened some time ago to M. Lebon, the barrister, whose chief practice is at the assizes. His wife had been robbed at the theatre of a Cashmere shawl, of which he complained at the prison. "The shawl was taken at the theatre—it is abominable," said one of M. Lebon's clients, who was confined within the walls; "but I know who was on duty at the theatre that evening;" and, like the opera-glass of M. Jacquemin, the shawl was restored next day.—*Gazette des Tribunaux.*

THE BEST LEATHER FOR SHOES

Matthew Lansberg used to say, "if you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in *water*."

TOADS.

The common toad, which is generally esteemed the most loathsome of British reptiles, and which boys too often heedlessly pelt with stones, as if it were a creature injurious to mankind, is an animal of considerable use in the economy of nature, being evidently created for the purpose of destroying and clearing away worms and other small vermin which would injure vegetation. The character of this inoffensive creature has recently been well described by Mr Fothergill, a naturalist. "The common food of the toad (says he) is small worms, and insects of every description; but its favourite food consists of bees and wasps. When a toad strikes any of these insects, however, deglutition does not immediately take place, as in other cases, but the mandibles remain closely compressed for a few seconds, in which time the bee or wasp is killed, and all danger of being stung avoided. The mandibles are provided with two protuberances, which appear to be destined for this office. Although capable of sustaining long abstinence, the toad is a voracious feeder when opportunity offers. To a middle-sized one the writer has given nine wasps, one immediately after another; the tenth it refused, but in the afternoon of the same day it took eight more. To see the toad display its full energy of character, it is necessary to discover it in its place of retirement for the day, and, if possible, unperceived, to drop an insect within its sight: it immediately arouses from its apparent torpor, its beautiful eyes sparkle, it moves with alacrity to its prey, and assumes a degree of animation incompatible with its general sluggish appearance. When arrived at a proper distance, it makes a full stop, and, in the attitude of a pointer, motionless eyes its destined victim for a few seconds, when it darts out its tongue upon it, and lodges it in its throat with a velocity which the eye can scarcely follow. It sometimes happens to make an effectual stroke, and stuns the insect without gorging it, but never makes a second stroke until the insect resumes motion. It uniformly refuses to feed on dead insects, however recent. For several years a toad took up its abode, during the summer season, under an inverted garden-pot, which had a part of its rim broken out, in the writer's garden, making its first appearance in the latter end of May, and retreating about the middle of September. This toad, there is reason to believe, distinguished the persons of the family, who daily fed it, from strangers, as it would permit them to pat and stroke it. To try the indiscriminating appetite of these animals, the writer has dropped before a full-grown toad, a young one of its own species, about three-fourths of an inch long, and the instant it began to move off, it was eagerly struck at and swallowed: but the writer, in repeating this experiment, found that more will refuse than devour the young of their own species. When living minnows were dropped before a toad, they were struck at and swallowed in the same manner. These experiments were made on toads at full liberty, and met with accidentally. Toads generally return to their winter quarters about the time that swallows disappear. The writer, on such occasions, has seen them burrowing in the ground backwards, by the alternate motion of their hind legs."

UMBRELLAS.

Umbrellas, in my youth, were not ordinary things; few but the macaronis of the day, as the dandies were then called, would venture to display them. For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without incurring the brand of effeminacy, and they were vulgarly considered as the characteristics of a person whom the mob hugely disliked, namely, a mincing Frenchman! At first, a single umbrella seems to have been kept at a coffeehouse for some extraordinary occasion—lent as a coach or chair in a heavy shower, but not commonly carried by the walkers. The Female Tatler advertises, "the young gentleman belonging to the customhouse, who in fear of rain borrowed the umbrella from Wilks' coffeehouse, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's pattens." An umbrella carried by a man was obviously then considered as extreme effeminacy. As late as in 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who has written his own life, informs us that when he used "a fine silk umbrella, which he had brought from Spain, he could not with any comfort to himself use it, the people calling out, 'Frenchman! why don't you get a coach?'" The fact was, that the hackney coachmen and the chairmen, joining with the true *esprit de corps*, were clamorous against this portentous rival. The footman, in 1778, gives us farther information. "At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady or a gentleman, if it rained between the door and their carriages." His sister was compelled to quit his arm one day from the abuse he drew down on himself and his umbrella. But he adds, that "he persisted for three months, till they took no farther notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use theirs, and then the English. Now it is become a great trade in London." This footman, if he does not arrogate too much to his own confidence, was the first man distinguished by carrying and using a silken umbrella. He is the founder of a most populous school. The state of our population might now in some degree be ascertained by the number of umbrellas.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE SMOKING DOCTOR.

In a pleasant little work, just published, under the title of "*Nicotiana*," is the following anecdote of Dr Aldrich:—The doctor's excessive love of smoking was well known to his associates; but a young student of his college, finding some difficulty to bring a fellow-collegian to the belief of it, laid him a wager that the dean, Aldrich, was smoking at that time (about ten o'clock in the morning). Away went the latter to the deanery. After being admitted to the dean in his study, he related the occasion of his visit. The dean, instead of being disconcerted, replied in perfect good humour, "you see your friend has lost his wager, for I am not smoking, but only filling my pipe." The story, however, is not quite correctly told: the wager was, that the dean was either smoking, stopping, or filling his pipe. The parties called on him, and he who made the bet immediately exclaimed, "I have lost my wager, I perceive;" for the doctor was not smoking, but had his hand in his waistcoat pocket. "You have won it," said the dean, to whom the matter had been explained; "for," said he, withdrawing his hand from its place of concealment, "I am filling my pipe at this very moment," his pocket being his tobacco-box.—*Harmonicon.*

THE BRITISH OAK.

Among the traditions of this wonderful tree, the following will, we have no doubt, prove interesting to our readers. The large Golenos oak, which was felled in the year 1810 for the use of his Majesty's navy, grew about four miles from the town of Newport, in Monmouthshire; the main trunk, at ten feet long, produced 450 cubic feet; one limb, 355; one ditto, 472; one ditto, 235; one ditto, 156; one ditto, 106; one ditto, 113; and six other limbs of inferior size averaged 93 feet each; making the whole number 2426 cubic feet of sound and convertible timber. The bark was estimated at six tons; but as some of the heavy body bark was stolen out of the barge at Newport, the exact weight is not known. Five men were twenty days stripping and cutting down this tree; and a pair of sawyers were five months converting it, without losing a day (Sunday excepted). The money paid for converting only, independent of the expense of carriage, was L.82; and the whole produce of the tree, when brought to market, was within a trifle of L.600. It was bought standing for L.405. The main trunk was nine feet and a half in diameter, and in sawing it through a stone was discovered six feet from the ground above a yard in the body of the tree through which the saw cut; the stone was about six inches in diameter, and completely shut in, but round which there was not the least symptom of decay. The rings in its butt were carefully reckoned, and amounted to above four hundred in number, a convincing proof that this tree was in an improving state for upwards of 400 years; and as the ends of some of its branches were decayed, and had dropped off, it is presumed it had stood many years after it had attained maturity.

RATS IN JAMAICA.

In no country is there a creature so destructive of property as the rat is in Jamaica; their ravages are inconceivable. One year with another, it is supposed that they destroy at least about a twentieth part of the sugar-canes throughout the island, amounting to little short of L.200,000 currency per annum. The sugar-cane is their favourite food; but they also prey upon the Indian corn, on all the fruits that are accessible to them, and on many of the roots. Some idea will be formed of the immense swarms of those destructive animals that infest this island, from the fact, that on a single plantation thirty thousand were destroyed in one year. Traps of various kinds are set to catch them, poison is resorted to, and terriers, and sometimes ferrets, are employed to explore their haunts, and root them out; still, however, their numbers remain undiminished, as far at least as can be judged by the ravages they commit. They are of a much larger size than the European rat, especially that kind of them called by the negroes *racoons*. On the experiment being tried of putting one of these and a cat together, the latter declined attacking it.

BURNING MUMMIES.

The Arabs who inhabit the neighbourhood of the great cemeteries of Upper Egypt have a strange way of cooking their victuals. Whenever fuel is wanting, they descend into their tombs, and, dislodging a mummy, and throwing it on their shoulders, return to their tent. Then taking a hatchet, and seizing the mummy by one leg, they hew the body into two at a blow, and, afterwards cutting it into smaller pieces, make use of a leg or an arm, or part of the trunk, as it may happen, to boil their kettle. As the ancient Egyptians always enclosed their dead in resinous substances, the mummies are easily combustible, and make excellent fuel.—*London Weekly Review.*

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SETTING UP.

THE taking of a shop, whether to set up a new business or translate an old one, is always a matter of deep and anxious concernment. On such an occasion, one generally gets into a state of fidgettiness and perplexity, which is felt to be far from disagreeable. A sentiment of unwonted enterprise rises in his mind. He is going, he thinks, to do a great thing—at least something beyond the usual range of commercial existence. In the first place, he pays a few sly and solitary visits to the place—not that he goes in to look about him—no, no; he is not for some time up to that point. He tries first how the premises look when simply walked past as if by an unconcerned passenger. As he passes, he casts an affectedly careless glance at the door and windows, taking care, however, to receive as deep an impression as possible of the whole bearing and deportment of the place. After walking to a sufficient distance, he turns and walks back, and sees how it looks when approached from a different point of the compass. Then he takes a turn along the other side of the street, or perhaps, if afraid to excite observation (and if the place be in Edinburgh), goes up a common stair, and takes a deliberate and secure observation from a window. His feeling is almost exactly the same as that of a lover making observations of a mistress, whose figure he wishes to ascertain before getting too deeply in love with her to put correct judgment out of the question. As, in the one case, stature is perhaps considered, complexion and outline of face duly weighed, and possibly some very modest inquiries instituted as to what Master Slender calls "possibilities," so, in the other, does the shop-inspector consider all the particulars of the aspect and likelihood of the contemplated premises. Shops, it must be understood, have characters, exactly like human beings. Some have an open, generous, promising countenance, while others have a contracted, sinister, louring expression of phiz, according to the quantity of mason-work there may be in front. Some are of a far more *accessible* character than others, with a kind of *facilis descensus* in the entry that is in the highest degree favourable to custom. People can hardly avoid falling into such shops as they pass along the streets, for positively they gape like so many Scyllas for your reception, and goodwives, who, like Roderigo, have put money in their purses, are caught like so many rats without thinking of it. There are others, I grieve to say, with such a difficulty of entrance, either from a narrow door, a shut door, an elevation off the pavement, or a certain distance from the thoroughfare, that it requires an absolute determination to purchase such and such articles in such and such shops—a full *animus emendi*, as lawyers would say—to overcome the obstacle. Perhaps it does not matter for some businesses, which are not much overrun with competition, that they should be carried on in shops of this kind. If there be only one music-seller in the town, he might have his boutique in a twelfth story, and yet he would be sure to get all the natural custom of the place; but in the case of one out of some five hundred haberdashers, or some two thousand grocers, it is absolutely imperative that he should be established in some place with a fatal facility of access. In all cases, there is a combination of qualities in shops as well as in men and women. There is something indescribable about it; but an experienced eye, pretty well acquainted with the characters of the streets [this is another subject] and parts of streets, could almost in a moment decide upon the probabilities of any given shop in a large city. He would combine in an instant in his own mind the various qualities, and, counting them into each other after the manner of Lieutenant Drummond, but by a figureless kind of arithmetic, assign at once the exact value of the shop to any class of traders. And shops have characters, too, in another sense of the word—that is, they have reputations. Let a shop have all the apparent advantages in the world, yet, if it be a shop in which several persons have committed *faux pas* in business, it is naught. We often see an excellent shop thus lose caste, as it were, and become of hardly any value to its proprietor. Suppose some one has failed in it between terms, and deserted it: then do all the bill-stickers come in the first place, and paste it over with huge placards from top to bottom, exactly as a man drowned in the sea, however fine a fellow he may have been, gets encased in a few days in barnacles and shell-fish, the chonchological part of the world taking that opportunity to show their contempt for the human. Though the character of the shop is not yet, perhaps, at its worst, yet, as it happens to remain unleased over the next term, the despairing landlord, some time in September or October, begins to let it "by the month or week" to all kinds of nameless people, who die and make no *sign*, such as men that show orreries, or auctioneers selling off bankrupt stocks, till at last it is as hopeless to think of getting a good tenant into it, as for a man with a bad character to expect a good place in the Excise. The shop is marked for ever, and unless, like the man in the Vicar of Wakefield, it can get a thoroughly new face and form, it has no chance whatsoever of resuming its place in the first rank of shops.

After having completely made up his mind to take a particular shop, he goes and asks advice. His confessor* readily consents to take a walk with him in that direction, and give his candid opinion upon the subject. The two walk arm in arm past the premises, the confessor alone looking, lest, in endeavouring to observe, they should themselves be observed. "I'll tell you what," says the confessor, "I like that shop very much. If the rent be at all suitable, I think you might do very well in it." It is then proposed that the confessor should step in to inquire the rent; for though there be equal reasons why each should not expose himself as being on the outlook for a shop, the person not actually concerned has always least reluctance to submit to that disadvantage, being borne up, it would appear, by a conscious absence of design, while the guilt of the other would be betrayed by his first question. If the confessor reports favourably, then the individual who wants the premises ventures in himself, inspects the accommodations, and makes further inquiries. The two afterwards retire together, and have a deep and serious consultation upon the subject.

In the deliberations of a person about to enter life in this way, there is always much that is extravagant, and much that is vague. I never yet knew it fail, that, if there was success at all, it arose from different sources from those which had been most securely calculated upon as likely to produce it. Suppose it is a business for the supply of some ordinary necessary of life: the novice reckons up almost all the people he knows in different parts of the town as sure to become his customers: he expects, indeed, hardly any other kind of support. It is found, however, when he commences, that one friend is engaged in one way, and another in another, so that, with the exception, perhaps, of some benevolent old lady, who sends occasionally to buy a few trifles from him *upon principle*, all is waste and barren where he expected to reap a plentiful harvest. He finds, however, on the other hand, that he gets customers where he did not expect them. People seem to rise out of the earth, like the men of Cadmus, to buy from him. The truth is, he is resorted to by those who are disengaged at the time, and to whom his shop is convenient; and all the good will of all the friends in the world will not get over, for his sake, the difficulty of some engagement elsewhere, or the inconvenience of distance.

It is also a very remarkable thing of people about to enter upon such an enterprise as we are now describing, that they often overlook the most important considerations of all, and pay a very minute attention to trifles and things by the bye. They perhaps fail to observe that there is not nearly enough of population around them to justify their setting up a particular business; but they fully appreciate and lay great stress upon the circumstance of having a water-pipe in the back room, by which they may be enabled to wash their hands at any time of the day. They may neither have capital nor range of intellect for the business; but they are top-sure that the woman who sells small wares in the area will supply them with a light for the fire every morning. The shop may be unsuitable in many important respects; but nothing could be better in its way than the place for a sign above the door. Even where every matter of real consequence is well weighed and found answerable, there is generally a fussy and festering anxiety about details, accompanied, in the sensations of the principal party, by a peculiar dryness of mouth and excoriation of thought-chewed lip. Matters may be such that a confessor, with all the evil-foreboding qualities of a stormy petrel, could not see a single flaw in the prospect; yet it is amusing in such cases to hear the intending trader laying as much stress upon the peculiar situation of a fire-place in the back room, or the willingness of the landlord to supply a padlock to the door, as if in these things, and in nothing else, lay all his hopes of profit and eventual respectability in life.

Suppose, however, that, after all kinds of fond and dreamy calculations, the shop has been taken and opened. I think there can hardly, for some time, be a more interesting sight to a benevolent onlooker, than the young and anxious trader. The shop almost throws itself out at the windows to attract the observation of the passer by. The youth himself stands prompt and alert behind his counter, never idling for a moment, nor permitting his shop-boy to idle, but both busy, cutting, and brushing, and bustling about, whether there be any thing to do or not. If but an old lady be seen looking up at the window, or glancing in through the avenue of cheap prints that forms the doorway, what an angler-like eagerness in the mind of the trader that she would but *walk in!*—nothing more required—were she once within the shop, no fear but she is well done for. And when any body does go in to buy any thing, what a readiness to fly upon the article wanted—with what serviceable rapidity of finger is the parcel unbound—how polite and *impressé* the manner in which the object is presented and laid out for inspection—what intense gratitude for the money wherewith it is paid! With what a solicitous air is a card finally put into your hand as a memorandum of the place!—a proceeding only the more eloquent when not accompanied by an actual request for your further custom.

In a large city, advertising is necessarily resorted

* Bosom friend.—See a particular account of the fraternity in the Journal, No. 15.

to as one of the modes, if not almost the only mode, of forming a business. Here it is obvious that a mere modest statement of the case will not do. Something must be said, to make the setting up of the new shop appear in the character of an *event*. The public attention must be arrested to the circumstance, as if it were a matter of public concernment. It must appear as if the interest of the community, and the interest of the shopman, were identified. No good bargains, no certainty of good articles, no safety of any kind, any where else. Such is the strain of his advertisements, which, though they make the judicious grieve, make a vast number of other people, and even some of the judicious, buy. The secret is this: A warm and highly coloured style is necessary with a new shopkeeper, to meet and counteract the indifference of the public towards his concerns. If he put forth a cool schedule of his goods and chattels, it does nothing for him, because it does not single him out from the great herd. But if he uses a striking and emphatic phraseology, and even mixes a little extravagance in the composition, it is apt to fix attention to him and his shop; and the people, being so warmly solicited, go to try. Again (and here, perhaps, lies the better part of the thing), the frequency and fervour of his advertisements at least convey the impression that he is anxious for business, and ready and willing to execute it, and, as people like to deal with such persons, he is apt to be resorted to on that account, if upon no other. Frequent advertising is, upon the whole, a mark rather of a want of business, than of that kind of respectability which consists in the enjoyment of a concern already in full operation and productiveness; but with beginners, it is quite indispensable.

The difficulty of establishing a new business is fortunately got over in a small degree by a certain benevolent principle in human nature—a disposition to encourage the efforts of the young. Some people act so much under this sentiment, or have such an appetite for the sincere thanks of the needy, that they go to hardly any shops but those of new beginners. The sight of a haberdasher's shop, in its first and many-coloured dawn, with prints, and ribbons, and shop-bills, flying in all directions—or of a provision shop, where hams project their noses into the very teeth, almost, of the passer by, and cheeses lie gaping with a quarter cut out, as if ready to eat rather than to be eaten—or of a bookseller's shop, where every fresh and trig volume upon the counter seems as if it would take the slightest hint of your will, and, starting up, pack itself off, without any human intervention whatsoever, to your lodgings—is irresistible to these people. They must go in, whether they want any thing or not, and, after buying some trifle as an earnest of future custom, get themselves delighted with a full recital of all the young trader's feelings, and prospects, and capabilities, which he is ready to disclose to any one that will lay out sixpence, and appear to take an interest in his undertaking. If the customer be an old lady, she is interested in his youth, and inquires whether he be married or not. If not, then she wants him to get on well, so that he may soon be able to have a wife: if he be, and have children, then she sympathises but the more keenly; she thinks how much human happiness depends upon the success or failure of his undertaking—how one fond soul will watch with intense anxiety the daily progress of the business, taking an interest in almost every penny that comes in, and how many little mouths unconsciously depend upon what is done *here*, for the fare which childhood so much requires and so truly enjoys. She goes away, resolved to speak of the shop to all she knows, and perhaps in two or three days she is able to bring in a flock of young ladies who want various articles, and who, recommending the new beginner to others, aid materially in making up the steady business, which, with economy, perseverance, and suitable personal qualities, he at length acquires.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

FIRST ARTICLE.*

THE Bible of the Christians is, without exception, the most remarkable work now in existence. In the libraries of the learned, there are frequently seen books of an extraordinary antiquity, and curious and interesting from the nature of their contents; but none approach the Bible, taken in its complete sense, in point of age, while certainly no production whatever has any pretension to rival it in the dignity of composition, or the important nature of the subjects treated of in its pages. The word *Bible* is of Greek origin, and, in signifying simply *The Book*, is expressive of its superiority over all other literary productions. The origin and nature of this every way singular work, how it was preserved during the most remote ages, and how it became known to the modern world in its present shape, form a highly interesting chapter of literary history.

The Bible comprehends the entire foundation of the religious belief of the Jews and Christians, and is divided into two distinct portions, entitled the Old and New Testament, the former being that which is esteemed by the Jewish nation, but both being essential in forming the faith of the Christian. The Old Testament is the largest department of the work, and appears a collection of detached histories, moral essays, and pious poetical effusions, all placed together in the order of time, or, as they may serve, for the purpose of mutual illustration. On taking a glance at the contents, the principal subject of narration seems the history of the Jews, commencing with an account of the creation of the world, and tracing their history, genealogically, through a series of striking vicissitudes and changes of situation. But when we examine the narratives minutely, it is found that there is another meaning than that of mere historical elucidation. It is perceived that the whole train of events recorded, the whole of those lofty impassioned strains of poetry which distinguish the volume, are precursory and prophetic of a great change which, at a future period, was to be wrought on the moral properties and fate of mankind, by the coming to the earth of a Messiah.

The authorship of the Old Testament has been universally ascribed by both Jews and Christians to God himself, though not by direct composition, but by spiritually influencing the minds of certain sages to accomplish the work, or, in ordinary phraseology, by *inspiring* or endowing them with a perfect knowledge of the transactions to be recorded and predicted, in a way suitable to the great end in view. The Bible is hence usually termed the *Sacred Scriptures*. The periods when the act of writing all or most part of the Scriptures took place, as well as most of the names of those who were instrumental in forming the work, have been ascertained with surprising accuracy, both from written evidence in the narratives themselves, and from the well preserved traditions of the Jews. At whatever time the different books were written, they were not collected and put into a connected form till long after their immediate authors were deceased; and their present arrangement, as we shall afterwards fully explain, is of comparatively modern date.

According to the order in which the books of the Old Testament now stand, those of a historical nature are appropriately placed at the beginning. The first five books, having a chain of connection throughout, are Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. These are styled the *Pentateuch*, such being the Greek compound for *five books*. They are likewise entitled the Books of Moses, from the belief that that enlightened Jewish leader composed them.

The Jews, or Hebrews, take the name of the sacred books from the first word with which each begins; but the Greeks, whom our translators generally follow, take the names from the subject-matter of them. Thus, the first book is called by the Hebrews *Berēshith*, which signifies *In the beginning*, these being the first words; but the Greeks call it *Genesis*, which signifies *Production*, because the creation of the world is the first thing of which it gives an account. It likewise contains an account of the increase of mankind; of their corruption of manners, and its cause; of their punishment by the deluge (an event which, by scientific investigation and historical research, is placed beyond a doubt); of the origin of the Jewish people from Abraham; of the manner in which God was pleased to have them governed; and, particularly, of the nature of the special superintendence vouchsafed to the Jewish nation by the Creator. This comprehensive narrative reaches from the creation of the world till the death of Joseph, or a period of 2369 years. In another part of the Scriptures, reference is made to the *Book of Jasher*, and it is believed that Genesis is there meant; for *Jasher* signifies *the Just*, and, according to St Jerome, a learned Christian writer, the name of the Book of the Just, or the Authentic Book, was applied to it, from its containing the history of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Exodus, the title of the second book of Moses, signifies, in Greek, *The going out*, and was applied from the account which it gives of the Israelites going out of Egypt. In it are related the cruel Egyptian slavery under which the Jews groaned; their delivery by flight and a passage through the Red Sea; the history of the establishment of their very peculiar law, and many remarkable transactions; concluding with the building of the Tabernacle, or place appropriated to the service of the Divinity. This book comprises the history of 145 years, from the death of Joseph till the building of the Tabernacle. The Hebrews call it *Veelle Shemoth*, that is, in English, *These are the names*, which are the words with which it begins.

The third book of Moses is called *Leviticus*, because it contains the laws which God commanded should be observed by those of the tribe of *Levi*, who ministered at the altar. It treats at large of all the functions of the Levites; of the ceremonial of religion; of the different sorts of sacrifices; of the distinction of clean and unclean beasts; of the different festivals; and of the year of Jubilee, or continued holiday. It likewise presents us with an account of what happened to the Jews during the space of one month and a half; that is, from the time the Tabernacle was erected, which was the first day of the first month of the second year after the Israelites came out of Egypt, till the second month of the same year, when God commanded the people to be numbered. The Hebrews call this book *Vayicre*, that is, *And he called*, these being the first words; they call it also *The Law of the Priests*.

In the fourth book, which we call *Numbers*, Moses numbers the Israelites, and that, too, in the beginning of the book, which shows whence it had its name. The Hebrews call it *Vayedavber*, that is, *And he spake*. This book contains the history of all that passed from the second month of the second year after the Israelites came out of Egypt, till the beginning of the eleventh month of the fortieth year; that is, it contains the history of thirty-nine years, or thereabouts. In it we have also the history of the prophet Balaam, whom the King of the Midianites brought to curse the people of God, and who, on the contrary, heaped blessings upon the Israelites, and foretold the coming of the Messiah. It particularly mentions, also, the two-and-forty encampments of the Israelites in the wilderness.

The fifth book is called *Deuteronomy*, a Greek term, which signifies *The second law*, or rather, *The repetition of the law*, because it does not contain a law different from that which was given on Mount Sinai; but it repeats the same law, for the sake of the children of those who had received it there, and were since dead in the wilderness. The Hebrews call it *Elle-haddeharim*, that is, *These are the words*. Deuteronomy begins with a short account of what had passed in the wilderness, and then Moses repeats what he had before commanded, in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, and admonishes the people to be faithful in keeping the commandments of God. After this, he relates what had happened from the beginning of the eleventh month, to the seventh day of the twelfth month of the same year, which was the fortieth after their leaving Egypt. The discourse which is at the beginning of this book was made to the people by Moses, on the first day of the eleventh month. According to Josephus, he died on the first day of the twelfth; and the Israelites, as the Scripture says, mourned for him in the plains of Moab thirty days, and, consequently, during the whole of the twelfth month.

The Jews call the Pentateuch *The Law*, without doubt because the law of God, which Moses received on Mount Sinai, is the principal part of it; and it is as little to be doubted whether that great man was the writer of the Pentateuch. This is expressly declared both in Exodus and Deuteronomy. But as an account of the death of Moses is given in the last eight verses of this book, it is therefore thought that these verses were added either by Joshua or Ezra. The opinion of Josephus concerning them is very singular; he pretends that Moses, finding his death approaching, and being willing to prevent an error into which the veneration the people had for him might cause the Jews to fall, wrote this account himself; without which the Jews would probably have supposed that God *had taken him away*, like Enoch.

After the death of Moses, Joshua, by the order of the Divine Being, took upon himself the conducting of the Hebrew people, and succeeded Moses, to whom he had been a faithful servant, and by whom he had been instructed in what he ought to do. It is uncertain whether the book which contains the history of this successor of Moses be called *Joshua*, from the subject of it, or from his having been the writer of it. But it is certain that it contains an account of what passed from the death of Moses to that of Joshua. Nevertheless, there are several things in it which did not come to pass till after the death of this great man, and which, consequently, could not have been written by him. The common opinion as to the length of time it contains is, that Joshua discharged his office only for seventeen years, and that, therefore, this book contains no more than the history of that number of years.

After the death of Joshua, the Israelites were governed by magistrates, who ruled under the general designation of *Judges*; and the book which contains the history of these rulers is called *The Book of Judges*. This history begins with the death of Joshua, and reaches to that of Samson. We here see the people of God often enslaved in punishment of their crimes, and often wonderfully delivered from slavery. Towards the end of it, we have some instances of this people's inclination to idolatry, and of the corruption of their manners, even before they had been brought into slavery. Such are the histories of Micah, and of the Benjaminites who abused the Levite's wife. This book contains the history of three hundred and seventy years.

During the time of the government of Judges, there was a great famine in the land of Israel, which forced Elimelech, a native of Bethlehem, to retire into the land of Moab, with his wife Naomi and two children. Elimelech died there, as also his two sons, who had married two Moabitish women, one of whom was named Ruth. Naomi, after the death of her husband and her children, returned to Bethlehem, accompanied by Ruth, her daughter-in-law, who was there married to Boaz, Elimelech's near relation, and the heir to his estate. The book which contains this history is called *The Book of Ruth*. The beginning of it shows that it happened in the time of the *Judges*, but under which of them is not certainly known; some place it in the time of Shamgar, or of Deborah. As to the writer of this book, some think that the books of Judges and Ruth were both written by Samuel; others attribute them to Hezekiah, and others to Ezra. The Jews place the book of Ruth among the five books, which they usually read on all the festivals in the year.

* No work has been so thoroughly investigated as the Bible, and none is so much the subject of disquisition among all classes of Christians; but it is humbly conceived that the people generally, as yet, know exceedingly little regarding its *literary history*, such a species of information apparently not being considered of any use by the clergy, or being confined to very expensive publications. The Editors of the Journal being of opinion that the more that is known regarding this invaluable work the better will it be for the community at large, now bring forward the first of a series of short articles on this interesting subject, written, they would fain hope, in a style which cannot possibly offend any sect in religion, and suitable to the edification of the young, and families in the humbler classes of society.

These five books are, The Song of Songs, Ruth, The Lamentations of Jeremiah, Ecclesiastes, and the book of Esther. In the Hebrew bibles they are printed or written apart by themselves, and are bound up together.

The four books following Ruth are called by the Greeks, and also in some Latin bibles, *The History of the Reigns*. Others call them all *The Books of Kings*, because they give an account of the establishment of the monarchy, and of the succession of the Kings, who reigned over the whole kingdom at first, and over the kingdoms of Judah and Israel after its division. At the beginning of these books is given the history of the prophet Samuel, which gives light to that of *The Kings*. The Jews call the two first of these books, *The Books of Samuel:* perhaps because they contain the history of the two Kings, who were both anointed by Samuel; and because what is said of Saul in *the first*, and of David in *the second*, proves the truth of Samuel's prophecies. They give the name of *The Books of Kings* only to the other two, which, in the Latin and French bibles, are called the *Third* and *Fourth Books of Kings*.

The *First Book of Kings*, or the *First of Samuel*, contains the history of the high-priest Eli, of Samuel, and of Saul. As the first year of Eli's high-priesthood falls on the year of the world 2848, and the death of Saul in 2949; the history of this book must comprehend the space of one hundred and one years.

The *Second* contains the reign of David, which is the history of about forty years. It is commonly believed that Samuel, Nathan, and Gad, were the writers of these two books; and, indeed, they are called, in the end of the first book of *Chronicles*, *David's Historians*.

MISADVENTURES OF A LOVER.

[This story is extracted from a volume which has just made its appearance under the title of the ELGIN ANNUAL for 1833. The most of our readers will probably be surprised to learn that the small, though respectable town of Elgin, in the north of Scotland, should have produced such a work. Their surprise would be participated by ourselves, if we did not know that the mystery is solved by a single fact, the accidental *location* (to use an American phrase) of an ingenious and enterprising individual in that burgh —namely, Mr James Grant, editor of the Elgin Courier. Literature is everywhere honourable; but it seems to us honourable and praiseworthy in a particular degree, when prosecuted with some share of success in a remote and provincial situation. This Mr Grant has now done for some years, and in such a manner as to attract the regard of some very considerable persons in the republic of letters. In the present case, he appears in the complex capacity of author, draughtsman, printer, and publisher; and, though the volume is not so fine as those issued in London, nor the writing in all cases so polished as might be wished, both are certainly such as might do honour to a more accustomed scene of publication than the ancient cathedral city of Moray. The following extract forms the third of a series of stories under the title which we have affixed to it, and it is only necessary to premise further, that Mr Grant appears to be the hero of his own tale.]

I WAS very fortunate as regarded pecuniary matters, on my arrival in Carlisle. One of my old and most intimate schoolfellows had been settled there in a respectable way for several years. He at once procured a situation for me. I lived a little distance out of town, and, in returning in the evening from the day's duties, had to pass by some beautiful gardens. Sooth to say, I used very much to delight in dressing gardens with my own hand, and, if the reports of friends may be credited, displayed much more than the average taste that way. One of the gardens I had to pass by in returning home of an evening, seemed to me the very *beau ideal* of good taste in the science of "laying out." I generally stood eight or ten minutes in the evening looking over its wall—which, fortunately, was of no inconvenient altitude—admiring its beautiful contents. One evening, as I popped my head over the garden wall, I saw a new flower—an exquisitely beautiful young lady; one of whom Milton would have written—"herself the fairest flower." A deep blush tinged her supremely beautiful cheeks while her lustrous eyes met mine. I felt a momentary entrancement—I was glued to the spot on which I stood; but a recollection of Louisa, and the adventures connected with her, flashing across my mind, I succeeded, after a desperate struggle between prudence and love, in getting my legs to perform their duty in removing me home.

As will be readily credited, this charming damsel (name at this time unknown) had a liberal share of my thoughts that night. I weighed in my own mind whether, in the event of ascertaining, that, in addition to her personal attractions, she united respectability of character and station in society, I ought not after all to make an attempt on her heart, as she had already, without any seeming effort, conquered mine. The hearing of arguments *pro* and *con* robbed me of two or three hours' sleep. The opinion of Sir John Falstaff, that there is divinity in odd numbers, occurred to me, and, I believe, would have made me decide on seeking an interview, had not the awkard issue of Jack's third visit to Mrs Ford shot athwart my mind, followed by a painful remembrance of what had happened to myself in my two previous adventures. All this, it is right to add, was succeeded by a recurrence of the afore-mentioned conviction that Fate had ordained I was never to be married. The interlocutor of my judgment therefore was, that I would suffer unknown to, and unpitied by, the world, a universe of ardent unrevealed love, rather than run the hazard of making myself anew a laughing-stock to the public, and the butt of my acquaintances.

This, then, was a settled point. And so strictly had I resolved to act up to the letter of my resolution, that, rather than be in temptation's way, I would submit to the ineffably great sacrifice of passing by the beautiful garden, without casting a glance at it, lest that glance should encounter the exquisitely handsome form of the living flower I had before seen in it. For three days, evenings rather, I religiously adhered to my determination: she might, each time I passed, have been again eclipsing, by her presence, all the other beauties in the garden; but I saw her not. On the third day after, returning home, I learned by the merest accident the young lady's name, who were her connections, and what her character and station in society was. On the fourth, while I was as usual passing by the garden on my way home, I observed her—Lavinia was her name—walking slowly, not in the garden, but on the road outside, as if coming directly up to me. She seemed contemplative: there was a touching pensiveness in her look: there was a book in her hand. We met, and were in the act of passing each other, when Lavinia, as if suddenly seized with sickness, quivered a little, and was in the act of falling. I caught hold of her before she swooned altogether: the book she held in her hand *did* fall.

"Pray, madam, are you indisposed?" inquired I, with much tenderness and concern.

"A little, Sir," she softly answered, at the same time glancing a look at me which it is impossible to characterise, but which I must have been steel-hearted, indeed, not to have *felt*.

I lifted the book from the ground: I looked at it: it was a novel. The passage she had evidently been reading was indicated by the leaf being folded down. That passage told—told eloquently, though briefly, of the loves of a young lady and gentleman; how they eloped together, got married at Gretna Green, and lived a long life of the utmost possible happiness. I could not—who could?—be blockhead enough to misunderstand this. I could not in any circumstances, far less in the circumstances of that moment, resist it.

"My dearest girl," said I, "will you meet me tomorrow morning at ten o'clock, at the S—— ?"

"I will, with all my heart," was the brief answer she returned; and that answer was accompanied by a look more expressive a thousand-fold than a whole world of books could have been, had such been written, to describe the young lady's feelings.

We parted that evening; we met next morning at the appointed time and place. We set off in a coach and four for Gretna Green. Jehu was well paid; he did his duty admirably. We halted no longer than was necessary to change horses, until we reached a small town within ten miles of the destined place. On our way Lavinia disclosed to me how she had been struck by my appearance the very first time she had seen me looking over her father's garden wall; but a sense of the delicacy and reservedness becoming her sex prevented her from revealing her affection for me, until the evening I met her on the road, when she found that keeping it any longer concealed in her breast was likely to endanger her life.

On reaching the small town just mentioned, Lavinia complained—and no wonder—of exhaustion, in consequence of the fatigues of that day, as well as of a sleepless previous night spent in concerting measures for making the elopement successful. She begged a little time might be allowed her to recruit her strength. I ordered a snatch of supper. We both ate heartily, having been well appetised by the length of the journey.

We had been in the inn about half an hour, when Lavinia—addressing me of course—said, "My dear, I think we may go now." These words were delivered in a tone, they were accompanied by a look of affection, which I valued at the time as infinitely above all the riches of either India.

"Well, then, my darling, we shall set out instantly," was my reply.

I rang the bell violently. In about twenty seconds, in rushed a stout well-made man. "Waiter!" said I, in a tone which indicated that I thought myself a personage of some consequence; "waiter! I say, bring me the bill. Order the horses and carriage to be got ready this moment; and be sure, too, you don't ——"

A shriek from Lavinia interrupted me. She swooned away in the easy chair on which she sat at the time. I of course forgot the waiter and every earthly thing else in the plenitude of my concern for Lavinia.

"Lavinia! Lavinia! my dear! my angel! what can be the matter?"

While in the act of addressing her in these terms of affectionate concern, and simultaneously taking her by her snow-white hand, I felt some powerful fist take hold of, and drag me back by the neck of my coat.

"What insolence, Sir!" exclaimed I, thinking it was the waiter who thus intruded on us. So saying, I turned about my face towards the vulgar ill-bred lackey of the public, when, to my utter astonishment, I beheld three fellows beside me.

"Come," said the intruder who first entered the room, and whom I took to be Jehu, "come, let us carry her out!"

"The man who presumes to lay a hand on her will be as dead's a herring that instant," said I, indignantly.

"Never mind the empty threats of the blockhead," said the fellow who had spoken already.

He had no sooner uttered the words than the vile paws of the villanous trio seized hold of Lavinia. I felt a kind of madness coming over my soul. I know I resisted with all my might; but what else occurred I cannot tell.

Next morning I awoke as from a dream. I looked around in utter amazement. I fancied myself in a new world. While thus bewildered, while like a person out of his senses, Boots entered my bed-room. I inquired where I was, and was answered, "the Duke of York hotel, in the town of D——."

"The same," I ejaculated with myself; "the same as that in which Lavinia and I supped last night."

"And where," I asked with an emphasis of which print can give no idea, "where is Lavinia?"

"Lavinia!" exclaimed Boots, evidently ignorant of who I meant.

"The young lady I brought here with me last night," said I, hurriedly.

"Adz, Sur, she was carried off by the three gentlemons who coomed in such haste in a carriage," said Boots, with an archness of look which denoted that nature had intended the young rascal for the stage.

"The three gentlemen!" A recollection of the triumvirate of scoundrels who so abruptly and unceremoniously thrust their hated presence on us the previous night, darted across my mind. But what they were, whither they had come, where they were gone, what they had done with Lavinia, whether they had "Burked" her, or compelled her to marry one of their ruffian selves, were all matters as to which I was in a state of as total ignorance as the child unborn; nor could any person in the inn furnish me with the important and so anxiously desired information.

Boots withdrew. I rose, huddled on part of my clothes, and prepared for shaving. Has the reader a superior imagination? If he have, let him conceive, as he best can, of my horror, mingled with astonishment, when, on looking in the glass, I saw my frontispiece so shockingly mangled and furrowed with deep scratches, that there was scarcely a square inch of whole skin on it.

"In the name of wonder, what can be the meaning of this? How have I come by such a face?" were questions I asked myself. They were unanswerable by me; the matter was involved in as much mystery as the identity of the trio of scamps who wrested Lavinia from my arms.

What was to be done concerning my inamorato? what with my face? were two queries which now occupied my thoughts. A little sober reflection advised me that time alone could remedy the latter evil. As for my dulcinea, I had at intervals a faint hope that she might possibly make her escape from the ragamuffins who had abstracted her; in which case I had no doubt of her return. But this delusion, indifferently pleasing as it only was at best, was of short continuance. The horrible hypothesis would every now and then suggest itself, that of one of the three—most probably the first who entered the room—was some unknown rival; in which case there was no room for even the slightest hope.

However, as the state of my phiz disqualified me from being seen in public, I thought it the most advisable course to stay that day in the inn, to see what would turn up in the chapter of accidents.

The day passed; but not a syllable about Lavinia. Dante speaks of the ineffable miseries of those who have entered a certain place, on whose portals are written the words, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." *Their* misery! It must be happiness compared with my then situation. I went to bed as night approached. How I spent the night I will not say—for this good reason, I cannot. Morning came. I arose. While pacing to and fro in my apartment, half apparelled, and wholly unshaved, resembling more, in my conduct, a bedlamite than a rational person, Boots, who seemed to be an animal newly imported from some uncultivated district of the country, entered. "Sur," said he, "would ou like a read of *our* paper, just prunted?" at the same time holding towards me a damp unopened broad-sheet.

"Lay it down there," said I unconcernedly; "lay it down there; I'll possibly look at it."

I took up and opened the broad-sheet. I found it was the county paper, newly issued from the press. I carelessly glanced over the inside surface. The head, "Elopement Extraordinary," being in large caps, was the first thing that attracted my attention. I read as follows:—

"On Wednesday"—the paper was dated Friday—"On Wednesday, an elopement extraordinary took place from Carlisle. The young lady had only returned the other day from a fashionable boarding-school, where she had been Frenched, danced, taught music, the use of the globes, and, in fine, every thing that is deemed necessary to make a perfectly educated female. Of late she had been wondrously given to the reading of novels. The gay Lothario was one of the most sheepish looking bipeds under the sun. The folks in the neighbourhood very emphatically characterised him as the 'chap as used to be seen popping a long nose over the garden wall, at the good people's daurter.' The fugitives took the high road to Gretna, of which place they were within one short stage when the young lady's brother, accompanied by two police officers, overtook the matrimony-aspiring couple at the head inn. When the brother and assistants entered, they found the loving Miss and her clumsy-looking swain sitting quite comfortably at a table, on

which, in beautiful confusion, were displayed the fragments of an excellent supper. When the young lady recognised her brother, she enunciated a very unique sort of shriek, and swooned away with wonderful good grace, in the easy chair she occupied at the time. Her clownish Lothario, who evidently mistook Miss's brother, when he entered, for the waiter, gallantly flew to the assistance of his dulcinea; and on the intruding parties taking the fainted beauty by her taper waist, as if to carry her lovely person away, he swore that the first man who dared to touch her—they had touched her already, though—should, in a moment, be stretched at full length on the floor. As if determined to suit the action to the word, the love-sick swain, in the phrenzy of the moment, seizing hold of a huge tom-cat that was lying purring on an easy chair, and evidently unconscious of the nature of his weapon, brandished the animal about his own head, previous to inflicting a supposed mortal blow on that of his adversary. At this moment his inamorato's brother oresented a pistol to the booby-lover's breast, exclaiming, 'Villain! presume to offer further resistance, and I'll blow your brains out!' The poor unfortunate wight stood stupified, resembling a man whose wits had all of a sudden taken to themselves wings and flown away. The cat, smarting from the harsh gripe of the noodle, turned about by a sudden jerk of his body, and inserted his talons in sundry parts of the lover's frontispiece. The claret flowed profusely from divers fountains; and the poor fellow, like his heart's best treasure, also swooned away. He was afterwards carried to bed in an insensible state. Miss was taken away, put into a carriage, and carried back to pa' and ma', who, it is hoped, will cure the young lady of her foolish passion."

Here, in this vile print, was too clear a solution of the several enigmas touching the three intruders—the absence and destiny of Lavinia—and the horribly disfigured state of my face. My eyes turned in their sockets before I got to the end of the odious paragraph. My whole frame trembled. All things reeled about me. The house appeared to be falling: I felt as if the world had come to an end.

It was long before my consciousness returned. When it did, my first intention was to cover my disgrace from myself, and to end my earthly woes, by putting a period to my existence. What were the best means of accomplishing my purpose, was the first query which demanded an answer. A razor? I had lost too much blood already, my face was too much mangled by feline talons, to think of mangling my throat with a razor. To speak a truth, after what I had seen of gore in the case of my face, I had no wish to see more of that claret-looking commodity, whether drawn by a razor or any other instrument. Drown myself? That could not be accomplished without an ample supply of water; and where this was to be had, I knew not, being a complete stranger in the place. "I might have inquired," the reader will say. Had the reader seen my face at that time, he would neither say nor think any such thing. *It* made it impossible for me to think of going out of doors in open day, on *any* errand. Besides, had I asked any body the way to a river, my face would infallibly have generated instant suspicion of what my intentions were, and consequently prevented their being carried into effect. Hang myself? The only objection—but it was an insuperable one—which I had to that mode of making my exit, was, that all the offscourings of society, every lackey and chimney-sweep who get tired of life, end it by means of a rope, a handkerchief, or some other suspender. At any rate, it is indubitably certain that no *gentleman* swings by his own hand. Pistols? Well, I concluded, blowing out one's brains is certainly the preferable mode of doing the business, of any yet mentioned. But the evil of it was, I had no pistol: that had already proved my misfortune. It was the most grievous error I ever committed, that I omitted to take a pair of pistols with me when Lavinia and I quitted Carlisle for Gretna. Had I taken these implements with me, she and I had been, by this time, man and wife. I should in that case have instantaneously scattered, in a thousand directions, the brains of a couple of the trio of insolent intruders, when they presumed to lay hands on Lavinia, and the third would, coward-like, have taken to his heels. But regrets were unavailing now; the question was, how to procure a pair of pistols for my present purpose? I could not, for the reason already mentioned, venture out myself in day light to any shop to purchase the articles; and to have sent any other person would have awakened suspicions, and consequently defeated my purpose. I thought, in all the circumstances, the best way would be to wait until dark, when I might go out myself and procure the implements I wanted, taking care, while in the ironmonger's shop, to keep my face shrouded, by means of my pocket handkerchief, from the unhallowed gaze of the shopmen. Evening came. I had left money to pay my bill, and was in the act of going down stairs to procure the instruments wherewith to execute my rash purpose, when I heard the sound of a coach horn. "Holla! holla! here's the London coach!" vociferated Boots to some hostler-looking figure at the door. The London coach! thought I. It is dark; no one will see or know me in the coach: I will go to London, where I am all but utterly unknown: perhaps I may, after all, by observing a prudent conduct for the future, be a happy man. I ran up stairs for the money I had left, inquired how far on the way to London the coach would be by day light; was answered; took my seat for that place, and set off. By confining myself in a room in one of the inns of the respective towns all day, and travelling all night, I reached the metropolis after four days' stoppages by the way.

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

ABSTINENCE.

We remember having once read a dreadful story of the shipwreck of a large East India vessel off the coast of Africa. The greater part of the crew were happily saved from the raging ocean, but it was only to encounter unheard-of privations, toils, and dangers in making the best of their way across the deserts towards a civilized settlement. Having saved some provisions and arms from the wreck, they set out in tolerably good spirits, expecting to reach Mogadore in a certain space of time before their store of food was exhausted. They were, however, as the event proved, completely mistaken in their calculations. Besides the miseries arising from toiling across sandy plains, so hot that their feet could not touch the ground without pain, they were continually harassed by parties of hostile savages, who hung like a cloud sometimes on their rear, and sometimes on their advance, and at nights they laid themselves down in a narrow circle, not to enjoy repose, but to keep watch lest they should be destroyed one and all by wild beasts. Their stock of provisions was also approaching a close. Flesh and blood could not endure such bodily fatigue and mental horrors. The party gradually decreased in numbers. Every day, one or more of the little band dropped off, and their survivors were called on by a sense of humanity to put their corpses beneath the withering sands, although well aware that they would next night, in all likelihood, be torn up to be devoured by beasts of prey. At last, all the party died but two; and these, sympathising deeply in each other's fate, became doubly attached as friends. With hardly a rag to cover them, not a shoe upon their lacerated feet, and depending chiefly on the herbs which they could pick up for their subsistence, did these two miserable beings, for some weeks, pursue their weary way. At night they had still to protect themselves from the tigers and lions, and in executing this necessary duty, they were obliged to light a fire of dried leaves or grass, beside which one lay down to sleep while the other watched. At length, one declined so much in strength that he could proceed no further. He endeavoured to walk, but his power was utterly gone, and he laid himself down to die, with all the resignation and manliness of feeling which characterizes our British seamen. The case of the hapless survivor was perhaps not more enviable than that of his exhausted companion. To remain beside his apparently dying friend, would have served no good purpose, and to pursue his way alone was a task of imminent danger. He waited beside the person of his prostrate shipmate for some hours, endeavouring to soothe his fate by any little attention he could bestow, conversing with him till his power of utterance had ceased; and it was only when he was beckoned by the feeble waving of the hand to leave him to his certain fate, that he slowly departed from the spot, and pursued his path through the wilderness. This day's march of the last remnant of the wreck was one of peculiar sorrow, but the intrepid tar pushed on with what activity he could muster, in the hope of reaching the settlements of the Europeans, which he believed could not now be far distant. As the sun slowly descended in the west, and admonished by his slanting beams the solitary wayfarer to seek out a place where he might securely pass the approaching night, a terrific thought darted through his mind. Had he the flint and steel necessary to produce a light to kindle his midnight fire? No. He recollected with anguish that these implements were carried in the pocket of his companion, and that he had altogether forgot to bring them with him. Without a moment's delay, he turned back on his route, fully resolving, if possible, to reach the body of his deceased friend before he stopped. The exertions put forth on this occasion, it seems, were more than could have been expected from a human being; but what will the instinctive love of life not overcome? The deep shades of evening had fallen over the scene before this determined man found himself beside the recumbent body of his late fellow traveller. The story becomes now painfully interesting. The precious flint and steel were secured; but in searching for them, the limbs moved slightly, still showing that animation had not left the frame. A light was struck, and a fire was kindled, which yielded a protection to the weary mariner till he procured a few hours' slumber. When the morn again dawned, the wayworn traveller once more bade adieu to the body of his friend, which now lay stiff on the soil, and, as he supposed, dead, and for the second time directed his steps towards the settlements. To bring this distressing recital to a conclusion: the surviving sailor, in a few days after, reached Mogadore, where he was kindly received by a European consul, who relieved his distresses, and interested himself in his case. On hearing the story of the shipwreck, and the travels of the party through the desert, it occurred to him, that, after all, the man might not be yet dead, who had been left, as we have just stated, by his companion; and impressed with this notion, he dispatched a small band to examine the body, with directions, if it were still alive, to bring it along with them. It was about the eighth day after the body had been given up as dead, that it was reached by the consul's party; yet, incredible as it may appear, it was discovered, on careful investigation, that the principle of life was still in the unfortunate man. His person, nevertheless, exhibited a shocking spectacle. He lay with his face immersed in the sand, while his almost naked back was exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which had literally roasted his flesh. Every thing was done which humanity could point out under the circumstances to preserve the life of the luckless individual. He was carefully borne on a litter to the house of the friendly consul, who, by due attention, restored him to health and to his companion; and in a short time an opportunity occurring, both were sent in a vessel to England.

This remarkable instance of the possibility of life being preserved under the most severe difficulties, and an abstinence from food of many days' duration, is not more interesting than another, which appeared in the newspapers for August 1822, and was entitled the Skeleton of the Wreck.

While Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water, her lower-mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board, but there was a cub-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvass and tarpauling, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale, but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving, whom the help of his fellow men might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mast, and, while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes was observed to roll out of the cub-house against the lee-shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boathook they managed to get hold of it, and had hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away, as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of 14 years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life; he tried to move, and next moment muttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, "there is another man." The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and, on looking into the cub-house, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin-pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of salt beef of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from his nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! They had lived on their scanty store till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths! The boat's crew having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed just to have life enough to breathe the remembrance, that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering, to be saved. Capt. Seymour committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow creature, whom famine had stript of almost every energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes, and at the end of three weeks more, the "skeleton of the wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst; and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin-boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

It seems that death from hunger occurs soonest in the young and robust, their vital organs being accustomed to greater action than those of persons past the adult age. In the foregoing cases, the lives of the sufferers may be said to have been in a dormant state, the natural functions being in a great measure suspended, and the exhausted condition of the frame, as in a state of disease, not permitting the action of the stomachic juices. When death from hunger occurs in persons of good health of body, the pangs they endure are truly dreadful. Hunger and intense thirst are felt at an early period; the nervous system becomes disordered; the conservative power of the constitution, distressed by the want of nourishment, urges the absorbents to prey upon the intestine; and delirium and madness often conclude the scene.

In the Lectures of Charles Turner Thackrah, on Diet, &c., we are presented with some interesting cases of persons dying from extreme abstinence, one of which was that of a German merchant, which has

been well authenticated. This unfortunate individual, at the age of thirty-two years, being depressed by severe reverses of fortune, and the consequent slights of his relations, formed the unhallowed resolution of destroying himself by abstinence. With this view he repaired, on the 15th of September 1818, to an unfrequented wood, where he constructed a hut of boughs, and remained, without food, till the 3d of October following. At this period he was found by the landlord of a neighbouring pot-house, still alive, but very feeble, speechless, and insensible. Broth, with the yolk of an egg, was given him. He swallowed it with difficulty, and died immediately. In the pocket of this miserable man was found a journal, written in pencil, singular in its kind, and remarkable as a narrative of his feelings and sentiments. It begins thus:

"The generous philanthropist, who shall one day find me here after my death, is requested to inter me, and, in consideration of this service, to keep my clothes, purse, knife, and letter-case. I moreover observe, that I am no suicide, but have died of hunger, because, through wicked men, I have lost the whole of my very considerable property, and am unwilling to become a burthen to my friends." The ensuing remark is dated September 17, the second day of abstinence: "I yet live; but how have I been soaked during the night, and how cold has it been! O God! when will my sufferings terminate!! No human being has for three days been seen here; only some birds." The next extract continues: "And again, three days, and I have been so soaked during the night, that my clothes to-day are not yet dry. How hard is this, no one knows; and my last hour must soon arrive. Doubtless, during the heavy rain, a little water has got into my throat; but the thirst is not to be slaked with water; moreover, I have had none even of this for six days, since I am no longer able to move from the place. Yesterday, for the first time during the eternity, which, alas! I have already passed here, a man approached me within the distance of eight or ten paces. He was certainly a shepherd. I saluted him in silence, and he returned it in the same manner. Probably he will find me after my death!"

"Finally, I here protest, before the all-wise God, that, notwithstanding all the misfortunes which I have suffered from my youth, I yet die very unwillingly, although necessity has imperiously driven me to it. Nevertheless I pray for it. Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does! More can I not write, for faintness and spasms; and this will be the last.—Dated near Forest, by the side of the Goat public-house, Sept. 29, 1818.—J. F. N."

"It is hence evident (says Mr Thackrah) that consciousness and the power of writing remained till the *fourteenth day* of abstinence. The operation of famine was aggravated by mental distress, and still more by exposure to the weather. This indeed seems to have produced his most urgent sufferings. Subsequent to the common cravings and debility of hunger, his first physical distress seems to have been the sensation of cold; then cold and thirst; lastly, faintness and spasms. In this case we find no symptoms of inflammation. A want of nervous energy, arising from the reduction in the quantity or quality of the blood, appears to have been the principal disease. The effort of swallowing, and the oppression of food on the exhausted stomach, completed the catastrophe. Perhaps the unhappy man might have recovered, had he been more judiciously treated—had some nutritious fluid been injected into the intestines, a gentle heat applied to the body, ammonia cautiously administered, and, lastly, on the rise of the pulse, and not till then, soup or broth given by the mouth; but these several means employed with the least possible annoyance to the exhausted sufferer."

THE COALERIES OF CULROSS.

These were at one period the most extensive coal-mines in Scotland, and, what is remarkable, they extended a considerable way beneath the Firth of Forth. It is recorded by tradition, that when James the Sixth revisited Scotland after his accession to the throne of England, he made an excursion into Fife, for the purpose of enjoying the diversion of hunting in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline. After recreating himself with the sport, he invited the company in attendance to dine along with him at "a collier's couse;" meaning the Abbey of Culross, then belonging to Sir George Bruce, one of the most ingenious and enterprising coal-masters in Scotland. Being conducted at his own desire to see the works below ground, of which he had heard a good deal, he was led by a passage to the mouth of a pit, opening within sea-mark, and only protected from inundation by a wall or moat. Having ascended to the brink of the opening, he was astonished and dismayed to find himself, without previous intimation, surrounded by water; on which he was seized with an immediate apprehension of some plot against his liberty or life, and called out "*Treason! treason!*" But Sir George assured him there was none, and that he had nothing to fear. Pointing to an elegant pinnace that was made fast to the moat, he desired to know whether his Majesty would feel it most agreeable to be carried ashore in it, or to return by the subterraneous route. The king preferred the shortest way back, and was consequently borne ashore in the vessel, all the time expressing his admiration of what he had seen. After this, the royal guest was sumptuously entertained at the abbey. Some of the glasses are still preserved in the family of his host, and the room in which he was feasted still receives the name of the *King's Room*. It is recorded that this curious pit was totally destroyed in March 1625, on the night of James's death, by a violent storm, which, washing away the raised part around the moat, deluged the workings with water so irreparably, that till this day they are choked. The stones of the rampart not carried away were afterwards sold for the purpose of repairing the old stone pier of Leith.

SCOTTISH SCENERY.

We feel much pleasure in attracting the notice of those who take an interest in picturesque scenery, to a work publishing in numbers, in a quarto form, at Perth, entitled "Scenery of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, with descriptive letter-press." The drawings in this interesting publication are admirably executed in outline, by Lieut.-Colonel W. Murray, younger of Ochtertyre, and are lithographed by Mr Leith, of Banff, in a way highly creditable to the fine arts in the north. The views selected for the purposes of the work are those most favourable for pictorial delineation, and convey an excellent idea of the sublimity and grandeur of the works of nature in the Highlands, and along some parts of the sea-coast of Scotland. In the second number we are presented with a faithful view of those stupendous cliffs on the coast of Angus, or Forfarshire, facing the German Ocean, too well known to mariners by the dangers of their precipitous shore, and named the Red Head. As a specimen of the descriptive part of the publication, we present our readers with the account annexed to this striking scene.

"Although the mountains of Scotland subside as their ranges approach the east coast, and the greater part of that shore presents only the broken edge of an undulating plain, yet, in several places, the swell of the land is so considerable as to produce scenes of a highly picturesque description. Among the promontories on the east coast which the sailor has many reasons, in an easterly gale, to avoid, there are none which possess more attractions for the landsman than the Red Head. The friable nature of the red sandstone of which the rocks are composed, which stretch north-east for about six miles between Arbroath and the Red Head, gradually increasing in altitude as they approach the headland, renders them pervious to the action of the water, which has scooped out many little bays and caves, and worn the rocks at the intervening promontories into forms so often similar—a likeness increased by their regular horizontal stratification—that it is difficult for an inexperienced eye to distinguish between these recesses. At the ebbing of the tide, they are all left dry, each with its pure silvery beach, rendered yet more beautiful by its contrast with the dark rocks and sombre caves, where the ripple of the receding waters or the gurgle of the hidden pool is gently echoed through their dim recesses. At the return of the tide, the communication between these bays along the beach is speedily cut off; the swelling waters rush in rapidly, and those grottoes, which the hour before had been the pictures of solitude and peace, now become the prison-houses of the raging element, which boils and roars through every chasm, and, when aggravated by the lashing of the storm from without, present a succession of scenes of the wildest and most magnificent character.

The number of caverns along this part of the coast, and the noises which the winds and waves occasion amongst them, has naturally given rise to many popular superstitions and legends. Some of these stories, if not fabricated, have, it is supposed, been given additional circulation to by smugglers, for the purpose of carrying on their illicit trade with greater security. One of the most easterly of these cavities, of difficult access, excepting by sea, has long been known by the name of the '*Forbidden Cave*,' and, in early ages, was supposed to be frequented by all the evil spirits of the country, and in more modern times known to be the receptacle of the best spirits from abroad. No mortal could venture within its precincts with impunity: endless captivity was the least punishment which awaited the individual who would have the hardihood to encounter the beings of another mould in their own proper habitation. An unfortunate piper, in the olden time, thought to frighten its unearthly inmates with the sound of his bagpipe, but they had been too long accustomed to noises of all descriptions to be alarmed at this addition to the concert, and poor 'Tam Tyrie' never returned to tell the secrets of his prison-house. He is still held in thraldom by the Wierd Sisters, who seem to be fond of his music, for he is occasionally heard under the hearthstone of a farm-house three miles inland, 'skirlin' a favourite pibroch, the chorus of which seems to be ever and anon—

'I doubt, I doubt, I'll ne'er win out!'

One fact has certainly been elicited by the piper's hardihood, and that is, that some of these caverns extend inland as far as the farm of Dickmontlaw, which is three miles from the coast.

Near the entrance of the Forbidden Cave, and about thirty feet above the tide mark, is a small apartment, beautifully hollowed by nature out of the solid rock, which some of the neighbouring proprietors were suspected of using occasionally as a 'Rosamond's Bower.' A dismal story is told of a young woman who perished from hunger there, during the continuance of a storm which ravaged the coast for many days, and interrupted the visits of her lover. The *eeriness* of the spot is increased by two cairns or heaps of stones on the beach, to which every passenger is expected to add his contribution, in order to avert ill luck, and to appease the manes of two poor old women who were there stoned to death, after being duly convicted of witchcraft.

There is an opening called the 'Gyler Pot,' about three miles from Arbroath. It is a ravine communicating with the sea, but only accessible from the north or land end, by groping down a steep path to a depth of 250 feet. The effect produced in this grim cavern by the light struggling to find access from above, or faintly glimmering through the sea-ward opening, as through the narrow window of a huge cloister, is awfully sublime; and, during any convulsion of the waters, when they are driven furiously through the opening, and bellow amongst the shapeless rocks, partakes, in no small degree, of the terrific.

We must not leave this spot without warning the reader that between the Red Head and Red Castle he will discern a little fishing station, 'Torrence's Haen,' which is pointed out as the locality of 'Muckle-backet's' cottage; and not far distant from it stands the farm-house of Newbarns, where Sir Walter Scott, not many years past, visited in person the grandson of Mr Jonathan Oldbuck. So our friends the antiquaries of Arbroath say, and they add, that any admirer of Monkbarns will find a hospitable reception at the house of his descendant, and a 'routh o' auld nick-nackets' which will warm the heart of any genuine professor of his antiquated but wholesome doctrines."

ANECDOTES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[Furnished by a friend.]

Being in London at the time when Sir Walter Scott made researches among the papers of some of the government offices concerning some points in his Life of Bonaparte, I happened to be at the Colonial Office one day waiting in an anteroom, when Sir Walter came in, and sat down close by the door; another gentleman entered shortly after, and, giving a slight, and, as it appeared to me, somewhat supercilious glance at the persons already in the apartment, took up his station by the chimney-piece, and occupied himself in examining something that hung upon the wall, as if he did not think his companions worthy of any further attention. I sat in a window looking down Downing Street, immediately opposite Sir Walter, and having been previously slightly known to him, it was not long till he recognised and addressed me. He asked how I liked to live in London, to which I made some reply professing my contentment with it; on this, Sir Walter said, "Oh, I dare say you would like to see the hills and waters of the North again, and to get a breath of pure mountain air." The words were simple in themselves, but they marked his own attachment to home, and they were pronounced in such a tone of kindness as made a deep impression on me, for Sir Walter spoke to every man *as if he had been his blood relation*. I have sometimes amused myself with conjecturing what the gentleman who had turned his back upon us thought of the conversation. Perhaps he despised us as two "fause Scots," who pretended to retain some traces of affection for our beggarly country, and some wish to return to it. If such were his thoughts, they must have been dispersed in an unexpected manner. An attendant opened the door, and pronounced the magic name, "Sir Walter Scott," by way of intimation that Mr Hay, I believe, would be happy to see the Baronet up stairs; upon which, as if he had received a shot, the stranger wheeled suddenly round; but, perhaps, the only opportunity he ever had of seeing that great man, who had made himself known to so many ears, and friends in so many hearts, was lost. Sir Walter sat very near the door, and was concealed by it without our companion obtaining a view of him. He gazed for a moment, then turning round about, honoured me with a stare more particular than he had deigned to bestow at his entrance, and perceiving that I was nothing but a poor Scotch clerk, resumed consideration of the table of official regulations which he had previously made the object of study, deeming me entirely beneath *his* notice.

So eager at all times was Sir Walter to return to the retirement of his beloved Abbotsford, that on the days when the Court of Session closed, having made all necessary preparations previously, his coach was usually in readiness at the doors of the Parliament House, and he drove off direct to the country, without waiting to take a new day for the journey.

Whilst the incognito about the authorship of the Waverley novels was still preserved, Miss Scott, now Mrs Lockhart, was particularly solicitous to persuade herself that the honour belonged to her father; and she took great pains to collect and enumerate to Mr Laidlaw every circumstance which came to her knowledge that helped to fortify her in that belief. Among these was the fact, that although her mother seemed to be as well acquainted as other people with the novels after they were published, and joined in conversation about them, yet the copy which was placed

on the table of her chamber was left uncut. From this she argued that Lady Scott must have previously perused them on the proof-sheets, and, consequently, that none but her father could be the author.

Near the beginning of the Bride of Lammermuir, the sign of the Wallace Head is described as "the majestic head of Sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the *felon* Edward." A person once took the liberty of inquiring of the author whether he meant here felon in the common acceptation of the English word, or if it was a mis-spelling of the printer for the old Scotch word *felloun*, which means *fierce, ruthless*. Sir Walter replied, "I leave the orthography entirely to you, only begging you will spell the felon as feloniously as possible." This circumstance, though trivial in itself, marks the strong and decided feeling of indignation with which Sir Walter regarded the conduct of Edward towards the preserver of Scottish independence.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

J. J. AUDUBON.

SKETCHES of American scenery and manners have from time to time been selected by us from the Ornithological Biography of J. J. Audubon, and presented to our readers in the hope of exciting an interest in their minds relative to the labours of this ingenious and most meritorious artist, whose published drawings of American birds form, without exception, one of the most extraordinary productions of the age. The world generally has no conception of the enthusiasm which has animated Mr Audubon in the pursuits to which he has successfully attached himself, or what he has accomplished; and as he is still, we believe, engaged in traversing the extensive woods of his native country, in the search of new objects in natural history, the scientific world has perhaps reason to anticipate a still greater increase to its stores from his hands. The memoir with which he has prefaced his ornithological work, besides being a pleasantly written piece of autobiography, gives an idea of the nature of his professional avocations, and will be perused with no small degree of interest. To our young readers it will point out the necessity for never relaxing in their exertions, or giving way to despondency, whatever may be the nature of the difficulties they have to encounter in their progress through life.

"I received life and light (says he) in the New World. When I had hardly yet learned to walk, and to articulate those first words always so endearing to parents, the productions of Nature that lay spread all around were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates; and before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky, and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but bordering on phrenzy, must accompany my steps through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold upon me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aërial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest. My father generally accompanied my steps, procured birds and flowers for me with great eagerness, pointed out the elegant movements of the former, the beauty and softness of their plumage, the manifestations of their pleasure or sense of danger, and the always perfect forms and splendid attire of the latter. My valued preceptor would then speak of the departure and return of birds with the seasons, would describe their haunts, and, more wonderful than all, their change of livery; thus exciting me to study them, and to raise my mind toward their great Creator.

A vivid pleasure shone upon those days of my early youth, attended with a calmness of feeling, that seldom failed to rivet my attention for hours, whilst I gazed in ecstacy upon the pearly and shining eggs, as they lay imbedded in the softest down, or among dried leaves and twigs, or were exposed upon the burning sand or weather-beaten rock of our Atlantic shores. I was taught to look upon them as flowers yet in the bud. I watched their opening, to see how Nature had provided each different species with eyes, either open at birth, or closed for some time after; to trace the slow progress of the young birds toward perfection, or admire the celerity with which some of them, while yet unfledged, removed themselves from danger to security.

I grew up, and my wishes grew with my form. These wishes, kind reader, were for the entire possession of all that I saw. I was fervently desirous of becoming acquainted with nature. For many years, however, I was sadly disappointed, and for ever, doubtless, must I have desires that cannot be gratified. The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted; and although the greatest cares were bestowed on endeavours to preserve the appearance of nature, I looked upon its vesture as more than sullied, as requiring constant attention, and repeated mendings, while, after all, it could no longer be said to be fresh from the hands of its Maker. I wished to possess all the productions of nature, but I wished life with them. This was impossible. Then what was to be done? I turned to my father, and made known to him my disappointment and anxiety. He produced a book of *Illustrations*. A new life ran in my veins. I turned over the leaves with avidity; and although what I saw was not what I longed for, it gave me a desire to copy nature. To Nature I went, and tried to imitate her, as in the days of my childhood I had tried to raise myself from the ground and stand erect, before nature had imparted the vigour necessary for the success of such an undertaking.

How sorely disappointed did I feel for many years, when I saw that my productions were worse than those which I ventured (perhaps in silence) to regard as bad, in the book given me by my father! My pencil gave birth to a family of cripples. So maimed were most of them, that they resembled the mangled corpses on a field of battle, compared with the integrity of living men. These difficulties and disappointments irritated me, but never for a moment destroyed the desire of obtaining perfect representations of nature. The worse my drawings were, the more beautiful did I see the originals. To have been torn from the study would have been as death to me. My time was entirely occupied with it. I produced hundreds of these rude sketches annually; and for a long time, at my request, they made bonfires on the anniversaries of my birth-day.

Patiently, and with industry, did I apply myself to study, for, although I felt the impossibility of giving life to my productions, I did not abandon the idea of representing nature. Many plans were successively adopted, many masters guided my hand. At the age of seventeen, when I returned from France, whither I had gone to receive the rudiments of my education, my drawings had assumed a form. David had guided my hand in tracing objects of large size. Eyes and noses belonging to giants, and heads of horses represented in ancient sculpture, were my models. These, although fit subjects for men intent on pursuing the higher branches of the art, were immediately laid aside by me. I returned to the woods of the New World with fresh ardour, and commenced a collection of drawings, which I henceforth continued, and which is now publishing, under the title of "THE BIRDS OF AMERICA."

In Pennsylvania, a beautiful state, almost central on the line of our Atlantic shores, my father, in his desire of proving my friend through life, gave me what Americans call a beautiful 'plantation,' refreshed during the summer heats by the waters of the Schuylkil River, and traversed by a creek named Perkioming. Its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, offered many subjects to my pencil. It was there that I commenced my simple and agreeable studies, with as little concern about the future as if the world had been made for me. My rambles invariably commenced at break of day; and to return wet with dew, and bearing a feathered prize, was, and ever will be, the highest enjoyment for which I have been fitted.

Yet think not, reader, that the enthusiasm which I felt for my favourite pursuits was a barrier opposed to the admission of gentler sentiments. Nature, which had turned my young mind toward the bird and the flower, soon proved her influence upon my heart. Be it enough to say, that the object of my passion has long since blessed me with the name of husband. And now let us return, for who cares to listen to the love-tale of a naturalist, whose feelings may be supposed to be as light as the feathers which he delineates!

For a period of nearly twenty years, my life was a succession of vicissitudes. I tried various branches of commerce, but they all proved unprofitable, doubtless because my whole mind was ever filled with my passion for rambling, and admiring those objects of nature from which alone I received the purest gratification. I had to struggle against the will of all who at that period called themselves my friends. I must here, however, except my wife and children. The remarks of my other friends irritated me beyond endurance, and, breaking through all bonds, I gave myself entirely up to my pursuits. Any one unacquainted with the extraordinary desire which I then felt of seeing and judging for myself, would doubtless have pronounced me callous to every sense of duty, and regardless of every interest. I undertook long and tedious journies, ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic. Years were spent away from my family. Yet, reader, will you believe it, I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature. Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming in any degree useful to my kind, until I accidentally formed acquaintance with the Prince of Musignano at Philadelphia, to which place I went, with the view of proceeding eastward along the coast.

I reached Philadelphia on the 5th April 1824, just as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon. Excepting the good Dr Mease, who had visited me in my younger days, I had scarcely a friend in the city. I called on him, and showed him some of my drawings. He presented me to the celebrated Charles Lucian Bonaparte, who in his turn introduced me to the Natural History Society of Philadelphia. But the patronage which I so much needed, I soon found myself compelled to seek elsewhere. I left Philadelphia, and visited New York, where I was received with a kindness well suited to elevate my depressed spirits; and afterwards, ascending that noble stream the Hudson, gliding over our broad lakes, to seek the wildest solitudes of the pathless and gloomy forests.

It was in these forests that, for the first time, I communed with myself as to the possible event of my visiting Europe again; and I began to fancy my work under the multiplying efforts of the graver. Happy days, and nights of pleasing dreams! I read over the catalogue of my collection, and thought how it might be possible for an unconnected and unaided individual like myself to accomplish the grand scheme. Chance, and chance alone, had divided my drawings into three different classes, depending upon the magnitude of the objects which they represented; and although I did not at that time possess all the specimens necessary, I arranged them as well as I could into parcels of five plates, each of which now forms a Number of my Illustrations. I improved the whole as much as was in my power, and as I daily retired farther from the haunts of man, determined to leave nothing undone, which my labour, my time, or my purse, could accomplish.

Eighteen months elapsed. I returned to my family, then in Louisiana, explored every portion of the vast woods around, and at last sailed towards the Old World. But before we visit the shores of hospitable England, I have the wish, good-natured reader, to give you some idea of my mode of executing the original drawings, from which the Illustrations have been taken; and I sincerely hope that the perusal of these lines may excite in you a desire minutely to examine them.

Merely to say that each object of my Illustrations is of the size of nature, were too vague—for to many it might only convey the idea that they are so, more or less, according as the eye of the delineator may have been more or less correct in measurement simply obtained through that medium; and of avoiding error in this respect, I am particularly desirous. Not only is every object, as a whole, of the natural size, but also every portion of each object. The compass aided me in its delineation, regulated and corrected each part, even to the very fore-shortening which now and then may be seen in the figures. The bill, the feet, the legs, the claws, the very feathers as they project one beyond another, have been accurately measured. The birds, almost all of them, were killed by myself, after I had examined their motions and habits, as much as the case admitted, and were regularly drawn on or near the spot where I procured them

An accident which happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it, merely to show you how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call the persevering zeal with which I laboured—may enable the observer of nature to surmount the most disheartening obstacles. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the bank of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to all my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, and gave them in charge to a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury should happen to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced, and opened; but, reader, feel for me; a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a few months before, represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before, and, ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again.

America being my country, and the principal pleasures of my life having been obtained there, I prepared to leave it with deep sorrow, after in vain trying to publish my Illustrations in the United States. In Philadelphia, Wilson's principal engraver, amongst others, gave it as his opinion to my friends, that my drawings could never be engraved. In New York, other difficulties presented themselves, which determined me to carry my collections to Europe.

As I approached the coast of England, and for the first time beheld her fertile shores, the despondency of my spirits became very great. I knew not an individual in the country; and although I was the bearer of letters from American friends, and statesmen of great eminence, my situation appeared precarious in the extreme. I imagined that every individual whom I was about to meet, might be possessed of talents superior to those of any on our side of the Atlantic! Indeed, as I for the first time walked on the streets of Liverpool, my heart nearly failed me, for not a glance of sympathy did I meet in my wander-

ings, for two days. To the woods I could not betake myself, for there were none near.

But how soon did all around me assume a different aspect! How fresh is the recollection of the change! The very first letter which I tendered procured me a world of friends. My drawings were publicly exhibited, and publicly praised. Joy swelled my heart. The first difficulty was surmounted. Honours, which, on application being made through my friends, Philadelphia had refused, Liverpool freely accorded.

I left that emporium of commerce, with many a passport, bent upon visiting fair Edina, for I longed to see the men and the scenes immortalized by the fervid strains of Burns and the glowing eloquence of Scott and Wilson.

My journey to Scotland was performed along the north-western shores of England. I passed in view of Lancaster Castle, and through Carlisle. I had by this time much altered my ideas of this island and its inhabitants. I found her churches all hung with her glories, and her people all alive to the kindest hospitality. I saw Edinburgh, and was struck with the natural pictorial elegance of her site; and I soon found that her inhabitants were as urbane as those whom I had left behind me. The principal scientific and literary characters of the ancient metropolis of Scotland received me as a brother. It is impossible for me to mention all the individuals from whom I received the kindest attention.

In this capital commenced the publication of my Illustrations, and there it might have been accomplished, had not unexpected difficulties come in the way. My engraver, Mr W. H. Lizars, advised me to seek an artist in London. There, after many fruitless inquiries, I became acquainted with Mr Robert Havell, junior, who has ever since continued to be employed by me, and who, I am happy in saying, has given general satisfaction to my patrons.

Four years have passed. One volume of my Illustrations, containing one hundred plates, is before the public. You may easily see, good-natured reader, that to Britain I owe nearly all my success. She has furnished the artists through whom my labours were to be presented to the world; she has granted me the highest patronage and honours; in a word, she has thus far supported the prosecution of my Illustrations. To Britain, therefore, I shall ever be grateful."

THE UNKNOWN POETS OF SCOTLAND.

The first number of a work under this title has just appeared. It is the production of Mr Alexander Campbell, of Leith—himself an unknown poet, and also a prose writer of considerable nerve and fancy.* The object of the work is to collect and preserve the best stray productions of men who have not regularly appeared as authors, living and dead, and who, but for this peculiar plan of publication, would have never, in all probability, been heard of beyond a small local circle.

As it is impossible for any man of ordinary feeling to be indifferent respecting the productions of obscure genius; as, on the contrary, all hearts feel a natural and sincere pleasure in seeing talent rescued from the pressure of unfavourable circumstances, and brought fully into that publicity which it merits; we should think that the idea of Mr Campbell's book must meet with general acceptation. All that remains to be considered is—Is the selection judicious? Are the pieces brought forward really such as to make it desirable that the writers should be introduced to the public? And, finally, are they presented in company with such biographical facts and critical observations as may aid in giving the necessary interest to the book?

We think that Mr Campbell has partly failed and partly succeeded in these objects. Of the specimens which he brings forward, some are truly admirable, some so-so, and a few, in our humble opinion, might have been as well spared. We would also suggest, that, though the editor's feelings are always of the right kind, and, in some cases, eloquently expressed, there is often an unnecessary obtrusiveness and plenitude of remark, and, what is much worse, there is a prevailing propensity to sarcasm and acerbity, that have an effect far from pleasant. Passing, however, over these objections, which bear but a small proportion to the merits of the design, and the better parts of its execution, we think Mr Campbell will probably add a very curious and valuable volume to our national literature.

In the present *number*, only three poets are introduced. The first is James Forrest, who spent the whole of his tuneful life in the capacity of a weaver, and died at Carlops in 1818, aged forty-three. Forrest's poetry is generally of a melancholy cast, with a strain of delicate natural feeling running throughout. He has apparently lit his torch at the more pensive poems of Burns; and when the perusal of his verses is coupled with the recital of a life of humble and hopeless poverty, the effect is altogether truly touching. We think the following poem to a Redbreast a perfect gem in its way:—

ON A REDBREAST COMING INTO MY COTTAGE, DECEMBER, 1810.

Thou'rt welcome, Robin, to my dwallin',
Sae dinna keek behint the hallan,
Step briskly ben, my canty callan,
'Thout fear or dread,
The noisy weans, sae loudly bawlin',
Ye needna heed.

Troth, lad, the day is e'en right gurl,
The snaw blaws thick wi' choakin' swurl,
The shapeless wreaths, high-tow'ring, curl,
While through the cluds
Bleak boreas, gowlin, starves the warl'
Wi' spitefu' thuds.

Right sair I mourn thy mates now roamin',
Wi' hungry wames, o'er nature's common,
Wha maun cour in some hole at gloamin'
Beneath the drift,
While loud the ruthless tempest's moanin'
The lang dark night.

I'm sorry, Bob, that reasonin' man
Should mar kind nature's social plan,
Wha boasts his powers her works to scan
And wondrous laws,
From the long chain's remotest span
To the First Cause.

Then dinna doubt me, tunefu' brither,
The feckless aye are fond o' ither;
Sae dinna hap, an' hitch, an' swither,
An' glowr about,
Ye'll here be safe till better weather
Shall shine without.

Amongst the other poems by Forrest, several of which are very tame, there is one beginning, "That altered form thou shalt not see," which has hitherto been attributed to Mrs Brunton, because found among her papers, but which Mr Campbell asserts as more probably by the Carlops weaver, though he has only the same reason to adduce, namely, that it was found in a MS. volume left by that person. When read beside the other productions of Forrest, it is quite incredible that this poem is by him, and we cannot help expressing our wonder at the ingenious editor having imposed it upon himself as one of his productions.

Mr Campbell's second hero is James Home, an existing builder of dykes—*i. e.*, dry-stone inclosures. He is the Anacreon of the fraternity, and really writes amatory poetry of much fervour.

But by far the most remarkable individual of the three is a young person named James Ballantyne (a painter residing in Hanover Street, Edinburgh), of whose genius we could hardly speak in high enough terms. The vein of this young poet is one of peculiar humour—resembling, if it resembles any thing, some of the droll effusions ascribed to James the Fifth of Scotland—but at the same time mixed and threaded up with a strain of feeling that elevates it far above any thing that the royal poet has to boast of. Of this most original and most promising genius, we shall give one specimen, that strikes us as containing a picture of extraordinary distinctness, in a style of singularly happy language:—

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

Wee stuffy, stumpy, dumpie laddie,
Thou urchin elfin, bare an' duddy,
Thy plumpit kite an' cheek sae ruddy
Are fairly baggit,
Although the breekums on thy fuddy
Are e'en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate, sae black an' curly,
Thy twa bare feet, sae stoure an' burly,
The biting frost, though snell an' surly,
An' sair to bide,
Is scorned by thee, thou hardy wurly,
Wi' sturdy pride.

Come frost, come snaw, come win', come weet,
Owre frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,
Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet
Right bauld an' sicker,
An' ne'er wast kenned to whinge or greet,
But for thy bicker.

Our gentry's wee peel-garlic gets
Feed on bear meal, an' sma' ale swats,
Wi' thin beef tea, an' scours o' sauts,
To keep them pale;
But aitmeal parritch straughts thy guts,
An' thick Scotch kail.

Thy grannie's paiks, the maister's whippin',
Can never mend thy gait o' kippin';
I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'
A' after thee,
An' thou aff, like a young colt, skippin'
Far owre the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild, noisy brattle,
Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,
Stridin' owre horse, an' yerkin' cattle
Wi' noisy glee,
Nae jockey's whup nor drover's wattle
Can frighten thee.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit Paddy,
Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddie,
Ilk tree-legged man, ilk club-taed laddie,
Ilk oily leary,
Ilk midden mavis, wee black jaudy,
A' dread an' fear ye.

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer,
Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,
Ilk dusty batchy,
Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
A' strive to catch ye.

Ilk thimlin', thievin', gamblin' diddler,
Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler dridler,
Ilk haltin', hirplin', blindit fiddler,
Ilk wee speech-crier,
Ilk lazy, ballant-singin' idler,
Chase thee like fire.

Ik waly-draiglin', dribblin' wight,
Wha sleeps a' day, an' drinks a' night,
An' staggers hame in braid daylight,
Bleerit, blin', and scaur,
Thou cowerst hin up, a movin' fright,
Wi' dunts o' glaur.

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,
In teapot, bottle, *stoup*, or cappie,
Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,
Wi' couthy care,
Thou gar'st the hidden treasure jaupie
A' in the air.

At e'en, when weary warkmen house,
Their sair forfoughten spunks to rouse,
An' owre the inspirin' whisky bouse
Croon mony a ditty,
Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,
Whiffin' thy cutty.

Thine education's maistly perfect,
An' though thou now art wee an' barefoot,
Thou'lt be a swankin', spunky spark yet,
Or I'm mista'en,
Unless misfortune's gurly bark yet
Should change thy vein.

O, why sould age, wi' cankered e'e,
Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee,
We a' were callants ance 'ike thee,
An' happier men
Than, after clamberin' up life's tree,
We think us men.

Feeling the warmest interest in the object of this book (a feeling which has induced us, busy as we are, to take some pains in circulating it over the country), we shall probably return to it when it has advanced a little farther.

THE SON OF COLKITTOCH.*

Alexander Macdonell, commonly known in the Highlands and in Ireland by the patronymic of Allister MacCollè, or the Son of Coll, was the eldest son of Colkittoch, a gentleman of whom we have already given an account. He was born in the island of Colonsay, and his close connexion with the family of Antrim induced him to engage in the troubles which occurred in Ireland in the reign of Charles the First. The Earl of Antrim appointed him to command the auxiliary force which he sent to assist the king's friends in Scotland. These troops consisted chiefly of his own tenants and followers.

Alexander first landed with his soldiers near the castle of Mingary, at the western extremity of the Sound of Mull, and then in possession of the Parliamentary party. A fellow who travelled to exhibit the enormity of his appetite, paid his respects to Macdonell, and treated him with a specimen of his powers, by devouring the whole dinner which had been prepared for the crew of his vessel. Having acquitted himself thus handsomely, he appealed to the commander for his reward; upon which Alexander ordered his men to hang him to the mast, as being a nuisance to the world.

Alexander had no artillery, but he ordered a vast quantity of combustible materials to be collected in the dry ditch at the foot of the castle wall, and to be set on fire, expecting to compel the garrison to surrender, from the violent heat. The fire was kept burning for several days, and the wall still bears the mark; but the attempt failed. Want of provisions, however, induced the besieged to surrender in the course of time, and they were made prisoners of war.

The Irish troops being much in want of shoes, Campbell, of Bragleen, who had commanded the castle, said that he knew where some Irish leather might be found, and offered to procure it if he obtained a party of soldiers. This was agreed to, and Campbell led them to the rocky bed of a river in the vicinity, where he selected a place well adapted to his purpose. He first descended by a narrow winding path, and ordered the men to follow him singly into a cavern below, where he said the leather was concealed. This was done, and Campbell stabbed every man as he entered the cavern, until he killed the whole party, and then made his escape. The situation of the place justifies the belief of the bloody deed. Campbell was afterwards taken prisoner, and he defended his conduct by asserting that he had performed his promise, by having so many Irish hides, meaning the skins of those whom he killed. Alexander was remarkable for his great strength of body and daring intrepidity. He appears to have understood the character of his troops well, for his popularity among them was very great. He was much distinguished for his conduct in all the actions which Montrose fought against the Covenanters, and was promoted to the rank of major-general, or general-major, as it was then termed. He also received the honour of knighthood.

After the unfortunate defeat of Montrose at Philiphaugh, Sir Alexander retired into Argyleshire. Passing by the side of Loch Ballimore, in the centre of which one Mackorquodale, the head of a neighbouring sept, had fortified a small islet, where he considered himself in perfect security, having the only boat on the lake in his possession. When he saw that Sir Alexander, with his troops, was marching past without taking any notice of him, he went to the top of his castle, and vauntingly fired off a musket, as a mark of defiance. Macdonell upon this turned round, levelled his rifle, and saying, "Oh, poor trifling Mackorquodale, I beg pardon for passing without taking notice of you!" he shot him dead as he stood on the roof of his castle. The very spot on which he stood when he fired the shot is still marked by a cairn, and the distance certainly appears to justify the little Baron's confidence in his own safety.

* He is the author of a historical novel upon the subject of Perkin Warbeck, published about two years ago.

* We give this as a second extract from those "Legends of the Western Highlands" which appeared some years ago in the *London Literary Gazette*. Some further information of an authentic character, and also a few legendary anecdotes, respecting the son of Colkittoch, are given by one of the Editors of the present Journal, in his History of Montrose's Wars, Constable's Miscellany, volumes XXXI, XXXII.

Sir Alexander remained for some days after this in the district of Argyle properly so called; and having observed a mill at some distance, he accidentally inquired the name of the place where it stood, and was informed it was called the Mill of Goghkum-Go. He started when he heard the name, struck his hand on his forehead, and retired into his tent. Next day he continued his retreat into Kintyre.

It seems that before he left Ireland, Sir Alexander had, according to the custom of that age and country, consulted a witch as to the fate of his expedition, and she foretold that he would be fortunate in all his undertakings until he should reach Goghkum-Go. He laughed at the oddness of the name, and thought no more of it. But when he found himself at a place of that name, his situation being at the time unfavourable, the circumstance made a strong impression on his mind.

He had with him twelve hundred foot, and certainly might have defended the very strong passes which command the entrance into the peninsula of Kintyre very effectually. But he neglected to do so. He was followed by Sir David Leslie. Sir Alexander chose to place a garrison of three hundred men in the castle of Dunaverty, near the Mull of Kintyre. This had been one of the ancient residences of the lords of the isles; and it was there that the valiant Bruce was so kindly entertained by that potent chief when he was on his way to the island of Rathlin, on the coast of Ireland, after he had been defeated by Macdougall, Lord of Lorne, at Dalry. Leslie laid siege to Dunaverty, and the unfortunate garrison was soon forced to surrender for want of water. They gave themselves up "on the mercy of the kingdom;" but, alas! they found no mercy. Three days after, they were put to death in cold blood by the execrable Leslie, to which there is evidence that he was strongly incited by the Rev. John Nave, commissioner from the Kirk, who acted as the general's chaplain, and who incessantly prompted him to this bloody act, threatening him with the curses that befel Saul for sparing the Amalekites, should he not put these men to death. They consisted chiefly of the clan Macdougall, and their young chief alone was saved, on condition that he should banish himself to France. The Marquis of Argyll was present on this occasion; and though he had no higher rank than colonel, the nation in general imputed much of the fault to him. Sir Alexander himself did not remain at Dunaverty, but after putting a few troops into Dunivaig, in Islay, embarked for Ireland with the rest of his men. These consisted entirely of Irish; and with them he found the royal party in that country, where he was soon after killed in battle against the republicans under Lord Taffe, afterwards Earl of Carlingford. Sir Alexander was taken prisoner by two private soldiers, who, having discovered his rank and importance, disputed the honour of capturing him, and to prevent either having a preference, they put him to death. This happened in the year 1647, at a place named Glenlussart.

Some strange fatality certainly appears to have seized Sir Alexander in the last part of his career; and it is by no means improbable that his mind became impressed with the inevitable destruction to which he was doomed, after the partial fulfilment of the oracle he had unhappily relied on. Sir Alexander and his father are confounded by all the historians of that period we have seen. They are often confounded under the names of Colkittoch, or Macdonald of Colkittoch.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

MANUSCRIPTS.

Of all the relics of antiquity which have been brought to light during the excavation of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the papyrus of the latter subterranean city must be allowed to stand pre-eminent in value and importance. It is, however, to be regretted that so little success has followed the labours of those who have attempted to unroll them. They seem to have been first enveloped by a paste, which consolidated around them, and then allowed them to become slowly carbonized. The vegetable substance is now a thin friable black matter, in appearance somewhat like the tinder which remains when strong paper has been burnt, in which the letters may still be sometimes traced. The leaves of the papyri are so closely cemented together, that the roll appears as one mass, and the difficulty of separation has been found scarcely surmountable, without doing injury to the writing. Some portions, however, have been unrolled, and the titles of about four hundred of the least injured have been read. They are works of no importance, but all entirely new, and chiefly relating to music, rhetoric, and cookery. The obliterations and corrections are numerous, so that there is a probability of their having been original manuscripts. There are two volumes of Epicurus "On Nature," and the rest are for the most part productions of the same school of writers. Only a very few are written in Latin, almost the whole being in Greek. All were found in the library of one private individual, and in a quarter of the town where there was the least probability of manuscripts being found. From this circumstance, we may be allowed to indulge the hope that future excavations will discover some literary treasures of real value. But the enterprise of private individuals will not be able to accomplish this. The governments of Europe ought to come forward with their support. The supineness manifested at the present moment by all of them—our own, of course, included—reflects something very like disgrace upon them.

SKELETONS, PAINTINGS, &c.

A very small number of skeletons, as was formerly observed, have been found in either city; hence it is clear that the greater mass of the inhabitants had found time to escape. Besides those already noticed, there were found in the vaults of a house in the suburbs of Pompeii, the skeletons of seventeen individuals, who appear to have sought refuge there from the tempest of ashes which poured from the sky. There was also preserved in the same place, a perfect cast of a woman, supposed to have been the mistress of the house, with an infant locked in her arms. Her form was imprinted upon the rock which formed her sepulchre, but only the bones remained. To these a chain of gold was suspended, and rings with jewels were upon the fingers of the skeleton. The remains of a soldier were found in a niche, where, in all probability, he was performing the office of sentinel. His hand still grasped a lance, and the usual military accoutrements of the time were also found there.

The walls in the interior of buildings are generally adorned with fresco paintings, the colours of which are in a state of perfect preservation, and have all the freshness of recent finishing. The shells also, which decorate some of the public fountains, have sustained no injury from the lapse of ages, or the volcanic products in which they were buried, but appear as entire as if they had deen preserved in a museum.

Fishing nets, some of them quite entire, have been found, in great numbers, in both cities. Linen, also, with the texture well defined, was amongst the excavated products. In the shop of a baker, a loaf was found still retaining its form, with the baker's name stamped upon it, and which, to satisfy the curiosity of modern professors of the art, we shall give: it was "Eleris Q. Crani Riser." On the counter of an apothecary's shop, was a box of pills, and by the side of it a small cylindrical roll, evidently ready for cutting up: this method of administering to a body diseased is therefore of very ancient date.

It would be easy to extend our notice of the various relics of antiquity which have been found; but the details already given will probably satisfy the reader, as they are the most interesting and important which we have been able to collect, after examining a number of works upon the subject.

SMOKING IN GERMANY.

We have more than once pointed out the dangerous effects of smoking, now one of the most vulgar *accomplishments* among young men. The following observations in a Hamburg journal shew the extent to which this vicious and mean indulgence is carried in Germany:—"The propensity of smoking is declared by the physicians to be actually one of the most efficient causes of the German tendency to diseases of the lungs. In point of expense, its waste is enormous. In Hamburg alone, 50,000 boxes of cigars have been consumed in a year, each box costing about L.3 sterling: L.150,000 puffed into the air! And it is to be remembered, that even this is but a part of the expense; the cigar adorning the lip only of the better order, and even among those, only of the young; the mature generally abjuring this small vanity, and blowing away with the mighty meerschaum of their ancestors. This plague, like the Egyptian plague of frogs, is felt every where and in every thing. It poisons the streets, the clubs, and the coffee-houses; furniture, clothes, equipage, person, are redolent of the abomination. It makes even the dullness of the newspaper doubly narcotic; the napkin on the table tells instantly that native hands have been over it; every eatable and drinkable, all that can be seen, felt, heard, or understood, is saturated with tobacco; the very air we breathe is but a conveyance for this poison into the lungs; and every man, woman, and child, rapidly acquires the complexion of a boiled chicken. From the hour of their waking, if nine-tenths of the population can ever be said to awake at all, to the hour of their lying down, which in innumerable instances the peasantry do in their clothes, the pipe is never out of their mouths; one mighty fumigation reigns, and human nature is smoke-dried by tens of thousands of square miles. But if it be a crime to shorten life, or extinguish faculties, the authority of the chief German physiologists charges this custom with effecting both in a very remarkable degree. They compute, that of twenty deaths of men between eighteen and thirty-five, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. The universal weakness of the eyes, which makes the Germans *par excellence* a spectacled nation, is probably attributed to the same cause of general nervous debility. Tobacco burns out their blood, their teeth, their eyes, and their brains; turns their flesh into mummy, and their mind into metaphysics."

SAYING OF MARGAROT.

When Maurice Margarot was tried at Edinburgh for sedition, Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield, who always talked broad Scotch upon the bench, said, "Hae ye ony counsel, man?" "No." "Do you want to hae ony appointit?" "No; I only want an interpreter to make me understand what your Lordship says."

A SOUND HORSE.

Sergeant Bond related the following anecdote of himself with great good humour:—"I once bought a horse from a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had any fault. I, therefore, when I paid for him, said to the seller, 'Now, my friend, you have got your money and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed; but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault that he has.' 'Why, Sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears. 'What is it, my friend?' 'Why, Sir,' says he, 'it is, that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh!' said I; 'if that's all, I am not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with or to lead me to Uxbridge.' It, however, so happened that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street, until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about," said the Sergeant, "seated myself firmly in my stirrups (at the same time exhibiting the attitude in which the feat was to be performed), expecting a plunge from my horse; I stuck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him! But I was not long left in doubt of what appeared to be the cause of this change in his antipathies, by the landlord's coming up to him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, 'Ha, Jack!' says he, 'I'm glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you.' 'What do you mean, Mr Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' I did not much relish this piece of information," said the Sergeant, "but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer to prevent me from going to a place where his theft would be discovered. I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord." What they were he kept to himself.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CHANGE OF COLOUR IN ANIMALS.

As the cold season advances, the coats of many animals change colour. This curious phenomenon is rarely observable in our temperate climate, except in the case of the Alpine hare, which inhabits Scotland, and which, from a brown colour, becomes, in winter, of a snowy white. It is in the arctic regions that this interesting change is most strongly manifested. Warmth is the object of the singular provision, and the principles upon which it is secured are simply these:—All persons have felt that black clothes heat the body in summer-time much sooner than white ones, and hence the prevalence of light-coloured garments in the hot season; but the contrary is the case during the winter; black clothes are the most comfortless garments we can wear. Black substances, when they are placed in a temperature superior to their own, absorb heat more readily than a white substance, but if, after heating a black and white body to an equal degree, they are removed to a temperature lower than their own, the black body will part with its heat and be cool much sooner than the white. White skins are, therefore, better fitted for preserving the body of an animal from cold than those of any other colour; they shut in the heat, while a darker skin would have let it out. Accordingly, we find this law brought to contribute to the comfort of the fowls and beasts of the arctic circle, at a time when, without them, they would perish.—*Guide to Knowledge.*

WOMEN IN INDIA.

In Anglo-Indian society, as in every other, woman is the most important and powerful of the social elements. Married women give the tone not to manners only, but to modes of thinking in the English circles of India. Single ones have no perceptible influence, for they soon get married, and melt into the character of wives and mothers. No such thing as a regular set of unmarried women exists there; as for a knot of old maids, the forlorn bench of our coteries and ball-rooms, it was never so much as heard of. Judge then of the influence of this very circumstance upon those who move in those circles, and in particular on the female portion of them. A batch of new arrivals are like the hams and cheeses imported by the same vessels; they will not keep till another season. If they do not meet with a suitable match soon after they hav lighted on the Indian soil, they must lower their hopes from the delightful dreams of a rapid fortune, to some Lieutenant-Colonel, with a liver perforated like a sieve, or a colon almost brought to a full stop, and a pocket not much replenished by a twenty-five years' service.—*Asiatic Journal.*

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DANGLERS.

"By the bye, do you know who that genteel-looking young man is, that I see constantly hanging about the Wilsons? Go where I will, I am sure to see him along with one or other of the young ladies. Last Wednesday night, having occasion to call on Mrs Wilson about the character of a servant, whom did I see stuck up in a corner of the sofa but this same young gentleman, discussing with Miss Jessy, if I understood it rightly, the merits of a patent thread paper; I next night saw him with them in the pit of the Theatre, the third seat from the orchestra; and I am positive that he is ten times oftener in their seat at church than in his own, wherever that may be." Such is the sort of question that some well-meaning, but curious female controller-general of society puts on observing a dangler in high practice. The danglers are a class of young men belonging to some idle profession, who are never happy unless they be on terms of intimate acquaintance in families having one or two daughters come to a marriageable time of life. Having effected an introduction, it is impossible to tell how—most likely at a soirée, where he made quite a sensation by dancing *the Lancers* in a first-rate style, or through means of another dangler or friend of the family, or, what is more likely still, through an acquaintanceship with a brother of the young ladies, picked up at a fencing-school—the dangler falls into a habit of dropping in at all seasons, and, in a short time, from being a good-looking young man, and of tolerable address, becomes a privileged person in the household. If there be any dinner, tea, or supper party, Mr Brown is sure to be put down first on the list, or is there of his own accord; and, from his frequent appearances on such occasions, a certain kind of *understanding* as to his motives prevails among all descriptions of regular visitors. The dangler thus makes himself a species of necessary evil in the family. He brings all the floating small-talk of the town to the young ladies; speaks to them about concerts, play-actors, and charity sermons; helps the tea-kettle, and has a habit of saying "allow me," and making a movement as if to rise, when any thing is to be lifted; converses on the prevailing colour in the new winter dresses, and leads the laugh when any thing droll is mentioned. When Miss Jessy and Miss Sally go out for a walk, or on any necessary piece of duty, the dangler has a knack of hitting the exact time they are to leave the house, and, with an inclination, offers his arm, but always has a tendency to be on the side next Miss Jessy. At "kirk or at market," the dangler acts the obliging young man, being equally ready to carry a parasol, or look out the place in the Bible or Psalm-book. The dangler, in short, is ubiquitous in his services, and so, as a matter of course, all the world put him down as a favoured suitor of one or other of the young ladies. "Take my word for it," says Mrs Gavine, to her friend Mrs Brotherstone, "it is a set thing that young Tom Brown is after Jessy Wilson, and there's no doubt he'll get her too. I'm sure they've been long enough in making it up at any rate; for, to my certain knowledge, he used to call when they lived in George Street, and that is more than three years since." "Indeed," replies the party addressed, "I'm not so sure about it as all that. I have always had my own opinion that he is one of those flirting fellows that never know their own mind for three minutes at a time, and, whatever they do, take always good care never to come to the point. However, I dare say he gets enough of encouragement, and they may take their own way of it, for me. Had the father not been a poor silly man, he would have settled the matter long ere this." There are strong grounds for belief that Mrs Brotherstone is not far from the truth in her opinion of our hero Mr Brown. Under the indistinct idea that he is in love with a young lady, when he is no such thing, the dangling genteel young man haunts her wherever she goes, gets recognised by her father or mother as a suitable enough match for their daughter, flirts about her for a year or two, without, be it remarked, ever having spoken a word to her of personal esteem or attachment, yet insinuated himself so far into her good graces by his actions and looks—his everlasting dangling—that he knows he could get her at any time for the asking; then, behold, when he sees he can secure another with a better fortune, or, in his eyes, some other great recommendation, he leaves the long assiduously-courted young lady to pine over her solitary fate. How often is this the case in the middle ranks of life! How many hundreds and thousands of amiable young women have had cause to rue that they ever gave any permanent encouragement to a dangler. Such a character acts like a blight on the fate of a young lady; for he not only consumes her valuable time, and distracts her feelings, but prevents real and modest admirers from making advances; wherefore, in the end, she has perhaps to marry a person of inferior respectability, or remain on the list of old maids. Such a result forms the worst feature in the case of the dangler. Heedless of the havoc he is committing in the fate of the young lady; not reflecting that what has been simple killing of time or amusement to him has been protracted torture to a sensitive female, who, probably, all the while pardons him, from the impression that he is only waiting till he can conveniently make a declaration, he either starts off after a new object, or grows cool in his attentions, after the bloom of her youth is fled. Yet, we have known danglers deservedly caught in their own cunning devices. The eldest daughter of the family, to whom he has long been in his own opinion attached, is carried off, as it were, out of his very grasp, when he thought himself most secure; and he probably enters into a campaign of dangling with the younger; but she is also married before he has time to make up his resolution, and he is left in a queerish, desolate condition. In such cases, we have known the dangler of half-a-dozen years pretend to feel hurt, and actually "wonder" how Miss Wilson or Miss Any-body-else "was in such a hurry to get off, for it was well known to *her* that nobody felt so much attached to her as *himself*." Such is the drivel of a disconcerted dangler. He breaks his acquaintance with the family "which has used him so very ill," and looks about him for means of revenge in marrying some "extraordinary great match." He procures an acquaintance with the accomplished and elegant Miss Blackitt, who lives with her aunt in the Crescent, and who, it is currently reported, has three thousand pounds at her own disposal, besides expectations from her uncle the lieutenant-colonel in India. The aunt, who is a knowing hand in the science of dangling, encourages his addresses, but takes care not to be long in fixing him, by asking him with an air (some day about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, when he had called in a pair of washed gloves to escort the young lady to the Exhibition) "what his intentions are regarding her niece." Of course, Mr Brown protests—rather in a flutter, however—that his "intentions" are beyond all measure "honourable." The marriage in such a case soon ensues, and the dangler is beautifully noosed with a girl who, according to the report of the controllers-general of the neighbourhood, "cannot put on her own clothes," "who has all kinds of bad habits," not a penny of fortune, no expectations from her uncle in India—he being a married man with five mulatto daughters—and, consequently, to sum up the story, makes the dangler miserable for all the rest of his life.

ISBEL LUCAS,

A HEROINE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

About fifteen years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about three hundred pounds, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever, and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear, so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony. Where, however, is the woman at that, or any more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recal? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about: she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and indeed a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that, though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that

there was one capital bed-room, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be "put off one's hand." One press, Mr Fordyne showed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, and a server full of short-bread, which, he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New Year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter, the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day, namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first, she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sunk into her chair, the sounds died away in the distance, and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature, yet, knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a warning; yet, conceiving that her best course was to go on and betray no suspicion, she never faultered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above four hundred pounds; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had, began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whisky, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and bye, this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the highest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and, having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion, he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds, which he said he would probably spend upon whisky before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotchwoman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure, she put into her pocket; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny; and, having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Trongate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time? "Why do you ask that question?" asked Isbel. "Because," replied the other, "I shook hands with Mr Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the Isle of Man steam-boat at the Broomielaw." This was enough for Isbel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steam-boat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length, she satisfied herself that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and, after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow, respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her; but this subject he pressed very lightly, and, for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. "It is all very well," said Fordyne, with affected complaisance; "you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring *you* with me." Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On, then, they walked in the dusk of fast approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses the work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, opened her mind fully to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclasped pen-knife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isbel stood motionless with surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue; which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers. An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fireside, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plenteous repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour, Isbel lay at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy, she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her own bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage, apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help, she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steam-boat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned, in a few days, to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing, had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralee, in Ireland.

The moral of this story (and it is a real one) is, that unmarried ladies should be particularly cautious about their hearts when they reach the peculiarly tender and susceptible age of *forty-two*.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE TURKS.

THE country at present called Turkey, comprises, with some small exceptions, that tract of continent, sea, and island, which lies between the River Tigris to the eastward, and the Gulf of Venice on the west. Several of the districts towards the boundaries of this region pay but a nominal subjection to the Turkish sovereign; but he claims to rule over the whole, and, indeed, considers also all the states of Northern Africa, from Egypt to the Straits of Gibraltar, as his vassals or feudatories; these, however, hardly acknowledge him even by the payment of a nominal tribute, and in no respect adhere to his authority. The only countries which can be actually considered as his territories, are, in Europe, the districts between the Danube and Greece, with the Grecian islands; and, in Asia, those of Anatolia, or Asia Minor: and these regions are perhaps the most fertile, and best adapted for commerce, of any in the world, were they cultivated as they ought.

It must not be supposed, however, that even this region is wholly occupied by the people called Turks: it is subject to their government, but they do not constitute more than a fourth part of its inhabitants. The rest are the original occupiers of the soil, who possessed it before the Turks conquered them, and who yet continue as the subjects or tributaries of that people. The Turks themselves live chiefly in the garrisoned towns, in villages near these, or in some scattered districts where they have been induced more particularly to settle; but hardly ever in these last are they equal in numbers to their subjects, the ori-

ginal inhabitants who are intermingled with them. Their dominion over the races whom they keep in subjection is maintained with great severity and haughtiness; and, from feeling themselves always superior to them in power, they come to look on them with the greatest disdain. The Turks are all of the religion of Mahomet, and the races who are subject to them are Christians; hence the name of Christian is with these people an expression of scorn, and in their towns any one of that religion who should refuse to step off the foot-path to make way for a Turk, would be subjected to a severe beating; they would no more allow any of their females to marry a Christian, than a West India planter would permit his daughter to give her hand to a negro. It is death for a Christian even to marry or attach himself to a Turkish woman. This extreme contempt appears to arise solely from the Turks having long had the dominion in the country, and having been accustomed to treat its inhabitants on all occasions as a disarmed and conquered people.

The original Turks were a tribe of Tartar origin. It must not be imagined, however, that all the people who now claim that name are the descendants of the original Tartaric warriors: these invaders adopted into their body all the choice of the conquered nations who consented to assume their religion, and enter their armies; this, of course, was no small number, and the conquerors increased it, by forcing from their parents as many Christian children as they wished, in order to train them up in their national manners and discipline. The present Turks, therefore, are a people of mixed origin, and have little relation either in blood or character with the high-capped Tartars of the Desert, to whom they trace their lineage. The Turkish language affords the best evidence of this mixture of people; for though it has a thread of the original Tartaric here and there in its composition, it is chequered at every point with fragments of other tongues.

The original Turkish invaders were, as we have said, a tribe or tribes belonging to Central Tartary, that part of the Asiatic continent which lies between Europe and China, and is little known to either; it contains populous nations and large cities, of which we have scarcely heard the names. The old annals of Persia (which country lies on the south of the Tartaric regions) are filled with accounts of wars with that people, while they do not even allude to those contests with Greece which we are accustomed to consider as the leading points of Persian history in those ages (500 years before Christ). It is evident that the Tartars consisted of many populous and warlike tribes in periods beyond the date of our records. Their first appearance in the histories with which we are familiar, is about six hundred years after Christ, when they made several fierce and successful irruptions into Persia, and continued afterwards to spread forwards over all the civilized countries in their neighbourhood. In those days (from 650 to 1240 of the Christian era) little science was necessary for carrying on war; and mere animal courage, with the capability of bearing fatigue, being sufficient to ensure superiority, the unwearied and innumerable succession of Tartar soldiers which issued from their recesses, shook or overturned the principal monarchies of the time, from Constantinople to China and India. They were ignorant, barbarous, and cruel: the kings, conquerors, and heroes who governed their tribes, could neither read nor write, and considered success at the head of their armies as the only object worthy of their ambition: a chief was thought effeminate who sought other palace than his sheep-skin tent, or other throne than his saddle. No means, however cruel, were thought evil, if they insured victory; when Jenghis Khan (one of their greatest conquerors, 1210) invaded China, he took prisoner a great multitude of old men and women, and placed them in front of his troops, when he wished to avert an attack, because he had heard that the Chinese venerated age so highly, that they would not hurt it, even to defend themselves. The delicacy of their manners at home corresponded with their ferocity abroad. Tamerlane, another Tartar hero, in returning from his expeditions, used to assemble all the young females of the nation, and order a general marriage; in 1389, he gave a sumptuous feast in the plains near Samarcand, on the marriage of his nobles, his inferior officers, and soldiers, at which all the guests were arranged in their respective ranks, according to battle array; the bridegrooms on one side of the benches, and the brides on the other. Such is a picture of Tartaric life in war and peace; their conquests over more civilized nations were effected by means of vast bands of disciplined savages, who could bear endless fatigue, and whose lives could be thrown away in myriads. Their history at the present time, therefore, excites little interest; it is sufficient here to say, that we find certain of their tribes, about the twelfth century, in military possession of Asia Minor, of which the principal towns, and all the open parts of the country, were in their hands. There were several districts, indeed, which defied their power—and in which they have not even yet settled—but these were only the highlands of the country, which, in all conquered regions, remain independent, without being able to act in concert against the invaders.

It was to these conquerors of Asia Minor that the name of Turks was latterly restricted. When they first established themselves there, they had for nearly 200 years a chief, who was sultan of Iconium; but the several leaders were always at war either with the conquered people, with one another, or with their sultan; hence they were never strong enough to extend the Turkish conquests into Europe, or to give much alarm to the Greek emperors of Constantinople, whose territories adjoined theirs. After a course of events, one of the leaders, named Othman (1318), whose territory lay near the Hellespont, became distinguished by his talents and his ambition. He assumed the style and honours of royalty; defeated every one who dared to question his pretensions; and finally established a sovereignty which, though of small extent, was rendered strong by the confidence which his subjects had in his abilities and love of justice, as well as by the terror with which he inspired his enemies. This prince laid the foundations of the present empire of Turkey, and it is from him that it has the name of the Othman or Ottoman empire. He was succeeded by his son Orchan (1340), who maintained the respect which their power had acquired, and placed the military force with which his Emirs, or great lords, were obliged to furnish him, on a basis of discipline and regularity which enabled him to seize every opportunity of extending his territories. The empire of Constantinople, which had long considered itself as inheriting all the glories of classical history, because it had succeeded to the dominions of Rome, and the language of Greece, lay closely adjoining to the territories of Orchan; but being proud of its imperial dignity and old fame, it affected to despise its neighbour as the mere chief of a Tartar horde. Its own power was, however, fast verging to decay: the emperors were pressed by enemies on every side, and their revenues were consumed in supporting an appearance of splendour which was out of proportion both to their means and power. The resources of the son of Othman, on the other hand, were all employed to increase his military strength, and make additions to his territories. Hence the Emperor Andronicus was soon glad to apply to him for aid against the enemies who were scattering to pieces his enfeebled empire. Orchan, who was, like the modern conqueror Bonaparte, ambitious of allying his self-constituted royalty with the glories of an ancient line of sovereigns, asked the hand of the emperor's daughter as the price of his assistance. His request was granted, and the young and graceful Theodora was given away by her father as one of the wives of the Turk. She seemed the emblem of the ancient glory of empire, finally resigned by Greece. The aid obtained by her father only added to his embarrassment: for the Turks, who came as friends, kept possession as enemies; and the Ottoman sovereignty extended itself, wherever it gained footing, whether as an assistant or a conqueror.

The third sovereign (1362) was Amurath, a prince whose reign was chiefly rendered remarkable by his forming a new kind of military force, consisting of the children of Christian parents, or of young captives taken in war, who were trained up in the Ottoman religion and discipline, and, when enrolled in the army, were distinguished by the name of *yengi-cheri* (young soldiers), which we have changed into janissary. This body of troops was recruited for two centuries in the same manner as it had begun, and formed, during all that time, the flower and strength of the Turkish armies. Amurath extended his conquests beyond Constantinople, and into Hungary, though he did not venture to attack the imperial city itself; and he was at last killed, while walking among the bodies of the dead after a day of victory—a Sclavonian soldier, who lay dying, having started up as he passed, and stabbed him to death. He was succeeded by his son Bajazet, who deserved the name of *Ilderim*, or Lightning, from the terrible rapidity of his movements in war. This prince extended his father's conquests along the Danube, and pushed the Turkish dominion southward into Macedonia and Thessaly. The chiefs of his own nation, whom his ancestors had kept in subjection in Asia Minor, rebelled while he was thus employed, and called into their assistance Timor Beg, or Tamerlane, a celebrated conqueror of the Mogul tribe of Tartars. Bajazet, with his usual rapidity, rushed to meet this fearful intermeddler; but his army was dashed to pieces by the shock. He was himself taken prisoner, and Timor shut him up in a cage of iron to die there; having heard that Bajazet had threatened him with the like treatment, should he be taken.

The Turkish sovereignty remained in confusion for some time after the death of this prince. His son Mahomet did little to re-establish it; but Amurath the Second effectually revived the fame of his ancestors. In Europe, however, he was bearded by the Albanian patriot Scanderbeg, who, for a quarter of a century, set the whole Turkish power at defiance; and Amurath, whom he had frequently foiled, was so eager for revenge, that on his death-bed he addressed his son Mahomet as follows:—"I now leave you, my son, this crown, but, above all things, I leave you this enemy." Mahomet, however, was baffled as well as his father. After Scanderbeg died, his strongholds were taken, and the Turkish soldiers, whose highest ideas of glory were concentrated in military success, dug up his bones, and had pieces of them set in gold and silver, hoping that they would confer on the wearers the valour and good fortune of their living owner.

The next reign was that of Mahomet the Second. This prince, in 1453, captured the city of Constantinople, whose whole territory, except a few fragments, had long been in the hands of the Ottomans, and which had preserved the name of an empire after it could hardly command the highways leading to its own gates. After seizing the imperial city, Mahomet subdued also those portions of Southern Greece which had hitherto remained faithful to their ancient capital and emperors; established the Turkish power in the whole region lying betwixt the Danube, the Save, and the Mediterranean; drove the Genoese out of Crim Tartary; and invaded Italy, where he captured the city of Otranto. His success, and the growing power of the Turkish empire, alarmed the jealousy of the Mamelukes, who at that time ruled over Egypt and Syria, and whose boundaries touched those of the Turks at Mount Taurus, the same point to which the present ruler of Egypt has extended his conquests. His son Bajazet gave these soldiers a mortal injury by conquering Circassia, from which country they obtained the young recruits, whom they adopted as their children, and trained to perpetuate their power. The next prince, Selim the Second, defeated them both in Syria and Egypt, adding these two countries to the Turkish dominions, and gaining also the title of *Caliph*, or successor of Mahomet, and chief of his religion. The Ottoman sultan had now, therefore, taken the place both of the first Christian and first Mahometan sovereignties, and stood an increasing and threatening power, whose attitude struck terror into Europe and Asia. Selim wrested from Persia the rich country lying between the Tigris and Euphrates, and, by his various conquests, almost doubled the extent of his empire. His character, however, gives no brilliancy to the fame of great conquerors. He was called *Selim the Cruel*, from his indifference to the life or death of those around him; and it is said, that, when one of his officers one day asked him when the army would reach a certain village, he replied, "when God pleases; but for thee, it is my pleasure that thou remain here," and ordered his head to be struck off for presuming to ask the question.

The next sovereign, "Soliman the Magnificent," is better known in European history than any of the other Turkish princes. The empire had then no enemy towards the east; and as the Ottomans never thought of remaining at peace while they had a pretext for war and a prospect of conquest, he devoted the whole of his resources to successive attacks upon Germany, Hungary, and the Venetians. From the last he took Rhodes and the Greek islands, and Hungary he entirely subdued, by much treachery and an enormous expense of blood. He next collected a vast army to besiege Vienna; and the fate of Christendom was apprehended to be in the hands of the proud Ottoman. The measures of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, however, deterred him from the meditated attack, and he hurried off to Persia, to harass the sovereign of that country, who baffled him with the same watchful caution which had foiled his immense German preparations.

Soliman is called among his countrymen the lawgiver, from his forming a body of regulations for the conduct of the public officers of his empire; but though his reign was one of much wisdom, and of unparalleled warlike achievement, yet certain regulations introduced by him were the first cause of the decline of the Ottoman empire. The government of Turkey being a pure despotism, the whole character and success of its measures depend upon the personal qualities of the sovereign. Now, before the time of Soliman, all the princes of the royal family were employed, as they grew up, in the service of the state, and acquired experience of which the most able frequently availed himself in order to seize the sceptre. This sultan, however, made a regulation, by which the young men of the royal family were ordered to be kept secluded from all business, and immured in the palace, till one of them should be called to the throne. This extraordinary edict has been ever since complied with to the letter; and the consequence has been, that from the days of Soliman, a line of princes have held the Ottoman sceptre who knew neither how to make themselves respected by their enemies, nor by their own army. "Snatched from a prison to preside at court," they were incapable either of heading their forces, or of selecting able statesmen for their ministers; and the fierce janissaries, who had been accustomed to be led to victory by their princes, began to murmur when they suffered defeats under inferior guidance. The sultans, also, who went no longer with them to war, regarded them with less favour, and abridged privileges which the soldiers rather thought of extending: hence there was a ceaseless contest between the army and the sovereign; on every opportunity there was a massacre of rebellious janissaries, who in their turn avenged themselves by assassinating their sultan, and raising another of his imprisoned relations to the throne. The persons who thus succeeded to empire were of course totally unacquainted with the improvements now daily introduced in neighbouring armies, and, even if they had known them, had no personal influence to procure their adoption by their own forces. In order to weaken the rebellious janissaries, they were even obliged to corrupt

their military spirit by granting them the privilege of engaging in trades; and this, though it partly weaned them from their turbulent habits, lessened their efficiency in the field. Hence the Ottoman power, which, from the perfect organization of its military strength, had, under Soliman and his ancestors, overawed all Europe, began gradually to decline, as improvement advanced in other states.

These results, though they became more apparent on the accession of every new prisoner from the seraglio to the throne, did not arrive all at once. The military genius of the Ottomans long survived in their armies, and the officers trained in them; so that Europe at intervals still felt their power. Under Selim the Second (1570), they took Cyprus from the Venetians, and, with a barbarity which shows the true genius of war, had its defender skinned alive, and his hide stuffed with straw, to be hung up at the yard-arm of one of their galleys. This insult the Christian powers avenged, by destroying the whole Turkish fleet in the Gulf of Lepanto. On another occasion (1676), an Ottoman army, availing itself of a rebellion in Hungary, invaded Germany, and formed the siege of Vienna: it was defeated by the Poles under their gallant sovereign Sobieski, a service which Europe has repaid with little gratitude.

Within the last hundred years, the empire of the Turks has been gradually waning to extinction. The genius of the people being opposed to all improvement whatsoever, they have been circumvented on every hand by their more civilized neighbours. Their wild and ill-regulated warfare has been effectually checked by the cool intrepidity and discipline of European armies. Their indolence has always induced them to rely for support on the states they conquered, more than their own industry; indeed, the revenue they thus drew from their provinces was almost the only means of support to their government; their recent loss of Greece, Algiers, and, we may now say, Egypt and Syria, has therefore brought speedy ruin upon their commonwealth, and destroyed their trade. The present Turkish sovereign is much more civilized than his predecessors, and he has been engaged in remodelling the army, and introducing European costume and tactics; but it is believed that these creditable attempts are too late in being resorted to, and that the empire of the Ottomans must very soon sink into utter obscurity. As if conscious of their want of permanent security, it is said that the Turks on the European side of the Hellespont have a tradition that they are at some time to be driven across to their ancient Asiatic territories. This prediction would certainly long since have been fulfilled, but for the jealousies of the chief European powers, who countenance the Turkish government, and preserve it as a check upon the extension of the Russian dominions. It, nevertheless, seems probable that the present generation will have the satisfaction of seeing the barbarous sway of the Turks extirpated in Europe.

THE SUTORS OF SELKIRK.

Tradition and history concur in celebrating the devoted bravery of the citizens of Selkirk at the fatal battle of Flodden, in 1514; and it is related, that of one hundred who followed James the Fourth to the field, only a few survived. A standard taken from the English on the occasion, by a member of the incorporation of weavers, is still in the possession of his descendant, an inhabitant of the town. The English were so exasperated at the bravery of that band of citizens, that they laid Selkirk in ashes. James the Fifth, however, in reward of their eminent services, granted them a thousand acres of Selkirk Forest, which are now worth about L.1500 a-year. In the annual survey of this tract of land, or riding of the marches, the English standard is still carried before the incorporation of weavers. It is recorded by tradition, that, on the return of the few survivors from Flodden, they found, by the side of Lady-Wood-Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fellow-comrades, with a child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish Lion; in the back ground a wood. In connexion with the story of the bravery of the men of Selkirk at Flodden, tradition has handed down the following rhyme, which has been the subject of much literary contest:—

> Up wi' the sutors of Selkirk,
> And down wi' the Earl of Hume;
> And up wi' a' the bra' lads
> That sew the single-soled shoon.

Whether this rhyme be as old as the battle of Flodden, whether it refer to the conduct of Lord Hume on that occasion in comparison with the bravery of the burgesses of Selkirk, or whether it applies to a more modern incident, a match at foot-ball betwixt the men of the Merse, or Earl of Hume's country, and those of Selkirk, it seems now difficult to decide. Although the words of the song, of which the above is the first verse, be not very ancient, and although there was no *Earl* of Home till the year 1604, antiquaries have generally found reason to believe that they allude to the conflict at Flodden. It is related that the principal trade carried on at the time of the battle, and for centuries afterwards, was that of manufacturing thin or *single-soled* shoes. Hence the glory of the above enterprise is wholly appropriated by what are called "the Sutors of Selkirk," though the great trophy of the day was won by a person of a very different profession. It seems evident that the shoemakers have only become conspicuous in the story by their numbers, and by the predominance of the craft over all others, in remote as well as in recent times. This has proceeded to such a length, that to be made a sutor of Selkirk is the ordinary phrase for being created a burgess; and the ceremony gone through on such occasions seems to set the matter at rest. The candidate for burgal honours, at the festivity which always attends these ceremonies, is compelled to lick or pass through his mouth a small bunch of bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, which has previously been licked or mouthed by all the members of the Town-Council who may be present. This is called *licking the birse*, and is said to imply allegiance or respect to the craft who rule the roast in Selkirk. The late distinguished Sheriff-depute of the county, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., who supplied part of this information, on being made *a sutor*, used the precaution of washing the beslabbered birse in his wine, but was compelled, *nolens volens*, to atone for that act of disrespect by drinking off the polluted liquor. Nor was the custom ever dispensed with in any case on record, except that of Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, who visited Selkirk in 1819.

The game of foot-ball, above alluded to, was anciently a very favourite sport throughout Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of Armstrongs returning from a foot-ball match. Sir Robert Carey, in his Memoirs of Border Transactions, mentions a great meeting appointed by the Scottish riders to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at foot-ball, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the foot-ball is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggles.

RELIQUES OF WALTER SCOTT.

Following up the plan we have commenced, of giving such anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott as come to our hands, in the successive numbers of the Journal, we have this day the agreeable task of introducing to the notice of our readers three distinct productions of his pen, of which the two first were never before printed, while the third, though published at the time of its composition in a newspaper, was not then ascertained to be his, and has never since been before the public.

LETTER TO BISHOP PERCY.

The first of the three articles in point of date is a letter to the celebrated Bishop of Dromore, apparently in answer to one in which his Lordship had expressed satisfaction with the scheme of the Border Minstrelsy, and offering to contribute to the additional volume, then projected, of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. The way in which he alludes to his first perusal of that work is a vivid trait of character. It seems tolerably clear, from various circumstances, that he first perused Bishop Percy's collection in 1784, at Rosebank, near Kelso, the seat of his uncle Captain Robert Scott; and in one of his published works he thus alludes to it: "The tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of oriental platanus to which it belonged." From the two passages united, we may almost make out the scene of this remarkable era of his life, and, it may be added, of modern literature; for it will never be disputed that the great mind which has given such a bias to the intellectual system of the present age, received its own first direction in a great measure from the national poetry published by Percy. It must have been upon a verdant seat or bank, beneath an eastern plane (probably brought from India by his uncle), that the bard of Marmion first glowed over the kindred strains of the southern minstrels.

The last paragraph of the letter will also have its interest:—the immortal claiming present respectability from the mortal—the noble of mind from the noble of matter! It will be recollected that the Marquis of Downshire was guardian to Lady Scott.

"My Lord—I shall not trouble your Lordship with an attempt to express the pleasure I felt at the receipt of the letter with which you honoured me, because the task would be equally difficult to me, and disagreeable to your Lordship.

"Were I to compare it to any thing, it would be to the sensation I felt when the Reliques of Ancient Poetry were first put into my hands, an era in my poetical taste which I shall never forget.

"The very grass sod seat to which (when a boy of twelve years old) I retreated from my playfellows, to devour the works of the ancient minstrels, is still fresh and dear to my memory. That you are pleased to approve of my intended work, will prove to me an additional stimulus in the execution. An early partiality to the tales of my country, and an intimate acquaintance with its wildest recesses, acquired partly in the course of country sports, and partly in pursuit of antiquarian knowledge, will, I hope, enable me at least to preserve some of the most valuable traditions of the south of Scotland, both historical and romantic.

"My want of knowledge and experience in these pursuits will, I hope, be in some measure supplied by the enthusiasm with which I have pursued my object, and the obscure path through which I have traced it.

"I am very much obliged to your Lordship for the urbanity with which you have offered me a copy of the Earl of Westmoreland's escape; but, under the circumstances you mention, I can have no wish to give your Lordship's amanuensis the trouble of transcribing it upon my account. On the contrary (did I not think that Mr Percy's own researches must be far more accurate than mine), I would with pride contribute to the 4th vol. of the Reliques such particulars regarding the 'Rising in the North Countrye' as I had arranged, with a view to some notices in my own publication; and if this would be acceptable, your Lordship has only to give me a hint to that purpose.

"I have published (that is, printed) in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, the Scottish account of the Battle of Otterbourne; a ballad evidently much more modern than that published in the Reliques on the same subject.

"In the notes upon the poem, I have been led to express doubt with regard to the account given in the Reliques of one of the heroes of the tale—I mean John of Agurstone—whom your Lordship, certainly not without probability, has conjectured to be one of the family of Hagerstoune, in Northumberland. At the same time, considering that the English, at the period of the battle of Otterbourne, possessed Roxburgh and Berwick, together with the intermediate fortresses on the south of the Tweed—Wark, Norham, Ford, Cornhill, Twisel, &c.—I think it unlikely that the Hagerstons could at *that time* acknowledge the Scottish sovereignty, and am rather induced to think (*salva auctoritate tanti viri*) that the warrior was one of the Rutherfords of Edgerstone, anciently spelled Adgurstone, an ancient family, followers of the house of Douglas, and long established on the Scottish Borders, five or six miles above Jedburgh.

"I am sure your Lordship's goodness and liberality will easily excuse my requesting your farther opinion on this hypothesis, although in making this request I am conscious I intrude upon time dedicated to much more valuable and important avocations.

"Your Lordship may probably know my excellent and kind friend, the Marquis of Downshire, whose name I take the liberty of using as some security for my personal character; and I flatter myself he will bear testimony, that in honouring me with an occasional continuance of your correspondence, your Lordship will not entirely misplace your favour. If there is any thing to be done here which can further the 4th vol. of the Reliques, your Lordship will honour me by commanding my best services.—I am, my Lord, your Lordship's obliged and very humble servant, Walter Scott.

"Edinburgh, 11th January 1801."

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

The second of our reliques is a ballad poem, and one not unworthy to rank with the best efforts of its author in verse. It is a translation of the well-known modern Latin poem, beginning,

"Gramius notabilis collegerat montanos,"

which was in its turn a free imitation of the original ballad of "Killiecrankie," and capable of being sung to the same spirited tune. For the benefit of the English reader, it may be mentioned, that the subject of the poem is the battle fought on the 26th of July 1689, near the Pass of Killiecrankie, between the celebrated Viscount Dundee (formerly Graham of Claverhouse), in behalf of the expatriated James the Second, and General M'Kay, who appeared at the head of a superior army of Dutch and British troops, for the defence of the revolution settlement. Dundee fell in the arms of victory, and his loss was never recovered by the Jacobite party. The occasion of the poem being written, and the date of its composition, are explained by the following note from the hand-writing of the late Alexander S. Hunter, Esq. of Blackness, a partner in the firm of Archibald Constable and Company.

"This translation was made by Walter Scott, Esq., and was presented by him to me, being intended to accompany an engraved portrait of Lord Dundee, from the original picture in the possession of the Duke of Montrose, which I had been the means of obtaining from the Miss Youngs of Auldbar, in Angus (for his Grace), in whose family it had remained upwards of a century. This spirited effusion has never yet been published, nor do I believe Mr Scott has a-

other copy of it.—*November* 1811. P.S. I got it from Mr Scott about six years ago; *i. e.* in 1805."

The glorious GRAHAM, of deathless fame,
Brought down his mountain band;
The Southron race, in rout they chase,
Claymore and targe in hand.
The lowland prig, and canting whig,
In headlong flight were roll'd;
* * * * *
* * * * *

O wondrous GRAHAM! Herculean frame,
And faith sustained by fear!
Thou well couldst fire, to deeds of ire,
The agile mountaineer.
Though twice thy force opposed thy course,
In deep and dark array,
Yet swept thy sword the foreign lord,
And stranger race away.

Of noble birth, and nobler worth,
A Peer of old renown,
His blade sae true, DUNFERMLINE drew,
And hew'd the traitors down.
With heart of faith, and hand of death,
Old Scotland's Nestor gray,
O'er helms of steel, through ranks that reel,
PITCUR led on the way.

For James's right, GLENGARY's might
The field with slaughter strewed;
Not he through fire, who bore his sire,
Such zealous duty shewed.
The men of Skye, of metal high,
They shared their chieftain's toils;
Both sire and son, to fight rushed on,
Macdonalds of the Isles.

MACLEAN the bold fought as of old,
Amid his martial clan;
From foemen such, the tardy Dutch,
With speed unwonted ran.
The stout LOCHIEL, with dirk of steel,
And many a Cameron there,
The Southron fell, dispatched to hell,
And bore their spoils to Blair.

BARA, GLENCOE, KEPPOCH also,
And BALLOCH and his brother,
They fenced the claims of good King James,
And would not brook another.
And APPINE, too, his faulchion drew,
With Stuarts brought from far;
And CANNON sage, did guide their rage,
And marshall'd all the war.

There, too, was he from Hungary,
Who for his Prince did come,
And turned his dirk from faithless Turk,
'Gainst falser whigs at home.
The TUTOR sage, to battle's rage,
Clanronald's broadswords brought,
And with his clan, in act a man,
Their stripling Captain fought.

GLENMORRISTON from wood and glen,
A huntsman warrior came;
His carbine true, to earth he threw,
And drew his sword of flame.
He left the doe, and bounding roe,
He left the stag at bay,
The whiggish race, like deer to chase,
And course the false Mackay.

While Tummel's wave, by rock and cave,
From Blair to Tay shall run,
Claymore and targe, in Highland charge,
Shall rout the pike and gun.
And you, ye true, your blades who drew,
For Scotland's laws and King,
In storied lays, your deathless praise,
Immortal bards shall sing.

HYMN FOR THE CZAR.

Our third relique is a hymn to the Czar Alexander, which Sir Walter composed at the request of a magistrate of Edinburgh, and an old school-fellow of his own, for the purpose of being sung to Haydn's "God Save the Emperor Francis," at the dinner given by Lord Provost Arbuthnot, December 19, 1816, to the Arch Duke Nicolas, now Emperor of Russia, on his visiting and becoming a freeman of the city of Edinburgh. The verses were applied for in the afternoon of the day before the Arch Duke's arrival, and the poet, having been furnished with a copy of the air, finished them, and sent them to their proper destination that night. At the feast, which took place some days afterwards, many distinguished persons were present, including Mr Scott; and the hymn was sung by the band with great effect, the company receiving copies at the same time on a printed slip. The last verse, which must be considered as detached from the hymn, was received with great applause:—

God protect brave Alexander!
Heaven defend the noble Czar!
Mighty Russia's high commander,
First in Europe's banded bar.
For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own.
Bless him 'mid his land's disaster,
For her rights who battled brave;
Of the land of foemen master,
Bless him who their wrongs forgave.
O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes;
Late and long, Supreme Director,
Grant in peace his reign may close.

Hail, then, hail! illustrious stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand;
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us with thy native land.
Foemen's force, or false beguiling,
Shall that union ne'er divide;
Hand in hand, while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

[The following is the first of a series of original articles descriptive of remarkable places in foreign countries, which we mean to continue in the Journal, if we shall find that they give satisfaction to any considerable portion of our readers. It appears to us, that such a series of articles, if written, as the other articles of this work are written, with an express view to what is capable of interesting, or being intelligible to, the mass of mankind, may instruct the minds and expand the views of many persons who have not read even the most familiar books respecting the Continent. The South of France will be described in three articles—the next in order being devoted to Toulouse.]

BOURDEAUX.

ON the 18th of September 1830, we sailed out of the Bay of Dublin, which the rays of the morning sun and a fine fresh breeze had rendered a glittering mass of green and gold, the Wicklow mountains stretching calmly up in the distance, and descending to the shore in bold rocky lines. The rapid pace of the steam-boat, as it carried us along the coast, gave it much the appearance of a peristrephic panorama, object succeeding object in quick succession; but before nightfall, we had entirely lost sight of it, as we kept inclining to the left across St George's Channel. It is not my intention to amuse you with an account of the very heavy gale we encountered the three following days—which, as sailors say, made our mizen-mast go by the board—and of our great joy when we found ourselves safely anchored in smooth water at the mouth of the Garonne, under the custom-house of Polignac. It was late in the evening before we came to anchor, so that, though I felt much anxiety to catch a glimpse of the shore, to which we were so close that I could distinguish the lights of the cottage fires, and hear faint sounds of human voices, I had to content myself with walking to the wheel, and examining with curious eyes the uncouth figure of the French pilot, which had hailed and boarded us some hours previously in the Bay of Biscay. There was nothing very distinctive about this man, except his great red night-cap with a yellow tassel, and the ponderous magnitude of his sea-boots; but then he was not one of us—his language, religion, food, all different: and yet in his character of pilot he grasped the wheel with an air of importance, giving directions to our sailors in unintelligible English, which they received with their tongues in their cheeks, and a sly wink to the captain. It appeared to me that the feeling of superiority and contempt which our sailors so fearlessly evinced for the French in the last war had not terminated with it.

I was on deck at an early hour in the morning, and cannot say but I was much disappointed with the character of the scenery. The banks of the Garonne, as far as Bourdeaux, are low and swampy, reminding me strongly of the Mersey at Liverpool; and the vines, which you see on all sides, as far as the eye can reach, growing close to the ground, have much the appearance of bean-fields. We were soon boarded by the custom-house officers, who set about with diligence, yet politeness, to examine our baggage. Their uniform was a sort of medium between a civilian and soldier, being light blue with a little embroidery, and foraging caps. They were especially precise in replacing every thing as they found it, and the only articles seized were some culinary instruments belonging to missionaries on their way to Persia, which, I believe, were afterwards reclaimed with success. The passport system is by no means so strict at present in France as it was under Charles the Tenth—an Irish gentleman finding no difficulty in making good his landing without having any thing to show in proof of his not being *un mauvais sujet; i. e.* a Carlist.

Bourdeaux is to this country in wine what Meux's brewery is to London in porter, and, were it not for the heavy duty on its importation, claret might be drunk almost as cheap as beer. This, however, is not much to be regretted, as I question whether the climate and dispositions of Britons are at all in unison with cold acid potations. Surface acquirements, and their usual adjuncts, carelessness and gaiety, are all in unison with light meats, light wines, and cloudless skies; but deep-rooted feelings and strong perceptions seem to require stronger diet and deeper excitement. An Englishman, and, still more, a Scotsman, is contemplative and observing, his body being often exhausted through the medium of his mind. A Frenchman, on the other hand, is a creature of circumstance—a shuttlecock, who, from the whole train of his education and thought, believes his country to be the greatest in the world, and his lot an enviable one, because he is a part of it. His highest stretch of philosophy is to make the most of the present minute, and his only religious formula, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The town is built in the form of a bow, of which the river may be aptly termed the string; and as its magnificence and wealth, which now entitles it to rank the third town in France, is of recent date, most of the public buildings are new, and the streets spacious and clean. The quays are several miles in length, the depth of water admitting the approach of the largest vessels, the breadth of the Garonne being considerably greater than the Thames at London Bridge. A great deal of bustle and activity seems to prevail, and I noticed both the British and American flags flying from many vessels. On landing, I breakfasted at a *restaurant's*, or coffee-house, where every thing was elegance and glitter, and sufficiently foreign. Suppose a saloon something like the Writer to the Signet's library in Edinburgh, but much gayer, with marble columns and pavements, and gilded ceiling, filled with company refreshing themselves in the recesses of the windows with wine, and fruits, and coffee, on marble tables, with waiters flying about with French nimbleness, and a very pretty grisette seated in great state on a sort of throne at the extremity, like the presiding genius of the place, superintending the accounts, and you have some little idea of the place. The constant sound of billiards, proceeding from a neighbouring room, will also add to the picture, as it gives some little idea of a Frenchman's mode of passing the day. In spite of all this show, however, which in our country would all have appeared in the bill, I made a good breakfast, on coffee, eggs, and rolls, for one franc, or ten pence British money. It being Sunday, I set out for the cathedral, which, with the help of a guide-book, I was able to do without the assistance of a *cicerone* or town-crier, of whom there are vast numbers, who fasten themselves like burs upon *unwary travellers*, and who destroy by their descriptions all the pleasure of sight-seeing. On my way, I passed through the market, which was thronged with peasants and townspeople. Amongst the former, I did not observe many handsome faces, the women having the hardy sun-burnt look which out-of-door labour in the fields produces, and the men in general a lumpish look, from the great wooden shoes and gaudily coloured night-caps they wear. The colours of the women's dresses strike one as very intense—red, blue, and yellow coming sometimes in strong contrast, which, being mixed up with fruits and flowers, have a very rich effect. Their head-dress, too, is striking, being in general white caps of great height, stiffened with pasteboard, which stand erect, and from the top of which two small pinates or streamers of white muslin depend. Their ears are almost invariably loaded with massy ear-rings of solid gold, which, I understand, are part of their doweries, and to purchase which all their earnings are hoarded. The gloomy interior of the Cathedral of St Andrè presented no small contrast to the activity and bustle of such a scene. It is a fine Gothic mass, in the form of a cross, with side chapels running round the east end. The south front has two spires, each 150 feet high, and a pediment; the north front, two unfinished towers; the greatest length is 413 feet, and that of the transept, or cross part, 150. A peculiar feature in this church is the want of aisles, so that the nave has the appearance of an immense hall. When I entered, it wanted some half hour of mass-time, and one or two people only were scattered about in solitary places, engaged in devotional exercises. Many of the attitudes assumed by these poor people were both devout and picturesque, and as the tinted light fell upon them through the richly stained windows, it discovered countenances of hope and resignation. In a short time, several priests began to flutter about in white robes, and light a dozen or two of huge wax candles. The bustle increased, more people entered, and the sound of martial music mingled with the hubbub. It gradually approached, and I was lost in wonder when in marched a regiment of soldiers, with drums beating and colours flying. The men ranged themselves down each side of the nave; the word was given to ground their arms, and there they stood whispering and laughing to one another, as if they had been at a review. Two more regiments entered in the same way, and took their places rank and file. As these were the first French troops I had seen, I could not help making a comparison between them and our own. They were in general much punier men, with an air and swagger, something like our sailors; however, in spite of the bravado of their mustachios, and want of soldierly precision in their dress, they certainly appear a brave, desperate set of fellows, not mere engines in the hands of their officers, but feeling and acting under impulses of their own. Their uniform is a blue coat, trimmed with yellow, and red trousers. The officers now entered, and, passing down the centre, the clashing of arms, as the soldiers gave them the salute, sounded harsh, and out of harmony with the quiet peacefulness which ought to characterize a Christian temple. The bands of music belonging to the regiments now approached the altar, and performed some gay operatic airs, whilst the priest performed the usual religious ceremonial, which was not of long duration; the priest stopped, the men fell into line, and marched out as they had entered, with the music of their little brass drums pealing about the vaulted ceiling.

As I happened to be provided with a letter of introduction to Mr Le H——, one of the leading wine-merchants of the city, I proceeded to call upon him, and he was polite enough to accompany me in visiting

the other leading features of the town. The church of greatest attraction, after the cathedral, is St Michael, the bell tower of which stands apart from the body of the church, and in which are shown some human remains, said to have been preserved for 400 years, from the embalming nature of the soil. On the summit is a telegraph, by means of which news is conveyed to Paris in five or six hours. There are, I believe, ten or twelve other churches of less notoriety. Next to religious, the French love theatrical exhibitions. The great theatre, Place de la Comedie, is one of the handsomest in France, capable of holding 4000 persons. In front, twelve Corinthian columns, 40 feet in height, support the nine Muses and three Graces. The architectural object of most attraction, however, is the bridge over the Garonne, built by Napoleon, after designs by Deschamps. It consists of seventeen arches, the seven central ones being each eighty-seven feet span; the whole length is 1600 feet, and breadth between parapets 50 feet. The interior consists of a series of open vaulting, in three divisions, the haunches not being filled in, so that one may walk under cover from one end to the other. Models of various portions of the constructive parts are kept here, beautifully executed in wood and plaster. As we passed along, Mr Le H—— pointed out to me the Chateau Royale, the Public Library, the Exchange, Public Baths, &c., all of which appeared spacious, appropriate, and magnificent. One of the great characteristics of French towns, I believe to be the beautiful shady walks which intersect the streets, and nothing is more harmonious than the mixture of trees and architecture. In Bourdeaux, the Royal Gardens is a magnificent example of this; some of the alleys are five deep, giving a very umbrageous look, something like the nave and double aisles of a magnificent cathedral. On fete days, and Sundays, these walks are crowded with gay company, and bands of music. At one extremity is a Roman ruin (for this was an ancient city), called Gallien's Palace, but more probably Amphitheatre. Little remains to admire except the admirable consistency of the mortar, which time seems to have found a harder morsel than either stone or brick. As we had thus found our way into the country, Mr Le H—— took me to see one of his neighbouring vineries. We found the people busily engaged: some gathering the grapes, which they did with a pair of large shears, cutting the strings of the clusters without handling them, and allowing them to drop into a basket; others, at dinner under a large chestnut—their wages, comprehending a dinner of soup, bread, and meat, being only 3d. per day. The grapes were chiefly of a deep purple colour, though they varied in tone from that to a faint creamy tint. As we passed by a little hut, I looked in at two or three huge brawny-legged peasants stamping away in a tub, like our washerwomen, amongst a mash of grapes; this being the process of pressing. I cannot say I much enjoyed the sight; the stains upon the legs and arms of a deep port wine colour, gave them rather a strange appearance. When we returned, Mr Le H——, insisting upon my dining with him, gave me an opportunity of seeing a true French dinner. It consisted of soup, and melons—boiled beef, oysters—stewed meat, oysters again—roast mutton—dessert, coffee and liqueurs. From what Mr Le H—— said, I should fancy the finest sorts of claret are only to be found in our country, as there is no market for them anywhere else; the poorer sorts the French themselves consume.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES.

BENTHAM.

Jeremy Bentham, recently deceased, has been described as one of the most remarkable literary characters in Great Britain. Till the period of his decease, he existed in some measure as a connecting link betwixt the philosophic theorists of the past and present age, yet extremely little is known of his character or pursuits; for though lauded in unmeasured terms by some of his contemporaries, and made a pet subject among magazine writers and reviewers, the *people*, by whom it will be allowed all popularity and true greatness become fixed, hardly know that there was ever such a person, and very few of them indeed could tell what were his peculiar doctrines. There is a large class of individuals in this country who continue to write and publish books, and make up papers for periodical publications, and whose names are frequently enough met with in our ephemeral literature, yet who are quite unknown and uncared for by the general community, and whose productions have no visible effect whatever either on the conduct or style of thinking of the people. To this class in a great measure belonged Jeremy Bentham. He was a great and voluminous writer on metaphysical and political subjects, as well as on jurisprudence; he strove for many years for what he considered the good of the people; and he almost died for the people, for he bequeathed his body to the dissectors, in order to benefit the science of anatomy; yet, strangely enough, the people generally seem to know little or nothing of him; and it might be safely affirmed that there could not be found a dozen complete copies of his works in ordinary use from the one end of our island to the other. Nevertheless, according to some of the newspapers and magazines, and those who give praise on trust, Bentham was "one of the greatest philosophers of his time"—an assertion there is no possibility of disproving. From what can be guessed as to the sum of Bentham's principles, it appears he was one of those men who *think* themselves into a belief, that, as things go, mankind are all in the wrong; that they do nothing rightly; that the whole of the machinery of society should be stopped, the wheels cleaned and altered, and then set a-going on a new plan. Yet, with this whimsicality of character, Bentham was in reality a sincere friend to mankind in the widest possible sense; and it is only a pity that he did not take pains to bring his views lucidly and pointedly before the community, so that they might have been studied, and, if necessary, acted upon. His plans for simplifying our forms of law were, we believe, of a valuable kind, and had he brought them forward on a practical scale, great benefit might have ensued. As it is, they might almost as well have never been digested. The character of Bentham—in whom there was much to admire, and something to condemn—has perhaps never been so well delineated as by Hazlitt, and, with the translation from the present to the past tense, may here be introduced.

"Mr Bentham was one of those persons who verified the old adage, that 'a prophet has no honour, except out of his own country.' His reputation lay at the circumference; and the lights of his understanding were reflected, with increasing lustre, on the other side of the globe. His name was little known in England, better in Europe, and best of all in the plains of Chili, and the mines of Mexico. He offered constitutions for the New World, and legislated for future times. The people of Westminster, where he lived, hardly knew such a person. We believe that the Empress Catherine corresponded with him; and we know that the Emperor Alexander called upon him, and presented him with his miniature in a gold snuff-box, which the philosopher, to his eternal honour, returned. Mr Hobhouse is [or was] a greater man at the hustings; but Mr Bentham would have carried it hollow, on the score of popularity, at Paris or Pegu. The reason is, that our author's influence was purely intellectual, having devoted his life to the pursuit of abstract and general truths, and to those studies

'That waft a *thought* from Indus to the Pole,'

and never mixed himself up with personal intrigues or politics. Mr Bentham was very much among philosophers what La Fontaine was among poets:—in general habits, in all but his professional pursuits, he was a mere child. He lived for the last forty years in a house in Westminster, overlooking the Park, like an anchoret in his cell, reducing law to a system, and the mind of man to a machine. He scarcely ever went out, and saw very little company. The favoured few who had the privilege of the entrée were always admitted one by one. He did not like to have witnesses of his conversation. He talked a great deal, and listened to nothing but facts. When any one called upon him, he invited them to take a turn round his garden with him (Mr Bentham was an economist of his time, and set apart this portion of it to air and exercise), and there you might have seen the lively old man, his mind still buoyant with thought, and with the prospect of futurity, in eager conversation with some Opposition member, some expatriated patriot, or trans-Atlantic adventurer, urging the extinction of close boroughs, or planning a code of laws for some 'lone island in the watery waste,' his walk almost amounting to a run, his tongue keeping pace with it in shrill, cluttering accents, negligent of his person, his dress, and his manner, intent only on his grand theme of Utility. He heard and saw only what suited his purpose, or some 'foregone conclusion;' and looked out for facts and passing occurrences in order to put them into his logical machinery, and grind them into the dust and powder of some subtle theory. Add to this physiognomical sketch the minor points of costume, the open shirt-collar, the single-breasted coat, the old-fashioned half-boots, and ribbed stockings, and you would have found in Mr Bentham's general appearance a singular mixture of boyish simplicity and the venerableness of age.

Mr Bentham, perhaps, overrated the importance of his own theories. He has been heard to say (without any appearance of pride or affectation) that 'he should like to live the remaining years of his life, a year at a time, at the end of the next six or eight centuries, to see the effect which his writings would, by that time, have had upon the world.' But we do not think, in point of fact, that Mr Bentham has given any new or decided impulse to the human mind. He cannot be looked upon in the light of a discoverer in legislation or morals. He has not struck out any great leading principle or parent truth, from which a number of others might be deduced, nor has he enriched the established stock of intelligence. Mr Bentham's *forte* was arrangement. He has methodised, collated, and condensed all the materials prepared to his hand, on the subjects of which he treats, in a masterly and scientific manner. His writings are, therefore, chiefly valuable as books of reference, as bringing down the account of intellectual inquiry to the present period. Mr Bentham's leading doctrine was the necessity for studying Utility in every rule of society; but he was not the first writer who assumed that principle as the foundation of just laws, and of all moral and political reasoning. Perhaps the weak side of his conclusions is, that he has not made sufficient allowance for the varieties of human nature, and the caprices and irregularities of the human will. [This, by the way, has been a very common error among the philosophers and theorists of ancient and modern times.] Every pleasure, says Bentham, is equally a good, and is to be taken into the account as such in a moral estimate, whether it be the pleasure of sense or of conscience, whether it arise from the exercise of virtue or the perpetration of crime. We are afraid the human mind does not readily come into this doctrine. Our moral sentiments are made up of sympathies and antipathies, of sense and imagination, of understanding and prejudice. Mr Bentham, in adjusting the provisions of a penal code, lays too little stress on the co-operation of the natural prejudices of mankind, and the habitual feelings of that class of persons for whom they are more particularly designed. Legislators (we mean writers on legislation) are philosophers, and governed by their reason; criminals, for whose control laws are made, are a set of desperadoes, governed only by their passions. What wonder so little progress has been made towards a mutual understanding between the two parties! If sanguine and tender-hearted philanthropists have set on foot an inquiry into the barbarity and the defects of the penal laws, the practical improvements have been mostly suggested by reformed cut-throats, turn-keys, and thief-takers. The laws of the country are ineffectual and abortive, because they are made by the rich for the poor, by the wise for the ignorant, by the respectable and exalted in station for the scum and refuse of the community. If Newgate would resolve itself into a committee of the whole press-yard, with Jack Ketch at its head, aided by confidential persons from the county prisons or the hulks, and would make a clear breast, some *data* might be found out to proceed upon; but as it is, the *criminal mind* of the country is a book sealed. Mr Bentham, in his attempts to revise and amend our criminal jurisprudence, proceeded entirely on his favourite principle of utility. Convince highwaymen and housebreakers that it will be their interest to reform, and they will reform, and lead honest lives, according to Mr Bentham. He says, 'All men act from calculation, even madmen reason.' And, in our opinion, he might as well have carried this maxim to Bedlam or St. Luke's. Criminals are *not* influenced by reason; for it is of the very essence of crime to disregard consequences both to themselves and others. You may as well preach philosophy to a drunken man, or to the dead, as to those who are under the instigation of any mischievous passion. The style of Mr Bentham is unpopular, not to say unintelligible. He wrote a language of his own, that *darkens* knowledge. His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English. People wonder that he was not prosecuted for the boldness and severity of some of his invectives; but he might have warped up high treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never have found its way into Westminster Hall. He was a kind of manuscript author—he wrote a cypher hand, which the vulgar have no key to. It is a barbarous philosophical jargon, with all the repetitions, formalities, uncouth nomenclature and verbiage of law Latin; and what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out, if you could. Mr Bentham, in private life, was an exemplary character. He was a little romantic, or so; and dissipated part of a handsome fortune in practical speculations. His house was warmed and lighted by steam; and he was one of those who prefer the artificial to the natural in most things, and think the mind of man omnipotent. It was the great fault of this able and extraordinary man, that he concentrated his faculties and feelings too entirely on one subject and pursuit, and did not 'look enough abroad into universality.'"

AN IRISH DANCE.

If any of our readers be fond of stories illustrative of Irish manners and passions, and descriptive of *Paddy* as he is to be found in his native purity, in "dear ould Ireland," let them peruse a work which has recently made its appearance, entitled "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." In one of these interesting tales, called the "Midnight Mass," the author develops a good deal of drollery in the following account of an Irish dance:—

"The Irish dance (he remarks), like every other assembly composed of Irishmen and Irishwomen, presents the spectator with those traits which enter into our conception of rollicking fun and broad humour. The very arrangements are laughable; and when joined to the eccentric strains of some blind fiddler like Barny *Dhal*, to the grotesque and caricaturish faces of the men, and the modest, but evidently arch and laughter-loving countenances of the females, they cannot fail to impress an observing mind with the obvious truth, that a nation of people so thoughtless and easily directed from the serious and useful pursuits of life to such scenes, can seldom be industrious and wealthy, nor, despite their mirth and humour, a happy people.

The barn in which they danced on this occasion was a large one. Around the walls were placed as many seats as could be spared from the neighbours' houses; these were eked out by sacks of corn laid lengthwise, logs of round timber, old creels, iron pots, with their bottoms turned up, and some of them in their usual position. On these were the youngsters seated. Up in a corner sat Barny, surrounded by the seniors of the village, sawing the fiddle with indefatigable

vigour, and leading the conversation with equal spirit. Indeed, his laugh was the loudest, and his joke the best, whilst, ever and anon, his music became perfectly furious—that is to say, when he rasped the fiddle with a desperate effort 'to overtake the dancers.' from whom, in the heat of the conversation, he had unwittingly lagged behind.

Dancing in Ireland, like every thing else connected with the amusement of the people, is frequently productive of bloodshed. It is not unusual for crack-dancers from opposite parishes, or from distant parts of the same parish, to meet and dance against each other for victory. But as the judges in those cases consist of the respective friends or factions of the champions, their mode of decision may readily be conjectured. Many a battle is fought in consequence of such challenges, the result usually being that not he who has the lightest heel, but the hardest head, generally comes off the conqueror.

While the usual variety of Irish dances—the reel, jig, fling, three-part-reel, four-part-reel, rowly-powly, country-dance, *cotillion*, or cut-along (as the peasantry call it) and minuet, vulgarly minion and minionet—were going forward in due rotation, our readers may be assured that those who were seated around the walls did not permit the time to pass without improving it, many an attachment being formed at such amusements.

At the dance we are describing, luckily there was no dissension; every heart appeared to be not only elated with mirth, but also free from resentment and jealousy. The din produced by the thumping of vigorous feet upon the floor, the noise of the fiddle, the chat between Barny and the little sober knot about him, together with the brisk murmur of the general conversation, and the expression of delight which sat on every countenance, had something in them elevating to the spirits.

Barny, who knew the voices, and even the mode of dancing peculiar to almost every one in the barn, had some joke for each. When a young man brings out his sweetheart—which he frequently does in a manner irresistibly ludicrous, sometimes giving a spring from the earth, his *caubeen* set with a knowing air on one side of his head, advancing at a trot on tip-toe, catching her by the ear, leading her out to her position, which is 'to face the fiddler,' then ending by a snap of the fingers, and another spring, in which he brings his heel backwards in contact with his ham; we say, when a young man brings out his sweetheart, and places her facing the fiddler, he asks her what she will dance; to which, if she has no favourite tune, she uniformly replies—'Your will is my pleasure.' This usually made Barny groan aloud.

'What ails you, Barny?'

'Oh, thin, murdher alive, how little thruth's in this world! Your will's my pleasure! *Baithershin!* but, sowl, if things goes an, it won't be long so!'

'Why, Barny,' the young man would exclaim, 'is the ravin' fit comin' over you?'

'No, in throth, Jim; *but it's thinkin' of home I am.* Howandiver, do you go an; but, *naboklish!* What'll you have?'

'"Jig Polthouge," Barny: but oil your wrist, a bouchal, or Katty will lave us both out o' sight in no time. Whoo! success! clear the coorse. Well done, Barny! That's the go.'

When the youngsters had danced for some time, the fathers and mothers of the village were called upon 'to step out.' This was generally the most amusing scene in the dance. No excuse is ever taken on such occasions, for when they refuse, about a dozen young fellows place them, will they nil they, upright upon the floor, from whence neither themselves nor their wives are permitted to move until they dance. No sooner do they commence, than they are mischievously pitted against each other by two sham parties, one encouraging the wife, the other cheering on the good man; whilst the fiddler, falling in with the frolic, plays in his most furious style. The simplicity of character, and, perhaps, the lurking vanity of those who are the butts of the mirth on this occasion, frequently heighten the jest.

'Why thin, Paddy, is it strivin' to outdo me you are? Faiks, avourneen, you never seen that day, any way,' the old woman would exclaim, exerting all her vigour.—'Didn't I? Sowl, I'll sober you before I lave the flure, for all that,' her husband would reply.

'An' do you forget,' she would rejoin, 'that the M'Carthy dhrop is in me? ay, an' it's to the good still.'

And the old dame would accompany the boast with a fresh attempt at agility, to which Paddy would respond by 'cutting the buckle,' and snapping his fingers, whilst fifty voices, amidst roars of laughter, were loud in encouraging each.

'Handle your feet, Katty, darlin'—the mettle's lavin' him!'

'Off wid the brogues, Paddy, or she'll do you. That's it; kick off the other, an' don't spare the flure.'

'A thousand guineas an Katty! M'Carthy agin Gallagher for ever!—whirroo!'

'Blur alive the flure's not benefittin' by you, Paddy. Lay an it, man!—That's it!—Bravo!—Whish!—Our side agin Europe!'

'Success, Paddy! Why, you could dance the Dusty Miller upon a flure paved wid drawn razures, you're so soople.'—'Katty for ever! The blood's in you, Katty; you'll win the day. More power to you!'

'I'll hould a quart on Paddy. Heel an' toe, Paddy, you sinner!'

'Right an' left, Katty; hould an, his breath's goin'.'

'Right an' wrong, Paddy, you spalpeen. The whisky's an you, man alive: do it dacently, an' don't let me lose the wager.'

In this manner would they incite some old man, and, perhaps, his older wife, to prolonged exertion, and keep them bobbing and jigging about amidst roars of laughter, until the worthy couple could dance no longer.

During stated periods of the night, those who took the most prominent part in the dance got a plate and hat, with which they went round the youngsters, to make collections for the fiddler. Barny reserved his best and most sarcastic jokes for these occasions; for so correct was his ear, that he felt little difficulty in detecting those whose contributions to him were such as he did not relish.

The aptitude of the Irish for enjoying humorous images was well displayed by one or two circumstances which occurred on this night. A few of both sexes, who had come rather late, could get no other seats than the iron pots to which we have alluded. The young women were dressed in white, and their companions, who were also their admirers, exhibited in proud display, each a bran new suit, consisting of broad-cloth coat, yellow-buff vests, and corduroy small-clothes, with a bunch of broad silk ribbons standing out at each knee. They were the sons and daughters of respectable farmers, but as all distinctions here entirely ceased, they were fain to rest contented with such seats as they could get, which on this occasion consisted of the pots aforesaid. No sooner, however, had they risen to dance, than the house was convulsed with laughter, heightened by the sturdy vigour with which, unconscious of their appearance, they continued to dance. That part of the white female dresses which had come in contact with the pots, exhibited a circle like the full moon, and was black as pitch. Nor were their partners more lucky: those who sat on the mouths of the pots had the back part of their dresses streaked with dark circles, equally ludicrous. The mad mirth with which they danced, in spite of their grotesque appearance, was irresistible. This, and other incidents quite as pleasant—such as the case of a wag who purposely sank himself into one of the pots, until it stuck to him through half the dance—increased the laughter, and disposed them to peace and cordiality."

UNIVERSALITY OF VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL LIFE.

"These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God.——
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers!
In mingled cloud to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints."

CASUAL observers of the works of Nature have frequently had cause for astonishment in reflecting on the universality of the principle of life, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. This principle, they perceive, is found in never-dying action over the whole habitable globe, from the lowest depths of the ocean to the tops of the highest mountains. They find it operating, by vegetation, on the surface of newly-formed islands, thousands of miles from the nearest continent; and they discover that the most lonely mountain tarn is peopled with fish, which could not by any possibility have proceeded thither themselves, and which, it is certain, were never transported by human beings. These are amongst the wonders of creation; but scientific investigation has gone far to unravel what at first sight appears a mystery. In the "Sacred History of the World," by Sharon Turner, already recommended in these pages, the intelligent author offers some useful observations on the universality of vegetable and animal life.

"You may fairly ask (says he) how, then, is vegetation found on places that are known to have originally had none, and that are not likely to have been visited by what would bring them? How, for instance, could the frozen soil of New Shetland, amid the ice-rocks of the Antarctic, obtain the lichens, the only vegetable found, or perhaps growable upon it? How have the Coral Islands of the Pacific, formed in the bosom of the waves by the petty animalculæ that construct them, derived their fine cocoa-nut trees, and beautiful forests? How can the new Volcanic Island that has just emerged from the shallow bottom of the Sicilian Sea, ever acquire, as it will do, a productive vegetation? These questions are reasonable, and we can find some facts that will satisfactorily answer them.

The clouds ever floating above us, not only bring us occasionally meteoric stones, hail, and epidemics, but also vegetable seeds, and the very lichens that would commence the new reign of vegetation on the bleak rocks of the South Polar isles. A phenomenon which occurred in Persia would have had this result. Dust and sands, heavier than many seeds are borne by the winds and clouds for several hundred miles across the atmosphere, falling on the earth and seas as they pass along. The Cryptogamia and many of the grassy seeds are not more weighty than matter of this sort, which the aërial movement thus transports. The sea, and its tides and currents, convey larger bodies for even thousands of miles.* The winds carry over the seeds of large trees, and disperse new vegetations with an extraordinary rapidity, and to an extent which, anterior to the experience, we should not have expected. Birds also largely diffuse them. Many of these tenants of the trees and air live on fruit and berries. They digest the pulp, but pass the seeds unimpaired; and thus heavy organizations of future trees are planted in the most distant and unexpected situations. The parasitical misseltoe, converted by the stern Druids of our British predecessors into an instrument of their governing superstition, and which they gathered, from the tree on which it fed, with such imposing solemnity, thus attains its lofty, and, in the days of ignorance, mysterious situation. The digestive action of the feathered race upon them improves, in some cases, instead of injuring their growing energy. Waves, winds, and birds, fully explain the vegetations of every coral and volcanic island. The amazing muscular power and vital energy of birds to sustain their flights in their migrations, for distances that astonish us, will account for the plantations of the most distant isles and continents. Even insects people inland ponds and streams with fish,* and are often themselves carried by the winds to great distances. Thus showers of their larva have often fallen from the clouds. From all these facts, no individual of right judgment can have any difficulty of perceiving how the most remote and unvisited regions have derived their varied vegetation. We need not have recourse to the unsupported hypothesis of spontaneous production, which no circumstance that has been fully understood has at any time occurred to prove. When once a vegetable has become rooted in a soil, it is capable, if unchecked, of spreading to an indefinite extent. One tree has, in some regions, propagated into a large forest. But the possible produce which may issue from a single individual of this department of nature, like other facts that we have noticed, extends into calculations which exceed our comprehending faculty. The just conclusion, from the experience of all ages and countries, is, that spontaneous production is no part of the system for the perpetuation of the vegetable races.

The REPRODUCTIVE faculty in plants exhibits a clear and close analogy to that of the animal kingdom. The artificial, but convenient Linnæan system, is founded upon it. One set of organs within the flower, the stamens, prepare the productive pollen, or fine dust-like substance which passes in the proper time from them to the stigma, and adhering to that, becomes the germ of the future plants. Without this pollen, there is no reproduction by seed or fruit. The natural pollen is the most effective, and no other naturally occurs to the stigma, although pollen from other flowers may be inserted on it. We have in this operation of the motion of the pollen to its germinating receptacle, another instance of the exactitude with which the effective means have been carefully provided and adapted to their appointed ends. Although it has to pass with a precise force over the particular distance, varying in every species, that is, between the stamen and the stigma, and therefore to be suited exactly to this space, and to take correctly the direction of each stigma, and this in many millions of instances at every recurring season, and to light exactly upon its minutest point; and to do this in the ever-moving air, and whatever winds may agitate it; yet this peculiar movement always takes place at the proper time in every species of plant, by a species of explosion, but with such skilful aim and measured movement, as it were, that in every plant it is performed with exact and invariable effect; so that, from their creation to the present hour, every species has regularly and abundantly produced its due seed and fruit. Wonderful has been the contrivance by which this indispensable action has been made to take place so universally and so effectually! Nothing would seem more to require an unerring eye and guiding hand, than the transfer of this little fructifying projectile from one part of the flower to that exact spot near it on which it must settle, in order to germinate into the fruit; and often from one flower to another; and not unfrequently from one plant to another. The utmost precision of the direction and degree of the protruding impulse, and the most exact timing of the discharge to the receiving state of the recipient, are in every instance indispensably necessary. The smallest error or deviation would frustrate the effect. Who is the secret calculator, measurer, impeller, regulator, and director? Who is the floral engineer, that, in each returning spring, guides and rules this botanical artillery with unfailing skill and success in the quadrillions of quadrillions of flowers that annually adorn our globe? and even, in some cases, accomplishing the prolific object at great distances. Where the organs are on separated plants, and the end cannot be obtained by instantaneous projectility, there, bees and insects are made the conveying agents, and the honey in the nectarium of flowers is the attraction that invites them to become such, though unconscious of the important purpose which they are fulfilling, while intent only on their own enjoyment. So diversified are the means employed by the Great Inventor and Preserver of our complicated fabric, to produce His appointed ends! Thus the main producing system of nature is every where maintained."

* Dr Walker declared to Lord Kames—"I have found seeds, dropt accidentally into the sea in the West Indies, cast ashore on the Hebrides. The sea and rivers waft more seeds than sails."

* The great river-beetle, which lives habitually on eggs of fish, climbs sometimes in the evening on the reeds high enough for its flight, and then takes wing. One was caught in its flight, and being put into water, it emitted the eggs with which it was gorged; some in part digested, and some not at all. These eggs produced fish of various sorts.—*Bull. Univ.* 1829, *p.* 145, *from Gill's Tech. Rep.* 1828, *p.* 333.

THE POLISH JEW BOY.

POLAND is the chief modern seat of the scattered Jewish race, for while those interesting people were persecuted throughout every part of Europe, the noble sympathising Pole gave them refuge, and treated them as men and brethren. Under this kind protection, the Jews in time multiplied, and their hamlets soon rose to the condition of populous villages and towns, presenting to the modern world the spectacle of a second Judea. These Polish Jews were permitted to govern themselves by their own laws, which they did in its fullest extent, adopting all the Mosaical and Rabbinical ceremonies, and even dispensing with surnames, according to ancient usage. They also adhered to their own peculiar costume, and continue to do so. Their bodies are covered with a tightly fitted black silk robe, fastened with a band and tassel round the waist; on their head they wear a skull-cap, both in and out of the house, a rigid Jew never having his head uncovered, as, like other eastern people, he requires to say prayers and graces on many occasions, and is obliged, when addressing the Almighty, to wear his hat upon his head; a long flowing beard, and a staff, complete the outline of their appearance. Napoleon made many innovations on the Jewish customs, though with little advantage to himself. He enrolled the young men into cavalry and infantry troops, making them take surnames, and insisting that they should never wear the costume of their race. This mixing with the natives of other territories contributed to enlighten the Jews, but war gave them an insight into the riches of the neighbouring countries, and made them anxious to participate in that wealth, which they endeavour to do by the only means left within their power. Being prevented by the illiberal and odiously selfish laws of most Christian powers from devoting their attention to ordinary professional pursuits, or trying to gain distinction and opulence by any of the common modes in practice, they have in this, as in every other instance, devoted their abilities to various mercantile avocations, generally dealing in articles of great value. The way in which the industrious young Jews set out upon their wanderings is in no small degree affecting. After procuring the blessing of their parents, which, in general, is all that they have to bestow, they leave their native homes at the tender age of thirteen, and, in Scripture phrase, girding up their loins, they address themselves to their travels into far countries, in search of what fortune may be pleased to reward them with. A certain portion of mankind are still disposed to hoot and persecute the Jews, and to allow them no good property whatever; but we defy any civilized nation to produce such striking instances of intrepidity, honest industry, and humility, as are here exemplified. The circumstance of boys of thirteen years of age voluntarily abandoning the houses of their parents, to depend for their support on their own unassisted, unadvised efforts, among total strangers, is quite unparalleled in the history of the most chivalric people which the earth ever produced. We, no doubt, find Italian and Swiss boys wandering over most parts of Europe, but, it will be remarked, it is chiefly in the character of mendicants, or something nearly allied to it; while the Jew boy sets forth with the determination to pursue some branch of lucrative industry, requiring no small degree of ingenuity and wisdom. It may be mentioned, that the Jews become of age on the Sabbath after they attain the age of thirteen. On this solemn occasion, they read a portion of the Scriptures aloud in the synagogue, and dedicate themselves to their Maker, by swearing to keep the commandments. After the ceremony, the morning is celebrated with a breakfast party. At thirteen, the young Jews are required to wear phylacteries every morning while at their devotions. These consist of two long stripes of leather, one being made to fit the head, the other for the left arm, with large knots, emblematic of Almighty God. Inclosed in this knot are the ten commandments, and the prayer, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one God," &c.

These observations on the condition and manners of the Polish Jews, are preliminary to the following account, which we lately received, of the history of one of them, named Joshua Mendelsohlm, who emigrated in the manner we have mentioned, and speedily raised himself from indigence to affluence, simply by perseverance and successful speculations in valuable articles of commerce. We give the account nearly in his own words, as he related it to a friend.

"Well, den, when I did come first to be a man at terteen years of age, den I did have all de grand desire to go away to seek my fortune; so I did go to my fader and moder for der blessings, and they did give me dem, and I did ask my fader for his assistance, and he did say unto me, Mine dear son, all dat I can give you is a clean shirt, and may the God of Israel bless you: den I did leave mine own country widout one farding, and my goods did consist of mine clothes on my back, and my prayer-book, and my phylacteries. I did not know vere I should go; but my feet did take me to Frankfort; and behold der was de grand fair, and I did look me about, and I was astonished to see such quantities of fine merchandise; so I did stand for long while admiring de goods. Now, when I did stand looking, a shentleman did ask me if I was a Jew. I say, yes. He den ask me if I be honest, and I say, yes, also. He den took me for to assist him in selling his merchandise, and was much satisfied, and he did give me about two pounds in dis country money. Oh, dis was a grand beginning of my fortune. So I did consider me what to buy, and, as luck would have it, I did buy all cornelian stones, but could not sell dem again; so I did take me to Italia; den I did shew dem to an honest Catholic jeweller, and he did give me twenty pounds. I was den very glad of dis great sum of monies, and did lay out the whole on cameos. I next went again to Frankfort, and was so fortunate as to sell dem for one hundred pounds. I now did buy all mine monies in stones, and took them again to Italia; but dish time I had a large box, which cause der custom-house officers stop me, and took away all mine riches, and put me to jail. When I was brought to der judge, they did search me, and found only my phylacteries; and de judge ask me what I do wid dese tings. And I told him they were for me to use when I pray to mine God. And he, being a good Catholic, say to me, you be a good Jew man; and he did give me all pack my goods, which I sold for dis time two hundred pounds. After dis, I went to Turkey, and dat was very good luck; for a Turk did show me a bag full of green and pink stones, and he ask me to puy dem. I did not know the value of dem; but for a grand speculation, I did say, if I make my fortune, I do; if I lose, I no worse den when I set out. So I did make a prayer, and he did sell me dem for mine own price, two hundred pounds. He ask me three hundred; but I say, I have no more riches. So the Turk gave me the whole for my price. I now took my bag of green and pink stones to a person dat was a judge, and he say, they be all emeralds and rubies, and worth a great sum. So I did sort dem, and went to Genoa, where I did never go before, and showed dem to a Jew broker, and he ask me mine price. I say, he must show dem to the diamond-merchants, and they must put der highest price, for I did not let him know dat I did not know the value of dem. The Jew broker came next day, and tell me he can get L.2000 for one parcel, and, if sent to-morrow, he will pay dem. As soon as I left de Jew broker, I jump for joy at mine good luck, and did tank mine God for his goodness to de poor Jew boy. When next day did come, I did take all the monies, L.2000, for a part of mine precious stones; and out of gratitude I did take for mine wife the broker's pretty daughter Rachel. So dis all over, I pay me a visit to all der grand cities, and did sell more and more of mine emeralds and rubies for very much monies."

To bring this autobiographical sketch to a conclusion, it has to be added, that after these various speculations, Joshua ventured on dealing in diamonds, in which he was still more successful. He has thus pursued a lucrative traffic in precious stones for many years, and is now one of the richest men in Europe. His home is at Genoa, where his wife and family live in the first style, with carriages and other luxuries of the most expensive description. Yet he still pursues his unvarying avocations, almost in his original humble condition. He travels through every continental country, and visits all the principal cities in his professional capacity. He also, in general, carries about his person property to the amount of L.100,000 and upwards, in precious stones, all of which are stowed in about fifty different pockets in various parts of his dress.

NAMES OF LONDON STREETS.

D'ISRAELI, in one of the volumes of his "Curiosities of Literature," has a paper on the changes which are frequently found to have taken place in the names of streets, by the corruptions of succeeding generations, and produces the following instances in the case of the streets of London, which may perhaps interest our readers:—

"*Mincing-lane* was *Mincheon-lane;* from tenements pertaining to the Mincheons, or nuns of St Helen's, in Bishopsgate-street.

Gutter-lane, corrupted from *Guthurun's-lane;* from its first owner, a citizen of great trade.

Blackwall-hall was *Bakewell's-hall*, from one Thomas Bakewell; and originally called *Basing's-haugh*, from a considerable family of that name, whose arms were once seen on the ancient building, and whose name is still perpetuated in *Basing's-lane.*

Finch-lane was *Finke's-lane*, from a whole family of this name.

Thread-needle-street was originally *Thrid-needle-street*, as Samuel Clarke dates it from his study there.

Billiter-lane is a corruption of *Belzetter's-lane;* from the first builder or owner.

Crutched-friars was *Crowched* or *Crossed-friars.*

Lothbury was so named from the noise of founders at their work; and, as Howel pretends, this place was called *Lothbury* "disdainedly."

Garlick-hill was *Garlick-hithe*, or *hive*, where garlick was sold.

Fetter-lane has been erroneously supposed to have some connexion with the *fetters* of criminals. It was in Charles the First's time written *Fewtor-lane*, and is so in Howel's Londinopolis, who explains it as *Fewtors* (or idle people) lying there as in a way leading to gardens. It was the haunt of these *Faitors*, or "mighty beggars." The *Faitour*, that is, a *defaytor*, or *defaulter*, became *Fewtor*, and in the rapid pronunciation, or conception, of names, *Fewtor* has ended in *Fetter-lane.*

Gracechurch-street, sometimes called *Gracious-street*, was originally *Grass-street*, from an herb-market there.

Fenchurch-street, from a fenny or moorish ground by a river-side.

Galley-key has preserved its name, but its origin may have been lost. Howel, in his "Londinopolis," says, "here dwelt strangers called *Galley-men*, who brought wine, &c. in *Galleys.*"

Greek-street, says Pennant, "I am sorry to degrade into *Grig-street;*" whether it alludes to the little vivacious eel, or to the merry character of its tenants, he does not resolve.

Bridewell was *St Bridget's-well*, from one dedicated to Saint Bride or Bridget.

Marybone was *St Mary-on-the-Bourne*, corrupted to *Mary-bone;* as *Holborn* was *Old Bourne*, or the Old River; *Bourne* being the ancient English for *river;* hence the Scottish *Burn.*

Newington was *New-town.*

Maiden-lane was so called from an image of the Virgin, which, in Catholic days, had stood there, as Bagford writes to Hearne; and he says, that the frequent sign of the *Maiden-head* was derived from "our Lady's-head."

Lad-lane was originally *Lady's-lane*, from the same personage.

Rood-lane was so denominated from a Rood, or Jesus on the cross, there placed, which was held in great regard.

Piccadilly was named after a hall called *Piccadilla-hall*, a place of sale for *piccadillies* or *turnovers;* a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about 1614.

Strype notices that in the liberties of Saint Catharine is a place called *Hangman's-gains;* the traders of *Hammes* and *Guynes*, in France, anciently resorted there; thence the strange corruption.

Smithfield is a corruption of *Smoothfield; smith* signifies *smooth*, from a Saxon word. An antiquarian friend had seen it described in a deed as *campus planus*, which confirms the original meaning. It is remarkable that *Smithfield* should have continued as a market for cattle for more than six centuries, with only the loss of its vowels.

This is sufficient to show how the names of our streets require either to be corrected or explained by their historian. The French, among the numerous projects for the moral improvement of civilized man, had one, which, had it not been polluted by a horrid faction, might have been directed to a noble end. It was to name streets after eminent men. This would at least preserve them from the corruption of the people, and exhibit a perpetual monument of moral feeling and of glory, to the rising genius of every age. With what excitement and delight may the young contemplatist, who first studies at Gray's Inn, be reminded of *Verulam*-buildings!"

MANGEL WURZEL.

THIS herb has not been long cultivated in this country, and, as in the case of turnips and potatoes when first introduced, little is yet known regarding it, though it promises to be one of the most useful vegetable products. Some time ago, we tasted a kind of whisky distilled from it, and, at the same time, were shown a specimen of very strong brown paper, fit for packing, which was manufactured simply from the draff or refuse. It seems also that a good kind of ale may be made from the roots. According to the Gardener's Magazine for December, the way to make this beverage is to "take one-third of malt, two-thirds of mangel wurzel liquor, and about a fifth part of treacle, adding hops at the rate of six ounces to nine gallons. Barrel and work with yeast in the usual manner. The mangel wurzel liquor is thus obtained: Clean the roots, pare off the outer rind, slice and boil till they are quite soft, and then squeeze off the liquor." If mangel wurzel can thus produce whisky, ale, and brown paper, and, as we are informed, at an expense ten times lower than what is now laid out on grain and old hempen materials, it will prove one of our most valuable vegetables. The paper made from the refuse, we can avouch, was far superior to that in ordinary use.

The Messrs Chambers are gratified in mentioning, that, while the sale of the Journal continues steadily to increase, their *Historical Newspaper*, or Monthly Supplement, has been well received in all parts of the United Kingdom, and that, reckoning the Edinburgh and London editions, the impression already reaches 28,000 copies, 18,000 of which are circulated in Scotland. The third number of this *Historical Newspaper* will appear on Thursday next, the 3d of January, and will continue to be issued on the 1st, 2d, or 3d day of every succeeding month, at the same low price as the present work.

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THE DOMESTIC MAN.

NOTHING can be more obvious to remark, than that some people bear less of the characteristics of their own than of the opposite sex. We meet every day in life with clever, masculine, roughish characters in female attire, who perhaps do no grace whatever to their own sex, but yet, as every body conspires to say of them, "would make most excellent men." On the other hand, we as often find a quiet tame kind of man, who has all the features of the old wife about him, even in his one-and-twentieth year, and who, vacillating as it were between the two sexes, is despised by his fellow men, and hardly received with favour by the women, with whom he is so constantly seeking to consort, and whose manners he seems so anxious to imitate.

An individual of the latter kind is distinguished in his earliest petticoats—even before he has well left the nursery. He is then a poor, peepy wretch, with blear eyes, and one everlasting dingy night-cap, constantly sitting by the fire, to the great annoyance of the nurse, who frequently declares him to be more of an infant than even his younger brother the baby. As he grows up, instead of falling into the ranks of other boys, and coming home occasionally with his garments rent from top to bottom, or two of his fore-teeth borne by his side on the boards of his book, or any other jolly mischance, such as boys are so perpetually falling into, he still clings to the fire-side, where he does a thousand little good offices for the culinary deities, by whom, nevertheless, he is far less kindly treated than the rudest of his brethren. He is even perhaps caught some day playing at the pall-all with the girls, or perhaps snug in one of the remotest corners of their channel-stone houses, and trying with all his pains to make up a flower-plot for them with the heads of decapitated cowslips. He is then, if a Scottish boy, fairly in for the nickname of "the lassie," than which nothing could well be more intolerable to most boys, though in his case it is submitted to with a helpless and dawdling resignation. As years advance, he becomes a careful copyer of all kinds of useful family receipts from old books and newspapers. In a common-place book which he keeps, the first entry is, "a way to make good ink," then "another way to make ink," and then a way "to make red ink"—though, be it remarked, he has no earthly prospect of ever acting upon these receipts. He has also a box, secured by a small padlock, wherein he has gathered thousands of little odd articles, which he barters with less adroit, though perhaps more robust companions, for things of greater value; sometimes adding to his stock by exchanging three rides of his father's horse to the water for a pen-knife, or giving a trifling toy for some solidly useful article, to which its possessor had become indifferent, but always taking care that the thing got shall be a degree better than the thing given.

When individuals of this kind reach their twenty-second or twenty-third year, it is clearly perceived that they are to become Domestic Men. Some prophesy that their wives will have an easy time of it with them, so attentive are they, and so thoroughly versed in all the most approved rules of conducting an establishment: others maintain that their spouses will be rendered miserable, for, let them be ever so careful, there will be no possibility of satisfying the expectations of persons so finical. But on one thing all are agreed, namely, that there is no chance of their continuing long bachelors.

Well, married they certainly are, sooner than most other young fellows; for their accurate and sedulous habits fit them to be good men of business, and they speedily obtain a settlement in life. Now it is that their darling occupations may be properly said to commence, and their qualifications to be most strikingly and usefully developed. Their pleasure lies in home, and they set in good earnest about making it delightful. They draw around them, with incredible pains, comforts and conveniences of every kind, and their ingenuity is exerted in a thousand ways to accomplish objects which to most people would appear trifling in the extreme, but which are to them of the highest importance. Abroad, our heroes are a good deal laughed at for what are called their fiddle-faddling propensities. They employ as much pains to demonstrate to you the propriety and possibility of saving twopence in some matter of household expense once a-year, as another would do to elucidate and enforce a scheme of retrenchment which was to lessen the burdens of the nation by as many millions. They grudge no part of the price of an article except the halfpenny which goes to complete the sum; but they grudge *it* grievously; and what other people pay a shilling for, it is the study and business of their lives to procure equally good for elevenpence halfpenny. Infinite is the labour they bestow to carry their point; and as they are indefatigable, so they are in the end generally successful. This habit of being solicitous about trifles lowers them, as has been said, not a little in the estimation of many. But it is surprising what an impression is produced upon one who has made them the subject of ridicule, if he pay a visit to the house of a Domestic Man, and become a witness of the effects of a judicious economy. He is compelled to acknowledge the superior tact of his friend, when he observes the regularity of his household arrangements: there is nothing wanting, and nothing where it should not be; every thing is good of its kind, and adjusted with the nicest skill. Every article around him has its history. Not one of them but was procured by the intervention of a number of trusty agents, and by a series of skilful negociations. He is not one of those witless persons, who, when a thing can no longer be wanted, have no other resource but to go straight into the market and buy it; he sees a long way before him, by which means he has time not only to look about and make a choice, but to be cautious in closing a bargain, and to obtain the best terms by appearing not to care whether he get the goods or not. Then he has numerous friends, through whose interest with tradesmen he procures things both better and cheaper than customary. Thus his cellar is stocked, not by a general order to a spirit merchant: but he knows a person who has a near relation connected with a brewery, and through this medium he is supplied with superior porter and ales; he has a fifth, sixth, or seventh cousin, who, in a voyage to the Low Countries, contracted a friendship with a Dutch captain—so he is secure of the best Hollands; he possesses channels of communication even with the Highland smugglers, and would scorn to offer a guest any thing but the genuine peat-reek. Every thing comes to him from authentic sources in the same manner, and the secret history of all his various transactions furnishes him with never-failing subjects of conversation. It is in this sphere that the owner feels the triumph of his genius, and he sets himself down in the midst of the comforts he has accumulated—a happy man.

We shall only specify one particular in which the talents of the Domestic Man shine pre-eminent. Reader, were you ever in Edinburgh after a fall of snow which had continued for three days without intermission? Bands of labourers issue forth, armed with shovels, to clear the pavements, in doing which they throw up an entrenchment of snow on each side of the street, so high, that the few passengers cannot discern more than the hats of those on the opposite footpath. The voice of the fishwives is silent, and not a cart attempts a passage through the streets. A physician's carriage may be observed here and there dragged slowly along by four horses, and a hackney coach making its way still more slowly, the additional horses yoked with traces manifestly got up for the occasion, being formed of ropes, not of the freshest kind. All intercourse and business seems to be at a stand for the time, and the only thing people can do is to remain at home, and read in the newspapers accounts of roads blocked up in every direction, and of valorous mail-coach guards, who, when their vehicles could be taken no farther, abandoned them, and, through paths knee-deep with snow, and with the drift coming absolutely in shovelfuls into their faces, carried the bags in safety to the next post-town. In this period of desolation, *the price of coals mounts rapidly.* This is a matter which comes home to the toes and fingers of every man, and the panic is consequently great and universal. As is usual in times of alarm, exaggeration flies abroad, and represents the case in its worst colours. Reports are propagated that there is not a ton in store, either at the canal or railway depôt. On every side are echoed expressions of dismay and of astonishment that the dealers should have been so exceedingly improvident; and then, again, people check themselves by the reflection, that even although plenty of coals could be bought at the accustomed stations, there is no possibility of getting them conveyed home. Many an anxious and unwonted countenance is intruded, by way of committee of inquiry, into the gloomy regions of the coal-hole; and the cave of Trophonius had no such effect in lengthening the features of those who visited it, as is produced by the investigation of these empty, and, therefore, dismal recesses. Numbers of gentlemen, corpulent and otherwise, return with the appalling intelligence to their families, and abandon themselves to despair by the side of their expiring parlour fires: the wintry wind whistling a dreary chorus to their lamentations. In the midst of this universal consternation, the Domestic Man remains undismayed. Harassed by no anticipations of uncooked victuals, and of fingers blue with cold, he lifts his poker, smashes a large piece of coal in the grate, and plants himself for business or relaxation in front of a fire that bids frost and the fear of it avaunt. His winter stock of fuel was laid in long before, of the best kind, and at a reasonable rate; and he has now the satisfaction of lending a small quantity to boil the pot of Mr Temporary, who, when he saw the carts unloading their culmy stores at the door of his provident neighbour, thought he had made a hit in twitting him, that "surely he meant to roast an election dinner in his house."

TALE OF A VICTIM.

"THERE is no such thing as standing still in human life: the wheel of fortune is continually revolving; and we must either rise with it or fall."

"Very true," said my friend, as he emptied his glass, and turned a little more round to me; "I will give you a case in point, of which I happened to know myself.

"Some years ago—say fifteen or eighteen—as I was returning from London by the mail-coach, I made halt for a night at one of the York inns. The room into which I was ushered was full of bagmen and travellers of various cuts and kinds, and from the confused Babel of sound I could occasionally hear a detached sentence on politics—on the theatres—on agriculture—on the late rainy weather—the price of stocks—soft goods—

and the petitions of the Roman Catholics. A knot in one corner were discussing supper; others, lounging beside the hearth, toasted their toes; while a third, and more numerous party, half concealed amid puffy exhalations, washed down the flavour of their Havannahs with steaming savoury rum-punch. Being somewhat fatigued, and the assemblage not exactly quite to my taste, I tossed off a sneaker, and rang for Boots; that indispensable actor of all drudgery work at your public establishments for board and lodging.

"In bustled a tall, thin, squalid, miserable-looking creature, his curly black hair, seemingly long unkempt, hanging about his ears 'in most admired disorder.' His dress corresponded with his looks; his jacket and waistcoat were of dark fustian, and his trousers, shabby and shrivelled, bore some traces of having been originally nankeen. Around his neck was twisted a blue cotton handkerchief, and the little of his linen seen, was not only ragged, but dirty. In one hand he carried a boot-jack, and in the other a pair of slippers, while from under his arm depended a dingy towel, perhaps as a badge of office. I could not help thinking, as he crossed the room at my summons, 'here is a most lugubrious specimen of mortality; one of those night-hawks of society, whom it would scarcely be comfortable to meet with, unarmed, on a solitary road, towards the twilight.'

"With down-looking face, the fellow made a hurried approach to me, as if he had the feeling of his task being a disagreeable one, and the sooner got over the better. As he laid the slippers on the carpet, placed the boot-jack at my foot, and was stooping his shoulder as a fulcrum for assistance in my operations, I caught a distinct glimpse of his faded features. I could not be mistaken. 'Good Heavens!' said I to myself, half aloud, 'can it possibly be Harry Melville!'

"After the poor creature had shuffled out of the room in an agitation which did not wholly escape the remark, and provoke the idle laugh of some of the loungers, I hastily rang the bell, and was shown to my sleeping-room by the waiter, whom I requested to bid the person come up who had brought me my slippers.

"I was allowed to pace about for some time in a perplexed and downcast mood, haunted by many a recollection of departed pleasures—by many delightful associations of other years, which contrasted themselves with present dejection, when at length I heard a step timidly approaching the door, and a slight tap was given. I opened it eagerly, and there stood before me the same doleful apparition. I took hold of the poor fellow's hand, and led him to a chair; but no sooner was he seated, and the door shut upon us, than he put his hands over his face, and burst into a flood of tears. When he had become a little more tranquil, I soothed him in the best way I could, and ventured to open my mind to him.

"'Oh! let me alone—let me alone,' he said, sobbing bitterly. 'I have deserved my fate. My own imprudence, more than misfortune, has reduced me to the state you see. Be not sorry for me; I am beneath your regard. I have deserved it all.'

"Having consoled him in the best manner I could, he voluntarily gave me the particulars of his history, which, as far as memory serves me, were nearly to the following effect:—

"Shortly after having been taken into the counting-house of his father—at that time a considerable West India merchant—he had married, contrary to the will of his friends, in the hope that the affections of a parent could not long remain estranged to an only son, even though conscious that that son had injured him. Perhaps in this his calculations were not altogether wrong; but at this point foreknowledge failed, and unforeseen circumstances blasted his prospects. The affairs of old Mr Melville were shortly after thrown into disorder by unsuccessful speculations; and matters at length grew so bad as to involve bankruptcy and ruin. The old man was received into the country residence of a relation; but, brought up in habits of activity and business, his mind could not withstand the dread reverse; and, after a few listless months, one shock of palsy following another, hurried him off to a not unwelcome grave.

"The penniless and imprudent Henry soon found that he had wedded not only himself, but another, to misery, as the dark night of ruin closed around them. They were both young, and capable of exertion, but, living on the faith of future prospects, and a speedy reconcilement, they had contracted debts, from which they saw no possible way of extricating themselves. Matters grew worse and worse, and at length the poor fellow was afraid to leave his home from fear of bailiffs.

"At length he fell into their hands, and was dragged to jail; and, on the news being incautiously carried to his young wife, she was seized with convulsions, and perished in giving birth to a child, not unfortunately dead. The heart of the miserable man was rent asunder on learning his domestic calamities. Scorned and despised, friendless and unpitied, he beheld from the iron-bound windows of his prison the coffin that contained the remains of his wife and child, carried through the streets by strangers to the place of interment, while, yearning with the feelings of the husband and father, he was denied the mournful solace of shedding a tear into their grave.

"Condemned to the social contamination of the base and vile, he endured the wretchedness and the disgrace of confinement for two months, when he was set at liberty by the benefit of the act which so provides, on making oath of surrendering up every thing. Into the world, therefore, was he cast forth, branded and stigmatized, destitute, and beggared in every thing but the generous pride which withheld him from soliciting charity. Bred to no profession, he knew not whereunto to turn his hand; and misery pressed so hardly upon him, that unhallowed thoughts of suicide began to suggest themselves to his troubled mind. From town to town he wandered, soliciting the situation of clerk in any counting-house; but, alas! he had no references to make as to character, no certificates of former engagements faithfully fulfilled. For days and days together, he had not even a morsel of bread to satisfy the pangs of hunger. To add to his wretchedness, his clothes had become so shabby, from exposure to wind, and rain, and sunshine, that he was ashamed to be seen in public, or during daylight—so lay about the fields and wastes till sunset, when he ventured nearer to human dwellings.

"To have offered himself for any situation in such a squalid condition, would have been certain exposure to contumely, refusal, and suspicion; and at length the lingering rays of pride, which had hitherto sustained him, sank amid the darkness of his destiny.

"Necessity is a stern teacher. Even the face of man, which he had sought to shun in his misfortunes, became to him at length a sufferance necessary to be borne; so, as he was at first thrust from, so was he at length drawn back to the dominion of society. From the moorland wastes, where he could pick up a few wild berries, and from the sea-shore, which afforded some shellfish, he came, by degrees imperceptible but sure, to be a spectator at the corner of streets, and a hanger-on about stable-yards, where he casually earned a few pence by assisting the grooms to carry water, or lead gentlemen's horses. Low is the lowest situation which admits not of promotion, and through course of time, my old schoolfellow came to be promoted to the office in which I found him."

"Poor fellow! did you ever hear what became of him afterwards?"

"Yes I did, and a miserable end he had, though redeemed by the spirit of humanity which prompted it. He was killed in rescuing a child which had fallen before the wheels of a stage-coach, and the grateful parents not only gave him a decent funeral, but erected a simple tablet over him, recording his fate, and their gratitude.

"It is dreadful to think on the abyss into which a single erring step from the paths of prudence may precipitate us," said I.

"Yes," answered my friend; "and there are a thousand ways of going astray; while I defy you to go right, save by one."*

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

To continue our literary account of the books of the Old Testament, we proceed to notice that the *Third*, or, according to the Hebrews, the *First Book of Kings*, begins with a relation of the manner in which Solomon came to the throne, and contains the whole of his reign. After that, an account follows of the division of the kingdom, and the history of four kings of Judah and eight kings of Israel. All these reigns, including that of Solomon, which occupies the first forty years, comprise the space of 126 years.

The *Fourth* of these books contains the history of sixteen kings of Judah, and twelve kings of Israel. It likewise gives account of the prophets who lived during this time. It is quite uncertain who were the writers of the two last-mentioned books. They are by some attributed to Jeremiah or Ezra, but no very convincing proofs have been adduced in support of this opinion. It is evident, indeed, that these books form a varied collection of several particular histories.

The name of *Paralipomena*, which, in Greek, signifies the *history of things omitted*, is given to the two books which follow those of *The Kings*. These form, in fact, a supplement, containing what had been omitted in the *Pentateuch*, and the books of *Joshua*, *Judges*, and *Kings*, or rather they contain a fuller description of some things which had been therein only briefly related. Some give them the name of *Chronicles*, because they are very exact in mentioning the time when every transaction happened. We divide them into two books, as do also the Jews, who call them *Dibere Hayamim*, that is, an *Historical Journal*, the matters of which they treat having been taken from the journals of the kings. In the original language, however, the word *days* often signifies *the year*, and, in this sense, we may understand the term to signify properly *Annals*. The generally received opinion is, that Ezra was the writer of these. In the *First* book, he begins with a succinct historical abridgement, from the creation of Adam to the return of the Jews from their captivity; and then he resumes the history of David, and carries it on to the consecration of Solomon, that is, down to the year before Christ 1015. The history contained in the *Second Book* reaches down to the year before Christ 536, when, upon the expiration of the seventy years of the captivity, Cyrus gave the Jews leave to return to their own country.

Ezra wrote the history of the return of the Jews from the captivity of Babylon into Judea. It is the history of about 82 years, from the year of the world 3468, when Cyrus became master of the eastern empire, by the death of his father Cambyses in Persia, and his father-in-law Cyaxares in Media, to the year 3550, which was the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes, surnamed Longimanus. This book bears the name of Ezra, who was the writer of it.

The next book is a continuation of that of Ezra, and, therefore, it is by some called *The Second Book of Ezra*. It was Nehemiah, however, whose name it also bears, who wrote it, as is said, by the advice of Ezra. It contains the account of the re-establishment of Jerusalem, and of the Temple, and the worship of God. It is the history of about 31 years; that is to say, from the twentieth year of the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, to the reign of Darius Nothus, his son, which began in the year of the world 3581.

After this general history of the Jews, follow two histories of particular persons, viz. *Esther* and *Job*. The first contains the account of a miraculous deliverance of the Jews, which was accomplished by means of the heroine named Esther. The Scripture says it happened under the reign of Ahasuerus, King of Persia; but as there have been several Persian kings of that name, it is not exactly known in which reign it is to be dated. Dr Lightfoot thinks it was that Artaxerxes who hindered the building of the Temple, and who, in the Book of Ezra, is called also Ahasuerus, after his great-grandfather the King of the Medes.

The history of Job, which is next in order, is not only a narration of his actions, but contains also the entire discourses which this pious man had with his wife and his friends, and is, indeed, one of the most eloquent books in the Holy Scriptures. It is generally conjectured that Moses was the writer or compiler of this book; but this is very uncertain.

Next to the *Historical* books of Scripture, follow those of a moral nature. The first of these is the Book of Psalms, which are likewise, in some measure, historical; for they recite the miracles which God had wrought, and contain, as it were, an abridgement of all that had been done for the Israelites, and that had happened to them. The Hebrews call them "*The Book of Praises*," by which they mean, *of the praises of God*. The word *Psalm* is Greek, and properly signifies the sound of a stringed instrument of music. The Hebrews sung the Psalms with different instruments. We make but one book of them all, but the Hebrews divide them into five parts, which all end with the words *Amen, Amen*. Though the Psalms bear the name of David, yet they were not all composed by him; some of them are more ancient, and others are of a later date than his time; some of them being ascribed to Moses, Samuel, and Ezra. Speaking of the dedication of the Second Temple, Prideaux says, "In this dedication, the 146th, the 147th, and the 148th Psalms, seem to have been sung: for, in the Septuagint versions, they are styled *The Psalms of Haggai and Zechariah*, as if they had been composed by them for this occasion; and this, no doubt, was from some ancient tradition: but, in the original Hebrew, these Psalms have no such title prefixed to them, neither have they any other to contradict it." It is not probable, however, that all those whose names they bear were the true authors of them; it is more likely that these are only the names of those to whom they were first given to sing.

After the Psalms are *The Proverbs*, which are a collection of moral sentences, of which Solomon was the writer. This name is given them by the Greeks, but the Hebrews call them *Misle*, that is, *Parables*, or *Comparisons;* and the word may also signify *Sentences*, or *Maxims*. It is a collection of divine precepts, proper for every age, and every condition of life.

The book which follows is also a *Moral* one, and was likewise composed by Solomon. The Greeks call it *Ecclesiastes*, which answers to the name of *Koheleth*, which it bears in the Hebrew. Both these words signify, in our language, *a Preacher*, or *one who speaks in an assembly*. In this book is given an admirable picture of the vanity of the world.

Among the *Moral* books is also reckoned *The Song of Songs;* that is to say, according to the Hebrew manner of speaking, *a most excellent song*. This book has nothing of morality in it, and, therefore, it is thought the only reason of its being placed here is, because it was a third work of Solomon; for there is not one moral or religious maxim in it, and the name of God is not so much as mentioned in it, except once in the original Hebrew, where it is used adjectively. It is an *Epithalamium*, or nuptial song, wherein, by the expressions of love between a bridegroom and his bride, are set forth, and illustrated, the mutual affections that pass between God and a distinguished remnant of mankind. It is a sort of dramatic poem, or pastoral; the bride and bridegroom, for the more lively representation of humility and innocence, are brought in as a shepherd and shepherdess. We learn from St Jerome, that the Jews were not permitted to read this song, or the chapters at the beginning of the Book of Genesis, till they were thirty years old.

In regard to the Prophets, it may be observed, that all the Old Testament is considered to be in substance one continued prophecy of the coming of Jesus Christ; so that all the books of which it consists are understood to be in some sense *Prophetical*. But this name is more especially given to those books which were written by persons who had a clearer knowledge of futurity, who forewarned both kings and people of

* Contributed by "*Delta*," to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

what would happen to them, and who, at the same time, pointed out what the Messiah was to do, whom they who are acknowledged to have been Prophets had always in view, and this is what ought most especially to be taken notice of in their writings.

The Prophecies bear the names of those to whom they belong. Some learned men are of opinion that the Prophets made abridgements of the discourses which they had written, and fixed them up at the gates of the Temple, that all the people might read them; and that after this the ministers of the Temple might take them away, and place them among the archives, which is the reason why we have not the Prophecies in the order in which they were written. But the interpreters of Scripture have long since laboured to restore that order, according to the course of their history.

The works of the Prophets are divided into two parts, the first of which contains *The Greater*, and the second, *The Lesser Prophets*. This distinction, of course, does not apply at all to the persons of the Prophets, but only to the bulk of their works. *The Greater Prophets* are Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and Jeremiah. *The Lamentations* of Jeremiah make a separate book by themselves, containing that prophet's descriptions of the destruction of the city of Jerusalem, and of the captivity of the people. *The Lesser Prophets* are Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi. They were formerly contained in one single volume, which the Hebrews call *Thereaser*, which means *Twelve*, or *The Book of the Twelve*.

The dates of many of the prophecies are uncertain, but the earliest of them was in the days of Uzziah, King of Judah, and Jeroboam the Second, his contemporary, King of Israel, about 200 years before the captivity, and not long after Joash had slain Zechariah, the son of Jehoiada, in the court of the Temple. Hosea was the first of the writing Prophets, and Joel, Amos, and Obadiah, published their prophecies about the same time.

Isaiah began his remarkable prophecies a short time afterwards, but his book is placed first, because it is the largest of them all, and is more explicit relative to the advent of Christ than any of the others. The language of this eminent writer is exceedingly sublime and affecting; so much so, that it has never been equalled by any profane poet either in ancient or modern times. It is impossible to read some of the chapters without being struck by the force of the prophetic allusions to the character and sufferings of the Messiah; and in consequence of these prevailing characteristics, the author is ordinarily styled the *Evangelical Prophet*, and, by some of the ancients, a *Fifth Evangelist*. The Jews say that the spirit of prophecy continued forty years during the second Temple; and Malachi they call the Seal of Prophecy, because in him the succession or series of prophets broke off, and came to a period. The book of Malachi, therefore, appropriately closes the sacred record of the Old Testament.

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH.

TEMPERATURE.

If we refer to the bills of mortality, we shall find a very startling, and, at the same time, a very striking fact, respecting the number of unfortunate individuals who annually fall victims to consumption of the lungs; in consequence of which, it has been denominated, by many of the continental authors, as the *English malady*. The late Dr Young stated, that it destroyed no less than a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe, and Dr Mason Good was of opinion that this calculation was not overcharged; and, to complete this enumeration, Dr Woolcombe asserted that no less than 55,000 persons prematurely fall a sacrifice annually to the ravages of this disease in Great Britain alone. It might appear, at first sight, that we intended a long dissertation on this frightful disease; this, however, is not the case, our object being to point out, that, in numerous instances, the origin of diseased lungs is from an ordinary cold, which affection frequently arises from a neglect in that due attention to clothing, which either the vicissitudes of climate, constitution, habit of body, and other circumstances, demand. The present essay will be devoted to a few observations on this important subject, particularly as connected with the due preservation of health in all classes of society. There is nothing more necessary to the proper performance of the different functions, so as to conduce to a comfortable state of existence, than the uniform temperature of the body. Now, the Almighty has, in his infinite wisdom, blessed us with the powers of the senses, by whose means we are enabled to enjoy those objects of gratification, which our daily intercourse with the world constantly presents to our notice, and of pain, for our protection; this has induced a state in the constitution, by which we find our feelings extremely sensible to either the excess or a deficiency of heat; so that we almost instinctively endeavour to procure shelter from the excess of heat or freezing cold. In the warmer seasons, we bathe our bodies, and enjoy the luxury of immersion in the limpid stream, in order to promote an agreeable coolness to the surface of our system; or, on the other hand, when the frigidity of frost and snow makes its appearance on the earth around us, then it is that we wrap our bodies in the warmest fleece, so as to promote heat to the exterior of our frame.

Our efforts in endeavouring to mitigate the dangerous consequences of heat and cold, would be but of little utility to us, had not the Deity furnished us with respiratory organs, in common with all the higher classes of animals; the surface of our wondrous machine is endowed with the sensation of feeling. By these powers, the heat of the body is capable of being preserved under almost every variety of temperature to which the changeable atmosphere is liable; by which we mean, the skin, from its tendency to have the perspirable fluid increased from existing circumstances, carries off the excess of heat; and the lungs, from their being able to decompose the atmospheric air, supply the loss that is occasioned by the former; by this means the vital organs, and those of digestion and nutrition, are constantly preserved at a temperature of about 98 degrees, under all circumstances. Besides the important share which the function of perspiration has in regulating the heat of the body, it has another very important office to perform, in serving as a means of outlet to the human frame. The due functions of the skin we have thus briefly described, are of such importance to health, that we must at all times, as a matter of course, direct our attention to the proper means of seeing them properly performed; for it is consonant to the rules of common sense, that, if the fluids that ought to be thrown from the body, through the medium of the pores of the skin, are retained, they are liable to produce injurious effects. By the excrementitious secretion of the skin, we wish the reader to bear in mind, that it is not the moisture or exhalation that is poured out in hot weather, or when the system is heated by exercise, but a matter which is too subtle for the sense of vision to take cognisance of, and which has been denominated by physiologists *insensible perspiration;* this is continually passing off the body, and, consequently, is the only true excretion of the skin. As a proof of the importance of the correct performance of this function, we find it to be totally suppressed in many fevers, of which it is almost the prevaling symptom, and, likewise, is frequently their sole cause; and in many chronic cases, we can trace no other origin. The functions of the skin are prodigiously increased during hot weather and in tropical climates; therefore, any occurrence that may tend towards their interruption or suppression is proportionably dangerous to the individual. There is another office which the skin has to perform; and this is, the absorption, or taking up, and conveying into the system, any substance which it may come in contact with, or be capable of absorbing. Besides, the skin is that portion of the body on which the nerves are distributed, and thus constitutes it the organ of feeling or touch. It is likewise abundantly supplied with a series of glands, which secrete an oily matter, and thereby render it impervious to water: thus is secured the evaporation of what is termed the *sensible perspiration*. If this unctuous or oily substance is deficient, the skin would become reddened (if we may use the expression), and assume that unpleasant appearance which the hands of washerwomen, and others employed in similar operations, exhibit, in consequence of the solvent powers of the soap and alkali they use. The hair serves as so many capillary tubes, which conduct the perspirable fluid from the skin. The three powers or functions of the skin, viz. perspiration, absorption, and sensation or feeling, are so intimately blended and dependent upon each other, that the derangement of the one must more or less influence the others. Now, if, for example, a man be placed in or exposed to the bleakness of a frosty atmosphere, in a state of inactivity, or without sufficient exercise to excite a brisk circulation of the blood, and, at the same time, is destitute of the necessary clothing, his limbs will become stiff, and his skin completely insensible; the vessels which created the perspirable fluid, together with the absorbent vessels, partake of that torpor which has attacked the brain and nervous system (and particularly the nerves of feeling), in conjunction with that of the heart and arteries; and, what is more, they will not regain their proper functions and activity until their sensibility be completely restored. This is a well-known fact to those who have been in Davis' Straits, the Greenland Seas, and the higher latitudes. The great danger which arises from suddenly attempting to restore sensibility to frozen parts, most persons are well acquainted with; therefore, if the warmth which is employed is not very gradually applied, the life or vitality of the parts is destroyed. These remarks on the offices of the skin will point out at once the importance of a particular and constant attention to the important subject of clothing, more especially when we consider the fickleness and changeability of our climate. Common and almost daily experience must have convinced the generality of mankind of the capricious state of the weather in Great Britain, and the importance of guarding against the ill effects arising from it. This end is principally to be attained by the adoption of that species of dress which will afford a protection from the cold. And we must here endeavour to impress upon the minds of parents, and those connected with the management of children, that a degree of cold which creates the sensation of shivering cannot be endured, even for the shortest period, without endangering the health of the individual; neither can the most robust constitution afford a resistance to the benumbing influence of a constant cold season, notwithstanding it may be so moderate as not to be productive of any immediate cause of complaint, or to compel the sufferer to seek protection from it. The foundation of numberless chronic diseases is oftentimes laid, in consequence of this degree of cold, and the most prominent are those of scrofula and consumption of the lungs. If we examine the various classes of the community, we shall find that persons engaged in sedentary employments are constantly more or less exposed to the baneful effects arising from this species of cold, particularly if the apartment in which they are employed is heated to a degree that subjects them, on their leaving it, to all the dangerous consequences of a sudden transition from heat to cold; thus, as it were, passing immediately from the heat of summer to the frigid temperature of winter. In consequence of the inactivity of body to which these persons are unfortunately more or less condemned, the system becomes weakened, and is rendered incapable of maintaining the necessary degree of comfort and warmth, without additional fire, clothing, or artificial heat. Under painful circumstances like these, there should be a sufficient quantity of clothing of a proper quality; and an apartment, at the same time, moderately warmed and well ventilated, should be preferred, for the purpose of keeping up the requisite degree of warmth. In order to warm the atmosphere of an apartment much above the ordinary temperature of the external air, the latter must be excluded; and either by the circulation of hot water (which is the best and most uniform method), the circulation of steam, or by heated air from a furnace beneath the room, the atmosphere of the apartment thus becomes dry, and, by the two latter methods of warming, highly rarified, and particularly the last, by which the vital parts of the air become destroyed; and if it is thus heated to any extent, dangerous consequences may ensue. All these circumstances, if well considered, will at once prove the great danger there is in passing from a heated place of this nature, to the cold, external, raw atmosphere. But if the person leaving a moderately warm room be properly clothed, then the change is not felt, or at least not so severely, and any exercise that may be taken may be enjoyed and received with advantage to the fullest extent. Now, common experience at once points out that the most proper dress for this occasion is that of cloth, flannel, or some woollen substance. Very little benefit will be derived from wearing woollen garments, unless a certain quantity be worn, and that so constructed as shall effectually keep out the cold, and prevent any tendency to shivering. Those persons who would wish to enjoy the advantages arising from being clad in *woollen*, and which they are capable of deriving, should constantly wear it next the skin, for it is only on the surface of the body that its health-preserving power can be felt. In illustration of this, we shall mention some of the advantages which are derivable from the employment of woollen clothes:—The extreme readiness with which the escape of the perspirable fluid is allowed through its texture; its great influence in the preservation of the sensation of warmth to the skin, under every possible variety of circumstances; there is great difficulty in making it thoroughly wet; as a conductor of heat, it is extremely tardy, whilst its pliancy, softness, and lightness, render it extremely agreeable. With respect to the use of cloth made from *cotton*, although it differs but little from linen, yet it approaches nearer to the woollen texture, and, consequently, from that circumstance, must be esteemed, and be employed as the next best material of which articles of dress can be constructed. The next in point of excellence is *silk*, but which is very inferior to the preceding in every respect. If we examine the texture of *linen*, we shall find it to possess almost the contrary of every one of the properties which we have justly ascribed to that of woollen. The perspirable matter is easily retained in its substance, and becomes speedily imbued in it, thereby creating an unpleasant degree of cold to the surface of the body; it is very readily saturated with moisture, and has another very great disadvantage, which is, that it conducts heat in too rapid a manner. In fact, we think we may justly condemn it as the worst of all the substances employed in dress; for this simple reason, that it is the least qualified to answer the purposes generally intended by clothing. There are many prevailing errors existing, that might be easily remedied with great advantage to the general health; and this arises from the improper adaptation of clothes to the figure of the body, particularly in infants, children, and young females. The first great mistake generally arises from the absurd prejudices of nurses, who overload and bind their unfortunate charges with flannels, stays, swathing-bands, &c., thereby rendering the infant so chilly and tender, that it suffers from, and cannot bear the external air; for common sense informs us that the clothes of children should, in all cases, be proportioned to the climate, and temperature of the atmosphere. If by accident the child is exposed to a refreshing breeze, the consequence oftentimes is, serious inflammatory affection of the eyes, lungs, or bowels; or if the child survive the month, then the opposite extreme is generally resorted to, and thus disease is early engendered in their tender constitutions. Now, it must be born in mind, that a new-born infant, being *naturally warmer* than an adult, requires proportionably less clothing, which should be neatly, but so loosely put on, that the bowels may have room, and the limbs liberty, to act and exert themselves, that the circulation of the blood, through the *superficial* vessels, may not be impeded, nor malformation or unnatural swellings be attributed

to *partial* compression. The latter we consider as the principal cause of many deformities and distortions, more particularly among females, who suffer more in this respect than males.

When boys escape the nurse's hand, they are in general left to that of nature; but girls are, unfortunately, doomed to be victims of fashion and prejudice, for, as they approach womanhood, they are again put into trammels, in the form of stays. The injurious consequences of this pressure are not directly obvious, but it is to be remembered that they are not the less certain on that account. The unfortunate girl twists and writhes her body almost into contortions, to avoid the pinching which, as a matter of course, must necessarily attend the commencement of wearing stays tightly laced. The posture in which she finds ease is contrary to that ordained by nature, and one which she constantly maintains, until, at last, she cannot procure comfort in any other, even when the pressure is removed that primarily compelled her to assume it. It is in this way that those deformities arise which young and delicate females are mostly subjected to; but, unfortunately, its effects are not noticed, or they have not become sufficient to attract attention, until it is too late to admit the employment of a remedy: and many of our readers will bear in mind several cases of sudden death in young and beautiful females, in consequence of tight lacing, which the newspapers have recently recorded; this, therefore, is a frightful effect produced by the employment of an injudicious article of dress; and those who eventually become mothers suffer more considerably from this cause than many persons may imagine.

WILLIAM AND NANCY.

"Bleak was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frown'd on the whitened shore;
Cold as the fears that chill'd her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore."

"I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe," sung old Joe Jennings, as he swivelled round on his wooden pin, whilst bustling through the comical Jack-in-the-box gate, at the east end of the naval asylum going into Greenwich Park—

"'I've lost one eye, and I've got a timber toe.'"

"And where did you leave your eye, Joe?" "In the Gut of Giberalter." "Well, Joe, you'll never see double again. Come, let's freshen the nip, my old boy, and spin us a tough yarn. Tell the gemman about Nancy and her husband; my scuppers run over whenever I think of it." "Why, ay, he shall have it, and do you lend me a lift if I should break down, though I don't much fear it. Why, d'ye see, sir, Bill Neville was our messmate, and he used to tell us a little of his history. And so, sir, he was brought up in a country village, and loved his wife when only a little girl; and he went to sea, thinking to make his fortune for her sake. Well, he got to be master of a merchantman, and then they were married. Who can describe the pleasures of that moment when their hands were spliced at the altar, and he hailed her as his own! But he was obliged to sail again. 'Oh!' said Nancy, 'should you never return, what shall I do? where shall I pass—where end my wretched days?' His heart was too full to speak; one hand clasped in hers, the other pointed to the broad expanse where the noon-day sun was shining in meridian splendour. It had a double meaning—Nancy felt it. Well, sir, eighteen months roll'd away, during which, in due time, Nancy brought into the world a dear pledge of affection—a lovely boy. But oh, the agony of the mother, as every day dragged on without intelligence from William! When she looked at the sweet babe—was it indeed fatherless, and she a widow? You'll excuse my stopping, sir, but indeed I can't help it; I've shed tears over it many a time.

"Well, sir, eighteen months was turned, when one morning Nancy arose to pour out her heart before her Maker, and weep over her sleeping child. The sun had just risen above the hills, when a noise in the little garden which fronted the cottage alarmed her. She opened the casement, and, putting aside the woodbine, beheld—delightful yet agonizing sight—her dear, her long-mourned William, handcuffed between two soldiers, while others, with their side-arms drawn, seemed fearful of losing their prey! His face pale, and his emaciated body worn down with fatigue and sickness, his spirit seemed ready to quit its frail mansion, and was only kept to earth by union with his wife. Nancy forgot all, and clasped him in her arms; but the rattling of the irons pierced her soul. I do not mean to condemn the policy, sir; but 'tis a cruel practice, that of pressing. Ah! I well remember it—though I always served my king, God bless him! Yet I've witnessed many an aching heart, and heard many a groan of agony. But to proceed: Willam was pressed; Nancy hastened into the cottage, and, wrapping the sleeping babe in its blanket, she prepared to accompany them. Cannot you picture to yourself the first glance which the wretched parent cast upon his child? Oh it was a sad sweet joy, that wrung the soul! I shall pass by their meeting, their dear delight, their bitter anguish. If you can feel, it is already engraven on your heart. Suffice it to say, William had been shipwrecked on the African coast, and though he had lost the whole of his property, yet heaven had spared his life, and his the only one. Sickness came on him, and but for the humanity of a poor untutored negro, he might have breathed his last. She was black, she was a negro, but God searches the heart. He had procured, with much difficulty, a passage home. The ship arrived; he set out, and walked many a weary mile, led on by love and cheered by hope, till the roof of his cottage appeared in view; with hasty step he reached the wicket, when —— But I dare not repeat the story. I've told you already he was pressed. Well, he was drafted on board of us, and his dear Nancy permitted to be with him. The evening before the action, she was sitting on the carriage of the bow gun, with her baby cradled in her arms, and William by her side; they were viewing, with admiration and delight, the beauteous scenery displayed by the sinking clouds in a thousand fantastic shapes, tinged with liquid gold streaming from the setting sun, and caressing the little innocent, while all the parent kindled in their hearts. But hark! a hoarse voice is heard from the mast-head—all is hushed. 'Halloo!' said the captain. 'A sail on the larboard bow, sir.' 'What does she look like?' 'I can but just see her, sir, but she looms large.' 'Mr Banks,' said the captain, 'take your glass aloft, and see if you can make out what she is. Call the boatswain, turn the hands up, make sail.' In a moment all was bustle; the topmen were in their station, and every man employed; and in a few minutes every stitch of canvass was stretched upon the yards and booms. The officer that was sent aloft reported it a ship of the line, which looked like a foreigner. Every heart was now elate but Nancy's—it might be an enemy! Oh, that thought was dreadful! And as William conducted her below, the tears chased each other down her pale face, and the heavy sigh burst from her gentle bosom. William mildly reproved her, and, again pointing to heaven, flew to his post. The stranger had hauled to the wind, fired a gun, and hoisted French colours. Up went ours with three cheers; and there's seldom a moment of greater pride to a British tar than when he displays the ensign of his country in presence of the enemy. Three cheers resounded through the ship, and broadside upon broadside shook her groaning timbers. Where was Nancy? William was first in every danger. Three times we boarded the foe, but were repulsed. Dreadful grew the scene of blood and horror through the darkening shades of coming night. No one bore tidings of the fight to Nancy, none, save the poor sailor whose shattered limb came to suffer amputation, or the wounded wretch to be dressed, at which she assisted with fortitude. Two hours had passed in this awful suspense and heart-rending anxiety, when a deep groan and piercing shriek from the lower deck convulsed her frame. She knew the voice, and, snatching the infant in her arms, rushed to the spot. Soon she found the object of her search: his manly form mangled and shattered; that face, once ruddy with the glow of health, now pale and convulsed; the blood streaming from his side and breast! He saw her too. 'Nancy!' said he, and raising his feeble hand pointing to heaven—it fell—and William was no more! Sinking on the lifeless body of her husband, Nancy fainted with the dear babe still in her arms; when, oh mysterious Providence! at that very moment—while senseless and inanimate—at that very moment a ball entered through the vessel's side—it pierced her bosom! Need I tell the rest? They were pleasant and lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."*

[This pathetic story is founded on facts which actually occurred; and there is every reason to believe that the orphan is still alive.]

THE COALSTOUN PEAR.

One of the most remarkable curiosities connected with ancient superstitious belief, now to be found in Scotland, is what is commonly known by the name of the *Coalstoun Pear*—an object whose history has attracted no small degree of interest, though little is popularly known regarding it. One of the editors of the present publication thus notices it in the topographical work, entitled "The Picture of Scotland."—"Within sight of the House of Lethington (in Haddingtonshire) stands the mansion-house of Coalstoun, the seat of the ancient family of Brown of Coalstoun, which is now represented by Sir James Brown, Bart., while the estate has come by a series of heirs of line into the possession of the present Countess of Dalhousie. This place is chiefly worthy of attention here, on account of a strange heir-loom, with which the welfare of the family was formerly supposed to be connected. One of the Barons of Coalstoun, about three hundred years ago, married Jean Hay, daughter of John, third Lord Yester, with whom he obtained a dowry, not consisting of such base materials as houses or land, but neither more nor less than a pear. 'Sure such a *pear* was never seen,' however, as this of Coalstoun, which a remote ancestor of the young lady, famed for his necromantic power, was supposed to have invested with some enchantment that rendered it perfectly invaluable. Lord Yester, in giving away his daughter along with the pear, informed his son-in-law, that, good as the lass might be, her dowry was much better, because, while she could only have value in her own generation, the pear, so long as it was continued in his family, would be attended with unfailing prosperity, and thus might cause the family to flourish to the end of time. Accordingly, the pear was preserved as a sacred palladium, both by the laird who first obtained it, and by all his descendants; till one of their ladies, taking a longing for the forbidden fruit while pregnant, inflicted upon it a deadly bite; in consequence of which, it is said, several of the best farms on the estate very speedily came to the market. The pear is said to have become stone-hard immediately after the lady bit it; and in this condition, continues the popular story, it remains till this day, with the marks of Lady Brown's teeth indelibly imprinted on it. Whether it be really thus fortified against all further attacks of the kind or not, it is certain that it is now disposed in some secure part of the house [or, as we have been lately informed, in a chest, the key of which is kept secure by the Earl of Dalhousie], so as to be out of all danger whatsoever. The *Coalstoun Pear*, without regard to the superstition attached to it, must be considered a very great curiosity in its way, having, in all probability, existed five hundred years—a greater age than, perhaps, has ever been reached by any other such production of nature."

* From "Greenwich Hospital, a Series of Naval Sketches, descriptive of the Life of a Man-of-War's Man," published by J. Robins & Co., London, and which may be recommended as among the best of this species of works. The illustrations by Cruikshank are excellent.

THE HAVANNAH SHARK.

[This article has been contributed to the Journal by the highly respectable military officer who bore a principal share in the adventure. It will be found, besides its interest in that character, to contain some facts worthy the attention of the naturalist.]

Subsequent to the disastrous attack on the American lines before New Orleans, on the 8th of January 1815, the army proceeded to Isle Dauphine, in the Gulf of Mexico, where the troops remained until peace was concluded between Great Britain and the United States. As the men had been for several months exposed to severe hardships and many privations, the fleet was ordered, on its way home, to put into different ports, for the purpose of procuring fresh meat and vegetables. The ship I was on board of, with the regiment which I then commanded, belonged to that part of the fleet which touched at the Havannah. The circumstance I am about to relate is the capture of an enormous shark, which created considerable interest at the time. On arriving at the Havannah, I obtained leave from the general officer commanding, to live on shore, for the purpose of seeing something of the island. I generally went on board every morning about 10 o'clock, to give the necessary orders for the regiment. Several of our men had died during the passage to Havannah, and were consigned to the deep in the harbour of that place. One morning when I was writing in the cabin, I heard a sudden running of the men upon deck towards the after part of the vessel, and a serjeant called to me from above to come on deck immediately. Not being exactly aware of what was going on, I drew my sabre, and ran on deck without my cap. I was received with a good laugh by the officers present, and very soon was made aware of the object of the men's curiosity. It was a sight I never can forget. One of our poor fellows had been thrown overboard in the morning, sewed up in his blanket, with a shot inside to sink him. By some accident, the sewing must have been loosened, and, consequently, the body floated; and, just as I came on deck, two enormous sharks made a dash at the body, divided it in two, and disappeared with their spoil. A feeling of horror ran through every spectator. At that instant, a third shark showed himself close to our vessel. I called to the men to keep him alongside, by throwing him pieces of biscuit, at the same time desiring one of them to bring me a musket; on getting which, I fired at the animal, and the men shouted out that the ball had gone clean through him. He gave a flap with his tail, and went down, leaving the water slightly tinged with blood. At this moment, the black who beat the large drum came aft, and said to me, "Major, if you give me leave, I kill him and eat him in five minutes." I told him he should have five dollars for his pains if he kept his word. He immediately produced a shark-hook, baited it with a piece of pork, and, having fastened it to a strong line, threw it high into the air, and let it fall with a splash into the water. The effect was magical. Quick as lightning, two of the sharks were seen making towards the bait, and, in an instant, one of them swallowed it. "Now is the time, grenadier," cried blackie; "clap on the rope-line, and give him plenty o' play." Away went the monster like a whale, but *our Othello's* "occupation was not gone," and he commanded the grenadier, like an experienced general, until his enemy was lying spent and powerless on the surface of the water. A boat was now lowered, and the animal having been hauled alongside, a noose was made on a very thick rope, and he was swung into the air amidst the cheers of the whole fleet, every yard having been manned to witness our proceeding. The tail having been cut, the shark was laid on the deck, and blackie having selected a delicate piece from the shoulder, immediately proceeded to fulfil the latter part of his bargain, by broiling and eating it. The shark measured eleven feet in length, and seven feet across. The liver weighed seventy-three pounds. In the upper jaw were five rows of teeth, and in the under, six rows. I had the satisfaction to see that my aim had been good, as the mark of the ball was about two inches below the dorsal fin, and had gone "clean through," as the men said. Notwithstanding this wound, the voracious creature had returned to the

charge within five minutes. The shark was a female, and had nineteen young ones in her belly when opened. They measured about eighteen inches each. During the time she was alongside, I (as well as two hundred others) had an opportunity of observing the young ones passing in and out of the mother's mouth; they seemed to take refuge there on the least appearance of danger. This fact, I believe, has been doubted by some naturalists. The jaw of this animal is now at Abbotsford, having been sent to the late lamented Sir Walter Scott, by the writer of this account. On the afternoon of the same day, after I had left the ship, the men caught another of the gang, rather longer than the first, and a bullock's hide and horns were found in the stomach. The horns were preserved by the surgeon of the regiment, and appeared, when taken out of the shark, to be quite soft and pulpy.

To account for this rather singular part of the story, I ought to mention that the captain of the vessel had hung several bullock hides on the rigging of the ship, which, producing a bad smell, I ordered them to be thrown overboard on the morning of the day on which the two sharks were killed.

But the most amusing part of the transaction was, that a complaint was made against me by the *authorities* of the place, for having destroyed two of the "guardians of their harbour." By this, I suppose, they meant, that these large sharks, playing about the mouth of the harbour, prevented a great fry of smaller ones from entering. They certainly were entitled to be considered in something like the light of "Tritons among the minnows."

OLD AND NEW PICTURES.

"Yes, my good fellow, there are tricks in all trades; and in none, perhaps, more than that to which I myself belong." Such was the sententious remark of a London artist, in descanting one afternoon on the state of the fine arts in the metropolis. "I make no doubt of the correctness of your observation," I replied; "but, as you know I am quite ignorant of these matters, you will probably favour me with an insight into the legerdemain of your profession." "Oh, nothing more easy," said he; "listen but for a few minutes, and I will tell you what once came under my own observation."

A few years since, a young artist came to London for improvement, and as he had exhibited what were denominated proofs of genius, great hopes were entertained of his acquiring wealth and fame. There came with him a countryman, whose name was George Cranely, and who, having all to hope for, and nothing to lose, was glad of the opportunity to travel under the artist's protection; and, being known to each other from childhood, George was on such terms of respectful intimacy as to appear neither the servant nor the companion of the artist. In one particular alone, there was something like equality: like Roderick Random and his humble companion Strap, they had each their fortunes to make; and Cranely readily agreed to be useful to the artist in every way possible, while looking out for himself.

On the first floor of the house in which they lodged, there resided a Mr Coppenjay, who was said to possess several fine pictures, which the artist naturally desired to see; but, receiving no invitation, the pleasure was delayed. George, not possessing the modesty that withheld the artist, without any invitation inspected all Coppenjay's pictures, and frequently overhauled an illustrated copy of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, during the proprietor's absence. George had also witnessed the taking off of old varnish, and the application of fresh, to some of the "*Old Masters*;" and as he was on the look-out, he was very attentive to these works of art.

Shortly afterwards, the artist received a note, stating that Mr Coppenjay would be happy to submit for inspection a picture he had recently purchased, and that he would attend the artist's leisure. This was very agreeable to the artist, and the possessor of the pictures was requested to come when it suited himself. Accordingly, he came immediately, bringing his picture. He seated himself, and, casting a look round the room, explained the motive of the visit, spoke slightingly of the productions of modern painters, and enthusiastically of the "*Old Masters*." The artist was surprised at the volubility with which his visitor ran over the names, the characteristics, and the styles of the Italian schools; he was also as well acquainted with the Flemish and Spanish masters. There did not appear any diffidence while expatiating on the sublime and terrible of Michael Angelo, the simple grandeur of Raphael, the taste of Guido, the grace of Parmegiano, the chaste colouring of Titian, the florid of Rubens, the truth of Vandyck, the nature of Murillo; indeed, Mr Coppenjay appeared to have a perfect knowledge of drawing, colour, and effect, with all the peculiarities of manneriam: he was overpowering. The artist sat in silent astonishment and comparative ignorance. What application! thought he; what investigation! what taste! and what judgment! How can these be acquired? A thousand ideas rushed on the artist's mind: he feared to express one, lest he should commit himself. The desire to glean from this learned man's harvest of information, in all humility, presented itself; while collections and galleries were referred to with astonishing accuracy. At length, the eulogist's powers being exhausted, he produced the picture, which, during the oration, he had kept with the back towards the artist.

"There, sir," said its owner; "look at that."

The artist's eye, embracing the effect, the colouring, and the drawing, settled on two or three particulars in succession, that gave him uneasiness, because he could discover no evidence of talent; he hesitated. "Take time, sir; I admire the minuteness of your examination; hasty decisions frequently require to be revised."

The artist continued to gaze in a kind of stupor; he thought nothing was so easy as to find fault, and he could see nothing to excite approbation. What to do he knew not; he wiped his face, and looked again. The subject was the Adoration of the Shepherds, extremely dark in the shades, from age; the principal light on the Infant, and the white drapery on which it lay; the faces of the nearer shepherds in reflected light; the heads of Joseph and an angel or two rather spatty—otherwise, in effect, tolerably good, and suited to the design. Thus far the artist ventured. Coppenjay smiled benignantly. "Look into the picture, sir," said he; "beauties that develope themselves slowly are the delicate and estimable."

The young and inexperienced artist thought only of extricating himself from his unpleasant situation, till he was urged to give his opinion. "Well, sir," said he, "I have examined the picture, but cannot find what I am led to think you have: perhaps it arises from my incompetency to judge of a picture so injured by time."

The exhibitor again smiled. "The character and the expression are obvious," said he. "A painting should have something of the ideal, depending on a happy selection of parts, originating in beautiful nature, and judiciously uniting with high art for the general effect. When thus choice and execution are successfully displayed, the result is excellence."

The artist heard, and reflected. He knew that he who prefers quiet should not struggle to render himself conspicuous, and felt an inclination to decline saying more on the subject, since it is a degree of virtue to suspect our own judgments; but, on being urged, he ventured to say, he thought the expression rather extravagant, the light too scattered, and the effect deficient, in the placid solemnity suited to adoration.

"Ha! ha! I see," said Coppenjay; you are not well acquainted with the works of the *Old Masters*."

The artist bowed. "Well, sir," continued he, "I have studied them; the knowledge and judgment I possess direct me to declare that picture one of the happiest efforts of genius that ever quitted an easel. You do not think with me; but when you shall have travelled far, sought after, and have discovered what is great in art, your opinions respecting the Old Masters will undergo a revolution: for the present, I take my leave." Then, as if recollecting himself, the picture-dealer said, "I think we might be useful to each other. I have several pictures that have sustained injuries of various kinds. Lining, cleaning, and varnishing, I do in my own peculiar mode; but I frequently require the assistance of some one, to scumble down certain parts into keeping, assist the lights, and to harmonize with judgment."

"I," replied the artist, "do not understand the mode of restoring the lost tints of a good picture, and I should not like to employ myself on a bad one."

"Poh! sir," interrupted his companion; "if a small part of original tint remain, could you not match it? and, if not, could you not adapt one to suit the general tone of the picture? Could you not catch the peculiarity of touch, or imitate the mannerism of any master with a little application? It might pay you well."

"I could not do this," said the artist, "without much study, and I would rather follow nature, because there I should improve. By following the manner of any artist, I should ever be behind,"

"Good morning," said Mr Coppenjay, as he retired with his picture.

The example of knavery thus displayed was not lost on young Cranely. Next day his friend the artist found him scouring away on a small old picture on panel, and, by his side, a little trunk, in which were requisites for his new profession. There was spirits of wine to take off the old varnish; pumice-stone and powder, to scrub off the oil where it had changed the surface; gold-size, to give a grain to crude masses; ultramarine, to scumble over skies and distances; yellow lake and burnt sienna, to scumble over foregrounds; liquorice-water and gall, to give the stain of antiquity, called a harmonizer; and others, the uses of which George had been clever enough to pick up. "Why, George," said the artist, "you are starting into perfection as a restorer!" "Ay, Sir, you may laugh, but I shall do the trick. I shall keep moving, and time will show," replied George.

A few years passed; they had lost sight of each other, but, meeting by accident, George prevailed on the artist to accompany him home, that a proof of his correctness of view might be exhibited. The artist was astonished. He very clearly saw that George, by studying "the Old Masters" in a particular way, had realized more pounds than he himself, by great application, had obtained shillings. "Now, my dear Cranely," said the artist, "if I may be thus familiar with you, while I am gratified in seeing you successful in life, you must forgive my feeling contempt for the means." "I know your opinions," replied his more polished friend; "they may be correct, and I respect them; my pursuits are to me valuable, and therefore I adopt them." "They are, my good fellow," said the artist, "a series of deceptions; fallacies which are listened to by the uninformed, who are duped; and believed by the credulous, who are plundered." George nodded, and the artist continued. "That pictures of great merit have occasionally passed through the hands of dealers, is true; for such, there could be no necessity to puff, nor difficulty in obtaining a purchaser. But the studios of Italy and of Holland furnish a constant supply of newly-made Old Masters, and oldly-made New Masters, all mischievous in proportion to their means of obliterating a knowledge of the great masters whose names they assume; and they are injurious to the extent they occupy; for their places might be filled by productions of the rising, or more elevated talent of our native country. And who has contributed to a result so opposed to the dictates of common sense? Certainly not those possessed of taste or judgment; but, since it has occurred amongst those said to be the most thinking people, the error will not be of long continuance." George smiled; the artist proceeded. "A sadly damaged and miserably restored old canvass, sanctioned by the praises of a dealer, has often found a place in a noble collection, as a production of some great master who conferred an honour on the age in which he lived, but who would feel disgraced by the *thing* as it appears in the present day. To repaint the perished parts of an old picture, is not restoring it, if restoration mean the producing of its original excellence. West is said to have repaired some celebrated old pictures, but this was the employ of kindred talent in cases where injury had occurred by accident, and every way justifiable. Were Raphael to revisit his painting-room, he could not restore one of his own pictures. If such reproductions could be accomplished, the magnificent works of the Grecian artists would not have been lost in the common decay of perishable matter. The Roman artists would gladly have preserved the pictures of Apelles, had it been practicable. It remained for the age in which picture-*dealers* should attain commanding influence, that such impossibility could be undertaken, and presumed to be accomplished. George affected to smile; the artist continued. "The French have struggled hard in the work of preservation; they have cleaned, lined, transferred from one basis to another, varnished, scumbled over masses on some pictures, and repainted on the lights of others. It would be edifying to hear what the Old Masters would say, could they inspect these mangled remains." Cranely laughed outright. "Yet," continued the artist, "the endeavour to preserve from destruction any work of art is praiseworthy, and, to a certain extent, may be adopted, by careful lining and judicious application of varnish. "Nevertheless," said Cranely, who began to feel uncomfortable under a lecture which, by insinuation, accused him of knavery, "pictures of the Italian school are often repaired, to the satisfaction of judges." "Ay," said the artist, "that means no more than that they have been repaired as well as could be expected; but that was not restoring those pictures. Restoration is impossible. Improper varnish has expedited the ruin of many a picture on panel, by cracking on its surface, which, opening in forms resembling a spider's web, no longer protects the colour beneath. This is very injurious, particularly in the shades where the colour is thin. Exposure on a damp or unsound wall hastens the decomposition of canvass—destruction frequently commences from behind. The air insinuates itself through a thousand minute apertures, staining their edges, till the painting appears like a piece of Mosaic workmanship. Effect of heat from the sun is slow in its progress, but it causes the varnish and colour to shrink from the canvass, giving an appearance of shagreen in different degrees of roughness and blackness. These are a few operations of that silent agent which is resolving all into dust; all we can do is to give them a little protracted oblivion, and with this we should be satisfied." George shook his head. "Why," continued the artist, "facts are stubborn things; and your experience must have taught you that to attempt more is to fail, to promise more is to deceive: therefore, reform it altogether, and leave such disgraceful dealings to those who possess neither taste, truth, nor love of country." The friend whom he thus lectured shrugged up his shoulders. "Ay," said he, "that is all very fine talking. You must excuse my remaining a dealer in old pictures a few years longer, and then, if I can afford to have a conscience, I shall certainly revert to my original simplicity; but, pardon me for the present; the richer part of the English nation have a rage for the things which I manufacture. I need their money, and supply their wants; and what need there be any further philosophising on the subject?"

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LOTT CARY.

In a former number of the Journal, we presented a sketch of the rise and prospects of the American Colonization Society, established for the purpose of colonizing the black population of the United States on the newly-founded colony of Liberia, on the coast of Africa. The comparative success which has attended this philanthropic, and—as regards the States—salutary project, has been, it seems, partly produced by the efforts of some of the civilized blacks themselves, who have, in various instances, warmly seconded the views of the society. It is very pleasing to find the descendants of native Africans—men born in slavery, with skins of the darkest hue, and whose moral culture has been totally and wilfully neglected—occasionally, by the efforts of that native genius which the Creator has not limited to any particular race of men, shining forth among their fellows, and in their conduct setting an example even to their white and more favoured brethren.

In the United States of America an instance occurred during last century of a coloured man shewing extraordinary mental abilities. His name was Richard Banneker, and he belonged to Maryland. He was altogether self-taught, and having directed his attention to the study of astronomy, his calculations were so thorough and exact as to excite the approbation of such men as Pitt, Fox, Wilberforce, and other eminent men, and an almanack which he composed was produced in the House of Commons, as an argument in favour of the mental cultivation of coloured people, and of their liberation from their wretched thraldom.

The object of the present sketch is, however, one of a still more interesting character, inasmuch as he was immediately connected with the scheme of colonizing the coast of Africa with persons of his own colour. This self-taught African genius was named Lott Cary. He was born a slave in Charles city county, about thirty miles below Richmond, Virginia, on the estate of Mr William A. Christian. He was the only child of parents who were themselves slaves, but, it appears, of a pious turn of mind; and though he had no instruction from books, it may be supposed that the admonitions of his father and

mother may have laid the foundations of his future usefulness. In the year 1804, the young slave was sent to Richmond, and hired out by the year as a common labourer, at a warehouse in the place. While in this employment, he happened to hear a sermon, which implanted in his uncultivated mind a strong desire to be able to read, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with the nature of certain transactions recorded in the New Testament. Having, somehow, procured a copy of this work, he commenced learning his letters, by trying to read the chapter he had heard illustrated in the sermon; and by dint of perseverance, and the kind assistance of young gentlemen who called at the warehouse, he was in a little time able to read, which gave him great satisfaction. This acquisition immediately created in him a desire to be able to write; an accomplishment he soon also mastered. He now became more useful to his employers, by being able to check and superintend the shipping of tobacco; and having, in the course of time, saved the sum of 850 dollars, or nearly L.170 sterling, he purchased his own freedom and that of two children, left him on the death of his first wife. "Of the real value of his services while in this employment (says the author of the American publication from whence these facts are extracted), it has been remarked, that no one but a dealer in tobacco can form an idea. Notwithstanding the hundreds of hogsheads which were committed to his charge, he could produce any one the moment it was called for; and the shipments were made with a promptness and correctness such as no person, white or coloured, has equalled in the same situation. The last year in which he remained in the warehouse, his salary was 800 dollars. For his ability in his work, he was highly esteemed and frequently rewarded by the merchant with a five dollar bank note. He was also allowed to sell, for his own benefit, many small parcels of damaged tobacco. It was by saving the little sums obtained in this way, with the aid of subscriptions by the merchants, to whose interests he had been attentive, that he was enabled to purchase the freedom of his family. When the colonists were fitted out for Africa, he was enabled to bear a considerable part of his own expenses. He also purchased a house and some land in Richmond. It is said, that while employed at the warehouse, he often devoted his leisure time to reading, and that a gentleman, on one occasion, taking up a book, which he had left for a few moments, found it to be 'Smith's Wealth of Nations.'"

As early as the year 1815, this intelligent emancipated slave began to feel special interest in the cause of African missions, and contributed, probably, more than any other person, in giving origin and character to the African Missionary Society, established during that year in Richmond. His benevolence was practical, and whenever and wherever good objects were to be effected, he was ready to lend his aid. Mr Cary was among the earliest emigrants to Africa. Here he saw before him a wide and interesting field, demanding various and powerful talents, and the most devoted piety. His intellectual ability, firmness of purpose, unbending integrity, correct judgment, and disinterested benevolence, soon placed him in a conspicuous station, and gave him wide and commanding influence. Though naturally diffident and retiring, his worth was too evident to allow of his remaining in obscurity. The difficulties which were encountered in founding a settlement at Cape Montserado were appalling, and it was proposed on one occasion that the emigrants should remove to Sierra Leone, whose climate is of the most destructive character; but the resolution of Lott Cary to remain was not shaken, and his decision had no small effect towards inducing others to imitate his example. In the event, they suffered severely. More than eight hundred natives attacked them in November 1822, but were repulsed; and a few weeks later, a body of fifteen hundred attacked them again at day-break; several of the colonists were killed and wounded; but with no more than thirty-seven effective men and boys, and the aid of a small piece of artillery, they again achieved a victory over the natives. In these scenes, the intrepid Cary necessarily bore a conspicuous part. In one of his letters, he remarks, that, like the Jews in rebuilding their city, they had to toil with their arms beside them, and rest upon their arms every night; but he declared after this, in the most emphatic terms, that "there never had been an hour or a minute, no, not even when the balls were flying round his head, when he could wish himself back in America again."

The peculiar exposure of the early emigrants, the scantiness of their supplies, and the want of adequate medical attentions, subjected them to severe and complicated sufferings. To relieve, if possible, these sufferings, Mr Cary obtained all the information in his power concerning the diseases of the climate, and the proper remedies. He made liberal sacrifices of his property in behalf of the poor and distressed, and devoted his time almost exclusively to the relief of the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted. His services as a physician to the colony were invaluable, and were, for a long time, rendered without hope of reward. But amid his multiplied cares and efforts for the colony, he never forgot or neglected to promote the joint cause of civilization and christianity among the natives.

In 1806, Mr Cary was elected vice-agent of the colony, and he discharged the duties of that important office till his death, which occurred in 1828, in the most melancholy manner. One evening, while he and several others were engaged in making cartridges in the old agency house at Monrovia—the chief town in the settlement—in preparation to defend the rights of the colony against a slave-trader, a candle appears to have accidentally overturned, which caught some loose powder, and almost instantaneously reached the entire ammunition, producing an explosion which resulted in the death of eight persons. Mr Cary survived for two days.—Such was the unfortunate death of this active coloured apostle of civilization on the coast of Africa, where his memory will continue long to be cherished. The career which he pursued, and the intelligence which marked his character, might prove, to the satisfaction of all impartial thinkers, that the miserable race of blacks is not destitute of moral worth and innate genius, and that their culture would liberally produce an abundant harvest of the best principles and their results, which dignify human nature.

WATERTON'S ACCOUNT OF THE SLOTH.

THE character and habits of that singular animal, the Sloth, according to Charles Waterton, the enthusiastic traveller in the wilds of South America, have been strangely misrepresented by naturalists. "This singular animal (says he) is destined by nature to be produced, to live, and to die, in the trees. He is a scarce and solitary animal, and, being good food, he is never allowed to escape. He inhabits remote and gloomy forests, where snakes take up their abode, and where cruelly-stinging ants and scorpions, and swamps, and innumerable thorny shrubs and bushes, obstruct the steps of civilized men. This, then, is the proper place to go in quest of the Sloth. We will first take a near view of him. By obtaining a knowledge of his anatomy, we will be enabled to account for his movements. His fore-legs, or, more correctly speaking, his arms, are apparently much too long, while his hind-legs are very short, and look as if they could be bent almost to the shape of a corkscrew, Both the fore and hind legs, by their form, and by the manner in which they are joined to the body, are quite incapacitated from acting in a perpendicular direction, or in supporting it on the earth, as the bodies of other quadrupeds are supported, by their legs. Hence, when you place him on the floor, his belly touches the ground. Now, granted that he supported himself on his legs like other animals, nevertheless he would be in pain, for he has no soles to his feet, and his claws are very sharp and long, and curved; so that, were his body supported by his feet, it would be by their extremities, just as your body would be, were you to throw yourself on all-fours, and try to support it on the ends of your toes and fingers. Were the floor of a polished surface, the sloth would actually be quite stationary; but as the ground is generally rough, with little protuberances upon it, such as stones, or roots of grass, this just suits the Sloth, and he moves his fore-legs in all directions, in order to find something to lay hold of; and when he has succeeded, he pulls himself forwards, and is thus enabled to travel onwards, but, at the same time, in so tardy and awkward a manner, as to acquire him the name of the Sloth. Indeed, his looks and his gestures evidently betray his uncomfortable situation; and as a sigh every now and then escapes him, we may be entitled to conclude that he is actually in pain.

"Some years ago I kept a Sloth in my room for several months. I often took him out of the house, and placed him upon the ground, in order to have an opportunity of observing his motions. If the ground were rough, he would pull himself forwards by means of his fore-legs, at a pretty good pace; and he invariably shaped his course towards the nearest tree. His favourite abode was the back of a chair; and after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and often, with a low and inward cry, would seem to invite me to take notice of him. The Sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in the trees, and never leaves them but through force, or by accident. An all-ruling Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the expanse of the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees; still these change their relative situations without feeling much inconvenience; but the Sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees; and, what is more extraordinary, not *upon* the branches, like the squirrel and the monkey, but *under* them. He moves suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a very different formation from that of any other known quadruped. Hence, his seemingly bungled conformation is at once accounted for; and in lieu of the Sloth leading a painful life, and entailing a melancholy and miserable existence on its progeny, it is but fair to surmise that it just enjoys life as much as any other animal, and that its extraordinary formation and singular habits are but farther proofs to engage us to admire the wonderful works of Omnipotence.

"It must be observed, that the Sloth does not hang head-downwards, like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other; and after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch, so that all the four are in a line: he seems perfectly at rest in this position. As the Sloth is an inhabitant of forests within the tropics, where the trees touch each other in the greatest profusion, there seems to be no reason why he should confine himself to one tree alone for food, and entirely strip it of its leaves. During the many years I have ranged the forests, I have never seen a tree in such a state of nudity; indeed, I would hazard a conjecture, that by the time the animal has finished the last of the old leaves, there would be a new crop on the part of the tree he had stripped first, ready for him to begin again, so quick is the process of vegetation in these countries." In an experiment tried by the traveller of putting a dog to death by means of the exceedingly subtle wourali poison, made by the South American Indians, "some faint resistance on the part of nature (says he) was observed, as if existence struggled for superiority; but in the following instance of the Sloth, life sunk in death without the least apparent contention, without a cry, without a struggle, and without a groan. This was the *Ai*, or three-toed Sloth. It was in the possession of a gentleman who was collecting curiosities. He wished to have it killed, in order to preserve the skin, and the wourali poison was resorted to as the easiest death. Of all animals, not even the toad and tortoise excepted, this poor ill-formed creature is the most tenacious of life. It exists long after it has received wounds which would have destroyed any other animal; and it may be said, on seeing a mortally wounded Sloth, that life disputes with death every inch of flesh in its body. The Ai was wounded in the leg, and put down on the floor, about two feet from the table; it contrived to reach the leg of the table, and fastened itself on it, as if wishful to ascend. But this was its last advancing step; life was ebbing fast, though imperceptibly; nor could this singular production of nature, which has been formed of a texture to resist death in a thousand shapes, make any stand against the wourali poison. First, one fore-leg let go its hold, and dropped down motionless by its side; the other gradually did the same. The fore-legs having now lost their strength, the Sloth slowly doubled its body, and placed its head betwixt its hind-legs, which still adhered to the table; but when the poison had affected these also, it sunk to the ground, but sunk so gently, that you could not distinguish the movement from an ordinary motion; and had you been ignorant that it was wounded with a poisoned arrow, you would never have suspected that it was dying. During the tenth minute from the time it was wounded, it stirred, and that was all; and the minute after, life's last spark was out."

EFFECTS OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTS, TRADES, AND PROFESSIONS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE next division of the labouring class that comes under the attention of Mr Thackrah, in his ingenious work entitled "The Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, on Health and Longevity," is that in which the employments are carried on in an atmosphere confined and impure.

"Though all inhabitants of large towns (he proceeds) suffer in a greater or less degree from the impurity of the atmosphere, yet it is obvious that those who are most crowded together will be chiefly affected, particularly if ventilation be imperfect. A serious addition to the evils of a confined atmosphere is the defect of muscular exercise. Certain classes of muscles are for twelve or fourteen hours a-day scarcely moved, and postures maintained injurious to the proper actions of the internal organs.

TAILORS are very unfortunately situated in this respect. Sitting all day in a confined atmosphere, and often in a room too crowded, with the legs crossed, and the spine bowed, they cannot have respiration, circulation, or digestion well performed. The employment, we must admit, produces few acute diseases. But disorders of the stomach and bowels are general, and often obstinate. Pulmonary consumption is also frequent. Some of the men state their liability to pains of the chest; but the majority make no complaint. It is nevertheless apparent, even from observing only the expression of countenance, the complexion, and the gait, that the functions of the stomach and the heart are greatly impaired, even in those who consider themselves well. We see no plump and rosy tailors; none of fine form and strong muscle. The spine is generally curved. The reduction in the circumference of the chest is not so much as we might expect. The average of our measurements presented 33 to 34 inches, while that of other artizans is about 36. The capacity of the lungs, as evinced by measuring the air thrown out at an expiration, is not less than common. The average of six individuals was seven pints, two-thirds. The prejudicial influence of their employ is more insidious than urgent; it undermines rather than destroys life. Apprenticed at an early age, tailors have their constitution modified to their employment. But its native vigour, drawn off in youth to this adaptation of organs to external circumstances, gradually declines, and finally ceases before the natural termination of life. Of 22 of the workmen employed in Leeds, not one had attained the age of 60; 2 had passed 50; and of the rest, not more than two had reached 40. We heard of an instance or two of great age, but the individuals had lived chiefly in the country. The evils attendant on the employment are in many cases greatly aggravated by bad habits. Like other men whom circumstances have physically depressed, the tailor often seeks the baneful comfort of ale and ardent spirit. The time of relief from work is generally

spent, not in invigorating the animal frame, but in aggravating his complaints, and converting functional into organic disease.

Can we correct these evils? The position of the tailor might be amended. He now sits cross-legged on a board; because in the ordinary sitting posture he could not hold a heavy piece of cloth high enough for his eyes to direct his needle. Let a hole be made in the board of the circumference of his body, and let his seat be placed below it. The eyes and the hands will then be sufficiently near his work; his spine will not be unnaturally bent, and his chest and abdomen will be free.

Stay-makers are exposed, though in less degree, to the same physical evils as the tailors. We do not find, however, that they are equally intemperate. Though health is impaired by confinement, life is not apparently shortened. Among the few stay-makers who live in Leeds, there are several instances of considerable age.

Milliners, Dress-makers, and Straw-bonnet-makers are often crowded in apartments of disproportionate size, and kept at work for an improper length of time. Their *ordinary* hours are ten or twelve in the day, but they are confined not unfrequently from five or six in the morning till twelve at night. The bent posture in which they sit, tends to injure the digestive organs, as well as the circulation and the breathing. Hence girls from the country, fresh-looking and robust, soon become pale and thin. The constant direction of the eyes also to minute work, affects these organs. Sometimes it induces slight ophthalmia (*inflammation of the eyes*), and sometimes at length a much more serious disease, palsy of the optic nerve (*and consequently blindness*). In stoving straw-bonnets, sulphur is largely used. The fumes, in some houses, spread through every apartment, and the inmates even sleep in an atmosphere impregnated with these offensive vapours! Sulphurous gas, I need scarcely add, greatly affects respiration. It induces at the time a violent cough, and the irritation, if frequently repeated, tends to the developement of pulmonic disease. Might not the sulphurous fumes be absorbed or confined in the process? Water in a large shallow dish would take up a considerable proportion. A small out building for the operation would be a more decisive remedy. This indeed *is* used by some straw-bonnet-makers. Remedies for the other evils to which this class is exposed are obvious—ventilation, reduction of the hours of work, and brisk exercise in the open air. The great cause of the ill-health of females who make ladies' dresses, is the lowness of their wages. To obtain a livelihood, they are obliged to work in excess.

Weavers have a confined atmosphere, and, though the limbs are fully exercised, the trunk is kept comparatively fixed, and the chest is not expanded. This stooping, however, is somewhat diminished by the mode of casting the shuttle with a string, instead of the hand. When weaving is carried on at home, the rooms are often small and ill ventilated; and among the Irish we find a sad want of cleanliness. Fever is rather frequent among weavers, but other acute diseases are rare; the men, however, seldom enjoy health. Digestion is imperfect, asthma and other affections of the chest are common. They complain of the smell from the oil-lamps. This no doubt annoys the lungs, but their reduction of health is attributable chiefly to the confinement. The susceptibility to fever may arise from the frequent defect of proper nourishment. The weavers of stuffs have low wages, and are often out of employ. There are more old men in the occupation of weaving than in most others.

Shoemakers, it is well known, are placed in a very bad posture—a posture second only to that of the tailors. The abdominal viscera, and especially the stomach and liver, are compressed. Lads put to this employ often suffer so much from head-ache and general indisposition, that they are obliged to leave it; and men who have been able to bear it for years, lose appetite and strength. Digestion and circulation are so much impaired, that the countenance would mark a shoemaker almost as well as a tailor. We suppose that, from the reduction of perspiration and other evacuations, in this and similar employments, the blood is impure, and, consequently, the complexion darkened. The secretion of bile is generally unhealthy, and bowel complaints are frequent. The capacity of the lungs in the individuals examined we found to average six and one-third, and the circumference of the chest 35 inches. In the few shoemakers who live to old age, there is often a remarkable hollow at the base of the breast bone, occasioned by the pressure of the last. Are shoemakers subject to popliteal aneurism, or a swelling of the artery in the ham? Morgagni asserts this; but I am not aware that a similar observation is now made. Much as posture injures shoemakers, bad habits injure more. Working late on Saturday night, they often lie in bed all Sunday morning, lounge in listlessness during the afternoon, drink all Monday, are sick and taking physic on Tuesday, and return to work on Wednesday.

Currriers and Leather-Dressers are subjected to no injurious agent, except the bent posture in the process of "shaving." This affects the head. The smell of the leather produces no disagreeable effect. The men are generally very healthy, and a considerable proportion live to old age.

Saddlers are obliged to lean forwards, and are confined to this position. Hence they are subject to head-ache and indigestion.

Printers are kept in a confined atmosphere, and generally want exercise. Pressmen, however, have good and varied labour. Compositors are often subjected to injury from the types. These, a compound of lead and antimony, emit, when heated, a fume which affects respiration, and are said also to produce partial palsy of the hands. Among the printers, however, of whom we have inquired, care is generally taken to avoid composing till the types are cold, and thus no injury is sustained. The constant application of the eyes to minute objects gradually enfeebles these organs. The standing posture long maintained here, as well as in other occupations, tends to injure the digestive organs. Some printers complain of disorder of the stomach and head; and few appear to enjoy full health. Consumption is frequent. We can scarcely find or hear of any compositor above the age of 50. In many towns printers are intemperate.

Bookbinders and Pocket-book-makers are similar employments. The work is remarkably easy, and keeps no muscles fixed, nor demands excessive action from any. The workmen suffer no annoyance, but they are often very dissipated. One master informed us that several of his people have died from consumption. This, however, I should attribute, not to the employ, but to intemperance.

Carvers and Gilders are kept in a confined atmosphere, and often for long periods in a leaning posture. Hence they sometimes suffer from headache. Though the pallid appearance, general among these workmen, indicates a reduction of health and vigour, life is not abbreviated in a marked degree.

Clockmakers have little objectionable in their occupation; for though the making and fitting up are carried on in the house, the posture is varied, and the men are frequently travelling to repair clocks in the country. They are generally healthy, and attain often advanced life. Watchmakers have a much worse employ. They sit all day with the trunk bent forward. The digestive organs almost always suffer, and the lungs are sometimes affected. The close and continued application also greatly injures the eyes. Many youths apprenticed to watch-making are obliged to leave the employ, and the individuals who remain rarely live to old age.

Smiths have an employment remarkably conducive to muscular power. The use of the large hammer powerfully excites all the muscles, and especially those of the arms, throwing on them a large supply of blood, and, consequently, producing their enlargement. Exertion like this, moreover, has a considerable effect on the circulation in general, and the functions with which it is connected. For youths of strong constitution no labour is better than that of the smith. For those, however, naturally delicate, the exertion is too great, and young men of scrofulous constitution are particularly liable to sink under the employ. Smiths are subjected to high temperature, and frequent changes of temperature, but with no obvious injury. They are rarely affected with rheumatism and catarrh. The employ subjects the eye to the annoyance of smoke, and to excitement from the glow of the heated iron. But our examination of the smiths in this neighbourhood does not prove them subject to ophthalmia (*inflammation of the eyes*); nor does it show that vision is impaired by the excitement of the retina (*nervous coat of the eye*). When smiths are ill, the cause is most frequently intemperance. They do not, however, arrive at great age.

Cabinet-Makers are generally healthy, though employed within doors. The labour is good; and there is no hurtful accompaniment, with the exception of the dust which is produced by sawing certain kinds of wood.

THE LONE INDIAN.

"A white man, gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again." Bryant.

Powontonamo was the son of a mighty chief. He looked on his tribe with such a fiery glance, that they called him the Eagle of the Mohawks. His eye never blinked in the sunbeam, and he leaped along the chase like the untiring waves of the Niagara. Even when a little boy, his tiny arrow would hit the frisking squirrel in the ear, and bring down the humming bird on her rapid wing. He was his father's pride and joy. He loved to toss him high in his sinewy arms, and shout "Look, Eagle-eye, look! and see the big hunting grounds of the Mohawks! Powontonamo will be their chief. The winds will tell his brave deeds. When men speak of him, they will not speak loud; but as if the Great Spirit had breathed in thunder."

The prophecy was fulfilled. When Powontonamo became a man, the fame of his beauty and courage reached the tribes of Illinois; and even the distant Osage showed his white teeth with delight, when he heard the wild deeds of the Mohawk Eagle. Yet was his spirit frank, chivalrous, and kind. When the white men came to buy land, he met them with an open palm, and spread his buffalo for the traveller. The old chiefs loved the bold youth, and offered their daughters in marriage. The eyes of the young Indian girls sparkled when he looked on them; but he treated them all with the stern indifference of a warrior, until he saw Soonseetah raise her long dark eyelash. Then his heart melted beneath the beaming glance of beauty. Soonseetah was the fairest of the Oneidas. The young men of her tribe called her the Sunny-eye. She was smaller than her nation usually are; and her slight graceful figure was so elastic in its motions, that the tall grass would rise up and shake off its dew-drops, after her pretty moccasins had pressed it. Many a famous chief had sought her love; but when they brought the choicest furs, she would smile disdainfully, and say, "Soonseetah's foot is warm. Has not her father an arrow?" When they offered her food, according to the Indian custom, her answer was, "Soonseetah has not seen all the warriors. She will eat with the bravest." The hunters told the young Eagle that Sunny-eye of Oneida was beautiful as the bright birds in the hunting land beyond the sky; but that her heart was proud, and she said the great chiefs were not good enough to dress venison for her. When Powontonamo listened to these accounts, his lip would curl slightly, as he threw back his fur-edged mantle, and placed his firm, springy foot forward, so that the beads and shells of his rich moccasin might be seen to vibrate at every sound of his tremendous war-song. If there were vanity in the act, there was likewise becoming pride. Soonseetah heard of his haughty smile, and resolved in her own heart that no Oneida should sit beside her, till she had seen the chieftain of the Mohawks. Before many moons had passed away, he sought her father's wigwam, to carry delicate furs and shining shells to the young coquette of the wilderness She did not raise her bright melting eye to his, when he came near her; but when he said, "will the Sunny-eve look on the gift of a Mohawk? his barbed arrow is swift; his foot never turned from the foe;" the colour on her brown cheek was glowing as an autumnal twilight. Her voice was like the troubled note of the wren, as she answered, "the furs of Powontonamo are soft and warm to the foot of Soonseetah. She will weave the shells in the wampum belt of the Mohawk Eagle." The exulting lover sat by her side, and offered her venison and parched corn. She raised her timid eye, as she tasted the food; and then the young Eagle knew that Sunny-eye would be his wife.

There were feasting and dancing, and the marriage song rang merrily in Mohawk cabins, when the Oneida came among them. Powontonamo loved her as his own heart's blood. He delighted to bring her the fattest deers of the forest, and load her with the ribbons and beads of the English. The prophets of his people liked it not that the strangers grew so numerous in the land. They shook their heads mournfully, and said, "the moose and the beaver will not live within sound of the white man's gun. They will go beyond the lakes, and the Indians must follow their trail." But the young chief laughed them to scorn. He said, "the land is very big. The mountain eagle could not fly over it in many days. Surely the wigwams of the English will never cover it." Yet when he held his son in his arms, as his father had done before him, he sighed to hear the strokes of the axe levelling the old trees of his forests. Sometimes he looked sorrowfully on his baby boy, and thought he had perchance done him much wrong, when he smoked a pipe in the wigwam of the stranger.

One day, he left his home before the grey mist of morning had gone from the hills, to seek food for his wife and child. The polar star was bright in the heavens ere he returned; yet his hands were empty. The white man's gun had scared the beasts of the forest, and the arrow of the Indian was sharpened in vain. Powontonamo entered his wigwam with a cloudy brow. He did not look at Soonseetah; he did not speak to her boy; but, silent and sullen, he sat leaning on the head of his arrow. He wept not, for an Indian may not weep; but the muscles of his face betrayed the struggle within his soul. The Sunny-eye approached fearfully, and laid her little hand upon his brawny shoulder, as she asked, "why is the Eagle's eye on the earth? What has Soonseetah done, that her child dare not look in the face of his father?" Slowly the warrior turned his gaze upon her. The expression of sadness deepened, as he answered, "the Eagle has taken a snake to his nest: how can his young sleep in it?" The Indian boy, all unconscious of the forebodings which stirred his father's spirit, moved to his side, and peeped up in his face with a mingled expression of love and fear.

The heart of the generous savage was full, even to bursting. His hand trembled, as he placed it on the sleek black hair of his only son. "The Great Spirit bless thee! the Great Spirit bless thee, and give thee back the hunting ground of the Mohawk!" he exclaimed. Then folding him, for an instant, in an almost crushing embrace, he gave him to his mother, and darted from the wigwam.

Two hours he remained in the open air, but the clear breath of heaven brought no relief to his noble and suffering soul. Wherever he looked abroad, the ravages of the civilized destroyer met his eye. Where were the trees, under which he had frolicked in infancy, sported in boyhood, and rested after the fatigues of the battle? They formed the English boat, or lined the English dwelling. Where were the holy sacrifice-heaps of his people? The stones were taken to fence in the land, which the intruder dared to call his own. Where was his father's grave? The stranger's road passed over it, and his cattle trampled on the ground where the mighty Mohawk slumbered. Where was his once powerful tribe? Alas, in the white man's wars they joined with the British, in the vain hope of recovering their lost privileges. Hundreds had gone to their last home; others had joined distant tribes; and some pitiful wretches, whom he scorned to call brethren, consented to live on the white man's bounty. These were corroding reflections; and well might fierce thoughts of vengeance pass through the mind of the deserted prince; but he was powerless now; and the English swarmed like vultures around the dying. "It is the work of the Great Spirit," said he. "The Englishman's god made the Indian's heart afraid; and now he is like a wounded buffalo, when hungry wolves are on his trail."

When Powontonamo returned to his hut, his countenance, though severe, was composed. He spoke to the Sunny-eye with more kindness than the savage generally addresses the wife of his youth; but his look told her that she must not ask the grief which had put a woman's heart within the breast of the far-famed Mohawk Eagle.

The next day, when the young chieftain went out on a hunting expedition, he was accosted by a rough, square-built farmer. "Powow," said he, "your squaw has been stripping a dozen of my trees, and I don't like it over much." It was a moment when the Indian could ill brook a white man's insolence. "Listen, Buffalo-head," shouted he; and as he spoke,

he seized the shaggy pate of the unconscious offender, and eyed him with the concentrated venom of an ambushed rattlesnake—"Listen to the chief of the Mohawks. These broad lands are all his own. When the white man first left his cursed foot-print in the forest, the Great Bear looked down upon the big tribes of Iroquois and Abnaquis. The wigwams of the noble Delawares were thick, where the soft winds dwell. The rising sun glanced on the fierce Pequods; and the Illinois, the Miamies, and warlike tribes, like the hairs of your head, marked his going down. Had the red man struck you then, your tribes would have been as dry grass to the lightning! Go—shall the Sunny-eye of Oneida ask the pale face for a basket?" He breathed out a quick, convulsive laugh, and his white teeth showed through his parted lips, as he shook the farmer from him, with the strength and fury of a raging panther.

After that, his path was unmolested, for no one dared to awaken his wrath; but a smile never again visited the dark countenance of the degraded chief. The wild beasts had fled so far from the settlements, that he would hunt days and days without success. Soonseetah sometimes begged him to join the remnant of Oneidas, and persuade them to go far off, toward the setting sun. Powontonamo replied, "this is the burial-place of my fathers;" and the Sunny-eye dared say no more.

At last, their boy sickened and died of a fever he had taken among the English. They buried him beneath a spreading oak, on the banks of the Mohawk, and heaped stones upon his grave, without a tear. "He must lie near the water," said the desolate chief, "else the white man's horses will tread on him."

The young mother did not weep, but her heart had received its death-wound. The fever seized her, and she grew paler and weaker every day. One morning, Powontonamo returned with some delicate food he had been seeking for her. "Will Soonseetah eat?" said he. He spoke in a tone of subdued tenderness; but she answered not. The foot which was wont to bound forward to meet him, lay motionless and cold. He raised the blanket which partly concealed her face, and saw that the Sunny-eye was closed in death. One hand was pressed hard against her heart, as if her last moments had been painful. The other grasped the beads which the young Eagle had given her in the happy days of courtship. One heart-rending shriek was wrung from the bosom of the agonized savage. He tossed his arms wildly above his head, and threw himself beside the body of her he had loved as fondly, deeply, and passionately as ever a white man loved. After the first burst of grief had subsided, he carefully untied the necklace from her full, beautiful bosom, crossed her hands over the sacred relic, and put back the shining black hair from her smooth forehead. For hours he watched the corpse in silence. Then he arose, and carried it from the wigwam. He dug a grave by the side of his lost boy; laid the head of Soonseetah toward the rising sun; heaped the earth upon it, and covered it with stones, according to the custom of his people.

Night was closing in, and still the bereaved Mohawk stood at the grave of Sunny-eye, as motionless as its cold inmate. A white man as he passed, paused, and looked in pity on him. "Are you sick?" asked he. "Yes; me sick. Me very sick here," answered Powontonamo, laying his hand upon his swelling heart. "Will you go home?" "*Home!*" exclaimed the heart-broken chief, in tones so thrilling, that the white man started. Then, slowly, and with a half vacant look, he added, "Yes; me go home. By and by me go home." Not another word would he speak; and the white man left him, and went his way. A little while longer he stood watching the changing heavens; and then, with reluctant step, retired to his solitary wigwam.

The next day a tree, which Soonseetah had often said was just as old as their boy, was placed near the mother and child. A wild vine was straggling among the loose stones, and Powontonamo carefully twined it around the tree. "The young oak is the Eagle of the Mohawks," he said; "and now the Sunny-eye has her arms around him." He spoke in the wild music of his native tongue; but there was none to answer. "Yes; Powontonamo will go home," sighed he. "He will go where the sun sets in the ocean, and the white man's eyes have never looked upon it." One long, one lingering glance at the graves of his kindred, and the Eagle of the Mohawks bade farewell to the land of his fathers.

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For many a returning autumn, a lone Indian was seen standing at the consecrated spot we have mentioned; but just thirty years after the death of Soonseetah, he was noticed for the last time. His step was then firm, and his figure erect, though he seemed old and way-worn. Age had not dimmed the fire of his eye, but an expression of deep melancholy had settled on his wrinkled brow. It was Powontonamo—he who had once been the Eagle of the Mohawks! He came to lie down and die beneath the broad oak which shadowed the grave of Sunny-eye. Alas! the white man's axe had been there! The tree he had planted was dead; and the vine, which had leaped so vigorously from branch to branch, now yellow and withering, was falling to the ground. A deep groan burst from the soul of the savage. For thirty wearisome years, he had watched that oak, with its twining tendrils. They were the only things left in the wide world for him to love, and they were gone! He looked abroad. The hunting land of his tribe was changed, like its chieftain. No light canoe now shot down the river, like a bird upon the wing. The laden boat of the white man alone broke its smooth surface. The Englishman's road wound like a serpent around the banks of the Mohawk; and iron hoofs had so beaten down the war-path, that a hawk's eye could not discover an Indian track. The last wigwam was destroyed; and the sun looked boldly down upon spots he had visited, only by stealth, during thousands and thousands of moons. The few remaining trees, clothed in the fantastic mourning of autumn; the long line of heavy clouds, melting away before the coming sun; and the distant mountain, seen through the blue mist of departing twilight, alone remained as he had seen them in his boyhood. All things spoke a sad language to the heart of the desolate Indian. "Yes," said he, "the young oak and the vine are like the Eagle and the Sunny-eye. They are cut down, torn, and trampled on, the leaves are falling, and the clouds are scattering, like my people. I wish I could once more see the trees standing thick, as they did when my mother held me to her bosom, and sung the warlike deeds of the Mohawks."

A mingled expression of grief and anger passed over his face, as he watched a loaded boat in its passage across the stream. "The white man carries food to his wife and children, and he finds them in his home," said he. "Where is the squaw and the papoose of the red man? They are here!" As he spoke, he fixed his eye thoughtfully upon the grave. After a gloomy silence, he again looked round upon the fair scene, with a wandering and troubled gaze. "The pale face may like it," murmured he; "but an Indian cannot die here in peace." So saying, he broke his bowstring, snipped his arrows, threw them on the burial place of his fathers, and departed for ever.

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None ever knew where Powontonamo laid his dying head. The hunters from the west said, a red man had been among them, whose tracks were far off toward the rising sun; that he seemed like one who had lost his way, and was sick to go home to the Great Spirit. Perchance, he slept his last sleep where the distant Mississippi receives its hundred streams. Alone, and unfriended, he may have laid him down to die, where no man called him brother; and the wolves of the desert, long ere this, may have howled the death-song of the Mohawk Eagle.—*From the Western Coronal (an American publication), by Mrs Child.*

Column for the Boys.

Boys are fond of birds. They like to have pigeons of their own, which they can sort and feed at any leisure time they have; they also like to keep ordinary singing birds in cages hung in their own rooms, or in the kitchen, and which they sometimes breed under their own care. Birds, in fact, divide their attention with rabbits; and when the winter comes on, as it is now doing, and when the snows cover the ground in all directions, then, if they have any convenient place for the experiment, they perhaps try to catch old birds with different kinds of traps. I am now going to give my young friends, the Boys, some directions how to manage all these sort of things. Suppose we begin with the art of

CATCHING BIRDS.

Bird-lime, a sticky, pitchy kind of matter, is sometimes used by smearing twigs, and enticing birds to settle on them by means of a call-bird, or decoy; but as few boys possess one of these trained call-birds, and as there are other means of catching fully as effectual, we need not say any thing of that plan. The best way to catch birds, when the snow is on the ground, is to use nooses made of horse-hair; and this may be done either by lines, or with a hoop. If the former, get a hundred yards of packthread, and at every six inches fasten a noose, made with white horse-hair (two hairs twisted together being sufficient); at every twenty yards, thrust a little stick into the earth, by which the line may be fastened, to keep the nooses about the height the larks run; scatter oats from one end to the other. The birds will then flock to pick up the grain, and will be caught by the neck in the nooses. As the boy will be on the watch, he will run forward, and take the birds as soon as caught. This plan is recommended for taking larks. If boys prefer to try the hoop, which is much cheaper, let them get an ordinary barrel hoop, and draw packthread across it from side to side, leaving openings between the strings, of about two inches wide. This being done, let them attach white horse-hair nooses to the lines, so that they may lie nice and flat when the whole is laid down. Scatter oats or even crumbs on the snow at a conspicuous place for birds, and lay the hoop with its nooses above. If the winter be severe, and the birds plentiful, they will soon recognise the food, and, lighting among the nooses, will be caught by the feet, when the boys will dash forward, and catch them. There is yet another capital plan, and that is with the sieve-trap, which is made thus: In the winter season, when the ground is thickly covered with snow, sweep a round spot clean, the size of your sieve; sprinkle some ashes on the spot, and a few crumbs of bread; prop up the sieve over the spot with a bit of stick, with a thin twine fastened to its centre, and long enough to reach to a window, at which you must be seated, and watch the birds getting under the sieve, when the string should be instantly jerked; this, if dexterously done, and no noise be made to scare away the birds, will occasion the sieve to fall, and the birds to be caught. You then take a cloth, and draw it under the sieve along the ground, taking care not to lift the sieve so high that the bird can escape; and, by drawing up the cloth to its centre, you will be able to carry the sieve, with the bird under it, into the house. When birds are caught, they ought to be put into cages adapted for them, and partially secluded, till they become accustomed to their imprisonment. As boys in towns have not an opportunity of exercising their ingenuity in catching birds in the manner described, they may buy any kind they have a fancy to from the men who deal in them.

THE LINNET

Is a fine bird, and will learn either to pipe or whistle any other bird's note. The author of that nice little work, the "Boy's Own Book," thus describes how linnets ought to be managed:—"Feed the young with a little white bread soaked in milk, previously boiled; let it be very stiff, like a hasty-pudding; make but a little at a time, as it very soon grows sour. When they feed themselves, give them a little scalded rape-seed. They may be caught with clap-nets. When taken, place them in a large cage, and get some of the seeds you find they feed upon, which put into the cage with a little hemp-seed ground or bruised; set them in a place where they may not be disturbed, and feed them with this for three or four days; then cage up the cock and hen separately; feed them with rape, and a small quantity of canary-seed amongst it, with some few corns of hemp. If dull, give them lettuce-seed, beet-leaf, or a little seeded chickweed now and then; and, if troubled with a looseness, some chalk and bruised hemp-seed, a stalk of plantain-seed, and put saffron in their water. The linnet will acquire the song of the canary sooner than any other bird. They commonly breed three or four times in the year." The linnet is not a greater favourite among boys than

THE CANARY.

These birds, which were formerly brought from the Canary Islands, are remarkable for their power of song, their beautiful pale yellow colour, and their great mettle. You are directed, by the above authority, to "choose a young and sprightly bird, sleek and straight, and one who boldly struts and shakes himself. Take notice of the dung, which ought to dry quickly, and be thick, hard, round, of a fine white on the outside, and darkish in the middle. If the bird emit only a white slime, with no black in it, it is a certain sign of speedy death. If possible, hear him sing before you buy him. The hens never sing, although many have, by a sort of jabbering noise, deceived unskilful persons. The hen is always smaller and shorter. The colour above the bill of the cock, and likewise under his throat, and on the pinion of his wing, is a brighter yellow. The canary breeds four or five times a-year, and lays four, five, or even six eggs at a time; they sit fourteen days. You should not match them till the middle of March. If convenient, let their cage be toward the east, because the birds love warmth, and sunshine in the room in the morning makes it warm all day. If you breed them in a cage, let it be twice as large as common breeding-cages, so that they may have room to fly. If you breed them up by hand, feed them as linnets, and take them away at fourteen days old; for if you let them remain longer with the old ones, they grow sullen, and will not feed; but if you let the old ones bring them up, leave them till the latter hatch again. When taken away, feed them thus: Boil an egg hard, take a little of the yolk, a little quantity of the best bread, and a little scalded rape-seed; bruise the whole as finely as possible. This is the best food for young canary birds. Begin to feed at six in the morning, and feed them anew at the end of every hour or hour and a half. Nothing is so good for their nests as a little fine hay and hair. When the weather is hot, or when they require something cooling or cleansing, let them have a little chickweed or lettuce." The canary is rather a delicate bird for boys to bring up, and many prefer to have one or two sprightly

BLACKBIRDS.

These native birds are kept in wicker cages, but they must be kept very clean, and care taken of their feeding. Blackbirds breed very early in the year, and the young may be taken at ten or twelve days old; feed them once in two hours with cheese curd, white bread and milk, with sheep's or ox's heart, or any other sort of lean meat, cut very small, mixed up with a little bread, and made very moist. When grown up, they may be fed with flesh meat, boiled, raw, or roasted; but flesh meat mixed with a little bread is best. If you find them out of order, give them a good large spider. Blackbirds will imitate any kind of whistle; but it is best to leave them to their own clear "wood-notes wild." Now for a word or two upon

PIGEONS.

"The life of this beautiful and useful bird (continues our authority) is said to extend to about eight years; but it is useless for the purpose of breeding after it has attained half that age, and ought then to be destroyed, or it will molest those which are in their prime. The pigeon lays two white eggs, and sits fifteen days after the second egg is laid. The female keeps to the nest from four or five o'clock in the evening until nine the next morning; she then goes off to feed, and the cock takes her place during the day. If the hen delay, the cock leaves the nest at the usual time, seeks her out, and drives her to her duty; the hen does the same in case of negligence in this respect on the part of the cock. The young ones are usually of different sexes. For the first three days after they are hatched, the female seldom leaves them; after that time, the cock and hen attend to feed them indiscriminately. The way in which the old supply the young with food is singular: the parent birds collect a quantity of grain and water in their crops, which are very capacious; and, after it has lain there until soft and macerated [for the crop answers the purpose of teeth for chewing], they cast it up into the throats of the young ones. As the young birds acquire strength, the old ones give the food less preparation, and, at last, drive them out to provide in part for themselves. But they are often seen feeding their young ones even when the latter are able to fly, and they themselves are going to nest again. After six months old, the young pigeons are full grown."

THE DOVECOT.

There are various kinds of houses for keeping pigeons, but those which can be most conveniently used by boys consist of wooden boxes placed against the wall, or at the top of a pole—in both cases out of the reach of cats. The former are most common, and are generally made in a triangular shape, with a slope on each side. They have three or four storeys, separated by partitions into nestling places sufficiently large for a pair to turn themselves in. In front, the box or house is pierced with holes; and if there be two holes for each nest, so much the better. In front of the holes there ought to be wooden projections, or slips of deal, for the pigeons to rest on when they alight, or before they take wing. Furnish the nestling places with fine straw, and scatter a little sand or fine gravel around. Pigeons will provide their own food, of which they require a great quantity; but, if necessary, offer them barley or oats, and any kind of crumbs. Pigeons breed very fast, and afford a frequent relish to the table, in the shape of a nicely baked PIGEON PYE.

Gardening.—January.

THE FRUIT GARDEN.—Trench and manure ground for early planting. Prune, nail, and train wall and espalier trees, gooseberries, currants, raspberry, and nuts. Figs must not be pruned till April. Plant out fruit-trees, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and nuts, if not already done. Look over fruit in the fruit-room; keep out frost, and pick out all decayed fruit. Force strawberries, the roseberry is now the best. Should the weather prove mild, those pots of strawberries which are in frames for the purpose of furnishing a succession, must have plenty of air during the day; but the glasses must be shut down in the night, in order to secure them against frost.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Trench and manure ground for early crops. Prepare hot-beds for asparagus, cucumbers, mint, potatoes, and small salading. Force Elford rhubarb and sea kale in pits, in the mushroom-house, or under large pots; also kidney beans in the forcing-house or stove; the best sorts for this purpose are the negro and early purple-speckled. Sow black-seeded gotte, brown Dutch, and grand admirable cabbage lettuces, as well as those of the Bath and Egyptian Cos. Sow curled parsley for transplanting, frame peas, horn carrots, Mazagan beans, onions, if they are intended to be grown to a large size, radishes, round spinach, &c. Plant out cabbage plants, to succeed the first crop which had been planted out in the autumn. Attend to the mushroom-house, and see that the bed is well covered with dry straw: it ought to be at least twelve inches thick; and every precaution must be taken to keep out the frost.—*Lindley's Guide to the Orchard and Kitchen Garden.*

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A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

On the east coast of Scotland, there is a pleasant little village, within a quarter of a mile of the sea, chiefly inhabited by fishermen. Of this place I was, about thirty years ago, an inhabitant; and as I am fond of observing the lights and shades in character among the lower class, where in general concealment of the natural disposition is least practised, I quickly got acquainted with my humble neighbours. It was thus not long before I knew the history, and could estimate the feelings of many individuals, who, though unknown to fame, passed not away without leaving a moral lesson behind them. In most small communities, there is some one who is singled out by their fellows as possessing some advantage over them, which is either real or imaginary. Among the dwellers in this sequestered spot, there was an old woman, named Margaret Dun, who was honoured by a celebrity arising from a cause which will be at once acknowledged to come under the head of the latter. I have said honoured, but it may be doubted whether the term is properly applied, when it is told, that, instead of the name I have mentioned, that of *Peg the Witch* was more frequently applied to her. How she first acquired her reputation as an emissary of Satan, I could not learn. Probably it was from her sagacity in frequently prophesying about her neighbours' concerns what came to pass, and from her possessing a bold determined spirit, which seldom failed to carry her through any enterprise in which she engaged, and which caused her to be more prosperous in her domestic concerns than is generally the fate of those in her class who do not possess the same energy of mind. Be this as it may, the light in which she was regarded by the people around her, made her view their ignorance with scorn, not unmixed with resentment, and had the effect of confining her sympathies within the narrow boundary of her own family, where she ruled with an undisputed and despotic sway. But though her authority over her children was imperious, it was in general cheerfully obeyed, for she was neither peevish nor sullen in her intercourse with them, and had always attended so diligently to all their wants, that they both loved and respected her.

At the time I first became acquainted with this woman, she had recently lost some of her children, and her family then consisted only of two sons and her husband. John Dun, the gudeman, was a mason by trade, and considered so clever at his business, that there was hardly a house or onstead erected for many miles round without his aid. Being thus much employed at a distance from home, his wife became the entire manager of the money earned by his industry, and laid it out so judiciously, that his cottage exhibited many little comforts unknown in those of his less fortunate neighbours. This was so apparent to all, that it excited a degree of envy, which continued to account for it in the old way; and many were the rumours that reached her ears of the effect of the supernatural gifts with which she was supposed to be endowed. Indignant at their folly, and wearied by their obstinate adherence to it, she at length determined to use her imputed character as a means of making the whole village subservient to her will; nor was there one individual who had the hardihood to resist it. I have no doubt but much of this strange influence was owing to the peculiar situation of the place, and the occupation of its inhabitants, whose bread was procured on the face of the mighty deep. Sailors in general are prone to superstition, and it is in vain that the well-educated and firm-minded among them deny the charge. The waters of the sea are as a mighty veil thrown over innumerable mysteries; and where is the sailor or the fisherman who has not in fancy, amid a lonely watch, had it partially lifted, and some of them revealed to him—who has not held some communication with the world beneath him, and is thus led to believe that there are more "things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy" of landsmen? The superstition of the ignorant leads to a belief in charms and amulets, and none of Margaret's neighbours would venture to sea without having about his person a piece of the mountain-ash, or, as it is more usually called in Scotland, the rowan-tree, which flourished in her little garden. Happy was the man who received this valuable boon from her own hand, for then a portion of her good-will was supposed to go with this potent charm, which ensured him a prosperous voyage and a boatful of fish, some of which he seldom failed to appropriate to her use. In short, had Margaret's disposition been greedy, she might have exacted from her poor neighbours all her living; but she contented herself with now and then receiving voluntary gifts, and only hinting to the small farmers in the neighbourhood that they might bring her home a sack or two of coals on their carts from the pits, free of the costs of carriage. At the time of casting peats, a similar hint was given, and each one at the moss contributed a share toward the stack destined for her use.

Thus things went on for some years till her eldest son attained the age of 20, and her youngest, of 17 years, and she lost her husband, who was killed by a fall from a building. Her eldest son now took the place of his father, for both he and his brother had been bred to their father's business, and the son and apprentice of so good a workman did not fail to find employment. Still his winnings, it may be supposed, were not equal to his father's. This, however, was no source of discontent to his mother, as long as they were all poured into her lap, and as long as she was obeyed, and her absolute sway still submitted to. But the time came when each succeeding week showed her, in some instance, that a change in the disposition of her first-born was rapidly taking place; and as she watched him with a jealous eye, she saw him gradually beginning to assert his independence as the chief supporter of the family. While her husband lived, she had ruled her sons with unquestioned authority, nor ever seemed to dream of any change taking place in her right of control. James now no longer owned this authority as to his movements, but took work near or at a distance, just as it suited his fancy, without asking her consent; and when reproved by his mother, and threatened with her severe displeasure, he got angry, and so far forgot himself as to threaten in return. This was something altogether new to the imperious spirit of the widowed woman, whose will had so seldom been disputed. It seemed more bitter to her than if all the rest of mankind had risen up against her, that the son who used to submit, without reply, to all her mandates, should break through the trammels of the strict government to which she had subjected him from infancy, and brave all at once her utmost displeasure. It was too much for the indulged and haughty spirit of one who had, in her humble sphere, reigned in-doors and out; and though these struggles for the mastery between her and her eldest son lasted for a while, they became at length too violent to admit of their dwelling together. James did not, however, leave his mother's house without regret. Though he possessed too much of her own evil pride to confess it, and endeavoured to salve his conscience for taking so rash a step, by persuading himself that he was forced to it by his mother's harshness, yet, had he understood and done justice to her feelings, he would not have wounded them so deeply; he would have recollected that much of the stern manner of which he complained had been the result of the peculiar situation in which she had been placed, for he was not ignorant of the aspersions which it pleased her foolish neighbours to cast upon her. He would also have felt, that, if she had ruled her children strictly, she had ever shown that she loved them with an intensity, out of which, in fact, their present quarrels had arisen; for she was tormented with a jealous fear that she had lost her influence over his heart as well as over his conduct. Something of all this did come across and smite the conscience of James, after he had quitted his mother's house, and he returned to tell her, that though he could not live with her any longer, it was his intention to give her half of his wages. This offer was, however, rejected by the misguided mother, with scorn and acrimony, as a bounty which was to be doled forth to her by a son who was voluntarily forsaking her, and depriving her, in her old age, of his society and protection; and, full of this bitter feeling, she exhausted every epithet of contumely and reproach, until the young man, who, I have said, possessed but too much of her own unhallowed spirit, was so exasperated, that he rushed from under the roof where he had drawn his first breath, with an oath never to enter beneath it again. Little, alas! did he dream of the dark future, or of the fate that was once more to place him under its shelter; and as little did the mother anticipate the burden of woe she was laying up in store for herself, while giving way to her evil pride—that unhallowed passion, with which no Christian virtue can dwell, and which blights alike the intercourse of mortals with heaven and with earth. Three years passed away without any reconciliation taking place between James and his offended mother, in whose heart there still rankled the deepest resentment against him. But during the third year, this hostility was less painful, as he removed from the village, in consequence of obtaining a large and lucrative job about thirty miles distant from the coast.

It was in one of my solitary rambles by the sea-side, that I encountered Margaret some time after her eldest son left the village. She was sitting on a little grassy hillock, under the shelter of a hedge, which grew wildly over the spot. At some little distance, on the sea-beach, I perceived a number of women and children, who had assembled there for the purpose of procuring fuel. While the women were digging up the stubborn roots of the whin, the elder children were every now and then bringing portions of them, which they reared in little heaps on the grass round the place where Margaret sat, her share of the task being to direct them in the dividing of the roots into pieces of a convenient size for carrying home, and to pick out what she chose for herself.

I had been in the habit of visiting Margaret's cottage for some years, and now greeting her as an acquaintance, I sat down beside her. This woman had been handsome in her youth, and now, at the age of nearly sixty, was yet so, in as far as she still retained her tall form unbent, and her dark eye undimmed, while her coal-black hair was but slightly grizzled. After the first salutations had passed, I remarked that I had not seen her youngest son for some time, and inquired where he was, when she informed me he had gone some distance up the country to build dykes for a gentleman who lived near, but had a distant farm, and gave him the most of his work when at home. "And this being the case," she continued, "I could not refuse to let him go; but I have had

many an eerie night since he left me; for when he is at home, I never get leave to weary." Here I remarked what a fine-looking young man he had grown, and that I was happy to hear he was so good a son. Margaret fixed upon me her keen eyes, which sparkled with delight. "Ay," she said; "is not my Willie a gallant youth? he is six feet high, and not out twenty years of age yet. He may match ony gentle in the land for look part, and is as gude as he is bonny; and weel does he make up to me for all I hae lost. O," she continued with fervour, "he is husband, and son, and daughter to me; may God bless him for it."

Every look and tone of voice vouched for the truth of what she said, and told that she had set up this youth as the idol of her heart, and given him there that place which it is sin to bestow on one of earthly mould. All recollection of her eldest son seemed to have passed away from her mind, for she never, as I was informed, alluded to him on any occasion. I ventured, nevertheless, to ask where James was, and to express a hope that they were better friends. As I uttered these words, she rose up, with her face flushed, and her eyes flashing with anger, and, giving me an indignant glance, she said haughtily, "Hardly ony body is sae unceevil as to mention him to me."

Grieved to see that she still cherished this implacable spirit, but no way daunted by her displeasure, I still went on. "Nay, do not be angry with me for interfering. I did but speak in the hope of hearing that you were reconciled to him, and had repented of what I could not help considering your harsh conduct to a son who always seemed really well inclined, and had the character in the main of being both dutiful and affectionate."

"And wha," she said, erecting her tall person, and looking me sternly in the face, "shall take upon them to judge the ill-used and disappointed mother—her wha brought him into the world wi' mickle pain and risk o' life; and nourished him at her breast wi' toil and watchfu' care; and prided her heart in him, as he grew to be a man; and thought to hae him aye beside her to look upon, and be her lamp o' light in the darkness o' her age? Wha, I say, shall dare to say to me, repent: or judge me for my rightfu' displeasure?"

"Surely, Margaret," I said earnestly, "we must forgive before we can hope to be forgiven. Nor do I doubt that James would humble himself to ask your pardon, did you give him any hope that you would grant it."

"Na, na," she said, with a smile of bitter irony, "he manna forswear himself, ye ken; and he took an oath when he left me, never more to enter below my roof. Ah, na: if ought should ail her winsome Willie, the auld mother may starve in age and solitude, for ought he cares."

I was about to combat this uncharitable and harsh opinion, but she cut me short, by turning away suddenly, and calling to some of the children, who instantly flocked about her, to bind up the portions of fuel she had selected for her own use. While she was allotting to each the burden they were to carry to her cottage, I continued my walk by the sea-side, musing on what had just passed, and lamenting the obstinate perversity of disposition in this old woman, which spurned at the thought of receiving again to her favour a son who had once been so dearly loved. I felt, however, that it was vain to reason with one who had evidently shut her eyes upon the light of Christian precept, and allowed some of the worst passions of our nature to gain the mastery over her. And as I determined never again to attempt so hopeless a task, I could not help shuddering at the idea of the scene which the death-bed of one so remorseless was likely to present. It was long before I again saw Margaret, and her cup of sorrow had been meanwhile filled up to the brim. The particulars which follow, I learnt partly from common report, and partly from the village pastor, who, being a worthy pious man, frequently visited Margaret, and used unwearied pains to conquer her indomitable pride. It was from him I heard that her son William's stay up the country had been protracted much beyond the time she expected, and that she had been sorely disturbed, by hearing that he was much with his brother, who lived near to the place where his work lay; and still more by a report, that he was often seen in the company of a young woman, who, when a child, had lived in the same village with him, and, though of good character, was an orphan of the most destitute description, being one of those unfortunates of whose birth both parents being ashamed, she had been abandoned by them, and laid down at the door of the schoolmaster's house, to be brought up by the parish. I have said, Margaret was disturbed by this report, which annoyed her the more, as she remembered that her son and this young person had always shown a fondness for each other when children at school, and that she had felt pleased when the girl left the village for a more distant service. The time, however, soon came when she was no longer left to doubt on the subject, for William arrived and confirmed her worst fears, by asking her consent to marry this girl, and bring her home to live with her. This consent was sternly and flatly denied; and though he assured her that he had procured permanent work, which, with the industry of his Mary, would enable them all to live in comfort, her only answer was, that no wife of his should ever live with her; and that, if he was determined to marry before he laid her head in the grave, he might leave her as his brother had done. When William found that all his efforts were vain to reconcile his mother to his wishes, he returned to finish his job with a mind totally undecided what course to pursue. In this dilemma he sought the counsel of his brother, who advised him to marry, and trust to the necessity his mother would soon feel of a reconciliation; at the same time assuring him that he would go with him and tell her of his own repentance of his rash oath, and join in entreaties for the pardon of both. We are too prone to believe what we ardently wish; and William, thus persuaded by his brother, and by his own inclination, prevailed upon Mary to consent to become his wife, a few days before he returned to his native village to deprecate the wrath of his mother. Many were the conjectures of the brothers during their long walk toward their mother's cottage, on the success of their enterprise; nor could they, as they approached it more nearly, prevent some misgivings which assailed them, and gained strength as they presented themselves at her door. It was there she met them; and, having stopped them till their story was told, it was in vain that they craved permission to enter within it, for it was soon closed upon them, after a short parley, in which the old woman, in her own strong and scornful language, utterly rejected all overtures toward peace, and reiterated her determination of living and dying in desolation. It was then that, had she possessed the supernatural powers attributed to her, the shafts of her utmost vengeance would have been launched against the girl who had dared to alienate from her the affections of her son, and thus deprive her of her last hope. She had indeed now spurned from her for ever the blessings offered to her by Providence, and filled up the measure of her sin and folly.

The two young men, who were greatly distressed by their mother's unnatural conduct, and tired and heated by their long walk, sought, when they parted from her, rest and refreshment in the village public-house, from whence they strolled down to the sea-beach. This had been the play-ground of their infancy; and, having sat for some time on the beach in deep consultation, the eldest one stripped off his clothes, and plunged into the sea to refresh himself by bathing. The sea was calm and glassy, and he swum about for a few minutes; but while his brother was looking at him, and preparing to follow, he all at once went down. This was no sooner observed by William than he hastily threw himself into the water, and, having swum out to the fatal spot where his brother disappeared, he also sunk to rise no more. Some boys who had been looking on flew to the village to give the intelligence. Numbers immediately repaired to the spot where the melancholy event had taken place, while others ran to procure boats and grappling tackle from a little neighbouring bay where their fishing-boats were moored. The search was, however, rendered vain, by the discovery that a quantity of loose sand forming a ridge had been lodged between two rocks, on which it was supposed the elder brother had attempted to gain a footing, and been instantly swallowed up by its closing above him. It was supposed, also, that the younger one had been deceived in the stable appearance of the quicksand, and had endeavoured to ascend it in order to look for his brother in the deep water beyond it. Be this as it may, the search, as I have said, was fruitless; and thus perished, in the very prime of their strength, two of the finest-looking young men I had ever beheld.

During the whole day on which this tragical incident took place, the sea was perfectly calm; but at night one of those violent but brief storms, which sometimes disturb the tranquillity of a summer sea, broke upon the coast, and the waves rolled in mountains to the shore. The sand was again shifted, and when the conflict of the elements had ceased, the brothers were both found stretched upon the beach. And she, the relentless and vindictive mother, how fared it now with her? True to her stern nature, she gave but small vent in words to her wretchedness; but the fearful cries she uttered when told the dreadful truth—every look—every sound—every movement—betokened the most intense agony of which the human breast is susceptible, and told of remorse the keenest and most horrible that could be borne out of the place of everlasting torment. Her retributive history seemed, indeed, as if marked in black and melancholy characters. No sooner were her sons lodged in their narrow bed in the village churchyard, than their grave became her nightly haunt; nor did she seem even to hear the entreaties made use of by her neighbours to keep her from this practice, till at length they desisted from the attempt. Whenever night-fall came, to hide her from the eyes of the passers-by, she took her lonely and darkling way; nor ceased from her gloomy vigils till the morning began to break. My friend the minister visited her often, but was always foiled in his attempts to give her any spiritual consolation, by her brief but peremptory injunction not to speak to her on her soul's concerns, accompanied with a solemn assurance that it was in vain, for she knew and felt that she was doomed to destruction. But though this assertion was delivered in a tone which made him shudder, he nevertheless persisted in his unwelcome visits, until an event happened, which formed a new era in the history of Margaret.

About ten days after the interment of the unfortunate brothers, the moon began to shine upon the place of tombs, and though she could no longer visit it without being observed, no one molested her; and she persisted in what now seemed a habit necessary to her very existence. One night when she approached her usual seat, she found it already occupied by a young woman, dressed in decent widow's mourning, whose sobs were deep and suffocating. Taken by surprise, and believing it to be the widow of her lost son come to reproach her with her cruelty, she fixed her eyes on her for an instant, and fell to the earth with a piercing shriek. The poor girl had been terrified by the sight of her mother-in-law, whose countenance, wild and stern, with her hair escaped from her cap, and tossed about in the wind, made her look like a maniac. Roused, however, by her shriek and fall, she sprung toward her, and, finding that she was not in an insensible state, she raised and seated her on the grave, while she spoke to her the most soothing words, and prayed so fervently to God to comfort her, that, when Margaret looked upon her face, pale as death, but so meek and beautiful in its sorrow, and heard her breathe nothing but kindness, she felt a degree of astonishment, which took for a short time the place of all other emotions. There had hitherto been no feeling in her own breast which could lead her to comprehend the spirit of forgiveness and of meek resignation, which dictated all the words and actions of this young woman. She had, before the death of her sons, regarded her with rancour, and, since that event, with dread of ever seeing her, as if her reproaches were now the only thing in the world left for her to fear. It was by this fear acting on a form wasted by want of sustenance, and by the conflicts of her mind, that she was struck down as by a flash of lightning.

The youthful Mary, whose history I have in part related, and who was in the same week a bride and widow, had been early inured to misfortune. She had been taken into the house of the parish schoolmaster, when only nine years old, to assist his servant, but, from her cleverness and desire to learn, had shared in his children's education, who were taught by him some things in which the poorer class of his scholars did not participate. Mary seemed naturally of a humble and serious disposition; but, humble as she was, she often felt severely the taunting scorn with which she was treated, on account of her birth, by her companions, and sometimes by those who should have known better than them, when she happened, unwittingly, to give offence. In short, she had never known any one who seemed to understand her feelings, or show them any sympathy, except her schoolfellow William Dun, who had always been ready to take her part when she was ill used, to console her when sorrowful, and to play on the sea-beach with her when she had time. But when Mary grew somewhat older and stronger, she was offered a service far from the sea and William, and these comforts were lost. It was then, when she had none on earth to sympathise either in her joys or griefs, that she learned to look up to a higher source for comfort, for pity, and direction; and was strengthened to be the means of snatching the wretched Margaret from the destruction she seemed to court.

When the first overpowering sensation occasioned by Mary's words and looks had subsided, the old woman so far relapsed into her usual mood, that the poor girl's utmost entreaties could not prevail on her to allow of her becoming an inmate of her cottage. Nor did she consent, till touched by the earnestness with which Mary quoted the affecting words of Ruth—"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge."

This, however, seemed the last struggle of self-will in that breast which had ever been the seat of turbulent and rebellious passions; and from that night in which her daughter-in-law returned with her from the churchyard, might be dated a change in her disposition as salutary as it was surprising. The proud nature of Margaret, broken down by suffering, and a heart goaded by remorse, prepared her for embracing the promises of mercy held out to her. These promises were constantly read to her and commented upon by Mary, who was become as her better angel, and whose unwearied attention soothed the few remaining years of her life, and was rewarded by seeing her hitherto stubborn nature daily softening down, till she became docile as a child in the school of Christianity. Still her heart felt, and her tongue expressed, all the hallowing and blessed effects of religion. Mary's constant efforts in behalf of her mother-in-law were of use to herself, for they gave her less time to dwell on her own sorrows; and the pale and interesting features of this meek and humble sufferer soon assumed an expression of subdued pensiveness, which, if it forbade the idea that they could ever be lighted up by mirth or gaiety, gave an assurance of inward peace and pious contentment. Temporal blessings also followed Mary to the cottage of Margaret; for her father, of whom she had never known any thing till his death, being a man of some property, and feeling remorse, it would appear, in his last illness, for his cruel conduct towards her, left her, by his will, soon after her change of residence, enough to support herself, and to supply the poor old woman with all those little comforts so necessary to old age and declining health, till the day arrived, when, full of true penitence, Margaret was laid in the same grave on which she had so often sat in all the wildness and horror of despair.

GAS LIGHT.

Daily habit has the effect of so soon familiarising objects to us, that we seldom pause to think how they have had a commencement. Gas light is now as familiar to us as the light of the sun or moon. It even illumines cellars and recesses, where the rays of either of these luminaries never pierce; and yet we have only to go back a very few years, when it was totally unknown, at least for all useful purposes. We recollect, when gas first began to be talked of, a gentleman observing, in a pretty large assemblage, that he would not be surprised, in the course of a few years, to see the substance, as a common commodity, sold about the streets in pennyworths. The idea was received with that smile of incredulity which the vagaries of a fanciful mind often meet with; and yet those very few years had not expired when gas was actually conveyed through pipes into every street and dwelling, measured out my metres, and sold by the cubic foot.

The inflammable nature of coal-gas was first known from its dreadful explosive effects in mines, and received the name of *fire* or *choke-damp*. It was also observed to issue sometimes from crevices on the surface of the earth, when, on a lighted torch being presented to it, it would inflame, and continue to burn for a considerable period. In the year 1726, Stephen Hales procured an elastic air or gas from the distillation of common coal; and although some experiments of the inflammability of air so procured were occasionally made by individuals, and related in the scientific publications of the day, yet the subject excited little attention, and was ultimately thrown aside for a long period of years.

The most casual observer must have remarked, that, when a piece of coal becomes heated in the fire, it begins to swell; it then bursts at a particular part; a stream of air rushes out, and, coming in contact with the fire, ignites into a flame. If a common tobacco pipe is taken, a small piece of coal put into the bulb, the top of this cemented closely with moist clay, and the bulb then put into the fire, a stream of inflammable air will, in a short time, issue from the extremity of the pipe, and continue to do so till the whole gas the coal contains is exhausted. On examining the matter remaining, it will be found to be coke, or charcoal. Coal, then, by this mode of distillation, is found to consist of an inflammable gas, called carburetted hydrogen, and of charcoal. The extension of this long-known and simple experiment into a process of general usefulness, proceeded by gradual and oft-interrupted steps; and, as is usual in many important processes of the kind, the real inventor is involved in some degree of doubt. In the year 1792, a Mr Murdoch, residing at Redruth, in Cornwall, made use of coal-gas for lighting up his house and offices; and in 1797, he again made a similar use of it at Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire. In 1802, he was residing at Messrs Boulton and Watt's establishment, Soho, near Birmingham, where, under the combined talents of several ingenious engineers who were assembled at that highly liberal and celebrated seat of the arts and sciences, a splendid illumination of gas was exhibited on the occasion of the celebration of the peace of that year.

But some time previous to this public exhibition of gas illumination at Soho, it had been made use of in a similar manner at Paris, by a M. le Bon. In 1801, a friend of the gentlemen at Soho had written a letter from Paris, communicating the information that a gentleman of that city had lighted up his house and gardens, and had it in contemplation to light the streets of Paris with gas from wood and coal.

Adopting the hint from this gentleman, a Mr Winsor, a foreigner, came to London, in 1803, and publicly exhibited gas illumination, and explained its nature, and held out its numerous advantages, in a series of lectures at the Lyceum Theatre. Winsor was a mere quack, a man of little talent, but one of those active, bustling, indefatigable beings, well calculated to spread a new invention. For several years, under many failures and great disadvantages, he persevered in his projects, and, in 1807, lighted up a part of Pall Mall, which was the first instance of gas light being applied to such a purpose in Britain. Public attention was now roused; subscriptions were set a-going; various companies were formed; great improvements in the manufacture of the gas were introduced; its usefulness was fairly established; and its adoption in manufactories and public places soon became universal. Gas light first made its appearance in Edinburgh in the spring of 1818,* a company having been formed, and incorporated by act of Parliament, for that purpose. This establishment produces annually about 46,000,000 cubic feet of gas, consuming, for this purpose, about 4000 tons of cannel or parrot coal, besides 1000 tons of coal used in heating the retorts. The process of making gas is not complicated. The coal is put into large retorts of iron, and fire applied underneath. The gas, which is separated by this heat, then passes through an apparatus, where it is freed from an oily or tarry matter, which drops from it, and is afterwards purified by passing through lime water. It is then stored up into large reservoirs, or gasometers, from whence it is sent by pressure through pipes, laid under ground, to the various parts of the city.

The kind of coal best suited for the distillation of gas, is that which contains in its composition the greatest proportion of bituminous or inflammable matter. It is called parrot or cannel coal, and is only found in particular situations. The Edinburgh Gas Works are supplied from the coal pits of the Marquis of Lothian, near Dalkeith. Gas bids fair almost entirely to supersede oil or tallow as articles of illumination. It produces ten times the quantity of light at an equal or inferior rate of expense, and it can be increased or modified at pleasure. Objections have been made to the deleterious nature of the gas on the lungs. There can be no doubt, but, if inhaled in any quantity for a very short period, it will produce instantaneous death, and even, in less quantities, headaches and uncomfortable sensations; but this applies to the unburnt gas. If sufficient care is taken that the whole be accurately consumed by flame, there is no greater danger or inconvenience in its combustion than in that of any other inflammable substance.

The illumination of our streets with gas has been said, and with justice, to be one of our best preservatives against crime. How different are the streets of our populous cities now to what they were in former days! In the year 1417, Sir Henry Barton, then Mayor of London, ordained "lanterns with lights to be hanged out in the winter evenings between Hallow tide and Candlemass." The city of Paris was first lighted in 1524; and in the beginning of the 16th century, the streets being infested with robbers, the inhabitants were ordered to keep lights burning in the windows of all such houses as fronted the streets. The aqueducts of the ancients, by which they brought water from a distance for the supply of their cities, were contrivances much talked of, and certainly some of them appear to have been stupendous undertakings; but how would an ancient stare if he were shown the streets of a modern city, laid bare to view with its water and gas pipes passing along, and ramifying in all directions, like the arteries and air-vessels of an animal body, circulating, as from a centre, moisture and heat to the most remote extremities!

OLD ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

The style of architecture used in the erection of gentlemen's country residences, is at present improving. In different parts of both England and Scotland, the tourist will not fail to perceive tasteful edifices, more or less after the elegant style which prevailed in the days of the Henries and Queen Elizabeth, very properly superseding the ungainly square Grecian mansions which characterised the reigns of George the Second and Third, and which seemed so much out of place in the midst of rural scenery. While such, therefore, is happily the case—and it being recollected that the exercise of good taste generally costs nothing—we beg to direct the attention of a certain class of our readers to the following excellent account of the origin and nature of the celebrated old English style of architecture, which we have abridged from a paper in the Quarterly Review for July 1831:—

"Every country has an architecture more or less peculiarly its own, formed, like the character and language of its inhabitants, by the blending of various foreign ingredients which have at different periods introduced and naturalized themselves, but which have been also in turn modified by the original stocks, as well as by the local peculiarities of climate, soil, social condition, and political history. The national character attaches itself far more to domestic architecture than to that which is displayed in public buildings, ecclesiastical or civil. In the erection of these, the architect, often himself a stranger, or taught abroad, has sometimes wholly copied a foreign model, and merely transferred the entire cathedral or palace from the banks of the Rhine or the Po, to those of the Thames and Isis. But in designing the residences of the opulent classes of any country, it became necessary to consult the manners, habits, and wants of the future occupants, the character of the climate, and the nature of the ordinary materials within reach. And in whatever degree the architect has neglected to adapt his design to the type required by these local circumstances, to that extent has he sinned against taste and propriety, and failed in producing that harmony of ideas, that association of ornament and purpose, which, as an essential element in the quality of beauty, it is the object of his art to create.

In the erection of a country residence, where the choice of a style is not fettered by the proximity of other buildings, associations of a general and imaginative nature come into play, and dictate the adoption of the national and indigenous architecture. In this country, which is still rich in the possession of numerous specimens of buildings, both ecclesiastical and domestic, belonging to the earlier ages of its history, the *old English style*, in some of its varieties, is that which we consider specially appropriate to a country residence. The natural scenery around presents congenial images in the venerable grove, and the ancient oaks spreading their broad arms over the lawns and glades of the park. The local annals of the estate, of the site itself, or of the proprietor's family, combine to call for the employment of a style which is connected with so many of the most pleasing recollections of our national history. The irregularity of outline which it admits, and, indeed, almost requires, allows of an arrangement of the apartments which comfort or fancy may suggest, and accommodates it to all the varied wants of modern life. However, it is equally appropriate to every rank of habitation, from the princely palace, down to the snug parsonage, or humble cottage. To us, the Grecian temple is completely out of place in an English landscape, as would a cloistered abbey, or feudal castle, in the prairies of Kentucky or the Illinois.

Our Saxon ancestors reared few places of strength. Their habits were peaceful and agricultural, rather than warlike; and they lived in low and mean houses, having no pretensions either to splendour or strength. It was, indeed, the defenceless condition of the island which rendered it so easy a prey to the Norman conqueror. And it was to remedy this defect, and secure his newly acquired dominions, as well against invasions from without as rebellions within, that William lost no time in erecting strong castles in all the principal towns of his kingdom. His followers, among whom he had parcelled out the lands of the English, had likewise to protect themselves against the resentment of those they had despoiled, and imitated their masters' example, by building castles on their estates. 'The whole kingdom,' says the author of the Saxon Chronicle, 'was covered with them, and the poor people worn out with the forced labour of their erection.' Many of the castles of this age were of great size, and possessed a certain rude grandeur of design. After the age of Edward the Third, who both ameliorated the institutions of the country, and introduced into it a certain degree of elegance and refinement, we find a considerable improvement in the character of the habitations which remain to us. By degrees, it was found possible to associate much convenience and magnificence with the strength requisite for defence; and the confined plan of the close fortress expanded into a mixture of the castle and the mansion. At a later period, a still farther change took place. The reign of law had gradually succeeded to that of the strong hand. The peaceable were able to trust to the executive for the defence of their persons and property, rather than to the strength of their own walls, and roof-trees, or the falchions and iron mails of their friends and retainers. The residences of the nobility and rich landed proprietors again assumed, though by degrees, and with the exception of some districts like the borders of England and Scotland, a civil, in place of a military appearance. Beauty and ornament were consulted by the builders instead of strength, and the convenient accommodation of the ordinary indwellers, in lieu of the means for disposing of a crowded garrison, and its necessary provision in time of siege. The mansions erected under these circumstances partook but slightly of the castellated character. They usually retained the moat and battlemented gateway, and one or two strong turrets, to build which a royal licence was necessary; but their defensive strength could only have availed against a sudden and momentary attack. They were generally quadrangular in form; the larger class inclosing two open courts, of which one contained the stables, offices, and lodgings of the household; the second, the principal or state chambers, with the hall and chapel. Such buildings differed but little from the monastic residences of the same, or of an earlier date. Of the minor country residences of that and the earlier reigns, many interesting examples remain scattered through the island, sometimes fulfilling their original destination, but far more frequently employed only as farm-houses, and going fast to decay.

In a few of the houses built during the reign of Henry the Eighth, we may observe some slight traces of the *Italian* architecture, which, in the next reign, was more liberally introduced, and mixed up with the original Tudor,* or early English, into an irregular, certainly, but, in most instances, an exceedingly rich and effective composition. Whilst in England, and the north of Europe generally, the debased Roman architecture of the lower empire, which forms the foundation of the Saxon, Norman, or Lombard style, had been successively improved into those several beautiful modifications which are now classed indiscriminately under the term *Gothic*, the architects of Italy had never stepped out of their ancient track. With the seat of empire, the arts had migrated to Constantinople; and when the towns of Venice and Pisa were desirous of exhibiting their newly-born opulence in the erection of splendid cathedrals, it was in Constantinople, the capital of the lower empire, where St Sophia had already risen to astonish the eastern world, that they were compelled to seek a fitting artist. But on the revival of learning, the ancient Roman edifices were disinterred, and admired, and measured; and the eastern, or, as it is called in Italy, Lombard architecture, was in turn corrected, by reference to its classical original. The architects of Italy soon rose to eminence, and their fame was a subject of deep interest in this country, where the rage for building was no less strong and general than in Italy. In the

* Two or three years before this period, certain shopkeepers had introduced gas for lighting their premises; and when they commenced lighting up, crowds collected nightly to see the wonder of such a species of illumination.

* *Tudor* was the family surname of the dynasty to which Henry belonged.

brilliant reign of Elizabeth, the English nobles and princely proprietors vied more than ever with each other in the magnificence of their mansions. It might have been supposed that the noble Tudor houses, with their panelled walls, buttresses, and battlements, tracericed windows, sculptured dripstones, florid pinnacles, and embossed chimney-shafts, were sufficiently rich and gorgeous to satisfy the prevailing taste for splendour; but in their anxiety to strike and surprise the admiration of their countrymen, many deserted the native styles, and sought for designs, and even artists, from abroad. Italian architecture became, by degrees, the mode; and, even where the indigenous style was adhered to in the general design, many of the enrichments and ornamental features were borrowed from the Italian. First of all, the porch or gateway, as the most conspicuous points on which to exhibit these exotic novelties, were decorated on either side the entrance, and, perhaps, a second and third storey above with pilastres, belonging to the different Greek orders; the door-way itself exchanged the low pointed, or Tudor, for the circular arch; the deep, elegant, and sweeping Gothic mouldings, for the Vitruvian architecture,* cut across by the awkward projecting imposts. Next was introduced the cupola, whose invention in Italy had made so much noise, that it appears our country squires were anxious to have miniature specimens of it at home. It was applied as a covering to the high turrets, round, square, or polygonal, which flanked the entrance or terminated the angles of the building, and, surmounted with gilded vanes, certainly produced a rich and imposing effect. Then followed the removal of the panelled battlements, and the substitution of a parapet, carved into fantastic notches or scrolls, or perforated with oval openings, and ornamented with obelisks, balls, busts, statues, and other singular decorations. These ran up the gables, which were often twisted into strange shapes, and sometimes wholly replaced by the level balustrade. And thus the most characteristic features of the old style, its numerous steep gables and spiry pinnacles, were succeeded by the uniform horizontal straight lines of the new. At length, the whole building was surrounded by columns or pilastres, rising, tier above tier, to the exhaustion sometimes of the five orders; open arcades took the place of the entrance porch, and nothing remained of the Tudor style but the mullioned window, which, however, was of itself sufficient to give a peculiarly picturesque and old-fashioned aspect to the whole building.

To us it has always appeared that this architecture of the Elizabethan age constitutes a style of its own—a compound of two extremely different modes, the Italian and the Tudor Gothic. It is evident that the Italian design was always greatly altered to suit the climate and the taste of England. Indeed, were we not afraid the comparison might be considered profane, we should say there is something in the rich irregularity of the Elizabethan architecture, its imposing dignity, gorgeous magnificence, and quaint and occasionally fantastic decoration, reminding us of the glorious visions that flitted across the imagination of Shakspeare, the immortal bard of the same age. He, like the architects of his day, borrowed largely from the foreigner, but made his importations appear exclusively his own. The architectural garden, which always accompanied this style of mansion, is not the least pleasing part of it. We delight in its wide and level terraces, decorated with rich stone balustrades, and these again with vases and statues, and connected by broad flights of stone steps—its clipped evergreen hedges—its embowered alleys—its formal yet intricate parterres, full of curious knots of flowers—its lively and musical fountains—its steep slopes of velvet turf—its trim bowling-green—and the labyrinth and wildness which form its appropriate termination, and connect it with the ruder scenery without. This kind of ornamental garden came from Italy, with the change we have been discussing, in domestic architecture.

The quadrangular embattled mansion of the last Henries affords scope for the display of much grandeur and magnificence, and adapts itself more conveniently to the plan of a modern house. The carved oriel, and deep many-lighted bay window, often projecting in a multitude of capricious angles and curves, besides the regular octagon, the panelled angle-turrets, with richly-embossed finials, and the wreathed chimney-shafts, are characteristic beauties of this class of building. The gabled manor-house, together with these ornamental features, admits, at the same time, of a much greater irregularity of form and outline, so as to accommodate itself to every variety of disposition, and to buildings of every size, from the baronial residence to the parsonage and grange. All the forms which particularly mark the Elizabethan style, may be wrought in the cheapest materials with comparatively little labour; and a small portion of ornamental work, tastefully disposed, is capable of producing very considerable effect. Lastly, the Elizabethan house is distinguished by the number and size of its rectangular and many-mullioned windows, which give a peculiar lightness and elegance to its several parts. The roof-line may be either horizontal or broken with gables, turrets, and cupolas. In either case, it is enriched with perforated parapets, balustrades, or other architectural devices, while similar embellishments ornament the entrance, and the terraces which connect the building with the garden."

* Vitruvius was a Roman writer of the first century.

EFFECTS OF PANIC.

THE effect produced upon the human mind by terror, from the appearance of sudden and unexpected danger, is very extraordinary. Some it deprives of all self command; by it, others are dissolved in a flood of tears; but in what manner soever we may be affected, yet it is certain that every person is liable to be so, to a greater or a less degree.

When great crowds happen to assemble in churches, theatres, &c., the multitude seem to be prepared to catch any infection which chance may offer; and often the more frivolous and absurd that the cause happens to be, serious consequences the more readily follow. On such occasions, however, sometimes very ludicrous incidents occur. The following is an account, given by Fox in his Ecclesiastical History, of an event of this kind which took place at Oxford. Fox flourished in Queen Elizabeth's time, and it is related in his own words:—

"In the year 1541, there was one Mr Malary, Master of Arts in Cambridge, who, for certain opinions, was convened before the Bishops, and then sent to Oxford, openly to recant, and carry a faggot, to the terror of the students of this university. On a Sunday, he was brought into the church, many doctors, divines, and citizens being present. Dr Smith preached the recantation sermon, and Mr Malary stood before him with his faggot. About the midst of the sermon, there was, of a sudden, heard in the church the voice of one crying *Fire! fire!* in the streets, occasioned by a person who saw a chimney on fire in Allhallow's parish, and so, passing by the church, cried *Fire*, thinking no hurt. This sound of fire being heard in the church, went from one to another, till at length the doctors and preacher heard it themselves, who, amazed with sudden fear, began to look up to the top and walls of the church, which others seeing, looked up also; upon which, some began, in the midst of the crowd, to cry out *Fire, fire!* 'Where?' says one and another. 'In the church,' says one. The word *church* was scarce pronounced, when, in a moment, there was a great cry, '*The church is on fire, the church is set on fire!*' This inexpressible horror and confusion raised the dust like a smoke, which, with the outcries of the people, made them all so afraid, that, leaving the sermon, they began to run away; but so great was the press of the multitude crowding together, that the more they laboured, the harder it was to get out; for they stuck so fast in the door, that there was no moving forward nor backward. They ran to another little wicket on the north side, from thence to a door on the west; but there was so great a throng, that, with the force thereof, a great bar of iron, which is almost incredible, was pulled out and broken by the strength of men's hands, and yet could not the door be opened for the vast concourse of people. At last, despairing of getting out, they in great amazement ran up and down, crying out, that '*the devil had conspired their death.*' One said he plainly heard the fire; another affirmed he saw it; and a third swore he felt the melted lead dropping on his head and shoulders. None made more noise than the Doctor that preached, who first of all cried out in the pulpit, '*These are the subtleties of the devil against me—Lord have mercy upon me,*' &c. In all this consternation nothing was more feared than the melting of the lead, which many affirmed they felt dropping upon their bodies. The Doctors, finding authority and force could not prevail, fell to entreaties, one offering twenty pound, another his scarlet gown, so that any man would pull him out, though it were by the ears. A president of a college, pulling a board out from the pews, covered his head and shoulders therewith against the scalding lead, which they feared much more than the falling of the church. One thought to get out of a window, and had broken the glass, and got his head and one shoulder out, but then stuck fast between the iron bars, that he could move neither way; others stuck as fast in the doors, over the heads of whom some got out. A boy had climbed up on the top of the church door, and seeing an aged Doctor, who had got over men's heads, coming towards him, with a wide cowl hanging at his back, he thought it a good opportunity to make his escape, and prettily conveyed himself into the Doctor's cowl. He got out with the boy in his cowl, and, for a while, felt no weight; but at last feeling his cowl heavier than ordinary, and hearing a voice behind him, he was more afraid than while in the throng, believing that the evil spirit which had fired the church had flown into his cowl; whereupon he began to exorcise. '*In the name of God, I command thee to declare what thou art behind my back.*' '*I am Bertram's boy,*' said the other. '*But I,*' said the Doctor, '*adjure thee, in the name of the inseparable Trinity, that thou, wicked spirit, do tell me who thou art, and from whence thou comest, and that thou go hence.*' '*I am Bertram's boy,*' said he; '*and I pray, good master, let me go.*' When the Doctor perceived the matter, he took the boy out, who ran away as fast as he could. In the meantime, those without the church, seeing all things safe, made signs to them within to be quiet; but the noise being so great that no word could be heard, these signs increased their fear, supposing all the church without to be on fire, and that they were bid to tarry within, and not to venture out, because of the dropping of the lead, and the fall of other things. This hurry lasted many hours, but at length the mistake was discovered. The next day and week following, there was an incredible number of bills set upon the church doors, to inquire for all manner of things then lost, there being but few in this garboyle (tumult), who, either through negligence lost, or through oblivion left not something behind."

CROSSING THE LINE.*

ONE lovely evening, when our gallant vessel was calmly floating on the unruffled bosom of the deep, within the tropics, and I sitting at the open port, gazing thoughtfully on the setting sun, I was suddenly startled from my meditations by the cry of, "A sail a-head! halo! Neptune! Neptune! a-hoy!" and, on gaining the deck, perceived a large tar-barrel flaming on the ocean, and gliding past our vessel, which, I was given to understand, was the royal barge of the venerable watery god, who had announced his intention of coming on board next morning, to superintend the shaving such of his children as had not previously crossed the great boundary of his dominions.

Next morning, accordingly, this august personage made his appearance on the quarter-deck, about half-past nine A. M., and advanced to seat himself on a gun-carriage, under a gorgeous canopy of various-coloured flags, and surrounded by innumerable streamers, which kept waving to and fro with every wandering breeze. His dress, consisting of a buffalo's hide, with such other varieties as could be procured on board, added to an iron-crowned hoary-bearded mask, rendered him a very grotesque figure. By his side was seated a gigantic white-robed mariner, something resembling an old weather-beaten woman, intended to represent Amphitrite. The royal chariot, preceded by a band of music, and drawn by sixteen men, painted from head to foot in the most ludicrous fashion, led the van of the procession, and was followed by the numerous constables, bearing their rods of office, all decorated in a singular manner. Next followed the important barber, with his train of necessary attendants, and his Oceanic Majesty's household brought up the rear.

After parading the quarter-deck with all due ceremony, the procession halted opposite the cuddy door (that is, the door of the great cabin on the upper deck), where his godship was welcomed by the officers, and accepted the offer of a glass of spirits; nor had his fair spouse any hesitation in swallowing a potent draught of the same inspiring nectar. When the barber (who did not fail to exhibit his huge iron razor) and several of the other attendants had also paid their devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, the car was drawn into the lee waist, where were prepared a deep cistern (composed of a tarred topsail, supported at the four corners by corresponding stanchions, and filled to the brim with the salt water of the tropical ocean), a covered throne for Neptune and his exquisite consort, a scaffolding for the barber and suite, and a narrow plank across the reservoir, on which were to be seated those unenviable individuals who were destined to undergo the ceremony of "shaving." At this moment the beating of the drums, the sound of the horns, the shouts of the mariners, and the cries of "Bring forth my sons! bring forth my sons!" indicated to the anxious beings below, on the gun-deck, that all was in readiness to commence the business of the day; and immediately a band of the horrific constables came to lead me, blindfolded, and with a palpitating heart, to the place of execution. No sooner had I gained the summit of the companion-ladder, than a deluge of salt water, from innumerable buckets, was discharged unceremoniously into my face; and when I attempted to gasp for breath, an unceasing stream from the fire-engine was directed, by some expert hand, right into my mouth. In this state, panting, and almost breathless, I rushed forwards, with much exertion, dragging constables and attendants after me, till I gained the foot of the ladder which led to the plank crossing the cistern. This I ascended with some difficulty amid the cheering of a merciless multitude, took my seat on the tottering plank, and awaited with anxious expectation the dreadful result of all this ceremony. I had not sat long till a rough brush (every hair of which seemed to be formed of a porcupine's quill) saluted my chin; then a sharp-toothed saw (intended to represent a razor) was passed over my cheeks; then a bucket of water was thrown into my face; then another dense stream from the fire-engine was directed into my mouth; and then the frail plank was withdrawn from under me, and I plunged headlong and breathless into the abyss below! This was not all. In the cistern was a shelf, and on this shelf a man (dressed in a bear's skin, and creeping on all fours), whose duty it was to hold the subject of their mirth for some time under the surface of the water. Struggling, as it were, for my existence, no sooner did I feel the horned clutches of the great bear, than I struck him such a blow on the head as caused him to let go his grasp; and, almost insensible, I scrambled up the sides of the cistern, and threw myself down on the deck below. Still no quarter was allowed me; I had yet to make my way through a deluge of water, showered on me from the forecastle, the decks, the booms, and the tops, to the after-part of the vessel; which, had I not immediately accomplished, I verily

* When vessels cross the equinoctial line in their outward or homeward-bound voyages, the sailors on board usually hold a species of festival in honour of Neptune, the heathen god of the sea. Some of the frolicsome ceremonies on these occasions are here described by a young gentleman now in Edinburgh. The article appeared originally in an Edinburgh publication

believe I should have sunk exhausted under the ordeal.

Notwithstanding all this roughing, however, I contrived, on the whole, to preserve my good humour; and I had no sooner recovered, and begun to look about me, than I seized a bucket, joined the enraptured performers of this busy scene, and was among the first to salute my hapless messmates, who next made their appearance.

After all the midshipmen had passed through the hands of the barber, the shaving of the seamen commenced. This was a more serious business, for the chins of many bled profusely, and their mouths and eyes were fearfully disfigured by the tarry brush of the barber, while torrents of their favourite element were showered on their hooded heads, without sympathy or restraint.

In the meantime, the shaving advanced with great rapidity; and before twelve o'clock, the procession returned, in all its pomp, to the cuddy door, in the same order as formerly, when the captain's health, with that of all the legitimate sons of Neptune, was drunk with loud and continued cheers, and then the sports of the morning concluded. But towards evening, the captain ordered a liberal supply of grog to be served out to each of the sailors; and the remainder of that night was spent in

"Draining the goblet, and singing the song."

CHIMNEYS.

Chimneys have characters! I am convinced of that. They are a people, and have minds, dispositions, temperaments, and passions, like other folk. They have also diseases, like the human species, and do not want for their "doctors." Are they not affected by east winds just as much as any of us, and have they not their own inexplicable fits of the sullens, and are they not awfully testy when contradicted, just like ourselves?

The faculty of smoke-doctors may be a very learned and respectable faculty for any thing I know; but who ever heard of a chimney being cured? Nobody! The truth is, a chimney's disorders generally proceed from its original physical constitution, and one might just as well talk of expelling a hereditary disease from an individual of the human race. The only way is to destroy the chimney altogether, and create it anew. A "doctor" will speak to you of "old wives," and of "cans" one-mouthed, two-mouthed, and poly-mouthed; but put no faith in smoke-doctors. You might just as well expect a human doctor to cure you, when on your death-bed, by ordering you a new nightcap.

But the maladies which affect chimneys often proceed from their situation in life. Circumstances govern us all, and chimneys too. A chimney of my acquaintance once testified this in a remarkable manner. It was a chimney that had just begun the world in the New Town, and belonged to a house three storeys in height. Now, this chimney was as well-behaved and well-regulated a chimney as one could have seen in a summer's day; and had a juvenile vivacity, which could not be repressed by the east wind itself. At last, however, it became all of a sudden very irregular in its conduct, and seemed to have lost all its former health and spirits. Doctors were called in, who examined the patient, and prescribed all kinds of cans, which were speedily got. All would not do, however; instead of recovering, it became worse, and seemed, by the increased vehemence with which it repelled the advances of the smoke, to indicate that the doctors did not understand the nature of its trouble. Alas! it was not the body, but the mind of the chimney, that was diseased! My sensitive young friend was affronted at the very idea of these fellows attempting to cure its grievances by commonplace applications. A full convocation of all the smoke-doctors in town being at length called, and their deliberations being assisted by some experienced builders, it was discovered that the cause of all its woes was the tall and over-topping gable of a contiguous house, whose chimneys carried their heads at least twenty feet higher than that of the afflicted chimney in question; so that envy—sheer envy alone, was the occasion of all its ailments. This was proved to my full satisfaction, by what happened afterwards; for the patient, being, as it were, continued into the tall gable, and allowed to carry as high a head as its neighbours, never gave its masters any more trouble; and when I last went to see how it did, I thought the smoke which issued so freely and complacently from its mouth, seemed to say, "You see I have at length gained my point."

Though I allow that chimneys may be jealous of each other's heights, and sometimes look with an evil *can* at the honour or prosperity of their neighbours, I do not think that they are in general a democratic people. Many a chimney do I know of very humble height, and even unadorned with cans, and yet very decent, quiet chimneys too. There is a spirit of meekness in some chimneys, which seems to fit them best for the lower walks of life, where they are content to exercise their vocations, perhaps, under the baronial protection of some neighbouring stack of chimneys, without fretting their souls with chimerical ideas of liberty and equality. I know some chimneys of this amiable sort in the Pleasance.

Chimneys necessarily cannot be a democratic people, for there are kings among them. There is the tall, red, regal chimney of the Coal Gas Work at the back of the Canongate, which, on state occasions, wears a splendid crown of gas light, and stands pre-eminent over all the chimneys in the Old Town, like Saul among the people. No one can doubt that this is the King of Chimneys, whether for the importance of its avocations, or the grandeur of its appearance. The tall chimneys at Portobello and Pinkie are two solitary monarchs without subjects.

That chimneys are sentient beings, nobody can dispute. Le Sage, an author of no little discernment, says that they can speak. I must confess I never heard them pronounce articulate words, or carry on conversations; but there is one thing of which I am certain—they can howl! I have heard them howl in a high wind, in a very sensible style—almost like speaking—only the sentences not connected. In these cases, however, I consider them to be only expostulating or quarrelling with their enemy, the wind.

At the country town where I spent my youth, there were some thatched houses near the school, with chimneys of a very outré sort. My heart is smitten when I remember how cruel we were to these grotesque but inoffensive chimneys. There was one belonging to the cottage of a poor old widow woman, at which our scorn and our stones were particularly directed. It was constructed of turf, upon a frame-work of upright sticks—the whole so dilapidated, that there was scarcely any thing but the sticks left. Most unfortuntately for the chimney, it was not altogether of an upright character, but inclined a little to one side, and seemed to look down upon us school-boys with open mouth, inviting our attacks. We assuredly did not spare it; for every day, we employed the whole quarter of an hour previous to the opening of the school in throwing missiles of any sort we could lay our hands on, *at* and *down* its gaping crater; and not a day passed without old Luckie —— coming into the school-room, complaining of our wickedness, and exhibiting the melancholy fragments of cutty pipes, and little black tea-pots, which, she said, had suffered from our stones, while lying innocuously by her fire-side.

Some of these cottage chimneys were very curious in their internal as well as external structure. As viewed from the fire-place below, they looked like the vast cone of a glass-house, or like an amphitheatre, peopled with spectator hams, and a huge black beam, from which depended by iron rods, chains, and hooks, various culinary vessels. These chimneys never required sweeping; though I remember hearing a traditionary account of one being cleared of its venerable soot by the goodman, who had accomplished his singular task by going head foremost into a sack, and ascending by a ladder to the rannle-tree, where he stood and rubbed the sides of the chimney all round with his shoulders! This custom might be practised with effect in the cure of *lum-bag-o!*

Speaking of chimney-sweeping, we come to chimney-sweeps, who, by the by, are a very noticeable set of men. A friend of mine, in guarding against contact with them on the streets, calls them angels of darkness, in contradistinction to bakers, whom he denominates angels of light, though I consider the one tribe to be fully as great annoyances as the other. When I pass a chimney-sweep on the street, I myself wearing light-coloured clothes at the time, I may say, "*Conjuro te, Diabole!*" and avoid being rude to his person; but in my heart I envy and admire him. Chimney-sweeps see and explore a part of the world which nobody else can see and explore. They surpass the prodigal son in the "Vicar of Wakefield," who saw the outside of the best houses in Amsterdam, for any body may see that; but to chimney-sweeps alone is it reserved to see the *roofs* of the best houses. They walk in glorious pre-eminence over the heads of the rest of mankind, and cast their eyes over the surface of an *upper world*, which none of us children of the ground shall ever see. I have heard them tell strange and wild stories of the dangers they have passed, and the roofs of the *lands* they have seen, like sailors returned from distant voyages; and, what is very strange, there is scarcely a chimney in the town, of which they do not know the whole nature and character, as well as the owner of the house himself. Nay, I have often been surprised, on calling a chimney-sweeper to administer unto a moody or diseased vent, to observe how familiar he was with its history and peculiarities. How they acquire this wonderful knowledge, it is impossible to conceive. I suspect that they talk to each other of nothing but the various chimneys which have come under their hands, and so, each communicating to his neighbour the results of his experience, the whole become, as it were, universally acquainted. I remember once calling an old chimney-sweep to a very strange chimney, which, before ascending the gable, went across the ceiling of an adjoining room, and, indeed, was all at right angles. Before commencing operations upon this strange specimen of the crooked tribe of chimneys, he frightened me into the offer of a double fee, by some dreadful traditionary recollections of boys being smothered in it forty years ago, when he was a climbing-boy himself, and of plummet-balls in later times being dispatched down its unimaginable angularities, in order to discover the bottom, and being never more heard of by their disconsolate owners, whose damages were of course made good by the then proprietor.

In short, the subject which I have thus imperfectly handled, is one well worthy the attention of the truly philosophical; and I hope, ere long, to see a separate volume allotted to it in Dr Lardner's Cyclopædia, or in the Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HOWARD.

John Howard, an Englishman, who has justly obtained a celebrity over the whole civilized world for his extraordinary and unceasing efforts in the cause of suffering humanity, and for which he has been generally and justly entitled "the Benevolent Howard," was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, a large village immediately adjoining London. To this place his father seems to have removed from the pursuit of his business as an upholsterer, in Long Lane, Smithfield, where he had acquired a considerable fortune. The education of young Howard was extremely superficial; and when he left school, he was put as an apprentice to a wholesale grocer in the city; but this situation not being at all to his taste, he embraced the opportunity, on coming of age, of purchasing from his master the remainder of his time. By his father's will, he was not to come into the possession of his fortune until he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then he became entitled to the sum of L.7000, in addition to the whole of his father's landed property, his plate, furniture, pictures, &c. Coming thus into the possession of a respectable patrimony, he was now at liberty to follow out the bent of his inclinations, which he did by setting out on his travels through France and Italy. On his return, being of delicate health, and inclined to consumption, he was put upon a rigorous regimen, which is said to have laid the foundation of that extraordinary abstemiousness and indifference to the gratification of his palate, which ever after so much distinguished him. In 1752, while twenty-five years of age, he married a lady in her fifty-second year; a step he took in consequence of having received from her many marks of kind attention during a sickness with which he was overtaken. The death of his wife in a few years put an end to this somewhat imprudent connexion. Soon after the death of his wife, he resolved upon leaving England on another tour, with a view to direct his mind from the melancholy reflections which that event had occasioned.

The country which Howard first intended to visit was Portugal, then rendered particularly interesting by the situation of its capital, still smoking in ruins from the effects of a tremendous earthquake. A great part of its capital, Lisbon, and thousands of its inhabitants, had been embowelled in the earth. It was to this sublime spectacle that Mr Howard's attention was principally directed; and he accordingly took his passage in a vessel, which, unfortunately, was captured by a French privateer. This event, unlucky in itself, gave a turn to the fate of the young philanthropist, and proved ultimately beneficial to mankind. His captors used him with great cruelty, for, after having been kept forty hours without food or water, he was carried into Brest, and confined, with the other prisoners, in the castle of that place. Here, after being cast with the crew and the rest of the passengers into a filthy dungeon, and there kept a considerable time without nourishment, a joint of mutton was at length thrown into the midst of them, and, for want of a knife, they were obliged to tear it in pieces, and gnaw it like dogs. In this dungeon, he and his companions lay for six nights upon the floor, with nothing but straw. He was afterwards removed to Morlaix, and thence to Carpaix, where he was two months upon parole. He had no sooner obtained his own liberty, than he exerted all his influence to procure the liberation of some of his fellow-countrymen. Whilst at Carpaix, he obtained sufficient evidence of the English prisoners of war in France being treated with inhuman barbarity, and he did not rest till he influenced the government in their behalf. It is to this event that Mr Howard himself refers the first excitement of that attention to those who were sick, and in prison, which afterwards occupied the greater part of sixteen years. Soon after his return to England, he formed a connexion with an amiable young lady, whom he married, and with her assistance he carried into effect various schemes of benevolence, for meliorating the condition of his tenantry and the poor in his neighbourhood. Of this valuable assistance he was, however, soon deprived, by the death of his wife, soon after she had given birth to a son. In 1769-70, Mr Howard paid a third and fourth visit to the Continent, and of which he has left various memoranda, written in a strain of unaffected Christian piety. In 1773, while in his retirement in England, he was created High Sheriff of the county of Bedford. In this office he had numberless opportunities of inspecting the condition of the jails and bridewells under his jurisdiction, of remedying grievances, and alleviating the distress of poor prisoners. The more and more that this benevolent man saw of the condition of the English prisons, he became the more anxious to pursue his investigations all over the country. He proceeded upon tours into the counties of Hertford, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, Sussex, Surrey, &c. The scenes of misery which now came under his notice were truly deplorable. At Salisbury, just without the prison gate, was a chain passed through a round staple fixed in the wall, at each end of which a debtor, padlocked by the leg, stood offering to those who passed by, nets, laces, purses, &c., made in the prison. At Winchester, Mr Howard saw a destructive dungeon for felons, eleven steps under ground, dark, damp, and close. In it the surgeon of the jail informed him that twenty prisoners had died of the jail fever in one year. One

of the places which Mr Howard inspected in the course of his journey, was the bridewell of Surrey, at Guildford, in which he found neither bedding, straw, nor work. Soon after his return from making investigations into the condition of these abodes of vice and misery, he was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, touching the knowledge he had thus acquired; and, being called to the bar, the Speaker acquainted him that the house was very sensible of the humanity and zeal which had led him to visit the several jails of this kingdom, and conveyed to him the grateful thanks of the house and the country for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the most destitute and outcast members of the community.

Mr Howard continued, throughout the years 1773–74, to inspect the prisons and bridewells of England, and on one occasion extended his tour of philanthropy into Scotland and Ireland. In 1775, he proceeded to the Continent for the purpose of examining the jails in France, Holland, and part of Flanders, Germany, and Switzerland, mostly all of which he found under better management than those in Great Britain. He was particularly pleased with the prisons of Holland, which presented a model which, except in a few points, he wished to have seen adopted in England, and every nation on the globe. He found a good deal to interest him in Germany. In the towns in that country, he frequently saw the doors of sundry rooms in the prisons marked, *Ethiopia*, *India*, *Italy*, *France*, *England*, &c.; on inquiring what such words meant, he was informed that in these rooms, parents, by the authority of the magistrates, confined their dissolute children, answering, in the meanwhile, to the inquiries which might be made after them, that they were gone to whatever country might be written upon the place of their confinement. This seems a strange and harsh arrangement, though we have no doubt many parents in this country would occasionally be glad to have the same ready means of incarcerating their dissolute children. In travelling, Mr Howard lived in the plainest manner; generally carrying along with his luggage a teakettle and other utensils, as well as the materials for making tea, of which he was fond, for its simple exhilarating qualities. At the inns, however, he generally ordered the best victuals and wines, so that there might be no complaint as to his stinginess; but these luxuries he seldom tasted. When he considered himself ill-treated by postilions, he punished them by withholding extra fees; but to show that he did not do so for the purpose of saving money, he sent his servant to gather the poor of the place, and, in the presence of the postilion, distributed among them the sum he would have paid. These traits of character becoming widely known, he, in time, was well known and carefully attended to wherever he travelled. On one occasion, he happened to visit a monastery at Prague, where he found the inmates feasting on a day which ought to have been devoted to abstinence. He was so much displeased with this breach of discipline, that he threatened to proceed to Rome to inform the Pope, and it was only after the monks had made the most humiliating apology, and expressed their contrition, that he promised to be silent on the subject to the head of their church. In 1781, he again departed from England on a tour of philanthropy, in order to proceed through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and Poland, and some other countries in the north of Europe, and with the view of inspecting the prisons and hospitals on his route. Copenhagen, Stockholm, Petersburg, and Moscow, were respectively visited, and in each he collected valuable information on the state of the common jails, and modes of punishment. Having thus visited every state of Europe, whence he could hope to derive assistance for the completion of the great design which animated him, except the two southern kingdoms of Spain and Portugal, he next directed his course thither, and on this journey visited the prisons of Madrid, Lisbon, and other populous towns. This tour being completed, he returned to England, and finished his fourth general inspection of the English jails, preparatory to the publication of a second edition of his Appendix to the State of Prisons—a work he had some time before given to the public. When these journeys were finished, he summed up the number of miles which, in less than ten years, he had travelled in his own country, and abroad, on the reform of prisons, bridewells, and hospitals, and found that they formed a total of 42,033. When, in the spring of 1784, Mr Howard had laid before the public the result of his minute inspection of the prisons, and many of the hospitals of his own country, and of the principal states of Europe, he retired to his estate at Cardington, in whose calm seclusion he purposed to spend the remaining years of his existence. The benevolent Howard had now nothing to embitter his peace but the conduct of his son, who, having been sent to the University of Edinburgh, and placed under the care of the venerable Dr Blacklock, unhappily contracted habits of dissipation and extravagance, which were his own ruin, and well nigh broke his father's heart.

After having devoted more than eleven years of his valuable existence to the reformation of the jails, and the improvement of the hospitals of his own country, as well as those of foreign states, he determined again to quit his home on a journey of benevolence, more important to the interests of the human race, though fraught with greater danger to himself, than any he had yet undertaken. His plan was indeed the most humane and beneficent that ever entered into the mind of man, for it was to check the progress of devouring pestilence, by inspecting the condition of the principal lazarettos in Europe, and, if possible, throwing a light on that most dreadful of all scourges of mankind—the plague. On this tour of mercy, he visited the Italian states, and from thence passed by sea to Turkey, in which country he examined the hospitals and prisons of Constantinople, Smyrna, and other places. While on this expedition he "succeeded" in getting on board a vessel with a foul bill of health; and while in it at sea, the vessel was attacked by a Moorish privateer; in the engagement which took place, he fought with great bravery, and aided in repelling the attack of the barbarians. When, along with the crew, he arrived in Venice, he submitted to go through the most shocking privations in a loathsome lazaretto, in order to acquire knowledge of the management of those supposed to be labouring under plague. On all these trials his good spirits never forsook him. Being liberated in due course of time, he returned to England, and resumed his inspection of the town and county jails and bridewells. It is mentioned that he frequently exercised his liberality in relieving poor debtors from confinement, by paying their debts. "I have often seen him come to his lodgings," says the journal of his attendant in most of his tours, "in such spirits and joy, when he would say to me, 'I have made a poor woman happy; I have sent her husband home to her and her children.'" He was exceedingly methodical in spending his time. He generally declined every invitation to dinner or to supper whilst on his tours; abstained from visiting every object of curiosity, however attractive, and even from looking into a newspaper, lest his attention should be diverted from the grand purpose in which he was engaged.

In 1789–90, Mr Howard again proceeded on a journey, which was the seventh and last, to the Continent, to re-examine the prisons and hospitals of Holland, part of Germany, Prussia, and Russia. His plan was to have spent three years abroad. One object of his pursuit, and perhaps the principal one, was to obtain further information respecting the plague, by extending his visits to those parts of the world in which it rages with the greatest virulence, and on some of whose infectious coasts it is supposed to take its rise. As soon as he had resolved to undertake this hazardous journey, he became impressed with the belief that it would be his last; and when he took leave of one and another of his friends, he did it as one whose face they would see no more on this side the grave. These feelings were sadly verified. The benevolent Howard penetrated in his journey into the deserts of Tartary, to the confines of the Euxine Sea, every where examining the prisons and hospitals, and doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the inmates. At Cherson, in the distant region of Russian Tartary, his visits to the infectious hospitals brought upon him the attacks of a severe fever, a species of plague, under which his constitution gave way. Every attention was paid to him by the authorities, but nothing could save his life, which he gave up with pious resignation and hope, on the morning of the 20th January 1790.—Thus died one of the brightest ornaments of English biography; a person whose name is associated with all that is virtuous and benevolent, and who will be remembered with feelings of admiration and respect for numberless ages, in every part of the civilized world.

TRADITIONS OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

MURDER OF LORD LORNE.

John Stewart, Lord of Lorne, when far advanced in life, was a widower, and had three daughters, but no lawful son. By a woman above the common rank, named Maclaurin, he had an illegitimate son, whose name was Dugald. He was a young man of great promise, and had particularly distinguished himself on a recent occasion.

The sons of the chief of Macdougall, by the sister of Lord Lorne, were very desirous of marrying their cousins, the co-heiresses of Lorne, and were assiduous in their attention to their uncle, who resided in the castle of Dunstaffnage, once inhabited by the kings of Caledonia, and still one of the royal palaces of Scotland. They had passed the night at Dunstaffnage, and departed early next morning. But they had not gone far on their way, when they observed a number of boats approaching from the east, crowded with people, with pipes playing, and bearing flags. They found that these boats contained Dugald and his mother; and they soon discovered that old Lord Lorne had resolved to marry the mother of Dugald, and that they were now coming to celebrate the marriage. According to the Scotch law, this marriage would have made Dugald legitimate, and capable of inheriting the ample territories of Lorne. This event would have utterly disappointed the matrimonial schemes of the two nephews, and they instantly formed a dreadful resolution to prevent it. They returned, and asked admittance into the castle; but the door-keeper remarking a very fierce expression in their countenances, first consulted his master, who was displeased at his hesitating to admit his nephews. The door-keeper reluctantly received them; they forced their way into Lord Lorne's apartment, and instantly put him to death, to prevent the intended marriage. The brothers were, however, disappointed in their expectations—the heiresses escaped from Dunstaffnage by night, and carried away the charters of the estate. They took refuge with the Earl of Argyle, who soon married the eldest daughter; the second was married to Campbell of Glenurchy, ancestor of the Earl of Breadalbane; and the third to Campbell of Ottar.

This murder was committed towards the end of the 15th century. The rock where the two Macdougalls stood when they discovered the approach of Dugald and his mother, and where they resolved to return and assassinate their uncle, is still well known. It is called in Gaelic by a name which, translated, means *The Rock of the Wicked Resolution.**

POPULAR MORALS.†

Every thoughtful person finds that inquiries arise in his mind of this nature, What am I? Whence am I? For what purposes do I exist? What is this which is called life? What is the power of thinking? Will the consciousness of being cease when this life ends? If not, will that consciousness relate to the acts done in this life? If so, in what manner, and with what consequences? If I doubt what answers I must give to these questions, why do I doubt? Is it beyond my power to remove my doubts? If I believe nothing of a future state of being as a consequence of the present being, have I done what I ought to do, to inform myself whether this be so or not? If I have a sentiment of being liable to account in a future life for my conduct in this, is it a mere sentiment, or is it founded in reason, and binding on me as a conviction, which I cannot free myself from?

Inquiries also arise in many minds of this nature: If there be a Supreme Being who created and who governs the universe, and who is supremely good and wise, why are the good and wise on earth sometimes subjected to suffering and to sorrow? Why is there, to such persons, so much of pain in body and in mind? Why do disappointments and afflictions fall on those who strive to perform their duty in all things? Why do not the punishments of divine justice fall on those who violate the laws of the Supreme Being? Why is it, that worldly prosperity, respect, and honour, are often bestowed on those who violate all the laws which the righteous Judge of all the earth must have prescribed?

Why is it that man is so commonly the bitter and relentless enemy of man? Why is it that he hazards the destruction of his own property, his own liberty, and even his own life, to destroy property, liberty, and life in others? Why is it that we take pleasure in depreciating the good qualities of others, and in presenting their faults, follies, and errors to the notice of those who were before ignorant of them? Why do we feel emotions of dissatisfaction when others prosper, and regard the welfare of others as though it were a wrong done to ourselves? Why do we mourn over that which is past and which cannot be recalled, and tremble at that which has not come, and which may never come? Why is it that kind acts done to others are frequently forgotten by them, and sometimes regarded by them as a grievous burthen, and sometimes repaid by acts of unkindness, and reproach, and even of injury? Why is it that so much of human life is spent in vain and profitless pursuits? Why is it, that, when disabled and suffering, in body or mind, that we can so rarely console ourselves with the fact, that we did not cause our own distress? Why is that family connexion (seemingly ordained as a necessary condition of human life) is so often a cause of irritation and vexation? Why are children sometimes inclined to regard parents rather as tyrannical and heartless rulers, than as affectionate and worthy governors; and why are parents sometimes led to regret that they have given birth to offspring, who are fastened on them by ties which cannot be broken? Why is it that unceasing parental care, and the wisest precaution in rearing children, are repaid by that bitter disappointment which must be hidden within the heart, and wept over unseen by any human eye? Why is it, that, when parental care has been successfully applied, and when we see the coming forth of fruits, intellectual and moral, that in one little moment the blast of destruction passes over, and the remaining act is, to close the sepulchre on the remnant of lost hopes and joys?

What is that principle of our nature that compels us to some sort of action; and which will drive us into such as is hurtful to ourselves and to others, if we are not directed to those of an opposite character? Whence comes that sense of disappointment when success has crowned our pursuits? Why is it that one, in the enjoyment of bodily ease, and of worldly wealth, and apparently in command of abundance in those things which the world calls good, and for which mortals submit to unceasing toil, is, sometimes, the most disgusted of all men with life; finding no pleasure in the smiling earth, in the busy haunts, nor any good under the

* From the Literary Gazette.

† Under this title we shall henceforth occasionally give a portion of an American book, which has lately fallen into our hands, and with which we have been much pleased. The original title of the work is, "The Moral Class-Book, by William Sullivan, Counsellor at Law, Boston, 1831." We have found this small volume, on perusal, to contain a far more simple, lucid, and impressive view of the moral duties of man, than any that exists in this country; and we therefore feel that, in transferring it entire to our pages, we are doing a service to our native literature. In many places, we shall be under the necessity of making alterations, for the purpose of adapting the matter to the circumstances of our own country; and in others, we shall endeavour, with all modesty, to enforce opinions of the author, by a few additional observations, always, however, to be indicated by brackets.

sun? Why is it that men need forcible and irresistible powers of government among themselves? Why do those who know that power is difficult to hold, and more difficult to use aright, earnestly desire it? Why is it that those who have power, either do not, or cannot, use it honourably to themselves and beneficially for others? Why are so many of the human race subjected to the most miserable poverty; so many wretched from the misuse and abuse of bodily and mental power; so many deprived of personal liberty; and so many hung up between the heavens and the earth, by order of their fellow men, in the presence of curious thousands, who laugh at the exhibition of death; admire the firmness, or despise the weakness of one who, in full possession of all his faculties, knows, that within a few moments he shall be dead by violence? How does it happen that good and virtuous men, in reflecting on the change which is soon to come, and when the places that have known them will know them no more for ever, do feel a sense of doubt, and even of despondency, as to their future destiny, and would gladly be assured that all they have habitually thought to be true, is unquestionably so?

Inquiries of this nature may be indefinitely multiplied. It is of little use to make them, if there be no answers to them. They have been answered, in general, among the learned, and in a learned manner. Can they be answered to the comprehension of the many, and especially of the young? Let us suppose that no small part of all that we see of folly, error, and crime, and consequent suffering and misery, arises, not from the laws of the Creator, but from ignorance of these laws, or wilful disobedience of them; then it would follow that the remedy lies in making these laws known. When and how is this to be done? Not by leaving to each individual to find out the meaning and force of these laws, through painful experience, and when the consequences of ignorance and disobedience are already fastened on him; but to make them known, before the responsible action of adult life begins. If there be rules for human life, which come from a Law-giver who cannot err; if these rules are laid down for subjects who are entrusted with the liberty of obeying or disobeying, it is inadmissible to suppose that these rules cannot be found out, and made known to all who are to be affected by them.

To disclose these rules and make them operative, is a duty to ourselves, and to each other. The mode of doing it may be differently thought of by different persons. That which seems most likely to be effective is to address human reason, in a simple and intelligible manner, and in such manner that the opening mind may comprehend the truths which are taught. Such is our present purpose. No mysteries will be resorted to; no display of learning attempted. As these pages are intended for the use of young people, we shall address only their good sense. They will be called on to judge by the light of reason wherewith their Creator has blessed them. If the intention with which this work is undertaken be proper and practicable, those who will bestow the time and attention necessary to that end, may, it is humbly hoped, be enabled to answer many of the inquiries before suggested, so far as the enlightened minds which have left a record of their thoughts can assist and guide us in the search after truth.

The design of these papers is to prove that there is a Supreme Being; that he is the Creator and Governor of the Universe; that he created man as we see him to exist, in his earthly frame, in his intellectual powers, and with an immortal spirit; that there is placed within his reach the knowledge of the laws intended for government here; and that life here is connected with an existence, which is to be attained through the House appointed for all that have lived, that do live, and that are to live.

SOMERVILLE'S GUN.

A good deal has been lately written in the newspapers relative to *Somerville's gun*, or the invention by which fire-arms are at all times prevented from going off accidentally. As, however, a regular account of this excellent piece of mechanism has not been given to the world in a popular form, we may now do so, quoting the description given by the inventor, the Rev. John Somerville, minister of Currie, a parish a few miles west from Edinburgh.

"The *principle* of these methods [there being several] of preventing accidental discharge, consists in calling in the aid of the *left hand*; so that while the ordinary gun in common use can be fired off solely by the action of the right hand, the gun now to be described requires both; the left hand to undo the stop, slide, or catch, by which the gun is locked, and the other to draw the trigger, the same as in an ordinary gun; the *left hand* being equally necessary to work the gun in the field as the right.

Here the inventor begs it to be explicitly understood, that he lays claim to every variation of this principle, however modified or combined, or by whatever name it may be called, in which the operation of the left hand, or the combined operation of both, is necessary to the proper working of the gun in the field. With safeties that are worked by the *right* hand only, the inventor has nothing to do—that is not his invention; but he claims as *exclusively* his, the safety that is worked by the *left* hand, as, previous to his, no other gun was so worked; and the man who borrows or steals from him the operation of the left hand, takes from him all that is valuable, as the mode of procuring safety by the operation of this principle is almost endless; for, once having got a genuine principle, all the varieties naturally flow from it, as branches from one root, as springs from one source. Accordingly, the inventor can procure safety and dispatch sixteen or eighteen different ways, by the operation of this principle, which, however, can never be changed without destroying the utility of his invention, and losing completely both dispatch and security. Although the principle of operation by the left hand, as now mentioned, may be varied to a great extent, the inventor confines himself at present to the description of the two following methods:

I. The first method, then, here described, prevents accidental discharge by means of a stop, slide, or catch, situate on the trigger-plate, and either lying on or bedded into it, as the gunmaker or sportsman pleases. It is pressed forward into a nick in the trigger by a spring situate behind it, under the strap of the guard, or before it in the inside of the key, and thus prevents the trigger from acting or pressing by any accident on the seer of the lock, by which the gun would be discharged. On the fore-part of the guard, where the hand presses, is a moveable part, called a key, which may be removed at pleasure, and operates on the stop in the act of discharging the gun. When this key is removed, the gun cannot be used till it is replaced.

If the sportsman fires with the left hand forward on the stock of the gun, instead of the guard, then the key can be placed forward to any part of the stock; and in that case the end of the stop towards the left hand must run forward to that part of the stock, and then receive the key. This key, which may be of any form or size, is removeable at pleasure.

II. The second method here described prevents accidental discharge by means of a peg screwed into the end of the main-spring next to the swivel, or into the swivel itself. The peg may be also solid, that is, a part of the swivel itself, the end of the swivel being lengthened, and shaped into the form of a peg. This peg, when the gun is fired, passes down through a hole or opening towards the trigger-plate of the gun. The gun is prevented from being discharged by means of a slide opening and shutting the hole at pleasure, through which the peg descends when the gun is fired. This slide is pressed forward into the hole or opening through which the peg passes, in a similar way to the one just now mentioned in the foregoing method. When the gun is fired, the left hand, by a gentle pressure, throws back the slide, and thus lays open the hole in the stock and trigger-plate, and allows the peg to pass downward, and, of course, the main-spring to traverse its full distance. Keys are fixed upon and removeable at pleasure from this *gun*, the same as in the former method just described. For other varieties see the gunmakers' shops.

Having now described this gun, and stated the principle upon which the security is obtained, we now beg leave to mention, in a few words, some of its advantages.

The first advantage, then, which this gun has over the ordinary one in common use, is the *complete security* which it affords against accidental discharge, and the consequent preservation of human life. This is the first and great object of the present contrivance, and in this point of view was first thought of by the inventor. The other advantages which it possesses are all subordinate to this, and come in merely as subsidiary to the main object.

The waste of human life, by the accidental discharge of fire-arms, is truly deplorable. It is not without reason that writers have cautioned sportsmen to be careful in using them, and that parents have felt anxiety about their sons when engaged in field amusements, with weapons in their hands so precarious in the use, and so fatal in their effects. Too frequently the sprightly and spirited youth, in pursuit of pleasure, finds death! Not only every season, but almost every week of every season, brings accounts of the most valuable lives lost in this way. The inventor states it as an undeniable fact, that at an average there are not fewer than from twenty to thirty lives, throughout Great Britain and Ireland, lost every year in this way, besides more than double that number maimed and wounded. Now, against such fatalities the gun we are now speaking of presents the most *absolute* security. Any one may be satisfied of this, who will consider for a moment the principle upon which it is constructed. Morally speaking, accidental discharge with this gun is completely out of the question, at least the probability of it is so wide, that perhaps philosophy could not calculate when this gun would be discharged in any other way than by design. If accidental pressure shall touch the trigger, no evil happens, because it is locked; if it touch the key, no evil happens, because the pressure by that time is supposed removed from the trigger. The pressure must be against the trigger and on the key at the same instant of time, otherwise the lock won't work. If the trigger is touched the twinkling of an eye before the key, or the key before the trigger, then no evil can ensue; for, unless touched at the same instant of time, they mutually counteract and support one another, and thus prevent the gun going off.

The second advantage which this gun possesses over the ordinary fowling-piece, is *superior dispatch*. This is evident at first sight, as this invention enables the sportsman to go with his gun full-cocked, and thus, when game rises unexpectedly, saves all the time lost, as well as detraction of thought occasioned by cocking the ordinary gun, and, consequently, he has only to present and discharge his piece, which he is enabled to do before the gun in ordinary use can be cocked and brought to the shoulder.

The third advantage which this gun has over others, is the *ease* and *tranquillity of mind* which it necessarily imparts, *not only* to the sportsman himself, but to his friends, parents, relations, or guardians at home, from the perfect security which it affords him. No man of ordinary feeling can be perfectly at ease when surrounded by his friends with a loaded gun in his hand, leaping walls, crossing ditches, brushing through thickets, underwood, and hedges, when all the while the life of his friends is within the reach of a mortal weapon, and the danger of that weapon guarded against only by the fallaciousness of memory, and the risk increased tenfold by the eagerness of pursuit, and the suspension of thought necessarily occasioned by a species of amusement which, more than any other, lays caution asleep, and occasions that flutter and hurry of spirits from which such fatal accidents generally spring.

The fourth advantage which this gun possesses, is the socialit of feeling which it will communicate to the favourite amusement of shooting. In the present state of the ordinary fowling-piece, the writer knows many gentlemen who will not shoot in company, from the uneasiness they feel both on their own account and on that of others.

The fifth advantage which this gun possesses, is the safety which one of the modes of it gives to the left hand, in case the gun should burst. All good writers on the subject of shooting strongly recommend the sportsman to press the gun to his shoulder with the left hand close on the fore-part of the bow of the guard. Notwithstanding, this caution and advice are frequently neglected; and the loss or laceration of many a left hand, by the bursting of the barrel, has taught the sportsman the folly of doing so. With the ordinary gun, indeed, a man *may* fire with his left hand close to the guard, and thus preserve it. With one of the modes on which this is constructed, he *must* do so, for there the safety-spring is placed, and until it is touched, the locks are immoveable.

Nothing is more easily acquired than this mode of shooting, even though the sportsman has been accustomed to fire with the hand forward on the stock. The habit can be acquired by presenting an empty gun for a few times in this way, before going to the field; for, by an instinctive feeling, which perhaps it is not easy to explain, the left hand, after a very little practice, will come as infallibly to the fore-part of the guard, and even without the sportsman being sensible of it, as the right hand comes on the trigger.

With one of the keys of this gun, too, even though the sportsman should persist in shooting with the left hand forward, it will be rendered much safer than with the ordinary gun. This key is affixed to any part of the fore-stock the sportsman pleases, and is so made, that the left hand, which seizes it when the gun is presented, is completely prevented from coming in contact with the barrels, and, consequently, runs much less risk of injury should they burst on being discharged. For this we refer also to the gun.

The sixth advantage which this gun possesses over the ordinary one, is, that it avoids the wear and tear of the locks, necessarily occasioned by perpetually cocking and uncocking the locks of the ordinary gun in the field. With the ordinary gun, the moment the dogs point, or seem to point, both locks are cocked, and if there happens to be no game, or it rises beyond the reach, the gun must be uncocked again; so that with the ordinary gun the sportsman, during the whole day, is perpetually cocking and uncocking his gun. The wear and tear of the locks is thus immense, besides both the trouble and the *danger* it occasions.

The seventh advantage which the writer now states, is, that he thinks a steadier aim can be taken by his mode of holding the gun than in the ordinary way. He is convinced that one great cause of bad shooting is occasioned by grasping the gun too firmly with the right hand, or giving the right hand too much to do in the act of firing. The more easy the right hand holds the gun, and the less it has to do, with the greater precision it will act on the triggers at the proper time. The right hand, therefore, should hold the gun very loosely, and have only one thing to do, namely, to pull the trigger when the gun comes into the proper position to be fired. Now, the gun we are considering admits of this to the fullest extent. With it the left hand, as it were, does the whole work, except pulling the trigger. The safety-spring being worked solely by the left hand, it should press the gun firmly to the shoulder, by which the safety-spring will be unlocked, and thus leave the right hand at perfect freedom, and with nothing to do but merely to touch the trigger when the gun comes into the proper situation to be discharged. Thus, by giving the left hand more to do than in the ordinary gun, and therefore proportionally easing the right, the writer thinks his gun will be held more steadily to the shoulder, a surer aim will be taken, and greater execution done, than with the gun in common use, and it the ordinary mode of shooting.

The last advantage which he now states, is the security which it gives to loaded guns when lying in houses, or exposed to the curiosity of thoughtless or ignorant persons. Many a life has been lost by guns having been presented and fired off in a wanton and incautious manner. Such accidents cannot happen

with the present gun. To render it perfectly harmless, it is only necessary to take off the key, which is done by the slightest touch, and then the machinery which locks in the gun cannot be reached, and, consequently, cannot be fired. The key is restored with the same ease as it is removed, and thus the gun prepared for being fired, or not, at pleasure."

THE PYRENEAN REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE.

It is not very generally known that there exists an independent little nation among the mountains of the Pyrenees, called Andorre, governed by its own laws, and, in general, unmolested by its neighbours, the French or Spaniards. Of the nature and extent of this isolated community, the *Revue Encyclopedique*, a Parisian literary publication, for 1823, presents its readers with the following succinct account.

Andorre, the common language of which is Catalan, a dialect allied to the Spanish, is a neutral territory, situated on the southern side of that chain of the Pyrenees which forms the boundary of France. Most geographers have, nevertheless, comprehended it in the territory of Foix, with which, indeed, it was formerly not entirely unconnected.

This country, the extent of which is not a ninth part that of the department of the Ariége, forms a little republic, comprehending the six communities of Carillo, Encamp, Ordino, Massane, Andorre-la-Vieille, and Saint Julien; and a great number of villages or hamlets, all under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel. The village of Andorre-la-Vieille, from which the valley derives its name, is the chief place, and probably is the most ancient. It is there that the general council, composed of twenty-four members for life, six from each community, assembles. When a vacancy occurs, either from death, or from any other cause, the council nominates a successor from among those inhabitants of the community who have been public functionaries. The general council has two syndics, appointed by itself, who convoke the meetings of the council, and manage the public business.

Before the French revolution, the criminal tribunal was composed of two judges, called Viguiers, one appointed by the King of France, the other by the Bishop of Urgel; to whom were joined six inhabitants of the valley, nominated by the general council. This tribunal was called the Cortes. Each viguier appointed a Bailiff, from a list of six inhabitants presented to him by the general council. Before these bailiffs, all civil suits were in the first instance tried. An appeal lay from them to a judge, who held his situation for life, and who was appointed alternately by the King of France and the Bishop of Urgel. The same suits might ultimately be carried before a third tribunal. That tribunal was either the grand council of the King of France, or the council of the Bishop of Urgel, according as either the king or the bishop had appointed the judge by whom they had been determined in the second instance.

This country had some singular laws, especially as regarded the succession to property. The eldest son took almost every thing, leaving very little indeed for the younger branches of a family.

The police was under the direction of two consuls in each community, who were appointed by the general council, and changed every other year.

The country of Andorre is extremely mountainous, and most of the mountains are covered with forests of pines; it is, besides, not very fertile, and is bristled with rocks. It is watered by several rivers, which rise in it; the principal among them is the Embalire, which receives all the others, and then enters Spain, where it falls into the Sègre. At Ransol, in the community of Carillo, is an iron-mine, and there are four forges, at Encamp, at Caldes, at Ordino, and at the hamlet of Serrat, in the last-named community. The hamlet of Caldes is remarkable for its numerous warm springs.

The inhabitants of Andorre have not much arable land, but possess a great many cattle and extensive pasturage. They are in general shepherds. They used to pay four hundred and eighty francs a-year to the Bishop of Urgel, and twice that sum to the territory of Foix. They had a right to import every year from the latter country eighteen hundred loads of rye, and a certain quantity of cattle of every description; as also to import and export, without duty, all goods not prohibited, as well as the produce of the mines.

Every year, on the Sunday before Midsummer-day, they sent a deputation of three members of the general council to the village of Siguer in France, where they took, in the presence of the municipality, the oath of allegiance to the King of France. They also promised not to undertake any thing injurious to the interests of the community of Siguer, to give it intelligence in the event of war, and to furnish with lodging (upon being paid for it) such inhabitants of the village of Siguer as might find it necessary to make a journey into the valley of Andorre. Three of those inhabitants, selected by the mayor, took an oath, to the deputies, of similar import. They then played a game at nine-pins together, and the losers forfeited a tub of wine, which was drunk in the public square. It was remarked that the Andorrans never won the game. On the evening of their arrival, a supper was given them, and they had two meals the next day. The same ceremonies were performed in the village of Miglos. But, what will appear very singular, the inhabitants of the Spanish villages of Alins, Arren, and Tor, sent, about the same periods, deputies to the village of Viedessos, where they took a similar oath, and were received much in the same manner; with this difference, that the Spaniards did not play at nine-pins; that they had but one supper, at an inn, for thirteen persons, for which they themselves paid; that the deputies and the municipal officers afterwards danced round the village; that they returned to the inn and had a collation, although after supper; that they then renewed dancing for a short time, and that ultimately every one retired. These and similar customs, on which we will not dwell, strongly recall the simplicity of old times.

The Andorrans paid no taxes. They rented the mountains on which they fed their cattle, and the produce of their farms was sufficient to pay all their expenses. Their justice, their police, and their finances, were, for the preservation of good order, placed under the inspection of the intendant of Perpignan.

At the present day they govern themselves as formerly; but in consequence of the revolution, they have become independent of France; and, since the year 1790, the administration of the department have refused to receive their contribution of nine hundred and sixty francs, which they regard as a feudal custom, and will not allow them to come in quest of grain. France gives them neither viguier nor civil judge; their public business is no longer superintended by any of her magistrates; their private differences are no longer carried by appeal to any of her tribunals; and they no longer send deputies to Miglos or to Siguer.

ANECDOTES

PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

THE KNOWING SHOPKEEPER.

Several years ago, when the north side of Edinburgh had hardly commenced either to be a place of residence or public resort, some ladies of distinction sauntering about in the High Street, one of them proposed a walk to the Meadows, being at that time the fashionable promenade. "I am very willing," answered another; "but first let us call at Milne, the silk-mercer's, merely to divert ourselves by turning over his goods." They were then at some little distance from the shop. Milne, however, though not observed by them, happened to be but a little way behind, and within hearing of the conversation. Being aware of the ladies' intention, he hastened to his shop, so as he might be behind the counter to receive them. The usual routine of a lady's shopping visit passed, in tumbling over the articles, and eager inquiries about prices and fashions. Mr Milne was all civility, though he knew well that no purchases were in view. At last, after gratifying themselves with the sight of every piece of finery worth seeing, they took their leave. "We are much obliged by your attention, Mr Milne." "Well, ladies," replied Milne, "may I now wish you a pleasant walk to the—*Meadows*."

THE PRECIOUS CAT.

A citizen of Bourdeaux, by his will, ordered a fine horse he had to be sold, and the price given to some religious house. It so happened that all the rest of his effects were barely sufficient to pay his debts, and his widow and some children remained to be provided for. The monks appearing to claim the value of the horse, the widow desired her servant to take it to the market, at the same time directing him how to manage matters. This animal being of an uncommonly good appearance, it was not long before his price was asked. The servant answered, just a pistole. The intending purchaser was astonished at such a low price, and thought the seller was in jest. "Nay," says the latter, "I have brought a little cat which you must buy also, otherwise you cannot get the horse, and its price is no less than 300 pistoles." The money was accordingly paid without scruple, and the priests outwitted.

THE LETTER WRITER, READER, AND CARRIER.

In former times, when reading and writing were more uncommon accomplishments, even in Scotland, than they are at present, a certain person made it his business to travel from one large town to another with packets of letters, which were all of his own writing. Having a general acquaintance among the lower ranks, he offered his services when they had any communications to make to their friends at a distance. After getting his instructions, he proceeded to write their letters himself, and when a sufficient number were collected, he set off on foot with his bundle of intelligence. Having reached his place of destination, he waited upon those to whom his letters were directed, read them over, and solicited their answer. For all this trouble, no doubt, some small compensation was allowed him.

THE INCONSISTENT ADVERTISEMENT.

Two haberdashers in Edinburgh, of the name of A., happened to advertise in the same newspaper. The one of these, Mr D. A., was just opening shop, and, of course, in the usual style, meant to announce to his friends and the public that he had for sale an assortment of quite *new* and elegant articles. The other advertisement, however, by Mr W. A., was quite of an opposite description; meaning to give up business, he was offering his goods at very reduced prices. After both advertisements were sent to the printing-office, Mr W. A. thought of adding a short paragraph, notifying that "he was ready to treat with any person willing to purchase his whole stock at so much per cent. below invoice prices, also for his counters, shelves, fixtures, &c." This supplement, in a note addressed to the printer, he requested might be annexed to Mr A.'s advertisement. It was annexed, indeed, to Mr A.'s advertisement, but it proved to be the wrong Mr A. For Mr D. A. no sooner got hold of the paper, than he found he was made a laughing-stock to his friends by the ludicrous effect of the printer's mistake; the first part of his advertisement implying that he was just commencing business, and the latter part that he was ready to dispose of every thing below cost, and even of his shelves and fixtures.

A SUBTERFUGE.

Two chimney-sweeps, coming along a bridge near Manchester, where a toll was levied on foot passengers, found, upon searching their pockets, that their joint stock amounted only to a halfpenny. The one not wishing to leave the other behind, it was agreed to toss up the halfpenny; and the winner, thrusting the loser into his soot-bag, and laying it over his shoulder, passed through the toll-bar, without any additional charge.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Near some little town in North America, a carrier's horse happened to drop down dead. His owner immediately proceeded to the town in quest of a farrier to skin the animal. Not long after, another horse, in a farmer's cart, dropped down also near the same place; the driver, however, being sensible the horse was only in a swoon, went to get some oats in his hat by way of medicine. No sooner had he left his charge than the farrier made his appearance, and, mistaking the living horse for the dead one—as indeed there was very little difference in their appearance—proceeded to the operation of flaying. After making considerable progress, the animal began to revive, and, at the same time, the driver returned with the oats. The consternation of all parties may be easily conceived; but how the matter ended, the American paper, from which this occurrence is copied, does not say.

THE HORNED HORSE.

In Scotland, the male-servant of a country clergyman, known by the name of "the Minister's Man," used to be a person of some importance. One of these having rather an economical mistress, who grudged particularly the expense of candle light, John contrived at least to make his master sensible of the inconvenience of darkness. It happened one night that the minister, being sent for in a hurry by one of his parishioners, who was taken ill, John thought proper to saddle the cow instead of the horse. After proceeding a little way, the minister turned back, and called out rather angrily, that the horse had got horns. "If there has been a mistake made," answered John, "the mistress must be responsible, as she chooses to send me to the stable always in the dark."

MUSICAL EPITAPH.

At Paris, in 1764, the premature decease of a young nobleman, ascribed to his violent attachment to Mademoiselle Miré, a public singer of a most abandoned character, gave rise to a witty epitaph on him, composed of five musical notes—

mi re la mi la

Miré l'a mi la.—Miré has laid him there.

MILITARY PRECISION.

When the soldiers were employed at the military roads in Scotland, it was remarked that they were so very exact in keeping the time for leaving off work, that one was observed, who had a spadeful of earth lifted from the ground, to let it fall again the instant he heard the first sound of the bell, though it would hardly have cost him any more labour to put it into his wheelbarrow, which was close beside him.

SECRECY CARRIED TOO FAR.

The Count de V——, Prime Minister to the King of Sardinia, affected mystery so much in all his transactions, both public and private, that, happening to hurt both his legs very severely, he employed a surgeon for each limb, while each was kept ignorant that the other was employed. The treatment, therefore, adopted by the medical men, and the nature of the drugs they administered, being quite inconsistent and contradictory, the consequences proved fatal to the Minister.

COMPARATIVE IMPORTANCE OF A MOTHER AND A COW.

"Weel, Sandy," said a neighbour to a little boy in the south of Fife, whose mother had been seriously indisposed, "how is your mother to-day?" "'Deed I dinna ken very weel hoo she is," replied Sandy, scratching his head; "but the cow's taen ill, and that's war nor my mither."

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ENGLISH AND SCOTCH HOUSE-BUILDING.

THE English build their houses of brick, and the Scotch of stone. These peculiarities of taste and habit are so strongly associated with the character of the two nations, that they may be frequently observed wherever the English and Scotch are planted, especially in foreign countries. When a Scotchman crosses the Border, at almost any point, he wonders how the people come to have such a predominating taste for brick. Every house he sees seems to be built with no other material, and all the towns and villages he travels through seem but piles of so many brick-kilns set in rows. As he proceeds, he gets accustomed to this, as it appears to him, very strange fancy; but he always feels a certain degree of pity for those who are doomed to inhabit houses with walls so very thin, and so little able to keep out the cold. When an Englishman, in the same manner, enters Scotland, he is apt to be as much surprised at finding that the houses are all reared of solid stone, like so many castles or public edifices; and he is led to imagine that the Scotch are really an extravagant people, in building their dwellings with a material so dear and difficult to be wrought. When the Scotch settle in England, they generally conform to the fashion of brick houses; but an Englishman, on emigrating northward, will try, if possible, to resist the national custom, and erect his cottage with his dearly beloved brick. These contrary tastes are very observable in Ireland; the English in the south—in Dublin for instance—adhering staunchly to brick, and the Scotch in the north sticking to the stone, which is so characteristic of their country.

Some persons might be led to suppose that these diversities of taste in the architecture of dwelling-houses are the result of necessity; but they are by no means entirely so. In many parts of England which are covered with brick houses, the district abounds in excellent stone; while in Scotland, in places where clay is plentiful and stone is scarce, the latter material is transported by land carriage, at a heavy charge, in preference to brick, which could be easily and cheaply made. In erecting a brick house, the Englishman makes a point of consulting his own comfort and that of his family. He rears his dwelling with every imaginable convenience; sections it off into neat snug apartments, almost calculating where his own easy chair is to stand by the fire-side; surrounds the house with a pretty kitchen and flower-garden; encloses the whole with a smart green railing; and finishes his goodly work by attaching to the wicket a clear-burnished fanciful brass knocker. Now, the Scotchman's taste runs in an entirely different channel. He sets about his work by going through certain toilsome preliminaries, which are considered of paramount importance. His first object of search is a quarry whence he may have his stones dug, and transported to the spot where they are to be used; his second point of inquiry, is for a place to which he may convey the rubbish excavated from the foundation. When he has satisfied himself in these particulars, he commences operations on a scale of wonderful magnitude. He begins with the erection of a wooden house, something resembling the log-hut of a back-woodsman, which he plants immediately in front of the proposed edifice, as if preparing to besiege a fortress in regular form. The erection of this wooden house, technically called a *shed*, can, on no account, be dispensed with. In it he congregates half-a-dozen stone-masons, who there dress the blocks previous to their being used; but this preliminary erection occasionally stands long after the house is actually finished, and appears as if it were reckoned an ornament to the street. The Englishman erects and finishes his house within the period of a month or two; but the Scotchman keeps working at his for the best part of a whole year, generally contriving to commence his labours with the first appearance of fine weather at the close of winter, so as to make sure of having the roof on and the walls plastered before Christmas. The Englishman erects his house for the comfort of those who are immediately to inhabit it; but the Scotchman invariably calculates on its uses to his posterity, or how "the property" will serve as a legacy to his descendants. He appears to take a delight in building for future ages; and, in order to make up a good rent-roll for his grandson, he will put himself to great inconveniences. The Englishman builds his house because he has two or three hundred pounds to spare, and thinks it could not be better laid out than on a dwelling for his family; and he builds a house accordingly, suitable to the capital he has at his command. It happens, however, that the Scotchman very seldom contents himself in this manner. His desire to be the *laird* of a large edifice, often impels him to go much beyond his means, and, by borrowing the deficiency, entails a comfortable debt on the premises, which his sons or his creditors have the pleasure of liquidating. So frequently, indeed, is this the result of such speculations, that it is a common enough expression, in explaining how a particular individual became a *victim*, to say "that he never rested till he built himself *out* of a house;" in other words, he did not desist till he had spent all his means, exhausted his credit, lost his property, and become a ruined man.

These different processes of house-building are partly the result of the English and Scotch modes of letting land for long periods. In England, it is the common practice to take leases of ground for building for a period of ninety-nine years, or perhaps less, and for this piece of ground a certain rent is charged annually, with the arrangement that the houses on the property shall fall into the hands of the lord of the manor at the expiry of the lease; and hence, in a great measure, the plan of building houses which will not last in good repair for more than a hundred years. The Scotch, being in every respect a more calculating people, despise the prospect of only a hundred years' possession—"what! some day to be turned out of our own house!" They, therefore, take leases of ground which shall endure till the end of the world, and think themselves very badly off, indeed, when they are restricted to the brief period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years! These perpetual leases they term *feus*, an expression importing that the lessee becomes *feudal* vassal of the ground landlord. "*Ground to Feu*," is therefore to be found on hundreds of sign-boards north of the Tweed, and to English visitants appears quite an incomprehensible announcement. In Edinburgh and its vicinity, the annual feu-duty is enormous, amounting sometimes to a charge of a guinea for every foot of ground in front; and this has to be paid as a chief rent for ever, under the penalty of loss of the property.

One good results from this peculiar conduct on the part of the Scotch: it tends to encourage a superior kind of architectural designs, and greatly improves the general aspect of the country. There can be no proper comparison of the beauty of stone and brick, and the Scotch act very wisely in building stone houses, if they can afford the cost; but the general exercise of this refined taste has an injurious effect on society, and is spoiling the large towns in the north. It limits the proprietary to a mere unit; raises up a body of large capitalists over the people, who are reduced to the character of yearly tenants; and prolongs the very absurd custom of dividing houses into separate dwellings on the different floors. For example, there are few merchants, tradesmen, or shopkeepers in the large towns in Scotland, who live in what is termed self-contained houses; for the simple reason, that they cannot afford to build, or even rent a complete stone mansion. Yet they can frequently purchase a *flat*; that is, a house up two, three, or four stairs; whereas, for the sum they thus expend for a confined lodging, they could erect a sufficient brick house from top to bottom, calculated to last during the whole period of their own lives, and those of their immediate descendants. But the prejudices of society forbid that any such course should be pursued. "No, no; do not tell me of your shabby brick houses; give me a *good flat* in a respectable part of the town, where we have no trouble with area doors, or are bothered to keep the roof in order, and I will leave those to go to self-contained houses that like them better, or are silly enough to pay for them."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE ROMANS.

The Monarchy and Republic.

THE Romans were distinguished above all other people in ancient times, for the extraordinary power of their government, the extent of their conquests, and their refinement in manners. The Jews have been remarkable for their antiquity, and the nature of their religion; the Egyptians for their knowledge of the arts, and the invention of letters; the Greeks for their philosophy and poetry; but the Romans have been celebrated for their courage as soldiers, their ability as lawyers, historians, and orators; the stupendous character of their works; the beauty of their language, which was what is now called Latin;* and, in particular, for the influence which they have had on the usages of most modern nations.

This remarkable people traced their origin to a handful of freebooters, who settled on a certain spot in their native country, Italy, and there laid the foundation of a city, which they called ROME, after the name of their leader, Romulus. This incident is said to have occurred 3252 years after the beginning of the world, or 752 years before the coming of Christ. The city, we are told, was at first almost square, containing about a thousand houses. It was near a mile in compass, and commanded a small territory round it, of about eight miles square. The first method made use of to increase the number of its inhabitants, was the opening a sanctuary for all malefactors, slaves, and such as were desirous of novelty. Some time afterwards, as historians mention, the young men of the city carried off by violence a great number of young women, the daughters of the Sabines, a neighbouring people, and thus procured themselves wives. The government of the Romans was constituted on exceedingly liberal principles. At first, it consisted of a king, who was elective; a senate, which was to act as councillors to the king, and which was composed of a hundred of the principal citizens, men whose age, wisdom, or valour, gave them a natural authority over their fellow-subjects: these senators were called patricians (from *pater*, a Latin word, signifying a father), and bore an analogy to our nobility; the third part of the legislature consisted of the plebeians (from *plebs*, a word signifying people), and these were the whole mass of the community. The plebeians did not appoint representatives, as in modern times; they met in large assemblies in a vast amphitheatre or

* The Latins, from whom this language took its name were an obscure people in Italy, adjacent to the Romans.

forum, and there deliberated on the affairs of the state, approved or disapproved of measures of peace or war, and chose their own magistrates. It was chiefly by this open mode of discussion that the Romans attained that proficiency in oratory which distinguished them. Little is precisely known of the form of worship of the Romans; the greatest part of their religion consisted in a firm reliance upon the credit of soothsayers, who pretended, from observations on the flight of birds and the entrails of newly-killed beasts, to direct the present, and dive into futurity. They deified deceased warriors, and held in adoration and sacrificed to a multiplicity of imaginary gods; but though thus absolute heathens, they had the singular liberality never to interfere with the religion of the nations they conquered; and, as an instance of this, it will be remembered that it was with extreme repugnance they countenanced the crucifixion of Christ, at the instance of the Jews.

The Roman government continued in the form we have described it, for the space of 245 years from the founding of the city, during which period it numbered seven kings. The last of these sovereigns was named Tarquin, who, being of a tyrannical disposition, was chased with his family from Rome, principally by the intrepidity of a noble Roman, called Brutus. Few histories can show a succession of kings replete with more virtue and moderation than those who first governed in Rome. It was from their wise institutions that the people seemed to acquire all that courage and patriotism which afterwards enabled them to conquer the world. The regal power being overthrown, the senate acquired a greater share of authority, and the liberty of the people was, on the whole, very little increased by the change. Instead of a king, the people now chose two annual magistrates, whom they called *Consuls*, with power equal to that of the regal, and with the same privileges, and the same ensigns of authority. The government was now designated a republic or commonwealth. Brutus, who was styled the deliverer of his country, was elected one of the two first consuls. Beneficial as the consular system was, it was found, about ten years after its institution, to be rather impotent in cases of exigency; and, therefore, the people strengthened it by the creation of a temporary magistrate, styled a *Dictator*, to whom they gave uncontrolled power, not only over all ranks of the state, but even over the laws themselves. Some time afterwards, the people felt themselves to be in continual danger from the power of the senate; and to remedy this defect in the constitution, they created certain new officers from among themselves, with power to give redress to such of them as should be injured, and to plead the cause of the community. These functionaries were called *Tribunes of the People.** At first they were five in number, though afterwards their body was increased to ten. They were always annually elected by the people. They had the power of annulling all such decrees of the senate as they considered to press hard upon the people; and to show their readiness to protect the meanest, their doors stood open night and day to receive their complaints. They examined every decree, and, by saying the word *Veto*, or, *I forbid*, they could hinder it from being passed. The institution of these officers was not by any means perfect, for there were means of neutralizing their power; but the circumstance shows how the authority of the people increased, and threatened to subvert the exorbitant power of the senate. One of the earliest triumphs of the populace was their successful prosecution and exile of Coriolanus, a distinguished general whose part had been taken by the patricians.

For sixty years from the demise of the regal power, the commonwealth continued to fluctuate between the authority of dictators, consuls, senators, and tribunes, till at length the people were weary of the whole. They began to accuse the tribunes, in particular, of being, when it suited them, greater tyrants than the senators, and they now expressed a wish to be guided by a written body of laws, which, when known, might prevent wrongs as well as punish them. It was therefore agreed, that ambassadors should be sent to the Greek cities in Italy, and to Athens, to bring home such laws from thence, as, by experience, had been found most equitable and useful. This being done, it was next agreed that the whole of the rulers and magistrates should cease to exercise their authority, and that, till the laws were digested, the powers of the state should be entirely wielded by ten senators elected for the purpose. These new magistrates were called *Decemviri* (from *decem*, the Latin word for ten, and *viri*, men); and though they were only to rule for a certain period, it happened that they were not easily got quit of, after they had once tasted the pleasures of arbitrary authority. One of them, named Appius, was noted for his licentiousness and cruelty, as has been commemorated by the affecting tale of Virginia, and her father Virginius, a centurion. The decemvirate lasted only two years, when its members were expelled by violence; and the consular or republican government was resumed under certain modifications, and occasionally dictators had to be called in to settle the commotions of the state. To lighten the duty of the tribunes, new officers were created, under the name of *Censors*, who were to be chosen every fifth year; their business was to take an estimate of the number and estates of the people, and to distribute them into their proper classes; to inspect the lives and manners of their fellow citizens; to degrade senators for misconduct; to dismount knights; and to turn down plebeians from one caste or tribe into another, in case of misdemeanour. The Roman army was also put under the command of officers called military tribunes.

The Roman government continued to be republican in its nature for about three hundred years after these arrangements had been made, or upwards of six hundred years from the date of the foundation of the city; and throughout this lengthened period, its history presents us with a continuous recital of internal dissensions among the people, and a struggle for power among the senators, tribunes, and other functionaries. Yet the progress of the state does not seem to have ever been impeded by these civil broils; it was only when at peace that the people broke out into factions; and the quarrels among the citizens never prevented the whole from coalescing to chastise invaders, or to push the conquests of the army to their utmost limits. During the consulates, the influence of Rome was gradually extended over a number of small states in the neighbourhood, no one of which was sufficiently strong to oppose it singly, and which had too little confidence in each other to unite for their mutual defence. The means by which the Romans gained their ascendancy, was chiefly the rigid discipline of their troops: there is no other nation mentioned in history whose military subordination was enforced so systematically, or so religiously complied with. The chief men of the state, being always accustomed to find their army obedient and successful, had the greatest confidence in its firmness, and never lost hope even under the most desperate circumstances. This persevering resolution of the Roman government was therefore one of the chief springs of its greatness.

The Roman army was constituted with great military skill. When in its most perfect state, it consisted of infantry and cavalry. The heavy armed infantry, which was its principal strength, was divided into ten cohorts, and fifty-five companies, under the orders of a corresponding number of tribunes and centurions. The first cohort, which always claimed the post of honour, and the custody of the eagle, was formed of eleven hundred and five soldiers, the most approved for valour and fidelity. The remaining nine cohorts consisted each of five hundred and fifty-five; and the whole body of the legion amounted to 6100 men. Their arms were uniform, and admirably adapted to the nature of their service: an open helmet, with a lofty crest; a breast-plate, or coat of mail; greaves on their legs; and an ample buckler on the left arm. Besides a lighter spear, the legionary soldier grasped in his right hand a formidable javelin, which he threw at his foe at the distance of ten or twelve paces. As soon as it was darted, he drew his sword, and rushed forwards to close with the enemy. His sword was a short well-tempered Spanish blade, that carried a double edge, and was alike suited to the purpose of striking or pushing. It was by this short sword, which was little more than double the length of our modern table knives, that the Romans conquered the world. The legion was usually drawn up eight deep, and the regular distance of three feet was left between the files, as well as ranks. The legions entrenched themselves in a camp in regular form every night while out on duty, and the remains of these square earthen ramparts are still observable in Britain, and most other countries they visited.

Having, by their consummate military skill, destroyed all rival pretensions in Italy, and gained a great victory over the Greeks, under the command of Pyrrhus (274 years before Christ), the reputation of the Romans was spread abroad, and they were inspired with an ambition to make conquests beyond the seas which environed their native country. Their principal rivals in power at this period were the Carthaginians, the people of Carthage, a city in Africa, on the south shore of the Mediterranean, near the place where Tunis now stands. This nation had extended its dominions along the coasts, and was in possession also of many of the principal islands in the Mediterranean Sea. But its chief strength lay in its fleets and commerce; by these its riches were become immense; and by money alone, it was enabled to hire and send forth armies to conquer, or to keep the neighbouring states in subjection. Having picked a quarrel with the Carthaginians, the Romans proclaimed war against them. This has been called by historians the First Punic War, and marks an era in the annals of the Romans. Another war ensued betwixt the same powers, called the Second Punic War; and in this the celebrated Hannibal acted as the general of the Carthaginians, and with an immense army invaded Italy, by advancing through Spain and crossing the Alps. In the encounter which ensued, the Romans were vanquished with great slaughter; but they were victorious in subsequent battles; and, by a Third Punic War, they completely subdued the Carthaginians. Carthage, their city, was demolished to the ground, so that travellers are now unable to say where it stood. The other towns of Africa became tributary to Rome; the people were carried off into slavery; and thus an end was put to one of the most opulent cities in ancient times. The Romans pursued their conquests into Greece, which they at last occupied (168 years before Christ); seized the island of Sicily; established their dominion in Spain and Dalmatia (from 146 to 110); defeated Mithridates, and took possession of the whole of Asia Minor, Syria, and the Holy Land (66); conquered France, then named Gaul; and extended their dominions to Britain on the north, and Egypt on the south, comprehending almost all that was known of the world, and a great deal more than what was civilized. This terminated the conquests of the Republic, in which, latterly, Julius Cæsar acted a most conspicuous part.

One of the most important events in the civil history of Rome, during the republic, was what has been termed the sedition of the Gracchi. As this event is often noticed in modern writings, it is necessary to allude to it. After the destruction of Carthage, the Romans began to degenerate from their ancient modesty, plainness, and severity of life. The triumphs and the spoils of the countries they had conquered brought in a taste for splendid expense, and these produced avarice and inverted ambition. The poorer part of the citizens were oppressed by the rich, who, by wresting the laws, of which they had the management, in their own favour, seized upon all the property, and left the poor only the danger and fatigue of defending it. As for the senate, it was unjust, corrupt, and mercenary, and was only intent on covering its meanness by the dignity of foreign conquests. This was the state of parties, when Tiberius Gracchus (about 130 years before Christ) procured himself to be chosen tribune of the people. This noble-hearted Roman immediately set about avenging the cause of the poor and the oppressed. He endeavoured to put an ancient law in force, which was to the effect that no person should possess above five hundred acres of land, the remainder to be divided among the people. He also attempted other measures for restoring the balance of wealth in the state, and, therefore, met with the deadliest enmity of the senate and the richer part of the community. It was pretended that he wanted to become sovereign of Rome; a tumult was raised in the forum when he tried to make himself heard in a speech defending the interests of the poor; and, in attempting to save his life, he was killed by the blow of a piece of one of the benches. The cause of the people was now taken up by his brother, Caius Gracchus. This equally great-minded man was more fortunate than his brother in punishing oppression; he extended the privileges of Roman citizenship; protected the people from monopolists, by fixing the standard price of corn, and procured a monthly distribution of it among the populace; he also convicted the senate of bribery, extortion, and the sale of offices; for at that time a total degeneracy appeared to have taken place. Caius Gracchus, by his wisdom, justice, and activity, was thus seemingly born to restore the ancient simplicity of Rome. But his career was soon cut short. The senate and the wealthy classes easily found means to raise up a clamour against him. Like his brother, he had to flee for his life through the streets of the city; a reward was offered for his head to the amount of its weight in gold; and being hotly pursued by a crowd of wretches, he prevailed on a slave who accompanied him to put him to death. The pursuers soon coming up, cut off his head; and one of them having taken it home, secretly took out the brain, filled it with lead in order to make it weigh heavier, and thus received 17 pounds of gold as his recompense. Thus ended what has most improperly been styled the *sedition of the Gracchi*. The poor now became reduced to a hopeless subjection; every species of corruption crept into the management of the state; and a perpetual dictatorship was speedily instituted, which was the first decisive step towards the ruin of the commonwealth.

A history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire will form the subject of another paper.

* The word *tribune* signifies a particular kind of seat or bench, and was applied to the functionaries who sat thereon, in the same manner as we now apply the title of the *bench* to the judges in a court of justice.

LELIA,

AN ITALIAN TALE.

The Valley of Anzasca, in the north of Italy, has been for many centuries known for its gold mines, and is inhabited by *minerali*, or those whose occupation it is to look for the ore, and by farmers, who form two distinct classes. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal prejudice. They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing—at one moment rich, and at another starving; and, in short, they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependence on the product of their labour.

They are, notwithstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly; and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next, if fortune has been propitious, they swagger about, gallant and gay, the lords of the valley.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold-seeker in the valley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and he made up for this by so many good qualities, that the farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mournfully, that the old dames

leant back in the chimney-corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and melancholy voice which, when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing realized.

There was only one young lass in the valley who had never heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia, the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than *one* thousand Austrian liras (the Austrian lira is equal to about eightpence halfpenny English), she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection; but her figure, although symmetrical, was so *petite*, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child than a young woman.

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a miracle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which is described in the expression "not unwell" rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which, in a more civilized part of the country, might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; and poetry unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballads of Francesco, was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of one of the ruffian minerali inspired her.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lelia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting-needle, in the soft, low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river, rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carried away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion, she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost to a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted; and a rich, sweet voice took up the strain of her favourite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulse was to fly; her second, to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and her third, which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo, she discovered, was a young man, engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat; but his face was upturned, like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the trees while she sat singing, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose, he seemed to have no ulterior view; for, after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and, pushing off the raft, dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as a sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmer's son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli.

The world, before so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only perplexed her: they were sufficiently long—according to the calculations of sixteen—and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall: and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia, reflecting on this circumstance, condemned, for the moment, her precipitation; but there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret, it secret it was, at the next meeting.

"My name!" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sudden question; "you will know it soon enough." "But I will not be said nay. You must tell me now—or at all events, to-morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night?" "Because a young rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for aught I know; but you are good, and honourable, and, therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia." It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind, which made her heart beat, and her cheeks tingle. He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said—"To-morrow night, then." "Here?" "No, in your father's house; in the presence of—my rival."

The morrow night arrived; and, with a ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his addresses; or, in other words—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Val d'Ossola to Monte Rosa. The youth was rich, well-looking, and prudent even to coldness:—What more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the road and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream—a figment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment?—and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude: and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek.

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart. There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening, and his arms from extending, at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress, drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gaily through a gathering tear, "it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world: but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will love, and young lasses will like, to the end of time; and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl—it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part, is obedience—ay, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according to the laws of God."

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing, that the formality of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordaglia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the bystanders, and the words "poor thing—still so delicate!—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter. "It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done." Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her acquiescence. "Sirs," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance." "The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold cautious voice among the relations of the suitor. "Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist; "it is but a word—a sound. Speak!" Lelia's dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into the midst of the circle. "Speak *not!*" he shouted; "I forbid!" Lelia sprung towards him with a stifled cry, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father. "What is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian—drunkard—madman!—what would you here?" "You *cannot* provoke me, Niccoli," said the intruder, "were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage." "You!" shouted the enraged father. "You!" repeated the relations, in tones of wonder, scorn, rage, or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual. "There needeth no more of this," said the same cold, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding begun in a brawl will never end in a bedding. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered even by the maiden herself, and then depart in peace." "He hath spoken well," said the more cautious among the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, and let the man be gone!" Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly—and then stood as still as a statue, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the throbbings that disturbed her reason. "Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man?—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No!" "No!—the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present your cheek to your future husband, that the customs of our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave *me* to clear my doorway of vagabonds!" She stepped forward mechanically; but when the legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shriek, and staggered towards the intruder. "Hold—hold!" cried the relations; "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the mineralo!" She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the mineralo upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccoli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him. "I can bear those names," said he, "from *you*. Some of them, you know well, are undeserved; and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn for scorn, is to be a ruffian, I am one; but no man can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles—at best they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am POOR. It is a strong one. If I chose to take your daughter without a dowry, I would take her in spite of you all; but I will leave her—even to that thing without a soul—rather than subject so gentle and fragile a being to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty-handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be, no hurry with her marriage: but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if, by the appointed time, I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter's hand." "It is well put," replied the cold and cautious voice in the assembly. "A year, at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man, before the bells of twelve, on this night twelvemonth, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I, for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim—*provided it continues so long*—being consulted in the disposal of her hand, in preference to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livras!" A laugh of scorn and derision arose among the relations. "Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the mineralo produce three thousand livras, and he shall have his bride. Neighbour Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg your assent!" "Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livras"—He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision. "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbour Niccoli, agree!" "I agree," said Niccoli disdainfully. "It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the mineralo. He not only deserted the company of his riotous associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by his talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he laboured in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine-shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut. Day after day, and often night after night, he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain-courses—on the shores of the torrent.

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labour was submitted to. Gold, not as a means, but as an end, seemed to be his thought by day, and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness, and loneliness, and mys-

tery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasions, tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words, and the weakness of her constitution; but on his, all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by—moons rolled away—the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, the hopes of the mineralo became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams. Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress in his arms, without uttering a word, when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopeless task.

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind. Lelia's health had received a shock from the circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale, and her limbs weak, for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the *higher* her spirits rose, as if to quell and control their fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in proportion with his fears, and the strength which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the altars and gods of her people!

The year touched upon its close, and the sum which the gold-seeker had amassed, although great, almost to a miracle, was still far—very far from sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings; and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labours of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house, and, as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and it was just possible that this, although altogether inadequate in itself, might be crossed at a greater depth by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the *gruppi*, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long, impossible. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him; his limbs trembled; a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side, he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not know, but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch-dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small, steady light. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot. "Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognised the features of his young fair mistress. "Waste not time in words," said she; "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart! Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers, since I cannot with my hands." Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labour with new vigour. "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done!—be sure the saints have heard us!" Only once she uttered any thing resembling a complaint—"It is so cold!" said she; "make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would, without the light." By and by she repeated more frequently the injunction to "make haste." Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again. "Make haste—make haste!" she said; "the time is almost come—I shall be wanted—I *am* wanted—I can stay no longer—farewell!" Francesco looked up, but the light was already gone.

It was so strange, this sudden desertion! If determined to go, why did she go alone?—aware, as she must have been, that *his* remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress.

With a lightened heart—for, compared with the phantom of the mind which had presented itself, all things seemed endurable—he began again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wonderful that the light carried by his mistress should be wholly invisible to him, even had it been much nearer than was by this time probable. Far less was it surprising that the shouts which ever and anon he uttered should not reach her ear; for he was on the lee-side of the storm, which raved among the cliffs with a fury that might have drowned the thunder.

Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the route, without the smallest light to guide his steps, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation thus afforded to his thoughts, it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquit himself in a manner not derogatory to the dignity of manhood. "Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have allowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the engagement between us, I relinquish my claims to your daughter's hand." He would then have retired as suddenly as he had entered; but old Niccoli caught hold of his arm:—"Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremulous voice; "go not in anger. Forgive me for the harsh words I used when we last met. I have watched you, Francesco, from that day—and—" He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected apparel, and the haggard and ghastly face, of the young man—"No matter—my word is plighted—farewell. Now call my daughter," added he, "and I pray God that the business of this night end in no ill!"

Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before departing! "She is not in her room!" cried a voice of alarm. Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running here and there was heard, and agitated voices called out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room, and, laying both his hands upon Francesco's shoulders, looked wildly in his face. "Know you aught of my daughter?" said he: "Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the Blessed Saviour! Tell me that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you! Speak! Will you not speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia?—my life—my light—my hope—my child—my child!" The mineralo started, as if from a dream, and looked round, apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. "Lights!" said he, "torches!—every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company, amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meteors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggered to and fro, like one who is drunken with wine.

They at length reached the place he sought; and, by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leant her back against the rock; one hand was pressed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks with cold, and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco threw himself on his knees at one side, and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead—dead—stone dead!

After a time, the childless old man went to seek out the object of his daughter's love; but Francesco was never seen from that fatal night. A wailing sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the hills, and the peasants say that it is the voice of the mineralo seeking his mistress among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night the lamp of Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights her phantom-lover in his search for gold.*

A HIGHLAND CATTLE-LIFTER.

Archibald Macdonald was perhaps the most perfect master of his hazardous profession of any who ever practised it. Archibald was by birth a gentleman, and proprietor of a small estate in Argyleshire, which he however lost early in life. He soon distinguished himself as a cattle-lifter on an extensive scale; and weak as the arm of the law might then have been, he found it advisable to remove further from its influence, and he shifted his residence from his native district of Appin to the remote peninsula of Ardnamurchan, which was admirably adapted to his purpose, from its geographical position. He obtained a lease of an extensive farm, and he fitted up a large cowhouse, though his whole visible live stock consisted of one filly. His neighbours could not help making remarks on this subject, but he begged of them to have no anxiety on that head, assuring them that his byre would be full ere Christmas; and he was as good as his word. He had trained the filly to suit his purpose, and it was a practice of his to tie other horses to her tail; she then directed her course homeward by unfrequented routes, and always found her way in safety.

His expeditions were generally carried on by sea, and he annoyed the most distant of the Hebrides, both to the south and north. He often changed the colour of his boats and sails, and adopted whatever appeared best suited to his immediate purpose. In consequence of this artifice, his depredations were frequently ascribed to others, and sometimes to men of the first distinction in that country, so dexterously did he imitate their Birlings and their insignia. He held his land from Campbell of Lochnell, into whose favour he had insinuated himself, by his knowledge and address.

When Lochnell resided at the castle of Mingary, Archibald was often ordered to lie on a mattress in his bed-room, to entertain him at night with the recitation of the poems of Ossian, and with tales. Archibald contrived means to convert this circumstance to his advantage. He ordered his men to be in readiness, and he that night selected one of his longest poems. As he calculated, Lochnell fell asleep before he had finished the recital; the robber slunk out and soon joined his associates. He steered for the island of Mull, where some of his men had been previously sent to execute his orders; he carried off a whole fold of cattle, which he landed safely, and returned to his mattress before Lochnell awoke. When he lay down, he purposely snored so loudly that the sleeping chief was disturbed, and complained of the tremendous noise the fellow made, observing that, fond as he was of poetry, he must deprive himself of it in future on such conditions. To this Archibald had no objections; his principal object was then accomplished; and taking up the tale where he had stopped when his patron fell asleep, he finished it, and slept soundly to an advanced hour.

The cattle were immediately missed, and suspicion fell on Archibald; but he triumphantly referred to Lochnell for a proof his innocence, and this he obtained. That gentleman solemnly declared that the robber had never been out of his room during that night, and the charge was of course dropt.

A wealthy man who resided in the neighbourhood was noted for his penurious habits, and he had incurred particular odium by refusing a supply of meal to a poor widow in distress. This man had sent a considerable quantity of grain to the mill, which, as usual, he attended himself, and was conveying the meal home at night on horseback. The horses were tied in a string, the halter of one fixed to the tail of another; and the owner led the foremost by a long tether. His road lay through a wood, and Archibald there watched his approach. The night was dark, and the man walked slowly, humming a song: the ground was soft, and the horses having no shoes (as is still usual in that country), their tread made no noise. Archibald ordered one of his men to loosen the tether from the head of the front horse, and to hold it, himself occupying the place of the horse, and walking on at the same pace. He thus got possession of the whole. The miser soon arrived at his own door, and called for assistance to deposit his winter store in safety, but, to his astonishment, found he had but the halter!

Availing himself of the credulity of his countrymen, he pretended to hold frequent intercourse with a spirit or genie, still much distinguished in the West Highlands under the appellation of Glastig. This he turned to excellent account, as the stories which his partisans fabricated of the command he had over the Glastig, and the connexion between them, terrified the people so much, that few could be prevailed upon to watch their cattle at night, and they thus fell an easy prey to this artful rogue.

Archibald's father having died early, his mother afterwards married a second husband, who resided in a neighbouring island. When she died, her son was out of favour with his stepfather, and he was refused the privilege of having the disposal of his mother's remains, nor did he think it prudent to appear openly at her funeral. He however obtained accurate information of the place where the corpse was lying; in a dark night, he made an opening in the thatched roof of the earthen hut, and the wakers being occupied in the feats of athletic exercise usually practised on these occasions, the body being excluded from their sight by a screen which hung across the house, Archibald carried it off to his boat like another Æneas. He also got possession of the stock of whisky intended for the occasion, as it lay in the same place—thus discharging the last duties of a pious son with little expense to himself.

A fatal event at length occurred, which rendered it necessary for the man to retire from trade. He made a descent on one of the small islands on that coast, and had collected the cattle, when the proprietor (who had information of the circumstance) made his appearance to rescue them. Archibald was compelled to yield up his prey, but one of the villains who accompanied him levelled his musket at the gentleman, and shot him dead from the boat.

The robber was fully aware of his danger, and, with the assistance of a fair wind, he shaped his course for the mainland. He pushed on with all possible speed, and arrived at Inverary before sunrise the following morning. Having information that Stewart of Appin was then in town, he watched his motions, and at an early hour saw him on the street in conversation with the sheriff of the county. Archibald, who was an old acquaintance, saluted him, and his salute was returned. When Appin parted with the sheriff, Archibald com-

* Abridged from "Travelling Sketches in the North of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Rhine." By Leitch Ritchie.—[Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1832.]

plained that he had taken no notice of him the preceding day, when he accosted him in the same place. Appin said he was conscious of having seen him, but that he was much hurried at the time, and hoped he would excuse him. The robber's object was accomplished. Appin had no doubt of the truth of what he said; and on his trial for the murder, an alibi was established in his favour, from this very extraordinary piece of address. Some of his crew were afterwards taken in Ross-shire, and executed there by orders of the Earl of Seaforth, though the actual murderer escaped punishment. Archibald, however, never again plundered on a large scale. He died about the middle of the 17th century, and his name still stands unrivalled for cunning and address in his calling.*

GLASS MANUFACTURE.

M'Culloch, in his elaborate work, the Dictionary of Commerce, presents us with the following interesting account of the manufacture of glass, now one of the most valuable and beautiful articles in daily use:—

"The manufacture of glass is one of the very highest beauty and utility. It is most probable that we are indebted for this wonderful art, as we are for the gift of letters, to the Phœnicians. According to Pliny (a Roman historian), glass had been made for many ages, of sand found near the mouth of the small river Belus in Phœnicia. 'The report,' says he, 'is, that the crew of a merchant ship laden with nitre (fossile alkali) having used some pieces of it to support the kettles placed on the fires they had made on the sand, were surprised to see pieces formed of a translucent substance, or glass. This was a sufficient hint for the manufacture. Ingenuity (*astuta et ingeniosa solertia*) was immediately at work, to improve the process thus happily suggested. Hence the magnetical stone came to be added, from an idea that it contained not only iron, but glass. They also used clear pebbles, shells, and fossile sand. Indian glass is said to be formed of native crystal, and is, on that account, superior to every other. Phœnician glass is prepared with light dry wood, to which copper and nitre are added, the last being principally brought from Ophir. It is occasionally tinged with different colours. Sometimes it is brought to the desired shape by being blown, sometimes by being ground on a lathe, and sometimes it is embossed like silver.' Sidon, he adds, is famous for this manufacture. It was there that mirrors were first invented. In Pliny's time, glass was made in Italy of fine sand, on the shore between Cumæ and the Lucrine bay.

Glass was manufactured at Rome into various articles of convenience and ornament. Pliny mentions that Nero gave 6000 sesterces (L.50,000, according to the ordinary method of reckoning) for two glass cups, each having two handles! These, however, must have been of an immense size, and of exquisite workmanship; for glass was then in common use for drinking vessels, and was used even in the form of bottles in which to keep wine.

There is no authentic evidence of glass being used in windows previously to the third or fourth century; and then, and for long after, it was used only in churches and other public buildings. In this country, even so late as the latter part of the fifteenth century, glass was very rarely met with. In a survey of Alnwick Castle, made in 1573, it is stated—'And, because throwe extreme winds, the glasse of the windowes of this, and other my lord's castles and houses here in the country dooth decay and waste, yt were good the whole leights of everie windowe, at the departure of his lordshippe from lyinge at any of his said castels, and houses, and dowring the time of his lordship's absence, or others lyinge in them, were taken doune, and lade up in safty: And at sooche time as ather his lordshippe or anie other sholde lye at anie of the said places, the same might then be set uppe of newe, with smale charges, whereas now the decaye thereof shall be verie costlie and chargeable to be repayred.' Sir F. M. Eden thinks it probable that glass windows were not introduced into farm-houses in England much before the reign of James the First. They are mentioned in a lease in 1615, in a parish in Suffolk. In Scotland, however, as late as 1661, the windows of ordinary country houses were not glazed, and only the upper parts of even those in the King's palaces had glass; the lower ones having two wooden shutters, to open at pleasure, and admit the fresh air. From a passage in Harrison's Description of England, it may be inferred that glass was introduced into country houses in the reign of Henry the Eighth. He says, 'Of old time (meaning, probably, the beginning of the century), our countrie houses, instead of glasse, did use much lattise, and that made either of wicker or fine rifts of oke in checkerwise. I read also that some of the better sort, in and before the time of the Saxons, did make panels of horne instead of glasse, and fix them in wooden calmes (casements); but as horne in windowes is now (1584) quite laid down in every place, so our lattices are also grown into disuse, because glasse is come to be so plentiful, and within very little so good, cheape, if not better than the other.' Glass is now introduced into the windows of almost every cottage of Great Britain; and in this cold, damp climate, it ought to be considered as a necessary, rather than as the most elegant and useful of conveniences. What Dr Johnson has said as to glass deserves to be quoted—'By some fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to produce a body at once, in a high degree, solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light; enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself.'

Venice, for a long time, excelled all Europe in the manufacture of glass, but was subsequently rivalled by France. The manufacture was early introduced into England; but it was not carried on to any extent previously to the sixteenth century. The first plates for looking-glasses and coach windows were made in 1673, at Lambeth, by Venetian artists, under the protection of the Duke of Buckingham. The British Plate Glass Company was incorporated in 1773, when it erected its extensive works at Ravenhead, near St Helen's, in Lancashire. The manufacture was at first conducted by workmen from France, whence we previously brought all our plate glass. But that which is now made at Ravenhead, at Liverpool, and London, is equal or superior to any imported from the Continent.

It is difficult to form any precise estimate of the value of the glass annually produced in Great Britain. We believe, however, that it cannot amount to less than L.2,000,000; and that the workmen employed in the different departments of the manufacture exceed 50,000."

* From "Traditions of the Western Highlands," in Literary Gazette.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

TOULOUSE.

Though a steam-boat plies between Bourdeaux and Toulouse, I preferred the diligence and main road, having had enough of steam-boats and water in entering the country, to wish a continuation of their company; and it was well that I did so, for I afterwards understood, that, owing to mismanagement with regard to the tide, the boat had only accomplished half her journey, leaving the passengers to make the most of themselves and their baggage. It is rather a curious fact, and shows how thoroughly mercantile the notions of an Englishman are apt to be, that so much has been written in disparagement of the French mode of travelling. A diligence, to be sure, is one of the strangest anomalies in mechanics, and the snail-like progression of its unwieldy shell, compared with the quick joyous whirl of our stage-coaches, forms, at first, rather a melancholy contrast. But then, men do not always travel in a running match against time; they sometimes have a desire to have some little notion of the scenery and people through which they are moving; and, perched in the *banquette* of a French diligence, one feels as on an elephant's back, marching with circumspect slowness through the country, without fear of a dislocation of a joint, or fracture of a bone. The whole economy of the machine is different from that of our coaches, nor can it be radically altered with advantage, unless horses and roads undergo a previous revolution. The roads are in general causewayed, and require broad wheels, and the horses are powerful, hardy, and slow. Although, the first grey of dawn was just glimmering, as the mighty leathern vehicle thundered through the streets of Bourdeaux, people were already bustling about, windows were opening, and black velvet nightcaps popping out. There were no symptoms of nocturnal orgies, no parties zigzagging homewards, after a night of sleepless debauch; no broken lamps, or smashed shutters; but every thing bespoke the dawning of an active bustling day, after a peaceable night. The French are a proverbially sober people, and whatever their vices may be, intoxication is not one of them. The road as far as Agen is not peculiarly beautiful, passing chiefly through interminable vineyards, which, from the low thick manner of planting, are not very picturesque. We arrived at Agen the following day at day-break, after a lovely moonlight night, enlivened by the joyous carols of a Parisian and two Bordolais volunteers. They sung troubadour songs throughout the night, and, though they had never seen each other before, were the best friends in the world in a few hours. How different from the phlegmatic caution of British character! Agen is rather an extensive irregularly built town, surrounded by decayed ramparts, converted into public walks. The practice of building the houses in the fashion of bazaars, and the substitution of horn for glass in the windows of some of the poorer dwellings, gives a picturesque air to the town, as do the high overhanging vineyards which encircle it. The country between Agen and Moissac realized all my conceptions of the beauty and rich undulating fertility by which the south of France has always been characterised in descriptions. Fields of Indian corn, fruit trees, cypresses, vineyards, villages, and chateaux, with the Garonne either in the foreground or distance, dotted with active skiffs, are the chief features; but the delicious colouring, which already begins to "breathe of the warm south," gives a charm to the whole, which I have never seen equalled in the most favoured nook of England. We entered the venerable gateway of Toulouse about eight in the evening, with the time-worn city walls dimly seen through the night air, an hour which the solemn recollections of the place aptly suited; having thus performed a journey of 125 miles in 38 hours; *i. e.*, at the rate of about three miles an hour.

Toulouse, the capital of Languedoc, in point of size, though not in number of inhabitants, ranks next to Paris. The population is, in fact, very small in proportion to the ground covered, being somewhere about 56,000; and though there still exists every appearance of abundance and industry, yet it is easy to perceive that both wealth and power have suffered a great diminution from what they were when a parliament sat within its walls, and the troubadours of Provence thronged to the floral games, giving a fillip to the revival of literature, and scattering the darkness which had so long settled upon the intellect of Europe. It is a city interesting more from the recollections which it excites, than from its living associations. Its antiquity is great, having been one of the most flourishing cities of ancient Gaul, and a Roman colony; and though scarce a trace remains to mark that high antiquity, yet the knowledge of it will always give it an interest beyond the power of modern magnificence to bestow. It is here that the Mediterranean and Atlantic are united, by the union of the Languedoc canal with the Garonne; and had the people been of a mercantile, instead of an agricultural and literary cast, it possesses many advantages of a commercial nature, which would have given it no small consequence. But this is, in a small way, a sort of decayed Oxford; and though even yet two colleges, two public libraries, and three academies, remain at the service of the public, in the libraries the solitary figures one sees ensconced in the corner of a window, poring over some venerable tome, or the lazy creeping of a few students towards the gates of the schools, at once mark the autumnal condition of its literary institutions. As soon as the daylight broke into my bed-room in the Hotel de l'Europe, I ventured out with a small pocket-compass, instead of a cicerone; and though the town is most irregularly built, I contrived to find my way to the street and house I wanted. Monsieur Des Champs I found under the hands of his barber; yet, though his face was shrouded in a snowy cloud of lather, and a napkin dangled from under his chin, he instantly rose, and, with a bow of Grandisonian precision, motioned me to take a chair. I soon found that this gentleman was just the person most fitted to become my cicerone through the town, as he had lived in it for more than twenty years, and had imbibed the most profound veneration for every stone and brick which went towards its composition. It seemed also to afford him no small delight that a stranger had fallen into his hands, as he quickly dispatched his barber, and assumed his ivory-headed cane and old-fashioned hat.

Of the capitol and amphitheatre which Tolosa once boasted under the Romans, he informed me nothing remained; but, as we passed the castle, he pointed out a particular portion of the foundations, which is considered to be of Roman workmanship; the castle is a modern Gothic building of little interest. As we continued threading our way through the streets, the strange intermingling of the magnificent with the wretched and dirty, struck me; but from the consideration of the latter, Monsieur Des Champs would continually draw my attention to some piece of quaint old carving, or, by diving down some toppling gateway, point out the quondam residence of some noble family. After visiting a succession of these decayed mansions, on which the old man dilated with many a sigh for past greatness, and bitter apostrophe on the causes which had produced it, we suddenly entered the *Place du Capitale*. This is a magnificent square, the town-hall, or *hotel de ville*, one of the finest in France, and enriched with marbles and sculpture, forming one side of it. It is also the market-place, and a truly noble one, with fountains in the centre, and *caffées* and gay shops stretching round it. When I saw it, it was crammed with all sorts of fruits and vegetables, so tastefully arranged, and so brilliant and fresh, that it was almost dazzling to look at them. But what gave it a very peculiar appearance, was the vast number of book-stalls sprinkled about, as if the very market people had inherited something of the literary penchant of its ancient inhabitants. After sauntering about, and admiring the never-ending displays of peaches, nectarines, plums, melons, apples, pears, *pommes d'amour*, &c., we entered the mansion-house, the interior of which is still more worthy of examination than the exterior. *La Salle des illustres Toulousains* is a fine hall, in which are placed in niches busts of all the citizens who have reflected honour on their birth-place. Here the rapturous admiration of my companion knew no bounds. One after another, he descanted on the character of men whose names are scarcely known out of Toulouse, as if their particular qualities had been as warmly appreciated by the world as by himself. But when we entered the hall of the Academy of the Floral Games, the interest I felt was fully commensurate with his. The floral games of Toulouse were instituted about the thirteenth century, for the advancement of poetry; and to their

influence, I believe, the gradual revival of letters was in some measure owing. The society originally consisted of seven troubadours, styled *Le Gai Consistoire*, who used to hold their meetings and distribute prizes in the open air, till Clemence Isaure, a lady of Toulouse, in the fifteenth century, presented the citizens with magnificent markets, erected at her private expense, on condition that the games should be afterwards celebrated within the hall which formed part of her princely donation. and that they should strew roses on her tomb: in case these injunctions be not attended to, the gift reverts to the king. She was one of the best poets of her day, generally presiding at the annual competitions, and awarding with her own hands the three golden flowers, the violet, the eglantine, and the marigold, as the prizes to the successful candidates. Her statue adorns the hall, and is religiously crowned with flowers each 3d of May. There are two other magnificent apartments, the last of which is semicircular, with the throne still remaining, erected on the occasion of some fete given to Napoleon, and from which the emperor could command a goodly vista of magnificent apartments. Monsieur Des Champs seemed vexed that the purple and gilding were not more faded, and stamped on the floor till a cloud of dust almost hid it from our sight. I could not help smiling; he perceived it, and walked away; I followed him, and we were soon on the banks of the river.

The bridge is not a very handsome one, from the irregularity of the arches, the widest not being in the centre; but it is curious, from the circumstance of a tower being attached to it, for the purpose of purifying the water, and sending it through pipes from one side of the river to the other. This is done by leading the water of the Garonne through a deep bed of sand, and then pumping it up to a sufficient level to take it across the bridge into the town. The view south from this point is extensive and lovely, the Garonne winding up through green meadow-lands towards the Pyrenees, till it becomes lost in a silver haze. By making a detour round the extensive promenade, we came in sight of the heights on which the Duke of Wellington engaged and defeated Marshal Soult.

In Toulouse, there are several churches of considerable interest, but none more so than St Sernin. The date of its erection is not known, but it was consecrated about the year 1090, by Pope Urban the Second, and it is a Roman piece of architecture, or what in England would be termed Saxon. It is stored with stone coffins, filled with saintly bones; and amongst others, those of St Saturnine, who lived as far back as the year 252, occupy a conspicuous position. This precious dust was once stolen, when the saint, with rather questionable justice, chose to inflict punishment, not upon the robber, but upon the robbed, by preventing either harvest or child-bearing during its absence. Here also lie the remains of the great Counts of Toulouse, with the illustrious Raymond, immortalized by Tasso, at their head. They are carelessly stowed away in a vault in one of the exterior walls; for nothing sacred attaches to their dust, at least they do not seem to be so particular about their positions as the saint. A bas relief, representing Calvin in the form of a sow preaching from a pulpit, with the motto, *Calvin le Porc prechant*, enriches a portion of the choir, as also do a whole mass of relics.

In the Museum, the collection of ancient sculpture, and the gallery of paintings. have both many fine things. In the latter, I observed several artists at work copying, but their colouring struck me as harsh and glaring, from the colours not being sufficiently broken down—the distinguishing fault of the present French school of painting. In the evening, we visited the Theatre, which, though not so fine as that of Bourdeaux, is spacious and good. Abroad, however, the appearance of *the house* is not so splendid as our own, from the absence of full dress in the boxes, and the want of light generally. The noise of talking and laughing is often so great as to drown the voices of the actors. The amusements were an opera, and an afterpiece called *The Four Days of July*, in which an Englishman, or rather a French version of one, figured away much to the amusement of the Tolosans. What seemed to be the chief subject of satire, was the cat-like sensibility of his nature, with a blundering bravery which generally rescued him from all his difficulties, though at the expense of his pocket. He was supposed to have landed in Paris just in the midst of the revolutionary struggles, and to have lost every thing but his courage. He appeared to afford them as much amusement as a Frenchman, when well represented, on our stage gives us, but I do not think he was so true to nature.

AN INTERESTING GERMAN VILLAGE.

There is near Halberstadt, in the kingdom of Prussia, a village named Ströbeck, where all the inhabitants, boys and girls, are chess-players. They were converted to the game some centuries since by a dignitary of the Cathedral of Halberstadt, who allowed them exemption from imposts as long as they should be winners in this game, and every year a person was sent down to try them. Since the secularisation of the bishopric of Halberstadt, and its union with the kingdom of Prussia, they lost a game, and since that time their immunity ceased, but their predilection for this useful amusement continues.—*Anglo-German Advertiser.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON.

Hugh Clapperton, an enterprising and undaunted being, and one of the last victims of the attempts of British subjects to penetrate into the heart of Africa, was a Scotsman by birth, having been born of respectable parents, in the town of Annan, in Dumfries-shire, in the year 1788. In his youth he was known as an obliging, good-hearted boy, of robust frame, and an apt scholar, though his education was confined to the elementary branches, including a knowledge of practical mathematics, navigation, and trigonometry.

At the age of seventeen, young Clapperton was bound an apprentice to the sea service, and became the cabin-boy of Captain Smith, of the Postlethwaite of Maryport. The Postlethwaite, a vessel of large burden, traded between Liverpool and North America, and in her he repeatedly crossed the Atlantic, distinguished even when a mere youth for coolness, dexterity, and intrepidity. On one occasion, the ship, when at Liverpool, was partly laden with rock-salt, and as that commodity was then dear, the mistress of a house which the crew frequented very improperly enticed Clapperton to bring her a few pounds ashore in his handkerchief. After some entreaty, the youth complied, probably from his ignorance of the revenue laws, was caught in the act by a custom-house officer, and menaced with the terrors of trial and imprisonment unless he consented to go on board the Tender. He immediately chose the latter alternative, and after being sent round to the Nore, was drafted on board the Clorinde frigate, commanded by a very gallant officer, who is now the Hon. Captain Briggs. Here he was ranked as a man before the mast; but feeling a desire to better his situation, he addressed a letter, detailing his mishap and recent history, to a friend, Mr Scott, banker in Annan, who had always taken a warm interest in the family. Mr Scott, as the likeliest channel that occurred to him, applied to Mrs General Dirom, of Mount Annan, who happened to be related to the Hon. Captain Briggs; and through the influence of that lady, combined with his own professional merit, the brave Clapperton was speedily promoted to the rank of midshipman; a circumstance which tended, in no mean degree, to fix his destiny, and shape his future fortunes in life. It has often been remarked, that what at first appears to be a misfortune, is sometimes the happiest thing that can befall us; and so it chanced in the present instance. Had he remained in the American or coasting trade, he might have become first a mate, then a master, then ship's husband and part owner, and, finally, have returned to his native burgh with a fortune of a few thousand pounds, and vegetated tranquilly for ten or twenty years, reading the newspaper or playing at billiards in the forenoon, and smoking cigars and drinking whisky-punch or negus in the evening. But where would have been his laurels—where his glory—where his zeal in the cause of science—where his defiance of death and danger—where his place in the annals of Britain?

While on board the Asia, he distinguished himself by his intrepid exertions, and in particular by his excellent swordsmanship. Officers as well as men received instruction from him in the cutlass exercise; and his manly form, and sailor-like appearance on the quarter-deck, tended, in the opinion of all who saw him, to fix the attention, and improve the patriotic spirit of the crew. At his own as well as the other messes, where he had the honour of being a frequent guest, he was the very soul and life of the party; sung a good song, told a merry tale, painted scenes for the ship's theatricals, sketched views, drew caricatures, and, in one word, was an exceedingly amusing and interesting person. Even the admiral became very fond of him, and invited him to remain on board the Asia, under the promise of speedy promotion. But the warm work going forward on the Lakes had more attraction for his enterprising mind; and, having procured a passage in a vessel to Halifax, he bade adieu to the flag-ship, to the regret of every individual on board, from the venerable admiral down to the cabin-boys. From Halifax he proceeded to Upper Canada, and, shortly after his arrival, was made a lieutenant, and subsequently appointed to command the Confiance schooner, having on board nearly all the unmanageables of the squadron. To discipline these men was no easy task; but the measures adopted by Clapperton, although seldom enforced by flogging, at length made them so subordinate, that the Confiance became as proverbial for its good order, as it had hitherto been for its irregularities.

While the Confiance rode at anchor on the spacious shores of Lake Erie, or Lake Huron, her enterprising commander occasionally repaired to the woods, and, with his gun, kept himself in fresh provisions. In these excursions he cultivated an acquaintance with the aborigines, and was so much charmed with a mode of life full of romance, incident, and danger, that he at one time entertained serious thoughts of resigning his commission when the war was ended, and becoming a denizen of the forest himself. But the fit, fortunately, was not permanent; his country had stronger claims on his talents, and the tinge of romance, which formed a part of his nature, yielded to more patriotic impressions, and the spirit-stirring scenes in which he was engaged. At this time, he occasionally dined on shore; and as few men excelled him in swimming, he not unfrequently plunged into the water, and made for the schooner, without either undressing or calling for a boat. This he did for the double purpose of showing his manhood, and keeping his crew on the *qui vive*.

In the year 1817, when our flotilla on the American lakes was dismantled, Lieutenant Clapperton returned to England, to be placed, like many others, on half-pay, and ultimately retired to his grandfather's native burgh of Lochmaben. There he remained till 1820, amusing himself with rural sports, when he removed to Edinburgh, and shortly after became acquainted with the amiable and lamented Dr Oudney. It was at Dr Oudney's suggestion that he first turned his thoughts to African discovery; and, through all the varieties of untoward fortune, suffering and sorrow, sickness and death, he clung to his friend with the constancy of a brother.

We have now arrived at that period of Clapperton's life in which he first became introduced to public notice, or, rather, when an opportunity first presented itself for the developement of his active mind. On the death of Mr Ritchie, at Mourzouk, and the return of Captain Lyon, Earl Bathurst, then Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, relying on the strong assurances of his Majesty's consul at Tripoli, that the road from thence to Bornou was open and safe, resolved that a second mission should be sent to explore the state of this unhappy quarter of the globe, which annually sends forth so many thousands of its population into hopeless slavery. Dr Oudney, who was a naval surgeon, was appointed, on strong recommendations from Edinburgh, to proceed in the capacity of consul to Bornou, being allowed to take with him, as a friend and companion, Captain, then Lieutenant Clapperton. About that time, the late Colonel, then Lieutenant Denham, having volunteered his services in an attempt to pass from Tripoli to Timbuctoo, and it being intended that researches should be made from Bornou, as the fixed residence of the consul, to the east and to the west, Lord Bathurst added his name to the expedition. At a very early stage of the journey, Dr Oudney caught a severe cold, which fell on his lungs, and he died, January 12, 1824. Colonel Denham and Captain Clapperton returned to England; and their narratives were published, and have since gone through three editions. The portions of the expedition related by Captain Clapperton are a journey from Kouka to Murmur, from Murmur to Kano, and from Kano to Sackatoo, the capital of the Felatah empire.

Clapperton's narrative of his journey through the new and untrodden country of Soudan could not fail of being interesting, and the unaffected and manly style in which it is written is highly creditable to him We will select a few of those particulars which will serve to illustrate his personal character.

After having passed through Kano, Captain Clapperton proceeded towards Sackatoo. On his road, he was met by an escort of 150 horsemen, with drums and trumpets, which Bello, the sultan, had sent to conduct him to his capital. Our traveller was now received at every town and village with flourishing of horns and trumpets, as the representative of the King of England.

On receiving the presents in the name of the King of England, the sultan examined them with great attention, and then exclaimed, "Every thing is wonderful, but you are the greatest curiosity of all!" and then added, "what can I give that is most acceptable to the King of England?" "I replied," says Captain Clapperton, "the most acceptable service you can render to the King of England, is to co-operate with his Majesty in putting a stop to the slave-trade on the coast." "What!" said he, "have you no slaves in England?" "No: whenever a slave sets his foot in England, he is from that moment free." "What do you then do for servants?" "We hire them for a stated period, and give them regular wages; nor is any person in England allowed to strike another; and the very soldiers are fed, clothed, and paid by government." "God is great," he exclaimed; "you are a beautiful people." He also appeared anxious to establish a friendly connexion with England, and in answer to an inquiry after our newspapers, when told that many thousands were printed every morning, he exclaimed, "God is great; you are a wonderful people!"

It is quite obvious that Captain Clapperton, in the various interviews which he had with Sultan Bello, succeeded in strongly inclining him to a friendly communication with England; for at every interview the subject was pressed—thus:—

"The sultan sent for me in the afternoon. I was taken to a part of his residence I had never before seen: it was a handsome apartment, within a square tower, the ceiling of which was a dome, supported by eight ornamented arches, with a bright plate of brass in its centre. Between the arches and the outer wall of the tower the dome was encircled by a neat balustrade in front of a gallery which led into an upper suite of rooms. We had a long conversation about Europe: he spoke of the ancient Moorish kingdom in Spain, and appeared well pleased when I told him that we were in possession of Gibraltar. He asked me to send him from England some Arabic books, and a map of the world; and, in recompense, promised his protection to as many of our learned men as chose to visit his dominions. He also spoke of the gold and silver to be obtained in the hills of Jacoba and Addmowa; but I assured him that we were less anxious about

gold mines than the establishment of commerce, and the extension of science. He now gave me a map of the country, and, after explaining it to me, he resumed the old theme of applying, by letter, to the King of England for the residence of a consul and a physician at Sackatoo."

When the traveller waited upon him to take leave, the sultan treated him in the most friendly manner. "After repeating the Fatha," says Clapperton, "and praying for my safe arrival in England and speedy return to Sackatoo, he affectionately bade me farewell." Of Bello's opinion of Captain Clapperton, the following passage in the letter of the chieftain, addressed to George IV., and brought home by Clapperton himself, affords a marked proof:—"Your Majesty's servant, Bayes-Abd-Allah (Clapperton's travelling name) came to us, and we found him a very intelligent and wise man; representing, in every respect, your greatness, wisdom, dignity, clemency, and penetration." It should be added, that Captain Clapperton always took care to impress upon the Africans, that he should be despised, on his return to England, if in any instance he acted deceitfully and treacherously, he being a "servant of the King of England."

On the 4th of May 1824, Captain Clapperton left Sackatoo on his return to Kouka, which he reached July 8, and where he was joined a few days afterwards by Colonel Denham, who did not know him, so altered was he by fatigue and illness. "On my arrival again at Kouka," says Colonel Denham, "I found that Captain Clapperton, with a small kafila, had returned from Soudan. It was nearly eight months since we had separated, and although it was mid-day, I went immediately to the hut where he was lodged; but so satisfied was I that the sunburnt sickly person that lay extended on the floor, rolled in a dark blue shirt, was not my companion, that I was about to leave the place, when he convinced me of my error by calling me by my name: the alteration was certainly in him most striking."

The travellers now prepared for their return to their native country. Their journey over the desert was exceedingly harassing. Having at length reached Tripoli, they there embarked for Leghorn. From Leghorn they crossed the Alps, and arrived in England on the 1st of June 1825.

Captain Clapperton was not allowed much time for repose. An answer being prepared to the letter from Sultan Bello to the King of England, it was, with a letter to El Kanemy, the Sheikh of Bornou, entrusted to Captain Clapperton, who, with Captain Pearce of the navy, Dr Morrison, and Mr Dickson, were conveyed in his Majesty's ship Brazen, to the coast of Africa. The first three were landed at Badagry, in the Bight of Benin, on the 28th of November 1825; Mr Dickson, at his own request, having previously been put on shore at Whydah. The King of Badagry readily undertook to afford to the travellers protection and assistance as far as his influence extended—namely, to a place called Jannah, the frontier town of the kingdom of Hio or Eyeo, which was found to be in lat. 6° 56′ N., and on the same meridian as Lagos. A great part of this journey was performed on foot, along narrow paths, leading through deep forests: they reached this spot on the 18th of December.

From Jannah to Katunga, the capital of Youriba, was described as a journey that would require thirty-three days. The passage of the low swampy forest produced the usual pestilential effects on some of the party; and on the 27th of December, Captain Pearce, after a few days' illness, died. He was an excellent officer, but of a delicate habit, and, in the opinion of his friends, not calculated to bear the heat and fatigue to which he would necessarily be exposed in the course of an expedition of this kind; but all remonstrances were in vain, and he determined to make the attempt. Dr Morrison also falling sick, was advised by Captain Clapperton to return to the coast, to which he readily assented; and Mr Houtson, a merchant, who had voluntarily undertaken to accompany the mission as far as Katunga, returned with him. They had proceeded no farther, however, than Jannah, when Morrison became alarmingly ill, and died in the course of the day.

Mr Houtson, having decently interred his companion, rejoined Captain Clapperton. They now proceeded across a mountainous and beautifully romantic country, which continued so for many days; and beyond this range, the surface became gradually more uniform, but still undulated with hill and dale, and in an excellent state of cultivation. Towns and villages were constantly occurring; the former generally surrounded with mud walls, and ditches, and many of them containing from 10,000 to 12,000 inhabitants; the people every where civil and obliging, and the head men receiving them with the utmost kindness and hospitality.

On the 26th of April, Mr James, a merchant residing on the coast, wrote from Whydah, that he had received authentic information of the safe arrival of Clapperton at the capital of his old friend in the Felatah country. Here ended all information respecting the traveller; and two whole years had elapsed without the least intimation respecting Captain Clapperton, when, some time in February 1828, his servant, Richard Lander, accompanied by a black man of the name of Pascoe, made their appearance at Badagry, having been nine months on their journey from Sackatoo. On the 24th of April, Lander arrived at Portsmouth, in the Esk sloop of war. From him it has been ascertained that Captain Clapperton died April 13, 1827, at Sackatoo, where he had been detained for five months, in consequence of the Sultan Bello not permiting him to proceed, on account of the war between him and the Sheikh of Bornou. He had waited there hoping to obtain permission to proceed to Timbuctoo, and lived in a small, circular, clay hut, belonging to the Sultan's brother, the size of which dwelling was about fifty yards each way. He was attacked with dysentery, and, latterly, fell away rapidly, and became much emaciated.

Lander states, that two days before he died, he requested that he might be shaved, as he was too weak to sit up. On its completion, he asked for a looking glass, and remarked he was "doing better," and should certainly "get over it." The morning on which he died he breathed loud, and became restless, and shortly afterwards expired in his servant's arms. He was buried by him at Jungali, a small village, five miles south-east of Sackatoo, and was followed to his grave by his faithful attendant and five slaves. The corpse was conveyed by a camel, and the place of interment marked by a small square house of clay, erected by Lander, who then obtained the Sultan's permission to return home. He accordingly journeyed to Badagry, which occupied him seven months, and was taken off the coast by Captain Laing, of the merchant brig Maria of London, in January 1828.

Captain Clapperton was, in the best sense of the phrase, "a fine fellow;" a term well calculated to express a general idea of his whole character. In person, he was about five feet eleven inches in height, with a high and commanding forehead (the index of a noble mind), and a set of features full of pleasing and intelligent expression. Previous to his death, at the age of thirty-eight, his fine athletic form was almost reduced to a skeleton. He is represented to have been a man of frank and generous disposition, and to have possessed a happy mode of adapting himself to circumstances—it will be owned, a valuable endowment for one whose short life was one continued scene of enterprise and hair-breadth escapes.

His conduct towards the natives even endeared him to them as if he had been one of their caste. He assumed the gravity of the Tauricks, their manners, and even their dress, and so completely identified himself with them, that they frequently expressed their belief that he would ultimately become a convert to Mahommedanism. We can readily imagine how companionable these qualities must have rendered him, especially in such a desert as that between Mourzouk and Bornou, a dreary waste, in which "towns, villages, wandering tribes, and kafilas, or caravans, sometimes occur to break the solitude of that dismal belt, which seems to stretch across Northern Africa, and on many parts of which not a living creature, even an insect, enlivens the scene. Still, however, the halting-places at the wells, and the wadeys or valleys, afford an endless source of amusement to the traveller, in witnessing the manners, and listening to the conversation, of the various tribes of natives, who, by their singing and dancing, their story-telling, their quarrelling and fighting, make him forget, for a time, the ennui and fatigue of the day's journey."

Fortunately, the whole of Captain Clapperton's journals were saved, and subsequently published. By the travels and investigations of Denham, Oudney, and Clapperton, a considerable amount of new information was ascertained, regarding the river Niger and the kingdoms on its banks; but as they did not trace it to the ocean, the place of its embouchure was left for future discovery. That important discovery has since been made by Lander, the attendant on Clapperton; and at present that young man and his brother are engaged in an expedition to penetrate into Central Africa, by means of steam and other vessels, on that famed and long mysterious stream.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

Many persons are of belief that authors are very grave and reserved in their manners, that they are constantly engaged in study, have no relish whatever for relaxation, and are careless of the ordinary pleasures of society. This is a ridiculous fallacy: authors just think and act like other men when not engaged in their literary avocations; and whatever may be the gravity of their writings, they are generally very merry fellows, and like to indulge in frivolous amusements as well as their neighbours. D'Israeli, who has taken the pains to enter into a minute investigation of many literary subjects, recites a number of instances of learned men indulging in different amusements by way of relaxation to their mind.

"Among the Jesuits (says he, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, a work we recommend to the perusal of our readers), it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. When Petavius was employed in his *Dogmata Theologica*, a work of the most profound and extensive erudition, the great recreation of the learned father was, at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes. After protracted studies, Spinosa would mix with the family-party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so much interest, that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour deadens the soul, observes Seneca, in closing his treatise on 'The Tranquillity of the Soul,' and the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements. Socrates did not blush to play with children; Cato, over his bottle, found an alleviation from the fatigues of government; a circumstance, he says in his manner, which rather gives honour to this defect, than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours. In the senate, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments; an amusement too closely connected with his studies to be deemed as one.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, the author of the Argenis, in his leisure hours was a florist; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Peiresc found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the Abbé de Maroles with his prints; and Politian in singing airs to his lute. Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden; in the morning, occupied by the system of the world, he relaxed his profound speculations by rearing delicate flowers.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour; Count Caylus passed his mornings in the *studios* of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur.

Granville Sharp, amidst the severity of his studies, found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends; there was festive hospitality with musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. 'The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character,' observes Mr Prince Hoare, in the very curious life of this great philanthropist.

Some have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death. Pierius Valerianus has written an eulogium on beards; and we have had a learned one recently, with due gravity and pleasantry, entitled 'Eloge de Perruques' (*an Eulogium on Wigs*).

Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chaise, his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

It seems, Johnson observes in his Life of Sir Thomas Browne, to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser; the shadow of Wowerus; and the quincunx of Browne.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs: once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, 'Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in.'

An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, amused himself with collecting from the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

Contemplative men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand; a strange characteristic of the author of 'Natural Theology." Sir Henry Wotton called angling 'idle time not idly spent:' we may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment.

Seneca has observed on amusements proper for literary men, in regard to robust exercises, that these are a folly, an indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm, or the breadth of his back! Such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows his philosopher an occasional slight inebriation; an amusement which was very prevalent among our poets formerly. Seneca concludes admirably, 'whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise; give, therefore, all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age!'

An ingenious writer has observed, that 'a garden just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.' There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise, in Pope's letters. 'I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while.' A turn or two in a garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, and raise up fresh associations, when the mind, like the body, becomes rigid by preserving the same posture. Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved 'books and a garden.'"

BABOONS.

Lieutenant John Shipp, in the account of his amusing military adventures, describes several rencontres he had with baboons near the Cape of Good Hope. "On these hills (says he), whole regiments of baboons assemble, for which this station is particularly famous. They stand six feet high, and in features and manners approach nearer to the human species than any other quadruped I have ever seen. These rascals, who are most abominable thieves, used to annoy us exceedingly. Our barracks were under the hills, and when we went to parade, we were invariably obliged to leave armed men for the protection of our property; and, even in spite of this, they have frequently stolen our blankets and greatcoats, or any thing else they could lay their claws on. A poor woman, a soldier's wife, had washed her blanket, and hung it out to dry, when some of these miscreants, who were ever on the watch, stole it, and ran off with it into the hills, which are high and woody. This drew upon them the indignation of the regiment, and we formed a strong party, armed with sticks and stones, to attack them, with the view of recovering the property, and inflicting such chastisement as might be a warning to them for the future. I was on the advance, with about twenty men, and I made a detour to cut them off from caverns, to which they always flew for shelter. They observed my movement, and immediately detached about fifty to guard the entrance, while the others kept their post; and we could distinctly see them collecting large stones, and other missiles. One old grey-headed one, in particular, who often paid us a visit at the barracks, and was known by the name of *Father Murphy*, was seen distributing his orders, and planning the attack, with the judgment of one of our best generals. Finding that my design was defeated, I joined the *corps de main*, and rushed on to the attack, when a scream from Father Murphy was a signal for a general encounter, and the host of baboons under his command rolled down enormous stones upon us, so that we were obliged to give up the contest, or some of us must inevitably have been killed. They actually followed us to our very doors, shouting, in indication of victory; and, during the whole night, we heard dreadful yells and screaming; so much so, that we expected a night attack. In the morning, however, we found that all this rioting had been created by disputes about the division of the blanket; for we saw eight or ten of them with pieces of it on their backs, as old women wear their cloaks. Amongst the number strutted Father Murphy. These rascals annoyed us day and night, and we dared not venture out, unless a party of five or six went together.

One morning, Father Murphy had the consummate impudence to walk straight into the grenadier barracks; and he was in the very act of purloining a serjeant's regimental coat, when a corporal's guard (which had just been relieved) took the liberty of stopping the gentleman at the door, and secured him. He was a most powerful brute, and, I am persuaded, too much for any single man. Notwithstanding his frequent misdemeanours, we did not like to kill the poor creature; so, having first taken the precaution of muzzling him, we determined on shaving his head and face, and then turning him loose. To this ceremony, strange to say, he submitted very quietly; and, when shaved, he was really an exceedingly good-looking fellow, and I have seen many a 'blood' in Bond Street not half so prepossessing in his appearance. We then started him up the hill, though he seemed rather reluctant to leave us. Some of his companions came down to meet him; but, from the alteration which shaving his head and face had made on him, they did not know him again, and, accordingly, pelted him with stones, and beat him with sticks, in so unmerciful a manner, that poor Father Murphy actually sought protection from his enemies, and he in time became quite domesticated and tame. There are many now alive, in his Majesty's 22d regiment, who can vouch for the truth of this anecdote."

THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

The present enterprising Pacha of Egypt, like all men who have succeeded in accomplishing great designs, is remarkably attentive to have his orders executed rapidly, no matter about what. An amusing instance of this activity occurred a few years ago. Having observed one of the European visitors wearing shoes, such as are usually worn in this country, and tied in a military fashion, he borrowed them as a pattern, and in less than twelve hours, a dozen pairs were ready; these were dispatched instantly to Cairo, with a peremptory order, that 40,000 pairs should be ready in a month. All the shoemakers in Cairo were instantly set to work, and the order completed in due time.

Column for Young Women.

We feel much pleasure in laying before the juvenile part of our female readers the following excellent advices on the subject of Domestic Economy, from *The Daughter's Own Book*, the author of which appears well acquainted with the various duties of social life:—

"I am willing, if your circumstances admit, that you should attend to drawing, painting, or music, or all of them, provided only you have a natural taste for them, and do not suffer them to interfere with your improvement in more important branches. I say, *if you have a taste for them*; for nothing seems to me more ridiculous than for a girl utterly destitute of taste, to spend months in trying to learn the use of the pencil, while neither she nor her friends are to reap any other reward of her labours, than is found in the awkward result of having a few pictures to amuse, or, as the case may be, to frighten, her younger sisters. If you have a talent for music, I am more than willing that you should cultivate it; for it will not only supply you with innocent, and, I may say, elegant, amusement, but it may often banish melancholy from your mind, and refresh and invigorate the spirits of your friends. But let every accomplishment of this kind be suffered to hold only its proper place.

However much you may be distinguished for intellectual cultivation, or for proficiency in the more refined and ornamental branches, you can make no claim to a complete education, unless you are well acquainted with Domestic Economy. I am aware that this is a subject which, from some cause or other, many young females regard with strong aversion; and there is reason to fear that, in too many instances, this aversion is heightened by receiving in some degree the parental sanction; but you may rely on it there cannot be a greater mistake on the subject of female education, than to suppose that this branch of it may with safety be neglected. With regard to the extent to which you should be informed on this subject, I would say in general that you ought to have so much knowledge of it, as will enable you to regulate with advantage the concerns of a family. There are indeed some of the domestic arts which you can hardly be expected to acquire; and which, in the ordinary walks of domestic life, may not be important; but whatever relates to the immediate superintendence and direction of household concerns, you cannot neglect, without exposing yourself to inconvenience which no future exertions may be able completely to remedy.

It is important that you should cultivate a taste for the management of domestic concerns as early as possible. As no part of your education is more practical than this, it were unsafe to neglect it even for a short period; as the consequence of such neglect would probably be, that you would form other habits uncongenial with domestic employments, and which, perhaps, might give you an aversion to them which you would never overcome. Do not consider it a hardship therefore to be placed in circumstances which favour your attention to this subject, and even demand your active exertions. Every item of this kind of knowledge which you gain, you will be able, hereafter, to turn to some practical account, which will compensate many fold for the labour of attaining it.

It is not uncommon for young females in the higher walks of life to satisfy themselves in the neglect of this branch of education, on the ground that their lot is cast in circumstances of opulence and splendour. If this excuse could ever be sustained, you have no right to expect that your condition in life will allow you to avail yourself of it: but the truth is, that it cannot be admitted in *any* case. There are many other reasons of great weight why this part of your education should not be neglected. Without a proper attention to it, you can never be qualified to preside in the concerns of a family. Though you should be placed in a station which might enable you to command all the conveniences and assistance which opulence can furnish, you will never feel at home in your own house, unless you have yourself that practical knowledge which will enable you to keep your house in order. You cannot realize half the value of your domestic aid, unless you are capable of exercising a general superintendence, and giving proper directions; and without such ability, you will be liable to constant impositions from those to whom you will be obliged to confide interests which ought to remain exclusively in your own hands. Many a large estate has been squandered, and many a family reduced to want, in consequence of a deficiency in this part of female education.

Let me add, if Providence should ever place you at the head of a family, and you are obliged, from ignorance of domestic economy, to entrust its concerns to another, you cannot maintain the dignity which appropriately belongs to such a station. You will be subject to a thousand painful mortifications from discovering that your concerns are improperly managed, and yet being unable to suggest the proper remedy; and though you may try to flatter yourself that your ignorance on this subject may pass for evidence of a genteel education, it is more than probable that the unsavoury food, which will sometimes chance to be placed before your guests, will lead them to regret that you happened to possess so unfortunate an accomplishment.

What I have said hitherto on this subject has been principally upon the supposition that you are to be placed in circumstances of external ease and affluence. But I hardly need say that this is by no means certain. Even if your prospects in this respect should be fair at the commencement of domestic life, there are a thousand changes which may await you, any one of which may cast around you the gloom and desolation of heart-breaking poverty. I could tell you of many who have begun life without a cloud being seen to settle upon their temporal prospects, and have closed it in all the degradation and wretchedness which the most abject want could occasion. It is impossible to tell what scenes of adversity the changes of life may bring with them; it is unquestionably the part of wisdom that you should be prepared for any lot to which Providence may call you. What, then, if you should be destined in a few years to the obscure and humble walks of poverty? What if, from a comfortable competence, you should sink to a condition upon which you have hitherto been scarcely able to look, without feelings of compassion and tears of sympathy? What if you should see around you a little defenceless family, and all the dreaded evils of poverty clustering upon them in melancholy profusion? And what if, in the midst of all these circumstances of external depression, you should be found incapable of devising a plan or lifting a hand for the relief or comfort of yourself and family? In supposing this case, believe me, I am not dealing in fiction: I have seen an elegant, accomplished female, brought up in the lap of luxury, in these very circumstances: and who knows but that such a case may be their own? Sure I am that another argument cannot be necessary to impress you with the importance of the subject I am endeavouring to urge.

And now if I have gained your conviction to the importance of this branch of education, let me repeat the request that you will begin, without delay, to make it a practical matter. I know, indeed, that much depends in this case on maternal attention and effort; but I know too that there is in some young females an aversion to domestic employments which a mother's persevering exertions do not overcome; and I also know that little improvement can reasonably be expected in any department of knowledge, in which the mind does not act not only without constraint, but with alacrity. And I beg you to bear in mind that the knowledge of which I am speaking is to be acquired only in one way: and that by actual experience. You may study the science of domestic economy as carefully as you will, and you may receive lessons from experienced and skilful managers, and after all, you will be little wiser, till you come down to the actual reality of participating in the every-day concerns of a family. When you actually put your hand to the work, you will begin to learn; but unless you put your hand to it frequently, and learn to think it no dishonour to engage in any thing appertaining to the economy of a family, you can never expect to become an accomplished housekeeper. In a preceding chapter I have urged upon you the importance of taking a good degree of exercise: let me here say that you cannot comply with that direction to better purpose than by spending a part of every day in domestic employments. And while it will secure to you the benefit of relaxation from your studies, and of the exercise of your bodily powers, it will be an effectual—the only effectual means of preparing you to appear with honour and usefulness in this department, as the head of a family.

In connexion with this general subject I have a word to say in respect to the regulation of your expenses. In all your dealings I would have you avoid even the appearance of being parsimonious; let no one ever have just occasion to say, in respect to any pecuniary transaction of yours, that it has not been perfectly liberal and honourable. Nevertheless, there is an ostentation of liberality which I would have you carefully avoid; for it is really a contemptible quality, and so the world regards it. There is also in some young females a spirit of extravagance—a disposition to incur expenses which their condition in life neither demands nor justifies—another quality which deserves severe reprobation. Let your expenditures be regulated, not merely by a regard to your ability, but to your accountability as a steward of the divine bounty. Regard economy as a virtue, and never be unwilling to be seen in the practice of it. It is honourable to contract your personal expenses as far as you may, that you may thereby have the more ability to succour the needy and distressed.

I will close this chapter by suggesting a hint or two on the subject of dress; as it is in relation to this, more perhaps than any thing else, that most young females are tempted to indulge in extravagance. I would always have you appear in this respect neat and decent, and do not care how much correct taste you display; but I beg you to avoid all gaudy and superfluous ornament. It is a good rule to follow the fashion in dress just so far that you shall not be marked as singular. But you may rely on it, that a disposition to take the lead in fashions, to shine forth in splendid apparel, and a gaudy glare of lace and gold, is always taken with discerning people as proof of a weak head or a proud heart."

TRAVELLING IN FORMER TIMES.

We give the following, from a correspondent, as corrective of a short notice on the same subject, which appeared in the 44th number of the Journal:—"A comparison of the rate of travelling in our own times with that of our forefathers, at no very remote period, has appeared, but is not altogether correct. It is true the modern wheel carriages have greatly the advantage over those which were in use even so late as the very end of last century. For instance, the Perth Fly, in 1797, took nearly twelve hours in running between Edinburgh and Perth. In old times, however, the feats of both equestrians and pedestrians were often surprising enough, and are hardly exceeded by anything similar we read of in this age of improvement. Two hundred years ago, King James's groom rode six days in succession between London and York, in day-light no doubt; it was in the month of May, but still it was a wonderful exertion. About the end of George II.'s reign, 1755 to 1760, the London and Edinburgh coach was advertised to run at the rate of fourteen days in summer, and sixteen in winter; but at this very time, the mail, conveyed on horseback, was only four days by the way, and might have come much sooner but for stoppages and bad arrangements. The post riders being usually boys, as being of light weight, in their course north and south, two of these usually met in Coldingham Moor, between Dunbar and Berwick, and at one time contrived to have a game at the pennystones or quoits, regularly on their meeting. By these means the business of the nation was allowed to stand still often for two hours or more. This led to inquiries at the different post-offices; of course none of these would take with the delay, and it was some time before the ridiculous cause was discovered. The news of the battle of Minden, Westphalia, August 1759, reached Edinburgh, *via* London, nearly in as short a time as the accounts of Waterloo, in 1815. In 1748, the Edinburgh and Glasgow coach went the one day to Glasgow, and returned the next, but it is not true that it took a day and a half for the journey. At this time the soberest citizen of either town allowed himself just about seven hours on horseback for the journey. So late as 1760, in the inland parts of the south of Scotland, goods were uniformly conveyed on the backs of horses, and not in carts. Belonging to the town of Hawick there were carriers who went regularly to Edinburgh, to Berwick, and to Glasgow; each of these employed several horses, the first carrying usually bells to distinguish his place in the dark. Their route through the track of Gala Water was so much in the bottom of the valley, that they had to ford the Gala nineteen times between Heriot House and Galashiels. It is a ridiculous exaggeration, however, that a carrier required a fortnight to travel from Selkirk to Edinburgh and back, as the horses with their packs could accomplish this journey in about a day and a half or two days at most. As to pedestrians, the express runners and running footmen formerly were noted for the celerity of their motions. One of these, ordered to proceed from Dundee to Newcastle, instead of going by Leith and Edinburgh, shaped his course to the East Neuk of Fife, and, hiring a boat, crossed to Dunbar, and by this means accomplished his journey in an incredibly short time."

In consequence of repeated inquiries for the early Numbers of the Journal in the present form, we have been induced to commence a reprint of them; and have now to announce that the first Part (Nos. I to VII, price One Shilling,) is ready for delivery. This will be followed by four similar Parts, as rapidly as they can be printed, which will complete the first volume of the work.

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MAGNANIMITY.

WE have learned with some regret, that, among the more dignified class of our readers—for the Journal is read by all classes, as well by those to whom its price is an inconceivable atom of money, as by the multitudinous children of industry to whom its low price barely renders it accessible—a few express themselves dissatisfied with the homeliness of those articles which fall under the description of sketches of society. This kind of society, they say, is not ours; it is that of our tradesmen, or something else that we know nothing of—there is not the least reference to what we consider society in the whole of it. Now, with deference, we think that this dissatisfaction arises from one of the least amiable peculiarities of those who do not require to labour for their bread. In the intercourse that we have had with what is technically called *good* society, we have always observed one thing as very conspicuous—an affected unconsciousness of all that is below—an assumed ignorance of all the many acts by which the multitude obtain the food which Providence has ordained for them—a complete exclusive supposition that there is no class in the world worthy of being thought of, but those who have what we can only describe as the singular good fortune of being enabled to live splendidly without ever having had the trouble of earning a penny. This peculiarity is, we fear, too essentially a part of our nature to be easily cured, or laughed out of countenance. And we see too much of the same disposition among the middling class, so far as circumstances permit it to be developed, to justify us in railing at those in whom it is most broadly observable. It is surely, however, to be regretted that this general desire to appear as exalted as possible above the necessities which we inherit from nature, should lead so often as it does to a real contempt for those who are more subject to these necessities than ourselves, or wither so effectually as it does all the sympathy that might otherwise be experienced respecting the modes of thinking, action, and feeling of the less fortunate in life. We are all part of the same great family, all alike tending onwards to the same lofty fate, and only separated here by partitions which, when surveyed from a distance, do not appear: why should dust be disrespectful to dust, or the brief space of mortal life be filled with heartburnings and other self-brought evils, in addition to those which are inseparable from its condition?

It may be urged as a startling objection to what we are stating, that there are delineations of humble life, both in literature and art, which perhaps please the highest class more than even that to which they refer. The pictures of Teniers and Wilkie, and the gipsies, beggars, and peasants of Scott, are nowhere so highly relished as in the very loftiest circles of society—even the late Monarch of these islands having been a devoted admirer of what is called the Dutch school of painting. But this is, in reality, no objection. It is only when the subjects are from a class a *little* inferior to our own, that the antipathy is observable. The noble will easily tolerate the very humble, as a matter of curiosity; but they can cherish no kind feelings towards the class which immediately "galls their kibe." In that class they see a perpetual attempt to imitate, and get upon the same level with themselves, which, when taken in connection with the symptoms of their real inferiority, provokes anger and contempt. In the former case, there is necessarily no hostility, for the very good reason that there is no competition. But in the other case it is found, as in all others where there is a possibility of self-love whispering "you are as good as he," that there can be no good fellowship.

It may be perceived that the sentiments to which we here refer are unfortunately fostered by the greater proportion of British writers, few of whom seem to consider it worth their while to depict the features of that great and varied middle class of society which forms one of the most striking characteristics of our country. They direct their efforts chiefly to the delineation of a highly artificial state of social life, in which nature has lost all its grace and warmth, thus strangely passing over what must be daily coming under their own observation, and which is susceptible of being turned to the best moral account, in order to satisfy the vitiated taste of a class who already perhaps know too little of the manners, the usages, and the feelings of those placed immediately below them.

This brings us to the other side of the subject—the invidious feeling which the inferior is apt to cherish towards the superior order; a feeling exactly corresponding in strength to the contempt which the superior is so unfortunately apt to entertain for the inferior. Unavoidable as both sentiments may be in a great measure, they are decidedly to be considered as among the most unworthy that beset our nature, and those which we are most called upon to contend against. To repine at the good of another is repugnant alike to human philosophy, and to Christian charity. It deprives us of that satisfaction which all of us are designed to have, each in his own temporary station, and places us virtually in a state of rebellion against the ordinances of the divine will. It is a cowardly, and, therefore, an ineffably mean passion; for in every one of its emotions, our imagination makes a stab at our neighbours, which our hand could not dare to do at his person. In general, no man who hopes to obtain any good by his own deservings, or feels within himself the power which will in time enable him to obtain it, will degrade himself by the most transient emotion of this passion; he will feel that nothing would so truly render him unworthy of ever attaining to what he desires, as to look with the sickly eye of envy upon the same good already obtained by others. It is, however, to a limited number, that the power is thus given of resisting such emotions. The only effectual guard against either contempt for our inferiors, or envy for our superiors, is the habit of mind called MAGNANIMITY.

Magnanimity is literally greatness of soul, and in general implies an elevation of mind which places us above all unworthy or degrading feelings. It should be the object of every one to cultivate this condition of mind as much as possible, or, if we have it not well developed within ourselves, we ought to place models of it before us, and only act and feel as we may suppose such persons would act and feel under similar circumstances. It is only in the magnanimous in any rank of life that there is real goodness; for unless the lower passions have been trampled down by this grand controller of the soul, there can be no clear stage for the better feelings to act upon. Above all things, magnanimity will place us above the aptitude to sneer at every thing that we think a little less informed, less fortunate, or less gifted with the world's honour, than what belongs to us—and also, and to the same degree, above all liability to this constant inward assassination of all whom we think somewhat better off than ourselves. The magnanimous person will not take a paltry revenge, either in speech or deed, for a trivial invasion of his rights of any kind: he has too much respect for himself to do so. He will speak no evil of a neighbour—not that he perhaps thinks it undeserved, but that he thinks it mean to do that, in the security of his neighbour's absence, which he could not do to his face. His elevation above low feelings enables him to take a benevolent and philanthropic view of human nature, to make kind allowances for what is deficient in the conduct of some, and to award due praise for what is meritorious in others, and nowhere to permit a trivial personal interest, or a jot of his own self-love, to colour his estimate of a fellow creature, whether placed above or beneath him. By this means he preserves his own purity of character, and ensures a far more certain return of honour and respect in the long-run, than he could obtain by the most constant and successful habit of detracting from the merit of others.

STORY OF A VAGABOND,

OR SCENES IN JAMAICA.

THE sun had not yet risen. It was the short grey twilight, which, in the tropics, intervenes between the total darkness of night and the perfect effulgence of day. The land-breeze was blowing delightfully fresh and cool, and as it came, in fitful gusts, up the precipitous gullies, tearing through the tall and willow-like clumps of bamboos that surrounded our dwelling, and swaying to and fro the gossamer mosquito-net that encircled my bed, having free ingress through the open *jealousies** of my bed-chamber, I felt a sensation almost of chilliness, which I enjoyed with all the zest of the thirst-parched traveller when his lip first touches the cool waters of the fountain in the sandy desert. The situation of the property on which I resided was a most picturesque, and to me, in many respects, a most frightful one. It was a narrow promontory, shooting out from, and at right angles with, the western ridge of the Blue Mountains, and inaccessible, on any side, but by roads, as near as might be, perpendicular. On our right flowed the Yallah's river, down to the channel of which, although one could almost pitch a stone into it, it was yet a good hour and half's ride; the road winding along the face of the bank somewhat in the form of a cork-screw, or rather after the fashion of those curvatures described by shower-drops on a glazed window in a rainy day. The *history* of the above river may give strangers to tropical climes some general idea of the fearful elemental convulsions which at times overtake them. The gentleman whose guest I was informed me that previous to 1815 it was a mere brook, which he could with ease step across. At that time he possessed a fine coffee plantation on its banks, the result of many long years of industry and economy; and as the West Indian trade was then in its high and palmy state, he had the prospect of speedily realising a fortune, large even beyond his wishes, and of returning to his native country, Scotland, to enjoy the fruits of his labours, long before he had reached the prime of manhood. In the foresaid year, a hurricane of wind and rain occurred which spread ruin and desolation over the island, and occasioned the loss of hundreds of lives. His house, being situated in a sheltered spot, was safe from the fury of the wind, but he soon saw grounds for apprehension from a foe equally terrific and resistless. *The brook began to rise;* and only those who have personally witnessed such a scene, can have any correct idea of the impetuous velocity with which the rains sweep down the sides of the mountains, often stripping the entire soil off the coffee plantations in their devastating career. As the Yallah's Burn, now swollen to a mighty torrent, began to approach the house and offices, the negroes, who firmly believed that nothing less than a second

* Similar to Venetian blinds, but upon a larger scale. They are fitted into the window-frame instead of glass, and can be opened or closed at pleasure.

deluge was at hand, crowded, with tears and lamentations, round their master, beseeching him to beg of "de big Spirit no to drown poor nigger man, till him learn to b'ave himself like good Christian;" and promising "neber to tief, nor tell lie, nor need fum fum (the whip), no mo, but do as Massa Busher bid them, and be good nigger eber after for no time at all." The waters soon reached the threshold, when my friend, seeing the peril every moment increasing, locked the doors of all his houses, and scrambled a considerable way up the bank, with his black companions. In less than half an hour, every vestige of his premises was under water, and the fugitives were driven higher up the bank—a second, and a third time. At last, as it began to grow dark, and it seemed quite uncertain where the rising of the torrent would terminate, they ascended about a mile up the mountain, and took shelter within a natural excavation in the rock. There they sojourned for three days and three nights, subsisting upon what wild roots and fruits they could collect, during which time the tempest raged with unceasing fury. The wind, my friend told me, appeared frequently to blow from all points of the compass at once, and often to descend, as it were, perpendicularly from the cloudy firmament; at which times the trees were smote or bent to the earth, and the branches riven from their trunks, after a fearful manner. In short, the whole elemental system was completely disorganised, and nature seemed about to resolve itself into its original chaos. At last the fearful visitation passed away; and as the waters subsided still faster than they rose, my friend watched eagerly and anxiously for the first glimpse of his late comfortable dwelling; but the torrent decreased and decreased until the brook shrunk into its former insignificant dimensions—but not a trace of house, offices, or property was to be seen! All had been swept down to the ocean by the overwhelming torrent, leaving only a wide channel-course, worn below the original elevation of the stream to a depth which there were no means of ascertaining—all the former local land-marks having disappeared, and the entire character of the scenery, indeed, changed. At the place where I crossed the stream, in order to reach my friend's present abode (which he had luckily saved money enough to purchase), the channel was upwards of two hundred yards wide.

On the other side of my friend's residence, ran another stream, called the Mullet Burn, from its abounding with the delicious fish of that name—something akin to, but much richer than, our burn-trout, and caught in a similar manner, with the rod and common fly. Although almost equally perpendicular in descent, the bank on this side was not nearly so profound in depth as on the other. The brow of the promontory or peak on which the house was situated, commanded a view of such magnificence as utterly to baffle the power of language to describe. How often have I stood there alone, gazing down on that singular and seldom-witnessed spectacle—a thunder-storm beneath my feet! The lightning, broad, blue, and fierce, darting hither and thither through the gloom-shrouded vale below, with a rapidity and waywardness which baffled the quickest eye-glance to follow its motions, followed on the instant by the thunder itself, not, as in our northern clime, rolling in a long and continuous roar, but expending itself in a series of explosions, like the rapid discharge of a park of artillery, augmented by the repetition of a thousand echoes, until the entire aërial space seems filled with the "strife of sound," and the senses reel beneath the shock of the awful elemental conflict. Through an opening in the mountains towards the south-east, our house commanded an extensive view of the Caribean Sea, by which we could distinctly discern all vessels passing to and from Europe, North America, &c., by the windward passage, the examining the size and character of which, through a telescope, frequently constituted our sole occupation for the day. And this brings me back to the original purpose of my present narrative.

It was, as I have said, still grey dawn. The chirrup of the house lizard (something like the cry of our cricket) sounded loud and incessant, and the fire-flies, with their beautiful phosphorescent forms, ever and anon darted, like shooting stars, athwart my still dark apartment, when suddenly my attention was roused by the hoarse baying of the watch-dogs challenging the approach of some stranger, and immediately thereafter heard two voices talking loud and somewhat angrily, which I soon distinguished to be those of an Englishman and the negro watchman* for the night. The former seemed to be ordering, and the latter remonstrating in his own way; but was soon silenced. Presently, Philidore (the negro) passed by my window to that of his master—the door of whose apartment was directly opposite to mine, on the other side of the spacious hall—muttering and swearing to himself, in high wrath and broken English—

"Massa break Phil's head for waken him before shell-blow now.† What de debil make him de captain, dat he trabel as early? and him eye 'tare taring in him head, as if he seen one duffy!" ‡

With these ejaculations, he proceeded to his unwilling task of awakening his master, in, as I well recollect, the following fashion:—"Massa—Massa. (A gentle shake of the window, and a pause.) Massa—Massa Busher! (Louder—another pause.) Massa Busher! you no hear now? (Losing patience, and shaking the window violently.) He hear no mo than if him head one pumpkin! Him augh, augh—(imitating the sound of snoring)—like one great tronk nigger!" Here he applied himself to the window again with such increased energy, that he at last succeeded in his purpose; and I heard my friend demanding, in great ire, what the black rascal meant by disturbing him so early?

"It no black rascal dat 'turb you, massa! it be de brown rascal."

"How, sir?"

"Dat is, massa, de person dat call himself Brown!"

"Who is he? or what does he want?"

"He no tell dat, massa; but he want de doctor."*

"Well, go round to the hall, and get it for him."

"But he want more than dat, massa," persisted Philidore; "he want de mule to carry him over de pass, and nigger to go wid him."

"The devil pass him!" ejaculated my worthy host, getting out of bed, with woeful reluctance, to perform the imperative duties of Jamaica hospitality.

I now heard my host leave his room, and admit his early visitant into the front hall, at the other side of the house, which was too distant for me to hear a word of what passed between them. Soon afterwards, they both went out; and as the sun was now hot, and high above the horizon, I arose, although it was scarcely five o'clock. My host returned at seven to breakfast, and, whilst discussing our plentiful meal of boiled yams, roasted plantains (which taste exactly, when young, like new-baked barley scones), salt pork and fish, eggs and fresh roasted coffee, seasoned with goats' milk and sugar as black as treacle, I adverted to the untimeous visit he had received that morning.

"Poor wretch!" he replied, in a tone of commiseration, "he is one of the most miserable beings ever cursed with the burden of existence! And yet the scoundrel scarcely merits pity. He is one of those cold-hearted, cool-headed, calculating sensualists, whose whole thoughts are engrossed with the consideration of *self*, and the gratification of their animal passions. Handsome, pre-eminently handsome, in features and person, and with a singular plausibility of tongue and manner, he won a strong regard towards himself on his first arrival in the island about eight months since, not only amongst the female, but male coteries, to which he gained admittance. His red coat, besides, was a general introduction."

"He belongs to the army, then? What regiment?"

"He *was* a lieutenant in the —, now lying at Up-park camp."

"And what rank does he hold now?'

"That of a vagabond," answered my host, in mingled tone of pity and bitterness.

I begged him to explain, my curiosity being aroused by the odd sort of *vice* he had mentioned.

"It is not more than eight months ago," pursued my friend, complying with my request, "since this man arrived at Kingston, and joined his regiment with a lieutenant's commission. Since his disgrace, some strange rumours have gone abroad respecting the reason of his leaving England. It is said that he was married, and has a wife, whom he deserted a few weeks after their union, still living there."

A chilly shuddering came over me.

"What is his name?" I asked, with much trepidation.

"Brown," was the reply. I felt indescribably relieved.

"Whether married or not," continued my friend, "he forthwith began to enact the modern Don Juan in Kingston and the neighbourhood, and soon became notorious for the gross viciousness of his conduct. How it happens, heaven alone knows: but it is a singular and melancholy fact, that women often prefer professed libertines to men of amiable disposition and good moral habits. And so it unfortunately happened, in regard to this man, with the daughter of a late old and valued friend of mine, residing with her uncle, a wealthy merchant in Kingston. Despite all the remonstrances and watchfulness of her uncle and relatives, to whom Brown's licentious conduct was well known, and who suspected truly the motives of his attentions to her, he succeeded in gaining her affections under promise of marriage. It was evident the scoundrel calculated upon his regiment being removed to a distant station; but fate willed it otherwise, and the case of the poor girl was no sooner disclosed, than her only brother hastened from Spanish Town to demand reparation. Brown, I believe, would have fulfilled his promise, but for one circumstance, which, however, to his selfish and unprincipled nature, was all-sufficient. She was penniless, and her uncle would not bestow a dollar on the man who had abused his hospitality. Upon his refusal to make amends for his treachery, there was, of course, only another alternative:—the brother and he met in the field of *honour*, as it is called, and the former was shot through the heart at the first fire! The cool baseness of the whole transaction, however, was so notorious, that he was not only sent to Coventry by his brother officers, and excluded from all respectable society, but upon a memorial of the facts being sent home to the commander-in-chief, the next packet brought his unconditional dismissal from the army, couched in the severest terms of reprehension and opprobrium. Not having money enough to leave the island, the poor wretch has, since then (about four months ago), been wandering about the interior, an outcast and a vagabond. Every door is of course open to a white man here, nor is there a possibility of his starving; but he seems to bear the Cain-mark on his brow; he is shunned by every one, and the misery of his situation appears to be fast driving him to insanity. His appearance this morning was truly frightful, and the first thing he called for was a dram. I suppose he had been lying in the bush all night."

Some passages in my friend's short narrative had recalled some painful reminiscences to my mind; and to banish these, I strolled away down to a neighbouring property, situated on the Mullet Burn, to while away the forenoon over a game at chess with the kind-hearted proprietor. The first object that attracted my attention, on entering his house, was the figure of a man stretched on the sofa, with a cloak thrown over him.

"I am glad you are come," cried my host, "shaking my hand cordially; "I have been pestered all the morning with a fellow here" (pointing to the sofa), "who has done nothing but call for rum, rum, every minute, till he has made himself beastly drunk. I wish I was quit of him."

It was the outcast Brown. We sat down to our game, nevertheless, and when I left to return to my friend's house to dinner, the wretched being was still sleeping the sleep of intoxication.

It was between five and six o'clock on the following morning that my host and myself were standing on the top of the bank above the Mullet Burn, chatting about various matters. It was a beautiful morning. The nightingales were trilling their lays from every tree, and the tiny, rainbow-decked hummingbirds were all astir, sucking their food from the white flowers of the cashew tree, and the purple ipecacuanha plant. Suddenly, a cry of terror was heard about half way down the bank, and three large john or carrion crows rose hastily into the air, as if disturbed in the midst of one of their disgusting feasts. We stepped forward a few paces, and saw the negro Philidore running up towards us, his large eyes starting from their sockets, and bellowing and gesticulating like a madman. "Agh! agh! what me see now! De duffy noting to dat! It be worse than de debil himself! Agh! what me see!"

"What is wrong now, Sir?" shouted mine host.

"Agh, massa—you come dis way, massa," panted out the terrified negro—"me feared to tell what I see, massa! De white man lie down dere in de gully, massa, wid him troat slice across, massa, like one pumpkin! Tead—tead—massa! and de john-crow, too!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed my friend, shuddering, "has there been murder going on!"

Calling to the negro to follow him, he hastened down the bank. I remained where I was, my situation enabling me to see all that passed below. The negro, I observed, ran on towards the house where I had been visiting the previous day, and presently the proprietor, attended by three or four negroes, hastened towards the spot where my friend was standing. After a few minutes' delay, I saw them lift the body of a man, and bear it down to the office-houses of the former. In a short while my friend returned up the bank, and detailed to me the horrid affair. The dead man was the outcast Brown, and he had evidently perished by his own hand. Immediate notice of the occurrence was despatched to the coroner of the district, who speedily attended; and as white men were somewhat scarce thereabouts, I was, most unwillingly, impressed into service as a juryman, to examine the body. The suicide was lying upon a bench in an outhouse. He was dressed in a worn-out military blue frock-coat, torn and soiled. The soles were worn off his boots, through which his naked feet protruded; he had no linen upon him, and, in short, he looked the very picture of poverty and wretchedness. He was laid so that the horrid wound in his throat, which almost severed his head from his body, was fully displayed, and in his right hand was an open gore-clotted clasp-knife, grasped with the rigid tension of death. The jurors scrutinized the mangled corpse (for the john or carrion crows had been tugging and tearing at the gullet), and I was myself compelled to go through the revolting duty. An undefinable feeling of recognition thrilled through me, as I accidentally scanned the lower features of the face, which were beautifully moulded. I instinctively raised the head with my left hand to take a minuter inspection, and, oh! what a mortal sickness came over my heart, as I gazed, in speechless horror, on that countenance, every lineament of which was burnt into my soul as if with living fire! It was he! the beloved companion of my youth—my first, my only friend! It was he—the heartless villain! whose remorseless treachery had broken the heart of my grey-headed father, and driven my orphan sister, whom he had wedded and abandoned, into irretrievable insanity! It was he! whom I had pursued for years—years which seemed ages—through every nook of Europe, tracking him with the steady and untiring determination of the sleuth-hound, thirsting, thirsting for vengeance; until it had pleased God to recall me to a better

* The negroes take this duty by turns, marching all night round the premises well armed.

† The horn that is blown to assemble the negroes to and dismiss them from, labour.

‡ A ghost.

* A dram, or, as our break-of-day tipple at home would term it, "*their morning.*"

mind, and I resigned him to the chastisement of his Maker. Fearfully, indeed, had it at length overtaken him! His own hand had become the avenger of the crimes he had perpetrated. And, mysterious Providence! where? Even before the eyes of him whom he had most foully and deeply wronged, and in a far, distant nook of the earth, whither I had flown, expressly to forget, amid strange scenes and new occupations, the fatal consequences of his baseness! Yes! there he lay before me—the false friend, the seducer—the murderer—the SUICIDE! It was a fearful—a humiliating—a pitiable spectacle! And a strange change came over me, as I gazed and gazed on that once beloved face, unconscious—utterly unconscious—of the wondering group around me—and, for a time, all my injuries and sufferings were forgotten. My fancy was away back among the long happy years of blissful boyhood. My heart melted within me, and the blessed tear-drops were fast welling forth from my o'erburdened brain—but, in a moment, they rushed back to their source, and every fibre, vein, and muscle of my body, seemed each to become instantaneously possessed with a separate devil, as my eye fell upon a token which I knew right well. It was merely a paltry peach-coloured ribbon, to be sure; but, oh! what associations did it not conjure up! and how did these contrast with the spectacle that was now before me! I snatched at it, spotted and bedabbled as it all was with his guilty blood, and tore it from his neck with the fury and strength of a maniac, bringing along with it the small ivory locket which I guessed truly was still appended to it. It was the image of my sister, whose faultless features I had thus, in our days of bliss and innocence, attempted, with my own hands, to depict; intended, and with my own sanction given, as intended to—whom?—the abandoned of God and man, who now lay before me reeking in his self-shed gore—her betrayer—her worse than murderer! I dashed it to the earth, in utter phrenzy, and crushed it with my heel into a hundred atoms. With a humane delicacy, which was rather uncommon, no one questioned me as to the cause of my strange agitation. After all was concluded, I walked home with my friend, who was rejoiced to observe my composed demeanour, and hopeful that no bad consequences would ensue from the agitating scene through which I had passed. My reason had indeed been strained almost to cracking. But luckily I was in kind and considerate hands. By medical advice, a passage was taken for me in a merchant ship for Britain, of my going aboard which I have not the slightest recollection. Many weeks, indeed, elapsed ere my reflecting faculties awoke from their torpidity; nor was it until we were tumbling about among the bracing breezes of the north, off the banks of Newfoundland, that I regained the full and healthy use of my reason.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE ROMANS.

The Empire—its Decline and Fall.

THE commonwealth of Rome was at the height of its power, after a lapse of seven centuries from the foundation of the city, or about the commencement of the Christian era. These seven centuries had been filled with a rapid succession of triumphs. Every country in Europe, Asia, and Africa, lying within reach of its legions, had become part of the Roman dominions by military conquest. At this period it reckoned about seven millions of citizens, and twice as many provincials, besides as many slaves. From being an obscure town, Rome had increased in magnitude to an inconceivable extent, and was adorned with majestic temples, public edifices, and palaces, whose ruins are still to be seen in that now degraded city. The public monuments of this remarkable people were placed, not only in the capital, but all over the provinces; and some of them are till this day reckoned among the greatest wonders of art. But the stupendous character of their undertakings was chiefly seen in their roads. All the cities of the empire were connected with each other, and with the capital, by public highways, which, issuing in various directions from the forum—or great central place of public assembly—of Rome, traversed Italy, pervaded the provinces, and were terminated only by the frontiers of the empire. On the north-west, the boundary of this extensive empire was the wall of Antoninus, built betwixt the Firths of Clyde and Forth, in Scotland, and on the south-east it was the ancient city of Jerusalem. If the distance between these two points be carefully traced, it will be found that the great chain of communication was drawn out to the length of 4080 Roman miles, or 3740 English measure. "The public roads (says Gibbon) were accurately divided by milestones, and ran in a direct line from one city to another, with very little respect for the obstacles either of nature or private property. Mountains were perforated, and bold arches thrown over the broadest and most rapid streams. The middle part of the road was raised into a terrace, which commanded the adjacent country, consisted of several strata of sand, gravel, and cement, and was paved with large stones, or, in some places near the capital, with granite. Such was the solid construction of the Roman highways, whose firmness has not entirely yielded to the effort of fifteen centuries. They united the subjects of the most distant provinces by an easy and familiar intercourse; but their primary object had been to facilitate the marches of the legions: nor was any country considered as completely subdued, till it had been rendered, in all its parts, pervious to the arms of the conqueror. The advantage of receiving the earliest intelligence, and of conveying their orders with celerity, induced the emperors to establish, throughout their extensive dominions, the regular institution of posts. Houses were every where erected at the distance of only five or six miles; each of them was constantly provided with forty horses, and, by the help of these relays, it was easy to travel an hundred miles in a day along the Roman roads." By these means the Romans maintained their ascendancy in every country, and diffused through the whole empire the improvements of social life. The arts and luxuries of the east were carried among the rude barbarians of the west. Almost all the flowers, the herbs, and the fruits that grow in our European gardens, were thus introduced from more genial climes. They brought the cultivation of flax from Egypt into Gaul; they every where gave encouragement to commerce and manufactures; the most remote countries were ransacked to supply the pomp and delicacy of Rome, by which means the arts were brought to a flourishing condition. The Romans governed their provinces by consuls or prætors, and, though they did not interfere with the conquered tribes in their religious observances, they ruled them by the enlightened laws of Rome; and in this manner gave a uniform tone and consistency to the governments of almost every country.

The Roman government, which was originally monarchical, had for several centuries existed as a republic, and under this popular form the state attained that pitch of grandeur we have already described; but the time was now arrived when the corruptions of the commonwealth were too great to admit of any cure but an absolute government. The power on this occasion fell into the hands of Julius Cæsar, a person who has been justly famed for his extraordinary abilities as a general. The magnitude and extent of the military exploits of this distinguished soldier promoted him from the office of chief consul and dictator to that of emperor. But this elevated rank he did not long enjoy, being openly assassinated by a band of conspirators, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and about fourteen years after he began his extensive conquests. Before Julius Cæsar had been raised to the highest honours of his country, he was opposed in his ambitious designs by another distinguished leader, called Cato, who has been described as one of the most faultless characters in Roman history. This eminent patriot was, however, unable, by force of arms, to restore the liberties of the people, or to arrest Cæsar in his victorious and ambitious career. Being at last deserted by his friends, and dreading to fall into the hands of his enemy, after pondering a while on the nature of the immortality of the soul, he stabbed himself with his own sword. In committing this criminal act of suicide, Cato acted conformably to the harsh tenets of the ancient philosophers called Stoics, who maintained that life was a gift which all men might return to the donor when the present was no longer pleasing.

After Julius Cæsar, there ensued a long series of emperors of Rome, who possessed an almost unchecked sway over all orders of the people.* The second emperor, Augustus, or Augustus Cæsar, relinquished the ambitious designs of his predecessors; he endeavoured to consolidate the empire, instead of extending it to undue bounds, and introduced a spirit of moderation into the public councils hitherto unknown. Knowing the taste of the Romans, he indulged them in the pride of seeing the appearance of a republic, while he made them really happy in the effects of a most absolute monarchy, guided by the most consummate prudence. Historians delight in recounting the number of good deeds of Augustus, and the glories of his time; and from him the phrase of "the Augustan age," as applied by writers to periods in the history of nations remarkable for the prosperity and refinement which prevailed, has been derived. It was in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of this magnanimous prince that Jesus Christ was born, in the Roman province of Judea. In the year 14, Augustus was succeeded by Tiberius, a person of an entirely different character, and under whom the corruptions of the state became very perceptible. In the nineteenth year of his cruel reign, Christ was crucified, under Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Jerusalem. In the year 37, Tiberius was put to death, by smothering him with pillows, or, as some historians mention, by poison; and he was succeeded by Caligula, a person of vicious and still more cruel habits. He was also prodigal and extravagant to a degree almost inconceivable. The luxuries of former emperors were simplicity itself when compared to those which he practised. He contrived new ways of bathing, where the richest oils and most precious perfumes were exhausted with the utmost profusion. He found out dishes of immense value, and had even jewels, as we are told, dissolved among his sauces. He sometimes had services of pure gold presented before his guests instead of meat. But his prodigality was the most remarkable in regard to his horse. He built it a stable of marble, and a manger of ivory. Whenever this animal, which he called Incitatus, was to run, he placed sentinels near its stable the night preceding, to prevent its slumbers from being broken. He appointed it a house, furniture, and a kitchen, in order to treat all its visitors with proper respect. He sometimes invited it to his own table, and presented it with gilt oats, and wine in a golden cup. He often swore by the safety of his horse; and historians mention, that he would have appointed it to a consulship, had not his death prevented. Caligula met a merited death by assassination, after a reign of less than four years; and of him it has been said, that nature seemed to have brought him forth, to show what was possible to be produced from the greatest vice, supported by the greatest authority. He was succeeded by Claudius, who was a feeble and contemptible emperor, and who was finally cut off by poison. Nero, the next emperor, was at once noted for his cruelty, his vanity, and his debased passions. The atrocities he committed go beyond the reach of language to describe, and are such as, perhaps, never entered into the mind of any other human being. All orders of men were at this time so depraved, that each seemed eager to contend which should be most instrumental in pushing him on to his excesses, and applauded him when he had committed them. A conspiracy, however, having been raised against him, and being at length hunted by assassins, he fell by a stroke of his own dagger. Of the succeeding emperors we need not here enter into a detail. Under Vespasian, the tenth, and Titus, the eleventh emperor, the state rallied a little, and justice and an appearance of decency were once more resumed; and under Trajan, the fourteenth emperor, were found the glories of the reign of Augustus. Trajan advanced the empire to a greater degree of splendour than it had hitherto acquired. He pursued his military conquests into new regions, even to Hindostan, and added greatly to the extent of the Roman territories; although this, however, was not ultimately attended with any good effect. Trajan is distinguished as the greatest and the best emperor of Rome. Having given peace and prosperity to the empire, he continued his reign, loved, honoured, and almost adored, by his subjects. A pillar commemorating his great actions, erected in Rome, is still in existence. His successor, Adrian, was also a good sovereign, and was distinguished for his abilities and literary acquirements. After this period, the empire was never under the authority of any emperor remarkable for his magnanimity. The greater part of the successors of Adrian were dissolute and vicious in their habits, and under them the empire waned to its close. The only one necessary to be noticed was Constantine, the forty-first emperor.

Constantine the Great, as he has been called, was the first emperor who embraced the Christian religion; yet this important event, which occurred about the year 311 of our common era, did not avert the evils which now pressed upon the Roman empire. Constantine most imprudently executed a resolution of transferring the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium, or Constantinople, as it was afterwards called in honour of his name. Whatever might have been the reasons which induced him to this undertaking—whether it was because he was offended at some affronts he had received at Rome, or that he supposed Constantinople more in the centre of the empire, or that he thought the eastern parts more required his presence, experience has shown that they were all weak and groundless. The empire had long before been in a most declining state; but this division of its strength in a great measure gave precipitation to its downfall.

For a considerable period the Roman dominions were pressed upon on nearly all sides by ferocious tribes of barbarians. Immense armies of these savages issued from the north of Europe, from countries beyond the boundaries of the Roman states, and laid the empire continually under contribution. These barbarians were at first unknown to the Romans, and for some time after had been only incommodious to them. But they were now become formidable, and arose in such numbers, that the earth seemed to produce a new race of mankind, to complete the empire's destruction. The emperors who had to contend with this people were most of them furnished neither with courage nor conduct to oppose. Their residence in Asia, to which they too often went, seemed to enervate their manners; and their soldiers, following their example, became effeminate, and unable to defend the ancient glories of their name. A large body of an uncivilized people called Goths, having been called in to assist the regular forces of the empire, under the command of Alaric their king, this prince took advantage of the impotent condition of the government. From an ally he became a dangerous foe; and finally marching to Rome, made himself master of the city, which he abandoned to be pillaged by his soldiers. Rome was afterwards plundered several times, and Italy overrun by barbarous invaders, under various denominations, from the remotest skirts of Europe. The inhabitants of Rome, who had sunk into the deepest vices by the overpowering influence of wealth and prosperity, were quite unable to make any defence. So debased had they become, or so ill-regulated was the balance of wealth, that for many years the whole of the lower classes had been fed daily by the emperors from the public granaries. The power of the state was

* A number of the imperial successors of Julius Cæsar assumed the title of *Cæsar*, in addition to their other designations, in the same manner as we find the appellations of Pharaoh and Ptolemy were assumed by many of the Egyptian sovereigns. The name of Cæsar has been curiously enough preserved until modern times, in the title of *Czar*, which is given by the Russians to their monarchs.

now entirely broken; the provinces were voluntarily abandoned, or rebelled, or were seized by the nearest barbarous powers. At length the title of Emperor of the West, which, on one occasion, was put up to public auction by the licentious soldiery, expired; and, to finish the melancholy account, one of the princes of the barbarians assumed the title of *King of all Italy*. "Such" (to quote the words of Goldsmith) "was the end of this great empire, that had conquered mankind with its arms, and instructed the world with its wisdom; that had risen by temperance, and that fell by luxury; that had been established by a spirit of patriotism, and that sunk into ruin when the empire was become so extensive, that a Roman citizen was but an empty name." Its final dissolution took place in the 480th year of the Christian era, or 1232 years from the date of the foundation of Rome.

[It may be advantageous at another opportunity to follow up the foregoing articles with an account of what ensued on the fall of the Roman empire, so as to show the connexion betwixt the history of ancient and modern times.]

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE story is an old but not an ancient one: the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his clan; and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principal actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes, and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other, he was a disabled cripple, scarce able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in farming a large grazing* in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain and forest land, morass, lake, and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flock, and Duncan, not satisfied with despatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and, at the same time, so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left, sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon; but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the gathering of his clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path peculiarly required caution.

In this manner, he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red-deer species coming down the cliff by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun, no rencontre could have been more agreeable; but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path; and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulties of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still, and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his formidable antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict in which he must probably come by the worst, and, as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacle which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untameable love of sport peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the implicit compact which certainly might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horn, whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning on the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall undermost, and be killed on the spot, while Duncan escaped with life, but with the fracture of a leg, an arm, and three ribs. In this sate he was found lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend), but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering, as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.—*From the Keepsake for* 1832.

* A pastoral farm.

THE FLOWING OF WATER.

WHEN we begin minutely to investigate the laws of nature, nothing strikes us more than the admirable practical utility to which they are all conducive. Thus, the laws which regulate fluids differ considerably from those of solid bodies, and we shall find this very difference of the most vital importance to man. The minute particles of which any solid body is composed, as a piece of metal or stone, are compacted or glued together, forming one mass, which can only be moved as a whole; when raised up, it falls to the earth, by the general law of gravitation; and when placed on the ground, it retains its original shape and form. But it is quite different with a quantity of fluid, as water. The minute particles of which a fluid is composed, are perfectly free and independent of each other; instead of adhering close together, they have rather a tendency to press off on all sides, and, with the least agitation of the mass, are in continual motion, rolling about among themselves. Thus, when a common drinking glass is filled with water, the particles of the water press upwards, downwards, and on all sides of the glass equally; and if the glass were suddenly broken, the water, instead of retaining its shape like a solid, would instantly spread itself out on all sides, till the particles became completely diffused. The law of all fluids, then, is to press equally on every side, and, when set at liberty, to run along, or diffuse themselves, till they find the lowest possible level. But there is another law of fluids worthy of being noticed; it is what is called *capillary attraction*, or the tendency which water has to rise up of itself through a porous body; as, for instance, seen in the rising of the liquid through a piece of sugar at the bottom of a tea-cup. The tendency which water has to rise in porous bodies, or to creep up, as it were, betwixt two very closely joined bodies, produces the phenomena of springs. The water rises from great depths in the earth betwixt the most minute crevices of the rocks, or through sandy soils, till it reach the surface, or settle into a pool at the bottom of a well. When it comes to the surface, its natural tendency to find the lowest level causes it to flow in the shape of streams and rivers, downwards to the ocean. In the common water-pump, two fluids are called into action. The atmospheric air, which is a permanently elastic fluid, is made, by its pressure, to raise or force up a column of water, by means of the simple contrivance of a two-valved pump. The air which surrounds the globe presses on every part of it with a downward force, equal to 14 lbs. on every square inch; but, like water, it has also an upward and lateral pressure. When the hollow tube of the pump is immersed in water, and the air from within it is exhausted by means of the piston and valves, a very great pressure is removed from the surface of the water contained within the tube; the balance of equilibrium is also taken off from the air adjoining, and it presses downwards with a force sufficient to raise up a corresponding column of fluid in the pump, and this is continued to be done with every additional stroke of the piston. It is found that a column of water 34 feet high is exactly the weight of a column of air of the same diameter, extending the whole height of the atmosphere. Accordingly, water can never rise in a pump higher than 34 feet; for when it comes to this height, the pressure of the air, and the weight of the column of water, are the same; and they therefore equalise each other. When water is required to be raised higher, it must be received into a cistern, and a second pump constructed, which will raise it other 34 feet; or a forcing pump may be used, the construction of which admits of animal power, or the force of machinery, to impel water through tubes to any given height.

When water is caused to flow in a confined manner, as in tubes, it has then a disposition to reach the exact level of the place from which it set out. Thus, if we fill a tea-kettle with water, we shall find that the fluid has risen as high in the tube outside as in the vessel itself. This grand natural law in regard to fluids has been of immense benefit to the human race. By taking advantage of it, pipes are made to convey water from the tops of hills, or high grounds, down to low situations, and from thence to the summits of the highest houses in cities. In all this process, the water is just trying to find the level of the place from whence it flowed; and as soon as it reaches this height, it stands still, and will go no higher, unless force be applied. The science which relates to this subject is called *Hydraulics*.

The city of Edinburgh is supplied with water brought from a distance of ten miles. A stream of pure water is diverted from its meandering course, and conveyed, by a long line of pipes, to the town. The place where it first enters the aqueduct is elevated by many hundred feet above the highest houses of the city, so that in its course it observes a gradual descent. It climbs many a hill, and descends many a valley, however, in its progress; and one cannot sufficiently admire the ingenuity of art, thus leading a copious and pellucid stream of the valley, and ramifying it over every part of the city, to cleanse, and purify, and refresh the abodes of its inhabitants. Thus, from its abundant and constant supply, we are apt to overlook it, as we do the other free gifts of Heaven; but if we think for a moment how a spring of water has been prized by many nations in former times, and even by many in some regions of the earth at the present day—if we consider what some of our great cities, what London was not farther back than two centuries ago, the free supply of water, both for domestic purposes and for the ablution of streets and sewers, must be looked upon as not one of the least achievements of modern art and public spirit. Before the introduction of water-pipes, the city of Edinburgh was supplied by a few wells placed at considerable intervals on the streets. As these wells were the common resort of all, it was a matter of some difficulty, and occupied a considerable portion of a servant's time, to carry water for domestic use; while in many of the houses extending to eight or ten storeys, or flights of stairs, such toil was beyond the efforts of ordinary domestics. It was the practice then to employ persons for the purpose, called water-cadies, or carriers, and thus additional expense was superadded to a scanty supply. In London, at one period, matters were little better, and those writers who have treated of the plague have enumerated, among other evident causes of disease, the stagnant unwashed streets, and the imperfect supply of pure water.

It has been by many supposed that the Romans were ignorant of those properties of fluids, by which they could be conducted in pipes as above described, and they have formed this opinion from that people having made use of the expedient of aqueducts to convey water at the same level, thus leading it over valleys and digging through mountains, at an immense expense of labour and stupendous architecture. That the Romans were intimately acquainted with these laws of hydraulics, however, at least in the later periods of their empire, is now evident, from several fountains and jet-d'eaux having been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii; probably they had not this knowledge at the period when the aqueducts that supplied the city of Rome were first constructed; or, as some writers have suggested, perhaps the art of forming pipes of sufficient size or in sufficient numbers was unknown.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THE second and lesser division of the Bible relates entirely to the Christian religion, or the fulfilment of that which was predicted in the preceding and more ancient department of the work. This division of the Sacred Scriptures is generally styled the *New* Testament; and that portion of it which relates to the history of the life of Christ is called the *Gospel*, and by some the *Evangel*, both these words having the same meaning, and implying *good news*, or *glad tidings*, from the circumstance that the narratives contain an account of things which are to benefit mankind.

The New Testament, like the Old, is a compilation of books written by different inspired individuals, and all put together in a manner so as to exhibit a regular account of the birth, actions, and death of Christ—the doctrines he promulgated—and the prophecies regarding the future state of the church which he founded. The historical books are the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, all these being of the character of narratives of events; the doctrinal are the Epistles of Saint Paul, and some others; the prophetic book is the last, and is called the Revelations, or Apocalypse of St John, having been written by that apostle while he was in the island of Patmos.

The writers of the books of the New Testament are generally well known, each having the name of the author affixed to it, with the exception of the Acts of the Apostles, which, it is presumed, was compiled by St Luke. It was long disputed whether St Paul was the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews; Tertullian, an ancient Christian writer, and some others, attribute it to St Barnabas; others to St Luke; and others to St Clement; while some think, with greater probability, that St Paul dictated it, and St Luke acted as the writer; and that the reason why the name of the true author was not affixed to it, was because he was disliked by the Jews. The four Evangelists, or writers of the leading narratives, are St Matthew, St Mark, St Luke, and St John; these having been companions to Christ during his ministrations, and, therefore, personally acquainted with his life and

character. Each of the four books is principally a repetition of the history of Christ, yet they all possess a difference of style, and each mentions some circumstances omitted by the others, so that the whole is essential in making up a complete life of the Messiah. These distinctions in the tone of the narratives, and other peculiarities, are always considered as strong circumstantial evidence in proof of their authenticity, and of there having been no collusion on the part of the writers. But, indeed, the events they record are detailed in so exceedingly simple and unaffected a manner, that it is impossible to suppose that they were written with a view to impose on the credulity of mankind. The veracity and actual belief of the Evangelists themselves are placed beyond a doubt.

The first book is written by Matthew, who was by birth a Jew, and exercised the profession of a publican—that is, a collector of the public tax or assessment imposed upon the Jewish people by their conquerors, the Romans. Matthew, who was also called by the name of Levi, was one of the twelve apostles of Christ, and he is said to have written his narrative about eight years after the departure of his Master from the earth. Many of the ancients say that he wrote it in the Hebrew or Syriac language; but Dr Whitby is clearly of opinion that this tradition is entirely void of foundation, and that it was doubtless written in Greek, as the other parts of the New Testament were. Yet it is probable that there might be an edition of it in Hebrew, published by St Matthew himself, at the same time that he wrote it in Greek; the former for the Jews, the latter for the Gentiles, when he left Judea to preach among the heathens.

In regard to Mark, the writer of the second Gospel, it may be observed, that although *Mark* or *Marcus* was a Roman name, and a very common one, yet we have no reason to think but that he was by birth a Jew; but as Saul, when he went among the Gentiles, took the Roman name of *Paul*, so did this Evangelist take that of Mark, his Jewish name, perhaps, being *Mardacai*, as Grotius observes. Jerome and Tertullian say, that he was a disciple of the Apostle Peter, and his interpreter or amanuensis. We have every reason to believe that both he and Luke were of the number of the seventy disciples who companied all along with the apostles, and who had a commission like to theirs; so that it is no diminution at all to the validity or value of this Gospel that Mark was not one of the Twelve, as Matthew and John were. Jerome says, that, after the writing of this Gospel, he went into Egypt, and was the first that preached the Gospel at Alexandria, where he founded a church, to which he was a great example of holy living.

The Gospel of St Mark is much shorter than that of Matthew, not giving so full an account of Christ's sermons as that did, but insisting chiefly on his miracles; and in regard to these also, it is very much a repetition of what we had in Matthew, many remarkable circumstances being added to the stories there related, but not many new matters. There is a tradition that it was first written in Latin, because it was written at Rome; but this is generally thought to be without foundation, and that it was written in Greek, as was St Paul's Epistle to the Romans, the Greek being the more universal language.

Luke, the name of the third Evangelist, is considered by some to be a contraction of *Lucilius;* and it is said by St Jerome to have been born at Antioch. Some think that he was the only one of all the penmen of the Scripture that was not of the Israelites; that he was a Jewish proselyte, and was converted to Christianity by the ministry of St Paul at Antioch, and, after his coming into Macedonia, he was his constant companion. He had employed himself in the study and practice of physic; and hence Paul calls him *Luke the beloved Physician.* It is more than probable, however, as is testified both by Origen and Epiphanius, that he was one of the seventy disciples, and a follower of Christ when he was upon earth; and, if so, he was most likely to be a native Israelite. Luke, most probably, wrote his Gospel at Rome, a little before he wrote his history of the *Acts of the Apostles*, which is a continuation of the former, when he was there with Paul, while he was a prisoner, and *preaching in his own hired house*, with which account the history of the *Acts* concludes. In this case, it must have been written about twenty-seven years after Christ's departure, and about the fourth year of the reign of Nero. Jerome says that St Luke died when he was eighty-four years of age, and that he was never married. Dr Cave observes, that "his way and manner of writing are accurate and exact, his style polite and elegant, sublime and lofty, yet perspicuous; and that he expresses himself in a vein of purer Greek than is to be found in the other writers of this holy history." Thus he relates several things more copiously than the other Evangelists, and thus he especially treats of those things which relate to the priestly office of Christ.

The fourth Evangelist, John, was one of the sons of Zebedee, a fisherman of Galilee, the brother of James, one of the Twelve Apostles, and distinguished by the honourable appellation of *that disciple whom Jesus loved.* The ancients tell us that John lived longest of all the Apostles, and was the only one of them that died a natural death, all the rest suffering martyrdom; and some of them say that he wrote this Gospel at Ephesus, at the request of the ministers of the several churches of Asia, in order to combat certain heresies. It seems most probable that he composed it before his banishment into the isle of Patmos, for there he wrote his *Revelations*, the close of which seems designed for the closing up of the canon of Scripture; in which case, this Gospel could not be written after. It is clear that he wrote last of the four Evangelists, and, comparing his Gospel with theirs, we may observe, that he relates what they had omitted; and thus gleans up what they had passed by.

These four Gospels were early and constantly received by the primitive church, and read in Christian assemblies, as appears by the writings of Justin Martyr and Irenæus, who lived little more than 100 years after the origin of Christianity; they declared that neither more nor fewer than four were received by the church. A Harmony of these four Evangelists was compiled by Tatian about that time, which he called *The Gospel out of the Four.* In the third and fourth centuries, there were gospels forged by divers sects, and published, one under the name of St Peter, another of St Thomas, another of St Philip, &c. But they were never owned by the church, nor was any credit given to them, as the learned Dr Whitby shows. And he gives this good reason why we should adhere to these written records, "because," says he, "whatever the pretences of tradition may be, it is not sufficient to preserve things with any certainty, as appears by experience. For whereas Christ said and did many memorable things, which *were not written*, tradition has not preserved any one of them to us, but all is lost except what was written; and that, therefore, is what we must abide by."

After the Gospel, or History of Jesus Christ, follows the history of what passed after his ascension, and was transacted by the Apostles. The book, therefore, which contains this history, is called *The Acts of the Apostles.* It is a history of the rising church for about the space of thirty years. It was written, as has been already observed, by St Luke the Evangelist, when he was with St Paul at Rome, during his imprisonment there. In the end of the book he mentions particularly his being with Paul in his dangerous voyage to Rome, when he was carried thither a prisoner; and it is evident that he was with him when, from his prison there, Paul wrote his epistles to the Colossians and Philemon, for in both of these he is named by him.

Next to this come the *Epistles of St Paul*, which are fourteen in number; one, to the Romans; two, to the Corinthians; one, to the Galatians; one, to the Ephesians; one, to the Philippians; one, to the Colossians; two, to the Thessalonians; two, to Timothy; one, to Titus; one, to Philemon; and one, to the Hebrews. They contain that part of ecclesiastical history which immediately follows after what is related in *The Acts.* The principal matter contained in them is the establishment or confirmation of the doctrine which Jesus Christ taught his disciples. According as the difficulties which raised disputes among the Christians, or the heresies which sprung up in the church from the first age of it, required, St Paul in these epistles clears up and proves all matters of faith, and gives excellent rules for morality. His epistles may be considered as a commentary on, or an interpretation of, the four books of the Gospel.

The Epistle to the *Romans* is placed first, not because of the priority of its date, but on account of its superlative excellence, it being one of the longest and fullest of all, and, perhaps, also, on account of the dignity of the place to which it is written. It is gathered from some passages in the epistle, that it was written in the year of Christ 56, from Corinth, while Paul made a short stay there in his way to Troas. He was then going up to Jerusalem, with the money that was given to the poor saints there; which is spoken of in the fifteenth chapter of the epistle.

The Two Epistles to the *Corinthians* were written about a year after that to the Romans, viz. A. D. 57; that to the *Galatians*, A. D. 56; to the *Ephesians*, A. D. 61; to the *Philippians*, A. D. 62; to the *Colossians*, A. D. 62; two to the *Thessalonians*, A. D. 51 and 52; the first to *Timothy*, A. D. 64; the second to *Timothy*, A. D. 66; to *Titus*, A. D. 65; to *Philemon*, A. D. 62; and that to the *Hebrews*, A. D. 62. From which chronology it appears, that the Epistles of St Paul are placed in the New Testament rather according to the dignity of the cities to which they were sent, than according to the order of time in which they were written; for the Epistles to the Thessalonians were those he wrote first, though that to the Romans is placed before them. Interpreters are agreed that the last epistle which he wrote was the second to *Timothy.*

St Paul wrote to the churches of some particular places, or to some particular persons; but the other epistles which follow his are called *Catholic*, because, with the exception of the second and third of St John, they were not addressed to any particular church, or individual, as his were, but to the whole church in general. These are, one, of St James; two, of St Peter; three, of St John; and one, of St Jude.

The date of most of these epistles is extremely uncertain, but the most generally received chronology of them is as follows:—That of St James, A. D. 61; of St Peter, A. D. 66 and 67; of St John, A. D. 80 and 90; of St Jude, A. D. 66.

It has sometimes occurred to the minds of many well-disposed persons, that it would have been better for Christianity had there never been any other record of its origin and doctrines than the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. But however plain and satisfactory the histories of these Evangelists may be, and however little they admit of controversy, it has to be remembered that it required the strong arguments and illustrations brought forward in the Epistles by Paul and others, to combat the sophistry of the Greeks, and the self-sufficient philosophies of other races of men. Paul, the chief of the epistle writers, who became a Christian by conversion, after Christ had departed from the earth, is the great champion of the faith, and exposes, in strong and dauntless language, the hidden depravities of the human heart; so that where the affecting discourses and sufferings of the Messiah fail to convert and to convince, the reasoning of this great writer is calculated to silence and subdue those who stubbornly resist the benignant influence of the Christian faith.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HOLCROFT.

Thomas Holcroft, the author of a variety of productions in light literature, and whose life furnishes an example of the success which often attends the ardent pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, was born in London in the year 1745, at which time his father wrought as a shoemaker, and his mother dealt in greens and oysters. His father, who seems to have been a person of unsettled habits, though a well-meaning and upright man, knew very little of his business, to which he had not been regularly bred, and, in spite of the exertions both of himself and his wife, his affairs did not prosper. When young Holcroft was about six years old, the family were suddenly removed from London to a place in Berkshire, beyond Ascot Heath, where they remained for about twelve months. Thomas had as yet only been for a short time at a school where children were sent rather to keep them out of harm's way than to learn anything, and to which he used to be carried by an apprentice of his father's. This lad afterwards gained his warmest gratitude by making him a present of the first two books he ever possessed, the one being the History of Parismus and Parismenes, already mentioned as one of Gifford's early literary companions, and the other the Seven Champions of Christendom. It was while they resided in Berkshire that his father began teaching him to read. "The task," says he, "at first I found difficult, till the idea one day suddenly seized me, of catching all the sounds I had been taught from the arrangement of the letters; and my joy at this amazing discovery was so great, that the recollection of it has never been effaced. After that my progress was so rapid, that it astonished my father. He boasted of me to every body; and that I might lose no time, the task he set me was eleven chapters a-day in the Old Testament. I might, indeed, have deceived my father by skipping some of the chapters, but a dawning regard for truth, aided by the love I had of reading, and the wonderful histories I sometimes found in the Sacred Writings, generally induced me to go through the whole of my task. One day as I was sitting at the gate with my Bible in my hand, a neighbouring farmer, coming to see my father, asked me if I could read the Bible already. I answered, yes; and he desired me to let him hear me. I began at the place where the book was open, read fluently, and afterwards told him, that, if he pleased, he should hear the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. At this he seemed still more amazed, and wishing to be convinced, bade me read. After listening till he found I could really pronounce the uncouth Hebrew names so much better, and more easily, than he supposed to be within the power of so young a child, he patted my head, gave me a penny, and said I was an uncommon boy. It would be hard to say whether his praise or his gift was most flattering to me. Soon after, my father's apprentice, the kind-hearted Dick, who came backward and forward to my father on his affairs, brought me the two delightful histories I have above mentioned, which were among those then called Chapman's Books. It was scarcely possible for any thing to have been more grateful to me than this present. Parismus and Parismenes, with all the adventures detailed in the Seven Champions of Christendom, were soon as familiar to me as my catechism, or the daily prayers I repeated kneeling before my father."

On leaving their house in Berkshire, the family were obliged to adopt a wandering life, the mother turning pedlar, and hawking her wares through the outskirts and neighbourhood of London, while her son trotted after her, and the father, after a vain attempt to obtain some regular employment, in a short time joining the party, who now extended their peregrinations to remote parts of the country. While leading this life, they endured the greatest hardships, and upon one occasion, were so severely pressed, that Thomas was sent to beg from house to house in a village where they happened to be. At length the father managed to buy two or three asses, which he loaded with hampers of apples and pears, and drove about through the country. But this apparent improvement in their circumstances afforded no alleviation to the sufferings of the poor boy. "The bad nourishment I met with," says he; "the cold and wretched manner in which I was clothed; and the excessive weariness I endured in following these animals day after day, and being obliged to drive creatures perhaps still more weary than myself, were miseries much too great, and loaded my little heart with sorrows far too pungent ever to be forgotten. Bye roads and high roads were alike to be traversed, but the former far the oftenest, for they were then almost innumerable, and the state of

them in winter would scarcely at present be believed." In one instance he mentions that he travelled on foot thirty miles in one day; and he was at this time only a child of about ten years old. During all this time, he made little or no progress in reading. "I was too much pressed," he says, "by fatigue, hunger, cold, and nakedness." Yet as he continued to repeat his prayers and catechism morning and evening, and to read the Prayer-book and Bible on Sundays, he, at least, did not forget what he had formerly learned. On one occasion, too, he states, that the ballad of Chevy Chace having fallen into his hands, his father, who was very proud of what he conceived to be his son's talents, and particularly of his memory, set him to get by heart the whole song, by way of task, which he performed, in the midst of his toils, in three days. His father gave him a halfpenny for the achievement, which made him think himself at the time quite a rich man.

When in his eleventh or twelfth year, having been present at the Nottingham races, he was so much struck by the contrast between his own mean and ragged condition, and that of the clean, well-fed, and well-clothed stable-boys, that he determined to try if he could not find a master to engage him in that capacity in Newmarket. After much perseverance, and being turned off upon a short trial, first by one master, and then by another, from the little knowledge he was found to have of riding, he was at last taken into the service of a person who was considerate enough not to expect him to be a finished groom almost before he could have ever mounted a horse. He very soon began to distinguish himself by his expertness in his new occupation; and the language in which he speaks of his change of circumstances forcibly paints his sense of the miseries from which he had been extricated. Alluding to the hearty meal which he and his companions were wont to make every morning at nine o'clock, after four hours' exercise of their horses, he says, "Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast: what, then, may not be said of mine, who had so long been used to suffer hunger, and so seldom found the means of satisfying it? For my own part," he adds, "so total and striking was the change which had taken place in my situation, that I could not but feel it very sensibly. I was more conscious of it than most boys would have been, and therefore not a little satisfied. The former part of my life had most of it been spent in turmoil, and often in singular wretchedness. I had been exposed to every want, every weariness, and every occasion of despondency, except that such poor sufferers become reconciled to, and almost insensible of, suffering; and boyhood and beggary are fortunately not prone to despond. Happy had been the meal where I had enough; rich to me was the rag that kept me warm; and heavenly the pillow, no matter what, or how hard, on which I could lay my head to sleep. Now I was warmly clothed, nay gorgeously; for I was proud of my new livery, and never suspected that there was disgrace in it; I fed voluptuously, not a prince on earth perhaps with half the appetite, and never-failing relish; and instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt after the most sluggish, obstinate, and despised among our animals, I was mounted on the noblest that the earth contains, had him under my care, and was borne by him over hill and dale, far outstripping the wings of the wind. Was not this a change such as might excite reflection even in the mind of a boy?"

We must, however, pass over the account which he gives of his life as a stable-boy, interesting as many of the details are into which he enters. During his wanderings through the country with his father, as has been already mentioned, he had scarcely had any opportunity of extending his knowledge of books; the Bible, and such old ballads as he met with by chance on the walls of cottages and ale-houses, constituting all his reading. "Books were not then," he remarks, "as they fortunately are now, great or small, on this subject or on that, to be found in almost every house. A book, except of prayers, or of daily religious use, was scarcely to be seen but among the opulent, or in the possession of the studious; and by the opulent they were often disregarded with a degree of neglect which would now be almost disgraceful." For some time after his arrival at Newmarket, he was not much better off. In about half a year, however, his father followed him to that place, where he at first found a little employment at his old trade of making shoes; and one of his shopmates, who happened to be fond of books, and to be in possession of a few, occasionally lent young Holcroft a volume from his collection. Among other works, this person put into his hands 'Gulliver's Travels,' and the 'Spectator,' with which, the former especially, he was much delighted. He mentions, also, the 'Whole Duty of Man,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and other religious books, as at this time among his chief favourites. As he was one day passing the church, he heard some voices singing, and was immediately seized with a strong desire to learn the art. Having approached the church door, he found the persons within engaged in singing in four parts, under the direction of a Mr Langham. They asked him to join them, and his voice and ear being pronounced good, it was agreed that he should be taken into the class; the master offering to give up the entrance money of five shillings, in consideration of his being but a boy, whose wages could not be great, and the others agreeing to let him sing out of their books. "From the little," he proceeds, "I that day learned, and from another lesson or two, I obtained a tolerable conception of striking intervals upwards or downwards, such as the third, the fourth, and the remainder of the octave, the chief feature in which I soon understood; but of course I found most difficulty in the third, sixth, and seventh. Previously, however, to any great progress, I was obliged to purchase 'Arnold's Psalmody;' and, studious over this divine treasure, I passed many a forenoon extended in the hay-loft."

His wages were four pounds a-year, and he paid five shillings a quarter to his singing master; but upon Mr Langham offering to give him lessons in arithmetic also for as much more, he agreed to the proposal, and attended him daily for three months. In that time he got so far as Practice, and the Rule-of-Three. "Except what I have already related," says he, "these three months, as far as others were concerned, may be truly called my course of education. At the age of two or three and thirty, indeed, when I was endeavouring to acquire the French language, I paid a Monsieur Raymond twenty shillings for a few lessons, but the good he did me was so little that it was money thrown away. At Newmarket, I was so intent on studying arithmetic, that for want of better apparatus I have often got an old nail, and cast up sums on the paling of the stable-yard." This will remind the reader of Gifford, with his leather for paper, and his blunted awl for a pen.

Holcroft continued at Newmarket for about two years and a half, when he determined to go to London once more to join his father, who now kept a cobbler's stall in South Audley Street. "My mind," he says, "having its own somewhat peculiar bias, circumstances had rather concurred to disgust me than to invite my stay. I despised my companions for the grossness of their ideas, and the total absence of every pursuit in which the mind appeared to have any share. It was even with sneers of contempt that they saw me intent on acquiring some small portion of knowledge; so that I was far from having any prompter either as a friend or a rival." He was at this time nearly sixteen. For some years he continued to make shoes with his father, and at last became an able workman. But he grew every day fonder of reading; and whenever he had a shilling to spare, spent it, we are told, in purchasing books. In 1765, having married, he attempted to open a school for teaching children to read, at Liverpool, but was obliged to abandon the project in about a year, when he returned to town, and resumed his trade of a shoemaker. Beside his dislike to this occupation, however, on other accounts, it brought back an asthmatic complaint he had had when a boy; and every consideration made him resolve to endeavour to escape from it. Even at this time he had become a writer for the newspapers, the editor of the 'Whitehall Evening Post' giving him five shillings a column for some essays which he sent to that journal. He again attempted to open a school in the neighbourhood of London; but after living for three months on potatoes and butter-milk, and obtaining only one scholar, he once more returned to town. Having acquired some notions of elocution at a debating club which he had been in the habit of attending, he next thought of going on the stage, and obtained an engagement from the manager of the Dublin Theatre, at a poor salary, which was very ill paid. He was so ill treated, indeed, in this situation, that he was obliged to leave it in about half a year. He then joined a strolling company in the north of England, and wandered about as an itinerant actor for seven years, during which time he suffered a great deal of misery, and was often reduced almost to starving. In the midst of all his sufferings, however, he retained his love of books, and had made himself extensively conversant with English literature. At last, in the end of the year 1777, he came up to London, and by means of an introduction to Mr Sheridan, obtained an engagement in a subordinate capacity at Drury Lane. He had just before this, as a desperate resource, sat down to compose a farce, which he called 'The Crisis;' and this turned out the commencement of a busy and extended literary career. The farce, although only acted once, was well received, and it soon encouraged him to new efforts of the same kind. Yet he continued for many years involved in difficulties, from which it required all his exertions to extricate himself. The remainder of Mr Holcroft's history, with the exception of a short but stormy period, during which he was subjected to very severe usage on account of certain political opinions which he was supposed to hold, is merely that of a life of authorship. He never became a good actor, and after some time dedicated himself entirely to literary occupation. His industry in his new profession is abundantly evidenced by the long list of his works, which comprise several of high talent and established popularity. In his maturer years, beside many other acquirements, he made himself master of the French and German languages, from both of which he executed several well-known translations.

Mr Holcroft died in 1809. His life is in many respects admirably calculated to answer the design which he had in view, he tells us, in writing the account of the early part of it, namely, "to excite an ardent emulation in the breasts of youthful readers, by shewing them how difficulties may be endured, how they may be overcome, and how they may at last contribute, as a school of instruction, to bring forth hidden talent."†

† Abridged from an account in Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

THE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following excellent story, exemplifying the danger of giving way to the passion of anger, is given in a charming little book, entitled the *Infant Annual* (published by Waugh and Innes of Edinburgh, Whittaker and Co., London, and Curry and Co., Dublin), and which is eminently suited to cultivate virtuous principles in the minds of children.

"Little Harriet M—— was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When any thing teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in her way. One day as her mamma was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out, 'I don't love you, Mary, I don't love you; I *hate* you.' She stopped when she saw her mamma. 'What is the meaning of all this?' said Mrs M. to the servant. 'It is just this, ma'am,' said the servant, 'that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of her to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me and struck me as you have seen.' Mrs M. looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: 'Oh, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it: oh, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus' sake. Amen.' Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them. Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice, 'Not quite, mamma; but it's better.' 'Very well,' said her mother, 'until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper: Lord and Lady —— were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was in truth a very fine little creature, very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful: but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage, when any thing vexed her, and, like you, would turn at, or strike, whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servants very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. "You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me, I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will;" and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her, "Come, come, miss, you needn't go to your mamma's room; she wont see you now." Eveline burst open the door of her mamma's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. "My dear," said this person, "you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now." She would have said more; she would have told Eveline that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and, carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, "that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room." Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out a-laughing, and said, "I told you *that*, miss; you see mamma doesn't love you now!" The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch over it was lying asleep upon her chair; and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble struggling cry, and breathed no more.' 'Why, mamma, mamma,' cried Harriet, bursting

into tears, 'why did it breathe no more?' 'It was dead—killed by its own sister.' 'Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh, mamma! I am not so wicked as her; I never killed a little baby,' sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck. 'My dear child,' said Mrs M. solemnly, 'how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked, and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to bed.' 'And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?' 'Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom.' 'Oh, dear—oh, dear mamma—was Eveline sorry?' 'My love, how can you ask such a question?' 'But, mamma, I mean how sorry was she? what way was she sorry enough?' 'Indeed, Harriet, it is not easy to know or to tell how she could be sorry enough. All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile.' 'And, mamma, was it a quite true story? it is so dreadful, mamma.' 'Yes, my child, it is a quite true story; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E——l.' 'My dearest mamma,' said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, 'let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I too become so miserable.' 'Yes, my love, pray to him for that, and he will hear and bless you; but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage.'"

The Editor of the London Literary Gazette, in noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief of it being perfectly true. The unfortunate angry child (says he) was Anna Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honours. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known.

UNROOFING THE KIRK OF TULLIBODY.

The parish of Tullibody, in Clackmannanshire, now united with Alloa, was, before the Reformation, an independent ecclesiastical district. The manner in which it lost its separate character is curious. In the year 1559, when Monsieur d'Oysel commanded the French troops on the coast of Fife, they were alarmed by the arrival of the English fleet, and thought of nothing but a hasty retreat. It was in the month of January, and at the breaking of a great storm. William Kirkaldy of Grange, commander of the congregational forces, attentive to the circumstances in which his enemies were caught, took advantage of this situation, and marched with great expedition towards Stirling, and cut the bridge of Tullibody, which was over the Devon, to prevent their retreat. By this manœuvre the French found themselves completely enclosed. They were driven to an extremity which obliged them to resort to an extraordinary expedient to effect their escape. They lifted the roof off the church of Tullibody, and laid it along the broken part of the bridge, by which means they effected a safe retreat to Stirling.

Such a dilapidation of the church caused the Tullibodians to proceed to the adjacent kirk of Alloa, and, in a short time, the parish ceased to be independent. The burying ground around the ancient place of worship, now repaired, still remains; and on the north side of it, where there had been formerly an entry, there is a stone coffin, with a niche for the head, and two for the arms, covered with a thick hollowed lid, like a tureen. The lid is a good deal broken, but a curious tradition is preserved of the coffin. It is related that in early times a young lady of the neighbourhood had declared her affection for the minister, who, either from his station, or want of inclination, made no returns. So vexed was the lady on perceiving his indifference, that, in a short while, she sickened, and at last died of grief. While on her deathbed, she left it as her last request, that she should not be buried in the earth, but that her body should be placed in a stone coffin, and laid at the entry to the church; which was done, and, till this day, the stone retains the name of the *Maiden's Stone*.

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

The best systems of artificial memory, though in diligent hands they produce a surprising effect, depend upon very simple principles. Every person uses a kind of artificial memory, when he endeavours to fix in his mind any thing he is little acquainted with, by means of another which he knows better. A person, for instance, wishes to recollect a house where he has some business, and for that purpose he notices that it is the third door, or fourth door, from some well-known corner: by this mark he will not fail to retrace it. A stranger, again, is often recollected when seen in company with one of our acquaintance, though we could never have called him to remembrance if he had passed us alone. Many schemes of artificial memory have been framed, but they depend merely on a systematic application of the principles we have mentioned, and differ from one another only in the ingenuity with which these are applied.

In passing along a road which we have formerly travelled with a friend, the sight of the different objects, as they come in view, often recalls the subjects of conversation which occurred at the same points in our first journey. We recollect every topic with the utmost freshness; and if there were any new ideas or remarkable expressions, the sight of the tree, ford, or narrow lane, where they were started, seldom fails to recall them. It is plain, therefore, that if we wished to imprint the contents of a book on our memory, we may be greatly assisted by reading it in the same way, as we pass along some favourite walk, associating each of its topics with remarkable points in the scenery. If every subject be thus, as it were, tied to some conspicuous point in regular succession, the facility of recollection which will be gained will be found of the greatest advantage; and long lists of facts may be exactly committed to memory, which otherwise we would hardly have thought of attempting to remember. In a town, let any one take, in regular succession, the streets which branch off from some principal line of thoroughfare, and if their names and order be familiar to him, he may use them in this way as resting places for his memory, where he may have arranged great numbers of circumstances which the mind could not otherwise have retained. Lists of the kings of England have in this way been taught to children effectually in two lessons, merely by connecting the successive names with some series of familiar streets, or well-known objects on a public road.

Instead of taking any succession of objects out of doors, it is sometimes convenient to use merely the walls of a room, and the familiar objects which occupy places upon them; if there be a number of pictures in the room, for instance, we may commit to memory a list of names by attaching each to one of the pictures in the order of their arrangement; and the names will not fail to recur as often as we choose to recall them in that connection. This method was reduced to system, and taught with great success, by a German professor, Mr Feinaigle; and in another paper we may perhaps give the details of his plan.

At present we shall only explain the same person's ingenious mode of teaching the memory of numbers. The simplicity of the process will be immediately apparent; and any person who practises it for two days, will acquire a facility in recollecting dates and numbers of which otherwise he could have had little idea.

The first thing to be done is to assign for each numeral figure a letter of the alphabet, which is to stand for it on all occasions. It is on this that the whole artifice depends; and the learner must first make himself familiar with these substitutions (which may be done in 20 minutes) before proceeding further.

For the figure 1, use the letter *t*, because it is a single stroke.

For 2, use *n*, because it is two strokes combined.

For 3, use *m*, because it is three strokes.

For 4, use *r*, because *r* is found in the word denoting four in most languages.

For 5, use *l*, because in Roman numerals L denotes 5 tens.

For 6, use *d*, because the written *d* resembles 6 reversed.

For 7, use *k*, because *k* resembles two 7's joined at top; and for this figure use also *g*, *q*, *c* (hard), because they are all letters formed in the throat (gutturals), like the first one, *k*.

For 8, use *b*, which in writing is often made to resemble 8 a good deal; use also *w*, which is like an 8; and *v*, which is half of *w*.

9 is represented by *p*, from the similarity of figure; and also by *f*, both of which are united in the word *puff*, which proceeds from a *pipe* like a 9 figure.

For 0, use *s*, *x*, or *z*, for this reason, that O is like a grindstone, which gives out a hissing noise like these letters when it is in motion.

The reasons given for our choice of letters to represent the different figures will appear whimsical; but it must be recollected that they are adopted merely to assist memory, and that their oddity is, therefore, a recommendation rather than an objection. It will be observed, that neither *h* nor any of the vowels represent any figure.

This table of letters is applied to use as follows:—Suppose a person wishes, for instance, to recollect the numbers 547: 5 is represented by *l*; 4 by *r*; 7 by *k*; hence we have here *l*, *r*, *k*; among these letters insert the vowel *a*, and there will be *lark*, a word easily to be remembered; and as the vowel *a* denotes no figure, no mistake can arise from it to confuse the memory; so that the word *lark* on all occasions will be the sign for 547. The year in which King William the Fourth was born is 1765; here we have *t*, *k* (or *g*), *d*, *l*; by inserting vowels, and the letter *h* (which signifies no figure), these form The Goodly; and in that shape will hardly escape the memory. The Queen was born in the year 1794; we have here *t*, *k*, *p* (or *f*), *r*; and by inserting vowels at pleasure, we make the words They yoke fair; a combination ludicrous enough, which will, however, greatly assist the memory as to the date, and that is all that is wanted.

Suppose we wish to recollect the dates of some principal geographical discoveries:

The Cape of Good Hope was discovered in 1486; here we have the letters *t*, *r*, *w*, *d*; these become tar-wood: there is a fable that the *wreck* of a Carthaginian ship was found here on its first discovery, which will make the word *tar-wood* memorable.

America was discovered in 1492: these figures are represented by *t*, *r*, *p*, *n*; which by inserting vowels become *to rapine*, because that discovery led to rapine by the first Spaniards.

The great South Sea was first discovered by Nunez de Balboa in 1513; this is *t*, *l*, *t*, *m*; by inserting *h*, and vowels, these letters form *tell them*; an expression denoting the importance of that discovery.

The Straits of Magellan were discovered in 1519; these figures become *t*, *l*, *t*, *p*; and may read it let up; because this strait *let up* the navigators into the land, and through to the Pacific Ocean.

New Holland was first discovered in 1525: The Lonely, because it is a lonely or insulated continent.

Baffin's Bay, discovered in 1616: Thy duty do, because Baffin's accuracy in this discovery, after being a long time doubted, was at last verified.

By these examples the method will now be sufficiently understood; and the reader may go on applying it to other cases as he finds occasion.

When it is required to recollect a long list of numbers in regular succession, the object may be effected by forming words out of each of them, and attaching the ideas belonging to these to any series of familiar objects. If we wish to recollect, for example, the numbers 748, 954, 7430, 241: take a road where we know four or five objects in succession—say, *a house*, *a tree*, *a hay-stack*, *a mill*; then we have for 748, crib, and we call the house *a crib*: next for 954, we have flower; there is a *flower* on the tree: for 7430, we have Grey Mouse in the hay-stack: and for 241, there is one rat in the mill. When we recall the principal objects according to their order, the numbers will also be remembered.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

We beg to recommend to the attention of our readers, but especially the young, and those taking an interest in the delightful study of Natural History, a new periodical work, at a low price, entitled "The Field Naturalist's Magazine," conducted by Professor Rennie, of the King's College, London. In the first number there occur several pleasing papers; among others, one on the Migration of Birds, which we present as a specimen of the style in which the work is written.

"I shall here give some observations on the periodical and frequently long journeys performed by several species of erratic birds, and on the points of re-union and departure which they appear to select. The yearlings and the old ones rarely go together in these journeys, which are more or less extended, as the necessity of seeking a fresh supply of food for other climates, obliges them to quit those places which fail at certain seasons to furnish them with the means of subsistence. I think I have traced the separation of families, and their re-union in bands, of ages more or less equal, to a very natural cause, produced by the difference in the time of moulting in the old and young; and this also appears to be the cause that the bands composed of adults migrate to a much greater distance, whether in autumn, or at their return in spring, than the bands composed of young ones, which do not, in either season, extend their journey so far. The plumage of these birds being still imperfect, and the colours not yet durable, they are generally one or two years old before they are in a state to breed; they then choose those places where adults of their own species do not build their nests, the latter always expelling them from the districts which are to give birth to a new progeny. When the old ones extend their journey to the arctic regions, those of one or two years old are found in the middle countries of Europe and when the old ones choose the temperate climates the young ones remain at the south, or at farthest

not pass the seas which separate Europe from the northern parts of Africa; countries in which the greater number of the largest species of our erratic birds, that do not perfect their growth within the first year, choose to reside in winter. It is from these countries, or the numerous islands of the Archipelago, and those of the Mediterranean and the Gulf of Venice, that they set off on their return in the spring; numerous flocks are then seen on all our southern coasts, especially where the sea forms large gulfs, such as the Archipelago, the Adriatic Gulf, and those of Genoa and Lyons. These meetings continue eight, ten, or at most fifteen days; in which time the passage of those countries is completed.

The routes taken by water-fowl and birds which frequent marshes, depend very much on the course of rivers, and the beds of the great lakes; the waters furnishing to each species its proper food, they seem to be impelled, by a wonderful instinct, to choose for a rallying point and place of departure, those spots whence the passage from the great sea to the lakes and rivers is shortest and least occupied by land. Thus the bands that assemble on the environs of Genoa and Lyons repair forthwith to the banks of the Po; following afterwards the passes of the great valleys of the Alps, which descend into Piedmont, they rise above the mountains, where different species of the birds in question are annually killed. From these points they appear to direct their flight towards the great lakes of Switzerland, particularly that of Geneva, which all the water and fen birds of Europe resort to for a short period, or pass more or less regularly; from this they seem to continue their journey by the lakes of Morat, Neufchatel, and Bienne, and repair to the Rhine, the course of which they follow, and thus arrive at the Baltic, the great inland, and North Seas. These companies, already less numerous when they arrive in the north, disperse themselves soon afterwards. At this period, the individuals pair and attend to the wants of their new progeny. The route most frequented by all the water-birds is along the borders of the sea: those which come from the Gulf of Gascony, from Spain, and the coasts of Barbary, appear to follow that only; several species of waders follow it uniformly; and the same route is taken by all those birds which are unprovided with powerful means of flight. The divers, the grebes, and other fresh water-fowl, which seldom fly when occupied with the cares of pairing and breeding, are, however, endowed with great powers for this action; their flight is vigorous and long sustained; they rise even above the high mountains, for it is not rare to find individuals of these species on the lakes of the Alps, where the waders and web-footed species are often killed. It appears that the great flocks which assemble in the Ionian Isles, and the vast marshes between Venice and Trieste, follow in their travels the course of the Tagliamento, to arrive at the lakes in the environs of Villach and Klagenfurt; they visit the immense marshes which form the lakes Balaton and Neuzidel, where several species remain, while others re-ascend the Danube, and continue their journey to the Baltic Sea. On the lakes of Hungary, and upon the Danube, several species are found, which also visit the shores of the ocean. It appears to me that the species most peculiar to the western countries assemble in the Archipelago, and on the borders of the Black Sea; they re-ascend the Danube, and, following the course of the river, arrive in Hungary and Austria, countries that abound with various species of birds, in great numbers. I have not travelled over the whole extent of country crossed by the birds in the latter migration, nor that which takes place from the Gulf of Lyons by the mouths of the Rhone, along that river, and by the Doubs, the way by which their companions reach the Rhine. The banks of this river are peopled in spring and autumn by a great number of birds: we find in the part which forms the boundary of the western countries of Germany, all the species which go by the shores of the ocean and the Baltic Sea.

It is, however, very rarely that we see companies composed of old ones; these seem to come more frequently by chance, and separately: the yearlings of almost every species pass regularly by these parts of the sea, and they are generally young individuals, or only one or two years old, such as are killed on the great lakes of Switzerland and Italy. It should be understood that the species which do not continue their periodical journey so far as the North Sea and the Baltic, are exceptions; the old ones among the latter never stray to the northern climates, and it would be an extremely rare circumstance to find a young one there."

SLOW POISON.

Preparations having the power of weakening the vital powers, and finally cutting short the life of human beings, were at one time used to an incredible extent for the purpose of private murder; and no where with greater skill than in Italy—a country where assassination has always, in modern times, been deemed a light crime. The atrocities committed in Italy and France during the seventeenth century, by these diabolical preparations, have been noticed by Professor Beckmann, in his History of Inventions and Discoveries, in a narrative fitted to interest the reader.

"It was remarked at Rome (says he), about the year 1659, that many young married ladies suddenly became widows, and many husbands who were known to have become disagreeable to their wives unexpectedly died. Suspicion fell on a society of females under the direction of an old woman, who pretended to foretell future events, and who had in fact correctly predicted the death of many persons, to those who were interested in the event. A spy was employed, who introduced herself to this sorceress as a person of distinction, suffering under the tyranny of an imperious husband, of whom she wished to be rid; and by means of this stratagem her secret was detected. The whole society were then arrested, and put to the torture; and the hag herself, whose name was Hieronyma Spara, along with several others, publicly executed. It appeared that many of the Roman nobility were implicated in this affair; and, notwithstanding the severity with which it was visited, traces of the same suspicious practices were remarked for a long time afterwards. Spara was a Sicilian, and was said to have acquired her knowledge from the celebrated Tofania; but the difference of their age renders it more probable that she was the instructress of the latter.

Tofania, if not the inventress of the far-famed drops which from her obtained the name of *aqua tofana*, at least carried the diabolical art of preparing them to the greatest perfection. She first resided at Palermo, but afterwards at Naples, where she was more particularly known, and whence the drops have also been commonly called *acquetti di Napoli*. There was, at Bari, in the kingdom of Naples, a miraculous oil, said to distil from the tomb of St Nicholas; and the credulity of the people inducing them to employ it as a remedy for certain disorders, it was sold in small glass phials bearing the image of the saint, and an inscription purporting that they contained '*manna of St Nicholas of Bari.*' The apparent sanctity of these securing them from suspicion, Tofania employed them for the distribution of her drops; but it seems that, like her friend Spara, she reserved them for the service of those of her own sex to whom the yoke of matrimony had become irksome; and if the history of those times be not incorrect, the toilet of few married ladies of distinction at Naples, and other parts of Italy, was without a phial of the precious manna. This poison was limpid and tasteless as pure water, so that it was impossible to guard against its attacks; a few drops, administered at different periods, were sufficient to destroy a man by slow and imperceptible degrees; and it was supposed, that through its effects not fewer than six hundred persons perished.

Tofania lived to a great age; but suspicion having at length fallen on her, she took refuge in a monastery, from which she was dragged by the officers of justice, notwithstanding an outcry raised by the clergy at the violation of ecclesiastical privilege. Being put to the rack, she confessed her crimes, and acknowledged that, the day before she absconded, she had forwarded two boxes of *manna* to Rome, where it was actually found in the customhouse; but it never appeared who had ordered it. She was afterwards, it is said, privately strangled: but in the accounts of her fate there is considerable discrepancy; for Labat says that she was arrested in 1709; Keysler, another traveller, affirms, on the contrary, that she was still living at Naples in 1730, and resided in a convent, in which she was protected as in a sacred sanctuary, and where many strangers used to visit her from motives of curiosity; and Garelli, who was physician to Charles the Sixth, King of the Two Sicilies, and whose authority on this point is most to be relied on, writes to a friend, about 1719, that she was still in prison at Naples.

This infamous art, however, no where ever excited greater interest than at Paris. About the year 1670, Margaret d'Aubray, wife of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, a nobleman of large fortune, attached herself to a young officer of a distinguished but needy family, named Godin de Ste. Croix. After a short period, she lost her husband, whose property she had partly dissipated; and still openly continuing her intimacy with De Ste. Croix, her father procured a *lettre de cachet*, had him arrested, and thrown into the Bastille. He there got acquainted with an Italian, who instructed him in the manner of preparing poisons. After a year's imprisonment, he was released, and immediately flew to the Marchioness, to whom he communicated the baneful art, which she undertook to practise for the improvement of their circumstances. She then assumed the garb of a nun of the order of *Les Sœurs de la Charité*, distributed food to the poor, administered to the sick in the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and thus tried the effect of her poisons, undetected, on these helpless wretches. She bribed a servant to poison her own father and her brother, and endeavoured to poison her sister. The two former perished; but a suspicion having arisen of the cause of their death, the sister was on her guard, and thus escaped. She then, however, avoided detection, and the guilty pair continued their villanous practices in security, until they were at length providentially brought to light in the following manner:—

De Ste. Croix, while preparing poison, always wore a glass mask; but this once happening to drop off by accident, he was, as it is said, suffocated by the vapour, and was found dead on the floor of his laboratory. As he was without apparent heirs, government caused an inventory to be taken of his effects, among which there was found a sealed casket, with a label to the following effect:—'I hereby entreat that those into whose hands this box may fall, will have the kindness to deliver it into the hands of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who resides in the *Rue neuve St Paul*, as its contents concern her alone, are her sole property, and can be of no use to any other person; and in case that she should die before me, I beg that it may be burned, with all that it contains, without opening it. That no one may plead ignorance, I swear by that God whom I adore, and by all that is sacred, that I advance nothing but the truth; and in these, my just and reasonable wishes, be not complied with, I charge the conscience of those who infringe them with the consequences, both in this world and the next, in order that I may relieve my own: protesting, at the same time, that this is my last will. Done at Paris, this 25th of May, in the afternoon, 1672.—De Sainte Croix." The singularity of this request formed the strongest inducement not to comply with it: accordingly, the casket was opened, and in it were found various packets, with inscriptions signifying that they contained poisons, the effects of which had been proved by experiments on animals.

The Marchioness, having failed in an attempt to obtain possession of the casket, fled to England, and thence to Liege, where she took sanctuary in a convent. In order to entice her from this privileged abode, a police-officer, in the disguise of an Abbé, obtained an introduction to her, and, assuming the character of a lover, persuaded her to leave the convent on a party of pleasure, and then arrested her. At first she denied all that was laid to her charge; and while in prison, she behaved with great levity, passing the greater part of her time in playing at picquet. But she had been guilty of the extraordinary imprudence of making out a catalogue of her crimes, which, in her own hand-writing, was found among her effects in the convent. Upon this she was convicted; and having afterwards acknowledged the horrid detail, which contained a series of the most shocking atrocities, she was publicly beheaded, and afterwards burned at Paris, on the 16th of July 1676, and met her fate with a degree of resolution amounting almost to unconcern. It may afford matter for curious speculation to the disciples of Lavater to learn, that nature had not been sparing to the Marchioness of the beauties of her sex: her features were regular, the contour of her face extremely graceful, and her whole air wore that appearance of serenity, which is considered as an indication of virtue."

ENGLISH PORCELAIN.

The first manufactories of porcelain in England were those at Bow, and at Chelsea, near London. In these, however, nothing but soft porcelain was made. This was a mixture of white clay and fine white sand from Alum Bay, in the Isle of Wight, to which such a proportion of pounded glass was added, as, without causing the ware to soften so as to lose its form, would give it, when exposed to a full red heat, a semi-transparency resembling that of the fine porcelain of China. The Chelsea ware, besides bearing a very imperfect similarity in body to the Chinese, admitted only of a very fusible lead glaze, and in the taste of its patterns, and in the style of their execution, stood as low perhaps as any on the list. The china works at Derby come the next in date; then those of Worcester, established in 1751; and the most modern are those of Coalport, in Shropshire; of the neighbourhood of Newcastle in Staffordshire; and in other parts of that county. The porcelain clay used at present in all the English works is obtained in Cornwall, by pounding and washing over the gray disintegrated granite which occurs in several parts of that county; by this means the quartz and mica are got rid of, and the clay resulting from the decomposition of the felspar is procured in the form of a white, somewhat gritty powder. This clay is not fusible by the highest heat of our furnaces, though the felspar, from the decomposition of which it is derived, forms a spongy milk-white glass, or enamel, at a low white heat. But felspar, when decomposed by the percolation of water, while it forms a constituent of granite, loses the potash, which is one of its ingredients to the amount of about 15 per cent., and with it the fusibility that this latter substance imparts.—*Repertory of Patent Inventions.*

JAMAICA FIRE-FLIES.

I was in the habit, almost nightly, of enclosing a dozen or more of fire-flies under an inverted glass tumbler on my bedroom table, the light from whose bodies enabled me to read without difficulty. They are about the size of a bee, and perfectly harmless. Their coming forth in more than usual numbers is the certain harbinger of impending rain; and I have frequently, whilst travelling, met them in such myriads, that, be the night ever so dark, the pathway was as plain and visible almost as at noonday. The light they emit resembles exactly the lustre of the diamond, and I have been told that it is no uncommon thing for the Creole coquettes to insert a few of them, confined in pieces of thin gauze, amongst their hair, and in various parts of their dress, just as our belles at home avail themselves of the ingenuity of the paste-jeweller.—*Author of Scenes in Jamaica.*

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LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PARENTAGE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was one of the sons of Walter Scott, Esq., Writer to the Signet, by Anne, daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh.

His paternal grandfather, Mr. Robert Scott, farmer at Sandyknow, in the vicinity of Smailholm Tower, in Roxburghshire,* was the son of Mr. Walter Scott, a younger son of Walter Scott of Raeburn, who in his turn was third son of Sir William Scott of Harden, in which family the chieftainship of the race of Scott is now understood to reside.

Walter, the third son of Sir William Scott of Harden, lived at the time of the Restoration, and embraced the tenets of Quakerism, which at that period made their way into Scotland. For this he endured a degree of persecution for which it is now difficult to assign a reason. The Scottish Privy Council, by an edict dated June 20, 1665, directed his brother, the existing representative of the Harden family, to take away his three children, and educate them separately, so that they might not become infected with the same heresy; and, for doing so, he was to be entitled to sue his brother for the maintenance of the children. By a second edict, dated July 5, 1666, the Council directed two thousand pounds Scots money to be paid by the Laird of Raeburn for this purpose; and, as he was now confined in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where he was liable to be farther tainted by converse with others of the same sect there also imprisoned, the Council farther ordered him to be transported to the Jail of Jedburgh, where no one was to have access to him but such as might be expected to convert him from his present principles.

Walter, the second son of this gentleman, and father to the Novelist's grandfather, received a good education at Glasgow College, under the protection of his uncle. He was a zealous Jacobite,—a friend and correspondent of Dr. Pitcairne,—and made a vow never to shave his beard till the exiled house of Stuart should be restored; whence he acquired the name of *Beardie*.

Dr. John Rutherford, maternal grandfather to the subject of this Memoir, was one of four Scottish pupils of Boerhaave, who, in the early part of the last century, contributed to establish the high character of the Edinburgh University as a school of medicine. He was the first professor of the practice of physic in the University, to which office he was elected in 1727, and which he resigned in 1766, in favour of the celebrated Dr. John Gregory. He was also the first person who delivered lectures on clinical medicine in the Infirmary. His son, Dr. Daniel Rutherford, maternal uncle to the Novelist, was afterwards, for a long period, Professor of Botany in the Edinburgh University, and farther distinguished by his great proficiency in chemistry. Dr. D. Rutherford was one of the cleverest scientific men of his day; and, but for certain unimportant circumstances, would have been preferred to the high honour of succeeding Black in the chair of chemistry. When he took his degree in 1772, pneumatic chemistry was in its infancy. Upon this occasion he published a thesis, in which the doctrines respecting gaseous bodies are laid down with great perspicuity, as far as they were then known, and an account also given of a series of experiments made by himself, which discover much ingenuity and address. He was the first European chemist who, if the expression may be used, *discovered* nitrogen. Had he proceeded a single step farther, he would have anticipated the discoveries of Priestley, Scheele, and Lavoisier, respecting oxygen, which have rendered their names immortal. As it was, the experiments and discoveries of Dr. Rutherford made his name respected all over Europe.

The wife of Dr. John Rutherford, and maternal grandmother of Sir Walter Scott, was Jean Swinton, daughter of Swinton of Swinton, in Berwickshire, one of the oldest families in Scotland, and at one period very powerful. Sir Walter has introduced a chivalric representative of this race into his drama of "Halidon Hill." The grandfather of Jean Swinton was Sir John Swinton, the twentieth baron in lineal descent, and the son of the celebrated Judge Swinton, in whom, along with Sir William Lockhart of Lee, Cromwell entrusted the chief management of civil affairs in Scotland, during his Usurpation. Lord Swinton, as he was called, in virtue of his judicial character, was seized, after the Restoration, and brought down to Scotland for trial, in the same vessel with the Marquis of Argyle. It was generally expected that one who had played so conspicuous a part in the late Usurpation would not elude the vengeance of the new Government. He escaped, however, by suddenly adopting the tenets of the Society to which Walter Scott of Raeburn afterwards attached himself. On being brought before the Parliament for trial, he rejected all means of legal defence; and his simply penitent appearance and venerable aspect wrought so far with his judges, that he was acquitted, while less obnoxious men were condemned. It was from this extraordinary person, and while confined along with him in Edinburgh Castle, that Colonel David Barclay, father of Robert Barclay, the eminent author of the "Apology for the Quakers," contracted those sentiments which afterwards shone forth with such remarkable lustre in his son.

* The Poet's grandfather, Mr. Robert Scott, of Sandyknow, though both descended from and allied to several respectable Border families, was chiefly distinguished for the excellent good sense and independent spirit which enabled him to lead the way in agricultural improvement,—then a pursuit abandoned to persons of a very inferior description. His memory was long preserved in Teviotdale, and still survives, as that of an active and intelligent farmer, and the father of a family, all of whom were distinguished by talents, probity, and remarkable success in the pursuits which they adopted."—*Border Antiquities, by Walter Scott, Esq.* 2 vols. 4to. Lond. 1814.

FATHER.

While the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott is thus shown to have been somewhat more than respectable, it must be also stated, that, in his character as a man, a citizen, or a professional agent, there could not be a more worthy member of society than his immediate parent. Mr. Walter Scott, born in 1729, and admitted as a writer to the signet, in 1755, was by no means a man of shining abilities. He was, however, a steady, expert man of business, insomuch as to prosper considerably in life; and nothing could exceed the gentleness, sincerity, and benevolence of his character. For many years, he held the honourable office of an elder in the parish church of Old Greyfriars, while Dr. Robertson, the historian of America and Charles V., acted as one of the ministers. The other clergyman was Dr. John Erskine, much more distinguished as a divine, and of whom Sir Walter has given an animated picture in his novel of "Guy Mannering." The latter person led the more zealous party of the Church of Scotland, in opposition to his colleague, Dr. Robertson, who swayed the moderate and predominating party; and it is believed that, although a Jacobite, and employed mostly by that party, the religious impressions of Mr. Scott were more akin to the doctrines maintained by Erskine, than those professed by Robertson.

MOTHER.

Mrs. Scott, while she boasted a less prepossessing exterior than her husband, was enabled, partly by the more literary character of her connexions and education, and more perhaps by native powers of intellect, to make a greater impression in conversation. It has thus become a conceded point, that Sir Walter derived his abilities almost exclusively from this parent. Without pretending to judge in a matter of such delicacy, it may at least be allowed that the young poet was at first greatly indebted to his mother for an introduction to the literary society of which her father and brother were such distinguished ornaments. It has somewhere been alleged that Mrs. Scott, who was an intimate friend of Allan Ramsay, Blacklock, and other poetical wits of the last century, wrote verses, like them, in the vernacular language of Scotland. But this can be denied, upon the testimony of her own son. The mistake has probably arisen in consequence of a Mrs. Scott of Wauchope, whose maiden name was likewise Rutherford, having published poetry of her own composition. Mrs. Walter Scott, who was altogether a woman of the highest order of intellect and character, was, at an early age, deemed worthy by her father to be entrusted with the charge of his house, during his temporary widowhood; and thus she possessed opportunities enjoyed by few young ladies of her own age, and of the period when she lived, of mixing in literary society. It is unquestionable that this circumstance was likely to have some effect in later life upon her son, with the training of whose mind she must, in virtue of her maternal character, have had more to do than her husband. It may be further mentioned, that Mrs. Scott had been principally educated by a reduced gentlewoman, a Mrs. Euphemia Sinclair, grand-daughter of Sir Robert Sinclair of Longformacus, who kept a school for young ladies, in the now wretched precincts of Blackfriars' Wynd, in Edinburgh, and who had the honour of educating many of the female nobility and gentry of Scotland; some of whom were her own relations. Sir Walter's own words respecting this person, are given in the work entitled "Traditions of Edinburgh." "To judge by the proficiency of her scholars, although much of what is called accomplishment might then be left untaught, she must have been possessed of uncommon talents for education; for all the ladies above mentioned" (the list includes Mrs. Scott) "had well cultivated minds, were fond of reading, wrote and spelled admirably, were well acquainted with history, and with the belles-lettres, without neglecting the more homely duties of the needle and accompt-book; and, while two of them," (meaning, as there is reason to believe, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Murray Keith,*) "were women of extraordinary talents, all of them were perfectly well bred in society."—vol. ii. p. 128. Sir Walter further communicated, that his mother, and many others of Mrs. Sinclair's pupils, were sent, according to a fashion then prevalent in good society, to be *finished off* by the Hon. Mrs. Ogilvie, lady of the Hon. Patrick Ogilvie of Longmay, whose brother, the Earl of Seafield, was so instrumental, as Chancellor of Scotland, in carrying through the union with England. Mrs. Ogilvie trained her young friends to a style of manners, which would now be considered intolerably stiff: for instance, no young lady in sitting was permitted ever to touch the back of her chair. Such was the effect of this early training upon the mind of Mrs. Scott, that even when she approached her eightieth year, she took as much care to avoid touching her chair with her back, as if she had still been under the stern eye of Mrs. Ogilvie.

* The Mrs. Bethune Baliol, of the "Chronicles of the Canongate."

BIRTH—BIRTH-PLACE—EARLY SCENES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771, being the birth-day of the great European hero, whose deeds he was afterwards to record. He was the third of a family, consisting of six sons and one daughter. The eldest son, John, attained to a captaincy in an infantry regiment, but was early obliged to retire from service on account of the delicate state of his health. Another elder brother, Daniel, was a sailor, but died in early life. Of him Sir Walter has often been heard to assert, that he was by far the cleverest and most interesting of the whole. Thomas, the next brother to Sir Walter, followed the father's profession, and was for some years factor to the Marquis of Abercorn, but eventually died in Canada in 1822, in the capacity of paymaster to the 70th regiment. Sir Walter himself entertained a fondly high opinion of the talents of this brother; but it is not borne out by the sense of his other friends. He possessed, however, some burlesque humour, and an acquaintance with Scottish manners and character—qualities which were apt to impose a little, and even induced some individuals to believe, for some time, that he, rather than his more gifted brother, was the author of "The Novels."

Existence opened upon the author of Waverley, in one of the duskiest parts of the ancient capital, which he has been pleased to apostrophise in "Marmion," as *his own romantic town*. At the time of his birth, and for some time after, his father lived at the head of the College Wynd, a narrow alley leading from the Cowgate to the gate of the College. The two lower flats of the house were occupied by Mr. Keith, W. S., grandfather of the present Knight Marischal of Scotland, and Mr. Walter Scott lodged *aux troisième*, his part of the mansion being accessible by a stair behind. For a more particular account of the house, reference is made to the note below.†

It appears, however, that before Sir Walter could receive any impressions from the romantic scenery of the Old Town of Edinburgh, he was removed, on account of the delicacy of his health, to the country, and lived for a considerable period under the charge of his paternal grandfather at Sandyknow. This farm is situated upon high ground, near the bottom of Leader Water, and overlooks a large part of the vale of Tweed. In the immediate neighbourhood of the farm-house, upon a rocky foundation, stood the Border fortlet called Smailholm Tower, which possessed many features to attract the attention of the young poet. It would be presumptuous,

† It was a house of what would now be considered humble aspect, but at that time neither humble from its individual appearance, nor from its vicinage. As it stood on the line necessary for the opening of a street along the north skirt of the new university buildings, it was destroyed on that occasion, and never rebuilt. Speaking of this house in a series of notes communicated to a local antiquary in 1825, Sir Walter said, "It consisted of two flats above Mr. Keith's, and belonged to my father, Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet; there I had the chance to be born, 15th August, 1771. My father, soon after my birth, removed to George's Square, and let the house in the College Wynd, first to Mr Dundas, of Philipstoun, and afterwards to Mr. William Keith, father of Sir Alexander Keith. It was purchased by the public, together with Mr. Keith's (the inferior floors), and pulled down to make way for the new College.

however, to say any thing respecting this part of the poet's lifetime, when he has himself put us in possession of so striking a description of it in the introduction to the third canto of "Marmion," addressed to his friend Mr. William Erskine:—

"Thus, while I ope the measure wild,
Of tales which charm'd me when a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed,
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill, and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deem'd such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its rounds survey'd;
And still I thought that shatter'd tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvell'd, as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitch'd my mind,
Of foragers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse,
Their southron rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviot's blue;
And, home-returning, fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.—
Methought that still with trump and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seam'd with scars,
Glared through the window's rusty bars,
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe, or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight, and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretch'd at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war display'd:
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scatter'd Southron fled before.

"Still with vain fondness, could I trace,
Anew, each kind familiar face,
That brighten'd at our evening fire,
From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye in age, quick, clear, and keen,
Show'd what in youth its glance had been;
Whose doom discording neighbours sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint.
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grand-dame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, carest."

SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

It is understood, that at the "evening fire" of Sandyknow, Sir Walter learned much of that Border lore which he afterwards wrought up in his fictions. To what extent his residence there retarded his progress in school instruction is not discovered. The first seminary which he attended was one for English and other ordinary branches of education, kept by a Mr. Leechman in Hamilton's Entry, Bristo Street. It is almost certain that his attendance at school was rendered irregular by his delicate health. He entered Fraser's class at the High School in the *third year*; that is to say, when that master had carried his class through one half of the ordinary curriculum of the school; wherefore it is clear, that any earlier instruction he could have received must have been in some inferior institution, and very probably communicated in a hurried and imperfect manner. It is at the commencement of the school year in October, 1779, that his name first appears in the school register; he must have then been eight years of age, which, it may be remarked, is an unusually early period for a boy to enter the third year of his classical course. What is further remarkable, his elder brother attended the same class. It is, therefore, to be suspected that his educational interests were sacrificed, in some measure, to the circumstances of the school, which were, at that period, in such an unhappy arrangement as to teachers, that parents often precipitated their children into a class for which they were unfitted, in order to escape a teacher whom they deemed unqualified for his duties, and secure the instructions of one who bore a superior character. Although Mr. Luke Fraser was one of the severest flagellators even of the *old school*, he enjoyed the reputation of being a sound scholar, so far as scholarship was required for his duties, and also that of a most conscientious and pains-taking teacher. He first caused his scholars to get by heart Ruddiman's Rudiments, and as soon as they were thoroughly grounded in the declensions, the vocabulary of the same great grammarian was put into their hands, and a small number of words prescribed to be repeated every morning. They then read in succession the Colloquies of Corderius, four or five lives of Cornelius Nepos, and the first four books of Cæsar's Commentaries. Ere this course was perfected, the greater part of Ruddiman's Grammatica Minora, in Latin, was got by heart. Select passages from Ovid's Metamorphoses, the Bucolics, and the first Æneid of Virgil, concluded the fourth year; after which the boys were turned over to the Rector, by whom they were instructed for two years more, making the course in all six years. It must also be understood, that every one of the three masters, besides Mr. Fraser, pursued the same system, bringing forward a class from the first elements, to the state in which it was fitted for the attention of the rector*; after which he returned once more to take up a new set of boys in the first class; and so forth for one lustrum after another, so long as he was connected with the school. If any teacher could have brought a boy over such a difficulty as that which attended the commencement of Sir Walter's career at the High School, it would have been Mr. Fraser; for few of his profession at that time were more anxious to explain away every obstruction in the path of his pupils, or took so much pains to ascertain that they were carrying the understandings of the boys along with them through all the successive stages. Apparently, however, neither the care of the master, nor the inborn genius of the pupil, availed much in this case; for it is said that the twenty-fifth place was no uncommon situation in the class for the future author of the Waverley Novels.

After two years of instruction, commenced under these unfavourable circumstances, Sir Walter, in October, 1781, entered the Rector's class, then taught by Dr. Alexander Adam, the author of many excellent elementary books, and one of the most meritorious and most eminent teachers that Scotland has ever produced. The authors read by Dr. Adam's class at this period, and probably during the whole of his career, were Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Sallust, Livy, and Terence; but it was not in reading and translating alone that an education under this eminent man consisted. Adam, who was an indefatigable student, as the number and excellence of his works testify, was a complete contrast to Mr. Fraser. The latter hardly ever introduced a single remark, but what was intended to illustrate the *letter* of the author; whereas Dr. Adam commented at great length upon whatever occurred in the course of reading in the class, whether it related to antiquities, customs, and manners, or to history. He was of so communicative a disposition, that whatever knowledge he had acquired in his private studies, he took the first opportunity of imparting to his class, paying little regard whether it was above the comprehension of the greater number of his scholars or not. He abounded in pleasant anecdote, and while he never neglected the proper business of his class, it is certain that he inspired a far higher love of knowledge and of literary history into the minds of his pupils, than any other teacher of his day. At the same time he displayed a benevolence of character which won the hearts of his pupils, and nothing ever gave him so much pleasure as to hear of their success in after-life. To this venerable person Sir Walter was always ready to acknowledge his obligations, and it is not improbable that much of his literary character was moulded on that of Dr. Adam.

As a scholar, nevertheless, the subject of this Memoir never became remarkable for proficiency. There is his own authority for saying, that even in the exercise of metrical translation, he fell far short of some of his companions; although others preserve a somewhat different recollection, and state that this was a department in which he always manifested a superiority. It is, however, unquestionable, that in his exercises he was remarkable, to no inconsiderable extent, for blundering and incorrectness; his mind apparently not possessing that aptitude for mastering small details, in which so much of scholarship, in its earliest stages, consists. The following account of his habits at this early period of life, as given by himself at the distance of nearly half a century,* will perhaps tend to elucidate the subject:—

STORY-TELLING.

"I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but I believe some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance-writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holydays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holydays still forms an *oasis* in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon."

It was the effect unquestionably of this perverse love of tale-telling, that the future author of Waverley left the High School in 1783, ranking only *eleventh* in the Rector's class.

ANECDOTE OF JUVENILE TEMPER.

It is the tradition of the family—and the fact is countenanced by this propensity to tales of chivalric adventure—that Sir Walter wished at this period of his life to become a soldier. The illness, however, which had beset his early years, rendered this wish bootless, even although his parents had been inclined to gratify it. His malady had had the effect of contracting his right leg, so that he could hardly walk erect, even with the toes of that foot upon the ground. It has been related by a member of his family that, on this being represented to him as an insuperable obstacle to his entering the army, he left the room in an agony of mortified feeling, and was found some time afterwards suspended by the wrists from his bedroom window, somewhat after the manner of the unfortunate Knight of the Rueful Countenance, when beguiled by the treacherous Maritornes at the inn. On being asked the cause of this strange proceeding, he said he wished to prove to them that, however unfitted by his limbs for the profession of a soldier, he was at least strong enough in the arms. He had actually remained in that uneasy and trying posture for upwards of an hour.*

MUSIC.

An attempt was made about the same time to give him instructions in music, which used to be a branch of ordinary education in Scotland. His preceptor was Mr. Alexander Campbell, then organist of an Episcopal chapel in Edinburgh, but known in later life as the editor of "Albyn's Anthology," and author of various other publications. Mr. Campbell's efforts were entirely in vain: he had to abandon his pupil in a short time, with the declaration that he was totally deficient in that indispensable requisite to a musical education—an *ear*. It may appear strange, that he who wrote so many musical verses, should have wanted this natural gift; but there are other cases to show, that a perception of metrical quantities does not depend on any such peculiarity. Dr. Johnson is a splendid instance. Throughout life, Sir Walter, however capable of enjoying music, was incapable of producing two notes consecutively that were either in tune or in time. He used to be pressed, however, at an annual agricultural dinner, to contribute his proper quota to the cantations of the evening; on which occasions, he would break forth with the song of "Tarry Woo," in a strain of unmusical vehemence, which never failed, on the same principle as Dick Tinto's ill-painted sign, to put the company into good humour.

UNIVERSITY.

After having been two years under the Rector of the High School,† he was placed in the University of Edinburgh, October, 1783. The usual course at this seminary is, for the first year, to attend the classes of Latin and Greek, to which, during the second, are added Mathematics and Logic; the third and last year of the course of a merely liberal education, is spent in attending the lectures on Moral and Natural Philosophy. It would appear that Sir Walter did not proceed regularly through this academical course. He was matriculated, or booked, in 1783, at once, for the Humanity or Latin class under Professor Hill, and the Greek class under Professor Dalyell; and for the latter, once more, in 1784. But the only other class for which he seems to have matriculated at the College, was that of Logic, under Professor Bruce, in 1785. Although he may perhaps have attended other classes without matriculation, there is reason to believe that his irregular health produced a corresponding irregularity in his academical studies. The result, it is to be feared, was, that he entered life much in the condition of his illustrious prototype, the Bard of Avon—that is, "with a little Latin and less Greek."

While still at the High School, he made his first attempt in original versification, the subject being a thunder-storm, which happened one day as he and his companions were amusing themselves in the yard. The poem consisted only of six lines, but when he repeated it, on his return home, to his mother, it produced a deep impression of pleasure and pride in her bosom, so that, after he had retired from her presence, she could not help addressing a person, who was then beside her, in an exclamation of the most passionate nature, respecting the promising intellect of her child.‡ Some further notice of this, and other juvenile attempts, will be found in a subsequent part of the present narrative.

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* General introduction to new edition of Waverley Novels, p. ii.

* His parents made many efforts to cure his lameness. Edinburgh at this time boasted of an ingenious mechanist in leather, the first person who extended the use of that commodity beyond ordinary purposes; on which account there is an elaborate memoir of him in Dodsley's Annual Register for 1793. His name was Gavin Wilson, and, being something of a humorist, he exhibited a sign-board, intended to burlesque the vanity of his brother tradesmen—his profession being thus indicated—"Leather-leg-maker, *not* to his Majesty." Honest Gavin, on the application of his parents, did all he could for Sir Walter, but in vain. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, with less creditable anxiety for their child's welfare, thought proper to apply to the celebrated quack, James Graham, who came to Edinburgh in 1783, and occasioned much scandal by his infamous lectures. It is needless to say that Mr. Graham's prescriptions were still less efficacious than those of Mr. Wilson.

† His attendance at the High School stood distinctly thus:—
Under Mr. L. Fraser, during seasons 1779-80 and 1780-1.
Under the Rector, during seasons 1781-2 and 1782-3.

‡ One of Mrs. Scott's female friends recollects hearing her mention the following anecdote of her distinguished son:—He was accompanying her, when a boy, on a journey over one of the most sterile parts of Scotland, and, as it happened, the day was one perpetual drizzle from end to end. This being the subject of much complaint in the party, Walter said to his mother, "It is only Nature, weeping for the barrenness of her soil." It may be conceived that she at least, if not the other persons present, was highly charmed with the expression.

READING.

"When boyhood advancing into youth," says Sir Walter, in the autobiographical chapter formerly quoted, "required more serious studies and graver cares, a long illness threw me back on the kingdom of fiction, as if it were by a species of fatality. My indisposition arose, in part at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less so, that I abused the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

"There was at this time a circulating library at Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides containing a most respectable collection of books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction.* It exhibited specimens of every kind, from the romances of chivalry, and the ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and unless when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read, from morning to night. I was, in kindness and pity, which was perhaps erroneous, however natural, permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humours of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read almost all the old romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

"At the same time, I did not in all respects abuse the license permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began by degrees to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the work of the imagination, with the additional advantage that they were, at least, in a great measure true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the service of my own free will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, where I was again very lonely, but for the amusement which I derived from a good, though old-fashioned, library. The vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot describe better than by referring my reader to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation; the passages concerning whose reading were imitated from recollections of my own."

It will thus be observed that Sir Walter's acquirements in his early years did not lie nearly so much in ordinary branches of education, as in a large stock of miscellaneous reading, taken up at the dictation of his own taste. His thirst for reading is perhaps not described in sufficiently emphatic terms, even in the above narrative. It amounted to an enthusiasm. He was at that time very much in the house of his uncle, Dr. Rutherford,† and there, even at breakfast, he would constantly have a book open by his side, to refer to while sipping his coffee, like his own Oldbuck in the Antiquary. His uncle frequently commanded him to lay aside his book while eating, and Sir Walter would only ask permission first to read out the paragraph in which he was engaged. But this request resembled the miracle of *Balmerino's Ale* in conviviality,‡ and the Doctor never could find that his nephew finished a paragraph in his life. It may be mentioned that Shakspeare was at this period frequently in his hands, and that, of all the plays, the Merchant of Venice was his principal favourite.

PROFESSION.

About his sixteenth year, Sir Walter's health experienced a sudden but most decisive change for the better. Though his lameness remained the same, his body became tall and robust, and he was thus enabled to apply himself with the necessary degree of energy to his studies for the bar. At the same time that he attended the Lectures of Professor Dick on Civil Law in the College, he performed the duties of a writer's apprentice under his father; that being the most approved method by which a barrister could acquire a technical knowledge of his profession, though it has never been uniformly practised.* It generally happens, or used to happen, that when a young man of considerable abilities was coming forward to the bar, he was preceded by a kind of crepuscular fame, resulting from his exhibitions either at College, or at the debating societies in which the well-educated youth of Edinburgh first tried their powers of reasoning and eloquence. But Sir Walter had no prestige of this kind. He was never heard of at any of those clubs; and so far as he was known at all, it was only as a rather abstracted young man, very much given to reading, but not the kind of reading with which other persons of his age are conversant.

ENTERS AT THE SCOTTISH BAR.

On the 10th of July, 1792, when just on the point of completing his twenty-first year, he passed Advocate with the usual forms. The manner of admission to the Scottish bar was in those days somewhat different from the present. The candidate having made application to the Dean of the Faculty,† a day was appointed for his examination on the Civil and Scottish Law. Having passed with approbation through this trial, he published a thesis upon some head of the Pandects, which he was understood to be ready to defend. This was so merely a form, that, in Sir Walter's case, it appears to have been overlooked, as in the minute of his admission to the Faculty, the space for the title which was to form the subject of his thesis is not filled up. The ceremony of admission to the bar took place afterwards, when the candidate addressed the whole court from the Bench in a Latin speech. On the division of the Court of Sessions into two Chambers, this form was dispensed with.

The young barrister was enabled, by the affluence of his father, to begin life in an elegant house in the most fashionable part of the town; but it was not his lot to acquire either wealth or distinction at the bar. He had perhaps some little employment at the provincial sittings of the criminal court, and occasionally acted in unimportant causes as a junior counsel; but he neither obtained, nor seemed qualified to obtain, a sufficient share of general business to insure an independency. The truth is, his mind was not yet emancipated from that enthusiastic pursuit of knowledge which had distinguished his youth. His necessities, with only himself to provide for, and a sure retreat behind him in the comfortable circumstances of his native home, were not so great as to make an exclusive application to his profession imperative; and he therefore seemed destined to join what a sarcastic barrister has termed, "the ranks of the gentlemen who are not anxious for business." Although he could speak readily and fluently at the bar, his intellect was not at all of a forensic cast. He appeared to be too much of the abstract and unworldly scholar, to assume readily the habits of an adroit pleader; and even although he had been perfectly competent to the duties, it is a question, if his external aspect and general reputation would have permitted the generality of agents to entrust them to his hands. Nevertheless, on more than one occasion, he made a considerable impression on his hearers. Once, in particular, when acting as counsel for a culprit before the High Court of Justiciary, he exerted such powers of persuasive oratory, as excited the admiration of the court. It happened that there was some informality in the verdict of the Jury, which at that time was always given in writing. This afforded a still more favourable opportunity for displaying his rhetorical powers, than what had occurred in the course of the trial, and the sensation which he produced is yet remembered by those who witnessed it. The panel, as the accused person is termed in Scotland, was acquitted.

Throughout all the earlier years of his life as a barrister, he was constantly studying either one branch of knowledge or another. Unlike the most of young men of his order, he was little tempted from study into composition. With all the diligence which the present writer could exercise, he has not been able to detect any fugitive piece of Sir Walter's in any of the periodical publications of the day, nor even any attempt to get one intruded, unless the following notice in Dr. Anderson's "Bee," for May 9, 1792, refers to him: "The Editor regrets that the verses of W. S. are *too defective for publication.*"

POLITICAL OPINIONS—SOLDIERING.

From his earliest years, Sir Walter's political leanings were towards Toryism, or, as it may be explained, that principle which disposes men to wish for the preservation of existing institutions, and the continuance of power in the hands which have heretofore possessed it. "As for politics," says Shenstone in his Letters, "I think poets are Tories by nature, supposing them to be by nature poets. The love of an individual person or family that has worn a crown for many successions is an inclination greatly adapted to the fanciful tribe. On the other hand, mathematicians, abstract reasoners, of no manner of attachment to persons, at least to the visible part of them, but prodigiously devoted to the ideas of virtue, liberty, and so forth, are generally Whigs." There is much in this passage that hits the particular case of Sir Walter Scott. But moods of political feeling are not confined to individuals—they sometimes become nearly general over entire nations. At the time when Sir Walter entered public life, almost all the respectable part of the community were replete with a Tory species of feeling in behalf of the British constitution, as threatened by France; and numerous bodies of volunteer militia were consequently formed, for the purpose of local defence against invasion from that country. In the beginning of the year 1797, it was judged necessary by the gentlemen of Mid-Lothian to imitate the example already set by several counties, by embodying themselves in a cavalry corps. This association assumed the name of the Royal Mid-Lothian Regiment of Cavalry; and Mr. Walter Scott had the honour to be appointed its adjutant, for which office his lameness was considered no bar, especially as he happened to be a remarkably graceful equestrian. He was a signally zealous officer, and very popular in the regiment, on account of his extreme good-humour and powers of social entertainment. His appointment partly resulted from, and partly led to, an intimacy with the most considerable man of his name, Henry Duke of Buccleuch, who had taken a great interest in the embodying of the corps. It was also perhaps the means, to a certain extent, of making him known to Mr. Henry Dundas, who was now one of his Majesty's Secretaries of State, and a lively promoter of the scheme of national defence in Scotland. Adjutant Scott composed a war-song, as he called it, for the Mid-Lothian Cavalry, which he afterwards published in the Border Minstrelsy. It is an animated poem, and might, as a person is *now* apt to suppose, have commanded attention, by whomsoever written, or wherever presented to notice. Yet, to show how apt men are to judge of literary compositions upon general principles, and not with a direct reference to the particular merits of the article, it may be mentioned that the war-song was only a subject of ridicule to many individuals of the troop. The individual, in particular, who communicates this information, remembers a large party of the officers dining together at Musselburgh, where the chief amusement, at a certain period of the night, was to repeat the initial line, "To horse, to horse!" with burlesque expression, and laugh at "this attempt of Scott's," as a piece of supreme absurdity.

DAWNINGS OF LITERARY AMBITION.

Heretofore, Sir Walter had only been remarkable for his qualifications as a relater of amusing and apposite stories in conversation, and for his activity as Adjutant to the Royal Mid-Lothian Yeomanry. Now, however, he became known within a small circle, as a person of poetical abilities. An account of this change in his circumstances is given by himself, in a narrative, written in later life, introductory to the department of his Border Minstrelsy, which consists of imitations of the ancient ballad.

"A period," says Sir Walter, "when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion, became the occasion, unexpectedly indeed, of my deserting the profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. * * * * I may remark that, although the assertion has been made, it is a mistake to suppose that my situation in life or place in society were materially altered by such success as I attained in literary attempts. My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full

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* This venerable institution—for, though an ordinary commercial concern, it almost deserved that title—was then the property of Mr. James Sibbald, a man of some literary accomplishment, who, for several years, conducted his own excellent "Edinburgh Magazine," and afterwards published a collection of old Scottish poetry in four volumes. The library of which Sir Walter speaks in such high terms, was finally sold off in 1831, and the shop is now occupied by persons of a different profession.

† At the bottom of Hyndford's Close, near the Netherbow.

‡ A way of drinking a whole night at one bowl, by means of perpetual but always partial replenishing. Ale signifies addition, and in this case sometimes referred to the sugar, sometimes to the liquor, and sometimes, but less frequently, to the water. Which of the Lords Balmerino was the inventor of this ingenious practice, is not recorded.

* He has related a curious anecdote of this period of his life, in the notes to the recent edition of Rob Roy. The farm of Invernenty, in Balquidder, had been the scene of a murder committed by Robert Oig, son of Rob Roy, upon a man of the name of Maclaren. In reference to that incident, Sir Walter says—

"The author is uncertain whether it is worth while to mention that he had a personal opportunity of observing, even in his own time, that the King's writ did not pass quite current in the Braes of Balquidder. There were very considerable debts due by Stewart of Appin, (chiefly to the author's family), which were likely to be lost to the creditors, if they could not be made available out of the same farm of Invernenty, the scene of the murder done upon Maclaren.

"His family, consisting of several strapping deer-stalkers, still possessed the farm, by virtue of a long lease for a trifling rent. There was no chance of any one buying it with such an encumbrance, and a transaction was entered into by the Maclarens, who being desirous to emigrate to America, agreed to sell their lease to the creditors for £500, and to remove at the next term of Whit-sunday. But whether they repented their bargain, or desired to make a better; or whether, from a mere point of honour, the Maclarens declared they would not permit a summons of removal to be executed against them which was necessary for the legal completion of the bargain. And such was the general impression that they were men capable of resisting the legal execution of warning by very effectual means, no King's messenger would execute the summons without the support of a military force. An escort of a sergeant and six men was obtained from a Highland regiment lying at Stirling; and the author, then a writer's apprentice, equivalent to the honourable situation of an attorney's clerk, was entrusted with the superintendence of the expedition, with directions to see that the messenger discharged his duty fully, and that the gallant sergeant did not exceed his part by commiting violence or plunder. And thus it happened, oddly enough, that the author first entered the romantic scenery of Loch Katrine, of which he may perhaps say he has somewhat extended the reputation, riding in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear-guard, and loaded arms. The sergeant was absolutely a Highland Sergeant Kite, full of stories of Rob Roy and of himself, and a very good companion. We experienced no interruption whatever, and when we came to Invernenty found the house deserted. We took up our quarters for the night, and used some of the victuals which we found there. On the morning we returned as unmolested as we came."

† The Scotch advocates form what is called a *Faculty*, at the head of which is an officer termed the Dean. The Dean on this occasion was the Hon. Henry Erskine, father of the present Earl of Buchan, "the wittiest and the best-humoured man living," as he has been termed by Sir Walter himself.

benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it. The young men with whom I was brought up, and lived most familiarly, were those who, from opportunities, birth, and talents, might be expected to make the greatest advances in the profession to which we were all destined; and I have the pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacy with no inconsiderable number of them, whom their merit has carried forward to the highest honours of their profession. Neither was I in a situation to be mbarrassed by the *res angustæ domi*, which might have otherwise interrupted my progress in a profession in which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration, efficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune, also, which I might expect, and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me beyond all apprehension of want. I mention these circumstances because they are true. * * I own proceed to detail the circumstances which engaged me in literary pursuits.

"During the last ten years of the eighteenth century, the art of poetry was at a remarkably low ebb in Britain. Hayley, to whom fashion had some years before ascribed a higher degree of reputation than posterity has confirmed, had now lost his reputation for talent, although he still lived admired and respected as an amiable and accomplished man. The Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and He of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention. Cowper, a poet of deep feeling and bright genius was dead, and, even while alive, the hypochondria, which was his mental malady, impeded his popularity. Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing. Names which are now known and distinguished wherever the English language is spoken, were then only beginning to be mentioned. The realms of Parnassus, like many a kingdom at the period, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could show a legitimate title of sovereignty."

The author then details the rise of German literature, nd its gradual introduction into this country. The Scottish literati were first made at all acquainted with its existence by Mr. Henry Mackenzie, in a paper read to the Edinburgh Royal Society in August 1788.

STUDIES GERMAN.

"In Edinburgh," he continues, "where the remarkable coincidence between the German language and that of the Lowland Scottish, encouraged young men to approach this newly discovered mine, a class was formed, of six or seven intimate friends, who proposed to make themselves acquainted with the German language. They were in the habit of living much together, and the time they spent in this study was felt as a period of great amusement. One source of this diversion was the laziness of one of their number, the present author, who, adverse to the necessary toils of grammar and its rules, was in the practice of fighting his way to the knowledge of the German by his acquaintance with the Scottish and Anglo-Saxon dialects, and, of course, frequently committing blunders, which were not lost on his more accurate and more studious companions. A more general source of amusement, was the despair of the teacher on finding it impossible to extract from his Scottish students the degree of sensibility necessary, as he thought, to enjoy the beauties of the author to whom he considered it proper first to introduce them. We were desirous to penetrate at once into the recesses of the Teutonic literature, and were ambitious of perusing Goëthé and Schiller, and others whose fame had been sounded by Mackenzie. Dr. Willich, (a medical gentleman,) who was our teacher, was judiciously disposed to commence our studies with the more simple diction of Gesner, and prescribed to us 'The Death of Abel,' as the production from which our German tasks were to be drawn. The pietistic style of this author was ill adapted to attract young persons of our age and disposition. We could no more sympathise with the overstrained sentimentality of Adam and his family, than we could have had a fellow feeling with the jolly Faun of the same author, who broke his beautiful jug, and then made a song on it which might have affected all Staffordshire. To sum up the distresses of Dr. Willich, we, with one consent, voted Abel an insufferable bore, and gave the pre-eminence, in point of masculine character, to his brother Cain, or even to Lucifer himself. * * * At length, in the midst of much laughing and little study, most of us acquired some knowledge, more or less extensive, of the German language, and selected for ourselves, some in the philosophy of Kant, some in the more animated works of the German dramatists, specimens more to our taste than 'The Death of Abel.'"

POETICAL ATTEMPTS.

Sir Walter next proceeds to mention his acquaintance at this period with Mr. M. G. Lewis, author of "The Monk," who became almost a yearly visiter of Scotland, and to whom he was introduced by Lady Charlotte Campbell. Lewis had studied deeply in the German school, and already produced some imitations of the manner of their ballad poets, which had struck the public mind with all the charm of novelty.

"Out of this acquaintance," he continues, "consequences arose, which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life. In early youth I had been an eager student of ballad poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental platanus to which it belonged. The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore; but I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

"I had, indeed, tried the metrical translations which were occasionally recommended to us at the High School. I got credit for attempting to do what was enjoined, but very little for the mode in which the task was performed; and I used to feel not a little mortified when my verses were placed in contrast with others of admitted merit. At one period of my school-days, I was so far left to my own desires, as to become guilty of verses on a Thunder Storm, which were much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up, in the shape of an apothecary's blue-buskined wife, who affirmed that my most sweet poetry was stolen from an old magazine. I never forgave the imputation, and even now I acknowledge some resentment against the poor woman's memory. She indeed accused me unjustly, when she said I had stolen my verses ready-made; but as I had, like most premature poets, copied all the words and ideas of which my verses consisted, she was so far right, that there was not an original word or thought in the whole six lines. I made one or two faint attempts at verse, after I had undergone this sort of dawplucking at the hands of the apothecary's wife; but some friend or other always advised me to put my verses in the fire;* and, like Dorax in the play, I submitted, though 'with a swelling heart.' In short, except the usual tribute to a mistress's eyebrow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *dove*, when finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame."

About this period—that is in the year 1793, or 1794—Mrs. Barbauld paid a visit to Edinburgh. She lived in the house of Professor Dugald Stewart, and one evening she astonished the family circle to a great degree, by reading aloud a translation of Bürger's "Lenore," executed by Mr. Taylor of Norwich. A friend who had heard it, told Sir Walter what impression the recitation had occasioned, and repeated to him the rude but striking passage, descriptive of the supernatural speed of the ghostly horseman and his mistress:

> "Tramp, tramp, along the land they rode,
> Splash, splash, along the sea,
> Hurra, the dead can ride apace,
> Dost fear to ride with me?"

Inspired with a strong desire to see the original, Sir Walter, with great difficulty, obtained a copy from Germany, through the kind offices of Mrs. Scott of Harden, who was a German by birth. The perusal, says Sir Walter, rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr. Stewart's family had induced me to form; and the book had only been a few hours in my possession, when "I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise, to furnish a copy in English ballad verse. I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about day-break the next morning, (it consists of sixty-six stanzas,) by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up, were rather of an uncomfortable character."

FIRST PUBLICATION.

The young poet was so much pleased with his own success on this occasion, as to attempt a few more translations from Bürger, particularly of the poem entitled "Der Wilde Jager." "In the course of a few weeks," says he, "my own vanity, and the favourable opinion of my friends, interested by the revival of a species of poetry, containing a germ of popularity, of which, perhaps, they were not themselves aware, urged me to the decisive step of sending a selection, at least, of my translations to the press, to save the numerous applications which were made for copies. When was an author deaf to such a recommendation? In 1796, the present author was prevailed on, by request of friends, to indulge his own vanity, by publishing the translation of 'Lenore,' with that of 'The Wild Huntsman,' in a thin quarto.† * * * The fate of this, my first publication, was by no means flattering. I distributed so many copies among my friends, as materially to interfere with the sale; and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr. Taylor, to which I had been so much indebted, and which was published in the Monthly Magazine, were sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition. * * * In a word, my adventure proved a dead loss; and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker."

SECOND PUBLICATION.

This failure, Sir Walter informs us, instead of disposing him to retire from the field of letters, rather tempted him to proceed, in order "to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice." He pursued the German language keenly, procured more books in that language from their native country, and extended his views to the dramatic authors. Though he does not mention the fact in this narrative, it must be stated, that early in 1799, he published "Goetz of Berlichingen, a tragedy translated from the German [of Goëthé]:" London, 8vo.‡

ATTEMPTS ORIGINAL BALLADS.

——"The ballad poetry, in which I had made a bold attempt, was still my favourite. * * By degrees I acquired sufficient confidence to attempt the imitation of what I admired. The ballad, called 'Glenfinlas,' was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the Minstrel ballad. * * * After 'Glenfinlas,' I undertook another ballad, called 'The Eve of St. John.' The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the notes, are entirely imaginary; but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years, during the proprietor's absence, torn the iron-grated door of Smailholm Tower from its hinges, and thrown it down the rock. I was an earnest suitor to my friend and kinsman already mentioned, (Mr. Scott of Harden, the proprietor,) that the dilapidation should be put a stop to, and the mischief repaired. This was readily promised, on condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smailholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated. The ballad was approved of, as well as 'Glenfinlas;' and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness from Duke John of Roxburghe, who gave me the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburghe Club derives its name.

MARRIAGE.

It ought now to be mentioned that in 1797, (Sunday, Dec. 24th,) the poet had married Miss Margaret Charlotte Carpenter, daughter of the deceased John Carpenter, Esq., of the city of Lyons. Miss Carpenter and her mother appeared in this country in the character of French refugees, and were residing at the watering-place of Gilsland, in Cumberland, when Sir Walter became acquainted with them. The young lady has been described, by one who saw her at this period of life, as "a most lovely creature, with a profusion of dark hair, fine pale skin, and an elegant and slender person." She is also understood to have possessed an annuity of 400*l.* a-year, which was not affected by her marriage. After a protracted correspondence with Lord Downshire, who appeared as her guardian, the match was concluded upon, and carried into effect at Carlisle.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

Soon after this period, Sir Walter established himself, during the vacations, in a delightful retreat at Lasswade, on the banks of the Esk, about five miles to the south of Edinburgh. He was there visited, in the autumn of 1799, by Mr. Stoddart (now Sir John Stoddart, Judge-Advocate at Malta,) who was engaged in those tours which he afterwards embodied in his "Remarks on the Local Scenery and Manners of Scotland."§ This cultivated Englishman appears to have been deeply struck with the amiable picture which Sir Walter presented in his domestic capacity; insomuch that his feelings induced him to make a slight trespass upon the privileges of private life, by introducing the following passage into his work; a passage, however, of which we cannot sufficiently prize the value, as it does justice to those talents and virtues in their unfamed state, which afterwards all the world was delighted to honour.

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* If we are to believe a Greenock paper, of July, 1825, one of these must have escaped the flames. "It is," to quote the language of that newspaper, "said to be one of the *earliest effusions* of Sir Walter Scott. It was composed in his thirteenth year, immediately after his arrival in the wild and romantic district whose features have since been so gloriously clothed with the mantle of his poesy." The poem is given, in this place, without any attempt either to affirm or deny its authenticity:

> "Cheerful woke the morn o'er rugged Glencoe; †
> Culessan seem'd smiling,
> Ardgartan beguiling,
> Softly murmur'd Lochlong's ruffled waves below.
>
> "Mac Farlane's lone seat lay open to the scene,
> The Cobbler ‡ wildly glooming,
> Its base sweetly blooming,
> The herring-busses moor'd on the sea-lake of green.
>
> "How sweet to behold thee, dear part of our Isle!
> Thy mountains pierce the clouds
> With unnumber'd fleecy crowds,
> And thy lochs teem with wealth for our toil.
>
> "Thou land of the mountains, the heroes, the heath!
> The whole world knows thee,
> And none dare oppose thee,
> And dread is the strife at a Highlander's death.
>
> "Thou mighty ruling Power! I ask of thee a boon:—
> When gone is my breath,
> And silenced in death,
> A sprig of heath from Argyll may grow upon my tomb:
>
> "That strangers may know how I valued those lands
> Where the ptarmigan staid—
> The land of the plaid,
> Whose sons form'd Albion's resolute bands."

† A romantic vale between the head of Lochfyne and the head of Lochlong.
‡ A well-known mountain at the head of Lochlong.

† The Chace; and William and Helen: Edinburgh, Manners and Miller, 1796. The translator's name was not given.
‡ The title-page bears, "By Walter Scott, Esq. Advocate. Edinburgh."
§ Two Vols. 8vo. London, 1801.

Speaking of Lasswade, Mr. Stoddart says—" The circumstance which particularly endears this spot to me, is the residence of my friend Mr. Walter Scott, whose poetical talents are too well known to receive any accession of praise from me." (This must, of course, chiefly refer to a manuscript fame.) " I shall have a future occasion to speak of the pleasure and instruction which I derived from the society of such a companion in a subsequent part of my tour; yet I cannot withhold the immediate expression of my feelings; they oblige me to say something, and the fear of doing them injustice prevents my saying much. Though we cannot pay the debts of friendship in public, we should not be ashamed to acknowledge them; this false shame of our best feelings has, indeed, become almost fashionable; but it is a fashion ominous to general morals and destructive of individual happiness. I cannot believe but that a reader of taste would be delighted with even a slight copy of that domestic picture which I contemplated with so much pleasure during my short visit to my friend—a man of native kindness and cultivated talent, passing the intervals of a learned profession amidst scenes highly favourable to his poetic inspirations, not in a churlish and rustic solitude, but in the daily exercise of the most precious sympathies, as a husband, a father, and a friend. To such an inhabitant, the simple, unostentatious elegance of the *cottage* at Lasswade is well suited; and its image will never recur to my memory, without a throng of those pleasing associations, whose outline I have faintly sketched."—vol. i. p. 126.

Mr. Stoddart, at a subsequent part of his work, describes a tour of the south of Scotland, including Liddesdale, in which he was accompanied by Mr. Scott. His narrative is here evidently enriched, in no slight degree, with the local knowledge of his companion, and especially with his numerous traditionary anecdotes of the former inhabitants of the Border. " In return," we are informed by Sir Walter himself, " he (Mr. Stoddart) made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken." Upon these writers he partly formed the style of his Lay of the Last Minstrel.

MINSTRELSY OF THE BORDER.

For some years before the end of the century, Sir Walter had been in the habit of making, periodically, what he called " raids" into Liddesdale, for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of that romantic and most primitive district. The term *raids* was highly appropriate to those journeys, for the country was still in nearly the same secluded state as in the old riding times; and although ballads were a different ware from bullocks, the expedition was invested with much of the same adventurous character which must have belonged to a predatory incursion of the fifteenth century. Liddesdale, which forms the western extremity of the Scottish Border, is a wild, pastoral vale, which in former times was almost exclusively occupied by the Elliots and Armstrongs, noted for their lawless character, and even now was possessed by a race of store-farmers of a remarkably unsophisticated description. The inhabitants of this vale, cut off, in a great measure, from all communion with the rest of the country, retained a strong impress of primeval manners, and were at least perfectly acquainted with the traditionary character of their ancestors, if they did not choose to imitate it. Sir Walter travelled thither, from the more civilized part of Roxburghshire, in an old gig, which also contained his early friend and local guide, Mr. Robert Shortreed of Jedburgh, Sheriff-substitute of the county. Introduced by this gentleman, Sir Walter paid visits to many of the farmers and small proprietors, among whom, or among their retainers, he picked up several capital specimens of the popular poetry of the district, descriptive of adventures of renown which took place in the days of yore, besides impressing his mind with that perception of the character of the people, which he afterwards embodied in his *Dandie Dinmont*. Mr. Shortreed, who was a most intelligent person, used to relate an amusing anecdote, illustrative of the shy manners of this sequestered race. On visiting a particular person, whose name and place of residence are sufficiently indicated by his usual designation of " Willie o' Milburn," the honest farmer was from home, but returned while Sir Walter was tying up his horse in the stable. On being told by Mr. Shortreed that an Edinburgh advocate was come to see him, he expressed great alarm, and even terror, as to the character of his visitor, the old fear of the law being still so very rife in Liddesdale as even to extend to the simple person of any of its administrators. What idea Willie had formed of an Edinburgh barrister, cannot exactly be defined; but, having gone out to reconnoitre, he soon after came back with a countenance of so mirthful a cast as eminently bespoke a relieved mind. " Is yon the advocate?" he inquired of Mr. Shortreed. " Yes, Willie," answered that gentleman. " Deil o' me's feared for them, then," cried the farmer; " yon's just a chield like oursells!"

It was not alone necessary on this occasion to write down old ballads from recitation; but the intending editor also thought proper to store up the materials of notes by which the ballads themselves might be illustrated. On this account he visited many scenes alluded to in the metrical narratives, and opened his ear to all the local anecdotes and legends which were handed down by the peasantry. He had a most peculiar, and, it may even be said, mysterious mode of committing these to memory. According to Mr. Shortreed's distinct recollection, he used neither pencil nor pen, but, seizing upon any twig or piece of wood which he could find, marked it by means of a clasp-knife, with various notches, which his companion believed to represent particular ideas in his own mind; and these Mr. Shortreed afterwards found strung up before him in his study at home, like the *nick-sticks* over a baker's desk, or the string alphabet of a blind man. He seemed to have invented this algebraic system of memorandum-making for his own use, and, to all appearance, was as conversant with its mysteries as he could be with the more common accomplishment of writing. When his own pockets were inconveniently stuffed with notes, he would request Mr. Shortreed to take charge of a few; and often that gentleman has discharged as much timber from his various integuments, as, to use his own phrase, quoted from Burns, might have mended a mill.

The truth is, Sir Walter was blessed with a memory of extraordinary power, so that a very slight notation was necessary to bring to his recollection any thing he had ever heard. Of this proof may be adduced from the recently published Memoirs of Mr. James Hogg, who thus speaks with reference to the part of Sir Walter's life now under notice:—

" He, and Skene of Rubislaw, and I, were out one night, about midnight, leistering kippers* in the Tweed; and on going to kindle a light at the Elibank March, we found, to our inexpressible grief, that our coal had gone out. To think of giving up our sport was out of the question; so we had no other shift save to send Robert Fletcher home, all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

" While Fletcher was absent, we three sat down on a piece of beautiful greensward, on the brink of the river, and Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of Gilmanscleuch. Now, be it remembered that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it, three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it at his request; but in the eight or ninth verse, I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he began it a second time, and recited it every word, from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment. He said that he had been out on a pleasure party on the Forth, and that to amuse the company, he had recited that ballad and one of Southey's (the Abbot of Aberbrothock,)but of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he had recited them both without missing a word." †

His collections in Liddesdale, joined to various contributions from reciters in other parts of the country, among whom the poet just quoted was one, formed his first publication of any note, the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border. This work was issued in 1802, from the printing press of his early friend Mr. James Ballantyne of Kelso; and the elegance of its typography was not its least remarkable feature. It displayed a vast quantity of curious and abstruse learning; and, in particular, a most intimate acquaintance with a district of Scotland which had hitherto received hardly any attention either from the historian or the antiquary. At first it consisted of only two volumes; but a third was added on the reprinting of the work next year; by which means the editor was enabled to present a new department of his subject—imitations, by himself and others, of the ancient ballad. The work was, upon the whole, a pleasing melange of history, poetry, and tradition; and it gained the author a considerable reputation, although certainly not that of an original poet in any great degree.

APPOINTMENT AS SHERIFF.

Previous to this period—in December, 1799—he had been favoured through the interest of his friends already alluded to, with the Crown appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, to which was attached a salary of 300*l.* a-year. This office, while it demanded no oppressive duties, rendered it necessary that he should reside a certain part of the year in Selkirkshire; and he therefore engaged the house of Ashesteil, on the banks of the Tweed, which continued to be his country residence till he removed to Abbotsford. The nomination was to him a peculiarly happy one, as he had many valued connexions in Selkirkshire, and the immediately adjacent counties, while the office itself conferred both a general and local respectability, such as was highly suited to his taste.

ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTREM.

It is here to be mentioned, that, in 1804, Mr. Scott increased his reputation as a literary antiquary, by publishing the ancient minstrel tale of " Sir Tristrem," which he shewed, in a learned disquisition, to have been composed by Thomas of Ercildoune, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, a personage well known in Scottish tradition, and who flourished in the thirteenth century. By this publication, it was established that the earliest existing poem in the English language was written by a native of the Lowlands of Scotland. The manuscript was derived from the Auchinleck Library.

ABANDONMENT OF PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

For the ensuing circumstances of the poet's life, it will be best to resort to his own narrative, introductory to a late edition of the Lay of the Last Minstrel.

" At this time," says he, alluding to the era of 1803, " I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipped my desperate pen in ink, for other purposes than those of my profession. I had been for some time married—was the father of a rising family, and though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and my desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honourable provision against the various contingencies of life. It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar. The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least *seem* perpetually engaged in his law papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises of the fair,*

' Si nullus erit pulvus, tamen excute nullum.'

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a number of them are finally disposed or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banners. * * *

" The reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of light literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mrs. Anne Page. ' There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance!' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to ' the toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Dalilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.

" I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalized by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had been extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a day, and rode upwards of a hundred without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports also with some success and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful, whether I could, with perfect character as a jurisconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many who, like myself, consulted rather their will than their ability to bear arms. My services however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects, the squadron was a fine one.

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* Spearing salmon.

† The following is a still more remarkable anecdote:—

" We have heard a gentleman who was one of the party at Dunvegan during the visit of Sir Walter Scott, describe in enthusiastic terms the extent, variety, and richness of the conversational powers of the illustrious novelist. In one of their evening parties, a young lady who was present made some involuntary exclamation respecting Sir Walter's wonderful memory, when, as an instance, he said, of what his memory once was, he related the following remarkable circumstance: His friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, called upon him one evening to show him the manuscript of a poem he had written—the Pleasures of Hope. Sir Walter happened to have some fine old whisky in his house, and his friend sat down and had a tumbler or two of punch. Mr. Campbell left him, but Sir Walter thought he would dip into the manuscript before going to bed. He opened it, read, and read again—charmed with the classical grace, purity, and stateliness of that finest of all our modern didactic poems. Next morning Mr. Campbell again called, when, to his inexpressible surprise, his friend on returning the manuscript to its owner, said he should guard well against piracy, for that he himself could repeat the poem from beginning to end! The poet dared him to the task, when Sir Walter Scott began and actually repeated the whole, consisting of more than two thousand lines, with the omission of only a few couplets."—*Inverness Courier.*

* There is a slight mistake:—it is to the admirers of the fair the classic poet gives this ingenious counsel.

consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

"On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies of life, I was not pressed to an irksome employment by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that, in 1800, I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about 300*l.* a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that country I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of egotism, I will here mention,—not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

"In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no depth of philosophic reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the dunces of his period, could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute torture, such as a man must endure from musquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

"Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in such mistakes, or what I considered as such: and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

"With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which from one motive or other ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

"My second resolution was a corollary from my first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh, if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

"It is to the observance of these rules, (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties."

"I adopted at the same time another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that, though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may, nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose, I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honours. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without very susceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and in fact, I obtained in no long period the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

"Thus far all was well, and the author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great imprudence, when he relinquished his forensic practice, with the hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established character with the public in my new capacity, still remained to be acquired. I have noticed that the translations from Bürger had been unsuccessful; nor had the original poetry which appeared under the auspices of Mr. Lewis, in the 'Tales of Wonder,' in any great degree raised my reputation. It is true, I had private friends disposed to second me in my efforts to obtain popularity. But I was sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the halloos of his patrons will not obtain the prize for him."

The author then details his resolution to write a poem of considerable length in the ballad style, varied by the octo-syllabic measure; and the following is his account of the accident which dictated a subject:—

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband, with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady will agree, that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence, gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry amongst us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property,* near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that county were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey;† and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written. . . . .

"It was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart's visit, that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own, *at least*, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge,—

'Mary, mother, shield us well.'

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards, I met one of my two counsellors, who inquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend, had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road; but that as they walked home together to the city they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition.

* * * *

"The poem, being once licenced by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished, proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week. There was, indeed, little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation of the rhyme.

"It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author." The work produced to the author the sum of 600*l.*

APPOINTED A PRINCIPAL CLERK OF SESSION.

In the preceding extracts, Sir Walter has alluded to his obtaining the reversion of a situation which completely met his moderate wishes as to preferment. This was the honourable and easy office of a Principal Clerk in the Court of Session, the prospects of which opened upon him in 1805. One of the officiating clerks, Mr. George Home, who had served upwards of thirty years, and of whom it may be mentioned in passing, that he was one of the literary fraternity concerned in "The Mirror," found it about this time agreeable to his advanced age to retire, more especially as he had just succeeded to his paternal estate of Wedderburn, in consequence of the death of his brother. As hopes had been held out to Sir Walter from an influential quarter, that he would be provided for in a manner suitable to his wishes; and as Mr. Pitt had himself expressed a wish to be of service to the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, he was induced to apply for the reversion of this office, upon an arrangement that Mr. Home should continue during life to draw the emoluments, while Sir Walter should perform the duty. His desires were readily acceded to, and Geo. III. is reported to have said when he signed the commission, "that he was happy he had it in his power to reward a man of genius, and a person of such distinguished merit." This document lay in the office, subscribed by his Majesty, and Sir Walter was in London with Mr. Home's resignation in his pocket, and nothing required for the completion of the affair but his paying the proper fees, when Mr. Pitt's death, on the 25th of January, 1806, made way for the appointment of a new and opposite ministry. It is a very general impression that Sir Walter was indebted ultimately for his place to the grace and favour of an administration differing from himself in politics; but the real fact speaks less equivocally for the nominee, though quite as honourably for Mr. Fox. That great statesman, who had previously been heard to express his admiration of Mr. Scott's talents, no sooner learned the difficulty which had occurred respecting his appointment, than he gave directions for accelerating it, and *that it should be conferred as a favour coming directly from his administration.* The expectant, however, had previously applied, through Lord Stafford and Lord Somerville, to Earl Spencer, for the indulgence usual on a change of ministry, of passing such grants as are already in a certain state of progress, unless an impropriety can be challenged. His lordship at once acceded to the request as a matter of *justice*, but with the handsome declaration that he would have been glad if it could have been done as one of *favour*. The warrant was therefore in Mr. Scott's possession, when the words of Mr. Fox were repeated to him. He never had any thing else to say on this subject, than that he would have been proud to owe an obligation to a man of Mr. Fox's brilliant qualifications, if it had been his fortune to be so distinguished, and provided that he could have done so without any dereliction of his own political opinions.

The appointment of Mr. Walter Scott, a zealous Tory, to the situation of Principal Clerk of Session, was announced in the same Gazette, (March 8, 1806,) which contained the nomination of Messrs. Erskine and Clerk to the offices of Lord Advocate and Solicitor-general, just vacated, according to custom, by the late Tory holders, Sir James Montgomery and Mr. Robert Blair. It is also remarkable, that, at this period, Lord Melville, who had been the first to hold out hopes of this preferment, was now under impeachment of the House of Commons, for supposed high crimes and misdemeanours.

Sir Walter continued for five or six years to perform the duties of his office without salary, when at length an alteration of the law respecting the mode of providing for superannuated officers, permitted his colleague to retire upon an annuity, and he was left to enjoy the profits, as he also executed the labours, of the situation. These profits were never stationary, but seldom much below 1200*l.* a-year, which, with the 300*l.* which he enjoyed as Sheriff, might be said to make up a very respectable income, without regard to the result of his literary labours.

BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES.

During the year 1806, Sir Walter collected his original compositions in the ballad style into a small volume, which he published under the title of "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces." The volume contained several compositions, which he had contributed to Mr. M. G. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder," published in 1801. In the same year, encouraged by the rising fame of his productions, the booksellers issued an elegant fine paper edition of his "Poetical Works," in five volumes.

MARMION.

In 1808, Sir Walter published his second poem of magnitude, "Marmion," in which, we are informed by himself, he took great pains, and was disposed to take still more, if the distresses of a friend had not "rendered it convenient at least, if not necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers," he continues,* "of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for 'Marmion.' The transaction being no secret,† afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his satire, entitled 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value

* Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, a man then considerably upwards of eighty.

† In a letter to Miss Seward, the poet has acknowledged that, if requested by the Countess of Dalkeith, he would have written a poem upon a broomstick.—*Seward's Letters*, vol. vi. 1811.

* Introduction to late edition of "Marmion."

† The circumstance of a modern poem fetching a thousand pounds was alluded to, in terms of suitable wonderment, in a contemporary letter of Miss Seward.

of my merchandise; I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once of what I considered the very handsome offer of my publishers.* These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which was indeed of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their own expectation, as to induce them to supply the Author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scotch housekeeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret."

While "Marmion" was not exempt from some faults which the critics did not fail to point out, it brought an immense increase of reputation to the Author. Its more stately chivalric pictures, its stronger alliance to national history, and the broader scale on which it painted feudal manners, produced greater admiration than what had been excited by "The Lay." "By good fortune," says Sir Walter, "the novelty of the subject, and, if I may say so, some force and vivacity of description, were allowed to atone for many imperfections. Thus, the second experiment on the public patience, generally the most perilous—for the public are then most apt to judge with rigour, what in the first instance they had received, perhaps, with imprudent generosity—was, in my case, decidedly successful. I had the good fortune to pass this ordeal favourably, and the return of the sales before me† makes the copies amount to thirty-six thousand, printed between 1808 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period.

Sir Walter considered this as not only the crisis of his poetical reputation, but the climacteric of his poetical character. He has been heard to say, that he never had been in danger of becoming *vain* till the extraordinary success of "Marmion" had nearly made him so. He resisted the temptation, and it fled from him for ever. Previously to this period, he had generally felt a little anxious to see what the periodical critics said of his works; but now this anxiety ceased, and he rarely heeded either the voice of praise or censure.

"Marmion" consisted of six cantos, and each was graced with a prefatory address or epistle to some friend of the poet, the principal object of which, probably, was to serve as interludes or breathing spaces during the progress of the story. In the first of these pieces, addressed to Mr. W. Stewart Rose, the poet breathed an affectionate requiem over the tomb of Pitt, and took occasion from the well-known juxta-position of that sepulchre to the grave of Fox, in Westminster Abbey, to introduce some highly graceful acknowledgments of the talents of the Whig statesman.

"Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
{When best employ'd and wanted most.‡}
{Mourn genius high and lore profound,}
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave;
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be his last long rest."

EDITION OF DRYDEN.

Marmion had been published at the very commencement of the year 1808; within a few weeks thereafter, appeared "The Works of John Dryden, now first collected, in eighteen volumes. Illustrated with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author. By Walter Scott, Esq."‖ This publication manifested, in a striking manner, the great *erudition* of the poet of Marmion. In composing the Life of Dryden, he frankly confessed, that the research of Malone, and the critical acumen of Johnson, had left him little to do in these different departments. "But something," he conceived, "remained for him who should consider these literary productions in their succession, as actuated by, and operating upon, the taste of an age, where they had so predominating an influence, and who might, at the same time, connect the Life of Dryden with the history of his publications." Accordingly, the most original and interesting part of his work consists in the view which it exhibits of the general literary character of Dryden's age, and of the one immediately preceding. Although this, to use the phrase of the trade, was a remarkably heavy book, it met eventually with so much success, as to demand a reprint at the end of a few years.

SADLER'S STATE PAPERS.—SOMERS'S TRACTS.

In 1809, Sir Walter assisted in editing "The State-Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler," which appeared in two expensive volumes, in quarto. Sadler was the negociator, in behalf of Henry VIII., respecting the proposed marriage between Prince Edward and the infant Mary, Queen of Scots; and his state-papers throw much light, not only upon that political transaction, but upon the domestic circumstances of Scotland, in the early half of the sixteenth century. The Life of Sir Ralph, and a great variety of historical notes, were supplied by the subject of this memoir. In the same year, Sir Walter contributed like assistance to a new edition of Lord Somers's invaluable collection of tracts, which appeared in twelve volumes quarto.

EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER.

Some of the late efforts of Sir Walter had shewed that he was not disposed to confine himself to poetry, but had also the inclination to prepare more ordinary and familiar matter for the public taste. This arose, in some measure, from his connection with Mr. John Ballantyne, a youthful friend and companion, who had now entered into business at Edinburgh as a bookseller and publisher on a large scale. It was perhaps as much owing to the adventurous disposition of Mr Ballantyne as to the taste of the poet, that the latter had become concerned in the prose publications above-mentioned. At the request of the same individual, Mr. Scott now became a contributor to an Annual Register, on a more ambitious principle than any hitherto attempted, of which Mr. Southey was at first the editor. The first volume, referring to the year 1808, appeared early in 1810, in two parts; but, although public approbation was loud in favour of the historical chapters, the work, after being conducted in a spirited manner for a few years, was eventually dropped for want of support;—this being evidently a field in which the talent of the writers could not tell in the manner it did elsewhere. The first volume contained a remarkably able and pleasing paper "On the Living Poets of Great Britain," which internal evidence would lead us to set down to Mr. Scott, notwithstanding the awkwardness which he must, in that case, have felt, in ranking as one of the three first-rate poets of the day, and in extending to himself that degree of praise which must have been necessary alike for justice, and to preserve his *incognito*. It must be allowed, however, that while the praise is managed with some delicacy, this criticism contains a much severer view of his own faults than the delirious approbation of the public would permit any critic of its own body to exercise.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

It is necessary to have recourse to the poet's own narrative,* for an account of the circumstances which directed his choice in his next poetical attempt:

"The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands, from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shewn, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

"I had also read a great deal, and heard more, concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting, if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

"I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning, (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition.) At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity.' I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose:—

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.'

"'If I fail,' I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, 'it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

'Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a'!'

"Afterwards I shewed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retractation of the unfavourable judgment, when I recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect that change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like a light on the canvass, improves any favourable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade. * * *

"I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that, to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

"After a considerable delay, 'The Lady of the Lake' appeared in June, 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary, as to induce me for the moment to conclude, that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual, who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times, had not as yet been shaken."

ROKEBY—LORD OF THE ISLES—SMALLER POEMS.

In "The Lady of the Lake," Sir Walter Scott appeared to have produced the finest specimen of which his genius was capable. His earlier efforts were less matured and refined; and the later are all, in various degrees, less spirited and effective. In 1811, appeared "Don Roderick," a dreamy vaticination of modern Spanish history; in 1813 he published "Rokeby," in which he attempted, but without success, to invest English scenery and a tale of the Civil War, with the charm which he had already thrown over the Scottish Highlands and Borders, and their romantic inhabitants. Rokeby met with a decidedly unfavourable reception; and it cannot be denied the public enjoyed to a greater extent a burlesque, which appeared upon it, under the title of "Jokeby." The evil success of this poem induced him to make a desperate adventure to retrieve his laurels; and in 1814 he published "The Lord of the Isles." Even the name of Bruce, however, could no compensate the want of what had been the most captivating charm of his earlier productions—the development of new powers and styles of poesy. The public was now acquainted with his whole "fence," and could therefore, take no longer the same interest in his exhibitions. It is said that his friend, the proprietor of the scene of "Rokeby," said to him jocularly, about this time, that evidently his works only found a tolerable sale, in consequence of having his name upon the title-page. To this Sir Walter is said to have answered rather testily, that he would put the assertion to the proof by publishing his next poetry anonymously. He, therefore, produced two smaller poems in succession, named "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless;" but to verify what his friend had said, they made a very slight impression upon the public. Yet it may be asserted, that an individual, without national or other prepossessions, beginning to read the author's poetical works for the first time, would not find nearly so much difference between the early and late productions, as was found by the contemporary public. So much was the greater appreciation of the former owing to novelty.

WAVERLEY.

It now became evident to Sir Walter, without the use of any monitor like him employed by the Archbishop of Toledo, that his day as a poet was well nigh past. He saw that he must "change his hand," if he wished his lyre any longer to awaken sympathetic chords in the bosom of the public. About the close of the last century, he had commenced a tale of chivalry in prose, founded upon the legendary story of Thomas the Rhymer; but it never went beyond the first chapter. Subsequently, he resolved upon a prose romance relating to an age much nearer our own time. "My early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs made so favourable an impression in the poem called the Lady of the Lake, that I was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible, and much less visited, than they have been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1745, who were, like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over again, for the benefit of a willing listener like myself. It naturally occurred to me that the ancient traditions and high spirit of a people, who, living in a civilized age and country, retained so strong a tincture of manners belonging to an early period of society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, if it should not prove a curious tale marred in the telling.

"It was with some idea of this kind, that, about the year 1805, I threw together about one-third part of the

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* It was a peculiarity of Sir Walter Scott's literary conduct, that he always required to have an offer made to him by the bookseller. Till the offer was made, he was like a ghost uninvoked, and would hardly say any thing upon the subject; but when it was made, he was almost sure to accept it without demur.

† Writing in April, 1830.

‡ To explain the seeming inconsistent mystery of this expression, it may be mentioned, that the whole couplet was written by the late Marquis of Abercorn (the patron and employer of Sir Walter's father), and inserted, at his express request, while the sheet was in proof.

‖ Price £9 9s.

* Introduction to late edition of the Lady of the Lake.

first volume of Waverley.* It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of "Waverley," or, 'Tis Fifty Years since,"—a title afterwards altered to, 'Tis Sixty Years since, that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid.† Having proceeded as far, I think, as the Seventh Chapter, I shewed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. * * * This portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing desk, which, on my first coming to reside at Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet, as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature."

The Author then adverts to two circumstances which particularly fixed in his mind the wish to continue this work to a close—namely, the success of Miss Edgeworth's delineations of Irish life, and his happening to be employed, in 1808, in finishing the romance of Queen Hoo-Hall, left imperfect by Mr. Strutt. "Accident," he continues, "at length threw the lost sheets in my way.

"I happened to want some fishing tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty; and in looking for lines and flies, the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it, according to my original purpose. * * * Among other unfounded reports, it has been said, that the copyright was, during the book's progress through the press, offered for sale to various booksellers in London at a very inconsiderable price. This was not the case. Messrs. Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and they offered a large sum for it, while in the course of printing, which, however, was declined, the Author not choosing to part with the copyright.

"Waverley was published in 1814, and as the title-page was without the name of the Author, the work was left to win its way in the world without any of the usual recommendations. Its progress was for some time slow; but, after the first two or three months, its popularity increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the Author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained.

"Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the Author, but on this no authentic information could be attained. My original motive for publishing the work anonymously, was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste, which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For this purpose, considerable precautions were used to preserve secrecy. My old friend and school-fellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who printed these novels, had the exclusive task of corresponding with the Author, who thus had not only the advantage of his professional talents, but of his critical abilities.‡ The original manuscript, or, as it is technically called, *copy*, was transcribed, under Mr. Ballantyne's eye, by confidential persons; nor was there an instance of treachery during the many years in which these precautions were resorted to, although various individuals were employed at different times. Double proof sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to the Author by Mr. Ballantyne, and the alterations which it received were, by his own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers, so that even the corrected proofs of the Author were never seen in the printing-office; and thus the curiosity of such eager inquirers as made the most minute investigation was entirely at fault."

To this account of the publication of Waverley it is only to be added, that the popularity of the work became decided rather more quickly, and was, when decided, much higher, than the Author has given to be understood. It was read and admired universally, both in Scotland and England, so that, in a very short time, about twelve thousand copies were disposed of.

* Sir Walter here seems partly to attribute to an event which happened in 1810, (his publication of the Lady of the Lake,) a result which took place in 1805. It is evident that he only intended to imply that the success of the poem induced him to renew his prose attempt after it had been several years cast aside. See Sequel.

† We have here another curious anachronism. Sir Walter overlooks that the era of 1745 was, in reality, *sixty* years antecedent to that of 1805, and that if any alteration was required to be made for the date of publication, (1814) it ought to have been to "*seventy* years since." What makes this the more strange, is, that in the introduction to the Novel as published, where he persuades himself to be writing in 1805, as seems to have really been the case, he gives the space of time rightly enough, namely, "Sixty years since."

‡ The carelessness of Sir Walter Scott in all his compositions, found a most fortunate correction in the taste and good sense of this gentleman, who had the fortune to be his printer from nearly the commencement of his literary career, as if fate had united the two in their respective capacities by an unalterable decree.

MIDDLE LIFE.

At this period we are called upon to turn awhile from the literary to the domestic history of the poet. To continue our quotations from his own delightful narrative.*—

"I shall not, I believe, be accused of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the caprice of the public has certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny, that I conceived myself to understand more perfectly than many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say, that I always considered myself rather as one who held the bets, in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right.

"In the meantime, years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least, was then, indispensable to the comforts of a family residing in a solitary country house; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle, or my crops, were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door occupation than I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about 100 acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions; and thus an era took place in my life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the blue room to the brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashiestcil, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like uncle Toby's bowling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine, to connect myself with my mother-earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of Shenstone's Leasowes, and envied the poet, much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to the boot of all. My memory, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanack of Charles the Second's time (when every thing down to almanacks affected to be smart,) in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised, for the sake of his health, to take a walk of a mile or two before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

"With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvments, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest possible of cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what was the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader, I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years should elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against any two.'

"The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour: for as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated."

Although the author has designed this to serve as an introduction to Rokeby, which appeared in 1813, it applies more extensively and properly to the early range of what have been called the Waverley Novels. Sir Walter soon found that the cultivation of poetry was not likely to encourage the cultivation, or at least the extension, of his estate; and he therefore resolved to try what could be done with prose. In the preceding passages he has perhaps understated the intensity of his desire of becoming a land proprietor. The writer of these pages is convinced that this was a passion which glowed more warmly in his bosom than any appetite which he ever entertained for literary fame. The whole cast of his mind, from the very beginning, was essentially aristocratic; and it is probable that he looked with more reverence upon an old title to a good estate, than upon the most ennobled titlepage in the whole catalogue of contemporary genius. Thus it was a matter of astonishment to many, that, while totally insensible to flattery on the score of his works, and perfectly destitute of all the airs of a professed or practised author, he could not so well conceal his pride in the possession of a small patch of territory, or his sense of importance as a local dispenser of justice. As seen through the medium of his works, he rather appears like an old baron or chivalrous knight, displaying his own character and feelings, and surrounded by the ideal creatures which such an individual would have mixed with in actual life, than as an author of the modern world, writing partly for fame, and partly for subsistence, and glad to work at that which he thinks he can best execute It was unquestionably owing to the same principle of his mind, that he kept the Waverley secret with such pertinacious closeness—being unwilling to be considered as an author writing for fortune, which he must have thought somewhat degrading to the Baronet of Abbotsford. It was now the principal spring of his actions to add as much as possible to the little realm of Abbotsford, in order that he might take his place—not among the great literary names which posterity is to revere, but among the country gentlemen of Roxburghshire! The nucleus of his property was a small farm, called by the plain name of Cartley-Hole, which he purchased from the late Dr. Douglas, minister of the neighbouring parish of Galashiels, and upon which he conferred the more elegant title of Abbotsford, adopted with reference to a ford in the Tweed, just opposite the spot, coupled with the adjacent Abbey of Melrose. The situation was generally considered unfortunate, as it lay on a northern slope towards the river, and was bounded close at hand by a public road. The neighbouring land was also of such a kind * as to promise the poet, when he should purchase it, rather more amusement in bringing it up, than is generally wished even by the most enthusiastic improvers.

* Introduction to the late edition of Rokeby.

EARLIER CLASS OF NOVELS.

It was chiefly, nevertheless, to his desire of forming an estate on this spot, which he might hand down to his descendants, that the world is indebted for a series of the most delightful fictions that ever appeared. It is not necessary here to say much regarding these works, as they are so generally known; it may be enough to subjoin little more than a list of them, with their respective dates of publication. To Waverley succeeded, in 1815, Guy Mannering; in 1816, the Antiquary, and the First Series of the Tales of my Landlord, containing the Black Dwarf and Old Mortality; in 1818, Rob Roy, and the Second Series of the Tales of my Landlord, containing the Heart of Mid-Lothian; and in 1819, the Third Series of Tales of my Landlord, containing the Bride of Lammermoor and A Legend of Montrose.

Sir Walter, having early been instructed in the disposition of the public to tire of the repeated appearances of even a favourite author, had, in the Tales of my Landlord, assumed a new incognito, which, however, was easily seen through. It was impossible, without utterly abandoning the gifts he possessed, to assume a style sufficiently discrepant to impose upon the public. The same great magician was seen to be at work in both series, and the artifice had therefore only the effect of giving a slight fillip to public curiosity.

It was not the least remarkable feature of these works that, while there was so much to delight, there was hardly a passage that jarred with any existing prejudices, or could be interpreted into offence by any class of men. The author, in only one instance, permitted his own prepossessions to wound the feelings of his countrymen. This was in the Tale of Old Mortality, where he was thought to have given a somewhat too favourable picture of the Cavaliers, and a far more unjust delineation of their opponents. The Scottish people, who insensibly have paid a far worse compliment to the Presbyterians of those days by deserting all their standards of faith, yet entertain a very laudable feeling of reverence for those men who considered it their duty, in a tyrannical reign, to lay down their lives in the cause of popular rights. They therefore expressed a very general sense of the injustice of the Author of Waverley towards those martyrs; and it soon received shape from the pen of Dr. M'Crie, who wrote a very acrimonious pamphlet upon the subject, published at first in the Christian Instructor.

* Most of the Abbotsford property is very bad land. Part of it was formerly subject to what is called a *servitude of feal and divot* in favour of the villagers of Darnick and Melrose; and thus, as its vegetable surface was periodically pared off, it at length came to lose almost all natural pith, and was reduced to what in Scripture is termed a field of stones. For this land his anxiety to possess, and his ability to pay, caused him to give much more than its value. The whole rental of what he must have bought at something approaching half a plum, is not above seven hundred a year; so that his descendants, without some additional fortune, will not be able to live upon it in the style of even moderate country gentlemen.

As Sir Walter was unquestionably led into this error by one of the fundamental tendencies of his imaginative character—a disposition to favour the aristocratic against the plebeian—it was not perhaps worth while to have issued such a wild declamation against it. It may be allowed, however, that he has himself given the clamour its most proper answer in a passage in the ensuing series of the Tales of my Landlord—an answer of which the reader will observe the force, if he keeps in mind what has been here related concerning the author's own ancestors of the seventeenth century :—

"It has been demanded of me, Jedediah Cleishbotham, by what right I am entitled to constitute myself an impartial judge of their discrepancies of opinion, seeing (as it is stated) that I must necessarily have been descended from one or other of the contending parties, and be, of course, wedded, for better for worse, according to the reasonable practice of Scotland, to its dogmata or opinions, and bound, as it were, by the tie matrimonial, or, to speak without metaphor, *ex jure sanguinis*, to maintain them in preference to all others.

"But, nothing denying the rationality of the rule, which calls on all now living to rule their political and religious opinions by those of their great-grandfathers, and inevitable as seems the one or other horn of the dilemma betwixt which my adversaries conceive they have pinned me to the wall, I yet spy some means of refuge, and claim a privilege to write and speak of both parties with impartiality. For O, ye Powers of Logic! when the Prelatists and Presbyterians of old times went together by the ears in this unlucky country, *my ancestor* (venerated be his memory!) *was one of the people called Quakers, and suffered severe handling from either side, even to the extenuation of his purse, and incarceration of his person.*"

LATER CLASS OF NOVELS.

Having now drawn upon public curiosity to the extent of twelve volumes in each of his two incognitos, he seems to have thought it necessary to adopt a third; and accordingly he intended Ivanhoe, which appeared in the beginning of 1820, to come forth as the first work of a new candidate for public favour—namely, Lawrence Templeton. From this design he was diverted by a circumstance of trivial importance, the publication of a novel at London, pretending to be a fourth series of the Tales of my Landlord. It was therefore judged necessary that Ivanhoe should appear as a veritable production of the Author of Waverley. To it succeeded, in the course of the same year, the Monastery and the Abbot, which were judged as the least meritorious of all his prose tales. In the beginning of the year 1821, appeared Kenilworth, making twelve volumes, if not written, at least published, in as many months. In 1822 he produced the Pirate and the Fortunes of Nigel; in 1823, Peveril of the Peak* and Quentin Durward; in 1824, St. Ronan's Well and Redgauntlet; in 1825, Tales of the Crusaders;† in 1826, Woodstock; in 1827, Chronicles of the Canongate, *first series*;‡ in 1828, Chronicles of the Canongate, *second series*; in 1829, Anne of Geierstein; and in 1831, a fourth series of Tales of my Landlord, in four volumes, containing two tales, respectively entitled Count Robert of Paris, and Castle Dangerous. The whole of these novels, except where otherwise specified, consisted of three volumes, and, with those formerly enumerated, make up the amount of his fictitious prose compositions to the enormous sum of seventy-four volumes.

MINOR AND FUGITIVE WORKS.

Throughout the whole of his career, both as a poet and novelist, Sir Walter was in the habit of turning aside occasionally to less important avocations of a literary character. He was a contributor to the Edinburgh Review during the first few years of its existence, though, for the last twenty years, perhaps, he had not so much as opened the work. To the Quarterly Review he was a considerable contributor, especially for the last five or six years of his life, during which, that excellent periodical was conducted by his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. To the Supplement of the Sixth Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, he contributed the articles "Chivalry," "Romance," and the 'Drama." In 1818, he wrote one or two small prose articles for a periodical, after the manner of the Spectator, which was started by his friend Mr. John Ballantyne, under the title of "The Sale-room," and was soon after dropped for want of encouragement. In 1814, he edited "The Works of Swift," in 19 volumes, with a Life of the Author; a heavy work, but which, nevertheless, required a reprint some years afterwards. In 1814, Sir Walter gave his name and an elaborate introductory essay to a work, entitled "Border Antiquities," (two volumes 4to,) which consisted of engravings of the principal antique objects on both sides of the Border, accompanied by descriptive letter-press. In 1815, he made a tour through France and Belgium, visiting the scene of the recent victory over Napoleon. The result was a lively traveller's volume, under the title of "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and a poem styled "The Field of Waterloo." In the same year he joined with Mr. Robert Jameson and Mr. Henry Weber, in composing a quarto on Icelandic Antiquities. In 1819, he published "An Account of the Regalia of Scotland," and undertook to furnish the letter-press to a second collection of engravings, under the title of "Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland," one of the most elegant books which has ever been published respecting the native country of the editor.

POLITICAL APPEARANCES.

In the year 1820, the agitated state of the country was much regretted by Sir Walter Scott; and he endeavoured to prove the absurdity of the popular excitement in favour of a more extended kind of parliamentary representation, by three papers which he inserted in the Edinburgh Weekly Journal newspaper, under the title of "The Visionary." However well intended, these were not by any means happy specimens of political disquisition. The truth is, Sir Walter, with all his high literary gifts, did not possess the art of concocting a short essay, either on politics or on any moral or general topic. He appears, moreover, to have been in a great measure ignorant of the arguments and strength of his political opponents. He treats them as if they were in the mass a set of simple and uninformed people, led away by a few raving demagogues; and his attempt, accordingly, appears nearly as ridiculous, as it might be to address grown men with the arguments which prevail only with children. Some months afterwards, it was deemed necessary by a few of the Tory gentlemen and lawyers, to establish a newspaper in which the more violent of the radical prints should be met upon their own grounds, and reprisals made for a long course of insults which had hitherto been endured with patience. To this association, Sir Walter subscribed; and, by means partly furnished upon his credit, a weekly journal was commenced under the title of "The Beacon." As the scurrilities of this print inflicted much pain in very respectable quarters, and finally led to the death of one of the writers in a duel, it sunk, after an existence of a few months, amidst the general execrations of the community. Sir Walter Scott, though he probably never contemplated, and perhaps was hardly aware of the guilt of the Beacon, was loudly blamed for his connexion with it. It must be allowed, in extenuation of his offence, that the whole affair was only an experiment, to try the effect of violent argument on the Tory side; and that, if it did not exceed the warmth of the radical prints, there was nothing abstractly unfair in the attempt. On the other hand, a party who stand in the light of governors, and who, in general, are placed in comfortable circumstances, assume violence with a much worse grace than the multitudinous plebeians, who are confessedly in a situation from which complaint and irritation are almost inseparable.

MINOR POETICAL WORKS.

In 1822, Sir Walter published "Trivial Poems and Triolets, by P. Carey, with a Preface; and, in 1822, appeared his dramatic poem of "Halidon Hill." In the succeeding year, he contributed a smaller dramatic poem, under the title of "Macduff's Cross," to a collection of Miss Joanna Baillie. The sum of his remaining poetical works may here be made up, by adding "The Doom of Devorgoil," and "The Auchindrane Tragedy," which appeared in one volume in 1830. It cannot be said of any of these compositions, that they have made the least impression upon the public.

PRIVATE LIFE—BARONETCY—KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

The great success of the earlier novels of Sir Walter Scott had encouraged his publishers, Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company, to give large sums for those works; and, previous to 1824, it was understood that the author had spent from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds, thus acquired, upon his house and estate of Abbotsford. During the months which his official duties permitted him to spend in the country—that is, the whole of the more genial part of the year, from March till November, excepting the months of May and June—he kept state, like a wealthy country gentleman, at this delightful seat, where he was visited by many distinguished persons from England, and from the Continent. As he scarcely ever spent any other hours than those between seven and eleven, A. M., in composition, he was able to devote the greater part of the morning to country exercise, and the superintendance of his planting and agricultural operations; while the evenings were, in a great measure, devoted to his guests. Almost every day, he used to ride a considerable distance—sometimes not less than twenty miles—on horseback. He also walked a great deal; and, lame as he was, would sometimes tire the stoutest of his companions.

Among the eminent persons to whom he had been recommended by his genius, and its productions, the late King George IV. was one, and not the least warm in his admiration. The poet of Marmion had been honoured with many interviews by his sovereign, when Prince of Wales and Prince Regent; and his Majesty was pleased, in March, 1820, to create him a baronet of the United Kingdom, being the first to whom he had extended that honour after his accession to the crown.*

In 1822, when his Majesty visited Scotland, Sir Walter found the duty imposed upon him, as in some measure the most prominent man in the country of acting as a kind of Master of Ceremonies, as well as a sort of dragoman, or mediator, between the Sovereign and his people. It was an occasion for the revival of all kinds of historical and family reminiscences; and Sir Walter's acquaintance with national antiquities, not less than his universally honoured character, caused him to be resorted to by innumerable individuals, and many respectable public bodies, for information and advice. On the evening of the 14th of August, when his Majesty cast anchor in Leith Roads, Sir Walter went out in a boat, commissioned by the Ladies of Scotland, to welcome the King, and to present his Majesty with an elegant jewelled cross of St. Andrew, to be worn on his breast as a national emblem. When the King was informed of Sir Walter's approach, he exclaimed, "What! Sir Walter Scott? The man in Scotland I most wish to see! Let him come up." Sir Walter accordingly ascended the ship, and was presented to the King on the quarter-deck, where he met with a most gracious reception. After an appropriate speech, Sir Walter presented his gift, and then knelt and kissed the King's hand. He had afterwards the honour of dining with his Majesty, being placed on his right hand.

In the arrangements for his Majesty's residence at Dalkeith, Sir Walter bore a conspicuous part; and in the whole of these difficult and delicate transactions, although the novelty of the circumstances might well have occasioned mistakes, he performed his part with faultless address and propriety; shewing that he was not only superior to all existing men in imaginative powers, but also qualified above most of them in the mere ordinary arts of management. The whole affair of the royal visit seemed to take its character from Sir Walter Scott; or, at least, it must be allowed that, but for the taste which his works had awakened for ancient national recollections, and the cast which his own interposition gave to almost every scene, the King's visit would have had a very different external appearance, and one not nearly so well calculated to please either the visitor or the visited.

Immediately after this grand national jubilee, Sir Walter had the honour to be appointed one of the deputy-lieutenants of the county of Roxburgh, in which his house of Abbotsford is situate.

FAMILY.

By his wife, Lady Scott, Sir Walter had four children—two sons,

> "——— imps, hardy, bold, and wild,
> As best befits the mountain child,'*

and two daughters. The elder daughter, Sophia Charlotte, was married, April 28, 1820, to Mr. J. G. Lockhart, advocate. The elder son, Walter, who entered the army, and is now a major in the 15th regiment of hussars, was married, some years ago, to Miss Jobson, a young lady of considerable fortune. The younger son, Charles, who is attached to the Legation of the King of the Two Sicilies, and the younger daughter, Anne, are both unmarried. We may here close Sir Walter's family history, by mentioning that Lady Scott died May 15, 1826.

PECUNIARY MISFORTUNES.

In 1825, Mr. Constable having projected a cheap series of original and selected works, engaged Sir Walter to compose a "Life of Buonaparte." This work was in progress, when, in January, 1826, Messrs. Constable and Company became bankrupt. For many years before, Sir Walter had been in the habit of drawing bills, at long dates, upon his publishers, as payment of the copy-rights of his works; and, as he occasionally was obliged with their acceptances in reference to works not yet written, he was in some measure compelled, by a sense of gratitude, to give his name to other obligations, which were incurred by the house, for the purpose of retiring the original engagements. Thus, although Sir Walter appeared to receive payment for his literary labours, in a very prompt manner, he was pledging away his name all the while, for sums perhaps not much inferior in amount to those which he realised; so that, in the long run, he stood engaged to certain banks, in behalf of Messrs. Constable and Company, for, it is said, about 60,000*l.*; in other words, a great portion of the earnings of his literary life. To put the case into plain language, he was obliged to write nearly as much again as he had formerly written, in order to render the rewards of those former labours finally his own.

The blow was endured with a magnanimity worthy of the greatest writer of the age. On the very day after the calamity had been made known to him, a friend accosted him as he was issuing from his house, and presented the condolences proper to such a melancholy occasion.

"It is very hard," said he, in his usual deliberate and *thoughtful* voice, "thus to lose all the labours of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise. But if God grant me health and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall redeem it all."

In the marriage contract of Sir Walter's eldest son, the estate of Abbotsford had been settled upon the young pair, and it was therefore beyond the reach of his creditors. By this legal arrangement, indeed, Sir Walter was placed in such a situation, as to have hardly any property to present against the immense amount of his debts. There was one asset, however, which greatly surpassed the worldly goods of most debtors—his head. "Gentlemen," said he, to the claimants, using the Spanish proverb, which has already been quoted from one of his writings, "time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." He further proposed, in their behalf, to insure the sum of 22,000*l.* upon his life. A trust deed was accordingly executed, in which he was considered as a member of the printing firm of James Ballantyne and Company; and it appeared that the whole

* Four Volumes.
† Four Volumes. ‡ Two Volumes.

* A friend once stated to him a report that he was to be made *a Knight*. "Am I?" was his characteristic response. "More than I know. No, no.
'I like not the grinning honour which *Sir Walter* hath.'"

* His own description of them in Marmion.

debts, including what must have been contracted commercially, amounted to 102,000*l.*, of which, however, the author of Waverley considered himself as personally responsible for by far the greater part. The commercial world, in general, receives great honour from the forbearance manifested on this occasion, by a few of its members, who are even said to have proposed a scheme of settlement more advantageous to their debtor than what his sense of honour would admit of.

MALAGROWTHER'S LETTERS.

The commercial distresses of the country were at this period very great, and in the case of Scotland they were threatened to be much increased by the Parliamentary regulations then in progress, for reducing the monetary system to an equality with that of England. There was, perhaps, abstract justice in the proposal of the government; but, yet, to have suddenly altered a system so intervoven with the commercial existence of the country, as that of the small bank notes, was generally felt by men of sense, without the least regard to national feeling, as calculated to produce something little short of total ruin. There can be little doubt, however, that the clamours of the people themselves would have had no effect in staying the hand of Parliament, interpreted as they were sure to be into a selfish regard to personal interest, if his country's Genius, Sir Walter Scott, had not stepped forward, and undertaken to show the fallacy upon which men in power were proceeding. On the 22d of February, he published a letter in the Weekly Journal newspaper, under the signature of Malachi Malagrowther, in which he delineated the absurdity of the Parliamentary scheme in language so rich in argument, humour, and pathos, as to produce a most extraordinary sensation. His feelings on this occasion were roused to an unusual pitch, and perhaps his own recent calamity contributed to give them force and pungency. Two days after the letter had appeared, he was in the printing-house, with his friend Mr. Ballantyne, when the latter remarked, that he had been more solicitous and careful about the *proof* of this little composition, than he had ever observed him to be respecting any of his productions. "Yes," said he, in a tone that electrified even this familiar friend, who had heard him speak before under all varieties of circumstances, "my former works were for myself, but this—*this is for my country!*" Two other letters in the same strain followed, and notwithstanding an answer to them, written by no less powerful a pen than that of Mr. J. W. Croker, they had the happy effect of procuring an exemption for Scotland from the contemplated enactments.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

He then sat down, at fifty-five years of age, to the task of redeeming a debt exceeding a hundred thousand pounds. In the first place, he sold his furniture and house in Edinburgh, and retreated into a humble lodging in a second-rate street.* During the vacations, when residing at Abbotsford, he almost entirely gave up seeing company, a resolution the more easily carried into effect as Lady Scott was now dead. His expenses were thus much reduced; and yet, we are told, he never lived more agreeably in the days of his brightest splendour, than he now did in the company of his younger daughter alone, with a task before him which might have appalled many younger hearts. He was at this time labouring at his Life of Napoleon, which expanded under his hands to a bulk much beyond what was originally contemplated. In the autumn of 1826, he paid a visit to Paris, in company with Miss Scott, in order to acquaint himself with several local and historical details necessary for his work. On this occasion he was received in the kindest manner by the reigning monarch, the unfortunate Charles X. "The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte" appeared in the summer of 1827, in nine vols. 8vo, and produced to him, it is understood, the sum of 12,000*l.*, being at the rate of about 33*l.* a-day for the time he had been engaged on it. This, with other earnings and accessary resources, enabled him to pay the first dividend of his debts, amounting to six shillings and eightpence in the pound.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WAVERLEY SECRET.

Till the failure of Messrs. Constable and Company, the Waverley secret was kept inviolate, though entrusted, as he has himself acknowledged, to a considerable number of persons. The inquiries which took place into the affairs of the house, rendered it no longer possible to conceal the nature of its connexion with Sir Walter Scott; and he now accordingly stood fully detected as the Author of Waverley, though he did not himself think proper to make any overt claim to the honour. It may be mentioned, that, at the time of the failure, Sir Walter was in possession of bills for the novel of Woodstock, of which but a small part had as yet been written. A demand was made by the creditors of Messrs. Constable and Company upon the creditors of Sir Walter Scott, for the benefits of this work, when it should be made public. But the author, not reckoning this either just or legal, was resolved not to comply. The bills, he said, were a mere promise to pay; since, then, he had only promised to write, and they to pay, he would simply not write, and then the transaction would fall to the ground. On the claim being farther pressed, he said, "The work is in my head, and there it shall remain." The question, however, was eventually submitted to arbitration, and decided in favour of the creditors of the author, for whose behoof the work was soon after published.

The fact of the authorship continued to waver between secrecy and divulgement till the 23d of February, 1827, when Sir Walter presided at the first annual dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Association, in the Assembly Rooms. There Lord Meadowbank,* in proposing the health of the chairman, used language to the following effect: "It was no longer possible, consistently with the respect due to one's auditors, to use upon this subject terms either of mystification, or of obscure or indirect allusion. The clouds have been dispelled—the *darkness visible* has been cleared away—and the Great Unknown—the Minstrel of our native land—the mighty Magician who has rolled back the current of time, and conjured up before our living senses the men and manners of days which have long passed away, stands revealed to the hearts and the eyes of his affectionate and admiring countrymen." Sir Walter, though somewhat taken by surprise, immediately resolved to throw off the mantle, which, as he afterwards remarked to the writer of these notices, was getting somewhat tattered. "He did not think," he said, "that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, had been remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he war sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of *Not Proven*. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. Perhaps caprice had a great share in it. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself." [Here the audience broke into an absolute shout of surprise and delight.] "He was afraid to think on what he had done. 'Look on't again I dare not.' He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, then, seriously to state, that when he said he was the author, he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word written that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. His audience would allow him farther to say, with Prospero, 'Your breath has filled my sails.'"

He soon after followed up this confession with one more at large, in his Preface to the Chronicles of the Canongate.

NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

About the same time, the copyright of all his past novels was brought to the hammer, as part of the bankrupt stock of Messrs. Constable and Company. It was bought by Mr. Robert Cadell, of the late firm of Archibald Constable and Company, at 8,400*l.*, for the purpose of republishing the whole of these delightful works in a cheap uniform series of volumes, illustrated by notes and prefaces, and amended in many parts by the finishing touches of the author. Sir Walter or his creditors were to have half the profits, in consideration of his literary aid.

This was a most fortunate design. The new edition began to appear in June, 1829; and such was its adaptation to the public convenience, and the eagerness of all ranks of people to contribute in a way convenient to themselves, towards the reconstruction of the author's fortunes, that the sale soon reached an average of twenty-three thousand copies. To give the reader an idea of the magnitude of this *concern*—speaking commercially—it may be stated that, in the mere *production* of the work, not to speak of its sale, about a thousand persons, or nearly a hundredth part of the population of Edinburgh, were supported. The author was now chiefly employed in preparing these narratives for the new impression; but he nevertheless found time occasionally to produce original works. In November, 1828, he published the first part of a juvenile History of Scotland, under the title of "Tales of a Grandfather," being addressed to his grandchild, John Hugh Lockhart, whom he typified under the appellation of Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. In 1829, appeared the second, and in 1830, the third and concluding series of this charming book, which fairly fulfilled a half-sportive expression that had escaped him many years before, in the company of his children—that "he would yet make the History of Scotland as familiar in the nurseries of England, as lullaby rhymes. In 1830, he also contributed a graver History of Scotland, in two volumes, to the periodical work called "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia." In the same year, appeared his Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, as a volume of Mr. Murray's "Family Library."

The profits of these various publications, but especially his share of the profits of the new edition of his novels, enabled him, towards the end of the year 1830, to pay a dividend of three shillings in the pound, which, but for the accumulation of interest, would have reduced his debts to nearly one-half. Of 54,000*l.* which had now been paid, all except six or seven thousand had been produced by his own literary labours: a fact which fixes the revenue of his intellect for the last four or five years at nearly 10,000*l.* a-year. Besides this sum, Sir Walter had also paid up the premium of the policy upon his life, which, as already mentioned, secured a *post obit* interest of 22,000*l.* to his creditors.† On this occasion, it was suggested by one of these gentlemen (Sir James Gibson Craig,) and immediately assented to, that they should present to Sir Walter personally the library, manuscripts, curiosities, and plate, which had once been his own, as an acknowledgment of the sense they entertained of his honourable conduct.

RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE.

About the same time—that is, in November, 1830—Sir Walter retired from his office as a Principal Clerk of the Court of Session, retaining a large share of the salary appropriated to that office. It is much to the honour of the government of the day, that, without regard to the opposite principles of this illustrious public servant, they offered him a pension sufficient to make up the full amount of his usual salary—which, however, he respectfully, but firmly declined.

His health, from his sixteenth year, had been very good, except during the years 1818 and 1819, when he suffered under an illness of such severity as to turn his hair quite grey, and send him out again to the world apparently ten years older than before. It may be mentioned, however, that this illness, though accompanied by very severe pain, did not materially interrupt or retard his intellectual labours. He was only reduced to the necessity of employing an amanuensis, to whom he dictated from his bed. The humorous character, Dugald Dalgetty, in the third Series of the Tales of my Landlord, and the splendid scene of the siege of Torquilston in Ivanhoe, were created under these circumstances. Mr. William Laidlaw, his factor, who at one time performed the task of amanuensis, has described how he would sometimes be stopped in the midst of some of the most amusing or most elevated scenes, by an attack of pain—which, being past, he would recommence in the same tone at the point where he had left off, and so on for day after day, till the novel was finished.

It happened very unfortunately, that the severe task which he imposed upon himself, for the purpose of discharging his obligations, came at a period of life when he was least able to accomplish it. It will hardly be believed that, even when so far occupied with his official duties in town, he seldom permitted a day to pass over his head without writing as much as to fill a sheet of print, or sixteen pages; and this whether it was of a historical nature, with of course the duty of consulting documents, or of fictitious matter spun from the loom of his fancy. Although this labour was alleviated in the country by considerable exercise, it nevertheless must have pressed severely upon the powers of a man nearly sixty *by years*, and full seventy *by constitution*. The reader may judge how strong must have been that principle of integrity, which could command such a degree of exertion and self-denial, not so much to pay debts contracted by himself, as to discharge obligations in which he was involved by others. He can only be likened, indeed, to the generous elephant, which, being set to a task above its powers, performed it at the expense of life, and then fell dead at the feet of its master.

His retirement from official duty might have been expected to relieve in some measure the pains of intense mental application. It was now too late, however, to redeem the health that had fled. During the succeeding winter, symptoms of gradual paralysis, a disease hereditary in his family, began to be manifested. His contracted limb became gradually weaker and more painful, and his tongue less readily obeyed the impulse of the will.

REFORM QUESTION.

As a high monarchist in principle, and attached personally to the royal family of France, Sir Walter contemplated the Revolution of July, 1830, with a different feeling from what was generally manifested upon the occasion by his countrymen. He feared that the new monarchy of Louis Philippe was only the commencement of a new series of ruinous changes, similar to those which followed the revolution of 1789. Sir Walter also beheld with alarm the impulse given by the popular triumphs in France to innovatory principles in Britain, and could not conceal that he believed the Reform Bill, consequently introduced into the House of Commons, to be the first step towards the ruin of this mighty empire. In the eyes of the majority of readers, this interpretation of their favourite measure will perhaps be held as indicating great political blindness, or else an interest in the continuance of those abuses which the Reform Bill was designed to abolish. But political leanings are oftener a matter of temperament than of reason, and to suppose that Conservative principles arise invariably either from an interest in a bad system, or a deliberate preference of the bad to the good, only argues blindness in those who maintain such doctrines. It is to be hoped, though it might be convenient in the fervour of the question to throw these imputations upon the Tories, as it was convenient for William III. in his manifesto to stigmatise the son of James II. as an imposter, the triumphant party will eventually allow that many well-meaning and even liberal thinkers opposed the measure only from a fear for the consequences of so sudden and so great a change. That Sir Walter Scott had no objections but of this sort, must be clear to every person who is in the least acquainted with his circumstances and personal character.

In March, 1831, the freeholders of Roxburghshire (which in reference to the gentry, may be styled a decidedly Tory county,) held a meeting at Jedburgh, in order to express their opinion of the Reform Bills, recently introduced by Lord John Russell. Sir Walter Scott, notwithstanding his declining health, felt it to be his duty to attend this meeting, in order to enter his protest against the contemplated measure. A gentleman who saw him on this occasion, describes his face as "shrunken, ill-coloured, and unhealthy, his voice hollow and tremulous, and his entire frame shaken, feeble, and diminished. But," continued this informant, "the leaven of Lion-heart was still strong within him. He sat in evident

* St. David Street, where David Hume had formerly lived.

* A Judge of the Scottish Courts of Session and Justiciary.

† The aggregate dividends, at the period of his decease, amounted to exactly eleven shillings and eightpence in the pound; to which must be added, the large sums due by the insurance offices.

disquiet during the speeches of the ministerialists, till nearly the end of the meeting. He then rose with much of his wonted dignity, when addressing an assembly, (for you know his manner then is eminently noble and graceful,) and told the meeting that he had come there that day with great reluctance, and at much personal inconvenience, as he had been for some time contending with severe indisposition,—"But, gentlemen," said he, clenching his iron fist, and giving it an energetic downward motion, "had I known that I should shed my blood on these boards, I would have spent my last breath in opposing this measure." He proceeded farther to argue the inexpediency of following French political fashions, and ended by saying, "I must take leave of you, gentlemen; and I shall do it in the well-known adage of the gladiator to the Emperor—MORITURUS VOS SALUTAT."* In the course of this speech he was hissed by a few individuals who were present only as auditors—of which he took no notice; but in replying to the gentleman who rose next, when the sound was repeated, he turned quick upon those who were expressing their disapprobation, and said that he cared no more for their hissing than for the braying of the beasts of the field. His feelings, nevertheless, are known to have been so much hurt by this great reverse—for to him it might be so considered—that, on his way home, he was observed to be in tears. There can be no doubt that the Jedburgh meeting, and the continued excitement upon the Reform question, did much to sadden the last days of this illustrious man, and perhaps also to accelerate his decline.

LAST ILLNESS.

During the summer of 1831, the symptoms of his disorder became gradually more violent; and to add to the distress of those around him, his temper, formerly so benevolent, so imperturbable, became peevish and testy, insomuch that his most familiar relations could hardly venture, on some occasions, to address him. At this period, in writing to a friend he thus expressed himself:—"Although it is said in the newspapers I am actually far from well, and instead of being exercising (*sic*), on a brother novelist, Chateaubriand, my influence to decide him to raise an insurrection in France, which is the very probable employment allotted to me by some of the papers, I am keeping my head as cool as I can, and speaking with some difficulty.

"I have owed you a letter longer than I intended, but write with pain, and in general use the hand of a friend. I sign with my initials, *as enough to express the poor half of me that is left*. But I am still much yours, W. S."

Since the early part of the year, he had, in a great measure, abandoned the pen for the purposes of authorship. This, however, he did with some difficulty, and it is to be feared that he resumed it more frequently than he ought to have done. "Dr. Abercromby," says he, in a letter dated March 7, "threatens me with death if I write so much; and die, I suppose, I must, if I give it up suddenly. I must assist Lockhart a little, for you are aware of our connexion, and he has always showed me the duties of a son; but, except that, and my own necessary work at the edition of the Waverley Novels, as they call them, I can hardly pretend to put pen to paper; for after all this same dying is a ceremony one would put off as long as they could."

VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

In the autumn, his physicians recommended a residence in Italy, as a means of delaying the approaches of his illness. To this scheme he felt the strongest repugnance as he feared he should die on a foreign soil, far from the mountain-land which was so endeared to himself, and which he had done so much to endear to others; but by the intervention of some friends, whose advice he had been accustomed to respect from his earliest years, he was prevailed upon to comply. By the kind offices of Captain Basil Hall, liberty was obtained for him to sail in his Majesty's ship the Barham, which was then fitting out for Malta.

The illustrious invalid, on quitting the country, appended the following touching note to his Fourth Series of the Tales of my Landlord—the last words he was destined ever to address to his countrymen:—

"The gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last Tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master, to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may readily obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole, an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him, at least, in no more painful manner, than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relations to him in the ranks of life, might have insured their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark, that—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

He set sail in the Barham from Portsmouth on the 27th of October, and, after a pleasant voyage, during which his health seemed considerably improved, he arrived at Malta. From this place, after a short residence, he proceeded to Naples, where he landed on the 27th of December.

In April he proceeded to Rome, which he entered on the 21st, and here also he was received with every mark of attention and respect. He inspected the remains of Roman grandeur with great interest, and paid a visit to Tivoli, Albani, and Frescati. If any thing could have been effectual in re-illuming that lamp, which was now beginning to pale its mighty lustres, it might have been expected that *this* would have been the ground on which the miracle was to take place. But he was himself conscious, even amidst the flatteries of his friends, that all hopes of this kind were at an end. Feeling that his strength was rapidly decaying, he determined upon returning with all possible speed to his native country, in order that his bones might not be laid (to use the language of his own favourite minstrelsy) "far from the Tweed." His journey was performed too rapidly for his strength. For six days he travelled seventeen hours a-day. The consequence was, that, in passing down the Rhine he experienced a severe attack of his malady, which produced complete insensibility, and would have inevitably carried him off, but for the presence of mind of his servant, who bled him profusely. On his arrival in London, he was conveyed to the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, and immediately attended by Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Holland, as well as by his son-in-law and daughter. All help was now, however, useless. The disease had reached nearly its most virulent stage, producing a total insensibility to the presence of even his most beloved relatives—

——"omni
Membrorum damno major, dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici."

It is painful to think, that the unhappy condition to which he was now reduced had long been contemplated by him, as what would, in all human probability, be his ultimate fate. He recollected the circumstances preceding the death of his father,* and the premonitory symptoms were in himself the same. Under the feelings which this reflection inspired, he penned, in 1827, a description of the last days of his parent, which he inserted, with some disguising circumstances, into his novel, called "Chronicles of the Canongate."

"The easy chair fitted with cushions, the extended limbs swathed in flannel, the wide wraping-gown and night-cap, showed illness; but the dimmed eye, once so replete with living fire—the blabber lip, whose dilation and compression used to give such character to his animated countenance—the stammering tongue, that once poured forth such floods of masculine eloquence, and had often swayed the opinion of the sages whom he addressed—all these sad symptoms evinced, that my friend was in the melancholy condition of those in whom the principle of animal life has unfortunately survived that of mental intelligence. He gazed a moment at me, but then seemed insensible of my presence, and went on—he, once the most courteous and well-bred—to babble unintelligible but violent reproaches against his niece and servant, because he himself had dropped a tea-cup in attempting to place it on a table at his elbow. His eye caught a momentary fire from his irritation; but he struggled in vain for words to express himself adequately, as, looking from his servant to his niece, and then to the table, he laboured to explain that they had placed it (though it touched his chair) at too great a distance from him."†

After perusing this picture, the reader will be ready to catch up the language used by the physician of this fictitious patient, and turn it into a reference to the illustrious author himself.

"I have heard our poor friend, in one of the most eloquent of his pleadings, give a description of this very disease, which he compared to the tortures inflicted by Mezentius, when he chained the dead to the living. The soul, he said, is imprisoned in its dungeon of flesh, and, though retaining its natural and un-alienable properties, can no more exert itself than the captive inclosed within a prison-house can act as a free-agent. *Alas! to see* HIM, *who could so well describe what this malady was in others, a prey himself to its infirmities!*"

After residing for some weeks in London, in the receipt of every attention which filial piety and medical skill could bestow, the expiring poet desired that, if possible, he might be removed to his native land—to his own home. As the case was reckoned quite desperate, it was resolved to gratify him in his dying wish, even at the hazard of accelerating his dissolution by the voyage. He accordingly left London on the 7th of July, and, arriving at Newhaven on the evening of the 9th, was conveyed, with all possible care, to a hotel in his native city. After spending two nights and a day in Edinburgh, he was removed, on the morning of the 11th, to Abbotsford.*

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

That intense love of home and of country, which had urged his return from the Continent, here seemed to dispel for a moment the clouds of the mental atmosphere. In descending the vale of Gala, at the bottom of which the view of Abbotsford first opens, it was found difficult to keep him quiet in his carriage, so anxious was he to rear himself up, in order to catch an early glimpse of the beloved scene. On arriving at his house, he hardly recognised any body or any thing. He looked vacantly on all the objects that met his gaze, except the well-remembered visage of his friend Laidlaw, whose hand he affectionately pressed, murmuring, "that now he knew he was at Abbotsford." He was here attended by most of the members of his family, including Mr. Lockhart, while the general superintendence of his death-bed (now too certainly such) was committed to Dr. Clarkson of Melrose. For two months he lingered in a state of almost total insensibility and mental deprivation, sometimes raving frantically, as if he supposed himself to be exercising the functions of a judge, but in general quite low and subdued. On one occasion he slept the uncommonly long period of twenty-seven hours; and it was hoped that, on awakening, there might be some change for the better. But in this hope his anxious friends were disappointed. He was now arrived at that melancholy state, when the friends of the patient can form no more affectionate wish than that Death may step in to claim his own. Yet day after day did the remnants of a robust constitution continue to hold out against the gloomy foe of life; until, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, mortification commenced at several parts of the body. This was about twelve days before his demise, which at length took place on the 21st of September, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon; the principles of life having been by that time so thoroughly worn out, that nothing remained by which pain could be either experienced or expressed.

The remains of this illustrious person were immediately consigned to a leaden coffin,† which had been prepared as soon as the symptoms of mortification appeared. His funeral was appointed to take place on Wednesday the 26th; and, preparatory to that melancholy ceremony, about three hundred gentlemen were invited by Major Sir Walter Scott, the eldest son of the deceased—the heir of one of the greatest names that ever was pronounced in Scotland. Among the persons thus called upon, were many individuals whose acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott was simply of a local character. On an occasion like this, when the most honoured head in the country was to be laid in the grave, it might have been expected that many individuals would have come of their own accord, especially from the neighbouring capital, to form part in a procession, which, however melancholy, was altogether of a historical character. But great events sometimes make less impression at the time than they do many years after: and such was the apathy towards this extraordinary solemnity, that only ten or twelve persons, among whom were the publishers of these sheets, had come from Edinburgh. It is also a very remarkable circumstance, that, as in ordinary funerals, not nearly the whole of those who had been invited, found it convenient to attend.

After a refection in the style usually observed on such occasions, the funeral train set forward to Dryburgh, where the family of the deceased possess a small piece of sepulchral ground,‡ amidst the ruins of the Abbey. The procession consisted of about sixty vehicles of different kinds, and a few horsemen. It was melancholy at the very first to see the deceased carried out of a house which bore so many marks of his taste, and of which every point, and almost every article of furniture, was so

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* The full effect of this very touching expression can only be obtained by general readers through the medium of a note. In the bloody games of ancient Rome, those swordsmen or gladiators who intended to combat till there were no longer any survivors on at least one side, were accustomed to pass first in review before the Emperor, and, in anticipation of their probable death, said, Morituri te salutant, "*We dying men now bid you farewell.*"

* Mr. Walter Scott, W.S., lived to an age more advanced than his son. He died, April 11, 1799, aged 70.

* August 6th, a bill was brought into the House of Commons by the Lord Advocate Jeffrey, to enable his Majesty to authorize a person to act as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, in place of Sir Walter Scott, who was now unfitted for his office by severe illness. The bill, though of a most unusual kind, was immediately passed through all its stages. To give an idea of the duties which thus called so urgently for attention, it may be mentioned that, in five years, Sir Walter had decided forty-one civil cases!

† The exterior coffin was observed at the funeral to be covered with black cloth, and gilt ornaments. Upon a tablet over the breast, were inscribed the words, "SIR WALTER SCOTT, OF ABBOTSFORD, BART. AN. ÆTAT. 62."

‡ It originally belonged to the Halyburtons of Merton, an ancient and respectable baronial family, of which Sir Walter's paternal grandmother was a member. It is composed simply of the area comprehended by four pillars, in one of the aisles of the ruined building. On a side-wall is the following inscription:—Sub hoc tumulo jacet Joannes Halburtonus, Barro de Merton, vir religione et virtute clarus, qui obiit 17 die Augusti, 1640;" below which there is a coat-of-arms. On the back wall, the latter history of the spot is expressed on a small tablet, as follows:—"Hunc locum sepulturæ D. Senescallis, Buchaniæ comes, Gualtero, Thomæ, et Roberto Scott, nepotibus Halburtoni, concessit, 1791."—That is to say, the Earl of Buchan, lately proprietor of the ruins and adjacent ground, granted this place of sepulture, in 1791, to Walter, Thomas, and Robert Scott, descendants of the Laird of Halyburton. The persons indicated were the father and uncles of Sir Walter Scott; but, though all are dead, no other member of the family lies there, besides his uncle Robert and his deceased lady. From the limited dimensions of the place, the body of the author of Waverley has been placed in a direction north and south, instead of the usual fashion; and thus, in death at least, he has resembled the Cameronians, of whose character he was supposed to have given such an unfavourable picture in one of his tales.

identified with himself. But it was doubly touching to see him carried insensible and inurned through the beautiful scenery, which he has in different ways rendered, from its most majestic to its minutest features, a matter of interest unto all time. There lay the grey and august ruin,* whose broken arches he has rebuilt in fancy, and whose deserted aisles he has repeopled with all their former tenants—as lovely in its decay as ever; while he who had given it all its charm, was passing by, unconscious of its existence, and never more to behold it. At every successive turn of the way, appeared some object which he had either loved because it was the subject of former song, or rendered delightful by his own—from the Eildon Hills, renowned in the legendary history of Michael Scott—to

"Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,
'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing;"†

to Cowdenknows, where once spear and helm

"Glanced gaily through the broom:‡

and so on to the heights above Gladswood, where Smailholme Castle appeared in sight—the scene of his childod, being thus brought, after all the transactions of a mighty and glorious life, into the same prospect with his grave. During the time of the funeral all business was suspended at the burgh of Selkirk, and the villages of Darnick and Melrose; and in the former of these hamlets, several of the signs of the traders were covered with black cloth, while a flag of crape was mounted on the old fortalice, which rears itself in the midst of the inferior buildings. At every side avenue and opening, stood a group of villagers at gaze—few of them bearing the external signs of mourning, but all apparently impressed with a proper sense of the occasion. The village matrons and children clustered in windows or in lanes, displayed a mingled feeling of sorrow for the loss, and curiosity and wonder for the show. The husbandmen suspended their labour, and leant pensively over the enclosures. Old infirm people sat out of doors, where some of them, perhaps, were little accustomed to sit, surveying the passing cavalcade. And though the feelings of the gazers had, perhaps, as much reference to the local judge—"the *Shirra*"—as to the poet of the world, and of time, the whole had a striking effect. Those forming the procession, so far as they could abstract themselves from the feeling of the occasion, were also impressed with the extraordinary appearance which it bore, as it dragged its enormous length through the long reaches of the road—the hearse sometimes appearing on a far height, while the rear vehicles were stealing their way through a profound valley or chasm. The sky was appropriately hung, during the whole time of the ceremony, with a thick mass of clouds, which canopied the vale from one end to the other like a pall.

Towards nightfall the procession arrived within the umbrageous precincts of Dryburgh §; and the coffin, being taken from the hearse, was borne along in slow and solemn wise through the shady walks, the mourners following, to the amount of about three hundred. Before leaving Abbotsford, homage had been done to the religious customs of the country by the pronunciation of a prayer by Dr. Baird; the funeral service of the Episcopal Church (to which the deceased belonged) was now read in the usual manner by the Rev. John Williams, ¶ whose distinction in literature and in scholarship eminently entitled him to this honour. The scene was at this time worthy of the occasion. In a small green space, surrounded by the broken but picturesque ruins of a Gothic Abbey, and overshadowed by wild foliage, just tinged with the melancholy hues of autumn, with mouldering statuary, and broken monuments meeting the eye wherever it attempted to pierce, stood the uncovered group of mourners, amongst whom could be detected but one feeling—a consciousness that the greatest man their country ever produced was here receiving from them the last attentions that man can pay to his brother man—which, however, in this case, reflected honour, not from the living to the dead, but (and to such a degree!) from the dead to the living. In this scene, where the efforts of man seemed struck with desolation, and those of nature crowned with beauty and triumph, the voice of prayer sounded with peculiar effect; for it is rare that the words of Holy Writ are pronounced in such a scene; and it must be confessed that they can seldom be pronounced over such a "departed brother." The grave was worthy of a poet—was worthy of Scott:—And so there he lies, amidst his own loved scenes, awaiting throughout the duration of time the visits of yearly thousands, after which the awakening of eternity, when alone can he be reduced to a level with other men.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In stature, Sir Walter Scott was upwards of six feet, bulky in the upper part of the body, but never inclining in the least to what is called corpulency. His right limb was shrunk from an early period of boyhood, and required to be supported by a staff, which he carried close to the toes, the heel turning a little inwards. The other limb was perfectly sound, but the foot was too long to bring it within the description of handsome. The chest, arms, and shoulders, were those of a strong man; but the frame, in its general movements, must have been much enfeebled by his lameness, which was such as to give an ungainly, though not inactive appearance to the figure. The most remarkable part of Sir Walter's person was his head, which was so very tall and cylindrical, as to be quite unique. The measurement of the part below the eyes, was full an inch and a half less than that above, which, both upon the old and the new systems of Phrenology, must be held as a striking mark of the intellectuality of his character. In early life, the hair was of a sandy pale colour; but it was changed by his illness in 1819 to a light grey, and latterly had become rather thin. The eyebrows, of the same hue, were so shaggy and prominent, that when he was reading or writing at a table, they completely shrouded the eyes beneath. The eyes were grey, and somewhat small, surrounded by numerous diverging lines, and possessing the extraordinary property of shutting as much from below as from above, when their possessor was excited by a ludicrous idea. The nose was the least elegant feature, though its effect in a front view was by no means unpleasing. The cheeks were firm and close; and the chin small and undistinguished. The mouth was straight in its general shape, and the lips rather thin. Between the nose and mouth was a considerable space, intersected by a hollow, which gave an air of firmness to the visage. When walking alone, Sir Walter generally kept his eyes bent upon the ground, and had a somewhat abstracted and even repulsive aspect. But when animated by conversation, his countenance became full of pleasant expression. He may be said to have had three principal kinds of aspects: *First*, when totally unexcited, the face was heavy, with sometimes an appearance of vacancy, arising from a habit of drawing the under-lip far into his mouth, as if to facilitate breathing. *Second*, when stirred with some lively thought, the face broke into an agreeable smile, and the eyes twinkled with a peculiarly droll expression, the result of that elevation of the lower eye-lids, which has been just noticed. In no portrait is this aspect caught so happily, as in that painted near the close of his life, by Mr. Watson Gordon, (and of which a remarkably good engraving, by Horsburgh of Edinburgh, is prefixed to the revised edition of his novels,) no other painter, apparently, having detected the extraordinary muscular movement which occasions the expression. The *third* aspect of Sir Walter Scott was one of a solemn kind, always assumed when he talked of any thing which he respected, or for which his good sense informed him that a solemn expression was appropriate. For example, if he had occasion to recite but a single verse of romantic ballad poetry, or if he were informed of any unfortunate occurrence, in the least degree concerning the individual addressing him, his visage altered in a moment to an expression of deep veneration, or of grave sympathy.* The general tone of his mind, however, being decidedly cheerful, the humorous aspect was that in which he most frequently appeared. It remains only to be mentioned, in an account of his personal peculiarities, that his voice was slightly affected by the indistinctness which is so general in the county of Northumberland, in pronouncing the letter *r*, and that this was more observable when he spoke in a solemn manner, than on other occasions.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

Sir Walter Scott possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of imagination, with the gift of memory. If to this be added his strong tendency to venerate past things, we at once have the most obvious features of his intellectual character. A desultory course of reading had brought him into acquaintance with almost all the most fictitious literature that existed before his own day, as well as the minutest points of British, and more particularly Scottish history. His easy and familiar habits had also introduced him to an extensive observation of the varieties of human character. His immense memory retained the ideas thus acquired, and his splendid imagination gave them new shape and colour. Thus, his literary character rests almost exclusively upon his power of combining and embellishing past events, and his skill in delineating natural character. In early life, accident threw his exertions into the shape of verse—in later life, into prose; but, in whatever form they appear, the powers are not much different. The same magician is still at work, re-awaking the figures and events of history, or sketching the characters which we every day see around us, and investing the whole with the light of a most extraordinary fancy. His versified writings, though replete with good feeling, display neither the high imaginings nor the profound sympathies which are expected in poetry; their charm lies almost entirely in the recreation of beings long since passed away, or the conception of others who might be supposed to have once existed. As some of the material elements of poetry were thus wanting, it was fortunate that he at last preferred prose as a vehicle for his ideas,—a medium of communication in which no more was expected than what he was able or inclined to give, while it afforded a scope for the delineation of familiar character, which was nearly denied in poetry. As the discoverer and successful cultivator of this kind of fictitious writing, Sir Walter Scott must rank among the very highest names in British literature,—Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron, being the only others who can be said to stand on the same level.

Among the minor powers of his mind, humour was one of the most prominent. Both in his prose writings, and in private conversation, he was perpetually making droll application of some ancient adage, of some snatch of popular literature, or some whimsical anecdote of real life, which he happened to think appropriate to the occasion. He was characterised to a degree uncommon in men of much less genius, by his worldly sagacity and common sense; the whole tone of his conversation was eminently rational—replete, no doubt, with benevolence, with humour, and with lively illustration, but never for a moment forsaking the walk of sound reflection and wisdom.

It is also to be remarked, as a still stronger proof of his possessing this enviable faculty, that, throughout his whole life, even when engaged most deeply in abstracting studies and pursuits, he maintained his credit as a prudent man of the world. A strong feeling of nationality was another of the features of his character, though perhaps it ought, in some measure, to be identified with his tendency to admire whatever belonged to the past. He loved Scotland and Scotchmen, but, it may be remarked, fully as much with a view to what they were, and what they did long ago, as to their later or present condition. Of the common people, when they came individually before him, it cannot be said that he was a despiser: to them, as to all who came in his way, he was invariably kind and affable. Nevertheless, from the highly aristocratic tone of his mind, he had no affection for the people as a body. He seems to have never conceived the idea of a manly and independent character in middle or humble life; and in his novels, where an individual of these classes is introduced, he is never invested with any virtue, unless obedience, or even servility to superiors, be of the number. Among the features of his character, it would be improper to omit noticing his passion for field sports, and for all the machinery by which they are carried on. He was so fond of a good horse, that the present writer has seen him turn the most serious conversation, in order to remark the strength and speed of one of these animals which he saw passing. He has also recorded his attachment to dogs, by being frequently drawn with one by his side. Considered simply as a writer of the English language, he does not rank high. His sentences are not only deformed to a great degree by the errors called Scotticisms, but are often constructed in a slovenly and defective manner. It is also obvious, that, in his attempts to compose history, he neither takes the pains necessary for insuring correctness, nor can prevent his imagination from giving too much aid to the picture. It was not, perhaps, altogether without grounds, that General Gourgaud spoke of his Life of Napoleon, as the last romance by the Author of Waverley.

PERSONAL CHARACTER.

It is by far the greatest glory of Sir Walter Scott, that he shone equally as a good and virtuous man, as he did in his capacity of the first fictitious writer of the age. His behaviour through life was marked by undeviating integrity and purity, insomuch that no scandalous whisper was ever yet circulated against him. The traditionary recollection of his early life is burdened with no stain of any sort. His character as a husband and a father is altogether irreproachable. Indeed, in no single relation of life does it appear that he ever incurred the least blame. His good sense, and good feeling united, appear to have guided him aright through all the difficulties and temptations of life; and, even as a politician, though blamed by many for his exclusive sympathy in the cause of established rule, he was always acknowledged to be too benevolent and too unobtrusive to call for severe censure. Along with the most perfect uprightness of conduct, he was characterised by extraordinary simplicity of manners. He was invariably gracious and kind, and it was impossible ever to detect in his conversation a symptom of his grounding the slightest title to consideration upon his literary fame, or of his even being conscious of it. Of all men living, the most modest, as likewise the greatest and most virtuous, was Sir Walter Scott.

POSTSCRIPT.

The work with which the above narrative is connected, has now reached the thirty-fifth number, and continues to be regularly published every Saturday morning, in all the towns throughout Great Britain, and many of those in Ireland. It aims at communicating the largest possible quantity of amusing and instructive reading at the lowest possible charge; each number containing the matter of a small volume at the price of three-halfpence. The Life of Sir Walter Scott, which, with a few additions of easy acquirement, would form a half-guinea work, is given in connexion with the Journal at a mere trifle, as a still stronger earnest than any hitherto held out, of the desire of the Publishers to reduce general literature to the level of the *whole* community. The facts which it contains have been in the course of collection for about ten years, and the writer has reason to hope that not one error of the slightest importance will be pointed out.

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* Melrose Abbey.

† Old Song.

‡ Ballad of Thomas the Rhymer, in the Border Minstrelsy.

§ Dryburgh Abbey was founded in 1150 by David I., for monks of the kind called Præmonstrates.—Hailes's Annals, i.

¶ Of Baliol College, Oxford—Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, and Vicar of Lampeter.

* His more rapt and enthusiastic aspect has been conveyed to marble by Mr. Joseph, formerly of Edinburgh, now of London.

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL

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CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

AT this important era in our labours—the commencement of a second volume, and of a separate impression for the Kingdom of Ireland—we assume the liberty of saying a few words regarding ourselves.

The JOURNAL was commenced, February 4, 1832, with nothing in its favour but a little experience in popular literature, joined to great ardour of purpose, on the part of the individuals connected with it. Since then—without any of the usual expedients for facilitating the circulation of literature—without puffing—almost without advertising—by the sheer force, apparently, of its own applicability to the wants and tastes of the public—the work has reached an extent of circulation far beyond that of any periodical work, consisting of letter-press alone, that ever existed. Some facts in the history of such a publication may be received with some degree of interest by the public.

The sale of the first twelve numbers of the JOURNAL was confined in a great measure to Scotland; and the quantity then printed (including a portion designed for the supply of future demands) was thirty-one thousand. At the thirteenth number, an impression was commenced in London, which soon very nearly doubled the previous amount of sales. The eight ensuing numbers were printed both in England and Scotland, from forms of types respectively set up in London and Edinburgh, which necessarily induced the risk of printing a few additional thousands, to be reserved as *stock*. But at the twenty-first publication, it was resolved to use stereotype plates, so that the impressions might in both cases be limited to the immediate demand, leaving all future necessities to be supplied exactly as they arose. From the types set up under the care of the Editors at Edinburgh, were then cast two sets of plates, one of which was regularly transmitted on a particular day to London, where it was used instead of separate forms of types: by which means, the Editors might be said to have the advantage of supervising both editions; the risk of superfluous stock was avoided; and yet the whole expense of the two sets of plates was less than what had previously been paid for the double composition of the types. When the system had fully taken effect, the united sale of the two editions approached fifty thousand, and it is still increasing in both countries, to a degree which, though not perhaps warranting the expectation of a much greater advance, is the best possible assurance to the Editors that the general success of the work is of a steady and permanent character.

Very soon after the commencement of the work, intelligence reached the Editors that a regular reprint of the principal articles in the JOURNAL was executed at New York. What success attended this scheme has not been learned; but, since then, the Editors have had repeated applications from different colonies of Great Britain, especially Canada and the West Indies, respecting a reprint in those places, by stereotype plates or otherwise, though, from various circumstances, no such arrangement has as yet been found practicable. As in some measure compensating this disappointment, the Editors have been given to understand that innumerable copies find their way, through the kindness of friends, to individuals in almost all the dependencies of Great Britain, even in the remote fur settlements of North America. It is also a circumstance in no small degree satisfactory, that, with the present publication, commences an independent impression for Ireland, by the use of a set of stereotype plates, taken, like the others, from the types set up under the immediate care of the Editors, and which are subjected to the press by Messrs Curry and Company of Dublin. The work is now, therefore, simultaneously printed and published in each of the three capitals of the United Kingdom; a circumstance for which there is no parallel in the annals of letters.

In seeking to analyse the merits of this success, we must acknowledge in the very outset that the grand cause has been the unusually large space of paper and print in reference to the price; an idea for which we were indebted to certain works with less pretensions to originality, and others which endeavoured to minister to the less worthy passions of the multitude. As the circumstance may afterwards become matter of notice and dispute, we think it proper to claim, on this occasion, the merit of having first attempted a publication in which original and respectable literature was conveyed at the minimum of price, for the use of the people at large. To prove our claims, we request an inspection of dates, by which it will be found that we commenced several months before the Penny Magazine of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and still longer before the other respectable publications of the same kind, which have paid us the compliment of adopting our plan, and now divide with us the public attention. Whatever honour, therefore, may hereafter be thought due to the discoverer of a mode of circulating knowledge on so vast a scale, must fall indisputably to the originators of CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

If this priority has already secured to us a success far distancing our imitators, we trust that the public will generally allow that we have not reposed upon that advantage alone, but have fairly and honourably exerted ourselves to give it permanence and real desert, by the intrinsic value of the articles successively composed for our work. It is, we have too much reason to suspect, a prevailing impression, that the most part of our work is borrowed, without acknowledgment, from various sources—as if it could not be believed that so many original articles of fancy, observation, and science, could be given for such a small sum of money. But we can assure the reader, that, in every instance where not otherwise expressed, the article is an original composition, prepared by the Editors themselves, or under their direction, and expressly designed and fashioned for appearing in our pages. The superior success which has attended our efforts, instead of placing us at our ease respecting the material of our work, has only incited us to attempt, and enabled us to achieve, its improvement; so that, in some of the late numbers, there have been original compositions, by nearly as many different writers as what generally go to the composition of an ordinary magazine.* While it is obvious that this could only be done, with advantage to those concerned, after a very high degree of success had been attained, it must be equally obvious to the public, that, in no work of inferior circulation, and of the same price, is there any chance of a quantity of reading being found equal in value to what we are enabled to present; a result, simply, of that near approximation of the manufacturer's price to that of the retailer, which an extensive and regular sale, unattended by extra expense, has enabled us to bring into force, to a degree infinitely beyond what has ever been known in literature—where, on the contrary, there has always been a greater difference between the cost of production and the sale price than in any other branch of manufacture.

In addition to all considerations of increased and increasing literary strength, the other principles upon which the JOURNAL has hitherto stood, will be rigidly adhered to in time coming, so that no shock may be given, on the part of its conductors, to a system so promising of ultimate advantage, in the cultivation and improvement of the national mind. The work is perfectly universal in its principles, and such it shall continue to be. In looking back over the labours of the past year, the Editors feel assured that there is not to be detected a single passage by which any individual or body could be considered as injured, whether in respect of religious, political, or simply moral feeling. If great power has been placed in the hands of the Editors, it certainly has, in no case, been used in an unworthy spirit: no attempt has been made, either directly or indirectly, to depreciate the efforts of our neighbours; no effort has been made to convert a great engine, properly destined for mankind at large, into a vehicle for the petulant fancies of an individual, or the narrow views of a partisan in science, politics, or letters; and, above all, we have indulged in none of that endless, meaningless flippancy, respecting ourselves and our productions, which, in many other periodical works of higher pretension, has given so much offence to good taste. Every article has been presented as a distinct thing, speaking for itself, either as a body of information on a certain point, or as a picture of real or fictitious life; and, while periodical works in general are chiefly composed of what may be called a *literature upon a literature*—like the commentators of the period of the revival of letters, with their huge tomes upon the classics—the Journal has aimed at giving an *original and independent literature*, with however humble pretensions to merit. In the whole range of our pages, there has hardly been a word about what Goldsmith calls "Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses;" all has been plain, downright, substantial matter, generally based upon the broadest human interests, and depending for its effect solely upon its own merits. Though sensible, moreover, that we might have extended our circulation very much, especially out of Scotland, by the introduction of pictorial embellishments, we have stood steadfast upon letter-press alone, addressing our readers through their understandings, rather than their senses, and thereby making certainly a far less direct appeal to the mass of the public than what is made by the only respectable work which exceeds our own in circulation.

Many attempts are made by the newspapers, from time to time, to hold up the EDINBURGH JOURNAL, and all other works of the same kind, as illegal publications, in so far as they evade the payment of the newspaper duty. An ingenious plan is adopted for giving this false imputation an appearance of truth: the works which the newspapers in reality wish to depreciate are always confounded with the desperate trash, which, in open defiance of the laws, issue weekly dissertations on political events without the use of stamps. We hold this to be an exceedingly unworthy trick on the part of the newspaper press; for, though it is certainly a hardship for them to be competed with by unstamped political pasquils, they have no reason to complain of *other* papers, which are exclusively literary, and sedulously avoid every allusion whatsoever to the passing time. Of this latter description is our JOURNAL—which, in reality, is *prevented from being in the remotest degree a newspaper, by its being necessarily set up in types about a month before its publication.* The small price of the work has in other instances procured us sneers for which there is but a very unsubstantial ground. Even if it were allowable to estimate literature by the price connected with it—which certainly is *not* allowable, otherwise the heaviest three

* In No. 49—which, at the time we write, is the last publication—there were seven writers employed—almost all of them men of such practice and experience in letters, as to be able to maintain themselves by the labours of their pens.

guinea quartoes would throw the cleverest half-crown magazines completely into the shade—it is only in respect of single copies that the work could be termed humble. Take the JOURNAL in the aggregate, and, even upon the contemptible principle of those who talk of a *cheap publication*, as if cheapness were a stigma, it would probably exceed the fortune, or extent of business, of ninety-nine out of every hundred who expose in that manner their own illiberality. The number of sheets annually circulated by the Scottish newspapers—thirty-five in number, and many of them published twice and three times in the week—is 1,733,500. The number issued by the publishers of the JOURNAL is 2,600,000, exclusive of the HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER, which would increase the amount to within a little of *three millions!* The paper annually used by the JOURNAL amounts to 5416 reams, weighing about 130,000 pounds, and paying about L.1600 to government as duty; and it is exceedingly probable that, in a short time, the Irish circulation will add, at least, a fourth to these computations. If cheapness, or, to use better phraseology, the minimum of price—the perfection of every manufacturing system—secures results so brilliant as this, speaking commercially—but, speaking morally, results so likely to elevate the character of the British nations—who would not stoop, in such a case, that he might conquer?

NATURAL HISTORY.

MONKEY TRIBES.—BATS.

IN a former article, we stated, that of all animals, the Chimpansé, in conformation, approached nearest to that of man; and that this physical similitude had led many to suppose that Man himself was an improved race of one of these beasts. We have, however, we hope, satisfactorily shown how absurd is such an opinion.

Crawford, in his "Mission to Ava," mentions a human individual whom he saw in that country, who bore strong marks of quadrumanal descent, in as much as he was covered with hair from head to foot, and whose history is not less remarkable than that of the extraordinary Porcupine Men, who excited so much curiosity in England and other parts of Europe about a century ago.

The hair of the face of this singular hairy man of Ava, the ears included, is very shaggy, and about eight inches long; on the breast and shoulders it is from four to five. This curious being has a remarkable peculiarity in the number of his teeth, namely, being entirely divested of those called the molars, or grinders.

This individual is a native of the Shan country, or Lao, and from the banks of the upper portion of the Saluen or Martaban River; he was presented to the King of Ava as a curiosity, by the Prince of that country. At Ava he married a Burmese woman, by whom he has two daughters—the eldest resembling her mother, and the youngest is covered with hair, like her father, only it is white, or fair, whereas his is now dark brown, or black, having, however, been fair when a child, like that of the infant. With the exception mentioned, both the father and mother are perfectly well formed, and, indeed, for the Burman race, are rather handsome. The whole family were sent by the king to the residence of the Mission, where drawings and descriptions of them were taken.

These singular beings will no doubt increase, if allowed to marry, and establish a race of monsters like themselves; for we find that peculiarities of animal structure are frequently carried down through successive generations. And we have no doubt, but, by a union of two beings thus provided with natural clothing, that their whole progeny would be like themselves.

Monkeys and their congeners are a vast tribe, consisting of many species, out of which modern naturalists have formed a number of distinct genera. There is scarcely a country in tropical climates that does not swarm with them, and hardly a forest that has not vast troops of distinct species. All the species smaller than the baboon have less power of doing mischief, and their ferocity diminishes with their size. In their native woods they are the pests of other animals, and the masters of the forests where they reside; the tiger nor the lion will not venture to dispute dominion with creatures, who, from the tops of trees, with impunity carry on an offensive war, and by their agility escape all pursuit. Even birds have not less to fear from their depredations, as they seem to have a delight in pillaging and tearing to pieces their nests. Many species of birds, with an intelligent foresight, construct their nests either at the very pinnacle of a tree, or suspended at the tip of one of the most tender branches, so as to prevent the prying intrusion of monkeys. The only animals of the forest which venture to oppose them, are serpents. Large snakes often wind up the trees, and surprise them while they are asleep, when they fall victims to their superior strength, and are speedily devoured. Monkeys generally inhabit the higher parts of trees, while snakes cling to the branches near the bottom; in this manner they are near each other, like enemies in the same field of battle. Some supposed that their vicinity rather argued mutual friendship, which is by no means the case. Labat says he has seen them playing their gambols upon those branches on which snakes were reposing, and dexterously jumping over them without receiving any injury. They provoke snakes in the same manner as sparrows twitter at a cat.

The dexterity in passing from one tree to another, noticed in our last paper on this subject, is common to the whole tribe.

In April 1828, a dog-faced baboon (the *Semia hamadryas* of Linnæus) died in the Tower Menagerie of London, after having attracted a great deal of attention during his residence in that establishment, not only on account of his extraordinary resemblance to humanity in form and appearance, but also in his manners and habits. The right arm, in particular, exhibited a singular similitude to the corresponding part of the human figure; so much so, indeed, that had it not been for its hairy covering, and the somewhat unusual length of the fingers, the eye at least might have almost mistaken it for a portion of some brawny blacksmith, or hero of the ring. This baboon, we understand, used at all events to brandish his pot of porter by its assistance, in a style that would have done honour to a lord of the creation, and would swill it off, apparently with quite a human relish. His attentions to a dog that used to be a frequent visitor at his cage, were in the very finest style of dignified patronising. Nor did this little favourite of his seem to recognise any difference between the pat of his brother quadruped's paw and that of the whiter-skinned and shorter-fingered animal. This jolly toper, however, sunk under the effects of a confirmed dropsy, caused, no doubt, by his plentiful potations, with which, we understand, he was too liberally indulged.

In common with man, quadrupeds can easily acquire a taste for liquors. It is well known that the elephant forms an ardent liking for wine, ale, ginger beer, and even brandy. The horse, also, has been frequently known to relish these luxuries. Indeed, there is hardly a horse that will not drink ale freely. Dogs have frequently been taught to take ardent spirits. We have one in our possession, who drinks punch out of a wine-glass. We remember many years ago to have seen at Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, a jackdaw who had contracted a liking for whisky. He belonged to Mr William Wright, a publican, where he had frequent opportunities of tasting John Barleycorn; and we saw him on one occasion indulge in it to intoxication. It was amusing to see him with his wings drooping, their tips dragging along the ground, while he staggered from side to side, and all but losing his equilibrium, with his eyes half-closed by the nictitating membrane. At length, however, poor Jack fell like a Dutchman *bottom-over-top*, and lay motionless, having sunk into that death-like sleep which a superabundance of fermented or spirituous liquors always produce on the animal system. His feet were extended, and Mr Wright thought his favourite, if not dead, was certain to give up the ghost without awaking. He was rolled in flannel, and placed in a closet. Next morning, when the door was opened, Jack was ready to sound a retreat, and ran to the back door, so that he might allay his thirst in a stone basin, from which the domestic fowls drank.

Having given a rapid sketch of the monkeys in general, we shall now turn to the second family of four-handed animals, which Cuvier has ranked under the general name of LEMURS. The characters of these animals consist in their general form approaching to that of quadrupeds, properly so called; their cutting-teeth being in both jaws, as regards number, form, and situation, like monkeys, while their nostrils are placed at the extremity of the muzzle; their posterior limbs are longer than those before, and the first finger of the hind feet, next the thumb, is terminated by a sharp turned-up nail; they have either two or four teats, which are placed in the breast; and when they have a tail, it is not hanging.

This family, according to Cuvier, consists of seven genera, namely, *Indris*, *Lemur*, *Loris*, *Nycticebus*, *Gallago*, *Tarsius*, and *Cheiromys*. Amongst these, one of the most curious is the Macaco, or Ruffed Lemur, which inhabits the woods of Madagascar, and some other of the Indian islands. Its voice is uncommonly keen and sharp, which it exercises frequently in the manner of the Preacher Monkey. Lemurs are sociable animals, generally of very peaceable dispositions, without malice, or mischief of any kind; and in this respect very unlike their congeners, the tricky and petulant monkeys.

An absurd opinion has long prevailed that the Ruffed Lemur has an obscure notion of the existence of a Supreme Being, to whom he pays adoration. The circumstance which has given rise to this improbable notion is rather of a singular nature. Several acute observers have remarked, that these animals place themselves opposite to the sun, and appear to admire or rejoice at the sight of it. It is said they invariably sit down and stretch out their hands while they direct their eyes to this luminary; and also to turn themselves towards it at its rising and setting, as well as at several other times in the course of the day, and in this situation to continue for whole hours together. We have the most positive assurance of Sonnini as to this fact.

It would be difficult to account for this remarkable practice, except by supposing that it is of a very chilly constitution, and, therefore, wishes to warm himself with the genial rays of the sun. We are informed by Buffon, that he kept a Ruffed Lemur for several years while in Burgundy, and that he always sat close by the fire, and stretched out his arms towards it, like a human being, to warm himself.

The whole of this family are inhabitants of tropical climates.

The next animals which demand our attention are those of the third order of Cuvier's arrangement, viz. the CHEIROPTERA, which includes all the numerous tribe of Bats. Their general form is disposed for flight, their cutting-teeth are variable in number, their canine teeth more or less strong, and their grinders sometimes covered with points, and sometimes furrowed lengthways; they have a fold of skin between their arms and legs and the fingers of the fore-feet; they have two teats on the breast, and very strong collar-bones; their fore-arms are not capable of rotation.

The first family of this tribe is termed Galeopithecus by Cuvier, or the Flying Lemur of Linnæus' system. The habits of these animals are yet but imperfectly known. They hang suspended by their hind-legs to the branches of trees, and feed on insects, and, in all probability, on small birds, for which nature has fitted them, from the carnivorous character of their teeth. These animals move on the ground with great difficulty, but climb trees with much facility, and spring from the branches of one to those of another with surprising dexterity, supported in the air by the extension of a large membrane, by which their body is invested, even to the points of the toes. One of the species is nearly as large as a domestic cat; and it may well be wondered that so large an animal should be enabled to float a distance of thirty-five to forty feet through the atmosphere, and be able to alight on a branch, and have the power to sustain itself after so violent an action. But they have collar-bones of very great strength, which give them much strength in the fore-arms. They feed by night, and suspend themselves by their hind-feet to branches of trees, like bats, during the day.

The second family of this order are the *Vespertiliones*, or Bats. Modern naturalists have divided these into many genera. The most remarkable of these are the various species which go under the common appellation of Vampyres. One of the most frightful of these is the Spectre Vampyre, *Phyllostoma spectrum*. It is the largest of the bat tribe, and inhabits South America and some islands of the Pacific Ocean. The length of its body is six inches, and with extended wings exceeding two feet.

We are informed by De Condamine, that these bats suck the blood of horses, mules, and men. He says, that, in his time at Boria, and several other places, they had destroyed the breed of great cattle, which were introduced there by the missionaries. Foster says, that, in the Friendly Islands, they swarm like bees, and that clusters of from four to five hundred of them may be seen suspended from trees, by their hind-feet principally, although a few hang by their fore-feet.

Captain Stedman states, that, while in Surinam, he awoke about four o'clock one morning, and was considerably alarmed by finding himself weltering in congealed blood, and was unable to account for this, as he felt no pain whatever. "The mystery," says he, "was, that I had been bitten by the vampyre, or spectre of Guiana, which is also called the flying-dog of New Spain; and, by the Spaniards, *perrovolador* This is no other than a bat of monstrous size, that sucks the blood from men and cattle, while they are fast asleep, even, sometimes, till they die; and as the manner in which they proceed is truly wonderful, I shall endeavour to give a distinct account of it. Knowing, by instinct, that the person they intend to attack is in a sound slumber, they generally alight near the feet, where, while the creature continues fawning with his enormous wings, which keeps one cool, he bites a piece out of the tip of the great toe, so very small, indeed, that the head of a pin could scarcely be received into the wound, which is, consequently, not painful; yet, through this orifice, he continues to suck the blood, until he is obliged to disgorge. He then begins again, and thus continues sucking and disgorging until he is scarcely able to fly, and the sufferer has often been known to pass from time to eternity. Cattle they generally bite in the ear, but always in places where the blood flows spontaneously. Having applied tobacco ashes, as the best remedy, and washed the gore from myself and hammock, I observed several heaps of congealed blood all round the place where I had lain, upon the ground; on examining which, the surgeon judged that I had lost at least fourteen ounces of blood."

The following amusing account of these animals is recorded by a recent traveller in South America:—

"Some years ago," says Mr Waterton, "I went to the river Paumaron, with a Scotch gentleman, by name Tarbet. We hung in hammocks in the thatched loft of a planter's house. Next morning I heard this gentleman muttering in his hammock, and now and then letting fall an imprecation or two, just about the time he ought to have been saying his morning prayers. 'What is the matter, Sir?' said I, softly; 'is any thing amiss?' 'What's the matter!' answered he, surlily; 'why, the vampyres have been sucking me to death.' As soon as there was light enough, I went to his hammock—'See, how these infernal imps have been drawing my life's blood.' On examining his foot, I found the vampyre had *tapped* his great toe. There was a wound somewhat less than that made by a leech. The blood was still oozing from it. I conjectured he might have lost from ten to twelve ounces of blood. Whilst examining it, I think I put him into a worse humour, by remarking, that a European surgeon would not have been so generous as to have blooded him without making a charge. He looked up in my face, but did

not say a word. I saw he was of opinion that I had better have spared this piece of ill-timed levity."

The common European bat spends the winter in a torpid state, in some dark hole, suspended by one of its feet. During this condition the circulation of the blood is so slow, that its motion is hardly perceptible. The powers of its digestive functions are totally suspended. In this state the bat continues, till insects are let loose from their aurilea condition by the general warmth of the vernal sun; when he may again be seen pursuing his predatory habits on these tribes.

There are some instances recorded of bats having been found inclosed in situations where they must have remained in a torpid condition for many years, like the toad. We may mention one of these. A man employed in splitting timber near Kinsall, Cheshire, in the beginning of December 1826, discovered, in the centre of a large pear-tree, a living bat, of a bright scarlet colour, which he suffered to escape, from fear, being fully persuaded that it was not a being of this world. The tree presented a cavity in which the bat was inclosed, but was perfectly solid and sound all around. A similar instance is mentioned of one having been seen at Haining, in Selkirkshire.

Bats frequently fly abroad, with their young attached to their teats, which has been observed by many naturalists, and among these, Sir William Jardine.

THE POOR IRISH SCHOLAR.

[The following story, abridged from the clever work entitled "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," gives an exceedingly affecting picture of the life of a poor scholar in Ireland, who, in his pursuit of learning, underwent the severest privations, and became an object of tyranny to the master of whom he was a pupil.]

"THERE is no country on the earth (says the author) in which either education, or the desire to procure it, is so much reverenced as in Ireland. Next to the claims of the priest and schoolmaster come those of the poor scholar for the respect of the people. It matters not how poor or how miserable he may be; so long as they see him struggling with poverty in the prosecution of a purpose so laudable, they will treat him with attention and kindness. Here there is no danger of his being sent to the workhouse, committed as a vagrant—or passed from parish to parish, until he reaches his own settlement. Here the humble lad is not met by the sneer of purse-proud insolence, or his simple tale answered only by the frown of heartless contempt. No—no—no. The best bit and sup are placed before him; and whilst his poor but warm-hearted entertainer can afford only potatoes and salt to his own half-starved family, he will make a struggle to procure something better for the poor scholar; '*Bekase he's far from his own, the crathur!* An' sure the intintion in him is good, any how; the Lord prosper him, an' every one that has the heart set upon the larnin'!"

Jemmy M'Evoy was the son of a poor farmer in the parish of Ballysogarth, who was much reduced in his circumstances by the oppression of a factor, or middleman. Having a strong and virtuous desire to possess an education suitable for the office of a clergyman, in order, if possible, to be the means of rescuing his unfortunate parents from the poverty of their condition, a collection in money was humanely made at the different places of worship in the parish, to enable him to set out on his laudable expedition to a distant school in Munster. At length Jemmy was equipped, and sad and heavy became the hearts of his parents and immediate relations, as the morning appointed for his departure drew nigh. The morning came: it was dark and cloudy, but calm, and without rain. When the family were all assembled, every member of it evinced traces of deep feeling, and every eye was fixed upon the serene but melancholy countenance of the boy with tenderness and sorrow. He himself maintained a quiet equanimity, which, though apparently liable to be broken by the struggles of domestic affection, and in character with his meek and unassuming disposition, yet was supported by more firmness than might be expected from a mind in which kindness and sensibility were so strongly predominant. At this time, however, his character was not developed, or at least not understood by those that surrounded him. To strong feelings and enduring affections he added great keenness of perception and bitterness of invective. At breakfast little or nothing was eaten; the boy himself could not taste a morsel, nor any other person in the family. When the form of the meal was over, the father knelt down—'It's right,' said he, 'that we should all go to our knees, and join in a prayer in behalf of the child that's goin' on a good intintion. He won't thrive the worse bekase the last words that he'll hear from his father and mother's lips is a prayer for bringin' the blessin' of God down upon his endayvours.'

This was accordingly performed, though not without tears and sobs, and frequent demonstrations of grief; for religion among the peasantry is often associated with bursts of deep and powerful feeling.

When the prayer was over, the boy rose, and calmly strapped to his back a satchel covered with deer-skin, containing a few books, linen, and a change of very plain apparel. While engaged in this, the uproar of grief in the house was perfectly heart-rending. When just ready to set out, he reverently took off his hat, knelt down, and with tears streaming from his eyes, craved humbly and meekly the blessing and forgiveness of his father and mother. The mother caught him in her arms, kissed his lips, and kneeling also, sobbed out a fervent benediction upon his head; the father now, in the grief of a strong man, pressed him to his heart, until the big burning tears fell upon the boy's face; his brothers and sisters embraced him wildly; next his more distant relations; and lastly, the neighbours who were crowded about the door. After this he took a light staff in his hand, and, first blessing himself after the form of his church, proceeded to a strange land in quest of education.

The poor scholar, in the course of his journey, had the satisfaction of finding himself an object of kind and hospitable attention to his countrymen. His satchel of books was literally a passport to their hearts. For instance, as he wended his solitary way, depressed and travel-worn, he was frequently accosted by labourers from behind a ditch on the road-side, and, after giving a brief history of the object he had in view, brought, if it was dinner-hour, to some farm-house or cabin, where he was made to partake of their meal. Many, in fact, were the little marks of kindness and attention which the poor lad received on his way. Sometimes a ragged peasant, if he happened to be his fellow traveller, would carry his satchel so long as they traveiled together; or a carman would give him a lift on his empty car; or some humorous postilion, or tipsy 'shay boy,' with a comical leer in his eye, would shove him into his vehicle.

Arriving at Munster, Jemmy, by the kindness of the curate, was introduced to the master of a school in the most favourable manner. He returned that day to his lodgings, and the next morning, with his Latin Grammar under his arm, he went to school to taste the first bitter fruits of the tree of knowledge. On entering it, which he did with a beating heart, he found the despot of a hundred subjects sitting behind a desk, with his hat on, a brow superciliously severe, and his nose crimped into a most cutting and vinegar curl. The truth was, the master knew the character of the curate, and felt, that, because he had taken Jemmy under his protection, no opportunity remained for him of fleecing the boy, under the pretence of securing his money, and that, consequently. the arrival of the poor scholar would be no windfall, as he had expected. When Jemmy entered, he looked first at the master; but the master, who verified the proverb that there are none so blind as those who will not see, took no notice whatsoever of him. The boy then looked timidly about the school in quest of a friendly face, and, indeed, few faces except friendly ones were turned upon him.

The master now made inquiry how he was to be paid for the education he was to confer, and Jemmy explained that he had money to pay for two years. 'Now, I persave you have decency,' said the barefaced knave. 'Here is your task. Get that half page by heart. You have a cute look, and I've no doubt but the stuff's in you. Come to me afther dismiss, 'til we have a little talk together.' Jemmy was, however, put on his guard by a boy named Thady; and so he was prepared against the designs of the master. During school-hours that day, many a warm-hearted urchin entered into conversation with the poor scholar; some moved by curiosity to hear his brief and simple history; others anxious to offer him a temporary asylum in their fathers' houses; and several of them to know if he had the requisite books, assuring him that if he had not, they would lend them to him. These proofs of artless generosity touched the homeless youth's heart the more acutely, in as much as he could perceive but too clearly that the eye of the master rested upon him from time to time with no auspicious glance. When the scholars dismissed, a scene occurred which was calculated to produce a smile, although it certainly placed the poor scholar in a predicament by no means agreeable. It resulted from a contest among the boys as to who should first bring him home. A battle ensued, and in a few minutes there was scarcely a little pair of fists present that were not at work, either on behalf of the two first combatants, or with a view to determine their own private rights in being the first to exercise hospitality towards the amazed poor scholar. The fact was, that while the two largest boys were arguing the point, about thirty or forty minor disputes all ran parallel to theirs, and their mode of decision was immediately adopted by the pugnacious urchins of the school. In this manner they were engaged, poor Jemmy attempting to tranquillize and separate them, when the master, armed in all his terrors, presented himself.

With the tact of a sly old disciplinarian, he first secured the door, and instantly commenced the agreeable task of promiscuous castigation. Heavy and vindictive did his arm descend upon those whom he suspected to have cautioned the boy against his rapacity; nor amongst the warm-hearted lads whom he thwacked so cunningly, was Thady passed over with a tender hand. Springs, bouncings, doublings, blowing of fingers, scratching of heads, and rubbing of elbows—shouts of pain, and doleful exclamations, accompanied by action that displayed surpassing agility—marked the effect with which he plied the instrument of punishment. In the meantime, the spirit of reaction, to use a modern phrase, began to set in. The master, while thus engaged in dispensing justice, first received a rather vigorous thwack on the ear from behind, by an anonymous contributor, who gifted him with what is called a musical ear, for it sang during five minutes afterwards. The monarch, when turning round to ascertain the traitor, received another insult on the most indefensible side, and that with a cordiality of manner that induced him to send his right hand a reconnoitring the invaded part. He wheeled round a second time with more alacrity than before; but nothing less than the head of Janus could have secured him on the occasion. The anonymous contributor sent him a fresh article. This was supported by another kick behind; the turf began to fly; one after another came in contact with his head and shoulders so rapidly, that he found himself, instead of being the assailant, actually placed upon his defence. The insurrection spread, the turf flew more thickly; his subjects closed in upon him in a more compact body; every little fist itched to be at him; the larger boys boldly laid in the facers, punched him in the stomach, treated him most opprobriously behind, every kick and cuff accompanied by a memento of his cruelty; in short, they compelled him, like Charles the Tenth, ignominiously to fly from his dominions.

On finding the throne vacant, some of them suggested that it ought to be overturned altogether. Thady, however, who was the ringleader of the rebellion, persuaded them to be satisfied with what they had accomplished, and consequently succeeded in preventing them from destroying the fixtures.

Again they surrounded the poor scholar, who, feeling himself the cause of the insurrection, appeared an object of much pity. Such was his grief that he could scarcely reply to them. Their consolation on witnessing his distress was overwhelming; they desired him to think nothing of it; if the master, they told him, should wreak his resentment on *him*, 'be the holy farmer, they would *pay* the *masther*.' Thady's claim was now undisputed; with only the injury of a black eye, and a lip swelled to the size of a sausage, he walked home in triumph, the poor scholar accompanying him.

The master, who feared that this open contempt of his authority, running up as it did into a very unpleasant species of retaliation, was something like a signal for him to leave the parish, felt rather more of the penitent the next morning than did any of his pupils. He was by no means displeased, therefore, to see them drop in about the usual hour. They came, however, not one by one, but in compact groups, each officered by two or three of the larger boys; for they feared that had they entered singly, he might have punished them singly, until his vengeance should be satisfied. It was by bitter and obstinate struggles that they succeeded in repressing their mirth, when he appeared at his desk with one of his eyes literally closed, and his nose considerably improved in size and richness of colour. When they were all assembled, he hemmed several times, and in a woe-begone tone of voice, split—by a feeble attempt at maintaining authority, and suppressing his terrors—into two parts that jarred most ludicrously, he briefly addressed them as follows:

'Gintlemen classics—I have been now twenty-six years engaged in the propagation of Latin and Greek litherature, in conjunction wid mathematics, but never until yesterday has my influence been spurned; never until yesterday have sacrilegious hands been laid upon my person; never until yesterday have I been kicked—insidiously, ungallantly, and treacherously kicked—by my own subjects. No, gintlemen—and whether I ought to bestow that respectable epithet upon you after yesterday's proceedings, is a matter which admits of dispute;—never before has the lid of my eye been laid drooping, and that in such a manner that I must be blind to the conduct of half my pupils, whether I will or not. No king can consider himself properly such, until after he has received the oil of consecration; but you, it appears, think differently. You have unkinged me first, and anointed me afterwards; but I say, no potentate would relish such unction. It smells confoundedly of republicanism. Maybe this is what *you* understand by the Republic of Letters; but if it be, I would advise you to change your principles. You treated my ribs as if they were the ribs of a common man; my shins you took liberties wid even to excoriation; my head you made a target of for your hardest turf; and my nose you dishonoured to my face. Was this ginerous? was it discreet? was it subordinate? and, above all, was it *classical*? However, I will show you what greatness of mind is; I will convince you that it is more noble and god-like to forgive an injury, or rather five dozen injuries, than to avenge one; when—hem—yes, I say, when I—I—*might* so easily avenge it. I now present you wid an amnesty; return to your allegiance; but never, while in this siminary, under my tuition, attimpt to take the execution of the laws into your own hands. Homerians, come up?'

This address, into which he purposely threw a dash of banter and mock gravity, delivered with the accompaniments of his swelled nose and drooping eye, pacified his audience more readily than a serious one would have done. It was received without any reply or symptom of disrespect, unless the occasional squeak of a suppressed laugh, or the visible shaking of many sides with inward convulsions, might be termed such.

In the course of the day, it is true, their powers of maintaining gravity were put to a severe test, particularly when, while hearing a class, he began to adjust his drooping eyelid, or coax back his nose into its natural position. On these occasions a sudden pause might be noticed in the business of the class; the boy's voice who happened to read at the time would fail him; and on resuming his sentence by command of the master, it's tone was tremulous, and scarcely adequate to the task of repeating the words without his bursting into laughter. The master observed all this

clearly enough, but his mind was already made up to take no further notice of what had happened.

All this, however, conduced to render the situation of the poor scholar much more easy, or rather less penal, than it would otherwise have been. Still the innocent lad was on all possible occasions a butt for this miscreant. To miss a word was a pretext for giving him a cruel blow. To arrive two or three minutes later than the appointed hour was certain on his part to be attended with immediate punishment. Jemmy bore it all with silent heroism. He shed no tear—he uttered no remonstrance; but, under the anguish of pain so barbarously inflicted, he occasionally looked round upon his schoolfellows with an expression of silent entreaty that was seldom lost upon them. Cruel to him the master often was, but to inhuman barbarity the large scholars never permitted him to descend. Whenever any of the wealthier farmers' sons had neglected their lessons, or deserved chastisement, the mercenary creature substituted a joke for the birch; but as soon as the son of a poor man, or, which was better still, the poor scholar, came before him, he transferred that punishment which the wickedness or idleness of respectable boys deserved, to his or their shoulders. For this outrageous injustice the hard-hearted old villain had some plausible excuse ready, so that it was in many cases difficult for Jemmy's generous companions to interfere in his behalf, or parry the sophistry of such a petty tyrant.

In this miserable way did he pass over the tedious period of a year, going about every night in rotation with the scholars, and severely beaten on all possible occasions by the master. His conduct and manners won him the love and esteem of all except his tyrant instructor. His assiduity was remarkable, and his progress in the elements of English and classical literature surprisingly rapid. This added considerably to his character, and procured him additional respect. It was not long until he made himself useful and obliging to all the boys beneath his standing in the school. These services he rendered with an air of such kindness, and a grace so naturally winning, that the attachment of his schoolfellows increased towards him from day to day. Thady was his patron on all occasions: neither did the curate neglect him. The latter was his banker, for the boy had very properly committed his purse to his keeping. At the expiration of every quarter, the schoolmaster received the amount of his bill, which he never failed to send in when due.

Jemmy had not, during his first year's residence in the south, forgotten to request the kind curate's interference with the landlord, on behalf of his father. To be the instrument of restoring his family to their former comfortable holding under Colonel B——, would have afforded him, without excepting the certainty of his own eventual success, the highest gratification. Of this, however, there was no hope, and nothing remained for him but assiduity in his studies, and patience under the merciless scourge of his teacher. In addition to an engaging person and agreeable manners, nature had gifted him with a high order of intellect, and great powers of acquiring knowledge. The latter he applied to the business before him with indefatigable industry. The school at which he settled was considered the first in Munster; and the master, notwithstanding his known severity, stood high, and justly so, in the opinion of the people, as an excellent classical and mathematical scholar. Jemmy applied himself to the study of both, and at the expiration of his second year had made such progress, that he stood without a rival in the school.

It is usual, as we have said, for the poor scholar to go night after night in rotation with his schoolfellows; he is particularly welcome in the houses of those farmers whose children are not so far advanced as himself. It is expected that he should instruct them in the evenings, and enable them to prepare their lessons for the following day—a task which he always performs with pleasure, because in teaching them he is confirming his own mind in the knowledge which he has previously acquired. Towards the end of the second year, however, he ceased to circulate in this manner. Two or three of the most independent parishioners, whose sons were only commencing their studies, agreed to keep him week about; an arrangement highly convenient to him, as by that means he was not so frequently dragged, as he had been, to the remotest parts of the parish. Being an expert penman, he acted also as secretary of grievances to the poor, who frequently employed him to draw up petitions to obdurate landlords, or to their more obdurate agents, and letters to soldiers in all parts of the world, from their anxious and affectionate relations. All these little services he performed kindly and promptly; many a blessing was fervently invoked upon his head; the 'good word' and 'the prayer' were all they could afford, as they said, 'to the *bouchal dhas oge** that tuck the world an' him for sake o' the larnin', an' that hasn't the kindliness o' the mother's breath an' the mother's hand near him, the crathur.'

About the middle of the third year he was once more thrown upon the general hospitality of the people. The three farmers with whom he had lived for the preceding six months, emigrated to America, as did many others of that class which, in this country, most nearly approximates to the substantial yeomanry of England. The little purse, too, which he had placed in the hands of the kind priest, was exhausted; a season of famine, sickness, and general distress, had set in; and the master, on understanding that he was without money, became diabolically savage. In short, the boy's difficulties increased to a perplexing degree. Even Thady and his grown companions, who usually interposed in his behalf when the master became excessive in correcting him, had left the school, and now the prospect before him was dark and cheerless indeed. For a few months longer, however, he struggled on, meeting every difficulty with meek endurance. Since his very boyhood he had reverenced the sanctions of religion, and was actuated by a strong devotional spirit. He trusted in God, and worshipped him night and morning with a sincere heart.

At this crisis he was certainly an object of pity; his clothes, which for some time before were reduced to tatters, he had replaced by a cast-off coat and small-clothes, a present from his friend the curate, who never abandoned him. This worthy young man could not afford him money, for as he had but fifty pounds a-year, with which to clothe, subsist himself, keep a horse, and pay rent, it was hardly to be expected that his benevolence could be extensive. In addition to this, famine and contagious disease raged with formidable violence in the parish; so that the claims upon his bounty of hundreds who lay huddled together in cold cabins, in out-houses, and even behind ditches, were incessant as well as heart-rending. The number of interments that took place daily in the parish was awful; nothing could be seen but funerals attended by groups of ragged and emaciated creatures, from whose hollow eyes gleamed forth the wolfish fire of famine. The wretched mendicants were countless, and the number of coffins that lay on the public roads—where, attended by the nearest relatives of the deceased, they had been placed for the purpose of procuring charity—were greater than ever had been remembered by the oldest inhabitant.

Such was the state of the parish when our poor scholar complained one day in school of severe illness. The early symptoms of the prevailing epidemic were well known, and, on examining more closely into his situation, it was clear, that, according to the phraseology of the people, he had 'got the faver on his back—had caught 'a heavy load of the fever.' The Irish are particularly apprehensive of contagious maladies. The moment it had been discovered that Jemmy was infected, his schoolfellows avoided him with a feeling of terror scarcely credible, and the inhuman master was delighted at any circumstance, however calamitous, that might afford him a pretext for driving the friendless youth out of the school. 'Take,' said he, 'every thing belongin' to you out of my establishment: you were always a plague to me, but now more than ever. Be quick, sarra, and nidificate for yourself somewhere else. Do you want to thranslate my siminary into an hospital, and myself into Lazarus, as president? Go off, you wild goose, and conjugate *ægroto* wherever you find a convenient spot to do it in.'

The poor boy silently, and with difficulty, arose, collected his books, and slinging on his satchel, looked to his schoolfellows, as if he had said, 'which of you will afford me a place where to lay my aching head?' All, however, kept aloof from him;—he had caught the contagion, and the contagion, they knew, had swept the people away in vast numbers.

At length he spoke: 'Is there any boy among you,' he inquired, 'who will bring me home? You know I am a stranger, an' far from my own, God help me!'

This was followed by a profound silence. Not one of those who had so often befriended him, or who would, on any other occasion, share their bed and their last morsel with him, would even touch his person, much less allow him, when thus plague-stricken, to take shelter under their roof. Such are the effects of selfishness, when it is opposed only by the force of those natural qualities that are not elevated into a sense of duty by clear and profound views of Christian truth. It is one thing to perform a kind action from constitutional impulse, and another to perform it as a fixed duty, perhaps contrary to that impulse.

Jemmy, on finding himself avoided like a Hebrew leper of old, silently left the school, and walked on without knowing whither he should ultimately direct his steps. He thought of his friend the priest, but the distance between him and his place of abode was greater, he felt, than his illness would permit him to travel. He walked on, therefore, in such a state of misery and dereliction as can scarcely be conceived, much less described. His head ached excessively, an intense pain shot like death-pangs through his lower back and loins, his face was flushed, and his head giddy. In this state he proceeded, without money or friends, without a house to shelter him, a bed on which to lie, far from his own relations, and with the prospect of death, under circumstances peculiarly dreadful, before him! He tottered on, however, the earth, as he imagined, reeling under him; the heavens, he thought, streaming with fire, and the earth indistinct and discoloured. Home, the paradise of the absent—home, the heaven of the affections—with all its tenderness and blessed sympathies, rushed upon his heart. His father's deep but quiet kindness, his mother's sedulous love; his brothers—all that they had been to him—these, with their thousand heart-stirring associations, started into life before him again and again. But he was now ill, and the mother—ah! the enduring sense of that mother's love placed her brightest, and strongest, and tenderest, in the far and distant group which his imagination bodied forth.

'Mother!' he exclaimed, 'oh, mother, why—why did I ever lave you? Mother! the son you loved is dyin' without a kind word—lonely and neglected in a strange land! Oh, my *own* mother! why did I ever lave you?'

The conflict between his illness and his affections overcame him: he staggered—he grasped as if for assistance at the vacant air—he fell, and lay for some time in a state of insensibility.

The season was then that of midsummer, and early meadows were falling before the scythe. As the boy sank to the earth, a few labourers were eating their scanty dinner of bread and milk so near him, that only a dry low ditch ran between him and them. They had heard his words indistinctly, and one of them was putting the milk-bottle to his lips, when, attracted by the voice, he looked in the direction of the speaker, and saw him fall. They immediately recognised 'the poor scholar,' and in a moment were attempting to recover him.

'Why thin, my poor fellow, what's *a shaughran* wid you?'

Jemmy stared for a moment about him, and asked, 'Where am I?'

'Faitha, thin you're in Rory Connor's field, widin a few perches of the high road. But what ails you, poor boy?—is it sick you are?'

'It is,' he replied; 'I have got the faver. I had to lave school; none o' them would take me home, an' I doubt I must die in a Christian country, undher the open canopy of heaven. Oh, for God's sake, don't lave me! Bring me to some hospital, or into the next town, where people may know that I'm sick, an' maybe some kind Christian will relieve me!'

The moment he mentioned 'Fever,' the men involuntarily drew back, after having laid him reclining against the green ditch.

'Thin, thundher an' turf, what's to be done?' exclaimed one of them, thrusting his spread fingers into his hair. 'Is the poor boy to die widout help among Christyeens like uz?'

The story of the poor scholar's sufferings need be pursued no farther. He excited the compassion of some kind-hearted individuals, who took care of him till he recovered. He returned to Munster, and by means of his early friend, the curate, the story of his father's wrongs, and his own virtuous endeavours to procure education so as to enable him to rescue his parents from poverty, were made known to Colonel B——, the proprietor of the estate on which he was born. Old Dominick M'Evoy, his father, was restored to his farm. Jemmy also was made happy in being sent at the colonel's expense, first to a boarding-school, and next to college, where he completed his education.

After a lapse of years, he resolved on returning to his native home, to see his parents. He travelled slowly, and, as every well-known hill or lake appeared to him, his heart beat quickly, his memory gave up its early stores, and his affections prepared themselves for the trial that was before them.

'It is better for me not to arrive,' thought he, 'until the family shall have returned from their daily labour, and are collected about the hearth.'

In the meantime, many an impression of profound and fervid piety came over him, when he reflected upon the incontrovertible proofs of providential protection and interference, which had been, during his absence from home, under his struggles, and in his good fortune, so clearly laid before him. 'Deep,' he exclaimed, 'is the gratitude I owe to God for this; may I never forget to acknowledge it!'

It was now about seven o'clock; the evening was calm, and the sun shone with that clear amber light which gives warmth, and the power of exciting tenderness, to natural scenery. He had already gained the ascent which commanded a view of the rich sweep of country that reposed below. There it lay—his native home—his native parish—bathed in the light and glory of the hour. Its fields were green—its rivers shining like loosened silver—its meadows already studded with hay-cocks, its green pastures covered with sheep, and its unruffled lakes reflecting the hills under which they lay. Here and there a gentleman's residence rose among the distant trees, and well did he recognise the church spire that cut into the western sky on his right. It is true, nothing of the grandeur and magnificence of nature was there; every thing was simple in its beauty. The quiet charm, the serene light, the air of happiness and peace that reposed upon all he saw, stirred up a thousand tender feelings in a heart whose gentle character resembled that of the prospect which it felt so exquisitely. The smoke of a few farm-houses and cottages rose in blue graceful columns to the air, giving just that appearance of life which was necessary; and a figure or two, with lengthened shadows, moved across the fields and meadows a little below where he stood.

But our readers need not be told that there was one spot which, beyond all others, rivetted his attention. On that spot his eager eye rested long and intensely. The spell of its remembrance had clung to his early heart! he had never seen it in his dreams without weeping; and often had the agitation of his imaginary sorrow awoke him with his eye-lashes steeped in tears. He looked down on it steadily. At length he was moved with a strong sensation like grief: he sobbed

* The pretty *young* boy. *Boy* in Ireland does not always imply youth.

twice or thrice, and the tears rolled in showers from his eyes. His gathering affections were relieved by this; he felt lighter, and in the same slow manner rode onward to his father's house.

To this there were two modes of access; one by a paved bridle-way, or *boreen*, that ran up directly before the door—the other by a green lane, that diverged from the *boreen* about a furlong below the house. He took the latter, certain that the family could not notice his approach, nor hear the noise of his horse's footsteps, until he could arrive at the very threshold.

On dismounting, he felt that he could scarcely walk. He approached the door, however, as steadily as he could. He entered—and the family, who had just finished their supper, rose up, as a mark of their respect to the stranger.

'Is this,' he inquired, 'the house in which Dominick M'Evoy lives?'

'That's my name, Sir,' replied Dominick.

'The family, I trust, are—all—well? I have been desired——but no—no—I cannot—I cannot—FATHER!—MOTHER!'

'It's *him!*' shrieked the mother—'It's himself!—Jemmy!'

'Jemmy! Jemmy!!' shouted the father, with a cry of joy which might be heard far beyond the house.

'Jemmy!—our poor Jemmy!—Jemmy!!' exclaimed his brothers and sister.

'Asy, childhre,' said the father—'asy; let the mother to him—let *her* to him. Who has the right that *she* has? Vara, asthore—Vara, think of yourself. God of heaven! what is comin' over her?—Her brain's turned!'

'Father, don't remove her,' said the son. 'Leave her arms where they are: it's long since they encircled my neck before. Often—often would I have given the wealth of the universe to be encircled in my blessed and beloved mother's arms! Yes, yes!—Weep, my father—weep, each of you. You see those tears;—consider them as a proof that I have never forgotten you! Beloved mother; recollect yourself: she knows me not—her eyes wander!—I fear the shock has been too much for her. Place a chair at the door, and I will bring her to the air.'

After considerable effort, the mother's faculties were restored so far as to be merely conscious that our hero was her son. She had not yet shed a tear, but now she surveyed his countenance, smiled, and named him, placed her hands upon him, and examined his dress with a singular blending of conflicting emotions, but still without being thoroughly collected.

She smiled—but only for a moment. She looked at him, laid his head upon her bosom, bedewed his face with her tears, and muttered out, in a kind of sweet, musical cadence, the Irish cry of joy.

We are incapable of describing this scene further. Our readers must be contented to know, that the delight and happiness of our hero's whole family were complete. Their son, after many years of toil and struggle, had at length succeeded, by a virtuous course of action, in raising them from poverty to comfort, and in effecting his own object, which was, to become a member of the priesthood. During all his trials he never failed to rely on God; and it is seldom that those who rely upon Him, when striving to attain a laudable purpose, are ever ultimately disappointed.

* * * *

We regret to inform our readers that the poor scholar is dead! He did not, in fact, long survive the accomplishment of his wishes. But as we had the particulars of his story from his nearest friends, we thought his virtues of too exalted a nature to pass into oblivion without some record, however humble. He died as he had lived—the friend of God and of man."

TIBBY AND THE MINISTER.

The late venerated Dr C., of Cupar, was in the habit of taking his evening walk on the high-road in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. During one of these stated excursions, he had occasion to meet several people returning from Ceres market, whose conversation and step indicated that Ceres and Bacchus had not been separated. Amongst the rest, a well-known, canty little body, of the name of "Tibby Brown," hove in sight, manifestly after having made, as was sometimes Tibby's practice, a little too free with a certain little stoup, which contains a gill. Tibby was a character, and though somewhat addicted to a glass at orra times, was a well-doing body upon the whole, kept a clean well-swept house, a sonsy cat, and a cheerful tongue in her head, what time the minister paid her a visit. Tibby, however, had that day disposed of some sale yarn, and had tithed the price to the amount of a cheerful glass with the merchant who purchased it. Tibby was close upon her pastor, ere she perceived him, and finding it impossible to retreat, did what most people would have done in her circumstances; she put the best face on it possible—brought up her leeway—steadied her pace to a miracle—cocked her head—and, from her very anxiety to disguise her unsteadiness, immediately tripped, stumbled, and all *but* came in contact with the person of her pastor. Dr C. saw Tibby's situation, and knew her general character as well as her foible; so, continuing that benignity of countenance which was natural to him, he proceeded to rally Tibby in the following terms:—"Hout, tout, Tibby, woman, ye're *reeling*, I see." Tibby heard the assertion, and being more accustomed to the professional than to the English sense of the term, incontinently and gaily rejoined, "Weel minister, ye ken a body canna aye be spinning."

POOR PEOPLE AND RICH PEOPLE.

Poor people often imagine that rich people are necessarily happy; but this is a great mistake. Happiness is a temperament of the mind independent of the mere possession of wealth. When a labourer on the road-side, who, perhaps, toils ten hours a-day for a shilling, sees a carriage roll past in which a genteel middle-aged man is reclining, apparently at his ease, he probably says to himself, "how lucky that man is! how happy must he be in enjoying such luxuries! I wish I were as well off as he." Now, if the labouring man reasoned in this manner, he would most likely make some serious miscalculations as to the exact amount of happiness enjoyed by the gentleman whom he envied. He would not reflect upon the circumstance that the acquisition of every new object of wealth and luxurious indulgence brings with it a new care—something disagreeable, which was not previously calculated upon—and that this, in every instance, forms a considerable discount off the supposed amount of happiness. If we were to inquire into the condition of the gentleman in the carriage, and find that he was a landowner by inheritance, a person standing in the highest class of society in the district, we would not on that account perceive that he has nothing troublesome to reflect upon. He is, in all likelihood, involved, whether it be his inclination or otherwise, in the conflict of political partisanship in the county representation, and at last election was hissed at the hustings; he is vexed about one of his chief tenants becoming bankrupt just before his half-yearly rent was due; he now finds his income too small to support the expenditure of his wife and family; he has just received a letter from his law agent in town, mentioning that the bond of L.3500 granted last year must be taken up before Candlemas, and that "money was never so difficult to be had as at present:" he has also been a good deal bothered with his son-in-law's affairs, and been dragged into a litigation regarding the salmon fishings on the river; and, worse than all, there has taken place a change of Ministry, who have promised a "revision of the corn laws"—in other words, he is about to become a ruined man. These and many other causes of vexation to landowner do not occur to the mind of the labouring man, when he envies him his apparently happy condition.

Let us suppose, on the other hand, that the gentleman in the carriage is not a proprietor of lands, but lives, as it is called, on the interest of his money. An individual in these circumstances is rarely a happy man; that is to say, unless he possess the principle of contentment, or an easy mind; for, in most cases, he has much greater concern in disposing of his funds to the best advantage, than the poor man has in labouring for his bread. The monied man is in a continual fret regarding the security of his property. If he lay out his capital on houses, the gathering of his rents affords an inconceivable degree of annoyance. "Never was there a poor wretch so plundered as I am," will he sometimes say to a friend; "there I have sunk L.2000 on a property that hardly produces a rent, on an average, fit to pay for the repairs and the feu-duty. Two years ago, I let it to a Captain Cormorant and his family, who removed, nobody knows where, the night before term-day, and so never paid a sixpence of rent. Last year, I allowed it to stand empty rather than let it to tenants of whose appearance I was not very fond; and this year, after laying out L.15 on repairing the roof, and mending the windows, and other L.5, 11s. on painting the dining-room and lobby, I have actually let it for two-thirds of the former rent; which, after all, I am not very certain of getting. Besides, I am beginning to discover that the street in which this unfortunate property is situated is fast losing its respectable character, and there is no saying if in a year or two the premises will let for any rent at all." Such are some of the groans of the landlords of house properties, and from which those in humbler circumstances are altogether exempted.

If the wealthy man has his resources depending on the interest of money deposited with a bank, his case is sometimes not less miserable. All that he receives is subject to constant diminution, and he cannot live upon it in the liberal way his feelings point out, or, what is fully as bad, in the style of his neighbours, and as is *expected* of him. If his capital be laid out in the Funds, though the interest be good, and the security excellent, yet he is perpetually liable to alarms: he shivers every time he hears of a riot at Macclesfield, or a rencontre betwixt the military and the populace at Tadragee—or a place with some such name, in Ireland—lest a national convulsion and bankruptcy should ensue. If the money be lent to any one in business, his troubles are still more distressing; for every time the post brings him letters, he has a dread of hearing intelligence of his friend's bankruptcy, accompanied, of course, with the rumour that "the stock" will not, when sold, pay more than two shillings and ninepence halfpenny in the pound.

But the grand source of disquietude to monied men is generally found to be their families. If they escape from the struggle of business with L.30,000, and two sons and a daughter, they do not by any means retire to a state of perfect felicity. It is, on the contrary, more than probable, that, from the day they depart from their ancient place of trade, and enter their elegant new mansion, "where they expect to live happy all their days," they at once bid farewell to every thing like comfort, and commence an existence of genuine misery, which is only terminated when death kindly interposes to close the scene. It is wonderful how knowing the sons of a wealthy man are regarding their father's affairs, and how considerate they are in helping him to spend the savings of his industry. A poor man with a family seldom finds any of his sons inclined to loiter away their time in indolence; each appears more anxious than another to go out into the world to exercise the faculties with which he has been endowed for his independent subsistence. But the sons of the rich have generally a different way of thinking. They lean upon their parent's resources in all possible ways, and imagine that all they can get is quite little enough. Whether they be put into business, or into the army, or be bred to the law or medicine, or any other genteel profession, or no profession whatsoever, their cry is uniformly the same. Nothing but demands for money! money! is heard by the old man, day after day, and year after year. It is of no use for him to say that he will give them up; for they take care to grant bills and promissory notes, which he must liquidate, or see them all furnished with ignominous lodgings in the county jail. As for his daughter Maria, she becomes, at her first entrance into life, an object of heartless calculation to half the young men about town, and, ten to one, is either married to a bare youth, who requires to be supported by her father all the rest of his days, or to a less indigent person, who does not give her the honour of a slave. Even after he *has* got her fairly off, he labours under the fear of her *coming back upon him*, with a family of three girls and a boy—the youngest just cutting its first teeth—all delicate ailing children, affected with measles and hooping-cough, and so requiring nurses, doctors, and drugs without end.

It must not be supposed that the wealthy who have no families are much better off as to the amount of their happiness. No rich man can be happy who is without some one, either nearly related to him, or bound to him by ties of affection, to whom he may bequeath his wealth with the expectation that it will not be squandered foolishly. Rich men without families are, therefore, apt to be peevish, and their feelings are not improved by having a shrewd guess that their death is longed for by some distant relations. Such persons are also objects against whom all kinds of subscription papers are regularly levelled. When an operative distiller or brewer has fallen into, and been boiled in one of his own coppers—when a house-mason has fallen from a scaffold, and fractured his skull—or when a neighbouring farm-servant has been torn in pieces by a thrashing-mill—and in whichever case, a widow and a numerous family of children being to be provided for, or set up in business with a mangle, then a large subscription is expected from them; and so frequently are they thus called upon for contributions, that they at length begin to believe that mankind have entered into a conspiracy to ruin them.

Besides these sources of irritation to the minds of many of the rich, there is yet another, which is the cause of unceasing discontent. This is idleness. To have nothing to do, is a dreadful evil, and ten times worse to bear than hard labour. It is so grievous that many individuals so situated fall into very bad habits, and frequently commit extravagances which they would not do were their minds in a healthy state of action. Idleness is also productive of bodily diseases; and these, whether real or imaginary, are not borne without repining. The very circumstance of having no appetite is in itself frequently a subject of bitter lamentation to the rich and the indolent, and of this the poor man generally knows nothing. But why pursue this catalogue of miseries endured by the

wealthy? for they might be lengthened out to any extent, and yet not be half exhausted. Let us therefore try to impress it indelibly upon the minds of the humbler classes of society, that happiness is distributed, with the most astonishing impartiality, in even measure, over the whole human race. Its amount would certainly increase in proportion to the wealth and the rank of the individual, were it not, that, as we have already said, every new acquisition brings with it a new care, not formerly taken into account, and which, therefore, forms an immense discount off the anticipated aggregate sum of pleasure. Cares, it has been said, are our comforts; and every class possesses its own peculiar vexations. It is invariably felt, that, no sooner is one cause of disquietude mastered, than another rises up in its place; and when it, in its turn, is put down, yet, another, and another, come up before us. These cares haunt every human being more or less through all the stages of life; and so ceaseless are they in their iteration, and varied in their character, that when they are not of a substantial, they are of a visionary nature; and it is generally found that the latter are as little endurable as the former.

The moral to be drawn from such a picture of human disquietude is, that the poor man should not, in any case, be envious of the condition of the rich, or discontented with the lot into which he has been cast. Nevertheless, we would not that he sat down in stupified indifference, or was regardless of all feasible and honourable means of rising to better circumstances. The consciousness of rising in the world through industry, and the force of genius and virtue, yields in itself great comparative happiness, and the possession of wealth so acquired affords innumerable opportunities of doing good, and exercising some of the best principles of our nature. Yet, true unmingled happiness is certainly not attainable in this lower world; and, to be found, it must be sought for in another and better state of existence. While, therefore, prompting the poor man to seize upon every opportunity of acquiring, in an honest manner, opulence and distinction, we may remind him of the penalties under which both are secured. In the language of John Bunyan, he will recollect, with thankfulness, that

> "He that is down, needs fear no fall;
> He that is low, no pride:
> He that is humble, ever shall
> Have God to be his guide."

THE ISLE OF MAN.

THERE are few persons who do not love to visit islands, whether they be situated in the ocean or in fresh water lakes. We are accustomed to associate romantic and pleasing ideas with accounts of islands; we, perhaps, recal to remembrance the days of "youth's young dream," when we wished to become each a Robinson Crusoe, and have a nice little island all to ourselves; or we imagine that in these isolated territories there is no molestation from the busy world without, and that in such places there must, as a matter of course, be a perpetual holiday. In short, islands, be they large or small, even when no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, and placed in the centre of a mill-pond, are objects of interest.

In a recent number of the Journal, we presented our readers with an account of the Island of Guernsey, a place where living is at once pleasant and cheap, and where taxes are unknown. But Guernsey, agreeable though it be as a place of residence for those of limited incomes, is rivalled in a great measure by the Isle of Man, which is commodiously situated in the Irish Sea, and almost equi-distant from the three united portions of the British empire, and their respective sea-ports, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast. This central insular position, now the chief cause of its rapidly-increasing population and opulence, was, in former times, productive only of mischief and ruin to the inhabitants, rendering it a sort of "debateable land," or rather common battle-field, betwixt the three hostile nations, besides exposing it to the frequent ravages of the predatory bands of Norsemen, in their periodical descents on the British Isles and their dependencies. From the nature of its relative situation towards the three kingdoms, originate, as few perhaps of our readers are aware, its somewhat peculiar arms —"three legs of man," and motto, "*stabit quocunque jceceris.*" The latter, however, is more fanciful than true; the tripodical figure of the arms, if *facts* are at all to be considered in the matter, more correctly typifying its uncertain dependence than its strength or stability. The origin of the title of "Man," it would be as profitless as misplaced here to attempt to elucidate, although, as usual, antiquaries have exhausted at once their own fancy and others' patience in the interesting research. Neither will we pause to sketch the early traditionary history of the island, which has been attempted to be traced back even into the fourth century. Suffice it to say, that, after alternate subjection to the English, Irish, Scotch, and Scandinavian monarchs, and various private adventurers, it was, for the first time, formally ceded to Scotland, along with the other Western Islands, by Magnus, King of Norway, according to a yet existing treaty, signed at Perth in 1266. From the continual strife, however, which was kept up between England and Scotland, nearly as many changes in the sovereignty of Man occurred after as before the above period; until, in 1403, upon the attainture of Percy Earl of Northumberland, for high treason against Henry the Fourth (who had previously bestowed the island upon that wayward nobleman), it was permanently forfeited, and given, with the patronage of the bishoprick, &c., to William Stanley, first Earl of Derby, and his heirs for ever, upon the feudal tenure of presenting the King with a pair of falcons at his coronation. From this period downwards, the islanders have enjoyed comparative quiet, the royalties and revenues descending almost uninterruptedly from ancestor to heir in the same family (the family of Atholl, the present possessors, being descended from a minor branch of the house of Derby, and their progenitor, the second Duke of Atholl, acquiring the regality of Man, by regular inheritance, in 1735); for, although wrested from them by the Parliamentary forces of Cromwell—the narrative of which forms the groundwork of Sir Walter Scott's Peveril of the Peak —it was restored to them by Charles the Second. In the year 1765, the sovereignty was revested in the King of England, the Duke and Duchess of Atholl receiving L.70,000 sterling, as a *solatium* for this deprivation of their royal attributes. They afterwards got a further grant of L.2000 during their lives; and in 1781, upon the presentation of a petition from the late Duke, claiming the exercise of certain old feudal rights and powers, it was determined by Parliament, that instead of, as theretofore, receiving a fourth (about L.3000) of the revenues of Man, he should thereafter receive an equal sum out of the consolidated fund. This was a wise measure, enabling government more effectually to check the pernicious traffic of smuggling, which was then carried on to an extent no less alarming in a financial than a moral point of view, and which was (and is even to this day) fostered by the trifling impost on, or total exemption from, the taxes laid upon many important articles of foreign produce throughout the rest of the British dominions. The beneficial consequences of the above step, to the Manksmen themselves (although, at first, loudly grumbled at), have been most palpable; their attention being thenceforward directed to the internal cultivation and improvement of the island, which had previously been entirely neglected. The population has rapidly increased, having almost doubled itself since the above period, and now consisting of nearly 50,000 individuals. Nor has the number of the islanders advanced half so strikingly as their character and habits have improved. Instead of an isolated horde of dissolute smugglers and lazy fishermen, Man has now become conspicuous, equally as the resort of fashion and wealth, and the seat of commercial and agricultural enterprise.

Man is fully thirty miles long, and twelve, at its widest, in breadth. The superficial extent is estimated at 130,000 acres, fully two-thirds of which are cultivated, the rest being barren heath or rock. A continuous ridge of mountains runs through the centre of the island, in a transverse direction, belonging chiefly to the Duke of Atholl, although the natives have a right of common to them in grazing their small mountain sheep. The soil is in general light, with a substratum of clay. The rents vary from 5s. to L.3 per statute acre, the measure universally in use. The gross rental of the island is calculated at between L.75,000 and L.80,000 sterling, the price of agricultural produce being chiefly regulated by the Liverpool markets. The usual time of entering on a farm is the 12th of November, and the rent is paid half-yearly. There is no coal wrought on the island, although it has been pretty well ascertained to exist there; and the sole fuel used by the peasantry is turf, or peat. The chief mineral wealth of the island consists in lead and copper ore (of which there are several mines), the former, especially at the mines of Laxey, being very rich in silver, a ton of it yielding 130 ounces of the latter metal. All mines belong by prerogative to the lord of the soil, who lets them out to adventurous speculators, claiming as his own share one-eighth of the produce.

Next to agriculture, the principal source of emolument and subsistence is the herring fishery. This trade, however, which, with the contraband traffic, constituted, at one time, nearly the sole occupation of the islanders, has of late years materially decreased, owing to the gradual disappearance of the herring-shoals from the coast; a circumstance at which Mr M'Culloch, in his *Commercial Dictionary*, professes no small satisfaction, as he considers such an occupation utterly incompatible with the internal improvement and prosperity of the island. We humbly confess our incapacity to comprehend the sagacity of this sage opinion. Of the native piscatorial pursuits of the Manksmen, there can, perhaps, be no stronger, and, at the same time, more curious illustration, than in the terms of the oath administered to the two *deemsters*, or judges, of the north and south districts of the island, who are sworn "*to execute the laws betwixt man and man as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the midst of the fish.*" There are several thriving manufactories in the island, especially of linens, which have been long celebrated for their texture and durability.

The principal towns in Man are, Castletown (the capital) on the S.E., Douglas on the E., Ramsey on the N.E., and Peel on the W., parts of the island. These are all excellent sea-ports. Although nominally the capital, and actually the seat of government, Castletown is far inferior in importance to Douglas; to the latter, strangely enough, being restricted the importation of wines, spirits, and colonial produce, and, consequently, the principal proportion of the commerce of the island. Owing not a little to this circumstance, perhaps, but chiefly to its delightful and healthy situation, the general cheapness of every luxury as well as necessary of life, together with the expedition and convenience of communication with all parts of the three kingdoms, and other accessory recommendations, Douglas is every year increasing in size, wealth, and respectability, and becoming more and more the residence of beauty and fashion. As may be imagined, its *economical*, in addition to its other attractions, render it a most eligible resort for slender annuitants, and disbanded officers whose hopes of glory and promotion were all cut down with the French at Waterloo, and who seek to while away the "piping time of peace" in the enjoyment of the *maximum* of comfort at the *minimum* of expense. As a writer in a late periodical observes, Man is, indeed, "the Paradise of half-pay;" but it must by no means be imagined that those we have named form the staple of the human importations into Douglas. Its numerous excellent inns, public libraries, newspaper and billiard rooms, dancing and card assemblies, its frequent aquatic and overland parties, &c. &c., all betoken, unequivocally, the presence of many substantial fortunes upon the island.

There is a beautiful stone pier at Douglas, which was erected about thirty years ago, at an expense of L.22,000. About a mile northward of the town, and close to the Strand, stands Castle Mona, the princely mansion of the Duke of Atholl, governor-in-chief and captain-general of the island. Douglas is one of the most admirable bathing places in Britain, from the purity of the water and the goodness of the sands. The population, at the present time, cannot be less than from 10,000 to 12,000. The market is held on Saturday, and is well supplied with provisions of all kinds; fish, of course, always cheap and abundant. The island possesses a native newspaper press.

The government of Man is vested in a governor and captain-general, under the Crown; or, in his absence, in a lieutenant-governor, assisted occasionally by a council of seven officials, and the two deemsters, or judges of the two districts (consisting of six sheadings or counties, with their respective coroners or sheriffs) into which the island is divided. The internal policy is regulated by an assembly, termed the *House of Keys*, consisting of 24 land proprietors, who are convened as the representatives of the people, although not elected by them. These two branches, the Governor in Council and the Keys, constitute the legislature, whose laws, after receiving the sanction of the King, become statutory. Appeals may be made from either of the two courts to the King in Council. The deemsters decide in all suits where the sum pursued for exceeds forty shillings. No man can leave the island without a pass, which costs ninepence; and debtors about to take French leave may be arrested, by a warrant of the water-bailiff, upon affidavit made before him to that effect by the creditor.

The Manks are in general a stout, well-shaped, civil, and very idle race. The equable nature of the climate, which is much more temperate than that of the surrounding countries, is extremely favourable to health. Their established religion is the Episcopal, the head of their hierarchy being the Bishop of Sodor and Man; but there are sects of almost every existing creed interspersed throughout the island, which is divided into seventeen parishes, vernacularly denominated *kirks*. As is the case in all fishing and other isolated sea-port communities, the lower orders are extremely superstitious; nor has their dread of mermaids, and other fanciful monsters of the deep, even yet wholly yielded to the influence of modern illumination.

The Manks language combines a strange heterogeneous mixture of Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, and Scandinavian idioms. "It is a curious circumstance," observes a late writer* on this subject, "that the incorporation of Icelandic terms is said to constitute the existing difference between the Manks and Irish or Gaelic. In the Manks, however, they also write and print as they pronounce."

It may be interesting to our readers to know the existing regulations as to the importing and exporting, and duties leviable upon foreign, colonial, and British produce. We here give an abridged

Table of the Duties of Customs on a few of the chief Articles of Import into the Isle of Man:—

Coals from the United Kingdom, per chaldron, W. M.	£0	0	3
Coffee, per lb.	0	0	4
Hemp from foreign parts, for every L.100 value	0	10	0
Iron, ditto, ditto, ditto	0	10	0

* Historical Sketches of the Native Irish. By Christ. Anderson. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. London: Simpkin and Marshall

Hops, British, per lb.	0	0	1½
Foreign Brandy or Gin, per gallon	0	4	6
Rum, from British plantations, per do.	0	3	0
Sugar, Muscovado, per cwt.	0	1	0
Tea, Bohea, per lb.	0	0	6
Ditto, Green, per lb.	0	1	0
Tobacco, per lb.	0	1	0
Wine, French, per tun of 252 gallons	0	16	0
Ditto, any other sort, per ditto of ditto	0	12	0

For a more detailed account of the custom-regulations of the Isle of Man, we refer our readers to M'Culloch's Commercial Dictionary. No British distilled spirits are allowed to be imported; and, to prevent smuggling, the quantity of spirits, tea, and tobacco, allowed to crews of vessels sailing from Man to any British or Irish port, is extremely limited.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LA PEROUSE.

JOHN FRANCIS GALAUP DE LA PEROUSE, a French navigator, alike distinguished for his talents, his enterprise, and his enlarged philanthropy, but, perhaps, more remarkable for the mystery in which his fate was for nearly forty years involved, was born at Albi, in Languedoc, in the year 1741. He received his education at the Marine School, and at an early age entered into the naval service of his country. The talent and bravery for which he was afterwards so eminent, soon began to appear, and he rapidly rose to the rank of captain. In 1782, when France and England were at war, we find him entrusted with the command of an expedition destined for the destruction of the English settlement at Hudson's Bay. He succeeded in his enterprise, having destroyed Fort York, and taken the English commander prisoner. When on the eve of returning home, he was informed that on his first approach a number of the English, in order to avoid falling prisoners into his hands, had fled into the woods, where, without food or shelter, they must inevitably fall victims to the rigours of a severe northern winter. His orders had been to destroy altogether the settlement: it mattered not, so that this was fulfilled to the letter, whether the enemy fell by the arms of his soldiers, or by the elements. But the duty he owed to humanity prevailed over every other consideration, and an abundant supply of provisions, arms, and ammunition, was left for the fugitives. Another trait of generosity must also be noticed. Governor Hearne, commander of Fort York, who was his prisoner, had made two expeditions to discover Copper Mine River, in the last of which he was successful. The papers relating to this expedition of course fell into the hands of the victor, but on being solicited to restore them, he at once complied with the request. These acts of disinterested benevolence and generosity were performed to enemies in the heat of a rancorous war, and, from their rare occurrence in such circumstances, they shine with greater lustre, and perhaps the more so, in an individual whose own unhappy fate must for ever excite the sympathies of mankind.

After the restoration of peace, the French government having determined upon the prosecution of a voyage of discovery, appointed La Perouse to the command of it. Two vessels, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, were, accordingly, fitted out for the purpose. The first had one hundred and ten, including the commodore, and the second one hundred and thirteen men on board, comprising philosophers of various kinds, draughtsmen, engineers, and other such individuals. The expedition set sail from Brest on the 1st of August 1785, crossed the equinoctial line on the 29th September, and anchored between the island of St Catherine and the coast of Brazil on the 6th November, where they replenished themselves with provisions. From thence they proceeded to Conception Bay, in Chili, and took in refreshments, and refitted the ships. On the 28th of May 1786, they came in sight of Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, and the place where our own navigator Cook was killed. Here they stopped for a few days, bartering with the natives for provisions. On the 1st of June they quitted the Sandwich Islands, and shaped their course for the north-west coast of America, which they reached towards the end of the month, and spent some days in exploring. Here they discovered a port, which was named Port des Française, where they anchored, after making a very narrow escape from shipwreck. Nothing remarkable occurred during their stay, except the loss of two boats with their whole crews, amounting to twenty-one men. With the humanity which was characteristic of him, La Perouse erected a monument, with an appropriate inscription, to the memory of his unfortunate shipmates.

He spent some time in exploring the coast of America, and, after refitting the ships at a settlement in California, he set sail for China, and anchored in Macao roads on the 3d of January 1787. In crossing the North Pacific Ocean, our navigator discovered Necker Island, so called, we presume, after the celebrated French statesman of that name, the father of Madame de Staël. After sheltering himself from the monsoon for some time at Manilla, he left that place in April 1787 for the north; and passing successively the islands of Formosa, Quelpaert, the coasts of Corea and Japan, he sailed between Chinese Tartary and Sagaleen Island, where he landed. At length, on the 6th of September, he arrived in the harbour of St Peter and St Paul, in Kamtchatka. The Russians treated La Perouse and his companions with great kindness, supplying them with all the necessaries the place could afford; and here Viscount Lesseps, the interpreter of the commodore, quitted the expedition with dispatches for France. This individual is still, as far as we know, alive, and was of considerable use in identifying the relics which Captain Dillon brought to Europe, as having belonged to the ships of La Perouse.

On the 29th of September, our navigator left Kamtchatka, and, after traversing the "wilderness of waves" for three hundred leagues in search of land, which was said to be in a certain parallel of latitude, he proceeded towards the Navigator Islands, where a severe calamity befel the expedition. M. de Langle, commander of the Astrolabe, and twelve men, amongst whom was a natural philosopher, were inhumanly butchered on the island of Maouna, while on shore for a supply of water. The savages also destroyed the two long-boats, without which it was impossible to prosecute the voyage of discovery. La Perouse, therefore, determined upon proceeding to Botany Bay, where he arrived on the 26th of January 1788. New long-boats were built, supplies taken on board, dispatches connected with the expedition transmitted to France, and the commodore set sail from Botany Bay in March of the same year. For a period of thirty-eight years after this date, not the slightest trace of the course he had taken could be found, although, in 1791, two frigates were dispatched from Brest in search of him. It fell to the good fortune of an Englishman, however, after the lapse of time above mentioned, to lift the veil which so long concealed the destiny of the gallant La Perouse and his brave companions.

Captain Dillon, commander of a ship belonging to the East India Company, while on a voyage from New Zealand to Bengal, came in sight of Tucopia, one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, on the 13th of May 1826. Several canoes pulled off for the vessel, and amongst their crews was one Martin Bushart, an old acquaintance of the captain's. An interchange of commodities took place, and among other articles received from the natives was the silver guard of a sword. It had five ciphers upon it; but of these onthing could be inferred as to its history. On inquiry being made at Martin Bushart, he informed the captain, that, on his first arrival at Tucopia, he saw in the possession of the natives several ships' bolts, chain-plates, axes, and many other things. That these had been brought from the island of Maunicolo, where two ships had been cast away about forty years back, and where there still remained large quantities of the wreck. On Captain Dillon interrogating several other individuals, the report of Martin Bushart was confirmed; and the important fact was also elicited, that two of the crews which had belonged to the vessels had been conversed with by one of the natives of Tucopia a few years before. They were described as being old men, but, probably, still alive upon the island. From all these statements, delivered in the most simple and unsophisticated manner, Captain Dillon immediately came to the conclusion, that the ships wrecked on the above island were those under the command of the far-famed La Perouse; for the dates exactly corresponded, and no other two European ships were lost or missing at that remote period. He, therefore, at once proceeded to Maunicolo, where the ship was becalmed for some time, at the distance of eight leagues from the shore, and, running short of provisions, her commander was compelled to relinquish his laudable enterprise for the present, and return to Bengal.

The Bengal government warmly promoted the views of Captain Dillon. They fitted out for him a vessel, with which he set sail, and arrived safely at Maunicolo, after considerable delay, caused by one Dr Tytler. By the aid of Martin Bushart, and some other individuals with whom he had contracted an intimacy, Captain Dillon was enabled to gather a good deal of information respecting the ships which had been thrown away upon the island. The catastrophe happened during the night. Both ships had struck upon a coral reef. From one of them only a few individuals escaped; but it would appear that most of those belonging to the other got safe to land. With the remnants of the vessels, the survivors constructed a craft, with which all but two men put to sea, but the ill-starred bark was never heard of more. Of the two individuals left behind, one of them had died about three years before, and the other, a short while after that event, had been compelled to flee from the island, along with the tribe to which he had united himself. This was most unfortunate, but still the articles which Captain Dillon obtained from the islanders, leave not the smallest doubt of the identity of the vessels wrecked upon Maunicolo with those under the command of La Perouse.

After a fruitless search amongst some other islands for the supposed only surviving French mariner, Captain Dillon set sail for Calcutta. It is necessary to mention, however, that before quitting this part of the Pacific, he left behind a young man for the purpose of acquiring the language of the place, and ascertaining every fact relative to the loss of the vessels, and the fate of the survivors. From Calcutta, Captain Dillon proceeded first to England, and shortly afterwards to France, where he was deservedly received with much distinction.

We have already mentioned the name of Viscount Lesseps, who left La Perouse's expedition at Kamtchatka. This nobleman carefully examined the relics brought home by the indefatigable Dillon. Among these were several articles upon which the French national emblem, the *fleur de lis*, was either stamped or carved. A piece of board on which this was carved, Lesseps said had most probably formed a part of the ornamental work of the *Boussole's* stern (the ship which La Perouse commanded), on which were the national arms of France, she being the only one of the ships bearing such an ornament. A silver sword handle was identified as being exactly similar to those worn by the officers belonging to the expedition. Several brass guns were also said by Lesseps to resemble strikingly those used on board of the *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*. But the strongest link in the chain of evidence was afforded by a mill-stone. On observing this utensil, the Viscount suddenly turned to Dillon, and expressed his surprise, observing, "this is the best thing you have got; we had some of them mounted on the quarter-deck to grind our corn." It is only necessary to mention one other circumstance of presumptive evidence. On the bottom of a silver candlestick were stamped the arms of the noble French family of Collignon. An individual belonging to this family was botanist on board of *la Boussole*, and to him this utensil in all likelihood belonged, although some have contended that it belonged to M. de Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*.

After reading the above detail of evidence, there seems to remain not a shadow of doubt but that Captain Dillon has so far explained the mystery of La Perouse's fate. But still his ultimate destiny remains in considerable obscurity. For instance, it may be asked, was he amongst the number of those who escaped from the shipwreck, and afterwards departed in the vessel which was built on the fatal shores of Maunicolo? What became of that craft? Did she founder at sea, and go down in the unfathomable depths of the Pacific? Or did her crew experience a disaster similar to that which had already overtaken them? And were they again cast away on one of the Solomon Islands, and butchered by savages, or left to die piecemeal? Or are some of them still alive there? These islands, as far as we are aware, have not been so completely explored as to entitle us to draw any thing like a satisfactory conclusion with respect to the latter part of our interrogatory.

HISTORY OF DOMESTIC THINGS.

FORKS are an Italian invention, and, in the days of Queen Bess, were a perfect novelty in England. At the close of the 16th century, our ancestors, in eating, made free use of their fingers, as the Turkish noblesse at present do. They were, indeed, most indelicate at their tables, scattering on the table-cloth all their bones and parings. To purify themselves from the filthy condition of their tables, the servant bore a long wooden "voiding knife," by which he scraped the fragments from the table into a basket, called "a voider." Beaumont and Fletcher describe the thing—

"They sweep the table with a wooden dagger."

In Germany, the use of forks was long ridiculed, and some uncleanly saints actually preached against the unnatural custom, "as an insult on Providence not to touch our meat with our fingers." The use of the fork was ridiculed as a strange affectation for a long time in England; and it does not appear to have been in general use before the Restoration.

D'Archenholtz, in his *Tableau de l'Angleterre*, asserts that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere, if he be observed at table, because he places his fork on the left side of his plate; a Frenchman, by using the fork alone, without the knife; a German, by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian, by using it as a toothpick.

TOOTHPICKS seem to have come in with forks, as younger brothers of the table, and seem to have been borrowed from the nice manners of the stately Venitians. This implement was anathematised as the fantastical ornament of "the complete Signor," the Italianated Englishman. One of the last actions of Charles the First, when preparing for his execution, was to give away his gold toothpick as a present or memorial to some individual on the scaffold.

COACHES, on their first invention, offered a fruitful source of declamation as an inordinate luxury, particularly among the ascetics of monkish Spain. The Spanish biographer of Don Juan of Austria, describing that golden age, the good old times, when they only used "carts drawn by oxen, riding in this manner to court," notices that it was found necessary to prohibit coaches by a royal proclamation, "to such a height was this *infernal vice* got, which has done so much injury to Castile." In this style nearly every domestic novelty has been attacked. The injury inflicted in Castile by the introduction of coaches could only have been felt by the purveyors of carts and oxen for a morning's ride. The same circumstances occurred in this country. When coaches began to be kept by the gentry, or were hired out, a powerful party found "their occupation gone." Ladies would no longer ride on pillions behind their footmen; and judges and counsellors, from their inns, would be no longer conveyed by water to Westminster Hall, or jog on, with all their gravity, on a poor palfrey. Taylor, the water poet and man, in 1629, wrote an invective against coaches, dedicated to all grieved with "the world running on wheels." Taylor also wrote a tract,

in which is the following:—"Within our memories, our nobility and gentry could ride well mounted, and sometimes walk on foot, gallantly attended with four score brave fellows in blue coats; which was a glory to our nation far greater than forty of these leathern timbrels. It is a doubtful question whether the devil brought *tobacco* into England in a *coach*, for both appeared at the same time." He afterwards complains that where the gentry used formerly to keep from ten to a hundred proper serving men, they now made the best shift, and for the sake of their coach and horses, had only "a butterfly page, a trotting footman, and a stiff-drinking coachman, a cook, a clerk, a steward, and a butler, which hath forced an army of tall fellows to the gate-houses" or prisons. This satirist of the manners of the town farther observes, that as soon as a man was knighted, his lady was lamed for ever, and could not on any account be seen but in a coach. As the females had been accustomed to robust exercise on foot or on horseback, they were now forced to substitute a domestic artificial exercise in their garden. He proceeds—"They use more diligence in matching their coach-horses than in the marriage of their sons and daughters." The water poet, were he now living, might have acknowledged, that if, in the changes of time, some trades disappear, other trades rise up, and in an exchange of modes of industry the nation loses nothing. The hands which, like Taylor's, rowed boats, came to drive coaches; these complainers on all novelties, unawares always answer themselves. Our satirist affords us a most prosperous view of the condition of "this new trade of coachmakers as the gainfullest about the town."

Tobacco.—It was thought at the time of its introduction that the nation would be ruined by the use of tobacco. Like all novel tastes, the newly imported leaf maddened all ranks amongst us. "The money spent in smoke is unknown," says a writer of that day, who feared there were more then seven thousand houses in the trade of tobacco. James the First made an attempt to allay the extravagance, in his memorable "Counter Blast to Tobacco." His Majesty vainly endeavoured to terrify his liege children by saying that "they were making sooty kitchens in their inward hearts, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco eaters, that after their death were opened."

Were we further to carry on a speculation of this nature, we should have a copious chapter to write of the opposition to new discoveries. The illustrious name of Vesalius in the study of anatomy, who was incessantly persecuted by the public prejudices against dissection—of Harvey, in the discovery of the circulation of the blood—of Lady W. Montague, in her introduction of the practice of inoculation, and, more recently, that of vaccination—and the ridicule of the invention of gas light, are sufficient evidence that objects of the highest importance to mankind, on their first appearance, were slighted and contemned.—*Old Newspaper.*

ANECDOTES

PICKED UP IN CONVERSATION.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

The dambroad is known to be the ordinary Scotch way of expressing what in English is termed a draft-board. A Scotch lady newly come to London, and rather too familiar with her own country's modes of expression, inquired at a linendraper's shop for a table cloth, of a dambroad pattern, meaning a chequered pattern. The cockney shopman was rather amazed at such a question asked by a lady, and answered—"Why, Ma'am, we have patterns pretty broad, but none *damn'd broad.*"

DR SOUTH'S GRACE.

In Charles the Second's reign, a free table was allowed for the court chaplains. At one time, however, the king being rather in necessitous circumstances, ordered this dinner to be discontinued, but, to soften matters, honoured his clergymen with his presence at the last intended dinner. The grace used to be "God save the king, and bless the dinner;" but Dr South, who presided on this occasion, transposed the words to "God bless the king, and save the dinner." "And it shall be saved," said the king, amused at the doctor's humour, and instantly countermanded the order.

STUPIDITY OF SHEEP.

As a curious illustration of the stupidity of sheep, a person driving a flock of them through a dirty lane in Liverpool, they were met by somebody coming in the opposite direction. For a little time the whole made a stop; at length one more venturesome than the rest, made a sudden effort, and leaped over the person's head; all the rest of the sheep followed the example of the first, though it cost them considerable exertion, while, if they had made the smallest bend to the right or left, they might have got forward without trouble.

QUESTION OF DOWRY.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, an English nobleman and his son were with the queen's army in Ireland, and became engaged in an action with the rebels of that country, which cost them both their lives. Their wives were within sight of the battle, and the remark it drew from the son's wife was in these words: "Observe, Madam," cried she to her mother-in-law, "that your husband fell first; therefore I am entitled to my dowry."

PERVERSION OF NAME.

Mr Salt, the African traveller, used to tell of himself, that at his birth his father meant to name him Peter, but a friend of his objected to this name, alleging that, when he went to school, he would get no other appellation but Saltpetre.

BEER v. BEAR.

The following sign was over the door of an alehouse: "TABLE BEAR SOLD HEAR." A wag made the remark, that the *bear* must be the person's own *bruin.*

THE PORTUGUESE.

Among the higher ranks, the state of society in Lisbon is generally melancholy and dull. There are no promenades as in Madrid and Paris, except the rudely paved streets; no Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, where the gay multitude meet in promiscuous assemblage, of all ranks and conditions of life, to enjoy a cheering relaxation from the labours of the week. A species of monastic severity, as we have already intimated, seems to keep all classes of the Portuguese almost constantly within their houses. We have already described the beauty of the lower orders of the Lisbon women. The women in a superior station of life, especially the young women, have generally a very pleasing look. Their features are small, and of a delicate chiselling; their complexions, exquisitely smooth, exhibit in more instances than one could be inclined to expect in such a tanning climate, a slight tinge of the carnation, and a warmth of tone that almost rivals the beautiful faces of our own country. They are seldom tall; their feet, possibly from their close confinement and sedentary habits, are very diminutive, and their hands are, for the most part, delicately shaped. It would be difficult to imagine how they spend their time within doors, were it not well known that listlessness takes no note of time. Thus one day rolls on, the exact counterpart of that which has preceded, and that which is to follow it. With all their beauty, the Portuguese women want dignity and force of character; vivacity of eye they certainly possess in an uncommon degree, but they are destitute of spiritual elevation and mental energy. As to the Lisbon men, they deserve to be called rather the menials than the lords of the creation. Their features are remarkably strong; a red nose of enormous size is no uncommon fixture on their faces. The lower classes of the Portuguese men have infinitely the advantage of the higher orders, in dignity of appearance, and manly beauty. The nobility, with of course a few exceptions, are a most contemptible race. Destitute of education, as of virtuous principles, their whole lives are devoted to profligacy and immorality of every kind. Their pride, their prejudices, their ignorance, extravagance, and fawning habits, have long since brought them into a state of degradation, from which it would be difficult, even for the most patriotic government, ever to extricate them. Though literally without revenues, they continue, by borrowing money, by places at court, by pensions and gambling, to keep up large establishments of servants, who for a part of the year are fed on rice and salt fish. These pauper aristocrats are the natural and irreconcilable enemies to every attempt at improvement in the state, as scarcely any improvement can take place until their privileges shall have been altogether destroyed. Their mould of visage, says a late traveller, is unethereal, the eye beamless, the mien unintellectual. In fact, the only persons among the male sex worth knowing in Lisbon are the merchants, most of whom are highly enlightened men, possessed of valuable information, liberal in their ideas, and generous and cordial in their hospitalities. It is amongst these persons that all the moral worth, intellect, integrity, and industry of the country, are to be found. Go and dine at the house of a Lisbon merchant, and you will find yourself perfectly at home. But if you be destined to present yourself at the table of a Lisbon nobleman, you should learn beforehand from Mr Kinsey what you have to expect. That gentleman gives the following characteristic enumeration of the luxuries of a Lisbon aristocratic table:—"A dish of yellow-looking salt fish, the worst supposable specimen of our saltings in Newfoundland; a platter of compact, black, greasy, dirty-looking rice; a pound, if so much, of poor half-fed meat; a certain proportion of hard-boiled beef, that has never seen the salting-pan, having already yielded all its nutritious qualities to a swinging tureen of Spartan broth, and now acquiring the accompaniment of a tongue, or friendly slice of Lamego bacon, to impart a small relish to it; potatoes of leaden continuity; dumplings of adamantine contexture, that Carthaginian vinegar itself might fail to dissolve; with offensive vegetables, and a something in a round shape, said to be imported from Holland, and called cheese, but more like the unyielding rock of flint in the tenacity of its impenetrable substance; a small quantity of very poor wine; abundance of water; and an awful army of red ants, probably imported from the Brazils, in the wood of which the chairs and tables are made, hurrying across the cloth with characteristic industry!" Heaven preserve us from the honour of dining with a Portuguese fidalgo! The city of Oporto is in appearance almost English for its cleanliness and business-like bustle. In Portuguese houses generally, the kitchen is at the top of the house, so that the expression is, instead of "serve the dinner up," "bring the dinner down."—*From the Ladies' Cabinet for October.*

POETRY.

Three small volumes of poetry have just issued from the Scottish press. The first, by many degrees, in importance, is entitled "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical, by William Motherwell," the gentleman of whose genius we lately borrowed the exquisitely beautiful specimen, entitled "Jeannie Morrison," and whom, if he were not engaged in the arduous duty of editing a thrice-a-week newspaper (the Glasgow Courier), we might soon expect to reach a very high rank as a cultivator of the belles lettres in Scotland. Mr Motherwell's volume contains much poetry of a decidedly original stamp, and which must soon press its way into general notice. The remaining two volumes are entitled "The Desert Lady, by P. Knorb," and "The Wandering Bard, and other Poems," which last we understand to be the composition of a Mr Ord. Both of these fairy-looking little tomes appear to us to give the promise of good fruits in their juvenile authors; and from the latter of them we take the liberty of extracting what we consider a very pleasing poem:—

THE WINDS.

Harp on, ye winds! in glad content,
Your hymns on every instrument
Of reed, and mount, and cave;
The trees their joyful notes will bring,
Each flower, each blade of grass, will sing
Your measures, glad or grave.

And not to me alone the songs
That to your minstrelsy belongs,
Of joys that never cease;
The lonely spring, the quiet stream,
The lake low murmuring as in dream,
Have heard your hymns of Peace.

The nightingale, in sweetest note,
To you her lone complaint hath brought,
To you each bird hath sung;
The weed-clad tower of ancient time,
The church-bell's solitary chime,
Have join'd your banner'd throng.

Who, who may tell whence ye arise?
In what far region of the skies?
In what high forest tree?
Ye come as rushing hosts of war,
As loosen'd cataracts heard afar,
As thunders of the sea.

Or fanning round the wild bird's wing,
Or by the moon's cold pathways sing
Along the milky way;
Or through fierce caves and arches high,
Where Ruin mocks the morning sky,
Ye woo the love-worn day.

And whence that influence, dark and dim,
That wakes the soul's Æolian hymn
To measures glad and gay?
That breathes unto the midnight hour
Such spell of mystery and power,
And holds monarchic sway?

That makes the Poet weep and sigh,
That gathers tears in Beauty's eye,
And dreams around its head;
That, breathed in sounds of awe and fear,
Doth sing unto crazed lover's ear,
Old songs of maiden dead?

That treadeth where no foot can go,
That murmurs where no fount can flow,
Where no proud pennant streams;
That to the stars and to the moon
Doth ever sing a slumbering tune—
The very Queen of Dreams?

For ever breathed your hymns of love!
Ye called the laurel-seeking dove
Out from the foundering ark;
Ye came to Ruth among the corn,
Singing of distant lands forlorn
Beyond the waters dark.

Ye waved the rushes o'er the brow
Of Moses, when the lady saw
God's chosen nod his head;
Ye caught the stir of Jordan's sea,
To Israel's king ye sang in glee
Ere Absalom was dead.

Ye speak to us of human life!
One hour of calm, one hour of strife,
Now bright, now dark your form!
At morn ye sing to tree and flower,
The evening hears your tread of power,
And trembles in the storm.

Ye speak of human life! Ye go,
We know not where—ye have a flow
Wilder than ocean wave;
Heaven scarce can hold ye, and the bound
Of earth knows not your various sound
More than the secret grave.

Ye speak of human life! now high,
Like thunder-clouds, ye brave the sky
Now sleep ye by the streams;
Ye are like earthquakes roaring wild,
And then make music, as a child
That singeth in its dreams.

Away, my fancies! even now
I feel no more upon my brow
The mountain-breezes fall:
The stars are out, and I must go
Down to my quiet home below,
Among the poplars tall.

And I, whilst dreaming in my bed,
Will list your dirges o'er my head,
And think ye sing to me,
And dream that I have wings like you,
To fan the locks on heaven's clear brow,
And roll unchain'd and free.

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THE LAND OF BURNS.

THIS phrase is used in reference to that district of Ayrshire, in Scotland, which has been consecrated by the history and writings of Robert Burns. It has happened, in the natural course of things, that, though the ingenious Bard of Ayrshire lived the life of a poor man, and perished, it may be said, miserably, in the very prime of his intellect and natural years, yet, as his productions have rather increased than diminished in fame, every little circumstance connected with him has now become matter of far greater interest and attention than what was bestowed, perhaps, upon the man himself in his own lifetime. We therefore propose giving an account of the scenery of his birthplace, and of some of his most remarkable poems, in the hope that it may be the means of directing many a pilgrim's foot to what must certainly be described as one of the most endeared parts of all the romantic land of our fathers.

The county of Ayr constitutes a large part of the western coast of Scotland, to the south of the embouchure of the Clyde. Forming one large inclined plane towards the sea, it is intersected in its breadth by several rivers, such as the Irvine, the Ayr, and the Doon, all of which are rich in poetical association. The mouths of the Ayr and Doon approach within two miles of each other; and at the point where the former joins the sea, is situate the town of Ayr, having a finely cultivated country in one direction, and in the other a firth, bounded in the distance by the magnificent hills of Arran and Argyllshire. The choice part of the land scenery—and of this Burns seems to have been fully aware—is to be found on the banks of the rivers, especially the Ayr, which is certainly the means of forming a beautiful tract of woodlands. The Doon was the river of Burns's boyhood; the Ayr, of his youth and manhood.

The poet was born in a clay-built and thatched cottage, on the highway which leads from Ayr to the southern parts of the county, and about two miles and a half from that town. Connected with it may still be traced the very small farm which the poet's father cultivated; and at a little distance is the ruin of Alloway Kirk, formerly a parochial place of worship, but long left to decay, on account of the parish being annexed to that of Ayr. The road, immediately after passing the cottage and the ruined church, crosses the Doon, by a modern bridge of one arch; and at the distance of a hundred yards farther up the river, is the "Auld Brig," so noted for its concern in the tale of Tam o' Shanter; a high narrow structure, after the fashion of a former age, and now disused. On an eminence overlooking both bridges, and within a hundred yards of Alloway Kirk, stands a beautiful Grecian temple, erected some years ago after a design by the classic Hamilton, of Edinburgh, as a monument of the poet, and of his connection with this scenery. The whole range of objects, with many others of inferior importance, is comprised within the space of half a mile; and, besides all the charm which genius has lent it, it must be described as possessing all the actual beauties of picturesque landscape—as, indeed, a remarkably pleasing specimen of river-side scenery, where the architecture of Athens is added to the rural graces of Thessaly.

The "auld clay biggin" in which the poet first saw the light, is now a neat whitened public-house, where an old acquaintance of the poet, John Goudie, formerly miller at Doonside Mill, has, for the last thirty years, refreshed the passing traveller, and acted as his cicerone. Both Mr and Mrs Goudie have their recollections of the poet, whom they at one time regarded and entertained as a rustic compeer, in no way remarkable, except, perhaps, for his outré manners, though his name alone has at last become their chief idea upon earth. They show the recess in which the poet was born, and relate the well-known incident of the house having been immediately after shattered by a storm, which rendered it necessary that his mother and himself should be removed to a neighbouring cottage—which also is shown—in order to avoid the ruin which was apprehended. The cottage was, in those days, as now, composed of two rooms, one of them serving as the kitchen; and it was in that humbler part of the establishment that the poet, whose name has since filled the world, was first introduced to it. There was then no ceiling to the humble apartment; the eye, on travelling upwards, rested on the reverse of the thatched roof, beyond which there was nothing but the roof of heaven. It is pleasing to think that this humble dwelling is visited every year by thousands, of whom the wealthiest and the proudest are as glad to survey its homely features, as are those who affect nothing beyond the poet's own honourable poverty. The most elegant and highly bred women, the most distinguished men of both our own and other countries, have stooped beneath the "lintel" of this rustic shed, and looked, with strangely varied feelings, upon the original home and nursing-place of what has since gone like sun-light over the whole earth. The number of the visitors is attested in a curious manner, by the surfaces of a pair of tables, which stand in the better part of the house. These pieces of furniture are so thickly mottled over with initials, inscribed by the pen-knives of individuals anxious to connect their own namelessness with the name of the poet, that they resemble some curious inlaid work, or the tattooed skin of the Indian, rather than what they were. In time, they must become almost as curious and valuable objects as the tables of the Roman law.

Alloway Kirk, with its little inclosed burial-ground, next demands the pilgrim's attention. It has long been roofless, but the walls are pretty well preserved, and it still retains its bell at the east end. Upon the whole, the spectator is struck with the idea that the witches must have had a rather narrow stage for the performance of their revels, as described in the poem. The inner area is now divided by a partition wall, and one part forms the family burial-place of the late Mr Cathcart, who may perhaps be better known by his judicial designation of Lord Alloway. The "winnock bunker in the east," where sat the awful musician of the party, is a conspicuous feature, being a small window, divided by a thick mullion. Around the building are the vestiges of other openings, at any of which the hero of the tale may be supposed to have looked in upon the hellish scene. Within the last few years, the old oaken rafters of the kirk were mostly entire, but they have now been entirely taken away, to form, in various shapes, memorials of a place so remarkably signalised by genius. It is necessary for those who survey the ground in reference to the poem, to be informed that the old road from Ayr to this spot, by which Burns supposed his hero to have approached Alloway Kirk, was considerably to the west of the present one, which, nevertheless, has existed since before the time of Burns. Upon a field about a quarter of a mile to the north-west of the kirk, is a single tree inclosed with a paling, the last remnant of a group which covered

"——————— the cairn
Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn"

and immediately beyond that object is

"——————— the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoored."

(namely, a ford over a small burn which soon after joins the Doon); being two places which Tam o' Shanter is described as having passed on his solitary way. The road then made a sweep towards the river, and, passing a well which trinkles down into the Doon, where formerly stood a thorn, on which an individual, called in the poem "Mungo's mother," committed suicide, approached Alloway Kirk upon the west. These circumstances may here appear trivial, but it is surprising with what interest any visitor to the real scene will inquire into, and behold every part of it which can be associated, however remotely, with the poem of Tam o' Shanter. The churchyard contains several old monuments, of a very humble description, marking the resting places of undistinguished persons who formerly lived in the neighbourhood, and probably had the usual hereditary title to little spaces of ground in this ancient cemetery. Among those persons rests William Burns, father of the poet, over whose grave the son had piously raised a small stone, recording his name and the date of his death, together with the short poetical tribute to his memory which is copied in the works of the bard. But for this monument, long ago destroyed and carried away piece-meal, there is now substituted one of somewhat finer proportions. But the churchyard of Alloway has now become fashionable with the dead as well as the living. Its little area is absolutely crowded with modern monuments, referring to persons, many of whom have been brought from considerable distances to take their rest in this doubly consecrated ground. Among these is one to the memory of a person named Tyrie, who, visiting the spot some years ago, happened to express a wish that he might be laid in Alloway churchyard, and, as fate would have it, was interred in the spot he had pointed out within a fortnight. Nor is this all; for even the neighbouring gentry are now contending for departments in this fold of the departed, and it is probable that the elegant mausolea of rank and wealth will soon be jostling with the stunted obelisks of humble worth and noteless poverty.

The Auld Brig of Doon, which is approached by a steep way forming Tam's line of march when pursued by the witches, and which is connected with the road by a sharp turn that may be conceived to have given that hero some trouble in a gallop, is a fine old arch, of apparently very durable workmanship, and, though disused except for foot passengers, is kept in excellent order. Two or three years ago, the parapets had suffered considerable injury by many of the coping-stones being thrown into the water by idle boys; but, at the instigation of Mr David Auld, of Ayr, a poetical petition to the Trustees was written by the Rev. Mr Paul, of Broughton, author of a Life of Burns, with the view of obtaining the means of repairing it. On this document being presented to a meeting of the Trustees at Ayr, it was found that they had no power to devote the public money to the repair of a disused road; but the eight or ten gentlemen present were so much amused by the petition, and, at the same time, so convinced by its arguments, that they subscribed on the spot a sum sufficient to put all to rights. The document is here subjoined in full form:—

"Unto the Honourable the Trustees of the Roads in the County of Ayr, the Petition and Complaint of the Auld Brig of Doon.

"Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay?
Shall my bold arch, that proudly stretches o'er
Doon's classic stream, from Kyle's, to Carrick's shore,
Be suffer'd in oblivion's gulf to fall,
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall?
Forbid it! every tutelary power!
That guards my keystane at the midnight hour.

Forbid it, ye who, charm'd by Burns's lay,
Amid these scenes can linger out the day!
Let Nannie's sark, and Maggie's mangled tail,
Plead in my cause, and in that cause prevail.
The man of taste, who comes my form to see,
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,
When he is told, 'The Auld Brig is no more.'
Stop then, O stop, the more than Vandal rage,
That marks this revolutionary age,
And bid the structure of your fathers last,
The pride of this, the boast of ages past;
Nor ever let your children's children tell,
By your decree, the ancient fabric fell.

"May it therefore please your Honours to consider this petition, and grant such sum as you may think proper for repairing and keeping up the Old Bridge of Doon.

(Signed) "—— ——,
For the Petitioner."

It may be appropriately mentioned at this place, that the original of Tam o' Shanter was an individual named Douglas Graham, a Carrick farmer. Shanter is a farm on the Carrick shore, near Kirkoswald, which Graham long possessed. The man was in sober, or rather drunken truth, the "bletherin', blusterin' blellum" that the poet has described; and his wife was as veritably a lady who most anxiously discouraged drinking in her husband. Burns, when a boy, spent some time at Kirkoswald, in the house of a maternal uncle, who at once practised the craft of a miller, and sold home-brewed ale. To this house, Graham and his brother-in-law, the farmer of Duquhat (which lies between Kirkoswald and Shanter), used to resort; and finding in Burns some qualities, which, boy as he was, recommended him to their attention, they made him every thing but their drinking companion. Sometimes, the two topers, tired of ale, which they said was rather cold for the stomach, would adjourn to Duquhat, and correct their native liquor with good brandy, which at that time was supplied by smugglers to every house in Carrick at a price next to nominal. Burns would accompany them in these migrations, an observant boy, inspecting the actions of his dotard seniors. After perhaps spending half a night at Duquhat, the farmer of that place, with Burns, would accompany Graham to Shanter; but as the idea of the "sulky sullen dame" rose in their minds, a debate would arise as to the propriety of venturing, even in full strength, into the house, and Graham, perhaps, would, after all, return to Duquhat, and continue the debauch till next day, content to put off the present evil, even at the hazard of encountering it in an accumulated form afterwards. Such were the opportunities afforded to the poet of observing the life of the Carrick farmers of those days.

It is not easy, even for the actual writer of a fiction, to point out the skeleton ideas and incidents, the shadowy fragments of original and real life, which he has used in composing his work, and any task of this kind must, of course, be still more difficult in another party, writing at the distance of a generation. Among the facts, however, which must have gone to the composition of "Tam o' Shanter," there is one, never yet noticed, which probably suggested the tail-piece with which the diabolic panorama is concluded. Douglas Graham had, it seems, a good grey mare, which was very much identified with his own appearance. One day, being in Ayr, he tied the animal to a ring at the door of a public-house, where, contrary to his original intentions, he tarried so long, that the boys, in the meantime, plucked away the whole of his mare's tail, for the purpose of making fishing-lines. It was not till next morning, when he awoke from a protracted bouse, that the circumstance was discovered by his son, who came in, crying that the mare had lost her tail. Graham, when he comprehended the amount of the disaster, was, it seems, so much bewildered as to its cause, that he could only attribute it, after a round oath, to the agency of witches. There can be no doubt, we think, that this affair, working in Burns's recollection, was seized upon to serve as the catastrophe to a story, of which the main part, it is well known, was a fire-side legend, respecting a person of unknown name and character.

The Monument next demands attention. It was erected about ten years ago by subscription, and has only recently been surrounded in proper style by a garden of evergreens. Hardly any object of the kind could be more truly beautiful or worthy of its purpose than this happily designed and happily situated building; nor could any thing be more truly entitled to praise than the manner in which it is kept and managed. The interior contains a capital copy of the original portrait of the poet, by Nasmyth, besides various other objects of less moment. In a grotto apart are now placed the celebrated statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, executed by Mr James Thom, the self-taught sculptor, and which have already been amply described and characterised in this work. After performing the tour of the United Kingdom, and gathering a sum little short, we believe, of five thousand pounds, these singularly felicitous grotesques have been permanently fixed here, being, in fact, the property of the Monument Committee. The arrangements made for their permanent exhibition are in very good taste, and answer the purpose remarkably well.

It remains to be noticed, that a small, but neat and remarkably well managed inn, has recently been started in the neighbourhood of the monument, for the accommodation of the numerous pilgrims to the land of Burns. As the most fastidious travellers are thus assured of experiencing no inconvenience in visiting the place, it may be safely anticipated that there will speedily be a large accession to the number of visitors. The windows of the principal room command views of all the classic objects which have been described. For the erection of this house, as well as much of the elegance and taste which is every where seen to preside over this endeared scene, the public is indebted to Mr David Auld—the same spirited individual who was the means of bringing forward the statues of Thom, and whose name must ever be identified with those admirable productions.

This subject will probably be resumed and completed at a future opportunity.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE

METEOROLOGY.—FIRST ARTICLE.

Spontaneous Evaporation.

The atmosphere which surrounds the earth undergoes a variety of changes, which are of vast importance in the economy of nature. The investigation of these is the object of the science of Meteorology, and surely no study can be more interesting, certainly none more important. The agriculturist, whose wealth is sunk in farm-stock, extending over a vast tract of country—the seaman, who traverses, with many lives and much wealth under his care, the trackless plain of the illimitable ocean, ought to be especially familiar with its principles. Already it has been explained, that the air we breathe extends to a considerable, perhaps indeterminable height above the earth, and presses with a certain weight on every part of its surface:—this pressure is subject to variation. It has also been shewn, that the air always holds, either in solution or suspension, a quantity of vapour, derived from the waters embosomed in the earth:—this likewise is subject to variation, the moisture being sometimes diminished, and sometimes very much increased. We know that water, as most familiar to us, exists in a liquid state; but we are all aware that when heat is applied, its particles are separated to a greater distance from each other, and converted into steam, or vapour; and this is called its *evaporation*. For this process to take place, it is not necessary that artificial heat shall in all cases be applied, for it will happen spontaneously at all temperatures. Thus, if a quantity of water be exposed to the air in a shallow vessel, it will gradually diminish, and in a few days disappear. If a heavy fall of rain inundate a country, the fine weather of a few days will cause the waters to be dissipated, and the roads will again become dry and dusty, and the fields reassume their verdant aspect. This is effected by what is termed *spontaneous evaporation;* and this process in nature is going on continually, more especially in those regions of the globe where the waters are accumulated in lakes and in extensive seas. It has been said that the air always contains some moisture, and this must modify considerably the quantity of the evaporation, for the drier the air, the greater will be its capacity for retaining, and its avidity for receiving, moisture; but the more vapour it already contains, the less capable will it be of sustaining an additional quantity. In winter, the atmosphere is generally loaded with moisture, in summer it is much drier; it is drier during night than during day: accordingly, there is less evaporation going on in winter than in summer, and during the day than during the night. The coldness of the north-east winds in spring is in a great measure owing to their excessive dryness, which causes them to abstract the moisture from the skin, which moisture is converted very rapidly into invisible vapour; but in autumn, the air being saturated with watery particles, the rate of evaporation is diminished, and we then experience that delicious softness which is so strongly contrasted with the keen blasts that attend the season of spring. Besides being modified by the quantity of vapour already existing in the air, evaporation is considerably increased or diminished by variation of temperature. In winter, the earth and waters being warmer than the air, more vapour rises than during summer; but owing to the low temperature of the air, and the quantity of moisture already existing, it is immediately condensed into mists, which, when not dense enough to constitute fogs, appear like light gauzy veils hanging from the brows of rocks, or trailing along the surface of plains. The higher we ascend a mountain, the colder and drier the atmosphere becomes: hence the tops of mountains are generally shrouded with mist. But although, on the approach of frost, the evaporation be checked, during its continuance it is increased: hence ice itself, during a clear frosty night, will evaporate; and hence, too, the disappearance of snow without a fall of rain or any obvious thaw. From the same cause, in deeper snows the surface becomes grooved, scooped, or channelled—an effect which is most conspicuous around the trunks of trees, and near the interstices of palings, where the stream of air aids the evaporating process. A brisk wind always increases the quantity of the evaporation—for this reason, that the evaporation goes on only at the surface of the water; and the greater the extent of that surface, the greater will be the evaporation. Thus, by agitating the water, and extending and changing the surface, a brisk wind must aid the process. But this is not all; for if the air were still, the water evaporated would accumulate on the surface, as may often be observed by the mists which on a calm summer evening are seen impending on the bosom of a lake; the presence of which in contact with the water very much retards any further evaporation. The wind, therefore, by sweeping this away, prevents any such obstruction. Saussure found, by experiments performed at Geneva, that wind moving at the rate of 22 feet in a second, triples the quantity of evaporation in calm air. It is not only from the surface of seas, lakes, and rivers, that evaporation takes place: the earth is always saturated with more or less moisture, and so likewise are vegetable and animal bodies: therefore the same process occurs from them. It is said, however, that there is little difference between the evaporation from green soil and bare soil; that is, from soil covered with grass, and soil that is uncovered. "Trees (says Mr White, the ingenious author of the History of Selbourne) perspire profusely, condense largely, and check evaporation so much, that woods are always moist, and, consequently, contribute much to ponds and streams." Dr Hales likewise found, that tracts of country covered with woods emit more vapour than an equal extent of ground covered with water.

Many ingenious contrivances have been devised for the purpose of estimating the quantity of moisture present in the atmosphere, and such instruments are termed *Hygrometers*. Mr Boyle recommended a bit of sponge fixed in a delicate gold balance, twisted ropes, thin slips of leather, or wood, as of poplar, oak, or willow—all of which indicate a moist state of atmosphere, by having their dimensions enlarged according to the quantity of moisture they absorb. The hygrometer of Saussure is constructed so that the indicator moves by the shortening or lengthening of a human hair, previously baked. De Luc has the indicator to turn round the index, by means of a very thin slip of whalebone previously dried. Luke Howard has devised an ingenious instrument, which, for delicate observations on rain, dew, or evaporation, will indicate either to the 1000th of an inch; but for a full description of its construction, we must refer our readers to his excellent and valuable work on the "Climate of London."* The late Sir John Leslie, Professor in the Edinburgh University, used as an hygrometer his differential thermometer, *i. e.* a very delicate thermometer with two bulbs, one of which he covered with silk and blotting-paper, and kept moist, so that, as the moisture evaporated, the cold produced contracted the volume of air within, and caused a coloured liquid to rise; but this instrument only measures the rapidity of evaporation, and does not by any means indicate the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere. Here a very interesting question occurs:—What is the average annual quantity of water spontaneously evaporated from the surface of the earth? Geologists calculate that nearly three-fourths of the surface of the globe is covered by water; and, according to Abbé Richard, the yearly evaporation from the ocean all over the world amounts to a quantity of water equal to sixty inches in thickness; but we are not satisfied with the accuracy of this calculation. Upon the whole, it may, we believe, be considered that 32 inches is the mean annual evaporation from the whole of Great Britain. But this evaporation varies according to the nature and situation of the country: thus, it is less than this is in a great part of Scotland, and likewise in a portion of England. Such being the general circumstances attending the phenomena of spontaneous evaporation, we may pause to consider the vast importance of this provision for ministering to the existence and wants of all beings and objects, animate and inanimate; for it is not unbecoming in philosophy to look around from her proudest throne, to contemplate, with admiration and wonder, the exquisite skill with which nature has accomplished every design, and the beauty with which she has clothed the most simple and humble objects of her all-wise creation. "Let us suppose for a moment (says one of the most ingenious and able chemical philosophers of the present day†) that this spontaneous evaporation were to cease, and let us contemplate the consequences. No more rain or dew could fall—the springs would cease to flow—the rivers would be dried up—the whole water of the globe would be accumulated in the ocean—the earth would become dry and parched—vegetables, deprived of moisture, would no longer continue to grow—the cattle and beasts of every kind would lack their usual food—man himself would perish—the earth would become a dull, inanimate, sterile mass, without any vegetables to embellish its surface, or any living creature to wander through its frightful deserts."

CLOUDS.

Having now laid before our readers the general principles connected with the laws of evaporation, and shewn them the various circumstances which influence their operation, we proceed to consider the structure and the various kinds of clouds which are observed in the heavens. And here we must confess, that, notwithstanding the natural desire for knowledge implanted in the bosom of every man, the love for cultivating that which is shadowy, vague, and mysterious, has led philosophers to ponder in their studies on dark, useless, metaphysical questions concerning

* The Climate of London, deduced from Meteorological Observations made at different places in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis. By Luke Howard. Vol. I. xxi.

† Dr Thomson. Consult his recent work, "An Outline of the Sciences of Heat and Electricity." Vol. I., page 241, et seq.

the abstract nature of mind and matter, rather than investigate the causes of those phenomena which are daily observed, and, perhaps, for that very reason continually neglected. It is the seaman, the shepherd, and the humble peasant who has scarcely a roof above his head, who know most of the practical doctrines of meteorology; they it is who live in more immediate communion with nature, and, like the shepherd boy described by Wordsworth,

> "Learn the meaning of all winds,
> Of blasts of every tone; and oftentimes,
> When others heed them not, *they* hear, and say
> The winds are now devising work for *us*."

Let us now then examine the nature of a cloud, *i. e.* its structure, for often there is an intricacy, in itself admirable, in that which appears to the superficial eye very simple, and scarcely worth a more deliberate inspection. What is a cloud? It is an opaque body, of an irregular figure, interposed between us and that which we term the sky, and is produced by the moisture which has risen from the water of the earth, and which is condensed in the higher regions of the air. And now, what is its structure? A cloud, or mist, consists, not of solid drops of water, but of a multitude of very thin vesicles, or, as it were, water-bags, enclosing some little air within, exactly as the vesicles of soap suds—a very homely, yet, at the same time, true illustration.

If clouds consisted of solid water-drops, they would descend in rain as rapidly as they are formed, and would not float in the higher regions of the air, to be wafted to far distant countries, which have not within themselves the means of supplying the earth with requisite moisture. Besides this, if clouds were so constituted, every time the beholder stood with his face looking towards the shower, and his back to the sun, he would see a rainbow, which is not the case. M. de Saussure, when travelling in the Alps, happened to be overtaken by a dense mist, the particles or drops of which floated slowly on without falling to the ground. Catching these in his hand, he found them to be bladders inconceivably thin, and all had this structure. Hence there is not any doubt that clouds consist of an aggregation or collection of vesicles or water-bags, each inclosing a small quantity of air; and on the nature or condition of the aërial matter so enclosed, and which must be modified by the temperature of the medium in which they float, will depend the variable height to which clouds rise. If the air within the vesicles be saturated with moisture, while the air surrounding them be dry, then the vesicles, being specifically lighter than the air in which they float, the cloud rises higher in the atmosphere, diminishes in size, and is gradually converted into vapour. At noon-day, especially, this may often be observed. In the air, on the contrary, that is within the vesicles, be in the same state as that wherein they float, then the vesicles are rendered heavier than the surrounding air, and descend to the earth, constituting mists or fogs. Of mists and fogs we shall speak more at length hereafter; but, in the meantime, it may be observed, that meteorologists have reduced clouds into *seven* different modifications, the peculiarities of which are, it is said, referable to the agency of electricity.

I. The *cirrus*, or *curl-cloud*, occurs very high in the air. It is a cloud of the least density, and assumes so vast a variety of shapes, that it has very appropriately been called "The Proteus of the Skies." After a continuance of clear weather, it is the first cloud that is seen, and in this case looks, says Mr Howard, like a fine whitish thread pencilled on the clear blue sky; to this, other faint lines are added laterally, which increase in size, and often serve as stems from which numerous branches proceed. In some instances the cirrus, or curl-cloud, presents us with a series of regular undulations; in others, it extends straight, being at one end obtusely turned upwards, constituting what is called the conoid cirrus, or mare's tail. Besides these varieties, the fibres of the curl-cloud often intersect each other, so as to give the sky the appearance of being covered with a beautiful net-work. When this kind of cloud is sharply marked, it is inferred that the air in which it floats is dry; when, however, it is ragged, then it is inferred that it is floating in moist air. When they extend over a considerable portion of sky, rain may be anticipated.

II. The next variety of cloud noticed by meteorologists is the *cumulus*, or *stacken-cloud*, which is commonly of a dense structure, formed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, and moving along in the current of wind that is next the earth. It is this kind of cloud which is often seen on the tops of mountains, presenting a beautiful silvery appearance. Before rain, these clouds increase rapidly in size, and descend lower in the atmosphere.

III. The *stratus*, or *fall-cloud*, is the next in the order of classification, and this is the lowest of clouds, and generally rests on the earth or on the water. It may be regarded as the cloud of night, as it frequently makes its appearance about sunset, and is dissipated by sunrise. It comprehends those mists which in a fine summer evening may be seen ascending in spreading sheets from valkies, lakes, and fields, and which, in autumn and winter, often continue throughout the day as dense as fogs.

IV. V. VI. The three next kinds of clouds are modifications of the three already mentioned, but cannot without the aid of diagrams be sufficiently explained for our present purpose; we therefore must refer our readers to the excellent work of Forster, entitled "Researches about Atmospherical Phenomena," where all these varieties are ably explained, and well illustrated.

VII. The *nimbus* is that variety of cloud observed immediately before the fall of rain, for no cloud effuses rain until it has undergone a change sufficiently remarkable to constitute a distinct modification. This, therefore, is called the *rain-cloud*, and is caused by the particles constituting a cloud losing their vesicular form, and uniting into drops; but the phenomena attending the fall of rain we shall duly consider in the next article devoted to POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE VILLAGE MUSICIAN,

AN AMERICAN STORY.

THE reader who has ever been in the pleasant town of Herkimer, in New York, may know something of Johnny Vanderbocker, a neat, square-built Dutch lad, who was a great favourite among the ladies of that place, a few years back. The reason of his popularity with the fair, I could never exactly learn; for he was the most uncomely youth that a traveller could meet between Albany and Buffalo. Perhaps it might have been in consequence of his expectations; for his father, who was a baker, was said to have several hundreds of silver dollars, locked up in an oaken chest which stood by his bedside; and as he had always permitted John to roam about the village, without paying the least attention to his education or conduct, it seemed very evident that he intended to make him his heir. Perhaps it might have been owing to his good nature; for to tell the truth, there was not a better tempered lad in the whole country. Whatever else might be said in disparagement of John, all admitted that he was a well-conditioned creature, and had not the least harm in him. He would lie for hours, under the shade of a great willow which stood before his father's door, looking at the sky, or crawl about the grass, hunting for four-leafed clover; and no change in the weather, nor other cross accident, was ever known to disturb his serenity. In this respect he was a fair example of the influence of circumstances; for having been *raised*—as we say in the West—by a baker, it was naturally to be expected that his heart should be *light*.

After all, he might owe his favour with the female public to his musical abilities, which were certainly remarkable. When quite small, he was an adept at playing on the Jew's harp, and the boys and girls would crowd around him to listen to his melody, as if he had been another Orpheus. As he grew older, he took to the violin, and his services began to be in request. A man may always fiddle his way through this world; no matter whether he play for love or money, whether he is a hired musician, or an amateur, fiddling is a genteel, popular, and profitable employment. Johnny was now a regular and an acceptable visitor at all the tea parties, quiltings, and house raisings, in and around the town, and never did any human being fill a station with more propriety than he did the responsible post of fiddler. By nature he was taciturn, a lover of sleep, a healthy eater, and fond of an inspiring beverage; qualifications, which, if they be not proofs of musical genius, may at least be set down as the appropriate accomplishments of a connoisseur in the science of sweet sounds. Seated in an easy chair—for he loved a comfortable position—he would throw back his head, close his eyes, open his huge mouth, and fiddle away for a whole night, without exhibiting the least sign of vitality, except in his elbow and his fingers. Often when a dance was ended, he would continue to play on until admonished that his labours were unnecessary; but when a new set took the floor, it was only requisite to give Johnny a smart jog, and off he went again like a machine set in motion. When refreshments were brought him, he poured into the vast crater which performed the functions of a mouth, whatever was offered, and more than once has he swallowed the contents of an inkstand, smacked his lips over a dose of Peruvian bark, or pronounced a glass of sharp vinegar "humming stuff."

Thus passed the halcyon days of Johnny Vanderbocker, until the completion of his twenty-first year, when an event occurred which entirely changed the tenor of his life. This was no other than the decease of his worthy parent, the baker, who was suddenly gathered to his fathers, on a cold winter evening while Johnny was fiddling at a neighbouring fair. The news startled our hero like the snapping of a fiddle-string. He laid aside his amusements, to follow the remains of the honest baker to their last receptacle. For a wonder, he remained wide awake the whole day, and slept quietly in his bed the whole of the ensuing night. On the following morning he unlocked the oaken chest, emptied the contents of several greasy bags on the floor, counted them over eagerly, and then determined to buy a new violin.

In his new situation many cares pressed upon the attention of our hero. Letters of administration had to be taken out, the stock in trade and the implements of his ancestor to be sold, debts to be collected, and debts to be paid; and before a week elapsed, the heir-at-law acknowledged that the gifts of fortune are not worth the trouble they bring. His new suit of black imposed an unwonted constraint upon him. He could no longer roll upon the grass, for fear of soiling his clothes, and he was told that it would be wrong to fiddle at the dances while he was in mourning.

When an old man gets into trouble, he is apt to betake himself to the bottle; when a young man becomes perplexed, he generally turns his attention to matrimony. Thus it was with Johnny, who, in those golden and joyous days when he had nothing to do but to sleep, and eat, and play the fiddle, never dreamt of the silken fetter. But when care and trouble, and leather bags, and silver dollars, and black broadcloth, came upon him, he thought it high time to shift a portion of the burden of his existence upon some other shoulders.

I must now apprise the reader, that, although my hero had never thought of marriage, it was only because he was too single-minded to think of two things at once. He had not reached the mature age of one-and-twenty, untouched by the arrows of the gentle god. In love he had been, and at the precise point of time to which we have brought this veracious history, the tender passion was blazing in his bosom, as kindly and as cheerfully as a Christmas fire. Its object was a beautiful girl of nineteen, who really did great credit to the taste of the enamoured musician. She was the daughter of a widow lady of respectable connexions, but decayed fortune. Lucy Atherton, the young lady in question, had beauty enough to compensate for the absence of wealth, and a sufficient portion of the family inheritance of pride, to enable her to hold her head quite as high as any belle in the village. In the dance she was grace personified. It was a treat to behold her laughing face, her lovely form, and her light step, as she flew, with joyous heart and noiseless foot, through the mazes of the contra-dance.

Often would Johnny surprise the company, by keeping his eyes open for whole minutes together, as the lovely vision of Lucy Atherton flitted before him. The fire would flash from his eye, and the blood rush from his heart to his elbow, as he gazed in ecstacy at the loveliest dancer in the village—his fingers fell with renewed vivacity upon the tuneful strings, and the very violin itself seemed to melt in sympathy, and gave forth softer, and mellower, and gayer tones. Then would he close his eyes, and, having laid in an agreeable idea, feed upon it in secrecy, as a stingey boy devours a dainty morsel in some hidden corner. With his stringed instrument rattling away like a locomotive engine, apparently unconscious of any animal propulsion, his mouth wide open, his visage devoid of expression, and the whole outward man reposing in death-like torpidity, he was dreaming of Lucy Atherton—his heart was beating time to the imaginary motion of her feet, as her form floated and whirled, up the sides and down the middle, cross over and right and left, through every nook and corner of his bosom. But either because this image was too dearly cherished to be shared with another, or too faintly shadowed out to be altogether intelligible to himself, he kept his own counsel so closely, that none could have suspected the object of his thoughts, or have pronounced with the slightest shadow of reason, that he had any thoughts at all—except upon one occasion, when Miss Lucy Atherton having gone through a *scamper down* with uncommon spirit, he exclaimed, with great emotion, that she was a "dreadful nice dancer."

When the notion of a wife came into Johnny's head, it was like the intrusion of a comet into the solar system, disturbing the regular economy of nature, and eclipsing the other orbs by its brilliancy. It entirely unsettled the well-ordered succession of his thoughts, which commonly moved on from point to point as regularly as the hands of a watch. "A wife!" quoth he, casting a look of silly bashfulness all around, as if afraid of detection—"A wife!" exclaimed he a second time, laughing aloud, as at the absurdity of such a proposition—"A wife!" muttered he again—and then the image of Lucy Atherton came dancing before him. The greatest discoveries have been the result of accident, the happiest invention is but the felicitous application of a known power to a novel purpose; and equally fortuitous was that train of thought in the mind of our hero, which united his own destiny with that of the fashionable and admired Lucy Atherton. The thought was ecstatic; it brought a glow to the heart of Johnny, such as seldom beams upon the high latitude of a Dutchman's breast, and he resolved to become, forthwith, a candidate for the hand of the village belle.

The next morning found our hero at a neighbouring shop, purchasing a variety of trinkets and clothing, for the decoration of his ungainly person. A purple watch-ribbon, a pink silk neckcloth, and a huge breast-pin, which struck him as peculiarly tasty and appropriate, were borne off in triumph; and these, together with a scarlet velvet waistcoat, of the proper goods and chattels of the late Herman Vanderbocker, deceased, which came to the hands of the said John to be administered, were severally arranged in their respective stations; and the worthy amateur, adorned with a dazzling elegance, to which he had until that time been a stranger, placed his fiddle triumphantly under his arm, and marched boldly to the dwelling of the widow Atherton.

"Good morning, Mrs Atherton," said our hero, as he entered the widow's parlour; "good morning. How's Lucy?"

The lady, surprised at this unwonted familiarity in the son of the village baker, raised her spectacles, and having gazed at him for a moment in mute astonishment, haughtily replied that Miss Atherton was well. Johnny was glad to hear it; but before he

could express his joy, the offended parent stalked out, and the young lady herself glided in. "She don't know what I came for, or she'd be more civil," thought Johnny, as he looked after the proud widow—but the entrance of the daughter changed the current of his reflections.

"How d'ye do, Lucy?" said the amateur.

Lucy was thunderstruck. The young man had never before addressed her in such a strain; but she had too much self-possession to betray the least embarrassment; for a reigning belle can generally command her feelings with as much success as a veteran politician. She returned his salutation, therefore, with the utmost sweetness and ease of manner, and took her seat, inwardly resolving to penetrate into the cause of the strange revolution which a few hours had made in the dress and address of her visitor. Arrayed in the simple elegance of a morning dress, and adorned with youth, health, and beauty, she bent gracefully over her work, and never looked prettier than at this moment, when an inquisitive archness was added to the usually intelligent expression of her countenance. For the present, however, her curiosity was balked; for Johnny, who really meant only to show his tenderness, and had already advanced to the utmost bounds of his assurance, began to falter. The courage which had sustained him thus far, and which some have insinuated was borrowed from a source that our temperance societies would hardly approve, was fast evaporating; and after sitting some time in silence, playing with his purple watch-ribbon, he drew his violin from its green bag, and inquired whether Miss Atherton would "fancy a tune."

The young lady declared that it always afforded her infinite pleasure to listen to Mr Vanderbocker's delightful music; and in an instant the musical machine started into action—the head fell back, the mouth yawned, the eye-lids closed, and Johnny, the best and drowsiest of fiddlers, added a new proof that even the tender passion is not sufficiently powerful to overcome inveterate habit. But love did not entirely quit the field, or abandon his votary, who opened his eyes at intervals, and bowed and smirked upon his fair auditress in a manner not to be mistaken, while between the different airs he would inquire if the last tune was not "*cruel purty*," or "*desparate fine*," or "*eleganter than all the rest*."

Music, which has charms to "soothe the savage breast," seems to have operated differently on that of the young lady, on this occasion; for the antique velvet vest, the pink neckcloth, the smirking, the bowing, and, above all, the short naps which her visitor seemed to enjoy with such complacency, were altogether so irresistibly ludicrous, that, in spite of her endeavours to suppress it, she was compelled to burst into a fit of laughter. Johnny, who very properly considered this as an unequivocal expression of delight, was overjoyed at his success, and adding his own *bass* to the melodious *tenor* of his fair companion, shook the room with peals of obstreperous mirth.

Thus ended the first act of this comedy. The second commences with a sprightly dialogue. Johnny, who had now found his tongue, opened the conversation by asking "Lucy" if she did not think he ought to be married?

"Undoubtedly, Mr Vanderbocker," was the reply; "nothing could be more proper, provided you believe that marriage would conduce to your happiness."

"I don't know as I should be any happier, but somehow I think I should be better contented."

"Then you ought certainly to marry, for contentment is the chief ingredient in the cup of happiness."

"I shall quit drinking entirely," continued the lover, who misunderstood the last position of the lady.

"I am glad to hear it. Sobriety is very becoming, particularly in married men."

"And who do you think I ought to have?"

"Oh dear! I cannot tell, indeed. That is a delicate question; and, perhaps, it might be necessary to determine first who would *have you*."

"I guess a'most any of 'em would be glad to catch at me," replied the swain; "for father's left me a snug house, and three hundred dollars in silver, besides the bake-shop."

"Quite a fortune, I declare!" exclaimed Lucy.

"To be sure, there's some that's richer than me, and some better looking," continued Johnny, glancing at the mirror which hung opposite to him; "but then you know, Miss Lucy—"

—"That half a loaf is better than no bread," added the young lady, ironically.

"Yes—just so—that's my *idee* to a notch; a half bread, as you say, is better than no loaf, and so—three hundred dollars, and a house and lot—"

"And gentle Mr Vanderbocker into the bargain, would be a comfortable *lot* for any lady. Surely the girls in Herkimer ought not to hesitate, for the temptation is very great!"

"An't it?" exclaimed Johnny, in a tone of exultation. "I guess it is!" he added, answering his own question. "It isn't every gal that gets such a chance. Now, I'll tell you a secret," continued he, lowering his voice; "if *you'll* have me, it's all your own, me and the fiddle, the three hundred dollars, the bake-shop, and all!"

"The impudent fellow!" thought Lucy; but she had the politeness and good sense to suppress that thought. A lady is never seriously offended with the swain who offers to marry her; for, however humble may be the source from which the proposition emanates, it is still a compliment. Lucy's list of conquests was tolerably long for blooming nineteen, and the name of Johnny would add but little dignity to the train; yet truth obliges me to record, that a slight blush, and a very slight toss of the head, with a glance at the mirror, showed that the tribute of admiration was not unwelcome even from our hero. She civilly, but peremptorily, declined the honour which he had intended for her, and adding, "You must excuse me now, sir; I have other engagements," left the room.

"Other engagements!" thought Johnny; "that means that she is going to be married to somebody else. What a dunce was I not to speak first!" And he retired, deeply chagrined, and not a little puzzled, that a young lady of marriageable age and sound discretion, who was not worth a cent, should refuse a neat cottage, a bake-shop, and three hundred dollars, with the slight encumbrance of himself and a violin, for no better reason than that she had made a previous engagement with another gentleman!

Had there been a mill-pond at Mrs Atherton's front door, our hero would undoubtedly have drowned himself; and it is altogether probable that he would even have gone out of his way to seek the means of self-destruction, had he not prudently reflected that the estate of Herman Vanderbocker, deceased, was not yet fully administered, nor the leather bags emptied. To leave this treasure vacant, and the bake-shop unoccupied, would have been rashness. But he felt unhappy, and, being little disposed to mingle in company, he determined to mount his horse, and take a short ride.

It was nearly night, when Johnny, who was trotting briskly homewards, overtook a stranger within a mile or two of the village. He was a tall, slim man, mounted on a high, strong, bony horse; but he was so muffled up, from top to toe, that our hero could not tell whether he was old or young, gentle or simple. His hat was covered with an oil-cloth, his legs were enveloped in ample wrappers of coarse cloth, he was booted and spurred, and over all he wore one of those uncouth but comfortable coats, fabricated out of a green Mackinaw blanket, which are so common on the Mississippi. His horse was covered with mud, and evidently tired. His own appearance was way-worn and weather-beaten. He seemed to have travelled far, and faced many a storm. Before him were a pair of large holster pistols; behind him, a roll containing his surtout and umbrella; and across the saddle, a pair of immense saddle-bags, fastened with a brass padlock.

Johnny, who had all the fiddler's wonted love of company, and was particularly averse to riding alone in the dark, trotted up alongside of the stranger, and accosted him with a cheerful "Good evening."

The traveller nodded stiffly, without deigning to turn his head.

Johnny gazed wistfully at the jaded rider, the tired nag, the Mackinaw blanket, the leggins, and other *fixens*, as we say in the West, and wondered who this could be, that was so strangely accoutred, and was too proud to return a civil salutation. Determined to satisfy his curiosity, he tried to commence a conversation, by making some common-place remark about the weather; but as this elicited no other reply than a cold monosyllable, he resolved to make a bold push, and come to the point at once.

"You seem to be travelling, mister," said he. "You have guessed right," replied the traveller. "Have you travelled far, if it's a fair question?" "Tolerably."

Now, this reply seemed to our hero most perplexingly inexplicit. "Tolerably" might comprise ten miles, or twenty, or a hundred, but it could not apply to a long journey. He took another look at the *leggins*, the pistols, and the green blanket-coat, and, edging up to the stranger, thought he would try it again.

"Well, mister," said he, "if I *mought* make so bold, where did you come from?" "Just back here," was the laconic reply. "From Oneida?" No; further back." "From Cataraugus?" "No; further back."

Johnny considered a moment—for his stock of geographical knowledge was but slender—and again pushed his inquiries.

"I guess, may be, you came all the way from Buffalo?" "No; further back."

Johnny scratched his head, in some amazement, and edged off from the stranger, as if fearful he had fallen into bad company; but his curiosity overcoming every other feeling, he continued—

"Why, I don't know as any body lives any further off than that. If I *mought* make so free, what's back of Buffalo?" "Ohio." "O—o—h! yes! sure enough! So you live in Ohio?" "No; further back." "Well, what's back of that?" "Indiana." "And do you live there?" "No; further back." "And what's back of that?" "Illinois." "Oh! you live in Illinois." "No, I don't." "Where *do* you live?" "Further back." "I guess you don't live at all!" exclaimed Johnny, trembling all over, for it was now growing dark, and the tall stranger, who seemed to have ridden so hard and so far, appeared to deny being an inhabitant of this world. But Johnny thought he would try another question. "Well, mister, if it's no harm, what's back of Illinois." "Missouri." "Do you live there?" "Yes."

Johnny absolutely started, and stood up in his stirrups, and a cold chill ran over him; for the conversation was brought to a dead stand by this reply, with a shock resembling that with which a steam-boat, under rapid way, is checked by a snag. But he had *located* the stranger, and, after drawing a long breath, he exclaimed—

"Well, I'm glad on't. I am almost out of breath in finding it out. I don't know how you stood it to travel so far; it must be a long way off. How far is it, sir, if it's a fair question?"

"Something over a thousand miles. And now," said the stranger, "as I have answered all your inquiries, I hope you will allow me to put a few questions to you." "O certainly." "Do you live in this village?" "Yes—I was born here." "What's your business?" "I'm a gentleman." "What does your father do for a living?" "Nothing." "What is he?" "He is a dead man." "Do you know Mrs Atherton?" "Yes—do you?" "Is her daughter married?" "No indeed, far from it." "Why 'far from it?'" "She refused an excellent offer this morning." "From whom?" "That's a secret?" "How do you know this, if it is a secret?" "I had it from herself. But here is the hotel—I'll bid you a good evening." "Stay. Have you any objection to carry a note to Miss Atherton?" "I can't say as I have." "Well, then, as she seems to have made you her confidant, I will entrust you with one." So saying, he stepped into the tavern, and in a few minutes returned with a neat billet, which he put into the hands of Johnny, requesting him to be particularly careful to deliver it to Lucy herself.

Proud of an office which would introduce him into the presence of her who had occupied so large a share of his thoughts, he departed with alacrity, but, meeting with some of his companions, who detained him, sorely against his will, more than an hour elapsed before he reached the dwelling of Mrs Atherton. That lady and her fair daughter were seated, *tête à tête*, at their work-stand, when a modest knock was heard at the door, and in a few moments the crest-fallen Johnny Vanderbocker stood before them. Bowing reverently to both ladies, he advanced in silence, and laid the note before Lucy, who at first took it up with hesitation, supposing that it contained an effusion of the bearer's own hopeless passion; but no sooner had the superscription caught her eye, than she tore it open, and exclaimed, "He is come, he is come! Mother, mother! he is come!"

"Who is come?" inquired Johnny, whose feelings were too much excited to permit him to remain silent. But Lucy's head had fallen upon her mother's shoulder, and the tears were rolling down her cheeks, while the good lady's eyes were also filled.

"Never mind," said Johnny, in a soothing tone; "don't be scared, ladies. If he *does* carry horse-pistols, he is not a-going to do as he pleases in Herkimer. Don't, don't cry, Miss Lucy—I'll fight for you as long as I can stand." At this juncture, the door again opened, and the stranger stood before them. The blanket-coat fell from his shoulders, and Lucy Atherton rushed into his arms. "Dear Lucy!" "Dear Charles!" was all they could utter. Mrs Atherton glided out of the room. "The old lady does not like you either," thought Johnny; "she served me just so."

"Three are poor company," continued Johnny to himself, and he too retired; but he had the consolation of believing that he had found a complete solution of the mystery of the young lady's conduct in the morning. "She would never," he argued, "have refused me, and three hundred dollars, and the bake-shop, if she hadn't been engaged already. She was sorry about it, no doubt, though she did pretend not to mind it. Dear me, what a pity! the poor thing laughed so, and was so overjoyed when I went there a-courting today, and now this great backwoodsman has come from nobody knows where, to carry her off. Well, she knows her own business best. Three hundred dollars wont go a-begging long in Herkimer. So good bye to Lucy Atherton."

But manfully as our hero strove against his disappointment, it preyed upon him, and for two days he remained in his own house quite disconsolate, moping about like a hypochondriac, and poking the fire with the petulance of a bachelor who is past hope, or—past forty. At the end of that time he received an unexpected visit from the stranger. Stripped of his blanket-coat and leggins, and disarmed of those ferocious weapons which had excited our hero's curiosity so strongly, he seemed another person. Although somewhat above the ordinary stature, his person was slender and genteel, his face, which was browned by exposure to the weather, was remarkably handsome, and his address frank and easy. His age might have been two or three and twenty, but, having already mixed with the world, and felt the touch of care, he had the manners of an older man. "Mr Vanderbocker," said he, "you guided me into the village the other evening, when I was tired, and, perhaps, less sociable than I ought to have been, and I have called to thank you for your civility, and to request the pleasure of your company on to-morrow evening at Mrs Atherton's." Johnny pleaded his black coat, and tried to beg off; for he had heard it whispered that Lucy was to give her hand to the handsome stranger, and felt but little inclination to be present at the wedding. His visitor, however, pressed him, adding, "Miss Atherton esteems you as one of her earliest friends, and will have it so." "I will go, then," said Johnny, greatly soothed by this compli-

ment. "And now, Mr Wilkinson," for such he had learned was the stranger's name, "will you be kind enough to tell me how you managed to court one of our Herkimer ladies, without ever setting your foot in the village—our belle, too, that has had so many good offers at home?" Mr Wilkinson smiled, and replied, "Lucy and myself met at Schenectady, where we were both going to school, and were well enough pleased with each other to agree to unite our destinies. Her father was but recently deceased, and she was supposed to have inherited a fortune, while my own circumstances were such, that it was with difficulty I completed my education. Mrs Atherton might possibly have taken these things into consideration; at all events, her views differed from ours, and she no sooner heard of our attachment than she took Lucy home, and, rather haughtily as I thought, forbade my visiting at her house. Poor Lucy! her fortune turned out to be illusory. Her father had died a bankrupt, and left his family so destitute, that Mrs Atherton had to struggle with many difficulties. Though they have kept up a genteel appearance, I fear they have sometimes wanted even the necessaries of life. But Lucy lived through it all with a gay heart and a noble spirit, and refused, as you remark, many a good offer. As for me, I went to the West, mortified at having been spurned from the door of a proud woman, and determined to earn that wealth and distinction which I saw could alone procure my admittance into the bosom of Lucy's family. I went, friendless and penniless, to the shores of the Mississippi, where not a heart beat responsive to my own, and where I was exposed to many hardships and dangers. But I was so eminently successful in business, that I am already independent, and able to claim the fulfilment of our promise. There is no objection now on the part of either mother or daughter, and, on to-morrow evening, I shall become the happy possessor of Lucy's hand."

"You deserve it," said Johnny, sobbing, "indeed you do—for, simple as I seem, and simple as I be, I'm not the lad to envy a true lover and a generous-hearted girl their happiness. But do you intend to take her 'further back?'" added he, pointing significantly to the West.

"Yes, that is my home now."

"Good luck to you both, then. I will certainly attend the wedding; and if father had been dead a little longer, I would play the fiddle, that I might see Miss Lucy dance for the last time. Yes, it would be the *last time.* Never *will* I see such another figure on the floor; and never shall any other woman dance to music of mine. I have hung up my violin. There will be nobody in the village fit to play for when she is gone. I have played my last tune, and I shall now do as my father did—bake bread, and lock up my dollars in the old oak chest."

Johnny kept his word. Several years have passed, and he may now be seen any summer's day, seated at the door of his cottage, with a red nightcap on his head, and a short black pipe in his mouth, chuckling over the idea that he has more hard dollars under lock and key than any man in the village. He bakes excellent bread, gives good weight, and drinks nothing but his own beer, while the sound of a violin, or the smile of a woman, never gladdens his roof, and

> "The harp that once in Tara's halls
> The soul of music shed,
> Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
> As if that soul were fled."*

The little river Restonica, in Corsica, has the wonderful property of whitening every thing thrown into it. Its waters are as clear as crystal, and the small stones which are seen in its bed are as white as chalk. Any kind of metal, but particularly iron, when dipt in it, has the appearance of being plated with silver. The quality of its waters, also, is esteemed highly salubrious.—*Boswell's Account of Corsica.*

Delicacy in literary composition has been properly, though concisely, defined to be, "the graceful and beautiful added to the just and good."

Cats are not much noted for sagacity; but one that was an inmate in a genteel family deserves some credit on that score. Observing that the family was summoned by a bell to dinner, when puss was always more or less a partaker of the good things that were going, and having been locked up in a room one day till dinner was over, it contrived to scramble up to the rope of the dinner bell, so as to make it ring, designing thus to occasion a repetition of the serving up of dinner.

A gentleman subject to the gout, being told that this disease gave a long lease of life, answered, that the lease was at a rack-rent.

The profligate Duke of Wharton once giving Cibber a ride through his grounds, owing to a prevalence of wet weather the roads proved so very miry that they could only proceed at a very slow pace. "Why, my Lord," said Cibber, "they talk of your Grace *running through your estates,* but no such thing can be the case at present."

An Irish miller, who had held some military command, was observed one day coming into a town with a cart loaded with sacks of flour. "Ho!" cried a wag of the place, "there comes Marshal Saxe, with the *flower* of Tipperary!"

* The above tale is from the Token, an American Annual, for 1831; the name of the writer is James Hall.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

"The ease which we now find in providing and dispersing what number of copies of books we please, by means of the press," says Dr Middleton, in his Free Inquiry, "makes us apt to imagine, without considering the matter, that the publication of books was the same easy affair in all former times as in the present. But the case was quite different. For when there were no books in the world, but what were written out by hand with great labour and expense, the method of publishing them was necessarily very slow, and the price very dear; so that the rich only and curious would be disposed or able to purchase them; and to such also, it was often difficult to procure them, or to know even where they were to be bought."

Of the truth of these remarks of Dr Middleton, a great variety of facts might be brought forward in proof. In 1299, the Bishop of Winchester borrowed a Bible in two volumes folio, from a convent in that city, giving a bond, drawn up in the most formal and solemn manner, for its due return. This Bible had been given to the convent by a former bishop, and in consideration of this gift, and one hundred marks, the monks founded a daily mass for the soul of the donor. In the same century, several Latin Bibles were given to the University of Oxford, on condition that the students who read them should deposit a cautionary pledge. And even after manuscripts were multiplied, by the invention of linen paper, it was enacted by the statutes of St Mary's College, at Oxford, in 1446, that "no scholar shall occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at most, lest others should be hindered from the use of the same." Money was often lent on the deposit of a book; and there were public chests in the universities and other seminaries, in which the books so deposited were kept. They were often particularly named and described in wills—generally left to a relative or friend, in fee, and for the term of his life, and afterwards to the library of some religious house. "When a book was bought," observes Mr Warton, "the affair was of so much importance, that it was customary to assemble persons of consequence and character, and to make a formal record that they were present on the occasion." The same author adds, "Even so late as the year 1471, when Louis XI. of France borrowed the works of the Arabian physician, Rhasis, from the faculty of medicine at Paris, he not only deposited, by way of a pledge, a valuable plate, but was obliged to procure a nobleman to join with him as party in a deed, by which he bound himself to return it under a considerable forfeiture." Long and violent altercations, and even law-suits, sometimes took place, in consequence of the disputed property of a book.

Books were so scarce in Spain in the tenth century, that several monasteries had among them only one copy of the Bible, one of Jerome's Epistles, and one of several other religious books. There are some curious instances given by Lupus, abbot of Ferrieris, of the extreme scarcity of classical manuscripts in the middle of the ninth century. He was much devoted to literature, and, from his letters, appears to have been indefatigable in his endeavours to find out such manuscripts, in order to borrow and copy them. In a letter to the Pope, he earnestly requests of him a copy of Quintilian, and of a treatise of Cicero; for, he adds, though we have some fragments of them, a complete copy is not to be found in France. In two other of his letters, he requests of a brother abbot the loan of several manuscripts, which he assures him shall be copied and returned as soon as possible by a faithful messenger. Another time he sent a special messenger to borrow a manuscript, promising that he would take very great care of it, and return it by a safe opportunity, and requesting the person who lent it to him, if he were asked to whom he had lent it, to reply, to some near relations of his own, who had been very urgent to borrow it. Another manuscript which he seems to have prized much, and a loan of which had been so frequently requested, that he thought of *banishing* it somewhere, that it might not be destroyed or lost, he tells a friend he may perhaps lend him when he comes to see him, but that he will not trust it to the messenger who had been sent for it, though a monk, and trust-worthy, because he was travelling on foot.

Respecting the price of manuscript books, we are not in the possession of many facts. Plato paid a hundred minæ, equal to L.375, for three small treatises by Philolaus, the Pythagorean. After the death of Speusippus, Plato's disciple, his books, few in number, were purchased by Aristotle, for about L.675. It is said that St Jerome nearly ruined himself by the purchase of religious works alone. Persons of moderate fortune could not afford the means of procuring them, nor the rich even without the sacrifice of some luxuries. The mere money which was paid for them in the dark ages, whenever a person distinguished himself for his love of literature, was seldom the sole or the principal expense. It was often necessary to send to a great distance, and to spend much time in finding out where they were. In the ninth century, an English bishop was obliged to make five journeys to Rome, principally in order to purchase books; for one of his books thus procured, Alfred gave him an estate of eight hides of land, or as much land as eight ploughs could till. About the period of the invention of cotton paper, 1174, the homilies of St Bede, and St Augustine's Psalter, were bought by a prior in Winchester, from the monks of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, for twelve measures of barley, and a pall, richly embroidered in silver. Stow informs us that in 1274, a Bible, in nine volumes, fairly written, with a gloss or comment, sold for fifty marks, or L.33, 6s. 8d. About this time, the price of wheat averaged 3s. 4d. a quarter; a labourer's wages were 1½d. a-day; a harvest man's 2d. In a blank page of Comestor's Scholastic History, deposited in the British Museum, it is stated that this manuscript was taken from the King of France, at the battle of Poictiers. It was afterwards purchased by the Earl of Salisbury for a hundred marks, or L.66, 13s. 4d. It was directed, by the last will of his countess, to be sold for forty livres. At this time the king's surgeon's pay was L.5, 13s. 4d. per annum, and one shilling a-day besides. Master carpenters had four pence a-day; their servants two pence. At the beginning of the fourteenth century, some books were bequeathed to Merton College, Oxford, of which the following are the names and valuation. A Scholastic History, twenty shillings; a Concordance, ten shillings; the four greater Prophets, with glosses, five shillings; a Psalter, with glosses, ten shillings; St Austin on Genesis, ten shillings. About the year 1400, a copy of the Roman *de la Rou* was sold before the palace gate, at Paris, for L.33, 6s. 6d. The Countess of Anjou paid, for a copy of the homilies of Bishop Haiman, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, five quarters of barley, and five quarters of millet. On the conquest of Paris, in 1425, the Duke of Bedford sent the royal library to England. It consisted of only eight hundred and fifty-three volumes, but it was valued at more than two thousand two hundred pounds sterling. Further facts, of a similar character, will be found in the life of the individual, to which we now proceed.

William Caxton was born in the Weald of Kent, about the year 1412. At this period, learning of all kinds was in a much more depressed state in England than in most of the continental countries, in consequence principally of the civil war in which the nation was embroiled, the habits of restlessness thus produced, and the constant pre-occupation of the time and thoughts of men in promoting the cause they espoused, and in protecting their lives and property. Under these circumstances, the most plain and common education was often neglected. Caxton's parents, however, performed their duty to him. "I am bounden," says he, "to pray for my father and mother, that in my youth sent me to school, by which, by the sufferance of God, I get my living, I hope truly." When he was about fifteen or sixteen, he was put apprentice to William Large, a mercer of London, and afterwards mayor. The name *mercer* was given at the time to general merchants trading in all kinds of goods. After he had served his apprenticeship, Caxton took up his freedom in the Mercers' Company, and became a citizen of London. Some subsequent years he spent in travelling in various countries on the Continent of Europe. In 1464, he was appointed ambassador to the court of the Duke of Burgundy. During his residence in the Low Countries, he acquired or perfected his knowledge of the French language, gained some knowledge of Flemish or Dutch, imbibed a taste for literature and romance, and, at great expense, made himself master of the art of printing. About 1472, Caxton returned to England, and introduced, in all probability, the art of printing into that country. The common opinion is, that the "Game of Chess" was the first book printed by Caxton, though Mr Dibdin thinks that the "Romaunce of Jason" was printed before it. Caxton was most indefatigable in cultivating his art. Besides the labour necessarily attached to his press, he translated not fewer than five thousand closely printed folio pages, though well stricken in years. The productions of his press amount to sixty-four. In 1480, he published his Chronicle, and his Description of Britain, which is usually subjoined to it. These were very popular, having been reprinted four times *in this century,* and seven times in the *sixteenth* century.

"After divers works," says he, "made, translated, and achieved, having no work in hand, I, sitting in my study, where as lay many divers pamphlets and books, it happened that to my hand came a little book in French, which late was translated out of Latin, by some noble clerk of France, which book is named 'Eneid,' as made in Latin by that noble person and great clerk, Virgil, which book I saw over and read therein. (He then describes the contents.) In which book I had great pleasure, by cause of the fair and honest terms and words, in French, which I never saw tofore like, ne none so pleasant, ne so well ordered; which book, as me seemed should be much requisite to noble men to see, as well for the eloquence as histories; and when I had advised me in this said book, I deliberated, and concluded to translate it into English, and forthwith took a pen and ink, and wrote a leaf or twain, which I oversaw again, to correct it; and when I saw the fair and strange terms therein, I doubted that it should not please some gentlemen, which late blamed me, saying that in my former translations I had over curious terms, which could not be understood of common people; and desired me to use old and homely terms in my translations; and fain would I satisfy every man, and so to do, took an old book, and read therein; and certainly the English was so rude and broad, that I could not well understand it; and also, my Lord Abbot of Westminster did do show to me late certain evidences, written in old English, for to reduce it into our English now used;

and certainly it was written in such wise, that was more like to Dutch than to English. I could not reduce, nor bring it to be understanden. Certainly the language now used varieth far from that which was used and spoken when I was born; for we Englishmen been born under the domination of the moon, which is never at rest, but ever wavering. The most quantity of the people understand not Latin, nor French, in this realm of England."

Caxton seems to have been much puzzled and perplexed about the language he should use in his translations; for, while some advised him to use old and homely terms, others, "honest and great clerks," he adds, "have been with me, and desired me to write the most curious terms that I could find—and thus betwixt plain, rude, and curious, I stand abashed."

Among the books which Caxton published, were two editions of Chaucer's Tales. He seems to have had a veneration for the memory of this poet, and to have formed, with sound judgment and good taste, a most correct and precise estimate of the peculiar merits of his poetry. As a proof of the former, we may mention, that Caxton, at his own expense, procured a long epitaph to be written in honour of Chaucer, which was hung on a pillar near the poet's grave, in Westminster Abbey. The following remarks of Caxton show that he was able thoroughly to relish the merits and beauties of Chaucer's poetry.

"We ought to give a singular laud unto that noble and great philosopher, Geoffrey Chaucer, the which, for his ornate writings in our tongue, may well have the name of a laureate poet. For, tofore that he embellished and ornated and made fair our English, in this realm was had rude speech and incongruous, as yet appeareth by old books, which, at this day, ought not to have place, ne be compared among unto his beauteous volumes and ornate writings, of whom he made many books and treatises of many a noble history, as well in metre as in rhyme and prose; and then so craftily made, *that he comprehended his matters in short, quick, and high sentences, eschewing perplexity, casting away the chaff of superfluity, and showing the picked grain of sentence, uttered by crafty and sugared eloquence.* In all his works he excelleth, in mine opinion, all other writers in our English, for he writeth no void words, but all his matter is full of high and quick sentence, to whom ought to be given laud and praise for his noble making and writing."

Caxton died in 1490–1, was buried in St Margaret's, and left some books to that church. "His character," says his biographer, "may be collected from the account we have given of his labours. He was possessed of good sense and sound judgment; steady, persevering, active, zealous, and liberal in his services for that important art which he introduced into England; labouring not only as printer, but as translator and editor."—*Edwards's Biography of self-taught Men; Boston, U. S.* 1832.

ALLAN NA SOHP.

This notable person was the youngest son of Lachlan Maclean, of Duart, and was born about the beginning of the 16th century. He distinguished himself for courage and activity at an early age; and as his father had made no provision for him, he resolved to avail himself of the means then too often resorted to in that country by soldiers of fortune for acquiring an independency, that is, seizing on the property of the most defenceless.

A gentleman of his own name and family, who was possessed of a considerable estate in Mull, was then very far advanced in life, and Allan paid him a visit. The young adventurer had not been received with all the courtesy that he expected, but of this he took no notice at the time. He consulted the old man as to the most advisable way of improving his fortune, and the advice which he received was indeed very discreditable to the giver. His neighbour, Mac Quarie of Ulva, was then old, and had no children; the other advised Allan to put him to death, and seize on his property. It seems that Allan had once been treated by Mac Quarie with great kindness when he stood in much need of it, and he declared his abhorrence of this base counsel. But he was not satisfied alone with expressing these sentiments; he retaliated on his ungenerous host his own perfidious advice; despatched him, and took possession of his lands. It were well if he had been satisfied with this usurpation, but that was by no means the case; he afterwards became a very troublesome man, and the greatest freebooter of that age and country. He was well known over the west of Scotland and the north of Ireland, under the appellation of Allan na Sohp (*or* of the Wisp), which he obtained from the frequent use he made of straw in setting fire to houses and barn-yards in his marauding expeditions.

He was a man of considerable ability and of much address. Notwithstanding his numerous acts of violence, he contrived means to acquire very extensive landed estates, and procured charters or gifts of non-entries of more than one of them from the reigning princes. In some of these, which we have seen, dated 1539, he is designated "of Gigha and Tarbert."

His favourite residence was the castle of Tarbert, still standing on the shore of the bay of that name, which cuts deep into the isthmus that connects the great peninsula of Kintyre with Knapdale, in Argyllshire. This was a station indeed admirably adapted to his purpose; for in an October night, with moonlight, he would make a descent on the fertile district of lower Cowal, or the island of Bute, and the adjacent islands to the east, and return to his stronghold before day-light. Or he could extend his depredations to Islay, on the west, with the same advantages. Ireland was also very convenient to him. He had, besides, the command of the communication between the two seas, which for open boats was then, and still in some degree continues to be, carried on by dragging them across the narrow neck of Tarbert, a distance not more than four hundred yards. There is no doubt that Allan made good use of this favourable situation.

He even directed his course to the vicinity of Rothsay (the capital of Bute, and a royal residence), for the purpose of carrying away cattle; and the sheriff of the island having had intelligence of his arrival, he collected some men for the purpose of protecting the property of the people. It was in October, the time generally selected for such purposes, and the women and children followed the Bute men at some distance. Several shots were fired, and the women found some dead bodies among the corn. They supposed them to be those of the plunderers, and they were very liberal in praise of the sheriff's warlike exploits; but unfortunately, on procuring light, they turned out to be the bodies of their friends. Some of Allan's party lay concealed, and heard the remarks, which are still repeated in Mull in ridicule of the corrupt dialect spoken in Bute, and the disappointment of the poor women.

He extended his depredations sometimes to a much greater distance; and we find that Abercromby, in his Martial Achievements of the Scots, states that a hero, who is there styled "Allan Maclean the robber," in company with another person, named Murdoch Gair, had made an irruption into the lands of the Colquhouns, and others on the banks of Lochlomond, where they are stated to have done much mischief "with their reef and sorners." Murdoch is there surnamed Gibson, because in the provincial dialect of that district of Dumbartonshire the word *Gair*, which signifies short, active, or snug, is converted into the word *Gibboch*, and this Abercromby very naturally conceived to mean Gibson. Allan and his associates had very easy access to Lochlomond, by dragging their boats across the low isthmus from Arochar to the Lake, and they could attack any part of the country around that beautiful and extensive sheet of water at pleasure. Tradition says that these two powerful marauders left sad memorials of their visit on this expedition, and that they deprived of their ears more than one laird. It is worthy of remark, that Haco, king of Norway, in his expedition to Scotland in 1263, sent a division of his forces by this route to ravage the same country.

Maclean, of Coll, had often been known to express high disapprobation of the conduct of Allan na Sohp; and Allan, who frequently resided on his estate in Mull, was determined to have his revenge. Coll was very studious, and was in the habit of retiring frequently in the evenings to walk in a solitary place near the sea, for contemplation. Allan had information of this, and took his measures accordingly. He very easily got the laird into his hands, and having bound him with a rope, he conveyed him to his boat. He set sail for the south, and it may be conceived that the prisoner did not feel much at ease in the power of such a man. Coll was a poet, and he made the best use he could of his talents. Under circumstances certainly not favourable to the Muses, he made shift to compose Allan na Sohp's March, which is still preserved. He sung it with the best grace his situation would permit; and the stern heart of the marauder was not proof against the charms of music and verse united. He released the captive laird, and after advising him to speak of him with more respect thereafter, he returned to the island of Coll, and landed his prisoner in safety where he had found him.

When Allan advanced in years, he was not so often employed in acquiring booty, and some of his followers were by no means pleased with the change in his habits. One day at dinner, one of his associates had some trouble in picking a rib of beef, and he remarked that times were indeed altered when Allan's house was so scantily supplied with that article. The landlord heard the remark, and was determined to show that his vigour had not decreased. He ordered all his people to attend him, and proceeded to the river Clyde, where he penetrated as far as Erskine ferry, near Renfrew. He carried off cattle and levied contributions to a large amount, and returned home in triumph. This was the richest *creach* or *hership* he had ever made; and it was afterwards denominated *Creach an Aisne*, after the rib, from which it originated.

Allan na Sohp died in peace at an old age; and having made the best compromise in his power with the holy Church for as speedy an escape from purgatory as circumstances would admit, he was buried with his ancestors in the sacred cemetery of Saint Oran, in Iona. He left one son, but he was not permitted to become so celebrated as his father. He was accused of having conspired against his chief, and was put to death for that crime at an early age, and without children. His estate of Torloisk reverted to his chief, as superior. Allan had a daughter, who was married to the son of his friend Murdoch Gair, of Lochbuy.†

† From Traditions of the Western Highlands, in the London Literary Gazette.

POPULAR MORALS.

[We here continue our extracts from Mr Sullivan's Moral Class-Book, of which the first in order was given in the 50th number of the Journal. It will be of much service to the reader, in the perusal of these excellent papers, if he takes the trouble to glance at the preceding, before beginning to read that which is put into his hand, by which means he will keep up in his mind a full understanding of the general tendency of the series.]

"The propositions which must be established as the foundation of religious duty and of moral conduct in this life, and of hope in another and better life, are in substance these:—

Sect. 1. There is a Supreme Being who is the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all things and of all beings; he intended human life to be a benefit to those to whom it is given—and it may be a benefit, or not, according to the use which is made of it; the means of making it a benefit are placed within the comprehension of all to whom life and reason are given. Mankind are permitted to choose whether they will obey or disobey; and subjected in this life, and in a future one, to the consequences of their acts and omissions.

2. In the first proposition, that there is a Supreme Being, we place revelation at present out of the inquiry, and ask how can it be known that there is such a Being?—and that he has prescribed rules for the conduct of the human race? How can we certainly know that man does not perish, and return to the earth, as we believe, that the vegetable kingdom and the whole race of animals inferior to man certainly do?

3. We propose to address the proofs which we have to offer to those minds which admit that man whencesoever he came, and whithersoever he is to go, and whether he returns to the earth, or ascends to heaven, is capable in his own nature of comprehending facts and truths; and that he may, and commonly does, govern himself in his most serious and interesting acts of life, by ascertaining what is true when he can, and by inferences from known or supposed truths, when he can approach no nearer to certainty. It is believed that in the common exercise of the human faculties, there can be no other rule of government. If there be any persons who claim to be governed or guided by any other rules, we do not attempt to deal with them. It may be said that all knowledge is founded on experience, and that nothing is to be admitted to be true of which we have no experience. This saying is true, as to the common operation of the laws of nature in the material world. It cannot be true in relation to those things of which we have not had any experience. Thus knowledge is founded in experience as to the properties and action of the elements. We know some of the properties of these from repeated experiments, which give always the same results. We do not know, in like manner, that there is a future state of being; but we know certain truths, from which the inference that there is such a state is to be drawn.

4. We do not know, as we do know experimentally certain truths concerning the material world, that there is a Supreme Being, since he is not known to us by the means which we have of knowing such truths. No one has seen the Deity: nor is his personal existence known to us through the senses, as we know of other existence: but his existence, power, and government, may be known to us, by necessary and certain inference, from fact and truths, which are as undeniable as our own existence.

5. Does any one doubt that there is an existing material universe? Does any one doubt that he is a part of that universe? Did any human being form himself? Could any one of those from whom he sprung, form himself? If intellectual, spiritual man could not be originally the Creator of himself, could the material world, which is without intellect or spirit, create itself, and subject itself to the laws which we know, from experience, do govern it? Certainly all things, and all beings, were created. To this assertion it may possibly be replied, No. The supposition of creation is not proved.

6. It may be asserted that all things may have existed from eternity, just as we see them. What intelligible thought does this assertion communicate to a reasonable mind? What is eternity? Can the human mind form any conception of eternity? Add thousands to thousands, and millions to millions, till the power of computation is exhausted, and it comes to no more than a succession of years. We are incapable of judging of duration but by a succession of some measure of time. Let us ascend to the highest possible duration of which we can conceive, we shall find a material universe existing there; the question would be the same then as it is now. How came it into being? Did it create itself? The answer to such inquiries has always been, in every age of that world, by the most exalted minds, that the universe could not be its own author; it must have had some author; when, and in what manner it was created, may not be intended for us to know. It is enough for us to know that it had a Creator. What, then, can we learn of Him, of his majesty and power, his beneficence and laws, from the contemplation of his works? Every step which we take in exploring the works of the Most High forces upon us, more and more strongly, the conviction that all which we are made capable of understanding proceeds from infinite wisdom, and from awful authority. We have only to trust in this examination to our own senses, and to the inferences which we draw

from what they disclose to us, to be assured of the existence, of the presence, and of the government of such a Being.

7. There are few who have had the benefit of instruction, probably few who are sensible of existence, who have not raised their eyes, in a cloudless night, to the starry firmament, and who have not felt some emotion, however undefined, that all which they see there was the work of some incomprehensible Being, and that it continues to exist in pursuance of his laws. Familiar as this continually recurring spectacle may be, it is ever magnificent, and ever new, and ever fills the mind with astonishment and awe. Examined by the light of science, and contemplated in its systematic regularity, the feeling of reverence and awe sinks deeper and deeper;—and well has it been said,

'An undevout astronomer is mad!'

8. How wonderful is it that such a comparatively insignificant being as he who moves on the surface of this little globe, and whose mortal frame is tied down to it by the irresistible power of attraction, should be able to foretell, with unerring certainty, the very moment when the light of the sun will be shut out from the earth by the intervening of its satellite: Nay, the precise moment when a comet was visible from our little globe at a time long past, when he was not in being himself; and when it will be again visible, when he must be gone, and perhaps unremembered on the earth.

9. Omitting always the light derived from revelation, in the present view of the subject, we know in these days the Author of the Universe only by approaching towards him in the contemplation of his works. In doing this it will be demonstrated to all rational minds that every where the proofs of an infinitely wise and powerful Deity are clearly disclosed.

10. The usual course of instruction in our schools makes known only that part of the firmament which is called the solar system, and of which our own planet is a part. This system, it will be remembered, comprises the sun, the eleven planets, the two rings and seven moons of one of them (Saturn); the four moons of another (Jupiter); and the moon of our own planet. All these planets have the sun for the centre of their system, and seem to us to be dependent on him for light and heat, and are well known to move around him with the most exact regularity, while the moons of such of these planets as have them, move with the like regularity around them. Each of these planets, and each of their satellites, revolve in measured time as they move. What must that power be which appointed to the unconsumed and undiminished sun, his place, and to the planets which move round him their unchangeable orbits? The sun is 520 times larger than all the planetary globes which revolve around him, and 1,300,000 times larger than our globe. Such is the power of this luminary, that the planet Herschel is held in his orbit, lighted and warmed by his brilliancy at the distance of 1800 millions of miles from his surface. Who upholds these orbs in their paths, and prevents them from rushing into one common ruin? If it be answered, it is the law of their being; who, then, ordained that law?

11. Besides the sun, and the planets which revolve around him, there belong to the same system, comets, the design and purpose of which is, to us, utterly inconceivable. Their magnitude and rapidity of motion are equally so. They, too, are nevertheless known to insignificant mortals to move with the same exact precision which is every where of divine authority. One of them is, by such agency, known to be 11,200 millions of miles from the sun at its greatest distance, and to move at the rate of 880,000 miles in one hour, when nearest to him. The tail of the comet which appeared in 1680, was computed by Sir Isaac Newton to be 80 millions of miles in length!

12. Magnificent and glorious as the solar system may be, what is it in magnitude and distance, when compared with all the numberless worlds and systems beyond it? In every clear night, the naked eye may discover nearly a thousand fixed stars, which are supposed to be such luminaries as the sun. If all these luminaries are suns, and have their attendant planets, as we know our sun to have, it would comprise a mass of matter equal to 1320 millions of globes of the size of our earth. The assistance which the human eye has obtained in extending its view into the works of the Almighty by artificial means, discloses to us the certainty that orbs exist at such a distance from us, that a cannon ball moving at the rate of 480 miles an hour would require nine millions of years to pass from some of them to the earth. The sun is computed to be 95 millions of miles from the earth; yet in eight minutes and a quarter, the light reaches the earth from that luminary. What must be the magnitude of luminous bodies, which are seen with the help of glasses at such a distance, that it would require some years for light to come from them to the earth?

13. It is said by some modern astronomers, that stars are seen at such distance, that light must have left them four hundred years before it strikes on our earth. Beyond all that is now known to us to exist, there may be still other systems, and all of them in motion according to the laws assigned to them; all of them preserved and governed by one awful incomprehensible Power. All of them may be, and probably are, the abodes of intelligent beings, capable of comprehending and adoring the Universal God. Where shall the imagination fix the boundaries of creation? From whatever point on the surface of our sphere the eye is directed towards the firmament, worlds on worlds, systems on systems, are disclosed. Are we in the centre of the universe? Are we in some remote extremity of the universe? What is the centre, what is an extremity of the universe? If there be a centre, if there be limits to the works of the Almighty, what is there beyond them; and who and what exists where the Almighty Creator does not exist and reign?

14. If we are astonished at the magnitude and distance of these luminaries, how much more so must we be, when we try to think of them collectively, and in motion? We know that like the substances on the earth they are held by the law of gravitation; and we know what strength it requires to move a weight of a few hundred pounds. If we could suppose our comparatively small earth to be a perfectly smooth ball on a plain, it is believed that it would require a mechanical force which no human mind can compute to give it any motion. Yet we know that it moves at the rate of 68,000 miles in every hour, revolving as it flies, yet so easily and surely, that we have no perception of its motion. The planet Mercury moves at the rate of 1750 miles in a single minute; a motion which may be measured by supposing a ball to pass from America to Europe in one minute and three quarters, or round our earth in seventeen minutes. If the magnitude, the distance, the brightness, the motion and all of these together, speak not a language to the reason of man in the name of the Almighty, then may he number himself with the reptiles of the earth, and lie down with them in the dust of their common mother.

15. Who that claims to have the use of his senses, and the exercise of his reason, will presume to say that these things are not so? Will he be hardy enough to say that these are the works of chance, and of accident? If so, how came they to be subjects of accident and chance? What are accident and chance, when spoken of in relation to organized systems, which move by unerring laws, through endless ages?

16. If we limit our attention to the globe on which we live, and consider its connexion with, and dependence on the sun, its own atmosphere, its waters; and consider its objects, and animals, whether beneath or on its surface; wherever, and however minutely we push our inquiries, we shall find, and no less in the least of the animal or vegetable kingdoms, than in the glorious orbs above us, irresistible proofs of the existence and government of the Deity.

17. On the nature and properties of the common air which surrounds this globe, volumes might be written, and every truth contained in them would serve to prove the power and wisdom of its Creator. The progress of science, by actual experiment, in modern times, has enlarged surprisingly our knowledge of the agency of this subtle fluid on animal and vegetable existence. We can touch but sparingly on this abundant topic, and can only select some of the more prominent truths in proof of our proposition.

18. From the earth's surface, the atmosphere (which is from two Greek words meaning 'vapour' and 'sphere') is supposed to extend upwards about 45 miles. It comprises the common air, the electric fluid, fluids that ascend by evaporation, and all substances less heavy than itself. This whole mass is subject to the power of attraction. It goes with the earth in its annual flight and daily revolution. It is sometimes so still that the lightest substance is unmoved by it; sometimes chilling, and binding in fetters all that it can act upon; sometimes suffocating with its heat; sometimes fanning with its healthy breeze; sometimes scattering pestilence in its transit; sometimes prostrating human abodes; and uprooting the fast holding of the 'gnarled oak.' Subtle and active as it is, its pressure is 15 pounds to every square inch, so that a common sized man sustains a pressure of 32,000 pounds, which would instantly crush him if it were not from the counter pressure from the air within him. The pressure of the whole atmosphere on the earth is computed at five thousand million of millions of tons; a number of which we have no power to conceive. The constituents of the common air are ascertained, by very modern experiments, to be two gases (the word gas cannot be otherwise defined, for common use, than by the words elastic airy fluid), of which 21 parts in an 100 are oxygen, 79 are nitrogen. Oxygen is composed of two Greek words signifying 'acid' and 'to generate,' so named from its power of generating acids, and is supposed to constitute the principle of vital air. Nitrogen is composed of two words, from the same language, signifying 'nitre,' and 'to produce,' or that principle of the air which produces nitre, which is a salt commonly called saltpetre. Science has been able to do no more, in this instance, than in many others; that is, to arrive at some knowledge of properties or qualities, without approaching to any knowledge of essence. That constituent of the air called oxygen is known to be the principle of combustion, the conducter of heat, the support of animal life, and to be indispensable to vegetable life. Nitrogen has none of these properties, and seems to be mingled with the former to lessen its action. Oxygen seems to be to nitrogen as 21 drops of one kind of liquid mingled with 79 drops of one of an opposite character. If there were only oxygen in the air, it is said that it would inflame and consume every thing, even metallic substances; if only nitrogen, there would be no flame, nor animal nor vegetable life. Here, then, the doubting are met by a new and embarrassing inquiry: By whom was the air prepared and tempered to its uses, and by what power is it kept in its dutiful action? By what power was the air made fit for man, for animals, however comparatively large or small, and for every member of the thousand varieties of the vegetable kingdom, and for the action of fire, without which man would have no use of the minerals of the earth?"

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

THE following account of this celebrated victory is extracted from a HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, just published by Mr Bentley, of London, in two small volumes, and which is the composition of one of the Editors of the Edinburgh Journal. The work is calculated for the use of young people between school and college, or about to enter life, and, for this purpose, aims chiefly at giving an intelligible and comprehensive view of the political history of the kingdom. There is a very mistaken idea that the history of Scotland ends with the union of the crowns in 1603—merely because there is no longer after that period a separate king to be chronicled. On the contrary, the history of the nation, after it lost its kings, exceeds in interest all that went before, and is always more and more worthy of attention as it advances to the present time. Under this view, the present writer has devoted the half of his work to the history after 1603, and brings the narrative, in as ample a form as possible, down to the passing of the Reform Bills last year. We are forbidden, by obvious considerations, to say any thing respecting the style or manner of this little work; but we may be permitted to remark, that, in design, extent, and price, it serves a purpose not served by any other existing compilation:—

"For several years, King Robert was incessantly employed in skirmishes with the garrisons which the English king maintained in Scotland, or in contending with those native lords of the soil who were adverse to his claims. In the course of this partisan warfare, he was sometimes at the head of a powerful party, and sometimes a single fugitive pursued by blood-hounds. Throughout all his vicissitudes he seems to have invariably enjoyed the good wishes of the common people, to whom his cause was endeared by its being their own, and who always found some means of assisting and supporting him, however controlled in general by their landlords. At length, by a series of minute military transactions, which almost tires the reader of old chronicles, he found himself, in 1313, in possession of every fortress of any consequence in the kingdom, except Stirling, with the governor of which his brother Edward made a paction, that, unless relieved by an English army before midsummer, next year, it should be delivered into the hands of the Scots.

It was this circumstance that led to the celebrated battle of Bannockburn, by which the independence of Scotland was destined to be so fully and definitely asserted. Robert himself was much distressed when he learned the terms which his brother had made, as he well knew that the chivalrous spirit of the age would make it necessary that an English army should be brought to rescue the castle; a visit which he could have as well spared, if with honour. The principles of chivalry, however, had as strong a hold of Bruce's mind as they could have of any man's in that age; and while still regretting the cause, he determined on meeting the English, as thus pledged, in a fair-stricken field.

As he had calculated, the English king was now at length roused, by the terms of this treaty, to undertake what he had too long delayed—a personal expedition to Scotland, and that upon such a scale as seemed calculated to ensure success. The army collected for this purpose comprehended the whole feudal service of ninety-three great tenants of the English crown, besides a considerable force from Wales and Ireland, and some foreign mercenaries. In round numbers it amounted to a hundred thousand men, whereof four thousand were clad in complete steel, horse and man, and fifty thousand were archers, each of whom bore a bow as tall as himself, and shot arrows a cloth-yard long. An idea may be formed of the infinite pomp and circumstance of this array, from the fact, as calculated by a monkish writer of the time, that its baggage-waggons extended would have made a line a hundred and eighty miles long. It comprised, indeed, the whole chivalry, the whole military force of England; and so confidently did Edward anticipate victory by its means, that he brought with him a poetical monk, as one of the supernumeraries, to celebrate his successes as soon as they should take place.

Bruce, for his part, made all the preparations which circumstances could admit of. Forty thousand brave men obeyed the summons which called them to defend the independence of their country, or see it for ever destroyed. These he rendezvoused in the Torwood, near Stirling, a scene already hallowed to patriotism, from having frequently been the retreat of Wallace, and where it was necessary to make a stand on the present occasion, so as to prevent the approach of the English army to that fortress, which was the immediate object of the expedition. In this host were men from every part of Scotland—Anglo-Saxons from the south and east districts, civilized Caledonians from the north-east province, Islesmen but recently transferred from a Norwegian to a Scottish allegiance, Highlanders descended from the earliest subjects of the Scottish kings, and men from Carrick and Galloway, who

owned a local as well as a national attachment to the fortunes of King Robert, from being the tenants of his patrimonial estates. One common sentiment animated them—implacable hostility against the nation whose ambitious sovereigns had for thirty years wrought them so much evil, joined to a resolution either to work out their country's deliverance, or to die in the attempt.

When Bruce learned that the English army had reached Edinburgh, thirty-six miles from his position, he drew out his troops in battle array upon a field or park, a little to the south of Stirling, where certain irregularities of ground promised him greater advantages than if he had remained precisely in front of that town and fortress. Arranging his first line in three divisions, whereof the right was protected by the banks of the rivulet called Bannockburn, while the left rested upon the village of St Ninians, he himself assumed the command of a second line, or corps-de-reserve, which consisted chiefly of men from the remoter parts of his dominions. The commanders to whom he entrusted his foremost battalions, were those hardy warriors who had fought by his side, or in his interest, through the whole period of his struggles for the crown; one was his brother Edward; another his nephew, the celebrated Randolph, Earl of Moray; a third, Walter, High Steward of Scotland, who, through his daughter, was destined to give a long train of heirs to the kingdom. It does not appear that many of the national nobility mingled in his army. They were still, perhaps, under scruples as to his right, or afraid of the eventual triumph of Edward. The host seems to have chiefly consisted of volunteer commoners, officered (if the expression may be used) by the king's own band of friends and fellow-adventurers. It contained no more than five hundred horse; but the king, recollecting the instance of a late continental battle, where the French cavalry were defeated by Flemish pikemen, trusted to the firmness of his ranks, and to the hedge of long spears which they would present on every side, for the means of counteracting this disadvantage.

On the evening of Saturday the 22d of June, the enormous host of Edward slept at Falkirk. Continuing their march next day, they soon perceived the Scottish army lying in three or four detached masses along a series of gentle heights, and paused to consider the propriety of giving immediate battle. This question being soon determined in the negative, on account of the fatigued state of the army, the English sovereign caused his men to encamp for the night.

King Robert was riding about in front of his ranks, attended by a little cluster of officers, from whom he was distinguished only by a slight coronet of gold, which he wore above his helmet, when an English knight, named Sir Henry de Bohun, formed an ambitious wish of entering into private combat with him, in the hope, if successful, of winning eternal honour, by the end which he would thereby put to the whole war. He therefore set his powerful war-horse in motion, placed his lance in the rest, and galloped towards the King of Scots, who, comparatively unarmed, and mounted on a much smaller animal, must have seemed very ill fitted to withstand his attack. Bruce eyed him advancing, and, being too much of a *knight* to think of the *commander* at such a moment, did not avoid the meeting, as he might have justifiably done, but on the contrary rode out a little way from his circle of friends, as if anxious to afford every advantage to the design of his assailant. He seemed for a moment to await the shock of the English soldier, and both armies looked in breathless anxiety for a result which they knew was either to accomplish or mar the purpose for which they were assembled, and which was so instantly to be expected, that a twinkle of the eye-lid threatened to lose them the sight. The moment passed—a crash was heard—and Robert Bruce was seen still mounted on his little palfrey, while Sir Henry de Bohun lay a damaged and breathless corpse at his feet. The king had dexterously avoided the lance of the English knight, and, rising in his stirrups as he swept past, had broken head and helmet, and dashed him to the earth by one blow of his battle-axe, which was shivered to pieces by the blow, leaving only the handle in his grasp. The friends who instantly came round the king could not help entering a remonstrance against his imprudence, in thus risking his life at a time when it was of such importance to his people. He only glanced down at the stump of his weapon, and remarked, 'I am sorry for my good battle-axe.' He considered, in all probability, that though the risk was great, yet the shame of retreat from a fair personal combat, at such a moment, would have had a most unfavourable effect upon the minds of his soldiers; whereas an achievement like this, which long experience made him almost sure of performing to his desire, was calculated to inspire his men with additional confidence in their leader. It was thus with confirmed, though still modest hopes of success, that the Scots lay down for the night; while the English, on the other hand, though yet entertaining the highest expectations from their numbers, and from their national reputation for superiority, were sensibly dashed at this striking omen.

Both armies rose betimes next morning, and fitted themselves for the encounter. The English, who had spent the night riotously, included in their preparations only such arrangements as referred to the defence and nourishment of the person. The Scots regarded also the edification of the mind. With that attention to things spiritual which to this day characterises the people in so remarkable a manner, they heard mass said by the Abbot of Inchaffray in front of their lines before breakfast, and afterwards knelt with devout feeling to receive the personal benediction of that holy man, who, for the purpose of bestowing it, passed along bare-footed and bare-headed, displaying in his hands a crucifix supposed to be of miraculous sanctity. The English king, who was now advancing with his proud squadrons, saw this last motion of the Scots, and exclaimed with delight, that they were kneeling to ask his mercy. To this a Scottish baron, who had long been in his service, made answer, that they asked mercy, but it was from heaven, not from the King of England. Edward concealed his mortification by ordering the charge to be sounded.

Firm in their ranks, each battalion under its local banner, and all beneath the lion standard of Scotland, which floated in ample folds from the highest part of the field—being fixed in a large earth-fast stone, wthch is yet pointed out with veneration—the host of Bruce awaited the formidable attack, to resist or yield to which, promised them continued independence or everlasting degradation. The first charge was made by the English cavalry under the Earls of Gloucester and Hereford, and it was firmly met by the division under Edward Bruce, the king's brother. In a short time the other parts of the English line came up, and the small Scottish columns became absorbed and lost in the multitudinous bands opposed to them, as rivers enter and are swallowed up in the sea. Every where the Scottish infantry presented their lengthy spears to the charge of the English cavalry and men-at-arms, and were every where successful in repelling, by those means, attacks which otherwise must have overpowered them. Where the conflict came to personal rencontre, the Scottish soldier handled his short battle-axe and dagger with fearful effect. An arrow-flight as thick as rain proceeded from the English archers; but King Robert was fortunately able to put a speedy end to that annoyance, by his small party of light horse, whose attack the bowmen had no proper means of resisting. The battle then became what is so seldom exemplified in modern warfare, a hand-to-hand contention, in which many thousands of brave men fought eagerly and closely with each other for honour and life. It became a widely-extended single combat. 'It was awful at this moment,' says a historian who is supposed to have drawn his narration from eye-witnesses,* 'to hear the noise of the four battalions fighting in a line, the clang of arms, the shouts of the knights as they raised their war-cry; to see the flight of the arrows, which maddened the horses; the alternate sinking and rising of the banners and the ground streaming with blood, and covered with shreds of armour, broken spears, pennons, and rich scarfs, torn and soiled with blood and clay; and to listen to the groans of the wounded and dying.'

It is generally found in the case of a charge in modern times, that the whole question is one of nerves, not of comparative military power; and that the party, therefore, which best bears the horrors of the first encounter, is sure to be left victor. Upon this principle, it would appear that the Scots having had the fortitude to endure the close fight for a certain space, by virtue of that high moral tension to which they were stretched, the English, as a matter of course, soon began to display marks of failing resolution. Just at this crisis, it happened that a large body of servants and camp-followers, who had been placed by King Robert behind a hill, chose to make their appearance with sheets displayed banner-wise, and with wild cries, so as to impress the English with the idea of a large force come to the assistance of the Scotch. No more was necessary to decide the fight. The press of battle relaxed. The heavy masses of the English began to sway back like a receding tide. The Scotch, hitherto fighting on the defensive, began to assume the assailant. Cries of 'On them! on them! They fail! they fail!' resounded over the field. The king called out his ensenyie with redoubled vehemence, and charged the enemy with a fury which nothing could withstand. In a second's space the fate of Scotland was fixed on the ascendant, and the enemies of her independence, who had just before been a host so powerful as to oppress the very imagination, became as worthless and unavailing as the chaff which flies before the wind.

The slaughter on neither side had as yet been great. It now became immense on the part of the fugitives. As they pressed through the narrow defiles behind their position, the Scots made most grievous havoc among them, taking unrestrained revenge for the slaughters and oppressions of the last thirty years, and only sparing such persons of rank as promised to produce a good ransom. The rivulet of Bannockburn, which gave its name to the battle, is said to have been actually bridged over with the heaps of the slain. The King of England escaped with a small party, and found his first resting-place at Dunbar Castle, sixty miles distant, from which a mean fishing-boat afforded him a passage to England, almost as solitary as that of Xerxes, whose whole story the present so much resembles. His camp and baggage, containing immense wealth, became the prey of the Scots, who further gained prodigious sums by the ransom of their prisoners. As a ludicrous commentary upon the disappointed vain-glory of the English king, Bruce caused the poet-laureate whom Edward had brought to celebrate his triumphs, and who had fallen into the hands of the Scots, to write a poem on the opposite score; with which order the unfortunate monk complied, though the bad grace with which he consented is very evident on the face of his production.* As a matter of course, Stirling Castle now fell into the hands of King Robert, whereby his conquest of the whole country was completed.

The impression made on the public mind by this victory seems to have been very great; so great as to excite even the superstitions of the people, which are so invariably called into play in an ignorant age, when any thing uncommon or important takes place. Among the wild stories told after it, one bears a highly picturesque, and even poetical character. It was said that on the day of the victory, 'a knight in fair bright armour' suddenly appeared on horseback in the market-place of Aberdeen, where he related to the people all the particulars of the fight; after which he was seen riding across the Pentland Firth, towards the Orkney Islands. As Aberdeen is at least a hundred and forty miles from Bannockburn, it was clear that this could scarcely be any one who had been present at the battle; the people, therefore, considering the direction in which the figure was subsequently seen to ride, believed it to be the spirit of St Magnus, of Kirkwall. This holy shade had chosen, no doubt from motives of patriotism, to be present at the victory, and, in returning to his shrine in Orkney, had thought proper to tell what he had witnessed to the good folk of Aberdeen, who, from their distinguished loyalty on all occasions to Bruce, might be supposed particularly interested in the battle."

* Barbour.

* This person is believed to have remained in Scotland, to have settled at the village of Gattonside, near Melrose, and to have become founder of the name of Boston in Scotland.

MEMORY.—William Lawson, teacher of mathematics (who died at Edinburgh 17th November 1757), when a young man, and tutor in a gentleman's family, gave proof of a remarkable strength of memory. His patron had wagered that the numbers from 1 to 40 inclusive could be multiplied regularly in progression, 40 being the last multiplier, and that merely by force of memory, without having recourse to written calculation. Mr Lawson was with reluctance prevailed upon to undertake the task. He began it next morning at seven o'clock, taught his pupils, as usual, their Latin lesson in the course of the day, and finished the operation at six in the evening, when he reported the product to the gentlemen concerned in the wager, which they took down in writing, making a line of 48 figures, and found it to be just. The shortness of the time rendered the work the more difficult, as each multiplication was in its turn so far to be forgotten as not to interfere with those that succeeded. When the operation was over, he could perceive his veins to start, like those of a man in a nervous fever, and the following night he dreamed continually of figures. Indeed, he was often heard to say that no inducement would ever engage him in a similar attempt. A fair copy of the whole calculation, attested by the three gentlemen, parties in the wager, was put in a glass frame, and hung up in his patron's dining-room.

LITERARY PIRACY—NOTORIOUS INSTANCES.—Upon the first appearance of "Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination"—the author's name not being prefixed—a Mr Rolt, author of a "Dictionary of Trade and Commerce," had the impudence to go over to Dublin, publish an edition, and put his name to it. Upon the fame of this he lived several months, being entertained at the best tables as the "ingenious Mr Rolt." Akenside at length detected the fraud, and vindicated his right, by publishing the poem with the real author's name.

Dr Campbell, of St Andrew's, wrote a Treatise on the Authenticity of the Gospel History, and sent the manuscript to his friend and countryman, a Mr Innes, a clergyman in England. The latter published it with his own name, and, before the imposition was discovered, obtained considerable promotion as a reward of merit.

Dr Hugh Blair, and Mr Ballantine, a friend of his, when students of divinity, wrote a poem, entitled "Redemption," copies of which in MS. were handed about. They were at length surprised to see a pompous edition of it in folio, dedicated to the Queen, by a Dr Dangler, as his own.

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BOOTS.

WHOEVER has spent any part of his life in travelling, must have discovered, that in all inns there is a real or supposed personage called BOOTS, whose lineaments, however, if he were called upon to recollect them in any instance, would be found to have entirely escaped his observation. The fact is, Boots is a kind of lubber-fiend, such as Milton alludes to in his L'Allegro, who works—that is certain, for his work appears—but is hardly ever seen himself. Some one out of many travellers may have a dim recollection of a Caliban-like being whom he saw one morning flitting, in misty and mysterious touziness of shape, across a long narrow passage leading back into the kitchen. Or he may have passed a dusky recess in some of the back passages of the house, and heard a curious mingled sound of whistling and brushing, proceeding, as he would observe on casting his eye inwards, from something in human shape—the spirit of the den—of whose form, however, the details were completely beyond the ken of vision. Or, when hurrying out to a coach just about to start from the door, he may have heard the words, "Mind Boots, sir, if you please," uttered by some person near him, and who, after receiving a trifle, bowed and retired. But though Boots, in desperate cases, thus rushes forth from his grim abode, and presents himself in bodily shape to the eye of the traveller, no one can pretend to have ever exactly measured him with eye, or spoken to him with tongue, or touched him with finger. The opportunities of actually *seeing* Boots are invariably too hasty and transient to allow of any proper observation being taken of him. He flits before the human eye like a disembodied spirit of the air, and remains as great a mystery as ever.

Having an odd habit of poking into the outlying corners of human nature, and thinking of things that no other body thinks of thinking of, we have sometimes had very thoughtful cogitations within ourselves respecting the character and destiny of Boots. It is a dreadful thing to reflect that a vast number of persons, young and old, should live all their lives in a state of such hopeless spirituality as do those who bear the name of Boots. We cannot suppose that in England, Boots is ever a *confirmed* person—how could the bishop lay his hand upon a head so unessential as his?—nor can we suppose that in Scotland he is ever what is called an *examinable* person. In the first place, how could the minister get a hold of him? In the second, even supposing that he had dragged the struggling savage into day, what would be the use of asking "What is the chief end of man?"* of a person who does not consider himself as man at all, but is only—Boots! Does Boots go to Church? Surely no man will say that he ever saw him there. Is Boots taken into account in the census of the national population? If he were, he would, of course, be entitled to rank as two, for, in grammar, Boots is plural. But he never ranks either as one or as two: he is an unnoticed being altogether. So apt are people to overlook his existence, that, though they never were at an inn without having occasion for his services, yet, when they are paying their bills, they never recollect there is such a being as Boots; and unless he shoots like a star from his sphere, and comes athwart them in the lobby, as they are going out, with a hint of his name and service, he is bilked utterly—fairly done—left quite unrequited. This shows that Boots has no regularly acknowledged existence in the mind of any man: the idea of him is not continued from one day to another: he may have been believed to exist on Tuesday; but nobody on that account believes him to exist on Wednesday. In fact, Boots is entirely a puzzle. Hath Boots eyes? Hath Boots taste, smell, or touch? Doth he breathe the same air with us, see the same objects of nature, eat, drink, or sleep? No, no, no! The idea of bed, board, and washing, is incompatible with the idea of Boots. Or if he has a bed at all, it is also board; and if he has a board, it is also his bed. Washing! could any body wash to a disembodied spirit? You might as well talk of darning the stockings of the Cocklane Ghost. Still less can it be supposed that Boots ever experiences what mortals know under the name of the tender passion. Boots in love! The oyster in love is nothing to this. Boots in love!! can any man form such an idea? With whom, in the first place, is he to fall in love? Cham'-maid would evidently have nothing to do with him—she looks to the waiter. Cook would despise him—she looks to the hostler. "No, no," they would all say; "when we are to have a man, he must *be* a man." What woman would marry an unessential spirit, so long as the real human being was to be got? Besides, even allowing that Boots were of this world, he is not *one*, but *two*—he is a *pair* already. To marry Boots would be a kind of bigamy. The thing is as clear as his own work, or as day, or as Mr Day, of Day and Martin—take any of the three similes you please. By reason of the very fact that he is double, he is condemned to remain single all the days of his unnatural life. He is married within himself—quite matrimonially self-contained, as it were. The right of him stands for husband, the left for wife; and so he ties off with himself from all debate about the matter.

If Boots be thus strangely circumstanced in this world, he is, we suspect, far more oddly situated as to the next. The ministers, it is already mentioned, have no hold of Boots—he is totally out of the pale of the visible church. Man's chief end is a thing he has nothing to do with. If he enjoys mortal life at all—and that is very questionable—it must be only animal life. Within the sphere of his physical contexture no soul resides. You might as well suppose that a pair of limbs beneath the knee had a soul, which, on their being amputated, left the flesh behind. Yet Boots must not be confounded, either, with the creatures inferior to man. He must have some faint outline or vestige of a soul, such as what was believed to exist in the days of classical mythology. Perhaps the constellation of BOOTES is the place appointed for the future residence of this lesser intelligence, when disengaged from its tenement on earth. But this is a part of the subject which we are willing to leave to the consideration of more abstract men than those concerned in CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

* The first question in the Catechism of the Church of Scotland.

TOP BOOTS.

TOP BOOTS, as every body must have remarked, are now nearly altogether out of fashion. Their race is all but extinct. An occasional pair may indeed still be seen encasing the brawny legs of a stout elderly country gentleman, on a market day, or on the occasion of a flying visit to the metropolis; but with this exception, and with probably that of some hale obstinate bachelor octogenarian, who, in full recollection of the impression which his top boots had made on the public mind some fifty years since, still persists in thrusting his shrivelled shanks into the boots of his youth—we say, with the first positive, and the last probable exception, this highly respectable-looking and somewhat flashy article of dress has entirely disappeared.

Time was, however, and we recollect it well, when matters stood far otherwise with top boots. We have a distinct vision of numberless pairs flitting before our eyes, through the mazes of the various thoroughfares of the city; but, alas! they have evanished, one after another, like stars before the light of approaching day. Rest to their *soles*, they are now gathered to their fathers, their brightness is extinguished, their glory is gone. The Conqueror of Waterloo hath conquered them also. The top boots have fallen before the Wellingtons.

We have said, that we recollect when it was otherwise with top boots, and so we do. We recollect when a pair of top boots was a great object of ambition with the young, whose worldly prosperity was all yet to come, whose means of indulging in such little vanities of the flesh were yet to be acquired. To them a pair of top boots was a sort of land-mark in the voyage of life; a palpable, prominent, and desirable object to be attained; a sort of Cape Horn to be doubled. Nor were they less objects of ambition at the time we speak of—say about 40 years since—to the more advanced, whose circumstances required a long previous hint to prepare for such an event as the purchase of a pair of top boots. In short, top boots were the rage of the day. The apprentice, the moment he got *out* of his time, got *into* his top boots. The first thing the young grocer did was to get a pair of top boots. No lover then went to woo his mistress but in top boots, or at least if he did, the chance was, that he would go to very little purpose. The buckishly-inclined mechanic, too, hoarded his superfluous earnings until they reached the height of a pair of top boots, in which to entomb his lower limbs. Although their visits now, as we have already hinted, are "few and far between," we have seen the day when, instead of being but occasionally seen, like solitary points of light as they are now, on the dusky street, they converted it by their numbers into an absolute *via lactea*—a perfect galaxy of white leather—or shot, frequent, pale, lacteous, and flitting, like northern streamers through the dark tide of humanity as it rolled along. No marvel it is, then, that, in the midst of the wide prevalence of this top boot epidemic, poor Tommy Aikin should have fallen a victim to the disease—that his heart should have been set upon a pair of top boots; nor is it a marvel that Mr Aikin should have been able finally to gratify this longing of his, seeing that he was in tolerable circumstances, or at least in such circumstances as enabled him, by retrenching a little somewhere else, to attain the great object of his ambition—a pair of top boots. No marvel, then, as we have said, are these things which we have related of Mr Aikin; but great marvel is it that a pair of top boots should have wrought any man such mischief, as we shall presently show they did, to that honest man. But let us not anticipate. Let us, as has been before wisely said, begin at the beginning, and say who Mr Aikin was, and what were the evils in which his top boots involved him. Be it known, then, to all whom it may concern, that Mr Thomas Aikin was an officer of Excise, and was, at the period to which our story relates, residing in a certain small town not more than fifty miles distant from the city of Glasgow. Mr Aikin was a stout-made middle-aged man, exceedingly good-natured, kind, civil, and obliging. In short, he was an excellent fellow, honest and upright in all his dealings, and a faithful servant of the revenue. Every body liked Mr Aikin, and Mr Aikin liked every body; and sorely did every body lament his misfortunes

when they fell upon him. Mr Aikin had for many years led a happy life in the bosom of his family. He laughed and joked away, took his jug of toddy, caressed his children, spoke always affectionately to and of his wife, and was so spoken to and of by her in return. In short, Mr Aikin was a happy man up to that evil hour when he conceived the idea of possessing himself of a pair of top boots.

"Mary," said Mr Aikin, one luckless evening, to his loving wife, after having sat for about half an hour looking into the fire.

"Aweel, Thomas?" said his spouse, in token of her attention.

"I wad like to hae a pair o' tap boots," replied Mr Aikin, shortly, and without further preamble, although he had in reality bestowed a good deal of thought on the subject previously; indeed, a dim undefined vision of top boots had been floating before his mind's eye for nearly a month before it took the distinct shape of such a determination as he was now about to express.

"Aweel, Thomas," replied his better half, with equal brevity, "ye had better get a pair."

"They're decent-lookin' things," rejoined Mr Aikin.

"Indeed are they," said his indulgent spouse, "very decent and respectable, Thomas."

"Rather flashy though, I doubt, for the like o' me," quoth Mr Aikin.

"I dinna see that, Thomas, sae lang as ye're able to pay for them," remarked Mrs Aikin.

"No so very able, my dear," responded her husband; "but I wad like to hae a pair for a' that, just to wear on Sundays and collection days."

"Aweel, Thomas, get them; and what for no?" replied Mrs Aikin, "since your mind's bent on them. We'll save the price o' them aff something else."

We need not pursue farther the amiable colloquy which took place on this fatal night between Mr Aikin and his wife. Suffice it to say, that that night fixed Mr Aikin's resolution to order a pair of top boots. On the very next day he was measured for the said boots; and late on the Saturday evening following, the boots, with their tops carefully papered, to protect them from injury, were regularly delivered by an apprentice boy into the hands of Mrs Aikin herself, for her husband's interest.

As Mr Aikin was not himself in the house when the boots were brought home, they were placed in a corner of the parlour to await his pleasure; and certainly nothing could look more harmless or more inoffensive than did these treacherous boots, as they now stood, with their muffled tops and shining feet, in the corner of Mr Aikin's parlour. But alas! alas! short-sighted mortals that we are! that could not foresee any the slightest portion of the evils with which these rascally boots were fraught. To shorten our story as much as possible, we proceed to say that Mr Aikin at length came home, and being directed to where the boots lay, he raised them up in one hand, holding a candle in the other; and having turned them round and round several times, admiring their gloss and fair proportions, laid them down again with a calm quiet smile of satisfaction, and retired to bed. Sunday came, the church bells rang, and Mr Aikin sallied forth, in all the pomp and glory of a pair of spick and span new top boots. With all Mr Aikin's good qualities, there was, however, and we forgot to mention it before, a *leetle* touch of personal vanity; the slightest imaginable it was, but still such an ingredient did enter into the composition of his character, and it was this weakness, as philosophers call it, which made him hold his head at an unwonted height, and throw out his legs with a flourish, and plant his foot with a firmness and decision on this particular Sunday, which was quite unusual with him, or, at least, which had passed unnoticed before. With the exception, however, of a few passing remarks, in which there was neither much acrimony nor much novelty, Mr Aikin's boots were allowed to go to and from the church in peace and quietness. "Hae ye seen Mr Aikin's tap boots?" "Faith, Mr Aikin looks weel in his tap boots." "Mr Aikin was unco grand the day in his tap boots." Such and such like were the only observations which Mr Aikin's top boots elicited on the first Sunday of their appearance. Sunday after Sunday came and departed, and with the Sundays came also and departed Mr Aikin's top boots, for he wore them only on that sacred day, and on collection days, as he himself originally proposed. Like every other marvel, they at length sunk quietly to rest, becoming so associated and identified with the wearer, that no one ever thought of discussing them separately. Deceitful, calm, treacherous silence—it was but the gathering of the storm. It so happened that Mr Aikin, in the language of the Excise, surveyed, that is, ascertained and levied the duties payable by a tanner, or leather dresser, who carried on his business in the town in which Mr Aikin resided. Now, the Honourable Board of Excise were in those days extremely jealous of the fidelity of their officers, and, in a spirit of suspicion of the honour and faith of man peculiar to themselves, readily listened to every report prejudicial to the character of their servants. Here, then, was an apparently intimate connection, and of the worst sort—a pair of top boots—between a revenue officer and a trader, a dresser of leather. Remote and obscure hints of connivance between the former and the latter began to arise, and in despite of the general esteem in which Mr Aikin was held, and the high opinion which was entertained of his worth and integrity, these hints and suspicions —such is the wickedness and perversity of human nature—gradually gained ground, until they at length reached the ears of the Board, with the most absurd aggravations.

Their honours were told, but by whom was never ascertained, that the most nefarious practices were going on in ——, and to an enormous extent. Large speculations in contraband leather, on the joint account of the officer and trader, were talked of; the one sinking his capital, the other sacrificing the king's duties. Whole hogsheads of manufactured boots and shoes were said to be exported to the West Indies, as the common adventure of the officer and trader. The whole family and friends of the former, to the tenth degree of propinquity, were said to have been supplied gratis with boots and shoes for the last ten years. In short, the whole affair was laid before their honours the Commissioners of Excise, decked out in the blackest colours, and so swollen, distorted, and exaggerated, that no man could have conceived for a moment that so monstrous a tale of dishonesty and turpitude could have been manufactured out of a thing so simple as a pair of top boots. Indeed, how could he? for the boots, the real ground of the vile fabrication, were never once mentioned, nor in the slightest degree alluded to; but, as it was, the thing bore a serious aspect, and so thought the Honourable Board of Excise. A long and grave consultation was held in the board-room, and the result was, an order to the then Collector of Excise in Glasgow to make a strict and immediate inquiry into the circumstances of the case, and to report thereon; a measure which was followed up in a day or two afterwards, by their honours dispatching two Surveying-generals, as they are called, also to Glasgow, to assist at and superintend the investigation which the Collector had been directed to set on foot. On the arrival of these officers at Glasgow, they forthwith waited upon the Collector, to ascertain what he had learnt regarding Mr Aikin's nefarious practices. The result of the consultation which was here again held, was a determination, on the part of the Generals and the Collector, to proceed to the scene of Mr Aikin's ignominy, and to prosecute their inquiries on the spot, as the most likely way of arriving at a due knowledge of the facts. Accordingly, two chaises were hired at the expense of the crown, one for the two Generals, and another for the Collector and his clerk:—all this, good reader, be it remembered, arising from the simple circumstance of Mr Aikin's having indulged himself in the luxury of a single solitary pair of top boots, and, moreover, the first pair he ever had. The gentlemen having seated themselves in the carriages, were joined, just before starting, by a friend of the Collector's on horseback, who, agreeably to an arrangement he had made with the latter on the preceding day, now came to ride out with them to the scene of their impending labours; and thus, though of course he had nothing to do with the proceedings of the day, he added not a little to the imposing character of the procession, which was now about to move in the direction of Mr Aikin's top boots. An hour and a half's drive brought the whole cavalcade into the little town in which the unfortunate owner of the said boots resided; and little did he think, honest man, as he eyed the procession passing his windows, marvelling the while what it could mean—little, we say, did he think that the sole and only object, *pro tempore* at least, of those who composed it, was to inquire how, and by what means, and from whom, he had gotten his top boots. Of this fact, however, he was soon made aware. In less than half an hour he was sent for, and told, for the first time, of the heavy charges which lay against him. A long, tedious investigation took place; item after item of poor Aikin's indictment melted away beneath the process of inquiry; until at length the whole affair resolved itself into the original cause of all the mischief, the pair of top boots. Nothing which could in the slightest degree impugn Mr Aikin's honesty remained, but these unlucky top boots, and for them he immediately produced his shoemaker's receipt. "Mr Aikin—Bought of David Anderson, one pair of top boots, L.2, 2s. Settled in full, D. Anderson." With this finisher the investigation closed, and Mr Aikin stood fully and honourably acquitted of all the charges brought against him. The impression, however, which the affair made at head-quarters, was far from being favourable to him. He was ever after considered there in the light, not of an innocent man, but as one against whom nothing could be proven; and his motions were watched with the utmost vigilance. The consequence was, that, in less than three months, he was dismissed from the service of the revenue, ostensibly for some trifling omission of duty; but he himself thought, and so did every body else, that the top boots were in reality the cause of his misfortune.

One would have thought that this was quite enough of mischief to arise from one pair of top boots, and so thought every body but the top boots themselves, we suppose. This was but a beginning of the misfortunes into which they walked with their unfortunate owner.

About four miles distant from the town in which Mr Aikin lived, there resided an extensive coal-mine proprietor, of the name of Davidson; and it so happened that he, too, had a predilection for that particular article of dress, already so often named, viz. top boots; indeed, he was never known to wear any thing else in their place. Davidson was an elderly gentleman, harsh and haughty in his manner, and extremely mean in all his dealings—a manner and disposition which made him greatly disliked by the whole country, and especially by his workmen, the miners, of whom he employed upwards of a hundred and fifty. The abhorrence in which Mr Davidson was at all times held by his servants, was at this particular moment greatly increased by an attempt which he was making to reduce his workmen's wages; and to such a height had their resentment risen against their employer, that some of the more ferocious of them were heard to throw out dark hints of personal violence; and it was much feared by Davidson's friends—of whom he had, however, but a very few, and these mostly connected with him by motives of interest—that such an occurrence would, in reality, happen one night or other, and that at no great distance of time. Nor was this fear groundless. Mr Davidson was invited to dine with a neighbouring gentleman. He accepted the invitation, very foolishly, as his family thought; but he did accept it, and went accordingly. It was in the winter time, and the house of his host was about a mile distant from his own residence. Such an opportunity as this of giving their employer a sound drubbing had been long looked for by some half dozen of Mr Davidson's workmen, and early and correct information on the subject of his dining out enabled them to avail themselves of it. The conspirators having held a consultation, resolved to waylay Davidson on his return home. With this view they proceeded, after it became dark, in the direction of the house in which their employer was dining. Having gone about half way, they halted, and held another consultation, whereat it was determined that they should conceal themselves in a sunk fence which ran alongside of the road, until the object of their resentment approached, when they should all rush out upon him at once, and belabour him to their heart's content. This settled, they all cowered down into the ditch, to await the arrival of their victim. "But how will we ken him i' the dark," said Jock Tamson, one of the conspirators, in a low whisper, to his next neighbour; "we may fa' foul o' somebody else in a mistak." The question rather pozed Jock's neighbour, who immediately put it to the person next him, and he again to the next, and on went the important query, until all were in possession of it; but none could answer it. At length, one of more happy device than the rest suggested that Mr Davidson might be recognised by his top boots. The idea pleased all, and was by all considered infallible, for the fame of Mr Aikin's boots had not yet reached this particular quarter of the country. Satisfied that they had hit upon an unerring mark by which to know their man, the ruffians waited patiently for his approach. At length, after fully two hours' watching, the fall of a foot-step broke faintly on their ears; it came nearer and nearer, and became every moment more and more distinct. Breathless with the intensity of their feelings, the conspirators, in dead silence, grasped their cudgels with increased energy, and sunk themselves in the ditch until their eyes were on a level with the ground, that they might at once place the approaching object full before them, and between them and the feeble light which lingered in the western sky. In the meantime, the wayfarer approached; two dim whity objects glimmered indistinctly in the darkness. They were instantly recognised to be Mr Davidson's top boots; a loud shout followed this feeling of conviction; the colliers rushed from their hiding-place, and in the next instant half a dozen bludgeons whistled round the ears of the unfortunate wayfarer. The sufferer roared lustily for mercy, but he roared in vain. The blows fell thick and fast upon his luckless head and shoulders, for it was necessary that the work should be done quickly; and a few seconds more saw him lying senseless and bleeding in the ditch in which his assailants had concealed themselves. Having satisfied their vengeance, the ruffians now fled, leaving their victim behind them in the condition we have described. Morning came —a man was found in a ditch, speechless, and bleeding profusely from several severe wounds on the head and face. He was dragged out, and, after cleansing his face from the blood and dirt with which it was encrusted, the unfortunate man was recognised to be —Mr Thomas Aikin!

The cursed boots, and they alone, were the cause of poor Aikin's mischance. He had, indeed, been mauled by mistake, as the reader will have already anticipated. There was no intention whatever on the part of the colliers to do Mr Aikin any injury, for Mr Aikin, in the whole course of his harmless life, had never done them any; indeed, he was wholly unknown to them, and they to him. It was the top boots, and nothing but the top boots, that did all the mischief. But to go on with our story. Aikin was carried home, and, through the strength of a naturally good constitution and skilful surgical assistance, recovered so far in six weeks as to be able to go about as usual, although he bore to his grave with him on his face the marks of the violence which he had received, besides being disfigured by the loss of some half dozen of his front teeth.

The top boots, which poor Aikin had worn before as articles of dress, and, of course, as a matter of choice, he was now obliged to wear daily from necessity, being, as we have already related, dismissed from his situation in the Excise. One would think that Aikin had now suffered enough for his predilection for top boots, seeing, at least so far as we can see, that there was no great harm in such an apparently

inoffensive indulgence; but Mr Aikin's evil stars, or his top boots themselves, we do not know which, were of a totally different opinion, and on this opinion they forthwith proceeded to act.

Some weeks after the occurrence of the disaster just recorded, the little town of ——, where Aikin resided, was suddenly thrown into a state of the utmost horror and consternation, by the report of a foul murder and robbery having been committed on the highway, and within a short distance of the town; and of all the inhabitants who felt horror-struck on this occasion, there was no one more horrified than Mr Thomas Aikin. The report, however, of the murder and robbery, was incorrect, in so far as the unfortunate man was still living, although little more, when found in the morning, for the deed had been committed over night. Being a stranger, he was immediately conveyed to the principal inn of the town, put to bed, and medical aid called in. The Fiscal, on learning that the man was still in existence, instantly summoned his clerk, and, accompanied by a magistrate, hastened to the dying man's bed-side, to take down whatever particulars could be learnt from him regarding the assault and robbery. After patiently and laboriously connecting the half intelligible and disjointed sentences which they from time to time elicited from him, they made out that he was a cattle-dealer, that he belonged to Edinburgh, that he had been in Glasgow, and that, having missed the evening coach which plies between the former and the latter city, he had taken the road on foot, with the view of accomplishing one stage, and there awaiting the coming up of the next coach. They further elicited from him that he had had a large sum of money upon him, of which, of course, he had been deprived. The Fiscal next proceeded to inquire if he could identify the person or persons who attacked him. He mumbled a reply in the negative.

"How many were there of them?" inquired the Magistrate; "was there more than one?"

"Only one," muttered the unfortunate man.

"Was there any peculiarity in his dress or appearance that struck you?" asked the Fiscal.

He mumbled a reply, but none of the bystanders could make it out. The question was again put, and both the Magistrate and Fiscal stooped down simultaneously to catch the answer. After an interval it came —and what think you it was, good reader? Why, "top boots," distinctly and unequivocally. The Fiscal and Magistrate looked at each other for a second, but neither durst venture to hint at the astounding suspicion which the mention of these remarkable objects forced upon them.

"He wore top boots, you say?" again inquired the Fiscal, to make sure that he had heard aright.

"Y–e–s, t–o–p b–o–o–ts," was again the reply.

"Was he a thin man, or a stout man?"

"A stout man."

"Young or middle-aged?"

"Middle-aged."

"Tall or short?"

"Short," groaned out the sufferer, and, with that word, the breath of life departed from him.

This event, of course, put an immediate end to the inquiry. The Fiscal and Magistrate now retired to consult together regarding what was best to be done, and to reconsider the deposition of the murdered man. There was a certain pair of top boots present to the minds of both, but the wearer of them had hitherto borne an unblemished character, and was personally known to them both as a kind-hearted, inoffensive man. Indeed, up to this hour, they would as soon have believed that the minister of the parish would commit a robbery as Mr Aikin—we say Mr Aikin, for we can no longer conceal the fact, that it was Aikin's boots, however reluctantly admitted, that flashed upon the minds of the two gentlemen of whom we are now speaking.

"The thing is impossible, incredible of such a man as Mr Aikin," said the Magistrate, in reply to the first open insinuation of the Fiscal, although, in saying this, he said what was not in strict accordance with certain vague suspicions which had taken possession of his own mind.

"Why, I should say so too," replied the officer of the law, "were I to judge by the character which he has hitherto borne; but here," he said, holding up the deposition of the murdered man, "here are circumstances which we cannot be warranted in overlooking, let them implicate whom they may. There is in especial the top boots," went on the Fiscal; "now, there is not another pair within ten miles of us but Aikin's; for Mr Davidson, the only man whom I know that wears them besides, is now in London. There is the personal description, too, exact. And besides all this, Bailie," continued the law officer, "you will recollect that Mr Aikin is, and has been out of employment for the last six months; and there is no saying what a man who has a large family upon his hands will do in these circumstances."

The Bailie acknowledged the force of his colleague's observations, but remarked, that, as it was a serious charge, it must be gone cautiously and warily about. "For it wad be," he said, "rather a hard matter to hang a man upon nae ither evidence than a pair o' tap boots."

"Doubtless it would," replied the Fiscal; "but here is," he said, "a concatenation of circumstances—a chain of evidence, so far as it goes, perfectly entire and connected. But," he continued, as if to reconcile the Bailie to the dangerous suspicion, "an alibi on the part o' Mr Aikin will set a' to rights, and blaw the hail charge awa like peelins o' ingans; and if he be an innocent man, Bailie, he can hae nae difficulty in establishing an alibi."

Not so fast, Mr Fiscal, not so fast, if you please; this alibi was not so easily established, or rather it could not be established at all. Most unfortunately for poor Aikin, it turned out, upon an inquiry which the official authorities thought it necessary to set on foot before proceeding to extremities, that is, before taking any decisive steps against the object of their suspicion, that he had been not only absent from his own house until a late hour of the night on which the murder and robbery was committed, but had actually been at that late hour on the very identical road on which it had taken place. The truth is, that Aikin had been dining with a friend who lived about a mile into the country, and, as it unfortunately happened, in the very direction in which the crime had been perpetrated; still could it not have been shewn that no unnecessary time had elapsed between the moment of his leaving his friend's house and his arrival at his own. Such a circumstance would surely have weighed something in his favour. So it would, probably; but, alas! even this slender exculpatory incident could not be urged in his behalf; for the poor man, little dreaming of what was to happen, had drunk a tumbler or two more than enough, and had fallen asleep on the road. In short, the Fiscal, considering all the circumstances of the case as they now stood, did not think it consistent with his duty either to delay proceedings longer against Aikin, or to maintain any further delicacy with regard to him. A report of the whole affair was made to the Sheriff of Glasgow, who immediately ordered a warrant to be made out for the apprehension of Aikin. This instrument was given forthwith into the custody of two criminal officers, who set out directly in a post-chaise to execute their commission. Arriving in the middle of the night, they found poor Aikin, wholly unconscious of the situation in which he stood, in bed and sound asleep. Having roused the unhappy man, and barely allowed him time to draw on his top boots, they hurried him into the chaise, and in little more than an hour thereafter, Aikin was fairly lodged in Glasgow Jail, to stand his trial for murder and robbery, and this mainly, if not wholly, on the strength of his top boots. The day of trial came. The judge summed up the evidence, and, in an eloquent speech, directed the special attention of the jury to Aikin's top boots: indeed, on these he dwelt so much, and with such effect, that the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner at the bar, who accordingly received sentence of death, but was strongly recommended to mercy by the jury, as well on the ground of his previous good character, as on that of certain misgivings regarding the top boots, which a number of the jury could not help entertaining, in despite of their prominence in the evidence which was led against their unfortunate owner. Aikin's friends, who could not be persuaded of his guilt, notwithstanding the strong circumstantial proof with which it was apparently established, availing themselves of this recommendation of the jury, immediately set to work to second the humane interference; and Providence in its mercy kindly assisted them. From a communication which the Superintendant of Police in Glasgow received from the corresponding officer in Edinburgh about a week after Aikin's condemnation, it appeared that there were more gentlemen of suspicious character in the world who wore top boots than poor Aikin. The letter alluded to announced the capture of a notorious character—regarding whom information had been received from Bow Street—a flash cove, fresh from London, on a foraying expedition in Scotland. The communication described him as being remarkably well dressed, and, in especial, alluded to the circumstance of his wearing top boots; concluding the whole, which was indeed the principal purpose of the letter, by inquiring if there was any charge in Glasgow against such a person as they described. The circumstance, by some fortunate chance, reached the ears of Aikin's friends, and in the hope that something might be made of it, they employed an eminent lawyer in Edinburgh to sift the matter to the bottom. In the meantime, the Englishman in the top boots was brought to trial for another highway robbery, found guilty, and sentenced to death without hope of mercy. The lawyer whom Aikin's friends had employed, thinking this a favourable opportunity for eliciting the truth from him, seeing that he had now nothing more to fear in this world, waited upon the unfortunate man, and, amidst a confession of a long series of crimes, obtained from him that of the murder and robbery for which poor Aikin had been tried and condemned. The consequence of this important discovery was, the immediate liberation of Aikin, who again returned in peace to the bosom of his family. His friends, however, not contented with what they had done, represented the whole circumstances of the case to the Secretary of State for the Home Department; and under the impression that there lay a claim on the country for reparation for the injury, though inadvertent, which its laws had done to an innocent man, the application was replied to in favourable terms in course of post, and in less than three weeks thereafter, Mr Thomas Aikin was appointed to a situation in the Custom-house in London, worth two hundred pounds a-year. His steadiness, integrity, and general good conduct, soon procured him still further advancement, and he finally died, after enjoying his appointment for many years, in the annual receipt of more than double the sum which we have just named. And thus ends the eventful history of Mr Thomas Aikin and his Top Boots.

TURKEY.

In an article on the History of the Turks, we gave lately some account of the present enfeebled state of that empire. The following notice of the reasons which have kept it so far in the rear of the nations which lie near its territories, may be interesting to our readers:—

One of the principal causes of the backwardness of the Turks, in respect of that improvement which they might have learned from intercourse with the nations of Europe, depends on the nature of their laws. These are founded solely on the Koran, the book of their religion, which consists of a set of pretended revelations, delivered by the impostor Mahommed, as the "Word of God," to his countrymen and followers. The whole work is full of mystery and fable, mixed up with certain moral precepts, and plentifully strewed with anathemas against all religions but that which itself teaches. It was calculated at first for the Arabs, a nation who have little connection or commerce with the rest of the world, and who at that time reckoned military virtue, and attachment to their pretended prophet, the perfection of a man's character; hence the Koran breathed a spirit of exclusiveness and intolerance, which led all the nations who adopted it to regard the rest of the world with the same feeling as the Arabs did, and taught them never to seek friendship with any but those who adopted their own religion. The laws which were founded on such a work as their basis, were, of course, perfectly contrary to the spirit of commerce and mutual intercourse between nations; every people whose religion was different were considered as inferior, and their improvement or knowledge of no real value. No provision is therefore made by these laws for the intercourse and negociations of trade; and their intolerance is such, that it would be almost impossible to engraft upon them a set of regulations fitted for a commercial people.

The form of their government is another obstacle to the improvement of the Turkish nation. Their sultan, or sovereign, has the powers of the government at his own sole disposal, without being fettered by the legal control of any body of his subjects. He can make war or peace; appoint the officers of his empire, or dismiss them, at his own pleasure. Any advisers whom he may adopt are chosen entirely by himself, and have no influence but while they continue to enjoy his favour. Hence the whole character of the government depends on the personal qualities of the sovereign; if that individual happens to be a steady experienced man, he will select favourites of the same description, and the affairs of the state may be managed during his life with prudence: but the probability of such an occurrence is greatly lessened by the policy which the reigning sovereigns have long adopted with regard to those of their family who are likely to succeed them. In order to prevent these persons from intriguing to gain a party, and (like Absalom in Hebrew history) seizing prematurely on the throne, they are kept secluded from business, and immured in the palace among eunuchs and women. Hence the sovereigns of Turkey, during the last century, have been generally poor ignorant creatures, who had no conception of the situation to which they were raised, except that it restored them to liberty, and gave them the means of gratifying, without restraint, some favourite passion. Such men were necessarily always under the influence of one favourite or other, who procured for them the means of satisfying their desires, while he himself wielded the actual powers of the empire. One or two of these favourites have been men, who, by superior abilities, have risen through the bloodshed and intrigue which lie in the way to distinction in semi-barbarous countries; and such have really aimed at benefiting the people: but others crept into the palace by the most despicable means; and all (in a country where there are no means of education) were bigoted and ignorant. It is evident, that, under the management of such persons, no course of improvement could be judiciously chosen or pursued; and when any of them attempted to introduce a new discipline in the army, or perhaps in some other way to combat the prejudices of his countrymen, the first tumult excited by his innovations was often appeased by his weak sovereign giving up his minister's head for a peace-offering to the mob.

The sultan and his favourites have the unquestioned power of appointing to all public offices, except those of religion; and as a large present was always expected from the successful candidate, it was by no means the best qualified who received the appointment. The offices are in truth put up for sale, and this sale is often renewed yearly. Hence the first object of a Turkish officer, or governor, on entering on his charge, is often to reimburse himself by his exactions on the people, for the money he has expended. All travellers agree that the taxes of Turkey are not in themselves oppressive, were it not that they are

doubled or trebled by the extortions of the governors in their several provinces. These grievances are aggravated by a law, which provides that every one who has once held any office under government, shall leave all his property at death to the state. Hence the great officers endeavour, by a thousand artifices, to alienate their wealth secretly for their relations, or to provide for them by greater accumulations. The court, in the meantime, winks at their extortions, and often seizes an opportunity of confiscating all that they have gathered. From a government so disposed, it were idle to expect any steady attention to the improvement of the country; and as the only way in which the several governors of provinces can recommend themselves at court, is by successful war with some hostile nation, or with some other governor who has rebelled, all patient regard to the occupations of peace in their districts is out of the question.

But besides the faults of its government, the preferences claimed by one class of its subjects over another, is a continual source of weakness to the Turkish empire. The population (as was remarked in a former article) is composed partly of Mahommedans, and partly of Christians. The former, though the least numerous, are the ruling class; and the latter are every where subjected to humiliation, and even to heavier taxes. The poll-tax is demanded only of Christians; and so much hardship do many of the poor find in paying their share, that, at the time when it is due, the jails are crowded with defaulters. The Christians, in general, have no means of securing exemption from the insults of their Mahommedan countrymen, but by courting the protection of some wealthy Turk. Hence the one becomes cunning, cringing, and deceitful, while the other gains proportionally in insolence. The demoralizing effect of this situation of the two parties, infects the whole constitution of society throughout Turkey; and it is alleged by intelligent travellers that it even destroys, in Christian families, the influence of parental authority. The children of these people, whenever they find the discipline of home disagreeable to them, threaten to turn Mahommedans; and as such a desertion of their religion is reckoned disgraceful to the whole family, every sacrifice is made to prevent it. The Christians in the several towns consist of people of different nations—Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, &c., and each of these has in certain cases a chief elected by themselves, who apportions to the individuals of his nation their share of the general Christian poll-tax, and is responsible to the government for its payment. This situation is one of the greatest anxiety and hazard; and though it is sought for by wealthy Christians, from the consideration which it gives them above their own despised class, it frequently leads them to prison and confiscation. When it is considered that by far the greatest part of the trade of Turkey is in the hands of people who are thus treated, it must be obvious, that, however fertile the country, it can, under such management, never improve its natural advantages.

This state of things might be gradually ameliorated, were the Turkish governors and high officers men of information, who were able, by comparison with the state of other countries, to trace the source of the evils which depress their own. But these individuals have often risen to power merely by dint of their superior qualifications as soldiers. Promotion in an European army always implies acquaintance with certain military sciences at least; but as the Turkish forces are composed of mere illiterate boors, officered by the strongest or fiercest of their own number, the attainment of high rank among them implies little else than a superiority in the attributes of courage and cunning. Even, however, if these men were desirous of improving their minds in useful knowledge, there are no means within their reach for such a purpose. The only learning held in repute in Turkey is an acquaintance with commentaries on their obscure theological laws, with the finical niceties of grammar, or with judicial astrology, and the art of foretelling future events by the stars. These are the only branches of education which are taught in their schools and colleges, or upon which their learned men rest their hopes of distinction. An acquaintance with mathematics, or with the geography and statistics of the rest of the world, may be looked on as a kind of humble useful knowledge, like that of a tradesman in his craft, but would not entitle its possessor to open his lips in presence of a learned man who could write a sonnet in Persian, or recite some classical Arabic poem. This despised kind of knowledge, therefore, is little cultivated; but even the humble accomplishments of reading and writing are slightly attended to; and it is no uncommon thing to see a Turkish bashaw under the necessity of keeping a secretary constantly beside him, not merely to write his letters, but for the more important purpose of reading those which he receives.

The diversity of nations and tongues among the people who occupy the Turkish empire, is another obstacle to the diffusion of knowledge and the improvement of the country. Turkey is not like Britain, where all the people speak one language, and live in communities among which knowledge circulates by the mere impulse of curiosity. There is a different tongue for almost every province. In Europe there is the Sclavonian, mixed Italian, Bulgarian, modern Greek, and the Osmanli, or polite Turkish. In Asia there are many dialects—the Turki, or language of the wandering Turcomans; the Arabic, the Chingana, the Curdeen, and several others. The spoken language of the different tribes is often greatly different from what is known as a written tongue under the same name. To teach a tradesman of Aleppo to understand the written Arabic, for instance (though his own language is called Arabic), would almost be to give him a new tongue. There is no common language even among those who are of the same religion; the Greek Christians of Aleppo speak a corrupt Arabic, while the Mahommedans of Western Albania speak Italian and Greek. Books published in Turkish would be in a foreign language to more than nine-tenths of the people of the country; so that the operation of printing, which diffuses knowledge so readily in other places, would here meet with innumerable obstacles in producing such an effect. Any one who has observed the difficulties encountered in seeking to introduce any kind of learning among the people speaking Gaelic in this country, will be somewhat able to appreciate the numerous failures that must take place in a quarter where the number of dissimilar tongues is so great, and where the ignorance and want of curiosity among the people would repel all the advances of those who sought to improve them.

The observations we have hitherto made refer chiefly to the inhabitants of towns, and the districts regularly settled. But in Asia Minor (and even in Moldavia and Wallachia), there are immense tracts occupied by wandering tribes, whose thousands are as little amenable to law as the gipsies of England. They are half herdsmen, half robbers; and levy a contribution, or blackmail, on all travellers who pass through their wilds. The wandering Turcomans move in bodies of several thousands, carrying their flocks and herds along with them, to choose suitable pastures for the different seasons; numbers of the Arab tribes in the north of Syria lead a similar life; and the Curds of Natolia, the Druses, and other mountain hordes, hardly own the Turkish law. In truth, many of these restless people have here the same relation to the classes who submit to government and live in towns, as the Indians of North America have to the inhabitants of the United States; only that they are far more numerous, and have more efficient means of annoying their civilized neighbours, than those aboriginal tribes now have.

In a country where the laws and government are so defective, and where the people consist of tribes so little assimilated to each other, it is obvious that the course of improvement can be but slow. There is no class among the population from which men having either the requisite education, or, proper moral feeling, can be selected to form efficient public officers; and even if these could be procured, the antipathies, prejudices, and ignorance of the people themselves, would be serious obstacles to the good such men might intend. What may be the course of events with regard to this country, it is difficult to say: its future fate presents a wide field for speculation; but into this it is impossible now to enter. We have stated the causes which chiefly tend to its continued depression, imagining that the fate of so beautiful a portion of the globe could not be otherwise than interesting to our readers.

JOHN MACTAGGART,

A HIGHLAND STORY.

About ninety years ago, a decent Highlander of this name rented two farms upon the promontory of Kintyre, in Argyleshire—one of them a corn farm upon the coast, and the other a sheep farm, upon the high grounds about four miles distant. As might be expected from a man in such circumstances, John was a highly respectable character. He had a wife and some sons and daughters, all of whom had arrived at maturity, and few men bore a better appearance at either kirk or market.

One snowy day, in the winter of 1748, a young female, dressed in a style above the vulgar, but apparently travel-worn and weary, passed John's house upon the coast, and, contrary to the custom of wayfarers, did not come in. The circumstance excited some surprise in the inmates, who remarked that it was strange to see an individual of that kind travelling on such a day, and passing, without refreshment, the last house she would see for several miles. In the afternoon, as the storm seemed likely to be worse before it would be better, John thought it necessary to go up to his hill farm, to give some directions about saving the sheep. He set off two hours before night, mounted on his favourite grey mare; but though that animal had long been accustomed to all kinds of Highland weather, it was dusk before she had advanced half way up the moor, and the snow was then taking her up to the belly, and threatened to retard her further progress altogether. John began to feel himself in some danger; but yet his horse had so often served him in cases of peril, that he did not by any means despair.

While honest John was reflecting upon his own case, another of a much more hapless description was presented to his view. Almost at his horse's feet, cowering beneath a little bush, and half buried in the snow, lay the female who had been observed to pass his door in the course of the day. John instantly dismounted, and, raising the head of the unfortunate woman from the ground, learned, from a few whispered words of almost expiring anguish, that she was in a condition the most distressing that the imagination of the reader can conceive. "Leave me, however," she said in Gaelic, "to the fate which I have provoked—for to me death is better than life." John answered in a few soothing words, but found himself unable, for a few moments, to convey any hope that he could save the life of which she seemed so indifferent. To go either back or forward for assistance, seemed in vain; for before he could expect to regain the spot, the wretched lady must have perished from cold, and probably would be buried deep in the snow. To remain with her seemed alike unavailing, for he could not expect to keep either her or himself in life for any considerable length of time, in the midst of such a storm. If the reader will pause for a moment, and consider all the circumstances of the case, he will feel that the perplexity must have been extreme; and perhaps he will hardly believe beforehand, that any means of escaping from it was within the reach of the honest farmer.

A real exigency, however, will sometimes suggest expedients which no deliberate ingenuity could have devised. John instantly resolved upon a sacrifice which, in calm blood, hardly any sum of money could have tempted him to perform. With his *skene dhu* (an unclasped knife then worn by every Highlander) he cut the throat of his highly valued mare, took out the entrails, and, in the hollow of the warm carcase, deposited the unhappy woman, now almost about to become a mother. Then stripping off his upper coat, which, as he remarked, was of no use to a traveller without a horse, he spread it over the lady; and, having whispered to her an assurance that he would return with assistance, or himself perish in the attempt, he set off towards his hill farm, with all the speed that the nature of the way would admit of. As he had calculated, the snow was not so deep upon the high as on the low grounds, and he therefore reached his destination in about an hour.

The whole strength of the household was immediately put in requisition for the benefit of the poor wanderer. The single female servant was left to prepare a warm bed for her reception, along with every other comfort which the establishment could furnish. Three shepherds, each provided with a blanket, and John himself, carrying that Highland catholicon, a bottle of whisky, boldly faced the storm, and, after a toilsome march, reached the place where she lay. To the great joy of Mactaggart, his expedient for preserving animation had been attended with success. Supported by the natural warmth of her rude receptacle, and protected both from the wind and the snow, the lady was still alive, though no doubt in a very precarious state. To the further joy of Mactaggart—as she murmured forth her thanks for his kind exertions, it was in such a tone as assured him, that, in finding herself the object of such a providential deliverance, a hope had been generated which promised to restore her to the *appreciation* of existence. With hands not the most gentle that could have been wished, but feelings the tenderest that could have been manifested, John, assisted by his shepherds, removed her from her place of shelter, and wrapped her carefully up in the blankets; after which, a refreshment from the bottle was offered as kindly as it was thankfully accepted. She was then carried forward by two of the men, relieved by the third, while John himself piloted the way to the cottage. After a tedious march, in which the spirit of humanity and the spirit of barley conspired to sustain John and his men against every difficulty, the procession reached the house in perfect safety, where the lady was immediately placed in bed, and administered to after the manner proper to individuals in her situation.

Not long after her arrival, she was delivered of a female child, and, notwithstanding the absence of many comforts and appliances, which, in the usual circumstances, are thought indispensable, both mother and daughter did well. In due time they were removed to the farm-house upon the coast, where her protector's family resided; and as the persons concerned were Highlanders, it is needless to say that she was treated by them with the greatest kindness, and welcomed to stay as long as she pleased. Though naturally anxious to be made acquainted with her history, neither Mactaggart nor his wife could venture to make any direct inquiries about it. They soon learned, what indeed the lady herself was more anxious to communicate than they to learn, that she was a *wife;* but her superior manners, and the mystery she assumed, deterred them from asking further. For some months, though far from the despair in which she had been found by Mactaggart, she appeared in very low spirits; but the cloud gradually drew off, and, after a twelvemonth's residence under the roof of her protector, she became as cheerful as she had formerly been dull. Before this time, John had become excessively attached to his guest, and also to her child, whom he was the more inclined to cherish, in as far as several of his own children at this time emigrated to America, along with a great number of his neighbours. His heart indeed was completely devoted to these two interesting strangers, while the lady, on her part, repaid his kindness with an affection only inferior to that of a daughter. One day, however, after she had been fifteen months in his house, she went out with her child in her arms, as if to take a walk, and, to the inexpressible grief of Mactaggart, she never returned.

The story, reader, does not end here. Its conclu-

sion was as remarkable, in one respect, as its commencement; and that we shall now give. In the first place, however, it must be explained that the lady was a daughter of Maclean of ——, in the island of Mull, privately wedded to a young gentleman, whose family residence was upon the opposite coast of Morven. Like Romeo and Juliet, these young persons had formed an attachment in defiance of an inveterate feud between their parents. When Stewart of —— learned the state of his son's affections, he hastily procured a commission for him in the navy, and had him sent off to the station at Minorca, before he could take any measures for acknowledging his bride. On this event, Flora Maclean confessed to her father that she had been secretly married to her lover; but the old man was so averse to an alliance with his rival and enemy, that he commanded her never to say a word of the circumstance, and, when a rumour to that effect was circulated, took every opportunity of contradicting it. The passions of her father were of so dreadful a character, that, though she soon after found herself in a condition which rendered the avowal of her marriage more than ever necessary, she durst not take any such steps. For some time she hoped that her lover might find some means of rescuing her, but in this she was cruelly disappointed. By the vigilance of her father, every means which he took to correspond with her was balked. At length, confounded with the unusual distress into which she was plunged, without a friend to consult as to her future course, and desperate under the extreme cruelty of her parent, she left her home, and wandered forth she knew not whither, and with no object but to perish in a land where she might be unknown.

Being rescued, in the manner already related, at once from death and from despair, she contrived, while living under the roof of her deliverer, to correspond with her husband. The elder Stewart, in the mean time, died, leaving his son to inherit his large estates in Morven and Breadalbane. The youth accordingly returned home, and, as had been concerted, his spouse at a certain time left the house of John Mactaggart, in order to meet him. The secret manner of her departure was the result of considerations arising rather from the artificial ideas of society, than from natural feeling. Though grateful and affectionate in the highest degree to her kind protector, she feared to let her extraordinary story follow her into the sphere of life in which she was henceforth to move. Judging, therefore, that to inform Mactaggart of her intentions could not be done without the risk of a divulgement of her secret, she resolved that even he should never know whom he had saved. Every idea of a pecuniary remuneration for his kindness was precluded by the comfortable circumstances in which he seemed to live.

John, however, was not destined to be always prosperous. Already deserted by all his children, who joined the tide of emigration then rolling towards North America, he endured a shock more severe than he could well endure, in the loss of the lady and her child. His worldly wealth had been much diminished by the provisions he was required to make for his children; his own listlessness of mind tended further to injure his affairs; and, finally, one or two bad seasons completely ruined him. Just at this crisis, his wife died, and poor John was left quite alone in the world, to struggle in his old age with hardships he was ill able to endure. He then wandered from his home, with much the same object as what had been once entertained by Flora Maclean—namely, to sink in some place where his poverty and misery would bring no discredit upon his name or kindred. As he afterwards confessed, he was not without money; but it was only enough to furnish the means of putting him under the earth, without assistance from strangers—an object he cherished so warmly, that no extremity of want could have induced him to break in upon the little sum. His course was eastward into Perthshire, and for some days he wandered regardlessly on, receiving here and there food and lodging from people nearly as poor as himself. At length he was overtaken in Glendochart by a very severe snow-storm, with which he struggled for some hours till he was nearly exhausted. "I once," he thought to himself, "saved a fellow creature from dying in the snow: it now seems likely that such will be my own fate." He was just about to give up all hope, when he arrived at the gate of a respectable mansion, and, on applying for admission, was kindly received into the kitchen, and solaced with some warm soup by the cook. While he sat by the fire, pondering on fancies all of which were bitter, a lady came down to give some household orders, attended by a girl of four or five years, who began to play about the kitchen. The lady, seeing the old man's eye fixed upon the child, asked if he had ever seen her before. "Ay," said Mactaggart, in his native language, "I have seen both you and her before: it was on a white day that I saw you first, but, alas, the blackest day to me that I ever knew." The lady was Flora Maclean. Overcome by her feelings, she screamed, and threw herself upon the bosom of her kind protector, where she remained for several minutes in a passion of tears. The noise brought her husband down to see what was the matter, and she speedily explained to him that this old man was he who had saved her own life and that of her child.

John Mactaggart spent all the remainder of his life in this happy mansion, and never took a meal any where but at the same table with Allan Stewart and Flora Maclean.

MISCELLANEA
PICKED UP IN A DAY'S READING.

TEACHING THE DEAF.

THE following account of the origin and invention of teaching a deaf person to speak, is extracted from Dr Wallis's Memorials of his Own Life, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

"In the year 1653," says Dr Wallis, "I was persuaded to publish a grammar of the English tongue, chiefly to gratify strangers, who were willing to learn it (because of many desirable things published in our language), but complained of its difficulty for want of a grammar suited to the propriety and true genius of the language. To this I prefixed a treatise of speech (*de loquela*), wherein I have philosophically considered the formation of all sounds used in articulate speech (as well of our own as of any other language that I knew), by what organs, and in what position, each sound was formed, with the nice distinctions of each (which in some letters of the same organ is very subtile); so that, by such organs, in such positions, the breath issuing from the lungs will form such sounds, whether the person do or do not hear himself speak; which was, I think, a new attempt, not before undertaken by any (that I knew of) before that time. For though it were observed that some letters were labials, some dentals, some palatines, and some gutturals—and some grammarians have in some measure shewed a different formation in some few of the same organ—yet it is but of very few they have so done, and very imperfectly; none (that I know of) had before attempted it, as to all, whatever may have been done since in pursuance of what I then taught.

In pursuance of this, I thought it very possible to teach a deaf person to speak, by directing him so to apply the organs of speech as the sound of each letter required (which children learn by imitation and manifold attempts, rather than by art); and in the year 1660, being importuned by some friends of his, I undertook so to teach Mr Daniel Walley, of Northampton, who had been deaf and dumb from a child. I began the work in 1661, and in little more than a year's time I had taught him to pronounce distinctly any words, so as I directed him, even the most difficult of the Polish language, which a Polish lord then in Oxford could propose to him, by way of trial, of those five or six select hard words, which they use to propose to others, as not to be pronounced by any but themselves; and in good measure to understand a language, and express his own mind in writing; and he had in that time read over to me distinctly (the whole or greater part of) the English Bible, and did pretty well understand (at least) the historical part of it.

In the year 1662, I did the like for Mr Alexander Popham (son of the Lady Wharton, by her former husband Admiral Popham) with like success; on whom Dr William Holder had before attempted it, but gave it over.

I know that both of these (who I think are yet living) were apt to forget (after their parting from me) much of that nicety (which before they had) in the distinct pronouncing some letters (which they would recover, when I had occasionally been with them to set them right); wanting the help of their ear to direct their speaking, as that of the eye directs the hand in writing. For which reason a man who writes a good hand would soon forget so to do, if grown blind. And, therefore, one who thus learns to speak, will (for the continuance and use of it) need somebody continually with him, who may prompt him when he mistakes.

I have since that time (upon the same account) taught diverse persons (and some of them very considerable) to speak plain and distinctly, who did before hesitate and stutter very much; and others to pronounce such words or letters, as before they thought impossible for them to do: by teaching them how to rectify such mistakes in the formation, as by some natural impediment, or acquired custom, they had been subject to."

NEWSPAPERS.

Before the introduction of printed newspapers, it appears that great families had a sort of Gazetteers in London, who transmitted to them the news of the day in written letters. This custom accounts for the following memorandum preserved in the Clifford family:—"To Captain Robinson, by my lord's commands, for writing letters of news to his lordship for a half year, five pounds."—*Whitaker's Hist. of the Deanery of Craven.*

ALMANACKS.

Almanacks, in their present shape, are comparatively of a modern date. The first almanack in England was printed at Oxford in 1673. "There were," says Wood, "near thirty thousand of them printed, besides a sheet almanack of twopence, that was printed for that year; and because of the novelty of the said almanack, and its title, they were all vended. Its sale was so great, that the Society of Booksellers in London bought off the copy for the future, in order to engross it in their own hands."

DINNER HOUR.

Till towards the middle of the seventeenth century, it was the custom to dine at ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. "With us," says the preface to Holingshed, "the nobility, gentry, and students, do ordinarily go to dinner at eleven before noon, and to supper at five, or between five and six, at afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noon, and six at night, especially in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noon, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the term, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten."

FALSTAFF'S BUCKRAM-MEN.

Sir John Falstaff was a benefactor to Magdalene College, Oxford. He bequeathed estates to that society, part of which were appropriated to buy liveries for some of the senior Demies. A half fellow at this college is called a Demy. But this benefaction, in time, yielding no more than a penny a-week to those who received the liveries, they were called, by way of contempt, "Falstaff's Buckram-Men." (*Warton's Hist. of Eng. Poetry, Vol. I., p. 234, note.*)—The proper name of this knight was Fastolf. He was a celebrated general and nobleman in France during the English conquests in that kingdom, and intimate with William Wainfleet, Bishop of Winchester, the founder of Magdalene College. It is thought that the name which Shakspeare gave to his humorous knight was merely accidental, and that he did not intend the least allusion to this great warrior, under the name of Sir John Falstaff. It is evident, indeed, that although their names are somewhat similar, their characters are very different.

THE PLAYERS AT OXFORD.

Many of Dryden's Prologues, and indeed the most excellent of them, were written on occasion of the players going to Oxford, a custom which was introduced while Dr Ralph Bathurst, president of Trinity College, was vice-chancellor of the university. At this time, Dryden was so famous for his prologues, that no piece was relished, nor would the theatres scarcely venture to produce it, if it wanted this fashionable ornament. To this purpose, an anecdote is recorded of Southerne, who, on bringing his first play on the stage, did not fail to bespeak a prologue of the artist in vogue. The usual price had been four guineas. In the present case, Dryden insisted that he must have six for his work, "which," said the mercantile bard, "is out of no disrespect to you, young man, but the players have had my goods too cheap."—*Warton's Essay on Pope.*

MEMORY.

There is no faculty of the mind by which different individuals are more distinguished than by the possession of a retentive memory. Among the ancients, Seneca, Latro Porcius, Cyneas, and some others, are represented as having possessed wonderful memories. The following is a translation of what Seneca says of himself:—"I do not deny that I myself possessed powers of memory in a very considerable degree. It was not only sufficient for the ordinary business of life, but appeared to some to be almost miraculous. I repeated the names of two thousand persons in the order in which they were spoken. When single verses were prescribed to each individual who came to attend our preceptor, on hearing them prescribed, I recited them in order, beginning with the last, and ending with the first." The number of verses was more than two hundred. Seneca mentions, in the same work, the great memory of Latro Porcius, whom he calls his very dear companion, who retained in his memory all the declamations he had ever spoken, and never knew his memory fail him, not so much as in one single word. He also takes notice of Cyneas, who was ambassador to the Romans, from King Pyrrhus, who in one day had so well learned the names of his spectators, that on the subsequent day he saluted the senate, &c. by their proper names.—*Senec. Controvers. L. I.*

Pliny mentions similar instances (*Lib. 7. c. 24.*) Cyrus knew the names of all the soldiers in his army. Lucius Scipio knew the names of the Roman people. Mithridates, who ruled over twenty-two kingdoms, delivered laws to them in as many languages, and publicly addressed the natives of each kingdom in their own tongue, without an interpreter. Charmidas, or rather Carneades, could name all the books in a great library as they stood in order.

Bishop Jewel had a most wonderful memory. He could exactly repeat whatever he had written, after one reading. During the ringing of the bell, he committed to memory a repetition sermon, and pronounced it without hesitation. His custom was to write the heads of his discourses, and imprint them so firmly upon his mind, that he used to say, "if ten thousand people were quarrelling or fighting all the while he was preaching, yet they could not put him out." In order to try him, Dr Parkhurst having proposed to him some of the most difficult and barbarous words out of a calendar, and John Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, forty Welsh, Irish, and foreign words, he after once or twice reading, and a little recollection, repeated them all by heart, backward and forward. In the year 1563, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, having read to him, out of Erasmus's Paraphrase, the last clauses of ten lines confused, and imperfect on purpose, he, sitting silent awhile, and covering his face with his hand, immediately rehearsed all those broken parcels of sentences, the right way and the contrary, without hesitation. He professed to teach others this art, and taught it his tutor Dr Parkhurst, at Zurich, who in the space of twenty-eight days, and only by spending an hour a-day, learned all the twenty-eight chapters of St Matthew's Gospel, so perfectly that he could repeat any verse, knowing at

the same time what went before and what followed. He died in 1571.

But one of the most extraordinary instances of abstraction and memory united is to be found in the following letter from the celebrated Dr John Wallis, Professor of Geometry at Oxford, to Dr Smith, December 22, 1669. "In the dark night, in bed (without pen, ink, paper, or any thing equivalent), I did, by memory, extract the square root of 3,00000,00000,00000, 00000,00000,00000,00000,00000, which I so found to be 1,73205,08075,68877,29353, *fere* (almost), and did the next day commit to writing.—Feb. 18, 1670.—J. G. P. Regiomontanus, giving me a visit, and desiring an example of the like, when I had then for a long time been afflicted with a quartan ague, I did that night propose to myself in bed, by dark, without other help than my memory, a number of fifty-three places —2,4681,3579,1012,1411,1315,1618,2017,1921,2224, 2628,3023,2527,2931; of which I so extracted the square root of 27 places, viz.—157,1030,1687,1482, 8058,1715,2171, nearly, which numbers, the one and the other, I did not commit to paper till he gave me another visit, March 11, following, when I did, from my memory, dictate them to him, who then wrote them from my mouth, and took them with him to examine.

"Yours, JOHN WALLIS.

"Oxford, Feb. 16, 1680–1."

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

THE first division of the Scriptures, as already mentioned, is into the *Old* and *New Testament*. The *New* belongs to the Christians, but the *Old* was received from the Jews; and it is from them, therefore, that we must learn what the number of the books of it originally was, and every thing else relating to this most ancient and interesting production.

The celebrated Jewish writers, Josephus and Philo, reckon two and twenty canonical books in the Old Testament, which is the number of the letters in the Hebrew alphabet: and, to make out this, they join the book of *Ruth* to that of *Judges*, and the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah to the book of his Prophecies. But other Jewish doctors divide the book of Ruth from that of Judges, and, making likewise a separate book of the Lamentations of Jeremiah, they reckon four and twenty books in all. In order to accommodate this number to that of the letters of the alphabet, they repeat the letter *yod* three times, as they say, in honour to the great name of God *Jehovah*, of which *yod* is the first letter; and in Chaldee, three *yods* together were used to express this adorable name; but as the modern Jews thought that this savoured too much of what Christians call the *Trinity*, they use only two *yods* for this purpose. St Jerome is of opinion that St John had this division of the Hebrew Scriptures in view, when, in his *Revelation*, he speaks of the *four and twenty elders* who paid adoration to the Lamb of God.

The Jews divide the whole of these books into three classes, namely, *the Law*, *the Prophets*, and *the Hagiographa*, or *Holy Writings*, which last division includes more particularly the *poetical* parts; and some are of opinion that Jesus Christ alludes to this division of the Scriptures, when he says that "all things must be fulfilled that were written in *the Law of Moses*, and in *the Prophets*, and in *the Psalms*, concerning him." For by the Book of *Psalms* they understand all the books of the third class. *The Law* comprehends *the Pentateuch*, that is, *Genesis*, *Exodus*, *Leviticus*, *Numbers*, and *Deuteronomy*. The Prophetical books are eight; viz. 1. *Joshua*, 2. *Judges* with *Ruth*, 3. *Samuel*, 4. *Kings*, 5. *Isaiah*, 6. *Jeremiah*, 7. *Ezekiel*, and 8. *The Twelve Lesser Prophets*. The four first books of this division are called *the Former Prophets*, and the four last *the Latter Prophets*. *The Hagiographa*, or *Holy Writings*, are nine; viz. 1. *Job*, 2. *the Psalms*, 3. *the Proverbs*, 4. *Ecclesiastes*, 5. *the Song of Songs*, 6. *Daniel*, 7. *Chronicles*, 8. *Ezra* with *Nehemiah*, and 9. *Esther*. The Jews do not put Daniel in the rank of a prophet, although they acknowledge him to have been a man inspired by God, and whose writings are full of the clearest prophecies concerning the time of the Messiah's coming, and what should happen to their nation. Jesus Christ, therefore, gives him the name of a *Prophet*, and the Jewish doctors are much puzzled to find out a proper reason for their not doing the same. "It is," says Maimonides, "because every thing that Daniel wrote was not revealed to him when he was awake and had the use of his reason, but in the night, and in obscure dreams." But this is a very unsatisfactory account of the matter; and others are of opinion that the name of a *Prophet* was commonly given to those only who were of a certain college, and whose business it was to write the Annals; and that, therefore, their works were ranked among the prophetical books, though they did not contain a single prediction of any thing to come, as the Books of *Joshua* and *Judges*; whilst, on the contrary, the works of those who were not of these colleges of the Prophets were not ranked among the prophetical books, although they contained true prophecies.

The Latins agree with the Jews as to the number of the *Psalms*, which is a hundred and fifty, but both they and the Greeks divide them differently from the Hebrews. In the Greek Bible, and the Vulgate, or common Latin version, the ninth and tenth, according to the Hebrew, make but one Psalm; and, therefore, in order to make up the number of a hundred and fifty, they divide the hundred and forty-seventh into two.

This is the general division of the Sacred Books among the Jews. But they divide the *Pentateuch* in particular into certain Paragraphs or Sections, which they call *Parashiuth*, and which they subdivide into the *Great* and the *Little*. A Great Section contains as much as is to be read in the synagogue in a week. There are in all fifty-four of these, in as much as there may be so many weeks in a year; for the Jews are obliged to read all the Pentateuch over once every year, finishing it on the Feast of Tabernacles, and beginning it again on the next Sabbath day. In the time of the persecution by Antiochus Epiphanes, they also selected fifty-four sections to be read out of the Prophets, which have ever since constituted the second Lessons in the Jewish synagogue-service. *The Little Sections*, which are subdivisions of the *Greater*, are made according to the subjects they treat of; and these Great and Little Sections are again of two sorts; one of which is called *Petūchoth*, that is, *Open Sections*, and the other *Sethūmoth*, that is, *Close Sections*. The former commence in the Hebrew Bibles always at the beginning of lines, and are marked with three *Pe's*, if it be a Great Section, and with only one, if it be a Little Section; because *Pe* is the first letter of the word *Petūchoth*. Every *Open Section* takes its name from its first word; and thus the first Section in the whole Bible is called *Berēshith*, which is the first word of the Book of Genesis in Hebrew. The *Close Sections* begin in the middle of a line, and are marked with the letter *Samech*, which is the first letter of the word *Sethūmoth*; if it be a *Great* Section, it has three *Samechs*, if a *Little* one, only one. Every *Great Section* is also divided again into seven parts, which are read in the synagogue by so many different persons. If any priest be present, he begins, and a Levite reads after him; and in the choice of the rest, regard is had to their dignity and condition. The divisions of the prophetical books, already mentioned, are read jointly with those of Moses, in the same manner. These latter divisions they call *Haphteroth*, a term which signifies in Hebrew *Dismissions*; because after this reading is over, they dismiss the people.

The Jews call the division of the Holy Scriptures into chapters, *Perūkim*, which signifies *Fragments*; and the division into verses they call *Pesūkim*, a word of nearly the same signification as the former. These last are marked out in the Hebrew Bibles by two great points at the end of them, called from hence *Soph-Pasūk*, i. e. *The end of the verse*. But the division of the Scriptures into chapters and verses, as we now have them, is of a much later date. The Psalms, indeed, were always divided as at present; for St Paul, in his sermon at Antioch, in Pisidia, quotes the second Psalm. But as to the rest of the Holy Scriptures, the division of them into such chapters as at present, is what the ancients knew nothing of. Some attribute it to Stephen Langton, who was Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reigns of King John, and his son Henry the Third. But the true author of this invention, as is shown by Dean Prideaux at great length, was Hugo de Sancto Caro, who, being from a Dominican monk advanced to the dignity of a Cardinal, and the first of that order that was so, is commonly called Hugo Cardinalis.

This Cardinal Hugo, who flourished about the year 1240, and died in 1262, had laboured much in the study of the Holy Scriptures, and made a comment upon the whole of them. The carrying on of this work gave him the occasion of inventing the first Concordance that was made of the Scriptures, that is, of the vulgar Latin Bible; for conceiving that such an index of all the words and phrases in the Bible would be of great use for the attaining of a better understanding of it, he projected a scheme for the making of such an index, and forthwith set a great number of the monks of his order on the collecting of the words under their proper classes in every letter of the alphabet, in order to this design; and, by the help of so many hands, he soon brought it to what he intended. This work was afterwards much improved by those who followed him, especially by Arlottus Thuseus, and Conradus Halberstadius, the former a Franciscan, and the other a Dominican friar, who both lived about the end of the same century. But the whole intention of the work being for the easier finding of any word or passage in the Scriptures, to make it answer this purpose, the Cardinal found it necessary, in the first place, to divide the book into sections, and the sections into other divisions, that by these he might the better make the references, and the more exactly point out in the index where any word or passage might be found in the text; and these sections are the chapters into which the Bible has ever since been divided. For, on the publishing of this Concordance, the usefulness of it being immediately discerned, all were desirous to have it; and, for the sake of the use of it, they all divided their Bibles as Hugo had done; for the references in the Concordance being made by these chapters, and the subdivisions of them, unless their Bibles were so divided too, the Concordance would be of no use to them. And thus this division of the several books of the Bible into chapters had its original, which has ever since been made use of in all places, and among all people, wherever the Bible itself is used in these western parts of the world; for before this there was no division of the books in the vulgar Latin Bibles at all.

But the subdivision of the chapters was not then by verses as now. Hugo's way of subdividing them was by the letters A, B, C, D, E, F, G, placed in the margin at equal distances from one another, according as the chapters were longer or shorter. In long chapters all these seven letters were used, in others fewer, as the length of the chapters required; for the subdivision of the chapters by verses, which is now in all our Bibles, was not introduced into them till some ages after; and then it was from the Jews that the use of it, as we now have it, took its original on the following occasion.

About the year 1430, there lived here among the western Jews a famous Rabbi, called by some Rabbi Mordecai Nathan, by others, Rabbi Isaac Nathan, and by many by both these names, as if he were first called by one of them, and then by a change of it by the other. This Rabbi being much conversant with the Christians, and having frequent disputes with their learned men about religion, he thereby came to the knowledge of the great use which they made of the Latin Concordance, composed by Cardinal Hugo, and the benefit which they had from it, in the ready finding of any place in the Scriptures that they had occasion to consult; which he was so much taken with, that he immediately set about making such a Concordance to the Hebrew Bible for the use of the Jews. He began this work in the year 1438, and finished it in 1445, being seven years in composing it; and the first publishing of it happening about the time when printing was invented, it has since undergone several editions from the press. The Buxtorfs, father and son, bestowed much pains on this work; and the edition of it published by them at Basil, in 1632, is by far the most complete, and has deservedly the reputation of being the best book of the kind that is extant. Indeed, it is so useful for the understanding of the Hebrew Scriptures, that no one who employs his studies in this way can have a better companion; it being the best dictionary, as well as the best Concordance to them.

In the composing of this book, Rabbi Nathan, finding it necessary to follow the same division of the Scriptures into chapters, which Hugo had made in them, it had the like effect as to the Hebrew Bibles that Hugo's had as to the Latin, causing the same divisions to be made in all the Hebrew Bibles, which were afterwards either written out or printed for common use; and from hence the division of the books into chapters first came into the Hebrew Bibles. But Nathan, though he followed Hugo in the division into chapters, yet he did not do so in the division of the chapters by the letters A, B, C, &c. in the margin, but introduced a better usage, by employing the division that was made by verses. This division, as already mentioned, was very ancient; but it was till now without any numbers put to the verses. The numbering, therefore, of the verses in the chapters, and the quoting of the passages in every chapter by the verses, was Rabbi Nathan's invention; in every thing else he followed the pattern which Cardinal Hugo had set him. But it is to be observed, that he did not number the verses any otherwise than by affixing the numerical Hebrew letters in the margin at every fifth verse; and this has been the usage of the Jews in all their Hebrew Bibles ever since, except that latterly they have also introduced the common figures for numbering the intermediate verses between every fifth. Vatalbus soon after published a Latin Bible according to this pattern, with the chapters divided into verses, and the verses so numbered; and this example has been followed in all other editions that have been since put forth. So that, as the Jews borrowed the division of the books of the Holy Scriptures into chapters from the Christians, in like manner the Christians borrowed that of the chapters into verses from the Jews. But, to this day, the Book of the Law, which is read by the Jews in their synagogues every Sabbath day, has none of these distinctions, that is, is not divided into verses as the Bibles are.

The division of the books of Scripture into *Great* and *Little Sections*, does, without doubt, contribute much to the clearing up of their contents; and for this reason, as well as because they found it practised in the synagogues, the Christians also divided the books of the *New Testament* into what the Greeks call *Pericŏpes*, that is, *Sections*, that they might be read in their order. Each of these *Sections* contained, under the same title, all the matters that had any relation to one another, and were solemnly read in the churches by the public readers, after the deacons had admonished the faithful to be attentive to it, crying with a loud voice, ATTENDAMUS, *Let us attend*. The name of *Titles* was given to these *Sections*, because each of them had its own *Title*. Robert Stephens, the famous printer, who died at Geneva in 1559, gets the credit of being the first who made the division of the chapters of the New Testament into verses, and for the same reason as Rabbi Nathan had done before him as to the Old Testament, that is, for the sake of a Concordance which he was then composing for the Greek Testament, and which was afterwards printed by Henry Stephens, his son, who gives this account of the matter in his preface to that Concordance. Since that time, this division of the whole Bible by chapters and verses, and the quoting of all passages in them by the numbers of both, has grown into use every where among us in these western parts; so that not only all Latin Bibles, but all Greek ones also, as well as every other that has been printed in any of the modern languages, have followed this divi-

sion. They who most approve of this division of the Bible into chapters and verses, as at present used, agree that a much more convenient one might be made; since it often happens, that things which ought to be separated are joined together, and many things which ought to be joined together are divided.

The respect which the Jews have for the sacred books, and which even degenerates into superstition, is one of the principal of their religious practices. Nothing can be added to the care they take in writing them. The books of the ancients were of a different form from ours; they did not consist of several leaves, but of one or more skins of parchment sewn together, and fastened at the ends to rollers of wood, upon which they were rolled up; so that a book, when thus shut up, might easily be sealed in several places. And such was the book mentioned in the *Revelations*, which, St John says, *was sealed with seven seals*, and which no one but *the Lion of the Tribe of Judah could open and explain*.

The Hebrew manuscripts of the Bible are of two kinds—the rolled ones, or those used in the synagogues, and the square ones, or those which are to be found in private collections. The rules laid down by the Jews, with respect to their manuscripts, have, undoubtedly, tended much to preserve the integrity of the text. They are directed to be written upon parchment, made from the skin of a clean animal, and to be tied together with strings of similar substance, or sewn with goats' hair, which has been spun and prepared by a Jewess. It must be likewise a Jew that writes the Law, and they are extremely diligent and exact in it, because the least fault in the world profanes the book. Every skin of parchment is to contain a certain number of columns, which are to be of a precise length and breadth, and to contain a certain number of words. They are to be written with the purest ink, and no word is to be written by heart, or with the points; it must be first orally pronounced by the copyist. The name of God is directed to be written with the utmost attention and devotion, and the transcriber is to wash his pen before he inscribes it on the parchment. If there should chance to be a word with either a deficient or a redundant letter, or should any of the prosaic part of the Old Testament be written as verse, or *vice versa*, the manuscript is vitiated. No Hebrew manuscript with any illumination is, on any account, admitted into a synagogue, although private individuals are permitted to have them ornamented for their own use; but in the illustrations the resemblance of any animal denounced by the Jews as unclean cannot be admitted. Among the modern Jews, the Book of Esther, in particular, is frequently decorated with rude figures of various kinds; but with respect to this book, it must be observed, that owing to its wanting the sacred name of God, it is not held in such repute for holiness as the other books are. The manuscripts for private use may be either upon parchment, vellum, or paper, and of various sizes. "There is," says Prideaux, "in the church of St Dominic, in Bononia, a copy of the Hebrew Scriptures, kept with a great deal of care, which they pretend to be the original copy, written by Ezra himself; and, therefore, it is there valued at so high a rate, that great sums of money have been borrowed by the Bononians upon the pawn of it, and again repaid for its redemption. It is written in a very fair character upon a sort of leather, and made up in a roll, according to the ancient manner; but it having the vowel-points annexed, and the writing being fresh and fair, without any decay, both these particulars prove the novelty of that copy. But such forgeries are no uncommon things among the Papistical sect."

To open and shut up the roll or book of the Law, to hold it, and to raise and show it to the people, are three offices, which are sold, and bring in a great deal of money. The skins on which the Law is written are fastened to two rollers, whose ends jut out at the sides beyond the skins, and are usually adorned with silver; and it is by them that they hold the book, when they lift it up, and exhibit it to the congregation; because they are forbidden to touch the book itself with their hands. All who are in the synagogue kiss it, and they who are not near enough to reach it with their mouths, touch the silken cover of it, and then kiss their hands, and put the two fingers with which they touched it upon their eyes, which they think preserves the sight. They keep it in a cupboard, which supplies the place of the ark of the covenant, and they therefore call this cupboard *Aron*, which is the Hebrew name for the *Ark*; and this is always placed in the east end of the synagogue. He who presides chooses any one whom he pleases to read and explain the Scripture, which was a mark of distinction; as we see in the thirteenth chapter of *the Acts*, where we find *the rulers of the synagogue* desiring the Apostles, when they were in the synagogues, to make a discourse to the people. Ordinarily speaking, a *Priest* began, a *Levite* read on, and at last one of the people, whom the President chose, concluded. He who reads stands upright, and is not suffered so much as to lean against a wall. Before he begins, he says with a loud voice, *Bless ye God*, and the congregation answers, *Blessed be thou, O my God, blessed be thou for ever*: and when the lesson is ended, the book is rolled up, and wrapped in a piece of silk.

The Jews still retain so great a veneration for the Hebrew tongue, that they do not think it lawful to use any other Bibles in the synagogues but such as are written in that language. This was what enraged them so much against the *Hellenistic* or *Græcising* Jews, who read the *Septuagint* Greek version in their synagogues; and so much were they grieved that this version was ever made, that they instituted a fast, in which they annually lament this as a misfortune. But because the Hebrew was, after the captivity, no longer the vulgar tongue, there was an interpreter in the synagogues, who explained to the people in the Chaldee, or common tongue, what was read to them in the Hebrew. The use they made of the Scriptures, however, gave the people at least an imperfect knowledge of the Hebrew language. And thus, we see that the Eunuch who is mentioned in *the Acts*, could read *Isaiah*, and understand enough of it to form the question which he put to Philip, concerning the passage in the prophecy relating to Jesus Christ.

TRAVELS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

We are now going to tell the boys who read the Journal, many curious particulars regarding a country called Lapland, which lies very far distant in the northern part of Europe, and is inhabited by a race of people who are not taller than children of twelve or fourteen years old here. The following account is furnished by Mr Brooks, a very intelligent Englishman, who was in that country about nine years ago; and we shall let him tell his own story (altered to suit the tastes of young readers*), which may be liked better than if told in another manner.

"I resided some months (says he) upon Whale Island, which is about fifty miles distant from the North Cape. It is so named from the number of whales on its coasts, and is about sixty English miles round. Any one but a native would think it the most desolate place in the world. The inhabitants are confined to a narrow strip of land along the shores, by high and steep mountains, which approach almost to the sea. They seldom climb these mountains, being an indolent people, and loving to smoke better than to walk. They of course know but little of their own island. They are as often on the water as upon the land, and are so accustomed to it, as to feel quite as much at ease in their boats as in their huts.

I afterwards lived at Fuglenes, three quarters of a mile from the small town called Hammerfest. The two places were situated on opposite sides of the same bay. Wishing to visit Hammerfest frequently, I bought one of the Lapland boats. It was twelve feet long, shaped like an Indian canoe, narrow, and pointed, and so light, that one person could easily drive it through the water. The Finmark boats have no rudder. In the place of it one of the boat's crew sits at the stern, facing the other men, using two oars. He is called the headsman.

The harbour of Hammerfest is not large enough to hold more than ten or fifteen vessels, but it is very safe. It reaches so far inward, that when a gale of wind is blowing outside, the water is calm and smooth like a pond.

Hammerfest is on the Finmark coast. (Finmark is the most northerly part of Lapland.) Many hundred Russian vessels go there every year with grain and fish-tackle, to exchange for the Laplander's fish. They use no money in that trade.

The water is wonderfully clear at Hammerfest. You may see everything that goes on among the fish. A few feet down you will see the young cod snapping at your hook; if you have one a little lower, the coal-fish; and the huge plaice, and halibut, on the white sand at the bottom. In other places are star-fish, as large as a plate; and purple and green shell-fish of all sizes. The plaice is taken in the following manner: In calm weather, the fisherman takes a strong fine cord, to which he has fastened a heavy spear-head, like a whale-harpoon. This he holds ready over the bow of the boat, while another person paddles it forward slowly. When the fish is seen on the bottom, the boat is stopped, and the harpoon is suddenly dropped upon him, and thus he is caught. In two hours the fishermen will get a boat-load. The halibut are caught with hooks. They sometimes weigh 500lbs. weight, and if drawn up carelessly, they will overturn the boat. Many Russian and other vessels came to Hammerfest while I was at Fuglenes, and the strangers who arrive in them often visited me.

The Finmark parties here begin at four o'clock in the afternoon, in winter. Every man brings his pipe, and they puff away till they can scarcely see each other for the smoke. They use cards, also, for amusement, and sing songs.

There are two kinds of Laplanders in Finmark: the Fishing-Laplanders, who live on the shores and the mountains, and the Rein-deer Laplanders, who rove about, summer and winter, with no shelter but tents. In summer, the mountaineers always come to the coasts and islands, with their herds of deer. The deer cannot live in the woods during the hot weather, on account of the great number of gad-flies and gnats. The people, to protect themselves from their stings, smear their faces with tar. They visit the coast, not merely to escape from the insects, but to buy cloth, meat, and powder, from the merchants who reside there. They give in exchange for these articles the horns of the deer, and the furs of the animals killed during the winter.

The journey from the mountains to the coast is from two to three hundred miles. The mountaineers set out in June. Most of them prefer the islands along the shore, to the shore itself, because their deer are safer there from the wolves and bears. They often swim them two miles to the islands, a whole herd going together; and there the Laplander lives by fishing, till fall, when he goes back to the mountains. His tent which he lives in, in all kinds of weather, is nothing but coarse cloth stretched upon poles, making a room about six feet wide. In this little space he lives with his wife and children, bowls, pots, and boxes, and sometimes with another family. If there is any room left, the dogs occupy it. I have seen twenty of these animals in a tent, sleeping at night on their master's bodies. The fire is built in the centre of the tent. A part of the smoke escapes at a small opening at the top, but the tent is always full of it. Near the outlet for the smoke, poles are put across, which the cheeses are placed upon. The door of the tent is a small hole, The floor is strewed with birch-boughs and deer-skins.

In winter, both men and women wear deer-skins. In summer, the women wear short gowns, and the men, frocks of coarse cloth, with cloth caps, leathern socks stuffed with grass, and pantaloons.

The Lapland cradle is a queer thing. It looks like a sledge, with the lower part open. Before the child is placed in it, it is stuffed with fine soft moss. If the mother wishes to carry the child with her, she fastens the cradle on her back, with the child's head peeping over her shoulders. If she had rather leave it at home, alone, she lets down the cloth at the cradle-head to keep off the gnats, sunshine, or cold; and if there are wolves in the neighbourhood, she hangs it on a tree. As the wind breezes up, the child rocks to and fro, and lies quietly enough.

The mountain Laplander lives almost entirely by his deer. A common flock is from three to five hundred. With two hundred he can make cheese enough in summer for the year, and can afford to kill deer enough in winter to supply his family with venison. If he has no more than fifty, he sells them, and becomes a servant or a fisherman on the coast. Some persons have two thousand. In summer, the people live chiefly upon milk, berries, and whey, laying by their cheeses for winter. The rein-deer milk is rich, but the cheese is very hard. None but a Laplander could eat such stuff.

I was frequently upon the water, shooting and sailing. In the evening the sea was very brilliant, owing, I suppose, to immense numbers of small sea-animals, shedding a light, something like that of the common fire-fly. The waves shone like faint flames of fire, and a blaze seemed to kindle up at every stroke of the oar.

I sometimes went, too, to see the milking of the rein-deer, towards evening. At that time, the hills all around were full of life and motion—the dogs running about, barking at the deer to collect them; and the deer bounding or browsing upon the moss, and tossing up their large, proud antlers, three or four hundred of them together. Then you would see the Lapland girls, going with their milk-vessels from one deer to another; their brothers holding them by the horns; the animals struggling; the girls laughing; and the father and mother at a little distance, scolding them all for their frolic.

The Laplanders thought a great deal of seeing an Englishman like me. When I went among them at first, it was soon spread about, that 'a great man, an Englishman,' was come. Some of them heard I was brother to the king of England, and they believed all they heard. So when I showed them a halfpenny, with the image of the king on it, they pointed at it, and at my face, and thought it 'an excellent family likeness.' They are very fond of show, and the men carry a knife, tobacco-pouch, and all the silver ornaments they can get, in their belts. They wear their best dress upon Sunday, as people do elsewhere.

I visited a neighbouring island, Hojoen, one day, to see a friend. I found about two hundred rein-deer on that island running wild. It is hard to catch these deer, and not very easy to shoot them; for they scent the hunter at a mile's distance, and always run against the wind. On my return home, I found a Lapland foged, or sheriff, had called to make me a visit. He is a great man in this country, and wore gold lace on his pantaloons, a crimson coat, and spurs on his heels merely for ornament. Many of the gentlemen wear spurs in Lapland and Sweden even at private parties.

In September, the mountain Laplanders went home from the coast with their herds. I saw a company of these people, the evening before they started. One of them butchered a deer, which they were to use as meat. He tied him, threw him on the ground, and plunged his knife between his fore-legs. The animal was then loosed, and walked about a little, but soon dropped dead. The knife was left in, to save the blood, which the people are fond of eating and drinking. The party all went off next day, men, women, and children, deer, dogs, baggage and all, together

The tent was packed upon one deer. Another deer carried the cheeses, in a pannier or basket on his back. One of these panniers hangs on each side. A child is frequently packed away in one, and the cheeses in

* We adopt the abridgement of Solomon Bell, an American author, from his "Tales of Travels in the North of Europe," an entertaining little book for young people.

the other; and thus they ride, like a doctor's saddle-bags. The family go on foot, the baggage deer being driven a-head, and the dogs march behind.

The rein-deer is very useful to the Laplander. In winter he drags him over the snow in his sledge with great ease and speed. His horns grow out in May, and fall off in the winter months. No animal has a thicker skin. The Laplanders make all their winter clothing of it. The deer feed upon moss, which they find under the snow; and in summer they pick leaves from the birch, and other trees, and tender shoots from the small shrubbery. They will eat rats, too, like cats. These rats are abundant in the mountains, and are called lemmings. The rein-deer will drag three hundred pounds over the snow, and draw a sledge ten miles an hour, quite easily. I knew one to travel one hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours. In some places the people ride upon the backs of deer, making use of a wooden saddle. The Laplanders of the interior trade a good deal with the merchants along the coast. They buy more brandy than they ought to do. They are particular, when they receive money, to take nothing but hard coin, and, for safe keeping, bury it in some place near their tents. They put it away so snugly, sometimes, as to forget where it lies, and thus the cash is lost.

On October 18th, I left Hammerfest by water, for Alten; this is a town on the coast, where the merchants resort in winter, to trade with the Laplanders who come there from the mountains. Here they have a great fair in February. I went to a wedding at this place, and they gave me bear's flesh by way of cake, and punch instead of tea.

The Laplanders are a quiet, good sort of people. As they never steal, locks and bolts are not used among them. You may leave any thing in the open air, safely. They are not quarrelsome, and though the men carry knives in their belts, they never stab each other. I observed, however, that several of them understood kicking and pulling hair tolerably well.

The Laplanders do not make brave soldiers, but they bear the cold, heat, hunger and fatigue, with great patience. They are seldon troubled with any disease but the rheumatism, or something of that kind. For any pain in the limb, they put on fire, and raise a blister. For all the other complaints, they drink brandy and pepper, or brandy and gunpowder. This is a terrible dose, to be sure; but it always cures them, they say. They never take cold. Blindness is common among them, owing perhaps to the glare of the snow, or their smoky tents.

Drunkenness is their chief fault. I knew one family to drink a barrel of brandy in four months. They buy it of the merchants. If a Laplander earns twenty dollars by fishing, he will perhaps buy a few dollars' worth of cloth, and drink out the rest during the week. These people never refuse brandy. I had some with me, that was very strong; they made wry faces at drinking it, but always wanted more.

By the 10th of October, the country was covered with snow. At this season the bears are troublesome. They come out from their lurking-places, and if they can find a horse or a cow, they kill and drag it to some den or cavern, and live upon it during the winter. The Laplanders use the rifle in hunting bears. Their powder is coarse, and the bullet is no bigger than a pea. The hunter must get pretty near to his game, therefore; which makes it dangerous work to pursue these animals. Of course, a Laplander is proud of killing one. The people say, the bear has ten men's strength, and twelve men's sense; and they think it understands their speech. I once knew a Laplander to chase a bear to shoot at him: his rifle missed fire. The bear turned round, and was about to spring upon the man. 'You ought to be ashamed, you great rascal,' said the hunter, 'to bite a man with a poor rifle.' Whether the bear thought this remark reasonable, or was frightened, I don't know, but he ran away, and gave the hunter no more alarm.

The other wild animals of the country are wolves, foxes, weasels, squirrels, and wild deer. There are eider-ducks also, partridges, ptarmigan, wild geese, swans, and other birds. It is easy to shoot the ptarmigan in the spring. You will hear the male bird at day-break, hissing and cooing on some high pine. He soon brings other birds about him, and the hunter creeps up, while the ptarmigan cackles away on the tree so busy as to see nothing but himself, and so loud as to hear only his own noise. You may fire at the flock as many times as you please, so long as he keeps up the cackling.

I heard of a Laplander who overtook a wolf in the snow, and killed him, as he thought, with his staff. Taking him by the tail, he threw him over his shoulders, and marched off toward home, proud enough of his wolf. The beast was only stunned, and before the man had gone far, he turned round and seized him by the neck, and he was glad to let the creature go again.

At Drontheim, in Norway, they have a regiment of soldiers, called skate-runners. They wear long gaiters for travelling in deep snow, and a green uniform. They carry a short sword, a rifle fastened by a broad strap passing over the shoulder, and a climbing-staff seven feet long, with an iron spike at the end. They move so fast in the snow, that no cavalry or infantry can overtake them; and it does little good to fire cannon balls at them, as they go two hundred or three hundred paces apart. They are very useful soldiers in following an enemy on a march. They go over mountains, and marshes, rivers and lakes, at a great rate.

It was now late in October, and the days were growing short. The sun disappears here the 26th of November, and is out of sight for two months. As I wished to go back from Alten, where I now was, to Hammerfest, before that time, I began to prepare. I bought, among other things, a stout dog-skin cap. The dogs of whose skin these caps are made, are a different kind of dog from the small ones that watch the deer. They are large, shaggy, and yellowish, and the Laplander is not so fond of them. He fats and kills them; and when he pats the dog's fine fur coat, seems to be thinking how comfortable it will be on his own head, in the shape of a winter cap.

I began my voyage on the 16th. We were in a large boat, and being wrapped up in furs, lay snug and warm. As the wind soon came against us, we landed at Komagfiord, and staid over night with an old friend. I went into a Laplander's winter hut, there. It was round, and about five feet high. I crept through the door-way, and found seven or eight Laplanders squatted about a dim wood fire. They bade me welcome; gave me the best seat, a box by the fire; and lighted their lamp. They had just returned from fishing; and their faces being begrimmed with smoke and dirt, and their bodies wrapped up in sheep-skins, they looked like wild beasts.

The lamp was supplied with oil, mixed with the coal-fish liver. The hut was divided into apartments by pieces of wood, some of which were set up, and some laid across. In one of the apartments were two infants, fast asleep, amid a great pile of sheep-skins. The hut was full of smoke. One end was fenced off by a bar of wood, for several sheep and goats, who were lying quite at their ease, in what appeared to be the best room. The hut consisted of turf, piled up with stones braced against it, and covered with a roof; but the people seemed happy.

We proceeded on our voyage the next morning, lying snugly in the stern of the boat. We passed the islands Seyland and Soröe. The mountains on them, four thousand feet high, were covered with snow. There are few inhabitants upon them. We reached Hammerfest this day.

Hitherto I had worn my summer shooting jacket. I now bought me a seaman's jacket and trousers, with a high fox-skin collar. These, with my great dog-skin cap, and a pair of seaman's boots which came up to my thighs, were my morning dress, and kept me warm. In the evening, as I saw more of the ladies within doors, I dressed a little more gaily, using an English coat and trousers, and mounting a pair of half-boots I had brought with me from Drontheim. I could dance finely in these, and the Laplanders thought them a miracle of neatness, compared with the heavy articles which the Hammerfest merchants wore.

I now found myself really living among the Laplanders. My landlord's shop being opposite my windows, I saw it thronged with the people daily. They came with boat-loads of fish to sell. The Shore-Laplanders are half their lives upon the water, and the women are as good sailors as the men. Multitudes of them came from a great distance one day, to be baptized by the minister. They were dressed in all their finery, and behaved very well at the ceremony. But half an hour after, they were reeling to and fro in all directions, as tipsy as they could well be; and by nine o'clock my landlord's outhouses were full of them. They were fuddled with brandy, and lay asleep in their sheep-skins.

There are many Norwegians at Hammerfest, and in other parts of Finmark. I will give you some account of them. You will find them much like the Laplanders, but rather more civilized. The Finmark merchants are almost all Norwegians. They lead an easy life in the winter. Nobody smokes so much as one of these individuals. His pipe is brought to him long before he gets out of bed in the morning. He puffs away some time, then drinks a cup of coffee, and takes another nap. He goes at eight or nine o'clock to his store, opens the shutters, and then goes home to breakfast. Dinner comes at one o'clock, and after that his pipe is in his mouth till bed-time. He drinks rather too much punch, and plays at cards every evening. The merchants here play with each other for money, and pay up at the end of the year. They keep a regular gambling account.

They say they must smoke to keep off the fogs, and drink punch because smoking makes them thirsty. They are fond of singing and dancing; and in every house some one plays on a fiddle. They drink a good deal of tea as well as coffee, but they make it very weak. Their way of sweetening it is rather queer. They generally drink the tea first, and then swallow the sugar. I have often seen them drink tea and rum mixed together. The lady of the house always waits upon her company at dinner: you never see the servants, even when they have any. I found the Norwegians a hospitable, good natured, sociable people."

The remainder of Mr Brooks's account of his travels must be delayed till another opportunity.

MAINS is a word which is often added to the names of lands in the low country of Scotland. It is a contraction of demesnes, and signifies that part of the estate which anciently the proprietor retained in his own hands.

Column for very Young Ladies.

THIS column shall consist of a letter lately written by a medical gentleman of eminence in our city, to the eldest of three ingenious young ladies, ranging between eleven and fourteen years of age, the family of a widow lady of our acquaintance. In thus describing the document, we are quite serious. Beautiful as it is in composition, it is a *genuine letter*, written by one individual to another, and not intended for being published. On being read, however, to one of the Editors of the present work, he was so much pleased with it, as to request and obtain permission to give it circulation, for the benefit of a wider circle than that for which its respectable writer originally designed it:—

"—— ——, 12th November 1832.

"My Dear ——,

"I was much pleased on Saturday with the progress you and your sisters have made in the cultivation of your musical talents, since I had last an opportunity of hearing you perform. This must have been the result of much steady application and practice, and shows how much may be done by persevering industry, where the natural capacity is good, as it is in you all. But in deriving pleasure from surveying our past improvement, we ought at the same time to look constantly forward to what remains to be accomplished, and to view the progress already made chiefly as a guarantee on which we can rely, that still greater success will attend the continuance of our efforts; for there never was any one, however he may have laboured, and however far he may have advanced, who did not feel that more remained for him to do than he had any notion of at the outset. Praise and the approbation of friends are perhaps more immediately pleasing and efficacious in stimulating sluggish minds to exertion; but minds of a higher order will find more permanent and grateful encouragement in the nearer approach they feel themselves making to the perfection at which they are aiming. I need not say to you which of these motives I think you should keep in view; your own good sense will choose the latter, and such a choice will have the additional advantage of rendering you independent for the use of your powers on the caprice or dispositions of those in whose society you may happen afterwards to be placed. Those who seek excellence merely from a love of praise, and a desire to outshine their neighbours, not only become exceedingly sensitive about trifles, and watchful of every form of expression made use of towards them by others, but they feel dissatisfied, and unable for exertion, when they meet with persons either incapable of appreciating their powers, or unwilling to give them credit for the ability they display. Their comfort and even their talents are thus placed very much at the mercy of others, which is the most insecure of all foundations for so important an object as happiness. Those, again, who seek excellence for its own sake, or for the sake of the purposes to which high attainments may be applied in adding to our own usefulness, and thereby advancing our own welfare and that of others, rest on a support which no whim of another can affect, and no praise or unmerited neglect or blame for a moment withdraw. It is, therefore, a most important object, in improving both our moral and intellectual nature, to keep the excellence itself in view, and not the praise which attends it, as our motive to exertion.

"When I found you and your sisters advancing in your musical studies, and giving proof of industry and application, by your successful progress, I was much gratified; but my satisfaction was much increased by observing, that, in you all, it seemed to be the result of exertions made from the higher motive, and not from mere love of praise. I came to this conclusion from remarking none of the forward confidence and anxiety to shine, which the appetite for praise tends to produce when made the main object of pursuit; but, on the contrary, the same modest timidity which I used to meet with formerly, and which is so becoming, especially in youth.

"It is a doctor's privilege to give advice, and it is alleged that it is one I rarely allow to lie dormant, when young ladies are concerned, in whose mental or bodily welfare I take an interest. Not to make an exception of you, as I am anxious to see you all turn out every thing that your best friends could desire, I would say, in all your pursuits, and in all your conduct, make *doing what is right* your principal object, without reference to what others will think of you; and when you find yourself, as will sometimes happen, swayed too much by this latter feeling, check yourself by the question—*why am I doing this?* When you follow this course you will secure at the same time the only approbation of others which is worth caring for, viz. that sanctioned by your own conscience; while you will escape that overstrained sensibility which makes one the sport of every breath of praise or blame, whether just or unjust, which may happen to be thrown out upon you.

"I have written at greater length than I intended, but will now close with wishing you all success in your future improvement, and health to fit you for every exertion which may be required of you; and with affectionate regards to your sisters and yourself, I remain,

"My dear ——,

"Your sincere friend,

"—— ——"

MEMOIRS.

The French are remarkable for the number of their writings called memoirs. In war, almost every officer writes a journal of the transactions in which he is engaged. It is said that the memoirs, in manuscript, in the King of France's library formerly, relating solely to the civil wars of that country in the sixteenth century, are so numerous, that it has been calculated it would require any single person four hundred years to peruse them all, allowing him to read sixteen hours in the day.

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THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY is the first day of the week, according to the Christian calendar; but, in human feeling, it is the last day, as the Sabbath used to be. Monday is, to all intents and purposes, the initial day: it is the day on which the *business* of the week commences, while Sunday is the day on which that business terminates, as it ought to do, in compensatory repose. On Monday morning, every man rises with the sense that he has *all the week before him*. His feelings are agreeable or otherwise, as it may happen that he rejoices or not in the secular employment which has fallen to his destiny. If he loves his labour, he braces himself for the struggle with the buoyant satisfaction of a warrior, who puts on his armour in the full expectation of conquest. He looks forward upon the six coming days, as the farmer glances over the extensive field of ripening grain, which he is about to make his own; it is all the better that the time is long, as, in the other case, it is all the better that the field is large. At ten, as he tucks up his sleeves to commence his work, it is with a resolute formality that he does not feel, in such extent, on any other morning. And in he plunges into his sea of toils, either loving them for their own sake, or closing his eyes to their irksomeness. In the case of him who does not love his task, then Monday is, indeed, an unhappy day, though it is still possible to get over a good deal of its infelicity by exerting a dogged resolution. There is no class of individuals who are more liable to feel the horrors of Monday than the poor schoolboys. In their case, the vacation of Saturday and Sunday has produced a considerable derangement of ideas: it has taught them the sweets of idleness. The *habit* of going monotonously on with their school duties has been partially disturbed. Their lessons, also, though sure to have been learnt on the Sunday evening, instead of Saturday (for to this extent all boys that I ever knew were Sabbath-breakers), are invariably less perfectly learned than on any other day. Hence, on no morning do the unfortunate wretches crawl so unwillingly to school as on this morning. So far as my recollection serves me, Monday always seemed to bring a colder, rawer, and every way less comfortable morning than any other day. The school looked still more of a Tartarus than usual, and the master always seemed a good deal less gentle of aspect. Our *raws*, which had all been partially cicatrised during the joyous relaxation of Saturday, and the hardly less pleasant vacuity of Sunday, were torn open with a pain proportioned to their progress towards a cure, and, like galled horses in the first few miles of a journey, we felt the whole forenoon more intolerable than perhaps any other two days. I have known schoolboys who were so deeply impressed with the horrors of Monday morning, and the dread of what was to ensue from unconned lessons, and questions which they could neither answer nor understand, that, even in advanced life, they continued to experience a gloomy feeling during the early part of Monday, and, to use their own phrase, never felt altogether safe till after one o'clock in the day. Monday is perhaps the busiest day of the whole week. There is always an accumulation of business, and possibilities of business, during the previous days, which is wrought off on this day. It is a day of tough, unintermitting, substantial business, from end to end, without a "cry-you-mercy" in it all. Like a wheel going so fast that the spokes are unobservable, a man works on and on throughout Monday with so little idleness, that he hardly knows he is working, till, surprised by the sound of the dinner-hour, he lifts his half-drowned head from his ocean of troubles, and looks round him in amaze at what he has gone through. Even on Monday evening, the hard-working character of the day is not altogether relaxed. A man would scarcely select Monday out of the other days of the week to indulge in a visit to any place of public amusement, or in seeing an assemblage of his friends. He goes back to the counting-house or the shop at the earliest hour possible, and satisfies himself that all the manifold businesses of the day are properly seen to and wound up.

Tuesday is a half-brother of Monday. We hardly have so much to do on this day as on the preceding one, and we are not inclined to do so much. It is a respectable hard-working day too, but not just so thoroughly so as Monday. The excessive activity of Monday tells a little upon Tuesday, and, though hardly conscious of it, perhaps, we use it partly as a kind of foil to our labours of the preceding day. In dignity, Tuesday is inferior to Monday. It has that inferiority in consideration which a second brother has in comparison with the eldest. Monday is a full, complete, independent day, of twenty-four hours, not a moment less. It is good for work from the beginning to the end. But Tuesday is an imperfect day. It is overshadowed and reduced in domain by the umbrageous fullness of Monday; and we hardly think we are out of the great first day of the week till we are half-way into the diminutive second. On Tuesday evening, one does not think it just so necessary as on the preceding day, to go away and fuss one's self about business. It is a good night for going to the Theatre, or having a friend into one's house, or going a sauntering through the streets. The day was a kind of broken day at any rate; and so what matters it that we spend the evening rather idly?

Wednesday, again, is a complete day of business, but in a more moderate way than on Monday. Starting up from the recreancy of Tuesday, we resolve to exert ourselves manfully, and see a great many things put to rights. But it is not by any means such a day of tucking up of cuffs as Monday. We must not be idle to-day, but neither may we put ourselves very much about. No enthusiasm in business on Wednesday; unless, by the way, it be a market-day, as often happens; and then, of course, its natural character of a respectable *festina-lente* business-day is considerably altered for the busier. Still, however, though a rather bustling day in this case, there is no objection to bringing home a country friend to dinner, and enjoying one's self with him for the remainder of the evening; in which event, the relaxation of the latter part makes up for the over-exertion of the early part of the day; and thus the proper equilibrium is restored, and the day rendered exactly what nature has intended it to be—a day of moderate activity. On Wednesday evening, we begin to feel that we have got a good way down the inclined plane, or, as a Scotchman would say, the *brae* of the week; it is beginning to have a middle-aged feeling. We have still a good deal to do—we must be very busy to-morrow and on Friday; but, yet, there is certainly a good deal of the throng of the week past. This feeling increases on Thursday, which is generally a day very much like Wednesday as to its degree of exertion. We now begin to put off considerable and extraordinary pieces of business till "the beginning of the week"—that is to say, till next Monday; for, as already mentioned, that is the day for all great exertions. Wednesday and Thursday are the least conspicuous and distinguished days of the week. They are remote from both ends, and are lost, in a manner, in the *turba dierum*—the crowd of days. A great deal of the business of the week, however, is done on Wednesday and Thursday. Men are then warm in the harness, and schoolboys too; and on they go in their respective duties, in a regular equable manner, with neither a very regretful retrospect to the vacation of last Sunday, nor a very solicitous prospect towards the coming joys of the next. On Thursday night, dry land first begins to appear. On this evening, as the boy cons his lesson for next day, a pleasing idea of Saturday comes into his mind. But one day now intervenes between him and play. He looks over Friday towards the hour of emancipation, like Moses looking from Mount Pisgah towards the promised land. "Friday," he thinks to himself, "thou art still another day of toil and restraint; but I will endure thee as I best may, for the sake of the happy day which comes after." Thursday evening is a space of time which people spend *any way*: it is an evening of no character. People are now beginning to feel a serene indifference about things. The week is pretty well through. We'll see about any thing of importance on Monday or Tuesday next. "John, you need not post up that ledger for a day or two yet. If any body calls for me, say I've just gone to take a game at the golf."*

Friday, however, is a day of decided character. The week is now wearing towards a close. We must attend, no doubt, to business, but not so very busily as either on Wednesday or Thursday. We'll do very well if we just see that nothing goes wrong. Friday is, in fact, a day consecrated to languor. Its decisiveness of character arises from its being properly of no character whatever. There are more festive assemblages, perhaps, on Friday, than on any other day of the week. People have an unconscious perception that Saturday is the best day of the week in which to awaken from a debauch, because it is a day of no particular exertion; therefore Friday is the day for the debauch. Not to say that the thing is calculated upon, for no one ever allows himself to think, on sitting down, that he is to exceed in any way. The caution is a matter of unconfessed instinct. People begin no business of considerable magnitude on Friday. They put off all such matters to the beginning of the ensuing week, when they will have a large expanse of unbroken days before them. Things are all getting easy, and slip-shod, and unceremonious, by Friday night. We have all the week before us, you know; the artizan and the schoolboy go home from their respective toils on this evening, with a tranquil satisfied feeling, as if the *coleur-de-rose* of Saturday had tinged the previous hours with an Aurora of its own dye.

Saturday comes at last—the voluptuous sunset of the week. To awake upon it, and feel, through the skirts of a departing dream, *that it is Saturday*, is one of the most delightful sensations which men (excepting the altogether idle class) can enjoy. We spring into the waking world with a "whoop and a call," like boys bounding out to play. The sun salutes us through our windows with a merrier gleam; the birds bid us a blyther good-morrow from the trees. Of course, if there is to be a day of better weather than usual in the week, it is sure to fall on Saturday, in order that we may the more fully enjoy our relaxation. We long to get breakfast over, that we may dash into the sunnyness of out-of-doors, and breathe the free communion of nature. If any part of the day is to be spent in duty, how it is grudged! How painful to see the glowing hours—eleven, twelve, one, two—passing by, and us not enjoying them! There is, however, a material difference between the Saturday of Scotland and the Saturday of England. In the latter country, especially among the busy classes, Sunday is almost exclusively the only day of relaxation in the week. It is made to serve there as both a day of

* The reader is requested to excuse this local allusion.

devotion and a day of pleasure. Now, in Scotland, where Sunday is generally given up more entirely to devotion, or at least to a decent seclusion, Saturday is necessarily intruded upon for part of its time, which is given up to recreation. Confining our attention to Scotland, we would say that little business of importance is transacted on that day. People are too much agog with the expectation of the afternoon's pleasures, to apply their minds anxiously to great concerns. As for the children, they burst forth from the restraint of school with the effervescence of pent-up small beer, or, we might rather say, the vigorously-dispersive qualities of the Congreve rocket. From the focus of the school-door, at eleven o'clock, they radiate into a thousand various paths of pleasure and fun, thinking that they will almost have time to go round the world, and be back before night. Every moment is worthy and precious in their eyes, and care must of course be taken to spend it well. The delicious draught must be drained to the last drop, and no part of it to pass without having given its relish. But is it to the pupil alone that Saturday is thus delicious? No. I see by his ill-affected staidness, while his eye is ever and anon cast hurriedly through the trellised window, that the master longs for the hour of dismissal fully as much as the boys. What! is not this the Dominie's day — the true *dies dominica*? Yea, verily; and what would *that life* be—that monotonous chopping of the mind into bits for babes—that wearing agony—were it not for this delightful exception from its miseries? Then for the poor sons of labour —what a day is Saturday for them! See them pouring out at six in the evening, from their various dens, all rejoicing in the prospect of that blessed relaxation which God himself has granted from his own stern decree, "That, by the sweat of their brow, his creatures shall earn their bread." That evening the village group congregated around some neighbour's door to tell the news, sends forth a merrier laugh. The maiden, passing here and there on inexplicable errands, crosses their eyes—a brighter and happier vision. The very cows, as they come in from the loaning, utter more gladsome and familiar sounds, as if participating in the human joy. Although just released from six days of incessant toil, so complete is the general rebound, on account of the anticipated relaxation of next day, that there is no period of the week when the poor man feels himself less oppressed with labour. He could dance now with a far lighter heart, and, therefore, far lighter heels, than even on Monday morning.

Saturday night goes down with the cup and the song —Sunday rises amidst the universal hymn of Nature to Nature's God. Aurora on that morning seems as if she had borrowed the glorious robes of Religion to deck her more lustrously forth. She walks up the east with a statelier step, and pours down upon our heads a more perfect effulgence. There is not a work-day movement, nor a work-day sound, to mar the general solemnity. But nature's own sounds—the whistling of the birds, the hum of the bees—or, what is not less delightful, the far tinkling parish bell, warning of the approaching hour of worship—these all come with a greater force upon the ear. The time of prayer arrives, and the humble denizens of this world enter the temples of their Creator, to consecrate their affections to him, and soothe every rough feeling away under the blessed influence of devotion. Were there nothing but old habit in this practice, it would still be delightful and meritorious. To think that the prayers which are read were composed centuries ago by the Fathers of the Church, some of whom perished for their faith at the stake, and have, ever since, been used by a large class of individuals endeared by country or by relationship; or to reflect, that the psalms which we sing (supposing a Presbyterian place of worship) are still the same which were sung by the ardent and steadfast Covenanters, amidst the wildernesses to which they were driven; to think that the Great Book itself contains the communications which God, in long past ages, condescended to make for the benefit of his fallen creatures, together with the glad words which he afterwards vouchsafed for their redemption: these are ideas which come over the mind on this occasion, to elevate and purify it above its ordinary state. In the evening, the same repose reigns unbroken, and men at last fall asleep in the hush of nature, as if they were never again to rise.*

* The above article appeared first in Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, to which it was contributed by one of the Editors of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE ROMANS.

Religion and Manners.

One principal excellence of the Christian religion is, that it affords a clear guide for the moral conduct of its followers. They may differ, and do differ essentially, on points of doctrine and church discipline; but there are none of them that give two meanings to Christ's Sermon on the Mount; or who can misunderstand his words when he says, "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." In these, and other such precepts, our religion lays down decisive rules for the conduct of every man towards his neighbour; and it is plainly intimated that no manner of deference, submission, or sacrifice to the Divine Being, will be accepted, if his injunctions as to moral conduct be violated by the worshipper.

The religions of antiquity were altogether the reverse of this; there, the will of the gods and the duties of morality were two considerations perfectly distinct from each other. The gods themselves were represented as beings indeed of great power, and not subject to death; but placed, by their elevated situation, as much above the moral law as above the laws of nature. They could not only work miracles without difficulty, but could do wrong without being blamed. If it was the will of a god, the clouds might rain blood; and if the same god prompted a man to kill his brother, the action was to be deemed irreprehensible. They were in truth regarded only as beings too powerful to be limited by any of the difficulties or restraints which encircle mankind; and the whole of the histories in which they were made known to the people, exhibited them rather in the character of potent but reckless magicians, unlimited both in their good and evil, than as all-seeing and benevolent deities. It is clear, therefore, that a religion which consisted in the worship of a class of beings like this, could have no beneficial influence upon the morals of the people: indeed, the whole religious observances of these times were rather practised as means for averting the capricious anger of the deities, or begging their favour, than as evidences of penitence for sin, or prayers for support in well-doing. The temples were not frequented by persons who went thither in order to hear the will of the gods or the instructions of their priests with regard to moral conduct: nor did the worship aspire to make men more pure, by refusing the offerings of the vicious or honouring those of the good. At the mysteries of Eleusis, indeed, no one was allowed to be present who had shed blood; but that this had little reference to moral character, is evident from the circumstance that those who had caused the death of a man by accident, were excluded equally with those who had committed deliberate murder. The whole service and duties of the temple lay in its processions, ceremonies, and offerings; and it was no business of the priests to teach, or of the worshippers to hear teaching. The gods were supposed to be gratified if they received more obedience; and all kinds of attention and service were acceptable, in proportion to their magnificence or costliness. Sacrifices of cattle, fruits, or perfumes; long and gorgeous processions; dramatic entertainments; even combats of gladiators, were all employed as means for evincing respect to the gods; and though the public shows were not perhaps intended directly as services to heaven, it was thought acceptable to place them under the patronage of one or other of the divinities. In worshipping at some of their temples, it was deemed meritorious, for their sake, to break through all the decencies of ordinary intercourse; the votaries imagining that the moralities and obligations of common life were established for the convenience of men themselves; and that they could not better please the gods than make a sacrifice of these on their altar, as they did of any thing else that was valuable in the eyes of mankind. Hence we have instances of young women prostituting themselves, in some of the temples, as a service to the god: in the mysteries (or sacred worship) of Eleusis and of the "good goddess" at Rome, every kind of indecency, both in word and action, was thought laudable, and an acceptable sacrifice of human feelings to the divine will. At Athens, it was thought highly meritorious to get drunk at the sacrifices in honour of the gods. The Latin writers are continually straining to elevate the barbarism of their country to a level with what they consider as the superior civilization of Greece; and hence they pass over many of the most repulsive circumstances, as well in the worship of their gods as in other matters: but we have still a glimpse of some things that are sufficiently horrible. The augurs, or men who were supposed to know by signs the will of the gods, were privileged to keep their sacred office, though guilty of the greatest crimes. Pliny, a Roman philosopher, tells us, that as late as the time of the Messiah, his countrymen offered human sacrifices to their gods; and he adds, that it was even thought *salutary* to eat them. This strange fact, though an important one both in regard to the religion and manners of the Romans, is little attended to in treating of that people; yet a decree of the Senate was necessary to put a stop to the practice; and as most public acts which go to war with the manners of a people are ineffectual, there is reason to think that it was still deemed the most efficient way of propitiating the gods, and used on great occasions accordingly. Indeed, that it was familiar to the minds of the people, and deemed by them agreeable to their deities, is proved from the fact, that Augustus sacrificed at one time four hundred men (of some rank) on the altar of the "God Julius Cæsar;"* and Sextus Pompeius threw both men and horses into the sea alive, as an acceptable sacrifice to Neptune.

It appears, therefore, that the spirit of the ancient religions was noways directed towards the regulation of the moral conduct of men; its only object was to propitiate the good will, or avert the anger of a set of imaginary and capricious beings, who were more interested in avenging any slight to their own dignity, than in punishing or rewarding the conduct of men towards each other. Philosophers in their books endeavoured to refine this character of the gods from part of its grossness; but these opinions are no index to the feelings or ideas of the people, and were, indeed, unknown to them; for books in those days were never seen by the multitude. It is only the kind of worship which was paid to the deities that can guide us to the popular opinion of their character; and it is only this popular opinion which produces any effect on public morals.

We see, then, that the religion of Rome, and Greece, was calculated to produce none of those effects on the lives of men which are now thought to be the most essential properties of all religion. It was in every thing the reverse of that which says, "Leave thy gift on the altar; and go, be reconciled to thy brother: "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." The spirit which breathed from the altars of Rome was rather, "I will have sacrifice in preference to mercy."

Some will be disposed to question the existence of such a state of things among the celebrated nations of Greece and Rome, to whom we are indebted for so many splendid models of excellence in poetry, philosophy, and the arts. But it must be remembered, that a peculiar state of things existed in those times, which rendered the progress made by learned men in their various pursuits less an index to the general state of improvement and civilization among their countrymen, than it is at the present day. A few men who had leisure, and some portion of wealth, were able to cultivate knowledge for themselves, to improve their own minds, and those of a small circle of persons around them; but there were no means of diffusing the information thus acquired among the people at large. There were then no books but those written by the hand, which were necessarily very expensive;† and though they may serve the purposes of the learned to communicate their productions to each other, or preserve them to posterity, they can never become so plentiful as to be in general request among people not professionally devoted to learning. At Pompeii, through all the streets which have yet been opened, no books have been found, except in one house (and these, be it remarked, all Greek); not even a single stray volume has appeared in any of the others, though evidently belonging to persons of opulence. One of the Roman emperors, from the little attention paid to books in ancient times, was so much afraid that the works of Tacitus, one of the best of the Latin historians, would be altogether lost, that he ordered a yearly *impression* of twelve copies to be made, in order to give them a better chance of preservation: yet his care did not prevent the greater part of the work from sharing the fate which he apprehended. Had books been in any thing like general use among the ancients, it is incredible that so many of their best volumes should have perished; and it is to be surmised, that it was not merely the barbarism of the middle ages to which the loss of classical works is to be attributed, but the indifference of all, except a few of the people of classical antiquity itself, to these treasures. It is evident, indeed, that literature was at that time rather the exclusive source of enjoyment to a few, than a means of enlightening the people. Literary men looked only to the praise of literary men, or to that of a limited class in the great capitals, for their fame or reward; the idea of moving the vast mountain of ignorance, prejudice, and darkness, which covered the understandings of the mass of the population, never occurred to them. Horace speaks with contempt of those who sought to please the mean tastes of any below the rank of knighthood. It is even doubtful whether the language used by Latin writers in their productions was intelligible to the common people. We are all aware, that, by continual labouring after correctness and polish of expression, the written languages, even of the present day (when the universal use of books tends to keep them alike), are a good deal different from their spoken dialects; and a modern writer

* Had this circumstance been related of the Mexicans, it would have been received as a satisfactory proof of their barbarism: to the learned it will be almost profanation to insinuate that any thing is to be deduced from it as to the manners of classical Rome; yet it is certain that in a country where such a deed could be esteemed acceptable to a superior being, the mass of the people could have been little superior to the Mexicans. Hume has an interesting essay on the inconsistency of our admiration for the ancients; where he shows very clearly that we are contented to admire people, whom we would be a good deal scandalized to imitate.

† In the East Indies, where printing is not yet used for the native books, a small volume of 400 pages, not containing more matter than two numbers of this Journal, costs about twenty rupees, or the wages of a working man for four months; less neatly written, it may perhaps be half that sum, but still too expensive to be within reach of the mass of the people.

(Lanzi) has gone far to prove, that the popular tongue of a great part of Italy more resembled the modern Italian than the ancient Latin. We know, at any rate, that that country was, in the days of the Romans, divided among many tribes, who had different languages; some being colonies of Gauls, some of Greeks, and others Etruscans; among whom writings in the Latin language could have little circulation. It is known, too, that the states of Italy were not allowed to use the Latin language in their public affairs without permission. As books, therefore, were few, and as it is certain that only a small part of the people understood those which existed, it is evident that the literature which we now so much admire could produce but a very small effect among the mass of the Roman people, and is by no means to be taken as the measure, or any thing like the measure, of the kind of opinions generally existing.

It is obvious, therefore, that we must not look at the style of thinking in the classical works, as that which formed or influenced the manners of antiquity. It is rather to be concluded, that the harshness and barbarity which was nourished by the ignorance of the common people, influenced the manners of those classes to whom literature had access. This remark is supported by the whole history of Roman power, in which we find the emperors and great commanders continually stained with cruelties, which could only have been perpetrated by men trained up among a half-barbarous people, to whom literature and the arts were known only as the occupation of a few secluded or uninfluential individuals of the community.

There is one source of deception which often leads the mind widely astray with regard to ancient manners, and, indeed, with regard to the manners of foreign nations in general. This is the natural and necessary ambiguity of language: the word *aratrum*, for instance, which signifies *plough* in Latin, gives no indication of the difference between that instrument as used among the Romans, and the English plough; hence the imagination of a modern reader is led at once to fix on the only model of a plough with which he is familiar, and he does not immediately recollect that that of Rome was a different and much ruder instrument. Pains are sometimes taken by using models, drawings, or description, to correct this illusion; but even with those who are able to procure all those subsidiary means of study, the error is seldom completely removed from the imagination, and with the great bulk of readers, not at all. Ask any student what idea he has concerning the word "*fenestra*," and he will reply that it means a "*window*;" the word "*sella*," in like manner, he will probably tell you, means "*chair*:" and as he has nothing to guide his ideas concerning these but the English models with which he is acquainted, the shapes which he gives them are totally different from what they had in Rome. If this be the case with regard to sensible objects, the misconception is increased tenfold with regard to traits of manners, and things of an abstract nature. When we hear of *Roman liberty*, for instance, we immediately give the word its English sense, and imagine that the people of Rome were free as we are; yet it is certain that, in the freest times of that city, more than one-half of the people were slaves, and that this portion of the inhabitants had no political rights whatever: their civil rights were so much curtailed, that they could contract no legitimate marriage, were not admitted to give evidence in law, and could not bequeath their property; they might be flogged, and even put to death, at the pleasure of their masters. It was not mere labourers who were in this condition, but clerks, overseers, and persons acquainted with literature. Even among those nominally free, and who had the right of citizenship, all who were not themselves rich were obliged to attach themselves to some nobleman, or *patrician*, as their protector, and were called *his clients*. Without the powerful influence of such a person to enforce his rights, a Roman citizen would have been excommunicated and defenceless. The tie between a patron and his clients in Rome was as close, and as little flattering to the inferior party, as that between a chieftain and his clansmen in more recent times. The rich men kept the poorer citizens in pay, and almost in subsistence, for the sake of their votes in the public assemblies; hence this class had their habits of industry destroyed, and, being content to live in miserable dependence on the largesses of the wealthy and ambitious, became an idle dissipated set, less respectable even than the slaves. It was by the votes of these *freemen* of Rome that most candidates were appointed to offices; and this produced a state of things akin to what would happen if the (old) *freemen* of London or Liverpool had had the power of appointing the Governor of India or Jamaica, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. There was a general caressing of the populace by all who expected to be candidates; shows, entertainments, distributions of corn, were continually proposed or offered by one or other, to keep them in good humour; and a particular system of bribery was practised when the elections came to be decided. Hence Cicero calls the people, *plebs urbana*, the "scum and dirt of the town," "the abandoned mob," "lean miserable leeches;" and all this arose from a humble and inconsiderable class of people having votes to sell, which it became the interest of the rich to buy. The slaves (and freed slaves, not citizens), who formed, as we have said, by far the most numerous part of the working people, had of course no votes; and being maintained and cherished only in proportion to their industry and talents, were many of them a confidential and esteemed class among wealthy people in Rome; while the citizens who had hereditary political rights were fed and despised.

OULIE HIELAN.*

THERE is at all times something fascinating in the contemplation of a character marked by uncommon features; and if these are the indications of a master spirit, that soars beyond the sphere of a narrow destiny apparently marked out for it—if we see in this person unbounded generosity, undaunted courage, and unwearied activity, our interest is doubled, and we listen to all the particulars of his history, and follow his fate, with an absorbing anxiety.

But when he who thus takes possession of the imagination is the hero of a tale of violence, and the rebellious and refractory contemner of laws, there is great danger to our moral and religious principles in the undefinable admiration which he excites. This danger would be still greater, did there exist many men endowed with such extraordinary gifts as OULIE HIELAN, a Norwegian captain of banditti, who is still alive, and whose whole history tends to excite a degree of romantic interest perhaps seldom surpassed in any age or country; while all that can be said in defence of his lawless life is, that, as subjected to his peculiar circumstances, and singular rules, *less* odium is attached to him than to the wretched being in more civilized countries, who, having the benefit of pure religion to guide him, sets at nought all its precepts, and sinks down into the crime and meanness of a common thief. The state of religion at this day in Norway is of a most heterogeneous nature, partaking in nearly equal parts of the superstitions of the ancient Scandinavian mythology, the forms of the succeeding Catholicism, and the doctrines of Luther; which last is the present acknowledged religion of the country. And although more enlightened Christians must lament the mistaken views of their Norwegian brethren, in the most momentous of all concerns, they cannot avoid perceiving that their fanciful faith, embracing as it does a belief in supernatural agency, is exactly of that kind which is fitted, amid the misty mountains, the dark forests, and the solitary lakes of their country, to distinguish them from other nations who are differently situated. They are the children of freedom, born amidst the grandest scenes of nature, and their corresponding character is in general that of a spirited, active, frank, and undaunted people. Amidst such a race, there must at times burst forth from the common mass some singular emanation of the spirit of the country, and the extraordinary man of whose history it is here intended to give a brief sketch, is an illustration of this fact.

The father of Oulie Hielan was a decent Norwegian peasant, whose occupation was that of a sawyer of wood; but his son, of whom we are writing, had no ambition to become either a "hewer of wood" or "a drawer of water;" and as he was a remarkably handsome boy, he was taken, in admiration of this perfection, at the age of twelve years, into the service of the sister of a rich banker at Christiansand. There he was treated with so much indulgence, that he found ample time for acquiring those accomplishments on which his countrymen set the greatest value, namely, feats of activity and strength; so that he soon became a proficient in lifting stones of great weight—wrestling with those older and of more experience in the art than himself—swimming—diving—shooting at a mark—running, and, with his snow-shoes on, surpassing even the rein-deer in swiftness; while to these parts of his education he added a thorough knowledge of the wild legends of his country, and became perfectly acquainted with all the attributes of the spirits of the woods, waters, earth, and air. But when he had lived six years in this place, he began to show symptoms of restlessness and dissatisfaction, and to feel that the uncommon strength of frame which was manifesting itself in his outward appearance, and of which he was inwardly conscious, reproached him for still continuing in the service of a lady. He therefore left his kind mistress, though with feelings of deep gratitude, and went to live in the capacity of groom with an eminent merchant, at his country house, a short distance from Christiansand. Here his occupation was more to his liking, as being more manly; and for a considerable time he found much pleasure and amusement in training the horses, as is the custom in Norway, to obey his voice in a surprising manner. They were treated by him as his friends and companions; with them he shared his loaf, and it was on their bed that he rested, and on their backs that he explored the distant valleys, and skirted the lonely rocks, with a vague hope of encountering and slaying the "Rock Bull," one of the most renowned and formidable phantoms of his country, which, however, on being overcome, is all at once metamorphosed into the most delicious and fattest of beeves. Oulie Hielan at length, however, became tired of this way of life also, on account of the strict discipline and harsh conduct of his master, against which his free spirit rebelled. In short, he began to find that his acquirements had not fitted him for the dull plodding of every-day life, and boldly chalked out a path for himself, which he contemplated with the greater delight, from the very difficulty of treading it.

The ambition of signalizing himself had been his ruling passion from his infancy; for even in the earliest stages of childhood, he had sought pre-eminence among his companions; and now that his vigour of mind and body were alike remarkable, he felt as if able to surmount all difficulties, and marked out for himself the plan of a mode of warfare as dangerous and extraordinary as it was unjustifiable. This was to form a band of robbers, who should be completely under his control, and in conjunction with whom he meditated the performance of feats which should couple his name in future ages with those of the genii of his country. He was not avaricious, or anxious to amass riches on his own account; for this he would have considered as sinking him far below the character at which he aimed, which was to become a redresser of wrongs, and to wrest from the rich what he intended to bestow on the poor.

Oulie Hielan was acquainted with many of the rocky fastnesses in the neighbourhood of Christiansand—caves and dens placed in such perilous situations, and so difficult of access, that none but himself and the wild goats had dared to explore them. These places he had marked as his own peculiar haunts, whenever it suited him to burst asunder for ever the bonds imposed on him by laws and law-givers. Nor was this time long in coming; for, when once determined on his plans, he brooked no delay, he owned no impediment, and he dreaded no consequences. It was necessary, however, to procure some money, that he might furnish himself with arms and provisions. While he was puzzling over this difficulty, his master sent him with a sum to one of his clerks, which was sufficient for his occasions, and this opportunity was eagerly seized; he absconded, took possession of one of his impenetrable holds, and for a few days baffled all pursuit. But he seemed now, as he often did in after life, the most careless of men, because he fancied himself, from his innate resources, the most secure. He ventured too soon into the town to procure the arms and provisions which were become necessary to him, and, falling into the hands of the police, was persecuted with vindictive malice by the merchant, tried, and condemned to a certain number of lashes, and a long imprisonment. The imprisonment was nothing, but the lashes were another matter. To the free-spirited Norwegian, there is no punishment that is not more easily endured, and if this is generally the case, how did the heart of the proud and ambitious Hielan recoil from it! This would indeed be a strange commencement of the career of him who flattered himself with becoming, in after years, the theme of the Norwegian youth, and the hero of the fire-side tale; a beginning, he thought, which would frustrate for ever the fulfilment of his long cherished dreams. But night came—the jailor slept—Hielan had a tough struggle with the iron bars of his window; but they had never before held within them such gigantic strength, or such a determined spirit. This strength and this spirit was moreover increased in a tenfold degree, for the dreaded morrow was to give him to the ignominious lash: he removed the bars, and was free. For a short time he was taught more caution. He selected a few daring spirits as his companions, and to them he entrusted the task of providing arms and provisions, before they had done any thing to attract notice, and he was soon joined by them, and provided with all he wanted. It was then that he began to levy contributions on the rich, and to shower his benefits on the poor; and from this time his iron strength, his extraordinary activity, and his never-resting spirit, carried him on through scenes and adventures, which, though well attested by his countrymen, we can hardly credit as realities. The name of Oulie Hielan henceforward inspired the rich with terror, and the poor with confidence. His good qualities, as well as his evil ones, were strongly marked; for nothing could be more inviolable than his word—nothing more unbounded than his generosity, or more tender than his sensibility. His wish was fulfilled, for his name was soon coupled with those of the genii of his country. When a poor peasant found his byre replenished with good milch cows, which were to enable him to provide for a numerous family, or when any other act of timely assistance was anonymously rendered to the poor, the remark which followed was, "that they were either indebted for it to Niepen, the benevolent Brownie of Norway, or to Oulie Hielan;" but to which of them the obligation was really owing, generally remained a mystery, for it was quite as impossible to interrogate the one as the other. And to the superstitious belief and customs of his country, he was often indebted for hair-breadth escapes. One remarkable instance of this robber chief's susceptibility of feeling occurred during a rigorous winter, when he and his men were driven by an intense frost from their concealment in the rocks. On

* The information embodied in this article has been procured from an individual who lately spent a considerable time in Norway, and oftener than once saw Oulie Hielan.

this occasion they habited themselves as peasants, and effecting such alterations on their hair, beards, and complexions, as have often been practised, they scattered themselves abroad on the face of the country. Hielan gained admittance, under some pretext, into the house of a widow, who was, as is common in the lower class of that country, the proprietor of a small farm. Here his value, as one whose strength enabled him to perform treble labour, was soon appreciated, and he became for several weeks domesticated with the widow and her family. He was here the mainspring of all exertion in the way of business, the wise adviser of the old woman, and the play-fellow of her children, who frequently entertained him with an exaggerated recital of his own achievements, in his proper character of the fearful robber Oulie Hielan. But when those few quiet weeks were passed away, and he was thinking of taking his departure to resume once more his self-constituted dominion over his countrymen, the tax-gatherers, a race of people peculiarly dreaded in Norway, arrived upon the little farm, and threatened the old woman with being instantly turned out if she did not pay them what she had not to give. The poor creature rushed into the house to reveal her difficulties to her friend Hielan, while a cry of anguish burst from her, for all she had in the world was little more than sufficient to pay the heavy tax. Nor did she apply to one insensible to her misery. He had nothing with him to give, but his determination was instantly taken. He started up, and strode hastily up and down the floor. An expression of exultation passed over his noble features, and the man whose ruling passion was the love of freedom, stood suddenly before his old hostess, and offered his liberty as her ransom. "I am Oulie Hielan," said he to the wondering old woman. "You know the sum offered for my apprehension—it is more than sufficient for your purpose—go—demand it, and I solemnly promise to remain upon this spot till I accompany the officers of the law."

The poor creature whom he addressed was astounded. She knew not what to think. Was he indeed that far-famed robber of whom she had heard so much? Yes, it must be he; for there was truth in his whole deportment: and was he not always represented as the friend of the poor, and the powerful protector of the oppressed? But she would suffer any thing before she would give him up to the ruthless arm of the law, and she told him so twenty times in a breath. He, however, silenced her scruples, by treating with the most scornful derision the idea of his being long confined by bolts and bars, or even of his remaining the captive of those sent to conduct him to prison until they should be able to lodge him there. Thus assured, his hostess consented to inform against him, making it, by his advice, a condition that the money should be paid to her on his apprehension. This condition was kept, and he was handcuffed, and marched off, guarded by a file of soldiers, but not before he had slung at his back two flasks of the widow's strongest brandywine. They halted for that night at the hut of a peasant, and the soldiers, accustomed to deal only with men of common prowess, and confident in their number, sat around him, delighted with his discourse, which was of deeds of hardihood, no less than with the excellence of his brandywine, of which he was most liberal.

The strong spirit did its office, as it was wont, and the hut, ere midnight, assumed more the appearance of the cave of Somnus than the well-guarded apartment of a prisoner. Hielan had taken care to keep pace with, and seemingly to exceed them, in this act of intemperance, and was one of the first to assume an attitude of rest and the semblance of a profound sleep; till, assured that they were all incapable of being easily disturbed, when he walked forth to the open air, where a single stroke with his powerful arms upon a friendly piece of rock made his handcuffs fly from their rivets, and released him from even the semblance of bondage. He then commenced a retrograde movement to the cottage of the old woman, to show her that he had kept his word; and, having set her heart at rest in this particular, he returned once more to his rocky stronghold; and the first intelligence the soldiers to whom he had given the slip heard of him was, that, on the night following, he had relieved a miser of his cash at the distance of more than fifty miles from the place where he had left them.

It was thus that he delighted to puzzle and surprise his countrymen by an appearance of ubiquity, and by the performance of acts of daring which placed him at an immeasurable distance from them all. The city and the country—the guard-room of the soldiers and the cottage of the peasant—all places were filled with the fame and the fear of this bandit. He had defied all power vested in his countrymen, and become an outlaw against whom was every man's hand; but, always accustomed to surmount natural difficulties in a country where their forms are ever varying, he felt no fear of those thrown in his way by human beings, and seemed often to engage in perilous enterprises merely for the pleasure of subduing dangers.

By the banditti subject to him, which generally amounted to sixteen or eighteen men, he was both feared and admired. Strict in his discipline, he by turns forbade or authorised the exercise of their power, punishing or encouraging at will those who would have submitted to no other authority. This man had formed a code of morality for himself, not more mistaken and dangerous, perhaps, than that of many who are moving within the decent circle of civilized society, since it served to justify to himself every action of his life. He was never known to break a promise, or to injure a poor man, unless that man had injured his poorer neighbour; while hundreds were relieved by him from oppression, or from the stern dominion of pinching poverty. In short, he had made himself acquainted with the character and circumstances of all within his extensive sphere of action, and had become, in a great measure, the arbiter of their fate, measuring out to them the justice which his own perverted opinion and despotic will awarded to them. One of the traits in the character of this singular man was an enthusiastic admiration of the savage grandeur of his native land, where all is sublime. Nor was his heart always untouched by veneration for a Presiding Deity, though his religion was nothing more than that of nature, so inadequate to the wants of a frail and sinful mortality. He loved the brilliant star-light of his northern skies, and the grand spectacle of the aurora borealis, which, like armies of colossal phantoms, seemed to encounter in the shock of battle. And when, in the profound stillness of midnight, disturbed alone by the trembling leaves of the aspin, he looked from the brink of some stupendous cliff upon the rocks beneath, cleft into ten thousand fantastic shapes, from each cleft of which arose the stately pine, or the graceful birch—or when he cast his eyes abroad upon the solemn woods, or the mighty rivers rolling their torrents to the ocean, or to that pathless deep itself, studded with wooded islands, and reflecting on its glassy surface all the glories of the heavens, he then felt that assurance of immortality which such sublime objects are fitted to awaken. But his was only an immortality for heroes such as is imaged forth in the fables of Odin, and the thought only encouraged him to proceed in the singular path he had marked out for himself. Hielan's men were picked spirits, partaking of his own energies, and embracing his own views; and, in conjunction with them, he performed feats, which weaker and less energetic beings, having no power to achieve, seem only to consider as fabulous exaggerations. He had harboured the deepest resentment against the merchant ever since the persecution he suffered on his account; but this fated man had been long absent from his country on mercantile affairs, and the bandit would not deign to touch his property till his return. He was, however, no sooner settled again in the usual routine of business, than he determined to make him feel the weight of his displeasure, and chose a time when he knew a large sum of money had been paid to him at his country house. This house stood near the brink of a deep river, on which were moored a number of fishing boats; these he caused his men to have in readiness, and having watched till his enemy departed for his counting-house at Christiansand, and having secured the servants, he laid his hands on nearly a thousand pounds sterling in money, and plundered the house of plate, and all else that was valuable, among which we may well reckon the food or provisions just laid in for winter, which in that country, so given to hospitality, are on a scale of magnitude not easily comprehended by the inhabitants of warmer regions.

All this booty the boats speedily conveyed to the other side of the river, where, in a few hours, it was safely deposited in a concealment of which none knew save Hielan and his band. There was, however, small satisfaction in this achievement to the mind of the robber chief, when compared to that which he promised himself, in being an eye-witness of the consternation of the merchant when he should return to his desolated premises. Over the opposite side of the river on which the house was situated, there impended an enormous rock, the height of which was not less than a hundred feet, and the summit of which was totally inaccessible on three sides, and only to be gained on that furthest from the river, by such a path as Hielan alone was accustomed to tread. It was to the very pinnacle of this commanding eminence that the outlaw took his triumphant way, with the most splendid and valued of the merchant's silver drinking-cups in his right hand, and a flask of his best Madeira slung at his belt. Not long had he bent his eagle eye on the little plain beneath, when the plundered man arrived, accompanied by a band of soldiers, a posse of police, a host of idlers who are always ready on such occasions, and the affrighted servants, whom Hielan had released as soon as his work was finished, and sent to bear the tidings to their master. All around the house was now commotion and uproar; while many were the boasts and vaunts of the motley group, could they but see the perpetrator of the deed; when all at once Hielan was espied sitting on the very edge of the overhanging rock, like an eagle in his eyrie. Instantly a simultaneous shout arose from the multitude beneath, and was answered by the robber chief, who, taking his fur cap from his head, waved it aloft, while the loud sounds of defiance, uttered in the clear tones of his powerful voice, rung in prolonged notes from the thousand rocks around him. All was now thrown into tenfold confusion below; for though so near him, they well knew it was impossible to take him. The soldiers might indeed take aim at him with their firelocks, but the governor's order was to secure him alive, with an assurance that the man who shot him above the knee should answer it with his life. This order had been lately given in consequence of another person having been shot by mistake for him. Enraged by the thought that the governor's order prevented their firing, except at their own peril, and there being no such marksman as William Tell among them, the people vented their rage in useless threats and violent gestures, which only served to provoke the mirth of Hielan, who looked on them with as little fear as he would on the antics of a puppet-show.

The rage of the unfortunate merchant did not, however, attain its climax till the robber chief held up to his view the massy cup—the apple of his eye, the pride of his heart—and filled it with his choicest wine; and as he raised it to his lips, he shouted out "Gamle Norge" (old Norway), that magic toast which is first drank by every Norwegian, and which inspires him with unbounded enthusiasm. But enough of these details, which, if prosecuted further, would swell this account beyond the limits it is intended to occupy. Let us therefore hasten to relate the sequel. But how shall we touch the remaining part of the outlaw's history with the colouring of truth?—how paint it so as that, while penetrated with pity, and dazzled with traits in his character which approach so near to virtues, we may detest his vices? This youthful chief of robbers was at length betrayed by one of his own men, whom he had punished. On a distant excursion, he attacked a house situated in a circumscribed valley, which was, in consequence of the information, surrounded, before he entered it, by a cordon of a hundred soldiers concealed in the rocks which skirted it. Thus he and seven of his band were taken, after a resistance so valiant, that, had it been in a better cause, it would have crowned their brows with laurel. He was now no longer guarded by small numbers, or trusted to insecure prisons, but marched on, night and day, with little respite, a distance of two hundred miles, to Christiana, where he was destined to perpetual slavery, and to be confined in the fortress of Aggerhuys for life. But on reaching the suburbs of the city, they were obliged to halt, for the fame of Hielan's capture had spread in every direction, and thousands from the country and from the city were assembled, all eager to behold a man of whose robber fame, whose herculean strength, and whose perfect beauty of form, they had heard such accounts, that they considered him almost as a supernatural being. The governor of Christiana had been previously waited on by a deputation from the ladies of the city, and presented with a petition in favour of the outlaw chief, in which they offered a thousand dollars for his ransom, on condition of his giving a solemn promise to forsake his former mode of life, and become a peaceable citizen. And it was during this temporary halt that a messenger was sent to Hielan, to inform him of the offer of his countrywomen, and, strange as it may appear, to tender him his liberty on the proposed condition. "Tell the ladies of Christiana," said this extraordinary man, "that I am prouder of their offer than if the crown of Sweden had been placed upon my head; but I know not how I might endure any life but that to which I have been accustomed, and, therefore, cannot accept it." Hielan and his band were now heavily fettered, and their necks enclosed in a peculiar kind of iron collar, with two spikes, a foot and a half long, projecting from it over each shoulder. This collar is the distinguishing mark of bondage for life; and as he assumed the ignominious badge, the indignant blood of the captain of robbers told, in a reddened glow of shame and rage, that he who had been so long accustomed to command was now a slave. The idea with which he had entered on his career was not so much that he was a captain of banditti, as that he was a redresser of wrongs; and this idea he still adhered to. Therefore, when he was paraded through the streets of the city, his air was unembarrassed, and, as he looked on the crowd which thronged him on every side, bethought him of how many of them he had befriended. Nay, not only was it unembarrassed, but the natural majesty of his fine form seemed almost to expand into colossal grandeur, and the fire of strong and renovated feeling burnt in his eye as he turned his look upward to the windows, and saw them crowded with the softer sex, who, by the waving of their handkerchiefs, one might have supposed, were celebrating the entrance of a triumphant conqueror, instead of that of a band of manacled robbers, had they not proved their sympathy by their tears. The most tender pity penetrated their bosoms for the man whom they now beheld. Among his other extraordinary acts, he had often been the means of uniting lovers, in spite of all opposition, and almost of fate itself; and their imaginations had been captivated by what they heard of him, who now seemed, by his noble appearance, to vouch for its truth. And as, in passing along, he ever and anon bowed his finely turned head, uncovered save by its thick and clustering curls of bright chestnut, and raised his eloquent eyes filled with gratitude to his benefactresses, his delighted ear was regaled by repeated murmurs of enthusiastic admiration. The step and bearing of Hielan was that of a soldier, and carried on it the impress of a daring spirit, still secure in its own resources. In fact, a captain of banditti in a wild and savage country acquires much of a chivalrous and military character, and differs as widely from the paltry thief of civilized society as the ambitious and bloody conqueror of kingdoms does from the midnight assassin. The governor and his functionaries rejoiced exceedingly in having secured this formidable man, and believed, that, when the gates of the castle were once closed upon him, he would give them no more trouble. But they were ignorant of the uncon-

querable spirit with whom they had to do. When carried before the governor, and questioned by him as to his former mode of life, the answers of Hielan were perfectly frank, for, according to his own perverted notions, he had no degrading confession to make. He asked no grace for himself, but pled long and earnestly for the freedom of the men whom his example had seduced from their peaceful occupations. But when this prayer was sternly rejected, a fearful tempest of feeling seemed to take possession of his breast, and a deep gloom to overspread his features, except when a scornful smile passed over them as a momentary gleam of lightning pierces the blackness of night. But though the boon was denied him, he was released from his irons on his promise of not attempting an escape, and allowed to remain the first night of his imprisonment in the same apartment with his men, who were the next day to be employed in the public works with the other convicts in the castle. The interest which had been made in Hielan's favour, and the strong feeling of pity he had excited, procured him the distinction of not being sent to hard work with the other slaves, but of being allowed to exercise the craft of turning wood, in which he had made himself a proficient while in the service of the banker's sister. So were matters arranged by the governor; but Hielan had settled it otherwise, in as far at least as related to some of the parties, for the next morning's light showed the apartment empty which he and his band had occupied. Had this man then at length grown faithless, whose name had been so long proverbial for a strict adherence to his word? No. When the castle gates were opened in the morning, and the drawbridge lowered, there sat on the other side of the moat the robber chief, true to his promise, and ready to re-enter his prison. The reward of this exploit, however, was heavy irons for some length of time before he was permitted to exercise his ingenuity at the turning-loom. But the chains felt light on Hielan's limbs, for he had liberated his comrades. We have said that the irons were taken off from him on his being, as the governor thought, secured within the castle walls. This gave him an opportunity of releasing his men from their manacles, when, availing themselves of their united strength, and aided by the spikes of their collars, they forced the bars of a window, and got out. This window was but a short distance from the ground, to which they easily descended; but still the rampart wall was to pass, and this wall was raised a considerable distance above the rock on which the castle stood. The difficulty here was foreseen, and overcome, by linking together their spikes, chains, and bars, and using them as a means of descent. Hielan was the first to show the way, though almost the only one who escaped without some dislocation, or painful wound, or bruise. The castle of Aggerhuys is situated on a high rock, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on that next the land by a broad and deep moat, which renders it totally isolated; but there were boats moored not far off, and after a perilous descent down the precipitous and jagged rocks, Hielan and his men threw themselves into the sea, and swam to a boat in which those to whom he had given freedom continued their flight along the coast, only stopping to set him on shore. Some years passed away, and the bandit chief became almost a prisoner on parole. But though he appeared to the careless eye calm and contented, and sung the chivalrous songs of other days, and repeated the wild legends of his country, his brow was clouded by his inward struggles, and he often dwelt in melancholy mood on those scenes when his word was a law, and his steps as free as those of the wild wolf. With such as him this could not last: he became impatient of longer control, and suddenly announced to the governor that he was so, recalled his promise, and vouched his determination of escaping; and although means were taken to prevent his intention, he was not long in placing himself once more at liberty. Unfortunately for him, a storm arose as he was making a voyage along the coast, when, being wrecked, he was picked up by a pilot-boat, and landed near to Christiansand; but having, in his own fearless and incautious manner, joined a merry-making party at that place, where it was the time of the fair, he was again captured, and returned to his old quarters in the castle, where he now is. It is astonishing to see with what facility the human heart creates for itself new pursuits, and new interests, when those to which it has been accustomed have been long withdrawn. This is strongly illustrated in the bandit chief, who now seems really reconciled to his fate, and, having given a renewed promise of not again attempting an escape, is allowed to walk on the ramparts without irons, and even at times to visit the city. When on one of those visits, he was pointed out, not a twelvemonth ago, to the person who relates the facts now recorded. The only hope of liberty which now remains to Hielan is from a visit of Bernadotte to the castle of Aggerhuys, as it is common on those occasions to release the most favoured of the slaves. It is, however, the general opinion of his countrymen, that he is too dangerous a person to obtain his freedom again, and that no such consequence will follow the visit of the King of Sweden. In recording this rapid sketch of a character which is neither common nor yet imaginary, it is impossible to help lamenting the false ambition and self-delusion of a mind so naturally noble, or regretting most deeply, that a man so gifted with extraordinary endowments should have become a captain of robbers, and be probably doomed to perpetual imprisonment.

FIRE-DAMP—THE SAFETY-LAMP OF DAVY.

What is generally known under the name of fire or choke-damp in mines, is just the coal gas or carburetted hydrogen escaping from strata of coal under particular circumstances, and flowing out so as to occupy the space of the mine. When such gas is accumulated in certain quantities, so as to amount to a half or even less of the air of the mine, on a lighted lamp or any flame being presented to it, an instantaneous explosion takes place. This gas is very prevalent in the mines of the English districts, but rare in those of Scotland. In the chemical process which takes place, by which vegetable matter is gradually changed into coal, there appears to be a formation of this carburetted hydrogen; for it has been found, on examining thin slices of the more bituminous sorts of coal with a powerful microscope, that numerous small bubbles of thin air are contained within the minute hollow tubes which still remain distinct, though somewhat flattened; thus indicating the true vegetable origin of the substance. When a stratum of coal that has been subjected to great pressure, and completely excluded from all communication with the external air, is suddenly broke in upon by the miner, the compressed air thus finds an opening, and, rushing out, expands in volume so as to fill a large space of the shaft or hollow part of the mine; and it will thus continue to do so until the whole of the confined gas makes its escape, or finds an equilibrium of density. There is yet another cause supposed to give origin to the fire-damp; and this is, the occurrence of what miners call *whin dykes*, or troubles. These are masses of trap rocks, which frequently come across the coal strata, and completely cut up and derange the levels of the various seams. These whin dykes evidently appear to be rocks thrown up from below by the action of internal fire, and at a period after the coal and its accompanying strata had been formed. That these rocks have been in a hot and melted state, is apparent from their general aspect and composition; but is farther proved, from the fact, that, on each side where they come to touch the coal seams, the latter are completely charred; in other words, converted into a coke, or cinder. During this exposure to great heat, a large quantity of gas must have been produced, exactly in a similar manner as coal gas is artificially made; but owing to the process having taken place deep under ground, this gas has not escaped, but remains shut up in the various crevices of the strata under a strong pressure, until the operations of the miner expose the whole. In this way it is probable large volumes of fire-damp find their way into the hollows of mines; and it is remarkable, that, in Scotland, where few such whin dykes occur, although there are numerous other shifts or troubles of the strata, accidents from choke-damp are rare, or almost unknown; whereas, in the English districts, where dykes are very numerous, few coal-mines are ever entirely free from the noxious gas. In the neighbourhood of Newcastle, one of those coal seams was lately exposed, which strikingly illustrated the effects of charring, from the protrusion of a mass of rock through the coal; and numerous other instances leave no doubt of the fact.

Since ever coal mines have been extensively wrought, the loss of human life from explosions of fire-damp has been very great. Every year had its awful calamities, and almost every month brought its detail of the sufferings of unfortunate victims, and of the bereavement and misery of many orphan families. At last the feelings of public humanity were excited to a painful degree, and many proposals and attempts were made to remedy the evil. None of these, however, proved successful, till at length the genius of Sir H. Davy grappled with the subject. With his accustomed energy, he immediately set about considering the whole bearings of the matter; and first of all, by repeated inspections and experiment, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the enemy he had to vanquish. Having done so, he then patiently sat down to devise a remedy. Fortunately his efforts were crowned with complete success; and his highly ingenious invention had this rare merit, that it was not the result of happy accident, or the chance suggestion of the moment, but was perfected from one step to another, by patient experiments and philosophic reasoning. Like all other great inventions, when once discovered and explained, the safety-lamp of Sir H. Davy appears a very simple apparatus indeed. It consists of a common oil lamp, over which is screwed a cylindrical frame, covered with an extremely fine wire gauze, the apertures of which are not more than one-twentieth of an inch square. Every part of this cylinder and of the lamp is accurately soldered, so that no air can get admittance to the flame, except through the minute holes of the wire gauze. A wire passes upwards from the bottom, by which the wick is trimmed, and a tube communicating with the well of the lamp opens outside, by which oil may be poured in to replenish it, without having occasion to unscrew the gauze cylinder. Furnished with this lamp, the miner may go with perfect safety into places where the choke-damp is lodged, and may calmly, and without apprehension, pursue his subterranean labours, day after day, where, if he attempted to enter with a naked flame, immediate explosion and destruction would take place. Sir H. Davy, in his first experiments, tried the effect of conveying air for the supply of an inclosed flame, through long tubes with an exceedingly small bore, calculating justly, that flame, in passing through these long minute apertures, would lose its heat, and, consequently, its power of communicating flame to the external air or gas. Having ascertained this important fact, he next tried how short he might venture to make these tubes, and, gradually filing them down, he at length discovered that the thinnest plate of metal, when pierced with small holes, was quite sufficient for the purpose required. This immediately led to the trial of wire gauze, and hence his discovery was perfected. When the safety-lamp is immersed in the highly inflammable air of mines, the portion of air contained within the gauze cylinder is immediately exploded, but no communication of the explosion is made to the air around, because the flame of the burning gas, in passing through the small apertures of the wire gauze, is cooled down so much, that its power of inflaming other air is lost. When the mixture of inflammable air in mines is only in moderate proportion, the miner can breathe it with comparative impunity, and the flame will be supported without an explosion; but where the gas prevails in greater proportion—and this will take place suddenly, and without previous warning—then the great importance of the safety-lamp is manifest. The miner is immediately apprised of the circumstance, and he can deliberately explore his way to another part of the mine, whereas, under other circumstances, a sudden explosion, and his inevitable destruction, would have been the consequence.

The beautiful simplicity of this contrivance of Sir Humphry Davy, the perfect manner in which it was found to answer all the purposes required, and the noble philanthropy with which its inventor freely bestowed it for the good of society, without fee or reward, could not fail to excite the admiration of all classes of the community. But those immediately concerned, the extensive coal proprietors of the English districts, were more particularly interested and excited by the invention, and, accordingly, as a mark of their gratitude and respect for the high talents of the inventor, they resolved on presenting him with a superb service of plate. A subscription of L.2000 was immediately formed, a public meeting was held in the north of England, and, at a dinner given to Sir Humphry, he had the proud satisfaction of receiving the grateful tribute due to his genius and philanthropy. The lamp is now known all over the mining countries by the name of "the Davy;" and time has not in the smallest degree tended to lessen the confidence which was originally reposed in its efficacy as a protector of human life.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

LINNÆUS.

Charles Linnæus was the son of a poor village pastor, and was born at Rashult, in the province of Smeland, in Sweden, in the year 1707. To great originality of genius, were joined an enthusiastic disposition, and a perseverance of character, which enabled him to make his way through poverty and obscurity to a distinguished pre-eminence as a man of science and learning. An ardent love for the study of nature, especially for botanical knowledge, early took possession of him. While yet a boy, he seems to have been fonder of rambling about the fields, and perusing the great book of nature, than the folios of the schools; for so little satisfaction does he seem to have given his first teachers, that his father, dissatisfied with the reports of his progress, contemplated binding him to the trade of a shoemaker. The intervention of friends, and his own earnest entreaties, however, at last persuaded his parent to permit him to study the profession of medicine. At the university we find him rising into distinction, even in the midst of extreme poverty—in want of books—in want of clothes—in want of bread to eat—and even patching up old shoes with the bark of trees, to enable him to wander into the fields in prosecution of his favourite study of botany.

While yet a mere youth, he was pitched upon, by the Academy of Sciences of Upsal, to explore the dreary regions of Lapland, and to ascertain what natural productions they contained; and we find him embracing with ardour this laborious and solitary undertaking, with a pittance barely sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey. After his return from this scientific expedition, he commenced a course of public lectures on botany and mineralogy in the University of Upsal; he was full of the subject, and the novelty and originality of his discourses immediately drew around him a crowded audience: but envy, which too often is the malignant concomitant of rising talent, soon blasted his fair prosperity. It was discovered, that, by a law of the university, no person was entitled to give public lectures, unless he had previously taken a degree. Linnæus unfortunately had obtained no academical honours, and Dr Rosen, the professor of medicine, accused him before the senate, and insisted that the statutes should be put in force. What must have been the feelings of the youthful, ardent, and aspiring botanist, at this harsh and oppressive measure! Conscious of superior talents, full of hope, and flushed with the success of his first efforts, he was, by this ungenerous proceeding, excited to madness; and, goaded on to the extremity of desperation, he drew his sword upon Rosen, at the door of the senate-house, and attempted to stab him; powerful friends interfered in his behalf, or expulsion would have been the consequence. For some time, his resentment was strong, and he persisted

in his determination; but at last his passion cooled, he listened to milder suggestions, gave up his hopes of present distinction, but with them also all resentful feelings—admirable triumph of a great and noble mind! for little did he then think, that in a few years afterwards he should occupy and fill with distinguished honour the very same chair which his antagonist Rosen then possessed. Disappointed of his prospects at the University of Upsal, he, along with some of his pupils, made a mineralogical and botanical excursion into the province of Dalecarlia. At Fahlun, the capital of this province, he became acquainted with Dr Moræus, the chief physician. The doctor was a kind and learned man, and had plants and flowers which excited the admiration of the young botanist; but he had a fairer flower than any which Linnæus had ever yet beheld in garden or meadow. In short, for the eldest daughter of Dr Moræus, our botanist conceived an ardent affection; his admiration was met by the young lady with a grateful attachment; and in accordance with the ardour and enthusiasm of his disposition, Linnæus solicited of the father the young lady's hand in marriage. The good doctor had conceived a liking for the young, learned, and eloquent stranger; he loved him and his pursuits, and his ingenuous bearing; but he tenderly loved his daughter also, and, more cool and considerate than the young and fond lovers, foresaw that a poor friendless young man, without any fixed profession or employment, was not likely to improve his own or his daughter's happiness by such a rash step. He therefore persuaded him to delay the match for three years; that his daughter should remain unmarried in the meantime; and if, at the end of that period, he (by the study of medicine, which he strongly recommended) was in a condition to marry, his sanction to the nuptials would be readily given.

Nothing could be more reasonable than this proposal. Linnæus summoned his philosophy to his aid. Love lent him new energy to encounter difficulties. It was resolved that he should forthwith depart for Leyden, in order to obtain a degree. Before his departure, Miss Moræus brought forth her accumulated saving of pocket money, amounting to a purse of 100 dollars, and laid it at his feet as a love-offering and unequivocal proof of her attachment. He pressed her fair hand, kissed her fervently, and, with a heart glowing with the most unbounded attachment and admiration of her generosity, he bade her farewell.

Many a poetical lover would have gone forth dreaming in reverie, writing sonnets alternately to his mistress and the moon, and ever and anon bewailing his hard fate at the awful and interminable separation. Not so our philosopher: he went forth cheered and stimulated with the thoughts that there was one who loved him and his pursuits, and to merit whose love he was resolved to strain every nerve in the path of learning and distinction. At Leyden he prosecuted his studies with his wonted assiduity; attracted the notice of Dr Boerhaave, and other celebrated men of science; was appointed family physician to the burgomaster of Amsterdam; produced, during the two years he held this situation, many of his most elaborate works; and visited England and other countries in quest of knowledge. Indeed, the extent of his labours and his indefatigable industry during this period is almost incredible. There was almost no department of natural science which he did not investigate, and bring within the compass of his methodical arrangements; but botany was his chief and favourite study, and in this department he raised himself a reputation which can only perish with the science itself.

But amid these pursuits, more than the three years of his probationary exile had expired; and had he forgotten the fair flower of Fahlun, that he left so long ago lonely amid the garden of the physician of Dalecarlia? There were not wanting those who suggested such vile suspicions to the fond maiden. He had far exceeded the period of his stipulated absence; he had wandered far and wide, and seen many new faces, and formed many fresh acquaintances; his growing fame and reputation had absorbed all his other feelings; and the praise and notice of the learned and the great had sophisticated his heart. One day secret intelligence was brought to Linnæus that such insinuations were insidiously spread against him, and this, too, by one whose treachery stung him to the heart. He had regularly corresponded with his intended bride through the medium of a friend for whom he had procured a professor's chair. This treacherous professor conceived a passion for Miss Moræus, and, in order to supplant Linnæus in her affections, basely took the opportunity of his protracted absence to insinuate these suspicions into the ear of Doctor Moræus and his fair daughter. Linnæus was so overpowered by the tidings of this heartless treachery and ingratitude, that he was seized with a deep melancholy, which terminated in a paroxysm of fever. On his recovering, he left Holland without delay, and hastened to the presence of his mistress. Though others might have doubted of his constancy, and despaired of his return, her heart was still unchanged. She had despised the insinuations, and repelled the advances of his rival, and met her lover once more with smiles of love and all the confidence of affection. Our philosopher, though rich in fame and acquirements, was still poor in this world's wealth. He endeavoured to establish himself in medical practice in Stockholm, and was for a time haunted with that envy and petty jealousy which his superior talents excited in the minds of unworthy and ungenerous rivals. At length, however, one of those lucky chances, which do more for a physician than all his learning and industry, raised him in the estimation of the whole country. He was fortunate enough to prescribe successfully for a cough which troubled Queen Eleonora; and henceforth he became the fashionable doctor of Stockholm, and was appointed physician to the admiralty, and botanist to the king. Having now a settled income, he married the lady of his affections five years after his first courtship. Not long afterwards he was appointed medical professor in the University of Upsal; and his former enemy, Rosen, having obtained the botanical chair of that University, an amicable adjustment was made, by which they exchanged their professorships; and Linnæus saw himself seated in the botanical chair of the University, which, from the first, had been the chief object of his ambition, and which he continued to fill with distinguished honour for a period of thirty-seven years.

How gratifying must have been his sensations, to find himself a professor of the University, where, a few years before, he had entered a poor unfriended and solitary student—to find himself raised to affluence and distinction by his own persevering efforts—encouraged by public approbation and applause—cheered by all the endearments of a domestic union which had stood the test of time and the trying circumstances of suspense and treachery, and enjoying that learned and philosophic leisure which the votary of science can so aptly improve and so highly appreciate!

ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Of all situations which open to the aspiring mind of youth, none is so interesting, so fraught with conflicting feelings, as the first entry of a young novice on board a ship of war: 'tis like bursting into a new world, yet without quitting the old one. The day on which my inauguration took place happened to be the anniversary of the birth of "Royal George." The captain permitted me to accompany him in his own boat, and when we reach'd Spithead, the ships, dress'd in their gayest colours, commenced saluting. O what a view was this for an enthusiastic mind! It spoke of glory in a voice of thunder; and, while looking at the British ensign waving in the breeze, I felt a glow of conscious pride at being enrolled among the gallant defenders of its dearest rights. The barge cut through the azure wave, and swept up alongside the "Albion." The boatswain's shrill pipe sounded, and four lads sprung over the side to extend the gangway manropes. So I followed up the captain, and found the officers on the quarter-deck uncovered, the marines drawn up with presented arms, and the band playing "Rule Britannia," to salute their brave commander. My senses were bewildered with astonishment. "This is a young friend of mine," said Captain Montague, presenting me to the first lieutenant: "I hope you will find him all you can wish. And now, sir, you may go and visit your future companions." "Mr Evans (said the first lieutenant, calling to a midshipman on the larboard side of the deck, whose weekly account had been fresh pipe-clay'd, and now he was employed in trimming the collar of his shirt, so hat his eye just peep'd point blank above it)—Mr Evans." "Sir," replied the cockpit beau, touching his hat. "As soon as you have done adjusting your lee-boards, and bows'd all taut, take this young gentleman round the ship, and then conduct him to your mess-birth." "Ay, ay, sir; ay, ay," said Evans; and then, in a lower tone, "I'll show him the lions;" and away we went together. After examining the wonders of the wooden world, and swallowing as many marvellous stories as would fill a volume, we descended to the cockpit, and were guided by the glimmering rays of a candle to the midshipmen's birth. "Allow me to introduce Mr B.," said my conductor, pushing open the door, and thrusting me in. "Halloo! why, Evans, what gulpin have you got there?" exclaimed a squat tawny figure, who was nearly enveloped in smoke, and stifled in grease. "'Tis a new messmate," squeaked a little youngster. "A new messmate!" replied the other, "then let's have a survey," taking down from a nail the frame of what had once been a large and beautiful mirror, and, raising it to his eye by way of quizzing-glass, he uttered a yell that fill'd me with horror. "Evans," said he, "Evans, I'm fainting at the sight! Bear a hand on deck, and order the captain to man the boat and send him ashore again directly." I shrunk back. "Halloo, shipmate, don't lag astern!" said Evans, pushing me forward; "don't mind that old swab; 'tis only Tim Bucket, the blind fiddler." "Me blind!" rejoined the other, flourishing his pipe in a tragical manner; "you know that you are Brutus that spake this, or by the gods this speech were else your last;" and down he sat. I was now literally baul'd into the birth, and placed directly by the side of this terrific being. "Let's look at your teeth," said he. It was complied with. "Ha, I thought so!—teeth like a shark—eat more in a day than I could chew in a month. Here, boy—you boy!" "Yes, sir," replied a miserable-looking object, poking his head in at the birth-door. "Go, you rascal, and lock the bread-bag up, or we shall soon have a southerly wind in it." Then turning to me: "Here, sir, take this card, with my compliments to the purser's steward, and ask him to measure your mouth for a spoon. And bear a hand, d'ye hear? for the burgoo is almost ready; there'll not be much to spare when the doctor's mates come out of the sick bay." "Which way am I to go?" inquired I: "I can't find the stairs." However, the boy of the mess was ordered to attend me to the midshipman of the watch, who directed me to the purser's steward. He sent me to the cook; the cook dispatched me to the boatswain's yeoman; and he again to the carpenter's mate for a two-foot rule. I now bade very fair to make a complete tour of the ship, and run the gauntlet through all the petty officers; but the gunner, understanding my difficulty, apprised me of the trick, as one to which all fresh-comers were exposed; advising me to bear it patiently, and give joke for joke. Again I descended. "Well, have you got your spoon?" inquired my tormentor. "No," replied I. "No!" repeated he, starting upon his feet; "how's that?" "Ask the gunner," was the reply. "Here, doctor," rejoined the first, turning to a genteel young man of a pleasing countenance; "here, doctor, you must open a vein for him. But, no, no, avast; where's the cobbing-board? Ay, ay, my spark, two dozen for impertinence to your superior officer. Here's a green horn hasn't been caught above two hours, and comes Westminster Hall over me already; but I'll soon make you a subject for dissection." "Who is this young gentleman?" inquired the assistant-surgeon. "Who! why it's some great man in disguise come to sea to wear his old clothes out. However, give us your fist, my boy—don't sit mute;" and he grasped my hand like a smith's vice, till I roared with anguish, to the great diversion of all present. "Here," continued he, "take hold of the grog," handing it across the table. I was unwilling to let slip so favourable an opportunity of showing good friendship and courting forbearance, so took the glass, but hadn't time to convey it to my lips before it was hastily snatched away. "There, there, that's enough, you must only smell it; I never allow any body to drink with me." The ward-room steward appeared with an invitation from the first lieutenant to dinner. This was a very seasonable relief, and gladly accepted. O how different was my reception here!—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul." The remainder of the day passed away with much pleasantness; and at ten o'clock I again descended, with a palpitating heart, to my hammock. Recollections of my parents, of my home, of my friends, now rushed upon my mind as I surveyed the dark and gloomy place which was to be my future abode. It doubly embittered the moment, and I was nearly playing the infant with my eyes; but the sentry opening his lantern to retrim his lamp, a gleam danced upon the bright buttons of my uniform, and instant conviction flashed upon my mind that manly fortitude was the characteristic of a British sailor. Advancing towards my swinging bed, I stripped, and, desirous of displaying my agility, made one spring into it. Poor novice! over it went; down I came, breaking my shins upon the cable. A burst of laughter echoed from all sides. "A clean capsize, by Jove." said one. "Strong gales and squally," cried another. "Foundered in the lee scuppers," said a third. "Dowse the glim," cried a fourth, and instantly we were in total darkness. I reproached them with bitterness of heart for their ungenerous treatment of a stranger, and received in reply a whole bucket of cold water. Roaring with all my might for some time, I had at last the satisfaction of seeing some one descending the main hatchway with a lantern. "Bear a hand with the glim, you bog-trotter, do." He was obeyed; and though I was drenched to the skin, and shivering with cold, sitting astride the muddy cable, yet to have kept from laughing at the scene which presented itself was utterly impossible. Pat Howard, a tall raw-boned figure, full six feet high, with the remnant of a shirt upon his shoulders reaching no lower than his loins, under which a blanket was rolled round, resembling a petticoat, and leaving an amazing length of train behind, one arm entirely void of covering, thick bushy hair and whiskers, with a pair of hands and a beard outrivalling the shades of night, now made his appearance. "Halloo, Pat!" cried Harvey; "why, you look like a comet revolving round the rays of a farthing candle." This drew my attention to the speaker. He was neither sitting, lying, nor kneeling, but appeared to be in all three postures at the same time. His efforts to get disengaged had forced his head through the sail, and his struggles had twisted it several turns round his throat, threatening strangulation, but displaying a most formidable cravat. On being relieved from this superfluous article of dress, how was I surprised to find the old boy had been all this while actually hanging by the middle in a running noose thrown over him, and hauled taut upon deck for this purpose! "Lower away!" bellowed Pat, turning the old quarter-master round on his jack like a roasting capon; "lower away handsomely." It was done, and he stood once more on his legs. "I'll trounce the young rogue for this!" exclaimed Harvey, "I'll keel-haul the young lubber! No more sleeping in his watch!" "Whisht, whisht; dinna mak a blathering about it, but gang your ways, and let honest men sleep," said Sanders; while Pat assisted me in arranging my hammock and shifting my dress. Pascoe now appeared: "Why, Harvey, what's the matter here?" "Matter!" cried the enraged veteran; "I'll tell you what, young sir, you've played these tricks too long, and now——" "You'll go and have a glass of grog," exclaimed the midshipman, interrupting him. "Ay, ay, with all my heart, but no more of the monkey." "I kenn'd as much—

I kenn'd as much," roared Sanders; while, with a heavy heart and dear-bought caution, I once more essayed to enter my bed, and, with Pat's assistance, succeeded. But sleep departed from me. The novelty of my situation, the discipline I had undergone, with the smarting of my shins, all combined to keep me awake; and 'twas not till very near morning that I closed my weary eyes, and forgot all my cares and troubles in a sweet refreshing slumber.—*Greenwich Hospital.*

VOLUNTARY AND INVOLUNTARY MOTIONS.

"THE motions of the body," says Adair, a writer on physiology, "have been divided into voluntary and involuntary. The voluntary motions are such as depend on the influence of the will: thus, if I will to move my arm, various muscles contract instantaneously, and, by their combined power, perform precisely that degree and kind of motion which I intend. Involuntary motions are those which are performed without the direction of the will, as those of the heart, &c. It would have been very dangerous to have subjected the movements of all the organs to the direction of will or mind, the faculties of which are often employed in the various duties of life, or deeply engaged in abstract speculations, and are in a great degree suspended during sleep; many operations, therefore, of the animal economy, are performed without the direction or consciousness of the mind." Well-attested examples of persons possessing a control over the involuntary motions, are rare; there is none that we are aware of where such a power was continued to any individual for a length of time, or where it was not conjoined with some radical disorder of the vital system. Dr Cheyne, in his "English Malady" (p. 307), has recorded in a very distinct manner a singular instance of a gentleman who twice interrupted in himself every symptom of vitality, and again restored to activity the superseded functions; but it was on the eve of his actual decease. The first time he became aware of this faculty, he was alone; but it appeared to himself so extraordinary, that he was anxious to display it before competent witnesses. The second time, the spectacle was exhibited to persons fully qualified to detect any deception if it had been practised. The patient does not seem to have given an account of the nature of the exertion by means of which he accomplished the extinction of every symptom of life, nor of his condition while they were suspended, nor of their resuscitation. As respects external appearances, the narrative is full and clear: it is as follows:—"Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of excellent natural parts, and of great honour and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a nephritic complaint, attended with constant vomitings, which had made his life painful and miserable. During the whole time of his illness, he had observed the strictest regimen, living on the softest vegetables and lightest animal foods, drinking asses' milk daily, even in the camp; and for common drink, Bristol water, which, the summer before his death, he had drunk on the spot. But his illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter, in autumn, and lay at the Bell Inn. Dr Baynard, who is since dead, and I, were called to him, and attended him twice a-day for about the space of a week; but his vomitings continuing still incessant, and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us early one morning; we waited on him with Mr Skrine, his apothecary, since dead also; we found his senses clear, and his mind calm; his nurse and several servants were about him. He had made his will, and settled his affairs. He told us he had sent for us to give him some account of an odd sensation he had for some time felt and observed in himself, which was, that, composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased; and yet, by an effort or somehow, he could come to life again; which, it seems, he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for from now common principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it; unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest, in his weak condition, he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly above a quarter of an hour about this (to him) surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time. While I held his right hand, Dr Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr Skrine held a clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr Skrine the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us by turns examined his arm, heart, and breath, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable; and, finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and, at last, were satisfied he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour by nine o'clock in the morning in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and, upon examination, found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently and speak softly. We were all astonished, to the last degree, at this unexpected change, and, after some farther conversation with him and among ourselves, went away, fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it. He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, settled legacies on his servants, received the sacrament, and calmly and composedly expired about five or six o'clock that evening. Next day he was opened (as he had ordered); his body was the soundest and best made I had ever seen; his lungs were fair, large, and sound, his heart big and strong, and his intestines sweet and clean; his stomach was of a due proportion, the coats sound and thick, and the villous membrane quite entire. But when we came to examine the kidneys, though the left was perfectly sound and of a just size, the right was about four times as big, distended like a blown bladder, and yielding, as if full of pap; he having often passed a wheyish liquor after his wine, during his illness. Upon opening this kidney, we found it quite full of a chalky matter, like plaster of Paris, and all the fleshy substance dissolved and worn away by what I called a nephritic cancer. This had been the source of all his misery; and the symptomatic vomitings from the irritation on the consentient nerves, had quite starved and worn him down. I have narrated the facts as I saw, and observed them deliberately and distinctly, and shall leave to the philosophic reader to make what inferences he thinks fit; the truth of the material circumstances I will warrant."

AYRSHIRE ANECDOTES.

THERE formerly lived at Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, a natural fool called Will Brown, of whom many droll anecdotes are related. Whether Will possessed a vein of real wit, or only said good things by chance, is uncertain; but assuredly some of his sarcasms, if pronounced by a sane man, would have been esteemed in the highest degree pointed.

Will, for instance, was one day present at the edge of a frozen lake near his native town, where some gentlemen, fond of the sport of curling, had assembled, but were in some doubt as to the validity of the ice. Thinking Will an excellent cat's-paw, they asked if he would be the first to go on, and they would immediately follow. "O no," said the natural, "I hae mair manners than to gang afore gentlemen."

On another occasion, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Muirkirk were deliberating with a corps of engineers as to the proper place for sinking a coal-pit. In the midst of their anxious deliberations, Will thrust in his advice—"Gentlemen," said he, "what d'ye say to Airsmoss? [a deep morass not far off]; if ye dinna get coal there, ye're sure o' peat."

It is recorded of Will, that, calling once at a farm-house in a moorland part of the country, the goodwife feed him with a piece of bread and butter, to conduct to the next town a blind man, who had, in a similar manner, been led to her house that forenoon. Will went away with the mendicant and the piece; and as long as any part of the latter remained uneaten, the former had no reason to complain. When the piece was done, however, all sense of the duty which he had undertaken was done too; and he said to his travelling companion, "Blind man, d'ye see yon peat-stack? haud straight for it, and ye'll find a house." And so the blind man, like Lord Ullin, "was left lamenting;" Will immediately striking off towards his own home.

In the last age there flourished in Ayrshire two gentlemen of the name of Logan, both of whom were remarkable for *bon mots* and eccentric sayings. The elder of the two, Logan of Logan, near Cumnock, was a rude, ready-witted, and rather home-spun character; but the other, Major William Logan, the son of a gentleman near Dalmellington, was a man of polish and address, possessing, for one accomplishment, an amazing gift of violin-playing, and fitted to mingle—as he did—in the first circles of society.

The common people at Cumnock, like the other people of Scotland, were very averse to the establishment of the militia, which took place for the first time in 1798; and on the day when they were called together to meet the deputy-lieutenants, in order to proceed to the business of balloting, a great riot took place, during which the above officers were severely pelted. Logan of Logan was himself one of the lieutenants; but, on his entering the town rather late, and finding himself involved in a crowd which was eagerly engaged in lapidating his brethren, he saw it best to put his commission into his pocket, and side with the dominant party. "What's the matter?" he cried; "what ails ye at them?" "O,' cried the crowd, "they're going to press us to be sodgers against our will." "Are they really?" cried the politic laird; "filthy fallows! stane them weel, lads—stane them weel!" and, bawling this with all his might, he made his escape from the throng.

Though the folk at Cumnock were thus furious against the militia system, they had no objection to be volunteers, and even expressed some pique that there should be a troop of that kind at Ayr, while their own town had none. "Patience a wee, my friends," said Logan; "an the French were ance landed at Ayr, there wad be plenty o' volunteers at Cumnock." He meant that, in that event, the men of Ayr would retreat from the coast into the interior of the country.

One of the two Logans—it is uncertain which—once called for a dram at a tavern, and the landlady, in handing it to him, inquired politely if he would have water along with it? "I would rather you took the water out of it," said the old gentleman, drily—the house being noted for a practice of reducing spirits.

Major Logan retained the ruling passion to the last, even amidst the agonies of a very painful disorder. A clergyman, visiting him in his latter days, remarked that it would require fortitude to bear up under such distresses. "Ay, it would take *fift*itude," said the expiring wit.

There once lived—it is believed about Maybole—a peasant named Will Dick, who, though only a thatcher of cottages, possessed a flow of language and a turn for fanciful caricature altogether surprising. He had a full, sonorous way of speaking, as if he had been taking large bites of something, and this peculiarity lent an additiona characteristic charm to his sayings, but which, it is to be feared, cannot be conveyed along with them in print.

"Man," said Will, in describing a country church he had been visiting, "there was a big sermon-greedy wife, that sat at the end o' the aile; and she laid hersell a' abreed to catch what fell frae the poopit. She sat just this way, man [laying himself back in his chair], wi' her apron spread down on her knees, and her head back on her seat, and her bannet and her mouth wide agape—exactly fornent the minister. Man, I dinna believe that the folk ahint her got a single word o' what was gaun—it gaed a' swoofin down the thrapple o' that greedy wife, like reek pourin' out at a window."

On another occasion, Will was describing a harvest feast, at which he had been present. "Ye see, we were a' put into the barn, and set down at twa lang tables; and they brought in the kail in things they ca'd tur-heens. And sae we a' set to our wark wi' micht and main, and there was sic rattlin' o' spunes upon plates as the like was never heard sin' the warld was begun. Howanawbee, there was ae chiel there—he could na be content wi' a dish, but he wad hae a tur-heen to himsell; and, man, ye never saw sic a supper o' kail in yere born days. Od, they just ower his throat like dougs driving sheep, or cluds gaun ower the mune, or the kirk-port when it's skailin!"—an accumulation of similes all of which are so appropriate, that the sentence might be owned with pride by any living author.

SERJEANT CAMPBELL'S STATEMENT

OF HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT PARIS, IN 1815.

[The following little scene of imperial curiosity may be amusing to our readers. It reminds us somewhat of the ordeal through which Gulliver is described as having passed in the presence of their majestics of Brobdingnag or Lilliput. There can be no doubt as to the authenticity of the narrative, which was drawn up by Serjeant Campbell, at the request of an officer of his regiment.]

IN the month of August 1815, I was ordered to proceed with Piper John Fraser and Piper Kenneth Mackay, to the Palais d'Elisée in Paris, then the residence of the Emperor of Russia, when we were joined by Serjeant Macgrigor, Private Munro, and Piper Mackenzie of the 42d regiment; Serjeant Grant, Piper Logan, and Piper Cameron of the 92d regiment. About half an hour after our arrival at the palace, Lord Cathcart sent a valet to conduct us to the grand hall, where we met his Lordship, whom I immediately recognised; he was pleased to order me to take charge of the party, while he went to the Emperor to acquaint him of our arrival, and in about ten minutes after, the Emperor entered the hall, accompanied by his two brothers, Prince Blucher, Count Platoff, and several other distinguished personages. The Emperor had a very minute inspection of us, and his curiosity led him to point upon me (as being the most robust of those that accompanied me) to step to the front, and ordered the rest to sit down. As soon as I stept to the front, I was surrounded by the astonished nobility, and the Emperor commenced his inspection and questions, viz.

1. Examined my appointments—drew my sword—inquired if I could perform any exercise of that weapon, which I told him I could not; and, at the same time, Lord Cathcart made a remark that it was a deficiency in the British army that he never took into consideration before.

2. Examined my hose, garters, legs, and pinched my skin, thinking I wore something under my kilt, and had the curiosity of lifting my kilt up, so that he might not be deceived. The questions were—How long I was in the army—how many actions I was in—if I was present at the actions of the 16th, 17th, and 18th—how many officers and men the regiment lost on the 16th, 17th, and 18th June—whether I was in Egypt—if we wore the kilt in winter, or if I did not feel cold in that season—if I was married—if my parents were alive, &c.

The Emperor then ordered Lord Cathcart to make me put John Fraser through the manual and platoon exercise, at which performance he was highly pleased. He then ordered the pipers to play up, and Lord Cathcart desired them to play the Highland tune called Cogue na Shu, war or peace, which he explained to the Emperor, who seemed highly delighted with the music. After the Emperor was done with me, the veteran, Count Platoff, came up to me, and took me by the hand, and told me in broken English that I was a good and brave soldier, as all my countrymen were. He then pressed my hand to his breast, and gave me his to press to mine. After all was ever, I was ordered to take the party to Lord Cathcart's quarters, where we had a refreshment, and received a piece of money each from his Lordship, and also his approbation for our appearance, &c.

TH. CAMPBELL, Serjt. 79th Regt.

Camp near Blandfur, 3d July 1818.

JESTING.

(From Fuller's Holy State.)

[Fuller is one of the greatest masters of that quaint style of composition which seems to have been thought so ornamental among the old English writers. He was one of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and occasional associates, and wrote many works remarkable for their good sense, their piety, and their wit. His "Holy State" is, we think, little known. It is a moral treatise, illustrating rules of life, by characters and examples. We shall give our readers, at present, a specimen of this lively work, from that part of it which he calls "General Rules;" and, at another time, we may probably produce some of his well-drawn characters.]

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. "Pshaw!" said the Queen, "it is his profession, I will not see him." She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in, but the font? or to drink healths in, but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admission; and profane jests will come without calling. If in the troublesome day of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous it is to wit-wanton it with the Majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk. Such rotten speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words which flieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. O it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality 1349, wanted their four cheek-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off. Like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitus ingenii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

THE QUACK DOCTOR.

[The following humorous sketch is from a work entitled "The Art of Wheedling," of which we cannot assign the precise date, but which refers to the period when pretenders to skill in medicine went about the country from village to village, like tumblers in modern times, erecting a platform where they found a place convenient for the exercise of their craft, and haranguing the people on the melancholy effects of disease, and on their own indefatigable exertions and infallible nostrums for checking its ravages. Newspapers not being then in use, by means of which they might have published to the world the grateful attestations of those whom they had rescued from the jaws of death, it seems farther to have been their practice to have kept in waiting an assortment of proper persons, who at the necessary juncture ascended the stage, and by word of mouth testified to the wonderful nature of the cures performed upon them.]

Mr Doctor comes, and ascends the stage, where, having walked to and fro very statelily, and filling his hands with papers and small vials, he then begins to disgorge the names of those diseases he not long since swallowed, which, like vomits, will no longer be contained; he then tells you what excellent pills, plasters, powders, spirits, ointments, balsams, waters, and elixirs, he hath for all diseases that ever were or shall be; how he did cut off such a wen, such a sore breast, healed such a harelip; and in confirmation thereof, whole crowds of diseased persons cured by him ascend the stage, and confirm the truth of his sayings. To raise him further credit, he openly proclaims he will cure the poor for God's sake; but those who buy his ingredients shall, in the price, pay for such poor, and themselves together. At length, about to depart out of the town, wherein he hath sojourned some time, and, being on the stage, he, in a studied speech, acknowledges to the people how much he has been beholden to them; and, to express his gratitude, if the poor will assemble here to-morrow (for he informs them he must go away that day), as many as come shall have twelve pence a-piece. The people, with abundance of poor, assemble the next day, and those that are able buy several of his ingredients; and, fearing they should never see this worthy charitable doctor again, store themselves with something of every thing he exposes there to sale. When he has done vending, "Now," says he, "I must be as good as my promise to the poor; and so I shall, in bestowing upon every one of them a shilling. Look you, then, here is a powder, good for all wounds, ulcers, &c.; the price I sell it for is two shillings; I will but take one: here is a rich cordial water, the price half a crown; I will but take eighteen pence:" and so after that rate goes on. But when the poor saw themselves deluded by this wheedling knavish doctor, they began to handle his stage so roughly, that, had not he presently fled for it, and, mounting, rode in all haste away, I know not but (like De Wit by the Dutch rabble) they would have made him a sacrifice to their revenge.

HIGH-EARED RACE OF MEN.

M. Dureau de Lamalle has made out the strongest evidence in proof of the existence of a distinct variety of the human race, characterised by the position of their ears. Not only, as they are represented in the Memnonium and other Egyptian statues and coins, were the old Egypto-Caucasians remarkable for their high ears, but in more than forty mummies, which were unrolled and examined by M. de Lamalle at Turin, the auricular foramen, which, drawing a horizontal line, is placed in us on a level with the inferior part of the nose, was, in these examples, found to be on a level with the middle of the eye; the elevation, as measured, amounted to a full inch and a half; the facial angle was, at the same time, found equal to that of Europeans, but the temporal region much more depressed than in our variety. Nor does it appear that the high-eared race is extinct; there are instances of it among the people of Upper Egypt at this day; and indeed there is in Paris, at present, a teacher of Arabic, a Copt of Upper Egypt, who is possessed of this conformation in a most decided degree.—*Medical Gazette.*

MY GRAVE!

Far from the city's ceaseless hum,
Hither let my relics come:
Lowly and lonely be my grave,
Fast by this streamlet's oozing wave,
Still to the gentle angler dear,
And heaven's fair face reflecting clear!
No rank luxuriance from the dead
Draw the green turf above my head;
But cowslips, here and there, be found,
Sweet natives of the hallowed ground,
Diffusing nature's incense round:
Kindly sloping to the sun
When his course is nearly run,
Let it catch his farewell beams,
Brief and pale, as best beseems;
But let the melancholy yew
(Still to the cemetery true)
Defend it from his noon-day ray,
Debarring visitant so gay:
And when the robin's boding song
Is hushed the darkling boughs among,
There may the spirit of the wind
A heaven-reared tabernacle find,
To warble wild a vesper hymn,
To soothe my shade, at twilight dim!
Seldom let feet of man be there,
Save bending towards the house of prayer;
Few human sounds disturb the calm,
Save words of grace, and solemn psalm!
Yet, would I not my humble tomb
Should wear an uninviting gloom,
As if there seemed to hover near,
In fancy's ken, a thing of fear;
And, viewed with superstitious awe,
Be duly shunned, and scarcely draw
The sidelong glance of passer by,
As haunt of sprite with blasting eye!
Or noted be by some sad token
Bearing a name in whispers spoken!
No! let some thoughtful schoolboy stray
Far from his giddy mates at play,
My secret place of rest explore,
There pore on page of classic lore:
Thither let hoary men of age
Perform a pensive pilgrimage,
And think, as o'er my turf they bend,
It wooes them to their welcome end:
And let the woe-worn wand'ring one,
Blind to the rays of reason's sun,
Thither his weary way incline,
There catch a gleam of light divine:
But, chiefly, let the friend sincere
There drop a tributary tear;
There pause in musing mood, and all
The bygone hours of bliss recall,
Delightful hours! too fleetly flown!
By the *heart's* pulses only known!

RAINS IN JAMAICA.

I have myself witnessed, in the town of Kingston, in Jamaica, the effects of sudden and violent rains, exhibited in a manner at once alarming and ludicrous. Situated as it is on a slope upwards of a mile in length, it not unfrequently happens that a thunder-plump falls at the top of the town, of which those at the lower end receive no notice, until the water suddenly comes down upon them a foot or two a-breast. What a turmoil and dispersion then ensues amongst the spruce and ginger-beer dealers, and the venders of fruit, yams, plantains, &c., seated beside their piled-up stores on the sides of the sandy streets! Swine, poultry, oranges, shaddocks, empty casks, &c.—nay, as I have seen more than once, a little naked *piccaneeny* or two—all come tumbling down the torrent in promiscuous confusion; the negroes, men and women, screaming, hallooing, and floundering through the muddy stream, striving to regain their property ere it is swept into the harbour (where the sharks are always on the outlook on such occasions), this one grabbing a fowl, another pulling out a grumphie by the leg, being themselves every now and then carried off their own feet; whilst the merchants, clerks, and negroes, all crowd forth into the upper balconies of the various stores, enjoying the hubbub amid peals of laughter.—*Author of Scenes in Jamaica.*

CIPHER WRITING.

In former times, but especially in the seventeenth century, when epistolary correspondence was neither carried on easily nor without danger, this system of writing was much in vogue. It consisted, in some instances, of a simple substitution of figures for words, the meaning of the said figures being previously known to the party receiving the letter. In other cases, a second communication was necessary to point out what words in the first were meant to be used. The following curious passage respecting this disused art is from Waller's Memoirs, a work already quoted in the Journal:—

"About the beginning of the civil wars, in the year 1642, a chaplain of Sir William Wallers' (one evening as we were sitting down to supper at the Lady Vere's, in London, with whom I then dwelt) showed me an intercepted letter written in cipher. He showed it to me as a curiosity (and it was, indeed, the first thing I had ever seen written in cipher), and asked me, between jest and earnest, whether I could make any thing of it. And he was surprised when I said (upon the first view), perhaps I might, if it proved no more but a new alphabet.

It was about ten o'clock when we rose from supper. I then withdrew to my chamber to consider of it. And, by the number of different characters therein (not above 22 or 23), I judged that it could not be more than a new alphabet; and in about two hours' time (before I went to bed) I had deciphered it; and I sent a copy of it so deciphered the next morning to him from whom I had it. And this was my first attempt at deciphering.

This unexpected success on an easy cipher was then looked upon as a great matter; and I was somewhile after pressed to attempt one of another nature, which was a letter of Mr Secretary Windebank, then in France, to his son in England, in a cipher hard enough, and not unbecoming a Secretary of State. It was in numeral figures, extending in number to above seven hundred, with many other characters intermixed; but not so hard as many I have since met with. I was backward at first to attempt it, and, after I had spent some time upon it, threw it by as desperate; but, after some months, resumed it again, and had the good hap to master it.

Being encouraged by this success beyond expectation, I afterwards ventured on many others (some of more, some of less difficulty), and scarce missed of any that I undertook for many years during our civil wars and afterwards. But of late years, the French methods of cipher are grown so intricate beyond what it was wont to be, that I have failed of many, though I have mastered divers of them. Of such deciphered letters, there be copies of divers remaining in the archives of the Bodleyan Library in Oxford, and many more in my own custody, and with the Secretaries of State.

I understand there have been of late complaints made of me, that I deciphered the late King's letters, meaning those taken in the late King's cabinet at Naseby fight, and after printed. As to this, without saying any thing whether it be now proper to repeat what was done above forty years ago, the thing is quite otherwise. Of those letters and papers (whatever they were) I never saw any one of them but in print; nor did those papers, as I have been told, need any deciphering at all, either by me or any body else, being taken in words at length, just as they were printed, save that some of them were—I know not by whom—translated out of French into English. 'Tis true, that afterwards some other letters of other persons, which had been occasionally intercepted, were brought to my hands, some of which I did decipher, and some of them I did not think fit to do, to the displeasing of some who were then great men. And I managed myself in that whole business by such measures as I think could give nobody any displeasure. I did his Majesty who then was (King Charles the First), and his friends, many good offices, as I had opportunity, both before and after that King's death, and ventured farther to do them service, than perhaps some of those who now complain of me would have had the courage to do, had they been in my circumstances. And I did to his late Majesty, King Charles the Second, many good services, both before and since his restoration, which himself has been pleased divers times to profess to me with great kindness. And if either my Lord Chancellor Clarendon, or Mr Secretary Nicholas, or his late Majesty, were now alive, they would give a very different character from what it seems some others have done. And I think his Majesty that now is knows something of it, and some other persons of honour yet alive.—April 8, 1685."

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PARTICULAR INVITATIONS.

PARTY-WORK is confessedly busy in all parts of the British empire. It is, according to Junius, as quoted time out of mind by the *Examiner*, "the madness of many for the gain of a few." Exactly the same sentiment was embodied long before the days of Junius by a proverb—a right musty aphorism—"Fools make feasts, and wise men (always a minority) eat them." Parties, nevertheless, are necessary to the great ends of social life. Where could the young people fall in love with each other, if not at parties either for dinner, tea, or supper, or two of the three combined? Where would married ladies confabulate about fashions and house-keeping? Where would old maids and bachelors alleviate their miserable lives with cards, if there were no parties? Parties, in short, are indispensable—without parties the world would be a desert.

There are various kinds of parties, as of almost every thing else—pleasant parties—dull parties—musical parties—dancing parties—parties of children full of romps, of youths and maidens sighing for impracticable happiness, and of stayed married people taking things coolly. In the formation of parties, great skill is required to render them at all agreeable, and it is to the consideration of what is necessary for that purpose, that the present paper is to be devoted.

The greatest bore in the world is what is called *a meeting of creditors*. Say you have been dining right and left for a long time over the whole town, without ever thinking that all this civility on the part of your friends was to be repaid in kind by yourself, in order that the common chain of connection might be kept unbroken. At length, some day about the beginning of March, your wife takes you at an unguarded moment, as you are just planting yourself by the fire-side, with your last tumbler in your hand, and commences a harangue about the necessity of paying back some of your late dinners. "There's the Browns, the Whites, and the Reids—they have not been in our house this twelvemonth, although we have dined twice with every one of them in that time, besides an odd tea and supper at the Whites's last November. Then there's the Smiths, the Wrights, and the Slaters—hardly any of them have ever been with us at all. I think absolute shame to meet Mrs Slater, never having yet asked them since they were married, though I'm sure when she and I were at the school together, we thought we never could have lived separate for a day. Then there's the Jacksons, the Jamesons, and the Thomsons. Mrs Jameson was my mother's most intimate friend, and takes *such* an interest in us! We've never had her but once—although you may recollect what a splendid, what a most respectable party she made up for us, the very Friday night after our marriage. The most of these are people that never go out to supper, and, in fact, after the dinners we have got from them, it would be a disgrace to us to ask them for an evening. We must just have them all to dinner. We'll make it a handsome one, and be done with it, and we may the rather do so, that we have had so little company lately. Just leave it all to *me*."

Mrs B. having thus made all clear to demonstration, you are obliged, whether you incline or not, to invest your wife with a commission of botheration against the Browns, the Whites, the Reids, the Smiths, the Wrights, the Slaters, the Jacksons, the Jamesons, and the Thomsons—peaceful innocent people! the half of them at this time sleeping in their beds, unwitting of any design against their peace whatsoever, while the rest are sitting by their own fire-sides like yourselves, congratulating each other upon not being obliged to *go out* on this sleety wintry night. "There will just be exactly twenty,* including ourselves," says your spouse, as she seals up the last note—"a nice party; and it *will* be such a load off my mind."

Left afterwards to your own reflections, you say to yourself, "well, twenty is certainly a great number of people; but yet, when I think on't, the whole of these are my wife's acquaintances, and all of them very sombre quiet people. There's Tom Young—the best fellow on earth for keeping people in spirits at a large dinner party. And there's my good honest friend Bob Gray—a capital hand at a song. And now I think on it, there's both Thomas Simpson and Bill Forbes—what nights I have had in their lodgings before I was married! and, how the thought smites me! I have never yet had them once with us since that event took place." You disclose these ideas to your loving partner, thinking very feasibly that amidst some twenty of the acquaintances which she has brought you into, three or four of yours might surely be admitted. But here you calculated without your hostess. Simply as Mrs B. brought the affair above board last night, it had all been planned in that wise head of hers for days before. The party was made up in her mind's eye long ere she spoke of it to *you*. The table was spread and filled; the whole planisphere of it was a fixed idea with her. There was just to be the Browns, the Whites, and the Reids—the Smiths, the Wrights, &c. There was not room in the plan for an additional salt-foot. "These friends of yours, my dear, I dare say they are all very fine fellows; but you know our dining-room will not admit the whole length of our tables. You would insist, you know, upon staying in this wretched cramped house, where I have hardly room to turn myself; and if the table will dine no more than those people I have already invited, it is not my blame." Glad to escape from the subject of the small dining-room, which you have winked at as hard as you could for several months past, you give up friends, Tom, Bob, and Bill, and make up your mind just to make the best of the sacred nine and their wives.

Well, the day comes, the house is kept in hot water, or rather *out of it*, for three days. There is a rubbing and a scrubbing, and a rioting, and a lifting of carpets, and a borrowing of tea and dessert spoons, and a boiling of things upon other people's fires, without end. You come home from business an hour earlier than usual, in order to prepare your armoury of liquors, and dress for dinner; and, to your surprise, you find Mrs B., even at this late hour, flying about the dining-room, like an inspired Pythoness, a perfect vision of tawdry and drudging dishabille, marshalling glasses and dinner-rolls, and ever and anon calling down stairs to ascertain if such and such a thing be yet put to the fire—and all this within forty minutes, or less, of the time when she must appear, an elegantly-dressed, well-bred, and sedate lady, at the head of a table, which she at present does not seem fitted even to wait upon. Having got all preparations adjusted, you walk into your drawing-room, and, with the feeling of a St Sebastian tied to the tree and waiting for the arrows, you take up a book, which you pretend to yourself you are reading—till the expected guests shall come. Just upon the hour, the first knock is heard at the door, and you watch, with a fidgettiness there is no describing, every movement you hear below stairs. The footfall of the first guest, as he ascends, produces, in a person all but hardened in hospitable intercourse, one of the most agonizing sensations in the world; and as your heart is by no means in this party of your wife's contrivance, you experience the full force of the misery. The very magician, when he expected the door to open and the devil to come in, did not feel so queerly as you do when the first of this string of Whites and Browns is ushered into your presence. But this is only the first of your distresses.

It takes half an hour to collect a party of even the most experienced diners-out, and about the end of that period the state of things is this: On a sofa and a supplementary range of chairs near the fire, sit the ladies all clustered together, united, but yet unsocial, for hardly one of them knows another, and your wife, who alone knows all, is at their head, and busily engaged in conversation with the single individual who sits beside her. In another cluster towards the door, *stand* the gentlemen, and you amongst them; one half with their hands crossed in front, like soldiers under the command "stand at ease," and looking straight towards the fire; the other half grouped around the only gentleman who, apparently, has any thing to say. In fact, the two sexes seem here to be actually at that war which fabling poets have represented husbands and wives to have been from the beginning of time. Were there a vacant seat on the sofa, there is not a gentleman who would not throw himself upon the serried spears of a hostile army rather than take it. It may be remarked, that gentlemen have generally, from their intercourse with the world, an easy polite way of making friends with each other, on any occasion where they may be by chance thrown together. But there is a great difference between a stranger gentleman and a stranger lady. Somehow or other, one's wife is always a cast above one's self in gentility. She is more dignified naturally, or more under artificial restraint, or something or other: hence, I know many men as very plain familiar persons, while I could not speak to their wives without a great deal of polite and deferential reserve. This difficulty as to the ladies is a matter which tends to add greatly to the horrors of the evening, now fairly commenced.

When a party of this kind is finally seated at table, nothing but a real meeting of creditors could possibly be more sombre than it is, and no situation but that of the debtor could be more embarrassing than yours. Mr Brown is placed between Mrs White and Mrs Reid, and Mrs Brown is stuck in between the husbands of those ladies; but there is no prismatic phenomenon to make these colours harmonize or blend, as in their namesakes of the rainbow. The whole is an inert mass of dull well-dressed people, without a single spark of Promethean fire to put it into action, and which even the best of meat and drink is exerted upon in vain. The dinner is eaten without any other conversation than what is necessary for the interchange and distribution of the good things upon the table; and even the half cheerful request of a dram from some heartier guest than the rest, placed near the landlord, fails of its usual effect in lighting up a general smile, if it does not absolutely throw some into a gloomy quandary as to the propriety of mentioning such a thing as spirits at such a table. After a little while, the sacred nine, with your wife as a kind of Calliope at their head, retire, and then the table looks like a tree which has suddenly shed all its blossoms—unless that *the fruit* remains behind. You then move to the head of the table, and make an effort at inspiring cordiality by requesting your friends to draw up near you. But all won't do. These good decent men will drink, and drink, and drink, and yet be dull. Two or three of them talk in groups about some stu-

* In *good* society, twelve is looked upon as the utmost number that can be admitted to a dinner table.

pid municipal matter, or what some clergyman said about something one day (such people have a way of reporting clergymen's sayings with a great deal of reverential appreciation), or about any other matter of narrow local interest. But every thing like the true social effect of the grape is absent, and—so, after sitting very inanely for two hours or so (drinking a great deal of wine, however), a particularly grave and reverend signior makes a motion that you should go up to the drawing-room, in order to get a cup of tea; a proposition you assent to, but without any hope of its either cheering or inebriating the men you have been entertaining. Here the before-dinner scene is renewed in all but its former stiffness and coldness, and then, and then, they all troop off, leaving you in an utter vacation of spirits, your house revolutionized, and your wife in raptures with the compliment paid to her by Mrs Reid, as to what a *pleasant party* she had got together.

Reader, this is but one branch of a mighty topic. We'll conclude it, if you please, at tea and supper some early Saturday, and then I will endeavour to give you an *improvement* upon the subject at large.

THE STORM.

It was on the morning of a day in the end of November, that, having taken my gun on my shoulder, put my spy-glass in my pocket, and whistled out my dogs, I left my own house, situated on the very verge of a bank overhanging the ocean, and began a walk in quest of game along one of the most rugged coasts on the mainland of Scotland. There is something humiliating to a sportsman in returning home without success, and as I was not fortunate on my first outset, I continued going on mile after mile, till, having filled my game-bag, I began to reflect that it must be dark long ere I could again reach my own fire-side. My worthy old housekeeper, too, would probably experience more alarm on so unwonted an occurrence, than even the delight of unpacking my well-filled bag could repay her for, though this was in general with her an occupation of most absorbing interest. And, indeed, I saw cause to wish, on my own account, that I had not extended my ramble so far; for, as I began to retrace my steps, I perceived all those portentous sights and sounds which, from my long residence near the sea, I knew full well were the sure indications of a coming storm. The sun was slanting his sickly setting beams from amidst murky clouds on the dark and sullen waters, when I espied a vessel like a dim speck in the distant horizon. On looking at her through my glass, I saw that she was a large merchant brig, apparently heavy laden, and labouring on her course, as I hoped, toward a convenient little harbour at the distance of two or three miles further along the coast than the site of my residence. The clouds now began to "blot the sun," and were fast gathering into a lowering gloom. The innumerable sea-birds rose from their roosting-places on the rocks with harsh and boding screams, and winged their flight landward. The tide was moving onward, and the waves came in with a heavy swell, as if the weight of waters at their back meant to force them far beyond the usual tide-mark, and a sort of drowsy sound arose from them in hollow cadence The sea became more dusky and indistinct, and I looked in vain for the vessel. The wind suddenly swept along the ocean, and doleful and melancholy sounds were echoed back from the rocks and caverns, while the storm seemed to be mustering up its powers of destruction. All was black and terrific, and presently there came on the thickest and most suffocating shower of small sleet I remembered to have ever witnessed. My back was, however, to this whirlwind blast, and it drove me on with much more speed than I could otherwise have attained. When the shower had passed on, I again looked toward the point where I had seen the ship, but it was too dark now to perceive her. Somehow, this vessel seemed to have taken a strong hold of my imagination. I had witnessed many storms during a long residence on the coast, and seen crafts of all dimensions struggling through them, but it appeared to me that I had never felt the same interest in any of them. And when the tempest still waxed more and more wrathful, and the surges began to rush upon the shore with headlong rage, and seemed in their thundering incursions to make the firm earth to tremble, and I looked upon the boiling deep, and heard the fierce winds contending with it in its bleak domain, a presentiment seemed to seize upon me that she would never more reach a haven. The idea haunted me; and all the way home I thought on the merciless and exterminating warfare which the relentless elements were waging with this doomed ship and her hopeless mariners. When I had nearly reached my own house, I turned and stood a while on the top of the bank, and saw wave succeeding wave, rolling impetuously to the shore, each rising higher than the last, till their ranks were broken and lost in the foamy surf, which even then, though the tide wanted more than two hours of being at its height, threw its white froth upon the green sward of the bank, that sloped down to a little bay.

The gloom was now gathering into utter darkness. Another shower of mingled hail and sleet was coming fast on the wings of the tempest, and I hurried into the house. My dogs, glad to escape from such a night, had got there before me, and in a great measure tranquilised the mind of my old domestic, who, having, as usual, with indefatigable care, aired for me a change of garments, and placed my slippers and a bottle of Fowler's best ale at the fire, was anxiously awaiting my arrival. But neither the old woman's joy at my appearing in safety, after fearing that I might have been driven by the storm over a rock or a precipice, nor her exclamations of exultation as she peered into the game-bag, and bore it off in triumph to parade its contents before the eyes of the man-servant and the scullion, or the sight of a good dinner and a good fire, though cold and hungry, drove from my mind the thoughts of the labouring vessel. I was tired with my long walk, and the rough buffetings I had received from the uncivil elements, and I tried to take half an hour's nap; but there was no sleep in my eyes. I tried to read a new and interesting book, but I could not fix my attention. I tried to think on a thousand momentous subjects, but there was only one that would keep the lead in spite of me—and that was the ship. I rose, and, going into a dark room that looked toward the sea, I threw up the sash of the window. All was impenetrable darkness, except the line of white foam at the bottom of the bank, and this was dimly seen. But if the eye could discern nothing, it was not so with the ear; for the howling of the winds, the deafening bursts of the sea upon the land, and now and then a distant peal of thunder, told that the storm was still more hideous and more fiercely raging than before. It was now high tide, and I trusted when it began to turn, there might be some abatement in the severity of the storm. With this hope I was about to shut down the window, when I fancied that I heard, mingling with the hoarser tones of the blast, shrill and discordant cries, such as the sea-birds had uttered when they forsook the rocks. I listened long, and, even after having shut the window, returned, and opened it again and again; but no such sound was repeated. Still I could not help fancying that these cries might have come from human beings, and I became so restless and uneasy, that I was determined to go down the bank, and try to ascertain the fact. Where was that vessel of which I thought so much? Might she not now be near, even almost at my door, though the darkness prevented my seeing her? And might not the cries, which I still persuaded myself were not imaginary, have been those of her wretched mariners? I could no longer bear the suspense which these questions gave rise to, and, buttoning on a rough greatcoat, and putting on a pair of thick shoes and gaiters, I directed my man-servant to accoutre himself in a similar manner. When this was accomplished, I made him take with him the stable lantern. Thus provided for the storm, we descended the bank. I had been right in supposing that the receding tide would bring some abatement of the tempest; for so it proved. The wind was not so high as it had been, the clouds were moving faster, and the moon, newly risen, was making an ineffectual attempt to show herself for more than a minute at a time. The sea was swelling proudly, as if indignant at being foiled in her attempt to overmaster the land, and, though slowly retreating, like a brave but vanquished foe, was dealing her parting strokes with unabated fury.

The little bay of which I have spoken was in some measure divided into two, by a large rock which rose on the edge of the common sea-mark, and by a small burn which ran into the sea at its side. This little brook, which in its calmer moods wound itself quietly round many a grassy knoll and rocky fragment, and used to look in the moonlight like a stream of molten silver, now foamed and fretted, and urged on its turbid and angry waters to the ocean, forming a barrier between one side of the bay and the other. It was to this place, however, that I directed my steps; for if there had been scathe, I felt assured it was on the other side of the burn, for there the rocks were most dangerous, and it was from that quarter I had heard the cries, which still seemed to ring in my ears. The water of the swollen rivulet ran deep in its channel; and as the lantern was held up, and I saw that it would take me above the middle, I paused for an instant on the brink. But during this pause I looked on the other side; and though the moon was hid, and all was dim obscurity, I yet thought that I discerned an unusual appearance on the part of the beach and the foot of the bank which the sea had left. My servant thought the same. George was a stout fellow, who did not mind a good drenching, and, holding up the lantern above the water, he immediately dashed through to the other side, and in an instant shouted out, "A wreck! a wreck!" My fears were now confirmed, and I passed the burn, and followed him to where the gravel and the grass were covered like a bleach-ground with garments of all descriptions.

The moon now peeped forth again from among the heavy clouds, and as they drove onward, her light shone more steadily; but there was no vessel to be seen. We climbed a rock which again divided the bay from the other part of the coast, and there lay beneath us, high on the top of a ridge of pointed rocks, and keel upwards, the huge dark hull of the fated vessel. We descended as quickly as possible, and, while searching about for her hapless crew, shouted loudly at intervals, that if any still remained alive, they might know that help was nigh. It was, however, in vain: no answer was returned. We remained a long time, still repeating our shouts without success; and as the sea had not retired far enough for us to approach the ship, we at length began to ascend the grassy bank, and had proceeded but a few steps, when we saw a man stretched at the foot of it. The upper part of his body was naked, and we perceived the blood oozing from a wound in his left side. We attempted to lift him up, for he was not dead; but finding him quite insensible, we again placed him on the grass, and by rubbing his limbs, and putting the dry parts of our greatcoats round his shoulders, endeavoured by warmth to restore the circulation. In this we succeeded after some length of time. But his speech was so incoherent, that we could learn little or nothing about the wreck. He however constantly affirmed that he was the only one left alive—that all, all had perished; and raved wildly about Jessy and her screams; and when we attempted to move him farther up the bank till George went home to procure more assistance, that he might be conveyed from the beach, he expressed his determination to remain where he was, that he might die with Jessy; but whether this person, who, it appeared, had found a watery grave, was his wife, his sister, or his sweetheart, it was impossible to guess. He was, however, in spite of his desire to remain where he was, in no condition to resist; and when George and some men whom he brought with him arrived, he was placed on a horse before one of them, and held on, while another slowly led the animal to the house. Here he was put under the care of my old housekeeper, who dressed his wound, wrapt him in warm blankets, and having cautiously administered some stimulating liquid, kept him quiet, till exhausted nature found a short relief in sleep. Meanwhile, the tide had so far receded that I and my servant ventured to approach the vessel, though ever and anon she was struck by a wave stronger than its fellows, which sent its spray high in the air, to descend in a heavy shower of brine. In spite of this, however, we entered by a yawning rent in her side, and found that she was indeed an utter wreck—her bottom having been stove in, and her cargo, and nearly every thing else, out of her, except some planks and cordage, in which three of the bodies of her unfortunate crew were entangled. We groped about, aided by the feeble light of the lantern, in the faint hope of finding some one still alive. But I shall never forget the indescribable awe which I felt during this search, or the thrilling horror which assailed me when my touch came in contact with a corpse. The search was vain, in so far as that we found no living thing within her; and it being impossible to do more till we were aided by the light of day, I returned home, and went to bed for a few hours. The morning came, and presented a most complete and appalling picture of maritime desolation. The tide had again been at the full, and left behind it, for a considerable distance along the shore, clothes, bedding, barrels, chests, masts, cordage, and dead bodies. The latter were put into carts, decently covered by a white sheet, and removed to the village church, at the distance of a mile, there to be dressed and coffined, and to remain till their interment. In the meantime, my good old dame had, by dint of reiterated questions, aided by her own tact and his wild ravings, learnt much of the story of her unhappy patient, and somewhat about the vessel, which it appeared had been loaded with slates at a port far on the east coast of Scotland, and was bound for Newcastle-on-Tyne. The poor young man was a sailor, a native of the little town from whence the vessel had just come, and had been several voyages to sea. He had saved a little money, and had returned to his native place to ask the consent of Jessy's parents to her becoming his wife, which was refused. But her sailor William had long since won his way to her heart. She loved him passionately, and she could not see him depart again without her. They were to be married as soon as they reached Newcastle; and all would be forgiven when she wrote and told them how happy she was.

Seven corses were flung upon the beach during the first day, but that of the unfortunate young woman was not among them. On the morning following, however, as I was directing the people I had employed to secure whatever was of any value for the benefit of the owners, a cry was raised that her body had come on shore. My housekeeper had provided for all contingencies; so that, as soon as the corpse came in upon the waves, two women, who had been sent by her to watch for it, were ready to receive and dress it in a long white cotton garment: this done, they carried her to the foot of the bank, and stretched her out on the green sward. A sort of painful curiosity, mingled with a deeper feeling, carried me to look upon the remains of the poor girl.

She appeared not more than eighteen, of middle size, and delicate in her form. Her eyes were gently closed, and she looked lovely in death, for the bloom of life and health had not forsaken her cheek, and her lips were still of a coral red, thus preserved by the suddenness of her decease, and the icy bath in which she had been immersed for so many hours. There was a sweet and placid expression on the features, which had probably regained that which was natural to them when the traces of terror had passed away. Her long fair hair had got entangled with the sea-weed, which it was found impossible to separate from it; but this had become an ornament; for the way in which the women had twisted the hair round the head, brought the weeds of different colours into the form of a garland, that well became the marble brow, and

was touchingly in keeping with the sad story of her fate. As I stood moralizing on the brief history of this confiding innocent young creature, whom love and her lover had wiled away from her duty, I looked up and beheld the wretched William approaching the spot, with all the haste his stiffened wound and bruises allowed him to make. He had expressed so many earnest wishes for the recovery of the body, that my housekeeper informed him instantly when it was found, but was unable to keep him in the house another moment. As soon as he reached the body, and had gazed upon it for a few moments, he threw himself on his knees by her side, and impetuously kissed her lips and cheeks, while his heart seemed as if it would burst through his throbbing breast. I could not, I confess, any longer stand to witness this heart-breaking scene. Indeed I felt it was a grief too sacred to be disturbed by the presence of any human being, and I moved to a distance and kept watch, that I might prevent the intrusion of any other person until the arrival of a coffin, for which I had sent immediately on the body being found. By the time it arrived, the first frantic paroxysm of grief had subsided, and he stood silently by while the women lifted her in to it. I felt the deepest pity for this poor young man, and directed the body to be taken up to my house, there to lie till its interment. This, however, to my surprise, he opposed, and briefly, but strongly, entreated that it might be carried straight to the church, and that the lid of the coffin might not be screwed down. I have said I was surprised at his rejecting the offer I had made, from the idea that he would wish to watch it till it was hid from his sight in the grave. I, however, soon understood the motive which had actuated him; for no entreaties could move him from following her he loved to the church, and remaining there for two nights, where he felt at full liberty to give vent to the grief which he could not always restrain. It was thought proper that the interment of all the bodies should take place on the second day from that on which the young woman was found; and the male sufferers were accordingly buried in a retired part of the churchyard, set apart as the place of sepulture for the friendless drowned. William, however, had entreated that his Jessy should not be buried there, and, through my interest, her grave was dug in a picturesque corner of the churchyard, beneath a weeping birch, which hung its boughs tenderly over the spot.

The lover supported the head of the coffin as the representative of those who should have been there, for there was no parent, brother or sister, kindred or friend, save himself, to mourn the fate of her who had departed in her bloom, cut down as a flower of the field; but the grief of all seemed centred in him who had taken this office upon himself. He did not speak, nor did he shed a tear, or utter a groan; but when I looked upon his face as the coffin was lowered into the earth, and saw his despairing eye, his compressed lips, and contracted brow, I felt that his was a sorrow which would not soon pass away. As soon as the earth was heaped upon the coffin, and the green sod adjusted, all left the churchyard save the broken-hearted William, who lingered on the spot, from which I did not attempt to withdraw him, till more than an hour afterwards, when, returning to the churchyard, I found him lying on the grave in a state of seeming torpor, from which I gently roused him, and prevailed on him to accompany me home. While on our way, I endeavoured to suggest such grounds of comfort as presented themselves to me—such as the softening and obliterating effects of time—his own youth (for he was only two-and-twenty)—and the happiness which might be yet in reserve for him. To all this he answered not a word, but shook his head; and when I looked on his already wasted form, and thought of the severe stroke he had received on his side when dashed on the rocks, and of his fastings and watchings, and, above all, of his devouring grief, I feared the foundation of some dangerous illness was laid. Having this impression on my mind, I would fain have had him remain quietly at my house for some time before he attempted to return home, but no persuasions were of any avail. "Only let me reach the house of *her* parents," he said, "and let me hear them say they forgive *her*, and that is all now in this world that I care for."

He, accordingly, departed almost immediately. Nearly eight months afterwards, he returned, worn to a shadow, while the bright colour that flushed his cheek, and the unnatural brilliance of his dark eyes, full of an unearthly expression, showed that consumption had been stealing upon him, and marked him for its prey. During his absence, no new scene, no employment, no pleasure, had for a moment the power to draw his thoughts from the grave of his Jessy; and he had now returned to fulfil his only wish—to be laid by her side. "She forsook all for me," he said, "and it is but meet that I should leave all, and return to her." His end now rapidly approached, and a pious old woman with whom he lodged brought her minister to see him. This worthy man was a dissenting clergyman, who was ever the friend of the poor and the sorrowful. He had studied medicine as well as divinity, and acquired considerable skill during his village practice, and administered both to the mind and body of poor William. For the body he could do little, but he assisted to effect in his mind a pious resignation to his fate. Nor did he wait long before his last hour arrived, in which his spirit went to the merciful Being in whom he trusted, while his mortal remains were laid beside his Jessy.

The melancholy story of these two unfortunate lovers made for some time a deep impression on my mind, and I erected a neat tomb of white stone to their memory, on which is briefly recorded their simple and affecting story.

POPULAR MORALS.

[FROM SULLIVAN'S MORAL CLASS-BOOK.]

SECT. 19. In further support of the proposition, that the material world must have been the work of design, and that all its parts are necessarily connected, and fitted to each other, we have briefly to notice the element of water. We have seen that the air is connected with animal and vegetable life; so also is water, and both are indispensable. No one is ignorant that if no rain should fall on the earth in our climate, from the commencement of spring to the end of autumn, all vegetable being would perish, and probably most of animated beings.

20. By whose order and will is it that the clouds are filled with water, and poured out upon the earth? By whose designing is it that the ocean, to which all rivers flow, is ever of the same fullness; and that the rivers flow on from year to year from unexhausted fountains? Who has ordained the ocean to be the fountain of the rains that descend upon it, and of the rivers that render their unceasing tribute to it? What power was that which planned, and for ever keeps in action, the silent, unseen process of evaporation, through which the waters are gathered in the clouds, borne by the winds, and commanded to fall on the refreshed and fertilized ground, and to replenish the streams, intended to adorn and beautify the earth, and to minister to the comfort of man, and give scope to his enterprise and his inventive genius? What intelligence was that which so apportioned the water to the earth, and the earth to the water, that by the action of natural laws, the earth is neither too wet nor too dry to permit vegetation, or to furnish the medium essential to animal and vegetable being? This circulation of the waters, from the ocean to the atmosphere, from the atmosphere to the mountains, from the mountains to the ocean, is like the beams of the sun, and the common air, too familiar to excite one thought of Him who ordained it, or inspire one emotion of gratitude and praise.

21. It is not, it is believed, by evaporation only that these fountains are supplied. When we consider the analogies of the natural world, it is probable that the water returns to the fountains, not only through the air, but through the earth. If the depths of the sea bear a proportionable relation to the elevation of mountains, it may not be deeper any where than 5-9000ths of the earth's diameter. It may be that the waters find their way through the earth by attraction, and become purified from their salt in the transit. It may be that they are sent on their way, to bring from deep buried mines solutions necessary or convenient for human use, or to come forth again to the light of the sun, pure, limpid, and healthful, for vegetable and animal existence.

22. The saltness of the ocean is another theme on which much may be said on the design of Providence. It is sufficient to refer to it, and to awaken reflection on this quality, not only as to the universal diffusion of it throughout the immeasurable expanse of waters, but in its uses.

23. The tides and currents of the ocean ought not to be passed by unnoticed. On the contrary, they are among the most striking proofs of that order which can have no origin but through intelligence. It is very doubtful whether all the natural causes of the flowing of ocean waters are yet understood. There may be, however fanciful it may seem, some analogy between these and the pulses and currents of the human system.

24. In connexion with this subject, we can only suggest for reflection, that world that lies below the now smooth and glassy face of the deep, and the now wild and tremendous action of its waters; the varied forms, qualities, and habits of its animated tenants; their subjection to man, and their subserviency to his use. No thoughtful mind can behold the ocean without feeling that it has come into the very presence of its Creator. It seems to be like the ever-enduring forest, such as it was when it first began to be. The art and science of man can make no change in this monument of eternal power. Yet the ocean, seemingly the same from age to age, is ever submitting to the law of revolution and change. The same law reigns among all that its sublime expanse conceals from all human power, but that of imagination. It presents to us a new relation connected with human art, ingenuity, and science, by which its pathless surface is made to be the means through which nations know each other in opposite hemispheres, and through which knowledge, refinement, and the light of eternal truth, are conveyed from those who can read and understand, to those "who sit in darkness, and who see no light."

25. The presence and the agency of the same infinite mind is disclosed to us on and beneath the surface of the globe. The interior of the globe is known but imperfectly, even within the comparatively small extent to which it has been penetrated. The utmost extent (and this in some very few places) in which the earth has been penetrated, is less than one nine thousandth part of its diameter. The knowledge which we have has been obtained by the excavation of mines, from natural caverns, in searching for water, or from examination, requiring a research less deep than is required for those purposes. Some very learned discussions of facts have been presented to the world of late years, and different theories have been founded on these, as to the changes to which our planet has been subjected.

26. These learned writers agree that at some time, and while the earth was the abode of many animals in different orders of being, it must have undergone some general convulsion, the proof of which is clear, from the examination of its exterior, and of its interior so far as it is known to us. One of these writers says "the structure of the globe, in all its parts, presents the appearance of a vast ruin. The confusion and overthrow of most of its strata, the irregular succession of those which remain in their original situations; the wondeful variety which the direction of the veins and the forms of the caverns display; the immense heaps of confused and broken substances, the transposition of enormous blocks to a great distance from the mountains of which they appear to have formed a part, make us feel that the history of our globe reaches back to periods for anterior to the existence of the human race."

27. These expressions, undoubtedly founded in fact, are not (as will be elsewhere shown) inconsistent with the scriptural account of the beginning of things. There are not materials from the researches hitherto made which are sufficient to form any satisfactory opinion of what the earth was before this universal convulsion occurred.*

28. It is well ascertained that among all the researches made, no bones of the human frame have been discovered. The suggestion that human bones might be more easily decomposed than those of other animals, has been considered; and it is denied that there is any such difference, in this respect, as will account for their absence. It is hence inferred that man was created since that convulsion to which these fossil remains are to be referred. In whatever mode the absence of all fossil remains of man may be accounted for, this fact is not inconsistent with the Mosaic account. Moses is supposed to have writen 2500 years after the time at which he fixes the creation of the world. His work may have been composed in part from other works then existing; and it is remarkable, that the geological computations refer the appearances on which they rest, to a date which is consistent with that which Moses assigns to the creation. It is not improbable that the globe had then undergone some tremendous convulsion, and that a new creation had then been made; and that in some prior state of the globe, animals had existed on it, though man did not; and that man was then created; and that a new order of animals was created.

29. It is also probable that the deluge was not that convulsion from which these remains are to be dated; nor is it by any means proved that the deluge would have occasioned such convulsion. The objection to this may be that Moses speaks of six days as the time within which the creation was made. But it is far from being certain that Moses intended six diurnal revolutions of the earth, as we now measure days. This expression may have been used by him figuratively; and it is said that the Hebrew prophets are often to be so understood; and the prophet Daniel is referred to in proof, that the word day must mean some other lapse of time than the natural day. Geological theories rather confirm the Mosaic account in assigning to man his origin, at the same period which that account assigns to him.

30. It is to be remarked, that there are two classes of philosophers who entertain opposite opinions as to the changes which have occurred in the earth. The one is called Neptunists (from Neptune, the god of the sea), who refer these changes to the action of water; the other is called Vulcanists (from Vulcan, one of the fabled gods, as well of the Greeks as Romans, who is supposed to have taught the use of fire as applied to metals), who refer these changes to the action of fire. The latter suppose that the earth was in a state of igneous fusion, or a liquid mass intensely heated; that it gradually cooled, and was covered with water at a subsequent period.

31. The Neptunists hold that the earth was first in a state of watery solution, and that the present forma-

* The proofs that it did occur are seen in many forms, some of which are the following. In lands far distant from the sea, in every quarter of the earth, shells of animals, whose proper element is the sea, are found in immense quantities; and also at elevations above the level of the sea varying from 6000 to 13,000 feet. What is surprising is, that many of them are of an order which no longer exists. The most common proofs, next after that of shells, are remains of fishes, and some of these of descriptions now unknown. These remains are found in similar elevations, embedded in clay, in slate, and even in solid rock. Specimens of this sort have been noticed in many places, and among others in the province of Burgundy in France, in grey calcareous hard stone; and at Narterre, near Paris, the remains of a fish exceeding ten inches in length have been found in a solid bed of stone, at the depth of seventeen feet. These, and a multitude of other marine substances and fossil remains (fossil is from a Latin word which signifies to dig, and is applied, in science, to substances found in a state of preservation), seem to prove the action of overwhelming waters, or that the ocean has retired from the face of the earth. The action of tumultuous waters conforms to the received opinion as to the deluge. These are fossil remains of various land animals. They are found in all elevations and in different sorts of earth, and in stone and marble. Remains of animals are found which show that there were animals unlike any which now exist on the earth; and remains are found in one quarter of the earth where no such living animal is now found. This is said to be the case as to a species of opossum, found near Paris, which is known to exist only in South America.

tion arose from the drying, and from the gravitation of floating parts, and from crystallization, &c., in which form so many substances are known to us. Snow, sugar, salt, frost on the windows in winter, are crystallizations. Both theories may be in some way true, since there are so many proofs of the action of both these elements in geological science.

32. Geology is understood to be that science which treats of the origin of non-organic substances, that form the solid crust of the globe. It includes the structure of the earth, and the nature, qualities, and changes through which the materials of which this crust is composed, may have passed. Mineralogy is the science of defining and classing these substances; mineral, therefore, is a very comprehensive term. The substances which it includes may be properly considered in reference to the power and design of the Creator, in adapting them to the use of man, and man to use them. Perhaps it is not an unreasonable supposition, that the convulsions which interest the curiosity of geologists, were intended to make the earth a convenient and proper place for human abode. Whatever may be thought of this, it is certain that the inexhaustible treasury which is beneath the surface, but within human reach, can be and is used by man. None of it was placed there in vain, though all the benefit hitherto derived from it may be far short of that which further experiments may disclose.

33. It is foreign to the present object to enumerate the parts of the mineral kingdom. This has been done by different authors, as is well known, and especially by those who have favoured the reading world with chemical discussions, as well as by geologists. The limits of the present object will only permit a brief allusion, for the purpose of showing the consistency of these provisions of the Creator, with the condition which he has assigned to man, and with the faculties which have been given to him. And for these purposes, we may refer to the quantity, variety, and position of coal, which is so indispensable to daily comfort, and to the generation and application of heat, seen in so many and so important uses. The quality imparted to this mineral constitutes it an agent, by which all other minerals are wholly or in part disengaged from the substances with which they are connected, and then fitted to the purposes for which they appear to have been intended. The well-known qualities of iron, silver, gold, copper, tin, zinc, lead, platina, and the compounds made of them, are, in some way, brought into a state for use by heat. Heat, also, is applied to a great variety of substances, of which lime is a constituent part, and which are called calcareous.* Chalk is said to be "a very ancient chemical decomposition of the altered and obliterated remains of shell-fish." Every description of marble may be reduced to lime by the action of heat.

SCOTTISH DUKES.

MONTROSE.

THE family of De Graham, known in old Scottish historical poetry as "the gallant Grahams," was a Norman importation of the era of the first David. In the reign of Alexander the Third, we find the representative styled Sir David Graham of Dundaff, and possessed of considerable lands in Perthshire. The second son of this knight was the famed Sir John de Graham, companion and compatriot of Wallace, and who fell bravely fighting at the battle of Falkirk in 1298. During the next century, the family gradually came more and more into notice, and in the reign of James the First, Patrick Graham "of Kincardine" was created a peer, under the title of Lord Graham. William third Lord Graham was, in 1505, created Earl of Montrose, and added much to the territorial possessions of the family. James, the fifth Earl, may be styled, emphatically, the great man of the family. He joined at first, when a young man, with the Covenanters, but, taking some offence at his party, he was gained over by the king, and subsequently became the greatest scourge whom the friends of presbytery ever knew. In a few months he overran the whole country with a handful of Highlanders, gaining six victories over forces which were invariably much more numerous and better appointed than his own. This was in 1644–5. Being defeated latterly at Philiphaugh, he left the country, and did not return till 1650, when he was sent under a commission from the expatriated Charles the Second, to try an insurrection of the royalists. He was in this attempt completely defeated, was brought ignominiously to Edinburgh, and there hanged, drawn, and quartered, as a traitor to the cause. His remains, however, were interred, after the Restoration, with a pomp and solemnity such as had never been before known in Scotland; and succeeding generations have, almost without a dissentient voice, allowed him the title of "the great Montrose." This unfortunate peer had, in 1643, been honoured by King Charles with the title of Marquis, which descended to three generations of his family in succession, till his great-grandson James was created Duke in 1707, on account of his services in behalf of the Union. This distinguished nobleman was one of the Lords Justices appointed to manage state affairs between the death of Queen Anne and the arrival of George the First in England. The present Duke, who also enjoys the British title of Earl Graham, is his grandson. It is a curious fact, that his Grace is only the third who has enjoyed the title since the year 1684, a period of a hundred and forty-eight years; while, in the *thirty-one* years previous to that era, the *same number of persons had enjoyed it.* The Duke has many large estates throughout Scotland, particularly those which once formed the dukedom of Lennox, which were bought by his grandfather. He is a high Tory, and, previous to the current reign, enjoyed the office of Master of the Horse in the royal household. His Grace also enjoys immense patronage in Scotland, exercising, for one matter, an almost unlimited control over the University of Glasgow.

* From being combined with lime, from the Latin word calx, which signifies lime, and also chalk.

WATER IN THE DESERTS.

A CHEAP and convenient mode of procuring water is adopted in some places, where the sinking of wells would be either too expensive, or, from the great depth, quite impracticable. The method is simply by boring with a kind of large auger, till the instrument reach to a reservoir of water under ground, which then rises to the surface through the auger-hole, and issues in a jet, by means of a tin pipe, which is fixed in the opening. This method, however, will only be successful in certain situations, and these occur chiefly in districts where the rock next the soil is formed of beds of sandstone. When these beds lie sloping upon one another, water oozes into the soil at their upper edges, and continues trickling down between the layers, and gathering by the same process from different quarters, till it runs along in some of the interstices in a constant but slow current. It is forced to flow down the slope by the accumulated weight of its own body above, but finds no ready vent in the downward direction it is pursuing: hence it works onwards under a great pressure; and if any opening is presented to it either above or below, it rushes into it with great force. Such an opening is the auger-hole of the borers, which, lighting on a body of water thus pressed on all sides, is filled instantly, and becomes a fountain throwing out its jet often to a considerable height. This mode has been practised with great and beneficial success in some of the sandstone districts of England, formerly ill supplied with water; but more interest is attached to it from a trial which has been made in certain places of Africa, where water is as scarce and as valuable as in a ship that has been six months at sea. The experiment was tried by Mr Briggs, the British Consul in Egypt, under the patronage of the Pasha of that country, and was attended with complete success. Wells were opened, and reservoirs formed of thousands of cubic feet of water, in places where the sands had hardly ever been moistened, even by a shower, since the creation of the world, and where the Arabs, in performing the ceremonial washings of the body required by their Mahommedan law, were obliged, like sparrows on a dusty road, to go through the forms with sand in the absence of water. These reservoirs were formed, we believe, on what would, if water were present, be a great commercial line of communication between the Nile and the Red Sea; and there is every prospect that they will be the means of establishing such a line. But the importance of the discovery would be ill appreciated, were we to suppose its operations limited to this point. The vast sandy desert of Africa, a tract more than 2000 miles long, and 1000 broad, is almost without water, and has hitherto been a barrier preventing all communication between the northern shores of the country, and the fertile districts southward in the interior. This region is every where filled with districts presenting the same kind of formation of rocks, as that in which water has been so easily procured elsewhere; and there is hence the prospect that wells may be opened on the route from Tripoli to Fezzan, Bornou, and Timbuctoo, on a road which is now covered with the bones of thousands who have died from want of water in attempting to pass it. Major Denham was at times waked from a reverie on horseback while passing this dreary track of sand, by his horse's hoofs treading on the crackling and dried skeletons which lay in the way, of travellers who had perished by thirst. The probability of finding water, by boring, on this route, is increased by the opinions current among the natives, who believe that there is here what they call an *underground sea*, and that it is only on the surface that drought prevails. There is, besides, no doubt that the same kind of structure exists here which has furnished water in other places; and it is more than likely that wells might be found, not only for supplying travellers, but for carrying on cultivation. This simple discovery, therefore, may, in process of time, have an effect as powerful upon the torrid districts of the earth, as any of the great inventions of modern times have produced in Europe. It is only the want of water which leaves the central parts both of Arabia and Africa in the state of deserts. If the soil were duly moistened, it would be as fertile as other parts of the tropics; and there is much reason to anticipate, that, when this process comes to be understood and valued as it ought, many portions of the desert will become so. It is an agreeable idea to anticipate, that an apparently trifling discovery, originating from the geological science of England, may be the means of raising up new corn-islands in the African sands, and conferring on the wandering Bedouin many of the blessings of civilization.

REMINISCENCES OF A SPORTSMAN.

I DO not know that I ever possessed the organ of destructiveness; but I perfectly well remember that in my earliest years I was fond of hunting. The pursuit of a fly, to deprive it of life, was delightful; thence I was led to entrap birds—to lie in wait for rabbits—to run with greyhounds after a hare—to ride, with a pack in full cry, after a stag—until I became passionately fond of all *noble sports*, as they are denominated. The love of those destroying recreations I carried with me to India, where I soon became expert at hunting the jackall, the leopard, and the tiger. I had frequently heard of elephant-catching, and resolved to enjoy that noble sport also. To secure the accomplishment of my wishes, I sought an intimacy with the most expert hunters; and the little knowledge I possessed of the language enabled me to explain my wish to accompany the next hunting party. I professed willingness to obey every rule and instruction—I gave assurances of my courage and contempt of danger; which, accompanied with certain gratuities, obtained me the confidence of Tagore, one of the most expert and courageous elephant hunters in India. Accordingly, I received his instructions how to act under various circumstances which might arise during this dangerous enterprise. In my earnestness I frequently anticipated my tutor's instructions, and came to such just conclusions under difficult and trying occasions of probable danger, that Tagore seemed to place great reliance on my coolness and judgment. It was therefore arranged I should have the management of a female elephant with the next hunting party. Week after week passed in exercises occupying my thoughts by day and my dreams by night, until I verily believed I was master of all that could be required in the capture of an elephant. By kindness, and by often presenting favourite food to the female elephant I was to mount, I became familiar with her peculiarities, and secured her attachment, which I considered important, since, in cases of extreme danger, the elephant often preserves her rider. She would raise her leg for me to mount, caress me with her proboscis, and attend even to my whispered commands. Tagore noticed all these particulars, and confessed he had no doubt of my competence to meet any emergency. At length the day arrived, and our journey was commenced. We had to recruit ourselves at a distance from our starting-point, which required eight hours' travelling to accomplish. I was liberal to my elephant, as if she had been an Italian marchesa, whom I could captivate with *bon-bons;* and my expectation was answered. Tagore was surprised and gratified. Often while I was applauding her, I saw her little sparkling eyes turned upwards, and her proboscis came regularly over her broad forehead to receive my tribute of acknowledgment. I practised dismounting slowly, and regaining my seat expeditiously, to the entire satisfaction of Tagore.

In this way we travelled through jungles, over tracts of sedgy grass, up mounds, and down ravines, till we came into an open level country surrounded by gently rising ground, covered with wood. We were approaching a grove with our minds raised to the highest pitch of excitement, when Tagore uttered an exclamation, and pointed to some straggling trees; my heart swelled with rapture, but I could not discover to what he would call my attention, till, shading my eyes from the sun's rays, and the heat refracted from the yellow dry jungle grass, I saw a tremendous elephant! "Excellent," cried I; "that is the fellow we must capture." "We will attempt it," replied Tagore. We slung our cables and small cords on our arms, covered ourselves with cloths the colour of the elephants, and couched close on their necks. "Follow me," said Tagore; "the animals know their business; do you be steady and act with me." "Proceed," said I. As we jolted along, I perceived the huge elephant was very dark, with remarkably clean tusks of surprising length. I felt an indescribable sensation of delight at being about to enjoy what I had so long and so ardently desired. In perfect dependence on the skill of Tagore, and confidence in myself, I recalled the directions I had received. Tagore slackened pace as he approached the monster, who seemed not to regard us, but continued to pluck branches from the limbs of a tree which stood in front of others that straggled on the edge of a neighbouring forest. Our elephants made a slight curve in their line of approach, and took some of the torn branches, at which the monster snorted so loud that my beast trembled. I was in a profuse perspiration, not altogether from alarm, but from being confined beneath my cloth, and receiving the humidity of the animal. I soon found myself on the left side of the monster, and my beast caressing him by rolling her proboscis over his head and shoulders. Tagore and his elephant were entirely hidden from me by the enormous bulk of the male, but I found by the gradual sidelong movement of the whole group, that we were placed so as to bring the legs of the male elephant near the trunk of a large tree. This was the moment to be seized. I slid cautiously down with my ropes, and found Tagore had already fastened his strongest rope round the tree. Our elephants became more assiduous in engaging the attention of the monster, or, as it were, more eloquently speaking the prologue of their loves. Tagore, with his finger on his lips and a nod to me, placed a noose round one leg of the enormous beast; the leg was raised, and kept suspended during a minute. In

appeared an hour of the greatest excitement; and when the foot descended, the ground shook beneath us. I looked at Tagore; he was collected, but the pupils of his eyes were unshadowed by their lids, and large drops of perspiration trickled from his brow. During this period his elephant rubbed the leg of the monster with her proboscis, as if to disguise the application of the ropes. This was the act for which Tagore waited: he drew the noose tight; in an instant we doubly secured it from slipping with smaller cords, and retreated to the rear. Our beasts immediately came jogging towards us. We regained our seats, covered ourselves with our cloths, and took a triumphant look at our tremendous captive. He was struggling with violence, and bellowing like thunder. We made towards the edge of the forest, with the intention to take a little refreshment after our arduous task, and wait till our captive was exhausted. I turned to congratulate Tagore on our success. "Make for the nearest tree," cried he, urging his beast forward. My heart nearly leaped from my breast. The enraged monster had disengaged himself, and was following us. I gained the nearest tree, and had sprung from my elephant's neck to one of the extended branches as the monster came roaring up, his proboscis elevated within two feet of my body. Terrified as I was, it is surprising I did not lose my grasp, and fall a prey to his vengeance. I saw his fiery eyes directed towards me, and shook with horror, but managed to ascend a branch higher, and there sat in breathless agitation. I perceived my elephant lying near the tree with my cloth on her neck. Tagore's beast was hastening away; he was not on her neck, but, horrid sight! I saw his cloth fixed on the monster's tusk. Tagore has fallen, thought I; and what is to become of me? But these speculations were stayed, by the return of the bellowing monster. He looked at me; then, as if studying revenge, surveyed the body of the tree, and, like a battering ram, drove his immense weight against the trunk with such repeated violence, that I was nearly shaken from my hold. He paused, and then commenced tearing the earth from the root of the tree with such vehemence, that I saw no possibility of escape when the tree should fall. My fortitude seemed to forsake me, and I contemplated casting myself to the ground, that my misery might not be protracted. Meanwhile, the small inflamed eyes of the monster were at intervals directed towards me as he pursued his attack, alternately tearing away the earth and straining his head against the tree. Heavens! what I felt as it yielded to the pressure. I prepared to render my almost lifeless being to the infuriated beast. The tree fell! but, by the eagerness of the exertion, in a slanting direction, and its summit became entangled with the lower limbs of an adjoining tree. Hope revived; not a moment was to be lost; I hastened from my post; the enraged monster watched me from limb to limb, waiting, as it were, to catch me on my passage to the other tree. I gained it with incredible rapidity, dreading another touch might bring the suspended tree to the ground. I perceived my new resting-place was much stronger than that I had quitted, and began to breathe as if I had some prospect of retaining life a little longer. The roarings of the beast became less and less terrific, and I could contemplate his actions in comparative security. The survey he took of the tree seemed to inform him it was too powerful to be overthrown. He snorted, glared around in fierce disappointment, and passed sullenly into the forest. I saw his huge form occasionally between the trees, and continued to watch him until the thickening foliage intervened. I then reflected on the great danger I had escaped. Escaped! the word dwelt on my mind, my escape being cut off by an enraged elephant. By remaining, I should be starved to death. The thought was distracting. My brave companion lost! my elephant gone! I looked around: nothing remained of our outset. I was wretched, and a revolution seemed to have taken place in my ideas respecting hunting. Man, thought I, considers the whole of the creation under his dominion; but let those who are thus arrogant be placed on a falling tree, with a furious beast beneath seeking their extermination, and I think they will ever after be inclined to admit they have overrated their powers. This was elevated philosophy, for I dared not descend; yet, alarmed and exhausted as I was, it occurred to me that I had taken out my flask and refreshment at the moment we discovered the male elephant at liberty, and such was the force of hunger, that I contemplated venturing to search for them before night came on. The jungle-grass was high, but the tracks of the elephants remained evident; in one of them I hoped to gain what I so much required. I watched the declining power of the sun, and, summoning the shattered remnant of my fortitude, secured the branches of the trees where they crossed each other, so that, in case of necessity, I might ascend to my place of security. All was still. I descended, and proceeded in the track which I judged to be that made by my elephant, and at about thirty yards off discovered my flask. I grasped it as an inestimable treasure; but I could not perceive any other portion of my stock. Like a bird, picking, and searching, and watching, while on ground unsafe, I became alarmed at the noise made by the rustling of the dried grass, and at my remoteness from the tree, the protector of my life. Hurrying back, I stumbled on my cloth, and, by a kind of presentiment, caught it up. Just as I had regained the tree, a noise of something approaching almost deprived me of motion. I however saw, before I had reached my elevation, a boar rush harmless along. I was out of reach, and, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness, raised the flask to my mouth; in the act, my arm came in contact with a broken branch, and the flask was forced from my hand. Oh! with what dismay did I witness it bound from limb to limb, until it reached the ground! Farewell to the consolation that it might have afforded. The loss was irreparable.

Night was coming on apace, and, that the dews might not seriously affect me, I tied my cloth so as to permit its being put on my head in the manner of an extinguisher on a lamp. Alas, thought I during the act, the light now obscured may never shine on me again; yet, to render all secure as possible, I fastened myself to the upright stem of the tree, and sat astride one of the branches. Fatigue and silence induced a drowsiness, which I welcomed as a restoring balm to my harassed mind; a few sighs seemed to give me relief; yet the thought of perishing intruded itself. This dreadful passage into cold obscurity startled the remaining energies of my mind. How celestial is hope! what will it not enable us to endure! I thought it possible that Tagore's elephant might return, and that her sagacity might lead to this spot those who were interested for our fates. There existed the possibility of his escape from the enraged elephant, although I had seen a cloth on its tusk. The beast I had ridden was nowhere to be seen: she must have recovered from the shock, and hurried home. In these and other conjectures I indulged, till I sunk into a repose, of what continuance I know not; for I was awoke by a sudden weight pressing on my shoulders, and depriving me of motion. I uttered a yell of horror: no cause presented itself to my confused mind. In imagined security I had, by cloth and cords, prevented my seeing or moving. In this state of helplessness I remained till the cloth was gently raised. I groaned aloud, and, in an agony approaching to desperation, tore the cloth from my head. I felt at liberty, and saw the moonbeams playing on the branches beneath me, amongst which I thought I could perceive a moving object. No, nothing moved; nothing could I hear; even sunrise was wanting. Straining my eyes on every side, and listening in utmost anxiety, I unsheathed my dirk, till now forgotten in my cumberband, and sat till my tortured imagination and shattered nerves were sinking under this new accumulation of horrors. Again I saw an object moving. Danger, thought I, is deprived of half its terrors if we can meet it face to face. In a moment a frightful countenance came close to mine from the other side of the tree. I struck my dirk into a body; as it fell, I knew by the chattering shriek it was an ape. This is not hunting animals, thought I. Man should profit by experience. These *noble sports*, this seeking danger on an enraged elephant's tusk, is folly—infatuation—madness! During these cogitations, just as morning dawned, I heard Tagore's voice in the distance; he had brought both food and security in a strong party.

On our journey to the rendezvous, I learned that he had escaped by the manœuvres of his elephant and his own dexterity: That he had seen me ascend the tree when my elephant was borne down by the monster; but that she had escaped unhurt. "So," said Tagore, "we have you, and all is well. When will you go hunting again?" "Never; never more. I shall exhibit the effects of my last excursion by wrinkles on my face, which add twenty years to my age in appearance, and by the change of black hair into a spotless white; and on my mind there is impressed what no language can describe nor time eradicate. I shall never more take to the hunting of elephants."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MAHOMET.

Most of our readers, even the youngest, must have heard of Mahomet, the founder of the Mahometan religion; a kind of faith which has occupied the largest and fairest portion of the Old World for nearly 1200 years, and is at present professed by not less than 150,000,000 of human beings! A fair record of the actions of such a man, of his opinions, his sayings, his sufferings, and his successes—in his various capacities as a trader, a pretended prophet, a negotiator, a warrior, and an emperor—might be considered as furnishing one of the most interesting pieces of biography that could be wished.

Towards the commencement of the seventh century of the Christian era, the eastern churches were overrun with many heresies and vices of various kinds. They were engaged in perpetual controversies, and torn to pieces by the disputés of the Arians, Sabellians, Nestorians, and Eutychians; whilst the simony, the incontinence, and general barbarism and ignorance which were to be found amongst the clergy, caused great scandal to the Christian religion, and introduced universal profligacy of manners amongst the people. Arabia was of old famous for heresies, which might be in some measure attributed to the liberty and independency of the tribes. Some of the Christians of that nation believed the soul died with the body, and was to be raised again with it at the last day. These Origen is said to have convinced. Among the Arabs it was that the heresies of Ebion, Beryllus, and the Nazaræans, and also that of the Collyridians, were broached, or at least propagated: the latter introduced the Virgin Mary for God, or worshipped her as such, offering her a sort of twisted cake called *collyris*, whence the sect had its name. Other sects there were of many denominations within the borders of Arabia, which took refuge there from the proscriptions of the imperial edicts; several of whose notions Mahomet incorporated with his religion.

Though the Jews were an inconsiderable and despised people in other parts of the world, yet in Arabia, whither many of them fled from the destruction of Jerusalem, they grew very powerful, several tribes and princes embracing their religion; which made Mahomet at first show great regard to them; adopting many of their opinions, doctrines, and customs; thereby to draw them, if possible, into his interest. But that people were so far from becoming his proselytes, that they were some of the bitterest enemies he had, waging continual war with him, so that their reduction cost him infinite trouble and danger, and at last his life. This aversion of theirs created, at length, as great a one in him to them; so that he used them, during the latter part of his life, much worse than he did the Christians, and frequently exclaims against them in his Korân: his followers, to this day, observe the same difference between them and the Christians; treating the Jews always as the most abject and contemptible people on earth.

As the Roman and Grecian empires, and also the kingdom of the Persians, were weak and declining, so Arabia, at the time of Mahomet's setting up, was strong and flourishing, having been peopled at the expense of the Grecian empire, whence the violent proceedings of the domineering sects forced many to seek refuge in a free country, as Arabia then was, where they who could not enjoy tranquillity and their conscience at home found a secure retreat. The Arabians were not only a populous nation, but unacquainted with the luxury and delicacies of the Greeks and Persians, and inured to hardships of all sorts—living in a most parsimonious manner, seldom eating any flesh, drinking no wine, and sitting on the ground. Their political government was also such as favoured the designs of such an impostor as Mahomet; for the division and independency of their tribes was so necessary to the propagation of his religion, and the foundation of his power, that it would have been scarcely possible for him to have effected either, had the Arabs been united in one society. But when they had embraced his religion, the consequent union of their tribes was no less necessary and conducive to their future conquests and grandeur.

Such was the posture of public affairs in the eastern world, both as to its religious and political state, at the time of Mahomet's appearance; and as he was a man of extraordinary parts and address, he knew how to make the best use of every incident, and turn what might seem dangerous to another to his own advantage.

Mahomet was born at Mecca, the capital city of Yemen, or Arabia the Happy, A.D. 569, during the reign of Noosheervan, surnamed the Just, King of Persia. He was of the family of Haschem, and of the tribe of the Koreish, the noblest in Arabia. His father Abdallah was a younger son of Abdalmotalleb, and dying very young, and in his father's lifetime, left his widow and infant son in very mean circumstances, his whole substance consisting but of five camels and one Ethiopian she-slave. Abdalmotalleb was therefore obliged to take charge of his grandchild Mahomet, which he not only did during his life, but at his death enjoined his eldest son Abu Taleb, who was brother to Abdallah by the same mother, to provide for him for the future. This was very affectionately performed by Abu Taleb, who instructed him in the business of a merchant, which he followed; and to that end he took him with him into Syria when he was but thirteen years old, and afterwards recommended him to Khadijab, a noble and rich widow, for her factor, in whose service he behaved so well, that by making him her husband, she soon raised him to an equality with the richest in Mecca.

It was after he began, by this advantageous match, to live at his ease, that he formed the scheme of establishing a new religion, or, as he expressed it, of replanting the only true and ancient one professed by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and all the prophets, by destroying the gross idolatry into which the generality of his countrymen had fallen, and weeding out the corruptions and superstitions which the latter Jews and Christians had, as he thought, introduced into their religion, and reducing it to its original purity, which consisted chiefly in the worship of one only God. He hereupon began to affect solitude, usually retiring for a month in the year to a cave in Mount Hara, near Mecca. He had indisputably a very piercing and sagacious wit, and was thoroughly versed in all the arts of insinuation. The eastern historians describe him to have been a man of an excellent judgment, and a happy memory; and these natural parts were improved by a great experience and knowledge of mankind, and the observations he had made in his travels. They say he was a person of few words, of an equal, cheerful temper, pleasant and familiar in conversation, of inoffensive behaviour towards his friends and acquaintances, and of great condescension towards his inferiors; to all which were joined a comely agreeable person, and a polite address—accomplishments of no small service in anticipating these in his favour whom he attempted to persuade.

As to acquired learning, it is generally confessed that Mahomet had none at all; having had no other education than what was customary in his tribe, who neglected and probably despised what we call literature; esteeming no language in comparison with their own, their skill in which they gained by use, and not by books, and contenting themselves with improving their private experience by committing to memory such passages of their poets as they judged might be of use to them in life. This defect was so far from being prejudicial or putting a stop to his design, that he made the greatest use of it; insisting that the writings which he produced as revelations from God, could not possibly be a forgery of his own; because it was not conceivable that a person who could neither write nor read should be able to compose a book of such excellent doctrine, and in so elegant a style, and thereby obviating an objection that might have been considered as possessing a great deal of weight: and, for this reason, his followers, instead of being ashamed of their master's ignorance, glory in it, as an evident proof of his divine mission, and scruple not to call him (as he is denominated indeed in the Korân itself) "the illiterate prophet."

"When the Prophet was about four years old," says Mahmut the Arabian,* "accompanying the sons of his nurse into the field, the blessed child retired into a cave, at the foot of the mountain Uriel, to pray, when the Archangel Gabriel appeared to him, and said, *Bismillar rahmanir rahimi*, i. e. 'In the name of God, compassionate and merciful, O child greatly beloved, I am sent to displant from thy heart the root of evil; for thy ejaculations made the gates of Paradise to fly open!' The young resigned one said, 'The will of thy Lord and mine be done.' Then the angel opened his breast with a razor of adamant, and, taking out his heart, squeezed from it the black contagion which was derived from Adam; and having put the child's heart in its place again, he blessed him, and retired to the invisibles. From that time the young favourite of Heaven grew up and prospered in all things, having the smiles of God and man. He was under the tuition of his uncle Abu Taleb, who, discerning the mark of an immense soul in his young nephew, was more solicitous for his welfare than if he had been his son. His fortune being low in the world, he had no other way to provide for his illustrious charge, than by placing him as a factor to Khadijah, a widow of the same tribe with Mahomet, which was the noblest among the Arabians."

Mahomet's marriage with the rich and affectionate widow Khadijah took place when they were respectively twenty-five years of age; and it was not till twelve years after this marriage that he began to fabricate his imposture, in the cave of Mount Hara, about three miles from Mecca, to which he usually retired during the month of Ramazân, being the time of Lent. At length, A. D. 609, when he was fully forty years old, he disclosed his prophetic mission, at first only to his own wife Khadijah. He told her that the Angel Gabriel, or the Holy Spirit, had appeared to him in glory, and declared that God had commissioned him as an apostle to reform the world; *that he then delivered to him the Korân for a divine law*, which should complete all antecedent revelations. Khadijah gained for her husband an important proselyte in her uncle Waraka, a Christian, who was well read in the Old and New Testaments. He pronounced Mahomet "*to be the great Prophet foretold by Moses the son of Amram.*" Waraka was a far more probable assistant to Mahomet in composing the Korân than Sergius the monk, or any other person, in a matter of such trust and delicacy.

The next proselyte was Abubeker, a rich and respectable inhabitant of Mecca; whose example being followed by many others, Mahomet ventured on a bolder demonstration of his mission. At a numerous assemblage of the Koreishites, at a public entertainment to which he had invited them, he demanded who would become his vizier, or prime minister, assuring them that both happiness in this world and in that to come would accrue to his followers. The guests remained silent in surprise, when Ali, the son of Abu Taleb, a boy about fourteen years of age, started up enthusiastically, and said, "I will be thy vizier, O Prophet of God! I will break the teeth, pluck out the eyes, rip up the belly, cut off the legs of thine enemies." The joy and approval testified by Mahomet to the zeal of his youthful disciple, was an apt and early specimen what manner of spirit he and his deputy were of. The hostile proceedings and denunciations of the Prophet against their idolatry, at length aroused the enmity of the Koreishites; but their threats were despised by him, and, in reply to the prudent remonstrances of his uncle Abu Taleb, he exclaimed, "though the Koreishites should arm against me the sun and the moon (alluding to the divinities whom they ignorantly worshipped), the one on my right hand, and the other on my left, I would not be shaken from my resolution." He, however, retired for a while to a castle in Mount Safa, and his followers were banished from the city of Mecca. After this persecution, which lasted five years, in the tenth year of his mission (A. D. 618), he sustained a serious loss in the death of his uncle Abu Taleb; and this was followed a short time after by the death of his affectionate wife Khadijah, who had so generously made his fortune. On account of these misfortunes, this year was called the Year of Mourning. Instead of sinking under these adversities, upon being violently urged by the Koreishites, who still derided his pretensions, to exhibit some miracle, Mahomet ventured, in the twelfth year of his mission, to publish the revelation of his night visit or journey to the seven heavens.

This event formed a striking epoch in his mission, and displayed in the strongest manner the dexterity as well as boldness of his measures. The question so forcibly put to him of establishing his mission by miracles, is therein artfully parried, and replied to, by an appeal to the wonders wrought by Moses, which did not cause the reformation of Pharaoh, and to those of Jesus, which failed with the Jews: he also incidentally remarked, that miracles were designed rather to strike terror and to punish than to convince.

In describing this famous journey he says, That while he was in the Caaba, or sacred square building at Mecca, reclining on the sacred stone, the Angel Gabriel came to him; he opened his breast, took out his heart, and washed it in a golden basin full of the water of *faith*, and then restored it to its place. The angel had seventy pairs of wings, and had the beast Alborâk with him, on which the prophets used to ride; it was white, and partly horse, ass, and mule, or a middle between the two last, and went as fast as the lightning, which the name Alborâk, in Arabic, signifies. When he was brought to Jerusalem by the angel, all the prophets met him, and owned his superiority. He ascended to Heaven with the angel on a ladder of divine light, and left the beast Alborâk at Jerusalem till he descended again. He went through seven heavens before he came to the throne of God, which was in the last one, and Gabriel left him at the entrance of it, and waited till he returned from conversing with God, who gave him the offer to be next himself; but he rather chose to descend again to the earth to propagate his religion. His heavens were all 500 years' journey distant from one another. One was of silver, another of gold, another of emeralds, &c., and the last of light. He met some one of the patriarchs, or prophets, in each of them. In the first he met and discoursed with Adam; in the second, with John the Baptist and Jesus; in the third, with the patriarch Joseph; in the fourth, with Edris or Enoch; in the fifth, with Aaron; in the sixth, with Moses; in the seventh, with Abraham. Thence he was carried up to *Sedrat*, the lotus tree, whence were the sources of the four rivers of Paradise. He saw angels in the likenesses of all creatures in these heavens. He saw a great bull bearing the earth on his horns, and when he shook his head there was an earthquake. There was also a cock, which stood on one heaven, and his head reached another; his voice was heard through heaven and earth, and set all the cocks on earth a-crowing. He saw an angel of such stature that there was 70,000 days' journey between his eyes. The proportion of a man's height to the distance between his eyes is as seventy-two to one; so that his stature must then have been 14,000 years' journey, four times the height of all his heavens together, in which he was quite out of his mathematics. In the seventh heaven, where God and Christ were, was an angel with 70,000 heads; and in each head 70,000 tongues, with which he praised God. Gabriel accompanied him down from heaven to Jerusalem, and from thence conveyed him, with the beast Alborâk, to Mecca; and all this was done in the tenth part of a night. In the conclusion of this extraordinary fabrication, he skilfully adds, that when he was enjoined to repeat fifty prayers each day, he entreated for his nation, and they were finally reduced at his intercession to five. To finish the wonder, he was returned back to the Caaba ere the crier called him to prayers; and "thus," concluded Mahomet, "did I bring with me the prescribed number of prayers, and lessened the burden for my nation."

This story seemed so absurd and incredible, that several of his followers left him upon it; and it had probably ruined the whole design, had not his father-in-law Abubeker vouched for his veracity, and declared, that, if Mahomet affirmed it to be true, he verily believed the whole; which happy incident not only retrieved the Prophet's credit, but increased it to such a degree, that he was secure of being able to make his disciples swallow whatever he pleased to impose on them for the future. "And I am apt to think," says Sale, "this fiction, notwithstanding its extravagance, was one of the most artful contrivances Mohammed ever put in practice, and what chiefly contributed to the raising of his reputation to that great height to which it afterwards attained."

In this memorable year twelve citizens of Medina swore allegiance and obedience to the Prophet, whence they were styled, by way of dignity, *Al Ansâr*, i. e. "The Defenders;" and the year A. D. 620 was denominated the "accepted year." On Mount Akâba, near Mecca, seventy-three proselytes were soon after added to their number, and swore to defend the Prophet from all insult, as they defended their own wives and children. "If," said they to the Apostle of God, "we be slain in thy cause, what shall be our reward?" He answered, "Paradise." Then, said they, "Stretch forth thy right hand," and he did so; then they took the oath of obedience, promising rather to die than be perjured. He now established twelve apostles of Islamism, which was the name he gave to his religion, himself being the prime instructor and chief of all the true believers; and he then sent away the Ansârs, his followers, and his family, to Medina, for security, and remained behind at Mecca, attended only by Abubeker and his son-in-law Ali.

By the protection which his uncle Abu Taleb had extended to Mahomet, he had been preserved thus far from his enemies; but the charge and dignity of the priest and guardian of the Caaba, having now, by the death of Abu Taleb, become the post of a member of the family of Ommiyah, a declared enemy to the family of Haschem, to which Mahomet belonged, the Koreishites, irritated and alarmed at the progress making by the new doctrine at Medina, resolved to destroy its author and chief support. This conspiracy was scarce formed, when, by some means or other, it came to Mahomet's knowledge; and he gave out that it was revealed to him by the Angel Gabriel, who had now ordered him to retire to Medina. Whereupon, to amuse his enemies, he directed Ali to lie down in his place, and wrap himself up in his green cloak, which he did; and Mahomet escaped miraculously, as they pretend, to Abubeker's house, unperceived by the conspirators, who had already assembled at the Prophet's door. They, in the meantime, looking through the crevice, and seeing Ali, whom they took to be Mahomet himself, asleep, continued watching there till morning, when Ali arose, and they found themselves deceived.

In the recesses of a cave near Mecca, Mahomet and Abubeker eluded for three days the pursuit of their enemies. "There are only two of us," said the apprehensive disciple, when he expected the pursuers to penetrate their retreat. "There is a third, even God himself," said his intrepid chief; "he will defend us." According to tradition, Mahomet afterwards asserted that a miracle was here wrought in his behalf; for that his enemies, approaching the cave, found that its entrance was covered by spiders' webs hanging from the trees, which convinced them that no person had entered it for a long time. After a perilous journey, Mahomet entered Medina in triumph, being enthusiastically received by the Ansârs, who disputed for the honour of entertaining the Prophet, and took hold of the bridle of his camel. Mahomet then desired them to let her take her own way, for she was a stubborn beast; which she took, accordingly, and stopped at the stable of two rich orphans, Sahâli and Sohaili, where the Prophet dismounted. This spot he purchased from the orphans, after refusing their offer to bestow it upon him, and Abubeker paid the money. He erected thereon a mosque, and a habitation for himself, on which he laboured with his own hands. Medina henceforth received the august title of *Medinat Alnabi*, or the "City of the Prophet."

* Turkish Spy, vol. v. p. 199.

HOSPITALITY IN THE WOODS.

[BY AUDUBON.]

Hospitality is a virtue, the exercise of which, although always agreeable to the stranger, is not always duly appreciated. The traveller who has acquired celebrity is not unfrequently received with a species of hospitality, which is so much alloyed by the obvious attention of the host to his own interest, that the favour conferred upon the stranger must have less weight, when it comes mingled with almost interminable questions as to his perilous adventures. Another receives hospitality at the hands of persons, who, possessed of all the comforts of life, receive the way-worn wanderer with pomposity, lead him from one part of their spacious mansion to another, and, bidding him good night, leave him to amuse himself in his solitary apartment, because he is thought unfit to be presented to a party of *friends*. A third stumbles on a congenial spirit, who receives him with open arms, offers him servants, horses, perhaps even his purse, to enable him to pursue his journey, and parts from him with regret. In all these cases, the traveller feels more or less under obligation, and is accordingly grateful. But, kind reader, the hospitality received from the inhabitant of the forest, who can offer only the shelter of his humble roof, and the refreshment of his homely fare, remains more deeply impressed on the memory of the bewildered traveller than any other. This kind of hospitality I have myself frequently experienced in our woods, and now proceed to relate an instance of it.

I had walked several hundred miles, accompanied by my son, then a stripling, and, coming upon a clear stream, observed a house on the opposite shore. We crossed in a canoe, and finding that we had arrived at a tavern, determined upon spending the night there. As we were both greatly fatigued, I made an arrangement with our host to be conveyed in a light Jersey waggon a distance of a hundred miles, the period of our departure to be determined by the rising of the moon. Fair Cynthia, with her shorn beams, peeped over the forest about two hours before dawn, and our conductor, provided with a long twig of hickory, took his station in the fore-part of the waggon. Off we went at a round trot, dancing in the cart like peas in a sieve. The road, which was just wide enough to allow us to pass, was full of deep ruts, and covered here and there with trunks and stumps, over all which we were hurried. Our conductor, Mr Flint, the landlord of the tavern, boasting of his perfect knowledge of the country, undertook to drive us by a short cut, and we willingly confided ourselves to his management. So we jogged along, now and then deviating to double the fallen timber. Day commenced with promise of fine weather, but several nights of

white frost having occurred, a change was expected. To our sorrow, the change took place long before we got to the road again. The rain fell in torrents; the thunder bellowed; the lightning blazed. It was now evening, but the storm had brought perfect night, black and dismal. Our cart had no cover. Cold and wet, we sat silent and melancholy, with no better expectation than that of passing the night under the little shelter the cart could afford us.

To stop was considered worse than to proceed. So we gave the reins to the horses, with some faint hope that they would drag us out of our forlorn state. Of a sudden the steeds altered their course, and soon after we perceived the glimmer of a faint light in the distance, and almost at the same moment heard the barking of dogs. Our horses stopped by a high fence, and fell a-neighing, while I hallooed at such a rate, that an answer was speedily obtained. The next moment, a flaming pine torch crossed the gloom, and advanced to the spot where we stood. The negro boy who bore it, without waiting to question us, enjoined us to follow the fence, and said that master had sent him to shew the strangers to the house. We proceeded, much relieved, and soon reached the gate of a little yard, in which a small cabin was perceived.

A tall fine-looking young man stood in the open door, and desired us to get out of the cart and walk in. We did so, when the following conversation took place. "A bad night this, strangers; how came you to be along the fence? You certainly must have lost your way, for there is no public road within twenty miles." "Ay," answered Mr Flint, "sure enough we lost our way; but, thank God! we have got to a house, and thank *you* for your reception." "Reception!" replied the woodsman; "no very great thing after all; you are all here safe, and that's enough.—Eliza," turning to his wife, "see about some victuals for the strangers, and you, Jupiter," addressing the negro lad, "bring some wood and mend the fire. Eliza, call the boys up, and treat the strangers the best way you can. Come, gentlemen, pull off your wet clothes, and draw to the fire. Eliza, bring some socks and a shirt or two."

For my part, kind reader, knowing my countrymen as I do, I was not much struck at all this; but my son, who had scarcely reached the age of fourteen, drew near to me, and observed how pleasant it was to have met with such good people. Mr Flint bore a hand in getting his horses put under a shed. The young wife was already stirring with so much liveliness, that to have doubted for a moment that all she did was not a pleasure to her would have been impossible. Two negro lads made their appearance, looked at us for a moment, and going out, called the dogs. Soon after the cries of the poultry informed us that good cheer was at hand. Jupiter brought more wood, the blaze of which illumined the cottage. Mr Flint and our host returned, and we already began to feel the comforts of hospitality. The woodsman remarked that it was a pity we had not chanced to come that day three weeks; "for," said he, "it was our wedding-day, and father gave us a good house-warming, and you might have fared better; but, however, if you can eat bacon and eggs, and a broiled chicken, you shall have that. I have no whisky in the house, but father has some capital cider, and I'll go over and bring a keg of it." I asked how far off his father lived. "Only three miles, sir, and I'll be back before Eliza has cooked your supper." Off he went accordingly, and the next moment the galloping of his horse was heard. The rain fell in torrents, and now I also became struck with the kindness of our host.

To all appearance, the united ages of the pair under whose roof we had found shelter did not exceed two score. Their means seemed barely sufficient to render them comfortable, but the generosity of their young hearts had no limits. The cabin was new. The logs of which it was formed were all of the tulip-tree, and were nicely pared. Every part was beautifully clean. Even the coarse slabs of wood that formed the floor looked as if newly washed and dried. Sundry gowns and petticoats of substantial homespun hung from the logs that formed one of the sides of the cabin, while the other was covered with articles of male attire. A large spinning-wheel, with rolls of wool and cotton, occupied one corner. In another was a small cupboard, containing the little stock of new dishes, cups, plates, and tin pans. The table was small also, but quite new, and as bright as polished walnut could be. The only bed that I saw was of domestic manufacture, and the counterpane proved how expert the young wife was at spinning and weaving. A fine rifle ornamented the chimney-piece. The fire-place was of such dimensions that it looked as if it had been purposely constructed for holding the numerous progeny expected to result from the happy union.

The black boy was engaged in grinding some coffee. Bread was prepared by the fair hands of the bride, and placed on a flat board in front of the fire. The bacon and eggs already murmured and spluttered in the frying-pan, and a pair of chickens puffed and swelled on a gridiron over the embers, in front of the hearth. The cloth was laid, and every thing arranged, when the clattering of hoofs announced the return of the husband. In he came, bearing a two-gallon keg of cider. His eyes sparkled with pleasure as he said, "Only think, Eliza; father wanted to rob us of the strangers, and was for coming here to ask them to his own house, just as if we could not give them enough ourselves; but here's the drink—Come gentlemen, sit down and help yourselves." We did so, and I, to enjoy the repast, took a chair of the husband's making in preference to one of those called *Windsor*, of which there were six in the cabin. This chair was bottomed with a piece of deer's skin tightly stretched, and afforded a very comfortable seat.

The wife now resumed her spinning, and the husband filled a jug with the sparkling cider, and, seated by the blazing fire, was drying his clothes. The happiness he enjoyed beamed from his eye, as at my request he proceeded to give us an account of his affairs and prospects, which he did in the following words:—"I will be twenty-two next Christmas-day," said our host; "my father came from Virginia when young, and settled on the large tract of land where he yet lives, and where, with hard working, he has done well. There were nine children of us. Most of them are married and settled in the neighbourhood. The old man has divided his lands among some of us, and bought others for the rest. The land where I am he gave me two years ago, and a finer piece is not easily to be found. I have cleared a couple of fields, and planted an orchard. Father gave me a stock of cattle, some hogs, and four horses, with two negro boys. I camped here for most of the time when clearing and planting; and, when about to marry the young woman you see at the wheel, father helped me in raising this hut. My wife, as luck would have it, had a negro also, and we have begun the world as well off as most folks, and, the Lord willing, may——But, gentlemen, you don't eat; do help yourselves—Eliza, maybe the strangers would like some milk." The wife stopped her work, and kindly asked if we preferred sweet or sour milk; for you must know, reader, that sour milk is by some of our farmers considered a treat. Both sorts were produced, but, for my part, I chose to stick to the cider.

Supper over, we all neared the fire, and engaged in conversation. At length our kind host addressed his wife as follows:—"Eliza, the gentlemen would like to lie down, I guess. What sort of bed can you fix for them?" Eliza looked up with a smile, and said, "Why, Willy, we will divide the bedding, and arrange half on the floor, on which we can sleep very well, and the gentlemen will have the best we can spare them." To this arrangement I immediately objected, and proposed lying on a blanket by the fire; but neither Willy nor Eliza would listen. So they arranged a part of their bedding on the floor, on which, after some debate, we at length settled. The negroes were sent to their own cabin, the young couple went to bed, and Mr Flint lulled us all asleep, with a long story intended to show us how passing strange it was that he should have lost his way.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and so forth. But Aurora soon turned her off. Mr Speed, our host, rose, went to the door, and, returning, assured us that the weather was too bad for us to attempt proceeding. I really believe he was heartily glad of it; but, anxious to continue our journey, I desired Mr Flint to see about his horses. Eliza by this time was up, too, and I observed her whispering to her husband, when he immediately said aloud, "To be sure, the gentlemen will eat breakfast before they go, and I will show them the way to the road." Excuses were of no avail. Breakfast was prepared and eaten. The weather brightened a little, and by nine we were under way. Willy on horseback headed us. In a few hours, our cart arrived at a road, by following which we at length got to the main one, and parted from our woodsman with the greater regret that he would accept nothing from any of us. On the contrary, telling Mr Flint, with a smile, that he hoped he might some time again follow the longest track for a short cut, he bade us adieu, and trotted back to his fair Eliza and his happy home.—*Audubon's American Ornithology.*

PETER YOUNG, THE GIPSY CHIEF.

Peter Young, the chief of a band of gipsies on the northern part of Scotland, was one of two brothers who discovered an energy of character, and even a generosity of temper, which, if properly directed, might have rendered them distinguished among their fellow-mortals, but, from their unhappy situation, and the singular waywardness of their fortune, instead of being respected for the talents they possessed, produced a quite opposite effect. All decent sober-minded persons were afraid of them, and avoided having any connection with them, and they both fell victims to the laws of their country.

Peter Young was about twelve years older than John. Their father had enlisted during the American war, served as a soldier, and at the peace of 1783 returned to Scotland, and resumed his old occupation, that of a travelling tinker. Of his history I know little or nothing besides. It has been said that he also was hanged; but had this been the case, from the innumerable anecdotes concerning his sons, and the great conversation their exploits occasioned in Aberdeenshire, I think I must have heard of it.

Peter was in his day one of the most public characters in that part of the country. His muscular strength was very uncommon, and he excelled in all the feats or exercises by which rustics endeavour to distinguish themselves. It was universally allowed that none could pretend to excel him in what is called *putting* the stone, in throwing the hammer, or in shooting at a mark. His dexterity in the use of a fowling-piece, as well as his attachment to fowling of every kind, caused him frequently to go with a gun, and powder and shot, of which he made use as it suited his inclination or convenience. He was sufficiently artful, and therefore did not willingly expose himself; but he paid no regard to whom the game belonged, or on whose ground it was found. The country people were under the impression that it was dangerous to meddle with him, and, therefore, seldom or never gave information against him. Besides, gentlemen of landed property thought it more convenient, sometimes, to overlook his poaching upon their estates, for by experience they were taught, that by flattering Peter's vanity, and treating him with kindness, they more effectually accomplished their purpose than by a public prosecution. Those gentlemen who humoured him, and gave him plenty of meat and drink when he happened to be in their neighbourhood, were certain of a grateful return. To such, instead of destroying the game upon their lands, he acted as its protector, and would suffer none of his followers, nor any other person, if he could possibly prevent them, to injure their property. All the passions of his mind were excessive in degree; and the wild kind of life which he led tended remarkably to cherish, to confirm, and rivet the original propensity of his nature. He had never been taught to restrain any of his passions, but he was as sensible of acts of kindness done to him as he was revengeful when offended. In fine, he was either a most decided friend or a most determined foe—he had no idea of what moderation meant. His tone of temper much more resembled the descriptions of the wild savages in America when that country was first discovered, as delivered to us by some of our best historians, than any thing that is to be met with in civilized life. Fierce, haughty, and impetuous, he knew no bounds; and by giving way to his ungovernable passions, he brought himself to an ignominious end.

He was, as has been already mentioned, well known throughout the whole of the north of Scotland. There was hardly a jail between Perth and Inverness in which he had not been confined, and from which he had not effected his escape. He had enlisted times without number, but, by a certain plausible cleverness and address, he took good care not to be *attested*, that is, to take the oath to his Majesty. Many recruiting serjeants were anxious to get him, but they knew nothing of his history. His appearance was very much in his favour, being about five feet ten inches or six feet high. His sole object in accepting the bounty was either to raise a little money at the time, or to amuse himself for a few hours with the credulity of his new associates, from whom, moreover, he generally got a large allowance of whisky, of which he was immoderately fond. He used to leave them very soon, paying, it may be believed, no smart-money, for they knew not whether he had fled. On such occasions, his company were sent before him to some recluse spot among the mountains to wait his arrival, till which they had the most peremptory orders not to shift their quarters. If they did so, it was at the risk of some dreadful vengeance, for all were well aware that their ringleader Peter would execute very summary justice upon the transgressors, sparing neither male nor female, young nor old, who had disobeyed his absolute commands. This chastisement was inflicted upon the spot with his own hands; he had no deputy. His sovereign will was conceived by the whole of his followers as irresistible, and to be instantly acquiesced in. When not on a shooting excursion, he always carried an oak sapling, that had seen a great deal of service on many occasions. It was fit for every kind of work, and originally had caught his eye as he was passing through an extensive plantation of the late James Earl of Fife, to whom he bore a mortal antipathy and implacable hatred. The cause of his rancour at his lordship is not very well known, but it is likely that the nobleman had used his influence in getting Peter punished for some of his irregularities.

It was by means of this oak stick that he maintained his despotic sway over his vassals. There was a kind of appearance of justice. If any of his wives (for it is to be feared that Peter was a hardened polygamist) were guilty of violating any of his statutes, they suffered severely for it. All the potations of tinkers are convivial—men, women, and children, all partake in rotation. This, however, takes some time, for, in general, the company have only one dram glass among them, and from the oldest to the youngest each has his regular portion. Excepting the children and others who have fallen asleep, they are offered in their turn what falls to their share. The liquor consists of the pure raw material; and how large soever the quantity may be, they never rise till it is finished. After an excess of this kind, which they call a *drinking bout*, and during which every member of the family, whether young or old, is at perfect liberty to take a sound nap on the spot that he happens to occupy, no one taking the trouble to disturb him, the liquor being done, and none of them completely sober, they promiscuously lie down to sleep in their tent. Those who are grown up are generally fast asleep, allowing the fumes of

the drink to dissipate. But early in the morning the children begin to be in motion, quarrelling among themselves, some of them crying bitterly, and others prowling about in search of their mothers; for a female tinker never weans her offspring as long as she can help it. Such revelry, however, only takes place when the funds can afford it, or, in other words, when they have collected as much as will purchase the liquor.

Peter esteemed himself to be a very honourable man, and the keepers of the different public-houses in the country seem to have thought, that, to a certain extent, he was so. He never asked for *trust* as long as he had a halfpenny in his pocket. At the different inns which he used to frequent, he was seldom or never denied any thing. If he pledged his word that he would pay his bill the next time he came that way, he punctually performed his promise. When he approached a village or a town, his general plan was to cause the party to halt, and encamp on some common or waste ground in the immediate neighbourhood. While the men and women and children were busily employed in rearing the tent, and the asses set adrift to pick up whatever they could find (and they were taught not to go far from the tent), Peter, accompanied with his two setting dogs, went into the town to cater for the party. If unsuccessful, which, as we have said, was seldom the case, the cocks and hens of the country side were in a perilous situation. Their roosting-places were well known, and he and others generally returned with what was sufficient for subsistence for a few days. Two persons at least were necessary to attack a hen-house. All fowls sleep, as is well known, with their heads under their wings. The purveyor having seized one bird, first draws its neck, and hands it to an attendant, who carries a sack ready to receive it. Having accomplished the object of this nocturnal expedition, they return to the company; and if it be the season of the year when potatoes, beans, peas, carrots, turnips, &c. are on the ground, others of the party, but in a different direction, are sent out to provide these.

Meanwhile, those who are left at home are occupied in preparing wet clay, if it can be got, for dressing the fowls: this answers best, but common mould does well enough. The head, legs, feathers, and bowels, in short, the entire animal, is covered with this compost, and put into the red-hot ashes. The fowl is thus very effectually roasted, and in a much shorter time than one could suppose. When the plaster is taken off, the feathers and skin adhere to it. These are of course thrown into the fire; so that this kind of tinkers' cookery answers two ends, which to them is of the utmost importance: first, the meat is soon dressed—they are not encumbered with the trouble of plucking or stripping the animal of its feathers; and, second, nothing remains to show where they obtained their plunder. It would be dangerous to allow any of the feathers to be left.

Having secured some provision, Peter next set out on a pedestrian expedition through the country. He left the women, &c. at the tent. His ass carried on its back the tools which were necessary for the performance of the work he engaged to execute. This was of a very miscellaneous nature. It comprehended the professions of a blacksmith in all its varieties, a tinsmith, and brazier. His original business was to mend pots, pans, kettles, &c. of every description; and this he did with great neatness and ingenuity. Having an uncommon turn for mechanics, he at last cleaned and repaired clocks and watches. He also could engrave on wood or metal: So also could his brother John; but where they learned any of these arts I never heard. Peter was very handy about all sort of carpenter's work, and occasionally amused himself, when the fancy seized him, in executing some pieces of curious cabinet-work that required neatness of hand. He was particularly famous in making fishing-rods, and in the art of fishing he was surpassed by few. He could dress a fly, as it is usually termed, with astonishing dexterity and address, and was well acquainted with what rivers, and at what seasons, flies of certain colours should be used. His angling expeditions sometimes engrossed too much of his attention, at least so his dependents thought, and perhaps they had good reason. This was, however, only when he was very successful. A very common practice with him was to fish down some of the rivers in the north, as, for example, the Dee or the Don, and appoint a place on the water-side where they were to wait his arrival. When he met with a great deal of sport, he was sometimes a day or two behind his time, which put them to considerable inconvenience. But none durst remonstrate or reprove him. It only produced the effect upon himself of making him more eager to make up the time he had lost.

This man's conduct and general behaviour was so extraordinary, that it is no wonder he raised many enemies during his lifetime. But bad as human nature is said to be, it is very apt to relent, after having received just cause of offence, when once the offender's eyes are closed in death. This was particularly the case with Peter, especially after the extraordinary circumstances that attended his escape from the prison of Aberdeen, which shall be related immediately. His good qualities, or rather the prominent favourable traits of his character, formed the subject of general conversation in the north, and many singular anecdotes were told of him, which discovered an independent mind, and a generosity of nature seldom to be met with.

It is now about forty-five years since this poor creature suffered the vengeance of the law at Edinburgh. It is so long since that time, that I confess the minute circumstances of the crime (which was theft) have now gone out of my mind, and I am not disposed at present to inquire what the particulars were: but I remember well that the chief circumstance which impressed the court was, that *he was habit and repute a thief*. This, in the law of Scotland, is the worst kind of character by which any person can be designated.

That Peter deserved this character, cannot be doubted; but what was the chief cause of his being brought in guilty at Aberdeen, was his being a *deserter*. This confirmed the impression which principally weighed with the court. Peter, it seemed, was proved to be a deserter, and his own cleverness availed him nothing. Perhaps he imagined he could do as he had often done before. Whether from liquor that he had taken when attested, or from what cause soever, I know not, but he was proved to be a deserter, and condemned to be hanged at Aberdeen.

During the weeks which were then permitted to elapse between sentence and execution Peter appeared to be very penitent, and perfectly resigned to the fate which awaited him. Having been heard to complain of the coldness of his feet, different articles of clothing were sent to him by humane people, to keep him warm. The practice in Aberdeen at that time was for the jail to be finally shut at four o'clock P. M. Public executions always took place upon the Friday, being the market day. Upon the previous Wednesday, when the jailor came to inquire if he wanted any thing for the night, Peter sprung upon him like a tiger, took the keys from him, and said, if he would remain quiet, he would not touch a hair of his head. He had been for some time at freedom from his irons, having sawed them through with the mainspring of a watch. He commanded the jailor to lie down upon his back, and, with dreadful imprecations, swore that if he moved a finger or a toe, and especially if he looked out at the window, he would murder him on the spot. The jailor was well aware of the kind of man he had to deal with, and was therefore very compliant. After thus settling matters with the jailor, which occupied five or six hours, at a time of night when every thing appeared to be quiet, Peter went down stairs, and informed his fellow-prisoners what he was about. It so happened that there were a great number then in the prison at Aberdeen. He had all the keys, and showing these was sufficient hush-money. When he thought every thing was prepared, at one o'clock he went himself to unlock the outer door; but, unfortunately for him, it was bolted on the outside. He told the clergyman who attended him in Edinburgh, and from whom I myself received the information, that the exigency of the moment, for the first time in his life, extorted from him a prayer. He then threw his immense strength upon the door, and fortunately it yielded to the impulse, and flew open. In the old prison of Aberdeen, there was always a soldier on guard. Peter seized his firelock, and made him accompany him, until he set every prisoner at liberty. He was the last that went out himself. Having locked the door, and left the key in the lock, he delivered the firelock to the centinel, and ran off.

There was at that time a great deal of snow upon the ground. Peter was well acquainted with every devious path in the county: he needed nobody to pilot him. According to his own account, he tore off the skirts of his coat immediately upon leaving the prison, and made all the speed he could to the hilly country, or what is called the head of Aberdeenshire. He had travelled about twenty-four miles, and, being quite exhausted, lay down to sleep. Sir Edward Bannerman and some other gentlemen were out on a sporting expedition, and their dogs made a dead set at Peter, who was lying on the snow fast asleep. Sir Edward knew Peter perfectly, and, according to the statement of some, had been one of the jury that condemned him. They bound Peter, and sent an express to Aberdeen. The magistrates ordered that he should be sent to town under a strong guard. By this time it was Friday morning; the gallows was erected, and every thing prepared for the execution; but in going up the Shiprow, attended by a great mob, some person called out, "Peter, deny that you are the man." The provost, council, &c. examined him. Peter said he knew nothing about such a man as Peter Young; he never heard of him; his own name was John Anderson; and he wondered what they meant by making such a *wark* about him. Though he was as well known in Aberdeen as the provost himself, yet none could be found to identify him. He therefore escaped being hanged at this time, and was sent up to Edinburgh, that the High Court of Justiciary might determine what should be done with him. He was respited, and nearly effected his escape from the Old Edinburgh Tolbooth; but, being seized before he had got many yards away, he was ultimately made a sacrifice to the law. Mr Mungo Watson, who for many years was in the custom of attending convicts in Edinburgh under sentence of death, could make nothing of Peter. His chief delight, to the very last, was to relate his own exploits, which he did with as much mirth and hilarity as if he had the prospect of living a thousand years. John Young, the younger brother of this unfortunate being, was executed for murder, at Aberdeen, on the 11th of December 1821.

A CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

When barrel organs, the usual accompaniment of the magic lantern, came into use, a native of the province of Tende was one of the first who travelled about Europe with this instrument. In his peregrinations he collected money enough to enable him to purchase from the King of Sardinia the title of Count of the country where he was born; for which probably in a time of war he did not pay above a thousand guineas. With the remainder of his money he purchased an estate suitable to his rank, and settled himself peaceably for the remainder of his days in his mansion. In the entrance-hall of his dwelling he hung up his magic lantern and his organ facing the door, there to be carefully preserved till they mouldered to dust: and he ordered by his will, that any one of his descendants who should cause them to be removed, should forfeit his inheritance, and his patrimony revert to the next heir, or, in failure of a successor, to the hospital of Tende. Within these few years the organ and lantern were still to be seen carefully preserved.

PARLIAMENTARY SIMILES.

In one of the debates in the House of Commons towards the end of the American war, Mr Fox, in reprobating the conduct of Lord Sandwich for neglecting to expedite the building of ships of war, spoke of him allowing the ships "to rot in their cradles."

Sir George Saville, the leading country member in opposition to Lord North's ministry, in a debate on the 14th December 1781, speaking of the address, which is always understood to be a kind of echo to the King's speech, observed—"This echo had always been, and this echo would perpetually continue, and in so ridiculous a degree, that were the speech from the throne a repetition of the line—

'What beauties does Flora disclose!'

the echo from that house would fill up the couplet, and reply,

'How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!'

In fact, the crown and the two houses danced a minuet together to a tune of the minister's composing. The crown led off one way; the two houses, in a similar step, to the opposite corner; then they joined hands, and at length finished just as the dance began."

In a debate on the 22d February 1782, Mr Burke, speaking of Mr Welbore Ellis, who, from the enjoyment of a lucrative sinecure, had been called to the active appointment of American secretary, as successor to Lord George Germaine, remarked, that "being of the caterpillar species, he had remained within the soft and silken folds of an extremely valuable employment, till, having burst his ligaments, he fluttered forth the minister of the day, an insect as to exteriors transformed, but inwardly and at heart the same."

IRISHMEN.

The Emerald Isle is so rich in talent, and can boast of such a long line of splendid statesmen, soldiers, orators, and artists, that she will not feel that we have diminished her glories by denying a crown to the head of the descendant of the O'Dwyers of Tipperary. We take this opportunity to remark, that the success of Irishmen, as dramatists and actors, has been surprisingly great. Writing from recollection, and at random, we put down the names of Sheridan, Macklin, Wilkes, Moody, Johnstone, Kelly, Pope, Quin, Murphy, Farquhar, Dogget, Henry, Ryder, Bickerstaff, O'Neil, Barry, Rock: we need not look into our books for more; the eloquence of Ireland is proverbial, and her sons have exhibited a due portion of it on the stage. Let it not be inferred, from what we have said, that Mr Dwyer was destitute of talent; far from it; but it was not of the first order, nor had it received the best cultivation.—*Dunlap's Anecdotes of the American Theatre.*

SLUMBER.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

Flow, softly flow, thou murmuring stream,
Beside my Lady's bower;
And do not mar her spirit's dream,
In this delightful hour;

But, gently rippling, greet her ear,
With sounds that lull the soul,
As near her bower, all bright and clear,
Thy beauteous billows roll!

Blow, softly blow, thou balmy air!
Beside my Lady's bower:
The rudest winds would hush, to spare
So soft and fair a flower!

Breathe gently o'er her rosy cheek
Thy mildest, purest balm;
But heed, lest thou a slumber break
So beautiful and calm!

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

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LOSSES IN FAMILIES.

MANY families grow up and live long together without the bond of their affections being once either strained or broken. They know that death is the common lot of humanity; they see it daily carrying off neighbours and acquaintances. Some of their own relations have felt its power; and they have thus become familiar with all the symptoms and fashions of external woe: but the destroyer has never intruded on their own sacred domain. Year after year, diseases have prevailed around them, and made successive inroads upon every fire-side; but theirs has still escaped. They thus become in some measure singular, and isolated from the rest of the world—their hearts certainly not closed against its sympathies, but not deeply exercised in them. If a mother remain long inconsolable for the loss of a child, they think she is not altogether blameless. "All must die," some member of the establishment will remark; "some are early cut off; some are spared long: but the stroke *will* come. Why then contend against what we cannot help? Resignation is both absolutely necessary, and it is proper. Besides, our duties are not ended when those who are dearest to us are taken away; we must still attend to our own interests, and make provision for those who are dependent upon us. The business of life must not be interrupted." "It's all true you say," was the reply we once heard given to a female acquaintance by a woman of the humbler rank in Scotland, who had endured serious family bereavements; "but, oh woman, it's plain you never lost a bairn!"

Such a family as that we have been describing have never had their attachments towards each other greatly tried. There has been no occasion for a display of indignant unforgivingness on the part of one, or of unwearied persevering love from another. Their feelings are all of an equable cast. This quiet, however, is broken in upon at last: A son, perhaps, in the pride of his days, is seized with a grievous disease. His mother watches him with anxiety; but she entertains almost a certain expectation that he will speedily be restored to his former health. None of the symptoms are decidedly against hope; the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by previous ailments; so the chance of recovery is in his favour. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis; and she thinks, every night, that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick-bed! How she watches his looks, and catches up the faintest expression of a desire on his pallid countenance! Her hopes of his recovery daily become weaker and weaker. Her first expectations of his recovery vanish. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an anguish almost indescribable, and she now seriously apprehends the very worst. The features of her son at length assume the rigid and sunken aspect of those of a corpse, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye before it shuts in everlasting rest. Thus the delusion comes to an end; and when the child of her affection, perhaps the expected prop of her declining years, at last breathes his last on her bosom, she feels as if some cord that bound her heart had for ever given way. Who can pretend to describe her sufferings, as, stretched afterwards on a couch which almost seems her own death-bed, she gives way to a grief which any attempt to interrupt or soften is felt by all her friends as if it would only be an impertinence? The whole frame seems convulsed; moans of deepest anguish seem to issue, not from the organs of speech, but from the heart itself; and ever and anon, as the terrible image of her dying son, with all the horrors of the neighbouring death-chamber, comes into her mind (for it will not be banished), she utters frantic cries, which pierce the ears of all within the limits of that sorrow-stricken house. When language is found, it is employed in exclamations which testify the love and admiration she felt towards her son—a love far transcending, she now thinks, all she ever experienced regarding the rest of her children. The rest, indeed—the fortunate living—seem as nothing in her eyes; it appears to her as if she had never loved any but him who now lies so powerless, so forlorn, and whom she is never to see again. "My beautiful—my brave!" as the tragic poet has finely expressed a mother's feelings on such an occasion:—him whom every body loved and admired—who was always so cheerful and so affectionate—can it really be—for, after all she has seen, this question will occur—that you are no more?

It is fortunate for human nature that grief, however overwhelming at first, daily becomes less severe. Were the earliest impressions of our sorrow for ever to remain unobliterated, the world would speedily be filled with lamentation and woe. Thus, Time rolls on, and the sufferings of the disconsolate mother become less poignant. The severity of the trial she has endured has softened her nature, and made her resigned to the dispensations of an inscrutable Providence. The recollection of her lost son is recalled to her by almost every passing circumstance; if there is an occasion of rejoicing in the family, she thinks, "this would have been a time of delight to *him* if he had been spared." She sees the place he would have occupied among his brothers and sisters; she considers the very words he would have used, had he been alive to join in their conversation. If she hears a tune played, she remembers it was his favourite; if she sees a fine landscape, the thought passes in her mind how he delighted in woodland scenery. Another of her family falls, and another, and another; but she does not deceive herself, now. "The first time," she acknowledges, "she never thought her poor son would die till she saw him lifeless before her: all the rest, from the moment they were taken ill, she was prepared to see cut off." The earliest was snatched from her; those that died afterwards were resigned.

Thus does grief soften the heart, and teach us not only to sympathize with others, but how to bear our own ills more calmly. But for its humanizing influence, how hard-hearted would men become—how wrapt up each in his own self-sufficiency! Nay, even if the present economy of nature were altered but in a single respect—if the destiny of death were still allotted to all, but were postponed in each individual of our species to a certain period of time, how materially would the aspect of society be altered, and how callous would all the world remain, when one by one they saw their fellow-men removed from this earthly scene! Then with truth might people say, "Why mourn for him?—his time was come." It is because of the uncertainty that prevails—because some are cut off in the bud, and some in the prime—some by severity of disease, some by violence—and because we had hopes of enjoying their society longer, or that death might have come in some way less painful to themselves—because we are convinced that the government of affairs is completely beyond our own control and calculation—that we feel and acknowledge our own weakness, how closely we are concerned to possess each other's sympathies, how entirely we are dependent on a higher power! Thus has kind Heaven made our sorest griefs the best blessings, even if we look no farther than to the condition of man in the present world.

LONDON.

WHEN a stranger from the provinces visits London for the first time, he finds a vast deal to astonish him, which he had not previously calculated upon. Before he sees it, he has formed his own ideas of its appearance, character, and extent; but his conceptions, though grand, are not accurate: so that, when he actually arrives within its precincts—when he is driven for the first time from the Exchange to Charing Cross—he is generally a good deal amazed, and, in no small degree, stupified. London can neither be rightly described as a town, nor as a city: it is a nation; a kingdom in itself. Its wealth is that of half the world, and its amount of population that of some second-rate countries. Its conventional system of society, by which the human being is rounded down like a pebble in a rapid river, and its peculiarities of different kinds, mark it as quite an anomaly; something to which the topographer can assign no proper title. London was originally a town on its own account. It is now composed of the cities of London and Westminster—the latter having once been a seat of population on its western confines—besides a number of villages, formerly at a distance from it in different directions, but now engrossed within its bounds, and only known by the streets to which they have communicated their appellations. All now form one huge town in a connected mass, and are lost in the common name of London. By its extensions in this manner, London now measures seven and a half miles in length from east to west, by a breadth of five miles from north to south. Its circumference, allowing for various inequalities, is estimated at thirty miles, while the area of ground it covers is considered to measure no less than eighteen miles square.

The increase of London has been particularly favoured by the nature of its site. It stands at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, on the north bank of the Thames, on ground rising very gently towards the north; and so even and regular in outline, that among the streets, with few exceptions, the ground seems perfectly flat. On the south bank of the river the ground is quite level; and on all sides, the country appears very little diversified with hills, or any thing to interrupt the extension of the buildings. The Thames, which is the source of greatness and wealth to the metropolis, is an object which generally excites a great deal of interest among strangers. It is a placid, majestic stream of pure water, rising in the interior of the country at the distance of a hundred and thirty-eight miles above London, and entering the sea on the east coast about sixty miles below it. It comes flowing between low and fertile banks, out of a richly ornamented country on the west, and, arriving at the outmost houses of the metropolis, a short way above Westminster Abbey, it pursues a winding course between banks thickly clad with dwelling-houses, manufactories, and wharves, for a space of eight or nine miles, its breadth being here from a third to a quarter of a mile. The tides affect it for fifteen or sixteen miles above the city; but the salt water comes no farther than thirty miles below it. However, such is the volume and depth of water, that vessels of seven or eight hundred tons reach the city on its eastern quarter. Most unfortunately, the beauty of this exceedingly useful and fine stream is much hid from the spectator, there being no quays or promenades along its banks, as is the case with the Liffey at Dublin. With the exception of the summit of St Paul's, the only good points of sight for the river are the bridges, which cross it at convenient distances, and, by their length, convey an accurate idea of the

breadth of the channel. During fine weather, the river is covered with numerous barges or boats of fanciful and light fabric, suitable for quick rowing; and by means of these pleasant conveyances, the Thames forms one of the chief thoroughfares.

London consists of an apparently interminable series of streets, composed of brick houses, which are commonly four stories in height, and never less than three. The London houses are not by any means elegant in their appearance; they have, for the most part, a dingy ancient aspect; and it is only in the western part of the metropolis that they assume any thing like a superb outline. Even at the best, they have a meanness of look in comparison with houses of polished white freestone, which is hardly surmounted by all the efforts of art and the daubings of plaster and stucco. The greater proportion of the dwellings are small. They are mere slips of buildings, containing, in most instances, only two small rooms on the floor, one behind the other, often with a wide door of communication between, and a wooden stair, with balustrades, from bottom to top of the house. It is only in the more fashionable districts of the town that the houses have sunk areas with railings; in all the business parts, they stand close upon the pavements, so that trade may be conducted with the utmost facility and convenience.

The lightness of the fabric of the London houses affords an opportunity for opening up the ground storeys as shops and warehouses. Where retail businesses are carried on, the whole of the lower part of the edifice in front is door and window, adapted to show goods to the best advantage to the passengers. The London shops seem to throw themselves into the wide expansive windows, and these, of all diversities of size and decoration, transfix the provincial with their charms. The exhibition of goods in the London shop windows is one of the greatest wonders of the place. Every thing which the appetite can suggest, or the fancy imagine, would appear there to be congregated. In every other city there is an evident meagreness in the quantity and assortments. But here there is the most remarkable abundance, and that not in isolated spots, but along the sides of thoroughfares, miles in length. In whatever way you turn your eyes, this extraordinary amount of mercantile wealth is strikingly observable; if you even penetrate into an alley, or what you think an obscure court, there you see it in full force, and on a greater scale than in any provincial town whatsoever. It is equally obvious to the stranger, that there is here a dreadful struggle for business. Every species of lure is tried to induce purchases, and modesty is quite lost sight of. A tradesman will cover the whole front of his house with a sign, whose gaudy and huge characters might be read, without the aid of a glass, at a mile's distance. He will cover the town with a shower of coloured bills, descriptive of the extraordinary excellence and cheapness of his wares, each measuring half a dozen feet square, and, to make them the more conspicuous, will plaster them on the very chimney tops, or, what appears a very favourite situation, the summit of the gables of a house destroyed by fire, or any other calamity calculated to attract a mob. In short, there is no end to the ways and means of the London tradesmen. Their ingenuity is racked to devise schemes for attracting attention, and their politeness and suavity of manner exceeds almost what could be imagined. Yet it is all surface work. Their civility is only a thin veneering on the natural character; after pocketing your money, they perhaps care not though you were carried in an hour hence to the gallows. But why should we expect any thing else? It would be too much for human nature. The struggle which takes place for subsistence in London is particularly observable in the minute classification of trades, and in the inventive faculty and activity of individuals in the lower ranks. Money is put in circulation through the meanest channels. Nothing is to be had for nothing. You can hardly ask a question without paying for an answer. The paltriest service which can be rendered is a subject of exaction. The shutting of a coach door will cost you twopence; some needy wretch always rising up, as if by magic, out of the street, to do you this kind turn. An amusing instance of this excess of refinement in the division of labour, is found in the men who sweep the crossing places from the end of one street to another. These crossings are a sort of hereditary property of certain individuals. A man, having a good deal the air of a mendicant, stands with his broom, and keeps the passage clean; for exercising which public duty, the hat is touched, and a hint as to payment muttered, which, in many cases, meets with attention, for there are a number of good souls who never miss paying Jack for his trouble. We happen to know a gentleman who never passes one of these street-sweepers without laying a contribution into the extended and capacious hat. A crossing is reckoned valuable in proportion to the extent of the thoroughfare. It is bought and sold like a post in the army, and may be left by will. Woe be to the marauder who would take illegal possession, like a squatter in the backwoods, without regular transfer! All the brooms in the capital would be at once shaken in defence of the owner; and if the interloper got off anything short of absolute extinction, he might esteem himself fortunate. Some of these crossings in the city are perhaps worth from two to three hundreds a-year; and it is said that, on a late occasion, one of the incumbents bequeathed several thousands of pounds. So much for a good London crossing.

The constant thoroughfare on the pavements of the city always forms a subject of wonder and curiosity to the stranger. When the town is at the fullest in winter and spring, the pavement is choked with passengers, all floating rapidly on in streams in different directions, yet avoiding any approach to confusion, and in general each rounding any difficult obstruction in the way, with a delicacy and tact no where else to be met with. Many of the strangers who arrive in London from the country are possessed with dreadful notions of the dangers to be encountered in all directions, when walking along the streets. In their youth they have carefully perused a tattered copy of "Barrington's New London Spy," a work which, as a matter of course, horrified them with accounts of ring-droppers, cut-purses, footpads, and others, who subsist on waylaying simple passengers. Before they leave home, they sew up their money in the linings of their clothes, and resolve never to show more than sixpence at a time—in public. They also determine to have all their eyes about them wheresoever they go, and make up their minds never to appear astonished at any thing, lest they be singled out for robbery, and perhaps murder. Catch them, if you can, going any way but in the main lines of street; the Strand and Fleet Street are their regular beat, and they would as soon think of crossing the deck of a line-of-battle ship in time of action, as venture through any of the narrow streets or short cuts. No, no; they know better than do that.

Strangers make a serious miscalculation when they imagine that they are to be annoyed or plundered on the streets of London. These streets are now as well regulated as those of any town in the empire, if not better, and no one is liable to interruption or spoliation unless he court the haunts of vice, or remain out at improper hours. You may at all times of the day walk along without suffering the slightest molestation. Nobody will know that you are there. In the midst of dense moving crowds, you are as much a solitary as in a desert. You are but an atom in a heap; a grain of sand on the sea-shore. It is this perfect seclusion that forms one of the chief charms of a metropolitan life. You depart from a retired part of the country where you cannot stir out unobserved, and, plunging into this overgrown mass of humanity, you there live and die unobserved and uncared for.

The next subject of wonder to a stranger in London is—but we must here pause, and continue our rambling sketches at another opportunity.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RAIN.

THE oceans, lakes, rivers, and springs, which are so generally distributed over the surface of the earth, not only adorn its aspect with variety and beauty, but afford a constant supply of moisture, which, after having been raised in the shape of clouds into the heavens, descends again in showers of larger or smaller drops, to fertilize the soil, and nourish the herbs, shrubs, and trees, which afford sustenance to all living beings, from the insect which wings its way sightless through the air, to man who has been endowed with the highest attributes of intelligence.

In nature, all that we see and hear—the very objects which are most familiar to the eye, and for that reason so continually neglected—are in themselves more or less complicated in structure, and bear the impress of that omnipotent hand, which has weighed, and adjusted to immutable laws, the minutest particle of sand that drifts along the shores of the universe. The light which is the blessed medium of our vision—the heat which is a stimulus to life in every scale of existence—the clouds which float above us, casting their refreshing shadows around our summer footsteps—have already afforded us so much interest, that we are tempted to resume our walk through the popular paths of science, admonished in every step of our progress, by the poet Wordsworth, to

> "look on Nature with a humble heart;
> Self-questioned where we do not understand,
> And with a superstitious eye of love."

Already it has been explained, that the waters of the earth yield up a certain quantity of moisture into the air, which, being condensed, assumes the appearance of a cloud of greater or lesser density and magnitude, floating at a variable distance above us in the regions of the atmosphere. When Gay Lussac ascended in his balloon, he observed clouds floating above him when he had reached the height of twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea; but they generally move in a much lower medium than this; and travellers who have attained the summits of high mountains, have not unfrequently observed them form, float along, and dissipate in the distance beneath him. But a cloud is not, as a rude mind might anticipate, a confused mass, destitute of all arrangement and beauty; for, as already shown, its structure is peculiar, and the vesicles of which it is composed as regularly arranged together as the fibres of the most delicate flower we can inspect;—hence, clouds admit of a particular classification;—from one variety of them, fine weather may be predicted;—from another, the continuance of high winds; from another, the immediate fall of rain—the phenomena attending which come now under our more particular consideration.

REGULAR RAIN.

Naturalists describe rain as regular or irregular—the former possessing the characters which rain usually has in this and every other country, the latter presenting very remarkable peculiarities, which excite the interest of the learned, and the apprehension and wonder of the vulgar. Immediately before the fall of rain, the cloud whence it descends loses its vesicular structure. The water-bags (if this rude term may be applied to the vesicles of which it is composed) condense, and unite together into solid drops, which converts the cloud into that dense, heavy, black-looking mass known well under the name of the rain-cloud. When this happens, rain falls; and its peculiarities consist in the greater or lesser size of its drops, the closer or more distant arrangement of its streams, and the quantity which falls in different regions of the globe. Within the tropics, and in this country, when the air has been charged with electricity, as often happens during the dry summer or autumnal months, the rain-drops are very large; but during the wet and chilly season which attends the fall of the year, they are often very small, and, as it is technically termed, *drizzling*. It is a remarkable fact, and worthy of our notice, that drops of rain have always been found larger in the lower regions of the atmosphere. Thus, Dr Walker observed, in going down a high mountain, that the drops gradually increased in size as he descended. At a little way below the summit of the mountain, the precipitation appeared only a gentle mist; but this gradually became denser as he descended, until, on reaching the valley, it increased to a heavy rain. In the year 1776, Dr Heberdeen proved this curious fact. He placed one instrument for measuring the quantity of rain which falls—called the *rain-guage*, which we shall presently describe—on the square part of the roof of Westminster Abbey; another on the top of a neighbouring house considerably lower than the first; and another on the ground in the adjoining garden. The rain collected in each was as follows:—

Top of Westminster Abbey,	.	12 inches.
Top of the house,	. . .	18 –
On the ground,	. . .	22 –

So that much more rain was collected in the lower than in the upper rain-guage. It has been observed, that this difference may in some measure be owing to the action of the wind, which might drift the rain from the higher and more exposed vessel; but let the greatest pains be taken to avoid this difficulty, which may be done by placing all the vessels in positions equally exposed to the wind;—still the fact will hold good, that the quantity of rain increases as we descend in the atmosphere. It has been conjectured that the increased size of the drops, as we descend mountains into vallies, depends on their uniting together as they fall. But the truth seems to be, that the increased quantity of moisture precipitated is owing to the continued evaporation going on at the earth's surface. When the sun has withdrawn his rays, or is overcast by a dense cloud in the higher regions of the heavens, and when the air is loaded with excess of vapour, should an additional quantity arise from the earth's surface, it must be obstructed in its ascent, and, meeting with a colder current, be condensed, and converted into rain. In traversing a mountainous country during a storm, we have had occasion to observe this fact; for often the rain by which we have been wet through, has seemed not so much to descend from above, as to be formed immediately around us. The garments about the knees of the pedestrian will, under such circumstances, be wet through, while his shoulders remain comparatively dry. Hence, marshy and maritime situations which emit much vapour are observed to be remarkably rainy. Mountainous regions are generally visited also with much rain; and the reason of this is, that clouds are attracted by mountains. Every cloud is charged with more or less *electricity*, and the mountains which rise high in the atmosphere act as attractors. When the cloud approaches, being in an opposite electrical state, the mountain abstracts from it a portion of its electric fluid, in consequence of which its vesicles collapse, and fall in rain-drops. When a country is very flat, rain does not often fall: thus, though the winds are not steady, rain in Egypt seldom occurs. In illustration of the agency of mountains in attracting clouds, it has been often remarked, that on the Andes it rains constantly, and sometimes descends on Quito in prodigious showers, while in Peru this rarely occurs.

Winds, likewise, by being irregular and variable, give rise to heavy falls of rain in this and in other countries. The rains in India, which are often so desolating in their effects, generally occur during the shifting of the monsoons; but the most remarkable storm of rain there experienced, usually occurs during what is termed the south-west monsoon. "Its approach," says Mr Elphinstone, "is generally announced by vast masses of clouds that rise from the Indian Ocean, and advance towards the north-east, gathering and thickening as they come near the land. After some threatening days, the sky assumes a troubled appearance in the evening, and the monsoon generally sets in during the night. It is attended by thunder storms far exceeding those in more temperate regions. It generally begins with violent blasts of wind, which are succeeded by floods of rain. For some hours, light-

ning is seen almost without intermission; sometimes it only illuminates the sky, and shows the clouds near the horizon; at others, it discovers the distant hills, and again leaves all in darkness, when, in an instant, it re-appears in vivid successive flashes, and exhibits the nearest objects in all the brightness of day. During all this time, thunder never ceases to roll, and is only silenced by some nearer peal, which bursts on the ear with such a sudden and tremendous crash as can scarcely fail to strike the most insensible heart with awe. At length the thunder ceases, and nothing is heard but the continued pouring of the rain and the rushing of the rising streams. The next day presents a gloomy spectacle; the rain still descends in torrents, and scarcely allows a view of the blackened fields; the rivers are swollen and discoloured, and sweep down along with them the hedges, the huts, and the remains of the cultivation which was carried on during the last dry season, in their beds."* In this country, during steady dry weather, the winds blow in a steady direction; but when they shift, and become unsteady and variable, rainy weather generally succeeds. When the wind remains for a long period blowing in one continued direction, the vapour, instead of accumulating and condensing into clouds, is wafted to distant regions. Accordingly, rain seldom falls during the constant trade-winds; but the continental parts of the regions where these remarkable winds occur, are subject to very heavy rainy seasons, which are periodical, like the monsoons of the same climates. In that part of Peru called Valles, which lies on the north and south side of Lima, and is bounded on the east by the Andes, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, it never rains at all; but during winter the earth is covered with a fog so thick and dense as to intercept the rays of the sun. These fogs, which the natives call *garuas*, supply sufficient moisture to render the most arid and barren soil fertile, and to convert the disagreeable dust in the streets of Lima into mud. The reason why it never rains in this country is, that the wind always blows from the south, that is, from a colder to a warmer region of the world. In all countries, particular winds are noted for being accompanied either by wet or by dry weather; thus, the south and the south-west winds bring much moisture into Britain, while those from the north and north-east are cold, dry, and penetrating; hence the old proverb,

"When the wind's in the south,
It's in the rain's mouth."

Not only does this arise from the immense surface of ocean over which these winds sweep south of the equator, the evaporation from which must be prodigious, but from these southerly winds being of a higher temperature, whereby they hold a greater quantity of vapour in suspension or solution, the condensation of which must be proportionally greater on arriving in this colder climate. Accordingly, it has been observed that the wind will turn from the north to south with a quiet wind and without rain, but, on returning from the south to the north, will blow hard and bring much rain. Again, if it begin to rain from the south, with a high wind, for two or three hours, and the wind falls, but the rain continues, it is likely to rain for twelve hours or more, and does usually rain until a strong north wind clears the air. For the same reason, winds from the west and south-west are considered to bring with them wet weather; hence the old saying,

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

In the morning, the sun, rising from its "eastern chamber," shines directly upon the rain falling in the west, and thereby warning the watchful shepherd of the approach of wet weather with this humid wind; but at night, when the sun sinks in the west, its rays fall on the rain in the east, and the shepherd then sees the storm departing; hence, this is one of the many popular sayings founded on observation of nature.

Men of science have made very careful inquiries to ascertain the quantity of rain which falls in certain places during a given time, and the instrument devised for that purpose is called the *rain-guage*. Its construction is very simple, consisting merely of a circular or square vessel, to which is affixed a pipe, funnel-shaped, for conducting the rain into it, where its quantity is estimated by a scale marking the number of square inches which enter. The annual quantity of rain is greatest at the equator, and gradually diminishes as we approach the poles. But, while the quantity of rain varies in different regions of the earth, it presents remarkable differences even in the same country. The mean quantity of rain which falls in England is estimated at 32 inches. For the amusement, we should rather say instruction, of our readers, we subjoin, in a note however, the mean annual fall of rain in different places in this country.† As the west wind blows for a much longer period of the year than the east wind, more rain falls on the west than east coast of Great Britain. "Glasgow," says Dr Thomson, "which is an inland city, and at some distance from the mountains, is drier than Edinburgh, which is more contiguous to the Eastern Ocean, and much drier than Greenock or Largs, which are contiguous to the Western Ocean."—*Outlines of the Sciences of Heat and Electricity*, Vol. I.—269, *et seq.*

The influence of the wind, however, and its effects, must be much modified by the aspect of the country through which it sweeps, be it over level seas and plains, over ranges of mountains, or between rocky or mountainous passes. Such local peculiarities in the features of the earth necessarily influence the quantity of rain which falls in particular districts; but this we shall hereafter contemplate more fully, when we consider the nature of whirlwinds, tornadoes, the typhoon, simoons, hurricanes, and other meteorological phenomena, which occur in different regions of the globe.

* Historical and Descriptive Account of British India, vol. iii. 246. Oliver and Boyd. 1832.

† The following is the annual fall of rain in different places in Great Britain:—

London,	23.10 inches.	Liverpool,	34.119 inches.
Edinburgh,	24.5 –	Lancaster,	39.714 –
Glasgow,	21.331 –	Chatsworth,	27.664 –
Dumfries,	36.919 –	Dover,	37.52 –
Manchester,	26.140 –	Plymouth,	44 –

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES TAYLOR,

Originator of Steam Navigation.

THERE can be no more pleasing duty than that of rescuing the claims of worth and genius from unmerited oblivion, more especially when these claims are grounded upon benefits conferred on the whole civilized world. But the task assumes something even of a sacred character, when undertaken in behalf of the departed; for however gratifying it may be to render that justice which has been so long delayed, it is melancholy to reflect that he to whom it was due does not now exist to reap the benefit of the vindication.

The credit of the inestimable invention of applying steam to the purposes of navigation, has now been claimed by so many pretenders, that we believe the public are at this moment as much puzzled to whom to assign the palm, as they have all along been to penetrate the mystery of the authorship of *Junius*. Independent of numerous claimants in our own country, our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic have not been slow to assert their title; but although it be true that the great and important results likely to accrue from the discovery, were first fairly developed on the Hudson, we are perfectly prepared to shew, that there certainly the idea did not originate; that it was altogether of British, or rather of Scottish origin; and from documents now in our possession, we have little doubt of being able to set this disputed question for ever at rest to the satisfaction of the public, and to prove that to the individual whose name stands at the head of this memoir, the world is indebted for all the benefits they enjoy by means of that wonderful fabric, the STEAM-BOAT.

It is needless here to give a detailed account of Mr Taylor's birth and parentage; suffice it to say, that they were both respectable. He received the rudiments of his education at the celebrated school at Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, and afterwards attended the University of Edinburgh for several years. He appears to have prosecuted his studies with much assiduity and success, for at the end of his course he was prepared to enter either upon the profession of medicine or divinity. But the excursiveness of his genius hindered him at the time from fixing his mind down to any one pursuit; and although, as we are told, more than one living was placed within his acceptance, he continued to devote himself to his favourite philosophical studies, particularly geology, mineralogy, chemistry, and *mechanics*. The ardour of enthusiasm, however, although it may sustain the mind, will not support the body; and in the year 1785 he accepted the situation of preceptor in the family of the late Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton. That well-known, excellent, and patriotic gentleman, whose exertions as a practical experimentalist on almost all useful subjects are well known, had shortly before then completed a long and expensive course of experiments upon artillery, of which the carronade was the result, and was, at the time, engaged in a similar course upon shipping. He had built several vessels of various constructions and magnitudes, with the view of improving upon the existing modes of ship-building—in particular a double vessel, intended to be propelled by the hand by means of wheels. It will readily be imagined that two individuals, so similar in habits, and so ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, as Mr Taylor and his employer, should soon contract a friendship and regard for each other; and, accordingly, Mr Miller soon acquired the habit of uniformly consulting the opinion of his family tutor, and making him a sort of partner in all his shipping experiments. In 1787, Mr Miller engaged in a sailing match with a party of gentlemen at Leith, in his double vessel, against a first-rate sailing wherry. Mr Taylor was, of course, on board; and to this circumstance may be attributed the primary projection of applying the steam-engine to navigation. Mr Miller's vessel won the day, and Mr Taylor felt perfectly convinced of the efficiency of the *principle* by which it was wrought; but, having taken a spell at the wheels, he found the labour so excessive, that he told Mr Miller, that, unless he could apply a more commanding power than that of men, the invention would be of little use. Mr Miller acknowledged the justice of the observation, and requested the aid of his cogitations on the subject, adding, that the only other plan he himself could think of was the employment of the capstan. Mr Taylor's thoughts forthwith became steadfastly directed to the subject; and, after much reflection, and many conversations with his employer, he at last suggested the steam-engine. Mr Miller at first started many objections on the score of the danger of fire, &c.; but at last, after great persuasion, and not until Mr Taylor had demonstrated by drawings the practicability of connecting the engine with the wheels, he agreed to have a small engine built, and to give the plan a trial. Accordingly, on the family coming into Edinburgh for the winter, from Dalswinton, Mr Taylor was requested to find out a proper engineer for the purpose; and a young acquaintance of his, named William Symington, employed at the lead mines at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire, and who had invented a new construction of the steam-engine (by throwing off the air pump), being at the time in Edinburgh for his education, he recommended and introduced him to Mr Miller. It was then agreed that the experiment should be made on the lake at Dalswinton, in the ensuing summer (1788); and upon the family returning to the country in the spring, Mr Taylor remained behind to superintend and transmit the castings, which were formed of brass. In the autumn, Symington was sent for to Dalswinton to put the parts together, and fit the engine upon the vessel, a handsome double pleasure-boat. The experiment which followed succeeded perfectly; the vessel moving at the rate of five miles an hour, notwithstanding the smallness of the cylinders, which were only four inches in diameter. This trial took place in presence of hundreds of people, and an account of it, drawn up by Mr Taylor, was inserted in the *Dumfries Journal* the same month (October). It was also noticed in the *Scots Magazine* of the following November

The success of the foregoing experiment was so complete and satisfactory, that it was agreed to form a business of it, and cover the invention with a patent; but, before doing so, it was reckoned prudent to repeat the trial upon a larger scale on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Accordingly, in the following spring, Mr Taylor repaired to Carron, with Mr Symington, to superintend the casting of a double engine, with cylinders of eighteen inches diameter; but it was the month of November ere all things were ready for action. There were present, on this occasion, the Committee of the Managers of the Carron Company, Mr Balfour of Pilrig, Mr Adam of Blair-Adam, Mr Stainton, manager of the works, and other gentlemen, together with Mr Taylor and Mr Symington. Several unforeseen, and, indeed, almost unavoidable mishaps, at first occurred, owing to the too slight construction of several parts of the engine; but ultimately, on the 26th December, every thing was put to rights, and the vessel went beautifully and steadily at the rate of seven miles an hour. The experiment, indeed, was as complete as any that has ever since been tried. By Mr Miller's directions (who was not present on the above occasion) the vessel was dismantled and laid up, and the engine placed in the Carron works; and when Mr Taylor joined him at Dalswinton, he found him too much occupied with his agricultural improvements to think of prosecuting the steam-boat scheme farther at that time; nor could he ever afterwards be induced to take it up again. The patent was never taken out. Mr Taylor, not possessing sufficient funds of his own, either to ensure protection to, or enable him to reap the due benefit from, his invention, was compelled to remain passive; and, as but too often happens in such cases, others began to turn the fruits of his genius to their own account. In the following year, however, an opportunity seemed to offer itself, by which Mr Taylor had a temporary prospect of realizing his hopes of fame and fortune from his ingenuity. The present R. Cutlar Fergusson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, then resident at Paris, having heard of the steam-boat experiments, wrote home, earnestly advising Mr Taylor to carry his invention to the Continent, and promising to introduce him to the notice of the King of Hungary. Several letters passed between Mr Fergusson and Mr Taylor on the subject; but the scheme was entirely dissipated by the breaking out of the French Revolution. It is proper here to observe, that both Mr Fergusson and his father, who corresponded with Mr Taylor on the subject, although intimate friends and constant visitors of Mr Miller, never once mentioned his name in their letters, but uniformly addressed the subject of this memoir personally, as the originator and possessor of the invention. Shortly after this period, Mr Taylor and Mr Miller separated.

In 1801 or 1802, Mr Symington, who, up to this time, had never laid the shadow of a claim to Mr Taylor's invention, induced Lord Dundas to employ him to fit up a vessel for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company. This was accordingly done, but when set a-working, the agitation of the water, and consequent washing of the banks, which it caused, was so alarming, that the Company would not permit it to be used again, and it was laid up at Lock Sixteen. It happened that at this period Mr Fulton, the American engineer, was travelling in Britain for information in the line of his profession, and, whilst visiting Carron works, in company with Mr Henry Bell, then a carpenter at Glasgow, first heard of the steam-boat. He forthwith applied to Mr Symington, who resided at Falkirk, for leave to inspect the boat, which was immediately complied with, and every information readily furnished. The consequence was, that both Mr Fulton and Mr Bell immediately conceived the project of separately turning the invention to their own ac-

count. Mr Fulton launched his first boat on the Hudson in 1807, and he and his country claimed the merit of the invention. Mr Bell was somewhat tardier in his movements, and it was not until 1812 that his first steam-vessel, the Comet, was set a-going on the Clyde—when he, like Mr Fulton, also claimed the merit of the invention. In the meantime, it appears that Mr Symington, too, not only laid pretensions to it, but had secretly taken out a patent so far back as the year 1802 or 1803. This stealthy step, however, of which neither Mr Taylor nor Mr Miller had the slightest suspicion, served him nothing; for when he raised an action of damages upon it in 1815, against the proprietors of the Clyde steam-boats, they defended themselves successfully on the plea that he was not the original inventor. Mr Symington's unfair and continued interference, and the discovery of the surreptitious patent, of which Mr Taylor was not made aware until long afterwards, and not until many years after Mr Miller's death, seem to have called forth an indignant remonstrance from Mr Taylor, as we find by a letter of Mr Symington, dated February 1821, evidently intended to soothe his irritation, and promising to pay him one-half of the interest and proceeds of the patent.

When the steam-boats first commenced plying on the Clyde, Mr Taylor again waited on Mr Miller, who had now become very infirm, and pressingly urged upon him to preserve the benefit of his invention by patent. Mr Miller, however, urged his age and declining health as an excuse for not engaging any more in such speculations, and added—"I must now rest satisfied with having produced an improvement which will do good to my country, and benefit all mankind." Under such circumstances, and Mr Taylor not having funds of his own to interfere, the benefit of the invention was unfortunately allowed to pass away from both. It is not easy to account for Mr Miller's singular apathy and indifference towards the subject, subsequent to the undoubted success of his experiments—the point at which most other people would feel chiefly encouraged to persevere. That it was from indifference to fame and reputation, no one who was acquainted with that gentleman can for a moment suspect; and we are indeed strongly inclined to believe that it was his very fondness for that most delusive but innocent of vanities which caused his silence. It must be recollected that no pretender to the invention had started up in Britain previous to this time, and he knew that he himself currently got the entire credit of it. Had he, however, proceeded to take out a patent, he would have been compelled to have included Mr Taylor in it, and thus, by making public the principal share which the latter gentleman had in the invention, have deprived himself of the credit he had so long been in the habit of receiving. This explanation of his conduct, at least, is the only probable one which we are able to arrive at.

Whilst steam navigation was every day rising in importance, and numerous companies and individuals were rapidly building their fortunes through its means, the friends of Mr Taylor, who was in any thing but prosperous circumstances, never ceased to urge upon him the propriety of laying his claims before government, and soliciting a reward suited to the magnitude and importance of his discovery. At last, in 1824, he was induced to draw up a statement, detailing all the particulars connected with the origin and progress of steam navigation, which he printed, and addressed to Sir Henry Parnell, Chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Steam-boats, &c. It would not appear that this application elicited any favourable reply; for, early in 1825, we find him applying to Mr Huskisson, then President of the Board of Trade, through Mr Kennedy, of Dunure, to which application an answer was returned to the effect that "there was little hope that government would consider the subject a fit one for remuneration!" Imagining that this indifference of the Ministry to his claims arose from the uncertainty which was felt in regard to the real author of the invention, owing to the multiplicity of claimants, he again wrote in August the same year, with a fuller and more particular detail of all the circumstances. At this time he was upon his death-bed, and, indeed, within a month of his decease—bowed down by infirmities, and pressed with pecuniary difficulties, having previously engaged in an extensive pottery at Cumnock, in Ayrshire, which had not succeeded. He died on the 18th September 1825, in the 68th year of his age, an addition to the already numerous list of men whose genius has secured mighty results for the world, but nothing beneficial for themselves. Very shortly after his decease, a third application was made to the same quarter, by one of his relatives, on behalf of his widow and family, in which some pretensions, brought forward at the time by Mr Symington, in a letter to the Editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, were most satisfactorily refuted. In this communication to government, also, a letter was quoted, penned so far back as the year 1787, by Mr Symington to Mr Taylor, in which that gentleman so explicitly acknowledges the originality of the conception of the applicability of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation, as belonging to the subject of this memoir, that it seems altogether incomprehensible how he could ever afterwards presume to attempt the appropriation of it to himself. An extract from this letter of Mr Symington, as well as of his promissory epistle to Mr Taylor of February 1821, is subjoined;* and it is thought proper here to state, that the originals of these, as well as of many other communications between the parties on the same subject, have been submitted to the inspection of one of the Editors of this publication. Mr Symington subsequently attempted to renew his pretensions, in a communication to the Editor of the *Ayr Advertiser*; but these were so thoroughly set at rest by a respondent in the same publication, that it is reckoned unnecessary here to allude to them more particularly.

It is peculiarly gratifying to us, and must be so to every admirer of genius and every lover of humanity, to be enabled to conclude this memoir by stating, that, shortly after Mr Taylor's death, a pension of L.50 a-year was bestowed by government on his widow, a most respectable gentlewoman, now residing in Edinburgh—thus acknowledging substantially, though tardily, the justness of those claims, advanced thus late, and under such peculiar circumstances.

* "I must make some remarks on your summer's invention, which, if made to perform what its author gives it out for, will undoubtedly be one of the greatest wonders hitherto presented to the world, besides being of considerable emolument to the projector. Great success to you, although overturning my schemes; but take care we do not come upon your back, and run away with them by some improvement. Your brother John gives a kind of credit to your report, which, for some reasons, I did not discourage. I must conclude, &c. &c. (Signed) Wm. Symington."

"Glasgow, 9th Feb. 1821.

"Sir—In terms of our former agreement when making experiments of sailing by the steam-engine, I hereby bind and oblige myself to convey to you, by a regular assignation, the one-half of the interest and proceeds of the patent taken by me upon that invention, when an opportunity occurs of executing the deed, and when required.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"To Mr James Taylor, Cumnock." (Signed) William Symington.

LIVING IN JAMAICA.

There are few places in the world where people in general *live* better, I believe, than in Jamaica—from the highest to the lowest—the governor to the plantation negro. Food of all kinds is in abundance—flesh, fish, fowl, fruit, and kitchen vegetables. To be sure, the assortment varies in different districts, but all are equally well supplied with some kinds or other. If fresh beef and mutton abound most in the towns, the mountains have a still better supply of pigs, poultry, kid, and game. The beef is seldom good, owing to the universal practice of drawing the oxen in teams for several years. Besides, the heat of the climate obliges its consumption, or at least cooking, within four-and-twenty hours after being killed. Taste is every thing, however: what I considered extremely *bad* (coming straight from the roast beef of old England), the islanders reckoned extremely *good*. The mutton is coarse, and, from the appearance of the sheep, one wonders it is not much coarser. If I recollect right, they are Mexican—long-necked, ragged rascals, with only half a hide upon them. A drove of them look, for all the world, like a regiment of hussars. The young kids are much used, and highly prized, and, when properly roasted, look very tempting and tender, but still there is a rankness of flavour about the flesh which bespeaks the future goat, and which I never could reconcile myself to. The pigs, especially those fed on the sugar estates, are the most delicate and delicious, I should think, in the universe. What the acorn-fed porkers of Westphalia may be when young, I know not, but they must be fine indeed to excel their West Indian brethren, educated on the juicy cane roots and plantain stems. The veal I never tasted. As for the fish, there are few places supplied more abundantly, or in greater variety. It would occupy, indeed, a whole page of letter-press to enumerate them; therefore I shall name none. Many of them are large and rich, but their flesh is in general soft and pulpy, nor is there any one of them at all to be compared to our own salmon. One small kind, called the *snapper*, with various other sorts, are to be seen swimming about near the shore of the clear pellucid harbour, and under the numerous quays, in thousands. In the inland streams, the mountain mullet, a fine rich trout, is the prevalent fish. Speaking of fish, I must not forget the shell-fish; but I refer to them only for the purpose of noticing two species—the oyster and the black crab. The former literally *grow upon trees;* that is to say, they adhere to the pendant branches of the willows that grow on the margin of the water, and in this state are brought into market, where they are sold at so much per stick. But, assuredly, unless informed, I should never have guessed them to have been oysters. Their shells generally resemble those of the mussel rather than the pandore. They are very sweet and wholesome nevertheless. The black crab (which resembles exactly our Scotch *parton*, but smaller, and darker in the colour) is generally considered a great delicacy in Jamaica. The habits of this animal are as great a puzzle to the West Indians as those of the salmon are to the naturalists of Scotland. They are found in all parts of the interior, and it is believed they migrate every year from one side of the island to the other; at least they have often been met with, in hundreds together, slowly traversing the country. At these times it is dangerous to meddle with them, as, should they fix upon a man, mule, or horse, nothing but wrenching their claws off their bodies could make them quit their hold. It is a curious characteristic of this animal, that, during these migrations, nothing can make them swerve from their path. Be the obstacle which comes in their way stone, tree, or precipice, they go direct over it by means of their adhesive claws. Whilst sojourning on the sea-shore, they burrow in holes like rabbits. The domestic fowls are the common hen, the Guinea-hen, the peacock, the turkey, the duck, and, I think, the goose. The first of these are chiefly disposed of to vessels leaving port; but the Guinea-hen, although seemingly a more delicate bird, is easier kept, and stands the voyage much better. The turkey thrives uncommonly well in Jamaica. The game, or wild fowl, is exceedingly limited in variety. The Guinea-fowl and the quail are plentiful; but owing to the rank vegetation that covers the country, any thing like regular hunting is impossible. There is likewise abundance of snipes, and also numerous varieties of the pigeon tribe.

Of the fruits in Jamaica I need scarcely speak. They comprise almost every species known in the western tropics. The vine and pomegranate cluster every veranda where the owner takes the trouble to plant them. A large delicious pine-apple may be bought in the market for a-fippeny (3d. sterling). The juicy water-melon, which retains its delightful coolness even when exposed, unsheltered, to the burning sun, is abundant, and grows to a very large size. Oranges are in the utmost profusion, and better I never tasted than what I met with sometimes. The tamarinds are literally allowed to rot on the trees. The mangoes are so common that they are little regarded, unless by the negroes, scores of whom are every year carried off from eating them ere they are fully ripe. Besides the fruits I have mentioned, there are the shaddock, the star-apple, the pappaw, and a host of others, too numerous to record here. Wild strawberries are found in the higher parts of the mountains. The English apple, also, grows in Jamaica, but is very dwarfish; nor must I omit to mention the pears, which are not eaten, as with us, as a dessert, but to meals, with pepper and salt! They bear no affinity, however, to the British pear, but have a large stone in the heart of them, and the fruit is of a fat tasteless nature, which few strangers relish. I have eaten the ripe figs from the tree, too; but to my taste they are nothing to be compared in their green to their preserved state. The cocoa-nut tree takes, I believe, fully a dozen years ere it begins to bear. While the nut is green, and before the white kernel, or rather coating, begins to form on the inside of the shell, the cavity is quite filled with a watery liquid of a sweet rich taste, which is reckoned very nourishing. I have taken an English pint of this liquor from one nut—and drunk it too. There is a great similarity of appearance between the palm and the cocoa-nut trees; and although the former is the statelier plant, the branches of the latter excel it in freshness of colour—bright green.

There is no scarcity of kitchen vegetables in Jamaica. The potatoes endeavoured to be raised there are, as in all tropical climes, very bad—small, watery, and waxy. The want of them, however, is amply made up by the yam in the mountains; and in the sea-ports there is at all times a plentiful importation of potatoes from Ireland, Britain, and America. There are green peas all the year round, and a numerous variety of small delicate beans. A plant called callaloo grows wild, which is much used in the interior, and resembles exactly our spinach in taste, colour, and medicinal properties. Perhaps I should also include the plantain among the vegetables for table use, as it is used instead of loaf-bread at all meals by the planters in the interior. There is a root, too, called the cocoa, which in its green state is rank poison, but when dried in the sun, and pounded, makes a white and pleasant cake. This root, however, is only used by the negroes. One of the greatest treats of the vegetable species which I met with among the mountains, was "the garden marrow," which, when sliced down and fried, bears the nearest possible resemblance to a rich, well-cooked pancake.

Having thus given a brief, and, I will own, imperfect enumeration of the various *fungibles* which the soil and shores of Jamaica yield its inhabitants, I will next endeavour, in a subsequent paper, to give a faint idea of the gastronomical habits of the consumers.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

White, in his delightful work entitled the *Natural History of Selborne*, an exceedingly beautiful and cheap edition of which is lately published in the British Library, makes the following observations on the language of birds:—

"From the motion of birds, the transition is natural enough to their notes and language, of which I shall say something. Not that I would pretend to understand their language like the vizier, who, by the recital of a conversation which passed between two owls, reclaimed a sultan, before delighting in conquest and devastation; but I would be thought only to mean, that many of the winged tribes have various sounds and voices adapted to express their various passions, wants, and feelings, such as anger, fear, love, hatred, hunger, and the like. All species are not equally eloquent; some are copious and fluent, as it were, in their utterance, while others are confined to a few important sounds; no bird, like the fish kind, is quite mute, though some are rather silent. The language of birds is very ancient, and, like other ancient modes

of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood.

The notes of the eagle kind are shrill and piercing; and, about the season of nidification, much diversified, as I have been often assured by a curious observer of nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the king of birds. Owls have very expressive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the *vox humana*, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males; they use also a quick call and a horrible scream; and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, besides their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding season, attempt sometimes, in the gaiety of their hearts, to sing, but with no great success; the parrot kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds; doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers; the woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh; the fern-owl, or goat-sucker, from the dusk till daybreak, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful *passeres* express their complacency by sweet modulations, and a variety of melody. The swallow, by a shrill alarm, bespeaks the attention of the other *hirundines*, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand. Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious—as cranes, wild-geese, wild-ducks, and the like: their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions.

In so extensive a subject, sketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endless to instance in all the infinite variety of the feathered nation. We shall, therefore, confine our attention to the few domestic fowls of our yards, which are most known, and, therefore, best understood. And first, the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like most of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and shocking to the ear: the yelling of cats, and the braying of an ass, are not more disgustful. The voice of the goose is trumpet-like, and clanking, and once saved the Capitol at Rome, as grave historians assert: the hiss, also, of the gander, is formidable, and full of menace, and 'protective of his young.' Among ducks, the sexual distinction of voice is remarkable; for, while the quack of the female is loud and sonorous, the voice of the drake is inward, and harsh, and feeble, and scarce discernible. The cock turkey struts and gobbles to his mistress in a most uncouth manner: he hath also a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adversary. When a hen turkey leads forth her young brood, she keeps a watchful eye; and if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a steady and attentive look; but if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her outcries are redoubled.

No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression, and so copious a language, as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by a joyous and easy soft note. Of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language; she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary: if he finds food, he calls a favourite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phrases, and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing: by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum—as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him

> —— the crested cock, whose clarion sounds
> The silent hours.

A neighbouring gentleman, one summer, had lost most of his chickens by a sparrow-hawk, that came gliding down, between a fagot pile and the end of his house, to the place where the coops stood. The owner, inwardly vexed to see his flock thus diminishing, hung a setting net adroitly between the pile and the house, into which the caitiff dashed, and was entangled. Resentment suggested the law of retaliation; he therefore clipped the hawk's wings, cut off his talons, and, fixing a cork on his bill, threw him down among the brood-hens. Imagination cannot paint the scene that ensued; the expressions that fear, rage, and revenge inspired, were new, or at least such as had been unnoticed before. The exasperated matrons upbraided —they execrated—they insulted—they triumphed. In a word, they never desisted from buffeting their adversary till they had torn him in a hundred pieces."

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

MARSEILLES.

THERE is nothing so tiresome as travelling by canal, even though it be that of Languedoc. The continued line of artificial embankment affects both mind and eye with its dull monotony. To relieve myself from the heavy sensations which a gliding motion is apt to produce, I walked the whole distance between Toulouse and Bezieres, taking advantage of the boat to convey my portmanteau; and, from the frequent recurrence of locks, I found that I could more than keep pace with it. I left Toulouse early in the morning, and arrived at Bezieres the subsequent evening, so that I was necessitated to walk one whole night, the sofas in the little cabin being quite occupied by men, women, and children; and I preferred the exercise to sleeping, as some of the passengers did, stretched on their own luggage on deck, under a heavy fall of dew. As the boat was in continued motion, and no provision made for passengers on board, I was obliged to cater for myself at the various villages as we passed along; and I contrived to do so pretty successfully, though an Englishman and his wife declared that they were half starved. On the whole, I advise every one who is fond of ease and comfortable travelling to shun the Languedoc Canal, which the guide-books so warmly recommend; except to a pedestrian with heavy luggage, it offers no advantages. I arrived at Bezieres at seven o'clock in the evening; the sun was down some time, and the town, which stands on a rock of considerable altitude, and is strongly fortified, rose in a dark heavy mass against the evening sky. I ascended the rocky declivitous pathway on the west, and, by nine o'clock, was thundering down the opposite one on the east, in a diligence bound for Montpelier. Bezieres is famed for its manufacture of *eau de vie*, which vies in celebrity with that of Cogniac; and as I had provided myself with a flask of it, a second night in the open air was passed pleasantly enough. We got to Montpelier about four in the morning. I enjoyed a delicious slumber till nine, when the bright beams of a cloudless day broke into my room, and I soon found myself on the *Perault*, or public promenade.

Like all towns dependent for its prosperity on fashion or caprice, Montpelier has seen many changes. The Montpelier of to-day is but the ghost of what it once was. The sun shines as brightly as ever; the delicious softness of the morning and evening breezes is as salubrious; the animal, fish, and vegetable markets, are as overflowing with cheap and wholesome viands; the promenades have all the advantages of shade and distant landscape; but instead of the hundreds who used to flock every autumn to enjoy them, only a few solitary strangers drop in as if by chance. The quackery of medicine, which at one time numbered Montpelier as a panacea for all descriptions of disease, has contributed, I believe, by following the caprice of fashion, to its present adversity. Other towns and climates have been discovered which are more efficacious in curing maladies, and in filling the pockets of the adventurous physician. For my part, as I walked along the rows of trees which line the promenade, decorated with its fountain and elegant temple, and caught distant glimpses of the Mediterranean, the Alps, and Pyrenees, with fragments of decayed aqueducts breaking through the foliage of the middle distance, I envied the persons who came to lay their bones amongst such beautiful imagery. As I was sketching a portion of the scene, I was addressed by an English gentleman, who, to my no small surprise, I discovered was one to whom I had a letter of introduction, when he politely offered to show me what was to be seen about the place. Making a circuit round the town, we visited the Botanical Gardens, a favourite haunt of the English, and which, with their cool shady walks, and thousand beautiful specimens of rare exotics, and little ponds of clear spring water filled with gold and silver fish, offer attractions of no mean description during the warm summer months. Here, in a little sequestered nook, almost hid by shrubbery, Young the poet's daughter lies buried, with this simple inscription, carved upon as simple a tomb:—

> "Placendis Narcissæ muribus,"

the unaffected pathos of which must strike every one. As we walked along the broad strait avenues strewed with fallen leaves, multitudes of various sized lizards were rustling about. There is no better proof of the existence of a warm dry climate than this. In Italy, they are so numerous that they often find their way into the houses. They are perfectly harmless and very beautiful; they are generally of a dark green, with black spots on the back, and a yellowish white on the belly; their eyes are two little brilliant sparks, which often startle you, peeping from amongst the leaves, and their motions are quick as thought, and very elegant. It was here, too, that I first observed aloes in flower in the open air, another rather convincing proof of the climate's salubrity. The chief objection to Montpelier as a residence, appeared to me its size and bustle; it is too large and too noisy for a retirement, unless one lives some way in the country, and many neat cottages may be had at very low rates. The town has nothing striking in point of buildings: the theatre is, of course, one of the most conspicuous, and in the museum there are some good paintings. I dined at my friend's house, where every thing was cooked and served *a l'Anglais*; so that I have nothing to say but that the English, go where they may, live quite at home, seeing as little of foreign manners and society as if they had never moved from their arm chairs.

The following day I found myself at Nismes; and though I did not spend many hours in it, I saw enough to make me delighted with it. As a place of residence, it appeared to me preferable to any town I had yet visited. The streets are wide, yet rendered shady by rows of trees. The promenades are truly magnificent, and the antiquities, as far as they go, as interesting as any thing in Italy. The amphitheatre, which, on a small scale, is almost a model of that of Vespasian at Rome, is more perfect than it, and sufficiently large to have a character of dignity and grandeur; but the Temple of Diana, or, as the French absurdly enough term it, "*La Maison Quarrée*," is a finer example of a Roman temple than exists any where in Italy. Indeed, its purity and elegance is quite Greek. I was sorry to observe a troop of workmen busily repairing it. It is as dangerous an experiment to touch a decaying building, as to retouch an ancient picture. The possession of these two real gems of art seems to have given a proper direction to the minds of the architects of Nismes, for the public buildings have much more purity than the general run of those one sees in France. As I stood near the office of the diligence, a scene happened not many yards from me, which may seem to illustrate the French character: One of the National Guard, using the most insulting language to a man who was known to be a Carlist, and, declaring that he had no right to wear mustachios, offered to cut them off, the other resisted; a scuffle ensued, which ended by the guardsman driving his sword through the other's heart. The assassin was instantly seized, but had not the military made their appearance on the instant, so strong was the feeling of the bystanders in favour of his cause, that he would have been as immediately rescued. However, he was conveyed to prison under a strong guard; the colonel made a speech to the crowd, and the people withdrew. About fifteen minutes after this incident, I observed a very showy and beautiful woman pass hurriedly along with oysters on a wooden board, followed by twenty or thirty people. Upon inquiry I found that this was the wife of the murderer, on her way to her husband's cell, with some crumbs of comfort as a solace for his loss of liberty. Had I not seen the whole transaction, I could scarcely have believed that even French *philosophy* could have gone so far During my ride to Marseilles, being in the interior of the diligence with three Frenchmen, I found that politics at the moment run so high, that an act which, in the eye of reason and justice, could only be considered as an unprovoked murder, was regarded in the light of a heroic deed, and the murderer rather canonized than reprobated.

Marseilles has been justly termed Europe in miniature, for here one sees samples of all nations, from the turbaned Turk, and opium-devouring Arab, to the furred and oily Russian. The harbour is always crowded with vessels—the strange looking crafts of the Algerines, the broad bottoms and low masts of the Dutch, Italian feluccas, and English jolly-boats, all mingled together in picturesque proximity. Flags of all shapes and colours "flout the sky," and the hoarse bawling of the crews, in almost every living tongue, is continued from morning to night. The quays, which stretch round with two gigantic horns, are gay, with shops displaying all sorts of merchandise, from the gold dust, feathers, and perfumes of Arabia, to the muslin and cotton goods of Macclesfield and Paisley. There is nothing which the most excursive imagination could wish for, that is not displayed in the gay windows—costly silks, gems, bright plumaged birds, fruits of delicious odour, spices, gum, spirits, and wines of the finest growths, pipes with amber shafts, and merechaume bowls, and tobacco of the most fragrant flavour, curling in white volumes from the open doors of the coffee-houses, where sit the merchants and ship-owners, enjoying their small cups of high-flavoured coffee. I wandered about, as it were, in a dream; the Tales of a Hundred and One seemed to be at length realized, when I was brought to my senses by a poor half-starved wretch craving a sous. The town is divided into old and new, the portion encircling the harbour belonging to the former. The streets of the latter are very fine and broad, and showy, rising very rapidly from the harbour till they terminate in the public promenade, which put me somewhat in mind of the Calton-hill of Edinburgh. From this point a noble view of the town and Mediterranean is obtained—the harbour being finely covered, and defended by a number of small islands. In the evening I strolled into several of the coffee-houses, which were crowded to the doors with Turks, Greeks, Jews, Italians, Spaniards, Franks, Irish, English, and Scotch. There was a perpetual rattle of billiard balls, dominoes, and dice boxes, a strumming of guitars, gitterns, and harps, a singing of ballads, drinking of punch, coffee, sherbet, and lemonade, a selling and buying, and talking without end. The long-bearded Turk sat next to the smooth-lipped Frank, and smoked his costly

hookah, whilst the other puffed his cigars. There was no lack of fair sellers of bijous and bon-bons, who dispersed all around the sweetest smiles in the world. Again I thought of the Tales of the Hundred and One, when the desperate curse of some unfortunate gambler dispelled the illusion for the second time.

THE HALLOWEEN PROPHECY,

A TALE.

One of the most intimate acquaintances of my youth was a Mr Henderson, a young man of gentle and pleasing manners, highly accomplished, and more than ordinarily handsome in his person. Mr Henderson, who was left in comfortable circumstances by his father, resided on a small property of his own, about ten miles distant from Glasgow. My acquaintance with him was formed in our boyhood, when we were at the grammar school together; and after finishing our curriculum, we went together to college, where our boyish intimacy ripened into the steady friendship of manhood. Henderson's father was at this time in life—a kind-hearted man, and an indulgent parent; and it was with no small delight that the honest man hailed our arrival at Telford House on the Saturday forenoons, James being in the habit of carrying me down with him every Saturday to his father's house, where we remained until the Monday following: and joyously and happily did we spend these delightful intervals of study. Time wore on, and the joys and happiness of youth were rudely driven aside, and their place supplied by the thoughts and cares of advancing life. Our course at the university was completed; Henderson's father died, and he left Glasgow to reside on and manage the property to which he had succeeded; and I entered into business. These changes, however, did not interrupt our friendship; I still went—but not so frequently, because my avocations could not admit of it—to Telford House, and was still received, when I did go, with the warmest welcome. Henderson, too, came occasionally to Glasgow to see me, sleeping generally a night in my house when he came. Then we talked over bygone days, and the departed visions of our boyhood.

Neither of us had, after all, much to regret in the past, unless it were the romantic reveries of youth, for in worldly circumstances we had both greatly improved; and as far as the ability to command all the conveniences of life can make men happy, we were so. "Now, Borland," said Henderson to me, as he was in the act of mounting his horse to return home, after spending a night with me; "Now, Borland," he said, extending his hand, "you promise that you will be with us the day after to-morrow." (I had made such a promise the night preceding.) "Come, now, give me your hand on it; they are all wearying their lives out at the House to see you." Those whom he described as desirous to see me, were his mother, two paternal aunts, and an only sister, all of whom resided with him. I gave my friend the renewed pledge which he solicited for my appearance at Telford, and on the day appointed redeemed it. On my arrival, I was met by the whole crowd of the inmates, with my friend at their head, each striving who should be first to welcome me. On being ushered into the parlour, the first thing that attracted my notice was its splendid new furniture. The room, with every stool, chair, and picture in it, had, from long acquaintance, become as familiar to me as any of the inmates themselves: this new plenishing, therefore, instantly caught my notice. I did not, however, make any allusion to the circumstance, until, in going into my friend's dressing-room, whither he and I shortly after retired, I found *it*, also, newly and elegantly furnished; indeed, I had perceived, as we came along the passage of the house, that the dining-room also had undergone a similar change for the better. "What, James," said I, when we were alone together, and looking at the same time significantly on the costly furniture around me—"a wife, eh? Is it come then to this at last?" My poor friend blushed. "A wife! nonsense; what puts that in your head, Borland?" said he; "is it because I've got a few new sticks of furniture into the house? Can you conceive no possible motive for that but a wife?" "O yes," I replied, "I can conceive many motives besides; but such a proceeding in the case of a young rich bachelor like you, is always held as a legitimate ground of suspicion." "Poh, poh! nonsense, nonsense," replied my friend; "the whole affair is this: the old furniture was getting very shabby, as you yourself must acknowledge; it was so in my poor father's time; but he, worthy man, though liberal in every thing else, could never be induced to buy either a new chair or a new carpet; and now, as he is removed, I have taken the liberty of pleasing myself in this particular, with the full consent, however," he added laughingly, "of my privy council—my mother, my sister, and my two aunts."

The conversation on this subject now dropped, but I could not help thinking, from the confused manner of my friend, and from certain other symptoms which I perceived, that I had after all hit the right nail upon the head, but I could not conceive why he should have concealed from me, his dearest and most intimate friend, as I knew I was, an event of such importance, and I felt rather hurt at this apparent want of confidence; however, I avoided all further allusion to the subject, as well from the feeling last mentioned, as from motives of delicacy toward my friend. Soon after this, we walked out till the dinner hour should arrive. My friend was in high spirits, and well he might; he was still in the hey-day of youth; his circumstances were ample, and his management of them uncontrolled; his person, as we have already said, was eminently handsome, and he possessed, withal, a lively and cheerful disposition. In short, almost every requisite for the enjoyment of the utmost earthly felicity was in the possession of my enviable friend, and well did he deserve them all; for of what he had, he freely gave; nay, he was generous to a fault. The dinner hour having arrived, we returned to the house, where we now found assembled three or four gentlemen, neighbours of my friend's, whom he had, on my account, invited to dine with us. After dinner, the glass circulated freely; for our warm-hearted host led us from bottle to bottle with that sort of cunning hospitality, which was rather a virtue of the past than of the current age.

The tide of enjoyment was still rolling on in full career, when, during a short interval in our now somewhat noisy hilarity, I thought I heard an unusual noise in the apartment immediately above us; the noise, however, was by no means of an alarming kind; it appeared to me to be the obstreperous romping of a parcel of youngsters. "James," said I, "we are not the only guests in the house, I think—there's surely a rival establishment up stairs." "There is, indeed," said my friend; "and, upon my word, I had entirely forgotten them—a parcel of young friends whom my worthy aunts have brought together to burn nuts and duck for apples: don't you know this is Hallow-eve, Borland?" added my friend. "No, upon my word," said I, "I did not advert to it; but since it is so, let us have a handful of nuts, and we will try our luck too." "With all my heart," said our host. "But had we not better go up in a body to the scene of incantation—there's an old sybil amongst them, invited for the special purpose of reading to the young folks the various signs and indications of this privileged night." At once we all started, and, headed by our host, rushed up stairs, and in the next instant were in amongst the youngsters. They had already gone through the greater part of the ceremonies of the evening; they had pulled stocks, burnt nuts, and were now, when we entered, collected, with earnest and somewhat awe-stricken faces, round a table, on which stood two or three wine-glasses full of pure water. They were, in fact, about to commence the ceremony of dropping the egg—a ceremony which our Scotch readers know is performed by puncturing a fresh egg with a pin, when the person whose future destiny is to be read holds it over a glass of pure water, into which he allows a few drops from the egg to fall; the glass is then held up to the candle, and some important event in the future life of the inquirer is found exhibited hieroglyphically in the glass—the egg-droppings assuming an endless variety of shapes, in which the skilful in these matters discover a resemblance to things which, by association, again point out coming circumstances and events. We now, then, all tried our fortunes after the most approved manner of egg-dropping, by the direction and under the superintendence of the ancient sybil already alluded to, and who, indeed, looked the very *beau ideal* of a foreteller of the future. She was old, shrivelled, and haggard—had a shrill voice, and was withal marvellously loquacious; but she seemed to be in earnest, and to be deeply impressed with the solemnities which were going forward, and was more than once highly displeased with what she considered our irreverence for these matters, and the unbecoming and ill-timed levity with which we heard each other's fortune foretold. We had all now tried our luck, with various results, but our host, who, I thought, seemed rather disinclined to go through the ceremony; and, indeed, he finally endeavoured to back out altogether by a forced joke. We all urged him on, however, and at length fairly drove him to the experiment. "Come awa, Mr James; come awa, my bonny man—excuse me for speaking that way, Mr James, but ye ken I've kent ye sin ye was a bairn, and hae dandled ye many a time on my knee. Come awa, and let us see what luck is to be yours. I'm sure it'll be gowd in goppins, and true love to brook it—a bonny lady wi' a bonnier tocher." Whilst the old woman was speaking, our host, having advanced close to the table, was in the act of dropping, and, I thought, with rather an unsteady hand, the egg into the glass. This done—"Here, Janet," he said, with an affected laugh, and at the same time handing the glass to her across the table—"now give me all the good things of this life—let not one be awanting, on your peril." We all awaited in silence the announcement of our friend's future fortune—I say in silence, because, in despite, and of our contempt, abstractedly speaking, of the fooleries in which we were engaged, we felt a degree of interest, nay, of awe, stealing in upon us, which gradually allayed the light spirit with which we had entered the apartment. The old woman had now gently raised the glass between her eye and the candle, and, having peered through it for a second, "Eh, gude guide us, sirs!" she exclaimed; "what's this we have here: but it canna be—it canna be—let me see," and she looked with an increased intensity at the fatal signs. "Ay, ay," she again said, "it's but ower true. My bairn! my bairn!" she added; and, laying down the glass on the table, "are ye sure it was *your* glass ye gae me?" "Sure enough, Janet," replied our host; "what's all this fuss about?" "What is it, Janet? What is it? What is it?" now burst from both old and young, all being wound up to a pitch of the most intense interest, to know what was that fate which Janet's expressions so portentously and fearfully hinted at. "I insist on knowing," said our friend, striking his hand on the table with a sort of good-natured energy; for he was, or affected to be, laughing the while. "I insist upon it," he said, "for the edification of all present. Come, then, Janet; any thing you like, short of premature death and ruin, and crossed love." "But it's short o' neither, my bairn," said the old woman gravely and seriously, entrapped, as it were, into an avowal of what she would have refused to a direct inquiry, and as effectually affording the required information by negative assertion, as she could have done by positive. "It's short o' neither: there's a winding-sheet there," she went on, pointing to the glass, her pride in her skill, and her desire to exhibit it, getting the better of every other feeling: "there's a winding-sheet there," she said, "wi' a fearfu' rent in it; and that, ye ken, betokens a violent death: there's a"—— Here, perceiving that the thing was getting rather serious, I suddenly burst in with an affected shout of hilarity, overturned the glass, talked loudly and obstreperously, and insisted upon our adjourning to the apartment we had left, to have another bottle of our friend's old port. The other gentlemen present, perceiving my motives, and sympathising with the feeling, instantly seconded me; and we all, with a wild but assumed glee, hurriedly descended to the room where we had dined. The bottle was, indeed, again resumed, but none of the mirth of the early part of the evening; a weight seemed to have been laid upon the spirits of us all, which nothing could remove—an oppression which seemed to increase rather than abate with the wine which we swallowed. We all felt the absurdity of permitting such a frivolous circumstance as the egg-dropping to depress us; but we could not hide from ourselves the fact that it had depressed us, and that we could not overcome the impressions which it had made. Under this feeling, and after our host had made some ineffectual attempts—ineffectual, because it was evident they were forced—to restore the gaiety of the evening, the party broke up, each went his own way, and I retired to bed. "Confound that old hag," said my friend, just as I was about to part with him for the night; "she has spoiled our evening's enjoyment with her nonsense. Wasn't it evident," he said, "that our friends were damped by the fooleries up stairs?" I avoided any direct answer, said we had spent a pleasant night, and if there was any feeling of the kind he alluded to, a night's sleep would entirely remove it. I met my friend and his family next morning at breakfast, but, in the case of the former, I still thought I perceived some remains of the influence of the last night's proceedings; indeed, he more than once alluded to the circumstance during our meal, and, after some banter on the subject, fairly allowed, what indeed he could not well conceal, that, in despite of the contempt with which he viewed such things, he could not help the idea of the rent winding-sheet still retaining its hold on his imagination.

Soon after this we parted. I mounted my horse to return to Glasgow, and we met no more during the space of ten long years. On the very day after leaving my friend's house, I was suddenly summoned to London, on some urgent and important business connected with the house in which I was a partner. On reaching London, the same business which brought me there demanded my instant departure for South America, where a branch of our house was established, and where it was deemed necessary for the interest of our concern that I should remain.

Previous to leaving Glasgow, I wrote my friend, intimating my departure to London; and I again wrote him from the latter place, informing him of my further destination, and requesting that a regular correspondence might be kept up between us. For some years this correspondence was regular. My friend's letters were filled with sentiments of affection and esteem, and always concluded with expressions of regret for our separation, and of ardent desire for a meeting once more at Telford House. At length, however, longer and longer intervals gradually occurred, on his part, in our correspondence. Sometimes two and three of my letters remained at one time unanswered, and, finally, he ceased altogether to make any reply. Finding this, I also stopped short; and for the last four or five years that I was abroad, we heard nothing from or of each other. I must acknowledge, however, that, from various circumstances, I was prepared for some unfavourable change in the habits, disposition, or fortunes of my friend. There was an incoherence in some of his last letters, for which I could not account, and which was greatly at variance with the concise and elegant style in which he had always previously written; and sometimes, too, I thought his letters had the appearance of having been written with an unsteady hand.

In 18—, I returned to Glasgow, after an absence, as already alluded to, of ten years. I had made up my mind to go down to Telford on the third day after my arrival. This intention, however, I was not left to carry into effect. About twelve o'clock of the night following my return, the family with whom I lived were startled by a loud and violent knocking at the door. I, too, listened with some intent, to ascertain

who it could be who sought admittance at such an unseasonable hour, and with so much vehemence. After two or three words of inquiry on both sides before opening the door, and in which I thought I recognised the voice which answered from without, the applicant was admitted, and my poor friend Henderson stood before me. But what a change! His dress was shabby in the extreme; but there was still a miserable attempt at something like gentility, but which had sunk into a sort of vulgar buckishness, a dirty ill-coloured neckcloth, in particular, having been put on with a decided aim at effect. The night, too, was extremely wet, and my unhappy friend seemed to have been exposed to it for a length of time; he was drenched to the skin, and discoloured streams of water poured down his face from the broken ragged rims of his hat—circumstances which added much to the wretchedness of his appearance. His countenance, too, was pale and haggard, and his whole frame enfeebled and emaciated; and, to complete the humiliating picture of human frailty, he was much intoxicated. Such, then, was *now* the appearance and condition of him who had once been so refined in his manner, so elegant in person, and so gentleman-like in all his habits and pursuits. Conscious, however, as he of course must have been, of the effect of his altered appearance, he yet endeavoured to carry through the interview with a sort of boisterous levity, affecting still the easy careless manner of the gentleman. He talked loud and incessantly, and this with the view, evidently, of at once withdrawing my attention from the wretched state of his apparel, and of precluding all reflections on or allusion to his present deplorable condition. "Ah, Borland," he said, extending his hand to me on entering my room; "and how the devil are you, my boy? Glad to see you; as for me, I am a ruined man. I am cleared out. I am dished and undone, to all intents and purposes; and, what is a thousand times worse, I have ruined every one connected with me. I have beggared my mother; I have beggared my sister; and my poor aunts I have robbed of every sixpence they had. I have ruined them all, Borland, I have ruined them all," he said, with increasing agitation, while a tear trickled down his wan cheek. "How, James?" said I, affecting, in order to save his feelings, a surprise which I did not feel, since I had already conjectured the worst which he could possibly confirm. "How?" he repeated; "why, with a foolish speculation in cotton, which a friend in Glasgow here induced me to enter into; he is ruined, too, poor fellow. We bought a large quantity of cotton at a high price, shipped it to America, with a fair prospect of 100 per cent. profit. Peace was announced—the American market was thrown open—prices fell 200 per cent,—and we were ruined—that's all; the story's simple and short enough, but you may believe, that, for me at least, it does not want interest." With this, my lost friend swallowed what remained in his tumbler, and demanded more. The evil spirit which misfortune had engendered within him, was again awakened. I now positively refused, though in gentle terms, to supply him with more liquor; for I had already given him some. "It will save me from perdition—it will save me from myself: give it me!" he said imploringly, holding towards me the glass which he had just emptied. I could not resist the appeal. I mixed up a little more for him, reconciling myself to the impropriety of doing so, by coming to a determination of detaining him all night. Having instantly drank off the second supply with which I furnished him, he again began to talk in the wild manner in which he had first opened our interview. "I say, Borland," he said, "do you recollect of the old hag, and the torn winding-sheet? Ha! ha! Was it not a good joke that? Here I'm now, hale and stout as ever I was, as you may see; and the old devil herself has been in her winding-sheet for the last seven years—Ha, ha, ha! It was her own winding-sheet the jade saw, and she palmed it upon me. A violent death, too, you recollect, Borland. No, no—hang it, I'm too light-hearted a fellow for that;" and he began to troll a Bacchanalian song, of which the burden was,

"We'll live as long's we can, my boys—
We'll live as long's we can."

Soon after this, though not without some difficulty, I got poor Henderson put to bed. For myself, I lay awake the greater part of the night, musing on past events, and on the melancholy change which had taken place in every thing which regarded the welfare of my unhappy friend, and in part, too, occupied by considering how I could serve him. I came to the resolution of attempting to reclaim him, and, with this view, determined to keep him constantly under my own eye, and I derived much pleasure from contemplating the details of my undertaking. I proposed, in the first place, to fit him out with new clothes; next, to make arrangements for his stopping in the same house with me; and, lastly, to find him employment in my own counting-house. Still full of these plans and ideas when I awakened in the morning, I threw on my clothes, and hastened to my friend's bedroom, to break the matter to him, and to lay my whole plan before him, without any further idle delicacy. I tapped at his door—no answer. I walked into the apartment; looked into the bed—it was unoccupied; Henderson was gone. I instantly summoned the girl—inquired what was become of the gentleman who had lodged in the house all night; she told me that he had left the house fully two hours before, without saying a word, or leaving any message for me. At a loss what to make of this incident, I waited the whole day for a repetition of his visit; but he came not. The day wore away, night advanced, and still no intelligence of my friend. At length a similar tapping, and about the same hour, too, at which he had called the preceding night, seemed to promise the expected visit. It was not, however, so; but it was a still more affecting one. This was his mother and sister, who had also heard of my arrival. James, they said, had been missing for three days and nights. He had left Telford House (for they had still contrived to keep possession of that part of their property) on Monday morning, and this was Thursday night, and they had heard nothing of him all that time. In short, I now learned, besides being confirmed in all he had already told me, that he was in the habit of stealing up to Glasgow for a day or so now and then, and that he spent that time in the most reckless dissipation, borrowing from whoever would lend him, and drinking with whoever would supply him with liquor. His rambles, however, of this kind, had never before exceeded one entire day; his prolonged absence, therefore, on this occasion, had thrown his poor relatives into the most dreadful state of alarm; and it was in this state they now came to me, in the hope that he also had heard of my arrival, and that I might have been the cause of his detention. Their alarm, then, it will readily be believed, was not a little increased when I informed them of what had occurred regarding the object of their search. After partaking of a little refreshment, which I insisted on placing before them, as they seemed both to be much exhausted and fatigued, Miss Henderson, looking significantly at her mother, proposed that they should depart; to this, of course, I could not listen, but entreated that they should remain within my house all night. This proposal brought out the truth, and explained the look which I detected passing between mother and daughter. They knew poor Henderson's haunts, and, late as the hour was, they had determined to search them all. This determination, though with some reluctance and hesitation, they at length acknowledged, and I insisted upon accompanying them. We soon after sallied forth, and, guided by them, proceeded towards a well-known quarter of the town called the Bridgegate, in which there are yet a great number of public houses of the very lowest order. From this quarter we descended to a place yet further down in the scale of respectability, consisting of a crowd of low miserable houses, nearer the river, and occupying part of the ground on which the new slaughter-house now stands—a locality which will be well recollected by many of our Glasgow readers, and which it is not of sufficient importance to our story to describe more minutely to others. Here Miss Henderson inquired for a house which her brother had been heard often to name; it was pointed out to us—a blackguard-looking and miserable hovel it was. We asked the landlady, a stout vulgar-looking woman, if a Mr Henderson was there. "Oh, the drucken wight," she replied, "I hope ye've come to tak him awa; he has been lying up in my best room for the last twa hours, and has only drank yae gill a' the time. I kenna what he's about, but he has spoken to nobody here, nor scarcely moved sin' ever he cam' in"—and with this she rudely flung up the door of one of her apartments, where indeed we found poor Henderson. When we entered, he was seated at a table, his hands thrust into his pockets, and himself drooping forwards in a state apparently of utter insensibility—the scene was altogether one of the most wretched that can be conceived. The room, in the first place, was an excessively miserable one—one of the most wretched of its kind; the candle which burnt before him was consumed nearly to the socket, exhibiting little more than a tall black wick, which had not been snuffed for two hours; on the table stood a glass and an empty gill measure, and, to complete the picture, my unfortunate friend himself was the very picture of low dissipation and squalid poverty. Not much surprised by the state in which I found him, I seized him by the arm, shook him, and desired him to come along with us. For some time all my efforts could not rouse him from the lethargy which seemed to overpower him: at length he muttered something—I could not make out what. I again shook him. "James," said I, "here are your mother and sister." Without taking any notice of what I said, or attempting to raise his head, which still drooped on his breast—"Borland," he said, in a slow and distinct, though hollow tone, "I have taken poison!" "Good Heavens, James," said I, "what do you mean?—poison did you say?—have you taken poison?" "Yes, I say," he replied in the same collected manner, "I have taken poison—I am a dead man." The feelings and condition of his mother and sister on this dreadful annunciation, I leave to the reader's imagination, and confine myself entirely to the part I myself acted in this fearful tragedy. "What kind of poison have you taken, James?" said I, for I had no doubt of its truth, from the solemn and impressive manner in which he announced it. "Laudanum," he replied; "and I have thrown the phial out of the window there, where you will find it, if you do not believe me." I immediately rushed out, found the phial as he had described, and bringing it in, asked him, in the vain hope that he might not have taken a sufficient quantity to produce death, how much laudanum there had been in it. "It was up to *that*," he said, now more alive to what was passing, and placing the point of his thumb better than half-way to the neck of the bottle. Without saying more than desiring my unfortunate friend's relations to remain until I returned, I now hastened out in search of a surgeon's shop, keeping the point of one of my fingers at that part of the phial which Henderson had marked as the height of the fatal liquid. Soon finding such a shop as I sought, I rushed in, and, holding up the phial, in breathless agitation asked the gentleman whom I found there what the consequence would be if a person took *that* quantity of laudanum, still marking the fatal spot with my finger on the bottle. "Why," said the surgeon calmly, and with a faint smile, excited no doubt by my trepidation, of which he did not fully conceive the cause, "the consequence would be, sir, certain death; that quantity of laudanum would kill an elephant." "Then, for God's sake, sir," said I, "come along with me instantly;" and without further explanation on my part, or inquiry on his, he immediately proceeded to the house in which I had left my unfortunate friend. The fact of his having swallowed the poison was now established, and the usual means employed in such cases was resorted to. I now hired a chaise, and had him removed to my lodgings, where, for two days, we entertained hopes of his final recovery; for, during all that time, he not only survived the effects of the poison, but appeared to have entirely gotten the better of it. Indeed, so far had he recovered, that I even ventured to joke with him on the subject, in a confident hope of his ultimate restoration. "Why, man," said I to him, "since you were so bent on self-destruction, did you not throw yourself into the Clyde, which runs so clear, deep, and temptingly past your door, instead of swallowing that vile insidious abomination, laudanum?" "O confound it, Borland," replied my poor friend, entering into the spirit of my sarcasm, and now clinging eagerly to life, "I never liked the idea of dying in a puddle; and the Clyde is nothing better after all, especially at the House, where, you know, it is as dark, dull, and lazy as a canal stealing sullenly along between its muddy banks, covered with slime and reeds; pagh! pagh! I could never think of such a dog's death as that." With such light conversation as this, and such high hopes of my poor friend's ultimate recovery, the second day of his confinement passed away; the third came, and with it came a fearful change. All the efforts of the physicians had been in vain; they had prolonged life, but they could not secure it. The poison had taken such a hold as no skill could loosen. On that day I entered my poor friend's bed-room as usual, about ten o'clock of the forenoon, just before going to the counting-house. "How do you feel to-day, you lazy fellow?" said I, in that spirit of levity which I had assumed in order to cheer him. "Open the shutter," said Henderson, with a gravity and solemnity which startled me, and without paying any attention to my inquiry. "Open the shutter," he said, "and let me see the sun." I did so; and his rays, for it was a bright and beautiful morning streamed full on the bed of the now dying man. "That will do," he said, after gazing intently for a few seconds on the cheerful object which he had desired to see. "That will do; put to the shutter again." I obeyed. "What day of the month is this?" inquired my friend again. "The 21st of October," said I. "The 21st day of October," he repeated slowly, and with a particular emphasis. "Ay, the 21st day of October," he reiterated. "Borland," he then added, "do you recollect the winding-sheet, the rent winding-sheet?" "I do," said I, "but what puts that nonsense into your head just now?" "It is no nonsense, Borland," he rejoined solemnly; "the prediction is about to be verified." After this, Henderson never spoke another word, and, in two hours afterwards, he gently expired.

PHILIPHAUGH.

On the day of the battle of Philiphaugh, the Earl of Traquair departed from his house in Tweeddale, attended by a blacksmith, one of his retainers, and advanced towards Selkirk with a large sum of money, for the payment of Montrose's forces. As they crossed Minchmoor, they were alarmed by firing, which the Earl conceived to be Montrose exercising his forces, but which his attendant, from the constancy and regularity of the noise, affirmed to be the tumult of an engagement. As they came below Broadmeadows, upon Yarrow, they met their fugitive friends hotly pursued by the Parliamentary troopers. The Earl, of course, turned and fled also; but his horse, jaded with the weight of dollars which he carried, refused to take the hill; so that the Earl was fain to exchange with his attendant, leaving him with the breathless horse and bag of silver to shift for himself, which he is supposed to have done very effectually. Some of Leslie's dragoons, attracted by the appearance of the horse and trappings, gave chase to the smith, who fled up the Yarrow; but finding himself, as he said, encumbered with the treasure, and unwilling that it should be taken, he flang it into a well or pond near the Tinnies, Hangingshaw. Many wells were afterwards searched in vain; but it is the general belief that the smith, if he ever hid the money, knew too well how to anticipate the scrutiny. There is, however, a pond which some peasants began to drain not long ago, in hopes of finding the golden prize, but were prevented, as they pretended, by supernatural interference.

Column for Little Girls.

I HAVE great pleasure in addressing you, my dear young friends, in the hope of contributing to your instruction and amusement; and I trust this will be read by many sensible little girls, who are not only anxious to be diverted, but also to learn how to make their parents happy, and to be so themselves.

Now, the way to attain these desirable ends is, in the first place, to remember that God has given the care of you to your parents, and commanded you to obey them who love you so tenderly, and who, from having been so long in the world, have so much more experience than you can have of what is good for you; and, in the next place, to endeavour to learn all you can while you are young, that you may always have food for mind and body as long as you live. I say, food for the body as well as the mind; for, though your parents should now be rich, yet every one knows that many rich people have been deprived of their money by unexpected misfortunes, and that their children have been obliged to earn their own bread. And if this should ever be the case with you, my dear little girls, how happy you will be then to think that you have learned something to keep you from being obliged to the charity of others! Most of you, I suppose, can repeat by heart Doctor Watt's beautiful hymn of "The Busy Bee," and have read the fable of the "Ant and the Grasshopper." Both of these are excellent lessons on this subject; and if you do not already know them, I beg you will get them directly. I suppose that many of you who may read this have done playing with dolls; but to you who have not, I would recommend your endeavouring to make their clothes as neatly as possible, and to seek instruction from your mothers or elder sisters how to cut out their garments, in the same way as if to be worn by yourselves. To you who have done with dolls I would say, that I hope you have substituted some of the many instructive amusements which are now provided for children; such as reading the nice little books which describe the trades, and tell from what part of the world the materials of things come which are in common use, and how they are made. Playing with historical and geographical cards, putting together those geographical maps which take to pieces, and require a knowledge of the position of each country to put them together again, is also a nice amusement. And I hope you are making yourselves acquainted with the history of the inferior animals, and of such insects as the bee, the ant, and the silk-worm, from which you may learn many useful lessons. And now I will tell you a story of a little girl, who did all I have been recommending to you, and who came, by her own good behaviour, and the blessing which God always sends upon good children, to be very prosperous.

There was a poor widow woman, who lived in a small town in Scotland, and who had seen better days, for her husband had once been rich, though she was now reduced, by many misfortunes, to keep a school for poor people's children. This poor woman had but one child of her own, which was very fortunate, as she found it so difficult to provide shelter, and food, and clothing for herself and it, that I know not what she would have done with more. But her little Catharine, instead of being a burden, was a great comfort to her; for this infant, when only two or three years old, if she saw her mother sit down and cry, which she sometimes did when she thought of her destitute state, used to climb up on her knee, and pat her with her little hands, and kiss her eyes, her cheeks, and her mouth. And then the poor woman would feel soothed, and hope that the infant would grow up to be a comfort to her, and be angry with herself for giving way to her grief, and thank God for the blessing of health; and then she would kiss her dear little child, and hug it in her arms, and go to work again for it and herself. But very often people who sent their children to be taught by her were as poor as herself, and gave her very little, and she was so sorry for them, that she still continued to teach them, and just took what they could give. Now, Catharine, as she grew older, and had learned how to read a little, and hem a handkerchief, tried to help her mother to teach; and very often, when a poor little girl came crying with hunger to school, she gave her the half of the potatoes that were for her own dinner. Catharine was so careful of her clothes, and of keeping herself clean, that she always looked as if she was newly washed and dressed. She went on learning all her mother could teach her, which was reading, writing, and arithmetic; and improving her knowledge in all these branches, even beyond her mother, by means of books, which some kind people lent her, for she was loved by her neighbours, and remarked for a sweet-tempered, dutiful, and obliging little girl: and yet she never made what is called companions of the children round her, because she knew she could learn more good at home; and, besides this, she had very little time to spare from helping her mother. Thus Catharine went on perfectly content, without amusement, except what she found in her books, till a person, with whom she was acquainted, gave her some silk-worms' eggs upon a bit of paper, and instructed her how they were to be hatched, and how to manage them afterwards. This was something quite new to the little girl; for she had often read about them, but had never seen any. So she did as she was directed, and, to her great delight, she saw the eggs all come to life. Then she made some pasteboard boxes, and put the little worms into them, and kept them clean, and made so many experiments in giving them different kinds of leaves for food, and observed all their ways so narrowly, from the very time of the eggs hatching till she wound their silk, and read again so much about them, that she became acquainted with all that is known concerning them.

Now, in the same town where Catharine lived there was a large palace of a house, inhabited by a nobleman, who had three daughters, and these young ladies kept silk-worms, as well as their humbler little neighbour. But they had so many lessons to get, and so many other things to amuse them, that though they were very fond at first of their silk-worms, and used to spend whole hours in looking at and attending to them, yet at last they tired of the occupation: and, indeed, their becoming so numerous was another reason for this; and when they saw them increase so fast, they put them into a room, fitted up entirely for the purpose, and determined to keep so many, that they might have each a dress made from their silk to appear in at court, when their papa allowed them to be presented. This was but a foolish fancy, but they were indulged in it. The poor silk-worms were, however, often neglected; for they were trusted to the housemaids, who, besides being very ignorant about them, had not time to pay them the attention they required, while they were prevented, by the time they occupied, from doing their own work properly. This obliged the housekeeper to complain; and then it was that one of the ladies'-maids, who loved Catharine, recommended her to the young ladies as a proper person to look after the silk-worms, and she was immediately sent for. Now, these ladies were not much in the habit of talking to people in Catharine's humble rank, and therefore promised themselves some amusement from her bashful awkwardness. They were, however, so much surprised and pleased by her unaffected modesty and propriety of conduct, and so struck with the well-informed manner in which she answered all their questions, that they took a great fancy to her; and having engaged her, with her mother's consent, to attend on their silk-worms, they gave her a great many nice clothes, which she took care to make in a fashion becoming her station, so that there was not a neater-looking girl in the whole town. These young ladies had a very excellent woman for a governess, and she grew so fond of Catharine for her good qualities, that she thought it a great pity she should not have more instruction, and was so kind as to give her lessons every evening when she had done her duty for the day. Catharine made such good use of this advantage, and improved so fast, that in a year or two, when the fancy about the court dresses was given up, and the silk-worms dismissed, she was grown so much in favour with her young ladies, that they offered to pay masters out of their own pocket-money, that she might be sufficiently perfected to become a governess. You may be sure that poor Catharine most thankfully and gratefully accepted of this offer, and that she applied herself so diligently to her studies, that she was ready, in a wonderfully short time, for her new employment. Nor did the kind young ladies, who had already done her so much good, stop short there; for they got her into a family of their acquaintance to educate two little girls. Here she still took so much pains to improve herself in the various accomplishments she had been taught, and to acquire others, that the family had no occasion to change her for another governess, till she was married to a young clergyman, who knew all her history, and loved her entirely for her goodness. All the time Catharine lived in the nobleman's house, and while she was a governess, she went to see her mother as often as she could, and never spent a sixpence on herself that she could help, but gave it all to her; and when she was married, her mother went to live with her in her nice manse, and blessed her dutiful daughter every day of her life, and, what was much better, prayed to God to bless her.

EFFECTS OF TRADES ON HEALTH.

THE intelligent Mr Thackrah, in his useful little work on the effects of the principal arts, trades, and professions, and from which we have already extracted some passages for the benefit of the working-classes, thus adverts to the employments in which the substances or odours evolved seem to be beneficial, generally or partially:—

"To assert (says he) the existence of such an effect may seem a contradiction to the statement before made, that whatever alters the natural constitution of the atmosphere, must be proportionately injurious. But it should be remembered, that injurious agents sometimes counteract each other. Medicine is in itself an evil. Remedies often induce unnatural states, but these states supersede others much more serious and permanent. To man in a perfectly healthy condition, no substance arising from manufacture can be useful; but men living in a large town, and with the habits of civil life, are generally unhealthy; and hence certain vapours or other substances may be decidedly beneficial in exciting their languid powers, or correcting the disposition to disease.

RAPE AND MUSTARD CRUSHERS inhale a peculiar odour from the seeds which they grind. This seems to act as a stimulant on the nervous and circulatory system: for men fresh to the employ find their appetite and vigour increased. The heat of the room is considerable, often reaching 80° in summer. Though addicted to intemperance, the men employed in oil-mills are generally healthy. We remarked one man between 70 and 80 years of age, who had been all his life at the employ, and was remarkably strong and robust.

BRUSHMAKERS have a sedentary occupation, but their arms are actively exerted. Some dust arises from the bristles; and sometimes carbonic acid gas is rather freely evolved from the charcoal fire which heats the pitch. But the chief peculiarity of the employ is the vapour of the pitch. This has a sanative effect in bronchial affections, as chronic catarrh, and in some forms of asthma. The workmen are generally free from disease. Several in Leeds have been at the employ for thirty years; and instances are mentioned of brushmakers reaching the ages of 80 and 90.

GROOMS AND HOSTLERS daily inhale a large quantity of ammoniacal gas generated in the stables. This appears beneficial rather than injurious. They have, moreover, full and varied muscular exertion, and, if they took a more moderate diet, would be almost universally robust. HOSTLERS, PORTERS, and UNDER MALE SERVANTS at inns, are generally sickly, and labour under congestion (over fullness) of the vessels in the abdomen and head. Their state evidently results from the ale and spirits they take so frequently.

GLUE AND SIZE BOILERS are exposed to strong putrid and ammoniacal exhalations from the decomposition of animal refuse. The stench of the boiling and drying rooms is indeed well known to be highly offensive, even to the neighbourhood. Yet the men declare it agrees well with them—nay, many assert, that on entering this employ, they experienced a great increase of appetite and health. All the glue and size boilers we saw were remarkably fresh-looking and robust. Though exposed to frequent and considerable changes of temperature, to sudden changes also from an atmosphere of hot vapour to the dry cold air, they are not subject to rheumatism, pulmonary inflammation, or catarrh. The only complaints we could hear of, were occasional pains in the loins and limbs, attributable to posture and exertion.

TALLOW-CHANDLERS, subjected to an offensive animal odour, enjoy health, and attain a considerable age. During the plague in London, it was remarked that this class of men suffered much less than others.

TANNERS, it is well known, are subject to disagreeable odours. They work in an atmosphere largely impregnated with the vapour of putrifying skins, and this combined with the smell of lime in one place, and of tan in another. They are exposed constantly to wet and cold. Their feet are scarcely ever dry. Yet they are remarkably robust; the countenance florid; and disease almost unknown. Tanners are said to be exempt from consumption; and the subject has of late been repeatedly discussed in one of the medical societies of London. We have carefully inquired at several tan-yards, and could not hear of a single example of this formidable disease. We do not find *old* men actually in the employ; and the reason assigned is, not the decline of health, but the inferiority of men past middle age in undergoing the labour of the process. Persons, however, in advanced life, yet healthy, are found in other occupations, who have before been for many years in the tan-yards, and have not apparently suffered from the long-continued exposure to their offensive odour. Hence we may infer that this employ, while it invigorates the constitution in youth and middle age, does not sensibly shorten life; does not, in other words, give temporary health at the expense of premature decline.

Ramazzini tells us, that at Padua the tan-yards were permitted only in the suburbs. Here, also, as the stench would be considered a nuisance, tan-yards are at the outskirts. As a matter of medical police, however, we see no occasion for their exclusion from the town.

We have next (says he) to examine a class whose *employments produce a dust or vapour decidedly injurious.*

CORN-MILLERS, breathing an atmosphere loaded with the particles of flour, suffer considerably. The mills indeed are necessarily exposed to the air—the number of men is comparatively small, and the labour is good. Yet millers are generally pale and sickly; most have the appetite defective, or labour under indigestion; many are annoyed with morning cough and expectoration; and some are asthmatic at an early age. The average circumference of the chest in ten men, whom we measured, was 36 2-5 inches; and the quantity of air thrown out by a full expiration was somewhat less than seven pints. Though we found several who had borne the employ from boyhood to the age of 50 or 60, the individuals were by no means robust; and we could not find an instance of an aged and healthy miller. The preceding statements do not apply to the men who drive the corn and flour carts, nor to the porters who unload the grain. These persons are little exposed to dust, labour chiefly in the open air, and are generally selected for their muscular power. They are, however, like other men who carry great weights, subject to hernia (ruptures.)

TEA-MEN, in removing tea from the chest, are much affected by the dust, especially by that from the green. But as this annoyance is occasional only, we can scarcely suppose it capable of producing permanent injury either to the nervous system or the lungs.

COFFEE-ROASTERS are affected by the odour which the heat eliminates from the berry; and those who have been thus employed for years are said to become asthmatic. The vapour is greatest when the coffee is stirred or shaken during the time of cooling. The heat of the process is of course great, and leads often to immoderate potations. Men when they enter the employ complain of oppression at the chest, difficulty of breathing, and cough—of headache and indigestion.

SNUFF-MAKERS suffer from the fine dust of their employ, which, combined with muriate of ammonia, and other substances, produces disorders of the head, the air-tube, and the stomach.

RAG-SORTERS are frequently distressed with dust; but the injurious agent is seldom applied long enough to produce a morbid effect.

PAPER-MAKERS also, particularly the aged, are unable to bear the dust which arises from cutting the rags. Young persons, however, are not generally sensible of much inconvenience; but few remain for years at the employ. Might not rags be cut by machinery, and this machinery inclosed in a box? The rags are afterwards shaken in a cylindrical wire cage, so enclosed as to prevent the escape of any considerable portion of dust.

SPINNERS OF WORSTED inhale a fine dust; but this is not in such quantity as to produce a marked effect."

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FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG.

JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

THE most mistaken ideas prevail among men in general, but especially the young, in respect of what is called generosity. Generosity, in its extreme sense, is the virtue of fools and knaves; while justice is the precious attribute of pure sense and real goodness. "Be just before you are generous," says the proverb; and proverbs, however offensive occasionally, never fail to embody what the experience of mankind has found to be most expedient. But this will not please the young man. He must hasten, almost before he has any thing of his own to give, to attain the reputation of being generous and liberal. Every claim whatsoever, that presses upon his attention, must be complied with, whether the property involved in his compliance be really his own, or only part of what has been entrusted into his hands by others. The ultimate necessity of showing that that gift was his own, or of supplying every deficiency which it may have occasioned, does not occur to him; and if it be either discovered to have been another's, or found to occasion a distress to himself or those to whom he is responsible, the effect is not traced to its cause: no, he is still allowed the character of generosity and friendliness, and even perhaps becomes the subject of a sympathizing regret to the public, who say of him, with the falsest and most dangerous philosophy, "Alas, like all other good people, he is unfortunate."

Let all young men be impressed with the propriety—the necessity—and a stern necessity it is—of being just before being generous. It would be easy for any body to make an outcry about this maxim, as if we were solicitous to repress every benevolent emotion in the young breast. But this would only be a hasty and wilful misinterpretation of our meaning. Far be it from us to counsel a regular and rigid shutting of the heart against every knock that comes to it from the finger of humanity. All that we wish is, that generosity on every occasion may be *governed* by justice—by the sense of what is legally required of us, and of other claims which are not only perhaps more imperative, though not so immediate, but are those for which we are much more truly responsible in a moral point of view. If, by the exercise of an extravagant generosity, we injure others who have depended upon our justice, we produce infinitely greater mischief than all that our generosity can prevent; for generosity seldom produces more than a temporary relief, while the injury of others tends to undermine and permanently destroy that basis of confidence which upholds society. If by one injudicious act of supposed kindness, we unfit ourselves for permanently acting a kind and useful part among those who are less happy than ourselves, we just take the readiest means to deprive ourselves of the habitual power of exercising that generosity in which we delight.

It ought to be recollected, especially by the young, that the funds which happen to be in our hands are seldom properly ours. In most instances we are merely stewards for the benefit of the true owners. And yet, how little is this attended to! Out of a spirit of ostentation—one of the most contemptible of our passions—we are apt to give away, among a list of splendid donations, that which should be appropriated to the just liquidation of our debts. If we thus blindly give away, or, by imprudent engagements, run the risk of having to give away, what is not our own, and acquire thereby the superficial reputation of generosity among the many, while the injured few suffer in secret, we commit two robberies at once—a positive and a negative—for we both take from others their actual property, and we get ourselves invested with a kind of approbation not due to us, and which shows at the expense of those who are not so inconsiderately liberal.

There is another kind of generosity which we would condemn, for it has wrought incalculable mischief. This is the exercise of a spirit of public improvement or patronage, at the expense of others. How many lamentable instances could be brought forward of men having ruined themselves, their families, and their creditors, by acting in what is called a public-spirited way upon a large scale. It is generally assumed, that if these men had not possessed the liberality ascribed to them, certain matters of general importance would have never been carried into effect. Literature would have languished—or it would have been elsewhere; trade would not have been so prosperous; the arts could never have been encouraged in the way they have been; and a great number of men of genius would have been condemned to their native obscurity. This is all mere shortness of sight. Better, we say, that things were left to find their own way, or even to remain for ever at one point, than that any temporary impulse should be given to them, at the expense of a number of individuals; and the effect of which is almost sure to be lost as soon as that impulse is no longer followed up. What does it matter *where* trade lies—where men of genius are enabled to live—or where the arts are encouraged? If it only be *somewhere*, that is enough. We have known a harbour built by a private gentleman, at an expense of twelve thousand pounds, in a situation where ten thousand times that sum would never have generated a trade—and all from a mere local prepossession. In the same way, numerous instances occur of men who acquire a character of transcendant greatness, from overtrading upon the means of others, and doing those things which no other person, from prudence, would undertake. Such men, even after having ruined hundreds by unfulfilled engagements, and, perhaps, engrossing the business of thousands by their extravagant liberality of dealing, will still receive a slavish veneration from mankind, as if they had been great public benefactors. Men do not see that, so far as there was a natural and healthy scope for trade, others would have taken advantage of it, if the *liberal* gentleman had not done so; and, in all probability, by acting with more prudence, would have ultimately done much more general good.

The truth is, it is only the just man who *can be* properly liberal. It is only he who possesses, or has a chance of possessing, the means to be so, without injury to himself, to his creditors, and to the world. To us, the spectacle of a young and affectionate person who gives merely because it is asked, and never calculates the balance between the good of giving and the saved evil of withholding, is one of the most lamentable in the world, and liable to become one of the most pernicious. But what a different thing it is, to behold the man who first assures himself that he can satisfy every legal and moral claim, and then bestows, from his fullness, what he thinks will do others more good than himself, and what no one that depends upon him, by however different feelings inspired, has any title to grudge! Many give because they think it selfish to withhold. But in doing so, they in reality indulge themselves more selfishly than they would do by taking the most miserly care of their money. On the one side, in short, are *passion*, self-indulgence, heedlessness, and infinitely more chance of mischief than of good. On the other, are *principle*, abstemiousness in the luxury, as it has been too truly called, of doing good, the best chance of real ability to benefit our friends, true wisdom, and, what always consists exactly with wisdom, a right morality.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

ROME,

From its Occupation by the Barbarians, till the Rise of the Papal Power.

THE history of Rome usually concludes with an account of the destruction of the imperial government by the barbarians who invaded Italy—an event which, it has been mentioned, took place in the year 380. As we believe that little is popularly known regarding the fate of the capital of the Roman empire from that period till it became the seat of the Papal civil power, we now proceed to lay open this interesting subject to our readers, and, by this means, we hope they will henceforth have a tolerably good idea of the connection betwixt ancient and modern history.

After the seat of Roman government had been transferred to Constantinople, that city continued to be the capital of the empire for several reigns, in the same manner as Rome had formerly been. When Valentinian, however, succeeded in 365, he divided the Roman world betwixt himself and his brother Valeris, and erected the parts into two separate empires, each of which had a separate capital, and separate officers. The empire of the west, which Valentinian retained for himself, and whose capital was Rome, comprised all the countries from Greece westward to Gaul and Britain; while that of the east reached from the Lower Danube to the frontiers of Persia, and had, as its capital, Constantinople. These two empires still continued to be connected by the relationship of their chiefs, but they were in all other respects separate governments, and that of the west fell much sooner a prey to the barbarous nations who ultimately destroyed both.

The province of Gaul, or France, was finally disjoined from the Roman empire by the Franks, under Clovis, about the year 486; it had for some time before been divided among different chiefs, of whose dissensions the Romans had in vain endeavoured to avail themselves for recovering their lost dominion. The emperors, about the same time, were deprived of their hold upon Britain and Spain; in the latter country, the Vandals, Suevi, and Visigoths (different branches of the ancient people of Germany), contended with one another, and with the Romans, for superiority, till an independent kingdom was established by the Visigoths, about the year 467. The Britons, who were pressed by dissension and invasions on all sides, made a vain application for relief to Rome, and were at last obliged to invite to their assistance some Saxon chiefs; numbers of which people had long been passing over to the British isles as emigrants and settlers, till they formed the chief part of their population on the eastern side of these countries; and now the political power also fell into their hands.

Italy, in the meantime, had been exposed to misfortunes which shewed both her own weakness and the enterprise of the enemies by whom she was environed. A tribe of Vandals (Germans from the Oder) had attacked Spain, and passed over into Africa; they established a kingdom in Carthage, and from thence invaded Sicily, and besieged Rome. They plundered the city of every thing they could easily carry away, and among the rest, took with them the spoils of some heathen temples which yet (455) remained in the city; and they then embarked unmolested with their Moorish auxiliaries to their kingdom in Africa. It appears that Rome might have been more frequently subjected to the same calamity, had not her barbarous conquerors been awed by the fame of her former grandeur, and the protection she was still supposed to enjoy from the gods, who had once made her empress of the world. Alaric, who plundered the city (as was

mentioned formerly), died shortly after; and Attila, king of the Huns, who was called the "*Scourge of God*," was so persuaded that the death of that warrior was inflicted by the vengeance of the gods for his violating the sanctity of the *immortal city*, as Rome has been termed, that he stopped short in his career of victory, and declined attacking a place so sacred. Rome was now, however, no longer the seat of government; the western emperors, after 392, having transferred their residence to Ravenna, a city on the north of Italy, which was convenient both as being a sea-port, and from being surrounded on the land side with marshes, which made it easily fortified, and little liable to surprise.

In the year 476, the hired soldiers, chiefly Goths (a name by which many of the tribes of the east of Germany were anciently known),* who had long been employed to defend Italy, feeling that they had the power of the government in their own hands, demanded of the emperor that the third part of the lands of the country should be assigned them, in lieu of their pay and arrears. Their demands not having been complied with, they chose one of their own officers, Odoacer, a chief of the Heruli, as their leader, and made him king of Italy. In this character he exercised all the rights of sovereignty, but pretended still to act under the sanction of the head of the empire at Constantinople, from whom also he requested and received the title of patrician of Rome. The forms of the ancient government were preserved by this barbarian monarch, who exerted himself to restore prosperity and respect to the kingdom he had gained. He defended the frontiers of Italy with success; but nothing could revive the confidence of industry, or bring back the tide of population to a country so long wasted by a feeble government, and contending armies. After he had reigned about thirteen years, an army of Goths, commanded by Theodoric (who professed to act under Zeno, the emperor of the east), invaded Italy, and engaged Odoacer in three furious battles, without vanquishing him. He at last delivered himself up to Theodoric, at Ravenna, under the condition that they should act as joint sovereigns of Italy; but he was stabbed immediately on putting himself in the power of his enemy; and the mercenaries, whose discontent had raised him to the throne, were massacred at the same time through the country.

The perpetrator of all these barbarities was still (such was the character of the times) a prudent and successful sovereign. He reigned over Italy, the east of Spain, and great part of the countries on the Upper Danube; and those regions under his sway enjoyed, for thirty-three years, a tranquillity to which they had been long strangers.

Agriculture, and even commerce, began once more to flourish; and the reign of Theodoric is memorable in literature also, by the virtues, the elegance, and the knowledge of the senator Boëthius, the last name in Rome which is worthy of standing beside that of Cicero. The usual residence of the Gothic emperor was at Ravenna, but he also lived sometimes at Verona, where the "image of his palace, still extant on a coin, represents the oldest and most authentic model of what is called Gothic architecture." But though these two cities were now the seats of government, Theodoric still took every care of the prosperity of Rome, and gratified the senate and people with all those attentions which were due to the ancient capital of the empire. The "immortal city" had now also another claim to respect, in being the residence of the Roman pontiffs, or *Popes*—a word simply meaning *Fathers*. These dignitaries, we are informed, were bishops of Rome, in direct ecclesiastical descent from St Peter, an apostle, or bishop, on whom Christ, as is by many understood, conferred a superiority over the rest of his followers. This is, however, a point on which we can express no opinion, and so adhere to mere historical fact. It is certain that a numerous synod of the church had already acknowledged the bishop of Rome to be more potential than other pastors of the same rank; but, as yet, these prelates were subject to the civil jurisdiction, like other bishops; and Theodoric, though he was an Arian, claimed the full supremacy of the church, while the candidates for the vacant chair of St Peter were twice appointed by his choice. This sovereign died in 526, and was succeeded by his infant grandson, whose mother, a Gothic princess, ruled for ten years in the empire of the Cæsars, with firmness and prudence. The kingdom of Italy had now, for more than half a century, been disjoined from the empire of the east, and had, under its barbarian rulers, enjoyed a considerable period of tranquillity. The two empires were again united by the victories of Belisarius, who defeated the Goths, took Rome from its barbaric defenders, and drove the last king of that race out of Ravenna. Belisarius is one of the last and highest of those celebrated names which have given lustre to Roman fame. He was originally a Thracian peasant, rose gradually to be a general of the armies, and defeated, successively, all the nations who in his time assailed the empire, in Persia, Africa, Italy, and other places: these actions, too, were often performed with feeble resources, and with troops only half disciplined. His services were but slightly requited, and he was more than once recalled in the very hour of victory; yet he never murmured, and never sought revenge for the ingratitude of his sovereign. After conquering Italy, he was recalled as usual, and his conquests were entrusted to some officers (one of whom the people, in derision, called *the clipper*), whose exactions made the Romans regret that they had exchanged the mild government of the *barbarians* for that of their own emperor. The consequence was, that the Gothic power soon regained its influence, under Totila, one of their chiefs, whose virtues are praised by the historian Procopius. This ruler was, however, again driven out of Rome by Belisarius, and the imperial power was a third time established in Italy, under an officer called the exarch, or deputy of the emperor, who held his residence at Ravenna. The first exarch was *Narses*, a man whose abilities gave him the command of Italy; his successors only ruled a small province in their own neighbourhood, near Ravenna.

About the year 568, a new enemy appeared in Italy. This was the Lombards, or Longo-bards (Long-beards), a new confederation of German people, headed by a tribe which had adopted that designation. The name of their chief was Alboin, and he had already made his name conspicuous by many signal victories in his own country, before he made his appearance on the plains of Italy, in 568. He overran the whole of that country, and established his empire almost every where without a battle. He assumed the title of king of Italy (568); and the new exarch, who, by one of those intrigues in which the creatures of a despotic court so often sacrifice the interests of a province, had been sent to replace the vigilant Narses, could only look on in astonishment while his government passed from his grasp. Alboin had enjoyed the fruits of his victory only for two or three years, when he lost his life by a series of occurrences strongly characteristic of the manners of the times. He had married Rosamond, daughter of a prince whom he had vanquished in battle, and killed: at one of the great feasts which he held for his barbarous chiefs in the halls of Verona, when all was jollity and gladness, and every one was recounting the triumphs he had gained, the king called for the skull of his father-in-law (which had been preserved as a trophy of victory, and was richly ornamented as a drinking cup), and pledged his guests in the goblet; the guests answered with applause. "Fill it again," cried the savage conqueror, "and carry it to the queen, that she may rejoice with her father." Rosamond received the cup, and drank from it in an agony of horror and rage. The insult was dreadful beyond measure; and she perhaps felt it the more keenly, as intimating the king's knowledge of certain improprieties in her conduct, which made her less worthy of sympathy. She immediately entered into a conspiracy against her husband, and in a few weeks the conqueror of Italy was stretched in his grave. His queen soon after attempted to give poison to another person, who, when the cup was half drained, suspected her intention, forced her to drink the remainder, and die with him. These circumstances afford terrible indications of the violent passions of men, and of the manners of those days. Alboin was succeeded by his brother Clephis, whose cruelty so much disgusted the feudal chiefs of the Lombards, that, after his death, they elected no sovereign for twelve years, each ruling independently in his own territory, and securing their conquests as they could. The necessity of uniting for general defence induced them, however, at last to fix on Antharis, the son of Clephis, to whom they committed the sovereignty of Italy, with very limited powers. Antharis was the first of the Lombard sovereigns who afforded to his subjects the example of conversion to Christianity (586); and his successor, Rotharis, a prudent and well-informed prince (according to the character of men in that age), established a body of laws which tended to civilize and improve his fierce subjects. A few years' residence in Italy, where they were intermingled with multitudes of cultivated people, produced a great alteration on the savage Lombards; and it is said, that, in the third generation, their posterity, when they looked on the pictures of their wild ancestors, were ashamed of being descended from such a rugged unshorn people. Religious controversy at this time ran very high in Italy, between the Arians, who denied the divinity of Christ, and the Catholics; but though the Lombard sovereigns were themselves Arians, they allowed free toleration to all; and there were even bishops of both denominations in the cities under their rule. About 670, they adopted the Catholic doctrine.

The emperors of Constantinople still maintained an exarch in Ravenna, whose authority was acknowledged over several of the richest portions of Italy, and who had under him officers, called the dukes of Rome, Venice, and Naples, who ruled in these places in the name of the empire. But Rome had now little of her former splendour: the supplies of corn with which the emperors still continued to furnish her populace, were irregular and scanty; her senators were poor, and without authority; and even her walls were scarcely secure from the insults of the haughty Lombards. The emperors made several attempts to regain their ascendancy in Italy, and restore the dignity of Rome, but were always repulsed; and the Lombard sovereigns, in the meantime, continued to reign with a moderation which rendered their people willing subjects. One of them, Luitprand, was so far superior to the fierce prejudices of his time, that he issued a decree against that universal mania of the dark ages, trial by combat, or duel, declaring that it was wicked to expect "that God should manifest his judgment according to the caprices of men."

At this time (726), the Christian church, both at Constantinople and Rome, became subject to various distractions and improprieties in worship, which gave offence to many sincere Christians, in the former capital particularly. The Italians, on this occasion, inclined towards the forms which were sanctioned by the bishops of Rome. These prelates had as yet no secular authority, except within the city of Rome; but the virtue, wealth, and noble birth of one of them (Gregory the First, 604), had attracted to their office a high consideration, which his successors increased by ministering to the prepossessions, and sometimes to the distresses, of the Romans. The attempt of the emperors to alter the forms of worship at Rome, gave the existing Pope (Gregory the Second) an opportunity for extending his influence. He remonstrated with the emperor on his injudicious interference with the religion of subjects whom he was no longer able to protect, and who only adhered to his government from their old veneration for the Roman empire. The remonstrance, however, was unavailing, and Leo persisted in his resolution. The Roman people were firm in their attachment to their ancient modes of worship, and joined with the Popes in raising the standard of revolt against the emperor. The statues of Leo were defaced and thrown down, the tribute was withheld, and the exarch and other officers of the empire were reduced to the necessity of living in a state of continual warfare with the people whom they professed to protect and govern.

The Pope did not, however, wish to extinguish the imperial power in Italy, lest he himself should be left at the mercy of the Lombards; he therefore joined with Ursus, duke of Venice, to force Liutprand to resign his conquests, and to reinstate the imperial lieutenant. By this service he hoped to induce the emperor to desist from his purpose of interfering with the worship of the Roman churches; but Leo was not to be moved by any consideration, and even went so far in his zeal as to send a governor with express directions to have Gregory assassinated, or to send him in chains to Constantinople. This prelate, who had notice of the design against him, and who felt that the persecutions which he suffered from the emperor endeared him the more to the Romans, as the champion of their national religion, solemnly excommunicated the governor, and exhorted all the cities of Italy to continue steadfast in the Catholic faith. He was joined also by Liutprand, who forgot his own injuries in the wish to assist the head of his religion; and the people in Naples, Ravenna, and other places where the imperial power was still acknowledged, rose upon the officers of the emperor, among whom they made prodigious slaughter, and withdrew their allegiance altogether from the government of Constantinople. This was the first step towards the temporal power of the Popes.

The emperor prepared a large force to maintain his falling authority. The Pope, who had no forces of his own, might have applied for assistance to the king of the Lombards; but he was afraid, as has been already mentioned, lest he should render that potentate too influential in Italy, if there was no other power to counterbalance his weight; he therefore applied to France, in which kingdom the prime minister, Charles Martel, at that time possessed the whole authority, in order that, by introducing a third power to mediate between the two who already divided the country, he might secure for himself a safer and more important position among them. A perseverance in this policy on the part of prelates, whose office was already reverenced for its dignified sanctity, and whose blessing was an object of ambition, had the desired effect; and the French, though they did not for the present send an army into Italy, gave security to the Pope, by declaring themselves the protectors of the church. Soon after this (754), an occurrence took place which shewed the growing influence of the bishops of Rome. The first minister of France, Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, applied to Pope Zachary, desiring to know "whether a prince incapable of governing, or a minister invested with royal authority, and who supported it with dignity, ought to bear the title of king?" The Pope decided in favour of the minister, and his judgment silenced every scruple; the king of France, Childeric the Third, was deposed, and a German bishop received the Pope's authority for anointing Pepin in his room. This favour Pepin afterwards returned by defending the Pope from the encroachments of the Lombards, and by conquering and bestowing upon the see of Rome the greater part of those territories in Italy which had constituted the exarchate of Ravenna. The Greek emperor demanded these possessions back from the victor, as part of his dominions; but they were his, he said, by right of conquest, and he had bestowed them on the see of St Peter, that the Roman Catholic faith might defend itself against the heresies of the Greeks; and no price should make him revoke a gift, which he should vindicate to the church with the last drop of

* Those of the west were Alemanni, Franci, Longobardi or Long-beards, &c. When there was any great confederation of these tribes formed, it took the name of the leading clan; so that the same sept, such as the *Heruli*, might sometimes be reckoned as belonging to the Goths, sometimes to the Vandals or Lombards; but the whole were of German lineage. The Sarmatæ or Sclavonians were the Poles, Russians, Croats, &c.: and the Huns, the Cossacks or Tartars.

his blood. Thus, in the eighth century, the bishops of Rome entered into possession of a degree of civil power equivalent to that of ordinary princes; and in this double capacity of spiritual directors, and secular governors of Rome and its adjacent territory, they have ever since continued.

In another article, we shall give an account of the eastern empire, or that of Constantinople, till its destruction by the Turks in 1453.

THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

Some years ago it was my destiny to reside in a New England village. Nothing can be pleasanter than its situation. All that nature ever did for a place, she has done for this. It is sheltered on the north by high hills, and fringed on the south with forests of oaks and elms; it has its waterfalls and cascades, and, what is more surprising, they are suffered to flow on through meadow and valley, without being condemned to the tread-mill. In this country everything is compelled to do duty. Our forests are cut down for fire-wood; our rocks hewn into state prisons, and some of our modern speculators mean to make old Niagara, that has roared and bellowed so many hundred years for its own amusement, actually work for its living, and support cotton and woollen manufactures.

But to return to my village. It is not called a flourishing one, for there is no distillery and no jail in it. But they have straw bonnet manufactories, working societies, and reading societies, and the females actually raised ten dollars fifty-two cents for the emancipation of the Greeks.

While I resided there, I became intimately acquainted with the clergyman, and it was my constant habit to call on him every evening for a stroll. He was just such a man as the ladies call a marrying man; yet, strange to tell, he was still a bachelor. There was a village legend that he had been crossed in love; but disappointments of the heart generate suspicion and misanthropy, and no one could be more confiding and guileless than he was. His sensibilities seemed to be in their first spring. His fair smooth forehead, his broad chest, and Boanerges voice, gave no evidence that he had wasted his health in scientific or theological pursuits; yet he was well read in scripture, and could quote chapter and verse on every contested point. For many years he had made no use of a Concordance, for he was a living one himself. The practical part of his profession formed its beauty in him. He might well teach temperance, for necessary articles of food were all he coveted; he could talk of charity with the "tongue of an angel," for it was not with him tinkling brass or empty sound; from his five hundred dollars salary there was always an overplus, that brought upon him "the blessing of those that were ready to perish." Perhaps there was a little too much minuteness about worldly affairs, and yet it was an excellent example for others. There was likewise a little too much of the parish register in his cast of mind; he could tell how many he had married, how many he had christened, and how many he had buried; how many prayers he had made, and how many sermons he had written. All this was very well; but when he undertook to know people's ages better than they did themselves, it would have been intolerably provoking, if he had not always been able to prove he was right by parish records. He had a love for agriculture that contributed to his health, and agreeably diversified his employments. The piece of land that was set off to the parsonage, was always in excellent order, and the invalids of his parish might count upon the first mess of peas, and the first plate of strawberries, from his garden.

Our walk often led by a farm that had once been the summer residence of an opulent family. The grounds were laid out originally with much taste; but it had passed into the hands of various owners. They had cut down the trees that they might not obstruct the view of the road, and suffered the buildings to go to decay, because it cost money to repair them. There was an air of desolate grandeur about the house, that inspired sensations wholly unlike the trim square houses of the village. It was too far from the road, and too large to be tenanted. Besides, the farm was run out. In short, it was unpopular, and nobody would live on it. It was said that it might be "bought for a song," but it was so out of repair and so comfortless, that nobody appeared to purchase it. It had gone through the "pitiless pelting" of a severe winter uninhabited, and nothing could be more dreary than it looked, half buried in snow; but when spring came on, and the grass grew green, and the wild roses blossomed, and the creepers hung clustering about the doors and windows, it was a place that might have tempted any lover of solitude and nature.

In a small country village, however, there are few who come under this class. All have a practical love of nature, but not many a sentimenal one; and it was with a degree of contempt that it was discovered, in the month of June, that the house was actually inhabited. Much speculation was excited, and the place that had stood in desolate neglect, became at once an object of curiosity and interest.

I had had some thoughts of purchasing the place, and tried to persuade myself that it would be a good way of investing a small sum, when I learnt that a Mr Forester had been beforehand with me, and had taken possession of the house. I felt a degree of disappointment that the previously irresolute state of my mind by no means authorised. Soon after this occurrence, I quitted the village, and removed to a different part of the country.

Ten years passed away, and I made no effort to renew my intercourse with my old friend the clergyman. In consequence of indisposition, I found it actually necessary last year to journey. My recollections immediately turned to the village where I had before found health, and I once more directed my course towards it.

It was on Sunday morning that I entered the town of H—, about ten miles from the village. I knew too well the primitive habits of my friend the clergyman to break in upon his Sabbath morning, and I determined to remain where I was till the next day.

It is a church-going place. When I saw couple after couple pass the window of the tavern at which I had stationed myself in mere idleness, I began to feel an inclination to go to church too.

I entered the nearest one, and when the minister arose, found to my surprise that it was my old friend. He did not appear to have altered since I last saw him; his voice was equally powerful, his person rather fuller. I recognised in his prayers and sermon the same expressions he had used ten years ago—and why not? They were drawn from his book of knowledge. There was still the same simplicity and the same fervour that had first interested me; and when the services were over, and I shook hands with him, it seemed even to me, who am not given to illusion, that we had parted but yesterday. I tried to make out by his appearance whether he had married, but I was baffled—the outer man had undergone no change. He told me that he should return home after the evening service, and invited me to take a seat in his chaise with him. I readily accepted the invitation. When he called for me, he said, "Don't forget your portmanteau, for I must keep you at my house a few days."

As we jogged along, for his horse never departed from his Sunday pace even on week days, I asked him what had become of the Foresters. "Do they still retain the farm that ought to have been mine?" said I. A colour like the mellow tint of a russetine apple that had been perfectly preserved through the winter, rose in his cheek as he replied, "Part of the family are there; if you like, I will give you an account of them." I assented; but when I found he was settling himself as if for a long story, my heart died within me. I knew his minuteness on every subject, and that to have added or diminished an iota would have been to him palpable fraud and injustice. By degrees, however, I became interested in his narrative.

"Soon after you left me, I became intimate with Mr Forester. He was a sensible, intelligent man, and his wife was a very worthy woman. They had two children, who were full of health and gaiety. Mr Forester entered upon farming with great zeal, and the place soon wore a different aspect. The venerable trees that had been cut down, could not be restored, but repairs were made, the stone walls rebuilt, and all indicated that the new tenant was a man of order and good habits. He had been accustomed to farming, but he was assiduous in finding out the best and most approved methods of ploughing, planting, and managing his land. Nothing could be more successful than his industry. The third year his crops were abundant, and his wife began to talk of her dairy, and exhibit her butter and cheese in the country style. The inhabitants of the village found they managed their affairs so well, that they were content to let them go on without interfering. Mrs Forester accommodated herself to the habits and customs of those around her with wonderful facility, and was a general favourite.

"Instead of passing the house as you and I used to do in our walk, I now every evening turned up the avenue, and spent half an hour with them. The children called me uncle, and ran to meet me; their mother, too, would follow them with a step almost as light. She played upon the guitar, and though I was not acquainted with the instrument, and thought it feeble compared to the bass-viol, yet I loved to hear it chiming with her sweet voice.

"When I looked at this happy family, I felt new sympathies springing in my heart, and began to be almost dissatisfied with my solitary home. I sometimes thought Mr Forester was not as tranquil and contented as his wife; but he had lived in the world, and it was natural that he should feel the want of that society to which he had been accustomed.

"It was on the third year of their residence in the village, that I was invited to visit them with more form than usual. Mrs Forester said, that she and the children were going to celebrate the fifth anniversary of her marriage. She had many of the fanciful contrivances of her sex to give interest to the daily routine of life. She had placed her table under an arbour, covered with honeysuckles and sweet-briar, and loaded it with fruit and the abundance of her good housewifery. The grass that had been newly mown, was distributed round us in heaps. At a little distance from the arbour, and behind it, stood the large barn, with the huge folding doors open at each end. Through this we had a view of the house, and beyond it the country round, with its fields waving with grain, its peaceful streams, its green valleys, its distant hills, and, what in my opinion added greatly to the beauty of the prospect, the spire of my own church rising from a grove of trees. I must not forget to mention the Merrimack that was in front of us, moving on in the majesty of its deep blue waters, and bearing on its bosom the various craft of inland navigation. It was a glorious scene, and we all felt it such. 'Here at least,' said I, 'we may worship God in the temple of his own beauty!' I looked at Mrs Forester. Women have quick sensibilities. I saw the tears were coursing each other down her cheeks; but they were like the rain-drops of summer, and her smiles returned more gaily. The children had taken many a trip from the house to the arbour, with their baskets and aprons loaded with cakes and fruits. We all gathered round the table. Mrs Forester was as gay as her children. She played upon her guitar, and sung modern songs, which I am sorry to say had more music than sense in them. In the midst of one of these, we heard footsteps. A man stood at the entrance of the arbour, and laid his hand on Mr Forester's shoulder. He started, and turned round; then, taking the man by the arm, walked away. 'I wish,' said Mrs Forester impatiently, 'he had not interrupted us just as we were so happy.'

"'Do you know him?' said I. 'No,' she replied, 'I can't say I do, and yet I remember seeing him, soon after we were married. I believe,' added she, colouring and laughing, 'I never told you that ours was a runaway match. It has turned out so well, and our troubles have terminated so happily, that I am not afraid to confess my imprudence to you. I was an orphan, and lived with my grandmother, who was as different from me in her habits and opinions as old people usually are from young ones. She thought singing was bad for the lungs, that dancing would throw me into a fever, and the night air into a consumption. I differed from her in all these opinions, and yet was obliged to conform. After I became acquainted with Mr Forester, we differed still more. She said he was a stranger that nobody knew; I said I knew him perfectly. In short, she told me if I intended to marry him, she would forbid the banns. I thought it best to save her the trouble, and so I tied up a little bundle, and walked off with my husband that is now.

"'The good old lady lived to see him well established in business as a lawyer, and became quite reconciled. I loved her sincerely, and, now that I was independent, willingly accommodated myself to her habits. She died soon after the birth of my first child Ellen, who was named for her. She left me five thousand dollars, which is now invested in this farm, and I trust will be the inheritance of my children.'

"'May I ask,' said I, 'why you left your native place?' 'I hardly know,' said she; 'my husband thought the air did not agree with him. He grew melancholy and abstracted, and then I began to dislike it too, and was quite ready to quit it. We removed to B—. My husband carried his reputation and talents with him, and was again successful in the practice of law. In the course of a few months, his complaints returned, and he then thought it was country air he wanted, and an entire change of life. The event has proved so. We quitted the languid and enervating climate of the south, and travelled north. We gave up all our former associations, and to make the change more complete, my husband took the name of an uncle who brought him up, and relinquished his own. It is now three years since we have resided here, and I don't know that he has had any return of ill health, or nervous affections since.'

"At that moment Mr Forester returned, accompanied by the stranger. He approached his wife, and said, 'Here is an old acquaintance, Mary; you must make him welcome.' There was an expression in the countenance of the guest that appalled us. It seemed to communicate its baleful influence to the whole circle. Mr Forester looked pale and anxious; the gaiety was gone; nobody sung or laughed; we scarcely spoke. All was changed. The stranger seemed to have had a blighting effect on the master of the house; for from this time his health and spirits gradually forsook him. Signs of poverty appeared, and he announced to his wife that he must move elsewhere. She was thunderstruck. The legacy of her aunt had been invested in the purchase of the farm. To give up that, was relinquishing the inheritance of her children. She remonstrated, but without effect; he declined all explanation. With deep regret I saw them quit the village.

"Mrs Forester had promised to write me when they were again fixed in any permanent situation. It was nearly two years before I received a letter. That letter I have now in my pocket-book. It has remained there since I first received it. Here it is."

I knew too well his exact habits to be surprised at the perfect state of preservation in which I saw it. It was as follows:—

"I rejoice that I can give you cheerful accounts, my much respected friend, of my husband and myself. After we left you, we removed to a remote town in the west, and here we are. We have given up farming, and my husband has opened an office. As he is the only lawyer in the place, he has made his way extremely well. I wish I could say I am as happy as you once saw me; but this mode of life is not to my taste, nor do I think it agrees with my husband. I have never seen him so tranquil as the three short years we passed at N—. There is something in the

life of a farmer peculiarly soothing. The sun never rose so bright to me as at that period. I do not think Eve was as happy in her paradise as I was in mine; for her fruits grew spontaneously, but mine were produced by the united effort of head and hands, and gave exercise to all my powers. My children are well. My husband's health is not very good; this plodding life does not agree with him; he is subject to low spirits. I sometimes have sad forebodings of the future; if I could only get back to N—, I think all would go well."

This was the purport of the letter. I returned it to my friend, and he resumed his narrative.

"About a year from the time I received the letter, I took a journey to Montreal to visit a sister who was settled there. In passing one of the streets, I recognised Mr Forester; but he was so altered in his appearance, that I doubted if it could be he. He held out his hand, and I found, upon inquiring, that they had made another remove to Montreal. He was emaciated in his person, and there was a nervous agitation in his manner that alarmed me. I begged him to conduct me to his wife. 'With all my heart,' said he, 'but you will be surprised at our *ménage*.' I accompanied him to a low dilapidated building, in which every thing bespoke poverty. Mrs Forester gave me a mournful welcome. She, too, was greatly changed; but her children were still blooming and healthy, and appeared unconscious of the cloud that hung over their parents.

"My visit was short; I perceived it was an embarrassing one; but in taking leave, I said, 'If you have any commands to your old friends at N—, here is my address.' I had not been home long, before William Forester brought me a note from his mother, requesting to see me. I immediately returned with him, and found her alone. She was free and undisguised in her communication; said there was some dreadful mystery hung over them, and that whatever it was, it was hurrying her husband to the grave. 'I should not have spoken,' added she, 'had not this conviction made all scruples weigh light in the balance. I think it possible he may reveal to you what he will not to me. At least, see him before you quit Montreal. If we could once more return to N—, we might yet be happy.'

"I again called to see him. Never was there a human being more changed. He was dull, abstracted, and silent, and I began to think his mind was impaired. I used every argument in my power to persuade him to return to N—, and tried to convince him it was a duty he owed his wife and children. He only replied that it would do no good; neither they nor he would be happier; that there was nothing I could say to him with regard to himself that his own mind had not suggested. He acknowledged that he had a secret source of calamity, but said it was beyond human power to mitigate it; that the kindest part would be to let him alone; that he had never intruded his sorrows on others, and he asked no participation; that happily there was a termination to all things here, and his sufferings could not last for ever. I told him that if he was alone in the world, he might reason justly; but he must feel that there was one human being at least, that was doomed to participate in his good or bad fortune, and who was made wretched by his mysterious conduct.

"'Has she spoken to you?' said he fiercely.

"'There needs no other language,' replied I, 'than her pale cheek and wasted form. You, who see her daily, cannot realize the change that has taken place; but I, who saw her last at N—, blooming, and happy, full of health and gaiety, alive to all that was beautiful in creation—can I agree with you that you alone are the sufferer?' I found I had touched the cord to which his heart vibrated; I pursued the subject, and finally obtained the victory. He promised me solemnly to return in the course of a few weeks.

"It was with heartfelt pleasure I set about preparing for them. I had the old shattered mansion put into comfortable repair, and took half a year's salary in pork, grain, and live stock, much to the satisfaction of my parishioners, who had rather pay in produce than money, and it was all cheerfully transferred to the desolate building. It was the last day of November when they arrived, and the snow lay three feet deep on the ground. The old trees that remained with their dry straggling branches, stood on each side of the avenue like a procession of mourners. In winter there is but little for a farmer to do, except foddering his cattle, and preparing for the coming spring. Mr Forester had no stock or materials, and his life was an idle one. I could not but think Providence had wonderfully marked its bounty to the other sex, when I saw how cheerfully and constantly Mrs Forester found employment. Her colour and spirits returned, and again I heard her singing songs that seemed only made for summer.

"I have hitherto said but little of myself. I had dwindled into a kind of insignificance in my own mind, and was thought to be a confirmed old bachelor. Even my neighbour, Miss Keziah Spinney, no longer attempted to pour in the oil and the wine, but passed on to the other side. I confess, however, that I sometimes looked back with lingering regret on the years I had loitered away. I could count up to fifty-two. After twenty-five, they were all dull, cheerless blanks, except in the way of duty, and every faithful minister knows how many omissions must press upon his recollection. March had arrived, and we had reasonable expectations that the severity of winter was over; but it did not prove so. There came a violent driving snow storm, and I did not visit the Foresters for several days. At length I received a message from them requesting to see me. Mrs Forester met me at the door. 'My husband,' said she, 'is very ill. Do you remember our visitor on the fifth anniversary of our marriage? Twice since he has come. God knows what malignant power he has over us; but it is terrible in its effects. Yesterday he came suddenly upon us; his visit was short, but immediately after his departure, my husband complained of great oppression upon the lungs, and this morning he has been seized with a hemorrhage. O my dear friend,' continued she, wringing my hand, 'go to him, tell him there is nothing he can reveal so dreadful as this suspense. I can endure it no longer; my reason will be the sacrifice.'

"I hastened to his apartment. He was in bed; his countenance was pale, but calm. 'I am glad you have come,' said he; 'I have a confession to make.' At that moment his wife entered. He called her to his bed-side, and, as she knelt down, he looked earnestly at her, and his courage appeared to fail. But in a few moments he resumed. 'I had hoped that I might die with my secret unrevealed; but now that I believe myself on my death-bed, the judgment of my fellow creatures loses its importance. And yet,' said he, turning to his wife, 'to voluntarily relinquish your esteem, to be remembered by you only with horror! O, if suffering could expiate guilt, these pangs would atone!'

"Never shall I forget the expression of her countenance, the noble, the sublime expression, as she leaned over him. 'My friend—my husband,' said she, 'fear nothing from me. Whatever may be the circumstances to which you allude, they cannot now influence my affection. The years we have passed together are all that identify you with me. Speak without hesitation.'

"'I will be brief,' said he, 'for my strength is failing. My early life was one of dissipation and profligacy. My father gave me all the opportunities of a good education, and a lucrative profession. He died, and left my mother destitute. I persuaded myself it was a duty to run all risks to place her in an independent situation. Frequently I returned from the gaming table, and poured money into her lap. The poor deceived parent blessed and applauded me. I went through all the changes of a gamester, and at length found myself deeply in debt. A horrible chance presented—it was one of fraud and treachery. I purloined a sum intrusted to me—was detected!' He seemed unable to proceed. 'I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment,' continued he, in a low voice. 'Though sunk and degraded, I was not lost. I loathed the vices that had undone me. I turned with horror from the profligacy by which I was surrounded. My conduct was such that the term of my imprisonment was shortened. I received a pardon. My poor mother had died broken-hearted. I quitted Havana; for this was the scene of my guilt and disgrace. At Richmond, I by degrees gained access to good society. I was persevering and industrious. You know, my dear Mary, how I became acquainted with you, and you now perceive that when I married you, I added a new crime, that of deception, to my catalogue of sins. I truly loved you, and I could not resist temptation. My business was lucrative, every thing around me prosperous, and if vice had left no sting, I might have been the happiest of mortals. But not all the rivers of Damascus, nor the waters of Jordan, can wash out the stains of the soul. I was haunted by remembrance of the past. There was something so unlike retributive justice in my prosperity, that I felt as if even this success portended some dreadful reverse. Fool that I was, not to perceive that the terror and anxiety that consumed my hours was retributive justice! When I pressed her whom I loved best to my bosom, I thought what would become of her if she knew she was the wife of a felon!

"'Such was the state of my mind while every body congratulated me on my happiness. I was nominated for an office of trust. A few days after the election had taken place, I received a note, requesting me to come to a particular place, if I would avoid public disgrace. I went to the spot with a beating heart, and found, to my horror, a fellow convict! When I quitted the prison, I had left him there. He had staid out his term, and accident brought him to Richmond. His object was to extort money. I gave him what he asked, as the bribe of secrecy. Again and again he came. My anxiety grew insupportable. Horrible thoughts crossed my mind. I sometimes felt that either he or I must be sacrificed. I gave up all but my wife and children, and left Richmond in hopes of concealment from my persecutor. The rest you know. As soon as I began to acquire credit and property, my tormentor appeared, and nearly stripped me. For three years I lived on this spot unmolested; and I began to think he was dead. You know how, in the midst of apparent security and happiness, he came upon me. Twice he has visited me since. Yesterday he arrived. But Heaven is merciful. The disorder that for months has been undermining my life, is brought to a crisis. With the near prospect of death, I have gained fortitude. I might say something in extenuation of my guilt. But why should I? There is a Judge, and he is merciful.'

"Such was the unhappy man's story. He was mistaken in believing his end so near. He lingered on for months. His confession had rendered the scourge of his persecutor powerless. His decay was gradual, and he lived till June. His wife and myself were his constant attendants. He saw that her affection was undiminished; that it was the labour of love, and not of compassion, that bound her to his side. He died, trusting in divine mercy, and commending to my care his wife and children."

"And you have performed this dying injunction most faithfully, I doubt not," said I to the good man.

Again the colour rose in his cheek. "I have," said he, "to the best of my power. At the end of two years, Mrs Forester kindly consented to marry me. Her children are as dear to me as if they were my own." We had now entered the little village of N—. It was still flourishing in its native beauty. The green banks, with their footpaths, still bordered the carriage road, and clusters of dandelions, purple thistles, and mallows, were scattered by the way side, with their former profusion. The low school-house, with its tall chimney, stood where I left it. The paths that led through the pastures, still remained the same. We were now near the parsonage-house. I asked no questions, for I was willing to wait the developement of circumstances. I was not much surprised when we turned up the avenue that led to the old-fashioned house.

"This is my residence," said the clergyman, "and I let out the parsonage." We stopped. The lady came to the door to meet us. She seemed to have gone along with all things else. Her hair, when I last saw her, was glossy and brown; it was now covered with a white muslin cap, and was parted upon her forehead in a matron-like manner.

I passed a few days with them, and took leave with the novel conclusion, that if there was any happiness in this world, it was to be found in a country village, where there were no improvements, and at the house of a country minister.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

EULENSTEIN.

We are about to record an instance of the victory of genius and perseverance over difficulties, more curious, perhaps, if not more interesting, than any which has yet appeared in our columns. It is the case of a young musician who was tyrannically driven into another line, deprived of his instrument, the violin, and prohibited all indulgence of his favourite pursuit, and who yet found an instrument for himself, one all but tuneless in other hands, and, by stealth, acquired the power of producing on that instrument a music of such excellence, science, taste, and beauty, that princes and nobles came to be his patrons, and connoisseurs and crowds to listen to him with wonder and applause, wherever he presented himself. We allude to Mr Eulenstein, the celebrated player on the Jew's harp.

Mr Eulenstein is by birth a German, and was born at Heilbronn, in Wirtemberg, in the year 1802. A turn for music, amounting to a passion, was soon manifested by him. He was early possessed of a violin, which he learned as a child to play, and often went without his breakfast, when a schoolboy, to save his pence to purchase strings. Judges of musical genius would have encouraged such a boy, but such his parents were not. *They* saw in his pursuit only idleness and poverty—the lot of all, except a few, in a country where almost all are musical. They locked up his violin, forbade him even to whistle, and succeeded in finding out for him a master and mistress, in the hardware line, with as little music in their souls as in their saucepans. The lady, who exercised a direct and by no means gentle sway over the unhappy apprentice, *actually hated* music, and thus had a double motive for excluding all melody, as she effectually did all harmony, from dwelling and warehouse. The youth's vicious tendency to music was narrowly watched, and all pipes, and fiddles, sackbuts, and other instruments, were warned off the premises.

Yet, *on* the premises, and in the stock in trade of these cast-iron personages, there was a musical instrument, which was destined to mar all their care of the anti-musical education of their charge—and that was the Jew's harp.† Young Eulenstein could not but indulge in a trial on this rude toy, as he opened the grosses to supply the schoolboys; but it was not till a gentleman happened to play it in a superior manner in his hearing, that he saw its pretensions to be deemed a musical instrument. This gentleman was a medical practitioner, and has always been one of our artist's best and steadiest friends. The Jew's harp was now zealously practised by Eulenstein; and, to avoid detection, it was practised in bed, even under the clothes which covered him. The patience and perseverance of the young artist were almost unexampled. In six months he arrived at a clear, agreeable tone, free from the well-known twang of the Jew's harp in common hands; and at the end of the first year of his probation, he could master a scale upon *one* instrument.

* From the Token, an American Annual.

† *Jew's harp* is supposed to be a corruption of *Jaw's harp*, or the harp for the mouth. The Germans call it *mouth trump*; the Scotch, *trump*. The Jews disclaim it as an instrument with which they have ever had any connexion.

A singular accident opened up to him an entire new view of the capabilities of the Jew's harp. Falling asleep one night, in the course of his practice, with the instrument in his mouth, the tongue of the harp scratched his face, which induced him in the morning to cover the sharp point with a knob of sealing wax. This put his harp *out of tune*, but, by doing so, shewed him that it might likewise be put *in tune*; in other words, varied in its tones—so that, by playing upon several harps in succession, differently tuned, he could command the chromatic scale. The discovery and the inference were, for a mere boy, alike wonderful; and his skilful and really scientific use of both was not less so. He began to look forward to surprising the world with an entirely new accomplishment. He could now, by changing his harps, tuned to certain notes, modulate from one key to another; and, in another year, acquired a command of this mode of change, so rapid as not in the least to interrupt the melody of even quick passages.

He next attempted the staccato movement, which threatened to defy him; for, to produce it, he was obliged to stop with his tongue each vibration the instant after producing it, and then to draw back the tongue, in order to strike the next note. Even this formidable difficulty he overcame before the end of the third year, and performed the staccato as rapidly as he does now, in his "Rondo a la Paganini."

Our artist, who was at this time eighteen, resolved to follow music as a profession, and to found his claim to public favour upon his conquest of the difficulties of the Jew's harp, a field where he did not expect a single rival. Another year's practice gave him the beautiful shake, turns, and slides, so much admired in his "Kathleen O'More." In this year he gained some other points, such as double notes, roulades, chords, and arpeggios. He had long played two harps at a time, tuned to harmony, which he changed out of fifteen or twenty lying before him.

Our harper now resolved to let out the secret of his acquisition to some friends; and performing in the dark, required them to name the instrument. None of them could, but, delighted with the extraordinary music, they compared it to the Æolian harp, called it the music of fairies, angels, &c. Candles were brought, and a number of penny Jew's harps discovered! They never doubted that they were deceived, and were only convinced by seeing the same instruments used to play, with the same enchanting effect, the same air. The mirth of the party informed the player that he made the most ludicrous grimaces in playing; the unsuspected defect a mirror confirmed to him, and it required another year to cure that.

His master about this time died; and his situation becoming intolerable under the sole residuary power of the widow—who waxed yet more wroth with music, obtained in defiance of all her anti-musical care—he deserted her service; and, with his mother's consent, a few shillings in his pocket, and, like the Last Minstrel,

> "His *harp* the sole companion of his way,"

left his native place, and launched into the wide world.

When he visited any town, his instrument was so utterly scorned, that the very innkeepers thought him insane when he talked of giving a public concert with a penny Jew's harp; the magistrates turned him out when he asked permission to *exhibit*; and a room was repeatedly refused him. This did not tend to remove his natural timidity. He shrunk from attempting to perform in several towns, succeeded in giving but one concert in Luneburg, where an uncle, who was proprietor of a theatre, gave him the use of a room, and returned to his native place, after having walked 1000 miles, visited thirty towns, and cleared L.4 on the whole trip! His money, which was in gold, he stitched into a girdle, and wore it round his waist; but having taken it off to bathe, he hung it on a bush at the river side, and forgot it. Discovering his loss on undressing to go to bed, he hastily re-dressed; flew almost frantic to the spot; but the treasure was gone, and was never heard of again! This calamity drove him to desperation: he resolved again to quit his home; and, instead of timidly shrinking from public exhibition, he resolved boldly to come forward on all occasions that offered. By this means he soon recruited his humble finances, and gained a new character for energy and enterprise, to which, but for his loss, he might have long remained a stranger. He therefore always looked back upon that event as a blessing, under the apparent form of an overwhelming dispensation to him. He was soon enabled to do something for his mother's comfort, and thus removed his chief regret at losing his hard-earned gains—his all. At Stuttgard, young Eulenstein met with some success; and there was an epoch in his fortunes—a summons to perform before the Queen of Wirtemberg, late Princess Royal of England, who applauded his music, advised him to go to Paris and London, and gave him a letter to the Princess Augusta. To reach the French and British capitals seemed to our humble pedestrian an enterprise above his strength and means; but, advised by a queen, and urged by his friends, he slung on his knapsack, and, traversing the Black Forest, arrived in Switzerland, where he met with much encouragement, and remained five months. At Lausanne he spent five months more, acquired the French language, the theory of music, and the guitar; and in November 1826, after a solitary journey on foot, with L.5 in his pocket, but full of hope, he entered the gates of Paris. For some time he was unknown and neglected; his money was exhausted, and his prospects sufficiently blank, when Mr Stockhaussen befriended him, made known his singular merits, and speedily brought him into notice. Sir Sidney Smith also supported him with his patronage, and gave him letters for London. In Paris he performed at private parties, was called to play before the King, Charles the Tenth, the Duchess de Berri, the Duke of Orleans, the present King, and other persons of rank; and, after giving a public concert, came to London passing rich, with L.60 his own! London perfectly confounded him with its vastness, its noise and confusion, and its unheard of expense; he was, moreover, without the language of this, to him, tremendous Babylon. His guide conducted him the day after his arrival to the Marchioness of Salisbury's, to whom he had a letter, and by whom he was invited to come at night to a party she chanced to have. He came, and found himself in the midst of a splendid crowd of 300 people, all moving about and talking; the carriages literally thundered, while that remnant of barbarism, the brass knocker, ceased not its responsive peals the whole evening. His tiny instruments, with their ethereal softness, which require pin-fall silence, produced no audible sound at all: the flitting crowd who got near him *saw* a man in a corner "making faces," and stood and laughed; and as this was his sole reward, he left the house miserably disappointed. Among the few who came early, and really heard the instruments, was her present Majesty, then Duchess of Clarence. Learning that all London routs were noisy, our minstrel had nearly set out again for the Continent, when the present Duke of Gordon, having read of him in the Literary Gazette, found him out—offered him at once the most generous and efficient patronage he had ever received—got him to play before his late Majesty—(he had previously played before the Princess Augusta and Duke of Sussex)—and changed all his plans of quitting England. The Duke of Gordon, with equal good sense and good feeling, arranged parties, whom he bound over to keep the peace while the harper played; and as he became better known, curiosity obtained him silence even at routs. He played before 500 persons, including all the *savans* of London, at a lecture by Mr Farraday, in the Royal Institution, in illustration of a theory of acoustics by Mr Wheatestone; a circumstance which much raised the character of his music in public estimation.

Mr Eulenstein has since become a great favourite in Bath, where he has for three years taught the guitar. At the Duke of Gordon's suggestion, he came to Scotland, and, after a visit to Gordon Castle and Aberdeen, proceeded to Edinburgh, whose inhabitants he charmed with his magic minstrelsy. Among an absolute shower of the tuneful tribe, which had just fallen upon our city when he arrived, he was considered, by the best judges, by far the most exquisite musician, as well as the greatest novelty, of the whole. We congratulate Mr Eulenstein upon his well-earned reputation and his growing independence, affording, as they do, yet another proof of the power of genius, perseverance, and real worth, to surmount all difficulties, and bear away the prize of fame and fortune.

A LOCKERBIE LICK.

The sanguinary conflict which took place upon the sandy holm at the debouchment of the river Dryfe into the Annan, near Lockerbie, in Dumfriesshire, presents us with an instance of the length to which the feuds of families were at one time carried in Scotland.

On the 7th of December 1593, the Lord Maxwell, warden of the western marches of England and Scotland, having, in conjunction with the then lairds of Drumlanrig and Closeburn, collected two thousand men in arms, marched into Annandale, to besiege the laird of Johnston's house of Lochwood, a place of great strength, and through deadly spite to extirpate *him* and all of his name. Accordingly, early on the morning, the laird Maxwell came to Lockerbie, expecting to find the Johnstons, vassals of the Lochwood family, at home; but being disappointed, burnt the house of Nether Place, the residence of the laird of Lockerbie's brother, and afterwards returned to his party at Dryfesands. It so happened that Annandale Johnston soon appeared with only forty horses, with which he engaged eighty of the enemy; put them to flight, pursuing a certain length, and then, through design, suddenly retreating, were followed by the whole body of the enemy, with Lord Maxwell at their head, till they came to the Torwood, on the south-east side of the Dryfe. Here they were suddenly joined by four hundred Annandalians, who sprung out and surprised the enemy. After a short but bloody struggle, in which they were joined by a few Scots from Eskdale, under the laird of Buccleugh, they put the forces of Lord Maxwell into complete confusion, and completed their victory by putting upwards of seven hundred of them to the sword. Among those whom they put to death was Lord Maxwell himself, whom they killed under very cruel circumstances. He was struck from his horse in the flight, and inhumanly slain, after the hand which he stretched out for quarter had been severed from his body. His routed troops fled to the Gotterbie Ford of the Annan, where many were drowned in their attempts to cross the river. A great number that escaped were dreadfully slashed in the face, by the sharp weapons of the Annandalians, in the heat of the conflict; and hence a stroke in the face, in this part of the country, till the present day, obtains the name of "*a Lockerbie Lick.*"

DAY AND NIGHT.

Besides the yearly circuit which the earth makes around the sun, there is also a daily one, in which it revolves round its axis in the space of twenty-four hours; thus causing the regular vicissitude of day and night. The earth's motion is from west to east; and hence the sun, which is a fixed object, appears to move from east to west. If a line were carried round and round the globe, it would require to be the length of 24,855 miles; hence this is the actual space which any given point on the earth's surface travels over in the course of twenty-four hours, a rate exceeding somewhat 1000 miles in the hour. This velocity, with which every person moves continually, is greater, by 140 times, than that with which a cannon-ball issues from the mouth of a cannon; and yet we do not perceive it, because the earth, the air, and every thing around, is carried with us: whereas, if we passed with a thousandth part of this velocity through air standing still, the concussion and current caused in this fluid would be tremendous. It is probable, too, that the earth with its surrounding atmosphere passes through empty and impalpable space, otherwise the prevailing laws of friction and resistance would impede its course, and produce a sound which would be intolerable to human ears. It is somewhat singular, that all the planetary bodies observe the same direction in their motions around their axis, from west to east; thus indicating, even in the remotest parts of creation, a unity of design and purpose, that, in the eye of their Divine Creator, must serve some important end. Although the motion of the earth is of that easy and gliding nature as to be imperceptible under ordinary circumstances, it yet may be very easily made apparent to our vision. If we fix our eye on the sun or moon as they are just peeping up from the edge of the horizon, we find that in a very few minutes they move over a considerable space; and if we are set in a particular position at a window watching the moon, we shall find, that in no long period this luminary will disappear, and become concealed beyond the window-frame: in other words, the earth on which we are seated will have moved so far to the eastward. It may occur to one fond of inquiring into final causes, what is the use of this rotatory motion? Would it not have been as well if the earth had stood still? Perhaps the earth could not stand still, consistent with the prevailing laws of gravity; for we find motion, in some shape or other, is an invariable law of matter. At all events, a revolving motion on its axis is necessary to keep our globe within due limits of the sun; for did it cease to turn round in its daily motion, the sun's central attraction would prove so great as to draw the earth into contact with that luminary. But nature serves many ends with one design, and the alternate recurrence of day and night is no less beneficial to man and his dependencies, than to the upholding of the planetary sphere. Day and night are subordinate changes to summer and winter, but no less useful and conducive to the pleasure of man. Day is the season of light, and beauty, and active exertion, and enjoyment; night is the period of darkness, of repose, and of refreshing slumber. Sleep is essential for repairing the wasted nervous energy of animated beings; and night, with all its accompaniments, seems no less adapted for the enjoyment of refreshing sleep. Even the vegetable kingdom partakes of the repose of night; and it is highly probable that several important processes are carried on in plants during the absence of light, that differ entirely from those performed in sunshine.

In those countries near the equator, or midway between the north and south poles of the earth, day and night are of nearly equal duration throughout all seasons of the year. As we proceed from the equator to the poles, however, the length of the day varies with every varying period of the seasons. In the latitude of Britain, our longest summer day is about seventeen hours, while the night is only seven. Our shortest winter day, again, is just the reverse of this, extending to little more than seven hours. Twice a-year, at the period of our spring and autumn equinox, day and night are of the equal length of twelve hours each. About an hour before sunrise is reckoned the coldest period of the twenty-four, for by this time the heat diffused on the earth's surface in the previous day, has in a great measure been dissipated, and it requires the presence of the great luminary again to impart heat and light to nature. The beautiful and gorgeous tints of the rising and setting sun have been the theme of all admirers of nature. In all that regards the actual circumstances, sunrise and sunset is one and the same thing; yet the accompanying appearances are generally very different—so much so, as to impart a peculiar aspect to the morning and evening sky. The cause of colour in both is the slanting rays of light falling on masses of vapour hovering near the edge of the horizon; and being thus refracted or broken into the various simple rays of colour, impart a red, or yellow, or purple hue, or all these alternating and combining in splendid variety.

In the early dawn, the vapours are generally thin,

diffused, and less abundant; hence the milder, softer rosy hue of the sky. In the evening, again, especially after a hot and sultry day, and in an autumn evening, when the season begins to feel chill, the clouds are condensed in thick and numerous layers or strata, the falling rays are more powerfully refracted, and thus the brilliant display of varied tints is produced. In tropical climates, the evenings are short, and unattended by any beautiful displays; the perpendicular sun darts down suddenly below the horizon, and leaves every object in the obscurity of shade; nor there has the exhaled vapour an opportunity of condensing in the hot and sultry air: it is only in temperate regions that the beauty of the morning and evening sky can be contemplated with pleasure.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

After having spoken of the books contained in the Bible, and of the divisions of those books which have been used by the Jews and the Christians, both in ancient and modern times, it may now be necessary to examine a little into the language in which they were written. The Old Testament was originally written in the Hebrew tongue; and this language is generally considered as having the best claims to be considered the most ancient at present existing in the world, and, perhaps, as the primeval tongue of the human race. By the Hebrew language, therefore, is meant that which was spoken by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the Twelve Patriarchs, which was afterwards preserved among their posterity, and in which Moses wrote, it being improbable that he would employ any other language than that which was in use among the Jews.

This language is supposed by some to derive its name from *Heber*, great-grandson to Shem, whose posterity were denominated *Hebrews;* but it is much more likely that it received its name from its being the mother-tongue of the descendants of Abraham, who were called *Hebrews*, not because they were descended from *Heber*, but because Abraham, having received a command from God to leave the country where he lived, which was beyond the Euphrates, passed that river, and came into the land of Canaan, where the inhabitants of the country gave him the name of *the Hebrew*, that is, *one that has passed over;* in the same manner as the French call all those that live beyond the mountains, *Ultramontanes*.

The reasons that demonstrate the antiquity of the Hebrew tongue are many. In the first place, the names which the Scripture explains are therein drawn from Hebrew roots. It was thus that the first man was called *Adam*, because he had been formed out of *the ground*, which in Hebrew is called *Adamah*. The first woman was called *Eve, because she was the origin of life to all*, *Evach* in Hebrew signifying *to live*. The name of *Cain*, which comes from *Canah*, signifying *to acquire*, or *get*, alludes to what Eve said when he was born—*I have got a man from the Lord*. The explanation of these names is not to be found in any language but the Hebrew; and as this relation between names and things does not occur in any other language, it is in it alone that we can see the reasons why the first human beings were so called.

The names of an immense number of people, also, who are descended from the Hebrews, show the antiquity both of the nation and the language. The *Assyrians*, for instance, derive their name from *Ashur*, the *Elamites* from *Elam*, the *Arameans* from *Aram*, the *Lydians* from *Lud*, the *Medes* from *Madai*, and the *Ionians* from *Javan*, who are all traced in the Hebrew bible to Shem, Ham, and Japhet. These names have no signification in any language but the *Hebrew*, which shows that they are derived from thence, as are also the ancient names of the Pagan deities; to which we must add the remark, which several learned men have made, namely, that there is no language in which some remains of the *Hebrew* are not to be found.

A very apposite example, in allusion to the meaning of proper names in Hebrew, is to be found in the Book of Ruth, towards the end of the first chapter, where it is said, "And the whole town was in commotion about them; and the women said, Is this Naomi? And she said to them, Call me not Naomi (which means *Delightful*); call me *Marah* (which means *Bitter*); for the Almighty (*Emer*) hath caused *bitterness* exceedingly to me. I went away full, and Jehovah hath caused me to return empty; wherefore, then, do ye call me *Naomi*, since Jehovah hath brought affliction on me, and the Almighty hath caused evil to befall me?"

Thus we see that in Hebrew, as well as in most of the Oriental languages, all proper names are significant words; and this is found to be the case also amongst many of the nations of Africa. This circumstance has a great effect in increasing the energy of the diction in these tongues; for it not unfrequently happens, as in the case of Naomi, that the speaker or writer, in addressing a person by his name, makes use of it at the same time as a word of ordinary signification, to express something in the inward disposition or the outward circumstances of the possessor. Instances of this occur in almost every page of the Hebrew Scriptures; and, as may readily be supposed, it is impossible, in such cases, for any common translation to do justice to the energy of the original. We have a very remarkable example of this in the twenty-fifth chapter of 1st Samuel, at the 25th verse; in which Abigail, speaking of her husband Nabal, says to David, "Let not my lord set his mind at all now towards the man of *Belial* (*i. e.* worthless), this same person, towards *Nabal* (which means a scoundrel); for like his name so is he; *Nabal* is his name, and *Nebĕlah* (*i. e.* vileness) is with him."

In speaking of the meaning of proper names, however, the most extraordinary example, perhaps, that can be produced from any book, either ancient or modern, is the following, which is to be found in the fifth chapter of Genesis:—The names of the *ten* antediluvian patriarchs, from Adam to Noah inclusive, are there given; and when these ten names are literally translated, and placed in the order in which they occur, they form altogether the following very remarkable sentence in English:—Man, appointed, miserable, lamenting, the God of glory, shall descend, to instruct, his death sends, to the afflicted, consolation!

We need not be surprised, therefore, at what is mentioned in the *Spectator* (No. 221), of a certain Rabbinical divine having taken the three first of these names as the subject of his discourse, forming thus the text of a regular sermon. "We had a Rabbinical divine in England," says Addison, "who was chaplain to the Earl of Essex in Queen Elizabeth's time, that had an admirable head for secrets of this nature. Upon his taking the doctor of divinity's degree, he preached before the university of Cambridge upon the first verse of the first chapter of the First Book of Chronicles, 'in which,' says he, 'you have the three following words:—

'Adam, Sheth, Enosh.'

"He divided this short text into many parts, and by discovering several mysteries in each word, made a most learned and elaborate discourse. The name of this profound preacher was Dr Alabaster, of whom the reader may find a more particular account in Dr Fuller's Book of English Worthies."

It is evident, that although this matter appeared ridiculous enough in Addison's eyes, so as to furnish him with a theme for a very amusing paper, yet, on considering attentively the meaning of the original words here used as proper names, a great deal of very sound doctrine might be elicited by a subtle divine, even from such an apparently insignificant text.

In the same way, the names of animals in Hebrew are found to be words expressive of their qualities, which gives support to the idea that this was the language which Adam used when he gave them their names; as we find recorded in the second chapter of Genesis, at the 19th verse—"And Jehovah God formed out of the ground every beast of the field, and *he formed also* every fowl of the heavens; and he brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them, and whatever Adam called it—the living creature—it is its name."

Some of the names of animals in Hebrew are still found to be clearly descriptive of their qualities; and, therefore, in regard to what animal is intended, there can, in such cases, be no dispute. But with respect to some others, the matter is not so plain; as, from the root not being now found in the language, the ideal meaning of the name cannot be so readily ascertained: and hence the eleventh chapter of Leviticus, in which the names of certain clean and unclean animals are enumerated, presents difficulties to a translator of no ordinary description.

There is, perhaps, no language in the world so easily reduced to its *original elements* as the Hebrew. As Wilson has well expressed it, "We descend from Words to their Elements; and the accurate knowledge of Letters is the principal part of Hebrew grammar. Its flexion nearly approaches that of the modern languages, particularly the English. The relations and dependencies of nouns are not distinguished by terminations, or cases, but by particles or prepositions prefixed. The persons, moods, or tenses of verbs, are not marked by the changes of their last syllables, but by means of letters of a particular order, which sometimes appear in the middle, sometimes in the beginning, and sometimes in the end of the original word." In fact, the structure of the Hebrew language is peculiarly favourable for the expression of energy and sublimity. The words, as is well known, are remarkable for shortness, the greater part consisting of not more than two, three, or four letters; few words have more than ten letters, and those that consist of that number are not many. The sentences are also, for the most part, short, and are quite free from that complexity which is apt to embarrass the reader when perusing even the best authors of Greece and Rome. The idiom of any language consists in the order of the words; but it is well known that, in this respect, the Greek and Latin tongues are extremely capricious, the words being arranged in them not in the order of the *understanding*, but of the *ear*, according to the sound rather than the sense. The Greek and Roman writers place the emphatic words in whatever order the sentence can be made to run most musically, though the sense be suspended till the speaker or reader come to the end; and hence the need of so many flexions and syntax rules for a learner to arrange them to find out the meaning. Yet, even for this purpose, more declensions than one were not necessary; nor more tenses than three, a past, a present, and a future.

From this mass of perplexity, the Hebrew language is entirely free. Its original words, called roots, consist of a proper number of letters, commonly three, the fewest that make a perfect number; and they express an action finished or perfected by a single agent. It has a proper number of voices, *i. e.* active, passive, and medial—and only the tenses that are in nature. Its primitive words are more sentimental and scientific than sonorous; and they express original ideas, being definitions of things descriptive of their natures.

The Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and such as are immediately derived from them, or constructed on their model, are the only languages that are formed on a regular artificial plan; and all other tongues of which we know anything, except, perhaps, the Persian and the Sanscrit, must be considered in comparison as mere gibberish, being quite rude in their original formation; nor is it possible to reduce them to another state, without wholly metamorphosing them. That which was never the language of a cultivated learned people, and in which there are no literary works of taste, cannot be a polished language, although it may have been the language of a civilized nation, or of a court, if they were only an illiterate people. In a word, all languages that have a *concourse of consonants*, or *silent letters*, are rude in their writing or pronunciation, whatever their structure may be. The Greek and Latin are free from the latter fault, and the Hebrew from both. "As Solomon possessed the most wisdom and knowledge," says Mr Ray, "and treated all subjects of natural philosophy, &c., and his court being the most splendid and elegant, as people came to it from all nations, and greatly admired it, the Hebrew must be a copious, elegant language; and its structure is invariable, being the same in Moses and Malachi, at a thousand years' distance."* In speaking of the *genius* of a language, indeed, which is its force, vigour, or energy, the Hebrew may without doubt be said to excel all.

It is evident, therefore, that if, as Longinus observes, "saying the greatest things in the fewest words" be essential to sublimity and energy in discourse, the Hebrew is the best language in the world for the purpose. In it we have no superfluous parts of a sentence in words, or even in *letters*. A Hebrew writer conveys his meaning without *circumlocution;* for although he were inclined, he would be unable to accomplish it, because the language is quite unsuitable in its nature for being employed in any such way; and, therefore, if an author's subject be good, even although he should possess but little genius, he will find no great difficulty to clothe his ideas in sublime and energetic language, if he write in Hebrew.

Such is the simple nature of the formation of this primitive language, and which seems, at the same time, to entitle it more to the claim of being a philosophical tongue, than, perhaps, any other in the world. It is remarkable that the structure of this very ancient language approaches closely to that of the English, and other modern tongues; as the relations and dependencies of nouns, according to what has been already remarked, are not distinguished by terminations, or cases, as in Greek and Latin, but by particles or prepositions (or little words), prefixed, and which are, at the same time, conjoined with the noun, as if they were a part of it.

The advantages which the Hebrew language possesses above all others in the simplicity of its formation—its remarkable originality, in that it borrows from no language, whilst almost all others borrow from it—as also the ideality which is found to pervade its roots or primitive words—have all been considered as entitling it to higher claims in the consideration of philosophers, than any other language in the world, either ancient or modern. These notions have been carried to such a length, indeed, by some learned men, that they gave rise to an entirely new school of philosophy, generally known by the designation of the Hutchinsonian; the disciples of which are remarkable, as being opposed in many things to the Newtonian system, and as being possessed with the belief that in the Hebrew language, and in it alone, are to be found the germs of all true philosophy. The system takes its name from John Hutchinson, an English philosopher and critical author, who died in 1737, and was remarkable as an opponent of Dr Woodward on natural history, and of Sir Isaac Newton in philosophy.

* Vide Ray's Synopsis of Philosophical Systems, p. 80.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RAIN.—SECOND ARTICLE.

The seasons of the year, while they contribute by their variety to our pleasure and happiness, are characterised by such weather as is best adapted to the necessities of the vegetable and animal creation; wherefore the proportions of rain vary in different months of the year. In summer we have not so many rainy days as in winter; but the showers are then heavier, the streams of rain closer together, and the quantity which falls is greater than during any other season. Dr Dalton, whose scientific accomplishments we have before had reason to notice, concludes that the first six months of the year may be regarded as dry, and the last six as wet months. Another ingenious author has inferred, from long observation, that in spring it rains oftener in the evening than in the morning, but that towards the end of summer, oftener in the morning than the evening, and storms at this time are apt to occur a little after sunrise. The reason that in winter less rain falls, though we have more rainy days than in summer, is, that the temperature of the air is less variable in winter, and the condensation of moisture not so forcible; therefore, the rain continues falling in small drizzling drops, which, accompanied or followed by chilly north-east winds, gives rise to colds and coughs, and many distressing maladies, which often sweep into the grave the most delicate and lovely beings, to whom our affections have been in this world most allied. Here, too, we may observe, that, while a clouded and damp atmosphere favours the increase of vegetable foliage, it is not so favourable to its fructification. In such seasons, while the blades of grass grow broader, the nutritious principle which they should contain is not well developed; so that animals feeding on this poorer grass are obliged to take a larger portion to satisfy their appetites. Cattle and sheep which feed on such pasturage may be observed to be almost continually eating; whereas, in moderately dry seasons, when the occasional rains have been heavier, every blade of grass grows more healthily, its nutritious principle is better evolved, and less sufficing. The same animals may be seen lying down and ruminating in the shade.

In the progression of the seasons, rain falls at all times during the twenty-four hours; but Luke Howard has concluded, that much less falls by day than by night. "According to my experiments (says he), the rain that falls by day makes only one-third of the quantity that falls by night."* After the fall of rain, we must all have remarked how the grass, flowers, herbs, and trees, assume a richer aspect—

> "There is life in the fountains,
> There is joy in the mountains."

All nature is gladdened and refreshed. The most inattentive person too must be sensible of the delightful fragrance which seems breathed from every leaf and every flower. This peculiar effect is, by Forster, attributed to the rain, especially of thunder showers, being highly electrified, and this, most probably, has a considerable influence; for, doubtless, the more powerful exhalation of such odours, after rain, is occasioned by the stimulus which the refreshing rain affords the vegetable creation. Such are the general phenomena attendant on the fall of regular rain, without the benign agency of which, the fields would be parched up, and every herb withered by excess of drought. In scripture phraseology, "the earth would cry for succour unto the heavens, and the heavens unto God."

IRREGULAR RAIN.

We term rain irregular when it presents us with appearances which are out of the ordinary course of nature. Thus, authentic accounts have been published of yellow rain, red rain, luminous rain, viscid rain; besides which, showers of nutritious substances, of fishes, and of reptiles, have also occurred in different parts of the world. It is easy for the ignorant, who are always ready to give rash and arrogant decisions, to deny at once the possibility of these or any other preternatural occurrences; but the well-informed mind, conscious how limited is the extent of human knowledge, will receive with no over-hasty credulity the acknowledgment of such apparently anomalous facts, and wait with becoming patience and humility until the advancement of science, by unfolding the explanation, dissipates the apparent mystery.

Yellow Rain has fallen during storms in various parts of Europe. It has occurred in Norway and in Copenhagen, and, about twenty years ago, rain of this kind fell in Germany. This appearance is thus explained: The pollen, or impregnating seed-dust of the flowers of the fir, birch, juniper, and other trees, is of a yellow colour, and this pollen, by the action of the wind, is carried to a considerable distance, and descends with falling rain. This yellow rain has also been found impregnated with sulphur. The rain of this kind alluded to, which fell in Germany, was so saturated with sulphur, that matches were made by being dipped in it.

Red Rain has also been noticed. In the year 1810, a shower of red rain fell in Hungary. It lasted a quarter of an hour, and the water was like blood. This was ascertained to be owing to the rain-water being loaded with the red pollen of pine-trees, which were the principal trees in a neighbouring forest. On the 14th of March 1813, a shower of red mineral rain fell in Upper Italy. At the time, thunder was heard, and lightning seen in every direction. This peculiar rain was carefully analyzed, and its chemical elements discovered. Here, in explanation, we may observe, that there is generally a little iron, and other adventitious substances, in the air, the aggregation of which might have occasioned this phenomenon, for thus meteoric stones are supposed to be formed; and perhaps, had the attraction been different in this instance, such might have been produced.

Viscid Rain has also fallen. In the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, an account is given of a shower of viscid rain which happened in Ireland. On examination, it was found to be owing to the presence of extraneous matter, partly vegetable and partly animal.

Showers of Nutritious Substances have been recorded on unquestionably good authority. We do not allude alone to the manna which fell in prodigious quantities round the Hebrew camp—for that may be regarded as a miracle, and is considered to admit of a typical interpretation. In Arabia, manna is found in great abundance on the leaves of many trees and herbs, and may be gathered and transplanted to a distance by the wind. Even so recently as 1824, a shower of this kind occurred. In 1828, a substance was shown to the French Academy, which fell in the plains of Persia. It was eaten, and afforded nourishment to cattle and many other animals. This nutritious matter was found to be a vegetable production—the *Lichen esculentis* of authors—which had been transported thither by the wind.

We are not, in these various instances, to forget the powerful agency of the wind, which often has been proved to carry, to a prodigious distance, sand and dust, and the ashes and scoriæ which have been thrown up during the eruption of volcanoes. Not very many years ago, during a strong gale, herrings and other fish were carried from the Frith of Forth so far as Lochleven—a fact which has been well attested. In some countries, rats migrate in vast numbers from the high to the low countries; and it is recorded in the history of Norway, that a shower of these (thus transported by the wind) fell in an adjacent valley. A shower of toads is reported to have fallen many years ago at Portobello; but we are inclined to suspect the truth of this tradition.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

We shall conclude this article by enumerating a few of those prognostications of approaching rain, which, admitting of explanation, are most interesting. When the moon is of a pure silvery colour, good weather is indicated; but when it has a brown or chestnut coloured tint, rain may be expected. This is owing to the effect of the vapour in the atmosphere in refracting the moon's light. For the same reason, when stars are surrounded by coloured haloes, the approach of rain is indicated.

When mountain ranges or distant objects appear nearer to us than usual—when sounds are heard more clearly from a distance—when the odour of plants is more than usually powerful, rain may be prognosticated. The first of these signs arises from the effect of an excess of moisture in reflecting and refracting the rays of light—the two last from sounds as well as odours being conveyed better through a damp than through a dry air. The low flight of swallows indicates approaching rain. The cause of this is, that they pursue flies, which delight in warm air; and these flies, escaping from the excess of moisture above, descend nearer to the surface of the earth, and are there pursued by these birds.

Ducks, geese, and other water-fowls, before the approach of rain, may be seen to throw water with their bills over their backs, and dive frequently; the cause of which is, that, although so much in the water, they do not like being wet to the skin; to avoid which, when warmed by the peculiar sensation preceding rain, they close their plumage together, by throwing a sudden weight of water on their bodies, in the direction of the growth of their feathers.*

Before the fall of rain, cattle may be observed stretching out their necks, and snuffing in the air with distended nostrils, which, doubtless, is occasioned by the odours of plants being more powerful than usual when the air is saturated with an excess of moisture.

It is unlucky for anglers to meet *one* magpie, but *two* is a favourable sign: for this reason, if stormy weather be likely to occur, one magpie alone leaves the nest, the other remaining to protect the eggs; but if fine weather be at hand, both leave the nest with impunity, for their eggs are then not likely to suffer injury.

Man in strong and robust health does not feel his constitution affected by that change in the state of the atmosphere which precedes rain; but persons who are in delicate health are often much affected. Pain of the head, toothache, irritability of temper, pains in old sores which have healed, the aching of corns, and excessive nervousness, are all, in certain habits of body, signs of approaching wet weather.

Dogs closely confined in a room become drowsy and stupid before rain; the same in a less degree is observed of cats; horses neigh much; cattle low; the fallow-deer becomes restless; and many other animals, from the uneasiness they feel owing to the altered condition, prognosticate the approach of rain. The hog, however, is but an indifferent guide. During the great earthquake in Calabria, all other animals were much agitated; but this animal did not seem to be at all affected. Insects being very sensible of every change in the state of the atmosphere, are good weather-guides: hence, fine weather may be predicted when many spiders' webs are seen in the open air; also when bees are found far beyond their hives. On the contrary, when spiders remain hidden, and bees do not range abroad as usual, rain may be expected. Many flowers and plants are excellent prognosticators of the weather. When the flower of the chick-weed expands freely, and remains open, no rain will fall for many hours; but when it closes, showery weather or continued rain may be expected. The trefoil, the convolvulus, and many other plants, contract their leaves before the approach of rain.

The cords of stringed instruments, such as the piano-forte, harp, guitar, violin, &c. frequently snap previous to the fall of rain, which is occasioned by their shortening, in consequence of imbibing some of the additional moisture in the air.

Many other prognostications of wet weather are recorded, but these being among the most interesting, have been selected by us for this occasion; and now, having once more terminated our agreeable task, we say, farewell, hoping our readers will not decline accompanying us on our next meteorological excursion, in which we propose alluding more particularly to the nature of hail, snow, dew, mists, fogs, and other phenomena, which, while they afford us pleasing varieties, contribute to the wants and happiness of all living beings.

* Luke Howard's Climate of London, vol. ii. p. 197.

* Luke Howard, Ibid. Notes to Vol. I

PHYSIOGNOMY.

One of the faculties which children acquire earliest, is that of distinguishing character by the lineaments of the countenance. Their observations of course do not at first embrace any extended range; they cannot conclude from the particular cast of features that a person is avaricious, envious, cruel; or, on the contrary, that he is generous, benevolent, humane. Between the different modifications of the good and evil passions, they have not the capacity minutely to discern. All that they are able to determine is, whether an individual is to be dreaded or loved. On beholding one face, they turn away in a fright, and shrink for refuge into their nurse's bosom; while on another they gaze with confidence and satisfaction. It is true some children are naturally shy, and will be greatly discomposed if the eyes of a stranger, whatever be his character, rest upon them for any length of time; but it is equally true there are some countenances which they dare not contemplate even when they themselves are not observed. As they grow older, their acuteness increases; they never make a mistake in regard to those upon whose knees it is safe for them to climb, nor are they ever seen plucking the coat-tails of a fellow whose disposition is surly, or attempting in any manner to establish a familiarity with him. At a safe distance, they bend their clear round eyes full upon every visage; and if it appear promising, all at once they burst forward with a shout of glee, and commit some romp-provoking freak: on the other hand, a sinister expression abashes their little hearts, and they slink away behind backs out of the reach of its influence. Every one who has been accustomed to watch the motions of children, must have observed with what attention they regard the features of a stranger, and how speedily they make up their minds how it is proper for them to behave in his presence.

The knowledge thus early acquired is improved by uninterrupted practice with the advance of years. Full soon the schoolboys

> "learn to trace
> The day's disasters in the morning face"

of their instructor; and by the time they are grown to years of discretion, and beginning active life, they are complete adepts in the art of deciphering countenances. Hence the fatal facility with which they trust some persons, and the decided dislike they manifest at first sight to others; for they have as yet learned only to judge of what may be called the natural countenance, without reference to the artificial characters which long habits of intercourse with the world superinduce. By the mistakes committed at this period, they are not discouraged, and driven to abandon this system of reading the mind through the features; but, adjusting their knowledge according to the various new modifications of the criteria which daily present themselves, they learn to look with greater keenness of perception, as well as greater caution, through the face, as it were, into the inmost man. All who have the power of sight and the power of judging employ them in this manner. The most illiterate are no less proficients in the art of physiognomy than the wisest of men, and the result of their observations is conveyed in language considerably more forcible. "The gallows is stamped on his forehead," they say, on inspecting a visage peculiarly truculent. If a customer with a sinister look enters a shop, the merchant, after he is gone, asks his assistant, "Did you look well to the money he gave you?" The politician is perhaps too wily to give his thoughts expression in words, but he gazes not the less anxiously, endeavouring to pe-

netrate the triple brass behind which is concealed the purpose of his adversary.

The most celebrated writer who has undertaken to instruct men better in this universal art, is Lavater, a Swiss clergyman. A close observer, shrewd, enthusiastic, himself one of the mildest and most amiable of beings, he thought he discovered in it the means of ameliorating, in an incalculable degree, the condition of his fellow-creatures. By its proper cultivation, he conceived that the excellent qualities might be early perceived and fostered, while the bad might be discouraged and repressed. "The most indisputable," he says, "though the least important advantages of physiognomy, are those the painter acquires, who, if he be not a physiognomist, is nothing: the greatest is that of forming, conducting, and improving the human heart. Where the dark inattentive sight of the inexperienced perceives nothing, there the practical view of the physiognomist discovers inexhaustible fountains of delight, endearing, moral, and spiritual. It is the latter only who is acquainted with the least variable, most perspicuous, most significant, most eloquent, most beautiful of languages—the natural language of moral and intellectual genius, of wisdom and virtue. He reads it in the countenances of those who are unconscious of their own native elocution. He can discover virtue, however concealed. With secret ecstacy, the philanthrophic physiognomist discerns those internal motives which would otherwise be first revealed in the world to come. He distinguishes what is permanent in the character from what is habitual, and what is habitual from what is accidental. He, therefore, who reads man in this language, reads him most accurately." In a strain of higher eloquence, speaking of the impossibility of seizing and expressing by words or on canvass, though the physiognomist can understand them, many minute traits of character, he proceeds—"Numberless of these can neither be described nor imitated. How many even are not to be retained by the imagination! How many that are rather felt than seen! Who shall describe, who delineate the cheering, the enlightening ray—who the look of love—who the soft benignant vibration of the benevolent eye—who the twilight and the day of hope—who the internal strong efforts of a mind wrapt in gentleness and humility, to effect good, to diminish evil, and to increase present and eternal happiness—who all the secret impulses and powers collected in the aspect of the defender or enemy of truth—who 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, while imagination bodies forth the forms of things unseen'—who shall all this delineate and describe? Can charcoal paint fire, chalk light, or can colours live and breathe?"

The friend of Fuseli, Lavater possessed no inconsiderable powers as a sketcher of portraits, and he enforced his favourite doctrines at once by the eloquence of his pen, and the ingenuity of his pencil. A series of heads, some of them real, some imaginary, accompanied by appropriate commentaries, spread a mania of physiognomy throughout Europe. He was equally ridiculed and applauded. Judgments which he had never delivered on the portraits of the eminent men of his time were assigned to him, and, being adapted to the views of particular factions, contributed, perhaps, as much as his own veritable decisions, to procure for him an extensive notoriety. Many individuals, both in this country and abroad, set themselves to act according to the rules he was supposed to have laid down. Before servants were engaged, their countenances were subjected to the minutest scrutiny; parents contemplated with unusual attention the faces of their children, and resolved to educate them with a careful reference to the capacities they hoped to discern; and the ancient, but, by the prudent, little approved practice of falling in love at first sight, was exercised for a time by sanction, as was believed, of one of the "exact sciences." Yet, notwithstanding all the extravagancies attributed to Lavater, there is little in his system but what is found in the universal belief of mankind. That the action of the passions is perceptible in the motion of the muscles, in the flexible parts of the human countenance, all admit. The appearances thus caused acquire permanence and solidity by frequent recurrence. This is equally undisputed. Lavater only went a step further, and sought to determine the indications of physiognomy with greater certainty, by the form of firmer parts of the face—the outline of the forehead, nose, cheekbones, and chin. The forehead to the eyebrows he held to be the mirror or image of the moral and sensitive life; and the mouth and chin the image of the animal life; while the eye is to the whole as its summary and centre. But the peculiarities, if such they be, of his creed, will be best explained by a conversation which he had with Joseph the Second at Waldshut. In the summer of 1777, Lavater happened to pass through that town when the emperor was there, and was sent for to an interview.

"Ah, you are a dangerous man!" said Joseph; "I do not know whether any one ought to suffer himself to be seen by you; you look into the hearts of men: we ought to be very cautious when we come into your company."

"No honest and good man," answered Lavater, "need to fear me, if I could really look as deep into the heart as some men imagine I can, which I am very far from being able to do. I consider it as my duty—and it is a pleasure to me—to notice rather what is good in my fellow men than their failings. I am besides, myself a sinful man, who would not always wish that others should see into my heart, and whom it very ill becomes to be too severe."

The emperor seemed to be satisfied with this answer, and, leading Lavater towards an open window, continued—"But can you tell me how you came to conceive the idea of writing on such a subject?"

"I had occasionally drawn portraits," replied the physiognomist, "and had observed particularly striking resemblances between corresponding parts and features of the countenance of different persons; as for example, similar noses distinguished by particular acuteness. This very naturally led me to inquiries into the resemblances that might be found in their character, dispositions, and intellectual powers, how different soever they might in general be: and I found as evident resemblances in their minds as in the features of their countenances. Thus was I induced to inquire farther, till gradually I arrived at the point where now I am."

The emperor then asked concerning the ancient authors who had written on the subject, and in what respect he differed from his predecessors.

"Many of them," replied Lavater, "treated the science rather with a view to the prediction of future events than rational observation; they said and wrote more than they saw and felt: I merely observe, and assert nothing but from my own observation. The old authors say generally—high foreheads, and large foreheads, betoken a feeble and slothful man. We certainly find feeble and slothful men with large and high foreheads; but all large and high foreheads are not signs of feebleness and sloth. Let us recollect Julius Cæsar. There are such foreheads which accompany extraordinary penetration and activity. Such erroneous judgments can only be avoided by the most accurate precision. My endeavours have therefore been directed to define the peculiarities of each part of the countenance as accurately as possible, both by delineation and descriptive terms. I have likewise employed my attention more on the firm, defined, and definable parts of the human physiognomy, than on the moveable, momentary, and accidental. The greater part of physiognomists speak only of the exterior signs of the passions, and the expression of them in the muscles. But these exterior signs are only transient circumstances, which are easily discoverable. It has, therefore, always been much more my object to consider the fundamental character of the man, from which, according to exterior circumstances and relations, all his passions arise as from a root. The expression of that, I find partly in single features—in the terminations and outlines of the forehead, the nose, the skull, or the bones—and partly in the harmonious combination of these parts in one whole. Much more difficult to recognise, but, at the same time, much more certain and decisive, are the expressions of the powers of the mind which are manifested in the countenance at rest."

The emperor listened with attention, seeming to reflect on what was said with some surprise. "He for an instant turned," says Lavater, in his account of the interview, "with a gracious smile, towards the open window, so that I had, for the first time, a profile view of him. I principally directed my attention to the eyes and nose. This moment of observation, when he did not look at me, was to me particularly valuable."

"I can readily admit," continued the monarch, "that much of the power of a man's mind, of his disposition, temperament, and passions, may be discovered from his countenance; but integrity and sincerity—oh! these are very difficult to discover by the features. With respect to these, you must be extremely careful and attentive. There is too much dissimulation in the world."

"There certainly is much," answered Lavater; "and, undoubtedly, probity is much more difficult to discover than understanding, wit, courage, and temperament. We may assign many outlines and traits of which we can say with certainty, where these appear in a countenance, there is much understanding. But it is not thus with respect to probity. Notwithstanding this, there are certain measures of power, wisdom, and goodness, which may be combined in such just proportion, that integrity must almost necessarily be the result. Now, each of these ingredients which compose integrity, has its appropriate signs; and their harmonizing may be expressed by the harmony of the features. A great portion of goodness, benevolence, and firmness, which form the basis of probity and integrity, cannot easily be mistaken in a countenance."

"Do you not find," said the emperor, "that character in the female sex is much more difficult to ascertain, and, in fact, that there is much less of peculiar character in that sex than in men?"

"In certain respects," replied Lavater, "I must answer in the affirmative; in others, in the negative."

He smiled sarcastically, and, with the significant air of a man of experience—"Women," said he, "are governed by men, and apt at imitation. They have no character of their own, and assume any that they choose. Their character is that of the man whom, for the time, they wish to please. They perhaps meet with one who is serious, sedate, and prudent, and who, in some particular or other, pleases them; immediately they are sedate and serious. Soon after, another comes, who is gay and lively, and, as they have not attracted the notice of the former, they now become lively and gay, merely to please their new associate. What, then, is their character? Who can ascertain their disposition from their countenance? The physiognomist may study them a long time, and when he thinks he has obtained certainty, on a sudden they are totally changed."

"I admit," answered Lavater, "that these remarks of your excellence are, in general, well-founded, and that it is, to a certain degree, undoubtedly true that women are what they are, only through men; or rather, that they assume, in the presence of men, the character which they think most proper to be assumed: yet, at the same time, there are certain firm, unchangeable, undisguisable features, tokens of the internal basis of their character, in which the physiognomist will not easily be deceived. It indeed cannot be denied, that, as their physiognomy is less bony, less projecting, less strongly delineated, it is not so easily to be defined as that of strongly-formed, firm-boned men. But if we always, in the first place, direct our attention to the grand outline and form of the countenance, we shall not greatly err. It can never be sufficiently repeated, that there is so much in every human countenance, that is independent of all the arts of dissimulation, that we ought not to fear those arts; only the moveable features are within the influence of dissimulation; the real countenance, or the basis of those features, is beyond its power."

"But consider," said the emperor, "should you be able to assign precise principles, and your observations become a certain and attainable science, what a revolution you must produce in the world! all men would view each other with very different eyes."

"I confess," replied Lavater, "that my head frequently turns giddy only at the thought of all the changes which physiognomy might produce in the mass of the human race; but it will produce no such changes."

The accuracy of this lively epitome of the doctrines of Lavater cannot be doubted, since the words are his own. Many readers will be surprised to find in them so little that is vague and mystical, considering the strong impression to that effect which is almost every where entertained. The truth is, however, that these ideas have been generated, not by the opinions of the founder of the science himself, but by what injudicious followers have engrafted upon it. He was enthusiastic, indeed, in his speculations as to the results of physiognomy, and perhaps attributed to the study of it too great a degree of importance; but, in the data he lays down as the groundwork of the system, in his statement of observed facts, and in his deductions from them, he will be found to be cautious and exact.

BEES AND MICE IN CANADA.

Bees thrive very well in Canada; the honey, however, is not of the first-rate quality, owing to the flowers not being so plentiful as the trees. Plenty of good mead might be brewed, and we are surprised not to find this done. In winter, the beehives are housed in, which serves to protect them against the inclemency of the weather. There are numbers of bees in the woods, with their nests in the hollow trees; but their sweet treasures are not much sought after, except by the bears. Once, when in the woods, we came upon a settler cutting down a large tree, by the banks of a river, on which his bees had swarmed; but, long before he cut down the pine, the hive had taken the alarm, and moved off to where they would not be disturbed.—Mice are not numerous, and seem to be very diminutive in size. I have seen them in places where food was very plentiful, and yet they never looked fat and plump, like those seen at home. The Musk-rats build their nests of bent, in the marshes and grassy edges of the rivers; in winter-time, when the frost withers the herbage, their nests are seen sitting in the ice, like so many large beehives.—*Mactaggart's Three Years in Canada.*

ARISE, MY LOVE!

Arise, my Love!—my Ladye bright!
The merrie lark is up!
The sun hath kissed, with lip of light,
The daisy's silver cup.

The dappled doe is out at play
Upon the grassy hill—
The cushat weaves a tender lay
Beside her favourite rill.

All pretty things are moving now,
Like dreams, in azure light,
Yet none are half so fair as *Thou!*—
Arise—my Ladye bright!

—*Lancaster Herald.*

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INTENTIONS.

THERE is an old Spanish saying, that hell is paved with good intentions. For the extent of the commodity, the earth might be paved with them too; and then they would be very much in their proper place with respect to mankind, for there is nothing we are so perpetually trampling under our feet. What a great and glorious world this would be, if it were to be estimated by intentions! Even amongst the humblest of us, and in the humblest details of our humble lives, what fine intentions we are always forming! We might all be gods for our intentions. The very thief, the day before his being finally captured and put on the road for the gibbet, had excellent intentions. The old abandoned sinner, the hour before he was struck by the mortal illness which carried him off, had the noblest intentions. The most virtuous and devout man in the country never had better, if so good. Oh that we could all be judged by our intentions!

In plain positive truth, these same intentions are the most pernicious things in the world; and men ought rather to be condemned, than excused, for entertaining them. If a man has no good intentions, he knows that he is decidedly wicked, and has the chance of being some day roused to a sense of his unrighteous state, and thereafter becoming reformed. But the man of good intentions goes dreaming on all his life, in reality a wicked and erring creature, but constantly absolving himself from his sins through the efficacy of this pretended virtue, which only permits and urges him to sin more. Far honester and far safer is he who does not pretend to conceal either from himself or others that he is a wretch, than the mean dastard who sneaks into a good character with himself, and at the same time deceives the world, by an assumed and fallacious merit. In fact, every good intention, not in proper time carried into effect, is a palpable offence; for, but for it, we might have felt the necessity of *doing* some lesser good: it only tends to supplant the performance that might have otherwise taken place. Good intentions tickle the conscience till it sleeps, and then carry their victim forward, in blind and fatal security, to destruction.

As all men think all men mortal but themselves, so also do all men think all men liable to moral rebuke but themselves. When we hear some fervent pulpit admonition, accompanied by a justly severe view of the deceitfulness of human nature, we think that all this is very proper for people in general, but never once suppose that we, in particular, are in the way of needing it. In the same way, it is by no means unlikely that many individuals who read this little essay will say, either in words or thoughts, How just the writer is upon thousands whom we know! But not one in ten, perhaps, will bring the moral home to himself, and inquire to what extent *he* may have been guilty of only meaning well. *This, however, is what every one should do.* We would indulge the hope that many might thus receive a shock sufficient to awake them from the dream of good intentions, and henceforward endeavour to *do* what they have hitherto contented themselves with only *designing to do.* Let every one be on the watch for the least symptom of an intention which is excluding a performance. Let him open his eyes to the injury likely to result from such a habit. Let him reflect, when he sees another die without performing something which ought to have been done, that probably that individual had just as good intentions as any one ever has—only, as usual, he was cut off while in a state of dalliance with the performance. So blind are men, that we have heard an individual rail in no very measured terms at a neighbour who had died without doing a certain thing which he seemed to consider necessary; and when the railer was asked if he, who was in exactly the same circumstances with the deceased, had taken care to do that duty, he confessed that he had not. Oh no, but he intended to do it. He did not reflect that his neighbour was probably as much alive as he was to the propriety of doing the duty in question, but had always, like himself, been content with the intention. The uncertainty of life might have shown to our friend that he was liable, in one moment, if it so pleased God, to be in the same liability to blame as his deceased neighbour; but then how few ever reflect on this tritest of all truths!

Thus it is that men go on—doing many things which they ought not to do, but, as for the good which they *ought* to do, contenting themselves, in a great measure, with intentions. Intentions serve mankind instead of positive good; but we have heard wonderfully little of any similar or corresponding thing for preventing evil. Wrong is a reality—good, it would appear, little better than a fancy. The question, however, arises, Will this please the Being whom we serve, and who is at last to judge of our earthly merits? Assuredly it will not. Before the seat of that Being, we will be interrogated respecting our *deeds;* and how will the gauze of *intentions*, when we hold it up, appear in that mighty Eye, if deeds be wanting to prove the reality of those good principles which we have professed?

Even considered as a matter of worldly wisdom, the necessity of substituting performance for intention is obvious. No one ever gets rich upon intentions. It is only in so far as a man *acts* that he acquires any thing. He may entertain the most earnest intention to do something, and spend a whole day in fixing it in his mind. But, in the words of the English proverb, it will butter no parsnips. No, nothing but the actual work gains the money. Even in those numerous details of life which are not connected with the winning of our bread, but only tend to conveniency and courtesy between man and man, intentions serve to as little purpose. If we sincerely want to accommodate or befriend our neighbours, we must really bestir ourselves for the purpose, and actually write the letter, or go the errand, or pay the visit, which may be necessary. Nothing *tells* but the performance. In reality, the *action* often costs less trouble than the contemplation of it. We often voluntarily triple the sacrifice, by encumbering our minds with a load of intention, and keeping it there for hours or for days, when we might have at once relieved ourselves by doing what we always knew we could not avoid doing. We do not tell our young friends never to intend doing any good or useful deed; but we are most anxious that the action should follow the intention almost as rapidly as the report of a musket follows the ignition of the powder. Delay is the canker of human life. There is nothing done well that is not done at once with promptitude and decision, and, if necessary, pursued with diligence. Let us hear no more, then, of this wretched cant about intentions. Do not let us hear people who are burnt out talk of the hardship of losing all, when they had *intended* in a day or two to effect an insurance on their property. Do not let us see families launching out into expenses they are unable to support, and reconciling it with their conscience by saying they *intend* to be more saving next winter. Away with such deceptions! Let us see men go at once to the point, and do that which it is their duty to do, and not fritter away their time with those meaningless make-believes, which are as discreditable to their intellect as they are injurious to their interests.

FELLOW PASSENGERS.

THE life of every individual, however humble his station, and however really insignificant he may be in point of intellectual endowments, contains something or other which it is worth while to know, and which, if recorded, might supply matter of useful reflection to persons of the most exalted attainments. The faces of men are not more various than their character and fortunes. Something is happening daily to every one of us, which forms the subject of conversation in our respective domestic circles; and if we do but go abroad into the city upon some piece of business, our return home is frequently looked for with as much anxiety as the arrival of a foreign courier in Downing Street, being fraught, to our private affairs, with consequences in which those connected with us take a far more lively interest than the nation at large, or its rulers, can possibly do in the fluctuations of continental politics. When we consider the multiplicity of transactions in which we have ourselves been engaged, and the singularity of some circumstances that have fallen out in the course of our experience, and that every person we meet is conscious of a history as peculiar, and, probably, as diversified as our own, we obtain an almost boundless idea of the hidden stores of curious particulars which a limited neighbourhood, to say nothing of a large city, could disclose to the world. Even within the moving box called a stage-coach, is often contained a little society, the members of which have been brought together by incidents, which, as they are various in themselves, are the objects of mutual curiosity, and might form the foundation of the most excellent maxims and resolutions.

Of the four insides who started from Edinburgh on the 19th day of October—the year is of no consequence—one was an elderly man, with a grave but yet benevolent and cheerful cast of countenance. He was accompanied by his son, a boy of about fourteen, with harder hands, and a look of being more inured to labour, than was to be expected from his dress. The occasion of their present journey was as follows:—From some attractive narratives of the adventures of navigators, of the wonders they have witnessed, and the glory some of them have acquired, the lad had become enamoured of the sea service, and nothing would serve him but he would be a sailor. His friends endeavoured to dissuade him from this resolution, and laid down various plans for pushing him forward in other more gainful and less hazardous, but entirely unromantic professions. The visions of an inglorious affluence could not compete, however, with those more splendid chimeras which had gained possession of the boy's imagination. The bent of his mind remained fixed, and his father, seeing no arguments could produce any effect in changing it, appeared to yield to his wishes. An assurance that he should be permitted to make a trial of the occupation which was so much the object of his desires, made him perfectly happy. He went about in a state of the greatest excitement for some days, arranging in his own mind the numerous gallant deeds he was to perform; the dangers he was to escape; the scenes of softened beauty and of gloomy grandeur he was to behold; the spectacles of barbaric pomp—crowds of black men in white garments, glittering in armour of gold, and mounted on superb coursers—which were to pass before him. Floating banners, yawning gulfs, odoriferous flowers, stately palaces, roaring waves, all commingled, and formed one great incongruous idea, which made him utterly despise the whole of the insignificant objects in his native parish, and exult in the prospect of entering in a few days on board of a vessel at Leith.

with the master of which his father had agreed that he should go a voyage to Dantzic, in the course of which he himself made no doubt of achieving some notable adventure. Never boy was prouder than he when he first trode the deck; and the offices he was employed in were performed with an alacrity, and, at the same time, a feeling of magnanimous composure, as if he were already acting a great part in the eyes of the world. His father's arrangement with the captain was, that he should not be treated with any unusual harshness, but that he should work, be clothed, fed, and lodged, in every respect, the same as an ordinary cabin-boy. He himself would have disdained to enter the ship upon any other footing; for it would have been unworthy of one resolved, as he was, to rise to the first eminence solely by his own merits, to start in any capacity the least degree above the lowest. His bones, unused to labour, ached a good deal at first; and when his limbs were better strung for work, he became heartily disgusted with the drudgery and common fare. He could not perceive wherein lay the honour and glory of "jumping" at every one's bidding, scrambling among ropes the whole day, which was not half so pleasant as climbing for birds' nests, from which he could desist when he pleased; and then the tears came into his eyes when he crept to his hammock, full of the recollection of his little comfortable bed-room at home, where his mother often looked in, to speak an endearing word to him before he fell asleep. When the voyage was over, and his father met him at Leith, with offers, as he had been so anxious to acquire a proficiency in seamanship, to transfer him to a vessel about to sail immediately for another port, without the least hint of taking him, even for a few days, to visit his friends, the poor little fellow's heart was like to burst, and he fairly confessed that he was tired of sailoring. He was now on his road home, perfectly willing to adopt any profession which the better judgment of his parents thought proper to select.

What a lesson is here in respect to the management of rash and inexperienced youth! Had the father positively persisted in refusing the wishes of his son, and in forcing him into some more eligible pursuit, he might have kept him at home for a time, but with a mind rankling with discontent. Probably he would have taken his own way after all, and with such a confirmed opinion of his father's severity, that recal would have been impossible. The method taken to open his eyes to reality was the only one that could prove effectual.

The third passenger was a sickly young man—a poor scholar—whom hard study and anxiety had plunged into consumption. The story is one that is well understood—there has been too often occasion to tell it. His father's means exhausted in the first years of his education, and he cast upon his own inadequate resources; on the one hand, ambition of usefulness and of honourable fame; on the other, the fear of destitution. Who shall tell the brilliant hopes, the bitter disappointments, the loss of spirits, the loss of strength, the want of elasticity, the feeling as if the bones were sapless, and the blood no more ran in equal currents, the consciousness that all past exertions are vain, that all future hopes are vain, that this is a drooping unto death—can words express all these? Then the recollections that visited the poor patient—the deceitful fancies! He thought if he had a drink from the spring from which his mother used to draw water, it would refresh and restore the fading powers of life; he thought, as he gasped in his small close chamber, of the healthful breezes and balmy air of his native vale, and that, if he could but breathe a draught of it, he would be well; he thought, and here there was no delusion, that if his mother could watch his last moments, and minister to his wants, death would come in a less cheerless and repulsive form; and he was now on his way to realize this the only earthly solace that remained for him. The victim of a love of knowledge is not altogether excusable; but who shall have the heart to blame him?

The fourth occupant of the coach sat in one of the corners, as straight up as the fishing-rod which he held beside him, and as silent. He seemed to be rapt in an endless vision of a "glorious nibble." Being in the soundest health, of the most imperturbable mind, and in good condition as to person and clothing, he might be held a good example of the fruits of moderate wishes steadily pursued.

At the country town where the coach stops, a great crowd of persons stand round, every one more eager than another to see what kind of persons will come out of the coach, and farther, to learn their names and business if possible, that they may run home with the intelligence immediately. But we do not require to say another word as to the history of our fellow passengers. Whatever may be the interest which such companions excite while beside us, no sooner does the vehicle of conveyance arrive at its destination than all further concern generally ceases. Each hurries off to his own house, forgetful of his late fellow traveller, whose countenance is never more recollected, unless, perhaps, when we are startled into remembrance by seeing it gleam past us in a crowd, stirring up for an instant a partial reminiscence of past days and pursuits

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Soon after the beginning of the French Revolution, a peasant named Pierre Henriot lived in a little hamlet about thirty miles from Paris, and worked in an olive ground hard bye. This man had a son and daughter, whose mother died when they were very young. Pierre's wife was a good woman, and, had she lived, would have trained her children in the paths of virtue; but they were most unfortunate, as will be seen, in being left entirely to the care of their father. This man had been long in the service of a nobleman, whose chateau was situated in the neighbourhood of the hamlet, who had incurred his most malignant hatred from having requited his services less liberally than he fancied they deserved, and from having taken a fancy to educate a nephew of Pierre's wife, while he took no notice of his son. This orphan nephew had shared with her own children in the care and affection of his aunt; but at her death, poor Jaques was so shamefully neglected, that he became the talk of the neighbourhood, which induced the old housekeeper at the chateau, who had been the friend of his aunt, to take him under her protection. Here the owner of the mansion, attracted by the handsome appearance of the boy, and discovering, in an accidental manner, that he had a genius for learning, had him instructed, and, thinking that he would perform a meritorious action in making him a priest, sent him a few years afterwards to a monastery at Paris, to prepare him for that office. This proved a most unpardonable offence in the eyes of Pierre, who possessed a malignant, morose, and envious disposition. It was true, this protegé of the Count de Bigot had offended him, by at length refusing to become a priest, and had been entirely cast off from his favour in consequence; but this made no change in the sentiments of the implacable Pierre toward his old master.

Pierre's son and daughter were now grown up. The son partook much of his father's disposition; his fierce and violent passions always contending for the mastery over him, and becoming the constant occasion of involving him in broils. His sister Charlotte was extremely handsome, both in face and person; but vanity was so strongly depicted on her countenance, that no sensible person could look on it without pity or disgust. This contemptible passion had been fostered from her earliest childhood, by the folly of her father and brother, who were in the constant practice of telling her how pretty she was, and predicting that she would make her fortune by her beauty. This she most cordially believed, and, therefore, refused the offers of marriage made her by the young peasants in her neighbourhood, while nothing gave her greater pleasure than to gain their affections, and boast of it with the most insolent and unfeeling levity. This conduct rendered her, by the time she had gained her twentieth year, an object of detestation to her acquaintance of both sexes, and caused them to forsake her society. If this girl had in reality ever cared for any one but herself, it was for her cousin Jaques St Croix, who had ever treated her with the affection of a relative, though he had severely piqued her pride, by appearing insensible to her beauty; and it is probable he owed the preference she felt for him to the pains it had cost her in her endeavour to ensnare him. But we must make our readers better acquainted with this young man, by detailing his history from the time he was sent to Paris by the Count.

In studying that religion of which he was intended to become a priest, Jaques, who was clever and discerning, acquired a distaste of the pursuit, which was observed by Henri Hebert, a distant relation of his, whom he was in the habit of going to see as often as his studies admitted of it. This old man was a French Protestant, and a manufacturer of cutlery, who had saved a decent dowry for an only daughter. He was a pious man; and having always had a high opinion of Jaques's moral qualities, he questioned him on his apparent depression of spirits. Jaques, who was at first reserved, made his kinsman at length acquainted with all his scruples, and received from him much instruction and good advice. But it remained for the daughter of the old man, the gentle and unassuming Marianne, to complete the conversion which her father had begun. This girl's features were not beautiful, like Charlotte's, but there was a fascination belonged to them; for there was spread over them an expression of intelligence, and of benevolent good humour. Nor was her figure or her step so light and graceful, but there was an air of placid activity in her movements which announced self-possession, and a great degree of dexterity in her usual avocations. In short, Jaques renounced his intention of being a churchman, and, with the full consent of her father, became the husband of the good Marianne. This happened when the Parisians had been for some time talking loudly of tyranny, of equalization, and of liberty, and when every sensible and thinking person foresaw, from the fermentation in the public mind, that a civil war was likely to be the result. With this impression, Henri Hebert sold off his goods, and having purchased some acres of fruit ground, which happened to be for sale, near the hamlet where Jaques's uncle lived, and to which his son-in-law was attached, from its being near the place of his birth, he removed with him and his daughter to this quiet spot, and bid farewell to the city and its turbulent inhabitants. Here they lived happy and industrious, setting an example of contentment to all around them, which it would have been well for Pierre Henriot and his family if they had followed. But the restless and evil disposition of this man and his son prompted them, instead of applying themselves diligently to their work in the olive grove, to go constantly from place to place, to learn or repeat the newest intelligence of all the acts of violence then committing at Paris. Of those acts they would fain have been participators, while they spared no pains to spread the evil contagion of their pernicious principles, by every art in their power, among the weak-minded of their neighbours. Nor was this by any means difficult, at a time when so universal a spirit of discontent prevailed; for, when a train of gunpowder is already laid, a single spark will cause it to explode. Thus the peasants in this retired spot, and for many miles round it, who had never before, during their lives, thought of any thing save alternate working and dancing, fancied they perceived that the time had arrived when it would be expedient for them to take the law into their own hands, that they might wreak their vengeance on the aristocrats, and possess themselves of their property. Several instances of such outrages had lately occurred in different provinces, when at length the Count de Bigot was denounced at Paris as an enemy to the people; and a band of ruffians, headed by a person who had risen into consequence from his adherence to the head of the reigning faction, arrived one evening at the hamlet, in order to stimulate the people to assist in taking the Count into custody, informing them at the same time, that, if he surrendered himself quietly, he meant to convey him to Paris, to stand his trial; but in the event of resistance from himself and his attendants, he must reap the reward of his folly, by meeting his death on the spot. As it happened, this unfortunate nobleman, though not in the main a bad person, was repulsive and haughty in his manner, and had been in the habit of delegating too much of his authority to inferior agents, who had not always made a good use of it. He was therefore not a favourite with the surrounding peasantry, who had been but too often oppressed in his name. Jaques was present at the harangue delivered to the peasants, who assembled to the number of two hundred, from the adjoining country, and was shocked at the eager joy they manifested on the occasion, but at nothing so much as the expression of savage exultation and self-congratulation manifested on the countenance of his uncle Pierre; and when he looked at him, and remembered his long-cherished hatred of the Count, he felt assured that the unfortunate nobleman had small chance of leaving his chateau alive. He knew, also, that if he did reach Paris, it would be only to endure the cruel insults and sufferings inflicted on all who entered it under his circumstances, before he made his exit on the scaffold. Jaques felt assured of all this, and, remembering that though he had cast him off from his favour, he had been many years his benefactor, he determined to save him if he could. He therefore slipped unperceived away from the crowd, before they had done listening to the man who was addressing them, and ran as fast as he could through the shortest and most unfrequented paths of the wood, to where the chateau lay embosomed, about a mile off. Jaques's long residence at this mansion had rendered all its modes of access, as well as its master's habits, familiar to him, and he made for a small court, from which a door opened at the foot of a back stair. Here he ascended, and having, without being perceived, reached the library, where he knew the Count would most probably be at that hour, he entered it, and, standing suddenly before the astonished nobleman, who appeared to experience some degree of alarm at his abrupt appearance, he said, "Fly, my lord, from this place instantly—you have been denounced as an enemy to the people, and the ruffians who are to convey you to Paris, or to sacrifice you here, are near at hand, followed by a multitude, all apparently thirsting for your blood." The Count looked at Jaques with an uncertain and jealous expression in his eye. "And on whose authority am I required to believe this?" said he. "On that of a heretic, who has requited all my benefits with ingratitude, and who may now, for aught I know, have forced himself into my presence with some evil intention?" "Not so, believe me," replied Jaques, while his open manly countenance, on which the utmost anxiety was expressed, gave the stamp of truth to his words—"but on the word of a grateful man, who feels so sensible of your past kindness, that he now puts his own life in hazard to save yours; quick, I beseech you—if you have money at hand, secure it, and let us be gone instantly." The Count was convinced. He rose, and, taking a considerable sum from a desk in the apartment where they were, he followed Jaques by the way he had entered, without meeting any one. Nor was it till they had dived some distance into the woods, that he ventured to interrogate his companion on what he had seen and heard relating to himself, or to ask his counsel as to what hiding-place he would advise him to seek, till he should learn the result of the night's proceedings. To these questions, Jaques answered by giving him a faithful account of all that had passed at the hamlet, and by assuring him that he felt persuaded he would be nowhere so safe as in his cottage, provided he could conduct him to it without observation. He then left the Count, and set off to reconnoitre the hamlet. There all was solemn stillness: for its inhabitants, man, woman, and child, except his father-in-law and his wife, had all followed the

multitude to the chateau. This was exactly as he wished it; and, returning to the wood, he conducted the Count to Marianne, whom having charged with his safety, and pointed out a place of concealment not likely to be discovered in the event of a search, he retraced his steps with all possible speed to the scene of action, not only to gain all the information he could, but to prevent suspicion from lighting on himself, through his absence.

This suspicion he was fortunate enough to prevent, by returning in time to place himself among those who were trying to force the door of the principal entrance, having been retarded in this operation by the manner in which the affrighted servants had barricadoed every avenue of access. The time lost by this delay enraged the mob so much, that they began to vociferate deep and bloody threats against every inmate of the dwelling, when Jaques suggested that they should give a promise that none of the Count's attendants should be injured, provided the doors were immediately opened. This advice was adopted, and, after a short parley, in which the terrified domestics required the promise to be frequently reiterated, the doors were flung open, and the mob rushed in with shouts of triumph. They ran through the various apartments, breathing imprecations against the Count, and searching every nook and cranny for their victim. Nor is it easy to describe their rage and vexation, when at length they were convinced that he had escaped them, although they had taken the precaution of surrounding the house on their first approach. In short, his having eluded them was quite inexplicable, as the servants, when separately examined, all agreed in averring (what they believed) that he was in the chateau when the mob first made their appearance. The fury engendered by this disappointment showed itself in the most wanton acts of violence. The splendid furniture was soon broken in pieces, and the mansion pillaged of all the more portable things of value, such as plate, jewels, and linen. During this scene of plunder, Pierre and his son were foremost in the work of destruction, and busily employed in securing such things as they particularly fancied; while Jaques, who knew where the Count's most valuable papers were deposited, busied himself in filling his pockets with those documents, and taking a few of the trinkets which he knew were most prized by their owner, in order to restore them to him. It was fortunate for the Count and Jaques that the revengeful spirit of Pierre never entertained a suspicion that his nephew could be in league with the man who had cast him off from his favour, and as he saw him constantly among the most inveterate of the rabble, he felt perfectly convinced that he was, like himself, acting from a spirit of retaliation. This exempted Jaques from suspicion, and his house from being searched; so that, in a day or two, the Count, disguised as a peasant, and having his valuables concealed about him, left the cottage of his deliverer with the liveliest feelings of gratitude, and more toleration than he had ever before felt for heretics. He made immediately for the nearest seaport, and having, under a feigned character, obtained a passport by means of a friend, he embarked for England.

The destruction of the Count de Bigot's property did but lead the way to similar outrages in the province, at which Pierre and his son were sure to lend their aid, while Jaques, who could only lament that many well-meaning people suffered themselves to be led astray by the evil-minded and designing, continued his unwearied industry, and, in spite of the unsettled state of the country, found bread for his family, and contrived to live in peace. This peace was, however, broken in upon by an event which cost him much pain. The kind-hearted Marianne had done every thing in her power, from the time of her becoming his wife, to wean his cousin Charlotte from her light-headed silly ways, and to persuade her to become useful to herself and others. This Jaques began to hope she had in some measure achieved, when, to his surprise and vexation, he was informed that the person who had headed the band from Paris in search of the Count had been seen in the neighbourhood of the hamlet the night before, and that Charlotte, to whom it appeared he had taken a fancy on his first visit, had gone off with him. Jaques would have immediately followed, but was prevented by her father and brother, who, furious at her betrayer, who they imagined it probable would soon abandon her to misery, expressed their determination of bringing her instantly back. This satisfied Jaques for the time, for he knew that the pride they took in her beauty had produced a love for her in their savage hearts not the less strong that its motive was erroneous. When Pierre and his son reached Paris, and demanded admittance at the splendid mansion which had been the residence of one of the proscribed noblesse, and of which Charlotte's lover had become possessed during the unsettled state of property in the capital, they were immediately, on telling their names, conducted into the presence of its usurper. It was the policy of this bad man to be always obsequious to the common people; and he was now doubly so to those men whom he had observed narrowly on the night the chateau was pillaged, and thought he discerned in the savage joy with which they aided in the work of destruction, and the deep curses they lavished on the owner, and on aristocrats in general, that they were fitting tools for the times. He believed that he could employ them to advantage, whether a mob was to be inflamed, an enemy denounced, or a murder committed. They were, however, at that moment in no humour to be cajoled, and assailed him with a torrent of the vilest abuse, while they brandished long knives which they had hid under their garments, and threatened to dispatch him instantly if he did not immediately produce the girl of whom they had come in search. Thus confirmed in his opinion of their ruffianly qualifications, he condescended to soothe them by an assurance that they should immediately see Charlotte, and learn from her own lips whether she had any cause of complaint. He then led them through a sumptuous suit of apartments to one more gorgeous than the rest, where they found the unfortunate girl reclining on a couch, dressed in the most expensive and gaudy fashion of the day, and surrounded by the most luxurious appointments, many of which, though she admired them as pretty toys, she did not even comprehend the use of. But, to be brief: her father and brother were so much dazzled and gratified by seeing the apparent mistress of so much splendour, that they were easily persuaded to join the *good citizen* in deriding the old fashioned and slavish ceremony of marriage, though the father thought proper again to brandish his knife, and accompany the action with a threat in the event of her ever being cast off. But this was a supposition at which the weak-minded Charlotte smiled in scorn, as nothing less than high treason against that superlative bounty which had raised her to such a pitch of grandeur. Alas! where may we expect next to meet her?

But we must now return to Jaques and his family, who had heard nothing of Charlotte for several months, save that her father and brother had seen her, were content with her situation, and had themselves determined to remain in Paris. Unsatisfactory, and indeed grievous, as this account was to these kind-hearted people, they endeavoured in some measure to console themselves, by hoping that Charlotte might one day be convinced of her error, and return to them; and they resolved to receive her with open arms, as a stray sheep restored to the fold. What, then, was their horror, when they learned from a person who had just come from Paris, and who knew her, that the man with whom she lived had shared the fate of the head of the faction to which he had attached himself, and was guillotined; that no one knew what had become of Charlotte, but that her father and brother were both in the prison of the Conciergerie, charged with being emissaries of her late lover! For a day or two after these tidings reached him, Jaques appeared restless and miserable, but he was not long in determining what to do. He hoped, that if he could now find Charlotte, he would be able to extricate her from the maze of vice and wretchedness in which she must, without his interference, be for ever involved. He thought of her as he had last seen her—weak, vain, and degraded, but still innocent of heinous crimes. He thought of her former preference for himself, and he felt that he owed it to that unrequited preference—to the memory of her mother, who was the unwearied friend of his childhood—and to humanity itself, to make every exertion to save her.

The disinterested and benevolent Marianne could not but approve of her husband's determination to seek his unfortunate cousin, though she shuddered while she embraced him at parting, at the dangers to which he would probably expose himself.

It was night when Jaques reached Paris, but there was none of that stillness there which is its natural concomitant. At that hour, all was hushed in the little hamlet he had left. In his own cottage, his aged father-in-law was enjoying, on his pillow, the rest and peace which is the reward of a well-spent life, and an approving conscience: his dear Marianne was sleeping the sleep of innocence, with her infant in her bosom. But here, the contrast was most appalling—the drums beat—fire-arms were shot off—screams and oaths, and discordant laughter, met the ear—grey-haired old men were joining in street brawls and drunken revels; and, in place of the care and tenderness of the decent matron, who soothes her child to its quiet slumber, mothers were seen hurrying to and fro with their infants, through the night air, apparently insensible to their wailing appeals. All was heart-sickening to the sober and reflecting Jaques, and he hastened in search of the unfortunate Charlotte: but all he could learn was, that upon the apprehension of the man she had lived with, she had fled to her father, but what had become of her when he was taken to prison, no one knew. There was nothing for it, then, but to endeavour to learn from her father and brother, by means of the jailor, where she was. This, Jaques well knew, was a hazardous experiment, but if he did not attempt it immediately, dangerous as it was, it might be rendered vain, by their lives being cut short. He therefore turned his footsteps toward the Conciergerie. While he was yet some distance from the prison, his passage was impeded by a dense and unruly crowd, from whose vociferations he learnt that they were waiting for their nightly pastime of accompanying the condemned prisoners to the guillotine. Presently the renewed shouts and agitating motion of the crowd informed him that the victims had ascended the fatal cart, and, in a few minutes, he beheld it on its way, while he was compelled, by the pressure of the multitude to accompany them to the place of execution, and hurried almost to the very foot of the scaffold. Jaques's first determination was to shut his eyes, that he might not look on the bloody scene; but an indefinable curiosity took possession of him, and he raised his eyes just as two men were placed upon the platform. His very eyeballs seemed seared when the light of a lamp gleamed full upon the deep furrows of his uncle's sullen and ferocious countenance, while he sent forth a scowl of defiance on his executioners, as they dragged him forward, and uttered a brutal jest on the meetness of the father's taking precedence of his son. That son had hardly time to look on the ghastly features of his father, as his head lay on the boards of the scaffold, till the stroke descended that laid his own beside it. Jaques, whose wan and quivering features showed the agony of his soul, was at that moment prevented from uttering an ejaculation of horror, which might have proved fatal to himself, by the frantic screams of a woman who was not far from him, and whom the mob were contending about—some crying out that she belonged to the men who had just suffered, and others contradicting this, while they derided her as one whose cowardly spirit disgraced a Frenchwoman, who ought to be able to look with joy on the execution of the enemies of the people. Jaques heard all this, and rushed forward to the spot, where he beheld the wretched Charlotte thus subjecting herself to the danger of sharing the fate of her father and brother. This danger became still more imminent, when she was presently recognised by a person near her as the mistress of a man who had lately been executed; and the fearful cry of—"To the guillotine with her!—to the guillotine!" began to be raised. But just at that critical moment a fresh arrival of numerous victims attracted universal attention; and Jaques, seizing her firmly round the waist, dragged her through the crowd, while he endeavoured to soothe her by every means in his power; and, hurrying her through bye-lanes nearly emptied of their population, he at length succeeded in placing her in the house of a friend for the night. Jaques's first care in the morning was to procure a conveyance for himself and his wretched cousin, in which they that day reached his home. This was, however, rendered no light task to him, by the necessity it imposed of hearing her frantic ravings, in which she accused herself of the miserable end of her father and brother. When Jaques alighted at his own cottage, and Marianne flew to meet him, his pale countenance, his dark eyes sunk in their sockets, and the expression of melancholy pourtrayed in his whole frame, told what he had suffered since she had parted from him—while the wretched Charlotte seemed to gaze with a vacant and idiot stare on all around, till roused, by some sudden recollection, into ravings of mad despair.

Poor Marianne looked upon her husband, and his unfortunate cousin, and her deep and silent tears flowed fast, as he related to her the dreadful story of his journey. This good young woman did all that was dictated by her sound sense and kindly feeling, to restore Charlotte to some degree of composure; but month followed month, and little change could be perceived, save that she did not express her remorse so violently in words. She, however, seldom tasted food, and seemed to loath the light of day; and grew pale, emaciated, and feeble; and that beauty which had been the primary cause of all her guilt and misfortunes, fled, and left behind it nought but a desolated ruin. It was in vain that she was visited by the Catholic priest of the district; the absolution he pronounced seemed to carry no comfort with it, and she soon sank into an early grave, the victim of cold-hearted vanity, and the other evil principles so early instilled into her by her wretched father. It was long before Jaques could conquer the melancholy left on his mind by the dreadful fate of his uncle and his family, and his heart sickened as he stood beside the premature grave of Charlotte; and, looking through time into eternity, meditated long on the fearful nature and prospects of vice; till the current of his thoughts gradually assuming a more placid and encouraging course, he thought of the blessings of virtue, and returned to his amiable wife, and his usual avocations, with recovered serenity. Nor was the quiet tenor of his life thereafter interrupted.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

HAD it not been for what, on a casual view, might be considered as a comparatively unimportant and almost accidental position of the earth, in relation to the great circle by which it annually moves round the sun, the change of seasons would have been totally unknown throughout the globe. That imaginary line passing through the south and north poles, called the earth's axis, instead of forming an exact perpendicular with the plane of the circle around which the earth goes annually round the sun, is inclined from it at a small angle; or, to make this more comprehensible, if we fancy a round flat plate to represent the plane of the circle in which the earth moves, and take an egg to represent the latter body—the egg is not placed with its one end pointing directly upwards, and the other directly downwards, but one end is inclined a little over in the direction of the middle of the plate, and, as it is thus carried round and round, preserving the exact position—it will be found, that, at one side of the circle, the upper end or north pole will point or

be turned upwards to the centre, while on the opposite side it will be found to point outwards, or away from the centre. At half the distance between, on each side, it will, however, stand in nearly a perpendicular position. If we remove the plate, and place in its stead a lighted candle, and then carry the egg round with its end inclined in the same position as before, and if, at the same time, we turn it round so as to imitate the daily revolution of the earth on its axis, we shall find, at the part of the circle where the end or pole of the egg is turned to the candle, that the rays of light will fall on it very directly, and light up more than two-thirds of its surface, while only a small proportion will be immersed in darkness. This corresponds to our summer on the globe, when the sun's rays fall directly on the northern part of the earth, and the days are long and the nights short. If we carry round the egg one quarter of the circle, we shall find, that, as it is turned round on its axis, the light portion and the dark are equal; this is our period of autumn, or equinox, when our days and nights are of the same duration. If we finish another quarter of the circle, we find the end or pole of the egg turned away from the candle; its rays fall in a low and slanting manner upon its surface, the greater part of which is now in darkness, and only a small portion under illumination; this is the season of winter, when the night is long, the day short, and the heat imparted very inconsiderable, in consequence of the low and slanting manner in which the sun's rays fall upon the earth's surface. By carrying on the egg another quarter of the circle, we bring it to the spring, or vernal equinox, when day and night are again equal; and thus every successive movement brings a corresponding change.

Now, it has been supposed by some system-mongers who boldly take it upon themselves to cut and carve on creation, that this same obliquity of the earth's axis might be rectified with advantage, and that, instead of subjecting poor mortals, and the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms, to alternate extremes of heat and cold, a perpetual spring or a genial summer might be made to reign universally throughout the earth. Nothing, however, could be more rash and presumptuous than such a suggestion. In fact, by the present arrangement, the greatest possible diffusion of the blessed light and heat of the sun over every portion of the globe is afforded. Had it been otherwise, had the earth's axis been placed perpendicular instead of oblique, this island on which we live, and every other spot placed in similar latitudes, would never have enjoyed a heat greater than that which we experience in the months of September and March—a heat far below what is necessary for rearing and bringing to maturity the fruits of the earth, and even below what is necessary for the comfortable sensations of animal beings. Moreover, every country between us and the north pole—and the same holds true of the regions around that of the south—would have been for ever frozen up in sterile and lonely frigidity, with not a single plant or animal to cheer the dull monotony of inanimate nature. It is true, with this arrangement a small strip of temperate zone would enjoy perpetual spring, and tropical regions would still possess the sun's fierce and perpendicular radiance; but would this compensate for the low and imperfect heat imparted to more than half the earth's surface? Besides all this, the successive recurrence of the seasons ministers to man's happiness, and affords a pleasure which seems peculiarly suited to his nature —the delight of perpetual novelty. Nothing can be more pleasing than the gradual transition of spring into summer—this again into mellow autumn—and winter closing up the whole, as it were, with grim and relentless grasp, till anon even he relents into the smile of spring.

The present position of the earth, then, is quite in accordance with that beneficent provision which we find extending throughout all nature's works, by which the greatest possible degree of life and enjoyment is diffused throughout all. It is wonderful to think how very near life approaches even to the frigid circle of the poles. At this point, the greatest extremes of light and darkness prevail; so that, in winter, for several weeks the sun never rises above the horizon; and in summer, for a corresponding period, he never sets. Within ten degrees of the pole, plants and animals exist, and even human beings take up their occasional abodes. Although the cold of winter is intense, yet, as soon as summer comes round, the ice melts, the face of the soil appears, and plants shoot forth, and come to maturity with greater celerity than in milder and more favoured climates. It is found, however, that vegetation will not succeed, and no animals will live, when the summer heat does not rise to 60° of the thermometer.

But has the earth always held this position with regard to the sun? Some have imagined, that when Paradise was created, it was otherwise; and that, after the fall of Adam, when the earth "was cursed," the change was effected. Milton, in his sublime and philosophic poem, throws out this hint. Astronomical observations on the other planets of the solar system, demonstrate that many of these have a similar obliquity of their axis. Others, again, have conjectured that a change was made at the period of the deluge, and that this change may have been, in fact, the cause of the latter catastrophe. All those vegetable remains that are found scattered over the strata of the earth, and which, without doubt, belong to a former period of the earth's history, are, in general character and resemblance, allied to the vegetation of tropical climates; and the same remark applies to the numerous skeletons and skulls of animals that are found belonging to the same period—these consisting of quadrupeds resembling the elephant, hyæna, rhinoceros, &c., and of shell animals, unlike to those of northern existence of the present day. Thus, it has been plausibly advanced, that, previous to the deluge, the habitable part of the globe was a zone, embracing its middle for a space on each side of the equator; that here vegetation flourished in great luxuriance; and that both gigantic specimens of plants and of animals existed before mankind had yet increased in any considerable numbers, or spread themselves over every corner of the earth; that, on a sudden, the earth's axis was changed; confusion and destruction took place on its surface; what was dry land became ocean, and the soil and surface, with its vegetation and animated beings, was swept away, and carried even to its most remote parts; and that a new order of things rose out of the ruins of the old.

The earth is calculated to be ninety-five millions of miles distant from the sun; consequently, the great circle which our planet traverses around this body every year, cannot be less in circumference than five hundred and forty millions of miles. This distance is travelled over in the space of 365 days very nearly six hours, a prodigious and almost inconceivable velocity, and yet performed without at all being perceptible to our ordinary observation.

A SCOTTISH MILITARY BISHOP.

It appears from Scottish history, that, prior to the Reformation, churchmen were often as much distinguished for their gallantry as soldiers, as for their piety as divines. Of these clerical warriors no one appears to have been so celebrated as William Sinclair, a bishop of Dunkeld, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. This prelate was known by the appellation of the Military Bishop and the Champion of the Kingdom. Living in the time of the unhappy troubles caused by the attempt of Edward to subdue Scotland, he was frequently called upon to exert his abilities in securing the independence of his country. Once, while residing at his palace of Auchtertool, in Fife, the sheriff of that county went with a body of five hundred men to make head against the English, who had landed in the neighbourhood; but observing that the country was laid waste, and that the enemy kept a good countenance, the sheriff fell back as fast as he could. On hearing this, the bishop armed himself, took horse with about sixty of his people, who were well disciplined, and, soon meeting the sheriff, cried aloud, "What madness is it in you to run away at this rate!" The sheriff replied, "Because the English are more numerous and better soldiers than we are." "If you got your due," says the bishop, "the king would cause chop off your golden spurs. But follow me, and with the assistance of St Columbus, whose lands they lay waste, we shall have our revenge." With these words he threw away the bishop's staff, grasped his sword, and turned himself to the sheriff with this expression, "Do follow me." They did follow him, came up with the enemy, and happily obtained a complete victory. There fell that day more than five hundred English, besides a number who, by crowding into their boat, overset it, and were all drowned. Sinclair was a great favourite of the king (David the Second), who always in conversation called him "my own Bishop;" and the letters he wrote to him were addressed "To our Bishop." He died 27th June 1337, having filled the see of Dunkeld twenty-five years, and was buried in the choir of Dunkeld cathedral, which he built from the foundation; and, in memorial of this work, he caused to be erected on the top of the east gable of the choir of the present church of Dunkeld, a fluted cross, as part of the armorial bearings of his family, which is still standing.

THE FLORIDA.

Many of the vessels which formed the Spanish armada, intended for the conquest of England, perished on the north and west coasts of Scotland. The ship Florida appeared to have been more fortunate than many of her consorts; she found her way to the Bay of Tobermory, on the Sound of Mull, one of the finest harbours in the world. Scotland being then a neutral country under James, the sixth of that name, the Spaniards considered themselves perfectly secure, and remained long in that station, repairing the damages they had sustained, and refreshing the crew and troops.

The Florida was, no doubt, an object of great interest and curiosity in that remote situation, and all the principal families in the neighbouring country and islands were received on board as visitors, where, tradition says, they were hospitably and splendidly entertained. Elizabeth, the ever watchful and well informed Queen of England, had intelligence of the Florida through her ambassador at the Scotch court, and it was ascertained that this ship was extremely valuable: she had on board a large sum of money intended for the pay of the army; she contained, besides, a great quantity of costly stores. The law of nations should have protected the Florida from injury; but Elizabeth resolved on her destruction, and it was accomplished by one of the most atrocious acts, perhaps, ever recorded of any civilized government. The English ambassador soon found an instrument suited to his purpose, and his name was Smollett. We regret to state, that he was an ancestor of the celebrated writer of that name, who himself alludes to this circumstance in one of his novels, apparently unconscious of the inference which followed. This agent of the English queen spoke the Gaelic language, and wore the Highland dress. He went to Mull as a dealer in cattle, and easily found his way on board the Florida, where he formed an intimacy, and, along with other strangers, had frequent opportunities of seeing every part of the ship. He at length found a convenient time for his diabolical object, and placed some combustible substance in a situation where it was likely to produce the desired effect. He immediately got ashore, and made the best of his way southward.

He had travelled to a distance of six or eight miles, when he heard the explosion of the Florida; and the spot where he stood is still marked for the execration of mankind. The ship was blown up, and nearly all on board perished. Together with the crew and troops, many of the first men in the country were destroyed by this perfidious and bloody act, which reflects eternal disgrace on the planners, and infamy on the perpetrator. Tradition states that the poop of the ship was blown to a great distance, with six men, whose lives were saved. Maclean, of Duart, had procured some cannon from the Florida, for the purpose of battering the castle of a neighbouring chieftain; and a few Spanish gunners, who assisted in that service, were preserved by their absence from the ship.

This melancholy story, which would have formed a memorable era in a more public place, is still, in that country, a fertile source for traditionary tales.

The universal belief among the more illiterate natives is, that one of the Spanish Infantas, who is said to have been on board the Florida, became enamoured of Maclean, and that his wife had employed a person to blow up the ship; thus transferring that crime from the Queen of England to the wife of their chief, who was, indeed, very unpopular. It is alleged that the body of the Infanta had been found, and buried with great pomp in that vicinity; that a ship had been afterwards sent by the Spanish government to convey her remains to Spain. It seems, in collecting these remains, the last joint of one of her royal highness's ring fingers could not be found; and it is said that her ghost has often been seen searching for this bone by torch-light. This circumstance is frequently mentioned as authority for the pious caution with which the Highlanders preserve the relics of their deceased friends.

Some Spanish mares and horses had been landed, to pasture, and these remained in the island of Mull. The breed of horses in Mull has ever since been superior, and it still continues so, probably from this cause.

The English ambassador at Madrid having procured information of the precise amount of the treasure which had been on board the Florida, a ship of war was sent by the English government to Tobermory in the beginning of the eighteenth century, with divers, for the purpose of recovering the specie. The wreck was soon found, and many articles were raised, but no money was acknowledged. The ship, however, never returned to England, and it was suspected that she had taken refuge in France, for evident reasons.

In the year 1787, the celebrated diver Spalding made an attempt to recover this treasure; but he failed entirely, as might have been expected, the remains of the ship having sunk into the clay and mud, and totally disappeared.*

SCOTTISH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

HECTOR MONRO.—SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT.

Immediately after the acquittal of Lady Fowlis, her stepson and prosecutor, the sixteenth Baron of Fowlis, was presented at the bar on an accusation in some respects similar, of which he also was found not guilty, by a jury the majority of whom had sat on the preceding trial. In January 1588-9, this gentleman, being taken ill, sent a servant with his own horse to bring to his assistance Marion MacIngarach, who is characterised as being "ane of the maist notorious and rank wichis in all this realme," and who, as soon as she entered the house where he lay sick, gave him three drinks of water from three stones (probably some sort of rude stone cups). After a long consultation, she declared there was no hope of recovery, unless the principal man of the patient's house should suffer death for him; and it was determined, after some discussion, that this substitute should be George Monro, eldest son of Katherine Monro, Lady Fowlis. A plan was next devised for transferring the *onus moriendi*, for the present, to George; according to which, in the first place, no person was to have admittance to the house where Hector lay, until his half-brother came; and, on his arrival, the sick man, with his left hand, was to take his visitor by the right, and not to speak until spoken to by him. In conformity with these injunctions, several friends who called to inquire for the patient were excluded, and messengers were dispatched, both to George Monro's house, and to other parts of the country where he was thought to be engaged in the

* From Traditions of the Western Highlands, in the Literary Gazette

sports of the chase. Before he could be found, seven expresses had been sent after him, and five days expired. On the intelligence that his brother desired earnestly to see him, he repaired to the place, and was received in the form prescribed by the witch—Hector, with his left hand grasping George's right, and abstaining from speaking until asked "How he did?" to which he replied, "The better that you have come to visit me," and uttered not a word more, notwithstanding his urgency to obtain an interview. The younger Monro having, in this manner, been brought fairly within the compass of the witch's spells, she that same night mustered certain of her accomplices, and, having provided spades, repaired to a spot where two lairds' lands met, and, "at ane after midnycht," digged a grave of the exact length of Hector Monro, and laid the turf of it carefully aside. They then came home, and MacIngarach gave her assistants instructions concerning the part that each was to perform in the remaining ceremonies. The object—namely, the preservation of Hector's life, and the death of George in his stead—being now openly stated, some of those present objected, that if the latter should be cut off suddenly, the hue and cry would be raised, and all their lives would be in danger. They therefore pressed the presiding witch not to make the sacrifice immediately, but to cause it to follow after such an interval as might obviate suspicion, which she accordingly engaged to accomplish, and warranted him to live till the 17th day of the ensuing April, at the least. This being arranged to the satisfaction of the persons assembled, the sick man was laid in a pair of blankets, and carried out to the place where the grave had been prepared. The party were strictly enjoined to be silent, and only MacIngarach, and Christian Neill, Hector's foster-mother, were to utter the necessary incantations. Being come to the spot, their living burden was deposited in the grave, the turf being spread above him, and held down with staves. MacIngarach stood by the side of the grave, and Neill, holding a boy, a son of one Hector Leith, by the hand, ran the breadth of nine rigs, then returned, and demanded, "Which is your choice?" Thereupon the other, in name, it is to be supposed, of the Spirit of Death, replied, "Mr Hector, I choose you to live, and your brother George to die for you." This form of conjuration was thrice gone through that night; and, on its completion, the sick man was lifted, carried home—not one of the company uttering a word farther—and replaced in bed.

To the efficacy of this singular spell was attributed not only the recovery of Hector, but the death of George Monro, though the latter continued in perfect health, not only for the time warranted by the witch, but for a year longer. He was taken ill in April 1590, and died on the 3d of June following. MacIngarach was highly favoured by the gentleman, who supposed he owed to her his life. As soon as his health was restored, "be the dewilisch moyan foirsaid," he carried her to the house of his uncle at Kildrummody, where she was entertained with as much obsequious attention as if she had been his spouse, and obtained such pre-eminence in the country, that no one durst offend her, though her ostensible character was only that of keeper of his sheep. Upon the information of Lady Fowlis, the protector of MacIngarach was compelled to present her at Aberdeen, where she was examined before the king, and produced the stones out of which she had made the baron drink. These enchanted cups were delivered to the keeping of the Justice Clerk; but we are not informed as to the fate of the witch herself.

The most curious point of this trial is the opinion which it shows to have prevailed, that disease could not be expelled except by being transferred to some other living being. We have already seen the same opinion exemplified in the case of Archbishop Adamson, whose malady was indeed removed, but not entirely baffled, having been allowed to cut off a white pony as his substitute. A similar belief is entertained by the inhabitants of King George's Sound, among whom, as Mr Nind, who assisted to form the colony in that part of Australia, informs us, "If a man is ill, and imagines he shall not recover, he attempts to kill somebody, and fancies by so doing that he shall get well again." We may consider as a branch of the same superstition a receipt for removing warts, now only jocularly recommended, which is, to tie up in a bag as many small stones as there are excrescences to be got rid of, and to throw it out upon the highway; when the warts will disappear from the skin of the person who cast away the bag, and grow upon that of him who chances to pick it up.

While we read the details of these trials for witchcraft, we are not so much surprised that people should be found ignorant and wicked enough to engage in such practices, as that their efficacy should have been so universally credited. It has been alleged that the prosecutions were instituted rather with a view to protect the people from the impositions of pretended sorcerers, than from a belief that the power of enchantment was actually exercised, and required to be checked. But there can be no doubt that those who put the law in force were under the influence of the same superstition which held sway over the mass of their countrymen. Here we have a baron who had the power of trying witches, and who was yet himself the dupe of their practices; and the terms in which he was arraigned show that those who presided in the highest criminal court in the kingdom were not more enlightened in this respect. The indictment charges the prisoner that "ye gat your health be the devilisch means foirsaid." And further it says, "ye are indicted for art and part of the cruel, shameful, and odious slaughter of the said George Monro, your brother, by the enchantments and witchcrafts used upon you and by your device, by speaking to him within your bed, taking of him by the right hand, conform to the injunctions given to you by the said Marion Ingarach, in the said month of January 1588 years; *throw the which inchantmentis he tuke ane deidlie seiknes in the moneth of Apryle* 1590 *yeiris, and continew-and thairin until Junii thairefter deceissit in the said moneth of Junii, being the thrid day of that instant.*" Nothing can more plainly declare the opinion that the death of the younger brother was accomplished by the efficacy of charms, for not only is his illness here described as being produced by them, but as being produced by them though at an interval of a year and three months after their performance.

LIFE OF MAHOMET.

(Concluded.)

THE Mahometan era, called the HEJIRA, takes its commencement from the date of Mahomet's flight from Mecca to Medina. The generality of writers place this epoch on Friday the 16th of July, A.D. 622. It is this event which has rendered Friday the solemn day of the week for his followers; this choice also agreeing with the customs of the Arabians, who held their assemblies usually on the Fridays. The word *Hejira* is derived from the Arabic verb *Hajara, to abandon one's native country, to emigrate on account of persecution;* which comes from the Hebrew HAGAR, *the stranger* or *emigrant*, the name of Ishmael's mother.

It was from this period that Mahomet, having fully ascertained the hate of his enemies and the extent of his own power, proceeded to lay aside the arts of persuasion and patient endurance, whereby he had hitherto sought to propagate his tenets; and, elated by the devotion of his disciples, and his reception at Medina, he framed, henceforth, the revelations of the Korân, in a tone which proclaimed him a persecutor, and empowered his followers to make war against all opposers. The successful battle of Beder followed soon after; and he then made known those doctrines which have rendered the arms of the Mussulmans so formidable, namely, "that no one can escape his destiny; inasmuch as the man whose days are not complete will escape unhurt from a shower of arrows, when he whose fatal term has arrived cannot escape death by any precaution whatsoever." The second incitative is that which the present occasion furnished him with:—"The sword," exclaimed the Prophet, "is the key of heaven and of hell; *a drop of blood shed in the cause of God, a night spent under arms*, is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer. Whosoever falls in battle, his sins are forgiven: at the day of judgment, his wounds shall be resplendent as vermilion, and odoriferous as musk; the loss of his limbs shall be replaced by the wings of angels and of cherubim."

This victory, the first of Mahomet's battles, was gained, in the second year of the Hejira, over the idolatrous Meccans, headed by Abu Sofiân, in the valley of Beder, which is situate near the sea between Mecca and Medina. Mahomet's forces consisted of no more than 319 men, but the enemy's army of near 1000; notwithstanding which odds, he put them to flight, having killed seventy of the principal Koreish, and taken as many prisoners, with the loss of only fourteen of his own men. This first victory, although it may seem no very considerable action, was yet of great advantage to him, and the foundation of all his future power and success; for which reason, it is very famous in Mahometan history, and is frequently vaunted of in the Korân, as an effect of the divine assistance, through the miraculous interposition of the angel Gabriel. The gaining of the battle was, however, wholly attributable to the extraordinary stratagem of Mahomet, by his expedient, at the critical moment, of scattering a handful of dust against his enemies, at the same time exclaiming, "Let their faces be confounded!"—which action so invigorated his fainting followers, that they charged and overthrew their foes. Mahomet captured the whole caravan, which consisted of 1000 camels, richly laden, from Syria; and this afforded him the means of rewarding his followers, and inciting them to further exertion by the allurements of wealth and the hope of plunder.

Some reckon no less than twenty-seven expeditions wherein Mahomet was personally present, in nine of which he gave battle, besides several other expeditions, undertaken by his orders, in which he was not present. His forces he maintained partly by the contributions of his followers for this purpose, which he called by the name of *zacât*, or alms, and the paying of which he very artfully made one main article of his religion; and partly by ordering a fifth part of the plunder to be brought into the public treasury for that purpose, in which matter he likewise pretended to act by the divine direction.

The year after the battle of Beder, being the third of the Hejira, the Koreish, to revenge the loss which they had sustained, got together an army of 3000 men, among whom were 200 horse, and 700 armed with coats of mail. These forces marched under the conduct of Abu Sofiân, who burned with desire to avenge on Mahomet the shame of his former defeat. To animate his soldiers, he took along with him his wife and a great many other women, bearing timbrels, according to the manner of the Arabians; and they accompanied the sound of these musical instruments with their voices, singing to the memory of those who had been slain at the battle of Beder. Abu Sofiân, with his forces, sat down at Dhulholeifa, a village about six miles from Medina. Mahomet, being much inferior to his enemies in number, at first determined to keep himself within the town, and receive them there; but afterwards the advice of some of his companions prevailing, he marched out against them at the head of 1000 men, of whom 100 were armed with coats of mail; but he had no more than one horse, besides his own, in his whole army. With these forces he formed a camp in a village near Ohod, a mountain about four miles to the north of Medina, which mountain he contrived to have behind him; and, the better to secure his men from being surrounded, he placed fifty archers in the rear, with strict orders not to quit their post. When they came to engage, Mahomet had the better at first; but afterwards, by the fault of his archers, who left their ranks for the sake of the plunder, and suffered the enemy's horse to encompass the Mahometans, and attack them in the rear, he lost the day, and was very near losing his life, being struck down by a shower of stones, and wounded in the face with two arrows, on pulling out of which his two foreteeth dropped out. Of the Infidels, twenty-two men were slain, and of the Moslems, seventy; and among them Hamza, the uncle of Mahomet: he was a brave soldier, and was slain by an Abyssinian slave, while stripping the standard-bearer of the Infidels, and another of their chiefs, whom he had just cut down.

Such was the unfortunate battle of Ohod, which, if the leader of the Infidels had followed up to advantage, as he ought to have done, it would almost have ruined Mahomet's cause; but, instead of this, Abu Sofiân concluded a truce with him for the following year, which gave him opportunity for retrieving his affairs. To excuse the ill success of this battle, and to raise the drooping courage of his followers, Mahomet earnestly employs himself in the latter part of the third chapter of the Korân.

In a few years, by the success of his arms (notwithstanding he sometimes, as at Ohod, came off with the worst), he considerably raised his credit and power. In the sixth year of the Hejira, he set out with 1400 men to visit the temple of Mecca, not with any intention of committing hostilities, but in a peaceable manner. However, when he came to Al Hodeibiya, which is situated partly within and partly without the sacred territory, the Koreish sent to let him know that they would not permit him to enter Mecca, unless he forced his way; whereupon he called his troops about him, and they all took a solemn oath of fealty or homage to him, and he resolved to attack the city; but those of Mecca sending Arwa Ebn Masud, prince of the tribe of Thakif, as their ambassador, to desire peace, a truce was concluded between them for ten years, by which any person was allowed to enter into league either with Mahomet, or with the Koreish, as he thought fit.

Having at length subdued the chief part of the Pagan tribes, and by his relentless severity exterminated the Jewish classes who dwelt peaceably in Arabia, in the seventh year of the Hejira, A.D. 628, he assumed the state of a sovereign, and sent embassies to the neighbouring monarchs, exhorting them to embrace Islamism, which is the name by which he called his religion.

In the eighth year of the Hejira, a quarrel, real or feigned, gave him the opportunity of possessing himself of Mecca, and of the sacred square edifice called the Caaba. Mahomet appearing suddenly at their gates with 10,000 men, before the troops of Mecca had even been apprised of his departure from Medina, they had no choice left but an immediate surrender, or destruction. Thus pressed, and menaced with instant death, the Koreish submitted to the superior ascendant of Mahomet. Their final submission to his power, and their acceptance of his faith, were ratified subsequently on the hill El Safa. Having visited the holy building of the Caaba, and broken in pieces the idols wherewith it was encircled, Mahomet went in procession seven times round the building, and touched respectfully the black stone which was held sacred by the Arabs; then, entering the edifice, he repeated the formulary, "*God is great*," and addressed his prayer. Afterwards he went to the well Zemzem—which is believed by them to be the same that the angel showed to Hager—drank of the water, and performed the required ablution. Artfully blending attention to exterior observances with zeal, and pursuing a mixed system of mercy and rigour, he subdued the hearts of his high-minded countrymen, and soon superadded to his claims of power the more imposing and indissoluble bonds of superstitious reverence and awe. The capture of Mecca, and the submission of the powerful race of the Koreish, was soon followed by the conversion to Islamism of most of the remoter Pagan tribes, until all Arabia bowed the neck beneath his yoke.

Mahomet, having thus become master of all Arabia, made great preparations for the conquest of Syria; but this vast enterprise was reserved for his successors. He gradually, however, paved the way for their successes, and brought the celebrated region of Arabia

into one complete and powerful union. He established the law which still obtains in all the Mussulman states, of imposing a personal tax on such subjects as do not embrace Islamism. By this custom, still subsisting among all the sovereigns who acknowledge the Korân, every reputed infidel pays a *kharaj*, or capitation tax, over and above the imposts, which he supports equally with the rest of the subjects. He absolutely prohibited all idolaters from making the pilgrimage to Mecca, or any foreigner from entering the Caaba, under pain of death. These were strokes of profound policy. He retained the pilgrimage to Mecca, which had been of ancient standing among the descendants of Abraham and Ishmael. Though he destroyed the images used at Mecca as objects of idolatrous worship, he carefully retained the holy relics of the black stone, and the impression of Abraham's foot. The black stone had been immemorially venerated there; the angels, it was said, had brought it *white* to the Caaba, and the sins of mankind had transformed it to *black*. Hence, in allusion to this stone, the Orientals use the compliments, "May God whiten thy face," "May the Shah make thy face white," &c.

These practices no less forwarded the progress of Islamism than did the sword of Mahomet. Every where the petty Arabian tribes overthrew their idols, and submitted themselves to the new faith. Thus was Mahometism established, and idolatry rooted out, even in Mahomet's lifetime, throughout all Arabia; and the Arabs, being then united in one faith and under one prince, found themselves in a condition for making those conquests which extended the Mahometan faith over so great a part of the world.

In the tenth year of the Hejira, A.D. 631, Mahomet set forth on a solemn and pompous embassy to Mecca, accompanied by all his wives, and by at least 90,000 pilgrims. He sacrificed with his own hands sixty-three victims, and liberated sixty-three slaves, in thanksgiving for each year of his life; he shaved his head, and scattered the hair amongst the multitude, who eagerly seized portions of it as sacred relics. He closed the solemnity with the following apostrophe, which, as if pronounced from heaven, concludes the Korân:—"Henceforth, wretched and miserable shall they be who deny your religion. Fear not them, but fear me: this day I have perfected your religion, and completed my grace toward you. I have willed that Islamism be your religion."* He established the lunar moveable year, still in use with the Mahometans; and, finally, as supreme Pontiff or Imâm, dismissed the people with a farewell, the last, as he declared, that he should give them; whence this pilgrimage derived its name of the Farewell.

Mahomet now drew near the close of his extraordinary and fortunate career. His health had been for three years on the decline; but he had neither relaxed his duties nor his labours. Tainaf, a Jewess, appears to have been the instrument to work this great event; a retributive retaliation which he had richly merited by the base and savage cruelty with which he persecuted the Jewish race, scattered peacefully amid the plains of Arabia, their refuge and resort. He had early sought to allure them to adopt his tenets; but finding them inflexibly bound to their law, he sought their destruction. The poisoned mutton which he tasted in the castle of Khaibar, although he instantly spat forth the tainted morsel, imparted its fatal influence to the vitals of the Prophet, and laid the foundation of his mortal malady, and of three years' protracted sufferings. Of this disease, the last stage was a bilious fever, which lasted for fourteen days. At times it deprived him of the use of his reason; but as Mahomet kept up the claims of his mission throughout the visitation of sickness and declining health, which he had experienced for three years previously, so did he maintain the imposition through the more trying and appalling period of his approaching dissolution.

He went regularly to the mosque to public prayers during his illness, except the last three days; then he directed that Abubeker should officiate as Imâm, and recite the prayers to the people.

At his express desire, he was removed to the dwelling of Ayesha, his favourite wife. To his companions he still described the visits of the angel Gabriel as continued to him; asserting, as his especial prerogative, that the Angel of Death was not permitted to take his soul, until he had respectfully solicited his permission. That request was granted, and Mahomet instantly fell into the agony of dissolution; his head was reclined on the lap of Ayesha; he fainted with the violence of his pain. Recovering a little from his exhaustion, and raising his eyes to the roof of the house, with a steadfast look, but faultering voice, he uttered the last broken but articulate words, "O God, pardon my sins! Ah, my companion, I attend thee to the realms above;" and peacefully expired on the floor.

He died in the eleventh year of the Hejira, A.D. 632, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Medina became sanctified by his death, and his tomb; and the Mussulman pilgrims to the holy city of Mecca turn aside with deep devotion to honour the simple burial-place of their prophet and teacher.

Thus lived, and thus died, the most extraordinary and consummate impostor that ever appeared on the stage of the world; who acted his part throughout uniformly and consistently, from first to last, steady to his principles. The time of his appearance was particularly suited for the introduction of new doctrines; and the state of the country, and the public feeling, were peculiarly favourable for their propagation. Arabia could not have subsisted any long time as she was circumstanced at the period of his appearance; and, therefore, the success of his stupendous imposture is the more to be deplored, as, without such a baneful interposition, it may be clearly apprehended that the benign light of Christianity would have at length worked that regenerative change, which, by divine power, might have fixed the east in the true worship of God.

* The Koran, chap. v., verse 4.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH COINS.

POUND.

THOUGH a pound is one of the most common denominations for money, it never was a *real coin*, either in gold or silver, in any age or country. Such large and ponderous coins would have been in many respects inconvenient. But for many ages, both in Britain and in other countries, that number of smaller coins which was denominated a pound in *computation*, or a pound in *sale*, really contained a *pound of silver*, and they might have been, and *frequently were weighed*, as well as numbered, to ascertain their value. If the number of coins that were denominated a *pound* in *sale*, did not actually make a pound in *weight*, an additional number of coins were thrown in to make up the weight.

MONEY

Was coined in the Temple of Juno *Moneta*, whence our English word *money*.

COIN.

Coin (*cuna pecunia*) seems to come from the French coign, *i. e. angulus*, a corner; whence it has been held that the ancientest sort of coin was square with corners, and not round as it now is.

CASH.

Cash in a commercial style signifies the ready money which a merchant or other person has at his present disposal, and is so called from French term *caisse*, *i. e.* "chest or coffer," for the keeping of money.

GUINEA.

This coin took its denomination *Guinea*, because the gold whereof the first was struck, was brought from that part of Africa so called; for which reason it likewise, formerly, bore the impression of an elephant.

The value or rate of the guinea has varied. It was first struck on the footing of 20s.; but, by the scarcity of gold, was afterwards advanced to 21s. 6d., and again sunk to 21s.

ANGEL.

The angel, called in French *angelot*, was a gold coin, value ten shillings, struck in England, where some few are still to be seen in the cabinets of the curious. It had its name from the figure of an angel represented on it, which figure was adopted, according to Rapin and others, to commemorate a pun of Pope Gregory the Great, which seems to have greatly flattered the vanity of the nation. Struck with the fair complexions and blooming countenances of some Anglo-Saxon captives who had been brought to Rome, he inquired of what nation they were, and what they were called, and being answered *Angles*: "Justly be they so called," quoth he, "for they have *angel*-like faces, and seem meet to be made co-heirs with the angels in heaven."

SHILLING.

The etymology of the word *scylling* would lead us to suppose it to have been a certain quantity of uncoined silver; for whether we derive it from Icelan, to divide, or Iceale, a scale, the idea presented to us by either word is the same, that is, so much silver cut off, as in China, and weighing so much.

There were none coined until 1504. Fabian mentions them under their proper names, 34 Henry the Eighth.

A TESTER.

Tester is derived from the French word *tête*, a head; a piece of money stamped with a head, which in old French was called "*un testion*," and which was about the value of an old English sixpence. Tester is used by Shakspeare.

Tester, sixpence, from *teston*, French, an old silver coin formerly worth 12d., sinking by degrees to gilt brass, and sixpence.

GROAT.

Other nations, as the Dutch, Polanders, Saxons, Bohemians, French, &c., have likewise their *groats*, *grots*, *groches*, *gros*, &c. In the Saxon times, no silver coin bigger than a penny was struck in England, nor after the Conquest, until Edward the Third, who, about the year 1351, coined *grosses*, *i. e.* groats, or *great pieces*, which went for 4d., and so the matter stood till the reign of Henry the Eighth, who, in 1504, first coined shillings.

PENNY—HALFPENNY—FARTHING.

Camden derives the word penny from the Latin *pecunia*, "money."

The ancient English *penny*, *penig*, or *pening*, was the first silver coin struck in England; nay, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors; as is agreed by Camden, Spelman, Dr Hicks, &c.

The penny was equal in weight to our three pence; five of them made one shilling, or scilling, Saxon; thirty, a mark, or mancuse, equal to our 7s. 6d.

Until the time of King Edward the First, the penny was struck with a cross so deeply indented in it, that it might be easily broke, and parted, on occasion, into two parts, thence called *half-pennies*; or into four, thence called *fourthings*, or *farthings*. But that prince coined it without indenture: in lieu of which, he first struck round halfpence and farthings.

He also reduced the weight of the penny to a standard; ordering that it should weigh 32 grains of wheat, taken out of the middle of the ear. This penny was called the *penny sterling*. Twenty of these pence were to weigh an ounce; whence the penny became a weight, as well as a coin.

The penny sterling is now used less as a coin, and subsists chiefly as a money of account, containing the 12th part of a shilling, or the 240th part of a pound. —*From "Notes of a Bookworm."*

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.

THE horrible catastrophe with which the name of this dungeon will for ever be associated, together with the details of the sufferings of the wretched victims, must now be so familiar to the minds of most of our readers, that our recurring to it here may probably at first appear only a needless repetition of a "thrice-told tale." Like many other remarkable historical occurrences, however, we believe few are acquainted with the public transactions of the period in which it occurred, the position in which our possessions in the East then stood, or the particular incidents which more immediately led to the tragedy itself.

Notwithstanding the unrivalled state of prosperity to which the Bengal establishment has now attained, it was the last settlement formed by our adventurous countrymen in the eastern part of the Indian dominions, and was long held secondary, in point of commercial importance, to Madras, and the more southern settlements along the coast of Coromandel, lying within that long extent of territory known by the name of the Carnatic. It was not until the year 1656 that the merchants of Surat obtained leave from the Nabob of Bengal to erect a factory at Hoogley, on the river of that name, considerably above the site of the more recent establishment of Calcutta. It was here, however, that the English first attempted to establish political and military power in India. Upon a detail of various wrongs sustained from the native rulers being transmitted home by the factors, the East India Company sent out, in 1686, a formidable expedition (the first warlike demonstrations by the British against the Indian authorities), the object of which was no less than to levy war against the Great Mogul and the Nabob of Bengal, and this only thirty years after the Company had first obtained a footing in their territories! The result of this rash and ill-advised step was, that our countrymen speedily lost every shadow of their previous power or importance in every part of India, and were only permitted, after the most humble submission, to retain their settlement in the island of Bombay. These disputes, however, were afterwards amicably settled, and the Company were allowed to re-establish themselves, and resume their traffic, as before, at Hoogley; nor did they again experience any serious annoyance, until the commencement of hostilities between England and France, in the year 1744. When this happened, one of the first and chief points against which the French directed their efforts, with the view of crippling Britain, were our Indian settlements—Pondicherry, on the coast of Coromandel, being as yet the only station of any importance which they themselves possessed. It would be entirely out of place here to detail the continued struggle for the ascendancy in the East, which ensued between the rival nations; contending, however, less by open force of arms than secret intrigue with the native rulers, who alternately inclined to the one party or the other, as seemed best for their interests and convenience. Suffice it to say, that, early in 1761, the French were finally expelled by the British arms from all that quarter of India, by the fall of Pondicherry, which surrendered to Colonel Coote. For some years previous to this event, the British establishment at Calcutta had been advancing in prosperity with rapid strides, under the friendly aid of Aliverdi Khan, an Afghan chief of great talent, who had wrested the vice-royalty (or nabobship) of Bengal from its legitimate ruler, a weak and impotent prince. Upon Aliverdi's death, however, he was succeeded by his grandson, Surajah Dowlah (or, as sometimes spelled, Sura-jud-Dowla), a dissolute and tyrannical prince, who, stimulated by the exaggerated reports of the great wealth amassed in the factory, seized the first plausible opportunity for coming to a rupture with the settlers, and commencing hostilities. The pretext laid hold of for putting his designs in

execution, was the erection of various fortifications, which were then in progress, for the defence of Calcutta, in case of any attack being made on it by the French, but which Surajah Dowlah chose to construe into preparations against himself. He immediately collected his army, marched against that place, plundering the English factory of Cossimbuzar by the way, and making the governor and members of Council prisoners. The garrison of Calcutta at that time did not muster above 514 men, of whom only 174 were Europeans, totally undisciplined; and attempts were therefore at first made to come to reasonable terms with the Nabob, but the fate of Cossimbuzar dispelled all hopes of a peaceful accommodation. The attack on Calcutta commenced on the 18th June 1756; and, on the same day, the whole of the outworks and external fortifications fell into the hands of the Indians. Though all hope of a successful resistance was now gone, it was agreed in a council of war to hold out till the following night, in order to get time to convey the women and children on board of ship, which was safely accomplished the same night. At day-break next day, the attack was renewed, and while the situation of the besieged became every hour distressing, they had the mortification to see all the English, as well as neutral vessels, then lying in the Hoogley, weigh anchor, and proceed down the river. To complete the wretched dilemma of the troops, Drake, the governor, was seized with a panic, threw himself into the last remaining boat, and left them to their fate! Mr Holwell was chosen to fill his place, who endeavoured to open negotiations for surrender; but the troops, in the confusion, having gained access to the liquor, were soon in a state of complete intoxication, and the enemy learning how matters stood, stepped into the fort without resistance.

Of the harrowing event which took place in the fort on the night succeeding its capture, the following narrative, which originally appeared in a native East India publication, is at once the most correct and striking that has yet been given to the world:—

"At five o'clock, the Nabob entered the fort, accompanied by his general, Meer Jaffier, and most of the principal officers of his army. He immediately proceeded to the principal apartment of the factory, where he sat in state, and received the compliments of his court and attendants, in magnificent expressions of his prowess and good fortune. Soon after, he sent for Mr Holwell, to whom he expressed much resentment at the presumption of the English in daring to defend the fort, and much dissatisfaction at the smallness of the sum found in the treasury, which did not exceed 50,000 rupees. Mr Holwell had two other conferences with him on this subject before seven o'clock, when the Nabob dismissed him with repeated assurances, on the word of a soldier, that he should suffer no harm.

Mr Holwell, returning to his unfortunate companions, found them assembled and surrounded by a strong guard: several buildings on the north and south sides of the fort were already in flames, which approached with so thick a smoke on either hand, that the prisoners imagined their enemies had caused this conflagration in order to suffocate them between the two fires. On each side of the eastern gate of the fort, extended a range of chambers, adjoining to the curtain, and before the chambers, a veranda, or open gallery: it was of arched masonry, and intended to shelter the soldiers from the sun and rain, but, being low, almost totally obstructed the chambers behind from the light and *air*; and whilst some of the guard were looking in other parts of the factory for proper places to confine the prisoners during the night, the rest ordered them to assemble in ranks under the veranda, on the right hand of the gateway, where they remained for some time, with so little suspicion of their impending fate, that they laughed among themselves at the seeming oddity of this disposition, and amused themselves with conjecturing what they should next be ordered to do. About eight o'clock, those who had been sent to examine the rooms reported that they had found none fit for the purpose; on which the principal officer commanded the prisoners to go into one of the rooms which stood behind them, along the veranda. It was the dungeon of the garrison, who used to call it *The Black Hole*. Many of the prisoners, knowing the place, began to expostulate, upon which the officer ordered his men to cut down those who hesitated—on which the prisoners obeyed; but before all were within, the room was so thronged that the last entered with difficulty: the guard immediately closed the door, and locked it fast, confining 146 persons in a room not 20 feet square, with only two small windows, and those obstructed by the veranda. It was the hottest season of the year, and the night uncommonly sultry, even at this season. The excessive pressure of their bodies against one another, and the intolerable heat which prevailed as soon as the door was shut, convinced the prisoners that it was impossible to live through the night in this horrible confinement, and violent attempts were immediately made to force the door, but without effect, for it opened inwards, on which many began to give loose to rage. Mr Holwell, who placed himself at one of the windows, exhorted them to remain composed both in body and mind, as the only means of surviving the night, and his remonstrances produced a short interval of quiet, during which he applied to an old *jemautdar*, who had some marks of humanity about him, promising to give him a thousand rupees in the morning if he would separate the prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but, returning in a few minutes, said it was impossible; when Mr Holwell offered him a larger sum, on which he retired once more, and returned with the fatal sentence, that no relief could be expected, because "*the Nabob was asleep, and no one dared to wake him.*" In the meantime, every minute had increased their sufferings. The first effect of their confinement was a continued sweat, which soon produced intolerable thirst, succeeded by excruciating pains in the chest, with difficulty of breathing little short of suffocation. Various means were tried to obtain more room and air. Every one stripped off his clothes, every hat was put in motion; and these methods affording no relief, it was proposed that they all should sit down on their hams at the same time, and, after remaining a little while in this posture, rise altogether. This fatal expedient was thrice repeated before they had been confined an hour, and every time, several, unable to raise themselves up again, fell, and were trampled to death by their companions. Attempts were again made to force the door, which, failing as before, redoubled their rage; but, the thirst increasing, nothing but *water! water!* became soon after the general cry. The good *jemautdar* immediately ordered some skins of water to be brought to the windows; but instead of relief, his benevolence became a more dreadful cause of destruction, for the sight of the water threw every one into such excessive agitations and ravings, that, unable to resist this violent impulse of nature, none could wait to be regularly served, but each man battled with the utmost ferocity against those who were likely to get before him; and in these conflicts many were either pressed to death by the efforts of others, or suffocated by their own. This scene, instead of exciting compassion in the guard without, only awakened their mirth, and they held up lights to the bars, in order to have the diabolical satisfaction of seeing the deplorable contention of the sufferers within, who, finding it impossible to get any water whilst it was thus furiously disputed, at length suffered those who were nearest the windows to convey it in their hats to those behind them. It proved no relief either to their thirst or other sufferings, for the fever increased every moment with increasing depravity of the air of the dungeon, which had been so often respired, and was saturated with the hot and deleterious effluvia of putrifying bodies, of which the stench was little less than mortal.

Before midnight, all who were alive, and had not partaken of the air of the windows, were either in lethargic stupefaction, or raving with delirium. Every kind of invective and abuse was uttered, in hope of provoking the guard to put an end to their miseries by firing into the dungeon; and whilst some were blaspheming their Creator with frantic execrations of torment in despair, Heaven was implored by others with wild and incoherent prayers, until the weaker, exhausted by these agitations, at length lay down quietly, and expired on the bodies of their dead and agonizing friends. Those who still survived in the inward part of the dungeon, finding that the water had afforded them no relief, made a last effort to obtain air, by endeavouring to scramble over the heads of those who stood between them and the windows, where the utmost strength of every one was employed for two hours, either in maintaining his own ground, or endeavouring to get that of which others were in possession. All regards of compassion and affection were lost, and no one would recede or give way for the relief of another. Faintness sometimes gave short pauses of quiet, but the first motion of any one renewed the struggle through all, under which ever and anon some one sunk to rise no more. At two o'clock, not more than fifty remained alive; but even this number was too many to partake of the saving air, the contest for which, and life, continued until the moon, long implored, began to break, and, with the hope of relief, gave the survivors a view of the dead. The survivors then at the window, seeing that their entreaties could not prevail on the guard to open the door, it occurred to Mr Cook, the secretary to the Council, that Mr Holwell, if alive, might have more influence to obtain their relief; and two of the company undertaking the search, discovered him, having still some signs of life: but when they brought him near the window, every one refused to quit his place, excepting Captain Mills, who, with rare generosity, offered to resign his, on which the rest likewise agreed to make room. He had scarcely begun to recover his senses, before an officer, sent by the Nabob, came, and inquired if the English chief survived; and soon after, the same man returned with an order to open the prison. The dead were so thronged, and the survivors had so little strength remaining, that they were employed for near half an hour in removing the bodies which lay against the door, before they could clear a passage to get out one by one; when, of one hundred and forty-six who went in, no more than *twenty-three* came out alive, the ghastliest forms that ever were seen on the earth. The Nabob's troops beheld them, and the havoc of death from which they had escaped, with perfect indifference, but did not prevent them from removing to a distance; and were immediately obliged, by the intolerable stench, to clear the dungeon, whilst others dug a ditch on the outside of the fort, into which all the dead bodies were promiscuously thrown."

STAGE-COACH TRAVELLING.

It is difficult to determine the exact period at which a stage-coach first appeared upon the road, but it seems to be pretty well ascertained that in 1662 there were but six, and one of the wise men of those days, John Crossell, of the Charter-House, tried his best to write them down. It was supposed he had the countenance of the country gentlemen, who were afraid, if their wives could get easily and cheaply conveyed to London, they might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange. But to go back only 90 years. In 1742, the Oxford stage-coach left London at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycomb at five in the evening, where it rested for the night, and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here, then, were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles, and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours. Well-born coachmen prevail on the road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground (between London and Brighton) with Mr Stevenson (who had been a Cambridge University graduate); and Mr Charles Jones, brother of Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on the Brighton road, called the Pearl, which he both horses and drives himself. The late Mr Stevenson mentioned above (for he no longer exists) became a coachman by profession; and it is only justice to his memory to admit, that though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits, however, had not been lost upon him; his demeanour was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his servant, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were inclined.—*Quarterly Review.*

PASSAGE OF MUSKET BULLETS THROUGH THE HUMAN BODY.

A number of curious cases of the progress of musket balls from the place where they were first lodged, have been observed by military surgeons. We have heard of a very remarkable case, where the musket ball struck the forehead above the nose, and having divided into two halves, one half went round beneath the skin, on the right side, and the other on the left, advancing in contact with the skull. We do not ask our readers to believe the poetical edition of this fact, that the two half bullets met again behind, after having performed the circuit of the head in opposite directions, and, advancing with a slightly diminished force, united, and killed an unfortunate man who stood in their way; but the fact of the splitting of the bullet, and the advance of each half in opposite directions, is unquestionable. The singular progress of a musket bullet from the forehead to the throat has been recorded by Dr Fielding. At the first battle of Newbury, in the time of the civil wars, a medical gentleman was shot near the right eye. The skull was fractured at the place; but though the surgeon could see the pulsation of the brain beneath the wound, yet the bullet had turned to one side, and could not be discovered. Various bones were discharged from the wound, the mouth, and the nostrils. At the time of the second battle of Newbury, the wound healed, and could not be kept open; but about twelve years afterwards, when the doctor was riding in a cold dark night, he felt a pain on the left side of his head, about the "almonds of the ear," which occasioned a partial deafness. Having stopped his ear with wool, he was surprised one day, in March 1670, by a sudden puff or crack in his ear, when all that side of his cheek hung loose, as if it had been paralytic, and a hard knot was felt under the ear. Various tumours now appeared about the throat, and in August 1672, the bullet was taken out of the throat, near the *pomum Adami.*—*Fraser's Magazine.*

CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

The mortality of Great Britain, its cities, and its hospitals, is greatly inferior to that of any other country in Europe; it is also incontestible that "Great Britain is at present the most healthy country with which we are acquainted;" and that it has been gradually tending to that point for the last 50 years. This superior value of life in Great Britain is not confined to any particular districts or classes of individuals. To whatever point we turn our view, the advantage is still the same; the man of affluence, the pauper-patient of the hospital, the sailor and the soldier on active service, the prisoner of war, the inmate of a jail, all enjoy a better tenure of existence from this country than from any other of which we have been able to consult the records. It has been long the fashion, both abroad and at home, to exhaust every variety of reproach on the climate of our country, and particularly on the atmosphere of London; and yet we shall find that the most famed spots in Europe, the places which have long been selected as the resort of invalids, and the fountains of health, are far more fatal to life than even this great metropolis. The annual proportion of deaths at Montpelier was greater 30 years ago, and is greater at present, than in London.—*Dr Hawkins' Elements of Medical Statistics.*

Column for Young People.

You may remember that a long while ago I gave you a very pleasant article on Bees, extracted, specially for your own reading, from a nice little book called "Art in Nature," written by a person named Charles Williams, and published in London by Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis. I am now going to give you another of Mr Williams's papers, and a very capital paper it is for you to read, on the subject of Spiders. I know that many of you think that Spiders are very nasty little insects, because they crawl about the walls, and spin their ugly webs in the corners of the rooms; but you have no idea what funny creatures Spiders are, and what strange things they do; so now I am going to let you know some remarkable circumstances connected with their mode of living, and their pursuits. Here the article begins:—

"It was a September morning, and the aspect of nature was autumnal. The foliage of the trees had begun to change their hue; and, while the orchards yielded their last fruits, which might grace the dessert of a peer, the hedges were filled with their humble produce, and clusters of privet, elder-berries, and buckthorn, vied with one another. These, however, were relieved by the hips, honeysuckles, and viburnum, which put forth their scarlet balls; and the beautiful fruit of the woody nightshade, wild-service, and mountain-ash, delighted the eye, and soothed the spirits depressed by the anticipation of winter.

Of this Mr Elwood felt conscious, when, returning from an early call on a friend, he saw his youngest child Edward—a fine boy of four years old, whose clustering locks, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks, made him a model of infant beauty—blowing soap bubbles, with many a clapping of hands, and merry bound, and hearty laugh, as he saw them rise, glitter, and at length burst in the air. Amused at the sight, he gazed for some time; when, calling Emma and Frederick, he told them to watch the process, and that the first balloons ever made were produced in a similar way. This led to many inquiries, and to the remark, that what has been done only of late years, after many efforts, by man, to rise into the air, has been accomplished, from the earliest times, by the gossamer spider.

'O, papa!' said Emma, on hearing this, 'I wish you would tell us all about them. Now, I think you will!—and here, dear mamma, let me place your chair next to papa's, and you can remember something;—and I will listen so attentively, and Frederick will—won't you, dear? And then, mamma, and then—I'll play my new rondo as well as ever I can.'

Mr E. Happily, my dear, I have leisure to gratify you. Dr Lister noticed the falling of these webs, and in them discovered more than once a spider, which he named the *bird*. On one occasion, whilst he was watching a common spider, it suddenly turned on its back, darted forth a long thread, and, vaulting from the place where it was, was carried upwards to a great height. He further discovered, that, while spiders fly in this manner, they pull in their long thread with their fore-feet, so as to form it into a ball—or, as it may be called, air-balloon—of flake. So high did they ascend, that one day in autumn, when the air was full of webs, he went to the top of the highest steeple of York Minster, from whence he could see the floating webs still far above him. He took some of the spiders that fell and were entangled on the pinnacles. They were of a kind that never enter houses, and, therefore, could not be supposed to have taken their flight from the steeple. Of one insect he observed, he says, 'Certainly this is an excellent rope-dancer, and is wonderfully delighted in darting its threads; nor is it only carried in the air like others, but it effects itself its ascent and sailing; for by means of its legs, closely applied to each other, it as it were balances itself, and promotes and directs its course no otherwise than as if nature had furnished it with wings or oars.'

F. Has any other person particularly noticed them?

Mr E. Mr White has done so. 'Every day in fine weather in autumn,' he says, 'do I see these spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft; they will go off from the finger if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlour; and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers move faster than the air in the air itself.'

E. Are they often to be seen, papa?

Mr E. Yes, sometimes in great numbers. I will give you Mr White's account of a shower of these webs. On the 21st of September 1741, intent upon field diversions, he rose before day-break; but, on going out, found the whole face of the country covered with a thick coat of cobweb drenched with dew. When his dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded that they were obliged to lie down and scrape themselves. About nine o'clock, a shower of these webs, formed not of single floating threads, but of perfect flakes, some near an inch broad, and five or six long, was observed falling from very high regions, which continued through the whole of the day; and they fell with a velocity which showed that they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere. On ascending the highest parts of the country where this was observed, the webs were still seen falling, and twinkling like stars in the sun. The flakes of the web hung so thick upon the edges and trees, that baskets-full might have been collected. In Germany, these flights of gossamer appear so constantly in autumn, that they are there called 'the flying or departing summer;' and authors speak of the web as often hanging in flakes, like wool, on every hedge and bush, throughout extensive districts.

F. For what are these webs made, papa?

Mr E. As the single threads shot by other spiders are usually their bridges, this, perhaps, may be their object, and thus the spiders may be conveyed from spot to spot with less labour than if they had travelled over the ground. And as Kirby says, also, as they seem so thirsty, may not the drops of dew with which they are always as it were strung, be a secondary object with them? So great are their numbers, that sometimes every stalk of straw in the stubbles, and every clod and stone in the fallows, swarms with them. Dr Strach assures us that twenty or thirty often sit on a single straw, and that he collected about two thousand in half an hour, and could have easily doubled the number had he wished it.

E. But, papa, what makes the spiders go up, up, up, like Mr Green's balloon, which I saw at Stamford, until it looked not larger than an orange, and then went quite out of sight?

Mr E. It is probable that they do so in pursuit of food, for the rejected parts of gnats and flies are often found in the falling webs. Perhaps the flight of some particular species, forming a favourite food of the little aeronauts, may take place at these times. No doubt, however, that the end is worthy such extraordinary means. And I wish you particularly to observe, when you see this spider's thread floating in the air, and stretching from hedge to hedge across a road or brook of four or five yards wide, that this little creature has *no wings* wherewith to fly, nor muscles to enable it to spring or dart to so great a distance; and hence its Creator has laid for it this path in the atmosphere. Though the insect itself be heavier than air, the thread which it spins is lighter. This, then, is its *balloon*. Left to itself, the spider would drop to the ground; but, being tied to its thread, both are supported! This also mounts, and buoys up the insect itself, as the tail of a kite does the body. Some of them, it seems, not only bestride their film, but roll it up in a mass, and then sail in a balloon.

Mrs E. My love, the web of the gossamer spider finely illustrates Paley's doctrine of compensation. It supplies the place of wings; and the defects of one part or of one organ are often made up for by the structure of another part or of another organ. Let us try to recollect some instances. I remember, he says, that the common parrot has, in the structure of its beak, both an inconvenience and a compensation for it. By an inconvenience, he means what appears when the peculiar structure of an organ which fits it for one purpose unfits it for another. Thus the upper bill of the parrot is so much hooked, and so much overlaps the lower, that if, as in other birds, the lower part alone had motion, the bird could scarcely gape wide enough to receive its food; yet this hook and overlapping of the bill could not be spared, for by it the bird climbs: to say nothing of its use in breaking nuts and the hard substances on which it feeds. How, therefore, is the difficulty prevented? By making *both* parts of the jaw moveable. In most birds, the upper chap is connected, and makes but one piece with the skull; but, in the parrot, the upper chap is joined to the bone of the head by a strong membrane placed on each side of it, which lifts and depresses it at pleasure.

E. That's a delightful story, mamma; perhaps, while you are thinking of another, papa will tell us what he remembers.

Mr E. Birds have no teeth;—I mean such as common fowls, pigeons, ducks, geese, &c. What have they, then, to make up for this want? A most powerful muscle called a gizzard, the inner coat of which has rough plaits, which, by strong friction against one another, break and grind the hard food as effectually, and by the same sort of action, as a coffee-mill would do. Without this, it is proved that a chicken would starve upon a heap of corn! This contrivance goes no farther than the necessity. The food of birds of prey does not require to be ground in a mill, and in them a gizzard is not found. I almost forget what he says about the bat.

Mrs E. I remember it perfectly. At the angle of the bat's wing there is a bent claw, exactly in the form of a hook, by which the creature attaches itself to the sides of rocks, caves, and buildings, laying hold of crevices, joinings, chinks, and roughnesses. It hooks itself by this claw, remains suspended by this hold, and takes its flight from this position; which compensates for the shortness of its legs and feet. Without its hook, the bat would be the most helpless of all animals. It can neither run upon its feet, nor raise itself from the ground. But all this is made up for by the contrivance on the wing; and, in placing a claw on that part, the Creator has deviated from what is observable in winged animals. 'A singular defect,' says Paley, 'required a singular substitute.'

F. Cannot you give us one more such fact, papa?

Mr E. Yes, my dear, but that one must suffice The short, unbending neck of the elephant is made up for by the length and flexibility of his proboscis or trunk. He could not reach the ground without it; or, if he could have fed on the fruit, leaves, or branches of trees, how was he to drink? Should it be asked, why is the elephant's neck so short? it may be answered, that the weight of a head so heavy could not have been supported at the end of a longer lever. And then the proboscis itself is most curious. The disposition of the rings and fibres—first, to form a long pipe; secondly, to contract and shorten it; and, thirdly, to turn it in every direction at pleasure: with, moreover, a fleshy production at the end, of about the length and thickness of a finger, and performing the office of one, so as to pick up a needle or a straw—exhibits an instrument truly amazing.

E. Wonderful—wonderful—wonderful, papa!

Mr E. Yes, my love,

> 'Wonderful, indeed, are all *His* works,
> Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
> Had in remembrance, always with delight.'"

EFFECT OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM ON THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

When Lord Sunderland was at the Hague, he contracted a particular intimacy with Mr Cunningham [author of the History of Great Britain], as they were both remarkable chess-players. Whenever his Lordship was at leisure, he either drove to Cunningham's lodgings, which were at some distance, or sent his carriage for him. After playing for a course of time, Lord Sunderland discovered that he who was jolted in the carriage before they sat down, was always sure to lose every game; for which reason he gave over going to Cunningham's, but always sent for him, and always beat him, to his no small astonishment, as he was conscious that he understood the game as well as his adversary. At last, when he was very much out of humour, Lord Sunderland told him the trick, and Cunningham insisted that they should drive to one another's lodgings alternately, which confirmed his Lordship's observation, and restored Cunningham to his former level; for, from that time, they won and lost alternately. This fact, which appears not at all incredible, for the streets of the Hague were not, in the last century, so smooth as those of London are at present, proves how nicely the capacities of Sunderland and Cunningham were balanced against each other: but it is more curious and interesting on another account—it shows the intimate connection between our corporeal frame and the faculty of thinking.—*Thomson's Introduction to his Translation of Cunningham's History of Great Britain.*

CALDERWOOD CASTLE.

The fall of this castle, which took place about sixty years ago, was attended with circumstances of so romantic a nature, that we think them deserving of record.

There was a Dr Baillie, a clergyman, father to the late Sir Matthew Baillie, physician in London, and who had been tutor to the *then* Sir William Maxwell* and his two brothers, one of whom was father to the present General Sir William Maxwell, who had a villa in that neighbourhood, and was, consequently, a frequent visitor at the castle. One day, when at dinner with his wife, he said he had all forenoon felt an anxiety about Calderwood, as if some of the family were ill. Mrs Baillie said there seemed no cause for such a supposition, and the conversation ended. At tea in the evening, Dr Baillie said, "You know, Mrs Baillie, that I am far from being superstitious; but it is strongly impressed upon my mind that some of that family is seriously ill." Mrs Baillie replied, that had that been the case, he might be sure they would have been informed of the circumstance; besides, he was down there four or five days before, when they were all in perfect health. At their supper, Dr Baillie again said, "It does not signify, Mrs Baillie; but I have taken an anxiety about that family that I can neither account for nor control, and I am certain some individual there is most seriously ill." Mrs Baillie desired him to order his horse to the door, and put his nightcap into his pocket, and ride down to the castle, though the family would be much surprised at a visit at so late an hour. Dr Baillie arrived about eleven o'clock, when the family were just going to bed. His first question was, "Is the family all well?" Lady Maxwell said, they were all well, thank God, and was glad to see the doctor, and ordered a bed-room to be prepared for him. He then explained the cause of so untimely a visit, and requested Sir William that he would order a servant, with a couple of candles, to go with him into the castle, while his bed-room was preparing, as he wished to examine the east wall, where he perceived a slight rent when he was last there, and was desirous to see if any alteration had since taken place. It may be proper to say, that all the house servants, and several of the farm servants, slept in the castle, and most of these had gone to bed. In about a quarter of an hour, Dr Baillie returned, and said he was certain the castle was going to fall, as the rent he had formerly noticed was considerably enlarged. The servants were all ordered to get out of bed, and to join the family, who resided in a more modern building, attached to the castle. At the top of the castle was a square tower, in which were deposited the archives and records of the family. These Sir William had conveyed away. The family then determined to sit up all night, and see the result; when, at half-past nine in the morning, the whole of the east side of the castle went over with a tremendous crash! There was a range of stables below the castle, full of horses; but these were saved by the stables being arched, and were dug out of the ruins two days afterwards. Thus, if it had not been for a providential interposition of Dr Baillie, nine or ten persons would have been crushed to death.

* The narrative which follows we have had the honour of receiving from a descendant of the family.

THE TURNBULLS AND RUTHERFORDS.

It is related that Sir Andrew Turnbull of Bedrule, upon Rule Water, in Roxburghshire, was so notorious a thief, that the principal gentlemen of the clans of Hume and Kerr refused to sign a bond of alliance, to which he, with the Turnbulls and Rutherfords, was a party, alleging that their proposed allies had stolen Hume of Wedderburn's cattle. The authority of Morton, however, compelled them to digest the affront. The debate, and a curious one it is, may be seen at length in *Godscroft*, vol. i. p. 221. The Rutherfords became more lawless after having been deprived of the countenance of the court, for slaying the nephew of Forman, archbishop of St Andrew's, who had attempted to carry off the heiress of Rutherford. This lady was afterwards married to James Stewart of Traquair, son to James Earl of Buchan, according to a papal bull, dated 9th November 1504. By this lady a great estate in Teviotdale fell to the family of Traquair, which was sold by James Earl of Traquair, lord high treasurer of Scotland, in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties to which he was reduced by his loyal exertions in favour of Charles the First.

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UMBRELLAS.

THERE is one piece of property, which is nobody's property, or every body's property, or is not property at all—and that is, *Umbrellas*. "'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands," was not more truly said of the circulating medium, than it might be said of this curious branch of the floating capital of the nation, which fructifies in the hands of no one, but is continually going or flying about in the hands of this person and that person, and is always getting worse and worse. Umbrellas, I must confess, are to me a puzzle. Some people, certainly, do buy them new, for there are shops in every considerable town of the realm, where they are sold. But I wonder what kind of people they can be who do so; for one might just as well buy two cube acres of the wind, in the hope of handing them down as a patrimony to one's descendants. Alas! for the instability of all earthly things, and umbrellas in particular! Who can say that he ever actually owned an umbrella? Umbrellas are things of no power of adherence to man. They make unto themselves wings, and fly away. Just suppose, for the sake of argument, that you have been so far left to yourself, one day, as, in a fit of love for your race, to buy an umbrella. Suppose, further, that from a fondness for the article, and an experience of the volatility of this species of so-called property, you have taken it to an engraver, and watched over him till he painsfully carved your name upon it, by way of fixing down its affections to you for ever. Vain endeavour! The treacherous and ungrateful fabric of silk and whalebone will walk by your side for a little while, fending you lovingly from showers and snowdrifts; but soon, alas! too soon—three weeks after marriage—you look about you, and where is it?—why, eloped right slick away with another love—a new acquaintance, fairly deserted you with your three children, and commenced a career of vagrancy over the world, which will only terminate with its being blown to shivers some day by the vengeful blast of heaven, as its last proprietor turns the corner of one of the windiest streets in the town.

Somebody once made an amusing book by imagining the adventures of a guinea, and describing the characters and fates of a number of individuals into whose hands the coin was supposed to have successively fallen. But the adventures of an umbrella would obviously be a far more richly varied and piquant composition. A friend, say, has been one day overtaken by a determined rain, while visiting you: the time has arrived when he *must go*—for he has a particular appointment—and when you, moreover, are excessively anxious that he *should go*, for you are just about to sit down to dinner, and have heard enough of your wife's intentions that forenoon, to know that a new eater, in addition to the usual number, is not desirable, either for his own sake, or theirs. Well, what can you do? Your friend manfully proposes to brave the storm, saying, as he looks out and buttons up his coat, that it is a mere skiff, and is just going off—though, for your part, you never saw a more perfect *even-down pour*, as they say in Scotland, in your life. Why, you *must* offer your umbrella. Flesh and blood will not have it otherwise. All the humanities—all commandments, human and divine, order it so. One last glance, then, at the dear object—bought at White's one little month ago—fondled and rejoiced in since, beyond all common sentiment—and away it goes, never to be seen more, leaving you with the bitter consciousness that you have been accessory, with your eyes open, to the abduction of the very object which, next to your wife, you chiefly held dear on earth.

This is the first move in the maze of confusion. Your umbrella, faithfully promised to be returned that night, does not re-appear, as, indeed, you never expected that it would, for it is not in the nature of man to return an umbrella, and there's an end on't. So, as the rain is worse than ever, and your wife will not hear of your going out "with such a cold hanging about you," without a defence against the weather, you yourself are obliged to become an abductor of other men's umbrellas in your turn, and borrow one from a neighbour. Thus, with the dismal sense upon your mind that one crime leads to another, and that you are robbing another of that which not enriches you (for of course by this time it is neither the late owner's, nor can you calculate upon it being long your own), you take off your weary way through the rain—mentally comparing, at the same time, the cottony vulgarity of the present article with the well-chosen and smart-looking convenience which yesterday was generally but erroneously supposed by mankind to be yours. The rain ceases while you are waiting in some house or shop, and you depart without your umbrella—that is to say, without the umbrella you lately carried, for to use any of the possessive pronouns respecting this fugitive article is evidently an absurdity in terms. When you get home to dinner, and recollect the loss, you send to make inquiries, but learn that the missing article was lent to somebody who called soon after you left the place, and is by this time, in all probability, through as many hands as the body of the hunchback in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

The labyrinthine winding through which umbrellas sometimes travel is really astonishing. Reader, had you ever one, which you had once been in the ridiculous habit of calling your own, lent to you on a great emergency, by a friend, who, on inquiry, was found to have come by it, no doubt, honestly, but from a place or person the last in the world you would have expected it to have found its way to? Such things have been, and they are but a sample of the common wonders that enter into the fates of umbrellas. It is a sad thing to have the very umbrella which you have been *cultivating*—the umbrella that has been carried near your heart, under your arm, for weeks—the love of your bosom, in short—ravished away from you, and sent a-spinning through the world, here and there, in a thousand directions;—but well is it with you when the case is no worse. Hard as that is, there is something harder and more heart-rending still, in your once more overtaking your umbrella in its last days, and being shocked by the ravages which time, and handling, and perhaps the mender, have wrought upon the once delicate constitution of your early flame. *There* is a misery—there *is* a true agony of agonies. What struggles have you then to endure between old attachment—a sentiment that will not be suppressed—and the natural loathing you cannot at the same time help feeling for the tawdry and squalid aspect of the object, with the sense you have of the wretched hands through which it must have come, since it was, as you thought, *yours!* If any one entertains a real hatred for a man, he could wish him few worse wishes than that he might buy and cultivate an umbrella, and then, after long years, fall in with it again, when it had been fully drabbed, and drudged, and draggled through a thousand turns of good and evil fortune.

A great deal of the vagrancy of umbrellas is owing to their being so frequently exchanged at public places by what is called mistake; that is to say, a gentleman takes some other person's umbrella out of the *trap*, as it is too pertinently termed, instead of his own, which he leaves behind. There is one most notable phenomenon attending these mistakes, namely, that no one ever mistakes a *worse* umbrella for his own. People, in these cases, seem to act unconsciously and instinctively upon the great commercial maxim, that it is needless to make a barter without some advantage. Let you get your umbrella twice exchanged in this manner, and you will find yourself to have sunk from an affair of five and twenty shillings, down to a blue, brass-ringed dowdy, which, ten years ago, cost three and sixpence. Three removes, indeed, are as bad as a fire in this case. The worst thing about such an exchange, effected against your will, is the having to protect yourself homewards through the rain with such a wretched rag as generally falls into your hands. In fact, the whole phenomenon affords a lively illustration of the natural succession of an age of inferior metal to that which went before it: you begin with gold, and you end with brass.

Mankind are divided into two great classes in reference to umbrellas—one which buys umbrellas, and one which does not. There is no difference between the two as to the amount of their wealth in umbrellas: you are just as sure to find an umbrella in the lobby of the one as in the lobby of the other. It is impossible, however, to deny, that the man who actually buys an umbrella is a man of a most patriotic and benevolent disposition—one who suffers in the behalf of mankind at large, and is therefore entitled to the thanks of his fellow-creatures. The *sic vos non vobis* is most truly applicable in their case; even the unfortunate generation of bees is hardly more disinterested. I would therefore propose, that, whenever a man dies, who, it can be ascertained, has spent any part of his fortune in this manner, his survivors ought at the very least to testify their gratitude by erecting a mausoleum, with a top in the shape of an umbrella, over his grave; by which peculiarity the emblem would be conspicuously distinguished from all other monuments, so that in walking through a churchyard, posterity might know when a mere poet or philosopher was referred to, and when the great inhabitant below was one who had (Oh thrice greater fame!) signalized himself by purchasing an umbrella.

LONDON THOROUGHFARES.

LONDON again.—The next thing which astonishes the provincial in his perambulations through the metropolis, is the extraordinary thoroughfare of vehicles on the streets, which is certainly fully as remarkable as the number of foot passengers. It is of no use for him to count them as they pass. There they go, of all descriptions and sizes—waggons, cars, carts, chaises, coaches, cabs, omnibuses, and drays; all tugging, struggling, and striving, as if the whole world were in motion. "Such a many," as a Cockney expresses himself, never could have been conjectured to be in existence. In other towns you may see two or three—or perhaps a dozen—vehicles on a line of street at a time, and that is reckoned pretty well—the sign of a "bustle," probably. But here you are overwhelmed in the *melée*. Conceive a line of street, three miles in length, thickly packed with the above variety of vehicles, one behind another, in two rows, the one proceeding the one way, and the other the other, and that from morning till night—no intermission. Sometimes it is no easy matter for a foot passenger to get as much empty space as will allow him to cross; and when he does so, he takes good care to calculate the exact time

he will take to make the passage, lest he be ridden down. Yet few accidents occur on the streets of London; for the inhabitants are very expert in crossing, and do not allow themselves to be discomposed by the racket which is almost incessantly going on.

The system of carriage in London has a fine air of barbarous romance about it. For most kinds of heavy goods, particularly coal, huge cumbersome waggons on four broad wheels are used. These are drawn by four, or five, or, as frequently, six horses, yoked in pairs, and all heavy sluggish animals, which move along at a slow dignified pace, as if conscious of performing in some great and glorious pageant. These solemn and sombre-coloured animals are excellent feeders, and go through a great deal of work in that way. As for the service they perform in return, it may be estimated that a couple of Scotch horses and carts would execute fully as much labour; but then a single horse in a light two-wheeled cart has no show—no waggoner would descend so far as to drive it; it would not embody the splendid idea of a team; and so, it is worthy of all contempt. Nothing like the good old clumsy machinery of our Saxon ancestors. Great improvements have been lately effected in London in the transport of passengers. The old hackney coaches and their horses are dying out, being evidently pushed out of existence by quite a novel kind of conveyances. *Cabs* and omnibuses are now nearly all in all with most people, though, for our part, we still like to encourage a hack, which, being usually the cast-off equipage of some nobleman, is not only of superior construction and convenience, but serves to furnish matter for moralizing on the frolics of fortune, and the vicissitudes that may take place even in the existence of coaches. The cabs, which came first in upon the line of business of the hacks, are neither more nor less than one-horse gigs on two wheels, with a flexible covering for bad weather. The driver sits on a little seat on the outside, above the wheel. The word *cab* is a contraction of *cabriolet*, that being too long and much too expensive a word for a Londoner to use, seeing that time is so valuable in the metropolis. These cabs go helter-skelter in all directions; driving like furies through thick and thin; darting out of the line of march when they find an opening; splitting a hair on the axles of the waggons; and delivering their fare at every given point within the bills of mortality, at a moderate price. Omnibuses are an entirely different species of conveyance. They are got up on principles of the purest modern expediency, and are therefore very characteristic of the age. An omnibus —we wonder the word is not already subjected to contraction—is a long wooden box, on springs and four wheels, having a long seat on each side within. The door is behind, with hanging steps always ready for entrance; while the driver sits in front, and the door-opener stands behind. Two horses draw this vehicle, which can contain twelve or fourteen persons. Omnibuses act as stage-coaches from one part of the town to another. At present, they will convey you three miles, or any lesser distance, for sixpence; but they are continually stopping to let passengers in and out, wherefore, though to many very convenient, they are much less rapid than hacks or cabs, and are by no means the most agreeable conveyances to men unreasonably fastidious. The omnibuses seem all to radiate from "the Bank"—that is, the Bank of England, which is situated in the heart of the city—and are obviously the result of the extension of the town, which cannot now be conveniently traversed on foot. They therefore help to thin the crowds of passengers on the pavements, and facilitate business; but it is alleged they are doing much harm to the respectable and ancient trade of the mendicant, which is now hardly worth the pursuing, and that they have considerably diminished the revenue of the sweepers of the crossings. An appeal to the legislature is talked of, and possibly Mr Cobbett may take up the question.

As you walk along any of the great thoroughfares of London, you continually ask yourself, Do the people here know any thing of each other? do they care for one another when sick? is there such a thing as private friendship amongst them? or are they all, all so ardent and so much occupied in the pursuit of money, that they shut out the whole human race from their sympathies, and live and die only for themselves? Such inquiries will force themselves on the mind of the stranger, whose feelings are of a warm and unsophisticated character. But your real Londoner would not comprehend such a species of sentiment. He would consider it all stuff. London is not what it appears. Its population is not an inextricable mass, in which there is no regular bond of affection. It is composed of an endless series of circles of friendship and acquaintance, proceeding from Whitechapel on the east, to St James's on the west. The people of London are not one people any more than their city is one town. Every street and its precincts form a little world, and every neighbourhood is known to itself. The inhabitants of the Minories do not very closely resemble those within the atmosphere of "the Parks;" perhaps on jubilee occasions the former may penetrate as far westward; and there have been instances of "west-enders" going on a tour of discovery into the strange countries within the precincts of Wapping; but in general each district contents itself with looking after its own affairs, and trusting to the newspapers for accounts of the "rare doings" in distant quarters of the capital.

There are many good-natured souls in the country who are in the habit of imagining, that, when any great political movement is taking place at the seat of government, all London, as a matter of course, is on the alert—that the people are standing in clusters on the streets, shaking their heads most significantly at each other—that, in the language of the newspapers, "business is at a stand"—in short, that every thing betokens a regular break-up in the state. Now, all such suppositions are unjustified by fact. Except on rare occasions, every thing just goes on as usual. It should always be borne in mind, that, what with attending to business, and attending to the process of eating and drinking, the people have no time to spare for "all that kind of thing." And what a glorious characteristic of John Bull is this! What a security it is against all rebellion, conspiracy, and revolution, that the Englishman *must have his dinner*, and that dinner, too, in all its plenitude of material, and time for consumption! There is nothing to compare with it in the system of any other nation; and, alas! how insecure, therefore, are their different governments! When any thing unusual takes place at Paris, the volatile Parisian puts three raisins into his pocket, shoulders his musket, and fights for three days, without ever thinking for another moment about the comfort of his inner man. But this is out of the question with the Londoner. *He* must regularly go to shop at nine in the morning, and as regularly to dinner at a certain hour in the afternoon; and no revolution in the government could derange him so much as a revolution in these particulars of his own steady life. Perhaps, if a great state change could be effected between ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, it *might be* done. But if once a dinner hour intervened—why, the whole scheme would be broken up; every man would go away to his roast beef or boiled mutton; and the enemies of our liberties would, before tea-time, have us all once more snugly under thraldom, beyond the possibility of even a new *attempt* at emancipation.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON HISTORY.

THE EMPIRE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, TO THE TAKING OF THAT CITY BY THE TURKS.

When Constantine, as has been already noticed, removed the seat of government from Rome to his new city of Constantinople, his sway extended from Britain to the river Euphrates, and from the Danube to the deserts of Africa. These dominions, however, hung very loosely together; for, as different parts of the army had at various times raised their own commanders to the empire, there was no successful or favourite general who might not aspire rather to be independent in his own province, or to usurp the supreme dominions. This caused frequent rebellions in the provinces. Constantine himself, however, after defeating several other candidates, reigned undisturbed for twenty-five years, and, during the leisure of a powerful reign, introduced a more regular system of general government, which tended to strengthen the dependence of the numerous provinces upon the sovereign. He was the first of the Roman emperors who adopted the Christian religion, and who directly favoured its disciples; but he allowed the heathens, who were still by far the most numerous people, the full exercise of their various modes of worship. His three sons divided the empire among them in equal portions (A. D. 336); but by the death or assassination of the other two, the whole soon fell into the hands of Constantius, who adopted as his colleague and successor his relation Julian, a young man of fantastic character, but of considerable talents. Julian succeeded to the sovereignty in 360; and having imbibed at Athens, where he resided some time, an admiration for the old Grecian philosophers (who had professed the heathen religion as that of their country, though they were aware of its follies), he imagined that he could not be a philosopher except he were also a heathen; so that he abjured Christianity, and made himself ridiculous by performing immense sacrifices of cattle to the heathen gods. He was a capricious and whimsical prince, but not unjust, or unsuccessful in war. He maintained the empire in its full extent, and was killed in a successful invasion of Persia. He was succeeded, after the fall of several candidates, by Valentinian, whose father had been a soldier from the Danube. This emperor took for colleague his brother Valens, to whom he assigned Constantinople, and the government of the East. The reign of Valens was signalized by the irruption into Europe of an enemy till then unknown to the Romans; these were the *Huns*, a confederation of Tartar tribes, some of whom had attained the ascendancy and control over the rest, and led them on to invade the nations of Europe. Their numbers and ferocity lead the ancient writers to describe them in terms of consternation, which to moderns, who are no strangers to Calmucks, Cossacks, Tartars, and other savages from that quarter, appear sufficiently ludicrous. They never lived in houses, slept under trees, ate raw flesh, and were altogether superior in war even to the Goths, who were now in alliance with the Romans, and had begun to relish the comforts of a settled life. They were, therefore, driven away before the Huns, and were forced, in search of a home, to invade the Roman territory. Here they were opposed by the Emperor Valens, but they defeated his army, and made his own life a sacrifice. He was succeeded by his nephew Gratian, who chose for his colleague Theodosius, a general of talents and celebrity. This emperor restored the confidence of his own army, and broke the power of the Goths, by his skill and caution, and was the first of the emperors who practised the mode of dividing the barbarians against one another, by giving money to such of their tribes as he imagined would make useful auxiliaries. This system, which the wealth of the emperors (from their possession of all the maritime and trading cities) enabled them long to use against their poorer enemies, often saved the empire at the expense of its dignity; for though the money was given at first as a gratuity, it was sometimes demanded in times of weakness as a tribute. This Theodosius (commonly called the Great) was the first who made Christianity the established religion of the empire (390). He procured a senatorial edict in favour of the Christians, sanctioned the destruction of the heathen temples, and forbade the performance of sacrifices either in public or private. The empire under this prince still preserved its original extent, but he divided it between his two sons, Arcadius and Honorius (394), and its parts were never afterwards reunited.

From the death of Theodosius the Second (449) to the reign of Justinian (527), the Eastern Empire continued without any considerable alteration, though there were many changes and intrigues in the court and army. The reign of the latter prince is memorable on several accounts; it was under his auspices that a knowledge of the silk manufacture was first brought to Europe, where it gave employment to much ingenious industry (900). Justinian also caused certain eminent lawyers to prepare a code of laws, and an abridgement of law decisions, &c., called the Pandects, which were used by all his successors, and have been adopted as the basis of their laws by several countries of Europe. The talents and virtues of his general, Belisarius, regained to the empire Africa, and great part of Italy, from the Vandals and Ostrogoths; this conquest, however, only prevented the latter region from being united under one government, and has been the cause of its remaining a feeble and divided country ever since. In the reign of Tiberius, shortly after (580), the people of Rome, though they entreated with great earnestness the aid and pity of the emperor, who now claimed to rule over them, were unable to obtain any relief, and remained distracted between their attachment to the ancient head of the empire, and the claims of his enemies who occupied the rest of Italy.

The next emperor who merits attention is Heraclius (610), a native of Africa. The Eastern Empire had till now preserved its ancient boundaries in their full extent, and was mistress of Carthage, Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, besides Greece, and the countries on the Danube. The Roman armies on the eastern frontier had, however, been lately driven in by Chosroes, King of Persia, who now occupied all the north of Africa and Syria. This was the first great violation of their territory sustained by the emperors of Constantinople: and Heraclius avenged it with a celerity and effect which made the Persians tremble. He pursued Chosroes into his own territory, and forced him to hide himself one night in a wigwam, where he was obliged to creep into the door on his hands and feet. It is said that the government of the Persians was disagreeable to the provinces, which (though often oppressively taxed) had always been accustomed, under the Romans, to a regular form of laws, and that, therefore, they returned with willingness under the power of Heraclius (628). His triumph, however, was short, for the latter part of his reign was disturbed by the rise and victories of Mahomet. The successors of this signal impostor, after breaking the power of Persia (already weakened by the victories of Heraclius), immediately attacked the Roman empire; then defeated its armies in two battles, occupied all Syria, and obliged the emperor (now an old man) to retire to Constantinople. He died in 641.

The continued victories of the followers of Maho-

met (called Arabs or Saracens) soon deprived the empire of Egypt, Africa, and Syria; and in 668 they followed up their success by attacking Constantinople itself. The city sustained two sieges, in the first of which the Saracens were encamped in its neighbourhood, and carried on the operations of a siege at intervals, for seven years; and in the second, for nearly two. In both they were repulsed, partly by the strength of the fortifications, but more effectually by means of what has been called the *Greek fire*. This was a composition of sulphur, pitch, and rock-oil, which, whenever it was kindled, burnt without quenching, even in water: it was darted upon the besiegers and their works, by arrows wrapped in tow, and dipped in the liquid, or was discharged upon them in torrents from some kind of tubes. In both sieges the Saracens wasted immense resources ineffectually.

The empire had now lost all its provinces eastward of Mount Taurus, and the cities of Alexandria, Jerusalem, and Antioch, were in the hands of the Mahomedans. There was little further change in its condition till the year 867, under the Emperor Basil, who gave new vigour both to the internal administration and to the military resources of the government. This prince, and his immediate predecessor Zimisces, made the Roman arms—for they still wished to be called Romans—respected on the Euphrates and Tigris, and asserted the ancient warlike reputation and boundaries of the empire. They were now, however, deprived of the resources they had enjoyed in the secure possession of the great commercial cities of the Mediterranean—Alexandria, Carthage, Cæsarea, &c.; and the trade and revenues of those which remained were crippled and diminished from the want of that free general intercourse which had existed when they were all under one government. Hence the armies were maintained with greater difficulty, and any victories that were gained could not be followed up with effect. The early enemies of the empire—the Goths, Vandals, and Huns—had now settled into civilized communities, and were no longer formidable. The foes with whom it contended latterly were the Bulgarians and Seljukian Turks; the former of whom were rather troublesome than dangerous, but the latter, who had succeeded the Saracens in the dominion of Asia, aimed at nothing short of the destruction of the Roman name. They succeeded at last, by defeating and taking prisoner the Emperor Romanus Diogenes, in tearing away almost the whole province of Asia Minor (1099); and the emperors were now confined to their dominions in Europe, which, however, still formed a monarchy not much smaller than France or Spain.

The manners of the court of Constantinople during much of this period were dissolute and corrupt. We are told of one emperor who ordered a plate of human noses to be brought to his table; another was accustomed to seize the deputies of cities whose tribute was in arrear, and suspend them with their heads downwards over a slow fire; a third got up farces in mockery of the ceremonies of religion: and, in general, the appointment of officers, and even the succession to the empire (where it was not seized by some successful general) was in the hands of the women and eunuchs of the palace. The cities and provinces generally acquiesced as to the choice of an emperor, in the decision of the capital or army; this circumstance shows that the laws were attended to, and that there was a regular system of government, which was not much disturbed by the personal character of the reigning prince. The countries of Greece, however, which had formerly been the seat of knowledge and the arts, were now sunk in ignorance; and the little learning that was cultivated in the capital was only scholastic divinity, or the pedantry of law and grammar. There is no scholar or philosopher of the empire of Constantinople who is generally known to posterity; and those who have written its annals in modern times, complain that its contemporary historians are partial, full of prolixity on unimportant matters, and barren of useful information.

A great change took place in the relations of the empire after the eleventh century. It was still pressed by the Turks on the east, who now occupied Asia Minor, and were only separated from Constantinople by the Hellespont; while, in Europe, its territories were disturbed by the incursions of certain Norman adventurers who had settled in Sicily; against these enemies the emperor Claudius Comnenus, an active prince, and full of resources, made all the resistance which his diminished revenues allowed, and applied to the Christian sovereigns of Europe to aid him in expelling the Mahomedans from the territories of the empire, but above all, to drive out the Turks from the land of Judea, which they occupied and profaned, and where they harassed the Christian pilgrims who desired to visit the scenes of Scripture history. This appeal of the emperor was received in Europe at a time when men's minds had been already stirred by vivid representations of the cruelties of the Mahomedans in the Holy Land; and the consequence was, that many of the princes and chiefs of Christendom, with vast multitudes of their people, resolved to combine in an endeavour to assist the emperor, and free Judea from the infidels. This expedition took place in 1099, and is known as the *first crusade*, or expedition of the cross. It is reckoned that 300,000 men arrived at Constantinople, besides multitudes who died on the road; and the emperor was alarmed at the fierce army of strangers pouring into his dominions, over whom or their chiefs he had no control. He hurried their passage over the Bosphorus into Asia as quickly as possible, so that the commanders were hardly pleased with their reception, and repaid the distrust of the emperor with insolence and dislike. They were victorious, however, after many calamities, over the Mahomedans, and gained possession of Jerusalem, leaving to the emperor their conquests in Asia Minor, which, from the vast numbers destroyed in the crusade, they had no means of retaining in their own hands (1118).

There were six other expeditions of a similar kind, though of less magnitude than the first: the last was in the year 1248, and during the whole of the intervening period, Constantinople became a great thoroughfare for the passage of the Christian princes, and of their followers, to the east. The commerce, which originated partly in the wants of these military pilgrims, and partly in the ancient wealth of that celebrated capital, induced great numbers of the merchants and people of the west to settle there. The original jealousy between these strangers and the rulers of Constantinople still subsisted, and was now embittered by certain religious disputes between the Latin (or western) and Greek churches. This source of disquiet was heightened by dissensions among the members of the reigning family, in which the western or Latin strangers (consisting chiefly of French and Italians) interfered: they at last took such a decided part as to lay siege to Constantinople, and to place the candidate (Alexius Angelus), whom they favoured, upon the throne (1203). The Greeks, however, refused to submit to the indignity of seeing their empire given away by foreigners (whom they still called barbarians), and, rising in tumultuary rage upon the insolent Latins, they drove them from the capital. These enemies, however, immediately returned—formed the siege a second time, and, being again successful, they plundered the imperial city without mercy, and destroyed with fierce havoc those splendid monuments of art or expense which form the ornaments of an ancient capital (1204). They proclaimed Baldwin, count of Flanders, emperor, but gave him only a fourth part of the dominions of the empire, the French and Italian chiefs dividing the rest among themselves. There were five emperors of the Latin race, who enjoyed a troubled possession of Constantinople for about 60 years.

The Greek sovereignty was in the meantime established at Nice, in Asia Minor, where it attained considerable power as a minor state; while the feudal tyranny of the military adventurers who reigned in Constantinople, made their yoke intolerable to the people. The Greek rulers, therefore, who brought back with them the old laws of the empire, were soon able to re-establish themselves in their capital (1261), and to regain a considerable portion of their dominions in Macedonia, Greece, and the Islands. The Turks under Othman and his successors, who had gained the ascendancy in Asia Minor, were their chief enemies after this re-establishment; and as that people gradually rose to power, the emperors were obliged to seek the alliance of other nations to counterbalance their hostility. By a policy of this kind, they at one time had the assistance of the Moguls (under Timour); and at others, leaned for support on the Pope, and the western nations of Europe; and the empire thus subsisted as a secondary state, and without vigour, for about two centuries after the expulsion of the Latins. It had now no influence on other nations, and was altogether changed and shrunken from the character of that power which had first given celebrity to Constantinople.

The Turks, who were settled at Bursa, in Asia Minor, were continually making encroachments on its territory, and had long possessed themselves of Adrianople, in Europe. The capital of the empire, therefore, lay between two of the chief strongholds of its enemies, and was exposed at every opportunity to their hostilities. Had the government of the petty emperors (as they must now be called) not been supported by the attachment of their subjects, and by considerable policy, they could not have existed many years in this situation, especially as there was often much intrigue and dissension in Constantinople itself. It was not till the year 1453 that the city was at last taken, after a severe siege by the Turks under Mahomet the Second; and the pageant of the Roman empire in the east was then finally dissolved. The victors succeeded immediately to those portions of the empire which had remained attached to the capital; and, after some years, wrested also from the Venetians and Genoese those territories which had been detached at the time of the Latin usurpation.

Thus, at the middle of the fifteenth century, the last vestige of the Roman power was destroyed, the Lower empire, or that of Constantinople, having survived, in however impaired a condition, about a thousand years after Rome had been intruded upon by the barbarians, or until 2185 years from the foundation of the Roman monarchy. It is somewhat remarkable that the fate of Rome and Constantinople was strictly analogous. Rome became the seat of a bishop, who, under the appellation of the Pope, acquired a sway over the greater part of the Christian world; while Constantinople was constituted the place of residence of a Turkish sultan, who claimed a descent from Mahomet, and, as a spiritual chief, wielded an equally influential authority over the whole of the Mahomedan nations in the east. The power of both these successors of the emperors remains till the present day, but sadly mutilated and contemned, and the present aspect of affairs seems to betoken its speedy and final dissolution.

A TALE OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

NATURE has made woman weak, that she might receive with gratitude the protection of man. Yet how often is this appointment perverted! How often does her protector become her oppressor! Even custom seems leagued against her. Born with the tenderest feelings, her whole life is commonly a struggle to suppress them. Placed in the most favourable circumstances, her choice is confined to a few objects; and, unless where singularly fortunate, her fondest partialities are only a modification of gratitude. She may reject, but cannot invite; may tell what would make her wretched, but dare not even whisper what would make her happy; and, in a word, exercises merely a negative upon the most important event of her life. Man has leisure to look around him, and may marry at any age, with almost equal advantage; but women must improve the fleeting moment, and determine quickly, at the hazard of determining rashly. The spring-time of her beauty will not last; its wane will be the signal for the flight of her lovers; and if the present opportunity is neglected, she may be left to experience the only species of misfortune for which the world evinces no sympathy. How cruel then, to increase the misery of her natural dependence! How ungenerous to add treachery to strength, and deceive or disappoint those whose highest ambition is our favour, and whose only safety is our honesty!

William Arbuthnot was born in a remote county of Scotland, where his father rented a few acres of land, which his own industry had reclaimed from the greatest wildness to a state of considerable fertility. Having given, even in his first attempts at learning, those indications of a retentive memory, which the partiality of a parent easily construes into a proof of genius, he was early destined for the Scottish church, and regarded as a philosopher before he had emerged from the nursery. While his father pleased himself with the prospect of seeing his name associated with the future greatness of his son, his mother, whose ambition took a narrower range, thought she could die contented if she should see him seated in the pulpit of his native church; and, perhaps from a pardonable piece of vanity, speculated as frequently upon the impression his appearance would leave upon the hearts of the neighbouring daughters, as his discourses upon the minds of matrons and mothers. This practice, so common among the poorer classes in Scotland, of making one of their children a scholar, to the prejudice, as is alleged, of the rest, has been often remarked, and sometimes severely censured. But probably the objections that have been urged against it derive their chief force from the exaggerations upon which they are commonly founded. It is not in general true that parents, by bestowing the rudiments of a liberal education upon one of the family, materially injure the condition or prospects of the rest. For it must be remembered, that the plebeian student is soon left to trust to his own exertions for support, and like the monitor of a Lancasterian seminary, unites the characters of pupil and master, and teaches, and is taught by turns.

But to proceed with our little narrative:—The parish schoolmaster having intimated to the parents of his pupil, that the period was at hand when he should be sent to prosecute his studies at the university, the usual preparations were made for his journey, and his departure fixed for the following day, when he was to proceed to Edinburgh under escort of the village carrier and his black dog Cæsar, two of the oldest and most intimate of his acquaintances. The feelings of affectionate regret, occasioned by his separation with his parents, were most seasonably suspended by the receipt of a letter from Mr Coventry, a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood, in which that gentleman offered to engage their son for a few years, as a companion and tutor to his children. This was an offer which his parents were too prudent to reject, particularly as it might prove the means of future patronage, as well as of present emolument. It was therefore immediately agreed upon that William should himself be the bearer of their letter of acceptance, and proceed forthwith to his new residence.

On the afternoon of the same day, he arrived at Daisybank, where he was welcomed with the greatest cordiality. His appearance was genteel and prepossessing, and it was not long before his new friends discovered, that the slight degree of awkwardness which at first clung to his manners, proceeded more from bashfulness and embarrassment, than natural rusticity. But as he began to feel himself at home, this embarrassment of manner gradually gave place to an easy but unobtrusive politeness. Indeed, it would not have been easy for a youth of similar views, at his first *outset* in life, to have fallen into more desirable company. Mr and Mrs Coventry were proverbial among their neighbours for the simplicity and purity of their manners, and they had laboured, not unsuccessfully, to stamp a similar character upon the minds of their children. Their family consisted of two sons and two daughters, the former of whom were confided to the care of William.

Mary, the eldest of the four, now in her sixteenth or seventeenth year, was in every respect the most

interesting object at Daisybank. To a mind highly cultivated for her years, she united many of those personal graces and attractions which command little homage in the crowd, but open upon us in the shade of retirement, and lend to the domestic circle its most irresistible charms.

It will easily be believed that it was next to impossible for a youth nearly of the same age, and not dissimilar in his dispositions, to remain long insensible to beauties that were gradually maturing before his eyes, and becoming every day more remarkable. Fortunately, however, the idea of dependence attached to his situation, and a temper naturally diffident, determined him to renounce for ever a hope which he feared, in his present circumstances, would be deemed ungrateful and even presumptuous. But this was waging war with nature, a task which he soon found to be above his strength. He had now, therefore, to abandon the hope of victory for the safety of retreat, and content himself with concealing those sentiments he found it impossible to subdue. Yet so deceitful is love, that even this modest hope was followed with disappointment. One fine evening in June, when he was about to unbend from the duties of the day, and retire to muse upon the amiable Mary, he encountered the fair wanderer herself, who was probably returning from a similar excursion. He accosted her in evident confusion, and, without being conscious of what he said, invited her to join him in a walk to a neighbouring height. His request was complied with in the same spirit it had been made, for embarrassment is often contagious, particularly the embarrassment arising from love. On this occasion he intended to summon up all his powers of conversation, and yet his companion had never found him so silent. Some common-place compliments to the beauty of the evening were almost the only observations which escaped his lips, and these he uttered more in the manner of a sleep-walker than a lover. They soon reached the limit of their walk, and rested upon an eminence that commanded the prospect of an extensive valley below. Day was fast declining to that point which is termed twilight, when the whole irrational creation prepare for rest, and only man dares to intrude upon the silence of nature. Miss Coventry beheld the approach of night with some uneasiness, and dreading to be seen with William alone, she began to rally him upon his apparent absence and confusion, and proposed that they should immediately return to the house. At mention of this, William started as from a dream, and being unable longer to command his feelings, he candidly confessed to her the cause of his absence and dejection. He dwelt with much emotion upon his own demerit, and voluntarily accused himself for the presumption of a hope which he never meant to have revealed until the nearer accomplishment of his views had rendered it less imprudent and romantic. He declared that he would sooner submit to any hardship than incur the displeasure of her excellent parents, and entreated, that whatever were her sentiments with regard to the suit he was so presumptuous as to prefer, that she might assist him in concealing from them a circumstance which he feared would be attended with that consequence. To this tender and affectionate appeal the gentle Mary could only answer with her sighs and blushes. She often indeed attempted to speak, but the words as often died upon her lips, and they had nearly reached home before she could even whisper an answer to the reiterated questions of her lover. But she did answer at last; and never was a monarch more proud of his conquest, or the homage of tributary princes, than William was of the simple fealty of the heart of Mary.

It will readily be imagined that the saddest day of our tutor's life was that on which he parted from this amiable family. He had here, he believed, spent the happiest moments of his existence, and, instead of rejoicing that he had passed through one stage of his apprenticeship, he dwelt upon the past with pleasure, and looked forward to the future with pain.

Fortune, however, presented an insuperable obstacle to his spending his days in the inaction of private study; and he knew that he could neither gain, nor deserved to gain, the object of his affection, without establishing himself in life, by pursuing the course which had been originally chalked out to him. After, therefore, "pledging oft to meet again," he bade adieu to Daisybank, loaded with the blessings of the best of parents, and followed with the prayers of the best of daughters. He now paid a farewell visit to his father and mother, and after remaining with them a few days, proceeded to Edinburgh, and, for a short period, felt his melancholy relieved by the thousand novelties that attract the notice of a stranger in a great city. He soon distinguished himself in his classes, and, before the usual period, was engaged as a tutor in one of the best families in Scotland.

This event formed another important era in his life. His prospects were now flattering, and as vanity did not fail to exaggerate them, he soon dropped a considerable portion of his humility, and began to regard himself as a young man of merit, to whom fortune was lavish of her favours. In his leisure hours he had opportunities of mingling much in society; and as his manners and address were easy and engaging, scarcely a week elapsed that did not add to the number of his friends. The affections, when divided into many channels, cannot run deep in any; and probably, for every new acquaintance whom William honoured with his esteem, it required a sacrifice of friendship at the expense of love, and produced some abatement of that devotion of soul which accompanies every true and permanent attachment. At Daisybank he had seen a simple favourite of the graces, but here he beheld the daughters of wealth and of fashion, surrounded with all the gloss of art, and soon began to waver in his attachment, and even to regard his engagement as little more than a youthful frolic. By degrees, he became less and less punctual in his correspondence with Miss Coventry, and in place of anticipating the arrival of her letters as he was wont to do, he allowed them to be sent slowly to his lodgings, opened them without anxiety, and read them without interest. Of all this inconstancy, ingratitude, and neglect, the simple Mary remained a silent though not unconcerned spectator. Kind and generous by nature, and judging of others by herself, she framed a thousand excuses for his negligence; and when he did condescend to write to her, answered him as if she had been unconscious of any abatement in his attentions.

Matters remained in this uncertain state for the space of three long years—at least they seemed long to Miss Coventry—when William received his licence as a preacher. He now, therefore, thought of redeeming a pledge he had given to the minister of his native parish, to make his first public appearance in his pulpit; and after giving due intimation, he departed for the parish of ———, with his best sermon in the pocket of his best coat. The account of his visit spread with telegraphic despatch, long before telegraphs were invented, and was known over half the district many days before his arrival. This was another great and eventful day for his mother. She blessed Providence that she had lived to see the near fulfilment of her most anxious wish, and rising a little in her ambition, thought she could now die contented, if she should see him settled in a living of his own, and be greeted by her neighbours with the envied name of grandmother. As William was expected to dine with his parents on his way to the parsonage, or, as it is called in Scotland, the manse of ———, great preparations were made for his reception, and for the appearance of the whole family at church on the following Sunday. Mrs Arbuthnot drew from the family chest her wedding gown, which had only seen the sun twice during thirty summers; and her husband, for the first time, reluctantly applied a brush to his holiday suit, which appeared, from the antiquity of its fashion, to have descended, like the garments of the Swiss, through many successive generations of the Arbuthnots.

The little church of H—— was crowded to the door, perhaps for the first time, long before the bellman had given the usual signal. Mr Coventry, though residing in a different parish, had made a journey thither with several of his family, for the purpose of witnessing the first public appearance of his friend. In this party was the amiable Mary, who took a greater interest in the event than any one, save the preacher himself, was aware of.

William on this occasion recited a well written discourse with ease and fluency, and impressed his audience with a high opinion of his talents and piety. Mr Coventry waited in the church-yard till the congregation had retired, to salute his friend, and invite him to spend a few days at Daisybank. Mary, who hung in her father's arm, curtsied, blushed, and looked down. She had no well-turned compliment to offer on the occasion, but her eyes expressed something at parting, which once would have been sweeter to his soul than the applause of all the world besides.

Ambition from the beginning has been the bane of love. War and peace are not more opposite in their nature and effects than those rival passions; and the bosom that is agitated with the cares of the one, has little relish for the gentle joys of the other. William beheld in the person of Miss Coventry all he had been taught to regard as amiable or estimable in woman; but the recollection of the respect that had been shown him by females of distinction, mixed with exaggerated notions of his own merit, made him undervalue those simple unobtrusive graces he once prized so highly, and think almost any conquest easy, after he had been settled in the rich living of B———, which had been promised him by his patron.

On the following day he paid a visit to Daisybank, and received the most cordial welcome from a family who sympathized almost equally with his parents in his prospects and advancement. During his stay there, he had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss Coventry alone, but he neglected, or rather avoided them all; and when rallied on the subject of marriage, declaimed on the pleasures of celibacy, and hinted, with a good deal of insincerity, his intention of living single.

William bade adieu to Miss Coventry without dropping one word upon which she could rear the superstructure of hope, and carried with him her peace of mind, as he had formerly carried with him her affections. From that hour she became pensive and melancholy, in spite of all her efforts to appear cheerful and happy. She had rejected many lovers for the inconstant's sake; but that gave her no concern. Her union with him had been long the favourite object of her life; and she could have patiently resigned existence now that its object was lost. But she shuddered at the thought of the shock it would give her affectionate parents; for the softer feelings of our nature are all of one family, and the tenderest wives have ever been the most dutiful daughters.

It was impossible for Mary long to conceal the sorrow which consumed her. Her fading cheeks and heavy eyes gave daily indications of what her lips refused to utter. Her parents became deeply alarmed at these symptoms of indisposition, and anxiously and unceasingly inquired into the cause of her illness; but her only answer was, that she felt no pain. The best physicians were immediately consulted upon her case, who recommended change of air and company. But all these remedies were tried without effect. The poison of disappointment had taken deep root in her heart, and defied the power of medicine.

Her attendants, when they found all their prescriptions ineffectual, began to ascribe her malady to its real cause, and hinted to her parents their apprehensions that she had been crossed in love. The good people, though greatly surprised at the suggestion, had too much prudence to treat it with indifference; and they left no means untried, consistent with a regard for the feelings of their child, to wile from her the important secret. At first, she endeavoured to evade their inquiries; but finding it impossible to allay their apprehensions without having recourse to dissimulation, she confessed to her mother her attachment to William, concealing only the promises he had made to her, and every circumstance that imputed to him the slightest degree of blame. At the same time she entreated them, with the greatest earnestness, that no use might be made of a secret which she wished to have carried with her to the grave. This was a hard task imposed upon her parents. They felt equally with herself the extreme delicacy of making the disclosure; but, on the other hand, they contemplated nothing but the probable loss of their child—an event, the bare apprehension of which filled their minds with the bitterest anguish. After many anxious consultations, Mr Coventry determined, unknown to any but his wife, to pay a visit to William, and ascertain his sentiments with regard to his daughter.

Upon his arrival at Edinburgh, he found that his friend had departed for the manse of B———, with which he had been recently presented. This event, which in other circumstances would have given him the liveliest pleasure, awakened on this occasion emotions of a contrary nature, as he feared it would make his now reverend friend more elevated in his notions, and, consequently, more averse to a union with his daughter. He did not, however, on that account, conceal the real object of his journey, or endeavour to accomplish his purpose by stratagem or deceit. He candidly disclosed his daughter's situation and sentiments, requesting of his friend that he would open to him his mind with equal candour; and added, that, although he held wealth to be an improper motive in marriage, and hoped that his daughter did not require such a recommendation, yet, in the event of a union, whatever he possessed would be liberally shared with him.

On hearing of the situation of Miss Coventry, William became penetrated with the deepest remorse; and being aware that his affection for her was rather stifled than estranged, he declared his willingness to make her his wife. These words operated like a charm upon the drooping spirits of the father, who embraced his friend with ardour, and besought him immediately to accompany him home, that they might lose no time in making a communication, which, he fondly hoped, would have a similar effect upon the spirits of his daughter.

They departed accordingly together, indulging in the pleasing hope that all would yet be well; but on their arrival at Daisybank, they were seriously alarmed to hear that Miss Coventry had been considerably worse than her father left home. She was now entirely confined to her chamber, and seemed to care for nothing so much as solitude, and an exemption from the trouble of talking. As soon as she was informed of the arrival of their visitor, she suspected he had been sent for, and, therefore, refused to see him; but upon being assured by her mother, who found deceit in this instance indispensable, that his visit was voluntary and accidental, she at last consented to give him an interview.

On entering the room which had formerly been the family parlour, William was forcibly struck with the contrast it exhibited. Every object seemed to swim before his sight, and it was some moments before he discovered Miss Coventry, who reclined on a sofa at the farther end of the room. He advanced with a beating heart, and grasped the burning hand that was extended to meet him. He pressed it to his lips, and wept, and muttered something incoherent of forgiveness and love. He looked doubtingly on Mary's face for an answer; but her eye darted no reproach, and her lips uttered no reflection. A faint blush, that at this moment overspread her cheek, seemed a token of returning health and strength, and inspired him for a moment with confidence and hope. It was the last effort of nature; and ere the blood could return to its fountain, that fountain had closed for ever. Death approached his victim under the disguise of sleep, and appeared divested of his usual pains and terrors.

William retired from this scene of unutterable anguish, and for a long period was overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy and remorse. But time gradually softened and subdued his sorrow, and, I trust, perfected his repentance. He is since married and wealthy,

and is regarded by the world as an individual eminently fortunate and happy. But amidst all his comforts, there are moments when he would exchange his identity with the meanest slave that breathes, and regards himself as the murderer of Mary Coventry.*

A BORDER PROPHECY.

Atween Craig-cross and Eildon Tree,
A bonny bairn there is to be,
That 'll neither have hands to feeht nor feet to flee,
To be born in England, brought up in Scotland, and to gang hame again to England to dee.

THIS prophecy has been popular, in a certain district of the south of Scotland, from time immemorial. It is usually ascribed to Alexander Peden, the Cameronian seer; but as that right worshipful personage succeeded to a great deal of the fame and literary property of Thomas the Rhymer, and has been more than once detected in re-predicting what his predecessor had long before foretold, it may be in reality of much higher antiquity. Be the author who he may, it is certain that the prophecy came to pass in recent times. About the middle of the last century, a boy was born without hands and feet, at a place called Ballen Mill, near Falstone, in Northumberland. His name was Paterson. Soon after his birth, he was removed to Falnash Mill, near the head of the Teviot water, about eight miles above Hawick. Here he was brought up. While yet a child, he was taken back to England with the rest of his family, and he died at Carlisle, aged seven years; thus completely fulfilling every particular of the prediction, and thereby confirming all the people who knew the circumstances in a belief of Mr Peden's prophetic powers. He was long after remembered in Carlisle, on account of his intellectual capacity, and the astonishing extent of his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

The subject of the prophecy had a brother, who survived him, and lived till recent years at Tarras-foot, in the parish of Cannobie. The peculiarities of this man seem to indicate that the family had oddities of more sorts than one. He was prodigiously fond of gossip, or what in Scotland is called *cracking*. Like Walter Peacock, the town-drummer of Paisley—who was such an amateur in his profession, that, when once fairly agog in a *ruff*, there was no stopping him, except by holding his hands—Paterson could not by any means but those of force be unsettled in his hobby of garrulity. He is said to have himself sometimes used force in compelling people to listen to him. A person of the name of Graham had the misfortune one summer evening to meet him on the public road near his house at Tarras-foot. After an hour or two spent in discussing the news of the day, Graham endeavoured to get away, knowing that his family at home would be alarmed at his non-appearance. Paterson, however, held him still by the button, until he had inflicted another mortal hour of gossip upon him. Graham then, in a sort of desperation, took a sudden opportunity of shaking himself loose from the unconscionable talker, and was marching off at a quick pace, when Paterson out-manœuvred him, by getting in before him, prevented his further progress, and, finally, *wiered* him, as a shepherd would say, up to a corner of the dyke, from which it was impossible he should escape. Thus he stood the whole night, bored by the garrulous old fellow, and it was actually broad day before he was permitted to go home. Another instance of Paterson's indefatigable talkativeness may be adduced. He had been in the habit of resorting to the house of a neighbour every evening during a long course of time, for the gratification of his favourite passion. [Indeed, he went far and wide for this purpose, and was as well acquainted with the topography of all the ingle-neuks in the country for ten miles round as he was with that of his own in particular.] The goodman and goodwife of this humble tenement, who had often wished him in a place we shall not name, for his late sittings, agreed one night to let him sit just as long as he would, for the sake of experiment, or, in other words, to let him rise first. Paterson sat till long past midnight with undiminished vigour, and without showing the slightest symptom of a desire to go. At length the goodman could sit no longer. He took care, however, not to disturb or scare away his visitor. Under the pretence of going out, he slipped behind the hallan, took off his clothes, and quietly went to bed. Paterson sat still, talking to the goodwife, who did not feel so much inconvenience as her husband from the infliction, having, like Baron Trenck, got a habit of answering and carrying on the conversation by monosyllables, while she slept as sound upon her chair as if she had been a-bed. At length, when the cuckoo-clock proclaimed the hour of eight, and the light peeping down the spacious chimney announced the approach of day, Paterson reluctantly got upon his legs, and took his leave, only observing, that the goodman had surely gone a-courting, seeing that he tarried so long.

* This affecting and well-told tale is from the *Dumfries Magazine* for 1825. We believe it is from the pen of Mr M'Diarmid, the editor and publisher of that able provincial print, and does great credit both to his abilities and his feelings.

EDINBURGH IN THE PRESENT AND PAST AGE.

UP till the middle of the last century, the city of Edinburgh continued to occupy little more than the space of ground which it had assumed in the reign of James the Third and Fourth, namely, the ridge of land sloping from the Castle on the west to Holyroodhouse on the east. Its external appearance was grand, and travellers invariably admired the lofty magnificence of its principal street, which is now degraded and abused. The houses were tall tenements of eight and nine storeys, entered by common stairs, with the doors of the separate dwellings on the different landing-places. This practice prevailed not only in the main street, but in the alleys, or *wynds*, which were just so many closely-packed streets. About sixty years since, this ancient and confined mode of living was greatly altered, by the erection of a New Town on an open space of ground north from the old city, and which is now the place of residence of all the higher, and the greater part of the respectable classes in the Scottish metropolis.

It may be worth while to contrast the accommodations at present required by a person of first rank in Edinburgh with what was deemed sufficient in the last age. At present, a gentleman of the best order in Edinburgh—say a judge of the Court of Session—finds it necessary to have a self-contained house in Moray Place, or some equally splendid district, for which he pays a rent of about L.160 (the very feu-duty, perhaps, costing L.35 annually), and which consists of four flats, containing the following apartments:—On the sunk floor, a complete suite of culinary apartments, with accommodation for servants; on second floor, dining-room in front, business room or library, and a bed-room, behind; on third floor, drawing-room occupying the whole front of the house, with two large apartments behind generally occupied as bed-room and dressing-room, but which may be added to the drawing-room, upon occasion, by means of large door-ways; fourth flat, a nursery and a number of good bed-rooms, besides which there is perhaps a suite of small rooms immediately under the slates. The furniture of such a house would not cost less than fifteen hundred pounds, but more generally is purchased at the rate of two thousand.

In opposition to this picture, we give the accommodation which satisfied a most respectable judge and landed gentleman of the latter part of the last century, namely, Lord Kennet.—[It was, to be sure, while still in business as an advocate—but still he was a gentleman of good estate.]—This eminent person lived in a flat in Forrester's Wynd, Lawnmarket, which he either rented, or might have rented, at about L.15, and which contained the following apartments, as described by a member of his lordship's family:—The rooms were three—the kitchen one. One room was "my lady's," another was the gentleman's consulting-room or study; the third was their bed-room. The servant girl, who, besides the nurse, was their only female attendant, slept under the dresser in the kitchen. Their single man servant slept out of the house; and the nurse and children had beds in the study, which, during the day, were removed into the bed-room! In his latter days, when raised to the bench, his lordship, by way of making a corresponding step in gentility, removed to a house of *two* flats—in the *Horse Wynd!*

The moral of this contrast, which, every body will acknowledge, might easily be extended to every rank in Scottish society, is a sufficient proof, if proof were wanting, of the prodigious advance made during the last fifty years, in all that regards domestic circumstances, in Scotland. The cry of evil times and a necessitous population is now as loud as ever; but a few statistical facts like the above are only required to prove it destitute of foundation. Men may now live as near the verge of their income as before, and may therefore feel as often the twinge arising from inadequate funds. But it is clear that the style of existence is in every respect universally improved. To hope for the day when men will be prudent enough to avoid all those little evils which evidently are the only cause of the apparent discontent, is to expect more than human nature can give.

INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

THEY who write on natural history cannot too frequently advert to instinct, that wonderful limited faculty, which, in some instances, raises the brute creation, as it were, above reason, and, in others, leaves them so far below it. Philosophers have defined instinct to be that secret influence by which every species is impelled naturally to pursue, at all times, the same way, or track, without any teaching or example; whereas reason, without instruction, would often vary, and do that by many methods which instinct effects by one alone. Now, this maxim must be taken in a qualified sense, for there are instances in which instinct does vary and conform to the circumstances of place and convenience.

It has been remarked, that every species of bird has a mode of nidification peculiar to itself, so that a schoolboy would at once pronounce on the sort of nest before him. This is the case among fields, and woods, and wilds; but in the villages round London, where mosses, and gossamer and cotton from vegetables, are hardly to be found, the nest of the chaffinch has not that elegant finished appearance, nor is it so beautifully studded with lichens, as in a more rural district; and the wren is obliged to construct its house with straws and dry grasses, which do not give it that rotundity and compactness so remarkable in the edifices of that little architect. Again, the regular nest of the house-marten is hemispheric; but where a rafter, or a joist, or a cornice, may happen to stand in the way, the nest is so contrived as to conform to the obstruction, and becomes flat, or oval, or compressed.

In the following instances, instinct is perfectly uniform and consistent. There are three creatures, the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the bird called the nut-hatch, which live much on hazel-nuts, and yet they open them each in a different way. The first, after rasping off the small end, splits the shell into two with his long fore-teeth, as a man does with his knife; the second nibbles a hole with his teeth, so regular as if drilled with a wimble, and yet so small that one would wonder how the kernel can be extracted through it; while the last picks an irregular ragged hole with its bill; but as this artist has no paws to hold the nut firm while he pierces it, like an adroit workman, he fixes it as it were in a vice, in some cleft of a tree, or in some crevice, when, standing over it, he perforates the stubborn shell. We have often placed nuts in the chink of a gate-post, where nut-hatches have been known to haunt, and have always found that those birds have readily penetrated them. While at work, they make a rapping noise that may be heard at a considerable distance.—*White's Natural History of Selborne.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SAUNDERSON.

NOTHING almost appears so surprising as the intelligence and general knowledge often possessed by men who have all their lives been in a state of total blindness. Persons subject to this most melancholy calamity are frequently found to talk with fluency and correctness of the nature, and even outward appearance, of objects whose character they can only imagine. By the most persevering efforts they attain a knowledge of the most abstruse sciences, and arrive at a distinction not procured by those in the possession of sight. In the case of Dr Blacklock, which we have already noticed, it has been seen that a poor blind boy, by the force of his genius, and a spirit of independence, so far overcame his deprivation and the difficulties which it presented in a course of education, as to qualify himself for the office of a clergyman, and reach a respectable station in society. We have another case equally remarkable and instructive now to bring forward, namely, that of SAUNDERSON, the eminent mathematician, who was totally blind from his infancy:—

NICHOLAS SAUNDERSON was born at the village of Thurston, in Yorkshire, in 1682. He was only a year old when he was deprived, by small-pox, not only of his sight, but even of his eyes themselves, which were destroyed by abscess. Yet it was probably to this apparent misfortune that Saunderson chiefly owed both a good education, and the leisure he enjoyed, from his earliest years, for the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition of knowledge. He was sent when very young to the free school at Penniston, in the neighbourhood of his native place; and here, notwithstanding the mighty disadvantage under which it would seem that he must have contended with his school-fellows, he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in Greek and Latin. It is to be regretted that we have no account of the mode of teaching that was adopted by his master in so singular a case, or the manner in which the poor boy contrived to pursue his studies in the absence of that sovereign organ to which the mind is wont to be chiefly indebted for knowledge. Some one must have read the lesson to him, till his memory, strengthened by the habit and the necessity of exertion, had obtained complete possession of it, and the mind, as it were, had made a book for itself, which it could read without the assistance of the eye. At all events, it is certain that the progress he made in this part of his education was such as is not often equalled, even by those to whom nature has given all the ordinary means of study; for he acquired so great a familiarity with the Greek language as to be in the habit of having the works written in it read to him, and following the meaning of the author as if the composition had been in English, while he showed his perfect mastery over the Latin, on many occasions in the course of his life, by both dictating and speaking it with the utmost fluency and command of expression.

These acquirements were due of course, in a great measure, to an excellent memory, which again owed, no doubt, much of its power and aptitude to the very difficulties under which it was obliged to exert itself. Every one of our faculties, corporeal and mental, is to a certain extent weakened, or at least prevented from reaching its utmost possible vigour and developement, by the assistance it usually receives in its labours from other faculties. Individuals deprived of the use of their hands have learned to write and paint with their toes; no reason in the world, certainly, why those in possession of the fitter and more natural instrument should relinquish it for the other, but yet an evidence of how much more some of our members are capable, and may be made by a certain discipline to perform, than we generally suppose. The German painter, Rugendas, celebrated for the spirit of his battle pieces, was originally an engraver, but

was obliged to abandon that profession in consequence of a weakness in his right hand, which, however, permitted him to manage the pencil, although not the burin, and accordingly he applied himself to painting. But, some years after, his disease increased so much, that, even for the lighter work it had now to do, his right hand became quite unserviceable; and he would have been without a profession, or any means of subsistence at all, if he had not determined to make his left hand supply the place of its disabled companion. The experiment, after being persevered in for some time, succeeded perfectly, and he came at last to use the one hand with more ease and effect than he had ever done the other.

Any one of us, it is obvious from this, might acquire for himself two right hands instead of one, if he thought it worth his while, and chose to take the requisite pains; and the same rule holds as to the other organs and higher faculties. The peculiar attribute of the eye is to distinguish colours; there is none of its other functions which may not be performed by some one or more of the other senses. But yet it does commonly serve us in a variety of other ways; or rather, by means of the power it possesses of distinguishing colours, it is able better than any of the other senses to do us certain services which yet they also might be made to perform. However convenient this arrangement may be in most respects, it is not unattended with disadvantages. If we did not possess the faculty of sight, or never opened our eyes except when we wanted merely to distinguish colours, many of our other senses and faculties would acquire a degree of power of which we have scarcely any conception. We derive more knowledge of the external world from the eye, than from all our other senses put together; for it is its power of distinguishing colours which we chiefly make use of to measure every variety of distance, form, and motion, which objects assume, and of many of them to ascertain even a multitude of other qualities. Above all, it is by this simple power of distinguishing colours that we read books, and are enabled to drink our fill from these most abounding fountains of knowledge and reflection. But even without the eye, we should not be altogether destitute of the means of forming an acquaintance with the things around us. We should only have to make our other faculties do more than they now do. Our touch would detect inequalities in surfaces that now feel to us perfectly smooth; our taste and smell would acquire a delicacy and power of discernment, which would enable them to intimate to us, with exactness, the presence or approach of many bodies and substances, by which they are now scarcely affected; our hearing would come to their aid with a fineness of perception and discrimination that would tell the direction and distance of every sound, and measure with ease, and instinctively, differences of tone which at present only the closest attention can render sensible to the acutest ear. Undoubtedly we derive all this knowledge with infinitely greater convenience through the medium of the eye, than we should do by this augmentation of the powers of our other senses, which, if so invigorated, would probably occasion us no little annoyance and discomfort, in conveying to us the information we sought from them—to say nothing of the extremely inferior degree of service they would after all render us as compared with that which we receive from the eye. But the consideration of these sleeping capabilities which are in us (beside its importance in a philosophic point of view), ought not to be without its use both in shewing us, should we be deprived of the most valuable of our bodily organs, what resources we still have for perseverance to avail itself of; and perhaps also in exciting us to bestow a little more pains than we ordinarily do in what we may call the education of those of our natural powers, which, however susceptible of being put to profitable exercise, we are apt to allow to remain inactive, merely because we do not find it absolutely necessary to make a call upon them for their services.

What has been stated may teach us at least how much more efficient we might make almost any one of our faculties, by subjecting it to the proper discipline. They are all invigorated by the habit of exertion. And more especially may the memory be rendered, by judicious cultivation, both quick and retentive, to a degree of which its ordinary efficiency seems to give no promise. In blind men this faculty is almost always powerful. Not having the same opportunities which others enjoy of frequent or long-continued observation in regard to things with which they wish to make themselves acquainted, or of repeated reference to sources of information respecting them (their knowledge coming to them mostly in words, and not through the medium of the eye, which in general can both gather what it may desire to learn more deliberately, and recur at any time for what may have been forgotten to some permanent and ready remembrancer), they are obliged to acquire habits of more alert and watchful attention than those who are beset by so many temptations to an indolent and relaxed use of their faculties, as well as to give many matters in marge to their memory which it is not commonly thought worth while to put it to the trouble of treasuring up. Their reward for all this is an added vigour of that mental power, proportioned to the labour they give it to perform. But any one of us might improve his memory to the same extent by a voluntary perseverance in something like the same method of discipline in regard to it, to which a blind man is obliged to resort. The memory is not one of the highest faculties of the mind, but it is yet a necessary instrument and auxiliary, both in the acquisition and application of knowledge. The training, too, it may be observed, which is best adapted to augment its strength, is exactly that which, instead of being hurtful to any of our other faculties, must be beneficial to them all.

On being brought home from school, young Saunderson was taught arithmetic by his father, and soon evinced as remarkable an aptitude for this new study as he had done for that of the ancient languages. A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood of his native village gave him his first lessons in geometry; and he received additional instruction from other individuals, to whose notice his unfortunate situation and rare talents introduced him. But he soon got beyond all his masters, and left the most learned of them without any thing more to teach him. He then pursued his studies for some time by himself, needing no other assistance than a good author and some one to read to him. It was in this way he made himself acquainted with the works of the old Greek mathematicians, Euclid, Archimedes, and Diophantus, which he had read to him in the original.

But he was still without a profession, or any apparent resource by which he might support himself through life, although he had already reached his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year. His own wish was to go to the university; but the circumstances of his father, who held a place in the excise, did not enable him to gratify this ambition. At last, however, it was resolved that he should proceed to Cambridge, not in the character of a student, but to open classes for teaching mathematics and natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1707, he made his appearance in that university, under the protection of a friend, one of the fellows of Christ's College. That society, with great liberality, immediately allotted him a chamber, admitted him to the use of their library, and gave him every other accommodation they could for the prosecution of his studies. It is to be recorded, likewise, to the honour of the eccentric Whiston, who then held the Lucasian professorship of mathematics in the university (a chair in which he had succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, having been appointed at the express recommendation of that great man), that, on Saunderson opening classes to teach the same branches of science upon which he had been in the habit of reading lectures, he not only shewed no jealousy of one whom a less generous mind might not unnaturally have regarded as a rival and intruder, but exerted himself, in every way in his power, to promote his success. Saunderson commenced his prelections with Newton's Optics. The Newtonian philosophy was as yet only beginning to attract attention among the learned at Cambridge. Whiston himself informs us, in that curious production called his Memoirs, that his own attention had been first strongly excited to the Principia by a paper written by Dr Gregory (nephew of the celebrated James Gregory), when professor at Edinburgh, "wherein," says he, "he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius; and had already caused several of his scholars to keep Acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches! were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say."

The subject itself which Saunderson chose, independently of the manner in which he treated it, was well calculated to attract notice, few things seeming at first view more extraordinary than that a man who had been blind almost from his birth should be able to explain the phenomena and expound the doctrines of light. The disadvantage under which Saunderson laboured here, however, was merely that he did not know experimentally the peculiar nature of the sensations communicated by the organ of vision. There was nothing in this to prevent him from apprehending perfectly the laws of light—that it moves in straight lines—that it falls upon surfaces, and is reflected from them, at equal angles—that it is refracted, or has its course changed, on passing from one medium into another of different density—that rays of different colours are so refracted in different degrees; and the consequences to which these primary laws necessarily lead. He was not, it is true, able to see the rays, or, rather, to experience the sensation which they produce by falling upon the eye; but, knowing their direction, he could conceive them, or represent them, by other lines, palpable to the sense of touch, which he did possess. This latter was the way he generally took to make himself acquainted with any geometrical figure. He had a board, with a great number of holes in it, at small and regular distances from each other; and on this he easily formed any diagram he wished to have before him, by merely fixing a few pins in the proper places, and extending a piece of twine over them to represent the lines. In this manner, we are told, he formed his figures more readily than another could with a pen and ink. On the same board he performed his calculations, by means of a very ingenious method of notation which he had contrived. The holes were separated into sets of nine, each set forming a square, having a hole at each corner, another at the middle point of each side, and one in the centre. It is obvious that in such a figure, one pin placed at the centre might be made to stand in any one of eight different positions with reference to another pin placed on the boundary line of the square; and each of these positions might represent, either to the eye or the touch, a particular number, thus affording signs for eight of the digits. Saunderson used to employ a pin with a larger head for the central hole; so that even when it stood alone, it formed a symbol easily distinguishable from any other. Lastly, by using two large-headed pins in one of the positions, instead of one with a large and another with a small head as usual, he formed a tenth mark, and so obtained representatives for the nine digits and the cipher—all the elementary characters required, as every one knows, in the common system of notation. Here, then, were evidently the means of performing any operation in arithmetic.

In a description of this contrivance, which we have from the pen of Mr Colson, Saunderson's successor at Cambridge, we are assured that its inventor, in making use of it, "could place and displace his pins with incredible nimbleness and facility, much to the pleasure and surprise of all the beholders. He could even break off in the middle of a calculation, and resume it when he pleased, and could presently know the condition of it by only drawing his fingers gently over the table." But Saunderson was also wont to perform many long operations, both in arithmetic and algebra, solely by his powerful and admirably disciplined memory. And his mind, after having once got possession of even a very complicated geometrical figure, would, without the aid of any palpable symbols, easily retain a perfect conception of all its parts, and reason upon it, or follow any demonstration of which it might be the subject, as accurately as if he had it all the while under his eye. It occasionally cost him some effort, it was remarked, to imprint upon his mind, in the first instance, a figure unusually intricate; but when this was once done, all his difficulties were over. He seems indeed to have made use of sensible representations chiefly in explaining the theorems of science to his pupils. In the print prefixed to his Algebra he is represented discoursing upon the geographical and astronomical circles of the globe, by the assistance of an armillary sphere constructed of wood. His explanations were always remarkable for their simplicity and clearness, qualities which they derived, however, not from any tedious or unnecessary minuteness by which they were characterised, but from the skill and judgment with which he gave prominence to the really important points of his subject, and directed the attention of his hearers to the particulars most concerned in its elucidation.

His ability and success as a teacher continued and augmented that crowded attendance of pupils, which, in the first instance, he had owed perhaps principally to the mere curiosity of the public. Every succeeding university examination afforded additional evidence of the benefit derived from his prelections. His merits, consequently, were not long in being appreciated both at Cambridge and among scientific men in general. He obtained the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, his veneration for whom was repaid by that illustrious philosopher with so much regard, that when Whiston was expelled from his chair in 1711, Sir Isaac exerted himself with all his influence to obtain the vacant situation for Saunderson. On this occasion, too, the heads of colleges applied to the Crown in his behalf to issue a mandate for conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts, as a necessary preliminary to his election; and their request being complied with, he was appointed to the professorship. From this time Saunderson gave himself up almost entirely to his pupils. Of his future history we need only relate, that he married in 1723, and was created Doctor of Laws in 1728, on a visit of George the Second to the University, on which occasion he delivered a Latin oration of distinguished eloquence. He died in 1739, in the 57th year of his age, leaving a son and daughter.—*Abridged from Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

SPECTRES.

A man would not only be very rash, but also very extravagant, who should pretend to prove that there never was any person that imagined he saw a spectre; and I do not think that the most obstinate unbelievers have maintained this. All that they say amounts to no more than that the persons who have thought themselves eye-witnesses of the apparitions of spirits had diseased imaginations. They confess, then, that there are certain places in our brain, that, being affected in a certain manner, excite the image of an object which has no real existence out of ourselves, and make the man whose brain is thus modified believe he sees at two paces' distance a frightful spectre, a hobgoblin, a threatening phantom. The like happens in the heads of the most incredulous, either in their sleep or in the paroxysms of a violent fever. Will they maintain after this, that it is impossible for a man awake, and not in a delirium, to receive in certain places of his brain an impression almost like that which, by the laws of nature, is connected with the appearance of a phantom? If they are forced to acknowledge that this is possible, they cannot promise that a spectre will never appear to them; that is, that they shall never when awake believe they see either a man or a beast when they are alone in a chamber.—*Bayle's Dictionary*, Art. HOBBES.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

INTEGRITY OF THE TEXT.

THE sacred books which were written, as we have seen, in Hebrew, the language of the patriarchs, have been preserved down to our days without any corruption; and the same judgment may also be formed of those other books of Scripture which have been since written in Greek. But before proving the purity and integrity of these original texts, it may be necessary to remove a prejudice which may arise from the variety of different readings that are found in the manuscript and printed copies of the Bible.

The different manner in which some passages are expressed in different manuscripts, together with the omission or insertion of a word, or of a clause, constitute what are called *various readings*. This was occasioned by the oversights or mistakes of transcribers, who deviated from the copy before them, these persons not being, as some have supposed, supernaturally guarded against the possibility of error; and a mistake in one copy would, of course, be propagated through all that were taken from it, each of which copies might likewise have peculiar faults of its own, so that various readings would thus be increased in proportion to the number of transcripts that were made. Besides actual oversights, transcribers might have occasioned various readings by substituting, through ignorance, one word, or even letter, in place of another; they might have mistaken the line on which the copy before them was written, for part of a letter, or they might have mistaken the lower stroke of a letter for the line, and thus have altered the reading; at the same time they were unwilling to correct such mistakes as they detected, lest their pages should appear blotted or defaced; and thus they sacrificed the correctness of their copy to its fair appearance. Copiers seem, not unfrequently, to have added letters to the last word in their lines, in order to preserve them even, and marginal notes have been sometimes introduced into the text. These different circumstances, as well as others with which we may not be acquainted, did no doubt contribute very much to produce and multiply mistakes and variations in the manuscripts of the Hebrew Scriptures. This language is more susceptible of corruption, and any alteration would be more detrimental in it than in others. In English, if a letter be omitted, or altered, the mistake can be easily corrected, because the word thus corrupted may have no meaning; but in Hebrew, almost every combination of the letters forms a new word, so that an alteration of even one letter of any description is likely to produce a new word and a new meaning. Thus, putting all alterations made knowingly, for the purpose of corrupting the text, out of the question, we must allow that from these circumstances connected with the transcribing, some errata may have found their way into it, and that the Sacred Scriptures have in this case suffered the fate of other productions of antiquity.

When we have collected all the differences that are found in manuscripts of the original text, and have selected from them what are really various readings, we are able to determine, from the number and authority of the manuscripts, with tolerable correctness, what is the genuine reading. Beside the authority of the manuscript, we must also be guided in determining the true reading by the scope of the passage, by the interpretations and quotations of ancient writers, by the old versions, and not unfrequently by Scripture itself; for similar or parallel passages will often be found useful for this purpose. When all these things are considered, it will seldom happen that the true reading of a passage will be doubtful; yet should it continue so, either reading may contain a truth, though certainly *both* cannot be *authentic*, and in a theological point of view, either of them may be followed, without involving a doctrinal error; and in such a case, the common reading should not be relinquished.

To a person who has not considered the subject closely, it may appear sufficient to overthrow the authority of the text, that no less than *thirty thousand* various readings of the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments have been discovered. But when these are examined closely, and all that are not *properly* various readings are rejected, the number will be considerably diminished; from these again let all be deducted which make no alteration in the several passages to which they refer, and the reduction will be much greater; and out of the remainder there are none found that can invalidate the authority of those doctrines that have been esteemed fundamental, or that can shake a single portion of that internal evidence whereby the divine origin of the Scriptures is supported; so that the friends of revelation had no grounds for the alarm they felt at the time when the subject of various readings began to be discussed. These observations apply strongly to the New Testament, which, as it has been transcribed more frequently, and probably by less skilful transcribers than the Old, has in proportion many more various readings. Respecting these, however, it has been said, "that all the omissions of the ancient manuscripts, put together, would not countenance the omission of any essential doctrine of the gospel, relative to faith or morals; and all the additions countenanced by the whole mass of manuscripts already collated, do not introduce a single point essential either to faith or morals, beyond what may be found in the Complutensian or Elzevir editions."*

The manner in which the original text of the Scriptures, particularly the Hebrew, has been preserved free from all material corruption, and handed down pure through such a long succession of ages, may now form the subject of our especial consideration.

It has been supposed by many that the Christian fathers accused the Jews of corrupting the text; but from an examination of such passages as seem to imply this, it appears that they spoke not of corrupting the text, but of adopting unfaithful translations. Justin Martyr, one of the most celebrated of the Christian fathers, defends the Jews very well as to this point, and proves that they have not corrupted the Scriptures: and it is past doubt that they have not; for, as St Jerome observes, before the birth of Jesus Christ they had certainly made no malicious alterations in them. If they had done so, our Saviour and his Apostles, who cast so many reproaches upon the Scribes and Pharisees, would not have passed over in silence so great a crime. To suppose such a thing, indeed, were to know little of the attachment of the Jews for the Scriptures. Josephus and Philo assure us that they would have undergone all sorts of torments rather than have taken a letter from the Scripture, or altered a word in it. A copy which had only one fault in it was by them thought polluted, and was not suffered to be kept above thirty days; and one that had four faults was ordered to be hid in the earth. In the Babylonian Talmud it is laid down as a regulation, that "the books of the law which have been written by a heretic, a traitor, one who is a stranger to the Jewish religion, an idolatrous minister—by which they mean a monk—a slave, a woman, one under age, a Cuthæan or Christian, or an apostate Israelite, are unlawful."

"This," says St Augustine, "is a most visible effect of the providence of God over his church. It pleased him that the Jews should be our librarians; that, when the Pagans reject the oracles of the ancient prophets concerning Jesus Christ, which we quote against them as being invented by us, we might refer them to the enemies of our religion, who will shew them in their books the same prophecies which we quote against them."

The class of Jewish doctors called Massorites were grammarians who engaged with peculiar ardour in the revisal of the Hebrew Scriptures. The Massoritic notes and criticisms relate to the verses, words, letters, vowel-points, and accents. All the verses of each book and of each section are numbered, and the amount placed at the end of each in numerical letters, or in some symbolical word formed out of them; the middle verse of each book is also marked, and even the very letters are numbered; and all this is done to preserve the text from any alteration, by either fraud or negligence. For instance, Berēshith, or Genesis, is marked as containing 1534 verses, and the middle one is at—"And by thy sword thou shalt live" (xxvii. 40). The lines are 4395; its columns are 43, and its chapters 50. The number of its words is 27,713, and its letters are 78,100. The Massoritic notes, or Massorah, as the work is called, contain also observations on the words and letters of the verses; for instance, how many verses end with the letter *samech*; how many there are in which the same word is repeated twice or thrice; and other remarks of a similar nature.

It seems now generally agreed upon that the Massorites of Tiberias, during the fourth century of the Christian era, were the inventors of the system of the *vowel-points and accents* in the Hebrew Bible; and although they multiplied them very unnecessarily, it must be allowed that this is the most useful of their works. From the *points* we learn how the text was read in their time, as we know they were guided in affixing them by the mode of reading which then prevailed, and which they supposed to have been traditionally conveyed down from the sacred writers.

The Massoritic notes were at first written in separate rolls, but they are now usually placed in the margin, or at the top and bottom of the page in printed copies. Many opinions are entertained about the authors of them; some think they were begun by Moses; others regard them as the work of Ezra and the members of the great synagogue, among whom were the later prophets; while others refer them entirely to the Rabbins of Tiberias, who are usually styled the Massorites, and suppose that they commenced this system, which was augmented and continued at different times by various authors, so that it was not the work of one man, nor of one age. It is not improbable that these notes were begun about the time of the Maccabees, when the Pharisees, who were called the Masters of Tradition, first began to make their observations on the *letter* of the law, though they were regardless of its *spirit*. They might have commenced by numbering first the verses, next the words and letters; and then, when the vowel-points were added, others continued the system by making observations on them. On the whole, then, it appears that what is called the Massorah is entitled to no greater reverence or attention than may be claimed by any other human compilation; but, at the same time, it must be allowed that it has preserved the Hebrew text from the time it was formed, and conveyed it to us as perfect as any ancient work could be given.

The various readings given in the Hebrew Bibles, and which are technically denominated by the Jews the *Keri* and *Cetib*, are not to be ascribed to Moses or the prophets, for it cannot be supposed that inspired writers were ignorant of what was the true reading of the Scripture text. One principal occasion of the notes of the Keri and Cetib is, that there are several words which the Jews, either from superstitious reverence or from contempt, are never allowed to pronounce. When they meet with them in the text, instead of pronouncing them, they pronounce others that are marked by certain vowels or consonants in the margin. The chief of these is the great name of God JEHOVAH, instead of which they always read *Adonai*, Lord; or *Elohim*, God. This is the word called *Tetragrammaton*, or the ineffable name of God, consisting of the *four letters*, *Yod*, *He*, *Wau*, *He*. The people were not suffered to pronounce it; the high-priest alone had that privilege, and that only in the temple once a-year, when he blessed the people on the great day of atonement; and from hence it is, that, as this holy name has not been pronounced since the destruction of the temple, its true pronunciation is now lost. Galatinus, in the sixteenth century, was the first who thought fit to say, that it ought to be pronounced *Jehovah*. "Which did not happen," says Père L'Amy, "without a very particular providence of God, who was pleased, that, when the Jews lost the temple in which the true God was worshipped they should at the same time lose the true pronunciation of his august name. It happened, I say, because, being no longer willing to be their God (for the destruction of the temple was an authentic testimony of the divorce which he gave them), he would not leave them the power of so much as pronouncing his name."*

Josephus, himself a priest, says, it was unlawful for him to speak of the name whereby God was made known to Moses; and if it be true that the pronunciation of it was connected with the temple service, it is not surprising that all trace of it should be lost when the temple was destroyed, and when the Jews grew every day more superstitiously afraid of pronouncing it. Leusden, the great orientalist, is said to have offered a Jew at Amsterdam a considerable sum of money if he would pronounce it only *once*, but in vain.

Besides the various readings called the *Keri* and *Cetib*, which the Jews admit to be the oldest, there are two other kinds of various readings which deserve our notice, because they are given in some printed Bibles. The first are those of the Eastern and Western Jews; the second, those between the manuscripts of Ben Asher and Ben Naphtali. By the Eastern Jews we are to understand those of Babylon; by the Western, those of Palestine. At Babylon and in Palestine, after the destruction of the city and temple, there were famous schools for many ages, and between the learned men of these places much rivalship existed; so that each party, by following their own copies, gave rise to a collection of various readings, or corrections of the text, whose antiquity is acknowledged, though it does not appear exactly at what time it was made.

The other collection is called after the heads of two celebrated schools—Ben Asher, at Tiberias, and Ben Naphtali, at Babylon; who were two famous Massorites, that lived about the year 1030, and were the last of them. Both of these Rabbies laboured to produce a correct copy of the Scriptures, and the followers of each corrected theirs by that of their master. The variations between them relate to the *points*, and in but one instance is there any difference in the writing of a word; so that they do not affect the integrity of the text.

What has been said of the integrity of the text of the Old Testament, may be applied also to the New, in so far as it may be charged with corruptions, in consequence of the negligence of transcribers, as also in consequence of the attempts of heretics, to make it conform to their erroneous sentiments. Though it must be admitted that the New Testament text, by being more frequently transcribed than that of the Old, became liable to a greater proportion of various readings, originating from the mistakes of the transcribers, yet this very circumstance was likewise a sure protection against wilful perversion or corruption; for in proportion as copies were multiplied, the difficulty of effecting a general corruption was increased. No such system as that of the Massorites was ever adopted to preserve the purity of the New Testament text; but we have it in our power to use various means for ascertaining what is the true reading of the text, without having recourse to such a plan as that of the Massorah; and Concordances, which

* Vide Dr Adam Clarke's Tract on the Editions of the New Testament.

* Vide "Apparatus Biblicus, or An Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures."

are now brought to an uncommon degree of perfection, are of great use in preserving it from corruption; in fact, the single one of Buxtorf has done more toward fixing the genuine reading, and pointing out the true meaning of Scripture, than the entire body of the Massoritic notes. We have the consent of the church, in all ages and countries, to prove our copies of the New Testament Scriptures authentic, and the authenticity of the Hebrew text is confirmed by Christ and his Apostles; and, in concluding this part of the subject, it may be remarked, that the general integrity of the Hebrew text receives additional confirmation from the ancient versions, as will more fully appear hereafter.

A HIGHLAND SETTLER.

THE best method of illustrating the prosperity of settlers (says M'Gregor, in his excellent work on British America), is by stating instances of individual success. Among the settlers in New Brunswick, I had some conversation with an old Highlander, from Sutherlandshire, one of the soldiers of the 42d regiment, who were disbanded in America after the revolutionary war. This man had settled on the banks of the Nashwaack, and had scarcely ever since been absent from his farm, except occasionally with his overplus corn or potatoes to Fredericton. He retained his native language with as much purity as if he had never removed from the vale in which he was born, by which I immediately discovered where he came from; the tone and accent of the Gaelic varying as much in one shire, or in one of the isles of Scotland, from the others, as the pronunciation of the inhabitants of the several counties in England does. When I addressed this good old man in his native language, his very soul seemed to feel all the rapture of early enthusiasm; and I can never forget the bright warmth of his countenance, and the ardour of his language, when inquiring about the state of the Highlands, and the condition of his countrymen. He said he used for the first few years to receive now and then letters from his friends, but that his relatives gradually dropped off, some by death, others by removal to distant countries; and that for the last twenty years he had no direct intelligence from Sutherland. Never could his country, however, cease to be dear to him. "Never," said he, "will we forget the tales, the songs, and the music we heard in the Highlands; we recite or sing them during the winter evenings, and our children will ever remember them, and, I hope, transmit them to their offspring." He said, that although government did much for them (his neighbours and himself), they nevertheless suffered very great hardships for the first few years after settling where they now live. "There were some idlers and faint-hearted people," he said, "among us who left the settlement, but all those who have remained have prospered. I am myself as comfortable as I can be. All my family are married; some of them live with me; others have farms of their own. I have very little to do but enjoy myself among my children and my grandchildren; and although the best years of my manhood were spent fighting for my king, and the greatest part of my life since that period has been spent toiling for the support of my family, and for whatever I now possess; yet I have great reason," he continued, "to be thankful and grateful to God, in whom I trust, for a peaceful and calm retreat, through my declining years, to another world." This is nearly a translation of what he said, but destitute of the force of expression so peculiar to the language in which he spoke—that of nature.

PRACTICAL VULGAR FRACTIONS.

A PRACTICAL method for understanding vulgar fractions was proposed by a German author, Mr Feinaigle, which renders this puzzling portion of arithmetic much plainer than it usually appears to young scholars. The method is as follows:—Cut a piece of paper into the form of a circle; or, what children may understand better, take a *bannock*, or round barley cake, and make a mark in its centre: through this draw two lines (at right angles to each other), cutting the circle into four equal parts; each of these will of course be a *fourth* part of one circle or one cake; two of them will be two-fourths of the same; three will be three-fourths. With these four pieces, an exemplification may be given of all the complex rules of vulgar fractions. A child will see at once that *two-fourths* make *one-half;* if each of the fourths be divided into two, he will perceive that there are eight in all, and that of course the *half of one-fourth* is *one-eighth:* if the *fourths* (or quarters) be divided each into three parts, his eyes will tell him that there are now twelve parts, and that therefore the *third part of one-fourth* is *one-twelfth* of the whole. Take four of these twelfth parts, and he will see by what remains that *four-twelfths* make *one-third*, and six-twelfths one-half, &c. If any teacher or father of a family will give himself the trouble to try this method, he will find that the bugbear of fractions, which is such a hobgoblin to young arithmeticians, will disappear in one or two lessons, and the scholar will acquire clear ideas on the subject easily. The notation of fractions should not be taught till after these elementary ideas are familiar. A child, to whom the abstract character $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{7}{9}$ is a mystery, will easily comprehend its meaning when it comes in the shape of certain *lectors* of a round cake, or, what may answer very neatly, of a slice of orange.

THE WIFE OF AUCHTERMUCHTIE.

[The ancient Scottish poem of this name has been long a favourite in the "north countrie," being highly relished for its quaint rustic humour, and for the excellence of its moral, which is, simply, that each sex should not envy the apparent comforts and the pursuits of the other, but be contented with the lot assigned by Providence. The following version may be considered among the most accurate, and, though some of the words may, perhaps, be unintelligible to the English, nay, even the modern Scottish reader, any translation would greatly injure not only the wit, but the meaning of the phraseology. Auchtermuchtie is a village lying at the centre of the county of Fife.]

In Auchtermuchtie thair wond ane man,
A rach husband, as I hard tauld,
Quha weill could tippill out a can,
And naither luvit hungir nor cauld:
Quhill ance it fell upon a day,
He yokkit his pleuch vpon the plaine;
Gif it be true, as I heard say,
The day was foull for wind and raine.

He lousit the pleuch at the landis end,
And draife his oxin hame at evin;
Quhen he cam in he lukit ben,
And saw the wif baith dry and clene
Sittand at ane fyre beik and bauld,
With ane fat sowp, as I hard say:
The man being verry weit and cauld,
Betwein thay twa it was na play.

Quoth he, Quhair is my horsis corne?
My ox hes naithir hay nor stray;
Dame, ye maun to the pleuch the morn,
I sall be hussy, gif I may.
Gudeman, quoth scho, content am I
To take the pleuch my day about,
Sa ye will rewll baith calvis and ky,
And all the house baith in and out.

But sen that ye will hussyskep ken,
First ye maun sift and syne maun knead;
And ay as ye gang but and ben,
Luk that the bairnis fyle not the bed;
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Keip weill the gaizlines fra the gled;
And lay ane saft wysp to the kill:
We haif ane deir ferme on our heid.

The wyfe scho sat vp late at evin,
(I pray God gif hir evill to fare),
Scho kirnd the kirne, and skumd it clene,
And left the gudeman but the bledoch baire:
Than in the morning vp scho gat,
And on hir hairt laid hir disjune.
And friend als meikle in hir lap
Micht serve thrie honest men at nune.

Says—Jok, will thou be maister of wark,
And thou sall haud, and I sall kall;
I'se promise the ane gude new sark,
Outhir of round claith or of small.
Scho lowsit the oxin aught or nine,
And hynt ane gad-staff in hir hand:
Vp the gudeman raise aftir syne,
And saw the wyf had done command.

He cawd the gaizlines furth to feid,
Thair wes bot sevensum of them all;
And by thair cumis the greedie gled,
And cleiket vp fyve, left him bot twa:
Than out he ran in all his mane,
Sune as he hard the gaizles cry;
Bot than, or he came in againe,
The calfes brak luse and soukit the ky

The calfes and ky met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red;
Than thair comes ane ill-willie kow
And brodit his buttok quhill that it bled,
Than up he tuik ane rok of tow,
And he satt down to sey the spinning;
I trow he loutit owre neir the lowe;
Quo he, this wark hes an ill beginning.

Then to the kirn he next did stoure,
And jumlit at it quhill he swat:
Quhen he had rumblit a full lang hour,
The sorrow scrap of butter he gatt.
Albeit na butter he could gett,
Yet he wes cummerit with the kirne;
And syne he het the milk owre het,
And sorrow a drap of it wald yirne,

Then ben thair cam ane greidie sow,
I trow he kund hir littil thank,
For in scho schot hir ill-fard mow,
And ay scho winkit and ay scho drank.
He cleikit vp ane crukit club,
And thocht to hit her on the snout;
The twa gaizlines the glaidis had left,
That straik dang baith their harnis out.

He set his foot vpon the spyre,
To have gotten the fleshe doun to the pat,
Bot he fell backward into the fyre,
And clourd his croun on the keming stock.
He hang the meikle pat on the cruik,
And with twa canns ran to the spout,
Or he wan back againe (alaik)
The fyre burnt all the boddom out.

Than he laid kindling to the kill,
Bot scho start all vp in ane low;
Quhat evir he heard, quhat evir he saw,
That day he had na will to wow.
Than he gaid to take vp the bairnis,
Thocht to have fund thame fair and clene;
The first that he gat in his armis
Was all bedirtin to the eyne.

The first that he gat in his armis,
It was all dirt up to the eyne;
The de'il cut aff thair hands, quo he,
That filld yow all sa fou yestrein.
He traillit the foull sheetis down the gait,
Thocht to haif wascht thame on ane stane;
The burne was risin grit of spait,
Away fra him the sheetis hes tane.

Than up he gat on ane know head,
On the gudewyfe to cry and schout;
Scho hard him as she hard him nocht,
But stoutlie steird the stottis about.
Scho draif the day unto the nicht,
Scho lowsit the pleuch and syne cam hame;
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
I trow the man thocht richt grit schame.

Quoth he, My office I forsaik,
For all the dayis of my lyfe;
For I wald put ane house to wraik
Gin I war twentie dayis gudewyfe.
Quoth scho, Weill mot ye bruke your place,
For trewlie I sall neir accept it;
Quoth he, Feind fall tha lyaris face,
Bot yit ye may be blyth to gett it.

Than up scho gat ane meikle rung,
And the gudeman maid to the doir;
Quoth he, Deme, I sall hald my tung,
For an we fecht I'll gett the waur.
Quoth he, Quhan I forsuik my pleuch,
I trow I bot forsuik my scill,
Sa I will to my pleuch agane,
For this house and I will nevir do weill.

HABITS OF THE AMERICANS.

I DO not think the dinner ever consumed above twenty minutes before the party, at least the permanent boarders, separated, and were out of the house, in order to attend to business again. There was brandy on the table, and beer, or rather ale, but water was far more generally used by the Americans. Mr Smith had an Edinburgh cook, formerly in Lady Sinclair of Murkle's house; and sometimes there were Scotch dishes, even a haggis, sheep's head, minced collops, &c., but the Americans had no great relish for them. They care more for roast beef, beef steak, roasted turkey, and apple and pumpkin pie, than for any thing else. There was one male servant, an American, at this boarding-house, who seemed to attend to his duty well, and constantly, but his manners are as different as possible from those of a British servant. No obsequiousness; nor would he, I suspect, have touched his hat on passing one of the inmates of the boarding-house for the world. There is, however, no want of civility, but it is expected to be shewn to servants as well as by them. Even the blacks and free colour people address each other by the ordinary appellations of sir and madam; and the people generally, when speaking of any one in his absence, call him citizen.

The kindness and hospitality of the Americans are quite unostentatious. I write, however, of the mass of the people and without reference to the small number of people, who consider themselves the great in this country. An invitation to dinner is generally given in such words as these:—"I will be pleased to see you at two o'clock." Frequently no change whatever is made in the dinner, supposing you to accept. Your friend knows that there is always abundance of good food upon his table. That degree of attention is shewn you which a stranger meets with every where, in seeing that his plate be filled, in the first instance, with what he likes, but no pressing or entreaty are used to make him eat or drink more than he likes. If wine is produced, it is left to him to partake of it or not as he chooses. There is hardly ever any talk about the dinner, or the quality of the wine, which you are not provoked to drink by being told how many years it has been in your friend's cellar, or to what vintage it belongs.

I am far, however, from doubting the sincerity of the hospitality of the people of this country, as some travellers have done, although formal invitations may not be so generally given as with us. While, however, I am on the contrary persuaded that invitations are seldom given when there is not a real wish that the invited should accept them, I must at the same time confess, that I like the style of entertaining friends to which I have been accustomed, and which prevails in Britain, better than in the United States. I prefer the warmth of manner with which (whether apparent or real) a British landlord exerts himself to induce his guests to partake liberally of the good things, both eatable and drinkable, which he has prepared for them, by agreeable conversation, and by descanting on the feeding of his beef, or the age of his mutton, or the excellence of his wine—to the merely passive, perhaps indifferent looking manner, as it seems to us, of the Americans. In Britain, even at a public table, those sitting next each other attend to each other's wants, and recommend to them any thing which is within their reach, which they think particularly good; and I do not see that the conviviality of the party is not at least as much enjoyed when the conversation relates to the quality of the provisions, their cookery, and the excellence of the wine—subjects which are level to the capacity of all—as when it relates to an investment of cotton, or to the repeal of the tariff; subjects in which those addressed may take little or no interest. It would be easy to multiply instances to show how much the desire of making money constantly engrosses the thoughts of all, both young and old, in this country.—*Stuart's "Three Years in America."*

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ERRATUM in No. 60, page 60.—The number of degrees from the pole, at which plants and animals exist, was accidentally omitted: "about ten" degrees should have been indicated.

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THE PEGHLER.*

It is long since the natural history of such creatures as the lion, the horse, and the elephant, was perfectly ascertained and understood. Every body now knows every thing that can be known about such honest, downright, plain-sailing animals; and zoophytes are all the rage. It would be quite in vain that you busied yourself in the East Indies in the amiable task of catching and stuffing tigers, in order that you might send them home to the Museum of the Edinburgh University, or that of the Wernerian Society. I verily believe that Professor Jameson would not thank you for a shipload of such intelligible stuffery. But mark the eyes of a naturalist when you tell him of some new marine creature, half vegetable half animal, which springs up in the shape of a tumbler, with something like an umbrella and stalk in the middle, and perhaps fixes itself to the ground by a few dozen legs, each with fifteen eyes in a row along the side, like the buttons of a pair of spatterdashes. The man's face kindles at the description, like a coal under a pair of bellows; and if you can be so patriotic as to transfer the specimen to a neighbouring pond, there to flourish in immortal youth for the benefit of all whom it may concern, why, you will find yourself next week with as many initial letters tagged to your name as might qualify you for becoming editor of an encyclopædia.

In the same way as regular proper birds and beasts have how ceased to possess any interest, so have the ordinary characters of society fallen into a kind of contempt in our literature. It was very well for Homer to describe heroes like Achilles and Agamemnon; and for the Spectator to talk of such men as Will Honeycomb or Sir Roger de Coverley. These personages were like the horse and the lion in the infancy of natural history. But any thing like a full-grown, healthy, natural man, is now of no use. Every body knew all about him ages ago. If you want proper subjects for the moral museum, you must poke into the holes and corners of human nature—you must dive far beneath the surface, and "pluck up drowned *horrors* by the locks." In short, it will not do now-a-days to describe any thing but nondescripts.

Acting under this impression, I take leave to introduce the genus *Peghler* to the notice of the world—a creature who, neither in town nor country, is any thing very decidedly, but yet may be described, I doubt not, in such terms as to awaken a full recollection of him in the mind of every reader.

The Peghler is a person in humble life, who assumes no distinct profession, but contrives to live a curious irregular life by means of all kinds of out-of-the-way bargainings, and contracts for work; his habits being generally in a considerable degree determined by the accident of his living in a city or in the country. He is usually a short, active-looking man, with coarse grey stockings, corduroy breeches, and a seven-days' beard. His neckcloth is one hard roll of red or blue cotton, enclosing a collar, which, evidently, has never yet been made acquainted with the mysterious process invented by Brummel. His watch is a little spherical silver one, with Roman numerals; its chain is steel, and consists of a series or conseries of chains, interrupted every two or three inches by little flat plates, and garnished at the end with an old-fashioned pebble seal, a George-the-Second sixpence, a small Indian shell, and a key formed on three angles, like the human figure when sitting. The town Peghler lives about such places as the Cowfeeder Row, the Back of the Canongate, and a certain *terra Australis incognita*, which bears, I believe, the name of the Causewayside. He has generally a concern in some grass park in the neighbourhood, where he keeps a cow or horse when he happens to buy one. He is always a married man, with a vast number of children, whom he is rigorous in setting to work as soon almost as they are able to walk. Though invariably rather wealthy than otherwise, he is a great economist in his household. He buys the most of his provisions in a growing or living state. In June, you find him attending a sale of standing grain, where, if he does not bid largely in a wholesale capacity, he at least purchases an acre or two for his own meal. This is reaped by his own children—put into sheaves by himself (for he is a capital bandster)—thrashed also by himself—ground at a mill in which he has some concern—and brought home by his own horse and cart. In October, you see him attending a sale of growing potatoes—perhaps he buys a whole field on speculation—possibly only an acre for his family. At the very worst, he sees how potatoes are going—enjoys the honour of having his advice asked by the less experienced, and partakes, however fruitlessly, of the bottle which has been paraded for the purpose of encouraging the sale. The Peghler frequents all kinds of markets. At Dalkeith he goes like a bee from flower to flower. He dives his hand deep into every bag—feels the contents, with a knowing air, between his finger and thumb—tastes it with an air still more knowing—and, after asking the price, remarks, if he does not mean to buy, that it is "a good meal." When he has made a purchase, he pays for it either in notes drawn from a huge worn pocket-book, which seems almost in itself a bank, or by what he calls "a bit check on Sir Willie."*

In his capacity of corn-factor upon a small scale, the Peghler is a great adept in all matters connected with farm produce, and whatever may increase or depress its value. Not a cloud can cross the horizon, but he knows what effect it is to have next Friday at Haddington. He will, by a mysterious algebra peculiar to himself, weigh off the depth of water at the Observatory, or, what is more in his way, the pools which he finds in the morning before his door, against the scale of prices at Dalkeith, and you would be astonished at the accuracy of the calculation. I once came upon a Peghler in the course of a country walk. He was leaning over the gate of a barley field; and, if he had not borne all the external marks of a declared and licensed Peghler, I could have known him by the considerate calculating air with which he marked the rising braird. I entered into conversation with him, and remarked that that was a fine field of barley. "Yes," he said, drily, "it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken hoo it *is* gude." The Peghler, I saw, approved of the grain, by virtue of his intimate and actual acquaintance with the subject: he knew it to be good, perhaps, from his certainty as to the goodness of the soil, the sufficiency of the manure, the excellent labour which had been bestowed upon it, besides a minute examination of all the outward symptoms. But he saw, from my city aspect, that I only thought it good because the field bore a verdant appearance. He thought me, in short, as green as the barley; and his conscious skill could not respond even to my humble remark, without letting me see that he did so upon different and deeper principles. "Yes—it's gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken hoo it *is* gude!" The Director-General of the fine arts could not have more expressively marked his contempt for some raw exclamation about a picture, such as "How pretty!" Verily, thought I, there is no department of knowledge without its pride of skill.

But the Peghler is a person of multiform appearance, and endless varieties of employment. Sometimes he steps into a place where turnpikes are rouping; and, if the thought strikes him, he will take a few tolls, into which, next week, he has planted off almost all the grown-up members of his family. You have, perhaps, left off acquaintance with a particular Peghler, as contractor for building a dyke near your residence in the country; and the next time you see him, he is ascending from a hole in the street, being busied in forming a new drain. Some days afterwards, when you are in quest of a house against next Whitsuntide, you find yourself waited upon by this identical Peghler, as an emissary of the landlord. It is a great employment of the Peghler to let houses. This is just one of those irregular kinds of business which the city Peghler rejoices in. He is indeed so fond of it, that he often sinks his own gains in house property. You find him at a sale of what are called "old materials," namely, the stone and wood-work of a house about to be taken down, to admit, perhaps, of some public work. He is flying along crazy joists, while pulverised lime wraps him all around, the very demon of dust! He buys the whole for a few pounds, and, some weeks after, a house, perhaps occupied in former times by "lords and ladies gay," rises in a new shape in the suburbs, for the accommodation of humble artizans, whom the Peghler has the pleasure of *persecuting* twice or oftener in the year for ever after. The Peghler, in his capacity of landlord, becomes acquainted with a property in human nature, which has hitherto been supposed to reside exclusively in certain classes of birds. This is a disposition to migrate, which prevails among his tenants at particular seasons, generally about three weeks previous to the 25th of May and the 22d of November. It is incalculable the trouble which he and his whole race and kindred have, about those periods, in watching the motions of the tenantry. He wanders nightly like a ghost about "the property;" and if he sees a light in a window after midnight, he is thrown into an agony, lest a removal is contemplated. His children rise at different periods of the night to relieve guard; but even while he sleeps, he thinks he sees his vassals flying away with their goods and chattels, in order to avoid being troubled about that rending misery—rent. If all keeps fair till term-day, he goes his rounds with a gracious countenance, mumbling to every tenant some complimentary speeches, in which the word "convenient" is alone heard, but, in being heard, is enough. Perhaps, instead of rent, he is met with some flaming complaint as to the want of repairs; but unless he receives payment of his demands, he turns a deaf ear to all such memorialists. If payment be really made, then he makes it his endeavour to soothe the complainants as much as possible. There is no black so very black, nor no white so very white, but he will make it look a little better. The roof may show a breach through which the tenant can see ten degrees of the blue empyrean; but, in the Peghler's mind, every thing may be cured by "a little plaister." "A little plaister" is his catholicon for all evils; and "that he will come and apply himself, some day very soon." He will never admit any fault in his pro-

* To peghle, or pechle, is the Scottish expression for the English pant, or to be short-winded. *Peghler* is a noun formed for the occasion from that verb, in order to describe, by one of his most noted characteristics, a person who has many curious properties, and who would, by many, be described as a Jack-of-all-Trades. The present sketch originally appeared in Mr Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, to which it was contributed by one of the individuals now concerned in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. It is transferred to its present place, in the hope of its falling under the attention of a circle of readers different from that to which it has been already introduced.

* It is necessary to explain to the southern reader that Sir William Forbes and Co. were for a long time the bankers in highest consideration in Scotland, especially among the rural classes.

perty, which it is beyond his own personal skill to correct; no more than Dr Poppleton would acknowledge the existence of any disease which might not be cured by his own pill. He has been heard, in extraordinary cases, to speak of such a thing as "a barrowfu' o' bricks," but so very rarely, that it is not entitled to enter into the estimate of his character and habits. We have also known the Peghler to have the art of thatching houses, and even, on an emergency, when in the last day of his shirt, to sweep a chimney, either for the benefit of himself, or one of his neighbours.

The Peghler is always prosperous, so long as things depend upon his own immediate exertions and sagacity, and while his children are still so young as to be obliged to conform to all his rules. But the unhappy man is almost invariably ruined by his family. He has been all his life a severe disciplinarian. Every Sunday, twice in the day, has he marched his flock of Johnnies and Jennies to Mr Lothian's, in the Vennel, besides having, all his life,

"Morning, nichtly,
On the *questions* targed them tichtly."

But all is as nought when the struggling savages arrive at ripe age. Jockies are then set up as meal-dealers or builders, and Jennies are married to grocers and tanners. The boys carry *higher* heads than their father, but not so *long*, and the sons-in-law (as blood, according to the kindly Scotch adage, is thicker than water) obtain his scratchy, but valuable signature, to bills and other obligations. The gains of wisdom and parsimony are then squandered by folly and self-indulgence. Even while the family is still domiciled with him, he is in danger of having his good old system broken in upon. The youngsters see finer style in the dwellings of their playmates, and they begin to discover that their father is not the poor man he seems. The Peghler is thunderstruck, some fine morning, at finding his household convulsed by a general rebellion, to which the very wife of his bosom is evidently not ill-affected, against further breakfasts of porridge. The ancient dynasty [*quasi dicitur* dine-asty] of potatoes is tumbled from its throne; and tea, hitherto a thing only enjoyed clandestinely when he was from home, sets up its unblushing front every evening, as if it had a title of a thousand years' standing. It is in vain that he struggles against these innovations. He is brought to submission, like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, by the very multitude of his enemies. He might seize a Jock or a Jenny, as Gulliver could have done by half a score of his minute foes, but whatever punishment he could inflict would be revenged twenty-fold by the myriad shafts of ridicule, and remonstrance, and complaint, which would have instantly been directed against him. At length the poor Peghler, after a manful resistance, is obliged to give in with a good grace; and TEA, the arch-fiend of his former dreams, reigns supreme.

From such causes as these the Peghler often ends where he commenced—a very poor man; but yet the case is often far otherwise. Perhaps his eldest son is reared a baker. The youth is steady and active. The moment he is out of his apprenticeship, he marries his master's daughter, and the two swarm off to set up in some new street, about the outskirts of the New Town. Little stock is required to set up a baker. Two pounds buy a bag of flour, and no more is required to begin with. The wife is established in a small back room, with a window of two panes looking into the front shop; and there she sits, looking through her loop-hole of retreat on the world that passes by, unless when called upon to attend to her customers. In the evenings, if you happen to drop in to buy any thing for your children, you get a peep through that loop-hole, unless it be altogether covered by its curtain of green baize, of such a comfortable tea-table as makes you envy the happy lot of the son of the Peghler. Or perhaps the honest baker himself appears in his door, with his red cowl pushed back from his brow, and is engaged in discussing, amidst a crowd of neighbours, some knotty subject that has just been started by the Scotsman or the Chronicle. He is redolent of warm toast, and his wife is just washing the "tea things" in the back-room. His broad hearty laugh, the expression of a mind at ease with itself, and happy with all around it, is heard occasionally over the debate; and if a customer chances to enter, the transaction is in general so simple, that it does not interrupt his argument, but he continues speaking to his friends at the door, from the far recesses of the shop, till he is enabled, by the conclusion of the business, to resume his station in the threshold. The Peghler watches and rejoices over the good behaviour of this worthy son, with a gratulation of spirit inconceivably great. He loves the children (for bakers always have lots of children) far better than do their father or mother; and they, in their turn, would not give their grandfather for twenty of their more immediate parents. As they sit on his knee, they ask him innumerable questions about his watch, and its many chains, and its seal, and its sixpence, and its little shell; and occasionally, when they are "gude bairns," he will even allow them to see the inside of the wonderful machine. They entertain a most reverential respect for a particular pocket in his large spotted woollen vest, in which they know he keeps halfpence. That pocket seems to them the most estimable and glorious object in the whole world; and they cannot see him bring his hand so much as near it, without a fluttering tremor of expectation, almost amounting to delirium. Their first breeches have all along been *hanselled* by the Peghler, and indeed every successive pair since; and, in fact, they are so often treated by him in this way, that their ideas of "grandfather" and "halfpence" are inseparable.

And so I leave the Peghler to his repose.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

HAIL.

THIS country which we have the good fortune to inhabit is certainly, to a considerable extent, free from those terrible tempests which so frequently lay waste and desolate other regions of the globe. But notwithstanding this, thunder-storms and hail-storms occasionally occur in Britain, which, although of short duration, do much local injury. Before the occurrence of such a storm, all the elements of nature seem disturbed. Birds, as if warned of an impending calamity, seek shelter in forests or in the crevices of rocks. Cattle of all descriptions appear alarmed, and betake themselves to their sheds, or seek protection beneath the branches of trees. The clouds increase in size, and become heavy and black; they appear agitated; are hurried swiftly through the air; and often seem to rush against each other, until at length, as if unable to sustain their burthen any longer, the hail is precipitated with violence to the earth. During this time, darkness thick as night often prevails; thunder is heard to roll along in heavy vollies; the most vivid forked lightning is seen; and the wind, as if striving for the mastery, not unfrequently sweeps along as in a hurricane, tearing down the boughs of trees, and uprooting them from the soil in which they were fixed. At length, after raging some time, the storm abates; the thunder and lightning cease; the wind sinks; the hailstones decrease in size; rain succeeds; the clouds break, and no trace remains of the storm, excepting in the devastation it may have occasioned. Such are the phenomena—often impressive, and amounting to sublimity—which attend the occurrence of violent hail-storms; having premised which, we proceed to consider more particularly the origin and nature of hail.

Hail is unquestionably formed by the congelation of vapour in the higher regions of the atmosphere; and this arises from the warmer air in which the vapour was suspended mixing suddenly with an intensely cold current of air. Hail is generally defined to be frozen rain; but it differs from ice in this, that the hailstones are not formed of single pieces of ice, but of small particles agglutinated together, some of which are very hard, like perfect ice, while others are soft as snow, or resemble snow that has been hardened by frost. When hailstones are broken open, or cut across, they are sometimes within found to be of a spongy structure; sometimes the interior presents a very beautiful radiated appearance, and not unfrequently exhibits regular and very remarkable concentric plates. Generally, the centre of the hailstone is harder than its surface, and occasionally presents us with a nucleus, or sort of core, imbedded in which, bits of straw, wood, and earth, have been found; substances which, it may be presumed, were elevated from the surface of the earth by the action of a whirlwind, or some similar meteor. Hailstones vary much in shape: they are generally oval or round, but sometimes thin, flat, irregularly globular, angular, pyramidal, occasionally irregular, having a central point whence proceed numerous icy spiculæ, like rays in all directions; and, also, although more rarely, they have appeared as six-sided prisms. A few years ago, a tremendous storm occurred in Gloucestershire, the most remarkable circumstance attending which, was the hail-shower by which it was accompanied. "It may be doubted," says the Athenæum, "whether such a name as hail be applicable, for the masses of ice which fell in places where the storm most fiercely raged, bore no resemblance to hailstones in magnitude or formation, most of them being of a very irregular shape, broad, flat, and ragged, and many measuring nine inches in circumference; they appeared like fragments of a vast plate of ice broken into small masses by its descent towards the earth." On the 4th of June, in the year 1814, hail fell at Cincinnati in North America, the pieces of which are described, in the account read to the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, as having been apparently "aggregated of numerous others, which were likewise composed of smaller ones, while some of more than ordinary size appeared single, as if they had been snowballs immersed in water, and refrozen."

Hailstones vary considerably in size—from that of a nullet seed to that of a pigeon's egg—the smaller generally falling in the more northern climates, the larger in the south of Europe. Hailstones have fallen in Scotland which have been found to weigh five ounces; in North America they have been picked up weighing fifteen ounces; and in October 5, 1831, one fell at Constantinople which weighed more than a pound. "I had long refused," observes Volney, in his View of the Climate, &c. of America, "to credit the existence of those hailstones said to weigh ounces, and even pounds, of which newspapers and travellers too frequently speak. But the storm of the 13th of July 1788 affords me the conviction of my own senses. I was at Ponchartrain, ten miles from Versailles; and going to see a sheep-walk at six o'clock in the morning, I found the rays of the sun intolerably scorching; the air was calm and suffocating, that is, it was extremely rarefied; the sky was without a cloud, yet I heard four or five claps of thunder. About a quarter after seven, a cloud appeared in the south-west, and then a very brisk wind arose. In a few minutes, the cloud filled the horizon, and speeded toward the zenith with an increase of the wind; and a hail-storm suddenly came on, the stones not falling perpendicularly, but at angle of 45°, and so large that you would have taken them for the pieces of mortar of a roof falling down. I could not believe my own eyes; many of the stones were larger than a man's fist, and I observed, too, that several of these were only fragments of larger pieces. When I could safely venture my hand out of the door of the house to which I had very opportunely retired for shelter, I took up one, and found it to weigh more than five ounces by a common pair of scales. Its shape was very irregular, and it had three principal horns as big as the thumb, and almost as long, projecting from the nucleus, on which they were collected. I have been credibly informed that a hailstone at St Germaine's weighed more than three pounds, and after this I know not what surpasses belief."

It is related, that, during the wars of Louis the Twelfth in Italy, in 1510, there was for some time a horrible darkness, after which the clouds broke into thunder and lightning, and there fell hailstones of one hundred pounds weight. Hailstones of such extraordinary magnitude and weight as this are certainly not known in this country; but they have frequently fallen as large as pigeons' eggs, and with a force that has done considerable mischief. On the 19th of May 1809, a severe hail-storm occurred in the neighbourhood of London. The hailstones that fell were many of them a full inch in diameter. Such was the velocity with which they were precipitated, that in many instances a clear round hole was left in the glass they pierced. "The water of the river (says the account), lashed by the hail and raised by the wind, resembled a cauldron boiling violently, rather than waves with breakers. The damage done was so great, that a London newspaper estimated it at 200,000 squares of glass, broken in sashes, skylights, conservatories, oratories, hot-houses, &c., besides the injury done to the crops in fields and gardens. The foliage of large elms was cut off, and scattered on the ground to a furlong's distance to leeward; and fruit trees, besides being thus stript, received wounds in their bark which were visible long after." It is calculated that a single drop of water, the diameter of which is only the one-thousandth of an inch, will, in descending through the air, acquire a velocity of nine or ten feet every second; wherefore it is less surprising that hailstones of such magnitude and weight should occasionally prove destructive, not only to delicate plants, but even to animals; for a pebble, even of the ordinary size of a hailstone, were it to fall from the mouth of a well on the head of a man, would kill him; and meteoric stones, which are no larger, bury themselves deep in the ground, and have been known even to force themselves through the body of a house, and penetrate some inches into the cellar ground. But the truth seems to be, that hailstones, in the progress of their descent, acquire additional magnitude. It is probable that the largest commences its formation with a small nucleus, which receives continual accessions of frozen vapour in its descent to the ground. This accession of vapour is derived from matter in a state of rest, which has to be put into motion by the falling body, which thus, in every stage of its progress, has its own speed retarded. The velocity, therefore, which it would acquire in falling, is overcome or lost by the resistance it meets with in communicating motion to so large a quantity of matter as that which composes its accretions. Accordingly, hailstones are found to be smaller on the tops of mountains than in the neighbouring plains or valleys; because, not falling so far, they do not augment their size by the addition of successive layers of congealed watery vapour.* The force, however, with which hailstones fall to the earth, is often very considerable. In August 1813, a division of British infantry, descending the Pyrenees, was overtaken by a violent hail-shower, which lasted twenty minutes, and created more alarm among its victims than the approaching contest. The hailstones varied in size from that of a bean to that of a hen's egg, and were transparent masses of ice, round in form, with icicles extending from their surface about the length and thickness of the prongs of a common silver fork. "I am induced to believe," says Mr Stewart, who was

* See an excellent Memoir on the Causes and Phenomena of Hail, by Professor Olmsted. Silliman's American Journal, vol. xviii. p. 10, 11

present, "that the hail had been twice as large in the higher regions of the atmosphere and before they reached the surface of the earth, as the stones themselves, and the spiculæ or icicles on their surface, had all the appearance of being partially melted down by heat. Fortunately the troops had their backs to the storm, else many of them must have lost their eyes, and been otherwise maimed from the weight of the stones, and the force with which they fell. I have heard some of the men say their tin kettles were dinged or dimpled by the shower; and I am induced to believe so, from the circumstance of my having been rendered lame for twenty-four hours, by one of them falling on my foot. The rattling of these stones on the canteens and kettles of the men, and their gradually increasing in size, for some time rendered the scene truly alarming, even to those who had been in the daily habit of exposing their lives to the dangers of war." *

Hail-storms occur principally in the temperate regions of the globe; they appear less often between the tropics, and may be almost said to be unknown in the frigid zone, where the only substance which falls resembling hail is described by Captain Scoresby as consisting of "a white porous spherical concretion, of a light snowy texture." The reason assigned for the frequency of hail-storms in temperate climates, is, that the air in these regions is often in a high state of electricity, for which reason the hail-showers are, as we have already observed, so frequently accompanied by thunder and lightning. France, owing probably to its situation between the Alps and Pyrenees, is, especially in its southern districts, liable to the most severe and disastrous hail-storms: indeed, the distress they occasioned was so great, that the attention of scientific men was directed to the phenomena of these storms, for the purpose of their suggesting or devising some means to avert, if possible, the calamities they so frequently occasioned. Accordingly, proceeding on the supposition that these hail-storms were occasioned by the unequal distribution and accumulation of electric fluid in the atmosphere, they proposed drawing off the fluid by means of rods, similar to those by which public buildings are protected from the effects of lightning. The Linnæan Society of Paris, after causing numerous experiments to be instituted, ascertained the efficacy of these hail-rods in protecting the adjacent district from the injuries produced by these storms. In the Annals of that Society, it is stated, that "the hail-road, or *paragrêle*, has for several years occasioned much inquiry on the Continent, and has engaged the particular attention of that Society. In many districts, which were formerly, year after year, devastated by hail, the instrument has been adopted with complete success, while, in neighbouring districts not protected by hail-rods, the crops have been damaged as usual." Furthermore, it has been estimated by this Society, from numerous experiments made in different districts, that "if these hail-rods were established through the whole of France, it would occasion an annual saving to the revenue of fifty millions of francs." A curious and ingenious method of averting the recurrence of these formidable storms, was introduced by the Marquis of Cheviers, a naval officer living on his estate at Vaurenard, who, having recollected to have seen the explosion of guns resorted to at sea for the purpose of dispersing stormy clouds, resolved to attempt a similar method to dissipate hail-storms. For this purpose, he made use of boxes of gunpowder, which he caused to be fired from the heights on the approach of a storm. This had the happiest effects; and by this means he continued, until his death, to preserve his lands from their ravages, while the neighbouring villages were frequently sadly desolated. He consumed annually for this purpose between 200 and 300 lbs. of mining powder. The inhabitants of the neighbouring communes, convinced of the excellence of the practice, adopted it, as did many others, in which we believe this preventive measure is still had recourse to. In the commune of Flewry, they use a mortar, which carries a pound of gunpowder at a charge, and it is generally upon the heights, and before the clouds have had time to accumulate, that they make the explosions.

In this country, hail-showers occur generally during the warmer seasons of the year, and the weather afterwards becomes cooler; they are, however, of rare occurrence during winter, if we except a sprinkling of small opaque grains, which indicate the approach of severer cold, and are found in the morning on the hardened ground or frozen ponds. The account of the devastation occasioned by violent hail-storms, even in Britain, cannot fail to strike with awe the reflecting mind; but it is not to be forgotten, that, while they inflict so much local injury, they are of essential service in equalizing the electrical state of the atmosphere, and in destroying subtile contagious poisons, which generate the most distressing and fatal epidemic diseases. In some European provinces that were visited by the cholera, which excited lately so much alarm among all classes of society, after heavy hail-storms, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the disease entirely disappeared. Thus the apparent evils, and the sorrows which it pleases the inscrutable wisdom of Providence to inflict on us, are often only the mysterious means by which the most beneficent designs become accomplished. In every walk of nature—no matter through what particular path of science we proceed—all the knowledge that human sagacity can reveal tends to establish one great moral axiom, that "all things which we behold are full of blessings." In the beautiful language of Wordsworth,

> "The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs
> Too heavily upon the lily's head,
> Still leaves a saving moisture at its root."

* Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, vol. ix. 195.

THE ARETHUSA.

> "Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
> Whose hearts are form'd in honour's mould,
> And I a story will unfold—
> Hurra for the Arethusa!"

THAT was the ship—she was one of the fleetest of the fleet—sailed like a witch, and sat on the water like a duck. Why, she could do any thing but speak, and all her crew had their hearts in their right places:—there was no fumbling for 'em in their hats, or searching 'em out of their pockets when they came into action. No, no; their hearts always beat to quarters, to the tune of "Rule Britannia;" and then their arms were sure to gain the day. The old Harry-thusers were all well known at every sea-port town in the kingdom; and no sooner did the blind fiddlers see any of 'em come into a room, than there was an extra expenditure of rosin and cat-gut upon the old tune. Didn't Lord Exmouth command them (in 1800) when they took the French squadron off Ireland? To be sure he did; though he warn't a lord then; and a pretty day's work they had of it. Howsomever, they gained the day, as most of the Jehus about Plymouth can testify. Five on 'em bought a coach, horses and all, and then hired the coachman for three days to drive about—but all hands kept upon deck, and left the inside empty; for what was the use of skulking under hatches in fine weather? So, d'ye see, they stowed the craft well with grog and 'bacca—got all snug, with a fiddler forward, and an organ-grinder abaft, and carried on between Plymouth and Dock during the whole time they stopped on shore. Ah, them were the days! when a sailor had no trouble in getting rid of his money; but now he can't gather as much as would jingle upon a tomb-stone; and if he does have a sixpence or two, he is obliged to drive it up in a corner of his pocket to catch it!

I can remember coming up from Portsmouth once, on a fortnight's leave; there were seven or eight of us, and among the rest was Jack Transom, of the ould Harry. Well, d'ye see, he'd nearly three hundred pounds prize-money about him, and which way to spend it he didn't know. Seven years had elapsed since his feet had touched the shore, and he was like a wild fellow. Every house he came to, a fresh bucket of licknum-vitæ was mixed for all hands, till he'd thoroughly set up the backstays of his heart, though the laniards had a taut strain on 'em before we made sail. Well, there he stood on the forecastle—on the roof, I mean—shouting "Happy Jack!" flourishing his short stick, and waving his hat, to the great astonishment and terror of the rusty villagers. It was night-time, and Jack would pay for all the passengers' suppers, so he gave the landlord a fivepounder of Abraham Newland's, and told him not to mind change, for he hadn't got room for it. At last he was completely groggy, and when we changed horses at Thing-em-he—I forget the name of the place—he would have another nip at the stuff, which hove him into a stark calm—till the vessel, I mean the coach, got into motion, and then he sprung his luff, and once more took his station standing on the roof, but, being quite tosticated, in a few minutes after we started he got tossed off altogether. Overboard he went, and came down on to the road like a lump of lead.

Coachee rounded in the braces directly, and hove all aback, so that every soul landed to pick him up. "He's gone," says Dick Fiferail; "he's outward bound—Yo-hoy, Jack!" hallooing in his ear enough to split it: "Yo-hoy, shipmate, rouse out, and don't turn in before the hammocks are piped down!" "Blesh ma heart," cried an old Jew agent, "vat a pitysh! Vere's de moneish though?—mush take care of the moneish." "No, no," says the guard; "let his pockets alone; but lend us a hand to carry him back to the house." A young assistant surgeon happened to be stowed in between decks; he felt his pulse, but gave very little hopes, unless they conveyed him instantly to the house. Indeed he thought he had already slept his cable. So they put him inside of the coach, and drove back again. Here he was stretched out upon a table, and the doctor overhauled his timbers, to see if there were any butt-ends started, or any of his precious limbs carried away. Howsomever, all was right, though he gave no signs of returning hangimation.

"Why don't you feel his neck?" says Dick; "mayhap his windpipe may have got a turn in it, and his breath is jammed in the hawse. Yo-hoy, Jack, unmuzzle, my boy, and tell us whether you're dead or dumbfoundered. What's the use of keeping us here? He's gone, your honour," turning to the surgeon, who was preparing to bleed him; "he's gone, poor fellow, and a most foul and unnatural death he has had of it. Give us another glass of grog, landlord; and let it be stiff, d'ye hear. Bad thing that drunkenness, your honour. Put in a little more rum, landlord; but then, d'ye see, what's a sailor to do with his money, unless he makes it liquid? 'Oh, that a man should put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains!' My service to you, sir. Ke-keep us all sober, say I. Here, Jack, you loved it alive; but your allowance is stopped now. Howsomever, a small drop won't hurt you"—and so, contrary to every one's persuasions, he poured some into his mouth. Scarcely had he done so, when it produced a gurgling in the throat; and whether it was the smell or taste of the stuff, or the effects of bleeding, but I rather think the former, he opened his eyes, and faintly uttered his usual cry of "Happy Jack!" "There," says Dick; "I knew, if any thing would bring him to, here's the me-dickey-ment—it's a key would open a locked jaw at any time." "Happy Jack!" continued the other, as he sniffed the grog with a gust; "Happy Jack!" Well, d'ye see, his arm was bound up—his money was examined—and Jack was carried up to bed, while all hands returned to the coach, and made sail with a fair wind and a free sheet.

At Godalming we stopped about half an hour, to freshen hawse; and just as we were all comfortably berthed for the next stage, another coach came driving in astern of us, well manned with liberty-boys, and cheering with all their might. As soon as they clapped us alongside at the inn, the first words we clearly distinguished were "Happy Jack!" and sure enough it was he himself, for, after a short nap, he had mounted the next coach, and promised the coachman a guinea if he would carry on and come up with his own ship again. This was accomplished. He boarded us with three cheers, in which all hands heartily joined but not being quite recovered from his fall, they wanted him to get inside. "No, no," says Jack; "I have never been used to a cabin, d'ye mind, and, mayhap, the gemmen and ladies (for we had taken up two ladies at Godalming) wouldn't like such a shipmate: But never mind, I'm Happy Jack; so if so be you can stow me under the forecastle there, all well and good; but if not, why, then, pass the gripes round me, and lash me upon deck."

"Ya, hip," went the coachman, and so we coiled Jack away in the boot, and dashed off to the tune of "Jack's alive," which the guard played upon his bugle like an angel, to the admiration of all on board, except the old lady and Dick, who kept talking occasionally through the open window. It was a delightful summer morning, and the sun shone beautifully on the dewy grass as we passed rapidly along the road, hailing the convoys homeward bound, and now and then catching a distant glimpse of our consort, as he carried on to get up in our wake; but a starn chase is a long chase, so we had only an opportunity of just saying "What cheer? what cheer?" as the coach hove-to to give the horses their water, and the coachman his *wet*. At last, both vehicles arrived at the Elephant and Castle, when "Happy Jack" roused out from his berth, looking very deplorably; for his clothes (a new suit) were torn to pieces, his face bruised, and his whole frame very sore. Howsomever, we hired three hackney-coaches, hoisted a blue jacket, on a barber's pole, for the admiral's flag, and steered boldly over London Bridge, bound for Wapping, where we soon anchored in Blanket Bay, with plenty of rhino, a good supply of grog, and no purser to nip us on short commons. After a good sleep we reckoned our cash, found a great deal gone, particularly Jack's; but still we mustered somewhere about five hundred pound, which was shortly spent like true British tars, to the honour and glory of old England, and the Harry-thusers.*

* Abridged from "Greenwich Hospital, or Naval Sketches."—Robins. London

ANTIPATHIES TO ANIMALS.

MANY men have strange antipathies to animals. Some of these are accountable, as depending upon form; others, profoundly mysterious in the why and the wherefore. All ladies fall into hysterics at the approach of a spider. Snakes are generally objects of fear, rather than antipathy, from the deadly power which some of the species possess; but why a beautiful lizard, a sleek mouse or a rat, should be objects of antipathy, it is difficult to conjecture: elegant in form and harmless, they might at least be looked upon with complacency. The sight of a rat has been known to throw even the male sex into convulsions. Claude Prosper Juliot de Crebillon, a name conspicuous in the annals of French literature, was confined in the Bastile, in pursuance of the caprices of one of the old Bourbon satraps, who often shut up in dungeons the men of the age most conspicuous for talent, and who were known to promulgate unsavoury truths. One night, Crebillon felt what he thought to be a cat reposing by his side in bed: glad of such a companion in that silent mansion, where to many a prisoner "hope never came," he stretched out his hand to caress it; but it ran away. The following day, when seated at his dinner, he saw, through the "darkness visible" of his cell, an animal squatted, *vis-a-vis*, on his table, and was soon able to perceive that it had a long slender tail, and was not a cat, which at first he imagined it to be, but an enormous rat. He had an unconquerable antipathy to rats; and, springing from his seat, cried aloud with terror, and overturned his table; the noise brought in a turnkey, who found him

pale, and nearly senseless; and it was a long time ere he recovered himself. This animal had been the companion of a preceding prisoner, who had tamed it; and so well did the horrible solitude of the Bastile operate in removing the antipathy of Crebillon to these creatures, that at length he became reconciled to its company, and even shared his provisions with it. The case of Crebillon may serve as a useful hint for effecting the cure of most other antipathies to animals.

Many men have also strange antipathies to cats; and so strongly does the sight of them affect some individuals, that their whole frame becomes agitated. A striking instance of this kind came within our own personal knowledge. The late Captain Logan, of Knockshinnock, in Ayrshire, had such an unconquerable aversion to all cats, that he would not remain in the room with one on any account whatever. We have known ladies to expostulate with him on the affectionate and harmless dispositions of their grimalkins, vowing that they would touch nothing larger than a rat; but their eloquence was invariably lost on the captain, who lent a deaf ear to all their pleadings.

He could detect immediately the presence of a cat from smell, even although he could not possibly see it in the room, being under a sofa, or some such place; and he uniformly insisted on its being turned out of the room, before he would compose himself to enter into conversation.

On one occasion, while his regiment was stationed in Tynemouth, we happened to accompany the captain to pay a visit to the family of General R——. We found several visitors in the house besides the family. Among the rest was the late Sir C—— G——, then commanding the northern district of England, and some officers of his staff. When deeply engaged in a political conversation on the events of the times, the domestic cat, a frolicsome young animal, came scampering into the room, when the gallant captain started from his seat, and mounted a chair with all possible alacrity, to the no small astonishment of all present, as none of them were aware of his dread of cats. Every body supposed the captain had been seized with a sudden fit of lunacy; the ladies bounced up, several made their way towards the door, and even the two patriot generals and the staff-officers seemed to entertain doubts as to their personal safety; and, in particular, we noticed Sir C—— G—— keeping an attentive watch on the handle of the captain's sword. In short, every countenance but our own bore marks of anxiety, and we laughed outright, to the no small displeasure of the general's lady, who thought it no joke, and entreated us to pacify our friend.

We must mention, that Captain Logan was then a man of about thirty years of age, six feet one inch in height, and of a very athletic form; so, to be subjected to the grasp of such an individual was no joke, as the general's lady expressed herself; but as we knew the poor captain was quite *compos* and harmless, we enjoyed the joke amazingly. The old general entreated of him to come down, while the captain obstinately refused until puss was dismissed. The general in vain tried to convince him of her innocent intentions, which increased the convictions of all present that the captain was cracked. By this time all the ladies had made good their retreat, and some of the younger ones stood peeping in at the door, with the handle in their hand, in case of the captain trying to follow them. Things beginning to assume a serious aspect, we lifted puss, and rung the bell for a servant to remove it out of the room, after which the captain descended, and in a few minutes resumed his wonted coolness. An explanation followed, and this irresistible infirmity of the captain's was felt, by those who witnessed the ludicrous scene, more with pity than contempt; and we will venture to say, that such was the impression which was made at the time, that none who witnessed it will ever forget the scene.

The inhabitants of Britain, in the mass, are haters of toads and frogs; while it is well known that in France there is a species of the latter animal which is considered a delicate article of food; thus verifying the old proverb, that "what is one man's meat, is another's poison."

There are not in nature two more harmless animals than the toad and frog; the idea which generally prevails, that the former is poisonous, is all a fable; and a dread of these creatures is instilled into us by the folly of nursery-maids, who hand it down with great care from one generation to another. There have been various instances of individuals making pets of these animals, and they have been rewarded for their attentions by watching the singular manner in which they take their food, and prey upon insects and worms, and also from some curious experiments which have been tried with them.

The tree-frog, which is a native of America, France, Germany, and Italy, and many other European states, has been kept by Dr Townson, who had them in a window, and appropriated to their use a bowl of water, in which they lived. They grew quite tame; and to two which he had in his possession for a considerable time, and were particular favourites, the doctor gave the names of Damon and Musidora. In the evening, they seldom failed to go into the water, unless the weather was cold and damp; in which case they would sometimes abstain from entering it for a couple of days. When they came out of the water, if a few drops were thrown upon the board, they always applied their bodies as close to it as they could; and from this absorption through the skin, though they were flaccid before, they soon again appeared plump. A tree-frog, that had not been in the water during the night, was weighed, and then immersed; after it had remained half an hour in the bowl, it came out, and was found to have absorbed nearly half its own weight of water. From other experiments, it was discovered that these animals frequently absorbed nearly their whole weight of water, and that, as was clearly proved, by the under surface only of the body. They will even absorb water from wetted bloating paper. Sometimes they will eject water with considerable force from their bodies, to the quantity of a fourth part, or more, of their weight. Before the flies had disappeared in the autumn, the doctor collected for his favourite tree-frog, Musidora, a great quantity as winter provision: when he laid any of them before her, she took no notice of them; but the moment he moved them with his breath, she sprang upon and ate them. Once, when flies were scarce, the doctor cut some flesh of a tortoise into small pieces, and moved them by the same means; she seized them, but the instant afterwards rejected them from her tongue. After he had obtained her confidence, she ate from his fingers dead as well as living flies. Frogs will leap at the moving of any small object; and, like toads, they will also soon become sufficiently familiar to sit on the hand, and submit to be carried from one side of a room to the other, to catch flies as they settle on the wall. This gentleman, accordingly, made them his guards at Gottingen, for keeping the flies from his dessert of fruit, and they performed their task highly to his satisfaction. He has seen the small tree-frog eat humble-bees, but this was never done without some contest. They are in general obliged to reject them, being incommoded by their stings and hairy roughness; but in each attempt the bee is farther covered with the viscid matter from the frog's tongue, and, when thus coated, it is swallowed with facility.

THE WESTMINSTER TOBACCO-BOX.

It is, indeed, a pleasing truth—the people of London must eat their dinners, and, what is more, smoke their pipe and enjoy their measure of porter every day in their lives; so we need not have the smallest dread of a revolution in that quarter. But if all chance of the commission of an "overt act" is thus happily avoided, there can be no harm, surely, in talking of what *might* be done. We have often remarked, that a great deal of good is done by talking. The reverse, we are aware, is alleged; but we know better. Nothing like a free unlimited talk over our wrongs; nothing like each man telling his neighbour what he thinks of the state of things. It allows a free vent to our sufferings; and if we do not reap any practical benefit thereby, we at least think so, and that is quite enough. Now, a large proportion of the male population of London could not exist without their nightly talk. That talk they must and will have, in spite of all other arrangements to the contrary. Leaving their places of business as night begins to draw its sombre curtain over the world of streets and houses, they wend their way to their rendezvous or club—no, not exactly a club either; something between a regular club and a casual meeting; every thing understood; dropping in, as if by accident, all in an easy friendly way; the meeting being ordinarily constituted by the first whiff of a pipe, much in the same manner as an engagement commences by the firing of an advanced guard. The talk, after this, is carried on through the smoke.

London is not what it has been in the way of clubs. There was a time when they were to be found of every description and grade, and when the caustic wit of Goldsmith was applied in illustration of their humours and follies. There are not many of these ancient fraternities now existing in vigour, the ordinary means of recreation having diverted attention from them, and ruined their prospects. Of those which do hold out against the encroachments of modern manners, none are so worthy of notice as one entitled "The Past Overseers' Society of the Parishes of Saint Margaret and Saint John the Evangelist, Westminster." This association of past overseers of the poor has been greatly indebted for its prolonged popular existence to rather a singular object, namely, a *tobacco-box*, at once the standing subject of talk and bond of amity of the club. The history of this box is exceedingly curious, and affords an excellent commentary on the profuse dispensation of wealth on trifles, in the artificial state of society which exists within the bills of mortality.

This wonderful tobacco-box, which, in the present day, is both an object of antiquarian curiosity and an article of considerable intrinsic value, was originally a common flat horn box, of a portable size for the pocket, and bought, as tradition reports, at Horn Fair, for the trifling sum of fourpence. Its original possessor was a Mr Henry Monck, who usually brought with him to the tavern where those persons, who, like himself, had served the office of overseer, occasionally met to talk over and confer together upon parochial matters, and smoke their pipes in friendly intercourse; all of which persons subsequently formed themselves into the above-mentioned society. Well, what did Mr Monck do, but present the club, in the year 1713, with his well-known tobacco-box, for the general use of the members, who, out of respect to the donor, ornamented it with a silver rim, on which his name was engraved. It was then committed to the custody of the senior overseer for the time being, who transmitted it to his successor, with some additional silver ornament; and this example being followed, with little intermission, for a period of 111 years, a new outer case being always prepared whenever farther space was required for ornament, the box has increased to the bulk of a small tea-chest, and assumed a consequent importance. In short, the tobacco-box of the parish of St Margaret and St John the Evangelist, is now one of the greatest curiosities to be found west of Temple Bar.

The ornaments of the box, which have been contributed as we mention, consist of plates of silver, on which emblematical devices and representations of the memorable events of each succeeding year in the history of this country, with appropriate inscriptions, and portraits of many eminent persons who have borne a conspicuous part in those events, are either embossed or engraved; so that the box, taken as a whole, may be said to contain a memorial of some of the most remarkable occurrences relating to the history of Great Britain during the last century. But this is not all. So important has the box been considered, that a folio volume has actually been published, detailing its history, and illustrating, by a series of highly-finished engravings, executed by an eminent artist, the devices on the plates, and the gradual *growth* of the box itself, up to its present huge size.* Sure such a box was never before heard of, either in heathen mythological lore, or the records of a Christian parish.

We now turn over the leaves of this tobacco-inspired volume. The first picture we find represents the top of the original box, on which are engraved the arms of Westminster, with surrounding ornaments, with a view of the inside of the lid, exhibiting a bust of William Duke of Cumberland, surmounted by the figure of Fame, sounding on a trumpet, as we suppose, the cruelties he practised after the battle of Culloden. At the base of the pedestal lie bound two human figures, as if prepared for sacrifice; one of them a miserable Highlander, with a broken claymore at his feet; the other an old wigged gentleman, probably designed for Lord Lovat. Turning from this dismal memorial, which, however, was the work of Hogarth, we come to the second plate, exhibiting the bottom of the box, on which is engraved a figure emblematic of Charity, surrounded with finely chased ornaments. This plate also shows a handsome tobacco-stopper of mother-of-pearl, with silver chain; also a profile of the box. The box being now completely covered with ornaments, a case is next provided, whereon to display the taste of the overseers. The third plate represents the top and inside of this case. The top is the representation of the fire-works exhibited in St James's Park on occasion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1749; the inside shows the engagement which took place between the English and French fleets off Ushant, on the 12th of July 1778—the former commanded by Admiral Keppel, the latter by Count d'Orvilliers; below this sea-fight is the scene of the court-martial, held at the instance of Sir Hugh Palliser, the rear-admiral, on the conduct of Admiral Keppel in that action, by which he was most honourably acquitted. The fourth plate shows the inside bottom of the case, with the portrait of the notorious John Wilkes, with the date 1767. Plates five and six exhibit a projection of the rim, or body of the case, which appears beautifully ornamented in silver work, and comprises the names of a number of the overseers.

The next, or seventh plate, represents the box in a new stage. It has now got another case of a size larger than the former. On the top of this second case is the picture of a meeting of the governors and directors of the poor, assembled in the board-room administering relief. There is a fine air of the last century about the scene here represented. The figures are in old-fashioned dresses, with cocked hats, wigs, and queues, large silver buckles in the shoes, and dressed frills at the wrists. The date below is 1783, and the names of the churchwardens for the time—now at their place of rest in the hallowed precincts of St Margaret's—are neatly inscribed round the edge. The eighth plate, which succeeds, is one of the finest of the whole. It depicts the inside, top, and bottom of the second case. On the former is a well-executed small picture, representing the altar-piece of St Margaret's Church, being the Supper at Emmaus, in *basso-relievo*, by Alkin, from a painting by Titian; the bottom exhibits St John the Evangelist in the wilderness, approached by an eagle; below is a view of St Margaret's Church, and the date 1789. The ninth plate is of the outside bottom of the second case, and contains a plain gold medallion of the head of George the Third, with an inscription commemorating the general illumination on the restoration of his health. Plate ten and eleven is the projection of the rim or body of the

* This ingenious and certainly curious work, from which these facts are gleaned, bears as its imprint—"London: Printed and Published by I. Clark, 27, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, 1824." We have a strong suspicion that Mr Clark must be a past overseer of St Margaret and St John the Evangelist; and, therefore, so far inspired with the pious and patriotic design of furnishing the world with a pictorial history and description of the great heir-loom of the parish.

second case, which appears covered with rich ornamental chasings in silver.

The box now assumes a new aspect. A third case is added, and, from being round or oval, it becomes octagonal in shape. On the top of this third case is represented the figure of Justice trampling on Fraud, with Westminster Abbey and St Margaret's Church in the background. This scene, being emblematic of a singular incident in the history of the box, deserves particular notice. At one of the meetings of the society in the spring of the year 1793, when it was the duty of the ex-overseer to deliver the box and its appurtenances, he refused to give up his charge, and stated, as a reason for such conduct, that the vestry had refused to pass his accounts, and pay the balance alleged to be due to him, and threatened the society with the entire destruction of this valuable deposit, if they should attempt to compel its restoration. Persisting in his refusal, an action was brought against him for recovery of the box. A bill in Chancery being filed against him, on the 5th of March 1796 the cause came on before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who, after having heard the arguments of counsel on both sides, decreed that the box and cases should be restored to the plaintiffs. This interesting action at law is delineated in the fourteenth plate, by a view of the Court of Chancery, with the inscription above, in the words of the Chancellor, "Restore the Box to the Past Overseers' Society."

The next plate that interests us is No. 16, showing the bottom of the third case, on which is drawn a naval engagement between his Majesty's ship St Fiorenzo, of 36 guns, and the French frigate La Piedmontaise, of 50 guns, on 6th, 7th, and 8th of March 1808. In this warm and protracted contest, the British, *as usual*, were victorious. Plate 17 commemorates the battle of the Nile, and conquest of Egypt, with the inscription, "The United Kingdom at peace with all the world, 1802." Below is the figure of Plenty pouring the contents of her Cornucopia into the lap of Britannia. Plate 18 exhibits two octagonal divisions, and is a great effort; here is represented a view of Charing Cross, the Duke of Northumberland's house in the background, and, in front, the heralds and attendants proclaiming the peace of 1802; also, a view of the interior of Westminster Hall, at the time the St Margaret and St John's volunteers are attending divine service at the drum-head: the clap-trap in this device is admirable. Plate 19 shows the China fleet repulsing the French squadron in 1801; also a portrait of Lord Nelson, with appropriate emblems, indicating the national grief at his death. The plates which follow are all commemorative of distinguished characters, or national events. We have the portraits of Pitt and Fox; a view of Westminster Abbey, on the occasion of the jubilee in 1809; figures emblematic of the characters of the deceased George the Third, and Duke of Kent; the coronation of George the Fourth; the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth; the battle of Waterloo; portraits of the Princess Charlotte and her Majesty Queen Caroline; the visit of George the Fourth to Scotland, in which his Majesty is dressed in the garb, and possesses all the air of a Highland porter; the interior of the House of Peers during the trial of the Queen, and portrait of the Duke of Wellington. Lastly, in Plate 34 we have a view of the bottom of the outside case of the box, delineating the anniversary meeting of the society, with the churchwarden giving the "charge" previous to delivering the box to the succeeding overseer: Date, 1824.

The ceremony which attends the annual transmission of the box and cases from one overseer to another, testifies, in the strongest manner, the solicitude of the society for the preservation of this famous tobacco-box. This ceremony takes place after dinner (for, as we observed once before, no public business can be transacted in England without a dinner), at the general meeting which is held upon the appointment of the new overseers. At this, as well as all other meetings of the society, the senior churchwarden of St Margaret's parish presides, who, after having proposed some of the usual toasts, demands the restoration of the box and its appurtenances. This demand having been complied with, the secretary proceeds to examine and report whether they are in as good state as when delivered, whether any ornament has been added, and whether the original box contains the proper quantity of tobacco. If the report be satisfactory, the box is then placed before the chairman, who proposes for a toast, "The late overseers of the poor, with thanks to them for their care of the box and the additional ornament." The CHARGE is then made to the new custodier as follows:—"This box, and the several cases, are the property of the Past Overseers' Society, and delivered into your custody and care, *upon condition* that they are produced at all parochial entertainments which you shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, and shall contain three pipes of tobacco at the least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret. And also, upon *further condition* that you shall restore the box, with the several cases belonging to it, to the society in as good state as the same now are, with some additional ornament, at the next meeting thereof, after you shall go out of office, or sooner if demanded, *under the penalty of two hundred guineas.*" The chairman then proposes as a toast, "the new overseers," wishing them health to go through their office, which well-meaning toast concludes the ceremony.

Kind reader, you have now had an account of a tobacco-box, perhaps the most wonderful of its kind in existence, and of which you could have no previous conception. Altogether, such a remarkable object is calculated to create a deep impression on our minds, of the exceeding artificiality of life in and about the metropolis, as well as of the profuse dispensation of wealth on objects intrinsically of no value, and which are only esteemed for their antiquity, or the association of ideas connected with their history. But why need we moralize on the subject? Fare thee well, thou hale and hearty old club of Past Overseers. Long may your members smoke their pipes of an evening in the back parlour of the Swan, in Bridge Street, and drink in substantial stout, or some other pleasing and constitutional tipple, success and increase to the ancient tobacco-box of the parish of St Margaret and St John the Evangelist.

DREAMS.

A CONSIDERATION that weighs strongly with many people in making them attach credit to the supernatural origin of dreams, is their being repeated more than once. "Idle fantasies," such people acknowledge, "do frequently haunt our slumbers; but they pass rapidly, and are succeeded by others equally vain and equally fleeting. It is a different case, however, when a series of well-defined impressions is not only presented once to the mind, but, as if to make sure of producing an effect, visits our sleep twice, and even a third time. This recurrence of dreams certainly cannot be casual, but plainly indicates that they are sent by some guardian power, with a design to convey some useful warning." To this it may be replied, that any thought which dwells with peculiar weight on the mind returns to it with proportionate frequency. If we dread the occurrence of some event, our fears, banished at intervals, perpetually re-assert their sway. We do not ascribe this to any supernatural interposition: it is nothing but the operation of the mental constitution proper to our nature. Let us suppose that a friend should address us thus: "I am certain of making my fortune now in a very short period—I have been assured of the fact in a miraculous manner." To the question, "How?" his reply is, "How! why I have *hoped* it three times to-day, to be sure; and, though, if the idea had only struck me once, it must, of course, have been acknowledged to have come in the ordinary train of association, yet, having presented itself again and again, it cannot be denied that it springs from some being of a higher order, and conveys an intimation that may be confidently relied upon." What should we think of this augury? And yet it may truly be said to be more rational than that afforded by the repetition of dreams. These being for the most part of the same contexture with our waking thoughts, impress us vividly in proportion to the vividness of the hopes or fears to which they relate, and recur in the same manner, and for the same reasons, as our reflections by day.

> "At dead of night imperial reason sleeps,
> And Fancy with her train loose revels keeps;
> Then airy phantoms a mixed scene display
> Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd, by day—
> For memory those images retains
> Which passion formed; and still the strongest reigns."

This view of the subject will, however, be more fully unfolded, as well as more pleasingly, to the reader, by attending to a few examples, which, that it may not be supposed they are related in a manner to suit our own particular theory, we take, as they are reported by other writers. In the following instance it will be seen that the dream was not only repeated, but it was repeated a certain number of times. It was related in a letter to the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine in 1826:—

"Being in company the other day, when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one, which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth of it. About the year 1731, my father, Joseph D'Acre, Esq. of Kirklinton, in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to attend the classes, having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, and remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr D'Acre and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighbouring places about Edinburgh—Roslin, Arthur's Seat, Craigmillar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from some of those places, Mr D'Acre said, 'We have made a party to go a-fishing to Inchkeith to-morrow, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat; we shall be off at six.' No objection being made, they separated for the night.

"Mrs Griffiths had not been long asleep till she screamed out in the most violent, agitated manner, 'The boat is sinking; save, oh save them!' The Major awakened her, and said, 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'Oh no,' she said, 'I had not once thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour, she cried out, in a dreadful fright, 'I see the boat is going down.' The Major again awoke her, and she said, 'It has been owing to the other dream I had; for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell sound asleep; but no rest could be obtained for her. In the most extreme agony she again screamed, 'They are gone, the boat is sunk!' When the Major awakened her, she said, 'Now I cannot rest; Mr D'Acre must not go; for I feel, should he go, I would be miserable till his return: the thoughts of it would almost kill me.'

"She instantly arose, threw on her wrapping gown, went to his bed-side, for his room was next their own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what am I to say to my young friends, whom I was to meet at Leith at six o'clock?' 'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill, for I am so at present. Consider you are an only son, under our protection; and should any thing happen to you, it would be my death.' Mr D'Acre immediately wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautifully, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat and all that were in it went to the bottom, and were never more heard of, nor was any part of it ever seen.

"I often heard the story from my father, who always added, 'It has not made me superstitious; but with awful gratitude I never can forget, my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream."

The above dream of Mrs Griffiths is one easily accounted for. The young man was an only son, under her charge, and about to make an excursion upon the water—a circumstance than which nothing is more likely to excite alarm in the mind of a lady, when those in whom she takes a deep interest are concerned. The possibility of some accident was almost sure to alarm her, and it was very natural that the idea of danger should return in her sleep. It was, however, with a degree of indistinctness frequently observable in dreams; for though she had the idea of a boat sinking, it was not connected with the fishing party in which her young friend was about to engage. At first she was no doubt ashamed to yield to the influence of imaginary terror; and it was not till the same vision had disturbed her for the third time, that she gave way to her fears, and acknowledged that she could not rest till she had dissuaded Mr D'Acre from his intended excursion.

There is nothing unaccountable in her having the same dream three times. If we allow that any circumstance which takes a strong hold upon the mind is likely to present itself, though frequently not in a distinct shape, in our sleep, why should it not do so more than once? and if twice, why not thrice? The reason why dreams are not commonly repeated beyond this number of times, we shall see presently. From the times of antiquity, it has been a tenet of superstition universally received, that "luck lies in odd numbers," and the number three was peculiarly hallowed in heathen mythology. "Jove's thunderbolts were three-forked," says the Delphin commentator on Virgil. "Neptune's sceptre was three-pronged; Pluto's watch-dog had three heads; there were three Fates—three Furies; the same god was known under the three names, Apollo, Sol, and Liber; Diana is called the three-faced virgin, because she was Diana upon earth, Luna in heaven, and Hecate in the infernal regions, and was worshipped in places where three roads met." Nothing is more familiar to every schoolboy than all these instances of the mystic virtues supposed to be lodged in this number. The same superstition has descended to our own times, nay, it has been incorporated into our very language, and we speak of being thrice-happy or thrice-wretched, in order to express the utmost intensity of felicity or misery. At times, when the mind is cool and collected, no one acknowledges that any uncommon efficacy resides in one number more than another; but when the mind is excited, impulse and habit rule every thing; and in the case of a dream, which, in itself, most people are disposed to look upon in some sort as a preternatural visitation, its occurring a third time is an accessory circumstance calculated to produce a still stronger belief that we have been under the influence of some unseen power. The person, therefore, who has dreamed three times, commonly acts upon the warning supposed to be thus conveyed, as Mrs Griffiths did in the instance before us; and having taken some step to relieve the mind of the anxiety pressing upon it, the sleep is no longer haunted by recurring fears. If some persuasion of the mystic nature of a thrice-dreamed dream had not prompted Mrs Griffiths to proceed to the bedside of her young ward, and obtain his promise to remain at home—if, without doing this, she had again composed herself to sleep, it is almost certain that she would have had the same dream a fourth time, and so on to other repetitions, until the fantasy exhausted itself, and the power of sleep effectually overpowered her.

But, farther: This dream affords an opportunity of accounting, not only for its having been repeated till a third time, but for its having been repeated at all. If Mrs Griffiths had not been awakened by her husband, the dream might have spent itself on its first occurrence, and left her afterwards to undisturbed repose. We all know how often the most appalling scenes conjured up in our sleep are superseded by others which are incongruous or absurd. Napoleon declared, that, in our waking moments, there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous; and the distance between them is certainly not greater

when the mind escapes from the control of reason, and runs riot in a dream. When it is visited in sleep by some strong excitement—and if the excitement is not so strong as to cause us to utter a cry that rouses us, or that makes another rouse us—it commonly passes to some excitement less strong, probably of a different kind altogether, and so by degrees settles back into a state of quiescence. But if we are disturbed at the moment when the tremor of the nerves is at its height, and, by this means, a new and visionary terror is added to the originally vivid impression which occasioned the dream, it is almost inevitable that when the senses are again lulled, but not in complete forgetfulness, the same horrors should resume their sway.

Thus we see a feasible reason both why Mrs Griffiths's dream should have been repeated up to a certain point, and why it should not have been repeated beyond that point. In all likelihood Mr D'Acre satisfied himself with some explanation of this kind; for though he never forgot, that, in every human probability, his life was saved by a dream, yet it did not make him superstitious.

This reasoning will be still more satisfactory when we take the case of a dream repeated twice, and find that the habits of thought of the individual to whom it happened, naturally prevented the vision from visiting his pillow beyond the second time. His ideas immediately reverted to the Scriptural dreams, where it is said of Pharaoh's, "For that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice, it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass." Fixing upon this single point of resemblance, which was nevertheless wholly immaterial, he satisfied himself that his own vision was equally the suggestion of divine intelligence, and fraught with equal meaning; and his mind being settled in that persuasion, and his resolution taken in consequence of it, he was not again disturbed by the terrors that had previously haunted his slumbers. The dreamer was the Rev. William Veitch, who, in his own Memoirs, tells us, that having come to the town of Berwick in the time of the persecution, and being himself obnoxious to the government, he had great difficulty in avoiding detection, and made several very narrow escapes. He, however, reached the house of Mr Ogle, a friend of his, where he proposed to remain a few days. "Going to bed after this confusion and weariness," proceeds the reverend autobiographer, "and falling asleep, he dreamed that his house at Stanton Hall, more than thirty miles off that place, was all on fire, which made him awake with great consternation and trouble of mind, and think of altering his resolution, and taking his journey home to-morrow morning, wishing it were near rising time, that he might go. But hearing the clock strike two in the morning, and that it was not seasonable to trouble the house till six of the clock, he fell asleep, and dreaming the same over again, and *awaking all in a sweat*, took the doubling of the dream to be a clear call to go home; which next morning he did, making his apology to Mr Ogle, and telling him his dream (which he said was like one of his own maggots), and desiring him to excuse him at the laird and lady's hands. It being a violent frost, and the day short [it was the 23d of December], he could not ride above twenty miles; so that the next day, being Saturday, it was near night ere he got home. About a mile and a half from his own house, as he was going up a lane, he sees two men and three fine horses meeting him; the foremost of whom, when he perceived who it was, came riding fast up to him (it was Torwoodlee's man), saying, 'O sir, you are long looked for at your house;' which made him ask 'What is the matter? is my wife and family well?' 'Yes,' says he; 'but there is a stranger longs to see you, viz. Argyle; and your wife and he have been sending about the country these two days to find you.' Then he saw that the dream was a clear call to bring him home."

From the remarks with which this dream was introduced, we have seen how it was, that, in the case of Veitch, the dream did not return after the second time, while, in that of Mrs Griffith, it did not produce its effect till the third time. In the case of Rough, formerly noticed in the Journal, the dreamer being clerical, the vision was also doubled, while, in that of Mrs Marten, the more prevalent superstition connected with the number three was found to have exerted its influence.

With regard to Mr Veitch's dream itself, we are tempted to attribute its origin to the agitation of the preceding day:—

> "When choler overflows, then dreams are bred,
> Of flames, and all the family of red."

Nor is it at all improbable, from the fact which he mentions of his "awaking all in a sweat," that his kind hostess, anxious to guard against the discomfort of a cold December night, had loaded him with too liberal a covering of bedclothes. Dr Beattie mentions, that, after a day of hard riding in a high wind, his dreams were of the wildest and most fantastic description, quite of a character with the elemental turmoil with which he had been struggling; and our own acquaintance furnishes us with an example of a youth who conceived himself to be engaged in a contest of snowballs with a ghost. Every pelt he received was felt as peculiary cold; and at last his antagonist, gathering energy from the combat, rushed upon him, seized him by the neck, and sending him headlong with great force, caused him to plough a long and deep furrow in a chilly wreath. He awaked; it was a cold winter night; and he found that the bedclothes had left him bare. The vision of the burning house might very naturally arise from an opposite cause, and when the worthy minister muffled himself up after first awaking, he was taking certain measures to ensure a repetition of the fantasy.

BELL-ROCK LIGHT-HOUSE.

The Bell-Rock Light-House is the most remarkable erection on or near the shores of Great Britain, and, as such, affords a subject of instructive observation to our readers. The east coast of Scotland is penetrated by two arms of the sea, called the Firths of Forth and Tay, both opening upon the German Ocean. The entrance to the Firth of Forth is distinguished by a small island, called the Isle of May, whereon is situated a light-house for the use of mariners. Probably at a very early period, the mouth of the Firth of Tay was similarly characterized by an islet; but it has long since vanished by the action of the tides, and has left no trace of its presence but a sunken reef of rocks, which for ages was exceedingly unsafe to the mariner who approached its dangerous vicinity. At an early period, this sunken reef, which received the name of the Inch Cape Rock, was rendered in some degree safe to vessels, by a bell, attached to it by one of the abbots of the monastery at Arbroath, and which, being rung by the lashing of the waves, warned by its tolling the seamen who approached it after nightfall. It is related by tradition, that the bell so attached by the beneficent abbot was on one occasion wantonly cut away by a pirate who infested the Scottish seas, and that afterwards his vessel, in a stormy night, drifted on the rock, and, as a retribution for his crime, he perished with all his crew. By one version of the story, a Dutchman is said to have been the perpetrator, and that he took the bell out of a sordid desire for the metal; however, his fate is said to have been the same. Mr Southey has caught up the former outline of the transaction, and from it has elaborated one of his most beautiful poetical pieces.

One of the Editors of the present publication, in the work entitled "The Gazetteer of Scotland," has thus described the Bell-Rock as it exists in modern times:—This rock is situated in the German Ocean, about twelve miles in a south-eastern direction from the town of Arbroath, in Forfarshire; about thirty miles in a north-western direction from St Abb's Head, in Berwickshire; in lat. 56° 29′ north, and long. 2° 22′ west. It consists of a reef of shelving rocks of a reddish sandstone, scarcely uncovered at the low water of common tides, but, in spring tides, when the ebbs are greatest, is exposed to a length of 427 feet, by a breadth of 230, with a height of four feet at most. The reef is altogether more than 1000 feet in length. At high water, the whole is covered to a depth of about twelve feet. This rock lies so very much in the way of vessels entering either the Firths of Tay or Forth, or in passing along the east coast of Scotland, that, from a very remote period, it has been the cause of a vast number of wrecks. Till within the last twenty years, such a dangerous rock remained quite undistinguished by any light or signal to scare the mariner from its fatal vicinage. At length a bill was brought into Parliament, 1803, by the Commissioners of the Northern Light-Houses, for the purpose of having a light-house stationed on the rock. On the bill being passed in 1806, they received a loan of L.25,000 from government, to assist an accumulated fund of L.20,000. Plans were laid before them of different kinds, and they adopted that of Mr Rennie, which was on the principles of the Eddystone Light-House. Operations were commenced in the summer of 1807. Stones for the building were collected of different kinds. The outside stones of the first thirty feet were brought from Rubeslaw in Aberdeenshire. Stones for the hearting and for the higher parts were got from Mylnefield quarry, near Dundee. Those on the top were finer, and came from Craigleith, near Edinburgh. At Arbroath a working yard was fitted up for the artificers, and boats were engaged to go to and fro with and for materials, &c. A small vessel was also moored near the rock as a depôt. The most curious part of the work at the outset was the erection of a place of refuge on the reef for the artizans, in the event of an accident befalling any of the attending boats. It consisted of a wooden tower of several stories, fixed on beams of wood planted into the rock, and secured with iron rivets. It was fitted up with sleeping-places, a cooking-room, and a place for a smith's forge. Into this erection the workmen were in the habit of retiring with their tools, as soon as the rock began to be covered with water. The cutting of a site for the foundation was attended with a prodigious deal of trouble, as the tide permitted working for a very short time every day only, and as no work could be done in stormy weather, or in the winter months. Besides, each day the water had to be pumped out of the site, before the men could resume their work where it had been left off. After overcoming almost impossibilities, on the 10th of July 1808 the first stone was laid. In the following spring, the works were proceeded in with much diligence, but not till a great deal of apparatus had been landed and fixed for the heaving of stones, and an iron railway laid along the reef, for the easy transport of materials. During the month of September 1809, the first thirty feet were built. Next season, the works were again resumed, and, by a train of fortunate circumstances, the building was completed in October 1810. In the course o the winter, the internal fittings went forward, and on the 1st of February 1811, the beacon was first lighted. The expense of the whole was about L.60,000.

The Bell-Rock Light-House, thus reared, is a circular edifice, the foundation-stone of which is nearly on a level with the surface of the sea at low water of ordinary spring tides; and, consequently, at high water of these tides, the building is immersed to the height of about fifteen feet. The two first courses of the masonry are very curiously dovetailed and joined with each other, in a way so as to resemble nothing so much as the pieces of a dissected map, forming one connected mass from the centre to the circumference. The successive layers of stone are also attached to each other by joggles of stone. The cement used was a mixture of pozzolano, earth, lime, and sand, in equal proportions. The individual stones weigh from one to two tons. The ground course measures 42 feet in diameter, and the building diminishes to a thickness of 13 feet. The total height is 100 feet, but including the light room, the total height is 115 feet. The building is solid to a height of 30 feet, where the entry door is situate, to which the ascent is by a ladder with wooden steps. Strangers are carried up and down by a chair and crane. At first the walls are seven feet thick, and they diminish to a single foot. From the door-way to the top, there are six flats, each having an apartment; and a communication from one to the other is had by a wooden ladder. The first floor is for holding water, fuel, or other bulky articles; the second for oil-cisterns, glass, and other light-room stores; the third is occupied as a kitchen; the fourth is the bed-room; the fifth the library, or strangers' room; and the upper apartment forms the light-room. The floors are of stone. There are two windows in each of the three lower apartments, but the upper rooms have each four windows. The light-room is of an octagonal figure, measuring twelve feet across, and fifteen feet in height, formed with cast-iron sashes, or window-frames glazed with large plates of polished glass, measuring two feet six inches by two feet three inches, each plate being a quarter of an inch thick. The light-room is covered with a dome roof of copper, terminating in a gilded ball. Round the light-room there is a railed terrace on the outside. The light is from oil, with argand burners placed in the focus of silver-plated reflectors, measuring twenty-four inches over the lips, being hollowed to the parabolic curve. That the light may be distinguished from all others on the coast, the reflectors are ranged upon a frame with four faces or sides, which by a train of machinery is made to revolve upon a perpendicular axis once in six minutes; moreover, by the interposition of coloured glass between the light and the observer, in the course of every revolution two appearances are produced; one is the common bright light, and the other is of a red colour. As a further warning to the mariner, in foggy weather two large bells are tolled day and night by the same train of machinery which moves the lights. The establishment of light-keepers at the Bell-Rock consists of a principal light-keeper, a principal assistant, and two other assistants. They each receive salaries varying from fifty to sixty guineas, with clothes, and board while at the rock. At Arbroath a suite of buildings has been erected, where each keeper has three apartments for his family. Connected with these buildings there is a signal-tower erected, with a telescope, and a set of corresponding signals is arranged and kept up with the light-keepers at the rock. Three of the keepers are always at the light-house, while one is ashore on liberty, whose duty it is for the time to attend the signal-room; and when the weather will admit of the regular removal of the keepers, they are alternately six weeks on the rock, and a fortnight ashore with their families. A cutter of fifty tons burden is kept in constant occupation attending the Bell-Rock, the Isle of May, and Inchkeith light-houses.

The construction of the light-house took place under the direction and by the arrangements of Mr Robert Stevenson, civil engineer, Edinburgh, in a way which did him much honour. In 1824, the same gentleman published "An Account of the Bell-Rock Light-House," with a view of the institution and progress of the Northern Light-Houses, in the form of a splendid quarto volume, which will be of great use in future undertakings of the kind. The Bell-Rock Light-House is now one of the most prominent and serviceable beacons on the Scottish shores, and has been the means of preventing innumerable wrecks. In summer it is occasionally visited by parties of pleasure from Leith and other places, when every attention is shown by the keepers. Though perched in a situation the most awful during commotions of the elements, these men feel no alarm for their safety. In cases of very heavy gales blowing from particular directions, they mention that they feel the fabric yield or tremble a little, but nothing to excite any disquietude. In fine weather at low tides they can walk out upon the reef, and indulge in the amusement of fishing for cod, haddocks, and all the other kinds of white fish of these seas, of which there is here great abundance. They keep an album, in which the names and *impromptus* of visitors are inscribed. On one occasion Sir Walter Scott honoured this Pharos of the

Scottish seas with a visit, and left the following appropriate lines :—

Pharos loquitur.

Far on the bosom of the deep,
O'er those wild shelves my watch I keep:
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night:
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail.

ELEMENTS OF HEALTH.

EXERCISE was always deemed of the greatest importance in the due performance of the bodily functions in the earliest times, as well as necessary to the cure and relief of the numerous diseases to which the frame of man is unfortunately subject. If we examine the works of the ancient and modern authors, we shall find them strongly advocating the benefits arising from corporeal exercises, even from the times of Hippocrates down to the age in which we live, the various species pointed out, and their proper mode of application discussed. Riding on horseback was strongly recommended, as a means of benefiting invalids, by Æsculapius himself, according to the testimony of Galen. The first physician who paid any serious attention to exercise as a remedial agent for the cure of disease, was a Thracian of the name of Herodicus. He was the master of an academy which he denominated *Gymnasia*, where he instructed his pupils in the military and athletic exercises. Having noticed that these employments produced in his students an exceeding good state of health, he turned his attention to their regulation, so as to produce good health in invalids: with this view he established what he named *Medical Gymnastics*. As might be expected, his enthusiasm began to work empirically, inasmuch as he conceived they would benefit, if not cure, almost every disease. His employing of them in severe cases of fever, caused him to be severely censured by Hippocrates, whose able commentator, Galen, left behind several excellent remarks on the performance of the different exercises, and their effects in the alleviation of many important maladies. Galen, especially, recommended the use of the *strigil*, or flesh-brush, which is still very properly advocated at the present day. Hipprocrates, in his work upon diet, recommends the various exercises of wrestling, together with that of the *corycus*, or hanging ball, in favour of which Galen composed a little treatise, which he styled *De Parva Pila* (the little ball), wherein he states that it is an excellent species of exercise, inasmuch as it occupies both the mind and body at the same period. In the discourse upon exercises, which he addressed to Thrasybulus, he very ably and properly discusses the question, as to whether the due preservation of the constitution depended upon the use of medicines, or upon the gymnastic art; at the same time he highly condemns the violent and athletic practices employed in the gymnasium, approving, at the same time, of moderate exercises, and assigning them to the judgment of the physician. In the collections of Oribosius, we find that many of the most illustrious of the Greek authors, and among them Antyllus, have treated of them in a similar manner. Historical records inform us, that the ancient Romans even exceeded the Greeks in their attention to medical gymnastics. Pliny informs us, that, in the time of Pompey, Asclepiades was of opinion that the different modes of exercise, viz., friction, walking, and gestation, were the chief auxiliaries to the physician, more particularly when combined with a proper regulation of diet, together with the employment of the medical exercises, the establishment of public baths, with the construction of hanging beds (which later writers have considered as similar to the cots and hammocks used on board ship); these he deemed as some of the best means of rendering medicine agreeable to his patients; by which means, in addition to his great talent, he procured a justly extensive fame. The Roman authors have handed down to us many examples of the great benefits derived from the proper employment of exercise. From the pages of Suetonius, we find that Germanicus was relieved, and ultimately cured of a species of atrophy which affected his inferior extremities, from the exercise of riding: and the eloquent Cicero, when from debility he was compelled to desist from pleading, recovered his health by travelling, and the employment of friction. The ancient Romans were so well acquainted with the benefits arising from the effects of friction, that they even reduced it to a regular system, and constantly employed it as one of their ordinary exercises.

The common experience of mankind has sufficiently established the importance of exercise in the open air, so that it is hardly necessary to appeal to any reasoning to convince us on this head. We may, however, remark, that the immediate effect produced by bodily exercise is the quickening of the circulation of the blood; the motions and contractions of the heart and arteries become more full and stronger; the consequence is, that the blood becomes more effectually propelled to every part of the system, but more particularly through the extreme ramifications of the arteries; a glow on the surface of the body is immediately produced; the countenance assumes a bright reddish appearance, from the small capillary vessels being distended with scarlet arterial blood; and the exhalent vessels of the skin immediately secrete the perspirable fluid, which they throw out from the surface of the body. The extreme branches of all the other arteries in the body are distended and excited to greater action in a similar manner, whereby the functions of the glands, and other secretory organs, are stimulated to a greater activity in the performance of their various and individual offices. The office of digestion, in consequence of the gastric vessels forming the fluids necessary to digestion, is more actively, and, at the same time, more perfectly completed, and the stomach duly prepared for the repetition of the digestive process, in consequence of the supply of the gastric juice being increased. The bile and pancreatic juice are more speedily elaborated, and thus they increase the powers of the operations performed in the alimentary canal. During this period, when so many of the natural functions are in activity, it is to be borne in mind, that the functions of the lungs are not idle; in fact, they are in equal activity, inasmuch as they are called upon for a greater supply of the vivifying principle, which is derived from the oxygen in the atmosphere by which we are surrounded; and in consequence of the circulation of the blood being increased, so is the function of breathing, in proportion to the quantity of venous blood which the respiratory organs receive from the various parts of the body. Thus we perceive the wisdom of our gracious Creator even in the simple performance of any exercise, as running, for example, which causes the blood to circulate with greater velocity throughout the body; yet, at the same time, in order to prevent our suffering, or being annoyed in consequence, renders all the other organs consonant to it, by the increased actions of the lungs, in conjunction with the organs of exercise, *i. e.* the muscular system.

Now, to the most common observer it must appear plain, that, from the increased activity of the whole system, the uninterrupted circulation of the blood throughout the most minute of its vessels, as also through the glands and other organs, with the prompt separation of the excrementitious and other portions of the vital fluids, by the action of the various secretions, cannot do otherwise than contribute, in a greater or less degree, to the general health of the constitution. Exercise has another great advantage attending it, which is its contribution to the evolution and growth of the different parts of the human frame, whether we consider the great influx of the vital fluids (from which all enlargements of parts are formed), or whether we notice the fact, that those muscles and limbs, in consequence of active exercise, constantly acquire greater bulk, as well as superior strength. Let the reader but witness the arms of blacksmiths, anchorsmiths, watermen, and pugilists; the legs of dancing-masters, or the loins of porters, as also the backs and loins of watermen and firemen. These parts being, from the nature of their various avocations, in frequent and almost daily exercise, are invariably disproportioned in size. We may likewise add, that the same occurs to persons in the habit of elevating or carrying parcels of great weight, as warehousemen, porters, &c. Having noticed the phenomena we have just mentioned, let the reader but contrast them with the thin and almost emaciated forms of literary and sedentary men, and also the enfeebled legs of that ridiculed but useful class of the community, the tailors, whose extremities being but little brought into action, the muscles connected with them are apt to shrink. This fact must be apparent to any of our readers who have been so unfortunate as to have at any time broken an arm or thigh, and having had it bound up in splints and bandages for several weeks, until the bone has firmly and properly united. In a case like this, the contrast is apparent; the arm at liberty, and in the enjoyment of exercise, remains the same; the one bound up loses its size for want of action; but no sooner does it once more regain it, than it speedily assumes its former appearance.

The effects produced by exercise, in affording strength and rigidity of fibre to the fleshy or muscular system are daily, and almost hourly, exemplified in the difference we perceive in the texture of the legs and wings of birds produced on the table as articles of food. In the common barn-door fowls, and other graminivorous birds, which scarcely ever employ their wings for the purpose of flying, but daily use their legs in walking, this non-activity of the one part, and exercise of the other, produces great tenderness of the former, and a hardness or toughness in the muscular fibre of the latter. It is from the great influence that exercise has over the body, that we may attribute its growth and strength. Exercise is indigenous to the animal constitution, inasmuch as we find it constantly taking place in the young of the various species of animated nature.

Having considered the advantages of exercise to the human system, we shall now proceed to point out the manner in which it should be performed so as to prove beneficial. In order to employ it, so as to prevent disease, it should not be too violent, nor continued for too long a time, so as to create excessive fatigue. It is, however, impossible to lay down any set of regulations, by which persons may be governed in this respect, inasmuch as many circumstances concur to prevent this, as the constitution, age, habits, and strength of body, must modify its effects in different individuals. Many nations are at the present day prone to exercises, and some we have enumerated are frequently very properly practised by youths at our public schools. Addison observes, that "the French apply themselves more universally to exercises than any other nation; we seldom see a young gentleman that does not fence, dance, &c." The second class includes those which result from motion which is communicated, as riding on horseback, in a carriage, sailing, swinging, friction, driving a carriage, &c.

Walking appears, on viewing the subject of exercise, to be the most natural one, inasmuch as it is capable of producing all the effects I have detailed, if adapted to the degree and duration of various attendant circumstances. Numberless are the individuals who have been subject to previous hypochondriacal maladies, who, by the proper exercise of walking, particularly in airy and country places, have been not only relieved, but cured: the maladies I allude to are those more or less consequent upon a derangement of the digestive faculties. Those individuals who have been accustomed to sedentary habits, and have in consequence become invalids, should regularly and strenuously pursue this exercise, in order to render it very effectual. When walking is but occasionally or only rarely resorted to, it induces languor, lassitude, and fatigue, and this more so, if the intermissions have been great; consequently it is far more prejudicial than advantageous; but it is to be remembered, that if it was daily pursued, it would soon cease to fatigue. So convinced were the ancient physicians of this circumstance, that one of them, whose name we forget, is stated, by Dr Arbuthnot, to have been "very exact in prescribing the exercises of his patients, ordering some of them to walk *eighty stadia* daily, which is about *nine English miles*;" from the idea, and at the same time a very correct one, that it would contribute to the healthy state of the functions. We must not forget that the animal strength becomes destroyed to a certain extent, or, to use the language of the late Dr Brown, the natural excitability becomes exhausted, through the mental faculties, as well as the exertions of the muscular system; therefore, in order that we may carry with us in our walks, in the search of health, the brooding anxieties and cares arising from our professional avocations—if we attempt to unite our studious habits with the exercise, we not only thwart, but frequently defeat our plan, which is to derive beneficial effects. So incompatible is deep thought with the exertion of the muscular system, that many persons frequently stop in their activity, when their arguments require deep reflection and consideration. Whenever walking is resorted to as a remedy for the relief or cure of disease, it requires great calmness of the mental faculties, and a relaxation from the serious occupations of life.

The more violent active exercises, which none but those enjoying the best of health can perform, and which can only be employed as a preservative from disease, require very few observations from us, except in the way of caution. As many of them, such as jumping, leaping, climbing, &c., are liable to induce ruptures, or a descent of some part of the bowels, the reader should be extremely careful of the extent he allows himself to go to, because many diseases, and the one we have mentioned, not only disable individuals from certain occupations, but occasionally are the means of shortening life.

The modes of exercise which may be safely used in the cure of disease, or the restoration of health in convalescents, are those of the second class, particularly carriage motion, horseback, and sailing. The most gentle exercise is that from the motion of a ship, and, consequently, is well adapted for the relief of persons of infirm and delicate condition of body, and has been frequently resorted to by persons labouring under consumption of the lungs. In the time of Pliny, the ancient Romans were in the habit of sending their consumptive patients into Egypt, not for the purpose of deriving any advantage from that country, but in consequence of the length of the sea voyage. Annæus Gallio, who had been consul, was perfectly cured of consumption from a similar voyage. Celsus was likewise a staunch advocate for sailing as a remedy for this disease; and where the strength of the invalid was unequal to the task of a long voyage, he recommended short voyages, the employment of a litter, and similar means of exercise. Physicians of modern times are in the constant habit of recommending consumptive patients to go to Lisbon, Madeira, Italy, &c. and in the incipient, or early stages, much benefit may be derived, both on account of the climate, as well as in pursuance of the Celsian recommendation, *i. e.* the motion of the vessel. However, invalids too often resort to this remedial agent in the latter stages of the disease, when it is too far advanced to admit of any other than mere palliative relief.

Carriage exercise, and that on horseback, are easily to be obtained, and are, therefore, of more importance in our consideration of the subject. Dr Sydenham believed horse and walking exercises to be of inestimable value, provided they were constantly pursued. Respecting chronic diseases, he observes, "nothing, among all the expedients which have hitherto come to my knowledge, so effectually supports the spirits and strength as long and constant riding upon horseback." And in his Treatise on Gout, and particularly respecting the prevention of the paroxysms by exercise, he says, "riding on horseback is far preferable to all other exercises for this purpose; in truth, I have frequently considered, that, if any person were acquainted with any medicine which he chose to keep a secret, of equal efficacy, in this and most other chronic diseases, with a constant and persevering exercise on horseback, he would speedily accumulate the most ample wealth."

Column for Little Boys and Girls.

I am now going to tell a great number of useful things to my juvenile readers, for I know I have many such. Little boys and girls have, I dare say, a good notion by this time that I am their friend. They will have seen what a lot of capital entertaining stories I have given entirely for their amusement, and that I am never done writing for their benefit. Now, it is always something worth counting on, for you, my young friends, to know that you have somebody that cares about printing things for you to read. How glad would I have been, when a little boy, to have had papers coming in for me to amuse myself with! But nobody cared any thing for the amusements of little boys five-and-twenty years ago. The big people at that time were all so busy with reading stories of battles themselves, and so much occupied setting nations of men to fight against and kill each other, that they just let the children do any way they liked; and then you know boys ran about the streets and threw stones and snowballs at each other, and did a great many other wicked things, quite enough to vex their parents, I assure you. Fathers and mothers are now much more careful of their little boys and girls; and for that you should be very thankful, because you put them to a great expense for clothes and schooling, besides fears for your safety. But, to show your thankfulness, and that you wish to be really good boys and girls, you must take care, above all things, to do what your parents bid you. You know they are never done giving you good advices, and telling you how to behave. Many of you, perhaps, have no father or mother, and that is a great misfortune indeed. I then very much pity your case, for it is seldom that any other body cares for little boys or girls but their parents; and if they be neglected, they go all wrong, and are, most likely, never happy all their days. I will now give you a number of useful and short advices, such as those that good fathers and mothers give, and so you will see all at once how you ought to conduct yourselves.

The chief advice I have to give you is, as I have just said, to do what you are bidden by your parents, or those who take charge of you. Bear with meekness and patience, and without murmuring or sullenness, their reproofs, although you think they are given undeservedly. Never address them but in a respectful manner. Dispute not the correctness of their observations. Never grumble in the smallest degree. If you wish to speak to them, and see them engaged in discourse with company, do not interrupt them, but draw back and leave your business till afterwards. Never make faces, contortions, nor grimaces, while they or any one else are giving you commands. Never take another's chair, if it be vacated for a short time. Never quarrel with your brother and sisters; but live in peace with all. Use respectful and courteous language towards the servants, if there be any, in the family, and never be domineering nor insulting, for it is a mark of ignorance and meanness.*

YOUR CONDUCT AT TABLE.

Come not to table without having your hands and face washed, and your hair combed. Sit not down until your elders are seated. It is unbecoming to take your place first. Offer not to carve for yourself, or to take any thing, though it be something you much desire. Ask not for any thing, but tarry till it be offered to you. Find no fault with any thing that is given you. When you are helped, be not the first to eat. Speak not at table. If others are discoursing, meddle not with the matter; but be silent, except when spoken to. If you wish any thing from the servants, call them softly. Eat not too fast, nor with greedy behaviour. Eat not too much, but moderately. Eat not so slowly as to make others wait for you. Make not a noise with your tongue, mouth, lips, or breath, in eating or drinking. Be sure never to speak with victuals in your mouth. Endeavour so to eat as that none can see your victuals whilst chewing. Stare not in the face of any one, especially your elders, at the table. Grease not your fingers nor tablecloth more than necessity requires. Bite not your bread, but break it; neither crumble it about the tablecloth. Lean not your elbow on the table, nor on the back of your chair. Spit not, cough not, nor blow your nose at the table, if it can be avoided; but if there be necessity, do it aside, and without noise. Take not salt with a greasy knife. Never come to table, if you have a cold, without first clearing your throat and nose. Never raise phlegm into your mouth at table and swallow it: it looks very disgusting. Stuff not your mouth so much as to fill your cheeks; be content with small mouthfuls. Blow not your meat, when too hot; but wait with patience till it be cool. Smell not of your meat, nor put it to your nose; turn not the other side of it upward to view it on your plate. Hold not your knife upright in your hand, but sloping; and lay it down at your right hand, with the blade upon your plate. Spit not forth any thing that is not convenient to be swallowed, such as the stones of plums, cherries, or the like; but with your left hand neatly move them to the side of your plate. Fix not your eye upon the plate of another, nor upon the meat on the table. Lift not up your eyes, nor roll them about while you are drinking. Throw nothing under the table. Bend your body a little downward to your plate, when you move any thing that is carried to your mouth. Look not earnestly on any one that is eating. Gnaw not bones at the table, but clear them with your knife (unless they be very small ones), and hold them not with your whole hand, but with two fingers. Put not a bit in your mouth till the former is swallowed. Before and after you drink, wipe your lips with your towel, if you have one. Never pick your teeth at table; neither pick your nose, nor scratch your head. Never drink till you have quite emptied your mouth, and do not drink often. Frown not nor murmur, if there be any thing at table which your parents or strangers with them eat, whilst none is given to you.

YOUR CONDUCT AT CHURCH.

Decently walk to the pew; run not, nor go playing. When you enter the seat, do not open nor shut the door violently, nor dispute with others who will sit nearest the foot of the pew. Sit where you are directed by your parents. Shift not seats, but continue in the place where you are desired. Talk not in church, especially during service. Fix your eye on the minister; let it not wildly wander to gaze on any other person or thing. Attend diligently to the words of the minister. Pray with him when he prays, at least in your heart; and, while he is preaching, listen attentively, that you may remember.

YOUR CONDUCT IN COMPANY.

Enter not into company without a bow. Put not your hand, in the presence of others, to any part of your body not ordinarily discovered. Sing not nor hum in your mouth, while you are in company. Stand not wriggling with your body hither and thither, but steady and upright. Play not wantonly, like a mimic, with your finger or feet. When you blow your nose, let your handkerchief be used, and make not a noise in so doing. Gnaw not your nails, pick them not, nor bite them with your teeth. In coughing or sneezing, make as little noise as possible. If you cannot avoid yawning, shut your mouth with your hand or handkerchief before it, turning the face aside. Lean not on the chair of a superior standing behind him. Spit not upon the fire, nor sit too wide with your knees at it. Turn not your back to any, but place yourself so that none may be behind you. Read not letters, books, or other writings, in company, unless there be necessity, and you ask leave. Touch not, nor look upon the books or writing of any one, unless the owner invite or desire you. Come not near when another reads a letter or any other paper. Let your countenance be moderately cheerful, neither laughing nor frowning. Laugh not too frequently, but silently smile, upon proper occasion. Stand not before superiors with your hands in your pockets; scratch not your head, wink not with your eye, but modestly look straight before you. Walking with your superior in the house or garden, give him the right hand, and walk not too near, but a little behind him: yet not so distant as that it shall be troublesome to him to speak to you, or hard for you to hear. Look not boldly or wishfully in the face of your superior. Do not look upon one in company and immediately whisper to another: it is unmannerly. Whisper not in company. Be not froward and fretful among your equals, but gentle and affable.

YOUR CONDUCT IN CONVERSATION

Among superiors, speak not till you are spoken to, or asked to speak. Hold not your hand, nor any thing else, before your mouth when you speak. Come not very near the person you speak to. Speak neither very loud, nor too low. Speak clear, not stammering, stumbling, nor drawling. Answer not one that is speaking to you, until he is done. Loll not when you are speaking to a superior, or spoken to by him.

YOUR CONDUCT AT SCHOOL.

Bow at coming in, pulling off your hat; especially if your master or usher be in the school. Loiter not, but immediately take your own seat, and move not from one place to another, till school-time be over. If your preceptor be discoursing in the school with a stranger, stare not confidently on them, nor hearken to their conversation. Interrupt not your master while a stranger or visitant is with him, with any question, request, or complaint; but defer any such matter till he be at leisure. At no time quarrel or talk in the school; but be quiet, peaceable, and silent. Neither deceive yourself, in trifling away your precious time in play. If your master speak to you, rise up making your answer standing. Bawl not aloud in making complaints. A boy's tongue should never be heard in the school but in answering a question, or saying his lesson. If a stranger speak to you in school, stand up and answer with the same respect and ceremony, both of word and gesture, as if you spoke to your master. Make not haste out of school, but go soberly when your turn comes, without noise or hurry. Go not rudely home through the streets. Stand not talking with boys who delay you: but walk, and with all convenient speed. When it is time to return to school again, be sure to be there in season, and not loiter at home while your master is at school. Divulge not to any person whatever, elsewhere, any thing that hath passed in the school, whether spoken or done.

YOUR CONDUCT IN THE STREET.

Go not singing, whistling, or hallooing along the street. Quarrel not with any body you meet or overtake. Affront no one, especially your elders, by word or deed. Jeer not at any person whatever. Always give the right hand to your superiors, when you walk with them. But when three persons walk together, the middle place is the most honourable; and a son may walk at his father's right hand, when his younger brother walks at his left. Give your superiors leave to pass before you in any narrow place, where two persons cannot pass at once. If you go with your parents, master, or any superior, go not playfully through the streets. Pay your respects to all you meet of your acquaintance or friends. Run not hastily in the street, nor go too slowly; wag not to and fro, nor use any antic or wanton postures, either of your head, hands, feet, or body. Stare not at every unusual person or thing which you see, &c. Whilst in the street, do not throw any thing; such as dirt, stones, &c. And offend not the master or scholars of another school.

* These, and the following short rules for behaviour, are digested from a small book, entitled "The Polite Present, or Child's Manual of Good Manners," published at Glasgow by John Reid and Company. It is the only work of the kind we ever saw, and should be bought by parents for their children

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

[By D'Israeli.]

The etiquette or rules to be observed in the royal palaces is necessary, writes Baron Bielfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such length as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third was gravely seated by the fireside: the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not *presume* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires; but *he* excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the *etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the Duke d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the *fire* burnt fiercer; and the *king* endured it, rather than derogate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

The palace was once on fire; a soldier, who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms: but the Spanish *etiquette* was here wofully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and, as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish princess, however, condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

When Isabella, mother of Philip the Second, was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said, "Madam, cry out, that will give you ease," she answered, in *good Spanish*, "How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out."

> "Spain gives us *pride*—which Spain to all the earth
> May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth!"
>
> CHURCHILL.

Philip the Third was a weak bigot, who suffered himself to be governed by his ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce through the crowds of his flatterers; besides that, the voice of patriotism heard in a corrupted court would have become a crime never pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on his table one day a letter sealed, which bore this address—"To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma."

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip the Second, made a book with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father, which bore this title—"The Great and Admirable Voyages of the King, Mr Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escurial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escurial. Jests of this kind at length cost him his life.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

NUMBER OF A PERSON'S ANCESTORS.

To one who has not thought upon the subject, it is quite inconceivable how rapidly a person's lineal ancestors multiply every generation that he carries back the calculation. If one is asked how many great-great-grandfathers he had, he will in all likelihood answer, "two," while in reality he had *eight*, if there have been no intermarriages of relations among his ancestors. In fact, the number of male ancestors doubles every generation. Thus, every one has had two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, eight great-great-grandfathers, sixteen great-great-great-great-grandfathers; and, fifteen generations back, he had no less than 16,384 lineal male ancestors. Fifteen generations (allowing three generations in the century) will take us back to the period of the battle of Bannockburn (1314): and, allowing the population of Scotland at that time to have been 500,000, of whom 125,000, or one-fourth, were able to bear arms, every one's ancestors thus constituted about one-eighth part of the whole fighting men of Scotland; and as there were 30,000 on the field on that memorable and glorious day, every Scot living at the present period may lay claim to the honour of having had, in all probability, one-eighth, or 1500, of these heroes his *own lineal ancestors.*

BLASTING ROCKS UNDER WATER BY MEANS OF THE DIVING BELL.

Three men are employed in the diving bell; one holds the jumper, or boring iron, which he keeps constantly turning; the other two strike alternately quick smart strokes with hammers. When the hole is bored of the requisite depth, a tin cartridge, filled with gunpowder, about two inches in diameter and a foot in length, is inserted, and sand placed above it. To the top of the cartridge a tin pipe is soldered, having a brass screw at the upper end. The diving bell is then raised up slowly, and additional tin pipes with brass screws are attached, until the pipes are about two feet above the surface of the water. The man who is to fire the charge is placed in a boat close to the tube, to the top of which a piece of cord is attached, which he holds in his left hand. Having in the boat a brazier, with small pieces of iron red hot, he drops one of them down the tube; this immediately ignites the powder, and blows up the rock. A small part of the tube next the cartridge is destroyed; but the greater part, which is held by the cord, is reserved for future service. The workmen in the boat experience no shock; the only effect is a violent ebullition of the water arising from the explosion; but those who stand on the shore and upon any part of the rock connected with those blowing up, feel a very strong concussion. The only difference between the mode of blasting rock at Howth and at Plymouth is, that at the latter place they connect the tin pipes by a cement of white lead. A certain depth of water is necessary for safety, which should not be less than from eight to ten feet.—*Repertory of Patent Inventions.*

COACH HORSES.

The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about L.23. Fancy teams, and those working out of London, may be rated considerably higher than this; but taking a hundred miles of ground, well horsed, this is about the mark. The average period of each horse's service does not exceed four years in a fast coach—perhaps scarcely so much. In a slow one we may allow seven; but in both cases we are alluding to horses put to the work at five or six years old. Considerable judgment is necessary to the selection of horses for fast work in harness; for if they have not action which will command the pace they are timed at, they soon destroy themselves. For a wheel-horse, he should have sound fore legs, or he cannot be depended upon down hill. Good hind legs and well spread guskins are also essential points in a coach horse—the weight or force applied proceeding from the fulcrum formed by the hinder feet. The price we have named as the average one for such animals may appear a very low one; but we must remember, that, to be a hunter, a horse must have length of shoulder, length of frame, well placed hinder legs, and a well bitted mouth; whereas, without any of these qualities, he may make an excellent coach horse, and hence the value of the coach market to our breeders.—*Quarterly Review.*

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THE TURN OF THE PENNY.

ONE morning, happening to pass through a suburb of this large city, where much vice, no doubt, but, perhaps, equal misery, is congregated, I overheard a wretched-looking female, with a string of knittings tied to the handle of her basket, and a few thimbles and small looking-glasses in the bottom of it, in conversation with another who was arranging greens upon a stall. "I was out all yesterday," she said, "through mony streets, and up mony stairs; and, woman, a' that I drew was just three halfpence: but if it were never sae little, its aye *the turn o' the penny;* and I'm just gaun out to try again the day." These touching words forcibly recalled to my mind those of a very eminent orator, when contrasting his own political consistency with that of certain of his party who had recently made a public boast of it. "It is all very well," said Sheridan, "for Lord This and Lord That to resist the temptation of place; but it is not so easy for me, who in all my life never possessed a shilling that I could call my own." Such was exactly the case of the poor basket-woman in comparison with that of more fortunate traders. In this great commercial country, there are said to be shopkeepers who draw over their counter four or five hundred pounds a-day. Of how little consequence to them were the entire loss of custom for a week! How small their merit in maintaining a fair and honourable character! But she! if she were a solitary widow, could the world say to her, "you have your share of good things; you have three halfpence a-day! why should you be discontented or dishonest?" If she had a fatherless family dependent on her earnings, could she deal a sufficient morsel to all—clothe them—educate them—bid them all be thankful? If she had a husband who spent his wages in profligate riot, and left her to maintain her children, could such gains keep them with the smallest measure of comfort? Verily, if the minds of many poor were not supported by a spirit of submission and contentment, it is not easy to see how they should otherwise be prevented from becoming soured, exasperated, and desperate. When this unhappy consequence does ensue, they are certainly not in any respect justifiable—we cannot say that human laws ought not to punish them; but their cases demand a more lenient consideration than if they had erred at the instigation of less pressing temptation. When a capital crime is committed, it starts before us all at once in its full enormity; the inducement or the provocation appears totally inadequate to have urged its perpetration; and the guilty author, denounced as possessing nothing in common with his fellow-men but the shape, is denied every access to their sympathies. But an abhorrence of depravity ought never to steel the heart with a determined animosity against the veriest wretch: we can estimate the amount of guilt, but not relatively. We cannot tell how the mind of him who suffers for his wickedness may have been studiously perverted from his youth, or how the hard usage of the world seared his better feelings, clouded his understanding, and nourished the evil passions, from inconsiderable beginnings, into fearful energy. Because we are placed beyond the sphere of temptation, we are too apt to deem ourselves proof against its power; we cannot see why others should have yielded more than we. "Sir," is a boast not unfrequently heard, "I am above such a thing; I would not act so basely for the world." No, not for the world perhaps; but to keep life and soul together—to satisfy the hunger of those whose pangs it is more grievous to witness than to suffer in our own persons—who can tell what he would do in that emergency? Many citadels have the reputation of being impregnable, only because they were never assailed. What is then to be done? Are we to look to the palliating circumstances alone, when a misdemeanour comes before us; or whenever a case of distress is presented, are we to be indiscriminately charitable? This is not what should be done to the full extent; but, at the same time, we should never forget that, in denying an importunate beggar, we perhaps furnish him with a justification in his own eyes for resorting to dishonest or violent means of procuring what he cannot obtain from the pity of his fellow-creatures: and, above all, we should never grudge their small gains to the exertions of ingenuity or labour, however humble. How can we tell but it is the last effort the miserable objects before us have resolved to make, and that, if we close our hearts against their appeals, we are in fact thrusting them back among the ranks of the openly and hopelessly profligate? If we suppose that the poor creature who sold three halfpence worth of goods in a day, realized by her bargains one hundred per cent., she must have cleared only the pittance of a halfpenny farthing; yet she was by this success encouraged to go on in her laudable endeavours to procure an honest livelihood.

Let us not, then, turn with a contemptuous sneer from the picture of human beings, however mean and poor, exerting their skill in honest though almost ineffectual labour. We have often thought there is a blessing on industry, even if exerted in the most trifling degree. How respectable it seems in comparison with idleness and pampered vice! Near the gateway of one of the public offices in Edinburgh, there sits every day, during both summer and winter, from an early hour in the morning till nightfall, a poor old woman, a widow, whose occupation is to sell fruits and small comfits to children, and by which she realizes about the sum of threepence a-day. She also employs herself in knitting, but in this she is not regularly engaged, and altogether clears from one shilling and ninepence to two shillings a-week. With this humble weekly pittance she not only keeps herself from depending on the parish, but gives support, such as it is, to two children, left to her charge by the death of her husband, who was killed by the falling in of a quarry. Now, the lot of this very poor and humble widow would by many be reckoned deplorable, and in the last degree mean. Yet, how noble are her feeble efforts!—how noble are the efforts of all such unaided individuals! and how much are these efforts calculated to produce happy reflections, in comparison with the exertions of the dissolute in squandering the means of others, or of that listless indolence which induces reliance for support on public charity! The poor industrious widow is a respectable member of society, while the dissolute spendthrift and the competent pauper are equally objects of reproach.

The persevering efforts of poor women in gaining an honest subsistence by their industry, are no where so conspicuous as in Scotland, and that not only in the more unsophisticated parts of the country, but in the populous and refined cities. A class of individuals rendered destitute by family deprivation, and who would, if in the adjacent country, most likely, rely on the parish—that is, depend on compulsory alms—for support, here project many little schemes for acquiring an honourable, and, in some measure, independent subsistence; and how gratifying is it to state, that their endeavours are generally blessed!—blessed not only as regards their individual exertions, but as respects the welfare of the whole community. These will assuredly be esteemed pleasing characteristics of a people. Never, therefore, let us forget the utility of such admirable examples, or turn with affected contempt from the efforts of the humble and industrious poor. Much rather let us learn to sympathize in their fate, as beings fully as good but not so lucky as ourselves, and in the spectacle of enduring hope which they oftentimes present, be more and more impressed with the conviction, that Providence never refuses to yield protection and consolation to the afflicted, nor leaves, unassisted, the desolate to mourn.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

SNOW.

WHEN aqueous particles freeze in icy lines, and aggregate together, they form flakes of snow, which, descending through the air, and accumulating on the ground, constitute the appropriate characteristic of the winter season. An intensely cold current of air, mixing with the vapour suspended in a warmer current, occasions, as in the case of hail, this precipitation. Snow, however, is formed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, or might, if commencing in a small nucleus, in higher regions, be converted in its descent into hail. That snow is formed in this manner, there can be no doubt; for a very cold stream of air, admitted into a room in which the contained air is warmer, and loaded with watery particles, will occasion its formation. In the huts of the people in the desolate arctic regions, snow is often so formed; they stop the chinks, yet still the walls are often covered with a thick icy crust; and whenever a cold current from the external air is admitted, snowy flakes are precipitated. Dr Robertson of this university states, that, in a crowded assembly room at St Petersburgh, a stream of cold air was accidentally admitted into the room by a gentleman breaking a pane of glass, on which the vapour in the air was immediately congealed, and fell in the form of snow-flakes. In Siberia, Pallas, Chappe, and others, have seen it formed under similar circumstances; and, by the narrative of the Dutchmen who wintered in Nova Zembla, we are informed that a shower of snow fell, from the vapour of expiration, every time there was any communication with the external air. The peculiarities of snow consist in its extreme lightness, and also in its being purely white. Its lightness is occasioned by the excess of its surface exceeding so much in comparison the matter it contains; as gold leaf may be extended until it rides on the breath of every wind. Its whiteness is owing to the minute particles into which it is divided; hence, when ice is pounded, it is equally white. When snow, however, accumulates in large quantities, its weight becomes very considerable. On the 26th of April 1809, we read that a storm happened in the neighbourhood of Bath, which lasted nearly eighteen hours. It covered the ground, on an average, to the depth of sixteen inches, and trees of considerable size were bent double, and stript of their branches by its weight. Snow occurs in all regions of the globe at a certain height above the level of the sea, but falls more abundantly on plains as we proceed from the equator to the poles. In the arctic regions, snow falls nine days out of ten during the months of April, May, and June, and often a depth of two or three inches is deposited in an hour. In these regions, the thickest precipitations are observed to precede the occurrence of storms.

The forms of snow-flakes present an almost endless variety; they are often very regular and beautiful, and reflect with exceeding splendour the rays of the sun. When they are very large, they are said to indicate the approach of thunder. After a copious fall of snow, when the temperature is too low to produce any moisture, its level surface may often be seen sprinkled with thin delicate plates of ice, which refract

the light in colours as varied and brilliant as drops of dew. At such times, on the borders of lakes, and on the leaves of trees, groups of feathery icy crystals may be seen, remarkable for the most exquisite delicacy. The various modifications of crystals assumed by snow, are well described by Captain Scoresby, in his interesting account of the arctic regions; and he justly observes, that "the extreme beauty and endless variety of microscopic objects procured in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, are perhaps fully equalled, if not surpassed, in both the particulars of the beauty and the variety of its crystals."

Snow is occasionally—but not frequently seen—of a brown colour, which arises from its being impregnated with earthy substances, brought from the mountains by those streams of water which are derived from the thawing of ice or snow. Much oftener has snow been observed of a red colour, which appears generally to have arisen from its intermixture with some vegetable substance. Such was the nature of the red-coloured snow observed by Captain Ross. With respect to the exact origin of that substance (says the late learned Dr Wollaston), I apprehend that we may not be able to give a decided opinion, for want of a sufficient knowledge of the productions of the regions in which it is found; but from all the circumstances of its appearance, and the substances which accompany it, I am strongly inclined to think it of vegetable origin. His supposition was confirmed, it appears, by Mr Bauer, who found the red matter to consist of a vegetable of the genus *Uredo*, which, he considers, originates and is generated in the snow. Captain Scoresby informs us, that, in the arctic regions, the redness of the snow may occasionally be attributed to the little auk (*Alca alle*), which feeds on shrimps, and accumulates in immense numbers; besides which, he has found it to be sometimes occasioned by the dung of birds. Marteus, at Spitzbergen, saw red snow, which he considered to have been stained by the rain-water running down the rocks. This peculiar red matter possesses, it is stated, a very offensive odour, resembling a mixture of fish oil and drying oil, or the very coarse paint used for covering pallisades and wood in the open air.

Besides these peculiarities, snow-storms have been found to exhibit a luminous appearance, the cause of which is certainly not understood. In March 1813, such a shower overtook a party in Argyleshire, who were at the time on a pleasure excursion on Loch Awe. The snow which fell had a luminous appearance, which was retained, not only on the sides of the boat, but on the garments of the persons present. They seemed to burn, although they felt no heat; and when they touched the snow, their hands for some time remained luminous. This strange phenomenon may have been produced by electricity; but the truth is, that this fact, which is recorded on authentic testimony, does not admit of any satisfactory explanation; and it is better in this, and in all other instances, candidly to acknowledge our ignorance, rather than to adopt a theory which is ostensibly unfounded, and only set up to gratify human vanity.

Notwithstanding that snow often accumulates in vast masses on the branches of trees, on the brows of rocks, and on the tops of high and irregular objects —on plains it generally preserves a certain level—yet sometimes, by the action of the wind, it is rolled along until it accumulates in large masses. In the month of December 1813, snow fell in considerable quantities during the day in the neighbourhood of London; but the meteorological report states, that, "instead of driving loose before the wind, it was occasionally collected into a ball, which rolled on, increasing, till its weight stopped it; thousands of these were to be seen lying in the fields, some of them many inches in diameter." On the 1st of April 1815, balls of snow were, in like manner, formed at Brunswick. Their texture was homogeneous, and they were extremely light, consisting of minute prisms of snow irregularly aggregated. They were formed by having been rolled to a considerable distance by the wind, and their paths were in general distinctly visible. The smaller ones, however, seemed to have been formed in their descent through the atmosphere, as they were found in woods and in small enclosures. Sometimes the balls of snow thus formed attain very considerable magnitude.

Snow, which in this country falls generally most copiously during the months of December, January, and February, seldom occurs so early as October, and is generally, after remaining some time on the ground, dissipated by an increase of temperature, arising from the direct action of the sun's rays, or the fall of rain. Occasionally, however, it disappears without any apparent thaw, or so much dissipates as to leave deep furrows on the snowy plain. This arises from the snow itself being evaporated, which will occur even below the freezing point. "On the night of the 10th of February," says Luke Howard, "I exposed 100 grains of light snow, spread on a dish (which had previously the temperature of the air) of six inches in diameter. In the first hour after dark it lost five grains; in the third it acquired a grain, the wind having changed, and the temperature, which had been falling from 25°, inclining to rise again. In the course of the night the loss was about 60 grains." This very ingenious author adds, that this evaporation from snow probably supplies the water for the formation of those thin mists which appear during intense frost. The air then becomes partially loaded with particles of ice, or with water, at so low a temperature as to be ready to become solid the moment they find support. Hence, too, may arise the rime-frost which is found to accumulate on the windward side of the twigs and branches of shrubs and trees. Snow seldom remains long in temperate latitudes on plains or in vallies, but on the tops of high mountains occasionally appears throughout the year. It has thus been noticed on the summits of the Juras to remain throughout the summer, until the snows of another wintry season have accumulated on the same summits. In the arctic regions it continues, undissolved, to present a wintry and dreary aspect throughout the year; but there only lichens or mosses abound, or those plants which rank lowest in the scale of organization. Indeed, snow is itself a beneficent provision of nature for protecting the earth during the season of winter. Its structure being light and spongy, and admitting much air between its particles, interrupts the transmission or escape of heat from the soil, and thereby the roots of herbs and plants are enabled to preserve the heat necessary for the support of life, while the atmosphere above the snowy covering of the earth is many degrees below the freezing point. On this principle snow huts are inhabited by the natives of the arctic regions, wherein they find sufficient protection from the intense cold of the surrounding air

When the light of the sun is reflected from snow, its intensity is often almost intolerable, producing very great pain and inflammation of the eyes. Even in those snowy regions where mountains of ice and fields of snow present a dreary and monotonous waste, through all seasons, the natives are not reconciled by habit to the inconvenience; for most of them are afflicted by dreadful diseases of the organ of vision. The intrepid navigators who have likewise penetrated into those dangerous northern latitudes, have been obliged to use eye-shades; notwithstanding which, they have experienced much suffering. Occasionally, however, the prisms of snow are so formed, and the sun's light is so directed on them, as to undergo a refraction, which presents us with the most beautiful and vivid colours. When the sun sets, and its rays yet linger on the glaciers and snows on the summit of Mont Blanc, this is seen in the most exquisite perfection; we then truly behold

> "The rose-tints, which summer twilight yields
> Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow;
> The blush of earth embracing with her heaven!"

Here, as in other instances, we cannot fail to observe how the hand of the Creator seems to have thrown a robe of beauty over every feature of the world. It remains for us to pursue our pilgrimage through it with an inquiring mind, endeavouring to obtain that knowledge which conducts to the highest species of human happiness

BARNY O'REIRDON THE NAVIGATOR.

Barny O'Reirdon was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net nor cast a line into deep water: indeed, Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whisky, was looked up to, rather, by his brother-fishermen as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law; and in short, in his own little community, Barny was what is commonly called a leading man.

Seated one night at a public house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects, at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new comer made a regular outbreak by exclaiming, "Ah, lave aff your balderdash, and maybe I don't know you and your's as well as the mother that bore you, ay, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon."

"Thin you know better thoughts than your own, Mr Whipper-snapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, its not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr O'Reirdon, for want of a betther, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own, twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that's left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Throth thin you might know betther manners to your eldhers, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Throth I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and its what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

After the introduction of the liquor, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing *eye*-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was, and from the frequency of this action it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field; and stretching himself at full length, he basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years agon, a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his comin' back and outdoin' his eldhers, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gas-soon, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague-spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But, at the same time, he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop;" he did'nt know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Could'nt he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "could'nt he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work, to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one who he never perceived was approaching him, so immersed was he in his speculations, and, on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend, "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a god-send to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and, accordingly, he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honour of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, we will not dilate on—we will keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself did, and content ourselves with saying, that Barny looked a much happier man the next day. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

As the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export, but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going, and Barny rejoined that "praties were so good in themselves, there never could be too much o' thim any where." But Peter being a "knowledgeable man, and up to all the saycrets of the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the chemis-thery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackarel), as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin Bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But by many similar mistakes, the ingenious Mr Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barny whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honour and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly, the boat was laden, and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame,

(glory be to God), and that it was given to him to undherstand (undher Heaven) that it wouldn't be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday; and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping on board, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Well," said one of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself, as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, may be, now, if we sail'd three days agon. What course are you going to steer?

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there—and so I bid you agin' lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Sure I'm here at the helm, and a woight an my mind, and its fitter for you, Jim, to mind your own business, and lay me to mind mine; away wid you there, and be handy; haul taught that foresheet there; we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make every thing dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this peculiarity render them particularly suitable for the purposes to which they are applied, namely, pilot and fishing-boats.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment: he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship, and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship, and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy every body is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day, Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"The channel," thought Barny, "must be mighty wide in these parts, and, for the last day or so, we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we are'nt closin' in wid the shore by this time; or maybe it's farther aff than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked, that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week, that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did, and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going?

"Faith, then, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure an it's no matther where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for, for the last week?'

"Follyin' your ship!—Why, thin, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they did'nt; but there's a great difference between a ship of 700 tons, and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matther," said Barny, "the same high road sarves a coach and four, and a low-back car; the thravellin' tinker, an' a lord a' horseback. Don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail undher saycret ordhers?" said Barny, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship, at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders; for by this time the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, its a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. Confound your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here?"—and so the ship proceeded in its course.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance; and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the still likely greater length, for any thing he could see to the contrary, and, urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship; and when he found himself alongside, he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck; and, as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out—

"Why, thin, captain dear, do you expec' to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thrue for you indeed, your honour," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months! arrah it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honour, to tell God's thruth, I heerd you wor goin' *there;* an as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?'

"No," said the captain; "'tis to *Bengal*."

"Oh!" said Barny, "what'll I do now at all at all?"

The captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question, and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically—

"Oh! my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor—its a purty scrape yiv led me into. I thought it was *Fin*gal he said, and now I hear it is *Bin*gal. Oh! the divil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make wid you at all at all! and my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I iver come across you, you onlooky vagabonde, to put sitch thoughts in my head? An so its *Bin*gal, and not *Fin*gal, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes indeed, Paddy."

"An might I be so bowld to ax, captain, is Bingal much farther nor Fingal?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how 'll I iver get there at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv Heaven! an how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it iligant as long as your honour was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honour."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a betther hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain; "and you know the points of the compass—you have a compass, I suppose."

"A compass! by my sowl an it's not let alone a compass, but a *pair* o' compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinthir, left me for a keepsake whin he wint abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim, I can't say much, for the childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals! faix an it's a great respect I have for them, your honour. Sure, ar'n't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead! roared the captain in a rage—"'twould take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?'

"By dad, it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man did'nt know somethin' about the wind, any how."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, after trying to persuade him to come along with the ship, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind, North, South, East, and West."

"Yis, Sir."

"How do you know them, for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake—How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, Sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to raison; and whin you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is forninst you, as you say, is the east on your right, or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honour."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a nor-east course, and you will make some land, near home, in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but, mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honour!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard o' that same, we are in the hoighth o' disthress, for, exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration, "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honour! and *I'd like to drink the health* of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy; you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower blessins an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve Apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' St Pathrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it, by dad, wid a heart and a half."

"Now, then, Barny, the sooner you turn your face towards home, the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time. Are you sure you remember my directions?"

"Throth an I'll niver forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The nor-aist coorse, your honour; that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that! never alter that course till you see land—let nothing make you turn out of a nor-east course."

"Throth an' that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordered it. Oh, no, I'll depend my life an the *nor-aist coorse*, and God help any one that comes betune me an' it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good bye, Barny."

"Good bye, and God bless you, your honour, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh sure I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin the wind is conthrary; sure the nor-aist coorse 'ill do the business complate." And so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers—the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn her of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log-line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only *chance* of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackles." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship at parting was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits! How kindly have they been fortified by nature against the assults of adversity; and if they blindly rush into danger, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of it if they can.

But each hurra became less audible. By degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and, finally, were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent inward outpouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his Creator.

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail, and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The divil a taste," said Barny, "I'll not quit my *nor-aist coorse* for the king of Ingland, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed, and fired at, but he preserved his course, and got clear off.

The third day Barny's fears for the continuity of his *nor-aist coorse* were excited, as a larger brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin forninst me that-a-way. Brig-a-hoy there!!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig-a-hoy there!—bad luck to you; go 'long out o' my *nor-aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh look at this;" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a-purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hathred to you; *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an yes; and if we go the bottom, we'll hant you

for ever more—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that wont go out iv a man's nor-aist coorse!!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer—"For the tendher marcy o' heavin, and leave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my nor-aist coorse! May angels make your bed in heavin, and do'nt ruinate me this-a-way." The brig was immoveable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse.*"

"A-hoy there!!" shouted a voice from the brig: "You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provision on board."

'To be sure we have; throth if we hadnt, this id be a bad place to go a beggin'."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why you're mighty ignorant intirely," said Barny; "why, scalpeens is pickled mackarel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of every thing eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader; that unfavourable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, every thing eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait, the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practise his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-aist coorse* once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was great good luck to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him, of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and, consequently, being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favour; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions, "why thin boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'nate craythers this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' acrass them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry; and sure every good work we do here is before uz in heaven—and that's a comfort any how. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home.—To the divil now wid Terry O'Sullivan, what does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge has he of iligance? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigatin' as we—he wint the short cut I go bail, and never daar'd for to vinture the round as I did."

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *nor-aist coorse*, but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for though it is needless to say he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build: nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a manœuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat. He calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay *almost* as directly in the way of his "nor-aist coorse," as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix an it's glad I am to see your honour agin," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so, and that a pilot was wanted for Cove.

"You know Cove?" said the American.

"Is it the Cove o' Cork why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min *out* of it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind aff the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honour."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the nor-east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith you're right enough, 'twas the *nor-aist coorse* we wor an sure enough; but no matther now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home any how."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honour, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now, mind me, Pether; you don't, undherstan' navigashin' and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to follow the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through "a power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for, in throth, its myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barny;" an' if your honour 'll be plazed, I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted—for sure, till you see the land, there's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four and twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight; and when he came on deck, the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four and twenty hours on a stretch, before."

"Oh, Sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whiniver *I* go to sleep, *I pay attintion to it.*"

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoo," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though, we flatter ourselves, it is not to those who do Barny the favour of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint ould head! an' where's the head like you! throth its little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin."

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophise each well-known point of his native shore, and, when opposite the harbour of Kinsale, he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could after piloting the ship into Cove.

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befel his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home.**

* This admirable sketch of Irish character is abridged from the *Dublin University Magazine*, a work recently established, and is from the pen of SAMUEL LOVER, Esq. author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN EGYPT.

EARLY in the year 1807, being at that time stationed in Sicily, the regiment to which I belonged was ordered to form part of a small expedition sent to Egypt under the command of General Mackenzie Frazer. Subsequent to the unfortunate affair at Rosetta, where Major-General Wauchope was killed, and where the army lost a great many men, the troops retreated to Alexandria, and the corps to which I belonged was chosen for the purpose of encamping on the sands of Aboukir, to watch the motions of the Turks—classic ground to every military man, where British soldiers, under the old and admirable Sir Ralph Abercromby, taught the boasted Invincibles of Napoleon a lesson which they never forgot—classic ground, too, to every British sailor, who, in the beautiful words of Campbell (substituting Nile for Baltic), might

> "Of Nelson and the Nile,
> Sing the glorious day's renown."

In that camp, where we remained several months, the event happened, which I relate as indicative of what may be expected by kindness even to the most savage animal. Soon after our encampment, we observed that large troops of wild dogs were in the habit of hovering round the camp, for the purpose of picking up whatever they could; however, they never during the day approached near the camp, but were generally to be seen in a small wood in its vicinity, and about the ruins of the old castle. A wild dog is about the size of a large shepherd's dog, generally of a dirty white colour, very strong limbs, large head with prick ears, something like a wolf's head, and, like him, "bony, and gaunt, and grim." One of these dogs (a female) had domesticated herself at the hospital tent, where the men fed her, and I also used to take her to my own tent frequently, and give her a breakfast. She remained with the regiment many years after our return to Sicily. One night, being the captain on duty, it was my business after twelve o'clock to visit all the guards and pickets in the neighbourhood of our camp. I was on horseback; and when about a quarter of a mile distant from the camp, my horse suddenly began to snort, and very soon stood still; nor could I, by use of heel and hand, induce him to go forward. I perceived approaching me, at the distance of thirty yards, something white, and, by an immediate attack, became aware that my enemy was a troop of these said wild dogs. I drew my sabre, and endeavoured to urge my horse forward, but he was immoveable. The dogs, to the number of eight or ten, kept a few yards in front of me, barking, and every now and then throwing themselves forward on their fore-legs, as if about to spring. I flourished my sabre, shouted to them, and kept a good front, as I knew if I allowed my horse to turn, they would fasten on him. I was suddenly surprised by seeing something pass from behind me with great rapidity, and in an instant after saw the foremost dog seized by another and thrown down; then another and another. I took advantage of the break in their line, dashed through, and quickly arrived at the picket I was going to visit. I found the men under arms, and the corporal said, he thought from the noise that the whole Turkish cavalry were in motion! When I was relating to the men the circumstance which had happened, my active ally made her appearance in the person of our hospital friend, who, I suppose, hearing the uproar, had come to the scene of action, and generously taken the side of the *few* against the *many*. Certainly, had it not been for my female canine auxiliary, I should have had the worst of the *tulzie*.

As some of the habits of the chameleon may not be generally known, I will take the liberty of mentioning a few of them, which came under my own observation. One morning, on my return from parade, I saw, close to my own tent, a very large chameleon *hanging* on a bush. I immediately secured him, and provided a box for him to repose in. In the course of a very few days he became quite familiar, and having seen them before, I knew how to gain his affections; which, in the first place, was done by *feeding* him well; and, in the next place, by scratching his back with a feather! I used to put him on my table at breakfast, and, in the course of a very few minutes, I have seen him devour at least fifty flies, catching them in the most dexterous manner with his long and slimy tongue; nor does he ever move from his position; but so sure as an unfortunate fly comes within reach, so sure is he caught, and with the rapidity of thought. In the forenoon I always gave him a large slice of water-melon, the whole of which he devoured; and he generally supped on as many flies as he could manage to entrap, setting at defiance all the "noble Hamlet's" theory of the chameleon's dish. *Promises* would not have suited him at all, being, at the end of each day, considerably more like a crammed capon than an air-fed chameleon.

It is not true that this animal will change *colour* according to what he is put on; but he *will* change *shade* according as he is pleased or displeased. His general hue is a bright green, with small gold spots over his body: he remains at this shade when he is highly pleased, by being in the sun, or being fed, or scratched, which he delights in: when angry (and he is very easily made so), his hue changes to a dusky green, almost to black, and the gold spots are not to be seen; but I never could perceive any other colour on his body but green, in a variety of shades; the spots enlarge very much when he is in good humour, so much indeed as to give a yellow tinge to the upper part of the animal; but in general they are merely little yellow spots here and there on the back and side. I carried him to Sicily, where he died, much regretted.

FREEMASONRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

IT is, we believe, not generally known in this country, that, within the last six years, a party has arisen in the United States of America, with the avowed object of excluding every freemason from public office. Resolved and stern, like the Covenanters of Scotland, this party has pursued its object with a pertinacity that seemed to acquire equal strength from success and defeat. It had its origin in a small town in the state of New York, with reference solely to a town election. Since that period it has drawn into its ranks nearly one hundred thousand free and intelligent electors of the state of New York; it has almost divided the vote of Pennsylvania; it has planted itself deeply in the soil of Massachusetts; it is spreading in other of the New England states, in Ohio, and elsewhere; while in Vermont, like the rod of Aaron, it has so far swallowed up former parties as to have obtained the control of the state government.

This most extraordinary party of fanatics—as is described by Mr Stone, in his work on the subject of Masonry,* and by a writer in the American Quarterly Review for September 1832, both of whose words we use—had its origin in a deliberate and great outrage, committed in the western part of the state of New York, against the peace of the people and the majesty of the laws. An extensive conspiracy was formed against a free citizen, commencing in his seizure and abduction, and ending in his murder. The name of the unhappy victim was William Morgan, a person whose failings, it would seem, were many, and among them was an avaricious disposition. His unsettled habits keeping him continually poor, and poverty rendering him petulant, he quarrelled with his masonic brethren, and avarice and revenge suggested to him a double gratification in publishing to the world the long-treasured secrets of freemasonry. The masons were soon apprised of his design, which occasioned them the greatest alarm. The terror of the threatened publication spread widely and rapidly; and various were the schemes, legal and illegal, to which the brotherhood resorted to frustrate it. On a false charge of petit larceny, and a perversion of the forms of law, Morgan was stolen from his family, transported, like a malefactor, one hundred and fifty miles through a populous country, and put to death by a gang of assassins, under circumstances of the most atrocious character.

Mr Stone thus relates the final catastrophe of the

* Letters on Masonry and Anti-Masonry, addressed to the Hon John Quincy Adams; by William L. Stone: New York. 1832

tragic event:—"On the 19th of September, eight masons, having finally determined to put their prisoner to death, believing, probably, that it would be safer to have a smaller number actually concerned in the execution, held a consultation as to the best mode of proceeding. The object was to select three of their number for executioners, and to have the other five excluded, and so excluded that neither should know who else, beside himself, was thus released, or who were the executioners. For this purpose, the following ingenious process was devised:—They placed eight tickets in a hat, upon three of which were written certain marks, and it was agreed that each one of their number should simultaneously draw a ticket. They were instantly to separate, before examining their tickets, and walk away in different directions, until entirely out of sight of each other. They were then to stop and examine the slip of paper they had drawn, and the five remaining blanks were to return to their own homes, taking different routes, by which means neither of them would know who had drawn the fatal numbers, and, of course, no one of the five could be a witness against the others! The three drawing the tickets which were marked, were to return to the magazine at a certain hour, and complete the design. The manner of his murder is believed to have been by attaching heavy weights to his body, and taking him out into the middle of the stream in a boat, where, at the dark hour of midnight, he was plunged into the torrent of the Niagara."

The horrible crime against humanity and the laws, which has here been set before us, was by no means discovered at once. The fact of the abduction and murder having been at length satisfactorily ascertained, the people of that section of country, labouring under a very honest feeling of indignation at the perpetration of such an outrage, set themselves about a thorough investigation of the transaction. But they soon found their investigations embarrassed, by freemasons, in every way that ingenuity could devise. The details of the case were only elicited by long and painful inquisition into circumstances, and, when elicited, the community was up in arms. The public feeling was naturally first excited in the village where Morgan had resided; but it soon extended itself far and wide, till it embraced a large part of the state of New York. The cry for justice was loud and deep, and the most vigorous measures were adopted in different sections for bringing the guilty to condign punishment. On the other hand, the conspirators, and, the Reviewer regrets to add, the masonic brotherhood in general, assumed the defensive. It plainly appeared that a systematic and determined combination existed to set at nought the power of the law. "At that time," continues Mr Stone, "by the then existing law of the state, grand jurors were selected and summoned by the sheriffs of counties. In one county, suspicion was strongly fastened upon the sheriff himself; and the grand jurors summoned by him refused to find bills, where the *ex parte* testimony was on all hands believed to be sufficient to put the offenders upon their trial. In some instances, where convictions were had for the lesser crime of abduction, the parties offending, so far from having been expelled from their respective lodges for their crimes, received aid and comfort from their brethren. In others, some witnesses stood mute; others were believed to have perjured themselves; while in other cases the masons on the petit juries would refuse to convict, even where the testimony was strong as proofs of holy writ. The arm of the law was raised, and the power and authority of the state invoked and exercised in vain; while the grand supervising bodies of the masonic institution were themselves strongly suspected of favouring the cause of the accused. The natural consequence of such a chain of circumstances was to increase the excitement of the people at every new developement of facts, and to chafe them into a yet more angry mood, with every successive disappointment. A large portion of the press, moreover, either observed an ominous silence, or attempted to heap ridicule upon those who honestly believed the blood of an innocent man to be crying from the ground for vengeance. Thus irritated and inflamed, the anti-masons no longer confined their denunciations to a few misguided masonic fanatics at the west, but proceeded, in no measured terms, to denounce the whole fraternity, and to hold the institution of freemasonary itself as directly responsible for the alleged murder. At one time it was said that the Grand Lodge, at another that the Grand Chapter, and at another that the General Grand Chapter, had directly authorized and required the murder of the victim."

The public are now made acquainted with the cause of the wide-spread hatred of freemasonry in the United States, which does injustice to an institution hitherto considered harmless. It is, nevertheless, evident, that the masonic institution has been corrupted and abused to an alarming and unprecedented extent among the citizens of the Union; and until it openly repel the accusations brought against it, and take effective measures to prevent the recurrence of such outrages by its members, it cannot well be countenanced by respectable members of society. In consideration that masonry altogether is fast losing its hold on the public mind—that its mixture of absurd fable, and puerile pretensions to some sublime mystery, its mechanical terms and symbols, its scenic representation, its appeals to the heart, and its antiquated principle of narrowing the circle of general philanthropy, are daily operating to reduce it to the character of a game for the amusement and attention of children—it would be useless to go into any regular animadversions on its history and character. We trust that the anti-masonic ferment created in the Union will speedily subside, and that the good sense of our transatlantic brethren will cause them to see the folly of proscribing, for the temporary misconduct of a few misguided fanatics, the whole of the members of an association, apparently as harmless as the infants whose amusements they seek to imitate.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF SAGACITY IN SMELLING.

The blind man of Utrecht, mentioned by the Honourable Mr Boyle, and several other authors, is said to have been able to discover colours by feeling them: it is not less astonishing that several metals should be distinguished by smelling alone. The ancients mention various instances of this. Martial records a case of a person named Mamurra, who consulted nothing but his nose, to know if the copper that had been brought to him was of the true Corinthian. Some native Indian merchants have a still more exquisite sense of smell, for, according to the accounts of travellers in India, if a piece of money is given them, they only smell it, by which they are able to decide exactly its fineness, without touchstone, balance, or aquafortis: even if it be a piece of copper covered over with a leaf of silver, they discover the cheat in the same manner. It is said that the natives of many districts of India who abstain from the use of animal food, have an exquisite sense of smelling; so much so, that they have the power of detecting the particular spring from which the water is brought and offered to them for drink; and this water is quite inodorous to Europeans. The Indians have a word in their language which denotes a country of fine water. It has been related, that the negroes of the Antilles, by smell alone, can distinguish between the footsteps of a Frenchman and a negro. This, which at first might appear improbable, is not at all impossible, seeing how exquisite this sense is in many of the brute creation. We all know that dogs can trace the footsteps of their master, several hours after he has passed along a road: and it has been long established as an indisputable fact, that all our senses can be very much quickened by frequent exercise of them, as is frequently manifested in persons born blind or deaf. We shall illustrate this by one of the most striking examples on record, namely, that of an individual who was born both blind and deaf.

James Mitchell, the son of a clergyman lately deceased, in the county of Nairn, in Scotland, was born on the 11th November 1795. His mother soon noticed his blindness, from his discovering no desire to turn his eyes to the light, or to any bright object; and in early infancy she ascertained his deafness, from observing that the loudest noises did not disturb his sleep. He early showed an extraordinary acuteness of the senses of touch and smell. When a stranger arrived, his smell invariably informed him of the circumstance, and directed him to the place where a stranger was, whom he proceeded to survey by the sense of touch. In the remote situation where he resided, male visitors were most frequent; and, therefore, the first thing he generally did was to examine whether or not the stranger wore boots; if so, he immediately went to the lobby, felt for, and accurately examined the whip; then proceeded to the stable, and handled his horse with great care, and with the utmost seeming attention. To these various things he was guided by the senses of smell and touch alone.

From his childhood he had been accustomed to strike his fore-teeth with a key, or any instrument that gave a sharp sound. His chief gratification in this amusement was obviously derived from taste and smell. He found great amusement, also, in the exercise of touch, and often employed himself, for hours together, in gathering, from the bed of the river, round and smooth stones, which he afterwards arranged in a circular form, seating himself in the midst of the circle.

The information of his understanding, and the guidance of his conduct, seemed entirely to depend either on touch, or the organs of smell and taste. His docility and contrivance often indicated a degree of understanding which (if due allowance be made for his want of two of the most essential organs to man and animals—sight and hearing) was superior to that of many in whom every inlet is unobstructed through which the materials of knowledge enter the mind. He had received a severe wound in his foot, and during its cure he usually sat by the fireside, with his foot resting on a small footstool. More than a year afterwards, a servant boy with whom he used to play was obliged to confine himself at home from a similar cause. Young Mitchell, perceiving that his companion remained longer in one situation than he used to do, examined him attentively, and seemed quickly to discover, by the bandages on his feet, the reason of his confinement. He immediately walked up stairs to a garret, sought out, amid several other pieces of furniture, the little footstool on which he formerly supported his own wounded limb, brought it down in his hand to the kitchen, and gently placed the servant boy's foot upon it.

We have had in Europe some persons whose sense of smelling was equally delicate with those which we have mentioned among the natives of India. Marce Marci speaks of a monk at Prague, who, when any thing was given him, distinguished, by smelling, its qualities, and to whom it belonged, with as much certainty as the best-nosed dog. We ourselves knew an instance of an individual who could distinguish his own watch, from smelling, from that of other individuals, and could very readily detect with which hand any person opened the door of a room, by the smell left on it from the brass handle.

It was said of the above monk, that he could accurately distinguish, by this means, the virtuous from the vicious, and particularly the unchaste. We firmly believe in this, for we knew a lady of quality, who could distinguish, in this manner, when a certain gentleman had called at her house, even although she did not enter the room for more than an hour after his departure. We were forcibly struck with this on one occasion, when she could not possibly have known that he had paid a morning visit, as she was from home, and in quite an opposite direction, in an open carriage, and in which we accompanied her. The instant she entered the drawing-room, she said to her husband, "Mr —— has been calling," and immediately pulled up the window, before waiting for the affirmative; as he had really been calling, and had departed upwards of an hour before.

The monk whom we have above mentioned was much devoted to the study of natural philosophy; and, among other things, he had undertaken to instruct mankind, with precepts, on the sense of smelling, like those we have on optics and acoustics, by distributing, into certain classes, a great number of smells, to all which he had given names; but an untimely death cut him off in the midst of these curious researches.

The guides who accompany travellers in the route from Smyrna or Aleppo to Babylon, have no signs in the midst of the deserts to know the places they are in; yet they distinguish with certainty, even at midnight, at what distance they are from Babylon, by only smelling the sand. Perhaps they judge of the distance from the odour exhaled by the small plants or roots intermixed with the sand.

Physicians, in visiting the sick, even before they have seen them, frequently form opinions from certain prognostics, such as the cadaverous smell that often betrays itself on entering the chambers of the afflicted.

In the acts of Copenhagen, there are some curious instances mentioned of the power of smelling in animals. It has long been supposed that dogs can foretell the death of a sick person, which they do by long-continued howling. Many regard this as fabulous and superstitious, but several remarkable instances have been related by our friends; and some personal observations of our own have gone far to impress us with a belief in the capability of dogs being able to foresee approaching death.

The anonymous author says, "In this respect dogs are more sagacious than men, being attracted by the smell of death, and often seeming, before the patient has expired, to demand their prey by a continued howling. Whilst I lived at Ripen, which was seven years, I took notice of a little dog of a chestnut colour, that very often boded the death of sick persons, without being once mistaken. Every time he barked in the night, under the windows of any one whose sickness did not even appear dangerous, it happened infallibly that the sick person died within a few days. A lady of my acquaintance had a favourite monkey, and the monkey, in return for the kindness of his mistress, was so devotedly attached to her, that he would scarcely ever be induced to leave her. But his nice smell in distinguishing the approach of contagious distempers was very remarkable. The measles became epidemical in the country; the lady fell sick of them; and, what is very remarkable, she was abandoned by her favourite monkey some days before there was any indication of her approaching illness. From all the circumstances, there could be little doubt but he had a foreknowledge of this event from smell. No sooner, however, did she recover, than the monkey returned to her with the same fondness and familiarity which he used to manifest towards her before her malady. Some time afterwards, this lady had a slight fever, but without any appearance of malignity, and, what is curious, the monkey continued with her as a constant companion."

The following curious illustration of the sensibility of the dog, and his nice discrimination of smells, is related in Brown's Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of Dogs, being an extract from the letter of an officer in Chile:—"A gentleman now residing in Turkey has a fine pointer, which he very greatly values, and which is a constant attendant on him. Stepping into a public assembly about three years ago with this gentleman, we paid our respects to a certain noted Baronet, whose whole carcase is a corrupted mass of distempers. Hector immediately made up to the same corner of the room, and for two or three moments with great briskness snuffed about the hero's garments, and then, with a mortified look, taking two or three traverses round the apartment, he hung his ears, and, with his tail between his legs, fairly scampered down stairs, notwithstanding the repeated calls we made after him. As I always regarded the actions of this animal as somewhat above common instinct—for he is a remarkably cunning creature—this immediately struck me, and I ran down after him, when I found him drinking out of the gutter that ran from a pump before the door. Having finished this, he rolled himself in the dust two or three times, gave some yelps, and quietly laid himself before the

threshold, to wait our coming out; nor could all my entreaties or menaces get him in again. Is there any thing surprising in this? No: the gentleman was grown so nauseous, that even a brute could not endure him, and was forced to use methods to get rid of the *haut-gout* even after he had left him. Indeed, we, more complacent than honest Hector, stood the whole disagreeable perfume, at the expense of sickened stomachs, to preserve the appearance of good manners."

The above curious fact upsets a theory of Buffon, and which was followed by Goldsmith, who says, "Dogs not only trace the steps of other animals, but also discover them by the scent at a very great distance; and while they are thus exquisitely sensible of all smells, *they seem no way disgusted* by any." To ascertain the value of this remark, we have ourselves tried the effect of disagreeable odours on dogs, and, in the case of assafœtida, we have found that it produced great disgust, and they would run off, shaking their heads, and discovering strong marks of experiencing disagreeable sensations.

The sense of smelling is one from which we enjoy many pleasurable sensations; at the same time, it not unfrequently gives us false intelligence. Many things that have a disagreeable odour, are, nevertheless, wholesome, and pleasant to the taste; and it frequently happens that those epicures who convert eating into an art, seldom think a meal fit to please the appetite till it is offensive to their olfactory nerves. On the other hand, there are many substances which have a grateful smell, and yet are most deleterious to the constitution; indeed, this is almost universally the case with poisons. For example, the Manchineel apple, which is well known as a deadly poison, sends forth the most delicious odour; the prussic acid has the agreeable flavour of nuts, and two or three drops of it taken into the stomach produce instant death. Some of the mineral vapours, such as the choke-damp of mines, smell like the blossoms of sweet peas, prove fatal when inhaled, and thus "continue to flatter till they destroy." These facts prove, that, in man at least, this sense was never given to him by the disposer of all things to direct him to the choice of his food, but appears to have been provided rather as an attendant than as a necessary pleasure: while, in the lower animals, there seems to be every reason for supposing that it has been constituted to enable them to detect that which is good for food, and that which is poisonous; at the same time, we are aware that many mistakes of instinct occur even in them respecting their olfactory sense.

The pleasure which different individuals experience from various odours, often depends on an acquired taste; and we find this in a greater or lesser degree national. The Turks, Persians, and Arabians, delight in the effluvia of opium, which to European taste is most disgusting. The natives of Continental Europe, whether male or female, have long had a fondness for tobacco smoke, which, comparatively speaking, is yet but little relished in Britain by men, while it is held in utter abhorrence among females.

On the other hand, if we examine the inhabitants even of the same country, we shall find great diversity of opinion as to the pleasure they derive from the sense of smelling. Some persons are delighted with the smell of a rose, while others cannot endure it. We knew an instance of a person who fainted whenever subjected to the smell of celery, and another who took a headache whenever she sat near a pine-apple at table. Some savage nations experience high gratification at the smell of assafœtida, which Europeans consider the most nauseous smell in nature. It would thus appear that much of our gratification in the use of perfumes and different odours is dependent upon habit; and as a strong proof of this, we knew a person who had the greatest possible dislike to the smell of celery and cucumbers; but seeing these so much relished by most people with whom he mingled in society, he determined, if possible, to conquer his aversion to them. For the former vegetable he has acquired a rapacious fondness, but for the latter, he still continues to dislike it. Hence it would appear that most of our perceptions of odours could be inverted by a little industry.

There is one curious fact regarding some odours, which is, that many substances, which at certain distances are an agreeable perfume, when nearer, are a most ungrateful odour. Musk, for example, in small quantity, or a weak tincture of it, is considered by most persons as highly fragrant, and yet, when in larger masses, its scent is insufferable, producing violent headaches, nausea, and vomiting. We on one occasion suffered severely from having put a small bit of musk into our waistcoat pocket on a fine summer day. The heat caused the musk to evaporate, and occasioned excessive sickness and nausea, and for weeks afterwards we could not divest ourselves of the idea of smelling the musk, although our waistcoat had been washed and bleached, and, indeed, not afterwards worn for some time.

To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the construction of the organ of smell, we shall give a short account of it.

The organ of smell is a soft, vascular, porous membrane, furnished with papillæ or small dots, which are spread on the internal surface of the nostrils. On this membrane are distributed a great number of nervous fibres, which proceed chiefly from the first pair of nerves, and which pass through the ethmoid bone. From the extreme tenuity of the epidermis, or skin which covers the nerves and blood-vessels in this membrane, hemorrhage or bleeding from the nose is more frequent than from any other part of the body.

In order to render the sense of smell more acute, the internal cavity of the nose is variously contorted and enlarged by a communication with several adjoining cavities, so as to increase very much the surface on which the sentient membrane is distributed.

The cavities with which the nostril communicates are called sinuses; these are, the frontal, which is situated in the frontal bone, under the eye-brows; the ethmoid, which is a spongy cavity in the ethmoid bone; and the maxillary, which is chiefly formed in the maxillary bone, and lies immediately above the double teeth in the upper jaw.

In animals which smell more acutely, these provisions for enlarging the internal surface of the nostril are still more remarkable.

The membrane of the nose is defended and moistened by a viscid mucus; and so necessary is this to smelling, that when it is deficient, the sense is always imperfect. The nostrils are furnished with muscles, by which they are dilated, when, in order to distinguish scents more acutely, we draw in a large quantity of air. A considerable difference betwixt smelling and tasting is, that the former is only acted on by the invisible effluvia of bodies which float in the air; the latter, by matter more condensed and visible. There seems, however, to be a greater similitude between tasting and smelling than between any two of the other senses; and when either of them is injured, the other commonly suffers with it.

THE BIRD OF WASHINGTON.

[BY AUDUBON.]

It was in the month of February 1814, that I obtained the first sight of this noble bird, and never shall I forget the delight which it gave me. Not even Herschel, when he discovered the planet which bears his name, could have experienced more rapturous feelings. We were on a trading voyage, ascending the Upper Mississippi. The keen wintry blasts whistled around us, and the cold from which I suffered had, in a great degree, extinguished the deep interest which, at other seasons, this magnificent river has been wont to awake in me. I lay stretched beside our patroon. The safety of the cargo was forgotten, and the only thing that called my attention was the multitude of ducks, of different species, accompanied by vast flocks of swans, which from time to time passed us. My patroon, a Canadian, had been engaged many years in the fur trade. He was a man of much intelligence, and, perceiving that these birds had engaged my curiosity, seemed anxious to find some new object to divert me. An eagle flew over us. "How fortunate!" he exclaimed; "this is what I could have wished. Look, sir! the Great Eagle, and the only one I have seen since I left the lakes." I was instantly on my feet, and having observed it attentively, concluded, as I lost it in the distance, that it was a species quite new to me. My patroon assured me that such birds were indeed rare; that they sometimes followed the hunters, to feed on the entrails of animals which they had killed, when the lakes were frozen over, but that when the lakes were open, they would dive in the day-time after fish, and snatch them up in the manner of the Fishing Hawk; and that they roosted generally on the shelves of the rocks, where they built their nests, of which he had discovered several by the quantity of white dung scattered below.

Convinced that the bird was unknown to naturalists, I felt particularly anxious to learn its habits, and to discover in what particulars it differed from the rest of its genus. My next meeting with this bird was a few years afterwards, whilst engaged in collecting crayfish on one of those flats which border and divide Green River, in Kentucky, near its junction with the Ohio. The river is there bordered by a range of high cliffs, which, for some distance, follow its windings. I observed on the rocks, which, at that place, are nearly perpendicular, a quantity of white ordure, which I attributed to owls that might have resorted thither. I mentioned the circumstance to my companions, when one of them, who lived within a mile and a half of the place, told me it was from the nest of the Brown Eagle, meaning the White-headed Eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*) in its immature state. I assured him this could not be, and remarked that neither the old nor the young birds of that species ever build in such places, but always in trees. Although he could not answer my objection, he stoutly maintained that a brown eagle of some kind, above the usual size, had built there; and added, that he had espied the nest some days before, and had seen one of the old birds dive and catch a fish. This he thought strange, having, till then, always observed that both Brown Eagles and Bald Eagles procured this kind of food by robbing the fish-hawks. He said that if I felt particularly anxious to know what nest it was, I might soon satisfy myself, as the old birds would come and feed their young with fish, for he had seen them do so before.

In high expectation, I seated myself about a hundred yards from the foot of the rock. Never did time pass more slowly. I could not help betraying the most impatient curiosity, for my hopes whispered it was a Sea Eagle's nest. Two long hours had elapsed before the old bird made his appearance, which was announced to us by the loud hissings of the two young ones, which crawled to the extremity of the hole to receive a fine fish. I had a perfect view of this noble bird as he held himself to the edging rock, hanging like the Barn, Bank, or Social Swallow, his tail spread, and his wings partly so. I trembled lest a word should escape from my companions. The slightest murmur had been treason from them. They entered into my feelings, and, although little interested, gazed with me. In a few minutes the other parent joined her mate, and from the difference in size (the female of rapacious birds being much larger), we knew this to be the mother bird. She also had brought a fish; but more cautious than her mate, she glanced her quick and piercing eye around, and instantly perceived that her abode had been discovered. She dropped her prey, with a loud shriek communicated the alarm to the male, and, hovering with him over our heads, kept up a growling cry, to intimidate us from our suspected design. This watchful solicitude I have ever found peculiar to the female:—must I be understood to speak only of birds?

The young having concealed themselves, we went and picked up the fish which the mother had let fall. It was a white perch, weighing about 5½ lb. The upper part of the head was broken in, and the back torn by the talons of the eagle. We had plainly seen her bearing it in the manner of the Fish-Hawk.

This day's sport being at an end, as we journeyed homewards, we agreed to return the next morning, with the view of obtaining both the old and young birds; but rainy and tempestuous weather setting in, it became necessary to defer the expedition till the third day following, when, with guns and men all in readiness, we reached the rock. Some posted themselves at the foot, others upon it, but in vain. We passed the entire day, without either seeing or hearing an eagle, the sagacious birds, no doubt, having anticipated an invasion, and removed their young to new quarters.

I come at last to the day which I had so often and so ardently desired. Two years had gone by since the discovery of the nest, in fruitless excursions; but my wishes were no longer to remain ungratified. In returning from the little village of Henderson, to the house of Dr Rankin, about a mile distant, I saw an eagle rise from a small enclosure not a hundred yards before me, where the Doctor had a few days before slaughtered some hogs, and alight upon a low tree branching over the road. I prepared my double-barrelled piece, which I constantly carry, and went slowly and cautiously towards him. Quite fearlessly he awaited my approach, looking upon me with undaunted eye. I fired, and he fell. Before I reached him, he was dead. With what delight did I survey the magnificent bird! Had the finest salmon ever pleased him as he did me?—Never. I ran and presented him to my friend, with a pride which they alone can feel, who, like me, have devoted themselves from their earliest childhood to such pursuits, and who have derived from them their first pleasures. To others I must seem to "prattle out of fashion." The Doctor, who was an experienced hunter, examined the bird with much satisfaction, and frankly acknowledged he had never before seen or heard of it.

The name which I have chosen for this new species of Eagle, "The Bird of Washington," may, by some, be considered as preposterous and unfit; but as it is indisputably the noblest bird of its genus that has yet been discovered in the United States, I trust I shall be allowed to honour it with the name of one yet nobler, who was the saviour of his country, and whose name will ever be dear to it. To those who may be curious to know my reasons, I can only say, that, as the new world gave me birth and liberty, the great man who ensured its independence is next to my heart. He had a nobility of mind, and a generosity of soul, such as are seldom possessed. He was brave, so is the eagle; like it, too, he was the terror of his foes; and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribe. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her Great Eagle.

In the month of January following, I saw a pair of these eagles flying over the Falls of the Ohio, one in pursuit of the other. The next day I saw them again. The female had relaxed her severity, had laid aside her coyness, and to a favourite tree they continually resorted. I pursued them unsuccessfully for several days, when they forsook the place.

The flight of this bird is very different from that of the White-headed Eagle. The former encircles a greater space, whilst sailing keeps nearer to the land and the surface of the water, and when about to dive for fish, falls in a spiral manner, as if with the intention of checking any retreating movement which its prey might attempt, darting upon it only when a few yards distant. The Fish-Hawk often does the same. When rising with a fish, the Bird of Washington flies to a considerable distance, forming, in its line of course, a very acute angle with the surface line of the water. My last opportunity of seeing this bird was on the 15th of November 1821, a few miles above the mouth of the Ohio, when two passed over our boat, moving down the river with a gentle motion. In a letter from a kind relative, Mr W. Bakewell, dated "Falls of the Ohio, July 1819," and containing particulars relative to the Swallow-tailed Hawk, that gentleman says:—"Yesterday, for the first time, I had an opportunity of viewing one of those magnificent birds, which you call the Sea Eagle, as it passed

low over me, whilst fishing. I shall be really glad when I can again have the pleasure of seeing your drawing of it."

All circumstances duly considered, the Bird of Washington, which is three feet in length, and six feet nine inches in extent of the wings, stands forth as the champion of America, *sui speciei*, and henceforth not to be confounded with any of its rivals or relatives. If ornithologists are proud of describing new species, I may be allowed to express some degree of pleasure in giving to the world the knowledge of so majestic a bird.—*American Ornithology.*

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

ANCIENT VERSIONS.

ORIGINALLY there was but one version of the Scriptures; but a schism of a remarkable nature which broke out between the Jews and the Samaritans, was the cause of producing another version; and of this, and those which followed, we are now about to speak. The Second Book of Kings furnishes us with the history of this schism, which, it will be recollected, was caused by the setting up of certain golden calves to be worshipped at Dan, in Bethel, by Jeroboam. Omri hence built Samaria, and made it the capital of his kingdom, and thus was the separation between Judah and Israel rendered complete. Samaria was, at first, only the name of a city, but afterwards it became that of a province. It contained the tribe of Ephraim, and the half-tribe of Manasseh, which was on this side Jordan; so that it was to the north of Judea, and between the Great Sea, Galilee, and Jordan; and there was, therefore, no going from Galilee to Jerusalem without passing through this province. The capital of the district, subsequent to the captivity, was Sichem, afterwards called Neapolis or Naplous, which was situated between the mountains Gerizim and Ebal.

In the reign of Hezekiah, king of Judah, Samaria was taken by Shalmanezer, and the ten tribes were carried into captivity. Some years after, Esarhaddon sent the Cutheans to supply the place of the Jews, and to inhabit Samaria; and these people, who knew not the true God, but continued their idolatrous practices, and burnt their children in the fire to *Moloch*, were punished for their idolatry with lions, which made great havoc amongst them. For this reason, at their request, Esarhaddon sent some of those priests who had been carried into captivity, to instruct them, and teach them the worship of the true God. They did not embrace it with purity, however, but mixed the remains of paganism with their religion; for which reason, in the writings of the Jewish Rabbies, they are denominated, in scorn, *The proselytes of the lions*, because it was through fear of them that they mixed the worship of the Creator with that of their idols. Nevertheless, when Manasses, the son of Jaddus the high priest of the Jews, had built the temple on Mount *Gerizim*, the Samaritans then retained their old superstitions no longer, but always contended that their temple was more holy than that of Jerusalem; inferring, from the *ark's* having been a long time at Shiloh, near *Ephraim*, that the worship of God had rather begun in their country than in Jerusalem. According to Josephus, they claimed kindred with the Jews in their prosperity, but renounced all connection with them when they were under persecution. From John's Gospel we learn, that when the Messiah was on earth, the Samaritans, who received no part of the Old Testament except the Pentateuch, had lost all tradition of the revolt and subsequent captivity of the ten tribes; they considered themselves descended from the stock of Israel, claimed Jacob for their father, and contended that the *Holy Mountain* was in the portion assigned to them by Joshua.

There was no particular enmity between the two nations until the time of Ezra. Incensed by the opposition they gave to the building of the temple, from the time their assistance was refused, he is said to have solemnly excommunicated them; and hence arose that enmity, which was carried to such a height that "the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans;" and, from Ezra's time, Samaria became a refuge for the malcontent Jews. Ptolemy Lagos carried numbers, both of the Samaritans and of the Jews, into Egypt, where a fierce contest took place between them respecting the sanctity of their temples, each party insisting that theirs stood on the Holy Mount. The point was discussed publicly in presence of the king, and the Samaritan advocates, failing in their proof, were put to death. In the year 109 before Christ, John Hyrcanus destroyed the city and temple of the Samaritans, and, though afterwards, viz. in the year 25 before Christ, King Herod built them a city and temple, they still continued to worship on Mount Gerizim. In the twelfth century, Benjamin of Tudela found some remains of these people in that country, where they are still to be found. During the revolt of the Jews, the Samaritans continued in their subjection to the Romans; and since that period, they have always remained subject to the different powers who have been in possession of that and the neighbouring countries.

It is supposed that the present Hebrew character was first adopted from the Chaldeans by Ezra, at the time when, after the return of the Jews from Babylon, he collected the Scriptures, and formed the entire canon. As the people were familiarised with the Chaldee, he used that character in transcribing the Old Testament. What is now called the *Samaritan*, was the character used by Moses and the Prophets; and Ezra relinquished it to the Samaritans, it is said, in order to render the separation between them and the Jews more complete. Since that time, the Jews have used the characters we call the Hebrew, and the Samaritans have retained the others.

The value of the Samaritan Pentateuch is very great; for, where its text accords with the Hebrew text, it confirms it most decidedly; because, as the Jews and Samaritans were such inveterate enemies, there never could have been any designed corruption effected by them both. It frequently confirms, and sometimes corrects, the reading of the Hebrew in important places; and it overturns all that system of Rabbinical trifling, by which mysterious knowledge is said to be communicated through the shape and position of certain letters, or certain words, which they pretend Moses learned from God, because such things cannot be applied to its characters.

As the Samaritans do not understand the Hebrew text, although in the character of their own language, they have found it necessary to translate it for common use. For, as the Jews, after the Babylonish captivity, degenerated in their language from the Hebrew to the Babylonish dialect, so the Samaritans did the same, most probably by bringing this dialect out of Assyria with them, when they first came to plant in Samaria. Therefore, as the Jews, for the sake of the vulgar among them who understood only the common language, were forced to make Chaldee versions of the Scripture, which they call Targums, so the Samaritans, for the same reason, were obliged to do the same thing, and to make a version of their Pentateuch into the vulgar Samaritan, which is, most probably, the most ancient translation of the Bible in existence. This Samaritan version is not made, like the Chaldee versions among the Jews, by way of paraphrase, but by an exact rendering of the text word for word, for the most part without any variation. Being perfectly literal, the same Latin translation answers both to it and the Samaritan Pentateuch; and all the three are published in the Paris and London Polyglotts.

There were two causes which chiefly conduced to render the Greek language, at one time, of almost universal use in the world. The first cause was the conquests of Alexander the Great, who was, by nation, a Grecian, king of Macedon, and afterwards ruler of the greater part of the then known world. His vast empire, although divided, yet subsisted for a great length of time, as his officers divided it among themselves, and reigned in different countries, so that the Greeks still continued to have dominion in the world, particulary the Seleucidæ, in Syria, and the Ptolemies, in Egypt, by which means the Greek language became known and in use, both in Judea and Egypt. The other cause of the extent of this language, was the high reputation the Greeks had acquired for learning and wisdom, which made many people desirous of knowing their language, who were not subject to their dominion.

This, then, was the language which was made use of to give the Gentiles the first knowledge of the Messiah. The Greek version of the Old Testament prepared the way for the gospel. The Gentiles read in these books the prophecies which the Apostles showed had been accomplished in Jesus Christ; and they found, also, that the obstinate incredulity of the Jews had been foretold in them. They could not suspect the fidelity of the Apostles, because this version of the Scriptures had not been made by them; nor could they accuse the Jews of having altered these books, because, as they were, the Jews were condemned in them. Besides, the time at which it was made gave this translation of the Bible a prodigious deal of weight; because, from its having appeared before the birth of Jesus Christ, neither Pagans nor Jews could say that the ancient prophecies therein contained had been adapted to the circumstances of his life.

Whoever were the authors of this the first translation of the Scriptures into Greek, commonly known by the name of the SEVENTY, or the SEPTUAGINT, and of which the Jewish historians, Philo and Josephus, have spoken much, no one doubts that it was made long before the time of Jesus Christ; and it is of great authority. Several passages of the Old Testament, which are quoted in the New, are taken from thence; and, being thus noticed by the writers of the New Testament, from their mode of using it, we may infer that it was in general circulation among the Apostolic churches. All the other ancient versions, likewise, which were publicly read in the different churches of the world, the *Arabic*, the *Ethiopic*, the *Armenian*, the *Gothic*, the *Illyrican*, and the ancient *Latin*, which was in use before St Jerome's time, were made from it; and, in short, every one of them, except the *Syriac*, were made from that of the SEVENTY, and to this day the Greek church, and the churches of the east, have no other. It is this version that the Fathers and Doctors of the church have explained, and commented upon. It was from this version that they drew their decisions in matters of faith, and their precepts of morality. It was by this that they confuted heresies, and both general and particular councils explained themselves by it. Thus, whoever the authors of it were, its authority is great; and that upon this account only, if no other, that it was made at a time when the *Hebrew* was a living language, and, consequently, more easy to be understood than it is now, when it is almost impossible to come at the true understanding of it, otherwise than by the assistance of the ancient versions. For these reasons, we shall turn our attention, somewhat particularly, to the history of this celebrated version.

Alexander the Great, on his building of the city of Alexandria, in Egypt, brought a great many Jews thither to help to plant the new city; and Ptolemy Soter, after his death, having fixed the seat of his government there, and set his heart much upon the enlarging and adorning of it, brought thither many more of this nation for the same purpose; where, having granted to them the same privileges with the Macedonians and other Greeks, they soon grew to be a great part of the inhabitants of that city. Their continual intercourse with the other citizens, among whom they were there mingled, having obliged them to learn and constantly use the Greek language, the same happened to them here, as had happened to them before at Babylon; that is, by accustoming themselves to a foreign language, they forgot their own. Hence, from their no longer understanding the Hebrew language, in which the Scriptures had been hitherto first read, nor the Chaldee, in which they were after that interpreted in every synagogue, they got them translated into Greek for their own use, that this version might serve for the same purpose in Alexandria and Egypt, as the Chaldee paraphrases afterwards did in Jerusalem and Judea.

After the time of Ezra, the Scriptures were read to the Jews in Hebrew, and interpreted into the Chaldee language; but at Alexandria, after the writing of this version, it was interpreted to them in Greek, which was afterwards done also in all other Grecian cities where the Jews became dispersed.

There are several opinions which modern writers have entertained respecting the origin of the Septuagint version, but the commonly received opinion is that entertained by Bishop Walton, the author of the London Polyglott, and is the same which is given in a historical account of the transaction, as related by a Hellenistic Jew, who flourished in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt. The account of the affair, as contained in a book written by the person above mentioned, whose name was Aristeas, is as follows:—

King Ptolemy Philadelphus, having, by the advice of Demetrius Phalereus, caused a magnificent library to be erected at Alexandria, and given him the direction of it, this philosopher spoke to him of the sacred books of the Jews, as of a work which would do honour to his library. The prince, therefore, resolved to have a copy of the Jewish law translated into Greek, his own language, and that which was then universally understood. For this purpose he sent ambassadors to Jerusalem, to Eleazer, the high priest, with magnificent presents for the temple. Their instructions were, to desire him to give the king a copy of the sacred books, and to send him some persons of distinction and learning, who might translate them into Greek. Aristeas, who was a chief officer in the king's guards, and a chief man in the kingdom of Egypt, was of this embassy; and Eleazer, who received him with honour, was, according to Josephus, the son of Onias the First, the brother of Simon the Just, who is mentioned in the Apocryphal book called Ecclesiasticus, and grandson to Jaddus, who went to meet Alexander the Great, and made him confer favourable terms upon the Jews.

The high priest consulted with the great council of the nation, called the Sanhedrim, in regard to Ptolemy's request, and afterwards chose six men out of each tribe—seventy-two in all—gave them a copy of the law, written in letters of gold, upon skins curiously fastened together, and sent them into Egypt. The king received them favourably, and showed a great deal of respect for the divine books; he then assigned them a residence in the Isle of Pharos, about seven furlongs distant from Alexandria, where they completed the version in seventy-two days. Demetrius caused it to be read publicly in the presence of the priests, great men, and all the Jews, who were then very numerous at Alexandria, and it was universally applauded; they cried out, with one voice, that the translation was just and faithful; and, in order to render it not only authentic, but also unalterable, they made imprecations against those who should attempt to make any alteration in it. When it was read to the king, he admired the wisdom of the Lawgiver, and commanded the books to be deposited in his library, allowing copies to be taken for the use of the Jews: he then sent back the seventy-two elders, after having made them some rich presents. The most magnificent of these presents was the freeing of one hundred and twenty thousand Jewish captives, whose ransom he paid, and gave them liberty to return into Judea. This version soon became common among all the Jews who spoke the Greek language, and was read publicly in their synagogues. It is not accurately ascertained in what year all this took place: Walton thinks the opinion, which fixes it in the 7th of Ptolemy, and the 278th before Christ, the most probable.

CASES OF MONOMANIA.

Not many years since I dined with a friend, a man of distinguished abilities. There were other guests at table; our host was well, and in full performance of his intellectual manifestations, when on a sudden he was noticed to give signs of salutation to the door of the room; he welcomed an unseen friend, arose, and handed him a chair, addressed him, received his answers, and maintained the supposed conversation. This gentleman, next day, was completely free from the strange hallucination. The second example is one which I shall quote on indisputable authority. It is the history of the epidemic monomania of St Souard, and never was there a history more curious and extraordinary. A battalion of French soldiers, during the toils and dangers of a campaign, were marching on a certain point, on a hot and overcoming day, and at double the usual speed. Their strength was eight hundred men, all hardy, seasoned, and courageous men, careless of danger, despising the devil, and little occupied with the thoughts of ghosts and phantasmagoria. On the night of the occurrence in question, the battalion was forced to occupy a narrow and low building, barely calculated to accommodate three hundred persons. Nevertheless they slept; but at midnight one and all were roused by frightful screams issuing from all quarters of the house, and to the eyes of the astonished affrighted soldiers appeared the vision of a huge dog, which bounded in through the window, and rushed with extraordinary heaviness and speed over the breasts of the spectators. The soldiers quitted the building in terror. Next night, by the solicitations of the surgeon and chef de battaillon, who accompanied them, they again resumed their previous quarters. "We saw," says the narrator, "that they slept; wide awake we watched the arrival of the hour of the preceding panic, and midnight had scarcely struck, when the veteran soldiers, for the second time, started to their feet; again they had heard the supernatural voices, again the visionary hound had bestrode them to suffocation; the chef de battaillon and myself heard or saw nothing of these events." Here, gentlemen, is a curious fact, and it is perhaps more worthy of attention as it seems to point out the special operation of physical causes in the production of the monomania and in the direction of the delusion towards the organs, namely, those of respiration, which had chiefly suffered in the previous marches, and in the suffocating atmosphere of the den in which they slept. The last example I shall give you, gentlemen, occurred in my own person (laughter), and yet I believe that I was not mad, at least I was not so at the time when the circumstance happened. (Increased laughter.) I was but a very young man, when one day I made my first visit to a dissecting-room, that of La Pitié, and there I saw the body of a child, in an advanced state of putrefaction, all covered with larvæ and worms. I returned home, not caring much about the matter, went to bed, and slept soundly. But when I arose in the morning, and was crossing the room to open my window, judge my astonishment to see lying on my table the very body I saw yesterday at La Pitié. I started, rubbed my eyes, shook myself, all in vain; there it was, blue, and green, and putrid, and full of creeping worms. Never was any thing more distinctly seen; nevertheless, the delusion soon vanished and I recovered my reason (a laugh), which, I am glad to say, has since been undisturbed by any such visionary spectres.—*M. Andral's Lectures in the Lancet.*

CROMWELL.

The following tradition, concerning Cromwell, is preserved by an uncommonly direct line of traditional evidence, being narrated by the grandson of an eyewitness:—When Cromwell, in 1650, entered Glasgow, he attended divine service in the High Church; but the Presbyterian divine who officiated, poured forth, with more zeal than prudence, the vial of his indignation upon the person, principles, and cause of the independent general. One of Cromwell's officers rose and whispered his commander, who seemed to give him a short and stern answer, and the sermon was concluded without interruption. Among the crowd who were assembled to gaze at the general as he came out of the church, was a shoemaker, the son of one of James the Sixth's footmen. This man had been born and bred in England, but, after his father's death, had settled in Glasgow. Cromwell eyed him among the crowd, and immediately called him by his name; the man fled, but, at Cromwell's command, one of his retinue followed him, and brought him to the general's lodgings. A number of the inhabitants remained at the door, waiting the end of this extraordinary scene. The shoemaker soon came out in high spirits, and, showing some gold, declared he was going to drink Cromwell's health. Many attended him to receive the particulars of his interview; among others, the grandfather of the narrator. The shoemaker said he had been a playfellow of Cromwell's when they were both boys, their parents residing in the same street; that he had fled when the general first called to him, thinking he might owe him some ill will, on account of his father being in the service of the royal family. He added, that Cromwell had been so very kind and familiar with him, that he ventured to ask him what the officer had said to him in the church. "He proposed," said Cromwell, "to pull forth the minister by the ears, and I answered, that the preacher was one fool, and he another." In the course of the day, Cromwell held an interview with the minister, and contrived to satisfy his scruples so effectually, that the evening discourse, by the same man, was tuned to the praise and glory of the victor of Naseby.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.

The particulars of the following very striking incident were lately told us by a friend, as a fact falling within the range of his personal knowledge; and having the most perfect confidence in his veracity, we scruple not to give it as such to our readers:—In a sea-port town on the west coast of England, some years ago, there was notice given of a sermon to be preached one Sunday evening, in a dissenting chapel there. The preacher was a man of great celebrity in his calling; and that circumstance, together with the pious object of the discourse—to enforce the duty of a strict observance of the Sabbath—attracted an overflowing audience. After the usual prefatory prayer and hymn of praise, the preacher gave out the text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leant his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said, that before entering upon his discourse, he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came thither that evening, were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intent of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in this pulpit. Accordingly, they had not listened long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' but the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied, than he, too, said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said it would be better altogether to give up the design which had brought them there. At this remark his two associates took offence, and left the church, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men? The first was hanged, many years ago, at Tyburn, for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the jail of this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused, and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, *is he who is now about to address you—listen to him!*"

MAXWELL'S CROSS.

In the parish of Kirkpatrick-Fleming, in Dumfriesshire, there exists, or lately existed, a stone pillar or cross, erected to commemorate the circumstance of a treacherous murder. Tradition makes us acquainted with the nature of the event, which took place as follows:—

In 1483, the Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas, who for some time had been exiles in England, wishing to learn the dispositions of their countrymen towards them, made an incursion into their native country, went to Lochmaben, and plundered the market there. In the meantime, a master of Maxwell, son of Baron Maxwell of Caerlaverock, upon whom the wardenship of the borders had devolved, in consequence of his father's imprisonment in England, receiving intelligence of this affair, assembled his friends and dependents to repel and chastise the insolence of these rebels. He came up with them at Burnswark, where the action commenced, and was fought to Kirkonnel, when Douglas was taken prisoner, and the Duke of Albany made his escape. Having now recovered the booty, and obtained a complete victory, he was pursuing the broken remains of the hostile army; and, being wearied with the fatigues of the engagement and the wounds which he is said to have received in battle, he was supporting himself with his spear, resting by its handle upon the crutch of his saddle, when one Gass, from the parish of Cummertrees, who had fought under him in the engagement, coming up, thrust him through, on account of a sentence which he, as master warden of the marches, had passed upon a cousin of Gass. Upon the spot where Maxwell fell and the execrable deed was committed, this cross is said to have been erected, to perpetuate the remembrance thereof to posterity. It is a handsome pillar of a conoidical, or tapering form, nine feet in height from the socket, with a head consisting of four *fleur de lis* cut out of the solid stone.

CANADIAN IMPROVEMENTS.

In taking a general and comprehensive view of Upper Canada (says Bouchette), and glancing retrospectively to what it was fifteen years back, the accelerated march of its prosperity and improvement is remarkably striking. Within that period, the mass of the country has been surveyed, settlements formed in almost every township, and towns and villages have sprung up with extraordinary energy, in various directions. Canals of an elegance and utility, and of dimensions* unrivalled, if equalled, on this continent, have been opened through the province. The Welland and the Rideau canals remove from the frontier, the internal communication by water, from the remotest British settlements of the St Lawrence, to the sea. The Bulington and Desjardins canals afford important advantages to the fertile district in which they are situated.

The navigation of the lakes and rivers has undergone the greatest amelioration. Eight or ten steamboats, some of them of great elegance, now form several complete and convenient lines of communication between the remote parts of the country. Manufactures and mechanics have also made considerable progress; coarse linens and woollen cloths are successfully manufactured for domestic use by most good farmers; and manufactories of iron are established at Marmora and Charlotteville. Saw and grist mills (there are upwards of five hundred of them), distilleries and breweries, are to be found in all the settled parts of the province. The principal towns in most districts contain proper public buildings, such as churches, court-houses, jails, warehouses, &c.

At York, a provincial bank is established under legislative authority, with branches at Kingston and Niagara. District schools, under the general superintendence of a board, and the immediate direction of trustees, are established throughout the province; and a college, upon the principle of similar institutions in England, has been founded and recently opened in the capital of the colony. The learned professions—the members of which are in general numerous—have also their ornaments; and eight or ten presses issue weekly newspapers, for the most part very intelligently edited, and circulating widely through the province. Post towns are frequent, and afford conveniently the means of communication with celerity and safety.

In fact, Upper Canada is rising in a large geometrical ratio into agricultural and commercial importance; nor can we, in thus contemplating its rapid prosperity, forbear attributing it as well to the ability and efficiency that has almost invariably distinguished the administration of its government, as to the great natural energies and resources of the country.—*The British Dominions in North America, by Joseph Bouchette.*

* Understood as to breadth and depth. The Grand Erie canal is infinitely longer than any of these: but it is only calculated for vessels of inferior burden.

THE CUTTING DIAMOND.

The art of using the diamond for cutting glass has undergone, within a few years, a very important improvement. A glazier's apprentice, when using a diamond set in a conical ferrule, as was always the practice about twenty years since, found great difficulty in acquiring the art of using it with certainty, and at the end of a seven years' apprenticeship, many were found but indifferently skilled in its employment. This arose from the difficulty of finding the precise angle at which the diamond cuts, and or guiding it along the glass at the proper inclination when that angle is found. Almost the whole of the time consumed and of the glass destroyed in acquiring the art of cutting glass, may now be saved by the use of an improved tool. The gem is set in a small piece of squared brass with its edge nearly parallel to one side of the square. A person skilled in its use now files away one side of the brass, until, by trial, he finds that the diamond will make a clean cut, when guided by keeping this edge pressed against a ruler. The diamond and its mounting are now attached to a stick similar to a pencil, by means of a swivel allowing a small angular motion. Thus the merest tyro at once applies the cutting edge at the proper angle, by pressing the side of the brass against a ruler; and even though the part he holds in his hand should deviate a little from the required angle, it communicates no irregularity to the position of the diamond, which rarely fails to do its office when thus employed.—*Babbage on Machinery.*

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THE LAND OF SCOTT.

THE district which this mighty genius has appropriated as his own, may be described as restricted in a great measure to the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk, the former of which is the central part of the frontier or border of Scotland, noted of old for the warlike character of its inhabitants, and even, till a comparatively late period, for certain predatory habits, unlike any thing that obtained at the same time, at least in the southern portion of Scotland. Though born in Edinburgh, Walter Scott was descended from Roxburghshire families, and was familiar in his early years with both the scenery and the inhabitants, and the history and traditions, of that romantic land. He was, indeed, fed with the legendary lore of the Borders, as with a mother's milk; and it was this, no doubt, which gave his mind so remarkable a taste for the manners of the middle ages, to the exclusion of all sympathy for either the ideas of the ancient classics, or the literature of modern manners. There was something additionally engaging to a mind like his in the poetical associations which have so long rendered this region the very Arcadia of Scotland. The Tweed, flowing majestically from one end of it to the other; the Teviot, a scarcely less noble tributary; with all the lesser streams connected with these two—the Jed, the Gala, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, and the Quair—had, from the revival of Scottish poetry, been sung by unnumbered bards, many of whose names have perished, like flowers, from the face of the earth which they adorned. From all these associations mingled together, did the mind of this transcendant genius draw its first and its happiest inspiration.

The general character of this district of Scotland is pastoral. Here and there, along the banks of the streams, there are alluvial stripes called *haughs*, all of which are finely cultivated; and the plough, in many places, has ascended the hill to a considerable height; but the land in general is a succession of pastoral eminences, which are either green to the top, or swathed in dusky heath, unless where a patch of young and green wood seeks to soften the climate and the soil. Much of the land still belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, and other descendants of noted Border chiefs, and it annually supplies much of what both clothes and feeds the British population. Being little intruded upon by manufactures, or any other thing calculated to introduce new ideas, its population exhibit, in general, those primitive features of character which are so invariably found to characterize a pastoral people. Even where, in such cases as Hawick and Galashiels, manufactures have established an isolated seat, the people are hardly distinguishable, in simplicity and homely virtues, from the tenants of the hills.

Starting at Kelso upon an excursion over this country, the traveller would soon reach Roxburgh, where the Teviot and the Tweed are joined—a place noted in early Scottish history for the importance of its town and castle, now alike swept away. Pursuing upwards the course of the Teviot, he would first be tempted aside into the sylvan valley of the Jed, on the banks of which stands the ancient and picturesque town of Jedburgh, and whose beauties have been rapturously described by Thomson, who spent many of his youngest and happiest years amidst its beautiful *braes*. Farther up, the Teviot is joined by the Aill, and, farther up still, by the Rule, a rivulet whose banks were once occupied almost exclusively by the warlike clans of Turnbull and Rutherford. Next is the Slitrig, and next the Borthwick; after which, the accessories of this mountain stream cease to be distinguished. Every stream has its valley; every valley has its particular class of inhabitants—its own tales, songs, and traditions; and when the traveller contrasts its noble hills, and clear trotting *burnies*, with the tame landscapes of "merry England," he is at no loss to see how the natives of a mountainous region come to distinguish their own country so much in poetical recollection, and behold it with such exclusive love. When the Englishman is absent from his home, he sees a scene not much different from what he is accustomed to, and regards his absence with very little feeling. But when a native of these secluded vales visits another district, he finds an alien peculiarity in every object: the hills are of a different height and vesture; the streams are different in size, or run in a different direction. Every thing tells him that he is not at home. And, when returning to his own glen, how every distant hill-top comes out to his sight, as a familiar and companionable object! How every less prominent feature reminds him of that place which, of all the earth, he calls *his own!* Even when he crosses what is termed the height of the country, and but sees the waters running *towards* that cherished place, his heart is distended with a sense of home and kindred, and he throws his very soul upon the stream, that it may be carried before him to the spot where he has garnered up all his most valued affections.

There is one part of Roxburghshire which does not belong to the great vale of the Tweed, and yet is as essentially as any a part of the Land of Scott. This is Liddesdale, or the vale of the Liddel, a stream which seeks the Solway, and forms part of the more westerly border. Nothing out of Spain could be more wild or lonely than this pastoral vale, which once harboured the predatory clans of Elliot and Armstrong, but is now occupied by a race of more than usually primitive sheep-farmers. It is absolutely overrun with song and legend, of which Sir Walter Scott reaped an ample harvest for his Border Minstrelsy, including the fine old ballads of Dick o' the Cow, and Jock o' the Syde.

It may be said, indeed, that, of all places in the south of Scotland, the attention of the great novelist was first fixed upon Liddesdale. In his second literary effort—the Lay of the Last Minstrel—he confined himself in a great measure to Teviotdale, in the upper part of which, about three miles above Hawick, stands Branxholm Castle, the chief scene of the poem. The old house has been much altered since the supposed era of the Lay; but it has nevertheless more of an ancient than a modern appearance, and does not much disappoint a modern beholder. For a long time, the Buccleuch family have left it to the occupancy of the individuals who act as their agents or chamberlains on this part of their extensive property; and it is at present kept in the best order, and surrounded by some fine woods of ancient and modern growth. Seated on a lofty bank, it still overlooks that stream, and is overtopped by those hills, to which, it will be recollected, "the lady" successively addressed her witching incantations. Immediately below the bank is a small collection of cottages, one of which has also a poetical history. It was the residence, upwards of a century ago, of a woman named *Jean the Ranter*, who sold ale, and had, among other children, one daughter of especial beauty. One day, while this bonny lass of Branxholm, as she was called, was spreading clothes upon the banks of the Teviot, she was seen by a young military officer named Maitland, who immediately fell so deeply in love with her, that he was induced to make her his wife. By this strange alliance, which was considered so extraordinary in those days as to be partly attributed to witchcraft on the part of her mother, the bonny lass became the progenitrix of a family of gentry in Mid-Lothian, while the grandson of one of her sisters was lately known at Hawick, under the familiar name of *Willie Craw*, as a crazed poet and mendicant. The story was put into verse by Allan Ramsay, who states, that, when first seen by her lover,

> "A petticoat, and boddice clean,
> Was sum o' a' her claithing"—

and it seems to have been the opinion of this ingenious poet, that dress was the reverse of requisite to set off her native charms.

Not only did this country supply Walter Scott with many of the ideas that enter into his poetry, but also with some of the characters, scenes, and incidents of his still more delightful novels. It is not our purpose to enter specifically into these; but we shall state what we lately ascertained respecting an individual, who appears to have been the original of a character hitherto, perhaps, the most misty and unreal of all his fictitious creations. The person we allude to was an Englishman named Peter Stranger, or Japhet Crook, who, about a hundred years ago, migrated into Eskdale, and, possessing some smattering of scientific knowledge, was enabled to impose upon the Duke of Buccleuch (the son of the Duke of Monmouth), in so far as to induce his Grace to enter into some weighty and expensive operations for the purpose of digging and smelting iron. These operations were conducted at a place not far from the old tower of Gilnockie, where formerly Johnnie Armstrong practised a profession hardly less dishonest, and where there is still a hamlet, termed, from Stranger's operations, the *Forge*.

From what we have heard of the pretensions of this impostor, we entertain no doubt that he must have supplied the idea of Dousterswivel in the Antiquary, like whom he was in due time detected, and obliged to withdraw hurriedly to his native country. The subsequent history of this person was curious. Travelling through England, he fell into acquaintance at an inn with an old gentleman, who, having much wealth, and no near, or at least no dear relations, was somewhat puzzled as to the manner in which he should make his will. Stranger professed to be in exactly the same circumstances, and, by a train of artful devices, prevailed upon the old gentleman to make a will in his favour, while he, at the same time, should return the compliment by bequeathing all his own imaginary property to his friend; so that the longest liver should enjoy the whole. The two wills were formally drawn up at York, and, in a short time, the death of the old gentleman put Peter Stranger into the possession of a large fortune. The brother of the deceased lost no time in coming forward to claim his rights, but after a long litigation it was found that the will could not be invalidated. The fraud, however, was fully proved, and Stranger was condemned to be imprisoned for life, and to have his nose and his ears cut off. It is said that the hardened wretch bore this punishment with unshrinking fortitude, coolly remarking, that "they might peel his head like a turnip—he would not care—so long as they left him his fortune." The case made a considerable noise in England, as is testified by an allusion to it in Pope's Third Moral Essay, addressed to Lord Bathurst:—

> "P. What riches give us, let us, then, inquire:
> Meat, fire, and clothes. B. What more? P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
> Is this too little? Would you more than live?
> Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
> Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
> Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
> What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs?
> To Chartres, vigour? *Japhet, nose and ears?*"

To which last clause, the poet appends the following note:—"Japhet Crook, *alias* Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged

a conveyance of an estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds. He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he possessed another considerable estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceased. By these means he was *worth* a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoyed in person till his death, and quietly left to his executor."

Such was the history of the individual who appears to have given the hint for Dousterswivel. We shall only add, that whether Crook or Stranger were the real name of the adventurer, the latter was that by which he went in Eskdale, and was transmitted, accordingly, to an illegitimate daughter—Nelly Stranger—whom he left in that country, and who lived to a considerable age.

Not far from the same district, the novelist appears to have been supplied with the ground-story of the tale of Guy Mannering. A Dumfriesshire gentleman, whom we shall call Cavers of Gatehill, was married for many years to a Galloway lady, a relation to a celebrated northern peeress, without her having had any children, till at length, during a long stay which he was compelled to make in England, she had a child, who, he was but too well assured, was not his own, and whose birth the lady did not long survive. By the terms of his marriage-contract, this child, whose illegitimacy he could not now prove, was the heiress of his estate—a circumstance repugnant in the highest degree to his feelings, and which he was resolved to use every means in his power to avert. In the hope of keeping the child ignorant of its own destinies, and blinding the world at large to its fate, he placed it under the charge of a poor shepherd, dwelling in the hills of the English border, a few miles from Carlisle. Though he used every means of concealment, the child, as she grew up, was known or supposed to be his, and a young man, of the name of Rugby, in time wrote to Mr Cavers, requesting his permission to marry her. To this letter Mr Cavers paid no attention, and the marriage accordingly proceeded. Rugby set up business as the keeper of a public house in Carlisle, and had two children by his wife, a boy and a girl. Though no attention was paid to the family by Mr Cavers, his wife's relation, the celebrated peeress above mentioned, invariably called at the house in passing to or from England, and latterly took charge of the two children, the former of whom she sent out to India, while the latter, being most respectably educated and set forward in the world, was eventually married to a Welsh bishop.

In the course of a few years, Rugby fell into embarrassed circumstances, and could conceive no better plan of redeeming them than selling to Mr Cavers, for a thousand pounds, the claim which he now knew his wife to have upon the estate of Gatehill. This paction was ratified in the most formal manner; but in the course of a few years more, Rugby became utterly ruined, and both he and his wife died; about the same time Mr Cavers died; and the estate passed quietly into the possession of a distant relation.

When advanced to about thirty or forty years of age, Henry Rugby returned from India, with a small fortune and an impaired constitution. He purchased a small place of residence in Devonshire, where he intended to spend the remainder of his days, without ever once thinking of his native place, which he had left too young to have any recollection of, or suspecting the hereditary claims which he had upon an estate in the south of Scotland. Some time after, he happened, by mere chance, to pay a visit to an East Indian friend, residing in the north of England; and, being fond of shooting, was easily induced by that person to accompany him on a sporting excursion into Dumfriesshire. Fatigued one day with his amusement, he entered the cottage of an old woman, and, while he refreshed himself with a drink of new milk, asked many questions, such as are apt to occur to a stranger, respecting the places in the neighbourhood. He in particular asked the name and proprietor of a handsome seat on the face of a hill at no great distance, to which the old woman replied, that that was Gatehill, and that it belonged to Henry Rugby, although another person was in possession of it. Struck by this information, he made further inquiries at Carlisle, and soon became acquainted with an attorney, who undertook to prosecute his claim before the Court of Session, where, after a tedious litigation, it was affirmed. The intelligence of his success was sent him by an express, and he immediately called together a few friends, to celebrate it by a feast; but, alas for the triumphs of mortals! being tempted to drink rather more than the delicate state of his health in general permitted, he was found dead next morning. The eventual fate of the case before the House of Lords, to which it was appealed, we have not ascertained; but we think there can be little doubt, that, though different in many respects from the tale of Guy Mannering, there was enough of it to have suggested to the imagination of Sir Walter Scott the leading points of that admirable fiction.

(This subject will be concluded in a subsequent article.)

THE BENT OF GENIUS.

It is a very ancient maxim not only that poets are born with a particular constitution of mind, which it is not possible to acquire by any future training, but that there are in all men innate capacities, by the dictates of which, each is directed in the choice of the study or calling to which he addicts himself. By this diversity of talent it is that a proper poise is preserved in the framework of society, and none of its parts allowed to become too strong or too weak for the rest. The stream of mind, diverging into innumerable channels, is thus conducted equally over the whole expanse of human interests, and imparts vigour to all alike, instead of being attracted into a few large currents, each tearing up a deep bed for itself, and manifesting strength indeed, but communicating no beneficial influence to its adjacent borders. Let us take a familiar example to illustrate what is meant. Of what inestimable advantage is it to a country town that the members of its community are all impelled, each in the exercise of his particular qualifications, to follow different professions, whereby one becomes a grocer, another a draper, a third a tailor, a fourth a butcher, and so on, and a variety of conveniences are made of easy access to the whole township! Let us suppose that all the youths of the place applied themselves to the study of medicine, and, as is usual in such situations, conjoined with the practice of physicians the business of apothecaries. The windows in the main street would no doubt soon exhibit a brilliant show; with the sun glittering upon the numberless bottles of many-coloured waters, or when the vivid rainbow hues were displayed by lamp-light, and contrasted with the surrounding darkness, the effect of the gorgeous scene would be overpowering; no city ever offered any thing half so magnificent. But the condition of the people would, nevertheless, be most deplorable. Not an article to be had but "the best patent medicines!" no resource for him that objected to pills, but to take potions; and for him that had a horror of potions, no alternative but pills! Such a consummation is happily prevented, by the endless variety and degrees of intellectual capacity by which some are prompted to high undertakings, while others content themselves with humbler but equally indispensable occupations.

In the allotment of different capacities to the individuals of the human family, there is nothing more startling than in the appointment of different conditions; yet some philosophers have thought it necessary to maintain, that, in point of intellectual endowments, all men come into the world on a level of equality—that the bent of their minds is wholly determined by circumstances—and that every qualification is the result of culture. This doctrine is by them considered to be much more cheering to all who are fired with a noble emulation of excellence; for if we are to sit down in the belief, that, in as far as we ourselves are concerned, our characters are immutable, and that a limit is set to our attainments which it is impossible to surmount, then are we indeed the creatures of accident, condemned to intellectual bondage, and undeserving of any credit for the most honourable or useful actions. In this general view of the case there is something extremely fallacious—for though born to unequal means, no one is precluded from exertion, but, on the contrary, incited to greater efforts, lest those whose natural talents are less, should, by superior diligence, outstrip the more highly favoured—yet, a farther statement of the arguments by which these views are supported, will introduce us to subjects of curious and most interesting inquiry.

It is noticed, from the earliest years of some boys, that their apprehensions are duller than those of their companions; let instructors do what they please, they can never, by the gentlest persuasions or the harshest stripes, quicken their doltish wits to keep pace with apter scholars. But this difference of capacity, undeniable as it is, and observable in all the stages of life, is by no means decisive of the question: it brings us to an early period of human existence, and shows us what the boys are, after being modified by the previous education to which each has been subjected; but it does not exhibit the soul in its naked and native energy, before its efforts were either curbed in one direction or encouraged in another. In the first two years of their lives, children learn a great deal more of what is practically useful, than they do in the same time at any future period of their lives—they learn the use of their senses and their limbs; at first they have no notion of grasping or holding fast; they have no notion of what will hurt them, or of what is harmless, and will seize the edge of a razor as readily as a bunch of feathers; they have no knowledge of the comparative gravity of objects, and sometimes make long and ineffectual attempts to move from its place a weight which it takes the strength of a full-grown person to raise: it would be endless to enumerate all the acquisitions they have to make; and in the course of these, no two children are placed exactly in the same circumstances, or have their faculties exercised precisely in the same manner. If it were possible that they could be so situated and so trained, then we should probably observe similar results in an uniformity of dispositions and of abilities; had they been equally encouraged to pursue one thing and avoid another, their inclinations would have run with the same force in the same channel. But this is not the case; and their characters come to be as various as the seemingly unimportant, but, in reality, most influential events in their little lives. No one can tell how many empires have stood fast, because, in numerous instances, the desire of dominion was checked in infant minds, by fruitless attempts to remove a heavy piece of furniture, or to push back the walls of the chamber, in order to obtain larger scope for their nursery gambols. The mystery which involved the sources of the Nile, and the termination of the Niger, was perhaps prolonged for ages, in consequence of the spirit of adventure being extinguished in more than one child, who, on first venturing a-field, got into sloughs, and escaped, after great consternation and floods of tears, shoeless. The powerful effect produced by such trivial occurrences on the youthful and flexible powers of thought, has never been duly considered, and can never perhaps be properly estimated.

But to go a step higher still—we see that there is a frequent conformity between the mind, and the body which it inhabits. We no more expect to find the fiery energy of the Arab scintillating from the calm eyes of a Dutchman, than that pepper should be produced from reeds in the fens of Holland or of Lincolnshire; and even among men of the same nation we uniformly perceive the varieties of mental character conjoined with corresponding peculiarities of frame. Clumsy limbs and a heavy lumbering figure are not accompanied by vivacity of wit and a penetrating judgment; but small men, "good of their inches," are instinct with activity of mind, as if their souls, condensed in a small compass, were fitted, like a garrison whose posts are not too far apart, to be on the alert at every point. Nay, in the very same person, whatever tends to invigorate the body enlivens the mind in an equal degree. In support of these opinions, many striking facts are adduced; but into these we shall not at present enter.

Whatever truth there may be in these speculations—and they are undoubtedly of great weight as far as they go—the soundness of the popular opinion is not shaken by them. They prove only that ideas are not innate, but are communicated, according to circumstances, from the external world; while they leave uncontroverted the fact, that the capacity or aptitude for entertaining particular classes of ideas is implanted in the mind from the earliest period of its connection with the body. That a sluggish soul for the most part finds a congenial habitation in an inactive body, is apparent enough to the most limited observation. It is also true that a mind so situated is subjected to a disadvantage in depending for its impressions upon an inefficient set of intelligencers, which is the case when the bodily senses are obtuse. But are not the abilities of the workman displayed by the very instruments to the use of which he accustoms himself? If a labourer resorts to ponderous implements, and manifests a predilection for felling trees, we do not usually predicate of him, that, with the same industry and with minuter tools, he would have been as expert in the more ingenious art of engraving upon wood. His occupation is evidently determined by his aptitude for slow, although powerful, exertions of muscular energy, which is something very different from that nicety of touch and manual dexterity which are necessary to turn the lines that are to express the features, or to scoop those hollows that are to give to a miniature landscape its contrasts of light and shade, and to hit off, with precision and ease, the difficult transitions from the one to the other. There is no more reason for supposing an original uniformity in all men's minds, than for alleging that the stamina of the bodily frame and the groundwork of the features at first presented no variety, but were modified and moulded wholly by the foods and drinks which nourished them, and by the pressure of the atmosphere amid which they were developed.

Precocity of genius in particular directions is so frequently manifested, that it is not possible to conceive that it depends in any measure upon circumstances or education. When a lady, who has since made a conspicuous figure in the world, was an infant, her father's residence happening to be within hearing of one of the city clocks, she withdrew her lips from the breast to listen to the hours when they were struck; from which, even at that early period, it was with truth conjectured that the vibration of sound affected, in her, organs peculiarly sensible to musical impressions. How many at the same age were then, and have since been, within range of the same peals, who yet continued to drain their nurses with a total indifference to their loudest reports! And yet, if it were true that children are nothing but what early circumstances

make them, a love of melody should distinguish all those, who, having been born within a certain distance of a church bell, have had the capabilities of their ears aroused by such repeated and sonorous appeals to them. The same girl justified the expectation of her parents by playing to admiration on the piano-forte at five years of age, and, being patronized by the Duchess of Buccleuch, composed music, and published it, and dedicated it to her patroness when she was eight.

It is true that a deficient ear may be to a certain extent rectified, and rendered more susceptible of harmonious modulations of sound. Dr Vandermonde's experiments to correct what is called a false voice proved this very satisfactorily. He conceived that defects in the utterance arose for the most part from some inequality of strength in the organs of hearing, or from some want of delicacy or tension, so that discordant sounds are communicated to the sensorium, in endeavouring to imitate which, our own tones are pitched in an unpleasant key. In accordance with this theory, he took a child whose voice was unmusical into a spacious apartment, and, having stopped one of her ears, made her recede till she no longer heard the sound of a repeating-watch which he held in his hand. Desiring her to remain in the place where this happened, he advanced, removed the cotton to the other ear, and then, resuming his former position, caused the watch again to strike. The child was surprised to find that she again heard tolerably well. Having thus ascertained which ear was the weak one, the other was kept as close as possible, in order to exercise that which wanted strength. The child was requested to sing from time to time, and the other necessary experiments were made to discover whether both ears had been brought to have the same sensibility. In this manner a true voice was obtained in the same proportion that the perception of sound was harmonized. These experiments are exceedingly curious, as proving that an ear for music may be wonderfully improved when it is imperfect, if people will take the necessary trouble while the organs are tender, and susceptible of modification. But we do not learn that any one was ever made a musical prodigy by the use of these means; and we have abundant instances, besides the one already alluded to, of children who have been so, almost without any sort of cultivation. The force of natural genius might be shown to be equally powerful in all other departments of human knowledge; so that the effect produced upon mind, by matter, or, in other words, by external circumstances of every kind, though great, must be pronounced to be only subsidiary; the popular opinion, in this instance, as in many others, being found to maintain its ground against all the ingenuity of speculatists.

A TALE OF TWEEDDALE.

Amidst the hills of that district of Scotland called Tweeddale, there are many lonely vallies, which seem remote from all human ken—little separate regions, where you may loiter for a summer's day without seeing a living thing, save a few straggling sheep, who lift up their heads in seeming wonder as you pass. Or there may rise from your foot a startled hare, or a covey of moorfowl, unused to such intrusion; where no sound reaches your ear excepting the song of the sky-lark, the bleat of the sheep, the hum of the wild bee, and the low murmuring of a burn, stealing along its quiet way to pay its tribute to the Tweed. It was to one of those sequestered spots, being a stranger in the country, that I was one day led by an old man, who undertook to be my guide to the best streams for trout-fishing. But though now deserted by man, as I have described this valley, there had been a time when it was inhabited, as appeared from a roofless and ruined hut, over the walls of which the ivy and the wild-flower had apparently crept for years. I observed to my guide what a lonely dwelling it must have been. "It was so," said the old man; "but love and youth can make any place a paradise; and happiness once dwelt there, though it did not continue; and though the fate of its hapless inhabitants made a great noise in the country at the time, it is now in a measure forgotten, for it is more than fifteen years since a fire was kindled in that lone house." Perceiving by this that something remarkable had happened to the last occupiers of the desolated hut, and being tired with ascending and descending the neighbouring hills, I sat down, and requested the old man, who was the schoolmaster of a village where I had for some days taken up my abode, to gratify my curiosity by repeating to me the story to which he had alluded. The place where I had chosen my seat was a little grassy bank, near the brink of the rivulet, and about forty yards below the site of the little ruin, which stood on the side of a hill; and the old man, having placed himself beside me, began his narration.

"My occupation as a teacher gives me, of course, an opportunity of observing with accuracy the dispositions of the youth I instruct; and I have never met with a girl of more ardent affections, or of better temper, or who possessed more amiable qualities, than Helen Symington. She was the daughter of an honest and respectable weaver in our village, of which, as she grew up to womanhood, she was the pride. When scarce twenty years old, she married William Brydon, a sensible, well-disposed young man, who was principal shepherd to the owner of this property, and came here with him to live in that cottage which is now a ruin, but which was then, by the unwearied industry of Helen, a neat and comfortable habitation; and never, in those early days of her marriage, did lark carol more blithely to the sun, than did she while employed in her household occupations, or, as, passing over the heather with a light step, she carried some refreshment to her William, when detained with his flock in some more distant sheep-walk. Even when left by herself in this wild solitude, she felt no loneliness, for all was peace and joy within and without. William loved her entirely, and her alone; and she knew it, and in that knowledge all her earthly wishes were complete. Yet was this feeling of felicity still increased, when, before the year had completed its circle, she sat, in a summer evening, on yonder little turf seat at the door, with her infant in her arms, watching her husband descending the opposite hill, and drawing nearer and nearer, till at length her baby shared with her in his caresses. The second winter of their abode here was unusually severe, but it was William's care to guard his wife and his child from its inclemency, by many little ingenious contrivances to render their cottage more impervious to the cold; while Helen looked forward each day with longing solicitude to the evening hour which restored him to a participation of its comforts, and seated him by its cheerful hearth. And thus the winter had nearly passed away, and they began to anticipate the varied joys of spring, when the birds would again sing around their cot, and all nature, awakened from its wintry sleep, would start anew into life and joy. The month of February arrived, and the weather seemed so settled and serene, that, for two successive Sabbaths, Helen, with her infant enveloped in her cloak, and accompanied by her husband, had crossed the hills to the parish church. On the second of those Sabbaths, they "took sweet counsel," and, walking together to the house of God, they conversed of a better and a purer world, where they should fear no after parting. And as Helen listened to her husband, who was eloquent on this subject, she thought she had never heard him speak so like a minister, or seen him so full of holy hope. I notice this particularly, as it was a circumstance I shall have occasion to mention again. On the next morning after this conversation, William departed with the sheep from this valley for a distant fair. The weather was still fine when he gathered his flock, and bade farewell to his beloved Helen for three days, promising to return on the evening of the third. He had never been absent from his home all night but twice since his marriage, and that for a single night each time. His wife, however, expressed no fear from being left alone for so unwonted a time; for the fact is, that there is in general more courage in women of her humble rank in life, than in any other, for they are too much occupied to find time for the indulgence of idle alarms; nor do they meet with any encouragement to affect fears till the folly becomes a habit. Neither did William experience any uneasiness on account of the solitariness of the dwelling in which he was to leave her, considering that very circumstance as the principal warrant for her safety.

"The weather, I have said, was fine at the time of his departure, but in our treacherous climate, and especially in these hilly districts, there is nothing more uncertain than a continuance of settled weather at that season of the year; and never did it exhibit more rapid transitions than during the three days of William's absence. Before the shades of the first night had fallen on the hills, the rain had descended their sides in torrents, and swelled the little burn into a river. On the second night, the clouds had disappeared, and a keen frost succeeded, which, ere morning, arrested the water in its course, and transformed the ground for some distance round where we now sit into a frozen lake. Again, another change came o'er the spirit of the storm: dark clouds began to muster, and showers of sleet and snow to fall, till all again was hoary winter. But still, when night came on, there was seemingly, from the quietness of its descent, no depth of snow, though it had fallen at intervals for many hours, and, as the time was now arrived when Helen expected to see her husband, she felt no dread of harm; and no sooner had she put her baby to sleep, than she prepared a change of garments, a warm supper, 'a blazing ingle and a clean hearth-stane,' for her William, and often opened the door to listen and to look out, if haply she might discern his dark figure against the opposite white hill, descending the foot-path toward his home. She was, however, as often disappointed, and returned again to heap fresh fuel on the fire, till she began to feel, first, the heart-sickness of 'hope deferred,' and then the heavy pressure of foreboding evil; and when her baby waked, there were in the melancholy tones of the hymn with which she soothed him to his rest, a soul-subduing pathos; for it has been my lot to hear again that lullaby when it sounded even more deeply affecting than it could then have done. Poor Helen continued all night her visits to the door, till at length, just as morning began to dawn, she heard her name shouted out by the well-known voice of William. Joy came to her heart, for she thought he had seen her, and, though she looked in vain for him, still he was near. But again she heard his voice, and his words fell distinctly on her ear, 'Oh Helen, Helen, I perish.' She flew with the speed of lightning down the bank; but when she approached near to this spot, her progress was arrested, for the ice, from which the water had receded below, would not bear her weight. And then it was for the first time she discovered, through the indistinct glimmering of the dawn, and by his own words, that, on William's having reached the middle of the burn, where the force of the stream below had rendered it hollow, the ice gave way, and he was only kept from sinking by his arms resting on the surrounding part, which was still firm. Again and again did Ellen try in each direction to reach him, in spite of his urgent entreaties to keep off, and his assurances that he had hopes of being able to maintain his position for a length of time, from the manner in which he was wedged between the ice, and its apparent thickness in that place where it had been gurged together, though he feared to make the smallest exertion to extricate himself, lest he should go down. In this extremity there was only one course which gave the agonized Helen any chance of saving the life of her husband, and that was, to seek for aid more efficient than her own. Meantime, William was almost fainting with exhaustion from fatigue, cold, and hunger; and Helen, thinking that if she could supply him with some food, he would be better able to endure his situation till she could procure assistance, she ran to the house, and, putting some of what had been intended for his supper into a small basket, she took a sheep crook, and, having tied a stick to one end of it, she hooked the basket on to the other end, and in this manner conveyed it to him. At the same time she pushed a blanket close to him with the crook, and, having seen him draw it by degrees round his head and shoulders, she returned to the cottage, wrapt her child in a small blanket, and, throwing her cloak around her, took it in her arms; then, having taken a hasty leave of her husband, in words which were half a farewell and half a solemn prayer for his preservation till her return, she set off on her journey of four miles to the next farm-house, for no nearer was there a human dwelling.

"Helen Symington was at all times active, but now a supernatural strength seemed to be given her; and, in spite of her burden, she proceeded swiftly through the snow, surmounting the hills with incredible rapidity, and flying rather than running down their declivities. Thus she proceeded till nearly three of the miles were passed; but the snow, which had ceased falling for some time, now again began to descend thickly, and was accompanied by sudden gusts of wind, which drove it full in her face, and prevented her seeing the different objects by which she marked her way. She wandered on in this manner, endeavouring to avoid the deeper parts of the snow, which the wind was beginning to drift into hillocks on all sides of her; while she was almost driven frantic by the fear of losing her way, and by the cries of her infant. In vain did she endeavour to warm him, by pressing his little limbs close to her bosom, and by doubling and redoubling the cloak over him, regardless of her own exposure to the biting blast. He at length gave over crying, and, fearful that the torpor of death had seized him, and feeling her own strength beginning to fail, despair seemed to seize her, when the snow ceased for a short time, and she found that she had wandered far away from the road to the onstead which she so eagerly sought to reach. But thoughts of her husband again strung her nerves, and she once more regained the right direction. This happened several times; and had she been alone concerned, she must have perished; for nothing but the energy inspired by the faint hope of saving her husband and child, prevented her from lying down to die. But what a gleam of joy shot through her overspent frame, when, on looking up, just as a fierce blast had swept by, she beheld the

farm-house at a short distance! New strength seemed now again imparted to her stiffening limbs; and she reached the door, told her tale, and almost immediately four men, belonging to the farm, were ready to start, with all necessary implements, for extricating William from his singular and perilous situation. Helen's infant, which had been benumbed for many hours, showed little signs of recovery: she however delivered it, though with an aching heart, to the farmer's wife (a benevolent woman, who was herself a mother), and determined, in spite of all advice and opposition, to return to her husband. Nor, had she remained, could she have served the poor infant, who died shortly after she left the house.

"The poor distracted wife, mounted on horseback behind a man, now proceeded on her way with all the speed the animal could exert in its toilsome journey, while her whole soul was absorbed in the one desire of finding her husband alive, of which no hope could have been entertained, but for the depth of the valley, which, from the way that the wind set, might, in a great measure, have occasioned it to escape the drift that was fast blocking up the roads, and transforming plains into hills. But who shall calculate the years of misery which Helen seemed to endure, while this suspense hung over her? She was, as I have said, possessed of deep and ardent feelings, and they were now strained to their utmost tension. After much difficulty in avoiding the deeper wreaths of snow, and in floundering through the less dangerous, the party at length reached the entrance of the valley. All here seemed propitious to their hopes, for the snow was but little drifted. The men who were on foot had, however, by a nearer way, which the horse could not travel, first reached the spot where, sad to tell, though poor William still retained his suspended posture, the snow was drifted over him, and he no longer breathed. They had, however, succeeded in extricating the body, which they bore to the cot, and laid upon a bed before the arrival of Helen, who, with a frantic hope still clinging to her heart, repeated, unweariedly and often, every means to bring him back to life, though foiled in all. Alas, poor girl! her young and ardent heart had loved her husband almost to idolatry, and with him the charm of life was fled. The spring of hope and existence was dried up at the fountain head. The stroke was too heavy for her to bear, and a brain fever was the immediate consequence of her great bodily exertion and mental suffering. For a considerable time her life was despaired of; yet youth, and the natural strength of her constitution, gained a transitory triumph, and some degree of bodily health returned, but the mind had become an utter ruin. She was removed, as soon as it could be safely accomplished, back to our village, and became again an inmate of her father's house, where I have often sat for hours listening to the suggestions of her wayward fancy, where William still reigned paramount. Fortunately, all that had passed since the intensity of her suffering began, seemed quite annihilated in her recollection, for she talked of her husband as still absent at the fair, and still sung to her infant that hymn with which she soothed it to sleep on the first night of her misfortunes, and which has often forced the tears from my eyes, and the sobs from my breast. No tongue can describe the touching melody of her soft and melancholy voice, or the sweet subdued expression of her beautiful countenance, which became daily more wan and delicate, till, at the end of two years, her weakness was so great, that she was unable to rise from her chair, and I was one evening sent for in haste to see her. When I entered her father's house, I was met by the old man, who imparted to me the surprising intelligence that Helen had recovered her senses. I immediately anticipated that a change was about to take place, and had no sooner looked upon her than I was confirmed in my opinion. Sorrow had completed its work, and she was about to pass from our sight for ever. The recollection of her husband's sad fate had returned with her reason. But neither the remembrance of it, of her own sufferings, nor the knowledge of her child's death, which she now knew for the first time, seemed to trouble her, for her thoughts were fixed on that better country where she rejoiced that they were already waiting her arrival, and spoke of the conversation which passed between William and her on the last Sabbath they were together, as an earnest which it had pleased God to vouchsafe of their happy meeting. I am an elder of the church, and it was in that capacity that Helen sent for me to pray with her, which I did with a fervour I have seldom felt. But never has it been my lot to witness an appearance so heavenly as she exhibited when I rose from my knees. She sat in her chair supported by pillows, with her hands clasped, and her dark soft eyes beaming with an expression so holy, that she seemed like some disembodied spirit, which, having been perfected by suffering, had returned to encourage and to comfort those who were still in the vale of tears. When I bade her farewell, and promised to see her next day, it was with a presentiment that I looked upon her for the last time. And so it proved; for I was next morning informed that her spirit had taken its flight about twelve o'clock the night before."

The old man thus concluded his melancholy tale; and, after sitting for some time in silent reflection, my guide again spoke, and, pointing to a deep pool at some distance down the stream, informed me that large trout were sometimes caught there; and having adjusted our fishing tackle, we proceeded to it. But though our sport was unusually good, it did not banish from my mind, during that day, for a single instant, the affecting story of the ill-fated Helen Symington.

REMINISCENCES OF MY TRAVELS.

When a traveller commences to write a history of his journey into the regions he has visited, he usually takes the trouble of informing his readers of the cause of his peregrinations. Following up this excellent practice, I have to premise, that, from my earliest years, I was reckoned a most adventurous boy. When only four years of age, I undertook a journey from our dwelling, in the neighbourhood of Leadenhall Street, to the distant western territory of Hyde Park; and the wonderful sights which there met my eyes having given me an extraordinary thirst after foreign climes, I perused every book of travels I could secure, devouring, in particular, those on Egypt, Abyssinia, and similar countries; and, being afterwards placed in easy circumstances, I determined to devote myself to the investigation of every thing remarkable, whether at home or abroad, and then communicate to the world the discoveries I had made. These delightful anticipations I am now about to fulfil.

From previous information, I had gleaned that he who travels should consider his health of vital consequence; since sickness impedes, and death usually terminates, a journey. Therefore, not intending to have a physician in my suite, nor a medicine-chest in my luggage, I procured a stout umbrella—one that would keep good in any climate, whether to keep off the rain or the powerful rays of the sun, and, by its bludgeon-like appearance when closed, keep respectful those persons who might otherwise become too familiar. Thus, having less to fear than many travellers, I speedily got beyond the bounds of the metropolis, and, after getting so far, endeavoured to ascertain which way the wind blew, by suspending a hair over the face of my pocket-compass. My thermometer stood at 63½. During these scientific inquiries I was accosted by a young man, who wished to know what it was o'clock. This I could not answer; but I added to his stock of information by proving that a pocket-compass was not a time-keeper. This led to friendly intercourse; and together we travelled over the dreary waste of Hampton common. I learned his name was Timothy; that he had left home because he chose; that he had taken leave of no one; first, because he did not like; and, secondly, if he had, his excursion would have been prevented. He seemed like a bird escaped from a cage, and certainly possessed a love of travelling. In the latter particular there was reciprocity of feeling, and we were, consequently, drawn towards each other. But, however chat may make shorter a road, walking after being fatigued is not very conducive to pleasure; we therefore surveyed the immense space before us with dismay. It was on the 1st of June—the year is of no consequence—we were on the confines of Twickenham common, which is bounded on the north-east by the desert of Hounslow, and on the west by the common of Teddington. We ardently hoped that some caravan might pass on our way, not that we were alarmed, but that it would be more pleasant to feel in security while passing any dangerous portion of this expansive country.

I looked round—no human being near me save Tim—behind me stood some of the giant oaks of Bushy Park, and full in the front rose the furzes and the tall poplars of Twickenham. I could not, however, resist taking a sketch of an ancient landmark near the modern road. Tim looked over my shoulder as I placed it in my book, saying, "You might have written God knows how many pages, and I should not have understood it half so well." "You are fond of the arts, Tim," said I. "Not altogether that," replied he; "but because I find reading more difficult." "Ah! I am sorry for that, Tim," said I; "because your usefulness and your pleasures will be considerably abridged." "I am sorry for it," replied Tim. "Pray, Tim," inquired I, "to what does the pronoun *it* refer?" "The usefulness," answered Tim. "That does you credit," said I; "you must seek every opportunity to improve yourself. You may travel with me, rendering all the assistance you can; and I will reward you as I may be enabled." Tim nodded assent. "My pursuits are literary and philosophical." "That's famous!" cried Tim. "Fame may follow," sighed I, "when bread is not required. We do not possess the longevity of a parrot, nor the accommodating appetite of a chameleon. Few and full of sorrow are the days." "Oh!" exclaimed Tim, "many and full of fun would suit me better, Sir." "Be cautious, Tim," said I, "never to lessen the importance of the traveller by becoming a jack-pudding, particularly in those regions through which I intend to pass."

It never occurred to me till now that I had neither spelling-book, grammar, nor dictionary, although it is well known that travellers have so much need of them; consequently, I felt under circumstances rather unpleasant, for I could not be assisted by Tim, even in orthography, nor blame him for being a heedless amanuensis. Well, thought I, as usual, some one must correct my journal, by touching in, and scratching out, by and by. I pursued my journey across the heathy wilds, in the direction of Twickenham, occasionally surveying those immense ranges of country towards Hanworth, and the vast gravelly regions towards Teddington, but found nothing scientifically interesting. There are not any stupendous granite rocks, such as are seen in Upper Egypt—not a sphynx, nor a pyramid, nor a temple with a mummy in its chambers, nor the remains of a sarcophagus, nor an Ibis, nor a serpent with his tail in his mouth. I travelled with my pencil in my hand: both Tim and myself kept our eyes open, excepting those intervals occupied by winking; yet neither of us saw any of those alluvial plains observable in Moldavia—not a fountain, such as are seen in Italy—no remains of architectural grandeur, sculpture, nor inscription—not one jet d'eau, like those common in Bulgaria—no arches nor obelisks, decorated with lines from the Koran, as in Turkey. In fact, there is not the least portion of ancient grandeur in a state of dilapidation, to excite a traveller's enthusiasm, on the extensive route alluded to, or the vast expanse lying before us, or between Hampton and Twickenham.

In different districts of the country, the banks rose rather precipitously to the amazing height of four, sometimes ten feet, formed of gravel, or agrigillaceous earths, in various strata. On the summits of these banks, and in the vallies between, I observed a species of vegetation, which grew in filaments of unequal lengths, and generally of a greenish hue, in all probability the *Festuca ovina* of Linnæus. On this, some huge horned quadrupeds of the Bos species were feeding. On examining more minutely, I found large portions of the soil to be entirely covered with this singular vegetation.

It does not appear that the rhinoceros is to be found in any of the ranges of this country, nor that the crocodile nor alligator inhabit the lakes or pools, of which there are many. During the period I traversed this course, I had not seen one camel nor dromedary; therefore I concluded that the merchants of the bordering countries choose other means of conveying their wares.

On one occasion I saw an immense cloud, of a light sandy colour, rise in the eastern horizon. It could not be a simoom, from its hue; it might have been a sirocco, but the breeze, which was becoming intolerably sultry, fortunately shifted to the north-west, and I escaped. To gratify Tim, I ascertained the latitude and the longitude; yet, how distant our position was from Bassora or Bagdad, I neglected to determine. In vain did I hope some caravan would pass on our line of march; for I had some apprehension from the tribes of wandering natives that might infest the country, and I was compelled to proceed with the utmost care, now moving slowly, then hastily, as circumspection dictated, until, greatly fatigued, I hailed the walls of Twickenham. Tim and I turned towards each other, and piously ejaculated, "thank Heaven."

As I approached the town, I observed what I conceived to be an incontestible evidence of the dawning of genius amongst the natives: it was a figure in which anatomy and character were united, drawn with chalk, on the outworks. The head was formed by a circle, from the lower extremity of which a zig-zag line descended, indicating the vertebræ of the neck and back; a cross line was made a little below the head, for the clavicles; from which, on either side, were drawn lines, evidently the upper and lower arms, at the extremities of which the digiti expanded. A second cross line, at the base of the spinal column, represented the pelvis; from either extreme issued the lower limbs, in tolerable proportion. The whole figure had an air inclining to the heroic, but the lines which described the features were irresistibly comic. The mouth was curved upwards with a grin of confidence; the nose was rather long, encroaching on the upper lip; the eyes were large, removed too far from the nose, and the pupils were so situated as to give an idea of great affection, from their inclination towards each other. I could not learn if this were a delineation of the patron saint, or the guardian angel of the place; it was, notwithstanding, highly gratifying.

I passed on without interruption into the heart of the town. No fortification, moat, or drawbridge; no officers of municipality, no gens-d'arme, no Cossacks, Bostangi, nor constables, to offer impediment while I examined several useful and ornamental objects, and I began to consider that I must have entered a country where science and philosophy were extensively cultivated.

In or near the centre of the town, a machine had been constructed expressly to exhibit the changes of the wind. On the summit of a tall painted staff is a perpendicular rod of iron, on which is made to act a horizontal piece of metal, capable of being moved by the slightest breath of air, and in the form of an arrow; therefore denominated a *weather-cock*. Well, the wind acting on the broad or feathered end of this arrow, its point turns to the quarter whence comes the breeze. The cardinal points are pointed out by the characters E. N. W. S., placed just below the revolving arrow; thus, it is clear that those who know the signification of those characters, and their application to the machine, can guess which way the wind blows. I have ventured to think, if names have reference to uses, this machine might be called a wind-arrow, seeing it has nothing to do with either a cock or the weather.

I also observed a marker of time, placed in an elevated situation to exhibit the hours as they pass. This machine, within, is complicated; externally it has

a circle, on the outer portion of which Roman numerals, from one to twelve, are placed; three and nine being horizontal, six and twelve perpendicular, to each other. On the centre a sort of spear revolves, pointing to the hour with great regularity; but to distinguish any hour of the day, the sun is very essential, for during the visit of the sun to our antipodes, the hour is said to be of the night. Well, this machine is presumed by the natives to be acted upon by intellectual determination, which its face is to signify, the features being the index of the mind. I confess I could discover neither of these, notwithstanding many individuals very sagely declared the time was not truly told, by which I learn the machine is not infallible. It, however, pays great attention to public information, for those who cannot see, may hear the hour announced by its hammering on a bell the number of blows required. At the time of my patiently investigating the usefulness of this machine, I saw it was near twelve A.M., and therefore prepared both eyes and ears for the enjoyment, because I was informed "the chimes would play." All occurred as foretold, correctly as the calculation of an eclipse.

These "chimes" or chimings are mechanical performances of certain pieces of music by numerous hammerings upon suspended bells, the effect of which is not so sonorous as gongs, nor so shrill as cymbals, but resembling the jangle of stones rattled in tin-kettles. which, in great variety of tones, produce cadences very surprising. Those bells are not suspended solely to hammer melodies upon; for to each of these ponderous musical instruments a large wheel is attached, from which a stout rope is pendant, and, on particular occasions, a number of the natives assemble to pull those ropes, by which the wheels are moved, and with them the bells. Now, in the hollow of each bell, a knob of iron, called a clapper, is suspended, which, as the bell is moved, falls with considerable force against the side; and the result of these pullings and clapperings is a succession of astounding clangs, which, being multiplied and aggravated into distracting uproar, is called by the natives a "*merry peal*," "*changes*," and "*triple bob-majors*." It was not until I had almost been stunned by these bob-majorings that I began to doubt if the natives possessed a musical taste; yet I proceeded to examine an inclosed area, in which the tower or depositary of these bells stood, and found it to be a burial-ground. I copied several inscriptions; others, on which the scythe of Time having cut deeper than the characters, perhaps may be deciphered by those who depend more on imagination than demonstration. I saw many hieroglyphics and sarcophagi, but not a mummy was visible, nor one that I could purchase. I was therefore deprived of the pleasure of removing a body from its interment.

I had been so fully occupied in my researches as to have forgotten Tim, and he had been so wanting of employment as to have forgotten himself in a sound sleep; but as he appeared much refreshed, I was led to think rest as conducive to health as antiquarian pursuits.

The colossus of British literature said, a vessel was a prison, with a chance of being burned or drowned. Tim agreed in the correctness of the Doctor's remark, and nothing but a love of enterprise could have urged me to quit the solid earth. Timidity should never form any part in the composition of a traveller. Although discretion is said to be the better part of valour, caution and fear are so nearly allied, that I regret never having obtained a perfect method of discovering how the distinction may be ascertained. Of one particular I was certain, viz. that heedlessness of personal danger is one of the greatest charms narration can possess: this determined me to embark. I agreed with a captain whose vessel was ready. My luggage, Tim, and myself, were quickly on board. The sails expanded to the gentle breeze, and we quitted port in gallant trim. The history of my voyage of discovery must, however, be left till another opportunity.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HENRY CLAY.

"Were one of the richest men in the world to arrive in New York, no matter how splendid his retinue or equipage, it would excite no attention, and but little remark; whereas, let a person of eminent intellectual character appear—any great orator, for instance such as Mr Clay—the whole population would be roused into a state of excitement."—*Stuart's America.*

In giving some facts in the life of this distinguished individual, we have but one object in view; and that is, to show what can be accomplished by native resources of mind, unaided by the fostering care of guides and teachers. Mr Clay has undoubtedly strong original powers, an intuitive genius, rapid perceptions, and a vigorous imagination. He has also been placed in circumstances which compelled him to act. Still he is a self-taught man. To collegiate discipline, and academic guidance, he is not in the least indebted for his extraordinary attainments. Far beyond many, also, who have educated themselves, he has the graces and delicacies which are generally acquired only in the halls consecrated to study. He has not only the enthusiasm and wildness of a Kentuckian, but the beauty and gracefulness of classic lands. He has the strong, native sense of a backwoodsman, combined with the amenity and polish which are required in the ancient seats of learning. We regard this as a striking and most valuable fact. Mr Clay will exert, doubtless, considerable influence in future time, and after his death, as a model of oratory. The events of his life, the circumstances in which he has been placed, as well as the native qualities of his mind, naturally point him out as an attractive example for the youthful heart to dwell upon. The generosity, the frankness, the enthusiasm of his character, will win their way, where simple, solid, sterling excellence would find no place. Mr Clay has been the warm and eloquent advocate of the independence of the new Southern Republics, and of emancipated Greece. With two or three exceptions, he has manifested himself to be superior to local views and temporary interests, and to be actuated by high regard for the welfare of the whole country, and of future times.

HENRY CLAY was born in Hanover County, in the state of Virginia, on the 12th of April 1777. His father, a clergyman of considerable talent and high respectability, died while Henry was yet a child. At an early age, the lad, having a common school education, was placed in the office of Mr Tinsley, clerk of the high court of chancery, at Richmond, Virginia. In this situation he met occasionally with the distinguished men of the state; and at length, by his amiable deportment, and his striking displays of intellect, attracted the attention, and gained the friendship of Chancellor Wythe, and Governor Brooke, who by their joint advice persuaded him, at the age of nineteen, to undertake the study of the law. To this pursuit he applied himself with great industry and ardour. Soon after being admitted to practice, in the twenty-first year of his age, he removed to Lexington, in the state of Kentucky. Instead of entering immediately upon his professional course, he still confined himself to his legal studies, with the determination of making himself thoroughly master of the great principles of law, before he assumed the responsibility of practice. In taking this course, he showed a remarkable indication of good sense and of sound judgment, especially as there were many things in the circumstances of a new country calculated to excite and call forth, prematurely, his distinguished powers. He wisely laid the foundation, deep and broad, on which he was to build his superstructure of reputation and usefulness. Up to this period, he had never made an effort at public speaking, and was wholly unconscious of his own oratorical powers; although it is said that his style of conversation was universally admired by his associates for its extreme correctness and elegance. The first exhibition of his powers of extemporaneous eloquence was made under peculiar circumstances. Soon after his removal to Lexington, he joined a debating society in that place, but continued, for some weeks, to attend its meetings without offering to take part in its discussions. On one occasion, however, when the vote on an interesting question, which had been the subject of debate, was about to be taken, Mr Clay remarked, in a low but audible whisper, that the subject did not appear to him to have been exhausted. This remark was overheard by several of the members, who, from their high opinion of his powers, had long wished to persuade him to participate in the debates of the society, and they addressed the chairman simultaneously, "Do not put the question yet, Mr Clay will speak." The attention of the society was now, of course, directed to Mr Clay, who, not having sufficient confidence to resist the appeal, arose under extraordinary embarrassment, and commenced his speech by saying, "Gentlemen of the Jury." The members of the society were unwilling to increase his agitation by seeming to take notice of his mistake, and he repeated it several times, in a stammering tone, till, at length, he gradually gained confidence from his own efforts, and, finally, concentrating all his vigorous and disciplined powers upon the subject in debate, he surprised his audience with a beauty and compass of voice, an exuberance of eloquence, and a force of argument, worthy of a veteran orator. His reputation as a speaker was at once established. He immediately became a leading champion in all the debates of the society. It is very evident from this circumstance, that Mr Clay had well employed his time previously. He did not depend upon his genius alone, but upon the results of patient reading and consecutive thinking. The Lexington bar was at that time, undoubtedly, the ablest in the western district of the United States, consisting of George Nicholas, John Breckinridge, James Brown, James Hughes, William Murray, and other eminent men. Notwithstanding the number, experience, and strength of these competitors, Mr Clay soon came to be entrusted with more suits than any rival practitioner. Though well acquainted with the law, during the early years of his practice he was not, in this respect, distinguished beyond some of his competitors. In legal science he had superiors, but, in eloquence and persuasion, none. Though capable of applying the abstract principles of law with great ingenuity and force, his genius was still better adapted to discussions in which the natural powers of intellect were principally called into exercise. The commencement of Mr Clay's political life may be dated as far back as the year 1797. The people of Kentucky were about to call a convention to frame a new constitution for the state; and one feature of the plan which had been submitted to them was a provision for the final emancipation of the slave population. The strongest prejudices of a majority of the people in every part of the state were arrayed against the measure. Mr Clay was aware of this fact, but his sentiments and feelings were on the side of emancipation; and, without taking a moment's heed to his popularity, he entered into the defence of his favourite policy with all the unquenchable ardour of his nature. His vigorous pen was busy in the public journals, and his eloquent voice was raised in almost every assemblage, in favour of the election of men to the convention, who would contend for the extinction of slavery. The struggle was a fierce one; but the advocates of slavery prevailed, and the young champion of liberty and equal rights, who had made the friends of slavery tremble for their ancient prerogatives, became unpopular on account of the part which he had acted. The true principles of slavery were not then understood. The idea of emancipation was new. It alarmed the prejudices of the multitude, and Mr Clay's powerful vindications of it were regarded by many rather as the brilliant but wayward efforts of a young votary of ambition, than as the results of a calm and deliberate conviction of right. But his sincerity in opposing negro servitude has been manifested, with one or two exceptions, in all his public acts. Very frequently, when a coloured man brought an action at law for his liberty, Mr Clay volunteered his services as advocate, and, it is said, never failed to obtain a decision in his client's favour.

The subsequent career of Mr Clay is well known. He has now, for the third time, a seat in the senate of the United States. On the first day of his appearance as a member of the House of Representatives, in 1812, he was appointed speaker by a vote of nearly two to one, over two opposing candidates. To this office he was uniformly re-elected so long as he continued a member. During all this period, including seasons of unprecedented political strife, not one of his decisions was ever reversed, on an appeal from the chair, notwithstanding the energy with which he always exerted his authority. Mr Clay was one of the commissioners who negotiated the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain, in 1814. He performed the duties of secretary of state, during the administration of Mr Adams, from 1825 to 1829. He has thus been connected with nearly all the great political questions which have agitated the people of this country for the last thirty years. Hardly any individual has exerted a more extensive influence. Of some of his public efforts, and of the measures which he has advocated, there are different views, according to the circumstances in which different individuals may have been placed. No one will deny to him, however, the possession of most distinguished gifts of nature, and of education; it is therefore more a matter of regret that he has sadly tarnished his character by having been repeatedly concerned in the odious practice of duelling.

Mr Clay has repeatedly expressed himself unequivocally and nobly in behalf of the desolate and outcast Indians and Africans. He thus speaks of the American Colonization Society. "Let us not be disheartened by the little which has been accomplished in the brief space of thirteen years, or by the magnitude and difficulties of the splendid undertaking. In the execution of vast schemes, which affect the happiness and the condition of a large portion of the habitable globe, time is necessary, which, in the estimation of mortals, may appear of long duration, but which, in the eyes of Providence, or in the computation of the periods of national existence, is short and fleeting. We may boldly challenge the annals of human nature for the record of any human plan for the melioration of the condition, or the advancement of our race, which promises more unmixed good in comprehensive benevolence than that of the Colonization Society, if carried into full operation. Its benevolent purposes are not confined to the limits of one continent, nor to the prosperity of a solitary race. They embrace the two largest portions of the earth, with the peace and happiness of both descriptions of their present inhabitants, and the countless millions of their posterity. The colonists, reared in the bosom of this republic, with a knowledge of the blessings which liberty imparts, although now unable to share them, will carry a recollection of them to benighted Africa, and light up in time her immense territory. And may we not indulge the hope, that, in a period of time not surpassing in duration that of our own colonial and national existence, we shall behold a confederation of republican states, on the western shores of Africa, with their congress and their annual legislatures, thundering forth in behalf of the rights of man, and causing tyrants to tremble on their thrones? Confiding in the approving judgment of Divine Providence, and conscious of the benevolence and purity of our intentions, we may fearlessly advance in our great work. And when we shall, as soon we must, be translated from this into another existence, is the hope presumptuous, that we shall then behold the common Father of the white and the black, the Ruler of the universe, cast His all-seeing eye upon civilized and regenerated Africa—its cultivated fields—its coasts studded with numerous cities, and adorned with temples dedicated to the religion of His Redeeming Son—its far famed Niger, and all its great rivers lined with flourishing villages, and navigated by that wonderful power which American genius first applied; and that, after dwelling with satisfaction upon the glorious spectacle, he will deign to look with approbation upon us, His humble instruments, who have contributed to produce it!"*

* Lives of Self-taught Men. Boston, 1831.

POPULAR MORALS.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

Having advanced proofs of the existence of a Supreme Being, drawn from various works of creation, and quite apart from Revelation, we now conclude the evidence, by noticing the proofs which may be drawn from the vegetable and animal kingdoms. On this branch of the subject, our authority, Mr Sullivan, proceeds as follows :—

"We are next to notice the works of the Creator in the vegetable kingdom. We include in this all that vegetates, that is, all that grows on, and has a connection with, the earth, by roots.

It is within the notice of most persons that the variation of the seasons is occasioned by the earth's motion round the sun, and the gradual elevation of one pole, and the consequent depression of the other. As there is one region around the centre in which there is perpetual summer, so there is at the poles, alternately, endless winter; and the year is divided into one long day in which the sun never sets, and one long night in which he is never seen. Between this unchanging summer and endless winter, every variety of climate, and of heat, and of cold, and of vegetable productions, is to be found. We must leave to the researches of young aspiring minds to trace out the connection which necessarily exists between this variety, and the enterprise, employment, comfort, improvement, and happiness, of the human race. It would be an easy and pleasing labour to show, that from these sources may be drawn innumerable proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, in adapting man to use the products of his bounty, and in adapting these products to his use. Still more pleasing would it be to demonstrate, that, principally from this variety of vegetable product, the intercourse and consequent refinement of mankind is directly, or remotely, derived. In short, that, from the vegetable kingdom, more than from any other, and all other sources together, in some form, varied as it may be by art and science, come all the commercial dealings of nations. But this is only incidental to the illustration intended to be made.

It is not our purpose to intrude into the department of natural history. This is a source, no doubt, of pure religious emotion, and of pious reverence, in all its varieties and divisions. We only allude to it, to illustrate the object in view; we do not treat of it, though we know not of any study which is better adapted to enlarge and elevate the mind, and improve the heart of man, than that of the natural world, when engaged in and pursued with the conviction, that we are perusing the volume which God has opened for our instruction, intending thereby to disclose himself through means adapted to our earthly condition.

The vegetable world has this in a manner so peculiar to itself, that it is every where, in every grade, from first formation to decay, pleasing and beautiful to the human mind. Even those vegetable substances which contain, by some unknown law, qualities which are poisonous, pain-imparting, or life-destroying to man, are nevertheless beautiful in their growth and developement. There are general laws prescribed to the vegetable, as there are to the animal kingdom. To these laws, all that is nourished by the earth, refreshed and fed by moisture from the clouds, or warmed and expanded by the beams of the sun, must submit and conform. Yet so varied is vegetable being, that if its varieties were not organized and fitted to render submission and obedience, they could have no place in the scale of creation.

The most imposing object in the vegetable kingdom is the solemn forest. Single trees on a plain, or a sufficient number to form a grove, are objects of beauty, and, consequently, of pleasure. The dark close forest carries the mind back through an indefinite lapse of time, and conveys to it a sentiment of the actual presence of the work of the Creator, as it came from his hand unchanged by any act of man. With this seeming stamp of originality on it, yet the long enduring forest, which appears ever the same, is silently and hourly submitting to the laws of nature, ever varying and changing; and though life, among its members, like life among the members of the human family, has its limits; and within some definite term, not one of all that are seen will remain; yet it is still the forest, to the human eye. From the most deep-rooted and long-enduring of this vast assembly, down to the many perfect vegetables which are invisible to the naked eye, there are general laws of beginning, continuing, and ending the term of life. Yet between these extremes there are many genera, or kinds, capable of definite and well-understood classification. Among these classes each has its own order of being; and these are again subdivided, and known by distinctions of form, internal structure, and in foliage, in flowers, in fruits, in juices, and fragrance. Each of them seems to have been given for some purpose, pleasing, convenient, or necessary to the animal kingdom. This is the inexhaustible treasury for the supply of life, for the restoration of health, for the rejoicing of the senses, for daily necessities, and luxurious gratification.

The continuance of vegetable life, unaided by human ingenuity, is provided for by natural causes. They bear about the germinating influence; yet, however close the neighbourhood of various orders may be, there is no confusion from age to age, nor is the order of nature ever deranged or impaired. It is this regularity of the laws of the Creator that we are called on to reverence. It is the adaptation of vegetable to animal life that commands our gratitude, while it adds another to the many proofs of One infinite and adorable Mind.

On a sphere so variegated as we know our own to be, and forming as we see it does, from its atmosphere, its waters, its minerals, its vegetables, a place fitted for use, and intended to be used, the purpose of Creation would seem to have failed, if it were not inhabited. All those animals which are inferior to man have been most diligently examined, and divided into classes by learned naturalists. The several genera and the species belonging to each have been accurately defined. It is foreign to our purpose to go into detail in this department of natural history. The present purpose will be accomplished if attention can be awakened to some general truths, which prove in this, and in all other parts of created being, the original and continuing presence of the Author of the Universe.

The first fact that strikes us is the exact order which prevails throughout animated being. Each family of the animal kingdom has its peculiar place assigned to it; to that place it is perfectly adapted, and to none other. In that appropriate sphere it comes into being, finds its own share in the created world; in that it continues, and in that it expires. All its instincts, propensities, faculties, pleasures, aversions, enmities, and wars, have their own peculiar objects. For each of these innumerable classes, from the elephant to the smallest mite that the microscope discloses to us on the dried fruit, or the purest lily's leaf, and in the transparent drop of spring water, there are laws of being, far more definite and far more faithfully obeyed than any which proud intellectual man can make and enforce.

It has been objected that it is inconsistent with divine benevolence that some animated beings are necessary to others as food. A moment's reflection will show that this objection cannot be maintained consistently with obvious laws. If some sorts of animals did not prey on others, the common food must be vegetable. Suppose all animals and insects were left to increase in numbers, as we know they would do, and all were to find food from vegetable products, how long would it probably be, before all of them would perish for want of food? Supposing existence a benefit, and considering the numbers that escape destruction, it will be found that this provision, so complained of, is consistent with general laws, and, consequently, with the benevolence of the Deity. In the ocean, if the same law as to food did not prevail, its inhabitants would soon come to an end. It is known that one fish may produce millions of fish. If the increase were permitted according to this scale, and some fish were not consumed by others, it seems that the whole would perish for want of food.

Let us examine two or three instances of the organization of animals. Seeing is necessary to all animals, because all of them are, in some way, connected with objects which are external to them. The law of vision depends on general laws, connected with light, and on the action to which rays of light are subjected, in passing through substances which permit this passage. It might, therefore, seem to us that there must be one sort of construction of the eye adapted to act with reference to one uniform and invariable law of nature. The principle on which vision depends must be the same, in all eyes, that is, on having the image of the object seen transferred through some medium to the sensitive nerve adapted to receive it. The general law, therefore, is this: the existence of the object seen must be in such a relation to the animal seeing it, that its image can be impressed, by the help of light, on the proper space in the interior of the eye. But that which excites our wonder is, the endless variety, among the different orders of being, by which the eye is adapted to its duty, and the means given to preserve it, in a fit state for use. The exceeding sensitiveness of the eye would expose it to irreparable injury, and it might soon be destroyed, if such means were not given. In the human form, in which the hand appears, the injuries to the eye may be remedied by the use of that member.

Among animals which have not that member, nature has provided other means to this end. Birds, generally, and many animals, and the horse among others, have a third eye-lid, the constant action of which may be easily observed, and so curiously adapted to use, that it can be passed over the outer surface of the eye in almost every instant, and by its action all offending substances are wiped away. On examination it is found that this eye-lid moves on mechanical principles well understood, but in this instance marvellously applied.

The keenness of vision in birds of prey, which see at very great distances, and also at very short ones, requires another conformity to the general law. The eye of these animals is, therefore, so constructed, that it can, by means of pliable scales on the outside of the ball of the eye, and by muscles drawn over them, so diminish or enlarge the size of the eye, that it will perform its duty as to an object, however near and distant it may be. This power of vision enables birds to see, from their airy elevation, far beyond the reach of the human eye, over a wide extent, and to discern their food, and with surprising sagacity they submit themselves to the gravitating power, and arrive at the earth's surface with a rapidity which would seem to be necessarily followed by destruction from the contact. This keenness of vision seems to enable them to know whether the object seen is living or dead, though the position of the body may be the same in either case.

Another variation is seen in the *fixed* eye of the insect race, and in the position of it. One or two instances will sufficiently illustrate this. In the common fly are seen two small round projections at the side of the head. These projections contain many thousands of lenses disposed in rows, each one of which is capable of transmitting an impression of outward objects. A German naturalist counted 6236 in the two eyes of a silk worm. Another naturalist counted 14,000 in the eyes of a drone fly, 27,000 in the eyes of a dragon fly. It has been proved by actual experiment with the help of glasses, that each one of these lenses was capable of receiving an independent and distinct impression. The inference seems necessarily to be, that the retina of these insects may receive, at the same time, some thousands of impressions without any confusion, which is far more wonderful than the single impression made on the retina of our own species, and on those of other animals, who have two eyes with a retina for each.

As we have no other purpose than to awaken curiosity and thought in relation to the natural world, we must leave this inexhaustible subject to the inquiring and well disposed. They may feel assured that the thoughtless hours which they pass in early life may be made instructive and happy, if they will examine the natural world, not as a mere show, but as proofs of that Power and Benevolence by which themselves and the minutest insect were alike gifted with existence."

ODDS AND ENDS OF SUBJECTS.

HORNED WOMEN.

An extract from an American journal went the round of the newspapers in 1827, concerning a *horn* which had grown out of the head of a woman of that country. Such a wonderful natural product, although justly described in the journal alluded to as of "very rare occurrence," is not unknown among us in Scotland; for, in the Anatomical Museum of the Edinburgh University, there are preserved four horns, which had grown out of the heads of four different females. One of them is about seven inches in length, as thick as the little finger, of a crooked shape, and has appended to it a label, bearing the following inscription:—"This horn was cut by Arthur Temple, chirurgeon, out of the head of Elizabeth Low, being three inches above the right ear, before thir witnesses, Andrew Temple, Thomas Burne, George Smith, John Smytone, and James Tweedie, the 14th of May 1671. It was a-growing seven yeares, her age 50 yeares." It is rather odd that all these ornaments graced the heads of ladies. But such excrescences have not always been so conveniently placed, as we learn from Sir Robert Sibbald's History of Fife, a curious book published about the beginning of last century. "A person of quality," says that author, "a lady of great age in this shire, had a horn growing out of her toe, and put her from walking; it was cut off by Dr H., and she was freed of pain, and walked."

OVER-FEEDING.

Mr Abernethy agreed with the opinion entertained by Franklin, who said that nine-tenths of the diseases were caused by over-feeding. That learned surgeon, in one of his lectures in 1827, thus addressed his hearers:—"I tell you honestly what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race; it is their gormandizing and stuffing, and stimulating their digestive organs to an excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritation. The state of their minds is another grand cause; the fidgetting and discontenting yourselves about that which can't be helped; passions of all kinds—malignant passions and worldly cares, pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, and do a great deal of harm."

METHOD OF OBTAINING FLOWERS OF DIFFERENT COLOURS ON THE SAME STEM.

Split a small twig of elder-tree lengthways, and having scraped out the pith, or soft part of the wood, fill each of the apartments with seeds of flowers, of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time: surround them with mould, and then, tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot, properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be incorporated so as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analogous to the seed which produced them.

DILUVIAL REMAINS.

In a very curious article, by Caleb Atwater, Esq. published in Silliman's Journal, in January 1827, it is said, that fossil plants which are now the natives of torrid climates have been found in considerable numbers in the state of Ohio, America, and in the vicinity of Ohio river. Among these plants are the bread-fruit tree, the species of palm which produces the cocoa-nut, and the bamboo. The writer states, that he has in his possession the perfect impression of the cassia and the tea-leaf, found in the rocks of that region. The impressions of the bread-fruit tree show the flowers fully expanded and entire, and the author avers that these specimens of these fossil plants are so perfect and faithful to nature as to dispel all doubts

of what they once were. The largest trees are found mostly in sandstone. "The supposition," says the author, "that these tropical plants were carried northward by the ocean, is disproved by the fact that some of the trees, or rather the roots, and parts of their roots, and parts of their trunks, stand upright, evidently on the spot where they grew, and others, with every root entire, lie to all appearance where they fell when turned up by the roots. Again," asks the writer, "if floated from tropical regions, how happens it that their flowers were uninjured? These show all their original beauty of form; they are fully expanded, and could not have been transported from any considerable distance. Scarcely a day could have intervened between the period in which they were in full bloom, and that in which, by the catastrophe which long since overwhelmed our globe, they were embalmed in the spot where they are now found."

SAVING KNOWLEDGE.

Instead of cutting off the whole head of a cauliflower, leave a part on, the size of a gooseberry, and all the leaves; second and even third heads will be formed; and thus they may be eaten for two or three months: when, by the present practice, by cutting the head off completely, the bed of cauliflowers are gone in two or three weeks.

LEARNED LADIES.

The following clever bit is from Blackwood's Magazine:—"You shall hear a biped insist on having young ladies taught chemistry, and botany, and natural philosophy, and so on, that they may be fit to become wives to men like himself—himself as great a gapus as gapes—whose knowledge of chemistry gives him reason to suspect that an acid is something infernally sour—whose botanical eye can with difficulty distinguish a dockan—and who in natural philosophy is contented with the old definition of thunder, 'the conjection of sulphur congeals the matter.' Suppose the blockhead were to lay hold of such a wife, what could he make of her? She must forsooth be scientific, in order to be a fit companion for HIM! that, when he returns from business into the bosom of domestic privacy, there may be a partner worthy of HIM—of a man of his fine feelings, and cultivated understanding, and wide range of political, poetical, and philosophical information. How else could he live? His soul must be fed as well as his stomach; and if his better half be not as good as his worse, he dies. The poor prig does not know, that, with all his zeal for female education, he could not do a more fitting, and consistent, and congenial thing, than to marry his cook, all whose natural talents are at least equal to his own, and some of them much more highly cultivated. But we have no personal feelings towards this individual in particular, and are anxious that our observations be considered applicable to the majority of men at large. 'If the majority of our females were well instructed, they would be far before their fathers and husbands, and that would never do. Changes must begin with men, or we shall have all confusion.' Are there twenty men in Edinburgh, ten in Glasgow, five in Paisley, two and a half in Aberdeen, and one and a quarter in Dundee, entitled to a learned wife?"

WHEN TO KILL A LION.

The following curious circumstance is related in Thompson's Travels in Southern Africa:—"I was told here that a lion had just killed an ox, and had been shot in the act. It is the habit of the lion, it seems, when he kills a large animal, to spring upon it, and, seizing the throat with his terrible fangs, to press the body down with his paws, till his victim expires. The moment he seizes his prey, the lion closes his eyes, and never opens them again until life is extinct. The Hottentots are aware of this; and on the present occasion one of the herdsmen ran to the spot with his gun, and fired at the lion within a few yards distance, but, from the agitation of his nerves, entirely missed him. The lion, however, did not even deign to notice the report of the gun, but kept fast hold of his prey. The Hottentot re-loaded, fired a second time, and shot him through the head. This fact, being well authenticated, seemed to me curious, and worthy of being mentioned."

NARRATIVE OF THREE DESERTED CHILDREN.

"I will record in this place," says Mr Flint, in his Travels in America, "a narrative that impressed me deeply. It was a fair sample of the cases of extreme misery and desolation that are often witnessed on the Mississippi river. In the Sabbath school at New Madrid we received three children, who were introduced to that place under the following circumstances: A man was descending the river with these three children in his pirogue. He and his children had landed on a desert island, on a bitter snowy evening in December. There were but two houses, which were at Little Prairie, opposite the island, within a great distance. He wanted more whisky, although he had been drinking too freely. Against the persuasions of his children, he left them, to cross over in his pirogue to these houses, and renew his supply. The wind blew high, and the river was rough. Nothing could dissuade him from this dangerous attempt. He told them that he should return to them that night, left them in tears, and exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, and started for his carouse. The children saw the boat sink before he had half crossed the passage: the man was drowned. These forlorn beings were left without any other covering than their own scanty and ragged dress, for he had taken his blanket with him. They had neither fire nor shelter, and no other food than uncooked pork and corn. It snowed fast, and the night closed over them in this situation. The elder was a girl of six years, but remarkably shrewd and acute for her age. The next was a girl of four, and the youngest a boy of two. It was affecting to hear her describe her desolation of heart, as she set herself to examine her resources. She made them creep together, and draw their bare feet under their clothes. She covered them with leaves and branches, and thus they passed the first night. In the morning, the younger children wept bitterly with cold and hunger. The pork she cut into small pieces. She then persuaded them to run about, by setting them the example. Then she made them return to chewing corn and pork. It would seem as if Providence had a special eye to these poor children, for, in the course of the day, some Indians landed on the island, found them, and, as they were coming up to New Madrid, took them with them."

SINGULAR CAPTIVITY.

Mr James Boag, timber merchant, Johnstone, while breaking up a log of American wood, of about twenty-four feet in length, and twenty-eight inches square, in the spring of 1827, discovered in the very centre of it a hollow, in which were a considerable number of living bees, a quantity of honey, and a few larvæ of bees. The imprisoned insects were longer, and of a more attenuated frame than the free tribes that roam over the hills and vallies of Britain. Every care was taken to preserve some of the interesting foreigners alive, but they all died in a short time after exposure to the influence of the atmosphere, hardly tasting the sweets of liberty till consigned to non-existence. The log contained several of these hollows of different dimensions, and in all of them a number of living bees. Some inches of solid timber intervened between each, precluding the possibility of communication between the hapless inhabitants of the various cells. Their incarceration may be attributed to the growth of the tree, which had probably closed up their ports of egress while they were buried in their long winter sleep.

It is to be regretted, in days so prolific of auto-biographies, that one of these trans-Atlantic exiles could not have furnished the booksellers with a narrative of his sensations ere he died. The Bee Family, or a Voice from the Hollow Tree, by an American Wood-ranger, would have formed an amusing addition to our stock of adventure by sea and land.

NATIONAL PHYSICAL FORCE OF ANIMALS.

The account given by M. Dupin, of the physical force of the animals of France, affords a great number of interesting observations. We remark, that the whole animal force of the kingdom is only equal to four times the physical force of the people; while in Britain, the whole animal is equal to eleven times the physical force of the people; whence it follows, that in France the labourers are three times less assisted by animals than the labourers of Britain. In Britain, they have one horse for every ten inhabitants; in France, one for every thirteen. The diligences, or stage-coaches, except on a few roads, travel at the rate of only two leagues an hour, while in England, the same conveyances travel at the rate of three, and even four.

PASSION OF THE INDIANS FOR SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

At the treaty of Chicago, in 1821, the commissioners ordered that no spirits should be issued to the Indians, and informed them, in their own manner, that the bungs were driven into the barrels. A deputation of the chiefs was sent to remonstrate against this precautionary measure, and at its head was Topnibe, the principal chief of the Potawatomie tribe, a man upwards of eighty years of age. Every argument was used to convince them that the measure was indispensable; that they were exposed to daily murders; and that, while in a state of intoxication, they were unable to attend to the business for which they were convened. All this was useless, and the discussion only terminated by the peremptory refusal of the commissioners to accede to their request. "Father," said the hoary-headed chief, when he was urged to remain sober, and make a good bargain for his people, "Father, we care not for money, nor the land, nor the goods. We want the whisky. Give us the whisky."

PROGNOSTICS OF THE WEATHER DRAWN FROM ANIMALS.

In a late number of the Journal, we gave some prognostics drawn from animals, under the title of Animal Barometers, of which the following may be regarded as a continuation. These have, from long observation by several meteorologists, been found to afford pretty certain indications of atmospherical changes:—

1. When the bats appear more numerous than ordinary, and fly abroad longer than usual, they announce fine and warm weather on the following day. The contrary is the case when they are fewer than usual, and when they take refuge in houses, and cry.

2. The owl, when it is heard crying in bad weather, is the forerunner of fine weather.

3. The croaking of ravens in the morning indicates the same.

4. It is a symptom of approaching rain and storms, when ducks and geese fly here and there in fine weather, and dive into the water.

5. When the bees make short excursions from their hives, it is a symptom of rain; and it is equally so when they come in swarms to the hive before night, and without being completely laden.

6. If the pigeons return late to the pigeon-house, they announce rain for the following day.

7. It is a sign of bad weather, when the sparrows chirp frequently, and invite each other to flock together.

8. When the hens roll themselves in the dust more than usual, it is a symptom of coming rain; and it is an indication of the same when the cocks crow in the night at extraordinary hours.

9. It is a sign of bad weather, when the swallows skim the surface of the water or the ground; and when they hawk very high in the atmosphere, it is a sure indication of continued drought.

10. A storm is approaching when the flies sting and become more troublesome than usual.

11. When the gnats assemble before sunset, and form a circling mass, they announce fine weather.

12. If the frogs croak more than usual, and if the toads come out in great numbers from their holes in the evening—if the worms appear on the surface of the soil—if the moles labour more than usual—and if the oxen and the turkeys collect together, these prognosticate almost evident certainty of rain.

13. When the cattle in the fields, especially the sheep, are sharper than usual after the grass, rain is not far distant.

14. When cats lick their paws frequently, and rub them over their faces, it is a sure indication of rain.

15. When cattle congregate, and remain in close masses, in an inactive state, it is an indication of the approach of thunder.

PROGNOSTICS DRAWN FROM TERRESTRIAL BODIES.

1. If the flame of the lamp sparkles, or if it forms an excrescence, there will be, in that case, a strong probability of rain.

2. The same happens when the soot loosens and falls down the chimnies.

3. If the coals in the grate blaze more than usual, or flame with more activity, it is a sign of wind.

4. On the contrary, when the flame is steady and uniform, it is a sign of fair weather; when the flame is low and blue, it is a certain indication of frost.

5. If the sound of bells is heard from afar, it is a sign of wind, or of a change of weather.

6. If pleasant or offensive smells are condensed, that is, become stronger, they indicate rain.

7. The frequent change of wind is the forerunner of a violent storm.

8. If salt, marble, iron, or glass, become moist—if the wood of doors and windows smells, and becomes distended—and if the corns on the feet become painful, these are symptoms of rain or a thaw.

9. Those winds that begin to blow in the day time, are always more violent, and last longer, than those that begin during the night.

10. The frost that begins with wind lasts longest.

11. If the wind does not change, the weather seldom changes.

12. If distant objects become more than usually distinct, and appear nearer than usual, it is a certain precursor of rain.

JOE MILLER.

Mr Mathews, in his celebrated Monopolylogue, entitled, "Mathews' Dream, or Theatrical Gallery," gives the following curious and not generally-known anecdote of the well-known Joe Miller, for the veracity of which he pledges himself:—

"It is a fact not generally known," says he, "that Joe Miller, who has fathered all our jests for the last half century, never uttered a jest in his life. Though an excellent comic actor, he was the most taciturn and saturnine man breathing. He was in the daily habit of spending his afternoons at the Black Jack, a well known public-house in Portugal Street, Clare Market, which was at that time frequented by most of the respectable tradesmen in the neighbourhood, who, from Joe's imperturbable gravity, whenever any risible saying was recounted, derisively ascribed it to him. After his death, having left his family unprovided for, advantage was taken of this *badinage*. A Mr Motley, a well-known dramatist of that day, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current in town. Joe Miller's name was prefixed to them; and from that day to this, the man who never uttered a jest has been the reputed author of every jest, past, present, and to come."

THE APPLE.

It is difficult to find adequate terms to set forth the value of the advantages which have accrued to mankind from the cultivation of this justly high-prized fruit. In the woods and hedges of England, the crab and weilding apples are every where found; crooked, hostile, rigid in figure and quality; with numerous small austere fruit, which even the hog will hardly eat; but, transplanted into a garden, and subjected to the corrections of the horticulturist, they have, in the course of time, been divested of their savage character, forming a goodly tree, and yielding crops of goodly fruit, fit for many healthful purposes of life. Many of the newest sorts have been spontaneously produced, and a great number by the art of fertilizing the flowers of one with the pollen or dust of another. One circumstance in the history of the apple must not pass unnoticed here, viz. the deterioration of the old sorts, which regaled and were the boast of our forefathers a century ago. It is the opinion of an eminent orchardist, that, as the apple is an artificial production, and, as such, has its stages of youth, maturity, and

old age, it cannot, in its period of decrepitude, be by any means renovated to its present state, either by pruning or cutting down, changing its place, or by transferring its parts to young and vigorous stocks; and that, in whatever station it may be placed, it carries with it the decay and diseases of its parent. This is the most rational account which has been given of this indisputable fact; and though its accuracy has been called in question by some naturalists, the general failure is in our own orchards, and the difficulties in forming new ones with the old favourite sorts, is a decisive proof that such deterioration exists. It is, therefore, the chief object of the modern pomologist to obtain, from seeds of the best weildings, new varieties, wherewith to form new and profitable orchards, and which may be expected to continue in health and fertility, as the old sorts have done, for the next century. The preservation of this useful fruit is now brought to great perfection, by keeping them in jars, secure from the action of the air; but there is one method of preserving them for culinary purposes, which, as it is not practised in this country, may be noticed here. Any good baking sort, which is liable to rot, if peeled and cut into slices about the thickness of one-sixth of an inch, and dried in the sun, or in a slow oven, till sufficiently desiccated, may be afterwards kept in boxes, in dry places, for a considerable time, and only require to be soaked in water for an hour or two, before using.

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

In an old magazine, printed about the year 1789, the writer, speaking of the persons whose habit it was to resort to the various tea-gardens near London, on a Sunday, calculates them to amount to 200,000. Of these, he considers that not one would go away without having spent half-a-crown, and, consequently, the sum of L.25,000 would have been spent in the course of the day: twenty-five thousand multiplied by the number of Sundays in a year, gives, as the annual consumption of that day of rest, the immense sum of L.1,300,000. The writer calculates the returning situation of these persons as follows:—Sober, 50,000; in high glee, 90,000; drunkish, 30,000; staggering tipsy, 10,000; muzzy, 15,000; dead drunk, 5000.—Total, 200,000.

LINEAL CONSANGUINITY.

It is, at the first view, astonishing to consider the number of lineal ancestors which every man has within no very great number of degrees, and so many different bloods is a man said to contain in his veins as he hath lineal ancestors. Of these, he has two in the first ascending degree, his own parents; he hath four in the second, the parents of his father, and the parents of his mother; he hath eight in the third, the parents of his two grandfathers and two grandmothers; and, by the same rate of progression, he hath one hundred and twenty-eight in the seventh, one thousand and twenty-four in the tenth, and at the twentieth degree, or at the distance of twenty generations, every man has above *a million* of ancestors, as common arithmetic will demonstrate.

GIGANTIC FLOWERS.

The Krubut, or Great Flower of Sumatra.—To this amazing plant has been given the botanical appellation of *Rafflesia Arnoldi*. The first, or generic name, is in honour of the late Sir Stamford Raffles, governor of Sumatra; and the second, or specific name, in memory of Dr Arnold, who discovered the plant in 1818. It is one of the most extraordinary of vegetable productions. It is a parasite, growing in the woods, on the roots and stems of those immense climbing plants, generally of the genus *Vitis*, which are attached, like cables, to the largest trees in the forest. The flower constitutes the whole of the plant, there being neither leaves, roots, nor stems. It is a true parasite, growing out of another plant, in the manner of the mistletoe, and not on the decayed surface of the plants, as the common fern on the trunks of old oak pollards. The flowers, so far as is discovered, are of one sex, and only the male has been sent to England. The breadth of a full-grown flower exceeds three feet; and the petals, or blossom leaves, are of a subrotund shape, and measure twelve inches each, from the base to the apex; and it is about a foot from the insertion of one petal to the opposite one. That part which is considered the nectarium, and situated in the centre of the flower, would hold twelve pints of water: the pistils, which are abortive, are as large as cows' horns, and the weight of the whole is calculated at about fifteen pounds.

The flower fully blown was discovered in a jungle, growing close to the ground under bushes, with a swarm of flies hovering over the nectary, and apparently laying their eggs in its substance. The colour of the fine petals is a brick-red, and covered with protuberances of a yellowish-white. The smell is that of tainted beef. The structure of this plant is too imperfectly known to admit of determining its place in the natural system of botany; but Mr Robert Brown, one of the first botanists in the world, thinks it will be found to approach the passion-flowers.

The first appearance of the plant is a round knob, which, when cut through, exhibits the infant flower enveloped in numerous bracteal sheaths, which successively open and wither away as the flower enlarges; until, at the time of full expansion, there are but a very few remaining, which have somewhat the appearance of a broken calyx. It takes three months from the first appearance of the bud to the full expansion of the flowers. The fruit has not yet been seen by botanists, but is said by the natives to be a many-seeded berry. The female flower differs little in appearance from the male, further than being without the anthers of the latter.

In the observations of Mr Brown on the *Rafflesia*, he remarks, that it is not common for parasitic plants to fix indiscriminately on the roots or branches of their stocks, as is supposed to be the case with the *Rafflesia*, and that plants parasitic on roots are chiefly distinguishable by the imperfect developement of their leaves, and the entire absence of green colour, and their embryo not only minute, but apparently imperfectly developed. The modes of union between a parasite and its supporter or stock, vary in different genera and species of this class of vegetables. Some, as in the mistletoe and *Rafflesia*, depend on the stalk for nourishment, during the whole of their existence; others, as the common broom rape, are originated in the soil, and, afterwards, when they have attached themselves to their stock, and in their more advanced state, produce roots of their own. In some cases the connection between the parasite and the stock is such as can only be explained in the supposition that the germinating seed of the parasite excites a specific action in the stack; and the result of which is a formation of a structure, either wholly or in part derived from the root, and adapted to the support and protection of the undeveloped parasite; analogous, therefore, to the production of galls by the puncture of insects. On this supposition may be explained the connection between the flower of the *Rafflesia* and the root from which it springs.

The Hydrangea Hortensis.—This inimitable plant is one of the most superb in nature. The Earl of Selkirk had one in his fine garden on the beautiful domain of St Mary's Isle, which excited the admiration of all florists, was, before the year 1827, several times cut down, and as often started into fresh luxuriance; and in August of that year was in full and extraordinary bloom, measuring round the extremities, as near as possible, thirty-two feet, and displayed *five hundred and twenty-five* flowers, and, what is perhaps equally surprising, several of which measured not less than two feet in circumference.

VALUE OF AN AFRICAN WIFE.

Some English settlers in South Africa, in a hunting excursion across the frontier, were entertained at a kraal of the Amatymba Caffres. The chief inquired how many wives an Englishman usually had, and how many cattle were required to be paid for one. He was told that no man, not even the king himself, was allowed to have more than one wife; and that property was not given *for* them, but, on the contrary, expected *with* them. "You are a people of strange customs," said the Caffre; "among us, no man can procure a tolerable wife for less than ten good oxen, and our chiefs sometimes pay sixty cattle for one of superior qualities. Your women, I fear, make but indifferent wives, since no one will pay for them, and their relatives must even pay the man to marry them off their hands."

EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCE.

In the year 1827, there grew on the farm of Bents, parish of Kirkmichael, Dumfriesshire, a root of rye, size of a Portugal onion, from which sprung sixty-six stalks, each provided with a well-filled head. It was allowed to ripen, and when pulled up, the grains were counted, and found to amount to the amazing number of *four thousand and ninety-six* pickles—perhaps the greatest quantity ever produced from one grain of rye. Mr Crow discovered the plant early in the season, and many witnessed the phenomenon when growing.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE ARABS.

The Arabs, who set little value on the lives of mankind, respect their remains, and take the utmost care of their interment; the want of it they consider one of the greatest misfortunes that can happen, and they die with composure when they are certain of leaving some one behind them to bury them. The severest punishment, therefore, among them is to be cut to pieces, and thrown to the dogs. Their funeral ceremonies, as far as I have had an opportunity to observe them, are as follow:—Scarcely has the Arab breathed his last, when his body is carefully washed; after which it is wrapped up in a winding-sheet of white cloth, reserved by the Arabs for that purpose. This cloth is manufactured in the town of Arabia; but they set a much higher value upon that which is brought them by pilgrims from Mecca, and which has been blessed by the principal Iman. This benediction is expensive, it is true; but the singular favours annexed to it make them forget what it costs. As soon as the dead body is purified, it is laid upon a kind of litter, and is carried to the place of interment, either on horseback, or by the friends and relations of the deceased. While the men are employed in digging the grave, the women squat down in a circle around the body, which they feel and uncover, and afterwards converse together with much indifference; but every now and then they break off their discourse, to give vent to their lamentations, to ask the body questions, to beseech it, in the most earnest manner, to return again and take up its abode amongst them. "Why," say they, "hast thou quitted us?" Did we not prepare thy *courcouson* well? Alas! shall thy children behold thee no more? At present, since thou hast plunged them into sadness and woe, nothing remains for them but to sigh and to weep. Ah! return again with us; nothing shall be wanting to thee. But thou hearest us no more; thou no longer givest us an answer to our words; thou hearest only our sighs," &c., and other expressions of the same kind, which I have often made the Arabs translate to me, whilst I was assisting at these mournful ceremonies. These dismal lamentations, which display a natural and pathetic eloquence, would have a powerful effect in moving the hearts of the spectators, did they not see these very women, a moment after, throw aside that external appearance of the deepest grief, talk and laugh together, and afterwards return to their former wailings. During these tender complaints, they tear their hair, and open the veins of their temples with their nails, while the blood trickles down, mingled with their tears, and exhibits an appearance of the deepest despair. When the grave is finished, the body is deposited in it on its side, and with the face turned towards the east. One of their *papas* puts into its hand a letter of recommendation to Mahomet; after which a kind of arch is formed over it with branches of trees, in order that the earth may not touch it. When the grave is covered with earth, other branches of trees are laid over it, with a quantity of large stones, to prevent savage animals from devouring the body in the night time. In the middle of the stones, an opening is left where they deposit earthen vessels, and other family utensils; but this is only done to Arabs of a certain rank. Before they quit the grave, they erect in the middle of it a kind of funeral flag, which is generally a piece of the clothes of the deceased, fixed to the end of a stick. When the ceremony is finished, each returns home with the greatest tranquillity, and without showing, in their exterior appearance, any signs of the melancholy duty they had been discharging. The nearest relations and friends of the deceased go, from time to time, and visit his tomb. They remove some stones from it, and in part uncover the body, to see that the person has not returned to life; and when the smell convinces them of the contrary, they renew their wailings and lamentations as above described. Some scatter a little lime over the stones, to make this rude tomb look somewhat brighter. On every holiday the Arabs go in crowds to visit the tombs of their dead, and to bedew them with their tears.—*Poiret's Travels*, 1773.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

A portrait painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece. "It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir; what can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel." "Oh, no! not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me." The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back: when he returned, he had a stranger lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said: "an accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady; she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.—*Life of Copley, Family Library.*

ON A SLEEPING CHILD.

From "Sonnets, by Edward Moxon." 1830.

Sleep, infant Pilgrim! Over thee one bends,
Too anxious for thy being, thee to rob
Of one sweet dream. Surveying thee, the throb
Of future years steals o'er me; yet hope blends
Her lilies with fear's dark contrasted flowers.
Long may the former bloom for thee, meek child,
And oft repeated be these slumbers mild
Which now so softly lull thy cherub hours.
Thou, like a flow'ret of the virgin May,
In lusty beauty puttest forth a ray,
Which time will brighten till thy noon arrive,
As summer to the offspring of the field.
Storms thence against thee their wild course will drive,
And, like the flower, thou to their strength must yield.

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TEA AND SUPPER.

"I hate your immense loads of meat; that's country all over. Something nice and a little will do."—GOLDSMITH'S *Essays*.

SUCH was the saying of the exquisite Beau Tibbs; and whether with or without a cautious regard to the scrankiness of his larder, whether from real taste or from economy, there was certainly much propriety in the remark. The more formal the party—the more immense the preparation—the more weighty the load of meat and vessels—just so much less chance is there of that light-hearted hilarity, that social and cordial union, which forms the charm of a miscellaneous party. From a conviction of this, but without any positive knowledge of what does constitute a pleasant meeting, many persons abjure dinner-parties, as liable to all the objections we lately stated against them, and seek for ease and felicity in invitations styled technically *at homes*, which implies tea and supper. No doubt such people are safer here. Tea and supper generally require candles, by which there is always more sociality than under the business-like thing called day-light. This is so much in favour of the hopes of the inviters. Then, tea and supper always implies the drawing-room in the first instance, where there is likely to be a little more ease than in the fixed parallelogram of sitters, which distinguishes the dining-room. This is so much more. *Between* tea and supper, moreover, there is more variety of conversation, more variety of amusement, and a greater chance of the various divisions of the company becoming coherent, and agreeable to each other, than in any part of the penitential solemnity styled a dinner. All these advantages, however, will be in a great measure lost, if a proper attention be not paid to the selection of the guests. A meeting of Blacks and Whites, and Slaters and Wrights, all in pairs, called together for the mere commercial purpose of clearing off so many debts, and unrelieved by any admixture of good talkers and good singers, would freeze the nectar, and poison the ambrosia of the immortal gods.

A dinner-party is generally gone into with one's eyes open: a tea and supper party is often a matter into which one is betrayed. Some day, your wife mentions to you, quite in what Mrs Pringle called an overly way, that she happened to meet her old friend Mrs Nicholson on the street that day, and, not having seen her for a good while, had asked her to come up next Friday night, bringing the Misses Nicholson along with her—just in an easy way. This passes as a very simple matter, and there is no more thought about it for some time. However, meeting a friend or two of your own whom you have not seen for a long while, and recollecting that there is to be somebody with you next Friday at any rate, and that you will therefore be unable to attend to any business that evening, why, you ask your two friends to come too, as it will make little difference whether your guests be three in number or five: besides, as your wife sagely remarks, "these two young gentlemen will be company to the Misses Nicholson." That afternoon you are informed by Mrs B., that, recollecting a particular school acquaintance, whom she had not seen for many years, but who was now spending a few days in town with Mrs Armstrong, she had sent to invite her with the said Mrs Armstrong, and Mrs Armstrong's son and niece, for the same evening. The affair now begins to look serious, and you half think, with Bucklaw, in the Bride of Lammermuir, that it will be as well just to make a night of it. Having ultimately resolved upon this course, you set your wits to recollect others whom it would be "as well" to invite on the present occasion, and "so," as Mrs B. remarks, "be done with all parties for the winter." "Since we are to have so many at any rate," says your truly wise helpmate, "it will be best to make up a good set when we're at it—for, in an evening affair, you know, a few more does not make much difference." There is then a hurry-skurry issue of notes to this one and that one, whom you were not at all thinking of inviting till this opportunity occurred, and who, good souls! would far rather stay at home than thus be dragged at the chariot-wheels of your conveniency. Some can come, and some cannot; and, on summing up the acceptances, and finding that one or two more could still be taken in, why, in all probability nothing will please Mrs B. but she will call upon several formerly omitted individuals—the very newest, or the most forgotten of your acquaintance—and ask them in an easy way, "as it is now too late to send notes." Thus, instead of simply having the Nicholsons, in a quiet way, as you first thought, you get packed to the door with a brilliant assemblage, the half of whom are hardly known to either you or your spouse, but are mutually supposed to be each other's acquaintance, and who are no more amalgamable into a friendly composition, than the company at a sale or a picture exhibition.

In such *soirees* as this, the whole affair becomes a painful kind of *solemnity*, rather than what it ought, or is expected to be. Instead of cultivating, as you desired, a better acquaintance with certain persons, and enjoying with them an interchange of ideas and feelings, such as friendship demands, you see them all the while (if you see them at all) in a kind of masquerade. No one appears in his natural character. The manners are stiff and artificial—unirradiated by a single trait or *escape* of real human character. The conversation, from the mutual non-acquaintance of the individuals, is necessarily general, referring to all kinds of hack exhausted subjects, such as the theatres and the picture exhibitions: if any man alludes to a somewhat more extraordinary public amusement which has just come to town, the whole catch at it, like drowning people grasping at straws, and seem to take a sincere interest in it, while, in reality, they are only anxious to relieve the desperate dulness of the scene they are involved in. In fact, a request to snuff the candles is often a relief on such occasions; and if any one can tell about such a thing as Mackenzie's theory of the weather, his neighbours hang upon his blessed lips, like an excited multitude when addressed by a popular orator. One might become quite *distingué* on such occasions by a jest upon a cheese-paring. Any thing—any thing will do—only let some one speak something loud enough to be heard by the rest. How fortunate on such an occasion is the recent occurrence of some great public transaction, even though it be of the nature of a calamity or accident, which may supply a few points of remark to the unhappy assemblage. If you had not had that—so run your thoughts at the end of the evening—you would have had nothing, and the whole affair must have been passed in something little short of absolute silence. From this difficulty of conversation, people often sit for hours at a supper-table, eating and drinking of the very best productions of the earth, and yet all the time inwardly experiencing the most awkward and the most unpleasant sensations. They begin to think themselves trepanned into some ridiculous scrape or dilemma, and see the full force of honest Sancho's wish—that he might be permitted to eat garlic and crusts behind a door, rather than feast in public. But all this is nothing to the attempt usually made to get some one to sing. Horace said, nearly two thousand years ago, that no *private* singer could ever be got to sing when asked, but that, when not asked, they never give over *—and the same thing is seen in our own day. Often have we seen half an hour spent, in a stiff miscellaneous party, like that we have been describing, before either lady or gentleman could be prevailed upon to waken the awful echoes of such a scene with a song: every one, regularly as asked, becomes suddenly affected by a grievous catarrh, or, as Signor Corri used to call it, "a leetle horse at de trot;" and unless some one can tell upon another, which is not likely in such a collection of strangers, there is no finding out a singer either by physiognomy or phrenology. At last, perhaps, some unhappy young creature in gauze or muslin is badgered out of all resistance, and fairly forced to squeak up some modern sentimental ditty, which she occasionally practises confidently enough to her piano-forte at home, though here she is like to sink into the earth at the very thought of whispering it. Up it goes, however—the most miserable caterwauling that ever was heard. Probably the song implies some passion of no small vehemence, or describes a situation in the highest degree moving. The contrast, then, between the meaning of the words, and the poor, peepy, fainting, tremulous, expressionless voice in which they are given—not to speak of various break-downs in the most emphatic parts of the performance—produces such a depressing effect upon the audience, as surpasses all description. You all feel that you have been instrumental in making a fellow-creature ridiculous, and, if you have any real generosity, execrate yourselves for the very pity which you find yourself called upon to bestow upon her.

Upon such *enjoyments* as these, the wealthy and the easy in circumstances annually expend much money, without giving either themselves or others the least real pleasure—the expenditure being solely dictated by a desire of *showing off*, or of proving their wealth and dignity before certain persons, whose good word may elevate the spenders in the scale of society. The sacred idea of hospitality and social intercourse is thus abused, that the vulgar idea of opulence may be advanced: the most valuable products of nature are brought forward and liberally distributed, not that they may cheer or recreate the individuals called together—whether thrown over the throats or under the feet of these individuals is a matter of indifference: the only object is, that, *by their being used*, something may be argued in favour of the parties bringing them forward. We have often thought that if the money thus expended in regaling those who are already in no need of regalement, were bestowed upon the poor—or if even a fifth part of it were so expended—the condition of the humbler classes of society would be much alleviated, while the giving class would not experience the least decrease of real comfort. At the same time, it might reconcile the poorest man to his condition, to see how much of the wealth he perhaps envies is spent under the influence of an infatuation from which he is exempt, upon feasts which, unlike Mercy, bless neither the giver nor the receiver, and are just a means of rendering a certain number of persons miserable in themselves, and odious to each other, for a certain number of hours. The crust of the labourer carries with it a relish and a blessing which rarely befall costly banquets, and there is often more real joy and social mirth over the humble potation which one embrowned hand will pass to another in the intervals of a grinding toil, than over the most delicious liquors which "respectable people" think

* Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos,
Numquam, rogati, &c.

they may innocently indulge in, while they censure and bewail the infinitely smaller indulgences of the poor. There is a balance of comfort in this, which shows that Providence has more nearly equalised the happiness of various classes of its creatures than is generally imagined.

The *improvement* which we promised upon this subject must now be attended to. It has been shown, we think, that there is no pleasure in either dinners or later and lighter entertainments, if the object be merely to give meat and drink to certain persons, or to sacrifice money in compliment to them. Some higher moral views must enter into the design. We must have the wish of increasing or keeping alive a kindly intercourse with certain fellow-creatures, whom we hold in esteem, and from whose company we experience advantage. We must aim rather at social intercourse than at either eating or drinking; above all, the idea of flattering or pleasing them by a large expense on their account, must be discarded. If we really desire to see such persons in our house, so as temporarily to form *one family with them*—for there is the secret of hospitality—we must invite them to such an entertainment as our own family may be supposed to partake of on the *better days of the week*—or perhaps a *little better* than even that—but in no case much; and then they will be at their ease with us, will enter into all the familiar converse which gives home its habitual charm, and will afterwards, in their own secret minds, respect us for the moderation of our style of living. It is also necessary that they should be invited in such parcels as are convenient to us, and agreeable to themselves. Persons of the same order in the world, and, if possible, acquainted a little with each other, but, above all things, likely to take well to each other when they have been made acquainted, ought to be selected. One alien character has often spoilt the best concocted parties; and it is equally unfortunate when the individual is much above, as when he is much below the general level. It may not also be amiss—especially if you are not yourself of a sprightly turn—to have some clever person, who may act as what the Germans call a *spruche sprecher*, or sayer of smart things, and so make up for your own quiescence, and that of other individuals in the company. A man of this kind becomes like a golden string to bind the incoherent members of the association together, and his good offices are too commonly necessary in this sombre island. Music is another means of amusing a miscellaneous party: few are not susceptible of pleasure from this source, and it is in general easily provided. Cards we consider, upon principle, as a vicious means of wasting time, not to speak of other evils which beset them. But as it were vain for us to attempt their expulsion from society, we neither recommend nor forbid them.

By proceeding upon moderate views like the above, we believe that entertainments of various kinds may be given, without producing much discomfort in any quarter, and with the chance of much increasing, for the time, the happiness of all parties. But it is almost vain to legislate upon the subject. Even those who may allow the force of our observations are still likely to be so much under the trammels of custom, that they will go on rendering themselves and others miserable by large showy feasts, merely because it is what society looks for. So long as human nature is liable to appreciate the means above the end, mahogany will be loaded with unenjoyed viands, and men and women reduced below the ordinary standard of cheerfulness, by being obliged to sit around it for a certain length of time, looking with a certain silly arrangement of the facial muscles, and talking (if they talk at all) at a certain degree of smallness and nonsensicality. Evil principles in the hearts of men we could hope to correct; but any thing that bears the sacred impress of custom, although in the most trivial details of life, makes us despair.

NATURAL HISTORY.

QUADRUPEDS.

We come now to treat of the fourth order of quadrupeds, called by Cuvier Feræ, or animals whose four legs are formed for walking; they have three kinds of teeth, with teats on their abdomen, varying in number, and having a single membranaceous stomach, and short intestines.

The species of this order live chiefly on animal matter, and this more exclusively, as their molar teeth are formed for cutting. The species which have these teeth partly or wholly formed with tubercles on their surface, subsist more or less on vegetable substances; while, on the contrary, those which have sharp points on their upper surface, live chiefly upon insects, and also on the smaller kinds of animals. Their lower jaw is articulated crosswise, and shuts like a hinge, which prevents it from having a horizontal action, the motion being limited to opening and shutting, that is, they cannot grind their food like man, or animals of the horse, cow, and the sheep kind. The predominating sense of the order seems to be smell.

The first family of this order are insectiverous animals, having their fore-feet armed with stout nails; the hind feet have always five claws, and the soles of their feet bearing upon the ground when walking or standing. The fore-feet have also usually five toes, although to this there are some exceptions. The surface of the grinding or molar teeth is always crowned with sharp tubercles; the canine teeth in some of the species are sometimes very long, and at others very short. Their bodies are either covered with hair or prickles.

The Hedgehog inhabits most of the temperate countries of Europe, frequenting hedgerows and thickets. Their usual food is fruit, roots, snails, insects, and flesh; they are also very fond of eggs, and will sometimes enter a hen-house, and drive the hen from her nest, and devour the eggs. That they feed on flesh is denied by some naturalists even to the present day, which we think the more surprising, as Buffon stated this fact. He says, speaking of tame ones, "they ate caterpillars, beetles, and worms, and were also very fond of flesh, which they devoured either boiled or raw." It has now been satisfactorily proved that they prey upon live animals, as Mr Woodcock, surgeon, Bury, Lancashire, found one with a live toad in his mouth, the head and one of the legs of which were consumed: and, in 1819, a labouring man of the name of Copland, on the lands of Terraughty, Dumfriesshire, overheard a sound which led him to believe a hare was in jeopardy from the attack of some unknown enemy; the squeaking, however, soon terminated; and, after searching carefully in all directions, he detected a leveret lying dead by the side of a hedgehog. He had, however, coiled himself into the form of a ball on hearing footsteps advancing. Copland was so enraged at the sight, and being convinced the poor leveret had been burked by the hedgehog, that he instantly despatched him with a hatchet which he had in his hand. Mr Lane, gamekeeper to the Earl of Galloway, mentioned, in 1818, having seen a hedgehog cross a road, carrying on his back six pheasants' eggs, which he had pillaged from a nest hard by.

The hedgehog is not that stupid animal which many suppose it to be, as it has been trained to some curious tricks, and also becomes very domesticated. Mr Sample, of the Angel Inn, at Felton, Northumberland, had a tame hedgehog, which turned a spit as well in every respect as the dogs of that name which have been trained to the occupation.

Plutarch mentions a curious incident of a citizen of Cyzicus, who acquired the reputation of being an astonishing meteorologist. He discovered that a hedgehog generally has its burrow open at various points; and, warned by an instinct of an approaching atmospherical change, he stops up the opening next the quarter from whence the wind is to blow, and thus could predict to a certainty to which quarter the wind would shift.

The Mole.—Nature, ever wonderful in the adaptation of her forms to the situation which she intends an animal to fill, has given to the mole a formation which admirably fits it for burrowing, and digging its way under the ground. The bones of the animal are articulated together, so that there are no projections, and the whole are covered by a thick coat of very close-set velvety fur. The fore-feet of the animal are extremely large in proportion to its body, and in the form of the palms of the human hand, being broad and naked, and provided with very large broad nails, concave on the under side, and united to the bones; in place of a thumb, they have a large and strong bone under the skin; the hind-feet are very small, with five slender toes, and a small thumb on the inside. The mole digs with astonishing rapidity, and if surprised while it is out of the earth, it disappears in a few seconds.

Moles are very savage in their nature, and will attack animals much larger than themselves. An experiment was tried to ascertain the courage of one, by confining it in a glass case, along with a viper and a toad; the mole killed both, and devoured part of each.

Mr Arthur Bruce records, in the Linnæan Transactions, a circumstance which appears to have been before unknown—that of the mole being addicted to swimming. We shall give the account in his own words:—"On visiting the Loch of Clunie, which I often did, I observed in it a small island at the distance of one hundred and eighty yards from the nearest land, measured upon the ice. Upon the island, the Earl of Airlie, the proprietor, had a small castle and shrubbery. I remarked frequently the appearance of fresh mole-casts, or hills. I for some time took them for those of the water mouse, and one day asked the gardener if it was so. 'No,' he said; 'it was the mole; and that he had caught one or two lately.' Five or six years ago, he caught two in traps, and for two years after this he had observed none. But, about four years ago, coming ashore one summer's evening in the dusk, he and the Earl of Airlie's butler, they saw at a short distance upon the smooth water some animal paddling towards the island! They soon closed with this feeble passenger, and found it to be the common mole, led by a most astonishing instinct from the castle hill, the nearest point of land, to take possession of this desert island. It had been at the time of my visit, for the space of two years, quite free from any subterraneous inhabitant; but the mole has, for more than a year past, made its appearance again, and its operations I have since been witness to."

In the Magazine of Natural History, Mr H. Turner mentions a circumstance similar to the above account: he says, "Last summer and autumn (1831), I visited a river at the bottom of the Botanic Garden of Bury St Edmund's, several times very early in the morning, and late in the evening, for the purpose of procuring a specimen of the kingfisher, to preserve, which is frequently to be met with here. One morning, as I sat very quietly, I observed a mole come out of an osier holt and run across a grass path, and take to the water: when it was about half across the river, I ran to the edge of the water, and the mole then made a perceptible attempt to dive, but merely immersed his nose in the water for half a minute, and rapidly gained the shore, and soon disappeared in a hole of the bank. A few mornings afterwards I saw it take to the water as before, but as I remained perfectly still, I observed its unrestrained actions. It was nearly four minutes in swimming six yards, and appeared as if it rather enjoyed its morning's bathing. I mentioned this to an old mole-catcher, as I thought it rather singular, who replied, "I've seen 'em swim across rivers of a devil and all of a width."

The mole shows changes of weather. The temperature or dryness of the air governs its motions as to the depth at which it lives or works. This is partly from its inability to bear cold or thirst, but chiefly from the necessity of following its natural and ordinary food, the common earth-worm, which always descends as the cold or drought increases. In frosty weather, both worms and moles are deeper in the ground than at other times, and both seem to be sensible of an approaching change to warmer weather, before there are any perceptible signs of it in the atmosphere. When it is observed, therefore, that moles are casting hills through openings in the frozen turf, or through a thin covering of snow, a change to open weather may be shortly expected.

The cause of this appears to be: the natural heat of the earth, being for a time pent in by the frozen surface, accumulates below it; first incites to action the animals, thaws the frozen surface, and at length escapes into the open air, which it warms and softens, and, if not counterbalanced by a greater degree of cold in the atmosphere, brings about a change Changes from frosty to mild weather, caused by the ascent of heat from the earth, are often so evident, that the circumstance needs no confirmation. Stronger proof, if proof were necessary, cannot be given than the common appearance of frost or snow remaining longer upon ground having a stratum of rock beneath, than upon that where there is none. Old foundations of buildings which have not been dug out are easily traced by the same appearance; and any subterraneous solid body, as large stones, drains, planks, or pieces of timber, may be discovered in the same way; and even a plank laid across a ditch, at such times, will remain covered with snow for many hours after the snow on the ground is all melted and gone.

This sufficiently accounts for the activity of the mole before a change of weather, and deserves to be noticed by the meteorologist among the other prognostics of the weather.

The mole is frequently of much more use to the agriculturist than he imagines, as it drains his lands by natural means, and destroys worms. Mr James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, makes the following remarks on this subject:—"The most unnatural of all persecutions that ever was raised in a country, is that against the mole—that innocent and blessed little pioneer, who enriches our pastures annually with the first top-dressing, dug with great pains and labour from the fattest of the soil beneath. The advantages of this top-dressing are so apparent, and so manifest to the eye of every unprejudiced person, that it is really amazing how our countrymen should have persisted, now nearly half a century, in the most manly and valiant endeavours to exterminate the moles from the face of the earth. If a hundred men and horses were employed on a common-sized pasture farm, say from fifteen hundred to two thousand acres, in raising and conveying manure for a top-dressing of that farm, they would not do it so effectually, so neatly, or so equally, as the natural number of moles on that farm would do themselves."

Moles have openings placed for air at certain and very uniform distances.

The mole is a cruel, voracious beast, satisfied only with animal substances, and easily killed by hunger. None of them can remain more than twelve hours without food, and, even after an interval of six hours, they are much exhausted. Although worms and insects are their ordinary food, if they can catch a bird, a small quadruped, or a frog, they precipitate themselves on it with fury, open the belly, devour the entrails, pulling the edges of the wound asunder, and penetrating as far as possible into the body with

being diverted from their purpose by the presence of man, or noise. They do not even spare their own species; and if two are shut up together without food, there will shortly be nothing left of the weakest but its skin, slit along the belly.

THE HERMIT OF MANOR.

So lately as December 1811, there died, in the vale of Manor, in Peeblesshire, an aged individual, who had exhibited, during his life, nearly all the features and habits of the extinct species called a *hermit*. The name of this person was David Ritchie. He was deformed, and a pauper; yet he possessed a strength of mind and a strength of sentiment, together with a share of literature, and, in some things, good taste, such as singled him out not only from his fellow men in that pastoral district, but from the herd of the human race. He was born of poor parents, in the parish of Stobo, adjacent to Manor, about the year 1740—his father's name being William Ritchie, and that of his mother Annaple Niven. He had himself the impression that his deformity was owing to carelessness on the part of those entrusted with his keeping in infancy; but this must have been a mere appliance, suggested by self-love, for the gratification of wounded vanity, as his personal defects bore the decided appearance of being inherited from nature. They were confined to his limbs, which were not only shorter than usual, but were bent outwards in such a way as to resemble rather the fins of the turtle than the locomotive enginery proper to the human being. The other parts of his body displayed not only a fully-developed, but an extremely muscular and powerful organization—a circumstance, however, which only aggravated the repulsive singularity of his appearance. David's physiognomy was of a piece with the unnatural structure of his person. His visage was long, meagre, and attenuated; his features large and prominent; his chin projecting far beyond the upper part of his face. From the tip of the latter feature, indeed, to his forehead, his countenance exhibited a progressive slope backwards. His complexion was coarse, hairy, and of a tan colour; and the only redeeming points of his grim aspect were his eyes, which were black, animated, and expressive. When, to the personal qualities just enumerated, we add a voice of a most unearthly pitch and compass, resembling more the utterance of the screech-owl than the tones of humanity, our readers will be at no loss to figure to themselves an object sufficiently disgusting. We have thought it proper thus to describe, at the outset, the extraordinary animal economy of this individual, as an acute sense of it, operating upon a mind peculiarly sensitive, seems to have been the chief, if not the sole cause of that misanthropic disposition which he displayed through life.

David was sent, while yet young, to Edinburgh, to learn the trade of brush-making; but whatever inclination he may have had to follow out that occupation, he soon found his residence in the midst of a populous community altogether intolerable. A propensity not only to slight and contemn, but actually to persecute those unfortunate creatures, whose mental or corporeal functions have been "curtailed of their fair proportions" by nature or accident, seems ever, we are sorry to say, to have been a characteristic of the younger portion of our northern community. The extraordinary physiognomy and person of David, accordingly, soon procured for him such a degree of notoriety, generally manifested, too, without the smallest sympathy or regard for the poor creature's feelings, that he speedily abandoned the town, and fled (if we may use such an expression in speaking of him) to his native hills, his heart bursting with the bitter sense of insulted manhood, without the ability either to bear or to retaliate—filled at once with rage against his tormentors, and disgust at his own misshapen features and person, which thus cruelly excluded him from the pale of social life, and resolved to separate himself for ever from all intercourse or communion with his fellow men.

How David subsisted for some time after his return to his native place, we never heard; but he probably found a shelter in his father's cottage, for we have been informed, that almost immediately after the death of the latter, he began to erect his future hermitage. The place he pitched on was a patch of wild moorland, lying at the bottom of a steep bank, on the farm of Woodhouse, in the vale of Manor, Peeblesshire. Whether David asked or obtained the leave of the proprietor for this proceeding, does not seem quite clear; but certain it is, that the latter, so far from molesting him in his possession, ordered his servants to give him every assistance he might require in the construction of his habitation. Of such aid, however, David availed himself as little as possible, seemingly taking a pride in being the fabricator of his own abode, which, although small, he put together with an extraordinary degree of solidity, the walls consisting of alternate layers of large stones and turf. He covered his miniature dwelling with his own hands, with a neat thatched roof. The door was only three feet and a half high, beneath which he could with ease stand upright. After the completion of his dwelling, David next proceeded with the cultivation of his little garden, which was partly scooped out of the bank behind, and which he had previously enclosed with a strong stone wall. His horticultural labours did equal credit to his taste and industry, and in a short time it was stocked with all sorts of flowers, herbs, and culinary vegetables, as well as fruit-trees. His feet being of no use to him in the process of digging, he forced the spade into the earth by applying his breast to it. He soon after procured some bee-hives, which he tended with great care, and these speedily became to him a source of considerable emolument, as well as amusement. David's hermitage, both from its own romantic and beautiful appearance, and the singular character of its inhabitant, soon attracted numerous visitors; and it would appear, that to these the poor man evinced much pride and gratification in showing off the results of his taste and handiwork—always providing that they addressed him without any marks of either surprise or disgust at his appearance, and in the courteous manner due to one who had something to show. Among his visitors was the late Dr Adam Ferguson, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and historian of the Roman republic, who resided at the neighbouring mansion of Hall-yards. In the year 1797, Sir Walter Scott, then a young barrister, paid a visit to the venerable professor, with whose family he was at all periods of his life very intimate; and, among other curiosities of the district, he was taken to see the dark hermit of Woodhouse. On this occasion, he was accompanied by Mr (now Sir) Adam Ferguson, the eldest son of the professor, who has been so kind as to communicate to us the particulars of the interview. It may be mentioned, once for all, that David afterwards figured as a fictitious character in one of the celebrated novels of his visitor, under the name of *Elshender the Recluse*.

At the first sight of Mr Scott, the misanthrope seemed impressed with a sentiment of extraordinary interest, which was either owing to the lameness of the stranger—a circumstance throwing a narrower gulf between this person and himself, than what existed between him and most other men—or to some perception of an extraordinary mental character in this limping youth, which was then hid from other eyes. After grinning upon him for a moment with a smile less bitter than his wont, the dwarf passed to the door, double-locked it, and then, coming up to the stranger, seized him by the wrist with one of his iron hands, and said, "Man, ha'e ye ony poo'er?" By this he meant magical power, to which he had himself some vague pretensions, or which, at least, he had studied and reflected upon till it had become with him a kind of monomania. Mr Scott disavowed the possession of any gifts of that kind, evidently to the great disappointment of the inquirer, who then turned round and gave a signal to a huge black cat, hitherto unobserved, which immediately jumped up to a shelf, where it perched itself, and seemed to the excited senses of the visitors as if it had really been the familiar spirit of the mansion. "*He has poo'er*," said the dwarf, in a voice which made the flesh of the hearers thrill within them, and Mr Scott, in particular, looked as if he conceived himself to have actually got into the den of one of those magicians with whom his studies had rendered him familiar. "Ay, *he* has poo'er," repeated the recluse; and then, going to his usual seat, he sat for some minutes grinning horribly, as if enjoying the impression he had made; while not a word escaped from any of the party. Mr Ferguson at length plucked up his spirits, and called to David to open the door, as they must now be going. The dwarf slowly obeyed; and when they had got out, Mr Ferguson observed, that his friend was as pale as ashes, while his person was agitated in every limb. Under such striking circumstances was this extraordinary being first presented to the *real* magician, who was afterwards to give him such a deathless celebrity.

Although the care of his bees and the cultivation of his garden appeared, in the eyes of his humble neighbours, to be Davie's sole occupation, he had a private source of amusement within his solitary dwelling, to which they themselves were in a great measure strangers—namely, in books. Improbable as it may seem, this poor decrepit creature's favourite author was no other than the sentimental Shenstone, whose love-pastorals he confessed to afford him the most intense delight. Next to Shenstone in his favour was Milton's Paradise Lost, large portions of which he could repeat by rote; and his nice perception of the beauties of many of the sublimer passages is said to have been altogether extraordinary, considering his origin, education, and rank in life. In addition to these volumes, he had got a copy of "Tooke's Pantheon," and had his head confusedly stored with all the mysteries of the heathen mythology. Davie had likewise at his command the library of his kind benefactor, Dr Ferguson, who reckoned him a man of great capacity and originality of mind. He possessed, moreover, a keen relish for the beauties of nature, and would sit for hours gazing upon the varied landscape before him in a reverie of deep admiration; and in this lonely source of enjoyment it would almost seem as if Providence kindly intended a sort of compensation for that bar which excluded him from all participation in the social joys of humanity. His habitual and deeply rooted misanthropy, however, counteracted any beneficial effects which this affection for the pure aspect of nature might have had in mollifying down the asperities of his temper and disposition; and he awoke from these temporary reveries with a bitterer feeling of disgust with himself, and a more malignant feeling of hatred towards his fellow-creatures. The sense of his deformity haunted him like a phantom, and poisoned the very springs of his existence. This ever-present consciousness of his bodily inferiority frequently came upon him overpoweringly, even when in his mildest moods, and the workings of his agony are described to have been perfectly frightful. The same cause rendered him jealous in the extreme of every one that came near him, and he watched their every word and look for a mark of contempt towards himself. A lady who had known him from infancy, having gone one day to visit him in company with another lady, he took them through his garden, and was showing them, with much pride and good humour, all his tastefully-assorted borders, &c., when they happened to stop near a plot of cabbages which had been injured by caterpillars. Davie, observing one of the ladies smile, instantly assumed his savage scowling aspect, rushed among the cabbages, and dashed them to pieces with his stick, exclaiming, "I hate the worms, for they mock me!" Another lady, likewise an old acquaintance and generous friend, having called one day at his cottage, David, whilst ushering her into the garden, glanced back at her with one of his jealous looks, when, imagining that he saw her spit, he turned upon her fiercely, exclaiming, "Am I a toad, woman! that ye spit at me—that ye spit at me!" and drove her out of the garden with insult and imprecations. His expressions and threats when roused to anger were horribly savage, and altogether original. His dislike to children, which he acquired in youth, from their propensity to molest him, continued till the day of his death.

His cottage falling into disrepair about the year 1802, Sir James Nasmyth kindly ordered a new one to be erected for him and his sister, a poor helpless creature of imbecile mind, at a short distance from the site of his former abode. This cottage had two apartments; but although David consented to live under the same roof with his sister, he would neither permit her to come into his room, nor even to enter the house by the same door, and separate ones were accordingly made. The only living creatures, indeed, besides his bees, whose society Davie could tolerate, were the black cat above mentioned, and a dog, to both of which he was much attached. A large addition was also made to Davie's garden, all of which he trenched to the depth of two feet and a half with his own hands.

What withthe small pittance he and his sister received from the parish—they being for many years the only persons who got relief from the parochial funds—the produce of his bees and extra vegetables, and the numerous gratuities in money, food, and clothes, which he received from his neighbours and visitors (besides living rent free), David had even more than enough to satisfy all his little wants. A *meal-pock* always hung for him in the parish mill, and never failed to receive a multure from every grist. It must be mentioned, as a fact consistent with his misanthropic character, that although he scrupled not to accept of pecuniary donations, he never testified any particular gratitude to his benefactors for their bounty, or seemed to think himself at all under an obligation to them. He had a strange pleasure in wandering out in the dark, and is said to have spent whole nights amongst the ruins of old buildings, and other fancied haunts of spectres. Nevertheless, he was extremely superstitious, especially on the subject of witchcraft, to protect himself from which he had his garden well stocked with *rowan-trees*. He was supposed to entertain certain peculiar points of religious belief, but was frequently heard to speak of his existence in a future state with a fervour amounting to tears.

There was nothing very uncommon in the style of his dress when he went abroad, either to Peebles or any of the neighbouring farmers' or gentlemen's houses, which practice he altogether left off for many years before his death. He usually wore an old slouched hat out of doors, and a cowl or woollen night-cap at home. His feet, to fit which with shoes was beyond the ingenuity of any rustic artificer, were wrapt in pieces of leather or cloth. He always walked with a sort of pole or pike-staff considerably longer than himself.

David Ritchie died in December 1811, after an illness of three days, being reckoned at that time considerably above seventy years of age. About L.20 were found in his chest after his death, the half of which was restored to the parish. He had become penurious and miserly in his latter years; the only article on which he was ever known to expend any money being *snuff*, in which he indulged to excess. During his life, David had cherished and expressed a great desire to be buried in a romantic and beautiful spot on the Manor water, called Woodhill. His alleged reasons for this predilection were his antipathy to being huddled up in the kirkyard with the "*common brush*," as he expressed it, and his aversion to have "the clods clapped on him by such a fellow as Jock Somerville, the *bellman*," whom he mortally detested, on account, as some thought, of a resemblance which that obnoxious individual bore to himself in personal deformity. David changed his mind, however, on his deathbed, and he was "gathered to his fathers" in the churchyard of Manor.

Davie's sister, with whom he never could agree, survived him for many years. The poor creature, whose derangement increased much after her brother's death, continued to reside in the lonely cottage during the day, but was taken care of at night by some kind individuals in a neighbouring hamlet. The notoriety

which her moorland habitation acquired after the publication of the "Black Dwarf," caused her much annoyance by the questions put to her regarding her brother, by the idle and curious who flocked to the spot. "Will they no let the dead rest?" she would mutter to herself, after one of these interrogatory scenes; "what gars the fólk speir sae mony questions about us? Our parents were poor, but there was nae ill anent them." She was still further concerned when some one told her that her brother was introduced into a play; meaning that his fictitious representative was brought upon the stage in the drama formed out of the novel by Mr Terry. Her old acquaintance, Sir Adam Ferguson, paid her a visit soon after, and was saluted in the following terms:—"Oh, Maister Audam, isn't this an awfu' like thing? they say they're acting my brother Dauvit in Lunnon. Will they no let the dead rest in their graves?"—an appeal far from deficient in pathos. With that kindly and benevolent sympathy of heart which was one of his distinguishing qualities, Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the novel, in the late edition, expresses much concern at what the old woman suffered on account of his having made free with her brother. But he ought, at the same time, to have considered, that, if he thus occasioned her a little verbal persecution, the grievance was amply compensated by the pecuniary donations that were liberally showered on her by her interrogators, and which secured for her helpless old age many comforts which she might otherwise have wanted.

During the twenty years that have elapsed since the death of the hermit, his garden has been permitted to run almost entirely to waste; but we are fortunately enabled to present something like a catalogue of the numerous flowers and plants which it once contained, in the following lines, by Mr Thomas Gentle, gardener, Peebles, in which the writer has, with much ingenuity, and great simplicity of expression, put a whole *hortus siccus* into metre and rhyme:—

Old David reared the curious Christmas rose,
That in the month of January blows—
Batchelors' buttons—lilies, pure as gold—
Ground-ivy, twined in many a lengthening fold—
Myrrh—balm—thyme—and fair southernwood and mint,
Plants less desired for elegance than scent—
Blue violets—daisies—polyanthus red,
Under the leaves of deadly nightshade hid—
Tall shepherd's club—French William—blue monk's hood—
The modest primrose, native of the wood—
Green periwinkle, sage, and calomile,
That creeps along the surface of the soil—
Pennyroyal—millfile—Solomon's seal—
Fair flower-de-luce—French lilies—and speedwell—
Valerian—orpia—cransbile—scurvy-grass—
And tulips of the common kind and class—
Grey horehound—tansy—wormwood—bitter rue—
Wild agrimonia—and white feather too.
Famed star of Bethlehem, and Jacob's ladder,
With gardeners' garters, striped like any adder—
Carnation—poppies—catchflies—saxifrage—
And honesty, no favourite of this age—
Queen's jellyflower—campanula—fox-glove,
High stalks with white, and purple stalks above—
Red and white double roses—wallflower fine—
And many sorts of pretty columbine—
Walk-robin—hyssop—blue-glass—hellebore—
Coast Mary—beateny—and borage hoar—
St Johnswort—saving tree—and butcher's broom—
And yellow aconites, an early bloom—
Small dog-tooth violets—cowslips—golden rod—
Allicampane, with leaves more red and broad—
And a majestic Turkey-rhubarb bush—
Tall Scottish thistle—and the clothier's brush—
And small sweet-scented lily of the vale,
Mingling its sweetness with the passing gale.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DANIEL DE FOE,

The Author of "Robinson Crusoe."

"FEW things, in an ordinary life," says the *Edinburgh Review*, "can come up to the interest which every reader of sensibility must take in the author of Robinson Crusoe. 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' and it cannot be denied that the first perusal of that work makes part of the illusion. The roar of the waters is in our ears—we start at the print of the foot in the sand, and hear the parrot repeat the well-known sounds of 'Poor Robinson Crusoe! Who are you? Where do you come from, and where are you going?' till the tears gush, and, in recollection and feeling, we become children again! One cannot understand how the author of this world of abstraction should have had any thing to do with the ordinary cares and business of life; or it almost seems that he should have been fed, like Elijah, by the ravens. It is well, however, to be assured that he was a man of worth as well as genius; and that, having to contend all his life with vexations and disappointments, with vulgar clamour and the hand of power, yet he did nothing to leave a blot upon his name, or to make the world ashamed of the interest they must always feel in him."

DANIEL DE FOE was born in 1661, in the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, in the city of London. His name was properly Foe, and he only added the *De* when grown up to manhood. His father was James Foe, a respectable butcher, of dissenting principles; and his grandfather, whose younger son his father is supposed to have been, was a yeoman of the same name, farming a small estate of his own at Elton, in Northamptonshire, and possessing the opposite principles of a cavalier and high-churchman.

By his father, the author of Robinson Crusoe was educated with the view of his becoming a dissenting clergyman: his chief preceptor was Mr Charles Moreton, who kept a dissenting academy at Newington Green, and subsequently emigrated to America. Whether from an unsettled disposition, or his father's inability to supply the necessary expenses, he never finished his education as a minister; but he nevertheless had acquired a knowledge at the academy of five different languages, of mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. His learning, however, is very plausibly supposed to have been superficial, and in which character it is spoken of by his contemporary, the poet Gay. The glory of De Foe was not destined, however, to arise from any modification of existing knowledge, but from the nervous common sense, and the power of describing imaginary beings under all the semblance of reality, with which he was endowed by nature.

The dissenting principles, which consisted in a denial of certain forms and powers assumed by the church of England, together with some dim but aspiring views respecting civil liberty, took such a fast hold of the mind of De Foe, that they never left him from the beginning to the end of his career. Entering into life at the end of the reign of Charles the Second, when both civil and religious tyranny were coming to a height, he could hardly fail, with such a mind and temperament as he possessed, to throw himself at once into the turmoil of polemical warfare. Accordingly, at the age of twenty-one, he wrote a satire upon the church clergy, styled "Speculum Crape-Gownorum." When only three years older, he took a more practical step against the church, by joining the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, which was very speedily put down. De Foe narrowly escaped being taken prisoner, and returning to London, eluded the wide-sweeping and bloody revenge with which the government visited the actors in that unfortunate movement. He soon after embarked in business as a sort of agent between the London hosiers and the country manufacturers, and, being free by birth, took up his living as a citizen of London. This happened in 1687-8, on the eve of the revolution, a crisis when neither stockings nor citizenship could keep De Foe from pen and ink; and accordingly he joined the numerous assailants of the tottering power of King James. Of the revolution, he was not only a supporter—he hailed it with enthusiastic joy, and ever after observed the 4th of November, the anniversary of the landing of the Prince of Orange, as a holiday. In October 1689, when King William and Queen Mary paid their first ceremonial visit to Guildhall, Daniel De Foe appeared conspicuously in the procession as one of a royal regiment of volunteer horse, made up of the chief citizens (chiefly dissenters), and who, gallantly mounted and richly accoutred, made a very great show. He admired the character of King William to a degree of enthusiasm, and, unlike the generality of the English people, retained a warmly grateful sense of his services to British liberty and freedom of conscience. As an exposure of the absurd cry that the king was a foreigner, De Foe wrote his poetical satire, entitled, "The True-born Englishman," a piece which, though deficient in polish, is a masterpiece of good sense and just reflection, and shows a thorough knowledge both of English history and of the English character. It is, indeed, a complete and unanswerable exposure of the pretence set up by the English to a purer and loftier origin than all the rest of the world, instead of their being a mixed race from all parts of Europe, settling down into one common name and people. King William was so much gratified by this publication as to extend his personal friendship to the author, who was often closeted with him during the latter part of his Majesty's life. His pen, however, added more to his celebrity than his fortunes. Having engaged in the Portuguese and Spanish trade, he lost a vessel by shipwreck, and, from one cause or other, miscarried in business of two or three descriptions. Like most falling men, he committed some errors in attempting to retrieve his affairs. They could not, however, have been very unpardonable, as he was not made bankrupt, and his creditors agreed to take his own personal security for the composition. What is still more to his credit, after being fully discharged he continued to pay to the extent of his power, to the amount of some thousand pounds. The fact is equally characteristic, that, while in this state of depression, he occupied himself in projecting ways and means for the government, which obtained him a small place and other countenance, and restored him to comparative competence.

The death of King William in 1701 made matters much for the worse with De Foe. Under Queen Anne, the high church system waxed more and more furious and intolerant, till, in the end, a university preacher was able, with impunity, to lead an infatuated mob through the streets of London, pulling down the dissenters' places of worship, burning their private dwellings, and making it unsafe for one of that profession to be seen abroad. The established clergy, in general, cherished the most embittered feelings towards the dissenters, and desired to see them subjected to very severe penalties. De Foe marked, with an exact eye, the extravagant notions which the heat of the time had engendered in the minds of these men, and, under the title of "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," brought out a pamphlet, in which he caricatured the whole under a semblance of the most serious earnest—insomuch that, at first, the pamphlet was highly extolled by the clergy as a more than usually uncompromising demonstration of their favourite views respecting the people.

When it was at length discovered that the author was only burlesquing the sentiments of the clergy, he was immediately denounced as one of the most profligate of men; nor were even his own brethren, the dissenters, so sure of the propriety or expediency of his satire as to stand up in his defence. A prosecution for seditious libel, in which the accusers hypocritically overlooked the real, as opposed to the apparent tendency of the pamphlet, was instituted against him. He was moreover cheated into a plea of guilty, by the expectation of a pardon, when, to the eternal disgrace of justice, a sentence followed, inflicting a triple appearance in the pillory, a fine of two hundred merks, imprisonment during the queen's pleasure, and sureties for good behaviour for seven years. The firmness of character of this extraordinary man was strikingly exemplified by the fortitude with which he endured the ignominy of the first part of his sentence, and the total ruin of his affairs (and at the time he possessed a wife and six children), which followed a prosecution so merciless. Instead of yielding to despondency, his elastic mind fell back upon its resources, and, besides the immediate production of his caustic satire, termed "A Hymn to the Pillory," during his imprisonment, which lasted nearly two years, he commenced his celebrated journal, "The Review;" published a collection of his works; kept up a pamphleteering warfare on various public topics with all his usual activity; and in no respect showed any mental yielding to his fallen fortunes. Pope, in his Dunciad, has made an ungenerous allusion to the circumstances:

"See where on high stands unabashed De Foe."

But without any wish to depreciate the merit of this poet, it may be said that De Foe had ten thousand times more real glory in enduring the honourable dishonour of the pillory for an effort in behalf of humanity and toleration, than what the author of the Rape of the Lock had in any single transaction of his crazy and capricious life.

It is a remarkable fact that De Foe was condemned for patriotic conduct under a Whig ministry, and that he was released and consoled by a Tory one. On the accession of Harley and Bolingbroke to power, the former interceded for and obtained his liberation, and prevailed upon the queen to supply the money for his fine and expenses. This can scarcely be called a disinterested proceeding, as the object evidently was to buy off a writer of whom the new cabinet had some reason to stand in dread. De Foe accepted from Harley the charge of acting as a confidential agent, at Edinburgh, in the transactions of the Union between Scotland and England—a duty which he is allowed to have discharged with activity and zeal, and chronicled in his "History of the Union" with much ability. It does not appear that he either employed his pen, or gave his personal services, in behalf of any of the expressly Tory measures of this celebrated cabinet; he only abstained from writing against it, which was the least that his obligations to Harley would allow him to do. He had, besides, another and equally cogent reason for doing little at this time in behalf of the popular cause. The popular cause was hardly true to itself. The mass of the community were led away by the insane cry of "the church is in danger," from the pursuit of their own proper objects, into a defence of others with which they had nothing to do. De Foe, whose mind went always in the van of the age, suffered more from the party which he led than from that which he opposed; so that it could hardly be wondered at if he at last drew off from active combat, and contented himself with merely cherishing in his own bosom those abstract principles which he considered his fellows not yet fitted to realize. Having published a pamphlet, in which he ironically urged the people to bring in the Pretender by a caricatured use of all the Jacobite arguments, he was prosecuted for it by a co-patriot, named William Benson, who, being utterly unable to see the real drift of the *jeu d'esprit*, conceived that the author was in league with the disinherited Stuart, and endeavoured to bring him to trial accordingly for high treason. It was only through the friendly zeal of the Tory Harley, and his representations to Queen Anne, that De Foe was released from Newgate, whither he had been committed on the judges' warrant for writing something in defence of his pamphlet, after its presentation to the grand jury, and his being compelled to give bail to appear for trial. Such was the perseverance of his enemies on this occasion, that his ministerial friends thought it most advisable to cover him by a formal royal pardon, to which event he has alluded with considerable humour.

De Foe's defence of a proposed commercial treaty with France, on grounds which exhibit the clearness of his ideas on that subject to great advantage, brought on a still greater torrent of enmity and abuse; until at length the accession of George the First, which he had strenuously supported, by depriving him of every species of protection, drove him from politics altogether. His spirit seemed at last to give way to so much unrelenting enmity, and a slight fit of apoplexy ensued—an event which rendered an appeal which he soon after published, in defence of

his conduct and writings, more particularly impressive.

At the verge of three score, struck with one fit of apoplexy, and tormented with the gout and stone, this persecuted, but most virtuous and ingenious man, retired to Stoke Newington, and turned to an employment which might rather have been expected to engage him in the bloom and verdure of life—namely, the writing of romances. His Robinson Crusoe, which was among the first, appeared in 1719, and immediately obtained that degree of public favour which it has ever since maintained. The original idea was communicated to him by a Scottish mariner, named Alexander Selkrig, who had accompanied Captain Woodes Roger upon his voyage round the world, and been left for three or four years upon the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean. It has a merit which does not belong to any of the other romances of De Foe; for while these in general refer to the very lowest and most profligate characters in social life—such as pickpockets, sharpers, and women of various degrees and kinds of infamy—and are, therefore, of very questionable moral tendency, this legend of the lone and melancholy sea is a complete abstraction from all polluting scenes, depending for its interest solely upon the sympathy which we feel for a human being placed in such an extraordinary situation, and the ingeniously minute and well conceived train of circumstances and adventures which the author has imagined for his hero. "The great beauty of this fiction," says a recent Reviewer, "consists, not in the hero, but his situation, and the admirable manner in which he is made to adapt himself to it. Human sympathy attends his every action, and the simple and natural pathos of a plain unsophisticated man on the sublimity and awfulness of perfect solitude, moves more than would all the feeling and eloquence of Rousseau, had he attempted a similar story. No wonder this tale is translated into all the European languages, and even into Arabic, as we are informed by Burckhardt, although that people possess a Crusoe, in 'Hai Ebn Yokdan,' of their own." It will be in vain, this critic thinks, to contend for the same merit in Moll Flanders, Captain Singleton, Colonel Jack, and other romances produced by De Foe—yet they show, equally with Crusoe, that first-rate sign of genius, the power of imagining a character within a certain range of existence, and throwing into it the breath of life and individualization, which was a pre-eminent mental characteristic of De Foe. This was also shown in various works of fiction, which he produced as veritable histories and biographies, such as the Citizen's Account of the Great Plague of London in 1665, the Memoirs of Captain Carleton, and others. The most acute readers have been deceived by the amazing appearance of natural probability borne by these works. Even in his lowest romances there are touches here and there which charm us by their exquisite simplicity and truth—as, in "Colonel Jack," where the boy hero and his companions are sitting at a three-half-penny ordinary, and are delighted, even more than with their savoury fare, to hear the waiter cry, "Coming, gentlemen, coming;" when they cry for a cup of small beer; and also where we are told, as a notable event, that "about this time the Colonel took upon him to wear a shirt."

Notwithstanding the number and success of his publications, De Foe, we lament to add, had to struggle with pecuniary difficulties, heightened by domestic afflictions. To the last, when on the brink of death, he was on the verge of a jail; and the ingratitude and ill-behaviour of his son in embezzling some property which De Foe had made over for the benefit of his sisters and mother, completed his distress. He was supported in these painful circumstances by the assistance and advice of Mr Baker, the celebrated naturalist, who had married his youngest daughter, Sophia. The subjoined letter gives a melancholy but very striking picture of the state of his feelings at this sad juncture:—

"Dear Mr Baker,

"I have your very kind and affecc'onate letter of the 1st: But not come to my hand till the 10th; where it had been delay'd I kno' not. As your kind manner, and kinder Thought, from which it flows (for I take all you say to be as I always believed you to be, sincere and Nathaniel like, without Guile), was a particular satisfacc'on to me; so the stop of a Letter, however it happened, deprived me of that cordial too many days, considering how much I stood in need of it, to support a mind sinking under the weight of an afflicc'on too heavy for my strength, and looking on myself as abandoned of every Comfort, every Friend, and every Relative, except such only as are able to give me no assistance.

"I was sorry you should say at the beginning of your Letter, you were debarred seeing me. Depend upon my sincerity for this, I am far from debarring you. On the contrary, it would be a greater comfort to me than any I now enjoy, that I could have your agreeable visits with safety, and could see both you and my dearest Sophia, could it be without giving her the grief of seeing her father *in tenebris*, and under the load of insupportable sorrows. I am sorry I must open my griefs so far as to tell her, it is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjur'd, and contemptible enemy, that has broken in upon my spirit, which as she well knows, has carryed me on thro' greater disasters than these. But it has been the injustice, unkindness, and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart; and as I am at this time under a weight of very heavy illness, which I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in the breasts who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you, that nothing but this has conquered, or could conquer me. *Et tu! Brute!* I depended upon him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he has no compassion, and suffers them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave, as if it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself, at the same time, living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me. Excuse my infirmity, I can say no more; my heart is too full. I only ask one thing of you as a dying request. Stand by them when I am gone, and let them not be wrong'd, while he is able to do them right. Stand by them as a brother; and if you have any thing within you owing to my memory, who have bestow'd on you the best gift I had to give, let them not be injured and trampled on by false pretences, and unnatural reflections. I hope they will want no help but that of comfort and council; but that they will indeed want, being too easie to be manag'd by words and promises.

* * * *

"It adds to my grief that I must never see the pledge of your mutual love, my little grandson. Give him my blessing, and may he be to you both your joy in youth, and your comfort in age, and never add a sigh to your sorrow. But, alas! that is not to be expected. Kiss my dear Sophy once more for me; and if I must see her no more, tell her this is from a father that loved her above all his comforts, to his last breath.

"Your unhappy, D. F.

"About two miles from Greenwich, Kent,
"*Tuesday, August* 12, 1730."

From this scene of sorrow we must now hasten to an event that dropped before it the dark curtain of time. Having received a wound that was incurable, there is too much reason to fear that the anguish arising from it sunk deep in his spirits, and hastened the crisis that, in a few months, brought his troubles to a final close. The time of his death has been variously stated; but it took place upon the 24th of April 1731, when he was about seventy years of age. Cibber and others state that he died at his house at Islington, but this is incorrect. The parish of St Giles, Cripplegate, in which he drew his first breath, was also destined to receive his last. This we learn from the parish register, which has been searched for the purpose, and farther informs us that he went off in a lethargy. He was buried from thence, upon the 26th of April, in Tindall's Burying-ground, now best known by the name of Bunhill-Fields. The entry in the register, written probably by some ignorant person, who made a strange blunder of his name, is as follows: "1731. April 26. Mr Dubow. Cripplegate." His wife did not long survive him.

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.

When residing on the coast of Malabar, in the year 1820, I had occasion to be much with Captain Graham, who was at that time adjutant of one of the king's regiments stationed in India. The head-quarters were in a small island connected with the mainland by a ledge of rocks, which were dry at low water, so as to allow the passage of people on foot, or in palankeens; and the house which Captain Graham occupied lay at the farthest point of the island, between two small clumps of cocoa-nut trees. The situation was uncommonly pleasant, being open on all sides to the breeze from the sea, and enjoying from its verandah a broken view of the surrounding bay, which appeared in glimpses through openings among the palm trees. The little Arab prows, flitting up and down on the water like butterflies, or gliding from island to island, with their white bleached sails and turbaned seamen, were often seen and lost as they passed these openings, and gave an appearance of romance to the scene which rendered its quietness doubly agreeable.

On calling on Captain Graham one morning, I found him seated in his verandah, busied among a chaos of regimental papers, report books, accounts of stores, and other matters, which, with the assistance of a Purvo, or Hindoo clerk, he was arranging and putting up in separate bundles. After the usual compliments, he pushed aside some of the litter of papers which had gathered on the sofa, and gave me a seat beside him. "The regiment has shifted its quarters frequently of late," he said, "and our depot of records has not missed its share of the jolting of long marches, so that it has got into sad confusion. The colonel has sent this morning for some papers, for which I had to turn over the whole archives of office. We have now found almost the whole of them, so that I will be able to join you in a few minutes. I received some English papers this morning, which Hybutty will bring for you." The clerk, a tall graceful-looking man, with a white muslin frock fastened round the waist, and a red turban (the dress of his caste), went, with a look of great submission, and brought the papers; but I had seen them before, so that I began to look about me for some other amusement; and observing a drawer lying at my foot, marked the "*Dead-Letter Box*," I began to turn over its contents. They consisted chiefly of letters from England to men belonging to the regiment who had died in India, and were many of them of a very uninteresting character. Numbers had their directions so ill written, that it was surprising how they had ever found their way to India, or, being there, how the Hindoo clerks of the post-office had contrived to discover their owners. Several of them (from this cause, I supposed) were marked, *mis-sent to China*, or other places. Some were unsealed, torn, and crumpled; others were lying sealed, as they had arrived from England. I glanced into some of the former, chiefly to soldiers from their relations at home, and was struck with the melancholy contrast between the reality and the hopes of the writers, who always seemed to consider their friends as alive and well, whereas they had often been dead before their letter was written, and always before it arrived in India.

There was one packet, consisting of three or four letters, tied up together with a piece of twine, and all addressed to the same person. The hand-writing of these was greatly superior to that of most of the others; and I was reading the address half aloud—"Lieutenant George Moxley"—when Captain Graham turned round, with a gesture of inquiry. "I have been looking at the letters in this box," I said, "and this one I think is addressed to 'Lieutenant George Moxley.'"

Captain Graham appeared a good deal interested, and said, "Poor fellow! he is dead several years ago. His death had something affecting in it, and made a greater impression on me, as he came from the same neighbourhood with myself. He was extremely anxious to do well here, hoping to be able to assist some friends who were not in the best circumstances at home."

"This is a letter from his sister, I believe," said I.

"We may read it," said Captain Graham; "the whole melancholy story is over now."

I took the letter accordingly: it was written in a beautifully delicate female hand, and signed "Anne Moxley." I read it aloud.

"My dear George—Your last letter gave us all great pleasure. Papa received it while we were at breakfast, and read it quite through to himself before he told us any thing of the contents. But I saw at the first by his looks that it was agreeable to him; and when he read aloud your affectionate recollections of us all, you may be sure that we shared in his pleasure. We had been very anxious about you for some time, particularly as we learned from Captain Bingham's letter that your company had been ordered to a station which is reckoned unhealthy. I think I never saw papa so much pleased, as when he found that you were well, and in good spirits. Robert was quite elevated with the account of your travels and adventures, and says he will go to India too. But mamma looked grave and unhappy at his talking; and I think, notwithstanding that you are so much pleased with your condition and prospects, she still regrets that you had not remained in some situation, even of less promise, at home. My dear George, how much both she and my father think of you, and how much—how very much—of their happiness depends on your being well! The effects of your letter upon the whole of us remind me of nothing so much as a fine sunny day in spring upon the birds in the garden. We were all happier; and I could have fluttered about among the bushes, and sung songs myself. Little Alice, who was so little when you left us, is grown a tall girl now, and plays and sings beautifully. You recollect how you used to scold me for mangling your favourite '*Tuttitaiti.*' I am sure you would be delighted if you heard her play it. She took more pains with it than any other, after she heard that I used to tease you by neglecting it.

"Robert is at Mr Griffith's academy, and papa gets good accounts of his progress. He makes very pretty drawings in pencil; they are really good. I was going to send you his sketch of the wooden bridge which joins the two willow trees leaning across the water, but he has scratched all the back with mathematical triangles, and spoiled it. But I will have him to make another for you, and will send it the first time a parcel can be forwarded.

"I think papa is not so cheerful as he was wont to be; it may be only my fancy; but I often see him pacing about in the garden, and looking anxious; and I am sure some letters which he received lately made him uneasy. Mamma looked very earnestly while he was reading one of them; but when she saw that it attracted my attention, she spoke of some indifferent matters, and neither papa nor she said any thing afterwards about the letters to us.

"I had arranged to go a little jaunt this summer with Grace Fairley to her relations, near Wigan; but the anxiety which I see in papa throws a kind of damp on my spirits, and I don't think I can go, though it will disappoint Grace. I would like much better to stay a week or two with the Fairleys themselves—they are so quiet and agreeable; and, with Grace's liveliness, it would remind me of the time when you used to go with me, and we were all so happy together. I believe Grace thinks of those days as well as I—a visit, when you and I used to go by ourselves, put

her in better spirits than I ever see her in now, with all their company.

"Aunt Haxton is——"

"The rest of Miss Moxley's letter is about relations," I said; "we need not read it; but here is one from her father."

"Read that," said Captain Graham.

"It is not long," I replied, and began to read.

"My dear George—Your sister's letter will tell you how much we were gratified to hear that you were well, and in good spirits. There is nothing which can cheer our homely fire-side so much as to know that you are pleased with your prospects, and have been able to recommend yourself to the attention of gentlemen who can be of use to you. The patronage of Colonel Bruce does you much honour; and I was glad to see the manner in which he spoke of you in a letter to his brother, with whom I had some acquaintance many years ago. Your night expedition, to make a survey of the fort of Kaladroog, seems to have recommended you strongly to his attention; but though I told your mother that he had noticed you, I remained (as you have done) silent as to the adventure itself, which was not of a nature to amuse mothers. I hope his friendship will be of advantage to you; and in India, as I dare say you have seen by this time, nothing assists the prospects of young men, even of the steadiest habits, so much as the countenance and protection of gentlemen of his character.

"You are already aware of the disappointment we met with in your uncle's business; his affairs are not yet wound up, so that we are not informed of the total loss, though I am afraid it will be considerable. I have not, of course, been able to conceal it from your mother, whose distress, both on her brother's account and our own embarrassment, affects her spirits a good deal. It was lucky that your letter arrived at the time it did, as it has served to restore her, in some measure, to her wonted composure and cheerfulness, though I am quite sure that you must have made a great sacrifice in sending the very considerable remittance which it inclosed. I applied it, as you requested, to the expenses of Robert's education, who, I am glad to say, makes very fair progress. In mathematics, he is quite beyond the lads of his age.

"As your sister will write you a long letter, I shall add little more. I hope that you may continue prosperous, and, above all, that you be such, both towards God and man, as to merit prosperity.—I am your affectionate father, SAMUEL MOXLEY."

"The remaining letter," I observed, "is signed *Robert Fairley*,"

"Poor Moxley's school-acquaintance and intimate friend," replied Captain Graham; "we were all three educated together, but Fairley had no occasion to come to India."

I proceeded to read the letter, which was in a different strain from the others.

"My dear Moxley—I suppose this letter will reach you at the foot of some Indian rock, with a castle on its shoulder, which you are going to take by surprise from its black tenants. What a strange lad you are! Who would have thought that the quiet George Moxley, who was known here for nothing but his skill in useless languages, should undertake such adventures? I heard Mr Bruce read the letter which he received from his brother, concerning your night expedition in the disguise of a Jagee, to take a survey of the fort of Kaladroog, and was quite surprised at your clever management; it is very lucky that Jagees are not required to speak to every one that asks questions, else you might have been puzzled a little. But is it possible that you were dyed black? What a figure you must have made!—naked, with a rope about your waist, and a wig powdered with ashes! If masquerades were in fashion, you would have drawn some attention here in that costume. And then your return next night with a party of soldiers to scale the rock, and take the Indians and their black prince in their beds. I can't pardon you for being so cunning, George: you should have appeared in the morning before the gates of their castle with your band of heroes, and blown your horn, like a good knight and true, to invite the sable warriors to equal combat, or to deliver up their enchanted fortress. I believe, however, this was not Colonel Bruce's opinion. He gives you great credit for the saving of time you caused him at the beginning of the rains.* Pretty soldiers you, to be afraid of a shower! I have always heard that our Indian army was tender of its health, and here is a proof of it. However, as Colonel Bruce was pleased, and every body else seems satisfied, I suppose I must allow you some credit too.

"But to have done with this: Our old friend Mrs Griffiths is dead, and has left, as was expected, the greater part of her property to Grace. It is very considerable indeed; and I am glad of it, for your sake as well as hers. I can see that Grace has nearly the same thoughts herself. And I can assure you, that my mother and the whole of us retain our high esteem for you, and will be glad if your expected furlough can be procured. Mr Bruce knows of the arrangements for your marriage, and will use his interest with his brother both for your sake and ours.

"I was at Glenskeach during the shooting season, and had excellent sport—though not to be compared with tiger hunting, I suppose. However that may be, I hope you will be able to make the experiment with us next year, and, by so doing, add to the pleasure of more than one old friend.—I am, &c.

"ROBERT FAIRLEY."

After reading the letters, I held them in my hand for a few moments with a feeling of regret and sorrow: "And the object of all these regards—this affectionate son—this kind brother—this favoured lover and friend—died shortly after?"

"He was dead while these letters were in writing," replied Captain Graham, looking at the date of one of them. "After the enterprise which he carried through so gallantly at Kaladroog, he rose rapidly in the good opinion of all the superior officers; and it was arranged that he should receive the appointment of aid-de-camp to the governor. In the meantime, however, he was ordered with a detachment upon a separate service, near Barodah: his party had to march for several days along the banks of the Nerbuddah, one of the most unhealthy aguish tracts in India—hot and stifling in the day-time, and after nightfall, damp and chilling in the extreme. Moxley, however, knew the precautions necessary in such a climate, and had sense enough to attend to them; but after several fatiguing marches, the encampment was discovered one night to be on fire, and alarm immediately spread that it was caused by the enemy. Mr Moxley's activity and previous arrangements prevented any serious damage, and the enemy (if it was their work) found no opportunity of profiting by the confusion. The fatigue, however, and exposure, threw him during next day's march into a brain fever, and he was carried in that state to Baroach. He lay for several weeks in a state of madness, accompanied by symptoms which every day threatened his life. After recovering a little, he was brought to Bombay for change of air and medical attendance: I was at Goa at that time, and when I arrived at the presidency, he was much recovered, being able to see his friends, and to speak a little, though still incoherently, at times. I was too much occupied to see him for some days, but he at last sent for me, and I was to call at his tent on the esplanade next morning. I went accordingly, and on alighting from my palankeen, was astonished to find no servant in attendance but a little Hindoo boy, while every thing about the tent seemed to be in confusion! 'Where is your master, Sunder?' I said. 'Oh, sahib,' cried the lad in a scream between terror and grief, 'Moxley sahib bhaug-gya.'—'Bbaug-gya! you little fool,' I replied, 'Mr Moxley run away! what do you mean?' The poor boy could do nothing but reiterate his assertion that his master had run away; and as I saw that there was no more to be learned from him, I was leaving the place, when one of my palankeen bearers, who had met an acquaintance at a neighbouring tent, came up and informed me that my friend had actually disappeared that morning, no one could tell how. His servants, on entering his apartment, found his bed deserted, and a quantity of clothes thrown in confusion about the floor; a book which he had been reading the night before, was gone, but his watch was in its usual place, and every thing else undisturbed. I hurried immediately to Dr Lamb, the medical gentleman who had been attending Mr Moxley, and found there his Parsee servant, and one or two of his friends, on the same errand with myself. Dr Lamb was not at home; but, from circumstances mentioned by the Parsee, we were led to conjecture that some relapse of mania had affected Mr Moxley, and that he had escaped from his tent in that state. But where to seek for him? We hurried away in different directions; and, after spending an anxious day, galloping about among the villages and cross roads, I learned at last that some country people had seen a European gentleman, unattended and in disordered dress, that morning on the road to Mahim. I hurried immediately in that direction, thinking that he might have gone to Tanrah, a military station in the island of Salsette. I could not, however, arrive there before midnight; but, just as I had passed the causeway which joins the islands of Bombay and Salsette, I met a native, who told me that a white man had been seen that afternoon going up an opening in the jungle (wild thickets), and he was afraid he would fall a victim to the tigers. I shuddered at the idea, but knew not what to do, as it was now far in the night, and I had with me only one servant, besides being very slightly provided with arms. On inquiry, I found, that, by following a certain track, I should arrive at an Indian village, where assistance of some kind might be procured. The road was one of the most dismal I ever travelled, for it was at this time the season of the rains; and after dark, it came a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with such a deluge from the clouds as almost blinded us. I knew no step of the way; and though the road was illuminated at times by gleams of lightning, which showed us a kind of open track through the rocks and brushwood, still we were so much dazzled by the flashes, that the darkness after each appeared tenfold thicker, and more bewildering. I never was more perplexed, and, considering that the life of my poor friend depended on the expedition I should make, I can hardly express my feelings. After travelling in this way for more than two hours, and losing our road more than once among the trees, a sudden and vivid flash of lightning threw a glare upon every thing about us, and I saw in the momentary light that we had just passed to one side of a row of cottages, and were leaving them. On calling at one of the huts, we found a boy asleep in the corner of a kind of verandah attached to it; we wakened him, and found that the people of the place were Indian-Portuguese, and that we had luckily stumbled upon the house of their Padré, or priest. The boy got a light, and the Padré soon made his appearance; he was a venerable old man, perfectly black, with hair as white as wool. I had some difficulty in explaining to him our object, from my ignorance of Portuguese and Mahrattee, his native languages; and, what you will think strange in an Indian village, I was obliged sometimes to have recourse to Latin, as a tongue which we could use in common. When he comprehended my situation, the old man expressed the greatest sympathy, and said that some of his people would go with us in the morning. 'But can nothing be done now?' I said. 'It is impossible,' replied he; 'the jungle is infested by tigers; and the darkness, besides, is such, that the people could not keep together, even if they knew where to go, or if your poor friend could answer their signals.' I felt that his reasoning was unanswerable, and was obliged to acquiesce. He sent for one or two of his people, to whom he gave directions to be ready early in the morning; and some of them, in the meantime, kindled a fire to dry our wet clothes.

"You may easily imagine the anxiety and impatience with which I waited for morning. As soon as light appeared, the people were dispatched in different directions along the track which we supposed Mr Moxley had taken. The village lay in a small hollow of the woods, from which the surrounding hills were seen at a distance rising in abrupt and barren shelves; the jungle or woodland only running up the slanting ravines in their sides, where there was some depth of soil. The path which Mr Moxley was supposed to have taken led along one of these, and we searched it in every quarter, but in vain. The day was calm, and excessively hot, as is not unfrequent after rain, so that I began to be exhausted and feverish, while anxiety agitated me to a degree I can hardly express. We had yet seen nothing giving the smallest clue to success; and as the natives have a kind of instinctive dread of approaching the beds of gigantic reeds, which are supposed to be the couching places of the tiger, there were many spots which I could not get examined. I was beginning utterly to despair, when one of the people called out, 'A tiger—a tiger!' and he and his comrades made a rush towards some precipitous rocks, which we had been skirting for the last quarter of an hour. I went after them in the same direction; but as I knew they were easily alarmed, and believed that it might be only some chance rustling of the long hard grass which they had heard, I stopped at intervals, being ready to fire in case of any real danger. While I was waiting in this manner, I heard one of the villagers call me in a hurried voice, 'Sahib, sahib, hidhur ao!' (Sir, sir, come here!) On following him round the thicket, I saw two of the people standing before a kind of low opening in the face of the rock, to which the man led me. The place within could hardly be called a cavern, as the day-light glimmered back to its farthest extremity, and I could see a white object lying or sitting on the floor within. Conjecturing (as the men had done) that this must be my friend or his lifeless remains, I rushed into the place, and, to my astonishment, saw Mr Moxley sitting on a ledge of the rock with a book on his knee, apparently reading with perfect composure. When I came quite near, he lifted up his head, and, after looking at me for a moment, said, with a kind of feeble smile, 'Ah, Graham, you are here at last! Why did you not come when I sent for you yesterday?' The strange wandering expression which accompanied these words, showed me too truly the state of his mind; and his pallid ghastly features indicated a weakness, of which he himself seemed totally unconscious.

"I was delayed at the adjutant-general's office," I said; "but I hope you have not been worse?"

"They promised me a furlough, and I dreamed last night that we had set sail; is that true?"

"Only a dream," I said.

"Ah, Graham," he said, again looking up, "what brought you and Miss Fairley to this strange place? The camp was on fire again last night."

"I had by this time put my arm round his shoulder, and he leant on me without an effort to support himself. I sent one of the men in the meantime to the village to procure some means of conveyance from the woods; and while he was gone, I endeavoured to get our patient, who had had no nourishment for two days, to take a little milk and rice bread, which we had brought (the only food to be procured in the village). He looked at it a little, without seeming to comprehend what we wished, and then, with great difficulty, swallowed a few drops of the milk. He seemed to revive a little, and said,

"I should wish to see my father."

"I could not make any answer; and, after a few moments, he continued—

"I am dying, Graham; what will become of them all?"

"He appeared a little collected while he said these words; but raising himself up, as if looking earnestly

* The rains in India are so heavy and continued when they set in, that no military operations can be carried on afterwards for four months, and an army which attempts to keep the field rarely escapes destruction.

at one of the men coming in from the mouth of the cavern, he said,

"Anne, Anne! I thought Grace Fairley would have come with you."

"In a few minutes he sunk back on the shelving rock; and though he lived for some time, he did not again speak. I carried the remains of my poor friend to the village, on one of the rude couches used by these people, made of four poles laced together with coir ropes; and he was buried next day near the Portuguese village in that wild district."

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE SEPTUAGINT AND VULGATE.

It has generally been admitted, that the SEPTUAGINT, which, as has been explained, is so called from the number SEVENTY, or, more properly, SEVENTY-TWO interpreters, who were said to be employed in the formation of it, was the first Greek version of the Old Testament. No mention has been made of any that preceded it, and it cannot be deemed probable that Ptolemy would have taken so much pains to procure a version of the Jewish law, had any other previously existed: and it is equally improbable he should have been unacquainted with it, had it existed at a time when, with the assistance of Demetrius, he was procuring Greek books from every part of the world. It is plainly affirmed by Philo, that before his time the law was not known in any language but the original. The acquaintance with Jewish customs and Jewish history, which many Heathen writers, before the reign of Ptolemy, have manifested, has led many persons to conclude that they must have derived their knowledge from a Greek version of at least parts of the Old Testament. Yet we may account for the knowledge of Jewish customs, &c. which these writers display, without supposing that they obtained it from any Greek version; for we have direct evidence that Aristotle, at least, had intercourse with the Jews, for the purpose of gaining information respecting their law; and as the philosophers were certainly acquainted with the doctrine of the Gymnosophists and of the Druids, who had not any written law, so we may suppose they obtained their knowledge of the Jewish religion from personal intercourse with individuals of that nation.

At first, it is probable, the Law only was translated, for there was no need of the other books in the public worship; no other part of the Scriptures but the Law having been in early times read in the synagogues. But afterwards, when the reading of the Prophets also came into use in the synagogues of Judea, in the time of the persecution under Antiochus Epiphanes, and the Jews of Alexandria, who in those times conformed themselves to the usages of Judea and Jerusalem in all matters of religion, were induced hereby to do the same; this caused a translation of the Prophets also to be there made into the Greek language, in like manner as the Law had been before. After this, other persons translated the rest for the private use of the same people; and so that whole version was completed which we now call the Septuagint; and after it was thus made, it became of common use among all the churches of the Hellenistical Jews, wherever they were dispersed among the Grecian cities.

When the Hebrew language had ceased to be the vulgar tongue, the version of the SEVENTY was read in the synagogues, even in Judea itself. It is true, this was not universally done; there was a sort of division among the Jews about it; some were for having the Scripture read only in *Hebrew*, and were, therefore, called *Hebrews* or *Hebraizers;* whilst others read it in *Greek*, and were called *Hellenists*, that is, *Grecians* or *Grecizers*, as has been already observed. As the number of the latter was greater than that of the *Hebrew-Jews*, and the Apostles preached most frequently to them, it is not to be wondered at, as St Jerome observes, that the passages of the Old Testament which are quoted in the New, are sometimes borrowed from thence. It is thus seen that this version preceded the publication of the Gospel; and it has been authorised by the use which the Apostles made of it, as well as the whole church. It seems very evident, however, from various passages, as Parkhurst has remarked, that the writers of the New Testament, in their citations of the Old, did not intend either literally to translate the Hebrew, or to stamp their authority on the SEVENTY translation, but only to *refer us to the Original Scriptures.*

The Septuagint version was continued in public use among the Jews for more than three hundred years; but as it grew into use among the Christians, it went out of credit with the Jews. In the twelfth year of the Emperor Adrian, A.D. 128, Aquila, a native of Sinope, a city of Pontus, published a new Greek version of the Old Testament. This man, who had been a Christian, and afterwards became a Jew, is supposed to have undertaken this work in opposition to the Christians, not only that the SEVENTY might be superseded, but that a new version might be given of those passages on which they relied most in their controversies with the Jews. The Hellenistic Jews received this version, and afterwards used it every where instead of the Septuagint; and, therefore, this Greek translation is often made mention of in the Talmud, or Compendium of Jewish Doctrines, but the Septuagint never. The Emperor Justinian published a decree, which is still extant among his institutions, whereby he ordained, that the Jews might read the Scriptures in their synagogues, either in the Greek version of the SEVENTY, or in that of Aquila, or in any other language, according to the country in which they should dwell. But the Jewish doctors having determined against this, their decrees prevailed against that of the emperor, and, within a little while after, both the Septuagint and the version of Aquila was rejected by them; and ever since, the solemn reading of the Scriptures among them, in their public assemblies, has been in the Hebrew and Chaldee languages. "The Chaldee," says Prideaux, "is used in some of their synagogues even to this day, and particularly at Frankfort, in Germany."

Not long after the time of Aquila, there were two other Greek versions of the Old Testament Scriptures made; the first by Theodotion, who lived in the time of Commodus, the Roman emperor, and the other by Symmachus, who flourished a little after him in the reigns of Severus and Caracalla. The former is supposed to have belonged to Ephesus, and fell into the heretical errors of Ebion and Marcion, to which sect Symmachus also belonged, being by birth a Samaritan, and by profession first a Jew, then a Christian, and, lastly, an Ebionite heretic. They both of them undertook the making of their versions with the same design as Aquila did, although not entirely for the same end; for they all three entered on this work for the perverting of the Old Testament Scriptures. Aquila, however, did it for the serving of the interest of the Jewish religion, the other two for promoting the interest of the heretical sect to which they belonged; and all of them wrested the original Scriptures in their versions of them, as much as they could, to make them speak for the different ends which they proposed. From the circumstances, therefore, under which these versions were made, it may be inferred that their authority cannot be very great, though, from the fragments of them which have been collected, we may derive considerable assistance in understanding particular portions of the Old Testament.

In speaking of the ancient versions of the Bible, it must be observed, that there are two in the Syriac language—the Old, which is a translation of the Old Testament from the *Hebrew*, and the New, which is a translation of the New Testament from the *Greek*. This last is, beyond contradiction, the most ancient that ever was formed in the Christian church. It is that which the Christians in the east, called *Maronites*, make use of in their worship; and they, as well as the other Syrian Christians, boast very much of its antiquity; for they allege that one portion of it was made by the command of Solomon, for the use of Hiram, king of Tyre, and the other part by the command of Abgarus, king of Edessa. It is certain this version was of considerable antiquity, and was in all likelihood made within the first century after Christ, and had for its author some Christian of the Jewish nation that was thoroughly skilled in both the Hebrew and Syriac languages; and as it is amongst the oldest translations that we have of any part of the Scriptures, so it is the best, without any exception, that has been made of them by the ancients into any language whatsoever. This last character belongs to it in respect of the New Testament, as well as of the Old; and, therefore, of all the ancient versions which are now consulted by Christians for the better understanding of the Holy Scriptures, as well of the New Testament as of the Old, none can better serve this end than this old Syriac version, when carefully consulted and well understood. To this purpose the very nature of the language gives much assistance; for, it having been the mother-tongue of those who wrote the New Testament, and a dialect of that in which the Old was first given, many things of both are more happily expressed in it through this whole version than can well be done in any other language.

The language of princes generally becomes, in time, the common language of their subjects. The conquests of Alexander made the Greek tongue universal; and by the same means the Latin tongue extended itself, with the Roman empire, all over the world; so that, at length, there was scarce a nation where, by the help of this language, you might not make yourself understood.

It is not known who was the author of the first Latin version of the Scriptures; but St Augustine, a celebrated bishop of the Latin church, about A.D. 400, tells us that there soon appeared a great number of them. "We know them who translated the Scriptures into *Greek*," says he, "and the number of them is not great; but the number of the *Latin* translators is infinite. When the faith came to be established, the first man who found a Greek copy, notwithstanding the little knowledge he had of the two languages, boldly undertook a translation of it." From another passage of his writings it has been generally concluded, that there was one particular version, called "the Italian," in higher estimation than the rest, and which was the authorised version of the Roman churches. However this may be, it is certain the Latin church was in want of a version of the Scriptures formed directly from the Hebrew, as all the Latin translations in existence at that time had been taken from the SEVENTY. St Jerome, who was contemporary with St Augustine, was in every respect best suited, of any of the learned men of that time, to the task of making a new translation, which he accordingly undertook. He began by correcting some books of the Old Testament in the Latin Bible, particularly the version of the Psalms, and marked those passages wherein any difference existed between the Latin version, the Greek of the SEVENTY, and the Hebrew original. He had early applied himself to the study of the Hebrew language, and at different periods had the assistance of five Jewish teachers; he had access also to the works of Origen, who published what is called the *Hexapla*, that is, the Bible in *six* different languages. From these he must have derived considerable assistance in the work he undertook—that of translating into Latin all the books of the Old Testament, to which he added a corrected edition of the common version of the New.

This work of St Jerome is still used in the Roman Catholic church, and is known by the name of the *Vulgate*; for which some have gone so far as to claim the authority and infallibility of an inspired production. At first, however, his version was not generally received; for although many were pleased with it, because it was more consonant to the original, and a more literal translation than that of the SEVENTY; yet others, and among the rest Augustine, considered it a rash attempt, and calculated to diminish the authority of the Greek version. It was approved of by the Jews as conformable to their text, and was received into the church gradually and by tacit consent, rather than by the sanction of public authority.

Nevertheless, the *Vulgate* which we have at present, and which the celebrated Council of Trent declared to be authentic, is not the pure version of St Jerome; it has in it a great deal of the ancient *Italian;* but it cannot now be discovered by whom, or at what time, this mixture was made. Some think that St Jerome has no part at all in the present Vulgate; and it is certain that the *Psalms* in it are not his. Nevertheless, the Latin version comes nearer to the *Hebrew* and is more perspicuous, than the *Septuagint*. Since the time of the Council of Trent, namely, in 1589 and 1592, corrected editions of the Vulgate have been published under the authority of the Popes Sixtus the Fifth and Clement the Eighth.

DEER HUNTING IN AMERICA.

[BY AUDUBON.]

The different modes of destroying deer are probably too well understood and too successfully practised in the United States; for, notwithstanding the almost incredible abundance of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them, that, in a few centuries, they will probably be as scarce in America as the great bustard now is in Britain

We have three modes of hunting deer, each varying in some slight degree, in the different states and districts. The first is termed *still hunting*, and is by far the most destructive. The second is called *fire-light hunting*, and is next in its exterminating effects. The third, which may be looked upon as a mere amusement, is named *driving*. Although many deer are destroyed by this latter method, it is not by any means so pernicious as the others. These methods I shall describe separately.

Still Hunting is followed as a kind of trade by most of our frontier men. To be practised with success, it requires great activity, an expert management of the rifle, and a thorough knowledge of the forest, together with an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the deer, not only at different seasons of the year, but also at every hour of the day, as the hunter must be aware of the situations which the game prefers, and in which it is most likely to be found, at any particular time.

Illustrations of any kind require to be presented in the best possible light. We shall therefore suppose that we are now about to follow the *true hunter*, as the still hunter is also called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places, where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found there in the first instance. We shall allow our hunter all the agility, patience, and care, which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear, as if we were spies, watching all his motions.

His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting-shirt, and a pair of trowsers of the same material. His feet are well moccassined; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball-pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same strap; and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step, that probably few men, besides ourselves, that is, myself and my kind reader, could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every

leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence-rails of his little corn-field. As he proceeds, he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well-known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends toward the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its growing splendour; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of this first essay? Assuredly, reader, for I know him well.

"Pray, friend, what have you killed?" for to say, "what have you shot at?" might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings? "Nothing but a buck." "And where is it?" "Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart." We arrive at the spot, where the animal had laid itself down among the grass in a thicket of grape-vines, sumachs, and spruce-bushes, where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted: it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck's throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon the branch of a tree. When the skin is removed, he cuts off the hams, and abandoning the rest of the carcase to the wolves and vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison, enclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a strap, and walks off in search of more game, well knowing that, in the immediate neighbourhood, another at least is to be found.

Had the weather been warmer, the hunter would have sought for the buck along the *shadowy* side of the hills. Had it been the spring season, he would have led us through some thick cane-brake, to the margin of some remote lake, where you would have seen the deer, immersed to his head in the water, to save his body from the tormenting attacks of moschettoes. Had winter overspread the earth with a covering of snow, he would have searched the low damp woods, where the mosses and lichens, on which at that period the deer feeds, abound, the trees being generally crusted with them for several feet from the ground. At one time he might have marked the places where the deer clears the velvet from his horns by rubbing them against the low stems of bushes, and where he frequently *scrapes* the earth with his fore-hoofs; at another, he would have betaken himself to places where persimons and crab-apples abound, as beneath these trees the deer frequently stops to munch their fruits. During early spring, our hunter would imitate the bleating of the doe, and thus frequently obtain both her and the fawn; or, like some tribes of Indians, he would prepare a deer's head, placed on a stick, and creeping with it amongst the tall grass of the prairies, would decoy the deer within reach of his rifle. But, kind reader, you have seen enough of the *still hunter*. Let it suffice for me to add, that by the mode pursued by him, thousands of deer are annually killed, many individuals shooting these animals merely for the skin, not caring for even the most valuable portions of the flesh, unless hunger, or a near market, induce them to carry off the hams.

The mode of destroying deer by *fire-light*, or, as it is named in some parts of the country, *forest-light*, never fails to produce a very singular feeling in him who witnesses it for the first time. There is something in it which at times appears awfully grand. At other times, a certain degree of fear creeps over the mind, and even affects the physical powers, of him who follows the hunter through the thick undergrowth of our woods, having to leap his horse over hundreds of huge fallen trunks, at one time impeded by a straggling grape-vine crossing his path, at another squeezed between two stubborn saplings, whilst their twigs come smack in his face, as his companion has forced his way through them. Again, he every now and then runs the risk of breaking his neck, by being suddenly pitched headlong on the ground, as his horse sinks into a hole covered over with moss. But I must proceed in a more regular manner, and leave you, kind reader, to judge whether such a mode of hunting would suit your taste or not.

The hunter has returned to his camp or his house, has rested and eaten of his game. He waits impatiently for the return of night. He has procured a quantity of pine-knots filled with resinous matter, and has an old frying-pan, that, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been used by his great grandmother, in which the pine-knots are to be placed when lighted. The horses stand saddled at the door. The hunter comes forth, his rifle slung on his shoulder and springs upon one of them, while his son, or a servant, mounts the other, with the frying-pan and the pine-knots. Thus accoutred, they proceed towards the interior of the forest. When they have arrived at the spot where the hunt is to begin, they strike fire with a flint and steel, and kindle the resinous wood. The person who carries the fire moves in the direction judged to be the best. The blaze illuminates the near objects, but the distant parts seem involved in deepest obscurity. The hunter who bears the gun keeps immediately in front, and after a while discovers before him two feeble lights, which are produced by the reflection of the pine-fire from the eyes of an animal of the deer or wolf kind. The animal stands quite still. To one unacquainted with this strange mode of hunting, the glare from its eyes might bring to his imagination some lost hobgoblin that had strayed from its usual haunts. The hunter, however, nowise intimidated, approaches the object, sometimes so near as to discern its form, when raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fires and kills it on the spot. He then dismounts, secures the skin and such portions of the flesh as he may want, in the manner already described, and continues his search through the greater part of the night, sometimes until the dawn of day, shooting from five to ten deer, should these animals be plentiful. This kind of hunting proves fatal, not to the deer alone, but also sometimes to wolves, and now and then to a horse or a cow, which may have straggled far into the woods.

Now, kind reader, prepare to mount a generous full blood Virginian hunter. See that your gun is in complete order, for, hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and the mingled clamour of a pack of harriers! Your friends are waiting you, under the shade of the wood, and we must together go *driving* the light-footed deer. The distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt, when pleasure is anticipated as the result: so, galloping we go pell-mell through the woods, to some well known place, where many a fine buck has drooped its antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The servants, who are called the *drivers*, have already begun their search. Their voices are heard exciting the hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first opportunity of shooting the fleeting game, as it passes by. Hark again! The dogs are in chase, the horn sounds louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall be sadly behind!

Here we are at last! Dismount, fasten your horse to this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow poplar, and mind you do not shoot me! The deer is fast approaching. I will to my own stand, and he who shoots him dead wins the prize.

The deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are now so near it that it will pass in a moment. There it comes! How beautifully it bounds over the ground! What a splendid head of horns! How easy its attitudes, depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for safety! All is in vain, however: a gun is fired, the animal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed. There he goes! He passes another stand, from which a second shot, better directed than the first, brings him to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen, are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

A few lines of explanation may be required to convey a clear idea of this mode of hunting. Deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and continue to do so even after they have been shot at more than once. These tracks are discovered by persons on horseback in the woods, or a deer is observed crossing a road, a field, or a small stream. When this has been noticed twice, the deer may be shot from the places called *stands* by the sportsman, who is stationed there, and waits for it, a line of stands being generally formed so as to cross the path which the game will follow. The person who ascertains the usual pass of the game, or discovers the parts where the animal feeds or lies down during the day, gives intimation to his friends, who then prepare for the chase. The servants start the deer with the hounds, and, by good management, generally succeed in making it run the course that will soonest bring it to its death. But, should the deer be cautious, and take another course, the hunters, mounted on swift horses, gallop through the woods to intercept it, guided by the sound of the horns and the cry of the dogs, and frequently succeed in shooting it. This sport is extremely agreeable, and proves successful on almost every occasion.—*From Audubon's American Ornithology.*

APRIL.

On April, in old kalendars, is drawn
A gallant hawker pacing on a lawn,
Holding a bell'd and hooded fowl of prey,
Ready to loose him in the airy way.
For daily now descends the solar beam,
And the warm earth seems in a waking dream;
Insects creep out, leaves burst, and flowers rise,
And birds enchant the woods, and wing the skies;
Each sentient being a new sense receives,
And eloquently looks, to each, it lives.

APRIL, whose name is derived from a Latin word, signifying *to open*, is celebrated by writers as one of the most delightful months in the year. "April," says the author of the *Mirror of the Months*, "is spring—the only spring month that we possess—the most juvenile of the months, and the most feminine—the sweetest month of all the year; partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake, so far as any thing can be valuable without reference to any thing else. It is to May and June what 'sweet fifteen,' in the age of woman, is to passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. It is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all, and more—of all the delights of summer, and all the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of glorious autumn. It is fraught with beauties that no other month can bring before us, and

'It bears a glass which shows us many more.'

Its life is one sweet alternation of smiles and sighs and tears, and tears and sighs and smiles, till it is consummated at last in the open laughter of May."

By the same writer we are directed to observe, "what a sweet flush of new green has started up to the face of this meadow! and the new-born daisies that stud it here and there, give it the look of an emerald sky, powdered with snowy stars. In making our way to yonder hedgerow, which divides the meadow from the little copse that lines one side of it, let us not take the shortest way, but keep religiously to the little footpath; for the young grass is as yet too tender to bear being trod upon; and the young lambs themselves, while they go cropping its crisp points, let the sweet daisies alone, as if they loved to look upon a sight as pretty and as innocent as themselves." It is further remarked that "the great charm of this month, both in the open country and the garden, is undoubtedly the infinite *green* which pervades it every where, and which we had best gaze our fill at while we may, as it lasts but a little while—changing in a few weeks into an endless variety of shades and tints, that are equivalent to as many different colours. It is this, and the budding forth of every living member of the vegetable world, after its long winter death, that, in fact, constitutes *the spring*; and the sight of which affects us in the manner it does, from various causes—chiefly moral and associated ones; but one of which is unquestionably physical: I mean the sight of so much tender green after the eye has been condemned to look for months and months on the mere negation of all colour, which prevails in winter in our climate. The eye feels cheered, cherished, and regaled by this colour, as the tongue does by a quick and pleasant taste, after having long palated nothing but tasteless and insipid things. This is the principal charm of spring, no doubt. But another, and one that is scarcely second to this, is the bright flush of blossoms that prevails over, and almost hides, every thing else in the fruit-garden and orchard. What exquisite differences and distinctions and resemblances there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit trees; and no less in their general effect than in their separate details. The almond-blossom, which comes first of all and while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose colour; and when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head instead of being permitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various kinds of plum follow, the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the almond. The peach and nectarine, which are now full blown, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the hard bare wall, or the rough wooden pailing, is peculiarly pretty. They are of a deep blush colour, and of a delicate bell shape; the lips, however, divided, and turning backward, to expose the interior to the cherishing sun. But perhaps the bloom that is richest and most *promising* in its general appearance, is that of the cherry, clasping its white honours all round the long straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf or a bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch. The other blossoms of the pears and (loveliest of all) the apples do not come in perfection till next month."

No communications in verse or prose are wanted. All anonymous or unpaid letters are regularly returned to the Post Office without any attention to their contents.

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NAMES.

"WHAT's in a name?" is the question asked by the passionate Juliet, when anxious to annihilate the space which the name and lineage of Romeo have cast between her and her lover. The same question has been asked a thousand times on lighter occasions, and generally answered, through an absence of all reflection —Nothing. This proceeds, in some measure, upon an understanding that Shakspeare has here professed *his* sense of the insignificance of a name; whereas, if we trace the play to its conclusion, it will be apparent that it was altogether designed to show how much there might be in such a small matter—no less, to wit, than the ruin of a pair otherwise fitted to render each other happy. Throwing this poetical instance out of view, it will be obvious enough, we think, from the ordinary run of facts in common life, that, though a name is in many cases a matter of indifference, it is fully as often one of material importance. In all parts of the United Kingdom there are names of the most ludicrous and vulgar sound, such as Hogsflesh, Higginbottom, Clutterbuck, Gotobed, Meiklewham, M'Turk, &c. Now, these may do very well for people who have no desire to soar beyond a very humble sphere of usefulness. But we contend, that, if a man of high intellectual capabilities were born with such a designation—and no doubt there have been many men so circumstanced—his name would be an effectual bar to prevent him from coming into notice. Suppose the bent of his genius lay towards a military life, could the glory of a Cæsar or a Napoleon be reaped under the name of Hogsflesh? Were he to affect poetry, could any new epic approaching to the Paradise Lost be published with the name of Gotobed upon the title-page? No—there has been a good fortune in all great men hitherto as to their names: all of them have had smooth, euphonious, or at least not ridiculous, designations; and the public may depend upon it, that, though not a positive, it has been at least a negative cause of their success—it has at least not prevented them from coming before the world, and reaping the full benefit of their talents. Alas, however, for the Hogsfleshes and the Higginbottoms!—alas for the innocent Clutterbucks and Meiklewhams! How many of these unhappy clans, with all the power and all the will to shine, have been deterred from even attempting to scribble their names in the book of Fame, conscious that the very sound would startle and disgust the world, and procure nothing but laughter and sarcasm for all their noblest efforts! Good worthy Gotobeds, it might wake Gray himself from the dead, to think how many of you have been mute and inglorious, not for want of opportunity, or any of the other accessory aids, but simply because you trembled to give the world your address, and, thrusting back your cards into your pockets, resolved rather to die as drysalters and bakers, than shock the ears of mankind with a sound so soporiferous and so ungraceful.

Then, again, some names, though tolerable enough, are so very common, that they give no distinction, but, on the contrary, almost appear to preclude it. The name John Smith, for instance, is a very decent name; it has been borne, no doubt, by many respectable persons in all ranks of life. But who could rationally expect, with such a name, to carve out for himself a reputation for either poetry, science, or military prowess? Why, he is lost in the myriad of John Smiths, and could no more extricate himself, so as to assume a distinct and distinguished position, than he could fly in the air, or walk upon the water. A man thus entitled bears about him a doom of everlasting mediocrity, which he can no more reverse than he can regenerate his bodily constitution. He is John Smith, and he will never be more than John Smith, though he were to live to the verge of time. He might be naturally capable of saying the brightest things, of making the most useful discoveries, of embodying the most beautiful and affecting sentiments; but let his name accompany them, and they are heard of no more. That common-place sound would dispel the admiration of a world, and cause him to sink at once, with all his fictitious glory, into the humbler shades of life. Down he would go, like a plummet, though he had the Waverley novels disposed like a cork-jacket all around him. His only chance of success is in anonymity, and, of course, if he is to remain for ever anonymous, he gains no fame. We are fully persuaded that Junius was a man of the name of John Smith—a greatly unfortunate man, not fearful of acknowledging his work for any thing that kings or men could do to him, or any other consideration whatever, than simply that he could not endure the idea of exploding all the utility and all the estimation of his piquant writings, by putting such a name upon the title-page.

The non-distinction of the name Dr Brown has been already illustrated, we believe, in an English comic song; and it is very remarkable, that, though there have been many literary and scientific characters bearing this designation, hardly one of them has ever found it possible to gain more than a comparatively local fame. What Doctor is to Brown, Captain is to Campbell—an inseparable adjunct, and one which tends quite as much to take away the individuality it pretends to give. The legion of the Captain Campbells, as they may well be called, might be a staff for the formation of a new army. There is a Captain Campbell in Scotland for every other hundred men. They might colonize a fifth continent. How much good broad-cloth, how many pairs of respectable Wellington boots, have been worn away upon the limbs of the Captain Campbells, without any one of them having ever been singled out from the rest! No doubt, the Captain Campbells have all been capital fighters in their day: if war has ever done us any good at all, no small portion of that good has been gained by the Captain Campbells. But the misfortune is, that there are too many of them. Their glory is like a chandelier, where no single candle makes any great appearance; whereas, if there were only one of them, he would be like one light in a room, and his usefulness would be at once seen, and prized accordingly. The only advice that could be given to a man of this unfortunate designation, who wanted to signalize himself, would be, that he should commence a tour of the earth in search of a place where there was not another Captain Campbell within ten miles. If such a place there be, let him settle down upon it, with a happy mind, and try what he can do in the way of public service, though it should only be as executioner to the Grand Turk. But if he can no where find such a spot of earth, why, then, unless he becomes a kind of shoemaker of Cordova, and quietly poniards all his namesakes that fall in his way, we fear there is no hope for him.

Walter Scott was fortunate in his name. Had he been called Thomas Scott, or John Scott, there is a great chance of his never having arrived at the distinction he did. Robert Burns was similarly fortunate. His father luckily changed the family designation from *Burness*, which would never have done as the name of a poet. Vulgar family names, it has to be observed, may be greatly meliorated by the use of some fine-sounding classic Christian name. For instance, the addition of *Horace* to *Smith*, saves the plainness of the appellation vastly, and makes it fit for a title-page. We recommend fathers of families with common names to attend to this in the christening of their children. We have often regretted the slavishness with which the most of people adhere to old custom in this duty. The first children of the family are regularly called after their grandfathers and grandmothers, and those which follow, after even nearer relations, so that old plain names are perpetuated, and there is no distinguishing one person from another, either now or in future times. We have heard genealogists and lawyers complain much of this stupid system, and express their belief that many fortunes have been lost by it. Surnames are sometimes given as Christian names to children, as Douglas, Stewart, Dundas, Nelson, &c. This is an intolerably mean custom, and afterwards marks the father as having been a dependent or expectant in some shape of the great man whose name he has adopted. Whenever we hear of a person with a surname for a first name, we have an idea that his father was a footman. A Christian name formed of a complete name of another person, is nearly as bad. A double Christian name, as William Frederick, is now in most cases the result of pure affectation, and is so much in use among characters of questionable respectability, that it ought, if possible, to be discarded. The giving of a name to a child is one of the important trifling duties of human life, and, as such, requires a little more attention than what is usually bestowed on it. Let parents, therefore, take note of these hints, and give their children some really pleasing single Christian name, without regard to whether it was ever before in the family, and holding in view that it will be one which will suit any rank in life, and any distinction which the young individuals may attain.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST PAUL'S.

STRANGERS would hardly be able to pick their way through the metropolis, were they not guided by the great leading thoroughfares. By attending to these, there is no difficulty in the matter. Several thoroughfares from different quarters in the east—for instance, one proceeding up from the Tower and shipping places, and another by Leadenhall Street from the north-eastern suburbs—converge into a point at the eastern extremity of Cheapside. This is one of the finest commercial streets in the world, and there is, perhaps, more real wealth in and about its precincts than in some half dozen continental kingdoms. The houses —of brick, of course—are tall, to be London houses, and are compactly built together, the whole of the lower parts being the shops of drapers, and other tradesmen. Nothing can equal the bustle that generally prevails. The various eastern and western thoroughfares having poured in their contribution of waggons, and other vehicles, the whole have necessarily to pass through this street before emerging at either extremity; and thus the traffic is prodigious. The din in the centre of the street is not more distracting than the rapid rushing onwards of the crowds of passengers, chiefly men engaged in business, or proceeding probably to or from the Exchange, the Bank, or the commercial marts in their neighbourhood, all situated near the eastern termination of Cheapside. In proceeding westward, this main avenue is interrupted in such a way as to part off into two lines: that to the right, or north, continues through Newgate Street, Skinner Street, Holborn, Broad Street, and Oxford Street, till it arrive in the country; that to the left, or south, nearer the Thames, which guides it, continues through St Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, Fleet Street, and the Strand. At the western extremity of the Strand, the line again parts into two: that to the right proceeding by Pall Mall, St James's

Street, and Piccadilly, to the parks; and that to the left continuing through Whitehall and Parliament Street, to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey. As the provincial perambulates Cheapside with a view to a journey into the western or fashionable regions, he perceives a great density of streets, houses, population, and commerce. On coming to the end of Cheapside, if he do not take care, he will march up Paternoster Row, which lies straight before him; but if he has studied his map to some purpose, he rounds the corner into St Paul's Churchyard. Here is quite a new scene. In the midst of a confined open area, and surrounded by a massive iron railing, stands the huge edifice, St Paul's Cathedral, appearing like a number of large churches piled a-top of each other, with rows upon rows of pillars, and surmounted by an immense but graceful dome, whose lofty head is reared above the whole of the structures of the metropolis.

St Paul's!—who has not heard of this far-famed boast of the capital, or, we might say, of the country at large? Surely, we may pause a little, to take a narrower view of its dimensions. This magnificent building stands on a spot of ground which has been consecrated to religious purposes for twelve hundred years. A Christian church was planted here four hundred years before the Norman conquest, and, under various shapes and extensions, it remained till destroyed by the great fire in London, in 1666. An entirely new edifice was then erected in its stead, the important work being committed to Sir Christopher Wren. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and measures 514 feet in length, 286 in breadth, and 370 in height, to the topmost pinnacle. Outwardly, the walls, which have a dark sooty appearance, except where bleached with the rains, are what we would call two storeys in height, there being two rows of windows. There are three porticoes at as many entrances, on the north, west, and south. That on the west is the principal, with twelve lofty Corinthian pillars below, and the angles above crowned with handsome bell towers, the size of ordinary church towers or steeples. But this entrance, which fronts the street called Ludgate Hill, is apparently disused, and the common entrance is by the north portico and flight of steps. You are admitted to the interior by a small wicket of the door of this entrance, admission being given on paying the sum of *twopence*. On entering this large show, nothing appears any way remarkable but the vastness of the open space, especially overhead beneath the dome. The walls and arches have rather a clumsy aspect, and the contour is far inferior to that of the interior of York Minster. The sides of the aisles are garnished with statues and sepulchral monuments; but while many are well executed, there is, upon the whole, as in the case of Westminster Abbey, too much straining after effect, by giving emblematic figures, and indulging in other silly conceits, by no means natural. Through some fine open screen-work, a view is obtained of the place where the usual services are performed, and which is highly decorated with dark oaken carved work. If the stranger pleases, he may mount by means of stairs and ladders to the top of the cupola; and though he be taxed in a small sum at the different stages, he will be amply repaid by the extensive view from the balcony or gallery, which comprehends the whole of London, with the country beyond its outskirts, and the Thames rolling placidly in its winding course through the dense mass of houses. Altogether, St Paul's is a magnificent structure; and though it cost a million and a half of money in the erection—and that was a great sum in the seventeenth century—the price was well spent by the nation on so worthy an object. St Paul's is, nevertheless, only a curiosity, it being of no practical use or benefit as a place of public worship, at least not more so than the smallest chapel in London.

The clock-work and great bell of St Paul's always attract the notice of visitors. The pendulum measures fourteen feet in length, while the mass at its extremity is one hundred weight. The great bell—the bell of St Paul's—the bell which is only rung when a member of the royal family dies—the bell which, according to Skryme the apothecary, and the other wise heads in Little Britain, turns all the beer sour by its ringing—is placed in the southern turret above the western portico, and weighs four and a half tons, and is ten feet in diameter. The fine deep tones of this mighty bell sweep solemnly of an evening across the metropolis, and are heard distinctly by families at their firesides, several miles distant. At night,

"When all the air a solemn stillness holds,"

the strokes, we are told, may be heard at the distance of twenty miles.

In the immediate vicinity of St Paul's, the town has a sort of retired cloistered appearance, the names of the very streets and lanes giving token of their former connection with the religious structure, and its clerical attendants. The enclosed churchyard is surrounded by a street, not of the broadest dimensions, closely hemmed in with houses, now chiefly dedicated to trade, the lower storeys being, as usual, shops. The "Corner of St Paul's Churchyard" is an expression which awakens in our mind the most delightful reminiscences of our boyish days: what stranger visits the metropolis who does not start with pleasure at sight of the well-remembered "corner," which for half a century has flourished in immortal youth on the tiny pages of the neat little books got up by the worthy Mr Newberry for the "divertisement" and "moral improvement" of all good boys and girls? "Ah!" said Tommy to himself, as he leaned his head upon his hand, "if I could but get to read all the nice little books in Mr Newberry's shop, at the corner of St Paul's Churchyard, I should be the happiest boy in London." Such was the soliloquy of Master Thomas Trip, a young gentleman with whom we were all, less or more, on terms of intimacy in the days of boyhood. The far-famed shop of Mr Newberry still exists, though in a modernized form, at the right hand corner as you pass out of the churchyard into Ludgate Hill.

Paternoster Row, we said, was in some measure a continuation of Cheapside. Such is the case, but it is not used as a thoroughfare, though it communicates by transverse alleys or courts with the churchyard, and, at its western extremity, by means of another cross alley, called Ave-Maria Lane, leads into Ludgate Hill. Paternoster Row, or "the Row," as it is familiarly termed, is a longish, dull, narrow street, hardly wide enough to permit two carriages to pass each other, with a narrow pavement for a single rank and file on each side, and a gutter in the middle. The houses are tall, and sombre in their aspect, and the shops below have a dead look in comparison with those in the more animated streets. From a very remote period, this alley has been the seat of trade of booksellers and publishers, who, till the present day, continue in such numbers as to leave little room for other tradesmen in its precincts. The book-shops here have all, to a greater or less extent, an air of set-down respectability about them. They are not of that bedizened flashy character so common in other quarters. Their doors are mostly shut, as if business was of little consequence; and it is tolerably evident they depend more on their literary reputations, or connection with foreign countries, as well as customers in the provinces, than on mere outward show. There is generally a quiet coolness about "the Row," very different from the heat and bustle of Cheapside or Ludgate Hill, from whence the hum of traffic is wafted to the ear. But on the last day and evening of the month, a very different scene is presented. The Row is all agog, like a hive on a bright summer's day; the great process of monthly publication being actively going forward. To-morrow is "Magazine day," and we do not doubt that no fewer than 100,000 numbers, and parts of periodicals, are in the course of being dispatched in bales and packages to all parts of the United Kingdom.

NATURAL HISTORY.

QUADRUPEDS CONTINUED.

The second family of quadrupeds, which are of a carnivorous nature, have six cutting teeth in each jaw, with the grinders or molar teeth generally edged, sometimes with tubercles, but never having rough pointed tubercles on their crown, and always provided with strong canine teeth.

The first tribe consists of plantigrade animals, or such as have the whole sole of the foot resting on the ground when walking. The first genus is the *Ursus*, or bear, which has six cutting teeth in both jaws, and one canine tooth in each side of the cutting teeth in each jaw, and from four to seven molar teeth in each jaw on both sides, making a total of from thirty-two to forty-four. The body is thick, and covered with strong hairs; the ears are somewhat long, and slightly acuminated; they have five strong toes on each foot, provided with long, curved, and strong claws, blunt at the edges. The tail is short.

Bears are large ill-shapen animals, with thick and clumsy limbs. The cartilage of their nose is moveable. They usually live in deep burrows of their own digging, or in caves, where they pass the winter in a kind of torpidity, and generally without taking any kind of food, subsisting on the absorption of the fat which he has accumulated in the course of the summer. The females bring forth in the month of January in these retreats, and generally produce two at a birth.

The Brown Bear was at one time an inhabitant of Great Britain, as well as of the whole European Continent, but has now been completely extirpated from this country, as well as from France, Germany, and Holland. But in Russia, Bohemia, Poland, and the Alps, it is to be found pretty plentiful, and as far to the east as Japan and Kamschatka.

The usual size of the brown bear is about four feet in length, although they sometimes measure five feet. One which was lately exhibited in the streets of Edinburgh, when walking upright, was nearly six feet in height. The colour is of a dark burnt-umber brown, but nearly black on the legs and feet.

The brown bear is an animal of solitary habits, and continues associated with his mate for a very short time, and then retires to some sequestered cavern, hole in a tree, or pit in the earth.

It is but seldom that the bear will attack man in a wild state, unless provoked by some aggression; but if roused, he proves a formidable and furious enemy. He can climb trees with much ease.

The brown bear lives almost entirely on vegetable food, and it is only when very hungry that he seeks to eat flesh. The whole of this kind are said to be fond of honey; and the natives of Russia, taking advantage of this, form various plans for entrapping them. They fix a heavy log of wood to the trees on which bees have a hive, attached by a long string. The bear climbs the tree in search of the honey, and, finding himself interrupted by the log, he forces it aside, and attempts to pass it; but in returning, it strikes against him with considerable force, and, exciting him, he renews his exertions, till he becomes furious, and continues his obstinate attempts until he is either killed or falls senseless from the tree.

History informs us, that, in early times, bear-baiting was a favourite amusement in England. Sir Thomas Pope entertained Queen Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, at Hatfield, with an exhibition of this barbarous sport, which is said to have afforded them high gratification; and we are told that it was one of the amusements of Kenilworth Castle. Rowland White mentions, that, when Queen Elizabeth was in her sixty-seventh year, she enjoyed the sports of bull and bear-baiting in the tilt-yard. During this and other reigns, there was a special officer appointed for the care of the bears, who had a salary of sixteen pence a-day. It was his duty to provide bears and dogs, and to superintend the sport of baiting; and such was the arbitrary state of the times, that this officer had unlimited powers to send his under-officers to all parts of the kingdom, with authority to seize and carry off bulls, bears, or dogs, for the amusement of his royal master, and for which there was no redress.

We have no public record of this amusement having been sanctioned by royal authority, later than the 11th October 1561, when a patent was given to Sir Saunders Duncombe "*for the sole practice and profit of fighting and combating of wild and domestic beasts within the realm of England, for the space of fourteen years.*" These cruel sports were sometimes, although but seldom, practised in England so late as the middle of the eighteenth century. On the Continent, however, the sport of bear-baiting is still practised.

Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear, called Marco, that possessed great sagacity and sensibility, of which the following is a remarkable instance:—During the winter of the year 1709, a Savoyard boy, who was ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a farmer's wife, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until next morning, when he suffered him to depart, to ramble about the city. The young Savoyard returned in the morning to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat; and it added not a little to his joy to perceive that the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner, without the servants of the duke knowing any thing of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came one day to bring the bear its supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of awaking the child, whom he clasped to his breast. The bear, though ravenous, did not appear the least moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied with the truth of Marco's generosity; several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with asto-

nishment that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his temerity, begged pardon of those who were present. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought to him on the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who afterwards conducted him to the duke. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered the little Savoyard to be taken care of, who, doubtless, would have soon made his fortune, but he died soon afterwards.

When George the Third was Prince of Wales, he had a bear presented to him, and which was kept in the Tower of London. On one occasion, a servant carelessly left the door of the den in which it was kept open; the keeper's wife happening to cross the court, the bear flew out, seized the woman, threw her down, and fastened upon her neck, which he bit, and, without offering any farther violence, lay upon her, sucking the blood out of the wound. Resistance was in vain, as it only served to irritate the animal, and she must inevitably have perished, had not her husband luckily discovered her situation. By a sudden blow, he obliged the bear to quit his hold, and retire to his den, which he did with much reluctance, and not without making a second attempt to come at the woman, who was almost dead, through fear and loss of blood. He always afterwards growled whenever he saw this woman, and made violent efforts to reach her. The Prince, upon hearing of the circumstance, ordered the bear to be killed.

The following incident is told by Munster:—"A Muscovite peasant, while in search of honey in the woods, mounted a very large tree, whose trunk was hollow in the centre, and discovered that it contained a great quantity of honey-comb; he descended into the interior, where he stuck fast in the honey, which had been accumulated there to a considerable depth, when he found that all his efforts to withdraw himself proved unavailing; and what added to the horror of his situation was, that the tree was in such a remote and sequestered part of the wood, that to attempt to call for assistance seemed a hopeless effort, as it was quite impossible his voice could be heard. Here he remained two days, and allayed his hunger with the honey, and fairly gave himself up to despair, when a bear, who like himself was in search of honey, mounted the tree, and descended the hollow cleft with his hind quarters forward. The man was at first alarmed, but at length mustered courage to lay hold of the bear with all his strength, upon which the animal seemed to be seized with a panic, made a speedy retreat, and dragged the man after him. When fairly extricated from the honey, he quitted his hold, and the bear made the best of its way to the ground, and escaped."

In the travels of Captains Lewis and Clark to the source of the Missouri, we find the following illustration of the great physical powers of the brown bear:—

"One evening, the men in the hindmost of the canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open ground, about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, set out to attack him, and, concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within forty paces of him. Four of them now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The enraged animal sprang up, and ran open-mouthed at them. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but, before they could reload, he was so near that they were obliged to run to the river, and when they reached it, he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as each could load. They struck him several times, which only exasperated him; and he at last pursued two of them so closely, that they leaped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river. The bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters from the shore shot him in the head, and killed him. They dragged him to the banks of the river, and found that eight balls had passed through his body."

THE TWIN FLOWERS,

AN AMERICAN STORY.

"Will you buy my flowers?" said a neat-looking girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chestnut Street, and holding out, at the same time, a small basket containing some beautiful roses; "they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red rose for your hair, Miss? here's one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks." "Not a rose, my child," said the young lady; "there are thorns among them; but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet; oh, it's a forget-me-not!" "Pardon me, Miss," replied the child; "that flower is engaged." "To whom?" "To Master Charles Leland." "Charles Leland, indeed," said the lady; "well, but here's another; what a beautiful pair!" "They are twin flowers—they are both for that gentleman," said the little girl. "Oh, a fig for him," said the young lady; but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the favourite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well-known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear; she thought he had been neglectful of late, but then the flowers; he knew they were favourites of hers, and she thought to receive them from his hand; and to hear him say, "Harriet, forget me not," would be a sweet atonement for many little offences past. But once the thought stole to her bosom—perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh, and it had hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand. "Accept," said he, "my humble offering, and forget me"—Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom. "Where is the other?" said she, as she playfully put back his hand. A moment's silence ensued; Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet, recollecting herself, blushed deeply, and turned it off; but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said forget me!

This could not have been all he intended to say, but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal, and insipid; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbour's, whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl, and was the first to meet and welcome her young friend, but, as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it; it was a forget-me-not. She examined it—it was one of Leland's; the mark she had made upon it, when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was, at the moment, an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family, and that he even paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for once rumour told truth. "Where did you get this pretty flower, Jane?" said she. "Oh, from a beau to be sure," said Jane, archly; "don't you see, forget-me-not;" and as she took back the flower, "I should not like to tell you where I got it; I'll wear it in my bosom though—come, sing:—

> I'll dearly love this pretty flower,
> For his own sake who bid me keep it;
> I'll wear it in my bosom's ——

"Hush, Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her; "my head aches, and your singing distracts me." "Ah, it's your heart," said Jane, "or you would not look so dull." "Well, if it is my heart," said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, "it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and, as soon as possible, she returned home.

A sleepless night followed: Harriet felt that she was injured, and the more she thought about it, the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time appointed for their union was approaching fast; and he acted thus! "If he wants to be freed from his engagements," she said to herself, "I will give him no trouble," and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears, but she was resolute, until she had dispatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result, not without many anxiously cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands; and, about a month afterwards, he sailed for England.

This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business in Liverpool, but never married; and Harriet remained single, devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About forty years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit to New York; and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, who, it seemed, was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the aspersions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, and an engagement which he alleged was broken off by his capricious mistress, for no other reason than his offering her a sweet new-blown forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife. "But was there no other cause?" asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity. "None to my knowledge, as Heaven is my witness." "Then what did you do with the other flower?" said Harriet. The stranger gazed in astonishment. It was Leland himself, and he recognised his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they had met; and before they parted, the mischief made by the twin flowers was all explained away, and might have been forty years before. had Charles said he had lost one of the forget-me-nots, or had Jane said she had found it. The old couple never married; but they corresponded constantly afterwards: and it was always observed, that Harriet looked happier after this meeting than she ever looked before.

NARRATIVE OF AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

It was somewhere near the middle of the ocean, on our homeward passage from Jamaica, that we fell in with the wreck of a vessel, and several poor souls clinging to the rigging. The weather, for some days before, had been rough, with hard gales from the north-east, and our ship being heavy laden, we were much afraid that she would founder. For a time we gave ourselves up to despair, seeing nothing around us but certain death. We drove at the mercy of the tempest, without being able to set a stitch of sail, and we expected every moment that our masts would go by the board. Several large seas broke over us, one of which carried away a boy and two seamen, as well as our best boat, upon which we mainly relied for assistance, in case we had been forced to leave our vessel. When we were in the greatest extremity, however, and every one on board, like the seamen in the ship of Tarshish, was calling upon his God, the storm suddenly abated, and the wind, veering round to the south-west, blew a brisk and steady breeze.

The captain, now taking an observation, found that we had been driven to the southward several hundred leagues out of our course; but we set all our canvass again, and bore away in the right track; and a double allowance of grog being handed out to the seamen, we soon forgot our late dangers, and laughed and talked as merrily as if nothing evil had happened.

After some days' sail, the man at the mast-head, one evening, called out, "On deck there! Breakers a-head!" and the vessel, which was then going at the rate of ten knots an hour, was immediately brought to. The old seamen said that no breakers were known in that part of the ocean, and that they had sailed in that course twenty times, and had never seen any. The captain took his spy-glass, and going up into the fore-shrouds, soon found that it was the hull of a vessel, half sunk, and part of a mast standing, which the man had mistaken for rocks. He looked sulky when he came down, and ordered us to proceed. As we approached the wreck, we observed the people upon it making signals to us with their hats and handkerchiefs; and the captain, having gone below for a few minutes, the mate hoisted the English jack as a token that we had observed them; but the captain, when he came again upon deck, was angry with him for so doing, and ordered the jack to be instantly hauled down, at the same time telling the mate, that if he acted so again without orders, he would punish him for his presumption. Our captain was a hard man, and when he was out of humour, carried it with a high hand, both to his officers and crew.

When we came alongside the wreck, we discerned that the men, five in number, who were clinging to it, were pale and sickly, and seemed as if they had been some days in that situation. It is probable their vessel had suffered in the same tempest from which we ourselves had escaped. They stretched out their hands towards us, and seemed delighted with the prospect of deliverance; and one of them hailed us, and told us they were from Quebec, that their vessel was timber-loaded, and that they were the only survivors of the crew. Our captain replied that he could not take them up, for we had already had a long voyage ourselves, and would soon be on a short allowance of provisions. "But some other vessels are behind," said he, "and will relieve you." The poor man then cried out, earnestly, "O! for the love of God, do not leave us here. We have been waiting for nights and for days, but no ship has come near us, and we are dying of hunger and cold. Our shipmates are all dead, and buried in the waves, and we are alone and helpless on the wide ocean, and we have no one to comfort or save us. O! if ye be men and Christians, have mercy upon us, and do not leave us here!" His companions then raised their voices, and joined their entreaties to his so piteously, that every man in our ship shed tears of sympathy and commiseration except our unfeeling captain. He stood upon the quarter-deck, and looked upon the poor supplicating wretches with coldness and indifference, sometimes humming a tune, and sometimes giving directions to his men, as if he saw not, or heeded not, the scene of misery which lay before him.

The mate then went up to him, and asked whether he would hoist out the boat, but the captain swore that he would not shorten sail, or hoist out his boat, to save all the lubbers that ever stepped between stem and stern. "No! no! Morris," said he, "we have mouths enow already, and we will not have a biscuit a-day to each, by the time we make the Land's-End." The mate, who was a humane man, said, "We have received mercy ourselves, and how can we deny it to others who are our fellow-creatures? Let us save these unhappy men, that we ourselves may be saved in the time of need—for by what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again." But this only enraged the captain more. He cursed the mate for a canting scoundrel, and swore if he did not keep quiet, and mind his own business, he would have him started up with a rope's-end. The mate saw it was needless to remonstrate any longer—so he left him, and walked away.

It was mournful to hear the cries of the poor men, when they saw we were deserting them. They cried out, and entreated mercy in such heart-rending accents of distress, as would have moved the compassion of a savage. Greatly did I regret that our crew did not then take the command of the ship into their own hands, and rescue the sufferers—but such was our habitual reverence for our captain, and so much were we lost in astonishment at his strange and inhuman conduct, that we were utterly incapable, at that moment, of acting otherwise than in obedience to his will.

I thank the Father of Goodness, however, that *I* am innocent of the blood of these men;—yet guiltless as I am of the death they endured, their sufferings made a deep impression on my mind; and many a time, still, do I awaken at night, and hear their short thick sobs and piercing screams, as distinctly as if they were uttered at the side of my bed.

They continued to call after us till we were far past them, and their voices were lost in the whistling of the wind. I kept my eyes fixed upon the wreck, where my fellow-creatures were struggling for existence, till the intervening swellings of sea hid it from my sight.

The breeze now freshened, as the darkness of night approached, whereby we were obliged to close-reef our mainsail and topsails, in order that we might be prepared for the worst. It was my turn at the helm that night, and my thoughts often wandered back to the poor wretches we had left behind, and I thought that they must soon perish in the waves, for the sea was now running high and dangerous. The crew had all gone below, except the watch, who were on the forecastle, looking out a-head, and managing the rigging. It was some time past midnight, I think, when I heard the captain bawling as loud as he could, "About ship!" and at the same time he came running towards me, followed by the mate, and taking the wheel out of my hand, turned the ship's head round to the wind in a twinkling. "We must go back," said he to the mate, "and save these poor men on the wreck—I cannot sleep for thinking of them." The mate looked mournfully out to the sea, then shook his head, but remained silent.

As we had now a strong breeze in our teeth, and as our ship was deep, and did not lie near the wind, we beat about for a good while, and made but little of it. A clouded moon shone out upon the sea, and showed it heaving in a strange and tempestuous manner, so that we could not hope that the wreck would hold together for many hours. All this while, the captain walked restlessly about the deck, with his night-glass in his hand, frequently looking out a-head, and appearing to be in great agitation of mind.

"It is going of a fool's errand," said the boatswain, "to seek for these poor fellows. Their last day's cruize is over, I'll warrant them, and all we can do for them now is to hope that they have got into snug and quiet births aloft, in a better harbour than the one they have left here." "Amen!" said the mate. The captain turned away from them, and his feet struck hard against the deck, as he paced it irregularly fore and aft.

It was noon next day ere we reached the place where we conjectured the wreck had been, but not a vestige of it remained. The air was now clear, and the sea stretched far and wide, but nothing was seen to indicate either that the unhappy sufferers still existed, or that they had been entombed in the waves. The mate and some of the more experienced seamen advised that we should forthwith proceed on our voyage, as it was impossible that the wreck could have outlived the tempest of the night; but the captain was now as anxious to save the lives of these poor men as he had before been averse to it. His conscience seemed to reproach him for his inhumanity, and he seemed to feel that he would one day be made to account for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, which he had refused to compassionate. Even when he acknowledged that there was no hope of meeting with the wreck, still he persisted in the search, and a considerable time was spent before he consented to quit the spot. We beat about for several days, but at length we were obliged, with heavy hearts, to stretch away on our course.

The captain, during the rest of our voyage, seemed much disturbed in his mind. He frequently walked the deck for a whole day without speaking to any one, and seemingly unconscious of every thing around him. Sometimes, too, he was observed to steal out of his cabin at night, and stand at the bows of the vessel, as if watching for a sail, till morning.

After we had arrived in port, and discharged our cargo, I quitted the ship, as did the whole of my comrades—for we liked not to sail any longer with our captain. He, however, in a short time set out again for Jamaica—but he was never afterwards heard of. Some say he foundered at sea, at the very place where he had refused to rescue the poor suffering mariners, and others that his crew mutinied, and ran away with the vessel to the negro coast of Africa. Whatever may have been his fate, it is certain that he never reached the end of his voyage, nor was he once spoke with, or heard of, after leaving this country. Little doubt can remain but that he perished miserably, either on a barren coast, among cruel and relentless savages, or in the bosom of the raging ocean. Herein, therefore, as in many other circumstances of my life, I had reason to thank the goodness of Providence, which had directed me to leave his company, and to seek my fortune elsewhere.

When I had remained some time at home, I engaged myself in quality of mate on board a vessel bound to the Brazils, and made several prosperous voyages to that coast—taking out with me a small stock of merchandise, which turned to very good account.*

HIGH LIFE

IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE domestic manners of European princes and nobles, about five centuries ago, are described with great force, and, we believe, fidelity, in a work published a few years ago, under the title of "Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples and Countess of Provence." The following extract will afford some amusement to the rational plebeian of the present day:—

"The domestic manners of the times, and the progress of the useful arts and manufactures, cannot be better illustrated than by a description of the customary arrangements of the apartments of a princess on the birth of a child; and they will, therefore, be here given with a minuteness which might appear frivolous but for this consideration.

These apartments consisted of three rooms in suite—*the chamber of parade*, that of the mother, and that of the infant. The articles of furniture in these rooms were few in number, but splendid in their material. The chamber of parade contained only a buffet with long narrow shelves, of which our modern kitchen dresser is an exact copy in form; a bed never used, except to place the infant upon on the day of baptism; and a single low chair with a cushion, *such as princesses were wont to sit on.*

This chamber, as we may suppose from the name, was adorned with the utmost magnificence the times could boast; it was hung with crimson satin embroidered with gold; the floor was entirely covered with crimson velvet; and the curtains, tester, and coverlet of the bed, corresponded with the hangings of the walls. The single low chair was covered with crimson velvet, and contained a cushion of cloth of gold; a similar cushion lay on the bolster of the bed. The buffet stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold; its long narrow shelves were covered with napkins of fine white linen, on which stood flagons, cups, and vases of gold and silver plate.

This apartment, resplendant with crimson and gold, and fine linen, led into that of the mother, which was entirely hung with white figured satin. It is doubtful whether modern luxury could exceed the simple splendour of the one, or the chaste elegance of the other.

This interior apartment contained rather more furniture than the exterior, having two beds, a couch on rollers, a buffet, a small table, and a single high-backed chair. The walls were hung with white figured silk damask; a traversaine or curtain of white figured satin, bordered with silk fringe, hung across the entrance; two others of the same description were festooned up at the upper end of the chamber in the day-time, but, running on rings, were drawn at night, so as to enclose the space which contained the two beds on a line with each other, about five feet apart. These two beds, and the space between, were covered with one tester of white silk damask, with valances of the same white satin and silk fringes as the traversaines, a curtain similar to which was drawn up at the head of the alley between the two beds, under which stood the high-backed chair of state, covered with crimson cloth of gold, with a cushion of the same material. The coverlets of the beds were of ermine, on a ground of violet cloth, which appeared '*three quarters of a yard*' below the ermine all round, and hung down the sides of the bed a yard and half, below which again appeared sheets of fine cambric, starched clear. The couch on rollers was hung and furnished with cushions and coverlets, similar to those of the beds, and commonly stood under a square canopy of crimson cloth of gold, terminating in a point at top. The floor was entirely covered with a carpet of velvet.

But the principal ornament of this apartment was the great buffet which stood under a canopy of crimson cloth of gold, with a border of black velvet embroidered in gold, with the arms of the parents. The number of the shelves of this buffet marked in a conspicuous manner the rank of the parents of the newborn babe. Two were appropriated to the wife of a banneret, three to a countess, four to the consort of a reigning duke or prince, and five to a queen. On these shelves, covered with white napkins, were ranged 'vessels of crystal, garnished with gold and jewels, basins and cups of wrought gold and silver, never used on any other occasion,' and all the most magnificent plate the banneret, count, duke, or king, possessed.

At each end of the buffet stood massy candlesticks of gold, with wax tapers, which were lighted '*when visitors entered*;' two other lights stood before the buffet, and were kept constantly burning, night and day, as, even in summer, the day-light was excluded for fifteen days, in conformity to etiquette. On the buffet were placed three *drageoirs* (confection-boxes) of gold, ornamented with jewels, each rolled in a fine napkin, and at the side stood the low table, on which were placed the gold and silver cups, in which spiced wines were served, after confections had been presented from the buffet.

On common occasions, the office of serving guests was performed by the gallantry of the men; but it was the peculiar privilege of the female sex to dispense the refreshments which were offered to all who entered the natal apartments for the space of a month. When the period arrived for the mother to appear again in public, she was placed at the side of the bed in the chamber of ceremony, habited in her most sumptuous robes, and was conducted by princes and knights to the church, preceded by minstrels and trumpets, as when espoused. At the altar she presented three gifts borne by three noble ladies of her suite—a candle, with a piece of gold inclosed, a loaf of bread rolled up in a napkin, and a cup filled with wine. The attendant ladies kissed these offerings as they delivered them to the princess, and she kissed the patina each time the priest presented it to receive them, it being esteemed a mark of respect to kiss whatever was presented to a superior. When the ceremony was finished, she was reconducted to the palace in the same state.

The various gradations of rank on such occasioon were marked in the middle ages by a variety of minute circumstances. A countess, for instance, could have but *three shelves* in her buffet, on which she might place but *two* confection-boxes. The hangings of her apartments could not be hung with satin or damask, but she was obliged to be contented with silk of an inferior quality, tapestry, or embroidery on silk. These regulations show how various must have been the products of the loom, when tapestry and embroidery in silk were assigned to the inferior ranks. The coverlet of a countess was of *menu vair* (that is, petit gris) in lieu of ermine, and the lining might only appear beneath the fur *half a yard*, whilst an additional quarter marked the royal rank. The canopy of her buffet must consist of velvet, not of cloth of gold, and must not be bordered with a different colour or texture.

A considerable degree of magnificence began now to distinguish the interior ornaments of the residences of the great, especially in the south of Europe. The walls were hung with velvet, satin, or damask, or painted in a regular series of stories from Scripture, or from the innumerable romances then in vogue, and the windows were frequently glazed with that brilliant painted glass which modern art has vainly endeavoured to emulate.

Whilst the walls of palaces were thus sumptuously decorated, the floors were generally neglected. When carpets were used, they were of silk or velvet, corresponding with the hangings; but these were rare, and spread partially, in the oriental fashion, for the comfort of individuals of rank. The brick or marble floors were generally strewed (at least in summer) with rushes or odoriferous herbs, or the flower of the yellow broom when in season, which thence became the emblem of humility.* Vases of flowers were also a favourite ornament of both their eating and sleeping apartments.

But the chief magnificence of the great was displayed in their own personal attire, which, varying in fashion from day to day, and differing in every different capital, may be described as ludicrous or splendid according to the scene or occasion chosen.

Offices that we should deem a degradation to any above the rank of a menial servant, were, in the middle ages, performed by youths of the highest birth, whilst serving as squires, preparatory to their receiving the order of knighthood, without which no rank conferred the privileges of honour.

The young squires spread the tables for the guests, and when the knights and ladies retired from the festive board, after eating their own meal, they cleared the hall for dancing, or some other general amusement in which they were permitted to join. They arranged the sleeping apartments of their lords, and their male guests; made their beds, and attended them to their chambers after having served them with *the wines* and confections which were understood to be the signal of separation. *The wines*, as this evening cordial was called, was a mixed beverage, compounded of wine, spices, and honey, according to the ingredients called *claret*, *hypocras*, or *pimento*.

From the offices assigned to the highborn squire, we may conclude that female servants were rare in the feudal castle, and seldom employed except in the apartments of ladies: princesses were personally served by women of rank.

They must not be served at table by a gentleman with a napkin on his shoulder, but only one round his arm. Their bread is not to be put in a napkin folded up on the table, but only laid on the table with the knives, and covered with an unfolded napkin. Their seneschal is not to carry a wand of office, nor are they to have two cloths at once on their tables, nor are the trains of their robes to be borne by *women*, but only by some gentleman or page; nor are they to have gentlemen or horses without number, but only as many as their rank permits.

The chief luxury of the table was the intermeats, which on common occasions were delicate dishes, such as *blanc-manger*, omelets, and, in Italy, maccaroni. But at public banquets, by the intermeats were under-

* From the *Literary Coronal* for 1823.

* The Earl of Anjou, grandfather to Henry the Second of England, bore the broom-branch in his penitential pilgrimage to the Holy Land: hence the name of Plantagenet, from the *Planta genista*, descended to our kings.

stood certain entertainments and pageants, introduced in the hall between the courses, for the amusement of the guests. Representations of battles and sieges were performed, allegorical personages introduced, and minstrels, dancers, tumblers, and jugglers, vied with each other in exercising their talents for the amusement of the assembly. Besides the common exhibitions of licking red-hot iron, keeping up four or five knives or balls in the air at once, catching a lance on the nose, or balancing timbrels on the ends of the fingers, the jugglers seem also to have occasionally practised optical deceptions.

At public festivals, dancing generally succeeded to the banquet. All the dances of this period seem to have been of slow measure, so that the customary expression of holding a *solemn ball* was more appropriate than it at first sounds.

In private society, singing, playing on some musical instrument, and the art of narrating stories of mirthful or romantic adventure, were accomplishments commonly possessed by the youth of both sexes in southern Europe. No less than forty ways of playing chess are said to have been known. Backgammon, under the ancient name of *tables*, and many other games of chance, were much practised, and towards the close of this century cards were invented at Paris.

These were the amusements of the hall or chamber; the more active sports of the young squires and pages were quoits, ball, prison-bars, or the game of base; shooting at the popinjay, hazel wand or rose garland, and tilting with hollow canes."

DEESIDE.

THE sun has not yet cast off his winter mantle of haze and cloud;* the trees have not assumed their dress of green; the grass is still stunted and brown; the more genial flowers of spring have not been prevailed on to peep from the coverings of their sombre buds; and every now and then a cold shivering blast comes whirling from the bleak white hills, or from the surly sea—it is assuredly hardly the time for a pleasure jaunt, especially in the case of busy people like ourselves, who are not partial to perusing the North British Advertiser three weeks old, or Pigot's Commercial Directory for 1826, in a dirty room of a country inn, with a grate before us which has not the faculty either to give light out of smoke, nor smoke out of light, but to give smoke alone, without a blink of fire, a window which gives a view of a dead wall opposite, too close to admit the passage of light, but not too close to prevent the passage of the sputtering sleet, which finds its way through the chinks with every cold sweep of the scouring wind. Yet it is, after all, spring—at least spring by courtesy, if not in fact—the birds will soon begin their songs—the sun will look clear, the sky blue, the waters of the frith unruffled—the trees will assume a tender green—people will begin to long after a ramble in the woods, and will hardly know where to go: out of common charity we should inform them; and so, with our feet on the hobs, and the candle burning brightly in a cold evening, we shall take a mental excursion to the hills, whither we expect our reader's kind company for a few minutes. We are to be far north this time; so we shall commence by setting our friend down at the point of the new pier of Aberdeen, whither, if he is fond of a brisk sea-breeze, and a fine line of coast scenery, he has found his way in the steam-boat. On first landing, the traveller will find a dreary line of wharf and dock, thousands of ships, and all the glories of commerce expanded before him. "Footdee" and "the Shore" may not be considered by him as among the most inviting of places, but let him not form hasty and rash conclusions of the spot on which nature has chosen to let him drop. Aberdeen is, to be sure, an odd sort of place in many respects—a place which has ways of its own, which strangers sometimes make wry faces at—but it is, nevertheless, an excellent place, and only requires to be well known, to be well appreciated. We advise you then by all means to remain where you are for twenty-four hours at least, and acquire, by converse with the crowded city, additional zest for a ramble among the lonely hills. You will surely find some worthy acquaintance on whom you may bestow the pleasure of your company; and if you do not, you will at least find one or two of those hospitable mansions, called inns, where the stranger and wayfaring man are received and tended. Presuming you to be mounted on an eminence, from which you can take a view of the busy city, swarming and toiling beneath your feet, and of the neighbouring land and sea, you will find an aspect of scenery, which, if not beautiful, is at least peculiar and interesting. Here a vast tract of country has in a manner stretched its hard edges into the German Ocean, embracing its balmy north-east wind, and hugging the foam of its waves, and its generous fogs, as if Britain had set aside this the sturdiest and toughest portion of her soil, to keep the tender mercies of the ocean from her green grassy hills and fertile vallies. But if the interest which the scene inspires may be of a questionable nature, no one will withhold a modicum of admiration to the men *(justly called so)* of the spot, whose minds have been fashioned after the manner of the country. There is, indeed, a sturdiness and toughness about every thing Aberdonian, which forms a connecting link between the mind and matter of the district. There is the cold, hard, white granite, stretching in long perspective by the sides of the well-built and well-filled streets—the hard bleak outlines of the hills—the stiff sea-breezes, and stiffer double tumblers and Finnan haddocks, and the bold broad accent; and, in conformity to these, are the shrewd clear intellects, acute as the east wind after it has sharpened itself on the surface of the German Ocean, the minds made for mirth and glee, and the sound heads, which the double tumblers aforesaid cannot discompose. Recollect that this bleak out-o'-the-way place has numbered among its citizens a Barbour, a Jamieson, a Gibbs, a Gerard, a Blackwell, a Gregory, a Campbell, and a Beattie—names whose sound is somewhat hard, and in conformity with their intellects, which could deal weighty knocks to people of a softer clime. We expect you will take an after-dinner saunter through the cloistered pile of King's College, where you will hear your tread echoed along the Gothic curtains, and see wall-flowers and ivy growing in carved niches, beautiful in hoary antiquity, but not in decay. A while ago you might have heard the hum of many voices within, and seen the "Gentlemen of the University" issuing from the great arched gate, with their scarlet gowns; but now the session is up, and nothing disturbs the repose of the evening, save the ticking of the clock, the songs of a few blackbirds in the trees, and the steps of the venerable sacrist, who wanders like a spectre about the deserted halls, finding his occupation gone; nor must you omit some admiration to the gloomy grandeur of the neighbouring cathedrals, or to that surly arch of Balgownie, commemorated in the history of the early days of Byron.

We shall take the liberty of presuming that you are in one of the Deeside coaches next morning, with the early lark singing matins over your head, "the ploughboy whistling o'er the lea," and the sturdy labourer proceeding to his morning work, and you doubtless feel delighted with the pure spring air, the clear streams, and the green trees, around you. Perhaps a good breakfast, with plenty of heather honey, may have made you alive to the beauties of nature ere you have reached Upper Banchory—it is really a very sweet spot: the Grampians circle it round, and their tops are probably just now, even in these less alpine parts, covered with snow. On the left you will perceive Cloch-na-ben, with a curious wart on her forehead; and far off you may distinguish the graceful outline of Lochin-y-Gair. The Dee has here a deeper, mellower hue than any where else; the trees cast a softer shade; the hills are more green; and then there is a clattering brook, which rattles itself into some black pool at the foot of a rock, forming itself into a torrent more wild than a regular cascade, near which a pretty cottage, half hid in trees, peeps over the top of a rock into the restless surge; and at a distance, to complete the prospect, is seen the village church with its Gothic tower. As the traveller proceeds on his journey, he has now a pleasing variety of scene—the road sometimes passes through deep shady woods, where the tender birch is the pervading tree—then it emerges, and winds round the edge of some elevated terrace, with the Dee brawling beneath, or winding calm and smooth through some tranquil valley, where its waters are allowed a moment of dignified peace; nor should we forget the venerable towers frowning over smooth knolls of green trees, which refinement and good government have converted into mere ornaments of the soil. When you are about thirty miles or so from Aberdeen, the scene changes considerably. The Moor of Dinnet is a wide monotonous expanse of some square miles; little does it contain but heather, and bogs, and cairns. So, wishing our friend a good journey across it, we shall just amuse them with a sketch of the character of the men of Deeside. They are a sturdy, independent sort of people, with many customs which their wellwishers would not choose to see atered. They have much honesty, and great civility, although few strangers allow them the latter qualification on a first interview, from a simplicity and appearance of conscious equality in their manner, which those accustomed to obsequiousness are apt to call insolence. It is remarked, that they do not touch their hatwhen speaking to an individual with a good coat, and they never vouchsafe the term "your honour," or even the less respectful "Sir." In courts of justice their manner is strikingly remarkable. The man from the hills stands bolt upright, giving no farther honour to the august assembly than merely taking off his hat, which is not unfrequently done for him by the officious attendant, and telling his story blunt through, without vouchsafing any man his title; nor does the hard rough sound of the honest man's voice, or his proverbially broad pronunciation, mitigate the effect. They live healthily, but coarsely; indulging their iron frames moderately in the strong waters of the district. Their habitations are not proverbial for comfort or cleanliness, nor are they fastidious in insisting, as many other people do, that smoke shall find its way out, and that rain and snow shall not find their way in. It is related (though perhaps the story is an exaggeration), that two or three young gentlemen from Aberdeen, having encountered on the Moor of Dinnet such a pleasing coincidence of circumstances as a cold dark night and a pelting highland shower, sought refuge in the nearest cabin. The usual hospitality of the district was offered to the unfortunate pedestrians, and they ensconced themselves for the night in one of the sleeping apartments: the term *one* is not so inapplicable as it may seem, for a highland farm-house has divers buildings about it, which may be used as bed-rooms for any description of animal under the sun, not excepting a man. The rain continued all night: on wakening in the morning, though the place was dark, the gentlemen found it was time to rise; so one of them stretched his leg cautiously out of bed, but the limb retreated to its resting-place with considerable celerity, when it found itself encountering the cold surface of a sheet of water. The other gentleman was not so fortunate: he jumped right out, and found himself up to the knees in water. It was useless to be deterred; so he searched about for his clothes, which he caught hither and thither, not in the condition he could have wished to have found them in, and, getting them on as well as he could, went straightway to tell his moving accident by flood to his hospitable hostess; but the only consolation he met in that quarter was a stare of contemptuous astonishment, and this sententious remark, "Dinna tell me ony mair about it, man; ye should just hae lookit about ye for the stappin' stanes."—But our friends have, ere this time, reached Ballater, the Tunbridge Wells of Aberdeen; it is a fair village, built on a small plain, with a precipitous hill behind, and before it the winding Dee, once crossed by a stately stone bridge, of which the merciless floods of 1829 have left nothing but a scattered heap of stones remaining. After passing Ballater, the stranger is in the bosom of the Grampians; previously he has passed hills of no contemptible dimensions, and seen hills still higher rising before him, but he always found an outlet which allowed his eyes to wander down some fruitful vale, till it lost its gentle outline in the distance. Now he is surrounded and barricadoed in by hills; wherever he may worm his way through the vallies, they surround him like a wall, which forbids his escape; some crowned with pine, others raising their bare bleak tops among the clouds. But the glens through which he wanders are still full of trees and verdure; first he passes the Tower of Abergeldie, embosomed in its well-known bowers of weeping birch; then he is among the forests of Braemar, those tall proud pines, not planted by the hand of man, but the legitimate grandchildren of the ancient forests, which sheltered the foes of the Cæsars. Far above its companions, Lochin-y-Gair stretches its broad black precipices, streaked with snows, which thousands of summer suns have not melted. Nor are the inferior heights which overhang the pathway to be neglected. It is probable that the stranger may have seen many a round-topped craggy hill like Arthur Seat, or some set of sheer precipices on the sea-shore, but that he may never have seen a rock rising some thousand feet or so to a sharp point, with its sides partly bare and precipitous, partly shagged with trees. Let him then stand and gaze at the Cluny Rock, which hangs its beetling point over the public way, as if it were watching an opportunity to discharge its head at some illustrious and chosen passenger, as Faudon served Wallace. But we have now brought our courteous reader to the village of Castleton of Braemar, which will probably be his journey's end for a time; and as he will require rest and refreshment before he accompanies us to the recesses of the far-off mountains, we are sure Mr Emslie of the Fife Arms will be exceedingly glad to see him, will have no objections to his staying all next day, and be the last person in the world to make any grumbling or inhospitable observations on his sojourn, however long.

* This article was written in the latter part of March.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

WILLIAM EDWARDS.

AMONG the various instructive examples of the triumphs of genius over difficulties, afforded in the lives of numerous distinguished individuals, that of William Edwards, a celebrated engineer of the last century, is particularly worthy of notice. This ingenious man was a native of Glamorganshire, in Wales, where he was born in the year 1719. He had the misfortune to lose his father, who was a farmer, when he was only two years old; but his mother continued to hold the farm, and was, in this manner, enabled to bring up her family, consisting of two other sons and a daughter, besides William, who was the youngest. Her other sons, indeed, were soon old enough to take the chief part of her charge from her hands. William was taught, in the mean time, to read and write Welsh; and this was all the education which he seems to have received. When about the age of fifteen, he first began to employ himself in repairing the stone fences on the farm; and in this humble species of masonry he soon acquired uncommon expertness. The excellent work he made, and the dispatch with which he finished it, at last attracted the notice of the neighbouring farmers; and they advised his brothers to keep him at this business, and to let him employ his skill, when wanted, on other farms, as well as their own. After this he was for some time constantly engaged, and he regularly added his earnings to the common stock stock of the family.

Hitherto the only sort of building which he had practised, or had seen practised, was merely stone-masonry without mortar; but at length it happened

that some masons came to the parish to erect a shed, for shoeing horses, near a smith's shop. William contemplated the operations of these architects with the liveliest interest, and he used to stand by them for hours while they were at work, taking note of every movement which they made. A circumstance which at once struck him, was, that they used a different description of hammer from what he had been accustomed to employ, and, perceiving its superiority, he immediately procured one of the same kind for himself. With this he found he could build his walls both more rapidly and more neatly than he had been wont to do. But it was not long after he had, for the first time in his life, an opportunity of seeing how houses were erected, that he undertook to build one himself. It was a workshop for a neighbour, and he performed his task in such a manner as gained him great applause. Very soon after this, he was employed to erect a mill, by which he still further increased his reputation. He was now accounted the best workman in that part of the country, and being highly esteemed for integrity and fidelity to his engagements, as well as for his skill, he had as much employment in his line of a common builder as he could undertake. In his twenty-seventh year, however, he was induced to engage in an enterprise of a much more difficult and important character than anything which he had hitherto attempted. Through his native parish runs a river called the Taff, which flows into the estuary of the Severn. It was proposed to throw a bridge over this river at a particular spot, where it crossed the line of an intended road; but to this design difficulties of a somewhat formidable nature presented themselves, owing both to the great breadth of the water, and the frequent swellings to which it was subject. Mountains, covered with wood, rose to a considerable height from both its banks, which first attracted and detained every approaching cloud, and then sent down its contents in torrents into the rvier. Edwards, however, undertook the task of constructing the proposed bridge, though it was the first work of the kind in which he had ever engaged. Accordingly, in the year 1746, he set to work, and, in due time, completed a very light and elegant bridge, of three arches, which, notwithstanding that it was the work of both an entirely self-taught, and an equally untravelled artist, was acknowledged to be superior to anything of the kind in Wales. So far his success had been as perfect as anything which could be desired. But his undertaking was far from being yet finished. He had, both through himself and his friends, given security that the work should stand for seven years, and for the first two years and a half of this term, all went on well. There then occurred a flood of extraordinary magnitude; not only the torrents came down from the mountains in their accustomed channels, but they brought along with them trees of the largest size, which they had torn up by the roots; and these, detained as they floated along by the middle piers of the new bridge, formed a dam there: the waters, accumulating behind, at length burst from their confinement, and swept away the whole structure. This was no light misfortune in every way to poor Edwards; but he did not suffer himself to be disheartened by it, and he immediately proceeded, as his contract bound him to do, to the erection of another bridge. He now determined, however, to span the whole width of the river, by a single arch of the unexampled magnitude of one hundred and forty feet from pier to pier. He finished the erection of this stupendous arch in 1751, and had only to add the parapets, when he was doomed once more to behold his bridge sink into the water over which he had raised it, the extraordinary weight of the masonry having forced up the key-stones, and, of course, at once deprived the arch of what sustained its equipoise. Heavy as was this second disappointment to the hopes of the young architect, it did not shake his courage any more than the former had done. The reconstruction of his bridge, for the third time, was immediately begun with unabated spirit and confidence. Still determined to adhere to his last plan of a single arch, he had now thought of an ingenious contrivance for diminishing the enormous weight which had formerly forced the keystone out of its place. In each of the large masses of masonry, called the *haunches* of the bridge, being the parts immediately above the two extremities of the arch, he opened three cylindrical holes, which not only relieved the central part of the structure from all over-pressure, but greatly improved its general appearance in point of lightness and elegance. This bridge was finished in 1755—the whole undertaking having occupied the architect about nine years in all—and it has stood ever since.

This bridge, at the time of its erection, was the largest stone arch known to exist in the world. Since that time, stone arches of extraordinary dimensions have been built—such as the five arches composing the splendid Pont de Neuilly over the Seine, near Paris, the span of each of which is a hundred and twenty-eight feet—the island bridge over the Liffey, near Dublin, which is a single arch of a hundred and six feet in width—the bridge over the Tees, at Winston, in Yorkshire, which is also a single arch of a hundred and eight feet nine inches in width, and which was built by John Johnson, a common mason, at a cost of only five hundred pounds—and the nine elliptical arches, each of a hundred and twenty feet span, forming the magnificent Waterloo Bridge, over the Thames, at London. A bridge is now building at Chester, which is the largest single arch in the world, being two hundred feet span.

At Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, there is a *cast iron* bridge, over the river Wear, the chord of the arch of which is two hundred and forty feet long. The Southwark or Trafalgar Bridge, over the Thames at London, is at present the finest iron bridge in the world. It consists of three arches. The chord of the middle arch is two hundred and forty feet long. There is a *timber* bridge over the Delaware, near Trenton, in New Jersey, which is the segment of a circle three hundred and forty-five feet in diameter. The timber bridge over the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, is of the extraordinary span of three hundred and forty feet. The bridge over the Piscataqua, near Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is the segment of a circle six hundred feet in diameter.

The bridge built by Edwards over the Taff, buttressed as it is at each extremity by lofty mountains, while the water flows in full tide beneath it, at the distance of thirty-five feet, presents an aspect very striking and magnificent.

This bridge spread the fame of Edwards over all the country. He afterwards built many bridges in South Wales, having their arches formed of segments of much larger circles, and consequently much more convenient. He found his way to this improvement entirely by his own experience and sagacity; as, indeed, he may be said to have done in regard to all the knowledge which he possessed in his art. Even his principles of common masonry, he used himself to declare, he had learned chiefly from his studies among the ruins of an old Gothic castle in his native parish.

Edwards was likewise a farmer to the end of his days. Such, moreover, was his unwearied activity, that, not satisfied with his week-day labours in these two capacities, he also officiated on the Sabbath as pastor to an Independent congregation, having been regularly ordained to that office when he was about thirty years of age, and holding it till his death. He accepted the usual salary from his congregation, considering it right that they should support their minister; but, instead of putting the money into his own pocket, he returned it all, and often much more, in charity to the poor. He always preached in Welsh, though early in life he had made himself acquainted with the English language, having acquired it under the tuition of a blind old schoolmaster, in whose house he once lodged for a short time, while doing some work at the county town of Cardiff. In this effort he showed all his characteristic assiduity.

Edwards died in the year 1789, in the 70th year of his age, leaving a son, who inherited his abilities.*

REMINISCENCES OF MY TRAVELS.

THE readers of these outlines of my travels (which, by the way, I "intend" shall shortly make their appearance, according to custom, in two volumes octavo, with coloured engravings, price four-and-twenty shillings) will be pleased to remember, that I left off by mentioning how I had the temerity to embark on board of a vessel bound for certain territories as yet unknown, and which, therefore, remained to be described to the world.

Passing along the coasts, I observed them partially covered with rushes, and other aquatic plants. The captain informed me he had never seen any crocodiles lurking along shore, although I plainly perceived, beneath a kind of lotus, something very like the trunk of a tree. I occasionally threw pieces of biscuit over board, to ascertain if any of the shark species were alongside, but I saw none: something shot past us with the velocity of lightning: I know not if it were a porpoise. I was anxious to see the Argonautus spread its little sail, as the weather was moderate, but I was not so fortunate; yet, while looking out far a-head, I saw what I imagined to be a flying-fish, and entreated the captain to permit me to go forward and spear the dolphins as they came up in pursuit of their winged prey. He informed me I need not take any farther trouble, for, if I had seen a flying-fish, the dolphin would undoubtedly come on board. This I thought delightful, and I described to Tim the variety of brilliant hues that extraordinary fish displays while gasping for breath; but it came not on board: I therefore conclude the other was not a flying-fish.

The port at which we embarked lessened on my view, till it became doubtful where it was; we were not out of soundings I was certain, for several flights of birds, about the size of Mother Carey's chickens, and perfectly black, hovered about. By the noise they made, I should conclude them to be voracious. I knew there were arms on board, consequently did not experience any alarm, but they passed without offering us any molestation. I surveyed the coasts as we stretched along them with all sail set, but saw neither palm tree, date tree, bread-fruit tree, nor pines, nor melons, nor oranges, growing wild. I thought there appeared something tinged with red on a bank, and I inquired of the captain if it were a bird of the crane species, called an adjutant? I was informed it was only a private of the guards. As we proceeded, the headlands had all the appearance of being inhabited, and, as we neared shore, I perceived dwellings, about which the natives were actively employed. I distinctly saw what I believed to be a female with a vase, formed with a handle on one side, and a spout on the other. I did not think it prudent to alarm her, as she sat still to observe us, perfectly motionless. I asked the captain if he thought it could be a mermaid. He believed not. Tim looked very intently, but could not see either a glass or a comb, and I feel I should not be justified in stating it to be a mermaid, for I had no opportunity to see its tail.

Again we stood out, and I was enabled to turn my attention to scientific inquiries. The specific gravity of the water of the Dead Sea exceeds other water; it is stated that persons can float there with ease, who would undoubtedly sink elsewhere; but such is the obstinacy of man, that nothing I could urge to Tim could induce him to jump overboard to ascertain the properties of these waters. I had also a strong desire to know if it were fresher at the bottom than on the surface; the captain furnished me with a small phial, but Tim could not be prevailed on to be lowered, with a weight attached to his body, to determine any valuable addition to modern discoveries. On directing my attention to the distance, I thought I perceived something moving, and pointed it out to the captain, who assured me it was stationary; I looked again, but could not see any paper-like appearance. He overlooked me as I endeavoured to take a sketch, and I heard him mutter, "Star and Garter." I closed my sketch-book, and ran over the celestial hemisphere in my mind's eye. I did not think it a constellation of Chaldeic origin. I was observed divining, but I gave up the idea of being deemed a conjuror, by inquiring where the Star and Garter was situated. "On Richmond Hill," replied the captain. At that moment I made the discovery that it was affixed to the earth; of course, the agreement thus scientifically made by two individuals, and by a different process, will render it one of those results that may be deemed indisputable. As we approached, the beauty of the scenery was pointed out to me; it is such as Arcadia alone could give to the eye of a traveller. On every tack, the prospect grew more delightful, the distant objects more beautiful, the nearer more lovely. The sun was glancing on richly scattered foliage that decorated the villas on various parts of the gently sloping ground. The trees seemed like the lashes on the eyelids of beauty, to shield the gems that shone beneath. If ever there should be another Eden, it will be laid out like Richmond. It was a presentiment that caused me to search for this spot in the celestial regions. I was enchanted, but the captain hastened from the scene as if a Circe were there. I must think there are syrens on the shore, but the captain had more fortitude than Ulysses, who bound himself to the mast, and was frightened out of his wits by Scylla and Charybdis. No such fancies entered the head of my captain. I therefore consider him a greater man.

The wind increased, and dense clouds began to roll their huge masses towards us. The spray beat over the deck, and wet the whistle of the gusts in the cordage. The mountain wave, and the dreadful gale, are mole-hill and sigh compared to what I experienced as our vessel rolled and pitched. Can weathering the Cape equal this? It is monsoon and tornado united. I could scarcely stand on deck, and could not go below. I gazed on the conflicting elements, and thought of Vandeveldt's going to sea purposely to witness a storm, who, while amid the roar of the winds, and the foam of the waves, exclaimed, "Grand! Beautiful!! Sublime!!!" If he had been with me, his mind would have been otherwise employed. I verily believe there to be a state of mind, produced by an accumulation of *things*, in which it is deprived of the power of judging correctly. Tim was quite overcome—perfectly prostrate: I therefore became watchful for his safety. I thought him too near the side, and endeavoured to drag him into a place less dangerous; my earnestness alarmed him, and as I put forth all my strength for his preservation, my foot slipped, and Tim unfortunately fell overboard—I retained my hold of him until I was assisted by the captain: we fished him up, and were glad to find he was not wetted through the skin, nor a leg snapped off by a shark. I was quite delighted with his philosophy, as he calmly looked round and said, "I dare say all's right." The vessel continued to labour; her timbers creaked as she rose on the wave, and groaned as she dipped into the hollow; yet I was not subdued by fears that lessen exertion, for I ascertained our supplies were deficient—that we had no life-boat, not even a cork jacket on board, nor means by which to fire a rope ashore. With the knowledge of all these distressing particulars, I was still enabled to retain self-possession, which proves that travellers should be peculiarly gifted, both physically and mentally, to secure themselves against the multitudinous disasters by which they are surrounded. I inquired of the captain if I could be put on shore? "Where?" said he. "There," said I, pointing to an open beach. With pleasure I saw the bow turn shoreward, and heard with satisfaction the keel grate upon the beach. I leaped on shore with alacrity, which Tim, endeavouring to imitate, measured his length rather inelegantly: he might, however, have been saluting the earth at their meeting again. "Adieu!" said I to the captain. The vessel lessened on my view, and mingled with the mist. As my eye glanced along the shore, I perceived two of the natives coming towards us. "Where are we?" said I to Tim—

* Biography of Self-Taught Men. Boston, 1831.

"Here, sir," said he, "and there go two other travellers; thank God, they do not come our way." Tim trembled exceedingly. "Don't be terrified," said I, "but let us proceed up the country."

I traversed various tracts of land in different stages of preparation; occasionally they were intersected by small water-courses, or plantations of a species of thorn, and some were planted with esculent vegetables in a high state of cultivation. I saw nothing that could satisfy me. I was in a beaten track; all was silent and solemn. How interesting are periods of uncertainty! Every step seems as if poetically taken, and the imagination capable of being excited, even to the sublime; nay, even beyond.

At the extremity of one of these ranges of the country I perceived a trodden way; at least I so concluded, from the vegetation appearing as if destroyed by pressure and friction, most probably from the feet of natives. I pursued this apparent pathway until I approached the confines of a forest, the extent of which I had no means of ascertaining. It might be what is denominated a wood only; at all events, there were some trees. However, on looking to the left, I was surprised at beholding what might be considered a habitation. I approached with some trepidation, and, to my astonishment, saw a tablet of a peculiar description. "Here," said I "my toil meets its merited reward." No one to give information, I was driven on my own resources; fortunately they were vast, or darkness would have hung on this subject, perhaps for ages, or till some highly-gifted traveller should, like myself, wander to the spot. My delight at the discovery subdued, for a moment, all other sensations. I drew out my sketch-book. The tablet was a parallelogram, fourteen and a half inches high by eleven inches one-tenth and a line broad. Now, it does not appear that the tablets of the Ethiopians were exactly of these dimensions, and it is singular precisely in the degree in which it may differ. This tablet, which, for the future, and for distinction, should be denominated mine, was covered with a composition of a black colour, or near that hue which is occasioned by the absence of light. The characters which embellished this tablet were of a colour approaching to white; but as the composition was not equally opaque, the hue of the groundwork appeared more or less through the transparent parts, thereby giving a great variety of grey to different portions of the characters without the appearance of design. How far time may have been instrumental to this curious arrangement, it would be difficult, perhaps presumptuous, in me to determine. The inconceivable delicacy and beauty which antiquity infuses, and which few of the moderns sufficiently appreciate, are beyond the reach of art, but regulated by antiquarian procedure, and perfected by mental acquirements. The characters which appear on this tablet in three lines, are copied with all the attention to correctness of form that an admirer could bestow; but it is hoped due allowance will be made, when the very limited means the moderns possess shall be taken into consideration.

MANGL
IN DUN
HEAR

When this beautiful specimen of antiquity first met my astonished eyes, the impression on my mind was correspondingly alarming, and it is surprising that I was enabled to pursue the investigation on the spot, as I did, with such critical acumen and indisputable correctness; but I knew too well the value attached to faithful delineation and just examination of objects connected with bygone ages, to permit my intention to be thwarted. After the agitation had subsided, I commenced by tracing a similarity to the Roman character with some resemblance to the Saxon; apparently the whole formed a sentence consisting of four words; but not being satisfied that beginning at the right end would succeed best, I very naturally sought for a part at which I could commence. Thus it was that the final word pressed itself on my mind, being precisely the English word "hear," from the Saxon *hynan*, a verb active. I could not discover in what mood; but it is rational to conclude that information was intended, and, therefore, that it is in the imperative. It also appeared to me that the second or the middle line contained two English words, "IN," a Latin preposition, and an English adverb. This, in connection with the foregoing word, I could comprehend as *herein*, or *in here*, making those allowances which, to the study of inscriptions, are absolutely necessary. The characters of the first line for a long time were inexplicable. It was possible, I thought, that they had been altered by other hands than time; and that, penetrating the mists of ages, and correcting the false orthography of sculptors of inscriptions, the characters MANGL might be from the French, *manger*, to eat. If so, it would justify the horror I felt at the first. *Manger!* The anthropophagi rushed powerfully on my mind; but it is not an affection of the nerves that can drive a true antiquarian traveller from his pursuit. The word might be from the English, or rather Dutch, *mangelen*, to tear, to lacerate, to rend piecemeal! This was in effect appalling; it seemed that nothing short of violent extermination awaited me; but I was not to be subjected thus to terrors; they were all defied; for an opportunity had occurred to distinguish myself. I had put my life upon a cast, and I would stand the hazard of the die. I stood firm. "Hear dun in mangl;" what dreadful words! What information of a horrid practice! Druidical perhaps! They immolated human beings; so did the Peruvians, the Mexicans, and it is impossible to say how many others. My contemplations were broken by a contest betwen Tim and two of the natives, the same I had seen on my landing. They got the better of Tim, and put irons on his wrists. In answer to my inquiries, I learned that Tim had made his escape from the cage at Hampton, where he had been confined for gathering some fruit from trees that did not belong to him, and that if I made any resistance to his being taken, they would handcuff me also. To which I replied, "Farewell, Tim," and away they went. The confusion brought forward the inhabitants of the horrid cavern—they were females. I gazed with astonishment: "Pray," said I, "what is to be understood from that tablet against your dwelling?" "Why, can't you read? I take in washing and mangling." I looked at the woman, then at the tablet, then at my book. "Umph," said I, "I did not know that, but it is never too late to learn." "To learn!" exclaimed the woman; "what are you, then?" "A gentleman, a traveller, and an antiquarian," replied I; adding, "I have discovered what you are. In my opinion, you are an exceedingly rude being." "Well," continued the woman, "and, in my opinion, you are a great fool." To this nothing could be said, and I retired, thinking on the probability of its correctness.

CURIOUS FACTS REGARDING VEGETABLE REPRODUCTION.

It has long been known that crows, and other birds and animals, deposit seeds in the earth, from whence trees and plants are produced. The Rev. Mr Robinson, in his Natural History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, says, that "birds are natural planters of all sorts of trees, disseminating the kernels upon the earth, till they grow up to their natural strength and perfection." He tells us, "that early one morning he observed a great number of crows very busy at their work, upon a declining ground of a mossy surface, and that he went out of his way on purpose to view their labour. He then found that they were planting a grove of oaks. The manner of their planting was this: They first made little holes in the earth with their bills, going about and about till the hole was deep enough, and then they dropped in the acorn, and covered it with earth and moss. The young plantation," Mr Robinson adds, "is now growing up to a thick grove of oaks fit for use, and of height for the crows to build their nests in. On telling the circumstance to the owner of the ground, who observed the acorns to spring up, he took care to secure their growth and rising. The season was the latter end of autumn, when all seeds are fully ripe."

It is surprising how many different means nature adopts in perpetuating the duration of animal and vegetable life. Mr Edwards justly remarks, that even the droughts of autumn continue to increase and propagate seeds and plants. These sudden and long-continued droughts occasion deep chinks and cracks in the earth, wherein are deposited the seeds of trees, and the larger plants that require depth for their growth, and are at the same time placed beyond the reach of animals which feed on them.

The seeds of the common broom grow in little pods, which, when fully ripe, and ready for diffusion, are scattered by a beautiful contrivance of the contraction of the edges of the pods, which suddenly bursts them open, and, forcing the internal surface outward, throws the seeds at a considerable distance from the parent plant. But for this wise provision, they would be choked under the old plant for want of air and light.

Mice also bury a great number of seeds for their winter store, many of which vegetate.

Some seeds, such as those of the thistle, are provided with a kind of down, by which, as with wings, they are carried, with the help of the wind, to great distances, and others fix themselves on the ground by means of glutinous substances attached to them.

The South Sea Islands, which have been raised to their present elevation above the ocean, are entirely the production of myriads of minute polypi or worms, which construct the different kinds of coral. These coral formations are first covered by sand, and then by marine substances; then with the excrements of birds, in which are undigested seeds, that spring up and flourish in the deposits which have been formed on the reefs.

Some plants are migratory, while others are fixed to particular localities, from which they never wander. In Hampton Court Park, there is a small pink, which inhabits a particular mound of earth; and although it has long been known on that spot, yet it has never extended beyond it.

It is curious to observe the influence which particular soils have on different flowers. Whoever has attended to the cultivation of tulips, must have noticed, that, by planting them on too rich a soil, the colours will spread; and others, which have steadily remained of one colour in some particular soil, will, on being removed to another, break into a variety of colours. If the common field primrose is taken up, and the root separated, and planted in another soil, the blossom loses its brilliant yellow hue, and becomes of a pale brown or chocolate colour.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary phenomena connected with vegetable life, is the tendency of plants to follow light, which seems so necessary to their health, and even their existence. This makes them display what Blumenbach calls real motion. In the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences at Boston, there is an excellent example of this tendency described.

In the spring, a potato was left in a cellar where some roots had been kept during the winter, and which had only a small aperture for the admission of light at the upper end of one of its sides. The potato, which lay in the opposite corner of the aperture, shot out a runner, which first ran twenty feet along the ground, then crept up along the wall, and so through the opening by which light was admitted.

Providence, ever mindful of the wants of the human race, has endowed those plants which are of the greatest importance to mankind either with the property of adapting themselves to a great variety of climates, or, when confined to any individual climate, of flourishing there in almost any kind of soil. This is the case with several species of grain, the potato, &c., and that valuable plant, the cocoa. Palm vegetates vigorously in sandy and stony, as well as in the richest earth.

Many plants, common duckweed for example, are not firmly attached to the ground by their roots, but can change their situations at certain seasons of the year, sinking at one time to the bottom, and at others coming to the surface of the water.

THE FLITTING.

In an unpretending volume of sketches of Scottish rural life, entitled "My Grandfather's Farm," the following is given as illustrative of one of the most touching of all scenes, a sale of effects for debt, and which is not without its moral:—

"It was on the day before the flitting, or removal, that John Armour's farm-stock, and indeed every thing he had, but as much as might furnish a small cottage, was to be rouped to meet his debts. No doubt it was a heart-rending scene to all the family, though his wife considered all their losses light, when compared with her husband's peace of mind. The great bustle of the sale, however, denied him the leisure which a just view of his condition made most to be dreaded; so that it was not till late in the evening, when all was quiet again, his cherished possessions removed, and time allowed him to brood over his state, that the deep feelings of vexation and despair laid hold of his spirit.

The evening was one of remarkable beauty; the birds never more rapturous, the grass never greener around that farm-house. The turf seat on which old Hugh was wont to rest, in the corner of the little garden, was white with gowans; the willows and honeysuckles that over-arched it all full of life;—the air was bland, the cushat's distant cooing very plaintive—all but the inhabitants of the humble dwelling was tranquil and delighted. But they were downcast—each one pursued some necessary preparation for to-morrow's great change, saying little, but deeply occupied with sad thoughts. Once the wife ejaculated, 'Oh, that the morn was o'er!' 'Yes,' said her husband, 'the morn, and every morn o' them; but I wish this gloamin' had been stormy.' He could not settle—he could not eat—he avoided conversation, and, with his hat drawn over his brow, he traversed wearifully the same paths, and did over and over again the same things. It was near bed-time, when one of the children said to her mother, 'My father's stan'in' at the corner o' the stable, and didna speak to me when I spak' to him;—gang out, mother, and bring him in.' 'If he wad but speak to ane!' was the mother's answer. She went out—the case had become extreme—and she ventured to argue with and reprove him. 'Ye do wrang, John—this is no like yoursell;—the world's fu' o' affliction—ithers ken that as weel as you—ye mauna ha'e a' things your ain way; there's ane abune us wha has said, "In sorrow shalt thou eat thy bread all the days of thy life." Ye canna expect to gang free; and I maun say, it wadna be guid for ony o' us. May be greater ills are yet to befa' ye, and then ye'll rue sair that ye ha'e gi'en sic way at this time: come in, John, wi' me; time will wear a' this out o' mind.' He struck his hand against his brow—he grasped at his neck-cloth—and after choking on a few syllables which he could not utter, tears gushed from his eyes, and he melted in a long heart-rending fit of weeping. Oh! it is a sorrowful thing to see a strong, hard-featured man shedding tears! His sobs are so heavy, his wail so full-toned! John Armour, perhaps for twenty years a stranger to weeping, had now to burst the sealed sluices of manhood's grief, which nothing but the resistless struggle of agony could accomplish, ere relief could reach his labouring breast. Now it was he sought the dearest sanctuary on earth—he leaned upon his wife's bosom, and she lavished on him the riches of a woman's love. At length he went to rest, gentler in spirit, and borne down by a less frightful woe than what had lately oppressed him.

Next morning brought round the bustle of flitting. There is a deep interest attending a scene of this kind, altogether separate from the feelings of those who have to leave a favourite abode. Circumstances of

antiquity—of mystery, belong to it. The demolition even of an old house has something melancholy; the dismantling it of furniture is not less affecting. Some of the servants that had been at one time about the farm assisted on this occasion, and entered fully into the sentiments now described. 'That press has been there, I'll warran', this fifty years; it was his mother's, and cam on her blithe marriage-day; the like o't ye'll no see now-a-days—it's freck yet. Few hae seen the back o' thee, I trow, these twa days, but the wabsters and sclaters; they winna ken what to mak' o' this wark;—let me look into the back o't.' 'I wad be a wee eerie,' said another, feeling the gloomy appearance of the old empty dwelling suggest thoughts allied to superstition, 'about gangin' into that toom house at night; I wad aye be thinkin' o' meeting wi' auld Hugh, honest man.'

The flitting set off to a cottage about two miles distant; two cart-loads of furniture, one milk-cow, and the old watch-dog, were its amount. John Armour lingered a little behind, as did his wife, for she was unwilling to leave him there alone. He then proceeded to every part of the premises. The barn and stable kept him a few moments; the rest he hurried over, excepting the kitchen and spence. When he came to the kitchen (for it was the apartment he visited last), he leant his head for an instant against the mantel-piece, and fixed his eyes on the hearthstone. A deep sigh escaped him, and his wife then took him by the hand to lead him away, which he resisted not, only saying, 'I ha'e mind o' mony a thing that happened here,'—then casting his eyes hastily round the desolate apartment—'but fareweel to thee for ever.' In a few minutes they overtook the flitting, nor did he once turn again his head towards the desolate place, which had so firm a hold of his heart."

RULES IN ETIQUETTE.

When you write a letter to a friend, contractions in the name of the place you write from, in the name of the month, or in the concluding sentence, as, "Yours, &c.," are perhaps allowable; but when you write a letter to a person with whom you are not on familiar terms of intimacy, and who ranks higher than yourself in society, you must not use contractions. Every word must be written fairly out, and you must not close up the epistle by any thing like a hurried expression of courtesy. The same rule applies to the backing of the letter. When you write to a baronet, do not direct the letter with the contraction "Bart.;" write the word "Baronet" in full. Never use wafers for letters to persons who are any way above you in rank; indeed, nobody in good society now uses wafers except on very ordinary occasions, or in matters of business. In folding letters, do not try to make the doubling intricate or fantastic, which is a sign of a vulgar mind; just use simple folding. It is also reckoned improper to say "in haste" at the conclusion of letters. Never make use of paper gilt on the edges, whether in writing to high or low; for it is altogether unfashionable and antiquated, and is in reality of no use. You must, however, take care, in writing to persons in mourning, to use paper with black edges and black sealing-wax—the latter especially: to use red wax, under these circumstances, is considered a mark of rudeness or ignorance. By attending to these simple rules of etiquette in carrying on an epistolary correspondence, you will please those to whom you write, and indicate your refinement in manners.

A SCOTTISH TOWN-DRUMMER.

Almost every burgh in Scotland has its town-drummer, such a functionary being generally of fully greater use than even the Provost himself. These town-drummers are frequently men of great consideration in the place; and instances are known of their having made so much money in their vocation, that they could have laid down "pound for pound" with the whole of the members of the civic corporation. But no town-drummer that ever we heard of was so distinguished as the late Daniel Maccormick of Dundee. This remarkable individual—according to the account in the *Dundee Advertiser*—filled the various offices of town-drummer, town-officer, and billetmaster, and was, besides, celebrated for his extraordinary knowledge of the learned languages. "His history (says the above authority) is involved in some obscurity. His father, it is said, was a native of Lochaber, and had removed to London in the prosecution of his business as a dyer. Dan was born in the metropolis; but his father having died at an early age, he was removed to his friends in Lochaber, where he attempted to carry on the business which his father had followed; but, not finding encouragement, he removed to Glasgow in quest of employment. Here, during his leisure hours, he devoted himself to books; and his friends, observing his assiduity, were anxious that he should be educated as a Catholic priest. With this view, he was aided in the gratification of his love of learning; but the intentions of his friends were from some cause or other frustrated, and Dan enlisted in the Argyllshire Fencibles, and accompanied his regiment to Dundee about the year 1800. Through the interest of Provost Riddoch, Dan and a few others were discharged from the fencibles, with the view of securing their services in drilling the volunteers then embodying in Dundee. He was appointed one of the town-officers, and the others likewise succeeded to situations under the town. About ten years afterwards, Dan was appointed town-drummer, and, at a subsequent period, billetmaster. Seldom, we believe, has so high a degree of scholarship been possessed by any one in so humble a sphere as that in which Dan moved. To an intimate acquaintance with the Gaelic language, he united a knowledge of Hebrew, Samaritan, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, and German. He was also well skilled in music. While in the vigour of life, his performances on wind instruments were considered excellent. He had an extensive acquaintance with rare and curious books, and has left a considerable collection of his own, to be sold in Edinburgh. Dan lived the life of a bachelor; but he was not indifferent to the attractions of the fair. He has left behind him a daughter. One of our contemporaries gives the following anecdote of him. 'Some years ago, one Rabbi —— came to this town, and advertised that he would deliver lectures on the Hebrew and Persian languages. He wished the Town Hall for the occasion; and, accompanied by Dr R——, a gentleman since deceased, he proceeded to make his application for the use of the room. On their way, they met Maccormick with his drum; and the Doctor, who loved a joke, told their errand, and introduced his Jewish friend. Dan wished to try his mettle; and, pulling out a Psalter from his pocket, proceeded to interrogate the lecturer. The stranger was confounded; and, fearing to encounter the Provost, after the specimen he had had of the town-drummer, the Rabbi withdrew his advertisement, and carried his Hebrew roots to another quarter.' We have heard another version of this story; but which is the correct one, we cannot say. As related to us, the story was as follows:—'The learned Hebrew having heard of Dan's skill in philology, waited on him; and, after a very learned colloquy, departed with a high idea of his acquirements. He then repaired to a clergyman to make his pretensions known, and to solicit the divine's patronage. The reception the Rabbi received was such as to give him by no means a very exalted idea either of the clergyman's learning or urbanity; and, in his ire, he remarked, that he thought the Doctor of Divinity should be appointed to the situation of the Town-Drummer, and the Town-Drummer to that of the Doctor of Divinity."

A SPANISH VILLAGE.

Soon after entering this sierra, I passed through the most miserable village that I have seen in any part of Spain. It is quite impossible for one who has never seen the very lowest of the Spanish poor, to form the smallest conception of the general appearance of the inhabitants of this village. I saw between two and three hundred persons, and among these there was not one whose rags half covered his nakedness. Men and women were like bundles of ill-assorted shreds and patches of a hundred hues and sizes; and as for the children, I saw several entirely naked, and many that might as well have been without their tattered coverings. I threw a few biscuits among the children, and the eagerness with which they fought for and devoured them, reminded me rather of young wolves than of human beings. The badness of the pavement, and the steepness of the street, made it necessary for the diligence to go slowly; and I profited by the delay to look into one or two of the miserable abodes of these unfortunate beings. I found a perfect unison between the dweller and his dwelling. I could not see one article of furniture; no table, no chair; a few large stones supplied the place of the latter; for the former there was no occasion; and something resembling a mattress upon the mud floor was the bed of the family. Leaving this village, I noticed two stone pillars, and a wooden pole across, indicating that the proprietor possesses the power of life and death within his own domain. I forget the name of the grandee at whose door lies all this misery; but if the power of life and death be his, and if he cannot make the former more tolerable, it would be humanity to inflict the latter.—*Spain in* 1830.

THE PIG POINTER.

Toomar, the gamekeeper of Sir Henry P. St John Mildmay, broke-in a black sow to find game, back, and stand to her point, nearly as steadily as a well-bred dog. This sow was a thin long-legged animal, one of the ugliest of the New Forest breed. When young, it manifested a great partiality for some pointer puppies, then under the care of the keeper at Broomy lodge. It often played and fed with them. And it occurred one day to Toomar, that, as he had broken many an obstinate dog, he might also succeed in breaking a pig. The little animal willingly cantered along with him a considerable distance from home; he enticed her still farther by means of a kind of pudding, made of barley-meal, which he carried in one of his pockets. His other pocket was filled with stones, to throw at the pig whenever she misbehaved, as she was too frolicsome to allow herself to be caught and corrected like dogs. She proved, however, upon the whole, to be tolerably tractable; and he soon taught her what he wished. by this system of rewards and punishments. She quartered her ground as regularly as any pointer, stood stock-still when she came upon game, and backed dogs with great steadiness. When she came on the cold scent of game, she slackened her trot, and gradually dropped her ears and tail till she was certain, and then fell down on her knees. So stanch was she, that she would frequently remain five minutes and upwards on her point. As soon as the game rose, she always returned to Toomar, grunting very loud for her reward of pudding, if it was not immediately given to her. When Toomar died, his widow sent the pig to Sir Henry Mildmay, who kept it for three years, but never used it, except for the purpose of occasionally amusing his friends. In doing this, a fowl was put into a cabbage net, and hidden amongst the fern in some part of the park; and the sagacious animal never failed to point it in the manner above described. Sir Henry was obliged at length to part with this sow, from a circumstance as singular as the other occurrences of her life:—A great number of lambs had been lost, nearly as soon as they were dropped, and a person being sent to watch the flock, detected this sow in the very act of devouring a lamb. This carnivorous propensity was ascribed to her having been accustomed to feed with the dogs, and to eat the flesh on which they fed. Sir Henry sent her back to Mrs Toomar, who sold her to Mr Skyes, of Broakwood, in the New Forest, where she died the usual death of a pig, and was converted into bacon.—*Brown's Anecdotes of Quadrupeds.*

THE VENTRILOQUIST.

A circumstance, which powerfully excited the risible muscles of a number of the town's-people, once occurred in Grimsby, an English country town. It happened that Mr Love, the ventriloquist, had publicly announced his intention of performing in the Assembly Rooms. On the appointed evening, a tolerably numerous audience had assembled; but the performance had scarcely commenced, when it was suddenly interrupted by the most dismal yells and howlings from above. It appears that in that part of the entertainment, when, by means of his singular powers of vocal deception, he causes an invisible agent to be heard singing on the roof of a building many yards distant from that in which he exhibits, then gradually approaching, until it is finally heard in the act of descending the chimney attached to the Assembly Rooms. A native of an adjoining village, who had been induced to patronise the entertainment, and who, we presume, had never before witnessed a similar performance, and consequently was not aware of the extent of the illusion which an accomplished ventriloquist is capable of creating, felt convinced that a second person "had a finger in the pie," and being well acquainted with the house, slipped out, unperceived by the audience, and ascended by the back stairs in the dark to the roof of the building, with the firm determination of opening the eyes of the audience, and exposing the confederate of the performer. At this juncture, two other wiseacres in the company entertained exactly the same opinion, and, accordingly, followed the steps of him who had first made his exit from the apartment. Arrived at the summit of the garret stairs, they found the trap-door wide open—this they thought looked suspicious, but, on ascending to the tiles, they discovered the first-mentioned Paul Pry in the act of reconnoitring, with his head placed close to the chimney pot. Doubt was now out of the question; they therefore commenced belabouring their unsuspecting victim with such vigour, that, had not his wailings brought mine host (who now began to suspect the devil was in the place in reality), and some of the people connected with the establishment, with lights, to his assistance, the consequences might perhaps have been rather serious. As it was, a mutual explanation speedily followed; and the ventriloquist, as might be expected, joined heartily in the convulsive roar of laughter which it occasioned, whilst the unlucky wights against whom it was directed were glad to make a precipitate retreat.

ROMAN FOUNDER.

An auctioneer, putting up an antique Roman helmet for sale, told the company he was informed that it had belonged to Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was an iron or a brass founder, he could not tell.

NATIONAL EPAULETTES.

The late King George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, among other splendid articles of dress he was accustomed to exhibit, appeared one day in public with a pair of most brilliant diamond epaulettes. This happening at the very time the nation was called upon to pay his debts, gave occasion for criticism even among the lower ranks. "Do you see what fine things the Prince has got on his shoulders?" said one dirty-looking fellow to another. "Never mind, Tom," answered his companion; "they'll soon be on all our shoulders." Some person of rank, overhearing this remark, told it over again to the Prince, who, fond of a joke, seemed highly amused, although the jest was at his own expense.

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OLD BACHELORS.

ABSTINENCE from marriage, where it is dictated by prudence, is not only commendable in itself as a safeguard against individual misery, but is entitled to the gratitude of the public, inasmuch as it is, when practised upon a large scale, at least in a country of the *old* world, the preservative of a nation from moral degradation and general distress.

This proposition, however, is of no weight against another which we have been in the habit of hearing from the lips of Miss E. P., an amiable young lady with whom we have had the honour of being acquainted for the last two and thirty years—namely, that "it is a *great shame* (such are her emphatic words) for gentlemen who have houses of their own, and every thing comfortable, that they should not take wives." Perhaps there is a little personal feeling in the remark of our respected friend, seeing that, in her own immediate neighbourhood, there are several middle-aged men, with capital domestic establishments—fit for the accommodation of a family every one of them—who yet, year after year, live dreamily on in single comfortlessness, apparently unobservant that there are ladies in the same predicament, almost next door, whom they might at once render happy, and themselves too, if they only would think of proposing a union of their respective places of residence.

Personal, or not personal, the remark is just: we do think it "a great shame" that some respectable persons of our acquaintance, between the ages of thirty and forty, not to speak of a few a little older, should confine to themselves the enjoyment, such as it is, of a house and fortune every way comfortable, when they at once might increase infinitely their own happiness, and also that of others, if they would only open their eyes to the situation of such young ladies as our friend Miss E. P., and obey the grand scripture injunction, which commands them to love their neighbours as themselves. It is truly provoking to see men of this kind pretending to think themselves happy with their starved beef-steak dinners, and their furniture unconscious of ever having been deranged or rumpled by children, all the time that their hearts secretly confess, and every other person knows, how deficient they are in all that gives a real charm to existence.

Like the most of wrong things, resolute celibacy of this kind arises from want of sense: the old bachelor is simply a man who does not see human life in a right point of view, and has no foresight of the future. He has perhaps had a hard struggle with fortune in his early years, and, never having been able to get over the fright which poverty gave him in his youth, thinks, even in the midst of plenty, and while life is advancing to its meridian, that, so far from having any thing to spare for wife or for child, he is hardly sure of his own wants being supplied for the remainder of his days. The hearts of some men become quite hardened by the prudential maxims upon which they have acted, and which, like the old fortresses of our native country, survive long after there is any occasion for them. Then there is another set—children of fortune—men who have been wandering about all their days, till, in the words of a quaint writer, "they almost forget what a home is." These, of course, let them settle when they like, or where they like, have an absolute difficulty in comprehending the idea of matrimony, and, even if they could understand it, would fear to tie themselves down, lest they should, some day hereafter, take it into their heads to go out a voyage to Vera Cruz, and be a little bothered with "the childer." Others are prevented from marrying by lending too serious attention to those silly bugbears about matrimony, which are occasionally the subject of sportive conversation—such, for instance, as the chance of a scolding wife, or of children who turn out ill, and so forth—as if any venture in this life were assured against a risk of some kind or other. There is still another and larger class, whom we shall first describe, and then show how plain a tale will put them down.

This class may be called the Jacobin Bachelors. They repudiate matrimony as a thing calculated to impair their personal liberty. Give us, they cry, the freedom, the independence, of a single life. None of your chains for us. We are the hearty boys, who despise all petticoat government. We must be sole monarchs of ourselves, and have nobody whatsoever to exert the least control over our actions. We'll remain

> —— free as nature first made man,
> Ere the base laws of servitude began,
> And wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Stop a little, gentlemen, and let us consider your case. Methinks your quotation is somewhat infelicitous. The noble savage who ran so wildly through these primitive forests long since degenerated into peat-moss, was a person, let it always be kept in mind, without breeches. Not a rag of toggery had he of any kind, nor a house to shelter him, and his freedom consisted in a permission to knock every other naked rascal like himself on the head if he could, always with the understanding that he was also to be knocked on the head, whenever any other body had the courage or strength to do so. These gentlemen have found a convenience in submitting to certain laws and rules, which, no doubt, trench dreadfully on freedom, but, at the same time, conduce much to comfort. In short, men have submitted to the bondage of society. Now, what is matrimony but one of those salutary restraints which sensible people in general have agreed to submit to, in order to increase their mutual happiness? There may be a wild momentary pleasure in an unlimited indulgence of the will; but if it be not reasonable and innocent, it is *only* momentary. The servitude is incurred, through an impulse of the reason, in order that our pleasure may be prolonged and protected. Thus matrimony becomes a "linked sweetness long drawn out," while there never can be any thing but an irrational and visionary happiness in the sense that we are free from it. Always remember that freedom is not in itself a good—it is only a means of good; and that, in cases where it produces a sensible benefit, it is to be appreciated, but in no other. If an exemption from matrimonial control produced either a general or an individual good, we would say, by all means give not thy soft heart to woman. But this is not the case. An universal exemption from matrimony would make the world a wilderness—a particular case of it makes a man a desert. It is an evil in every way it can be taken. What, then, is the use of the abstract freedom, if it be not attended with any of the benefits of freedom? The whole is obviously a mistake of the means for the end; and the Jacobin Bachelors, we suspect, only fear those unseen chains which love imposes, because they are themselves fond of rule.

Messieurs the Bachelors have several other fallacies, and as we are resolved to leave them not a leg to stand upon, we shall tumble the whole of these down one after the other. As part of the preceding fallacy about freedom, they conceive that there must be something irksome, if not almost impossible, in the constancy which matrimony requires as one of its cardinal rules. We know the slipperiness and vagrancy of our own minds, say they very cunningly, and we really cannot deliberately undertake a solemn obligation which we know we would soon break.

Now, this is a mere hypocritical shift, for, instead of there being any natural tendency to inconstancy in men, there is an almost insurmountable disposition to constancy; insomuch that they are almost as certain to be constant to what is bad, as to what is good. Constancy forsooth!

Fallacy the second is an idea they have, or pretend to have (for many of their arguments are only assumed), that, by keeping clear of matrimony, they avoid all care, expense, and responsibility, respecting the next generation, and secure an equable and certain happiness in life, even to its close. Poor, unhappy men! it is little they know of the way in which affairs are really to run hereafter. In regard to the first expectation, we would just ask if any one ever knew an old bachelor who was not burdened some way or other with children? Are they not sure, just in proportion to their own childlessness, to have brothers and sisters who bring whole legions of children into the world—which children regularly are cantoned out in alternate lots upon their bachelor uncle, partly to relieve the press of matter at home, and partly from a benevolent desire to provide him with company, wherewithal to cheer his solitary parlour? Is not "our uncle" appealed to on every occasion of extraordinary expense, such as the fitting out of one of us for India, and the putting another of us to college to study medicine, and so forth? And does he not thus in the long-run dissipate as much of his hard-earned gains as if he had had children of his own—in which case, moreover, he would have had a little more of the honour to console him for the cost? No, no; tell us not of the *saving* of bachelorship. One way or another, the expense of rearing the next generation is pretty well allocated over society.

But old bachelors are not suffered to escape with simply providing for a troop of nephews and nieces; they very frequently become the prey of their servants, who consider their property as fairly liable to spoliation in every possible shape. Where is the old bachelor—the man who perhaps abstained from marriage to escape being ruled—who is not wholly ruled, three-quarters tormented, and at least half plundered by a Jenny, or a Betty, or a Mary—some old withered female domestic, who knows his cue, and manages him accordingly? No, no; it is all stuff to talk of there being any saving, or any defence against being ruled in old bachelorhood. If bachelors knew their own interests in time, they would in reality marry in self-defence.

Finally, as to their assurance of happiness to the very close of life, nothing could be more wilfully absurd. If happiness depended alone upon wealth—which it notoriously does not—then it might be secured. But happiness depends upon the cultivation of the social affections, so far as it depends on any thing earthly; and this is the very point which the bachelor has neglected. While more prudent men made provision in middle life for the necessities of age, by rearing an attached and honourable offspring, who at last become a hedge of shelter around him, the poor timid and unforeseeing bachelor thought, that, because he now was contented to enjoy wealth, he would always be so; and, accordingly, he goes on in a state of declared rebellion against nature, till, at length, when it is too late, he finds himself exposed on the common of society, unable to comfort himself with his gold, and totally destitute of what alone could

comfort him—a possession which gold could once have cheaply bought, if he had only had the heart to disburse it. Such is the latter part of the pretended happiness of a single life—*with* wealth, courted by insincere friends, or at least friends in whose sincerity there can be no confidence—*without it*, only the more fully exposed to all the evils of poverty.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

SLEET.

HAVING explained the origin, and phenomena which attend the fall, of snow, we shall now proceed to consider the nature of that peculiar modification of frozen vapour known under the name of sleet, with the appearance of which we doubt not that most of our readers are familiar. When aqueous globules freeze in the higher regions of the atmosphere, they aggregate together, and form flakes of snow; and when these have partly thawed, and have again become frozen, they constitute sleet, which is thus caused by the variable temperature of the atmosphere. Sleet falls at all seasons, and sometimes changes into rain, and sometimes into snow. It occasionally falls indeed very heavily, gathering and freezing additional moisture in its descent. Thus, in the Meteorological Observations appended to White's Natural History of Selborne, we read, that, on the 20th of January 1768, "in a lane near Hackwood Park, many rooks, attempting to fly, fell from the trees, with their wings frozen together by the sleet that froze as it fell." Numerous other examples of sleet-storms have been recorded, many of which will be found in Luke Howard's Climate of London, to which excellent meteorological work we beg especially to refer.

HAZE, MIST, FOG.

The atmosphere which surrounds this earth always contains a certain quantity of moisture, which, according to the diminution of temperature, becomes more or less condensed; so that, in this country, the air is seldom perfectly transparent. When the watery particles are only partially or imperfectly condensed, so as to produce an indefinite obscuration, they constitute a haze, which generally may be observed of an evening, when the temperature of the air becomes diminished by the decline of the sun towards the horizon. When viewed from a distance, the surface of the earth always appears enveloped in a haze of greater or lesser density; and although, when sailing, for example, on the Pacific Ocean, the atmosphere may appear very clear, yet, on being viewed from a high mountain, the water will appear obscured by a haze, which will be found to extend many feet above its surface. When the watery vapour in the surrounding air becomes more condensed, with a defined outline in the form of a cloud, either resting on the surface of the earth, or a few feet above it, then it is termed a mist; and when the whole atmosphere around appears equally obscured, then we give it the name of a fog, which, however, is not to be confounded with that moist and obscured state of the air, which often accompanies our easterly and westerly winds. Mists, as well as fogs, consist of thin vesicles of water containing air. When Saussure, in ascending a mountain, became enveloped in a mist, he observed that some of these vesicles were larger than peas, and they burst on catching them in his hand. How these vesicles become formed, is not well understood; but the general opinion is, that mists and fogs arise from air of unequal temperatures, holding moisture in solution, mingling with each other. Accordingly, the mixture of the evening sea breeze, with the air above the land, often produces dense mists, for the air above the sea is warmer than that above the land, because warm water is lighter than cold water, and, therefore, when water becomes cold at the surface, it sinks, and a warmer mass rises to supply its place; the temperature, however, of the land is limited to its surface, or penetrates only very slowly its upper soil; consequently, the air above it is cooler than that above water; and when they intermix, a condensation of aqueous vapour into mist or fog takes place.* Besides this, the contraction of the air from its becoming colder after sunset, often produces a condensation of the watery particles floating in it. In addition to which, there can be no doubt that a certain quantity of vapour rises up, or evaporates from the earth itself, which we may suppose to have been within a short period moistened by rain, and this, having become elevated to some distance above the ground, in like manner becomes condensed. During the night, therefore, the air above the surface of the earth is thus generally rendered hazy, and light mists are observed hanging in gauzy folds along the sides, and around the summits of hills and mountains;—hence, Lord Byron, in noticing the approach of morning, gives us this beautiful passage—

> "Night wanes; the vapours round the mountains curled,
> Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

Fogs are often, especially in large towns, remarkably dense; indeed, so much so as to occasion serious accidents from their interference with distinct vision. This frequently happens in London, and in other large cities, and arises from smoke, vapours, dust, &c. being stagnated in the thick fog. On certain calm winter days it may be observed, that the smoke, on leaving the chimneys, descends towards the ground, and downward currents often set through flues at the bottom of which there is no fire. Fogs seldom rise high in the atmosphere;—hence, Dr Darwin, in giving an account of one which overspread a tract of ground through which he had occasion to ride, states, that on every rising of the ground he was quite above its level, though in descending again it was so thick that he could scarcely see a yard beyond his horse's head. In the northern regions, fogs are extremely dense, owing, doubtless, to the difference between the temperature of the air which sweeps over the immense tracts of ice extending through those desolate regions, and that of the air which passes over the warmer surface of the ocean. It is one of the greatest annoyances which the whalers and navigators in those dangerous seas have to encounter. "They seldom occur," says Captain Scoresby, "with high winds; yet, in one or two instances, I have observed them very thick, even in storms. Rain generally disperses them; but, after the rain ceases, when the air is warm and damp, the fog often returns with increased density, so that it passes the eyes like smoke, and contracts the circle of vision to a radius of fifty or sixty yards. When such fogs prevail, with a freezing temperature, they usually varnish the rigging, yards, masts, and other apparatus of ships, with transparent ice, which sometimes increases to the thickness of near an inch, and is apt, when dislodged by any motion of the rigging, to fall in showers, and cut the faces of those on deck."† In those high northern latitudes, fogs prevail during the greater part of the month of July, and sometimes for considerable intervals in June and August. They often produce remarkable ocular deceptions; thus, by increasing the apparent distance of objects, they sometimes magnify men into giants, hummocks of ice into mountains, and common pieces of drift ice into heavy floes or bergs. "When people walk," says Gilbert White, "in a deep white fog by night with a lantern, if they will turn their backs to the light, they will see their shades impressed on the fog in rude gigantic proportions. This phenomenon seems not to have been attended to, but implies the great density of the meteor at that juncture."

Fogs generally affect the hygrometer, or that instrument by which the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere is indicated, but sometimes they have no effect upon it, and they are then termed "dry fogs." There was a remarkable fog of this description, which spread over the whole of Europe, and part of Asia and America, for some months, in the summer of 1783. During its continuance, there was much thunder and lightning, and the electricity of the air appeared to be much increased. At that time, Mount Hecla, in Iceland, was in a state of eruption, and it is imagined that it had its origin from that source. The air at such times has a disagreeable smell, and it is generally considered that such fogs appear when earthquakes are about to happen in volcanic regions.

* Sir Humphry Davy. Philosophical Transactions, 1819.

† An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery. By W. Scoresby, jun. Vol. I., p. 441.

THE INDIAN WIFE,

A TALE.

TAHMIROO was the daughter of a powerful chieftain of the Sioux American Indians, and she was the only being ever known to turn the relentless old man from a savage purpose. Something of this influence was owing to her infantile beauty, but more to the gentleness of which that beauty was the emblem. Hers was a species of loveliness rare among Indian girls. Her figure had the flexile grace so appropriate to protected and dependent women in refined countries; her ripe pouting lip, and dimpled cheek, wore the pleading air of aggrieved childhood; and her dark eye had such an habitual expression of timidity and fear, that the Young Sioux called her the "Startled Fawn." I know not whether her father's broad lands, or her own appealing beauty, was the most powerful cause of her admiration; but certain it is, Tahmiroo was the unrivalled belle of the Sioux. She was a creature all formed for love. Her downcast eye, her trembling lip, and her quiet submissive motion, all spoke its language; yet various young chieftains had in vain sought her affections, and when her father urged her to strengthen his power by an alliance, she answered him only by her tears.

This state of things continued until 1765, when a company of French traders came to reside there, for the sake of deriving profit from the fur trade. Among them was Florimond de Rance, a young indolent Adonis, whom pure ennui had led from Quebec to the Falls of St Anthony. His fair, round face, and studied foppery of dress, might have done little towards gaining the heart of the gentle Sioux; but there was a deference and courtesy in his manner, which the Indians never pay woman; and Tahmiroo's deep sensibilities were touched by it. A more careful arrangement of her rude dress, and anxiety to speak his language fluently, and a close observance of his European customs, soon betrayed the subtle power which was fast making her its slave. The ready vanity of the Frenchman quickly perceived it. At first he encouraged it with that sort of undefined pleasure which man always feels in awakening strong affection in the hearts of even the most insignificant. Then the idea that, though an Indian, she was a princess, and that her father's extensive lands on the Missouri were daily becoming of more consequence to his ambitious nation, led him to think of marriage with her as a desirable object. His eyes and his manner had said this, long before the old chief began to suspect it; and he allowed the wily Frenchman to twine himself almost as closely around his heart, as he had around the more yielding soul of his darling child. Though exceedingly indolent by nature, Florimond de Rance had acquired skill in many graceful acts, which excited the wonder of the savages.

He fenced well enough to foil the most expert antagonist; and in hunting, his rifle was sure to carry death to the game. These accomplishments, and the facility with which his pliant nation conform to the usages of every country, made him a universal favourite; and, at his request, he was formally adopted as one of the tribe. But, conscious as he was of his power, it was long before he dared to ask for the daughter of the haughty chief. When he did make the daring proposition, it was received with a still and terrible wrath, that might well fright him from his purpose. Rage showed itself only in the swelling veins and clenched hand of the old chief.

With the boasted coldness and self-possession of an Indian, he answered, "there are Sioux girls enough for the poor pale faces that come among us. A king's daughter weds the son of a king. Eagles must sleep in an eagle's nest."

In vain Tahmiroo knelt and supplicated. In vain she promised Florimond de Rance would adopt all his enmities and all his friendships; that in hunting, and in war, he would be an invaluable treasure. The chief remained inexorable. Then Tahmiroo no longer joined in the dance, and the old man noticed that her rich voice was silent when he passed her wigwam. The light of her beauty began to fade, and the bright vermilion current, which mantled under her brown cheek, became sluggish and pale. The languid glance she cast on the morning sun and the bright earth, entered into her father's soul. He could not see his beautiful child thus gradually wasting away. He had long averted his eyes whenever he saw Florimond de Rance; but one day, when he crossed his hunting path, he laid his hand on his shoulder, and pointed to Tahmiroo's dwelling. Not a word was spoken. The proud old man and the blooming lover entered it together. Tahmiroo was seated in the darkest corner of the wigwam, her head leaning on her hand, her basket-work tangled beside her, and a bunch of flowers, the village maidens had brought her, scattered and withering at her feet.

The chief looked upon her with a vehement expression of love, which none but stern countenances can wear. "Tahmiroo," he said, in a subdued tone, "go to the wigwam of the stranger, that your father may again see you love to look on the rising sun, and the opening flowers." There was mingled joy and modesty in the upward glance of the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eye, suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh, but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much of fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance, with that pleading innocent look which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as he had given her in her former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the remembrance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect. Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to fish, she would herself ply the oar, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her, might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oar in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion; but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sound of his native land might be dear to him; and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage had seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe; and if he looked

with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas, for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion. There were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich colouring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age, her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth, with the majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet, with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding, sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport—and the gay young creature would wind among the eddies, or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness. Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expressions of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or in the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "and why, oh! why, does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that De Rance wished his daughter to be estranged from her mother and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose. But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father, to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attractions of her savage home; and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favour his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look or word of kindness would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart were roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him any thing, even her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tract after tract of Tahmiroo's valuable land was sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, where he intended to convey his children, on pretence of a visit, but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders chanced to visit the Falls of St Anthony just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rance took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire. She entreated with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence; but she pled in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt, and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks of the east; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king!" exclaimed Victoire proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness she fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire, 'tis time to depart," said her father, sternly. The sobbing girl tried to release herself, but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her.

"Woman! let her go!" exclaimed De Rance, exspearated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raised her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" she exclaimed, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's land," said the Frenchman, coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly-wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain, and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down by her side, and slept on his bow and arrows. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed.

Her quiet submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she, who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centred; but even her affection for him was characterized by a strange, unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men. The boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded any thing like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Missouri, when Florimond de Rance came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hope of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not.

It was only when he spoke to her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he, too, would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf, when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; for De Rance did intend, by demonstrations of fondness, and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance, and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman, who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the mocassin he had stooped to lace; and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time promised a speedy return. He always had been a stubborn boy, and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit would vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request; exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rance was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of Sioux," said she, mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the Spirit Land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the water side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for "the wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the lone, the wretched, the desperate, and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness. "We will go to the Spirit Land together," she exclaimed; "he cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms, as if he had been a feather, and springing into the boat, she guided it towards the Falls of St Anthony.

"Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child. "My father stands on the waves and beckons!" she said. The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract.

Louis de Rance was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi!*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MISS JANE PORTER.

FEMALE authorship is one of the most prominent and characteristic distinctions of the present age. It is only in comparatively very recent times that woman has come forward to vindicate her claims to mental eminence, and to show that she also is endowed with powers sufficient to run through all the notes of the literary gamut, from the philosophical erudition of a Dacier and a De Staël, to the scrutinizing discrimination of an Edgeworth, a Mitford, or a Ferrier; and the imaginative vigour of a Baillie, a Barbauld, and a Hemans.

Of those who have distinguished themselves in our own day by high talents and indefatigable perseverance in their exertions, we know of none more truly worthy of our notice than the two accomplished sisters, Jane and Anna Maria Porter, and have much pleasure in dedicating a few columns to a biographical and literary sketch of the former. To the merits of the author of the "Hungarian Brothers" we intend also shortly to turn the attention of our readers.

The father of the family, of which Misses Jane, Anna Maria, and Sir Robert Ker Porter, are members, was an officer in the British army, who, dying prematurely, left his children to the care of his estimable consort, who yet survives at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Jane, the subject of the present cursory memoir, was born on the English border, and in childhood, along with her sister and brother, was carried over the Tweed to receive the rudiments of her education in Scotland, under the tuition of the well-known George Fulton, late of Hanover Street, Edinburgh, author of the Pronouncing Dictionary, and other excellent school books; a man who, in his retirement from public life, now enjoys the honour and respect to which his talents so justly entitle him. By none are these sentiments more warmly expressed than by his three distinguished pupils, in whom his animated lessons first kindled that love of distinction and thirst for fame which they have each so nobly achieved. Indeed, to the enthusiasm with which he used to expatiate on the glories of the historic heroes of Cambuskenneth and Bannockburn, the subject of this biographical sketch has been often heard to attribute the most vivid of those early impressions which subsequently led her to select the "Scottish Chiefs" as a theme worthy of embellishment.

Mrs Porter, from the slender means devolving to her as the widow of a younger brother, continued to live in quiet retirement, surrounded by children in whom she had every reason to delight, and finding in their society a more than equivalent for the privations to which fortune restricted her. The whole three were intense students, and gave themselves up to their love of reading, and of the fine arts. Books and the pencil constituted the ruling passion of the trio; and while the brother was sketching on his slate Achilles or Æneas, the Red Cross Knight or the Holy Nun, the Wallace or the Bruce, the sisters alternately read aloud the historic page, which his genius loved to illustrate. Robert thus more effectually cultivated the talent, which, in after-times, produced the finely finished pictures of our country's victories; one of which, that illustrative of the battle of Agincourt, was presented to the city of London, and now decorates one of the great public buildings.

After this, the young painter of warlike scenes chose to try their realities in the field, and accompanied Sir John Moore throughout his disastrous campaign in the Peninsula. He was present at the glorious battle of Corunna, wherein the British, like a stag at bay, turned on their pursuers, and compelled them to retreat. He was present with his gallant commander at the moment of his death; and, on his return to England, Captain Porter published a little volume under the unassuming title of "Letters from Spain and Portugal, during the march under Sir John Moore, by an Officer." The simple truth of the statements contained in that work contributed at the time of its publication to stamp upon it a peculiar value; and a respected place in evidence as a contemporary document, has been awarded it alike by Southey and Napier, historians of somewhat conflicting political sentiments.

Having accidentally touched on the subject of this justly celebrated brother of our authoress, perhaps it may not be unacceptable to our readers to take a glimpse at his biography before resuming our subject.

From the Peninsula, Captain Porter travelled into Russia, where he married an illustrious lady, and settled. He thus became an eye-witness of the burning of Moscow, and the disastrous flight of the army of Napoleon from the ancient capital of the Czars. This enabled Sir Robert to collect materials—many of which, like that of his first volume, were derived from personal observation—for a second historical work, commemorative of the French Emperor's Invasion and Retreat, which he gave to the world with his name on its title-page.

At the termination of the war, he became an *attaché* to the British mission at St Petersburgh, and shortly thereafter commenced his travels into Persia, Kur-

* From the *Western Coronal*, by Mrs Child.

distan, and Babylonia, which occupied him for a space of three years.

Sir Robert and the late Mr Claudius Rich, the British resident at Bagdat, were the two first English travellers that sent home for publication detailed descriptions of the long sought for and so often disputed ruins of Babylon; and to Sir Robert we are indebted as the first who has given correct views of those stupendous remains of antiquity. Besides the general map which he has affixed to his book of travels, he has executed a series of drawings, forming an accurate survey of the entire line of roads from Vlady Caucasus to Shiraz, and thence to Bagdat. These he has hitherto refrained from publishing; but they have been pronounced by persons of judgment and authority who have examined them, as of great importance and value in a military point of view.

Sir Robert does not derive his knighthood from the possession of a foreign order, as many suppose. That honour he received from his late Majesty George the Fourth when Prince Regent; and subsequently he has had the stars and crosses of several foreign orders added to that distinction. His last expedition into remote lands was in following the footsteps of his friend the distinguished Baron Humboldt to South America.

We now return to his interesting sisters, Jane and Anna Maria, both of whom, at the youthful years of sixteen and seventeen respectively, had appeared before the world as authors. The subject of our memoir, who was the elder of the two, made her literary *debut* by the publication of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," a novel, or more strictly speaking, a romance, in four volumes. Considering the time, and the age at which it was written, this cannot fail to be regarded as a very extraordinary work—a great proof of which may be found in its retaining to this day its popularity, after a probation of twenty-seven years. Indeed, our assertion can scarcely be disputed, that this work was probably the very first of the kind, which, blending history and fiction together, introduced them into the same story. This was done with such an air of simple reality and vraisemblance throughout, that by many it has been read as a narrative of actual facts. Indeed we defy scrutiny to point out to us in may parts where the former ends, or the latter begins.

General Gardiner, who was British minister at Warsaw during the calamitous period to Poland, to which the tale relates, has been heard to express his surprise how Miss Porter should have chanced to be at that time resident in that capital without his knowledge of such a fact—not believing that any save an eye-witness could have described what actually happened there, in the manner which characterizes that spirited work. She has received many compliments to the fidelity of her pen from poor dismembered Poland, and amongst the rest a curious gold ring, which was used as a rallying sign among the patriots during their awful struggle for independence. To enhance the value of the gift, it was sent her by a nephew of the celebrated General Kosciusko.

The next essay of Miss Jane Porter as a writer, was our favourite romance, the "Scottish Chiefs;" and, in confirmation of our own sentiments in its praise, we have an ample support not only in its general popularity, but in the valuable testimony which that most competent judge, Miss Joanna Baillie, has borne to its merits in her volume of "Metrical Legends." On its first appearance, it made an almost electrical impression, especially throughout Scotland, and obtained for its gifted author many tributes of regard. Rings and crosses of the tree of Wallace were sent to her from the western counties—on the Continent, and in our colonies, her work obtained every mark of approbation—and from one of the German courts she received an honorary title, as a lady of the chapter of one of its chivalric orders. Both Thaddeus of Warsaw and the Scottish Chiefs have been translated into the German, French, and Italian languages.

Since the appearance of Wallace, Miss Porter has published two small volumes, under the title of "Sir Philip Sydney's Aphorisms," consisting of opinions and sentiments on moral, religious, and political subjects, selected from the various writings of that flower of chivalry, and a work to be considered as a valuable pocket companion to the young and enterprising, as it inculcates a line of conduct which it would be well for them to pursue, nerving them against all the freaks and frowns of fortune, by showing them that vice only is to be feared, and virtue to be sought after.

Our author's next appearance before the tribunal of fame was in the publication of the "Pastor's Fireside," in which, during the Stuart struggle, Duke Wharton and the famous Ripperda of Spain are the principal actors. Although this work lacks the youthful buoyancy and vigour of talent which distinguished its two precursors in the walks of imagination, it contains many striking passages, and some of the characters are well brought out. It obtained for its author the friendship of many high diplomatic characters, both in our own country and abroad, and, like Thaddeus and Wallace, has gone through several editions; all three being still regarded as stock books by the trade.

In the year 1823, she published "Duke Christian of Lunenburgh." The hero is of that branch of the family of Brunswick now in possession of the British throne. It is written in the same free and generous spirit of independence, tempered by genuine loyalty, which distinguishes her former productions, more especially her Scottish Chiefs, and which procured for that work the glory of being denounced to the flames by the Emperor Napoleon, then ruling over France with the tyranny of despotism.

"Duke Christian," however, though thus penned in the true British vein, experienced a widely different treatment from another absolute monarch, the late Emperor of Russia, who, on perusing it, wrote with his own hand a most gratifying letter to its author, and bore his testimony of commendation to her talents, and their application.

Her next publication was a joint production between her sister and herself, in two volumes, entitled "Tales round a Winter Hearth." It is an agreeable collection of stories, to which Miss Jane contributed the one named "Berenice's Pilgrimage," wherein she had an opportunity of making use of some interesting details in her brother's travels in the East.

Her last work, which is in a similar form, came out in 1828, and is in three volumes, of which her portion comprises one.

The "Field of the Forty Footsteps" is founded on an extraordinary legend, relating to a field in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, which has since been made the site of the New London University. It has been said that an observation in that story had so powerful an effect on the mind of a person of high talent and influence, as to have been the cause of his first suggesting the establishment of the King's College in London.

Of the portions which Miss Anna Maria Porter contributed to these two works, we need not at present take any particular notice. Meanwhile, we conclude this little memoir of our favourite Miss Jane, by adding that they both reside under the roof of their venerable and excellent mother, who, as we before mentioned, is at the "green old age" of eighty-four, having been born in the memorable year of the Chevalier's rebellion. Their abode is situated in the pleasant village of Exeter, in Surrey, a place celebrated of old by Shakspeare as the favourite country residence of Cardinal Wolsey, and in more recent times by our own poet of nature, Thomson, as one of the loveliest spots in England.*

SCOTTISH DUKES.

ROXBURGHE.

This family, like that of Buccleuch, presents the phenomenon of a predatory knight emerging from the times of turmoil into those of civilization, with large border estates, which, acquiring a sudden value from the changed circumstances of the time, conferred importance and obtained title. The ancestor of the Roxburghe family, little more than two centuries ago, was only Laird of Cessford, or more commonly called *Gudeman o' Halyden*. As a border proprietor, however, he was little inferior to Buccleuch, and he has the superior dignity of a descent from Anglo-Norman lineage. Cessford, the first seat of the family, is a tower within the frontier range of the Cheviots: Halyden is now a lonely unmarked spot near Melrose. The first man of great public eminence was Sir Robert Ker of Cessford, who was born in 1570, and is described in Sir Robert Cary's Memoirs as a brave and active young man. He was a warden of the marches, and distinguished himself so highly in that capacity as to be ennobled, before the year 1600, under the title of Lord Roxburghe. In 1603, he was one of the few Scotch noblemen whom James the Sixth took along with him to England—a circumstance which marks his great personal importance as one of the royal counsellors. In 1616, he was created Earl of Roxburghe, and, in 1637, was made Lord Privy Seal. In the riot which took place, July 23, that year, on occasion of the new liturgy being introduced at St Giles's Church, Edinburgh, his lordship was the means of saving the bishop, by taking him into his coach, and driving him off to Holyrood-house; on which occasion, however, he was only protected by his servants drawing their swords against the populace. The earl acted throughout the civil wars as a royalist, but in a very prudent way, and died peaceably in 1650, in the 80th year of his age. His male issue having died before him, his titles and estates were inherited by his daughter's son, Sir William Drummond, son of the Earl of Perth, who, as required by the entail, married his cousin, Lady Jean Ker, a grandaughter of the earl by one of his sons. The son of this pair, Robert third Earl of Roxburghe, was drowned in 1682, in coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York. What is certainly very remarkable, his countess, who was the eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Tweeddale, survived him in constant widowhood for the long period of seventy-one years, only dying at Broomlands, near Kelso, in 1753. This ancient heiress is said to have been the heroine of the Scottish song called "John Hay's Bonnie Lassie." Her walking-stick is still preserved at Fleurs. Her two sons, Robert and John, enjoyed the title in succession. The latter, in 1707, was created duke, in consideration of his zeal for the Union. He was afterwards secretary of state for Scotland, and made a distinguished figure under the administration of Walpole. The third duke, grandson to this nobleman, was the celebrated bibliomaniac, whose library, on being sold after his death in 1804, realised a prodigious sum. That nobleman never married, having been disappointed in an attachment to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, whom he had seen on his travels, and who was only prevented from marrying him in consequence of the brilliant destiny of her younger sister, the queen of George the Third. German etiquette forbade this match, it being thought improper that the elder should be a subject of the younger sister. The duke was succeeded by his cousin, Lord Bellenden, who died next year. The title and estates then devolved, after a tedious law-plea, upon Sir James Innes Ker, descended from a daughter of Lord Hary, the son of the first earl.

* Abridged from the Edinburgh Literary Gazette, 1829.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

My great-grandmother was not of a cynical or austere disposition, but rather cheerful, talkative, and benevolent. In this, I must confess, she differed from many other old Scottish ladies of her time, whose character, in general, displayed a very bitter rind. But it could be accounted for, on the supposition that all the natural affections of her heart had been developed and brought into action by her numerous domestic relations, and had not again been chilled or soured by accidental circumstances. Fortunately for me, in all our intercourse she was uniformly kind and communicative.

The three months which I spent with her ladyship, previous to engaging in the unsentimental horrors of the High School, were assuredly the most pleasant of my life. They were almost altogether devoted by us both to my initiation in all the mysterious family secrets of my ancestry, to her relations of which my juvenile curiosity ever inclined a willing and ready ear. My great-grandmother's memory reached back quite distinctly to the era of the Union, when she was a girl of eight years of age, and she preserved all the more remote reminiscences of her father, who had been in public life a short while after the Restoration. She had anecdotes at third hand of the Civil Wars, and even a few shadowy outlines of the time of James the Sixth. From her husband, who held a high judicial office in the reign of George the First, she had derived many interesting anecdotes of the government of Scotland, from the Union downwards; and from her early female acquaintance, she had picked up as much legendary scandal of the latter end of the seventeenth century, as is perhaps at this moment afloat respecting the whole world of our own day. All these traditionary stores were faithfully committed to my memory, which thus became encumbered with many unintelligible, but yet distinctly impressed pictures, of which the real meaning has only since dawned upon me gradually, as I grew up, and as I happened to find them illustrated in the course of historical researches.

Imagine the delicious dreams of romance in which I thus indulged. I was raw from my country castle, where a venerable copy of Buchanan's Scotland, with portraits of the Roberts and the Jameses (almost my only reading), had given my mind a decided turn for retrospective contemplation, and where my other great-grandmother's ballads had tinged my whole soul with the brilliant hues of romance. My temperament was naturally lively and fanciful, and here, placed in very contact with one who had herself seen an age of something like chivalry, and been in the presence of others who had almost seen it in its vigour, I felt as if I lived a century before my time, and moved amidst the awful ghosts of those whom I had ever been accustomed to think of as the heroes of an inconceivably glorious age, long passed from mortal ken.

This passion—for in me it amounted to such—was fed in no small degree by my great-grandmother taking me to visit many of the real scenes of her stories, which were neither more nor less than the streets, closes, and houses of the Old Town of Edinburgh. This very curious and wonderful place, of which she preserved innumerable local anecdotes, always filled me with a sort of awe. The first *close* I ever entered was that memorable one in which the old Episcopal chapel was situated, where the narrowness of the passage, its tortuosity, the stupendous height of the buildings on both sides, their black and antique appearance, the religious rubrics here and there interspersed, and the projections above, which scarcely left an inch of sky in view of a spectator from the bottom, overwhelmed me with an indefinable feeling of more than admiration. My great-grandmother, in time, and as her increasing infirmities would permit, walked with me through many such, and pointed out what had in her early days been the residences of the noble and the wealthy, and were now reduced, by the change of manners and fashions, to accommodate only the mechanic and the poor. There was scarcely a *close* of which she could not tell some strange traditionary anecdote. She once pointed out a recess in a *court* somewhere behind the Lawnmarket, where, when a

girl, she had one night seen two gentlemen fight each other with swords, for a good while, till one of them fell, and the other fled. "We were all horror-struck," she said; "for there happened to be no man person in the house to go out and part them, except the livery laddie, that wadna steer frae the kitchen-neuk; but, hearing the groans of the wounded gentleman, we ladies went down stairs in a body, with candles, and found him dead, for the sword had gone quite through his back, and the gutter ran with blood down (as we afterwards heard) to the very North Loch. He was a lord's son, and there was a feud about him between his family and somebody that was blamed for his death, many a long day after. Never shall I forget that night—there's the very step, outside of that stair-fit, that his head was lying on, wi' its lang curled hair and thrawn white face, when we came down and saw him!" As I shuddered at this fearful sketch of past times, and gazed on the localities with a strange and thrilling interest, she pulled me away with her stout bony arm, calling me, in her old homely phrase, a "daft callant," though I know she was in secret immensely pleased at the attention which I paid to her stories.

I was greatly struck one day, in the course of a tour through some very antique and ruinous places, when her ladyship happened to stumble upon the house in which, at a ball, she had fallen in love with her husband. It was a good way up stairs, and so mean-looking an abode, that I could not imagine the possibility of its ever having been the scene of fashionable revels. On ascending to the proper height, we entered a lobby, of which the walls were coloured with a blotched and dirty white, and begrimed all around. From this several doors and passages branched off; and it was evident that each of these doors gave entrance to the habitation of a separate family. Her ladyship was at first puzzled how to proceed, for, though in her youth she had been quite familiar with the house, it now appeared that the internal arrangements had been altered, and many subdivisions had taken place, so that the original apartments could scarcely be recognised. One thing she was quite clear upon, and that was, that the dancing-room had windows which overlooked the North Loch, "for I mind," said she, "after I had danced the first dance with my dear lord, he handed me to a seat in the neuk o' the window, and there sat gently down beside me. I looked ower to Bareford's Parks (for it was a simmer evening, and not dark), pretendin', wi' my tale, no to heed him, but to be quite ta'en up wi' the bits o' innocent lambs that were a' daunderin' about the place, where there's naething noo but a big starin' New Toon, as they ca't, fu' o' wylie-tod writers. And my lord observed me looking at the lambs—oh, he was a pleasant man, and then very young, and new put on the bench; yet he was grave and learned beyond his years; and it ill set a man o' his character and profession to speak silly things to a silly lassie, that had naething but vanity and nonsense in her head. However, he was sae anxious to please me, that he began and spak some havers about innocence, and pastoral life, and the sweetness o' thae bonny creatures that I saw ower the Loch. Now, I wasna thinkin' at a' about either ae thing or anither a' the time but himsell, and was just in a kind o' reverie about him indeed; but at last, hearin' him speak about the *sweetness* o' the lambs, and seein' him point out a particular ane, that looked very plump and happy, I was obliged to muster up some answer to his lordship, and, in my confusion, what d'ye think I said, Sandy? Man, I drew a lang breath, and said, 'Yes, my lord, I daresay that ane wad mak' a very sweet *lamb pie!*' My Arcadian swain was quite dumbfounded, and I heard him ejaculate, 'Oh, Lord!' in a kind o' horror. But I soon brought him about again, and matters a' proceeded gaily eneugh for a few months, when we were happily married."

We proceeded to explore one of the dark passages before us, and knocking at a door, which was opened by a little girl, entered a small apartment with one window, which in reality did command a view of the New Town. Upon our entrance, an aged spectacled dame, in coarse but clean clothes, rose from a table at which she appeared to be reading a large Family Bible, and coming forward, respectfully inquired our business. My great-grandmother, apologizing for our intrusion, briefly stated that curiosity respecting this very remarkable old house, which had been the habitation of some of her best and earliest friends, was the sole occasion of our visit, and expressed a hope that the few moments of our stay would not put her to much inconvenience. The woman, who seemed to be the retired servant of some person of rank, replied, in very polite terms, that we were exceedingly welcome to gratify our curiosity, and even proceeded to *chaperone* us round the apartment, of which the roof and cornices, as she showed us, were ornamented with curious stucco-work. But my great-grandmother expressed little curiosity respecting these, which she declared to be modern-antiques, and begged to be allowed to sit a few moments in the recess of the window, which she recognised to be that through which she had seen the lambs of Bareford's Parks. A chair being placed, her ladyship sat down with feelings evidently not a little excited, while the old woman retired to the other end of the room, and I stood silent at a little distance, in expectation of her remarks upon the scene.

"Yes, yes, Alexander," said she, "this is the very window I spoke of; for, in this thick old pane, I see—what I remember having then seen—the name of my school-acquaintance, the Hon. George ——, who was the second son of the noble proprietor of this house. A gallant young man he was, and was killed in a duel at Leyden, when studying there for the Scots bar. Here sat I, seventy-four years ago, a light lassie o' sixteen, wi' the bloom on my cheek and pride in my heart; and there sat my future husband, your great-grandfather, Lord Kittleghame, that has been in his grave sin' the year twenty-nine. Little did I then think of sitting here again at this time of day, an auld wife, with a great-grandchild by my side, and sic a changed warld a' round me. Gin Thomas the Rhymer himsell had told me what was to come to pass, I wad have ca'd him a haverin fool. But naebody can imagine strange enough things for futurity no to bring about. There's that New Town, that naebody thought would ever be a town at all—ye see, it's half a mile lang already, and may be a hale ane or they be done wi't. Nay, they're maybe born that shall see it ta'en down to the sea, and even ower to Fife, nae sayin'; and then the Frith of Forth will be a kind o' new North Loch for them to mak' briggs ower. Speakin' o' the Nor' Loch, there was a story told i' my day, that a poor old woman once attempted to drown herself in it, but was prevented in a very singular way. She waded in a gay bit, till her large wide stiff hoop, being buoyed up by the water, carried her off her feet, and then the wind blew her away across the Loch, quite safe and erect, but cryin' a' the time for help; and when she landed on the other side, she was completely reconceeled to life, and it is said she lived with her family for many years after, though she never got another name till her deein' day, but *Nor' Loch Tibbie.*

"But that's no to the point," continued my great-grandmother, looking round the room, and surveying its humble furniture. "To think o' this house, that was ance the entailed property and residence of Lord ——, and was said to have been built for a town-house to his ancestor the Regent ——, being now such a wretched abode! It is dreadful. Ah, the many gay and grand sights that I have seen here! This was a large room then, and the panels were a' covered with beautiful paintings and mirrors. I have seen country dances here, with six-and-thirty couples in them. A' the nobility o' the town used to come, and ladies with such hoops, that they could not stand closer to each other than at arm's length, while their heads were dressed up like the very Tower o' Babel itsell. My troth, dress was dress in thae days! There was a band o' musicians at that end—violin players, amateur and professional, without number, with the ingenious MacGibbon on the hautboy, and the lively-fingered Crumbden on the harpsichord. Some gentlemen of birth and fortune, between the dances, entertained the company with gratuitous performances on their own favourite instruments, accompanied by ladies who could sing. There was Mr Falconer of Phesdo on the flute, Mr Seton of Pitmeddin on the violin, and Mr Chrystie of Newhall on the viol de gambo; and as for ladies, there were some of Crumbden's pupils, whose very granddaughters have, to this day, a finer hand upon the harpsichord than others. No such agreeable gentlemen or ladies now-a-days, nor such music neither! There were naething then in vogue but gude auld Scots airs, such as *Gilderoy, I'll never leave thee—She rose and let me in,* and *The bridegroom grat,* which were a' played in as simple a style as when they were first uttered by their shepherd-authors on the mountain side. Miss Baillie of Jarviswood, afterwards Lady Murray of Stanhope—though her father was a Whig, I maun do her justice in this—she sung the plaintive sang of Tweedside—not the new-fangled lad Crawford's version, but my Lord Yester's—in so sweet and touching a manner, that aye when she came to the last line o' the verse, 'I'll lay my banes far frae the Tweed,' the hale company shed tears; and indeed naebody could bear to hear her sing it, for they were sae sure of making fools of themselves before it was done. She was certainly a sweet creature, Lady Murray, and could write fine sangs hersell; we were always on good terms, and used to criticise each other's verses with great good humour. She was ill-set wi' Sir Alexander, who was quite mad. She once told me, that the first of their unhappy quarrels took place three or four days after they were married—it was i' the year ten, and that makes me an auld woman. They came to live in the Parliament Square, which was not then altogether rebuilt after the great fire o' the year naething: and upon Lady Murray expressing some uneasiness at the disturbance occasioned by the sound o' the masons' hammers i' the morning before rising, Sir Alexander told her that it was a very pleasant sound, and that she must just endeavour to think it so, else there would be nae peace between them. Was na that fine treatment for a young wife i' the hinneymoon? But I'm wanderin', as usual, frae the point. Ay, ay, I was describing the entertainments gien at balls in thae days. However, I see we're just disturbing this good woman, and it is time we were hame at Teviot Row, to prepare for the ladies I expect to-night to tea and cards."

She rose, and moved into the centre of the apartment, when, as she stood a few moments in conversation with the old woman of the house, I could not help contrasting in idea her tall, antique, faded figure, half stooping over her black square-headed cane, and surrounded by the humble furniture of a poor dwelling, with the bewitching loveliness and stately graces which were ascribed to her person in youth, when she moved here, the centre of a whole system of animated beauties, now long forgotten in the dust, and giving additional charms to a scene of magnificent festivity.

> She seem'd like one who treads alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted,
> Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
> And all but she departed.

The old woman soon getting into the full tide of gossip with my venerable relation, we were detained a few minutes, during which it turned out, that this aged person had been head-servant to the noble family who formerly possessed this mansion, and now lived retired in one of its garrets, upon a small pension allowed to her by one of its members, who had survived with life and fortune the wrecking period of the *Forty-five.* She seemed a complete specimen of the old Scottish domestic—attached, garrulous, and polite. She had a formality in her manner, which went far beyond the utmost limits of modern good breeding, and, though miserably infirm, was not without a certain degree of stateliness in her personal appearance. She was dressed with remarkable neatness, and wore a necklace of *lammer beads,* to which a small crucifix of gold was attached. What rendered her at once interesting in my romantic eyes, she had been wounded, in the year 1745, by a shot from the castle, directed at the coach of her rebellious master, in which she was, when it entered the city, in broad day, by the West Port, then in possession of a Highland guard; and she could tell many anecdotes of that year, so remarkable for having heard the last faint trumpet-note of aspiring chivalry. She had entered the service of the —— family when she was a girl; had lived many happy years with them in this then splendid house, previous to that unhappy occasion: after which, she accompanied them abroad, saw them all die out, one by one, with broken hearts and ruined fortunes, and then returned to end her own days amidst the ruins of their former abode. My great-grandmother asked many questions respecting the family, which the old woman could not answer, except at great length and with tears. There was only one anecdote of a ludicrous nature, and that respected the preservation of her present supporter, who was a nephew of the last lord, and now enjoyed part of his estates. Lady —— was very averse to her husband's design of joining the rebels, and when his nephew came to Edinburgh to accompany him away, ordered her maid to put boiling water into his lordship's boots, so that, when he came to draw them on, he might incapacitate at least one foot for the expedition. By mistake, the maid bestowed the boiling water upon the nephew's boots, which stood in the kitchen beside her master's; and the consequence was, that, while his lordship went away laughing at his nephew's misfortune, the young gentleman remained at home, escaped the perils of the rebellion, and afterwards inherited some of the possessions which his brave uncle forfeited. Many other anecdotes we heard; but my great-grandmother at last took her leave, promising that I should call some future day, with a token of her regard, and in order that I might hear out the rest of her interesting stories.

SPENDING MONEY.

It is inconceivable what a deal of money is thrown away by young people in what are called "trifling sums"—in shillings, sixpences, threepences, and even pennies. A great deal more, indeed, is expended by them in this small way, than in sums of a larger amount; mostly, too, in a way that tends to no real good, generally on mere superfluities, things which might, by the least possible exertion of self-denial, be dispensed with, and never missed. This remark applies more especially to that class of youths familiarly recognised as "young men about town," who, with two or three spare hours per day on their hands, and two or three spare shillings at all times in their pockets, are in a manner beguiled into the practice of spending money by way of pastime. We do not here allude to those who have been born to a competency, although even these will not, we think, be the worse of attending to us for a few minutes. Our remarks are meant for the other, and by far the larger portion of the rising generation, who, by inheritance or otherwise, have just sufficient to give them a good education, and put them in a "respectable way of doing."

Spending money uselessly, is, in some, merely a bad habit; in others, it is a matter of *vanity.* In all, however, it originally proceeds chiefly from thoughtlessness and want of calculation as to the amount of all the little items spent when added together, and how deeply, though almost imperceptibly, they eat into the amount of their annual receipts. The sums, viewed separately, appear so very insignificant! And as to looking at them in the aggregate, that is never attempted; for who could have patience to keep an account of all the odd pence, threepences, sixpences, and shillings, expended from day to day, in all varie-

ties of ways, for a whole twelvemonth? The time thus employed would be a greater waste than the money spent! It is thus, however, that many a young man, who is in the habit of receiving his earnings in that pernicious and deceitful way of "just as he might need them," finds himself perfectly confounded on discovering, at the twelvemonth's end, that he had not only overdrawn his due, but had not a penny laid by to answer the obligations which then came to be liquidated. After the first pause of surprise, he begins to comfort himself with the suspicion that there *must* be an error *somewhere* in the accounts either *pro* or *con*. He examines every item individually with a nervous and irritable impatience; adds them together, first upwards and then downwards; but, alas! his skill in the science of notation avails him nothing; the quotient still comes out the same, with most unsympathising accuracy. How could this possibly happen? And then he proceeds to review his mode of living—possibly with some degree of self-approbation. His fare has been uniformly frugal, his lodgings cheap, and he is addicted to no dissipated or expensive habits. He may perhaps recollect of treating himself to various luxuries; but still every thing added together does not come within L.10 or L.12 of the deficit; and these L.10 or L.12 would just clear off his tailor's and shoemaker's bills, and make him a free man. How so much money could have slipped through his fingers, he is utterly at a loss to conceive; he entirely forgets all the odd threepences, sixpences, and shillings, thrown away in the manner we have alluded to; or, if a vague recollection of a few such things does come athwart him, he rejects the idea of their having occasioned so large a deficit as an utter impossibility. There, however, it stares him in the face, and must be made up. His heart sinks within him, and he experiences that (when felt for the first time) perhaps most intolerable and oppressive of all human sensations—the consciousness of being in debt. This is a perilous moment in his career. There is nothing so apt to crush the buoyant spirit of a young man of sensitive feelings to the very earth, or drive him into excess, as this first torturing feeling of being at the mercy of another—a debtor. The parents, guardians, or other wellwishers of a young man, who has thus, through folly, thoughtlessness, or even a temporary lapse into dissipation, placed himself in such a predicament, would do well to get him extricated from it as speedily as possible. Lay what restrictions they will on him afterwards—although, even in them, regard must be paid to the temper and disposition to be operated on, and that they be laid on less as a punishment for the past, than a precaution against future errors; but, as they wish him well, let them draw him back from the edge of the abyss in the meantime. He is far more likely to set about a reformation of any evil habit with resolution and effect, when unoppressed with the harassing consequences of his former indiscretion. Besides, his good resolves are quickened and kept alive by the glowing feeling of gratitude he cherishes towards his succourer, whose good opinion he will fear to lose by a second act of folly.

In the catalogue of human follies, there is none for which the instructors of youth ought to impress a greater abhorrence on the minds of their pupils, than—getting in debt. But if the mischief be already to a certain extent committed, the next object ought decidedly to be—how to remedy it. There are many young men, naturally of the best dispositions and moral habits, in a manner driven into the broad path by an ill-judged over-severity and illiberality being practised towards them. Let us not be supposed for a moment as trying to palliate the follies of youth; quite the reverse. But there never was a saying of more practical wisdom than that of the late Dr Gregory, that "it is impossible to place old heads on young shoulders;" and he who thinks, by means of sheer coercion and threats, to instil into sixteen the gravity and solidity of sixty, had needs beware that he does not either altogether extinguish the spirit he seeks, but to moderate or excite it into a fiercer blaze.

Your spender from *vanity*, again, is a less hopeful, and altogether less interesting character than the foregoing. His folly is more systematic, more selfish—for vanity and selfishness are always concomitant—and when once fairly into the stream, his besetting sin will deter him from making any effort to retrieve himself. He will suffer any private inconvenience, and resolutely shut his heart against the importunities of a *dun*, rather than abate one jot of the showiness of his exterior, or abridge any one of his habitual ostentatious indulgences. Thus do we daily see hundreds of "genteel young men," in the principal walks of our city, who, by their air, think themselves the very lords paramount of creation, and yet are shamefully and senselessly spending money they never gained, and never had the wit to gain—squandering upon momentary and dishonourable gratifications an endless succession of what they consider "small sums"—that is to say, sowing upon the winds, to be never again reaped, what, if husbanded with moderate economy, might in larger forms have added to their real dignity, and perhaps their prosperity in life. Thousands thus live without ever acquiring the reputation they perhaps aim at—that of being thought in high circumstances; while others, who spend seldomer, but to better purpose, get a good character for a fifth of the money. There is no branch of domestic life where we see men so far behind in general, as in the art of spending. For our own part, we have an absolute horror at calls for little sums, and can disburse pounds with unconcern, when we would hesitate very much about sixpences. We know very well that large sums cannot be often spent without speaking for themselves; but this insidious system of twopences—it is like making a man perspire to death, without his ever knowing what is the matter with him. Truly might Poor Richard say, Take care of your pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.

We have often thought, that, if the habitual small spenders had some mental ready reckoner, to show them, at a thought, and without putting them to the trouble of using "black and white" in the matter, the consequences of all these little spendings, and the amount they run up to in a twelvemonth, they would often replace the half-drawn-out coin in their pocket, and have the satisfaction of reflecting, after the moment of temptation is past, that they are so much the richer. For instance, if they had an Arithmetical Mentor, that would quietly hint to them, when about to throw away sixpences on some superfluity, that that sum per day is just L.9, 2s. 6d. a-year, if fourpence, L.6, 1s. 8d., or, say threepence-halfpenny, L.5, 6s. 5½d., the loose copper and sixpences which appeared so trifling would assume an importance they little dreamt of before. It is for the purpose of supplying such a *desideratum* that we began this article. The mental calculation by which it is done is novel and curious, and the very ingenuity of it sufficient to entice the mind to its exercise.

It is thus:—

Set down the pence spent per day—say sixpence—as pounds per year -	L.6	0	0
To that add a half - - - - -	3	0	0
These sums added together, show what 6d. per day comes to in 360 days, viz. -	9	0	0
To which, of course, falls to be added five sixpences for the five remaining days to complete the year—or - - - -	0	2	6
So that sixpence spent per day is just per year - - - - - - -	L.9	2	6
Or let us suppose 1s. per day:—			
Twelve pence is - - - - -	L.12	0	0
A half is - - - - - - -	6	0	0
And the shillings for the five odd days is, of course, just - -	0	5	0
Amount per year - - -	L.18	5	0

The principle of this convenient rule is perfectly simple and intelligible. It proceeds thus—that as there are just 240 pence in a pound, a penny per day for 240 days must just amount to that sum. If to it be added a half, or the pennies for 120 days, it brings out the amount for 360 days, or within five days of a year. The number of pence for these odd five days are, of course, easily added.

We hope this is a sufficiently simple explanation of the principle of our "Arithmetical Mentor," which, it will be seen, may be found useful in more ways, and by many other descriptions of persons besides those for whose benefit we specially intend it—such as calculating the amount of limited pensions, half-pay, labourers' wages, &c. for a twelvemonth; which, although very well known, perhaps, to the individuals giving and receiving, may not, at first sight, be equally apparent to others. The principle, indeed, may be extended to any length; but we have, in the above, stated enough for our present purpose. By putting the foregoing rule religiously in requisition, whenever a fit of spending assails him, many a young man may not only keep clear of debt, but, by abridging only a few habitual frivolous indulgences, have a surplus for laying out in a rational way when required—to say nothing of the wholesome exercise of his mental faculties in the process of calculation.

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION TO THE POLAR SEA, IN 1819, 1820, 1821.*

While Parry was exploring a passage across the Polar Sea towards the Pacific Ocean, in order to determine the character of the extreme northern coasts of the continent of America, Captain Franklin was appointed to ascertain the actual position of the mouth of the Copper-mine River, and the trending of the shores of the Polar Sea to the eastward of it. The Copper-mine River flows into the sea at a part of the shore west from the undiscovered tract; and it was, therefore, for the purpose of completing the knowledge of the sea line eastward to Hudson's Bay, or some other inlet of the Atlantic, that this expedition was undertaken. Franklin was accompanied by Dr Richardson, a naval surgeon well skilled in natural history, Mr Hood, and Mr Back, two Admiralty midshipmen, and by two steady English seamen. This little party embarked on the 23d of May 1819; and, after engaging four boatmen at Stromness to assist their progress up the rivers of America, they arrived at York Factory, on the shoes of Hudson's Bay, on the 30th of August. On the 9th of September, the party proceeded on their journey from York Factory, sailing up a river leading to Lake Winnipeg, and from thence, by another river tributary to that lake, to Cumberland House. This place is situated in a central part of the North American continent. The object was now to proceed directly northward, on a long and perilous expedition towards Fort Chepeywan, which is another well-known point in this dreary waste. The part of the world through which the travellers were now proceeding, is, both in superficial character and population, nearly a wilderness, being one wide-extended waste of snows, thinly inhabited by straggling Indians, who live by serving the purposes of the Fur Companies. Hardly any thing but the noble desire of gaining fame, by adding to the stock of human knowledge, could have sustained a party of Europeans, travelling in so dismal a country, where the thermometer is frequently at 40° and even 50° below zero, and locomotion is only to be accomplished with the utmost pain and difficulty.

With the view of reaching Fort Chepeywan, Captain Franklin and Lieutenant Back set out on the 18th of January 1820, leaving Dr Richardson and Mr Hood to bring up their baggage in the spring. The object of this perilous winter journey was to prevent delay at Chepeywan, in the preparations necessary for their ulterior proceedings. Travelling at this season, and in this dreary territory, can only be performed on sledges by dogs, or by walking in snow shoes. The settlers attach to the former a covering of leather to protect the lower part of the body, and when "beautified" with a little paint and a few trifling ornaments, the sledge assumes the name of *cariole*. Every traveller takes care to supply himself with a pair of snow-shoes, a blanket, hatchet, steel, flint, and tinder, and generally with fire-arms. In mounting his cariole, he puts on a *capot*, or large skin cloak with a hood, a fur cap, leathern trousers and Indian stockings and mocassins. Three dogs will draw a weight, besides that of the sledge, of three hundred pounds, at the rate of two miles and a half an hour, or about fifteen miles a-day, when the snow is hard frozen. To the inexperienced, the suffering occasioned by walking in snow-shoes appears to be dreadful, and, as Captain Franklin says, "can be but faintly imagined by a person who thinks upon the inconvenience of marching with a weight of between two and three pounds constantly attached to galled feet and swelled ankles." This mode of travelling is feelingly described by Lieutenant Hood:—"The miseries endured during the first journey of this nature are so great, that nothing could induce the sufferer to undertake a second, while under the influence of present pain. He feels his frame crushed by unaccountable pressure, he drags a galling and stubborn weight at his feet, and his track is marked with blood. The dazzling scene around him affords no rest to his eye, no object to divert his attention from his own agonizing sensations. When he rises from sleep, half his body seems dead, till quickened into feeling by the irritation of his sores. But, fortunately for him, no evil makes an impression so evanescent as pain. It cannot be wholly banished, nor recalled with the force of reality, by any act of the mind, either to affect our determination, or to sympathize with another. The traveller soon forgets his sufferings, and at every future journey their recurrence is attended with diminished acuteness."

On halting for the night, the first operation, in the Canadian phrase, is that of "flooring the hut." It consists in clearing away the snow, and covering the ground with pine branches, upon which the travellers spread their blankets, skins, cloaks, and coats. The sleeping place being thus arranged, the next step is to send out parties to collect a sufficiency of wood to serve as fuel for the night; the fire is then allowed to be kindled, the sledges are unstowed, the dogs unharnessed, and the provisions hung upon the trees, out of the reach of these voracious animals. Supper is then cooked; the Canadian voyagers amuse themselves by singing and recounting their former adventures; they then coil round the fire in the centre with their feet towards it, the dogs creep in among them wherever they can find a vacancy, receiving and communicating heat, and thus the whole party "enjoy a sound and comfortable repose, without any other canopy than the heavens, even though the thermometer should be far below zero.

In journeys thus performed, the danger of the traveller is not so great from the severity of the cold as from the risk of perishing for want of food. The servants of the North-West Company are frequently obliged to set out in search of the hunting parties of Indians, to receive the furs which they may have collected. A snow-storm arises, they lose all traces of them, miss their way, and are very often driven to the last resource of killing their dogs for food. The Indians themselves are frequently reduced to the last extremity, and even to death, by famine.

Notwithstanding all dangers and distresses, Franklin and Back arrived safely at Fort Chepeywan on the 26th of March, and some weeks thereafter were joined by Richardson and Hood, who had experienced equal annoyances in the spring, from the flights of stinging insects which beset their path. The whole party, with their Indian hunters, set out on the 18th of July for the northward, in the hope that, before the season should expire, they might be enabled to fix their winter quarters at the mouth of the Copper-mine River, and to avail themselves of the earliest period of the following spring to explore the coast of the Polar Sea to the eastward. But so great and so numerous were the difficulties experienced from the

* This article is reduced from the abstract of Captain Franklin's work in the Quarterly Review.

scarcity of provisions, and from the impediments in the navigation of the numerous rivers and lakes, on account of the rapids of the one and the shallows of the other, together with the frequent portages, that their progress was exceedingly slow and tedious; and they did not arrive at the spot where it was found necessary to hut themselves for the winter, and which was distant from Chepeywan about 550 miles, before the 20th of August. With regard to the interruptions from the portages, or land-ferries, as they might be called, they became more frequent, and the dragging of the boats more fatiguing, in proportion as they advanced to the northward; and thus the sufferings of the people from want of sufficient sustenance were greatly aggravated. It not unfrequently happened that in one day they had to load and unload the canoes and to transport them and the baggage over five or six of these portages.

Captain Franklin, finding it now too late to proceed to the mouth of the Copper-mine River, was obliged to winter at this spot; and, in the meantime, Mr Back, with a small party, had to return all the way to Chepeywan for further provisions and necessaries, which he did not return with till the 17th March next year. It was not till the 14th of June that the Indians considered the ice to have sufficiently broken up in the Copper-mine River, to admit of its being navigated by canoes. By this time their stock of provisions was pretty nearly exhausted, and it became evident that their future subsistence must depend on the success of the hunters, as they proceeded down the river; these hunters, however, as the time of departure approached, began to manifest a decided reluctance to proceed.

At length, all difficulties being surmounted, the whole party proceeded to the Copper-mine River, which, like all those which they had hitherto navigated, was full of rocks, rapids, and shoals, and in many places bridged with large masses of ice. The grassy plains on either side, however, abounded with game, particularly with that singular little animal known by the name of the musk ox, of which they killed a great number, but all of them lean, and the flesh by no means palatable.

About the middle of the ensuing month, the party reached the bottom of the river, and had a view of the Polar Sea, which, however, alarmed some of them a good deal, as it was now necessary to trust themselves to it, while they explored their way eastwards. The idea of launching upon an icy sea in slender bark canoes—the roughness of the water—the uncertainty of procuring provisions—the exposure to cold, where no fuel could be expected—produced despondency in all except John Hepburn, a sailor, to whom the sea was as an old friend, from whom he had been long estranged. In truth, when it is stated, that, at the advanced period of the 21st of July, twenty people, of whom fifteen had never seen salt water, launched upon the rough and chilly Hyperborean Ocean, in two miserable birch-bark canoes, with no more provision of all kinds than fifteen days' consumption, and with a voyage before them of not less than twelve hundred geographical miles (Fort Churchill being the very nearest spot at which they could hope to meet with a civilized human being), our readers may in some degree appreciate that a little alarm is not to be wondered at. Captain Franklin had, it is true, some faint hope of meeting with tribes of Esquimaux along the coast, with whom he might, if necessary, pass the winter; but not a human creature was seen, though the vestiges of habitations were occasionally visible.

By this voyage, Franklin added the coast of the Polar Sea, from longitude 115 to 107 W., to the stock of geographical knowledge, and increased the probability of a connection between the ocean in this direction and the branches of it already explored in connection with Hudson's and Baffin's Bays. The winter again approaching, it was found necessary to strike across the country towards Fort Enterprise, the nearest station of the North-West Fur Company, to which they had previously dispatched Mr Wentzel, to lay in provisions.

On the 5th of September, three days after commencing the land part of this journey, the party was surprised by the unusual and unexpected appearance of winter, in a heavy fall of snow. From this moment till the 26th of the month, three tedious weeks, they had to struggle against cold and boisterous weather; to walk through snow sometimes two feet deep, over a country which scarcely produced a shrub for fuel above six inches high; and to guess their way across an unknown land, unassisted by celestial observations (the sun being constantly hid except on two occasions): and, to add to their misery, they had before them the appalling sight of musk oxen, deer, and every other animal, and even the water fowl (alarmed at the snow), hurrying to the southward with the utmost speed. In this journey of twenty-one days, all the fresh meat which they could procure amounted only to five days' consumption; the sole resource for the rest of the time being the *tripe de roche*, a species of lichen which grows on the rocks: even this weed, unpalatable as it was, could not always be found, so that one scanty meal a-day was sometimes all that could be afforded, and several days were passed without eating at all.

The labours of the party, in dragging their burdens and themselves through the snow, did not end with the day. Though they had no food to prepare, it was absolutely necessary to have some little fire to thaw their frozen shoes at night; and it was no easy task to find and dig from under the snow a sufficient quantity of stunted bushes for this purpose. The fatigue and want of food had a very sensible effect on the strength and spirits of the Canadian voyageurs, both of which were painfully noticed to be sinking very rapidly; yet, encouraged by the officers, they endured, for a time, their miseries with as much patience as could be expected. At length, however, on finding the line of their route interrupted by frequent lakes, which required them to make circuitous journeys, and seeing no hope of speedily reaching their destined point, they began to despair of their safety, and, becoming alike indifferent to promises or threats, seemed to consider themselves as liberated from all control. To add to the misery which stared them in the face, one of the canoes was rendered useless by an accident, and soon after, through the inattention and insubordination of some of the party, the other was also dashed in pieces, though those who carried it knew, from the course of the Copper-mine River, that it would be essentially necessary to enable them to cross it.

On the 26th September, the whole party arrived on the banks of this river, and having killed five small deer, began to congratulate themselves on their good fortune in having procured as much fresh meat as, with due care, would serve them till their arrival at Fort Enterprise. The weather, too, had become mild, and the Canadians considered their misfortunes at an end; but, alas! they had not yet begun. In the midst of their joy they forgot, that, in their madness, they had deprived themselves of the only means of crossing the river which lay between them and the place of their destination. The shores of Point Lake were searched in vain for pines to make a raft. The next expedient was to collect fagots of dried willows, and with those to frame a sort of float; but this was found an unmanageable machine in a stream without the assistance of oars or poles. In short, eight whole days, mostly of fine weather (and the only fine weather they had) were consumed in devising means for crossing the Copper-mine River.

In this hopeless condition, with certain starvation staring them in the face, Dr Richardson, actuated by the noble desire of making a last effort for the safety of the party, undertook the hazardous enterprise of swimming across the stream (about 130 yards) with a line attached to his body, at a time when the mercury in the thermometer stood, in the air, below the freezing point, and in the water at 38°. He succeeded in reaching very nearly the opposite bank, when, benumbed with cold, he lost the power of moving his limbs, and was observed by his anxious companions to disappear beneath the surface. It may easily be imagined what their feelings were at this moment. They eagerly dragged him back by the line, and drew him out of the water with little or no hope of restoring animation. By wrapping the body in blankets, however, rubbing it, and laying it before a fire, he was at length restored to life, but, as might be supposed, remained for some time in a very enfeebled state.

No other person of the party could be found to repeat the experiment; but a kind of basket was at length constructed, which, when covered over with a few fragments of canvass they had luckily preserved, it was hoped might enable them to pass the river; but it was capable only of holding one person. In this basket, Percy St Germain, one of the interpreters, first volunteered to paddle over, carrying with him a line, and happily he succeeded; it was then drawn back, and a second crossed, and so on till the whole party had crossed over without any serious accident, though their frail vessel was filled with water at every traverse, and generally sunk before it reached the shore.

It was now the 4th of October, and they were within forty miles of Fort Enterprise; but the weather had again resumed its severity, the ground was covered with snow, the last morsel of their food was expended, and the whole party miserably reduced, by their recent scanty fare, and their exertions in crossing the river. Under these circumstances, Captain Franklin deemed it expedient to push forward Mr Back with three of the voyageurs in search of the Indians, who, it was hoped, would be found in the neighbourhood of Fort Enterprise. The following day the remainder moved forwards, and procured a meal of the tripe de roche, which produced, however, such distressing complaints on some of the party, and reduced them to such a state of weakness, as to oblige them to leave every thing except their personal baggage; and even with this, two of the people dropped behind, about the middle of the second day's march, utterly unable to proceed. Dr Richardson, weak as he was from his late exertion, went back in search of these two unfortunate men. He found one of them, at the distance of a mile and a half, lying exhausted in the snow, talking incoherently, and evidently in a dying state; but of the other he could discover no trace. On returning with this information, a halt was made, a fire kindled with a few stunted willows, and every argument used to induce the ablest of the party to endeavour to bring forward the poor man who had fallen, and renew the search for the other; but they all declared their utter inability; and, revolting as it was felt to humanity, both were of necessity abandoned to their fate.

As there was every reason to fear that others of the party would speedily sink under the combined pressure of famine, fatigue, and inclement weather, and as those who were strongest had renewed their threats of throwing down their loads, and pushing with their utmost speed for Fort Enterprise, though they knew not a foot of the way, Dr Richardson and Mr Hood generously proposed to halt at the first place that offered a supply of fire-wood, and, with the weak and worn-down of the party, to remain there till assistance should be sent to them from the fort. To this arrangement Captain Franklin reluctantly consented; but as he had every reason to hope that he should find a depôt of provisions at Fort Enterprise, and a band of Indians in the neighbourhood, according to the arrangement made with Mr Wentzel, he saw no other means of safety. The English seaman, John Hepburn, whose willing and attentive conduct on all occasions appears to be above all praise, volunteered to remain behind.

"The tent," says Captain Franklin, "being securely pitched, a few willows were collected, and the ammunition and all other articles deposited, except each man's clothing, one tent, a sufficiency of ammunition for the journey, and the officers' journals. I had only one blanket, which was carried for me, and two pairs of shoes. The offer was now made for any of the men who felt themselves too weak to proceed to remain with the officers, but none of them accepted it. Michel alone felt some inclination to do so. After we had united in thanksgiving and prayers to Almighty God, I separated from my companions, deeply afflicted that a train of melancholy circumstances should have demanded of me the severe trial of parting from friends in such a condition, who had become endeared to me by their constant kindness, and co-operation, and a participation of numerous sufferings. This trial I could not have been induced to undergo, but for the reasons they had so strongly urged the day before, to which my own judgment assented, and for the sanguine hope I felt of either finding a supply of provisions at Fort Enterprise, or meeting the Indians in the immediate vicinity of that place, according to my arrangements with Mr Wentzel and Akaitcho. Previously to our starting, Peltier and Benoit repeated their promises to return to them with provisions, if any should be found at the house, or to guide the Indians to them, if any were met."

The parting took place on the 7th October, at the distance of about twenty-four miles from Fort Enterprise; the party who proceeded with Captain Franklin consisted of eight persons besides himself, of whom two, feeling themselves unable to proceed, left him on the following day to return to Dr Richardson; the next day a third fainted; and a fourth, unable to go on, was sent back; but one of them only arrived (and arrived to add to their misery—it was Michel, the Iroquois); the other three were no more heard of. With the remaining four, Captain Franklin reached the fort on the evening of the 11th, in a state of complete exhaustion, having tasted no food for five days, excepting a single meal of tripe de roche. This was not the worst: to their utter sorrow and dismay, and as a fatal blow to every hope by which they had been animated, they found the place desolate—no provisions, no Mr Back, no Mr Wentzel, nor any letter from him to point out where the Indians were! not a trace of any living animal, and the ground covered with a greater depth of snow than it had been in the month of December the preceding year.

Recovered from the first shock of so dreadful a disappointment, a note was observed in the hand-writing of Mr Back, stating that he had reached the house on the 9th, and that he had gone on in search of the Indians. Four days after this, a messenger from him brought the exhausted party the woeful intelligence that his search had been unsuccessful. Solicitous for the fate which must inevitably await Dr Richardson and his party, unable to stir himself, from debility, and the only hunter he had with him falling sick, Captain Franklin's situation may more easily be conceived than expressed; he rallied his spirits, however, and after collecting some old shoes, scraps of leather, and skins with the hair singed off, their only food after reaching the house, he set out, with two of the Canadians, in quest of the Indians, but soon found himself utterly unable to proceed, and returned to the house of misery and desolation the following day. Hopeless, however, as in every way he appeared to be, this gallant officer never once uttered a murmur, nor gave himself up to despair. He dispatched two of the strongest to endeavour to find out the Indians, and inform them of their dreadful situation, and kept the other three, who were reduced to the last extremity, with himself.

Eighteen days were passed in this miserable condition, with no other food than the bones and skins of the deer which had been consumed the preceding winter, boiled down into a kind of soup; when, on the 29th October, Dr Richardson and John Hepburn made their appearance, but without the rest of the party.

"We were all shocked," says Captain Franklin, "on beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extreme debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for since the swellings had subsided, we were little more than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful if possible, unconscious that his own partook of the same key."

A history of the conclusion of this painful journey will be given in another number.

RANALD OF THE HENS.

Early in the sixteenth century, Macdonald of Clanranald married the daughter of Fraser Lord Lovat, and from this connection some very unfortunate consequences to both these powerful families followed. Soon after his marriage, Clanranald died, and left but one lawful son, who was bred and educated at Castle Donie, the seat of Lovat, under the care of his maternal grandfather. The name of the young chieftain was Ranald, and, unhappily for himself, he was distinguished by the appellation *Gaulta*, or Lowland, because Lovat's country was considered as approaching towards the manners, customs, and appearance of the Lowlands, compared to his own native land of Moidart, one of the most barren and mountainous districts in the Highlands.

Ranald was an accomplished youth, and promised to be an ornament to his family and his country; his disposition was amiable, and his appearance was much in his favour. When yet but a stripling, he visited his estate; and his people being desirous to give him the best reception in their power, he found at every house great entertainments were provided, and much expense incurred by the slaughter of cattle and other acts of extravagance, which appeared to Ranald very superfluous. He was a stranger to the customs of the country, and it would seem that he had no friendly or judicious counsellor. In an evil hour, he remarked that he was extremely averse to this ruinous practice, which he was convinced the people could ill afford; and said that, for his own part, he would be perfectly satisfied to dine on a fowl. Ranald had an illegitimate brother (or as some now say, an uncle's son), who was born and bred on the estate. He was many years older than the young Clanranald, and was possessed of very superior abilities in his way. He was active, brave, and ambitious, to which were added much address and shrewdness. Having always resided in Moidart, where he associated with the people, and had rendered himself very popular, he had acquired the appellation of *Ian Muidartich*, or John of Moidart, a much more endearing distinction than *Gaulta*.

The remark Ranald had made, as to the extravagance of his people, gave great offence; and the preference he gave to a fowl was conceived to indicate a mean sordid disposition unbecoming the representative of so great a family. John Muidartich and his friends encouraged these ideas, and Ranald was soon known by the yet more contemptuous appellation of Ranald of the Hens. He soon left Moidart, and again returned to his grandfather's house. His brother (and now his opponent) remained in that country, and he used all the means in his power to strengthen his interest. He married the daughter of Macdonald of Ardnamurchan, the head of a numerous and turbulent tribe, whose estate bordered on Moidart, and his intention to oppose Ranald became daily more evident. Several attempts were made by mutual friends to effect a compromise, but without any permanent effect. At length a conference between the brothers was appointed at Inverlochy, where Ranald attended, accompanied by old Lovat and a considerable body of his clan; but especially a very large portion of the principal gentlemen of his name were present. John also appeared; and to prevent any suspicion of violence, the number of his attendants was but small, and his demeanour was pacific and unassuming.

Lovat made proposals on the part of his grandson, and with very little hesitation they were acceded to by John and his friends. All parties appeared to be highly pleased, and they separated—John with his small party directed their course homeward, whilst Ranald accompanied his aged relation to his own country, which was much more distant.

John of Moidart, however, was all along playing a deep game: he ordered a strong body of his father-in-law's people to lie in ambush in a certain spot near the path by which Lovat and his men must necessarily pass on their return home; and he took care to join them himself, by travelling all night across the mountains.

The Frasers and young Clanranald appeared, and they were attacked by their wily foe. The combat was fearfully bloody and fatal. It is said that no more than six of Lovat's party escaped, and not triple that number of their enemies. Ranald, unquestionably the lawful representative of the family, fell covered with wounds, after having given proof that he was possessed of the greatest bravery; and his memory is to this day respected even among the descendants of those who destroyed him. John of Moidart obtained possession of the whole estate, and led a very turbulent life. Tradition says that he compromised the claims of Macdonald of Morar for a third part of the lands, which he yielded up to him on relinquishing all further right.

The conflict is distinguished by the designation of *Blar leine*, or the Battle of the Shirts, the combatants having stripped themselves during the action. It was fought at the eastern end of Lochlochy, near the line of the Caledonian Canal, in July 1554. This subject has recently become of considerable importance, being one of the principal points at issue between two chieftains of the Macdonalds. We do not pretend to interfere in any such questions; we merely relate the circumstances as they have been given to us by many persons in that country, some of them descendants of John of Moidart.*

* Traditions of the Western Highlands, in the London Literary Gazette.

LIFE ON THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

If I could be a summer monk, and change my vows, like my clothes, with the winter, I know no fraternity that offers stronger temptations than the Augustins of the Saint Bernard on the Alps. To escape the bustle of the world, yet be in the world; to have moving before our eyes an easy succession of society—a constant living phantasmagoria, often highly piquant, and always amusing; to indulge in literature, without the toils of authorship, the teasing of dilettanti, or the agonies of exulting criticism; to ramble over a sun-clad kingdom of mountains, with the kingship undisputed, among all the royal and heroic strugglers for a grave ten thousand feet below; to "sit on rocks, and muse o'er flood and fell;" to turn painter, poet, pilgrim, and dreamer, at one's own discretion, and without having the fear of living man before our eyes; and to do all this with the saving and singular consciousness, that we are doing some good in our vocation, that humanity is the better for us, and that our place would be missed among mankind. Utopia might grow pale to the beatitudes of the little republic under the protection of St Augustin.

But summer is, unfortunately, a rare guest, and its visit one of the shortest possible duration. The sunshine that subdues the plain, with the fidelity of a wife, is, at the famous Hospice, capricious as a first love. I had entered its walls on a day made in the prodigality of the finest season of the year. The snowy scalps of the hills were interspersed with stripes of verdure, that had seen the light for the first time within memory; the bee, that, more than all creation beside, gives assurance of summer to my ear, was roaming and humming away among the thistle-down and mosses, that even the Alpine frost is not always able to kill. I could imagine, in the air that passed in slight gusts from time to time, the odours of the Italian flowers. I lingered long at the gate of the convent, enjoying the magnificent serenity of the sky, the air, and the hills, and felt no trivial reluctance at abandoning so alluring a contemplation for a corridor crowded with servants, and a chamber imbedded in a wall as thick as if it had to stand a siege. Even the indulgence of the convent table could not wean me from the conviction that I could have got through my travel pleasantly enough, though the Hospice had, like the Santa Casa, been transported to some new Loretto.

But I had not been two hours under its roof before a burst of wind, that reminded me of nothing but the roar of Niagara, shot down the side of Mont Velan, stripped away the gathered snow of half a century in an immense sheet, and hurled it full upon the convent. All was in instant commotion within. The table was deserted by the chief part of the brotherhood, who hurried to see that the casements and doors were made secure. The ground-floor of the building, which is occupied with stables, and storehouses for wood, and the other supplies of the convent, was a scene of immediate confusion, from the crowding in of the menials and peasantry. I ventured one glance from my window—summer was gone at once; and "the winter wild" was come in its stead. The sun was blotted out of the heavens; snow, in every shape that it could be flung into by the most furious wind, whirlpool-drift, and hail, flashed and swept along. Before evening, it was fourteen feet high in front of the Hospice. We could keep our fingers from being icicles only by thrusting them almost into the blazing wood fires; the bursts of wind shook the walls like cannon-shot; and I made a solemn recantation of all my raptures on the life of an Augustin of St Bernard.

As the night fell, the storm lulled at intervals, and I listened with anxiety to the cries and noises that announced the danger of travellors surprised in the storm. The fineness of the season had tempted many to cross the mountain without much precaution against the change; and the sounds of horns, bells, and the barking of the dogs, as the strangers arrived, kept me long awake. By morning the convent was full; the world was turned to universal snow; the monks came down girded for their winter excursions; the domestics were busy equipping the dogs; fires blazed; cauldrons smoked; every stranger was pelissed and furred up to the chin; and the whole scene might have passed for a Lapland carnival. But the Hospice is provided for such casualties; and, after a little unavoidable tumult, all its new inhabitants were attended to with much more than the civility of a continental inn, and with infinitely less than its discomfort. The gentlemen adjourned to the reading-room, where they found books and papers which probably seldom passed the Italian frontier. The ladies turned over the portfolios or prints, many of which are the donations of strangers who had been indebted to the hospitality of the place; or amused themselves at the piano-forte in the drawing-room—for music is there above the flight of the lark; or pored over the shelves to plunge their souls in some "flattering tale" of hope and love, orange groves, and chevaliers plumed, capped, and guitarred into irresistible captivation. The scientific manipulated the ingenious collection of the mountain minerals made by the brotherhood. Half a dozen herbals from the adjoining regions lay open for the botanist; a finely bound and decorated album, that owed obligations to every art but the art of poetry, lay open for the pleasantries, the memorials, and the wonderings of every body; and for those who loved sleep best, there were eighty beds.—*Tales of the Great St Bernard.*

JOSEPH BLACKET.

Among the numerous instances of genius triumphing over the disadvantages of birth and education, must be mentioned the name of Joseph Blacket, who was born in 1786, at Tunstall, a small village near Richmond in Yorkshire, at which place his father was a day labourer. At eleven years of age, young Blacket was sent up to London, and placed with his brother, who was a ladies' shoemaker. Thus, by a singular coincidence, he was destined to resemble Bloomfield in his introduction to the metropolis, and, like him, to bequeath to the fraternity of shoemakers another name to the instances of poetical talent which are recorded of the "gentle craft." When about twelve years old, he was taken by a juvenile companion to see Kemble perform Richard the Third, at Drury Lane Theatre. Previously to this, he had neither read nor seen a play, but henceforth Shakspeare became his idol; "he robbed," to use his own words, "the pillow of its due, and, in the summer season, would read till the sun had far retired, then wait with anxious expectation for his earliest gleam, to discover to my enraptured fancy the sublime beauties of that great master." In short, he became irrecoverably a poet, and aspired to shine as a dramatic writer; "his eagerness on this occasion (mental depression, and personal privation)" says his editor and biographer, "was pushed to such extremity, that something of the dramatic kind pervades the whole mass of his papers. I have traced it on bills, receipts, on the backs of letters, shoe patterns, slips of paper hangings, grocery wrappers, magazine covers, battalion orders for the volunteer corps of St Pancras, in which he served, and on various other scraps, on which his ink could scarcely be made to retain the impression of his thoughts: yet most of them crowded on both sides, and much interlined." In 1810, a small volume, entitled, "Specimens of Mr Blacket's Poetical Talents," was printed and circulated amongst persons likely to patronize its interesting author. Amongst those who interested themselves most warmly in his behalf were the Duchess of Leeds, Lady Milbank, the Rev. F. Wrangham, and Mr Pratt, a name well known in literature. This gentleman zealously befriended him through life, and after his death published his "Remains" in two vols. 8vo., for the benefit of his orphan child. The list of respectable names attached to the work is honourable to all parties.

Mr Blacket died at Seaham, of a decline, August 23, 1810, at the early age of twenty-four. His grave in the churchyard is marked by a plain monument, with the following inscription from one of his own poems:—

> "Shut from the light, 'mid awful gloom,
> Let clay-cold honour rest in state;
> And, from the decorated tomb,
> Receive the tributes of the great.
> Let ME, when bade with life to part,
> And in my narrow mansion sleep,
> Receive a tribute from the heart,
> Nor bribe one sordid eye to weep."

This memorial was erected principally under the direction of his friend and patroness, Miss Milbank, the lady who became the wife of Lord Byron.—*Crispin Anecdotes.*

MOXON'S SONNETS.

We have felt considerable pleasure in glancing over a small volume of poetry, entitled, "*Sonnets, by* Edward Moxon," published, or perhaps rather printed for private distribution, in London. These sonnets have more of the correct soothing spirit of poesy in them than any thing we have met with for a long while. The following are a specimen:—

HUMAN LIFE.

Ah, what is life! a dream within a dream!
A pilgrimage from peril rarely free;
A bark that sails upon a changing Sea,
Now sunshine and now storm; a mountain stream,
Heard, but scarce seen ere to the dark deep gone;
A wild star blazing with unsteady beam,
Yet for a season fair to look upon.
Life is an infant on Affection's knee,
A youth now full of hope and transient glee,
In manhood's peerless noon now bright, anon
A time-worn ruin silver'd o'er with years.
Life is a race where slippery steeps arise,
Where discontent and sorrow are the prize,
And when the goal is won, the grave appears.

WOMAN'S HEART.

If I were asked what most my soul doth prize
Of all the good gifts men enjoy below,
Whether from Fortune or from Fame they flow,
My answer would be thus. Not wealth, which flies
Away from those who hold it in esteem,
Nor yet the honours proud place hath to give:
These with their donor changing die or live.
Not ev'n earth's fairest mountain, vale, or stream,
For these at times are 'neath dark winter's gloom.
Take the world's pleasure and its loud acclaim,
Leave me but this, like an unsullied name
Which wears for aye the self-same hue and bloom—
Need I the secret of my soul impart?
Be witness ye that love, 'tis *woman's heart.*

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THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

IN London and other large commercial cities, I have always found myself remarkably impressed by one peculiar circumstance—the contrast between the bustling streets, full of living faces and *to-day* objects of all kinds, and the quiet and ancient churchyards which are generally found situated in the midst of them. But five yards, perhaps, off a thoroughfare which for centuries has borne the press of breathing men—where the luxuries and conveniences of life are presented in infinite variety, to attract and fix the attention of the passenger, and where men and women seem so much engaged in the affairs of this world as hardly to be conscious that there is any other—you find the silent and cloistered precinct of the old parish church, paved with the memorials of past generations, who once passed as gaily and thoughtlessly along the ways of the city as those you have just seen, but have long retreated to this narrow place, so near, yet so different from, all their former haunts. The transition, in your own case as a visitor, as well as in theirs who pass in this space from life unto death, is the most sudden and rapid that can be imagined—yet how different all the attributes of the two scenes! In the first, how neat, how fresh, how perfectly *of this world*, every thing looks!—in the other, how dismal, and, in general, how neglected! *Here* you have, at one moment, perhaps the most animated and cheering scene in the world; *there*, at the next instant, your gaze is turned upon the most torpid and gloomy. At one twinkle of the eye, you find life and all its affairs exchanged for death and all its circumstances, and pass, at a single step, from the lightest to the gravest of reflections.

I am not aware of any place where this contrast is presented in a more striking manner than it is from an eminence which rises above the north-east suburbs of the great mercantile city of Glasgow. After fluttering for hours through the crowded streets, amidst numberless beings to whom death seems the remotest of all ideas, you are led perhaps to this ornamented hill, whence you command a view of the far-spread town, with its spires peering out here and there, to mark the extent of a waste of houses which would otherwise be hardly distinguishable, while close beneath your feet you see the dark and huge cathedral, surrounded by its extensive and extending cemetery—a city of the living and a city of the dead being thus brought into immediate comparison, and weaving out of their separate influences the most impressive of all lessons.* The place of the living is, as you can see and hear, one of the busiest scenes of men's labours. It contains hundreds of thousands of industrious human beings—all toiling on from morn to eve in their various pursuits, some for mere subsistence, others for loftier objects, but all animated by human motives, and, in general, thinking of nothing in the meantime beyond the bounded horizon of mortal life. How many hearts are there bending anxiously over accompts, in which their own welfare, and that of all who are dear to them, is concerned! What numberless modes are there assumed, of gaining that surplus of value called profit, on which so much of the comfort of individuals depends! How keenly are even pence, in many cases, there aimed at and longed for—what emotions of the soul, what lightnings of the eye, what contentions between man and man, there arise from considerations of money, and of the almost infinite benefits which money can purchase! The whole vast space is covered to its uttermost nook with human creatures, whom the common doom has compelled, for the sake of bread and other sublunary enjoyments, to narrow their souls to the affairs of lucre, while they every moment tend onward to a fate more glorious or more terrific than imagination can picture, and are even now capable of thoughts and sentiments far above this world. And all this, too, is only a detachment of that trifling section of the human race, called the present generation. On or near the same ground have men toiled and moiled as anxiously as these for many centuries; and what *is* it all, and what *will* it all come to?—To the little fold which we see directly beneath—a space not large enough to contain the lodgings of a hundred living families, but which has received into its bosom thousands after thousands of the more easily accommodated dead, and will in time absorb multitudes as great, and yet never cry enough.

Yes, as the poet sings—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave." That small spot, of which so few are now thinking as they pace the streets of the busy city, is the real termination of all the journies they are making. Go they east or west, north or south, be business or be pleasure their immediate object, to this dismal scene must they arrive at last. Not a step do they take which does not bring them nearer to this ultimate point, although it may seem for the time to lead them in a different direction. Every effort which they are making to exalt themselves in this world, only renders them the richer spoil for the daily hecatomb here offered up to death, and in which, sooner or later, they must bear a part. Every improvement which they can make in their circumstances, while they live, gives them but the chance of a more secluded spot in this gathering-place of the departed, or a monument which will longer continue to tell its unmeaning and unregarded tale. In a few short years, they and all their joys and sorrows, their greatness or their lowliness, will have shrunk into this cold and uncomely scene, while their various walks of business and labour are occupied by others, to whose pursuits a similar bourne will in time be assigned.

It is not perhaps to be desired that reflections of this solemn kind should often or permanently fall upon the minds of men; for, if we were to be perpetually brooding over the gloomy view which the end of life presents, we would embitter that life to a degree rendering us quite unfit for the proper management of either our temporal or spiritual concerns. In general, however, human beings, or at least that portion of them called men of the world, are in little danger of suffering from this cause. It is more frequently observed that a constant commerce with the world hardens the heart towards all *beyond* the world—if not also to much *in* the world, regarding which it is desirable that we should keep our feelings awake. It cannot but be salutary, then, for all who are in danger of falling into this insensibility, to turn their minds occasionally to the affairs of mortality, and, seeing the uselessness of all acquisitions after death, the vanity of all terrestrial glory, and the community of destiny which overhangs the various orders of the human race, open their hearts more freely to the claims of their fellow-creatures around them, and otherwise lay up those stores which will stand in good stead when they and the world have alike passed away.

* The eminence whence this view is obtained is crowned by a monument to John Knox, the Scottish reformer, and is now in the process of being converted into a cemetery *orné*, like Pere la Chaise, at Paris, for which purpose it seems admirably fitted. In former times, it was covered with dark Scotch firs, which threw a shade of additional gloom over the cathedral burial-ground beneath, but are now succeeded by the shrubs customarily employed in landscape gardening.

EXCURSIONS OF THE LONDONERS.

THE Londoners are fond of country excursions. They delight in a holiday, which they devote to expeditions in omnibuses, chays, cabs, and all other kinds of vehicular conveyances; and if inclined to be a little stylish or so, and possessing more half-crowns than they well know what to do with, they indulge in the luxury and parade of that *ne plus ultra* of gentility—a glass coach. Many, however—perhaps the greater number—prefer jaunting by water, for which the Thames offers considerable facilities. A sail down the river to Margate, or up to Richmond, forms an excursion to be sighed after by old and young of nearly all classes of citizens. The more favoured place of resort is undoubtedly Richmond, for which two or three steam-boats depart from London every morning during the summer months, each with its band of music and deck covered with gaily-dressed persons, whose countenances proclaim a determination to be happy. There is great pleasure in witnessing the *ease-her*, the *stop-her*, and occasionally the *back-her*, on the smooth surface of the Thames, to take on board those who come in wherries to join their friends who had started with the steam-boat. The smiling faces and the salutations continue to spread a pleasure that produces one sentiment of hilarity.

There are many Londoners who prefer making this trip in boats of from two to eight oars, each capable of carrying from six to twenty persons; many boats are decorated with awnings, and colours flying at their sterns. When this mode is adopted, a pic-nic dinner is provided, by arrangements previously made; the desert, wine, and spirits, are not forgotten. Sometimes the gentlemen of the party undertake the management of the boat, although men, careful and obliging, may be hired for the purpose. The prospects, on a sunny morning, are exceedingly beautiful, and seem as if nature had put on her holiday dress to welcome her admirers. If the boat proceed from between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, on looking eastward, a fine view of St Paul's appears above the bridge, which Canova, the Italian sculptor, denominated the finest in Europe; beneath its arches may be seen Blackfriars' Bridge, the Temple Gardens, Somerset House, with numerous spires and steeples attached to places of worship in the city of London. Looking westward, the curve of Westminster Bridge is pleasing, as varying from the horizontal line of Waterloo Bridge. The Thames is here 1223 feet wide, and, particularly at high water, presents an appearance of striking grandeur. Proceeding up the river, various associations fill the mind. Countless beings crowd every opening, while along either shore are to be seen busy multitudes, like bees on thyme banks. Houses piled like Pelion upon Ossa, and the public buildings, furnish proofs of the greatness of the capital of England. On the right, the towers of Westminster Abbey; the Hall of Rufus, now the courts of law; the Houses of Lords and Commons, are most prominent. On the left, after passing Westminster Bridge, Lambeth Palace, with the parish church, appear in their ancient grandeur. Looking again on the right, the Penitentiary seems with solemn frown to awe the evil-doers. Immediately in front is Vauxhall Bridge, near which, on the left, are the celebrated gardens, to which every visitor to London resorts in its season to be "pleased with its rattle and tickled with its straw."

Onwards, on either side, are wind and water-mills, gas-works, distilleries, tall chimneys, and other evidences of manufacture not permitted within the precincts of the cities. The bustle, the hum, and smoke, are now behind, and objects may be considered more

in detail. On the left may be seen "the Red House," a place of resort as a tea-garden, and much frequented by pigeon-shooters, where there is an enclosed space for the sport. This spot is remarkable as the ford at which Cæsar crossed the Thames in pursuit of the Britons. On the right stands Chelsea Hospital, an asylum for sick and superannuated soldiers. Near it is the Botanical Garden, in which grow two large cedars of Lebanon. Here is the terrific Chelsea-reach, the Scylla and Charybdis of the Cockney navigators. It is a wide and exposed part of the river, and, therefore, the roughest when the wind is opposed to the tide; but the inexperienced only are cast away, and it rarely happens that the consequences are more than a ducking, and a conveyance home by land.

Immediately in front is Battersea Bridge. On the right is Chelsea Old Church, containing the remembrances of Sir Thomas More and Sir Hans Sloane. On the left is Battersea Church, containing Roubiliac's monument in honour of Lord Bolingbroke. The shores now become less occupied with marks of commercial enterprise, and an occasional glance into the country may be obtained, where the high state of cultivation, and residences surrounded by their flower gardens, are remarkable. On the left, Wandsworth Church appears, and far round many villas of importance. On the right, the ground is low, but the pasturage is excellent, as proved by the fine cattle which gaze from the banks at the passengers on the river. On passing this reach, a beautiful scene opens on the eye. Putney Bridge appears in the front, its church on the left, and Fulham Church on the right. The shores on either side are enriched by lawns, dotted with shrubs and magnificent trees surrounding many elegant villas, producing an effect that excites the admiration of all beholders. Here it is usual to see the majestic swan, as if to add beauty to the scene: these birds, in pairs, take possession of portions of the Thames; they are familiar, from never being disturbed by the thousands that invade their element; they are protected by law, and encouraged by the Lord Mayor of London as an ornament to the river, and rewards are paid to such as yield security to them during the period of incubation. Putney is remarkable as the birthplace of Gibbon the historian, and Fulham for the residence of, or belonging to, the Bishops of London from the time of the Conquest. Here the infamous Bonnor practised his fanatical cruelties; and here Portius expired, who, by his amiability, might seem to obliterate from the thought his predecessor's iniquities.

At Putney, the towing-path on the bank commences, to assist the deeply-laden west-country barges, some of which are a hundred tons burthen, which, by their numbers and variety, contribute much to the picturesque scenery of the Thames. This towing-path, essential in a commercial view, is offensive to the lover of the beautiful. It prevents the lawn, or flower garden, from approaching the water's edge, and presents a line of road, with rushes and neglected trees, similar to what may be seen on the banks of a canal in Holland; yet, as a variety, perhaps it may be endured; for, on the right, the prospects are most delightful, and fraught with a thousand charms. Here is the tasteful structure of rustic elegance erected by the Margravine of Anspach, and several villas with diversified grounds, plantations and shrubberies, their blooms clustering on the water's edge. In this reach, the suspension bridge, connecting Hammersmith with Barns, appears an object of great interest; it is also a costly work of art, completed within the given estimate. The village of Hammersmith skirts the Thames for a considerable distance; the houses generally face the river, and being enriched by shrubs and trees of various kinds, display the union of taste and comfort. The terrace is worthy of notice as having been the residence of Loutherbourg the artist, and Murphy the author. A little farther on the right, is the justly admired printing establishment of Whittingham. Chiswick Church next presents a very picturesque effect, from its being surrounded by clusters of antiquated brick dwellings and trees; but it is most remarkable as the burial-place of Hogarth, the moralist with his pencil. The stately grounds of Devonshire House next become prominent, by the lofty and variegated foliage which decorates its tasteful gardens. In this mansion, Charles James Fox and George Canning, the statesmen, breathed their last. After passing Chiswick, the shores on both sides seem shorn of every attraction—low marshy grounds on the right, and the dull towing-path on the left, may be considered as a repose, so pleasing in a work of art, where all should not be brilliant; perhaps, on some minds, a corresponding effect may be produced by this undecorated scene on the Thames. This dullness exists, in a great measure, from the flatness of the adjoining parts of Middlesex and Surrey, so that not a peep into the distance can be obtained: the terrace at Barns gives a little relief to the monotony. The Thames winds considerably between just below Chiswick and Kew, forming the letter S. In the vicinity of Barns, the bullrush and flag prevail on the right, and the towing-path on the left; and nothing worthy of notice is presented, save the exertions of the rowers to pass each other; and frequently it may be observed, that skill and trifling labour will surpass the utmost toil of powerful persons who are deficient in the just management of their oars.

After having passed Barns, the left side begins to display the appearance of comfort and wealth, in villas, cottages, malt-houses, and other buildings for business, having the towing-path in front of them. On reaching Mortlake, the scenery improves, and many touches of picturesque character are visible. In this village there remains a house, once inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. On passing the turn of the river, near Strand-on-the-green, Kew Bridge appears, and interesting objects again crowd the banks. Here the splendid barges are laid up when not required by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of London for their excursions up the Thames. In Kew Church, Gainsborough the painter lies buried. Beyond the village are the Botanical Gardens, containing the finest collection of plants in the kingdom. A little farther on is Old Kew Palace, where Thomson the poet once had permission to reside. On the right, the town of Brentford spreads a long line of intermingled dwellings, trees, wharfs, timber-yards, and the *etcetera* of mercantile pursuits. On the opposite, or Surrey side, are the extensive gardens of Kew, with their richly variegated plantations and its lofty pagoda, an ornamental building of many stories, in the Chinese taste. On the right is Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. In these grounds are the first mulberry trees that were planted in England, and a conservatory, erected at the cost of L.40,000, said to be the most splendid in the world. The gardens and park belonging to Sion House are very extensive, and finely diversified with trees of great luxuriance and stately growth, stretching along the banks of the Thames to Isleworth. This is a straggling village, the greater part of which is seen over a long island covered with osiers, reeds, and rushes; after passing which, the right bank appears decorated with villas and mansions of a superior order, being the residences of noblemen and gentlemen of fortune. About this point it is that the beautiful scenery of Richmond first strikes the eye. The level country through which the Thames has wound for miles, renders this burst of landscape splendour particularly striking. The bridge is an elegant structure of five stone arches, with a balustrade at top. From a point near the centre of the river, this view is most delightful. A small portion of the bridge is partly obscured by some trees that grow on an island on the right. On the left, some magnificent trees form a powerful mass, and are placed as if purposely to enrich the view of the town or village of Richmond, which is seen partially and in perspective, the residences rising in parterres one above the other, intermingled with trees, to the summit of the hill, on which appear ornamental portions of villas, and rich foliage of trees in various colours and characters, till they mix with the oaks that decorate the park. From this height the eye roves with delight over numerous villas, situated on the declivity down to the river's edge, as seen beneath the arches of the bridge, thence to the gay and bustling throngs before it, more particularly if it be that period when the tide has brought to the spot the variously decorated boats and barges. The white clouds glistening in the air, the dimpled water sparkling in the glorious sun, the well-dressed females, the music, the white awnings and coloured flags, altogether unite in presenting to the eye a scene of indescribable beauty. Here those who come provided make fast their boats to the bank, spread their table-cloths beneath their awnings, or on the grassy lawn, and take their welcome meal; to some these are moments of enthusiasm. The repast is most delicious, the wine possesses more than usual flavour, smiles sit on every face, while joy seizes on every heart—all is rapture. His heart must be made of impenetrable stuff, indeed, that does not feel it expand with gratitude while enjoying such a scene as this.

Richmond is about eighteen miles, by water, from London Bridge. The tide runs, on an average, about five hours up and seven down, at the rate of nearly three and a half miles per hour. It is therefore necessary some exertion should be made by the rowers, even if they start at the flow, to enable them to arrive with the tide at this delightful spot.

From their repast in their boats, some of the company repair to the hill, to view the distant scenery, take their tea, and return to London with the tide.

Others, on their arrival at Richmond Bridge, go immediately to the hill, where there is a splendid tavern—the Star and Garter—at which every attention is paid, and all that can be desired may be obtained at charges moderate as at ordinary taverns. Such parties enjoy the prospect from the gardens, the windows, or the terrace, which is kept in excellent state during the season. After their refreshment, the return to London may be regulated by stage-coach, or conveyances with which Richmond is well provided. The view from Richmond Hill has been noticed by many writers as enchanting. Foreigners are enthusiastic in their admiration. The Londoners, with some exceptions, consider it to possess surpassing beauty. If the scene be examined, by comparison with others of similar character, perhaps it may be preferred; but it has no portion of the picturesque, nor of the grand, to render it imposing: all is simple and chaste—in the language of artists, such as Claude would have felt pleasure in delineating. Considered attentively, the view from Richmond Hill must depend on some associations in the mind of the spectator, which assist in communicating the pleasure which seems to be felt so universally. Scenery viewed from an eminence is deprived of all the charm which powerful contrast of foreground might contribute, and we inspect but the middle plan and distance of the picture. Thus it is in this scene.

The grounds, however cultivated, the villas, however elegant, situated on the declivity, far as the meadows of Petersham, are as nothing to the prospect. If the eye be directed to the winding of the Thames, and the park-like scenery of the grounds beyond, the effect is at once delightful; the spectator feels it would be gratifying to indulge in a walk on such a spacious lawn—to repose and read beneath those luxuriant trees—to return and gaze on the transparent water, with its beautifully reflected objects—and readily acknowledge in this the features of lovely nature. If the eye be directed beyond the second plan of this picture, surprise is excited by the range over range of masses of foliage, marked by their atmospheric degrees of remoteness into thin air. A few gently rising grounds appear; even the flag on the tower of Windsor Castle may be distinguished, a distance of sixteen or eighteen miles; but not a hill to diversify the repetition of parallel lines, formed by the masses of trees before-mentioned, which stretch across the whole horizon of the prospect. Nature has been bountiful in scattering her enchantments over this scene, and art has been active in contributing her graces; for wherever the eye may be directed, some portion of mansion or elegant villa peeps from amid its leafy veil, or pours a whitienng curl, in contrast to some umbrageous screen, and gives an animation to the whole. This widely-spread proof of wealth and enjoyment, in no small degree, contributes to the rapture which all experience who contemplate this prospect. Richmond has for ages been considered a spot of peculiar beauty. It was formerly called Sheen, in the Saxon language signifying resplendant. Here stood a palace, in which Edward the First and Second resided. Edward the Third died here of grief for his heroic son. Here also died Anne, Queen of Richard the Second. The palace was repaired by Henry the Fifth. It was burnt in 1497—rebuilt by Henry the Seventh, who gave it the name of Richmond, and died here. Queen Elizabeth was some time a prisoner here, during the reign of her sister Mary, after whose death, Elizabeth made it her favourite place of residence, and here she closed her illustrious career.

But we must hasten to return to the metropolis. The sun is sinking in the west, and casting his long shadows across the lawns and villa grounds. The boat again receives our party, and, dropping down the river, we, with little effort, reach the landing place near one of the upper bridges, just as twilight departs, and leaves the heavy masses of houses around us in the gloom of night.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

DEW.

After the death-like repose in which all nature has been hushed by the bleak storms of winter, the return of spring may truly be hailed as a season of delight, inspiring, as it does, even the humblest being in the scale of organization with a new impetus of life, and clothing even inanimate objects with a beauty, which speaks not only to the eye, but audibly to the heart of man. It is a transition from all the torpor of utter inactivity to the joyous consciousness of rekindled existence, and is the very season which invites us the most urgently to contemplate and study the infinite variety of objects and phenomena which diversify, while they adorn, the path of our earthly pilgrimage. Such cannot be considered as a heavy or an irksome task, but as a recreation, more calculated than any other to wean away our thoughts from those cares and anxieties which the common business of life winds painfully around the heart; besides which, it enables us to appreciate more deeply and fervently the perfection which is every where observable throughout the universe.

We have already explained the causes of the formation, and the phenomena attending the fall, of hail, rain, snow, &c.; and now a gentler agency claims our consideration, for the purpose of entering on which we may suppose ourselves retired into an open country, where we can attentively observe the silent operations of nature. No sooner does the sun begin to decline towards the horizon, than its rays, while they reflect a glowing crimson light on tower and spire, and on the clouds afar off, fall more slantingly to the earth, whereby their intensity is diminished, and a change of temperature immediately induced; for the air soon feels chilly and damp, and the grass beneath our footsteps becomes moistened with a genial and refreshing dew. Let us not pass this over hastily, but rather pause to examine how it happens. It is no occult mystery, but may easily be explained; for it is by simple means that nature generally accomplishes her most beneficent designs. It has been elsewhere explained, that all bodies receive a certain quantity of heat, which, under particular circumstances, they again emit from them; in doing which, they necessarily be-

come colder than they previously were, unless they receive in exchange another quantity of heat sufficient to compensate for the loss they have sustained. In this case, their temperature will remain stationary; but if they part with more than returns to them, their temperature necessarily must fall. When, then, the object so cooled is encompassed by a warm and moist medium, it condenses, by its cold contact, vapour on its surface, and thereby becomes moistened. Hence the origin of dew; for no sooner does the sun sink towards the horizon, than the blades of grass which clothe the surface of the earth give out the heat which they have been receiving during the day; the consequence of which is, that their temperature falls so much below that of the surrounding air, that they condense on their surfaces part of the moisture which immediately surrounds them. The temperature of the body, as indicated by the thermometer, at which this deposition takes place, is called the "dew point," which, for the formation of dew, must always be below the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere: indeed, the quantity of dew formed will always be in proportion to the coldness of the grass, and to the quantity of moisture suspended in the air. Besides this, after the sun has set, the moisture which the earth has imbibed during the day, and which still rests below the grassy surface, rises up or evaporates, in doing which, it rises up through or between the blades of grass, the cold contact of which gradually condenses it. Dew, therefore, on calm and clear nights, is more abundant shortly after rain than during a long season of dry weather. During westerly or southerly winds, which are generally impregnated with moisture, it is also formed more copiously than during easterly and northerly winds. Besides the quantity of moisture existing in the air, the greater or lesser copiousness of the dew formed, depends, as we have premised, on the coldness of the objects on which it is about to be condensed. If the night be calm and clear, the grassy blades emit their heat freely, and it is dispersed through the atmosphere, without any equivalent return, whereby the temperature of the grass soon sinks sufficiently low to condense the surrounding vapour; but if, instead of this, the night be cloudy, then the clouds reflect, like mirrors, the rays of heat back again to the grassy blades, and prevent this diminution, so that less dew is then deposited. If, in addition to the sky being overcast with clouds, the weather be windy, no dew will be formed; for the temperature of the grass is then prevented sinking by the agitation of the air, by which a warmer current is continually brought to succeed the colder current by which it is surrounded. Hence, if, during the night, the weather, from having been calm and serene, become windy and cloudy, not only will dew cease to form, but that which has been already deposited will disappear, or diminish considerably. Every kind of covering or shelter which extends above any object, will interrupt the radiation or escape of its heat; for which reason gardeners, to prevent plants being chilled, cover them over, on the approach of evening, with a layer of straw or matting. Ice is formed in Bengal during the clearest and calmest nights, by placing water in shallow vessels a little below the earth's surface, in which situation it has been observed that bodies grow colder from radiation to the heavens at night than in any other; but this process becomes checked if the night turn cloudy and windy. The covering of snow which the earth enjoys during winter, protects in like manner its warmth, by preventing the radiation of its heat. For this reason, the grass which is situated beneath the boughs of large and spreading trees, becomes only sparingly moistened with dew; for the shelter above interrupts the progress of radiation from the substances underneath, and so preserves their temperature. Accordingly, it is an established axiom, that whatever diminishes the view of the sky, as seen from the exposed body, will occasion the quantity of dew to be less than would have been deposited if the exposure to the sky had been complete. Dew is formed, therefore, more sparingly and irregularly in cities than in the country, where the most open grassy plains are always the most abundantly bedewed. In this country it begins to appear in shady places as soon as the heat of the atmosphere has declined; but though the grass on clear still evenings often becomes moist several hours before sunset, dew is seldom present in such quantities as to exhibit visible drops until the sun reaches the horizon; nor does it become copious until some time after sunset. It continues to form also in shaded places some time after sunrise; and it is remarkable, that more dew forms a little before, and in shaded places a little after sunrise, than at any other period. It has also been observed, that more dew is formed between midnight and sunrise, than between sunset and midnight—a circumstance which is owing to the cold of the atmosphere being greater in the latter than in the former part of the night. As the quantity of dew deposited thus depends so much on the degree of coldness which the body about to be bedewed attains, its quantity must be materially modified by the greater or the lesser facility with which substances part with their heat. Grass, being a filamentous substance, parts more readily with its heat than garden mould or gravel; wherefore dew is more plentifully deposited on meadow grounds than on ploughed lands. Thus, cultivated soils are refreshed with abundance of dew, while barren rocks and sandy deserts do not receive this congenial moisture. Indeed, every shrub and herb, every leaf and blade of grass, possesses, according to its kind, a different power of radiation, so that each condenses as much dew as is necessary for its own individual and peculiar exigencies. Thus, not even a single dew-drop seems to have been formed by the rude hand of chance, but is adjusted by the balance of infinite wisdom to accomplish a definite and benevolent end.

The water of dew, when collected, has been superstitiously considered to possess various remarkable, and almost supernatural qualities. Borelli asserts that, in some instances, dew-water is capable of dissolving gold. In the West Indies, and in other tropical climates, numerous diseases are attributed to its noxious qualities. But such notions are, for the most part, as fanciful as the popular virtues of May-dew, which, in this country, has been considered an excellent cosmetic capable of clearing and beautifying the complexion. It may, however, be observed, that some plants give out so much carbonic acid as to impregnate very agreeably the dew-water formed on them; and this, in the peninsula of India, is collected as a luxury, and used medicinally. By the Moor men, and rich Hindoos, it is much prized, and is obtained by spreading pieces of muslin cloth in the flowering sennaga, from which, when well saturated, the moisture is wrung out, and preserved for use. It is an old observation, that the presence of dew assists the putrefaction of animal substances; thus Pliny, in his Natural History, remarks—"Whensoever you see, at any feast, the dishes and platters whereon your meat is served up to the board sweat or stand of a dew, terrible tempests may be prognosticated"—an ominous prediction, founded on this popular observation. It has also been remarked, nor need the reference excite the smile of credulity, that animal substances, exposed in the open air to the light of the moon, very quickly undergo putrefaction. Thus Plutarch observes, "the moon has some influence on flesh; meat corrupts sooner in the moonlight than in the sun." "Fish," says Montgomery, "hung up all night in the light of the moon, will occasion violent sickness and excruciating pains." So, too, Mr Madden, in his Travels in Turkey, informs us "that the Arabs attribute a morbific influence to the moon, and think it causes ophthalmia and catarrh." The solution of all which mysterious speculation is simply this:—that the presence of moisture promotes, and is indeed essential to, the decomposition of animal matter, and, on bright moonlight nights, the air being generally still, and the firmament unclouded, such substances radiate their heat very freely, and soon become covered with dew. It is neither the dew-water, therefore, nor the moonbeams, which are charged with any specific morbid influence. Thus, in the blindness of humanity, do we often mistake the very facts before us, and take erroneous data for the foundation of our most favourite theories; but the history of the world proves that truth is eternal and progressive, and, in the end, must triumph over error and superstition.

HONEY DEW.

There is a species of dew which is sweet and grateful to the taste, named honey dew, which often collects on the leaves of plants in very considerable quantities. It is now known to naturalists that it is occasioned by insects (of the genus *Aphis*) which inhabit the under side of the leaves, and shed this liquor on the surface of those below. This little creature seems to subsist by drawing the juices from the sap-vessels, and, by some peculiarity of constitution, rejects the sweet or saccharine matter which falls on the leaves below, and afterwards affords nutriment to many other insects. Ants are so fond of it, that a whole colony may be found travelling to the highest branches of a tree in search of it; and they have been seen to seize the clear drop, while yet attached to the body of the *Aphis*, which, although defenceless, was not molested farther by these predaceous wanderers. "This clammy substance," says Gilbert White, "is very grateful to bees, who gather it with great assiduity; but it is injurious to the trees on which it happens to fall, by stopping the pores of the leaves. The greatest quantity falls (or, he should have said, is collected) in still close weather, because winds disperse it, and copious dews dilute it, and prevent its ill effects."

All observers of nature must have remarked, that the deposition of dew cools, refreshes, and invigorates the vegetable creation. "Without its presence," says Mr Savary, "Egypt would be uninhabitable; for so copiously does it gather during the summer night, that the earth in the morning is so deeply soaked, that one would imagine that rain had fallen during the night. So, too, on the coast of Africa, and in some other countries, the deposition of dew is so regular and abundant as to supply the want of rain. Its beneficial effects in warm countries was doubtless the reason why Scripture promised the Israelites, who inhabited a climate pretty similar to that of Egypt, the dew of heaven, as a signal favour. So, too, the blessings that arise from unity of love are in the Psalms likened to the dews of Hermon, and to the dew that descended on the mountains of Sion. When, indeed, we pause to contemplate the peculiar circumstances under which dew is formed, and observe that it gathers silently and gently upon the leaves of the most delicate flowers, and on every individual blade of grass, when all nature is about to sink into repose, it suggests to us many pleasing associations; nor can we avert the reflection, that, even beneath the shadow of night, the spirit of a beneficent being is abroad ministering to the wants of the humblest object of creation. It was on such a calm and serene night as we have seen is necessary for the deposition of dew, that the noble poet probably penned these lines, with which we may appropriately conclude this brief sketch:—

> "There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
> But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
> All silently their tears of love distil,
> Weeping themselves away, 'till they infuse
> Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues."

THE MISERIES OF SAVAGE LIFE.

SURROUNDED as we are by all the blessings of civilization, we seldom look back into the darkness and misery of those past ages, when mankind, unenlightened by knowledge, and unaided by experience, had to contend with the most appalling difficulties. Yet such a retrospect, however briefly taken, must be instructive, exhibiting, as it does, in the most vivid colours, the advantages and blessings which we have derived from the extension of those divine truths, which have alone ameliorated our moral and intellectual condition. The infancy of every nation may be wrapt in darkness; but the records of the most ancient history, and the structure of the globe itself, establish the fact, that a deluge, terrible in its nature, and destructive in its consequences, at one time swept over the tops of the highest mountains. Previous to this eventful epoch, many useful arts appear to have been acquired; but afterwards, mankind, dispersing in scattered groups through the world, sought only to satisfy their immediate physical wants, and degenerated into a state of ignorance and barbarism. Some lived in woods, others in caves; thus, want of sociability engendered ferocious and savage habits, and, amidst the moral anarchy that ensued, we can scarcely discover one redeeming ray of light. Thus the great continents of Africa and America, and the northern parts of Europe, had their forests peopled with wandering and scattered tribes of savages, scarcely able to supply themselves with the commonest necessities of life. Even the use of fire was by some forgotten—a fact still attested by many travellers. This was the case with the inhabitants of the Marian Islands, discovered in 1521. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it, on the descent of Magellan on one of the islands. At first they believed it to be a kind of animal that fixed itself to and fed upon the wood. Some of them who approached too near being burnt, the rest were terrified, and dared not look at it, even from a distance. They were afraid, they said, of being bit, or that the dreadful animal would wound them by his violent respiration. The Egyptians and Phœnicians, having forgotten the method of procuring fire, discovered it by observing that forests were set on fire by the collision of their trees. The Chinese say, that Sui-gin-chi, one of their first kings, taught them how to kindle fire, by rubbing two pieces of wood strongly against each other. Being so unacquainted with the use of fire, men could not then dress nor prepare their food in a proper manner. Hence historians speak of nations who had no other way of dressing their food, except by exposing it to the rays of the sun. But many had not recourse to this expedient, and devoured meat in a raw state—a custom at present retained by some uncivilized tribes. The fruits and herbs which grew wild in the woods and fields, constituted the principal food which mankind first sought, and which they ate without any artificial preparation. The Egyptians originally lived on the roots and herbs which grew in their fields and marshes, without any other way of distinguishing them but by taste. The Greeks in the first ages fed on roots and wild fruits, especially on acorns—whence the custom with them arose of presenting every new married pair, on the day of their nuptials, with a basket of acorns mixed with bread. Herodotus speaks of a nation in India that lived on herbage, and similar examples might be cited. But mankind did not, even in the primitive ages, confine themselves to this simple kind of diet. Incredible as it may appear, some savages have been found who eat rats, toads, serpents, and various reptiles and insects. But, more deplorable than this, is the well-attested fact, that some men have existed savage enough to make even human flesh their food. People have been known in Asia, Africa, and America, who hunted their fellow men as we do wild beasts. On these occasions, they endeavoured to take them alive; upon which they dragged them to their huts, and, after killing them, devoured them. It is even asserted by some authors, that formerly, in parts of these countries, there were public markets for human flesh. Such horrible practices as these can only, in reason, be ascribed to that savage state induced by the sufferings arising from extreme hunger, in which deplorable extremity mothers have been known to devour their own children. The Jews, so late as the days of Trajan, having overcome a considerable army, composed of Greeks and Romans, near Cyrene, ate those who fell in battle, anointed themselves with their blood, and made clothes of their skins. "The Padæi, a nation of India," says Herodotus, "live upon raw flesh. When either males or females approach towards old age, they are slain, and devoured by their nearest relations or neighbours." The custom of eating the prisoners taken in war seems to have prevailed

among many nations. "Why do I speak," says an old historian, "of other nations, when I myself saw, while I was in Gaul, the Scots, who inhabit a considerable portion of the island of Britain, eat human flesh? And when they found in the woods shepherds and keepers of hogs, they cut off the hips of the men, and the breasts of the women, which they esteemed as the most delicious repast." Captain Cook describes the prevalence of this horrible practice among the New Zealanders. "According to their system of belief," says he, "the soul of the man whose flesh is devoured by the enemy is doomed to a perpetual fire, while the soul of the man whose body has been rescued, as well as the souls of all who die a natural death, ascend to the habitations of the gods." But we need not enlarge on this savage custom, which, doubtless, must excite a shudder in every bosom. Let us attend to other points illustrative of the degeneration of mankind into the savage state.

In the infancy of the world, even in the patriarchal age, attention was paid to dress, the magnificence of which then appears to have consisted in the fineness of the stuff, and the variety of colours it exhibited. Rebecca, the better to disguise Jacob, made him put on Esau's garments, which she kept with care, and which Moses speaks of as very beautiful. So likewise Jacob, who tenderly loved Joseph, gave him a conspicuous robe, which excited the envy of his brethren. After the dispersion of mankind, however, many of them allowed their offspring to give up the use of clothes, and savages are still found, who, to this day, have no idea of covering for their bodies. The Patagonians were accustomed to go naked, and suffered no inconvenience from the bitter coldness of their climate. Even in this country, the Picts continued naked until the time of Serverus. The habits induced by the wants of uncivilized life necessarily became of the most humiliating description, for, uncontrolled by any moral law, every tribe was left to be influenced by their own selfish and corrupt passions. In such a condition, the human soul may be aptly compared to a dark lake, over whose accursed bosom no single redeeming ray of light is allowed to gleam. Even the intercourse between the sexes in such a state does not lead to humanity, but is often preluded by acts of brutal and atrocious violence. Among the savages of New South Wales, the savage selects his intended wife from men of a different tribe, generally at enmity with his own. He steals upon her in the absence of her protectors, strikes her a severe blow on the head with a club, and drags her away, stunned and bleeding, to his retreat. She is then completely subjected to his control; nor do any of her tribe think of avenging the cruelty. In this barbarous condition, even the parent has often no sympathy towards his offspring, and frequently leaves it to die exposed in the forests, or on the banks of a river—or, immediately upon birth, puts it to death. The Giagas, a fierce and wandering people in the central parts of Africa, bury all their children the moment of their birth, choosing, in their stead, those children which have been taken in war. Among the savages in New South Wales, if the mother of a child, nourished by the breast, die, the helpless infant is buried alive in the same grave with the mother. The father himself places his living child on the body of his dead wife, and, having thrown a large stone upon it, the grave is instantly filled up. The Hindoos, and many other nations, in their early history, adopted, to a considerable extent, this unnatural and barbarous practice.

In this savage state, man desires at first only to satisfy his own immediate physical wants; then, when, by design or accident, he is led to intercourse with men similar in condition to himself, he gives way to the most inexorable passions. Often the passion of cruelty, and that to a most incredible extent, becomes the predominating feature of his character; and so hardened, indeed, does his heart become, that it seems even to pant with delight in witnessing spectacles from which every feeling of humanity and compassion would shrink back in confusion and dismay. "I have been present," says Hearne, describing a tribe of North American Indians, "when one of them would imitate the groans, distorted features, and contracted positions of a man who had died in most excruciating pain; and the exhibition put the whole company, except myself, into violent fits of laughter." Amidst the moral anarchy which in such a degenerate condition prevails, some of the passions incident to human nature scarcely manifest themselves, while others rise up in frightful and appalling violence. Jealousy among savages, in the lowest state of degradation, is seldom or never cherished; for the existence of this passion implies a degree of affection which never animates, or sheds a kindly influence over, the savage bosom. But revenge, no matter whether it exhaust its fury on inanimate objects, on beasts of the forest, or upon the offending fellow man, is an ever active principle which stimulates perpetually to every species of outrage. Among the Kookies, it is customary, if one of their number be killed by falling from a tree, for the rest to assemble and cut it down, and, whatever be its size, they convert it into chips, and scatter them to the wind. If one of them become the prey of a tiger, the whole tribe is up in arms, and the family of the deceased remains in disgrace, until, by destroying the animal, they can give a feast of its flesh. Among the black Circassians, when one man has been killed by another, the relatives of the deceased consider it necessary to avenge his death by the blood of the murderer, which, they conceive, can alone give his and their souls rest.

No picture can present in colours too deep and glowing the unmitigated horrors of savage life; yet, strange to say, some of our philosophers have pretended to maintain that this is the condition natural to man—this a state of primeval unclouded happiness! Happy savage! exclaim the disciples of Rousseau; if the boughs of the forest defend him from the storm, if the herbs of the field and fruits of the woods afford him but scanty nourishment, still his wants are satisfied; he is not insulted by the haughty frowns of his superiors; he is not forced to contrast his own narrow dwelling with turretted palaces that seem to mock his indigence; he is free as the wind, and may, from sunrise to sunset, bask in indolence, or exert himself with activity, exactly as his own innate desires may happen to prompt him. But this is vain and hollow sophistry. They forget that every tempest which howls about his forest dwelling, strikes him to the heart with superstitious fear and frightful alarm: they forget the cares and anxieties which prey upon him while he seeks the precariously found herbs or fruits, which scarcely satisfy the gnawing pains of hunger: they forget that his freedom, which is his birthright, is another name for idleness run wild, and is accompanied neither by peace, safety, nor happiness. And yet, notwithstanding all this, our best philosophers continually appealed to man in the savage state to illustrate what are the natural propensities and habits of the human race. Most assuredly this is a glaring error; for the savage state is to be regarded only as that state of degradation into which the human race gradually fell after their dispersion into distant countries, and from which they can progressively be liberated by the benignant agency of civilization. Were it the condition natural to man, surely it would be somewhat perpetuated; but instead of this, the moment one ray of Christian light penetrates into the gloom of his forest, the savage abandons his reedy hut, he gives up his depraved and ferocious habits, his passions soften down, and he becomes "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." It is not for us to determine what are the progressive stages to human happiness, nor wherefore a certain scale or gradation in the moral and mental condition of mankind should be observable throughout the world; yet doubtless this has been so designed in the great scheme of the creation, and therefore all approaches to perfection in religion, morality, politics, and science, must be accomplished gradually—the first step of the progression leading us out of that night of darkness and ignorance, which, like the original chaos, seems to be the primary condition both of the intellectual and moral world.

EMIGRATION.*

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

I know of nothing in the world so distressing as the last sight of a fine industrious independent peasantry taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made tears burst every now and then into my eyes for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think about nothing else. I saw the children all in high spirits, playing together and amusing themselves with trifles; and I wondered if those dear innocents, in after life, would remember any thing at all of the land of their nativity. They felt no regret, for they knew that they had no home but where their parents were, no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, and attending to all their little wants, and they were happy. How different the looks of the parents! They looked backward toward their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance. These looks never can be cancelled from my heart; and I noted always, that the older the men were, their looks were the more regretful and desolate. They thought, without doubt, of the tombs of their parents and friends whose heads they had laid in an honoured grave, and that, after a few years of the toil and weariness collateral with old age, they were going to lay down their bones in a new world, a far distant clime, never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Alas! the days are gone that I have seen! It is long since emigration from the Highlands commenced; for, when clanship was abolished as far as government edicts could abolish it, the poor Highlanders were obliged to emigrate. But never till now did the brave and intelligent Borderers rush from their native country, all with symptoms of reckless despair. It is most deplorable. The whole of our most valuable peasantry and operative manufacturers are leaving us. All who have made a little money to freight them over the Atlantic, and procure them a settlement in America, Van Dieman's Land, or New South Wales, are hurrying from us as from a place infected with the plague. Every day the desire to emigrate increases, both in amount and intensity: in some parts of the country the movement is taking place to an immense extent. In the industrious village of Galashiels, fifty-two are already booked for transportation. In the town of Hawick, and its subordinate villages, are double that number. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, are all going away; and if I were not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest, that, though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them.

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling is not begun yet. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship, Helen Douglas, for the British settlements in America. Among the rest was Adam Haliday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and, I think, nine sons and daughters; but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two oldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Ainslie, was there distributing little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he and Mr Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself, and some others, were standing around the father and sons, when the following interesting dialogue took place:—

"Now, Aidie, my man, ye're to behave yoursel, and no be like a woman and greet. I canna bide to see the tears comin' papplin' ower thae manly young cheeks; for though you an' Jamie wad hae been my riches, my strength, an' shield in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out o' my power to take ye wi' me just now. Therefore, be good lads, an' mind the thing that's good. Read your Bibles, tell aye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year, or the next again, you will be able to join your mother an' the bairns an' me, an' we'll a' work thegither to ane anither's hands."

"I dinna want to gang, father," said Adam, "until I can bring something wi' me to help you. I ken weel how ye are circumstanced, an' how ye hae been screwed at hame. But if there's siller to be made in Scotland in an honest way, Jamie an' me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James's heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy, about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he made matters only the worse. "Hout, Jamie, dinna greet that gate, man, for a thing that canna be helpit," said he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae likit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leaving ye is takin' the pith out o' my arm. But it's out o' my power to take ye just now; for, as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sixpence. But ye're young an' healthy an' stout, an' gin ye be a good lad, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father an' mother, an' help them."

"But aince friends are partit, an' the half o' the globe atween them, there's but a sma' chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likit to hae gane wi' ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye, an' leev'd an' dee'd wi' ye. It's an awfu' thing to be left in a country where ane has nae hame to gang to whatever befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation, that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness; but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step; but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide to-morrow; so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hay-loft.

Having resolved to sail with the Helen Douglas as far as the Point of Cumberland, I attended the next day at the quay, where a great number of people were assembled to take farewell of their friends. There were four boats lying ready to take the emigrants on board. The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting, rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday, "Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday; "why, the poor fellows hae na left themsels a boddle in helpin' to fit out their mother and me; how can they enter themsels as passengers?"

"They are entered, however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination; but if any more is required, I am authorised to advance that likewise."

"An' wha is the generous friend that has done this?" cried Haliday, in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened my arms, and encouraged my heart, and rendered me an independ-

* We willingly give insertion to this communication from Mr Hogg—for, though the prejudice of place should never interfere to a great extent with the prospects which an individual may have of bettering himself by emigration, it cannot be denied that there is a sentiment of a sacred, and, in one point of view, most useful kind, in one's attachment to his native country; which sentiment appears to us to be developed in a very touching manner by our respected correspondent.

ent man—at aince, tell me wha is the kind good man? —was it Mr Hogg?"

The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you, Mr Haliday," said he; "let it suffice that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as *paid*."

"I winna set my fit aff the coast o' Scotland, sir," said Haliday, "until I ken wha has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can be nae the waur o' an auld man's prayers night and morning; no, I winna set a fit into the boat—I winna leave the shore o' auld Scotland till I ken wha my benefactor is. Can I gang awa without kenning wha the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin' I was born? Na, na! I canna, captain; sae ye may just as weel tell me at aince."

"Then, since I must tell you, I must," said the captain; "it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him!" fell, I think, from every tongue that was present. The mother of the young men was first at the old pedlar, and clapping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even maugre some resistance. Old Haliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands, and in an ecstacy, mixed with tears and convulsive laughter, said, "Now, honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win, or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this. There was never sic a benefit conferred on a poor father an' mother sin' the world stood up. An' ye sall hae your money, good auld Christian—ye sall hae your siller."

"Ay, that he sall!" exclaimed both of the young lads.

"Na, na, Aidie Haliday, say nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar; "d'ye ken, man, I had sundry verra strong motives for this: in the first place, I saw that you *could not* do without the lads; and mair than that, I am coming up amang my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loch Eiry, to vend my wares for a year or twa, an' I wantit to hae ae house at ony rate where I wad be sure o' a night's quarters. I'll ca' for my siller, Aidie, an' I'm sure to get it, or value for't; an' if I dinna ca' for't, be sure never to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's never ony siller reaches this frae America."

I never envied any man's feelings more than I did the old pedlar's that day, when all the grateful family were hanging around him, and every eye turned on him with admiration.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

MODERN FOREIGN VERSIONS.

We have seen, by the preceding articles on this subject, that, at some period prior to the promulgation of Christianity, there existed a valuable translation of the Scriptures into Greek, entitled the SEPTUAGINT, or the SEVENTY, from the number of individuals engaged in its arrangement. It has also been shown, that, at an early period in the history of the Christian church, a Latin translation of the Scriptures was found, called the VULGATE. These Greek and Latin versions of the Bible did not supersede the use of the original Hebrew Scriptures, such being ever preserved by the Jews with the most extraordinary care, and generally made use of by them in their synagogues, while the Septuagint and Vulgate, from being in more modern languages, were in more extensive use among churchmen and the people. The existence of these early versions is therefore an incontestible evidence that the Scriptures, as now found in the original tongues, have not been impaired, interpolated, or abused, during the lapse of at least two thousand years.

Almost all the modern nations of Europe, and part of Asia, have had versions of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, taken from other versions, or from the originals. Arabic having become the vulgar language of almost all the East, there are several versions of the Bible in Arabic, which, besides the Syriac version (which is understood by the learned alone), are not only used by the Maronites and other Christians in Asia, but also by the Jews and Samaritans. About the year 900, Rabbi Saadias Gaon, an Arabian Jew, translated the Old Testament, or, at least, the Pentateuch, into Arabic. Another Jew of Mauritania translated the Pentateuch, and Erpenius printed his work. Risius, a monk of Damascus, translated the New Testament. The greater part of these versions were from the Septuagint.

The Persians have some manuscript versions of the Bible. Rabbi Jacob Favos, a Jew, translated the Pentateuch into Persian, and the Jews printed it at Constantinople in 1546. This, with the Gospels translated by one Simon, a Christian, are inserted in the London Polyglott;* but these Gospels are far from being correctly done. There have been several other Persian versions of the Psalms and the New Testament executed in modern times, particularly the New Testament by Henry Martyn, the celebrated English missionary, translated by him in the city of Shiraz in Persia, and printed at Petersburg in 1815.

The Turks have likewise some translations in manuscript of the Bible in their language. In 1666, a Turkish New Testament was printed at London, for the purpose of being dispersed in the East. It is mentioned, that, in 1721, the Grand Seignor ordered an impression of Bibles to be produced at Constantinople, that they might be confronted with the Koran, or Bible of the Mahomedans. In the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for 1815, it is mentioned, that a Turkish translation in manuscript of the whole Bible had been discovered in the repositories of the University of Leyden, where it had remained for a century and a half. The author of this translation was by birth a Pole, of the name of Albertus Boboosky, and born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. While a youth, he was stolen by the Tartars, and, being sold to the Turks in Constantinople, he was by them educated in the Mahomedan faith. His name was changed to Hali Bey, and when he grew up, he was constituted chief dragoman or translator to Mahomed the Fourth. The learning of Hali Bey was considerable. He understood seventeen languages, and he is said to have spoken in French, German, and English, like a native. He was particularly fond of the English language, and, at the request of the Hon. R. Boyle, translated the Church of England Catechism into Turkish. He also composed different works himself, several of which have been published. His chief work, however, is his translation of the whole Bible into the Turkish language, which was undertaken at the instigation and under the direction of the famous Levin Warner, Dutch ambassador at the court of the sultan at that period; and the translation appears to have been completed about the year 1666, the same year in which Seaman's translation of the New Testament into Turkish was published at Oxford.

The Armenians have a translation of the Old Testament, done from the Septuagint, by Moses Grammaticus, and two others, about 1400 years ago. In 1666, under the direction of an Armenian bishop, it was printed at Amsterdam, corrected or corrupted from the Vulgate. Theodorus Patreus procured an impression of an Armenian New Testament at Antwerp in 1668, and of the whole Bible in 1690. In 1815, the Armenian Bible, in quarto, for the accommodation of the Armenian inhabitants of Russia, who subscribed liberally for the undertaking, was printed at St Petersburg. The Armenians are scattered all over Asia.

The Georgians have the Bible in their ancient language; but that being now almost obsolete, and themselves, in general, brutishly ignorant, few of them can either read or understand it. There has never been, till lately, but one edition of the Georgian Bible; it was printed at Moscow in 1743, in a large folio volume.

The modern Greeks have recently received the New Testament in their proper tongue, which is considerably different from that in which the sacred work was originally written. The edition is in the Hellenestic and Romaic dialects, and was printed in England under the direction of a society. It has been approved of by the Patriarch of the Greek church.

The Russians have the Bible in their Sclavonic tongue, done from the Greek by Cyril, their apostle. It was published in 1581, but being too obscure, Ernest Glük, a Swedish captive, above one hundred years ago, began to form another. He died before he finished it. Peter the Great ordered a number of his most learned clergy to complete the work; and it is supposed that the Bibles distributed by imperial authority about 1722 were of this translation. In the course of *two hundred and sixty years*, from the time when printing was first introduced into Russia, no more than twenty-two editions of the Sclavonian Bible had appeared, prior to the year 1815, consisting of about *fifty thousand copies* only.

The most ancient German translation is that of Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, about A.D. 360; but he left out the Books of Kings, lest they should have excited his savage countrymen to war. Towards the end of the 16th century, Junius professed to publish an edition of it, from a manuscript found in the abbey of Verden, written in letters of silver. An anonymous version was printed at Nuremberg in 1477. Between 1521 and 1532, Luther composed his translation, but Michaelis, La Croze, and Bayer, think this was not from the Gothic version of Ulphilas, but one about 200 years later; he published it in seven parts, as it was ready. Some persons of quality, masters of the German language, revised it. Two Catholic versions, the one of Eckius on the Old, and Emzer on the New Testament, and another of Ulembergius, were published to depress the credit of Luther's; but the Protestants of Germany and Switzerland still use it, a little corrected. About 1604, Piscator turned the Latin translation of Junius and Tremellius into a kind of German, but too much Latinized. About 1680, Athias published a Hebrew-German translation of the Old Testament, for the sake of his Jewish brethren, and Jekuthiel another; but both, especially the latter, distorted several texts relative to the Messiah, &c.

The first Polish version of the Scriptures is ascribed to Hadewich, the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania' who embraced Christianity A.D. 1390. In 1596, the Protestants published another, formed on Luther's translation. There were three other versions, one by James Wick, a Jesuit, and the other two by Socinians, published in the end of the 16th century.

About 1506, the Bohemian Taborites published a Bible in their language, done from the Vulgate. In the end of the 16th century, eight Bohemian divines, after a careful study of the original languages, at Wirtemberg and Basil, published a version from the original text.

In 1534, Olaus and Laurence published a Swedish Bible, done from Luther's German translation. About 1617, Gustavus Adolphus ordered some learned men to revise it; and it has been, since, almost universally followed in that kingdom. The translation into the language of Finland is thought to have been done from it. In 1550, Peter Palladius, and three others, published a Danish version, done from the German of Luther; and there are one or two others, as also a version in the Icelandic tongue.

The Flemish or Dutch Bibles, composed by Roman Catholics, are very numerous; but the names of the translators are scarcely known, except that of Nicolas Vink, in 1548. The Calvinists of the Low Countries long used a version done from Luther's; but the Synod of Dort appointed some learned men to form a new one from the originals. It was published in 1637, and is considered very exact.

Since the Reformation, a vast number of Latin versions of the Bible have been made by members of the Romish church. Pagnin the *Dominican* was the first after St Jerome who translated the Old Testament into Latin from the Hebrew. His version was printed at Lyons in 1528. It is very literal, and generally exact. Arias Montanus retouched it, and made it yet more literal. After Pagnin came a crowd of interpreters, since the Hebrew language has been more studied. Leo of Judah, who, though not a Jew, understood Hebrew extremely well, began one, which has since been printed at Zurich; but death having prevented him from finishing his work, Theodorus Bibliander completed it. This is the version which Robert Stephens printed with the *Vulgate* and Vatablus's Notes, without naming the authors of it. Of Protestants, Emmanuel Tremellius, who of a Jew became a Christian, and Francis Junius, have also given a Latin translation, as also Castalio and Beza. These are considered tolerably exact, and have been frequently reprinted. Sebastian Munster also published a literal but judicious translation.

In 1471, an Italian Bible, done from the Vulgate, by Nicolas Malerme, a Benedictine monk, was published at Venice. Anthony Bruccioli published another in 1530, but the Council of Trent prohibited it. The Protestants have two Italian versions—the one, which is rather a paraphrase than a translation, by the celebrated Diodati, published in 1607, and with corrections in 1641—the other by Maximus Theophilus, and dedicated to the Duke of Tuscany, about 1551. By an order of King James of Arragon to burn them, we find there were a number of Bibles in Spanish, about the year 1270, probably the work of the Waldenses. About 1500, a Spanish version was published, but the translator's name is unknown. In 1543, Driander published his version of the New Testament, and dedicated it to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In 1553, the Jews published their Spanish version of the Old Testament, after having long used it in private. Cassiodore, a learned Calvinist, published his Bible in 1569, which Cyprian de Valera corrected and republished in 1602.

Peter de Vaux, chief of the Waldenses, published the first translation of the Bible in French, about A.D. 1160. Two others were published about the years 1290 and 1380; and in 1550, by order of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the doctors of Louvain published another. There are various other French versions, particularly of the New Testament; that of Mons, done from the Vulgate, and published in 1665, with the King of Spain and Archbishop of Cambray's licence, is in a most clear and agreeable style. In 1702, F. Simon published his New Testament, with some literal and critical notes, which the Bishops of Paris and Meaux quickly condemned.

There are many French versions of the Bible done by Protestants. Faber's translation of the New Testament was printed for those of Piedmont, in 1534. Next year, Peter Olivetan's Bible was published at Geneva, and, having been often reprinted with the corrections of Calvin and others, it is now a work of considerable exactness. After some struggling with the French Protestant clergy, Diodati published his in 1644; but, like his Italian and Latin versions, the translation is too free and paraphrastic. Le Clerc published his New Testament at Amsterdam in 1703, with notes mostly borrowed from Grotius and Hammond. The States-General prohibited it, as inclining to the Sabellian and Socinian heresies. La Cene published another, which shared much the same fate, on account of its fancies and errors.

The Bible, or at least portions of it, principally by the labours of the missionaries at Serampore, are now printed in nearly *forty* Indian languages, and are also to be found in Tartar, in Calmuc, and in Chinese. Upon the whole, out of the 3064 languages which are said to exist in the world, the Bible is now to be found in *one hundred and thirty-nine*.

* *Polyglott* is a Greek compound word, signifying *many tongues*, and is employed as a title for certain modern editions of the Scriptures, printed in divers languages.

GREECE.

The new independent kingdom of Greece, as now established, will probably be the smallest in the world, both in territory and in population. It includes all the country lying south of a line drawn from the Gulf of Volo to that of Arta (anciently the Sinus Ambracius), together with several of the islands of the Archipelago. Its utmost length, from north to south, is about two hundred miles; its greatest breadth scarcely one hundred and sixty. The population is even more scanty than this unexampled exiguity of boundary would lead us to imagine. It has been stated by various writers at all amounts between five hundred thousand and two millions. The probability is, that it cannot exceed six hundred thousand at the present moment; though, as soon as the new government is firmly seated on the throne, and some tolerable prospect of stability and security held out, the immigration will be immense from all quarters, especially from Thessaly and Albania; and it may reasonably be expected that, in a very few years, regenerated Greece will double its population by this means alone.

The whole country presents, to a fanciful eye, the appearance of a troubled sea, which has been congealed by some magic touch at the moment of its wildest turbulence. The mountains follow on each other in such quick succession as to leave no room for flat land, except near the sea, and in a few vallies in the interior, which have been gradually formed into plains by the accumulated deposits which torrents have washed down from the surrounding hills. The only plains of any extent or fertility which I noticed throughout Greece, were those of Argos and Marathon, both of which border on the sea; and those of Mantinea and Megalopolis, in the centre of the ancient Arcadia. Many of the mountains, especially in the Morea, are very high and difficult of access, and their summits are covered with snow till a late period in the spring. But they are often enriched by extensive forests of oak and fir, and afford excellent pasture for the flocks of sheep and goats, which still furnish the chief wealth and occupation of a large proportion of the modern Greeks.

Throughout Greece, with the exception of two or three plains, the soil is generally light, poor, and stony, and better fitted for the growth of vines than any more requiring crop. This may be owing, in a great measure, to the extreme scarcity of water, which is one of the chief disadvantages with which Nature has compensated the loveliness of scenery and richness of climate she has bestowed on this delightful land. With the single exception of the Acheloüs, all the most celebrated rivers of Grecian mythology, such as the Alpheus, the Eurotas, the Inachus, are mere insignificant streamlets. Arcadia, however, and, to a certain extent, Laconia also, are exceptions; and in the former province, the numberless rivulets which water every dell, form one of the chief features which have contributed to render it the paradise of poetical imaginations.

"Were any one," says Heeren, "who is entirely unacquainted with the history of the Greeks, to examine the map with attention, he could hardly remain in doubt that their country is favoured by nature beyond any other in Europe." It lies in a southern latitude, and enjoys a rich, genial climate, the excessive heats of which are mitigated by the mountainous character of the land, and by the vicinity of all parts of it to the sea, which surrounds it on every side, and penetrates it in every direction. In Attica especially, and in many parts of Arcadia, the air is always clear, keen, and invigorating; and to this, in a great measure, we are to attribute the unrivalled preservation of the monuments of Grecian art. Further, the combination of high land with a southern latitude, enables Greece to produce almost every variety of vegetable life which is to be found in the temperate zone. The corn of the Morea has long been held in high estimation, and in better times was exported in considerable quantities to the adjoining islands. The oil of Attica, and other provinces, is notoriously plentiful and excellent, needing only the care and cultivation which a settled government will enable and encourage the people to bestow, in order to equal, and probably surpass, that of Italy and the Ionian Isles. The honey, both of Athens and the Morea, has long been an esteemed article of export; figs, oranges, and lemons, are cultivated with the greatest success; and the wines of the islands, and also of the continent, though generally ruined for European palates by the manner of their preparation, naturally possess a rich and delicate flavour, and will ultimately, I doubt not, become a most important article of commerce. Greece produces already considerable quantities of wool, and some kinds of it are said to rival those of Spain; while the cultivation of silk, cotton, and tobacco, might be almost indefinitely increased. Add to this, that the multitude of excellent sea-ports with which Greece abounds, and their proximity to every part of the country, give her natural commercial advantages possessed by no other nation; and that the skill and enterprise of the Greeks have made them, under every disadvantage, unquestionably the best sailors in the Levant: and we see a reasonable prospect, that, as their resources are gradually developed, they will take rank among the most active and intelligent commercial people of Europe.

The beauty of Grecian scenery is beyond parallel and beyond description. In this only have poets not exaggerated. Many of the most beautiful scenes are mentioned in the course of the work, and it would be superfluous to describe them here. But there is one which must not be passed over. It is remarked by Bartholdy, in his Travels in Greece, as a curious circumstance in the history of national character, that the Athenians, gay, elegant, and often effeminate, whose luxurious tastes and tendencies rivalled those of the Sybarites, inhabited a bleak province and a barren soil; while the stern and forbidding virtues of the Spartans were born and matured amidst scenery of unequalled luxuriance and softened beauty. It is scarcely possible to conceive a landscape of richer loveliness than the plain of Sparta presents. It is well cultivated, and covered with thick groves of olives, mulberry, and lemon-trees. When I visited it in the spring, these were in full blossom, and diffused a luscious sweetness, which invited to far different sentiments from those of Spartan self-denial. The ruins of the ancient city occupy one side of the plain, and on the other, the town and fort of Mistra rise along a steep acclivity, while Mount Taygetus towers abruptly and immediately behind. The scene cannot be rendered by any description; but it is well worthy of a visit to the Morea for its sake alone. Individual spots there may be in other countries which surpass any thing to be met with either in Greece or the Ægean Islands. But here *every* scene is beautiful, and its beauty is of the highest order. The traveller is constantly surrounded by the richest loveliness of unassisted nature, occasionally intermingled with the monumental traditions of an earlier day—he lives in a perpetual rapture; and when at length he is withdrawn from the witchery of this land of enchantment, and looks back upon its charms with a fancy somewhat calmed by time and distance, he almost wonders at his own enthusiasm.*

* From Sketches in Greece and Turkey. Ridgway, London, 1835—a work which we strongly recommend to attention.

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

There are few things more curious than the fact, that the seeds of various plants and flowers which have lain dormant, at a depth under the surface of the earth, for a succession of ages, have germinated, either by being exposed to the air, or the action of some compost or manure.

White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," remarks on this subject—"The naked part of the hanger is now covered with thistles of various kinds. The seeds of these thistles may have lain probably under the thick shade of the beeches for many years, but could not vegetate till the sun and air were admitted. When old beech trees are cleared away, the naked ground, in a year or two, becomes covered with strawberry plants, the seeds of which must have lain in the ground for an age at least. One of the *slidders*, or trenches, down the middle of the hanger, close covered over with lofty beeches nearly a century old, is still called *strawberry* slidder, though no strawberries have grown there in the memory of man. This sort of fruit did once, no doubt, abound there, and will again, when the obstruction is removed."

A striking instance occurred in trenching some ground for a plantation at Bushy Park, which had been undisturbed by the spade or plough since, and perhaps long before, the reign of Charles the First. The ground was turned up in the winter, and in the following summer it was covered with a profusion of the tree mignionette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, plants which are nowhere found in a wild state in the neighbourhood; and in a plantation recently made in Richmond Park, a number of foxgloves appeared, after the soil had been deeply trenched. Mr Jesse noticed an occurrence of the same kind, in a plantation in Devonshire, the surface of which was covered with the dark blue columbine, which is a common plant in the western counties in a wild state. A field, also, which had previously little or no Dutch clover upon it, was covered with that plant, after it had been trampled upon and fed down by horses.

It is well known that if a pine forest in America were to be cut down, and the ground cultivated, and afterwards allowed to return to a state of nature, it would produce plants quite different from those by which it had been previously occupied. So completely, indeed, is the soil impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface, from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it.

The plant called *Hypeocoum procumbens* was lost in the Upsal garden for forty years, but was accidentally resuscitated by digging the ground which it had formerly occupied. A species of *Lobelia*, which had been missing for twenty years in the Amsterdam garden, was unexpectedly recovered in the same manner. There is a very curious account in Monson's *Perludia Botanica*, of the appearance of a species of mustard, *Sisymbrium iris*, after the fire of London; and another species, *Sisymbrium panonicum*, made its appearance suddenly among the ruins, after the fire of Moscow, and continues abundant there ever since. In Glamorganshire, Wales, a crop of barley was produced, where oats had been sown, and the farmer to whom it belonged declared that the ground had not been stirred for thirty years before; so that the seeds must have been all that time lying in a dormant state.

Several years ago, when some labourers were borin for water, near Kingston-on-Thames, earth was brought from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet. This earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it, yet, in a short time, plants began to germinate from it. If quick lime be put upon land, which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its stead.

There is an old castle, near Moffat, which belonged to the Regent Murray. Some of the lands which surround it are covered with peat, of about six or eight inches in thickness, under which there is a stratum of soil, supposed to have been cultivated as a garden in the time of Murray. Some years ago, the turf was removed and the soil turned up, from which sprang a variety of flowers and plants; several of them are but little known in Scotland even at the present time.

In the year 1817, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., made some curious and very interesting experiments on the germination of seeds. "A friend of mine," says he, "possesses an estate in this county, a great part of which, lying along the Moray Frith, was, at some period not very well ascertained, but certainly not less than sixty years ago, covered with sand, which had been blown from the westward, and overwhelmed the cultivated fields, so that the agriculturist was forced to abandon them altogether. My friend, soon after his purchase of the estate, began the arduous but judicious operation of trenching down the sand, and bringing to the surface the original black mould. These operations of improvement were so productive as to induce the intelligent and enterprising proprietors to undertake, lately, a still more laborious task, viz. to trench down the superincumbent sand, on a part of the property where it was no less than eight feet deep.

"Conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity of trying some experiments relative to the length of time which seeds preserve their power of vegetation, even when immersed in the soil, I procured from my friend a quantity of the mould, taken fresh from under the sand, and carefully avoiding any mixture of the latter. This was instantly put into a jar, which was stopped up close, by means of a piece of bladder tied tightly over its mouth. Having prepared a couple of flower-pot flats, by drilling small holes in the bottom of them, so as to admit of the ascent of water, I filled the flats with some of the mould, and, placing them in a very wide and shallow tub, made on purpose, I covered each of them with a large glass receiver. Each receiver, however, was provided with a brass rim, having little brass knobs on it, so as to raise its edge from the bottom of the tub, and leave a small opening for the admission of air. The whole apparatus was placed in my library, of which the door and windows were kept constantly shut. This was done on the 17th of February last. It is now the 6th of May (1817); and on examining the flats, I find about forty-six plants in them, apparently of four different kinds; but as they are yet very young, I cannot determine their species with any degree of accuracy."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who is ever ready to communicate information to his fellow men, has kindly informed us that the following were the plants which germinated. They were all of a highly oleaginous nature, and consisted of the mouse-ear, the scorpion-grass, the red archangel, and the corn spurrey. The lands from which this earth was obtained were those of Inverugie.

It is a curious fact, in proof of what has been advanced, that more recent deposits of earth, such as peat, leaf-mould, &c. produce little or no vegetable substances, while, as has been shown, soil, from whatever depth it is brought, is impregnated with seeds, which grow freely on being exposed to the influence of light and air.

Besides the wonderful duration of the germinative power of the seeds of plants, when buried at a depth in the soil, they are found to have the power of reproduction when kept out of soil for a long series of years. Mrs Selby of Twizzell, in the county of Northumberland, a lady distinguished for her zeal as a florist, and for her many domestic virtues, has experimented on the growth of flower seeds to a considerable extent. She informed us, in 1822, that she had never failed in germinating flower seeds, however old they may have been. On one occasion, she begged of a friend a few duplicates of exotic seeds, which had for many years been kept in a bottle on a mantelpiece, along with some shells, and, in this situation, subjected to the drying heat of the fire, and great variety of change in temperature, yet, nevertheless, she succeeded in producing plants from all of them.

The Society for the Encouragement of Horticulture in Prussia, proposes, from time to time, certain questions, to which it directs the attention of horticulturists. The following was proposed in 1829:—"Is it true that seeds of the melon and cucumber, being preserved for some years, yield a greater abundance of fruit?" Most observers have remarked, on this head, that plants obtained from the seeds of the preceding year produce many leaves, but few fruitful flowers, and, what is curious, almost entirely male ones; but that these same seeds, dried by the heat of the sun or of a stove, yield more fruitful plants, and

that it is particularly at the end of some years they acquire this property. These experiments vary from three to twenty years. The heat of the human body may be useful, but it must be used with discretion, or the germinating power of the seeds will be destroyed.

M. Schmidt employed seeds of from five to twelve years old, which germinated, but he found that those twenty years old did not grow. Professor Sprengel, of Halle, says he obtained no fruit from seed a year old. On the other hand, M. d'Arenstorff, of Drebleau, obtained fruit most remarkable for flower and size from seed of twenty years old. The same results were obtained by Professor Treveranus, of Berlin.

M. Voss, head gardener at Sans Souci, sowed, on the 7th February 1827, twenty-four seeds of a Spanish melon of the year 1790, being, consequently, thirty-seven years old, and he obtained eight plants which produced good fruit. This experiment was the most remarkable of all. He obtained plants from eleven kinds of seeds of different species of a less age. Cucumber seeds of seventeen years old afforded the same results.

FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

To continue the narrative of Franklin's expedition: On the return of Dr Richardson and Hepburn to the party in October, the melancholy tale of what had befallen them was thus described by the Doctor:—It appears that, on the first two days, they had nothing whatever to eat, that on the evening of the third day, Michel, the only surviving man of the four whom Captain Franklin had sent back, arrived with a hare and a partridge, which enabled them to break their long fast. Another day passed without eating; Mr Hood very weak and unwell. On the 11th, Michel brought them part of what he called a wolf, which he said had been killed by the stroke of a deer's horn. "We implicitly believed this story then," says Dr Richardson, "but afterwards became convinced, from circumstances, the detail of which may be spared, that it must have been a portion of the body of Belanger, or Perrault," two of the unfortunate men whom Captain Franklin had sent back, and one or both of whom it was strongly suspected had fallen by the hands of the Iroquois. This man's bad conduct since his return grew daily worse; he absented himself from the party; refused either to hunt, or to fetch wood, and frequently threatened to leave them. Poor Hood was now sinking fast; he was unable to eat the tripe de roche (and they had nothing else), on account of the constant griping it produced.

"At this period we avoided as much as possible conversing upon the hopelessness of our situation, and generally endeavoured to lead the conversation towards our future prospects in life. The fact is, that, with the decay of our strength, our minds decayed, and we were no longer able to bear the contemplation of the horrors that surrounded us. Each of us, if I may be allowed to judge from my own case, excused himself from so doing by a desire of not shocking the feelings of the others, for we were sensible of one another's weakness of intellect, though blind to our own. Yet we were calm and resigned to our fate, not a murmur escaped us, and we were punctual and fervent in our addresses to the Supreme Being."

Five days more passed on without any food except a little tripe de roche collected by Hepburn, the Iroquois continuing sulky, and, though strongest of the party, refusing to contribute to its relief; but it was strongly suspected he had a hidden supply of meat for his own use. Seeing the determined obstinacy and refractory spirit of this man, Dr Richardson had told him, that if no relief came from Fort Enterprise before the 20th, Hepburn and himslf should be dispatched thither with a compass, by the direction of which they might be enabled to find the house. On that very day, however, as Hepburn was cutting wood near the tent, and Dr Richardson was collecting tripe de roche, the miscreant assassinated Mr Hood while sitting over the fire in the last stage of disease and debility. The ball entered the back part of his head, and set fire to his nightcap. Hepburn had heard them conversing together in an angry tone, and immediately after, the report of a gun; and on looking towards the spot, observed Michel rise from behind the spot where Mr Hood had been sitting, and dart into the tent. It was at once clear, from the great length of the gun which had been discharged, that such a wound could only have been inflicted by a second person; and if any doubt could have existed as to the murderer, Michel's own conduct would at once have removed it. From this time he would never suffer the two remaining of the party to be together for a moment; he was constantly asking if they suspected him of the murder; sometimes he made use of threatening language; at other times muttering to himself, and throwing out obscure hints of freeing himself from all restraint. In short, as they proceeded on their dismal journey to join their companions at Fort Enterprise, his conduct became so violent and outrageous as to convince both the Doctor and Hepburn that he would attempt to destroy them the first opportunity that offered. His strength was superior to theirs united, and he had, besides his gun, two pistols, an Indian bayonet, and a knife. On coming to a rock, he for the first time left them together, saying he would stop to gather some tripe de roche, and desired them to go on. Hepburn now mentioned certain circumstances, which satisfied Dr Richardson that there was no safety for them but in his death, and he offered to be the instrument of it. "I determined, however," says Dr Richardson, "as I was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of such a dreadful act, to take the whole responsibility upon myself; and immediately upon Michel's coming up, I put an end to his life by shooting him through the head with a pistol. Had my own life alone," he continues, "been threatened, I would not have purchased it by such a measure; but I considered myself as entrusted also with the protection of Hepburn's, a man who, by his humane attentions and devotedness, had so endeared himself to me, that I felt more anxiety for his safety than for my own." Michel had gathered no tripe de roche; and it was quite evident that he had halted for no other purpose than that of putting his gun in order, to destroy them that same evening while engaged in setting up the tent.

Dr Richardson seems to have no doubt that a very short time must have put an end to the sufferings of Mr Hood. On his zeal, ability, and goodness of heart, both he and Captain Franklin bestow unqualified praise. "The loss," says the former, "of a young officer of such distinguished and varied talents and application, may be felt and duly appreciated by the eminent characters under whose command he had served; but the calmness with which he contemplated the probable termination of a life of uncommon promise, and the patience and fortitude with which he sustained, I may say, unparalleled bodily sufferings, can only be known to the companions of his distresses."

After dragging along their famished bodies for six days, existing on lichens and pieces of the skin-cloak of poor Mr Hood, on the 29th they came in sight of the fort at dusk; "and," says Dr Richardson, "it is impossible to describe our sensations, when, on attaining the eminence that overlooks it, we beheld the smoke issuing from one of the chimneys. From not having met with any footsteps in the snow, as we drew nigh our once cheerful residence, we had been agitated by many melancholy forebodings. Upon entering the now desolate building, we had the satisfaction of embracing Captain Franklin, but no words can convey an idea of the filth and wretchedness that met our eyes on looking around. Our own misery had stolen upon us by degrees, and we were accustomed to the contemplation of each other's emaciated figures; but the ghastly countenances, dilated eye-balls, and sepulchral voices of Mr Franklin and those with him, were more than we could at first bear.

An idea may be formed of the dreadful state to which the captain's party were reduced, by the death of two of them, two days after the arrival of Dr Richardson and Hepburn. The only remaining man and Captain Franklin were so utterly unable to assist themselves, that eight-and-forty hours, and probably half that time, would have put an end to their misery. The whole labour, therefore, of procuring fire-wood, and scraping together the old pieces of skins, and fragments of bone, devolved on Dr Richardson and Hepburn, whose strength was now rapidly declining, and very nearly exhausted, when, providentially, on the 7th of November, the long-expected relief arrived, by the hands of three Indians sent by Mr Back. The condition to which the four survivors were reduced is thus described by Captain Franklin:—

"I may here remark, that, owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced sorenesss over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying, yet, to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but three or four days, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part, but not always, accompanied it, were usually (though not invariably) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the day time we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discussed with seriousness and earnestness topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking directly of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed that, in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated perhaps in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness, that he exclaimed, 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings.'"

Nothing could be kinder and more humane than the conduct of the Indians. They cleaned out the room, cooked their victuals, had them washed and made comfortable, and, after leaving the fort, attended them to the spot where their tribe were engaged in hunting; giving up their own snow-shoes, keeping by their sides, lifting them up when they fell, and finally conducting them in safety to the nearest of the Company's posts, where they met with their companion, Back, whose sufferings had scarcely been less than their own, and to whose exertions the survivors of the party unquestionably owed their safety. One of the two Canadians who had accompanied Mr Back fell a sacrifice to cold, hunger, and fatigue.

RURAL AFFAIRS.

In the year 1806, I was one afternoon leaning over the grave of Burns, and reading the plain inscription on his tombstone erected in the churchyard of Dumfries. This town was the concluding scene of the Scottish bard, and here terminated the breathings of his muse and of his life. I was indulging in one of those moods, in which pain and pleasure are so equally blended, that the mind is thrown into a sort of delightful melancholy; for while I traced many gay and lively recollections, I was forced by present objects to check the rising emotions, and embitter them with grief. His enchanting and splendid verses were contrasted, in the eye of fancy, with the shades of his character; the bright and promising morning of his life with the ominous and black cloud which settled on the evening of his days. While indulging in these feelings, a slow and faltering step struck my ear, and, turning round, I discovered an emaciated but venerable figure approaching, in the last decrepitude of old age.

"Stranger," said he, "you are paying the tribute of respect to the memory of our poet, and I must beg pardon for this abrupt intrusion." There was such an air of good nature in the old man, heightened by the sense of his helplessness, that I addressed him frankly in reply, and showed no reluctance to engage in conversation.

"Come," said he, "along with me to the hillock which Burns used to visit." I accompanied him, and we ascended together the mound of earth, on the top of which is the seat, once the favourite haunt of this immortal and extraordinary genius. It is still shown to the curious, lies within the precincts of the town, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. We seated ourselves on the grassy turf; and, grown familiar by an interchange of sentiment, we conversed on the most intimate footing. From Burns we soon passed to other topics possessing novelty or interest.

"The country," said I, "in every direction around, and wherever I have travelled, is mostly arable, and highly cultivated. The red and white wheats prevail universally, and are sown seemingly by the farmers in equal quantities."

"Yes," replied the old man; "there is a wonderful change in this district since I was of your age; for I can recollect the time when there were neither enclosures nor wheat in all this country."

"Is it possible," I answered, "that all these improvements are of so recent a date as to be within the reach of your remembrance? I should like if you would relate to me the ancient state of the country, the condition of the tenants, and the progress of agriculture."

"That I shall do with all my heart," rejoined my acquaintance, his eyes brightening as he spoke, for, like myself, he seemed fond of the subject.

"I was born," continued he, "in 1719, in Lochmaben, and am now eighty-seven years of age. The oldest thing I recollect is the great riot which took place throughout the whole of this shire in 1724, in consequence of the landed proprietors beginning to enclose their estates, on purpose to stock them with black cattle. The small tenants were turned out to make way for this improvement, and the ground was fenced by a sunk ditch and wall, called then park-dykes. Great distress was felt in the country on account of this alteration; and the tenantry rose in a mob, and, with pitchforks, spades, and mattocks, proceeded to level all these enclosures, from the one end of the country to the other. My father was, unfortunately, concerned in that disturbance; and after it was quelled by the help of two troops of dragoons brought from Edinburgh, he was banished to the American plantations for his crime. I lived afterwards, and was brought up, with my uncle in Nithsdale, about twenty miles hence, who rented there a small farm of a hundred acres, and I assisted him in working it. The general produce of all this country was grey oats, although the gentlemen in their croft or best lands raised also a little beer or bigg, and some white oats; yet the soil was by all men believed incapable of producing wheat, and accordingly it was never tried. Our common food consisted of these grey oats parched, or burned out of the ear, and ground in a hollow stone by the hand; of milk; of kail; of groats; with never more than one ewe, killed at Martinmas for the family. The houses were generally built of mud, and covered with thatch; and the clothing was of plaiding—a coarse tweeled stuff, manufactured at home from the black and white wool mixed together. Hats and shoes were only worn by the gentry; and even they often appeared at church with a coat of their wives' making. Potatoes were not introduced till 1725, and at first were cultivated with much care, and in small patches. They were carried to the great towns on horses' backs, and retailed at a high price by pounds and ounces. It was about the year 1735, when they came into com-

mon use; and before that period there was often great scarcity of food, sometimes bordering on famine, in this fine country, which was then accounted incapable of raising bread for its scanty population. Dumfries at present contains more inhabitants than were then in the whole county: and twenty acres are now more productive than two hundred in those days. Such was the low state of husbandry, that the principal supply came from Cumberland, on the other side of the Esk; and I myself have witnessed on the Wednesdays, which from time immemorial have been our market days, sad scenes of real distress occasioned by the swelling of the river, which prevented the carriers from bringing forward the meal; as the want of bridges often interrupted all communication.

"I have seen," proceeded the old man with greater animation, and pointing with the staff in his hand, "all that country before us covered and overgrown with whins and broom, and not a single vestige of these hedges and stone walls which cross and intersect the whole landscape. A few sheep and black cattle picked the scanty herbage, and they were prevented from eating the growing corn, either by a herd-boy who tended them, or by a temporary fence erected every year. The common people very often collected nettles in the field, of which they made a kind of coarse soup thickened with oatmeal, and enriched, on great days, by a piece of butter as a luxury The state of Scotland from my birth up to 1745 was miserable in the extreme: the lower classes were ill fed, ill clothed, and ill lodged, and there was no revival in their circumstances till the introduction of potatoes and lime."

"Of potatoes and of lime!" repeated I; "I can perceive some reason why the first should improve their condition, but what connection had the last with it?"

"Lime," continued my instructor, "operated with more success on the prosperity of the country than potatoes, and I look upon it as the best friend we ever saw."

"Explain yourself," said I; "for all this seems mysterious, and I cannot conceive how lime could have wrought such enchantment."

"To your satisfaction, then, I shall account for it; and my present views have not been altered for the last twenty years of my life. Seventy years ago, in 1738, there was no lime used for building in Dumfries, except a little made of cockle shells, burnt at Colvend, and brought on horses' backs a distance of twenty-two miles. All the houses were either composed of mud walls, strengthened by upright posts, and these bound and connected together by wattled twigs, or they were built of stone, laid, not in mortar, but in clay or moist loam. The whole town was a collection of dirty, mean, and frail hovels, never exceeding one story, because the materials had not strength or firmness to bear more. These buildings were so perishable, and stood in need of such constant propping, that people never thought of expending time, labour, and money on the comforts of a habitation which was to fall into ruins during the course of their lifetime. Old Provost Bell's house, which was founded in 1740, is the only one now remaining of the ancient town; and although the under story was built with clay, the two upper were laid in lime, which is the cause of its long standing.

"Between the years 1750 and 1760, the old mud walls gave place to those of stone laid in mortar, and from that period there has been a visible and rapid improvement. Houses acquired permanence, descended from father to son, and the labours of one generation were enjoyed by the next. To lime, then, we owe these stately edifices, with all the comforts and conveniences they confer; and it hence contributed, in a remarkable degree, to the refinement and polish of private life.

"If to this fossil," continued the old man, "we are indebted for the stability of our towns, we are under greater obligations for its unprecedented effects on the powers of the earth. Wheat and clover would not thrive in the county of Dumfries, or in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, till lime was plentifully incorporated with the soil; and after its introduction, the farmers became rich, land advanced in value, the produce was multiplied tenfold, population increased, and these counties quickly rose to their present unexampled prosperity. In my younger days, it cost much toil to raise on my uncle's farm two bolls or two bolls and a half of grey oats per acre, and after taking one or two crops, the ground lay for four or five years in natural grass, which was coarse, and unpalatable to the cattle. The rent—only 2s. 6d. per acre—we found great difficulty in scraping together, and we fell on a thousand shifts to accomplish it. Now, the same farm is rented at L.3, 10s. per acre, is kept under constant cropping, rears excellent wheat, is wholly drained and enclosed, supports a genteel family in all the comforts of life, and one year's rent of it is double the sum which could have purchased it altogether sixty-five years ago. It is lime that has warmed and meliorated the soil, that has endowed it with productive powers, and that supports all the plenty and prosperity you have been admiring, as you travelled through the district." He paused; I rose and bowed; we came down together, and I retired to my apartment in the inn, to note down the particulars of this interesting conversation.*

* This simple and instructive sketch of the changes effected in the rural management of Scotland within the last eighty years, is extracted from a valuable work on agricultural subjects, printed at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, entitled "The Letters of Agricola," &c., by John Young, who, we believe, is a native of this country.

SLAVES IN ANCIENT STATES.

It is difficult for a modern to conceive the number of slaves that existed in the most populous Greek and Italian cities. The city of Corinth, the most commercial and most opulent of Greece, possessed within her walls forty-six myriads, or 460,000. When Demetrius Phalereus took a census of the population of Athens, free, servile, and foreigners, there were found 21,000 citizens, 10,000 domiciled foreigners, and no less than 400,000 slaves. Nicias had 1000 slaves, which he hired out to work in the silver mines of Thrace, at an abolus, or 1½d. a-day. The Æginatæ, a trading people, possessing many ships, but a very small territorial limit, possessed, according to Aristotle, 470,000. Some of the citizens of Dardanus possessed more than 1000 slaves. Many Roman families had 10,000 or 20,000, or even more, and these were kept and maintained by them not always for gain, but sometimes for mere show and attendance. Smindyridas, a native of Sybaris, a town celebrated for its voluptuousness and accomplished luxury, took along with him, when he went to his marriage, 1000 slaves, as ministrants to him, some of them cooks, some poulterers, some fishers, &c. An immense number of slaves was maintained by the free inhabitants of Sicily; they frequently mutinied against their masters, and threw the whole island into bloodshed and confusion; upwards of 100 myriads are calculated to have there perished in these dreadful conflicts for emancipation. The servile war in Italy was nearly equally destructive. At one time, 120,000 slaves were marching upon Rome, who were headed and directed by one Spartacus, a Thracian slave, who avenged the injured rights of nature upon his enslavers, and made the supremacy of Rome herself to totter under the force of his infuriated attacks. At the close of the servile war, no less than 6000 slaves were hanged up all the way from Rome to Capua. In Attica, the slaves wrought at the mines with their feet shackled. The ancient Greeks were not served in their houses by bought slaves; the younger served the elder. The city of Ephesus was founded by 1000 slaves, who ran away from Samos. It is said that Julius Cæsar crossed into Britain with but three slaves officiating as servants, and it is a strange coincidence that his body was carried home by three servants from the senate-house, where he was murdered. Cato was wont to ride from Rome to the country, in the most simple manner, with but one slave, sometimes no attendant at all—riding gently with his *walise* under him for a saddle, somewhat in the style of a modern decent Antiburgher minister.

TO A WILD FLOWER.*

In what delightful land,
Sweet scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fann'd.

Full oft my gladden'd eye,
In pleasant glade or river's marge has traced,
(As if there planted by the hand of taste),
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead, or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away.
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernacular words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of Earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of Summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green
Smooth-running waters in the far off ways,
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude,
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

* We have taken the liberty of extracting this beautiful little poem from the second edition (lately published) of a volume entitled "Poetical Aspirations, by William Anderson." That a poet who can write such things should be so little known, is a strong signification of the difficulty which characterises the present age, with all its advantages, of attaining almost any degree of literary celebrity.

THE "CHEAP" PUBLICATIONS.

We have had much pleasure in observing a very respectful notice of the present work, along with the Penny and Saturday Magazines, in a late number of the Edinburgh Review. Not that there is any chance of our circulation being much extended by the recommendation of this distinguished periodical, but that the article in the Review may tend to open the eyes of many persons, chiefly those connected with literature, to better views of the nature and end of the cheap sheets than what have hitherto prevailed. It has all along been to us a matter of painful reflection, that, while the reading public was fully awake to the benefits to be derived from such a vast system of popular instruction, and while our own work in particular has been honoured with an appreciation that proclaims itself as almost without parallel in periodical literature, the *writing public* has either preserved an invidious silence regarding our labours and those of our followers, or employed themselves less honourably in conveying the falsest impressions respecting our legal and literary status, insomuch that the *soi-disant* leaders of the public taste appear to be the only class in the country who remain ignorant or prejudiced upon the subject. While a moral phenomenon of the most uncommon kind was in the process of being developed—no less than the establishment of an universal national organ of literary instruction and refinement, and that by means the most simple and unpretending—men of letters seemed to have no better amusement than to sneer at so external a matter as the price of these works, to denounce them as infringing upon the newspaper laws, and to hold them up in every possible way to ridicule. One great magazine-writer—who, however, is certainly under great temptations to write nonsense, since the public seems to like nothing else of his composition—wished, in the spirit of the Caliph Omar, that the common people would content themselves, like their fathers, with the Bible. Other persons connected with the daily and weekly press endeavoured at once to prove that they were newspapers, and yet that their contents were worthless; an argument in which they certainly reflected no small credit upon their own labours. In short, the cheap publications, as they are comparatively but incorrectly termed, have been the subject of as much misrepresentation as if, instead of being obvious to every eye, they had held a more obscure course than the generality of other works. Regretting as we do that the accustomed dispensers of fame should in this case have been so obstinate and so blind, we cannot but rejoice that the Edinburgh Review has attempted to assign these publications their proper rank, seeing that the effort may be an example to others, or at least that it may avail with many who are inaccessible of all claims which do not bring with them a prestige of one kind or another.

There is one part of the article which we cannot allow to pass without special notice—the caution which the Reviewer thinks it necessary to give at the close, respecting the use which we and others may be tempted to make of larger works. To what extent the Penny and Saturday Magazines may facilitate their labours in this manner, we have never inquired; but we have to state, in our own behalf, that there is seldom any considerable portion of our columns which is copied directly from any book, and in general these extracts are of such a trivial and fragmentary nature, as to infringe upon no copyright whatsoever. The articles which appear in our "Information for the People" are as original as any articles in Encyclopædias ever are; so are the majority of those which occupy the "Journal." Our system of literary labour is, indeed, as complicated, and relatively as expensive, as that of any periodical work in the country; and even where our matter is not new, it is generally derived from American works, or from British publications which have been sent to us by the authors or publishers, in order that we might aid in bringing them into notice, or from books of a past day, in which there is no publishing interest to be injured. The limits to which the system of extracting may be carried have never yet been properly fixed either by law or custom; but since we are held by implication to be liable to some blame on this account, we may mention, that we do not copy nearly so much as many works which have never yet been challenged. The Literary Gazette, for instance, and other popular works of which it has been the respectable model, live, it may be said, by nothing else than their custom of giving extracts from all the new books of the passing week. Even the monthly and quarterly periodicals copy more in proportion than we do. Nor is the system confined to publications of this class. The extent to which historical and miscellaneous writers avail themselves of the labours of their predecessors, is beyond all calculation. A work, for instance, has lately appeared under the designation of "Waverley Anecdotes," which has been praised in most of the newspapers and literary journals; its sole merit, in reality, lies in its being an artful compound of matters from other books, among which a volume by Mr R. Chambers, published in 1822, under the title of "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," has suffered to the amount of somewhere about a third of its whole contents—and this without the acknowledgment which we invariably make, as to the source of our quotations. Another work, now in the course of publication, respecting the Highlands, and which professes to be an improvement upon all past history, has been shown to be, in one of its sections, borrowed word for word from Chalmers's Caledonia—also without acknowledgment. Because these works do not offend by their cheapness, and are occasionally advertised in the newspapers, they are praised in many of those sheets, while we, who are most absurdly supposed to interfere with the interests of the political press, and with other literary concerns, are either directly or indirectly said to exist by a system of plunder! In truth, we would be very glad to give up the practice of quoting from even the few sources which we employ, if it were not that our readers appear solicitous to have a few extracts along with our original matter, and that we are often entreated, by way of favour, to use our freedom with certain works put into our hands by the persons most interested in them. In a brief space of time, we hope to convince the public that extracts from books, if not in every case unique and complete in themselves (which they very rarely are), are less proper to our purpose than the systematized knowledge which we condense into our more elaborate articles; and when that end is gained, it is probable that we will altogether cease to insert any thing that has ever before been printed. In the mean time we may mention, as the best proof of our having never offended against copyright, that we have not yet received a single remonstrance upon the subject from any publisher—although it is said that some of the most considerable of these individuals have resolved to prosecute the cheap works in every case where it is at all likely that they may be successful. On the contrary, we have ourselves suffered more, perhaps, at the hands of these gentlemen, than they have done from us; and if any complaint were proper, it ought rather to arise from ourselves. We allude particularly to our biographical article on Sir Walter Scott, which has been pillaged by *dear* publications of every class and calibre—very much to our satisfaction.

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WINDFALLS.

THERE are some medicines and intoxicating draughts which cannot, without extreme danger, be largely used at first. It is only by beginning with small doses, and by gradually increasing them, that the system becomes habituated to their qualities, and in a manner fitted for their reception, until at last the original quantity produces no perceptible effect or excitement, and copious drenchings are undergone with apparent impunity. In the same way that drugs of this kind act upon the body, the possession of wealth operates upon the mind. When money is amassed by slow degrees, by the regular profits of business, the use of it is learnt during the acquisition; but when it plumps upon a man suddenly, and he who yesterday was a hard-working tradesman, obliged to fare frugally, and to be content with coarse clothing, finds himself today the master of a fortune capable of supplying a luxurious table, splendid furniture, and rich attire, he is as it were taken by assault, reduced under subjection to a powerful invader, and frightened from his propriety, so as to be incapable of managing affairs discreetly for the future.

He who has formed a resolution to go cautiously and steadily forward in the pursuit he has chosen, accommodates his desires to the station in which it places him. There is no one, indeed, devoid of ambition; and he, like other men, hopes to better himself, and looks forward to enjoyments beyond his present circumstances: but it is by almost imperceptible steps that he advances to attain them. He does not see the full height of the mountain before him, nor pant with eagerness to reach its top; but terraced eminences present themselves successively, and with patient foot he climbs one after another, saving his breath most methodically, although his view does not extend to the next ascent. Far from losing his all upon a cast, he would not risk the merest trifle on *the chances*, and his is the heart that never fluttered responsive to the most flattering *perhaps*. His last pace is measured with the same steadiness and self-possession that characterised the whole of his progress; and, knowing every inch of ground over which he has passed, he is prepared to recede, if it should be necessary, with no less composure. Such is the character of the prudent man of business—unwearied industry being its strongest feature. All acknowledge him to be clear-headed, and many load him with the imputation of being also cold-hearted; but this is very frequently a mistake: He knows how he has got every penny he possesses, and he never parts with the smallest sum, without being assured of a good and sufficient cause for the outlay. He is not wanting in the common kindnesses and charities of life; on the contrary, he devotes the whole of his time and talents to the acquisition of means by which he may confer benefits on all who are connected with him—but they are every one sober unostentatious benefits, distributed considerately from a sense of duty, and not from any high-flown notions of generosity. By steady attention to the concerns of trade, he makes himself the stay of many industrious families, who in his service are sure of employment, and equally sure of their wages. He whose hand gives liberally to the poor is blessed; but doubly blessed is he who enables them to live without depending upon casual bounty.

The man who looks to lucky turns in trade, and makes bold ventures, is sometimes as successful as his neighbour who plods on in its regular routine; but he seldom employs his advantages so wisely for himself, and so beneficially for others. He is of a sanguine temperament, and has accustomed himself to think that money is only to be made by fortunate hits. Excitement and stir present to him charms that are irresistible; so he takes care to devise and execute a number of schemes, sufficient to keep him constantly upon the tenter-hooks of expectation. They often fail; but he is not discouraged. Persuading himself that his plans were the best possible, and conducted in the most judicious manner, he attributes their discomfiture solely to casualties which nobody could have foreseen. "If it had not been that that fellow who bought my last consignment from —— was a villain, I should at this moment have been in possession of a fortune of L.30,000," says the disappointed speculator; and he speaks truly: but he overlooks the circumstance that he sold his goods so very advantageously, that it would have been apparent to any one, not blinded by an over-eagerness of gain, that the purchaser had little intention of paying the price. A person with better regulated notions would aim rather to dispose of a great number of commodities, at moderate returns, than of a few at a large profit; but for this sure and liberal system of dealing the daring commercial adventurer entertains a sovereign contempt; a small advantage he does not think worth accepting, and accordingly his transactions are all of a hazardous kind, either issuing in a dead loss or in enormous gains. By this hap-hazard species of traffic, an immense fortune is occasionally accumulated, and may be considered in the light of a windfall to its owner, as much as if it had presented itself in the shape of an unexpected legacy. It comes upon him as unprepared to use it in moderation, and is for the most part as injudiciously squandered. Indeed, in whatever way it comes, the result is nearly the same.

"What an unfortunate wretch I am!" exclaims he who finds himself the holder of an unsuccessful lottery-ticket, "to pitch upon No. 999, when, if I had taken the one above it, I should have got the L.20,000 prize." Now, mark the bad logic of the man: he calls himself unfortunate in not selecting No. 1000, as if he were certain it would have turned out a prize *if he had held it*. But so willing is he to interpret chances in his own favour, that a doubt on this exceedingly problematical point never enters his head; and he considers himself to have been so very close upon gaining a large sum, that he is sure of it the next time he makes the trial. Well, perhaps he *does* succeed the next time, or the next, or the time after; and how does this vast influx of wealth find and affect him?—it finds him very much in need of it, and very eager to wallow in it, and, ten to one, he is soon in a worse condition than ever. This suddenly-acquired wealth does not seem to have the same blessing with it that generally accompanies the gains of patient industry, or of an honest ingenuity, exerted from day to day. Sudden wealth may be compared to a tornado, which produces nothing but havoc and desolation; the slow earnings of industry to the silent dews by whose influence the face of nature is beautified, and vegetation invigorated and refreshed.

The above arguments bear with full force upon the life of the gambler, who is simply a person given up to delusive hopes of acquiring wealth without working for it. In general, we find moral writers and dramatists, in their endeavours to check this vice, go no farther than to show the horrible results which are apt to spring from its indulgence. It might be advantageous also to explain the rational principles upon which gambling is a worse means of endeavouring to obtain money than an industrious course of life. To assume a language which will be intelligible to those who are addicted to it, it is attended with a *worse chance* of ending in the desired result. If twenty persons are engaged in one street, each in his own honest business, it is certain that some profit will be made amongst them, so that most of them, at least, will be able to exist without coming upon their capital. But if twenty persons be engaged as industriously in gambling, it is certain that no profit will be made amongst them—on the contrary, money will be lost in paying for the rooms, and for the materials of the sport. Supposing the twenty persons were kept by themselves, and that they began with a considerable stock of money amongst them, they would by and bye find themselves reduced to pennilessness, by reason of this constant drain upon their resources. Now, if money cannot be made by any community of gamblers among themselves, what hope is there, except in that vanity and self-love which speaks delusively to every bosom, that an individual will enrich himself? Evidently none whatever. Thus gambling, in every case where it does not suppose a simpleton to be pillaged, is proved a mere fallacy; while, in cases where that *is* supposed, it is the meanest, because the safest of robberies. In no point of view can there be any advantage in this course of life—for if wealth be lost, it produces all the usual evils of that contingency; if it be gained, it never thrives, and is apt to be again quickly lost, either by play, or by irregular and expensive living. Upon the whole, while some must be greater losers than others, there is no *general chance* in favour of the gambler, as there is in favour of the honest and industrious man—he is almost certain of being, in the long-run, worse than when he began. He may be compared, indeed, to a merchant who exposes his capital to an almost absolute certainty of being impaired, by assuming a line of speculations in which the chance of loss is invariably and palpably greater than the chance of gain. The only individual who can thrive by this unhappy vice is the person who keeps the gaming-house: the players, as a whole, *must* be losers.

Of all classes of society, the young are the most apt to give themselves up to a practice of longing for windfalls. The male human being, from six to sixteen, is constantly dreaming of pots of money found in the earth, or of large fortunes made in foreign adventure, after the manner of Whittington with his cat. From sixteen to four and twenty, he dreams of handsome fortunes made by the simple and rather agreeable process of taking a handsome woman to wife; and he is constantly on the outlook for such a chance of placing himself, as it is called, upon his feet. Others dream of legacies from rich and hitherto unheard-of uncles, who will be dying some of these days in India, fifty years after they had been given up by their relations for lost. *All* are *more or less* taken up by the idea of ready-made fortunes, which are to save them the trouble of making one for themselves; and, in this gasping and grasping hope of becoming suddenly enriched, they spend perhaps the time and energies which ought to be directed to better objects. We would warn our young readers against giving themselves up to these vain phantasies. The proportion of those who have been so *fortunate*, as it is called, as to fall into the possession of windfalls, is so very small, as compared with those who do not, that it ought never to be taken into account in our calculations as to the means of providing ourselves with a subsistence. If we would just reflect for a moment upon what the most of us are at our outset in life—bare, unlicked creatures, with merit all to be proved, if it really exists at all, but most probably it does not exist—merely individuals in the great herd of the beardless, none of whom seem any different from the rest—we would never flatter ourselves that there was any chance of fortune singling *us* out as her own peculiar favourites,

or of our gaining anything whatsoever, till we had somehow asserted our right to it. It is nothing but an overweening self-love, and a blindness to the degree of estimation in which, while as yet untried, we are likely to be held by the rest of mankind, that leads us into this error; and he, for certain, has the best chance of quickly investing himself with the good things of Fortune, who is soonest cured of so fatal and bewildering a delusion.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

HOMER—HERODOTUS.

It is the lot of only a limited number of persons to become acquainted with ancient literature, or to have even the slightest knowledge of the languages in which it is chiefly written. Yet, owing to the importance of Greek and Roman literature to literary men, allusions to it are found at almost every step in our perusal of modern books—to the great puzzlement of unlearned readers, and the diminution of the utility of the works in which such allusions occur. By way of obviating this evil as far as possible, we shall give a brief account of the principal ancient authors and books referred to in modern literature, calculating our language for the use of those who know *nothing* on the subject.

By ancient, or, as it is sometimes called, *classical* literature, is meant the productions, in particular, of two civilized nations, which existed, two thousand years ago and upwards, at various places on the shores of the Mediterranean. These were the Greeks and Romans, of whom some account has already been given in the present work. People are sometimes heard to express wonder how the writings of these nations should be so much relished now-a-days, disguised as they are under foreign tongues, when there are so many books of as great literary merit, and more information, written in our own language. To this it must be answered, that, when our own nation had not as yet formed a literature for itself, the works of the Greeks and Romans were the only works of merit which existed; and they were then studied with so much admiration in the seminaries where learned men were brought up, that a fixed prepossession in their favour has taken root among those classes, to the exclusion, in some measure, of a taste for even the best modern literature. Another cause of their keeping their ground so long in our schools, is the fact of our language containing a large proportion of Greek and Roman words, so that it cannot be properly studied without a previous acquaintance with those tongues. A third cause is that which has suggested the present chapter, namely, that so much of modern literature has a reference to the ancient, that there is no understanding the one without some knowledge of the other.

The first, and, as it happens, the greatest, of all the ancient writers, was Homer, the author of two long Greek poems, respectively styled the Iliad and the Odyssey. So little is known about this man, that he is by many supposed to have been altogether an ideal person, and his poems only a series of fugitive ballads which were gathered together from tradition, and arranged under his name, as Ossian's Poems are supposed by most people to have been with us. By those who believe him to have existed, he is represented as having been an old blind minstrel, who went about singing his poems for the purpose of procuring a wretched subsistence. He is said to have lived some time between the tenth and eighth century before Christ, and to have been a native of the western coast of Asia Minor, now called Natolia. Like many modern poets, he would appear to have been little regarded during his lifetime; but some ages afterwards, when the people, by greater refinement, were more able to enjoy his verses, seven cities contended for the honour of having given him birth; a ridiculous circumstance in more ways than one, seeing that the mere accident of a great man having been born at a certain place cannot possibly argue any merit in that particular spot of ground. He was, most probably, an Ionian, born in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, which country was then called Ionia, being possessed by a colony of Greeks of that denomination, and which is, indeed, one of the oldest names by which the Greeks are known in ancient history; and this accounts for his possessing so perfect a knowledge of the Ionic, a dialect of the Greek language, in which his poems are composed. His poems are of the class styled epics—that is, long narrative poems, of a certain regular structure. That called "the Iliad" contains an account of certain incidents in the Trojan war, a transaction which happened one or two hundred years before Homer's supposed age, and about the same time with the building of Solomon's temple. The Trojan war was probably a very obscure and paltry affair, for it occurred at a time when the Greeks, who carried it on, were little better than barbarians—but it has been elevated by the fancy of Homer into something very magnificent, interesting even the immortal gods in its progress and issue. Troy is represented as a great Asiatic city, of such strength as to have held out for ten years against the whole strength of the Greeks, who were provoked into besieging it, in consequence of the abduction of Helena, the wife of one of their petty princes, by Paris, a son of the king of Troy. The immediate subject of the poem is the quarrel of two chiefs of the Greeks, Agamemnon and Achilles, during the progress of the siege. In one of the encounters between the Greeks and Trojans, the former became the victors, and obtained considerable spoil, among which were several female captives, one of whom, the daughter of Chryses, the priest of Apollo, remarkable for her beauty and attractive manners, falls to the lot of Agamemnon. Chryses beseeches Agamemnon to restore his daughter, which the chief refuses to do, saying he loved her better than his wife Clytemnestra. Under these circumstances, the priest prays to his god Apollo for assistance, and a severe plague is consequently sent upon the Grecian camp. The Greek council of war consults about what is to be done to avert this sad calamity, and is informed by an augur, or diviner, that the only method to obtain relief is to restore the daughter of Chryses. Agamemnon, whose affections had been won by the young priestess, is enraged at the augur, and hesitates to comply with the demand. But upon weighing the motives in his mind, and seeing the necessity of returning the captive, he swears that he will have Briseis, another beautiful captive, who had fallen to the lot of Achilles, in her stead. Upon his making this demand, Achilles declares himself grievously insulted, considering that he had shared the same perils and hardships as Agamemnon, and was, as well as he, an independent chief of Greece. To signify still more particularly the indignation which he felt, he withdrew his forces from the camp, and implored his mother, Thetis (a fabulous divinity), to exert her influence in his behalf. Thetis applies to Jupiter, the king of the gods, for his assistance, and, shortly after, the thunders of that mighty personage fall upon the Grecian army, and the deepest misery and distress is experienced. In process of time, however, Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, by their united efforts, Troy is ultimately taken, and the object of the expedition accomplished. This is the whole subject of the twenty-four books or sections of the Iliad, though many characters and incidents are introduced, which cannot be here specified. The mixture of divine and human agency in the poem gives it, upon the whole, a childish character; yet, if the reader get over this objection, he cannot fail to be charmed by the dignity, and even sublimity, which the work exhibits throughout. There is no diffuseness nor extravagance in the imagery of the Iliad: every thing is dignified and concise, and from beginning to end one elevated strain is kept up. In the language there is often a surprising felicity, insomuch that one word will sometimes fill the mind of the reader with a delightful picture. But the great merit of the poem lies in the manly strength of thought, and the singular ardour of imagination, which it displays. No poet was ever more happy, says Dr Blair, in the choice of his subject, or more successful in painting his historical and descriptive pieces. There is a considerable resemblance in the style to that of some parts of the Bible—for instance, Isaiah—which must be accepted as a kind of testimony to the authenticity of the sacred writings, seeing that they are productions of nearly the same age, and of a part of the world not far from the alleged birth-place of Homer.

This illustrious bard composed another poem of about the same length, called the Odyssey, which looks like a production called forth by the success of a previous one, and inferior for want of the same interest in the subject. It relates the adventures of a distinguished Grecian chief, named Ulysses, on his way home from the Trojan war. Both poems have continued for much more than two thousand years to enjoy the admiration of mankind; and it is certainly surprising that no effort in the same style of poetry, though made under circumstances infinitely more advantageous than those of the blind old minstrel, has ever been in nearly the same degree successful. They are translated into almost all literary languages: in English, there are two excellent versified translations, one by Pope, and the other by Cowper, of which the former is considered the more pleasing, and the latter the more correct.

Another ancient Greek writer, of whom common readers must have heard a great deal, is Herodotus. As Homer is the first poet whose works have survived, so is Herodotus the first historian. He was born at Halicarnassus in Greece, now called Budrun, in the year 484 before Christ. In the part of Greece which gave birth to Herodotus, there was spoken a dialect called the Doric, which, like that of Scotland, as compared with English, was not considered a proper language for ordinary composition. But Herodotus, from disgust at his native government, removed in manhood to Samos, where the prevailing dialect was that elegant Ionic in which Homer had composed his poems; and he accordingly became familiar with this tongue, insomuch that his writings are said to exhibit it in a state of higher perfection than any other. Having formed a design of writing history, this ingenious man travelled for materials into Egypt and Italy, besides various parts of Asia, and in this manner acquired much valuable information respecting nations previously unknown, as well as of manners, customs, and habits, which have imparted great value to his pages. He is supposed to have profited much by intercourse with the Egyptian priests, who for many centuries before this period had been remarkable for a mysterious kind of traditionary learning. After writing his work in nine books, and polishing it with much studious care, he read parts of it to his countrymen assembled at the Olympic games, and thus obtained a larger and more immediate measure of fame than what was generally acquired by the writers of those ages, when there was no printing press to multiply copies of any literary composition. But for Herodotus, we should have now been ignorant of a large and important part of profane history. It is curious that this writer was more disbelieved in his own age than in the present. Many of the things which he told of other countries were so wonderful, that they startled his contemporaries, and were for many subsequent ages looked upon as doubtful; but not a few of these things have been ascertained by modern inquiry to be true, as Herodotus related them. This shows that scepticism or disbelief may be the mark of ignorance, as well as it sometimes is of knowledge, of which another remarkable illustration is afforded by Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia, which were scoffed at forty years ago, but have since been authenticated. At the same time, it must be mentioned that Herodotus communicates some fiction along with his facts, though apparently in no case where he was not himself deceived.

THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY OF MYNHEER VON WODENBLOCK.*

He who has been at Rotterdam will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary an appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having entrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted, so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more commonplace and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skilful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his *studio*, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *a posteriore* (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations), he had unfortunately lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the

* This amusing tale, the production of Mr H. G. Bell, author of the Life of Queen Mary in Constable's Miscellany, has already been often printed. It is hoped, however, that, by re-appearing in the Edinburgh Journal, it will reach many thousand readers into whose hands it has never before fallen.

invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So Mynheer Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. "Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs" (Turningvort bowed yet lower), "provided it outdoes every thing you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic, and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas." The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favourite discovery which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artizan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage-portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied his precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Van Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstacy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration. In the merchant's mode of walking, there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint; all the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well-slashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Mynheer Vanoutern, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanoutern stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner in which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it, which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanoutern, but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden canal, and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. "Villain!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant!—You have made me a leg with a vengeance!—It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there, but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me." The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant, to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg, was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last, nevertheless, and, catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him on along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents—"I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! for Heaven's sake, stop me! I am breathless—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied. Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with strained and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion," drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market-place, like an animated corpse—white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years, passed on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth!

May all good saints protect us from broken legs! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power!

LADY ISABEL,

A LEGEND.

THE Lady Isabel was a Scottish Baron's daughter, and far was she famed. Were others fair, she was fairer; were others rich, she was richer. In short, all perfections were said to be centred in the Lady Isabel, and yet that quality for which she ought to have been most prized seemed the one which made the least noise in the world; and this was her devoted duty to her father. She was his only child—the child of his old age, the idol of his heart, and the lamp of his life. But still was he a cruel father; for in return for her duteous affection he had determined to wed her to a man she had never seen, while he knew that her heart was another's.

The Lord of Ormisdale was the son of his ancient friend, and the possessor of broad lands in a distant part of Scotland. The two old men had sworn to each other that their children should be united, but ere this paction, the youth had been sent abroad to be initiated in the art of war—an art but too much practised in his native country at that time; for be it known, that our peerless beauty bloomed in the 15th century, when the feuds of the Scottish nobility were frequent and deadly. Much was bruited abroad of the goodly person and brave qualities of the young Earl, but of this Lady Isabel had no opportunity of judging, for never, as has been told, had she seen him. She had, however, but too often seen his cousin Roderick, and to him was her heart devoted. It was true he had neither title, landau, nor vassals; but he was a handsome, a noble, and a gallant youth, and he had knelt at her feet, and confessed his love, and swore eternal constancy: and though, when she thought of her father, she turned coldly away, it was but to treasure his image in her heart, and to weep most bitter tears for the hapless fate which doomed her to wed another. Roderick, by and bye, went away to a foreign land, distraught by his passion for the Lady Isabel; and the time was long, and he returned not, and none spoke of him, or seemed to think of him, save his disconsolate love. But it was not so; for the old Baron loved him for his worth and manly bearing; and when he saw his daughter drooping her head like a lily, he too was unhappy, and repented him of his rash vow, though he would rather have sacrificed his own life, and hers too, than have broken his oath. And so time passed on, and many were the suitors that sought the hand of the Lady Isabel. Some loved her for herself, some for her great possessions, and some for both; but all were sent hopeless away.

And now the time was at hand when the sun was to shine upon the nineteenth birthday of the Baron's daughter, and multitudes were invited to his castle to celebrate the festival with mirth and revelry. Many were the reasons on which he had thrown wide his castle gates and welcomed numerous guests, and ample the hospitable provision he had made for them; but never, during his life, or that of his forefathers, had there been such doings as now. Whole hecatombs of sheep and oxen bled on the occasion, with wain-loads of deer, wild and tame fowl, and other creatures. Every country seemed to have been taxed for fruit and other delicacies, while beer of the strongest, and wines of the richest, seemed, by the quantities provided, to be intended absolutely to flow in rivers. The birthday of the Lady Isabel had been celebrated, as it came round, ever since that on which she first drew her breath, but never had there been even imagined such preparations as this. The tongues of all the gossiping old dowagers in the kingdom were set a-going on the occasion: some assigned one reason for this extraordinary entertainment, and some another. Now, there were several whose eager curiosity caused them so much uneasiness, that they went so far as to ask an explanation of the old Baron himself. They were all, however, foiled in the attempt to penetrate the mystery, and therefore settled in their own minds that the old man had either lost his wits altogether, or was in his dotage.

Nor, to speak the truth, did the young lady, on whose account was all this turmoil, feel less surprised than other people at her father's unbounded extravagance, especially as there arrived from the capital chest after chest, packed with the richest vestments, cut in the most approved fashion of the day, and boxes filled with jewellery, which, added to the family gems she already possessed, might have furnished the dowry of a princess.

The day at length arrived for which all this extraordinary preparation had been made; and the Baron,

not content with charging his daughter to apparel herself in a suit which, by its exceeding splendour, seemed to have been particularly intended for the occasion, and to wear her most costly jewels, also commanded her maidens to tax their wits in ornamenting and setting off, to the best advantage, the charms of their young mistress.

And now, after having arranged all things, and being promised implicit obedience by his daughter, the mystery of all his magnificent proceedings was partly unravelled by his telling her that they were that night to expect the arrival of the Earl of Ormisdale. He moreover presented her with a mask, and informed her that he had taken order that each of his guests should put on a visor before they entered the ball-room, after they left the banqueting-hall, and that he had done this for her sake, that the eye of idle curiosity should not read in her features what was passing in her mind when she first met her betrothed. It was in vain that the afflicted Lady Isabel pled most movingly for a more private meeting, for her father was deaf to her entreaties, while he affirmed that his precaution of the visor would do away all objections, and was so peremptory in the matter, that, as usual, she acquiesced; and having thanked and kissed his dutiful daughter, he withdrew from her with renewed youth in his step, and joy in his eye. How different, however, were the feelings of his daughter on this momentous subject! and sore averse was she to meet the man she was sure that she could never love; and many were the tears she shed, and many the resolves she made to retract all her promises, and live and die in solitude. But then she bethought her of the despair of her poor old father—of his tender, though mistaken, love—of the few remaining years of his life embittered by disappointment—and his death probably hurried on through her means. All this was too much when laid in the balance with only her own happiness, and she still sustained the character of a dutiful daughter, by heroically determining to sacrifice all selfishness at the altar of filial duty and affection.

But though this was her ultimate resolve, we need not be surprised, that, when decked in her splendid attire, and presiding in the gorgeous banqueting-hall of her father, she looked and felt as if assisting at a funeral feast, and that she even then would have been the better of the visor to prevent many conjectures on what her saddened looks might mean. But the time for assuming the mask arrived, and the nobles of the land, with their haughty dames, and many a knight, and many a damsel fair, bedight in silk and cloth of gold, and blazing with jewels, graced the tapestried ball-room, on which a flood of brilliant light was poured from lamp and torch. And each in joyous mood, cheered by the merry minstrels, and by the sound of harp and viol, impatiently awaited the commencement of the dance, when they were informed that it was stayed for an expected and honourable guest. And now again curiosity was at its height. But presently there was a flourish of the music, and a cry of the ushers to make way for the noble Earl of Ormisdale, and the large doors at the foot of the hall were flung wide open, and the gallant young Earl, masked, and attended by a train of young gentlemen, all his kinsmen, or picked and chosen friends, advanced amid murmurs of admiration to the middle of the hall. Here they were met and welcomed by the Baron, who led the Earl to his lovely daughter, and having presented him to her, the guests were presently gratified by seeing the gallant young nobleman take the hand of the Lady Isabel, and lead her out to dance. Nor were there any present whose eyes did not follow them with admiration, though the measure chosen by the high-born damsel savoured more that night of grace and dignity, than lightness of either heart or heel. Meantime, the old Baron was so full of joy and delight, that it was remarked by all, as he was still seen near his daughter and her partner. But their hearts were both quaking—the unhappy Lady Isabel's with thinking of her promise to her father, and that of her betrothed with a fear known only to himself, for he had heard that she had loved, and now observed her narrowly. And, not content with this, he asked her, as he sat beside her, many a wily question, till at last he spoke his fears in plain guise, and she, with many sighs and tears shed within her mask, confessed the truth; still saying, that for her father's sake she would be his wife, if he accepted of her on such terms. But now her father told her in her ear, that she must presently prepare to keep her word, as this must be her bridal-night, for to that purpose alone was this high wassel kept. Her lover, too, no way daunted by his knowledge of her heart, pressed on his suit to have it so. And now was the despairing damsel almost beside herself, when her father, announcing aloud his purpose to the astonished guests, called for the priest, and caused all to unmask. But in what words shall we paint the surprise, the delight, the flood of joy that came upon the heart of the Lady Isabel, when the Earl's mask was removed, and she beheld in him her much loved Roderick, who, his cousin being dead, was now the Earl of Ormisdale!

And now was each corner of the castle, from basement stone to turret height, filled with joyous greetings, and the health and happiness of the noble Earl Roderick, and of his bride, the dutiful Lady Isabel, deeply drank in many a wassel bowl.

The stately castle and its revels, the proud Baron and his pomp, the beauteous bride and her children's children, have now all passed away into oblivion, save this slight record, which has only been preserved in remembrance of the daughter's virtue, who preferred her father's happiness to her own.

THE ENGLISH AND THE SCOTCH.

No nation can judge exactly of its own character. It requires another nation to do so, as it is necessary, in order to see a house thoroughly, to go forth a little way from the door. Whether the Scotsman is a properly qualified person to judge of the Englishman, may perhaps be doubted, as he is hardly foreign enough. Yet, as he is still in some measure a person of different manners and habits of thought, there may be some truth in his observations—or at least it may be curious for the English people to know exactly what is the commonly received impression in Scotland respecting them.

What always strikes the Scotch most forcibly respecting the English, is the comparatively great attention which the latter pay to personal comforts, and particularly to the comfort of the inner man. "The English pockpuddings" is a ridiculous phrase of obloquy which the Scotch used to apply to them in the days of barbarism and national hostility in reference to this peculiarity of character; and, even yet, nine out of ten Scotchmen entertain the notion that their southern neighbours are over much devoted to good living. To speak with perfect candour, we never yet knew a Scotchman who did not live as well as he could, and, if provided with the means, indulged his appetites just as much as we believe the English are inclined to do. Yet that the nation in general do live in a more sparing manner, is a fact, we conceive, as undeniable as that they live on a different side of the Tweed. The whole matter seems to be one of circumstances. The English have for centuries cultivated a country which freely yielded the best and amplest fruits: the Scotch, on the other hand, have struggled as long with a soil which, never till lately, produced more than a very stinted harvest. The English have never till perhaps a very late period known want: the Scotch have never, till a period equally late, known what *enough* was. The one nation has been brought up (so to speak) in the enjoyment of what we seriously believe to be no more than a competency—but still a *competency*; the other has been reared in penury, or at least the most careful economy; and, having got into a habit of spare living, is disposed, perhaps, to look upon even a simple sufficiency as a kind of extravagance.

Thus the Scotch, without any disposition to find fault with their neighbours—for there is now happily no ill feeling between these kindred nations—often express wonder at the enjoyments of the English. That a farm-labourer or waggoner in England should have regular rations of bacon—that artizans should generally have roast meat on Sundays—produces astonishment in all classes of Scotchmen, who know very well that the same orders in their own country very rarely taste animal food or wheaten bread, and yet, notwithstanding all that Mr Cobbett may say to the contrary, are content. Some years ago, when an English regiment lay in a small town in the south of Scotland, a private soldier, who was servant to an officer, was observed with surprise, when breakfasting in his own lodging with his wife, not only to have his bread toasted, which, in this self-denying country, is itself looked upon as a kind of luxury, but to have it buttered on both sides, and to eat it with a knife and fork. Simple as this incident was, it would be difficult to describe adequately the impression which it made upon the people who observed, or were informed of it. It was considered as an almost impious use of the bounties of Providence. More recently, a Scotchman, travelling in England, observed a ewe which had been slightly injured by accident, and while natural death might have been easily anticipated by the knife (if even its natural death, occurring under such circumstances, had been deemed to unfit it for human food), given by the drivers to the hogs, as proper only for them; an act which the Caledonian observer considered as nothing else, to use one of the favourite expressions of his country, than *downright wastry*, seeing that, in Scotland, the animal would have become food for human beings, even although the case had been one of a far more desperate nature. Such observations as these have given, to the Scottish people generally, an impression that the English are too nice about their food—make it too much a matter of deliberate consideration—and value it more for the gratification it gives to a very humble appetite or taste, than for the conviction which it should give of the goodness of the Deity towards his creatures. From the rigour of their early circumstances, the Scotch have a high reverence for food. They feel at once a moral and religious pain on seeing it abused or wasted, and even, we may almost say, when they observe it delighted in for the sake of its relish on the palate. They have been accustomed to such difficulty in getting the bare sufficiency for sustenance, that they can hardly yet allow their feelings, in eating, to go beyond a mere gratitude for it in that point of view. If it chance to have the reverse of a relish—if, for instance, the bishop has put his foot in it—they totally forget their inherent antipathy to episcopacy, and, under a feeling that food is in no circumstances to be despised, force themselves to think and speak of it as "very good," and rebuke every wry face amongst the youngsters at table as in some measure a religious offence. Though these remarks apply more expressly to the humbler and less Anglicised part of the community, they also characterise in a greater or less degree almost all the people of Scotland, and we would suppose that they will hardly be perused by the English without elevating the former people in the estimation of the latter, testifying, as they do, that the Scotch have made a good and pious use of their less fortunate position on the globe, and that national poverty, so far from being a proper subject for ridicule, may produce virtues of the most respectable character.

Since the gains of the Scotch labourers and operatives are now fully up to the English standard, it may be asked, what do the former do in general with the superfluous money, if they have not yet acquired the same taste for food? The question may be thus answered—They partly spend it on clothes, and partly on intoxicating liquors; two modes of expenditure, which, however different in moral propriety, are equally characteristic, we fear, of the people. The Scotch, be it remarked, taking rank against rank, give greater play to their minds, and are far more addicted to abstract speculation, than the English. Hence, if they are well-disposed, they adorn the exterior of their persons with their spare money, in order that they may have an appearance superior to their actual station, or at least make their station look as respectable as possible; an indulgence certainly mental, and which supports and cherishes the national habits of economy in the department of eating and drinking. If ill-disposed, or liable to vicious example, they fall into habits of drinking, which still is more a mental than a bodily indulgence, though calculated in its every degree to injure, and in its last excess to destroy, both mind and body. The habit of drinking has unfortunately gone to a lamentable height among our working people; but yet it bears no proportion to the laudable desire which prevails in the same class to dress themselves respectably in their periods of relaxation. This was testified in a most remarkable manner in August 1832, when about ten thousand working people (and there could hardly be any more in the city) appeared in a procession at Edinburgh, all of them attired in good, and many of them in superfine clothes, and the whole preserving a decorum in the highest degree praiseworthy: a spectacle which, it is not too much to say, hardly any other city in the empire could have exhibited. Such are the blessed effects of the law, now nearly three centuries old, which renders every adult native of the country able to read and write.

Taken in contrast with Scotland, the English do not only seem to live better, as it is called, as individuals, but the nation have a generous and anti-economical system in various other things, which excites similar astonishment among their northern neighbours. They seem to take a pride, for instance, in having large and well-fed horses, and a greater number of them in every plough and waggon, than what the practice of other countries shows to be at all necessary. We have seen eleven huge horses in one English waggon, the contents of which, we are satisfied, could have been carried in five Scottish one-horse carts, smaller as the horses are in Scotland. There is, in fact, in this branch of rural economy in England, a wanton prodigality of food and horse-power, which nothing but inveterate and unreflecting custom could so long keep up against mathematical reason and plain sense. It seems as if the Scotch, men and horses, could live well among the very feet of the English; and we verily believe, that, if a miracle could at once convert the customs and the people of England into an exact resemblance to those of Scotland, so much would be saved as would go a great way to pay the taxes of the country, both for church and state, grievous as these are allowed to be.

If we might, without exciting invidious feelings, pursue any further this detail of the impressions of the Scotch respecting the English, we would mention, with all respect to the latter people, that their brethren on this side of the Tweed never fail to remark, as something singular, the exclusive devotion of every Englishman to his own line of life, and the little interest which he seems to take in all knowledge not exactly necessary to his profession, or to his personal comfort. The English appear to the Scotch as a people who make it too exclusively their object "to get on in the world," and who, in their blind pursuit of mere business, forget some of the other ends of man's creation. The truth is, business has arrived at such a high pitch of perfection in England, that it engrosses more attention than is perhaps reasonably due to it, and each man has got so thoroughly hacked in his own subdivision of it, that he runs the risk of losing sight of every thing else. Now, in Scotland, business is only here and there upon a first-rate scale. The most of the people, instead of taking minute subdivisions, have to slump several large departments, in order to make a livelihood. This, with the naturally speculative disposition of the race, enables almost all of them to keep a great deal of their minds awake to general ideas; and he would, in Scotland, be considered a very poor Scotsman indeed, who had not a smattering of almost every kind of knowledge. In England, the vulgar wealth of lucky and idealess men

is so common, as to be a standing subject of ridicule in plays and novels. But in Scotland there is little of this to be seen. A stranger is far more likely to be struck by the encyclopedic information and good manners of men who seem to follow but a humble line of business, and are not at all "getting on in the world." This is plainly the cause of so many Scotsmen getting into the best situations connected with the English press. The Scotch do not nearly so often as the English fall, early and little instructed, into the same line of life with their fathers. They linger long, and look well about them, and few but what endeavour to mount at least one step higher. Thus so many of them, in early life, are loose and disengaged, that, considering the excellent school education they generally get, it is not to be wondered at that they become adventurers in foreign lands, and drop into all the irregular and unclassified employments (such as the press), which the English never would think of breeding their children to.

Again, there is a similar difference between the *wives* of England and Scotland. In consequence, apparently, of the importance attached by men to domestic comforts in the former country, their spouses are under the necessity of paying an almost unremitting attention to the concerns of their households. Few married women in England, of the middle rank, go much abroad: we have observed numerous specimens, who hardly ever went out from one end of the week to the other, except, perhaps, to church, seeming to consider it necessary that they should superintend, if not actually assist in, every minute transaction of their maids—as if they had been afraid that either their children, or their servants, or their chairs and tables, or the house itself, would have been in danger of running away, during even the most momentary absence. In fact, the English married woman of the middle rank, appears, to a Scottish observer, as far too much of a housekeeper—she appears to be the very slave of domestic necessities. How far this may be advantageous in one respect, or disadvantageous in another, is a different matter: we presume not to judge, but only wish to show the contrast between the two nations. In Scotland, the married women are not nearly to such an extent absorbed in household duties. They devote, in general, such a degree of time and attention to these matters, as appears to their husbands sufficient for domestic happiness—at least we never hear any complaint against them, as a class, on the score of negligence. The thorough-paced scourer and cleaner, who, in the words of Esop, "rises at five to scold the maids," is a rare character in Scotland, and generally excites remark on that account among her friends. She is looked upon as an unhappy being her neighbours pity her for her insatiable rage after slopery and white-washing, and wonder how any rational person can every day endure perhaps eleven hours of confusion and nastiness, that she may sit for the twelfth in a scene a *little* better arranged, or a *little* cleaner than usual. The Scottish married ladies, in general, like their husbands, keep a part of their minds and of their time salient for general purposes—certainly a much greater portion than the English wives in general—and are not only able, perhaps, when their husbands come home to dinner, to inform him as to the condition of his children, and satisfy his hunger with a well-prepared meal, but can converse with him, as it may happen, of some of the great movements of the world out of doors, or of the contents of some valuable new publication which she has been reading. It will thus be observed, that the female part of the two nations partake of the character of the male part, or are correspondently useful and agreeable in regard thereto; and perhaps, after all, each system is alike meritorious and beautiful in its way, for if the one be agreeable to the ideas of the English people, and the other to the Scotch, it is obvious that the great ends of Providence are in both cases fulfilled.

Such are a few of the observations which the Scotch generally make upon the English: they are reported here in the most candid and philanthropic spirit, by a Scotsman who loves truth a great deal better than Scotland, and, if mistaken in any material point, we hope they will be so far excused. If any good can be derived from thus seeing themselves mirrored in the mind of another nation, we leave it to the sagacity of the English themselves to apply it.

ANCIENT ECONOMY.

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled as much as kept half a dozen men. He had walks for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when we went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles a-piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor, and all this he did off the said farm; where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and he is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.—*Bishop Latimer's Sermons.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MUNGO PARK.

This celebrated man, whose enthusiastic ardour, important achievements, and unhappy fate in the cause of discovery, have invested his name with a deathless fame, and redounded with so much honour to the country that gave him birth, was the son of a respectable farmer at Fowlshiels, in the county of Selkirk, on the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, and was born at his father's house on the 10th September 1771. He was the seventh of a family of thirteen children; yet, notwithstanding that his father was by no means in easy or independent circumstances, he, with the rest, enjoyed the benefit of an excellent education, by means of a private tutor engaged to reside in the family. Mungo was afterwards sent to the grammar school of Selkirk, where he made astonishing progress, not so much by his ready talents, as by his remarkable perseverance and application; and, despite of many disadvantages, uniformly kept the place of *dux*, or head of his class. This early devotion to study and aptitude of acquirement, together with his thoughtful and reserved disposition, seemed to his father to point out the church as his future profession, but upon his son's expressing a decided preference for that of medicine, he at once agreed, and bound him apprentice for three years to Mr Thomas Anderson, surgeon in Selkirk. At the expiry of his indenture in 1789, being then eighteen years of age, he went to Edinburgh, and attended the classes for three successive sessions, continuing to exhibit the same thirst of knowledge, and unwearied application to all the studies connected with his profession, particularly botany. In the latter, he is said to have been greatly assisted and encouraged by a brother-in-law, Mr James Dickson, who, from an origin even more humble and obscure than that of Park himself, subsequently raised himself to fame and fortune, and became celebrated as one of the first botanists in the kingdom. He had gone to London in search of employment as a journeyman gardener, and procured an engagement, in that humble capacity, with a nurseryman at Hammersmith, where he had the good fortune to attract the notice of Sir Joseph Banks, through whose kind friendship and patronage he was mainly indebted for his future success and celebrity.

After qualifying himself in his profession at Edinburgh, young Park went to London in search of employment, and was very speedily appointed assistant-surgeon on board the Worcester, East Indiaman, through the interest of Sir Joseph Banks, to whom Mr Dickson had introduced him. Mr Park showed himself every way worthy of this appointment, and made an adequate return to his distinguished patron, by the valuable observations and discoveries he made in botany, and other branches of natural history, in a voyage to Bencoolen, in the island of Sumatra. On his return in 1794, being then only twenty-three years old, he had the honour of reading a paper before the Linnæan Society in London, giving a description of eight new species of fishes he had observed in Sumatra, which was afterwards published in the Transactions of the Society.

After leaving the Worcester, Mr Park appears to have had no certain or fixed views as to his future career, but his talents and genius had already distinguished him too much to allow him to remain long unemployed. The wealthy and scientific Association for the Promotion of Discovery through the Interior of Africa, were at that time preparing to send out an expedition, with the view of endeavouring to trace the course of the Niger, and procuring every information relative to the great central city of Tombuctoo, of which little more than the name was then known. Sir Joseph Banks, one of the leading men of the Association, immediately pointed out Park as one peculiarly eligible for taking the management of the expedition, and the offer being accordingly made to him, was eagerly accepted. He immediately prepared himself, therefore, for the task, being liberally supplied, according to his own statement, with the means of furnishing himself with every thing he reckoned necessary, and sailed from Portsmouth on the 22d of May 1795, in the brig Endeavour. His instructions were, to proceed to the Niger by the nearest and most convenient route, and endeavour to trace its course, from its rise to its termination; as also to visit, if possible, all the principal towns and cities on its banks, particularly Tombuctoo and Houssa, and afterwards return to Europe by the river Gambia, or any other way he thought most advisable. He arrived at Jillifica, in the kingdom of Barra, and lying on the northern bank of the Gambia, on the 21st of June; and after proceeding up the river as far as Jonkakonda, he quitted the Endeavour, and proceeded by land to a small British factory, which had been established at Pisania, in the king of Yam's territories, where he took up his residence for a short time with Dr Laidley. He immediately applied himself to the study of the Mandingo tongue, and to collect all the information possible, relative to the various people and countries in the interior, preparatory to his journey. In consequence, however, of exposure to the night dew, while observing an eclipse of the moon, in the month of July, he was seized with fever, attended with delirium, which brought him almost to the grave; nor was he sufficiently recovered to commence his journey till December. On the 2d of that month he set out, having for his escort a negro servant, named Johnson, who had resided many years in Great Britain, and understood both the English and Mandingo languages, as a guide and interpreter; a negro boy belonging to Dr Laidley, and whom that gentleman promised to set free on his return, in the event of his good conduct; with four others, not immediately under his control, but who were made to understand that their own safety depended upon their fidelity to him. It may be interesting also to notice the nature and value of his equipments for a journey of such length, peril, and importance. These consisted of a horse for himself, two asses for his servants, provisions for two days, a small assortment of beads, amber, and tobacco, a few changes of linen and other apparel, an umbrella, a pocket sextant, a magnetic compass, a thermometer, two fowling-pieces, two pairs of pistols, and a few other trifling articles. Such were all the means of sustenance, comfort, and safety, with which this intrepid man was provided for an expedition, the duration of which it was out of his power to calculate, but whose route, he well knew, lay, in some places, through pathless deserts, where neither tree grew, nor water ran, and beset with beasts of prey—in others, through the territories of barbarous tribes, from whose inhospitality or savage dispositions he had scarcely less to fear.

At the very outset, an event occurred which seemed to bode ill for the result of his journey. Dr Laidley, and a few other of the Europeans at Pisania, having escorted him during the first two days, bade him adieu, convinced that they would never see him more; and scarcely were they out of sight, when he was surrounded by a horde of native banditti, from whom he only got free by surrendering the greater part of his small store of tobacco. Park, however, was not a man to be depressed by evil auguries, and he accordingly pushed on to Medina, the capital of Woolli, where the king, a benevolent old man, received him with much kindness, and furnished him with a trusty guide to the frontiers of his dominions. Our traveller then engaged three elephant hunters, as guides and water-bearers, through the sandy desert which lay before him, where water was frequently not to be found for several days together. He performed the journey in safety, but after much fatigue, and reached Fatteconda, the residence of the king of Bondon, situated upon the very frontiers of his dominions, adjoining the kingdom of Kajaaga. It was at Fatteconda, and at the hands of the same chief, that Park's predecessor in enterprise, Major Houghton, had received such ill usage, and was plundered of almost every thing he possessed; but the only article he exacted from Park, and that not by force, but by such warm and animated expressions of admiration as left our traveller no alternative to choose, was his new blue coat, with gilt buttons, in return for which he presented him with five drachms of gold. From Fatteconda he proceeded to Joag, the frontier town of Kajaaga, travelling in the night-time for fear of robbers, and through thickets abounding with wolves and hyenas, which glided across their silent path in the clear moonshine, and hung round the small party with yells and howlings, as if watching an opportunity to spring upon them. At Joag, and whilst preparing to proceed on his journey, he was honoured by a visit from the king's son, who plundered him of the half of his little stores, on pretence of his having forfeited all his property by entering the kingdom without leave. As a sort of consolation for this disaster, and whilst appeasing his hunger with a few ground nuts which a poor negro slave had given him in charity, he was waited upon by the nephew of the king of Kasson, who had been at Kajaaga on an embassy, and who, taking pity on him, offered to escort him to his uncle's capital, to which he was now returning, and which lay in the line of our traveller's route. After crossing the river Senegal, however, which was the boundary of Kasson, his royal guide left him, having first taken from him the half of the little property he had left. A few days after this, Park, for the first time, had an opportunity of observing the manners of the barbarous and untutored natives of Africa in all their primitive simplicity and unchecked ardour. They came to a village which was the birth-place of one of his faithful escort, a blacksmith, that had accompanied him from Pisania, and who was now about to leave him, having amassed a considerable deal of money in his profession on the coast, and resolving to spend the rest of his days in ease and independence amongst his family and friends. The meeting which ensued was characterised by the most extravagant demonstrations of joy and triumph, and Park was convinced, that "whatever difference there is between the negro and European, in the conformation of the nose, and the colour of the skin, there is none in the genuine sympathies and characteristic feelings of our common nature." With these warm-hearted villagers, our traveller rested for a day or two, and then proceeded to Koo-

niakary, where the king, a fine old man, who was greatly beloved by his subjects, received him with much kindness. From this point new perils beset Mr Park's further progress, in consequence of war breaking out between the people of Bambarra, to which kingdom his course was directed, and other tribes, through whose territories he had to pass on his way thither. He nevertheless persevered, although even his faithful negro Johnson, who was aware of the dangers he was running into, refused to accompany him farther. They parted accordingly at Jarra, in the kingdom of Ludimar (the people of which, as well as of the neighbouring nations, were found to be Mahomedans), and Mr Park, having entrusted Johnson with a copy of his journal to carry back with him to Pisania, set out for the camp of Ali at Benowm, accompanied only by Dr Laidley's slave-boy, and a messenger who had arrived from Ali to conduct him thither. On the way he suffered great privations, and was repeatedly beaten and robbed by the fanatical Moors, to whom he was an object of peculiar detestation as a Christian. All the sufferings and insults which he had yet undergone, however, were nothing to what he was doomed to endure while in the power of the tyrant Ali. His appearance at Benowm excited the greatest astonishment and consternation amongst the inhabitants, scarcely one of whom had ever seen a white man before. When taken before Ali, the latter was engaged in the dignified occupation of clipping his beard with a pair of scissors, and paid little regard to him; but the ladies of the court fully maintained the character of their sex for inquisitiveness, searched his pockets, opened his waistcoat to examine his white skin, and even counted his toes and fingers to make sure of his being human. It would occupy far more space than the whole limits of this sheet, to detail the innumerable and unremitting sufferings of our unfortunate countryman during his detention at this place. The unfeeling tyrant would neither permit him to depart, nor grant him any protection from the persecution of the fanatical rabble. He was beat, reviled, compelled to perform the meanest offices, frequently on the point of starvation, and was often necessitated to sleep in the open air. All his baggage was taken from him to deter him from running away, with the exception of a pocket compass, which was supposed to be the work of magic, from the needle always pointing in the same direction, and was therefore returned to him. At last it began to be debated how he was to be disposed of—some advising that he should be put to death, others, that his right hand should be cut off, and another party, that his eyes should be put out. Park's health at length gave way under the accumulated horrors of his situation, and he was seized with a fever and delirium, which brought him to the brink of the grave. Yet even in this extremity, his persecutors never desisted from their cruelties, and tormented him like some obnoxious animal, for their amusement. Perhaps the strongest proof that can be given of the extent of his sufferings at this time, and of the deep and lasting impression they made on his mind, is the fact, that years afterwards, subsequent to his return to Scotland, and while residing with his family on the peaceful banks of the Tweed, he frequently started up in horror from his sleep, imagining himself still in the camp of Ali at Benowm. But perhaps nothing gave our traveller so much permanent grief as the fate of his faithful slave-boy Demba, whom Ali impressed into his service as a soldier, and who had conceived a great affection for Mr Park, who describes their parting as very affecting. After a month's residence at Benowm, Ali removed to Jarra, back to which place, of course, Mr Park was obliged to accompany him. Here all was alarm and terror, from the approach and apprehended attack of the king of Kaarta; and amid the bustle and confusion of the inhabitants flying from their homes, the preparations for war, &c., Mr Park at last, after great difficulty, and amid many perils, found an opportunity of escaping, and struck into the woods back towards Bambarra. Being under the necessity of avoiding all intercourse with the natives, in order to avoid being re-captured by the emissaries of Ali, who were in pursuit of him, he was at one time nearly famished in the wilderness, and we will take his own account of his sensations at this awful crisis. Thirst, intense and burning thirst, was the first and direst of his sufferings; his mouth and throat became parched and inflamed, and a sudden dimness frequently came over his eyes, accompanied with symptoms of fainting. The leaves of the few shrubs that grew around were all too bitter for chewing. After climbing up a tree in the hopes of discovering some signs of a human habitation, but without success, he again descended in despair. "As I was now," says he, "too faint to attempt walking, and my horse too fatigued to carry me, I thought it but an act of humanity, and perhaps the last I should ever have it in my power to perform, to take off his bridle, and let him shift for himself; in doing which, I was affected with sickness and giddiness, and, falling upon the sand, felt as if the hour of death was fast approaching. Here then (thought I), after a short but ineffectual struggle, terminate all my hopes of being useful in my day and generation; here must the short span of my life come to an end. I cast, as I believed, a last look on the surrounding scene; and whilst I reflected on the awful change that was about to take place, this world and its enjoyments seemed to vanish from my recollection. Nature, however, at length resumed her functions; and, on recovering my senses, I found myself stretched upon the sand, with the bridle still in my hand, and the sun just sinking behind the trees. I now summoned all my resolution, and determined to make another effort to prolong my existence; and as the evening was somewhat cool, I resolved to travel as far as my limbs would carry me, in hopes of reaching (my only resource) a watering place. With this view, I put the bridle upon my horse, and, driving him before me, went slowly along for about an hour, when I perceived some lightning from the north-east; a most delightful sight, for it promised rain. The darkness and lightning increased very rapidly, and, in less than an hour, I heard the wind roaring behind the bushes. I had already opened my mouth to receive the refreshing drops which I expected, but I was instantly covered with a cloud of sand, driven with such force by the wind, as to give a very disagreeable sensation to my face and arms; and I was obliged to mount my horse, and stop under a bush, to avoid being suffocated. The sand continued to fly for nearly an hour in amazing quantities, after which I again set forwards, and travelled with difficulty until ten o'clock. At this time, I was agreeably surprised by some very vivid flashes of lightning, followed by a few heavy drops of rain. I alighted, and spread out all my clean clothes to collect the rain, which at length I saw would certainly fall. For more than an hour it rained plentifully, and I quenched my thirst by wringing and sucking my clothes." Park at length entered the kingdom of Bambarra, where he found the people hospitable, and was astonished at the opulence and extent of cultivation he every where found. "The country, he says, was beautiful, intersected on all sides by rivulets, which, after a rain-storm, were swelled into rapid streams. He was, however, such an object of amusement and ridicule to the inhabitants, from his own tattered condition, together with the appearance of his horse, which was a perfect skeleton, and which he drove before him, that the very slaves, he says, were ashamed to be seen in his company. Notwithstanding all this, however, he held on his way, and at last, on the 21st of July (1796), had the inexpressible gratification of coming in sight of Sego, the capital of Bambarra, situated on the Niger, which the natives denominated *Joliba*, or the "Great Water." "As we approached the town," says Park, "I was fortunate enough to overtake the fugitive Kaartans, and we rode together through some marshy ground, where, as I anxiously looked around for the river, one of them called out *Geo affilli* (see the water). Looking forwards, I saw, with infinite pleasure, the great object of my mission—the long sought for majestic Niger, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things, for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success." Sego consisted of four distinct towns, two on the northern, and two on the southern bank of the Niger; "and the view of this extensive capital," says our traveller, "the numerous canoes on the river, the crowded population, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, formed altogether a prospect of civilization and magnificence which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa." The king, Mansong, however, refused to see Mr Park, for fear of exciting the envy and jealousy of the Moorish inhabitants, and ordered him to remove to a village in the vicinity. He had no alternative but to comply; and it was here that one of those fine traits of female compassion, and of the kind interposition of Providence in his favour when at the last extremity, which he has frequently borne testimony to with thankfulness and gratitude, occurred; and this truly affecting incident we cannot avoid giving in his own simple language. On arriving at the village, he was inhospitably driven from every door, with marks of fear and astonishment. He passed the day without victuals, and was preparing to spend the night under a tree, exposed to the rain and the fury of the wild beasts, which there greatly abounded, "when a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving me weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat upon the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat; she accordingly went out, and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which having caused to be broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress (pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension), called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves great part of the night. They lightened their labour with songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it: it was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree—he has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.' Chorus —'Let us pity the white man; no mother has he!' &c. &c. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was so oppressed by such unexpected kindness, that sleep fled before my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons that remained on my waistcoat, the only recompense I could make her." Mansong, the king, having ordered Park to leave the neighbourhood (sending him, however, a guide, and a present of 5000 cowries,* as some recompense for his involuntary inhospitality), our traveller proceeded down the Niger, along the northern bank. On one occasion, while passing through the woods, he narrowly escaped being devoured by a large red lion, which he suddenly came upon, crouching in a bush, but which did not attack him. He proceeded first to Sansanding, thence to Moodiboo, Moorzan, and finally to Silla. Here, worn out by fatigue and suffering of mind and body, destitute of all means either of subsistence or of prosecuting his journey—for even his horse had dropped down by the way—his resolution and energy, of which no man ever possessed a greater share, began to fail him. The rainy season had set in, and he could only travel in a canoe, which he had no money to hire; and he was advancing farther and farther into the territories of the fanatical Moors, who looked upon him with loathing and detestation, and whose compassion he had no gifts to propitiate. It was with great anguish of mind that he was at last brought to the conviction of the necessity of returning; but no one who has read his own simple and manly statement of his actual situation, and of the prospect before him, together with his poignant sensations at his disappointment, can for a moment blame him for turning back. Preparatory to doing so, he collected all the information in his power respecting the future course of the Niger, and the various kingdoms through which it flowed; but subsequent discoveries have since proved how little credit could be attached to the accounts of the natives, either from their positive ignorance or their suspicious jealousy of strangers. Later, and more fortunate travellers, have solved the great problem, the honour of explaining which was denied to Park; and we now know that this great river, after flowing to a considerable distance eastward of Tombuctoo, makes a bend or elbow, like the Burampooter, and, after pursuing a south-westerly course, falls into the Atlantic Ocean, on the coast of Benin. The narrative of Mr Park's return from the interior of Africa would be little else than a repetition of the various sufferings, adventures, and dangers he experienced on his way there, but only in a more aggravated form, in consequence both of his utterly destitute condition, and from the inundation of the level country, which compelled him to seek his way over chasms and precipices, without a guide, or any other means of shaping his course. He frequently waded for miles breast-deep in water. Once he was beset by banditti, who stripped him of every thing but two shirts, his hat, and a pair of trousers; and on arriving at Sibidooloo, he was attacked by fever, which stretched him on his back for many weeks. Here, however, he was fortunate enough to meet with a slave-merchant, named Karfa Taura, who treated him with great kindness and humanity—took him into his own house—nursed him until he was well—kept him as his guest for seven months, without asking the smallest recompense—and finally conducted him in safety to Pisania, with a cargo of his living merchandise. Our traveller immediately took his passage in an American vessel, bound for the West Indies, whence he had no difficulty in getting to Britain, and landed at Falmouth on the 22d of December 1797, after an absence of two years and seven months. He instantly hastened to London, and the manner of his first interview with his kind kinsman Mr Dickson, who had long mourned for him as one lost, was perhaps as curious as any meeting of a similar nature that ever occurred. Mr Park arrived before day-break on Christmas morning, and thinking it rather an unseasonable hour to call up his relative, he strolled for some time about the streets, until, finding one of the entrances to the gardens of the British Museum accidentally open, he stepped in. Here the very first person he encountered was Mr Dickson himself, under whose management the gardens then were, and who happened, by mere chance, to have gone there that morning. The astonishment of both, but more particularly of the latter, at this rencontre, may be well imagined. Mr Park was received with distinguished honour by the African Association, and almost all the other scientific bodies and eminent literary characters of the metropolis, and was for some time, what is familiarly termed, the *lion* of the town. Having made arrangements in London for the publication of his travels, he proceeded to Scotland in June (1798), and spent the succeeding summer and autumn at his native place, Fowlshiels, amongst his relations and friends, his mother being the only parent then alive. His time, however, was far from being passed in idleness, or merely in social meetings with old friends and acquaintances, much as his company, as may readily be imagined, was sought after. He applied himself

* A cowrie is a small and rare shell, used as a species of currency in many of the eastern countries.

indefatigably to the compilation and composition of his travels, which he finished and carried back with him to London in the end of the year. In the following spring they were published, and it is needless to say how universally, or with what avidity, not to mention *incredibility* by many, they were read. For the latter contingency, Mr Park himself was prepared, and with a judicious caution, which few of his rivals in discovery, either before or since, have had the prudence or *self-denial*, as it may aptly be termed, to adopt, omitted the relation of many real incidents and adventures, which he feared might shake the probability of his narrative in the public estimation. This fact has been proved beyond doubt by the testimony of many of his intimate friends and relatives, to whom, although by no means of a communicative disposition, he freely mentioned many singular anecdotes and particulars, which he scrupled to submit to the jealous eye of the critical public. Amongst those friends to whom Mr Park frequently communicated in a colloquial way many most interesting and remarkable circumstances which did not appear in his printed travels, was the late Author of Waverley, between whom and Mr Park a strong intimacy was contracted subsequent to the return of the latter from Africa, and who tells us, that having once noticed to his friend the omissions in question (which appeared to one of his romantic temperament and ardent imagination to be unaccountable), and asked an explanation, Mr Park replied, "that in all cases where he had information to communicate, which he thought of importance to the public, he had stated the facts boldly, leaving it to his readers to give such credit to his statements as they might appear justly to deserve; but that he would not shock their credulity, or render his travels more marvellous, by introducing circumstances, which, however true, were of little or no moment, as they related solely to his own personal adventures and escapes." If this scrupulousness on the part of the traveller is to be regretted in one sense, as consigning to oblivion many curious and interesting facts, it certainly raises him as a man and an author incalculably in our estimation, and bespeaks the most implicit belief and confidence in what he *has* promulgated to the world.

After the publication of his travels, he returned to Scotland, and in August the same year married Miss Anderson, the eldest daughter of his old master at Selkirk.

An account of his second journey, and melancholy death, will form the subject of another article.

HORSES IN ANCIENT TIMES.

THERE is pretty good evidence for supposing, that, even at the time of the Trojan war, horses were but rare animals in Greece, and were possessed only by princes or great men, who employed them, not for the purposes of husbandry or draught, but for the ornamental displays of war and chariot-drawing, as the proud and distinctive accompaniment of royalty alone. In Judea, horses were, till the days of Solomon, very rare. Egypt is always described in the Old Testament as the land of horses. The earliest notice of the horse is in the Book of Genesis (chap. xlvii. 17), where Joseph is said to have given the Egyptians "bread in exchange for their horses." In the very minute enumeration of the cattle-stores of Abraham, Isaac, Esau, Laban, Job, &c., in the Book of Genesis, though there is a superabundance of other quadruped property, no mention whatever is made of horses. Neither, in the fourth or tenth commandments are horses noticed with the other working animals. In the enumeration, however, of the Egyptian cattle-property affected by the murrain, horses are mentioned in precedence of the rest. "Behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thy cattle which is in the field, *upon the horses*, upon the asses, upon the camels, upon the oxen, and upon the sheep."—Exod. ix. 3. In like manner, in the excellent and very particular description given by Theocritus of the quadruped stock of Angias, the child of the Sun, who lived in the Peloponnesus, horses find no place. Even during the Trojan war, these animals were only in the retinue of princes, and were always associated with cattle, or with the glorious forthcoming of kings. Accordingly, we find that in all the first descriptions of that animal, and particularly in that sublime and all-surpassing one in the Book of Job, he is depicted, with beauty and majesty, as the war-steed alone. Homer speaks of him always with dignity and admiration; and it is apparent, that, in his conceptions, an additional respectability is conferred upon his princes and his war-grooms by the title which he bestows upon them of "horse-tamers" and "horse-whippers"—a contemptible commendation, according to our ideas, associating, as we inevitably do, these epithets with the persons and mean employments of grooms of the stable and horse-jockeys. The ancient poets and ancient people must have connected, however, beauty, majesty, and sublimity, with their idea of that animal, not only from his noble shape and gallant appearance, but from his singularity, and, consequently, high price—his being the friend, as it were, and attendant, of princes—his being the terrible, yet graceful, accompaniment of war—and his being never seen, as in our modern times, degraded to the familiar yet far more beneficial purposes of draught in our streets, and husbandry in our fields. A modern reader, therefore, must enter somewhat into the sentiments and feelings of antiquity, in order to perceive the beauty or propriety of Theocritus's comparison of Helen to a horse, or of Solomon's likening his love "to a company of horses in Pharoah's chariots." The light in which the horse is thus considered as an ornament of royalty, or an appendage of war, not only ornamental, but efficient, is explanatory of many passages not only in the Old Testament, but in the Greek and Latin classics. In the Psalms of David,

> An horse for preservation is
> But a deceitful thing.—Ps. xxxiii. 17.

And in Eccles. x. 7, "I have seen servants on horses." In Deuteronomy, chap. xvii. 16, Moses forbids the Israelites, in the event of their electing from among themselves a king, to allow him "to multiply to himself horses," and thereby foster a lust of dominion and belligerent propensities, at the same time also creating, what the lawgiver wished much to prevent, too frequent a communication with Egypt. Egypt was undoubtedly, in the most early times, the great breeder of horses: the Old Testament proves it by many references. At Jacob's funeral, in Judea, there came forth from Egypt "chariots and horsemen a very great company." The Hebrews were pursued into the Red Sea by Egyptian horsemen; horse and rider were there overwhelmed. Solomon, several centuries afterwards, obtained all his horses from Egypt. With this testimony concurs the account given by the Greek writers; according to them, Sesostris [or Sesonchosis, as others write his name] was the first who taught men to tame horses and to ride them. In Solomon's days the price of a single horse from Egypt was 150 shekels, which, according to Bishop Cumberland's calculation of the shekel,* is about L.17, 10s. of our money—a great sum in those times. In the days of Xenophon, 600 years later than Solomon, the price of a good horse was about 50 danks, or L.27, 10s.—at least such was the price paid by Senthes the Thracian to Xenophon for the steed whereon he rode during his retreat from Babylon. Next after the Egyptians, the Assyrians became the celebrated cavaliers of the ancient world. These people are repeatedly alluded to by the Jewish prophets, not only as excelling in the beauty of their horses and skill of their horsemen, but also in all the showy apparatus of equestrian garniture. Their proficiency, however, in this branch of the military art, took place long after the Egyptians had invented and brought it to some degree of perfection, which the Medes, Assyrians, and Persians, possessing more gold and silver, from their more enlarged empires, decked and bespangled more with blue, with purple, and with gold, "clothing their horsemen most gorgeously." Persia became latterly most renowned for its horse-riding. Xenophon declares, that, before the age of Cyrus, Persia had, from its want of wealth, or the mountainous character of its soil, no horses; but that, after his time, from the personal example, and encouragements, and recommendations of their king, every man in Persia rode on horseback; so much so, indeed, that it is understood that the very name of Persia, by which ever afterwards their country became known, was taken from PERESH, a word in Chaldee and Hebrew signifying a horseman. Immense numbers of these animals were reared in the plains of Assyria and Persia. We read in some author of no less than 150,000 feeding on one vast plain near the Caspian Gates. The Nysæan horses, which the kings of Persia used in their expeditions, were celebrated as the finest in the world. In Greece, the art of riding horses, and most probably the arrival of the horse himself, did not long precede the Trojan war. The story of the Centaurs, *semi-human horses and semi-equine* men, as Ovid calls them, warrants the inference that horses then first made their appearance in Thessaly, if not in Greece. These people lived about a century before the Trojan war; for Chiron, who was their chief, was the preceptor of Achilles. As the poor Mexicans at the first appearance of the Spanish cavalry ran off in a fright, conceiving that man and horse were but one animal, so the people of Thessaly fled, panic struck, at the sight of the double-shaped incomprehensible monster that charged them. It is almost certain that these Centaurs were a tribe of Pelasgi, or emigrants from Phrygia, and the southern shores of the Euxine Sea, which were occupied at an early period by a colony of Egyptians, planted there by Sesostris in his Phrygian and Scythian expedition. Confirmatory of this derivation, is the Grecian tradition, as recorded by her antiquaries, that Philyre, the mother of the Centaurs, cohabited with Saturn in Philyreis, an island near the southern shore of the Euxine; and that from that island she emigrated to Thessaly and the mountains of the Pelasgi. In this way, one might amuse himself by attempting to trace, even from the few data afforded by history, the circuit by which horses, with the consequent art of equestrian exercise, passed from Egypt, the original and central riding-school of the world, into Greece and into Europe. From Egypt they passed into Assyria and Persia; from Assyria to Cappadocia, Amazonia, and Pontus, countries where horses were most reared, most admired, and, as the most admirable objects in animated nature, offered up as sacrifices to the sun; from Pontus they passed, with the streams of westward-rushing population, to Phrygia and the southern banks of the Propontis; and from thence, with "horse-taming" Pelops and the Pelasgi, they migrated into Thessaly, and confounded with their novel and terrifying appearance the simple and aboriginal inhabitants, to whom "the horse and his rider" seemed a monster outlandish and inscrutable! It was not customary in these ancient times to shoe horses with iron, according to our modern practice; so that a strong hoof, "hard as brass" and solid "as the flint," was reckoned one of the good qualities of a steed. In oriental countries, the dryness of the roads rendered this fortification of the hoof less necessary; the muddy ways and miriness of the ground's surface in the north of Europe, I suppose, first caused and confirmed the practice. Hannibal's cavalry, which were principally Numidian, lost all their hoofs in the miry and embarrassing march through the marshy ground between Trebia and Fesulæ. The horses of the ancients had no saddles,* no stirrups, and the Numidian horses had even no bridles; but their armour and their trappings must have compensated for these deficiencies by its extraordinary splendour.†

* If we take Xenophon's valuation of the shekel, as containing 7½ oboli, as stated in Lib. I. of his Expedition of Cyrus, it makes the price much less, about L.6, 5s.

* Yet I find saddles mentioned in our translation of the Bible, Leviticus xv. 9; and in Num. xxii. 21, Balaam *saddled* his ass.

† From "Shreds of Antiquity," an unpublished work of Mr Tenant, author of "Anster Fair."

THE LAST MOMENTS OF ROBERT BRUCE, KING OF SCOTLAND.

Meanwhile, King Robert of Scotland became sore oppressed with age and weakness, being grievously afflicted with the great sickness, so that there remained no way with him but death. And when he felt that his end drew near, he sent for those barons and lords of his realm, in whose loyalty he had the greatest confidence, and affectionately enjoined them, on their fealty, that they should faithfully keep his kingdom for David, his son, promising to obey him, and place the crown upon his head when he attained the full age: after which, he beckoned that brave and gentle knight, Sir James Douglas, to come near, and thus addressed him in presence of the rest of his courtiers:—"Sir James, my dear friend, few know better than yourself the great toil and suffering which, in my day, I have undergone for the maintenance of the rights of this kingdom; and when all went hardest against me, I made a vow, which it now deeply grieves me not to have accomplished: I then vowed to God, that if it were his sovereign pleasure to permit me to see an end of my wars, and to establish me in peace and security in the government of this realm, I would then proceed in person to the Holy Land, and carry on war against the enemies of my Lord and Saviour, to the best and utmost of my power. Never hath my heart ceased to bend earnestly to this purpose, but it hath pleased our Lord to deny me my wishes, for I have had my hands full in my days, and, at the last, you see me taken with this grievous sickness, so that I have nothing to do but to die. Since, therefore, this poor frail body cannot go thither, and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there, in place of my body, to fulfil my vow; and because, in my whole kingdom, I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all those knightly qualities requisite for the accomplishment of this vow, it is my earnest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that, for the love you bear me, you will, instead of myself, undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour; for, believe me, I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you once undertake, you will not rest till you successfully accomplish; and thus shall I die in peace, if you will do all that I shall enjoin you. It is my desire, then, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body, and cause it to be embalmed, and spare not to take as much of my treasure as appears sufficient to defray the expenses of your journey, both for yourself and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you, and deposit it in the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord, since this poor body cannot go thither. And I do moreover command, that in the course of your journey you keep up that royal state and maintenance, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know you have in charge to bear beyond seas the heart of King Robert of Scotland." At these words, all who stood by began to weep; and when Sir James himself was able to reply, he said, "Ah, most gentle and noble king, a thousand times do I thank you for the great honour you have done me in permitting me to be the keeper and bearer of so great and precious a treasure. Most willingly, and, to the best of my power, most faithfully, shall I obey your commands, although I do truly think myself little worthy to achieve so high an enterprise." "My dear friend," said the king, "I heartily thank you, provided you promise to do my bidding on the word of a true and loyal knight." "Undoubtedly, my liege, I do promise so," replied Douglas, "by the faith which I owe to God, and to the order to which I belong." "Now praise be to God," said the king, "I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight in my kingdom hath promised to achieve for me that which I myself never could accomplish:" and not long after, this noble monarch departed this life.—*From Froissart's Chronicles.*

BEAR-HUNTING.

The following incident at bear-hunting is recorded by Mr Lloyd, in his Field Sports in the North of Europe. The scene took place in Scandinavia, where the sport is performed by a great number of people assembling, and, forming a large circle, gradually close it, and force the animals from their retreat. This species of amusement is called a *skall* in the country.

"The skall to which this anecdote relates," says Mr Lloyd, "and at which Captain Eurenius himself was present, took place about the year 1790, in the parish of Yestram, province of Wernersborg. It was conducted in the usual manner, every person having his proper position assigned to him. One man, however, an old soldier, who was attached to the hallet, or stationary division of the skall, thought proper to place himself in advance of the rest, in a narrow defile, through which, from his knowledge of the country, he thought it probable the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture; for the animal soon afterwards made his appearance, and faced directly towards him. On this he levelled, and attempted to discharge his piece, but owing to the morning being wet, the priming had got damp, and the gun missed fire. The bear was now close upon him, though it was probable that, if he had stepped to the one side, he might still have escaped; but instead of adopting this prudent course, he attempted to drive the muzzle of his gun, to which, however, no bayonet was attached, down the throat of the enraged brute. This attack the bear parried with the skill of a fencing-master; when, after wresting the gun out of the hands of the man, he quickly laid him prostrate.

"All might have ended well; for the bear, after smelling at his antagonist, who was lying motionless and holding his breath, as if he had been dead, left him almost unhurt. The animal then went to the gun, which was only at two or three feet distance, and began to overhaul it with his paws. The poor soldier, however, who had brought his musket to the skall contrary to the orders of his officers, and knowing that if it was injured, he should be severely punished, on seeing the apparent jeopardy in which it was placed, quietly stretched out his hand, and laid hold of one end of it, the bear having it fast by the other. On observing this movement, and that the man in consequence was alive, the bear again attacked him; when, seizing him with his teeth by the back of the head, as he was lying with his face on the ground, he tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upwards, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. The poor fellow, who knew that his safety depended upon his remaining motionless, kept as quiet as he was able; and the bear, without doing him much farther injury, laid himself along his body.

"Whilst this was going forward, many of the people, and Captain Eurenius among the rest, suspecting what had happened, hastened towards the spot, and advanced within twelve or fifteen paces of the scene of action. Here they found the bear still lying upon the body of the unfortunate man. Sometimes the animal was occupying himself in licking the blood from his bare skull, and at others in eyeing the people. All, however, were afraid to fire, thinking either that they might hit the man, or that, even if they killed the bear, he might, in his last agonies, still farther mutilate the poor sufferer. In this position the soldier and the bear remained a considerable time, until at last the latter quitted his victim, and slowly began to retreat, when a tremendous fire opened upon him, and he instantly fell dead.

"On hearing the shots, the poor soldier jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face, so as completely to blind him; when, throwing it back with his hands, he ran towards his comrades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, 'The bear! the bear!' The mischief, however, was done, and was irreparable. The only assistance he could receive was rendered to him by a surgeon who happened to be present, and who severed the little skin which connected the scalp with the forehead, and then dressed the wound in the best manner he was able. The scalp, when separated from the head, Captain Eurenius described as exactly resembling a *peruke*.

"In one sense, the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier. At the time, every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, which was extremely troublesome to dress and keep in order during the day; and he, in consequence, being now without any, immediately got his discharge.

"Bears are not unfrequently domesticated in Wermeland. I heard of one that was so tame that his master, a peasant, used occasionally to cause him to stand at the back of his sledge when on a journey; but the fellow kept so good a balance that it was next to impossible to upset him. When the vehicle went on one side, Bruin threw his weight the other way, and *vice versa*. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention, if possible, of throwing him off his equilibrium, by which, at last, the animal got so irritated, that he fetched his master, who was in advance of him, a tremendous thwack on his shoulders with his paw. This frightened the man so much, that he caused the bear to be killed immediately."

THE ORIGIN OF THE PORTEOUS MOB.

The origin of the Porteous mob continued long to exercise the curiosity of those by whom the event was remembered, and from the extraordinary mixture of prudence and audacity with which the purpose of the multitude had been conceived and executed, as well as the impenetrable secrecy with which the enterprise was carried through, the public were much inclined to suspect that there had been among its actors men of rank and character, far superior to that belonging to the multitude who were the ostensible agents. Broken and imperfect stories were told of men in the disguise of women, and of common artizans, whose manner betrayed a sex and manners different from what their garb announced. Others laughed at these unauthorized exaggerations, and contended that no class were so likely to frame or execute the plan for the murder of the police-officer, as the populace to whom his official proceedings had rendered him obnoxious, and that the secrecy so wonderfully preserved on the occasion arose out of the constancy and fidelity which the Scottish people observe towards each other when engaged in a common cause. Nothing is, or probably ever will be, known with certainty on the subject; but it is understood that several young men left Scotland in apprehension of the strict scrutiny which was made into that night's proceedings; and in your grandfather's younger days, the voice of fame pointed out individuals, who, long absent from that country, had returned from the East and West Indies in improved circumstances, as persons who had fled abroad on account of the Porteous mob. One story of the origin of the conspiracy was stated to me with so much authority, and seemed in itself so simple and satisfactory, that although the degree of proof, upon investigation, fell far short of what was necessary as full evidence, I cannot help considering it as the most probable account of the mysterious affair. A man, who long bore an excellent character, and filled a place of some trust as forester and carpenter to a gentleman of fortune in Fife, was affirmed to have made a confession on his death-bed, that he had been not only one of the actors in the hanging of Porteous, but one of the secret few by whom the deed was schemed and set on foot. Twelve persons of the village of Pathhead—so this man's narrative was said to proceed—resolved that Porteous should die, to atone for the life of Wilson, with whom many of them had been connected by the ties of friendship and joint adventure in illicit trade, and for the death of those shot at the execution. This vengeful band crossed the Forth by different ferries, and met together at a solitary place near the city, where they distributed the party which were to act in the business which they had in hand; and giving a beginning to the enterprise, soon saw it undertaken by the populace of the city, whose minds were precisely in that state of irritability which disposed them to follow the example of a few desperate men. According to this account, most of the original devisers of the scheme fled to foreign parts, the surprise of the usual authorities having occasioned some days to pass over ere the investigations of the affair were commenced. On making inquiry of the surviving family of this old man, they were found disposed to treat the rumoured confession as a fiction, and to allege, that although he was of an age which seemed to support the story, and had gone abroad shortly after the Porteous mob, yet he had never acknowledged any accession to it, but, on the contrary, maintained his innocence, when taxed, as he sometimes was, with having a concern in the affair. The report, however, though probably untrue in many of its circumstances, yet seems to give a very probable account of the origin of the riot, in the vindictive purpose of a few resolute men, whose example was quickly followed by the multitude, already in a state of mind to catch fire from the slightest spark.—*Tales of a Grandfather, Third Series.*

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON STEAM CARRIAGES.

In the progress of their inquiry, the Committee extended their examination to the principal objections which had been urged to the application of steam on common roads. These were, the danger of explosion, the annoyance to travellers, the fright occasioned to horses by the noise of the machinery, and the smoke and steam which escape at the chimney. The Committee state, that they are led to believe, by the result of their inquiries, that the substitution of inanimate for animal power on common roads, is one of the most important improvements in internal communication ever introduced; that its practicability has been fully established; that tolls to an amount which would utterly prohibit the introduction of steam carriages have been imposed on some roads; that on others the trustees have adopted measures which place such carriages in an unfair position compared with ordinary coaches; and that the causes of these measures are two-fold—1st, A determination on the part of the trustees to obstruct as much as possible the use of steam as a propelling power; and, 2d, The misapprehension of its effects on roads. The Committee consider that legislative protection should be extended to steam carriages with the least possible delay. Their Report goes on to say—"Without increase of cost, we shall obtain a power which will insure a rapidity of internal communication far beyond the utmost speed of horses in draught. Nor are the advantages of steam power confined to the greater velocity attained, or to its greater cheapness than horse draught. In the latter, danger is increased, in as large a proportion as expense, by greater speed. In steam power, on the contrary, there is no danger of being run away with, and that of being overturned is greatly diminished. It is difficult to control four such horses as can draw a heavy carriage ten miles per hour, in case they are frightened or choose to run away; and, for quick travelling, they must be kept in that state of courage that they are always inclined for running away, particularly down hills and at sharp turns of the road. In steam, however, there is little corresponding danger, being perfectly controllable, and capable of exerting its power in reverse in going down hills." Steam has been applied as a power in draught in two ways: in the one, both passengers and engine are placed on the same carriage; in the other, the engine carriage is merely used to draw the carriage in which the load is conveyed. In either case, the probability of danger from explosion has been rendered infinitely small, from the judicious construction of boiler which has been adopted. The danger arising to passengers from the breaking of the machinery need scarcely be taken into consideration. It is a mere question of delay, and can scarcely exceed in frequency the casualties which may occur with horses. It has been frequently urged against these carriages, that, wherever they shall be introduced, they must effectually prevent all other travelling on the road, as no horse will bear quietly the noise and smoke of the engine. The Committee believe that these statements are unfounded. Whatever noise may be complained of, arises from the present defective construction of the machinery, and will be corrected as the makers of such carriages gain greater experience. Admitting even that the present engines do work with some noise, the effect on horses has been greatly exaggerated. All the witnesses accustomed to travel in these carriages, even on the crowded roads adjacent to the metropolis, have stated that horses are very seldom frightened in passing.—*Edinburgh Review.*

AN AULD WIFE'S ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

You are rising, O Moon, through the thicket of trees,
Like a house gane afire, or a stack in a bleeze;
But soon through the lift wilt thou glitter and speel,
Like a round pewter plate, or the rim of my wheel.
Mony years have passed over my haffits and thine,
Since Johnny and I used to court in thy shine;
But you are as bright, and as plump as of yore,
While I'm an auld woman, three years and three score;
And John, though I've kept him baith tenty and snug,
Has ringlets as grey as the cloud at thy lug:
But you are still sparkling, and still in thy light
Daft hempies, as I was, are courting at night.
I have gazed at you oft as you shone at your post,
In nights when the starnies were broonding wi' frost;
And oft when the hurricane whunnered away,
And whommeled our stacks like a cole on the brae,
I have wondered full oft, as it tookit and blew,
If ever its sughing was eerie to you.
Ae night it uprooted the auld clachan-tree,
And I thought that the roof of our sit-house would flee;
But you laughed at its blawing, and kept thee as still,
As over the mist stands the peak of a hill.
—One question to ask thee, my wonderment begs—
How, Moon, have you skill in the clecking of eggs?
If I set my brood hen when thy waxing I see,
I am sure that the lauchter will never misgie;
The chickens are strong, and their number is full,
And the tod and the corbie get never a pull:
But if I should set them when pale is thy horn,
Waxing thinner and dimmer at rising of morn,
Then shilpit and cowering the chickens will be,
Tho' hatched in a bush mid the whins of the lea.
And tell me, how is it that thou hast the skill,
To manage the time when our pork we maun kill?
About Martinmas day thy first glimpse in the sky,
Is a sign for fat pigs to grow fatter, and die;
Thy waxing foretells that the hams of the gryce,
Will swell in the pot, and be tender and nice;
But if till thy waning, he grunt in his crib,
Nae kail will be lyth'd by the fat of his rib.
What gives thee such skill? Once a sailor I saw
Who said that your word to the sea is a law,
That it rises or falls as you come or retreat;
But I cannot believe you can do such a feat:
'Tis wonder enough if on chickens and pork
Your waxing and waning such wonders can work.
But the evening is growing—my lamp must be got,
And Johnny's bit supper prepared for the pot.
My lamp, Lady Moon, should be steady and bright,
For its rush-wick was cut with the moon at its height
I gathered the thrashies when you were on high,
And your image shone bright in the burnie hard bye:
Such wicks have a glamour they borrow from you,
And their light in the evening is constant and true,
While Johnny works stockings and hosts by the fire,
And I'm at my wheel, and whiles in to the byre.
I'm wearied wi' spinning: my finger and thumb
I smokit wi' reek frae a nievefu' o' broom,
Till the skin was like leather; but soon wi' a nick
The lang weary thread cuttit in to the quick.
O Moon, there's a cloud comin' black on thy face,
Wi' sleet or wi' snaw it is brewin' apace:
You're a skeelly auld witch!—you had kent it vestreen,
When you drew yon white brough round your haffits at e'en
I thought you were bodin' some mischief at hand—
And now comes the hurricane over the land.
I wis my poor Johnny were hame frae his wark,
The snaw will be on, and the night will be dark.
Ou! there is our Johnny! how clever he comes;
He doesna look auld yet—See, darker it glooms.
Ah, Johnny, you're welcome! the door let us steek—
Now snaw, wind, and moonlight, may fight as they like.—D. M.

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TOM BRIMS.

It appears to be a prevailing impression, in consequence of the strain of our fictitious literature, that there is no pathos any where, except in either very refined society, or among a rural population. No one seems to think that there can ever be any sentiment in the situation of a shopkeeper, or that feeling, any more than friendship, is to be found in trade. This notion, I am persuaded, has arisen solely from the circumstance, that poets and story-writers, finding some difficulty in managing the current of a pathetic tale amidst the common-place details of business, have invariably looked elsewhere for characters and scenery: it is entirely a matter of literary convenience. Thus, though we see every day the most striking turns of fortune in mercantile life, accompanied by distresses of the most touching kind, such is nevertheless the habit into which our reading has thrown us, that we would be apt to think it very odd if a tragedy, or even the simplest sentimental tale, were attempted to be woven from such a tissue.

Though not insensible to the danger of going right against the stream of popular taste, I am induced to do so on the present occasion, in order to commemorate an individual whose fate made a deep impression upon me in my earlier years, and in whose story, referring though it does to mere trade, I cannot help believing that the public will, like myself, feel somewhat interested. No tale could be simpler in its pathos, or less involved in its parts; and yet I never can think of it without a degree of sympathising sadness, which might now-a-days be refused to the most lordly and the most complicated sorrows of the stage.

Thomas Brims had been reared, I believe, as a traveller for a *house* in Yorkshire, which dealt largely in leather caps and braces. When I first knew him, he was a handsome middle-aged and middle-sized man, always dressed in the very extreme of the prevailing fashion, yet with an easiness of manner which is not often found in carefully dressed men. It was alleged of Brims that he had been such an exquisite in his earlier years as to sleep in doe-skin gloves for the purpose of whitening his hands. But this was perhaps a fiction. No man ever took the head of the table in a *travellers' room* with less exceptionable pretensions to the honour than he. Clever, well-bred, good-humoured, and an admirable teller of stories, he seemed to possess every qualification for that important post; and it was accordingly acceded to him on all occasions, even though there might be present an individual who had been longer upon the road. When a little elevated after dinner, Brims became so delightful a companion, that gentlemen who had intended to call upon a few customers in the evening totally forgot their purpose—forgot time, business, and every thing—and sat still, enchained, it might be said, by the social spirit of their preses. Brims was reputed to be one of the cleverest salesmen in England; and it is more than probable, that, if the same abilities had been devoted to a learned profession, or to some species of state-service, he would have risen to considerable honours.

Such was Brims when I first knew him. He was then in the habit of annually visiting the country town in which I resided; and as my father was one of the traders with whom he did business, I had ample opportunities of observing the character of the man. He was, however, an object of interest to many besides those with whom he was any way connected in business. His neat gig and spirited horse were recognised as they entered the town, even before his own person was distinguished; and when he was alighting at the door of the inn, the equipage was surrounded by a far greater crowd of boys than what was usually gathered at the advent of any other stranger. "Brims is come! Brims is come!" was echoed from mouth to mouth; and in ten minutes the fact was known to the whole population. Happy was the boy who, from his acquaintance with the waiter, was permitted to carry any of Brims's bags or boxes into the house; and delighted above all measure was he, who, from his being highest in the good graces of the hostler, was entrusted with the mighty honour of taking Brims's horse to the water. The style in which Brims moved, and the success with which he pursued his trade, altogether gave him, at this period, the appearance of a happy and prosperous man.

Some years of adverse fortune ensued, both with my own family and with Brims. With the causes of our own misfortunes I am but too well acquainted; but I never could learn, nor even guess, how so expert a man as Brims should have sunk, in the meridian of life, from a line of employment for which he seemed so admirably qualified. After having lost sight of him for several years, we met him in another country town—one very near the Scottish capital—to which we had been induced to remove in the hope of bettering our circumstances. Brims, to our surprise, was also resident there. He lived with his wife and his boys (so he termed three grown-up lads) in a small and rather mean-looking house, at no great distance from our own. Eight years had wrought a change in the prompt and sprightly traveller; yet, while his countenance wanted its former sparkle, his clothes were still almost as good and as neat as ever, and even, amidst the details of a very humble household, he carried as much of the air of a gentleman as in his better days. He was also engaged in the same business as formerly; but, alas, upon what a different scale! Instead of selling his wares in large quantities, and over the country at large, he now employed himself and his boys in manufacturing them with their own hands, and sought no more extensive market than what was supplied by some of the inferior retail dealers in Edinburgh. Once or twice a-week he dressed himself in his trim, though rather overbrushed suit of black, and, with a neat leather-covered parcel under his arm, walked to the city—even the stage-coach being above his resources—where he busied himself for the day in making sales; and I have been given to understand, that, on such occasions, he displayed exactly the same persuasiveness of manner, and the same eloquence in describing his goods, as he had ever done in his better days, when selling leather caps by the thousand instead of the dozen. The contrast, however, was that of a blood hunter reduced to the cart, which, though it may carry a somewhat higher head than the common work-horse, yet is every whit as stayed in its demeanour, and as thoroughly reconciled to its situation.

In the course of time, some changes took place in Brims's little household. His wife—a genteel, quiet Englishwoman—died; and his two elder sons, fretting at the hopeless drudgery to which they were bound by their father, left him to seek their own fortune in the wide world. He suffered alike severely from these calamities, yet hardly permitted a complaint to escape him. He was now left alone with his youngest son Alfred, a tiny and delicate youth, whose very beauty showed that he was not long for this world. His little manufactory was now still smaller than ever; but it was enough for the demand. Leather caps about this time began to be disused, on account of the popularity which Highland bonnets acquired from the glory of the Scottish regiments at Waterloo. Even braces, as Brims used to remark pathetically, appeared to be less used than formerly, insomuch that it was a kind of wonder to him how the inexpressibles of mankind were kept up at all. He now seldom went to Edinburgh oftener than once in the ten days; and I used to remark, with much regret, that his neat leather parcel was sometimes at his return not altogether discharged of its contents. Still Alfred was sure to have his tea (his favourite and only indulgence) warm for him when he arrived, and, even amidst something approaching to penury, he appeared to be content.

There was something beyond measure affecting in the attachment of these two lonely beings to each other Poor Brims, after the loss of his wife and the departure of his elder sons (of whom he never afterwards heard), appeared to cling only the more fondly to Alfred, who was now, it might be said, the sole stay and hope of his old age. He felt also those fond terrors which so readily possess a parent's heart respecting a delicate child; and fear gave a convulsive energy to that embrace in which love disposed him to hold this fragile plant. On the other hand, Alfred, with a degree of sense and feeling beyond his years, deplored the unfortunate circumstances of his father, and seemed eagerly anxious, by every kind of personal attention, as well as by taking a full share of his labours, to compensate the desolation of his age. Neither had any other object on earth to care for; each, of course, gave his heart entirely to the other; and if even opposite natures are forced sometimes to coalesce for defence against a common danger, it may be imagined how these kindred souls blent together, for mutual support against solitude and sorrow.

Time wore on, and Brims's trade always got worse and worse, till at length he declared it to be hardly possible for him and his son to earn as much as could support them in even the most parsimonious manner. In the increased necessity of labour, he endeavoured to take as much upon himself as possible, in order to save the slender frame of Alfred; while, with the view of continuing certain comforts which the health of that individual rendered more necessary than ever, he pinched so much from his own daily necessaries as almost left him in the feigned condition of the camelion. But for the self-denial of his son, who adopted every means in his power to lessen the toils and improve the comforts of his father, he must have speedily destroyed his own health. There was now a generous rivalry between the two, which to labour most, and which to require least personal indulgence; each endeavouring, as it were, to arrest the busy hand of the other, and to force into the mouth of his companion the hard-earned morsel which was fairly due to himself. At length, the gentle Alfred sunk fairly beneath the premature hardships to which he was condemned, and his father *knew* the appalling fact, that, while there was still some chance of life, if relaxation, exercise, change of air, and an improved regimen, could be afforded to the patient, there was none otherwise, and, of course, as matters stood, none at all.

As the only individuals in the place whom Brims had known in his better days, he selected us at this time to receive the recital of his sorrows. What gave, he said, the most poignant wound to his mind, was the unfeeling coldness with which a wealthy brother-in-law had lately treated an application he had made for relief. This individual was not only wealthy, but had no one dependent on him; and yet, such was his reluctance to part with any part of his hoards, that even the small sum necessary to try an experiment for the health of his nephew had been refused.

Whether the case might stand exactly upon the grounds described by Brims, we could not tell: if so, it was certainly among the hardest we had ever known; but probably there was some cause of wrath against our unfortunate friend, with which his self-love would not permit him to make us acquainted.

As might have been expected, the young man declined slowly, but surely, towards the grave, notwithstanding all that we, and other persons interested in him, could do to stay his progress. I was present on the evening when he died, and never shall forget the picture of human woe which the surviving parent exhibited on that occasion. The dying youth was stretched on a little bed, in a meanly furnished room, with no other attendant besides his father than a poor old woman who lived in another part of the same house, and had come in to inquire if she could be of any use. Close over his pale and death-like countenance hung his father, whose disordered dress and exhausted look showed but too plainly the extremity to which watchfulness and anxiety had reduced him. For hours the young man had not showed the least sign of consciousness; and the doctor, when called away, some time before, to attend a more hopeful patient, had pronounced that he could not live two hours longer. The father, however, was still unsatisfied—what parent, in such circumstances, can ever be so?—and was every now and then bringing forward a spoonful of medicine to pour upon the parched lips of his son, in doing which he generally asked the unavailing question, "Alfred, my dear boy, do you not know your father?"

Just before the last fatal moment, the sun came round and shone into the apartment, and, in obedience to a motion from Mr Brims, I went to the window to close a part of the shutter. How strange, I thought, to see this cheerful light gilding the objects of a death-chamber with as much brilliancy as if they belonged to some splendid and festive scene! Before I could accomplish what I was about, the increase of light seemed to break up for a moment the slumber of the dying youth, and he cast a hesitating and languid look towards the window. "Oh, leave the shutter as it is," said the father eagerly, as if afraid to deprive his child of any thing that could be supposed, even at this last darkening hour, to give him any pleasure. It was only for a moment, however, that the eye remained open to this new impression. It closed immediately; and, in a minute after, one convulsive movement in the youth, and a burst of overpowering grief from the father, informed me that death had done his work.

Other females from the neighbourhood now came crowding in, and were permitted by Brims to perform the last offices to his son. That night he was pressed by my father, in the most earnest and friendly manner, to take up his abode with us; but nothing could prevail upon him to quit his own desolate house, and we were accordingly obliged to leave him, though not till we had seen another room arranged properly for his reception, and provisions laid in for his use. Our attention, alas! was unnecessary. Brims was found next morning stretched lifeless beside the body of his son—his own bed unpressed—his meat untasted. Upon the table which had been spread for him lay a scrap of paper, on which were inscribed the words, "It is too late." Nothing else was to be learned, except that a spirit, deserted by all the objects of its affection, and oppressed with misfortunes too heavy to be endured, had sunk beneath its griefs, and fled to rejoin all it held dear in another and better world.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Polar Bear.—This immense animal differs in many particulars from the rest of its congeners. Captain Lyon, when on the northern expedition, killed one which measured eight feet seven inches and a half in length, and was sixteen hundred pounds weight.

This species inhabits the confines of the arctic circle, and has been found about the latitude of the 80th degree, and even as far northwards as navigators have yet penetrated into those inhospitable seas, which seem to accord well with the sullen and ferocious nature of this terrible animal. In the words of the poet,

> ——"there the shapeless bear,
> With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn:
> Slow pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
> He makes his bed beneath the inclement drift;
> And, with stern patience, scorning meek complaint,
> Hardens his heart against assailing want."

This animal has never been found farther south than Newfoundland, and his chief residences are the shores of Hudson's Bay, Spitzbergen, and Greenland, on the one side of the arctic circle, and Nova Zembla on the other. Insulated instances have occurred of the polar bear having been carried on floating icebergs to the coasts of Iceland and Norway.

The polar bear feeds entirely on animal matter, but his habits are not decidedly predatory, for he prefers dead animals to those in a living state, subsisting chiefly on the floating carcases of whales, after they have been stript of their blubber by those employed in the whale fisheries. He sometimes, however, preys upon seals, which he catches when they ascend to the surface to breathe. As this bear swims with much ease, he is very capable of capturing his prey, and not unfrequently takes fish when they enter gulfs or shoals.

The polar bear is greatly attached to its offspring, and will die in their defence. This is finely illustrated by an incident which was witnessed by Captain Phipps, of the Carcass, when on his voyage of discovery to the north pole. While locked in the ice, it was intimated by the man at the mast-head that three bears were approaching towards the vessel. They had been directed to the spot by the smell of some blubber of a walrus, which had been killed by the sailors a few days before, and which they had set fire to, and were burning it on the ice at the time they were advancing. When they reached the vessel, they turned out to be a female and two cubs, the latter of which were, however, nearly as large as their mother. They appeared to be very hungry, for they ran towards the fire, and drew from the flames the parts of the walrus which were yet unconsumed, and devoured them with great voracity. The sailors threw from the side of the vessel large pieces of the flesh that were still left, which the dam carried away, and dividing them, laid them before the young ones, and only reserved a small portion for herself. When the old one was carrying away the last piece, the crew levelled their muskets at the cubs, and killed them both on the spot; and also firing at the dam, wounded her, although not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any one possessed of feeling, to have marked the affectionate concern evinced by the poor animal while her young were in the agonies of death. She was so severely wounded, that she could but crawl to the spot where her cubs lay, carrying with her the piece of flesh which she had last taken away, after having torn it asunder, as she had done with the others, and placed it before them. When she perceived that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first on the one, and then on the other, endeavouring to raise them up, while she at the same time uttered the most pitiable moans. When she found her efforts to raise them were unavailing, she retreated; and, having got to some distance, she looked back, and uttered deep moans; and seeing that had no effect in making them follow her, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick the blood from their wounds. She retired a second time, and having with difficulty crawled a few paces off, again looked behind her, and stood for some time uttering heart-rending moans. But still finding that her cubs did not follow her, she returned to them again, and, with marks of the utmost tenderness, went round each successively, pawing them. Finding at length that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, growled a curse upon the destroyers of her offspring, which they returned with a volley of musket balls, when she fell prostrate between her cubs, and died in the act of licking their wounds.

Brentz, in his voyage in search of the north-east passage to China, witnessed various striking instances of the ferocity of polar bears in Nova Zembla, where they attacked his seamen and actually carried them off in their mouths, with the greatest apparent ease, and devoured them in the presence of their companions.

About twenty-two years ago, the crew of one of the whale fishery boats fired at and wounded a polar bear, which was at some little distance from them. He set up a dreadful howl, and ran, with all his speed, along the ice towards the boat; and attempting to board it, placed one of his fore-paws on the gunwale, and would have speedily entered the boat, had not one of the sailors seized a hatchet and cut off his paw. But this severe injury did not damp his courage; for he pursued the boat till it reached the vessel, from whence many shots were fired at him without inflicting a mortal wound. He reached the vessel, and contrived to ascend the deck, where he ranged about with the greatest possible fury, and spread such consternation among the crew, that they all fled into the shrouds for safety, where he next prepared to pursue them, but was luckily hit by a ball, which terminated his existence.

The master of a Greenland whaler wishing to procure a bear without injuring the skin, endeavoured to entrap one by laying the noose of a rope in the snow, and placing a piece of beef within it; and afterwards fire was put to it. A bear was soon attracted by the smell; he perceived the meat, and, approaching, seized it, and was sneaking off, but found his feet entangled by the noose; he, however, soon perceived his situation, pushed it off with his paw, and deliberately retired and devoured the piece of meat at his leisure: after which he returned. The noose was again baited with another piece of meat; he walked quietly up to it, and pushing the noose aside, seized the meat, and made good his retreat. The noose was a third time baited; but the seamen observing the caution of the bear, buried the rope beneath the snow, to elude his observation, and laid the meat in a deep hole which they dug in the centre. The bear once more advanced, and the sailors here now conceived themselves certain of success. But the animal, more sagacious than they expected, after smelling about the place for some seconds, scraped the snow away with his paw, and pushing the rope aside, again seized the meat and made off in safety.

The Racoon is a native of the warmer regions of South America, where they commit great havoc among the plantations of sugar-canes, as they make descents in large flocks.

This animal is less than the badger, and somewhat resembles the fox in the form of its head: its ears are, however, much rounder, shorter, and less pointed; its eyes are large, full, and surrounded by two broad patches of black; its body is thick, short, and covered with long hair, which is grey underneath, and black at the tips. The tail is long, bushy, and marked with alternate rings of black and white.

In a state of domestication the racoon is very sportive and good-tempered, and of a disposition not less inquisitive than the monkey. It examines every object with its paws, which it uses in the manner of hands, to see every thing which is given to it. It is as sly and cunning as a fox, and, like it, is very destructive of poultry. It is said to feed on insects, and opens oysters with astonishing dexterity: it separates the shells, and does not leave a single vestige of the animal within them.

In Brickell's History of North Carolina, we find a record of the wonderful sagacity of this animal. He says it is fond of crabs, and when in search of them takes its station by the side of a swamp, and hanging its tail over into the water, the crabs mistake it for food, and laying hold of it, the racoon soon perceives it pinching, pulls up its tail with a sudden jerk, and lands the crab on the soil, where it suddenly seizes it in its mouth and quickly devours it. He is careful, from experience, which way he seizes the crab, which he does transversely, to prevent the animal from inflicting wounds on his face by his nippers.

The Coati is another inhabitant of South America. It is an obstinate and capricious animal. Linnæus had one which he found very troublesome; it killed the poultry, tore off their heads, and sucked their blood. It defended itself with great force, whenever any person attempted to lay hold of it contrary to its inclination; and it stuck fast to the legs of those with whom it was familiar, when it wanted to ransack their pockets, and carry off any thing it found in them. It had an extreme aversion to hog's bristles, and consequently the smallest brush made it desist. Its mode of life was very singular: it slept from midnight to noon, kept awake the rest of the day, and uniformly walked about from six in the evening till midnight, without the least regard to the sort of weather. This is probably the time assigned by nature for procuring its food, which consists chiefly of young birds, eggs, and small animals.

The Badger.—This animal is furnished by nature with powerful means of defence; it is, however, nevertheless, of a most harmless and inoffensive disposition, and uses these means only when acting on the defensive, as it never attacks any other animal. Its food consists chiefly of roots, fruits, grass, insects, and frogs. It seldom appears abroad during day, but confines itself to its burrow, which it digs to a considerable depth under the ground, and for which purpose it is provided with strong nails.

There is no animal over whom man exercises more savage tyranny than the badger, for whenever one of these poor animals falls into his hands, it is subjected to a life of the most iniquitous torment, being baited by bulldogs and terriers, day after day, until its miserable existence is terminated by being literally torn to pieces. We can only wonder that there still exist men so totally devoid of reflection and humanity as to practise so cruel an amusement; and we are still more astonished that the laws should tolerate it in these enlightened days. Although the Almighty gave man dominion over the beasts of the field, it could never be expected he would exercise such unrelenting cruelty to one of the most harmless of creatures.

The following instance of faithful attachment in the badger was related by a gentleman who resided at the Chateau de Vernours, in France:—

Two persons on a journey, having occasion to pass through a hollow way, accompanied by a dog, he started a badger, and pursued it till it took shelter in a burrow under a tree, and from which it was at length hunted and killed. As they were only a few miles from the village of Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag the badger thither, so that they might receive the reward offered by the commune for every one which was killed, and, besides, to sell its skin to the manufacturer of badger-hair brushes. Having no rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew the animal along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far on their way when they heard the cry of an animal apparently in distress. They stopped to listen from whence it proceeded, when another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, but this did not deter it from approaching its dead companion, which it no sooner reached than it began to lick, and made a mournful cry. The men observing this, desisted from offering it any farther offence, and continued to draw the dead body along as before. The faithful animal continued to follow the dead one, and

lying down on it, took it gently by the ear, and in this manner was actually dragged into the village; and even amid the crowd of boys and dogs which were soon collected around, it could not be induced to quit its situation; and, to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill this affectionate creature, and afterwards burn it, declaring that it could be no other than a witch.

The badger is an inhabitant of Britain, and the whole European continent; and Dr Richardson has identified various new species in his account of animals of the arctic regions.

The Wolverene or Glutton.—This quadruped is a native of Europe, and inhabits the northern parts of the Continent, as well as the colder regions of America. It resembles the wolf in size; the upper parts and the belly are of a reddish brown, and the sides are yellow and brown, with a band of the same colour crossing the back of the tail; the face is black, and the legs very strong and thick, short and black; the soles of the feet covered with hair.

The wolverene is a slow-paced animal, but possessed of a very great degree of sagacity, strength, and cunning. It burrows in the ground, and is said to be of a very fierce and savage disposition; but in this respect travellers and naturalists have wonderfully overrated it. Buffon, who quotes Alaus Magnus, one of the earliest writers who notice this animal, and who collected the popular notices of its habits, says, "The glutton, or wolverene, is the most noted of all the animals which inhabit the north of Sweden for its insatiable appetite, whence it has obtained the appellation of *jerf*, in the language of that country, of *wilfras* in German, and *rosomaka* in Scalvonian. It is wont, when it has found the carcase of some large beast, to eat until its belly is distended like a drum, when it rids itself of its load, by squeezing its body betwixt two trees growing close together, and, again returning to its repast, soon requires to have recourse to the same means of relief." Gmelin, however, treats this trait of its character as a fiction, as he had frequent means of ascertaining its true history, while travelling through Siberia, from information which he received from hunters. Departing from all these fictions, we turn to the account of Dr Richardson, whose authority is undoubted.

"The wolverene," says he, "is a carnivorous animal, which feeds chiefly upon the carcases of beasts that have been killed by accident. It has great strength, and annoys the natives by destroying their hoards of provisions, and demolishing their marten traps. It is so suspicious, that it will rarely enter a trap itself, but beginning behind, pulls it to pieces, scatters the logs of which it is built, and then carries off the bait. It feeds also on meadow mice, marmots, and other *rodentia*, and occasionally on disabled quadrupeds of a larger size. I have seen one chasing an American hare, which was at the time harassed by a snowy owl. It resembles the bear in its gait, and is not fleet; but it is very industrious, and no doubt feeds well, as it is generally fat. It is much abroad in the winter, and the track of its journey in a single night may be often traced for many miles. From the shortness of its legs, it makes its way through the loose snow with difficulty; but when it falls upon the beaten track of a marten-trapper, it will pursue it for a long way." Mr Graham says, "The wolverenes are extremely mischievous, and do more damage to the small fur trade than all the other rapacious animals conjointly. They will follow the marten-hunter's path round a line of traps extending forty, fifty, or sixty miles, and render the whole unserviceable, merely to come at the baits, which are generally the head of a partridge, or a bit of dried venison. They are not fond of the martens themselves, but never fail of tearing them to pieces, or of burying them in the snow by the side of the path, at a considerable distance from the trap. Drifts of snow often conceal the repositories thus made by the martens from the hunter, in which case they furnish a regale to the hungry fox, whose sagacious nostril guides him unerringly to the spot. Two or three foxes are often seen following the wolverene for this purpose."

Bingley mentions a surprising proof of the strength of this quadruped, which occurred at Churchill, on Hudson's Bay. One of these overset the greatest part of a pile of wood, which measured upwards of seventy yards round, and contained a whole winter's firing, to get at some provisions that had been hidden there by some of the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, when going to the factory to spend the holidays. This animal had for many weeks been lurking about the neighbourhood of their tent, and had committed numerous depredations on the game caught in their traps and snares, as well as eaten many of the foxes that were killed by guns for the purpose. The people thought they had adopted the most effectual method to secure their provisions, by tying them up in bundles, and placing them on the top of the wood pile. They could not suppose the wolverene would ever have found out where they were, and much less that he could get at them if he did discover them. To their astonishment, however, when they returned they found the greater part of the pile thrown down, notwithstanding some of the trees with which it was constructed were as much as two men could carry. The wood was very much scattered about; and it was imagined, that, in the animal's attempting to carry off his booty, some of the small parcels of provisions had fallen down into the heart of the pile, and sooner than lose half his prize, he was at the trouble of doing this. The bags of flour, oatmeal, and peas, though of no use to him, he tore all to pieces, and scattered the contents about on the snow; but every bit of animal food, consisting of beef, pork, bacon, venison, salted geese, and partridges, in considerable quantities, he carried away.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE

ENGLISH VERSIONS.

It is probable that the inhabitants of Britain, who were first converted to Christianity by Saint Augustine, about the beginning of the seventh century, had some of the Scripture in their own language. About A. D. 709, Adelm translated the Psalms into English Saxon, and other parts of Scripture were translated by Eadfrid, a Saxon, about the same time. Bede, the first ecclesiastical English historian, who was born at Jarrow, on the banks of the Tyne, in 673, commonly denominated the Venerable Bede, made a translation of the Gospels, if not the whole Bible, into his native tongue. The whole Bible was translated into the Anglo-Saxon by order of King Alfred; and he himself, about A.D. 890, undertook a version of the Psalms, but died before it was completed. The next complete translation of the whole Bible, including the Apocryphal Books, was made by John Wickliffe into English from the Latin, and appeared between 1360 and 1380. This translation was written, but not printed; and great objections were made to it by the clergy; so that, in consequence of a decree of Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, many persons were committed to the flames for reading Wickliffe's translation of the Old and New Testament. The only portion of Wickliffe's version of the Scriptures which has ever appeared in *print* is the New Testament, published in 1731, by the Rev. John Lewis, minister of Margate, in Kent. This was reprinted several years ago, with a life of this earliest of English reformers, by the Rev. H. Baber, A. M., assistant librarian at the British Museum. For the gratification of our young readers, we shall transcribe the Lord's Prayer in Wickliffe's language, as a curious specimen of the orthography of the times in which this great reformer lived:—"Our Fadir that art in hevenys; halewid be thi name. Thi kyngdom come to, be thi wil done in erthe as in hevene. Give to us this day our breede ouir other substaunce. And forgiue to us our dettis as we forgiven to our dettouris. And lede us not into temptacioun, but delyvere us from yvel. Amen."

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, William Tyndale made one of the best English translations of the New Testament. It appeared in 1526, being the first that ever was *printed* in the English language. It was published at Hamburgh or Antwerp, and was dispersed at London and Oxford. Tonstal, Bishop of London, and Sir Thomas More, bought up almost the whole impression, and burnt it at St Paul's Cross. The venders were condemned by the Star Chamber to ride with their faces to the horses' tails, with papers on their heads, and with the copies they had dispersed tied about them, to the standard at Cheapside, where they were compelled to throw them in the fire. The price, however, enabled Tyndale to proceed, and, undismayed, he began to translate the Old Testament; for which he was at length seized in Flanders, and, having been strangled by the common hangman, his body was consumed to ashes.

Previous to the Reformation, in the time of Henry the Eighth, people were so little acquainted with the Scriptures, and so ignorant even in regard to the languages in which they were originally written, that the strangest assertions were made. Upon the appearance of the Scriptures in the Hebrew and Greek originals, some individuals exclaimed that "there was *now* a new language discovered called Greek, of which people should beware, since it was that which produced all *heresies;* that in this language was come forth a book called the *New Testament*, which was now in every body's hands, and was full of briars and thorns. And there had also another language now started up, which they called Hebrew, and that they who learnt it were termed Hebrews!"

When the Reformation in England first took place, efforts were made to promote the reading of the Scriptures among the common people. Among other devices for the purpose, the following curious one was adopted. Bonner, Bishop of London, caused six Bibles to be chained to certain convenient places in St Paul's Church, for all that were so well inclined to resort thither, together with a certain admonition to the readers, fastened upon the pillars to which the Bibles were chained, to this tenor:—"That whosoever came there to read should prepare himself to be edified, and made the better thereby; that he should bring with him discretion, honest intent, charity, reverence, and quiet behaviour; that there should no number meet together there as to make a multitude; that no such exposition be made thereupon but what is declared in the book itself; that it be not read with noise in time of divine service, or that any disputation or contention be used about it; that in case they continued their former misbehaviour, and refuse to comply with these directions, the king would be forced, against his will, to remove the occasion, and take the Bibles out of the church."

Soon after the death of Tyndale, John Rogers, afterwards martyr, finished the correction of Tyndale's translation of the Old Testament, and printed it at Hamburg, under the name of Thomas Matthews. Archbishop Cranmer and Miles Coverdale further corrected it. Cranmer got it printed by public authority in England, and King Henry ordered a copy of it to be set up in every church, to be read by every one that pleased; but, by advice of the Romish bishops, he soon after revoked this order, and prohibited the Bible. When Coverdale, Knox, Samson, Goodman, Gilby, Cole, and Whittingham, were exiles during the persecution in the reign of Mary, they framed another translation, with short notes, and got it printed at Geneva. It was much valued by the Puritans, and in about thirty years had as many editions. The bishops being displeased with it, made a new one of their own, which was read in the churches, while the Geneva translation was generally read in families. About 1583, Laurence Thomson published an English version of the New Testament, from the Latin translation, and annotations of the learned Genevan divine, Theodore Beza. In the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, the English Catholics at Rheims published a version of the whole Bible, crowded with barbarous terms, and accompanied with notes calculated to support the doctrines of their church.

Of those who translated the Geneva Bible, as it is called, in the reign of Mary, besides Coverdale, we have their own and contemporary testimony, that they well understood the grace and propriety both of the Hebrew and Greek tongue. Amongst the good Hebrew scholars of this period, also, must be reckoned Bishop Alley, afterwards one of the translators of the Bishops' Bible, who was the author of a Hebrew grammar, and a person universally learned, especially in divinity and languages; as well as his fellow-labourer, Bishop Bentham, who, about the beginning of the reign of Edward the Sixth, is said to have addicted his mind entirely to the study of theology and the learning of the Hebrew language. To these may be added Bishop Davies, another of the translators of the Bishops' Bible, who, in the time of Mary, fled from this country, and, after his return in the following reign, served Wales, as well as England, with his assistance in translations of the Bible from the original into the languages of both countries.

The knowledge of Hebrew seems sometimes to have formed in those days a part even of female education for ladies of superior rank; and, accordingly, Paschali, in his translation of the Psalms from the Hebrew into Italian verse, dedicated it to Queen Elizabeth, as one who was well acquainted with the eastern tongues.

"Having entered upon the reign of Elizabeth, we soon behold," says Todd, in his Memoirs of Bryan Walton, "with grateful admiration, the goodly company of those who made the present version of our Bible in the reign of her successor. Of these, several, if they have been equalled, have not yet been excelled by any of their countrymen in oriental learning. With men of similar studies the kingdom then abounded. Nor could it well be otherwise, attention having been paid to the cultivation of such learning in public schools (particularly Merchant-Tailors' School), founded soon after the accession of Elizabeth, and the pursuit being greatly encouraged at both universities."

At the conference, which was held at Hampton Court, soon after the accession of James, for the settling of an ecclesiastical uniformity between the two countries of England and Scotland, the Puritans suggested unanswerable objections to the Bishops' Bible; and the king similarly objected to the Genevan translation. He therefore appointed fifty-four learned persons to translate the Scriptures anew into English, or, at least, compose a better translation, out of many. Seven of the fifty-four either died or declined the assigned task. *Forty-seven*, who remained, were ranged into six divisions, every individual of each division translating the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collated together; and when each company had determined on the construction of their part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version: when they observed any objectionable passage, the reader paused till they considered and agreed on it. They met at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, beginning the work in 1607, and after the expiration of three years it was finished, and published in 1611. This Bible, which is now in use, must be pronounced an excellent work, remarkable for the general fidelity of its construction, as well as for the simplicity of its language. Dr Adam Clarke remarks, that "those who have compared most of the European translations with the original, have not scrupled to say, that *the English translation of the Bible*, made under the direction of King James the First, is the most accurate and faithful of the whole. Nor is this its only praise: the translators have seized the very *spirit* and *soul* of the original, and have expressed this almost every where with pathos and energy." It is still of public authority in the British dominions; and, next to the Dutch, is perhaps the best translation of the Bible extant.

It has been asserted by Mr Bellamy and some others, that the authors of our authorised translation *confined themselves to the Septuagint and the Vulgate,*

and did not translate from the Hebrew. This assertion, however, can be at once overthrown by bringing forward the authority of the fifty-four, or rather, as seven of them died before the translation was finished, of the forty-seven learned men, as may be seen by their no less modest than dignified preface, or address to the reader, inserted in the edition of the Bible, published in the year 1630, which has this satisfactory passage, among many others:—*If you ask what they had before them, truly it was the Hebrew text of the Old Testament—the Greek of the New.*"

Amongst these translators, two of the most noted for Hebrew erudition were Dr Adrian Saravia and Dr Richard Clerke. Dr Saravia, well known as a Hebrew critic, "was educated," says Mr Todd in his Life of Bryan Walton, "in all kinds of literature in his younger days, especially in several languages. He was the master of the celebrated oriental scholar, Nicholas Fuller, who gratefully mentions him in the preface to his Miscellanea Theologica; and he was one of those who had successfully answered an objection of the Puritans, which they revived in the Conference at Hampton Court, in regard to a verse in the old English version of the Psalms. Next to him in rank is Dr Richard Clerke, who thoroughly understood three languages, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Christ College, in Cambridge, of which he was a fellow, 'had a testimony of his learning in his Hebrew lectures; so had the university, in his disputations and sermons; so had the church, when his Majesty (James the First) called many to the work of the last translation of the English Bible; in which number he was, like one of the chief of David's worthies, not amongst the thirty, but amongst the first three.' To him and to Dr Saravia, it appears that the portion assigned was from the Pentateuch to the Book of Chronicles."

One of the best Hebrew scholars of that time was the celebrated English divine and theological writer, Hugh Broughton, who corresponded with a learned Rabbi at Constantinople, and used great exertions for the conversion of the Jews there to Christianity. Mr Broughton was in continual and most bitter controversy with the bishops, and was not employed, as he thought he should have been, in the translation of the Bible. At the time when our present version was made, he communicated many interpretations to the translators, which, as he afterwards complains, they "thrust into the margent;" and whoever compares the text of our version with the marginal readings, will be led to regret that our translators did not associate him with them; though, it must be confessed, he would not have proved a very agreeable fellow-labourer.

It must be observed, that in rendering the original text into English, there are certain words necessarily supplied by the translators, in order to make out the meaning. These supplementary words are printed in our Bibles in *italic* letters, to show that they are not in the original. The greatest of these supplements occurs in the 23d verse of the second chapter of the First Epistle of John, where the translators have supplied no fewer than *ten* words, in order to make out what they thought to be the proper meaning.

"From the mutability of language," says Evans, "the variation of customs, and the progress of knowledge, several passages in the Bible require to be newly translated, or to be materially corrected. Hence, in the present age, when Biblical literature has been assiduously cultivated, different parts of the sacred volume have been translated by able hands. The substituting a new translation of the Bible in the room of the one now in common use, has been much debated. Dr Knox, in his ingenious essays, together with others, argues against it; whilst Dr Newcome, the late Lord Primate of Ireland, the late Dr Geddes, of the Catholic persuasion, and the late Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, contended strenuously for it. Bishop Lowth and Professor Marsh have pointedly shown the necessity of bringing the text of the Scriptures, by the aid of ancient manuscripts and versions, as near as may be to perfection."*

Ainsworth, Doddridge, Macknight, Lowth, Blayney, and others, have published new translations of parts of the sacred books in English; and there is no doubt that many improvements might be made upon the present authorised version, particularly in the Old Testament. Dr Alexander Geddes, above mentioned, at his decease had proceeded as far as the *Psalms* in the translation of the Old Testament; but many of his variations from the common version are extremely injudicious. Archbishop Newcome and Mr Wakefield published entire translations of the New Testament; and an *improved version* of the New Testament, founded on Newcome, has been published by the Unitarians, accompanied with notes and an excellent introduction.

With the professed object of defeating the attacks on Christianity, a new translation of the Bible was given to the world, some years ago, by Mr J. Bellamy, of Gray's Inn Lane, London. This version is in many places so very literal in its translation as to be unintelligible, and, therefore, unfit for any good purpose. The writer's forced and erroneous interpretations, as well as his unjustifiable attacks upon other versions and translators, were so far from tending to the accomplishment of his professed object, that they seemed rather calculated to produce the opposite effect; and, consequently, his new translation, which made some noise in its day, was soon judiciously consigned to oblivion. And, upon the whole, it may be observed, that, although it is generally acknowledged, that, after the lapse of *two hundred and twenty years*, the improvements in critical learning, and the discoveries in the pursuits of knowledge, together with hundreds of manuscripts that have since emerged into the light, call for a revision of the present authorised version; yet such an attempt should not be rashly entered upon, and it should not take place until the necessity of it becomes much more apparent to common apprehensions than it is at present.

* Sketches of all Denominations, p. 135.

TRIP TO MARGATE.

The people of London and Westminster, in consequence of close application to business during great part of the year, require some recreation, by which the jaded mind may recover its elasticity. When the town gets thin of company, and their concerns may be confided to deputies, the Londoners believe nothing can be more refreshing than a trip to Margate, nothing more delightful than the entertainments there provided; and, accordingly, preparations are made for the excursion. What an agitation among the ladies! What a bustle among the gentlemen on the morning of departure! Steam-boats elegantly fitted up, and excellent in their accommodations, await the company at London Bridge, and at St Katherine's Dock. Down come coaches full of persons—porters laden with trunks, portmanteaus, boxes, bags, and all the visiting paraphernalia. Then come the joyous and solemn, the boisterous and the meek, young and old, with all the graduated appearances between sickness and health, from the sallow-faced youth who has just quitted the high stool in the back counting-house lighted by a gas lamp, to the smiling rosy-cheeked girl fresh from Hampstead Hill, and full of vivacity. All are handed along a temporary bridge, and over other vessels, to the Margate steam-boat, by the civilest seamen that ever trod a deck. Here is a man, with the daily papers, bustling among the passengers for purchasers; the men stowing away the luggage; and others getting the tackle ready to cast off. It is nine o'clock, and the bell is ringing to announce the departure of the vessel. There are a few more to come on board. What anxiety! What unnecessary exertion! What fear lest the boat should start without them! She swings out; there are more passengers expressing desire to come on board; a plank is laid, and they step safely on deck; the paddles move, the hawsers are let go, and off she swings.

The captain now takes his station on the paddle-box, directs the helmsman and the engineer through the Pool, or that part of the Thames most crowded with colliers. At some periods of the tide, this scene is deeply interesting—the forest of masts, small craft on their way deeply laden, others alongside ships receiving cargoes, ships of all descriptions, their topsails loosened, and colours flying, making their passage through the narrow channel to which the thick clusters of ships have contracted the river; the moving objects, the warehouses, the docks, the steeples of churches, and vessels decorated with the flags of their respective countries, form an assemblage surprising as magnificent. Those accustomed to the trip enjoy the astonishment betrayed by a novice. Every moment offers fresh scenery, and objects deserving to be seen. He stares and wonders, as if inquiring, can what he sees be real? The eyes of Argus would not suffice to take a glance at half that he would see, as he glides along. Among the curious objects near Rotherhithe church, is a raft with a shed erected on it, as a caution for ships not to anchor near. It is the spot beneath which has advanced the intended tunnel to connect the counties of Kent and Essex. Just beyond on the right is Deptford, remarkable for its extensive dock-yards. It was here Peter the Great of Russia worked as a shipwright, and displayed a truly noble desire to obtain useful knowledge. Farther on is the celebrated and magnificent Greenwich Hospital, once the residence of kings, now the retreat of seamen who have been wounded in the service of their country. This superb edifice extends its terrace 875 feet along the banks of the Thames. No one who contributes his mite can pass this building without feeling a national pride; indeed, there is a general expression of satisfaction on board. The band, as the steam-boat glides past, strikes up the air "Rule Britannia," and officers of the navy and others touch their hats in unaffected respect. A little farther, winding round the Isle of Dogs, on the opposite shore, is Blackwall, where is the chief entrance to the West India Docks, and just beyond are the East India Docks.

The river here becomes clearer of impediments, and steam-boats put on their force equal to fourteen or sixteen miles an hour. On the right, Woolwich and its arsenal, its dock-yards and lofty buildings, under which ships of the line are constructed—anchors, cannon, pyramids of balls, and other marine stores, are crowded along the shore. There are the hulks, or old ships of war, converted into prisons for convicts, who, during the term of their punishment, clear the river of sand-banks, and raise ballast; many parties may be seen at their laborious employ. Views into the county of Kent now open, and many villas, delightfully placed on rising grounds, now meet the eye, surrounded by wooded hills and cultivated vales. On the left, the shores of Essex present a series of low pasture grounds and herds of cattle, with here and there a glance at a distant cultivated upland. The wonder-exciting objects being behind, and elbow-room obtained, many having gone below to breakfast, the politician cons over the morning paper. Old codgers remark on the state of the funds and the leading features of commercial policy, while the younger persons contemplate the enjoyments which Margate has in store, giving occasional glances at the picturesque scenery on the Kentish coast—the lawn and foliage surrounding Belvidere House; the ivy-covered tower of Erith Church, near which is the spot where the dispute between King John and his barons was appointed to be settled, afterwards concluded at Runnymede. On the opposite side is the village of Purfleet, near which is a depôt for gunpowder; it covers a great extent in many detached buildings. The cliffs at this spot are strikingly picturesque and beautiful, presenting the most irregular surfaces of chalk in various elevations, and in a summer's sun a great variety of hues. This part of the Thames is called Long Reach. Here large ships may anchor in six or seven fathoms water. The village of Greenhithe is seen on the right; it was once of ecclesiastical importance. Near it is a beautiful villa called Ingress, with its lawns and stately trees approaching to the water's edge; it formerly belonged to the nuns of Dartford. A little farther is the village of Northfleet, with its numerous limekilns. Just beyond this, on the opposite or Essex shore, is the spot where Queen Elizabeth encamped her forces during the threatened invasion by the Spanish Armada, with its consecrated banner, in 1588; the defeat of which occasioned the printing of the first newspaper in Britain; it was called "The English Mercury," dated July 23, 1588; a copy is preserved in the British Museum. In 1293, the charge by passage-boat from this place to London was one halfpenny each person. It is now, by steam-boat, two shillings; by sailing-boats, one shilling.

Here the scenery on either side is as remarkable for ancient circumstances as for modern improvements—Tilbury Fort on the left, and the town of Gravesend on the right. This is the entrance to the port of London. Although thirty miles distant, here all the arrivals and departures of shipping are noticed. To this there are many steam-boats and sailing vessels daily. Gravesend is an admired spot during the summer months. It has its bathing establishments, and all the amusements of a watering-place on a diminutive scale. Tilbury Fort presents a formidable range of 106 pieces of cannon commanding the Thames, which is here a mile in width. The fort was built by Henry the Eighth, in consequence of the Dutch fleet having sailed up the Medway, and burnt several ships at Chatham. It is near Gravesend that the Emperor Claudius is supposed to have crossed the Thames when pursuing the Britons; and a little north of Tilbury Fort, four Roman pro-consular ways crossed each other. In 630, it was the see of Bishop Ceadda or St Chad, who converted the East Saxons. It is now a deserted spot. Further on is Canvey Island, containing nearly three thousand acres of marshy land; its shores are covered for a considerable distance with empty cockle-shells, and have been so from time immemorial. Near this point is the little town of Leigh, near which is an erection called the Crow Stone; it marks the eastern termination of the conservatorial jurisdiction of the city of London, the western being at Stains, in Middlesex, an extent of about sixty miles.

The Thames widens here considerably, and appearances of getting out to sea appal the fresh-water gentry. The ailing and the robust look about with an increasing desire to learn some particulars concerning the weather. Although contrary to directions, they will inquire of the steersman. He tells them the wind is freshening; that it is squally, and likely to come on to blow, at which faces lengthen considerably. Hereabout the captain collects the passage-money; he is attended by a seaman with a box for the voluntary contributions of the company. It is usual to drop sixpence in acknowledgment of the great attention of the crew. The band also pay their respects to the passengers, and are satisfied with a trifle. Many persons retreat to the cabin and amuse themselves with chess or draughts. Several of the fair sex who will keep the deck, begin to feel uneasy, and look as if they were becoming more fair. Sips of weak brandy and water are recommended, without any good result. They are advised not to look on the rolling foam; to keep near the middle of the boat, as

the action there is felt less. Oh! it is all in vain; it is disagreeable any where. What shall they do? it is so strange that others should feel no such symptoms. Indeed, they are very poorly. They get worse —are pitied; but getting shockingly bad, they are carried below to the ladies' cabin.

God bless me, some of the old gentlemen will say, what an uncertain climate ours is! The morning was most beautiful, and see how the noon has turned out. I see we shall have a rough passage. Well, we must make the best of it. I never like to see the gulls thus making up the river; 'tis a sign of blowing weather. The younger and the timid gentlemen whisper to each other. They inquire of the seamen, who are busy stowing all tight, if the wind is likely to blow very hard. They are told, very likely it will be freshish about the Nore, for they will have a head-sea. Can't set any canvass to keep her steady. Is there any danger? they inquire; and, without waiting for an answer, anticipate a storm, perhaps a wreck, and silently wish themselves on shore: yet, with a screwed-up mouth and melancholy visage, they endeavour to put the best face possible on the affair. The steam-boat begins to feel an increasing resistance, and plunges over or through the waves, which dash up the bows, and scatter the spray into the steersman's face. The gents cannot stand this; they go, or are assisted down the companion. Those who are tough, keep the deck in their rough-weather cloaks, giving an occasional gaze to windward. Among these are some, whose desire to be thought knowing has hoodwinked their judgment. There—It is gone! exclaims one of these gentry. What a phiz does he exhibit! It may be depicted thus: Make a circle; put a dot in the centre for the nose, put two dots above for the eyes, and a large blot before for the mouth, and it will give the expression of a Cockney who has lost his hat at sea. Yonder it dances in the wake of the steam-boat. He ties a silk handkerchief round his head, and crawls below to brood over his misfortune. Those who keep the deck converse on the various objects as they pass —of the increasing attractions of Southend, a beautiful watering-place on the Essex coast—of the Isle of Grain, on the coast of Kent—of the Nore, or estuary of the Thames and Medway, on which spot a vessel is constantly moored, hoisting nightly a powerful light for the guidance of mariners. The current is said to run stronger here than at any other place on the coast. Off the mouth of the Medway, ships of war are often riding at anchor, and in fine weather the steam-boats from the Continent along the Kentish coast, steam-boats and colliers from the northward, with all sail set, pleasure-boats, fishing-boats, and barges, with their tan-coloured sails, present to the voyager the most delightful marine scenery imaginable. Sheerness may be seen up the Medway, and the impregnable lines at Chatham. The Isle of Sheppy next appears, on which the sea has at times made sad havoc, carrying away acres of soil, with dwellings upon them. Here, a few years since, a vessel of large dimensions was found imbedded in the sand. From its antique construction and agreement with historical account, it was one of those in which the Danes visited our shores. On rounding the Isle of Sheppy, Whitstable appears on the adjacent coast; pyritiæ is picked up, from which copperas is manufactured. There is also at this place a fishery for oysters, of good quality, and in request at the London markets. Onwards is Herne Bay, where is a watering-place with a newly-constructed pier. This spot is rising in public estimation, from the good accommodation afforded to its visitors. Farther on may be seen the Reculvers, two steeples used as a sea-mark. Off this place are several dangerous sand-banks, called the Flats, but not in any way connected with those who pass near them on the trip to Margate. Reculvers was the Regulbium of the Romans and the Raculf of the Saxons. The original spires were erected by an abbess of Faversham in the dark ages.

The coast of Kent exhibits many highlands, on which the Britons lighted fires to give notice of the coming of the predatory Danes. It is supposed Reculvers occupies the site of a Roman fort, as coins of Cæsar, Honorius, and Tiberius, have been found there. The Romans gave to this province, which included the Isle of Thanet, the name of Cantium, and its people were called Cantii. Reculvers afterwards became a palace in which the Saxon monarchs resided. Ethelbert kept his court here after his conversion to Christianity by St Augustine. The heroism of the people, in past times, is yet held in remembrance by the inhabitants of this part of the coast. They are "men of Kent," to distinguish them from the inhabitants of the inland parts of the county, who are "Kentish men." The Cockney's heart cheers up on learning he is off the Reculvers, as the high buildings of Margate may be seen. He has taken his early dinner, or his lunch, if he could eat; he certainly has had some brandy and water, and can venture to take a peep. Ay! there is Birchington, only four miles more. The shirt-collar is pulled up, the wristbands are pulled down, the fingers passed through the cultivated tufts, the hat is cocked a little on one side, and he is prepared to enact his part. The ladies, who have been long invisible, now begin to peep out like stars in a summer evening, one after another, till the deck presents a galaxy of brightness. All prepare to deliver the payment check, and look after their luggage. Some are particularly anxious that a certain bandbox should not be crushed.

It is low water. "Ease her, stop her," are the cries. The steam-boat is at the jetty, on which, during the periods of embarking and disembarking, no persons are allowed to come except the porters. They are ticketed, and so attentive to the orders given them, that an act of dishonesty or of neglect is unknown. Although no one may appear on the jetty from the town, the passengers have to pass between assembled thousands of quizzers on either side. If the miserable passer can look up and discover a friend among the crowd, they nod or shake hands. "Ha! how do? What a rough passage you have had! We have been looking out for you. How well you look!" winking at a companion; "I declare you are quite a sailor." This, and more, will be let off at a being whose appearance is that of a corpse. Still, a good face is put on all that occurs, and the air of one wholly unaffected by sea-sickness is assumed, while the mind and the stomach are in a state of the utmost confusion. Yet all is, or soon will be right. The smile and gaiety of heart will be resumed, and to-morrow be ready to play off the same badinage on their friends who may come by the next day's steam-boat.

It is but justice to state, that the accommodations on board these steam-boats are good, the attention to passengers every thing that could be wished, and the charges are moderate. In fine weather, the passage from London to Margate has been made in five hours and a quarter.

SCOTTISH WATERING PLACES.

INNERLEITHEN.

INNERLEITHEN has for some years been one of the best-frequented watering places in the southern part of Scotland, and, though still a small village, is rising in population. It is pleasantly situated in the vale of Tweed, in Peeblesshire, at the distance of twenty-eight miles south from Edinburgh, and six east from Peebles, by which the road from Edinburgh proceeds. It stands on a flat piece of ground within a quarter of a mile of the left bank of the Tweed, environed on the east and west by high and partly wooded hills. The Leithen water proceeding out of the vale on the north, passes through the village to the Tweed, and is crossed by a stone bridge carrying along the road from Peebles to Selkirk. By far the greater part of the houses stand on the right bank of the Leithen, on the property of the Earl of Traquair, who has feued the ground on advantageous terms. The lands east from the Leithen form part of the estate of Pirn. For many ages the village, or rather hamlet, of Innerleithen, was among the smallest and most primitive of this pastoral and thinly peopled district, consisting of little else than a few thatched houses near the Leithen, and a mill, with the church of the parish, situated a short way up the vale. Placed in a secluded part of Scotland, and out of the way of general traffic, it seemed to have every chance of remaining for a long time in obscurity. While in this condition, during the last century it was pitched upon as being well suited for being a seat of woollen manufactures, chiefly in consideration of its site in the midst of an extensive pastoral county, and upon the brink of a rapid running brook, which offered a powerful fall of water. That which may have been observed by different individuals was seen with greater clearness by a native of the district, who had risen to great wealth by a course of successful industry in London. This patriotic person was a Mr Alexander Brodie, who was by profession a blacksmith, and had originally gone to the British metropolis in search of employment, having at the time only a few shillings in his pocket. In the course of a number of years, by great skill in his business, this person realized a very large fortune. Many years before his death, about the year 1790, he bethought himself of raising the consequence of Innerleithen, by the establishment of a woollen factory, which was forthwith erected at a considerable expense, L.3000 being expended on the works and machinery. This manufactory, which is a house of five storeys, attracted a number of settlers to the village, and scattered a good deal of money in the vicinity, but till this day its success has been very limited, and various lessees have lost capital by carrying it on. The cloth produced is mostly blue, and of a homely quality.

While the village acquired a more comfortable aspect under the influence of its cloth factory, it gradually became known for the possession of a salubrious mineral spring, held to be of great virtue in scorbutic and other affections. We understand that it was not till about the beginning of the present century that this spring attracted particular notice. After it did acquire its character as a spa, it continued to be only administered from a simple pump to those country people who trusted in its healing properties. Little more than ten years ago, if not less, "Innerleithen well," in a strangely sudden and unaccountable manner, acquired a very high degree of reputation among real or imaginary valetudinarians, all over the south of Scotland, and especially in Edinburgh. The old primitive pump was disused, and an elegant structure being reared over the spring, by the late Earl of Traquair, the place was made to vie with some of the long established watering places in England. Its celebrity was farther enhanced in 1824, by the publication of the novel, by the Author of Waverley, entitled St Ronan's Well, of which place it was fondly imagined to be the prototype. This part of the vale of Tweed being simultaneously or previously opened up by the running of stage-coaches from Edinburgh to Peebles, and of conveyances from thence to Innerleithen, there was now no hinderance to visitors, and the consequence has been, that every year since, the number of lodgers in the summer and autumn months has been on the increase. Much of this popularity has been owing to the proximity of the village to Edinburgh, and the ease with which it can be reached, in which peculiarities it is superior to Pitcaithley, Moffat, Dumblane, and other watering places. There are also various advantages connected with its locality which will not be overlooked. It is a fit place of temporary residence for those fond of angling, as, besides the Tweed and the Leithen, it is near the Quair, and at no great distance from St Mary's Loch, in Yarrow, as well as other trouting waters. The climate is allowed to be dry and healthy, and the country is here so primitive, that there is no disagreeable interruption in making extensive promenades.

To accommodate the numerous transient residents, a number of substantial houses have been built, forming a neat small street along the public road, with a variety of houses behind, which are let as private furnished lodgings. The village has now two public inns, one of which is provided with a ball-room or large dining apartment, some good shops, and a circulating library. Newspapers are taken in at the pump-room. At one of the shops, fishing-tackle is sold and lent to anglers on moderate terms. During the season, the enjoyments of the visitor are promoted by concerts, balls, public readings, parties to St Mary's Loch, shooting parties to Elibank and Horsburgh Wood, as well as by the exhibitions of a party of strolling players, &c. The trustees of the roads in this quarter of Tweeddale have been very assiduous in improving the thoroughfares near Innerleithen. A new road has been formed towards the head of the vale of Heriot, by which, as soon as the Mid-Lothian part is finished, a ready communication will be had with Mid and East Lothian, and the districts producing coal and lime. Fully as beneficial and a much more beautiful improvement has been instituted in the erection of a handsome wooden bridge across the Tweed to Traquair, by which strangers have now an opportunity of visiting the classic shades of the "bush aboon Traquair," and the scenery on the right bank of the Tweed. The bridge is erected on strong piers in the water, and permits the passage of horses and carriages, a convenience of great moment as regards intercourse by carts to the head of the Yarrow, the fords being often impassable for days at a time.

The visitors who take an interest in the prosperity of the village, along with the regular inhabitants, have recently instituted an association, styled the *St Ronan's Border Club*, which is composed of a great number of gentlemen connected with all parts of the country, under whose auspices is held an annual festival, for the exhibition of Olympic games or gymnastic exercises. Under the patronage of this body, there is also a competition in trout-fishing for one day in the year; the person who catches, by the rod, the greatest aggregate weight of fish, being rewarded with a medal. The day of competition is usually the Edinburgh fast-day in May. The competitors in and patrons of these pastimes always dine together, and close the day in convivialities, which are frequently enlivened by the presence of men eminent in different walks of literature.

The parochial district of Innerleithen is chiefly the basin of the Leithen Water and the small burns poured into it. This mountain-stream originates in the north-western corner of the parish, and, after a course of about twelve miles, falls into the Tweed nearly opposite Traquair house, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. The word *Leithen* is significant of a water which overflows its banks. Improvements on a great scale have been made in the district exposed to the Tweed, especially on the estate of Glenormiston, which now shows some fine plantations. Westward from thence, near the road to Peebles, and on a rising ground overhanging the Tweed, stands Horsburgh Castle, now entirely in ruins. It was anciently the seat of the Horsburghs, and was used as one of the numerous peel-houses on the Tweed. From it a pleasing view is obtained of the town of Peebles further up the Tweed, and Nidpath Castle beyond. It is mentioned that a natural son of Malcolm the Fourth was drowned in a pool near the foot of the Leithen, and that the first night after his decease his body was deposited in the parish church. Hence King Malcolm, in granting the church to the monks of Kelso, "*in qua*," says he, "*prima nocte, corpus filii mei post obitum suum quievit*," ordained that it should have the power of giving a sanctuary to those fleeing from justice, "*quantum habet Wedale* aut Tyningham.*" In 1232, the church was confirmed to the monks, by their diocesan, William, the bishop of Glasgow. While the church, with its vicarage and rectorial property, continued with these churchmen the village of Innerleithen, with the circumjacent district, continued a part of the royal demesne, during the reign of Alexander the Second.

The small hamlet and mill of Traquair stand op-

* Wedale is the ancient name of the vale of Gala; the church above alluded to was at Stow.

posite Innerleithen, at the opening of the vale of the Quair, upon the plain of the Tweed. At a short distance south-west from thence, at the base of a hill, with an eastern exposure, is seen all that remains of the famed "Bush aboon Traquair," consisting of a few meagre birch trees, the melancholy remnant of a considerable thicket, once the seat of pastoral love, and as such consecrated in the strains of one of our best national melodies. It is likely that in a short time even these memorials will be entirely gone. At the head of a lawn fronting the Tweed, and surrounded by some trees and ornamented grounds, stands the ancient house of Traquair, the seat of the earls of that title. It consists of a tower of remote antiquity, to which considerable additions were made in the reign of Charles the First, by John Earl of Traquair, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland under that monarch. The interior is partly in an old fashioned, and partly in a refined modern taste, with a small chapel (the family being Roman Catholic), in the upper flat. At the back, or south front, there is an old avenue leading to the house, exhibiting at its outer extremity a gateway ornamented with figures in stone of the bear, the cognisance of the family. The first of the house of Traquair was James Stewart, the illegitimate son of James Earl of Buchan, who obtained a legitimation under the great seal, and, in 1491, a grant of the lands of Traquair from his father. The fifth in the line of descent from this James was Sir John Stewart, the above renovator of Traquair house, who was made treasurer by Charles the First, and raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Traquair in 1628. In the year 1631, his lordship was elevated to the title of Earl of Traquair, Lord Linton and Caberstoun. This nobleman, who was a distinguished statesman in his time, died in extreme poverty in 1659, having suffered greatly by his adherence to the cause of fallen royalty. Luckily his lordship was not attainted, and he bequeathed the earldom and estates to his descendants, who still enjoy them.

ORIGINAL OF MEG DODS.

The above account of Innerleithen is chiefly the same as that given by the editors of this journal in their joint work, the Gazetteer of Scotland. It may be proper to take this opportunity of adding some information respecting the original of Meg Dods—the leading grotesque character in the novel of St Ronan's Well—who will naturally be inquired after, both in a visit to Innerleithen and in reading an account of it. Meg Dods was unquestionably a somewhat exaggerated delineation of Miss Ritchie, who for many years kept the head inn at Peebles, in which, like Mrs Margaret, she had succeeded her father. The inn was an old building, situated in the Northgate of that town, and entered through an old-fashioned court-yard, like some of the auberges of the Continent. It had originally been the town-house of the family of Williamson of Cardrona—the last of whom, by the way, was one of the best specimens in his day of the old kind of Scotch lairds, and furnished Mr Hogg, of Ettrick, with the notion of his droll song, the Drunken Laird o' Lamington. The characteristic features of Miss Ritchie were so nearly the same as those described in Meg Dods, that it is not easy, without a repetition of these, to say any thing respecting her. She was more of a gentlewoman than Meg, being very well-connected, considering her position in life. Her abilities were also of no mean order. The great leading point of resemblance between the fiction and the reality was that tone of independence, approaching even to rudeness, which is ascribed to Meg even in her days of greatest adversity. Miss Ritchie, though invariably civil when treated with due respect, had that *out-spoken* way with her, that she could never conceal her real sentiments when either provoked, or, as she thought, injured. She was not at all the sort of person to resent an insult only by an overcharge, and patiently put the broken leg of a waiter into the bill. She rather appeared as the obliging than as the obliged party in all her transactions, and if any indulgence or comfort was expected in her house, it was necessary, in the first place, to use all soothing terms of speech. No doubt, much of this arose from natural character; yet it was also fostered, in a great measure, by the circumstances in which she was placed. Previous to 1808, when a good hotel, of the modern fashion, was erected in Peebles by the gentlemen of the county, she reigned without a rival; and as there was no tolerable house within perhaps twenty miles of her in all directions, it is easy to conceive that travellers must have felt some little deference to their hostess to be quite indispensable. When the hotel was set up, she growled like a lioness deprived of her whelps. Yet she would not give in. She was too old to learn new tricks of civility, and too independent in her circumstances to require to put them in practice. Accordingly, when any one came to her house who, she learned, was in the habit of going to the hotel, she never hesitated to break out upon him in a tide of indignation and sarcasm, which was not always very easily borne. Sometimes she would absolutely refuse, at first, to send to such individuals the liquors or refreshments which were wanted. In short, the setting up of the hotel was, to her, exactly what the erection of the new well and its inn was to the acrid mistress of the Cleikum.

One instance of the *manner* of mine hostess of the Northgate may be acceptable. In the year 1810, a detachment of French officers came to reside at Peebles as prisoners on parole; and a party of about twenty called, immediately on their arrival, to take dinner at Miss Ritchie's. They were speedily set down to a large preparation of ordinary barley-broth, which, on tasting, they declared to be "*bon bon.*" Miss Ritchie, overhearing this expression, immediately burst out with—"*Banes!* d'ye say there's banes in *my* kail? Get out o' my house, ye hallanshaker-looking scoondrels! Gae wa back wi' ye to Pennycuick, and see what ye'll get there. They're ower gude for you, or ony like you. Banes in my kail! My certy!" And it was not without some difficulty that the hostess and her guests were brought to a right understanding, and the unfortunate gentlemen permitted to proceed with their dinner.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ALEXANDER RITCHIE,

Sculptor.

[Much interest having been excited by the rise of this meritorious young artist amongst us, we have exerted ourselves to procure an account of him for publication, both that we may aid a little in his professional advancement, and that our readers may be gratified with so amiable a picture of talent exerted under disadvantageous circumstances, and finally triumphing over its principal difficulties.]

ALEXANDER RITCHIE was born at Musselburgh, 15th April 1804, and he received his education at the grammar school there, which has always been an academy of by no means limited reputation. He had for his school-fellows many who distinguished themselves in the different walks of life they afterwards pursued. Amongst those we may mention the names of Lieut. Drummond, now private secretary to Lord Althorp; David Mylne, M.A. and F.R.S.E., author of the Essay on Comets, which gained Dr Fellowes's prize in the University of Edinburgh; David M. Moir, author of Mansie Waugh, and of many admired poems; Henry Carmichael, A.M., who gained the principal prize in the University of St Andrews for the year 1816. While at school, Mr Ritchie made little progress in languages, his taste, as afterwards evinced, taking quite a different turn. His schoolbooks, from the earliest period at which he was enabled to handle a pencil, showed the particular bent of his mind in attempts to delineate the objects around him. His brother, Walter, having been sent to receive instructions in drawing from one Beaumont, a painter, who had taken up his residence in the town, our young artist—at that time only eight years of age—at his own earnest entreaty, was allowed to accompany his brother to receive a few lessons, for an hour every alternate day. This opportunity, however favourable it might have proved to his future prospects in life, was destined very soon to be lost. He was only allowed to remain six weeks, during which time, however, he contrived to surpass his elder brother, who had the benefit of former study and longer instruction.

One forenoon, his father, who follows the trade of an ornamental house plasterer, having gone on business to the country, his son Walter, at that time an apprentice, had contrived to get Alexander, then about nine years of age, into the workshop, and there challenged him to model a leaf, both agreeing that their father should be umpire of their respective merits. His uncle, happening to call in as the work was finished, immediately gave his judgment in favour of our artist; and to an eager inquiry of the boy, if he really thought so, replied, "Gang to your father, and see if he can mak' a better."

Straggling remarks and cursory hints, from individuals who saw and appreciated his taste for drawing, were all the instructions he afterwards received in that branch of study, except what he derived from his own application. But perseverance overcomes all obstacles. While the rest of the family were in bed, our young artist was enthusiastically pursuing his studies; and when paper was not to be had, the walls of his sleeping room were resorted to for the prosecution of his favourite art. At the age of fourteen, having finished the ordinary branches of education, he was employed occasionally in assisting his father in the more ornamental branches of his profession; and chance with him, as with many other sons of genius, was the means of laying the foundation of his future advancement. His father happening to call at the house of a friend in Edinburgh—Mr Black, now architectural inspector to Heriot's Hospital—saw a copy of Bell's Anatomy of Expression lying on his table, and mentioning his son's predilection for drawing, begged the loan of it for his use for a few days. On returning it, Mr Ritchie, at Mr Black's request, brought one or two of his son's drawings along with it. These Mr Black admired so much for the skill and taste displayed in them, that he took the opportunity of submitting them to the inspection of Mr Leonard Horner, afterwards President of the London University, mentioning at the time that he pointed out their beauties, the self-taught powers of the artist.

Mr Ritchie then came to town at the desire of Mr Horner, and brought with him a few drawings, models in basso relievo of a laughing child, a Jew's head, and a dog. Mr Horner expressed his high satisfaction at the progress of the boy-artist, and asked him whether he preferred painting or sculpture, as he seemed fully competent to prosecute either. This was an easy matter for young Ritchie, who immediately decided in favour of the latter; and his warm-hearted patron entered on his plans for his future advancement.

Mr Joseph, the distinguished sculptor, who was then prosecuting the art in Edinburgh, was applied to by Mr Horner in behalf of his young protegé, and at that gentleman's request Mr Ritchie was sent for, his drawings and models were examined, and arrangements made for two years' study under his immediate eye. In 1823, Mr Joseph, having occasion to go to London to forward the modelling of busts of some of our distinguished public characters, carried Mr Ritchie along with him, on account of the proficiency he had already made, and the assistance he might be able to render him. On his return to Edinburgh, his term of apprenticeship being then finished, at the earnest suggestion of Mr Horner he commenced modelling on his own account, and to encourage him in this the most trying period of his life, procured for him several orders for busts.

Through the interest of his patron, he then entered the Trustees' Academy to finish his studies in drawing, and, during the vacation, was advised by him to go to London to study the Elgin marbles. On his return in the autumn of 1826, business thickened on him, and he got orders for busts of the present Solicitor-General, Lord Hermand, Professor Bell, Sir John Hope, and others.

The Earl of Minto, Count Flahault, and some other gentlemen, about this time visited the studio of Mr Ritchie, in company with Mr Horner, and after an examination of his models and busts, being much struck with them, and interested in the artist, they determined to advance his future views in life, by enabling him to proceed to Italy, where he might study the works of the most celebrated masters.

In June 1826, Mr Ritchie accordingly left Edinburgh for London, and having visited Paris, where he remained a few weeks, passed on to Carraia, where he stopped for four months. Here he commenced his first essay in marble chiselling, which was a copy of the bust of the Apollo Belvidere.* Some English residents there, having heard of the arrival of a young Scotch artist, paid him a visit, and, on seeing what he was engaged in, they good humouredly ridiculed the idea of one so uninitiated in the art of sculpture making such a bold attempt. He explained his reasons, however, and begged them to withhold their opinion for a season, until the work was farther advanced. His future success plainly evinced that the confidence he placed in his own powers was far from being ill-judged.

About Christmas 1826, he passed on to Rome, according to arrangements made before leaving Edinburgh. By the Earl of Minto he was introduced to the Duke of Hamilton, then residing in that city, and was engaged by his Grace to execute a bust in marble of his daughter, Lady Susan Hamilton, and through his Grace's interest, in concert with Lord Minto, he was entered a pupil of the illustrious Thorwaldsen. His statue of the Apollo Belvidere, brought up from Carraia (which as yet was but roughly sketched), was then shown to his great preceptor, who expressed his entire satisfaction with his progress. When finished, many tempting offers were made to him for its disposal; but his gratitude to his first patron overcame them all, and it was forwarded to Scotland, as the best evidence that Mr Horner's kind interest in his fortunes had not been misplaced.

Mr Hallam, the learned author of the History of the Middle Ages of Europe, having visited the studio of Thorwaldsen, enthusiastically admired the Ganymede of that celebrated artist, and asked his permission for Mr Ritchie to make a copy of that work. This, his third attempt, was finished to the entire satisfaction of his employer, no mean criterion of the powers of our artist, considering the critical acumen of that learned individual. It also met with the warm approbation of Thorwaldsen, who perceived beauties in it which, during the seven times it had been previously copied, had been entirely overlooked.

He then made a copy of the Mercury of Thorwaldsen, for Sir John Hope, Bart., which was forwarded to Scotland.

Having finished a model for a marble bust of Joseph Hume, M. P., whilst on his visit to Edinburgh in 1826, he got orders to execute the same; as also a bust of Lady M'Donald Lockhart, by orders of that lady, then residing in Rome.

On finishing these, the time of his probation in Italy drawing near to a close, he set off for the purpose of visiting Leghorn, and returned by Florence, where he employed his time in visiting the celebrated works of art in that city. He then set out for Paris, to examine the Louvre, and returned by London to Edinburgh, which he reached in the autumn of 1830.

Immediately on reaching home, Mr Ritchie commenced modelling some of the designs which he had sketched out in his mind as fit subjects for classical grouping. In 1831, he began his great work, Olindo and Sophronia at the Stake, which, on finishing, he offered to the Scottish Academy for their exhibition of that season; but not being able to come to satisfactory arrangements about a central place for it in their large room, the only point where it could be seen to advantage, he determined on retaining it for the Glasgow exhibition of that year, where it accordingly appeared, along with Telemachus, and some others, and called forth the warm admiration of the Dilletanti So-

* It is necessary to inform our young readers that this is deemed one of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture in existence.

ciety of that city. While in Glasgow, he executed several busts of private individuals.

In 1832, he sent in to the Royal Institution his Mercury, and the busts of Lady Susan Hamilton, Lady Hope, D. M. Moir, and others, and to the Scottish Academy, of the same year, his statue of a Shepherd Boy, and his Sleeping Child, now the property of Sir Archd. Campbell of Succoth. In the early part of this year, he had commenced his colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, on which he expended much of his time and labour; and the accuracy with which the several parts are formed, the exquisite anatomical modelling of the arms, and the mechanism of the knee-joints, are proofs of the great care and attention bestowed on the minutiæ of this great work. His Kneeling Cupid, and most of his designs in terra cotta, were finished this year; and several persons of taste, more especially his unwearied adviser Mr Moir, who had early taken a deep interest in the fortunes of the sculptor, now earnestly recommended an exhibition of his works. This has been done; and the great interest which it has excited among the lovers of the fine arts in Edinburgh, is the best proof that the advice given him was founded upon a just estimate of his merits.

Scotland has been blamed, and perhaps not unjustly, for her neglect of native genius; but better things are now to be hoped from her, and we trust that in this instance she will prove the fallacy of such a charge. Sculpture, from its rare excellence, and the undeniable circumstance of a classical taste being absolutely requisite to appreciate its beauties, necessarily limits the numbers of its admirers far within those of its twin-sister Painting; but we hope so many are yet left to us, sufficiently qualified to appreciate its higher excellencies, as may enable us to retain at home an artist of so much promise, and, we may add, performance, as Mr Ritchie.

TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.*

THE first morning after a young officer has joined his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough-rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word "march" is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"Well done, sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir; these things will happen in the best-regulated riding-academies; and, in the army, sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be down-hearted because you are floored."

"Well, serjeant, but I am very seriously hurt."

"Nay, nay, I hope not, sir; but you must be more cautious for the future."

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the serjeant roaring out at intervals—"Well done, sir! Head a little higher—toes in, sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's statue at Charing-Cross. Bravo, sir—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hand,—*trot*.

"Well done, indeed, sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shopboard. What are your elbows doing up there, sir? Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, sir—*faster, faster*."

"Oh dear! oh dear; oh dear! Serjeant, halt; I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!"

"Bravo, sir, that's better—*faster*."

"Serjeant! I am sick, serjeant!"

"Never mind such trifles, sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off.—*Change from one to two.*

"Halt, sir; halt! that won't do: what the devil are you about? That's the wrong way; I told you from one to two: turn your horse about from one to two."

"I can only just see the top of the riding-school—I can see no figures at all, serjeant."

"Well, sir, we'll dispense with this for the present: but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, sir. *March—trot—faster—faster*; very well, indeed. Now, sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt*, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his side. If you don't keep your body upright, the horse's head will soon put it in its proper place. Faster—a little faster—*halt*. There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!"

"Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!"

"Rough-rider, get a bucket of water for the gentleman. You had better dismount, sir."

"Dismount, serjeant? How am I to get off this great beast?"

"Why, jump, sir, to be sure—jump off Come, sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, sir, dismount!"

"Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane," cries a young officer, who had just surmounted the same difficulties, "and you will soon be off." The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his first day's drill.

The next morning the pupil attends the riding-school, with his nose somewhat embellished by his fall. He enters the school with his—"Good morning, serjeant;" for it is always good policy to keep friends with both riding-masters and rough-riders. "Good morning, sir," says the serjeant; "I hope you did not hurt yourself yesterday."

"Oh, no—oh, no! Mere scratch—mere scratch—not worth mentioning."

"Glad to hear it, sir. We must expect in the army both scratches and falls. I have ordered you, for to-day, a horse somewhat more spirited, that will jump under you like an antelope."

"Much obliged to you, indeed," says the pupil, making a tremendous wry face.

"Oh, don't mention the obligation, sir. It is my duty to make a good rider of you, and I flatter myself that I have turned out some of the best riders from this school that are to be found in the kingdom, and with as few accidents as could reasonably have been expected; though, of course, casualties will sometimes inevitably happen, in a large academy like this. To be sure," continues the serjeant, winking at the rest of the party assembled, "there was poor Cornet Shins, who broke his neck, and, by the bye, off the very horse you are going to ride to-day; but that, of course, was no fault of the poor animal's. Then, there was Lieutenant Stew, who broke his thigh, and a few other trifling circumstances of this kind, which make good for the army."

"Good for the army! How do you make that out?"

"Why, sir, it is as plain as the eighteen manœuvres. We will just suppose, for the sake of argument, that your neck is broken this morning."

"My good serjeant, what are you talking about?"

"I am only *supposing*, you understand, that your neck was broken; in which case it must be clear to you that you would make room for another. But come, sir, we must proceed to business! Prepare to mount—*mount*—steady there—not an eye or muscle to move—pray, sir, keep your horse steady—put your left leg to him, and put him straight—don't touch him in the flank, sir, or he will soon have you off—that will do—*march*—sit still, I beg, sir; you are all on one side, like the lug-sail of a boat—that's better; now, sir, *trot—faster—halt*. Pray, sir, do be attentive."

"My stirrups are too long."

"Rough-rider, take them off; the gentleman will ride better without them. Now, sir, off with you again—*march—faster—halt*. Why, sir, you roll about like a ship in distress; pray keep your seat—*march*."

"I am off, I am off!"

"Not yet, sir."

"Yes I am, yes I am."

"Well, I believe you are now, sir; at least I never saw any thing more like it in my life. I hope you are not hurt, sir."

"No, not much; but this horse is worse than the other."

"Why, of course, I know that, sir; you must have a worse horse every day. Come, sir, mount again."

"I can't; you have taken the stirrups off."

"Oh, never mind that, sir; jump up."

"I can't."

"Try, sir; there is no remedy. Yonder I see the riding-master coming this way."

The riding-master now comes up, and inquires into the progress of all his pupils.

"Well, serjeant, how gets on Cornet Waddle?"

"Very well, indeed, sir; he has only had two falls in two days."

"I am glad to hear it. What horse is that he is on?"

"Kicking Billy, sir."

"Ah! a good horse to learn on. Heads up, Cornet Waddle—six inches from hand to hand—four inches from holster-pipes—that will do—*trot*. Bless me, Cornet White, how your elbows go; one would imagine you had been either a tailor or a fiddler. Do keep them close to your sides, sir. We'll now try a little canter—*canter*. Very well indeed—change from three to four. Cornet Shanks, pray keep those stretching legs of your's quiet, and feel the horse's mouth lightly. Not with that hand, sir, but with the bridle. Keep down your knees—*faster—halt*. What, three of you off! Come, mount again, gentlemen; when I was a recruit, I fell fifty times a-day, and laughed at the fun. Now, hold on—*march—trot—gallop*. Cornet Waddle, let go the horse's mane; let go, sir."

"I can't sir; if I do, I shall be off."

"You must go faster, then, till you do—*faster—faster*; well done, indeed—*halt*. What, off again!"

Thus concludes the second day's drill; after which the pupil, having surmounted the minor difficulties of horsemanship, is put into a squad of about a dozen recruits, to act in a body.

* This most amusing and cleverly written sketch is from "Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in the 87th Regiment. Written by Himself." Three vols. 12mo.

AN EASTERN STORY.

MANY of our readers will remember the story in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, in which a good Mahommedan who went upon a journey lost his money by having deposited it in a pot of olives, which he placed in the custody of a merchant till he should return. A story, somewhat similar, though a little more humorous, is told by Fuller in his amusing "Narrative of a Tour through some parts of the Turkish Empire,"* and which he mentions he heard from a friend in Aleppo: he entitles it

THE JEW OF HAMAH.

Once upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goat's hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goat's hair, to take all his household with him, and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the Desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation, he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbours, a Jew named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him that it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected that they contained something more valuable; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them; when finding his expectations realized, he took out the gold, and filled them up again with butter so carefully, that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbour had practised upon him; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering, if possible, his property; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy.

After long consideration a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighbouring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goat's hair to the manufacturers of the mashlakhs, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gypsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal; and, conveying it privately to his house at Hamah, shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazar, and bought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck, and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room.

About this time, as he was walking along the streets one day he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and, having enticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street and from the other houses in the town that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days' search, not being able to obtain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town, and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair: till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing, he had been seen walking in company with Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognised in the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the Cadi, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into

* Murray. London, 1830.

his house, and when the Cadi was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive, he exclaimed, "There is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true," continued he, addressing himself to the Cadi, "that I saw the Jew Mousa's son passing by my house; and, for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse: nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet; but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when, to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him: and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognise his father."

At this instant a servant, who was waiting on the outside, let loose the ape into the divan, who, seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha's story: "A miracle, a real miracle!" they cried out; "great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet;" and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey, and retire from the court. A compromise was now his only resource; and, accordingly, as soon as it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk, having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but, in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that the father with his whole family should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Hamah.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

Captain Crow, in his Memoirs, relates the following perilous adventure:—"One afternoon, when we were ten to twelve hundred miles from any land, and were sailing at the rate of seven or eight knots, the alarm was given that the ship was on fire in the afterhold. I was in the cabin at the time, and springing upon deck, the first persons I saw were two young men with their flannel shirts blazing on their backs; at the same time I perceived a dense cloud of smoke issuing from below; and looking round me, I found the people in the act of cutting away the stern and quarter boats, that they might abandon the vessel. At this critical juncture I had the presence of mind to exclaim, in an animated tone, "Is it possible, my lads, that you can desert me at a moment when it is your bounden duty, as men, to assist me?" And, observing them hesitate, I added, "Follow me, my brave fellows! and we shall soon save the ship." These few words had the desired effect, for they immediately rallied, and came forward to assist me. To show them a proper example, I was the first man to venture below, for I thought of the poor blacks entrusted to my care, and who could not be saved in the boats, and I was determined, rather than desert them, to extinguish the fire, or to perish in the attempt. When we got below, we found the fire blazing with great fury on the starboard side, and as it was known to the crew that there were forty-five barrels of gunpowder in the magazine, within about three feet only of the fire, it required every possible encouragement on my part to lead them on to extinguish the rapidly increasing flames. When I first saw the extent of the conflagration, and thought of its proximity to the powder, a thrill of despair ran through my whole frame; but by a strong mental effort I suppressed my disheartening feelings, and only thought of active exertion, unconnected with the thought of imminent danger. We paused for a moment, struggling, as it were, to determine how to proceed. Very fortunately for us our spare sails were stowed close at hand. These were dragged out, and, by extraordinary activity, we succeeded in throwing them over the flames, which they so far checked, that we gained time to throw a good supply of water down the hatchway, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, we extinguished the flames. Had I hesitated only a few minutes on deck, or had I not spoken encouragingly to the people, no exertions whatever could have saved the ship from being blown up, and as the catastrophe would most probably have taken place before the hands could have left the side in the boats, perhaps not a soul would have survived to tell the tale. I hope, therefore, I shall be excused in assuming to myself more credit (if indeed credit be due) for the presence of mind by which I was actuated on this occasion, than for any thing I ever did in the course of my life. The accident I found was occasioned by the ignorance and carelessness of the two young men whose clothes I had seen burning on their backs; through the want of regular officers, they had been entrusted to draw off some rum from a store cask, and who, not knowing the danger to which they exposed themselves and the ship, had taken down a lighted candle, a spark from which had ignited the spirit.

A GLIMPSE OF CALEDONIA FROM THE EQUATOR.

"Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like hope's gay glance from ocean's troubled foam."—BYRON.

Adieu! ye southern climes, adieu!
My heart is full, but not of you:
My heart o'erflows—I've cross'd the line
That sever'd me from all that's mine;
I've reach'd the long-wish'd mountain brow,*
And, looking down on all below,
Methinks afar, in fancy's eye,
My fatherland I can descry.

Methinks the gay green isle I view,
Like emerald set in ocean blue;
Its chalky cliffs, and heath-clad hills,
Romantic lakes, and rambling rills,
Its sunny slopes, and woody dells,
Where love with peace and virtue dwells;
Where nought is heard the hills among,
Save shepherd's pipe and milkmaid's song.

Methinks I catch a distant view
Of that sweet spot, where first I drew
The breath of life—that long-lov'd scene,
The village school, the village green,
My father's grave, my mother's cot,
The pastimes of my little lot,
My playday haunts, my playmates too—
Alas! now scatter'd far, and few!

Ah, little then 'twas dreamt that I
Should e'er to foreign regions hie;
That I should e'er be doom'd to greet
The men that dwelt beneath our feet—
Th' Antipodes, said not to fall,
Though standing 'neath earth's rolling ball—
A prodigy then strange to me,
Confounding young philosophy.

But, lo! a brighter scene I view,
Majestically breaking through
The murky clouds, that vainly try
To shroud its glories from the eye.
It is Edina's cloud-capt head—
It is the sheen of beauty shed
Around her sacred seat—it is
The city of proud palaces.

Yonder's the castle-crested rock,
That oft hath brav'd the battle's shock;
And yonder's Arthur's lofty seat,
Uprais'd amidst his wild retreat;
And there the crag romantic stands,
But rescu'd now from Gothic hands;
And there's the Calton's placid brow,
Adorn'd with classic beauty now.

And there's the royal Holyrood,
Still weeping in her widowhood—
Her royal lord and princes dead,
And all her highborn neighbours fled—
Her spacious parks and mountain rocks,
Now brows'd by vulgar herds and flocks,
Though erst the scenes of noble glee,
And games of gallant chivalry.

But still Edina rears her head,
Though all those stirring times have
Her monumental columns proud,
Her sacred domes and spires, that crowd
On fancy's vision, rising high,
Devoutly pointing to the sky,
As if to show mankind the road
That leads to glory and to God.

And brighter far than e'er she shone
Before her prince and peers were gone,
I see her spreading far and wide,
Moving in more than princely pride;
Advancing south, with comely grace,
She'll soon the blithesome Braid embrace;
And, walking gaily to the north,
She soon will kiss the gallant Forth.

"The gallant Forth!"—Oh tell me why
Thou hast so late met Fancy's eye?—
But, gallant Forth! though I no more
May stroll along thy gay green shore,
Nor climb the rock thy waters lave,
Nor skip across thy crystal wave,
Yet thou art dearer now to me
Than e'en the scenes of infancy.

For there, upon thy happy strand,
Before I left my fatherland,
I bask'd in life's meridian sun,
And there those sacred friendships won,
For which my longing bosom sighs—
Those silken cords, those tender ties,
That link the soul where'er we roam,
And draw the weary wanderer home.

And still the village church I see,
With many a face well known to me,
Where oft I sat in days of old,
And heard the man of God unfold,
With fervid tone and reverend look,
The mysteries of the Holy Book,
And proffer to a needy race
The riches of redeeming grace.

And still the modest manse I view—
Another little temple too—
Where God is worshipp'd, loved, and known,
And hath on every heart a throne,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
An emblem of the life above,
To mortals lent, as if to show
A specimen of heaven below.

Is this a thing of life I spy,
Or is it but a phantasy?
Alas, the dark blue sea, the play
Of dolphins dashing through the spray.
The southern cross, the clouds,† the sky,
And all that meets the ranging eye,
In bitter accents, seem to say,
"Thy home is yet far, far away!"

Then blow, ye gentle trade-winds, blow,
And waft me swiftly o'er the flow
Of wide Atlantic's swelling wave,
Whose perils now I gladly brave
That I may see, in vision true,
What but appears to fancy's view;
That I my home and friends may see,
In all their dear reality.

Once more, ye southern climes, adieu!
My heart is full, but not of you;
My heart o'erflows—I've pass'd the line
That sever'd me from all that's mine;
My heart is panting to renew
The long-lost joys of friendship true;
My heart is bounding o'er the sea,
To reach the home that's dear to me.

Mediterranean Packet, lat. 0° 56′ N. long. 33° W.

* We used to say, at the commencement of our voyage, that when we reached the equator, we should feel as if we had reached the top of the hill, and we should then go down the north side of the mountain apace.

† The Magellan clouds, two whitish spots near the milky way in the southern hemisphere.

JUNE.

SPRING may now be considered as employed in completing her toilet, and, for the first weeks of this month, putting on those last-finishing touches which an accomplished beauty never trusts to any hand but her own. In the woods and groves, also, she is still clothing some of her noblest and proudest attendants with their new annual attire. The oak until now has been nearly bare, and, of whatever age, has been looking old all the winter and spring, on account of its crumpled branches and wrinkled rind. Now, of whatever age, it looks young, in virtue of its new green, lighter than all the rest of the grove. Now, also, the stately walnut (standing singly or in pairs in the forecourt of ancient manor-houses, or in the home corner of the pretty parklike paddock at the back of some modern Italian villa, whose white dome it saw rise beneath it the other day) puts forth its smooth leaves slowly.

Stepping forth into the open fields, what a bright pageant of summer beauty is spread out before us! Everywhere about our feet flocks of wild-flowers

"Do paint the meadow with delight."

We must not stay to pluck and particularize them; for most of them have already had their greeting—let us pass along beside this flourishing hedge-row. The first novelty of the season that greets us here is perhaps the sweetest, the freshest, and the fairest of all, and the only one that could supply an adequate substitute for the hawthorn bloom which it has superseded. Need the eglantine be named? the "sweet-leaved eglantine;" the "rain-scented eglantine;" eglantine—to which the sun himself pays homage, by "counting his dewy rosary" on it every morning.

The woodbine deserves to be held next in favour during this month, though more on account of its *intellectual* than its personal beauty. All the air is faint with its rich sweetness, and the delicate breath of its lovely rival is lost in the luscious odours which it exhales.

These are the only *scented* wild-flowers that we shall now meet with in any profusion; for though the violet may still be found by looking for, its breath has lost much of its spring power. But, if we are content with mere beauty, this month is perhaps more profuse of it than any other, even in that department of nature which we are now examining—namely, the fields and woods.

The patches of purple or of white clover that intervene here and there, and are now in flower, offer striking exceptions to the above, and at the same time load the air with their sweetness. Nothing can be more rich and beautiful in its effect on a distant prospect at this season, than a great patch of purple clover lying apparently motionless on a sunny upland, encompassed by a whole sea of green corn, waving and shifting about it at every breath that blows.—*Mirror of the Months.*

The readers of the Journal are respectfully informed that a fortnightly sheet, similar in appearance and price to that work, is published under the title of "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," of which the following seven numbers have already appeared:—

1. EMIGRATION TO CANADA, being a complete body of information on that country for the use of Emigrants, and precluding, in a great measure, the necessity of consulting other works.
2. HISTORY OF THE ISLAND OF GREAT BRITAIN, down to the commencement of the Civil War—to be continued. The object of this sheet is to afford such a view of British History as may be suitable to the tastes and opportunities of the people at large.
3. HISTORY OF MANKIND—a view of the progress of the Human Race, and of the peculiarities of the various divisions of Mankind.
4. EMIGRATION TO NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, CAPE BRETON, &c.
5. EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.
6. ACCOUNT OF THE GLOBE—a complete view of the internal and external Structure of the Globe, comprising all the discoveries of modern geologists.
7. THE COTTON, WOOLLEN, SILK, AND LINEN MANUFACTURES—a condensed account of the progress and present state of those essential branches of our national industry.

Articles are also in preparation on a variety of subjects generally interesting to the people, and will in due course appear. The design of the work approximates to that of Constable's Miscellany, and the several series which have been started upon the same plan, but, from the extreme lowness of the price, proposes to be much more extensively useful. Every article is a *careful original composition*, generally the production of the Editors themselves, or of some other literary gentlemen of established character in the departments respectively assigned to them. In Edinburgh, as in the case of the Journal, it is regularly left every alternate Wednesday at the houses of subscribers, and it may be had of every bookseller and newsman throughout the United Kingdom.

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MEN ABOUT TOWN.

In every large city, there are a few single gentlemen who move about among what is called the best society, and are every where received as men of proper style and character, who, nevertheless, have no real pretensions to the honours they receive, and are in fact mere adventurers. If a young man have only such an income as will supply him with a little pocket-money, and be possessed of agreeable manners and a prepossessing exterior, let him but get into a single coterie in a fashionable city, and he immediately makes his way through the whole, and may live for years afterwards as a guest at the tables of the great. The grand essential for this kind of life, is to have nothing known about one. Just be a well-dressed and well-bred stranger; and if you are seen at one place, you are asked to another, whence you are asked to a third, and so on to a fourth, no one ever thinking further about you than simply that you are the young man whom we saw at such a place, and who took out Miss Young to dance. Fortunately for those who choose to live in this manner, there are always multitudes of silly women, the wives of men of good income, who, in their anxiety to show off and advance themselves in society, are perpetually giving parties, to which no one is invited on the sacred principles of friendship and hospitality, but multitudes are drawn in to eat and drink for considerations altogether different—chiefly that they may be impressed with a respectful notion of the giver of the entertainment. Such shows might almost be considered as given for the especial benefit of the individuals alluded to, who can always manage to get invitations to them, and are the only individuals to whom such exhibitions of viands and liquor do any real good.

The individual who writes the present paper was once "so far left to himself" as to spend several months amidst the heartless frivolities which characterise a winter of fashionable life in the Scottish, as in all other capitals. In the course of the season, he had opportunities of observing the tactics of many young men about town, as they are called, some of whom were occasionally put to serious difficulties in the purchase of a single pair of white kid gloves, though they appeared, in company, as perfectly accustomed to the luxury of a full purse as if they had never known the reverse. There was one in particular in whom I had much reason to be interested, as will be observed from the adventure I am about to relate. This was a Mr Hopper, an Englishman of between thirty and forty, who had been fluttering about town for nearly a dozen years, as I was informed, and yet no one knew any more about him than just that he was Mr Hopper. Hopper was a polished and most agreeable man, and, having seen much of the world, possessed really considerable powers of entertainment, insomuch that, at the dullest and worst-assorted parties, a relief was experienced from his conversation. He was supposed to be *out* four times a-week at an average, throughout the season; and though no instance of his giving a treat in return was upon record, many of these invitations were to the same house. There was even a worse peculiarity in Hopper, which, in many persons, would have had a very unfavourable effect, but, in his case, seemed to be pardoned for the sake of his better properties. This was his coarse and uncultivated-looking appetite. While all others were eating with the deliberation proper to good society, and talking as much as possible between every bite, Hopper devoured his victuals with a rapidity and a silence alike odious, and never brought out a remark worth listening to till his mouth was quite disengaged from what he seemed to think a more serious business. In fact, Hopper was universally cried out upon as a gormandiser.

The adventure just alluded to was a dinner which Hopper once gave to *me*—he who had never given a dinner or any thing else before, and who was supposed by all who knew him to be incapable of giving dinners. An entertainment that took place under such remarkable circumstances, may well be expected to excite some curiosity in the reader, and I shall therefore describe it in the most minute and faithful manner possible.

What it was that inspired Hopper with the desire of having me to dine with him, I never could exactly make out. Perhaps it was a vague report, to which I gave no credit myself, that I was about to be married to a great heiress then in vogue:—possibly he might reckon upon an invitation, at no distant date, to —— Hall, in return for his own. Whatever was the motive, one thing is certain:—it could only be from some hope of turning the affair to his own advantage. At first, I must confess, I was rather startled by the event. I saw that he was a mere man about town, and wished to have as little to do with him as possible. On second thoughts, however, I resolved to go just to see what kind of dinner such a man would give.

During the interval between the invitation and the appointed day, I found myself completely possessed by speculations on this latter point. What kind of dinner, thought I, is to be expected from a man who never gave a dinner before? Will it be good, or bad, or simply indifferent? I tried it all the ways, but at last fairly made up my mind to this:—that, when the man was making a plunge, as it is called, he would do it to some purpose. The dinner would be splendid, even although there should be nobody there but myself.

Accordingly, on the evening of the great day, I moved towards the lodgings of Mr Hopper, in the full hope, like the dog invited by his friend to sup, of regaling myself at one of the most exquisite banquets that the world had ever produced. I had that day refused lunch at three places, that my appetite might be in proper order for so rich a treat; and, having walked a good deal without any refection since breakfast, it may be guessed that I was considerably disposed to do justice to whatever should be set before me. On arriving at my friend's lodgings, which were, for the time, in a rather shabby cottage near Newhaven, I was informed by him, that, from some misunderstanding with his landlady, dinner would not yet be ready for half an hour, and he proposed that we should while away the time by a walk on the beach. To this I agreed, and, by so doing, gave the last fine edge to an appetite already almost as keen as a razor. However, thought I, there can be no doing too much justice to such an entertainment. In the course of our walk, the conversation somehow turned upon desserts. He was a great critic, I found, in this branch of gastronomical knowledge. He had eaten all kinds of desserts, in all quarters of the world, and, said he in conclusion, "I have got into such a habit of devouring these fine things, that I never dine, even by myself, without something of the kind." Well, thought I, this is better promise still—the dinner, to be sure, is something long a-coming; but when it does come, what will it not be?

At length, in a perfect agony of appetite, I was led back to his lodgings, where we found, in the first place, a very neatly spread table, but as yet no viands. Neither was there any wine as yet visible above the horizon. After a little farther conversation, Hopper went to a cupboard, and brought out a black bottle, which he placed very carefully near his own plate. By and bye, the honest woman of the house brought in a small covered dish, which proved to be of curried mutton-chops, with another containing boiled rice. This gave, of course, a revolution to my expectations, and informed me, that, after all, it was to be only a bachelor's, or, to describe it more emphatically, a lodging-house dinner. However, I still thought there might be a rough sufficiency in the affair. In this, alas, how much was I deceived! The cover being removed from the chops, disclosed three small pieces about as many inches square, piled above each other, and a small quantity of sauce floating at the bottom. "Now," said Mr Hopper, "here are curried chops to begin with—the best dish in the world: will you be helped to any?" Though I thought the question rather superfluous, I answered in the affirmative, and was served with the least of the three pieces, scrupulously selected by my entertainer—without any sauce—after which I observed him, to my infinite consternation, turn over all that remained, sauce included, into his own plate, along with a large proportion of the rice. He then helped me to one spoonful of the latter dish, and desiring me to make a hearty dinner, fell to in his usual *absorbed* manner, never taking his eye off his plate till it was empty. The two bites which I found upon my piece of chop were of course soon dispatched, and I was then left to survey the proceedings of my entertainer, who, to do him justice, did not keep me long waiting. Having finished his own part of the first course, he pulled a bottle of common beer, and having helped himself to a full tumbler, which he immediately drunk off, poured out half a tumbler for me, and then emptied the remainder into his own glass, to stand as a stock for himself. The landlady now brought in a dish of fricasseed chops, consisting, like the former, of three small pieces; and having, in like manner, ascertained that I was disposed to eat of this meat also, handed me the *least* of the trio; after which, as before, he turned over the whole into his own plate, and soon became as abstracted as ever in the great business of devouring. He awoke at last, some time after I had finished my second pair of bites, to ask me to take a glass of wine. I held out my glass, and received it back about two-thirds full of port, which he poured from the black bottle above alluded to. He then filled his own, and drank it off; then filled one more, and drank that off; and once more again, and drank that off too; and then—and then—it was evident the bottle was empty. The landlady now appeared, to ask if any more chops were required, to which he answered in a direct negative, without seeming to think it in the least necessary that *I* should be consulted in the matter. Of course, I had to abandon myself to my fate. Dinner was over.

My entertainer now talked of liquors. "What kind of wines do you like?" said he, naming Champagne, Burgundy, Hochheimer, and many others, with as much confidence as if he had had specimens of them all in his cellar. I spared the man—though he did not deserve it—if, indeed, it could be supposed that such a person would have been at a loss to parry whatever request had been made to him. I said, that, when dining in this quiet kind of way, I generally preferred a little spirits and water to any kind of wine. "Oh, very well," said he, catching me like wildfire, "I can give you the best whisky in the world—a most particular article—the king never knew of it, I believe—got it sent me last August from the Highlands by my friend ——, member, by the bye, for ——shire, which is rather too bad"—here he put his finger on the side of his nose; "but

all the better for that, you know." A solitary bottle of whisky was accordingly brought out from the cupboard (I could swear it had no companion), and we began to liquidate part of it into punch. By way of giving him a fright, I made a large and strong tumbler, the effect of which was seen within the first quarter of an hour, in his beginning to talk of his inordinate propensity to tea and coffee. "Do you know," said he, "I am a most extravagant dog in tea and coffee. I keep all kinds of tea, and, indeed, chiefly live upon it when I am alone. Sometimes in summer I can take no dinner at all, but just have a cup of tea and a biscuit. I am fond of green—oh, I do dout upon green. It is the best tea in the world. For common use, however, bohea is a respectable tea. I like bohea very well, I must say. It is less of a drug, and cheers fully as much. Oh, you cannot think what a tea-drinker I am!" By and bye, observing that I was less severe upon the whisky than he expected, he dropped the conversation about tea and coffee; and, on a servant coming in and laying down a cup on a side-table, motioned it away, as if he had felt it to be a mal-apropos idea. I soon after relieved him from all farther anxiety about either tea or toddy, by taking my leave, alleging that the illness of a friend who lived with me made it necessary that I should be soon home. I could see, from his suddenly warmed manner, that he had never till now truly enjoyed my company. His parting expressions were the most cordial of the whole evening.

As I afterwards crawled to a tavern, to satisfy my hunger by a real dinner, I could not help deploring that a man of Hopper's talents and accomplishments should prefer living such a life, when, by sinking a little, and applying himself to honest industry, he might render himself much more truly respectable, and, I should suppose, much more truly happy. The life of this man, thought I, is a perpetual insincerity: it is a visionary show from first to last. And what is gained by such a departure from reality?—only an equivocal kind of countenance from persons almost as hollow and deceptious as himself, and a somewhat larger share of certain indulgences, which, however, are the most paltry and the most transient on earth.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

Now see the various wonders as they pass,
The Cowpox, *Tractors*, Galvanism, and Gas.—Byron.

It happens that Byron has here sneered at four scientific discoveries in their first blush, which afterwards have been established (at least three of them) as among the most valuable that ever were developed for the service of mankind. In the word "tractors" he refers to what is called animal magnetism, a scientific wonder, which, though practised on the Continent for upwards of fifty years, and hinted at by many medical writers during the last three centuries, is almost entirely unknown in this country. Within the last few weeks, a book of great research and reflection has been published on this subject, under the title which is noted below;* and as it seems, notwithstanding its exceeding great interest, to be exciting little attention, we shall endeavour, as far as is in our power, to obtain, both for the volume and its subject, the notice which they so eminently deserve.

Animal magnetism—an incorrect but convenient phrase—refers to a power which a stronger is supposed to be able to exert over a weaker person, or a healthy over a diseased, whereby, through a mere exertion of the will in some cases, but more generally by this means accompanied by stroking with the hands, the former throws the latter into a state of sleep, during which there are experienced certain peculiar sensations, arising from nervous excitement, and which may have the best effects upon the health of the patient. The operations and results of animal magnetism altogether resemble what we conceive of magic; and they are still a subject of general doubt and suspicion, but rather from want of knowledge than from any other cause, seeing that the French Academy, the most respected body of scientific men in the world, have satisfied themselves, *by experiments*, that, startling as the discovery is, it is quite true and free from imposture, and have here testified that such is their belief to the whole world.

The process of animal magnetising is generally performed in the following manner:—The patient is placed in a sitting posture, in a convenient elbow-chair, or on a couch—sometimes even in a common chair. The magnetiser, seated on a chair a little more elevated, and at the distance of about a foot from the patient, collects himself for some moments, during which he takes the thumbs of the patient between his two fingers, so that the interior parts of the thumbs are in contact with each other. He fixes his eyes upon the patient, and remains in this position till he feels that an equal degree of heat is established between the thumbs of both parties. He then withdraws his hands, turning them outward, places them on the shoulders, where he allows them to remain about a minute, and then conducts them slowly, with a very slight friction, along the arms to the extremity of the fingers. This operation he performs five or six times, which the magnetisers call a *pass:* he then places his hands above the head, holds them there a moment, draws them downwards in front of the face at the distance of one or two inches to the pit of the stomach, resting his fingers upon this part of the body; and, lastly, descends slowly along the body to the feet. These *passes* are repeated during the greater part of the sitting; and when he wishes to terminate it, he prolongs them beyond the extremity of the hands and feet, shaking his fingers each time. Finally, he makes transverse *passes* before the face and breast, at the distance of from three to four inches, presenting his hands approximated to each other, and separating them abruptly.

There are variations upon this process, but it is unnecessary to notice them here. The result, where there is no obstacle or deranging cause, is, that the patient falls involuntarily into a kind of trance, the progressive sensations of which are thus classified by a German philosopher, named Kluge:—

"The *first* degree presents no remarkable phenomena. The intellect and the senses still retain their usual powers and susceptibilities. For this reason, this first degree has been denominated the degree of *waking*.

"In the *second* degree, most of the senses still remain in a state of activity. That of vision only is impaired; the eye withdrawing itself gradually from the power of the will. This second degree, in which the sensibility is partially disturbed, is by some magnetisers called the *half-sleep*, or the *imperfect crisis*.

"In the *third* degree, the whole of the organs through the medium of which our correspondence with the external world is carried on (the senses) refuse to perform their respective functions, and the patient is placed in that unconscious state of existence which is called the *magnetic sleep*.

"In the *fourth* degree, the patient awakes, as it were, within himself, and his consciousness returns. He is in a state which can neither be properly called sleeping nor waking, but which appears to be something between the two. When in this state, he is again placed in a very peculiar connection with the external world. This fourth degree has been distinguished in the writings of the animal magnetisers, by the name of the *perfect crisis*, or *simple somnambulism*.

"In the *fifth* degree, the patient is placed in what is called the state of *self-intuition*. When in this situation he is said to obtain a clear knowledge of his own internal mental and bodily state, is enabled to calculate, with accuracy, the phenomena of disease which will naturally and inevitably occur, and to determine what are their most appropriate and effectual remedies. He is also said to possess the same power of internal inspection with regard to other persons who have been placed in magnetic connection with him. From this fifth degree all the subsequent magnetic states are comprehended under the denomination of *lucidity*, or *lucid vision* (Fr. *Clairvoyance;* Germ. *Hellsehen.*)

"In the *sixth* degree, the *lucid vision*, which the patient possessed in the former degree, extends to all objects, near and at a distance, in space and time; hence it has been called the degree of *universal lucidity*."

The source of the phenomenon is by some supposed to be in a circulating fluid, analogous to the blood, but imperceptible, and residing in the nerves, and which has a power of expanding beyond the sphere of the body, and affecting near or distant objects. This fluid, if it be the seat of the magnetic power, is probably obedient to the volition or will, for persons more than usually susceptible of the magnetic influence have been operated upon involuntarily, and unexpectedly to themselves, by a magnetiser who took his position in another room, and only exerted an energetic and intense desire to produce the effect. This is no doubt mysterious, and very like superstition; but is there any better explanation at the present day for *mineral* magnetism—for the cause and nature of disease—for the simple phenomenon of mortal life? Animal magnetism, in fact, appears to us as not more unintelligible than any of these things, and it would certainly have been long ago received, like them, into the sphere of acknowledged truths, if it had not been so very wonderful as to excite suspicion even where the senses were satisfied of its existence.

It is obvious from the experiments reported by the French Academy, that there is an intimate connection between ordinary somnambulism or sleep-walking, and the intuitive power, independent of the senses, which is developed during the fits produced by the magnetic influence. Sleepwalkers perform amazing feats, and execute the most intricate and delicate operations, without the natural sight which would be necessary, in a waking person, even to attempt such hazardous and difficult processes. Some persons, on the other hand, who have been artificially thrown into this state, or something like it, by magnetism, have shown themselves to possess senses and powers of action distinct from those which we use in our waking moments. The French Academy report upon four individuals who exerted greater strength and agility while magnetised than in their usual state; upon two who, with their eyes closed, distinguished and described objects placed before them; upon other two who foresaw, several months previously, the day, the hour, and the minute of the access and return of epileptic fits, and one who announced the period of his cure; and upon one, who, when thrown into magnetic somnambulism, and placed in contact with an individual in unsound health, pronounced, in three several instances, the exact internal state of these persons, one of which descriptions was confessed by the gentleman so inspected to be correct so far as he knew, and another was found equally so, upon dissection after death.

Perception without the use of the senses is well known to have frequently taken place in diseased persons; and it is a familiar fact, that, where one sense is extinguished, another sometimes takes up its operations, and, at least in part, supplies its place. Instances of persons who could see with the stomach are frequent, and perfectly well authenticated. The physician Van Helmont, by tasting a particular poisonous root, ceased for several hours to hear, think, know, or imagine any thing by means of his head or brain, and found that all the functions of that organ were transferred to the pit of the stomach, where, it is supposed, the capital of the nervous system is situated. M. Petetin, an eminent physician at Lyons, had a cataleptic patient—a lady—who seemed for a long time to be in a state of complete torpor and insensibility. He discovered, however, by accident, that she heard him perfectly when he spoke upon her stomach. Having satisfied himself of this fact by repeated trials, he afterwards perceived that the case was the same in regard to the senses of sight and smell. His patient read with the stomach, even through an intervening dark body. At last he found that it was not necessary for him to speak immediately upon the stomach; but it was quite sufficient to speak at the extremity of a conductor, of which the other extremity rested upon that part of the patient's body. Petetin published an account of these facts above forty years ago. He subsequently found other cataleptic patients, who exhibited precisely the same phenomena, with this difference, that, in some cases, the faculties were found to be transferred, not only to the epigastrium, or pit of the stomach, but also to the extremities of the fingers and toes. In others, where these phenomena took place, there was a prodigious developement of the intellectual powers, and a foresight of their future diseased symptoms. An account of some of his experiments is thus given from his posthumous volume by Mr Colquhoun:—

"M. Petetin secretly placed pieces of cake, biscuit, tarts, &c. upon the stomach of one of these patients, which was immediately followed by the taste of the particular article in the mouth. When the substance was enveloped in silk stuff, no sensation was felt by the patient; but the taste was immediately perceived on removing the covering. An egg was covered over with varnish, and the patient felt no taste until the varnish was removed. One of the patients distinguished a letter addressed to her, which was folded four times, inclosed in a semi-transparent box, and held in M. Petetin's hand upon her stomach.*

"A letter was placed upon the fingers of one of the patients, who immediately said, 'If I were not discreet, I could tell you the contents; but to prove that I have read it, there are just two lines and a half.' The same patient enumerated exactly the most remarkable articles which were in the pockets of a whole company.†

"These phenomena are sufficiently wonderful; but the following experiments afforded still more surprising results. Another patient, Madame de St Paul, was in a state of as perfect somnambulism as the preceding, only that, during the crisis, she was incapable of speaking. She carried on a conversation, however, by means of signs, with the Chevalier Dolomieu, brother to the celebrated naturalist, who interrogated her mentally. 'After placing the chain,' says M. Petetin, 'upon the *epigastrium* of the patient, I gave the ring to M. Dolomieu. No sooner had this gentleman touched his lips, than the features of Madame de St Paul expressed attention. Every question addressed to her mentally gave a new expression to her countenance, and produced a great change upon that of the interrogator. She ended by smiling, and making two approving signs with her head. M. Dolomieu declared that this lady had answered categorically to his thoughts.'

"M. Dolomieu then requested the patient to answer, by affirmative or negative signs, to the questions which he was about to put to her aloud. He succeeded in making her express that what he had in his pocket was a silver seal with three sides, and the name of the animal engraved on his arms.

"Finally, it was found, in the course of these experiments, that if several persons form a chain, the

* Report of the Experiments on Animal Magnetism, made by a Committee of the Medical Section of the French Royal Academy of Sciences, 1831, translated, and now, for the first time, published, with an Historical and Explanatory Introduction. By J. C. Colquhoun, Esq. Edinburgh: R. Cadell. 1833.

* "Plutarch relates that a certain governor of Cilicia wished to try whether the oracle of Mopsus could read, without opening it, a sealed note containing the following words: 'Shall I sacrifice to thee a white or a black ox?' The oracle returned the note unopened, with the answer, 'black.'—Plutarch, *On the cessation of Oracles.*"

† In our next number will be presented a variety of instances in which perception was exerted without the use of the senses:—also some of the cases in which animal magnetism has been of service in medicine.

last having his hand upon the stomach of the patient, and the first, who is at the greatest distance, speaks in the hollow of his hand, the patient will hear perfectly well, but will cease to hear even the loudest voice, if the communication between the chain be interrupted by a stick of sealing-wax."

Such facts as these—for that they are facts is not to be disputed—testify that there are powers and susceptibilities in our frames with which we are yet imperfectly acquainted, but which may be developed hereafter to such a degree as to be eminently serviceable to mankind. That there is a connection between the magnetic phenomena and those described immediately above, seems beyond a doubt; and that electricity enters into the latter, is evident from the fact of a non-conducting substance deranging the effect. Little else is yet known on this curious subject; but when more facts shall have been amassed, it will both be more easily reduced to a system, and more generally and readily believed. Animal magnetism will yet, in all probability, explain many things which we now look upon as the superstitions of a former and less enlightened age—the magical powers of remote antiquity, the oracular system of Greece, the *evil eye* among the Mussulmans, the false miracles of the early opponents of Christianity, the *glamour* of the modern gypsies, witchcraft, the royal touching for scrofula, and second-sight. Let no one be unduly sceptical on this subject: the most philosophical minds in Europe have acknowledged that it is, to the extent above described, free from imposture; and if such have so pronounced *from* observation and experiment, it would be hard, indeed, if common minds, *without* those means of judgment, were to be allowed to deny the theory, merely because it does not tally with the preconceived ideas of their imperfect understandings.

HARRIET BRUCE.

"To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love I love indeed.—COLERIDGE.

My friend Harriet Bruce was a healthy, tall, bold-looking girl; somewhat too large and vigorous for genuine beauty, yet gifted with a speaking expression, and a rich, perpetual colouring, that would have made any other face stylish and attractive. She was no favourite with the gentlemen; but there was an indescribable something about her appearance and manners which always compelled them to inquire who she was. No person ever talked with her without remembering what she said; and every one criticised what they could not forget. Yet it was not intellect that made her unpopular—had she chosen to affect reckless misanthropy, maudlin sensibility, or any other foppery whereby to distinguish herself, she would have found plenty of admirers and imitators; but, in her mind, genius was checked by manly philosophy; and she could ill conceal her contempt of those who knew talent only by its most common diseases. The consciousness of mental power, that lighted up her eye with such a burning spark of pride, and the expression of scorn for ever dancing on her lip corners, ready to embody itself in sarcasm, was unquestionably the true reason why this splendid creature became the Paria of the ball-room. She was a strange sort of Die Vernon—no, she was not a Die Vernon either—and as I now remember her, I cannot think of a single character, living or imaginary, whom she did resemble. She fascinated her enemies, but never pleased her friends. Power! power! and, above all, intellectual power! was the constant dream of her wild ambition. To have been sure of Madame de Staël's reputation, she would have renounced human sympathy, and lived unloving and unbeloved in this wide world of social happiness—there was such magnificence in the idea of sending one's genius abroad, like a spark of electricity, to be active and eternal—defying education in its form, duration, and power! Sometimes I talked of love, and reminded her how Madame de Staël herself had become its reluctant victim. On this subject she often philosophised, and always laughed. "Who," said she, scornfully, "who that has felt the gush and the thrill attendant upon fame, would be foolish enough to exchange dominion over many for the despotism of one?" Thus Harriet Bruce reasoned, and thus she actually thought; but I knew her better than she knew herself. Her affections were as rich and overflowing as her mental energies; and her craving for human sympathy was in direct proportion to that intense love of beauty, which, in her, amounted to an intellectual passion. That she would love exclusively and extravagantly, I had no doubt; and my penetration soon singled out an object. At a large party, I first saw her with George Macdonough, the son of a rich southerner, first in his class, and in the full flush of manly beauty. I knew by the carriage of his neck that he was a Virginian; and the hauteur with which he received adulation attracted my attention, as the pawing of a high-mettled horse would have done. His conversation with Harriet seemed at first to be of a sober and learned cast, but on her part it soon became petulant. Now and then I heard some remark which seemed to relate to a transmigration of souls, and a continual rise in intellectual existence. "Oh," exclaimed Harriet, "how that idea savours of New England house-keeping!—how can a Virginian patronise a theory so economical?" At that moment, a very lovely girl entered the room; and the young man did not answer Miss Bruce's question. "Ah, there is the beautiful Baltimorean," said he, "she whom I told you reminded me of that fine engraving of yours, 'La belle Suisse.'" "She *is* beautiful," said Harriet, with unaffected warmth. "Her full dark eyes are magnificent—what a pity it is they are not lighted from *within*; that expression alone is wanting to fill the measure of her glory!" The remark was made to an inattentive listener, for Macdonough's whole interest was absorbed by the new comer. A slight shade passed over Harriet's face—but it was too transient to define the emotion in which it originated; and she smiled, as she said, "You had best go and talk with your powerful beauty—the body should be where the spirit is." "That reproach is too severe," replied the Virginian. "I meant no reproach," she answered; "I have observed that beauty is your idol, and I wish you to worship it." "I did not think Miss Bruce had observed my character sufficiently to form any conclusion with regard to my taste." The pride of the proudest girl in Christendom was roused—and there was something indescribably provoking in her manner, as she answered, "I assure you I think you quite a specimen in your way. 'Society is such a bag of polished marbles,' that any thing odd is as valuable a study as the specimens of quartz Mr Symmes may bring us. Your modesty has led you into a mistake; I have really taken the trouble to observe you." "Truly, Miss Bruce, you are the most singular girl I ever met," said the offended southerner; "you never did, said, nor thought any thing like another person."

"When a compliment is doubtful, Chesterfield says, one should always take it; therefore, I am obliged to you, Mr Macdonough," replied Harriet. And so saying, she turned abruptly from him, and directed her attention to me.

During the remainder of the evening, I saw no indications of a reconciliation. Harriet danced but once—Macdonough and La belle Suisse were near her in the set; and they met frequently. The *extreme* nonchalance with which she now and then exchanged some casual remark, led me to suspect that he had obtained more power over her extraordinary mind than any other individual had ever possessed; but Harriet was no trifler, and I did not venture to prophesy.

Time passed on, and with it nearly passed the remembrance of this skirmish of words, and the thoughts thereby suggested. My unmanageable friend seldom alluded to the fascinating acquaintance she had formed; and when she did, it was done naturally and briefly. Soon after this, I was obliged to be absent for several months. I did not return until two days before commencement at college; and Harriet's first exclamation was, "You *must* go to Mr Macdonough's room—he is to have the first part, and his friends expect every thing from him!" "But I thought you considered commencement days very stupid things," said I. "So I do; you know I always said life itself was a very stupid thing. There is no originality above ground: every thing that is true is dull, and every thing new is false and superficial. But there is no use in quarrelling with the world—it is a pretty good world, after all. You must go to hear Mr Macdonough's opinion of it: I am sure he will express it eloquently." "Then you are on good terms *now*?" said I. She blushed painfully—excessively—but soon recovered self-command enough to reply, "I always thought highly of him." I do not know whether my looks expressed the warning voice my heart was yearning to utter; but I am sure the tone of my assent was reluctant and melancholy.

George Macdonough appeared most brilliantly on that memorable day. Graceful and dignified, handsome and talented, he sent a thrill to all hearts alive to the grandeur of thought or the beauty of language. During this scene of triumph, I watched the countenance of Harriet Bruce with the keenest interest; and never before did I see a human face through which the soul beamed with such intensity. Genius, and pride, and joy, and love, were there! I then thought she was intellectually beautiful, beyond any thing I had ever seen. Poor Harriet! It was the brightest spot in her life, and I love to remember it.

Macdonough's room was crowded, and the compliments he received were intoxicating; but in the midst of it all, I imagined I could see the sparkle of his eyes melt into softness, when he met a glance from Harriet. Her looks betrayed nothing to my anxious observation; but once I took notice she called him "*George*," and suddenly corrected herself with an air of extraordinary confusion. Had my friend indulged in habits of girlish trifling, I should no doubt have playfully alluded to this circumstance; but there was something in her character and manners which forbade such officiousness. I watched her with the anxiety of sincere friendship. I knew when she once selected an object of pursuit, her whole soul was concentrated; and I could not believe that the proud Virginian, with all his high hopes, and his love of dazzling beauty, would ever marry her. I knew he was a very constant visitor, and I frequently observed lights later than had been usual in Mr Bruce's quiet habitation; and when he called to bid me farewell, a few weeks after commencement, the deep gloom on his countenance led me to think that the pride and apparent indifference of my intellectual friend might have surprised him into love.

Weeks and months passed on, and I seldom heard an allusion to the absent Macdonough. Harriet's character and manners seemed changing for the better. The perpetual effervescence of her spirit in some measure subsided, and the vagaries of her fancy became less various and startling; yet there was ever a chastened cheerfulness of manner, and an unfailing flow of thought. By degrees her seriousness deepened, and at last she could not conceal from me that she was unhappy. I attributed it to the illness of her aged father, for Harriet was motherless, and she cherished her only parent with a double share of love. But when the old man was evidently recovering, and her melancholy still increased, I knew there must be another, and a deeper cause. One day, as I stood by her, watching her progress in a crayon drawing, around which she had thrown much of her early spirit and freedom, I placed my hand affectionately on her shoulder, and, touching her forehead with my lips, said, "You have always told me your thoughts, Harriet—why not tell me what troubles you *now*?" She continued her task with a quick and nervous movement, and I saw that her eyes were filling with tears. I gently whispered, "Is George Macdonough the cause?" She gave one shriek, which sounded as if it made a rent in her very soul, and then the torrent of her tears poured forth.

It was long before I ventured to say to her, "Then it is as I feared? You do love George Macdonough?" She looked in my face with a strange and fixed expression, as she replied, "I ought to love, and honour, and obey him; for he is my husband!" I started! "Your husband! how—when—where were you married?"

"At Providence. Do you remember when I asked you to go with me to Mr Macdonough's room, and you said, 'So, then you are on good terms *now*?'—I had been three weeks a wife!"

"And your father—does he know of it?"

"Certainly," she said; "you know I would not deceive *him*." "Then why was so much secrecy necessary?" "I now think it was not really necessary; at all events, that which needs to be concealed is wrong. But George's parents wished him to marry wealth, and he feared to displease them. He has a moderate fortune of his own, of which he will soon come in possession; when he told my father this circumstance, and added that he feared he should be urged to marry against his inclination, my father, in the blindness of his dotage, consented to our immediate union." "Then why are you so unhappy?" I inquired; "you have no doubt that your husband will come and claim you?" "Oh, no! The certificate is in my father's hands; and if it were not, a sense of honour would lead him here. But, oh! to have him come coldly and reluctantly! my heart will break! my heart will break!" said she, pressing her hand hard against her forehead, and weeping bitterly. "How *could* I forget that they who listen to passion, rather than to reason, must always have a precarious influence on each other?" I tried to console her—she said nothing, but took a package of letters from her desk, and handed them to me. Their contents proved the mournful prediction of her fears too true. At first, George Macdonough wrote with impatient ardour; then his letters were filled with amusing accounts of the parties given to La belle Suisse, whose father had come to reside in their neighbourhood; then he filled his pages with excellent reasons for not visiting her as soon as he intended; and, finally, when Harriet bowed down her pride, and entreated him, if he valued her reputation, to come soon, he sent a cold laconic answer, merely stating the time at which he might be expected. Poor Harriet! It was too evident she had thrown away all that made existence joyful. However, I tried to soothe her by the idea that gentleness, patience, and untiring love, might regain the affection on which her happiness *must* now depend. She loved to listen to such words—they were a balm to her heart.

Mr Macdonough came at the time he had appointed, and publicly announced his marriage. I did not see their meeting; but during the few months he remained at her father's, I observed his manner was uniformly kind, though frequently absent and constrained. An infant daughter formed a new bond of union, and seemed to be the herald of happier days. The young man watched over the little object with the most intense delight, and Harriet's half-subdued character seemed entirely softened, in the doating fondness of a mother, and the meek resignation of a wife, loved, "but not enough beloved;" none would have recognised the proud, ambitious, and sarcastic Harriet Bruce.

I must not dwell minutely on particulars, which I observed closely at the time, and which afterward sunk deeply into my memory. Young Macdonough departed once more to take possession of his estate, and prepare it for the reception of his wife and child.

His farewell was affectionate, and his frequent letters seemed to restore my imprudent friend to something of her former buoyancy of soul. The idea of separation from her father was now her principal source of unhappiness; but that trial was spared her; the imbecility of the affectionate old man daily increased, and, a few days before his daughter's departure, death relieved him from the expected loneliness.

The young husband came, as he had promised; but his manner was colder, and his looks more stern than formerly, though none could say he failed in the fulfilment of his duty. Harriet never spoke of any change; her manner toward him was obedient and

affectionate, but never fond. Her romantic visions of human perfection, her proud confidence in her own strength, were gone, and, no doubt, she wept bitterly over their mutual rashness. Knowing, as she did, that she was a burthen, taken up merely from a sense of honour, it is not wonderful her very smile had a look of humility and resignation. Their regrets were, however, kept carefully concealed; whatever might have been their feelings, both seemed resolved on a system of silent endurance. There was something in this course a thousand times more affecting than the most pathetic complaints. I shall never forget the anguish I felt when I saw Harriet bid farewell to the home of her childhood—that home where she had ever been an idol and an oracle. The lingering preparation of departure—the heart-broken expression—the reluctant step—the drooping head—and the desperate resolution with which she at last seized the arm of a husband who loved her not, and who was about to convey her among strangers—they are all present to me now!

Harriet's letter soon spoke of declining health; and before three years had elapsed, she implored me to come to her, if I ever wished to look upon her again in this world of shadows.

I immediately obeyed the summons. Things were worse than I had expected. She was evidently very weak; and though she had every thing which wealth could supply, or politeness dictate, the balm of kindness never refreshed her weary and sinking spirit. Mr Macdonough never spoke harshly—indeed he seldom spoke at all; but the attentions he paid were so obviously from a sense of duty, that they fell like icedrops on the heart of his suffering wife. I heard no reproaches on either side; but a day seldom passed without some occurrence more or less painful to my friend. Once, when little Louisa jumped into her father's arms, as he entered, and eagerly exclaimed, "Do you love me, papa?" he kissed her with much fondness, and replied, "Yes I do, my child." "And mamma too?" inquired the little creature, with a sort of half entreating tone, so graceful in childhood; he put her away from him, and answered coldly "Certainly, my daughter." I saw a slight convulsion in Harriet's face, and in the motion of her hands; but it soon passed. At another time, when we were searching in his private library for the latest number of the Edinburgh, we discovered on a small open desk the engraving of La belle Suisse, and near it a newspaper giving an account of the marriage of that young Baltimorean whom George had thought so strongly resembled the picture. The surprise was so sudden, that Harriet lost the balance of feelings she had hitherto so well preserved. She rushed out of the room—and it was several hours before I was admitted to her bedside.

Fortunately for my sensitive friend, this mental struggle was too fierce to be of long continuance. The closing scene of her life drew near; and to her it seemed welcome as sleep to the weary. Sometimes the movements of reluctant nature were visible in the intense look of love she cast upon her child, and the convulsive energy with which she would clasp the little one to her bosom; but otherwise all was stillness and hope.

One day, when she had been unusually ill, and we all supposed she was about to die, she pressed my hand feebly, and whispered, "Will you ask George to see me once more?" I immediately repaired to the library, and told Mr Macdonough the dying request of his wife. At first, he made a motion toward the door, then, suddenly checking himself, he said, in a determined tone, "I had better not. It will be painful to both. I will wait the event here." I returned to Harriet, but I had not courage to say her request was refused. She listened eagerly to every sound for a while; then looking in my face mournfully, she said, "He will not come!" My tears answered her. She looked upward for a moment, with an expression of extreme agony; but never spoke again.†

† From "the Western Coronal," by Mrs Child.

PRACTICES OF LITERARY MEN.

How different are the times and modes of study practised by literary men in all nations and ages! Demosthenes studied always during the night, utterly secluded, and quaffing at cold water. Demades, his rival in the forum, hardly studied at all, but dissipated away his time amid wine and licentiousness. Æschylus was said to be always drunk when he wrote; whence Sophocles remarked of him, with some of the bitterness of jealousy, that, "if he wrote well, he did so perchance and unwittingly." I should infer from Homer's simple style, that he was a drinker of cold water. Not only Æschylus, but Alcæus and Aristophanes, composed their poetry in a state of excitation from liquor; yet Anacreon, bacchanalian as he was, wrote, it is said, always sober—he only feigned inebriety. Among modern writers I have only heard of Tasso and Schiller who composed in a state of semi-inebriation. Schiller used to study till long after midnight, with deep potations of Rhenish. Tasso was wont to say, that malmsey was that alone which enabled him to *compose good verses.—Mr Tennant of Dollar, MS.*

To this it may be added, that Sir William Blackstone is said to have always had a bottle of good port beside him, from which he occasionally regaled himself, while composing his great work, "Commentaries on the Laws of England." We are inclined, however, to believe that liquor does more harm than good in all intellectual exertions. There may be *some* whom certain drinks have a tendency to exhilarate, and who cannot write unless so excited. But the most common result of all indulgences of this kind is to stupify, not to brighten; and, accordingly, as literary exertion requires all the mind that can be brought to it, it appears to us as only an idea fit for bacchanalian poetry to say that an author, whether of prose or verse, is the more fit for his task that he has previously imbibed a certain quantity of spirituous liquor.

LITHOGRAPHY.

By Samuel Leith, Esq.*

Lithography is the art of printing from stone. It is only of recent invention, and differs very considerably in principle from the art of printing from moveable types, wooden blocks, or copper or other plates. The process consists in writing on a particular kind of stone, and from thence working off, by a press, any number of copies, the writing thus standing in relief on the stone like raised letters. The peculiar value of this ingenious art is in the cheapness and ease with which it accomplishes impressions of pictorial delineations or manuscript. The discovery of the lithographic art was made, upwards of thirty years since, by Senefelder, a native of Germany—a country to which the human race is also indebted for the more noble art of printing from types; but since that period very great improvements have been made upon it in Britain.

The history of the origin of lithography is instructive, and affords to the young an additional instance of the triumph of genius over poverty and its attendant disadvantages. Like every new invention, when first attempted to be brought into notice, it met with all the obstacles which ignorance and prejudice could throw in its way; and it was not till after years of laborious perseverance, accompanied with all the evils attendant on very limited means, that the inventor succeeded in establishing his reputation, and gaining for the new art its due degree of admiration.

Senefelder relates, with the greatest candour, that having become an author, and at the same time being so poor that he could not raise the necessary funds for the printing of his work with a view to publication, he endeavoured to devise some method by which his object might be attained; and, after much anxious consideration, he resolved on attempting to accomplish it with his own hands. With this view, his attention was first directed to several original and curious modes of stereotype, some of which he considerably matured; and had his circumstances at this period been such as to admit of his devoting a sufficient time to the perfecting of this first part of his undertaking, it is questionable whether his talents would have ever been *forced* into that particular line of study, which, in the end, acquired for his name so great a celebrity. The same remark is applicable to some of the other ingenious attempts which preceded his great discovery. For a time, however, plan succeeded plan, each being abandoned in turn, as new and more plausible theories struck his fancy, and in this way did he persevere, for many months, with various degrees of success, but without the necessary results; and he at last relinquished this course of experiments altogether, as presenting too many obstacles to be overcome by an individual in his circumstances.

Disappointed, but not disheartened, in not having been so successful in his operations as he had anticipated, we next find him attempting to realize his hopes by substituting plates of copper and tin for his metal and composition blocks; but this second course of experiments was attended with little better success than the former; for, after much labour, and numerous trials with the etching needle, and by writing on the copper with different chemical inks of his own composition, this medium was found to be liable to all the objections which had deterred him from prosecuting the stereotype plan. Being, however, still of opinion that his object was to be accomplished by *art* alone, and having laid aside his copper plates for a time as too expensive, he began to look around for a substitute which would supply their place for all the purposes of practice, and at a much less cost. He was not long in determining this point; for, being aware that certain kinds of stone had often been used for similar purposes, he converted the slab on which he ground his colours into a plate for exercising in writing, and found it answered his expectations completely. Experiments now followed each other in rapid succession, all tending to encourage him in the prosecution of his design; and when at length these stone plates were rendered fit for undergoing the operations of the printing press, he was greatly pleased to find that numerous impressions might be taken on paper, without materially injuring the original.

We shall now at once advert to the time when circumstances conspired to force upon his attention those properties of the art which, on their first unfolding themselves, so astonished and delighted him. "I had (says he) just succeeded in my little laboratory in polishing a stone plate which I intended to cover with etching ground, in order to continue my exercises in writing backwards, when my mother entered the room, and desired me to write her a bill for the washerwoman, who was waiting for the linen. I happened not to have even the smallest slip of paper at hand, as my little stock of paper had been entirely exhausted by taking proof-impressions from the stones; nor was there even a drop of ink in the inkstand. As the matter would not admit of delay, and we had nobody in the house to send for a supply of the deficient materials, I resolved to write the list with my chemical ink, on the stone which I had just polished, and from which I could copy it at leisure."

When about to remove this writing from the stone some time afterwards, the idea struck him, that, by submitting its surface to the action of aquafortis, such an elevation might be given to the writing as would render it suitable, in the same way as wood-engravings, for receiving printing ink. The experiment exceeded his most sanguine hopes, and he lost no time in following up his success with others, all tending to convince him that he had discovered a new and important art.

Thus it will be seen, that, to a very simple occurrence in itself, Senefelder was indebted for the *hint* on which hinged all his succeeding improvements.

Having now briefly adverted to some of the leading incidents which ultimately led to the discovery of chemical lithography, we shall next proceed to the notice of such particulars concerning the progress of the new art under the fostering care of its author, as may be thought generally interesting.

Let it not be imagined that Senefelder's difficulties ceased with his discovery: the fact is otherwise; for, in addition to the many obstacles which he had to combat from lacking the necessary funds for the prosecution of his labours, others were not wanting of a nature equally serious, and which were to him the source of long and painful anxiety. Among the rest, it was not a little annoying to know that others were beginning to lay claim to the merit of the new discovery. But these, and other particulars connected with this part of our subject, must form matter for a future article.

* We have to express our thanks to Mr Leith for this article upon a subject which he is so well qualified to illustrate. To such of our readers as may not be acquainted with the name and productions of this gentleman, it may be necessary to mention, that he is a lithographic artist, residing at the remote town of Banff, in the north of Scotland, who has produced specimens, in music, in chalk drawing, and other branches of the art, of unparalleled beauty and finish, and which have excited surprise and admiration wherever they have been seen. Mr Leith has lately achieved a signal triumph in the production of several specimens imitating what is called the *line* manner of engraving, a style of much delicacy and difficulty, but which he has, nevertheless, represented on stone with such felicity, that the prints, at a very little distance, could hardly be distinguished from copper engravings.

THE ENGLISH VILLAGE.*

There is something very pleasing in rural sounds and rural objects. The noise of village boys playing at cricket, the cawing of the rooks in a still evening, the distant tread of a horse, the sheep-bells, even the village clock, are all pleasant. I like to see cows going to be milked, and inhale with satisfaction the fresh and fragrant perfume which one perceives as they pass by. Those that have calves are always in advance, and show their impatience to reach their young by an occasional bellow and a short run, and then a sudden stop, to listen whether they can hear the call of their calves. If they do, how eagerly they advance to the gate of the farm-yard, and show the utmost anxiety to have admittance! The clean well-scoured milk-pails and churns are no unsightly objects; and while the process of milking is going on in a well-littered farm-yard, the cows quietly chew the cud, and appear contented and happy. Those, however, which have been recently deprived of their young ones, show a reluctance to give down their milk, and many retain some of it, from a maternal feeling that their offspring may require it.

In the spring, one hears the wild whirl of a number of sparrows as they rapidly pass by, and then settle in some neighbouring bush or hedge, chirping and scolding one another, till some culprit who has been pursued again takes flight, and is again followed with the same clamorous noise. This is succeeded by the song of the thrush on the top of some high elm tree, and late in the evening the nightingale makes himself heard.

> Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
> The livelong night!

On a fine summer's day, we hear the tinkling of pans and shovels, to persuade a hive of bees to settle in some cottage garden, and are pleased even with the whetting of scythes in a neighbouring field. The gabbling of a turkey-cock, the peevish call of a guinea-fowl, and the cry of pigs for their evening food, are far from being unpleasant sounds to those who delight, as I do, in the country.

> The village church among the trees,
> Where first our marriage vows were given,
> With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
> And point with taper spire to heaven.—Rogers.

I like also a village church. The peasant enters in his clean smockfrock, smooths down his hair, says, or appears to say, a word in his hat, which he carefully and deliberately hangs up, and then leans with crossed arms over the door of the pew till the service begins. Both before and after church, he may be seen

* This unsophisticated sketch, from "*Gleanings in Natural History*," is written by Edward Jesse, Esq. deputy-surveyor of his Majesty's parks, and is an excellent picture of an English village, and ought to be read with attention.

standing with his back against the low wall of the churchyard, with perhaps the hand of a favourite child in his, talking over some village news. As the squire or the clergyman pass by, he touches his hat to them with respect and affection; and in the evening he may be seen with his cottage-door open, drinking tea with his wife and children, and then sauntering about with them either in his garden or some village lane.

The good old squire hobbles out of church, leaning on the arm of his daughter, and kindly inquires after the welfare of all about him. He sends food and money to the sick and needy, makes up quarrels as a magistrate, maintains a well-ordered Sunday-school, and promotes the happiness of the villagers by every means in his power. If, on returning from church, he meets a smoking dinner going to a cottage from the village bake-house, he generally slips a shilling into the hand of the bearer, for the purpose, as he says, of washing the dinner down with a little good ale. I must, however, add, that the old gentleman sometimes slyly takes a good-looking potato out of the dish, which he eats with evident satisfaction.

But how shall I describe our curate? His sunny good-humoured face is never seen without delight, by young and old, rich and poor. He joins in the village sports, and is a famous hand at cricket, and even condescends sometimes to play at trap-ball with the boys, who hail his arrival with great glee. He visits and assists all who want relief, and is never wearied in doing good. He always considers it a bad sign if one of his poor parishioners passes him without touching his hat, or seems to avoid meeting him. He then, with great tact and kindness, takes him to task. I have heard him say that he is sure to find that the man has been either foolishly spending his money in the alehouse, or his mind has been tainted by some sophisticated arguments. In either case he mildly endeavours to convince the culprit of the folly of his conduct, and generally succeeds in setting him right.

To all this good feeling, our curate has a mind stored with learning, and with a taste for the fine arts. He moreover dabbles a little in antiquities, and takes great delight in a naturalist's calendar, in which he makes observations equally agreeable and instructive.

Such was our village a few years ago; but, alas! alas! how it has been changed since! The greater part of our poor labourers are now discontented, and, consequently, idle. All the influence of the good curate has not been able to stem the torrent, and he is about to quit the village in despair of doing any farther good. The poor old squire has already left it, after having lowered his rents so much, that he could no longer afford to live with his usual kindness and hospitality. He has therefore abandoned his estates, his tenants, and his labourers, to the care of a mercenary bailiff, and is gone to reside in an overgrown town on the sea-coast, upon the residue of a once ample income.

I consider the aspect of the town as one of the most melancholy features of the present time. It is now resorted to by many under the same circumstances with our squire, by those who ought to have made every sacrifice to stem the torrent of disaffection, who should have given up their horses, their carriages, their hospitalities, sooner than quit their villages and country houses, and sever the tie which connected them with their tenants and labourers. They may hope to return in better times, and to replace things on their former footing; but that tie, once broken, cannot be restored, and it is melancholy to reflect on the consequences.

> O, favour'd land! renown'd for arts and arms,
> For manly talents, and for female charms!

Where shall we find a country like thee! Giving, as you have done, a tone to the morals, the energies, and public faith of all other countries, whom shame alone has forced to endeavour to imitate your bright examples, how dangerous is the position in which you are now placed! Those whose example should influence the morals and conduct of the peasantry are congregating in the metropolis, and destroying their time, and health, and fortune, in folly and dissipation. The peasantry are badly employed and badly paid,* and the appropriation of the poor's rates is generally left to mercenary farmers and interested shopkeepers. While the poor are thus neglected, they become careless of consequences, hardened, and disaffected. They marry, because they find that a married man receives more parish relief than they do, though perhaps the single man is the best workman; and the parish is burthened with the maintenance of their children.

I have lived all my lifetime in the country, and am well acquainted with the character of the English peasantry. Instances of profligacy and ingratitude may no doubt sometimes occur amongst them; but treat them as they ought to be treated, give them employment, and pay them properly for the work they do—

> Let labour have its due! my cot shall be
> From chilling want and guilty murmurs free.
> Let labour have its due! then peace is mine,
> And never, never, shall my heart repine.

And give them that moral and religious instruction and example which they have a right to expect, from those whom Providence has placed in a situation superior to themselves, and I will venture to assert, that a more orderly, grateful, and better-conditioned peasantry, would not be found on the surface of the earth.

I am unwilling to lose this last opportunity of stating my conviction of what is likely to take place, should the poor be abandoned to their own resources, while the rich and powerful are either forgetful of their wants and miseries, or are absenting themselves from the homes of their forefathers, and seeking for pleasures in the metropolis or watering-places. If they do neither of these, they are imbibing foreign habits and manners in foreign lands, and disqualifying themselves for undertaking the duties and enjoyments of an English country life.

Do not, however, let me be misunderstood. In speaking of the neglect experienced by the poor in many places, I am aware that amongst the rich and powerful of the land there are to be found numerous examples of disinterested charity and boundless benevolence. Where time and talents are employed, as they often are, in administering to the wants, and in bettering the condition of the poor, the beneficial results are always to be seen in the well-being, orderly conduct, and gratitude of the peasantry. Disaffection and riots were to be found only in those places where the fostering hand of kindness had been withdrawn.

* There can be no doubt of the poor labourers in this country being inadequately paid. A kind-hearted landlord, a clergyman, lowers his rent or tithes, and the farmer pockets the amount, without rendering a proportionate assistance to his workmen.

GIANTS, DWARFS, AND PIGMIES.

NOTWITHSTANDING the difference of opinion and controversy concerning giants and pigmies, it is sufficiently proved by travellers, whose veracity cannot be doubted, that there is not any country on the earth inhabited either by men who may strictly be called giants, or by pigmies. It is equally certain that in various parts of the earth the natives are taller and better formed than in other parts; but this observation also holds true in every district of our own country. Mr Pennant, to whose zeal and abilities as a naturalist the world is so much indebted, added another obligation in the testimony he has procured respecting the overcharged gigantic stature of the Patagonians. A Father Falkener, a Jesuite missionary in South America, but a native of England, whom Mr Pennant visited for the express purpose of gaining certain information concerning that people, as he had been sent on a mission into their country about 1742, says, the various tribes who roam over the mountains and barrens of Patagonia are all tall people; but, after making every reasonable allowance for the exaggerations of navigators, who made them eight and nine, to eleven and twelve feet high, it does appear that many, if not the most of them, are considerably above the ordinary stature of human beings. Falkener measured a cacique or prince of the Tehuls, and found him to be seven feet eight inches high. Their stature, measured with great accuracy by the Spanish officers of Cordova's expedition in 1785 and 1786, was found to be at the utmost seven feet one inch and a quarter, and the common height from six and a half to seven feet. It is to be remembered, however, as the translator of Cordova's narrative has remarked, that the *vara*, or yard of Burgos, the standard of Spain, contains 33.06132 inches, or two feet nine inches and one sixteenth of English; the tallest Patagonians, therefore, did not exceed six feet six inches and one-third English, and those of the common size were from five feet eleven inches and two-thirds to six feet five inches and one-seventh English. It is also to be remembered that Spaniards are not in general tall men, and that a seaman is seldom so among his countrymen; to them, therefore, the Patagonians might appear giants. "But even this height," says Cordova, "is not so striking as their corpulence, or rather bulkiness, some of them measuring four feet and four feet four inches round the breast; but their feet and hands are not in due proportion to their other parts. They all give evident signs of strength of body. They are all exceedingly muscular, but cannot properly be called fat. The size and tension of their muscles evince their strength; and their figure, on the whole, is not disagreeable, although the head is large even in proportion to the body, the face broad and flattish, the eyes lively, and the teeth extremely white, but too long. Their complexions, like that of other Americans, are pale yellow, or rather verging on a copper colour; they wear their black straight hair tied on the top of the head with a piece of thong or ribbon, brought round their forehead, having the head entirely uncovered. We observed some with beards, but which were neither thick nor long. Their dress adds much to the effect of their size, being composed of a kind of cloak made of the skins of llamas or zorillos, arranged with some skill."

The inhabitants of Patagonia seem to be an exception to all the other races of mankind, for we have no authentic information of any other nation growing to so large a size. Individuals of a gigantic stature have existed in almost all countries, and in all ages of the world; these cases, however, have been comparatively few and isolated. La Pierre, a Danish female, was seven feet in height. John Frederick Duke of Brunswick was eight feet six inches; and one of the King of Prussia's grenadier guards measured the same height. Reishart, a native of Frielberg, near Frankfort, in Germany, was eight feet three inches. There is the skeleton of an Irishman in the museum of the London College which measures eight feet four inches. Gilby, a native of Sweden, who was exhibited as a show, was eight feet in height.

There have been a number of instances of children attaining great preternatural growth at a very early age; among these we may mention one of the most extraordinary instances—a boy of the hamlet of Bouzanquet, in the diocese of Alais, now the department of Gard, in France. Though this child was of a strong constitution, he appeared to be knit and stiff in his joints till he was about four years and a half old. During this time, nothing farther was remarkable in him than an extraordinary appetite, which was satisfied only by giving him plenty of the common food used in the country, consisting of rye-bread, chestnuts, bacon, and water; but soon after this his limbs became supple and pliable, and his body beginning to expand itself, he grew up in so extraordinary a manner, that, at the age of five years, he measured four feet three inches; some months after he was four feet eleven inches; and at six he was five feet high, and bulky in proportion. Such was the rapidity of his growth that we might fancy we saw him grow. Every month his clothes were required to be made longer and wider; and, what was still very extraordinary in his growth, it was not preceded by any sickness, nor accompanied, as usual, with any pain. At the age of five years his voice changed, and at six he had all the appearance of a man of thirty.

Though his sensibility was greater than is commonly observable at the age of five or six years, yet its progress was by no means in proportion to that of his body; his air and manner still remained childish, though, by his thickness and stature, he resembled a complete man, which at first sight produced a singular contrast. His voice was strong and manly, and his great strength rendered him fit for the labours of the country. At the age of five, he could carry to a great distance three measures, weighing eighty-four pounds. When just turned of six years, he could lift up easily on his shoulders and carry loads of 150 pounds weight to a considerable distance; and these exercises were exhibited by him as often as the curious instigated him by any present. Such beginnings made people think that he would soon shoot up into a giant. A mountebank was already soliciting his parents to allow him to be exhibited, flattering them with hopes of putting him in the way of making a great fortune. But all these fond ideas soon vanished; his legs became crooked, his body shrunk, his strength diminished, his voice grew insensibly broken, and he at last sunk into a state of total imbecility.

A similar instance of a girl is recorded in the French Memoirs. This girl, at three years of age, resembled the generality of females of fourteen. When four years old, she was four feet six inches in height, and her limbs straight, and in all respects had the appearance of a well-grown girl of eighteen. These remarkable instances are the more to be wondered at, as taking place in northern climates, where mankind are later of arriving at maturity than in the southern countries.

The existence of a pigmy race has not recently been supported by any testimony worthy of credit, and all the accounts which have been detailed are now believed to be founded either in fable or error; but that dwarfs are and have been common in all countries and times, is so well known as to preclude the necessity of discussing the point.

Dwarfs, as well as men of great stature, formerly constituted a part of the equipage of a court. The dwarf, the fool or jester, and the giant, were marks of distinction attendant on the great. Geoffrey Hudson, who was born at Buckingham, in 1619, was a favourite at the court of James the First. This celebrated dwarf was the son of a labourer, and was born at Oakham, in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1619. At seven years of age he entered into the service of the Duke of Buckingham, being then only eighteen inches high. On the queen being entertained at Burleigh-house, the seat of the duke, little Geoffrey was brought on the table in a cold pie, the crust of which being broken, he was taken out and presented by the duchess to her Majesty, queen of Charles the First, who took him into her service, and afterwards sent him to France to fetch over her midwife. In a masque at court, the king's gigantic porter drew him out of his pocket, as if going to eat him, to the great surprise and diversion of all the spectators. In his passage to France he was taken by a pirate and carried to Dunkirk. His captivity and engagement with a turkey cock in that port were celebrated by Mr William Davenant, in his poem en-

titled Geoffreidos. It is said that after he was thirty years of age, he again commenced growing, and reached the height of three feet nine inches. His diminutive size did not prevent his acting in a military character; for, during the civil war, he was elevated, and served as a captain of cavalry. He followed his fortunes in France, in 1644, where he unluckily engaged in a quarrel with Mr Crofts, who, on a duel being agreed on, came into the field armed only with a syringe. A second meeting was appointed on horseback, in which Geoffrey killed his antagonist at the first shot. For this he was expelled the court, which induced him to go to sea, where he was again taken by a Turkish corsair, carried to Barbary, and sold as a slave. He found means, however, to obtain his release, and on his return was made a captain in the royal navy, and, on the final retreat of Queen Henrietta, attended her to France, and remained there till the Restoration. In 1682, he was committed to the Gate-House on suspicion of his being concerned in the Popish plot, where he ended his life at the age of sixty-three.

In the reign of Charles the First, a dwarf, named Richard Gibson, who was a page of the back-stairs, and a favourite at court, was married to Miss Ann Shepherd, another dwarf. His Majesty honoured this singular wedding with his presence, and gave away the bride; on which occasion Waller the poet composed the following verses:—

> Design or chance makes others wive,
> But nature did this match contrive.
> * * * *
> Thrice happy is that humble pair,
> Beneath the level of all care,
> Over whose head those arrows fly
> Of sad distrust and jealousy;
> Secured in as high esteem
> As if the world had none but them.
> To him the fairest nymphs do show
> Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
> And every man a Polypheme*
> Does to his Galatea† seem:
> Ah, Chloris,‡ that kind nature thus
> From all the world had sever'd us;
> Creating for ourselves us two,
> As love made me for only you.

The bridegroom and bride measured each three feet ten inches. Mr Gibson's genius led him to painting; his performances in water colours were esteemed in his days, but the copies he made of Sir Peter Lely's portraits gained him the greatest reputation. He had the honour to be employed in teaching Queen Anne the art of drawing, and was sent into Holland to instruct her sister, the Princess of Orange. He lived to the advanced age of seventy-five; his wife survived him nearly twenty years, and died in 1709, at the great age of eighty-nine.

A dwarf of the name of Coan was exhibited in most parts of England for some years. He was likewise brought on the stage of one of the London theatres, where he was contrasted with a giant, each of whom sung for the entertainment of the company. He was only three feet high.

In the year 1823, there was exhibited in a caravan a dwarf of the diminutive size of two feet two inches. He was remarkably well proportioned, but of a very delicate constitution. He was so light, that we easily held him on the palm of our hand with outstretched arm.

In the year 1710, Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, celebrated a marriage of dwarfs at St Petersburgh, which was attended with great parade. Although this monarch was possessed of genius of the first order, yet he was far from being refined in his intellectual enjoyments. The scenes in which he took delight were of a vulgar cast, and however they might have amused people in a humble rank, yet they were ill befitting a great prince. Upon a certain day, which was announced by royal proclamation some months previously, he invited the whole body of his courtiers, and all the foreign ambassadors, to be present at the nuptials of a pigmy man and woman. The preparations for this marriage were not only magnificent, but executed in a style of barbarous ridicule. He ordered all the dwarfs, both male and female, who resided within two hundred miles of St Petersburgh, to repair to the capital, and be present at the ceremony. Proper vehicles were supplied for transporting them; but he so contrived it, that one horse was seen dragging a dozen of them into a city at once, while the mob followed, shouting and laughing, from behind. At first, some of these little people were unwilling to appear at a ceremony which they were well aware was calculated to turn them into ridicule, and consequently failed to obey the summons of the emperor. He, however, soon compelled them to bend to his sovereign will, and, as a punishment, enjoined that they should wait upon the rest at dinner. The whole assemblage of dwarfs amounted to seventy, exclusive of the bride and bridegroom, who were richly adorned, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion.

Every article to be used by this diminutive company was in miniature—a low table, small plates, little glasses, and, in short, every thing corresponding to the size of the guests. It afforded the emperor great amusement to watch the gravity and pride manifested by these dwarfs, and the contention of the females for superiority over the men. This point he attempted to adjust, by ordering that the most diminutive should take the lead; but this did not answer the purpose, and bred disputes, for none would then consent to sit foremost. All this, however, being at last settled, dancing followed the dinner, and the ball was opened with a minuet by the bridegroom, who measured exactly three feet two inches high. In the end, matters were so adjusted that this diminutive company, who met together in gloomy pride, and seemed unwilling to be pleased with an entertainment which they attended through compulsion, being at last familiarized to laughter, joined the diversion, and became extremely sprightly and entertaining.

The following interesting history of a dwarf is taken from the *Histoire Naturelle* of Daubenton:—"This dwarf, whose name was Baby, was well known, having spent the greater part of his life at Louisville, in the palace of Stanislaus, the titular king of Poland. He was born near the village of Plaisne, in France, in the year 1741. His father and mother were peasants, both of good constitutions, and inured to a life of husbandry and labour. Baby, when born, weighed about a pound and a quarter. We are not informed of the dimensions of his body at that time; but we may conjecture they were very small, as he was presented on a plate to be baptised, and for a long time lay in a slipper. His mouth being very small, he was obliged to be suckled by a she goat that was in the house, and that served as a nurse, attending to his cries with a kind of maternal solicitude. He began to articulate some words when eighteen months old, and at two years he was able to walk alone. He was then fitted with shoes that were about an inch and a half long. He was attacked with several acute disorders; but the small-pox was the only one which left any marks behind it. Until he was six years old, he ate no other food but pulse, potatoes, and bacon. His father and mother were, from their poverty, incapable of affording him any better nourishment; and his education was little better than his food, being bred up among the rustics of the place. At six years old he was about fifteen inches high, and his whole body weighed but thirteen pounds. Notwithstanding this, he was well-proportioned and handsome; his health was good; but his understanding scarcely passed the bounds of instinct. It was at this time that the king of Poland, having heard of such a curiosity, had him conveyed to Lunenville, gave him the name of *Baby*, and kept him in his palace.

Baby having thus quitted the hard condition of a peasant, to enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of life, seemed to receive no alteration from his new way of living, either in mind or person. He preserved the goodness of his constitution till about the age of sixteen; but his body seemed to increase very slowly during the whole time, and his stupidity was such, that all instructions were lost in improving his understanding. He could never be brought to have any sense of religion, nor even to show the least signs of a reasoning faculty. They attempted to teach him dancing and music, but in vain; he never could make any thing of music; and as for dancing, although he beat time tolerably exact, yet he could never remember the figure, but while his dancing-master stood by to direct his motions. Nevertheless, a mind thus destitute of understanding was not without its passions.

At the age of sixteen, Baby was twenty-nine inches high; at this he rested; but having thus arrived at his acme, the alterations of old age came fast upon him. From being very beautiful, the poor little creature now became quite deformed; his strength entirely forsook him; his back-bone began to bend; his head hung forward; his limbs grew weak; one of his shoulders turned awry; and his nose grew disproportionably large. With his strength his natural spirits also departed; and by the time he was twenty, he was grown feeble and decrepit, and marked with the strongest impressions of old age. It had been before remarked by some, that he would die of old age before he arrived at thirty; and in fact, by the time he was twenty-two, he could scarcely walk a hundred paces, being worn out with the multiplicity of his years, and bent under the burden of a protracted life. In this year he died. A cold, attended with a slight fever, threw him into a kind of lethargy, which had a few momentary intervals; but he could scarcely be brought to speak. However, it is asserted, that in the five last years of his life he showed a clearer understanding than in his times of best health; but at last he died, after enduring great agonies, in the twenty-second year of his age."

A learned physician presented, in 1809, a paper to the Royal Society, describing the preserved body of a pigmy which he had examined in the West Indies, the property of a Frenchman, who pretended that he brought the man living from Madagascar, where a whole nation existed of men and women varying from thirty-two to forty inches high. Their manners and customs were also described; but the whole depended on the veracity of the Frenchman, who appeared in a questionable character. In short, since the above period no trace whatever has been discovered of this wonderful race of people.

* Polyphemus, the son of Neptune, a huge and cruel monster, with only one eye in the middle of his forehead, which Ulysses destroyed with a firebrand.

† Galatea, the daughter of Nereus and Doris, passionately loved by Polyphemus.

‡ The poet's mistress.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MUNGO PARK.

Second Article.

For some time after his marriage, and before he set out on his expedition, Mr Park appears to have been quite undecided as to his future prospects in life; and perhaps the comparative independence of his circumstances, from the profits of his publication, and the remuneration he obtained from the African Association, rendered him somewhat indifferent to any immediate permanent settlement. But it was likewise strongly suspected by his intimate friends, that he entertained hopes of being soon called upon to undertake another mission to the Niger, although he kept perfectly silent on the subject. Amongst those who suspected him of this design was his friend Mr Walter Scott, who states that he drew this inference from the following seemingly trifling incident:—Happening to call one day on his friend, at Fowlshiels, he was told that he had walked out, and Mr Scott accordingly proceeded on foot up the banks of the Yarrow, Park's native stream, in hopes of meeting with him. The channel of the river is here very rocky and uneven, occasioning many deep pools and eddies in its course; and, in rounding a corner of the bank, Mr Scott suddenly came upon him, standing on the brink of one of these pools, engaged in throwing large stones into it, and earnestly watching the bubbles that rose to the surface of the water. After observing him for some time, Mr Scott joined him, and asked the reason of his pursuing this singular amusement; upon which Park replied, that this was the plan he adopted for determining the depth of the rivers in Africa—judging of their shallowness or profundity by the time which the bubbles took to ascend, after the immersion of the stone. "From this moment," says the narrator, "I had no doubt of his having a second exploratory expedition in contemplation." As time, however, continued to elapse, without any such proposition from the expected quarter being made, Mr Park perceived the imprudence of any longer remaining in idleness, and, in 1801, removed to Peebles, where he commenced practice as a surgeon. But it would appear he was not very successful in this speculation; and this fact, together with the natural restlessness of his disposition, seems to have rendered his situation peculiarly irksome to him. In answer to a friend, who suspected his design of again proceeding abroad, and earnestly remonstrated with him against it, he writes, "that a few inglorious winters of practice at Peebles was a risk as great, and would tend as effectually to shorten life, as the journey he was about to undertake." In the meantime, his *ennui*, or impatience, was much relieved by the enjoyment of the best society in the neighbourhood, and by being honoured with the friendship of many of the most distinguished literary characters in Scotland at that time. Amongst these were the venerable Dr Adam Fergusson, then resident at Hallyards, near Peebles; Colonel Murray of Cringletie, father of the present Lord Cringletie; and Professor Dugald Stewart. As before mentioned, too, a strong intimacy sprung up between our traveller and the celebrated Author of Waverley, then but little known in the literary world, and who resided with his family at Ashiestiel, on the banks of the Tweed. This friendship commenced in 1804, after Mr Park had removed from Peebles to Fowlshiels, and was, as suspected, actually preparing for his second expedition to Africa, of which he had then privately got intimation. It is pleasing to know the cordiality and affectionate familiarity which subsisted between these celebrated men, and also that it arose from a marked congeniality in their tastes and habits.* Park was an enthusiastic lover of poetry, especially the minstrelsy with which his native district was rife; and although he made no pretensions to the laurel crown himself, he occasionally gave expression to his feelings and thoughts in verse, even from his earliest years. It was little wonder, then, that he should own a particular predilection for the society of one whose heart and memory was so richly stored with the ancient ballad lore of his country, although his reserve towards strangers in general, which was carried even to a repulsive degree, was notorious. In particular, Sir Walter has noticed the strong aversion of his friend to being questioned in a promiscuous company on the subject of his adventures, of which grievance, as may be imagined, he had frequent cause to complain. Their last parting has been described by the former in strong and affecting terms. Mr Park paid him a farewell visit at Ashiestiel, where he remained during the night; and, next morning, Sir Walter *convoyed* him (according to the vernacular phrase) part of the way back to Fowlshiels, over the wild chain of pastoral hills that divide the Tweed from the Yarrow. Park talked much of his intended expedition, and stated his determination of going straight to Edinburgh, to avoid the pain of a formal parting from his wife and family. The two friends were then on the top of William-hope ridge, and the autumnal mist, which floated slowly and heavily down the valley,

* It chanced that they were born within a month of each other.

presented to the poet's imagination a striking emblem of the troubled and uncertain prospect of his friend's undertaking. As it was contemplated that Park should be accompanied, in his expedition through the interior of Africa, by a small military force, Scott strongly remonstrated against this plan, as impolitic and dangerous—inefficient to protect him from attack, yet large enough to excite ill-will and suspicion. Mr Park combated these objections, by describing the divided and disorganised condition of the numerous petty kingdoms of Africa, which rendered a combined movement against him unlikely; as also the custom of travellers and caravans of all nations being allowed to travel through their territories on paying a small duty. This interesting conversation occupied the friends till they came to a point of the moor where they had previously agreed to separate, and where a small ditch divided the moor from the road. In going over this ditch, Mr Park's horse stumbled, and nearly fell. "I am afraid, Mungo," said Scott, "that is a bad omen;" to which Park replied, smiling, "*Freits* (*i. e.* omens) follow them that freits follow;" and with this proverbial expression, implying that a superstitious anticipation is apt to bring on its own catastrophe, he put spurs to his horse, as if afraid of a formal leave-taking, and was speedily out of sight.

The new mission to Africa, which was now sanctioned and promoted by government, had been projected so far back as 1801; but owing to changes in the ministry, and other causes of delay, the preparations for it were not completed till 1805. Mr Park parted from his family in the way he had fixed on, and proceeded to London with his brother-in-law Mr James Anderson, who, as well as Mr Scott, an artist, had resolved to accompany him in his expedition. On this occasion, Mr Park received the brevet commission of captain in Africa, and a similar commission of lieutenant to his relative Mr Anderson. Mr Scott also was employed by government to accompany the expedition as draughtsman. Mr Park was, at the same time, empowered to enlist soldiers from the garrison of the island of Goree, to the number of forty-five, to accompany him in his journey; and the sum of L.5000 was placed at his disposal, together with directions as to his route, &c. The expedition sailed from Portsmouth on the 30th January 1806, and arrived at Pisania on the 28th of April, where preparations were immediately made for the inland journey. The party consisted of forty men, two lieutenants, a draughtsman (Mr Scott), and Park himself; they had horses for themselves, and asses for carrying the provisions and merchandise. Mr Park wrote to several friends at home, previous to setting out, in the highest spirits, and seemingly perfectly confident of success. In his letter to Mr Dickson, he says, "this day six weeks, I expect to drink all your healths in the Niger;" and again, "I have little doubt but that I shall be able, with presents and fair words, to pass through the country to the Niger; and if once we are fairly afloat, *the day is won*." Alas! how sadly these sanguine expressions contrast with the melancholy issue of the expedition. Park's chance of reaching the Niger in safety depended mainly upon his doing so previous to the commencement of the rainy season, which is always most fatal to Europeans; but scarcely had they got half way when the rain set in, and the effect on the health of the men was as speedy as disastrous. They were seized with vomiting, sickness, dysentery, and delirium; some died on the road, others were drowned in the rivers, and several were left in the precarious charge of the natives in the villages. Some, still more unfortunate, were lost in the woods, where they would inevitably be devoured by wild beasts; while the native banditti, who imagined the caravan to contain immense wealth, hung upon their march, and plundered them at every opportunity. In crossing the Wondu, they nearly lost their guide Isaaco, by a large crocodile, which pulled him below the water several times, but from which he at last got free, much lacerated. At another time they were encountered by three large lions, but which took to flight at the sound of Mr Park's musket. At last the miserable remnant of the party—only nine out of forty-four, and these nine all sick, and some in a state of mental derangement—reached Bambakoo, on the Niger. Here Mr Scott was left behind on account of sickness, where he shortly died; while the rest proceeded to Sego, the capital of Bambarra, which they reached on the 19th of September. Mansong was still king, and was so highly gratified with the presents brought to him, that he gave them permission to build a boat, and promised to protect them as far as lay in his power. Mr Park forthwith opened a shop for the sale of his European goods, which immediately obtained such demand, that his shop was crowded with customers from morning till night, and one day he turned over no less than 25,756 cowries. Here, however, he lost his brother-in-law Mr Anderson, a circumstance which afflicted him greatly, and made him feel, as he himself expressed it, "as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa." But not all the sufferings he had undergone, the loss of his companions, or the dismal condition of the remainder, and the perilousness of his situation—nothing could damp the native ardour of his mind. Having got a sort of schooner constructed and rigged out, he prepared for setting out on his formidable journey, previous to which, however, he took care to bring his journal up to the latest hour, and wrote several letters to his friends and relatives in Britain. These were entrusted to his faithful guide Isaaco, to carry back to the Gambia, whence they were transmitted to England. His letter to Mrs Park, excepting that part of it which mentions the death of her brother and Mr Scott, was written in a cheering and hopeful strain; speaks with confidence of his reaching the ocean in safety, and of the probability of his being in England before the letter itself! His companions were now reduced to four, viz., Lieutenant Martyn and three soldiers, one of whom was deranged in his mind; and with this miserable remnant, and a guide named Amadi Fatouma, he set sail, as near as could be ascertained, on the 19th of November 1806. The progress of the unfortunate travellers after this period, and their ultimate fate, so long a mystery, must now be familiar to all our readers, although there are many circumstances attending the unhappy closing scene which are yet shrouded in doubt and uncertainty.

Vague rumours of the death of Park and his companions were brought by some of the natives to the British settlements on the coast, even so early as the end of 1806; but no information could be got for several years of a nature to be at all relied on, during which time the suspense of his friends and of the public at large, but more particularly of his afflicted family, was of the most painful nature. At length, in 1810, Colonel Maxwell, governor of Senegal, dispatched Isaaco, Park's former guide, into the interior, in order to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the reports which prevailed. After an absence of a year and eight months, this individual returned, and the main facts of the narrative, which he gave as the result of his labours, are not only but too probable in themselves, but seem to have been thoroughly confirmed by the investigations of subsequent travellers. Isaaco stated, that he had fallen in with Mr Park's guide, Amadi Fatouma, at Medina, near Sansanding, who, on seeing Isaaco, and hearing the name of Park, began to weep, saying, "they are all dead;" and was with great difficulty induced to detail the melancholy circumstances of the catastrophe. The account which he gave is too long to be introduced entire here, but the substance of it was as follows:—After leaving Sansanding, Mr Park navigated his way down the Niger, as far as Boosa, in the kingdom of Yaour, which was more than two-thirds of the distance towards the ocean, or Gulf of Guinea, and where the river is termed by the natives *Quorra*. They had frequent skirmishes with the natives, particularly in passing Tombuctoo, where several of the natives were killed. On reaching Yaour, Mr Park sent Amadi Fatouma ashore with various presents, some of which were to the chief or governor of the place, but the most valuable portion for the king, to whom the chief was requested to send them. A short while after, the latter sent to inquire if Mr Park intended to come back; and on being answered that he could return no more, the treacherous chief appropriated the presents intended for the king to his own use. This piece of knavery proved fatal to the unfortunate travellers. The king, indignant at the supposed slight cast on him, assembled a large army at the above-mentioned village of Boussa, where a large high rock stretches across the whole breadth of the river, the only passage for the river being through an opening in the rock in the form of a door. The army posted themselves on the top of the rock, and, on Mr Park's attempting to pass, assailed him with lances, pikes, arrows, stones, and missiles of every description. The beleaguered travellers defended themselves for a long time, until all were either killed or severely wounded; when, seeing the uselessness of further resistance, Mr Park, Lieutenant Martyn, and one or two more, jumped out of the boat, and were drowned in attempting to get ashore. Only one slave was left alive. Such was the narrative of Amadi Fatouma, who had left Mr Park at Yaour, where his engagement with him terminated, and where he was for many months afterwards confined in irons on suspicion of having purloined the presents intended for the king, which had been made away with by the treacherous chief. Amadi had obtained the accounts of the fatal scene from those who had taken a part in it. The natives afterwards endeavoured to account for the disappearance of Park, to the inquiries of subsequent travellers, by saying that his vessel had foundered against the rock, and that he and his companions were drowned by accident. But there is now not the shadow of a doubt that the above narrative of Amadi is substantially true.

So perished Mungo Park, in the thirty-fifth year of his age—a man whose natural enthusiasm, scientific acquirements, undaunted intrepidity, patience of suffering, and inflexible perseverance, in short, every quality requisite for a traveller in the path he adopted, have never been surpassed, and who, had he survived, would no doubt have reaped those laurels which more fortunate successors in the same career have won. To these qualities in his public character, it is pleasing to be able to add those of amiable simplicity of manners, constancy of affection, and sterling integrity in private life.

Mr Park's papers were, with the exception of a few scraps,* unfortunately all lost with him, and this is much to be regretted, as, notwithstanding the late important discoveries of the Landers, who have traced the course of the Quorra or Niger from Boussa, where Park fell, down to the Gulf of Guinea, they were unable to explore a great part of that immense portion of it which flows between Boussa and Tombuctoo, and which Park must of necessity have navigated. Their united labours have, however, solved the grand problem which has engaged the attention of all civilized nations from the earliest ages to which history leads us back; and there seems little cause for doubt, that, in a short time, the still broken links in the great chain of communication with the centre of Africa will be united. What prospects to commerce, science, and, above all, to the cause of Christianity, does not the attainment of this object open up!

* These were, an old nautical publication (of which the title-page was amissing, and its contents chiefly tables of logarithms), with a few loose memoranda of no importance between the leaves. One of these papers, however, was curious enough, from the situation and circumstances in which it was found. It was a card of invitation to dinner, and was in the following terms:—

"Mr and Mrs Watson would be happy to have the pleasure of Mr Park's company at dinner on Tuesday next, at half past five o'clock. An answer is requested.

"Strand, 9th Nov. 1804."

These were the only written documents belonging to Park which the Messrs Landers, after the most anxious inquiries and investigations, were able to discover. They succeeded, however, in recovering his double-barrelled gun, and the tobe, or short cloak, which he wore when he was drowned.

THE MODERN JEWS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

The Jewish nation, as well as the Jewish books, may be considered, both in their nature and in their history, as perfectly unique, presenting a wonderful phenomenon in the annals of the human race. Their origin in a single family—their residence in Egypt, and going forth from thence—their wandering forty years in the wilderness—their wars in Canaan, and settlement there—as well as their miseries at different times—are all circumstances worthy of admiration, and such as are recorded of no other nation under heaven. Nor is the history of the modern Jews much less surprising than that of their ancestors. Their rejection of the Messiah—the destruction of their chief city and temple by the Romans—and their subsequent dispersion among different nations—together with the dreadful persecutions and calamities which have there befallen them at different times—form a very important and interesting chapter. This branch of history we do not mean to enter fully upon at present, but shall merely bring forward a few observations regarding the customs, opinions, and religious observances of the Jews in their present state.

"The famous Benjamin of Tudel," says the author of the Philosophy of History, "a very learned Rabbin, who travelled in Europe and Asia in the twelfth century, computed that there were 380,000 Jews of the ancient tribes assembled under one sovereign. The Jews never had any country to themselves since the time of Vespasian, except some hamlets of Arabia Felix towards the Red Sea. Mahomet was at first obliged to keep terms with them; but he at length destroyed the little dominion which they had established in the north of Mecca. It is from the time of Mahomet that they have ceased to compose a body of people."

The fertility of Palestine in ancient times, as well as the crowded population which it is said to have supported when possessed by the Jewish people, are circumstances which have caused a good deal of wonder to travellers who have visited those regions in modern times. The country was called Palestine, from the Philistines, who inhabited a great part of it. It got also the name of the Land of Promise, from its having been long promised to the children of Abraham before they obtained actual possession of it. The name of Judea is derived from the tribe of Judah, who inhabited the most pleasant and fertile portion, and because the royal authority was placed in that tribe. It was also denominated the Holy Land, because it was selected by Jehovah for a habitation to his favoured people—for a place where to record his name, and establish his church.

The veneration of the Jews for this celebrated region led them to consider it as the centre of the globe, and situated in the heart of all nations. They call it, in Hebrew, the centre of the world, and the beauty of all lands. A ridge of high hills separated it from Edom, or Idumea, upon the south. The river Jordan, the lake Asphaltites, or sea of Sodom, and the sea of Tiberias, formed the eastern boundary. Upon the north, it was separated from Phœnicia by the mountain Anti-Libanus; and the western coast was washed by the gentle waves of the Mediterranean. It extended about two hundred miles in length, and eighty in breadth.

Moses describes this inheritance of Abraham's sons as "a land that flowed with milk and honey; as a

country of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of vallies and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive and honey; a land where there is no lack of any thing; whose rocks are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." The modern traveller, who has formed his conceptions of the Holy Land from such a description, is quite disappointed on entering this celebrated country. He beholds the general surface irregular and rugged, presenting to his view, in some places, naked rocks and steep precipices, intersected every where by ridges of mountains, abounding in woods and marked with deserts. From its general appearance and contracted limits, he is apt to question the accuracy of the account of its ancient fertility and population. It will readily be granted that the appearance of this country since the destruction of Jerusalem—the extirpation of the Jews—the devastations of the Turks—and the continual depredations of the Arabs—bears no resemblance to its ancient splendour. But, on the same principles, we would reject the accounts of ancient history concerning the prosperity and splendour of Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Tyre, Greece, Carthage, Syracuse, and the islands of Asia Minor, all of which are situated in the same part of the world, and have experienced a similar declension.

The celebrated traveller Maundrell, speaking on this subject, remarks as follows:—"It is obvious for any one to observe that these rocks and hills (of Palestine) must have been anciently covered with earth, and cultivated, and made to contribute to the maintenance of the inhabitants no less than if the country had been all plain. Nay, perhaps much more; forasmuch as such a mountainous and uneven surface affords a larger space of ground for cultivation than this country would amount to if it were all reduced to a perfect level. For the husbanding of these mountains, their manner was to gather up the stones, and place them in several lines along the sides of the hills, in form of a wall. By such borders they supported the mould from tumbling or being washed down, and formed many beds of excellent soil, rising gradually one above another, from the bottom to the top of the mountains. Of this form of culture you see evident vestiges wherever you go in all the mountains of *Palestine*. Thus the very rocks were made fruitful. And, perhaps, there is no spot of ground in this whole land that was not formerly improved, to the production of something or other ministering to the sustenance of human life."*

In different parts of the mountains of Palestine, a very different temperature prevails. Hence the expression of the Arabian poets, that "the mountain Sennir bears winter on his head, spring upon his shoulders, and autumn in his bosom, while summer lies sleeping at his feet."

In addition to what has been remarked by Maundrell, and other modern travellers, it ought to be remembered that the history of mankind affords numerous instances in which natural obstacles have been removed, and an enlightened and vigorous policy, seconded by fortunate circumstances and national industry, have diffused fertility among barren wilds, and crowded the desert with population. Besides, the soil of Palestine was naturally fertile, required little or no manure, and could be cultivated by means of a small plough and a single yoke of oxen; each inhabitant was lord of his own little possession, endeared to him as the family inheritance—which circumstances all united to stimulate his industry, and contributed to augment the riches of nature, as well as to multiply the enjoyments of man.

The want of good government, and the consequent depression of industry, must, therefore, be looked upon as the chief, if not the only causes of the deplorable state of Palestine in modern times. "A very affecting idea of the state of society in this country," says Mr Cook, who travelled there in 1824, "may be formed from the fact, that the husbandmen and others carry fire-arms with them wherever they go. Our muleteer had a musket, and the Greek pedlar a cutlass and pistols. Every man you meet would serve a painter as the model for an assassin."—"The town of Acre," says the same traveller, "has a beautiful appearance when seen from a short distance. The palm-trees, which are more numerous here than in either of the towns I had hitherto seen, give it quite an oriental appearance. One of the mosques has a lofty minaret. There is a Turkish burial-ground on the side of the road, near the town. Flowers were planted on most of the graves. I was detained at Acre, waiting for my letter of protection, till eight o'clock. We continued our road over the sands about three hours, when we crossed some hills, which may be considered as a part of Mount Carmel, and entered upon a country which, though wild and uncultivated, is possessed of great richness and beauty. We passed considerable encampment of herdsmen, with very large flocks of sheep and herds of kine.

"In the impression produced on me by the great beauty of the country through which we were travelling, I could not help saying to the Jew, 'What a beautiful country God has reserved for your nation.' 'Yes,' said he, 'when we shall become good enough to merit it.'"

The population of Palestine in ancient times corresponded to its fertility. In the days of David, when he commanded Joab to number the people, there were of the Israelites 800,000 fighting men, and of the single tribe of Judah 500,000: and, upon the supposition that this was a third part of the inhabitants, their number would amount to nearly four millions, or 550 inhabitants to a square mile, as Major Rennel has computed the extent of Palestine to be 7250 square miles. The population seems to have reached its maximum during the peaceful and prosperous days of Solomon, when it is said, "Judah and Israel *were* many, as the sand which is by the sea, in multitude, eating and drinking, and making merry. And Judah and Israel dwelt safely, every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Solomon."* Now, if they amounted to four millions in the time of David, as is calculated, we shall certainly be justified in estimating them at *five millions* during their maximum, in the days of Solomon; and this is nearly the number of the Jews in the world at present, according to the most accurate estimate that can be made. This circumstance wonderfully illustrates what is said by the Prophet Amos, in regard to the dispersion of this people over the world—"Behold, the eyes of the Lord Jehovah *are* upon the sinful kingdom, and I will destroy it from off the face of the land; saving that I will not utterly destroy the house of Jacob, saith Jehovah. For lo, I will command, and I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth."†

There is a particular circumstance in the history of the Jews, and very worthy of notice, viz. their great proneness to idolatry before the Babylonish captivity, and their entire abandoning of it ever after that time. The true reason why the Jews were so prone to idolatry before the Babylonish captivity, and so cautious, nay, superstitiously fixed against it ever after, according to Prideaux, appears plainly to be this, that they had the law and the prophets read to them every week, in their synagogues, after the captivity, which they had not before: for they had no synagogues till after that period. That this was the case, Prideaux considers as certain, from the circumstance of there being but few copies of the law extant in Judea before the time of the captivity, which could not have happened if synagogues had then existed. "And it is most probable," says he, "that Ezra's reading to them the law, and the necessity which thereon they perceived there was of having it oftener read among them, for their instruction in it, gave them the occasion of erecting synagogues after the captivity."‡ Some are of opinion, however, that it must have been during the captivity that the Jews, having no temple, began to build these *places of assembly*, for that is what the Greek word *synagogue* signifies, for prayer and instruction in the law.

The *synagogues*, therefore, are sacred places, set apart for prayer and instruction. With relation to the former of these purposes, they were sometimes called *oratories*: and the Greek word by which these are designated in the New Testament, signifies both *prayer* and the *place of prayer*. The synagogues have no certain form; but they have each of them an altar, or rather table, upon which the Book of the Law is spread. At the east side there is a cupboard or chest, called *Aron*, i. e. *the ark*, in which the holy book, or Roll of the Law, called the *Torah*, is kept; and there are generally a great many lamps hung to the ceiling. The seats of the synagogues are so placed that the people always sit with their faces towards the elders, and the place where the law is kept; and the elders sit with their backs to this chest or ark, and their faces to the people. These places are *the chief seats in the synagogues*, which the Pharisees sought after, and for which our Lord condemns them. The women are separated from the men, in a chamber, which joining to the synagogue, they can from thence hear and see what is done.

There were several of these *places of assembly* in every city of the Holy Land, and they reckoned up to the number of 480 of them in Jerusalem; which number was necessary for that prodigious multitude of Jews, who were obliged to come thither three times a-year, to worship God in the Temple. Of these synagogues, some were peculiar to the Jews of every country, and of every condition. Thus we find mention is made, in the Acts of the Apostles, of the synagogue of the *Freedmen* and of the *Alexandrians*.§

* Maundrell's Travels, p. 65.

* 1st Kings iv. 20, 25. † Amos ix. 8, 9.
‡ Prideaux's Connection of the Old and New Testament, vol. ii. p. 124.
§ Acts vii. 9.

CURIOUS EXAMINATION OF A SCOTCH WITNESS BEFORE A JURY.

The following examination, which took place in a question tried in 1817, in the Jury Court, between the Trustees on the Kinghorn Passage and the town of Kirkaldy, affords a striking proof of that *caution* which is held to be a prominent feature in the character of a Scotchman.

The witness was called on the part of the trustees, and apparently full of their interest. The counsel having heard that the man had got a present of a coat from the clerk to the trustees before coming to attend the trial, thought proper to interrogate him on that point; as, by proving this, it would have the effect of completely setting aside his testimony. The examination is as follows:—

Q. Pray, where did you get that coat?—The witness (looking obliquely down on the sleeve of his coat, and from thence to the counsel), with a mixture of effrontery and confusion, exclaimed—A. Coat, coat, Sir! Whare gat I that coat?

Q. I wish to know where you got that coat?—A. May be ye ken whare I got it.

Q. No; but we wish to know from whom you got it?—A. Did ye gi'e me that coat?

Q. Tell the jury where you got that coat?—A. What's your business wi' that?

Q. It is material that you tell the court where you got the coat?—A. 'Am no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. Do you not recollect whether you bought that coat, or whether it was given to you?—A. I canna recollect every thing about ma coats—whan I get them, or whare I get them.

Q. You said you remembered perfectly well about the boats 42 years ago, and the people that lived at Kirkaldy then, and John More's boat; and can you not recollect where you got that coat you have on at present?—A. 'Am no gaun to say ony thing about coats.

Q. Did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?—A. How do you ken ony thing about that?

Q. I ask you, did Mr Douglas, clerk to the trustees, give you that coat?—A. 'Am no bound to answer that question, but merely to tell the truth.

Q. So you wont tell where you got that coat?—A. I didna get the coat to do ony thing wrang for't; I didna engage to say ony thing that was na true.

The Lord Chief Commissioner, when the witness was going out of the box, called him back, and observed, "the court wish to know from you something farther about this coat. It is not believed or suspected that you got it improperly or dishonestly, or that there is any reason for your concealing it. You may have been disinclined to speak about it, thinking that there was something of insult or reproach in the question put from the bar. You must be sensible that the bench can have no such intention; and it is for your credit, and the sake of your testimony, to disclose fairly where you got it. There may be discredit in concealing, but none in telling where you got it."

Q. Where did you get the coat?—A. 'Am no obliged to tell about ma coat.

Q. True, you are not obliged to tell where you got it, but it is for your own credit to tell.—A. I didna come here to tell about coats, but to tell about boats and pinnaces.

Q. If you do not tell, I must throw aside your evidence altogether.—A. 'Am no gaun to say ony thing about ma coat;—'am no obliged to say ony thing about it.

Witness went away, and was called back by Lord Gillies.

Q. How long have you had that coat?—A. I dinna ken how lang I hae had ma coat. I hae plenty o' coats. I dinna mind about this coat or that coat.

Q. Do you remember any thing near the time: have you had it a year, a month, or a week? Have you had it a week?—A. Hoot, ay, I dare say I may.

Q. Have you had it a month?—A. I dinna ken; I cam' here to speak about boats, and no about coats.

Q. Did you buy the coat?—A. I dinna mind what coat I bought, or what coat I got.

The consequence was, that their lordships were forced to reject the evidence of this witness.—*Scots Magazine*, 1817.

BEER.

Beer was first brewed in England about the year 1492; in Scotland it had been known ten years earlier. By a statute of James the First, one full quart of the best beer or ale was to be sold for one penny, and two quarts of small beer (better than some ale now-a-days) for a penny.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

[The Editors of the Journal beg to direct particular attention this week to their Popular Information on Science. The article under that head is of an uncommonly interesting nature, and is intended to be followed up in the ensuing number.]

The present number of the Journal completes a quarter, for which payment was generally received from subscribers in town the Publishers respectfully notify, that, in the course of the ensuing week, receipts for the next quarterly payment will be sent to the houses of the subscribers, and that it would be conferring a particular favour, and save much trouble, if payment were made when called for. It would, perhaps, be most convenient for both parties, in order to prevent the possible necessity of a second application, that the subscribers (if they wish to continue the Journal) should leave the small sum required with their servants.

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THE WATCHMAKER.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

David Dryburgh was the head watchmaker in the old burgh of Caverton, and a very good watchmaker he was; at least I never knew one who could better make a charge, and draw out a neat and specious bill. Every watch that went to him to clean required a new mainspring at least, and often new jewels for pivots to the fly-wheel, or a new chain or hairspring; or, if the owner had a very simple look, his watch needed all these together.

But experience teacheth fools wisdom. David, for all his good workmanship and handsome charges, never had one sixpence to polish another; so, after due consideration, he said to himself one day, "This will never do! I must have a wife! There is no respectability to be obtained in this world without a wife! No riches, no comfort, without a wife! I'll have one, if there is one to be had in this town for love or money. Money! God bless the mark! I'll not have a lady. No, no; I'll not have a lady; I never could find out what these creatures called ladies were made for. It could not be for mothers of families, for not one of them can nurse a child; and it is a queer thing if our Maker made so many handsome elegant creatures just to strum upon a piano, eat fine meat, an' wear braw claes. No, no! Before I married a lady, I would rather marry a tinkler. I'll marry Peg Ketchen. She can put a hand to every thing; and if any body can lay by something for a sore foot or a rainy day, I think Peg's that woman. I'll ask Peg. If she refuse, I have no less than I have."

David went that very evening, and opened his mind to Peg Ketchen. "Peg, I have taken it into my head to have a wife to keep me decent, sober, and respectable, and I'm going to make you the first offer."

"Thank you, sir; I'm singularly obliged to you. Only you may save yourself the trouble of making such an offer to me; for of all characters, a confirmed drunkard is the one that I dread most. You are a Sabbath-breaker; I know that. You are a profane swearer; I know that also. From these I think I could wean you; but a habitual drunkard it is out of the power of woman or man to reclaim. Oh, I would not be buckled to such a man for the world! As lang as Will Dunlop, or Jamie Inglis, or John Cheap, needed a dram, your last penny would go for it."

"It is ower true you say, Peg, my bonny woman. But ye ken I can work weel, an' charge fully as weel; an' gin ye were to take the management o' the *proceeds*, as the writers ca't, I think things wad do better. Therefore, take a walk into the country with me on Sunday."

"Did ever ony leevin' hear the like o' that! preserve us a' to do weel an' right; the man's a heathen, an', I declare, just rinnin' to the deil wi' his een open. Wad ye hae me to profane the Sabbath-day, gaun rakin' athwart the country wi' a chap like you? Heigh-wow! I wad be come to a low mete then! What wad the auld wives be sayin' to the lads an' I were to do that? I can tell you what they wad be sayin', 'What think ye o' your bonny Peg Ketchen now? When she should hae been at the kirk, like a decent lass, serving her Maker, she has been awa' flirtin' the hale Sunday wi' a drunken profligate, wha bilkit his auld uncle, an' sang himsel' hame frae London wi' a tied-up leg, like a broken sailor.' Ha, ha, Davie! I ken ye, lad."

"Now, you are rather too hard on me, Peg; I am proffering you the greatest honour I have in my power to bestow."

"The greatest *dishonour*, you mean."

"You know I am as good a tradesman as is in Scotland."

"The mair's the pity! And wha's the best drinker i' Scotland? For it will lie atween you an' John Henderson and Will Dunlop; for, as for Tam Stalker, he's no ance to be compared wi' you."

"But, Peg, my woman—my dear, bonny woman—hear me speak, will you?"

"No, no, David, I winna hear ye speak; sae dinna try to lead me into a scrape, for I tell you again, as I tauld ye already, that of a' characters i' the warld a confirmed drunkard is the most dangerous that a virtuous young woman can be connectit wi'. Depend on it, the heat o' your throat will soon burn the claes aff your back; an' how soon wad it burn them off mine too!—for, ye ken, a woman's claes are muckle easier brunt than a man's. Sae, gang your ways to the changehouse, an' tak a dram wi' Will Dunlop; ye'll be a great deal the better o't. An', hear ye, dinna come ony mair to deave me wi' your love, and your offers o' marriage; for, there's my hand, I sall never court or marry wi' you. I hae mair respect for mysel' than that comes to."

Was not Peg a sensible girl? I think she was. I still think she must naturally have been a shrewd girl; but no living can calculate what a woman will do when a man comes in the question. There is a feeling of dependence and subordination about their guileless hearts, in reference to the other sex, that can be wound up to any thing, either evil or good. Peg was obliged to marry David, after all her virtuous resolutions. The very night of the wedding he got drunk; and poor Peg, seeing what she had brought herself to, looked in his face with the most pitiful expression, while his drunken cronies made game of him, and were endless in their jests on "Benedict the married man." Peg saw the scrape she had brought herself into, but retreat was impracticable: so she resolved to submit to her fate with patience and resignation, and to make the most of a bad bargain that she could.

And a bad bargain she has had of it, poor woman, apparently having lost all heart several years ago, and submitted, along with three children, to pine out life in want and wretchedness. The wedding booze increased David's thirst so materially, that it did not subside, night or day, for nearly a fortnight, until a kind remonstrance, mixed with many tears, from his young wife, made him resolve to turn over a new leaf. So away David went into the country, and cleaned all the people's clocks early in the morning before the owners rose, for fear of making confusion or disturbance in the house afterwards:—David was very attentive and obliging that way. Of course the clocks got nothing more than a little oil on the principal wheels; but the charge was always fair and reasonable, seldom exceeding five shillings. Then all the bells in each house required new cranks and new wires. They needed neither, but only a little oil and scrubbing up; but these were a source of considerable emolument. Then he gathered in all the watches of the country which were not going well, cleaned them all, and put in a great many nominal mainsprings, and really would have made a great deal of money, had it not been for the petty changehouses, not one of which he could go by; and when he met with a drouthy crony like Captain Palmer, neither of them would rise while they had a sixpence between them.

But the parish minister of the old burgh of Cavernot, though accounted a very parsimonious gentleman himself, had a sincere regard for the welfare of his flock, temporal as well as spiritual; and in his annual visit he charged every one of them, that, when David did any work for them, they were to pay the wife, and not him. The greater part of them acquiesced; but Wattie Henderson refused, and said, "O, poor soul, ye dinna ken what he has to thole! Ye ken about his drinkin', but ye ken little thing about his drouth."

The shifts that David was now put to for whisky, were often very degrading, but still rather amusing. One day he and Dunlop went in to Mr Mercer's inn, David saying, "I must try to get credit for a Hawick gill or two here to-day, else we'll both perish." They went in, and called for the whisky. Mercer asked David if he had the money to pay for it? David confessed that he had not, but said Mr Elliot of Dodhope was owing him three-and-sixpence, and as he was in the town that day, he would give him an order on him, if he was afraid of the money coming through his hands. Mr Mercer said he would never desire a better creditor than Gideon, and gave them their three gills of whisky; but on going and presenting his order to Mr Elliot, he found that he had never, in his life, been owing David any thing which he had not paid before he left the house.

Another time he met the clergyman, and said to him, "You have been a great deal of money out of my pouch, sir, wi' your grand moral advices. I think you owe me one-and-sixpence about yon bells—would it be convenient to pay me to-day? I have very much need of it."

"And what are you going to do with it, David? I wish I were owing you ten times the sum; I should know whom to pay it to, for you have a wife and family that are worth looking after; but if you tell me the sterling truth of your necessity, perhaps I may pay you."

"Why, the truth is, sir—look yonder: yonder is Will Dunlop and Jamie Inglis, standing wi' their backs against the wa', very drouthy like. I wad like to gie them something, poor chiels, to drink."

"Now, David, as I am convinced you have told me the sterling truth, and as there is no virtue I value higher, there is your eighteen-pence, although I shall tax myself with the payment of it a second time to Peg."

"God bless you, sir!—God bless you! and may you never want a glass of whisky when you are longing as much for it as I am."

Another day he came up with Will Dunlop, and said, "O man, what hae ye on ye? for I'm just spitting sixpences."

"I have just eighteen-pence," said Dunlop, "which I got from my wife to buy a shoulder of mutton for our dinner; and as it is of her own winning, I dare not part with it, for then, you know, the family would want their dinner."

"It is a hard case any way," said David; "but I think the hardest side of it is, for two men, dying of thirst, to lose that eighteen-pence. Give it to me, and I'll try to make a shift."

Dunlop gave it him, and David went away to Wattie Henderson, an honest, good-natured, simple man, and said that his wife had sent him "for a shoulder of mutton for their dinner, and she has limited me to a sum, you see (showing him the money). If you have a shoulder that suits the price, I must have it."

"We can easily manage that, David," said he; "for see, here is a good cleaver; I can either add or diminish." He cut off a shoulder. "It is too heavy for the money, David; it comes to two-and-four-pence."

"I wad like to hae the shoulder keepit hale, sir, as I suspect my sister is to dine with us to-day. Will you just allow me to carry the mutton over to the

foot of the wynd, and see if Peg be pleased to advance the rest of the price?"

"Certainly," said Mr Henderson; "I can trust your wife with any thing."

David set straight off with the shoulder of mutton to Mrs Dunlop, who declared that she had never got such a good bargain in the flesh-market before; and the two friends enjoyed their three gills of whisky exceedingly. Mr Henderson, wondering that neither the mutton nor the money was returned, sent over a servant to inquire about the matter. Poor Peg had neither ordered nor received the shoulder of mutton; and all that she and her three children had to dine upon, was six potatoes.

"Poor fellow," said Wattie, "if I had kend he had been sae dry, I wad hae wat his whistle to him without ony cheatery."

At length there came one very warm September, and the thirst that some men suffered was not to be borne. David felt that in a short time his body would actually break into chinks with sheer drought, and that some shift was positively required to keep body and soul together. Luckily, at that very time a Colonel Maxwell came to the house of John Fairgrieve, an honest, decent man, who had made a good deal of money by care and parsimony, and lived within two or three miles of Caverton. The colonel came with his dog, his double-barrelled gun, and livery servant, and bargained with John, at a prodigiously high board, for himself and servant. He said, as his liberty of shooting lay all around there, he did not care how much board he paid for a few weeks, only John was to be sure to get them the best in the country, both to eat and drink. He did so—laying in wine and spirits, beef and mutton; and the colonel and his servant lived at heck and manger, the one boozing away in the room, and the other in the kitchen, in both of which every one who entered was treated liberally. In the forenoons the colonel thundered among the partridges; but he never killed any, as he was generally drunk from morning to night, and from night to morning.

At length, John's daughter, Joan, a comely and sensible girl, began rather to smell a rat; and she says to her father one day, "Father, dinna ye think this grand cornel o' your's is hardly sickan a polished gentlemanly man as ane wad expect o' ane o' his rank?"

"I dinna ken, Joan; the man's weel eneuch if he wadna swear sae whiles, whilk I like unco ill. But there's ae thing that's ayont my comprehension: I wish he may be cannie; for dinna ye hear that our cock begins to craw every night about midnight, an' our hens to cackle as gin they war a' layin' eggs thegither, an' the feint an egg's amang them a'?"

Joan could not repress a laugh; so she turned her back, and took a hearty one, saying, when she recovered her breath, "I think baith master an' man are very uncivil and worthless chaps."

"If either the ane or the ither hae been unceevil to you, my woman, just tell me sae. Say but the word, an' I'll ——"

"Na, na, father; dinna get intil a passion for naething. I'll take care o' *my*sel', if ye can but take care o' *your*sel'. It is that that I'm put till't about. Dinna ye think that for a' your outlay ye're unco lang o' fingerin' ony o' their siller?"

John gave a hitch up with his shoulder, as if something had been biting it, rubbed his elbow, and then said, "The siller will answer us as weel when it comes a' in a slump thegither; for then, ye ken, we can pop it into the bank; whereas, if it were coming in every day, or even every week, we might be mootering it away, spending it on this thing an' the ither thing."

"Yes, father; but, consider, if ye shoudna get it ava. Is nae the cornel's chaise an' horses standin' ower at the Blue Bell?"

"Ay, that they are, an' at ten shillings a-day, too. Gin the cornel warna a very rich man, could he afford to pay that sae lang, think ye?"

"Weel, father, take ye my advice. Gang away ower to Mr Mather, o' the Bell, an' just see what the carriage an' horses are like; for I wadna wonder if ye had to arreest them yet for your expenses. Mr Mather's a gayen auld-farrant chap, and, it is said, kens every man's character the first time he hears him speak. He'll tell you at aince what kind o' man your grand cornel is. And by a' means, father, tak a good look o' the carriage an' the horses, that ye may ken them again, like."

John knew that his daughter Joan was a shrewd sensible lassie; so, without more expostulation, he put on his Sunday clothes, went away to the old burgh of Caverton, and called on Mr Mather. No! there were no carriage nor horses there belonging to a Colonel Maxwell, nor ever had been. This was rather astounding news to John; but what astounded him more was a twinkling blink from the wick of Mr Mather's wicked black eye, and an ominous shake of his head. "Pray tell me this, John," said Mr Mather: "does this grand colonel of yours ever crow like a cock, or cackle like a laying hen?"

John's jaws fell down. "It's verra extrordner how ye should hae chanced to speer that question at me, sir," said he; "for the truth is, that, sin' ever that man came to our house, our cock has begun a crawin' at midnight, an' a' our hens a-cackling, as the hale o' them had been layin' eggs, an' yet no an egg amang them a'."

"Ah, John, ye may drink to your expenses and board-wages, then; for I heard of a certain gentleman being amissing out of this town for a while past; and I likewise heard that he had borrowed a hunting-jacket, a dog, and a gun, from John Henderson."

John went away home in very great wrath, resolved, I believe, to throttle the colonel and his servant both; but they had been watching his motions that day, and never returned to his house more, neither to crow like cocks, cackle like hens, drink whisky, or pay for their board and lodging."

Tom Brown was very angry at David about this, and reproved him severely for taking in an honest industrious old man. "But, dear, man, what could a body do?" said David. "A man canna dee for thirst if there's ony thing to be had to drink either for love or money."

"But you should have wrought for your drink yoursel', David."

"Wrought for my drink? An' what at, pray? A' the house bells were gaun janglin' on, like broken pots, in their usual way; there wasna even the mainspring of a watch wanting. And as for the clocks, they just went on, tick-for-tick, tick-for-tick, with the most tedious and provoking monotony. I couldna think of a man, in the whole country, who didna ken my face, but John; an' I kend he was as able to keep me a wee while as ony other body. An' what's the great matter? I'll clean his watch an' his clock to him as lang as he lives, an' never charge him ony thing, gin it be nae a new mainspring whiles, an' we'll maybe come nearly equal again."

The last time I saw Peg Ketchen—what a change! From one of the sprightliest girls in the whole country, she is grown one of the most tawdry, miserable-looking objects. There is a hopeless dejection in her looks, which I never saw equalled; and I am afraid, that, sometimes when she has it in her power, she may take a glass herself, and even get a basting, for no man can calculate what a drunken man will do.

Now, though I have mixed two characters together in these genuine and true sketches, my reason for thus publishing them is to warn and charge every virtuous maiden, whatever she does, never to wed with a habitual drunkard. A virtuous woman may reclaim a husband from almost every vice but that; but that will grow upon him to his dying day; and if she outlive him, he will leave her a penniless and helpless widow. It is well known the veneration I have for the fair sex, and I leave them this charge as a legacy, lest I should not be able to address them again.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

THE APOCRYPHA.

Having given an account of the origin and literary characteristics of the accredited and usually accepted books composing the Old and New Testament, we now proceed to offer a few details relative to those books styled the Apocrypha, a branch of the subject possessed of considerable interest, and which we shall treat in the same measure of impartiality.

The term *Apocrypha* is Greek, signifying *hidden* or *concealed*, and is used to designate a number of books, often placed between the Old and New Testament, or otherwise bound up with them. Some writers divide the sacred books into three classes, viz., the canonical, the ecclesiastical, and the apocryphal. In the first, they place those whose authority has never been questioned in the Catholic or Universal Church; in the second, those which were not received at first, but which were nevertheless read in the public assemblies, as books that were useful, though they never placed them upon the same footing of authority as the former; and in the third, they placed the books which were of no authority, which could not be made to appear in public, but were kept *hidden*, and were, therefore, called *apocryphal*, that is, *concealed*, or such as could not be used in public. "Let us lay aside those books which have been called *apocryphal*," says St Augustine, "because their authors were not known to our fathers, who have, by a constant and certain succession, transmitted down to us the authority and truth of the Holy Scriptures. Though some things in these apocryphal books are true, yet as there are in them multitudes of others which are false, they are of no authority."

The Apocrypha consists of *fourteen* books, viz. First and Second Esdras, Tobit, Judith, the rest of the chapters of the Book of Esther, the Wisdom of Solomon, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, the Song of the Three Holy Children, the History of Susanna, the Story of Bel and the Dragon, the Prayer of Manasses, and the First and Second Book of the Maccabees. Every attentive reader must perceive that these books want the majesty of inspired scripture; and that there are in them a variety of things wicked, false, and disagreeing with the oracles of God. None of them were ever found in the proper Hebrew tongue; and they were never received into the canon of scripture by the Jews, to whom the oracles of God were originally committed. They were partly read in private by the ancient Christians, as useful; but they did not admit them into the canon of Scripture. None of them are found in the catalogue of the canonical books by Melita, bishop of Sardis, in the second century; nor does Origen in the third, or Epiphanius in the fourth, in the least acknowledge their authenticity. One or two of the writers of them, also, ask pardon if they have said any thing amiss; which clearly shows that they were not inspired, or at least did not consider themselves to be so: and, therefore, these books can by no means be considered as having a title to form part of the word of God. A very simple analysis of the books themselves will be sufficient to demonstrate this to every attentive mind.

I. It is not known at what time the First Book of Esdras was written, neither is it known who was the author of it; but Prideaux considers it certain that he wrote before the time of Josephus. It was originally to be found only in Greek; and in the Alexandrian manuscript it is placed before the canonical Book of Ezra, and is there called the First Book of Ezra, because the events related in it occurred prior to the return from the Babylonish captivity. In some editions of the Septuagint, it is called the *First Book of the Priest* (meaning Ezra), the authentic book of Ezra being called the second book. In the editions of the Latin vulgate, previous to the Council of Trent, this and the following book are styled the Third and Fourth Books of Esdras, those of Ezra and Nehemiah being entitled the first and second books. This book is chiefly historical, giving an account of the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, the building of the temple, and the re-establishment of divine worship. It is, in fact, nothing but a bad extract of the two last chapters of Chronicles, and the Book of Ezra; and, in a great many instances, it even contradicts these. The author falsely makes Zorobabel a young man in the days of Darius Hystaspes, and Joakim to be his son; whereas he was the son of Joshua, the high priest. He calls Darius king of Assyria, long after that empire was utterly dissolved; and makes some things to be done under Darius which were done under Cyrus.

II. The author of the Second Book of Esdras is likewise unknown. It is supposed to have been originally written in Greek, though the original of it has never been found but in Latin; and there is an Arabic version, differing very materially from it, and having many interpolations. Although the writer personates Ezra, it is manifest, from the style and contents of his book, that he lived long after that celebrated Jewish reformer. He pretends to visions and revelations, but they are so fanciful, indigested, ridiculous, and absurd, that it is clear the Holy Spirit could have no concern in the dictating of them. He believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and that the souls of good and wicked men would all be then delivered out of hell. A great many rabbinical fables occur in this book, particularly the account of the six days' creation, and the story of Behemoth, or Enoch, as it is here called, and Leviathan—two monstrous creatures that are designed as a feast for the elect after the day of resurrection, &c. He says that the ten tribes are gone away into a country which he calls Arsareth, and that Ezra restored the whole body of the Scriptures which had been entirely lost. He also speaks of Jesus Christ and his Apostles in so clear a manner, that the gospel itself is scarcely more explicit. On these accounts, and from the numerous traces of the language of the New Testament, and especially of the Revelation of St John, which are discoverable in this book, several critics have concluded that it was written about the close of the first century, by some converted Jew, who assumed the name of Esdras or Ezra.

III. The Book of Tobit, from the simplicity of the narrative, and the lessons of piety and meekness which it contains, has been always one of the most popular of the apocryphal writings. It was first written in Chaldee by some Babylonian Jew; but there is no authentic information as to his name, or the time when he flourished. It professes to relate the history of Tobit and his family, who were carried into captivity to Nineveh by Shalmanezer, being first begun by Tobit, then continued by his son Tobias, and, lastly, finished by some other of the family, and afterwards digested by the Chaldee author into that form in which we now have it. The time of this history ends with the destruction of Nineveh, about 612 years before Christ; but most commentators and critics agree in thinking that the book itself was not written till about 150 or 200 years before Christ. It has been generally looked upon, both by Jews and Christians, as a genuine and true history; but it contains so many rabbinical fictions, and allusions to the Babylonian demonology, that it is much more rational to suppose the whole book an entire fable. It is not probable, that, in the time of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon, the father should live, as is here said, 158 years, and the son 127. It is certain no angel of God could falsely call himself *Azarias, the son of Ananias*, as this writer affirms. The story of Sarah's seven husbands being successively killed on their marriage-night by an evil spirit, and of that spirit's being driven away by the smell and smoke of the roasted heart and liver of a fish, and bound in the uttermost parts of Egypt, or of the angel Raphael's presenting to God the prayers of the saints, with other matters evidently fabulous, are quite sufficient to justify the rejecting of this book entirely from the sacred canon, upon the score of internal evidence alone.

IV. The Book of Judith professes to relate the defeat of the Assyrians by the Jews, through the instrumentality of their countrywoman of this name, who craftily cut off the head of Holofernes, the Assyrian general. This book was originally written in Chaldee by some Jew of Babylon, and was thence translated by St Jerome into the Latin tongue. Dr Prideaux refers this history to the time of Manasseh, king of Judah; Jahn assigns it to the age of the Maccabees, and thinks it was written to animate the Jews against the Syrians; but so many geographical, historical, and chronological difficulties attend this book, that Luther, Grotius, and other eminent critics, have considered it rather as a drama or parable than a real history. It has been received into the canon of Scripture by some as being all true; but, on the other hand, it is the opinion of Grotius that it is entirely a parabolical fiction, written in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, when he came into Judea to raise a persecution against the Jewish church, and that the design of it was to confirm the Jews under that persecution, in their hope that God would send a deliverer. According to him, by Judith is meant Judea, which, at the time of this persecution, was like a desolate widow: that her sword means the prayers of the saints: that by Bethulia, the name of the town which was attacked, is meant the temple, or the house of the Lord, which is called in Hebrew *Bethel*. Nabuchodonosor denotes the devil, and the kingdom of Assyria the devil's kingdom, pride. Holofernes, whose name signifies a *minister of the serpent*, means Antiochus Epiphanes, who was the devil's instrument in that persecution, &c. &c. It is plain, that, in this way, by means of a little ingenuity, any thing may be made of any thing; and such conjectures as these, as an able commentator remarks, however ingenious, are better calculated to exhibit the powers of fancy and the abuse of learning, than to investigate truth, or throw light on what is uncertain and obscure. The noted deliverance mentioned in this book is there said to have happened after the Jews had returned from their captivity, and had rebuilt the temple, and yet it is said to have been in the eighteenth year of Nebuchadnezzar, which is absurd; and it is said that they had no trouble for *eighty* years or more after this deliverance, which is equally absurd, as the Jews, during any period of their history, or, indeed, any other nation, never enjoyed a peace of such long continuance. It is quite improbable that a small town, as Bethulia is here represented to be, should stand out against so powerful an army, or that the death of the general should have made all the troops betake themselves to a shameful flight. It is certainly wrong, as is done in the case of Judith, to commend a woman as a devout fearer of the Lord, who was guilty of notorious lying, of acting the part of a bawd, of profane swearing, of murder, and of speaking in praise of that committed by the patriarch Simeon, whom she claims as her ancestor.

V. "The rest of the chapters of the Book of Esther, which are found neither in the Hebrew nor in the Chaldee," were originally written in Greek, whence they were translated into Latin, and formed part of the Italic or old Latin version in use before the time of Jerome. Being there annexed to the canonical Book of Esther, they passed without censure, but were rejected by Jerome in his version, because he confined himself to the Hebrew Scriptures, and these chapters never were extant in the Hebrew language. They are evidently the production of a Hellenistic Jew, but are considered both by Jerome and Grotius as a work of pure fiction, which was annexed to the canonical book by way of embellishment. From the coincidence between some of these apocryphal chapters and Josephus, it has been supposed that they are a compilation from the Jewish historian; and this conjecture is further confirmed by the mention of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, who lived but a short time before Josephus. These additions to the Book of Esther are often cited by the fathers of the church; and the Council of Trent has assigned them a place among the canonical books.*

The author of these apocryphal chapters says many things that are in direct contradiction to the inspired historian; as when he affirms that the attempt made by the eunuchs to take away the life of Ahasuerus was in the second year of his reign; that Mordecai was at the very time rewarded for his discovery; that Haman had been advanced before this event, and was provoked with Mordecai for his discovery of the eunuchs; that Haman was a Macedonian, and intended to transfer the government of Persia to the Macedonians. He very stupidly, also, represents Ahasuerus looking upon Esther, *as a fierce lion*, and yet *with a countenance full of grace!* and as calling the Jews *the children of the most high and most mighty living God;* and as ordering the heathens to keep the feast of Purim.

VI. The book of "The Wisdom of Solomon" was never written by that monarch, as its author falsely pretends, for it was never extant in Hebrew, nor received into the Jewish canon of Scripture, nor is the style like that of Solomon. It consists of two parts: the first, which is written in the name of Solomon, contains a description or encomium of wisdom, by which comprehensive term the ancient Jews understood prudence and foresight, knowledge and understanding, and, especially, the duties of religion and morality. This division includes the first ten chapters. The second part, comprising the rest of the book, treats on a variety of topics widely differing from the subject of the first, viz., reflections on the history and conduct of the Israelites during their journeyings in the wilderness, and their subsequent proneness to idolatry. Hence the author takes occason to inveigh against idolatry, the origin of which he investigates, and concludes with reflections on the history of the people of God. His allegorical interpretations of the Pentateuch, and the precept which he gives to worship God before the rising of the sun, have induced some critics to think that the author was of the Jewish sect called Essenes.

Although the fathers of the church, and particularly Jerome, uniformly considered this book as apocryphal, yet they recommended the perusal of it, in consideration of the excellence of its style. The third Council of Carthage, held in the year 397, pronounced it to be a canonical book, under the name of *the Fourth Book of Solomon*, and the famous Council of Trent confirmed this decision. Jerome informs us that several writers of the first three centuries ascribed the authorship of it to Philo the Jew, a native of Alexandria who flourished in the first century; and this opinion is generally adopted by the moderns, on account of the Platonic notions that are discoverable in it, as well as from its general style, which evidently shows that it was the production of a Hellenistic Jew of Alexandria. Drusius, indeed, attributes it to another Philo, more ancient than the person just mentioned, and who is cited by Josephus; but this hypothesis is untenable, because the author of the Book of Wisdom was confessedly either a Jew or a heretical Christian, whereas the Philo mentioned by Drusius was a heathen.

It is quite evident that this author had read Plato, and the Greek poets; and he employs a great many expressions taken from them, such as Ambrosia, the river of forgetfulness; the kingdom of Pluto, &c.; as also several words borrowed from the Grecian games, which were not in use till long after the time of Solomon, whose name he assumes. A great many of his phrases seem to be taken out of the Prophets, and even from the New Testament. There are numerous passages in the book evidently borrowed from the Prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah; particularly in the 13th chapter, where there are no less than nine verses plainly copied from the 44th chapter of Isaiah.

This author brings forward many things that are contrary both to the words of inspiration and to common sense. He condemns the marriage-bed as sinful, and also excludes bastards from the hopes of salvation: he talks as if souls were lodged in bodies according to their former merits; makes the murder of Abel the cause of the flood; represents the Egyptians as being plagued entirely by their own idols, that is to say, by the beasts which they worshipped; though it is certain they never worshipped *frogs*, *locusts*, or *lice*. He also calls the divine *Logos*, or second person of the Trinity, *a vapour* or *steam*, with many other things that are evidently absurd.

* Vide Horne's Introduction to the Scripture, vol. iv. p. 220.

AMUSEMENTS AT MARGATE.

Margate, as a bathing-place, might be imagined a retired spot, to which invalids resorted for the benefit of their health, and therefore conclude it presented one vast hospital or receptacle of human misery. Far otherwise. There are persons who admire the salubrity of the air, and the kindness of the towns-people. There are also many who think bathing may prove serviceable to them—many who delight in opportunity for care-killing—many whose happiness consists in escaping from a chrysalis state in London, to flutter a butterfly at Margate. To these is the place indebted for the visits of nearly 100,000 persons in the course of a season. There was, in time past, a superior class of visitors; but as their heels were touched by the toes of others considered inferior, the strawberry leaved and the balled coronetted took offence, and vanished. There are, however, three descriptions of persons who retain partialities for Margate. The first consists of families, respectable in every sense of the term; they have houses or lodgings in the squares, or best parts of the town; their amusements and their domestic comforts are united with judgment, and can only be alluded to, as examples to others; they are the affluent merchants and tradesmen of the metropolis, being, *par excellence*, vulgarly denominated *carriage company*. Another description of persons rent houses, or lodgings, less expensive, and regulate their establishments on principles of economy and respectability, regularly dealing with those most worthy their commands. These are select in their intimacies, enjoying all the amusements of the place unostentatiously, and in many respects approximating to the *carriage class*, but not of it—therefore may be called the *horse and gig company*. A third description, for the purposes of distinction only, may be called the *foot company*, composed of persons who, knowing the few holidays that can be snatched from their occupations ought to be agreeably spent, rush down to Margate with a determination to be happy. A boarding-house is their place of rendezvous. Among these may be found many highly cultivated persons.

Ladies ever form a considerable part of boarding-house society; and as they are induced to appear in their best visiting amiability, they produce a corresponding attention to decorum on the part of the gentlemen, which provokes in either the ambition to appear to more than the greatest advantage. Of course every young gentleman is well bred, wealthy, intimate with those who move in the upper circles, frequents the opera and other superior amusements in London. He is therefore prepared to indulge in all the vanities of Margate. Yet, however hyperbole may operate, geese are not swans, nor will conceit or falsehood transform a magpie into a bird of paradise. It is certain that persons cannot make themselves beautiful, if their features be ordinary, nor change a malformation into the first order of fine forms; but they might be candid, and perhaps become intelligent: these are practicable, but unfortunately not fashionable. Therefore, when Jessamy and Flippet meet, a scene of flattery and delusion commences, which, as if by mutual agreement, they determine never to check, or detect, until their marriage has taken place. Then they appear like two celebrated pedestrians who agreed to go a great distance in company. A toll-bridge lay in their road, each believing the other had cash; but neither being provided, they were brought to a stand-still, and the match was off. But to the boarding-house inmates: the meals are announced by jingling a large bell in the passage or hall. At these meetings parties are made. The precious souls, agog to dash through thick and thin, propose a ride to Ferry Grove—a trip to Pegwell-bay—a sail to the Reculvers—a stroll on the Parade—a walk on the Pier, or on the Jetty. Yes; this is most inviting.

The Pier is a stone building with a lighthouse at the extremity, projecting in a slight curve 900 feet into the sea, forming a shelter to vessels within the harbour, which is dry at low water. On an elevated part of the Pier there is a pleasant promenade, for the enjoyment of the sea-breeze and the prospects, in perfect security. A little to the east is the Jetty, a platform constructed of oak, projecting in a straight line 1120 feet out to sea. There are openings between each plank to lessen the action of the rising tides, as at high water the whole is covered. At the extremity is a circular part, a little elevated, the delight of the lovers of mischief. On this, when the tide is rising, large parties assemble; the attention of the ladies is directed to distant objects, or to any thing by which they may be detained till the tide has flowed up to the lower portion of the open planking of the platform; the initiated steal away; the others feel they must hasten over these openings, through which, if the water be the least agitated, a direction of the spray upwards occasions some unpleasant sensations, besides proving that silk stockings are not fishermen's boots. All this the spectators vociferously enjoy. The more timid are often carried over these jet d'eaux by the gentlemen, at which the laugh is not lessened, while the most alarmed are fetched from their situation of increasing danger by the boatmen, whose charge for rescuing such damsels in distress is sixpence each. All this cannot be otherwise than exceedingly amusing, since the same ladies have endured it several times, affording proof positive that whatever is, is right—that all is charming and delectable at enchanting Margate.

Then comes the jaunt to Ramsgate. A string of open carriages waits. After due bedizening with streamers long and gay, off they whirl; the sun, despite of parasol, scorching them, and the dust from the chalky roads suffocating them. Refreshment becomes necessary as air to breath. After partaking sumptuously, finding the heat allayed, and the thirst relieved, the party walk on the Pier, where the refracted heat of a summer's sun is so oppressive as often to occasion languor and fainting. But true heart ne'er tires: they enjoy all that can be enjoyed, and return enraptured with the excursion. After such exertions, who would not enjoy a refreshing sleep?—sleep that seems to cast into oblivion every recollection, save those the most agreeable; for day after day succeeds, in which similar extravaganzas are enacted. Then come the concerts! They must be attended for the sake of harmony and love of melody. Thus evenings are occupied in listening while a singer endeavours to recover a few lost notes. Occasionally they parade up and down the concert room to martial music—the steps of the marchers and the time in the orchestra being now and then together. Yet all is charming! They can see and be seen—no heart aches unless the little urchin Cupid may have been practising his archery. Then there are the libraries! It is impossible not to be a subscriber, although a book be never opened, because it confers a right to squeeze in to hear Mr and Miss Somebody hoot and squeak, if permitted by the rafflers with their dice-boxes and loud announcings of the numbers required to be filled—"Only three and two and five—five, three and two—five—five!" This is reiterated so frequently and so loud, that it is advisable to be provided with cotton to preserve the drum of the ear. The proper number of names having been written against the numbers of the raffle for one shilling each, the parties in turn throw with the dice. The highest

in three throws being declared the winner, a ticket is presented to the *fortunate* individual. All this hallooing and rattling is repeated again and again at two or three places in the room, forming a part of the entertainment more astonishing than delighting. Let it not be forgotten, that at Betteson's library the performer at the grand piano-forte executes, with great taste and expression, some of the best modern music, without being attended to as it deserves, amid the uproar of mountebank trickery. Yet all this is delightful and highly entertaining Some of the *fortunates* at the dice-box will become possessed of a great number of tickets, for which, at their departure, the amount may be received in trinketry or trumpery. Nevertheless, all is beautiful and excellent. Criticism at Margate would be considered a fish out of his element. Every lure is set, every trap is baited, to catch the contents of the Cockney's purse. Step into the bazaars, they appear as if the Boulevards of Paris had emptied all their fiddle-faddles, sweet scents, and nonsense, to attract. Oh, how pretty! Something must be purchased, or some chances in the lottery must be taken. One of the *prizes*, an elegant work-box, worth——it is invaluable! It may be gained. The wheel of fortune turns—A blank! No matter—all is right, all is cheerful. It is a dull heart that never rejoices. The next attempt may be successful. Then there are the gardens—once shady grove, then Tivoli, now any thing—plenty of fever-cooling refreshments—plenty of charges—plenty of foolery and fire-works, rivalling the giant fool at Vauxhall. Yet how rural, how enchanting! How sweet to walk home by moonlight, and to hear the *soft* whisperings during that walk. How ecstatic! Mortals hardly ever know the joys that await them. All is most delicious Then there is the public breakfast at St Peter's. Oh the lovely spot!—the concentration of all that is captivating. Who can refrain? All must go, unless they chance to be eaten up by hypochondria. How shall they go! Oh, dear variety!—ever stimulating charm! On donkies to be sure. What can be so entertaining?—so full of pleasurable ideas, the climax of all that is frolicsome. Away goes the porter to collect all the donkies possible, not less than a dozen. Here they are, and the ladies are ready. How exhilarating! There is a spring, an elasticity of heart, that would persuade the party they were not of earthly mould. The ladies mount their long-eared palfreys, decorated with saddle-cloths of sixpenny cotton and twopenny fringe. The gentlemen, like knights at a tournament, kiss their hands, and are greeted with smiles and laughter at each other till they can hardly retain their seats. The ladies have but *half a page* each—the whole page's business is to trot in the rear of two ladies, chaunting, "Come up, Neddy," with a chorus of whacks on the crupper. The accompanying knights having permitted their chargers to walk between their legs, drop into their seats heroically. Off they all go in chivalry taste, save that regularity of cavalcade is entirely neglected, some preferring the slowest pace, as best adapted to the retention of seat—others choosing the utmost speed, as best calculated to display skill in the menage. Crossing the fields, they are irresistibly comical in their widely scattered groups, and in their shouts of laughter and screams of mirth at one or more of the party measuring their lengths on the ground. Not having far to fall, renders a recurrence less terrible, however disagreeable, since every one may not fall like Julius Cæsar. They arrive at St Peter's, all save one fair damsel, whose palfrey preferred grazing on the blooming clover to forming any part of the array, which determination the fair rider had no power to oppose. "Where is she—where is her page?" "Oh! he came with Miss Thingame, and there he goes for the other lady. See where she sits like patience on a monument. How cruel to have left her thus! Why did not her Neddy come up? But see where she comes to bless us, blushing like a peony"—every eye fixed on her strange movement, caused by the velocity with which the page urged her palfrey. Fortunately no bottles were in her pockets. She dismounts, weary of being a heroine. Tea is ordered, with all the etcetera of a sumptuous breakfast, during which it is resolved not to return by the same means. They had no idea of encountering the gaze, and being subjected to the animadversions of so many; therefore the pages must be sent home to direct that carriages for the party may be sent from Margate by such a time. The stirring bands of music invite to the covered dancing-place. They must walk and quadrille a little, although it is so warm. They do so—the little goes on till it assumes the evidences of being much, and they retire exhausted, like so many red lions, to some of the alcoves to recover themselves; during which, the gentlemen will not have taken more than three jellies each, although the practice is so exceedingly fashionable. The carriages come; the excitement being over, they return to dress for dinner. The recollections of the outrageous publicity of their excursion, with the evidences of their fatigue, produce only simpers, and an endeavour to affix the most ridiculous occurrences on each other. Much of mimicry, burlesque, and hyperbole, is ventured in good humour, and mirthfully retaliated. Amid the conviviality, additional bottles of wine make their appearance, which, like Charles of Spain's shoes, were not prime, but such as might be used. All goes on well—the ladies retire—the gentlemen take another glass or two—talk politics, and, in their superior knowledge of legislation, jurisprudence, and political economy, prove beyond contradiction that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is a noodle, and the Premier a doodle. After this, the well-informed disputants are advised to walk under the cliffs, where they splash each other to their heart's content. Some go to smoke half-a-dozen cigars, only because it is fashionable; thence to quiz the girls on the Jetty; others look in at the billiard-table, where there are, or soon will be, players who can always make a hard game of it till the stake is worthy notice, and then—"It don't signify." Then there is the *Theatre Royal*, where Melpomene and Thalia exchange the powers over which they should preside, and, except when a star from one of the metropolitan hemispheres appears, there is darkness visible, serving only to discover sights too insipid to give pleasure, or not contemptible enough to provoke laughter. Yet even here there is novelty. The strumming and scraping of three persons in the orchestra of an empty theatre, produces a strange effect on the ear, which cannot be described. After a few slapping of box-doors, very loud yawning in the pit, and whistling in the gallery, the curtain rises. The strutting and fretting proceeds. Friends in the dress circle shake hands with each other across the pit, and the act is over. The ladies agitate, and peep through their fans—Charming! Every particular of Mrs and Miss ——'s decorations can be scrutinised and descanted upon. Urling's lace! Mina nova and paste! Birmingham jewellery! Good gracious, what sagacity to be enabled to point this out! What talent to compare things with those of which they are only the representative! It produces such an enthusiastic delirium, that the play is forgotten in a revelry of impatience, and they do not stay to witness the farce! In such a round of folly do some, at other times thinking persons, beguile hours, weeks, and months, till a whisper from home, weariness, or exhausted funds, like a gun in a field covered with birds, puts them on the wing by hundreds, and the principal of the boarding-house is left to preside at a deserted table.

To persons of sedentary habits, or whose years place them out of the pale of boarding-house follies, Margate presents much that is satisfactory. The walk along the cliffs to Kingsgate—to Birchington—to many villages in the vicinity, in sight of the ocean—any of the before-mentioned attractions may be enjoyed, free of frivolity and treble expense, by the prudent.

There are many bathing machines, tepid and vapour baths, properly constructed and attended to. Seabathing is good under particular circumstances, taken by the advice of medical experience; but ducking is no panacea. The proprietors of the bathing places have discovered to their cost that persons do not come to Margate to play Tritons and Mermaids, as they did a few years since.

The charges for board and lodging, where both are good, are about two guineas per week—wine, spirits, or ale, exclusive. There are stage-coaches to Canterbury, Ramsgate, and Dover, daily. There is no doubt that the Londoners will long retain a partiality for Margate.

MISCELLANEA.

WIT.—A professed wit musters his jokes on parade every morning as a general does his veterans, to ascertain how many may have been disabled by length of service.

DESTRUCTION OF LISBON.—You see what man is, when never so little within the verge of matter and motion in a ferment. The affair of Lisbon has made men tremble, as well as the Continent shake, from one end of Europe to another; from Gibraltar to the Highlands of Scotland. To suppose these desolations the scourge of heaven for human impieties, is a dreadful reflection; and yet to suppose ourselves in a forlorn and fatherless world, is ten times a more frightful consideration. In the first case, we may reasonably hope to avoid our destruction by the amendment of our manners; in the latter, we are kept incessantly alarmed by the blind rage of warring elements. The relation of the captain of a vessel to the Admiralty, as Mr Yorke told me the story, has something very striking in it. He lay off Lisbon, on this fatal first of November, preparing to hoist sail for England; he looked towards the city in the morning, which gave the promise of a fine day, and saw that proud metropolis rise above the waves, flourishing in wealth and plenty, and founded on a rock that promised a poet's eternity—at least to its grandeur; he looked an hour after, and saw the city involved in flames, and sinking in thunder.—*Warburton's Letters.*

AMASIS.—Amasis, a man of humble origin, was the favourite, and afterwards the successor of Apries, king of Egypt. Finding himself somewhat despised by the people, on account of his mean extraction, he hit upon the method of curing their folly. He caused a golden basin, in which he used to wash his feet, to be converted into the statue of a god, and had it set up in a conspicuous part of the capital. The superstitious multitude flocked to worship it. Amasis now told them, that the subject of their veneration had once been nothing but a vile utensil; "and," said he, "it is the same with me; I was formerly a humble individual—I am now your king. Take care, therefore, to respect me, according to the station I now hold."

"MIGHT, COULD, WOULD, OR SHOULD."

IT is known, or ought to be known, to all persons, that there are two departments in a common verb, called the Indicative and the Subjunctive Moods. When we imply that a thing is done, was done, or will be done, we speak in the *indicative*—that is, we indicate or simply notify some transaction of which we are enabled to speak with the confidence arising from exact knowledge. But when we mean to say that such and such a thing may be done, or might be done, or will have been done when a certain other thing permits—when we speak, in short, in "if's and an's," or in a faint hesitating way, as if we did not like to come to the point—then we are using the *subjunctive mood*, which is so called because some condition is always supposed to be *subjoined* to the act of which we are speaking. In this latter mood there is a tense called the pluperfect, which is used when we say that any one might, could, would, or should have done any kind of thing.

Now, this pluperfect tense of the subjunctive mood, this "might, could, would, or should," is a grievous bore, insomuch that we could almost wish it to be drummed out of the English grammar altogether. It is something like intentions, as contrasted, in a late number of our paper, with deeds, frequently supplanting an honest and useful indicative, and, with not the tenth part of the merit of that respectable mood, carrying off all the glory due to it alone. People have a way of saying that a man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds; but this principle is in reality very imperfectly acknowledged or acted upon. We may have a kind of abstract notion that deeds are better than words; yet did we, for our own part, never see, when the actual deeds of one man were contrasted with those which we suppose *might have been done* by another—when all that one friend has been honestly able to do was measured against what we expect from some other who has only been talking of doing it—we never saw, we say, that the former got any fair degree of credit, compared with what was gratuitously bestowed upon the latter. The Subjunctive generally carries it hollow from the Indicative—the measure of the reason in the one case being apparently no match for the measure of the imagination in the other. This is certainly a most discouraging thing for the gentlemen who *do*, and ought to be put a stop to in this and every other well-regulated state. It is really too bad, when one takes the trouble to act upon the indicative in every thing, that the honour due to him should be carried off by the lazy gentlemen of the subjunctive, who insolently tell us that they could if they had a mind, and whom we slavishly hold up as able to do any thing, merely because we have never yet had any specimen of their abilities whereby to judge more correctly.

Every class of persons, we believe, could recite the injuries they have suffered in this way—for let any person on earth do his very best, ay, perhaps the very best that *could* be done, there will be some other body, who, from merely holding his peace, and perhaps looking a little grave, is generally believed to be able to do a great deal better. This greatness in the subjunctive is a pest every where. It rules the court, the camp, the grove. Perhaps, however, it is nowhere so rife as in literature—that is to say, if a thing can be said to be in literature, which, it is only supposed, might, could, would, or should be in literature. Be it understood, anyhow, that there is a class of gentlemen, of good education or otherwise, who, though they never be detected in so much as a letter in a local newspaper signed Civis, being merely suspected of literary habits, and having a rather plausible way of pronouncing upon things, get far more credit among all who know them, than almost any existing author who comes plump down with his half-dozen volumes in the year, thereby affording the whole community a means of judging of his pretensions. If you speak of any well-known author, a certain degree of merit is acknowledged; but "ah, sir," ten to one this is added, "he is nothing to our acquaintance H——; there's a fellow for you—never would publish any thing though—great loss to the world—*he* is the man!" Now, in all probability, H—— is nothing but a heavy proser, who never felt the least impulse of the diviner kind of mind all his days; but what is that? There is nothing known against him. Every body is safe in praising *him*, for he has given out no specimen of his ingenuity to pick exceptions with, and the person whom you are endeavouring to inspire with as great a fallacy as yourself, must just take it in and

make the best of it. Very different it is when you speak of an indicative man; you must cruise with some caution there, or you will be met in the teeth, perhaps, with a declaration that he whom you admire is a goose—a sentence which cannot but be accepted as reflecting equal discredit upon the admirer and the admired. It is this that gives such a secure celebrity to the gentlemen of the subjunctive.

There is one other department of human life in which we have observed this most unrighteous *mood* to have particular sway. Our readers may have observed, that, when any gentleman takes a wife, all his friends are a good deal concerned to know whether his choice be really a worthy one or not. If it be supposed inferior—and almost all matches are thought to be so in *some* respects, on either the one side or the other, or on both—then it is lamented, and the gentleman is thought to have been so far a fool. On the other hand, there are some men who seem so excessively fastidious, have such delicate and lofty notions about the sex, and linger, and consider, and look about them so long, that they almost seem as if they were too good for marriage under any circumstances. Oh, thinks every body, a man of such taste, such discernment, and who has so many advantages to bring to the matrimonial state—what a choice he must make! Mark here how the subjunctive rises triumphant above the indicative—how *may take a wife* shines pre-eminent over *has taken a wife!* Ten to one, however, it is all gratuitous folly, arising from our propensity to make the creatures of the imagination brighter and more golden than the creatures of our optics. We compare the human, and therefore frail, being, whom the indicative man has made his wife, with the faultless monster whom we think alone proper for the subjunctive, and, as a matter of course, the subjunctive gets the preference. Wait, however, till Mr Subjunctive has at last—for there is no enduring perfection on earth—condescended to assume the indicative; wait till he, too, some day take a wife. Then, alas, does he suffer as Mr Indicative formerly suffered. His choice is found, like every other body's, to be liable to some exceptions, greater or less; and, like the god who was thrown from heaven upon the earth, and was crippled by the fall, he is not only taken down from his former high character, but he is made rather shabbier than he would naturally be, in consequence of the declension.

The moral of all this must have been already so fully perceived by our readers, that it will not require to be more than touched upon. Away, we say, with all *supposed* merit—away with all greatness of which we can only say that it *might, could, would,* or *should* be! Such flattery of the indolent or the incapable—for both of these kinds of people are objects of it—is a direct robbery of the active and the ingenious, and must be alike injurious to public and to private interests. The public may depend upon it, that the express tendency of any thing that is *in* a man, is to come *out,* and that the simplest inference that can be made from *nothing coming out,* is, that *nothing is in.* That part, for instance, of the human race, who sit for hours in a company and never open their lips, are not thus silent from the magnitude of their ideas finding, as it were, the aperture of expression too narrow, or the audience unworthy of their exertions. In general they are neither more nor less than idealess men. We have heard of one who once sat in a company of his brother agriculturists, in the house of the original of Dandie Dinmont, till three o'clock in the morning, without ever saying one word till that last moment, when, it being urged by most of the company that the bowl, already seventeen times replenished, should be replenished no more, he burst out with—"Od, I think we wadna be the werr [worse] o' another ane." Now, it is evident that this speech, luminous and eloquent as it partly was, could be the result of nothing but the singular emergency of the occasion—the imminent fear of losing hold of the liquor to which his soul was glued—the great, the overmastering love of "another bowl." So is it always with these silent horrors, as a clever but somewhat talkative friend of ours terms them, and also with the gentlemen who "could write capital books if they chose." Never do you, my public, so long as you live, listen again with complacency to the grammatical formula, "might, could, would, or should." It is nothing but a bag of wind, alike empty whether expanded or collapsed. Hoard all your gracious smiles for Messrs Do and Did, who are the only gentlemen of substantial merit that ever seek for honours at your hands.

ALEMOOR,

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Sad is the wail that floats o'er Alemoor's lake,
And nightly bids her gulfs unbottomed quake,
While moonbeams, sailing o'er her waters blue,
Reveal the frequent tinge of blood-red hue.
The water-birds, with shrill discordant scream,
Oft rouse the peasant from his tranquil dream;
He dreads to raise his slow unclosing eye,
And thinks he hears an infant's feeble cry.

DR LEYDEN.

In one of those frequent incursions which the Scotch Borderers used to make into the sister territory, it was the misfortune of Sir John Douglas, a gallant and distinguished warrior, to be taken prisoner by Richard De Mowbray, who, to a naturally proud and vindictive temper, added a bitter and irreconcilable hatred to that branch of the house of Douglas to which his prisoner belonged. Instead of treating the brave and noble youth with that courtesy which the law of arms and the manners of the times authorised, he loaded his limbs with fetters, and threw him into one of the deepest dungeons of his baronial castle of Holme Cultrum. Earl De Mowbray, his father, was then at the English court, in attendance on his sovereign—so that he had none to gainsay his authority, but yielded, without hesitation or restraint, to every impulse of his passions. To what lengths the savage cruelty of his temper might have led him in practising against the life of his youthful prisoner, is not known, for he was also summoned to London to assist in the stormy councils of that distracted period. Meanwhile, Douglas lay on the floor of his dungeon, loaded with fetters, and expecting every hour to be led out to die. No murmur escaped his lips. He waited patiently till the fatal message arrived, only regretting that it had not pleased heaven to suffer him to die sword in hand like his brave ancestors. "Yes," he exclaimed, as he raised his stately and warlike form from the ground, and clashing his fettered hands together, while his dark eye shot fire; "yes; let false tyrannical Mowbray come with all his ruffian band—let them give me death by sword or by cord—my cheek shall not blanch, nor my look quail before them. As a Douglas I have lived, as a Douglas I shall die." But the expected summons came not. Day after day passed on in sullen monotony, more trying to a brave mind than even the prospect of suffering. No sound broke in on the silence around him but the daily visit of a veteran man-at-arms, who brought him his scanty meal. No entreaties could induce this man to speak, so that the unfortunate prisoner could only guess at his probable fate. Sometimes despondency, in spite of his better reason, would steal over his mind. "Shall I never again see my noble, my widowed mother?—my innocent playful sister?—never again wander through the green woods of Drumlanrig, or hunt the deer on its lordly domain? Shall my sight never be again greeted by the green earth or cheerful sun? Will these hateful walls enclose me till damp and famine destroy me, and my withered limbs be left in this charnel-house a monument of the cruelty and unceasing hatred of De Mowbray?" Seven long weeks had rolled tediously along, when the prisoner was surprised by his allowance being brought by a stranger in the dress of a Cumbrian peasant. Eagerly, rapidly he questioned the man respecting Mowbray, his intentions, and why he had been so long left without being allowed to name a ransom. The peasant told him of De Mowbray's absence, and added, that, as there was to be a general invasion of Scotland, all the men-at-arms had been marched away that morning to join their companions, except the warders, by whom he had been ordered to bring food to the prisoner. Joy now thrilled through the heart and frame of the youthful warrior, but he had still enough of caution left to make no further inquiries, but allow his new jailor to depart without exciting his suspicions too early.

It is well known to those who are conversant with the history of that period, that, however bitter the animosities of the two nations were while engaged in actual warfare, yet in times of peace, or even of truce, the commons lived on friendly terms, and carried on even a sort of trade in cattle. All this was known to Sir John, who hoped, through the means of his new attendant, to open a communication with his retainers, if he could not engage him to let him free, and become a follower of the Douglas, whose name was alike dreaded in both nations. But events over which he had no control were even then working for him, and his deliverance was to come from a quarter he thought not of. At the date of this tale, the ladies of rank had few amusements when compared to those of more modern times. Books, even if they could have been procured, would sometimes not have been valued or understood, from the very limited education which, in those days, was allowed to females. Guarded in their inaccessible towers or castles, their only amusement was listening to the tales of pilgrims, or the songs of the wandering minstrels, both of whom were always made welcome to the halls of nobles, and whose persons, like those of heralds, were deemed sacred even among contending parties. To be present at a tournament was considered as an event of the first importance, and looked forward to with the highest expectation, and afterwards formed an era in their lives. When such amusements were not to be had, a walk on the ramparts, attended by their trusty maid, was the next resource against the tedium of time. It was during such a walk as this that Emma, only daughter of Earl Mowbray, addressed her attendant as follows:—"Do you think it possible, Edith, that the prisoner whom my brother is so solicitous to conceal can be that noble Douglas of whom we have heard so much, and about whom Graham, the old blind minstrel, sung such gallant verses."

"Indeed, my sweet lady," replied her attendant, "the prisoner in yonder dungeon is certainly of the house of Douglas, and, as I think, that very Sir John of whom we have heard so much."

"How knowest thou that?" inquired her lady eagerly.

"I had always my own thoughts of it," whispered Edith, cautiously, and drawing nearer her lady; "but since Ralph of Teesdale succeeded grim old Norman as his keeper, I am almost certain of it; he knows every Douglas of them, and, from his account, though the dungeon was dark, he believes it was Sir John, who performed such prodigies of valour at the taking of Alnwick."

"May heaven, then, preserve and succour him!" sighed the Lady Emma, as she clasped her hands together. Emma De Mowbray, the only daughter of the most powerful and warlike of the northern earls, was dazzlingly fair, and her very beautiful features were only relieved from the charge of insipidity on the first look, by the lustre of her dark blue eyes, which were shaded by long and beautiful eyelashes; her stature was scarcely above the middle size, but so finely proportioned that the eye of the beholder never tired gazing on it. She was only seventeen, and had not been allowed to grace a tournament, her ambitious father having determined to seclude his northern flower till he could dazzle the court of England with her charms, and secure for her such an advantageous settlement as would increase his own power and resources. Thus had Emma grown up the very child of nature and tenderness. Shut out from society of every kind, her imagination had run riot, and her most pleasing hours, when not occupied by devotional duties, were spent in musing over the romantic legends, which she heard either from minstrels, or those adventurers who oftimes found a home in the castle of a powerful chief, and which were circulated among the domestics till they reached the ear of their youthful lady. These feelings had been unconsciously fostered by her spiritual director, Father Anselm, who, of noble birth himself, had once been a soldier, and delighted, in the long winter evenings, to recount the prowess of his youth; and, in the tale of other years, often and often was the noble name of Douglas introduced and dwelt upon with enthusiastic rapture, as he narrated the chief's bravery in the Holy Land. In short, every circumstance combined to feed and excite the feverish exalted imagination of this untutored child. Had her mother lived, the sensibilities of her nature had been cherished and refined, and taught to keep within the bounds of their proper channel. As it was, they were allowed to run riot, and almost led her to overstep the limits of that retiring modesty which is so beautiful in the sex. No sooner, then, had she learnt that Douglas was the captive of her haughty brother, and perhaps doomed to a lingering or ignominious death, than she resolved to attempt his escape, be the consequences what they would. A wild tumultuary feeling took possession of her mind as she came to this resolution—what would the liberated object say to her, or how look his thanks? and oh, if he indeed proved to be the hero of her day-dreams, how blessed would she be to have had it in her power to be his guardian angel! The tear of delight trembled in her eye as she turned from the bartisan of the castle, and sought the solitude of her chamber.

It was midnight—the last stroke of the deep-toned castle bell had been answered by the echoes from the neighbouring hills, when two shrouded figures stood by the couch of the prisoner. The glare of a small lantern, carried by one of them, awoke Douglas. He sprung to his feet as lightly as if the heavy fetters he was loaded with had been of silk, and in a stern voice told them he was ready. "Be silent, and follow us," was the reply of one of the muffled visitors. He bowed in silence, and prepared to leave his dungeon; not an easy undertaking, when it is remembered he was so heavily ironed; but the care and ingenuity of his conductors obviated as much as possible even this difficulty; one came on each side, and prevented as much as possible the fetters from clashing on each other. In this manner they hurried him on through a long subterraneous passage, then crossed some courts which seemed overgrown with weeds, and then entered a chapel, where Douglas could perceive a noble tomb surrounded by burning tapers. "You must allow yourself to be blindfolded," said one of them in a sweet, musical, but suppressed voice; he did so, and no sooner was the bandage made fast, than he heard the snap as of a spring, and was immediately led forward. In a few minutes more he felt he had left the rough stones of the church, and its chill sepulchral air, for a matted floor and a warmer atmosphere; the bandage dropped from his eyes, and he found himself in a small square room, comfortably furnished with a fire blazing in the chimney; a second look convinced him he was in the private chamber of an ecclesiastic, and that he was alone.

It need not be told the sagacious reader that this escape was the work of Lady Emma, aided by Father Anselm, and Ralph Teesdale, who was his foster-brother, and thereby bound to serve her almost at the risk of his life—so very strong were such ties then considered. No sooner did Douglas learn from the venerable ecclesiastic to whom he owed his life and liberty, than he pleaded for an interview with all the warmth of gratitude which such a boon could inspire. Recruited by a night of comfortable repose, and refreshed by wholesome food, our youthful warrior looked more like those of his name than when stretched on the floor of the dungeon. It was the evening of the second day after his liberation, while Douglas was listening to his kind and venerable host's account of the daring deeds by which his ancestor, the good Lord James, had been distinguished, when the door opened, and Lady Emma and her attendant entered. Instantly sinking on one knee, Sir John poured forth his thanks in language so courtly, so refined, yet so earnest and heartfelt, that Lady Emma's heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes became suffused with tears.

"Suffer me," continued Douglas, "to behold the features of her who has indeed been a guardian angel to the descendant of that house who never forgave an injury, nor ever, while breath animated them, forgot a favour." Lady Emma slowly raised her veil, and the eyes of the youthful pair met, and dwelt on each other with mutual admiration. Again the knight knelt, and, pressing her hand to his lips, vowed that he would ever approve himself her faithful and devoted champion. The conversation then took a less agitating turn, and in another hour, Lady Emma took her leave of the good father and his youthful companion, in whose favour she could not conceal that she was already inspired with the most fervent feelings. Nor did she chide Edith, who, whilst she braided the beautiful locks of her mistress, expatiated on the fine form and manly features of Douglas, and rejoiced in his escaped.

It was now time for Sir John to make some inquiries of Father Anselm about the state of the country, and if the Scotch had beat back their assailants in the attack made upon them, and learnt, to his pleasure and surprise, that the enemy were then too much divided among themselves to think of making reprisals, the whole force of the kingdom being then gathered together to decide the claims of York and Lancaster to the crown of England; that Earl Mowbray and his son, adherents of the queen, were then lying at York with their retainers, ready to close in battle with the adverse party. It might be supposed that this intelligence would inspire the captive with the wish to complete his escape, and return to Scotland. But no. A secret influence, a sort of charm, bound him to the spot; he was fascinated; he had no power to fly, even if the massy gates of the castle had unfolded themselves before him. Bred up in the camp, Douglas was unused to the small sweet courtesies of life; his hours, when in his paternal towers of Drumlanrig, were chiefly spent in the chase, or in warlike exercises with his brothers, and the vassals of their house. His mother, a lady of noble birth, descended from the bold Seatons, encouraged such feelings, and kept up that state in her castle and retinue which befitted her high rank. His sister Bertha was a mere child, whom he used to fondle and caress in his moments of relaxation. But now a new world burst upon his astonished senses. He had seen a young, a beautiful lady, to whom he owed life and liberty, who, unsought, had generously come forward to his relief. Of the female character he knew nothing; if he did think of them, it was either invested with the matronly air of his mother, or the playful fondness of his sister. His emotions were new and delightful, and he longed to tell his fair deliverer all he felt; and—he did tell her, and—she listened. But why prolong the tale? Interview succeeded interview, till even Father Anselm became aware of their growing attachment. Alas! the good priest saw his error too late; and although, even then, he attempted to reason with both on the consequences of their passion, yet his arguments made no impression. "You will turn war into peace," whispered Emma, as she listened to her spiritual director, "by healing the feud between the families." "And you will, by uniting us," boldly exclaimed the youthful lover, "give to the Mowbrays a friend who will never fail in council or in field." Overcome by this and similar arguments, the tender-hearted Anselm at last consented to join their hands. At the solemn hour of midnight, when the menials and retainers were bound in sleep, an agitated yet happy group stood by the altar of the castle chapel. There might be seen the noble form of Douglas, with a rich mantle wrapped round him, and the fair and beautiful figure of his bride, as she blushingly left the arm of her attendant to bestow her hand where her heart was already given. The light of the sacred tapers fell full upon the reverend form of Father Anselm, and the chapel reverberated the solemn words he uttered, as he bade heaven bless their union. The athletic figure of Ralph Teesdale was seen near the door, to guard against surprise.

Nothing occurred for some time to mar the harmony and peace of the married lovers. At length their tranquillity was broken by the accounts of the fatal and bloody battle of Towton, which gave a death-blow to the interests of the Lancastrians. This news spread consternation among the small party at Holme Cultrum. The question was, whether to remain, and boldly confront the Mowbrays, or fly towards Scotland, and endeavour to reach Drumlanrig; but the distracted state of the country forbade this plan; and the arrival of some fugitives from the field of battle having brought the intelligence that both Earl Mowbray and his son were unwounded, and had fled to France, determined the party to remain where they were. This, however, they soon repented of, when they understood that a large body of Yorkists were in full march northward to demolish all the castles held by the insurgent noblemen. This trumpet-note roused the warlike spirit of Douglas. He boldly showed himself to the soldiers, and swore to defend the castle to the last, or be buried in its ruins, if they would stand by him. But the men-at-arms, either unwilling to fight under a stranger, or panic-struck at their late defeat, coldly met this proposal; and while Father Anselm and Douglas were examining the outward works, they made their escape by a postern, leaving only two or three infirm old men, besides the menials, to resist the conquering army. Sir John, undaunted by the dastardly behaviour of the men, still continued his preparations, and inspired such courage into the hearts of his little garrison, that they vowed to stand by him to the last. But these preparations were made in vain: Edward, either allured by the prospect of greater booty in some richer castle, or afraid of harassing his troops, turned aside into the middle counties, and left the bold-hearted Douglas to the enjoyment of his wife's society. Months of unalloyed felicity were theirs; and while England was torn by civil dissensions—when the father pursued the son, and the son the father, and the most sacred bonds of nature were rent asunder at the shrine of party, and while the unburied dead gave the fields of merry England the appearance of a charnel-house—all was peace, joy, and love within the walls of Holme Cultrum. Seated in the lofty halls of her fathers, Lady Emma appeared the personification of content; hers was indeed that felicity she had not dared to hope for even in her wildest day-dreams. It was indeed a lovely sight to behold her leaning on the arm of her noble husband, listening to his details of well-fought fields; her eye now sparkling with hope, and her cheek now blanched with terror, as they paced in the twilight the ample battlements of the castle; it was like the ivy clinging and clasping round the stately oak. If at such moments Douglas wearied of the monotony of existence, and half wished he was once more in the front of battle, he had only to look in the soft blue eye of his Emma, press her to his heart, and every thing else was forgot.

Summer had passed away, and the fields wore the golden livery of autumn. It was in a beautiful evening, when Douglas, Lady Emma, and Father Anselm, were enjoying the evening breeze, when Ralph Teesdale rushed before them, his face pale, and his trembling accents proclaiming his terror. "Fly, my lord," he cried, addressing Douglas: "Fly," he continued, "for you are betrayed; the earl is come, at the head of a band of mercenaries, and vows to have your head stuck upon the battlements before to-morrow's sun rise." "I will not fly," said Douglas; "boldly will I confront the earl, and claim my wife." "My father is good, is kind; he will yield to the prayers and tears of his Emma." "Alas, alas, my dearest and honoured lady," rejoined her foster-brother, "your noble father is no more, and 'tis your brother who now seeks the life of Douglas." The first part of the sentence was only heard by Lady Emma, who fell senseless into the arms of her husband, and was immediately conveyed to her chamber by her ever ready attendant. A hasty council was then held between Father Anselm and Douglas. "You had better take the advice of that faithful fellow, and give way. You know," continued the friar, "the dreadful temper and baleful passions of Richard De Mowbray. Not only your own life, but that of your wife, may fall a sacrifice to his fury, were he to find you. I am well aware that he has long considered his sister as an incumbrance on his succession, and will either cause her to be shut up in a monastery, or secretly destroyed." Douglas shuddered at the picture, and asked the holy father what he should do. "Retreat to my secret chamber in the first instance; it were madness, and worse, to attempt to exclude Baron De Mowbray from his castle, even if we had sufficient strength within, which you know we have not. I shall cause Lady Emma to be conveyed there also when she recovers; we must resolve on some scheme instantly; the secret of the spring is unknown to all but your faithful friends."

Douglas allowed himself to be persuaded, and was soon joined in his retreat by Lady Emma and Edith. Flight, instant flight, was resolved on; and the timid and gentle Emma, who had hardly ever ventured beyond the walls of the castle, declared she was ready to dare every thing rather than be torn from her husband, or be the means of his being consigned to endless captivity, or, it might be, a cruel and lingering death. Father Anselm set off again in search of Ralph, and soon returned with the joyful intelligence that De Mowbray was still at a castle a few miles distant; that those of his followers who had already arrived were then carousing deeply; and as soon as the first watch was set, a pair of fleet horses would be waiting at the small postern, to which Douglas and his lady could steal unobserved, wrapt in horsemen's cloaks. The short interval which intervened was spent in making such preparations as were required for the travellers, by Edith and by the churchman, in fervent petitions to heaven for their safety. At length the expected signal was given from the chapel, and the agitated party stood at the low postern, where Ralph waited with the horses. It was some moments before the lady could disengage herself from the arms of her weeping attendant; but the Father hurried them away, and soon their figures were lost in the gloom, and their horses' tread became faint in the distance.

Well it was for the fugitives that their plans had been so quickly executed, for ere midnight the trumpets of De Mowbray sounded before the castle gate. There all was uproar and confusion. The means of refreshment had been given with unsparing hand, and the wild spirits of the mercenaries whom he commanded were then in a state bordering on stupefaction from their lengthened debauch. The few who accompanied him were not much better, and he himself had all his evil passions inflamed by the wine he had quaffed with the Lord of Barnard Castle. Hastily throwing himself from his reeking charger, he entered his castle sword in hand, and ordered his sister to be brought before him, and the castle to be searched, from turret to foundation-stone, for the presumptuous Douglas. Pale, trembling, and in tears, Edith threw herself at his feet. "O my good lord, my lady, my dear lady, is ill, very ill, ever since she heard of the death of her honoured father. To-morrow she will endeavour to see you."

"Off, woman!" he exclaimed. "This night I must and shall see my sister, dead or alive;" and he arose with fury in his looks. But Wolfstone, his lieutenant, a brave young man, stepped before him, and, drawing his sword, exclaimed, "You must pass over my dead body ere you break in upon the sacred sorrows of Lady Emma." There was something in the brave bearing of the gallant foreigner which even De Mowbray respected, for he lowered his voice, and, stealing his hand from his dagger, said, "And where is Father Anselm, that he comes not to welcome me to the halls of my fathers?" "He is gone," returned Edith, "to the neighbouring monastery, to say a mass for the honoured dead," and she devoutly crossed herself, turning her tearful eye on Wolfstone, who, with the most respectful tone, added, "Go, faithful maiden, say to your lady that Conrade Wolfstone guards her chamber till her pleasure is known." "Now lead in our prisoner there;" but a dozen of voices exclaimed against further duty that night. "He sleeps sound in his dungeon floor," said De Mowbray's squire, "and to-morrow you may make him sleep sounder if you will. A cup of wine would be more to the purpose, methinks, after our long and toilsome march." A hundred voices joined in the request. The wine was brought, and the tyrant soon forgot his projects of vengeance in the pleasures of a prolonged debauch. He slept, too, that unnatural monster slept, and dreamt of his victims, and the sweet revenge that was awaiting him. It was owing to the presence of mind of Ralph that the flight of Douglas was not discovered. He had the address to persuade the half-inebriated soldiers that the prisoner was actually securely fettered in the dungeon which he had all along occupied. No sooner did he see them all engaged in the new carousal than he fled, and joined Edith in the secret chamber, where they joined Father Anselm in his devotions, and prayed for blessings on the head of their noble lord and lady.

Meanwhile the fugitives had reached Scotland, and were now leisurely pursuing their way, thinking themselves far beyond the reach of pursuit. On their first crossing the Border, a shepherd's hut afforded the agitated Lady Emma an hour's repose and a draught of milk; the morning air revived her spirits, and once more she smiled sweetly as her husband bade her welcome to his native soil. From the fear of pursuit, they durst not take the most direct road to Drumlanrig, but continued to follow the narrow tracks among the hills, known only to huntsmen and shepherds.

It was now evening: the sun was sinking among a lofty range of mountains, tinging their heathy summits with a purple hue, as his broad disc seemed to touch their tops. The travellers were entering a narrow defile, at the end of which a small but beautiful mountain lake or loch burst upon their sight; its waters lay beautifully still and placid, reflecting aslant a few alder bushes which grew on its banks, while the cana, or wild cotton grass, reared its white head here and there among the bushes of wild thyme which sent their perfume far on the air. The wild and melancholy note of the curlew, as she was roused from her nest by the travellers, or the occasional bleat of a lamb, was all that broke the universal stillness.

"Ah, my love," said Lady Emma, riding up close to her husband, "what a scene of peace and tranquillity! Why could we not live here, far from courts and camps, from battle and bloodshed? But," she continued looking fondly and fixedly at her husband, "this displeases you—think of it only as a fond dream, and pardon me."

"True, my Emma," returned Douglas, "these are but fond dreams; the state of our poor country commands every man to do his duty, and how could the followers of the bloody heart sheathe their swords, and live like bondsmen? Never, never! But ride on now; the smoke from yonder cabin on the brow of the hill promises shelter for the night, and, ere to-morrow's sun goes down, you shall be welcomed as the daughter of one of the noblest dames of Scotland.

Ride on—the night wears apace." Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the quick tramp of a steed behind him caused him to turn round. It was Mowbray, his eyes glaring with fury, and his frame trembling with rage and excitement.

"Turn, traitor, coward!—Robber! turn, and meet your just punishment."

"Coward was never heard by a Douglas unrevenged," was the haughty answer to this defiance, as he wheeled round to meet the challenger, at the same time waving to Lady Emma to ride on; but she became paralyzed with fear and surprise, and sat on her palfrey motionless. Both drew their swords, and the combat began. It was furious, but short: Douglas unhorsed his antagonist, and then, leaping from his own steed, went to assist in raising him, unwilling farther to harm the brother of his wife. But oh, the treachery and cruelty of the wicked! No sooner did the tender-hearted Douglas kneel down beside him to ascertain the nature of his wounds, than Mowbray drew his secret dagger, and stabbed him to the heart.

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The moon rose pale and cold on the waters of this small inland lake, and showed distinctly the body of a female lying near its shore, while a dark heap, resembling men asleep, were seen at a little distance, on a rising ground—the mournful howl of a large dog only broke the death-like stillness; soon, however, a horseman was seen descending the pass; he was directed by the dog to the female, who still lay as if life indeed had fled; he sprung from his horse, and brought water from the lake, which he sprinkled on her face and hands. Long his efforts were unavailing, but at last the pulse of life began once more to beat, the eye opened, and she wildly exclaimed, "O do not kill him." "He is safe for me, lady," said the well-known voice of Ralph Teedsdale. "Thou here, my trusty friend!" murmured Lady Emma; "bear me to Douglas, and all yet may be well." She could utter no more; insensibility again seized her, and Ralph, lifting her up, bore her in his arms to what he supposed to be a shepherd's cottage, but found it only a deserted summer shealing. He was almost distracted, and, laying down his precious burden, wrapped in his horseman's cloak, he ran out again in search of assistance, though hardly hoping to find it in such a wild district, still closely followed by the dog, which continued at intervals the same dismal howl which had attracted the notice of Ralph as they ascended the hill; the sad note of the hound was answered by a loud barking, and never fell sounds more welcome on the ear of the faithful vassal; he followed the sounds, and they led him to a hut tenanted by a shepherd and his wife. His tale was soon told. They hastened with him to the deserted shealing, where they found the object of their solicitude in a situation to demand instant, and female assistance. There, amid the wilds of Scotland, in a comfortless cabin, the heir of the warlike and noble Sir John Douglas first saw the light. Long ere perfect consciousness returned, Lady Emma was removed to the more comfortable home of the shepherd, and there his wife paid her every possible attention. The care of Ralph consigned the remains of the rival chiefs to one grave. It was supposed that De Mowbray had expired soon after giving Douglas the fatal stroke, as his fingers still firmly grasped the hilt of his dagger. Their horses and accoutrements were disposed of by the shepherd, and thus furnished a fund for the maintenance of the noble lady, who was so strangely cast upon their care. Many weeks elapsed ere she was aware she had neither husband nor brother.

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Time, which calms or extinguishes every passion of the human heart, had exerted its healing influence over the mind of Lady Emma. She sat watching the gambols of her son on the banks of the peaceful lake, whose waters had first recalled her to life on the disastrous evening of his birth. There was even a smile on her pale thin lip, as he tottered to her knee, and laid there a handful of yellow wild-flowers. She clasped the blooming boy to her heart, murmuring, "My Douglas!" On her first awakening to a full sense of her loss and forlorn condition, it was only by presenting her son to her that she could be persuaded to live; and when her strength returned, she determined to go to Drumlanrig, and claim protection for herself and child; but the prudence of Ralph suggested the propriety of his first going to ascertain the state of the family, and, recommending his lady to the care of Gilbert Scott and his kind-hearted wife, he set out on his embassy. But sad was his welcome. The noble pile was a heap of blackened and smoking ruins, and the lady fled no one knew whither. Sad and sorrowful he returned to the mountain retreat, and was surprised at the calmness with which his honoured mistress heard his tale. Alas, he knew not that the pang she had already suffered made every loss appear trivial! The lonely shealing was repaired and furnished. Here Lady Emma, in placid content, reared her child, attended by her faithful Rosetta and Ralph, who made occasional excursions to the neighbouring town to supply her with any necessary she might require. On an occasion of this kind, when the little boy was nearly two years old, she sat in the door of her humble dwelling, listening to his sweet prattle. It was the first time he had attempted to say the most endearing of all words. She forgot her sorrows, and was almost happy. Her attention was soon called to some domestic concern within the cottage. The boy was on his accustomed seat at the door, when a shrill and piercing scream caused her to run out. Need her anguish and despair be painted, when she saw her lovely boy borne aloft in the air in the talons of a large eagle! To run, to scream, to shout, was the first movement of the phrenzied mother; but vain had been her efforts, had she not been almost immediately joined by some of her neighbours, whose united efforts made the fatigued bird quit his prey, and drop it into the loch. Many a willing heart, many an active hand, was ready to save the boy. He was delivered to his mother, but, alas, only as a drenched and nerveless corse. Human nature could endure no more. Her brain reeled, and reason fled for ever. Her faithful and attached follower returned to find her lady a wandering maniac. Year after year did he follow her footsteps, nor, till death put a period to his sufferings, did his care slacken for one instant. After he had seen her laid by her husband and brother, he bade adieu to the simple inhabitants, and it is supposed he fell in some of the border raids of the period, as he was never more heard of.

Reader, this tale is no idle fiction. On the borders of Alemoor loch in Selkirkshire may still be seen a small clump of moss-grown trees, among which were one or two of the crab-apple kind, which showed that here the hand of cultivation had once been. Within this inclosure was a small green mound, to which tradition, in reference to the above story, gave the name of the Lady's Seat; and about half a mile to the south-west of the lonely loch, is an oblong bench, with a rising ground above, still called the Chieftain's Grave.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE POLECAT.

The length of the polecat, from the point of the nose to the insertion of the tail, is from seventeen to eighteen inches; the tail is short and bushy, measuring about three inches; the ears are short, round, and tipped with white. The ordinary colour is of a deep chocolate, sometimes nearly black; the sides are covered with hair of two colours, being darker at the tips, like the rest of the body, and the middle of a tawny hue.

The polecat is an active and nimble animal, and runs very fast by a succession of leaps, which is the only way it can make rapid progression, owing to the shortness of its legs. It can creep up the side of a wall with much agility. It inhabits woods or thick brakes, where it burrows under ground, forming a shallow retreat from two to three yards in length, generally terminating in a round chamber among the roots of trees. It seldom leaves its burrow during the day, being a nocturnal animal. It is very destructive to poultry, pigeons, young rabbits, and game of all kinds. Its thirst for blood is so excessive, that it usually kills many more than it can eat. A few pairs of them are sufficient to desolate a whole rabbit warren.

During winter, the polecat frequents houses, barns, and other places connected with farm establishments, feeding on poultry, eggs, and milk.

This species is numerous in Britain, and most other parts of Europe. Lorraine, a province of France, is completely overrun with polecats, owing to some strange superstition of the inhabitants, who will not destroy them; so that there, and in the adjoining cantons, they have become a literal pest, and it is next to impossible to preserve poultry from their ravages. It is a superstitious but erroneous belief with these ignorant peasants that polecats will never destroy poultry in places where they reside, but extend their depredations to distant parts. This argument, however, although true, would but free them from those they foster, while they would suffer from the forays of those more remote.

The female polecat produces from three to six young ones in the beginning of summer. This usually takes place in the immediate neighbourhood of some farm; and they early accustom their progeny to the use of animal food.

The skin of the polecat, when properly manufactured, is a valuable fur, and especially when taken in the winter. It is, however, a difficult process to free the skins from their fetid and offensive odour.

Several of the old writers mention that the polecat will prey upon fish. The following confirmation of this fact is recorded in "Bewick's Quadrupeds:"—During a severe storm, one of these animals was traced in the snow, from the side of a rivulet to its hole at some distance from it: as it was observed to have made frequent trips, and as other marks were to be seen in the snow which could not easily be accounted for, it was thought a matter worthy of greater attention. Its hole was, accordingly, examined, the polecat taken, and eleven fine eels were discovered to be the fruit of its nocturnal excursions. The marks in the snow were found to have been made by the motion of the eels in the creature's mouth.

THE WEASEL.

The body of the weasel is seven inches in length, and the tail only two inches and a half, ending in a sharp point. The height of the animal is little more than two inches and a half, consequently its length is nearly four times that of its height. Its usual colour is pale reddish brown on the back, sides, and legs; the throat and belly are white; on each side of the head, under the corners of the mouth, there is a brown spot: its ears are short and round, and its eyes small, black, and sparkling: its whiskers are very long; and its teeth are exceedingly sharp, so that it bites with great keenness.

Although the weasel is but a slender animal, yet it is more than a match for the largest rat, to which he is a mortal enemy, and frequently proves extremely useful in ridding stack-yards and barns of this destructive vermin, as well as mice; on which account, its company is often courted by the farmer: it is even more useful than the cat in destroying rats, for, from the slender form of its body, it can pursue them into their holes, where they are soon killed. It is a destructive enemy to pigeons, as it creeps into the holes of a dovecot in the evening, and surprises its prey while they are asleep. In short, from the peculiar construction of its body, there are few situations it is incapable of reaching, as the sharpness of its claws enables it to clamber up an almost perpendicular wall.

The weasel is a lively and active animal, common in all parts of Britain; and being of a fierce and bold disposition, proves very destructive to farm-yards and warrens. It devours eggs with much voracity: in this operation it makes a small hole in the end of the egg, and sucks the contents out, leaving the shell entire. Rats, on the contrary, usually drag the eggs from the nest, and either break them to pieces, or make a large hole in them: from these distinctions, the farmer may readily guess which was the depredator.

It is said that the weasel prefers meat which has become partially putrid. Buffon, in illustration of its attachment to putrid substances, says, that a weasel, with three young ones, was taken out of the carcase of a wolf that had been hung on a tree by the hind feet. The wolf was almost entirely putrified, and the weasel had made a nest of leaves and herbage for her young in the thorax of the corrupt carcase.

The female brings forth in spring, and usually produces four or five at a litter. The young ones are blind at birth, but soon receive their sight, and are not long of being able to follow the dam in her predatory excursions.

The weasel is of a wild and untractable nature, being exceedingly difficult to tame. When kept in a cage, it seems in a perpetual state of agitation, is terrified at the sight of all who approach to look at it, and generally endeavours to hide itself beneath the straw, or other substances which may be at the bottom of its cage. There are, however, instances on record of weasels being completely domesticated.

Although Buffon was of opinion that the weasel was an animal incapable of domestication, Mademoiselle de Laistre proves that in some instances it may be tamed. In a letter, she gives the following amusing account of it:—"If I pour some milk into my hand," says she, "it will drink a good deal; but if I do not pay it this compliment, it will scarcely take a drop. When it is satisfied, it generally goes to sleep. My chamber is the place of its residence; and I have found a method of dispelling its strong odour by perfumes. During day, it sleeps inside a quilt, which it enters by a place which is unsewed in its edge, which it accidentally discovered; at night, I keep it in a wired cage, which it always enters with much reluctance, but leaves with joy. If the servant sets it at liberty before I am up in the morning, after a thousand gambols it enters my bed, and reposes in my hand, or on my bosom. If I am up before it is let out, it will fly to me in rapture, and spend half an hour in caressing me, playing with my fingers, and nibbling at them with its teeth, like a little dog: leaping on my head, and on my neck, and then running round my arm with the softness and elegance of a squirrel. Such is its agility that it will leap into my hands, although upwards of a yard distant, if I present them to it. It exhibits much adroitness and cunning to obtain any wished-for object; and it is so capricious at times as to perform certain acts apparently from contradiction. It seems at all times exceedingly desirous of being noticed, watching my eye during all its little pranks, to see if I observe it. If I am inattentive to its sports, it seems to have no pleasure in them, and immediately desists, and lays itself down to repose. It is so lively, that the moment I awake it, however sound its sleep may be, it instantly resumes its gambols, with as much spirit as before it slept. It never is out of temper, unless when much teased, or when under confinement, which it mortally detests; in which case, it displays its displeasure by a kind of low murmur, quite opposed to its voice when pleased. This little creature can distinguish my voice amid twenty others, and springs over every one in the room till it has found me. Nothing can exceed the lively and pleasing way it caresses me; with its two little paws it frequently pats me on the chin, in a manner that expresses the utmost fondness. This, with a thousand other kindnesses, convinces me of the sincerity of its attachment. He is quite aware of my intentions when dressed to go out, and then it is with much difficulty I can rid myself of him; on these occasions, he will then conceal himself behind a cabinet near the door, and springs on me as I pass with astonishing quickness.

"This vivacity, agility, and voice, with the manner he utters it, have a strong similitude to those faculties in a squirrel. In the summer season, he runs about all night squeaking, but since the cold set in, he has desisted from this practice, but has sometimes expressed this peculiar sound when rolling on my bed in the sunbeams.

"It seems extremely probable that the weasel sips

the dew, judging from the remarkable manner he drinks milk from my hands. He will never drink water when he can get milk, and then it is in such a small way, that he appears only to do it to cool his tongue; for he evinced fear on several occasions when water was presented to him. During the summer showers, I caught some rain water, and endeavoured to get him to enter it to bathe himself; but this he would not do. I then dipped a piece of linen cloth in it, which seemed to afford him much pleasure by rolling himself on it, which he did frequently.

"The curiosity of this little pet is unbounded, for it is impossible to open a drawer, or box, without his roving through every part of them; if even a piece of paper, or a book, is looked at, he will also examine it with attention. Every thing I take into my hand he must run up to and survey, with an attentive scrutiny. I have a young dog and cat, with both of which he is very familiar; he will scamper over their necks, backs, and legs, without them offering him the smallest injury."

The following circumstance strongly illustrated the determined spirit of this little animal:—

An eagle having seized a weasel, mounted into the air with its prey, and was soon after observed to exhibit symptoms of distress. Its little enemy had extricated itself so far as to be able to bite the eagle in the throat, and kept its hold with such pertinacity, that he soon brought the eagle to the ground, and the weasel, finding himself fairly on terra firma again, took care to make good his retreat.

One fine summer evening, about thirty years ago, as Mr Brown was returning from Gilmerton, near Edinburgh, by the Dalkeith road, he observed on the high ground at a considerable distance, betwixt and Craigmillar Castle, a man, who was leaping about, performing a number of antic gestures, more like those of a maniac than of a sane person. After contemplating this apparently absurd conduct, Mr Brown began to think it might be some unfortunate maniac, and, climbing over the wall, made directly towards him; and when he got pretty near, he perceived that this man had been attacked, and was defending himself against the assault of a number of small animals, which he at first took for rats, but which, in fact, turned out, on getting closer, to be a colony of from fifteen to twenty weasels, which the unfortunate man was tearing from him, and endeavouring to keep from his throat. Mr Brown joined in the combat, and, having a stick, contrived to hit several of them, and laid them lifeless. Seeing their numbers decreasing, the animals became intimidated, and speedily fled towards a rock hard by, and disappeared in its fissures. The gentleman was nearly overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, having been engaged in his struggle with the weasels, as far as he could guess, upwards of twenty minutes; and but for the fortunate and timely assistance of Mr Brown, he said he must have inevitably fallen a victim to their fury, as he found himself quickly losing strength from the violence of his exertion. His chief attention was turned to keeping them from his throat, to which they seemed instinctively to direct their course. He was a powerful man, otherwise he must have sunk under their ferocity. He had squeezed two to death while tearing them from him. His hands were much bitten, and were streaming with blood from the wounds.

The account he gave of the commencement of the affray, was, that he was walking slowly through the park, when he happened to see a weasel; he ran at it, and made several unsuccessful attempts to strike it with a small ratan he had in his hand. On its getting near the rock above mentioned, he got betwixt it and the animal, and thus cut off his means of retreat; the weasel squeaked aloud, when an instantaneous sortie was made by the whole colony, and the attack commenced.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

[The following well-written letter has been put into our hands by a gentleman of this city, and as it cannot fail to be of service to many of our readers, we readily afford it a place. It is the composition of a person who very lately emigrated to Canada.]

G—— Brule, Township of M'Nab,
Upper Canada, Jan. 13, 1833.

My Dear Mother—You'll no doubt have passed many an anxious hour about us since we left you, and I am sure it will afford you the greatest pleasure and consolation to hear that we are all in the very best health, and in all likelihood, in a short time, to have in this country every comfort we could desire.

I might have written to you sooner, but could not have done it so satisfactorily, for it is little more than a month since we were finally on our own land, and in our own house. We had about eight weeks' passage from Leith to Quebec; but, upon the whole, as comfortable a one as we could expect in so crowded a vessel. We left Quebec, the same day we arrived, by the steamer for Montreal, where we remained five days, waiting the sailing of the track-boats through the Lachine Canal. Mr S——, to whom, you know, I had a letter of introduction, received me very kindly, and offered me the grant of 100 acres of land, in the lower province, free, if I chose to remain; or, if I preferred going to Niagara, he would recommend me to the situation of a book-keeper to a gentleman from that place, who was then at Montreal. We had steam navigation to Bytown, a distance of 120 miles from Montreal, and then, partly by land, but mostly by canoes, a farther distance of 50 miles, to this township, where we arrived in the middle of August.

I met with a warm and hospitable reception from M'Nab. We remained with him until I fixed upon a lot of land, where there was a small clearance, and a house; but we had not been on this lot more than a month, when the former occupier made his appearance, and claimed the lot as his. He had verbally given it up, but as he held the location ticket, we were obliged to leave it, and accepted the invitation of our then next neighbour to remain with him until we fixed upon another lot. This person was then in the midst of his harvest, and we gave him what assistance we could, and were thus gaining a little knowledge of the customs of the country, and, at same time, becoming better acquainted with the nature of the land. I was cautious in fixing upon another lot, and went through the greater part of the township before I did so. I at last selected the one upon which I am now sitting. This lot is what is here called a Brule, a French term, but completely adopted here, meaning a place that has been burnt. A Brule is the wildest place of the forest. I have retained the name, and, in compliment to my mother, have prefixed her maiden name. It is customary for the settlers to give their lot a name, and it behoved me to do the same. It frequently happens that fires arise in the woods in this country; and seven years ago, six miles long, by three broad, of this township, was under fire, which has consumed a good deal of the timber; but the most of it is only killed, and, in the course of a few years, a great part of the hardwood is thrown down, and the under brush springing up. My Brule formed part of this burning, and last autumn, I mean the autumn of 1831, it was again under fire, so that now there is scarce a living tree upon the lot, and a deal of the timber consumed, and in many places of the rear there is scarcely a stump left; and I may have 20 or 30 acres under crop next spring, if I can procure a yoke of oxen and seed. The soil is a red clayey loam, lying mostly upon limestone, but partly upon a yellowish clay. The rear of the lot is a succession of gentle swelling banks, running across the lot till they terminate near the river Dochart, about 100 or 150 acres lower, where the land becomes a strong bluish marly clay. The land falls in the same manner again towards the Grand River; and as the neighbouring lots suffered also in the burnings, and my house being placed in the rear of the lot, I can see from it nearly a mile round me in all directions. I have hitherto spoken only of the lot I hold free; but upon settling on land here, two things are particularly to be considered, that is, firewood and water. I have plenty of excellent water on this lot. About the centre of it there is a fine running creek, that neither freezes in winter nor gets dry in summer; but I had no growing firewood, and the common estimate is, that a settler should retain for that purpose from 20 to 30 acres of growing wood. In these circumstances, it became necessary to obtain this; and as the chief* held the lot in the rear of the one I have been speaking of in his own hands, he agreed to let me have it on the same terms as his other settlers—that is, after three years, to pay him a barrel and a half of flour per 100 acres; and as there is about 140 acres of it, you will see that I thus hold about 340 acres of land. There are from 30 to 40 acres of this lot adjoining the other one, also burnt in the same manner; but there is a point of it which the fire did not reach, that is within 500 yards of my house, which in a year or two I will have to resort to for firewood. The soil of this lot is somewhat like the other, and the finest part of it runs down to and overhangs the lake, commanding a fine view of the lake and of the opposite shores of Lower Canada. The lake opposite me is from one to two miles broad. The fire of 1831 left the greater part of my free lot quite bare; but in the course of last summer there sprung up a weed called Indian kale, the same plant that is cultivated with you as a garden flower, with which it is completely covered, and interspersed with young trees, which have already attained the height of two to three feet. Accidents have never happened to any of the settlers from these fires, as they never encroach upon the clearances. Where fire has run, or where a clearance has been made, and then left in a state of nature for four or five years, as was the case with six or eight acres of the lot I settled on first, there sprung up in the greatest profusion currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, plums, and white clover, which it appears are all indigenous to this country. I would have preferred placing my house upon the lot adjoining the lake, and close to the lake, where there is a fine flat of the finest soil covered entirely with hardwood, consisting of maple, beech, barwood, and oak, of about 50 acres in extent; but, in the meantime, I thought it more advisable to place it as nearly as possible in the midst of the greatest extent of my best and clearest land. In a few years this will become a valuable situation, as the summer after next it is expected a steam-boat will ply daily from Bytown to about 20 miles above this township. We saw this vessel building when on our way up, and she was finished in time to make a few trips last year to the Chats Rapid, 10 miles below us. These rapids have been surveyed, and a canal of three or four miles will be cut next spring, to avoid them; so that, in the course of another year or two, we will have a continued chain of steamboats from Montreal to about 20 miles above us.

This township is as yet in its infancy, although it has been settled for about ten years. The settlers are only between fifty and sixty, and being mostly from the Highlands, and without capital or experience as farmers, they have made but little progress. Settlers in a new township have many and great difficulties to contend with at first, but the worst of these are now over here, and we may expect to make henceforth rapid improvement. Within the last two or three years, more enterprising men have settled on the township. Two or three of the old settlers, who have lots on the lake, have gained money by keeping taverns, where there is a very considerable trade from the number of lumbering parties on the Grand River and the Madawasea; and among the recent settlers are two Stirlingshire men, who keep a store, and are erecting extensive saw-mills at the mouth of the latter. These mills are nearly ready to commence operations, and, when ready, they commence the erection of a flour mill, a great want here at present, the settlers having to go to the neighbouring township to get their flour made. The most of the settlers who have been here a few years are in comfortable circumstances; for the last season or two, they have been able to procure the use of a yoke of oxen, by rearing them or otherwise, and have now from ten to thirty acres under crop. In addition to the yoke of oxen, they have in general from two to six milch cows, one or two couple of young steers, two or three young cows, half a score to a score of sheep, and a few of them have a horse or two, with pigs, and plenty of the finest poultry. During six months of the year, these animals cost them nothing, but are turned into the woods, where they feed luxuriantly, each settler's cattle generally keeping by themselves, and commonly take a circuit of three or four miles round the clearance. The only inconvenience of this is the trouble of searching for the cows to be milked twice a-day, or for the oxen, when they are wanted for work. The most docile cow has a bell put round her neck, and by the sound of this, or by their track, they are traced, for they have generally to be searched for, seldom coming home of themselves; and every man's cattle are allowed to graze where they please, except where the land is fenced, and a settler fences only his cleared land. The crops cultivated here are principally wheat, Indian corn and potatoes, with a little beer, rye, oats, pease, and turnip, as well as pumpkins, which are generally grown among the Indian corn. Timothy hay is also cultivated, and brings from L.2 to L.4 per ton. Wheat fetches about 5s., Indian corn 4s., oats 2s. 6d., potatoes 1s. 6d. per bushel; and those settlers who have any of these articles for sale find a ready market for them at these prices, principally to the lumberers, taken from their own doors. Many of the settlers take only half a lot, that is, 100 acres, and are entitled by their location ticket, as soon as they have done the settlement duties, namely, cleared 5 acres per 100, to claim a patent deed at their own expense, which costs about L.2, and this entitles them to vote for a member of Parliament. There is a general meeting of the township held annually, on the first Monday of January, when all matters relative to the internal government of the township are agreed upon, and where we elect assessors, tax-collector, town-wardens, path-masters, town-clerk, &c., and at which M'Nab votes only as an individual, and has no control over the settlers, except as a justice of the peace.

(The remainder of this letter in the ensuing Number.)

* It is presumed that the chief of M'Nab is here meant.—*Ed.*

THE NORWEGIANS.

Extreme poverty in some parts of Norway causes a paucity of articles that may be almost regarded as necessary to the comforts of life. In some houses the whole stock of utensils are—one large iron pot, an axe, one knife, and half a dozen wooden bowls and spoons. The severity of the climate obliges the people to sleep in their only room that has a fire-place, and in one large bed, like a deal box, into which they all creep; some straw is spread at the bottom, and sheep-skins serve for covering. They seem to have scarcely a fixed hour for sleep, but each gets in by day, as he finds himself tired. The swampy lands they labour in prevents the women's bare feet, or their miserable remnants of shoes and stockings, from ever being clean; but their tables, and what utensils they have, are generally spotless. Destitute as they are of every worldly comfort, two or three religious books are to be found in every house. The hope of the weary and heavy laden in every clime is not denied to these poor sojourners in the valley of tears.

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FAMILY AFFECTIONS.

In the chequered and often weary pilgrimage of life, there is nothing, after religion, which yields so uniform and unfailing a measure of comfort as the affections springing from ties of blood. To all men we are in some measure brothers: there are general sympathies which bind the whole race together as one family, and others which, uniting larger or smaller parties, and inspiring them with common objects, form solid brotherhoods and corporations, for general and individual advantage. In all these unions, however, the binding sympathies are of a vague nature, compared to those which knit together the little circle of a domestic hearth. It is there alone that the reasons for union exceed in number and strength the reasons for disunion, and there alone that we may hope to find an attachment, which will be alike ready to resist and to consult a sense of interest. In the world at large, the sympathies of those around us are only to be roused by a particular exigency, and we might live for ever without acquiring a single friend. In our homes, on the contrary, every man feels as if he were hedged round by a faithful and devoted body-guard, whose eyes are as beacons to guide and welcome him to their hearts, and whose best offices can only be withheld when they are either repressed by coldness or eminently undeserved. In all spheres of life this is the same, and the poor man, though doomed, perhaps, to suffer under the contumely of the proud, finds as much esteem and affection in his own humble circle, and is thereby as much comforted and supported, as if he possessed all the boasted advantages of fortune.

Since such are the blessings which Almighty Providence has conferred upon us through the medium of family ties, of what importance must it be that we cultivate these ties with all tenderness and care, and scrupulously avoid every occasion of doing them injury! Of how much importance is it, in the first place, that we give that honour to our parents, which, leaving out of view the sacred command of our Divine Father, is so strongly required of us, not only by gratitude for early nurture, and for the trouble, anxiety, and cost which they have freely suffered and expended in our behalf, but in order that we might continue to enjoy the full measure of that parental affection, which, in all young people of right minds and feelings, has heretofore been the greatest blessing of life! Of what importance is it, with a view to ourselves becoming the honoured head of a family circle, that we do not at the very first step—namely, in marriage—barter away the affections, and all their golden associations, for some unworthy object, the end of which will be loneliness and sickness of heart, and an endless train of miseries, perhaps, which even wealth, though it may gild, can never alleviate! Or what importance is it, that, in all our intercourse with brothers, with sisters, and even with more distant relations—for, thanks to the Fountain of all Good, there is much earnest affection beyond the immediate family circle—we should avoid all those nameless and almost imperceptible causes of wrath, which so often arise, like the viewless pestilence, to dissever the hearts which nature has intended to be the fondest, and leave, each to the loneliness of his own desolate and angry feelings, those who know that they ought to be as one, and, even in their disunion, wish to be so!

The general sense of mankind is well aware of the blessing of the affections, and of the necessity of guarding and fostering them by all attainable means. When a child offers an indignity to his parent, society feels it as a common wound. When a matrimonial alliance is formed, in which the affections are obviously disregarded that some sordid interest may be consulted, all rightly-constituted persons experience a distressing sensation, as if some insult were offered to nature, and, through nature, to themselves. When an estrangement takes place between brothers, or any other nearly related persons fall into a quarrel, every individual who knows the parties experiences as real a shock, and as definite a pain, as if a blow were given. On the other hand, there are few things (apart from what immediately concern themselves) which so readily brighten the countenances of men, as to observe or to be informed of any instance in which relations live harmoniously, and in the habitual exercise of a loving kindness towards each other. We are all, in general, cold enough; of that there can be no doubt. Yet no man is so abandoned to the empire of an evil nature, that he will not survey with pleasure, and a contagious goodness, however transient, the tenderness, for instance, of a pure and gentle daughter towards a helpless parent—the devotion of an only son to a widowed mother—the friendship of brothers seeking to support each other against the general calamities of life. Such sights as these elevate and refine every nature, for they are all of heaven that has been left upon the earth.

It unfortunately happens, notwithstanding all the blessings to be derived from family affections, and the general respect which is sure to be paid to any instance of their being properly cultivated, that kinsmen often fall out, and that no hostility is so ill to heal as one between such parties. The principal causes of this may, we think, be easily traced, and some precautions may as easily be taken to obviate them.

It has pleased the Creator of the human race to inspire them with different dispositions, different likings and dislikes, and many various passions, which, if allowed free scope and exercise, would not only be vicious in themselves, but produce infinite mischief from the simple circumstance of their running foul of the passions and dispositions of others, and so leading to endless warfare among men. To prevent the diverse tastes and tendencies of mankind from jostling each other, society has established a conventional system of manners, known by the phrase "good breeding," which prevents one person from saying such things as he pleases, if the saying of such things be likely to displease others. This check, unfortunately, is of least avail in families, being there deranged in its exercise by the easiness and familiarity which near relationship and early habits have introduced, and even rendered in some measure laudable. As it is at the same time a fact in nature, that greater differences of disposition prevail among at least collateral relations, than what are to be found in an equal number of persons selected at random from the community, and as relations, moreover, are most frequently engaged in the transactions which are apt to produce contrariety of interest, and excite opposite natures, the result obviously must be, that dissensions more frequently take place among them than among other persons. When once offence has been given and taken among friends, it is easy to see that a reconciliation must be more difficult and hopeless than in any other case, since, even if there were no other causes, the very fact of the offence having been given by a friend must make it seem the less excusable.

Now, nothing can be clearer than that the true way to avoid such unhappy enmities is to call into exercise in families, if not the formal manners which are necessary to avoid divisions in general society, at least a greater share of that mutual bearing and forbearing which constitutes the best part of "good breeding." Some one has remarked with much force, that, as two hard substances are necessary to strike fire, so two obdurate natures are requisite in a quarrel. In all dissensions, each invariably thinks himself the innocent and ill-used party, and throws the whole blame upon his neighbour. But this is an absurdity in nature. If either had had a sincere desire to avoid quarrelling, a little endurance and a little forbearance—no matter from which side—would have had the effect. Did wrath come from one side!—would not "a soft word" from the other have "turned it away?" Hence, it may be observed, that an imperious and a yielding nature form a union little liable to be disturbed by quarrels. Let no one say that to be constantly giving way to the worse passions of a neighbour is an unmanly sacrifice, that ought not to be paid. "Peace, peace, peace," as the good Lord Falkland cried, "give us peace upon any terms." And, moreover, will the want of reason in one person excuse the want of a gentle spirit in another? Ought we not, rather, by yielding, to hold up an example to our less happily constituted friend, or, if all other good ends fail, by forgiveness heap coals of fire upon his head?

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

GLACIERS.

No person can contemplate the surface of this earth without being impressed with a deep sense of the beauty and grandeur which in almost every country it exhibits. The sunny valley, the extended plain, the lofty ice-crowned mountain, alike manifest the presence of that power which pervades the whole visible creation. Well has the poet expressed this in the following invocation:—

> "Spirit of nature! This is thy fitting temple!
> Where not the lightest leaf
> That quivers to the passing breeze,
> But is instinct with thee!"

With minds thus prepared to be affected by the sublimity of the scenes we must now imagine, let us proceed to examine the origin and nature of those immense masses of ice which are termed glaciers, and which are found on the summits of high mountains. When we ascend from the surface of the earth into the higher regions of the atmosphere, we find that the air becomes rarified; the sun's rays, which impart warmth, are reflected round us with less intensity, and a sense of coldness is experienced. Saussure, in travelling over the Alps, found that the temperature of the air diminished one degree for every two hundred and eighty-seven feet that he ascended. Dr Heberden, in journeying over the Azores, found the thermometer fall one degree for every two hundred and forty-five feet. A thermometer, placed on the top of Arthur's Seat, will stand three degrees lower than another kept in a situation on a level with its base. Accordingly, it is found that snow exists in all countries at a certain height above the level of the sea, and this particular height is designated the "snow line." We must now, then, picture to ourselves a lofty chain of mountains—the range of the majestic Alps. When the traveller has ascended one of these mountains, he finds himself surrounded by colossal masses of ice. The snow which falls in these high regions is finer, drier, and more crystalline than that which, falling through a denser atmosphere more charged with vapour, reaches the lower region of the mountains. Most truly has the poet, in contemplating the summit of Mont Blanc, said—

> "Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: The power is there—
> The still and solemn power of many sights.
> * * * Winds contend
> Silently there, and heap the snow with breath,
> Rapid and strong—but silently."

The snow which thus accumulates on the tops of these mountains, agglomerates in a slow and irregular man-

ner, under the form of grains, into considerable masses, which, during the summer, are exposed to continual changes of temperature. The very keen cold of the night renders the surface of the mass so hard, that the footstep of the traveller makes no impression on it. The intense heat of the succeeding day, however, separates anew the snowy grains, and the water so melted, penetrating into the interstices thus produced, enlarges each grain by congealing round it. This operation proceeding for a considerable period, and on a great scale, at length gives rise to so compact a crystallized mass, that the rays of the sun have not power to melt it; instead of which, they produce an expansion of the air within the glacier, which gives rise to sudden and violent rents at the surface, which are often of considerable magnitude. "One day," says Professor Hugi, who explored the glaciers of the Alps, "being on the inferior glacier of the Aar during an intense heat, at three o'clock P.M. I heard a very peculiar noise. I advanced rapidly from thirty to forty paces from the side where the noise was heard; I felt the mass of the glacier shake by jolts under my feet, and I soon discovered the cause. A fissure was formed in an instant, the aperture was elongated from twelve to twenty feet, so that I was unable to follow its formation. Sometimes the operation seemed about to cease, and the mass separated itself very slowly; then, again, the fissure continued to open quickly, and by jolts. Many times I ran forward in time to see the separation taking place under my feet. I followed in this way the formation of the fissure over an extent of almost a quarter of a league, even to the border of the glacier, where it stopped. The fissure opened at first, under the first concussion, about an inch and a half, but afterwards it again contracted, so that its breadth did not attain to more than an inch. The interior of this fissure was rough and unequal; a part of the crystals were broken into two, and others almost untouched formed projections to which there were corresponding hollows in the opposite surface. * * * * During the whole of my stay on the inferior glacier of the Aar, we were awaked every night twice or thrice by the subterranean noises which proceeded from the interior of the glacier. Twice the bed itself, which we had dug in the glacier, and which was lined with slates and moss, was violently shaken by jolts analogous to those which I had observed during the formation of the fissure; but the shaking appeared so deeply seated, that we could not for a moment entertain the idea that any rent or crevice would open at the surface." Here we may for a moment pause, to reflect on the awe-inspiring effect of such a scene. It has been well described by Lord Byron, who has put these words into the lips of the gloomy and desperate Manfred:—

——"Ye toppling crags of ice!
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountains overwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently, above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager."

In connection with the rifts thus produced in these glaciers, we may quote the following observations and anecdote by Mr Bohr, who visited the glaciers on one of the high mountains in the interior of Norway:—"It is not," says he, "without terror that you look down into these fearful abysses, however beautiful their azure-coloured walls are. In their cold bottoms the lonely traveller has sometimes found his grave. A few years ago, a peasant crossing over from Justedal to Nordfiord, fell into one of these large clefts, which was concealed by the snow. His only companion, a faithful dog, ran down to Justedal, barking and howling as a signal for help. Nobody, however, comprehended his meaning, till the person who had fallen down was at last missed. Several persons then followed the dog up to the glacier, who stopped at the cleft, and gave such signs as put it beyond all doubt that his master had fallen into it. They threw down a rope, and made loud cries, but in vain; the peasant had met his death in the immeasurable gulf. It was only by compulsion that the dog would leave the cleft."

The ice of glaciers is often as hard as rock: the sun, the rain, and warm winds, slightly melt its surface, but never soften the whole mass. The colour of a small detached fragment of a glacier is white and clear; but if we examine a greater mass, as the thickness increases it becomes of a blue colour, gradually more deep; it is at first a sky-blue scarcely discernible, then a fine enamel blue, and, finally, a very deep azure blue. In some glaciers there is associated with the fine deep azure blue a small tint of sea-green, which sometimes predominates. In some places, especially in the fissures, the gradation of colours is very beautiful. In front of a glacier there is generally a pile of rubbish, consisting of rock, earth, and trees, which form a wall around it, known in Switzerland by the term MORAINE. If this line of moraine be some distance from the front of the glacier, it is considered that the glacier has retreated to the amount of that distance; but if there be no other than that which the glacier immediately drives before it, then it is considered to be on the increase. The glaciers, by melting at their under surface, occasionally descend along the sides of the mountain, or fall with tremendous crash into the subjacent vallies. In so doing they often transport blocks of very large dimensions along with them, occasioning the most frightful devastation where they fall. In 1774, many families who lived in Norway complained to the authorities that they could not pay their taxes in consequence of their crops having been entirely destroyed by the descent of the glaciers. When these avalanches fall, they do so with the noise of the loudest thunder, which reverberates through all the adjacent vallies. Huge masses of ice and snow, loosened from the sides of the mountains, are precipitated with prodigious force, and the ice, reduced to powder by the force of the fall, mounts like dust raised in a whirlwind, while the heavier materials still rush down in a tremendous torrent. We find in the Swiss journal of Lord Byron an interesting and accurate description of the effect. "Arrived at the foot of the Jungfrau; glaciers; torrents; one of these torrents nine hundred feet in height of visible descent; heard an avalanche fall like thunder; glaciers enormous; storm came on; thunder, lightning, hail, all in perfection, and beautiful. The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the pale horse mentioned in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height gives it a wave, a curve, a spreading here, or condensation there, wonderful and indescribable." Such falls are particularly common among the Alps, and alone disturb with their thunder the silence of these wild and dreary regions.

LEGEND OF MARSEILLES.

THERE is a tradition in Marseilles, that, on a particular night, about 200 years ago, all the clocks of that city were put forward one hour—a tradition which is said to have had its origin in the following story:—

There lived in the vicinity of that city a Monsieur Valette, a gentleman of ancient family, and of considerable fortune. He had married Maria Danville, daughter of the mayor of the city, a young lady who was from her beauty called "the Rose of Marseilles," and who united to every personal charm, dispositions the most amiable, and a mind the most accomplished. He had the happiness of seeing himself beloved by the most charming of her sex; a happiness not always enjoyed in France, where marriages are usually contracted by the parents, with too little regard to the affections of their children, and where the heart, therefore, is but too seldom given with the hand. It is on this account, perhaps, that the marriage state in that country is considered as one of more freedom to both parties than with us, where the affections are left less constrained in the choice of their object. M. Valette was blessed with two sons and two daughters, the fair fruit of a happy union, and he dwelt in a beautiful villa in the vicinity of the city, and commanding an extensive view of its fine bay; a seat which had been the favourite residence of his ancestors.

As his children grew up, however, he was induced to remove to Paris, which both he and Madame Valette conceived to be more favourable to the education of their family, though he was himself fond of rural retirement; a rare taste, amongst a people where all the noble and opulent flock to the capital, the seat of the court, and leave almost deserted one of the most picturesque and beautiful countries in the world. Hence it is that pastoral and descriptive poetry are so little relished or cultivated in France, where the pleasures of rural nature are either not fully appreciated, or connected with low and vulgar associations. The removal of M. Valette to Paris was deplored by his tenantry, to whom he had been as a father, but particularly as Monsieur Le Brun, whom he had left factor on his estate, was, though a just man, of harsh manners, and of a precise and unaccommodating temper.

M. Valette found it necessary in Paris, as all persons of distinction do, to mix with the gay and the fashionable: the time that had been given to the enjoyments of domestic retirement was now consumed in the giddy round of fashion and amusements, and his open and generous temper led him into a mode of life which but ill accorded with the moderation of his fortune. He made frequent demands on his factor for renewed remittances; and this man was forced to use rigorous and oppressive measures, to procure for his master the necessary means of expense. The scanty vintage of the preceding years had made such demands doubly hard to be obeyed; and Le Brun became as odious to the tenantry as Valette himself had been respected and beloved.

These circumstances were but too little known to Valette, or his generous soul would have revolted from a manner of life which wrung from the sweat of the labourer his hard-earned wages. One night, as he slept in Paris, the form of his factor appeared to him, covered with blood, informing him that he had been murdered by the tenantry on M. Valette's estate, for rigour in collecting his revenue, and his body buried under a particular tree, which he minutely described. The ghost of Le Brun, moreover, requested him that he would undertake an immediate journey to Marseilles, and deposit his remains in the tomb of his ancestors; a request the importance of which will be duly estimated by those who know the horror with which the Catholics contemplate the idea of having their remains deposited in ground which has not been consecrated by the church. To this request Valette assented, and the apparition immediately disappeared.

The morning came, to dissipate the gloom which the vision of the night had occasioned; and though he had been for some time astonished at the unusual silence of Le Brun, yet he could not help considering the whole as a mere illusion of the imagination. The stories of ghosts he had always considered as fit only for the nursery, and his manly and enlightened mind was wholly unimbued with the least tincture of credulity or superstition. To have taken so distant a journey, on such a pretence, he knew would be interpreted as the height of superstition; and he concealed an incident, the very relation of which must have subjected him to the ridicule of his acquaintance. "You are more thoughtful than usual, papa!" said one of his daughters to him next morning at breakfast. "I am thinking, my dear," said M. Valette, "why I have been so long in hearing from Le Brun. I need money, and my demands have not been supplied."

Night now came, again to usher in that period of reflection which the dissipation of the day had banished, and about the solemn hour of midnight, Le Brun again appeared, to reproach him for his negligence. There was an evident frown on his countenance; and he besought Valette why he had delayed to fulfil his earnest request? Valette again promised immediate obedience, and the night was no more disturbed by so unwelcome an intruder. Morning came again, the gaiety of which even the voice of sorrow can scarcely resist; and the same train of thoughts occurred to him as on the day preceding. "It must still be a dream," said he to himself, "though a remarkable one certainly. To-day will probably bring me the expected letters from Le Brun, and I must yet delay a journey which must subject me at once to ridicule and inconvenience."

The messengers from the dead seldom petition in vain; and the third night the expected vision appeared, with a terrible frown in his countenance, and reproached Valette for his want of friendship to the man whose blood had been spilt in his cause, and for disregard to the peace of his soul. "If you will grant my request," said the phantom, "I promise to give you twenty-four hours' warning of the time of your own death, to arrange your affairs, and to make your peace with God." M. Valette promised, in the most solemn manner, that he would set off next morning for Marseilles, to execute the awful commission; and, with a look of confidence in his words, the ghost of Le Brun vanished from his sight. Valette rose next day with the light, and alleging to his family that he had business of urgent necessity, which immediately called him to Marseilles, accompanied by a few faithful domestics, he departed to visit the seat of his ancestors, after an absence of ten years. There, alas! he found but too fatally realised the murder of Le Brun. Under the tree that had been so minutely described, and which grew in the solitary corner of an adjoining forest, he found the mangled remains, which, after the manner of his country, he caused to be decently interred in the family vault. He in vain, however, made every search for the murderers. The same cause which had occasioned the death of the unfortunate Le Brun, led the tenants to the most obstinate concealment of the manner of it; and Valette saw, with horror and regret, the miseries which they had suffered, in times of extreme difficulty, merely that he might be furnished with the means of extravagance. "Had I imagined," he exclaimed, "that my unsatisfactory pleasures would have cost so dear, I would long since have retired from fashionable life, and sought that happiness in the peaceful seclusion of a beautiful country, which was always most congenial to the wishes of my soul. I shall return to my estate," continued he, "that my children may learn to relish its beauties, and acquire an attachment to its tranquil pleasures, and to its simple inhabitants. May the blood which has been shed prove a memorable lesson to my sons of the misery of extravagance, and the guilt of oppression." Impressed with such reflections, M. Valette no sooner returned to Paris, than he communicated to his accomplished partner, the once "peerless Rose of Marseilles," and the still lovely mother of a virtuous offspring, the matured and unalterable purpose of his soul. Madame Valette, having accomplished the principal object of her residence in Paris—the education of her family—assented with pleasure to a return to those tranquil enjoyments which were ever dearest to her heart. In little more than a year, they found themselves again in the chateau of their ancestors, and their return was hailed by a delighted tenantry—by the widow and the fatherless—by the indigent and the afflicted. To relieve the distresses of the poor was neither the least important nor pleasant employments of this benevolent family, and on them descended the blessings of those who were ready to perish.

About eight years after their return from Paris, the family mansion demanding repairs, they found it necessary, for some time, to remove to Marseilles, where they resided in the house of M. Danville, the father of Madame Valette. Time, which wears away even the rocks of the earth, had weakened the impression of his dream from the mind of Valette, and cares of a more tender and domestic nature chiefly occupied his thoughts.

Sitting one night, after supper, in the midst of his happy family, a loud and sudden knocking was heard at the gate; but when the servant went to open it, he found nobody without. After a short interval, the same loud knocking was again heard, and one of Valette's sons accompanied the servant to the gate, to see who demanded admittance at so unseasonable an hour; but, to their astonishment, no one was to be seen there

neither. A third time the knocking was repeated still louder and louder, and a sudden thought darted across the mind of Valette, that this was the ghost of Le Brun, come to fulfil his awful promise. "I will go to the gate myself," said he; "I believe I know who it is that knocks." This presentiment was too truly realised. As he opened the gate, the factor appeared, whispered to him, that next night, at the same time, for it was now the twelfth hour, he must prepare himself to leave the world!—then, waving his hand, as if to bid adieu, the ghost of Le Brun disappeared, to return no more.

M. Valette returned, pale and ghastly as the phantom he had seen, to his happy domestic circle; and, upon their anxious and urgent inquiries as to the cause of his uneasiness, related, for the first time, the incident of the dream, and the promised warning which he had just received. A sudden gloom and melancholy was spread over the faces of all present. Madame Valette threw her arms round the neck of her husband, and embraced him with tears; while his lovely daughters clung round his knees, exclaiming, "that they never could outlive so good a father!" M. Danville, however, obstinately declared his incredulity, and considered the whole as one of those unaccountable illusions to which even the strongest minds are sometimes liable. He viewed it like the apparition which appeared to Brutus before the battle of Philippi, while that great but unfortunate patriot was sitting lone and melancholy in his tent. No sooner had M. Valette retired to his apartment, than M. Danville endeavoured to impress the same opinion on the family of his son-in-law. Apprehensive lest the very imagination of the event might occasion it, or at least be attended by disagreeable consequences, he thought upon a device, which, as mayor of the city, it was in his power easily to accomplish. This was to cause all the clocks of Marseilles to be put forward one hour, that they might strike the predicted hour of twelve next night, when it should only be eleven; so that, if there really were any thing in the warning of the ghost, when the time should be believed by Valette to have passed over without any event supervening, he might be persuaded to dissipate the imagination with which he was so deeply impressed.

Next day the unhappy Valette made every effort to arrange his worldly affairs according to his wishes, procured his will to be executed in legal form, received the sacrament, and prepared himself with all decency and solemnity for the awful event which he anticipated. The evening approached. From a large open window, which looked into a beautiful garden, and commanded an extensive view into the surrounding country, he saw the sun go down, as he believed, for the last time. For the last time he beheld its blessed light irradiate the blue heavens, and gladden the green earth. He thought the myrtles and acacias, as they bowed their limber heads to the breeze, waved him a last adieu. He imagined that the fountains, that threw their drizzling spray on high, fell back into their basins with a more plaintive murmur. The shadows of night now came down upon the world, which he believed were to usher him in to the darkness of the grave. He beheld the stars twinkle in the azure heaven with a milder radiance than usual. He viewed with tears of affection the wife of his bosom, and his beloved children, sitting around him, with looks of concealed thoughtfulness and sorrow. "To leave you, the dearest objects of my affection," said he within himself, "gives to death all its anguish. It were not heaven to be without you. But we part to meet again."

He considered himself like a criminal doomed to death, waiting the hour of his execution, and counting the few remaining moments he had to live. The lamps were now lighted in the hall; and he sat in the midst of his family, and partook of the last supper which he believed he was ever to eat upon earth. The clocks of Marseilles tolled the eleventh hour. "My dearest Maria," said he to Madame Valette, "I have now only one hour to live. There is to me but one hour betwixt time and eternity." It approached. There was an unusual silence in the company. The twelfth hour struck, when, rising up, he exclaimed, "Jesu! Maria! have mercy on my soul! my hour is come!" He heard the hour distinctly ring out through all the bells in Marseilles. "The Angel of Death," said he, "delays his coming. Could all have been an illusion? No, it is impossible!" Here M. Danville interposed. "The ghost," said he, with a tone of irony, "has deceived you. He is one of the lying prophets of Ahab. Are you not yet safe? Consider the whole as a powerful illusion of the imagination, and banish, my friend, a thought which so completely overwhelms you." "Well," rejoined Valette, "God's will be done: I shall retire to my chamber, and spend the night in prayer for so signal a deliverance; for so I must always consider it." M. Danville secretly congratulated himself on the success of his device: they parted—never to meet again!

After having been nearly an hour in his bed-chamber, M. Valette recollected that he had left, by mistake, in his library, a document of importance to his family, unsigned, to which it was necessary his name should be affixed. In passing from his bed-chamber to his library, he had to cross by the head of a flight of stairs, which led immediately down to the cellar where M. Danville kept his choicest wines. At this spot he heard a confused noise of voices underneath, and instantly ran down to the bottom of the stairs to ascertain the cause. But no sooner had he descended, than an unseen arm stabbed him to the heart. At this fatal moment, all the clocks in Marseilles, which are mentioned to have been put forward one hour, now struck one in the morning, or, as it should have been, twelve at night, the exact time predicted by the ghost of Le Brun.

The fact was, the cellar of M. Danville had at that period been broken into by robbers, who, perceiving themselves discovered, saw no other means of escape, than by murdering the ill-fated Valette, by whom they had been surprised. But these men were the unconscious instruments in the hands of fate. The dagger that stabbed Valette to the heart proved that the decrees of Heaven are irresistible, and that there is an hour appointed for all the posterity of Adam.

Such is the reason, according to the tradition in Marseilles, why, on one particular night, all the clocks in that city had been put forward one hour.—*Edinburgh Magazine*, 1822.

THE SOURCES OF THE DEE.

MATTERS have changed since we sent our readers, some weeks ago, on a mental trip to the banks of the Dee; and now a hot sun basks on the green leaves, and the choicest flowers of spring exultingly raise their gay heads, to suck in its light and heat; but *we* can only peer at these things from beneath a heap of nightcaps and flannel, for the influenza has laid his ugly hands upon us; when we are rid of it, we intend to rush to some unknown quarter of the country, and loll for a week among green leaves, heather, and cold wild-flowers, till our blood recovers its equilibrium; for meanwhile, although fully as weak as water, we are not nearly so cool as a zephyr. But it will be some time ere this consummation can arrive; so, meanwhile, we shall try to enjoy, in the company of our kind reader, a continuation of the mental expedition to the sources of the Dee.

We left our reader sound asleep at Braemar. He has got up early in the morning, and ate a good breakfast, consisting of six cups of tea, some beefsteaks, ham, cold beef, trout (red and white), kipper salmon, oat and wheaten bread, marmalade, and honey. Some wise people are in the habit, when they wish to penetrate into these remote regions, of hiring a guide; and so some ragged Highland blackguard, whose day's labour might at a stretch be worth 6d., hires himself out, to devour their sandwiches, and bread and cheese, and drink their spirits, at some twenty times the amount. We never employed one of these vagabonds, to tell us—"Ay, ta pretty hill, but no ken her name; na, na, sir, nae name; there are nae hill has a name here but ta Cairngorm and ta Benmuichdhui." And—"the water, sir—oh, jist the water—nae ither name—nane o' the waters has names." We never at any period we can recollect managed to lose ourself, or, in other words, to be unable to say to ourself on an inquiry, "here, sir." As to the circumstance of being unable to state (like the Highlander we have depicted) the name of the spot of ground we may happen to be upon, that is a matter of very little consequence, and fully as likely to happen, as we have shown, *with* a guide as without one. Let the traveller recollect he does not live in unhappy Ireland, where a man may be fifteen miles from "innay whare," and to be in any somewhere among these mountains is always to be in an interesting spot. We have sometimes wandered a county or two astray among them, but always found our way back; and, indeed, we do not advise any one to think himself of so much consequence that it will trouble any body whether he comes back or not. The road winds itself by degrees out of the village of Braemar, till it again buries itself among majestic trees, over whose heads the tops of the stony mountains only are to be seen. Sometimes, indeed, there is a large break, or the road winds round a terrace some hundred feet above the diminished Dee, and then the full glory of a Highland strath bursts on the view—the great expansive valley, with its fair winding stream, the grass, the cattle, the cultivated fields, the abodes of men, the thousands of trees, the rocks protruding themselves here and there into the space, not bare and craggy, but green with moss and birch trees; and then round the quiet, smiling glen, the great brown hills, showing here and there the gaps which lead to their own dark vallies, where there is no grass, or culture, or human habitation, and where storm only breaks the eternal silence which reigns among them. The farther you proceed, recollect you are gradually leaving mankind behind you. The hamlets, if any clump of houses above Braemar is entitled to that cumulative denomination, become more scattered and savage; the human beings assume more the appearance of dwellers in the wilderness; their look is no longer the passing glance of idle curiosity, but the deep, wild, profound stare of those whose thoughts are seldom interrupted by the sight of man. There is an appearance of wild indolence and pristine dependence on self for all the necessaries of life, which show that the laborious efforts of the Highland Society have hardly fulfilled their aim here. It is a striking instance of the repulsiveness human beings frequently feel towards improvement—a repulsiveness we shall not join some philosophers in adopting as a peculiarity of the Celtic race, that, in a country which we suppose has reached a more artificial state than any other—where the division of labour is carried farther than in any other—where the nice commercial speculations of political economists are more nearly followed up in practice—where a more complicated system of police keeps the vast body of society in health and motion than is, perhaps, used in any other country—here should be a district where the inhabitants live with almost the simplicity of the hunters of the desert—where they are, at most, not above the pastoral state—and where their living within the corner of the laws which have deprived them of the means, seems alone to have prevented them from using the soil as common property, and living by barter. Here the people seem to refuse the hand which leads. By far the most comfortable, respectable, and active-looking part of the population, appears to be the dogs. They may here be numbered at about one-third more than the human beings, and the interminable noise with which they assail a foot-passenger has made us often tremble at the very idea of what a man on horseback would have to suffer. Having moralized about half a dozen times for each house which occurs within the ten miles betwixt Braemar and the Lin of Dee, we cannot avoid requesting you to look at the last miserable clump of hovels, as it surrounds a rather peculiar object. A bit of bare wall raises itself about thirty feet high, with here and there a slit or narrow window; that ruin is the remains of Inverey, the seat of that Farquharson known to the lovers of our ancient ballads as the slayer of the worthy Baron of Bracklay: he was a Highland freebooter, or, more properly, thief; probably one of those whom a false taste in the age has appreciated as a man of high moral honour, according to a particular code, and acting the part of a marauder, merely from a principle of wild independence. Presuming us, however, to have had the honour of his acquaintance, we rather think that, notwithstanding his alleged penchant for cows and sheep (the most attractive moveables likely to come in his way), we should have felt diffident in trusting him with a watch or a silver spoon. We cannot, in passing, avoid casting a glance at the views which some people in this civilized age direct towards the vices of savages, and feel convinced that the feeling considerably obstructs the improvement of our Highlands. We have now brought you, in the midst of our sensible conversation, to one of the lions of this neighbourhood—the Lin of Dee: you will hardly find it to be what you probably expected—a lofty waterfall: the fall is indeed very insignificant, and it is over a sloping bank, from which there is no leap; but in no waterfall, not even in the princely Foyers, do we behold such a terrible specimen of the imprisoned power of the watery element. Here it has got itself entangled in a complete nest of impenetrable granite rocks, which alternately confine and enlarge the noble stream, sometimes allowing its waters to sweep indignantly round and round some large black basin, then again compelling them to exhaust their rage in cleaving their way betwixt two ledges, so near each other, that it is very easy, and a very common practice with those who have sound clear heads, to step across. Here the dead white of the foam contrasts strongly with the blackness of the turbulent cauldrons, and the still blacker recesses of the caverns under the rocks, which an occasional commotion of the surface more violent than usual sometimes exhibits. It is said by the people in the neighbourhood, that the body of any living being which finds its way into the lin, can never be recovered, and, making allowance for generalities, we can easily imagine that in most cases they find their way into these abhorred caverns. We recollect, in the time of a flood, thinking the Lin of Dee would be a fine sight: we went, and were rather disappointed: the water had risen above the narrow broken part of the rocks, and its surface had a wider channel: it darted betwixt the banks with the velocity of the lightning, smooth and unruffled. But of what description must have been the working beneath! Come along, you will gaze into those black surgey depths till your eyes are fascinated and your head giddy: you will have opportunity for the exercise of fortitude elsewhere, for we are just entering the desert. There are two strange-looking hovels, a mile or so beyond the lin, with each its piece of cultivated land about it, to supply the necessaries of life, unfenced, and unprovided with any thing to distinguish it from the uncultivated hills but the freshness of its colour. Gradually what was something like a road, dies away; and you are now compelled to pick your way among the stones, and through the long heather, occasionally meeting with one of the small tracks worn by the deer, and used by such scanty travellers as may pass through that savage wilderness. There is a peculiar effect of loneliness you may never perhaps have experienced before, on entering this wilderness. The hills are at first distant, and the glen wide and hollow; but a dead stillness reigns on every thing, except on the clattering river, which still flows on in no unstately bulk. Wandering on, mile after mile, the glen gradually narrows, and gets more savage in its aspect; great black rocks, which look like the stone walls of some antediluvian city of the giants, begin to run themselves up on each side; they approach more and more towards each other; and at last the solitary spectator feels as if they impeded his breath, although they are some miles, perhaps, from each other. It is time we should tell him exactly where he is: yonder singular looking peak, with shaggy precipitous sides, towards

the west, is Cairntoul; proceeding from its side, as a wall seems to proceed from the angle of a turret, is a vast black mass of perpendicular rock; that is the Ridge of Braeriach, said, by an eminent calculator of altitudes, to have two thousand feet of sheer precipice; that two thousand feet of precipice is the object which it now almost aches your eyes to look upon—a flat black mass, streaked with snow, and sometimes intruded on by a cloud, which divides the upper regions from the lower. It is probable that now, in mid-day, a hot sun gilds its black front, and mocks its streaks of snow, while a dead unearthly silence pervades the mass. It is not so at all times; for here is the workshop of storms—here the elements, when they prepare themselves to come down with destruction on the fruitful valleys below, exercise their strength and do no harm; then the scene is different from the stillness of the present; but with your leave, reader, it is a change we do not wish to witness. Returning to the description of our glen: right ahead, and almost protruding into it, is the well-known Cairngorm; and towards the east, stretched the loftier Benmuichdhui, now admitted to be the highest hill in Britain; but we shall have, henceforth, to describe some of its numerous appearances. Now, after having heard the names of these mighty objects, let us request you to indulge yourself in the feeling of striking loneliness and disconnection with the world which every thing you view seems to impose on you; and if you may not have perceived it before, you will now feel the full expressiveness of the terms in those lines by Hogg, where he says,

> Beyond the grizzly cliffs which guard
> The infant hills of Highland Dee,
> Where hunter's horn was never heard,
> Nor bugle of the forest bee,
> Mid wastes that dern and dreary lie,
> One mountain rears its mighty form,
> Disturbs the moon in passing bye,
> And smiles above the thunder storm.
>
> *Queen's Wake*, 95-6.

The Dee is still a respectable stream, but we are gradually running it to earth. Ascending its brawling course, where it toils over large stones, and winds round the bases of rocks, we suddenly reach a mound of great round stones, from which it issues, gurgling and boiling at several outlets, seeming with difficulty to force itself through. Ascending the mound of stones, where we hear a deep hollow gurgling beneath our feet, we find on its summit a small, round, deep green lake, whose pure cold surface is here and there slightly disturbed by the bubbling up from the bottom of numberless springs. The water is of a beautiful pale green, so clear that you can see the sand and stones at the bottom, almost as distinctly as through the air, where the water must be some fathoms deep. This pool of water, then, reader, so singularly placed in the midst of the wilderness, is the source of that Dee which carries civilization, fruitfulness, and commerce, through a great district of Scotland, waters many a broad acre of wood and corn, and harbours the shipping of a great commercial city. Here we bid you for a while adieu, leaving you to reflect, and to eat your dinner in peace.

THE DRAMA IN OLD TIMES.

(First Article.)

The Drama, and the acting of plays, originated in Greece during the time of Solon, the famous Athenian law-giver, about 530 years before Christ, and seems to have taken its rise from a very simple institution. Icarius, an inhabitant of Attica, it is said, who had learned from Bacchus the art of cultivating the vine, one day observed a goat destroying his grapes. Having seized the animal, he sacrificed it to Bacchus; and the neighbouring peasants danced around the victim, and joined in a song celebrating the praises of the god. This has given origin to our word Tragedy, which is made up of two Greek words, signifying the *song of the goat*; and, hence, it appears that Tragedy was, at first, with them, only a sacred hymn. The ceremony then grew into a festival, and the festival into an annual solemnity, which, in process of time, assumed all the pomp and splendour of religious ceremonies. Poets were employed by the magistrates to compose hymns or songs for the occasion; and such was the rudeness and simplicity of the age, that their bards contended for a prize, which, as Horace intimates, was scarce worth contending for, being no more than a goat, or a goat-skin of wine, which was given to the successful competitor.

This ceremony was so much suited to the taste of the rude age in which Icarius lived, that it was frequently repeated by those who had witnessed it, and soon became a favourite amusement throughout Attica. The poets appointed to compose the verses sung in honour of the god, finding little room for the display of their genius, while confined to a topic uninteresting in itself, and exhausted by those before them, began gradually to vary the subject of their odes; and, in the days of Solon, Thespis, a famous poet, made the first considerable improvement, by introducing a single person, whose business was to relieve the *chorus*, as the company of singing peasants was called, by the recital of some extraordinary adventure. Thespis's object in introducing this new person appears to have been simply to afford the chorus some time for rest. All that the actor repeated between the songs of the chorus was called an *episode*, or additional part, consisting often of different adventures, which had no connection with each other. Thus the chorus, or song, which was at first the only, and for a long time the principal performance, became gradually a subordinate and inconsiderable, but, at the same time, according to their notions, an indispensable part of the Greek drama. From this time, it is probable that the actor or reciter was more attended to than the chorus, as his part had the charm of narrative to recommend it; and the songs of the chorus, also, began now to wander almost entirely from their original subject in praise of Bacchus, and, in fact, spoke so little of the god of the vintage, that the priests exclaimed against the neglect of him, and their complaint grew into a proverb among the Greeks. Thespis besmeared the faces of his actors with the lees of wine, either for drollery or to disguise them; and he carried his troop from village to village in a waggon, from which they performed their pieces. Alcestis was the name of the first representation, having the appearance of a play, which was performed at Athens: this was 536 years before Christ, and almost four hundred years after the time when epic poetry may be said to have been brought to perfection by Homer. From Thespis it is still common to apply to playactors the appellation of *Thespians*.

Within a few years from this first improvement on the choral songs, arose a poet of great ability, named Æschylus, who improved both the writing and the representation of plays. He was born at Athens, most probably, about 525 years before Christ, and was present at the celebrated victory of Marathon, thirty-five years after, by which the Athenians saved their country from the grasp of the Persians. He is said to have here given proofs of great bravery, as well as at the subsequent victories of Salamis and Platæa.

The grand improvement which Æschylus introduced into the *acting* of the drama consisted in his exchanging the cart of Thespis for a regular and well-constructed theatre. He introduced, also, scenery and decorations; raised his heroes on the cothurnus or buskin, a kind of large boot; invented masks; and brought in splendid habits with sweeping trains, that gave an air of dignity to his performers. He was himself author, actor, and manager, and took upon him the whole conduct of the drama. In the poetical department, he displayed so much merit that he acquired, and still bears, the title of the Father of Tragedy, as if all that had gone before him were unworthy of consideration. He must decidedly be considered the originator of what we now call the drama, for he was the first who introduced more characters than one into the *recitative* part of the plays. In his tragedies there are always various characters who dress and speak in an appropriate manner, and whose united action and dialogue bring out the story which the single character of Thespis only narrated. He is said to have been encouraged by Bacchus in a dream to attempt this description of poetry; but if such were the case, the god of wine must certainly be considered as having dealt a great blow thereby to his own worship, as plays henceforward departed altogether from the original idea of songs in his praise. Yet the tragedy was still a very simple species of composition; and, in order to form any just notion of its primitive structure as introduced by Æschylus, we must first of all dismiss from our minds the idea inculcated by the general mode of printing the Greek plays, that they were divided, like our own, into five acts. The ancient Greek drama was, in fact, undivided. The oldest editions of the Greek tragedies do not so much as mark a separation of the scenes; and the word *act* does not occur in the treatise in which Aristotle gives us a definition of every part of the national drama. They seem to have recognised in their pieces only the general divisions of a beginning, a middle, and an end, under the names of the *prologue*, *episode*, and *exode*. The *prologue* comprehended the whole opening or exposition of the piece, containing all the circumstances necessary to be known, and which might give an insight into the plot. By the *episode* was meant all the part of the play containing the substance of the plot; and the *exode* contained all the unravelling or catastrophe. But the most remarkable feature of difference between these dramas and our own was certainly the chorus, a group of personages not uninterested in the issue of the events that were going on, but acting chiefly as advisers and confidents of the principal characters. As the chief personages of the drama were supposed to be too busy and impassioned in the course of events, the chorus uttered whatever moral reflections the scene suggested; they augmented the pomp of the scene by their parades, and they heightened the delight by their music, vocal and instrumental, as also (though it ill accords with our idea of the serious drama) by their dancing. In fact, the ancient Greek tragedy must have borne a strong resemblance to the modern Italian opera. The number of persons composing the chorus was probably at first indiscriminate. Æschylus, we are told, brought no less than fifty into his play, entitled, "Eumenides," but was obliged, by the civil authority, to reduce them to twelve. Sophocles, the next great dramatist, was afterwards permitted to add three, a limitation which it is generally supposed became a rule to succeeding poets.

The stories of Æschylus's plays are extremely simple; there is little action or plot, and every thing is brought about in the most common and natural manner. Only seven pieces, out of ten times the number which he is said to have written, have descended to our times. All these tragedies betray the infancy of the dramatic art; their beauties are rather epic than tragic; they display a genius of bold and gigantic, but of rude character, reared on the poetry of Homer, and, in fact, doing little more than dramatizing his scenes. Æschylus himself used to say that they were but scraps from the feast of the Iliad. His seven pieces that have reached us, are, *The Prometheus Bound*, *The Persians*, *The Seven Chiefs before Thebes*, *The Suppliants*, *Agamemnon*, *The Furies*, and *The Chæphoræ*. The plot of *The Prometheus* is perhaps as meagre and uninteresting as could well be conceived to form the groundwork of a tragedy. The story is that of Prometheus being sentenced by Jupiter to be fastened with chains to a rock on Mount Caucasus, with an eagle set to eat his liver everlastingly, as a punishment for his having presumed to steal fire from heaven, wherewith to animate a man which he had *formed*, and to communicate the use of it to mortals. The whole persons of the drama consist of the following individuals, viz. *Strength* and *Violence*, *Vulcan*, *Prometheus*, *Chorus of Ocean Nymphs*, *Oceanus*, *Io* or *Inakou*, *Mercury*.—*Scene*, *A desert in Scythia*. Such a programme would scarcely be considered interesting enough to attract the attention of a modern audience, and certainly stands much in need of great sublimity of language and loftiness of ideas to set it off. The subject is, indeed, too mythological to be interesting; as we have only Vulcan, accompanied by Strength and Violence, chaining Prometheus to the rock—the Ocean, and the Ocean Nymphs, and Io, coming to listen to the complaints of Prometheus, whom Mercury summons to tell the secret of which he boasts, namely, the means which Jupiter may employ to save himself from being one day hurled from the throne of heaven. Prometheus haughtily persists in refusing to tell the secret—the thunder descends, and the sufferer is left to his rock and tormenting vulture for ever. In all this, it is difficult to discover any thing moral or affecting.

Æschylus seems to have chiefly desired to excite sentiments of terror and admiration; and, to do him justice, it must be acknowledged that few dramatic writers have surpassed him in exciting these passions. His style is exceedingly forcible, abounding in bold and unusual metaphors, generally pompous, and frequently sublime, but often, also, so very obscure, that it is no easy matter to find out his meaning. The speech of Cassandra the prophetess, in his tragedy of Agamemnon, is said to have been considered by the ancients as his masterpiece; and modern critics have declared, that there is hardly any more striking instance of the united moral and physical sublime, than the concluding lines of his Prometheus Bound.

In order to give our readers an idea of the style in which these pieces are written, we shall give a short extract of a literal prose translation of the "Prometheus," and a specimen of one in verse of the "Agamemnon."

Strength and Violence, Prometheus, Vulcan.

STRENGTH.

"We have now come into a far-distant region of the earth, into a Scythian tract, into a pathless desert: and it is now necessary, O Vulcan, that you be careful of the orders which Father (Jupiter) committed to you, to bind this miscreant to these lofty precipitous rocks, with firm fetters of adamantine chains: for, having stolen the bright radiance of fire, present in every art, and your glory,* he bestowed it upon mortals; for which offence he must suffer punishment from the gods, that he may learn to submit to the sovereignty of Jupiter, and cease from his philanthropic disposition.

VULCAN.

Strength and Violence, as far as regards you, indeed, the command of Jupiter is accomplished, and there is no further impediment. But I am unwilling to bind a god, my relation, to this precipice, exposed to the weather. But yet it is necessary for me to make the attempt; for it is dangerous to temporise with the words of Father Jupiter. O ingenious son of upright Themis (Prometheus), I am going unwillingly to fasten you reluctant with indissoluble bonds, and in a desolate region, where you shall neither hear the voice nor see the appearance of mortals; but, stat onary under the bright rays of the sun, you will lose the bloom of your colour, and the variegated night will conceal the light from you desirous of it, and the sun will again dissipate the hoar-frost of the morning; and the burden of your misfortune being

* Vulcan, as is well known, was considered by the ancients as the God of Fire.

always present, will torment you: for there is no where in existence any one who will relieve you. Such is the reward of your philanthropic disposition. For, yourself a god, and not regarding the anger of the gods, contrary to justice you conferred their honours upon mortals: wherefore, you shall keep watch at this dismal rock, standing upright, sleepless, not bending a knee. And you will utter many complaints and unavailing lamentations; for the mind of Jupiter is inexorable, and every one who is newly in power is harsh.

STRENGTH.

Be it so: why do you hesitate and delay to no purpose? Why should you not hate a deity very odious to the gods, who has conferred your honour on mortals?

VULCAN.

Kindred and intimacy is strong.

STRENGTH.

I confess it is; but how should you disobey the commands of Jupiter? Are you not afraid of this rather?

VULCAN.

You are, indeed, always cruel, and full of audacity.

STRENGTH.

(Yes, I am.) For it is no remedy to bewail him; and do not you labour in vain upon what will do no good.

VULCAN.

O, dexterity of hand, much to be hated!

STRENGTH.

Why do you hate it? for, in truth, your art is not at all the cause of his present distresses.

VULCAN.

I wish, however, the lot had fallen to some other person."

Such is a specimen of the dialogue in the "Prometheus," which presents, in fact, the first regular attempt at the dramatic art which has come down to modern times.

Æschylus's tragedy on the death of Agamemnon has beauties of a higher cast. There is, it is true, too much exposition of the catastrophe before it happens, and the atrocity of Clytemnestra, the Lady Macbeth of the story, is frigid, and unexplained by sufficient motives. The tragedy, however, has traits of sublime and impressive terror in the part of Cassandra, the Trojan prophetess, who is brought home a captive to Argos by Agamemnon, and foresees, though she cannot communicate her prediction, so as to be intelligible to those whom she warns of the impending murder of Agamemnon, by his wife Clytemnestra. The passage is peculiarly fine, when the chorus thus address her:—

"Thy own woes thou wailest,
In mournful melody, like the sweet bird
That darkling pours her never-ceasing plaint,
——— And wastes,
In sweetest woe, her melancholy life."

She replies—

"Ah, me! the fortune of the nightingale
Is to be envied; on her light-poised plumes
She wings at will her easy way, nor knows
The anguish of a tear; whilst on my head
The impending sword threatens a fatal wound."

There is great energy in one of the subsequent bursts of her agony:

"I burn, I burn, Apollo! oh, Apollo!
This lioness, that in a sensual sty
Rolled with the wolf (the generous lion absent),
Will kill me! and the sorceress, as she brews
Her filtered cup, will drug it with my blood.
She glories as against her husband's life
She whets the axe—her vengeance falls on him;
For that he came accompanied by me.
Why do I longer wear these useless honours,
This laurel wand, and these prophetic wreaths?
Away!—Before I die, I cast you from me.
* * * * * * *
Thou sun, whose rising beams shall bless no more
These closing eyes! you, whose vindictive rage
Hangs o'er my hated murderers, avenge me!
* * * * * * *
This is the state of man; a passing shadow
Throws down the baseless fabric of his joy;
And when the tablet of his fleeting state
Is character'd with all felicity,
Comes malice with a sponge moistened in gall,
And wipes the beauteous images away."*

Of all Æschylus's dramas, the one entitled "Chœphoræ," or the female worshippers, is perhaps the first piece deserving the name of a regular tragedy, as his other pieces can hardly be pronounced more than terrific theatrical pageants. The modesty of this poet seems to have been equal to his merit, since he entitled his tragedies "Fragments from the Splendid Banquet of Homer;" and if his epitaph was really written by himself, as is commonly asserted, he considered it as more glorious to have contributed to the victory at Marathon than to have excelled others by his genius. Towards the close of his life, he withdrew himself from Athens, and retired to the court of Hiero, king of Syracuse, in the island of Sicily, where he died in the 69th year of his age. Various reasons have been assigned for his retirement from his native country; but the most general opinion is, that he was unable to bear the preference given to his rival, Sophocles, the next great dramatic writer, who at this time began to rise in fame, and of whom some account will be given in the next article.

* See Edinburgh Encyclopædia, article Drama.

PRIVATE LIFE OF JAMES THE FIFTH OF SCOTLAND.

James the Fifth of Scotland was contemporary with Henry the Eighth of England, to whom he stood in the relation of nephew. He began his reign in 1513, when only about a year old, his father James the Fourth having then died in battle. In general, he is allowed to have been a gallant and generous prince, notwithstanding some instances of severity against certain of his subjects, particularly the reformers of religion, and also a rashness of temper, which led him into too many collisions with the superior power of England.

Many traditionary anecdotes are preserved of the adventures of this prince, when travelling in lowly disguise among his subjects; a practice which he seems to have assumed, partly for the prosecution of vagrant amours, and partly that, like the Caliph Haroun, he might detect any thing that was amiss in the administration of his inferior officers. Some humorous poems, descriptive of these adventures, are also preserved, and are generally thought to have been his own composition. Upon the whole, James may be described as an ingenious and interesting person. At the time when he lived, those controversies in church and state which have since rent mankind in twain, were just beginning to be heard of. Kings had then an easy time of it. Their word was generally law. Their lives were one uninterrupted scene of sport and amusement. Their people, gratified by the personal familiarity and condescension of the sovereign, forgot the arbitrary power which he could, if he chose, exercise over them. Withal, there was then a general homeliness of manners, and a simplicity in the whole system of society, which rendered the king less like a being exalted over his subjects than their companion and friend. James the Fifth, in particular, from his so systematically taking part with the poor against the noble, was honoured with the epithet of "The Commons' King."

Some years ago, the Earl of Aberdeen introduced a paper into the Antiquarian Society (London) respecting the Household Book of this prince, from which it appeared that the whole annual sum then spent by a Scottish king was about two thousand pounds of our present money, or less than a half of the salary of the American president. His Household Book is speedily to be published by the Bannatyne Club, and will, of course, speak for itself. In the mean time, we propose to arrange a few particulars from the books of the royal treasurer, in such a manner as to afford some view of the domestic life and habits of the monarch; following up, in fact, the article formerly given in the Journal respecting the private life of James the Fourth.*

The feature which strikes us most forcibly in contemplating the domestic establishments of the ancient Scottish princes, is the air of barbarous magnificence and rude grandeur which they exhibit—a character which they derive from the want of harmony or keeping, as a painter would call it, between their component parts. Thus we find their tables themselves huge clumsy masses of oak, with thick square legs, covered with costly and richly wrought gold plate and silver work—the walls hung with magnificent tapestry, which, by the way, was removed from one residence to another with the removal of the household—the floors uncarpeted—the fire-place exhibiting a grate such as a Cowgate broker of the present day would refrain from placing at his door, from pure despair of its obtaining a customer—the frame-work of their beds such as no country cartwright now-a-days would put out of his hands; though, to compensate for this, the clumsy mis-shapen posts and rude workmanship throughout were concealed with coverings of the richest and most showy velvets, and the curtains were of splendid damask, fringed and tasselled with gold. One remarkable characteristic of this universal article of household plenishing, as exhibited in ancient relics, is worthy of notice, as it adds another to the many instances of the capriciousness of taste and fashion—we allude to the extreme lowness of the beds of former days: they seldom rose above eight or ten inches from the floor. In modern times, they have been known to rise nearly as many feet, or at least to such a height as required the aid of a ladder. They are, however, we incline to think, again subsiding to their original level, and it is not improbable but they may, in the course of time, sink even below it.

* We are enabled to do this by the recent publication of a liberal series of extracts from the Treasurer's books, in the tenth and concluding *part* of Mr Pitcairn's invaluable work—the Criminal Trials.

The first appearance of the young king, in my lord treasurer's accounts, is sufficiently appropriate. It is for a present of 24 "elnis of rowane russat, to mak gownis to the kingis nurrises and rokkaris" (nurses and rockers of his cradle), of whom there appear to have been, altogether, no fewer than six. Of the cradle itself, there is no mention made; but we find, twenty-four years afterwards, when the young monarch had lived to have children of his own, his sons thus spoken of—"sent to St Androis to be ane cover to my lord prince's cradle, 4½ elnis crammessy velvet;" and immediately after, another cover, consisting of "7 elnis of reid velvet," with abundance of fringes of red silk, and blankets of "quhite fustane." Thus, supposing the infant king's cradle not to differ much from that furnished to his own offspring at an after period, the receptacle of the embryo monarch must have been a very splendid and costly one, with its velvet covers, silk fringes, and fustian blankets.

In these very curious and highly interesting accounts, we trace the king almost from his cradle to his grave. He soon advances, and we next find him (1518), under the tuition of Maister Gawin Dunbar—a circumstance intimated by the following entry:—"To Maister Gawin Dunbar, the kingis maister, for expensis made be him in reparating of the chalmer in the quhilk the king leris (learns—the school-room), in the casteil (of Edinburgh), four pounds." The king would now be between six and seven years of age. For exercise, he seems to have been provided with a mule to ride upon; the sum of twenty shillings and sevenpence being entered as paid to "Robene Purvese for schoyne, howsis, briddil, and helteris, for the kingis mule"

His majesty goes on gradually, making a greater and a greater figure in the honest treasurer's accounts, with bolder and bolder inroads on the public purse, until the former becomes at length almost entirely and exclusively devoted to him, and the latter is wholly within his own grasp. He is still, however, in boyhood; and amongst his other amusements, we find him diverting himself with "bikkirin" mock castles with "eggis." This, it seems, was a pastime invented for him by his domestics, in which one party played the part of besiegers, and the other that of the besieged; and thus situated, they pelted away with the frail missiles just named, to the great adornment, no doubt, of the persons of the actors. The ammunition for this warfare is thus gravely entered—"Item, gevin for eggis to bikkrin the castell, fifteen shillings and sevenpence;" but it would seem that those who joined the king in this amusement either did not think the legitimate supplies of "eggis" sufficient for carrying on the war, or were willing to save the king the expense of buying them; for we find his majesty ultimately ordering payment of twenty shillings, "till puir wivis that come gretand upon his grace, for eggis takin fra thame be his seruandis."

In 1530, the king had arrived at the period of life (18 years) which entitled him to assume the reins of government. He now, therefore, makes preparation to come before the world in all the splendour becoming his elevated rank. He provides himself with the most costly clothes and arms, and flings money around him with princely munificence. In the department of wearing apparel, the shirt engrossed a share of expense and care altogether unknown in our times. This in some measure arose from the circumstance of the doublet's being worn so low cut on the breast as to expose a large portion of the shirt, and there being no neckcloth worn to assist in concealing it. The king's shirts were, therefore, richly and elaborately wrought about the collar and breast with gold and embroidery. Many entries similar to the following occur in the treasurer's account—"To David Bonar, for 13 double hankis of gold, quhilk war deleurit to David Lindesayis wife, to sew the kingis sarkis; the price of ilk hank ten shillings." The whole dress of the monarch was exceedingly picturesque and splendid. It was composed of the richest velvets, silks, and satins, and nothing could be more gallant or more elegant than his appearance. His short russet boots, his short surtout of fine cloth or velvet, richly embroidered with gold, his bare neck, and low black velvet bonnet, looped up with a diamond or ruby, and exhibiting a light and graceful feather, while massive chains of pure gold traversed his chest, suspending his hunting horn, sword, &c., must have altogether made up a figure such as no subject could look upon without an admiration independent of the homage due to a king. The half boots, however, were sometimes exchanged for shoes of velvet, the former being probably worn only when the king went abroad, and the latter, when he kept at home. The shoes are thus noticed in the treasurer's accounts—"Item, to be schone to the kingis grace, five quarteris of quhite welvot, price of the elne three pounds;" and again, for the same purpose, "five quarteris blak welvot, three pounds five shillings." The place of his velvet bonnet, too, was occasionally supplied by a brown beaver hat, an entry to this effect appearing in the accounts—"Item, to ane tanny baver hat, to the kingis grace, five shillings." His loose wrappers, or dress gowns, for wearing in the palace, were of the most magnificent description, being of various coloured satins, richly lined and embroidered: a sumptuous gown of this description is thus noted—"Item, given John Young brodistar (embroiderer), for stufe and

broidering of sixty-four pece of Crownis, James, and Thressilis, set upon twa tynnakilis of tanny veluet quhilk was ye lyning of ane gowne of claith of gold of ye kingis, price of the pece, ten shillings. Item, for six ellnis bukrem to lyne ye saidis tynnakilis with, price of the ellne, eleven shillings and eightpence. Item, for twenty-six elnis rubbennis (ribbons) to thame, price of the elne, eightpence;" and, again, for "broudering of ane vestment of tanny veluet, with fourteen James, Crownis, and Thrissilis, seven pounds." The coins alluded to in the entries were given to the embroiderer, to be converted into gold-work to be put on the gowns.

Some glimpses are also afforded us in these curious accounts of the king's domestic conveniences and luxuries. Amongst these, we find seven "fyne drinking glassis for the kingis grace, ten pounds eleven shillings;" and, "to be schaving claithis to the kingis grace, three elnis small Holande claith, price of the elne, fourteen shillings." In this particular, the king must have advanced a step farther in civilization than his father James the Fourth, who was content to have his beard clipped with scissors. The king's study, in Stirling castle, was provided with desks, covered with "sad grene," 4¾ ells of which, at thirteen and fourpence the ell, are charged in the treasurer's account for this purpose. Nor was his majesty a stranger to the cares of the toilet. Amongst the knick-knacks which go to furnish forth that important studium, we find charged for "garnising of ane buist (box) for onctmentis (ointments) to the kingis grace, siluer and fassoune (making), thirty-one shillings." A silver clam-shell, for holding the king's tooth-powder, is likewise spoken of; and also "ane pennose of siluer, to keip pyke-teith in to ye kingis grace." It seems that his majesty was in the regular practice of bathing his head, there being many entries for towels for rubbing and drying the royal head: one of these runs thus—"To be drying-curchissis to the kingis grace hed, nine quarters of Holande claith." But perhaps the most curious personal details relating to the Scottish king are to be found in his preparations for a sea voyage. It was on the occasion of his visiting the western isles (May 1540), with the view of putting down the lawlessness which then prevailed there, and of exhibiting some examples of wholesome severity amongst the wild inhabitants and ferocious chieftains of these districts.

His majesty very judiciously begins with getting "ane cote and ane pair of brekis, for the see," for the making of which there is "deluerit to Thomas Arthure ten elnis reid crammessye veluet, price of the ellne, seven pounds. Item, for five unces pasmentis of gold to it, eight pounds fifteen shillings. Item, for pointtis to the cote and brekis, and ane tulat to the cote, three shillings."

The king also took on board with him three cases of silver-work. The preparations for his accommodation in the vessel are thus enumerated:—"To the tapesar, to hing the kingis chalmer in the schip, seventeen and a half elnis Franche grene, fifteen pounds fifteen shillings. To be curtingis, and ane couer to ye kingis bed in the schip, 25¾ ellnis blak dames, forty-three pounds fifteen shillings and sevenpence. To be stremaris to the kingis schippis, nine score elnis reid and yellow sey, and till complete the samyn, fifteen ellnis serge;" and again, "to be ansenzeis (ensigns) to the schippis, 17 ellnis reid and yellow taffitese of cord, and to be croces thairof, 4½ elnes quhyte taffitese of Janis."

Great quantities of bed-clothing, and a number of pavilions, to be erected on occasion of the king and royal suite landing any where in the isles, are besides brought down to Leith from Holyrood by a cart, and put on board the ships. The king would appear to have had two different beds in the ship, and two different apartments: one has been already spoken of, and shortly after we find another alluded to, thus—"To be ane couer and curtingis to the kingis bed in the *nether chalmer* in ye schip, 17½ elnes grene dames." It is not easy to conceive what could be the reason for this apparently superabundant accommodation.

The expenditure of the king in gold and silver-work, for trinkets, ornaments, vessels, utensils, &c., was exceedingly great, and is altogether at variance with the general preconceived notions of the poverty of the Scottish kings; but probably, after all, it only shows us that it is not necessary that "he who slays fat oxen should himself be fat"—that he who reigns over a poor people should himself be poor. However this may be, his majesty's outlay in such matters was sufficiently princely, as my lord treasurer's accounts bear witness. The entries of this kind are endless, but we shall select a few of the most remarkable. "Deluerit to Johne Mosman, to mak ane croce of gold, to set diamint stanes in eight angels rubillis, six licht Franch crownis, fifteen pounds four shillings. Item, to Johne Mosman, for making the great basin of gold, weyand 10 pund wecht ane unce and ane half unce, and making of ane schip, chenzies, &c., seventy-five pounds ten shillings.* Item, given for ane chenzie, delieurit to John Mosman, to melt with uther gold to be the kingis grete chenze, one hundred and ten pounds." The crown, however, on which one would have thought a good deal of justifiable expense might have been laid out, does not appear to have been very costly, though it certainly still seems to have been rather a handsome article. It consisted of "3 pund wecht 10 unces, and thairof gold of ye mynde (the mine, ore) 12½ unce." The making and fashion cost thirty pounds. "Item, for 24 stanes thairto, of the quhilkis thair was 3 grete garnettis, and ane grete ammerot (emerald), price of the three, six pounds; and price of the pece of the uther 19 stanes, fourteen shillings."

The king's expenses in jewellery, however, were by no means always on his own account: he gave away freely and liberally, and with a munificence becoming a prince. His new year's gifts, in particular, were numerous and valuable. In the December of 1538, they amounted to two hundred and thirty-nine pounds nineteen shillings, for "chenzeis of gold, gold ryngis, tabellatis, and uther golden work, deleurit to ye kingis grace again new zeiris mess, and gieuen in new zeiris giftis." His gallantry, also, led him into rather serious expenses in this way; and if such things make any impression on fair bosoms, James must have stood well with the ladies; for we find, that, in one month, his expenses for ringis, goldin work, dyamentis, chalfferonis, and chenzies of gold, small chenzies and tabellatis, "to gif away amang the gentille wemene," amount to four hundred and eleven pounds nineteen shillings and threepence.

James was particularly curious in his arms and armour, many entries occurring regarding these warlike items, such as, "to scabbartis to ye kingis raperis, five quarteris blak veluet." "Item, to mak frenzeis to his grace swerd handis, three unces black sewing silk, fifteen shillings, and warkmanship, three shillings." And, again, "to Williame Sinebeird, for dychting of swerdis, rapperis, harnessing, steill sadillis, Jedburcht stavis, and utheris wappines to the kingis grace, twenty-three pounds five shillings." The most splendid article, however, noticed amongst the king's defensive armour, is "ane target of gold, with ane marmadyne in it of dyamentis, of ye kingis awin gold;" that is, the gold raised from his own mines, which lay in the upper parts of Lanarkshire.

If his majesty's example would have gone any length in making his subjects archers—a thing always much desired by the Scottish kings, but never attained—they would have made some progress during his reign, for he was passionately devoted to the bow, and spent much of his time in practising with that weapon. Entries for bows and arrows for the king's use occur on almost every page of the accounts; and he seems to have procured them from a great variety of quarters, purchasing them from celebrated makers, and getting choice ones sent him in presents. But some of these entries afford us another proof of the backwardness of the Scots in every thing relating to this once celebrated weapon, as they show us that the king principally employed an "Inglis bower" to furnish him with bows and arrows. The quantities which he procured of these for his own use is astonishing; and it is not very easy conceiving what he did with them all, unless we suppose that they broke with him very frequently. The feathering of three dozen arrows is on one occasion charged thirty shillings, and a bow for the "kingis grace" twenty shillings, both apparently very high prices. Canvass targets, probably not very dissimilar to those used by the Edinburgh archers of the present day, were erected at the butts at Stirling, for the king's practice.

The amusements of the king were various, for, on the whole, rude and wild as the times were, he seems to have had a merry time of it, his whole life consisting of little else than one continued round of pleasure and pastime; any interruptions which occurred were generally of very short duration; and as to public duties, he seems to have had wonderfully little to perform. In short, the kingly office was apparently a most decided sinecure, or something very closely approaching it. The most prominent and most important of the royal pastimes was hunting. The king's favourite place of resort for this amusement was Megotland, a wild district in the southern border of Peeblesshire, and adjoining to Ettrick Forest—although he occasionally went to other quarters besides; but the former, and it is often elsewhere alluded to, appears from the following entry to have been preserved for the especial sport of the monarch:—"To Williame Mure, to pass with ane lettre to be proclaimit at Selkirk, Peblis, and Mofat, that na man hunt in Megotland, Askdale Mure, Twedd Mure, unto the kingis cuming, twenty shillings." The preparations for the king's going a-hunting were generally very extensive and multifarious. He did not by any means set out simply on horseback with a few attendants to spend a day or so in the fields. The affair created a great stir in the country, and was long premeditated. Messengers were dispatched in all directions to summon the nobles and gentlemen of various parts of the kingdom to the "kingis hunting;" the royal pavilions and bed furniture were previously dispatched to the scene of action, and erected there on a convenient spot; and that these were sometimes in no small quantity, appears by the following entry:—"To Malcolme Gourlaw, delieurit for ten carage horsis tursand (conveying) the kingis palzeonis (pavilions) to the hunting, ye space of nine days, and ane horse quhilk brocht the bed forth of Striuiling, nineteen pound two shillings." Similar entries to this occur in every instance of his majesty's going out to enjoy the sports of the field, which he sometimes did during the space of eighteen or twenty consecutive days at a time. His hunting gear altogether seems to have been rich and costly, as the following entry will evince:—"To Will. Forrest, for the pair of grete dog irnis for deir doggis, ouergilt with gold, with a pair collaris of purpure veluet stuthit with gilting stuthis (studded with gilt studs), and for arow hedis furnesit be him to ye kingis grace, four pounds seven shillings." Nor were his majesty's hawks worse off. They, as became the hawks of a prince, dined off silver plate. "Item, given to John Mosman for 6¼ unces of siluer, to be ane clam schelle to kepe ye kingis grace halk mete, four pounds eighteen shillings and eleven pence;" and, again, "Ressauit frae Alexander Qutelaw ane clamme schell of siluer, weyand seven unce half, grote uecht, to mak ane new schell to keip ye kingis halk meit (with other charges), twenty shillings." Thus "with hound and hawk the *monarch* took his way," accompanied by a numerous and gallant band of nobles, knights, and gentlemen, all in high spirits and gaily caparisoned for the field; and, considering the various, rich, showy, and picturesque dresses of the times, the scene must have been altogether one of great animation and interest.

Amidst the various entries connected with the king's field sports, there occurs one which reflects much credit on his majesty, as it shows that, in the midst of his pastime, he did not overlook the claims for redress of those who happened to sustain any injury by it. The entry is as follows:—"Gieuen to Williame Lyell be ye kingis precept, for lynt, cale, and corne, distroyit be his seruandis at the hunting, five pounds."

Next to hunting, and probably archery, music seems to have formed the most prominent of the royal recreations, and the lute to have been the favourite instrument: indeed, he seems to have carried one or these about with him wherever he went, when his stay was likely to be of any duration. This is intimated by several notices similar to the following:—"For ane lute, with the caise, and ane dosane of stringis by (besides) coft in Glasgow, and send with Troilus to ye kingis grace in Inuerrera." His majesty's consumption of strings for his lute seems very great, and would intimate that he had been very persevering in his practice. In the latter end of October, we find that there has been "send to the kingis grace, with George Steill, 12 dosane luyt stringis, price of ilk dosane five shillings;" and in less than two months afterwards, there is "send with Weddail, futeman to ye kingis grace in Striueling, ane dosane luyt stringis and 12 hankis of small wyre, price thairof tuenty shillings;" and in eight days more we find other "seven dosane of luyte stringis to the kingis grace, deluerit to Maister Johne Coldoun."

Though the lute, from its more frequent occurrence in the treasurer's accounts, seems to have been the favourite musical instrument of the monarch, it does not yet appear to have been the only one on which he performed, as the following entry implies:—"Be ye kingis grace command to Richart Hume, Inglis manne, quhilk suld mak violis to the kingis grace, to be stufe for ye samin, twenty pounds." The wandering minstrels of the time also met with a favourable reception from the musical monarch: an instance occurs of his rewarding them with his own hand—"Deleurit to ye kingis grace, quhilk his hienes gaif to ane Irland clairschochar (Irish harper), ten pounds."

The occasional amusements of the king seem to have been masks, mummeries, and cards. To the latter, however, he does not seem to have been much addicted, as, during several years, there occurs only the following instance of allusion to them:—"Deleuirit to ye kingis grace in Streuiling, to play at the cartis, fourteen pounds;" and, unlike his father, he does not seem to have been at all given to betting, no single instance of such propensity occurring throughout all the extracts from the treasurer's accounts which are here under notice. He seems, however, to have relished occasional exhibitions of the "light fantastic toe," as appears by the following entry:—"To the Egyptians that dansit before the king in Halyrudhouse, ten pounds." His majesty is said himself to have danced with great grace and elegance. In the masks he took an active part, and was at the expense of clothing a great many of the maskers. His own share in these exhibitions is thus indicated:—"Item, to certain play gownis to the kingis grace to pass in maskine, 24 elnis Scottis quhite, price thairof five pounds eighteen shillings and sevenpence. Item, to be the uthir half of ye saidis gownis, 14½ elnis Scottis blak, price thairof eleven pounds sixteen shillings;" and, "Item, to Robert Spittall, for makyng of ye saidis gownis, three pounds." Thus we learn that the king's dress on this occasion consisted of black and white; but, judging from the number of yards employed of each colour, the latter seems to have prevailed. Of the shape of the gown, unfortunately we have no trace. On another occasion we find him appearing in a gown of red and yellow. "Item, deluerit to Thomas Arthure (master tailor), to be three play cotes agane uphalyday, 7½ elnis reid and 7½ elnis yellow taffitise of cord, price of the elne 18 shillings." The new year in particular was generally ushered in with plays and masks, for the divertisement of his majesty. The preparations for one occasion of this kind are thus noted:—"Item, ye last day of December deluerit to Schir Michell Dysart and his marrowis (companions), be ye kingis precept, to be thaime play coittis agane new zeir day, 15 elnis bukraim reid and zallow, price of the elne thirty pence."

* The minute and pains-taking editor, Mr Pitcairn, informs us that he learnt, by inquiring of his Majesty's goldsmith, that such a piece of plate as that spoken of in the text would now cost L.788, 13s., and it of course bore this relative value at that time, L.74, 10s. being then equal to the former sum.

The Scottish monarch then had also what yet always forms a part of a royal establishment, viz. a menagerie, or place appropriated for keeping strange birds, beasts, &c. The apartment devoted to this purpose in Stirling castle is yet pointed out; and that there was a similar appropriation at Falkland, appears from the following entry:—"To Thomas Melvillis wiffe in Falkland, at the kingis command, for keping of certane pettis (pets), and nurising of ye samyn, 7 elnis fyne Franche blak, to be hir ane gowne, and ane kirtyll, price of ye elne thirty-three shillings."

Besides the usual accompaniment of the Scottish court, the fool or jester, of whom there are many notices in these accounts, James also entertained several dwarfs, whom he clothed, fed, and paid. With unintentional humour, one of them is called, *par excellence* we suppose, the "Droich." There are many entries for payments and liveries to this little gentleman; but he does not appear to have been in good credit with the court tailor, if we may be permitted such a conclusion from the following entry:—"To the Droich, be my lord thesauraris command, to *lowse* his claithis fra the tailzeuris, twenty shillings."

The entries for the court buffoons are numerous:—"Item, to a fule callit Gille-Mowband, at ye kingis command, twenty shillings;" and to "Malcolme the fule, be ane precept of the kingis, three elnis russate, price thirty-seven shillings." The dresses of both the fools and dwarfs were showy and fantastic.

If additional evidence to that of which we were before in possession, were wanting to establish James's reputation for devotion to the fair sex, that evidence would be found in great abundance in these accounts of my lord treasurer. Thus, while he was as yet little more than nineteen years of age, we find ten pounds given "to ye gentile womane yat fostirrit ye kingis sone." The next is certainly of a more equivocal character, but still in the last degree suspicious. "Item, to Williame Udwart, be ye kingis precept be Dauid Bonar, for claise tane fra him (bought) be ye kingis command, to ane gentill woman." The next entry is quite positive. "Item, to ane goune to the kingis grace dochter, 3 elnis veluet, price thairof ye elne, three shillings;" then follow, "kirtills of satin, sarkis, and heid claithis," of Hollande cloth, &c. &c. Again, "to —— Mackeaw, nurris, be ye kingis gracis command, to hir reward for fostering of ye kingis gracis dochter;" again, "to be ane schort coit to Lord James (afterwards Earl of Murray, and regent of the kingdom), 6 quarteris blak satyne, price of ye elne, thirty shillings." Once more, to "ye L. L., be ye kingis command, one hundred pounds." This L. L. is supposed to have been either the Lady Lochleven or Lady Lennox, both of whom were mistresses to the king—a circumstance which was not then considered, in the slightest degree, either dishonourable or unbecoming.

Amidst all the noisy merriment, however, and profligacy which prevailed at this primitive northern court, literary men seem to have found there a ready and liberal patronage, many traces of the king's bounty to that class occurring throughout the treasurer's accounts, and amongst these the following:—"To Maister Johnne Belentine, be ye kingis precept, for translating of the Cronykill, thirty pounds." "To Maister John Belentine, in part of payment of ye translatioune of ye secund buke of Titus Leuius, eight pounds."* The books themselves, at least the "Mating Buke," seems to have engrossed a good deal of his majesty's care and attention in their adornment, as appears from the following series of entries:—"Item, of 6 quarteris of grene veluet, to be ane cover to ane grete Mating Buke of ye kingis grace, clespit with gold, quhilk he gat fra my lord secretaire, and to be ane polk (bag) till keip ye samin in, price of ye elne, three pounds. Item, for three quarteris of reid dammese to lyne ye said polk, and ye breddis (boards) of ye buke, price thairof, twenty-seven shillings. Item, for twa dowbill hankis of sewing gold, to be knoppis to ye said polk, and bordour ye mouthe of it, price of the hank, 20s. Item, to Helene Ross, for making of ye knoppis and stringis to ye said polk, and making of ye polk and covering thairto, ten shillings." The queen's "Mating Buke" was equally splendid, the entries regarding it being similarly prolix.

Every page of these curious accounts gives testimony to the liberality and generosity of the Scottish monarch. He was, indeed, a munificent prince, and scattered his bounties around him with a truly kingly hand. "Penniless lasses wi' lang pedigrees," and sometimes without any pedigree at all, are often *tochered* by the generous monarch. Thus, "be ye kingis precept to Johne, pipar of Sanct Johnestoune, in toquher with Catherine Sinclair;" and, again, "gevin to the Lord Fleming at the kingis command, in manner of tocher to his sistir." The royal bounty did not stop with the money bestowed; purses of "crammesy satin," or other material, were always given besides to put it in.

The officers that constituted the royal household are much too numerous to be recapitulated: a few of them, however, we may enumerate. There were the usher of the inner chalmer dur, yeman of the wyne sellar, squyar of the kingis stabile, ushers of the outer chalmer dur, yeman of the wardrop, yeman of the gretc lairdner, ditto of the petty lairdner, sumpturman, uscher of the hall dur, maister baxter, courte maister cuke, grome in the spicehouse, ditto in the wyne sellar, ditto in the ail sellar, grome for the silver veschell, gromes in the wardrop, under gromes in the kingis kicheing.

* Baleantyne, or Bellenden, dean of Ross, was employed to translate Boece's Chronicle of Scotland, and also the History of Livy, for the use of the king, who had not been over attentive to his Latin. A new edition of these works appeared, in three volumes, about twelve years ago, under the superintendence of Mr Thomas Maitland, advocate; published by Messrs Tait, Edinburgh.

LETTER FROM CANADA.

(Concluded.)

In our patent deeds, government retains the precious metals, and the white pine and oak; but the two latter they do not prohibit us from cutting, and, if they cut them, they pay us for them at the customary rates. Our taxes are small, being, I think, 3d. for a cow, 4d. for an ox, 1d. for a cleared acre, and 1s. 6d. per 100 acres of the land you hold. In clearing land here, and getting on with operations, they have chopping bees, logging bees, and raising bees, &c. A man generally chops his own timber, that is, cuts it down into such lengths as a yoke of oxen can pull, and what from four to five men can pile up—(all underbrush and small timber, such as he and his family can manage, they pile up and burn); and when this is done, he fixes upon a day, and acquaints his neighbours around him, according to the extent of the land he has to log, five men being necessary to a yoke of oxen, and these are able to do about an acre a-day; so that, if he has four or five to log, he requires as many yokes of cattle and men accordingly, and on these occasions they are usually very punctual in attendance. He entertains them well at these times, having killed a sheep, or a cow, or ox, or perhaps pork or venison, with always tea and grog. At a raising, again, they muster in the same manner, about a dozen of men being necessary to put up a house, with a yoke or two of oxen to drive in the timber, after it is cut and ready. The person we resided with, and one of his sons, assisted me in cutting the timber for my house, which occupied us for about a week; and when this was done, I acquainted my nearest neighbours of the day I had fixed on to get it put up, the whole of whom attended, to the number of thirteen, and put it up the same day. A log-house makes a very comfortable dwelling, being even warmer than a stone house, when properly finished. Mine is built of white pine, and covered with barwood and ash scoops, and is 30 feet by 18 over the walls. The trees selected for a house are generally about a foot in diameter, and as the trees, from their growing thickly together, are straight, and without branches to within a short way of their top, you can get a cut of 30 feet off such a tree of nearly the same diameter at both ends, and these they very neatly dovetail at the corners, which makes a very strong building, and lasts a great many years. A number of the newly erected houses are covered with shingles, that is, the wood of the white pine cut exactly like the slates with you, and look as well, and are very durable. For this sort of assistance on the part of your neighbours, you just pay them back in the same way, by assisting them when they call upon you. I have been at several of these bees, and a great deal of work is generally got through with. At the loggings, I was much struck with the docility and great usefulness of the oxen, which are generally yoked in pairs, and will scramble through among logs with a very heavy draught, with the greatest ease and patience, where you could scarce believe they could escape without broken legs, and where horses would be useless, and are equally, if not more, obedient to the call of their driver than the horse. They are equally useful in the sleigh, the plough, and the harrow. In the lower province they yoke them by the horns, but here they place the yoke over the back part of the neck and front of the shoulder. A yoke of good oxen, six years old, when they become fit for all work, cost about L.20. By the bye, the horses of this country astonished me. I saw some at Montreal equal to any I have ever seen in my life; even the carters about the wharfs drive horses that your gentlemen would be proud to see in their carriages.

The Grand River at this season is a most interesting scene. It is while the river is frozen that the principal part of the traffic between the different parts of the country takes place, and sleighs are seen moving in all directions on the ice; those drawn by horses always at a trot, and frequently at a gallop, even with a load; one of the horses having a string of small bells round his neck to announce their approach. This is the season, too, when our land roads are best, and land travelling is now also excellent. The climate of this country is not so terrific as is frequently supposed with you; we have, no doubt, very keen frost, perhaps keener than with you, and it is more constant and continued; but we have also fine thaws, when the weather is mild and pleasant; and even during our keenest frosts, we have through the day generally fine clear sunshine, the sun being much more powerful at this season here than with you; and our day is about two hours longer in winter, and two hours shorter in summer, than yours; and it is principally in the night that the severity of the frost is felt. This is generally our severest month, and some of the folks here say, that, during seven years, they have not seen such severe frost as we have had some days lately; yet, on these days, I went about what I had to do out of doors as usual, and have never put on any additional dress to what I wore at home, except deer-skin gloves, with woollen ones under them, for my hands, with mocassins, and a couple of pairs of stockings, for my feet. But you will, no doubt, think it a dreadful thing to live in this thinly-peopled country, and so far from neighbours! I thought so, too, before I experienced it, but now, I assure you, I find myself more at ease than ever I felt in a town, and we are scarce ever a day without seeing some of our neighbours, or without invitations to go to see some of them; but these we seldom accept, having always so much to do at home; and we are always welcome guests at the chief's (he is always called the Chief, or M'Nab—to call him Mr M'Nab would be thought highly derogatory), and I am never down that way but I am invited to dine with him. Indeed, there is a spirit of hospitality here which is quite unknown at home, and in travelling through the country there is scarce a house you enter where you are not invited to partake of their bed and board, without money and without price. We have just now invitations from two of the settlers that I formerly alluded to, who are storekeepers, one of whom is also an extensive lumber-merchant, and who at first worked as a lumberer himself—from the one, to a ball he is to give in a few days; and from the other, to take a drive in his sleigh on the river, and to visit some of the settlers on the opposite shore.

The wild animals of this part of the country are the bear, the wolf, the fox, the marten, the minx, the skink, the musk-rat, the porcupine, and squirrel. The first of these seldom or never acts but on the defensive; the wolves are seldom seen, but sometimes heard at night, and rarely molest any of our domestic animals, as the woods are swarming with deer, upon which they principally prey. The lesser animals I have named now and then carry off the poultry; but the most of the settlers allow them to roost in the open places, and breed in the fields, and they are of course quite exposed to attack. The chief told me that, in one season, he had seventy turkeys carried off, and he at length discovered that the culprit was a huge old wolf, that sheltered himself a little way from his house. He watched him one night, and put two balls through him. He pointed out to me where these were lodged in the wall of his house after passing through the body of the animal, and even after this it took several dogs to kill him. Deer are so numerous that you seldom pass through the woods without seeing them, except at this time of the year, when the cold forces them into the swamps for shelter. Some of the settlers have killed from twenty to thirty of these animals this season. Their flesh is, I am told, much superior to that of the deer in Scotland. I never tasted venison at home, but here I think I never tasted any thing finer, being as fat and juicy as veal or mutton. We have hares, which at this season become white, but only about half the size of yours; one of these I shot a few days ago, which weighed about 4 lbs., and made excellent soup. We have also partridges, nearly approaching in size to your pheasants, of which a great many are killed. When you come upon them, they generally take to the nearest tree, and are easily shot. We can pass through the woods here at all times with perfect safety; and the settlers think no more of passing from one part of the township to another in the night than they do in the day; and boys of six or seven will go in search of their cows for a good many miles round their clearance, where they are acquainted, without the least danger; the greatest hazard is in going into a part of the wood where one is not well acquainted, especially if the sun is not seen, for then you are just as apt to go in the wrong as in the right direction.

The whole surface of the land here is covered with wood, except the meadows formed by the beavers. These are, in extent, from a few acres up to 50 or more, and are spread here and there throughout the whole township, and furnish the settlers with excellent winter feeding for their stock. Some of these meadows are as lovely spots as I ever saw, their margins being generally fringed with the beautiful dark green foliage of the evergreen, balm of gilead, and spruce fir, whose tops tower above the surrounding wood. The beavers are now entirely extirpated, the Indians considering them as their peculiar property, and always destroy the whole of them so soon as a township is surveyed. These meadows are every year losing their beauty, as the dams and canals of the beavers are being choked up with alder willows and other plants; but many of the stumps of the trees, cut down by these wonderful creatures to form their dams and embankments, are still to be seen; and it is worthy of remark, that in chopping down a tree we exactly follow their mode of doing it.

I subjoin a rough draught of the township, from which you will be able to form a pretty correct idea of our situation. I have not put into it a river called the Lochy, and have laid down only so much of the Dochart as shows how it affects me. This stream is something like the Westburn, or perhaps a little larger, and at some after time may be turned to account as a mill power. Between each concession there is a road of 66 feet in breadth, and the same between every fifth lot. These roads are not yet cut, but each settler is bound to clear the half opposite his own lot. The township is laid down in 200 acre lots, and contains nearly 80,000 acres.

The sowing season commences about the middle of May; and those settlers who have not oxen of their own, and cannot obtain the use of them, just hoe and rake in their seeds in a very tedious and insufficient

manner. Seeds are continued to be put in till the end of June and beginning of July, potatoes being the last, and by this time the full crops of wheat and rye are becoming ready for the sickle. On our best land we will sometimes have a return of 30 bushels of wheat for each bushel sown, but generally not more than 20. Farm-servants get from L.24 to L.30 a-year, and their board. Women get L.12. Sheep are a very profitable stock, and thrive well. Wool sells readily at 2s. 6d. per stone. My land, from its lying high and dry, is well adapted for this sort of stock; and I may have, in two or three years, 40 to 50 acres in grass, besides 20 or 30 for other crops, having at least this much land upon which there is not a living tree; and although, in many parts of this land, dead stumps and withered trees are standing, these would be no impediment to harrowing in the timothy and white clover, which would cut for hay, or be made pasture, as might be thought expedient; but if I am not able to overtake this, the land will of course again become every year wilder.

This is a very healthy part of Canada, sickness of any kind being very rare; and fever and ague, which are very common over about the great lakes, are here quite unknown. But we have neither church nor school in this township; many of the young people are growing up without even learning to read; and, in return for the attention and kindness which have been shown to us by our neighbours, I have undertaken to give their children lessons in reading and writing, during an hour of the day, along with my own. I have about a dozen sometimes in attendance; and although some of them have nearly two miles to walk, they are seldom a day absent.

We have very few mechanics here: indeed, I know of none, except two smiths, who have also land; one shoemaker, and a tailor employed by the storekeepers, who receives twelve dollars a-month, and board, but this man is generally half the week drunk. In my opinion, no man can do wrong in coming to this country who is industrious and sober, and who is not amply remunerated for his labour at home; for it is beyond all doubt that the Canadas have as great natural advantages as the United States, and are running the same race in prosperity, and to greatness.

I am, &c. &c.

TREATMENT OF SPRAINS.

No accident occurs perhaps more frequently than that of sprain, wherefore we have thought some information concerning the nature of this accident, and the manner in which it should be treated, will not be unacceptable to our readers. We find in Mr Liston's Elements of Surgery the following observations:—"Sprain is generally occasioned by a fall, the foot or hand coming awkwardly to the ground, the muscles being at the same time relaxed and unprepared; by over-exertion in lifting heavy weights; by entanglement and twisting of the limb, &c. The ankle is often sprained by what is called 'a false step;' the fore part of the foot comes into contact with an obstacle unexpectedly; the foot is twisted under the limb; the weight of the body is thrown on the apparatus of one side of the joint, and this is in consequence immoderately and unnaturally stretched." Such is one of the most frequent ways in which this accident occurs. Then follows violent pain, and the patient feels sick and faint: the part injured becomes discoloured, and a rapid swelling takes place, owing to the escape of blood from the torn vessels. Afterwards, from the excited action of the vessels, the fluid which lubricates the joint is increased in quantity, and the joint permanently deformed. "Attentive examination (says this surgeon) is required to guard against mistakes, the existence or non existence either of displacement or of fracture, must be at once ascertained by determined and perfect manipulation; the parts must be pressed and moved to such an extent as is necessary, notwithstanding the pain thereby occasioned, and notwithstanding the resistance afforded by the patient." This caution is necessary, because one or more of the small bones of the wrist are often displaced; and fracture of the fore arm, and even separation of one bone of the fore arm from the other, are accidents of by no means rare occurrence. "Perhaps," says Mr Liston, "no injury is more frequently mismanaged by those both out and in the profession. Every old woman thinks she can manage a sprain; most absurd and hurtful measures are resorted to; cold lotions and cold effusions are employed, and at the same time stimulating frictions; probably attempts are made, either by leeching or by puncturing, to extract the effused blood; and many similar follies are committed. The proper treatment appears certainly to consist in absolute rest. If there is any displacement, it must be rectified immediately. If there is any fracture, or if there is a tendency to redisplacement after reduction, or if the patient is restless either from folly or insensibility, * * * * a splint or splints must be applied, to secure the immobility of the part, at the same time without such compression as may interfere with swelling from effusion (or escape of the watery part of the blood underneath the skin), which is a salutary process, and ought to be encouraged. By absolute rest, the extent of the swelling is limited, and inflammation warded off. Fomentations properly employed afford much relief. * * * The integuments soon become relaxed during the regular use of fomentation. * * * The swelling then abates, and is no longer hard; it pits on pressure, and the skin has a puckered appearance. Then gentle friction becomes advantageous, and uniform support should be afforded by the application of a flannel roller. The longer the limb is disused, the more perfect and rapid is the recovery, provided the rest of the cure is properly conducted. In general, nothing more than what has been stated is required. But if the limb be moved in any way early, then necessity will arise perhaps for bleeding; certainly copious and repeated abstraction of blood by leeches, accompanied with fomentations, and the internal exhibition of antimonials, purgatives, &c. When such is the case, the cure is tedious; the joint long remains swelled and stiff; the patient is lame, and incapable of exertion. Leeching or puncturing at an early period, with the view of allowing extravasated blood to escape, is useless and hurtful. * * * Friction, with stimulating liniments, or even simple friction at an early period, is also hurtful, tending to excite the action of the vessels, and to convert simple swelling into inflammatory. The application of cold at any period is of little use, and ought certainly to be avoided immediately after the injury, as adding to the sufferings of the patient, and interfering with the natural processes that have commenced for the reparation of that injury. In limbs that have remained stiff after severe and mismanaged sprain, the dashing of water, either cold or tepid, has been strongly recommended: the practice is not ineffectual; the vessels of the surface are excited, perhaps, as by other friction, and perhaps by the reaction which follows the chill. But the limb is apt to become rheumatic, and, on this account, the state of matters will not be improved by this proceeding, unless it be resorted to with proper precautions." Such are the recommendations of this skilful surgeon for the general management of sprains, which are often very troublesome, and require the treatment of a judicious medical practitioner.

ODDS AND ENDS.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS TO THE SICK.

"Under all circumstances," says Dr Armstrong, "man is a poor and pitiable being, when stricken down by disease. Sickened and subdued, his very lineaments have a voice which calls for commiseration and assistance. Celsus says, that, knowing two physicians equally intelligent, he should prefer the one who was his friend, for the obvious reason that he would feel a deeper interest in his welfare. Kindness composes, and harshness disturbs the mind, and each produces correspondent effects upon the body. A tone, a look, may save or destroy life in extremely delicate cases. Whatever may be the prognosis given to friends, in all cases of fever the most confident and consoling language about the ultimate recovery should be used to the sick, as prophecies not unfrequently contribute to bring about the event foretold, by making people feel or think, or act differently from what they otherwise would have done. Again, in chronic cases, as time is required for their cure, by explaining to the patient this fact, we maintain his confidence, we keep his mind easy, and thus gain a fair opportunity for the operation of regimen or remedies; in short, the judicious physician, like the Roman general Fabius, conquers through delay, by cutting off the supplies, and wearing out the strength of the enemy. In large cities, where the mind is so much over-wrought in the various schemes of private ambition, or of public business, anxiety is very frequently the grand opposing circumstance to recovery; so that, while the causes which produced it are allowed to operate, mere medical prescription is of no avail. The effects of this anxiety are visible in the pallid face or wasted body. But if the patient be possessed of philosophy enough to forego his harassing pursuits; if he has not, from the contact and cares of the world, lost his relish for the simple and sublime scenes of nature, a removal into the country is of the utmost efficacy. The deformity and conflict of the moral world are exchanged for the beauty and calm of the physical world; and, surrounded by all the poetry of earth and heaven, the mind regains its peace, and the health, as if by magic, is perfectly restored."

THE GUELPHS AND GHIBELLINES.

It was about the middle of the twelfth century that these two names resounded as a war-cry at the battle of Reinsberg, in Germany. Henry Welfe Este united to the duchy of Tuscany, and to the other possessions of the house of Este, in Lombardy, the duchies of Saxony and Bavaria. He entered into intrigues to obtain the imperial crown; but Conrad Duke of Franconia, his competitor, was preferred to him. Henry Welfe Este refused to acknowledge his authority, and was despoiled of his German possessions. After his death, which happened in 1120, his brother, Welfe the Sixth, made war upon Conrad, to recover his rights in Bavaria. The imperialists were commanded by Frederick, the emperor's nephew, who had been educated at *Wuiblingen:* their war-cry was *Wuiblingen*—that of the Bavarians was *Welfe.* The use of these words passed from Germany into Italy; and being metamorphosed into Ghibellines and Guelphs, designated, up to the fifteenth century—the former, that party which upheld the emperor's pretensions—the latter, the party which opposed them.

The royal family of England is sprung from the former of these renowned houses.

PRINTER'S DEVIL.

This is an appellation which most of our readers must have frequently heard; but as many of them may not be aware of its origin, we copy the following explanation from Mr M'Creery's Poems of the Press, &c.:—

"In the adventure of Dr Faustus and the Sorbonne at Paris, we seem to have the origin of the opinion that the printers have occasion for the assistance of a supernatural personage in the progress of their labours, with whom all the rest of the world is most anxious to avoid any very intimate acquaintance. Had we no other complaints against his Satanic majesty than that of assisting John Faust to bring to perfection the art of printing, we certainly should have no right to stigmatise him as being of so malignant a disposition as he is commonly represented. The printer's devil is a character almost identified with the origin of the art, and we may consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in having a guardian exclusively assigned to us, from whom, notwithstanding his general bad conduct to other people, we have so little to apprehend, and who is commonly our faithful assistant, both in our labours and our pleasures. From hence also the legend of the *Devil and Doctor Faustus.* In further elucidation, we may inform our readers that the youngest apprentice of a printer is called the devil, and he generally runs all the messages, and conveys the proofs of works in the press, between the printer and the author."

THE SPEECH OF ANIMALS.

Sibscota observes, that although articulate speech is peculiar to man, it is often imitated by different animals, but not accompanied by that reason or intellect which regulates it in the human race. Thus the speech in parrots, crows, and other birds that are taught by art, is nothing else but a certain articulate voice, without any mental understanding, to which they are trained up by custom, not knowing what is signified by the words; so that the parrot which rehearsed the Apostles' creed did not understand the things signified by those words; and, therefore, this sort of speech is not a representation of reason, and, consequently, not true speech. But it sometimes happens that they seem to appropriate the names of things to the things themselves, or retain the signification of them; that is the work of memory, by which they accommodate those words, which they, by their docility, have gained to particular things, as they have been accustomed to them, and according to their often-repeated appellations. And as the parrot which fell into the river called for help, and promised a reward, it must necessarily be that she had by practice learned these words, being oftentimes before in the like danger. And since it is undeniable that not only elephants, but some other creatures, do in some manner understand the speech of man to which they are accustomed, and know what is meant by such and such words as they are taught (and as they, by the motion or gesture of their masters, know what they would have), though some more exactly than others, is it a greater wonder for these brutes, if they have organs fit for speech, to be able, by outward expressions, as they have learned by custom, to signify the single conceptions of their estimative faculty to others which they frame within themselves, according to the common speech which they are accustomed to, than that they should, by the usual gestures of the body, and other various ways (which is also the speech of mutes), be able to adumbrate their inward conceptions to others? Or what wonder is it for a parrot, magpie, crow, starling, to express what they inwardly feel or desire by an articulate voice, or such as they have learned by custom? And those creatures that have been used to speak, can count numbers, and yet they have no formal conception of those numbers.—*Curtis on the Deaf and Dumb.*

TO OUR READERS.

Every article in this paper, not marked with a quotation at the end, or otherwise, is original, and written with an express reference to the character and objects of Chambers's Journal. In the present number, overlooking the anecdotes on the last page, the tale entitled "Legend of Marseilles," is the only article not *original; that is to say, for two columns of selected matter, there are upwards of twenty perfectly new. Notices to this effect will be repeated from time to time, to obviate the injustice done to us by various illiberal newspapers, which have falsely asserted that the greater part of our matter is borrowed—a tale the more readily believed on account of the low price of the Journal. The fact is, that, while those very newspapers exist upon matter which may be said to be common to them all, our own little sheet contains, in every one of its numbers, a mass of literary composition quite independent of all its contemporaries, and which requires, for its preparation, an association of writers much more numerous than what is concerned in almost any political journal in the empire.*

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THE TWO BROTHERS.

Of the divided affections too often observable among brothers, a most remarkable instance happened a few years ago in the family of a gentleman of the north of Scotland. George and William Stirling were the only sons of the gentleman alluded to, and they had grown to manhood in the exercise of that mutual kindness which it is so delightful to observe in relations of that degree of consanguinity. I am not aware that there was any thing remarkable in their characters: they were, simply, two respectable young men, of good education; and while the elder was reared to the enjoyment of a competent fortune, the younger soon attained such a degree of distinction at the bar, as rendered his fate little less enviable. On the death of their mother, which took place when they were between twenty and thirty years of age, some dispute arose respecting a legacy, the destination of which had not been expressed in terms sufficiently clear, and which, after a brief suit at law, was determined in favour of the elder brother. At first, it was resolved by the two brothers that this plea should be amicably conducted, merely for the purpose of deciding an uncertain matter; but some circumstances unexpectedly occurred, which acting upon the inflammable nature of the elder, and not being met with a proper spirit by the younger brother, speedily produced a decided alienation between them. Each retired sullenly into the fortress of his own pride; nor were their father's entreaties and good offices, or their common recollection of twenty affectionate and happy years, of the least avail in bringing them once more together. They did not again meet for ten years: it was at their father's funeral. The old gentleman had died in presence of his eldest son only, reiterating with his latest breath those injunctions, so often before employed in vain, that his two sons might be restored to brotherly friendship; an object, he said, which engrossed his thoughts so much in life, that he felt as if he could not rest at peace in his grave unless it were accomplished. The two brothers met, but without taking the least notice of each other, when respectively mounting their carriages, in order to follow the corpse of their parent to the family burying-place in Aberdeen. Their hearts were still filled with fierce and indignant feelings towards each other, though it is not improbable that the elder had been somewhat touched, almost imperceptibly to himself, by the dying entreaties of his father. The procession, consisting of a hearse and the carriages of the two brothers, set out on its long and dreary journey, which was rendered additionally melancholy by the gloom of a December day. It was originally designed that there should be no stoppage, except to exchange horses, till they reached their destination; but this arrangement was destined to be strangely disconcerted. A fall of snow, which had begun only that morning in the low country, was found, when they reached the hilly region, to have been of two days' continuance; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they reached a lonely inn, about half way towards the capital, beyond which it was declared by the postilions there was no possibility of proceeding that day. This humble place of entertainment was accustomed to lodge only such guests as carriers, and as it was partly occupied on the present occasion by various wayfarers, the host, with all anxiety to accommodate such distinguished guests as those who had just arrived, found he could not by any means offer them more than two rooms. It was his expectation, that, while one of these was devoted, as decency required, to the reception of the corpse, the other would serve for the two mourners, and he accordingly proposed to make up an additional bed in the room which he had marked as that which should receive his living guests. What was his astonishment, and what was the astonishment of all the inmates of the house, when he was informed by a servant that one of the gentlemen would sleep in one of these rooms, while the other had no objection to that in which he had placed the corpse! It was not, however, for him to make any resistance to such an arrangement, and he accordingly caused the rooms to be prepared as befitted the taste of his guests.

It must communicate a strange feeling to know that two brothers—men of cultivated understanding, and each respected in his sphere for public and private worth—actually carried this dreadful arrangement into effect, in order to avoid what they must have contemplated as a more painful thing—the spending of a single night in each other's company. It was the younger who proposed, as a solution of the dilemma in which he found they were placed, to take up his quarters in the same chamber with the corpse: unpardonable as the elder was for his share of the dissension, it is but justice to him to state, that he could not, after the dying request of his father, have encountered the sensations which might be expected to arise in so dreadful a situation. During the evening, as the storm prevented them from going out of doors, each kept his own room, and was severally served with the refreshments which he required. Night came, and each went to rest. Morning returned, and still the storm was unabated. It was therefore necessary to spend another day in the same extraordinary circumstances. Slowly, slowly waned the hours of the twilight day; and still the snow continued to fall in its broad and lazy flakes, seeming, to the two brothers, as each surveyed it listlessly from his window, the very personification of monotony. As the rooms were close to each other, and only divided by a thin partition, through which there was a door of communication, each of the unhappy gentlemen could overhear every thing that his neighbour did, almost to his very breathing. It at length became the amusement of each, unknown to his fellow, to watch the proceedings of the other—to note every footfall, to register every sigh. George, in particular, became interested, in spite of himself, in the situation of his brother, which, in consideration of what he had heard from the lips of his dying father, bore to him an aspect more repulsive and painful than it perhaps did to the actual sufferer. At length, when, after a weary day, the time of rest again drew nigh, and the house became more than usually still, he heard a groan—a groan partly suppressed, but still bearing distinctly the impress of unutterable anguish—proceed from his brother's room. He listened more intently, and in a few minutes he could make out that the living tenant of the death-chamber was prostrated beside the coffin—weeping—bitterly weeping—but still making every effort to bury the expression of his grief in his own bosom. It may easily be imagined that such sounds, coming upon a heart which had been insensibly undergoing a softening process during the whole day, must have had the best effect. Still the rancour of ten years was not to be got over by tears shed under such circumstances. He softly stole, however, to the door, and watched with the most intense anxiety every respiration and movement of his afflicted brother. After waiting a few minutes, he distinctly heard William breathe forth the words, "Oh, mother!" and that in a tone which referred so pointedly to the source of their unhappy quarrel, that he could no longer entertain a doubt as to the nature of his brother's present reflections. A thousand tender associations were awakened by that endeared word: he reverted to the early days when they had no contention but for her affections, no rivalry but for the kind bounty which she was always ready to bestow upon each alike. Human nature could hold out no longer, and he gently tapped at the door which had hitherto kept them apart. "William," he said, "may I come in?" The voice of affection could not be mistaken. William opened the door in an instant, and, as if he had guessed intuitively the disposition of his brother, rushed into his arms.

The next day saw the two brothers amicably proceeding in one vehicle to the family burial-place, where, in the grave of their father, they inhumed every bitter feeling they had ever entertained against each other; and at present, taught by the sufferings which they endured in their period of alienation, there is no pair of friends who take such pains to cherish each other's affections, or to avoid all means of converting them into gall.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE STOAT.

THERE is little difference in the shape of the stoat from that of the weasel, and they have consequently been frequently confounded.

The length of the stoat is about ten inches, exclusive of the tail, which is five inches and a half; it is very hairy, tipped with black; the edges of the ears, and ends of the toes, are yellowish-white; in other respects, it resembles the weasel both in colour and form. In the northern parts of Europe, during winter, the fur changes to a pure white, except the tip of the tail which retains its blackness through all seasons, and in every climate. In winter, it is called the *ermine*; and in this condition is much sought for, on account of the high value placed upon its fur, which has been that worn by royalty from very remote times.

The stoat abounds in Norway, Lapland, Russia, and other northern climates, and forms a valuable article of commerce in these states. It is found even so far north as Kamschatka and Siberia, where the hunters take it with traps, baited with flesh.

In Norway, it is their practice either to shoot the stoats with blunt arrows, or they are taken by traps, made by two flat stones, one being propped up with a stick, to which is attached a baited string; and as soon as the animal begins to nibble, the stone falls down, and crushes it to death. In Britain, they also sometimes change to white in winter; but their skin is of little value, compared to those in northern Europe, having neither the closeness nor whiteness of fur. The skins are sold, in the districts where they are caught, at from two to three pounds sterling the hundred.

A singular circumstance was observed by a friend of the present vicar of Liskeard, in Cornwall, in August 1829. A stoat was in hot pursuit of a water rat, which latter took the water, where he doubtless expected to be safe from his enemy; the stoat, however, took the water, and followed his prey across the narrow pond, but lost it at last from the rat getting into a hole.

The following incident was narrated by a gentleman, as having come under his own observation:—"A slight snow covered the ground," says the narrator; "and he, having walked out to an adjoining hill to meet with one of his shepherds, fell in with the track of one of these stoats, which is easily to be distinguished from that of the smaller species by the larger foot-print, and length of the spring, among the snow. He followed the track for some time for his amusement, along the side of the hill, until he came to the marks

where a pair of grouse had been sitting, when he lost all traces of the stoat, and could follow it no farther. As there was no appearance of a hole, he was much surprised; and paying close attention to the track of the animal, he came to be convinced that it had sprung upon one of the birds, which had flown away with it. As he is a person of uncommonly acute observation, sound judgment, and strong sense, I have the utmost confidence in the correctness of his mode of accounting for this singular circumstance. The conclusion is, that the stoat knew quite well what it was about, and would keep its hold until it came to the ground again. The matchless agility and comparative strength of this bold little creature would enable it to save itself during the fall; before which took place, it had probably destroyed the life of its harmless prey."

The following well-authenticated instance surpasses any idea which we could have formed of the extensive depredations of these animals:—About the middle of July 1827, a gentleman at Cathcart shot at and wounded a stoat. The animal escaped into a hole in an old stone wall. He was induced to explore the place of its retreat, when the first victims he met with were a couple of leverets immutilated; a little farther on two young partridges, also entire, and a pheasant's egg unbroken. Beyond these were found the heads of two other leverets, in a state of putrifaction; and at the extremity of the hole, lay the little mischievous marauder himself, dead. We would have thought this extraordinary accumulation of plunder was the consequence of a provident disposition in the animal, but, from the appearance of the leveret's head, &c., it seems to bear out what has been so often stated by naturalists of this tribe of animals, that they seldom devour any of their prey till it begins to putrify.

THE FERRET.

The ferret is somewhat smaller than the polecat, to which it bears a close resemblance; the fur is yellowish, and the eyes are red. The ferret is a native of Africa, and is only known to us in a domesticated state. It was first introduced from thence to Spain, and was used to reduce the number of rabbits which abounded in that continent. It has subsequently been employed for the same purpose in Britain, as well as in other European states. Its constitution, however, has never been completely brought to bear the cold of a northern climate, and requires much warmth and attention to preserve it alive. The ordinary method of keeping the ferret is in a box amongst wool, of which it forms for itself a comfortable bed. It is a nocturnal animal, and generally sleeps during the day, and feeds at night. In a domesticated condition, ferrets are usually fed on bread and milk, flesh being considered improper for the indolent lives they are taught to lead.

In a domesticated state, the ferret breeds twice a-year. The female goes with young six weeks, and brings forth from five to eight at a birth.

Warreners sometimes cross the breed with the polecat, the produce of which, in some instances, prove superior, in point of ferocity, to the ferret. The ferret has such an instinctive antipathy to the rabbit, that, it is said, if a dead one be presented to a young ferret which has never seen one before, it seizes upon it, and maintains its hold with great pertinacity, and will not quit its hold, but continues to suck the blood till completely satiated. While using the ferret to drive rabbits from their burrows, they must be muzzled, otherwise they would fix on them, gorge themselves with their blood, and then fall asleep. Instances have been known of their disengaging themselves of their muzzles; in which case they remained in the holes, and could not be recovered but by digging for them, or, if too deep, smoking them out. Both these methods have been resorted to without effect, and the ferret has kept his retreat good for the summer, and lived by preying on the rabbits; but when winter sets in, they either perish from cold, or leave the hole, and are then easily retaken.

The ferret is also a great enemy to rats, and will not suffer one to remain alive where it is allowed to go in search of them. Although easily tamed, they seldom evince any attachment, and are of a very irascible disposition. They emit a very fetid odour, like the whole of their congeners.

The following is a remarkable instance of ferocity in the ferret:—"A man of the name of Iles, a bargeman, finding himself much incommoded by the repeated mischief done in his barge by rats, procured a ferret to destroy them. The ferret remaining away a considerable time, he thought it was devouring some rats that it had killed, and he went to sleep, but was awakened early next morning by the ferret, who was commencing a regular attack upon him. The animal had seized him near his eyebrow, and after endeavouring in vain to shake him off, he at length severed the body from the head with a knife, the head still sticking so fast as to be with difficulty removed."

THE SABLE.

The sable is about eighteen inches in length, and resembles the marten in form, being somewhat longer than the polecat in proportion to the thickness of its body. It is a native of Siberia, Kamschatka, and various islands which lie between that country and Japan, as also in Lapland. It burrows in holes, by the banks of rivers, and under the roots of trees. Its nest consists of moss, small twigs, and grass.

This animal does not appear to be so destructive as others of the tribe, its chief food in winter consisting of berries of different kinds: in summer, however, before these ripen, its necessities force it to prey upon hares, weasels, ermines, and other small animals.

The female brings forth in the spring, and produces from three to four at a birth.

M. Gmelin mentions two of these which he had in some measure domesticated. He says, that, whenever they perceived a cat, they would raise themselves on their hind feet, and with their fore paws prepare to defend themselves. During day, more particularly after eating, they always slept, and frequently so soundly after a meal, that they required to be pricked, pinched, and shaken, before they would awaken; but that at night they were extremely active and lively.

The fur of the sable is dark brown, whitish on the head, and gray on the throat. Its chief quality consists in the hair turning with equal ease to either side: the darker the colour, it is the more valuable; and few skins are in higher estimation than that of this animal: one of these, although only about four inches in breadth, has been sometimes valued as high as fifteen pounds. The general price, however, is from one pound to ten, according to the quality. The bellies of sables, about two fingers in breadth, are sold separately from the upper parts, and generally in pairs, which are tied together in bundles of forty pieces, and bring from one to two pounds each bundle. The tails are also a separate article of commerce, and sell at from four to eight pounds a hundred.

The time of hunting the sable in Siberia, and other countries, is from November to February, during which period the skins are in the highest perfection: those taken at any other time of the year are far inferior, on account of the irregularity of the length in the hair, and, consequently, bring lower prices.

Instances have occurred where the skins were of a snowy whiteness, but these are exceedingly rare, and sell high as curiosities.

The principal hunting of the sable is carried on by criminals banished to the snowy confines of Siberia; and in this employment they are frequently exposed to great privations. They are obliged to furnish each a certain number of skins, and, for their encouragement, are permitted to share among themselves whatever skins they procure above the allotted number. In the pursuit of sables, the hunters form themselves into small troops, under a leader of their own choosing: they penetrate far into the bosom of the mighty woods which cover this desert region, from whence they can only find their way back by marking the trees as they advance, and by missing which, on their return, they frequently perish, from their stock of provisions being exhausted before they can reach the confines of the forest. The pursuit of the sable is an arduous one; for, after they have traced the animal from its track on the snow to its retreat, they place their net over its hole, and are sometimes obliged to remain for days watching it, till hunger forces the creature out. Such are the hardships our fellow-men are often exposed to, for the gratification of vain show among the luxuriant and opulent.

A RATCLIFFE HEROINE IN REAL LIFE.

In the year 1746, a short time before the battle of Culloden, the Castle of ——, in the north of Scotland, was inhabited by its then proprietor, Captain D—, a young officer of the royal army, and zealously attached to the house of Brunswick; by his sister, a young lady of a timid disposition and delicate health; and by her particular friend, Miss M—, a daughter of Lord R—, a woman of superior understanding and great resolution, and as much attached to the throne as the proprietor of the castle. This castle (now destroyed) was of great extent, and, from the superstition of the natives of the country, had for many years acquired the reputation of being haunted. Captain D—, who had lately quitted the Duke of Cumberland's army, to which he was shortly to return, appeared for some time extremely thoughtful; and one day when his sister was confined to her room, he told Miss M— he wished to have some private conversation with her, and to entrust her with a secret which had hitherto been carefully preserved in his family, and never disclosed but from father to son, so that never more than two persons had been in possession of it at the same time: that he would have revealed it to his sister, but that he did not think she possessed strength of mind and resolution enough to make the proper use of it; and as the time was now come when it was necessary for this important secret to be confided to some person besides himself, he entreated her, as a friend to his family, to become the depository of it, and to undertake the necessary engagements attached to the possession of it. Miss M—, unwilling to bind herself to an undertaking of which she did not know the extent, and in which she found that fortitude was a necessary qualification, which necessarily implied it might be attended with dangerous consequences, begged to be excused from a trust of such magnitude as this appeared to be, and wished to decline any farther communication on the subject. But Captain D— was not easily deterred from his purpose, and conjured her, not only by the friendship she professed, and which he knew she had for the family, but if this motive was not sufficiently powerful, by the still more important consideration that the safety, and even the existence, of the English army under the Duke of Cumberland must depend on her resolution and exertion, as he knew no one else at this critical moment in whom he could confide this important secret. Staggered by these forcible arguments, and relying on the well-known honour and integrity of Captain D—, Miss M— was at length persuaded to give a reluctant consent to her friend's entreaty, and agreed, that, after all the inhabitants of the castle were gone to rest, he should call upon her for the fulfilment of her promise. Accordingly, about one o'clock in the morning she heard a gentle tap at the door. She was in trembling expectation of the signal, and leaving the chamber, accompanied by Captain D— to the library, where he had provided two cloaks, in one of which he wrapped Miss M—, and throwing the other over his own shoulder, took a dark lantern which he had prepared, and called on her to summon all her resolution, to recollect the vast importance of the duty she had engaged in, and to follow him without fear, as he would lead her into no danger. He then conducted her up several flights of stairs to a part of the castle she had never been in, and which had never been inhabited in the memory of man. They then descended into the vaults of the castle, and, mounting another flight of steps, found themselves in a court, which they traversed. Miss M—'s courage so completely failed her in the course of their progress, that she stopped, and once more entreated Captain D— to be relieved from her promise, and permitted to return to her apartment; but he urged her to proceed by every argument in his power, and assured her they were almost arrived at the place of their destination, and had no cause for alarm. Ashamed at her own want of resolution, she once more agreed to proceed if the distance was not great. They reached the opposite corner of the court, and arrived at a low door, at the bottom of a turret, which opened with a key with which he was provided. As soon as Miss M— had entered this door, he locked it in the inside, took the key with him, and desired her to observe exactly what he did. He then took her up a narrow winding staircase, at the top of which he unlocked a door, and closed it after them, when they found themselves in a small square stone chamber, which had only one small window, closed by a shutter opposite the door. In the middle of the floor was a large trap-door, to which Captain D— applied a key, unlocked it, and lifted up the trap, beneath which a sort of ladder staircase led to a chamber below. He went first with his lantern, and assisted Miss M— to descend; and when she reached the bottom, he informed her they were now arrived at the place concerning which so much secrecy was necessary; that in this room, unknown to any one but himself, were concealed all the title-deeds, papers, and other effects of value belonging to his family; and that this chamber had, in all the troublesome times of which Scotland had unfortunately seen so many, been considered as a secure asylum for any of the family, who, from the distraction of the times, had required such a place of concealment. But this room now contained what was of still more importance; for the fate of the English army depended upon the security of that chamber. The Duke of Cumberland, on his arrival in Scotland, expressed great anxiety for the security of the large sums he had brought with him for the payment of his troops, and other purposes attending so important a crisis. Captain D—, aware of the security of this place of concealment, offered the use of it, which had stood undiscovered for ages, to his royal highness, who, well aware of his unshaken loyalty, had willingly accepted it, and entrusted Captain D— with the concealment of his treasure, from which he would receive weekly supplies without danger or suspicion. Captain D—'s situation in the English army required his presence there; and it was to be the guardian of this secret, and the keeper of this treasure, for which he wanted a person of honour and resolution, which induced him to repose his confidence in Miss M—, who, from her residence with his sister, would excite no suspicion, as the reception of a stranger in the absence of Captain D— might have done. Miss M—, aware of the importance of the confidence reposed in her, promised to fulfil her engagement, by descending alone every Thursday night to take out such sums and papers as might be necessary, and to deliver them next morning to a servant whom Captain D— was to dispatch from the army to convey them to him. This arrangement being made to Captain D—'s satisfaction, and to Miss M—'s great anxiety, they returned in the same manner they came, to the habitable part of the castle, Captain D— entreating her to observe exactly what he did in their progress, that she might be sure to proceed in safety. He re-conducted her to the chamber, delivered to her the key, and after the most fervent thanks, took his leave, and the next morning early departed for the army. Many were the anxious moments to Miss M— between the morning of his departure, and the fatal night in which she felt bound by every tie of honour and duty to fulfil the engagement she had entered into. Though a woman of great spirit and resolution, she was not totally free from that superstition for which her countrymen, notwithstanding their

strong sense and informed minds, are so remarkable; and the idea of her solitary expedition at night through the uninhabited parts of this remarkable castle, added to the high importance of the charge with which she was entrusted, weighed heavily on her mind, and rendered her less equal to the task. When the eventful night arrived, no fears nor sufferings of the mind could deter her from fulfilling, to the best of her power, the engagements she had entered into; and in the dead of the night, at the time appointed, she left the chamber with the keys, the cloak, and the dark lantern, with which Captain D— had furnished her; with hurried steps, and a palpitating breast, she traversed the long passages, mounted and descended the long flights of stairs, passed through the vaults, and at length found herself in the court in which formerly her courage had failed her. She proceeded without a moment's hesitation to the foot of the turret, unlocked the door, and, according to Captain D—'s particular injunctions, locked it in the inside, and taking the key with her, went up the winding staircase. She unlocked the door, and entered the square stone room; but impatient to complete her task, that she might meet with as few impediments as possible in her return, she did not close and lock the door after her, but left it a little ajar. Finding something particularly close and gloomy in this chamber, she unfastened and opened the window, not considering that her light might possibly betray her. She unlocked and lifted up the trap-door, congratulating herself that her task was nearly completed. She descended with her lantern in her hand, and had already proceeded above half the way down, when she was alarmed on a sudden by a tremendous noise from the chamber above. The trap-door at the same moment was closed with a thundering clap, and terror so completely overwhelmed her, that the lantern fell from her hand, and she sunk lifeless at the bottom of the steps. She was not hurt by the fall, and when she began to recover, she listened attentively if she could hear any footsteps or voices that might in any way account for the cause of her alarm; but all was still and silent. After waiting for a considerable time, she began to flatter herself that some accidental cause had created those tremendous sounds. She ventured up the ladder, intending, by lifting up the trap-door, to re-enter the stone chamber, and, by waiting till day-break, endeavour to regain the apartment before the family were stirring. But how great was her dismay, how unutterable her anguish, when she found that the trap-door was secured in a firm and immoveable manner from above, that no power or force she could use—and her exertions were the last efforts of despair—could move it in the least degree! As the lock was not a spring-lock, there was no way of accounting for what had happened, but by the idea that some rebel or enemy of the family had discovered the fatal secret, and had condemned her to the most painful and lingering of all deaths. Finding all attempts at escape hopeless, and exhausted by her fruitless endeavours, she resigned herself to her fate, and, submitting unrepining to the will of providence, all earthly hope was past. She felt that she must die, but lost her life in a good cause, and had a conscience free of offence towards God or man. She descended the ladder, wrapped her cloak round her, and feeling herself growing faint, sunk on the ground, where her senses forsook her, and she lay motionless at the bottom of the steps. How long she remained in that state is not known, but when, after a lapse of some hours, her senses began to return, she imagined she had already passed from this world to a better, and that she was then in heaven: as her senses grew less confused, she began to distinguish a form bending over her, and concluded it must be an angel come to comfort her. At length she found herself lifted up and carried up the ladder; and the first breeze of outward air reviving her, she at length began to distinguish surrounding objects. She again found herself in the square stone chamber, and perceived that she was supported by Captain D—. The whole of her sufferings appeared like a dream: and it was some time before she could comprehend the cause of the danger, or the means of her deliverance. When she was quite recovered, Captain D— explained to her that the cause of her alarm arose from her having left the door of the stone chamber ajar, and having opened the opposite window, a sudden gust of wind had blown open the door with violence, so as not only to knock down the trap-door, but to open beyond it, and cover the hinges in such a manner as rendered it impossible to open it by any effort from below, and it was with considerable difficulty that Captain D— himself was able to close it so as to enable him to lift up the trap-door. The occasion of his arrival, at so critical a moment, to her deliverance, was, that, after he had dispatched the servant to fetch the necessary supply, he recollected some papers which were immediately necessary to be provided, and which he had not pointed out to her. He went to her apartment on his arrival, and was alarmed to find her absent, and that no one knew what was become of her. It immediately occurred to him that some accident must have befallen her in the secret expedition, and he set out in quest of her. He arrived at the door of the turret, which she had locked from within, but he was fortunately provided with a key. The confusion in which he had found the chamber above, and not receiving any answer to his repeated calls, alarmed him extremely: he forced back the door, fastened it, lifted up the trap-door, and at the foot of the steps perceived her lying to all appearance dead, as she had lain in a fainting fit for some hours. The air, however, soon revived her, and the open window explained the cause of what had nearly proved a fatal accident to an amiable and deserving woman.

This wonderful escape was related by the heroine, many years after it had happened, to a party of young people, who were relating many alarms they had met with; and she with great truth observed, that few people could relate a tale of more terror than what had happened to herself in the memorable year 1746.

DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

The northern part of Africa lies in the form of an oblong, which, from east to west, is about 3000 miles in length, while its breadth, from north to south, is nearly 2000. This large section of the earth's surface is not, on the side towards Europe, penetrated by any of those rivers, bays, or arms of the sea, which, in the other continents, give admission to ships and commerce, and facilitate the intercourse of foreign nations with their inhabitants: it presents, on the contrary, along the greater part of its sea-coast, an unbroken barrier of deserts or mountains, which approach too near the sea to allow existence to rivers; and it is hardly furnished in any quarter even with good harbours. The country on the north coast is in some places fertile and inviting to a certain distance inward; but beyond that begins the region of deserts, which prevent all regular communication with the countries beyond. These barren and sandy tracts extend from east to west, the whole length of the continent, in a straight line betwixt Cairo and Cape Nun, and are from 400 to 1000 miles in breadth: they are totally destitute of water, and of every green thing; while, from the nature of the sands, which are continually shifting their places, no road or beaten track can be made through them. The only travellers who make any attempt to pass are the caravans of native merchants; and even these, accustomed as they are to the climate, and acquainted with the precautions necessary for meeting the dangers of the journey, often fall victims to fatigue and want of water; the slaves whom they purchase in the interior, to bring for sale to the coast, frequently die by the way in hundreds, till the whole road is strewed with their skeletons. From these causes, the countries lying behind the deserts, have, both in ancient and modern times, remained unknown to Europeans; and though reports were always circulated magnifying their extent and fertility, these only served to whet curiosity, without pointing out any channel by which more satisfactory information could be attained.

Among other accounts which were received in this way, it was mentioned that the interior of Africa was traversed by a large river called the Niger, whose course lay east and west, reaching almost from one extremity of the continent to the other. Access to this magnificent stream was naturally sought with great eagerness by the trading nations, because it was evident that its navigation would command the whole commerce of Africa, opening up a means of intercourse with populous and fertile countries, which, from the earliest times, have been said to lie in its interior. Nothing, however, was precisely known of this imaginary river (as it was sometimes believed to be). Several of the ancients who were supposed to mention it, spoke of it as flowing eastward, from which it was believed to be a branch of the Nile, and to fall into that river before it reached Egypt; by others it was said to have a westward course; and this, when the river Senegal was discovered on the south-west coast, led to the supposition that here at last was the celebrated river of interior Africa. It was still felt, however, that neither the Senegal nor the Nile, though both large rivers, approached to the magnitude and importance which was looked for in the "Nile of the Negroes;" and there were many of the best authenticated facts, relating to that celebrated stream, with which the appearances observed concerning these did not correspond. Its situation and course still continued, therefore, as mysterious as ever; and many travellers, in the hope of reaching it, and of discovering the celebrated cities said to flourish on its banks, went out to sacrifice their lives in the sands of Northern Africa, or in the marshy shores, equally fatal to Europeans, which lie at the mouths of its southern rivers. The fates of these brave men, who almost all perished, contributed to give farther interest to a question which seemed to defy solution. In the year 1795, our countryman Park was at length successful, having, after many dangers and hardships,* reached the banks of the magnificent Niger, which he found flowing to the east, through countries fertile, populous, and extensively cultivated, but as little known to Europeans as if they had existed in the moon. He travelled along its banks for about 100 miles, in the hope of being able to reach the city of Timbuctoo, long celebrated as a great trading emporium among the African nations: he found it impossible to proceed so far; but, in a second journey (1805), he embarked on the stream with several Europeans and natives, in the hopes of examining its whole course, and reaching its termination in the sea. Unhappily he lost his life, through the violence of some of the native chiefs, after he had passed the most dangerous part of the navigation; and no certain accounts of his fate were received for nearly twenty years after.*

The discoveries of Park only served to whet curiosity, and to show more clearly the magnitude and importance of the Niger, while its termination, or the means of obtaining access to it by ships, remained as little known as ever. Some believed that it fell into the sea on the coast of Congo; some, that it would still turn out to be the Nile; and others, that, like the Heermund or Etymandee of Persia, it was lost, after a prolonged course, in a salt marsh in the interior. After many unsuccessful efforts by individual travellers, an exploratory mission was at length sent across the desert from Tripoli on the north, to the interior southern countries, by the British government. The gentlemen composing this expedition made many most interesting discoveries concerning the populousness and fertility of the unknown African countries in the interior; they visited also a large fresh-water lake called the Tchad, into which two considerable rivers discharged their waters, and on whose banks they saw extensive cities, Loggun, Bornou, &c., well advanced in civilization. They heard, at the same time, of the great river which was the principal object of their inquiry, but were unable to reach its banks, though one of the gentlemen approached it within a distance

* Mr Park, of whose amiable feelings the reader is already aware, gives the following touching account of his situation at a particular part of his first journey.—"Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this, to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand; and I was not disappointed."

Upon this incident, a blind boy, named Alexander Letham, an inmate of the asylum for such unfortunate persons at Edinburgh, composed, about two years ago, the following verses:—

Ah! lovely flower, what care, what power,
In thy fair structure are displayed
By him who reared thee to this hour
Within the forest's lonely shade!

The tender stalk, and fibres fine,
Here find a shelter from the storm;
Perhaps no human eyes but mine
Ere gazed upon thy lovely form.

The dew-drop glistens on thy leaf,
As if thou seem'st to shed a tear—
As if thou knew'st my tale of grief—
Felt all my sufferings severe!

But, ah! thou know'st not my distress,
In danger here from beasts of prey,
And robbed of all I did possess,
By men more fierce by far than they.

Nor canst thou ease my burdened sigh,
Nor cool the fever at my heart,
Though to the zephyrs passing by
Thou dost thy balmy sweets impart.

Yet He that formed thee, little plant,
And bade thee flourish in this place,
Who sees and feels my every want,
Can still support me by His grace.

Oft has His arm, all strong to save,
Protected my defenceless head,
From ills I never could perceive,
Nor could my feeble hand have staved.

Then shall I still pursue my way
O'er this wild desert's sun-burnt soil,
To where the ocean's swelling spray
Washes my longed-for, native isle.

* We owe an apology for here adverting to the discoveries of Park so soon after detailing these more at large in an account of his life. The reader will probably think we sufficiently atone for the repetition, by taking the opportunity of introducing the following interesting document, which has been placed in our hands by one of Mr Park's relations—namely, the last letter ever received from him by his friends in this country. It was written the day before he set forward upon his fatal expedition, and has never before been printed. The gentleman addressed was the traveller's father-in-law.

"Rayee, River Gambia, April 26, 1805.

"That I have not wrote you sooner you may be sure was not from want of attention, but from want of time, and because I knew that you must have received every information respecting our procedure from Alexander. I know that you will rejoice to hear that we both of us keep our health, and that the kind hand of Providence has thus far made our journey prosperous. We set off to-morrow morning for the interior, with the most flattering prospect of finishing our expedition in the course of six months, with honour to ourselves and benefit to mankind. I need not tell you how solicitous I am about the welfare of my dear Allie and children. Though I have no hopes of hearing from her till my return to England, yet I will indulge the hope that all is well. In case it should please the Almighty to take me to himself, I have thought it necessary to give a statement of my money matters in the enclosed letter, that my dear wife and children may reap the reward of my industry. I did not do this from any thing like second sight, but merely to guard against a possible occurrence. I am far from being in the least down-hearted: indeed, I have so much to attend to, that I have but little time to myself. I receive great benefit from Alexander, who is as systematic, cautious, and careful as ever. I sometimes think he has forgot his old maxim, 'Take it easy.' I can easily imagine how little Ibi [Elizabeth, his infant daughter] will be stotting about the house and garden. Tell her, if she can say her questions [the Catechism] well, I will bring her two new frocks. My compliments to Mrs Anderson, George, Thomas, and Bell. I suppose Andrew will be in the army by this time. When we return to the coast, if we are lucky enough to find a vessel coming directly to England, I think we may be in England by the month of December, but if we have to go round by the West Indies, it will take us two months longer.—With best wishes for your health and prosperity, I am your affectionate friend,

MUNGO PARK.

"Mr Thomas Anderson, surgeon, Selkirk,
North Britain."

of 100 miles, and obtained full intelligence concerning the fate of Park. The natives were able to inform them that the river fell into the sea, but at that distance in the interior could say nothing as to the point on the coast where its mouth was to be looked for. In order to ascertain this, a second expedition was sent under Clapperton, the only survivor (save one) of the first mission, which was to land on the south coast, and proceed northward to the countries in the interior, where they had heard of the river formerly; from whence their design was, after some negociations with the chiefs, to embark on the river, and sail down to its mouth.

Clapperton reached the Niger, and had at last the satisfaction of seeing this magnificent stream in the lower part of its course, where its magnitude is much greater than at the place where it was first described by Park. He then passed on to the capital of Bello, the African king by whom he had been first entertained. He found that person, however, now much changed in his disposition towards him, and disposed rather to thwart than forward the object of his voyage. The impediments thus thrown in his way had such an effect upon the mind of this sanguine and enterprising officer, that his health rapidly failed. He died, and was buried by his attendant, Richard Lander, now the only survivor of the whole party.

Lander, thus left alone, made an adventurous effort to complete the objects of the expedition, and to ascertain the course and termination of the Niger, but was baffled from the disturbed state of some parts of the country, and was obliged to return to the coast by his former route. On coming home to England, the intelligence and enterprise which he had shown recommended him to government as a fit person to complete the discoveries which had been begun by Clapperton and his companions. Lander, accordingly, went out with his brother, and landed, as before, in the Bay of Benin (1828). The account of their journey is most interesting: The two brothers, who had been equipped by the government, and furnished with small presents to the native chiefs and princes, were in general well received by all ranks, and were able at last to accomplish the objects for which so many expeditions had been undertaken, and so many travellers had died.

They reached Boussa, a large city on the Niger, and the capital of a considerable kingdom. At this place there occurs a series of interruptions in the bed of the river, which, from some cause not explained, is said to be contracted in one spot to a very small breadth, without increasing either in depth or velocity—a strange phenomenon, if correctly observed. The travellers from Boussa sailed up the stream, for a considerable distance, through a line of navigation broken by shallows and rapids, but amid a country every where fertile and beautifully cultivated. They then returned to Boussa, and engaged canoes to take them downwards to the sea. In this important part of their voyage they encountered much danger, both from stormy weather and from the violence and treachery of some of the slave-dealing Africans whom they encountered on the lower part of the river. Their voyage was mostly through a rich and populous country; and they at last reached the salt water, and saw the Niger enter the sea by a number of mouths in the Bay of Benin. These had been long known to European seamen, but were by them imagined to be separate rivers, leading to different parts of the country; and it was only Reichard, Macqueen, and a few who had been convinced by their arguments, who conjectured that they united at a short distance inland to form the large stream of the Niger.

In descending the river, the Landers made a second discovery, hardly inferior in importance to that which was the principal object of their voyage. It had been conjectured by Macqueen, Bowditch, and others, on the evidence of native merchants and the Arabian geographers, that at some point on its lower course the Niger was joined from the east by a stream not much less than itself in size, and which would, of course, open up a channel for ships and trade, as far to the eastward in Africa as the Niger itself reaches to the west. This river had been heard of by Browne, who penetrated into one of these eastern districts, called Darfoor, and that traveller even names some of the tribes who live on its banks: a stream corresponding to the same localities had also been mentioned to Major Denham, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Clapperton on his first expedition. The existence of the eastern river had therefore been ascertained;* but the Landers now passed its mouth, and actually saw it discharge its waters into the Niger; its magnitude corresponded entirely with the reports which had been received concerning it, and they mention the name of the same tribe (Yem-Yems) living on its banks who had been heard of by Browne on the confines of Abyssinia. The fact, therefore, which had been reported from the earliest periods, that there was a communication by water in the interior of Africa from one extremity of the continent to the other, appears to be completely verified. By means of the Niger on the western part, and the Tchadda on the east, there can be no difficulty in passing by boats, from the vicinity of the Egyptian Nile, to the sources of the Senegal—an inland navigation of 40 degrees, or nearly 3000 miles in a straight line. This is an advantage enjoyed by Africa, analogous to that which the rivers Ohio and Missouri, stretching in opposite directions for almost the same extent, and meeting in the Mississippi, offer to central America. The Niger, however, is in one place, as we have seen, broken by rapids and shallows (somewhat like those of the St Lawrence), which injure its navigation for about 100 miles; and the Tchadda may have some similar impediments, though, from the level on which it flows, they are likely to be less considerable.

There is another interesting circumstance connected with the Tchadda. We mentioned that Clapperton and Denham, in their first journey, saw a large freshwater lake in the interior (called the Tchad), which received the waters of two or three considerable rivers. They heard of no outlet by which this lake communicated with the sea; but it is well known that all inland lakes which are *without an outlet* have their waters salt or brackish: the Dead Sea, the lakes Aral, Van, Urumea, Baktegan, Zaweh, are examples of this fact, and others might be named, not one instance being known to the contrary. It seems unavoidable, therefore, that this African lake, "*whose water,*" says Major Denham, "*is sweet and pleasant,*" should also have an outlet to the sea; and as the river Tchadda, in the lower part of its course, is only separated from its basin by a single chain of mountains, and there is no other large stream in its vicinity, the probability is that this river communicates with the lake. Other facts have been mentioned by African geographers which lead to the same conclusion. The bed of the lake is supposed to be about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, which, considering that the course of the river must be above 1500 miles, affords ground to suppose that the current is not broken by rapids, and may be navigable to its head waters. The facts at present known, therefore, favour the conclusion, that navigation may be practicable from the sea to this interior lake, on which the populous states of Bornou, Loggun, &c. are situated. Should this be really the case, the consequences would be of more importance than it is at present possible to anticipate.

The countries to which access has already been gained are sufficiently described in the travels of the Landers, and of Clapperton and Denham, to enable us to judge of their capabilities for commerce. They were previously as little known in Europe as America was before the time of Columbus, and their discovery lays open to enterprise and to observation a field as new as did that of Mexico and Peru. Their civilization is sufficiently far advanced to make commerce an object of importance with them, and property is as secure as in any part of India not directly under the government of Britain. The Landers saw large cities, in which there were regular fairs, and numerous commodities, such as cloths, fine mats for carpeting (a general luxury in warm countries), iron utensils of different kinds, grain, vegetables, nuts and fruits, dye stuffs, muskets, and slaves. In one place they heard the hum of voices on a market day, two miles before they approached the city where it was held. As a proof of the security of property, and the undisturbed peace of some districts, they saw large herds of cattle grazing in the fields under the care of children. They sent out their servant with valuable European goods for sale in the villages, and had no fears except for his own honesty. They saw, in one place, long trains of women going to market, with baskets on their heads filled with vegetables, &c.; and, in others, lines of pack-horses were observed, arriving from remote districts with produce for sale. It is not asserted that the country is in a high state of civilization, or that it is governed by written laws: on the contrary, the governors are frequently changed and assassinated; but the people, in the meantime, take little interest in such matters. They are at peace, they cultivate the soil, and they have many commodities which they would gladly dispose of for the new luxuries which Europeans can afford them. They produce indigo, palm oil, rice, gums and dye stuffs, hides, and the skins of wild animals, while their country is perfectly fitted for the cultivation of sugar, cotton, tobacco, cocoa, pepper, and all the other staples of tropical countries. Were the people savages, or tribes addicted to war, or were they even the subjects of any widespread despotism, which, in its caprice, might declare against all intercourse with foreigners, in such cases all these advantages would be thrown away. But they are a quiet, inoffensive, and even industrious race, resembling, in many respects, the inhabitants of the plains and river countries of India. The commerce of England may, therefore, derive the very highest advantages from the communications now opened with them.

Some enterprising merchants of Liverpool and London, who appreciate the importance of the discoveries which have been made, have sent out two vessels (one of them a steam-boat built of iron) to examine with care the navigation of the two rivers, and their tributaries. Favourable accounts have been received of them up nearly to the period of their entering the Niger.

* This river is mentioned under various names, being called sometimes the Tchadda, sometimes the Quarra, and at others the Quœlla and Quœrra. All these are merely different ways of pronouncing the same word; Tchadda, and Quadda, or Quarra, passing into one another, like our *church, kirk; birch, birk,* &c. Quadda, Quarra, Quolla, are too like each other to be mistaken. The word Quadda, Quadd, or Tchad, is applied to all rivers and lakes in Africa, and seems to mean simply "*water.*"

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

It is justly observed by a modern writer, in alluding to the general ignorance of mankind respecting the wonders of creation, and the manifold objects for instruction and delight with which the Almighty has surrounded him, that the "*neglect of small things* is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split;" and the aphorism is equally applicable to the domestic and worldly condition of very many individuals. Our readers must all, in the course of their lives, have known one or more persons, upon whose exertions for advancement in life an irremediable ban of misfortune appears to have been laid—who, with every advantage in their favour—natural ability, sober and industrious habits, advantageous situation, good connections—every quality and opportunity, in short, by which people are generally supposed to raise themselves in the world, seem, nevertheless, doomed to a life of unrelieved poverty, hardship, and discomfort. Of these people, it is charitably said by their friends and connections, that "the world goes against them." They are represented as the victims of an unhappy destiny, against which it is in vain for them to strive; as beings, in short, specially excluded by Providence from all the chances of worldly prosperity and success enjoyed by their fellow-creatures. Leaving out of view the somewhat heterodox nature of this doctrine, as well as the pernicious and disheartening influence which the propounding of it must have on the minds of youth just preparing for the struggle of life, we will venture to say that nothing, generally speaking, can be more utterly hollow and fallacious than the conclusion here come to. That there are many really unfortunate people in the world, we are far from being inclined to dispute; nay, if the evil did not far outbalance the good fortune of life, it would not be what the Almighty decreed it—one of trial, disappointment, and suffering. But where men are driven back, or prevented from getting forward in the world by a downright series of misfortunes, these are generally so evident and palpable, as to be seen, understood, and sympathised with, by their fellow-creatures. With regard to the individuals above spoken of, on the other hand—those whom the world is said to "go against," and whose lagging behind their fellows in the career of life can be traced to no particular cause—we are convinced that in nine cases out of ten their "unhappy destiny" is attributable solely to some flaw or imperfection in their own conduct or character. In short, we have great faith in the aphorism of the poet in these matters, that

> "We make ourselves our own distress,
> We are ourselves our happiness."

This fatal bar to advancement in life consists sometimes in a natural inaptitude for the business of it; but much more frequently from some mismanagement in the finance department—a miscalculation of the expenditure to the "ways and means;" and, in short, a general want of attention to those little matters of economy by which (to use a homely phrase) the two ends are made to meet. We pointed out in a late number how imperceptibly, but fatally, the giving way to a habit of laying out small sums on unnecessary matters, eats up a man's means, and we daily see instances of families, who, with very limited incomes, by dint of sheer domestic management, not only make a more respectable figure out of doors, but appear even more comfortable and contented within, than others with double or triple their income. As one fact, however, is worth a thousand arguments in what concerns the practical matters of life, we will narrate an anecdote illustrative of the present subject, which was lately brought under our observation, and for the truth of which we can with safety vouch:—

In a certain burgh, which it is needless to particularise, wonned a worthy couple, who, by dint of persevering industry, had realised a handsome competency literally out of nothing. Their family consisted of one son, whose proper settlement in a respectable way of doing, as they themselves had retired from the cares of business, was now almost their only earthly concern; and as they had proved, in their own persons, both the misery of poverty and the blessings of independence, they thought they could not do better than rear him to the same line of business in which they had themselves succeeded so well. In process of time, accordingly, Mr Thomas was installed in suitable premises in an excellent locality of the burgh, and an ample and valuable stock of goods was laid in; he was well connected, and still better recommended

through his father's influence; on the latter account, too, his credit stood high in the trading world. In short, no young man in his way of business could possibly start in life with fairer prospects of success. On his own part, nothing seemed wanting to fulfil the expectations entertained by his friends. He was a sober, industrious young man, regular and correct in his private habits, assiduous in attending to his business, and as his goods were both excellent and cheap, his customers every day increased, and every one thought he was rapidly and deservedly realising a fortune. Guess the astonishment, then, of all and sundry, when, in about a year and a half after his opening shop, Mr Thomas ———, or rather his worthy sire, found it prudent to close it again; and the friends of the parties learned, that the paternal funds were minus a good many hundred pounds by the speculation? Here was a poser for the trading quidnuncs of the place! The matter was to them perfectly incomprehensible. It seemed like that which had hitherto been supposed an impossibility in nature—an effect without a cause. Mr Thomas had been universally reckoned a perfect pattern of what a man ought to be who wished to thrive in the world. In fact, he had been held up to all the young men in the neighbourhood as a model whereby to fashion their own conduct. Neither was he of an adventurous turn of mind, nor had he met with any serious losses in trade to account for his "misfortune." As there was no feasible way, therefore, of explaining the matter, the usual verdict was, of course, passed upon the occasion—that, in spite of all Mr Thomas ———'s efforts and industry, "*the world had gone against him.*" He was the victim of *ill-luck*, or, to speak out plainly the meaning of their words, he was one "doomed by Providence not to thrive in the world;" and all, therefore, agreed in the propriety of his parents withdrawing him, as they did, from the concerns of business to their little rural abode, as they said that "doing *nothing* was still better than doing *ill*." Shortly after the event took place, a kind-hearted lady, who had been a steady customer and warm patron of Mr Thomas ever since he "set up," and had all along admired his exemplary conduct, had occasion to call at his parents' abode about a servant's character, or some such matter, when she took the opportunity of expressing the surprise and regret of herself and friends at what had happened. "'Deed, Mrs ———," replied the sorrowing dame, "I'm sure we're a' much obleeged to yersel', and other weel-wushers, for your concern about Tam; but, ye see, the world just gaed against him, and we thocht it better to keep what we had left than rin the risk of losing a'." As the visitor did not appear altogether satisfied with this explanation, and seemed anxious to learn in *what way* the world had gone against him, the other continued—"Aweel, ye see, though Tam's a weel-behaved industrious lad, he just had na a way of managing things; and though he could *mak* siller easy enough, he wants the knack to keep it. I never could get him to understand the value o' siller, or to see that it was pence that made pounds—and the long and the short o't is, that Tam, like mony a ane, just *began the world at the wrang end!*" As this was a mode of proceeding through life which the lady had never heard of before, she begged a more particular explanation, and received the following, to which we would beg the particular attention of all young people in Mr Thomas's situation. "Ye see, Mem, when the guidman and me began the world thegither, we were just as bare as we weel could be—hardly ae sixpence to rub against anither, and no a friend to gie us a helping hand. So, Mem, we just suited our way o' living to our circumstances, and contented ourselves wi' a drap parritch and milk i' the morning, a herring and a potato, or sae, to our dinner, and our parritch at nicht again. By and by, as we began to *mak* a little, we had some guid broth and meat at dinner time, and after that a wee, we ventured on a drap tea in the morning. As things got better wi' us, the gudeman wad whiles send hame a lamb-leg for our Sunday's dinner; and od, Mem, before a' was dune, we used sometimes to treat ourselves to a *chuckie*. Now, ye see, Mem, our Tam took the clean contrair way o' going about things—*he began wi' the chuckie!*"

We now never hear of young men, placed in an advantageous situation for getting forward in the world, but who nevertheless, and without any apparent cause for their bad success, are unable to "get their head above water," but we are apt to suspect that they have "*begun with the chuckie.*"

TURKISH OPIUM-EATERS.

Rigid Mussulmans condemn the use of opium, and their preachers declaim against it from the pulpit, as our clergy do drunkenness. One day a very holy and zealous preacher, in holding forth with more than ordinary warmth against this vile drug, by great and bad luck let fall his own opium pouch among his auditory. Without being in the least abashed, he, with the greatest presence of mind, affected to have premeditated what had happened so much against his will, and exclaimed, "Behold the enemy, the demon, the fiend I have been speaking of! Be upon your guard, lest it spring upon some of you, and gain possession of your souls!" By this delicate turn he effected his escape from public ridicule or execration

AN OLD MINISTER'S TALE.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

The Rev. Mr M'Donald of Kilmore, whom I once met at Oban on a visit, related to me a great number of Highland stories, for the purpose, as he expressed it, that I should make something of them. One of them was about John Campbell of Kilcagar, who went out one day to hunt on the lands of Glen-Orn, which then belonged to M'Culloch of Gresharvish. Mr Campbell not returning in the evening, his lady became very much alarmed, especially as his favourite pointer dog Eachen came home alone, and apparently very disconsolate, and his dam Oich did not come at all. Mrs Campbell did not know in the least where to send in search of her husband, but she raised the men-servants before daylight, some of whom went for the fox-hunter, who knew all the shooting ground in the vicinity, and they went searching and calling the whole day, but found nothing.

In the meantime, a shepherd of Glen-Orn arrived at Kilcagar, and told Mrs Campbell that he had found her husband, lying shot through the heart in Correi-Balloch, a wild wooded ravine on the lands of Glen-Orn, and his pointer bitch lying at his side moaning, but refusing to leave him. The man told his story so abruptly, that Mrs Campbell fainted, and was long unable to give orders about any thing. The body, however, was brought home, poor Oich following it, and finally buried in the island of Lismore, the burial place of the family; but Oich followed it there, and though brought home many times, and greatly caressed, she always went back again, until at last she died on the grave.

A strict investigation was immediately set on foot regarding the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, for, as his gun was found loaded, it was certain he could not have shot himself, and, after some inquiry, Mr M'Culloch was arrested, and taken to the prison of Inverary, examined by the sheriff, and committed for trial. And here is the trial on a single leaf, which I believe is nearly the truth.

Mr M'Culloch acknowledged, both before the sheriff and the lords of the justiciary court at the circuit, that he had heard the report of a gun on his lands, had gone to the place, and, on seeing the pointers, went to the spot, where he found his friend Mr Campbell lying at the point of death; that he turned him over, when he vomited some blood, and then expired.

Mrs Campbell, on being examined, said she did not believe Mr M'Culloch would have shot her husband, although the latter should have shot all the game on the other's estate; for that they were particular friends, and always shot together, visiting each other in the most friendly and amicable way very frequently. The paper then proceeds to detail the examination of William Bawn M'Nichol.

"Where were you that morning when Mr Campbell was murdered?"

"I was in Clash-ne-shalloch."

"How far is that from Correi-Balloch?"

"Hersel does not know; she never measured it."

"How far do you think it may be?"

"Why, hersel tinks it will never be much farther than it is at present."

"In what time could you go from the one to the other?"

"She could take a tay to go it, or half a tay, or an hour if hersel was to rhun it."

"And you heard the shot fired from the one place to the other?"

"Nho, she did not hear it fired, but she heard it gho out with a great plow-off."

"And what made you leave the one glen to go to the other? Did you suspect any thing?"

"Hoo, yes, hersel did suspect something."

"What did you suspect?"

"She suspected that she would get a trham of te whisky, or te rhoom, or te prhandy at lheast; and may pe a shilling into her sporran."

"And what did you see when you arrived?"

"Hersel saw Mr Campbell's two dhogs sitting with their tails upon te ground, and one of them was poohooing; and then when she came dhown, there was Mr Campbell himself lhying, and grheat strheam of plood running down from his pody."

"And was he quite dead then?"

"Hoo, yes, him was very dhead."

"And did you see any other person in the Correi that day?"

"Nho; she saw'd no other pody but Mr M'Culloch, who was rhunning very strong up the Balloch."

"Was it towards his own house that he was running?"

"Nho!—such a question! It would pe lhong pefore rhunning up to Balloch would take him to his own house. His own house lies down there, and he was rhunning here."

"And what did he do when you came to the corpse?"

"He turned back again, and came to me, and desired me to go with all haste to Kilcagar, and tell Mrs Campbell that her husband was lying in te Correi shot and dhead, and mhoordered, which I did with a heavy heart; for Mr Campbell was a good and kind man."

"Did you never hear of a great beauty, named Anne Gillespie, who did not bear the best character in the country?"

"Hoo! hersel will be telling you whatever she has seen with her own eyes, but she will swear to no reports."

"Was she not lost about the time of Mr Campbell's death, and was it not suspected that she likewise had been made away with?"

"Hersel has never saw'd her dhead nor alhive since that day, so that she may pe mhoordered, and dhead, and bhuried, or trown into te sea, and eahten up with te creat fushes, or she may pe living, and as peautiful as ever, for any ting tat hersel does know."

"You say you have never seen her since that day—did you see her on that day?"

"Hersel saw—saw—saw oich ailidh rhunning down Corrie-Deach."

"What is oich ailidh, if you please?"

"Hersel not have it in te tongue."

A gentleman here explained to the judges that M'Nichol meant a comely well-dressed young woman.

"And was that handsome young woman Mrs Anne Gillespie?"

"It might pe her and it might not pe her; she could not say. Tere were words aproad."

"How far were you from her?"

"Hoo, hersel was very near: not above two or tree miles from her."

"That is a great distance."

"Oh, it pe no distance in te Highland. If we had been any nhearer, we would have peen together."

"Did you know Mrs Anne Gillespie personally?"

"Hoo, yes, she knowed her very well."

"And what sort of a woman was she?"

"She was a very ghood, and a very peautiful, and a very plessed lhady; but she loved te shentlemans like other womans."

"Did you hear two shots from the Balloch, or only one, that morning?"

"Hersel was hearing two shots, one pefore and another afther."

A great many more witnesses were examined, but their evidences were greatly at variance, and nothing more could be elicited, save that it was certain Mrs Anne Gillespie was a person of doubtful character, and that she was lost, and that many suspected she had got foul play for her life. Finally, the counsel for the crown demanded a verdict of guilty against Mr M'Culloch; but one of the judges, in summing up the evidence, expressed his doubts. He acknowledged that the circumstantial evidence was very strong against Mr M'Culloch, yet still, taking his character, temper, and disposition altogether into view, he could hardly conceive that evidence to be thoroughly conclusive. It was true he was the only man observed in the Balloch, and was discovered running away; and when he saw that discovery was made, he turned again. His hands were bloody, and his gun was discharged. Mr Campbell had been killed by a species of shot which was found to be the very same kind as that contained in Mr M'Culloch's lead-bag. All these circumstances, taken together, formed a mass of strong evidence. But whence could spring the motive for the one friend murdering the other?—and how was Anne Gillespie concerned in the matter? He confessed he could not see his way through such a mesh. He therefore had some faint hopes that the prisoner really was not guilty. He was far from exculpating him, for it was a dark and mysterious affair, and the evidence was grievously against him; but if the honourable jury viewed the matter with the same doubts as he did, he begged they would give the prisoner the advantage of them. There was one thing he was bound to remind them of—that it was quite manifest the person who shot Mr Campbell had been close at him. Now, if the thing had taken place by accident, which was the most likely thing in the world, the prisoner would have acknowledged it, and then no blame would have attached to him; but as he peremptorily denies it, you are obliged either to return a verdict of *not proven*, or of *wilful murder*. I must, therefore, leave him in the hands of his countrymen, and may God influence their hearts to return a just and true verdict.

Mr M'Culloch appearing at that time very much affected, and like to faint, he was removed, and had something to drink. He asked the guards how they thought the verdict would go, and was answered that there was every probability it would go against him. He said he thought so too; for had he been a juryman on any other criminal, he thought he should have given it against him. The jury were enclosed, and continued in fierce and angry discussion for five hours and twenty minutes, and then returned a verdict of GUILTY, by a majority of two. M'Culloch was again brought into court, and the Justice-Clerk asked him if he had any thing to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced against him. He said he had only one very simple reason, which was, that he was as innocent of his friend's death as his own child that sat on her mother's knee. He neither blamed the judges nor the jury, for every word of the evidence was true. There was not a false word advanced against him, and it was singular how strongly they all tended to corroborate an innocent man's guilt. Had he been a juryman on the same trial, he would have voted with the majority. Therefore, he had no rea-

sons to urge why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; only he begged for a distant day, as he was certain the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to die an ignominious death, and his family to be disgraced and ruined, without bringing to light something relating to that horrid transaction. He was sentenced to be executed that day six months, on the 27th of October.

Mr M'Culloch received all the admonitions of the several divines towards confession with the greatest indignation, remaining obstinate to the last, and still no light was thrown on the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, save that, on the day after the trial, a great burly Highlander demanded a word of the Lord Justice-Clerk, who, being a proud man, received him churlishly, saying, "What do you want with me, you ruffian-looking dog?"

"Hersel just pe wanting to tell your judgeship tat you must reverse te sentence on honest Mr M'Culloch instantly, for it is not a fair one, and cannot pe a fair one."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"What do I mean? Hubabub! Did you not see tat tere was six Campbells on te jury? Te judge hersel was a Campbell, te man who was shot was a Campbell, and how could ony man get justice? If you had not been what you are, a Campbell, you could easily have seen trough tat tere could pe no shustice. And hersel can tell you, had it peen a Gillespie, a Stuart, or a M'Donald, that had peen shot, and a Campbell who had shot him, with te same judge and jury, tere would have peen no word of guilty. Now, I tell you tat you, and your jury of Campbells, are both knaves and fools, else you might have seen with your mouths, suppose you had had no eyes in te heads of yourselves, tat Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of shooting his friend, John Campbell, than you were."

"Then I tell you that *you* are a knave, a ruffian, and a madman. Take him out, and give him into custody."

"Just stop, if you plaise, till I tell your honour's glorious majesty, tat I can give my porn oath tat when te shot was fired tat killed John Campbell, Duncan M'Culloch was half a mile off, and out of sight too."

"And how do you know that?"

"Pecause I saw it with my own eyes at a great distance."

"Who else could it be, then, that shot him?"

"Hoo, but let you and your Campbells, with your wise heads, find out tat! Tat pe your business, and none of mine. Only I'll swear tat it was not Duncan M'Culloch. Hersel will swear tat py all te oaths tat ever was made in hefen or earth. So you have no ting to do with all your wisdom, but send word over to te prison to let him forth."

"Oh, the man is mad! stark staring mad. What flummery is this? Seize him, force him out, and see that he be properly secured."

The attendants then seized the fellow, and forced him out, while he continued calling over his shoulder, "Oh you creat pig plunder of a shudge! I tell you, if you do not take tent of what I say, and let Mr M'Culloch go free, tat Cot's creat shoogement will come over you, and you will ——"

Here his anathemas were lost in the hubbub at the door, and the thing was totally disregarded by the proper authorities. It created, however, a sensation among the bystanders, and a petition was got up for a reprieve to M'Culloch. Who it was signed by, or by whom presented, I do not know; but it had not the desired effect. Reprieves and pardons were not so common in those days as now, and Duncan M'Culloch was left for execution.

Now, it so happened that the day appointed for Mr M'Culloch's execution, the 27th of October, was the very one preceding the opening of the autumn western circuit; and on that morning, as the Lord Justice Clerk and the Lord Provost of Glasgow were sitting at an early breakfast, the attendants stated to them that there was a very blackguard ruffian-looking fellow at the door, who demanded an audience of their lordships; that they had repulsed him several times, but he would take no refusal, saying that his message was one of life and death, and he must and would speak with them.

"No, no—tell him we have nothing to do with him," said the Justice-Clerk. "I like not such ruffians intruding themselves into our presence. There is danger in it."

"There shall be no danger to you, my lord, I answer for it," said the provost. "And since it is an affair of life and death, I think we had better hear what the fellow has to say. With all these attendants and ourselves, we have nothing to fear from one man; so I think, with your permission, we will admit him."

"Let him be searched, then, that he has no arms about him."

"Yes, my lord."

The fellow was then searched, and admitted, and a frightful-looking figure he was. His form was emaciated; his face the colour of clay; his beard sticking out all around, like a bottle-brush; his tufted hair protruding far beyond the rim of his crabbed Argyleshire bonnet, which he did not even deign to lay aside, but, stepping close up to the Lord Justice Clerk, he addressed him thus—"Does your honour's clorious mhajesty know mhe?"

"No, sir, I know nothing about you, nor do I wish to know any thing; keep your distance."

"Then, sir, if you do not know me, you don't know a man who has ten times more truth and honour than yourself, for all te pride and wisdom tat is pelow tat creat pig mealy wig of yours. Did not I tell you this day six months tat Mr M'Culloch was no more guilty of the death of John Campbell of Kilcagar than you was? And did you tink tat a true Highlander was coming to tell you a porn lie for nothing? And yet you are suffering tat good honest shentleman to pe dragged to the gallows this day, and hanged like a dog, for a crime of which you know he was not guilty; for did not I tell you so, and was not that enough? But here am I, Pheader Gillespie, who will not suffer an innocent shentleman to die for a crime in which he had no hand. I was loth to give up the murderer before; but since it must pe so, it must pe so. I then tell you, shentlemans, that it was I myself that shot John Campbell."

"You who shot John Campbell!" cried the Lord Provost, starting to his feet; "I declare this surpasses all that I ever heard or witnessed in my life! My lord, this is a very serious matter indeed. We must take it upon ourselves to defer the execution of Mr M'Culloch till the truth of the circumstance be ascertained, and a reprieve can be obtained."

"No, no," said the Justice Clerk; "the man is deranged, and knows not what he is saying. Justice must have its way—the sentence must be executed."

"Oh you creat stupid bhaist of a shudge, have you no fear of Cot pefore your eyes!" cried the Highlander, with great vehemence, which rather looked a little like madness from such a figure. "Remember, if you murder an innocent man, you shall have to answer for it. Did I not tell you long ago that Duncan M'Culloch was innocent, and do I not tell you now that it was I who shot John Campbell of Kilcagar. Yes; it was I who shot him trough te pody and te heart; and I was not like you, for I had te fear of Cot pefore mine eyes, and I knowed that his heverlasting tamn would fall upon me if I left an innocent man to suffer in my stead. And here I am, to take te shustice of Cot and man; so if one must suffer according to the mandate of te great Campbells, why, then, come pind my hands pehind my pack, and hang me, for I, and I alone, did the deed for which he is contemned to suffer. But I'll first be tried by a jury of my countrymen, not by you nor by your clan, although we were once the same. No; I'll object to every man whose name is Campbell; but I will not retract one word that I have uttered. I shot John Campbell, and I did it with all my heart and soul; and were it to do now, I would do it still."

"You are a braver, an honester, and a better man than your appearance bespeaks you, Gillespie," said the Lord Provost; "there is something truly noble in this voluntary confession of yours, and whatever may be the issue, you shall not want my best interests. But an innocent man shall not suffer under my jurisdiction. I must go and take measures for the preservation of M'Culloch's life instantly, for his time is nearly run. In the meantime, Gillespie, I must commit you to prison."

"You may, if you please, my lord; but hersel tinks, after what she has done, tere pe little occhession for it. If Duncan M'Culloch is once fairly released and restored to his family, I may run away if I can, but not till then."

"Well, I think I have a right to take your word, for a more gallant immolation I never witnessed, and never read of. Remain in my house, under guard, until I take measures regarding you. In the meantime, I must hasten to the sheriff and the prison, for I have no time to lose."

When the Lord Provost entered the prison, the head keeper opened the door, and announced him. He found the condemned man sitting on his straw pallet, with his wife on one side, and his eldest daughter, a girl about fifteen, on the other, both leaning on his bosom, and crying until their hearts were like to break. "I am quite resigned, and ready to go with you, my lord," said he; "you will just release me from a scene which no husband and father's heart can long sustain. I am quite ready."

"I am very happy to hear it, Mr M'Culloch; but I am happier still to inform you, that a very singular piece of information has been communicated to me this morning. A wild savage-looking fellow, calling himself Peter Gillespie, or some such name, came into my house, and before the Lord Justice Clerk and me declared himself the murderer of Mr John Campbell, and offered himself to be executed in your place, for that he alone was the guilty person, and he says that you were half a mile distant, and out of sight, when the murder was committed; so that the sheriff and I have agreed to defer your execution until a pardon can be obtained from the proper authorities."

Mrs M'Culloch fainted with joy at this intelligence. As for M'Culloch himself, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "I said the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to perish by an ignominious death, and a lovely and helpless family to be disgraced and ruined, and he has not disappointed me in the end! Oh, blessed, ever blessed be his name! for now that I am freed from the foul stain of murder, I regard death as nothing. But Pheader Gillespie, Pheader Gillespie to offer himself a sacrifice for me! Ah! that is what I do not deserve at his hand! Do you think the poor fellow will be condemned?"

"I am afraid he will; but he shall not want my best interests, for it was so noble of him to give up his life that an innocent man might be saved to his family."

The ladies now claimed the attention of the two gentlemen. Mrs M'Culloch was lying in a swoon, pale as death, on her husband's bosom: Miss M'Culloch was sitting with uplifted hands, her eyes fixed, and her beautiful lips wide apart, the statue of suspense, uncertain as yet whether or not her father's life was safe. It was a group well worth the chissel of Chantrey, and better worth that of lang Jock Greenshiels. That was a happy morning for the M'Cullochs, happier than if no such danger had ever hung over them. A free pardon was, of course, readily obtained from the Secretary of State's office, and M'Culloch was released.

When Gillespie's trial came on, there was no one witness against him but himself; but he delivered a plain unvarnished tale, which amply sufficed for his own condemnation. He had been prompted to the dreadful deed by a jealousy but too well founded; and it appeared that the Mrs Anne Gillespie alluded to in an earlier part of our tale, was his wife, and the unhappy cause of the murder. When asked by the judge what had become of his wife, he answered, "My wife! what is that to you, or to the present cause? That was my concern, not yours. You may try to find it out; but you never will till the day of doom." In the course of a few weeks, Pheader Gillespie suffered the just penalty of his offence, universally regretted, however, on account of the lofty principles which had urged him to the deed, and actuated him ever since.

Columns for Schoolboys.

PHŒDRUS — EUTROPIUS — NEPOS.

My Dear Little Boys—I dare to say you have often felt more annoyed than pleased when your master put a new Latin book into your hands, understood to be a good deal less easy of translation than the former one, and which seemed, in its bare, hard, dry outline, without an English word about it, one of the most unamiable objects in the world. I have often thought, that, if something were told you about the men who wrote these hard-favoured little books, and about the comparative merits of their style of writing, and the reasons the master has for bringing them under your attention, you would be apt to take to them a great deal more kindly, and learn your lessons so much the better. For this reason, I have resolved to give you all information I can about these books, assuring you, that, if I had known as much when I was a schoolboy like you, I think I would have been a much better scholar than I was.

Now, we need not tell you, schoolboys, that the first Latin book that is put into your hands to study, after the "Rudiments," is entitled, in common language, "The Cordery." We used to wonder why it was called the *Cordery*, or if it had any thing to do with the word *corduroy*. The fact is, that this little book consists of a hundred colloquies, or short dialogues, held between a tutor and some good boys, his pupils, in the Latin language. The book was not written by a Roman, or person who knew the Latin as his mother tongue—as all the rest of your Latin books were—but by a French gentleman, of the name of Mathurin Cordier, who died at Geneva in the year 1565, in the 85th year of his age. The celebrated Calvin was a pupil of his at Paris. After the colloquies, however, a much more important work comes to be taken into consideration, namely, Phœdrus's Fables; and here we have some remarks to make regarding the writing of fables or parables in general, and the probable origin of this species of composition among the ancients.

It has been thought by some learned men that fables were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world; and, indeed, they have continued to be highly valued, not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but also during the most polite ages of mankind. The Jewish doctors say that the ancients were at first accustomed to teach the people with the sound of musical instruments, which rendered their lessons more pleasant; but that custom being discontinued, they next adopted the mode of mingling stories with their instructions, and the concealing of sublime truths under the appearance of fable. It has also been observed, that one of the reasons which obliged the eastern people, with whom most certainly the custom originated, to make use of fables in their instructions and admonitions, was, that the monarchs being for the most part absolute, their subjects were always restrained from freedom of speech; the result of which was, that, being an ingenious people, they found out this way whereby they might be able, without exposing their lives to imminent danger, to inform and advise their princes of what most nearly concerned the welfare both of themselves and their subjects, and instruct them, without giving offence, in the paths of virtue, honour, and true glory. Of this we have a very apposite example in the Bible, where the holy man, Nathan, rebukes David the king, by means of the parable of the poor man and his ewe-lamb. The most ancient example which we have on record, of this way of conveying instruction, is what we have in the sacred Scriptures of the Old

Testament, of the trees choosing themselves a king, as it is recited in the ninth chapter of the Book of Judges; and it was the constant practice afterwards observed by our Saviour among those to whom he spake, for, as the Gospel informs us, he explained himself to the people particularly in parables. Since that time, also, the Jews have so continued this manner of expressing their sense, and unfolding their doctrines, that the esteem they had it in cannot be concealed from those who have perused their writings; where they make the waters, mountains, trees, and even the letters themselves, to speak.

The esteem for this manner of writing was afterwards so great in the world, that the Greeks became imitators of the eastern nations in it. This cannot be doubted by any, since the Greeks themselves acknowledge that they derived this sort of learning from Æsop, who was an oriental.

This famous fabulist, of whom you have often heard, and whose productions are still commonly extant, is said to have been born, in the condition of a slave, at Cotyœum, in Phrygia, about 570 years before the Christian era. The whole history of Æsop, however, is looked upon by many authors as a fiction. The anme, indeed, appears to be taken from that of the wise man Asaph, who is much celebrated by the oriental writers; and any man of distinguished good character is by them honoured with the title of "the Asaf of his day." That the collection of fables, which bears the name of Æsop, was written by him, is an opinion which is now generally exploded; and though we learn from Aristophanes, the Greek dramatic writer, that a collection of his fables then existed, yet we are inclined to believe that he did not commit any of them to writing, but merely recited them upon particular occasions; and that they were for some time preserved by oral tradition.

The great variety of style which is to be found in this collection, leads us also to suspect that they cannot have proceeded from the same author. Yet some of them bear evident marks of antiquity. There is in them a wonderful simplicity of expression, and a delightful blending of the agreeable with the useful, which captivates and instructs the reader. Simplicity of thought, and purity of sentiment, seem to be the characteristics of his fables; and he is allowed on all hands to have been a master in this species of instruction. So famed were these compositions among the ancients, that Socrates is said to have translated them into verse a short time before his death: and Plato said, it were to be wished that children might suck them in with their milk, in order to be trained up to wisdom and virtue

Now, the next thing to be observed is, that there have appeared in the world, amongst many different nations, an immense number of imitators of Æsop's way of conveying instruction by fables. The most celebrated of these in modern times are La Fontaine and Chambaud, among the French, and Gay and Moore, among the English. The person with whom we have to do here more particularly, however, is his famous imitator among the Romans, Phœdrus, who flourished about the sixteenth year of the Christian era. About 500 years before his time, the first specimen of this kind of composition among the Romans, as we have it finely recorded by Livy, was delivered by Menenius Agrippa, one of the wisest and best of the senators of those times. It was on occasion of a sedition among the plebeians, or common people of Rome, who withdrew themselves, in a mutinous manner, to a mountain about three miles from the city, and refused to submit to the authority of the senate; upon which, Menenius Agrippa, who had been originally a plebeian himself, a shrewd man, and who consequently knew what kind of eloquence was most likely to please the people, addressed them with the celebrated fable of "The Belly and the Members," which had an instantaneous effect upon the mutineers, and ultimately led to the entire suppression of discontent among the people.

In regard to Phœdrus, the Latin fabulist, he was a poet of very considerable merit, and is generally supposed to have been a Thracian by birth. It is said that he was carried a captive from his own country to Rome by Octavius, the father of the emperor Augustus; and, from his own writings, it is certain that he was the slave of the latter—which brings him to the same condition as his great master Æsop. He appears to have owed his liberty, as well as the advantages of a good education, to the munificence of the emperor, who was a great patron of literature. The gratitude and high regard for his benefactor which he exhibits, give a favourable idea of the qualities of his heart; nor can his sincerity in this matter be at all questioned, when it is considered that he wrote as strongly in the praise of the emperor after the death of the latter as during his lifetime. At a subsequent period, he was very unjustly subjected to great persecution by Sejanus, the profligate favourite of the emperor Tiberius, which he has taken notice of particularly in his third Prologue, to the infamy of that detested character. The causes, as well as the nature of his sufferings, have not been recorded; but it may be presumed that he could give no offence by his wealth, at least, since he studiously avoided riches, lest he should thereby be exposed to danger. He lived to a great age, and survived Sejanus, whose memory he treats with a severity which would never have been allowed to escape with impunity if he had published the lines while that haughty minister was alive. Phœdrus appears to have confined himself to the writing of fable, and took Æsop for his guide. He has divided his collection into five books, containing altogether ninety-four fables, in the formation of which he has taken the old Phrygian for his director in general; but although he works upon his model, he has introduced a great many new materials of his own. The learned have extolled the purity of his language, and the sentiment frequently merits high commendation; but in many instances that might be mentioned, a greater regard to good taste and mental delicacy would have given an additional value to the writings of this amusing author.

After having got well acquainted with Phœdrus's entertaining colloquies, carried on between wolves and lambs, jackdaws and peacocks, foxes and crows, dogs and crocodiles, mice and weasels, and a great many other animals equally interesting and sagacious, we suppose you will now be inclined to proceed a little farther in your Roman studies; and for that purpose *Eutropius* next offers himself to your attention. His book consists of an abridgement of the Roman history, beginning with the foundation of Rome, and ending about the year 360 of the Christian era. This author is, by some, called *Flavius* Eutropius; but of his native country, parentage, and education, nothing certain is known. He was private secretary to Constantine the Great, and accompanied the emperor Julian in his expedition against the Persians, A.D. 363. Valens, who was a native of Pannonia, in Germany, and knew little about the Roman history when he succeeded to the throne in 364, requested Eutropius to compose his abridgement. It is to be regretted that this author did not pay more attention to accuracy of names and dates, as his work is otherwise commendable for simplicity of style, selection of facts, and agreeableness of narrative. Were it not for the inaccuracies already mentioned, which a judicious editor could easily correct, there is, perhaps, no Latin abridgement of Roman history which the young scholar would pursue with more pleasure and advantage than that of Eutropius. In certain parts of his work a few words occur, such as would not have been used by the writers of the Augustan age, which is reckoned the finest time of Roman literature; but the number of such words is not great, and they give rise to no difficulty, as they are almost all easily understood. In consequence of certain expressions which occur in his epitome, many doubts have been raised as to what the religion of Eutropius might be; but, on a careful perusal, it will at least appear manifest, that there is no evidence for believing that he was a Christian. Had he renounced heathenism, the history of the emperors whom he mentions, and the age in which he lived, would have given rise to such statements and opinions as would have entirely precluded any uncertainty on the subject. The integrity of the man and the author appears in the impartiality of his strictures, as well as in his commendation of virtue and censure of vice, which render his writings a very proper book for being put into the hands of youth; and, therefore, all well-dispositioned tyros will make themselves intimately acquainted with Eutropius.

Our next author is Cornelius Nepos, who has left us a good biographical work, consisting of twenty-two lives of illustrious men among the Greeks and Carthaginians. In the preface to a late edition of this book, it is justly observed, that "the Lives of Eminent Commanders, by Cornelius Nepos, will be a favourite school-book while the Latin language continues to be taught. The admirable models of character which it exhibits, the elevated and truly Roman sentiments which it breathes, the purity, elegance, and chaste simplicity of its style, render it, in every respect, one of the most eligible books that can be put into the hands of ingenuous youth. The lives, too, are so short and comprehensive, that, while they powerfully interest the curiosity, they do not fatigue the attention of the youngest and most volatile readers."

Cornelius Nepos was born at Hostilia, a village belonging to Verona, on the north bank of the river Po. From the place of his birth being in one of the ancient divisions of Gaul, he is called by one Latin writer *Gallus*, a Frenchman; and, from its being included in *Italy*, his countryman and contemporary Catullus, the Roman poet, denominates him *Italus*, an Italian. He died in the year 25 before Christ, and, consequently, flourished in the reign of Augustus, whose favour he enjoyed; and the purity of his style entitles him to rank high among the writers of that age. He composed a history of the world, which he called his chronicle, and which was divided into three periods or ages—the obscure, the fabulous, and the historical. To it, Catullus, who dedicates his works to Cornelius Nepos, makes allusion in his poems. That history, and all his other writings, are now lost, except the twenty-two lives of illustrious generals. These illustrious generals are, Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, Pausanias, Cimon, Lysander, Alcibiades, Thrasybulus, Conon, Dion, Iphicrates, Chabrias, Timotheus, Datămes, Epaminondas, Pelopidas, Agesilaus, Eumĕnes, Phocion, Timoleon, all natives of Greece except Datămes, who was a native of Caria, and Eumĕnes, who was a Thracian. After these, he takes Hamilcar and Hannibal, who were Carthaginians. Besides these, he notices, in three short chapters, some of the kings of Persia and Macedonia, and gives also interesting biographical sketches of Marcus Porcius Cato, and, more particularly, of Titus Pomponius Atticus, the familiar friend of Cicero, the orator. His book concludes with the words of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi. Nepos enjoyed the friendship of both Cicero and Atticus. Of numerous other works which he is said to have composed, and which time has destroyed, it would perhaps be now impossible to make an accurate list, since grammarians are divided as to their number and titles. His "Lives" form a proper schoolbook, as the style is simple, but neat and appropriate, and his delineation of character deserves approbation from its accuracy and conciseness. The following is his account of the closing scene of the life of his friend, the celebrated Pomponius Atticus, who starved himself to death to escape from the miseries of old age and disease. "Thus," says he, "when he had completed his seventy-eighth year, and had attained to extreme old age, not less with dignity than with favour and with fortune—for he had attained to many possessions through no other medium than that of honesty—and after he had enjoyed such uninterrupted good health, that, for thirty years, he had never needed medicine, he was attacked with a disease, which, at first, both he and the medical men contemned; for they took it to be a sort of stoppage of the bowels, for which several quick and easy remedies were applied. When, in this way, three months had been spent, without any pains, except those which he experienced from the attempt to cure him, all at once the power of the disease came into one part of his bowels with such vehemence, that, in the end, a putrid sore broke out through his loins. Some time before this occurred to him, however, and after he felt his pains increase, and the fever gathering strength daily, he ordered his son-in-law Agrippa to come to him, and along with him Lucius Cornelius Balbus, and Sextus Peducæus. As soon as he saw them approach, he raised himself on his elbow, and thus addressed them:—'How great the attention and diligence is, which, at this time, I have had recourse to for the preservation of my health, ye have seen with your own eyes, and therefore I need not detain you by making farther mention of it; with which, since, as I hope, I have satisfied you, and there is nothing farther to be done which can tend to the curing of my disease, it now remains for me to follow my own counsel. Of that I do not wish you to remain in ignorance; for I am determined to give up supporting this disease. For these some days, indeed, whatever food I have taken with the view of prolonging my life, has just increased my pains without the hope of recovery. Wherefore I request of you, first, to approve of my design, and, then, that you will use no vain endeavours in attempting to dissuade me from it.'"

ANCIENT RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

A brief account of the religious establishments kept up in this country before the Reformation, and of the officers which belonged to some of the largest of them, as well as of their different buildings and apartments, it is presumed, will not be uninteresting.

Under the general name of religious houses, are comprehended cathedral and collegiate churches, abbeys, priories, colleges, hospitals, preceptories, and friaries.

In *Conventual Cathedrals* the bishop was in the place of an abbot, and had the principal stall on the right hand of the entrance into the choir. Collegiate churches and colleges consisted of a number of secular canons, living together under the government of a dean, warden, provost, or master; and having for the more solemn performance of divine service, chaplains, singing men, and choristers belonging to them.

An *Abbey* was a society of religious people, having an abbot or abbess to preside over them. Some of these were so considerable that their abbots were called to Parliament, and had seats and votes in the House of Lords. They had the power and the authority of bishops within the limits of their several houses, gave the solemn benediction, conferred the lesser orders, wore mitres, sandals, &c., and carried crosses or pastorals in their hands; and some of their houses were exempted from the jurisdiction of the archbishop and bishop, and subject to the pope only. Their mitres differed a little from those of the bishops, who carried their crosiers in their left hands; but the abbots carried them in their right hands.

A *Priory* was a society of religious, where the chief person was termed a prior or prioress, and of these there were two sorts. First, when the prior was chief governor, as fully as any abbot in his abbey, and was chosen by the convent. Secondly, where the priory was a cell (or, as we would now call it, a chapel of ease), subordinate to some great abbey, and the prior was placed and displaced at the will of the abbot. But there was a considerable difference between some of these cells; for some were altogether subject to their respective abbeys, who sent them what officers and monks they pleased, and took their revenues into the common stock of the abbeys. But others consisted of a stated number of monks, who had a prior sent them from the abbey, and paid a pension yearly as an acknowledgment of their subjection, but acted in other matters as an independent body, and had the rest of their revenues for their own use. These priories or cells were always of the same order with the abbeys on whom they depended, though sometimes of a different sex. Some great abbeys built nunneries in some

of their manors, which should be priories to them, and subject to their visitation.

Priories Alien were cells to foreign monasteries; for when manors or tithes were given to foreign monasteries, the monks, either to increase their own rule, or perhaps rather to have faithful stewards of their revenues, built convenient houses for the reception of a small convent, and then sent over such a number as they thought proper, constituting priors over them. And there was the same difference in these cells as in the former; for some of them were conventual, and had priors of their own chusing; these were entire societies within themselves, and received the revenues belonging to their several houses for their own use and benefit, paying only the ancient apport, or what was at first the surplusage, to the foreign house. But others depended wholly upon the foreign houses; their priors were set over them; their monks were often foreigners, and removable at pleasure; and they returned all their revenues to the foreign head houses. These alien priories were most of them made by such as had foreign abbeys of their own, or some of their family's foundation.

Preceptories were manors or estates of the knights templars, where, erecting churches for the service of God, and convenient houses, they placed some of their fraternity under the government of one of those more eminent templars, who had been by the grand master created "præceptores templi," to take care of the lands and rents in that place and neighbourhood, and so were only cells to the principal house at London.

Commandries were the same among the knights hospitalers, as preceptories were among the templars, viz. societies of those knights placed upon some of their estates in the country, under the government of a commander, who were allowed proper maintenance out of the revenues under their care, and accounted for the remainder to the grand prior at London. Hospitals were such houses for the relief of poor and impotent people as were incorporated by royal patents, and made capable of gifts and grants in succession. In these there were generally two or three religious—one to be master or prior, and one or two to be chaplains and confessors. Hospitals were originally designed, in a great measure, for the relief and entertainment of travellers, and particularly of pilgrims.

In every abbey the chief officer was the abbot or abbess, who presided in great pomp; was generally called lord abbot or lady abbess; and had a kitchen and other offices distinct from the common ones of the society. In every priory the chief officer was the prior or prioress, who had the same power in priories as abbots and abbesses had in abbeys, but lived in a less splendid and expensive manner, though in some of the greater houses they were called lord prior and lady prioress. Next under the abbot in every abbey, was the prior, who in the abbot's absence had the chief care of the house; and under him was the subprior, and in great abbeys, the third, fourth, and even fifth prior, who had their respective shares in the government of the monks, &c., and were removable at the will of the abbot, as all the other officers were. In every priory, next under the prior, was the subprior, who assisted the prior whilst present, and acted in his stead when absent.

In rich monasteries there were a variety of officers whose respective duties were most exactly defined. 1. Magister operis, or master of the fabric, who probably looked after the buildings, and took care to keep them in good repair. 2. Eleemosynarius, or the almoner, who superintended the alms of the house (which were every day distributed at the gate to the poor), who divided the alms upon the founder's day, and at other obits and anniversaries, and in some places provided for the maintenance and education of the choristers. 3. Pitantiarius, who had the care of the pittances, which were allowances upon particular occasions over and above the common provisions. 4. Sacrista, or the sexton, who took care of the vessels, books, and vestments belonging to the church, looked after and accounted for the oblations at the great altar, and other altars and images in the church, and such legacies as were given either to the fabric or for utensils: he likewise provided bread and wine for the sacrament, and superintended the funerals. 5. Camerarius, or the chamberlain, who had the chief care of the dormitory, and provided beds, bedding, and clothing for the monks. 6. Cellararius, or the cellarer, who procured provisions for the monks, and for strangers resorting to the convent, viz. all sorts of flesh, fish, fowl, wine, bread-corn, malt for their ale and beer, oatmeal, salt, &c., as likewise wood for firing, and all utensils for the kitchen. 7. Thesaurarius, or the treasurer or bursar, who received all the common rents and revenues of the monastery, and paid all the common expenses. 8. Precentor, or the chaunter, who had the chief care of the choir service, and not only presided over the singing men, organist, and choristers, but provided books for them, paid them their salaries, and repaired the organs: he had also the custody of the seal, and kept the Liber Diurnalis, or Chapter Book, and provided parchment and ink for the writers, and colours for the limners of books for the library. 9. Hostilarius, or hospitilarius, whose business it was to see strangers well entertained, and to provide firing, napkins, towels, and such like necessaries for them. 10. Infirmarius, who had the care of the infirmary, and of the sick monks who were carried thither. 11. Refectionarius, who looked after the hall, provided tablecloths, napkins, towels, dishes, plates, spoons, and all other necessaries for it, even servants to wait there: he likewise kept the cups, salts, ewers, and all the other silver utensils belonging to the house, except the church plate.

These were the principal officers who were monks. There were others of inferior note, beside lay officers and servants.

Among the different buildings and apartments may be reckoned, 1 The gate-house, where the porter resided. 2. The refectorium, or common hall, where the monks dined together, and where, on great solemnities, the abbot honoured them with his presence. 3. The locutorium, or parlour. 4. The oriolium, or the oriol, so called from its bay or projecting window. "The use hereof," says Fuller, "is known for monks, who are in latitudine morbi, rather distempered than diseased, to dine therein, it being cruelty to thrust such into the infirmary, where they might have died with the conceit of the sickness of others." 5. The dormitorium, or dormitory, in which were placed their beds. 6. The lavatorium, or laundry, where their clothes were washed, and where they washed at the conduit. 7. In every great abbey there was a large room called the scriptorium, where several writers made it their whole business to transcribe books for the use of the library. They sometimes, indeed, wrote the leiger books of the house, and the missals, and other books used in divine service; but they were generally employed on other works, viz. the Fathers, Classics, Histories, &c. John Whethamstead, abbot of St Alban's, caused above eighty books to be transcribed during his abbacy. Fifty-eight were transcribed by the care of one abbot of Glastonbury; and so zealous were the monks in general for this work, that they often got lands given, and churches appropriated for carrying it on. 8. The library, which in most of the great monasteries was furnished with a variety of choice manuscripts. 9. "All is marred," says Fuller, "if the kitchin be omitted, so essential a requisite, with the larder and pantry, the necessa y suburbs thereof."

In a conventual, or abbey church, we find, 1. The cloisters, or the place for burial, and in which the monks walked and studied. 2. Navis ecclesiæ, the nave or body of the church. 3. The rood-loft, which contained the crucifix and the music. 4. Gradatorium, a space containing the ascent out of the nave into the choir. 5. Presbyterium, or the choir, on the right side of which was the abbot's stall, and that of the prior on the left: the monks were on each side, and chaunted the service alternately. 6. Vestiarium, the vestry, where their copes, &c. were deposited. 7. Vaulta, or vault, being an arched room over part of the church, which in some abbeys was used to enlarge their dormitory, where the monks had beds for their repose. 8. Concameratio, being an arched room between the east end of the church and the high altar.

The remaining rooms of a monastery stood at a distance from the main structure. Such as, 1, The eleemosynaria, or almonry, where they maintained the poor. 2. The sanctuary, where debtors and malefactors obtained refuge. 3. The infirmary, in which the sick were attended. 4. At a distance from these stood the stables, over which the stallarius, or the master of the horse, presided; and under him the provendarius, who, as his name imports, provided provender for the horses. These were divided into four ranks.—1. Manni, being geldings for the saddle of the larger size. 2. Runcini, runts, small padnags. 3. Summarii, sumpter-horses. 4. Averii, cart or plough-horses. Besides the fore-mentioned buildings, there was a prison for incorrigible monks. The abbot had *tetrum et fortem carcerem*, a strong and hideous prison, where their obstinacy was corrected into reformation.

They were obliged to attend service in the church, or chapel, seven times within the four-and-twenty hours. The services were arranged in the following manner:—1. At cock-crowing, or the *nocturnal*: this service was performed at two o'clock in the morning. 2. The *matins*: these were at the first hour, or, according to our computation, at six o'clock. 3. The *tierce*, at nine o'clock. 4. The *sext*, at twelve o'clock at noon. 5. The *none*, at three in the afternoon. 6. The *vespers*, at six in the afternoon. 7. The *compline*, soon after seven. The monks were always to walk two together; this was to guard their conduct, and furnish them with a witness to defend their behaviour. From Easter to Whitsuntide, they dined at twelve, and supped at six. In this interval they observed no fasts. At other times they were bound to fast till three o'clock, on Wednesdays and Fridays. The twelve days in Christmas were excepted in this canon. Every day in Lent they were enjoined to fast till six in the evening. They were not allowed to talk in the refectory at meals; they were likewise to attend to the Scriptures read to them at that time. The *septimarians* were to dine by themselves after the rest: these *septimarians* were so called because their office continued but a week, such as the reader, waiters, cooks, &c. The superior was never to dine alone: when there were no strangers, he was to invite some of the brothers to his table.

AMBITION WORSE THAN SLAVERY.

The slave has only one master: the ambitious has of them as many as there are persons useful to his fortune.—*La Bruyère.*

MOCK SHAVING AT OXFORD.

At Oxford there formerly prevailed a very curious custom, namely, a mock ceremony of shaving on the night preceding magistration. At a visitation of Oriel College, in 1531, by Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, he ordered one of the fellows, a priest, to abstain, under pain of expulsion, from wearing a beard and pinked (yellow) shoes, like a laic, and not to take the liberty, for the future, of insulting and ridiculing the governor and fellows of the society. About the eleventh century, and long before, beards were looked upon by the clergy as a secular vanity, and, accordingly, were worn by the laity only. Yet in England this distinction seems to have been more rigidly observed than in France. Malmesbury says that King Harold sent spies into Duke William's camp, who reported that most of the French army were priests, because their faces were shaved. This regulation remained among the English clergy at least till the time of Henry the Eighth. Among the religious, the templars were permitted to wear long beards. —There was a species of masquerade celebrated by the ecclesiastics in France, called the Show of Beards, entirely consisting of the most formidable beards. Gregory of Tours says, that the abbess of Poictou was accused of suffering one of these shows, called a Barbatoria, to be performed in her monastery.—Hearne endeavours to explain an injunction in the statutes of New College, against a mock ceremony of shaving on the night preceding the solemn act of magistration, by supposing that it was made in opposition to the Wickliffites, who disregarded the laws of Scripture, and in this particular instance violated the following text in Leviticus xix. 27., where this custom is expressly forbidden: "Neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." Nothing, says Warton, can be more unfortunate than this elucidation of our antiquary. The direct contrary was the case; for the Wickliffites entirely grounded their ideas of reformation, both in morals and doctrine, on Scriptural proofs, and often committed absurdities in too precise and literal an acceptation of texts. It is styled Ludus, a play, and is to be ranked among the other ecclesiastic mummeries of that age; for one of the pieces of humour in the celebration of the *fete des foux*, in which they had a bishop, an abbot, and a precentor, of the fools, was to shave the precentor in public, on a stage erected at the west door of the church.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

St Monica, drawing near her death, sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven, and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body.—*Fuller.*——Waller has versified this in the well-known lines:—

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light, through chinks which time has made.

A WISH-BURST.*

O, to bound o'er the bonnie blue sea,
With winds and waves for guides;
From all the wants of nature free,
And all her ties besides!
Beyond where footstep ever trode
Would I hold my onward way,
As wild as the waves on which I rode,
And fearless, too, as they.

The angry winds, with lengthened sweep,
Were music to mine ear;
I'd mark the gulfs of the yawning deep,
Close round me, without fear.
When winter storms burst from the cloud,
And trouble the ocean's breast,
I'd joy me in their roaring loud,
And 'mid their war find rest.

By islands fair in the ocean placed,
With waves all murmuring round,
My wayward course should still be traced,
And still no home be found.
When calm and peaceful sleeps the tide,
And men look out to sea,
My bark in silence by should glide,
Their wonder and awe to be.

When sultry summer suns prevail,
And beet† on the parching land,
The cool sea-breeze would I inhale,
O'er the ocean breathing bland.
A restless sprite that like delight
In calm and tempest found,
'Twere joy to me o'er the bonnie blue sea,
For ever and aye to bound!

* We have taken the liberty of thus naming the above spirited little poem, which first appeared uncntitled, and with the signature "R. H." in a periodical work called "The Rainbow," which was commenced at Edinburgh in 1821, and, though conducted with considerable talent, perished at the 12th number.

† See Dr Jamieson.

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HINTS TO TALKERS.

"Aye free aff hand your story tell."—BURNS.

IT is of no small importance to one who has to push his way in the world, that he should be able to express himself, on all occasions, in so ready and brief a manner, as to run no risk of tiring the individuals upon whom he may be more or less dependent for the means of his advancement. There is unfortunately some difficulty in attaining a proper medium between a fluency of speech, which is apt to lead to an excessive and tiresome copiousness, and that languor and difficulty of expression, which equally tires, without giving nearly the same quantity of talk. The former fault is more generally an accompaniment of youth than of age, while the latter is most frequently found in old people. All such peculiarities are no doubt in a great measure involuntary, as being intimately dependent on the talents and character of individuals; yet that they are susceptible of correction, and may be partly avoided, if we are on our guard against them, is also very certain.

An undue loquacity most frequently arises from a precipitancy of temper, and from being too full of one's self. If persons afflicted from the former source were to check themselves into a sobriety of ideas, and cast about a little before speaking, for the most straightforward and simply demonstrative phraseology, wherein to express what they had to say, they would soon cure themselves: if those who err from vanity could only contrive, under beneficial advice, to pump a little of themselves *out of themselves*—if they would only be so good as observe that others have ideas to express, and perhaps a little desire of showing them off, as well as they—they would also, we have no doubt, speedily lessen their malady. But, upon the whole, there is less annoyance experienced from this source than from the tedious twaddle, as it is called, of the duller kind of intellects; and a cure in the latter case is much more desperate. Yet there would be much less tiresome talk, and also less tiresome writing, if a few things were guarded against. A great deal, as every adroit talker and every experienced writer knows, lies in fixing an interest at the beginning: only take care not to alarm at the offset by the prospect of a long story, and you may afterwards continue to speak or scribble as long, almost, as you choose. Every one may have remarked how distressing it is in church to hear the preacher lay out his discourse into heads—so much to be said on this point, so much on that—next, an application of the whole, and, finally, a few words (that is, as many as can be spoken in ten minutes) of exhortation. The idea of so many distinct parts in the composition causes it to look wearifully long from the very first, so that many lukewarm persons, who might otherwise have listened and caught some flying edification, think of nothing but how—in what posture—by what every-day subject of reflection within themselves—they may most easily pass the time. Neither preacher nor writer should ever say that he has any thing to say at all: he should begin with the subject itself, and never stop till it is exhausted. Two hours of attention may thus be obtained from many, who, if informed at the beginning that one was to be required for the purpose, would have refused to listen for a minute. So thoroughly does this hold good, that we have found ourselves deterred from proceeding with a story, on a shift taking place in the person of the narrator, or a distinct paper or document being introduced. A reader, indeed, should never know but that the article he is reading may end on the next page: the author is never sure of him till after he has been inveigled half way on.

The slow garrulity of old age, even to those who are most disposed to reverence grey hairs, is sometimes dreadful. For a young and busy man of quick ideas to find himself suddenly arrested by a venerable friend, who has some trifling but intricate piece of business to transact, or some document to read, or some long and personal story to tell, is one of the most striking distresses that can arise in the wide amphitheatre of human misery. The very unpacking of the spectacles is enough to make one sink and die. First, there is the important face, primming itself for the developement of some superficial, but to it most mysterious and important circumstance. Then the hand is put into the pocket, and—not the spectacles, but the spectacle-*case*, drawn forth. The clasp is deliberately undone; the spectacles pulled out. You think the optical instrument is to be immediately put on. Not at all. It is laid down on the table, till the clasp is done again, and the case returned to the pocket. Then the spectacles are taken up—then a handkerchief is taken out to wipe them—then the process of wiping is carefully and slowly gone through—then the handkerchief is returned—and, finally—Oh protracted misery!—they are raised to the nose, where they are, perhaps, fully adjusted, about ten minutes after being drawn from the pocket; that is to say, if they have not been delayed much longer in consequence of a fresh burst of preliminary explanation and preparatory fiddle-faddle. Oh, if these respectable old gentlemen would but consider how much unfledged youth has to do before he be equally well feathered with themselves—how fast his intellect naturally runs—how irksome to be thus chained to the dray, when he would like to bound forward with the chariot—they would be heart-smitten with their cruelty, and from pity correct a fault to which every other kind of cure might be applied in vain.

I was once walking along one of the long and empty streets in the west end of London, along with a young friend, who, like myself, generally resided in Edinburgh, but was now just returned from an extensive tour in the United States of America. Suddenly, my companion started, and seemed greatly alarmed, saying, hurriedly, "For God's sake, let us go down this side street!" I accompanied him in the direction he indicated, though I could see nothing in front to alarm him, nor indeed any object at all, except a well-dressed middle-aged looking man, who was advancing from the opposite direction, and was still at a considerable distance. When we had reached a place of safety, as my friend called it, he gave the explanation, which he saw from my looks was required. "That gentleman," said he, "whom we were just now about to meet, is a valetudinarian whom I had the misfortune to encounter in a coffee-house when I was last in London. I do not think he is really very ill: only, like the most of Englishmen, he has perhaps been all his life in the habit of every now and then taking what they call a little medicine, and may have thus, perhaps, made himself ill in spite of himself. However, having fallen into conversation with the old gentleman one evening in the public room at our hotel, he began to give me such a recital of his many and complicated disorders, and of his various attempts to get quit of them, as made me almost as ill as he represented himself to be. I tried many expedients to cut him short, but was at length fairly obliged to take refuge in my bed-room. Nothing else would do. Now, the man would not perhaps be so very tiresome as he is, if it depended solely on what he has to say. But besides the tedium of his endless recital of clinical miseries, there is an unhappy dullness in his very voice, which proves by far the severest part of the affliction. If a sloth, for instance, were a beast of prey, which fastened upon you as a spider does upon a fly, and if it emitted a humming self-satisfied sound while sucking your blood, like a schoolboy at his bread and butter, your circumstances and sensations would, I dare say, exactly resemble mine when this man was pouring his prosey stream into my ears. I positively had to go to the opera next night, in order to restore my nerves to their wonted tone. Before that time, however, you may be sure I had taken care to shift my quarters, to prevent the possibility of falling in with the same man again. I did not see him any more, sir, till about a twelvemonth after, when, in turning the corner of a street in New York, I met him full in the face, and, of course, fell plump into his toils. After the slightest possible recognition, 'Oh, by the way,' said he, laying, at the same time, a finger like a grappling-iron aboard of my button-hole, 'as I was saying when I saw you last, I got no good of Lignum's scorbutic drops. All stuff, sir. The irritation continued as bad as ever'—and so on he went, with his monotonous gummy voice, as if the time and space that intervened since our last rencounter had been as nothing in his estimation. Why, sir, there is a particular jest in Joe Miller, which I always used to think highly improbable, though certainly very droll. A gentleman, riding along a bridge one day, turned about to his servant, and asked if he liked eggs, to which, saith the chronicler, John answered 'Yes.' 'How?' said the gentleman exactly that day twelvemonth, at the same hour, when passing along the same bridge. 'Poached, sir,' replied the man, without a moment's hesitation. I always used to think this a mere fiction; but now, I saw that such an incident might be quite real. There is nothing, sir, on earth like the perseverance of a regular twaddler in the line of his vocation. You may break him off if you will, or if you can; but till you have fairly heard him out, he will never think himself quits with you—he still holds himself in readiness, at whatever part of the world or whatever period of future life he meets you again, to resume the thread of his discourse.

"I listened, sir, for half an hour to the leaden narrative, which still seemed as far from the conclusion as ever. Many an effort I made to give the affair a turn—to throw in a jest, and escape under its cover—but no: every struggle I made served but to fix his finger the more nervously in my cloth. I had no consolation but the apathy of despair, and that I could not resign myself to. However, as good luck would have it, a procession came suddenly upon us, preceded by a band of music, and followed by a sweeping crowd of boys. We were for half a minute drifted along together, he still clinging furiously to the breast of my coat; but at length he parted from me, and, to my infinite satisfaction, I saw him borne away in a contrary direction from myself—still turning, however, towards me an eager and anxious look, as if he were like to burst with suppressed information respecting the efficacy of Morrison's universal medicines.

"Sir, I met my tormentor once more; but it was on the tops of different stage-coaches, which were passing each other upon the road. He recognised me just as we shot athwart each other: his dull eye kindled, he threw forward his heavy head as if to speak, and instinctively put forth his finger to catch hold of my button. I was safe, however, for this time. We were rapidly taken out of each other's sight. I could only guess, by his look, as he loomed away into the distance, how distressed he was at being still obliged to postpone what he had to say about the medical preparations which he was beginning to discuss in New York. Since then, I have not once

met him till this day; and you may conceive, from what I have told you, how much reason I had to be alarmed at his approach, how much reason to be delighted at my good fortune in eluding him. This pleasure, however, is only temporary. I am destined, I see, to hear out his story: go where I like, it will come upon me somewhere. All I can do is to put off the evil day as long as I can."

If there be any spark of humane feeling in the twaddlers, they will surely be impressed by this striking anecdote of the misery inflicted by one of their fraternity, and will exert themselves as much as possible to correct their fault. Just let every man make a resolution never to speak above fifteen seconds at a time about himself, or any thing that is his, and he will never be otherwise than an agreeable member of the community. There is a respectability in suffering which disposes every man to listen for a while, with decent attention, to the narratives which sick people are always so ready to give to their friends. But this good and kind feeling should not be abused: there is a limit to our sympathies, beyond which all is hypocrisy; and it would be well if the afflicted would join a just calculation of this extent of general compassion, with their own sense of the importance of their distresses, when they begin to talk upon the subject. If there be this limit to our interest in the sick, how much narrower are the bounds of that which we are naturally inclined to take in the personal affairs and little vanities of able-bodied men! We should, if we really esteem ourselves, be far above all miserable attempts to set ourselves off before a neighbour, by boring him, as he will call it, with our concerns, when he has enough to attend to of his own.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

LUMINOUS METEORS.

In the articles which we have already published in the Journal, under the title of "Popular Information on Science," we have considered at some length the aqueous meteors which are observable in nature. Clouds, hail, rain, snow, mist, dew, &c. have successively claimed our attention, and perhaps we have succeeded in showing, that, while each of these agents is in itself an interesting subject of contemplation, each in its turn tends to promote the well-being of the animate creation. Another class of meteors now invites our inquiry, which we apprehend will be equally attractive to those who love to survey the beauties of the surrounding world. We allude to luminous meteors, among which are included the rainbow, the aurora borealis, halos, falling stars, St Elme's fire, mock suns, and images reflected upon the clouds, making a species of phantasmagoria, which cannot fail to excite wonder and admiration. The aqueous meteors we necessarily viewed principally in their relations to the earth; the luminous meteors may be viewed more in connection with the heavens; and who will not pause to behold with a feeling of reverential awe the "eternal lights that live on the sky?"

THE RAINBOW.

This beautiful arch of many colours attracted the attention of mankind in the earliest ages. In the mythology of the ancients it was deified in the person of Iris, who was represented with wings variegated with all its lovely hues, and supposed to be the favourite messenger of the gods.

> "On equal wings she poised her weight,
> And formed a radiant rainbow in her flight."

This Iris was worshipped both by the Greeks and Romans. We learn, also, that the rainbow was worshipped by the Peruvians when the Spaniards arrived in South America. The Romans assigned to it a very fanciful use: they imagined that it drew up the waters from the earth to the heavens. Hence Ovid observes—

> 'Nuncia Junonis varios induta colores
> Concipit Iris aquas, alimentaque nubibus adfert."

The cause of the variety of colours exhibited by the rainbow, was not understood until Sir Isaac Newton had demonstrated the composition of light. In the Scripture, after that God had spoken of the rainbow as a covenant between heaven and earth, we read that he said, "It shall come to pass that when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud." It is now known that a single white solar beam consists of several different coloured rays, which, combined together, produce the white light. According to Sir Isaac Newton's discovery, there are seven primary rays, of the following colours: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. But recently Sir David Brewster—whose name is an honour to his country—has shown that four of these seven coloured rays are compounded of the three others. Thus the intermixture of the red and yellow rays produces the orange-coloured ray—the combination of the yellow and blue produces the intermediate green—and the combination of the red with the blue produces the indigo and violet rays. Properly speaking, therefore, there are only three primary rays in a sunbeam—the red, yellow, and blue; and these, by certain degrees of intermixture, produce the seven distinct colours referred to by Sir Isaac Newton. We have elsewhere shown that a cloud consists of a vast number of watery globules, which float together in the regions of the atmosphere. When such a cloud opposite the sun is falling in rain, the spectator, having his back turned to the sun, beholds a reflected arch of light of many hues; for the white rays of light, having been decomposed by the watery globules, exhibit these varied colours. Sometimes, instead of forming a complete semicircle, spanning the azure vault, only a part, or segment, of the arch appears. Not unfrequently two rainbows are seen at the same time, and as many as six, seven, and even eight, have been simultaneously observed. A magnificent phenomenon of this description was seen by the Rev. William Scoresby, at Bridlington Quay, at 5 P. M., on the 12th August 1826, during a brilliant sunshine, and a heavy partial shower that passed across from the north to the south-eastern part of the town. Both the first and second bows were complete arches, descending to the ground on the left, and to the surface of the sea on the right hand. The colours were of extraordinary brilliancy. Within the arch of the first bow were no less than three, if not four supernumerary bows, in close and regular order, progressively diminishing in intensity, so that the last was scarcely discernible. The first bow consisted of the ordinary colours reckoned from the outside, viz. red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Immediately in contact with the interior violet succeeded the supernumerary stripes of different colours, consisting most obviously of green and purple, or violet, in regular succession, and the whole gave the impression of one continuous and splendid canopy receding from the effects of distance into indistinctness. Occasionally from the reflection of the rays from the surface of the sea, rainbows have appeared in an inverted position, or, as it were, turned upside down; but such a phenomenon as this is of very rare occurrence. The reflection of the sun's light on the watery particles constituting a fog, has likewise been known to produce a rainbow, or, as it might with greater propriety be termed, a fogbow. The academicians, Bouguer, Godin, and La Condamine, when standing on the very elevated mountain of Pambamarca, in Quito, saw their own images reflected in a very light fog, and surrounded by several concentric circles, ornamented with the colours of the rainbow. The intense fogs which prevail in the polar regions at certain seasons, occasionally rest upon the surface of the water, and reach only to an inconsiderable height. At such times, although objects situated on the water can scarcely be observed at the distance of one hundred yards, yet the sun will be visible and effulgent. "Under such circumstances (says Captain Scoresby), on the 19th July 1813, being at the topmast-head, I observed a beautiful circle of about 30° in diameter, with bands of vivid colours depicted on the fog. The centre of the circle was in a line drawn from the sun, through the point of vision, until it met the visible vapour in a situation exactly opposite the sun. The lower part of the circle descended beneath my feet to the side of the ship; and although it could not be a hundred feet from the eye, it was perfect, and the colours were distinct. The centre of the coloured circle was distinguished by my own shadow, the head of which, enveloped by a halo, was most conspicuously pourtrayed. The halo, or glory, was evidently impressed on the fog; but the figure appeared to be a shadow on the water, the different parts of which became obscure in proportion to their remoteness from the head, so that the lower extremities were not perceptible. I remained a long time contemplating the beautiful phenomenon before me. Notwithstanding the sun was brilliant and warm, the fog was uncommonly dense beneath. The sea and ice, within sixty yards of the ship, could scarcely be distinguished. The prospect thus circumscribed served to fix the attention more closely on the only interesting object in sight, whose radiance and harmony of colouring, added to the singular appearance of my own image, were productive of sensations of admiration and delight."†

Rainbows are occasionally produced by the moon's rays being in like manner reflected and refracted from a falling cloud; but such rainbows are not of very frequent occurrence, and the arch they form is generally very pale and indistinct.

The rays of the sun falling on the spray of billows, or on the vapours of vast cataracts, produce frequently the appearance of rainbows. This, amidst all its terrors and sublimity, throws a kind of fearful beauty over the waters of Niagara. It is also often observed over the Alpine torrents; nor can we more appropriately conclude this sketch, than by subjoining the description of the iris or rainbow seen by Lord Byron, who, in contemplating the "roar of waters from the headlong height," and the "flashing mass" foaming amidst the rocks beneath, exclaims—

> "Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
> From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
> An Iris, amidst the infernal surge,
> Like Hope upon a deathbed, and unworn;
> Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
> By the distracted waters, bear serene
> Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn,
> Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
> Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

† An Account of the Arctic Regions, by W. Scoresby Vol. i., 394.

A PASSAGE IN THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The history of the war of independence in the western states of South America is interspersed with numerous instances of remarkable adventure. Desultory in its nature, and unconnected in its details, that war was peculiarly fitted to call into activity the latent energies of those who participated in its perils; and the spirit of bold enterprise to which it gave rise was shared no less by those who fared on the sea, than by the scattered guerilla parties on the continent. The banner of freedom, indeed, had hardly been raised on the towers of Valparaiso, when numerous bands of hardy seamen fitted out their barks for predatory adventure; and privateers, in particular, received both encouragement and assistance from the insurgent government, whose policy it was to weaken, by every possible means, the maritime power of the mother country. Foreigners, as well as Americans, eagerly embarked in the business of legalised plunder, not from any principle of patriotism, it is obvious, but upon mere mercenary speculation. British sailors, more than those of any other country, were enamoured of the exploits which such a field of enterprise presented for their achievement, and many of them left their peaceful London and Liverpool traders to share, if not in the honours, at least in the anticipated profit and pleasure of a course, perhaps a life, of perpetual hostility.

Previous to the arrival of Lord Cochrane's fleet on the coast of Chili, privateering was nearly at its height in the South American seas, and it is to that period, namely, to 1818, that the following isolated passage of history belongs.

Soon after Valparaiso had fallen into the hands of the revolutionary forces, a few British seamen resolved to set up as privateers on the Chilian and Peruvian coasts. With this view, having, in the first instance, procured the governor's licence, they purchased an old West Indian drugger-boat,* as sorry looking a craft as ever ventured a league to sea, but the small stock of dollars which they had succeeded in scraping together, did not enable them to purchase one better fitted for their purpose. Having taken a few additional hands into partnership, they soon put a deck upon her, and otherwise rigged her out in pretty tolerable style. They next collected a quantity of old arms, consisting of muskets, pistols, cutlasses, boarding-pikes, and two small swivels, which they mounted on the boat's timber-heads; but as they were to trust chiefly to boarding, they took on board no cannon—their bark, indeed, was, from its diminutive size, utterly unfit for this grand instrument of war. Altogether, their outfit and the object of it seemed somewhat of a burlesque upon ordinary privateering; but they were good-humoured fellows, fond of a joke, and their own masters, so they did not mind the mirth and harmless ridicule which their armament excited.

Thus equipped, and having stowed on board a few bales of dry jerk beef, with some other necessary articles of provision, they put to sea, determined to make the most of every thing they should meet with. The crew consisted of sixteen hands, commanded by one Mackay, a Scotsman, who had a short time before resigned the office of steward in a South-Sea whaler, and who had originally projected this mad-like scheme. They had only one course to follow; for the trade-wind which blows for a considerable part of the year constantly from the south, carried them briskly up the wide coast of Peru. On their voyage, which was extended to a considerable distance beyond Lima, they had not the good fortune to fall in with a single legitimate prize; but running short of provisions, they were soon forced to put under contribution such trading vessels and boats as they happened to fall in with. Supporting themselves entirely by compulsory levies, it was not long before they lost all proper sense of a distinction between plundering and privateering; but the plea of necessity was always at hand to satisfy their not over-scrupulous consciences, that in employing such means to supply their wants, they did nothing morally wrong—or at least that, circumstanced as they were, their doings amounted, at the utmost, to justifiable marauding. Their acts of depredation became so frequent, however, and in some instances of so aggravated a character, that they soon excited alarm throughout the whole coast. Even at Lima they were heard of. At one period, indeed, it was seriously intended by the authorities there, to dispatch a small force to consign the drugger and her pilfering crew to the bottom of the ocean; but they were saved the trouble of carrying their threat into execution. The offenders soon brought on their own apparent ruin; for, dreaded by friends no less than by foes, they were in a few weeks shunned and run from by every bark that hove in sight. Smugglers, as well as people of their own calling, refused not only

* A drugger, or drogger-boat, is a vessel similar to a lighter in this country.

to relieve their wants, but to hold any intercourse with them; and they were at the same time denied all communication with the peaceable citizens on shore. Thus situated, both their provisions and water were speedily exhausted, and, to add to their distress, their little vessel became leaky to such a degree that she was almost wholly unfit for sea, while they were themselves worn out with the constant exertion which was necessary to keep her afloat.

They were, therefore, compelled to turn towards Valparaiso; but, under the difficulties they had to encounter, the attempt to reach that port was almost a hopeless one. The wind brew right a-head, while they had neither provisions, nor were they in a situation in other respects to venture upwards of a hundred miles from land, in order to fall under the north trade-wind. In these painful circumstances, and not daring to touch at any of the intermediate ports, there was no alternative but to sweep* back to Valparaiso. They were not without some apprehension, too, that Spanish frigates might be cruizing on the coast, into whose hands they knew it would be certain destruction to fall. No wonder, therefore, that their spirits flagged a little, and that they now crept along the coast with a degree of caution that contrasted strikingly with their former reckless disregard of all danger. It was only during the night, indeed, that they coasted along; during the day they skulked in close to the land, concealing themselves in unfrequented creeks and among the rocks, where they employed themselves in fishing, now the only means by which they obtained a subsistence.

While thus fighting their way against fortune and the winds, they chanced to fall in with an Indian fisherman, whom they made prisoner, with the view of procuring from him information respecting the state of the coast; and they had an eye also to his fishing apparatus, as well as to the benefit of his superior skill in the art of using it, for by this time they were sorely pressed by the common wants of our nature. By the Indian they were informed that the coast was clear of king's ships—that an armed merchantman from Old Spain had arrived at Arica (a fortified town still in the hands of the royalists) a few days before, and that she was lying under the protection of the fort, ready to discharge a valuable cargo. Their disappointment at having missed the opportunity of falling in with so rich a prize, in consequence of useless, and in other respects hurtful delays, was extreme, for they entertained no doubt whatever, that, had they been down in time, as they would have been but for these delays, the Minerva would have been the reward of all their privations. Disappointment is not a feeling that arises in the mind, and then instantaneously passes away; it recurs again and again, to vex the spirit, and to rouse its energies to redeem the mistaken or neglected step by which it has been troubled. With the crew of the drugger-boat it operated with instantaneous effect, and they were at the same time stimulated, by the severe pressure of existing necessities, to form the desperate resolution of attempting the capture of the Minerva. But then, on farther interrogation, the Indian added, that besides being armed with five and twenty guns, and lying, as the vessel did, within musket shot of a strong battery, she had received on board, in addition to a numerous crew, upwards of 250 Spanish soldiers, for the especial purpose of protecting her from any piratical or predal attack. These were difficulties which, to the ordinary run of mortals, would have been considered as absolutely insurmountable; but, by the handful of famishing tars, they were viewed in no such light. The crew of the Minerva did not enter into their calculation at all; for, once on board, with cutlass in hand, they would speedily be overcome; and the fort, though strong enough to blow them out of the water in five minutes, would not surely (so they reasoned among themselves) be so regardless of Spanish life and Spanish property, as to sink the Minerva in order to destroy a few impertinent marauders already on board of her. The formidable guard of soldiers could not, however, be so conveniently disposed of. To attempt a fair stand-up fight with a force numerically so far superior, would be to court certain destruction. It therefore appeared to them that the only means by which the difficulty might, by possibility, be obviated, was to board the vessel by surprise at midnight, and to secure her hatches—a plan sufficiently simple in itself, and effectual too, provided it could be promptly accomplished. A council of war, consisting of all hands, having been held, the scheme underwent solemn, but by no means deliberate discussion, and was pronounced *quite practicable!!* This point finally settled to every one's entire satisfaction, and evening coming on, they stole out from among the rocks where they had been concealed during the day, and hove warily down towards the mouth of the semicircular bay, in the innermost verge of which stands the beautiful town of Arica. Before day-break they again betook themselves to a hiding place, close on shore, some eight or ten miles distant from Arica; and, ere the sun had been an hour above the horizon, each in his turn had slipped out in the Indian's canoe to enjoy a stolen peep at the expected prize. Their arms and ammunition were now carefully overhauled. Every pistol received a fresh flint, and its lock a touch of oil. A sufficient quantity of powder was spread out on an old top-sail to dry in the sun; and, while engaged in settling the details of the assault, they employed their hands in giving their rusty cutlasses the keen edge of a razor. All this day a little putrid water was their only refreshment, for they had not had leisure to attempt the capture of a single fish; but their mental anxiety was sufficiently intense to absorb all consciousness of physical wants.

The poor Indian fisherman was kept as much as possible in the dark as to the important part that was to be assigned to him in the affair. He happened to be the only one on board who could speak Spanish with sufficient fluency to escape instant detection; and, in the event of being challenged by the Minerva's sentinels, he was instructed to say that they were the bearers of dispatches for the captain from the commander of the Spanish fleet.

Towards evening the wind died away into a dead calm, and the moon rose with just as much light as sufficed to render objects close at hand sufficiently distinguishable, while there was not enough of it to expose to view those at a distance. Thus favoured, the sixteen lion-hearted British seamen left their lurking place, and stole into the bay towards the Minerva. About midnight the dull light of a lantern on board became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the dim outline of the vessel's hull was discovered. For a moment the drugger's oars were suspended to allow her crew to draw one deep breath before striking the desperate blow. During this pause, each man ascertained that his brace of pistols was in his belt, and his cutlass and boarding-pike at hand. Their courage required no "screwing up," for in one and all of them it naturally remained, at all times, above the "sticking point;" but at this moment of suspense, it may easily be conceived that their breasts were swelled with a tumult of distracting emotion, and with that burning solicitude which is produced, even in the breasts of the bravest, by the consciousness that the moment has arrived when nought remains but to do or die. Agitated but not confused by these feelings, the drugger's crew rowed fearlessly forward upon the Minerva's larboard side. All was quiet, until they reached within musket shot of the ship; it was then that the night-watch sung out a challenge. "Dispatches from the fleet for the captain," was the fisherman's answer. "Keep off—the captain is on shore," replied the sentry. "Pull on pull on, ye devils," whispered Mackay. "Stand off, you there, or I'll sink you, by Saint Maria," reiterated the sentry; and the threat having been disregarded, he fired his musket into the boat, but without effect. "Slap alongside, my lads," cried Tom Martin; "keep clear o' her *stinsails*." But Tom's warning was too late; for at this most critical moment the drugger's mast and cordage ran foul of the Minerva's swinging-boom, which, as is usual in large ships, had been rigged out for the purpose of mooring the boats, and a considerable swell causing the Minerva to roll heavily, the difficulty of boarding even without resistance was, in the situation in which they were now placed, rendered almost insurmountable. Not a moment, however, was lost. Martin, firing a pistol among a knot of Spaniards, who had suddenly collected on the gangway, seized hold of the Minerva's "quis work," and mounting the swinging-boom, was instantly on board. He was speedily followed by several of his shipmates, who, without uttering a word, commenced an almost unresisted attack on the astonished Spaniards. Meanwhile the drugger had been swung round by the swell, till she came right alongside of the Minerva, and the remainder of the assailants easily scrambled on deck. The conflict was bloody, but of brief duration, for so instantaneous had been the assault, and panic-struck as the Spaniards were by its temerity, they made little or no resistance; and their unexpected visitors experienced little difficulty in driving those who had escaped with life down the hatchway. The only man amongst them, indeed, who defended himself with true courage, was the Minerva's boatswain. This brave fellow, who encountered Mackay, placed his back against the bulwarks, and defended himself nobly, but having refused to ask for quarter, his antagonist was reluctantly compelled to cut him down.

The hatches were now secured upon the multitude below, the captives of the sixteen dare-devils above; and the closing of the hatches was accompanied by an information, that the slightest attempt to alarm the fort or to recapture the ship would be followed by an immediate discharge of grape-shot through the decks.

Here, then, was the Minerva, and her guards and crew, fairly in the hands of our heroes, but they had yet much to do before being absolutely secure of their prize. On looking around them, they discovered that not only were her topmasts struck, but that all her sails were unbent, and her foreyard lying across the forecastle—her deck being, at the same time, "lumbered up" with goods intended for disembarkation next morning. In this state it was impossible that the vessel could sail an inch, and there was no time to be lost, for an entire quarter of an hour had elapsed since they got on board, and at day-dawn the fort would at once discover what had happened—so the Indian was dispatched to the *cuddy*, where a number of the defeated seamen had taken refuge, to learn where the sails had been stowed—they were below, and the rolling of several guns from the ship's side to the middle of the deck, with a few intimations, "upon oath," that they were ready for the work of destruction, soon induced the Spaniards to hand the sails upon deck. These got, all hands were immediately at work. The topmasts were swayed away, as also the foreyard and topsail yards. In any other than the most desperate circumstances, they would have been altogether unequal to the fatigue which, exhausted as they were by previous labour and want, they sustained in putting the vessel in such trim as to enable her to sail out of the harbour. At length the sails were bent, but then there was hardly enough of wind to make them flap against the masts. It was, in fact, and had been during the whole night, a perfect calm. The situation of the captors became every moment more perilous. Should morning dawn upon them where they lay, they were lost; for what defence could they make against a combined attack from the fort and from all the boats of Arica? Already voices were heard on the shore, and they dreaded that an early visit to the ship would be the first duty of the custom-house officers. They were in an agony of hope, fear, and anxiety. Daniel in the den of lions was not more awkward or uncomfortably situated; and yet what could they do? Why, without wind they could do nothing. To escape now in their own drugger appeared utterly impossible, for the lighter sailing boats of the Aricans would soon overtake and capture her. At this most critical moment—not half an hour before day-break—a slight breeze *did* spring up, and in an instant their hearts were as much elated as the instant before they had been cast down. The cables were immediately cut, the sails set, and the Minerva stood out to sea. The breeze was light, however, and before she was beyond the range of the fort, the Aricans, to their utter astonishment, for they could not conjecture what had happened, as no other vessel was in sight, saw the Minerva bearing briskly down towards Moro-Blanco, a promontory on the south side of the bay, several miles distant from Arica. With the strong military force on board, they could not persuade themselves that there existed a possibility of her having been taken by an enemy. The most natural conclusion was, that the soldiers themselves had made a joint speculation of her. The alarm was immediately given in the fort, and throughout Arica; and in less than half an hour the harbour and beach were crowded with soldiers and sailors ready to embark in pursuit of the fugitive ship, in the hope, that, as the morning advanced, the breeze would die away.

The Minerva had just rounded the blunt point of Moro-Blanco, when, as the Aricans had anticipated, it became a dead calm, and she once more lay like a log upon the water. Here, then, were the captors again in a situation not much better than that from which they had so recently escaped. They were not to be daunted, however, by this fresh difficulty, but ordering the Spaniards on deck, by two at a time, they pinioned them, and shipped them on board the drugger, the ship's launch, and small boats, reserving only one of the smallest for their own use. This accomplished, they pointed the guns towards the boats, ordering the Spaniards on shore, a small number of rowers remaining unbound, and threatening to blow them out of the water on the slightest indication of a disposition to disobey orders. They now took a snatch of refreshment, which to their empty stomachs and exhausted frames was true balm, and then hurried to prepare for the attack, which, as a matter of course, was to be expected from Arica. They double-shotted the ship's guns with grape, and unloosing those on the starboard side, brought them over to the larboard, on which side, being that opposite Arica, the attack was naturally to be anticipated. They soon smashed out rude port-holes in the bulwarks, and pointed the cannon.

In the meantime, the crew of the Minerva, with the Spanish soldiers, reached Arica, where the particulars of the exploit were immediately made known. Not a moment was lost in manning the boats that could be collected. Their number was not great, it is true, but they were crowded with men, who, had they been all cannibals, would have made but a sorry breakfast of the sixteen half-starved hands on board the Minerva. Having learnt the precise number of the Minerva's captors, their exasperation at the audacity of the adventure was unbounded; but for so daring an insult, they promised themselves the satisfaction of making an immediate return of most ample vengeance. They were, in fact, so filled with resentment, and so anxious for revenge, that they neglected to be cautious. In the hurry and heat of the moment, they seemed only to strive which should first reach the Minerva by the shortest road. To men of cooler passion and calmer judgment, it would probably have occurred, that the safest, and in other respects the best mode of attack, would have been to disperse the boats, and, by surrounding the vessel, be in a situation to board on all points at once. Had this been done, the handful of Englishmen must inevitably have been cut to pieces. But the Spaniards did not condescend to consume time in concerting a plan of co-operation. They pulled on in a body, to devour, as they said, the devoted Englishmen. The Englishmen, however, were prepared for them. As the fleet of boats approached, they coolly took their aim with every gun on board. The boats advancing in a dense extended line, each gun was brought to bear upon particular parts of them, so that there should be no useless expenditure of powder and shot. The Minerva being a deep-waisted vessel, with a top-gallant forecastle and

* Rowing in a decked boat is, in a technical phrase, *sweeping*.

poop, the boats' crews did not discover the preparations that had been made for their reception—so they continued pulling on until they were within pistol shot of the ship's side. At that moment Mackay, to whom all eyes on board the Minerva were now directed, every thing having been in perfect readiness, gave the signal to "fire." A shower of millstones could not have been productive of more frightful effects. The moment before, the boats were in gallant array, burdened with some hundreds of bold hearts, inflamed with rage and revenge—the next, it was as if the besom of destruction had gone over them. To use a homely simile, the broadside of heavy grape made a commotion among the boats, similar to that which is produced by an unexpected shot from a well-loaded fowling-piece among a flock of ducks on the bosom of a pond. Instead of one such shot, however, five and twenty double shots of grape and canister were sent by deliberate aim among the boats of Arica, and each shot struck its allotted portion of the line of attack. At the scene which presented itself when the smoke cleared away, even the drugger's crew were appalled. The grape had swept the entire line, carrying death and destruction before it; and the cannon's roar was in an instant succeeded by the loud shrieks of the wounded and drowning. Several boats were sunk, others were fast sinking, while those that swam were soon overloaded by such as had scrambled into them, or had been picked out of the water; some of the craft, indeed, were in this way swamped, and their crews suffered to perish, for there existed no means of saving them. All around was covered with shattered planks, drifting oars, and the still buoyant bodies of the killed, while here and there were seen wounded soldiers, sailors, and citizens, engaged in an ineffectual struggle for life.

The surviving boats soon made for Arica, and the authorities there wisely resolved to make no farther attempt to disturb the new masters of the Minerva. One of these, the same Tom Martin whose name has been already mentioned, and from whom this narrative has been chiefly derived, was informed, some years afterwards, that the Minerva's fatal broadside consigned to eternity upwards of 150 men!

Not in the least surprising incident in the fortunes of Mackay and his shipmates remains to be related. After having deliberately put the ship in proper sailing trim, they stood out to sea, in order to catch the trade-wind, which, at the distance of 150 miles from the land, blew at that season from the north. Having reached this wind, they bore down for Valparaiso, with the view of disposing of the ship and cargo, and of dividing their spoil. Off Valparaiso lay a strong Spanish fleet, blockading the port; but of this circumstance our adventurers were not aware, neither did they entertain the slightest suspicion that an obstacle of so formidable a nature was at all likely to oppose itself to the completion of an adventure already so nearly crowned with success. At nightfall, previous to the morning when they expected to reach Valparaiso, they were not sufficiently near that city to distinguish the fleet that lay in the offing; so the wind being favourable, they skimmed over the waves with hearts bounding in the pride of being the undisputed masters of so gallant a ship and all she contained, little dreading the danger into which they were about to fall. On they went, however, and a dense fog coming on at day-dawn, they sailed through the very thickest of the Spanish fleet, not only without either seeing or being seen by a single ship, but without even suffering that annoyance which is produced by a consciousness of being in a situation of extreme danger; and, before the fog cleared away, they lay safely moored below the fort of Valparaiso—so true does it seem to be that "fortune favours the brave!"

On the morning, they received the congratulations of the governor of the city, by whom the Minerva was declared a lawful prize, and all Valparaiso resounded with the praises of her captors' heroism.

The vessel and her cargo turned out a prize of great value, and the English tars soon found themselves in the possession of what appeared to them inexhaustible riches. They would not have been true British seamen, however, had they hoarded up their wealth. No less characteristic of their profession was the reckless intrepidity which one and all of them had displayed, than was the profusion of their expenditure after getting fairly on shore. Each got his riding horse, and his sweetheart, of course. They gave balls, grand theatrical parties, and all sorts of sumptuous entertainment; and when they met, as they often did, it was quite a common thing with them to toss up for a score of dollars, or to play "evens or odds" for a handful or a pocketful at a time. In a few years afterwards, so effectual had been the exertions of some of them to get rid of their money, that they again found themselves before the mast in Lord Cochrane's fleet; while others, more provident, established themselves as respectable and substantial citizens. Mackay became one of the most considerable of the merchants and shipowners in Valparaiso, where, for aught that is known to the contrary, he still lives in the enjoyment of his wealth.*

* We have taken the liberty of extracting this most amusing and cleverly written article from a small volume lately published at Dundee, under the title of the ANGUS ALBUM, and of which we have nowhere seen any notice taken by the public press. The Angus Album, along with some inferior writing, as was to be expected, contains a considerable quantity of matter that reflects no little credit on the authors, and on the province from which the work proceeds. We particularly instance the poems of Mr A Laing, which are entirely in the style of the familiar songs of Scotland, and in touching simplicity of expression rival many of those revered compositions. Attempts of the kind to which this publication belongs, are always to us a subject of congratulation, for they show that intellect is stirring in remote parts of the land, as well as in what are called literary marts; and it is by training in such fields that the talent of the country is made fit for exerting itself in more conspicuous parts.

BENMUICHDHUI AND LOCHAUN.

AFTER the traveller has refreshed himself by a draught of the clear cold water of the source of the Dee, the natural ambition of mankind may prompt him to attempt the ascent of some one of the surrounding hills. We say to *attempt*, for the ascent of a rough surface, at an angle of about 25 degrees with the surface of the earth, to the extent of some two or three thousand feet, is no trifling matter; and people of no contemptible powers have sometimes failed in the accomplishment of their purpose, especially when they have been in a hurry. As a sincere friend, experienced in the geography of the spot, we would advise you to try your efforts on Benmuichdhui, which is the easiest in the ascent, and will best repay the labour. The ascent is as nearly as such things generally are, to a straight line, uninterrupted by those petty plains and vallies which too frequently persuade the weary traveller that the surface of hill which bounds his view is the wished-for termination of his labours. Your eye will teach you at a glance the most accessible mode of ascent, which you will find to resemble a great ill-constructed stair of unhewn blocks of granite, some mile or so in length. Some of the steps are rather large, and formed without much attention to the convenience of fastidious pedestrians, and require the exercise of a little agility; and in skipping from one to another, we advise the ambitious climber, especially if he has some less active companion trudging behind him, to take special care not to remove any of those ruthless blocks, as any one of them might carry off his friend as unceremoniously as if he had been lashed to the mouth of a cannon, and make a sad figure of him ere both have reached the source of the Dee. At this period, a curious formation of the hill, interesting from the circumstances with which it is connected, will attract the attention of the traveller. It is now pretty well known that those frightful floods, which, in intervals of a good many years, have rushed from these alpine regions to carry terror and ruin into the glens beneath, are caused by the great cisterns of water hid in the stony bosoms of the hills, and supplying the springs and the sources of the rivers, having burst their bonds, from the pressure caused by heavy rains. The marks of these sudden overflowings are here very distinct. Deep gashes have been cut into the sides of the mountain, as if the work of some gigantic ploughshare, which has torn seams in the earth from twenty to forty feet deep, throwing up on each side great stones of many tons weight. The gashes which accompanied the floods of 1829 are marked by the redness of the newly turned-up gravel, contrasted with the purple heather, and the grey stones, bleached by the exposure of centuries; but a little alteration will show others of a similar description, now grey and hoary, like the other parts of the mountain, formed by the similar convulsions of ages long preceding. By degrees you are introduced to a different element, and to correspondingly different vegetable productions. The heather and long fern no longer impede your progress; and you sometimes walk over a deep-cushioned carpet of alpine mosses, short and stunted, but rich in variety of colouring, and fresh and moist from the recently melted snow; then you pass over a broad field of snow, hard as ice, and under which, from a puny archway, trickles some small stream, which feeds the river beneath. In the hottest noon of a summer day the summit is cold and wintry; the various gentle breezes which fan the sides of the warm vallies, will here be found concentrated into a swirling blast, cold and piercing as if it had sprung from the sea on a December morning; then the snow appears in large patches, wherever you look around you, and the bare surfaces of the rocks are deserted even by the alpine moss. We know no mountain so embedded among others as Benmuichdhui. On all sides it is surrounded; and the eye, fatigued with tracing their distant outlines, feels as if the whole earth were covered by such vast protuberances. Betwixt these hills, and over their summits, you will see the clouds wandering about like restless beings who have no fixed habitation, sometimes mounting high in the air, and dissolving into a few sputtering drops of rain; then forming a huge round ball, which is tossed by the wind from brow to brow. Beware of allowing one of them to surround you, for it will pierce your flesh as if with daggers of ice; nor would we particularly advise you to throw yourself in the way of a Highland shower from one of these cisterns. If you have the misfortune to be so overtaken, you are aware of your situation from the sudden blackness of the canopy over your head—you hear something like a distant faint rumbling from above—the flood-gates of the cistern are opened—and down come the contents, like the emptying of a thousand buckets. An umbrella is useless; before you have mounted it, the whole is over; the cloud is entirely dissolved; and were it not that you are drenched through all your clothes, you would hardly recollect that such a thing had been. If we might be allowed so much liberty, we would venture to recommend to you not to return by the same side of the mountain as that you ascended; we shall lead you through a track which will well repay a little fatigue. Benmuichdhui, stretching over a considerable space, has many summits, and presents a vast variety of aspects; but there is a certain part towards the north-east where it turns itself into a basin, joining the contiguous summits of Benaun and Benabourd, and where it assumes a form peculiarly striking and grim. Here one rock distinguishes itself from its brethren, by displaying a pointed needle from a summit of vast height, which appears considerably off the perpendicular, and hangs its head over the glen below. Betwixt this wild height and another bolder and broader, there is a deep fissure, down which tumbles a considerable stream, which, after forming itself into Lochaun, descends to join the Spey. The fissure through which this stream passes might not unaptly be compared to the cleft in a cow's hoof. In this narrow space the stream tumbles from the edges of high precipices, and sometimes skims with magic velocity over the surfaces of sloping ledges of rock. After a very tiresome, and, be it spoken, somewhat dangerous descent, the effect of the whole may be taken in at one view—a mighty waterfall, which seems to lose its head among the clouds. Leaving the thundering environs of this troubled stream, you are beside the banks of a calm blue transparent lake, deeply bedded among the lofty rocks we have described, and whose pellucid and tranquil waters are seldom visited by the wind. Here all is a profound and death-like stillness—the high rocks thousands of feet overhead, the deep unruffled lake at your feet, with its beautiful sand-banks and little bays, contrasted with the rugged objects which seem placed around to preserve so sweet an object from the turbulence of the Highland elements. That lake is Lochaun, a spot seldom visited, and classical from the notice of only one poet—James Hogg. But here, since we have come across the subject, let us just ask the shepherd what has prompted him, beyond the usual licence of travellers, to multiply by ten, and maintain Lochaun to be twenty miles long? True, he states in his notes to the Queen's Wake, by way of deprecating explanation, that "his mind during the whole day experienced the same sort of sensation as if he had been in a dream;" and we can easily guess at the physical cause of the feeling: but, after all, doubling the extent might have been quite sufficient; making twenty miles of two is a bold step. Reader, did you ever see an eagle?—we mean not a poor unhappy sovereign of the air chained to a kennel in a poultry-yard, to devour all the rats and mice which infest the house, but an eagle in his own domain, fearless of man, and keeping the world around him in awe? Here you may have a chance of meeting his most feathered majesty; he is either seated on the summit of a projection of stone, cocking his eye at the sun, and filled with thoughts we would give something to be at the bottom of, or he has spread his huge sails, and gone a privateering across the lake, where we wish him all success.

After wandering for a few miles by the banks of the wild clear rivulet which flows from Lochaun, you enter Glenlui, a spot whose features it is difficult to describe. You do not find here the same savage grandeur which marked the rocks at the source of the Dee; but there is, if possible, a feeling of still more impressive loneliness in the aspect of the brown hills, the grey stones, and, above all, the huge hoary gnarled pines. The great trees on the banks of the Dee are gradually falling before the axe; but here no temptation has been held out, and the forest remains in its pristine majesty. The huge rocks you have just witnessed defy the efforts of the art of man, and may probably, according to all calculation on human efforts, remain unappropriated, and as they came from the hand of the Creator, to the end of time; but here are the choicest materials of wealth and commerce, left to grow, and rot, and succeed each other, from age to age, untouched, from their sheer unapproachableness; and in one spot at least, in the thickly-peopled island of Britain, you are entitled to feel yourself as in those trans-Atlantic forests, where the best gifts of nature are made for the elements and the beasts: nor are you less struck and interested by the herds of beautiful red deer, who tread the forest unmolested, and gaze on the face of man, as on some unknown being at whom they have not learned to be afraid. Gradually the glen widens, and the trees grow fewer, but there is the same air of quiet and loneliness. Let us conclude our description of this curious spot, in the words of a late northern periodical, the only work we believe which has noticed the sequestered Glenlui.

"Gradually the sides of the glen begin to recede; the banks of the stream become more level; the trees grow less thick, and at last straggle wide apart, and, emerging from their shade, the glen, stretching in all its length, extent, and loneliness, meets your eye. Glenlui is about five miles in length, and without one house within it. The banks on either side of the valley rise steeply to the height of perhaps six or seven hundred feet, are covered with heather, and in some places, at the time we were there, the snow was lying in hollows near the summit. The bottom of the valley is a fine level haugh, of about a mile in breadth,

covered with rich luxuriant natural grass. The stream, one of the purest you ever saw, wends in many a turn and bend from side to side of the valley, brawling over rock and stone, or gliding gently over fine yellow sand, and in its banks, strewed with shining stones, bearing vestiges of its inundations. Add a few little knolls scattered along the bottom of the glen, and crowned with green trees, and a half-starved melancholy looking pine here and there struggling for existence half-way up the banks, and you will have some idea of Glenlui."

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.—No. II.

At the corner of Captain Graham's bungalow (as a cottage residence in India is called) there was a large banian-tree, or Indian fig, beneath which he had a seat placed, and to which we now repaired for the coolness and fresh air. The tree was large, and afforded us a delightful shade under its wide arms and large bay-like leaves. It had none of those young stems or trunks shooting down from its branches for which this kind of tree is so celebrated, the goats, which are continually roaming about, having bitten off their tender points as often as they came near the ground; and at the very time while we were sitting, an animal of that kind, which Captain Graham had had with him, for the sake of its milk, during his campaign in Guzzerat, was standing upon its hind legs, and reaching as far as it could stretch its neck, to nibble at some of the descending shoots. Graham made a motion to strike it with his cane, but the little animal did not seem at all alarmed, and only made a fashion of retiring for a step or two, after which it immediately began to hop about, and browse with the same activity as before. "I could hardly strike her any where," said he, "and least of all under a banian-tree. When I was last in Guzzerat, I believe I should have died had it not been for her milk, and the shadow of these delightful trees. I was taken ill during the time we were in the field, and was obliged to be carried, while in a high fever, in a palanquin, under the heat of a burning sun, and amid the hot sands, till I was almost deprived of my senses. You cannot imagine at these times the delicious coolness and relief which I experienced when my bearers could halt for an hour under a tree of this kind, with its thick broad leaves, and wide branches, which never allow the soil beneath them to be heated by the most burning sun. The natives, indeed, believe that the coolness under them is owing to their being the favourite retreat of some of their gods or spirits. At such halts, a little tea, with the milk of poor Bukree, was the only luxury I could enjoy, and I assure you it was delightful. The goat has always been a favourite with me since."

"I do not wonder at it: and she must have been a very convenient camp follower, if she was as ingenious in foraging for herself every where as she seems now."

"That was what made her valuable; the desert itself was no desert to her, for the veriest sand always afforded her some root or stump that was eatable. She belonged to Mr Browne, a friend of mine, who died lately. By the bye, there must be some letters of his in that melancholy dead-letter box."

I had brought the box with me in order to look into some of the packets, and, on turning them over, soon found one labelled, "A. Browne, Esq. Rocket Brigade."

"Yes, these are the letters," said Captain Graham. "Browne's history had something in it not common in this country. He did not come here a boy, as most of us do, but was, when he arrived, a person between twenty and thirty, and had rather, I believe, been baffled in his prospects at home. He was much liked by the colonel for his happy convivial qualities, and was for some years the very centre of all the glee and humour of our mess-table. In truth, both from his constant cheerfulness, and from our always feeling sure of amusement when he was present, his very appearance came at last to put us all on the tip-toe for merriment, so that we were disposed to laugh at any thing; a very wink from Browne's droll eye would have thrown the whole table into a roar; and the colonel, till one unfortunate occurrence, never cared to dine with us if he was not present. I lived with him in a house which we had taken together, near the cantonments of the regiment, and had an opportunity of knowing more of his thoughts than the other officers; so that I soon saw that this natural gaiety was chequered at times by thoughts of no very pleasing kind, and was, indeed, to himself the source of bitter regret, as having led him to the neglect of business, and to much misfortune. He received a number of letters; some from his wife, and others apparently from people of considerable rank; but the latter often lay beside him unopened for days together; and if he did unseal them, it was frequently only for the purpose of clipping them into some odd caricature, to show off a laughable story. I came at last to know his history; for after we had been some time together, his gentle manlike manners gained my sincere respect; and he, on the other hand, was pleased to find a person who took an interest in his feelings, apart from the mere selfish wish for amusement. There were some letters which arrived after his death, and were thrown in here in my absence; you will find them in the bundle in your hand."

I untied the covering of China paper in which the packet was wrapped, and found three letters, one of them in a female hand, sealed with black; another was directed in that kind of careless scratchy writing which is generated by indolence, and sanctioned by fashion, among people who are above business. I held out the letter which was addressed in a lady's hand.

"Open it," said Graham. "I must do so at any rate, in order to write to his friends. That one is from his wife: he doated on her with the greatest idolatry; but his regard was mixed with very bitter reflections, for sufferings of which he blamed himself as the cause.

I began to read—

"Dear Alexander—I received your last letter, as, indeed, they have all come regularly, and the arrangements you have made for sending us remittances have been attended to quite well: we never have the smallest trouble, and Mr Richards is perfectly obliging. I am myself in good health, and have my mind taken up with the most agreeable employment, in forwarding the progress of the children. They are doing well, both in education and in respect to their health, which is greatly owing to the delightful and convenient situation you pitched on for us. The little creatures are always running and romping in the fields, and I go often with them; yet they keep steadily at their tasks, as you will see by the pretty letters which Elizabeth and John have enclosed in this. I encouraged them to write, as it incites them to be diligent, in the hope of pleasing you.

"Some of our old Grosvenor Square friends have called: perhaps I ought to have been pleased to see that they had not forgot us, but I did not encourage any repetition of their visits. They seemed all to think they were doing us some honour in keeping us in remembrance; and as that would have been sufficient to make you neglect them, I thought myself authorised to do the same. Lord Landon called lately too, and appeared, or endeavoured to appear, quite unembarrassed. He even made an offer of his interest at the India House, but I said, as quietly as I could, that I believed your uncle's was sufficient. He asked whether your situation was a permanent one, and I answered, that, at least, you could not be schemed out of it by horse-racers. This clouded his lordship's usual composure, and closed the conversation. I dare say he will not call again soon. He has lately ruined poor Mr Stringer, who lost to him I don't know how much money, besides his whole estate.

"How lucky it is, Alexander, that your education and talents qualified you for this employment! Your uncle writes me that the accounts which are received from India are all in your favour; and he says that the commander-in-chief will assist him in procuring something still better for you, whenever there is an opening. I shall be glad of this, chiefly as it will gratify you, and as it may enable me to join you in India.

"I enclose, as you request, a ringlet of each of the children's hair, and I send one also of poor Jane's, whom you never saw: she was a sweet little girl, but always delicate. I was much affected on receiving your last letter inquiring for her, and asking if she could pronounce your name well; the dear child had just died a month before, as you would see by my letter.

"Adieu, dear Alexander; we are all dependent on you, but I know that you will not consider it a burden. You cannot think with what affection the children repay the kindness of your letters.—I am, &c.

"Jane E. Browne."

I took up next one of the children's letters; it was written in a fair, pains-taking, schoolboy's hand, and contained only a few words.

"Dear Father—We are all well, and I am at school; I am dux in the third class, only when Dick Bellassis traps me down. I know where Calcutta lies from this; it is right away by the south side of Amworth steeple. Master says that the tiger is a species of cat; but I am sure the tiger hunt which you described to us was far better than hunting cats. Dear father, mother and all of us would be happy to see you. Farewell.—I am, &c. John Browne."

The other note consisted of some affectionate expressions from a younger child, and was signed "Euphemia." An enclosure of silver-paper, to which Mrs Browne had alluded, presented a most affecting picture: there were four ringlets of hair sewed on the paper, side by side, with a silk thread; the oldest considerably darker than the others, which were all lighter by degrees, till the delicate flaxen ringlets of the fourth little fair-haired infant who was dead. The name of each was written, by the mother, above the hair; that of the last in a tremulous hesitating hand. It was impossible to look on them without thinking what a bond of deep affection had been broken asunder.

I now took up the second letter: it was very short, and apparently from some acquaintance.

"Dear Browne—I ought to have written you before, but missed the opportunity of Bellew's going out; and then I went to the north for a long time. Things have been going on this season with great spirit; the races were excellent; you would have enjoyed the company and the sport to a degree: it was laughable to see how several large sums changed hands, as if whisked about by a conjuror's rod; I myself gained considerably. Stringer is completely done up; and he owed it to the same old hand whom you blamed for stripping you. I had a narrow escape myself—but still rub on. I hear you are a great favourite with Colonel Bland. The bearer of this (Mr Bloxom) is a young friend of mine whom I would be obliged if you can recommend to his attention: his friends have heard of your interest, and applied to me to write you. I would have called on Mrs Browne, but I believe she thought that I had some concern in the affair of your loss, which I assure you was not the case. That is the misfortune of marrying an heiress; if any thing happens to her money, there is no end to her grumbling.—I am, &c. Augustus Fitzhugh."

There was still another letter, which was written in a large formal hand, apparently from a person in years.

"Dear Alexander—I received your letter, and was glad to see you punctual to your engagement; the draft was duly honoured. You cannot do too much for your wife, for she is one of the most exemplary women I ever saw. She never speaks, nor even seems to think of the loss of her own fortune, which may be partly owing to her not having been bred up to expect it, and having few expensive habits; but it is also owing greatly to her affection for you and her family, whom she rears up with the greatest reverence for you; and I hope you will justify the opinions which she instils into them concerning their father.

"If you give way to the rash imprudent disposition for which I have so often blamed you, or enter again into habits of company-keeping, you will do an injury to this amiable family which no one can repair. I am glad to hear that nothing of the kind has yet happened: it is only a continuance of the same prudence which can enable me to serve you in India. I have Colonel Bland's last letter, who hopes to see you appointed soon to some lucrative situation, where Mrs Browne may indulge her wish of joining you.—I am, &c.

"Robert Barclay."

"And what happened to Mr Browne?" I inquired.

"The circumstances have hardly been spoken of openly, from various considerations which it would be disagreeable to explain; but they were melancholy enough. Browne, as I told you before, had come out to form the rocket brigade, which was a new thing here, and for which he was really well qualified. Every thing proceeded well for some years, and he was as much respected in his profession as he was liked in private life; for though he had a great deal of humour, there was no satire or ill nature in his composition, and he made few enemies. In our last campaign, however, the general, I was told, gave way to some pettish expressions of chagrin at the quantity of stores marked down as expended in Browne's department; and Browne, to whom the thing had been mentioned in some irritating way, replied, that the commissary's clerks must have falsified the accounts, and urged to see the vouchers he had given in. I don't know how the mistake might have been cleared up; but one day, when a number of officers were looking at the tricks of an Indian juggler, who pretended to take four balls out of a bag into which two only had been deposited, the man's dexterity was generally applauded, and Browne said, with a smile, 'Oh, that fellow must have been educated in the commissary's office.' A nephew of Colonel Wright, the commissary, was present, who seemed to resent the allusion to his uncle, and some farther words passed between Browne and him. Nothing, however, fell under my own observation, though I judged that the affair could not terminate pleasantly.

"Our cantonments were placed on an eminence which overlooked a large and beautiful meadow, not far from the river Nerbuddah. In the mornings this flat ground was generally covered over with a sheet of mist of the most milky whiteness, but so shallow that it scarcely rose above the height of a man; and we could see from the high grounds the tops of the little Indian cottages, the upper parts of high bushes, and the trunks and tops of some scattered palms, quite distinctly over the vapour, which lay as flat as a lake. I recollect its appearance on the morning when this circumstance happened, as if I saw it now before me. I had gone out to take a ride along the high ground, and was admiring the singular density and whiteness of the mist, when I saw two persons riding swiftly in the flat below. The head and shoulders of the riders were visible above the sheet of vapour, but the rest was concealed. They halted shortly after, dismounting immediately; and I thought I saw others arrive in the same retired spot of the plain to which they had gone. My mind was still occupied with what had occurred about Browne, and, suspecting that some unhappy affair was going to take place in which he was concerned, I pushed my horse directly for the place I have mentioned. Having once descended among the mist, however, where I could only see five or six yards before me, farther progress became difficult, and I was considerably at a loss how to keep the right direction. I had not been five minutes on my way when I heard two pistol shots fired, which intimated that I was in all probability too late; but, being set right as to the quarter they came from, I urged forward, groping through the vapour, and stumbling more than once over the low fences used in the wet season for confining water

on these plains in order to irrigate the rice. I at last heard voices, one of which I was sure spoke in English. I hurried up to the spot, and saw my worst fears confirmed. An officer, whom I instantly recognised to be Browne, was lying on his side, while a person in a military greatcoat was stooping over him. There were three or four wild-looking natives standing by, apparently just roused from their beds, and wrapped in the cloths in which they had been sleeping. When I mixed with this melancholy group, Browne knew me immediately. 'My dear Graham,' he said, 'is it you? This has been an unfortunate affair. I am dying—I feel it.' Seeing him exhausted, I said, 'I hope not. Is Mr Shepherd (the regimental surgeon) here?' 'He will be here directly,' said the other officer, whom I now recognised to be Captain Spalding, a cousin of Browne's wife, and his second on this occasion, as I supposed. 'It is all right,' said Browne; 'but he can do nothing. My God! that it should end this way! Poor Jane—poor Jane—how will she bear it all?—how will they?—oh God!' He was silent for a little, and I made some inquiries concerning his wound at Spalding, who only shook his head. Browne again spoke. 'Spalding, you will forward the letters, and do as I bade you. The mist is becoming very thick indeed: dark—dark! Ay, her heart has been broken twice—Ah!'

"We perceived that he was dying, and from the nature of the wound which I now saw in his left breast, it was impossible that he could survive more than a few minutes. The words which he spoke were unconnected, and apparently without consciousness, and after a moment we could hardly distinguish whether he still breathed.

"At this time a singular circumstance occurred. The little goat which you saw—she is there still—had been a great favourite with Mr Browne, and used to run scampering about him, eating fruit or bread from his hand whenever he returned to his lodgings. At the time when we were standing beside him, as I have described, she came running up, and, without regarding us, made directly for Browne, going close to him, and putting her mouth into his hand. She did not, however, stop a moment, but went smelling along till she came to the wound, where there was blood on his breast, when she raised her head a very little, and gave a short dismal bleat, as if in terror. She then turned about, and ran away to the tent, where she was found cowering on our return."

"Was any notice taken of the circumstances of Mr Browne's fate?"

"These occurrences are so rare here, and the consequences so utterly ruinous to all concerned, that there was some reluctance to take it up formally; but Sommerville, Browne's opponent, belonged to a king's regiment, and got transferred from India, with very little comfort. No one thought there was any occasion for urging the matter in the way he did, and Browne's conduct, allowing for a little irritation, which could not be wondered at, was perfectly correct and gentlemanlike."

Such is another melancholy instance of the effects of the abominable practice of duelling.

THE APOCRYPHA.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We now come to the Seventh Book of the Apocrypha, entitled "The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach, or Ecclesiasticus," which like the preceding has sometimes been considered as the production of king Solomon; whence the Council of Carthage deemed it canonical, under the title of the Fifth Book of Solomon, and their decision was adopted by the Council of Trent. It is, however, manifest that it was not, and could not be, written by Solomon, because in it allusion is made to the captivity; although it is not improbable that the author collected some scattered sentiments ascribed to Solomon, which he arranged with the other materials he had selected for his work. Sonntag is of opinion that this book is a collection of fragments, or miscellaneous hints for a large work, planned out and begun, but not completed. From the book itself it appears that it was written by a person of the name of Jesus the Son of Sirach, who had travelled in pursuit of knowledge. By reading the Scriptures, and other good books, he attained a considerable share of wisdom; and by collecting the grave and short sentences of such as went before him, and adding sundry of his own, he endeavoured to produce a work of instruction that might be useful to his countrymen.

This book was originally written in Hebrew, or rather the Syro-Chaldaic dialect then in use in Judea, about the year 232 before Christ, when the author was probably about seventy years of age. Jesus, his grandson, who is also called *The Son of Sirach*, translated it into Greek during the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes, king of Egypt, about 140 years before Christ, for the use of the Hellenistical Jews, amongst whom he had settled in Alexandria. The Hebrew original is now lost; but it was extant in the time of Jerome, for he tells us that he had seen it under the title of *The Parables*; but he says that the common name of it in Greek was *The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach*. The Latin version of this book has more in it than the Greek, several particulars being inserted which are not in the other. These seem to have been interpolated by the first author of that version; but now the Hebrew being lost, the Greek, which has been made from it by the grandson of the author, must stand for the original, and from that the English translation has been made. From the supposed resemblance of this book to that of *Ecclesiastes*, it has received from the Latin translator the title of *Ecclesiasticus*, by which name it is most generally known and referred to.

Ecclesiasticus is considered by far the best of all the apocryphal books. The ancients called it *Panareton*, that is, *The Treasury of Virtue*, as supposing it to contain maxims leading to every virtue. It has met with general esteem, also, in most of the Western churches, and was introduced into the public service of the Church of England by the compilers of its Liturgy. It was frequently cited by the fathers of the church under the titles of *The Wisdom of Jesus, Wisdom, The Treasure of all the Virtues*, or *Logos, the Discourse*; and in those times it was put into the hands of catechumens, or young Christians under examination, on account of the edifying nature of its instruction.

The book commences with an exhortation to the pursuit of wisdom; this is followed by numerous moral sentences or maxims, arranged somewhat after the manner of the Proverbs of Solomon, as far as the forty-fourth chapter, at which the author enters upon a eulogy of the patriarchs, prophets, and celebrated men among the Jews, to the end of the fiftieth chapter: and the book concludes with a prayer. The author makes honouring of parents and giving of alms to be an atonement for sin; affirms that some men are in this world possessed of *sinless perfection*; with many other things entirely inconsistent with the doctrines of inspired Scripture; and, indeed, this author begs pardon if there should be any thing in the book amiss, which shows plainly that he was not inspired.

VIII. The Book of "Baruch" is not extant in Hebrew, and only in Greek and Syriac; but in what language it was originally written, it is now impossible to ascertain. Grotius is of opinion that it is an entire fiction, and that it was composed by some Hellenistical Jew, under the name of Baruch. The principal subject of the book is an epistle, pretended to be sent by Jehoiakim and the captive Jews in Babylon, to their brethren in Judah and Jerusalem: and the last chapter contains an epistle which falsely bears the name of Jeremiah. This has never been considered as a canonical book, either by the Jews or the Christians; and, indeed, it is little else than an arrant romance. It absurdly pretends to have been written by Baruch at Babylon, when it is probable he never went thither: that it was read to Jechoniah at the river Sud, which is no where else mentioned; nor could Jechoniah hear it there, when he was confined in prison. It mentions a collection to buy sacrifices, gathered by the captives in Babylon, and sent to Joakim the priest, along with the sacred vessels which Zedekiah had made; but, how could the captives, newly enslaved in Babylon, be able to make collections? How could they send it to a high priest that did not then exist? How could the sacred vessels which Zedekiah made, be returned from Babylon, when it does not appear that he made any? Or how could they be returned before they were carried away, along with himself? The author borrows a variety of expressions from Daniel, and must, therefore, have lived after Baruch was dead. The epistle ascribed to Jeremiah is neither written in his style, nor at all in the style of the Scriptures; and it ridiculously turns the *seventy years* of the captivity into *seven generations*.*

IX. "The Song of the Three Children in the Furnace" is placed in the Greek version of Daniel, and also in the Vulgate Latin version, between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses of the third chapter. It is partly a poor imitation of the 148th Psalm, and partly deprecatory, not at all suited to such a deliverance. It does not appear to have ever been extant in Hebrew; and although it has met with a good deal of approbation for the piety of its sentiments, it was never admitted to be canonical, until it was recognised by the Council of Trent. The account of the flame streaming above the furnace "forty-and-nine cubits," and of the angel's "smiting the flame out of the oven, and making a moist whistling wind in it," seems entirely fabulous and romantic; nor is it very consistent with the account of the fire's loosening their bands. The fifteenth verse contains a direct falsehood; for it asserts that there was no prophet at that time, when it is well known that Daniel and Ezekiel both exercised the prophetic ministry then in Babylon. This apocryphal fragment is, therefore, most probably the production of some Hellenistic Jew. The Hymn resembling the hundred and forty-eighth Psalm, which commences at the 29th verse, was so approved of by the compilers of the Liturgy of the Church of England, that they appointed it to be used instead of the *Te Deum* during Lent.

X. "The History of Susanna" has always been treated with some respect, but has never been considered as canonical, though the Council of Trent admitted it into the number of the sacred books. It is evidently, like the rest, the work of some Hellenistic Jew, and in the Vulgate version it forms the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Daniel. In the Septuagint version, it is placed at the beginning of that book. Lamy, and some other modern critics, after Julius Africanus, and Origen, consider it to be both spurious and fabulous. That it was originally written in Greek, is manifest, in the punishment pronounced on the elders, from the play which is made upon the Greek names of the mastic and holm trees, under which, they said, they found Susanna and the young man together. It is evidently absurd to affirm, that, in the beginning of the captivity, Joachim, the husband of Susanna, was become exceedingly rich: that there were Jewish judges with the power of life and death in Chaldea: that Daniel, who was bred in the court, had leisure, or, being so young, was admitted to be a judge: that Susanna went into her garden to wash at noon-day, and did it without searching if any body was there: or that the elders attempted to force her, when they could not but every moment expect the return of her maids.

XI. "The History of the Destruction of Bel and the Dragon" is a still more romantic story. It is not extant in either the Hebrew or the Chaldee language, and it was always rejected by the Jewish church. Jerome gives it no better title than that of *The Fable of Bel and the Dragon*; nor has it obtained more credit with posterity, except with the fathers of the Council of Trent, who determined it to be a part of the canonical scriptures. It forms the fourteenth chapter of Daniel in the Latin Vulgate; in the Greek it was called the Prophecy of Habakkuk, the son of Jesus, of the tribe of Levi: but this is evidently false, for that prophet lived before the time of Nebuchadnezzar, and the events pretended to have taken place in this fable are assigned to the time of Cyrus. There are two Greek texts of this fragment, that of the Septuagint, and that found in Theodotion's Greek version of Daniel.

The design of this fiction is to render idolatry ridiculous, and to exalt the true God; but the author has destroyed the illusion of his fiction, by transporting to Babylon the worship of animals, which was never practised in that country. It is, also, quite improbable, that Cyrus, a Persian, would worship a Babylonian idol; nay, an idol that was broken to pieces at the taking of the city! It is absurd to imagine that a man of his sense could believe an image of brass and clay did really eat and drink. How pitiful, for Daniel, to discover the coming of the priests to devour the provisions, by making the king's servants strew ashes on the floor, when the priest might so easily perceive them, or the servants so readily inform concerning them! It is absurd to suppose that the newly-conquered Babylonians should, by menaces, oblige Cyrus to deliver up his beloved Daniel to them, to be cast into the den of lions; or, that Habakkuk should be then alive to bring him food; or, that Cyrus should be seven days before he went to the den, to see what was become of his favourite minion.

XII. "The Prayer of Manasses, king of Judah, when he was holden captive in Babylon," never appeared in the Hebrew language, and seems to be the product of some Pharisaical spirit. It was never recognised as canonical, and is rejected as spurious even by the Church of Rome. It cannot be traced to a higher source than the Vulgate Latin version; and, therefore, it has no claim to be considered as the original Prayer which, in the Book of Chronicles, Manasseh is mentioned to have made, and which it pretends to be. The author speaks of just persons, such as Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as being *without sin*, and *not called to repent*.

XIII. The Books of the "Maccabees" are thus denominated, because they relate the patriotic and gallant exploits of Judas Maccabeus and his brethren. The Maccabees arose in defence of their brethren the Jews, during the dreadful persecution to which they were subjected, on account of their religion, under Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, about 160 years before Christ. The most likely derivation of the title Maccabees, is that which takes it from the motto put by Judas in his standard, being this Hebrew sentence, taken out of Exodus xvi. 11, *Mi Camo-ka Baelim Jehovah, i. e.* "Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Jehovah?" which being written, like the S.P.Q.R., *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, on the Roman standards, by an abbreviation formed by the initial letters of these words put together, made the artificial word *Maccabi*; and hence all who fought under that standard were called Maccabees or Maccabeans.

The First Book of Maccabees is a very valuable historical monument, written with great accuracy and fidelity, on which even more reliance may be placed than on the writings of Josephus, who has borrowed some of his materials from it, and has frequently mistaken its meaning. It is, indeed, an excellent history, and comes the nearest to the style and manner of the sacred historical writings of any extant. It was written originally in the Chaldee language of the Jerusalem dialect, which was the language spoken in Judea, from the return of the Jews thither from the Babylonish captivity; and it was extant in this Syro-Chaldaic language in the time of Jerome, for he tells us that he had seen it. The title which it then bore was, *The Sceptre of the Prince of the Sons of God*; a title which is certainly suitable to the character of Judas, who was a valiant commander of the persecuted Israelites. It contains the history of the Jews, under

* Brown's Dictionary of the Bible. Art. *Apocrypha*.

the government of the priest Mattathias and his sons, from the beginning of the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes to the death of Simon Maccabeus, a period of about thirty-four years. The author of this book is not certainly known: some conjecture that it was written by John Hyrcanus, the son of Simon, who was prince and high priest of the Jews for nearly thirty years, and who commenced his government at the time when this history ends: by others it is ascribed to one of the Maccabees, and many are of opinion that it was compiled by the men of the great synagogue. It is, however, most probable, that it was composed in the time of John Hyrcanus, when the wars of the Maccabees were terminated, either by Hyrcanus himself, or by some persons employed by him. There is both a Greek and a Latin translation of it, from the Syro-Chaldaic; and our English version is made from the Greek.

There are many things in this book which show that it was not written by inspiration. The writer often observes, that *there was no prophet* in his times: and, indeed, he has blundered into several mistakes; as, that Alexander the Great parted his kingdom among his honourable servants while he was yet alive; that Antiochus the Great was taken alive by the Romans; that they gave India and Media, parts of his kingdom, to Eumenes, king of Pergamus; that the Roman senate consisted of 320 persons; that Alexander Balas was the son of Antiochus Epiphanes, and several others which are palpably absurd.

XIV. The "Second Book of Maccabees" is a history of fifteen years, from the execution of the commission of Heliodorus, who was sent by Seleucus to bring away the treasures of the temple, to the victory obtained by Judas Maccabeus over Nicanor, that is, from the year of the world 3828 to 3843. It commences with two epistles sent from the Jews of Jerusalem to those of Alexandria and throughout Egypt, exhorting them to observe the feast of the dedication of the new altar, erected by Judas Maccabeus on his purifying the temple. The second of these epistles is not only written in the name of Judas Maccabeus, who was slain thirty-six years before, but also contains such fabulous and absurd stuff, as could never have been written by the great council of the Jews assembled at Jerusalem for the whole nation, as this pretends to be. The epistles, which are confessedly spurious, are followed by the author's preface to his history, which is an abridgement of a larger work, compiled by one Jason, a Hellenistic Jew of Cyrene, who wrote in Greek the history of Judas Maccabeus and his brethren, and an account of the wars against Antiochus Epiphanes, and his son Eupator, in five books. The entire work of Jason has long since perished; and Dr Prideaux is of opinion that the author of this second book of Maccabees was a Hellenistic Jew of Alexandria, because he makes a distinction between the temple in Egypt and that at Jerusalem, calling the latter "*the Great Temple.*"

The compilation of this unknown author is by no means equal in accuracy to the First Book of the Maccabees, which it contradicts in several instances; it is not arranged in chronological order, and sometimes also it is at variance with the inspired writings. The author concludes it, begging excuse if he had said any thing unbecoming the story; and, indeed, he had reason to do so, considering what a number of false and wicked things he retails; as, that Judas Maccabeus was alive in the 188th year of the Seleucidæ, when he died in the 152d; that Antiochus Epiphanes was killed at the temple of Nanea in Persia, whereas he died on the frontiers of Babylon, of a terrible disease; that Nehemiah built the second temple and altar, whereas they were built sixty years before he came from Persia; that Jeremiah hid the tabernacle, ark, and altar of incense in a cave; that Persepolis was in being 100 years after Alexander had burnt it to ashes; that Judas did well in offering prayers and sacrifices to make reconciliation for the dead; and that Rasis did well in murdering himself to escape the fury of the Syrians.

The name of Maccabees was first given to Judas, the son of Mattathias, the priest of Modin, and his brethren, for the reason which has been already mentioned; and, therefore, the two books just spoken of, which give us an account of their actions, are called the First and the Second Book of the Maccabees. But because they were sufferers in the cause of their religion, others who were like sufferers in the same cause, and by their sufferings bore witness to the truth, were in after times called also *Maccabees* by the Jews. For this reason, other two books, giving an account of other persecutions endured by the Jews, are found under the title of the *Third* and *Fourth* Books of the Maccabees. The Third Book contains the history of a persecution intended against the Jews in Egypt by Ptolemy Philopater, but which was miraculously prevented. From its style, this book appears to have been written by some Alexandrian Jew; it abounds with the most absurd fables. With regard to its subject, it ought in strictness to be called the First Book of Maccabees, as the events it professes to relate occurred before the achievements of that heroic family; but as it is of less authority and repute than the other two, it is reckoned after them. It is found in most ancient manuscripts of the Greek Septuagint, particularly in the Alexandrian and Vatican manuscripts; but it was never inserted in the Latin Vulgate, nor in our English Bibles.

Of the *Fourth* Book of the Maccabees very little is known. It is destitute of every internal mark of credibility, and is supposed to be the same as the book "concerning the government, or empire of reason," ascribed to Josephus by Philostratus, Eusebius, and Jerome. It is extant in some Greek manuscripts, in which it is placed after the three books of Maccabees. Dr Lardner thinks it is the work of some unknown Christian writer. The history contained in it extends to about 160 years; beginning at Seleucus's attempt to pillage the temple, and ending just before the birth of Jesus Christ.

Upon the whole, in regard to these apocryphal books, it is to be observed, they appear to have been entirely the work of Hellenistic Jews, and quite destitute of any proper claim to the authority of inspiration. The Jews, after their return from the Babylonish captivity to the time of our Saviour, were much given to religious romances; and of this sort the greater part, if not all, of these books, are to be accounted. They were never extant in Hebrew, neither are they quoted in the New Testament, or by the Jewish writers, Philo and Josephus; on the contrary, they contain many things which are fabulous, false, and contradictory to the canonical Scriptures. They are nevertheless possessed of some value as ancient writings, which throw considerable light upon the phraseology of Scripture, and upon the history and manners of the East.

TOOTHACH.

"When fevers burn and agues freeze us,
Rheumatics gnaw and cholics squeeze us,
Our neebors sympathise to ease us,
Wi' pitying moan—
But thou the hell o' a' diseases,
They mock our groan." BURNS.

THE toothach is rendered more distressing, if not more acute, by there being no commiseration for the wretchedness it occasions. The belief in this, and a keen recollection of bodily and mental sufferings, have produced the following little narrative:—

Some years ago, a tremendous tooth, with three enormous prongs, confined me to my room, and irritated me to a state little short of distraction. With my head tied up in a bandana handkerchief, both hands on my afflicted jaw, I sat swaying my body to and fro, as if endeavouring to calm a fractious infant; at other times I stamped about like a lunatic, or plunged on my bed like a frog swimming. Being at length reduced to a state of exhaustion, I was anxious to retreat from all intercourse with the world; yet knock after knock at the door continued, as if only to increase my already excessive nervous irritability. Many of the persons I had no desire to see, but some were those interwoven with my professional pursuits, and I was compelled to be at home. I had to account for my disconsolate appearance—to describe my tormenting pangs, till I was weary of speaking upon the subject. To all of my fervid descriptions, I received the cold remark, and the chilling advice, that it was *only* the toothach, and that I had better have it *extracted.* All this time, the salivary glands were pouring their fluids into my mouth, the gastric juices were wasting their powers, and I was in a paroxysm of excruciating anguish. It was astonishing how persons could calmly behold such a complication of miseries. Nothing could be eaten; slops became offensive; the sight of a spoon frightful; and a basin revolting as a perpetual blister. Even the air could not be taken!—it was too much for the petulance of my capricious tooth. On it raged, as if torments were its delight. In all my reading, I never met with any author but Burns who had a proper idea of the toothach. He wished his enemies to have it for a twelvemonth. Oh dear! He must be more or less than man who could endure this. He must despair and perish.

How true it is, that out of evil often some good will spring; for while I was enduring this thumb-screw on my gums—this gout in my jaw—this rack of nerves—this destroyer of brains—amid this desolation I acquired much useful information respecting the toothach. One friend informed me that half the suffering was occasioned by nervous irritability; for, if I went to a dentist with a determination to have the tooth extracted, the moment I entered the door the tooth would cease to give me pain. He had proved it more than once.

Another friend smiled at my deplorable situation, and laughed at my desire to retain in my mouth such a *thing*, that had ceased to be a tooth; it was a mere stump, with a carious triplex fang; worse than useless; it was positively injurious. If the case were his, he should give such a tenant immediate notice to quit. With a pair of pincers he would serve the ejectment himself, as an empty house was preferable to a bad tenant.

Another friend requested me to be careful in selecting an operator on my tooth, for that he went to a dentist once, under anguish scarcely endurable, to have a large double tooth like mine extracted. He seated himself in a chair, and was told to hold fast by the frame-work of the seat, to prevent being hoisted up by the lever-power in the hands of the operator. All was properly arranged, the instrument in, and a tooth drawn; but, unfortunately, the fellow had taken the wrong tooth out, being the only one left to meet another in the opposite jaw, to enable my friend to masticate his food. Bad as this was, he found it must be endured, because the tooth could not be replaced, and because a portion of the jawbone had been torn away with the tooth. Miserable situation! The pain redoubled its violence, and he resolved to have the tormenting fang extracted. To prevent being tossed against the ceiling, he fixed his feet in leather straps attached to the floor, and held firmly by the chair. In this determined state he made a round O of his mouth; the operator popped in the instrument, and u-g-h!—a-h!—it slipped. He felt as if a loaded waggon had passed over his head. The dentist apologised, saying, "It was a common occurrence; gentlemen did not mind it much, because the next attempt was always successful." This my friend was obliged to receive as a consolation, though deficient in every satisfactory particular. Down he sat; made another round O; in went the instrument. Oh!—ough!—gh! His head seemed separated from his body, but only part of the tooth with one fang was extracted. Again the dentist begged pardon; "hoped he should be excused, as every one must have a beginning, in whatever profession. He would fetch his master, who would punch out the remaining fangs in less than a quarter of an hour!" This was too much. The gentleman sickened at the idea, and left the shop in a worse state than when he entered, resolving never to intrust his head in the hands of a beginner again.

This was a frightful relation of accumulated horrors to me, for, as I had no expectation of relief from agony, but by the skill of a dentist, I shuddered lest I should be subjected to similar treatment. My poor servant-girl Betty, who heard the description of this bungling operation, screamed in sympathetic recollection of what she once had suffered under the hands of a dentist. She begged of me, "for goodness sake, to give up the notion of going to have my tooth hauled out in that fashion, for she could assure me it was quite unspeakable for to tell the pain that must be endured. It was the most horrid *scrawnch* that ever was in this mortal world. Nobody could tell if their head was off or no, and it wa'nt a right way for to treat any human Christian." I listened to poor Betty, because I began to think there was one person who could appreciate my sufferings. I hoped to escape from farther interruption by being denied, but Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting some time in the parlour, who said he would not detain me half a minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years. He sympathised with me, while I briefly told how sadly I was afflicted.

"My dear friend," exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes."

"How? How?" inquired I; "do it in pity."

"Instantly," said he. "Betty, have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it, and some common salt."

They were produced; my friend pulverized them, mixed them in equal quantities; then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he; "if that do not cure you, I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath, and publish it in the streets of Aschalon; the remedy is infallible."

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coldness, which gradually subsided, and with it the torment of the toothach.

Though I thus learnt something from my sufferings, and entertain a hope that what I learnt, being thus published, will be of service to my fellow-creatures, I am far from believing that any catholicon or universal remedy has yet been discovered for this afflicting malady. It would almost appear, indeed, that, instead of there being any general cure for the toothach, every body would require to have his own cure; for though certain preparations have been found effectual in certain cases, nothing is so common as to find these fail when applied to others. Probably there is one particular cure for every man on earth, if he only could discover what it is. Till that be done, I am afraid that the disease must be looked upon as a *pin loose in nature*, and just endured, when a remedy cannot be hit upon, as an unavoidable evil.

GARDENS IN SHIPS.

To sow in the temperate zone, and reap between the tropics, is a somewhat singular thing. Yet it is constantly done; for our great East India ships, in imitation of the Dutch, who first introduced the practice, have small salad gardens in flat wooden boxes on their poops, where the seed, acted upon by a heat increasing daily, shoots up in a surprisingly rapid manner. In these gardens the number of crops in a year are more numerous than in any spot on earth, for the gardeners, if so minded, can command almost any temperature.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SKUNK.

THE length of the skunk, from the nose to the tail, is about eighteen inches, and the tail itself measures fourteen inches. Its nose is long and slender, protruding a considerable way beyond the lower jaw; its ears are large, short, and rounded; a white stripe extends from the nose over the forehead and along the back, where it is intersected by a small line of black, commencing at the tail, directed upwards along the middle of the back; its sides, belly, and legs, are black; its hair long and flowing, particularly on the tail, which is thick, bushy, and very long.

The native country of the skunk is principally Peru, Brazil, and other parts of South America, although it is found as far north as Canada. This animal is remarkable on account of the intolerable and almost suffocating fetor, of a vapour that it emits, especially when pursued or irritated. This odour may be smelt at a great distance, and so abominable and powerful are its effects, that provisions once tainted with it are irrecoverable. Clothes, after having been exposed to this noxious vapour, have been washed and soaked for days in water, dried in the sun, and still retained this fetid smell for many months.

We are told by Professor Kalm that a skunk was once perceived by a servant in a cellar, which she attacked and killed, without thinking of the effluvia. The place was instantly filled with a horrid stench, which so affected the thoughtless woman, that she was taken seriously ill, in which state she continued for some considerable time.

Few dogs will attack the skunk, on account of this fetor, which seems the animal's best defence against its enemies. Cattle that come within the influence of this vapour are so disgusted and alarmed, that they set up a horrid bellowing.

The skunk is sometimes domesticated, and, strange as it may appear, it is never known to emit this fetid vapour in a tame state. It is naturally a bold animal, and does not hesitate to enter farm establishments, and even houses, in search of eggs and other food.

THE OTTER.

The body of the otter is about two feet long, and the tail sixteen inches; the legs are short and robust; on each foot are five toes, which are webbed, and furnished with strong sharp nails; the eyes are large, brilliant, and so placed in the head, that the animal can see any object that is above it, which adds to the singularity of its aspect. Its fur is deep blackish brown, with two small light spots on each side of the nose, and another under the chin.

The otter is a native of Britain, the whole Continent of Europe, and America. It fixes its habitation on the banks of rivers, where it burrows to some depth—its principal food being fish. It is semi-amphibious, living almost constantly in the water. The burrow is constructed with great sagacity—its entrance being invariably under water, inclining upwards to the surface of the earth; and, before reaching the top, it constructs several lodges, at different heights, to which it may retire in the event of floods, of which it must have an instinctive forethought; for although so much accustomed to a watery element, no animal is more particular in lying quite dry. At the top of the uppermost of these cells, it opens a very small orifice for the admission of air; and the more effectually to conceal this opening, it is generally placed in the middle of a thick bush of willows or other shrubs.

In Canada, during winter, otters frequently travel to a considerable distance from trees, but for what purpose they make these excursions, it has not been satisfactorily ascertained. In these cases the Indians track them in the snow, and kill them with clubs, which they carry. The otter is a slow-paced animal, and, if closely pursued, before being overtaken, when the snow happens to be light and deep, they immediately dive a considerable way under it; but this seldom avails them, for their crafty pursuers can easily trace them by their motions in passing through the snow.

The otter is naturally of a ferocious disposition, but, nevertheless, when taken young, and properly treated, it can easily be rendered quite tame, and may be taught to catch fish and fetch them to its master.

In the following passage of the *Prædium Rusticum* of Vaniere, allusion is made to tame otters being employed in fishing:—

> "Should chance within this dark recess betray
> The tender young, bear quick the prize away.
> Tamed by thy care, the useful brood shall join
> The wat'ry chase, and add their toils to thine;
> From each close-lurking hole shall force away,
> And drive within their nets the silver prey:
> As the taught hound the timid stag subdues,
> And o'er the dewy plain the panting hare pursues."

Hunting the otter was a favourite British pastime. It has now, however, fallen greatly into disuse. A few otter-hounds are still to be found in various parts of Britain. The Duke of Buccleuch possesses a few couples of them. During the reign of Elizabeth, large packs were kept, this being a favourite diversion of the young nobles. In Sommerville's Chase he makes the following allusion to the otter, and moralizes on its destructive properties:—

> "Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
> Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
> Haunt even the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
> Rivers and ponds enclose the rav'nous pike;
> He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
> Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
> Deserved; but tyrants know no bounds: nor spear.
> That bristle on his back, defend the perch
> From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
> The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
> Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
> Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
> The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
> And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
> This midnight pillager, raging around,
> Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
> Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
> The huntsman's early call."

The otter defends itself with determined courage, never yielding till the last extremity, and is seldom killed without inflicting severe wounds on its antagonist. When roused, and in a state of desperation, he not unfrequently becomes the assailant, and, fixing on an adversary like a bull-dog, maintains his hold as long as life remains.

When the otter has caught a fish, he carries it to the banks of the river, where he eats the head and upper parts of the body, leaving the rest untouched; so that a considerable quantity of food is required to satisfy its hunger. He generally pursues his prey from the bottom upwards, and takes it by surprise; for which the manner his eyes are situated peculiarly fits him.

The female brings forth, in the spring, from four to five at a birth. Their affection for their offspring is so powerful, that they will frequently suffer themselves to be killed rather than quit their progeny; and this is often the occasion of them losing their lives when they might otherwise have escaped.

Professor Steller says that they are very tender mothers. "Often have I spared the lives of the female otters whose young ones I took away. They expressed their sorrow by crying like human beings, and followed me as I was carrying off their young, while they called to them for aid with a tone of voice which very much resembled the crying of children. When I sat down in the snow, they came quite close to me, and attempted to carry off their young.

"On one occasion, when I had deprived an otter of her progeny, I returned to the place eight days after, and found the female sitting by the river listless and desponding, who suffered me to kill her on the spot without making any attempt to escape. On skinning her, I found she was quite wasted away from sorrow for the loss of her young.

"Another time, I saw at some distance from me an old female otter sleeping by the side of a young one about a year old. As soon as the mother perceived us, she awoke the young one, and enticed him to betake himself to the river; but as he did not take the hint, and seemed inclined to prolong his sleep, she took him up in her fore-paws, and plunged him into the water."

The flesh of the otter has been eaten, but it is of a rank and fishy taste, on which account, probably, the Roman Catholic church permitted it to be used on maigre days. Pennant says, that, when on his travels, he saw, in a convent near Dijone, in France, an otter cooked for the monks of the Carthusian order, who are said to have been rigidly strict on all points of their faith, which enjoined their perpetual abstinence from the use of animal food.

James Campbell, near Inverness, procured a young otter, which he brought up and tamed. It would follow him wherever he chose, and, if called on by its name, would immediately obey. When apprehensive of danger from dogs, it sought the protection of its master, and would endeavour to spring into his arms for greater security. It was frequently employed in catching fish, and would sometimes take eight or ten salmon in a day. If not prevented, it always made an attempt to break the fish behind the anal fin, which is next the tail; and as soon as one was taken away, it always dived in pursuit of more. It was equally dexterous at the sea-fishing, and took great numbers of young cod and other fish there. When tired, it would refuse to fish any longer, and was then rewarded with as much as it could devour. Having satisfied its appetite, it always coiled itself round and fell asleep, in which state it was generally carried home.

Otters can be easily tamed, and instructed to fish. A person who kept a tame otter accustomed it to associate with his dogs, who soon became upon the most friendly terms. It would accompany him in different excursions, along with his canine attendants. He was in the habit of fishing in rivers with nets, on which occasions the otter proved a highly useful assistant, by going into the water, and driving trout and other fish towards the net. It was not a little remarkable, that even dogs accustomed to otter-hunting were so far from offering it the least molestation, that they refused to hunt any other otter while he remained in their company, on which account the owner was under the necessity of parting with it, although so useful in his avocations.

William Collins, who resided at Kilmerston, near Wooler, in Northumberland, had a tame otter which followed him wherever he went. He frequently took it to fish in the river for its own food, and it never failed to return to its master. One day, in the absence of Collins, the otter being taken out to fish by his son, instead of returning as usual, refused to come at the accustomed call, and was lost. Collins tried every means to recover it, and, after several days' search, being near the place where it was lost by his son, and calling it by name, it came creeping to his feet, exhibiting many unabated marks of affection and attachment.

THE SEA OTTER.

The fur of the sea otter is thick and long, and of a beautiful shining black colour, but it is sometimes, though rarely, of a silvery hue; the legs are thick and short; the toes joined by a web; the hind feet are like those of a seal. The total length from the nose to the tail is four feet two inches; the tail is flat, thirteen inches long, and pointed at the extremity. The largest sized animals of this species weigh about eighty pounds.

The sea otter is a remarkably harmless animal, and most affectionately fond of its young; they have been known to pine to death for the loss of their offspring, and even to die on the spot from whence they have been taken away. Before the young can swim, the old animals carry them in their paws, and support them in the water lying upon their backs.

The sea otter can swim in various positions—on its back, sides, and even perpendicularly, and are excessively sportive in the water. It frequents shallow pools which abound in sea-weeds, and feeds on crabs, lobsters, and other marine animals. They breed but once a-year, and only produce but one at a time, which the female suckles and attends with great assiduity for nearly a year.

Vast numbers of these animals inhabit the coasts of Kamschatka, and the numerous islands contiguous to it, as well as the opposite coasts of America; they are also found on the larger South American islands. Their skins are of great value, and have long formed a considerable article of export from Russia. They dispose of them to the Chinese at the rate of seventy or a hundred rubles each, and receive in return some of their most valuable commodities.

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> No more her shadow now she chases,
> Or hunts the leaves in windy places;
> No more upon the panes she springs,
> To catch a fly on buzzing wings.
> No: graver grown, on other game
> She now has learned to fix her aim:
> Already can she mimic sleep,
> By pantry door the guard to keep;
> Or watches patient till she sees
> The mice appear from hollow cheese,
> Where, eating long, they love to dwell
> And play within the hollow shell.
> And now, with character so proper,
> From decent service what can stop her?
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> Amid the farmer's endless bustle;
> Where mastiffs, children, pigs, and rats,
> Are equal enemies to cats:
> Nor would she, high though wages be,
> In skipper's cabin go to sea:
> She has no skill, nor had her mother,
> To jump on ropes, or guess the weather
> But yet (for other service ready)
> She'd act, well qualified and steady,
> Companion to an ancient lady;
> Beside her walks would pace along,
> With arching tail and purring song;
> Within her bonnet would not sleep,
> And awkward hours would seldom keep.
> Such place, she thinks, would suit her well;
> So, if you know it, come and tell.
>
> *Postscriptum*—Would have no objection
> To give assistance in the kitchen:
> Would look at times into the dairy,
> Or tend the lady's aviary.

D. M.

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QUOTATIONS.

THERE are a few unfortunate passages in the works of the British classic writers, which exist in a state of perpetual torture and suffering, being taken hold of on all possible occasions by modern authors, and forced to tag out their meaning whenever they are at a loss for an idea out of their own heads. Weak writers—a body who, if numbers signified strength, would be most respectable—could never get on if it were not for quotations; but while it is fun to them, as in the famous case of the boys and frogs, it is death or worse to the gentlemen whose writings are thus pillaged. The reading of Hamlet, for instance, is positively spoiled, in consequence of the ridiculous associations which arise at every other line, in consequence of the uses made of it by the herd of writers whose works are most commonly in our hands. "Alas, poor Yorick!" has lost all its pathos, from its being applied to every funny fellow who has died during the last two centuries, or at least since the days of Sterne; and we now look upon the declaration of the Prince of Denmark, as to the improbability of there ever being another man like his father, as the height of nonsense; seeing that "we ne'er shall look upon his like again" has been said in half the obituary notices of equivocal public characters we can recollect having ever perused. The better plays of Shakspeare are all in pretty much the same predicament. The felicity of that man's diction has been the death of him, and we find him bad because he is so good. We loathe Macbeth, because we never hear in modern literature of a man making wry faces at medicine, but what we are informed that he exclaimed, in a burst of antipathy, "Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it!" We detest King Richard, because there is not an ill-mounted sportsman in the country who will not cry "Bring me another horse." Even the fine fancies of the Tempest are become disagreeable to us, since the remark of Trinculo, that "misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows," has been found applicable to so many circumstances. All this, of course, is a fine illustration of the danger in which a man stands from his friends.

Small scribblers in newspapers, contributors of paragraphs about public rejoicings, private festivities, and other local matters, seem to find quotations particularly indispensable, their intelligence being generally so trivial and vapid as to be unfit to stand by itself. In a public rejoicing, the bells are always sure to "ring out a merry peal," and the crowds of people to be "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." In the case of a ball, the "light fantastic toe" comes finely in; in that of a dinner, the night invariably "drives on wi' sangs and clatter," and the company would take scorn to separate before "the wee short hour ayont the twal." If the undue interference of a magistrate be commented on, then to be sure we have the unhappy Shakspeare dragged in to administer censure—

> "Oh man, vain man,
> Dressed in a little brief authority," &c.

In fact, these tags of old authors serve as points to the blunt and aimless sentences of the moderns. We, now-a-days, have all of the epigram but the sting, and that we are obliged to borrow from our predecessors. Who ever speaks of obscure genius, but he seizes upon some such recondite passage as

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air?"

Who ever describes eloquent writing, without bringing in our old friend—

> "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn?"

Who ever indicates the variety of styles in any particular writer, or in his own compositions, without going

> "From gay to grave, from lively to severe?"

Or who ever writes a sententious account of an unfortunate wretch, but concludes with the pithy remark, that he was only suited to

> "Point a moral or adorn a tale?"

And, above all, who ever tells us in print of the rarity of the appearances of any object, animate or inanimate, without taking a vast deal of pains to mention that they were

> "Like angels' visits, few and far between?"

Oh, these angels and their visits will surely some day be the death of us.

Can any one think of a teacher, but he must draw upon Thomson for—

> "Delightful task!" &c.

or upon Lord Brougham, for his still more celebrated declaration, that "the schoolmaster is abroad"—a phrase now absolutely nauseous from frequency of repetition. When a fine new colony is spoken of, it is of course "a land overflowing with milk and honey," even although bees should not have yet found their way to the country, and cows are so scarce (owing to their having to be carried eight or ten thousand miles), that they sell at sixty pounds each, and only can be had by the people of first-rate fortune. When a population is happy in an old country, every man "sits under his own vine and fig-tree," though it is more likely, that, while some enjoy themselves in their dining-rooms beside a coal fire, others frequent the neighbouring ale-houses during the first three days of the week, being able to make enough to live upon, by working during the remainder. A slight inapplicability, however, is nothing in a quotation, provided only that it give a kind of sense and expression to a sentence which would otherwise be void of both. Thus, a description of an island may be rather tame, the object being itself perhaps rather so; but if by hook or by crook it can be

> "Placed far amid the melancholy main,"

(though possibly only two miles from shore), then does it catch a grace from another and more poetical mind, and passes off well enough. On the same principle, we will wish for

> "——— a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade;"

though, in reality, a walk in some neighbouring plantation, upon which we are forbidden to intrude by men-traps and spring-guns, would satisfy us to our heart's content.

To be serious: Modern English writers act very sillily in introducing so many quotations from the works of former authors. Such a practice indicates not only a want of taste, but a want of the powers of original thinking, or, at the least, a want of confidence in these powers. We are of opinion that every writer should stand on his own merits alone. The sentiments to be expressed ought to be given to the reader in a plain straight-forward manner, without affectation, and in as simple and intelligible a language as possible, without the extrinsic aid of trappings from the productions of others.

Quotations of words and sentiments from the Latin, French, or other foreign tongues, are particularly hateful. The exclamation, "O tempora, O mores," has been applied to every period and state of society during two thousand years, and it is really time it were abandoned. The sin of introducing classic phrases, or of alluding on all occasions to heathen deities, is certainly now much less common than during a former age, when pedantry was frequently accepted as a proof of refinement; still they are too frequently indulged in. The puerile and fictitious transactions of Homer's heroes and heroines are a source of particular annoyance: we feel convinced that if any man would purge our literature of allusions to the "shield of Ajax," he would deserve a reward for his great public service. Surely our own noble and expressive language is sufficient for every useful and ornamental purpose in every kind of composition calculated for popularity. Away, then, with the paltry practice of interlarding English writing either with foreign words, or what are styled classic allusions, which are injurious to good writing, of no value whatever to that which is bad, and in almost every case thoroughly useless.

GREENWICH.

I HAD been several times in the metropolis, and had seen all the sights worthy of being seen before I proceeded to take a view of Greenwich Hospital, a structure which is, perhaps, the finest specimen of the Grecian style of architecture in this country. Greenwich Hospital is altogether, that is, both as a building and as an institution, worthy of respect and admiration. It is unique in its kind, and is certainly worthy of the great people who have established and support it. Yet Greenwich very frequently escapes the observation of strangers in London, and is far from being fully appreciated. Let us try to give our readers an idea of its appearance and character. Greenwich is a small town, lying on the south bank of the Thames, and distinct from London, but now, in some measure, involved in its extending suburbs, and may be reached either by boats on the river, or by stage coaches from various parts of the city. As a town, it is of no moment: its hospital and parks are the only objects of attraction to visitors. As you enter its streets, you perceive that it possesses a sea-faring look, and does not resemble the inland places of population in the environs of the capital.

Towards its eastern extremity stands the hospital, which faces the Thames, and has a perfect command of all that passes on the river. This superb hospital consists of four edifices, unconnected with each other, but apparently forming an entire structure, lining three sides of an open square, that side on which there is no building being next the water. The whole is built of fine stone, in the best possible style; and along nearly the greater part are lofty colonnades, with handsome pillars, and covered over head, to protect those underneath from the weather. The square interval in the centre, which is 273 feet wide, is paved also with smooth stone, and ornamented in the middle with a statue of George the Second, by Rysbrach. Beyond the edifices, on the south, rises the splendid park of Greenwich, dotted with luxuriant tall trees, and crowned at the top with the Royal Observatory buildings. But the eye of the visitor is probably more attracted towards the living than the inanimate objects of this beautiful scene. It is a charming evening in June; the sun, which has been shining all day, has softened the atmosphere into a pleasing temperature; his slanting rays play among the pillars, and induce the venerable inmates of the establishment to come forth from their various wards, and recline among the colonnades, or lean over the railings in front, and criticise, with listless curiosity, the various craft pursuing their way up or down the Thames.

A portion of these beautiful buildings was originally a palace of Queen Elizabeth, since whose time various renovations and additions have been made, but chiefly in the reign of William and Mary, who, in the year 1694, here established an hospital for invalid seamen, to which purpose the buildings are still exclusively devoted. By the last accounts it contains 2710 pensioners, 168 nurses, with a variety of officers for the government of the house; and gives support to 32,000 out-pensioners. The institution is supported by a payment of sixpence per month from every sailor in the royal navy, by certain dues and donations, and other means. The number of individuals who reside within the walls is nearly 3500. The inmates have a strikingly antique air. They are all old sailors, with countenances well browned by

tropical suns, and bleached by the tempests of the ocean; some hobbling on a timber toe; others with an empty sleeve; a few with only one eye, the other being burnt out, no doubt, by gunpowder, during some hot work one day in the Channel; occasionally you may see one pulling an old maimed and decrepid shipmate in a wheeled chair along the terrace; and all, less or more, looking as if they had seen a good deal of service. And such funny dresses these old chaps have on. Their clothes are all of a dark blue colour, of so antiquated a fashion that you could almost fancy that each had accompanied Dampier, Woods Roger, Captain Cook, or some other of our old navigators, in their voyages round the globe. A number wear cocked hats, which add vastly to their supposed antiquity; and you may remark that the boatswains, or other warrant officers, are allowed a yellow trimming or lace to their garments.

I never any where remarked such an air of contentment, comfort, and peacefulness, as in this well-regulated establishment. An abundance of food is allowed, the clothing is warm and comfortable, the residence is good and respectable, and each man, according to his rank, has from a shilling to half-a-crown a-week, as an allowance for pocket-money. Where, where, may we ask, shall we find such an instance of national bounty as is here displayed? There is one thing which will particularly please the stranger at Greenwich: he will no where see pampered and insolent menials acting as exhibitors of the place, and extorters of money from the public. There are no over-dressed and saucy waiting-maids or footmen, as at Windsor, Hampton Court, and other places of note in the vicinity of the metropolis, ready and willing to lay the pockets of the visitors under contribution. The outer gateway, and the interior parts of this establishment, are under the care of the pensioners themselves, who show the utmost attention to strangers, and that with a politeness and good nature characteristic of the profession of the sailor. Small sums are taken for exhibiting the different places worth seeing, but the money goes to the general fund, or for the board and education of the children of seamen; and I remarked that the amount tendered was instantly transferred to the box for its reception. It is worth while remarking these circumstances, as nearly the whole system of exhibiting national edifices and institutions in Great Britain is vile and mercenary.

The chief *lion* of the establishment is the painted hall, which is in the west wing. It consists of a great room—a double cube of fifty feet—and one smaller, but equally lofty, leading from its upper end by a flight of steps. A vestibule and flight of steps are between the outer doorway and large room. The appearance of the whole interior which is gained on entering is very imposing, the high roof being covered with paintings, as also the farther extremity fronting the entrance; and although these paintings, from exhibiting a mixture of fantastic heathen gods and goddesses, with royal and other portraits, are by no means in good taste or of any value, they serve to give a fine effect to the noble apartments they adorn. Along the walls are hung a collection of pictures, partly portraits of distinguished navigators and admirals, and partly depicting distinguished naval victories, each being a present to the institution by some kind benefactor. A good portrait of Captain Cook, by Dance, presented by Sir Joseph Banks, adorns the vestibule. A number of portraits, by Sir Peter Lily, Dahl, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and others, have been presented by George the Fourth. There are also several by Sir Joshua Reynolds. A little garrulous old sailor, with a single sparkling eye, and a wonderful warmth of devotion to the excellencies of the institution, points out the beauties of the various artists, and descants on the extraordinary deception in the perspective of the figures, which he again and again assures you do not stand out from the walls, or from the plaster, but are quite flat, and "all as smooth as glass." The painted ceiling of the great room was executed by Sir James Thornhill in 1703, and several subsequent years, but, from a miscalculation as to the time he had expected to do the work, it seems it scarcely rewarded him and his assistants in this elaborate undertaking. It is related that, in consequence of the length of time he had to lie on his back painting the ceiling, he could never afterwards sit upright. In the smaller apartment are shown several models of ships of war, admirably executed in wood; the coat worn by Nelson at the battle of the Nile; and the astrolabe of Sir Francis Drake, a curious brass instrument of antique fashion, used for nautical observation. It has been computed that nearly fifty thousand persons now annually visit this magnificent suit of apartments, in which the excellent taste and judgment of the distinguished architect, Sir Christopher Wren, are displayed, not only by their just proportion and embellishment, but in that studious regard to picturesque form and outline which he had bestowed in all his designs.

From the painted hall the stranger proceeds to view the chapel of the Hospital, which is on the eastern side of the square, and is equally worthy of attention. From a vestibule a flight of steps leads into the chapel through a beautiful portal with large folding doors of mahogany. The chapel, which measures 111 feet long and 52 broad, is, without exception, the most elegant and chastely-constructed apartment of the kind in this country. It is quite a model of perfection as a place of public worship, and can accommodate 1000 sitters. The pulpit is of lime-tree, resembling satin or box wood, and, with the desks below, could not be surpassed in simplicity and beauty of execution. A picture showing the escape of St Paul from shipwreck, executed by West, is painted over the communion-table. It is a confused mass of figures, and unworthy both of the artist and the situation it occupies.

After viewing the Hospital, the strangers, perhaps, proceed into the town to take the refreshment of tea, Greenwich being a place of constant summer resort by parties of Londoners, who come to indulge in this evening meal, and for which species of accommodation the inhabitants seem to lay themselves out. Having, therefore, taken tea in some neat sunny room close by the terrace on the river, the visitors walk away towards the extensive parks on the rising ground above the Hospital. These are very extensive grounds of great natural and artificial beauty, and open to the perambulations of all classes of persons. A beaten track or pathway amidst the lines of tall leafy trees leads to a rising ground or mount—quite a hill to a Londoner—and which is crowned with the buildings of the Observatory. From this spot are calculated the degrees of longitude in all English maps and charts. Standing on the summit of the rising ground, with your back to the outer wall of the Observatory, or sitting down on the wooden bench placed for the comfort of those tired in making the ascent, and casting your eyes north and westward, your vision can embrace little else than a vast tract of houses, chimneys, and steeples, composing the overgrown metropolis of England; on your right, far away to the east, you see the soft slow waters of the Thames winding a serpentine course through a rich flat territory, its surface spotted with the sails and masts of vessels of all dimensions; while immediately below repose the magnificent structures we have been noticing, environed by the thick green foliage of the trees of the park, and calling up feelings of pleasing gratification that Great Britain maintains an institution so truly worthy of her great name.

Column for Schoolboys.

SALLUST—CÆSAR.

We have no doubt, that, after having been introduced, as it were, into the porch of the temple of Roman literature, by means of Phœdrus, Eutropius, and Nepos, our young friends will now have a strong desire to be made acquainted with the more important departments, and to get intimate with the greatest of the historians, poets, and orators of that famous nation, which was long the mistress of the world. Among these great historians, Sallust is the one who is first selected for the delight and instruction of the tyro.

Sallust, whose full name in Latin is Caius Crispus Sallustius, was born at Amiternum, a town in the territory of the Sabines, not far from Rome, about 85 years before Christ. His family appears to have been only of second-rate consequence in the country; and, indeed, his own name seems to have been the first belonging to it that attained either rank or celebrity. The mind of Sallust was early turned to literary pursuits, and, under the celebrated philologist, or teacher of elocution, Ateuis Prætextatus, he is said to have made uncommon progress in his studies. Although he possessed an acute genius, and literary talents of the first order, yet it must be owned that he soon began to tarnish his character by indulging in vices of the most degrading kind. From this it is evident that it is not enough that a schoolboy should be possessed of abilities of the first order, and by diligence in his studies should outstrip all his competitors in the race of learning, but he must also have good principles of moral conduct sown in his mind, and cultivated there along with his learning, otherwise he is in danger of presenting to the world, as Sallust did, only the character of a clever bad man, which is one of the most pernicious that can be imagined. Very few particulars regarding the juvenile habits of Sallust are known, and still fewer are worthy of being recorded. Unfortunately, during the age in which he lived, licentiousness and corruption had reached their highest pitch in the Roman state; and he seems to have gone headlong into the indulgence of ambition and luxury—those vices which soon overthrew the liberties of the Romans. At what age ambition seduced him from the path of science and of virtue, no certain account has been transmitted; but his juvenile years seem to have been soon given up to vicious indulgences. At the age of thirty-two he was appointed a tribune of the people, a plebeian magistrate in Rome, whose duty it was to defend the commons against any extortion or oppression that might be practised upon them by the higher classes. According to some, it was at this election that Cato of Utica was his rival; and to his success over that stern patriot, which was a disgrace to the Roman state, he alludes with considerable vanity in the introduction to his work on the Jugurthine war. Availing himself of every advantage afforded by his office, he was active in procuring the sentence of banishment in the celebrated case of Milo, who murdered Clodius, and which is handled with first-rate eloquence in the orations of Cicero. Sallust maintained a constant enmity against Cicero, which originated, perhaps, in the opposite nature of their moral and political principles; and he carried on this enmity so vigorously after Cicero had crushed the terrible conspiracy of Catiline, that, timidly yielding to the clamour of his persecutors, that great man went into voluntary banishment. Licentious and corrupted as the Romans at that time were, the lewdness and depravity of Sallust did not escape severe censure. In the year 49 before Christ, he was degraded from the rank of a senator, and remained two years in ignominious retirement. By the interest of his great patron Julius Cæsar, however, he was soon brought again from his obscurity, and raised, first to the senatorial dignity of quæstor, and soon after to that of prætor, which was a dignity next in rank to that of consul or supreme magistrate. Cæsar appointed him one of his lieutenant-generals, and gave him the command of a considerable body of troops, whom he was to march to the coast, and embark for Africa, to crush the republicans under Cato and Scipio. These troops, having been long on hard service abroad, mutinied on learning the place of their destination; and Sallust, after many promises and threats to no purpose, had to consult his safety by flight. The mutineers then marched back to Rome, putting people to death, and committing many excesses; but Cæsar went out alone to meet them, and, by a short speech, brought them to submission, and made them ashamed of their conduct, and beg his forgiveness. After Cæsar had been some time in Africa, dreading a scarcity of provisions, he gave part of his fleet to Sallust to take possession of the island of Cercina, to the north of the gulf called Syrtis Minor, on the African coast, where the enemy had a valuable magazine. There is no other important occurrence, either naval or military, in which Sallust seems to have had a principal concern. That he conducted himself during the whole war to the satisfaction of his general, is unquestionable, from his being appointed governor of the province of Africa, extending from Libya to the Atlantic Ocean. Such was the rapacity and oppression which he exercised here, that, in one year, he amassed a prodigious fortune, part of which he expended on the extravagant but beautiful gardens at Rome, which, to this day, bear his name. He died at the age of fifty-one, thirty-five years before the Christian era.

Sallust wrote detached parts of Roman history, which were much esteemed, and, indeed, considered by many superior to the work of Livy, the writer of the whole history of Rome; but only a few fragments of Sallust now remain. His history of Catiline's conspiracy, and of the Jugurthine war, have been transmitted entire; but of his other histories only detached pieces are preserved. These remains of his works give sufficient proof that his talents for historical composition were of no ordinary kind. A sententious brevity, which has been greatly and deservedly admired, is the distinguishing characteristic of his writings. His style is perspicuous, animated, and forcible; his descriptions lively, picturesque, and beautiful; and his speeches energetic, appropriate, and persuasive. He is too apt, however, to run into frequent digressions, which have little connection with his subject, apparently with no other view than to show the extent of his information, or the superiority of his abilities. His prefaces to the conspiracy of Catiline and the Jugurthine war, are, instead of pertinent introductions to these histories, compliments paid by the author to his own character and pursuits. In the commendations of virtue and censures of vice, which are given in various parts of his works, it is impossible not to charge him with hypocrisy, when we consider the gross immoralities of his own life, and that he most probably composed these very works where he could not turn his eye but every object reminded him of the crimes which he had committed against the unhappy natives of Africa. That genius and virtue are occasionally disunited, has been often observed, and the life of Sallust certainly justifies the remark. The powers of his mind cannot be contemplated without admiration, nor the depravity of his heart without contempt. The excellencies of the historian may indeed be studied with advantage, and copied with safety, but the character of the man neither claims respect, nor merits imitation.

The history of Catiline's conspiracy, as given by Sallust, is one of the most interesting portions of the

whole history of Rome. The destruction of Rome by fire, and the massacre of all the citizens most remarkable for wealth, high rank, and patriotism, formed part of the plan of this nefarious transaction. With this view Catiline raised an army, to which, by the vigorous and decisive measures of Cicero, he was compelled to withdraw himself, after his designs on the city, and on the consul and senate, had failed. At the head of his troops he displayed great bravery; and preferring death to the fate which he knew awaited him if made prisoner, he fell in the midst of the enemy, fighting resolutely till the last. This happened in December, 65 before Christ.

The war with Jugurtha, which forms the subject of the other principal portion of Sallust's work, presents a very interesting theme, which is treated of with great eloquence by this historian. Jugurtha was a native of Numidia, an ancient kingdom of Africa, corresponding nearly with the modern one of Algiers, of which his uncle, Masinissa, was king, and in his family he was brought up. Masinissa treated him with great kindness, and at last left to him, along with his own two sons, a third part of his kingdom. Jugurtha soon procured the death of the two sons, seized their possessions, and then attempted to bribe the senate of Rome to secure him in the kingdom which he had thus obtained by murder. In this, however, he did not succeed, and the Romans at length declared war against him. For a long time he successfully resisted, and frequently defeated the Roman forces; but at last he was betrayed by his father-in-law, Bocchus, king of Mauritania, into the hands of Marius, the Roman commander, who led him in triumph with his two sons, after which he was put to death in prison, in the year 107 before Christ. Sallust's account of this war is considered one of the purest models of historical composition.

The following is a part of the description of Africa, which he gives in his "Jugurthine War:"—"In dividing the world, Africa by most people is considered as forming a *third* portion; but some are of opinion that we should reckon them to consist of Asia and Europe only, including Africa along with Europe. It has the straits of our sea and the (Atlantic) ocean for its boundary on the west; to the east it has an extensive plain country, which is called by the inhabitants *Catabathmon* (the low country.) The African sea is wild, and destitute of harbours. The land is fertile of fruits, good for cattle, but unproductive of trees: little water either from the sky or from the earth. The people are of a healthful habit of body, swift, and patient of fatigue: they die for the most part of old age, unless they are taken off by the sword, or by wild beasts; for disease seldom gets the better of any of them: there are, however, immense numbers of animals of a hurtful kind. In regard to the people who originally inhabited Africa, or those who afterwards joined them, and in what manner they became intermixed with one another, although, according to general report, there are various accounts given, yet we shall give it as it has been explained to us out of the Punic books, which were said to have belonged to king Hiempsal. I shall show, then, in as few words as possible, how the matter is, according to the opinion of the inhabitants of that country; the credit of the thing, however, will depend entirely upon the authors. Africa (they say) was at first inhabited by the Gætulians and the Libyans, a savage, uncultivated people, who used the flesh of wild animals, and the spontaneous produce of the ground, for food, like the beasts. These were ruled by the customs, or laws, or authority of no one; scattered about, and wandering up and down, they fixed their quarters wherever the approach of night compelled them to settle. After Hercules, however, as the Africans think, had perished in Spain, his army, which was composed of many various nations, being without a leader, and each one seeking the supreme authority for himself, it fell to pieces in a short time; and of that number, the Medes, the Persians, and the Armenians, having passed over to Africa in ships, occupied the parts nearest to our sea. The Persians, however, went more towards the (Atlantic) ocean; and these used the inverted keels of their ships for habitations, for the fields there afforded no timber, and they had no means of buying or borrowing it from the Spaniards. The extent of the sea, and their ignorance of the language, precluded them entirely from commerce. With these, by degrees, the Gætulians mingled themselves by intermarriages; and because they tried many different parts of the country, and sought a settlement sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, they gave themselves the appellation of *Numidians* (that is, *Nomades*, or wandering tribes)."

Leaving Sallust to pursue his narrative at leisure, we beg now to introduce to the acquaintance of our juvenile readers no less a person than the celebrated Julius Cæsar, who, both as a warrior and a writer, is one of the most eminent men of antiquity. We do not mean to enter at all fully into the history of this great character at present, as the account of his life forms, perhaps, the most important page in the whole Roman history; and, consequently, we think no one can long remain ignorant of what is laid down fully in every history of Rome.

Caius Julius Cæsar, the illustrious Roman general and historian, was the son of Caius Cæsar, and Aurelia, the daughter of Cotta, and was born at Rome in the year 90 before Christ. He is said to have been brought into the world by being cut out of the body of his mother; and hence this operation is still called among surgeons the *Cæsarian operation*. At the age of seventeen, he obtained the office of high priest of Jupiter; and by his great abilities, as well as by his marriage with Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, he soon excited against himself the enmity of the infamous tyrant Sylla; and to escape assassination, he was obliged to conceal himself for a time amongst the vestal virgins. The first military honour which Cæsar obtained was a civic crown, at the siege of Mitylēnē, when the Roman army was commanded by Thermus, the prætor. By his valour and eloquence he soon acquired the highest reputation in the field and in the senate, and successively obtained the important offices of Quæstor (Treasurer), Ædile (Comptroller), Pontifex Maximus (Supreme Priest), Prætor (Chief Magistrate), and Consul (Chief Commander). Beloved and respected by his fellow-citizens, he thus enjoyed successively every magisterial and military honour the republic could bestow, consistently with its own free constitution. Of all the Roman citizens of those times, Pompey possessed the greatest power, Crassus the greatest riches, and Cæsar the greatest abilities. Amongst these was formed a coalition or conspiracy against the liberties of Rome, and they solemnly swore that nothing was to be done in the state but by their common consent. This combination is known in history by the name of the first *Triumvirate*, from its consisting of *three* individuals; but shortly the state came to be wholly managed by Cæsar, and the violence of his proceedings at length rendered the *Triumvirate* an object of abhorrence to all classes of the community.

Cæsar is supposed to have set out for *Gallia Transalpina*, or Gaul beyond the Alps (that is, *France*), in the end of March, in the year 57 before Christ. Of his conquest of that country—his checking the inroads of the Germans—and his crossing over to the island of Great Britain, a great part of which he conquered or overran—his Commentaries of the Gallic War contain a rapid, but well-written account. The young reader must not infer, however, that all his engagements with these nations are there fully recorded, or every circumstance of his conduct with regard to them either minutely or faithfully detailed. Respect for his own character, perhaps, induced him to conceal many particulars, and to hint at rather than describe others. The precise time in which he conquered Gaul and Britain is not ascertained. Some make it ten years, others eight, but he himself seems to mention nine. The rivalship between him and Pompey at length came to a head; and Cæsar's crossing the small river Rubicon, the boundary between Gaul and Italy, which the laws did not permit him to pass while in command of an army, was an actual declaration of hostilities against those in authority at Rome. After this, as is well known, he drove Pompey out of Italy—conquered that general's best troops in Spain—totally defeated him at Pharsalia in Greece—subdued the kingdom of Egypt, which he bestowed on Cleopatra—and then defeated the king of Pontus, and subdued his country, with such ease and rapidity, that, in writing an account of it to a friend at Rome, he employed only three words—*Veni, vidi, vici*, I came, I saw, I conquered!

After this, Cæsar visited Italy, and then crossed over into Africa, where he defeated the republican forces under Scipio, in an engagement near Thapsus, and reduced the kingdom of their ally, Juba, king of Mauritania, to a Roman province. Returning to Rome, he triumphed, at the interval of a few days, four different times, in consequence of having conquered Gaul, Egypt, Pontus, and Africa, *i. e.* Numidia and Mauritania. The plunder of so many countries enabled the conqueror of the world to glut his soldiers with presents, and the citizens with largesses, shows, and entertainments. But his boundless ambition soon began to efface the glory of his former actions; for, pursuing his favourite maxim, "that he had rather be the first man in a village than the second in Rome," he procured himself to be chosen perpetual dictator; and not content with this unconstitutional power, his faction had resolved to raise him to the imperial dignity. This, however, was prevented by the friends of the civil liberties of the republic, the chief of whom was Brutus, and Cæsar was by them rashly and basely assassinated in the senate-house, when they should only have seized him, and brought him to a legal trial for usurpation. He fell by the daggers of the conspirators, on the 15th of March, 44 before Christ, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, pierced by twenty-three wounds, after he had enjoyed the peaceful possession of the empire only five months.

To the talents of a consummate general, Cæsar added those of an elegant historian and a persuasive orator. Much of his commentaries, or journals of the Gallic and civil wars, were, it is said, composed on the spot where his battles were fought. The purity and neatness of his style, notwithstanding the rapidity with which he must have written, have not been surpassed by any Roman writer. His narrative is at once perspicuous, simple, and natural; and it is, at the same time, chaste and animated. Few passages occur in his writings which the most illiterate do not understand, and the most polished do not approve.

Besides a few juvenile pieces mentioned by Suetonius, and a collection of apophthegms, or remarkable sayings, Cæsar left, at his death, two books on grammar, and a poem which he called *Iter*, or The Journey. But these, as well as his letters to the senate and his friends, are lost. None of his writings now remain, except seven books of the Gallic, and three of the civil war. The eighth book of the Gallic war is the composition of Aulus Hirtius Pansa; but it is not known who wrote the accounts of the Alexandrine, African, and Spanish wars, although the two first are by some also ascribed to Hirtius Pansa.

THE MODERN JEWS.

(Second Article.)

The religious polity of the modern Jews was established during the Babylonian captivity, which followed the destruction of the first temple by Nabuchadnezzar, B. C. 587. The sacrificial service constituting the principal feature of the public worship of the Jews, ceasing with the destruction of the temple, left them without any religious system, or scheme for the regulation of public or private prayer. To remedy this evil, so dangerous to their existence as a distinct people, and to their pre-eminence as worshippers of Almighty God, Creator of Heaven and Earth, Ezra the Prophet, conjointly with his conclave, known by the name of the "Men of the Great Assembly," collected all the prayers that had heretofore been used, composed others, and arranged the whole into specific portions. They instituted the morning, afternoon, and evening service, in reference to the daily sacrifices in the temple at those stated periods; appointed additional services for the festivals, conformable with the additional sacrifices in the temple on those days, besides numerous other prayers to be said on all those special occasions in which it had been customary to offer special sacrifices. These prayers are universal among all the Jews of the known world, and are still repeated by them in the language in which they were composed, viz. the Hebrew. Their original arrangement for private and public worship continues till the present day, which makes the liturgy of their synagogues in all countries nearly the same. This uniformity of language and discipline in worship has this advantage, that the Jew, in whatever country his destiny carries him to, finds no difficulty in uniting with his brethren in that country in the performance of those several duties which his religion requires of him.

Although the daily liturgy was ordained as above stated, in reference to the sacrificial service of the temple, yet there can be no doubt that the practice which existed long previous to the formula of Ezra, of praying three times a-day, also influenced this arrangement—Psalm lv., v. 17, "Evening, and morning, and noon, will I pray;" and the Book of Daniel, vi. 10, "Daniel, with his face towards Jerusalem, kneeled upon his knees three times a-day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God *as he did aforetime*," confirms this practice of daily prayer; but as it does not appear that these prayers were specially enjoined, or were other than the extemporary ejaculations of praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God which piety prompted, the merit of the institution of these daily prayers must still rest with Ezra and his conclave, who, if they did not originate the practice of daily worship, rescued it from the corrupt Hebrew of the captivity, and gave it its present regular and established form.

The private devotions of the Jews commence with the morning prayers, which fill nearly fifty pages octavo, and occupy about an hour in their recital. These prayers are replete with the most devout piety, pure morality, and heavenly philosophy; the beauty of their composition stands unrivalled, and, taken altogether, are well calculated to perpetuate that enthusiastic veneration for their religion which centuries of persecution have never been able to subdue or overcome. The morning prayers open with a hymn by Mamonides, in which the existence of God, his eternity and immortality, are proclaimed; and reliance on his providence, rewards, punishments, and the resurrection, is expressed. It is, in fact, a poem expressive of their articles of faith, and is held in much esteem. Our limits will not permit us to go through the whole of these prayers, but we shall give a few short specimens, which will repay the reader's perusal.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL PROCLAIMED.

"My God! the soul which thou hast given unto me is pure: thou hast created, formed, and breathed it unto me: thou dost also carefully preserve it within me, and thou wilt hereafter take it from me, to restore it unto me in futurity. During the time that my soul continues within me, will I be making acknowledgments to thee, O Lord my God! and the God of my ancestors, Sovereign of all creation, Lord of all souls! Blessed art thou, O Lord! who restorest the souls unto the dead."

PRAYER, REMARKABLE FOR ITS SIMILITUDE TO THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"May it be thy will, O Lord our God! and the God of our fathers, to cause us to become habituated to thy law, and attached to thy precepts: O lead us not into the power of sin, transgression or iniquity, temptation or contempt: suffer not evil imagination to have dominion over us, but place us at a distance

from evil men and wicked associates; cause us to become attached to good intentions and good works, and coerce our passions to be subservient unto thee. O grant us this day, and every day, grace, favour, and mercy, in thy sight, and in the sight of all who behold us; and dispense kind favours upon us. Blessed art thou, O Lord! who bestowest gracious favours on thy people Israel."

DUTY.

"Man should ever feel an inward fear of God, declare the truth, and commune with truth in his heart; let him rise early and pray."

HUMILITY.

"Sovereign of all worlds! It is not on account of our righteousness that we presume to lay our supplications before thee, but on thy abundant mercies. What are we?—What our righteousness?—What is our help?—What our power?—What shall we say in thy presence, O Lord our God! and the God of our fathers? Verily, the mightiest heroes are as nought before thee; men of renown as though they had not existed; wise men as without knowledge; and the intelligent as if void of understanding: for the majority of their actions is emptiness, the days of their life but vanity in thy presence: even the pre-eminence of man over the brute is nought; for all is vanity."

The mind being thus prepared by prayer, and brought to a consideration of the awful presence, the ceremony of putting on the phylacteries follows.

They are worn by all male adults during the morning service. For all the purposes of ceremonious worship, a youth of thirteen years is deemed of age. The wearing the phylacteries may be termed his initiation. The phylacteries consist of the articles of Hebrew faith, written on vellum, and inclosed in a leathern case, and are bound round the left arm, so that the case containing the sacred writing lies next the heart, in obedience to the injunction in Deut. vi. 6, "And these words which I command thee this day shall be near thy heart." There is a second phylactery, in every respect the same as the one just described. The case containing the articles of faith is placed on the forehead, so as to be "as frontlets between the eyes" (Deut. vi. 8). The strap of the phylactery of the arm is then wound thrice round the middle finger, in reference to the command, "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand" (see the same verse), in doing which the following is said in a solemn low voice:—

"And I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in mercy; I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord.

"Blessed is he who but spake, and the world was called into existence: blessed is he. Blessed is the primeval creator. Blessed is he who sayeth and performeth. Blessed is he who ordaineth and establisheth. Blessed is he who hath compassion on the earth. Blessed is he who hath compassion over all creatures. Blessed is he who graciously rewardeth those who revere him. Blessed is he who liveth for ever, and existeth eternally. Blessed is he who redeemeth and delivereth. Blessed is his name."

Portions of the psalms then follow in order, next the declaration of the unity (Deut. vi. 4) and the sacred prayer of the eighteen verses, during the recital of which it is not permitted to speak; it must be said standing, and with the face toward the east. In the 1st verse of this prayer God is blessed; the 2d, Immortality of the soul again avowed in the most touching language; 3d, Knowledge, 4th, Piety, and, 5th, Pardon, are prayed for; 6th, Temporal, and, 7th, Heavenly assistance, are prayed for; 8th, Blessings on the year, 9th, Freedom, 10th, The restoration of judges, and, 11th, Destruction of tyrants, are entreated; in the 12th, The pious of all nations prayed for, in the following words:—"May thy tender mercies, O Lord our God, be expanded over the just, the pious, and the elders of thy people, the house of Israel, the remnant of their scribes, *and the virtuous strangers*,* as over us. O bestow good rewards unto all who faithfully put their trust in thy name; and grant that our portion be with them, that we never be put to shame, for we do trust in thee. Blessed art thou, O Lord, the supporter and the confidence of the just."

The 13th verse prays for God's presence in the holy city, its rebuilding, &c; 14th, 15th, and 16th, seek the exaltation of Israel, and pray for salvation; 17th contains acknowledgment of humility, petition for peace, and a blessing upon Israel. The touching sublimity of the 18th is beyond the power of description: we give it in full.

"18th, Oh, my God! guard my tongue from evil, and my lips from uttering deceit. Towards those who curse me be my soul as dumb; and towards all be it as humble as the dust. Open my heart to the reception of thy law, that my *soul* pursue thy commandments. O frustrate speedily, I beseech thee, the devices, and destroy the machinations of all those who imagine evil against me. O grant it, for the sake of thy name; grant it, for the puissance of thy right hand; grant it, on account of thy holiness; grant it, for the honour of thy law, that thy beloved may be relieved. Let thy right hand save, and then answer me. May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy presence, O Lord my Rock and my Redeemer. May He who establisheth peace in his high heavens grant peace unto us, and all Israel. Amen."

* Deut. x. 19, "Love ye, therefore, the stranger; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

THE WARDROBE OF THE DEAD.

Who has not heard of the green hills, the lofty woods, the deep dells, and silver stream of Yarrow; and of its many legends, its melancholy tales, and the numberless ballads and sweet songs they have given rise to; and who ever visited it without being deeply impressed by its magic scenes? This region of fancy, this land of romance, was the place of my birth; and to it the present little narrative is intended to add another feature of interest. I left it in my girlish days, for a distant country, where I remained an exile till the autumn of life began to steal upon me. It had been my fortune to journey in lands far famed for their beauty, where all that was lovely in picturesque scenery and genial in climate wooed the stay of the traveller: but no scene I had visited during thirty years could in my mind ever come into comparison with my native Yarrow. No one, I believe, ever felt more deeply the delight of revisiting the hallowed haunts of their childhood, than I did, when returned once more to my native vale. I made my way, on a bright ethereal morning in the beginning of June, through each well-remembered path, to the house of an early and much-valued friend. As I looked around me, I thought I had never seen, since I quitted this earthly paradise of my imagination, trees of such fresh and graceful foliage—groves so fitted for the dwelling-place of "heavenly pensive melancholy"—such green pastures—or, above all, a stream, which, as it glided along, seemed so to murmur through its deep recesses of a peace which the bustling world can never know. I had heard strange tales of the friend I was hastening to see—reports which grieved me to the heart, and which, though I found some comfort in the belief of their being exaggerations, still caused me a great degree of uncertainty and painful anxiety as to their truth. In short, I had heard in the neighbourhood that my old friend Mrs Haldane, who lost her husband and seven children before she had been ten years married, was supposed to be in a state of derangement.

It is not my intention to enter here into a minute history of either my friend's life or my own. I shall therefore only say, that her father and mine were schoolfellows, who retained for each other the strictest friendship through life. She and I each lost our mothers when very young; and on the death of her father, which happened when she was seventeen, being, like myself, an only child, my father brought her to live with us. At that time I was only ten years old, and it seemed the constant endeavour of the grateful Mary to repay my father's kindness, by restraining in me every perceptible tendency to evil, and by treating me with the most sisterly affection, which, together with the tenderness I experienced from my father, made those early days of my life one continued scene of happiness. No wonder, then, that these associations had kept alive an enthusiastic attachment to the place of my birth and the friend of my childhood, and caused me to return to them as soon as I set my foot on British ground. The peaceful days I had experienced under my parent's roof, were, however, cut short by his death, when I attained my twentieth year; and I went to reside in the south of England with a near relation, where I soon married, and went abroad with my husband. Previous to my father's death, our dear Mary had left us for a house of her own, having married a young man who had a long lease of an extensive farm in the vale of Yarrow. Her husband was said not to be the good character his wife had imagined. That their tastes were widely dissimilar, and that he frequently treated her with harshness, I could not fail to observe, though she never complained, and seemed so devoted to two sweet children, which were born before I left the country, that she appeared to me to enjoy a moderate degree of happiness. Eight years more, as I have said, had only passed over her head, when, after having given birth to seven children, she became a childless widow. It was the fear that her mournful fate might indeed have unsettled her reason, that filled my mind with the most nervous perturbation as I drew near to her well-remembered dwelling, which seemed in nothing altered from what I had left it, save that the trees which nearly surrounded it had extended their clustering foliage so shadingly over its roof, as to exclude from it the rays of the glorious sun which shone so resplendently on their outward branches, and thus gave it a more sombre cast than it was wont to have. But there were no signs of neglect. All around it looked neat and comfortable, and the roses and honeysuckles were as trimly trained against the walls as ever. My low and tremulous rap at the door was immediately answered by an old domestic, who, in spite of years and her grey locks, I recognised as the same Margaret who was my father's dairy-maid, and who went home with my friend when she married. I lost no time in making myself known to her, and inquired if I could see her mistress, which, after expressing her joy and wonder at my visit, she informed me I should soon do, as she was only taking her accustomed morning walk, from which she every instant expected her. Margaret then ushered me into a little parlour where she was preparing breakfast, and feeling glad to have this opportunity of hearing, before I saw her, something that I could depend upon about the state of my friend's mind, I gave some hints of the report which had caused me so much uneasiness. "She is nae mair beside herself than I am," said her faithful old servant; "though it is na to be wondered at that folks who have na the sense to understand her should raise sic reports," she continued, while an expression of indignation marked her intelligent features. "It is all because she has given up the world, having never gane off the farm since the last bairn died, and that's thirty years come next Martinmas. And mair especially because she makes herself sae happy in the thought that the weans are still about her."

"*About her!*" said I, repeating, with surprise and dismay, what I thought so extraordinary an assertion; "but is not that at least very strange?"

"I canna think there is ony thing strange in that," replied Margaret, "if ye mind how often the Holy Scriptures of truth tell us o' the visits o' angels to the earth, and how they are sent to attend and watch over us; and surely nane o' the angels in heaven can be sae sib till her as her ain bairns." Understanding from this that it was not their visible presence that was meant by their being *about her*, I willingly acquiesced in her ideas, and had just time to learn from her, before my friend appeared, that she had sub-let the farm to a person in the neighbourhood, making it a stipulation that she was not to remove from the house during her life, and that she received an advance of rent, which, together with some money left her by her husband, supplied her with ample means of beneficence to her poorer neighbours. Margaret met her mistress at the door, and having briefly informed her of my arrival, I was instantly folded in her arms, in one of those tender embraces which she had so often bestowed on me in my youth. I looked earnestly on her—she was much changed, but there were on her features none of those deep furrows, or harsh markings of time and intense mental suffering, which I had expected to see. On the contrary, her deep blue eyes beamed upon me with an expression of such ineffable peace, that, in spite of her melancholy history, I felt the conviction thrill through my heart, that I, with all my worldly attachments, was a much fitter object of commiseration.

We finished our breakfast, without either of us having alluded, in the slightest manner, to her trials; but I thought there was a degree of absence and restraint about her, foreign to her former nature, till she observed that my attention was attracted by several little chairs and stools that stood interspersed among the other furniture of the room, when, following the direction of my eye, she said, "they belonged to the children; I keep all their things about me. But come, and I will show you my treasury," she continued, as she rose, and then, stopping for an instant, she said with earnestness, "if you will promise me not to touch any thing." I gave the promise, and followed her along a passage, till, having unlocked the door of a small room, and opened the window-shutter, she directed my attention to seven pins, driven into the wall at a short distance from each other, on each of which hung, covered with dust, and so impaired by time that some of them were dropping to pieces, a full suit of child's clothes.

"These," said she, pointing to them, "are of greater value to me than all besides that the world contains. They are just as they were taken off from my dear ones the last time they wore them; no touch has come upon them since. I have many things that belonged to them, but these are more to me than all the rest, for they have embraced their bodies, and seem part of their mortal remains, that are still suffered to linger with me. I cannot help this feeling, though it might be supposed of little consequence to one who knows that she is always surrounded with their happy spirits; for of this," she said with solemnity, "I have full assurance. Yes," she continued, "they are ever with me." While she said this, an expression perfectly beatific passed over her countenance. After a moment's pause she pointed out the vestments of a little boy. "These belonged," she said, "to my sweet little William, with his blooming cheeks, and laughing eyes, and clustering sunny curls. O he was a joyous child, and, though sudden in passion, one look of love from me brought back the soft tones of his melodious little voice, and the buoyant laugh of happiness, while the big round tear still stood on his cheek. He seemed to me almost as much a cherub then as he is now; he died of croup at three years old. And these," she continued, "were my gentle Mary's, who was the very reverse of her brother in appearance and disposition, for her soft eyes were dark, and full of serious and pensive expression. She never seemed as if intended for this world, but only sent for a time to twine herself around my heart, and depart to become one of my guardian spirits while I am here, and to enhance my happiness hereafter. She was, indeed, a sweet child, that seemed entirely made of love. Her little pleadings were always irresistible, and she was ever listened to as the peace-maker in every childish dispute; for neither old nor young could withstand the witchery of her sweet tongue, or the glance of her

full soft eyes, when, as I think I see her now, she threw back from them her bright brown ringlets, and fixed their loving looks upon you. And to the last look it still was love; for she died with her arms twined round my neck, and her pretty mouth pressed against my cheek as in the act of giving me her last kiss."

My tears fell fast; but, without noticing them, she still proceeded to name in rotation those to whom the clothes had belonged, and to describe their persons, and the varieties of disposition by which they were distinguished, in such graphic language that I seemed, while I stood in that sepulchral room, to become intimately and personally acquainted with each child who had worn the mouldering garments—they seemed almost visibly assembled round me. I remained several days the guest of my friend, glad of an opportunity of observing the effects of so singular, though it appears to me so natural, a belief in this lonely woman. To other mothers bereaved of their children, all is desolate; they look upon the places they were wont to occupy, and mourn. But her bosom was not oppressed by sighs, nor her eyes dimmed by tears, though she every where saw the traces of her beloved ones; for no circumstance had the power, after the lapse of so many years, to obliterate them from her remembrance for a moment. She lived constantly among the happy spirits of her children. Their joyous little faces surrounded her table—they gamboled beside her in her walks—and when awake in the night, she seemed to hear their soft breathings, as she was wont to do in years long gone by, when they peacefully slumbered beside her. To her there was no such thing as solitude; wherever she moved, she was accompanied by this little band of domestic angels, encouraging and beckoning her on to regions of celestial gladness, from which they had returned to point the way, and where her spirit rejoiced that they were safely lodged, for ever freed from sin and care. She lived in an atmosphere of purity, guarded by those holy beings to whose mortal bodies she had given birth; and she awaited her own final departure in perfect peace and tranquillity.

REMARKABLE TRAVELS IN UNCIVILIZED COUNTRIES.

CARVER, IN NORTH AMERICA.

THE accounts brought home by travellers, regarding countries rarely visited and little known, have been always received with much incredulity by those who were little acquainted with the world; and the Persian proverb that "he who has seen the world has a right to tell lies," has been used rather too lavishly in judging of the details of travellers, that were afterwards found to be worthy of far different treatment. "We travellers," says Lady Wortley Montague, "are in very hard circumstances: If we say nothing but what has been said before us, *we are dull, and we have observed nothing.* If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic,* not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions." It is this which has led many men of high honour, who would not submit to have their veracity called in question, to continue entirely silent regarding many remarkable things seen by them in strange countries, and the relation of which would most probably have been received with evident incredulity by the hearers. A Hindoo scarcely thinks it possible that any nation can live without *rice*—a Greenlander thinks the same of *blubber*—a Persian thinks the same of the *date-tree*—an African of the *palm-tree*—a Maldivian of the *cocoa-nut*—an Arab of the *camel*—a Laplander of the *rein-deer*—and a Tartar of the *horse*—whilst the native of Terra del Fuego would be much astonished if he were told that any nation could live without *shell-fish.* It is only by attending to the accounts of respectable travellers regarding foreign countries, that the clouds of vulgar error and prejudice can be removed; and, in this way, it is now firmly believed by all sensible men that there is such a creature as a cameleopard or a kangaroo in the world; and that there are some countries where *oysters,* and *bread,* and *milk,* grow upon trees—all of which would have been set down to the credit of Aboulfouaris, and the Arabian Nights, at no very distant period. Accordingly, by way of fostering this vulgar incredulity, it is more than probable that the first accounts of the Patagonians furnished Swift with a hint for his *giants* in Gulliver's Travels; as the adventures of Baron de Tott, among the Turks, at a much later period, produced the memoirs of the unparalleled Baron Munchausen! Bruce's veracity regarding what he saw in Abyssinia was likewise called in question without ceremony; and it was not till a considerable time after his death, that the character of that high-minded traveller was proven to be without a flaw.

With the view of removing such prejudices as these, which are almost always based on ignorance, we shall, in this and a few succeeding articles, bring forward the accounts given by some travellers of unquestionable authority, of their observations and adventures in uncivilized countries; taking care to select such as appear to be most uncommon, and such as may afford most amusement and instruction to our youthful readers in particular.

What AFRICA was to the ancients in the way of producing novelties, AMERICA has been to the moderns. Utopia, New Atlantis, El Dorado, Fairy Land, and the Painters' Wives' Islands, were all said by the wits of the sixteenth century to be portions of this lately discovered quarter of the globe. "The Painter's Wife's Island," says Dr Huelyn,* "is an island of this tract, mentioned by Sir Walter Raleigh in his *History of the World;* of which he was informed by Don Pedro de Sarmiento, a Spanish gentleman employed by his king in planting some colonies on the Straits of Magellan, who, being taken prisoner by Sir Walter in his going home, was asked of him about some island which the maps presented in those straits, and might have been of great use to him in his undertaking; to which he merrily replied, that it was to be called the *Painter's Wife's Island,* saying, that whilst the painter drew that map, his wife sitting by *desired him to put in one country for her, that she in her imagination might have an island of her own.* His meaning was, that there was no such island as the maps presented. And I fear the painter's wife hath many islands, and some countries too, upon the continent, in our common maps, which are not really to be found on the strictest search." Of such sort, also, are what are called the Lands of Chivalry; of which the Isle of Adamants, in *Sir Huon of Bordeaux;* the Firm Land, in the history of *Amadis de Gaul;* the Hidden Island, and that of the sage *Alart,* in *Sir Palmerin of England;* as also the Island of *Barataria,* of which the famous Sancho Panza was some time governor, and the kingdom of *Micomicona;* "which, as the ingenious author of the History of Don Quixote merrily observeth," says Dr Huelyn, "are not to be found in all the map."

Leaving these to take their place with the *Terra Australis Incognita,* or Southern Continent yet undiscovered, we shall at once introduce our readers to the acquaintance of our friend honest Jonathan Carver, who, in his veritable memoirs, inscribed to Sir Joseph Banks, has given by far the most interesting and rational account of the Red men, the inhabitants of the Western Wilderness, of any traveller with whose works we are acquainted. These original inhabitants of America, it must be observed, have very stupidly, all along from the time of their first discovery in 1492, received from Europeans the denomination of INDIANS, although they never had any thing more to do with the country called *India,* than they had to do with Sancho's island of Barataria, or Gulliver's island of Lilliput. This awkward mistake originated in the mere circumstance of Columbus's being in search of a road to India by the west, when he found his course interrupted by the islands and continent of America; to which was given forthwith the strange denomination of the *West Indies*—thus confounding under one appellation two most important portions of the globe, which were, in fact, as distinct from one another in their entire nature and productions, as they happened to be in their relative geographical positions. Yet such is the inveteracy of popular custom, after it once gets a firm footing in the world, that it would now be impossible to change these denominations; and, therefore, the term *Indian* must henceforth always continue to be the name of every one of the original inhabitants of the whole continent and islands of America.

The different tribes of Indians, or original natives, in that extensive portion of North America called Canada, were at one time almost innumerable; but they have been observed to decrease in population where the Europeans are most numerous, owing chiefly to their immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Ardent spirits, the most fatal present the old world ever made to the new, was no sooner known to the Indian tribes, than they grew passionately fond of it. It was equally impossible for them to abstain from it, or to use it with moderation. It was soon observed that this liquor disturbed their domestic peace, deprived them of their judgment, made them furious; that it occasioned husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters, to abuse and quarrel with one another. In vain did some sober Frenchmen expostulate with them, and endeavour to shame them out of these excesses. "It is you," answered they, "who have taught us to drink this liquor; and now we cannot do without it. If you refuse to give it us, we will go and get it of the English. It is you who have done the mischief, and it cannot be repaired."

Canada was first discovered in 1497, by John and Sebastian Cabot of Bristol, and it was settled by the French in 1608. It was conquered by the English in 1759, and confirmed to them by the French at the peace of 1763; at which time the narrative of the travels of our present author, Captain Jonathan Carver, commences. "No sooner," says he, "was the late war with France concluded, and peace established by the treaty of Versailles, in the year 1763, than I began to consider (having rendered my country some services during the war) how I might continue still serviceable, and contribute, as much as lay in my power, to make that vast acquisition of territory, gained by Great Britain in North America, advantageous to it. It appeared to me indispensably needful that government should be acquainted, in the first place, with the true state of the dominions they were now become possessed of. To this purpose I determined, as the next proof of my zeal, to explore the most unknown parts of them, and to spare no trouble or expense in acquiring a knowledge that promised to be so useful to my countrymen."*

With the laudable design of accomplishing these objects, Captain Carver set out from Boston, in June 1766, with the full intention of penetrating to the Pacific Ocean on the west. He proceeded by way of Albany and Niagara to Michillimackinac, a fort situated between the lakes Huron and Michigan, and distant from Boston 1300 miles. "This," says he, "being the uttermost of our factories towards the north-west, I considered it as the most convenient place from whence I could begin my intended progress, and enter at once into the regions I designed to explore."

At the entrance of a bay, about ninety miles long, called Green Bay, on the north-western extremity of lake Michigan, are situated a string of islands described by our author under the name of the Grand Traverse. On one of these occurred his first meeting with one of the tribes of the Red men, the primitive hunters of the west; and he gives the following interesting description of the reception he met with from the Indians:—"On the largest and best of these islands stands a town of the Ottawaws, at which I found one of the most considerable chiefs of that nation, who received me with every honour he could possibly show to a stranger. But what appeared extremely singular to me at the time, and must do so to every person unacquainted with the customs of the Indians, was the reception I met with on landing. As our canoes approached the shore, and had reached within about threescore rods of it, the Indians began a *feu-de-joie,* in which they fired their pieces loaded with balls, but at the same time they took care to discharge them in such a manner as to fly a few yards above our heads: during this they ran from one tree, or stump, to another, shouting and behaving as if they were in the heat of battle. At first I was greatly surprised, and was on the point of ordering my attendants to return their fire, concluding that their intentions were hostile; but being undeceived by some of the traders, who informed me that this was the usual method of receiving the chiefs of other nations, I considered it in its true light, and was pleased with the respect thus paid me.

"I remained here one night. Among the presents I made the chiefs were some spirituous liquors, with which they made themselves merry; and all joined in a dance that lasted the greatest part of the night. In the morning when I departed, the chief attended me to the shore; and as soon as I had embarked, offered up, in an audible voice, and with great solemnity, a fervent prayer in my behalf. He prayed 'that the Great Spirit would favour me with a prosperous voyage; that he would give me an unclouded sky, and smooth waters by day; and that I might lie down by night on a beaver blanket, enjoying uninterrupted sleep and pleasant dreams; and also that I might find continual protection under the great pipe of peace.' In this manner he continued his petitions till I could no longer hear them.

"I must here observe, that, notwithstanding the inhabitants of Europe are apt to entertain horrid ideas of the ferocity of these savages, as they are termed, I received from every tribe of them in the interior parts the most hospitable and courteous treatment; and am convinced, that, till they are contaminated by the example and spirituous liquors of their more refined neighbours, they retain this friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers. Their inveteracy and cruelty to their enemies I acknowledge to be a great abatement of the favourable opinion I would wish to entertain of them; but this failing is hereditary, and, having received the sanction of immemorial custom, has taken too deep root in their minds to be easily extirpated.

"Among these people I ate of a very uncommon kind of bread. The Indians in general use but little of this nutritious food. Whilst their corn is in the milk, as they term it, that is, just before it begins to ripen, they slice off the kernels from the cob to which they grow, and knead them into a paste. This they are enabled to do without the addition of any liquid, by the milk that flows from them; and when it is effected, they parcel it out into cakes, and, enclosing them in leaves of the basswood tree, place them in hot embers, where they are soon baked. And better flavoured bread I never ate in any country."

Notwithstanding the primitive simplicity of these wanderers of the wilderness, and their friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers, yet, from the remains of a regular *fortification* which Captain Carver saw, or at least thinks he saw, amidst the prairies of the Mississippi, it would appear that in former ages there must have been a population of remarkably scientific warriors *located* in this quarter. The following is our author's account of this important discovery:—"One day having landed on the shore of

* Vide Cosmography, vol. ii. p 1132.

* *Vide* Three Years' Travels through the interior parts of North America, for more than five thousand miles. By Captain Jonathan Carver, of the provincial troops in America. Edinburgh, 1798.

the Mississippi, some miles below lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing my dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived at a little distance a partial elevation, that had the appearance of an intrenchment. On a nearer inspection, I had greater reason to suppose that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern that it had once been a breast-work of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover five thousand men. Its form was somewhat circular, and its flanks reached to the river. Though much defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought, on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there certainly had been one. From its situation, also, I am convinced that it must have been designed for this purpose. It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was there any rising ground for a considerable way that commanded it; a few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places small tracks were worn across it by the feet of the elks and deer, and, from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered, I was able to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity. I examined all the angles and every part with great attention, and have often blamed myself since for not encamping on the spot, and drawing an exact plan of it. To show that this description is not the offspring of a heated imagination, or the chimerical tale of a mistaken traveller, I find on inquiry, since my return, that Mons. St Pierre and several traders have at different times taken notice of similar appearances, on which they have formed the same conjectures, but without examining them so minutely as I did. How a work of this kind could exist in a country that has hitherto (according to the general received opinion) been the seat of war to untutored Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to drawing the bow, and whose only breast-work, even at present, is the thicket, I know not. I have given as exact an account as possible of this singular appearance, and I leave to future explorers of these distant regions, to discover whether it is a production of nature or art."

We must confess that our philosophy is completely at fault here, and all the antiquarian lore of which we are possessed will not enable us to solve this difficult problem. It is a pity that the redoubted Edie Ochiltree is now no more, as, perhaps, he might have been able to clear up the mystery of this matter, in as easy a way as he did that of Monkbarns's celebrated entrenchment.

The farthest point of Captain Carver's peregrination to the north-west was at the river St Francis, about sixty miles beyond the Falls of St Anthony on the Mississippi, which are situated in lat. 46° N., long. 95° W. from London, and at the distance of nearly 2000 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. These falls, which, till of late, formed the farthest limit to which Europeans had penetrated into the wilderness in that direction, received their name from Father Louis Hennepin, a French missionary, who travelled into these parts about the year 1680, and was the first European ever seen by the natives. The body of waters which forms the fall is above 250 yards in breadth, producing a most beautiful cataract; it falls perpendicularly about thirty feet, and the rapids below, in the space of 300 yards more, render the descent considerably greater, so that, when viewed at a distance, the falls appear to be much higher than they really are. The country around them is extremely beautiful. It is not an uninterrupted plain, where the eye finds no relief, but it is composed of many gentle ascents, which, in the summer, are covered with the finest verdure, and interspersed with little groves, that give a charming variety to the prospect. "On the whole," says our traveller, "when the falls are included, which may be seen at the distance of four miles, a more pleasing and picturesque view cannot, I believe, be found throughout the universe."

The following description, given by Carver, of the behaviour of a young Indian prince, who went in company with him to view this celebrated place for the first time, presents a most interesting picture of the power which the natural sublime and beautiful are capable of exercising over the human mind in its unsophisticated state:—"We could distinctly hear the noise of the water full fifteen miles before we reached the falls; and I was greatly pleased and surprised when I approached this astonishing work of nature; but I was not long at liberty to indulge these emotions, my attention being called off by the behaviour of my companion.

"The prince had no sooner gained the point that overlooks this wonderful cascade, than he began with an audible voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose places of residence he imagined this to be. He told him that he had come a long way to pay his adorations to him, and now would make him the best offering in his power. He accordingly first threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these, the bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists; next, an ornament that encircled his neck, composed of beads and wires; and, at last, the ear-rings from his ears; in short, he presented to his god every part of his dress that was valuable. During this, he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated.

"All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions, that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear and untroubled waters: nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe, in honour of the Great Spirit.

"I was greatly surprised at beholding an instance of such elevated devotion in so young an Indian; and instead of ridiculing the ceremonies attending it, as I observed my Catholic servant tacitly did, I looked on the prince with a greater degree of respect for these sincere proofs he gave of his piety; and I doubt not but that his offerings and prayers were as acceptable to the universal Parent of mankind, as if they had been made with greater pomp, or in a consecrated place."

AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL.

[By Audubon.]

As I was lounging one fair and very warm morning on the *Levee* at New Orleans, I chanced to observe a gentleman, whose dress and other accompaniments greatly attracted my attention. I wheeled about, and followed him for a short space, when, judging by every thing about him that he was a true original, I accosted him.

But here, kind reader, let me give you some idea of his exterior. His head was covered by a straw hat, the brim of which might cope with those worn by the fair sex in 1830; his neck was exposed to the weather; the broad frill of a shirt, then fashionable, flapped about his breast, whilst an extraordinary collar, carefully arranged, fell over the top of his coat. The latter was of a light green colour, harmonizing well with a pair of flowing yellow nankeen trousers, and a pink waistcoat, from the bosom of which, amidst a large bunch of the splendid flowers of the magnolia, protruded part of a young alligator, which seemed more anxious to glide through the muddy waters of some retired swamp than to spend its life swinging to and fro among folds of the finest lawn. The gentleman held in one hand a cage full of richly-plumed nonpareils, whilst in the other he sported a silk umbrella, on which I could plainly read, "*Stolen from I,*" these words being painted in large white characters. He walked as if conscious of his own importance, that is, with a good deal of pomposity, singing, "My love is but a lassie yet," and that with such thorough imitation of the Scotch emphasis, that, had not his physiognomy brought to my mind a denial of his being from "within a mile of Edinburgh," I should have put him down in my journal for a true Scot. But no. His tournure, nay, the very shape of his visage, pronounced him an American, from the farthest parts of our eastern Atlantic shores.

All this raised my curiosity to such a height, that I accosted him with, "Pray, sir, will you allow me to examine the birds you have in that cage?" The gentleman stopped, straightened his body, almost closed his left eye, then spread his legs apart, and, with a look altogether quizzical, answered, "Birds, sir, did you say birds?" I nodded, and he continued, "What the devil do you know about birds, sir?"

Reader, this answer brought a blush into my face. I felt as if caught in a trap, for I was struck by the force of the gentleman's question: which, by the way, was not much in discordance with a not unusual mode of granting an answer in the United States. Sure enough, thought I, little or perhaps nothing do I know of the nature of those beautiful denizens of the air, but the next moment vanity gave me a pinch, and urged me to conceive that I knew at least as much about birds as the august personage in my presence. "Sir," replied I, "I am a student of nature, and admire her works, from the noblest figure of man to the crawling reptile which you have in your bosom." "Ah!" replied he, "a-a-a naturalist, I presume?" "Just so, my good sir," was my answer. The gentleman gave me the cage; and I observed from the corner of one of my eyes that his were cunningly inspecting my face. I examined the pretty finches as long as I wished, returned the cage, made a low bow, and was about to proceed on my walk, when this odd sort of being asked me a question quite accordant with my desire of knowing more of him: "Will you come with me, Sir? If you will, you shall see some more curious birds, some of which are from different parts of the world. I keep quite a collection." I assured him I should feel gratified, and accompanied him to his lodgings.

We entered a long room, where, to my surprise, the first objects that attracted my attention were a large easel, with a full-length unfinished portrait upon it, a table with pallets and pencils, and a number of pictures of various sizes placed along the walls. Several cages containing birds were hung near the windows, and two young gentlemen were busily engaged in copying some finished portraits. I was delighted with all I saw. Each picture spoke for itself: the drawing, the colouring, the handling, the composition, and the keeping—all proved, that, whoever was the artist, he certainly was possessed of superior talents.

I did not know if my companion was the painter of the picture, but, as we say in America, I strongly guessed, and without waiting any longer, paid him the compliments which I thought he fairly deserved. "Ay," said he, "the world is pleased with my work; I wish I were so too; but time and industry are required, as well as talents, to make a good artist. If you will examine the birds, I'll to my labour." So saying, the artist took up his pallet, and was searching for a rest-stick, but not finding the one with which he usually supported his hand, he drew the rod of a gun, and was about to sit, when he suddenly threw down his implements on the table, and, taking the gun, walked to me, and asked if "I had ever seen a percussion-lock." I had not, for that improvement was not yet in vogue. He not only explained the superiority of the lock in question, but undertook to prove that it was capable of acting effectually under water. The bell was rung, a flat basin of water was produced, the gun was charged with powder, and the lock fairly immersed. The report terrified the birds, causing them to beat against the gilded walls of their prisons. I remarked this to the artist. He replied, "The devil take the birds—more of them in the market; why, sir, I wish to show you that I am a marksman as well as a painter." The easel was cleared of the large picture, rolled to the farther end of the room, and placed against the wall. The gun was loaded in a trice, and the painter, counting ten steps from the easel, and taking aim at the supporting-pin on the left, fired. The bullet struck the head of the wooden pin fairly, and sent the splinters in all directions. "A bad shot, sir," said this extraordinary person; the ball ought to have driven the pin farther into the hole, but it struck on one side; I'll try at the hole itself." After reloading his piece, the artist took aim again, and fired. The bullet this time had accomplished its object, for it had passed through the aperture, and hit the wall behind. "Mr ——, ring the bell and close the windows," said the painter, and turning to me, continued—"Sir, I will show you the *ne plus ultra* of shooting." I was quite amazed, and yet so delighted, that I bowed my assent. A servant having appeared, a lighted candle was ordered. When it arrived, the artist placed it in a proper position, and retiring some yards, put out the light with a bullet, in the manner which I have elsewhere in this volume described. When light was restored, I observed the uneasiness of the poor little alligator, as it strove to effect its escape from the artist's waistcoat. I mentioned this to him. "True, true," he replied, "I had quite forgot the reptile; he shall have a dram;" and unbuttoning his vest, unclasped a small chain, and placed the alligator in the basin of water on the table.

Perfectly satisfied with the acquaintance which I had formed with this renowned artist, I wished to withdraw, fearing I might inconvenience him by my presence. But my time was not yet come. He bade me sit down, and paying no more attention to the young pupils in the room than if they had been a couple of cabbages, said, "If you have leisure, and will stay a while, I will show you how I paint, and will relate to you an incident of my life, which will prove to you how sadly situated an artist is at times." In full expectation that more eccentricities were to be witnessed, or that the story would prove a valuable one even to a naturalist, who is seldom a painter, I seated myself at his side, and observed with interest how adroitly he transferred the colours from his glistening pallet to the canvas before him. I was about to compliment him on his facility of touch, when he spoke as follows:—

"This is, sir, or, I ought to say rather, this will be, the portrait of one of our best navy officers, a man as brave as Cæsar, and as good a sailor as ever walked the deck of a seventy-four. Do you paint, sir?" I replied "Not yet." "Not yet! what do you mean?" "I mean what I say: I intend to paint as soon as I can draw better than I do at present." "Good," said he; "you are quite right; to draw is the first object; but, sir, if you should ever paint, and paint portraits, you will often meet with difficulties. For instance, the brave commodore, of whom this is the portrait, although an excellent man at every thing else, is the worst sitter I ever saw; and the incident I promised to relate to you, as one curious enough, is connected with his bad mode of sitting. Sir, I forgot to ask if you would take any refreshment—a glass of wine, or ——." I assured him I needed nothing more than his agreeable company, and he proceeded. "Well, sir, the first morning that the commodore came to sit, he was in full uniform, and with his sword at his side. After a few moments of conversation, and when all was ready on my part, I bade him ascend this *throne*, place himself in the attitude which I contemplated, and assume an air becoming an officer of the navy." He mounted, placed himself as I had desired, but merely looked at me as if I had been a block of stone. I waited a few minutes, when, observing no change on his placid countenance, I ran the chalk over the canvass, to form a rough outline. This done, I looked up to his face again, and opened a conversation which I thought would warm his warlike nature; but in vain. I waited and waited, talked and talked, until my patience—sir, you must know I am not overburdened with phlegm—being almost run out, I rose, threw my pallet and brushes on the floor, stamped, walking to and fro about the room, and vociferated such calumnies against our navy, that I startled the good commodore. He still looked at me with a placid countenance, and, as he has told me

since, thought I had lost my senses. But I observed him all the while, and, fully as determined to carry my point as he would be to carry off an enemy's ship, I gave my oaths additional emphasis, addressed him as a representative of the navy, and, steering somewhat clear of personal insult, played off my batteries against the craft. The commodore walked up to me, placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, and told me, in a resolute manner, that if I intended to insult the navy, he would instantly cut off my ears. His features exhibited all the spirit and animation of his noble nature, and as I had now succeeded in rousing the lion, I judged it time to retreat. So, changing my tone, I begged his pardon, and told him he now looked precisely as I wished to represent him. He laughed, and, returning to his seat, assumed a bold countenance. And now, sir, see the picture."

At some future period I may present you with other instances of the odd ways in which this admired artist gave animation to his sitters. For the present, kind reader, we shall leave him finishing the commodore, while we return to our proper studies.—*American Ornithology.*

ALBANIA AND ALI PACHA

[From an excellent work recently published, entitled, "Sketches in Greece and Turkey."]

EARLY in the spring of 1832, I visited, with one companion, the bleak and mountainous country on the eastern shore of the Adriatic Gulf, now known by the name of Albania. The wild and half savage character of its inhabitants—the dark and ferocious reputation of its late celebrated pacha—and perhaps still more, the description of its scenes which adorns the pages of "Childe Harold," combine to make this peculiar country one of the most interesting and romantic in Europe. We approached it from the Ionian Isles, on an evening most congenial to its cold and desolate character. The pestilential sirocco was blowing with great violence; and we sat on deck some hours after nightfall, watching the dark tempest as it slowly gathered on the snowy peaks of Chimari, and enjoying the bright flashes, as in quick succession they shot downwards to the shore, and the sublimity of the thunder, as it rolled in the distant gloom of the mountains.

The traveller who visits Albania must be satisfied with and thankful for whatever accommodations it may please Providence to provide him withal, and must not grumble even if occasionally he should find none at all. The first evening on our landing, we were hospitably received by some Albanians who farmed a little isolated custom-house on the shore; they assigned us our share of a small room or loft above the stable, and showed us every attention in their power. Being the first of their nation we had seen, their wild but eminently handsome countenances—their long black hair flowing down their shoulders—their large, shaggy, white capote—their voluminous kilts, or *fustinelle*, of white linen, reaching to the knees—their broad girdle, containing dagger, pistols, ramrod, and inkstand (which last must have been surprised to find itself in such company)—and the *ensemble* of their costume and appearance, afforded us much matter for interesting observation. They seemed to take equal pleasure in examining our persons and accoutrements; and after we had mutually gratified our curiosity, we spread our mattrasses in a corner, and lay down to sleep. Five of these savages slumbered around us, though the room was somewhat diminutive for so large a number; and a lamp was left faintly burning on the table. The wind entered our dormitory between every board of the floor, and almost every stone in the wall; the horses and mules kept up an incessant kicking and squealing below us; the moon intruded her rays through the broken tiles, which were substituted for a real roof; and when day appeared, the light broke in upon us (to use an expression of Mr Burke's) "not through well-contrived apertures and windows, but through gaps and chinks—through the yawning chasms of our ruin."

The following morning we pursued our journey to Janina, the capital, through a number of mountain passes, all of which were striking, and one of them singularly beautiful. The Albanese villages, of which we passed several, are for the most part picturesque, and even elegant, though not generally clean. The cottages, often extremely miserable, are not built in rows, but grouped at some distance from each other, with trees and greensward in the intervals; a plan which gives at a distance an interesting appearance even to the meanest hamlets. Those of the Albanese who do not live in villages, and who are more peculiarly shepherds and mountaineers, make themselves small hovels of straw in the form of tents, and generally about four or five feet high, which cost them nothing either to construct or to abandon when circumstances induce them to change their habitation.

The different tribes of the Albanians vary in the minor features of their character, but the general outlines are in all nearly the same. They are violent, ferocious, and turbulent; attached to predatory habits, and cursed with an insatiable passion for gold. They seem to have little or no religion, but are kind to strangers, and remarkable for the savage virtue of hospitality. The Turks and Greeks of these parts hold them in equal dread and abhorrence; and certainly their conduct since the days of Ali Pacha has been such as amply to justify both these sentiments. Personally, we found little reason to complain; but the character of a people must not be taken from the experience of a passing guest.

The second evening of our stay in Albania we rested at a wretchedly filthy and desolate *khan* among the mountains, where half a dozen natives had already taken up their quarters. We arranged our rude couches as well as we could, and amused ourselves with contemplating the wild scene before us. Ten of these fellows, all in full national costume, were squatting cross-legged round an immense fire, the smoke from which (as, of course, there was no chimney) curled in large volumes round the roof, in search of a legitimate exit. As the flame rose and fell, the red light glared fitfully across their savage features; and one of them roared out, for nearly an hour together, in a disagreeable nasal tone, one of their wild mountain songs, applying from time to time to the wine jug, which passed in rapid succession from hand to hand. I never saw a more characteristic or extraordinary scene. It was little different from that described in Childe Harold, cant. ii. st. 71.

We approached Janina in the evening. The rays of the setting sun gave a somewhat warmer tint to the snows of the mighty Pindus, and glimmered faintly along the still surface of the lake. This once celebrated city stands partly on the mainland, and partly on a promontory which projects into the lake, and contains the fortress. The minarets of twelve mosques enliven the scene, and form an agreeable contrast with the dark foliage of the cypresses which grow beside them. The scene at a distance is interesting and attractive, but the illusion vanishes as you approach. Two thousand houses of the most miserable construction, and a heap of ruins, are all that now remain of the seat of a powerful and wealthy government, which for a time was a rival to the Porte itself. The fort still exists, though in a ruinous condition; but the magnificent palaces of Ali and his two sons are a mere undistinguished mass of rubbish, and nearly three-fourths of the town are utterly swept away. The chief injury was committed at the time of Ali Pacha's assassination, in consequence of his obstinate resistance; but since his death, a period of eleven years, the city has been five times plundered by the Albanese, under the feeble sway of two successive pachas. The last time was in the autumn of 1830. In consequence of these repeated visitations, the city has lost all individual attraction; and it is now only interesting as having been the scene where, for many years, an extraordinary man exercised a barbarous but salutary dominion, and at length met with a tragical termination to his dark career.

The early part of Ali Pacha's history and government; the security of property which was afforded, and the excellent order which was established in every part of his jurisdiction; his avarice, ambition, and cunning; and the barbarous system which he pursued in order to augment and consolidate his power, and keep in check his wild and rebellious subjects, are already known to the public through the narratives of Dr Holland, Mr Hobhouse, and M. Pouqueville. In the latter years of his life, avarice and cruelty became his predominant passions, and increased to so inordinate a degree as to overpower his natural shrewdness and discernment, and altogether alienate the affections of his Albanese followers, who, as long as he had paid them liberally, were ardently devoted to his service, but whose fidelity was not proof against a diminution in the scale of their rewards. In the year 1820, the Porte, after being foiled in several attempts to release itself from this too powerful servant, set a price upon his head, and sent Reschid Pacha with a large army to take it. Janina was besieged, and reduced to great extremities. However, Ali's immense wealth, the fruit of half a century of rapacity, still afforded him great resources; and if he could only have resolved to distribute it with liberality, he might even then have turned away his fate. As it was, the siege was prolonged for several months, till at length the Albanians, disgusted with the increasing avarice of their master, deserted in great numbers. Ali then retired to a small fort which he had built on an island in the lake, leaving a faithful slave, with a loaded pistol and several barrels of gunpowder, in the cellars of his palace, where his treasures were concealed, with orders to blow up the building if he did not receive every day, at a certain hour, a written message from him to the contrary.

While on the island, Reschid Pacha continued to persuade the old rebel that he was his friend, and wished him well, and might perhaps be able, in case of immediate submission, to procure his pardon from the Porte. They had several interviews; and in the last of these, as Ali had accompanied his visitor to the door of the apartment, and was politely bowing him away, Reschid Pacha drew a pistol, and wounded Ali in the arm. Ali instantly drew his sabre, and made a cut at his assassin; but the weapon caught in the top of the door, and Reschid escaped. The unfortunate Pacha then shut the door, and retired to the divan, writhing with pain from his wound. He saw his hour was come, and, turning to Captain D'Anglos, an Englishman, who had been with him for some time, and was present at the scene, he requested him most earnestly to poison Vasilika, his favourite wife, that she might not fall into the hands of the enemy; and at the same time gave him his large diamond, said to be worth L.30,000, and desired him to pound it to pieces in his presence. Captain D'Anglos took the diamond, and, in the simplicity of his heart, began to pound away with great zeal and vigour; and it was not, he declared, till the gem was utterly destroyed, that he was struck with the idea how far more sensible it would have been to have put it into his waistcoat pocket, when there was no one near to see or to prevent him, and when Ali was lying on the divan almost insensible with pain.* He had not been long in this situation, when a shot which came through the floor below struck him in a vital part, and his assassins entering the room, cut off his head, and sent it, as is customary, to Constantinople. Ali's two sons, Muchtar and Veli, were soon after invited to Berat by Reschid Pacha, and there treacherously murdered. Vasilika his wife still survives; we saw her at Janina, as she was walking out to visit a friend.

Ali was certainly one of the most remarkable characters which have appeared in the present century. From a mere mountain robber, without money, influence, or friends, he raised himself to be absolute ruler of a large district, and, at the same time, elevated his province to an important political station among the secondary powers of Europe. By his shrewd intellect, and his vigorous and severe method of government, he established security and order through extensive dominions, which, both before and since, have been one incessant scene of anarchy and misrule. But his character was stained by two of the darkest vices which disgrace humanity. His avarice and cruelty brought about his ruin. He had collected enormous treasures, but he was too miserly to spend them, even when it became necessary for his own safety. His cruelty alienated the hearts of his most faithful followers, but for a time fear supplied the place of attachment. The number of persons he put to death judicially and publicly, is said to have been unexampled in the annals of any former vizier; and, as we were assured by those who had watched his whole career, even these were far exceeded by the victims whom he had secretly drowned in the lake, which, by all accounts, must be actually paved with carcasses. There is a small chasm or fissure in the island of which I have already spoken, which communicates with the lake. Of this Ali made frequent use. His victims were enticed to the spot, and then precipitated into the cave, where a boat was in waiting to convey them to the deepest part of the water. This cavern was the scene of a tragical story which is still current in Janina. Muchtar's wife complained to her father-in-law of her husband's infidelity, and pointed out eleven of the most beautiful women in the city as accomplices in his guilt. They were all seized the same night, and drowned near this cavern, according to the Turkish custom in such cases. These unfortunate victims belonged to some of the first families in Janina. These individual murders, and one or two massacres on a larger scale, have stamped the name of Ali with a character of ferocity, which, even in Turkey, is thought of with abhorrence.

IRON STEAM-BOATS.

VESSELS constructed of sheet-iron have been sometimes tried in this country, but it does not appear that any essential advantage was gained by the change, as the use of metal for wood has never extended beyond the first experiments, except for track-boats on canals, where the lightness of the structure seems to have recommended its adoption in some cases. In warm climates, however, the case is different; the superiority of iron over wood is there evinced in many essential circumstances, and it is so decided, that, in the course of time, it must cause a total revolution in ship-building for these countries. The great changes, from excessive drought to heavy rains, which take place in hot climates, have a powerful effect in destroying the joinings and frame-work of the best built ships, as well as in wasting their timber. Sometimes, during wet seasons, the rains pour down for days together, till the whole decks and frame of the vessel are soaked with moisture; the sun immediately after breaks out with a strong cloudless heat, and the planks, which had been swelled with wet, now shrink from the penetrating drought, till their joints separate from each other, and leave large gaps and seams. During the next heavy shower, perhaps, these give free entrance to rain, and the cabins below are frequently deluged, in such cases, like an open shed. This takes place particularly on the coast of Guinea, but it is felt to a painful extent by all coasting vessels in tropical climates. This, however, is not the only inconvenience: wood, it is well known, is a bad conductor of heat, so that whatever warmth is generated within a wooden vessel, is likely to remain there, and even to increase, within certain limits, so long as the cause continues to operate. The breath of the sailors, therefore, when they sleep below decks, and the heat communicated through the planks by the vertical sun, frequently make the hold of a ship in warm climates so insufferably hot, that it is almost suffocation to remain in it; and though there are contrivances (called windsails) which are used to send down a current of cool air, the heat and effluvia are still injurious to health. The same warmth, however, which is hurtful to mankind, makes the hold of these vessels a favourite shelter for all the noxious vermin of hot climates: scorpions, centipedes, rats, cockroaches, and all abominations, delight in their recesses. Henry Martin, a well-

* The unlucky captain was so overwhelmed with a sense of shame at his want of *savoir-faire*, that, as he subsequently avowed, the diamond haunted him in his dreams for months after.

known and benevolent chaplain of the East India Company, who made a short passage in one of the native vessels, could compare it to nothing, on this account, but a sepulchre, full of every thing unclean and poisonous. The unpacking of boxes which have been any time on board of such craft is sometimes a work of great danger, and a person has to stand by with a sharp instrument to prick the scorpions to death. The vermin are sometimes killed by introducing a tube from a steam-boiler, and filling the hold (which is well closed down in the meantime) with hot steam; this kills them, and boils them down to a pulp; but the vessel requires much cleaning afterwards. The chief cause of the preference shown by such vermin to the holds of ships, is the heat generated in the confined atmosphere, which the non-conducting properties of their wooden sides do not allow to escape. All this would be avoided by having vessels constructed of iron; that metal is so complete a conductor, that the heat generated within the hold would be transmitted instantly through the sides of the ship, and abstracted by the cool sea water; so that the interior air of the vessel, instead of being kept at a suffocating heat, would never become warmer than the surrounding water. This result is not matter of conjecture or speculation; the experiment has been tried in steam-vessels on the Ganges, and found to answer perfectly; and it is also now under trial in the case of the steam-boat which went out with Mr Lander to explore the river Niger, and its eastern tributary, the Quorra. Accounts have been received from this interesting expedition, which dwell particularly on the advantages derived from the coolness of their metal steam-vessel, and its capability of resisting the effects of a tropical climate. Indeed, had it not been for this invention, it seems likely that the heat generated by steam-engines would have been a powerful bar to the employment of that power in warm climates, at least in vessels coasting along the hot sultry shores and rivers, where the health of European seamen already suffers sufficiently from the temperature. It is singular to consider how science enables mankind to defy the extremes both of heat and cold, and to carry on their enterprises in safety, under the pole or the equator. When our ships were sent to make discoveries near the pole, they were lined with non-conductors, cork and double planking, in order to preserve within them all the heat that was generated either by the people or by the necessary fires; while, under the equator, on the other hand, where the heat is in excess, ships are made entirely of a conducting substance, in order to carry away the heat as fast as it is generated.

OXFORD FLYING COACH.

The following extract is from Antony Wood's Life, written by himself, and is curious in many respects. It may be remarked, that Oxford is about forty-seven miles west from London.—"Monday, 26th April 1669, was the first day that the flying coach went from Oxford to London in one day. A. W—— went in the same coach, having then a boot on each side. Among the six men that went, Mr Richard Holloway, a counsellor of Oxford (afterwards a judge), was one. They then (according to the vice-chancellor's order, stuck up in all public places) entered into the coach at the tavern door, against All Souls College, precisely at six of the clock in the morning, and at seven at night they were all set down at their inn at London." This journey was then accomplished in thirteen hours, and was esteemed, if not a great, a considerable effort. The same journey is now performed in less than half the time.

MARBLE CURIOUSLY STAINED.

In the Bodlevan Library are shown some specimens of marble representing landscapes and various figures. They are by many considered as *lusus naturæ*; but, in fact, they are nothing more than pieces of stained marble. This art was exercised in the seventeenth century by a Mr Bird, a stone-cutter in Oxford. Several were shown to Charles the Second soon after the restoration. They were broken in his presence, and found to correspond through the whole substance. Mr Wood's words are, "William Bird, of Hallywell, in the suburbs of Oxford, stone-cutter, did, in the latter end of this year (1657), find out the painting or staining of marble, a specimen of which he presented to the king after his restoration, as also to the queen, and, in 1669, to Cosmo Prince of Tuscany, when in Oxford."

SPICES.

In the rolls, or accounts of some ancient religious foundations, we frequently find a sum of money charged for spices used in their entertainments; for in those days *spiced wine* was a very fashionable beverage. It appears from a passage in Froissart, that the spice for this mixture was served often separately, in what they called a spice-plate. In the account of Maxtoke Priory, in the year 1447, we have the following curious entry in Latin, of which this is a translation:—'Paid for cretic wine (cretic wine is supposed to be raisin wine, or wine made of dried grapes), with comfits and spices, when Sir S. Montford's fool was here, and exhibited his merriments in the oriel chamber." An oriel was a recess in a chamber or hall, formed by the projection of a spacious bow window from top to bottom.

TABARD.

Stowe, in his survey of London, speaking of the inns in Southwark, says, "Amongst the which innes, the most ancient is the Tabard, so called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn by noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but, then, to wit, in the wars their arms were embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others: but now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and are called their coats of arms in service. For the Inn of the Tabard, the poet Chaucer, in the reign of Edward the Third, writeth thus—

> 'It befell, in that season, on a day,
> In Southwarke, at the Tabert as I lay,
> Ready to wend on my pilgrimage
> To Canterbury, with full devout courage.'

Within this inn was also the lodging of the abbot of Hide (by the city of Winchester), a fair house for him and his train when he came to the city to Parliament." The name of the Tabard Inn is now corrupted into Talbot.

CRANMER, RIDLEY, AND LATIMER.

Though these three eminent men were placed in separate lodgings, yet they were suffered sometimes to eat together in the prison of Bocardo. A book of their diet every dinner and supper is still preserved. The following is an extract from it:—

The first of October dinner

Bread and ale . . .	iid.
Item, oysters . . .	id.
Item, butter . . .	iid.
Item, eggs	iid.
Item, ling . . .	viiid.
Item, a piece of fresh salmon	xd.
Wine	iiid.
Cheese and pears . .	iid.

From this book of their expenses, these few observations may be made:—They ate constantly suppers as well as dinners. Their meals amounted to about three or four shillings, seldom exceeding four. Their bread and ale commonly came to twopence or threepence. They had constantly cheese and pears for their last dish, both at dinner and supper, and always wine, the price whereof was ever threepence, and no more. The prices of their provisions (it being now an extraordinary time) were as follow:—A goose, 14d.; a pig, 12d. or 13d.; a cony, 6d.; a woodcock, 3d., and sometimes 5d.; a couple of chickens, 6d.; three plovers, 10d.; half-a-dozen larks, 3d.; a dozen of larks and two plovers, 10d.; a breast of veal, 11d.; a shoulder of mutton, 10d.; roast beef, 12d. From this brief specimen the price of provisions in England about the middle of the sixteenth century may be learned.

RICHARD HAYDOCK, WHO PRETENDED TO PREACH IN HIS SLEEP.

The following extraordinary instance of cunning, combined with hypocrisy, is taken from Stow's Chronicle, continued by How, for the year 1605:—

Richard Haydock, a professed physician, pretended to preach in his sleep; and having an imperfection in his usual or daily speech, yet by his nightly practice in his private chamber, he attained a very good delivery of his mind, and carried himself so cunningly, that he would often seem in his private chamber to preach in his sleep: and being divers times heard by such as were near him, who, though they called or spake unto him never so oft or earnestly, yea, though they stirred or pulled him by the hands and feet, &c., yet would he make no manner of answer at all, but persist smoothly on, keeping his countenance; whereupon his fame was spread throughout the land, by the name of the sleeping preacher. At last King James commanded him to be brought to the court, where his majesty sat up the most part of the night, attending the event; and at length the seeming sleeper began to pray, then pronounced a text, made his division of his text, and applying to his purpose, for in his preaching he used to inveigh against the pope, against the cross in baptism, and against the last canons of the church of England; and having ended his sermon, seemed to continue sleeping. His majesty having thoroughly observed what he had there heard and seen, departed to his lodging; and within a few days after called the said Haydock before him. After some conference, the king in his princely wisdom discovered all his drifts and practice. The offender being no way able to justify himself, acknowledged his abuse unto God, to his majesty, and the world, and humbly besought mercy of his majesty. The king most graciously pardoned him conditionally, that in all places he acknowledge and confess his offence, because the people greatly supposed, and many verily believed, his nocturnal preaching was either by inspiration or by vision.

His confession is thus expressed:—"I do, in the naked simplicity of a thankful and most penitent heart, ingenuously confess and acknowledge that this use of my nocturnal discourse, seeming to be in a sound and deep sleep, when indeed I was waking, and had perfect sense of that I conceived and spoke, than when by day I attempted the same, was, from the beginning, a voluntary thing done with knowledge, upon a discovery in myself of a greater ability and freedom of invention, memory, and speech, in that mild, quiet, and silent repose of the night, than in the day time I found."

THE GUILLOTINE.

This instrument of judicial punishment in France derives its name from a Dr Guillotin, one of the most distinguished physicians in Paris, and a person who embraced with ardour the cause of the revolution, and was elected one of the Deputies to the National Assembly. It is supposed by many that Guillotin was one of the first sufferers by the instrument which bears his name; but it seems this was not the case. The following notice of him has been translated from the *Biographie Universelle*, by a writer in a London newspaper:—

"Guillotin conducted himself with moderation in the National Assembly: he directed his attention there to different objects of public utility, among others, to the plan for the organization of the Faculty of Medicine; and he took a part in the most remarkable resolutions of that body when it became the Constituent Assembly. After it had decided that crimes were *personal*, Guillotin proposed to substitute decapitation for other punishments, on the ground that, in the opinion of Frenchmen, that species of death did not attach infamy to the family of the criminal. The proposition was adopted: its author then pointed out a machine, which had been long known, as proper for the infliction of death, without giving any pain to the sufferer. Men of the best character at that time applauded the humane motives of the philanthropic deputy in selecting this instrument of punishment. Unfortunately for Guillotin, some wags gave his name to the machine, of which he was not the inventor, and which he had only brought into notice. Still more unfortunately, this machine became, in the hands of the ruffians who were masters of France during two years—the duration of which was equivalent to more than two centuries—the instrument of the most horrible vengeance, of the most odious crimes; and Guillotin, who was himself imprisoned, and ready to figure as a victim in the daily scenes of carnage with which our infamous tyrants glutted themselves, had a thousand times to grieve at seeing his name attached to the devastating axe with which the cannibals had armed their executioners. One feels astonished that Guillotin had not solicited permission from the government to relinquish a name which from that time must have been unsupportable to him. After the termination of his political career, Guillotin resumed the functions of a physician, which it would have been perhaps better for his own repose if he had never quitted. He enjoyed, up to his last moments, the esteem of all who knew him. Dr Guillotin died on the 26th of May 1814, aged seventy-six."

POLLY PARTAN,

A BALLAD.

O, pretty Polly Partan! she was a damsel gay,
And, with a creel upon her back, she every night would stray
To the market-cross of Edinburgh, where singing she would stand,
While the gayest lords in Edinburgh ate oysters from her hand.

O, such a beauty Polly was, she dang the fish-wives a'—
Her cheek was like the partan's back, her nose was like its claw
Oh how divinely did she look, when to her face there cam'
The blushes that accompany the taking of a dram!

Her love he was a sailor, a sailor on the sea,
And of a Greenland whaler the second mate was he:
But the Northern Sea now covers him beneath its icy wave,
And the ice-berg is the monument that lies upon his grave.

As pretty Polly Partan one night was going home,
And thinking of Tam Hallibuck and happy days to come,
Endeavouring to recollect if she was fou or not,
And counting that night's profits in her kilted petticoat.

She had not gone a mile, a mile down the Newhaven road,
When the spirit of Tam Hallibuck before poor Polly stood;
The hiccup rose unhiccuped through her amazed throat,
And the shilling dropt uncounted into her petticoat.

O, cold turned Polly Partan, but colder was the ghost,
Who shiver'd in his shirt as folks are apt to do in frost;
And while from out his cheek he spat the phantom of a quid
From the ghost of his tobacco-box he lifted off the lid

"Oh! Polly," cried the spirit, "you may weep nae mair for me,
For my body it lies cauld and deep beneath the frozen sea;
Oh! will ye be my bride, and go where sleeps your ain true lover,
The tangle-weed shall be your bed, the mighty waves its cover?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go!" cried Polly, "for I can lo'e nane but you;"
And she turn'd into a spirit, and away with Tam she flew:
And in her track, far to the north, a ghastly light there shone,
Her *coats* were like the comet's tail, her fish-creel like the moon.

And some folk about Buckhaven, that were lecturing that night
On th' aurora borealis and its beauties all so bright,
Saw the spiritual lovers, with the lightning's quickest motion,
Shoot down among the streamers like two stars into the ocean.

The first thirty-six numbers of the Journal, originally published in a folio shape, are now reprinted in the present small size, by which means sets of this work from the commencement may now be had, in every respect fitted for binding. A title-page and index are likewise prepared for the first volume, and may be purchased at the price of a number. Those who have not preserved their numbers as published, may have the first volume, done up in boards, from the publishers or their agents.

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CALLS.

THE subject of calls, though of late much discussed in various quarters, is not yet by any means exhausted. It is a subject of great importance to the community, especially the female part of it, and deserves to be treated with all the reflection and carefulness that can be had. "My dear," said Mrs Balderstone to me one fine day, "I am shamefully behind in my calls. That 'ladies' work,' and one thing and another, have kept me pretty close to the house for the better part of half a year, and during all that time my arrears have been accumulating in such a way that I now hardly know how to face my friends. I declare it would take a full week to pay off all the calls that I am owing. And then, as for yourself, you know you never have once paid a morning visit since you were married. That endless *business* of yours occupies you so much, that you neglect every thing else, and your own health into the bargain. I really must have you pulled out of the house to-day, to take a walk with me. Suppose you just for once accompany me on a round of calls, and see two or three of those friends of mine who have so long expressed an anxiety to see you, but whom you have never been able to see, either in their houses or your own. Yes, yes, you *will* come. It will be *so* delightful to have *you* out for a day. See how fine the day is! You cannot resist: it *will* do you so much good," &c. There was no resisting blandishments like these, particularly as I really had nothing better at the time to do. I therefore dressed myself somewhat punctiliously, and sallied out with Mrs Balderstone, who seemed to enjoy excessively the conquest she supposed herself to have gained over my propensity to stay at home. Under my left arm went the good lady herself. In my right hand hung her reticule, and, at all the shady places, her parasol was also committed to my charge. "Where shall we go first?" inquired I. "Oh, just leave it all to me," responded my spouse, in her usual absolute manner—a style of speech, be it remarked, which, though I generally tolerate it in matters indifferent, would not be submitted to in others of a graver nature. Only, I am always of opinion that it is best to keep up one's powers of resistance till there is a real occasion for them. Well, away we went; the sun shone gaily out; the streets were well watered; the great fashionable street was in a stir; and it *was* "so" delightful. The chief scene of our intended inroads was in the distant part of the town; so we walked, and walked, and better walked, as the nursery stories say, till we were at length so much fatigued that we could hardly hold out any longer without both rest and refection. "It is *so* fortunate," remarked my wife, in reference to our exhausted condition, "the first call we have to make is upon honest old Mrs Davidson, who is never from home, and who always presses people to wine and cake. She is considered, you know, as a very plain kind of person; but she certainly *is* kind." No more respectable character could have at that moment been presented to me; and burning with prospective reverence for the good old woman, we approached her door. I had some notion of even taking the liberty of asking this worthy Christian for a glass of beer—that is, supposing that she should not herself offer it. What—what was our grief when we were informed that Mrs Davidson was from home! She had gone to spend a fortnight in the country, and was not to be back till Friday week. Friday week! echoed my spirit within me—or some other organ—the very idea of such a stretch of time before being able to partake of the anticipated hospitality, made me nearly faint upon her threshold. Women, however, are proverbially fertile in resources. "Though Mrs Davidson has failed us," said my spouse, "there is Mrs Galloway, my old school-companion—Jessy Carmichael, you know—she that was married last year—lives only two streets off; and though it is out of our line of march, I think we had better go there before calling any where else, for I think she is sure at least to offer us a glass of wine. She returned my first call about the New Year, and I have not seen her since. She will be thinking, I dare say, that we have cut acquaintance." Of course I had no objection to try Mrs Galloway, being quite indifferent as to the port we should make for, provided only that *port* should be found after all. Pleasing intelligence! Mrs Galloway was at home. We were shown into a drawing-room, bearing that appearance of exquisite arrangement and perfect lustre of polish which strikes the beholder, so invariably, with an idea the opposite of eating or drinking. Oh, thought I, there is nothing for us here. And I was right. Mrs Galloway, who soon appeared, received us in a manner not at all peculiar for any thing, and, after the usual chit-chat, permitted us to take our leave unregaled. We now called on some other friends, but all were from home. "Is there no one you are sure of?" inquired I. "Oh, yes," said Mrs Balderstone; "just come along to the next square, and see the Stewarts; they have a hot lunch every day, you know, exactly at two, and we are just upon the hour. This cannot fail us." I acknowledged that, if she were quite certain as to the habit of the lunch and the hour when it took place, we had a good chance in this case; and accordingly we were soon at the door of the Stewarts. Oh transport!—not only were the good folk at home, but, at the very moment the door was opened, we became as assured as the olfactory sense could make us, of the fact we had just been debating. The lunch of the Stewarts, like the French charter under Louis Philip, was a reality, and to all appearance a pretty substantial one. Well, we were shown up stairs—not into the family parlour, however, but into a small speak-a-word room, where, after we had remained for about three minutes, we were joined by Mrs Stewart, all in a flutter of apparent pleasure at the unusual honour of a visit from *Mr*, in addition to Mrs Balderstone. Now, thought I, now is the time. The lunch cannot keep long. You must ask us down. What, what! no invitation—still all talkee, talkee, and no eatee, eatee! Immortal powers, it was so! There did Mrs Stewart sit for ten minutes, without ever seeming to suppose that either we or herself had either taste or smell. Strange mischances sometimes occur in domestic matters. There may be visitors in one part of a house, whom you cannot bring into contact with others who have arrived later. And such might be the embarrassing case of this lady; yet it was strange, passing strange, and went to a degree above all common precedent, that we should have been coolly conducted through the notorious fumes of this hot lunch, and permitted to depart with appetites almost savage, to seek somewhere else for the solacement which we had there so confidently expected. I now saw that calls were a business which did not support itself, and I proposed to my amiable partner, that, before proceeding farther, we should refresh ourselves by the only mode which presented a perfect certainty of effect—that is to say, by adjourning to a restorateur's. She was piqued, however, to make out her case without resorting to that expedient, and entreated me to accompany her on just one other call, where she felt quite certain of success, as she was on such an intimate footing with the lady, that she could take the liberty of asking for something. I consented, and, after traversing another street or two, we arrived at the house in question. While I was knocking, Mrs Balderstone said, in an insinuating tone of voice, that, should this lady be from home, there were two others living within a few doors, upon whom she had intended to call, and who were equally certain to provide us with some refreshment. It was evident that my worthy spouse entertained little hope of my consenting to go any farther: she merely threw out the hint, intending to pull me on yet a little way, if I *would* go, but not otherwise. "Is Mrs Simpson at home?" inquired the dame. "No, Madam," answered the servant, "she is out." "Well, just one trial more. It is only across the street." I consented. Rat, tat, tat. "Is Mrs Paterson at home?" "No, madam, she is out." "Ay, ay," said I, after we had given our cards and retired, "and the children are out too, I could warrant, and the cat, and the dog, and the fire also. My dear," I added seriously, "it wont do any longer. This going about, leaving cards at doors, may answer very well for ladies; but men have something else to attend to. How it may be with you I know not; but I must fly to Doull's, or else I shall sink on the street." "Well well, go away," said Mrs Balderstone pettishly; "you men have no sense of what is required in society. For my part, I have at least ten other calls to make, and make them I will, though I should have to take a coach home. So adieu." We then parted, I to solace nature, and my wife to fulfil, as she called it, the ends of society. When we met again at dinner, I used some art to discover her adventures subsequent to our parting. It appeared that of the ten persons she had called upon, she had seen one, who, at her request, gave her a glass of wine. The other nine were all out, probably invited by that very excellence of the weather which had tempted forth Mrs Balderstone, and engaged, no doubt, in the same truly rational employment of leaving cards at the doors of all their missing acquaintance. Some of them had in fact been calling upon Mrs Balderstone in her absence, and I felt myself justified in forming a theory, that, on a fine day, all the world is abroad in the vain hope of finding each other at home. What was the most amusing thing of all, I discovered that there were a great many punctilious rules in the female world, in reference to this visionary kind of intercourse. The friends of a newly married lady call upon her first. She returns the visit as a matter of duty, after which, if the friend does not come again or invite the young couple to her house for a particular night, there is no more of it—the friendship is dropt. If it be proposed by the male friends of two ladies that they should become acquainted, the unmarried calls upon the married, or the junior upon the senior; that call is returned; after which, whether they actually saw each other or not, a friendship is supposed to be established: they have become friends by cartel. When a lady comes to reside for a time or permanently at a place where she knows several individuals of her own sex, those individuals are expected to pay her the first visit. And so forth. In fact, the political arrangements of the kingdom of Lilliput were not more amusing than the regulations of womankind on the subject of calls. A modern British lady walks literally by card, and the whole system resolves itself into a matter of pasteboard. Seeing how often the card represents the lady herself, she generally takes care to have it of the very finest foreign fashion, and the engraving in Kirkwood's best manner, so that her other self may bear an appearance as respectable, comparatively, as her own. Cards and women have thus become convertible ideas; and if the cards be only preserved, it probably will not matter much, ere long, although the whole female creation should become extinct.

Columns for Schoolboys.

OVID—VIRGIL.

The Roman poets now claim our attention, and of them the two here mentioned are those with whom schoolboys are generally most conversant; and concerning them, therefore, we shall now bring forward some observations, beginning with Ovid.

Publius Ovidius Naso, or, as he is called by us, Ovid, was born at Sulmo, a town in Italy, about ninety miles north-east from Rome, in the year 43 before Christ. He and Tibullus, the celebrated elegiac poet, are said to have been born on the same day. Ovid's parents were of equestrian rank, and in possession of a good estate; and, being thus able, it appears they bestowed upon him an excellent education. His uncommon progress in his studies was a natural consequence of great application, united with great genius. That levity, or rather dissoluteness of disposition, which disgraced his riper years, did not interfere with his youthful attainments in literary pursuits. He seems to have displayed his poetical vein at a very early period; and, like our Pope and Cowley, he may be said to have lisped in numbers. Warmth of affection and benevolence of heart, added to elegance of manners and brilliancy of wit, rendered him a most agreeable companion. His conversation was suited to all descriptions of men, cheerful, grave, lax, or rigid, according to the taste of those around him, or the train of thought prevalent in his own mind. The father of our poet appears to have been a man of strict morals, and his reproofs probably contributed to restrain the dissoluteness of his son. Intending him for the law, he directed his studies with that view; and to parental inclination, Ovid for a time submitted. His talents were no doubt well adapted for attaining to great eminence in that profession. Quickness of apprehension, felicity of language, and fluency of expression, which he certainly possessed in no ordinary degree, would have soon placed him high among Roman orators. But a few successful pleadings at the bar finished his career as an advocate; as the bent of his mind induced him to forsake every pursuit for the cultivation of poetry. From this period, in particular, the irregularity of his life is greatly to be lamented. The impurity of his mind appears in the indelicacy of his verses. It is impossible to read many of his poems, but with the deep regret inseparable from contemplating the prostitution of splendid talents to so vile and criminal a purpose. Who, without horror, can reflect on the character of that man, who has been wicked in proportion to the means which he had of excelling in virtue, and used the powers, which heaven had so abundantly conferred upon him, only to give allurements to vice, and lustre to crimes? He continued for a considerable time in great favour with the Emperor Augustus; but that monarch at last banished him to Tomos, a town situated in a very inhospitable region, in the country of Pontus, on the borders of the Black Sea. Ovid's fortitude entirely deserted him in adversity, and he meanly flattered Augustus to recal his edict; but neither the importunities of the poet, nor the urgent solicitations of his numerous and powerful friends, produced any alteration in the emperor's resolution. Nor did the accession of his successor, Tiberius, bring the smallest advantage to the unfortunate exile; as neither his effusions of sorrow, nor the claims of friendship, could procure his return, or even a change of residence. In justice to the natives of Tomos, it must not be forgotten that they treated the poet with every mark of respect, and exerted themselves to alleviate the miseries of his situation. After languishing among them for eight years and some months, grief and disappointment at length broke his heart, and he died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of the Christian era. The licentiousness of Ovid's verses was the ostensible reason why Augustus banished him, and treated him with such severity; but it is quite certain that this could not be the real cause of his punishment; and, accordingly, few events recorded by antiquity have oftener been subject of discussion than the true cause of Ovid's banishment. Some have alleged that it was his having made love to Augustus's daughter Julia; but this is quite uncertain, and, since he himself has not chosen to mention it, the truth of the matter will most probably never be discovered.

The works of Ovid are, The Metamorphoses, 15 books; The Fasti, 12 books; The Tristia, 5 books; The Heroides; Love, 3 books; The Art of Love, 3 books; The Remedies of Love, 1 book; Epistles from Pontus, 4 books; The Ibis; The Halieuticon, or Fishery; A Poem about Beautifying the Face; and Medea, a tragedy. Of the last only a few fragments remain. The former two are also imperfect, and six books of the Fasti are lost. All the rest have been transmitted, without mutilation, to modern times.

The Metamorphoses is undoubtedly the greatest of Ovid's works. That he intended to rest his reputation as a poet on this performance, is manifest from the lines with which it concludes. But he was compelled to leave his native country, and go into exile amongst barbarians, before he had given the work his last polish; and it is said, that before going away he destroyed his own copy; and had a friend not been in possession of another, that admirable production had been for ever lost. It ought, therefore, to be judged of with the leniency of a posthumous publication. He has performed, in this work, the difficult task of giving a connected account of the marvellous occurrences and adventures from the creation of the world to his own time; and this almost impossible task he has performed, without the appearance of art, in numbers extremely melodious, and in language highly poetical. The fertile genius of Ovid was requisite to form into a regular design histories so varied and insulated; yet this he has accomplished, in every instance, by one means or another, with almost mathematical precision. The felicity of invention, variety of imagery, exuberance of fancy, and adaptation of language, which the Metamorphoses display, cannot fail to command universal admiration. The diction and ideas are never at variance. He is equally master of the familiar, the sportive, the tender, the grand, the awful, and the sublime. His descriptions are not only lively, but enchanting; and he places the scene so distinctly before the reader, that he becomes, as it were, a witness of every action. The moral remarks are not very numerous, but they are both excellent and appropriate. He was a master of the passions; and it is to be regretted that his tragedy has not been handed down to posterity. We find him sometimes, however, weakening a noble idea by prolixity; and instances of false taste too often occur. Faults are also to be found not unfrequently in the structure of his verses; but this is to be attributed to the rapidity with which he composed; and the best Latin poets are perhaps chargeable with the like inaccuracy or negligence. These errors scarcely deserve notice in a work of so great and varied excellence. The first and second are perhaps the most finished books of the whole. His description of the creation is highly animated and poetical. Nor is this its sole merit. No philosopher of antiquity has given such a natural and rational account of chaos, the separation of the primitive elements, and the formation of things. It proves him to have been the best philosopher of the Roman poets; and it is evident that he must have read the works of Moses, most probably in the Greek translation of the Septuagint, as there is a striking coincidence between his account of the creation and that of the inspired writer. "After reading the first 415 lines of book first, it might form a very useful exercise to the young scholar to compare them with the first nine chapters of Genesis, and to point out the coincidence of sentiment and description between the inspired historian and the Roman poet."* Indeed, in his first five books are evidently contained, as well the account of creation, as other matters mentioned in the Book of Genesis, down to the building of Babel; and in the seventh there is an account of the flood, the whole being disguised with poetical licences and fictitious names to conceal what source he had it from. The sages of those times admitted that there were great mysteries contained under the emblems of Phœton, Niobe, Deucalion, and Pyrrha, which are introduced by Ovid into his Metamorphoses. Phœton, they said, represented the burning of Sodom; Niobe the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt; the deluge of Deucalion was that of Noah; and Phoroneus was Pharoah drowned in the Red Sea. These were all historical truths derived from the Jews, and taught the inhabitants of Egypt and Greece, most of whom considered them as real events in Grecian history.

Publius Virgilius Maro, by us called Virgil, was born at Andes, a village near Mantua, about the 15th of October, in the year 69 before Christ. Nothing certain is known as to his parentage; but his father is said to have been a potter of the name of Maro, and his mother's name Maia. He seems to have spent the first seven years of his life at Mantua, whence he removed, first to Cremona, and afterwards to Milan; in which places he prosecuted his studies with great assiduity. After Augustus had defeated the republicans, he found it necessary to make allotments of land to his troops in lieu of their pay; and these were assigned to them principally in the neighbourhood of Mantua and Cremona. From his own writings, and the concurrent testimony of antiquity, there is no doubt that Virgil was deprived of his paternal lands by this unjust settlement. Soon after this expulsion he went to Rome, where he was introduced to Augustus, but by whom is uncertain. He seems to have succeeded completely in gaining the emperor's favour, however, as it is certain that Augustus dismissed him with great marks of esteem, and recommended the charge of Virgil's affairs to Pollio, who is much celebrated by him in his Eclogues, and was at that time lieutenant of the Cis-Alpine Gaul where our poet's patrimony lay. It is most probable that the emperor restored him his lands on account of the excellence of his poetry; and it has been alleged that he has shown his gratitude in his first Eclogue, where part of his own history is recorded under the character of Tityrus. Being thus relieved of his domestic cares, Virgil went on a journey to Naples, in the neighbourhood of which were many delightful villas of the Roman nobility, and particularly the town of Baiæ, which is much celebrated as a favourite summer residence of the emperors and grandees of Rome. His abode here contributed much to the re-establishment of his health, which was always delicate; and he here devoted himself entirely to the study of poetry, in preference to that of law, which, it appears, he had begun. In the cultivation of his poetical talent, he succeeded so well, that he formed an excellent style, and rendered himself master of that happy turn of verse, in which he is thought to surpass all the Latin poets, and, in a less advantageous language, to equal even Homer himself. It was during his residence at Naples that he is supposed to have composed his great work the Æneid. He visited Sicily, also, and frequently went to Rome, and other parts of Italy, along with the emperor, with whom he continued, through means of Mæcenas, the great patron of learned men of those days, in terms of the most intimate friendship and favour; but he always returned to his privacy at Naples. At length he took a resolution of travelling into Greece, with the intention of putting the last hand to his great poem the Æneid at Athens, and then proposing to devote the rest of his life to philosophy, which had always been his principal passion. At Megara he fell into a languishing distemper, and meeting with Augustus, who was returning from his eastern conquests, he accompanied him to Italy, and died at Brundisium, in the 51st year of his age, and in the year 19 before the Christian era. He was buried at Naples, according to his own desire.

Virgil's works consist of his Bucolics, or Pastoral Eclogues, of which there are ten; his Georgics, or Poetical Treatise on Rural Affairs, in four books; and his Æneid, or epic poem about Æneas, in twelve books. The refined excellence of the Pastorals of Virgil proves that they were not his first attempts at poetic composition. Both the language and the ideas rise greatly above the ordinary strain of pastoral poetry, and may be considered as a foretaste of the more laboured and finished strains of the Georgics, which is the most perfect poem of the didactic kind which the world has ever seen. He is said to have spent three years in writing the Pastorals, and seven years in the composition and revisal of the Georgics; which is very likely to have been the case, since elegance so consummate as is displayed in these poems can only be attained by frequent and patient revisals, directed by great taste and great genius. He most probably composed the Pastorals at the desire of his friend Pollio, who is celebrated in the third, and referred to also in the fourth, which is commonly inscribed Pollio. It is said that Mæcenas suggested the subject of the Georgics, in which there may be some truth; but the bent of Virgil's mind must have been naturally turned to rural affairs, of which he discovers most extensive and accurate knowledge, and, indeed, his mind seems quite absorbed in the points of which he there treats, and the splendour of many passages has scarcely any thing resembling it in the whole range of ancient and modern poetry.

Virgil is thought to have begun his Æneid when he had finished the Georgics, and when he was past forty years of age; but that work had been, in truth, the subject of much earlier meditation. In the Epic, as well as in the Pastoral, he had no predecessor in the Latin language. The writings of Homer presented him with a very perfect model of heroic poetry, and of this he has taken advantage in various parts of his work; but the design of the Æneid is still very different from that of the Iliad or the Odyssey. In the former, Homer sings the wrath of Achilles, and in the latter the voyages of Ulysses. The conception of the Mantuan bard, in dignity and national interest, surpasses both. His work bore anciently the title of the "Imperial Poem," or "Roman History;" and it certainly deserves the title, for all the most important affairs and persons of Rome are comprised in this poem. He deduces the history of Italy from before Saturn to the reign of king Latinus, and reckons up the successors of Æneas, who reigned at Alba for the space of three hundred years, down to the birth of Romulus; after which he speaks of the principal exploits of all the kings, till their expulsion, and the settling of the Commonwealth; and then the most remarkable occurrences of his own time, and particularly the exploits of Augustus, are recorded. Of the national vanity of the Romans, Virgil makes the happiest use, and interweaves with the destiny of his hero Æneas, who is conducted by the Fates from Troy to lay the foundation of the mighty Roman empire, a great many local, traditional, and family particulars, which commanded the attention and secured the favour of his fellow-countrymen. Happy in the subject of his poem, he was equally happy in its execution. In the numbers of Virgil the Latin language seems to assume a new form, and for the grandeur and sublimity of the Æneid, every other Latin writer may be searched in vain.

The characters of the Æneid, or the persons who form, as it were, the machinery of the poem, are Æneas, Turnus, Dido, Anna, Ascanius (the son of Æneas), Latinus, Lavinia, Amata, Juturna, Camilla, Evander, Pallas, Mezentius, Ufens, Messapus, and some others of less consequence. Of the celestials, Venus and Juno, the former in the interest of her son Æneas, and the latter against him, exert all their power, appealing in turn to Jupiter, and engaging others of the gods in their respective interests. The poem concludes with the death of Turnus, a Rutulian prince, whom Æneas kills in single combat, after a fierce war with the people of Latium, which forms the subject of the last six books, the first six being occupied with

* Dymock's "Bibliotheca Classica," Art. *Ovidius.*

the adventures of Æneas during his voyage from Troy to the coast of Italy.

Translations of the works of Virgil are quite common, and, therefore, it is entirely unnecessary to give any thing of the kind here. Dryden's translation is the most popular in English.

Virgil, in his last illness, ordered the Æneid to be burned, because he had not put his last hand to it; and the world must acknowledge obligations to the Emperor Augustus for not complying with this request. By his command it was revised by Varius and Tucca, two of Virgil's friends; but they had instructions not to add a single line, nor to cancel any one that they found defective, which accounts for the number of broken lines that occur in the Æneid.

SUPERSTITIOUS FEARS.

Fear is capable of producing the most distressing and irrational effects on the powers of man. Fear is a predisposer of the body to contagious disease, induces cowardice where nothing should be dreaded, and, under circumstances of great excitement, closes up the understanding. It is no less extraordinary than true, that fear arising from evident danger is less subduing than when produced by the powers of imagination. There are numerous occupations, surrounded by terrors, which lose their effect on the mind by frequency of recurrence. The pursuits of the soldier, the miner, the seaman, and others, will prove, that on hearts accustomed to look danger in the face, fear exercises no overwhelming powers, because, the senses being first to discover the danger, its effect is proportionate to the experience or intimacy with the cause. Ignorance is a cause of astonishment, and darkness heightens the effect of fear, only because the senses cannot act in conjunction with the understanding. If light be cast on the scene, the alarming objects, if there be any, are perceived, and resistance is calculated accordingly. That there are gradations of personal courage, is as certain as that there are various degrees of strength, or of experience; but timid persons, however they may have become so, have objects of terror ever prepared to destroy their powers of discernment. If an individual be selected, possessed of health, moral courage, and experience, in all cases of alarm his physical powers assist his mental energies, and he is not easily subdued: certainly there will be no evident prostration of his understanding. The cause of yielding to imaginary terrors, perhaps, may be traced through a morbid state of the nervous system, and an ignorance of the laws of nature, up to tales of supernatural appearances recited in the nursery, the effect of which is a mental slavery, and from which there is no relief, but in examinations of cause and effect in nature, as leading to a knowledge of nature's God, where it will be found there is so much to fill the mind with satisfaction and thankfulness, that there is no room for imaginary terrors, nothing to dread save doing wrong. Conscious in its integrity, the mind is unconquerable.

The following anecdote, founded on fact, may be related in illustration:—A young gentleman, whose name was Lowry, had been brought up without the intervention of a nursery-maid, because his parents had experienced the sad consequences of frightening children. They resolved that the dawn their son's reason should not be overcast by the night of superstition, and that he should not become the slave of imaginary terrors. He was watched by his mother, and instructed by his father, with the greatest attention, until the age of fourteen. He then passed into the world, and, as he grew up, occasionally heard, from the tongues of the ignorant, the avowal of fears to which he was a stranger. He smiled at their tales, and laughed at the most horrifying incidents; they passed lightly across his mind; the time was past for mental degradation to be fixed. A ghost was no more terrific than a fairy, a griffin, a sphynx, or a punch. They were all productions of various imaginations.

Mr Lowry, when about twenty years of age, chanced to be at Hampton Court at a time when the place was crowded to excess. It chanced, also, that the chambermaid at the Toy Inn had a relative who was left in care of a suit of apartments in the palace. The girl, to oblige Mr Lowry, and to put a trifle into her relation's pocket, arranged the affair. The suit of apartments was in the front, on the left of the ancient part built by Cardinal Wolsey. The entrance was by a stair, in the cloister surrounding the first quadrangle.

To this lodging, about midnight, Mr Lowry was conducted by the Boots of the inn, and delivered into the care of old Mary, the chambermaid's aunt, who, in order to render all comfortable as possible, had lighted a fire in the principal chamber, and placed a wax-light on the table. Mr Lowry was shown in, with assurances that all was perfectly aired, and bade good night. He proceeded to inspect his room, which was spacious, having tapestry in the different compartments of the walls, a lofty bed, with old-fashioned damask furniture, and the floor covered with modern carpeting. He sat down by the fire, and made a few notes in his pocket-book, during which he heard a noise, which he thought was occasioned by a movement of the bed-curtains: he looked around—all was quiet: he took the candle, examined round and under the bed—all quiet. He returned to his seat. The palace clock in the adjoining court struck twelve. He wound up his watch, and proceeded leisurely to undress; but as the moon was shining, he looked out at one of the ancient casements, and observed the shadows of the tall trees that grew in the front court, between the trunks of which he could see the recently painted wooden bridge that crosses the Thames to Moulsey: he felt the night air, and withdrew; put down the huge night-bolt at the door, and climbed into bed. He had not been accustomed to down, and therefore disliked being buried in luxuriance; but he was there, and anxious to sleep. A number of trivial circumstances presented themselves to his mind's eye, and prevented repose: in vain he endeavoured to free himself from the interruption—they passed and returned. He thought there might be too much bedclothes, and threw off a weighty counterpane; but, while composing himself, he heard a gentle tapping: he listened attentively, and concluded it came from the spider-like insect called a death-watch. While he yet listened, it became louder, or approached the bed. He sat up to ascertain this. Being vexed by the annoyance, he lay down on the ear with which he heard most distinctly. Still the tapping noise continued. He left the bed, lit the candle, and approached the spot whence the noise proceeded: he could see nothing to cause it, and retreated to his bed. The continuance of the tapping became disagreeable and irritating—he could not sleep. Again he examined minutely every part, in the hope to discover and crush his disturber. Nothing could he find. He put out the candle, and slowly retreated to his bed again, convinced the insect must be in the lock of the door, and there it might remain hammering. He would endure the disturbance, since it could not be prevented—when, to his surprise, the bed-curtain moved! He fixed his eyes on the object. The fire had burnt low; yet a dim light, with an occasional flicker, enabled him to ascertain the fact. The curtain moved again. Well, thought he, this is too bad. Weariness and vexation were making powerful attacks on the equanimity of his temper. He felt this. Again he left the bed, lighted the candle, and examined the room without discovering a cause. Simple as these circumstances were, they destroyed his rest, and he contemplated calling to the old woman; but, on reflecting that he could not be relieved by disturbing another, he desisted. On a closer investigation, he found an upper portion of an old casement had been left open, the air through which had waved the bed curtain; and that the tapping at the door was an action of a small ornament on the key-hole, occasioned by a draught of air. He thrust a bit of paper into the key-hole, closed the window, and again retired to bed, wishing he were at home. Before his head was on the pillow, he distinctly heard footsteps in the gallery! He presently saw a part of the tapestry open, and two figures slowly enter the room! Who are you? demanded Mr Lowry in a loud voice, springing off the bed to defend himself. They were two soldiers, who had been directed, by the corporal of the relief guard at the palace gate, to discover the cause of lights popping in and out at those apartments in the absence of the family. They had alarmed the old woman, who had, in her fear, conducted them to the door in the tapestry. Mr Lowry explained, and passed the remainder of the morning in tranquillity.

To such a mind as Mr Lowry possessed, the moving of a curtain, the tapping like a death-watch, or the sudden appearance of two figures in his bed-room at night, were disagreeable disturbers of repose; but no dread of supernatural agency affected him, and he was free to act as became a rational being. To an individual whose energies had been palsied, whose understanding had been strangled by dread of unearthly visitations, those circumstances under which Mr Lowry was placed might have been fraught with most melancholy consequences. The frightened man, void of moral courage, driven to his last extremity, struggling with fearful events and associations of chimeras dire, despairing yields, and becomes an idiot for the remainder of a miserable existence.

Parents, therefore, cannot be too cautious respecting persons to whom they entrust their infant offspring, since one breath of the mildew, superstition, may blight the fairest hope of manly understanding.

"THE MAN."

Every morning, either good or bad, both summer and winter, a personage passes our window, known by the significant term of "the man." I know not now for how long a period this has been the case; it has been for years, and custom has now so reconciled the periodical return of this object, that he is expected as regularly as the sun himself. Just as breakfast is finished, and while the tea equipage is in the act of being carried away, some member of the family loitering at the window is sure to exclaim "here goes the man." There can be no mistaking him—his dress, and figure, and gait, are invariably the same—his image is indelibly impressed upon the minds of all the household; nay, many pen-and-ink sketches of him, taken in playful hours, lie scattered about, or adorn the boards of portfolios. He is of a spare and rather tall figure, somewhat bent: his hat is worn somewhat slouched over his face, while the back rim is turned up by coming in contact with his coat collar: his coat is of a brownish hue, almost threadbare, long in the waist and tails, but bearing the marks of careful keeping: his vest is of the same: his under garments are drab colour, with gaiters of the same buttoned up to the knees: he invariably carries with him a large brown-coloured umbrella, with round turned handle—in fair weather, snugly folded under his arm—in rain, widely displayed over his head: he has a slouching gait, but walks steadily and uniformly onward at a moderate pace: his countenance is spare, with rather large features: his eye is turned neither to the right nor to the left, but constantly onward, or on the ground before him: his expression might be called pensive or melancholy, suiting either deep and serious thought, or the absence of thought altogether. There are in it, too, one would think, the lines of subdued meekness and benevolence, or perhaps the absence of all passion whatever. I have said he is to be thus seen every day in the world, and year after year, thus only, and always the same. There is no change whatever in the appearance of his dress—it has always that half-worn shabby-genteel look, and never gets older: whether any part of it is ever renewed, I cannot tell; but, if so, it must be done with admirable keeping, as a painter would say, for I never can discover, from his hat to his shoes, any indications of change.

Who can this "man" be? has often engaged our eager curiosity. He is always alone, and never seen to mix in the business, or bustle, or enjoyments of the multitude. If the agitation of some new, or strange, or joyful event, engages the busy crowd of the city, this man holds on the usual tenor of his way unmoved and unconcerned. I have seen him pass by the gayest pageants, and scenes of the most melancholy bereavement, alike imperturbed and unexcited. He neither pauses to moralize with the old and the serious; nor, when the young and chubby groups of children dance mid their sports before him, is his countenance brightened by the contagion of one buoyant innocent smile. Sunday and Saturday are alike to him. When the Sabbath bells toll for morning worship, and the people crowd to their devotions, dressed out in their holiday attire, he never mingles with the throng, nor is any change discernible in the invariable disposition of his habiliments. I must confess that curiosity to know something more of this being has occupied my mind more frequently than perhaps many would deem the matter required. Even this, too, has been heightened by the reports of some of the younger branches of my family, who, having repeatedly followed his path, have always lost sight of him by some mysterious means, and returned foiled in their pursuit of his haunts or his employments. More than once I have, on accidentally meeting him, broken off from the pursuit of graver avocations, and fairly joined in the train of discovery. My attempts, however, were uniformly abortive. I have followed him through innumerable obscure streets and lanes, through many windings and doublings, and, at last, when perhaps my attention was drawn for a moment to something else, he has suddenly disappeared, and I could see him no more. After tracing him through the windings of many intricate streets, I at last one day saw him enter an obscure coffee-room. I followed into the same place, and, finding him seated with a newspaper of the day, I took my seat to wait his departure. After perusing the paper for about half an hour, he rose up, paid a trifle to the waiter, and departed. When he was gone, I eagerly inquired at the attendant whether he knew any thing of the person just gone out. He said he knew nothing farther of him than that occasionally he came there, looked over the newspaper, paid his penny, and departed. I next asked what particular paper he generally read; but here also my answer was equally unsatisfactory. The waiter said he took up indiscriminately any paper that happened to be disengaged. He is no political partisan, then, thought I: he is neither Whig, Tory, nor Radical, else he would be more particular in his selection. He has been seen sometimes to pause in his travels, and stare

for some minutes with his hand in his pocket opposite to some shop window, where goods for sale are exhib. ed; but these were never the windows where objects of art, such as sculpture, or paintings, or engravings, were displayed, to attract the eye of taste. He more commonly lingered before those where dried fish, herrings, cheese, &c., were piled up in profusion; but even here he never could be traced entering or making the least advance towards a purchase. He must have no relish for the fine arts, however, or his taste may be so exquisite as to look with indifference on all minor efforts, or his philosophy so profound as to banish such fancies from his thoughts. Is he a sensualist, then, or is his stoicism such as even to suppress the natural demands of appetite, and to make him pass by with unconcern the window of the drysalter?

The only time in my life that I ever saw him in company with another human being was once. While yet I was at some distance, I saw him seated on a bench in one of the walks, apparently in companionship with an elderly man, who sat beside him. My heart beat with a degree of exultation. I almost shouted out *Eureka!*—I have found you out at last. Here you are, in social converse with a friendly being: some communicative talk must assuredly pass on both sides; and, once in my life, I determined on playing the eavesdropper. I walked slowly, laying my plans ere I advanced to them; and while yet at the distance of a few yards, by good luck they both rose up, and proceeded in company on before me. I walked up in breathless expectation, till I was close behind them, and, by good management, sometimes keeping a little behind, sometimes by their side, or a little in advance, I remained within reach of hearing, without exciting the least suspicion of listening. In this way the two friends jogged on at an easy pace; but not a single word was exchanged between them. I am positive that neither of their lips once opened, except on one occasion, when a single monosyllable escaped the stranger, and a mere sound or humph seemed to echo back a reply on the part of "the man." I was terribly chagrined; and my disappointment increased, when, on coming to the end of the walk, where two streets led different ways, this Castor and Pollux separated, with a mutual wave of the hand, and I never saw them together more.

Years passed on; and although it cannot be supposed that "the man" engaged our thoughts so continually as the connected incidents here brought together might lead one to imagine, yet it is astonishing how often he became the theme of speculation, starting up to the dallying thoughts somewhat like the apparitions of the romancers; and, to show the hold that, in all that respected us, this mere automaton had taken of our minds, I may just mention, before concluding, a single incident. During the prevalence of a late awful calamity, a friendly physician who often forms a guest in our family circle was detailing to us one of those heart-rending scenes which he had just witnessed, and with all those powers of vivid description and simple pathos which make his narratives infinitely more striking than the best written works of fancy. The case was perhaps one of the most singular and awful which the ravages of that dreadful pestilence but too often afforded, and was, moreover, attended with the most mysterious circumstances. From a description of one of the principal actors, or rather sufferers, the whole circle immediately exclaimed, "That must be THE MAN!"

"Impossible," said one; "we certainly saw him pass this morning."

Doubts were started whether he had been seen or not, and much discussion and excitement prevailed during the evening, and I do believe a sleepless anxiety prevailed among some until the usual hour next morning should decide the fate of "the man," whether his mortal career was finished or not. The hour came, and "the man," with his umbrella, slouched hat, and bent figure, passed on, with imperturbed countenance, as usual, to the no small satisfaction of the eagerly watching group.

"He must be proof against the most malignant fangs of disease," cried one, "or else the doctor has been mistaken for once, and yet we cannot believe the doctor was ever mistaken."

"What, in the name of wonder, can this man be?" have I often thought within myself. Indeed, I have sometimes given way to the idea that he must be some mysterious murderer—perhaps he that murdered Begbie—the remorseless villain, who, in a dark and narrow alley, stabbed the innocent man to the heart with one deep wound, and rifled him of the bank treasure he was carrying to its destination. But no, no—one look again into the placid, subdued, I may say really innocent-like countenance of "the man," made me check all such thoughts, as wronging, most likely, the guiltless. Is he then some misanthrope, who drags along with him disappointed hopes, injured feelings, rejected affections? Is he some great-souled being, whose thoughts are above the thoughts of ordinary men, and who prefers converse with the Deity and his own heart, to the hum and buzz of the giddy and frivolous multitude? Or is he some low, grovelling, soulless, and penurious wretch, who, perhaps, with a pittance sufficient to supply the absolute cravings of nature, lives to himself alone, and never extends a feeling to his brethren of humanity—who walks out mechanically, to dissipate the day in brute exercise—who retires at night to his den, eats his solitary meal in silence, chalks up day by day the computation of his expenditure, wrung out of his penurious heart by the demands of his landlady—who has gone on thus, and may yet continue to cumber life's busy scene of enjoyment, till one day he shall drop into the grave, unknown and unregarded, and the world shall never miss him from its active, energetic, and bustling millions?

CHELSEA.

After visiting Greenwich, and ruminating on the architectural beauty of its hospital, and the pleasing appearance of its ancient mariners, there quietly anchored for the remainder of their lives, the stranger naturally wishes to pay a similar visit to Chelsea, an establishment adapted to the reception and maintenance of old invalid soldiers. But while Greenwich affords every thing to please, Chelsea offers little to admire or attract particular attention. The village of Chelsea, situated near the north bank of the Thames in a westerly direction from the metropolis, was once surrounded by open fields and gardens, having between it and the houses of Westminster an open heath famous from the number of its footpads and robberies, and interesting, in a newspaper point of view, for the murders committed at the "bloody bridge," as it is called, which crosses the dark rivulet as you enter the village. But all this is changed: London is now gone quite out of town, and projects its splendid stuccoed "streets," "places," and "terraces," across the heath, quite to the gates of Chelsea; and what with lines of iron railings, and police officers, the road has been divested of all pretensions to romance.

Chelsea Hospital, or College, is situated on a flat stretch of ground between the village and the Thames, though not so near the margin of the stream as the structures of Greenwich. The river is here still of considerable breadth, if at high water, and is enlivened by small boats with parties of young men sailing to and fro; but it wants the bustle of traffic which is seen below the city; the grounds do not rise into woody knolls as behind Greenwich; there is no proper landing-place for those who approach by water; and you are warned by an inscription, that those who enter the precincts of this military domain from the river will be prosecuted. As you enter the village, you speedily perceive, that, though not without good houses and streets, it has, generally speaking, a mean, dirty appearance, and is very unlike the sweet villages and neat small towns of the south. As you approach the hospital, through a street evidently far gone in a state of disrepute, you will most likely see drunkenness manifested in various stages, and hear sounds of revelry and debauch from the throngs in the numberless tap-rooms, bringing to your remembrance that you are not among a body of men conspicuous for their moral discipline, wherever they may be found.

To pass from this digression: the stranger now enters the gateway of the institution, within which he finds all decorum, neatness, and civility. The inmates, who do not number 500, are all old soldiers, having an air of considerable antiquity in their appearance. Individually, they are dressed in clothes entirely of a red colour, with a coat so large and flowing in the skirts as to put you in mind of the pictures of the battle of the Boyne, where the flaps of the coats of William's troops, as they pass the river, are seen floating on the stream; while their plaited queues are also perceived to hang down the back, and touch the surface of the water. Such is the impression conveyed by these old military garbs, that one could almost imagine the wearers had every one been at least in Marlborough's wars, or seen the siege of Namur. The hospital, which was planned by Sir Christopher Wren, consists chiefly of one large edifice of red brick, several stories in height, forming a centre and two wings, or three sides of a square, with the open side towards the bank of the Thames. On the north, where is the main entrance, the style of architecture is simple, being ornamented with only a plain portico. The inner part of the centre building is more decorated, there being here a piazza of good proportions, suitable to yield protection from the weather. In the centre of the open square interval stands a statue of Charles the Second, a monarch whose figure, in painting and sculpture, is repeated to satiety here as well as elsewhere. The only parts of the house considered worthy to be shown to strangers are the chapel and old dining-hall, both in the centre building. The chapel is neat and plain in appearance, the rows of benches being furnished with prayer books and hassocks, and the floor being paved with marble in alternate black and white squares. The pulpit and communion table, at the east end, have been recently decorated with splendid covers of purple velvet, fringed with gold lace, presented to the establishment by his present majesty, William the Fourth. Above the communion table there is a painting of the ascension, containing some good figures. The dining-hall is equally spacious, but is now disused as a refectory, though the tables stand ready covered for use. At the upper end there is a painting by Cooke, representing Charles the Second, with devices expressive of various attributes hardly historically correct.

The usual accounts of Chelsea mention that the ordinary number of in-pensioners is 476, and of out-pensioners not fewer than 80,000, who reside in all parts of the United Kingdom. The former are provided with all necessaries, and the latter have each pensions varying from L.7, 12s. to L.54, 15s. yearly.

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE.*

'Shall it be 'we,' then?"——Story of the Organ-Blower.

"The Press" is a phrase occasionally applied, we believe, by persons little acquainted with the world, to the machine which prints all kinds of literary matter whatever, whether it be sheets of books, or sheets of newspapers, or sheets of any other kind of periodical work, from the highest to the lowest price. Individuals who know better what is what, limit the application of this phrase to the newspapers alone, as being the only part of literature which really deserves to be called the Press—seeing that no other kind of sheet does the least good to mankind, but might just as well remain in its pristine state of whiteness. On the same principle, when sensible people speak of "taxes on knowledge," they never think of the tax on paper, or the tax on pamphlets, or any other kind of tax than the stamp duty on newspapers—seeing that newspapers, in reality, are the only vehicles in the world, of a literary kind, for communicating knowledge. Some foolish people may have a recollection of certain books which they read in youth, and which they believed to contain something like knowledge; but these persons are altogether in a mistake. There is nothing worthy of the term "knowledge" except what is in newspapers; and it is really a shame, after the newspapers themselves have been so long endeavouring to impress the fact upon mankind, that any body should still be ignorant of it.

There used to prevail among our ancestors an absurd taste for what was called history, by which was meant the narration of past events, for the purpose of instructing nations as to their behaviour for the future. This same thing then called history was considered as a branch of human knowledge. There were other things, called geography, geometry, chemistry, natural philosophy, and so forth, which were also esteemed as knowledge by our forefathers; but all this proceeded from the ignorance in which these worthy people lived as to newspapers. They did not know what real knowledge was till they got newspapers into their hands. They then found that all the chit-chat about Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror, and all the prate about solids, and fluids, and machinery, and this thing and that thing, were mere stuff compared to what was now placed within their grasp. What was past history to present? What were the foundations of our constitution to the beautiful gingerbread pinnacles which are every day rising upon it? And then they were admitted by the newspapers into a familiar acquaintance with all the mysteries of the state, and all the relations of foreign cabinets to our own, and all the intentions of ministers about various matters, before even ministers themselves, in some cases, knew what they intended. It is true, these same instructors often found it necessary to contradict the half of what they had said. But what was that?—they had erred only from their excessive desire of sending forth knowledge as soon as possible to the people. Knowledge, they thought, was the most precious of all things, and better give it in a somewhat crude state than let it get cool, and so disgust the people. There was even a kind of rivalry among these generous men, as to priority of intelligence; and when one was able to give

* This *jeu d'esprit* on the newspapers is called forth by the pretensions of that class of publications to be considered as exclusively liable to what are called taxes on knowledge. It would not, however, have been published in the Edinburgh Journal (which is generally devoted to so much more useful purposes), but for the burlesques and misrepresentations which are constantly issued, respecting our unpretending publications, by the political journals. In return for falsehood and burlesque together, we give only burlesque, which must be considered as no very immoderate revenge; while we have a sincere hope that the exposure of some of the weak and reprehensible points in these self-called "best of all instructors," may lead to their reformation. It may at the same time be stated, that, as the defence of our own integrity is all that is sought for, we should be sorry if any of the respectable persons connected with the political press, who have never attempted to injure us, should feel aggrieved by our remarks. The uses of a newspaper press, where it is conducted on honourable principles, are universally acknowledged; and it is only to be wished that in some particulars it had itself a better sense of its own dignity

notice of an intended marriage between Lord Noodle and Lady Doodle before any of his brethren, what a triumph to his noble mind! what a depression to the equally noble minds of his neighbours! The desire of conveying knowledge became, in fact, an enthusiasm among them. In order, for instance, to be the first to communicate in London the important fact that a particular horse had won at Epsom or Doncaster, these great public instructors would put twenty horses to their speed, and spare no expenditure of money or trouble. To have been the first by two hours to tell such a fact, was enough for a newspaper to boast of for life. It could not be expected that the public would ever forget so splendid a benefit.

Entitled as the newspaper press is to be considered as the only real press, they would not hold that honour by such a powerful tenure, if they did not also decide in a schoolmasterly and authoritative manner as to the merits of the public questions which come before them. The newspapers, in reality, though they generally like to hear what the public thinks first, and do not consider themselves the worse of knowing which kind of opinions is permanently to be uppermost, are amazingly clever in giving their sentiments upon all kinds of subjects. Sometimes it will happen that the ministers—the very men that the king has chosen as the wisest of his subjects—will consider and consult, and consult and consider, about a thing for several months; and when they think they have got it all right, they will bring it forward for public discussion. Is it not astonishing?—the newspapers, who never heard of the thing before, and are completely ignorant of all the statistical facts on which it is grounded, will in a night or two, nay sometimes in a few minutes, come out with such a triumphant condemnation of the whole affair, that the ministers, who *did* know all about it, will pull it back with shame and confusion of face, and resolve to be a great deal more cautious for the future. What truly sage people these newspaper men are! And yet observe how, with the characteristic modesty of real wisdom, they never seek for any advantage to themselves—never even let themselves be personally known. It is all the public good they consult: they wish for nothing but porter, and the good of their country. It is fortunate, however, that the world does not permit their disinterestedness to wrong them. Those which tell the faults of statesmen most boldly, and are most zealous for the popular interest, are always very properly the best supported in return by the public. What a pity it would be if these sagacious and ingenious men, by whom alone the lamp of human knowledge is now sustained, were to be themselves left with an empty cruise! I am afraid, in that case, both their own cruises and the lamp of human knowledge would soon die out.

Having decided that the knowledge of passing events is the only knowledge in the world, the newspapers are surprisingly vigilant to let nothing, however small, escape them. Far from confining their attention to state affairs, they think nothing beneath their notice, even should it be the breaking of a poor man's leg upon a slippery street. If a chimney-sweep fall from a house-top, his bruises are immediately made known over the empire with the speed of lightning, so that his fate is perhaps exciting contemporaneous sighs on the banks of the Thames and amidst the highlands of Ross-shire. If a dissenting minister at eighty pounds a-year has a prospect of acceding to a congregation which will yield him ninety, the invaluable fact is caught up by these public instructors, and published for the edification of the whole of the three British nations. Does a thief break into the back window of a family who have gone to live in the country—does a new actor appear on the boards of a provincial theatre—does butter fall a halfpenny in the pound—does the king ride out an hour before dinner—is a bridge carried off any where by a flood—the newspapers at once seize upon the event, and in a moment make it part of the grand stock of human knowledge. When a great land-proprietor marries, or is blessed with a son and heir, or that son attains his majority, how eagerly the newspapers grasp at the important truth! and at what length, and with what unction, do they chronicle it! When two human beings meet together, and fight for three or four hours, for the amusement of other human beings that look on, then do the newspapers take care that all who were so unfortunate as not to be present shall fully know every thing that took place, not a bruise being left unrecorded. When some small city official gets his neighbours bored into making him a present of a silver snuff-box, as a testimony of their gratitude and esteem, how carefully the newspapers instruct the public as to the mighty fact! When a few gentlemen choose to dine together under some general designation, with what attention do the newspapers note the circumstance—so important to those who were not there—that the dinner was well served, and the wines excellent! When any public body, however trifling, meets together to consult about its procedure, those vigilant instructors send an emissary to hear what goes on, and they would suffer much before they would keep the world ignorant for a single day of what that association means to do. Every thing, in fact, is sure to find a place in these depositories of knowledge, provided that it only be a thing of recent date—for knowledge, it will be observed, is very evanescent, and ceases altogether to be knowledge, whenever it gets the least musty, or, in other words, exceeds in age the space between the last publication of any newspaper and the present.

In their vehement desire of informing the people, the newspapers often take it upon them to advise their readers very strenuously to buy particular books—not that they believe that there is any such thing as knowledge in the books, for there is no knowledge any where except in newspapers, but because the publishers of those books support the newspapers, the only real fountains of knowledge, by giving and paying for advertisements. Thus, in correspondence with the advertisements, which generally appear in a page by themselves, there is always a train of little paragraphs, in which the editor assures the public that the books are excellent: he has not, perhaps, read, or even seen the volumes, but he knows very well that no bookseller who can occasionally advertise, ever publishes a bad book. At the very worst, if a number of people be deceived into buying a few wretched books, and thus cheated of a little cash, it is all in the way of good, nevertheless; for will not the perusal of these trashy volumes just serve to convince them the more effectually that the newspapers are the only publications now worth reading?—an issue eminently conducive to the support of real knowledge. On the same principle as the above, the conductor of a newspaper will pledge his credit for far more equivocal things than books. He will praise the wares of a puffing spectacle-dealer, as if he had the eyes of Argus, and every pair of a different age, to prove the value of each particular kind of the article referred to. He will recommend all the quack medicines that you choose to advertise, as if he had tried the efficacy of every one of them upon some particular disease in his own person. There is no adventurer, or showman, or travelling artist—no stuff, from Warren's renowned blacking to "thine incomparable oil, Macassar," whom or which he will not magnify in any terms that may be desired, if in the first place the party concerned shall prove his respectability, and show his generosity towards the cause of knowledge, by paying some half-crown for an advertisement. He will admit into his pages announcements the most shameless, the most demoralising: the delicacy of females, the morals of youth, may be blighted by the odious page; but what is morality to "knowledge!" Knowledge is now the chief, or rather the only good on earth; and provided that the newspapers, which alone contain it, be supported, society is perfectly safe from every kind of injury.

Take them for all in all, the newspapers are decidedly at the head of mortal affairs in this and every other well-regulated country: pity it is that the gentlemen conducting them should personally hold a rank so obscure, so unimportant, and even in many respects so despised, in comparison with the influence which they exert over society with their pens! Look at one of these mighty and noble men, as he appears in his sheet, pronouncing, with intuitive wisdom, upon the merits of kings, statesmen, authors, actors, artists, and every other sort of public persons—a concentration, in brief, of all earthly talent, taste, and knowledge—a man who makes it his noble ambition to aid in the selling of estates, and blacking, and books, and the thinning of a monstrously superabundant population by quack medicines—a man who, for his sagacity, might evidently make a far better premier than any we have yet known, and whose lightest word, wherever it goes, produces sensations among mankind of the most powerful kind, particularly when (as generally happens) he takes care to say nothing but what mankind already think, or what is pretty sure to square with their amiable prepossessions. Look at the man in this his great ideal character—mark his absolute "*we*"—and then turn to him as he sits, the night before publication, in his humble den, a porter jug at one hand, and a pen in the other! Alas, unhappy man! He is seldom able to live in a style superior to that of a second or third-rate shopkeeper, and, prostrate as mankind are before his written word, his spoken one is rarely so weighty as that of a citizen of two hundred a-year. It is a disgrace to mankind that they should, day after day, imbibe invaluable knowledge from its sole existing sources, and yet leave the sages who create that knowledge in so low a condition that they tremble at the loss of a single subscriber to their papers, and, in fact, are, in the most of cases, the slaves of popular passion and opinion. The nation should make a simultaneous rush to the foot of the king's throne, and implore his royal wisdom for once to do right, by selecting a ministry from the newspaper conductors by rotation, and thereby at once do honour to himself and to the cause of knowledge, save himself from all snarling about his measures, and secure, by the only possible means, the right guidance of the national affairs.

LITHOGRAPHY.

(Second article.)

By Samuel Leith, Esq. Banff.

It has already been shown, in a former article on this subject, that, for a series of years, Senefelder's patience and perseverance, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, were truly astonishing; and we shall now proceed briefly to detail such other particulars in further illustration of the preceding remarks, as may be deemed necessary for completing this part of our subject.

Satisfied as to the originality of his new discovery, Senefelder became anxious to turn it to account, by laying it before the world; and in order to raise the necessary funds for at once effecting this object, we find him, when all other means had failed, offering himself as a substitute for a friend who was then a soldier in the service of the elector of Bavaria, but with his usual want of success; for, on presenting himself at Ingolstadt for the purpose of being enrolled, it was discovered that he was not a native of the electorate, and, consequently, inadmissible to its army. His last hope seemed now to have failed him, and he describes his feelings as being at this time in a state "bordering on despair." However, it was not long ere his prospects began again to brighten a little; and he at length succeeded in publishing, in conjunction with the composer, a collection of music, the execution of which was greatly admired, and which obtained for him the patronage of the elector, and a promise of an exclusive privilege.

About this time, another candidate for the honour of having discovered the new art came forward in the person of M. Schmidt, professor of the Royal College; and although, for a time, the station which this gentleman filled helped to support his pretensions against his less fortunate rival, public opinion by degrees became less divided, and ultimately there prevailed but one belief on the subject.

It was not till after having laboured a considerable time in his new profession, and experiencing innumerable inconveniences from being compelled to execute all his writings on the stone backwards, that he commenced another series of experiments, the object of which was to obviate the necessity of *writing* on the stone, by previously doing it on paper, and then transferring it from the paper to the stone, *reversed*. Some thousands of experiments were made before he was enabled to produce a composition for preparing the surface of the paper suited for all the purposes which he had in view, and it was this property of the new art which more particularly attracted public notice, from the incalculable benefits which it was foreseen would be conferred on all kinds of business when fairly brought into general practice. It was about this time also that he invented the lever press, which added greatly to the comfort and certainty of the operations in the printing department of lithography.

Having at length obtained an exclusive privilege for exercising his art in Bavaria, he did not consider it any longer necessary to keep the process a secret, and it soon spread over the greater part of Germany; but his experience enabled him for several years to outstrip all his competitors in so far as the execution of his work was concerned, although, in every other respect, he seemed to be almost the only one in whose hands the art did not give ample returns both for money and labour. In no other way can this uniform want of success be accounted for, than by supposing, that, while others were making the most of what he had already discovered, he was devoting much of his time to the *experimental* part of the business. This in fact was the case.

About the year 1800, Senefelder went to London for the purpose of establishing himself there as a lithographer, but a few months sufficed to convince him that he had little chance of succeeding in his undertaking; and he returned to his own country, where, on his arrival, he found that many attempts had been made in his absence to deprive him of the benefit of his privilege. Amongst the most forward in this scheme were two of his brothers, to whom he had communicated all the secrets of the art, and it took some time to counteract the bad effects of their ungenerous conduct. Finding that, in his native place (Munich), others were reaping many of the advantages which by right should have been the reward of his own industry, he was induced to go to Vienna, for the purpose of superintending a calico-printing establishment, the operations of which were to be conducted on the principles of the new art; and here, for the space of several years, his talents were entirely devoted to this new undertaking; but, at the end of which time, from a variety of causes over which he had no control, he was again thrown upon the world, destitute of every thing save the resources of

his own genius. It was not till about the year 1809 that Senefelder was extricated from the difficulties of his situation, by being appointed inspector of the royal lithographic establishment at Munich, which at once placed him above the necessity of exercising his profession as a means for gaining his daily subsistence, and enabled him to devote a portion of his time to the improvement of such branches of the art, as, in his former circumstances, he had never found it possible to effect.

In conclusion, it may not be out of place to remark, that, in the case of Senefelder, we have another instance to the many recorded facts in the lives of eminent men, of the successful pursuit of knowledge under extraordinary difficulties—presenting an example worthy of our highest admiration and respect.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ROBERT HERON.

THE life of Robert Heron, a miscellaneous writer at the beginning of the present century, is not one of those examples of positive virtue and good conduct which we generally select for this department of our paper. It forms, however, an entertaining article, and cannot fail to have a good effect *negatively*, as showing the uselessness of talent where it is not guided by prudence, and the misery which must invariably result from an irregular and reckless course of life.

This extraordinary man was born in the town of New Galloway, in the south-west of Scotland, on the 6th November 1764. His father, John Heron, was a weaver, generally respected for his persevering industry and exemplary piety. By his grandmother, Margaret Murray, aunt of the late Dr Alexander Murray, he claimed no very distant relationship to that profound philologist. He was early instructed in his letters under the careful eye of a fond parent, and was not sent to the school of the parish until he had reached his ninth year. He soon became remarkable for the love he showed for learning, and the unwearied anxiety with which he pursued his inquiries after every point connected with his studies. This being early perceived by his parents, they resolved to give him the benefit of a liberal education as far as their means would allow. He had scarcely remained two years at school, when, at the age of eleven, he contrived to maintain and educate himself by mingling with his studies the labour of teaching and writing. From his own savings out of a very limited income, and a small assistance from his parents, he was enabled to remove to the University of Edinburgh at the end of the year 1780.

His hopes of preferment at that time being centred in the church, he first applied himself to the course of study which that profession requires. While attending the college, he was still obliged to devote a considerable portion of his time to private teaching, as well as writing occasional essays for newspapers and magazines, in order to provide for his subsistence. To quote his own words, "he taught and assisted young persons at all periods in the course of education, from the alphabet to the highest branches of science and literature." Being well grounded in a knowledge of the French language, he found constant employment from booksellers in translating foreign works. His first literary production, published with his name, appeared in 1789, "A Critique on the Genius and Writings of Thomson," prefixed to a small edition of the Seasons. It was highly spoken of, and reflected much credit on the judgment and taste of the author. His next work was a version of Fourcroy's Chemistry, from the French, followed by Savary's Travels in Greece, Dumourier's Letters, Gesner's Idylls in part, an abstract of Zimmerman on Solitude, and several abridgements of Oriental Tales.

In 1790-1, he says he "read lectures on the law of nature, the law of nations, the Jewish, Grecian, Roman, feudal, and canon law, and then on the several forms of municipal jurisprudence established in modern Europe." These lectures, he says, were to assist gentlemen who did not study professionally in the *understanding of history*. Though he devoted much time and study to prepare these lectures, he was afterwards unfortunate in not being able to obtain a sufficient audience to repay him for their composition—they were consequently soon discontinued. A syllabus of the entire course was afterwards published. Still the sums of money he continued to receive from his publishers were amply sufficient to maintain him in a respectable manner, if managed with prudence and discretion; but his unfortunate peculiarity of temper, and extravagant desire of supporting a style of living which nothing but a liberal and certain income would admit of, frequently reduced him to distress, and finally to the jail. He might have long remained in confinement, but that some worthy friends interceded; and, on their suggestion, he engaged himself to write a History of Scotland, for which Messrs Morrisons of Perth were to pay him at the rate of three guineas a sheet, his creditors, at the same time, agreeing to release him for fifteen shillings in the pound, to be secured on two-thirds of the copyright. Before this arrangement was fully concluded, melancholy to relate, nearly the whole of the first volume of the History of Scotland was written in jail. It appeared in 1793, and one volume of the work was published every year successively, until the whole six were completed. During that period he went on a tour through the western parts of Scotland, and from notes taken on the road, he compiled a work in two volumes octavo, called "A Journey through the Western Parts of Scotland." He also gave to the world "A Topographical Account of Scotland," "A New and Complete System of Universal Geography," "A Memoir of Robert Burns," besides many contributions to magazines and other periodical works. He was also engaged by Sir John Sinclair to superintend the publication of his Statistical Account of Scotland. He had now acquired great facility in the use of his pen, and, being extremely vain of the versatility of his genius, he flattered himself there was no range in literature, however high, that was not within the scope of his powers. Impressed with these ideas, he made an attempt at dramatic composition, and having some influence with the manager of the theatre, he contrived to get introduced on the stage an after-piece, written, as he says, in great haste, called, "St Kilda in Edinburgh; or, News from Camperdown;"—but as if to verify the adage, "things done in a haste are never done well," so it turned out with St Kilda. Being devoid of every thing like interest, and violating in many parts the common rules of decency, it was justly condemned before it reached the second act.

Our author's vanity must have on this occasion received a deep wound, being present in the house at the time. Overwhelmed with disappointment, he flew to his lodgings, and confined himself to bed for several days. Still blinded by vanity in the midst of his mental sufferings, he imputed the failure of his play to the machinations of his enemies. He therefore determined on "shaming the rogues" by printing. It is needless to say, it neither sold nor was talked of. The most amusing part of this affair was the mode in which he persisted in forcing his production on the public. We shall present our readers with an extract from his highly inflated preface. It commences with a quotation from Sterne's Tristram Shandy. "The learned Bishop Hall tells us in one of his decades, at the end of his Divine Meditations, that it is an abominable thing for a man to *commend himself*, and verily I think so; and yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a *masterly* kind of fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out, I think it is fully as abominable that a man should lose the honour of it. This is exactly my situation." In the following he quotes Swift:—"When a *true genius* appears in the world, you may know him by this sign—that the *dunces* are all in confederacy against him." Yet, though blinded by folly and weighed down by distress, still his filial affections were alive; and although he could not afford his parents any permanent support, he seemed anxious to promote the education of their family; which the following extracts from his letters will sufficiently prove:—

"**I hope by living more pious and carefully**, by managing my income frugally, and appropriating a part of it to the service of you and my sisters, and by living with you in future at least a third part of the year, to reconcile your affections more entirely to me, and give you more comfort than I have yet done. O forget and forgive my follies; look on me as a son who will anxiously strive to comfort and please you, and, after all your misfortunes, to render the evening of your days as happy as possible." And again—"We will endeavour," says he, "to settle our dear Grace comfortably in life, and to educate our dear little Betty and Mary aright." He brought his eldest brother, John, to Edinburgh, to study at the university, with the view of his entering the church; he was a youth of promising abilities, but of weak constitution, and sank into an early grave in 1790. As the other children increased in years, faithful to his promise he brought his favourite sister, Mary, to live with him in Edinburgh to complete her education. His irregularities, and consequent embarrassments, made her situation in town any thing but an enviable one. Her mortifications, however, in this life were not of long duration, as she died at his lodgings in 1798. To a mind of his quick sensibility this was a dreadful shock. Almost frantic with grief at the loss he experienced, he gave himself up to the wildest despair: every unkind action or word he made use of towards her rushed to his distracted memory, until life itself was almost insupportable. Neither the sympathy of friends, nor the consolations of religion, could mitigate his woes. At the same time his means of subsistence became every day more precarious; his literary labours were ceasing to pay, so that, added to his other misfortunes, starvation and a jail were hourly staring him in the face. Shunning as much as possible all his former companions, he might now be seen wandering about the suburbs of the city, with wasted cheek and sunken eye, a miserable victim of want and care. By degrees, however, he was recalled to a better state of mind, when, finding his views not likely to succeed any longer in Scotland, he was induced to go to London in 1799. For the first few years of his residence there, it appears he found good employment, and his application to study being very great, his profits and prospects were alike cheering. In a letter written to his father about the time we are speaking of, he says—

"My whole income, earned by full sixteen hours a-day of close application to reading, writing, observation, and study, is but very little more than three hundred pounds a-year. But this is sufficient to my wants, and is earned in a manner which I know to be the most useful and honourable—that is, by teaching beneficial truths, and discountenancing vice and folly more effectually and more extensively than I could in any other way. This I am here always sure to earn, while I can give the necessary application; and if I were able to execute more literary labour, I might readily obtain more money."

He for a time pursued his literary vocations with an unwearied industry, and there was scarcely a publication then in London of any note but contained some of his fugitive writings. He realized in consequence a good income, but, unfortunately, for no great length of time. His former bad habits returned, and while money continued to flow in, he indulged in the wildest extravagance. Wishing to be thought an independent man of fortune, he would carry his folly so far as at times to keep a pair of horses, with a groom in livery. All this time his pen was laid aside; and until warned of his fate by the appearance of his last shilling, he seemed altogether devoid of reflection. Then he would betake himself to his work, as an enthusiast in every thing, confining himself for weeks to his chamber, dressed only in his shirt and morning gown, and commonly with a green veil over his eyes, which were weak, and inflamed by such fits of ill-regulated study.

In 1806, he addressed a letter to Mr Wilberforce on the *Justice and Expediency of the Slave Trade*. He wrote a short system of chemistry, and, a few months previous to his death, he published a small work called the *Comforts of Life*, which, it appears, met with a ready sale.

The last years of his life were spent in the deepest misery. His friends and associates by degrees deserted him—some offended at his total want of steadiness, others worn out by constant importunities, and not a few disgusted at the vanity and envy he displayed on too many occasions; added to all this, his employers found they could place no dependence on his promises, as he would only resume his pen when urged to it by stern necessity, so that he found, at last, it was with great difficulty he could procure even a scanty subsistence. Deep in debt, and harassed by his creditors, who were all exasperated at his constant want of faith, he was at last consigned to the jail of Newgate, where he dragged on a miserable existence for many months. From that vile prison he wrote the following pathetic appeal to the Literary Fund, which we derive from a most appropriate source, D'Israeli's "Calamities of Authors."

"Ever since I was eleven years of age, I have mingled with my studies the labour of teaching or writing to support and educate myself. During about twenty years, while I was in constant and occasional attendance at the University of Edinburgh, I taught and assisted young persons at all periods in the course of education, from the alphabet to the highest branches of science and literature. I read lectures on the law of nature, the law of nations, the Jewish, the Grecian, the Roman, and the canon law, and then on the feudal law, and on the several forms of municipal jurisprudence established in modern Europe. I printed a syllabus of these lectures, which was approved; they were as introductory to the professional study of law, and to assist gentlemen who did not study it professionally in the understanding of history. I translated Fourcroy's Chemistry twice, Savary's Travels in Greece, Dumourier's Letters, Gesner's Idylls in part, an abstract of Zimmerman on Solitude, and a great diversity of smaller pieces. I wrote a Journey through the Western Parts of Scotland, which has passed through two editions; a History of Scotland in six volumes 8vo; a Topographical Account of Scotland, which has been several times reprinted; a number of communications in the Edinburgh Magazine; many prefaces and critiques. A Memoir of the Life of Burns, which suggested and promoted the subscription for his family, has been reprinted, and formed the basis of Dr Currie's life of him, as I learned by a letter from the doctor to one of his friends; a variety of *jeux d'esprit*, in verse and prose, and many abridgements of large works. In the beginning of 1799, I was encouraged to come to London. Here I have written a great multiplicity of articles in almost every branch of literature, my education in Edinburgh having comprehended them all. The London Review, the Agricultural Magazine, the Universal Magazine, the Anti-Jacobin Review, the Public Characters, the Annual Necrology, with several other periodical works, contain many of my communications. In such of these publications as have been received, I can show that my anonymous pieces have been distinguished with very high praise. I have written also a short system of chemistry, and I published a few weeks since a small work, called the *Comforts of Life*, of which the first edition was sold in one week, and the second edition is now in rapid sale. In the newspapers, The Oracle, The Porcupine, when it existed, The General Evening Post, The Morning Post, The British Press, The Courier, &c., I have published my reports of the debates in parliament, and I believe a greater variety of fugitive pieces than I know to have been written by any one person. I have written also a great variety of compositions in Latin and French, in favour of which I have been honoured with the testimonials of liberal approbation.

"I have invariably written to serve the cause of religion and morality, pious Christian education, and good order, in the most direct manner. I have considered what I have written as mere trifles, and I have incessantly studied to qualify myself for something

better. I can prove that I have for many years read and written one day with another from twelve to sixteen hours a-day. As a human being I have not been free from follies and errors; but the tenor of my life has been temperate, laborious, humble, quiet, and, to the utmost of my power, beneficent. I can prove the general tenor of my writings to be candid, and ever adapted to exhibit the most favourable views of the abilities, dispositions, and exertions of others. For the last ten months I have been brought to the very extremity of bodily and pecuniary distress.

"I shudder at the thoughts of perishing in a jail.

"92, Chancery Lane, Feb. 2, 1807. (In confinement."

The life of this accomplished writer was now fast drawing to a close. With a mind bowed down by want and despair, and a body emaciated from increasing disease, he was incapable of farther exertion; and being removed to an hospital as his last and only hope, in one week after his entrance there he breathed his last, on the 13th of April 1807, without a friend to console or assist him. Thus perished Robert Heron in the prime of life, with talents and acquirements of a very rare description, which, if governed by prudence, were eminently calculated to gain for him an honourable independence in the world. It is difficult to estimate the true depth of his genius by his miscellaneous publications in prose; his style was of a mixed description—sometimes pompous and declamatory, at other times chaste and elegant. But it must be considered he was seldom allowed the choice of a subject, being all his life under the dictates of a publisher. He composed with great rapidity, and seldom made any corrections but in his proof sheets. His appearance was at most times impressive and dignified; his figure above the middle size, stately and erect, and his countenance had a benevolent expression, though pale and care-worn from study and confinement.

With all his faults he had still many redeeming virtues, and, above all, a strong sense of the respect which is due to religion and morality; but he committed the fatal error of being more a lover than a practiser of virtue, and his memoir affords a striking instance of the impossibility of shielding genius from poverty and disgrace when blinded by passion or perverted by eccentricity.—*Scottish Biographical Dict.*

MOO-WAT-TIN.

Some part of the continent of New Holland was discovered by the Dutch in the year 1616, but little was known respecting it or its inhabitants till 1770, when the eastern part, which has since been called New South Wales, was discovered by Captain James Cook, the celebrated British navigator. The climate of this extensive island or continent is temperate and healthy. Frost is rarely known to produce any effect on vegetation: plants and shrubs attain a great degree of perfection; they are all evergreens, blooming at all seasons of the year, and, like the woods, display an astonishing luxuriance and magnificence: the level parts, or plains, are fertile and well watered: the hills are covered with lofty trees, their trunks closely interwoven with underwood: the precipices are tremendous; and, except where European industry has commenced, the country is an immensity of wilderness and exuberance, which the hand of nature alone could display.

The natives of this climate are slight made, from five feet four to five feet nine inches high, with projecting brows, broad noses, wide mouths, and thick lips; hair short and curly: altogether, their appearance is preferable to that of the African, yet inferior to that of the European. They are such strangers to cleanliness, that the true colour of their skin is rarely to be seen: it is, however, of a rich chocolate colour: some of the females are considerably lighter than others. Many of their ceremonies are discontinued, such as extracting the two foremost teeth from the right side of the upper jaw of the males, at the age of puberty, and the amputation of the little finger of the left hand of the females at their birth. When scarification is used, it is performed by cutting two lines through the skin, parallel to each other, and stripping off the intermediate skin: this operation is repeated till the flesh rises above the surrounding parts; it is then permitted to heal, and is considered very ornamental. Their expertness with the spear is remarkable: they construct this weapon of the stem of the yellow gum-plant, which often grows ten or twelve feet high; this is polished with great care, and barbs of shell or bone are inserted, five, six, or seven inches from the point, and each variety of spear has its name. To impel the spear with increased velocity, they use a short stick, with its end a little hooked, to fit a hollow formed in the base of the spear.

When the native is in the act of launching his spear, this stick is held firmly in the right hand, the finger and thumb supporting the spear in a line above it; the left hand directs the elevation; and instantly the aim is taken, the spear rushes on its object. It is usual for them to bring down a bird, or an opossum, at a distance of sixty yards! The natives are dexterous in taking the kangaroo, of which they are very solicitous, because the size of the animal affords a plenteous repast; it is found amid high grass or underwood, but so timid, that it is with great good management approached near enough for a spear to be thrown with effect. The method by which the natives take the opossum, kangaroo-rat, flying squirrel, and various smaller animals found in hollow trees, is always attended with success. One of the party ascends the trunk to the upper outlet, and there waits with his club raised, while others below place burning reeds or grass to the lower opening, the smoke of which compels the animals to attempt an escape, in which they are dispatched by the club above, or by the spears below. The blue gum-tree, in which these animals often take refuge, affords the native scope for dexterity by the means he must adopt to ascend. The shaft of this tree will measure forty or fifty feet of smooth surface. His first and second notches are cut as he stands on the ground; when he is going to ascend, his hatchet is held in his mouth, his toes and fingers being inserted in the notches as his ladder: then he cuts a notch above on the right for the foot, on the left for the hand, alternately, raising himself from one to the other with surprising agility. The branches of the tree being gained, the animals are taken, or, if driven from the tree, are speared by his companions below. Catching fish with the hook and line is generally the occupation of the females. The hook is made with infinite labour from the pearly part of shells, but not barbed. The lines are made from the tough inner rind of trees, bruised with a stone until fibrous; the finer threads are then twisted into strands, and joined to the required length. The canoes are constructed of the bark carefully separated from the tree, securely fastened at the extremities; stretchers regulate the different widths, and the whole is cemented with gum. These canoes are managed by the natives very dexterously: both men and women are expert swimmers. When the men fish, they take an instrument which can be increased by joints to any manageable length, having at its point several prongs all barbed; with this, prepared to strike, one man lies across the canoe, with his head beneath the water; the other man, balancing by projecting himself on the opposite side, they rarely fail to secure a fish that glides within the striker's reach. Should a fish be speared too large to be hauled into the canoe, it is directly paddled into shallow water, and necessary assistance procured.

Notwithstanding the seeming facilities for obtaining food, the natives are frequently driven to such extremities as to satisfy their hunger with a species of worm or grub, fern roots, and berries of various plants. They have no idea of providing for the morrow, but eat so long as there remains any food, and then, stretching themselves in the sun, sleep till hunger calls them again into action. A branch of a species of fir is always to be found burning with every party, because they have great difficulty in recovering fire, should the fir stick be extinguished. Their amusements are few: amongst them dancing holds no distinguished place, for they have no regulated steps, no expression, no character, unless the imitation of the kangaroo may be called *a kangaroo dance*, in which all their actions appear to be the result of hilarity alone. When a number of the natives are assembled, an individual will start from amongst the others, leaping, bounding, and throwing his arms about in violent gesticulation and antic positions, till, from fatigue, he can stand no longer. Meanwhile, others have been singing songs, commencing at the top of the voice, the modulations lowering as long as the breath will permit. The lungs are then inflated with considerable noise, and the modulations repeated till hoarseness renders farther articulation impossible. On these occasions, the natives ornament themselves with red and white clay, by stripes on the forehead, circles round the eyes, waving lines on the breast and arms, and spots on various parts of the body.

On their warlike expeditions, they stripe the body with white clay in such a manner as to represent a skeleton. The head is decorated with grease, and covered with white down, feathers, and shells. On these occasions they are equipped with their best spears and shields; and though each tribe has its chief, instances have occurred where a great body of men have placed themselves under the direction of a youthful leader, not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, obeying him implicitly, because his previous conduct had evinced remarkable vigour of body, or intrepidity of mind, characteristics which qualified him for the highest honour and marked distinction. The skill in the use of the club, and the dexterity in throwing the spear, are their greatest acquirements. Agility in attack or defence, and the fortitude with which they endure sufferings, are first among their concerns of life, and confer on the possessors the greatest superiority. Injury or insult is ever resented on principles of retaliation. In their single combats, attention to points of honour is observed, and animosity ceases when satisfaction is obtained. When a native has selected a wife, who is generally of a different tribe, with the greatest secrecy he steals upon her when unprotected, stupifies her with blows, and drags her violently to a place of security. The females are indeed treated with great barbarity: instances have occurred where a native has speared his wife for an imaginary infidelity, and she has been left to perish without the least concern being shown by any of the tribe. Their attachment to savage life is unconquerable: wherever the colonists establish themselves, the natives retire. They have an utter abhorrence to restraint of any kind: no reward can induce them to prefer domestic enjoyment to roving in their native woods and dells. Their indolence is equalled only by their heedlessness; at night they will supplicate for a covering, and cast it from them immediately the sun has risen. The idea of their being the original possessors of the country has long since ceased to be acted upon, yet there are evidences that the knowledge of it is retained with an intensity of feeling.

Two instances have occurred of natives having been brought to England—one, whose name was Be-ne-long, in 1793, another in 1811, whose name was Moo-wat-tin. The general conduct of these men was so similar, that the particulars relating to the last-mentioned individual may be sufficient to show the character and disposition of both, perhaps of all. Moo-wat-tin was a chief, and, though acting occasionally as a servant while in England, never forgot a seeming consciousness of importance. Moo-wat-tin spoke English so well as to excite surprise at the power with which he would use the monosyllables. He became an object of great curiosity to many, and was closely observed during several visits he made with the gentleman who brought him to England. On some occasions ladies were of the party, who were pleased with the decorum, or it may be said, the politeness with which the savage chief from New South Wales behaved. At the dinner-table he was desirous to oblige others, by passing what might be required; was never confused, but acted as though he had been accustomed to the routine of mixed society. He ate and drank very moderately, preferring sherry to any other wine, of which he never took more than three glasses. It was supposed he had received directions for his conduct, or that he was merely an imitator of others; however this might be, his behaviour was such as to command approbation. He was particularly pleased at hearing a lady sing "No, my love, no." He sat with strongly marked expressions of attention and delight, and when asked to sing, consented with a smile. His articulation seemed indistinct, the sounds having great similarity to each other, as, rah-rah tah, wha-rah rah, bah-hah tah-rah hah. The tune was occasionally changed; the ditty was divided into three parts or verses; the latter was particularly hurried and exulting. On being requested to put this song into English, he replied, "not well to do; but first we take fish, next take kangaroo, then take wife:" the particulars he declined translating. He always smiled at being waited upon by the servant, yet instantly resumed the knowledge that he was one of the company. He slightly bent when any attention was shown to him; and though numberless questions were put to him, he always replied with an evident desire to gratify, and, in his endeavour, never evinced the least impatience. He expressed great surprise at the extent of London; thought there were too many houses; trees were much wanted; could not imagine how all the people got food; thought the weather was "*sower cold*;" clouds too near the ground; horses fine, the men strong, the women beautiful; said none of his tribe would believe him when he told of what he had seen; that it would be of no use to take any thing to them except they could eat it; declared he would spear a native who had hurt a *woman*—this was expressed with powerfully-marked ferocity—and while one of the company was endeavouring to dissuade him from such an act, he sat with his hands grasping each other between his knees, his eyes bent on the ground, his teeth visible from an evidently assumed smile; after a pause he started, saying, "I *must* spear him, he hurt my *mother*." This was found to be a painful subject, and was discontinued; but it was some time before his emotion subsided. He seemed to appreciate the value of such trifling presents as are called keepsakes, and has been often heard to call them by the names of the donors. When the time arrived for him to sail, he made the round of his intimacies, and appeared to feel mental agony at separation, uttering, "Never forget, never forget." Moo-wat-tin was deemed by some persons a bright specimen of the natives of New South Wales. His observation was remarkably keen: a curved brow would distress him, a smile would elevate him, but a grasp of the hand enraptured him; by it he seemed to become one of a society amongst which he was anxious to be acknowledged, and which he strove to become by every means in his power. Although Moo-wat-tin might have been tutored to some extent, and though much may be attributed to his habit of mimicry, yet the tenderness and understanding he has so often displayed must have been the dictations of his own natural goodness of heart. These particulars are perhaps dwelt upon more than may seem necessary, the subject being so insignificant as a *savage* from New South Wales; yet he produced in the minds of many, who observed him while in England, very favourable impressions. They could not imagine him incapable of receiving the highest degree of cultivation.

The gentleman with whom Moo-wat-tin came to England had been a free settler under the auspices of the late Sir Joseph Banks. He remarked to some friends while here, that, during an intercourse of twenty years with the natives of New South Wales, he never saw an act or circumstance that partook of indelicacy. All other observances in well-regulated society were disregarded, or perhaps unknown to this inferior race of beings.

As in the case of his predecessor Be-ne-long, Moo-

wat-tin, for some time after his return to New South Wales, retained the manners of a European. He treated those of his tribe with the greatest disdain, and seemed to cultivate a friendly intercourse with the free settlers; but he possessed no habits of industry, and nature could not be subdued. Liberty amongst his native woods and wilds had charms that rendered irksome the kindness of strangers, and dulled every sense of the superior enjoyments of civilization. He returned to his original pursuits, to a state of nakedness and of precarious existence, and has rarely been seen since by any of the settlers in the colony.

SCRAPS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE COW-TREE.

Mr Laet was the first person who made known in Europe one of the most curious vegetable productions of the equinoctial regions—a tree which yields a kind of milk entirely analogous to that of a cow, and which, for that reason, has been called cow-tree. This singular juice, on account of its similitude to the milk of animals—in the place of which Baron Humboldt has seen it used for every domestic purpose on the farm of Barbula—has been admired by every traveller.

This vegetable milk possesses all the physical properties of the milk of animals, only it is a little thicker, and mixes easily with water; it also becomes yellow, and thickens on the surface like cream. When boiled, it does not coagulate, but a thick yellow pellicle is formed on the surface. Acids do not form with this milk any coagulum, as with that of the cow.

If the juice of this valuable tree is so pleasant and nutritive to the natives, how much more grateful must it be to the traveller who penetrates to these high mountainous regions, when exhausted by fatigue, hunger, and thirst! On the road from Patito to Puerto-Cabello all the trees of this species which are met with exhibit numerous incisions, made by travellers, who anxiously search for them during a journey through these parts. But it is not for this pleasant and nutritious fluid alone that the cow-tree is valuable; because nature, ever bountiful, has given it a doubly useful property; for, besides the fibrin, it likewise contains in abundance an exquisite kind of wax, which may be extracted with great facility.

The cow-tree appears to belong to the family of *Sapotæ*, and is plentiful on the road from Ourmase to the north-west of Maracovy, on the northern declivities of the Andes, in South America. It does not, however, appear to be peculiar to the Andes on this side of Caraccas, as it is said to be equally luxuriant in Choco.

This milk, when exposed to the action of the air, is altered, and acquires an unpleasant smell similar to that of sour milk; and a pellicle is formed on the surface, which, triturated with caustic potash, exhales ammonia. If some drops of an acid are added to this milk, it may be exposed to the air for a long time, without any alteration; if kept in a bottle with a crystal stopper, it does not decompose, but becomes only thicker; and if a bottle of water is added to this milk, it regains all its properties. In this manner it may be preserved for a considerable time. When this liquid is put on the fire, it presents exactly the same appearance as cows' milk, a pellicle forming on its surface, which prevents the expansion of aqueous vapours.

By repeatedly boiling this vegetable milk with alcohol, a white fibrous substance is produced, possessing the same properties as common fibrin; and although it may appear singular to meet, in a vegetable product, a substance which has usually been considered as peculiar to animal matter, it nevertheless does not differ from it in any thing; and although not identical with the fibrin extracted from animal matters, it seems to have the same relation to it as vegetable albumen has to animal albumen.

Recently a substance has been extracted from the fresh juice of the *Carcèa papaya*, which appears to be similar to that from the milk of the cow-tree.

SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS DERIVED FROM TREES.

Among the trees of India we observe the mowah, or *Bossia lutyræa*. It attains the height of an English oak; the beauty of the foliage and flowers makes it very ornamental to the plains; and its wood is precious on account of its being capable of withstanding the depredations of the white ants. The flowers of the mowah are dried, and are much used for acidulating dishes, and especially for the distillation of arrack. They give a great degree of strength to this liquor, and arrack made with these flowers is distinguished by the name of *mowah arrack*. In a favourable season, a good mowah tree produces from two to three hundred pounds of flowers. A thick oil-like butter is obtained from the fruit, and used for domestic purposes.

The barb, or pamyra, grows upon the banks of the Nerbuddah, and other rivers of the Guzzerat. A good tree of this species furnishes daily forty-three quarts of tars, or palm wine, for which a pound of *gaggaria*, or coarse sugar, may be got. The sugar-cane is cultivated in several parts of this country; but in place of manufacturing sugar from it, they are contented with selling daily in the market the canes, of the juice of which the Hindoos are very fond.

The celebrated Danish chemist, M. Oerstad, shows that, of all the fruits which grow in Denmark, the apple is that which, together with a good quantity of sugar, produces the drink approaching nearest to wine.

The sap of the trunk of the birch is, of all vegetable substances, that which furnishes the best means of imitating champagne. This wine is adulterated in London and Hamburgh, in the manufactories, with different sorts of berries, and especially with whortles.

THE VARNISH TREE.

This tree has been termed by botanists the *Stagmaria verniciflua*. It is a native of the East Indian islands, and also Sumatra, and grows to a considerable size. Its wood, Dr Jack says, is of a fine dark colour towards the centre, and lighter coloured near the circumference. From the bark is exuded a resin, which is extremely acrid, and, applied to the skin, causes excoriations and blisters. The natives of these islands consider it dangerous to handle any part of the tree, and even to sit or sleep under its shade. This resin, on exposure to the air, soon assumes a black colour, and becomes very hard and durable. It is collected and employed as a varnish, and sells for this purpose at a very high price. The celebrated naturalist Rumphius, who flourished about one hundred and thirty years ago, was of opinion that this was the tree which yielded the celebrated Japan lacquer, or varnish, and he considers it the same with that of Siam and Tonquin. Loureiro, however, who had better opportunities of observing the latter, represents the varnish of these countries as the produce of a different tree, which he has described under the name *Augie*. The varnish of Siam and Cochin-China is probably the best; but that of Celebes and Java—which is the produce of this tree—is also employed for the same purposes, and cannot be much inferior, as it bears a high price.

SAYINGS OF THE ANCIENTS.

When Ptolemy the Second, king of Egypt, looked forth one day from his palace window, afflicted as he was at the time with the gout, the consequence of his luxurious indulgences, and distracted with kingly anxieties, he observed a multitude of his poorer subjects reclining in festal ease on the sandy banks of the Nile—"Miserable fate," said the monarch, "that my fate hath not allowed me to be one of them!"

Anaxagoras, the Clazomenian philosopher, and preceptor of Socrates, being asked for what purpose he conceived he had come into the world, answered, "To see sun, moon, and stars!" The same philosopher, being utterly negligent regarding the politics of his town of Clazomene, was twitted for his indifference on that subject by some one of his more zealous fellow-citizens, who asked him whether he entertained no concern for his native country? "For my country," replied the sage, "I have always a great concern. My native city," pointing to the heavens, "is perpetually the subject of my thoughts."

Chilon, the sage of Sparta, inquired of Æsop what was Jupiter's employment—what was his regular daily business in the skies? "To humble those that are elevated, and elevate those that are humble," said the fabulist.

Anacharsis, though a Scythian, uttered sentiments as beautiful as those of Plato himself. Among his fine sayings is the one—"The vine bears three grapes: the first is that of pleasure; the second is that of drunkenness; the third is that of sorrow." A certain Greek poet, in a very ingenious distribution, gave the first bowl, or crater, to the Graces, Hours, and Bacchus; the second to other heathen deities; the third to Mischief.

When Mark Antony was fast fleeing from his conqueror, after the battle of Mutina, one of his acquaintances gave as a reply to some person that inquired of him what his master was about, "He is doing what dogs do in Egypt when pursued by the crocodile—drinking and running."

Crœsus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and his riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendour of apparel and royal ornament, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer: "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court-yard, nor a cock on our dunghill, that does not surpass you in glory!"

THE PROSE STYLE OF POETS.

Mr Robert Pollok, a Scottish poet, while a student of theology, once delivered a trial discourse before the Secession Divinity Hall, Glasgow, the subject of which was SIN. His manner of treating it, in the opinion of his fellow-students, was rather turgid, and at those passages which they considered to be particularly outrageous, they did not scruple to give audible symptoms of the amusement they derived from Mr Pollok's high-flown phrases; at last one flight was so extravagant that the professor himself was fairly obliged to give way—and smiled. At this point the young preacher was just upon the point of a climax expressing the dreadful evils which sin had brought into the world, and he closed it with the following remark: "And had it not been for sin, the smile of folly had ne'er been seen upon the brows of wisdom." This anecdote is related upon the authority of a person who was present; but it may be remarked that, perhaps, if Mr Pollok's discourse had been listened to with that decorum which the gravity of the occasion demanded, it might not, to an unprejudiced auditor, have seemed deserving of the derisive reception it met with; but when the speaker became sensible that his compeers were making merry at his expense, it must have produced in his manner a degree of confusion, or perhaps of vehemence, by which language and ideas, in themselves not inappropriate, might be rendered ridiculous. It is also to be kept in view that Pollok was not popular among his fellow-students; so that they may be supposed to have been on the watch for an opportunity to testify their dislike of him.

The incident is a curious one, if it were for nothing but because a somewhat similar one—similar at least in as far as its indication of the bent of the young men's minds is concerned—is related of two other poets, at the same stage of their career. "One of his fellow-students," says Sir William Forbes, in his *Life of Dr Beattie* (p. 19), "has informed me that, during their attendance at the Divinity Hall, he heard Beattie deliver a discourse, which met with much commendation, but of which it was remarked by the audience, that he spoke poetry in prose. It is told in the same manner of Thomson, who had also been a student of divinity, that when he produced as a probationary exercise the explanation of a psalm, the professor reproved him for speaking a language that would be altogether unintelligible to a popular audience; which so disgusted Thomson with theological pursuits, that he resolved to betake himself entirely to the cultivation of his poetical talents, by which he afterwards rose to such distinguished eminence."

The reader is requested to observe, that the whole of the present number of the Journal is the composition of the Editors, or of authors whom they employ, none of the articles having ever before been in print, with the exception of the Biographic Sketch, which is abridged from a work edited by one of the conductors of the present publication. This notice as to the originality of the articles of the Journal is found necessary in consequence of an impression which certain illiberal newspapers are assiduous in conveying to their readers, to the effect that the matter of the present work is week after week borrowed without acknowledgment from other works, and that its cheapness is solely owing to this supposed system of plagiarism. So far from this being the case, the Editors systematically refuse the gratuitous contributions which many able and ingenious persons throughout the country are in the habit of offering to them—having found it necessary, in order to accomplish the objects they have in view, to employ either their own pens, or those of some other practised writers, who, acting under their express direction, shape their labours to the peculiar nature and purposes of the Journal. In every case, they repeat, where quotation is not made—and these cases are now very rare—the articles are compositions prepared expressly for the work.

A fortnightly sheet, similar in appearance and price to the Journal, is published under the title of "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE," of which the following ten numbers have already appeared:—

1. EMIGRATION TO CANADA, being a complete body of information on that country for the use of Emigrants, and precluding, in a great measure, the necessity of consulting other works.
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8. AN ACCOUNT OF THE HUMAN BODY, being a Popular Sketch of the Physiological Structure of Man.
9. STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
10. EMIGRATION TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

Articles are also in preparation on a variety of subjects generally interesting to the people, and will in due course appear. Every article is a *careful original composition*, generally the production of the Editors themselves, or of some other literary gentlemen of established character in the departments respectively assigned to them. In Edinburgh, as in the case of the Journal, it is regularly left every alternate Wednesday at the houses of subscribers, and it may be had of every bookseller and newsman throughout the United Kingdom.

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"HE THAT THOLES, OVERCOMES."

ONE can go nowhere without gaining wisdom, if he only hold himself open to receive it. The above sagacious aphorism is inscribed, in contracted and hardly intelligible characters, over the door of a very ancient house in the West Bow of Edinburgh, a street where we might expect to meet nothing now-a-days but spectacles of misery and vice.* He that tholes—that is, he who endures without flinching—overcomes: he who, however sorely afflicted, however sorely tried with calamity, suffers his pains with patience and manly fortitude, triumphs over them, and is in reality the same as if it were not his fate to be so tried. How profoundly philosophical is this maxim, or, to use a French phrase literally, which is applied metaphorically to something slightly different, this wisdom of the streets!† What, we cannot help reflecting, must have been those personal circumstances which induced the man who built this house—probably a burgher of the sixteenth century—to inscribe his property with a phrase breathing such a spirit! Whether he conceived it in his own mind, or adopted it from some other source, he must have been himself, one would suppose, a singular and conspicuous instance of the victory which patience ever achieves over all trials, those of the body as well as those of the mind. Perhaps the acquisition of the wealth which enabled him to build this house, was the result of some remarkable exertion of his powers of endurance; and, looking upon the house as the best monument of his achievement, he thus inscribed it in a modest spirit of triumph, and with the hope, perhaps, that a maxim enforced by such a story as his would occasionally prove a support to the sinking spirits of future sufferers. If such were his views, they have long been frustrated by the treachery of time; for not only is the history of this man now unknown, but the inscription is so obscure, both in language and orthography, that it must be a mystery to almost all who are in the habit of seeing it, notwithstanding that its sense could never have been so useful or requisite as in these latter times, when the house and all around it are inhabited by an infinitely poorer class of people than at any former period. It is for the purpose of reversing its fate, and rendering it as clear to the world as ever, that we have taken notice of it in this place.

At all periods of life we are liable to troubles, some of which we can partly obviate and alleviate by prudent management, while others are so entirely beyond our control, that we can neither prevent them from coming upon us, nor obtain relief from them after they have taken effect. The commercial schemes, which we have planned with the most guarded caution, and watched over with unremitting care, may be blasted by some casualty, either unforeseen, or which we had to lay our account with, at the commencement, as incidental to the mode which had been assigned to us of gaining our daily bread. Hopes still tenderer to the heart may be crushed and blighted: beings who were dearer to us than our own life may be reft from us by sudden or by slow decay: sickness may befall ourselves, or our frames may be stricken with some of those severe calamities which medical science can only look upon and despair. To such and to many other calamities are we, in this imperfect state of being, daily and hourly exposed. Let us never forget, however, that all affliction is capable of being increased or diminished by the way in which we receive it; the weak suffering much additional distress from the reverberation of pain, so to speak, within their own agitated minds, while those possessed of fortitude, like travellers who stare a beast of prey out of countenance, turn off a great part of the danger by boldly encountering it. Do not yield to evils, says the classic maxim, but go the more daringly against them. In fact, the philosophy of this question is the same as that of a great battle, where there is always less aggregate danger to the party which stands firm than to that which gives way; the cowards being always cut down ingloriously in the flight. It may be said that many are not so framed as to encounter evils with firmness; but this is liable to great error. No one knows what degree of firmness he possesses till he musters it up by an exertion of the understanding. If he do not attempt to muster it up, he may sink needlessly into despair, and, consequently, into greater evils, for want of that which he really has. There can be no doubt that in these cases the will can be forced, if we will only try; for (if we may be allowed such an illustration) there is hardly any instance of a malefactor, who, timid in ordinary circumstances, did not display the most perfect resignation to the last award of the law, when assured that there was no hope of its being reversed. If the worst of evils can call up this firmness, why should we permit lesser distresses to overpower us? It is fairly allowable in such cases, we think, to call in the aid even of vanity, and, seeking applause from our fellow-creatures for the heroism with which we meet our trials, gain that patience of which the reverse is often called up through the same means. But it were better if we could uniformly derive our powers of endurance from an inward and unostentatious constancy of spirit, which, based upon conscious rectitude of intentions, regards calamity as only a trial of the better part of man. And, after all, there is no evil in the world, excepting remorse, for which there is not some immediate, and often a corresponding palliative. The genius of human suffering resembles the serpent, which is said to be always closely attended by another creature, bearing a balsam to cure its bites. As this stern spirit walks over the earth, casting her darts here and there, numberless beneficent genii hover over her path, whose duty it is to pour balm into the wounds which she has made. Wherever there is a deficiency in these remedial processes, it may be supplied by a religious patience, which is always at the command of a well-regulated mind, and the want of which may be described as almost the only calamity that is really to be deplored.

The maxim may be not only enforced in this general way, but there are many special circumstances in human life, and many classes of human beings, to whom its moral might be specially applied. We would particularly instance the young, who, from their ardent and effervescent character, are not apt to have much power of *tholing*. In this large and interesting class of persons, there are many whose natural sagacity and perseverance enable them to bear up with much patience against the obstacles with which almost every young man is tried before he can vindicate his title to consideration and employment. But, on the other hand, many more are of a soft, self-indulgent, and self-admiring character; and if they do not find every difficulty give way at *their* approach, their pride takes offence, they sink back into sloth or into equally fatal indecision, and perhaps are lost for ever. It should be impressed on every young person, that, in general, much must be done, and long delay must be endured, before they can be even put into the way of accomplishing what they desire. There is no "Open Sesame," as they may imagine, to make the portals of prosperity fly open to them; but fortune must be wooed with a solicitude and a patience proportioned to her proverbial character as the most coy and coquettish of all beings, real or imaginary, who ever bore the female form. Far more is done in the world, by negative qualities, than they could suppose. Only hold on—*thole*—living as moderately in the meantime as possible—and it cannot fail that, as others die off, some vacancy will occur into which you will be admitted: or you will gradually be acquiring a preference, and accumulating reputation and respect, by mere *standing*, which is much the same thing. Every one must have observed that the brightest abilities at twenty have no chance against the consolidated reputation which may attend very moderate abilities at forty. This superiority, it is easy to see, has only been gained by *tholing*.

The precipitancy of youth is often shown in a very amusing manner in their affairs of the heart. When the human being arrives at about twenty, he gets dreadfully afraid that the world will run past him unenjoyed. As he grows older, he always becomes the more sensible that there is plenty of time for all the enjoyments of life, and therefore the less eager does he become to grasp them. Hence no bachelor at thirty-six is nearly so much afraid that he will be late in *settling in life*, as the generality of those who number exactly half that amount of years. And hence, after thirty-six, the chances of a bachelor changing his condition—at least in a way that will not excite the ridicule of society—always become less and less. This excessive eagerness in youth ought to be by all means controlled, so far as it does not conduce to real advancement in the world, for it is but too apt to be inconsistent with that patience which, without doubt, is the best part of the battle of life.

* It is necessary, for the sake of the greater part of our readers, to mention, that, in the older part of the Scottish capital, many of the houses exhibit pious inscriptions over the doorways, generally texts of Scripture. The above is of a rare character, being a moral apothegm: it is noticed in "Traditions of Edinburgh," vol. i. 142.

† The French speak of what we understand by the term "common sense," as *le sens qui court les rues*—the sense which runs the streets.

HAMPTON COURT.

IT is a beautiful morning in June; scarcely one little soft white cloud rests on the wide blue horizon; the smoke rising from the great world of houses, after hovering in mid air, is gradually dispersing in an easterly direction; the ladies assure you that the weather is delightful and settled, and that the party is certain to have a most beautiful day to go to Hampton Court. So off we set. One, two, three, four—we are all in the coach; the steps are drawn up, the door closed, and in a minute we find ourselves whirled along towards one of the western outlets of the town. In a westerly direction from London, the roads are excellent and pleasant: the long dull lines of brick streets cease, but detached houses and villages succeed in apparently endless variety for a distance of many miles, as if there were a struggle betwixt town and country for supremacy.

Hampton Court is one of the royal residences of England, and being situated at the distance of only thirteen miles from London, in a very beautiful part of the country, on the north bank of the Thames, it is a fit object of interest to be visited by strangers in the metropolis. In about an hour and a half after leaving town, you enter the village of Hampton Court, which consists of a few houses of brick, large and small, with barracks for horse soldiers; the whole being overhung and environed with tall trees, mostly horse-chestnuts, whose broad green leaves and shadowy recesses give a sylvan aspect to a scene essentially English. After alighting at the "King's Arms,"

where, I have no doubt, you will take care to bespeak dinner against the time you return from your walk through the royal domain, you proceed towards the palace by one of the large gateways, from which, through some fine shadowy shrubberies and open walks, you are introduced to the centre of the grounds, where the royal structure is situated.

The palace of Hampton Court, in external appearance, is a lofty and magnificent structure of red brick, ornamented with pale freestone cornices and edgings to the doors and windows, a row of the latter above the first floor being circular; and the whole contour conveying the idea of a house of William the Third's reign, in which time the edifice underwent nearly a total renovation and a very considerable extension. The palace altogether consists of three grand quadrangles, with open courts, one of which bears a close resemblance to, and I believe formed a model for, the inner court of Holyroodhouse at Edinburgh. Around this court are piazzas, with stone pillars, and from which covered way, passages ascend to the apartments above. The grand staircase is one of the widest any where to be met with. The walls and roof are covered with continuous paintings of emblematic figures, illustrative of allegorical subjects, as well as representing the Roman Cæsars in their proper costume, but so gross and stupid in their appearance, that they would disgrace the walls of the meanest dwelling.

The visitor now enters a suite of lofty and large apartments, mostly panelled and floored with oak, and containing hardly any furniture. The only seats are a kind of footstools; the ample fire-places are destitute of grates, but in some the ancient fire-irons, called *dogs*, for the support of logs of wood, are still extant. What are called the "presence-chambers," or rooms in which levées are held, are decorated in better style, with wide canopies over the chairs of state. The beds in the royal sleeping apartments are lofty structures, with coverlets, hangings, and other furniture, of rich satin or silk, and velvet, of different colours. All these, and other apartments shown to strangers, form a suite going round the building, each room entering from the other without the intervention of passages, that is, not reckoning the numerous secret and partly concealed doors leading to various back stairs and private entrances.

You are first introduced into the guard-room, the walls of which are ornamented with ancient warlike instruments, and paintings of a number of English admirals, by Kneller and Dahl. In the next apartment are seen portraits of various beauties of the court of England, painted also by Kneller, who has here depicted several lovely countenances, though a sameness runs through the whole, and none are so striking as to leave any impression. In the third room is seen what we esteem the finest painting in the house—a portrait of Charles the First on horseback, by Vandyke—and which ought to be seen, in order to have a just appreciation of that great master's admirable style. There is also an excellent painting of Bandinelli in his studio, by Corregio. The third room, or audience chamber, has also some good pictures; among others, a painting of the family of Louis Cornaro, a person celebrated for his extraordinary temperance. The picture, which is from an original, by Titian, shows Cornaro and three generations of descendants, who appear in the act of adoration at a shrine. There are likewise portraits of Titian and his uncle, done by Titian himself, and a spirited battle piece, by Julio Romano.

The fourth apartment, or king's drawing-room, is enriched with an exceedingly fine painting of Charles the First, a whole length, by Vandyke, esteemed the best likeness we have of that monarch. It has been copied and engraved by Sir Robert Strange, a distinguished Scottish artist, who, though a staunch Jacobite and adherent of Prince Charles Stuart in 1745, had the good fortune to be warmly patronised by George the Third. In the next room, or state bed-chamber, the visitor will see a beautiful portrait of Anne Hyde, daughter of Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and mother of the successive queens, Mary and Anne. The king's dressing-room and writing-closet, and Queen Mary's state bed-chamber, which follow, contain many fine pictures, by Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, Sebastian del Piombo, Louis da Vinci, Albert Duror, and others.

After having traversed these stately and silent halls, the visitor is led out through a long, dreary, ill-lighted apartment, the walls of which are ornamented with what at first sight he may suppose very wretched daubs of painting. Yet these faded colourless pictures are the famous cartoons of Raffaelle—productions whose praises have resounded over the whole civilized world.* Whatever may be the merits of these famous paintings, they are quickly going to decay; and if not restored by applications necessary to preserve them, will ere long fall in tatters from the walls, or at least lose all character as emanations of the mind of him who has been enthusiastically termed "the Divine Raffaelle."†

Hampton Court palace was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey, and a portion of the structure which he reared is still extant in the northern quadrangle. Here was the scene of the humiliation and forfeiture of that favourite of Henry the Eighth, who at this place often held his court, and made it the scene of his Christmas festivities—here Edward the Sixth was born—here were held the masques, and mummeries, and tournaments of Philip and Mary, and Elizabeth—here James the First held his court and famous meeting of controversialists—here Charles the First was immured as a state prisoner, and took leave of his children—here was celebrated the marriage of Cromwell's daughter and Lord Falconberg—here Charles the Second had occasionally his impure residence—here lived William and Mary after the revolution of 1688—and here, till the reign of George the Second, royal courts were sometimes held. In the present day, the private apartments are the residence of certain impoverished ladies of quality, and others connected with the royal household.

In front of the palace, to the south and westward towards the Thames, which flows in a sweep round the domain within a short distance, the grounds are laid out in extensive broad walks and parterres, having an air of courtly grace peculiar to some of the old baronial gardens. There are also various extensive avenues of tall leafy trees, which, in their cool shade, offer an acceptable relief from the glare of a summer sun on the flat gravel walks and borders. Just within one of the outer gateways is a labyrinth, formed by hedge-rows, and, by extending a mile in length in an almost inextricable though regular maze, affords an exquisite amusement to the parties of Londoners who come hither to spend a holiday.

THE OUTCAST,

A TALE.

Such of our Scottish readers as were personally familiar with the transactions and incidents during the late war, may remember a small building that stood at the end of one of the streets of Leith, at the door of which the union jack was seen flying from morning till night. It was the rendezvous of the "press-gang," whilst employed in their revolting occupation ashore, and where they were regularly locked in every night, to prevent the risk of collision between them and the citizens, to whom they were, as a matter of course, particularly obnoxious.

The commanding officer on the station, at the period of the following incident, was a man peculiarly unfitted, by *inclination* at least, for the duties imposed on him in the impressment proceedings, being of a most humane and kind disposition. He was, besides, a native of Leith, where he resided in a house of his own, unless when his presence was necessarily required on board. He had also a private room in the round-house (as it may be termed) above mentioned, where he attended with great punctuality, in order that his presence might prove a check to the brutal and licentious natures of the "press-gang"—the most reckless and desperate characters amongst the crew being, as is well known, always selected for the worse than slave-traffic in which they were employed.

In the above room, then, Captain Gillespie was seated one evening, when he was informed that a gentleman desired to speak with him, and, at his desire, the stranger was introduced. He was evidently a mere youth, slightly and elegantly made, and was very fashionably dressed. Captain Gillespie was particularly struck with the handsome, and, as he thought, feminine cast of his features—a peculiarity that corresponded well with the soft and silvery tones of his voice, when, after considerable hesitation, he stated the purpose of his visit. This was no other than to request that he might be taken on board a man-of-war to serve as a common sailor! Captain Gillespie expressed no little astonishment at one of his tender age and elegant appearance having adopted so strange a resolution, and begged to question him as to his motives for so doing—whether he had reflected sufficiently on the consequences of such a step, the hardships he must endure, and so forth. The youth declined giving any explanation on these points, and merely reiterated his determination of entering the navy. The worthy officer was exceedingly moved at the youth's situation. He was evidently of a superior rank in life, had been carefully and delicately brought up; and his replies showed that he knew nothing at all of the world. The captain, however, secretly felt more compassion than surprise at the circumstance. He knew that instances were then of frequent occurrence, of young men of the very best families, whose ardent and untutored imaginations were blown into enthusiasm by the inflated and high-coloured accounts every day put forth of our splendid naval triumphs, and with heads filled with visions of glory, and hearts with patriotism, leaving all the comforts and elegancies of home behind, little dreaming of the rough ordeal they must undergo in the path to eminence or glory.

Such an instance did the kind-hearted officer conclude was now before him; and knowing from experience all the rough realities of his profession, he endeavoured to persuade the young enthusiast to abandon, or at least postpone, his resolution; but finding all his arguments unavailing, he determined to give him a foretaste, at least, of the sort of company he would have to associate with on board. When the junior officer, therefore, came on shore to relieve him for the night, he ordered him to lock the young man into the same apartment with the rascals of the press-gang; and directed, also, that he should be brought to his house next morning at breakfast time.

The youth accordingly appeared at the appointed hour, and Captain Gillespie saw, at a glance, that the experiment he had tried had not been without its effect, or rather that it had succeeded much beyond what he had intended. In fact, he was shocked at the alteration which he saw in the young man's features since the preceding evening, and almost repented the plan he had put in practice. He shook him kindly by the hand, and then, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, requested to know if he still adhered to his determination of becoming a sailor. For a while the young man sat mute and rigid as marble, and seemed totally unconscious of the meaning of the words addressed to him, but at last fell on his knees before Captain Gillespie, and in a passion of tears and sobs, so violent as seemed almost to rend his frame, disclosed—what his compassionate hearer had already begun distantly to suspect—that the unhappy young creature before him was—a female!

Captain Gillespie raised the suppliant before him, and endeavoured to soothe her by all the persuasion he was master of, but it was long before he succeeded. When at length she became composed enough to speak, she frankly told her short and simple tale:—She was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of considerable property in a neighbouring county. About six months previous to the indiscretion of which she had been guilty, a young relative, a lieutenant in the navy, had obtained leave for a short visit to her father's house. The young officer had but lately obtained his commission, was consequently in high spirits, and being quite an enthusiast in his profession, could speak of nothing else but the scenes and battles—for he had already seen a deal of hard fighting—in which he had been engaged, depicting them, of course, in the most glowing colours that a young and ardent imagination could suggest. In these details, although listened to with due attention, and perhaps interest, by the rest of the family, the young sailor found none who evidently sympathised, as it were, with his own feelings, but the youngest of his cousins, of whom there were four, all daughters. It was natural, therefore, that he should show a preference to her company in comparison with her sisters, although his predilection arose solely from the vain-glorious pleasure of having a ready, a delighted listener. Any thing like love-addresses he had never once offered to her (and it afterwards, indeed, appeared that his affections were pre-engaged), but his buoyant spirits, and joyous language—his aspirations after naval fame—his handsome and animated countenance, together with the decided partiality he displayed for her society—all these wrought upon the young and simple girl's imagination, to a degree of which she was not herself conscious until he was gone. It was then, and for the first time, she felt how much her happiness was at the disposal of another, and what a dreary blank the world appeared without his presence. Time, perhaps, might have enabled her to regain her equanimity, but she was subjected to distress from other sources. Her father—a cold, austere man, a stern disciplinarian in his family, and who regarded any unbending from that rigid demeanour of stately and ceremonious reserve which was the rule of his own deportment, as alike an infraction of moral propriety and a derogation from his rank—had observed with swelling indignation his daughter's artless admiration of her cousin, and, at the departure of the latter, let loose the full measure of his wrath upon her. Her sisters, too, whose minds were formed on their father's model, and burned, moreover, with spite and jealousy at the preference shown by any eligible and marriageable man to one younger than themselves, persecuted her without mercy. The poor girl's life soon became so wretched, between her domestic troubles and her love for her absent cousin, that she at last determined to fly from her father's house, and follow her lover to sea. So ignorant was she of worldly matters, that, hearing that a "frigate of war" was lying in Leith roads, the name of which she never had heard of except from the lips of her cousin, she simply concluded he must be there, and had accordingly applied, as we have seen, to be accepted as his shipmate.

Such was the simple story of the poor girl, who

* They are called *cartoons*, because they are done on paper, the Latin name of which is *charta*.

† Unfortunately for the visitor of taste, little time is allowed to inspect these and the other works of art. To a pampered and mercenary menial, who does not even deign to look towards the portraits, which she coolly indicates with a key, the trunchcon of her office, the duty of exhibiting this British gallery of paintings seems to have been committed. The visitor is not allowed to depart without paying a certain fee; and such is the rapidity with which party succeeds party, that we would estimate five pounds an hour as the ordinary product. We do not by any means infer by this that a small sum should not in every instance be paid by visitors to this and other public edifices worthy of inspection, but we would humbly suggest that the amount should be appropriated to some beneficiary or really useful purpose. As the custom now is, we find waiting-women, doorkeepers, and others, persons of the meanest capacity, and without responsibility, drawing thousands of pounds a-year, though whether for their own benefit, or that of those who appoint them, we are certainly not aware. We have great pleasure in mentioning, that the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch, at Dalkeith, which contains a good gallery of paintings, is an honourable exception, being freely shown to respectable strangers without the usual extortion of a fee.

seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse at her folly, and with despair at the probable consequences of it. Captain Gillespie said all he could to console her; promised to write to her father for his forgiveness, which he was sure she would obtain; and tried to cheer her, by saying that her foolish prank would soon be forgotten. But her agitation and distress only broke out afresh. She knew, she said, her father too well to think there was any hope of his mercy; and even if he did forgive her, her sisters would break her heart with their taunts and reproaches. No other course, however, was left to her new and kind-hearted friend; and he accordingly wrote off the same day to Mr Hume (for such was his name), informing him of his daughter's situation, and urging all he could to deprecate his indignation, and palliate his daughter's conduct, which, he assured him, she most deeply repented. He also had the weeping runaway removed immediately to the house of a female relation in the neighbourhood, where every attention was paid her.

Captain Gillespie waited anxiously for a reply to his letter, which he felt quite confident would be in the person of Mr Hume himself, rejoiced to discover and to take back his erring daughter to his arms. The answer, indeed, came punctually by return of post—his own letter enclosed in a blank cover! Captain Gillespie was thunderstruck. His honest and unsophisticated mind was quite unable to comprehend the possibility of such a thing. It presented human nature to him in a light which was perfectly new to him; and he examined his own letter and the envelope more than once, to make sure that the fact was really true. A parent to refuse forgiveness to a penitent child for such a mere act of youthful folly! Was it in the heart of erring man to do it? It was impossible. There must be some mistake—some misconception: he would write again. He wrote again accordingly, repeating what he had stated in his former letter, and adding every thing else he could think of in mitigation of his fair charge's indiscretion. He concluded by remarking—which was the fact—that she seemed fast sinking under her misery; and begged him, as a Christian and a parent, to hasten to her relief, and save her life by pronouncing his forgiveness. It was in vain. His letter was again returned to him as before, with, however, the following laconic note in the envelope:—"Mr Hume knows no such individual as that referred to in the enclosed, and begs that no more communications may be sent to him regarding that individual." Captain Gillespie was staggered at this epistle, and certain suspicions began to arise in his mind. Could she be an impostor? Was it possible that one so young, so modest, and so heart-broken, could be deceiving him with a fabricated story? This he could not bring his mind to believe; but, on the other hand, reckoned it still more improbable that a parent could thus abandon his child to starvation or infamy. Was it that she had been guilty of some worse indiscretion than she had confessed, and was afraid to reveal it to him? He was puzzled for some time what to do or think, but he felt he had proceeded too far to let the matter rest where it was; and he concluded by determining to sift it to the bottom, and that without delay. He immediately made arrangements, therefore, for a day's absence from duty, and set out in a post-chaise for Mr Hume's residence.

He found that gentleman at home, and was received by him with that cold civility of aspect and manner with which he would have welcomed equally his warmest friend and his bitterest foe.

"My name is Captain Gillespie, of his Majesty's frigate the Wasp, stationed at Leith."

"Ah!—pray be seated, sir."

"I have written to you twice within the last week, upon a very painful subject to you, I dare say, Mr Hume. May I ask if you received my letters?"

"I did, sir."

'And pray, sir, may I beg to know what answer you have to make to them?"

"I have already answered them, sir."

"A blank sheet of paper is no answer, Mr Hume."

"There was something more than that accompanying your last returned epistle, sir."

"Then am I to understand that this young person has been imposing on me, and that you are really not her parent?"

"That I *was* her father, sir, I grieve to acknowledge; but I now disclaim the title. She is no longer a daughter of mine."

"Sir!—Why, that is strange doctrine, and quite beyond my understanding. Pray, sir, if she *was* your daughter, how do you make out that she is not so *now*?"

"Her own conduct, sir, is a sufficient explanation of the paradox."

"Then it is her conduct, Mr Hume, that I wish to get explained. Let us understand one another, sir, on that point, before saying another word, and allow me, in the first place, to relate to you the statement made to me by the unhappy girl herself of the circumstances which induced her to act so indiscreetly as she has done."

The worthy officer then recapitulated faithfully the story told him by Miss Hume, softening nothing that related to her own thoughtlessness or folly, but touching as slightly as possible on her statements respecting her father's severe reproaches for her partiality to her cousin, in order not to irritate his auditor. He concluded by asking if the narrative were true or false.

"It seems to be all very correct, sir," was the cold reply.

"And was there no aggravating circumstance connected with it, previous to her leaving your house?"

"None, sir, that I am aware of."

"Had she not previously been guilty of any flagrant misconduct to call down your anger?"

"Never, sir; she had always behaved as a daughter ought to do."

"And, in the name of all that is sacred, do you consider yourself warranted, by this single act of youthful imprudence, to cast off your own child for ever!"

"She cast *me* off, sir, and may, therefore, find a home and a father where she may. But, sir," continued Mr Hume, rising from his seat, "I will not submit to have my conduct questioned by any one, far less by a stranger. If your visit had reference to nothing else but this topic, I have to beg that it may terminate."

"Do you not consider yourself bound, sir," pursued Captain Gillespie, also rising, but with a swelling heart and a glowing cheek—"are you not bound, sir, by the ties of nature, by the mere sense of decency, to take back your erring child to your heart? Should you not reflect, sir, that her present folly may perhaps be owing to some neglect on your part in the training of her young mind, and that it is only the more imperative upon you, from what has now happened, to endeavour to instruct her understanding, confirm her principles, and, by parental lenity and kindness, to make her penitence for her error more lasting and salutary? She is yet pure and unspotted as when she left her mother's bosom. Surely, surely, sir, you make some distinction between folly and crime?"

"You have my answer, sir," was the only reply.

"And do you really mean to abandon her thus to the mercy—to the cruelty and villany rather—of the world, without protection, without subsistence?"

"I see every reason for believing," replied the other, in a significant tone, "that she will be at no loss for either."

The honest-hearted sailor started at the insinuation conveyed by these words, as if a shell had exploded at his feet.

"Sir," said he, unable to repress his indignation, "but for these grey hairs I would strike you beneath my feet! But you say right, sir," continued he, recovering himself; "yon poor mourner shall not suffer for the cruelty of her unnatural parent. While it is in my power, she shall neither want assistance nor protection; nor shall it be my fault if she does not cease to forget that she owed her being to so callous-hearted a monster as you have proved yourself to be!"

And he kept his word. Upon his return home, he imparted the result of his interview to the unfortunate girl in as gentle terms as possible, and begged her, at the same time, to look to him as her future parent. The poor outcast could but sob her gratitude.

Captain Gillespie in a few weeks received orders to proceed to a foreign station; and seeing the daily decreasing health of his charge, he sought out a residence for her in a respectable family in a country town not many miles from the metropolis; and, at the same time, aware of the uncertainty of life in a profession like his, he deposited sufficient funds to secure the unfortunate a comfortable maintenance for life. He set sail, and never saw her more, having, subsequently to his return from abroad, married, and settled in England. The object of his benevolence lived for many years afterwards, but gradually declined, and at last sunk into the grave, there can be little doubt, from the effects of a broken heart. Not one of her relatives had ever deigned to inquire after her—and they even carried their vindictiveness beyond the grave. Upon being informed of her death, her generous benefactor hastened down to Scotland, for the purpose of seeing the last rites paid to her remains, and thought it but his duty to send a notification of the event to her parent, who was still alive; but no notice was taken of the intimation. Captain Gillespie, therefore, laid her head in the grave himself, assisted by a few friends, who were aware of all the circumstances that originated the connection between them, and who pitied the dead no less than they honoured the living.

It was from one of these mourners that we learned the particulars of this mournful tale, which in every part is related exactly as it reached us. In saying so, we are not practising one of those arts by which the writers of narratives, probable and otherwise, so often attempt to abuse the confidence of their readers. The story is positively true, and such, in our opinion, is its chief value, as its publicity in this place may perhaps raise a feeling of repentance in THAT UNNATURAL HEART, hitherto so obdurate. Such an anecdote cannot fail to suggest in every mind a reflection upon the guilt which may occasionally attach to a character, in every common respect held as above impeachment. A man may be, in the sense of the world, respectable, for the discharge of almost every obligation of life—may be, in fact, both moral and religious to the full degree required by the eye of the world; and yet he may, in a mere excess of certain feelings, which, in a moderate degree, might be laudable and beneficial, do that which all ordinary men would shudder at, or, as in the present case, make such omissions of duty, as, in a later and better state of heart, are fit to raise within him the most exquisite tortures of remorse and despair. At the same time, the moral may be fitly drawn by the young and inexperienced, that one false step in life—one trifling aberration from the strictest rules of propriety, may be visited with a degree of punishment which no previous calculation could have anticipated, and which even on general principles of justice may be condemned.

THE DRAMA IN OLD TIMES.

SOPHOCLES.

THE Greek drama seems to have got such an impulse from Æschylus, that, in the very next age, it attained its greatest degree of perfection. During this period, although the country was distracted with the Peloponnesian war, which lasted nearly thirty years, there flourished two tragic writers of the greatest eminence, Sophocles and Euripides, besides Aristophanes, Cratinus, and Eupolis, as writers of comedies, which was a new style of dramatic composition, that now became conspicuous among the Athenians. At the same troubled period appeared Herodotus and Thucydides among the historians, and Socrates among the philosophers. Within the space of about half a century from the time when the regular drama commenced with Æschylus, there appeared Sophocles, Euripides, Cherillus, Aristarchus, Empedocles, Ion, Nomachus, and Cephedorus, who disputed for the prizes of tragic genius at the Olympic games before assembled Greece. The fertility of the genius of these writers appears immense, when we are told that Æschylus wrote seventy or eighty plays, Sophocles a hundred and twenty, Euripides ninety, Cherillus a hundred and fifty, and their rivals above mentioned nearly as many. The entire works of none of those authors have come down to posterity; but from those which have reached us of the three first, the great masters of the art, the general opinion has assigned the palm of sublimity to Æschylus, of pathos and sentiment to Sophocles, and of tragic art to Euripides.

Sophocles, the second of these great masters, was born at Calone, a village in the neighbourhood of Athens, about 497 years before Christ. His father, Sophilus, it appears, exercised the humble occupation of a blacksmith; but the education of his son was not neglected, as his early indications of genius were fostered, and his remarkable aptitude for the higher branches of literature were duly submitted to cultivation. At the same time, he devoted himself much to the accomplishments of music and dancing, in both of which arts he distinguished himself greatly, particularly at the time of the battle of Salamis, when, at the age of seventeen, he led a chorus of youths, in their musical performance, round a trophy erected in honour of that victory. At the usual age he chose the profession of arms, as being at that time more honourable, and probably more advantageous than any other, and had the honour to serve in the army under the celebrated commander Pericles. Here he soon became eminent for his valour and good conduct, so that he was appointed to a high military dignity, and is understood to have shared with his former leader, in several battles, the chief command of the Athenian armies. His services in the field were duly appreciated and rewarded by his fellow-citizens, who raised him to the high office of *Archon*, or chief magistrate of Athens, the duties of which he executed in a most efficient and creditable manner.

The first appearance of Sophocles as a dramatic writer left no room for doubting the splendour of his talents. The Athenians had captured the island of Scyros; and in order to celebrate that great event, a yearly contest for tragedy was instituted. Sophocles on this occasion, although he was but twenty-nine years of age, obtained the prize over many experienced competitors, in the number of whom was Æschylus, his former friend and preceptor. In domestic life he was not so fortunate as in his public career. His children, from an eager desire to get possession of his property, summoned him before the judges, for the purpose of proving him to be in dotage, and utterly incapable of managing his affairs. The old man appeared in court to repel this charge; and producing the tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus, which he had just finished, asked his judges if the author of such a work could be justly taxed with insanity. The judges, indignant at the imputation which had been preferred against him, confirmed him in the possession of his rights: his ungrateful children were covered with shame and confusion; and the people who were present conducted him home in triumph. He died at the age of ninety-one, 406 years before the Christian era, and his death is said to have been caused by excessive joy at the success of his last piece, which gained the prize at the Olympic games—as his master Æschylus is reported to have died of grief for being foiled by him in his first. Lucian, the Greek writer of Dialogues of the Dead, however, says that Sophocles died by being accidentally choked with a grape-stone.

Of one hundred and twenty tragedies which Sophocles is said to have written, only seven are now remaining, viz. Ajax, Electra, Philoctetes, Antigone, Truchiniæ, Œdipus Tyrannus, and Œdipus Coloneus.

In his dramas we trace a wonderful progress of the art, from its crude though sublime immaturity in the works of Æschylus. His plays have a noble, not a desolate, simplicity, like those of Æschylus; and he is far more happy in the conduct of his plots, which he rendered more interesting by being more artful, so as to waken attention, and keep it alive by tender, as well as terrible, emotions. It is remarked that he never acted himself in any of his plays, as Æschylus and Euripides were accustomed to do, his voice being too weak and low for the stage; though he attended always at the representation of his dramas, and on these occasions received invariably the applauses of the audience. He was crowned twenty times; and though, like his brother poets, he often suffered from unjust censure, yet he never could be prevailed on, as his rivals were, to quit his native country, for which he always showed an attachment of the most devoted kind.

The drama is indebted to this great man for the important improvement of a third speaker to the dialogue, into which his genius infused greater ease and elegance. He likewise added the decoration of painted scenery; and he enhanced the effect of the drama much, by paying a stricter attention to probability and natural incident. From the sweetness of his style, he received among the ancients the appellation of the *attic bee;* and the Athenians erected a sumptuous monument to his memory, on which was engraved a swarm of bees, in allusion to the above name given to him on account of his verses, which are indeed wonderfully soft and harmonious.

THE LAND OF SCOTT.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The small vale of Borthwick Water, which starts off from the strath of the Teviot a little above Hawick, contains a scene which cannot well be overlooked in an article bearing such a title as the present—namely, Harden Castle, the original though now deserted seat of the family of Scott of Harden, from which, through the Raeburn branch, Sir Walter Scott was descended. This, though neglected alike by its proprietor and by tourists, is one of the most remarkable pieces of scenery which we, who have travelled over nearly the whole of Scotland, have yet seen within its shores. Conceive, first, the lonely pastoral beauty of the vale of Borthwick; next, a minor vale receding from its northern side, full of old and emaciated, but still beautiful wood: penetrating this recess for a little way, the traveller sees, perched upon a lofty height in front, and beaming perhaps in the sun, a house which, though not picturesque in its outline, derives that quality in a high degree from its situation and accompaniments. This is Harden House or Castle; but, though apparently near it, the wayfarer has yet to walk a long way around the height before he can wind his way into its immediate presence. When arrived at the platform whereon the house stands, he finds it degraded into a farm-house; its court forming perhaps a temporary cattle-yard; every ornament disgraced; every memorial of former grandeur seen through a slough of plebeian utility and homeliness, or broken into ruin. A pavement of black and white diced marble is found in the vestibule, every square of which is bruised to pieces, and the whole strewed with the details of a dairy. The dining-room, a large apartment with a richly ornamented stucco roof, is now used as the farmer's kitchen. Other parts of the house, still bearing the arms and initials of Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras, great-grandfather of the present Mr Scott of Harden, and of his second wife, Helen Hepburn, are sunk in a scarcely less proportion. This nobleman was at first married to Mary Countess of Buccleuch, who died, however, without issue, leaving the succession open to her sister Anne, who became the wife of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, eldest natural son of Charles the Second. Through this family connection, the Earl of Tarras was induced to join in the conspiracy which usually bears the name of the Rye-house Plot, for which he was attainted, only saving his life by giving evidence against his more steadfast companion, Baillie of Jerviswood, the great-grandfather of another Scottish proprietor, who happens to be an immediate neighbour of Harden. It may be asked why Mr Scott does not inherit the title of his ancestor: the answer is, that it was only thought necessary to invest the husband of the Countess of Buccleuch with a title for his own life—which proves that the hereditary character of the peerage has not always been observed in our constitution. While all of this scene that springs from art is degraded and wretched, it is striking to see that its natural grandeur suffers no defalcation. The wide-sweeping hills stretch off grandly on all hands, and the celebrated *den*, from which the place has taken its name, still retains the features which have rendered it so remarkable a natural curiosity. This is a large abyss in the earth, as it may be called, immediately under the walls of the house, and altogether unpervaded by running water—the banks clothed with trees of all kinds, and one side opening to the vale, though the bottom is much beneath the level of the surrounding ground. Old Wat of Harden—such is the popular name of an aged marauder, celebrated in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border—used to keep the large herds which he had draughted out of the northern counties of England, in this strange hollow; and it seems to have been admirably adapted for the purpose. It was this border hero of whom the story is told somewhere by his illustrious descendant, that, coming once homeward with a goodly prey of cattle, and seeing a large hay-stack standing in a farm-yard by the way, he could not help saying, with some bitterness, "By my saul, an ye had four feet, ye should gang too!"

The house of Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott chiefly spent the last twenty years of his life, may be assumed as the centre of a great part of that region which we have styled *his*. This "romance in stone and lime," as some Frenchman termed it, is situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at that part of its course where the river bursts forth from the mountainous region of the forest, into the more open country of Roxburghshire; two or three miles above the abbey of Melrose, and six-and-thirty from Edinburgh. Though upon a small scale, the Gothic battlements and turrets have a good effect, and would have a still better, if the site of the house were not somewhat straitened by the bank rising above it, and by the too close neighbourhood of the public road. Descriptions of the house, with its armoury, its library, its curiosities, and other particular features, have been given in so many different publications, that even a work circulating fifty thousand copies can hardly hope to find a reader to whom a new one would not be a bore. We shall, therefore, spare it. The house, if it be properly preserved, will certainly be perused by future generations as only a different kind of emanation of the genius of this wonderful man—though, preserve it as you will, it will probably be, of all his works, the soonest to perish.

All around Abbotsford, and what gave it a great part of its value in his eyes, are the scenes commemorated in Border history, and tradition, and song. The property itself comprises the spot on which the last feudal battle was fought in this part of the country. The abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, the latter of which now contains the revered dust of the minstrel; the Eildon Hills, renowned in the annals of superstition; Selkirk, whose brave burghers won glory in the field where so much was lost by others, namely, at Flodden; Ettrick Forest, with its lone and storied dales; and Yarrow, whose stream and "dowie dens" are not to be surveyed without involuntary poetry; are all in the near neighbourhood of the spot. The love, the deep, heart-felt love, which Scott bore to the land which contains these places, was such as no stranger can appreciate. It was a passion absorbing many others which might have been expected to hold sway over him, and it survived to the last. We can, indeed, form no idea in connection with the decease of this great man, so very painful and so truly touching, as that of his parting with these fondly appreciated scenes. The sense that his eye must soon close for ever upon the hallowed region, which, from his earliest boyhood, he had surveyed with so many ardent feelings, was perhaps, to himself, a thought more deeply melancholy than almost any other which beset him during the rapidly closing evening of life.

There is a romantic point in the life of Sir Walter Scott, which has never yet been made known, even by a hint, to the public. This was his marriage—an event which was attended by circumstances entirely out of common life, and in themselves forming something like a novel. Owing to the distance of time, and the delicacy which was observed respecting many of these circumstances, there are now very few persons in life who possess any knowledge upon the subject: the following narrative, therefore, which is derived almost directly from one of the individuals principally concerned, will probably be read with interest.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To begin at the beginning:—When the Marquis of Downshire, about fifty years ago, was about to proceed upon his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Reverend Mr Burd, Dean of Carlisle, who had been his early friend. This gentleman communicated to his lordship one letter, recommending him to the favourable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post-horses to the royal family of France. The unhappy result of this new association was the elopement of Madame Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lordship. The only step taken by the husband in this case was to transmit his two children, a boy and girl, to his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that she would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother, under the general protection of Lord Downshire, till at length the lady died, and the young nobleman found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon at the time of his quitting Paris. However, he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment to India, his name having been previously changed, on his naturalization as a British subject, to Carpenter. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that two hundred pounds of his annual salary should fall regularly every year to his sister, of whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, though he continued to consider himself as her guardian. Miss Carpenter in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Miss Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her from forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the marquis. His lordship, having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighbourhood among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies who could spend two hundred a-year. Mr Burd, having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship that there was such a place near his own house, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter, till, a few days after, as he and Mrs Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the delicate health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door in a post-chaise, being the persons alluded to by the marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where, according to the custom of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived the same afternoon, though only as a passing traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr Burd. Enough of conversation took place during dinner to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this was in itself the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on account of the militia act,* she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew any thing of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell intimately, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to drink tea with them in their own room, to which he very readily consented, notwithstanding that he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed upon his journey. At tea, their common acquaintance with Major Riddell furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that, in a subsequent walk to the Wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may be easily imagined that a desire of discussing the major was not *now* the sole bond of union between the parties. Mr Scott—for so he gave his name—had been impressed, during the earlier part of the evening, with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpenter, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady, it will be observed, he could have previously known nothing: she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day Mr Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—and the next—in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the company of Mr Burd and his family as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow; and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country house in that part of England. In the course of this fortnight, the impression made upon his heart by the young Frenchwoman was gradually deepened; and it is not improbable, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpenter had been recently en-

* The Tranent riots took place August 28, 1797.

gaged, that the effect was already in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. In order to give a plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his pronunciation of that language under the instructions of one to whom it was a vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr and Mrs Burd could not now help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction which Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were, if possible, of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma, it was resolved by Mrs Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and status of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr Scott was a respectable young man, and rising at the bar. It chanced at the same time that one of Mr Scott's female friends, who did not, however, entertain this respectful notion of him, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gilsland, wrote to this very Mrs Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and "what kind of a young lady was it, who was going to take Watty Scott?" The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpenter, and the marriage took place at Carlisle within four months of the first acquaintance of the parties.

The match, made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; a kind and gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and amity. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott will long be remembered in the rural circle where she presided; and though her foreign education gave a tinge of oddity to her manners, she formed an excellent mistress to the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to his children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant who had forgot himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully to his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

SKETCHES OF NORWAY.

To many, the name of Norway will convey only ideas of a bleak wintry region, almost deprived of every comfort, and fit only for the residence of a half civilized unrefined people. But ideas of this description, however natural they may be, from the general ignorance which prevails regarding the country, will be greatly modified or dispelled on perusing the Narrative of a Journey through Norway and part of Sweden, performed by Mr H. D. Inglis, a young Scotsman, who, under the fictitious designation of Derwent Conway, has presented the world with a very amusing work, forming one of the volumes of Constable's Miscellany. By way of extending still more widely a knowledge of this interesting portion of the north of Europe, we take the liberty of condensing the following details from the publication to which we refer:—

Norway is a mountainous, and mostly a pastoral, country,* with extensive forests of huge timber, once a staple article of export to this country, and well known for its excellent properties. Its people are a Scandinavian or Gothic race, characterized for those simple virtues common to nations holding little intercourse with the more polished kingdoms in their neighbourhood. Still retaining many of the ancient superstitious usages of their pagan ancestors, and being warmly attached to their country, they possess a variety of customs and peculiarities highly interesting to those who are unacquainted with them. Most people who have heard any thing of the state of manners of the northern nations, assign to them the practice of drinking deeply; and this, our traveller admits, is still the case among the Norwegians. All ranks, he tells us, drink freely, and the lower orders to excess. But it would appear that this originates, in a great measure, first, from the extraordinary cheapness of liquors, and, second, from the devoted patriotism of all classes of the people. In the enthusiastic love of country, every nation must yield to Norway. A Norwegian loves, reveres all that belongs to and distinguishes his native land—his mountains, his rocks, his forests, he would not exchange for the richest plains of the south. To a Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé*, which signify *Old Norway*, have a spell in them immediate and powerful. On festive occasions they cannot be resisted. *Gamlé Norgé* is heard in an instant repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled, raised, and drained; not a drop is left; and then bursts forth the simultaneous chorus, "*For Norgé!*" the national song of Norway. In Scotland, "the Land of Cakes" is nearly an equivalent; but though Scotsmen drain their glasses to the patriotic toast, they do not, like the warm-hearted Norwegians, start to their feet, nor give that burst of enthusiasm which no circumstances have power to restrain.

The Norwegians possess in a high degree the primitive virtue of hospitality to strangers, and is described by our traveller as without a parallel. It is, in fact, looked upon as a national duty; and I believe, says he, that he who should omit to practise it, would be regarded by others in the same light as that in which a man is looked upon in England who commits an offence against the established proprieties of life. The hospitality of even the Highlands of Scotland—and to that we, at least, can bear ample testimony—he adds, cannot be compared with that of Norway, not only in the country, but in towns and cities. The arrival of a stranger in a town makes universal holiday; and the subject of deliberation is not "when shall we invite Mr ——, for of course we must invite him," but "what contrivances can we fall upon to make this stranger recollect his stay in our town as the happiest time he ever passed." The cultivated tone of society in Christiana, the capital of Norway, is at the same time described as certainly quite equal to that which is met with in the cities of the south. It is here as invariable a rule not to appear at a party in which there are ladies, unless in full dress, as it is in the first circles in England. The Norwegians, however, have a custom at entertainments, which at first sight seems scarcely accordant with a refined state of society: it is that of every guest, as he rises from the table, saying, as he bows to the lady of the mansion, *tacke for maden*—thanks for your entertainment. And if any circumstance should have prevented the guest from making this acknowledgment, it is not forgotten by him for a week or weeks afterwards—the first time, in short, he may happen to see his entertainer—and is received as a thing expected.

The condition of the Norwegian ladies is described as being by no means enviable. Eating and drinking being the great business of life, the females in all ranks are reduced to the character of cooks and scullions. The greater the establishment the greater the slavery. The servants of the household are merely the assistants of the mistress. It is she who cooks and dresses the immense loads of victuals; it is she (or the daughters) who carries the dishes to the table; she who changes the plates, wipes the knives, waits upon the guests, and performs other duties elsewhere committed to servants. All this seems odd, but the Norwegian ladies consider their occupations as agreeable, and not inconsistent with the ordinary and polite amusements of society.

The Norwegians, as appears from the author before us, are not what we would consider as a people attached to the observances of Christianity; partly because their country, until very recent times, was under the delusions and idolatries of a hideous mythology, and partly from the scarcity both of an intelligent clergy and of bibles. The parishes are so large, and the country so rough and difficult, that the mass of the inhabitants have few opportunities of public edification; while in some places the price of a single bible is as much as a pound sterling, which, from the scarcity of money in Norway, is perhaps equivalent to ten pounds in this country. Yet there is no want of good morals among the people; and their honesty and other virtues would shame those who live in more highly favoured lands.

The following account of the climate and seasons in Norway is among the happiest pieces in the volume:—"There is one respect in which Norway possesses an advantage to the traveller over every other country in Europe: it is this, the variety of season in Norway; and, consequently, the various aspects under which nature presents herself in these seasons may all be witnessed by the traveller in the course of four months, June, July, August, and September. The spring in Norway does not extend beyond one month, summer occupies two, and autumn about six weeks. The mild weather, from the middle of April till towards the middle of May, serves only to melt the snows. The change from winter to spring is like the work of enchantment; for the disappearance of snow is not, as it is in England, followed by weeks of gradual growth, but rather seems to be but the lifting up of a veil, beneath which earth's green and flowery carpet has been concealed. From spring to summer, and from summer to autumn, the change, though not so apparently miraculous, is yet infinitely surprising. The fruit trees bud, blossom, and bend beneath the burden of fruit, all within three months; and the corn springs up, and waves a golden harvest, in considerably less time. From autumn to winter, the transition is as rapid as from winter to spring. September is generally calm, and its frosty nights change the hue of the trees, and wither the stalks. One day, the woods stand in full foliage, changed in nothing from their summer aspect but in their hues; the next, a rushing wind comes from the north, strips them of their leafy glories, and perhaps even changes their summer vesture to the raiment of winter. In England, we are apt to form very exaggerated notions of the degree of cold which is experienced in the northern countries. When there is little or no wind, intense cold is scarcely felt to be an inconvenience, provided one be suitably clothed; and during by far the greater part of winter, the weather is calm, so that even when the thermometer stands below *zero*, one is able to move about comfortably, and even to enjoy the fine weather which so generally attends intense frost. I have suffered ten times the degree of cold travelling on a stage-coach in England, in the face of a north-east wind, than ever I suffered in a sledge in Norway, when the thermometer has been forty-seven degrees below the freezing point. Sometimes, indeed, the frost is accompanied by wind, and then it is scarcely possible to stir out of doors; but in the southern parts of Norway the combination of a very intense frost and a scarifying wind, is scarcely ever felt. It is true also, that, in the depth of winter, the shortness of the days does not allow many hours of clear bright sunshine; but then the houses are not built like summer houses, as many are in England; and stoves in the towns, and great wood fires in the country, and sometimes both, effectually oppose the power of the elements. There is not, in fact, a more comfortable abode than that of a substantial landowner or a thriving merchant on a winter's day in Norway. There are no cross airs blowing through the house, as in many of the unsubstantial dwellings in England; nor does one know what it is to have one part of the body scorched with the fire, while the other is suffering under the influence of cold; and I scarcely know any thing which can be compared to the luxury of sleeping between two eider-down beds." The purity of the atmosphere in Norway, and the exercise taken by the people, keep at a distance many of the complaints common to our population. Common coughs and colds, as well as rheumatic complaints, are extremely rare, which we esteem as a blessed peculiarity of any country; for *colds* are the commencement of a vast proportion of the diseases and deaths which occur in this island. It is further related, that the air has the effect of giving a keen appetite; and though the consumption of victuals is carried to a greater excess than in England, indigestion with its train of evils is unknown. The cure for diseases in Norway is simpler for fever, and every species of indisposition for which there is no definite name, the universal remedy is brandy, with a quantity of pepper mixed in it. If a man recover from a fever, it is the brandy and pepper that has accomplished the cure; if he die, his friends console themselves with the idea, that, if he had drunk it faster, or in greater quantities, he would still have lived. Hard drinking, it seems, does no injury to the hardy Scandinavian, who lives to a hale old age, till the last quaffing cups of his favourite brandy, and conscientiously believing that in every cup there is a drop of the true elixir of life.

Such is the character of the Norwegian climate, which, it is perceived, is much more pleasant and productive of longevity than is generally supposed. It is also remarkable that here garden fruits and vegetables come to high perfection, especially in sheltered situations. The most favourite, and one of the most useful fruits in Norway, is the cherry, the crop of which is scarcely ever known to fail: when ripe, the cherries are preserved in great quantities, for condiments and culinary purposes. Agriculture is still conducted in a slovenly manner; consequently the crops of corn are generally poor, and the quantity produced is very much diminished by the landowners devoting a considerable proportion to the distillation of what they term corn-brandy—a liquor in extensive requisition. Near Christiana, the district is fertile, and much better cultivated, a large portion of the land being under tillage, indicating abundance and industry. Many of the vallies in this quarter are described as presenting as rich harvest prospects as are to be seen in Wilts or Somersetshire.

Nothing astonishes a stranger in Norway so much as the extreme cheapness of various articles, especially edibles. In the neat and beautifully situated city of Christiana, which stands on an arm of the sea, studded with pretty woody islands, in the most pleasant part of the country, the expense of housekeeping bears no comparison with what is experienced in any part of Great Britain. For instance, we are informed that mutton is sold at from 3d. to 4d. per lb.; beef, 4d. to 5d.; butter, 8d.; a capon, 8d.; a hare, 4d.; a pheasant, 1s.; a wild duck, 6d.; eggs, 4d. a-dozen; salmon no more than a penny or a penny farthing per lb., and the salmon is delicious in flavour at this low price; sea fish is still lower; apples of the best quality 8d. per 100. As for the best French brandy, it can be had for 1s. per bottle, and common brandy at half that price. Game is abundant, and there being no game laws of any kind, it is always a cheap article of food; indeed, every peasant may enjoy it if he pleases. Vegetables, while in season, are also very low in price. We have heard not a little of the various places of cheap living in different quarters of the United Kingdom and on the Continent, but no place can come into comparison with the capital of Norway in this respect. This is certainly a place suited above all others for the residence of retired annuitants, whose incomes are limited, and who are not bound to reside in any

* It is bounded on the west and north by the Northern Ocean, and extends from 57 to 71 degrees north latitude. Politically, it is now joined to Sweden, of which Bernadotte is king.

particular part of the world. Here an excellent and commodious house, fit for the residence of a genteel English family, may be had at a rent of L.20 per annum, without almost any vestige of additional taxation. We presume that for L.100 a-year, a family might live as well in Christiana, or its charming environs, as they do in an English town at more than double that sum. In the remote parts of Norway, especially where fish abounds, the general charges are much lower. The outlays in travelling over this romantic region are not less reasonable. The charge for a couple of horses is about threepence an English mile, and a third in addition to the driver; so that we may post with two horses a hundred miles for 33s., instead of upwards of L.10, which it would cost in England. To those fond of wandering with a dog and gun, or who take delight in the sports of the field, Norway, of course, offers additional advantage.

The stranger in Norway will not find those comforts in travelling which he experiences in this country, but neither will he see that mercenary spirit exercised, which every where predominates in England. For less than what he would here have to give the servants of an inn, he will pay the whole expenses of the road, and, if necessity requires, his application for shelter in the cottage of the peasant will not be answered gruffly, or refused. The Norwegians are an ingenious and worthy people, though too much addicted to the ancient and unprofitable practices of their forefathers. "A Norwegian (says our author), in his own cottage, with his few goats, his cow, his rye-field, his potato patch, and, above all, his fir log, is an industrious and ingenious member of society. One day you will find him building or repairing his boat; another day, constructing a little cart, or a sledge; a third day, he will be employed making a table, or carving a bowl, or thatching the roof of his cottage with turf or bark, or making a pair of boots, or mending a jacket, or embroidering a button-hole; or, if not in his cottage, or at the door, he is employed in the culture of his bit of land, or feeding his live stock, or catching fish for dinner. The Norwegian peasant possesses little of that knowledge which in England would be esteemed proof of the 'march of intellect.' He knows no theory that he cannot practise; but he can practise every thing that is requisite for his comfort. He can build his house, and construct hedges, and make his implements of husbandry, and yet he knows no principle of architecture, no problem in geometry, nor the name of any one of the five mechanical powers. He can distil his corn-brandy, and birch-wine, and make dye and use it; yet he knows nothing of chemistry." Such are the peasantry in this interesting northern land.

We conclude these sketches with a recommendation to our readers to procure and read the volume from whence they are drawn, being convinced that its perusal will afford them much both of entertainment and instruction.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DAVID RITTENHOUSE.

THE object of the present sketch was by birth an American, and, like his contemporary and countryman Benjamin Franklin, whose philosophical pursuits were somewhat akin to his own, he deserves the attention of our youthful readers, from the circumstance of his having risen by application, and the strength of his genius, from an obscure station in society, to take an honourable place among the most distinguished men of his day.

David Rittenhouse, whose name has been celebrated in the annals of astronomical science, was born near Germantown, Pennsylvania, on the 8th of April 1732. His family, which was of Dutch extraction, were the first who engaged in the manufacture of paper in this country. The father of David Rittenhouse abandoned the occupation of a paper-maker, when about twenty-nine years of age, and commenced the business of a farmer, on a piece of land which he had purchased in the township of Norriton, about twenty miles from the city of Philadelphia. It seems that he very early designed his son for this useful and respectable employment. Accordingly, as soon as the boy arrived at a sufficient age to assist in conducting the affairs of the farm, he was occupied as a husbandman. This kind of occupation appears to have commenced at an early period of his life. About the fourteenth year of his age, he was employed in ploughing in his father's fields. His brother Benjamin relates, that while David was thus engaged at the plough, he (the informant), then a young boy, was frequently sent to call him to his meals; at which times he repeatedly observed, that not only the fences at the head of many of the furrows, but even his ploughs and its handles, were covered over with chalked numerical figures. Astronomy was a favourite pursuit. He also applied himself industriously to the study of optics, the mechanical powers, &c., without the advantages of the least instruction. About the seventeenth year of his age, he made a wooden clock, of very ingenious workmanship; and soon after, he constructed one of the same materials that compose the common four-and-twenty hour clock, and upon the same principles. He had, much earlier in life exhibited proofs of his mechanical genius, by making, when only seven or eight years old, a complete water-mill in miniature.

With many valuable traits of character, old Mr Rittenhouse had no claims to what is termed genius. Hence he did not properly appreciate the early specimens of talent which appeared in his son David. He was for some time opposed to the young man's earnest desire to renounce agricultural employments, for the purpose of devoting himself altogether to philosophical pursuits, in connection with some such mechanical profession as might best comport with useful objects of natural philosophy, and be most likely, at the same time, to afford him the means of a comfortable subsistence. At length, however, the father yielded his own inclinations, in order to gratify what was manifestly the irresistible impulse of his son's genius. He supplied him with money to purchase, in Philadelphia, such tools as were more immediately necessary for commencing the clock-making business, which the son then adopted as his profession. About the same time, young Mr Rittenhouse erected, on the side of a public road and on his father's land, in the township of Norriton, a small but commodious workshop; and after having made many implements of the trade with his own hands, to supply the deficiency in his purchased stock, he set out in good earnest, as a clock and mathematical instrument maker. From the age of eighteen or nineteen to twenty-five, Mr Rittenhouse applied himself unremittingly, both to his trade and his studies. Employed throughout the day in his attention to the former, he devoted much of his nights to the latter. Indeed, he deprived himself of the necessary hours of rest; for it was his almost invariable practice to sit up at his books until midnight, sometimes much later.

When Mr Rittenhouse's father established his residence at Norriton, and during the minority of the son, there were no schools in the vicinity at which any thing more was taught than reading and writing in the English language, and the simplest rules of arithmetic. Young Rittenhouse's school education was therefore necessarily bounded by very narrow limits. He was in truth *taught* nothing beyond those very circumscribed studies which have been named, prior to his nineteenth year. The zeal with which he pursued his studies will be seen from the following extract of a letter, written in September 1756, being then little more than twenty-four years of age. "I have not health for a soldier" (the country was then engaged in war), "and as I have no expectation of serving my country in that way, I am spending my time in the old trifling manner, and am so taken with optics, that I do not know whether, if the enemy should invade this part of the country, as Archimedes was slain while making geometrical figures on the sand, so I should die making a telescope."

It was during the residence of Rittenhouse with his father at Norriton, that he made himself master of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia, which he read in the English translation of Mr Motte. It was here, likewise, that he became acquainted with the science of fluxions, of which sublime invention he believed himself for a while to be the author; nor did he know for some years afterwards that a contest had been carried on between Sir Isaac Newton and Leibnitz, for the honour of that great and useful discovery. Mr Rittenhouse's early zeal of his practical researches into astronomy, prompted him to desire the greatest possible accuracy in the construction of time-pieces adapted to astronomical purposes; and uniting, as he did, operative skill with a thorough knowledge of the principles upon which their construction depends, he was enabled, by his own mechanical ingenuity, to gain a near approach to the perfection to which the pendulum-chronometer may be brought.

The great accuracy and exquisite workmanship displayed in every thing belonging to the profession which Mr Rittenhouse pursued, that came through his hands, soon became extensively known in that portion of the United States where he lived. This knowledge of his mechanical abilities, assisted by the reputation which he had already acquired as a mathematician and astronomer, in a short time procured him the friendship and patronage of some eminent scientific men. In mechanics he was entirely *self-taught*. He never received the least instruction from any person, in any mechanic art whatever. If he were to be considered merely as an excellent artist, in an occupation intimately connected with the science of mechanics, *untutored* as he was in any art or science, he would deservedly be deemed an extraordinary man.

In the year 1767, among other things he contrived and made a very ingenious thermometer, constructed on the principle of the expansion and contraction of metals by heat and cold respectively.

About this time also he made a very ingenious orrery. Though no description in words can give an adequate idea, yet we subjoin a part of the philosopher's own account of it. "This machine is intended to have three faces standing perpendicular to the horizon; that in the front to be four feet square, made of sheet brass, curiously polished, silvered, and painted, in proper places, and otherwise properly ornamented. From the centre arises an axis, to support a gilded brass ball, intended to represent the sun. Round this ball move others, made of brass or ivory, to represent the planets. They are to move in elliptical orbits, having the central ball in one focus; and their motions to be sometimes swifter, and sometimes slower, as nearly according to the true law of an equable description of areas as possible, without too great a complication of wheel-work. The orbit of each planet is likewise to be properly inclined to those of the others; and their aphelia and nodes justly placed; and their velocities so accurately adjusted as not to differ sensibly from the tables of astronomy in some thousands of years.

"For the greater beauty of the instrument, the balls representing the planets are to be of considerable bigness, but so contrived that they may be taken off at pleasure, and others, much smaller, and fitter for some purposes, put in their places.

"When the machine is put in motion, by the turning of a winch, there are three indexes which point out the hour of the day, the day of the month, and the year answering to that situation of the heavenly bodies which is there represented; and so continually, for a period of five thousand years, either forwards or backwards."

Another most important service which he rendered for the world was the observation of the *transit of Venus* over the sun's disc, which took place on the 3d of June 1769. There had been but one of these transits of Venus over the sun during the course of about one hundred and thirty years preceding that of 1769; and for upwards of seven centuries, antecedently to the commencement of that period, the same planet had passed over the sun's disc no more than thirteen times. The next transit of Venus will take place on the 8th of December 1874.

The great use of the observation of the transit of Venus is to determine the sun's parallax, or apparent change of its place. Only two of these phenomena had been *observed* since the creation of the world, and the first had been seen by only two persons—Jeremiah Horrox and William Crabtree, two Englishmen. As the time approached when this extraordinary phenomenon was to manifest itself, the public expectation and anxiety were greatly excited. The American Philosophical Society appointed thirteen gentlemen, to be distributed into three committees, for the purpose of making observations. The Rev. Dr Ewing had the principal direction of the observatory in the city of Philadelphia; Mr Owen Biddle had the charge of superintending the observations at Cape Henlopen, and Mr Rittenhouse those at Norriton, near his own residence, on an elevated piece of ground, commanding a good range of horizontal view. It was completely furnished with the necessary instruments, owing very much to the liberality of some scientific gentlemen in England.

"We are naturally led," says Dr Rush, in his eulogium, "to take a view of our philosopher, with his associates, in their preparations to observe a phenomenon which had never been seen but twice before by any inhabitant of our earth, which would never be seen again by any person then living, and on which depended very important astronomical consequences. The night before the long-expected day was probably passed in a degree of solicitude which precluded sleep. How great must have been their joy when they beheld the morning sun, and the 'whole horizon without a cloud!' for such is the description of the day given by Mr Rittenhouse, in his report to Dr Smith. In pensive silence and trembling anxiety, they waited for the predicted moment of observation; it came, and brought with it all that had been wished for, and expected, by those who saw it. In our philosopher, in the instant of one of the contacts of the planet with the sun, there was an emotion of delight so exquisite and powerful as to induce fainting; such was the extent of that pleasure which attends the discovery or first perception of truth."

The observations of Mr Rittenhouse were received with great favour by the whole philosophical world. Mr Ludlam, one of the vice-presidents of the Philosophical Society of London, and an eminent astronomer, thus writes:—"No astronomers could better deserve all possible encouragement, whether we consider their care and diligence in making their observations, their fidelity in relating what was done, or the clearness and accuracy of their reasoning on this curious and difficult subject. The more I read the transactions of your society (the American Philosophical), the more I honour and esteem the members of it. *There is not another society in the world that can boast of a member such as Mr Rittenhouse;* theorist enough to encounter the problems of determining, from a few observations, the orbit of a comet, and also mechanic enough to make with his own hands an equal-altitude instrument, a transit-telescope, and a time-piece."

Rittenhouse now pursued an honourable and distinguished carreer as an astronomer. As a testimony of the high sense which the legislature of Pennsylvania entertained of his mathematical genius and mechanical abilities, it presented him the sum of three hundred pounds. In 1791, on the death of Dr Franklin, he was elected president of the American Philosophical Society, and in 1795 he was elected a member of the Royal Society of London. But he did not live long to enjoy his distinguished honours. He died in June 1796, soon after his entrance upon his sixty-fifth year. He was a very modest and unassuming man, and in this strikingly resembled Sir Isaac Newton, for whose character and works he had the highest veneration. His usefulness, though great, was considerably circumscribed by his want of an early education. In consequence of this, he felt an unbecoming diffidence in his own powers, and failed to commit his discoveries and thoughts to writing, which, in a

published form, would doubtless have eminently increased his usefulness, and the honour of the country which gave him birth.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE DOG.

The services of this truly valuable animal have been so eminently useful to the domestic interests of man in all ages of the world, that to give a history of the dog would be little less than to trace mankind back to their original state of simplicity and freedom, to mark the progress of civilization through the various changes of the world, and to follow attentively the gradual advancement of that order which placed man at the head of the animal kingdom, and gave him a manifest superiority over every part of the brute creation.

Of all animals, the dog seems most susceptible of change, and most easily modified by difference of climate, food, and education. Not only the figure of his body, but his faculties, habits, and dispositions, vary in a surprising manner. Nothing appears constant in them but their internal conformation, which is alike in all; in every other respect they are dissimilar: they vary in size, in figure, in length of the nose and shape of the head, in the length and direction of the ears and tail, in the colour, quality, and quantity of the hair, and in other particulars. To enumerate the different kinds, or to mark the discriminations by which each is distinguished, would be a task as fruitless as it would be nearly impossible. To account for this wonderful variety, or investigate the character of the principal stock from which they have sprung, would be attended with no less difficulty. Of this we are certain, that in every age dogs have been found possessed of qualities most admirably adapted for the various purposes to which they have been from time to time applied. We know, in the history of the cow and sheep, that those animals which have been long under the dominion of man never preserve the stamp of nature in its original purity. In wild animals, which enjoy their natural freedom from restraint, and have the independent choice of food and climate, this impression is still faithfully preserved; but those which man has subdued, transported from climate to climate, and their food, habits, and manner of living changed, must necessarily have suffered the greatest alterations of form; and as the dog, of all other domestic animals, is most accustomed to this influence, is endowed with dispositions the most docile and obedient, is susceptible of every impression, and submissive to every restraint, we need not wonder that he should be subject to the greatest variety.

Naturalists suppose that all the different varieties of dogs had their origin in the colley, or shepherd's dog.

The acute intelligence and keenness of observation in the dog are well illustrated by the following moving anecdote from the pen of Dibdin:—"The grandfather of as amiable a man as ever existed, and one of my kindest and most valued friends, had a dog of a most endearing disposition. This gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey periodically, I believe once a month. His stay was short, and his departure and return were regular, and without variation. The dog always grew uneasy when he first lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time for his return approached, which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute, as I shall prove. When he was convinced that his master was on the road, at no great distance from home, he flew all over the house, and if the street door happened to be shut, he would suffer no servant to have any rest till it was opened. The moment he obtained his freedom, away he ran, and, to a certainty, met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his gloves, with which he ran, or rather flew, home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, he again darted out of the house, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home. I know not how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted, however, till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journeys. The dog by this time was also grown old, and became at length quite blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from other persons, and for whom his affections and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman after a short illness died; the dog knew the circumstance, watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed it being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh, and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a stranger come into the house, and rose to meet him. His master, when old and infirm, had worn ribbed stockings for warmth. This gentleman had stockings on of the same kind. The dog, from this resemblance, thought it was his master, and began to demonstrate the most extravagant pleasure; but upon farther examination, finding his mistake, he retired into a corner, where in a short time he expired."*

* Abridged from Biography of Self-taught Men. Boston, 1832.

THE WOLF.

The specific characters of the wolf and dog are so nearly the same, that a particular description of its form is unnecessary. One of the leading distinctions is, that the eyes of the wolf are placed more obliquely than those of the dog, which gives it a character of savage fierceness; its tail is long and bushy, which it never carries erect, but always in a hanging position, rather bending inwards between its hind legs.

Wolves differ considerably in colour and size, according to the species and variety. They inhabit every quarter of the globe, and have great strength. Their disposition is fierce and cruel; they associate in large packs, and frequently spread desolation in the districts they invade.

Notwithstanding this savage and malignant disposition, the wolf is a cowardly and sneaking animal: he is jealous that every object which he meets with is a snare to entrap him. In Lapland, if he comes upon a rein-deer tied to a post to be milked, he will not venture to approach it, lest the animal should be placed there as a decoy for him; but no sooner is the deer set at liberty than he commences a pursuit, and seldom fails to destroy him. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the deer gets irritated, and stands at bay, in which event the wolf instantly becomes intimidated, and desists from the attack. Hunger alone can stimulate him to determined courage. In that case he will then brave every danger, and attack animals which are under the immediate protection of man; and even man himself frequently falls a victim to the united attacks of wolves. It is said, that, after having tasted human blood, he prefers it to all other. This has given rise to many superstitious stories regarding him.

In all ages of the world, the wolf has been regarded as the direct or indirect enemy of man, and many schemes have been invented to get rid of this ferocious animal. Pitfalls, traps, and other engines of destruction, have been employed for his capture, and poison has also been successfully used. He has long since been expelled from Britain.

In early times, wolves were very plentiful in England, and committed great havoc amongst the flocks. King Edgar, to encourage their destruction, in many cases commuted the punishment of criminals into a requisition of a certain number of wolves' tongues from each, according to the degree of the offence. A Welsh prince who paid tribute to him was oppressively ordained, instead of money, to produce annually three hundred heads of wolves.

According to Hollinshed, the flocks in Scotland suffered much from the ravages of wolves in 1577; and it was not till about a century afterwards that they were wholly extirpated. The last wolf known in Scotland was destroyed at Lochaber, by Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, who died in 1719. They infested Ireland many centuries after their extinction in Britain; the last presentment for killing wolves was made in the county of Cork, about the year 1710.

The female goes with young about three months and a half, and brings forth five or six young ones.

Sir Ashton Lever had a wolf whose savage propensities were entirely subdued, and there are many other instances on record. Buffon procured several while young, and brought them up, and by using gentle means they were soon domesticated. During the first year they were generally very docile, and fawned upon him like a dog; but at eighteen months or two years their savage nature began to betray itself, at which period it became necessary to chain them, to prevent their escape. Before this they were allowed to range at large, and he always kept them in a yard associated with poultry, which they never touched: however, one of them, when eighteen months old, for his first essay, attacked and killed the whole of his poultry in a single night, which seemed to arise from pure mischief, as he did not eat one of them.

A singular circumstance, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the reflecting faculties of a wolf, is related as having taken place at Signy-le-Petit, a small town on the borders of Champagne. A farmer one day looking through the hedge of his garden, noticed a wolf walking round about his mule, but was unable to get at him, on account of the mule's constantly kicking with his hind legs. As the farmer perceived that his beast was so well able to defend itself, he considered it unnecessary to render him any assistance. After the attack and defence had lasted fully a quarter of an hour, the mule ran off to a neighbouring ditch, where he several times plunged into the water. The farmer imagined he did this to refresh himself after the fatigue he had sustained, and had no doubt that his mule had gained a complete victory. But in a few minutes the wolf returned to the charge, and approaching as near as he could to the head of the mule, shook himself, and spurted a quantity of water into the mule's eyes, which caused him immediately to shut them. That moment the wolf leapt upon him, and killed the poor mule before the farmer could come to his assistance.

On the 10th of January 1830, a frightful event spread terror throughout the neighbourhood of Eaux-Bonnes, in the department of Basses Pyrenees. The curate of the little village of Aha, situated on the mountain, was returning home on horseback after administering the sacrament, when he was surrounded by wolves, which precipitated themselves upon him and his horse with all the ferocity occasioned by hunger. A number of bones and fragments of flesh which were strewed about, as well as the traces of blood with which the snow was crimsoned, left no doubt of the horrible fate of the unfortunate clergyman, who fell a victim to his pious zeal.

The wolves driven by the cold and hunger from their haunts in the Pyrenees, having spread themselves in vast bands over the country, at the time the above occurrence took place, orders were given at Pau, by the prefect of the department, for a general battue, or chase, on the 22d of January. The country magistrates, having received the instructions requisite for this chase, set out accordingly, accompanied by all and sundry, for the general chase, and relieved the extensive district from these dangerous visitors, by killing many, and driving the rest to their native fastnesses.

M. F. Cuvier relates the following instance of the fidelity and affection of a tame wolf, which was brought up like a dog, and became familiar with every person he was in the habit of seeing. He followed his master every where, seemed to suffer grief for his absence, was obedient to his voice, and differed in nothing from the tamest of domestic dogs. His master being obliged to travel, made a present of him to the royal menagerie at Paris. Here he was shut up in a compartment, and remained for many weeks, exhibiting every mark of grief, and almost without eating. In time, however, he attached himself to his keepers, and seemed reconciled to his fate, when, after an absence of eighteen months, his master returned. He took the earliest opportunity of visiting the menagerie, to see his favourite. At the first word he uttered, the wolf, though it did not see him in the crowd, recognised his voice, and testified his joy by motions and cries. Being set at liberty, he overwhelmed his master with caresses, like the most attached dog. His master being obliged to quit him a second time, the same melancholy symptoms appeared in the wolf, which gradually wore off in time, and he resumed his wonted placidity. At this time a young dog was given him as a companion, of which he became doatingly fond. His master again returned, and in most dogs all remembrance of him would have been lost in so long an absence. He again visited the menagerie to see the animal. It was evening when he reached it, and all was shut up. He spoke through the shutters, and the instant he heard the voice of his master, he intimated his recognition of it, by long and repeated howling, indicative of his desire to get released. The door to his cell being opened, the wolf sprung out, leaped with his forepaws on his master's shoulders, licked his face all over, and when his keepers offered to approach, he indicated his displeasure by exhibiting his teeth, to whom but a few minutes before he had been evincing the most kind affection. Circumstances again rendered a separation necessary, which seemed more deeply to affect the attached animal than on any of the former occasions: he became sad and immovable, refusing all kind of food for so long a period that his death was apprehended. At the end of a week he was literally reduced to skin and bone. He however again rallied his spirits; time softened his grief; and his keepers re-acquired their wonted ascendancy and his attachment.

In the commencement of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, in the depth of winter and of the snows, a large party of dragoons were attacked, near Pontharlier, at the foot of the mountains of Jurat, by a multitude of wolves: the dragoons fought bravely, and killed many hundreds of them; but at last, overpowered by numbers, they and their horses were all devoured. A cross is erected on the place of combat, with an inscription, in commemoration of it, which is to be seen at this day.

In the summer of 1824, a singular equipage was seen for upwards of six months in the streets of Munich. It was a calash, drawn by two enormous wolves, which M. W. K., formerly a merchant at St Petersburgh, found very young in a wood near Wilna, and which he had so well tamed, that they had all the docility of horses. These animals were harnessed exactly like our carriage horses, and had completely lost their ferocious instinct.

In the Duke of Wirtemberg's castle at Louisburg, is to be seen, among other paintings on sporting subjects, a picture of a black wolf. This wolf was called Melac, which was the name of a French robber, well known at Wirtemberg and the palatinate. Melac used to be the constant companion of the duke, and always slept at his bed-side. He once followed him upon a campaign in the countries beyond the Rhine; but as the armies kept the field till late in the autumn, the wolf was found one day at the duke's chamber in the castle of Louisburg, without any one being able to conjecture how he had crossed the Rhine. In the year 1711, he followed his master to the coronation of the emperor at Frankfort; but being annoyed by the frequent discharges of artillery which took place upon that occasion, he set off privately, and arrived in safety at Louisburg. He remained faithful to his master till his death, but it was not safe for any other person to trust him. Once he bit a piece out of an officer's cheek, without any provocation; and in various other instances he displayed similar ferocity.

* As we design to devote a whole number of our "Information for the People" to "The Dog," it is unnecessary to extend the above sketches with anecdotes of that faithful and valuable animal.

CELEBRATED LIBRARIES.

It is well known to every scholar how intimately connected with the progress of literature is the history of the institution of those great public libraries in which the works of the learned, both in ancient and in modern times, were deposited. Whilst these establishments preserved in safety the writings of those illustrious authors, they afforded the best, and, on many occasions, the only opportunity that mankind possessed of obtaining information. Besides, before the invention of the art of printing, it was commonly in libraries that persons were to be found who were capable of transcribing correctly the works of eminent writers. Copies were thus multiplied, and in such places they were in general only to be purchased.

Books were so dear that hardly any persons, unless such as were possessed of extraordinary wealth, durst attempt to form a library. The most celebrated libraries of antiquity were those of Alexandria, and their history is as disastrous as can well be imagined. The first was founded by Ptolemy Soter about three centuries before the Christian era. It was for the use of an academy he instituted in Alexandria, and by continual additions made by his successors, it at last became the finest library in the world, containing no fewer than seven hundred thousand volumes. In the war carried on by Julius Cæsar, more than the one half were destroyed. Another library in the same city, however, still remained, and here Cleopatra deposited two hundred thousand volumes of the Pergamean library, with which Marc Antony had presented her. Though often plundered during the revolutions of the Roman empire, yet it was again and again repaired. Towards the middle of the sixth century, Alexandria was taken by storm by the Saracens; and for six months the library served to supply fuel to the fires in the city. By this means it was altogether consumed, and the modern world deprived of almost all that the wisdom and genius of the ancient world had produced.

ITALIAN LIBRARIES.

It appears from ecclesiastical history that some Christian churches early began to form libraries. It is probable that the books thus collected principally consisted of the Scriptures, though in process of time some of the works of the most popular fathers of the church might be also included. The places where these books were kept were not called by one name. Sometimes they were called *Archivia*, *Scrinia*, or *Bibliotheca*. These three words seem to have been indiscriminately used, but are always applied to denote the same purpose—a place where books or records were preserved. When the views of the ecclesiastical rulers began to extend, and they aspired to the possession of civil influence and power, they saw the utility and necessity of having some place of safety where their valuable papers might be lodged. They could then be arranged under general heads, and when there was occasion, they could be consulted without much trouble. Libraries did not solely consist of books or treatises upon theology, general literature, history, &c., which was the original design of their being founded, but were also repositories where papers of every description were laid up. Some of the more enterprising popes issued the most express and peremptory commands, that all papers of a certain description (and of which the titles were published) should be deposited in the libraries of the church. The list is by far too long to introduce in this place, but the following is a very brief specimen of the nature of this curious document: It was ordered, that in such places there should be laid up all bonds, bills, deeds, charters, papers regarding donations, exchange of property, traditions, authentic writings of agreements, contracts, &c.

Very considerable expense was necessarily incurred in erecting the building, and in the preservation of the library in some places. Besides, searchers for books, who were called *conquisitores*, were hired at a very high price. It constituted a distinct profession, and none could practise it successfully who had not character, interest, as well as money to advance to the proprietor of the work, as a security that the manuscript should be returned in the same condition in which he received it. The money paid to transcribers amounted in some instances to large sums. According to Eusebius, the Emperor Constantine was very munificent in rewarding both the collectors and the transcribers of books, particularly the sacred writings. For this purpose, money was drawn from the imperial treasury.

By far the largest Italian library, and that which was first founded, was called the Lateran. It was built upon Mount Cœlius at Rome. It is much controverted by different writers in what year it began to be erected. It seems to be impossible to ascertain this, but it does not admit of a doubt that it was very ancient. In the fourteenth century, however, when Pope Clement the Fifth removed to Avignon, in France, he carried this library along with him. After the lapse of many years, Pope Martin the Fifth regained the authority which his predecessors had lost, and a great part of this library was brought back to Rome. It was not placed on the Lateran, but on the hill called the Vatican, where he chose to fix his residence. The books were in the greatest confusion, no steps having been taken to make out a proper catalogue of them; neither was there suitable accommodation for so large a collection. Pope Sixtus the Fourth, who had a taste for literature, being sensible of these and other disadvantages, set himself to correct the abuses which had been allowed to creep into the management of the library, principally through the carelessness of those who had the charge of it. Many of the most valuable manuscripts had been allowed to run to waste through want of air, dampness, &c., but many more had been entirely abstracted, or much mutilated by the hands of men.

Sixtus may be considered as the founder of the Vatican library, for it was he that erected the present building in a convenient situation, so as to be easy of access, and made it of such a size as to be capable of containing the great collection which had been accumulated by his predecessors, as well as the additions that he himself was determined to make to it. He fitted it up with proper book-presses, and other accommodations not only necessary for the preservation of the books, but also suited to the convenience of the learned men who might consult them.

Having proceeded thus far, his next object was to store it with the choicest books which the library most needed, and that he could collect throughout Europe. No person had equal opportunities of doing this to the best advantage as Sixtus. He was at the head of the Catholic church, and was in those days not only supreme in ecclesiastical affairs, but in civil also. He entered with uncommon ardour and zeal upon the enterprise, and his endeavours were accompanied with corresponding success. In a short time, comparatively, it excelled, beyond any sort of comparison, every thing of the kind that had ever been in Europe. It was well furnished with the works of the best and most ancient authors, written on parchment. Their number exceeded six thousand. That the books might be preserved with care, and additions made as opportunities offered, besides liberal donations in his own lifetime, he for ever set apart the sum of one hundred crowns, which the College of the Writers of Apostolic Letters was accustomed to present yearly to the Roman pontiffs. This sum was in that age considerable, and it was to be divided among the chief librarian, the keepers, the correctors, the transcribers, and him whose office it was to sweep the library; but the proportion which each was to receive is not mentioned.

He who presided over the library had originally various duties to perform. He was generally called bibliothecarius, and sometimes cancellarius, or chief scribe, or notary. His business was most carefully to watch over the library, and all the volumes it contained; in short, all its manuscripts, on whatever substance they might be written; also, to write the bulls of the pope, that is, his briefs, mandates, or licences, called bulls, from the leaden and sometimes golden seals affixed thereto; his diplomas or decretals, which was the name given to the letters of popes, and, if necessary, to dictate them; to copy out and preserve the acts of councils and synods; and, in short, to perform all the offices to the Roman pontiff that are now performed by his chancellor. He was considered to be the pope's chief amanuensis, or secretary.

The pope's librarian occasionally received great marks of favour from his employer. Thus, in 1475, Pope Xistus issued a leaden bull, constituting the celebrated Bartholomew Platina perpetual keeper of the library, and allowed him a monthly salary of ten crowns, besides board for himself and his three servants, and food for one horse. He also annexed to his office the royal perquisites which it was the custom to bestow upon the members of the pope's household. These consisted of firewood, salt, vinegar, candles, oil, brushes, and such like. The same Pope Xistus, about forty years after the art of printing had been invented, appointed a Latin, a Greek, and a Hebrew librarian, who had each separate departments assigned to them. Pope Paul the Fourth doubled the salary to a transcriber of Greek manuscripts, and added other three librarians—two who had the charge of the Greek, and one of the Latin department. To each of these he assigned a small salary. He also added a corrector of the Greek books, to whom he allowed ten crowns monthly.

Before and at the revival of learning in Europe, the Vatican library was the place of the daily resort of learned men. No library in Europe contains so great a number of very ancient manuscripts of the best authors who have treated of the different arts and sciences. They are written in very various languages, but chiefly in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. Many of these are of an older date than any manuscripts which are known to exist, and some of them are *unique*, or to be found no where else.

When literature began to revive, innumerable applications were made to the pope, soliciting him to publish a catalogue of the manuscripts in the Vatican library. The publication of such a work, it was strongly urged, would incite learned men to apply their minds with greater ardour to the illustration of the writings of the ancients. Multitudes would flock to Rome—many Greek and Latin authors whose works had lain hid in obscurity would be discovered—and the errors of such of the editions as had been printed, but were very corrupted, mutilated, and imperfect, would thus be corrected. It is a curious fact in literary history, that the first work of this kind was published at Ausburg, in Germany, but it was after printing was invented. It contained a catalogue of the Greek and Latin classics, as well as of the fathers whose works had seen the light, and the learned were invited to compare the readings in the common editions with those that were to be found in manuscripts. Something similar was also performed by order of Francis the First and Henry the Second, Kings of France, as well as by Cosmo de Medicis, Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Besides the Vatican, there were other distinguished libraries at Rome—such as that of the College of the Canons of St Peter, in the Vatican; that of the very learned Cardinal Sirletus, which was particularly well stored with Greek authors—this library was valued at 20,000 crowns; that of Cardinal Columna; the Sforcian and the Farnesian libraries, which abounded in Greek books. There were also a very great number of private libraries, containing many rare books and precious curiosities. Of this description was that which belonged to Fulvius Ursinus, a native of Rome, and an eminent Greek and Latin scholar. Another was the property of Aldus Manutius, the son of Paulus, and grandson of Aldus, and had been chiefly collected by himself. The learned had at all times ready access to these vast collections. Aldus, who was only a middle-aged man, at his death left his library, which consisted of 80,000 books, to the university of Pisa, in Tuscany. That which belonged to Sirletus was purchased by Cardinal Columna for 14,000 crowns. He appointed keepers to take care of it, with a liberal salary, and also provided perpetual funds for its increase.

There were two other celebrated libraries in Italy, the one founded by the Duke of Florence and the other by the Duke of Umbria—the former remarkable for its excellent collection of Greek books, and the other for its mathematical. The Medicean library at Florence is dedicated by Pope Clement the Seventh to God and the holy guardians of the family of Medicis. The books, he says, were collected from every quarter, and are intended for the honour of his native country and the benefit of his fellow-citizens. Cosmo de Medicis, the grand duke, completed this library upon the 11th July 1571.

MISCELLANEA.

Landing in India.—Nothing can be more ludicrous than a young Englishman's first landing in Calcutta. The shore is thronged with the swarthy natives eagerly awaiting his arrival. Innumerable palanquins are brought down to the boat, and the bearers, like the stage-coachmen where rivalry exists, are all violently struggling to procure a passenger. The bewildered stranger is puzzled which to choose; and when he has made up his mind, he finds it no easy matter to jostle through the countless conveyances which completely surround him. He is also sure to make some laughable mistake in entering the palanquin. It requires a certain tact to steady the vehicle as you throw yourself into it, or it is apt to turn over like a sailor's swinging cot. Another ridiculous error which a stranger is liable to, is his endeavouring to seat himself on the little drawer inside, supposing it to be intended for that purpose. But he soon finds, after having doubled himself up like people passing on a coach-top under a low gateway, that it would be utterly impossible to remain long in that position, unless the human back were as pliable as a piece of whalebone. After all, perhaps, the bearers are compelled to rest the palanquin on the ground, and the abashed stranger, creeping hastily in, is glad to escape from the ill-suppressed smiles of the surrounding multitude.

Magna Charta.—It is remarkable that the original of this great charter was suffered to remain in private hands. When Archbishop Laud was committed to the Black Rod, it is thought that Warner, Bishop of Rochester, whom he sent to secure his important papers, removed this among the rest. However this may have been, it was given to Burnett himself by Colonel Lee, a descendant of Warner. What has now become of it?

Athenian Soup.—The Athenians sometimes had their soups served up in the stewing-pans in which they were made. The form of these utensils resembled that of our tureens, and the material was a kind of porcelain. It appears also from Plato, that the spoons were of sycamore, as that wood was thought to communicate a better scent and flavour to the soups.

Alexander the Great.—When Alexander was suing for divine honours, and the Athenians wished to testify their independence by refusing him a place in the skies—"Have a care," said Demades to them advisingly, "lest, when you seem to guard heaven, you in reality lose earth!"

Reply of Archelaus.—A garrulous barber, happening to be called to shave Archelaus, asked him, "How shall I shave you, sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

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GRATITUDE.

HARDLY any bad thing is so much exclaimed against as ingratitude. It seems to be not only very ill taken by those who are its direct objects, but also by all who hear of any instance of it, as if every human being were interested in the exhibition of a contrary feeling, and felt injured when it was not shown. "Ingratitude!" nine out of every ten persons will cry, when the subject is but mentioned; "it is the basest of all sins. Do not let me ever hear the name of an ungrateful person." Certainly, to be so common a sin, it is one which meets with amazingly little excuse or allowance. In this, of course, there must be some fallacy, some blindness, something of some kind or other, which prevents men from seeing the fault in its proper light; for how, otherwise, should every one be ready to condemn a sin, which, from its universality, must in all probability be as characteristic of himself as of his fellow-creatures?

The truth seems to be, that, if there is much ingratitude in the world, there is as much of an unreasonable expectation of the reverse—and hence a great deal of the disappointment when the reverse is not shown. Favours are not often conferred in a right spirit. They are sometimes given from a mere want of estimation for the things bestowed, sometimes for the sake of inducing greater favours in return, sometimes in the vain hope of procuring a greater friendship from the person favoured than what he has it in his nature or in his convenience to bestow, and very frequently that is given which the other party did not want, did not seek for, and cannot be benefited by having. To make these facts quite clear, let us just recollect the difference between what we generally give for charitable purposes, or when a person really in need of a favour applies for it, and what we are in the habit of expending when we are anxious to entertain or give a present to a person of our own or a superior rank, who neither requires nor requests it. It is not unreasonable to say, that we give to the necessitous in copper and silver, to the non-necessitous in gold. But, indeed, the remark is much older than our day, and must be familiar to every one, that the surest way to obtain a favour is to seem not to need it; the converse of which is, that, if we really need, we never get, all mankind being bent only on favouring those who can make a suitable return, or upon whose minds, at least, they desire to make an impression favourable to themselves. Now, if favours are not conferred in a right spirit, how is it to be expected that in a right spirit they should be received?

No doubt, many persons who were succoured in need, and from a spirit of pure benevolence, have made an ungrateful return. But then we should recollect, that the very circumstance of having been obliged to accept a favour, however put up with in the moment of need, is almost sure afterwards to produce a feeling of such an uneasy kind, that men naturally endeavour to lessen the favour in their own recollection, and, upon any feasible excuse, to throw it off altogether. Persons in the way of conferring favours tell us that there is always enough of gratitude at the time when the favour is conferred, or so long as its beneficial effect is felt, but that it always grows fainter and fainter, until at last it dies quite away, or even degenerates (and this is what surprises them most) into a feeling of absolute dislike and hostility. It may be said, in palliation of this charge, that the perpetual homage which is implied by gratitude is a price so dear, that men cannot be properly expected to pay it for any kind of favour. There ought most unquestionably to be a limit to the duration of this deference of spirit, proportioned to the value and benefit of the action by which it was called for; otherwise, accepting a favour becomes equivalent to a selling of the soul into slavery. Now, is it not as often from an undue desire to continue this painful yoke upon the necks of those we have benefited, as from an undue desire on their part to shake it off, that we complain of ingratitude? Is it not in general from actual suffering under this yoke that the persons benefited have at last conceived a feeling of dislike towards their benefactors, and expressed it in actions the very reverse of those which were expected? And, after all, is it clear, in any instance of a favour being conferred, which is the party from whom the gratitude is due? May not one man sacrifice more of his sense of dignity and independence in being the apparent receiver, than the other sacrifices of a meaner kind of property in being the apparent giver; and may not the latter have the most pleasure and benefit in proportion to the expenditure? At the very best, the thing bargained for by the giver is of a vague and indefinite nature, and there is nothing so natural, as, where the price is not exactly defined, for the parties afterwards to fall out about the settlement.

The spirit in which favours ought to be conferred, and in which they are conferred by all really good and rational persons, is one which in a great measure precludes the expectation of gratitude. Good should be done for its own sake, and not from any paltry motive of interest; neither from a desire of bringing back good to ourselves, nor from a wish to acquire a sense of superiority over those we benefit, nor for any other reason or object whatever, than simply that evil may be obviated, and that the great ends of the Giver of all Good may be served. In order to make a good action perfect, it would almost be requisite that we did not know what individual was the better of it, so that it might run no risk of being diminished or depreciated by our afterwards solacing ourselves with the incense of a humbled man's thanks. Let us be as much as possible the unseen instruments of good; and the benefited persons, though they might have fretted under a sense of obligation to us their fellow-worms, will repay it a hundredfold by the devotion which it will excite in their hearts, towards the Deity who gave us the means and inspired us with the wish to aid them.

DRESS.

IN dress, man is entirely subservient to custom; in almost every other thing he exercises his freedom of thought and free will, and ventures to act for himself: He will have a government after his own mind—a religion according to his conscience—he changes the form of his houses and grounds as his fancy dictates—he leaves off one particular department of study, and resumes another, according to inclination—he even makes a total change of his food according to the caprice of his appetite—and yet this same man continues, month after month, and year after year, to put on just such a cut of coat, or figure of other habiliments, as are sent home to him. In short, he is the mere creature of the caprice of his tailor, or, if of the other sex, the implicit adopter of the more fantastic fancies of the milliner.

When we say that the dress of this country is never varied, we mean in all that constitutes its essential and general features; as to minor details, the variations are never-failing and endless; and yet, perhaps, there is no dress throughout the whole world which will be found less comfortable, less appropriate, or less graceful, than that which now and for several centuries has prevailed in modern Europe. In all the essentials of dress, it is inferior even to that of the rudest nations made known to us by modern discoveries. It is inferior, as being stiff and uncomfortable, as being decidedly ungraceful, and as being little suited to convenience or health. Compare the dress of an Otaheitan savage as described by Cook, and how superior in every point of view it is to that of their more civilized visitors and discoverers! How flowing and graceful were the vestments of the ancients, as handed down to us by the descriptions and paintings of cotemporary historians and artists—such, for instance, as those of the Greeks and Romans—and what a dignity and simplicity is embodied into the cartoons of Raphael, by his adoption of this mode of dress for his figures!

Although the human body is the most graceful and most majestic object that nature presents to our contemplation, yet it is evident, that, unlike all other animals, man was formed destitute of any external covering, in order that he might clothe himself by his own ingenuity and labour; and neither decency nor convenience allow the state of complete nudity. A covering of some kind or other, then, is necessary; but its form and proportions being left to the general taste, depend upon opinion and circumstance. That sort of clothing which fits the limbs and other parts of the body exactly, and shows their natural form and proportion, is not unbecoming, although it must in some degree tend to impede the full play of the muscles and action of the body. That which floats in light drapery around the body, and rather shades than conceals its outline, is highly graceful, at the same time that it allows of the utmost ease and freedom. That which covers the person entirely, and folds the whole man up in his garments, is cumbrous, and, if not managed with unusual art, borders on deformity.

The first or close dress was, according to Tacitus, the manner in which the nobles among the ancient Germans were clothed, and is still, to a certain extent, the national dress of the Hungarians, which is imitated in the uniform of our hussars. The second, and most elegant, was the dress used by the Greeks and Romans, and, as far as we can understand, seems to have been the prevalent dress among the nations of antiquity. The Roman dress consisted of the toga, a flowing robe of white woollen cloth, which covered the whole body, drawn up and suspended over the left arm, but leaving the right at liberty; below this was worn a tunic, or closer garment, reaching to the knees, and bound round the waist by a belt. The third, or full and flowing dress, enveloping the whole body, is that of the oriental nations, and is seen to this day among the Turks and Persians. After the revival of civilization and commerce in the middle ages, a richness and magnificence of dress was in vogue in Europe, without much regard to taste or elegance, and consisting of a combination of some parts of the ancient Roman, with modern innovations. The Spanish dress prevailed in Europe and in England during the reigns of the last Henries and Queen Elizabeth, but after this period the French costume was introduced, and has ever since prevailed, and continues to extend over the civilized globe. If we take a dispassionate view of this dress, and especially as it prevailed in the last two centuries, nothing can appear more unnatural, constrained, or ungraceful, and nothing more at variance with the graceful and flowing outline of the human form. Indeed, our modern dress is so managed as to conceal all the bendings and waving lines that naturally grace the human exterior, and to replace them by numerous angles, bundles, and knots. Thus the neck is wrapped up in a bundle of linen, or encased in a stiff collar of buck-

ramed and padded stuff, that completely destroys its free and graceful motions. The shoulders, arms, elbows, and wrists, are all rendered of one uniform thickness, by a stiff-cut or preposterously wide sleeve. The knees are stiffened and cramped by buttons and buckles, or long shapeless trousers take away all figure or proportion from the waist down to the sole of the foot. The coat is the most ridiculous thing imaginable. It has neither length nor breadth to answer the purpose of drapery, and it is marvellously so contrived as to hide all proportion of figure. Its extremities are all straight lines and angles; its collar is a monstrous and superfluous appendage to the neck; its breasts are nicked out into triangular ornaments, and stiff rows of buttons run up and down both fronts, while behind, two perfectly superfluous ones stare out like the glittering eyes of an alligator. The waistcoat has the same defects, in a smaller degree. Shoes are most ingeniously contrived to cramp the toes, thereby disfiguring the natural shape of the foot, and causing incurable lameness, or they are raised on high heels, with a narrow instep, as if to aid in walking were not at all a requisite in their adoption. As for the head, which is confessedly the crowning glory of the human figure, and which nature has so beautifully shaped and adorned—which is the seat of grace in youth, of reverence in age, of beauty in the softer sex, of command and majesty in the other—the head is encumbered with all the deformities which human grossness can devise. What, in the whole works of art, is more unnatural, stiff, and uncomfortable, than a modern hat—a mass of glue, paper, and wool, formed into a cone or circle, with hard lines, and stiff and unyielding corners, presented to the view on all sides, without beauty, or grace, or comfort, or even use, liable to be blown off with every gust of wind, cramping the head, and serving not only as a complete attraction for the rays of the summer sun, but forming a reservoir of heated air, which continually annoys the wearer. If we turn for a moment to the bonnets of the other sex, here matters are no better, but even worse. Here huge unshapely masses of silk and pasteboard, or stiffened or plaited straw, tower upwards and around for many feet, without beauty, or grace, or proportion, presenting a mark for every gale to waste its breath on, and enveloping the countenance beneath in disfiguring shade and oblivion. We need not speak of the barbarism of modern caps, laces, and ribbons, arranged with all the profusion and bad taste but too often conspicuous. But if we turn back for half a century, we come to even greater follies. We then come to an age of painted faces, hardened hair, overflowing wigs of horse hair, curled and twisted into all the most fantastic modes, and tied up into lengthened tails, like that of a monkey: then was the age of hoops, furbelows, and high-heeled shoes, and of bag wigs, cocked hats, and swords. That such absurdities existed, could scarcely be believed even in this age, when taste in dress is yet at a low ebb, did we not see the proofs of it in the portraits of the day, and in the mimic representations of the stage, handed down faithfully from one generation to another.

Now, nothing can be more absurd than this perpetual tampering with dress, and alternation of fashion in our habiliments—this changing of the simplicity and beauty of the human outline into the likeness of a monkey. As there is a standard of the human figure and proportions which nature uniformly preserves, so there must be an appropriate standard of dress suited to these proportions, which ought to be beyond the innovations of false taste, caprice, and professional cupidity. We doubt not that all ridiculous fashions have had their rise from two sources. In the first place, the deformed, ugly, and ill-shaped, invent dresses to conceal their defects, and, if they are of sufficient influence in society, impose these dresses upon the well-proportioned and beautiful, in order to reduce them to their own standard of deformity. How else can we account for large ruffs round the shoulders and neck, stuffed and padded clothes, paint and patches for the face, powder for the hair, artificial curls and wigs, hooped petticoats for the fat, high-heeled shoes for the lame or dwarfish, and all those unaccountable freaks which the history of dress and the experience of the present day point out to us? The second cause of fashions arises from the cupidity of tailors and milliners, who drive a lucrative trade in their monthly alterations of the cut or colour of their various commodities, aided in their fancies by the extravagant tastes of silly and empty-headed ladies of fashion, and gentlemen of the ton, who pant for distinction in the only field open to their capacities. In this way, it is humiliating to the dignity of human nature to witness how wise men and fools, mighty senators and judicious matrons, as well as empty blockheads and uninformed misses, are all brought to a uniform level of absurdity. A man of sense either does not give himself the trouble to dictate about the cut of his coat, or has not courage to be so singular as to dress according to his inclinations, and hence becomes the prey and tool of his tailor. As we have already remarked, while the church and state, and arts and sciences, are daily receiving amendments, the consideration of dress has never yet been projected. How can we ever expect any indications of taste or elegance in dress, then, when the imposers of the fashions are such as we describe? As long as there is no standard, all must join the current of the day—as well those who have taste and discernment, as those who have neither. For instance, one of the chief beauties of the female figure is the smallness and roundness of the shoulder, compared to the breadth and muscularity of those of man; but in our present dresses, every pains is taken to swell out and amplify the female shoulder, until the figure becomes an inverted cone, with the broadest end upwards; thus doing away with that beautiful and appropriate distinction which nature has set between the two sexes.

In the reformation of dress, then—an event which will perhaps take place as soon as common sense is sufficiently diffused—the circumstances to be attended to are, comfort, healthfulness, elegance, and propriety; happily, all these are compatible with, and indeed arise out of, each other. Females, above all others, especially those who take little exercise, should be warmly and comfortably clothed; the same is the case with children, they, as well as the aged, being peculiarly subject to injury from cold. As little difference as possible should be made in the principal parts of dress in summer and in winter, for in this climate summer may prevail during the day, and the chill of winter succeed in the evening. The great elegance of dress generally consists in its simplicity, and this applies to shape, colour, and ornaments. The most appropriate colours are the subdued, and a dark colour generally sets off the human figure to greater advantage than a light. Mixtures of gaudy colours should in every case be avoided. If we were asked the most appropriate colours for a beautiful person, we would say, either snow white or black, very slightly relieved; and in its fashion we would again inculcate simplicity; for beauty needs not the aid of ornament.

ELIZABETH LATIMER.

It is hard, that, with man, talent, combined with perseverance, should be almost omnipotent to overcome obstacles the most numerous and formidable, while in the hands of woman, it is often wholly useless, unless fortunate circumstances, such as wealthy or literary connexions, obtain for the possessor the opportunity of gaining by its display, fortune and fame. Few and rugged are the paths by which her genius, unaided and alone, may climb even to competence.

Such an isolated being was Elizabeth Latimer, who, at twenty-four, found herself in possession of an accomplished mind, a memory stored with reading of the best kind, and a judgment accustomed to exercise itself from its earliest developement; and this, with a graceful person, and a countenance of great sweetness and intelligence, was pretty nearly all that Elizabeth possessed. She had been for many years the only daughter of a merchant, who, though he did not, like some of the merchants of Boston, draw his resources from all the ends of the earth, yet possessed enough for the indulgence of luxury. The indications of talent which he very early discovered in the young Elizabeth, determined him to bestow on her an education that would save her from adding to the number of those precocious geniuses, who, from a misapplication of their powers, become unfit either for the daily concerns of life, or to hold a place among those who are gradually procuring indulgence and respect for female intellect.

We will not detail the progress of Elizabeth's studies. They were such as opened her young mind to all that was lovely in virtue, and lofty and excellent in intellect. She lived principally in the country, in a small but intelligent circle, sufficiently enlightened to save them from the dominion of a gossiping spirit, yet not so learned as to allow her to acquire any thing like a pedantic one.

The tranquillity of their own house had received a startling shock when Elizabeth was about fifteen, by Mr Latimer's bringing home a second wife, very little more than her own age, but of entirely different temper, habits, and tastes. It was then that Mr Latimer perceived that he had done wisely in giving to Elizabeth habits by which she could abstract her thoughts from the jarrings of a stepmother who was jealous of her. But their school of trial did not last long. Mrs Latimer only lived to present her husband with a son.

When Elizabeth entered into society, she carried with her many warnings from her father to avoid the display of acquirements which were not common to all. She listened, determined to profit by his advice, though she felt there was some injustice in laying this embargo upon wit and learning. But poor Elizabeth found herself sadly at a loss when she encountered a bewildering number of new faces, whose ready smiles and pliancy of expression concealed all that was passing in the heart. She felt it as impossible to catch the light tone of those around her, to talk of nothing, to express rapture and enthusiasm where she felt only indifference, as it would have been for one of the gay circle to have shone forth as an improvisatrice. Being perfectly unaffected and simple, she took refuge in silence; but her speaking countenance often betrayed the listlessness she felt.

We seldom reflect long, amid the enjoyments of affluence, upon their precarious nature. Elizabeth retired from the world, and devoted herself to her father and to the education of Louis, her brother, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness. He was indeed a sweet and gentle child, fond only of books and sedentary amusements, and Elizabeth's time passed away as happily as time passed in the exercise of duty usually does. She was often uneasy, often tormented by vague fears of future poverty and distress, but these were only clouds that overshadowed her at times. Her horizon generally was bright; but the blow anticipated fell upon her at last. Mr Latimer had ventured his fortune in a speculation which was to enrich Louis and his posterity for ever.

After many months' suspense, the news reached Mr Latimer that he was ruined. He did not long survive it, and his son and daughter found themselves friendless and poor. A few hundred dollars was all that could be collected for them, nor had they any claims upon others. They had but few family friends, and Elizabeth's was not a spirit to brook dependence. Poverty at first sight is not so frightful as when it comes near enough to lay its cold, griping fingers on us; and, in the present excited state of her feelings, the prospect of maintaining herself did not appear so difficult as she afterwards found it.

Mr Latimer had insisted, some months before his death, that Louis should be placed at a large public school. Elizabeth had consented to his plan with readiness, though it grieved her to part with the little companion whose quickness enabled him to catch with facility every thing she taught him; but she was aware that a public school is indispensable towards acquiring manly habits, and that independence of ridicule, which are necessary to all who walk the world, however retired be the path they choose.

It was evening, and she was alone when she took possession of two small rooms in Darton Street. Dull and dreary was the aspect of every thing. The window of the little sitting-room was close to a high stone wall, nor were light and beauty shut out from that entrance only. From her chamber window nothing could be discerned but a long range of warehouses. There was not even the sight or sound of labour to cheer the prospect. "A cobbler or a blacksmith would enliven the scene," thought Elizabeth, "but I hope I shall not stay here long." Her first attempt to escape from her new dwelling was a letter to a lady with whom she had long been intimate. Her plan was to open a school, and she solicited Mrs Graham's assistance, or rather patronage, without taking into consideration how little that lady had to bestow. She answered Elizabeth kindly, explaining to her that her influence was confined to five or six families, none of whom had it in their power to engage for their children an instructress whose accomplishments would entitle her to a higher salary than is given to those who teach the elementary parts of education.

Over this first disappointment Elizabeth did not long weep. Keeping a school is a very depressing prospect, and she felt almost relieved by Mrs Graham's letter.

Her next application was to a lady who was desirous of procuring a governess for her daughters—one of those ladies whose *beau ideal* of a governess is that of a being with every talent and every virtue under heaven, combined with a degree of humility that will endure every insult that narrow minds bestow upon the unfortunate.

One lady objected to her because she could not teach velvet painting. It was in vain Elizabeth, who liked the mild tones of this amateur in footstools and sofa covers, urged the superiority of the higher branches of painting. "That might do for artists," said the lady, and Elizabeth took her leave. Another expected her to teach embroidery and shoemaking to six daughters; but the most fatal bar to her success was the want of a knowledge of music.

After many failures she relinquished the hope of obtaining a situation, and turned her thoughts to her last resource. She determined, with a heavy heart, to offer her services as a translator to a publisher whom she had often heard spoken of as a man of taste and liberality. Translating is a fatiguing and inglorious task, but she had no alternative. While she was hesitating whether to address him by letter or apply to him in person, Mr Warren was announced. Elizabeth knew him well, for he had been a frequent visitor at Mr Latimer's. He was remarkable only for his extreme dullness, and his desire of being thought a man of genius and learning. He picked up scraps from pocketbooks and newspapers, and wearied his friends by commonplace remarks, uttered in a tone of oracular wisdom. His address to Elizabeth was hesitating and confused. He proposed—and how infamous the proposal—that Elizabeth should write papers for him, of which he should appear as the sole author; and in the meanwhile left her to make up her mind.

"He has made me laugh, at least," said Elizabeth, after his departure. "I always thought him a fool, but never expected such an excess of folly from him; but it will cure me of attempting to set bounds to the folly of a foolish man."

She then threw down her pen, and abandoned herself to despondency.

By the time Warren returned, Elizabeth had so balanced the advantages of his scheme against its objections, as to give him the assent he expected. His presence revived the ridiculous ideas that his proposal had at first suggested. The tone of his voice was expressive of extreme dullness, and there was a stupidity about him that completely oppressed Elizabeth. She began to be ashamed of acceding to his plan, doubting, indeed, if any production, supposed to be his, would obtain a reading from the editor. However, a short time would decide her fate, and she resolved to make the experiment. She inquired beforehand what was to be the compensation for her trouble. He named

the probable sum. "You rate intellectual labour very low," said she; "but no wonder. However, that, four or five times repeated, will be enough for my purpose. You are aware that you must furnish me with books. I must have a great many authorities to bring to the field. A man like you will be expected to be very accurate." He professed himself willing to be guided by her in every thing, begged her to try and catch his style, and urged her over and over to exert herself to the utmost, before he relieved her of his presence.

Though Elizabeth wrote with facility, she was obliged to refer to so many authorities, to correct and strike out so many redundancies, that she sat up a great part of the night previous to the latest day on which Warren was to call for her little essay. It was finished at last, and she committed it to its trial with a beating heart.

Great was the astonishment of the editor when Warren presented himself in his library with a manuscript of an imposing size in his hand. Greater still at sight of the subject; and it rose to its highest pitch after reading the first few sentences. He knew little of Warren, but he had always heard his name used as a synonyme with dullness, and he was betrayed into abruptly exclaiming, "Mr Warren! I had no idea—I mean I did not expect—Mr Warren, is this yours?" The blush of guilt flew to poor Warren's face, but Mr Leslie hastened to apologise. "Leave it with me for an hour or two," said he, "and you shall hear from me to-morrow."

Elizabeth had once before charmed Mr Leslie by the playfulness of her conversation, and the occasional acuteness of her remarks. There was a nameless something in her style that pleased him, and he accepted Warren's production without hesitation, determining, at the same time, to vindicate him from the charge of ignorance and stupidity.

As soon as Warren received what gave him a delight, he hastened, in a transport of generosity, to divide it with Elizabeth. It was more than she had hoped for, and the consciousness of possessing the means of contributing to her own support, gave an exhilaration to her spirits to which she had long been a stranger. She walked to the school where Louis was making a progress that repaid her for parting with him, and paid, with a thrill of delight, the first fruits of her industry to his master.

She continued to supply Warren with materials for the fame he was acquiring, though there were times when Mr Leslie strongly doubted his positive assertions that he was the author of the manuscripts. There was a taste, an elegance in their style, and a sensibility, that he felt never came from the coarse mind of Warren. However, he had no means of elucidating the point, and gave it up, hoping that accident might one day or other expose the deception.

In the meantime, Warren, who began to find the sums he received from Mr Leslie extremely convenient for his own purposes, began to reduce Elizabeth's share to a third, and then a fourth of the whole. "She cannot want much," he argued with his conscience, "living in those little garrets. I don't see how she can possibly spend five dollars in six months, and always plainly dressed too. I really think I give her more than enough. I dare say she can manage a little to great advantage."

People who are extravagant themselves are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others. Elizabeth was surprised at this falling off; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she never suspected him of such a pitiless fraud. "I have overrated my own productions," said she, "and yet I certainly think I have improved. I have studied the rules of good writing; I read with a deeper spirit of observation; it is strange my pieces should appear of less value to the publishers in proportion as they seem to me more spirited and better finished. Perhaps they are thought studied. I myself find a sameness in them."

A year passed on, and she found that she had just enough to defray Louis's school expenses, and nothing to lay by towards sending him to college. Her health, too, was impaired by constant application, and her spirits crushed by the unvaried sameness of her employment. She felt her health languish: her head ached incessantly; but still she went on for several months. On one occasion she called at Mrs Graham's, where she expected to meet her early friend Mrs Leslie, but was disappointed. In a conversation which ensued in her presence between Mrs Graham and her husband, relative to the pieces she had written, and which were said to be by Warren, she overheard Mr Graham remark, that Warren had boasted to him, in Mr Leslie's library, of having made two hundred dollars in six months by his productions—a sum far greater than she had received.

It is impossible to describe Elizabeth's indignation at learning how she had been deceived. She did not hesitate a moment how to act. Warren was to call the next morning for some manuscripts that she had ready for him, and she determined to speak to him of the baseness of his conduct, and break with him at once. But there is something in the mere presence of a fool that blunts our most eloquent reproaches. It would be absurd, she thought, to talk to him of defrauding the orphan; it will be enough to tell him he has acted dishonestly, and that I will no longer "lend him my pen."

Warren turned pale at her stern inquiry whether he had fulfilled his promise of giving her whatever he should receive from the editor. He solemnly declared that he had done so, but Elizabeth stopped him short by repeating, word for word, the conversation that had passed in Mr Leslie's library. "Now, Mr Warren, after this it is impossible that I can continue to give up time and health for you. You know the object of my labour; you know my anxiety to procure for Louis the advantages of a good education, and you have enriched yourself at my expense. Find somewhere else a pen that will be at your service; mine writes not another word for you." It was in vain Warren entreated, promised, swore. He even knelt to conjure her to retract. He offered to refund, to pay most liberally; but she was inexorable, and he was obliged to depart, cursing his own folly for boasting.

And now, what was to become of Elizabeth? She thought of sending her papers to Mr Leslie, but that would instantly betray Warren, and she had promised him to be silent. She was strongly tempted, but resisted. "He has behaved ill to me, certainly," said she, "but I must not, on that account, forget my own principles. It is the spirit of retaliation that makes dishonesty travel on like a snowball. I must not think of such redress; but what am I to do? The Grahams have already proved their inability to assist me. However, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,'"—and, hurrying to her room, Elizabeth put on her bonnet, and set out for the publisher to offer herself as a translator. In this species of writing she had the good fortune to find some employment from Mr Carlier, a bookseller. But her task proved tedious and difficult. Eighteen months of seclusion and application, uncheered by success, and rendered still more painful by the privations to which poverty is liable, had destroyed the vigour of her mind, and injured a frame that had never been robust. Her headaches were so frequent and so intense that she frequently spent whole days in correcting the mistakes of the preceding ones. The very attitude necessary for writing gave her pain, but she felt that she could not stop, and some days after the time appointed by Mr Carlier she walked with a beating heart to his house with her translation. She was shown into a parlour at the back of the book-shop, where she sat absorbed in her own feelings, unconscious that she had drawn the attention of a gentleman who entered some moments after her, and who stood gazing with painful interest upon her anxious and excited countenance, which he was sure he had seen before, but could not recollect when or where. And, indeed, Elizabeth was changed since he had seen her last. The calm, high, meditative brow was now contracted by pain, and care had dug caves for those once placid eyes. She sat leaning her head upon her wasted hand, lost in her own anxious thoughts, till Mr Carlier came in.

"Ah! you have brought the translation. However, I have changed my mind since you were here last." Elizabeth, who had learned to anticipate injustice, lost all self-command, and clasping her hands, burst into a passion of tears. "Nay, do not suppose," said Mr Carlier, distressed at his own abruptness, "that I have forgotten our agreement. I have no idea of depriving you of the price of your labours."

He unlocked a desk, and took out bills which he put into her hand, saying, "I only meant to tell you that I have deferred the publication of this work for a few months, as there are so many new books in the press."

Elizabeth hardly heard him. All she thought of was to be at home, and alone. Yet still the future occurred to her. She offered her address to Mr Carlier, saying, in a voice of hopelessness, "Should you have occasion to employ any one in the drudgery of literature, in copying, correcting"——she paused, feeling as if she were soliciting charity. The card dropped from her fingers, and she hurried away.

Mr Leslie, for it was he who had been an unobserved spectator of Elizabeth's distress, took up the manuscript that lay on the table. "A singular young person, that," said the bookseller; "I must try and find her some employment. Yet I cannot understand how such an elegant and accomplished woman should be in such extreme distress. But what astonishes you?" for, as soon as Leslie had cast his eyes on the handwriting, he recognised that of Warren's manuscripts. Every thing was the same—the folding of the paper—the very silk with which it was fastened. There could be no doubt as to her being the charming writer he had so long wished to discover. "Latimer!" he exclaimed: "surely this must be the daughter of him who was involved in the ruin of B—— and T——."

Upon making inquiries, Mr Leslie found that she who was now struggling with poverty and neglect had once been among the favourites of fortune. He described to his wife the scene in Mr Carlier's parlour, and she readily joined with him in the wish to serve Elizabeth. But it was too late to serve or save. She had returned to her lodgings, and, throwing herself upon her bed, gave way to utter despondency. A low fever had been for some time hanging about her, and she now lay down, expecting to rise no more.

Elizabeth had not moved from the spot where she had first thrown herself, when her landlady announced Mr Leslie. His name excited no emotion. She rose mechanically, and went down. Leslie had been examining the books which crowded her little apartment, and every thing he saw convinced him that he was right in his suspicions. He delicately stated to her his discovery, and expressed a wish to remove her to a station where her talents might procure for her competency and respect. The words sounded like mockery to Elizabeth. Her mind was in that state of abandonment and depression, that, had the honours and riches of the world been within her grasp, she would not have extended her hand.

Mr Leslie proceeded to offer her the superintendence of the education of six young ladies, all of that age when a desire to learn saves the teacher an infinity of trouble. She was about to decline, but the thought of Louis roused her. She lifted her languid head, and attempted to thank Mr Leslie. "Yet give me a short interval of rest before I begin any new employment. It will be but short, for now I feel as if the prospect of accomplishing the first wish of my heart will give me new life and spirits. It is not to contribute to my own necessities that I have struggled with misfortune; but I have a brother dependent upon me—a boy of such uncommon abilities, that I feel it would be neglecting one of Heaven's best gifts, were I to repress them by devoting him to an employment better suited to his circumstances." "This, indeed," thought Leslie, "is woman's love! This is woman's pure, self-sacrificing spirit! That which has supported the sage in his dungeon, the martyr at the stake, and many a misnamed hero, is not wanting here. She is satisfied with her motive, looking forward to a reward so uncertain as the promise of talent in boyhood—a promise as deceitful as the winds or waters."

He left Elizabeth with excited hopes, that prevented her from feeling for some hours the fever that was preying upon her. But the hour of re-action came. All night the wild images of delirium danced before her tortured eyes; and on the morrow, when Mrs Leslie called to invite her to her house, Elizabeth's ear was deaf to the soft voice that tried to awaken consciousness.

As soon as she was well enough to bear removal, Mrs Leslie carried her into the country, where the sight of the green hills and slopes made her feel as if she could again brush the dew from their summits; but even Nature—beautiful Nature—once so beloved, and, during her long gloomy hours in Darton Street, so anxiously pined after, failed to restore elasticity to her step. It was autumn, a season she had always loved. But now, those softly shaded days, which once filled her heart with a pensiveness that she would not have exchanged for mirth, gave a chill to her frame as though the season had been December. Elizabeth felt that her race was run; but the heart, where despondency had long made its cheerless abode, was now soothed by the new and welcome feelings of gratitude and love. Mrs Leslie was one of those benevolent beings who seize upon our affections as their right. The heart gave itself up to her with perfect confidence. The greatest sceptic as to the existence of virtue could not look upon her open, candid countenance without feeling staggered, nor witness the happiness she diffused around her, by the influence of a heavenly disposition upon the daily events of life, without feeling that the source from whence they flowed was pure.

"Look, dear Elizabeth," said she to her languid pale companion, as they were returning from an excursion to some of the beautiful villages on the Connecticut; "Look! that is Mount Holyoke. He overlooks my native village. I hope the time is not far off when we shall climb his rugged sides together." Elizabeth shook her head. "Do not deceive me. I feel that ere long I shall be no more. And yet I cannot say I die without regret, for I am yet young, and youth, even though oppressed with care, shrinks back at sight of the grave. Yet, as I feel drawing nearer to it, much of the fear that it once excited subsides, and, perhaps, before my last hour comes, I may cease to think even on Louis. Poor Louis! if I could have lived a few years longer."

Mrs Leslie wept. She understood how dreadful was the uncertainty of Elizabeth's mind as to Louis, and she lost no time in consulting her husband about removing the only weight from her heart. He willingly agreed to her benevolent proposal, and that very evening Elizabeth was made happy by his assuring her that Louis should receive the same advantages of education as his own son. She could only weep, and press their hands.

Elizabeth lingered only a month longer. The Leslies would not part with her, and their attachment grew stronger as the object of it was fading before their eyes. There were times when all her delightful powers seemed renewed; when the treasures of her memory and imagination charmed away the winter evening; but the flushed cheek and glittering eye warned them that the lamp of life was burning fast away.

One evening she left the drawing-room earlier than usual. Mrs Leslie saw with alarm the extreme paleness of her countenance, and, after a few moments' hesitation, followed her to her chamber. She paused a minute at the door, for Elizabeth had sunk on her knees at the foot of the bed. One arm hung by her side, her head had fallen on the other, which she had flung across the bed. Mrs Leslie trembled as she saw her motionless, then rushed forward; but the hand she grasped was icy cold. The spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle for ever.*

* Abridged from "The Legendary, consisting of Original Pieces, principally illustrative of American History, Scenery, and Manners. Edited by N. P. Willis. Boston, 1828." Vol. ii.

BALLATER.

Our readers are aware that we have lately made some pretty excursions in the North Highlands, and especially along the banks of the Dee, noticing such remarkable matters as have come in our way. It has, perhaps, been remarked, that on these occasions we have not paid due respect to the celebrity of the village and watering-place of Ballater, the capital of Deeside; and we hasten to make up the deficiency. Ballater is a village situated forty-two miles west from Aberdeen, and is placed on a plain of considerable dimensions, far wider and flatter than such as are generally to be met with in the Highlands. Being now resorted to by real or supposed valetudinarians as a watering-place, and of late erection, it forms a striking contrast in its neatness and regularity to Highland villages in general. It is indeed quite an "oasis in the desert." There is something gratifying in its sweet lowland appearance, as you approach it after the dreary wilds you have just traversed. The steeple of the village forms a prominent object; then through the trees you remark neat white regular rows of small houses; and, with the assistance of the stream and a noble bridge —now, alas, a victim to the floods, but soon to be rebuilt—the extent of the wild plain on which it is situated, and the mountains around, might have given you the conception of a trans-Atlantic city suddenly reared in the midst of the desert. On the north side of the village is the steep round rock called Craigendarch, and on the opposite side of the river is a line of steep banks covered with pine to the height of some eight hundred feet. But the background towards the west is the most striking portion of the landscape. The highest and most marked object is the princely brow of the great Lochin-ye-gar looking down with calm majesty on the lesser hills, over which it is so much raised as to appear visible from its summit to its base. It is of considerable length, and the front is a flat wall of precipice here and there streaked with snow, while the outline rises at each end with a fine sweeping curve, terminating near the middle of the ridge in a sharp peak. From Lochin-ye-gar the hills descend by a sort of gradation, until they sink into the plain on which Ballater is situated. They are of great variety of form, and we might tire you by describing the numberless beautiful curves in their outlines. Let us add to this picture the Dee wandering round the bases of the smaller hills, here gurgling, there calm and smooth; with the pine, the weeping birch, and the dwarf oak, hanging over its edge, and casting on its waters a deep and solemn shade. The avowed and ostensible object of the persons who every summer gather into a small knot of fashion in this village, is the very simple and innocent one of "drinking water." The Pananich wells were discovered some sixty years ago, from the circumstance, it has been said, of an old woman having cured herself of sores from dipping herself in the spring; since then, the number of visitors has increased yearly; coaches are driven betwixt the village and Aberdeen, and a communication has been opened through Glenshee to Edinburgh.

The wells of Pananich, which are about a mile from Ballater, peep prettily over the trees on the high bank on the opposite side of the river, looking down upon the stream; the establishment consists of a bathing-house and pump-room; and there is a sort of small hospital, very little inhabited by the class of persons in the habit of frequenting Ballater. There are here two descriptions of water: that of one of the springs has the credit of curing scrofulous complaints; that of the other of being of a diuretic quality, and affording relief in cases of gravel, &c. The water in many places springs from the sides of the bank; and it is quite gratifying, in a hot summer day, to see a band of sturdy idlers lolling round these springs, and drinking deep for relief to their numerous disorders. We remember once approaching one of these parties, who appeared extremely boisterous and jovial over deep draughts of the water; we made some remarks on the peculiar virtues of the chalybeate, and on its astonishing effects on the herculean figures before us, when one of the sturdiest of the party, lifting a queich to his lips, remarked, with a peculiar turn of his eye, "Och ay, sir; it's to huz that it does gueede; it's no to nane but them that taks a good curn o' whusky in't that it does gueede." We have always held in mind the advice so solemnly delivered, when we made any application to the waters of the Pananich wells. But having now brought the reader to this spot, he may very probably ask what he is to do with himself for a week or two. In the first place, as to stowing himself away, there is a capital newly built inn, where there is a daily ordinary, and where he will find himself as comfortable as in a city hotel; and the place is filled with lodging-houses. Then, as to the matter of amusement, if he is not content with perambulating and looking at the scenery, we hardly know what to do with him. For our own part, we can scarcely describe the mere indolent pleasure we have felt, after some months of labour and annoyance in the crowded dusty city, in seating ourselves down, in a hot summer afternoon, on a tuft of fresh heather, the shadow of Craigendarch, with its beautiful birches and small oak trees, over our heads; the small plain studded with a few houses, and the winding Dee, at our feet; with the beautiful outlines of the hills gilded with the sun, and the enormous precipices of Lochin-ye-gar stripped of their terrors, sleeping calmly against the unclouded sky, and looking like a soft object outlined and coloured on the blue ground. Perhaps there is a slight hum of children amusing themselves, and now and then a citizen, freed from his eleven months' toil, crosses your path. These, and the houses, and the curling smoke, and a few cultivated fields, are the pleasing signs that you are in the inhabited world, but otherwise you are alone with nature.

The chief amusement of Ballater is in circumambulation. You can hardly walk a few hundred yards without seeing something curious, and the natural grandeur which surrounds the place has been lately added to, while the beauty has been somewhat subtracted from by the devastations of the floods; but there are some peculiar scenes which may admit the term "lions" being applicable. There is first Lochin-ye-gar, which we have already tried to describe. Then there is the Lin of Muich, a thundering waterfall of some fifty feet or so. Then there is the whole of Glenmuic, a very wild glen; and Lochmuic, a lake deeply seated among the mountains, about two and a half miles in length, and one in breadth. Then, a little higher in the mountains, is the smaller lake called Dhu Loch—a cold-looking sheet of water, deeply seated among precipices, and visited by the eagle. As a contrast, take Loch Kinord, a calm sedgy lake, in a deep peaceful hollow among the hills, with a small island in the middle, presumed to be artificial, on which are some ruins, given by *tradition* as the habitation of Malcolm Canmore. Not far from this is the great hill of Morven, at the foot of which rambles a stream characteristically termed the Burn of the Vat. In one spot, the burn enters on the premises of a large rock, which time has enabled the water to hollow out in such a manner, that the spectator, entering a narrow crevice through which the stream passes, feels himself within a great well or vat, with high smooth circular stone sides, from which spring a few birch trees, looking, from their height and stuntedness, like greenhouse plants. Then, if you are fond of such things, you may look at the house of Ballatrich, where Byron lived when he

> ——"roved, a young Highlander, o'er the dark heath,
> And climb'd the steep summit, to Morven, of snow,
> To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd beneath,
> Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below."

Not far from this you may see Colbleen, of which the same poet has said,

> "When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
> I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Culbleen."

This is a singular line of mountain, of which the stone seems to have a constant propensity to force its way through the mould and heather.

LISTENERS.

Golden opinions are often to be gained by discreet silence. Some people delight exceedingly to hear themselves talk, but above all things are captivated with the respectful attention of a steady listener; and whoever has the patience to sit and hear them out (that is, not absolutely to wait until they stop of their own accord—for perhaps there is no well-authenticated instance of any thing of that kind—but till something occurs to interrupt them), obtains their good will far more certainly than if he had communicated to them a vast variety of important information, or taken a world of pains to correct their mistaken notions. A character for the most engaging modesty falls inevitably to the lot of him who possesses the power of holding his tongue; the praises of his discernment are every where sounded; nay, he often acquires a reputation for conversational abilities: it is true, with regard to this latter point, that doubts are sometimes expressed by some who have been whole nights in his company without hearing him utter more than a few syllables; but the interminable talker—the never-failing patron of silent gentlemen—forgetful of his own fame in his zeal for that of his client, declares that good talents for conversation do not consist in the multiplication of sentences, but in speaking succinctly to the purpose. Advantages more substantial than favourable regards do also frequently accrue to the possessor of this qualification: it were endless to recount how many large fortunes have been secured by persons, male and female, in the fifth, sixth, and seventh degrees of kin, who day after day for years had the fortitude to submit their ears to the recital of the same stories and remarks from an old invalid bachelor relation. And far be it from us to maintain that in this respect the effect did not most naturally and most justly follow the cause. People who have become rich in this manner enjoy indeed no high repute with the world; they are commonly reproached with having meanly subjected their minds for a number of years to a servile acquiescence with all the caprices of him whom they courted through no attachment to his person, but with the precarious expectation of coaxing from him a munificent legacy. This no doubt is more or less the case. We believe, however, that when two persons live long together, their intercourse for the most part assumes a kindlier character than that between a haughty lord and an obsequious dependent. The wants to which we daily administer beget in us pity for him who needs assistance—satisfaction with ourselves in being able to relieve them—and a degree of affection for the individual who thus engrosses so much of our care. Gratitude in the other party for dutiful services and increased comforts is a still stronger and more obvious bond of union. This is true, whether the services performed have regard to the case of a decayed body, or the amusement of a mind that cannot find employment within itself. If single gentlemen who have made quarter-plums, half-plums, and plums, without cultivating elegant tastes, the exercise of which might relieve the weariness of an unoccupied old age, were to retire from the bustle of action or business, and to find nobody upon whom to bestow their garrulity, their days would be dreary and wretched in the extreme. Whoever, therefore, lightens the tedium of their afternoons confers upon them whatever happiness they enjoy, and they cannot extend their liberality to any one who better deserves it.

Valuable listeners are seldom to be found of an advanced age. When people get established in life, and have amassed a share of substance and experience, they begin to feel their own weight—to think their opinions merit consideration as well as those of others, and that they are entitled to "deliver their sentiments at length on the subject." As their wealth and wisdom are farther increased, what they say assumes the tone of incontrovertible maxims rather than that of persuasion or argument. By and bye they cannot bear to be contradicted, and in a little time longer you will hear it whispered that they have become intolerable prosers. This gradation is not in every instance true to the letter: multitudes of veterans retain the candour, the simplicity, and almost the vivacity of youth, to their latest years. But somehow or other a man of that period of life is never pitched upon as a person proper to receive the full details of a very long story, which in general cannot be heard with a zest of attention and admiration sufficient to gratify the narrator, unless by the inexperience of the young, which "holds each strange tale devoutly true."

Yet there is a method by means of which talkers frequently contrive to enlist auditors of any age: you have a piece of urgent business, and, going to the person with whom it is to be transacted, lay the whole affair before him: it may be of equal importance to him, but perceiving of what consequence it is to you, and being a proser, he answers, "Well, well; we'll talk of that presently: but did you hear of our famous dinner last night?" You in vain endeavour to get off by saying that you read a full account of the proceedings in the newspapers this morning; he protests there never was such a negligent or partial set as the reporters—they have omitted or misrepresented the whole of his speech: and he goes on mercilessly to inflict upon you the entire oration, from the—"Gentlemen, unacquainted as I am with public speaking," down to the resolution which he in vain attempted to persuade the "numerous and respectable company" to adopt; concluding with a supplementary address to yourself, to prove the ruinous consequences that must inevitably ensue from the rejection of his proposal. Having fully disburdened his mind upon you, notwithstanding your looks of agony, and the unsettled manner in which you occupy your chair, he then perhaps recurs to the matter in dependence between you and him, and you obtain a satisfactory arrangement, which would certainly have been postponed if you had been altogether refractory, and declined to hear the mighty matter with which his mind was labouring. I remember hearing the advice of a wine-merchant, in very extensive business, to his son, which is very much to the present purpose. It is very well known that many of the transactions of wholesale merchants with their country customers are managed by "travellers," as they call themselves, or "bagmen," as they are derisively termed by those whose wit is not too refined to prevent them from making a joke of a man's profession. The sons of the merchants themselves are often employed in this manner, not only to give them a knowledge of every part of their profession, but to introduce them to a personal acquaintance with those who deal with "the house." From a journey of this kind the young man alluded to had just returned; and his father asked him, among other things, "Well, Tom, and how much are we to send to my friend the Provost of Sybo?" "He did not favour me with an order," replied Tom, evidently a little chagrined to confess his want of success in that quarter. "Did not favour you with an order!" exclaimed his father. "There must have been some very particular reason for that." "Why," was the answer, "when I told him our vintages, he would talk of nothing but provincial politics. The conduct of Deacon Farlane at the last election, he assured me, was perfectly infamous. I begged him to look over the catalogue, and select such supplies as he required. He begged to refer it to me if it was not a most base thing in a man first to pledge himself to one party, and then to vote for the other; and went on to enumerate a host of his fellow-citizens who had been guilty of

that delinquency. Perceiving there was no end to his vehemence, I informed him civilly, that, as I had a number of other calls to make, it would be obliging if he would honour me with any orders he had to give. 'Very well, young man,' he said, 'nothing is wanted at present; but give my respects to my old friend your father, who did not use to speak of making other calls the first night he came to my house.' And so," concluded Tom, "I took my leave." "Tom, Tom!" said his father, on hearing this explanation, "I don't know what you'll make of the business when it comes into your hands; but if you wish to sell wine with success, you must be content to listen to a great deal that people have to say on other subjects; and if you do so respectfully, ten to one but they will take a larger quantity than they at first intended. It will not do to go about, and cry, 'Wine, wine!—how much shall we send you?' I must set out to Sybo to-morrow, and keep the worthy Provost a customer of the house, as long at least as I am a partner in it."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JAMES LACKINGTON.

My young friends, the Boys, may remember, that, in my leading address in the first number of the Journal, I promised to give them interesting stories of men who were at one time poor little boys like themselves, but who, by being always honest and industrious, as well as ambitious of rising in the world, came at last to have fine houses and parks, and to be distinguished above all ordinary persons. I am now therefore going to give the boys one of these instructive biographies, namely, the life of James Lackington, a famous London bookseller, who began the world with no more than a single halfpenny, and yet, by his extraordinary perseverance and integrity, became one of the most opulent and respected men of his time. The memoir is in the words of the author himself, except where abridgement is necessary.

"I was born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, on the 31st of August 1746. My father, George Lackington, was a journeyman shoemaker, and a person of such dissipated habits, that the whole charge of rearing his family fell upon my mother, a woman of extraordinary industry, and one who had a very hard fate in being allied to a husband who spent upon liquor all that he could earn. Never did I know or hear of a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did to support eleven children; and were I to relate the particulars, they would not gain credit. I shall only observe, that, for many years together, she worked nineteen or twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Out of love to her family, she totally abstained from every kind of liquor, water excepted. Her food was chiefly broth, which was little better than water and oatmeal, and her children did not fare much better. When I reflect on the astonishing hardships and sufferings of so worthy a woman, and her helpless infants, I cannot but denounce, in the strongest possible terms, that abominable love of drinking, by which my father, as is too often the case, neglected his family, and brought upon himself premature death.

Before my father had fallen into these disgraceful and expensive habits, I was put for two or three years to a day-school, kept by an old woman, who taught me to read the New Testament; but my career of learning was soon at an end, when my mother became so poor that she could not afford the sum of twopence per week for my schooling. Besides, I was obliged to supply the place of a nurse to several of my brothers and sisters; the consequence of which was, that what little I had learned was presently forgot. Instead of learning to read, &c., it very early became my chief delight to excel in all kinds of boyish mischief, and I soon arrived to be the captain and leader of all the boys in the neighbourhood. From this profitless course of life I was rescued at fourteen years of age, when a Mr Bowden, a respectable shoemaker at Taunton, seven miles from Wellington, having seen and taken a liking to me, proposed taking me as an apprentice, offering, at the same time, to seek no premium, and find me in every thing. This offer being accepted by my father, I was immediately bound for seven years to Mr George and Mrs Mary Bowden, as honest and worthy a couple as ever carried on a trade. They carefully attended to their shop six days in the week, and on the Sunday went with their family to a place of public worship.

I had been an apprentice about twelve or fifteen months, when, having been led to attend the prelections of a Methodist preacher, a religious fervour overspread my mind, and engrossed all my faculties. The desire I now had of talking about religious mysteries answered a valuable purpose—it caused me to embrace every opportunity to learn to read, so that I could soon read the easy parts of the Bible, and every leisure minute was so employed. In the winter I was obliged to attend my work from six in the morning till ten at night. In the summer half year I only worked as long as we could see without candle; but, notwithstanding the close attention I was obliged to pay to my trade, yet for a long time I read ten chapters in the Bible every day. I also learned and read many hymns. I had such good eyes, that I often read by the light of the moon, for my master would never permit me to take a candle into the room.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship, my master died, but as I had been bound to my mistress as well as my master, I was, of course, an apprentice still; but after my master's death I obtained more liberty of conscience, so that I not only went to hear the Methodist sermons, but was admitted into their society, and I believe they never had a more devout enthusiastical member. For several years I regularly attended every sermon, and all their private meetings; but, alas! my good feelings at length suffered interruption. The election for two members of parliament was strongly contested at Taunton just as I attained my twenty-first year; and being now of age, the six or seven months which I had to serve of my apprenticeship were purchased of my mistress by some friends of two of the contending candidates, so that I was at once set free in the midst of a scene of riot and dissipation. Here I had nearly sunk for ever into meanness, obscurity, and vice; for, when the election was over, I had no longer open houses to eat and drink in at free cost; and having refused bribes, I was nearly out of cash. I began the world with an unsuspecting heart, and was tricked out of about three pounds (every shilling I was possessed of), and part of my clothes, by some country sharpers. Having one coat and two waistcoats left, I lent my best waistcoat to an acquaintance, who left the town and forgot to return it."

Lackington seems now to have fallen into profligate habits, which he afterwards looked back upon with deep regret. However, he continued to work hard, at Bristol and other places, as a journeyman shoemaker, and spent a good deal of spare money on all kinds of books, particularly works of poetry, for which he imbibed a strong attachment. After describing the course of life he led for some time, he thus proceeds:—

"I had not long resided a second time with my good Bristol friends, before I renewed my correspondence with an amiable young woman whom I had formerly known, named Nancy Smith. I informed her that my attachment to books, together with travelling from place to place, and also my total disregard for money, had prevented me from saving any; and that while I remained in a single unsettled state, I was never likely to accumulate it. I also pressed her very much to come to Bristol to be married, which she soon complied with; and married we were, at St Peter's Church, towards the end of the year 1770, near seven years after my first declaring my attachment to her.

We kept our wedding at the house of my friends, the Messrs Jones's, and retired to ready-furnished lodgings, which we had before provided, at half a crown per week. Our finances were but just sufficient to pay the expenses of the day; for the next morning, in searching our pockets (which we did not do in a careless manner), we discovered that we had but one halfpenny to begin the world with. It is true, we had laid in eatables sufficient for a day or two, in which time we knew we could by our work procure more, which we very cheerfully set about, singing together the following lines of Dr Cotton:—

'Our portion is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For Nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies:
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.'

After having worked on stuff-work in the country, I could not bear the idea of returning to the leather branch, so that I attempted and obtained a seat of stuff in Bristol; but better work being required there than in country places, I was obliged to take so much care to please my master, that at first I could not get more than nine shillings a-week, and my wife could get but very little, as she was learning to bind stuff shoes, and had never been much used to her needle; so that, what with the expense of ready-furnished lodgings, fire, candles, &c., we had but little left for purchasing provisions. Having, besides, to pay off a debt of near forty shillings, it took two months to make up that sum, during nearly the whole of which time it was extremely severe weather; and yet we made four shillings and sixpence per week pay for the whole of what we consumed in eating and drinking. Strong beer we had none, nor any other liquor (the pure element excepted); and instead of tea, or rather coffee, we toasted a piece of bread; at other times we fried some wheat, which, when boiled in water, made a tolerable substitute for coffee; and as to animal food, we made use of but little, and that little we boiled and made broth of. But we were quite contented, and never wished for any thing that we had not got.

Unfortunately, our health failed under these circumstances, and we were both together taken so ill as to be confined to our bed; but the good woman of the house, our landlady, came to our room and did a few trifles for us. We had in cash two shillings and ninepence, half a crown of which we had carefully locked up in a box, to be saved as a resource on any extraordinary emergency. This money supported us two or three days, in which time I recovered, without the help of medicine; but my wife continued ill nearly six months, and was confined to her bed the greatest part of the time. It is impossible for words to describe the keenness of my sensations during this long term; yet, as to myself, my poverty, and being obliged to live upon water-gruel, gave me not the least uneasiness—it was the necessity of being continually in the sight and hearing of a beloved object, a young and innocent wife, who lay in a state of acute suffering.

Thinking that nothing could relieve my wife but change of air to her native place, I removed from Bristol to Taunton; but here I could not procure so much work as I could do, and, with a view of having a better price for my work, I resolved to visit London; and as I had not money sufficient to bear the expenses of both to town, I left her all the money I could spare, and took a place on the outside of the stage-coach, and the second day arrived at the metropolis, in August 1773, with two shillings and sixpence in my pocket. Next morning I procured a lodging in Whitecross Street, at the house of an acquaintance, and Mr Heath, in Fore Street, supplied me with plenty of work.

In a month I saved money sufficient to bring up my wife, and she had a tolerable state of health: of my master I obtained some stuff shoes for her to bind, and nearly as much as she could do. Having now plenty of work and higher wages, we were tolerably easy in our circumstances, more so than ever we had been, so that we soon procured a few clothes. My wife had all her life before done very well with a cloth cloak, but now I prevailed on her to have one of silk: until this winter, also, I had never found out that I wanted a greatcoat, but now I made that important discovery. At this time we were so lucky as to receive a small legacy of ten pounds, left by one of my wife's relations, and this assisted us to purchase some household goods; but as we had not sufficient to furnish a room, we worked hard, and lived still harder, so that in a short time we had a room furnished with articles of our own. It would not be possible for any one to imagine with what pleasure and satisfaction we looked round the room and surveyed our property. I believe that Alexander the Great never reflected on his immense acquisitions with half the heartfelt enjoyment which we experienced on this capital attainment. After our room was furnished, as we still enjoyed a better state of health than we did at Bristol and Taunton, and had also more work and higher wages, we often added something or other to our stock of wearing apparel. Nor did I forget the old bookshops, but frequently added an old book to my small collection; and I really have often purchased books with the money that should have been expended in purchasing something to eat. On one occasion, when presented with half a crown to buy a joint for our Christmas dinner, I could not resist the temptation of purchasing a copy of Young's Night Thoughts with the money, and my wife thought, on reflection, that I had acted wisely, for had I bought a dinner, we should have eaten it to-morrow, and the pleasure would have been soon over; but should we live fifty years longer, we had the Night Thoughts to feast upon.

Some time in June 1774, as we sat at work in our room, a friend called and informed me that a little shop and parlour were to be let in Featherstone Street, adding, that if I was to take it, I might there get some work as a master. I without hesitation told him that I liked the idea, and hinted that I would sell books also. He then asked me how I came to think of selling books? I informed him that until that moment it had never once entered into my thoughts, but that, when he proposed my taking the shop, it instantaneously occurred to my mind, that for several months past I had observed a great increase in a certain old bookshop, and that I was persuaded I knew as much of old books as the person who kept it. I farther observed, that I loved books, and that if I could but be a bookseller, I should then have plenty of books to read, which was the greatest motive I could conceive to induce me to make the attempt. My friend on this assured me, that he would get the shop for me, which he did, and, to set me up in style, recommended me to the friends of a person recently deceased, and of whom I purchased a bagful of old books, chiefly divinity, for a guinea.

With this stock, and some odd scraps of leather, which, together with all my books, were worth about five pounds, I opened shop on Midsummer-day 1774, in Featherstone Street, in the parish of St Luke, and nothing could exceed the pleasure I felt in surveying my little shop with my name over it. At that time Mr Wesley's people had a sum of money which was kept on purpose to lend out, for three months, without interest, to such of their society whose characters were good, and who wanted a temporary relief. To increase my little stock, I borrowed five pounds out of this fund, which was of great service to me. In our new situation we lived in a very frugal manner, often dining on potatoes, and quenching our thirst with water; being absolutely determined, if possible, to make some provision for such dismal times as sickness, shortness of work, &c., which we had been frequently involved in before, and could scarcely help expecting not to be our fate again.

I lived in this street six months, and in that time increased my stock from five pounds to twenty-five pounds. This immense stock I deemed too valuable to be buried in Featherstone Street, and a shop and parlour being to let in Chiswell Street, No. 46, I took them. This was at that time, and for fourteen years afterwards, a very dull and obscure situation, as few ever passed through it besides Spitalfields weavers on hanging days [proceeding towards Tyburn]; but still it was much better adapted for business than Featherstone Street. A few weeks after I came into this street, I bade a final adieu to the gentle craft, and converted my little stock of leather and tools into books. My business now increased considerably,

many persons buying books from me under the idea of purchasing cheaper than they could at respectable shops; but a considerable number of these kind of customers, which I had in the beginning, forsook my shop as soon as I began to appear respectable, and keep things in better order. I went on prosperously until some time in September 1775, when I was suddenly taken ill of a dreadful fever; and eight or ten days after, my wife was seized with the same disorder. I was a considerable time ill, but at length recovered; my wife, however, sunk under the disease, and her loss involved me in the deepest distress.

During the illness of my wife and myself, we were gratuitously and kindly attended by a young lady in the neighbourhood, who, by the misfortunes of her father, had been reduced to keep a school, and work very hard at plain work, by which means she kept her father from want. Now, this old gentleman died shortly afterwards; and being acquainted with his daughter's goodness, I concluded that so amiable a daughter was very likely to make a good wife. I also knew that she was immoderately fond of books, and would frequently read until morning, which turn of mind in her was the greatest of all recommendations to me. I embraced the first opportunity, therefore, to make her acquainted with my mind, and being no strangers to each other, there was no need of a formal courtship; so I prevailed on her to be my wife, and we were married on the 30th of January 1776."

Some time previously, Lackington abandoned the Methodist connection. From the period of his second marriage, success attended him in all his business arrangements, as a dealer in old books; and he mentions, that nothing did him so much good as the practice of selling only for ready money. He also adopted the plan of publishing catalogues of his books: the first catalogue, he says, contained twelve thousand volumes, and the second, put forth in 1784, thirty thousand volumes. From buying small quantities of books, he rose to be able to purchase whole libraries, reversions of editions, and to contract with authors for manuscripts of works. This extensive and lucrative business now enabled him to live in a very superior style. "I discovered," says he, "that lodgings in the country were very healthy. The year after, my country lodging was transformed into a country house, and, in another year, the inconveniences attending a stage-coach were remedied by a chariot." As usual in such cases, the envy of the world pursued Lackington for his supposed extravagance; but it appears he was strictly honourable in trade, and spent only what was his own. He assures his readers that he found the whole of what he was possessed of in "*small profits*, bound by *industry*, and clasped by *economy*." In 1792, the profits of his business amounted to L.5000.

The success of Lackington enabled him, in 1798, to retire from the bookselling business with a competent fortune, the reward of his own ingenuity, industry, and tact, in the way of reprinting books at a cheap rate, leaving Mr George Lackington, a third cousin, at the head of the firm, which still exists in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square. Lackington at first took up his residence in Gloucestershire. Subsequently, he purchased two estates in Alvestone, on one of which was a genteel house, in which he made various improvements, and took up his abode, keeping a carriage, and living in great style. In his retirement, he again joined himself to the Methodists, for whom he built and endowed different chapels, and, till the last, expressed his great sorrow for the manner in which he had spoken of that body in his published memoirs. He finally retired to Budleigh Sulterton, in Devonshire; but soon after, his health declined, and he became subject to epileptic fits. At length his decease took place on the 22d of November 1815, in the 70th year of his age.

SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

[From the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures, by Charles Babbage.]

Amongst the forests which flank many of the lofty mountains of Switzerland, some of the finest timber is found in positions almost inaccessible. The expense of roads, even if it were possible to make them in such situations, would prevent the inhabitants from deriving any advantages from these almost inexhaustible supplies. Placed by nature at a considerable elevation above the spot on which they are required, they are precisely in fit circumstances for the application of machinery; and the inhabitants constantly avail themselves of it, to enable the force of gravity to relieve them from some portion of their labour. The inclined planes which they have established in various forests, by which the timber has been sent down to the water-courses, must have excited the admiration of every traveller; and these slides, in addition to the merit of simplicity, have that of economy, as their construction requires scarcely any thing beyond the material which grows upon the spot. Of all these specimens of carpentry, the Slide of Alpnach was by far the most considerable, both from its great length, and from the almost inaccessible position from which it descended. The following is the description of that work given in Gilbert's Annalen, 1819, and translated in the second volume of Brewster's Journal:—

"For many centuries, the rugged flanks and the deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered with impenetrable forests. Lofty precipices encircled them on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them; and the inhabitants of the valley had never conceived the idea of disturbing them with the axe. These immense forests were therefore permitted to grow and to perish, without being of the least utility to man, till a foreigner, conducted into their wild recesses in the pursuit of the chamois, was struck with wonder at the sight, and directed the attention of several Swiss gentlemen to the extent and superiority of the timber. The most intelligent and skilful individuals, however, considered it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores. It was not till November 1816, that M. Rupp, and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide, founded on trigonometrical measurements. Having purchased a certain extent of the forests from the commune of Alpnach for 6000 crowns, they began the construction of the slide, and completed it in the spring of 1818.

The Slide of Alpnach is formed entirely of about 25,000 large pine trees, deprived of their bark, and united together in a very ingenious manner, without the aid of iron. It occupied about 160 workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly 100,000 francs, or L.4250. It is about three leagues, or 44,000 English feet long, and terminates in the Lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough, about six feet broad, and from three to six feet deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the middle one of which has a groove cut out in the direction of its length, for receiving small rills of water, which are conducted into it from various places, for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about 2000 supports; and in many places it is attached, in a very ingenious manner, to the rugged precipices of granite.

The direction of the slide is sometimes straight, and sometimes zig-zag, with an inclination of from 10° to 18°. It is often carried along the sides of hills and the flanks of precipitous rocks, and sometimes passes over their summits. Occasionally it goes under ground, and at other times it is conducted over the deep gorges by scaffoldings 120 feet in height.

The boldness which characterises this work, the sagacity displayed in all its arrangements, and the skill of the engineer, have excited the wonder of every person who has seen it. Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut several thousand trees, to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and, as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances, in order to point out the road for their return, and to discover, in the gorges, the places where the piles of wood had been established. M. Rupp was himself obliged, more than once, to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high; and, in the first months of the undertaking, he was attacked with a violent fever, which deprived him of the power of superintending his workmen. Nothing, however, could diminish his invincible perseverance. He was carried every day to the mountain in a barrow, to direct the labours of the workmen, which was absolutely necessary, as he had scarcely two good carpenters among them all; the rest having been hired by accident, without any of the knowledge which such an undertaking required. M. Rupp had also to contend against the prejudices of the peasantry. He was supposed to have communion with the devil. He was charged with heresy, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of an enterprise, which they regarded as absurd and impracticable. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted, and he had at last the satisfaction of observing the trees descend from the mountain with the rapidity of lightning. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of *three leagues*, or nearly *nine miles, in two minutes and a half*, and during their descent, they appeared to be only a few feet in length. The arrangements for this part of the operation were extremely simple. From the lower end of the slide to the upper end, where the trees were introduced, workmen were posted at regular distances, and as soon as every thing was ready, the workman at the lower end of the slide cried out to the one above him, '*Lachez*' (let go). The cry was repeated from one to another, and reached the top of the slide in *three* minutes. The workmen at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below him, '*Il vient*' (it comes), and the tree was instantly launched down the slide, preceded by the cry which was repeated from post to post. As soon as the tree had reached the bottom, and plunged into the lake, the cry of *Lachez* was repeated as before, and a new tree was launched in a similar manner. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes, provided no accident happened to the slide, which sometimes took place, but which was instantly repaired when it did.

In order to show the enormous force which the trees acquired from the great velocity of their descent, M. Rupp made arrangements for causing some of the trees to spring from the slide. They penetrated by their thickest extremities no less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet into the earth; and one of the trees having by accident struck against the other, it instantly cleft it through its whole length, as if it had been struck by lightning.

After the trees had descended the slide, they were collected into rafts upon the lake, and conducted to Lucerne. From thence they descended the Reuss, then the Aar to near Brugg, afterwards to Waldshut by the Rhine, then to Basle, and even to the sea when it was necessary.

In order that none of the small wood might be lost, M. Rupp established in the forest large manufactories of charcoal. He erected magazines for preserving it when manufactured, and had made arrangements for the construction of barrels, for the purpose of carrying it to the market. In winter, when the slide was covered with snow, the barrels were made to descend on a kind of sledge. The wood which was not fit for being carbonized, was heaped up and burnt, and the ashes packed up and carried away, during the winter.

A few days before the author of the preceding account visited the slide, an inspector of the navy had come for the purpose of examining the quality of the timber. He declared that he had never seen any timber that was so strong, so fine, and of such a size; and he concluded an advantageous bargain for 1000 trees.

Such is a brief account of a work undertaken and executed by a single individual, and which has excited a very high degree of interest in every part of Europe. We regret to add, that this magnificent structure no longer exists, and that scarcely a trace of it is to be seen upon the flanks of Mount Pilatus. Political circumstances having taken away the principal source of the demand for timber, and no other market having been found, the operation of cutting and transporting the trees necessarily ceased."

Professor Playfair, who visited this singular slide, states, that six minutes was the usual time occupied in the descent of a tree, but that in wet weather it reached the lake in three minutes.

Column for Schoolboys.

HORACE—CICERO.

Among the Latin poets, Horace, or more properly Quintus Horatius Flaccus, although accounted the most difficult, has been without doubt always the most popular; and accordingly we find more frequent quotations from him than from any other. "He is in Latin," says Dr Francis, "what Pope is in English; and the reason is honourable to his talents, to the refinement and elegance of his sentiments, and to the universal range he took through the extensive provinces of manners, morals, and criticism."

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born at Venusia, a city on the confines of Apulia, in the south of Italy, on the 8th of December, in the year 64 before Christ. His father was a freedman, and the son of a slave. His principal occupation seems to have been that of a tax-gatherer, and it is said also that he was a fishmonger. Notwithstanding that his income, derived from a small farm in that unproductive part of the country, must have been but scanty, and his other occupations mean and unpopular, it appears that he found means to send his son in early life to Rome, where he obtained a liberal education and an extensive knowledge of mankind, many proofs of which occur in his poetical compositions. On completing his course of education at Rome, Horace went to finish his studies at Athens, which possessed almost the only schools of philosophy at that time in the world. At Athens he contracted acquaintance with many of the young Roman nobility, and became particularly intimate with Brutus, the celebrated republican leader, who appointed him a tribune in his army, an office corresponding nearly to that of colonel. He was at this time twenty-three years of age, and without the least experience in military affairs, as was shown immediately at the battle of Philippi, where, like the great Demosthenes before him, he allowed unmanly terror and shameful flight to deprive him for ever of the reputation of heroism. These circumstances the poet himself has not endeavoured to conceal. Any property which he possessed was at this time lost by confiscation, and necessity then compelled him to exercise his talents for poetry. The excellence of his first attempts gained him the friendship of Virgil, and of Varius, another great poet of those times, but whose works have unfortunately all perished. By these two friends he was introduced to Mæcenas, one of the most celebrated patrons of learned men that ever lived, by whose liberality he was not only relieved from the distresses of poverty, but also enriched even beyond what he formerly possessed. From this period he lived in affluence, enjoying the society of the learned and the patronage of the great. Augustus honoured him with his friendship; and it appears that learned men then lived easy and familiarly with the great, since it is mentioned that the emperor would sometimes seat himself betwixt Virgil and Horace, and say, jestingly, that he sate betwixt sighing and tears—alluding to the asthma of the one, and the rheumatic eyes of the other. Our poet formed one of the party who went from Rome to negociate a peace between Augustus and Marc Antony, at Brundusium, of which journey he has given a very humorous account in the fifth satire of his first book.

Horace was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, both to Augustus and his ministers, and therefore impartiality cannot blame the poet for the manner in which he has spoken of Augustus in preference to his rival, Marc Antony. To defend him against the charge of extreme flattery towards the emperor, would perhaps be a fruitless attempt; yet much might be said in extenuation. Flattery is found generally to

keep pace with liberality; and men of genius seldom show a want of adulation when favours have either been received or are expected from the rich or noble. A stronger objection, and one which admits of no palliation, may be brought against several passages in the writings of the Venusian bard. It is grieving to meet with effusions of imagination, conveyed in the grossest language, amidst the finest turns of thought, delicacy of feeling, justness of sentiment, and unrivalled felicity of expression. The moral truths which Horace has mixed with high poetic sentiment and description, would almost form a system of ethics; but these very truths are debased by vicious intermixture. These passages, however, although considerable in number, form but a small proportion of his works, and it would be difficult to name a lyric poet who could with advantage be set in opposition to Horace.*

It would be difficult to add to the praises which every judge of Latin poetry has bestowed on the writings of Horace. There is an indescribable charm in them which gives fresh pleasure to the classical scholar at every new perusal. This is the indubitable test of genuine poetry, and is, perhaps, nowhere found in higher perfection than in the enchanting pages of Horace. According to his own account, his personal appearance had not been any thing of the most prepossessing, particularly from his being afflicted so much with sore eyes; and the cheerfulness of his disposition seems to have deserved greater commendation than the mildness of his temper. He is understood to have been an epicurean in his philosophical sentiments; and, with the love of ease and tranquillity for which he was noted, he set a very moderate value on riches and splendour. He died in the year 7 before the Christian era, in the 57th year of his age, leaving his property to Augustus, from which some have inferred that he outlived his great patron Mæcenas. He was buried in the neighbourhood of the Esquilian hill at Rome, and not far from the sepulchre of Mæcenas.

The works of Horace consist of his Odes, in five books; the poem on the Secular Games; the Satires, in two books; the Epistles, in two books; and the Art of Poetry. His satires and epistles have had many imitators in modern times, and great genius and considerable success have been displayed in many of their performances. Of all the classical writers, Horace is by general consent allowed to be the most difficult to translate; yet so universal has been the ambition to perform this task, that scarcely an English poet can be named, in whose works we do not find some part of Horace. These efforts, however, have not so frequently been directed to give the sense and local meaning of the author, as to transfuse his satire, and adapt it to modern persons and times. Of the few who have exhibited the whole of this interesting poet in an English dress, Dr Philip Francis is thought to have succeeded best in that which is most difficult, the lyric part, and likewise to have conveyed the spirit and sense of the original, in the epistles and satires, with least injury to the genius of the author.

An edition of the works of Horace, Virgil, and some other of the Latin authors most commonly used in schools, was formed for the use of the dauphin in France, in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. Each author is illustrated with a series of very useful notes, and an easier collocation of the words is given in the margin, with other matters well calculated to assist that prince, and other ingenuous youths, in their study of the Roman writers. The first of these, being the works of the Latin historian Florus, was published at Paris, in 1674, by a lady who calls herself Anna, daughter of Tannaquil Faber; and the others were given afterwards by the dauphin's classical tutor, Daniel Crispin; and these constitute what is called the *Delphine* edition of the classics.

The genius displayed by the historians and poets of Rome, evidently entitle her to stand on a level with Greece, in regard to such literature; and we come now to consider her claims to the palm of Eloquence, where, by the genius of Cicero, we find her placed at once on an equality with her great rival in this respect also.

Marcus Tullius Cicero, the father of Roman eloquence, was born at Arpinum, a small town not far from Rome, on the 2d of January, in the year 106 before Christ. Plutarch alleges that the surname *Cicero* took its rise from the circumstance of one of the family having had a flat excrescence on the nose, resembling a *vetch* (in Latin *cicer*); but Pliny supposes that the name was first given to one remarkable for the culture of *vetches*, a certain kind of pulse.

In early life, Cicero gave proofs of those talents which afterwards procured him the highest offices in the state, and conferred honour on the nation to which he belonged. He appears to have made poetry his chief study in his boyish days, and in that pursuit he displayed a strength of mind, and a precocity of genius, of very rare occurrence. He wrote a poem called Glaucus; translated the works of Arätus, a Greek poet, into Latin verse, at the age of seventeen; sung the praises of Caius Marius; and in the latter years of his life he recorded in verse the history of his own consulship. These formed the whole of his poetical works, but, unfortunately, no portion of them has been transmitted to posterity. He acquired his knowledge of oratory under Philo, the academic philosopher, of law under Mutius Scævöla, and of military affairs under the celebrated leader Sylla. His father, although of equestrian rank, had not obtained any public magisterial dignity, and on that account Cicero frequently calls himself a *new man*, an appellation which his enemies used in reproach. After completing his studies, being disgusted with the tendency of the civil wars, he retired into private life, spending his time in the pursuit of philosophy, and in conversation with men of learning, chiefly natives of Greece. His defence of Roscius, the famous actor, the greater part of which oration is still extant, procured his first mark of distinction as an orator, and prudence dictated the propriety of his travelling immediately into Greece, under pretence of delicate health, in order to escape the resentment of Sylla, whose indignation was roused by the acquittal of the man whom he had accused. In Greece, Cicero attended the lectures of various celebrated masters; and, at the suggestion of Apollonius of Rhodes, he declaimed publicly in Greek, and received high approbation from all present, except Apollonius himself, who remained for some time thoughtful and silent. At last, to remove the uneasy feeling of the young orator, which his behaviour had excited, he said to him, "Cicero, I cannot but admire and praise you, only I am concerned for the fate of Greece. She had nothing left her but the glory of eloquence, and you are carrying that likewise to Rome."

On returning home, Cicero applied himself to public affairs, and his eloquence soon raised him above all the Roman orators. He exercised the office of quæstor in Sicily, with great reputation; after which he held successively the dignities of edile, prætor, and consul, at the regular times when he was fitted by age for these offices. His society consisted chiefly of literary men, and he lived in a genteel but frugal manner. To a frame naturally slender, weakness of stomach added other disadvantages, which he overcame by regularity in study and exercise, and by moderation in eating and drinking. His house stood on Mount Palatine, and he held a levee every day, which the most distinguished men in Rome attended, amongst whom was Pompey the Great. His integrity in the administration of justice during his prætorship was rewarded by the approbation of his fellow-citizens, who united in raising him to the consulship, to crush the conspiracy of Cataline. The ability with which he formed, and the vigour with which he executed, the measures of administration at that dangerous conjuncture, would have placed him high as a statesman, although no other action of his life had entitled him to distinction. Vanity, the inherent failing of this great man, now appeared in its most offensive form, and excited greater enmity against him than so trivial a weakness should have provoked. Publius Clodius, and others, amongst whom history mentions Julius Cæsar, contrived to excite so much odium against him, on account of the arbitrary manner in which he had put some of Cataline's accomplices to death, that at last they procured his banishment from Italy. He went and settled at Dyrrachium in Macedonia, and the cities of Greece vied with each other in showing civility to the distinguished exile. Here, however, his fortitude deserted him, and his spirits sunk in deep depression. By the exertion of Pompey the Great, and a decree of the senate, that no business should be done until Cicero was recalled, it was soon proposed to the people that they should invite him to return. The citizens in some degree effaced the stigma of their former decision by their unanimity in his recall. The senate decreed their thanks to all the cities which had treated with respect the illustrious exile, and ordered his town and country houses, which Clodius had destroyed, to be rebuilt at the public expense. Such multitudes accompanied him from his landing, that he says, Italy carried him on her shoulders to Rome, an expression which Plutarch considers short of the truth.

Soon after his return from banishment, Cicero undertook the defence of Annius Milo, who had killed Clodius, as is fully set forth in his orations; and on the death of Licinius Crassus, the son of the triumvir, he succeeded to the appointment of augur, and afterwards obtained the government of the province of Cilicia. The justice and moderation which he displayed in the exercise of this important office, gained him the highest approbation from all; and the senate ordered a public thanksgiving for his routing a band of robbers who infested Mount Amanus, for which victory his army saluted him *imperator*, or general-in-chief. On his way home from Cilicia he visited Rhodes and Athens. By the time he reached Rome, the flames of civil war, between Pompey and Cæsar, were ready to burst forth; and he took part with Pompey, as thinking that the public liberty lay on that side; but although he approved of the murder of Cæsar, it does not appear that he took any part in the conspiracy against him.

Hatred of Marc Antony, and the love of glory, now induced Cicero most violently to espouse the cause of Octavius, afterwards Augustus, against Antony, which ended in Octavius most meanly and ungratefully sacrificing the orator to the resentment of the latter. This is one of the many indelible stains in the character of Augustus, which even the excellence of his government, in the latter years of his reign, can neither remove nor lessen.

As soon as Cicero heard of his being proscribed, he and his brother Quintus resolved to take shipping, and join Brutus in Macedonia. After being on board for this purpose, he again landed, and many places of retreat having been suggested, but none fixed upon, his servants, at last, to prevent his being murdered, partly by persuasion, and partly by force, got him into a litter, and were carrying him to the shore, when Herennius, a centurion, and Popilius, a tribune, whom Cicero had defended on a trial for parricide, came up with the litter, on which the orator immediately stretched out his neck, and Herennius severed his head from his body. He likewise cut off both his hands, which, together with the head, Antony caused to be fixed up over the rostrum, or public pleading place at Rome; and the Romans, while gazing on these mangled remains, thought they did not so much see the face and hands of Cicero, as the soul of the dissolute and malignant Antony. "But in vain," exclaims Dr Littleton, "didst thou wreak thy malice, O Antony! upon the author's life, whose immortal writings, to thy perpetual discredit, shall last as long as the world does, which shall always admire his, and curse thy memory." He was cut off in his 63d year, in the 43d before the Christian era.

In regard to the works of Cicero which have come down to us, consisting of his orations, his epistles, and various treatises on important subjects in morals and philosophy, they may be looked upon as comprehending by far the most interesting portion of the Latin language. He is not less to be admired in philosophy than in eloquence, as is testified by his many writings of that kind on several subjects, wherein he has highly approved his great abilities in all sorts of learning, and has made it manifest that the depth and compass of his understanding, together with the solidity of his judgment in his moral and other treatises, equalled the powers and glories of that inimitable style he showed himself master of in his orations. "There is," says Addison, "as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun." As in eloquence he made Demosthenes his pattern, so in philosophy he principally followed Plato; for though he shows himself well acquainted with the tenets of the stoics, and the other sects, yet he seems to have adhered chiefly to the opinions of the academics, or sect of Plato. His epistles ought to be read over by the Latin student with great care, as they contain not only the whole history of his private concerns, but of the affairs of state also as they were managed in his time.

Cicero's treatise *De Officiis* is said to have been the first work printed in Europe, after the invention of metal types by John Guttenberg of Mentz, in 1450. A long lost work of this author was brought to light, rather unexpectedly, a few years ago, at Milan, where it had lain for many ages, buried amongst monkish rubbish, in a half obliterated state. It is known that the monks had a custom of obliterating manuscripts, to make room for their own homilies and expositions; and these twice-prepared parchments, or, as they are now technically called, *Palimpsestic MSS.*, have, through means of a fortunate discovery made by the Abbé Mai, librarian at Milan, become a subject of interesting investigation, and the probable source of many important recoveries of lost classic authors. In Rome, the Abbé has already made some valuable discoveries, and recovered the other half of a MS., of which a portion only was found under a work which lay in the Ambrosian library at Milan. Among the works of most importance thus brought to light are a part of Cicero's treatise, *De Republica*, and some commentaries of Frontinus.*

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

Polynesia is a name of Greek derivation, signifying *many islands*, by which geographers distinguish those countries and clusters of islands situated in the Pacific Ocean, and which have been denominated by them the sixth division of the globe—New Holland being now usually considered as the fifth. It would be out of place here to enumerate the various isolated groups, or detail the history of their discovery, as we have at present only to do with two of them—the Georgian and the Society Islands. The first of these were discovered by Captain Wallis, who crossed the Pacific upwards of a century and a half ago; and subsequently by Captain Cook, who affixed the native name of Tahiti to the principal island of the group. Another cluster was afterwards discovered by Cook, about 70 miles to the westward, which he called the Society Islands, in honour of the Royal Society, at whose suggestion the expedition was undertaken. The two clusters extend from 16 to 18 degrees south latitude, and from 149 to 155 degrees west longitude. The Georgian Islands include Tahiti, Eimeo, Tabuamanu or Sir Charles Sanders' Island, Tetuaroa Matea, and Meetia. The Society Islands include Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, Borabora, Maurua, Tubai, Monpiha or Lord Home's Island, and Fenuaura or

* Vide Dibdin's "Bibliotheca Classica," an excellent work of first-rate authority, lately published, and to which we are indebted in the drawing up of these articles on Roman literature.

* Lady Morgan's "Italy," vol. i. p. 153.

Scilly Islands, with various other small isles surrounding them. The entire population of these two groups of islands is calculated at the present time to be about 50,000; but it is certain that at one period they must have far exceeded that number. Captain Cook, indeed, estimated the population of Tahiti alone at 200,000. The devastations of disease, infanticide, frequent wars, human sacrifices, and the depopulating influence of vicious habits, have undoubtedly been the causes of this great decrease in the population; and it is not irrationally supposed, even by the islanders themselves, that, but for the humanising and meliorating influence of Christianity upon them, the inhabitants at no distant period would have been totally annihilated. Before presenting a relation of the manner in which these remarkable islanders were reclaimed from barbarism, we shall offer a few sketches of their peculiar customs and primitive condition.

There are two tribes of men of a totally distinct caste in the islands of the South Sea, the one designated oceanic negroes, strongly resembling those of Africa, particularly in the darkness of their skin and the woolliness of their hair. The others are more akin to the European model of frame and physiognomy; and of the latter sort the inhabitants of the Georgian and Society Islands consist. They are generally above the middle size, muscular and well formed, and graceful and unembarrassed in their deportment. Their countenance is open and prepossessing, the forehead generally high and finely formed, and the structure of the other features what by Europeans is generally reckoned handsome. Their complexion is an olive or bronze, their hair black or dark, and neither wiry nor woolly. Specimens, indeed, of all that is reckoned beautiful and symmetrical in the human form and face, may be frequently met with amongst these islanders. There is one remarkable fact in their physiology, that all their rulers and chiefs—all of whom, be it observed, are *hereditary*—are uniformly taller, stronger, and more dignified than the peasantry or common people, insomuch that they have been reckoned a distinct race of men by more than one traveller. The mental capabilities of these islanders are of a much superior cast to almost every other savage nation hitherto known; and, in this respect, together with their hospitable disposition, and docile temper and cheerfulness, present a most favourable specimen of the human being in his primitive and uncultivated state. Their aptness for receiving instruction, indeed, and the facility with which they make themselves acquainted with every art introduced amongst them, together with their naturally acute and logical powers of ratiocination, warrant us in believing, that, although shut out so long from the means of moral enlightenment, they are *originally* behind no nation of the earth as regards intellectual capacity. That they must have existed as a nation for many ages is evident, from the many rude but ingenious rules common amongst them for computing time, measuring distances, calculating numbers, &c. Their native science of notation, indeed, is in principle precisely similar to the Roman system of numerals, that is to say, reckoning from *one* to *ten*, and proceeding upwards by a combination of these numbers, as ten and one, ten and two, &c.

It seems somewhat strange, that, in a people whose unaided native energies had carried them so far on the path towards civilization, their moral habits should have been found so depraved as they were. No portion of the human race, however, were perhaps ever so sunk in that licentiousness which is generally found to distinguish those least removed, in disposition, from the brute creation. The influence of Christianity has of course, amongst its other beneficial consequences, tended to remove this moral blot from their character. In other respects, their private habits were far from being vicious or exceptionable, unless perhaps in a disposition to indolence—a uniform characteristic of the natives of all tropical climes. They are extremely cleanly in their persons, and are particularly fond of bathing, in which they indulge several times every day; and it is something curious that, unlike the natives of other countries, they prefer the fresh water of the mountain streams to the sea, for that purpose. Since the introduction of razors amongst them, almost every one, high or low, shaves regularly once or twice a-week. In taking their food, the South Sea islanders pursue that mode which would seem at first sight to be the one indicated by nature, but which civilized nations have denominated "irregular"—namely, eating when they are hungry, and drinking when they are dry, at whatever time of the day or night the inclination may seize them. They take a much larger quantity of food than Europeans in general, but it is by no means of an equally nutritive quality, consisting principally of fruits and other vegetables common in their kind to almost all tropical countries, and therefore not requiring here particular enumeration.

Their staple article of food, and what may be denominated with them, as the wheaten loaf is with us, "the staff of life," is the breadfruit, of which they are very fond, and which is found to be highly nutritious. Two or three of these breadfruit trees, or *artocarpus*, are generally found round every rustic cottage in the interior, at once the shelter and subsistence of the inhabitant. The tree bears two, or sometimes three crops in the year. The fruit is never eaten raw but is baked in an oven of heated stones, and, after the outer rind is scraped off, is cut into slices and served up. It is of a pure white, but very tasteless.

The principal occupations of the Polynesians are agriculture, fishing, building, clothmaking, and cooking. In the former, their implements are still very primitive and simple. Neither ploughs nor harrows are yet used amongst them, there being no horses or oxen; and they cannot be brought to use the English spades, hoes, and other implements. Their principal tool is something like a large, broad, iron chisel, fixed on the end of a stick, and is found to serve their purpose remarkably well. The vegetables chiefly cultivated are the *uhi*, or yam, the u-ma-ra, or sweet potato, arrow-root, the plantain, and the sugar-cane.

Fishing is a great pursuit amongst the islanders, many of them being fishermen by profession. They are well acquainted with almost all the known modes of fishing—the net, the spear, the hook and line, &c., besides many other ingenious plans not practised elsewhere. In no part of the world, perhaps, are they surpassed as fishermen; and the variety and excellence of their fishing apparatus is astonishing. Their native hooks are made of wood, shell, or bone; the latter being extremely curious, and answering the purpose both of hook and bait. The method of using them somewhat resembles our fly-fishing, and a short description of it may at once be found amusing, and will show the ingenuity of these isolated people. The shank of the hook used in catching dolphins, albicores, and bonitos, is made with a piece of mother-of-pearl shell, five or six inches long, and three quarters of an inch wide, carefully cut and highly polished, so as to resemble the body of a fish. On the concave side a barb is fastened, with a firm bandage of finely-twisted flax. The barb is usually an inch and a half in length, and is of shell or bone. To the lower part of this the end of the line is securely fastened, and being braided along the inner, or concave part of the shell, is again attached to the upper. These pearl-shell hooks are considered much finer than any manufactured in Europe. The line is fastened to the hook, or bait, in a curious manner, and is attached to a bamboo cane, twelve or fifteen feet long. Two or three persons then go out in a light canoe, and when they perceive a shoal of the above fish, the person angling throws the hook, keeping the rod at such an elevation as to allow the hook only to touch the edge of the water. When the fish approach it, the rowers ply their paddles, and make the canoe fly rapidly along, the fisherman always keeping the hook skimming on the surface of the water, so as to resemble a flying-fish, the similarity to which being also increased by a number of strong bristles attached to the end of the shell, in imitation of the tail of that fish. The dolphin or bonito dart after it, and is soon hooked. Two men will sometimes catch twenty or thirty of these large fish, by this ingenious contrivance, in the course of the forenoon. Since their intercourse with Europeans, English hooks have been introduced; but still the natives would rather have a nail, or piece of wire, out of which to fashion one for themselves; and the pearl-hooks are still preferred to all others.

The islanders display great neatness in the erection of their buildings, which are constructed, in general, in the exact form of the English houses—that is to say, with a sloping roof, and square or parallel gables and sides. They are built, of course, entirely of wood, and are thatched with the leaves of trees in a manner that would do credit to the most experienced thatchers in Britain. Many of the chiefs' houses are exceedingly large, some of them being capable of containing two or three thousand people: some of them are a hundred and fifty feet long.

The manufacture of native cloth was formerly one great source of occupation and subsistence amongst the islanders. It is composed solely of the fibrous bark of various trees—chiefly that of the wanti, or paper-mulberry, the aou, and the breadfruit tree. When the latter is used, the outer rind is scraped off with a shell; it is then slightly beaten, and allowed to ferment in water. A large beam of wood is then laid on the ground, and the bark laid lengthwise across it. The *manufacturer* then takes a square wooden mallet of ironwood, about 18 inches long, grooved on two sides, one side being very coarse, and the other very fine; a third side is cut in chequers of a lozenge form. With this implement he beats the bark, first with the coarse side, and then with the finer ones, keeping the bark all the while saturated with moisture. By this beating the fibres of the bark are completely interwoven, the resinous matter in it rendering them perfectly adhesive; and when the piece is finished, the texture is often fine and even, while the inequalities occasioned by the lozenge-cut side of the mallet gives it the appearance of woven cloth. This is the whole process of manufacture; and yet it is almost incredible that they will thus make bales containing 200 yards in a piece, and four yards wide! The cloth is afterwards bleached, dried, and rolled up. That made of the paper-mulberry is capable of being bleached beautifully white. The natives of the Society Islands have a variety of vegetable dyes, which they use so as to produce beautiful patterns or figures on the cloth. The cloth is all manufactured by the women, with all classes of whom it is a point of competition to excel in it; and it is customary to remark, on seeing a superior piece of cloth, "it is as fine as if it had been made by the queen."

Even in their native games, exercises, and amusements, the South Sea Islanders approximate more nearly to the customs of civilized nations, than, from their utterly barbarous and untutored state, could possibly have been imagined. They know, it is true, little or nothing of music, almost their only instruments, whether in war or festival, being the drum, and a *bu* or trumpet; the latter being merely a large conch shell sounded through a bamboo cane inserted near its apex. They have also a flute, used in their domestic festivities, which is played with one hand, and blown—by one nostril! The notes are of course few, but soft and pleasing.

(To be continued.)

NATURE.

By Allan Cunningham.

O, Nature! holy, meek, and mild,
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where Spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers fresh-sprung and new,
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
Twiner of bowers for lovers meet;
Smoother of sods for poets' feet;
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face,
Who looks in love will light on grace;
Far-worshipp'd goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives;—
O! take my hand, and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne;
And pass before my darken'd sight
Thy hand, which lets in charmed light;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.

Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads;
Where corn, yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot blade bears;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings;
Untrodden flowers and unpruned trees,
Gladden'd with songs of birds and bees;
The ring where last the fairies danced—
The place where dank Will latest glanced—
The tower round which the magic shell
Of minstrel threw its lasting spell—
The stream that steals its way along,
To glory consecrate by song:
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and his goodness preach.

Or, when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lust'rous light;
When larks leave song, and men leave toiling;
And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling;
When hoary hinds, with rustic saws,
Lay down to youth thy golden laws;
And beauty is her wet cheek laying
To her sweet child, and silent praying;
With Thee in hallow'd mood I'll go,
Through scenes of gladness or of woe;
Thy looks inspired, thy chasten'd speech,
Me more than man hath taught, shall teach;
And much that's gross, and more that's vain.
As chaff from corn, shall leave my strain.

I feel thy presence and thy power,
As feels the rain yon parched flower;
It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
Smiles to the sky, and sheds perfume.
A child of woe, sprung from the clod,
Through Thee seeks to ascend to God.

—*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

MANNERS.

With virtue, capacity, and good conduct, one still can be insupportable. The manners, which are neglected as small things, are often those which decide men for or against you. A slight attention to them would have prevented their ill judgments. There is scarcely any thing required to be believed proud, uncivil, scornful, disobliging—and still less to be esteemed quite the reverse of all this.—*La Bruyere.*

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THE PARTED.

THOUGH nothing can be more honourable than opulence acquired by industry, it often happens in a large manufacturing town, that individuals spring from a penurious origin to the possession of enormous wealth, without acquiring those generous habits of thinking and feeling which alone can render affluence respectable. Pinched and scorned in their early days, they contract a notion that the opposite of all evil is in the mere exemption from poverty, that all men who do not make money are either imbecile or dissolute, and that they are in no danger of offending against any of the rules of life, if they only keep their gold from waste.

Old James Bisset was a person of this kind, who flourished a considerable number of years ago in Glasgow—a city which, though containing many men who have alike gained fortunes by honourable means, and enjoyed them in a creditable manner, must necessarily be the habitation of some others, characterised in the way we have described. The individual we are alluding to had originally been a small shopkeeper. Lucky turns in trade, joined to indefatigable industry, ultimately enabled him to become the principal shareholder and director of a bank, in which line of business he realised a fortune which was literally beyond calculation. Day after day, with the most pertinacious regularity, did he assume his seat in a small screened space in the telling-room, where he was ready, without appearing publicly, to be consulted on all occasions of difficulty. With what a knowing air would he handle any odd kind of bill that was presented to him! How keenly, and yet at the same time coldly, would he inspect signatures which he was not very much in the habit of seeing! Were the presentee a somewhat embarrassed trader, struggling, by means of bills, to avert the destruction which they only rendered the more certain and deadly, James was sure to have heard some *inkling* (to use one of his own phrases) of what was going forward, and the answer accordingly was given, with a polite smirk, enough to sink the victim into the earth—"It is not just convenient." Were the applicant a young man recently entered into business, and not very well off for capital, then, whatever might be his personal merit, whatever his industry, whatever his prospects in trade, it was—"We do not know the parties." The first time I saw Bisset was in his own bank. He happened to come forth from his den, to say something to a clerk, and I took him fully into my eye as he crossed the floor. There he was, with his neat person, marked with a dash of the antique—his substantial west of England black *stand of clothes*, small silver buckles at the knees, clear black shoes, and white scanty hair—the very beau-ideal of a close careful man, of rigid uprightness and propriety in all things, but—no feeling. If, thought I, this man hath a daughter, how difficult to get a man good enough for her! If he have a son, how impossible for that son to "be every thing that his father could desire!" In this man's estimation, the world must be a scene of almost unmixed unworthiness. Not one man in five hundred will be any thing in his eyes. If the whole of mankind were worth a plum each, it would be paradise once more. But there being few so very *good*, it must be like the doomed city, with not nearly a sufficient exception of respectability to save it from general contempt. How, thought I, would this man act if he had a child in the situation of Belvidera, or Juliet, or Ophelia!—for, strange as it may seem, even this hardened mass of feelingless clay might quite well, in the course of nature, be the father of some being, matching, in softness, and affection, and sensibility, all or any one of those creatures of the imagination.

There were, as I afterwards learned, some circumstances in the family of Mr Bisset, which had tried his heart in a way not far different from what I was supposing—but found it wanting. He had but one daughter, Anne, who had married a person of her own rank some years before, when her father was as yet but a rising and struggling man. This person, whose name was Inglis, prosecuted business for years with success, but eventually, owing to the rise in his style of living, which the ambition of his wife demanded, in order to keep pace with her father's advancing greatness, while that father would never render his son-in-law the least assistance, he became—to use a well-understood phrase of delicacy—unfortunate. The ruin of the son-in-law produced hardly a changed muscle in old Bisset. He only remarked, one day, that he had never had any very good opinion of that frequent advertising practised by Mr Inglis, and had often told him so, but without effect. "And then his own extravagance," said the old gentleman, with a generous forbearance of all further explanation. This coldness, however, would not do. Bisset soon found, that, if Inglis could not support his wife and his children, he would be obliged to support his daughter and his grandchildren; and he therefore allowed himself the luxury, and claimed from the world the merit, of doing his son-in-law the great kindness of setting him once more up in business. His advances, however, were in such a form as to give him a complete dominion over Inglis, so long as they were not repaid—a power he exercised to its fullest extent, in pestilent and querulous interferences in every movement made by his son-in-law. The consequence was, that the young man lost heart, and really became guilty of the very errors which Bisset wished him to avoid. His business, which at first showed some symptoms of revival, began to decline; ordinary obligations were answered with some difficulty; and application was made for further advances to Bisset, who, so far from granting them, was only incited to look the more sharply after what he had already given. Finally, to gain some paltry preferences upon the estate of his son-in-law, he forced him a second time into the pit of ruin, from which, of course, a second redemption was not to be hoped for. "Far better," said Bisset, "to support my daughter and her family by a direct outlay, than vainly endeavour, at an infinitely greater cost, to keep her up through the means of that rascally dog of a husband."

Inglis, who was in reality a man of good dispositions, though of soft and rather indolent character, was never able, after this event, to hold his face up in the world. Mortified more by the cruelty of his wealthy relative than even by his disagreeable position in mercantile society, he sunk for a time into dissipated habits, and was accordingly given up for lost by all his former friends. The world was at the same time partly aware of the severity with which he had been treated, and seemed fully disposed to pity and befriend him; but, as it invariably happens, any good that might have arisen from this state of public feeling, was neutralized by the impossibility of relying upon the conduct of the man himself—for how can any employer, or any one who has credit to dispense, depend upon the behaviour of a tippler?—a man who may to-day contract obligations with the full and conscientious design of fulfilling them honourably, but whose best resolutions may be dissipated to-morrow before the temptation of that meanest of all indulgences, a dram! Thus Inglis went down, and down, and down, without the least power, apparently, to avert his own decline. His father-in-law had never seen him since the period of his second failure. He pretended that he could not endure to look upon a man who had injured him so much, and whose conduct was so far from reputable. His daughter he proposed to take home into his own house, along with her children, amounting to four in number, but only on the strict understanding that she was never again to meet her husband.

Mrs Inglis was one of a somewhat uncommon class of women, but who, nevertheless, *are* a class—cold, tame, and self-indulgent; capable of discharging carefully the most of the minor duties of life, and even, perhaps, notable for good general behaviour, but who are totally unfit, when called upon, to act upon high and self-denying principles. Her husband she liked well enough; but then she liked her father too. She would have been well content to continue living with her husband; but then his circumstances were not such that she *could* live with him. And the children—what was she to do with them? Ought she not rather to leave her husband, in order to ensure their support and comfort, than stay with him, and see them subjected to all conceivable hardships? In short, she found far more than the requisite excuse to commit the *great sin* of parting with her husband on the terms proposed by her father. She went to the enjoyment of every luxury that tongue could name or heart desire, to bring up her children like the sons of princes, and to be the fondled pet of a doating father, who could never see wrong in either her sayings or her doings; while he, whom she had sworn never to part from, for any thing that the world could either give or take away—the father, too, of those children—the being with whom she had once seemed to share an absolute community of existence, was shred away from her like a noxious weed, and left to find his own solitary and cheerless way through the world, with no hope except in the correcting vengeance of that Deity whose laws she had so shamelessly violated.

Inglis now became a thorough prey to fortune. For a while, but only a little while, after their parting, his wife was worked upon by his written solicitations to send him small sums of money, which she had saved off the allowance made to her by her father; and she even ventured on one occasion, at the risk of being turned out of her splendid house, to pay a stolen visit to her unhappy partner, at a time when he was supposed to be dangerously ill. Soon, however, even this intercourse ceased. Exposed every day to hear her father's sentiments respecting Inglis, she insensibly became hardened towards him, looking upon herself, and her children, and her father, as forming a particular system by themselves—one of great magnificence and unimpeachable virtue and propriety—and her husband as a poor and disreputable object, which was quite alien to the former. Then came a time when the sight of her shabby husband would occasionally cross her sight on the streets, to wither all the enjoyments amidst which she lived, and she would shrink away from the accusing spectacle, like a murderer from the sight of blood—thinking that every eye in the surrounding crowds was intent in estimating the contrast between her own luxurious condition and the abject misery of one who was still, let her do what she would, a part of herself. Then came a time when her children, growing up to observation of the world, would ask if they also, as well as their companions, had a father?—and where was he?—and would they ever see him?—and would he bring them home playthings, like other fathers whom they named, who were long from home?—questions that, like lashes, brought each away a piece of the very flesh along with it, though rather by the humiliation they inflicted, than any feeling of remorse. One day, the eldest girl, who, contrary to custom, had been permitted to wander into the town, came home quite breathless

with surprise and haste, saying that she had been seized on the street and hurried into an alley by a horrid-looking man, who called himself her father, and insisted on kissing her several times, which, when she resisted, with cries that alarmed some people who were passing, he set her down hurriedly, and ran away out of sight, leaving her, she said, with her face all covered with his tears. Still greater care was taken thereafter to prevent the children from wandering out of sight; but not long after, as the gay and gorgeous lady was stopping in her carriage at a shop in Argyle Street, with her four beautifully dressed children around her, Catherine suddenly started up, and, pointing to some one on the pavement, cried, "There, mamma! there is the bad man who called himself my father!" And, on her involuntarily turning to the object thus indicated, her eyes were met by another pair, so wild, so mournful, and so full of painful meanings, that she had hardly breath to ask the coachman to drive on.

A time at length came when this very child was seized with what appeared a mortal illness. Both mother and grandfather were watching over her in a state of inexpressible grief, and every moment was expected to be her last. At the height of their sorrow, a hurried but subdued knocking was heard at the outer door, and presently after there arose the sound of a scuffle between the servant and some one who wished to make a forcible entrance. "Shall I not see my own child?" cried a hoarse and broken voice, which, all altered as it was, they knew too truly to be that of the unfortunate Inglis, and presently after he burst wildly into their presence. The lady fainted, and, while Bisset stood trembling with rage in the middle of the floor, the desperate man approached the bed of the dying infant, whom he took tenderly in his arms, and kissed with the most affectionate fervour. "What right—by what—what right," cried Bisset, almost choking with passion, "do you make this intrusion? Sir, I tell you, you have no right to be here." And he stopped from absolute inability to command his voice. "I have a right to be here," replied Inglis, after having carefully laid down the child. "Your house, perhaps, and yourself, and these staring servants there, are not in any way under my control; but to this child, sir, I *have* a right. She is mine, by the laws of both God and man, and I could this moment take her for ever from your sight, even were you to see her gasp her last in my arms before we reached the door. You know this, sir; and, cruel and base as you are, you cannot dispute it. Nor that lady there," he added, with a bitter sneer, "when she revives from her amiable trepidation, could she deny it either."

"In the name of God, then," said the miser, awed by the very wrath of his wronged son-in-law, "what do you mean to do? Your violence, however we may bear it, must be most distressing to this dying innocent, and may even prove the immediate cause of her death. Would it not be better that you quietly retired, now that you have seen what you wanted to see?"

The unhappy man could make no answer. His eye was fixed in silence upon his child, whose countenance at this moment began to exhibit the unequivocal symptoms of coming dissolution. "My Catherine—my Catherine!" he cried, and next moment clasped a lifeless corpse. A few minutes thereafter, rendered unresisting apparently by his intense grief, he permitted himself to be led peaceably to the door, and gave the afflicted house no more trouble.

It is often of advantage to a man who has entered upon evil courses, that something should occur to give an agitation to his whole system of feeling. The shock of some tremendous grief, like a thunder-storm in the elements, seems to clear the mental atmosphere, and fit him for once more commencing, if his passions will permit, the career of virtue. Inglis, apparently reformed, now proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had no evil reputation to contend with, and, on the strength of a small sum communicated to him, in a letter of partial kindness, by his wife, opened a school for such branches of education as he found himself qualified to teach. The attempt, though unprosperous at first, was beginning to be attended with some small share of success—his manners being, at the same time, observed to continue quite irreproachable—when he was seized by a severe chronic disease, which disabled him for a whole winter, and left him, at the return of spring, without a penny in his pocket, or a pupil in his academy. His life, after this disaster, was one unbroken scene of distresses, pecuniary and otherwise, and, but for the slender succour which was occasionally rendered to him by the good will, rather than the ability, of his poor neighbours, he must have died of hunger. The unfortunate always herd with the unfortunate; the unfortunate are to the unfortunate almost a sole refuge and shelter; the unfortunate alone can judge of and feel for the unfortunate; while no other can properly be to them either a companion, or a benefactor, or a judge. Inglis, while deserted by a wife, the crumbs of whose luxury would have been to him an ample furnishing, and overlooked by all men who were once his equals, found in those who were nearly as destitute as himself, the only friendship he ever experienced, the only true sympathy for his condition, the only alms that any one would give. Blessings, double blessings, be on the generous poor!

It happened in the revolutions of life, that an intimate friend of the writer of this narrative became acquainted with the story and circumstances of the unfortunate Inglis, and was able to do something for the alleviation of his many troubles. He found him to be, upon the whole, a man of an inoffensive character, of some acuteness of mind, and more than the average of information, but outworn with past excesses, and the attrition of a perpetual grief. He spoke little of his misfortunes or of his family; but one day, being rather more depressed than usual, and the cause being asked, he said he had just heard that his second son, whom he had not seen for many years, was about to come to the capital, for the purpose of studying for the bar, and being certain that the young man would be there without ever inquiring for his father, or perhaps being aware of his existence, he had experienced more than usual distress of mind from the consideration of his extraordinary circumstances. My friend could not help acknowledging, that, even after enduring so much, a new circumstance, involving so unnatural an association of ideas, might well be expected to give him additional uneasiness.

This ill-used man at length died in a humble lodging, where he existed solely upon charity; and his wife, being written to on the occasion, replied by the simple transmission of a sum of money sufficient to bury him and discharge his little debts. No notice was taken of the event by his family. His widow wore her usual gay dresses; his children were not even informed of their loss; his name was "never heard."

God, however, in due time, seemed (as far as mortals might be permitted to interpret his decrees) to manifest his sense of this unholy violation of one of his earliest and most solemn injunctions. The children, in whom the mother and grandfather took so much delight, were one after another snatched away by the various diseases of childhood and youth, till not one was left to console their age, or inherit the wealth which had so absurdly been hoarded for them. The loss, it may well be supposed, was mourned with tears of double bitterness, for it was impossible to take such a calamity as an occurrence altogether within the ordinary course of nature. The lady was so much exhausted by her exertions for her children, that she took ill immediately after the death of the last, and, mental anguish aiding in the progress of her malady, she did not live many weeks. Bisset, who apparently had never thought it possible that he could be predeceased by his daughter and so many blooming children, was, by this event, struck with a kind and degree of grief altogether foreign to his nature. He yet survives—but only as a spectacle to excite the pity of those who know him. Palsied, fatuous, and blind, he is nothing but a living block; nor can all his gold, immense as it is in amount, reflect one consoling ray on his decline. His wealth, which, if well used, might have spared him the life of the only being he ever loved, and kept other hearts besides from breaking, will speedily be dispersed among a number of distant relatives, who neither care for its present owner, nor will be advantaged, perhaps, by its possession.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.—No. I.

We have not hitherto introduced much of chemistry into our columns, and perhaps many of our readers will be frightened at the very outset with the abstruse word, not knowing the real meaning of the term. The fact is, however, there is none of the sciences the operations of which are more familiar to us in every-day life than that of chemistry. We are all chemists more or less, though we may not be conscious of it. The cook, the baker, the brewer, the artizan of almost every description, daily and hourly are performing some nice and intricate chemical experiments of some kind or other; and perhaps no science has contributed in modern times so much to the comfort and convenience of man, or served, by the full light which it has shed upon familiar objects, to banish vague superstition, or correct the false notions which we had formed of things. Perhaps, too, there is no species of science better fitted for awakening the youthful mind to thought, and for training it to activity and precision. We found it so with ourselves, and it happened thus:—

In the dawn of our college life, we found ourselves, like nine-tenths of our companions, idle, listless, and ignorant of every thing around us, past, present, and to come, with the exception of some crude notions about the Greeks and Romans, gleaned from the repeated connings of our daily school tasks. Our mind seemed active, too, poking about, and seeking for exertion; but it had nothing with which to busy itself; no end, or aim, or palpable materials to work upon: perhaps it would lose whole hours in a wild reverie of the imagination, or expend its energies in the grotesque phantasmagoria of a fairy tale. In this state, we by mere accident accompanied a senior student to a chemical lecture. Immediately, as if by magic, a new spark of fire was elicited within us; we were introduced into a new region of existence; that which the eager mind had sought for, it found, and henceforth, for many a day, whether we waked or slept, or ate or drank, we lived a chemist: our little room was forthwith converted into a laboratory; every shelf and cranny was stuffed with phials and gallypots; glass tubes, blowpipes, and air-troughs, occupied floor and table; all boyish follies and triflings were laid aside, every spare hour was devoted to deep, but delightful and soul-abstracting study; and hence the young chemist led the life of a genuine philosopher. Of all pleasures, perhaps the greatest and most intoxicating is the taste of the first-fruits plucked from the tree of science. It undoubtedly renders even the most modest youth at first ridiculously inflated by the shallow draughts of a little knowledge; but as he drinks deeper, all this passes off, and he sinks into the sober philosopher again. It was usual for the young chemist in those days to lecture his brothers and sisters seated round the breakfast or dinner table—to show them that table-salt was not the vulgar thing they had all their lives supposed, but that it was a *muriate of soda*, or a mixture of muriatic acid and the common alkali soda. He demonstrated to them, too, that sugar was not a simple substance, and, under all its changes, characterised as the sweetener of tea or coffee, but that it could be separated into three distinct parts—carbon, or a substance exactly the same as burnt wood, and two airs, hydrogen and oxygen, which were as transparent and invisible as the air around us that we breathe. He showed that what we termed cold, was nothing, in reality a mere empty name; and that bodies were cold just because they did not possess the principle of heat; that when we touched the cold marble slab, it was not the cold coming to our fingers which we felt, but the heat running from our body by the fingers, and passing into the slab. In short, whether the family circle ate or drank, were cold or warm, wet or dry, the young chemist could give them a philosophical reason for all. It is true, mamma and the elder sisters of the group were sometimes terribly alarmed at strange bursts of flame, suffocating smells, and repeated loud explosions that not unfrequently issued from the room of the chemist; and stained clothes and disfigured linen were circumstances not unfrequently of regret and vexation; yet, on the whole, they used to declare that they would much rather have a dozen of young chemists than half that number of idle, mischievous, and stupid or unintelligent boys. We believe the young chemist was, on the whole, a source of secret pride, and esteemed a source of infinite amusement, and the vehicle of no small rational instruction to his happy family group.

But we have not yet exactly told what chemistry is. All substances on the face of the earth have certain properties. They are either sweet, or sour, or bitter, or they have no taste at all: they are hard and solid as a piece of metal or stone, or they are fluid like water, or they are light and transparent like air. Many substances, too, when you put them together, mix instantly and form one; but many, on the contrary, will not so mix. Thus, if you drop a lump of sugar into a glass of water, it immediately dissolves, and you have a thin sweet liquid; but if you drop a pebble into this water, you have still tasteless water, and an undissolved pebble at the bottom. Again, if you take a glass of lemon juice, and about a teaspoonful of common soda in powder, and mix them together, you have a violent bubbling up, or effervescence, while the whole of the soda is dissolved in the lemon juice; but if you examine and taste this liquid now, you will find that it has neither the sour taste of the lemon, nor the peculiar taste of the soda, but a distinct sharp taste, different from either: these two substances have combined, and formed a third, a salt, having peculiar properties of its own. In this way you may go through every substance in nature; and inquiries of this kind into the mixture or combination of substances into their properties of dissolving or not dissolving in certain fluids, and, in short, every circumstance relating to them and their actions in this way, has been called the science of chemistry. It will thus be seen that it is a wide and interesting field, embracing an acquaintance with every thing around us, whether of earth, or water, or air, or the solid and fluid parts of vegetable and animal bodies.

Now, chemists are an active, poring, and indefatigable race, from the very youngest to the oldest of them; and by their labours for the last hundred years (for within this period we may say the great bulk of chemical knowledge has been acquired), it is made manifest, that, however various and innumerable may be the different forms of things around us throughout the world, yet not much more than fifty distinct kinds of matter exist; that is, we have about fifty-four simple substances, by the mixture of which in a variety of ways, and in different proportions, all salts, and sweets, and sours, all rocks, and gems, and water, and air, and vegetables, and animal bodies, are produced. These substances are called simple, because, having been subjected to all sorts of trials, they cannot be farther separated, and may be said to be the essence or first principles of matter. Thus, if we take a little common salt, and subject it to various operations, we can separate it into two distinct substances, an acid and an alkali, or the common soda; again, by mixing these two substances, we reproduce common salt. It

is evident, then, that it cannot be a simple substance. But if we take a piece of gold, and treat it in all manner of ways, we can never separate it into any thing more simple than just gold; or if we take a little pure sulphur, we can never make it less, or other than pure sulphur. Hence these substances have been termed simple.

We have, then, about fifty-four of these simple elements in nature; and did they always remain in their simple state, we would have a condition of things very different from what is before us. But this is not the case. Rarely, indeed, are they found separate: they like to join, and intermarry, and keep companionship; and hence proceed daily new shapes and ever-changing variety. The modes in which bodies unite are innumerable, and the metamorphoses which they undergo are beyond all the changes which have excited the juvenile wonder at a Christmas pantomime. Thus, one would not readily believe that the same substances when mixed in one proportion would form the mild and transparent air of the atmosphere, while the very identical substances under a different mode of mixture constituted the well-known substance aqua fortis, or nitric acid; and yet such is the fact, the substances being oxygen, or vital air, and nitrogen. The circumstance, at first, no doubt, appears incredible, that common river water is composed of two airs, oxygen and hydrogen—the latter so highly inflammable that it bursts into explosion on the first touch of fire. Yet such is the fact, and it can be easily proved; for if a small jet of hydrogen gas or air be set fire to within a jar of oxygen gas, the burning will produce many drops of pure water on the sides of the jar. Moreover, if water be passed drop by drop through a gun barrel heated red-hot in the middle, it will be decomposed, or separated into parts; one part, the hydrogen, will escape at the end of the barrel, and may be set fire to; the other part, the oxygen, enters into combination with the heated iron. On examining a rocky mountain, the young chemist has seen his audience stare as he explained to them, that of those rocks perhaps a fourth part, or in some instances nearly a third, was composed of oxygen, or the pure light and transparent air of the atmosphere, or that the limestone mass at their feet could easily be separated into a somewhat heavy air, and pure or quick lime, the volume of the former being so great in proportion, that a piece he could hold in his fingers will contain as much air as would fill a large room. The proof of this, however, is as simple as possible. Take a wine glass half full of water, into which drop another half of muriatic acid; then place into the mixture a small knot of chalk; immediately a copious action takes place, and innumerable bubbles of air mount upwards, which, if collected, would show the volume of the gas as compared to the small ball of chalk. All substances, then, of whatever kind, can exist in three states—the solid, fluid, and the aëriform; and, in fact, all substances on the face of the earth are constantly shifting and changing into all these different conditions. The cause of these changes is the great and important agent, heat, called, in the language of chemistry, *caloric*. Thus water, if it has a small allowance of heat, becomes a solid piece of ice; with a little more heat, it becomes the common fluid water; with a still greater heat it passes into vapour or air. Thus, also, lead is a solid at the usual temperature; if heated to a great degree, it melts into a fluid; if still farther forced by caloric, it rises into a vapour or air. It is the same with every body in existence. And before treating farther of chemical subjects, we must pause to consider something of the laws of heat, and the influence which this agent or substance, or whatever it may be, exercises on this wonderfully constituted globe. We must, in concluding for the present, remark, that, in chemical, as well as all other sciences, certain hard names do occasionally occur, and many circumstances must be mentioned at the first outset, without full explanations of their meanings being given; for it is only as the student advances, and his knowledge increases, that he can comprehend explanations of those, and of many other minutiæ of the science. For the sake of joining amusement with instruction, we may often ramble a little as we tread the pleasing field; yet the reader who follows us attentively will always be sure to find method in our ramblings.

A GENTLEMANLY DOG.

I was once in possession of a very fine house-dog, which had formerly belonged to Covent Garden, but, for killing a man accidentally in the dark, was discharged. Pasquin came to my house one Saturday morning, to get "my bones:" but Mrs Bernard and myself were out, to give the servants free dominion with their mops and buckets. The door being open, Pasquin walked in, and intended to enter the parlour; but the dog was lying on the mat before it, who, mistaking the former either for the dustman or a coal-heaver, rose on his hind legs, with a sense of the impropriety, and placing his paws to the stranger's shoulders, actually walked him back to the threshold, where he dropped to the ground, and looked him up in the face. The maid was descending the stairs at this instant, and perceived the whole affair. Now, this was not a more extraordinary proof of the good-breeding of the dog, than the unpleasantness of Pasquin's appearance—here was a gentlemanly dog turning out a dirty one.—*Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage.*

HISTORY OF THE ASSASSINS.

THE term Assassins has been long familiar in Europe, but little information has been given of the singular sect from which the name was derived. According to M. Von Hammer (a native of Germany, who, from sources purely oriental, has with great labour and research produced the latest and the best work on the nature and organization of this most extraordinary order), they were an order, at once military and religious, like the Templars, and like them, too, subject to the control and guidance of a grand master, who was named the Sheikh-el-Jebel, corruptly rendered, the old man of the mountain, who, from his seat at Alamoot, in the north of Persia, like the general of the Jesuits from Rome, directed the motions of his numerous and devoted subjects, and made the most haughty monarchs tremble at his name. From the work which he has composed on this novel and interesting subject, we shall attempt to give our readers some idea of the organization of the sect, and expose the mighty ills which may be brought on the human race, by the agency of secret associations, in the history of one of the most powerful and destructive which ever existed.

In the stormy period which succeeded the death of Mohammed, numerous sects sprang up among the believers of Islamism. One of these, the Mazdekee, professed universal freedom and equality, the indifference of human actions, and the community of goods; and, strange as it may appear, it numbered among its adherents Cobad king of Persia. The imprudence of this monarch cost him his crown, and his son Noosherwan, convinced of the pernicious influence of the sect, endeavoured to eradicate it with fire and sword. In this attempt he did not completely succeed, and the immoral opinions continued to exist in secret, until an opportunity offered, when they were again publicly promulgated, and Persia became the scene of blood and devastation.

At this period there lived at Ahras, in the south of Persia, a man named Abdallah, who had been educated in the maxims of the ancient religion and policy of Persia, and whose national animosity induced him to attempt the overthrow of the faith and the empire of the victorious Arabs. The only path to ultimate success, he saw, was to undermine them by secret means; and to effect his purpose, he enveloped his design in the veil of mystery, and in imitation of the schools of India and Pythagoras, communicated gradually his doctrines to his disciples. These consisted of a denial of all religion, with the belief that all actions are indifferent, and that neither here nor hereafter will they be rewarded or punished. With the greatest zeal, by means of missionaries, he disseminated his opinions, and augmented the number of his disciples, until at length one of them was placed on the throne of Egypt, and the new system was established in Africa. But it contemplated farther triumphs, and its missionaries overflowed Asia, in the hope of overturning the throne of the caliphs of Bagdad. Lodges of men and women were formed in different places, and the principles of the sect were taught in regular succession, according to the progress made by the members, or the confidence placed in their discretion. To believe nothing, and to dare every thing, was the sum and substance of this doctrine.

One of the converts to this abominable system was Hassan ben Sabah, who founded, some years after, the society which, during a century and a half, filled Asia with terror and dismay. Hassan was one of those characters which appear from time to time in the world, as if sent to operate some mighty change in the destinies of mankind. Endued with mental powers of the first order, conscious of his own superiority, filled with the most immoderate ambition, and possessed of the courage, patience, and foresight requisite for the accomplishment of his deep-laid schemes, he had been sent by his father, whose orthodoxy was suspected, to Nishaboor, to be educated by one of the most learned men of the East; and there he formed an acquaintance with several noble youths, who afterwards raised themselves to the highest dignities of the state. Even at this early period, the ambitious mind of Hassan, and his sanguine expectations of future advancement and dignity, displayed themselves, and he was not long of seeing them realised. He was taken notice of by the Sultan Melek Shah, and was soon after made his principal confident. By one of those intrigues common in courts, he was, however, in a short time deprived of the favour of his sovereign, and was dismissed with disgrace. Burning with rage and disappointment, he retired to Rei, and thence to Ispahan, and after a short stay there, he proceeded to Egypt, to join the grand lodge of the Ismaelites, a name which the secret society had assumed, and of which society he had for a long time been a member.

Hassan, whose fame had preceded him, was received in Egypt with the highest honours; but soon after, happening to take an active part in a dispute relative to the succession, his enemies prevailed against him, and he was sent into banishment. He disembarked in Syria, and spent several years in travelling in the different nations of the East, zealously spreading his doctrines, and acquiring proselytes. His ambition now was to possess dominion as well as power, and he fixed his eye on the castle of Alamoot (the vulture's nest), a lofty and impregnable fortress in the district of Roodbar, to the north of Kasveen. This he gained partly by force, and partly by stratagem. So soon as he got possession of this hill-fort, Hassan changed his plans, and instead of publicly treating all religious belief as the effect of a disordered imagination, he determined to maintain among his followers the religious discipline of Islamism in all its rigour. The most minute observance of the most trivial ordinances was exacted from those who, generally unknown to themselves, were leagued for its destruction; and the veil of mystery behind which few were permitted to enter shrouded the secret doctrine from the eyes of the major part of the society.

The Ismaelite doctrine had hitherto been disseminated by missionaries and companions alone: a third class was required, which, ignorant of the secret doctrine, would blindly obey the orders of their superiors. This class was named Fedavee, or the Devoted. The members were clothed in white, with red bonnets or girdles, and were armed with daggers. These were the men, who, reckless of their lives, executed the bloody mandates of the Sheikh-el-Jebel, the title assumed by Hassan. As a proof of the fanaticism which Hassan contrived to instil into his followers, we give the following instance. In the year 1126, Hasim-ed-devlit Absoucar, the brave prince of Mosul, was, as he entered the mosque, attacked by eight assassins disguised as dervises; he killed three, and the rest, with the exception of one young man, were cut to pieces by the people; but the prince had received his death-wound. When the news spread that Hasim had fallen by the daggers of the assassins, the mother of the youth who had escaped painted and adorned herself, rejoicing that her son had been found worthy to offer up his life to the good cause; but when he returned, the only survivor, she cut off her hair and blackened her face, through grief that he had not shared the glorious death of martyrdom.

A display of the means by which the chief of the Assassins succeeded in refusing this spirit of unbounded faith and devotion into his followers, forms an interesting chapter in the history of the human race. Those who reflect on the follies of the disciples of the various fanatics and impostors who have deceived mankind, will not be surprised at the blind devotion of the Fedavee. Even in our own days, the chief of the Wahabees could persuade his followers that he had it in his power to dispose of the mansions of eternal bliss.* It is not undeserving of remark, that the two powers which waged war simultaneously upon Islamism, were both stimulated, by their spiritual heads, with the same prospects of reward. Those who fell in the crusades were pronounced by the Pope to be martyrs, and entitled to the kingdom of heaven; and to the Fedavee who fell in executing the mandates of his superior, the gates of paradise were thrown open, and he entered into the enjoyment of the ivory palace, the robe of silk, and the black-eyed houries. This, it is said by Marco Paolo, was no ideal reward. At Alamoot and Masiat in Syria were the most delightful gardens, into which the young novice was, while in a state of stupefaction, the result of some narcotic, introduced; and there, amid a succession of pleasures, presented with a foretaste of the joys of a Mahometan paradise. Ever after, the rapturous vision possessed the imagination of the deluded enthusiast, and he panted for the hour when death, received in obeying the commands of his superior, should dismiss him to the bowers of the celestial paradise.

Here we have the true origin, according to De Sacy, of the term Assassin. Hyde derived it from Hassa, to kill; others from the Jewish Essenes; the prevailing derivation, which is also adopted by Sir John Malcolm, is from Hassan, the first chief; Lemoine was nearer the truth when he derived it from a word signifying herbage, and consequently gardens; but, according to De Sacy, whose opinion is adopted by Von Hammer, the true root is hashish, which signifies the bangue, or opiate of hemp leaves; and that the Assassins obtained their appellation from the use they made of the opiate prepared from that plant.

The power of the order now began to be exhibited. By force or by treachery, the castles or hill-forts of Persia in succession fell into their hands. A bloody period ensued; the doctors of the law excommunicated the adherents of Hassan, and the Sultan Melek Shah gave orders to his generals to reduce their fortresses; the daggers of the Assassins were opposed to the swords of the orthodox, and the first victim to Hassan's revenge was the companion of his youth, the great and good Nizamul-mulk, the prime minister of the sultan, who fell by the dagger of a Fedavee. His death was followed by that of his sovereign, who was suddenly carried off, not without strong suspicion of poison.

At the period of the crusades, the Assassins appeared in Syria, and, by means of Riswan, prince of Aleppo, acquired fortresses in that country. In Syria, as in Persia, they were persecuted and massacred; and there, also, the dagger amply avenged those who fell by the sword. After a protracted contest in Persia, a dagger was one morning found stuck in the ground by an unknown hand, at the head of the Sultan Sanjer. This reminded him of continued enmity, and induced him to seek for peace. A treaty was in con-

* A follower of the modern Wahabee, who, a few years ago, stabbed an Arabian chief, near Bassora, not only refused to save his life, but anxiously courted death, grasping in his hand a paper which he seemed to prize far beyond his existence. This when examined proved to be an order from the Wahabee chief, for an emerald palace and a number of beautiful female slaves, to be given him in the delightful regions of eternal bliss.

sequence entered into between the sultan and the sheikh of Alamoot. The Ismaelites agreed on their part to add no more to the strength of their forts, to purchase no arms or military machines, and to make no more proselytes, and the sultan released them from certain taxes, and assigned them a portion of his revenues as an annual pension.

After a reign of thirty-five years, Hassan hen Sabah saw his power extended over a great portion of the Mohammedan world. Three grand missionaries presided over the three provinces of Jebal, Cuhistan, and Syria, while, from his chamber at Alamoot (which apartment he left but twice during his long reign), Hassan directed the operations of his followers, and employed his leisure hours in drawing up rules and regulations for the government of the order. He died at a very advanced age, leaving no children, for he had previously put both his sons to death, the one for the crime of murder, and the other for trespassing some trifling precept of the Koran. When he felt the approach of death, he summoned his two superintendants, Keah Buzoorg and Abou Ali, before him, and appointed them his successors; Buzoorg to direct the civil and military, and Ali the spiritual affairs of the order.

Buzoorg trod in the footsteps of the founder of the order. Hostilities were renewed between him and the sultan, and Alamoot fell for a time into the hands of the enemy. But the power of the order had taken too deep root to be easily overthrown, and it soon recovered from its disasters. In Syria, too, though violently opposed, it extended its influence, and it was thus situated when the crusaders first came in contact with its followers. Their first approaches were of a friendly nature, for we find that Aboul Wefa, the Ismaelite Grand Prior, as we may call him, and at the same time chief judge of Damascus, entered into a treaty with Baldwin the Second, king of Jerusalem, to deliver Damascus into his hands, on condition of receiving the city of Tyre as his reward. The enterprise, however, failed; the governor got timely information of the plot; the vizier, the great friend and protector of the Assassins, was put to death; and an indiscriminate massacre of the Ismaelites took place, in which 6000 fell victims.

Buzoorg departed from the maxims of the founder, by appointing his son Mohammed as his successor. He was a weak and inefficient prince, but his son and successor, Hassan the Second, was of a more enterprising character. His vanity induced him, contrary to the prudent counsels of the founder, to set himself up as a teacher and illuminator, and by his foolish disclosures of the mysteries of his sect, he justified the curses of the people, the excommunications of the church, and the persecution of the order by the surrounding sovereigns. He was, after a short reign, murdered by his brother-in-law and his son Mohammed, who succeeded him. This prince rivalled his father in knowledge, and in the open disregard of all religion and morality. At this period, when the brave Saladin and the crusaders maintained a bloody war in Palestine, the grand prior of the Assassins was Sinan, one of those personages who have at various times in the East gained, by an extraordinary appearance of austerity and devotion in the eyes of the credulous multitude, the reputation of divinity. He gave himself out to be an incarnation of the Deity; wore no clothing but sackcloth; was never seen to eat, drink, or sleep; and, from sunrise to sunset, preached from the top of a lofty rock to the assembled multitude, who listened to him as to a god. Notwithstanding the risk he ran, on one occasion, of being murdered by his followers, who discovered him to be only a mere mortal, he retained his influence over them during his life, and at present his writings are held in high veneration by the remnant of the sect, which still lingers in the mountains of Syria.

Sinan had read the books of the Christians, and whether from conviction, or, what is more probable, from a wish for peace and exemption from tribute, he sent an ambassador to Almeric, king of Jerusalem, offering, in his own name, and in those of his people, to submit to baptism, if the Templars, their near neighbours, would remit the annual tribute of 2000 ducats which they had imposed on them, and live together in future in peace and amity. The king received the embassy with joy, agreed to all the conditions, offered to reimburse the Templars from his own coffers, and, after having detained the envoy and his suite some days, dismissed them with guides and an escort to their own frontiers. But as they approached their castles, Walter of Dumesnil, who, with a body of Templars, had lain in ambush, assaulted them, and in the fray murdered the ambassador. Almeric, incensed at this treacherous and cruel action, assembled the princes of the crusade, and, by their advice, sent to demand satisfaction of the grand master, Odo de St Amande. The haughty priest gave an evasive answer, which so enraged the king, that he ordered the murderer to be dragged from the habitation of the Templars, and thrown into a prison in Tyre. The perfidious grand master was himself soon after made a prisoner by Saladin, and in the same year perished unlamented in a dungeon. Almeric had no difficulty in exculpating himself in the opinion of Sinan; but all hopes of the conversion of the Assassins were now at an end, and the dagger, after a truce of forty-two years, was again brandished against the crusaders.

Its most illustrious victim was Conrad, marquis of Tyre and Montferrat, the guilt of whose death, both oriental and occidental writers agree in ascribing to the gallant Richard Cœur de Lion. Conrad was attacked and murdered in the market-place of Tyre, by two of the Assassins. The king of England was known to be his enemy, and Albericus Trium Fontium says expressly that the murderers were hired by him. Bohadin, the Arabic historian, thus writes:—"The marquis went to visit the bishop of Tyre. As he was going out, he was attacked by two Assassins, who slew him with their daggers. When taken and stretched on the rack, they confessed that they had been employed by the king of England. They died under the torture." He also observes, that nothing could be settled with Richard, "because he always broke off what he had arranged, by continually retracting what he had said. May God curse him!" Cœur de Lion, however much his countrymen may have wished to make him appear so, cannot, we are sorry to say, be declared innocent of the murder of the marquis. We shall not, however, insist upon this point, which has proved a subject of no little dispute, but only revert to the curious circumstance, that we should be beholden to an Arabic author for the knowledge of certain points in the character of a king of England.

The reign of Jellal-ed-deen, who succeeded his father Mohammed, was a period of repose for Asia. He directed all his efforts to restore religion and piety; sent circular letters for this purpose to the caliph and sultan, and other princes; was dignified by the doctors of the law, who were convinced of his sincerity, with the appellation of New Mussulman, and obtained from the caliph the title of Prince, which had never been granted to any of his predecessors. His harem made the great pilgrimage to Mecca, and the caliph gave precedence to his banners over those of many other princes. But his reign was too short to be productive of much benefit to mankind, and on his death, occasioned by poison, the dagger was again unsheathed by his kindred, at the command of his son, Ala-ed-deen, a boy of nine years of age, and the murder of the prince was avenged amid torrents of blood.

Ala-ed-deen, after a disastrous reign, was murdered in his turn, and was succeeded by his son, Roken-ed-deen, who had joined in the conspiracy against him. In his time, the caliph of Bagdad and other princes invoked the mighty Mangoo Kaan to rid the earth of this band of murderers, who rendered life wretched to those who dared to provoke their resentment, and the conqueror of the world gave orders to his brother Hulagoo to exterminate the hated race. His orders were obeyed. The treachery of the chief astronomer and vizier of the Assassin prince facilitated the operations of the Tartars; Alamoot surrendered; and Roken-ed-deen was brought a prisoner to the camp of Hulagoo. The other fortresses of the order followed the example of Alamoot, except Kirdeoo, which for three years resisted the efforts of the Tartar troops, when it fell into their hands. Orders for the indiscriminate massacre of the Assassins wherever found, were given by Mangoo, and, without distinction of age or sex, they fell by thousands beneath the sword of justice and of vengeance. Fourteen years afterwards, the Syrian branch was destroyed by Bibars, the great Mameluke sultan; and though the sect, like the Jesuits, still clung together, in hopes of once more attaining to power, the opportunity never presented itself. And the merchants and peasants who at this day still hold the speculative opinions of the order, are scarcely aware of the bloody part it once enacted on the theatre of the world.*

DESTRUCTIVE KISSING.

Cicero speaks of a bronze statue of Hercules which had the features worn away by the frequent osculations of the devout. Several instances of the same kind have occurred in modern times. The face of a figure of the Saviour among the bronze bas reliefs which adorn the Casta Santa at Loretto, has in this way been quite kissed away. The foot of the famous statue of St Peter, in the Vatican, has lost much of its metal by the continual application of the lips and foreheads of votaries; and it has been found necessary to protect the foot of the statue of the Saviour by Michael, in the Minerva, from similar injury, by a brass buskin.

BUSINESS.

Business, says a celebrated writer, is the salt of life, which not only gives a grateful smack to it, but dries up those crudities that would offend, preserves from putrifaction, and drives off all those blowing flies that would corrupt it. Let a man be sure to drive his business rather than let it drive him. When a man is but once brought to be driven, he becomes a vassal to his affairs. Reason and right give the quickest dispatch. All the entanglements that we meet with arise from the irrationality of ourselves or others. With a wise and honest man a business is soon ended, but with a fool and knave there is no conclusion, and seldom even a beginning.

REPLY OF DIOGENES THE CYNIC.

Diogenes the Cynic being interrogated what benefit he reaped from his barbarous philosophical researches, and his pursuit of wisdom—"If I reap no other benefit," says he, "this alone is sufficient compensation, that I am prepared to meet with equanimity every sort of fortune."

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* From the "Literary Rambler" (a periodical work published at Glasgow). 1832.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FOX.

The fox inhabits almost every temperate country in the world, and in each he is distinguished for craftiness of character. There is great diversity of opinion respecting the different varieties of foxes; some considering them simply as varieties, changed and modified in their form from local circumstances, while others rank them as distinct species. These differences, however, are not so conspicuous as in the great varieties of the common dog.

Of the distinctive properties between the fox and dog, the most striking is in the structure of the eye. In dogs, the iris uniformly contracts around the pupil, in the form of a circle; while, in the fox, if observed under the influence of a strong light, it is seen to close in a vertical direction, the pupil assuming the figure of a section of a double convex lens. The object of this provision is obviously to exclude the rays of light.

The fox is of a wild and ferocious disposition, so much so, that it is hardly possible to render him wholly tame. Perhaps there is no predatory animal more cunning than he is, not only in providing himself with a secure retreat wherein to repose and rear his young, but also in the stratagems he employs for catching his prey. He feeds indiscriminately on lambs, geese, fowls, hares, rabbits, and small birds of all kinds: his fondness for grapes renders him a great annoyance to the vineyards of France.

The fox seldom fails to establish his habitation near some farm or village, so that he may the more easily attack the poultry, which appear to be his favourite food; and he often commits great depredations in poultry-yards, destroying in a single evening every thing that has life. When all other kinds of food fail him, he will destroy serpents, lizards, toads, moles, frogs, rats, and mice; and when extremely pressed by hunger, like the dog he will feed on roots and other vegetable substances; but this is only in cases of extreme necessity: he is also known to eat crabs, shrimps, or other shell-fish.

The fox sometimes runs down his prey, and at others he slips cautiously forward, like a cat, dragging his body on the ground, and then makes a sudden bound at his booty, seldom missing his aim. He either conceals it among bushes or herbage, or carries it off to his burrow. In this manner, he returns repeatedly to his work of destruction, and generally keeps a considerable supply of provisions in store, but always in different places, to serve him under his various necessities; but it is seldom he prolongs these excursions after sunrise.

Fox-hunting has long been a favourite British field-sport, and in no other country is it pursued with such ardour and intrepidity. Both our dogs and horses are bred with particular care for this pastime, and are justly prized by all neighbouring states. The instant the fox finds himself pursued, he makes for his hole; but when it is intended to hunt a district, the huntsman or earth-stopper takes care to fill up the entrance to his burrow when he is out in search of food, so that he can only have recourse to his speed and cunning for his safety. He does not double, like the hare, but takes a straightforward course with strength and perseverance, and sometimes leads his pursuers a distance of fifty miles at a stretch, without the smallest intermission. Both dogs and horses, particularly the latter, frequently fall victims in such arduous chases. His strength is so great that he frequently escapes the utmost efforts of his enemies to take him, and returns to his hole in safety. But when all shifts have failed him, and he is at last overtaken, he defends himself with great obstinacy, and silently fights till he is literally torn to pieces by the merciless dogs.

On the 28th of October 1815, the hounds belonging to the Newry hunt started a fox at Tamary. After a short chase, reynard disappeared, having cunningly mounted a turfstack, on the top of which he lay down flat. Finding himself at last perceived by one of the hounds, he left his retreat, closely pursued by the pack. Being again hard pressed, he ran up a stone ditch, from which he sprang on the roof of an adjoining cabin, and mounted up to the chimney top. From that elevated situation he looked all around him, as if carefully reconnoitring the coming enemy. A cunning old hound approached, and, having gained the summit of the roof, had already seized the fox in imagination, when, lo! reynard dropped down the chimney, like a fallen star into a draw well. The dog looked wistfully down the dark opening, but dared not pursue the fugitive. Meantime, whilst the hound was eagerly inspecting the smoky orifice of the chimney, reynard, half enrobed in soot, had fallen into the lap of an old woman, who, surrounded by a number of children, was gravely smoking her pipe, not at all expecting the entrance of this abrupt visitor. "Emiladh deouil!" said the affrighted female, as she threw from her the black-red quadruped. Reynard grinned.

growled, and showed his fangs; and when the sportsmen, who had secured the door, entered, they found him in possession of the kitchen, the old woman and the children having retired, in terror of the invader, to an obscure corner of the room. The fox was taken alive, by William Gordon of Sheepbridge, Esq.

Some years ago, in Dumfriesshire, a fox was fairly hallooed from a hiding-place, amidst a ledge of rocks, high, secluded, and inaccessible, yet withal conveniently enough situated for those nightly forays by which he had laid half the hen-roosts in the district under repeated contribution. As the hounds were at hand, the felon bounded away through brush and brake, distancing his pursuers in the first instance, and holding out the promise of an excellent day's sport. These exertions, however, were too violent to be long continued, and the hunters knew, from the increased yelling of the pack, that it was gaining upon the enemy every moment. At this juncture, a gentleman who rode foremost in the chase observed the animal pause, look round, and then bound away, apparently with fresh vigour and greatly increased speed. Attracted by this circumstance, he rode up to the spot, and there found a very young cub, which the affectionate mother had carried at least two miles in her teeth, and which she did not abandon till the very last extremity. Situated as they were, the party had no means of restoring the cub, but as a reward for the fidelity of the mother, the whipper-in was immediately ordered to call off the dogs, and recommence the sports of the day in a totally different quarter.

The fox generally brings forth from three to six at a litter, and only once a-year. They are blind, and of a dark-reddish brown. They do not reach their full size till eighteen months old, and live to the age of from fourteen to sixteen years.

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Picturesque Scenery and Antiquities of Scotland," relates a curious anecdote of a fox-hunt, in which he was himself concerned. The hounds, which belonged to the Duke of Buccleuch, had had a long chase, and at last the fox made for Crichton Castle, and, leaping in at a window, endeavoured to find refuge in some of the *holes* or *bores* of that vast ruin. The hounds followed him, however, and soon compelled him to take his departure by a channel similar to that by which he had entered. It was then, Sir Walter informs us, one of the most singular and striking sights he ever witnessed, to see the long stream of dogs pouring out of a high window upon the ground, as if it were a cascade of animated creatures, variegated by numerous colours.

In the autumn of the year 1819, at a fox-chase in Galloway, a very strong one was hard run by the hounds, and finding himself in danger of being overtaken, made for a high wall at a short distance, and springing over it, crept close under the other side; the hounds followed him, but no sooner had they leapt the wall, than he again sprang over it, and, by this cunning device, gave them the slip, and got safe away from his pursuers.

Mr Hawkins of Pittsfield, an American gentleman, was in pursuit of foxes, accompanied by two bloodhounds; the dogs soon found a fox, and pursued him for nearly two hours, when suddenly they appeared at fault. Mr Hawkins came up with them near a large log of wood lying on the ground, and felt much surprised at seeing them take a circuit of a few roods without having an object in view, every trace of reynard seeming to have been lost, while they still kept yelping. On looking about him, he discovered the sly fox stretched upon the log apparently lifeless. Mr Hawkins made several unsuccessful efforts to direct the attention of the dogs towards the fox. At length he approached so near the artful object of his pursuit as to see him distinctly breathe. Even then reynard exhibited no alarm, and Mr Hawkins seizing a branch of a tree that lay hard by, aimed a blow at him, which the fox evaded by a leap from his singular lurking place, having thus for a time effectually deceived his pursuers, and got clear off.

When the old Duke of Grafton had his hounds at Croydon, it was his custom to have foxes taken occasionally in Whittlebury forest, and sent up in the venison cart to London. The fox thus brought was carried down the next hunting morning in a hamper behind the duke's coach, and turned out for the sport of the day. In pursuance of this plan, a fox was taken in a coppice in the forest, and sent up as usual. After a certain time, a fox was taken in the same coppice, whose size and appearance was so strikingly like that caught on the same spot before, that the keepers employed on the occasion expressed their suspicion that it was the same fox; and the man whose office it was to go to London with the venison, was directed to inquire whether the fox hunted on such a day was killed, or escaped. The latter having been the case, the suspicion of the keepers was at least considerably strengthened.

After a short time, a fox was again taken in the same coppice, which those concerned in taking it were well assured to be the same as was caught there before. To be, however, better able to identify their supposed old friend, if another opportunity should offer, before sending him off the third time he was marked in several places, and in different manners, his lip being cut, one ear slit, and several holes punched through the other. Thus marked, reynard was again dispatched to London, again hunted, and again escaped, and, within a very few weeks, was again taken in the same coppice, when his marks justified their former conjectures in spite of the seeming improbability of the fact. This poor animal was destined once more to put his strength and sagacity to the test, when the one or the other failed him, and he was caught by the hounds after a good chase, bearing the marks of his former escapes, which ought to have entitled him to the privilege formerly granted to a stag who had been fortunate enough to escape from his royal pursuers.

The following singular occurrence took place in the end of May 1829. As the forester on the estate of Auchenreoch, parish of Campsie, Ayrshire, proceeded to a field about seven in the morning, he was unexpectedly saluted by the howling of two full-grown foxes, which obstructed him in his course with so determined a resistance, that he was glad to call another man to his aid before he could drive them off. On proceeding a short way, a third fox was discovered hanging from a young ash tree, about three feet from the ground, with its shoulders firmly wedged between the forked branches. So hard had reynard struggled for liberty, that one of its fore-legs was broken; they succeeded, however, in taking it alive.

PHYSICIANS.

Sir William Temple relates the following anecdote of Dr Rujean, the most celebrated man of the medical profession in his time:—A certain great lady came to him in much distress about her daughter, and the physician began the investigation of the case by asking, "Why, what ails she?" "Alas! doctor," replied the mother, "I cannot tell; but she has lost her humour, her looks, her stomach—her strength consumes every day, so as we fear she cannot live." "Why do you not marry her?" "Alas, doctor, that we would fain do, and have offered her as good a match as ever she could expect." "Is there no other that you think she would be content to marry?" "Ah, doctor, that is it that troubles us; for there is a young gentleman we doubt she loves, that her father and I can never consent to." "Why, look you, madam," replied the doctor, gravely, being among all his books in his closet, "then the case is this: your daughter would marry one man, and you would have her marry another. In all my books I find no remedy for such a disease as this."

This story is an apposite illustration of the preposterous circumstances under which some people expect to derive benefit from medicine; but it is not often that they have the candour to explain the real state of the case. Many have a delicate tenderness for their own feelings, which withholds all information that might assist the physician in detecting the origin and nature of their disease; while, at the same time, they are so unreasonable, and have so little consideration, not only for the feelings but for the character of another, that they expect he will not misapprehend a single symptom, and exclaim vehemently against him if his treatment do not prove successful. Yet, where maladies depend upon the passions and affections so much as they must always do in a highly cultivated state of society, it is impossible to remove them, unless, besides the present bodily sensations, a faithful account be also rendered of the incidents in the patient's history which first disturbed the tranquillity of his mind, and thereby disordered the functions of his body. It is true that such communications would lead to a disclosure of family and personal secrets almost as unreserved as was formerly exacted at the confessional; it cannot, therefore, be expected that they should be made to any great extent; but people should at least learn not to be disappointed, and not to be angry because a cure is not performed, when they have themselves prevented it by concealing particulars that the medical attendant ought to have been made aware of.

But it is not in this way alone that unmerited censures are heaped upon the professors of the healing art. Such is our love of life, that we can scarcely ever persuade ourselves that any illness is our last; and when a friend is cut off, we are apt to imagine that a more skilful treatment might have saved him. Those, in particular, who belong to the lower classes, seldom see a young person, whose loss they regret, carried to the grave without remarking, that some old woman or other, experienced among sick-beds, "didna think the doctor ever rightly took up (comprehended) his trouble." Undoubtedly this is sometimes the case; both because many diseases are too complicated to be thoroughly understood, and because some practitioners are not so well informed nor so careful as they ought to be; but the allegation is made nine times wrongously to one where it is just.

Physicians receive very unfair play from another class of persons who call in their aid, and expect to be benefited by it instantaneously, at the same time that they by no means follow the injunctions laid down for their observance. A prescription is left; but the patient, felicitating himself upon his own sagacity, disregards it. The next day he does not hesitate to assert that the drug was duly taken: another medicine is ordered; and for once he makes himself a "good child," and allows it to be administered; but the efficacy of the second depending upon the previous operation of the first, and the first never having been used at all, the system, instead of being set to rights, suffers of course a farther derangement—a deterioration which is unscrupulously attributed to the doctor's ignorant treatment of the disorder. It never for a moment enters the patient's head that this treatment is not the doctor's, whose orders were disobeyed at the very outset; on the contrary, he observes to all who visit him, how fortunate a circumstance it was that he threw the first prescription aside, else matters might have been as bad again with him! We know an honest woman in the country, who, during a long illness, was attended by a regular practitioner, whose advice she sometimes followed and sometimes not, just as her caprice happened to suggest; but all the time she assiduously swallowed the doses of a certain celebrated empiric. If she enjoyed a day of ease, the quack was sure to get the credit of it: "it was untelling," she said, "the good she had gotten of his pills." Her intervals of suffering were with equal confidence ascribed to the mismanagement of the physician.

It is no wonder if medical men, not suspecting such gross deceptions in their patients, and seeing their prescriptions produce, as they are led to suppose, effects so different from what they have always seen them do in similar cases, begin to think they have mistaken the nature of the disease, and modify their treatment according to the misrepresentations of their employer. The consequence is, that no satisfactory result is obtained; the sick person, peevish and discontented, lays the whole blame on the doctor, whom he has from the beginning made it his business to mislead; calls in, in succession, four or five more, whom he deludes and discharges in the same manner; and ultimately, as the proper punishment for such a train of disingenuous proceedings, falls into the hands of a quack, who protests there never was such a set of impostors as the regular members of the medical faculty, declares that he will accomplish a cure in a month—he could have done it in a few days but for previous mismanagement—and, to use a vulgar phrase, "does for him" in considerably less than that time. The relatives take the tone of their opinion from the unwarranted assertions of this interloper, and the remark flies about—"Poor man! he was killed by the doctors. The man he at last consulted had some skill, and did a little for his relief; but he was ower far gane afore—clean wasted away wi' the drugs he had swallowed."

It is in China, we believe, where physicians are not paid unless they effect a cure, and this fact is often quoted by unthinking persons, with the comment that it would be well if the same practice were introduced into this country. But though a disease be not overcome, the sufferings it occasions may often be greatly lightened, and it would certainly be cruel in the extreme to deny to a man, of whom it is certainly known that his last hour is at hand, that alleviation of his expiring pangs which the use of medicine may procure. The doctor, after seeing that a case was hopeless, could have no motive to remain any longer by the sick-bed, unless humanity prompted him to do so; and if the friends of the sufferer would not part with a few shillings to obtain this kindness for him, it is not to be thought that strangers would often voluntarily stay to perform it. Yet the statement we have alluded to, passing from mouth to mouth, fills the auditors with a high idea of the shrewdness of the people among whom the custom is found, while at the same time they feel as if their own intellect were of an inferior order. We hope enough has been said to convince every one who reads it that there is no occasion here for any such mean opinion of ourselves, but that, on the contrary, the advantage is wholly on our side.

The above remarks have been thrown together principally for the use of our readers in the humbler walks of life, who, whatever may be their merits in other respects, are frequently—we had almost said habitually—too harsh in the construction they put upon the conduct of their medical advisers—a class of men whose daily and nightly task it is to visit the house of mourning, and whose lives are spent in alleviating the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. If we were asked to name any profession, the members of which performed their duties in a more faithful and conscientious manner, we could not do it; and if it were inquired which of all classes of men, as a class, performs the greatest number of benevolent actions, and does most, gratuitously, to lighten the general burden of human misery, we would answer—the Physicians.

REMARKABLE TRAVELS IN UNCIVILISED COUNTRIES.

CARVER, IN NORTH AMERICA.

(Second Article.)

A MULTITUDE of theories have been started by different authors, to account for the origin of the native population of America, prior to its discovery by Europeans. By far the most plausible theory, certainly, is that which is adopted by Captain Carver, that the progenitors of these people, most probably, found their way originally into America from *Chinese Tartary*, by the way of Kamschatka; and, in accordance with this idea, some authors have denominated the Peruvians the *Chinese of America*. "It appears plain to me," says our author, "that a great similarity between the Indians and Chinese is conspicuous in that particular custom of shaving or plucking off the hair, and leaving only a small tuft on the crown of the head. This mode is said to have been enjoined by the Tartarian emperors on their accession to the throne of China, and, consequently, is a farther proof that this custom was in use among the Tartars, to whom, as well as the Chinese, the Americans might be indebted for it. Many words also are used both by the Chinese and Indians, which have a resemblance to each other, not only in their sound, but their signification. There might possibly be found a similar connection between the language of the Tartars and the American aborigines, were we as well acquainted with it, as we are, from a commercial intercourse, with that of the Chinese."

The above theory has been completely followed out, on the principles here stated, by the celebrated Humboldt, and published by him, some years ago, in his "Researches in America." In that work he observes as follows:—"The nations of America, except those which border on the polar circle, form a single race, characterised by the formation of the skull, the colour of the skin, the extreme thinness of the beard, the straight and glossy hair. The American race has a striking resemblance to that of the *Mongul* nations, which include those known formerly by the name of Huns, Kulans, and Kalmucks."

Owing to various causes, the Indian population of North America could never be very great, and ever since the commencement of their intercourse with Europeans, it has regularly and rapidly decreased. The Red Men at present within the bounds of the United States are stated to be about 120,000. Of these, 20,000 belong to the only five nations that are recognised as such, eastward of the Mississippi. The Chickasaws, a people of about 4000, which have been lately bargained off to the west of the Mississippi, are said to have increased ten per cent. in six years. It is very probable that in the course of another century at farthest, the whole progeny of the primitive occupants of the North American continents will be driven into the Pacific Ocean, or quietly absorbed by the flood of civilised population which is spreading, in every direction, so rapidly around them. This was remarked by Justamond, a French writer, more than sixty years ago. "When we consider the hatred," says he, "which the hordes of these savages bear to each other, the hardships they undergo, the scarcity they are often exposed to, the frequency of their wars, the scantiness of their population, the numberless snares we lay for them, we cannot but foresee, that, in less than three centuries, the whole race will be extinct. What will posterity then think of this species of men, who will exist no more but in the accounts of travellers? Will not the times of savages appear to them in the same light as the fabulous times of antiquity do to us? They will speak of them as we do of the Centaurs and Lapithæ. How many contradictions shall we not discover in their customs and manners! Will not such of our writings as may then have escaped the destructive hand of time, pass for romantic inventions, like those which Plato has left us concerning the ancient Atalantis?"*

The stature of these people is described as being, in general, beautifully proportioned; but they had more agility than strength, and were better calculated for swiftness than hard labour; and hence their bitterest imprecation against an enemy was, that he might be reduced to till the ground. Their features were regular, with that fierce aspect which they contracted in war and hunting. Their complexion was copper-colour, and they had it from nature, as all men become tawny when they are constantly exposed to the open air. This complexion was rendered still more disagreeable by the absurd custom which all savages have of painting their bodies and faces, either to distinguish each other at a distance, or to make themselves more agreeable to their mistresses, or more formidable in war. Besides this varnish, they rubbed themselves with the fat of quadrupeds, or the oil of fishes, which prevented the intolerable stings of gnats and other insects that swarm in uncultivated countries. These ointments were prepared and mixed up with certain red juices, which were supposed to be a deadly poison to the mosquitoes. To these several methods of anointing themselves, which penetrate and discolour the skin, may be added the fumigations they made in their huts to keep off those insects, and the smoke of the fires they kept up all the winter, to warm themselves and to dry their meat. This was sufficient to make them appear frightful to our people, though they undoubtedly imagined that it added to their beauty. Their sight, smell, hearing, and all their senses, were remarkably quick, and gave them early notice of their dangers and wants. These were few, but their diseases were fewer. They hardly knew any distempers but what were occasioned by too violent exercise, or eating too much after long abstinence.

The extreme ferocity manifested by these tribes, in the killing of their enemies, by scalping them and sucking their blood, as also their fiendish manner of torturing their prisoners to death, whilst the said prisoners seem to have possessed the power of almost entirely repressing the feeling of pain under the hands of their tormentors, are circumstances which have often been detailed, and, therefore, a description of such matters at present would have little of novelty to recommend it. "This method of tormenting their enemies," says our author, "is considered by the Indians as productive of more than one beneficial consequence. It satiates, in a greater degree, that diabolical lust of revenge which is the predominant passion in the breast of every individual of every tribe, and it gives the growing warriors an early propensity to that cruelty and thirst for blood which is so necessary a qualification for such as would be thoroughly skilled in their savage art of war.

"I have been informed that an Indian who was under the hands of his tormentors, had the audacity to tell them that they were ignorant old women, and did not know how to put brave prisoners to death. He acquainted them that he had heretofore taken some of their warriors, and, instead of the trivial punishments they inflicted on him, he had devised for them the most excruciating torments; that, having bound them to a stake, he had stuck their bodies full of sharp splinters of turpentine wood, to which he then set fire, and, dancing around them, enjoyed the agonizing pangs of the flaming victims. This bravado, which carried with it a degree of insult that even the accustomed ear of an Indian could not listen to unmoved, threw his tormentors off their guard, and shortened the duration of his torments; for one of the chiefs ran to him, and, ripping out his heart, stopped with it the mouth from which had issued such provoking language."

If any of the men-prisoners are spared, which is often the case, by their being adopted into the tribe, they are commonly given to the widows that have lost their husbands by the hand of the enemy, if there be any such, to whom, if they happen to prove agreeable, they are soon married. But should the dame be otherwise engaged, the life of him who falls to her lot is in great danger, especially if she fancies that her late husband wants a slave in the country of spirits, to which he is gone.

A tall handsome prisoner had lost several of his fingers in battle. This circumstance was not noticed at first. "Friend," said the widow to whom he was allotted, "we had chosen thee to live with us; but in the condition I see thee, unable to fight and to defend us, of what use is life to thee? Death is certainly preferable." "I believe it is," answered the savage. "Well, then," replied the woman, "this evening thou shalt be tied to the stake. For thy own glory, and for the honour of our family, who have adopted thee, remember to behave as a man of courage." He promised he would, and kept his word. For three days he endured the most cruel torments with a constancy and cheerfulness that set them all at defiance. His new family never forsook him, but encouraged him by their applause, and supplied him with drink and tobacco in the midst of his sufferings!

"How shall we account for this insensibility?" says Justamond. "Is it owing to the climate, or to their manner of life? No doubt, colder blood, thicker humours, a constitution rendered more phlegmatic by the dampness of the air and the ground, may blunt the irritability of the nervous system in Canada. Men who are constantly exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, the fatigues of hunting, and the perils of war, contract such a rigidity of the fibres, such a habit of suffering, as makes them insensible to pain. It is said, the savages are scarce ever convulsed in the agonies of death, whether they die of sickness or of a wound. As they have no apprehensions either of the approaches or the consequences of death, their imagination does not suggest that artificial sensibility against which nature has fortified them. Their whole life, both natural and moral, is calculated to inspire them with a contempt of death, which we so much dread, and to enable them to overcome the sense of pain, which is heightened by our indulgences."

The Indians, as might be supposed, were never great adepts in astronomy, but, as Carver informs us, they seem nevertheless to have had a very rational method of dividing their time. They count their years by winters, or, as they express themselves, by snows. They generally divide their years by moons, and make them consist of twelve lunar months, observing, when thirty moons have waned, to add a supernumerary one, which they term the lost moon; and they then begin to count as before. They pay a great regard to the first appearance of every moon, and, on the occasion, always repeat some joyful sounds, stretching at the same time their hands towards it.

Every month has with them a name expressive of its season; for instance, they call the month of March (in which they generally commence their year at the first new moon after the vernal equinox) the worm month, or moon, because at this time the worms quit their retreats in the bark of the trees, wood, &c., where they have sheltered themselves during the winter.

The month of April is termed by them the month of plants; May, the month of flowers; June, the hot moon; July, the buck moon. The reason for thus denominating these is obvious.

August, the sturgeon moon; because in this month they catch great numbers of that fish.

September, the corn moon; because in that month they gather in the Indian corn, which is their only agricultural produce, and even that is managed chiefly by the women.

October, the travelling moon; as at this time they leave their villages, and travel towards the places where they intend to hunt during the winter.

November, the beaver moon; for in this month the beavers begin to take shelter in their houses, having laid up a sufficient store of provisions for the winter season.

December, the hunting moon; because they employ this month in pursuit of their game.

January, the cold moon; as it generally freezes harder, and the cold is more intense in this than in any other month.

February, they call the snow moon; because more snow commonly falls during this month than any other throughout the winter.

When the moon does not shine, they say she is dead, and some call the three last days of it the naked days. The moon's first appearance they term its coming to life again. They have no such division as that of weeks; but days they count by *sleeps*, half days by pointing to the sun at noon, and quarters by the rising and setting of the sun, to express which in their traditions they make use of very significant hieroglyphics.

In regard to arithmetic, their ideas are extremely circumscribed; and though they are able to count, in general, as high as thousands, figures, as well as letters, appear mysterious to them, and quite above their comprehension.

"During my abode with the Naudowessies," says our author, "some of the chiefs, observing one day a draught of an eclipse of the moon in a book of astronomy which I held in my hand, they desired I would permit them to look at it. Happening to give them the book shut, they began to count the leaves till they came to the place in which the plate was. After they had viewed it, and asked many questions relative to it, I told them they need not to have taken so much pains to find the leaf on which it was drawn, for I could not only tell in an instant the place, without counting the leaves, but also how many preceded it. They seemed greatly amazed at my assertion, and begged that I would demonstrate to them the possibility of doing it. To this purpose I desired the chief that held the book to open it at any particular place, and just showing me the page, carefully to conceal the edges of the leaves, so that I might not be able to count them. This he did with the greatest caution; notwithstanding which, by looking at the folio, I told him, to his great surprise, the number of leaves. He counted them regularly over, and discovered that I was exact. And when, after repeated trials, the Indians found I could do it with great readiness, and without ever erring in my calculation, they all seemed as much astonished as if I had raised the dead. The only way they could account for my knowledge was by concluding that the book was a spirit, and whispered me answers to whatever I demanded of it. This circumstance," adds the captain, "trifling as it might appear to those who are less illiterate, contributed to increase my consequence, and to augment the favourable opinion they already entertained of me."

These Indian tribes used to go annually, in the month of April, to a great cave situated about thirty miles below the Falls of St Anthony, on the Mississippi, where, a grand council being held with the other tribes, they settled their operations for the ensuing year. At the same time they carried with them their dead, for interment, bound up in buffaloes' skins. On one of these occasions Captain Carver formed one of the company. When they arrived at the great cave, and the Indians had deposited the remains of their deceased friends in the burial-place that stands adjacent to it, they held their great council, at which a great number of speeches were delivered on both sides, the fluency of which would astonish an European.

* Vide History of the Settlements in the East and West Indies, vol. iv. p. 33.

THE CANONGATE OF EDINBURGH.

[From "Reekiana," a work by R. Chambers, just published.]

The Canongate, which takes its name from the Augustine Canons of Holyrood (who were permitted to build it by the charter of David the First in 1128, and afterwards ruled it as a burgh of regality), was formerly the court end of the town. As the main avenue from the palace into the city, it has borne upon its pavement the burden of all that was beautiful, all that was gallant, all that has become historically interesting in Scotland for the last six or seven hundred years. It still bears an antique appearance, although many of the houses are modernised. There is one with a date from Queen Mary's reign,* and many may be guessed from their appearance to be of even an earlier era. Previous to the Union, when the palace ceased to be occasionally inhabited, as it had formerly been, by at least the vicar of majesty, in the person of the Lord High Commissioner to the Parliament, the place was densely inhabited by persons of the first distinction. Allan Ramsay, in lamenting the death of Lucky Wood, says—

Oh, Canigate, puir elrich hole,
What loss, what crosses does thou thole!
London and death gars thee look droll,
And hing thy head;
Wow but thou has e'en a cauld coal,
To blaw indeed—

and mentions, in a note, that this place was "the greatest sufferer by the loss of our members of Parliament, which London now enjoys, many of them having had their houses there"—a fact which Maitland confirms. Innumerable traces are to be found in old songs and ballads, of the elegant population of the Canongate in a former day. In the pitiable tale of Marie Hamilton—one of the queen's Maries—occurs this simple but picturesque stanza:—

As she cam doun the Cannogait,
The Cannogait sae free,
Mony a lady looked ower her window,
Weeping for this ladye.

An old popular rhyme expresses the hauteur of these Canongate dames towards their city neighbours of the male sex:—

The lasses o' the Canongate,
Oh, they are wond'rous nice;
They winna gie a single kiss,
But for a double price.
Gar hang them, gar hang them,
Hich upon a tree;
For we'll get better up the gate,
For a bawbee!

But even in times comparatively modern, this faux-bourg was inhabited by persons of very great consideration. Within the memory of a lady in middle life, it used to be a common thing to hear, among other matters of gossip, "*that there was to be a braw flitting*† *in the Canongate to-morrow;*" and parties of young people were made up, to go and see the fine furniture brought out, sitting perhaps for hours in the windows of some friend on the opposite side of the street, while cart after cart was laden with magnificence. Many of the houses, to this day, are fit for the residence of a first-rate family in every respect but *vicinage* and *access*. The last grand blow was given to the place by the opening of the road along the Calton Hill in 1817, which rendered it no longer the avenue of approach to the city from the east. Instead of profiting by the comparative retirement which it acquired on that occasion, it seemed to become the more wretchedly squalid, from its being the less under notice—as a gentleman dresses the least carefully when not expecting visitors. It is now a secluded, and, in general, meanly inhabited suburb, only accessible by ways, which, however lightly our fathers and grandfathers might regard them, are hardly now pervious to a lady or gentleman, without shocking more of the senses than one, besides the difficulty of steering one's way through the herds of the idle and the wretched who encumber the street. The only decent approach is, indeed, by that very new road, along the Calton Hill, which has operated so grievously to the depression of this antique place. There is now (1833) only one person of condition in the whole street, Sir William Macleod Bannatye (formerly a Judge of the Supreme Court, under the designation of Lord Bannatyne), who occupies a tall and elegant mansion on the site of the house of the Earls of Wintoun, built by the late Sir John Whiteford, and afterwards occupied by Professor Dugald Stewart.

* A little below the church.

† Removal.

THE HARE A NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

Coursing owes all its interest to the instinctive consciousness of the nature of inertia which seems to govern the measures of the hare. The greyhound is a comparatively heavy body, moving at the same or greater speed in pursuit. The hare *doubles*, that is, suddenly changes the direction of her course, and turns back at an oblique angle with the direction in which she had been running. The greyhound, unable to resist the tendency of its body to persevere in the rapid motion it had acquired, is urged many yards before it is able to check its speed and return to the pursuit. Meanwhile the hare is gaining ground in the other direction, so that the animals are at a very considerable distance asunder when the pursuit is recommenced. In this way, a hare, though much less fleet than a greyhound, will often escape it.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD OFFICER.

THE LOOTIES WORSTED.

Captain John Grant, senior, 2d battalion 42d regiment (of Glenmorrison, Inverness-shire), was second in command in the fort of Mangalore when besieged by Tippoo, in the early part of which he commanded a sortie or sally against the enemy's grand battery, and of another of four guns near it, of which he obtained possession; but the enemy collecting in great force, and finding their works of extraordinary thickness and strength, he deemed it prudent and necessary to return to the fort, without having completed his object, to which his detachment, as it turned out, was by no means adequate. His conduct was approved of: he was a gallant soldier, and an excellent good-tempered man.

In the year 1782, when the force under Lieutenant-Colonel Humberston was moving against Tippoo's fort of Paligautcherry, Captain Grant was principally concerned in a little adventure, which might have terminated very disagreeably, but from which he and his small party extricated themselves with great presence of mind, coolness, and gallantry, which did them much credit. He, Lieutenant Charles Sutherland, Serjeant Cummings, Corporal Munro, and a private whose name is not remembered, went out on a party from camp to shoot bullocks, a very common practice, the commissary not having it in his power to procure them regularly for the army. Just as the party had ascended a little hill, they saw advancing towards them a party of the enemy's irregular horse (termed looties), of about twenty in number, and brandishing their drawn swords. Captain Grant's party immediately formed, determined to sell their lives dearly; and he gave orders that one-half should only fire at a time, and that the other half should reserve theirs until those who had fired had again loaded. The whole party were armed. Their first fire brought down some of the horses and horsemen, which checked them; they again attempted to advance: the next fire produced a similar effect as the first, which so staggered them, that, after a little debate amongst themselves, they thought it best to abandon the enterprise, which they found more dangerous and disadvantageous than they had expected. In Tippoo's irregular cavalry, the horses were the property of the riders, the loss of which he did not replace to the owners, which will account for their not persevering in their attack on Captain Grant and his brave little party. The Malabar coast had been ruled by Hindoo rajahs, whom Hyder, Tippoo's father, had subjected, and tried to convert to the Mahommedan religion; the consequence of which was, that the inhabitants had forsaken the open country, and had retired to the fortresses and hills; and many of the cattle had been permitted to run wild, and had greatly increased.

A LANDSMAN TURNED NAVIGATOR.

Captain Dalyell, 2d battalion 42d regiment (of Largo, Fifeshire), was a man of talent and science; he was killed at Mangalore, and had been previously wounded at Paniera, when Tippoo attacked the force under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod. The colonel employed Captain Dalyell as chief engineer in erecting the field-works to strengthen his post, for which his education had qualified him.

The Myrtle transport, on board of which were the companies of Lieutenant-Colonel Macleod, Captain Macdonell, and Captain Dalyell, 2d battalion 42d regiment, unfortunately separated from the fleet off the Cape of Good Hope; they put into St Augustine's Bay, in Madagascar, the rendezvous. It was in a great measure owing to him that from this they shaped their course for St Helena, as his science enabled him to make the necessary observations, the captain being only a seaman, and no navigator. They had no charts on board, unless the maps in Guthrie's Gazetteer could be so called. At St Helena, they procured proper charts, from whence they made their way good to Madras, where they appeared long after they had been totally given up for lost.

EPIDEMIC.

In the year 1782, a most violent cramp, or a spasmodic affection, was so prevalent and severe, both amongst the Europeans of the troops on the Malabar coast, and amongst the seamen in Sir Edward Hughes' fleet, that it may be said to have been epidemic. It generally first attacked the lower extremities, but soon mounted to the vital parts, and proved mortal if not subdued and overcome by friction, the warm bath, and by the free use of opium and mulled spirits. On board the fleet, their coppers were always left full of boiling water, that they might immediately command the warm bath. It was a most fearful disease, and most distressing to witness the agonies of those suffering under it. We believe it had no connection with the cholera, and amongst the troops it was more prevalent during the monsoon, or rainy season.

TOUR OF DUTY.

On the evening of the 16th or 17th of October 1782, Lieutenant S——, of the 2d battalion 42d regiment, according to the rules which then existed in favour of the king's service, being senior subaltern in the little army under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Humberston, proceeding against Paligautcherry, and being first on the list for that kind of duty, was ordered on detachment from Margaree Catah, in Ramgaree, a distance of about thirty miles, for a supply of ammunition, which was much wanted; and leaving this, he marched next morning with the determination of only taking a sufficient time to allow his little party to cook and eat their rice at noon. His small party consisted only of twenty-five Travancore sepoys (the king of Travancore, our ally, had sent two of his battalions to reinforce us); but a jemautdaar of the Bombay troops (native lieutenant) accompanied him, to assist him, and to act as his interpreter—a very intelligent active little man, who had been repeatedly wounded in the service, to which he was faithfully and zealously attached. The lieutenant's friends, conceiving that the service he was sent on was one of much danger and uncertainty, took leave of him, evidently under the impression that they would not see him again, fearing his party would be intercepted and cut off by the enemy's cavalry. They were, however, mistaken. He met with no molestation, and successfully executed the duty with which he had been entrusted; for he rejoined the army with a loaded English waggon, a tumbril, and seventy boxes of ball-cartridges, carried on coolies' heads, and which they probably would have thrown down and fled had a single horseman appeared.

The English waggon (it had come out with the expedition under Commodore Johnston and General Meadows) was ill calculated for the kind of roads it had to travel through; and in lending his best exertions to assist it out of a rice field, the lieutenant lost his shoes, and was obliged to continue his march without any, and had it not in his power to replace them for eight or ten days after. Before he marched from Ramgaree, on his way back to the army, his party was reinforced by a havildar and twelve Bombay sepoys, and by eight or nine European soldiers who had been left there sick, had recovered, and had to join the corps to which they belonged.

FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

Early in the month of February 1783, Lieutenant S——, of the 2d battalion 42d regiment, then an assistant commissary of provisions, was ordered forward from Biddaral to Fatta Hettah with his stores, and with directions to have beef ready for the Europeans of the detachment under the command of Major Campbell, 2d battalion 42d regiment, then proceeding by orders from Brigadier-General Mathews against the fort of Arrantpore. Fatta Hetta was only a few miles distant from Biddaral, and as no enemy was suspected to be near, so no guard or escort had been sent with the commissary. Six bullocks were unpacked, his stores lodged, and his butchers had just begun their work, when a small party of Tippoo's looties, of about from fifteen to twenty, suddenly made their unwelcome appearance, galloping into the village with drawn swords, and shouting, with the evident intention of cutting down and making themselves masters of the commissariat. Thus taken by surprise, and without the means of defending themselves, all hands immediately dispersed; and in his speedy retreat the commissary having most fortunately fallen in with some few soldiers of his own corps, who had been permitted to march on in advance of Major Campbell's detachment, with them he immediately ran back with all the haste he could, drove the horsemen off, saved all his stores, and rescued a drummer boy of the 100th regiment, whom a lootie, after having severely wounded him with his sword, had made prisoner, and had mounted before him. This poor lad was afterwards taken prisoner at Biddaral, with General Mathew's army, and died in confinement.

CELEBRATED LIBRARIES.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

Before the beginning of the fourteenth century, the Oxford University Library consisted of a few tracts kept in the choir of St Mary's Church, and afterwards in the Old Convocation House, adjoining to the east end of that church.

The first collection of books in Oxford, worthy to be called a library, was left to Durham College, on the site of which Trinity College now stands, by Richard Augerville, Bishop of Durham, tutor to Edward the Third, and afterwards Treasurer and Chancellor of England. These books he had collected in his embassy to France, and they are supposed to have formed the largest collection at that time in England.

The divinity school, and the room above it, were built by Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. This room he furnished with books, to which those in the Old Convocation House were added. The commissioners of reformation, under Edward the Sixth, plundered this library so completely, that it was determined, in full convocation, in 1555, to sell the seats and cases.

About the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Sir Thomas Bodley, who died on the 28th of January 1612, built the gallery by which we enter the library, as well as that for pictures. The former he furnished with books, as well as the room over the divinity school, which he was at the expense of refitting for

that purpose. Besides giving his books, which he had collected with great care and expense, he left an estate for salaries to the officers, and to keep the library in repair. For the government of it he drew up some statutes, which were confirmed in convocation, and which are preserved in his own hand-writing in the archives of the library.

After the death of Sir Thomas Bodley, the Earl of Pembroke, by the persuasion of Archbishop Laud, gave to the library almost all the collection of Greek manuscripts which Francis Baroccio, the Venetian, had collected with great pains and cost, and which is thought to be the most valuable that ever came into England at one time. The earl reserved twenty-two of them for his own use; but these were afterwards bought and presented to the library by Oliver Cromwell; and to these Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador to Constantinople, added another choice collection of Greek manuscripts.

Sir Kenelm Digby having sent into the east to purchase oriental manuscripts, and into Germany to buy curious books, presented a large collection to the library, among which were upwards of two hundred manuscripts.

At the desire of Archbishop Laud, the University erected a room over the New Convocation House, and which, by communicating with Duke Humphrey's library (that is, the room over the divinity school), brought the library into the shape of a Roman H, which is its present form. In this part of the library the excellent collection of Archbishop Laud, and that of the learned John Selden, are placed.

Besides these benefactors, the library has been greatly increased by many others—the principal of which are General Fairfax; Dr Marshall, rector of Lincoln College; Dr Barlow, bishop of Lincoln; Dr Tanner, bishop of St Asaph; Dr Godwin, Dr Rawlinson, Browne Willis. Dr Rawlinson, besides his manuscripts, bequeathed his valuable collection of English coins, seals, &c. to the Bodleian library. Browne Willis, many years before his death, gave his collection of English coins, which he had been forty years collecting. The university being apprehensive that such a present might injure his family, paid him for 150 gold coins, at the rate of four guineas an ounce. He paid a visit to the cabinet every year on St Frideswide's day, and besides enlarging it, gave 1200 tradesmen's tokens, and several manuscripts, exclusive of his own, which he left by will to this library.

These donations, together with several libraries purchased by the University of Dr Huntington, Mr Greaves, Dr Pocock, and many others, and the publications which are added to it daily, have made it one of the largest libraries in Europe.

SELDEN'S LIBRARY ADDED TO THE BODLEIAN.

It appears that Selden had originally intended to leave his books to the Bodleian library, but, upon being refused the loan of some manuscripts from thence (the university acting agreeably to the statute, which expressly forbids any books to be carried out of the library), he altered his design, and left them to the Society of the Inner Temple, upon this condition, that they, together with the students of the Middle Temple, should erect a proper library for their reception; otherwise his executors were at liberty to bestow them upon any public body. The societies of the Temple rejecting the terms above mentioned, several members of the university, and particularly Mr Thomas Barlow, head librarian, entered into treaty with the executors, and stating the case properly, requested the books, which, upon certain terms, were granted to them. One of them is, that the "books bee forever heerafter kept togeather in one distincte pile and body, under the name of Mr Selden's Library."

In the beginning of September 1659, the library of the learned Selden was brought into that of Bodley. Anthony Wood laboured several weeks with Mr Thomas Barlow and others, in sorting them, carrying them up stairs, and placing them. In opening some of the books, they found several pairs of spectacles, which Mr Selden had put in, and forgotten to take out, and Mr Thomas Barlow gave Mr Wood a pair, which he kept in memory of Selden to his last day.

FOGS AND MISTS.

Fogs and mists, when they extend over large surfaces varied with land and water, are generally produced in fine calm weather, after the sun's rays have ceased to warm the earth by the higher masses of air, which have been rapidly cooled in the more elevated regions of the atmosphere, descending by their weight, and intermixing with the lower, and lighter, and still warmer strata. These are gradually chilled, until the undermost stratum is affected, first to dampness, then to a slight precipitation, scarcely visible to the eye, and, finally, to mist and fog. The earth, during clear nights, immediately on the withdrawing of the heat-imparting energies of the sun, begins to emit the particles of heat it had acquired during the day, or in ordinary language, to cool. The atmosphere does the same, but at a much slower rate. In the race, therefore, between the cooling powers of these two bodies, the start is usually made at sunset with the earth's surface warmer than the incumbent air. The first, by its more rapid descent, overtakes the latter at some point of equal temperature, and, passing its sluggish competitor, becomes colder, and, of course, instead of warming the stratum of air in contact, as it did in the first part of its course, it now, on the contrary, becomes an absorber of heat, and, consequently, cools the contiguous bodies. In both these cases, the process is favourable to the formation of mist, but in different modes. In the first, it assists the intermixture of the two differently warmed bodies of air, by keeping up the temperature of the lower one, and by thus increasing its disposition to ascend, the mingling and the deposition are more rapid and complete. In the latter case, it is in the same condition with relation to the air near the surface as the strata above it, namely, cooler, and, therefore, it acts similarly; the surface-air being now between two cooling masses, the rate of its condensation and consequent precipitation of moisture is at least continued, and perhaps increased.

The phenomenon of mists forming over lakes and rivers, when the atmosphere of their banks and adjacent land is entirely free from visible vapour, is a very remarkable one, and has excited considerable attention. The late Sir H. Davy observed and communicated to the public some curious facts, which have contributed very much to our knowledge on the subject. The principal operating cause in producing this singular effect is the difference of the rate of cooling, in the absence of the sun in fluid and in solid bodies. In the surface of the former, the particles, as they cool, sink, and give place to those beneath, which then are warmer, and therefore lighter, producing thus a renewal of surface, and a very slow decrease of its general temperature compared with those of solid bodies, whose particles are motionless among themselves. When those on their surface are cooled, they remain in their place, and are affected by the superior warmth of the internal particles only in the degree of the conducting power of the body. And this conducting power is found to be extremely feeble in most of the substances which form the solid crust of our globe.

These conditions being understood, it will be easy to imagine that the portion of the atmosphere which reposes on the surface of the water, will continue warmer after sunset on a clear night, than the contiguous parts which rest upon the adjacent land. From its position, too, with regard to an aqueous surface, it will also obtain a greater load of moisture. If we now suppose the cooled air of a superior stratum to descend in the usual manner upon the masses of air lying upon the earth and the water, which, though closely adjoining, are, with regard to heat and humidity, very differently compounded, we shall find that its descent might produce little or no visible change in the land stratum, while, by its superior weight, it would fall into and partially displace that over the water, intimately intermixing with it, and condensing its moisture, and thus creating in the air a visible river or lake of vapour, whose boundaries in a still night would exactly coincide with the banks of the water beneath, however irregular their outline. Mr Harvey observed a mist of this kind hovering in a beautiful stratum over the stream which supplies Plymouth with water. The mist moved in the direction of the running stream, but with a velocity much greater, while it accommodated itself, in a most singular manner, in its course, to all the turns and windings of the channel. The breadth of the mist was nearly the same as that of the stream, and its average altitude about five feet. The water of the stream was observed to stand at 56°; the air over the water, 47½°; the ground near the mist, 45°; the air above it, 49°.—*Companion to the Almanack.*

TURNING A CORNER—CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

A carriage, or horseman, or pedestrian, passing a corner, moves in a curve, and suffers a centrifugal force, which increases with the velocity, and which impresses on the body a force directed from the corner. An animal causes its weight to resist this force, by voluntarily inclining its body towards the corner. As the velocity is increased, the centrifugal force is also increased, and therefore a greater inclination of the body is necessary to resist it. We accordingly find that the more rapidly a corner is turned, the more the animal inclines his body towards it. A carriage, however, not having voluntary motion, cannot make this compensation for the disturbing force which is called into existence by the gradual change of direction of the motion; consequently, it will, under certain circumstances, be overturned, falling of course outwards, or *from* the corner.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

LIGHT.

It is become matter almost of certainty, that the sensation of light is produced in a suitable nervous tissue in the eye, by a trembling motion in another fluid than air, which fluid pervades all space, and in rarity or subtlety of nature surpasses air vastly more than air does water or solids; and while, in sound, different tones or notes depend on the *number* of vibrations in a given time, so in light do different colours depend on the *extent* of the single vibrations. Can human imagination picture to itself a simplicity more magnificent and fruitful of marvellous beauty and utility than this! But, farther: As air answers in the universe so many important purposes besides that of conveying sounds—although this alone comprehends language, which almost means reason and civilization—so also does the material of light minister in numerous ways, in the phenomena of heat, electricity, and magnetism.—*Dr Arnott's Elements of Physics.*

NATURAL WOODS OF SCOTLAND.

The trees which predominate in quantity are the common birch, the oak, the hazel, and the mountain ash. These generally grow intermingled; but in many places entire forests are seen composed of single species. Of the trees which thus occur, the birch is the most common, and next to it the oak. But the oaks of the Highlands bear no resemblance to those of England. Hardly a single tree ever presents itself of the diameter of a foot, which is also the case with the birch. In general, the birch occupies the sides of mountains, while the alder most invariably fringes the streams. The fir is seldom met with in its native state in the northern, or along the coasts of the middle division; but in the central districts of the latter there are still magnificent forests of it. On the shores of Loch Maree, in Ross-shire, the scenery of which is of the most sublime order, the scattered remains of an extensive forest of this tree are still to be seen, and in many other places it is to be met with in small patches; but whenever it was possible to render the woods subservient to the purposes of commerce, the Highland proprietors have not scrupled to strip their estates, and in this desolate condition have they generally left them. The ash, perhaps the most beautiful of our trees, is hardly a native; nor do we remember having met with it in any place where we could suppose it of spontaneous growth, excepting the upper end of Loch Awe, the entrance of Loch Carron, and the sides of Loch Katrine. Next to it in grace and beauty is the mountain ash, which is of frequent occurrence. Many of the Highland glens are decorated by the bird-cherry, a tree whose beautiful clusters of white drooping flowers form fitting companions to the harebell, which is so frequently seen in the wild glens of the western coasts. The holly is of rare occurrence. The ivy and the beech we have never met with, and require better proof of their being natives than the circumstance of their having found a place in our Floras. Besides the above trees may be mentioned many species of willow, few of which attain any magnitude:—the sloe tree, the wild cherry or gean, the hawthorn, the crab apple, and the white beam, together with the rare and beautiful dwarf birch, which occurs on some of the Highland mountains.—*Edinburgh Literary Gazette.*

PRESENT STATE OF SPAIN.

It is not customary to publish any account of the robberies which occur almost daily. But to show their frequency and the boldness with which they are undertaken, it is enough to mention, that the diligence from Madrid to Barcelona, though escorted by several soldiers, was robbed at least ten times in the course of last year. The mail-coach from Madrid to Bayonne met with the same treatment either four or five times; the robbery being in more than one instance accompanied by the death or wounding of the postilions. * * * The state of society in Spain is such as fortunately cannot be matched in any other country, not even in Portugal or Tipperary. That there should, in a population of only 14,000,000, be, in the course of a single year, 1223 murders, and 1773 attempts at murder, accompanied by stabbing and wounding, exhibits a ferocity on the part of the people, and an imbecility on the part of the government, without a parallel, we shall not say in the history of civilized nations, but even among savage hordes. The population of England and Wales differs very little from that of Spain; and during the years 1826 and 1827, there were 74 individuals, being at the rate of 37 each year, convicted of murder, and of attempts at murder by stabbing, shooting, poisoning, &c. Hence it results, that for every individual convicted of these crimes in this part of the British empire, there were eighty-one convicted in Spain! Such are the comparative fruits of good government and of tyranny and misrule. Surely if there be any truth in the remark of Hume, that, when human affairs are sunk to a point of depression, they naturally begin to ascend in an opposite direction, the regeneration of Spain cannot be far distant.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, November 1829.

TO REMOVE A TIGHT STOPPER FROM A DECANTER.

It frequently happens that the stopper of a glass bottle or decanter becomes fixed in its place so firmly, that the exertion of force sufficient to withdraw it would endanger the vessel. In this case, if a cloth wetted with hot water be applied to the neck of the bottle, the glass will expand, and the neck will be enlarged, so as to allow the stopper to be easily withdrawn.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

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LONG LIVERS.

HUMAN life is not so short, but that very distant ages, or ages at least very different in character from each other, are sometimes strangely connected by the existence of an individual of the species. The progress of civilization, and the improvement of all the arts of life, is in this country so rapid, that no one who has survived to even middle life can fail to observe the great difference between his early and his latter days. How greatly, however, is the wonder increased, when we find persons who can look back for the better part, if not the whole of a century, and describe a state of things as having obtained in their young days, which is so entirely unlike any thing we now see around us, that it appears like a chapter of ancient history, narrated by an eye-witness who has, by some strange chance, survived the general wreck! At the present time, for instance, there must be individuals alive, who, in the midst of all the enlightenment, and all the conveniences, and appliances, for which the age takes so much credit—in this age of intellect, in short—recollect a time when there was *no intellect*, or at most *very little*, and when men of course lived a very strange sort of life. We are accustomed to regard the question of the Stuart dynasty as altogether a seventeenth century question—a thing quite foreign to our feelings and associations; yet people must still live, who not only recollect the pretensions of that family being defended by a respectable party, but saw a prince of the line invade the country, and, with a band of primitive people, who still kept alive manners, dress, and language, that had existed since before the days of the Romans, sweep through the island almost from end to end, in quest of the throne. We look upon Sir Robert Walpole as a man of quite a different day from this; and certainly one who was born in 1676, and suffered imprisonment in the Tower as an unruly member of Parliament in Queen Anne's time, is entitled to be so considered. Yet, if I am not mistaken, a daughter of his, Lady Katherine Walpole, appeared in our newspaper obituaries only about two years ago. Her father died in 1745. Our own present Duke of Montrose is but the grandson of a man who bore the family honours in the year 1684, before the death of King Charles the Second—nearly a hundred and fifty years ago—though it is curious, that, during the thirty-four preceding years, the same number of generations had borne them. What a difference between the circumstantial world of the grandfather and that of the grandson! Persons yet alive may recollect old Countess Margaret of Roxburghe, whose husband was drowned in the Gloucester frigate, coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York in 1682! She died so lately as 1753, a widow of seventy-one years. If I am not mistaken, Sir Ilay Campbell, who died in 1811, had conversed with an ancestor who had witnessed the execution of Charles the First: the space between the death of the monarch and that of the gentleman who had seen the witness of his execution, was a hundred and sixty-two years. Sir Walter Scott's mother, who died in 1820 or 1821, had spoken to a woman who recollected seeing Oliver Cromwell when in Scotland—or rather his nose, for she remembered nothing else about him. This was still more wonderful than the case of Sir Ilay Campbell, for the space between Cromwell's last departure from Scotland to fight the battle of Worcester in August 1651, and the death of the lady whose friend had seen him, was a hundred and seventy years! Such facts, though quite within the range of nature, and perhaps occurring not unfrequently, strike the mind with a kind of wonder—for they bring together into one idea, two ideas remotely different, and for a moment clasp the associations of a rude and unsettled age with those of one in every respect orderly and refined. It soothes us, moreover, with a pleasing notion of the extent of what we generally complain of as too short, namely, human life, and affords the encouraging idea that man or his immediate children may witness more of the effects of his own good works than is generally expected.

In the above instances, I have alluded to the phenomena which two long lives occasionally present. There are cases, however, in which one produces wonders almost as great. When George the Fourth visited Scotland, one of the individuals who came to bid him welcome and kiss his hand, was Patrick Grant, a Braemar Highlander, who had fought against his dynasty at Falkirk and Culloden, and been present at the melancholy embarkation of the defeated Chevalier for France. The old man remarked, with a tact worthy of a court, that he was perhaps the last of his majesty's enemies now alive. The king gave him a pension, which he enjoyed till his death, in February 1824, at the age of 111 years, when three pipers marshalled him to the grave, playing a tune which had been a favourite with his brethren insurgents in 1745. This civil war is still, on account of the curious contrast which it presents to the present state of things, a subject of constant allusion and recollection in Scotland. I may therefore refer to one or two other lives by which its wonders have been, as it were, brought into the presence of the existing generation. A venerable lady, Mrs K. of C., who died last year, and till her last displayed an almost juvenile vivacity and cheerfulness, remembered having been put into mourning for her cousin, a young gentleman of Prince Charles's army, who fell in the manner of the unfortunate Balmawhapple (though in no other respect did he resemble that personage), in the pursuit which followed the victory at Prestonpans. A distinguished exjudge of the Court of Session, who still lives in Edinburgh, is the *cousin-german* of one of the chieftains who led out their clans in that memorable year, and nephew to a gentlewoman who was seized and taken prisoner to London for having concealed the Chevalier. This individual entered the faculty of advocates in the year 1765, and may consequently be said to have been nearly seventy years connected with the court. There also lives at the present time in the New Town, a lady who recollects having been taken, when a child of about seven years, to see the Stuart court revived at Holyroodhouse: a Highland chieftain came out of the porch, and, with infantine wonderment at his appearance, she took hold of his kilt; her maid was astonished, when, instead of killing her with his dirk, he stooped down and clapped the child on the head. This lady remembers distinctly many of the Gaelic phrases used by the soldiers to each other on the streets of the city, and especially at the Netherbow Port, where they kept a guard. *Greshort*—make haste—was one of those most frequently in use, as might be expected from the hurried and adventurous nature of the whole affair. For some years past, many recently deceased Highlanders have been successively chronicled in the newspapers, as the last survivors of all who were engaged in that enterprise. Every forty-five hero who died, was naturally supposed by all who knew no other, to be almost for certain the last. The *last*, however, would appear to be still alive, if even he be alone in this curious historical distinction. The person I allude to is Andrew Wallace, who lives, or very lately lived, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, at the age of one hundred and three. He was born at Inverness in 1730, fought at the battle of Culloden on the side of Prince Charlie, and, in 1752, emigrated to America. He has since then fought in all the American wars, and was discharged so lately as 1813, after having been nearly seventy years a soldier. He enjoyed a pension of twenty-six cents per diem from the American government, and had a wife and two children, the youngest about fifteen years of age.

If we go back a few years, we find persons in extreme senility, whose association with proportionately earlier ages was equally remarkable. Dean Swift's curate died so late as 1797:* the dean himself had expired at a great age in 1744. The widow of the famous Lord Lovat (born in 1666, and executed in 1748) died in 1796, a hundred and thirty years after the birth of her husband. In March 1787, Torquil Macleod died in the Isle of Lewis, at one hundred and thirteen: he had been engaged in every battle fought for the house of Stuart since the Revolution, nearly a century before, namely, Killiecrankie, Sheriffmuir, and those of the Forty-five. If he had lived to July 1789, he would have survived his first battle a hundred years! Martha Hanna, however, who died so lately as 1805, remembered hearing the shots fired in one of the engagements during the residence of King James in Ireland—an incident nearly contemporaneous with the first battle fought by this aged islander. What an interval of improvement in every thing (at least for Britain) between the event which Martha recollected, and her death! Not many years ago, a woman, named Margaret Wylie, aged one hundred and thirteen years, was assisting at hay-making, in a field at Lawston, near Newcastleton, Roxburghshire, when it suddenly occurred to her that she had tedded hay in the very same place, when she was, as she expressed it, a gilpy lassie. On considering the matter farther, it turned out, to the astonishment of all present, that the old woman had been employed exactly as she was now, on the same spot, and in the same day of the year, a *century before!* The scenery was the same; the hay was what hay always was and will be; there were also smiling rustics around her now as then. But how different herself!—a single withered leaf in the midst of a green forest. How much had passed notelessly since the former period! What a retrospection!—an eighteenth part of all the time since the birth of Christ! In 1735, there died at Dryhope, in Yarrow, a woman, named Marion Renwick: the American war was then just concluded, and men were beginning to talk about Mr Pitt, the singularly juvenile minister. Strange to say, this woman had been baptized in the year 1682, in the house wherein she *died*, by the good and famous Mr Renwick, who suffered death a fortnight after in the Grassmarket, on account of his religion! Thus were the reigns of Charles the Second and George the Third, so essentially different, brought by one particular life into conjunction. Marion Renwick must have lived under eight sovereigns, counting William and Mary as two; and she had seen the Revolution, the union of England and Scotland, the accession of the Brunswick dynasty, the various civil wars in favour of the house of Stuart, and other political events of signal importance. She had seen Poland defend Christendom against the Turks, and divided, like a spoil, among three of the nations which it had defended. Another of those ancient worthies was the old Countess of Loudoun, whom Dr Johnson visited on his tour to Scotland. She died in 1777, aged one hundred. Her father was that Earl of Stair who directed the massacre of Glencoe in 1691; and her father-in-law's father, the first Earl of Loudoun, had figured at the head of affairs in Scotland during the civil war, and is said by Burnet to have once been or-

* The Rev. Bellingham Swan. He died at 102.

dered for a secret death in the Tower by Charles the First. Her ladyship had survived her marriage seventy-seven years.

A very remarkable beggar appeared on the streets of Edinburgh in the year 1770. He had an uncommonly dignified and venerable appearance, and generally sat bare-headed under a dead-wall in the Canongate. On inquiry being made into his history, it turned out that he was an attainted baronet, named Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie, who had early in life been an officer in the Scots Greys, but was broke for sending a challenge to the Duke of Marlborough, which he was provoked into by some expressions used by his grace in contempt of the Scottish nation. A subscription was opened on behalf of the venerable unfortunate; but we are not acquainted with its success, or with his subsequent history.

If we go back into a period somewhat earlier, we shall meet with stretches of human existence quite as remarkable. A clergyman, named James Ker, died minister of a parish in Roxburghshire, in 1694—therefore might have been conversed with by Marion Renwick, who lived almost to our own times. Now, this man had been ordained as a clergyman a year before the death of James the First of Great Britain—that is, seventy years before—and, what is still more remarkable, he had for all this time been minister of but one parish, except during the triumph of episcopacy. As he could hardly fail to have been born before the king went to reign in England, we may assume that his life, and that of Marion Renwick, bring us almost into contact with those early days, so different from our own, when Scotland had a distinct king and court. All these instances, however, sink into insignificance compared with that of Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the age of 169. Jenkins must have recollected the reign of Henry the Seventh, who closed the wars of the Roses, and ended the feudal times in England. The events of the Reformation must have been the historical panorama that passed before his eyes in what is generally considered middle life, but which to him was as early childhood. He must have recollected every thing that happened in the sixteenth century, including all the glories of Elizabeth, and almost every thing in the seventeenth too. The lives and recollections of several generations of men were, in a manner, packed into the individual person of this wonderful patriarch: he was an epitome of several ages of history. He must have at length seen so many of the changes wrought by the passions and reason of mankind, that nothing they did would astonish him. "Ah," I can imagine him saying to a modern, who talked of the executions of the regicides, "if you had but seen the fires of Smithfield!" The friends of his early days must have been so long perished from the face of the earth, that they would look like the creatures of a dream; and his very descendants must have at length become almost as alien to him as ordinary strangers. He would seem to himself like a weed cast out upon the shore of human existence, which no returning tide had ever been able to reach; and his memory, like a lachrymatory, could be filled with only the relics of sorrow. In short, a man under Jenkins's circumstances would be the most solitary and friendless of created beings; and his protracted existence would only give him occasion to feel more acutely the inherent pains and drawbacks which attend the condition of mortal life.

A TALE OF THE RHINNS OF GALLOWAY.

It is now many years since my avocations led me, during the summer months, to journey through several of the western districts of Scotland—more particularly Ayrshire and Wigtonshire, and that long narrow neck of fertile land known by the name of the Rhinns of Galloway. I stopped for a week or two at the house of a gentleman, who, from being a "muirland farmer," had, by means of paring and burning, liming, draining, fencing, and all the other modern devices of agricultural improvement, increased it in value to himself at least a hundredfold, during the currency of a long lease, and had finally become purchaser of it. As he was easy in his circumstances, and had his time at his own disposal, he made frequent excursions with me on horseback, sometimes inland, and at others along the interesting and rugged shores of the Solway—the region of so many scenes of death, peril, warlockrie, and witchcraft. During one of these rambles, we came to the ruins of an old tower, which stood on a high eminence about a mile from the rock-girdled beach, and commanded a splendid view towards the Atlantic, and of all the opposite English coast. The building had never been of any great extent or outward importance; but the strong massive walls and castellated style of architecture, together with its well-chosen situation, clearly indicated its having been a place of strength and consequence in former days. Being somewhat of an enthusiast in these matters, I was led to inquire its name and history, with those of its former and present owners, and of the property around. My friend informed me that neither the old turret nor the estate to which it belonged, which was of considerable extent, though in a neglected condition, had had any veritable owner for upwards of fifty years; that it was in the meantime in the hands of the Court of Session, under whose authority the sheriff of the county acted as factor or trustee, and drew what little rent accrued from the pasturage. He added, that they formerly belonged to an Irish family of some note; that the last proprietor had disappeared, when a young man, in a very mysterious manner, and that no trace could ever be got of his fate, or the cause of his disappearance, until very lately, the result of which, if properly established, would be, that the estate and tower would become the property of a poor woman, who had long been supported by private charity in the house of a neighbouring farmer. My curiosity being still further excited by these particulars, my friend remarked, that the story was too long to be communicated in a forenoon's ride, but would inform me of all he himself knew of it over our bottle of port in the evening. At the fitting time, therefore, I reminded him of his promise, which he fulfilled, by detailing to me the following curious narrative:—

Kellholm Peel at one time belonged to a branch of the family of Douglas, but, about the end of the seventeenth century, became, by right of marriage, the property of an Irish gentleman of the name of O'Rourke. The possession came to him, it appears, at a very seasonable time, as his marriage had drawn on him the hatred of most of his Irish connections, with whom, in consequence, he lived in a state of continual strife and feud. The event had particularly excited the jealousy and malice of one of his poorer relatives, whose numerous family, in the event of his dying without heirs, would have come in for a great part of the family estates in Ireland. The new possessor, therefore, lost no time in removing himself and family from a society in which he found no comfort, and not a little danger, and took up his residence at the Peel, trusting to enjoy security and peace, at least, to compensate for the sacrifice of expatriation. In this he was not disappointed, and remained in undisturbed retirement for several years, until, by the death of the family representative in Ireland, the aforesaid property fell into his hands. It was then his troubles began. The same notification which announced his succession, also gave him to understand that the peasantry of the district were violently prejudiced against him, no doubt through the influence of his vindictive and disappointed relatives; that they had been heard to vow resistance to any attempt he might make to assume his inheritance, and even to throw out hints of a darker import in the event of his personally appearing to assert his claims. O'Rourke, however, had too much regard for the interests of his young family, calmly to submit to this unjust deprivation of his rights, and finding, after a time, that there was no hope of his deriving any benefit from his paternal estates by conciliatory means, he resolved to go to Dublin, with the view of laying his case before the legislature, and soliciting either assistance to enforce his claims, or liberty to dispose of the property to any neutral person who might be rash enough to risk his money in the purchase. He set out accordingly—but he never returned. His visit to Ireland, and the purpose of it, was soon bruited amongst his connections; and one night, shortly after his arrival in the Irish metropolis, he was found murdered in the street. It need scarcely be added, that no trace of the assassins was ever obtained, although the quarter whence the blow was struck was readily guessed at. The unfortunate man left a widow and five children, two of whom, twins, were mere infants at the breast; and as the lady had no near relative to assist her in prosecuting her children's claims, the attempting which had proved so fatal to her husband, she resolved to allow them to lie dormant in the meantime, and bring up her family as if they had no such pretensions, trusting to the occurrence of a more propitious period afterwards to revive them. Whether such a time would have arrived or not, must now for ever remain mere matter of conjecture, as an event shortly afterwards took place, which seemed utterly to preclude the possibility of it, and which long excited a deep sensation over the whole district of Galloway, even in those troublous times.

One dark stormy night in December, the few inhabitants who were scattered over that part of the coast were alarmed by the intelligence that Kellholm Peel was in flames. From the distance at which the tower stood from other habitations, it was long before any one arrived, either to ascertain the cause of the conflagration, or aid in extinguishing it. When assistance at last did come, it was found to be as vain as inquiry was useless. Not a vestige of the late inmates was to be found; and the black smouldering embers alone remained, from which to form a guess either at the origin or the extent of the calamity. Not a doubt at first existed that all had perished, and all were equally convinced that the fatal event had been entirely accidental. Several circumstances, however, transpired afterwards to raise doubts on the latter point, and excite suspicion of foul play having been at work. A short unsheathed sword, of very curious and costly manufacture, and bearing evident marks of having been lately worn by its owner, was found a short way down the ancient causeway that communicated between the tower and the beach—farther on, a few articles of infant's apparel—and a soft part of the shore, over which the tide had not flowed, was much marked with the recent impress of human feet. By and bye, it was recollected that a strange schooner had been observed, for several days previous to the fatal event, hovering about the coast with more apparent sense of security than could have been felt by those engaged in a contraband enterprise, yet without any other evident purpose; and it had been suspected that she was a revenue vessel in disguise. But all these facts, however suspicious, led to nothing. The schooner had disappeared, and it was universally believed, that, if she was out at sea on the night of the conflagration, which was uncommonly dark and tempestuous, she must either have gone to the bottom, or been compelled to seek shelter in some of the havens on the coast; and as no intelligence of her was ever afterwards obtained, her destruction was generally considered certain.

If the burning of Kellholm Tower, however, was the work of incendiaries, and the murder or abduction of the family their object, their intentions were in part defeated. It happened that one of the infant twins, a boy, had at its birth been entrusted to the care of one of the tenants' wives to suckle, under whose charge it still remained at the above period, and thus escaped the unhappy fate of the rest of the family. At a crisis of this sort, in all legitimate tales of fiction, it generally happens that some "cruel uncle," or other rapacious relative, who had never been heard of before, suddenly appears on the field to claim the guardianship of the helpless orphan, and plot the means of appropriating all its inheritance to himself. No such obnoxious personage, however, obtruded himself in this instance. The nearest Scottish connection, on whom such a charge naturally devolved, was too actively involved in the many actual and suspected Jacobite conspiracies of the period, to have either time or inclination for taking any personal management of the infant heir or his property, and very readily consented to allow him to remain where he was, in the meantime, until it was seen whether any of his Irish relatives, who had a much nearer title to the office, should come forward. The young laird, therefore, continued in the house of the honest yeoman, and was reared, in all respects, like his own children, saving that, when the time arrived for the commencement of his education, he was sent to the next market town to reside during the summer for that purpose, and a teacher was hired into the house for his instruction in the winter months. From his earliest years, young Douglas (for, from the suspicion and dislike which attached to his Irish connections, his foster-parents had given him his mother's name) exhibited a singularly shy, morose, and eccentric disposition. He could seldom be prevailed on to join in the sports of his youthful compeers, but passed his leisure time in rambling alone about the rocky shore, exploring the caverns and recesses which there abounded. He shunned all intercourse with those he chanced to meet in his rambles, and resolutely refused to accompany his host or his family in any of their very rare visits amongst their neighbours. The only human being, indeed, whose company he was known to seek, and this he did almost daily, was one whom almost every one else avoided, and who was looked upon by the superstitious natives of the coast with mingled feelings of fear and dislike: this was a poor woman, who resided in a wretched turf hut on a bleak and unfrequented rock that hung over the sandy shore, and living no one exactly knew how. She had first appeared there a short while after the burning of Kellholm Peel, carrying a young infant in her arms; had constructed her rude abode with her own hands; and was maintained, to all appearance, solely by the charity of the country people, whose commiseration was excited by her forlorn condition. She was a native of Ireland, and, on her first appearance, could not speak a word of English, so that she was unable, even if she were inclined, to give any account of herself, or her reason for taking up her abode in so wild and strange a place. Not many months after she had fixed her residence as above stated, she was discovered early one morning by some fishermen wandering on the beach without her infant, and in a state of downright insanity. She was also covered with blood from deep wounds on her face, head, and arms, evidently from a sword or other sharp instrument. It was impossible to gather any thing from her at the time, in explanation of her condition, or the disappearance of her child; but after being taken care of, and becoming more composed, she gave them to understand, as well as she could, that several men had entered her hut in the night-time, and had carried off her infant to sea, and that she had received her wounds in trying to save it from them. In those days, the kidnapping of children for the purpose of sending them abroad to our American colonies to be reared as slaves, was carried on to a great extent in Scotland; and although those of age and strength enough to work were most sought after by the inhuman monsters who pursued this horrible traffic, even mere infants were frequently snatched away from the mother's breast. Such, it was at once concluded, was the fate of the poor woman's child, and of course it was thought useless to make any farther inquiry into the matter. Notwithstanding what had happened, however, she had no sooner recovered somewhat from her wounds and agitation of mind, than she returned to her solitary dwelling on the rock, and it was noticed that soon afterwards a remarkable change came over her. From a state of deep dejection and grief, her manner and deportment suddenly assumed that of joy and exultation. She was frequently observed at sunset standing on the rock that rose above her dwell-

ing, pointing with her fingers, and throwing out her arms to the westward, while she chaunted strange dirges in her native tongue. It was likewise remarked that she sometimes disappeared altogether, often for two months or more at a time, going no one knew where, and returning as mysteriously. From these and other equally unaccountable traits in her conduct, it began to be generally believed at last "that she was uncanny." Propitiatory gifts were made to her by the simple inhabitants on the coast, to insure success to their undertakings, whether on sea or shore, and she gradually acquired the denomination of the Witch of the Rock.

Such was the singular being whom the young laird of Kellholm, scarcely less singular, selected as his companion, and whose society alone seemed to have any charms for him. As time rolled on, his attachment for her, and indifference or rather dislike to all others, seemed only to grow more strong. There was evidently some tie that linked them together, and it was also equally plain that there was some one overpowering object which continually engrossed the boy's thoughts; but what these were no one could possibly guess. From his solitary habits and eccentric character, it occasioned little surprise, that, when he became of age to take the management of his property into his own hand, he should take up his residence in the old Peel, which he got repaired and fitted up for that purpose. But it went much beyond the expectations even of those most ready to believe him capable of any strange action, when he selected as his housekeeper and sole companion in retirement the old woman we have just mentioned! Such was the fact, and their mutual habits of life seemed to undergo little change by their cohabitation. He continued still as misanthropic, and shunned all communication with his species which he could possibly avoid; and this propensity he had now an opportunity of gratifying to a greater degree than ever. The old female was still to be seen occasionally on her favourite rock at sunset, and periodically disappeared and returned again as formerly. On one occasion they were *both* missed from the Peel for several months, and when the old woman returned, which was some time after the arrival of the laird, she was accompanied by a young and very handsome woman. Scandal would probably have been busy at this circumstance, which excited no little surprise, had the fact not become known that the young laird had refused to allow her to remain even one night in the Peel. The one succeeding her arrival was passed by her mother and herself in the old hut on the rock, and an arrangement was next day made for her residence with a poor cottager, who was promised a handsome allowance for her maintenance. It was at first hoped that some information might be extracted from this young woman, to throw some light on the strange conduct of the two mysterious individuals at the Peel. But every attempt of this nature was found utterly vain. All that could be ascertained from her, was, that she was from Ireland; that the old woman was her mother, from whom she had been separated early in infancy; but how or where she could not tell. It was therefore unanimously concluded, that she must be the identical infant who had been carried off from the hut on the rock so many years before. From this time the old woman seemed to lose much of her eccentricity and flighty half-frenzied peculiarity of character. She almost daily visited her daughter; and although she still maintained as great a reserve as ever towards those she happened to meet, there was much less of that wildness of look, language, and manner, that had formerly given them so much alarm. A short while only had elapsed, however, after this event, when she again was missed from the Peel, and her absence was protracted much beyond the usual period. It was observed that the young laird appeared to become anxious and restless, resuming his rambles about the rocks on the beach, which, ever since his residence at the Peel, he had in a great measure left off; and repeatedly visited the old woman's daughter, who seemed much distressed at her mother's long absence. But a greater wonder and mystery than any that had yet happened, awaited those whose observation was directed to the strange occurrences at the tower. The young laird again set out on one of his mysterious journeys, and after an absence of several months returned—not alone, however, as usual, but bringing with him a young and beautiful female as his wife! Perhaps no other circumstance could have excited half the surprise which this event occasioned amongst those who had so long known the morose disposition and hermit life of the laird of Kellholm. But if it seemed at variance with all the former tenor of his conduct in one respect, it resembled it as much in another. No one could learn who the lady was, or where she came from! She was evidently of superior rank and manners, but when or by what means he had found time to prosecute his courtship and win her affections, was a complete riddle. There, however, she was, and to all appearance happy in the society of her strange husband, who, whatever he might be to her, maintained his usual repulsive demeanour towards all others. The only addition made to his household after her arrival was in the person of his old housekeeper's daughter, who was transferred from the cottage to the tower. No other person ever entered the door, nor indeed did any one in their own station in life feel inclined to court their society.

(We are obliged to postpone the remainder of this article till the ensuing number.)

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THE contemplation of the heavens which are above us, naturally suggests reflections and feelings of the purest and most elevated nature, not confined alone to the accomplished philosopher, but enjoyed with equal intensity by the humblest and most unlettered peasant. It is not surprising that the Chaldean shepherd, tending his flocks upon the mountain, and the rude seaman, in the early ages of navigation, studied alike the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies—thence learning to predict the impending changes of weather, and the benign or adverse character of approaching seasons. But the truth is, that we so often witness the splendour of a glorious sunset, and are so familiar with the serene beauty of a starlight night, that we cease to contemplate either with any peculiar feelings of wonder or admiration. When, however, any unexpected or not frequently witnessed luminous meteor bursts upon the sight—whether it be the soft and silvery light of the aurora streaming athwart the azure arch, or some visible globe of fire descending with vivid flame through the surrounding darkness—the human mind becomes startled from its supine indifference, and imagination herself, wondering at the mystery, conjures up a thousand vague and superstitious surmises. The beautiful and often sublime spectacle presented by the aurora borealis has not failed among the vulgar to excite the most ominous predictions and apprehensions; indeed, the extraordinary meteors and appearances in the skies, related as prodigies by historians, are generally referable to the peculiar effects to which this meteor gives rise. Maupertuis remarks, "that in Lapland the sky was sometimes tinged with so deep a red, that the constellation Orion looked as though it were dipped in blood, and that the people fancied they saw armies engaged, fiery chariots, and a thousand prodigies, which were deemed presages of misfortune." In Siberia, between the Lena and Jenesei, on the confines of the icy sea, "the spectral forms," says Gmelin, "appear like rushing armies. The hissing crackling noise of those aërial fireworks so terrifies the dogs and the hunters, that they fall prostrate on the ground, and will not move while the 'ranging host is passing.'" Between Iceland and the Feroe Islands, Kerguelen describes the night as brilliant as the day, "the heavens being on fire with flames of red and white light, changing to columns and arches, until at length confounded into a brilliant chaos of cones, pyramids, radii, sheaves, arrows, and globes of fire." It is no wonder that such appearances in the heavens should give rise to superstitions, and be in an especial manner celebrated by Ossian and other poets. About the period when Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart family, died, an aurora appeared, which, by its brilliancy, attracted universal attention; and this was immediately regarded as a sign from heaven of the accession of a foreign race of princes. Even now, when the aurora presents a still and mild light, it is considered by the ignorant and superstitious as the precursor of famine: and when it darts forth brilliant crimson, and other coloured flashes, it is deemed ominous of war and pestilence. Truly has the immortal Shakspeare observed, that

> No natural exhalation in the sky,
> No common wind, no 'customed event;
> But superstition, from its natural cause,
> Construes awry, and calls them prodigies;
> Signs, fatal presages, and tongues of heaven,
> Plainly denouncing vengeance.

The aurora borealis in this country appears a little after sunset, and uniformly arises in the north, inclining generally a little to the west, and it occurs more frequently about the time of the equinoxes than at any other season of the year. Its manner of arising, and the general characters it assumes, vary extremely; indeed, so much so as almost to preclude any accurate description. Sometimes, an hour or two after dark, it seems to illumine the northern region of the sky with no more than a gentle and subdued twilight, which gives a soft relief to the surrounding darkness. Sometimes detached masses of light suddenly appear in different parts of the sky, from which silvery and tremulous beams shoot with dazzling and evanescent splendour. Not unfrequently, indeed, from one single spot of light, the beams vividly and rapidly extend. Sometimes the phenomenon is first discernible in delicate streaks or threads of light, which enlarge and shift with inconceivable rapidity, until a tremulous arch is formed, which completely spans the azure vault. Very often one general or principal arch is observed, with smaller ones at unequal distances, which frequently move laterally towards each other, and suddenly unite into one broad and brilliant mass. Often from the horizon, in the north, one limb or segment of the arch streams up into the heavens, and sometimes several of these arise at distances from each other. The varying splendour of the coruscations, and the rapid and playful movements which they display, as they sweep across the heavens, excite alike the wonder and admiration of the spectator.

> Ensweeping first
> The lower skies, they all at once converge
> High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
> Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
> All ether coursing in a maze of light.

Sometimes one broad majestic effulgent arch is seen to move slowly along, and then break into innumerable masses of detached light, or, streaming onward, this one general arch divides into several smaller ones, which recede laterally from each other, leaving between them a soft faint light, or only the deep blue of the distant sky. Often the arch presents the curious appearance of being spirally twisted; and sometimes when several arches have at the same time been visible, they have appeared spirally twisted together. The degree of brightness they exhibit varies exceedingly. Very frequently the extremities of the arch emit a brighter and more vivid light than the centre; but sometimes the arch is brightest in the middle, and becomes fainter and fainter, until the whole is traced into extinction. Instead of the white silvery light which the aurora more frequently displays, sometimes it presents us with the beautiful primitive colours, which, as we have elsewhere explained, constitute, when combined, the white solar beam. The colour of the light of the aurora (says Dr Richardson, in giving an account of this meteor as it appeared in the higher northern latitudes) was generally steel gray; but when a particular modification of cloud was present (the cirro stratus), the light, for the most part, was a gold yellow colour, more or less deep; and when the sky was clear, or only a few fine threads or thin shoots of cloud were visible, the colours were vivid and prismatic." Mr Fisher, in describing an aurora seen by him in Baffin's Bay, says, "it presented distinctly red, orange, yellow, and green colours." The appearance of this phenomenon in Siberia has been compared by a traveller to "the unwinding of a piece of flame-coloured taffeta;" and not many years ago, in Shetland, during the continuance of one of these auroras, "the whole firmament seemed on fire." "On the 28th of September (says a Parisian paper, the *Journal des Debats*), towards eleven o'clock at night, all the northern part of the sky appeared in a blaze. It was supposed that a vast fire had broken out, and that the flames were devouring part of the metropolis. The reflection was as strong, and the reddened atmosphere as fiery, as on the occasion of the great fire breaking out at the theatre of L'Ambigue Comique. Several firemen were running with their engines, when it was ascertained that the fiery appearances affected only the celestial regions. This aurora continued for several hours." Again, a splendid aurora was observed at Gosport, of which we have the following description:—"When it had reached an altitude of several degrees above the Great Bear, it changed from a light yellow to a blood-red colour, which, with the more elevated and vivid flashes, gave it an awfully grand appearance. Its wide column remained perfect, alternately waving and increasing in brilliancy, and ultimately passed through the gradation of colours which is sometimes seen in the clouds near the horizon at sunset—lake, purple, light crimson, &c." In mountainous countries, such as the Hartz and Scottish Highlands, it is surely not surprising that such appearances as these should give rise to superstitious legends, and almost compel a belief in supernatural revelations; but as knowledge advances, the exposition of the real causes of such apparently wonderful and almost inexplicable phenomena, disperses all such superstitious dreams, and leaves us, while we do not admire them the less, to watch with intense interest every change and variation they exhibit. The most frequent colour which the aurora presents in this country, is that of a yellowish white colour; but in the higher northern regions, it displays a peculiar lustre like metals, whence we say it is metallic.

The rapidity and different kinds of motion displayed by the aurora scarcely admit of any description, so variable and uncertain are they. Sometimes we have observed the beams of light, with an arrowy and distinct rapidity, shooting upwards, and athwart the ethereal dome, with amazing and almost incredible celerity. Such very recently we observed from the rude and rocky coast of St Andrews, where, from the north-western part of the horizon, several isolated and distinct beams arose, which, spreading and uniting as they extended rapidly upwards, at length constituted a complete canopy of tremulous and vivid light. Sometimes the motion of the aurora presents a peculiar waving character. Thus, in Hudson's Bay it was said to roll over and over from one end of the arch to the other, as though a volume of luminous matter was unfolded, and rolled from one point over to supply that which escaped and vanished at the other. Parry also compares the waving motions of the horizontal bands of light to the sinuous impulse given to a long ribbon by a person holding it at one end. In the Orkneys, the streams and sheets of light, moving to and fro with peculiar and eccentric rapidity, are termed the "merry dancers." While this effulgent mass of light is moving in the heavens, the stars may frequently be seen distinctly shining through it. Mr Fisher indeed remarks, that the stars so seen display their usual brilliancy; but Captain Parry and Captain Sabine observed that they exhibit an appreciable diminution of lustre.

In the report of the splendid aurora which appeared at Gosport, the notice of which was taken from the Observatory, it is stated, that "the lustre of the stars, of the first, second, and third magnitude, was very little diminished in any part of the heavens where the aurora intervened." It is reasonable to expect, that, as the effulgence of the aurora increases, it will diminish, or, as it were, eclipse, the light of the fixed stars; nay, even the moon itself will sometimes "pale its ineffectual fire," surrounded by its vivid and far-flashing beams. But there is yet another phenomenon attendant on this singularly beautiful meteor, which remains for us to notice, and concerning which con-

siderable dispute has existed—we allude to the noise which is said to accompany it occasionally. By the older writers, both historians and poets, it has been noticed. Thus, Appian likens it to shouts in the air, clashing of arms, and rushing of horses; and an analogous description is given in beautiful language both by Ovid and Virgil. But during the late expedition to the arctic regions, and during Captain Scoresby's numerous voyages to Greenland, the northern lights were not heard to emit any sound; and hence it has been concluded all preceding observers must have been mistaken. As a general rule, all positive is better than negative evidence; for circumstances, very obscure in themselves, may often occur to prevent the repetition of the same phenomenon, when no adequate reason for its non-appearance can be ostensibly perceived. In Siberia, where the aurora appears in greatest perfection, Gmelin, whose description has been translated by Dr Blagden, says, "These northern lights begin with single bright pillars, rising in the north, and almost at the same time in the north-east, which, gradually increasing, comprehend a large space in the heavens, brush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and finally almost cover the whole sky up to the zenith, and produce an appearance as if a vast tent was expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies, and sapphires. It is attended (he adds farther), as I have heard from the relation of many persons, with such a hissing, crackling, and rushing noise through the air, as if the largest fireworks were playing off." The inhabitants, to describe what they then hear, make use of the expression, "*spolochi chodjat*," that is, "the raging host is passing." Again, Mr Henderson, describing the aurora as it appeared in Iceland, states, that, "when particularly quick and vivid, a crackling noise is heard, resembling that which accompanies the escape of sparks from an electrical machine." Dr Richardson, in his account of the aurora, appended to Captain Parry's interesting narrative, observes, "I have never heard any sound that could be unequivocally considered as originating in the aurora itself; but the uniform testimony of the natives, both Crees, Copper Indians, and Esquimaux, and of all the older residents in the country, induces me to believe that its motions are sometimes audible. Professor Hansteen, inspector of forests at Torsat, having read Captain Scoresby's voyage for the re-discovery of the east coast of Greenland, expresses his surprise that neither he nor any of his attendants had noticed the noise accompanying these northern lights; and adds, that, when very young, he heard, several times during their continuance, "a quick whispering sound." It is also stated by Dr Gisler, that he has "often heard the rushing of these, just as if a strong wind had been blowing;" and that the sound sometimes "resembled the whizzing heard in the decomposition of certain bodies to a chemical process." A mass of contradictory evidence might be adduced; the difficulty consists in determining whether or not such noises might not have accompanied the aurora, without having been produced by it.

The height at which this meteor occurs next claims our attention. "The most remarkable circumstance," says Dr Gisler, "attending the northern lights, is, that although they seem to be very high in the air, perhaps higher than our common clouds, there are yet convincing proofs that they are connected with the atmosphere, and often descend so low in it, that they seem to touch the earth itself, and on the highest mountains produce an effect like wind round the face of the traveller." The height at which the aurora occurs has not yet been satisfactorily determined, although very numerous observations have been made. The ingenious Dr Dalton assigns to it a great elevation: he calculated the height of one arch to be about 150 miles, and that of another to be 100 miles. This computation places the meteor above the ascertained limits of the atmosphere, or at least in regions to which; if the air does extend, it must be in a state of extreme rarity. Mr Cavendish computed the height of an aurora observed by him to be between 52 and 71 miles; and Lieutenant Hood and Dr Richardson, from their observations made during the northern overland expedition, concluded that it occurs in the region just above the clouds, which view has been supported by Mr Farquharson of Aberdeenshire. Captain Franklin observes, "The height of the aurora was not determined by actual observation, but its having been seen on several occasions to illuminate the under surface of some dense clouds, is conclusive that its elevation could not have been very great." There is no doubt that considerable variations in the range or elevation of the aurora must occur, which will indeed be rendered more manifest when we consider the causes which occasion this beautiful phenomenon. Although, to a zealous inquirer, there can be no pleasure so great as that of unveiling the causes of apparent mysteries, yet the chain of cause and effect is often involved in such intricacy, that it cannot be unravelled by any effort of human ingenuity. One of the first conjectures to explain the origin of the aurora, was hazarded by Dr Halley, who imagined that it was produced by inflammable sulphureous vapours, which were exhaled from the earth, and became visible when floating through the northern hemisphere. Euler, the celebrated German philosopher, supposed that the aurora borealis was occasioned by particles of our atmosphere being driven beyond its limits by the impulse of the light of the sun. Beccaria, and many other philosophers, have attributed it to the electric fluid, which, in seeking the south pole, is supposed to become visible in its passage from the north; but neither of these theories are satisfactory. Against the theory of its being attributable to electricity, there are the following reasons:—The electric fluid never accumulates in visible masses; it is always dispersed through the earth and air, and, when its equilibrium is broken, seeks its restoration, by flashing, in the form of lightning, to the readiest conductor. The electric fluid never undulates, or waves to and fro in sinuous curves and motions as the aurora does; nor does it, like it, ever settle in banks of pure light, and remain at once luminous and stationary. Lastly, in the arctic regions the aurora does not affect either the magnetic needle or the electrometer—the instrument used for determining the electrical condition of the air. We are indebted for this latter discovery to the labours of Lieutenant Forster and Captain Parry, who observed, during their different voyages in the arctic regions, with very great accuracy, the relation which was supposed to exist between the aurora and magnetic needle. In Captain Parry's third voyage, in 1824 and 1825, "a most splendid aurora was seen, which actually shot its beams between the observer and the land, which was then distant only 3000 yards; yet did this aurora exercise no disturbing force on the magnetic needle." "Our variation needles (says he), which were extremely light, suspended in the most delicate manner, and, from the weak energy, susceptible of being acted upon by a very slight disturbing force, were never in a single instance visibly affected by the aurora, which could scarcely fail to have been observed at some time or other, had any such disturbance taken place, the needles being visited every hour for several months, and oftener, when any thing occurred to make it desirable." The observations on which Captain Parry and Lieutenant Forster found their conclusions are the most numerous and accurate that have ever been made; and in proof of the high value and the confidence attached to them, we may mention, that the Royal Society of London awarded to them the Copley medal for 1827, in doing which the president ranks among the most important contents of Lieutenant Forster's paper, his "Refutation of the supposed connection between Tremors of the Needle and the Aurora Borealis." Accordingly, there are many cogent objections against our adopting the electrical theory, in place of which it is more satisfactory to consider the aurora as a meteorological phenomenon, produced by the refraction and reflection of the solar light on the subtle vapour which floats in the higher regions of the atmosphere, in support of which opinion we may urge the following reasons:—It is to be remembered, that, some time after sunset, the rays of the sun continue to illuminate the upper region of the heavens; when they fall, therefore, on this refractive medium, it is reasonable to conclude they will be rendered visible upon the earth. Its commencing occasionally an hour or two after dark will depend on the unknown agencies which collect the vapour from which it is to be refracted at one time in preference to another. It will occur also only when the sun is in such a position that its rays can illumine the upper regions of the air, in consequence of which, in winter, before midnight in this country, the phenomenon always disappears. The splendour of its light will obviously depend on the quantity of vapour; and the beautiful colours occasionally displayed, arise from the particles of water being suspended in the vapour, which decompose the rays of solar light, exactly on the same principle upon which the rainbow and other halos are formed. From the extreme tenuity and lightness of this vapour, it must be susceptible of motion from the slightest breath that stirs the air; and thence doubtless arise the tremulous and irregular motions which attend the appearance of the aurora. Such we hold to be the most satisfactory theory in explanation of the origin of this meteor,* which has given rise to so many philosophical speculations.

The popular dogmas of the ignorant are very frequently founded on observation, and, as we have before premised, the appearance of the aurora has generally been considered as significant of approaching storms. "The natives in the high northern regions," says Dr Richardson, "pretend to foretell wind by the rapidity of the motions of the aurora, and say, that, when it spreads over the sky in a uniform sheet of light, it is followed by fine weather, and that the changes thus indicated are more or less speedy, according to the appearance of the meteor early or late in the evening." We may here observe, that this is in confirmation of the above theory; for winds (such as would produce the rapid motion of the vapoury particles, and give the aurora the character described) are often observed to prevail in the higher regions of the air previous to their extending downwards. Hence stars are observed to twinkle, and the streaky cloud called the "mare's tail" is seen previous to such weather. The general fact that the northern lights indicate the nature of the approaching weather, is recognised by Captain Scoresby, who observes, that, from an intelligent old man, he received the following information:—"When seen in the north-west quarter resting near the horizon, without extending their rays to the zenith, they are (in winter) considered indicative of calm frosty weather; when they appear in brilliant display extending towards the south-west, a gale of wind is to be expected; or extending towards the south-east, a southerly gale, with rain or sleet; and when they are seen at a considerable altitude above the horizon, having a red or copper colour, they are supposed to be indicative of a violent storm." Here, again, we observe the effect of the direction of the wind in giving motion to the vapoury particles which reflect in the direction they are urged by the light of the aurora, and also the indication afforded by the decomposition of the light from coming in contact with drops of water suspended in the vapour. Indeed, on looking over numerous meteorological tables, we find, that, generally, the aurora has preceded the occurrence of storms of greater or lesser violence. We may conclude this article by observing, that although the aurora displays itself in its greatest brilliancy in the northern regions, yet it is often observed in the southern latitudes. On February 17, 1773, in south latitude 58°, Mr Foster, who accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage round the world, observed a splendid aurora, which displayed various tints, particularly those of a fiery and purple hue. Captain Bellinghausen, also, who more recently performed a voyage towards the south pole, states, that, during the voyage, when navigating off the Sandwich Islands, the only amusement they had was in the contemplation of the southern auroras, which they always witnessed with pleasure and admiration.

Here, however, apprehensive that we have already exceeded our limits, we must pause, proposing in our next to entertain, and, we hope, instruct our readers, by a further account of other interesting luminous meteors.

* For further arguments in its favour we may refer our readers to "Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts," vol. xix. p. 235.

LOGAN, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

In an interesting work, entitled "Indian Biography, or an Historical Account of those Individuals who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, or Statesmen," published at New York in the year 1832, we find the following notice of Logan, a personage whose history is little known in this country, though many perhaps have heard of the touching nature of his oratory.

"Few Indian names have been oftener repeated than that of Logan, and yet of scarcely any individual of his race is the history which has reached us less complete. He was a chief of the Six-Nations—a Cayuga—but resided, during most of his life, in a western settlement, either at Sandusky or upon a branch of the Scioto, there being at the former location, a few years before the revolution, about three hundred warriors, and about sixty at the latter.

Logan was the second son of Shikellimus, a respectable chief of the Six-Nations, who resided at Shamokin (Pennsylvania), as an agent, to transact business between them and the government of the state. He was a shrewd and sober man, not addicted to drinking like most of his countrymen, because 'he never wished to become a fool.' Indeed, he built his house on pillars, for security against the drunken Indians, and used to ensconce himself within it on all occasions of riot and outrage. He died in 1749, attended in his last moments by a good Moravian bishop.

Logan inherited the talents of his father, but not his prosperity. Nor was this altogether his own fault. He took no part except that of peace-making in the French and English war of 1760, and was ever before and afterwards looked upon as emphatically the friend of the white man. But never was kindness rewarded like his.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder occurred in some of the white settlements on the Ohio, which were charged to the Indians, though perhaps not justly, for it is well known that a large number of civilized adventurers were traversing the frontiers at this time, who sometimes disguised themselves as Indians, and who thought little more of killing one of that people than of shooting a buffalo. A party of these men, land-jobbers and others, undertook to punish the outrage in this case, according to their custom, as Mr Jefferson expresses it, in a summary way.

Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kenhawa in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and not at all suspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and, at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan.

It was not long after this that another massacre took place, under still more aggravated circumstances, not far from the present site of Wheeling, Virginia—a considerable party of the Indians being decoyed by the whites, and all murdered, with the exception of a little girl. Among these, too, was both a brother of Logan, and a sister, and the delicate situation of the latter increased a thousand-fold both the barbarity of the crime, and the rage of the survivors of the family.

The vengeance of the chieftain was indeed provoked beyond endurance, and he accordingly distinguished himself by his daring and bloody exploits in the war which now ensued, between the Virginians on the one side, and a combination mainly of Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares, on the other. The

former of these tribes were particularly exasperated by the unprovoked murder of one of their favourite chiefs, SILVER-HEELS, who had in the kindest manner undertaken to escort several white traders across the woods from the Ohio to Albany, a distance of nearly two hundred miles.

The civilized party prevailed, as usual. A decisive battle was fought upon the 10th of October, of the year last named, on Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa, in West Virginia, between the confederates, commanded by Logan, and one thousand Virginian riflemen, constituting the left wing of an army led by Governor Dunmore against the Indians of the north-west. This engagement has by some annalists—who, however, have rarely given the particulars of it—been called the most obstinate ever contested with the natives.

The Virginians lost in this action two of their colonels, four captains, many subordinate officers, and about fifty privates killed, besides a much larger number wounded. The governor himself was not engaged in the battle, being at the head of the right wing of the same army, a force of fifteen hundred men, who were at this time on their expedition against the towns of some of the hostile tribes in the north-west.

It was at the treaty ensuing upon this battle that the following speech was delivered, sufficient to render the name of Logan famous for many a century. It came by the hand of a messenger, sent (as Mr Jefferson states) that the sincerity of the negotiation might not be distrusted on account of the absence of so distinguished a warrior as himself.

'I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.'

Of this powerful address, Mr Jefferson says, 'I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan;' and an American statesman and scholar, scarcely less illustrious than the author of this noble eulogium, has expressed his readiness to subscribe to it. It is of course unnecessary for any humbler authority to enlarge upon its merits: indeed, they require no exposition—they strike home to the soul.

The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colours. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty, a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add, that, towards the close of his life, misery had made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator's genius or the warrior's glory."

POISONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

AT the College of Physicians, London, Sir Henry Halford lately read a curious paper, in which he investigated the causes of the death of certain celebrated characters of antiquity, with especial reference to the knowledge of poisons possessed by the ancients. Sylla, he observed, died in consequence of the rupture of an internal abscess, through an excess of rage, which, according to Valerius Maximus, produced a violent vomiting of blood, and death. Crassus, the eminent lawyer, and friend of Cicero, died of pleurisy; and Sir Henry remarked, that the course of treatment for this disorder prescribed by Celsus, and in use at the time, namely, bleeding, cupping, and blistering, was so similar to that pursued at the present day, that nothing was probably left undone that could have saved his valuable life. Pomponius Atticus, whom Cicero loved as a brother, and who was on friendly terms with all parties in the disturbed times in which he lived, was said to have died of a fistula in the loins; it was probably, Sir Henry thinks, a dysentery, ending, as that disorder commonly does, in an affection of the lower bowels. He had recourse to starvation, a very common expedient amongst the Romans, and died in ten days, aged seventy-seven. The latter end of Socrates was brought about by the common mode of dispatching persons capitally convicted at Athens, namely, by a narcotic poison; but neither Xenophon nor Plutarch tells us the species of poison. The poisons of this class known to the ancients were aconite, white poppy, hyoscyamus, and hemlock. The black poppy might be the Theban drug. The hyoscyamus was used at Constantinople, and was very likely the nepenthe spoken of by Homer. But most probably the poison administered to Socrates was the same given to other condemned criminals, viz *cicuta*, hemlock. Juvenal attributes his death to hemlock. Whatever may have been the species of poison, it was one of weak and slow operation; for the executioner told Socrates that if he entered into earnest dispute, it would prevent its effect, and it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. Its operation was gradually to produce insensibility, coldness of the extremities, and death. What was that poison by which Hannibal destroyed himself? It is improbable we shall ever know. Modern chemistry has discovered a variety of subtile poisons that might be introduced into a ring, and, under certain circumstances, destroy life. One drop of prussic acid might produce paralysis, and, if taken into the stomach, would instantly arrest the current of life. But it was not likely that the Carthaginians were acquainted with prussic acid. Lybia most probably produced poisons sufficiently subtile and destructive to accomplish the fatal purpose of Hannibal. As to the report of its being bullock's blood, that, Sir Henry Halford observed, must be a fable, as well as in the case of the death of Themistocles, for it is well ascertained that the blood of that animal was not poison. An accomplished nobleman had told Sir Henry that he had been present at a bull-fight in Spain, when, after the matador had killed the bull, a person ran up, caught the animal's blood in a goblet, and drank it off, as a popular remedy for consumption. With respect to the poison with which Nero destroyed Britannicus, comparing the account given by Tacitus with the effects of laurel-water, Sir Henry was disposed to think that this was the identical drug.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HEYNE.

THE ardour with which knowledge has frequently been pursued amidst all sorts of difficulties and discouragements, is the best evidence we can offer of the strength of the passion which has sprung up and lived in circumstances so unfavourable to its growth, and therefore of the exquisite pleasure which its gratification is found to bring with it. If the permanence of any pleasure, indeed, is to be looked upon as one of the proofs of its value, there are certainly none but those of virtue and religion that can be compared with the pleasures of intellectual exertion.

The enjoyments of sense, to say nothing of their comparatively short endurance, their certainty to pall upon repetition, and the positively injurious and destroying tendency of many of them, are, from the nature of things, necessarily limited in point of number; for the senses themselves are but few, and no one of them has many varieties of enjoyment to communicate. What are even the highest pleasures brought us by the eye, or the ear, apart from that character which they derive from the moral or intellectual associations they awaken?—momentary excitements for the child, but hardly the gratifications even of a moment to the man—as is abundantly evidenced by the case of many a one in whom the mere corporeal organ is as perfect as usual, but who, nevertheless, hardly receives from it any pleasure worth naming, owing to the uncultivated state of those mental faculties, which are truly the great creators and bestowers of human happiness. But when did we hear of any one who, having fairly commenced the pursuit of literature or science, ever became tired of it, or would not have gladly devoted his whole life to it, if he could? There may be other passions to which men will deliver themselves up, in the first instance, with greater precipitation and impetuosity; there is none, assuredly, which will engage them so long, or eventually absorb their whole thoughts so thoroughly, as the passion for knowledge. We have numberless instances of persons, in every rank of life, who, for the sake of gratifying it, have contended with and overcome such difficulties and impediments of all sorts, as certainly would have worn out the strength of almost any other impulse with which we are acquainted. But this is an impulse which, we may venture to affirm, when once truly awakened, no discouragements that the most unfavourable circumstances have interposed have ever been able effectually to subdue.

The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age, and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department of literature, could boast. Yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life, not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the "Memoirs of his own Life," Heyne says—"Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured!" His parents sent him to a child's school in the suburbs of the small town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, where they lived; and he soon exhibited an uncommon desire of acquiring information. He made so rapid a progress in the humble branches of knowledge taught in the school, that, before he had completed his tenth year, he was paying a portion of his school fees by teaching a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, to read and write. Having learned every thing comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a strong desire to learn Latin. A son of the schoolmaster, who had studied at Leipsic, was willing to teach him at the rate of fourpence a-week; but the difficulty of paying so large a fee seemed quite insurmountable. One day he was sent to his godfather, who was a baker in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf. As he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good-tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him, at which, Heyne tells us, he was perfectly intoxicated with joy; and as he ran, all ragged and barefoot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hands, and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for about two years, when his teacher acknowledged that he had taught him all he himself knew. At this time his father was anxious that he should adopt some trade, but Heyne felt an invincible desire to pursue his literary education; and it was fortunate for the world that he was at this period of his life furnished with the means of following the course of his inclination. He had another godfather, who was a clergyman in the neighbourhood; and this person, upon receiving the most flattering accounts of Heyne from his last master, agreed to be at the expense of sending him to the principal seminary of his native town of Chemnitz. His new patron, however, although a well-endowed churchman, doled out his bounty with most scrupulous parsimony; and Heyne, without the necessary books of his own, was often obliged to borrow those of his companions, and to copy them over for his own use. At last he obtained the situation of tutor to the son of one of the citizens; and this for a short time rendered his condition more comfortable. But the period was come, when, if he was to proceed in the career he had chosen, it was necessary for him to enter the university; and he resolved to go to Leipsic. He arrived in that city, accordingly, with only two florins (about four shillings) in his pocket, and nothing more to depend upon except the small assistance he might receive from his godfather, who had promised to continue his bounty. He had to wait so long, however, for his expected supplies from this source, which came accompanied with much grudging and reproach when they did make their appearance, that, destitute both of money and books, he would even have been without bread too, had it not been for the compassion of the maid-servant of the house where he lodged. What sustained his courage in these circumstances (we here use his own words) was neither ambition nor presumption, nor even the hope of one day taking his place among the learned. The stimulus that incessantly spurred him on was the feeling of the humiliation of his condition—the shame with which he shrunk from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose upon him—above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with fortune. He was resolved to try, he said, whether, although she had thrown him among the dust, he should not be able to rise up by his own efforts. His ardour for study only grew the greater as his difficulties increased. For six months he only allowed himself two nights' sleep in the week; and yet all the while his godfather scarcely ever wrote to him but to inveigh against his indolence—often actually addressing his letters on the outside, "*To M. Heyne, Idler, at Leipsic.*"

In the meantime, while his distress was every day becoming more intolerable, he was offered, by one of the professors, the situation of tutor in a family at Magdeburg. Desirable as the appointment would have been in every other respect, it would have removed him from the scene of his studies—and he declined it. He resolved rather to remain in the midst of all his miseries at Leipsic. He was, however, in a few weeks after, recompensed for this noble sacrifice, by procuring, through the recommendation of the same professor, a situation similar to the one he had refused in the university town. This of course relieved for a time his pecuniary wants; but still the ardour with which he pursued his studies continued so great, that it at last brought on a dangerous illness, which obliged him to resign his situation, and very soon completely exhausted his trifling resources, so that on his recovery he found himself as poor and destitute as ever. In this extremity, a copy of Latin verses which he had written having attracted the attention of one of the Saxon ministers, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, to set out for the court at Dresden, where it was expected this high patronage would make his fortune; but he was doomed only to new disappointments. After having borrowed money to pay the expenses of his journey, all he obtained from the courtier was a few vague promises, which ended in nothing. He was obliged eventually, after having sold his books, to accept the place of copyist in the library of the Count de Bruhl, at the miserable annual salary of one hundred crowns (about L.17 sterling)—a sum which, even in that cheap country, was scarcely sufficient to keep him from perishing of hunger. However, with his industrious habits, he found time, besides performing the duties of his situation, to do a

little work for the booksellers. He first translated a French romance, for which he was paid twenty crowns. For a learned and excellent edition which he prepared of the Latin poet Tibullus, he received, in successive payments, one hundred crowns, with which he discharged the debts he had contracted at Leipsic. In this way he contrived to exist for a few years, all the while studying hard, and thinking himself amply compensated for the hardships of his lot, by the opportunities he had of pursuing his favourite researches, in a city so rich in collections of books and antiquities as Dresden. After he had held his situation in the library for above two years, his salary was doubled; but before he derived any benefit from the augmentation, the seven years' war had commenced. Saxony was overrun by the forces of Frederick the Great, and Heyne's place, and the library itself to which it was attached, were swept away at the same time. He was obliged to fly from Dresden, and wandered about for a long time without any employment. At last he was received into a family at Wittenberg; but in a short time the progress of the war drove him from this asylum also, and he returned to Dresden, where he still had a few articles of furniture, which he had purchased with the little money he saved while he held his place in the library. He arrived just in time to witness the bombardment of that capital, in the conflagration of which his furniture perished, as well as some property which he had brought with him from Wittenberg, belonging to a lady, one of the family in whose house he lived, for whom he had formed an attachment during his residence there. Thus left, both of them, without a shilling, the young persons nevertheless determined to share each other's destiny, and they were accordingly united. By the exertions of some common friends, a retreat was procured for Heyne and his wife in the establishment of a M. de Leoben, where he spent some years, during which his time was chiefly occupied in the management of that gentleman's property.

At last, at the general peace in 1763, he returned to Dresden; and here ended his hard fortunes. Some time before his arrival in that city, the professorship of eloquence in the University of Gottingen had become vacant by the death of the celebrated John Mathias Gesner. The chair had been offered, in the first instance, to David Ruhnken, one of the first scholars of the age, who declined, however, to leave the University of Leyden, where he had lately succeeded the eminent Hemsterhuys as Professor of Greek. Fortunately, however, for Heyne, Ruhnken was one of the few to whom his edition of Tibullus, and another of Epictetus, which he had published shortly after, had made his obscure name and great merits known; and with a generous anxiety to befriend one whom he considered to be so deserving, he ventured, of his own accord, to recommend him to the Hanoverian minister as the fittest person he could mention for the vacant office. Such a testimony from Ruhnken was at once the most honourable and the most efficient patronage Heyne could have had. He was immediately nominated to the professorship, although so little known that it was with considerable difficulty he was found. He held this appointment for nearly fifty years; in the course of which, as we have already remarked, he may be said, by his successive publications, and the attraction of his lectures, to have placed himself nearly at the head of the classical scholars of his age; while he was at the same time loved and venerated as a father, not only by his numerous pupils, but by all ranks of his fellow-citizens, who, on his death, in 1812, felt that their university and city had lost what had been for half a century its chief distinction.*

MARRIAGE OF JAMES THE SIXTH.

It is generally known that King James the Sixth of Scotland (and First of England) was a monarch of a droll and familiar character. He exemplified this in a particular manner in the transactions connected with his marriage, which took place in the year 1589, when he was twenty-three years of age, and about thirteen years before he acceded to the English throne. The lady of his choice was the Princess Anne of Denmark, and the marriage took place by proxy or deputy in the month of August, at the Danish court. She was delayed, however, by storms, and the king being informed that she would not be able to reach Scotland till spring, resolved to go to Norway, where her vessel had taken shelter, in order to meet her. Previous to doing so, he published, for the satisfaction of his subjects, an account of all the reasons moving him to take so extraordinary a step—which were as follows:

"First of all," says he, "I doubt nocht it is manifestlie knawne to all how far I was generally found fault with be all men for the delaying sa lang of my mariage. I wes allane, without fader or moder, bruthir or sistar, king of this realme, and air appeirand of England; this my naikatnes maid me to be waik, and my inemyis stark; ae man wes as na man, and the want of hoip of succession bread disdayne; yea, my lang delay bred in the breistis of mony a grite jealousie of my inhabilitie, as gif I wer a barrane stok: Thir ressonis, and innumerable otheris hourly objected, moved me to haisten the treaty of my mariage; for as to my awne nature, God is my witnes, I could have abstenit langair nor the weill of my patrie could have permitted. I am knawne, God be praised, not to be very intemperatly rashe nor concety in my wechtiest effairis; nather use I to be sa carved away by passioun as I refuse to heir reasoun." He then tells, that, having understood the queen could not come to him, he resolved to go to her. "The place that I resolvit this in wes Craigmillair, not ane of the haill counsale being present there; and as I take this resolutioun onlie of myselff, as I am a trew prince, sa advised I with myselff onlie quhat way to follow furth the same." Then he tells that he assembled the council at Edinburgh, for the purpose of having ships prepared; but finding them difficulted as to the fitting out a sufficient number to be an honourable convoy for the King of Scotland, he "wes compelled to avow with grite vehemencie, that, giff thay could be gottin na othir to gang, I suld ga myselff allane, *gif it were but in ane ship:* But giff all men (said I) had bene as weill willit as became thame, I neidit nocht be in that strait." This reproach was designed for the Chancellor Maitland; and it stung him so, that he offered to accompany the king. James, however, consulted him no further till his departure; "twa ressouns moving me thereto; first, because I knew that giff I had maid him on the counsaill thairof, he had been blameit of putting it in my heid, quhilk had not bene his dewitie, for it becumis na subjectis to giff princes advice in sic materis; and therfoir, remembering quhat invyous and injust burding he dalie beires, *for leiding me by the nose*, as it wer, to all his appetytis, as giff I wer ane unressonable creature, or a bairne that could no nothing of myselff, I thocht pitie then to be the occasioun of the heaping of further injust sklander upoun his head. . . . . This far I speik for his parte, alsweill for my awin hounouris saik, that I be not sklanderit *as ane irresolute asse*, quha can do nathing of himselff, as also that the honestie and innocencie of that man be not injustlie and untrewlie reprochedd."

Having appointed his kinsman, the Duke of Lennox (son to his former favourite), regent in his absence, with Francis Earl of Bothwell for a coadjutor, and having put the above most amusing declaration into the hands of his clerk-register, James, on the 19th of October, secretly embarked on board a small ship at Leith, with his chancellor, and immediately set sail for Norway, accompanied by other four vessels. This little fleet at first encountered rough weather, which detained it in the Frith of Forth for the better part of a week; but at length a fair wind sprung up, which carried him over to Slaikray in Norway, in the short space of four days. From Slaikray he immediately advanced, partly by land and partly by sea, to Upslo, where the queen was still remaining. Arriving on the 19th of November, he was immediately introduced—"boots and all," says David Moyses—to the queen's lodging; his eagerness to see the young person with whom he was destined to spend his life being too great to admit of the proper ceremonials. His conduct at the first interview was spirited enough, to be of a piece with the whole enterprise. He attempted to salute his consort, after the fashion of his country, with a kiss. She, ignorant of the good Scottish custom, refused to admit of his embrace. But says Moyses, with delightful quaintness, "after a few words privately spoken betwixt them, there followed a farther familiarity, and some kisses."

They were married on the 23d, Mr David Lyndsay, the king's own minister, performing the nuptial ceremony in the French language. James next morning presented his bride with the lordship and palace of Dunfermline, by way of a *morrowing gift*, as it was called, a present usually made in that age by a bridegroom to his bride, on the morning after their nuptials: Dunfermline, therefore, became what in modern language would be called the queen's jointure-house. Immediately after the marriage, ambassadors came from the court of Denmark, soliciting James to delay his return to Scotland till the beginning of the next year, and spend the intermediate time in Copenhagen. In consideration of the weather, and partly perhaps for reasons of state, he consented to this proposal; and, on the 22d of December, he and Queen Anne set out from Upslo on their journey to Denmark. They arrived, on the 21st of January, at Chronenburg Castle, on the celebrated Straits of Elsinore, where they were received with great distinction and rejoicing by the young king, his mother, and the four regents of the kingdom. It was proposed and agreed to, that they should remain till the solemnization of the marriage of Anne's eldest sister to the Duke of Brunswick.

The Danes at this time were perhaps the most convivial people on the face of the earth. Spottiswood, in recording that no quarrels occurred among the king's attendants all the time they were in Denmark, says, with great simplicity, that this was the more wonderful, since "it is hard for men in drink, *at which they were continually kept*, long to agree." James himself dates a letter from "Chroneburg, *quhaire we are drinking and dryving ower in the auld maner;*" a most amusing trait of self-portraiture. I need scarcely remind the reader, moreover, of the authenticated tradition regarding the whistle of the family of the Lauries of Maxwellton, which was won by an ancestor from a bacchanalian champion among the Danes, who had challenged the Scottish topers, on this occasion, to a trial of strength, and was fairly drunk under the table, after an almost unexampled debauch.*

James continued in Denmark during the entire months of February and March 1589–90, in the enjoyment not only of the pleasures of the social board, but also of a series of pageants and shows, which were got up by the court for his entertainment. He in the mean time sent home intelligence to Scotland that he had the greatest reason to thank the Almighty for having "clothed him with a wife" of the most excellent "giftis and comodities." From time to time he received intelligence, in return, from Scotland, that the country had never been in a quieter state; only two disturbances having happened during the whole winter—one occasioned by the clan Gregor in Balquhidder, the other by "that wicked and insolent man," as Spottiswood terms him, Archibald Wauchope of Niddrie, who had killed a dependant of the Abbot of Holyrood—whereas, in general, there was seldom a week without some dreadful tale of murder or riot.

James, who, previous to his marriage, had seen no place besides the southern district of Scotland, appears to have been very much impressed by the sight of the continental states in which he was now sojourning, and to have drawn no favourable contrast between their magnificence—humble as it was, compared with that of the southern states of Europe—and the wretched poverty of his own country. He also seems to have been surprised not a little at the strength of the *executive* in Denmark, as compared with its weakness in Scotland. He naturally became anxious, that, before his return, when, besides the queen, many dignified persons of her brother's court were to attend him, the objects which were to be presented to their eyes should be of as respectable a kind as the circumstances of the country would permit—that his palace should be put into good order, that the persons who were to receive him on the shore should be of good character, and that there should be none of those shameful breaches of the peace which had all along disgraced his reign, and than which nothing was better calculated to give the strangers a mean idea of his government. Inspired by these notions, we find him writing a letter to his council in February, imploring them, with ludicrous earnestness, to prepare the country in a befitting manner for his arrival. The letter is a great curiosity, and as it is sure at once to amuse the reader, and to increase his acquaintance with the king's character and style of writing, it is here inserted.

"My lords of counsal, that this general letter of mine may serve, asweill to you all, as to every one of yow in particular, lay the blame, I praye yow, upon the hast and fascheousnes of the dispatche, and not upon my sweirnes, althoughe I cannot denye, that to write with my own hand I am both slawe and sweire aneuch: I doubt not that you wille tak this in all good part, as if I wrote a trough of paper to every one of yow.

Ye may now knaw, by the season of the yeir, that my coming home, God willing, drawes neire. I am surely treated here with all the honor and hartliness that this contrie people can imagine, I think we should not be unthankfull when theires comes in our bounds. *A king of Scotland with a new marid-wyfe, will not come hame every day.* For God's sake, respect not onely my honor in this, but the honor of our whole nation, and speciallie of yourselffis; for my part will be leist in it. It is knowne that I am absent, and all the warld knaws that when the gudeman is away, he cannot be wyted of the misorders in the house; but what may he think then of his servants and factors he has left therein?

Now, my lords, since this is the only grete proof of your diligence, without my presence or assistance, that ever I am able for to have of you, let me knawe now what remembrance ye have of me during my absence, by diligent remembring and performing such directions as the beirar hereof, the Master of Wark, hes in charge of me to deliver unto you. Remember specially upon the ending out of the abbay, as yet lying in the deid-thraw, without the which we cannot be lodgit at our landing; and in good faith it is not the maner of this countrie to lye therout, for the greatnes of the frost; and for a token that ye have not forgotten us, ye may send two or three ships here to show us the way home; but let nae great men or gentilmen come in them, but many gude marinells; for I am already overchargeable to these folks here; besides that every one of you will have eneuch to do in the turnes I have employed you to do at hame. For Godsake, in any thing, respect my honor, that all discords and vaniteis and quarrells may be supercedit at this; for gif I took sic strait order for that the last yeir, when I lookit for my weifs coming hame and a certayne companye of strangers with her, how muckle mare sould it be this yeir when we are baith to cum hame and twice as gret a numbre of strangers, and speciallie sen I have seen so gude ane example in this countrie.

Indede, I have gude cause to thank yow all for the great quietnes that ye have already keept, as I perceive by your last letters. Remember likewise that nae great man or counsellar presume to be at our landing, but suche as the beirar hereof will in a roll deliver unto you, ut omnia fiant decenter et cum ordine.

Fail not to provide gude cheare for us; for we have heir abundance of gude meit and *part of drinck;* to the particulars of this I remit to my directions, as of all other things likewise.

To conclude, I bothe pray you, and command you sleuth na tyme, and for my part sake do at this tyme

* Abridged from "Library of Entertaining Knowledge."

* See Burns's Poems.

even mair nor is possible; for ye knaw I will never eit nor drink a fair wind.

From the Castle Croneburg, the 19 day of February 1589. JAMES, REX."

The same solicitude is apparent in a letter of the same date, which the king wrote to the reverend Robert Bruce, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He had left Bruce a member of the privy council, and with a kind of implied commission of supervision over the morals of the kingdom. He now writes to him in a familiar strain, beseeching him to exert himself to keep the people in order before his return. "Waken up all men," he says, "to attend my coming; for I will come, as our maister sayeth, like a thief in the night, and whose lampe I find burning with oyle, these will I coin thanks to, but those that lack their burning lamps, provyded with oyle, will be barred at the door; for I will not accept their crying, Lord, Lord! at my coming, that have forgot me all the time of my absence. . . . *For God's sake, take all the pains you can, to teach our people weill against our coming, lest we be all ashamed before strangers.*" Could any thing be more characteristic of this singular monarch, so well aware as he always was of what ought to be done, and so willing that it should be done, yet so incapable of using the proper coercive measures for doing it? "I think this time," he adds, "should be a holy jubilee in Scotland, and our ships should have the virtue of the ark in agreeing, *for a time at least*, naturales inimicitias inter foras; for, if it otherwise fall out (quod Deus avertat), I shall behove to come hame like a drunk man amongst them, which would be no strange thing, coming out of so drucken a countrie as this!" Then the necessities of the poor king are displayed. "I pray you," he says, "heartilie recommend me to the good provost of the town, and in any thing he can pray him to assist my affairs, as I have ever been certain of his good will in my services. Specially desire him to further all he can the outreeking of three or four ships to meet me here, and convoy me hame." [He had been enabled to sail for Denmark, solely by the generosity of a few private individuals, who each fitted out a little vessel.] "And likewise, I doubt not he will assist the Maister of Wark in getting as many good craftsmen as may be had for ending out the half-perfyted abbey [his palace], that now lies in the deid-thraw * * * Thus recommending me and *my new rib* to your daylie prayers, I commit you to the only all-sufficient.

Perhaps the reader will be inclined not only to smile at these indications of the poverty and imbecility of the Scottish monarch, but also to blame him in serious earnest for what is so inconsistent with the dignity of a sovereign. He should, however, pause to consider the dilapidated state in which James found his government and revenues when he came of age; he should consider the power of the nobles, many of whom could raise at any time far more men than their king; and he should reflect on the barbarous condition of the people, just emerged from the horrors of a protracted civil war, and from the vices incident to an age of religious reformation. As for the pecuniary distresses of the sovereign, which here appear so extreme, he actually seems to have had no resource whatever, on any occasion of unusual expense like the present, except the benevolence of a few of the burghs, chiefly those of Fife, which was then the most commercial and the richest province of Scotland. The proper revenues of the crown had long before this time been alienated and embarrassed almost to extinction.

James's poverty, however, was perhaps never less distressing to him than on the present occasion. The pride of country, for which the Scotch have always been remarkable, induced them to do all in their power to fulfil his wishes in regard to the appearance of the kingdom before the expected strangers, and also in respect of the vessels which he desired to have sent out for his convoy home. By an extraordinary exertion, though at the expense of a great multitude of individuals, the palace was finished and furnished in very splendid style, another house in the city was prepared for the queen's Danish friends, a few small Fife coasters were sent out to Denmark, and a great variety of articles were prepared for the pageantries which were to be enacted on his arrival. Besides these more important arrangements, there were some of a humbler nature, which equally marked the desire of the people to put the country into a holiday attitude. The town council of Edinburgh, resolving that the strangers should see as little as possible of the filth and the mendicity for which the country was remarkable, ordained that "all persons purge and cleuze the streits, calsayis, and gutteris fornent their awin housis to the mid channel, as weill in the hie gait [*principal street*] as in the vennelis [*lanes*]," and that "all beggaris remove, swa they be nocht fund beggand within this brugh, or betuix this and Leith, or ony uther part within the liberty or jurisdiction of this burgh." They also ordained the bailies "to pas throw their quarteris, and borrow fra the honest nychtbouris thairof ane quantitie of the best sort of thair neiprie [*table linen*], to serve the strayngeris that sall arryve with the queen, and the said bailies to gif the nychtbouris thair awin ticket of ressait thairof."

On the 1st of May, after these and sundry other preparations had been made, the king and queen arrived at Leith, accompanied by the admiral of Denmark, and other persons of dignity, and having a convoy of thirteen large Danish ships of war. The citizens of Edinburgh and Leith immediately flocked to the shore, each in his best clothes and arms. About seven at night, the king led the queen ashore, "by a trance covered with tapestrie and cloth of gold, that her foot might not touch the earth. The Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Mar and Bothwell, with sundrie others, received them at the stayr-heads. The castle and ships shot great vollies." Mr James Elphinston, a senator of the college of justice (afterwards Lord Balmerino), welcomed the royal pair in a Latin oration. "The queen being placed in her lodgings, the king took the chief of the Danes by the hand, every one after another." [Between thirty and forty of these persons were dignified men, with "goldin chenyeis of guid faschioun;" and the whole number was two hundred and twenty-four.] The king now received a visit from the minister Bruce, whose services in keeping the country quiet during his absence he acknowledged in very warm terms, afterwards accompanying him to the church of Leith, to return thanks to the Almighty for his prosperous voyage.

As the preparations at Holyroodhouse were scarcely yet completed, James remained for a few days in a palace, called "the Kingis Wark," at Leith, his train chiefly lodging in the ships. At length, on the 6th of May, the royal party made their progress towards Edinburgh. "The king and nobility rode before; the queen came behind, in her Danish chariot, with her maids of honour, on each side of her majesty one. The coach was drawn by eight horses, caparisoned in purple velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, very rich. The town of Edinburgh, Canongate, and Leith, in their arms, gave a volley of shot to the king and queen in their passage, in joye of their safe arryval." "In this manner, they passed to the Abbey of Holyroodhouse," where "the king, taking the queen by the hand, led her through the inner close to the great hall, and thereafter to the chambers, which were richly hung with cloth of gold and silver."

The queen was crowned in the abbey church, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, Mr Robert Bruce performing the chief offices, which formerly used to be done by a bishop. The Presbyterian ministers on this occasion scrupled greatly about the propriety of anointing the queen, judging that ceremony to be of a somewhat Popish savour; but James knew how to bring them to reason: he hinted that he could wait a little, till a certain bishop, whom he mentioned, could make it convenient to come to Edinburgh, to perform the ceremony. Alarmed at what he said, they lost no time in agreeing that there was no harm in the oil, and the ceremony was accordingly performed in the usual way. When it was concluded, Andrew Melville uttered a long congratulatory poem, in Latin hexameters, to the great delight of the king and his friends, who joined in soliciting that it should be printed. This poem was so elegant in its construction, and so apt to the occasion, as to attract the praise of the best foreign scholars, and to extend the fame of this great event in the life of James farther than it perhaps could have otherwise travelled.*

HINTS FOR WORKMEN.

THE faults of well-paid workmen are not deficient industry, but excessive, or at least irregular, exertion. When liberally paid by the piece, they are tempted to overwork themselves, and to ruin their health and constitution in a few years. This is the case of porters, coalheavers, and many common labourers in London. A carpenter is not supposed to last in his utmost vigour above eight years. The double wages paid to country labourers during harvest, or to tailors during a general mourning, are frequent sources of permanent injury, from the inducement they offer to over-exertion. Almost every class of artificers are subject to some peculiar diseases, occasioned by excessive application to their peculiar species of work. Ramuzzini, an Italian physician, and Thackrah, an English surgeon, have written treatises concerning such diseases. Excessive application during one part of the week is frequently the cause of the idleness complained of during the remainder. "Great labour," Dr Smith remarks, "either of mind or body, continued for several days together, is in most men naturally followed by a great desire for relaxation, which, if not restrained by force or some strong necessity, is almost irresistible. It is the call of nature, which requires to be relieved by some indulgence," or change of occupation. Relaxation does not always imply idleness, but, as Locke expresses it, "easing the wearied part," by exchange of employment. If not complied with, the consequences are often dangerous, and sometimes fatal; and such as almost always bring on, sooner or later, the infirmity of the trade. If masters would be more humane, and journeymen more reasonable, both would see the utility of temperate exertions of industry. The man who works so moderately as to be able to work constantly, not only preserves his health the longest, but, in the course of the year, executes the greatest quantity of work. Labour, without reasonable intervals of rest for meals and relaxation, exhausts the energies of both body and mind, and is of the two more hurtful than low wages, which abridge diet and physical comforts.

Mr Thackrah, to whom I have just alluded, from his residence in Leeds—which is literally one great manufactory, subdivided into various departments of industry, places of refreshment, abodes varying in their comforts, according as the occupiers are masters, overseers, or workmen—has had favourable opportunities for observing not only the effect of different occupations on the human constitution, but also of different degrees of exertion. Some of this gentleman's conclusions in his work on *The Effects of Arts, Trades, and Professions*, are contrary to what might have been anticipated. For instance, wet, vapour, and changes in the humidity of the local atmosphere, appear not so detrimental to health as is generally supposed; in temperate persons these agents produce little injury. Sudden transitions from heat to cold, as experienced by smiths, iron-founders, and glassmen, are not productive of acute disorders. The exhalations from vegetable matter are not found uniformly injurious; but on this point the writer declines giving a decided opinion. The natural odours of manufactured vegetables, with the exception of coffee, are little noxious. Tobacco-workers do not sensibly suffer from the fumes of their material; and the crushers of rape and mustard benefit by the odours which these seeds exhale. Members of Parliament and persons of fashion will be gratified to learn that the influence of change in the hours of sleep is less than might be expected: millers, watchmen, and coachmen, are not sensibly affected by night-work. Horses, however, suffer from nocturnal labour, and men, too, I apprehend, unless the change, by perseverance, has been made habitual.

Some agents or circumstances connected with employments are favourable to health. Such are the animal exhalations to which slaughtermen, butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, gluemakers, buckram-stiffeners, tanners, tallowchandlers, curriers, and grooms, are exposed. Oil or grease applied to the skin is a preservative, as experienced in slubbing, carding, and piecening, in the woollen manufacture.

The chief agents included under the denomination of deleterious, or unfavourable to health and longevity, are, excess or deficiency of food, bent-sitting posture, long standing, great muscular efforts in lifting weights, steam, artificial heat, impure air, dust and gaseous impurity of the atmosphere, anxiety and mental application, long sitting, and delay of micturition, compression of the chest, bending of the head for long periods, close application to minute objects, as in watchmakers, engravers, tambourworkers, and dressmakers; poisonous substances acting through the skin, as lead, printers' type, and mercury; or on the eyes or ears, as scarlet-colour, lime-dust, and the noise of machinery.

Before the whole of Mr Thackrah's conclusions can be safely adopted as rules of life, it may perhaps be desirable he should test some of them by a more lengthened experience and wider field of observation. With the exception of this gentleman and Mr Kay of Manchester, hardly any medical person has applied himself to the investigation of a subject so important to humanity. One satisfactory result may, I think, be safely deduced from the inquiries of Mr Thackrah; namely, that there is hardly any employment which is not compatible with the enjoyment of tolerable health, when exercised subject to the three following conditions:—1. Moderate hours of labour, according to the greater or less exhausting nature of the employment; 2. Temperate, wholesome, and regular living; 3. Reasonable meal-times, and holidays occasionally, for purer air and exercise.

Next to keeping up the price of labour and the preservation of health, a cardinal point with the working classes is to establish and maintain a high standard of comfort and enjoyment in their habitations, clothing, and food; to eschew whatever brings them to the verge of existence, to their last resources in diet, dress, and lodging; and as casualties of health and fluctuations in employment are inseparable from every occupation, a provision should always be made, if possible, for periods of slackness, sickness, old age, and infirmity.

It is a disadvantage to the industrious orders that they cannot more easily adjust the supply of labour to the demand. When wages are depressed by competition for work, they are compelled to submit to coarser and scantier fare; and the danger is, that a mode of life at first repugnant to their feelings, and forced on them by necessity, may become habitual. Should this be the case, it is not likely they will make an effort to check the over-supply of labour which has caused their degradation; and as a lower rate of wages is found sufficient for their maintenance, an evil that might have been temporary is made permanent. This appears to be the condition of the Irish; their wages are under sixpence a-day, which their masters doubtless think enough for men content to live in mud-cabins and feed on potatoes.*

Labour, like gold and silver, can be made valuable by its scarcity only, and no other contrivance. All the acts of legislation, all the combinations and devices among workmen themselves, must fail in raising to a high price that which is redundant, which every where abounds, and which may be indefinitely, and by any one produced: we might as well seek to give a value to water or the atmosphere that surrounds us. A scarcity of the employed, and abundance of employers—

* Condensed from Mr R. Chambers's Life of King James, in Constable's Miscellany, 1830.

* Not only wages, but gifts, are often proportioned to a man's style of living. When James the First heard that Ben Jonson was living in great poverty in an obscure place in London, he sent him L.10 to relieve his necessities. Some of the courtiers remarking on the smallness of the sum, the king said it was enough for "a man who lived in *an alley*."

a population that follows, and not precedes, the augmentation of national wealth, is the great secret of popular amelioration. Without this, the advantages of increasing opulence civilization, and commerce, can never be participated in by the working classes; social improvements, in every shape, may advance over the land, but it will never touch the low and stagnant pool in which they are immersed.

As the high price of labour produced by scarcity of workmen, is the fortress that protects all their comforts and conveniences, they ought never to yield an inch of the "vantage ground," without dire necessity. The remarks of Mr M'Culloch on this point are dictated by sense and humanity, and well worthy of attention. "The example," says he, "of such individuals, or bodies of individuals, as submit quietly to have their wages reduced, and who are content if they get only the mere necessaries of life, ought never to be held up for public imitation. On the contrary, every thing should be done to make such apathy esteemed disgraceful. The best interests of society require that the rate of wages should be elevated as high as possible—that a taste for the comforts, luxuries, and enjoyments of human life, should be widely diffused, and, if possible, interwoven with national habits and prejudices. Very low wages, by rendering it impossible for any increased exertions to obtain any considerable increase of comforts and enjoyments, effectually hinders them from being made, and is, of all others, the most powerful cause of that idleness and apathy, that contents itself with what can barely continue animal existence."—*Principles of Political Economy*, second edition, p. 394.

The father of economical science had inculcated the same philanthropic doctrine. "Is this improvement," asks Smith, "in the circumstances of the lower ranks of the people to be regarded as an advantage, or as an inconveniency to society? The answer seems at first abundantly plain. Servants, labourers, and workmen of different kinds, make up the far greater part of every great political society. But what improves the circumstances of the greater part can never be regarded as any inconveniency to the whole. No society can surely be flourishing and happy of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable. It is but equity, besides, that they who feed, clothe, and lodge the whole body of the people, should have such a share of the produce of their own labour as to be themselves tolerably well fed, clothed, and lodged." —*Wealth of Nations*, b. i. ch. 8.

Government is interested not less than the people in the diffusion of such sentiments. It can never be the pride of authority to rule over an ignorant, ill-fed, and degraded population. The diffusion of political power has assimilated society to the nature of a joint-stock association, in which the rulers and ruled have a common interest. Government cannot be rich, while the body of the community is indigent; it cannot be safe, while that on which it mainly rests cannot be depended on for support. It is not the opulent who demand legislative attention; they are exempt from want, and as they assume to be educated, they ought to be exempt from crime; they form that part of the social waste which has been reclaimed and cultivated: but the poor, if not still in the wilderness, are only on its verge, and require to be brought forward by the application of those practical truths I have endeavoured to explain and enforce.*

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

(Conclusion of first Article.)

THE following is the mode of *tatooing* the skin, so common amongst most savage nations, and practised to a great extent in the South Sea Islands. The operation is performed by regular professors of the art, and is a very profitable occupation. The dye employed is the kernel of the candle-nut, called by the natives *tiairi*, which is burnt to charcoal, and then mixed with oil. The tatooing-stick consists of a piece of sharp-pointed bone, fastened to the end of a small stick. Another stick, somewhat heavier, is used for striking the other in the process of perforation. The figure or pattern to be tatooed is first carefully drawn upon the skin with a piece of charcoal, and the performer, having immersed the point of the sharp bone in the colouring matter, which is a beautiful jet, strikes it smartly with the stick in his right hand, and thus inserts the dye into the flesh. This operation is attended with great suffering, and few of the natives can endure it so long as to have an entire figure completed at one sitting. The consequences of it, indeed, are frequently fatal. The chest is the part of the body most profusely tatooed, and the beauty and minuteness of the representations sometimes made are truly astonishing. "Every variety of figure," says Mr Ellis, "is to be seen here. Cocoa-nut and breadfruit trees, with convolvulus wreaths hanging round them, boys gathering the fruit, men engaged in battle, in manual exercise, triumphing over a falling foe, or, as I have frequently seen it, they are represented as carrying a human sacrifice to the temple. Every kind of animal—goats, dogs, fowls, and fish—may at times be seen on this part of the body; muskets, swords, pistols, clubs, spears, and other weapons of war, are also stamped upon their arms or chest."

Marriages take place at a very early age among the Tahitians—the females being seldom more than twelve or thirteen, and the males a year or two older. When not previously arranged by betrothment, very short courtship generally precedes the union of the sexes, as neither party have any backwardness in displaying their emotions towards each other. The marriage ceremony is an affair of great pomp, mingled, besides, with many observances of affecting solemnity. Amongst these was the practice of the young couple's parents cutting their foreheads with a sharp instrument, and mingling their blood together upon a piece of cloth at the altar, as typical of the extinction of all difference of rank, and of all animosity between the two families, as well as of the binding obligation of the union. Another was the placing of their ancestors' skulls, which are always carefully preserved, beside the young pair, thereby testifying their belief that the spirits of the deceased were witnesses of the agreement. Notwithstanding all this ceremony, however, the marriage tie is more frequently broken than observed—either party quitting their engagement upon any capricious freak or fancy.

There never were a people, we believe, more addicted to cruel, murderous, and exterminating warfare than the natives of the South Seas. They considered it, in short, the prime aim and occupation of life, and all their customs and institutions bore reference to it. Amongst other results, it was the chief cause of the practice of infanticide, which was directed chiefly against female children, as being unfit for war; and to such an extent was it carried on, that, when the missionaries arrived from England in 1797, the proportion of males to females was as five to one. Great preparations, by religious rites and human sacrifices, take place before setting out on the expedition, which almost always is with the determination of utterly annihilating their enemies, and is generally carried into effect either with one party or another. The harangues of the chief warriors on these occasions are described by the Rev. Mr Nott as being the finest displays of graceful and impassioned eloquence which it was possible to imagine. The barbarities formerly practised by the contending parties upon their captives were beyond every thing horrible. Some of them were generally roasted and eaten, and it is now clearly ascertained that cannibalism in general was a common practice among these remote islanders.

* From an able and unpretending little work, just published—"History of the Middle and Working Classes." London, Effingham Wilson.

SULLIVAN THE WHISPERER.

James Sullivan, who possessed the art of training the most furious horse, by being permitted to be alone with him for a short space of time, is thus recorded in the "Survey of the County of Cork," by Townsend, who justly remarks, that, although the following facts appear almost incredible, yet they are nevertheless true, as he was an eye-witness to them:—"James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of the *Whisperer*, and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some colour to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan, than by Cæsar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted, without show of resistance, to the magical influence of his art, and, in the short space of half an hour, became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed, to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and, upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Some saw his skill tried on a horse, which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases, this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *tête-à-tête* shows, that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but hunting, and attachment to his native soil, were his ruling passions. He lived at home, in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow and the fox-hounds."

CRIMSON CLOVER.

The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the Code of Agriculture, page 433, and its object is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated only in our gardens, as a curious and rather pretty looking annual:—"It is a subject of astonishment that this valuable plant (the *Trefolium incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes or other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling cattle, eight days earlier than lucerne, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry." If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed-merchants in this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that this is an annual plant, and therefore should only be employed in partial husbandry.

DANCING.

Dancing seems to have been reckoned, as well among the Hebrews as the Greeks, one of the first-rate accomplishments, and to have been associated not only with their poetry, but with their religious worship. Almost all the earliest Greek poets, as Thespis, Cratinus, and others, not only excelled in dancing, but taught it to freemen, or gentlemen, for money. Sophocles was one of the best dancers of his generation; he had a very handsome person, which he was fain to exhibit in the dance's grace-displaying movements: when his play of Nausicaa was acted, he not only danced, but played at the ball. With the Hebrews, dancing must assuredly have been associated with notions of dignity, otherwise it would not have been used in their most solemn worship: and yet the taunting rebuke given to David by his wife, presupposes, in her estimation, something of levity combined with that exercise. With the Romans, after their connexion with Greece, dancing was also deemed a high accomplishment. In the age of Cicero, the first men of Rome made a boast of their skill in dancing; as Claudius, who had triumphed; Cœlius, the enemy of Cicero; and Lic. Crassus, son of the celebrated Parthian Crassus.

DAFT SANDY MILLER.

Formerly, in Alloa House, there was a strange half-witted servant, of the name of Sandy Miller, whose principal business it was to attend to the coal bunkers or receptacles, of which there was one in every flat of that large mansion, for the supply of the fires. Sandy was sometimes negligent, so that the bunkers ran empty before he observed; and on such occasions he generally received such a dreadful scold, either from his master or from the other servants, that his life for the time was miserable. At length, Sandy was one day suddenly taken ill, and given up for lost, when a clergyman was sent for to administer to him the spiritual offices proper to a death-bed. Poor Sandy listened very attentively to what was said by the minister, and after prayers were over, mentioned, with a self-satisfied sigh, that there was *one thing in particular* which gave him great consolation in this his dying hour. "What may that be, Sandy?" said the clergyman. "Oh, sir," answered the dying man, "*a' the bunkers is filled!*"

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NELLY BALLANTYNE.

NELLY BALLANTYNE was one of a class of persons to whom allusion was made in the article entitled "TURNERS"—a decent old widow, maintaining herself, in a creditable way, as the mistress of a small public-house in one of the villages near Edinburgh. Her lowly whitewashed hostelry was for many years a favourite resort of the lovers of fruit in summer, and the lovers of skating in winter, and *turners* all the year round. It was a great *Saturday house*—that is to say, a number of decent stoutish gentlemen who had offices in the Register House or the Exchequer, and did not get much abroad during the week, liked to come out to see Nelly on the afternoon of the last day of the week, which, after the manner of their ancestors, they always kept sacred to recreation. Nelly knew her men well enough, and having a neighbour who washed to some of them, was always timeously apprised, by means of that intelligencer, if it was likely that any of "the gentlemen" would be thinking of a sheep's head on Saturday—not that any decided order was ever given—far from it; only good Mr Baird of the Sasine Office, on receiving his bundle of fresh linen about the Thursday evening, would hint that he had not been taking a walk for a long time; he must really see and get one or two out with him, after the office shut on Saturday, and they would perhaps see what Nelly Ballantyne was about. Nelly knew, therefore, what it beseemed her to do; and if the sheep's head was not fully ripe in the pot by three o'clock, her stars were more at fault than she. Just at that hour exactly, the point of Mr Baird's stick, as he carried it swivel-fashion in his hand, would be seen coming round the corner, followed speedily by his own portly person, and a straggling group of perspiring friends, who carried a demand of spirits and water in their very faces, and one and all declared the roads to be remarkably dusty. If Nelly was not in the trance to receive them, she was sure to be in the spence; but whether present or not—without even the assurance that she was in the house, or in the world—the foremost of the party would say, with a curious singing accented voice, "Well, Nelly, how are ye to-day?" and so would push into *the* room, where the neatly spread table, with a heap of white plates rimmed with blue, a salt-foot of pewter filled with large-grained salt, and a stoneware pepper-pot, with a piece of paper twisted into the bottom of it, gave earnest of the coming fare.

Seldom had any party of this kind to wait long, when honest Nelly herself, dressed for the occasion in a clean white apron, and a new "toy" upon her head, would come in with the ample tureen, all as if she had previously learned the numbers and wishes of her guest by a kind of intuition. "Weel, Nelly, it's a gude head of course?" "Ye may say that, sir—a head far bye ordner. A grand black tup, sir—I waled him mysell frae amang a score—he had horns the like I never saw—the trotters just uncommon. I daur say, a dizzen might dine on him, ae way and another." No time for farther colloquy just now. But after the broth, head, and trotters, had been alike discussed, and just as Nelly was going to close the door for the last time, that her guests might begin to their toddy, worthy Mr Lothian, seeing her "fissling" a little before taking wing, would accept the hint for the fiftieth time, and say, "But, Nelly, ye maun take a taste yoursell—sit ye down there;" and so would hand her the first glass that was filled. Nelly would then take a seat in a skittishly condescending way, and drink all their healths by name; after which, Mr Baird, or Mr Paterson, or Mr Abernethy, would ask how she had been getting on lately, and what "gentlemen" had been out seeing her, and how, in particular, her "dochter Bell" was. Nelly would then tell them that she was "aye fechtin away, the best way she could, to keep a house aboon her head; but 'deed there hadna been muckle doing for a lang time. Except a dinner last Saturday," she would say, "twa-three gentlemen o' the Court o' Session [macers, probably, celebrating the commencement of the vacation]—we have not had ony visitors bye common this month past. The weather, ye see, has been gey backward, and gentlemen are feared to venture out this length. And I'm sure, last winter, it was just as ill the tither way; for there was never a day's gude ice on the loch a' the season, and except a gentleman that gaed down ower the head, and had to be brought in here to be dried, I dinna think we ever had either a skeytcher [skater] or a curler about the house. They say the Principal, honest man, was out *ae day*, but that was a'. 'Deed I think the seasons are gane clean gyte now a'thegither."

Some one would interject, that although there might be little doing about the village, still Nelly got the best part of it, while her rivals did not appear to be prospering very greatly.

"Ou 'deed ay," she would answer, "I've great reason to be thankfu'. Mony a ane tries 't; but somehow or other, nane o' them ever comes to ony gude. There's ane set up the other day on the other side o' the road, just forenent my very door—a chield that likes whisky himsell, and maybe thinks he'll at least mak his ain drink by 't. But I've seen them a' out as yet, and the auld widow will maybe see him out too."

Mr Lothian would remark, that she had now been a long time here in a way of business.

"Ay, saxteen years, sir, again' the neist Martinmas. I lost *him that's away* just the Lammas before, and there was nae other remeed for the bringing up o' five fatherless bairns but just to tak up the bit public. A' that time I've paid baith licence and taxes, and never been ahint five pounds to the merchant; and that's mair nor some o' my neebours can say."

In this kind of chat would Nelly amuse her guests for a few minutes, and then, pretending to hear something going on which required her attention, would bustle away out of the room, and leave them to the serious business of the evening.

Mine hostess daikered on (to use her own phrase) for many years in her quiet and decently conducted hostel, paying scot and lot, and seeing one after another of her rivals sink into ruin and oblivion. There was hardly a clerk in any public office in Edinburgh who had not agreeable recollections of cheap and savoury treats enjoyed in her house on Saturday afternoons; and it was curious to remark, that, although she would have been a total stranger to these gentlemen if met on the streets of the city, every one was her familiar friend when they entered her own house. This, be it observed, did not arise from any thing like haughtiness on their part: the actual fact was, that Nelly was part and parcel of a particular scene with which they were familiar, and, if seen any where else, her figure would not have been recognisable. In some instances, however, she might be said to have established something beyond this holiday kind of friendship. By her neighbour, Betty the washerwoman, she had perhaps sent a present of gooseberries now and then to Mrs Baird, or to Mrs Lothian; and although these worthy ladies never thought of calling to render their thanks in person, they would perhaps send the nursery-maid some day with her infantine charge, to take a walk that way, and pay Nelly a visit in passing. The consequence would be, that when the gentlemen next came to a Saturday dinner, she would burst out with—"Eh, Mr Baird, hoo muckle am I obleeged to Mrs Baird, for sending yon bonny bairn to see me. Sic a bairn I never saw—sic fine black een (like his mother's, I fancy), and how stoot for his age! Only eleven months and ten days, the maid said, and him nearly gaun his lane already. Eh, sic a fine bairn!" Thus familiar with her respectable guests, Nelly might rather be called their friend than their hostess.

Times at length changed with this poor, but decent and honest woman. Severe as her struggle had been to bring her orphan family over the helpless period of childhood, she found that it was only when they grew up to maturity that they became seriously burdensome to her. The eldest lad—Matthew by name—had always been her favourite, and, spoilt by indulgences he did not deserve, turned out a very bad member of society. Originally apprenticed to a cartwright, he gradually sunk, through a great variety of employments, into the condition of an absolute profligate; associated with the most flagitious characters in the neighbouring city; was noted in the newspapers as one who called for the especial notice of the police; and every now and then came home to his mother to oppress her with his exactions, and wring her heart with his misconduct. James—the second son—was in every respect a superior character; had been a good scholar, and recommended himself, by his talent and good behaviour, to a respectable situation as a clerk; but, falling out of employment, and being disgusted with his brother's conduct, which threatened the whole family with disgrace, he had been induced to emigrate to Canada; nor did his mother hear of him for several years after, so that he was, to her, the same as if he had ceased to exist. The remaining children of the poor widow were daughters, all of whom, at a proper age, had been sent to act as house-servants in the neighbouring city. Such is the condition of life which presents itself to poor parents in general, as the only resource for the female part of their families; though it is one not without its hazards and its disadvantages, and is generally encountered with some share of hesitation. So far as the mere duties of service are concerned, it is not perhaps looked upon with any trouble of mind; for the general lot is one of mutual subserviency, and it is only appropriate to the condition of the poor that their share of that lot should refer to humble offices in the households of the rich. There are other circumstances, however, attendant upon this condition, which no parent possessed of good feeling and good principle can regard without fear and real distress. He knows that the very creatures whom he looks upon with such fondness and estimation, whom he has taken pains to instruct in every upright principle, and whose temporal and eternal interests are alike so dear to him, are liable to be contemplated in the station to which he is forced to consign them, as only the fit ministers of unworthy pleasures, as creatures who come no one knows whence, and go no one knows whither, mere accidental and unconnected beings, responsible to no one for their fate, and for whose conduct there is no heart either to grieve or rejoice. He thinks of the miseries to which they are thus exposed, and the anguish which they may soon perhaps bring back upon himself, and, though not unhopeful of better things, sees them depart for their gayer and more dangerous home, with a regret and an alarm which, if it could be but imagined by those whom he dreads, would perhaps be the best protection of those whom he wishes, but is not able, to protect. Such were, in part, the feelings of honest Nelly Ballantyne, when she sent her three daughters to "serve

the fremmit"* in Edinburgh; and they were not unjustified by the event. The youngest and the fairest —"Bonnie Lizzie," as she had been called—became a waif and an outcast; while, of the others, only one could be considered as fortunate. This was Helen, who was married to a steady operative in the city, and became the mother of a large family, which, by economy and industry, she maintained in a creditable manner. The other daughter, Bell, was also married; but her husband proved a worthless sot, and, after having had three children, she found it absolutely necessary to separate from him, and take refuge in her mother's house. Thus, honest Nelly, after having, as she thought, got over the grand difficulty of her life, namely, the rearing of her orphan family, found herself, at an advanced age, more deeply and distressingly burdened than ever. Her son Matthew was a *downdraught* of the most odious kind—a monster who would coolly demand money from her, in order to save him from the consequences of criminal acts, which he described himself as having committed, and then go away to spend what he had thus wrung forth, in the basest indulgences, and amidst a troop of companions who were every now and then thinned by the law. On the other hand, Nelly was taxed with the entire maintenance of her daughter and grandchildren—it being impossible for the poor mother, occupied as she was with the care of three infants, to do any thing for her own or for their support. There was something not far removed from real pathos in the reflections which she occasionally indulged in respecting these circumstances. "I would think naething," she remarked one day to a friend, "of gieing Bell and her bairns a bite o' what I hae, if I could weel afford it—for bluid, ye ken, is aye thicker than water, and the bairns, puir things, are fine creatures, for a' the ill father they hae, and it's just a pleesur to me to see them totting about, crying, 'Grannie, do this,' and 'Grannie, gie me that,' and no an ill thocht i' their heads. But oh, woman, its a different thing wi' Matthew and Lizzie. I used to think, when their father left them a' young upon my hands, and the youngest no born yet, that few women had ever been trysted as I was; and mony a time did they anger me wi' their childish mischief, and broken lozens, and that kind o' thing. But though they angered me then, they never vexed me, as some o' them do now. If they could a' but be made bairns again—innocent thochtless bairns, dirtying themselves in dubs, and greeting for pieces,† and whyles gieing ane another a lick i' the lug‡ when they provoked ane another—I wad care little, woman, though they were twice the burden to me that they were langsyne."

It was soon found that the increased expenditure, occasioned by these new exactions, was pressing too severely upon the resources of the honest widow; and the consequence was, her inability to pay the rent, taxes, and licence, which formed her principal channels of disbursement. That unjustly but unavoidably detested race of men, the tax-gatherers, became her frequent visitors; and though pity, aided by a dram, would for a while induce them to write some decent excuse on the back of the returned receipt, and so depart in peace, this could not be effectual for ever. The horrid sum—two pounds fourteen shillings and sevenpence—still remained due, and still, once every week, re-appeared the awful officer at the door, with his small black leather portfolio, and his really unassuming, but, to Nelly's perceptions, most imperious and tyrannical countenance. "Ou, mistress, ye ken it's no my blame," the poor man would say; "I maun just do as I'm bidden." But Nelly, though her reason assented to this proposition, always found her feelings of quite a contrary opinion; and even while she invited the man to a civil glass of whisky, and wheedled him for yet a little more time, could not help thinking in her secret heart, that he was the most atrocious villain on the face of the whole earth. "Weel, mistress," he at length told her one day, "this off-putting will do nae langer. There's five per cent. on already, and my expenses beside, and I hae na a receipt sae scrawled on the back in my hale pocket-book. First, ye see, 'seventeenth May, says call again;' then, 'twenty-sixth May, has no money;' next, 'June second, will call in a day or two herself;' then again, 'June ninth, has just been paying a large account for porter;' after that, 'June fifteenth, says call again next week;' then cam on the expenses, and after a', 'July sixth, has not a shilling in the house.' Really, mistress, I've haen mair trouble about your taxes than ony other body's in the district; and, I assure ye, it's nae joke coming out a' this length in sic warm weather." For this time, Nelly got clear of her dun at the sacrifice of a bottle of strong ale. But at length the laws of the collectorate could be stretched no farther, and a poinding or execution took place in her house, with assurance, that, if the taxes should not be settled before Tuesday next, her effects should be exposed to sale.

The intermediate time was spent by the poor widow and her daughter in unavailing grief; and, not having a single friend in the world to take her part, or rescue her from so dreadful a calamity, she could only look forward to destitution both for herself and the helpless creatures depending on her. The terrible day came round in course, when duly appeared a band of officials to execute the threat which hung over her. A red flag was displayed at the door, which speedily had the effect of collecting the villagers; and a barrel having been placed by the side of the threshold, the auctioneer mounted aloft, and began to sell the articles of furniture, which, one after another, were brought forth from the interior. Poor Nelly and her daughter remained within, dissolved in grief, which the efforts of a few female neighbours, however well meant, could do little to control. The children moved about as usual; and it was curious, amidst one of the most distressing scenes that can be witnessed, to hear their unconcerned prattle, which ever and anon was mingled with the coarse declamations of the auctioneer without, and the heart-bursting sorrow of the party within. Once, only once, could Nelly venture to peep abroad upon the proceedings out of doors; she saw her cradle raised aloft for sale—the ancient and familiar cradle in which she had been herself rocked, which had nursed her own family, and was now or lately employed for her daughter's youngest child—and she shrunk back as if she had received a blow, and again buried her face in her lap by the fireside. In time, the dreadful scene was finished; and she was left in her desolate cottage, with only one or two stools, and other little articles, which had been judged too trifling to be put up for sale. The coarse officials departed with the proceeds of their severity, leaving ruin and misery where there had formerly been humble content and cheerfulness.

For some time after this calamity, Nelly and her daughter took up their abode with a poor neighbour, and endeavoured to obtain a slender support by acting as washerwomen. They were also indebted, in some small measure, to the kindness of that daughter who has already been alluded to, as the only one whose lot proved in the least enviable. In the declining strength, however, of the old widow, and the duty of attending to so many children, which pressed upon her daughter Bell, all such means of support would have soon proved ineffectual, and the whole family would have speedily become objects of public charity, if it had not been for the providential re-appearance of Nelly's long-lost son James. This young man had at the first proved so unsuccessful in his object, that he could not prevail upon himself to write about his affairs to his mother. At length, however, he had become settled in an excellent farm in the London district, in Upper Canada; and having heard of the unfortunate circumstances of his mother and sister, he had resolved to pay them a personal visit, and, if possible, prevail with them to accompany him to America. It would be vain to describe the joy with which Nelly hailed the appearance of her son, or the surprise she expressed at his improved circumstances. She very characteristically made no objection to undertaking so long a voyage at her advanced time of life, but only remarked, that "the bairns couldna steer a step till they got new sarks." All such difficulties, it may be imagined, were soon got over, and in a few weeks this persecuted little family found a safe retreat on the other side of the Atlantic. According to the last accounts, they were all living in a comfortable and happy manner, and Bell's family was beginning to be of no little service to their uncle. Nelly hardly liked the country at first, but soon became reconciled to it —one grand consideration moving her thereto, being (as she herself expressed it) that "there was nae fear *here* o' being roupit out for taxes!"

* Unrelated, not akin.

† *Anglice*—Crying for crusts of bread. ‡ A slap on the ear.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST—No. II.

Caloric, or the cause of heat (from the Latin word *calor*, heat), is spread universally over the surface of the globe. But whether it is a real tangible substance, or only an attribute or property of matter, is not very easy to determine. If it be an agent or real substance, it is of that active and subtile kind which almost eludes detection; it passes through and along all bodies, and we can scarcely tell from whence it comes or whither it goes. What we have to consider, then, is its effects, or what it produces. There can be no doubt but that the great, and perhaps the only way by which heat comes to us, is from the sun. Were it not for the daily return of the sun's rays to the earth, every thing on its surface would be speedily congealed to a frozen mass of solid matter; we could have no liquids, and even the air itself would be reduced to a mass, first of fluid, and then of solid matter. It is thus, that, in winter, with our short day and slanting sunshine, we have the earth cooled down at night to freezing, and often below, so that the powers of next day's sun are too feeble to produce a thaw; thus, also, even during our longest summer days, the coldest period of the twenty-four hours is the hour immediately preceding sunrise.

But there are other means of producing heat besides obtaining it directly from the sun. Thus, if two pieces of wood are rubbed smartly together, they soon become hot, and at last burst into flame. In this manner savage nations frequently procure a precarious fire; and the dry branches of the forest, when thus rubbed violently against each other by the wind, not unfrequently take fire, and set the country in a blaze; and the wheels of carriages by a similar friction are often destroyed. Even if two pieces of ice are rubbed together, as much heat is generated as serves partly to melt them into water. Violently beating a hard substance has the same effect in producing heat as friction; and thus, if a piece of soft iron be taken, and smartly hammered, it will become red-hot under the operation. The next way by which heat is produced is by mixing substances of different properties with each other, by which a chemical change in their natures is brought about, and more or less heat is thrown out. Thus, if you take half a glassful of oil of vitriol, and pour on it the same quantity of water, and mix them suddenly, the outside of the glass will become so hot as scarcely to bear touching with the finger; and if a small slice of phosphorus (a very inflammable substance) be rolled in a little tow, and placed outside the glass, a flame will immediately be visible. If you take a piece of fresh burnt limestone, and pour over it some water, so great a heat will be raised as to convert part of the water into steam, at the same time that the rest is absorbed or taken up by the lime, and becomes a solid.

Another way in which heat is produced in great abundance, is by combustion, or the act of burning, as in a common fire of coals or wood, or a lamp or candle. This, too, is a chemical combination, or mixture of oxygen (one of the airs of the atmosphere) and the inflammable substance, as wood, oil, or grease. Without a constant supply of this air, no lamp or fire would burn; and in a large fire in a grate, a rushing current of air may be perceived continually going to feed the flame. It is by a knowledge of this circumstance that grates are constructed with a contracted passage to increase this current, and that a long and narrow glass is placed over the flame of a lamp, preventing the air from getting to the flame on all sides, except from below, where it rushes up in a strong current, and heightens in this way the intensity and brilliancy of the flame. In all those instances where heat is accumulated and produced from the mixture or combustion of bodies, it must not be supposed that this heat is actually raised or generated at the time—it is only the heat which these bodies have received from a common source (in all likelihood from the sun), that has by certain means been drawn from those bodies, and concentrated to one point.

We shall next consider what effect heat has on bodies. The most striking influence of heat is, that it expands or increases the bulk of all bodies, whether solid, fluid, or aërial; and it effects this by separating to a greater distance the several minute particles of which bodies are made up. To understand this better, let us take four or five small peas or marbles, and place them close to each other, as close in fact as they will go, and draw, with a piece of chalk, a circle around them, of about half a foot in width or diameter, and another smaller circle of six inches diameter. This, we may suppose, is a state of matters where there is no caloric or heat present at all. A small portion of heat admitted will separate these balls, and make them occupy the space contained within the smaller circle. Suppose a greater quantity of heat admitted, a greater separation between these balls will take place, and they will then occupy the space of the larger circle. Thus it is with the expansion of bodies; and this is brought about by the smaller or greater degree of heat which any substance contains. If you take a piece of iron, and measure it while cold, and then heat it to a red heat in the fire, you will find that it has lengthened considerably by the addition of heat, and in this way cartwrights turn the circumstance to good account. Having prepared the woodwork of their wheel, and the iron rim, the latter of dimensions so scrimp as not to enter over the wood, they heat the iron in a furnace; this expands or increases the size of the circle so much, that, when laid over the wooden circle, it easily fits on it; cold water is instantly dashed on the iron; it suddenly cools, and contracts and grasps firmly the wood in every part throughout. If you take a common bladder, and fill it half-full of air, and then tie it up tightly with a thread, and hang it before a good fire, the air in the bladder will gradually expand, so as to fill the bladder completely; and if the heat is continued, the force of the expanding air will be such as to burst the skin with a loud explosion. Water, too, and every liquid, increases its bulk by being heated; and a goblet of water, not nearly full, when put on the fire cold, will, when it boils, be found to have increased to the very brim. On this law of bodies depends the formation of the thermometer, an instrument, as its Greek name implies, constructed to measure degrees of heat: it consists of a glass tube, with a hollow inside, and a bulb on one end: this bulb, and part of the tube, is filled with spirit of wine, or quicksilver; and, as the surrounding heat is great or small, the fluid, as it expands or contracts, rises or falls in the tube.

We have already mentioned, that all bodies on the earth's surface contain a portion of heat, which they are daily receiving from the sun's rays; and this heat or caloric is of so benevolent and impartial a nature, that wherever it is, or under whatever circumstances, it will have a tendency to diffuse itself equally through all bodies. Thus, if a piece of precious gold and vile copper are in company with a piece of red-hot iron, the heat will go equally to the gold as to the copper, and, indeed, equally to every thing around. If a king and a beggar were together, they would be both warmed in an equal proportion: in short, heat, un-

like many worldlings, is no respecter nor despiser of persons or of things. But it will be said, in a room for instance, if we place one hand on a piece of wood or cloth, and the other on a piece of polished brass or steel, that the metal feels infinitely colder than the cloth or wood; and so it does, because some substances, and especially metals, are better conductors of heat than others; so that, although the metal is not colder than the wood, yet it has the knack of taking the heat out of your body ten times quicker, and conveying it to its brother metals and wood in the room. We every day take advantage of this. For instance, soft woollen clothes, because they are imperfect conductors, are much warmer than linen or cotton, and infinitely more so than a metallic covering would be. The handles of our tea-pots are made of wood instead of metal, because metal would conduct heat from the hot tea so quickly and perfectly as to burn the fingers, whereas wood is more slow and sluggish in its operations.

But heat has another way of communicating itself, besides passing from one solid body to another If you sit at the farther end of a large room, but directly opposite to a good fire, you will find the heat glowing in your face, and coming at once from the red fire. This is called the radiation of heat, or its passing in direct rays. Heated bodies, though not visibly red-hot, can radiate or send off heat in this manner; and it is supposed that the heat from the surface of the earth thus passes off during the absence of the sun into empty space, otherwise, from our constant additions of the sun's heat, it would accumulate too much on our globe.

There is another circumstance regarding heat which cannot be passed over, and that is, that it enters bodies in very considerable quantity, and yet cannot be perceived; that is, it makes them not a bit hotter. Thus, if a quantity of ice be put into a pan, and melted by applying heat, it will be found that the melted water is just of the same temperature as the solid ice was when put into the pan, although long application of heat had been used in the process of thawing. If this water be heated for an hour longer, it will arrive at the boiling point; and if the heat is continued for six hours more, it will be all converted into steam. Yet this steam is just of the same temperature as the boiling water, although it must have taken in a great deal more heat than the water. This heat taken in, but not manifest to the senses, has been called latent caloric; and it is a law of bodies, that, before they can pass from the solid to the fluid, or from the fluid to the aëriform, they must have an additional quantity of caloric. The same law holds if we reverse the matter. Bodies in passing from a state of air or vapour to a liquid, or liquids passing into solids, give out a quantity of heat, and this heat given out is found to be in exact proportion to that taken in under the other circumstances. It has often been remarked, and is a well-known fact, that before and during a fall of snow the air feels warm; this arises from the heat given out by the water consolidating into snow flakes. On the contrary, there is no time that the surface of the ground is more chill than during a thaw, because the melting snow greedily absorbs heat from every object around. Evaporation, or the sudden passing off of fluids in vapour, also causes great cold: thus, if a thin glass ball, containing a small quantity of water, is repeatedly moistened with a rag on the outside, containing ether (an extremely volatile substance), the water will congeal into ice, by its heat being carried off in the evaporation of the ether.

We have now finished all that we propose saying about heat, and, before concluding, intend to note down a few experiments connected with the subject. In experimenting, however, we would caution the young chemist to be much upon his guard, and to observe one or two things. He should never be in a hurry, but well consider his mode of proceeding, and overlook, again and again, his materials and preparations; he should observe neatness, and order, and cleanliness, for these will undoubtedly lead afterwards to accuracy and precision; he should never poke his face or eyes too near any chemical materials; he should put on a pair of strong gloves to protect his hands, and a mask for his face, when an explosion is likely to occur. In exploding the gases, &c., he should roll a coarse towel round the glass phial or jar; and if it breaks, it will do no injury. Finally, he should make his experiments as much as possible useful, that is, illustrative of some circumstance in the science, not the idle frolics of a mountebank. We shall give the chemical names of ingredients, which, though they may seem mystical, will be readily known at the chemist's laboratory.

1. *To produce flame under the surface of water.*—Take a small slice of phosphorus, and three or four grains of oxymuriate of potass; place these at the bottom of a glass tumbler; then take a glass tube with a pretty wide hollow in the middle; dip one end of this into a little sulphuric acid, and then press the thumb smartly on the other end, so as to exclude all air; lift up the tube gently, which will contain a few drops of the acid, and slip it into the tumbler just over the ingredients at the bottom; remove your thumb from the top; the acid will fall down, and, decomposing the oxymuriate of potass with great heat, the phosphorus will inflame and burn brightly, supplied by the oxygen of the oxymuriate.

2. Take a small bit of the metallic potassium; throw it on a piece of ice, or a little water, and it will burst into a beautiful blue flame.

3. *Detonating powder.*—Take three drachms nitre, two of carbonate of potass, and one of sulphur; mix them together in a mortar. Take about as much of this powder as can be held on a sixpence, and place it on a shovel over the fire. It will first melt, and then explode with a loud noise. The explosion is caused by a quantity of oxygen gas being suddenly disengaged from the nitrate of potass.

4. *Coloured signal lights.*—Take six drachms nitre, and two of sulphur; mix them into a fine powder. To produce a white light, add to this powder one drachm of orpiment, or yellow arsenic;—a blue light, two drachms of crude antimony in fine powder;—a red light, one drachm of nitrate of strontites.

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

(Second and concluding Article.)

Upon the first establishment of one of the Missionary Societies, in 1795, the then newly-discovered islands in the South Sea were selected as the first scene of its exertions; and thirty individuals, who volunteered their services, engaged to attempt the establishment of missionary settlements in the Society, Friendly, and other islands of the Pacific. At this period, the native inhabitants were under the thraldom of a barbarous mythology, combining in its tenets almost every extravagance which characterised the idolatrous systems of the heathen nations of old. The air, earth, and sea, were in their estimation peopled with spirits and deities, good and bad, to whom they indiscriminately offered up idol-worship and human sacrifices, while, as stated in our previous article, infanticide, torturing of war-captives, and every other barbarous practice common to savage nations, were in full operation. Eighteen of the missionaries landed at Tahiti, in March 1797 (the rest being distributed among the neighbouring islands), and were received by the king (Pomare) and queen of the island with uncommon respect and kindness. Unlike the jealousy usually manifested by barbarous tribes towards foreigners, the natives of Tahiti were delighted at the prospect of the white men coming to reside amongst them, having conceived a favourable opinion of them from the passing visits of various English ships. So pleased were they at the circumstance, and so hopeful of the advantages that would accrue to themselves from the permanent residence of Europeans, that they voluntarily ceded in a formal manner to the missionaries a whole district of the island called Matavai. Such transactions were by no means uncommon amongst them; but there was always a tacit understanding that the *presentee* (sometimes of a whole island) was only to make use of the gift so far as was needful to his support. A few of the missionaries were conveyed to the neighbouring islands, where they were likewise received with the utmost cordiality. Their acquaintance with the mechanical arts, for the practice of which they had brought with them all sorts of handicraft tools, especially struck the natives with astonishment and delight, and at once conciliated their respect and friendship. After having by these and other means established themselves in the good opinion of those they came to instruct, the missionaries next proceeded to acquire a knowledge of the Tahitian tongue. In this they found such great difficulty, from the language being altogether oral, and the multiplicity of vowels used, that they would probably have given it up in despair, but for the pains which the natives took to instruct them. With this aid, they were enabled, after great labour, to reduce the language to writing, which not only was of the highest use and importance to the missionaries, but afterwards came to be used by the natives themselves with the utmost facility. When a suitable means of communication was thus established between them, and after the missionaries had been about a year in the island, the latter requested a public meeting with the king and principal chiefs, at which they informed them of the purposes of the mission; namely, to instruct them in all useful arts, teach them reading and writing, and make known to them the only true God, and the way to happiness in a future state. They likewise, at the same time, endeavoured to demonstrate the horrible nature of human sacrifices, and especially of infanticide, and strongly urged their immediate discontinuance. The chiefs and people appeared pleased with the explanation of the missionaries, and promised that no more children should be murdered; but it was only a promise.

At this time there were two rulers in Tahiti—Pomare, and Otu his eldest son. But although the actual sovereignty of the latter was confined only to a few districts, he in fact possessed more power than his father, and was termed the king, notwithstanding that Pomare was recognised as the chief of the island. Otu, who afterwards, on his father's death, assumed the name of Pomare the Second, was at first greatly prejudiced against the missionaries, and it required all his father's influence to prevent him manifesting his aversion otherwise than by words and looks. His unfriendly disposition towards them was so well known, that some of his adherents upon one occasion attacked four of the missionaries, tore the clothes from their back, and would undoubtedly have drowned them in a river into which they threw them, had not some of the more friendly-disposed natives rescued them. The good king Pomare was so incensed at the conduct of the assailants, that, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the missionaries, he made war upon the district, and slew two of the ringleaders. The impression, however, of this unpleasant occurrence upon most of the missionaries was such, that eleven of them took their departure in an English vessel then lying at Tahiti, and proceeded to Port Jackson, in New South Wales. This step seems scarcely to have been warranted by the occasion, more especially as a great majority of the natives expressed the deepest sorrow at their resolution, and the good old king entreated them, with tears in his eyes, to remain. It seems doubtful, however, if their presence would have been productive of any good results at this time in Tahiti—at least, for many years afterwards, the missionaries laboured on indefatigably without the slightest appearance of success to their cause. For this there were many evident reasons. In the first place, a rebellion broke out amongst the natives, about the above period, by which the island was kept in a continual state of turmoil and agitation. Another reason, no doubt, was the disfavour in which the preachers were held by Otu and the other chiefs. A third was of a still more distressing and unfortunate character. From the number of English vessels, principally South Sea whalers, which then began to touch at the islands, some loathsome diseases had been introduced amongst the natives by the seamen, which rapidly spread, and produced the most calamitous effects. It was not to be wondered at if this circumstance operated strongly to the prejudice of the missionaries, as being the countrymen of those, who, according to their simple belief, had brought such a fearful judgment of the gods upon them. When the missionaries, too, proceeded to address the people on the inestimable benefits of Christianity, they were always met by the obvious question—why no mention had been made of the importance of this new religion by any of the former British vessels which had touched at the island. The king of England, they said, had sent them presents and professed friendship, but none of his messengers had ever before spoken of the Christian faith. Singularly enough, however, many of the natives regularly attended public worship at the mission-house, uniformly observing the strictest attention and decorum. For the better accommodation of these still profitless hearers, as well as with the view of inducing the attendance of more, the missionaries reckoned it expedient, in 1800, to erect a special place of worship. Towards this object Pomare lent workmen and every other aid in his power, and the chiefs contributed most of the materials. It is worthy of remark, that this was the first public place of Christian worship erected in the South Sea islands.

We have mentioned above, that a rebellion broke out in the island soon after the departure of some of the missionaries for New South Wales. The occasion of this event was the removal, by some of the chiefs, of the national idol, Oro, from the district of Pare to that of Atehuru, without the king's consent. Otu and Pomare followed their god, and, after the performance of the great marae, or national sacrifice, at which all the chiefs or warriors of the land were assembled, they stated that they had received intimation that Oro wished to be conveyed to another residence, and requested him to be delivered to them for that purpose. This the Atehuruan chiefs resisted. The consequence was, that Otu with his followers seized on the idol by force, and carried it off to sea in their canoes. This was the commencement of instant hostilities. The Atehuruans invaded the neighbouring districts, slaying and burning all before them, and finally succeeded in defeating the army of Otu in a pitched battle, retaking the object of contention, and remaining masters of the greater portion of the island. By the aid of some British sailors, however, belonging to one or two ships lying at Tahiti, Otu was enabled to turn the tide of fortune against his enemies, and suppress the insurrection, besides recovering the idol. In 1803, the old king, Pomare, died suddenly, and his death was severely felt by the missionaries in more ways than one. Although he only manifested the greater aversion to the object of their mission the more he understood it, he had treated them with uniform kindness, and, shortly before he expired, recommended them strongly to the protection of his son. His death served but to confirm the people in their superstition, for they attributed it to the vengeance of the gods for his unceremonious seizure and abduction of Oro at Atehuru; and upon the occasion of a religious ceremony, wherein his departed spirit was invoked, his wife Idia, and one of the priests, severally declared that he had appeared to them—which story was of course universally credited.

Meanwhile, as peace continued, the missionaries pursued their labours incessantly, making occasional tours through the island, and preaching the gospel to the natives; but although they could not as yet boast of making converts, they succeeded in inducing many to learn reading and writing, and opened a school for that purpose in Matavai, for the instruction of children. In 1807, the war again broke out between Otu, now called Pomare, and some of his chiefs, when the missionaries, being apprised by the king of their danger, and seeing

no chance of farther usefulness in the island, determined to leave it. They therefore sailed in an English vessel, which happened opportunely to call at Tahiti, and were conveyed, some to the neighbouring island of Huahine, and others to Eimeo. Those in the latter place were soon joined by Pomare, who had been compelled to fly from Tahiti, after being completely routed. From the melancholy prospect before them—their expulsion from Tahiti, the total destruction of their settlements, and the prospect of continued war—the missionaries resolved to remove to Port Jackson by the first opportunity, and, on October 26, 1809, they all sailed from the islands, excepting a Mr Hayward, who remained at Huahine, and Mr Nott at Eimeo with the king, thus abandoning the object for which they had laboured for twelve years, without the consolatory reflection of having in any sensible degree furthered their cause.

SCOTTISH LAKES.

LOCH LEVEN.

Among the various Scottish lakes, whether situated in the midst of soft sylvan scenery, or overhung by the dark huge masses of Highland hills, none are more worthy of the visit of the northern tourist than Loch Leven—not the salt-water loch, or arm of the sea, on the west coast of that name, but the pretty little lake in the Lowlands, which abounds so much in historical associations, and which is situated at but a short distance from the Scottish capital. This beautiful sheet of water lies in the shire of Kinross, about twenty-seven miles in a northerly direction from Edinburgh, on the road to Perth, and, in dimensions, extends from ten to eleven miles in circumference. It is of an irregular oval figure, and, possessing several islets, as well as being surrounded with scenery of a pleasing or imposing kind, it is justly deemed one of the many places in Scotland worthy of a visit from tourists. On its west and north-west side it is environed by the beautiful vale of Kinross, surrounded by hills in the distance, and in the foreground disposed in plantations, arable and pasture fields, pleasure-grounds, and other materials of rural beauty. On its margin, on the same side, lies the ancient town of Kinross, with the adjacent gardens and mansion of Kinross-house, the seat of Bruce of Kinross. A short way east from thence, on the shore, stands the ruined castle of Burleigh. On the north-east corner of the lake it is overhung by the abrupt western termination of the Lomond hills, and on the south-east it is similarly shadowed by the hill of Binarty. In the space betwixt these elevations the lake has leave to stretch towards the east, and in this direction is bounded by a perfectly level piece of carse ground, extending fully three miles in length by nearly a mile in breadth, which is bounded on the north by the west Lomond, and on the south by the low hill of Balbedie: Through the intermediate carse flows the river Leven, which issues from the lake. At the east end of the carse, the rising grounds almost close, and from signs which cannot be mistaken, it is, we think, evident that this was once the eastern termination of the lake, and that at an early period, by accident or design, its embankments being broken down, the present alluvial carse was left in a marshy condition, while the water receded to its lowest level in the western hollow. If such was really the case, it must have happened at a period much earlier than the dawn of record, for no tradition exists regarding it; and we know that in the Celtic age there were localities existing on the present eastern borders of the lake, as is signified by their appellations. The chief islands in Loch Leven are two in number, namely, one situated near the shore opposite Kinross, on which are the picturesque ruins of a castle, once dignified by the compulsory residence of the hapless Mary Queen of Scots, and another of a low bare appearance called St Serf's Isle, near the east end. Loch Leven and its islands make a very early appearance in Scottish history. Of the religious house, which must thus have been planted here upwards of a thousand years ago, only a fragment, sufficient to make a small pen-fold for cattle, is now to be seen. The island being low and verdant, supports a few sheep and cattle. The island which contains the castle is about two acres in extent, and it is said that a fortlet was first built here by Congal, son of Dongart, king of the Picts. In the wars which harassed Scotland during the minority of David the Second, the castle of Loch Leven was held in the patriotic interest by Allan de Vipont, against the troops of Edward the Third, who acted in behalf of Edward Baliol. John de Strivilin blockaded it, erected a fort in the churchyard of Kinross, which occupies the point of a neighbouring promontory, and, at the lower end of the lake, where the water of Leven issues out of it, it is said that he raised a strong and lofty bulwark, by means of which he hoped to lay the castle under water, and constrain Vipont to surrender. The water continued to rise daily, and the besiegers thought themselves certain of success, when the English general and most of the troops having left the camp to celebrate the festival of St Margaret at Dunfermline, the besieged, seizing the favourable opportunity (June 19, 1335), and, after much labour and perseverance, broke through the barrier, when the water rushed out with such impetuosity as to overwhelm the English encamped on that side.

Loch Leven Castle was granted by Robert the Third to a branch of the Douglas family. Sir Robert Douglas of Loch Leven, in the middle of the sixteenth century, was the near kinsman of the famous James Earl of Morton, and stepfather to the equally famous Earl of Murray; on which account he was selected by the confederated lords who seized Queen Mary at Carberry, as a proper jailor for that unfortunate lady. She was here placed in durance, June 16, 1567. On the ensuing 24th of July, she was obliged by a party of those statesmen to sign an instrument resigning the crown to her infant child, who accordingly was inaugurated a few days after at Stirling, under the title of James the Sixth. Queen Mary escaped from the castle, May 2, 1568, through the aid of a young relation of the family, and is said by tradition to have landed at a place called Balbinning, at the south side of the lake. She was defeated a few days after at Langside, and obliged to fly to England. The Earl of Northumberland, after his rebellion in England, being seized in Scotland, was confined for three years in Loch Leven Castle, from 1569 to 1572, when he was basely given up to Queen Elizabeth, and executed. This baronial family of Loch Leven succeeded some years after to the earldom of Morton, which it still enjoys. The island on which Loch Leven Castle is situated, lies a very little way from the shore; and between it and the point of the promontory abovementioned, a causeway of large stones runs beneath the water, which is here so shallow, that in dry seasons, when the surface is a little lower than usual, a man can wade along this extraordinary pavement. A similar curiosity exists in the lake of Forfar and in Lochmaben; but how such works were formed, or for what purpose, no one can tell. The island is two acres in extent, and is partly occupied by the garden of the castle, which is now a mere waste, though still exhibiting a few fruit trees in a wild and decayed state. The principal tower of the castle is of the ordinary size of the border towers, and can never, therefore, have contained much accommodation. Connected with it is a court-yard, 585 feet in circumference, and which has contained other buildings of a subordinate character. No date or inscription is now visible; but some years ago a projecting stone presented the letters R. D. and M. E., probably referring to Sir Robert Douglas, and his wife Lady Margaret Erskine, mother of the Earl of Murray, the jailors of the queen. It is said traditionally, that the castle was dismantled at the end of the seventeenth century. An old man living at a later period had been heard to say, that he remembered when there were fifty-two beds in it; an assertion that appears to be, upon a survey of the ruins, incredible. Loch Leven is popularly believed to be mysteriously connected with the number eleven, being eleven miles round, surrounded by eleven hills, fed by eleven streams, peopled by eleven kinds of fish, and studded by eleven islands. But some of these properties seem quite fanciful; others are untrue.

Besides the islands already alluded to, there are only two, called the Reed Bower and the Paddock Bower, both of which are so small as to be hardly worthy of notice. The trout produced in Loch Leven is of acknowledged excellence. The following memoranda respecting it are from the Statistical Account:—"The high flavour and bright red colour of the trout seem evidently to arise from the food which nature has provided for them in the Loch. A considerable part of the bottom is oozy and spongy, from which aquatic herbs spring up in abundance; and so vigorous are they in many parts, as towards the beginning of autumn to cover the surface with their flowers. The trouts, especially of size, lie much in that kind of bottom; and gentlemen accustomed to make observations in angling, know well, that even in clear running rivers, where their course takes a direction through a long tract of meadow or oozy ground, the trout that feed in that ground, if of size, are generally less or more of a pink colour in the flesh, while those that feed in a stony or gravelly soil, above or below the swampy meadows, are all white, excepting the mixtures sometimes made by floods. But what appears to contribute most to the rich taste of Loch Leven trout, is the vast quantity of a small shell-fish, red in its colour, which abounds all over the bottom of the loch, especially among the aquatic weeds. It is of a shape quite globular, precisely of the size and appearance of a linseed boll at a little distance, and the trouts, when caught, have often their stomachs full of them. These observations may account for a phenomenon of another kind. In Loch leven are all the different species of hill, or burn, or river trout, that are to be met with in Scotland, evidently appearing from the different manner in which they are spotted. Yet all these different kinds, after being two years in the loch, and arriving at three quarters or one pound weight, are red in the flesh, as all the trout of every kind in the loch are, except, perhaps, those newly brought down by floods, and such as are sickly. The silver-grey trout, with about four or five spots on the middle of each side, is apparently the original native of the loch, and in many respects the finest fish of the whole. The fry of all kinds are white in the flesh till they come to the size of a herring about the middle of their third year. The gallytrough or char abounds in the loch. Some of them weigh near two pounds, and yet they are never known to rise to a fly, or to be caught with a hook, baited in any way whatever. Besides these, there are vast quantities of pike, perch, and eel, in the loch." The fishing is let by the proprietor. The birds that breed on the loch are herons, gulls, pewit gulls, and pictarnies. When the winds are high, and blow in particular directions, the loch is very much agitated, which makes it extremely difficult to navigate, and intimidates those boating parties who make a visit to "Queen Mary's Prison" and St Serf's the object of their excursions. The lake is fed by the small river Gairney, and other streamlets on the west, and is emitted by the river Leven, which pursues an easterly course to the Firth of Forth. In recent times, the emission of the water for the river has been regulated by mechanism, and the lake partly reduced in dimensions, for the purpose of aiding the numerous mills on the banks of the stream. But though erected at an enormous expense, we understand little good and a great deal of dissatisfaction have been accomplished. The vale of the Leven is beautiful, and ornamented with the woods around Leslie, the seat of the Earl of Rothes.

SOCIETY IN LONDON.

Some recent accounts of the enjoyments of the Londoners seem to have placed them in a ridiculous point of view; but those who are well acquainted with their chosen recreations, know that there is an inherent love of the beauties of nature strongly implanted in their hearts. However true it may be that they are shopkeepers in the most degrading sense of the term—that they are desirous to obtain money—that they are inconsiderate in their credits and debits—that their imaginary wants too readily become real in the most painful sense—yet justice demands that a great portion of them should be spoken of with respect, as persons who are more alive to what is excellent in nature and in art than is generally stated. Ignorance does not hang like a weight upon them; they are capable of thinking correctly, although their language may be touched with what is denominated vulgarism.

If it be inquired where their greatest enjoyments are experienced, the reply will be, on the hills of Hampstead or Highgate, in the meadows of Dulwich, amid the beautiful of Richmond or of Hampton Court, or the grandeur of Windsor; and these are scenes worthy their selection and admiration. If their indulgence in such pleasures appear costly, they are enabled to meet the outlay. If they become conspicuous, it will arise from the hearty manner in which their excursions are undertaken, and the gaiety of heart with which they are concluded; no part of which should furnish cause for heaping on them every ridicule and opprobrium that malignity could invent.

That there are among the Londoners many who abandon themselves to expensive enjoyments, may be true as it is reprehensible: but there is no class of society free from such imputation. Among the numbers who derive princely revenues from well-conducted mercantile speculations, there are some who consider themselves entitled to assume the exteriors of splendour, and even the follies of that class whose coronets decorate the chariot panels. Hence those phenomena, the counting-house dandy and the Exchange exquisite, who, although forbidden, are orientals, ever struggling to shine in the occidental hemisphere of London. They may get fleeced by titled sharpers at superb gambling establishments; but the balance at their bankers, or their unincumbered estates, are no introductions to a rout: they are permitted to flutter in the precincts of aristocratical twilight. If, moth-like, they venture to approach the brilliant centre, a singeing of wings is the consequence of their presumption; for pride and prejudice sit, like dragons, at the portal of the *haut ton*, to scare the being connected with trade, the devotee of science, or the observing artist: they are politely waved aside, or elegantly placed in the distance.

In the middle ranks of society, at the table of a patroniser of eating and discussion—at a conversazione—at a soirée, or in the boxes of a coffee-house—there is an approach to equality and free communication of opinion, *par excellence* denominated the feast of reason and the flow of soul. But—there is ever a *but*, to furnish an exception to the rule. At either of the assemblages alluded to, there will be no difficulty in distinguishing between the professors of knowledge and the possessors of understanding. Sufficient proofs will be shown, that, to be acquainted with the title-page of a book, is not intimacy with its contents. Addison says, to understand, is to conceive with adequate ideas—to have knowledge of. Milton says, it is to know the meaning of—to be able to interpret; and Dr Johnson has placed these authorities at the word Understanding in his dictionary. Yet, in despite of all this, do certain individuals take the lead on occasions of controversy, without ability to communicate a distinct idea: they are attended to, as far as good manners require, although what they have said has passed in at one ear and out at the other: the sound and fury

have signified nothing. At times, it is a scene of high entertainment to observe one of these Solons laying down the law, ponderous and verbose, hesitating and vehement by turns—daisy-picking and delving, straining and struggling; in the midst of which he travels out of the record, reckons without his host, or, as it is facetiously called, "puts his foot in it." The knowing wink at each other, but no one corrects the error, because the asserter is very influential. He did so to provoke discussion. He is an amiable fellow. He knew better. It was merely a slip of the tongue. But the scene is more delectable to observe one of these privileged Clevertons practise on a dolt, whose gaze declares a frozen intellect, on the icy surface of which slips and slides may be made with impunity, on which the skater may roll the outside edge, and cut every figure of which he is master. A stumble might be deemed incidental, and a fall dexterous. If the surface break, the skater is in no fear of being out of his depth; he is certain his expertness will be triumphant; and he chuckles in the consciousness of superiority.

Amid the subdivisions or castes into which metropolitan society forms itself, there is one less endurable than that just mentioned, because the essence of puppyism predominates on every subject, and on every occasion. With an affectation of gravity, these persons will make assertions of frivolous tendency, and enforce their being treated seriously, and run the gauntlet of common-sense with a loquacity truly surprising. They are heedless of being rendered despicable; they are protected by their impudence. They seem never to lose their confidence. They attack the opinions of others insolently, and defend their own without the least attention to decency. If any one proceed to arrange their ideas in reply, they protest against daisy-picking. If a distinction between approximating ideas, which they have confounded, be pointed out, they declare it to be splitting of hairs. If they feel themselves overpowered by his talent, they term the speaker a demagogue. It is quite farcical to notice the unaccountable degree of arrogance some such persons will display, and the evident proofs they furnish, that they believe the "gift of the gab" to be the attainment of knowledge, and the exercise of it the super-excellence of intellectual perfection.

There is another class of persons who rank as respectable tradesmen, having it in their power to rent a house out of London, in which their families reside, and possessed of all the requisites to insure comfort; yet such is the force of habit, they cannot refrain from wasting many hours of their evenings at Burton-ale-houses, cider-cellars, and wine-shades. At places like these, men of taste, talent, and understanding, may be met, where conversation may be listened to with pleasure, and the heart improved. At places like these, the contributions of thousands, in the various departments of art, science, and literature, are well appreciated, censure or praise well directed, and justice held in the highest estimation. Who shall point out the path of enjoyment to another? This mode of spending the evening, degrading as it should seem to be, yields the interchange of thought, nay, assists in the search after truth, and cannot be dispensed with, as the parties say, with whom the practice is familiar. But—the ever interfering *but*—all is not gold that glistens. In these societies where gentlemanly behaviour prevails, some discrepancies will arise to affect the bonds of harmony: the casual entrance of a stranger; an intricate subject of debate; passing occurrences, which may produce contrariety of opinions. Men do not sit tamely, as they once did, to hear prejudice advanced for truth, or absurdity for reason. In the conflicts which occur, there is both entertainment and instruction to the listeners, by the exercise of the judgment and the risible faculties.

There is yet another class of tradesmen who have similar propensities to the foregoing persons, who are rather imitators than originators of intellectual investigation. This class may be found in the parlours of public-houses, to which they resort to talk over all the leading occurrences of the day. They are all great politicians, and frequently, in imitation of the proceedings in the House of Commons, debate the question of the preceding evening in a style that would astonish the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are all designated learned and honourable gentlemen. They appear to feel a pride in triumphant argument; but they are neither petulant under opposition, nor furious under correction, and they exhibit the prejudices of their education without any show of vindictive feelings. They may at times talk much and have said little; tear a sentiment to tatters, or garble a point of information till it becomes unintelligible; and they can smoke in such conformity that they are almost compelled to adopt the caricatured method of discovering the gentleman on his legs by a bellows.

Detachments from these last-mentioned classes are occasionally to be found at the cigar divans, where they smoke and play chess in all the solemnity of Asiatics; or they may be engaged in a match at billiards, rarely for money, the exercise and the amusement being considered sufficient excitement. However engaged, it is pleasing to remark, that the kindly feelings are ever in operation.

There was a time when it was said that manners made the man, want of them the fellow. A change has come over the scene. Good manners are assumed by all the tradesmen of London, and rarely departed from. There are fellows in every class; integrity may justly be said to make the man; and it is the test that alone can give the true distinction. The apologist for the mode in which so many valuable members of society spend their evenings, may urge the fatigues of the day, the anxieties to which business is subjected, the desire to learn what may have transpired beyond a very confined sphere, and the friendly intercourse with kind associates. These cannot be lightly treated; the shaft of ridicule, or of reproach, would be thrown in vain. It is the usage of society: but it is attended with serious consequences to health, and detrimental to the well-being of their families at home, where many of those misspent hours might be advantageously employed.

Of the working classes, or the bees of this enormous hive, London, it is but justice to say their general conduct is such as to entitle them to the praise of every observer. They have taken advantage of the general spread of intelligence, and justify their claim to be ranked among the valuable portion of a thinking community. A successful journeyman may become a master who may make his fortune, and there can be no character more honourable in this commercial country.

TALE OF THE RHINNS OF GALLOWAY.

(Concluded.)

TIME rolled on without any change being observable in the manners or condition of the inmates of the Peel, with the exception of one circumstance—that in about a twelvemonth after the marriage of the laird, his wife was delivered of a child. As there was no medical practitioner in the district at the time, two or three matrons in the neighbourhood, who were skilled in these matters, were called in to attend the lady, which they did, not without considerable misgivings. They were well entertained, however, and, what was better, well paid; and, from their report of the internal economy of the household, and the conduct of its owners towards them, the former began to be looked upon with more favour than they had hitherto been, by their humble neighbours. The child was a boy, and the mother declared her resolution of nursing him herself; so that, after the accouchment was over, Kellholm Peel was again left in as much seclusion as before.

Several months had elapsed after this event, and the tempestuous weather which usually ushers in the winter in our northern latitude had set in, when one afternoon, during a terrific hurricane from the west, a small vessel was observed drifting up the Solway, almost at the mercy of the wind and waves. Those on board seemed to be labouring to their utmost against the storm, by tacking to and fro with great dexterity; and when evening closed down, she was seen standing close in to the English shore. The gale at this time had moderated somewhat; but as the night advanced, it again increased, and many a prayer was breathed to heaven by the inhabitants of that perilous coast for the safety of friends, lovers, and relatives, who were exposed to the fury of the raging elements, when about midnight repeated guns of distress were heard; and from the lights hung out on board the hapless vessel, it was seen that she was driving headlong on a reef of sunken rocks at a considerable distance from the shore, almost directly opposite to Kellholm Peel. A number of the fishermen who resided near the beach, roused by the well-known sounds, soon assembled opposite the spot, and endeavoured, by means of signals, to warn the crew off the destruction they were hurrying upon; but the latter, if they understood the friendly communication, were unable to avail themselves of it. The vessel struck, and went to pieces almost instantaneously. The cries of the hapless sufferers were distinctly heard above the roaring of the hurricane, and pieces of the wreck soon came drifting in to the shore, to which four or five human beings were clinging in desperation, and rescued almost lifeless. The compassionate fishermen were puzzled what to do with the sufferers, as their own habitations were two or three miles distant, and there was no human dwelling nearer the spot than Kellholm Peel, where they reckoned it altogether useless to apply for succour. Whilst yet debating upon what was to be done, they were suddenly joined by an individual, who came rushing breathless towards them from behind a projecting rock. From the darkness of the night, they could not distinguish his features; but when he spoke, and directed them to convey their charge to Kellholm Peel, they were equally pleased and astonished to recognise the voice of young Laird Douglas himself. They obeyed with alacrity; and if they felt surprised at the invitation they had received, they were ten times more so, when, on arriving at the mansion, they found it in a state seemingly of preparation for visitors. A large fire was blazing up the immense chimney of the hall; refreshments were ready placed upon the huge oaken table; several couches of hay, covered with blankets, were spread down in various recesses of the apartment; whilst the lady of the mansion and her handmaid were waiting as if in full expectation of their arrival. The young laird himself, too, seemed to have thrown aside all his usual moroseness and misanthropy. He aided in administering restoratives to the shipwrecked crew, pressed the wearied fishermen to partake of the viands set before them, and finally insisted on their resting themselves on the sleeping places provided (as he said) for them until morning. They did so with thankfulness, although almost bewildered with wonderment at all they saw and heard. But if they lay down in astonishment, they were doomed to a more fearful awakening. Two or three hours might have elapsed after their lying down to rest, when they were roused by screams and cries of the most frightful description, resounding through the mansion, and, starting up, beheld to their dismay dense volumes of smoke rolling into the hall from the inner apartments, and other unequivocal symptoms of the place being in flames. The shipwrecked mariners made to the outer door as fast as possible; but the native fishermen, naturally as humane as courageous, and thinking as much of the safety of the unfortunate inmates as their own, were about to dash through the choking smoke into the interior of the building, in order to attempt their rescue, when a figure rushed out half-dressed, daggled with blood, and with all the marks of frenzy in his features. It was the young laird.

"Flee! flee!" he shouted wildly; "it is a doomed house—it is a doomed house!" and, without stopping an instant, darted out of the open door, and was lost in the midnight darkness that still prevailed. The wrecked sailors, who had drawn together a little way opposite the blazing building, started aside aghast, as this apparition broke through them, and darted down towards the shore, shouting and yelling with the fearful laughter of madness! The undaunted fishermen, however, did not even then think of retreating. As the cries and screams still continued from within, two of them groped their way, blind and breathless, towards the quarter whence they proceeded, and one of them at last reached the apartment where the lady of the house, from whom the cries proceeded, was lying on her bed, seemingly in a state of delirium, whilst almost every article of furniture in the room, with the bed itself, was blazing around her. He snatched her up in his arms, and with difficulty reached the door. His comrade had in the meanwhile been fortunate enough to rescue the serving-girl; and the two females were immediately conveyed to a small outhouse that stood near the tower, and supplied with what clothing could be saved from the outer hall; for, from the violence of the hurricane, the flames seized on every part of the building with the rapidity of gunpowder. Meanwhile, the lady became every moment worse and worse—now sinking into convulsive fits, and, upon recovering from them, screaming out incessantly, "My husband! my brother! my child! my husband!" and, before day dawned, expired with these wild and unintelligible exclamations on her lips.

Early in the morning, the whole district was astir with the news of the double calamity of the shipwreck and conflagration of the preceding evening, and all sorts of rumours were afloat respecting the mysterious occurrences which attended the latter event. The civil authorities were quickly on the spot, and a strict investigation was set on foot into all the circumstances. The shipwrecked mariners stated that they were part of the crew of a small Irish coasting vessel, and that they belonged to Dundalk; that two strangers, whom they knew nothing about, had, a day or two previous to their sailing, waited upon their captain (who had perished on the previous night), and hired their sloop to convey them to a small sea-port on the English coast. That the hurricane had overtaken them when about midway to their destination, and after endeavouring in vain to run into some haven on the southern shore, they had been directed by one of the passengers, who seemed quite intimate with the coast, to make for a light which was descried exactly above the place where their bark had struck, but which was observed to be suddenly extinguished ere the catastrophe happened. Two of the sailors asserted, that, while the ship was going to pieces, they observed the two strange passengers clinging to a plank, and drifting fast towards the shore. More of them they could not tell, excepting that they both appeared of an advanced age, and were seemingly of a respectable rank in life. A long and anxious search was made along the beach for several miles; but although the bodies of the unfortunate captain, and one or two others of the crew, were found, no trace of the two passengers could be discovered. Not a doubt was entertained, however, that both had perished. Respecting the fearful casualty at the Peel, no explanation whatever could be got. The young infant, it was conjectured, had perished in the flames. But as to Laird Douglas—his frantic and apparitional appearance and disappearance—his gory figure—the unintelligible expressions

of his dying lady—all were inexplicable, as, indeed, every previous occurrence connected with the Peel had been since the accession of the Irish family. The female servant, who was supposed to be the daughter of the "Witch of the Rock," was either unable or unwilling to afford the slightest cue to the mystery, and could hardly, moreover, give any proper account of herself. She had lived, she said, in the family of a poor peasant, in the south of Ireland, from her infancy until womanhood: that she had always been given to understand that she was the daughter of the old woman above mentioned, who, about two years since, had taken her away clandestinely from her early home, and brought her to Scotland: that her supposed mother was in the habit of visiting Ireland two or three times a-year, but for what purpose she knew not: that shortly after her final disappearance, and, as she supposed, her death, Laird Douglas had revealed to her that she was *not* the daughter of the old female, but was of a much better origin; but that certain circumstances rendered it dangerous for her to be acknowledged for a short time. Of the nature of the connection which existed between the laird and her previously-supposed parent, she could give no explanation, and was equally ignorant as to the relation in which she herself stood to either. Neither had she ever discovered who the laird's wife was, and could only say that they seemed to live happily together, notwithstanding their secluded habits of life.

This story of the young woman, however, only rendered matters more inexplicable than before, and every attempt to clear up the mystery was found in vain. No intelligence could be got of the young laird; the property was taken charge of by the proper authorities, until those who had the next legal right to it should appear; and the friendless female thankfully accepted service with the farmer in whose house her late master had passed his boyhood.

Upwards of half a century rolled on, continued my friend, without any thing transpiring to afford the smallest explanation of the above strange and tragical occurrences, when, about six or seven years ago, a vessel sailed from this part of the country with a number of emigrants to the back woods of America. As the captain of the ship had it in contemplation shortly to follow their example himself, he accompanied them, after the termination of their voyage, far up into the wilderness, for the purpose of examining the country. With this view he had strayed many miles from the encampment one day, alone, when he was encountered in the forest by an old man, attired and armed like one of the savage aborigines, but whose complexion and cast of features declared him to be an European. After a mutual pause of surprise, the demi-barbarian addressed the other in English, and questioned him who he was, whence he came, &c. &c. The seaman replied frankly to his interrogatories, and observed that the other was deeply agitated by his answers to them. The old man at last acknowledged he was a countryman, and a native of the same district of Scotland, and questioned him, with evidently intense interest, concerning Kellholm Peel, its present condition, and the strange circumstances connected with its history and last owner. As the matters before related had all taken place long before the seaman was born, he could only state what he himself had heard of them by tradition, being exactly as has been detailed. When the old man heard that the daughter of the woman who was called the Witch of the Rock was still living, though too infirm to be able to support herself, he suddenly caught the narrator by the arm. "Stranger!" said he, "she who was supposed to be that woman's mother lies in yonder valley (pointing to an opening between the mountains), and long, long have I wished to be laid beside her; but what you have now told me gives me hope, that, in preserving my life through so many years of hardship, peril, and anguish, the Almighty has indeed been dealing mercifully by me, and that a door has at last been opened for reconciling myself to the throne of grace. Countryman! you behold in me a terrible example of the punishment that awaits him who presumes to become the avenger of his own wrongs—to shed blood for blood with his own hand—to arrogate to himself the privileges of the Almighty. But come to my abode, and I will there unfold my fearful story." He led the way into the deep recesses of the forest, seemingly far from any human track, and entered a cavern scooped out of the side of a precipitous bank that overlooked a small stream. The entrance was secured by a strong door of wicker-work, and was completely hid from observation by a thick natural screen of some creeping shrub, which hung down like a curtain from the top of the bank, and had to be lifted up to give admission into the cavern. After partaking together of refreshments of various kinds, of which there seemed to be abundance, the old man then related his story to his guest, which affords a thorough explanation of all the mysterious transactions connected with Kellholm Peel and its last proprietor—the old man thus strangely discovered in the wilderness of the new world—for he it indeed was. To save time, his narrative will be best told in the third person.

The old woman called the "Witch of the Rock" was the foster-mother of O'Rourke, the first Irish proprietor of Kellholm, and of course warmly attached to him, but could not be prevailed on to attend him to Scotland on his removing thither. When the inheritance of the Irish estate opened up to him, she was the only one who dared openly to assert his rights; and when the dark fate of the unfortunate man was made known, she scrupled not to denounce Sir Phelim O'Rourke, the next heir in succession after her foster-son's children—a "bold bad man," with a large family, and in desperate circumstances—with being the murderer. For this she was obliged to conceal herself, in order to save her life from his fury; but she still lingered about the district, and at length got intelligence, from one of the actors in the tragedy, of the burning of Kellholm Peel, and the entire destruction of her foster-son's family. Upon this she determined instantly to bring a public accusation against the chief perpetrator, but was deterred from executing her purpose upon being subsequently told that one of the children had been preserved, brought to Ireland, and placed by Sir Phelim in the charge of a poor woman, the wife of one of his cottagers. To get possession of the orphan child (a girl) became now her first thought; and this, after great trouble and difficulty, she at last accomplished, and succeeded in escaping with her across the Channel. It was at this time she first made her appearance in Galloway, and took up her lonely residence on the rock. The reason of her not immediately disclosing the existence of the child to the neighbours and connections of the family, arose from her terror of the vengeance of Sir Phelim, in the event of the circumstance reaching his ears, as she knew he would in that case stop at nothing to accomplish the destruction both of herself and the infant. Her fears and dilatoriness, however, proved fatal to her. Sir Phelim got intelligence of her abode, and, as has been seen, again carried off the infant from the hut on the rock; and it was only by her knowledge of the hiding-places about the beach, that she herself escaped being murdered. It was shortly after this event that she discovered, to her unbounded joy and surprise, that another child of her foster-son's existed; and this accounts for the remarkable change that was at the time observable in her deportment. She threw herself in the boy's way during his rambles, told him the story of his parents' wrongs, and trained up his young mind to the contemplation of but one object—vengeance on the perpetrators. When the young laird came to take possession of the Peel, the two confederates forthwith proceeded to put their plan into execution, being no less than that of utterly annihilating the family of Sir Phelim O'Rourke, root and branch. It was in the execution of this fearful work of vengeance they were employed during their mysterious absences from the Peel, and it was during one of these that the old woman thought she had discovered in the family of a poor peasant the sister of the laird of Kellholm, for whom, when an infant, she had suffered so much, and whom she had little difficulty in persuading to accompany her to Scotland. It was judged prudent, however, both by the laird and his confidante, that she should not be recognised as his sister until they had fully accomplished their dangerous and bloody purpose. With so much secrecy and deep cunning was the latter carried into effect, that the victims seemed all to have perished as if by accident or a natural death. One was found drowned in a neighbouring river; another was discovered lying at the foot of a precipice, as if he had accidentally fallen over it; a third, a favourite daughter, was found cold and stiff in bed one morning without any marks of violence discernible on her person; other two, a boy and girl, went out one day to gather nuts in a wood near their house, and were never more heard of, but it was universally believed that they had fallen into the river, and had shared the fate of the former son. The only one upon whom foul play was known to have been used, was the last of the children, the eldest son; and the circumstances attending it will sufficiently evince the fearfully cool and calculating determination with which the young laird of Kellholm proceeded to fulfil his designs. In the family of Sir Phelim resided a beautiful girl, the daughter of an elder brother, and who had been left an orphan in the care of her uncle, while yet an infant. As she was entitled to a very large patrimony, Sir Phelim had resolved on a union between her and his eldest son; and although the girl herself candidly stated her repugnance to the match, there is little doubt she would have been compelled to comply with his wish. The young laird learned her story and situation from his associate, and, during one of his secret and bloody missions, he contrived to introduce himself to her, revealed his name, and succeeded in inducing her to accept his hand, and fly to Scotland with him. Upon the very night of their elopement, her former lover was amissing, and, two days afterwards, was found lying in a deep pool, with a dagger driven up to the hilt, sticking in his breast. What added to the horror of the old father, now utterly bereaved and desolate, was the discovery that the dagger, or rather the short sword, for such it was, with which his son was slain, was the identical one which he had lost while engaged in the destruction of Kellholm Peel, about a quarter of a century before; and upon examining the handle, there was found attached to it a small slip of parchment, on which were written the following significant words:—"Bluid for bluid! Vengeance is slow but sure!"

The avenger of his parents, however, thought his work but half accomplished, whilst the principal, or rather the only criminal, existed; but it was found no easy task to get an opportunity of accomplishing their purpose on him, owing to the precautions he adopted for his security. At last the old woman hit on an expedient for enticing him away from his well-guarded home, which at once proved successful. She contrived to send him notice, that, by repairing to a small fishing hamlet in Dundalk bay, on a certain day, he would there meet with an individual who would give him some information about his two children who had been lost so mysteriously. Sir Phelim eagerly attended at the appointed time, and was met by the old woman, disguised in sailor's attire, who with a feigned and plausible story about his children having been kidnapped, and of their being then concealed at a small sea-port on the English coast, preparatory to being sent off to the colonies, induced him immediately to hire a vessel, and proceed with all dispatch to their rescue. The disguised sailor, in the meantime, had come to a proper understanding with the master of the vessel, that, although he and his companion were ostensibly proceeding to the English coast, yet it was their wish to be set on shore under cloud of night on the coast of Galloway; and this hint was enforced by a sum sufficient almost to have induced the poor skipper to scuttle his old boat in the middle of the Channel, could they have but got safe ashore. The hurricane that sprung up, however, rendered that unavoidable which must have otherwise been effected by stratagem. The young laird was on the outlook, and, from certain signals previously agreed on with his confederate, well knew the vessel that came driving up before the hurricane, and the freight which she contained. When it became dark, he proceeded to the Witch's Rock with a lantern, placing it so that it could only be visible from the sea, and towards which his confederate on board directed the master of the vessel to steer. By so doing, they would have run into a small but safe bay to windward of the rock; but the violence of the hurricane disabled them from weathering the fatal reef which lay at the entrance to it, and produced the consequent catastrophe. The disguised decoy, however, even amid the tumult of the wreck, never for a moment lost sight of her victim, and upon his seizing hold of a plank, and committing himself to the waves, she also sprung after him, and they were drifted ashore together at a considerable distance to leeward of the others. Here, as if by instinct, the young laird was waiting, and a signal of recognition from the latter was instantly answered. Their victim was so much exhausted, that he was almost incapable either of walking or speaking, and was led by his guides into one of the caverns (of which there are so many) along that part of the Galloway coast, and from thence by a passage, excavated from the solid rock, into a vault beneath the very foundations of the Peel. Here they left him for a while, the old woman proceeding by a secret passage into a secluded apartment of the upper building, and Douglas to attend to his guests.

All the other wearied inmates of the Peel had sunk to rest, when Douglas, with his partner in vengeance, the latter attired as during her residence on the rock, and carrying a large pine torch, descended to the vault beneath the tower, to consummate the work which they had pursued for years with such remorseless determination. Notwithstanding his clothes were dripping with the salt water, and his bed nothing but the hard rock, the object of their deadly purpose was slumbering soundly. Douglas proceeded to bind securely his hands and feet (for although the latter was far advanced in life, he was still a man of a powerful and almost gigantic frame), and then awoke him by shaking him violently with his foot. O'Rourke started up, and the feelings of the miserable man may be imagined, when told where he was, the purpose of his being brought there, and who stood before him. But awful as his sensations must have been at the announcement of his impending doom, he was made to drink a still deeper draught of misery, as his triumphant foe proceeded to detail the whole story of his vengeance, dwelling on all the circumstances accompanying the death of his successive victims with torturing minuteness. Rage, fear, remorse, every evil and turbulent passion, was boiling in his bosom, and he groaned aloud in the agony of his spirit, as the other calmly drew forth his weapon, and bade him prepare for death. The awe-stricken wretch begged for one moment's respite, and upon this being granted, asked his destroyer if he knew what had become of his lost niece, who had left her home so unaccountably about eighteen months before, adding, that there was a secret connected with her for the knowledge of which even Douglas would be glad to forego his present revengeful purpose. Douglas smiled sternly as he informed his victim that the young lady was the mistress of his mansion and the mother of his infant; but scarcely had the words escaped him, when a shout of exultation burst from the prostrate man, who, turning a withering look on Douglas, exclaimed that he would now die contented, as the deaths of his children were more than avenged—their murderer had wedded his own sister! The old woman, after a pause of stupifaction, here started forward, and asserted his statement to be false; but the other, with resolute firmness, told her, that, by his direction, the infants, who were of the same age, had been changed in the cradle by the nurse, lest the sister of Douglas should again be attempted to be stolen, and that it was his niece who had been reared in the peasant's hut. Douglas, who had stood speechless at first, on hearing this information, at length uttered a cry of frenzy, and, springing upon his unhappy victim, soon put a pe-

riod to his existence. Of his further conduct that night, the old man told his shuddering auditor, his mind retained no impression. He only remembered being instigated by an ungovernable desire to obliterate all recollection from his senses. In short, he became for a while perfectly insane. On coming to his senses, he found himself lying on the beach, in the grey of the morning, severely bruised, with the old woman bending over him. They retreated into the cavern, and abode there until the following night, when they set out to a distant sea-port on the west coast of England, and being provided with money, soon obtained a passage to North America.

Such was the dismal story of the old man, which he corroborated by taking down a small box from a recess in his cavern, from which he took out the title-deeds to the property of Kellholm estate. These, he said, had been kept for security in the vault beneath the Peel. He concluded by saying, that he wished to make the unfortunate niece of his uncle his heir in the property, it being in his own gift, and begged his guest to convey home the proper documents for that purpose. This the other most readily promised to do. Upon the return of the latter to his ship, therefore, the old man accompanied him down the country to the sea-port town, where, after getting the necessary writings drawn up and executed, he bade farewell to his countrymen, and returned to his abode in the wilderness, and was never heard of more. When Captain Fisher arrived in Scotland, he immediately transmitted his packet to the sheriff of the district, with a full detail of the above singular narrative. Immediate steps were taken to carry the old man's disposition into effect, and amongst other things a search was made in the ruins of Kellholm Peel for the entrance to the vault beneath, of the existence of which no one had ever previously heard. It was found after considerable trouble, and in it was found the skeleton of a large man, with a dagger covered with rust lying close beside it. This was an undeniable testimony of the truth of the old man's tale; but as it was judged proper by the legal functionaries to get some further proofs of the poor woman's identity, thus unexpectedly raised from the extremity of poverty to wealth, instructions were transmitted to Ireland, to investigate into the matter. Only one witness could be found who knew any thing at all of the singular circumstances of the case. This was the daughter of the nurse in Sir Phelim's family, who, according to the latter's dying declaration, had, by transposing the infants, occasioned the supposed horrible casualty before mentioned. The result of this woman's evidence was a disclosure of a most unexpected nature. She stated that her mother on her death-bed had informed her of the deed which Sir Phelim had wished her to perpetrate, but that she could not make up her mind to do it, and had imposed upon him with a false story. The dying woman had charged her daughter, by the most solemn adjurations, never to mention the circumstance to any living being, unless called upon in the way she now was; and added, that, if any doubt was entertained of the statement, the identity of the real or the false niece would be proved by particular marks she had made on different parts of their persons at the period alluded to. Upon examination, the mark which the old woman said she had made on the Scotch infant was plainly discernible on the person of the poor old woman now living; and there is not room for a doubt that she is the sister of the unfortunate Laird of Kellholm Peel, and, as such, entitled to the property and all the accumulated money, which is very considerable. She still dwells with the kind family where she formerly took service, and who have almost exclusively supported her for many years, from pure benevolence, as, being now near her eightieth year, she has been long unfit for labour of any sort. Such, concluded my friend, is the strange history of Kellholm Peel and its late and present proprietors; and as I understand you are somewhat of a philosopher, continued he, smiling, I think you cannot do less, in return for my story, than furnish me with a moral to it.

"The unhappy hero of it," I replied, "has, I think, saved me from such a dilemma—Revenge is not the province of man. But," continued I, "there is one point of your story which I do not very clearly understand. What could be the Irish baronet's motive for wishing to do such injustice to his innocent niece, as to substitute the daughter of the man whom he had murdered in her place, and even to purpose marrying his son to the latter?"

"Why," replied he, "that appears altogether inexplicable, unless upon the supposition, that, by conjoining the patrimony of the real niece with that of the spurious one, he saw the ultimate prospect of increasing the wealth and influence of his family, which appears to have been the prime motive of his whole conduct; whilst, by holding such a secret over the head of the latter, he thought he might more easily sway her to his purposes than the other."

I nodded assent to the probability of his conjecture, and the conversation ended.

It may perhaps not be uninteresting to state, that the old lady who was elevated so unexpectedly from penury to wealth, enjoyed her good fortune for about ten years afterwards, still continuing to reside with the homely, benevolent family who sheltered her in her days of adversity. At her death, she bequeathed the whole of her property to them; and as Kellholm Peel had latterly become, by the ravages of time, almost levelled with the earth, a handsome modern mansion has been erected on its site, the hospitality and urbanity of whose present owner is likely to be much longer remembered in the district than even the misanthropic disposition and unfortunate fate of his predecessor.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CHAUCER.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the fifteenth century; from which memorable time a race of learned men arose, equal in point of ability with the greatest geniuses of antiquity. Of these we may say, without vanity, that our own countrymen are justly entitled to the reputation of the first rank. To the claims of some of the most eminent of these, we shall now more particularly direct the attention of our readers, by presenting them with a few articles on the lives and writings of those who are worthy of being denominated the *classical* authors of Britain; and we commence with Chaucer, who acquired the general designation of the Father of English Poetry, and who appeared somewhat prior, even, to the era alluded to.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born at London in the year 1328; but although he was extolled in the highest terms of panegyric by his contemporaries, and has also deservedly maintained his reputation with posterity, it happens that no certain information has been handed down in regard to his parentage; only, it is presumed that he was by birth a gentleman. The same uncertainty that attends the history of his parentage attends that of his education. Whether he studied at Oxford or Cambridge, or at both universities successively, is a point which cannot now be at all decided; but that his education was excellent for that age, is clearly proved from the learning displayed in his works; and that his genius rose still superior to all the advantages of scholastic or academic institution, will admit of no dispute.

After completing his scholastic education, he is supposed to have improved himself by travelling into France and the Low Countries; and it is partly ascertained, that, on his return, he entered himself a member of the Inner Temple, and for some time prosecuted the study of the law. In a record of this society, published by Speight, the following fact appears: "Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a friar in Fleet Street."

It does not appear, however, that he ever practised the law as a profession; and the sprightliness of his genius, the elegance of his form and manners, and the fertility of his endowments, seem early to have attracted the notice of the court, where he particularly devoted himself to the service of the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, son of Edward the Third. By the favour of this prince, he obtained in marriage Philippa, daughter of Sir Pagan Rouet, and sister of the famous Lady Catherine Swynford, who was first governess to the duke's children, and afterwards became his wife.

Chaucer was at this time in the flower of his age, admired for the elegance of his person, and distinguished for every other talent and accomplishment that could render him acceptable in the gay and splendid court of Edward the Third. As that monarch frequently resided at Woodstock, Chaucer had a house near the park gate, which still retains his name, though it has been entirely rebuilt and modernised; and here it is probable that he penned some of his happiest compositions.

After serving for some time as the king's page, he was appointed a commissioner to go to Venice to treat with the republic of Genoa for the hire of some ships; and on his return from this embassage he obtained, among other marks of royal favour, the grant of a pitcher of wine daily. Next year he was made comptroller of the customs of London, for wool and hides; with the singular proviso, that he should execute the office personally, and not by deputy, and keep the accounts in his own handwriting—a pretty clear proof that Edward did not promote him for his poetical talents, otherwise he would certainly have given him a somewhat different employment. Soon after this, he was appointed to act as guardian to one of the king's wards, an office of both honour and profit; at which time it appears that his income was not less than a thousand pounds a-year, a sum which in those days enabled him to support a splendid hospitality congenial to his disposition, and to enjoy that ease and affluence which it is so rarely the lot of a poet to possess.

It was during this sunshine of prosperity that he wrote his chief poem, entitled "Canterbury Tales," which is by far the most popular of his works, and exhibits a striking variety of talents, or union of the sublime and the pathetic, with such a fund of poignant satire, genuine humour, and knowledge of life, as is seldom paralleled. The clergy, both regular and secular, are the frequent object of his keenest animadversions; and by this he most probably aimed to ingratiate himself the more with his patron the Duke of Lancaster, who had openly espoused the cause of Wickliffe the reformer.* Chaucer entered passionately into Wickliffe's views of reformation, but this in the sequel involved him in much trouble; for when the Duke of Lancaster found himself obliged to abandon the party of Wickliffe, and to retire from public life for a time, the interest of Chaucer sunk at once, and he became from that instant exposed to all the malice of his patron's opponents. At this time he retired to Woodstock, where he finished his admirable treatise on the Astrolabe, as also the beautiful performance called the Testament of Love, written in imitation of Boetius's Consolation of Philosophy.

By the return of the Duke of Lancaster to favour and power, and the marriage of that great man with the sister of Chaucer's wife, the sun of prosperity again beamed on his evening hour; and, when about seventy years of age, he quitted Woodstock, for Donnington Castle, near Newbury.

Not long afterwards, Henry the Fourth, son of the Duke of Lancaster, mounted the throne; and in the first year of his reign he conferred some marks of his regard on Chaucer. His former grants, however, being annulled, in common with all others passed in the late reign, the venerable bard, in the concluding scene of his life, was obliged to become a solicitor at court for a renewal of his pensions; and though he succeeded in a certain degree, the fatigue of attendance, and his great age, prevented him from enjoying long the royal favours. Falling sick at London, he died, October 25, 1400, in the seventy-second year of his age, with a kind of enviable philosophical composure, as appears from the song beginning "Flie fro the Prese," which he wrote on his deathbed.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where, in 1556, a monument was erected to his memory by Nicolas Brigham of Oxford, from a just regard for his talents. He left two sons, Thomas and Lewis; the former of whom was speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Henry the Fourth, and passed through several other high offices with reputation and applause.

The private character of Chaucer appears to have been as amiable as his literary attainments were illustrious. Genteel and complaisant in his manners and address, frank and liberal in his disposition, he was at once the fine gentleman, the easy companion, and the learned writer.

On his poetical and other literary qualifications, it is unnecessary to expatiate here. He was the Father of English Poetry, being the first who wrote original verses in his native tongue. Before his time all poetical compositions here were confined to the French and Latin, or translations from those languages. He was also the first writer in England to whom the appellation of a poet, in its genuine dignity, can be with propriety applied. He attempted every species of versification, from the epigram to the epic, and was eminently successful in all.

As some of our readers may wish to see a specimen of the poetical composition of those times, we select the following lines of Chaucer, from what he calls "The Pardoner's Prologue," in the "Canterbury Tales."

Lordings! quoth he, in chirch when I preche,
I paine mee to have an hauteine speche;
And ring it out, as round as doth a bell;
For I can all by rote that I tell.
* * * *
Then shew I forth my long, christall stones,
Ycrammed full of clouts and of bones;
Relickes they been, as were they, echone!
Then have I, in Latin a shoder-bone,
Which that was of an holy Jewes-shepe.
Good men, say, take of my words kepe!
If this bone be washen in any well,
If cow, or calfe, shepe, or oxe swell
That any worm hath eaten, or hem strong,
Take water of this well, and wash his tong,
And it is hole a non: And, furthermore,
Of pockes, and scabs, and every sore
Shall shepe be hole, that of this well
Drinketh a draught: Take keep of that I tell!
If that the good man, that beasts oweth,
Wull every day, ere the cock croweth,
Fasting drink of this well a draught,
(As thilk holy Jew our elders taught)
His beasts and his store shall multiplie;
And sirs, also it healeth jealousie.
Here is a mittaine eke, that ye may see;
He that has his hand well put in this mittaine;
He shall have multiplying of his graine,
When he hath sowen, be it wheat or otes,
So that he offer good pens or grotes!

Those who would prefer the thoughts of this Father of English Poetry in a modern dress, are referred to the elegant versions of him by Dryden, Pope, and others, who have done ample justice to their illustrious predecessor.

* Vide Mavor's British Nepos, p. 40.

OLYMPUS AND PARNASSUS.

The celebrated mountain Olympus was considered not merely as the loftiest summit in Greece, but even, in the opinion of the ancient geometricians, as the highest elevation of the globe. Its height, we are informed, was accurately measured by the philosopher Xenagoras, and found to be ten stadia and a plethrum, or nearly 7000 English feet. This is somewhat more than the elevation assigned to it in the Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences, by John Bernoulea, where it is given at 1017 toises, or 6512 English feet. The misfortune is, that in these measurements no mention is made of a fixed base, to enable us to judge of the accuracy of the calculations. Snow is said to lie frequently on certain parts of Olympus during the whole year. The ascent, however, is perfectly practicable in the summer season; as Sonnini himself visited its summit from Salonica during that season; and a small Greek chapel has even been constructed near the top, where service is performed once a-year, with singular contrast to the old mythology of the spot. The monastery of St Dionysius, on the eastern side, is the highest habitation on the mountain. Its elevation has been prodigiously exaggerated by the poets, who described it as the throne of Jupiter, and the habitation of the gods. Hence Jupiter was denominated the Rector Olympi, or Ruler of Olympus, in the pagan theology. With them it exceeded every other mountain in Greece, both for height, massiness, and grandeur. The giants were fabled to have made Olympus the highest step of that ladder by which they endeavoured to scale the abode of the immortals.

Olympus is now called Elimbo in Romaic, and Samavat Eski, or the Celestial House, in Turkish. The appellation Olympus, perhaps, formerly denoted any very lofty eminence, as it was common to many celebrated mountains. "Towards the south-east," says Dr Clarke, "and rather behind our route as we journeyed towards Tempe, appeared Mount Pelion. But the view of Olympus engrossed our particular attention, owing to the prodigious grandeur into which its vast masses were disposed. We had never beheld a scene of bolder outline. In this grand prospect, the only diminutive objects were the distant herds of cattle, grazing in detached groups on the plain in the foreground. All the rest consisted of parts of such magnitude, that, in their contemplation, animated nature is forgotten. We think only of that Being who is represented in the immensity of his works, and thereby indulge the same feelings which first induced the benighted heathens to consider the tops of their mountains as habitations of the Most High God."

Lofty as Olympus was represented by the poets, yet an altar was erected on its summit, where Jupiter was worshipped. The best view of this far-famed mountain is from the plain of Pella to the north, or from the city of Salonichi, where its magnitude is such as to fill all the view towards the western side of the Gulf of Thermæ, and actually to dazzle the eyes of the beholder with the radiance reflected from its snow-clad summit. Instead of seeming remote from the place of his observation, though fifty-five miles distant, so enormous is its size, as to seem close to his view. This view, however, was taken in the midst of winter, by Dr Clarke, during his stay at that place. It will not therefore present so sublime a spectacle in the summer months, when its snows are melted. The base and sides of Olympus are covered with thick woods of oak, chestnut, beech, and planetree; and the acclivities are clothed with large pine forests, giving that sombre appearance to it so often alluded to by the poets, being denominated by Horace, Lib. iii. Od. 4, Opacus Olympus; and by Seneca, Pinifer Olympus. Its summit is an obtuse cone, with somewhat of a concave line on each side.

The famed Parnassus seems to be regarded by Clarke and Holland as the loftiest summit in Greece. The former ascended it in the month of December, and reached the summit after consuming 4½ hours in the journey from the village of Arracovia. The summit was a plain in the bottom of a crater, containing a large pool of water, then frozen over. The sides of this crater, rising in ridges around this plain, are the most elevated points of Parnassus. The summit, therefore, strongly resembles that of Kader Idris in Wales. These sides were then a glacier, covered with hard and slippery ice. The atmosphere was clear and cloudless, and the thermometer in the open air fell to two degrees below the freezing point. The prospect was varied, sublime, and extensive; the Gulf of Corinth seemed a mere pond; and towards the north, beyond all the plains of Thessaly, appeared majestic Olympus, with its many tops, clad in shining snow, and expanding its vast breadth distinctly to the view. The other mountains of Greece rose in vast heaps, like the surface of the ocean in a rolling calm, according to their different altitudes, but the eye ranged over them all. As a proof that the ascent to the summit is comparatively easy, the peasants conducted the horses of Clarke and his party quite to the frozen pool on the summit. The top and all the higher sides of the mountain are limestone, containing veins of marble, and a great number of imbedded sea shells. These are found on the highest peak, and over all the mountain. The higher region is bleak, and almost destitute of herbage. The descent on the north-west side occupied 4½ hours. The people of the plains of Bœotia call the whole mountain Lakŭrä; but those who reside on it still retain the ancient name, calling the heights by a general appellation Parnassu, and one of the ridges in particular Lugari. In strictness of speech, Parnassus is not one mountain, but a range of mountains running from north-west to south-east, where it rises into one great summit. The poetic appellation of the Biceps Parnassus, or the Double Peaked, is erroneous, though sanctioned by almost all the classic poets. This appellation properly belongs to two pointed crags, formed by a chasm in a precipice 100 feet high, in the bottom of which is the fount of Castalis, towering above and behind Delphi. These being a part of the mountain, have been erroneously considered as the tops of it. They are estimated vaguely by Dr Holland at 800 feet of elevation above the level of Delphi, and 2000 above the sea.*

THE ITALIAN SLEEP-WALKER.

In the recently-published cheap and elegant edition of Goldsmith's works, forming part of the series of publications entitled "The British Library," we are presented with many pieces not hitherto generally known as the productions of the ingenious author of the Vicar of Wakefield. Among others, is the following little sketch, descriptive of a remarkable instance of walking in sleep:—

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch in reality feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.

However this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua, in Italy, a little brown-complexioned man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour; but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and, upon such occasions, was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo, was at the university, where he showed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion, his master set him a very long and very difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy; but awaking in the morning, to his great surprise he found his exercise, completely and perfectly finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who, being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and a more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly: but this did not continue long: for, in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole convent, and to show that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered:—One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immoveable for about an hour; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken; then snapping his fingers, to show he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers, as if he wanted snuff. Not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and, pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some. He next very carefully put up his box again; and, looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immoveable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations, which so astonished and scandalized his brother friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and, in a little beaufet beneath, to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put one or two more over each other, and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell; there hiding his ill-got finery beneath his mattress, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after

When Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed; and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there. He went among his fellows of the convent, inquired how they came to be placed there; and, learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A lady, who had long been a benefactress to the convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloister, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expenses great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broken open, the body mangled, her fingers, on which were some rings, cut off, and all her finery carried away! Every person in the convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his mattress, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

ANGLING ANECDOTE.

In 1822, two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while enjoying the amusement of fishing at Dalswinton loch, having expended their stock of worms, &c., had recourse to the well-known expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perches, and attaching them to their hooks—a bait which the perch is known to rise at quite as readily as any other. One of the perches caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water, that the unseen, though not unfelt hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth than it came in contact with one of its eyes, and actually tore it out. The pain occasioned by this accident only made the fish struggle the harder, until at last it fairly slipped through the holder's fingers, and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line and cork to the waters. After a very short interval, the latter substance began to bob, when, pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished by *swallowing its own eye!*

HACKSTOUN OF RATHILLET.

Old Hackstoun of Rathillet one day said to Mr Smibert, the minister of Cupar, who, like himself, was blessed with a foolish, or rather wild youth for a son, "D' ye ken, sir, you and I are wiser than Solomon." "How can that be, Rathillet?" inquired the startled clergyman. "Ou, ye see," said Hackstoun, "Solomon didna ken whether his son was to be a fool or a wise man; but baith you and I are quite sure that *our sons are fools.*"

* Bell's Notes to Rollin's Ancient History. Blackie and Son, Glasgow.

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A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

WHEN suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we, or, perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in calamity, or, at the most, belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbour, and, seeing that he is not afflicted by any open or palpable grievance, and makes no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and, in fact, appear as the very step-children of providence. For every particular evil which besets us, we find a contrast in the exactly opposite circumstances of some other person, and, by the pains of envy, perhaps, add materially to the real extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to a severe toil for our daily bread, then we look to him who gains it by some means which appear to us less laborious. Have we little of worldly wealth, then do we compare ourselves with the affluent man, who not only commands all those necessaries of which we can barely obtain a sufficiency, but many luxuries besides, which we only know by name. Are we unblessed with the possession of children, we pine to see the superabundance which characterises another family, where they are far less earnestly desired. Are we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved friends or relatives, we wonder at the felicity of certain persons under our observation, who never know what it is to wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot but we are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victims, and we either overlook a great deal of the corresponding vexations of our fellow-creatures, or think, in our anguish, that they are far less than ours.

We remember a story in the course of our reading, which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting manner. A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect rightly, the Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to give her an interest in the world; and he was a youth so remarkable for the elegance of his person, and every graceful and amiable quality, that, even if he had not stood in that situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother, she might well have been excused for beholding him with an extravagant degree of attachment. When this young gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Bologna, where he so well improved his time, that he soon became one of the most distinguished scholars, at the same time that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singularly noble character and pleasing manners. Every vacation, he returned to spend a few months with his mother, who never failed to mark with delight the progress he had made, if not in his literary studies, at least in the cultivation of every personal accomplishment. Her attachment was thus prevented from experiencing any abatement, and she was encouraged to place always more and more reliance upon that hope of his future greatness, which had induced her at first to send him to so distant a university, and had hitherto supported her under his absence. Who can describe the solicitude with which a mother—and "she a widow" (to use the language of Scripture)—regards a last-surviving son! His every motion—his every wish—she watches with attentive kindness. He cannot be absent a few minutes longer than his wont, but she becomes uneasy, and, whatever be the company in which she sits at the moment, permits her whole soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can rouse her but his return. If he comes on horseback, she hears the foot-fall of the animal, while it is as yet far beyond the ken of ordinary ears: if he be walking, she knows the sound of his foot upon the threshold, though confounded, to all other listeners, amidst the throng of his companions. Let him come into her room on ordinary occasions never so softly, she distinguishes him by his very breathing—his lightest respiration—and knows it is her son. Her entire being is bound up in his, and the sole gorgon thought at which she dare not look, is the idea of his following the goodly and pleasant company with whom she has already parted for the grave. Such exactly were the feelings of the Neapolitan mother respecting her noble and beloved—her *only* son.

It chanced, however, that, just when he was about to return to Naples, perfected in all the instruction which could be bestowed upon him, he was seized suddenly by a dangerous sickness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Being assured that he could not survive, his only care, so far as concerned the living world, was for his mother, who, he feared, would suffer very severely from her loss, if not altogether sink under it. It was his most anxious wish that some means should be used to prevent her being overpowered by grief; and an expedient for that purpose at length suggested itself to him. He wrote a letter to his mother, informing her of his illness, but not of its threatening character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free of the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy for such an article, and had a notion that by wearing it he would be speedily cured. The Countess thought her son's request rather odd; but being loath to refuse any thing that would give him even a visionary satisfaction, she instantly set about her inquiry after the happiest lady in Naples, with the view of requesting her kind offices after the manner described. Her inquiry was tedious and difficult; every body she could think of, or who was pointed out to her, was found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. For some time, she almost despaired; but having nevertheless persevered, she at length was introduced to one—a middle-aged married lady—who not only appeared to have all the imaginable materials of worldly bliss, but bore every external mark of being cheerful and contented in her situation. To this fortunate dame, the Countess preferred her request, making the circumstances of the case her only excuse for so strange an application. "My dear Countess," said the lady, "spare all apology, for, if I had really been qualified for the task, I would most gladly have undertaken it. But if you will just follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most *miserable* woman in Naples." So saying, she led the mother to a remote chamber, where there was nothing but a curtain which hung from the ceiling to the floor. This being drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visitor, a skeleton hanging from a beam! "Oh, dreadful!" exclaimed the Countess; "what means this?" The lady looked mournfully at her, and, after a minute's silence, gave the following explanation. "This," she said, "was a youth who loved me before my marriage, and whom I was obliged to part with, when my relations obliged me to marry my present husband. We afterwards renewed our acquaintance, though with no evil intent, and my husband was so much infuriated at finding him one day in my presence, as to draw his sword and run him through the heart. Not satisfied with this, he caused him to be hung up here, and every night and morning since then, has compelled me to come and survey his remains. To the world I may bear a cheerful aspect, and seem to be possessed of all the comforts of life; but you may judge if I can be really entitled to the reputation which you have attributed to me, or be qualified to execute your son's commission."

The Countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her situation was most miserable, and retired to her own house, in despair of obtaining what she was in quest of, seeing that, if an apparently happy woman had such a secret sorrow as this, what were those likely to have, who bore no such appearance. "Alas," she said to herself, "no one is exempt from the disasters and sorrows of life—*there is a skeleton in every house!*"

When she reached home, she found a letter conveying intelligence of her son's death, which in other circumstances would have overturned her reason, or broken her heart, but, prepared as she was by the foresight of her son, produced only a rational degree of grief. When the first acute sensations were past, she said resignedly to herself, that, great as the calamity was, it was probably no greater than what her fellow-creatures were enduring every day, and she would therefore submit with tranquillity.

The application of this tale, tinged as it is with the peculiar hue of continental manners and ideas, must be easy to every one of our readers. They must see how great a fallacy it is to suppose that others are, more generally than ourselves, spared any of the common mishaps of life, or that *we*, in particular, are under the doom of a severe fate. They may be assured, that, beneath many of the most gorgeous shows of this world, there lurk terrible sores, which are not the less painful that they are unseen. The very happiest-looking men and women, the most prosperous mercantile concerns, have all their secret cankers and drawbacks. The pride of the noble—the luxury of the opulent—even the dignity and worship of the crown—all have a *something* to render them, if it were known, less enviable than they appear. We never, for our part, enter upon any glittering and magnificent scene, or hear of any person who is reputed to be singularly prosperous or happy, but we immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own humble home and condition, disposed as we sometimes may be to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even in those great capitals, where affluence and luxury are so wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher orders appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended to, we cannot help looking to the other side, and imagining for every one his own particular misery. The houses appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator may be assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of providence, *that there is a skeleton in every one of them.*

SCOTTISH STREAMS.

THE TAY.

THE Tay is esteemed the largest and most beautiful of all the Scottish rivers, and flowing through an extensive district of country, exhibiting all the varying graces of Highland and Lowland scenery, is believed to pour into the ocean a greater quantity of fresh water than any other river in Britain. The Tay has its remote sources in the western extremity of Perthshire, in the district of Breadalbane, on the frontiers of Lorn, in Argyleshire. At first, its waters are entitled the Fillan, and descend in a winding course of eight or nine miles through a valley, having the name of Strathfillan. In this sequestered vale stands the small modern village of St Fillans, a place now rendered

one of the sweetest spots in Scotland, at least within the Highland line, and which every autumn is rendered a scene of high festival for the celebration of national games.

The little river Fillan afterwards expands, and assumes the form of a lake, called Loch Dochart, extending about three miles in length. Issuing from its eastern extremity, the river retains the name of Dochart, and, under that appellation, flows in an easterly direction through the vale of Glendochart, a distance of eight miles, when again spreading out, but in a much more spacious scale, it forms the splendid sheet of water entitled Loch Tay. This Highland lake extends fifteen miles in length, by from one to two miles, though more generally one mile, in breadth, and possessing a slight serpentine bend, sufficient to take from it the appearance of a straight expanse of water. Its depth is from 15 to 100 fathoms, and it abounds with salmon, trout, pike, and other fish. Although Loch Tay is a spacious and splendid piece of water, and though the surrounding hills are lofty, and its margins are wooded and cultivated, and enlivened by houses, it does not generally afford those fascinating landscapes which characterise Loch Lomond, and other large Scottish lakes; nevertheless, on the southern and less frequented side of the lake, the scenery is often rich and various in the middle grounds. Of the few objects on the northern side, a wooded island, containing the remains of a priory, naturally attracts the first attention. This was an establishment dependent on Scone, founded, in 1122, by Alexander the First, whose queen, Sybilla, the daughter of Henry the First, and grandaughter of William the Conqueror, is interred in it. The island possesses another kind of celebrity, from having afforded a retreat to the Campbells in Montrose's wars. It was taken by General Monk in 1654. Being a picturesque object, it adds much to the beauty of this part of the lake.

The river issuing from Loch Tay at the village of Kenmore, assumes the name of the lake, which it retains till it mingles with the waters of the ocean. The clean, elegant village of Kenmore, with its church, its inn, and its few white cottages, occupies a lovely eminence at the north-east extremity of the loch, and the river is here crossed by a handsome bridge of three arches. Kenmore ranks unquestionably among the most beautiful villages in Scotland; a kind of object, it must be confessed, which Scotland does not yet possess in great numbers. The valley around may be considered as the paradise of the Highlands, and forms a favourite point for the tourist in the genial months of summer. The lower grounds are here richly cultivated, or covered with beautiful plantations; the whole overlooked and sheltered by mountains towering to the clouds, among which rises the lofty Ben Lawers. In the midst of this exquisite scenery, stands the magnificent seat of the Earl of Breadalbane, called Taymouth.

After leaving the lake, the Tay speedily receives a great augmentation by the river Lyon, which descends from Glen Lyon, and runs a course not a great deal shorter than the Tay itself. Its next great accessary is the Tummel, which falls into it on its left bank, joining it at the south-eastern corner of the parish of Logierait, about eight miles above Dunkeld. The Tummel brings down the whole of the waters drained from a most extensive district, or series of vales, in the north and north-west part of the county, from the confines of Mar in Aberdeenshire, round to the borders of Appin in Argyleshire. Before reaching the Tay, it receives these waters chiefly by the rivers Garry, Tilt, Bruar, and Tarff, from the north, and in its own course from the west it draws off the waters of Loch Lyddoch, Ericht, and Rannoch. Thus increased, the Tay becomes a river of uncommon size and beauty, and it now takes a direction more towards the south. Its waters frequently separate and unite again, forming several beautiful islands, and its banks are in general nobly wooded. Near Dunkeld (a place which must be separately described), the woods around it are deep and majestic, and at this place it receives an accession on its right bank by the beautiful river Bran. On leaving Dunkeld, the Tay flows through a territory more lowland in its character, and, pursuing a direction towards the east, receives the waters of the Isla on its left bank. The Isla forms a considerable accession to its magnitude, as it is a stream which, besides draining the north-western part of Forfarshire, draws off the waters from the north-eastern division of Perthshire, by the rivers Ardle, Shee, and Ericht

The Tay now takes a south-westerly course betwixt the parishes of Kinclavin and Cargill, and afterwards resuming a direction more towards the south, it receives on its left bank, at Loncarty, the small river Shochie. About two miles farther south, on the same side, it receives the Almond, which adds considerably to the volume of its waters. Flowing onward towards the south, a noble stream of first-rate proportions, the Tay passes through the beautiful vale and past the town of Perth; and now decreasing in speed, it becomes fit for the navigation of small vessels. After passing between the woods and romantic hills of Kinnoul and Moncrieff, a short way below Perth, the Tay begins to assume the appearance of an estuary or firth; and at the foot of the rich flat vale of Strathearn, it receives on its right bank its last great tributary, the Earn river, which brings down the waters of a most extensive Highland and Lowland district, including those of Loch Earn, whose sources are very near those of the Tay itself.

Having now received the whole of the streams of Perthshire, great and small, with the exception of those falling into the Forth from the south-west corner of the county, the Tay gradually expands into an arm of the sea from a mile to three miles in breadth, though generally shallow; separating the carse of Gowrie and part of Forfarshire on the north, from Fife on the south. At Dundee the firth is contracted to about two miles in breadth, but it again widens, and about eight miles below that thriving sea-port, it expands into the Bay of St Andrews and the German Ocean.

PADDY THE PIPER.

I'LL tell you, sir, a mighty quare story, and it's as thrue as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie—It was in the time of the *'ruction* [insurrection], whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law, that wouldn't let a dacent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad; for whin the day's work was over, not a one of uz daar go to meet a frind over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw boult until the morning kem agin.

Well, to come to my story—'Twas afther nightfall, and we wor sittin' round the fire, and the pratees was boilin', and the noggins of butther-milk was standin' ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door. "Whisht," says my father; "here's the sojers come upon us now," says he; "bad luck to thim the villains, I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door," says he. "No," says my mother, "for I'm afther hanging an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it a while ago." "Well, whisht, any how," says my father, "for there's a knock agin;" and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door. "Oh, it's folly to purtind any more," says my father; "they're too cute to be put off that-away," says he. "Go, Shamus," says he to me, "and see who's in it." "How can I see who's in it in the dark?" says I. "Well," says he, "light the candle thin, and see who's in it; but don't open the door for your life, barrin' they break it in," says he, "exceptin' to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim."

So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock. "Who's there?" says I. "It's me," says he. "Who are you?" says I. "A frind," says he. "*Baithershin*," says I—"who are you at all?" "Arrah! don't you know me?" says he. "Not at all," says I. "Sure I'm Paddy the piper," says he. "Oh, thundher and turf," says I, "is it you, Paddy, that's in it?" "Sorra one else," says he. "And what brought you at this hour?" says I. "I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road," says he, "and so I kem the short cut, and that's what delayed me," says he. "Oh, bloody wars!" says I—"Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom," says I; "for you know yourself it's a hanging matther to be catched out these times," says I. "Sure I know that," says he; "God help me; and that's what I kem to you for," says he; "and let me in for old acquaintance sake," says poor Paddy. "Oh, by this and that," says I, "I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and throth if the Husshians or the Yeo's [yeomen] catches you," says I, "they'll murther you, as sure as your name's Paddy." "Many thanks to you," says he, "for your good intintions; but, plaze the pigs, I hope it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how." "Faix then," says I, "you had betther lose no time in hidin' yourself," says I; "for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Husshians would be afther givin' you; for they've no justice, and less marcy, the villains!" "Faith, thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus," says poor Paddy. "It's a folly to talk," says I; "I darn't open the door." "Oh then, millia murther!" says Paddy, "what'll become of me at all, at all," says he. "Go aff into the shed," says I, "behind the house, where the cow is, and there there's an iligant lock o' straw, that you may go sleep in," says I, "and a fine bed it 'id be for a lord, let alone a piper."

So off Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more, by token, when the pratees was ready; for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveller. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that decaved him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was going off to the town hard by, it bein' fair-day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes; for not a betther piper was in all the country round nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was iligant an the pipes.

[Paddy set off somewhat too early, and as he walked along in the dark, he came against a corpse hanging upon a tree, being the remains of a British officer hanged by the insurgents. Paddy cuts off the limbs of this unhappy victim of popular fury, in order to obtain his boots, and, returning to the cow-house, hides them beneath a heap of straw, after which he went again to sleep, but was soon after seized and taken away by a party of the military. These fragments being afterwards found by the inmates of the cottage, lead to the notion that the cow had eaten up Paddy, and left only his legs behind. The results of this suspicion upon the fair fame of the animal are thus narrated:—]

"Arrah! be aisy," says my father. "Bad luck to the lie I tell you," says I. "Is it ate, Paddy?" says they. "Not a doubt of it," says I. "Are you sure, Shamus?" says my mother. "I wish I was as sure of a new pair of brogues," says I. "Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs." "And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?" says my father. "I b'lieve so," says I. "Oh," says he, "what a cruel taste she has for music!" "Arrah!" says my mother, "don't be abusing the cow that gives the milk to the childher." "Yis, I will," says my father; "she shan't be undher my roof any more; for I'll sind her to the fair this minit," says he, "and sell her for whatever she'll bring. Go aff," says he, "Shamus, the minit you've ate your breakquest, and dhrive her to the fair." "Throth I don't like to dhrive her," says I. "Arrah, don't be makin' a gommagh of yourself," says he. "Faith, I don't," says I. "Well, like or no like," says he, "you must dhrive her." "Sure, father," says I, "you could take more care of her yourself." "That's mighty good," says he, "to keep a dog and bark myself;" and I rec'llected the sayin' from that hour. "Let me have no more words about it," says he, "but be aff wid you."

So, aff I wint, and it's no lie I'm tellin', whin I say it was sore agin my will I had any thing to do with sitch a villain of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ather iv a thief, as she was, without bein' near her at all, at all.

Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng it wuz wid the boys and the girls, and, in short, all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin' to the fair.

"God save you," says one to me. "God save you, kindly," says I. "That's a fine baste you're dhrivin'," says he. "Throth she is," says I, though it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her. "It's to the fair you're goin', I suppose," says he, "with the baste?" (He was a snug-lookin' farmer, ridin' a purty little gray hack.) "Thin you're right enough," says I; "it is to the fair I'm goin'." "What do you expec' for her?" says he. "Thin myself doesn't know," says I; and that was thrue enough, you see, bekase I was bewildered like about the baste, intirely. "That's a quare way to be goin' to market," say he, "and not to know what you expec' for your baste." "Och," says I, not likin' to let him suspict there was any thing wrong wid her—"Och," says I, in a careless sort of a way, "sure no one can tell what a baste 'll bring, antil they come to the fair," says I, "and see what price is goin'." "Indeed, that's nath'ral enough," says he. "But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it," says he. "Oh, I've no objection in life," says I. "Well, thin, what will you ax for her?" says he. "Why, thin, I wouldn't like to be onraisonable," says I—(for the thruth was, you know, I wanted to get rid iv her)—"and so I'll take four pounds for her," says I, "and *no less*." "No less!" says he. "Why, sure, that's chape enough," says I. "Throth it is," says he; "and I'm thinkin' it's *too* chape it is," says he; "for if there wasn't somethin' the matther, it's not for that you'd be sellin' the fine milch cow, as she is, to all appearance." "Indeed, thin," says I, "upon my conscience she is a fine milch cow." "Maybe," says he, "she's gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn't feed well?" "Och, by this and that," says I, "in regard of feedin' there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy; and if you like her for the money, you may have her." "Why, indeed, I'm not in a hurry," says he, "and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair."

"With all my heart," says I, purtendin' to be no ways consarned, but in throth I began to be afeard that the people was seein' somethin' unnath'ral about her, and that we'd never get rid of her at all, at all. At last we kem to the fair, and a great sight o' people was in it; throth you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standin's o' gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makins o' beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-roun's, and tints with the best av drink in thim, and the fiddles playin' up t' incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded them at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin' rogue of a cow afore I'd mind any divarshin in life; so an I dhruv her into the thick av the fair, whin, all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes, and, my jew'l, in a minit the cow cock'd her ears, and was makin' a dart at the tint.

"Oh, murther!" says I, to the boys standin' by, "hould her," says I, "hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now."

"Is it a cow for to ate a piper?" says one o' thim.

"Not a word o' lie in it, for I seen his corps myself, and nothin' left but the two legs," says I; "and it's a folly to be sthrivin' to hide it, for I *see* she'll never lave it aff, as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost."

"Who's that takin' my name?" says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin' the throng a one side,

who should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance.

"Oh, hould him too," says I; "keep him av me, for it's not himself at all, but his ghost," says I; "for he was kilt last night, to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs."

Well, sir, with that Paddy—for it *was* Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin', and, whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I tould you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me was beyant tellin', for wrongfully misdoubtin' the poor cow, and layin' the blame of atin' a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow; and Paddy played that day beautifully, and mony a one said the likes was never heard before or since, even from Paddy himself, and av coorse the poor slandered cow was dhruv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of throwsers made out iv her hide, and it's in the fam'ly to this day; and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that out, any one that has thim things an, the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes is playin'."*

THE PIRATES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

It is curious to observe how far the fanciful impressions of infancy will sometimes extend their shadows into after life. From my childhood, though I scarce knew why, the Ægean Archipelago had always been "one of the greenest islands of my imagination." Hence, when I found myself sailing by moonlight over its still waters, with its hundred isles of light flourishing and looking beautiful around me, I could scarcely realise my situation, or believe that I was actually in the middle of that very ocean, hallowed by so many lovely and glorious associations, and the goal of all the warmest and most romantic aspirations of my youth.

I visited the various Greek islands, in company with a valued friend, in the spring of last year. We hired for the cruise a small Greek goëlette, manned by Hydriote sailors, and carrying two swivel guns of tolerable size. This was a necessary precaution; for the whole of the Archipelago swarmed with pirates, and every fresh port we touched at we learned some new example of their daring and success, and too often of their cruelty. They had sprung up suddenly in the month of March, and had appeared in several quarters at the same time; and it was conjectured, from their numbers and extraordinary audacity, that they must be supported by some high authority, and act under explicit directions. They were composed, so far as could be discovered, of individuals from all nations, chiefly Syriac, Egyptian, and Greek. They attacked vessels of all sizes, and bearing all flags. Near Milo they had captured a Sardinian brig, and subjected the crew to every species of abominable outrage; and at Syria we received an account, which proved afterwards only too correct, of these miscreants having seized two Austrian vessels of considerable size in the Gulf of Salonica. The crews made a gallant resistance, and the pirates in revenge took them to the island of Thasos, and after subjecting them to the most ignominious treatment, massacred them all. These circumstances, as may be imagined, were constantly present to our thoughts, and we proceeded on our voyage cautiously and anxiously. One night, as we were sailing between Tinos and Delos, leaning over the side of our vessel, and watching the bright and fairy phosphorescence of the dividing waves, my friend related to me the following incident, which I will give nearly in his own words:—

"Not long since I had occasion to pass in a Venetian brig from Alexandria to Smyrna, and as I was desirous to take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Ægean, the captain, at my request, visited a few of the more interesting islands. One day in May we were lying off the north-east coast of the island of Naxos, enjoying the freshening softness of the evening air after a day of excessive sultriness. At sunset the wind gradually died away, and gave place to one of those dead, motionless calms so common in these uncertain seas. We had watched with melancholy interest the last gleams of the departing sun, as he disappeared behind the wooded hills of Antiparos, and were now enjoying the soft dim lustre of the moon as she rose upon the lovely scene before us. Syra, Delos, and other isles, dimly discernible in the distance, formed the chief features of the landscape, while the rich moonlight softly glimmered on the almost motionless bosom of the waters.

Occasionally a slight ripple against the sides of the vessel awoke the slumbering phosphorescence of the ocean, and elicited a light which had something of enchantment both in its delicacy and its evanescence. There was a stillness—a calmness—a surpassing beauty—a sacred purity, in the scene, which inspired one with the thoughts and the language of another world; and as I gave way to the reveries and remembrances it awakened, I almost lost the recollection of our meaner nature, and forgot that I was still on earth.

In this mood of mind I was leaning over the side of the vessel, when the captain came and tapped me gently on the shoulder, and, with a look of peculiar significance, pointed to an abrupt promontory about two miles a-head of us. I followed his eye, and could distinguish with difficulty two long narrow boats, with three small masts in each, and impelled apparently by nearly twenty oars, making straight for our vessel. As they came more distinctly into view, and we could discern their form, it was such as to leave us no doubt of their nature or intentions. We had heard them described too often and too minutely not to recognise them at a glance: they were a band of those terrible pirates who were then infesting the Ægean, and whose daring and cruelty had struck terror into all the sailors who frequent these seas. I looked at the captain. He was a brave man, I knew, for I had seen him tried; yet now his lip quivered, and a shuddering came over his whole frame, as he saw, in all its horrors, the fate which was probably in store for us. We knew that our chance of a successful resistance was but small; but weak as it was, we had learned enough of the brutality of these wretches in other cases to be aware it was our only hope. Outrage, ignominy, and massacre, had been inflicted, according to the varying caprice of the hour; and in particular, their treatment of the crews of two vessels which had lately fallen into their hands, determined us to fight to the last plank, and then take what fate it might please Providence to send us.

Escape was impossible. There was not a breath of air sufficient even to stir a handkerchief; and these pirates always profit by a calm, which enables them to attack an unwieldy vessel to great advantage. We got all our arms on deck, and each man stood ready at his post. I had laid my sword and pistols on the gunwale before me, and was leaning on my carbine, watching the advance of the enemy. There was a dead silence through the ship, till we could distinctly hear the splashing of their oars as they gradually neared us:—it was horrible to be thus deserted by the elements at our greatest need. There was not breeze or motion sufficient to enable us even to turn the vessel; and there was not one of us who would not thankfully have exchanged our helpless, motionless condition, against the wildest hurricane that ever blew over a tropical sea. We were delivered up to our enemies, as it were, bound hand and foot. This feeling of paralysis grew upon us momently, like the horrors of nightmare. Every man seemed afraid to breathe, and we might have heard a pin drop at the furthest extremity of the ship. We were looking Death in the face—and I felt that he was indeed the King of Terrors.

The boats at length came within hail. I counted thirty men in the one boat, and twenty in the other; we did not muster twenty-five in all. They rowed close alongside, one at one side, and the other at the other, and summoned us to surrender. The captain returned no answer, but took a deliberate aim with his musket at the summoner, and shot him through the heart. We all followed his example, and our fire was eminently successful. They returned it in haste, and then, without waiting to reload, began to climb the sides of our vessel. We offered them no resistance, but retired to the quarter-deck, where our two small cannon had been placed, and ranged ourselves before them. As soon as the pirates had clambered upon deck, without waiting to form, they drew their heavy cimetars and yataghans, and rushed tumultuously upon us. In a moment we drew a little to either side, and at the same instant our two guns poured their grape-shot, through our ranks, upon the confused mass of our assailants. The effect was tremendous; for a moment we thought the victory was ours, and we rushed upon them to complete our work. But they rallied too quickly, and then began the real contest: it was man to man—hand to hand—sabre to sabre. The pirates were desperate by character—we were rendered so by situation; and the combat was one of such deep and concentrated fury as I trust never to witness again. Two of the combatants who were firmly grappled, and were slashing each other with their daggers, missed their footing on the quarter-deck, and fell overboard together. But even in the water I could observe that they did not quit their hold; each grasped his antagonist with the frenzy of a dying man, and they sank in each other's arms. How long the battle lasted I know not: it might be five minutes—it might be ten; but I was brought to the ground I scarce knew how; and when I recovered my senses, it was all over.

Myself and six of my companions were the sole survivors: they were all wounded, and tied with ropes to the side of our vessel. The captain was among them. His arms were pinioned behind him, and he was lashed to the mainmast. He was evidently faint and weak from loss of blood, and his pale countenance expressed a sort of hopeless resignation, interrupted at times by a transient shudder of unconquerable horror, as the thought of the fate in store for us rushed across his mind. The pirates, whose numbers had been greatly thinned during the action, were lying on the quarter-deck, some sleeping, and others watching. The first faint streak of morning light was just appearing along the horizon, and our conquerors took advantage of a breeze which sprung up to direct our vessel towards their port. Just then a ship of considerable size came in sight round the corner of the island, and passed us within a few hundred yards. Our captain, regardless of the consequences, hailed the strange sail, and claimed the assistance of her crew, and at the same moment received a shot which silenced him for ever. The pirates sprung to their feet, and prepared to receive those we had called upon to save us. They had seen our situation, but they turned a deaf ear to our entreaties; they spoke not—turned not—staid not. The ship of safety speeded on its way; and as it gradually lessened in the distance, our excited hopes sunk into despair, and our hearts died away within us.

I am an observer both by habit and disposition, even in times of the deepest anxiety and danger; and as a faint gleam of hope, in the shape of an accepted ransom, had already flashed across my mind, I began to look out, with a sort of throbbing curiosity, mingled with alarm and doubt, for the pirates' den, whither our course was evidently directed. It was not long before we arrived. Six of the pirates immediately proceeded southward with our captured ship, for the purpose, as we afterwards found, of selling her at Rhodes, with the inhabitants of which island they kept up a regular traffic of this nature. The remainder of our victors got into their two boats, whither we were compelled to follow them, and pulled towards shore. I despair of being able to delineate, otherwise than with the pencil, the extraordinary scene we now approached. It was a bold, craggy, almost perpendicular coast; and we soon discovered a vast chasm or fissure, which extended the whole height of the rock, and to a considerable depth inland. Into this chasm we entered, and, after rowing about fifty yards, another considerable fissure opened at right angles to the first. Though at least sixty yards broad at the level of the water, this second chasm gradually diminished in breadth, till at the surface of the island its existence was only discernible by a narrow crack over which an active man might leap with ease. At the end of this extraordinary natural vault, and about twenty feet above the sea, was a cave, narrow at its entrance, but widening considerably as it penetrated deeper into the rock, and by no means dissimilar to the subterranean gallery underneath the citadel of Argos. As the pirates moored their boats at the extremity of this vast cavern (for such, notwithstanding the narrow opening above, it might be called), two of their associates appeared at the mouth of the cave to welcome them, and inquire of their success. A few words were interchanged between them, and my companions and I were then ordered to mount into the cave by means of a ladder of ropes, which was let down to the boat's edge. To one of these unfortunate wretches the moment seemed to offer a last chance for safety. When his turn came to ascend, he pretended to lose his hold, slipped into the water, dived under the nearest boat, and swam vigorously away. But the effort proved a desperate one; the pirates were too vigilant to be thus deceived; three firelocks were discharged at the unhappy man too deliberately to miss the mark—he gave a horrid shriek, which is still ringing in my ears—stretched forth his hands wildly and imploringly to Heaven—then slowly sunk beneath the surface; and the bubbles which ascended one by one from his last suffocating gasps, alone indicated the spot where he had disappeared.

We were all struck with horror. It seemed to us a foreboding of our own fate, and we shuddered as we entered this dark cavern of iniquity. There seemed to be many recesses in different directions; but the part of the cave where the pirates were assembled was nearly circular, and a rude lamp, which was suspended from the damp vault, served to show the dreariness and discomfort of the chamber, and the mats and weapons which formed its only furniture.

I will not detail to you the horrors of our situation, nor the ignominious treatment to which we were subjected, during our abode in the pirates' den. It was living with the devil and his angels. My four remaining companions were taken out of the cave at midnight, about a week after our arrival, and put on board one of the pirates' boats, and I had afterwards reason to believe that they were sold as slaves in some of the ports of Syria. I only escaped their fate from having been able to persuade the pirates, by producing my papers, that if my friends at Smyrna were informed of my situation, they would willingly advance whatever ransom might be demanded; and I pledged myself at the same time that I would never attempt to make known their residence. I wrote to Smyrna, and an answer soon arrived. The pirates, impatient for their promised ransom, immediately conveyed me to *Scala Nuova*, the port of the ancient Ephesus, where my friends met me, and I was delivered up to them on payment of the stipulated sum. It was two thousand dollars.

As I rode towards Smyrna, the world seemed to have opened afresh afore me: I was disposed to look upon every thing with a favourable eye. Even the miserable village of Aiasaluck appeared rich and beautiful; all nature was bright and laughing; and I felt that I had taken out a new lease of life.

The same pirates are now infesting the Archipelago; and, from the description, I believe them to have been the very gang who last month massacred the Austrian crews at the Isle of Thasos. But I remembered my promise, and not even a robber shall have to reproach me with a breach of trust."

This was the substance, and nearly the words, of my friend's narrative; and, from many confirmatory statements which I heard both in Greece and Smyrna,

* From "Legends and Stories of Ireland, by Samuel Lover, R.H.A."

I am inclined to believe that there is neither incorrectness nor exaggeration in the smallest circumstance.

We continued our voyage without any interruption, beyond that of frequent calms; and after visiting Syra, Delos, and Scio, we reached Smyrna on the 25th of May.*

POPULAR ERRORS IN MEDICINE.

By an Edinburgh Physician.

A very common practice in eating such fruit as cherries is to swallow the stones, with the vague notion that these promote digestion. No error can be more fatally absurd. Many cases have occurred where such practices have been the cause of death, and that of a most excruciating nature. One instance is on record of a lady who died in great agony after years of suffering, and the cause was found to be several large balls found in the intestines, accumulated around clusters of cherry-stones. The husks of gooseberries are often swallowed with the idea that they prevent any bad effects from the fruit. On the contrary, they are the most indigestible substance that can be swallowed, and pass the stomach without any change, although they cause excessive irritation, and not unfrequently inflammation of the bowels.

Many people put great faith in the wholesomeness of eating only of one dish at dinner. They suppose that the mixture of substances prevents easy digestion. They would not eat fish and flesh, fowl and beef, animal food and vegetables. This seems a plausible notion, but daily practice shows its utter absurdity. What dinner sits easier on the stomach than a slice of roast or boiled mutton, and carrots or turnips, and the indispensable potato? What man ever felt the worse of a cut of cod or turbot followed by a beef-steak, or a slice of roast beef and pudding? In short, a variety of wholesome food does not seem incompatible at meals, *if one do not eat too much*—here the error lies.

It is a common practice with bathers, after having walked on a hot day to the sea-side, to sit on the cold damp rocks till they cool before going into the water. This is quite erroneous. Never go into the water if over-fatigued, and after profuse and long-continued perspiration, but always prefer plunging in while warm, strong, and vigorous, and even with the first drops of perspiration on your brow. There is no fear of sudden transitions from heat to cold being fatal. Many nations run from the hot bath, and plunge naked into the snow. What is to be feared is sudden cold after exhaustion of the body, and while the animal powers are not sufficient to produce a reaction or recovery of the animal heat.

There is a favourite fancy of rendering infants and farther advanced children hardy and strong, by plunging them into cold water. This will certainly not prevent strong infants from growing stronger, but it will and often does kill three children out of every five. Infants always thrive best with moderate warmth and a milk-warm bath. The same rule applies to the clothing of infants and children. No child should have so light clothing as to make it feel the effects of cold—warm materials, loose and wide-made clothing, and exercise, are all indispensable for the health of little ones. But, above all things, their heads should be kept cool, and generally uncovered.

Many people so laud early rising as would lead one to suppose that sleep was one of those lazy, sluggish, and bad practices, that the sooner the custom was abolished the better. Sleep is as necessary to man as food, and as some do with one-third of the food that others absolutely require, so five hours' sleep is amply sufficient for one, while another requires seven or eight hours. Some men cannot by any possibility sleep more than four or five hours in the 24; and, therefore, true to the inherent selfishness of human nature, they abuse all who sleep longer. No man should be taunted for sleeping eight hours if he can.

There is a common prejudice in the country, that old women, farriers, and professed bone-setters, are the only persons fit to prescribe for all sprains, dislocations, and broken bones. Are these subjects less likely to be understood by an anatomist and regularly educated man, than the more difficult and intricate diseases which he daily treats with success? What becomes of all such patients in large cities and hospitals, where a regular surgeon superintends their cure? Have we so many stiff joints and deformed and useless limbs as among the patients of the empirical bone-setter?

Many people do not eat salt with their food, and the fair sex have a notion that this substance darkens the complexion. Salt seems essential for the health of every human being, more especially in moist climates such as ours. Without salt, the body becomes infected with intestinal worms. The case of a lady is mentioned in a medical journal, who had a natural antipathy to salt, and never used it with her food; the consequence was, she became dreadfully infected with these animals. A punishment once existed in Holland, by which criminals were denied the use of salt; the same consequence followed with these wretched beings. We rather think a prejudice exists with some of giving little or no salt to children. No practice can be more cruel or absurd.

One great cause of reluctance to medicine among the ignorant, is the idea, that many, if not all of the powders and potions, are made from human bones, and other parts of the body. In the present day no such thing exists; but yet nothing can better exemplify the saying, "that popular prejudices are the cast-off clothes of philosophers, in which the rabble dress themselves," than the fact that even the great Lord Bacon believed in amulets; and Boyle seriously recommends the thigh-bone of an executed criminal as a powerful remedy in dysentery. Two-thirds of the medicines in common use are the dried roots, or leaves, or fruits, or gums of vegetables, reduced to powder, or infused in water or spirit of wine; the other third are salts, obtained from sea-water, from the waters of mineral springs, from burnt sea-weed or land vegetables, and from various preparations of the metals. Many a child has turned with horror and disgust from a common emetic powder, under the false conception that it was human liver pounded, when he would have even cheerfully taken off the nauseating draught had he been told that it was nothing more than the clean-scraped roots of a beautiful little flowering plant, that grows in warm countries, called ipecacuan. It is not an uncommon observation, and a sort of taunt, too, to the medical man, that his drugs are all disagreeable to the palate. People do not reflect that this is a wise provision of nature. What, for instance, would be the consequence if the fruit, whose pulp bears the bitter purging colocynth, were as inviting to the taste as a pine-apple? Or how could the ignorant be restrained from every day poisoning themselves, if foxglove, hemlock, or henbane, bore sweet and enticing fruits?

Another general reproach among the uninformed, is, that, in the present day, physicians disdain to employ in their prescriptions the native plants of this country. This reproach is quite unfounded; there is never a day that some one of our native vegetables are not prescribed; but, undoubtedly, some of our most active and most valuable medicines can only be procured from hotter climates.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SPENSER.

Passing over an interval of more than a century and a half from the death of Chaucer, during which no noted poetical genius appeared in England, with the exception of Sir Philip Sidney, at the commencement of Elizabeth's reign, we meet with Spenser, the celebrated author of the Fairy Queen.

Edmund Spenser was descended from an ancient family in Northamptonshire, and was born in London in 1553. In 1576, having completed his degrees in arts, he stood for a fellowship, in which he was unsuccessful; and this disappointment, joined with the narrowness of his circumstances, forced him to quit the university. He now went to live in retirement at the house of a friend in the north of England, and became here enamoured of the Rosalind whom he finely celebrates in his pastoral poems, and of whose cruelty he has written very pathetical complaints. It is probable, that, about this time, his genius first began to distinguish itself; for the Shepherd's Calendar, which is so full of his unprosperous passion for Rosalind, was amongst the first of his works of note, and the supposition is strengthened by the consideration of poetry's being frequently the offspring of love and retirement. This work he addressed, by a short dedication, to Sir Philip Sidney. It was in 1578, that, at the persuasion of his friend Mr Harvey, Spenser removed to London, where that gentleman introduced him to the notice of Sidney, who was now in the highest reputation both for wit and gallantry, and the most popular of all the courtiers of his age; and as he was himself a writer, and especially excelled in the fabulous or inventive kind of poetry, it is no wonder he was struck with our author's genius, and became sensible of his merit. By this universal patron of genius, he was presented to Queen Elizabeth, who honoured him with the place of poet-laureate; but, through the ill will of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, the queen's favours to this unhappy great man were intercepted, and he for some time wore only a barren laurel, possessing merely the place without the pension.

About this time he finished his poem entitled "The Shepherd's Calendar," which was first printed in 1579; and in the following year, being recommended by his patron to the Earl of Leicester, he went to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Grey of Wilton, then appointed Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. Lord Grey was recalled in 1582, and with him Spenser returned to London, where he continued till after the death of Sir Philip Sidney, who was killed at the battle of Zutphen, in the Low Countries, in 1586, an event which our poet bewailed to the end of his life.

The following year, Spenser, having obtained a royal grant of 3000 acres of forfeited lands in the county of Cork, in Ireland, set out for that kingdom, took possession of his estate, and fixed his residence in the castle of Kilcolman, which had belonged to the Earl of Desmond. Much about this time he contracted an intimate friendship with the great and learned Sir Walter Raleigh, who was then a captain under the Lord Grey. The poem of Spenser's, called "Colin Clout's come home again," in which Sir Walter is described under the name of the Shepherd of the Ocean, is a beautiful memorial of this friendship, which took its rise from a similarity of taste in the polite arts, and which he agreeably describes with a softness and delicacy peculiar to him. Sir Walter afterwards promoted him in Queen Elizabeth's esteem, through whose recommendation she read his writings.

In his retirement at Kilcolman he resumed his great work, the Fairy Queen, and continued in Ireland till the year 1589, when he came over to England with Sir Walter Raleigh, but returned to Ireland the year following, where he fell in love with a merchant's daughter, and married her. Soon after his marriage, he paid another visit to his native country, where we also find him in 1596. In the following year he returned once more to Kilcolman; but on the rebellion of Lord Tyrone, who ravaged the whole county of Cork, he was obliged to fly for safety with his family to England, where, in the year 1599, he died in extreme poverty. This account of his death is given principally on the credit of the celebrated Drummond of Hawthornden, who says he had it from the English poet Ben Jonson; but it has since been discovered, by examining the patent roll, that, in February 1591, Spenser obtained from Queen Elizabeth an annuity of L.50 during his life, a sum equivalent to about L.200 at present. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer, according to his request, and a monument was erected to his memory by Ann Countess of Dorset.

Spenser's principal poem, the "Fairy Queen," is a sort of continued allegory, or a series of metaphorical legends, strung together in rather an unconnected manner. He raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference; only prince Arthur, by whom he means Sir Philip Sidney, is made to shine throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every one of his knights was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them—an ingenious piece of flattery, which, however, did not turn much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem in the remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, dying before him, however, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design.

Spenser has had many imitators among the poets of modern times, and several have written in his style with very considerable success. "To imitate the fictions and sentiments of Spenser," says Dr Johnson, "can incur no reproach, for allegory is perhaps one of the most pleasing vehicles of instruction. But I am very far from extending the same respect to his diction or his stanza. His style was, in his own time, allowed to be vicious, so darkened with old words and peculiarities of phrase, and so remote from common use, that Ben Jonson boldly pronounces him *to have written no language*. His stanza is at once difficult and unpleasing; tiresome to the ear by its uniformity, and to the attention by its length. It was at first formed in imitation of the Italian poets, without due regard to the genius of our language."*

Notwithstanding the opinion here given by the learned doctor in regard to the Spenserian stanza, it must be remarked that this stanza has been used with great success by several of our distinguished poets in some of their most popular productions; particularly by Waller, Thomson, Burns, Beattie, Byron, and Tennant. By far the most successful imitation of the style and manner, as well as of the stanza of Spenser, which is to be found in the English language, is Thomson's admirable poem of the Castle of Indolence, in which it may safely be affirmed that he has carried the palm, and has left his master in every respect far behind.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO MEKKA.

In the Mahometan world, as is perhaps well known to many of our readers, it is judged of great importance that a pilgrimage to Mekka should be performed at some period during the life of a true believer. The city to which the pilgrimage is made derives its distinction from its having been the birthplace of Mahomet; it is a town of about thirty thousand stationary inhabitants, situated in a narrow valley in the province of Hedjaz, in Arabia Felix, but, instead of being possessed of any natural advantages, is represented as surrounded by a barren country, and the scene of poverty and misery all the year round, except at the period when the pilgrims are residing in it. Every year, about seventy thousand Musselmans arrive before it, many of them from very remote countries, such as the Malay coast on the one hand, and Barbary on the other, and almost all of them having, in their journey, endured the extreme of those hardships

* From "Sketches in Greece and Turkey," recently published by Ridgway, London.

* Vide The Rambler, No. 121.

which are inseparable from travelling in a warm and dry region. The number, in recent times, has generally been found almost exactly what is stated, which may be considered fortunate for the reputation of an old popular belief, that, in the event of there being any fewer, the deficiency would be supplied by angels from heaven.

Previous to the publication of Burckhardt's travels, the Christian world possessed little information respecting the pilgrimage to Mekka, by reason of the Mahometans threatening with death every individual of a different faith, who should mingle with the true believers on that occasion. Burckhardt, a young German student, of enthusiastic character, ventured, in the year 1814, to subject his person to this dreadful hazard, in order that he might be able to describe the ceremonies; and so masterly was his performance of his assumed character, so well did he talk the necessary language, so little did he falter in the required formalities, that he came off undetected. We propose to give such of our readers as may not have perused the excellent book, afterwards published by this gentleman, an idea of what he saw.

There is a place at a certain distance from Mekka, where pilgrims are required to throw off their usual clothes, and assume an uniform called the *ihram*, consisting of two pieces of white cloth, one of which is fastened round the loins, and the other round the shoulders, while the head remains uncovered. To this custom, which has often the most fatal effects, Burckhardt at once conformed. It is also customary, on reaching the holy city, as it is called, to visit the temple or mosque, whether the stranger be a pilgrim or not; and with this custom our traveller also complied. He found the Beitullah—for so a part of the mosque is called—to be a large quadrangular building, like some markets in Britain, consisting of an immense number of columns, of all kinds of material, which join at the top in Gothic arches, and support domes above. From the arches hang lamps, which are lighted every night during the month of the pilgrimage, and give a strikingly gay and singular appearance to the whole temple. The Caaba, which is the mosque proper, stands in the centre of the square, an oblong massive structure, built of large blocks of different sized stones, joined rudely together, and with bad cement, about 18 paces in length, 14 in breadth, and from 35 to 40 feet in height. The door, which is on the north side, is wholly plated with silver, and embellished with gilt ornaments. Near the door, in the inside, is a black stone, held in peculiar veneration, and supposed by Mr Burckhardt to be of a basaltic nature. The interior of the Caaba is hung with black silk cloth, blazoned all over with inscriptions, in gold letters, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the apostle of God," which may be called the fundamental dogma of the Mahometan faith. In the neighbourhood of the temple is the well of Zemzem, which is drunk copiously by the pilgrims, under the idea that it purifies them from their sins.

The prescribed ceremonies are, first, to repeat certain prayers in different parts of the temple; then to begin the *towaf*, or walk round the Caaba seven times, kissing the black stone at each circuit; then to proceed to the well of Zemzem, and drink as much water as they wish or can get. The second ceremony which the pilgrim has to perform, is, to proceed to the hill of Szafa, and there repeat certain prescribed prayers before he sets out on the holy walk, or *say*, which is along a level spot, about six hundred paces in length, terminating at a stone platform, called Meroua. This walk, which in certain places must be a run, is to be repeated seven times, the pilgrims reciting prayers uninterruptedly, with a loud voice, the whole time. The third ceremony is that of shaving the head, and walking to the Omra, about one hour and a half from Mekka, chaunting pious ejaculations all the way. The two former ceremonies must after this be again repeated. The walk round the Caaba seven times may be repeated as oft as the pilgrim thinks fit, and the more frequent the more meritorious.

When all the required ceremonies have been gone through, the whole concourse of pilgrims repair together on a certain day to Mount Arafat, some on camels, some on mules or asses, and the greater number barefooted, this being the most meritorious way of performing a journey of eighteen or twenty miles. "We were several hours," says Burckhardt, "before we could reach the outskirts of the town, so great was the crowd of camels. Of the half-naked hadjis [pilgrims], all dressed in the white *ihram*, some sat on their camels, mules, or asses, reading the Koran, some ejaculating loud prayers, whilst others cursed their drivers, and quarrelled with those near them, who were choking up the passages." Having cleared a narrow pass in the mountains, the plain of Arafat opened out. Here the different caravans began to disperse, in search of places to pitch their several tents. Hadjis were seen in every direction, wandering among the tents in search of their companions, whom they had lost in the confusion along the road; and it was several hours before the noise and clamour had subsided.

In the morning, Burckhardt ascended the summit of Mount Arafat, from whence he counted about 3000 tents, dispersed over the plain, of which two-thirds belonged to the two Hadj caravans, and to the suite and soldiers of Mohammed Ali; but the greater number of the assembled multitudes "were," says our traveller, "like myself, without tents." Those of the wife of Mohammed Ali, the mother of Tousoun and Ibrahim Pasha, were magnificent—the transport of her baggage alone, from Djidda to Mekka, having required 500 camels.

"Her tent was in fact an encampment consisting of a dozen tents of different sizes, inhabited by her women; the whole inclosed by a wall of linen cloth, 800 paces in circuit, the single entrance of which was guarded by eunuchs in splendid dresses. Around this inclosure were pitched the tents of the men who formed her numerous suite. The beautiful embroidery on the exterior of this linen palace, with the various colours displayed in every part of it, constituted an object which reminded me of some descriptions in the Arabian tales of a Thousand and One Nights."

Mr Burckhardt says, he estimated the number of persons assembled on the plain at 70,000; but whether any or how many of them were supplied by "angels," he does not say. This enormous mass, after washing and purifying the body according to law, or going through the motions where water was not to be had, now pressed forward towards the mountain of Arafat, and covered its sides from top to bottom. At the appointed hour, the cadi of Mekka took his stand on a stone platform on the top of the mountain, and began his sermon, to which the multitude appeared to listen in solemn and respectful silence. At every pause, however, the assembled multitudes waved the skirts of their *ihrams* over their heads, and rent the air with shouts of "Lebeyk, allahuma lebeyk!"—"here we are at thy commands, O God!" "During the wavings of the *ihrams*," says Burckhardt, "the side of the mountain, thickly crowded as it was by the people in their white garments, had the appearance of a cataract of water; while the green umbrellas, with which several thousand hadjis, sitting on their camels below, were provided, bore some resemblance to a verdant plain." The assemblage of such a multitude—to every outward appearance humbling themselves in prayer and adoration before God—must be an imposing and impressive spectacle to him who first observes it, whether Mahommedan, Christian, Jew, or Pagan. "It was a sight, indeed," says Pitts, "able to pierce one's heart, to behold so many thousands in their garments of humility and mortification, with their naked heads, and cheeks watered with tears, and to hear their grievous sighs and sobs, begging earnestly for the remission of their sins." Burckhardt mentions the first arrival of a black Darfoor pilgrim at the temple, at the time when it was illuminated, and from 8000 to 10,000 persons in the act of adoration, who was so overawed, that, after remaining prostrate for some time, "he burst into a flood of tears; and, in the height of his emotion, instead of reciting the usual prayers of the visitor, only exclaimed, 'O God, now take my soul, for this is paradise!'"

As the sun descended behind the western mountains, the cadi shut his book; instantly the crowds rushed down the mountain, the tents were struck, and the whole mass of pilgrims moved forward across the plain on their return. Thousands of torches were now lighted; vollies of artillery and musketry were fired; skyrockets innumerable were let off; the pasha's bands of music were played till they arrived at a place called Mezdelfé, when every one lay down on the bare ground wherever he could find a spot. Here another sermon was preached, commencing with the first dawn, and continuing till the first rays of the sun appear, when the multitude again moved forward, with a slow pace, to Wady Muna, about three miles off. This is the scene for the ceremony of "throwing stones at the devil." Every pilgrim must throw seven little stones at three several spots in the valley of Muna, or twenty-one in the whole, and at each throw repeat the words, "In the name of God—God is great—we do this to secure ourselves from the devil and his troops."

This "stoning" occupies a day or two, after which comes the grand sacrifice of animals, some brought by the several hadjis, others purchased from the Bedouins for the occasion, the throats of which must always be cut with their faces towards the Caaba. At the pilgrimage in question, the number of sheep thus slaughtered "in the name of the most merciful God," is represented as small, amounting only to between 6000 and 8000. The historian Kotobeddyn, quoted by Burckhardt, relates, that, when the Khalif Mokteder performed the pilgrimage, in the year of the Hejira 350, he sacrificed on this occasion 40,000 camels and cows, and 50,000 sheep. One is at a loss to imagine where, in such a miserable country, all these thousands and tens of thousands of camels, cows, and sheep, can possibly be subsisted; the numbers may be exaggerated, but there is no question of their being very great. The feast being ended, all the pilgrims had their heads shaved, threw off the *ihram*, and resumed their ordinary clothing; a large fair was now held, the valley blazed all night with illuminations, bonfires, the discharge of artillery and fireworks; and the hadjis then returned to Mekka. Many of the poorer pilgrims, however, remained to feast on the offals of the slaughtered sheep. At Mekka the ceremonies of the Caaba and the Omra were again repeated, and then the hadj was truly performed.

Burckhardt remained at Mekka a whole month after the conclusion of the hadj, at which time it appeared like a deserted town. "Of its brilliant shops, one-fourth only remained; and in the streets, where a few weeks before it was necessary to force one's way through the crowd, not a single hadji was seen, except solitary beggars, who raised their plaintive voices towards the windows of the houses which they supposed to be still inhabited. Rubbish and filth covered all the streets, and nobody appeared disposed to remove it. The skirts of the town were crowded with the dead carcases of camels, the smell from which rendered the air, even in the midst of the town, offensive, and certainly contributed to the many diseases now prevalent."*

The superstitious rites now performed at Mekka, are few, if any of them, the invention of Mahomet: they are referred to a much remoter antiquity than even his time, or are supposed to have at least been engrafted on old Arabian superstitions. The Arabs, it is well known, or at least the wandering portion of them, are descended from Ishmael, the son of Abraham; and it is still an excuse of the Bedouins for robbing their peaceful neighbours, that they are thereby only revenging the injustice done to their great ancestor. The well of Zemzem is accordingly symbolical of the spring of water which burst forth in the wilderness, at the moment when Hagar was witnessing her infant son ready to perish of thirst; and the alternate running and walking between Szafa and Mekka, sometimes running back and sometimes stopping, like one who has lost something, is supposed to represent Hagar seeking water for her unfortunate child. It is the decided opinion of Burckhardt that the ceremonies are not now performed with the zeal that formerly existed, and that Mahometanism is on the decline.

THE WOES OF A COUNTRY SURGEON.

UNDER this head we do not mean to particularise any single individual of the fraternity, but to treat of them generally, as a harassed and persecuted race—not persecuted by human beings like themselves, but by a thousand unfortunate necessities incident to their calling, which are, in as far as we know, unparalleled in the history of any other profession or employment. This assertion may be lightly treated by some who have never considered the subject with the attention we have been led to bestow upon it, but will have its full weight with those who have. The lawyer, for instance, though he toils many weary hours over a set of musty papers, is still allowed the shelter of his own house, with its other comforts. If the clergyman is called upon sometimes to visit a penitent and dying parishioner at the dark hour of midnight, such occurrences are to him few and far between. The sailor must take his watch, it is true, and now and then encounters a storm; but then he knows to a certainty when he will be relieved from his watch, and that the storm cannot long continue. The soldier may undergo long and fatiguing marches, and be exposed to the shock of battle; but he contemplates the end of the campaign with the hope that he will then be allowed to rest in his bed. But, alas, no such hope ever comes to soothe the bosom of the unfortunate country surgeon, who, having been unbedded perhaps for three or four successive nights, lays him down at last with wearied limbs and an aching head, while a horrible presentiment, which already acts on him like an incubus, persuades him that he will no sooner have fallen into a deep and renovating sleep, than the ponderous knocker appended to his door will summon him to resume his seat on the everlasting saddle. Thus, even the time which might be appropriated to rest is disturbed by the very *fear of being disturbed*. Nay, he seems for ever under the dominion of some malignant influence. It is not sufficient that he is seldom allowed that repose which nature demands; but this denial is, moreover, frequently accompanied by the most provoking circumstances. The time is winter, and he returns when night is far advanced to his own home, after having for hours braved the bitter blast, which, loaded with hail and sleet, has been shooting its sharp pellets into his face, while every part of him is penetrated with the most extreme cold. Well, he arrives, we say, at length at this much longed for haven, throws off his greatcoat and assumes his slippers, draws his chair towards a bright and cheerful fire, and, having rubbed his hands before it, till their red and raw condition is so far amended as to give hopes of their being able to extract the cork from a bottle of ale or porter, which has been, meanwhile, attaining a comfortable temperature, he seizes the bottle with one hand and the screw with the other, and by anticipation sees the welcome draught already mantling and foaming in the capacious tumbler which stands before him. But, hark! a galloping horse approaches, and the fearful knocker clamours, and rebounds, and clangs again, in such a boisterous fashion, that it seems to say, he who commits this furious assault upon it comes on an errand of life and death that will admit of no delay. Presto! the screw drops from the hand of its wretched owner, and the bottle is set down on the table, for he hears the sound of coming feet upon the stairs, which he knows full well by instinct to be those of the unwelcome man of the knocker; and by the same instinct he kicks off his slippers, and looks ruefully towards the corner where he threw his boots, while too surely the door opens to usher in an anxious husband, the need of

* We have used the abridgement of the Quarterly Review, No. 33.

whose better half brooks no delay. To think of rest and its appliances were now impossible nor dares he so much as to ask one longing, lingering look towards the tantalizing draught he had meditated, lest he should create alarm in his guest, and, having drawn on his boots, and hastily resumed his greatcoat, he presently finds himself once more facing the storm, "with slackened bit and hoof of speed." Yet, to make the matter worse, perhaps he and his own trusty nag, whose frequent contact with each other has formed them into a sort of Centaur, guided by the same will, antipathies, and predilections, are not now allowed the privilege of journeying together, the cruel separation being insisted on by the impatient messenger, who, to expedite the matter, mounts the unfortunate doctor on his own broken-winded, broken-kneed, or spavined jade, while he awaits the saddling of the better steed, and follows in the rear. In short, all hours and all seasons have their woes and disappointments for this unhappy man of whip and spur. Is he invited to a feast, a wedding, or a pic-nic, the same envious demon seems to follow him; and just when mirth and glee are at their height, and he begins to forget his woes and taste enjoyment, some unlucky "native of Snatchaway" tracks his steps, and drags him, it may be ten or twelve miles off, to set a leg or an arm, which some old man or woman has chosen to break upon that day, above all the days in the year.

Yet are there two alleviations of the country surgeon's lot, without which he could not survive his fatigues, and which he enjoys in common with his more fortunate brethren, whose town practice calls for less exertion: these are, the privilege of mitigating the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and the satisfaction of receiving his small and well-earned fee.

THE MODERN JEWS.

(Third Article.)

The historical anecdote of Rabbi Akiba, who, in A.C. 135, was summoned before Turnus Rufus, the Roman general, and during the progress of his interrogations, remembering that it was the hour of prayer, fell on his knees, regardless of the presence of the Roman, and of the pending trial for life and death, and calmly went through his devotions, is an apt illustration, even at this distant day, both of the profound reverence which the Jews have for the order of their ritual, and their enthusiastic faith in the sanctity of prayer. Happily, the age we live in affords no opportunity of offering a parallel example of devout piety; but it is nevertheless certain, that the modern Jews, like their ancestors, turn aside at the hour of prayer from all worldly pursuits, to perform their devotions, which they conceive paramount to all other duties. They permit no circumstance, however pressing, no situation, however inconvenient, not even when traversing the public streets, to interrupt or prevent that undeviating observance of daily worship which their religion requires.

The prayers of the Hebrews sympathise deeply with the fallen state of the race, and are generally uttered with a corresponding fervour, such as is rarely exemplified by other worshippers. This characteristic feature is particularly manifested when a Hebrew pronounces the prayer of the declaration of the nature of the one true God, which is always done with closed eyes, that the thoughts may be freed from the interruption of surrounding objects, and with an emphasis which invariably excites the surprise and interest of any strangers who may witness it. This prayer is that part of Scripture comprised between the fourth and ninth verses (inclusive) of the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy. The fourth verse is viewed by the Jews as the foundation-stone upon which the structure of their religion rests; and to confirm this verse in its most literal meaning, to rescue it from all qualification or reservation, the tenets and discipline of modern Judaism mainly tend. Children are early taught to repeat this prayer. It is introduced into the morning and evening service, and forms part of the prayer said on retiring to rest. As before observed, it forms part of the prayers inclosed in the phylacteries, and it also forms part of those inclosed in the lintels. It is the consolatory prayer in the hour of peril, the prayer of friends surrounding the death-bed; it is the prayer of the dying. To have consciousness sufficient at that awful moment to repeat this prayer, is regarded by the Jews a death rather to be envied than bewailed.

The afternoon and evening services comprise principally a repetition of the prayer of the eighteen verses, and that of the prayer just mentioned. As both these prayers have been largely noticed, comment on this part of the daily worship is unnecessary, and we therefore pass on to the prayer said on retiring to rest, our extracts from which afford another splendid specimen of Hebrew piety and genius.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, Sovereign of the Universe, who causest the bands of sleep to descend on my eyes, and slumber on mine eyelids. May it be thy pleasure, O Lord my God, and the God of my fathers, that I lie down in peace, and rise up again in peace; and that bad dreams, or evil imaginations, do not confound me; but grant me an uninterrupted repose in thy presence. O enlighten my eyes again, lest I sleep in death. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who enlighteneth the whole universe with thy glory!"

"O Lord our God, cause us to lie down in peace, and raise us up again, O our King, alive. O spread thy pavilion of peace over us, uphold us with thy good counsel, and help us for thy name's sake. Protect us, and remove away from us foes, pestilence, war, famine, and grief. O remove the enticer from being about us, and cover us under the shadow of thy wings; for thou, O God, art our keeper and deliverer. Thou Omnipotent art a most merciful and gracious King. O preserve our going forth, and our coming in to life and peace, for now and for evermore."

"For thy salvation do I hope, O Lord; I hope, O Lord, for thy salvation; O Lord, for thy salvation do I hope." (This is repeated three times.)

"Stand in awe, and sin not; commune with your heart upon your bed, and be silent. Selah."

Although the day's devotions end here, these prayers do not comprise all the daily worship. Every hour of the day, every act of every hour, has its appointed prayer, that man may ever have in mind his dependence on his Maker. In support of this inference, may be deduced the following remarkable prayers on various minor occurrences in common life:—

BEFORE TASTING ANY THING NEW IN ITS SEASON.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast preserved our lives, sustained us, and brought us to the enjoyment of this season."

EXTRACT FROM THE GRACE AFTER MEALS.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe. Thou art he who doth feed all the world with kindness, with grace, with favour, and with mercy; who giveth food to every creature, and whose mercy endureth for ever: this, through his abundant goodness, hath never failed us, nor will it ever fail us, even to eternity, because of his great name; for he is the God who feedeth and sustaineth all, who dealeth beneficently with all, and who provideth food for all the creatures he hath created. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who feedeth all."

ON BEHOLDING A RAINBOW.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who art mindful of the covenant, faithful to thy covenant, and firm in thy promise."

ON BEHOLDING THE FIRST BUDDING OF BLOSSOMS.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who doth not suffer aught to fail in his world, but hath created thereon goodly creatures, and trees, for the enjoyment of mankind."

ON WITNESSING A THUNDER STORM.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, whose power and might filleth the world."

ON SEEING LIGHTNING.

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, primeval Creator."

The *order* of the ritual for the Sabbath is, with one exception, the same as that for daily worship. The prayers, however, are different, being conformable, and alluding to that holy day. The exception referred to is the ceremony of the sanctification of the Sabbath, a description of which will conclude our notice of the private devotions of the modern Jews. Our readers are probably aware that the Jewish Sabbath commences at the Friday's setting sun, in accordance with the sacred history of the creation, "and the evening and the morning were the seventh day." On returning from the synagogue on that evening, the master of every house proceeds to the sanctification alluded to. Seated at the head of his table, upon which bread, salt, and consecrated wine, are conspicuously displayed, lighted candles arranged ceremoniously on either side the bread, while the Sabbath lamp, containing seven burners, is suspended from the ceiling, and surrounded by his family, pious and attentive in their demeanour, he commences with the following words:—

"The evening and the morning were the sixth day, on which the heavens and the earth were formed, and all their host; and on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made: thus he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it; because thereon did God rest from his works which he had created and made."

Pouring out the wine, he repeats—

"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Creator of the fruit of the vine. Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who doth sanctify us with his commandments, and hath delighted in us, and with love and favour hath entailed us with the holy Sabbath, as a memorial of the work of the creation; for this day was the first of those called holy. It is a remembrance of the going forth of Egypt; for thou hadst chosen us, and sanctified us above all people, and with love and favour hast made us to inherit thy holy Sabbath. Blessed art thou, O Lord, who sanctified the Sabbath."

Taking hold of the bread, he says—

"Blessed art thou, O Lord, who bringeth forth bread from the earth."

He then divides the bread, handing a piece to each person present, all of whom repeat the blessing. When finished, the children, according to seniority, present themselves before their parents respectively, and, saluting them with "Good Sabbath," crave their blessing. With both hands placed on the head of the child, the parents thus express themselves—

"May the Lord bless and preserve thee; may the Lord cause his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance towards thee, and grant thee peace."

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE STRIPED HYÆNA.

Naturalists long ranked hyænas as dogs; but the acute Cuvier has detected a very striking difference in the formation of the teeth, and has in consequence formed a new genus for them, under the name of Hyæna. The hyæna is about the size of a large dog, and usually measures about nineteen inches in height at the shoulders, the ordinary length of the body, from the muzzle to the tail, being generally three feet three inches; the hair is of an ash-colour, very coarse and rough, variegated with long black waved stripes, which commence at the spine, and continue down the sides and under the belly; the legs have irregular rings of black; the neck and back are provided with a hog-like bristly mane; and the tail is covered with long stiffish hairs. Its fur is composed of two sorts of hair, one of which is woolly, and very small in quantity, and the other of a silky texture, long, stiff, and not very thick, excepting on the limbs, where the hair is short and close; and has the appearance of being shaven on the muzzle.

The striped hyæna is a native of Asiatic Turkey, Barbary, Egypt, Nubia, Abyssinia, Syria, Persia, and many other parts of Africa, where it resides in caverns of mountains, clefts of rocks, or burrows dug by itself. It is of an exceedingly ferocious and malignant disposition, and although taken very young, can never be thoroughly domesticated. The courage of the hyæna is equal to its rapacity: it will defend itself against much larger animals, and has been known to combat even with the lion and the panther, and is said to be more than a match for the ounce. The hyæna generally hunts for its prey during the night, and attacks every living animal it meets with; cattle are often killed by it, and sheep-folds are frequently devastated by this rapacious animal. Hyænas have been known to collect in vast troops, and following an army, feasting on the dead left behind on the battle-field: it has been also said, that when pressed with hunger they will even ransack the repositories of the dead, and greedily devour putrid carcasses. Like the dog, wolf, and fox, with which they are closely allied, they will also subsist on the roots of plants and the shoots of palms, but this is only when they cannot procure animal food.

The cry of the hyæna is very peculiar and dismal: its commencement is somewhat like the moaning of a human being, and ends like a person making a violent and strained effort to vomit. Although naturally extremely ferocious, it has been in a few instances rendered tolerably domestic. Buffon mentions one at Paris which was apparently freed from his natural destructive qualities; and Pennant says he saw one nearly as tame as a dog.

Mr Bruce, while in Africa, confined a hyæna in the same apartment with a lamb, a goat, and a kid, for a whole day, and even without giving the hyæna any food, and he found his harmless companions quite safe in the evening. Bruce says the hyænas of Abyssinia prowl about in the day-time as well as at night. "These creatures," says he, "were a general scourge to Abyssinia, in every situation, both in the city and in the field, and, I think, surpassed the sheep in number. Gondor was full of them, from evening till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcasses which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial. Many a time in the night, when the king had kept me late in the palace, and it was not my duty to lie there, in going across the square from the king's house, not many hundred yards distant, I have been apprehensive lest they should bite me in the leg. They grunted in great numbers about me, although I was surrounded by several armed men, who seldom passed a night without wounding or slaughtering some of them."

We are told by Mr Pringle that hyænas are the general scavengers of the country, never failing to devour the carcasses, and in great part the skeletons, of dead animals, and the refuse left by other beasts of prey; and we have his authority, as well as that of Mr Brown, that they even devour their own species when they find a dead one. Mr Pringle says, that the flesh of the spotted hyæna is so rank and offensive that no other beast of prey but their own species will come near it. At Dar Fûr, in the interior of Africa, hyænas enter the villages every night in small herds of from six to fifteen, and carry off every animal they are capable of destroying. Dogs, asses, and horses, are frequently their victims; and if they meet with a dead camel, they generally contrive to remove it, and are not to be intimidated by either man or the discharge of fire-arms.

The ancients entertained many absurd and unaccountable notions respecting the hyæna. They believe that its neck consisted of but one bone, which was without a joint; that it every year changed its sex; that it could imitate the human voice, and had thus the power of charming shepherds, and rivetting them to the place on which they stood. Pliny says, "there is not a wild beast of the field that the magicians have so much in admiration as the hyæna; for they hold that in the hyæna itself there is a certain magical virtue, attributing to it a wonderful power of transporting the mind of man or woman, and so ra-

vishing their senses that it will allure them to her in a strange manner."

Mr John Hunter had at Earle's Court a hyæna, nearly 18 months old, that was so tame as to allow strangers to approach and touch him. After Mr Hunter's death, he was sold to a travelling exhibitor of animals. For a few months previous to his being carried into the country, he was lodged in the Tower of London. He was so gentle there that he allowed a person who knew him to enter his den and handle him. When he was confined in the caravan, he soon exhibited symptoms of ferocity equal to those of the most savage of his kind. He was at last killed by a tiger, the partition between whose den and his own he had torn down by the enormous strength of his jaws.

The hyæna in confinement is allowed four pounds weight of food in the day, and he laps about three English pints of water.

A curious circumstance of a hyæna is mentioned by Mr Bruce, who says, "One night at Maitsha, being very intent on an observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking round could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was about, I went out of my tent, resolving directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived two large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called up my servant with a light, and we found a hyæna standing near the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him would have been at the risk of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, and with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could. It was not till then that he showed any sign of fierceness; but, upon feeling his wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me, so that I was obliged to draw my pistol from my girdle and shoot him, and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-axe. In a word, the hyæna was the plague of our lives, the terror of our night walks, and the destruction of our mules and asses, which, above every thing else, are his favourite food."

THE SPOTTED HYÆNA.

The spotted hyæna inhabits Southern Africa, abounding in the neighbourhood of the Cape. The mane of this species reaches only to the loins, and the remaining part consists chiefly of scattered hairs. The general colour of the spotted hyæna is reddish-brown, marked with cross bars on the hind-legs; the head is much larger than that of the other species, and flat; its ears are large, flat, and rounded.

The spotted hyæna has great muscular strength in its neck, and its voice is still more remarkable than that of the common hyæna; it commences with a strange hollow sound, and ends in a hoarse kind of laugh, from which circumstance it has obtained the name of the laughing hyæna.

Dr Sparman relates the following story of the spotted hyæna:—"One night, at a feast near the Cape, a trumpeter, who had got himself well filled with liquor, was carried out of doors in order to cool and sober him. The scent of him soon attracted a spotted hyæna, which threw him on his back, and carried him away to Table Mountain, thinking him a corpse, and consequently a fair prize. In the meantime, however, our drunken musician awaked, sufficiently sensible to know the danger of his situation, and to sound the alarm with his trumpet, which he carried fastened to his side. The beast, as may easily be imagined, was not less frightened in its turn." Another writer observes, that any person but a trumpeter in such a situation would doubtless have furnished the animal with a supper.

Barrow, in his Travels in Southern Africa, mentions that the spotted hyæna has been completely tamed. He says, "The cadaverous *crocuta* has lately been domesticated in the Snowberg, where it is now considered one of the best hunters of the game, and as faithful and diligent as any of the common sorts of domestic dogs;" and Bishop Heber says he saw a gentleman in India with a hyæna so completely tamed, that it followed him about like a dog, and fawned on those with whom he was acquainted, and gives this as an instance of how much the poor hyæna is wronged when he is described as untameable.

The den of a spotted hyæna which was kept in the Tower about sixteen years ago requiring some repairs, the carpenter completed them by nailing on the floor a thick oak plank of seven or eight feet in length, with at least a dozen nails, each longer than the middle finger of the hand. At one end of this plank, however, there was a small piece left, that stood up higher than the rest, and the man not having a proper chisel along with him to cut it off, he returned to his shop for one. During his absence, some persons came in to see the animals, and the hyæna was let down by the keeper from the other part of the den. He had scarcely entered the place before he discovered the piece that was left at the end of the plank, and, seizing it with his teeth, tore it completely up, drawing every nail with the utmost facility.

A soldier, about sixteen years ago, visited the royal menagerie, and brought along with him a small terrier dog, which he knew to be possessed of great courage. He ridiculously held him up to the den of the hyæna. On seeing the animal, the dog became irritated, and in his rage thrust his head between the bars, when the hyæna sprang upon him, dragged him through, and almost instantly devoured him.

Connected with the history of the hyæna, is the curious fact of numerous bones of these animals having been found in different parts of Europe in a fossil state, from which it has been inferred that this animal had originally been a native of Europe, and even of Britain. For, in a cavern at Kirdale, in Yorkshire, a large collection of these bones were recently discovered; and they have also been found at Crawly Rocks, near Swansea, in Wales, in the Mendip hills at Clifton; at Wirksworth, in Derbyshire; at Paviland Cave, Glamorganshire; and Creston, near Plymouth.

Professor Buckland contends that the animals whose bones have thus been found must have lived and died in the vicinity of the different situations in which they have been discovered.

Baron Cuvier says, that the bones of the fossil hyæna indicate the size of an animal which must have been somewhat larger than the striped species, and the teeth are formed like those of the spotted animal, but somewhat larger, so that their powers of gnawing must have considerably exceeded those now existing.

Column for Boys.

My Dear Young People—If you will listen attentively for a few minutes to a friend, who loves you sincerely, who respects you for many kind good qualities in which you surpass many that are your seniors, and has hitherto done all in his power for your information and amusement, he would fain endeavour to impress you with a few advices, which he conceives would tend, if properly acted upon, to make you much more agreeable both to yourselves and others, than perhaps some of you now are.

Violence in your sports, speaking and doing that which wounds the feelings of each other, cruelty to crazy and outcast fellow-creatures, and the abuse of works of nature and art, are the faults which I would particularly wish to see extirpated in your generally amiable race, and to which I am now to direct your attention.

By violence in your sports, I mean an undue turbulence and outrageousness which some of you introduce into your play, to the fear and disgust of all rational grown-up persons who may happen to behold your proceedings. What you *should* do in play, is to take such exercise as may improve the health of your bodies, and refresh and relax your minds after study. For these purposes many of the ordinary sports are quite adequate; and I can assure you that your seniors, so far from grudging you such sports, feel a sincere pleasure in seeing you engaged in them. What they would wish to see you avoid, is, any improper extreme in your exertions, any dangerous exploit, and in general all those rough gambols which tend only to the destruction of your clothes, and to shock the senses of those who behold them. Grown-up people often observe with pain that some of you take a kind of pleasure in spoiling and breaking. You soil, without compunction, the clothes which your mother and her servants have taken so much pains to clean, and grind down unnecessarily the shoes which your father, poor man, has to work so hard to obtain for you. All this frivolity of yours, while it can be of no service to yourselves, produces real distress of mind to your parents, who have perhaps to suffer much hardship, and want many things they would like to have for themselves, in order that they may replace what you have so wantonly destroyed. You should pause a moment in your fun, to reflect upon these things; and I feel very sure that the generosity which lies at the bottom of all your natures, however overlaid by recklessness and love of play, would soon inform you how far you are wrong, and put you upon a better way for the future. You could not hesitate for a moment to give up rude and ungentlemanlike practices, which at once disgrace yourselves, and cause grief and embarrassment in a quarter where you have so much reason to desire to see the reverse.

I would also like to see some improvement in the way in which you conduct yourselves towards each other. Among many of you, there is a lamentable want of civility. You never hesitate to do or say any thing, from an apprehension of its being disagreeable to the feelings of your neighbours. Not that you do not both do and say many kind things to each other; the fault is, that you are not regularly governed by any desire of avoiding what is painful to your fellows. Many of you are never withheld from outraging the feelings of a neighbour, by any other consideration than that he is perhaps able to beat you at a fight. You respect him from fear of his blows—not, as you ought to do, from the idea that he is a person who has feelings to be injured as well as yourself. Hence, in the same degree that you truckle to your superiors in strength, you domineer over your inferiors. If you only think that a boy has not the vigour or the courage to pommel you, you are very apt to insult him by contemptuous language, if not also to fall a-beating him for mere sport. I have thus known boys of gentle disposition, and of good intellectual capacity, tyrannised over in the most shameful manner by boys who in reality were inferior to them in every respect, but were bolder and more wicked. I have known cases of such boys persecuted and pestered for months by their little tyrants, till their lives were almost a burden to them. Now, my dear young friends, this is not only very wrong in a moral point of view, but, what will strike your minds far more strongly, it is highly ungenerous and shabby. Only think how you would like to be yourselves insulted or beaten, without provocation, by the boys who are bigger than you, or by men who are able to beat any of you—how cruel and unmanly you would consider such persons to be—how bitterly you would feel towards them! Surely, if it would be painful to you, it must be as painful to those whom you insult or beat; if you would consider your tyrant as cruel and unmanly, they whom you beat would be justifiable in thinking the same of you, and in execrating you with the same degree of bitterness. And if you occasionally act the tyrant, how much must it add to your chagrin when you are yourself beaten or insulted—how much must it take away from your just cause of complaint, to recollect that you are yourself guilty of the same fault, whenever you can find a boy sufficiently weak or small for your purpose. The boy who habitually beats his inferiors, must also, on that account, look additionally contemptible in the eyes of his companions, when he is himself beaten. An inoffensive boy would in such a case have the chance of being commiserated, or of having somebody to interfere and take his part; but every thwack bestowed upon a wretch who takes pleasure in thrashing his lesser companions, must give a pleasure to the onlookers, and carry with it a pain and ridicule more than its own. Boys, in general, would do well to take an example in this, as in most other respects, from men. Among the latter, there prevails a mode of speech and behaviour which bears the common title of politeness. No man considers himself entitled, because he is stronger, to beat or use opprobrious language to his neighbour. If they were to do so, the whole would become wild savages once more, and there would be no rational pleasure in human life. But, by treating each other with respect and deference, even though in many cases it be the result of no sincere feeling, the self-love of each man is preserved, and all are as good to each other, and do as much to promote the general happiness, as possible.

I now come to speak of the third fault, which consists in a disposition very prevalent among young people, to bait and enrage such unfortunate creatures as insanity, misery, or perhaps intoxication, have exposed upon the streets to this species of persecution. Whenever any poor wretch of weak intellects appears in public, and manifests an oddity of behaviour, the attention of the boys is attracted. If the unhappy being shows any impatience or anger, his juvenile train becomes a gang of persecutors, teasing, insulting, and tormenting him by all means in their power. No regard for the terrible misfortune which has rendered this poor creature so susceptible of insult: the only thing considered is, that here we have a person whose vain resentment and attempts at retaliation furnish us with some fun. In the same way, we have seen a poor tipsy beggar, male or female, exposed to vexations and torments of the most revolting kind. In vain did the grey hairs of the wretched outcast stream in the wind; in vain flaunted the miserable rags, which spoke so eloquently of abject poverty; if he only would *speak back*, or foolishly try to seize and make an example of one of his hornet-like retinue, on went the ruthless crowd, shouting every kind of insult in his ears, plucking his skirts whenever an opportunity offered, and even perhaps making stones and sticks come occasionally athwart his staggering, fatuous, and dilapidated person. Now, my dear young friends, I must make free to tell you that this species of behaviour is the most wicked and detestable that you could possibly display. It rather resembles the conduct which we attribute to fiends, than that which human beings are ever found to display at any other period of life. Persons such as I have described are marked already by the sacred hand of Providence as devoted to misery; and for man to presume to add new wretchedness to their fate, is more than cruel—it is impious.

The last point upon which I intend to address you, is one to which I entreat your particular attention. Many little boys, and, I am sorry to add, many grown persons too, who ought to know better, manifest a vicious inclination to destroy works of art, or other objects not protected by inclosures, or which the people are allowed to see gratuitously. Now, this is a very base propensity, which, strange to say, is to be found in almost no country except our own. How frequently do we perceive the effects of this lamentable violence! In public walks and parks we see the seats cut, broken, or wasted in some way or other; the young trees and flowering shrubs torn up by the roots; and the monumental erections which ornament these places abused, if not utterly spoiled in appearance—all from a sheer wanton spirit of destruction, having no good end, and tending to put the public or private individuals to much pain and serious pecuniary loss. I am exceedingly sorry to say that this shameful practice is equally common in England as in Scotland, in cities and towns as well as in country places. It is likewise common even in the most sacred edifices. The public were at one time freely admitted to Westminster Abbey, and walked through it daily as a thoroughfare; the consequence was, that soon all the statues

were broken and defaced; every little projection, such as the hands, the noses, and even the heads of the figures, were broken off by violence. So the public were prevented from going freely through this magnificent structure, and enjoying the grandeur of the place, merely because boys could not resist the temptation of assailing the defenceless monuments. Similar instances of wanton mischief are every where common; and is it not disgraceful to British youth that they should behave so ill, and allow themselves to be outdone in virtuous feeling by the boys, nay, by the very lowest orders of society in France, where all works of art are preserved with great care, and where a boy would be ashamed to be found meddling with these harmless inanimate objects, planted as ornaments in places of public resort? Now, my dear little boys, I would fain hope, that such of you as are liable to these censures will henceforth endeavour to avoid giving occasion for them. In this matter act upon a resolute principle of rectitude: never, on any account, throw stones at the windows of uninhabited houses; never deface fingerposts or milestones; never write names or words upon walls; never obliterate with your fingers newly-painted letters on signboards, or other places; never cut or injure the seats in public walks; never deface any statue or work of art within your reach; never tear up or take away the flowers and trees which decorate the gardens to which you have free admission; in short, conduct yourselves always as becomes rational beings, amenable to censure and disgrace. I am fully sensible of the absurdity of expecting more from young people than their nature and capacity will admit of, and do not hope ever to see old heads, as the proverb says, placed upon young shoulders. Nevertheless, I make almost sure that you will profit somewhat by the advices of one, whom you know to be so anxious for your improvement and general welfare.

ANIMAL VITALITY.

The instances of animals found alive in stone and wood, after having been immured there for a long period of time, are among the most wonderful phenomena presented by natural history. All our readers must be aware of the frequent occurrence of toads in the centre of large blocks of solid stone; but they may have heard less of creatures found in other substances. In December 1822, a very curious discovery was made at the saw-mill near Stratford, in Essex. In adzing the edges of an inside plank of the zebra-wood—one of the hardest and driest kinds of timber imported into this country—a creature of the Cerambyx species was cut in two. The workman, on searching farther, and with some care, found another of the same kind, which he carefully preserved. It was two inches long, the colour darker than a cinnamon-brown; and what, considering its place of residence, was most wonderful, the head was armed with two delicate feelers, twice the length of the body. The animal was at first in a torpid state; but on being carried to the house of Mr Clift, a neighbouring naturalist, and placed near a fire, it recovered animation, and ate some brown sugar very greedily. Being placed in a warm situation, it lived till the 15th of January, taking very little nourishment except milk and water. It was kept upon a chimney-piece on some twigs of a tree, under a bell-glass; so that perhaps the temperature might have been too high, and its powers too much excited, to allow it to live through the winter. How its feelers had been disposed in the wood, seemed one of the most surprising circumstances connected with this creature: while alive, it usually carried these antennæ over its back, but occasionally brought them forward. Having ten joints in each, it had the power of folding them on its body.

Another instance of animal vitality prolonged under similar circumstances, occurred a few years before.

A clerk in one of the courts at Guildhall had been often staggered, if not frightened, during his labours, by the sound of something like what superstition has named the *death-watch*, too near his desk to bode any good to him. This old desk had been a court appendage for a number of years;* and our clerk's astonishment may be surmised, when, one day, his attention being peculiarly attracted by the ticking noise, he first saw a minute hole perforated to the surface from the inner wood, and soon after a portion of the insect-instrument by which this operation was performed, protruded. With his penknife he carefully enlarged the orifice, and ultimately succeeded in digging out an animal resembling the Cerambyx of the zebra-wood, but of brilliant colours and smaller dimensions. This specimen was presented to Sir J. Banks, and is, we presume, still in the collection left by him.

The inferences which may be drawn from these memorable phenomena, we leave to the natural philosopher: in a popular point of view, they are worth recording for their extreme curiosity.

* The office at Guildhall had been fitted up with desks of American oak or wainscot, about ten years before, by Mr Dance, the city architect. The insect, and the appearance of the cavity which contained it, are figured, if we are not mistaken, in one of the volumes of the Linnæan Transactions, but not having that work at hand, we cannot refer to it.

THE MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

The Michigan territory, lying on the east side of Lake Michigan, and belonging to the United States, is now acknowledged to be among the most fertile districts, and the best adapted for the settlement of emigrants, of any part of North America. "The *prairies*, or flat meadow lands, in this quarter (says an American authority quoted by Mr Fergusson of Woodhill), are of the richest soil, and may be ploughed in two days after the frost leaves the ground in the spring. They usually produce 30 or 40 bushels of wheat to the acre; and from 30 to 80 of corn have been raised from the same quantity of ground in all the prairies that have as yet been occupied: 400 acres of corn were cultivated on Beardsley's prairie last year, which, having been improved the year before, averaged 50 to the acre. These prairies not unfrequently produce 30 or 40 bushels of corn to the acre the first season, without being ploughed or hoed after planting. The surveyed part of the territory is divided into two United States' land districts, containing each one land-office; one of which is situate at Detroit, the other at St Joseph's. The seat of government for the territory is the city of Detroit. It is pleasantly situated on Detroit river, between Lakes Erie and St Clair, about 25 miles from the former, and seven from the latter, in lat. 42° 18′ north, containing at present about 2500 inhabitants, many of whom are French. It is daily improving, and is destined to be one of the most important ports on the north-western frontiers, not only on account of the safety and commodiousness of its harbour, but also in consequence of its extensive inland commercial advantages, as it possesses steam-boat and sloop navigation to Buffalo, Sault de Ste, Marie, Michillimackinac, Green Bay, and Chicago.

It contains a court-house, jail, academy, council-house, and two banks; a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, and Catholic church; an arsenal, magazine, and commissary store-house. The rivers Grand, St Joseph, Raisin, Huron, Clinton, Rouge Kalamazoo, and Shiawassee, interlocking in different parts of the territory, not only irrigate the country in a beautiful manner, but offer unparalleled inducements for canalling, and with comparatively but little expense, as there would be no mountains, nor probably rock strata, to cut through. It is already in contemplation, by means of the Grand River, and Clinton, or the St Joseph's and Raisin, to open a water communication across the Peninsula, by means of a canal, which would terminate at Detroit or Monroe; and probably at no very distant period it will not only be undertaken, but will be accomplished in such a manner as to accommodate both these places in this respect. A company was incorporated by an act of the legislature last fall, under the title of the 'Summit Portage Canal and Road Company,' with a capital of D.10,000, to be divided into 1000 shares of D.10 each, for the purpose of cutting a canal west of Lake Michigan, to connect the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, at what is usually termed the Portage of the Ouisconsin, and to construct a turnpike road on said Portage, parallel to said canal; and also to construct another turnpike road from the lower extremity of the rapids of the Kaukaunin, on the east side of Fox River, on the most direct and eligible route to Winnebago Lake, and for the erection of piers, wharfs, warehouses, and other public buildings and improvements, in and about said canal and turnpike, for commercial purposes. Michigan extends at present west to the Mississippi river; but it is expected the territory will shortly be divided, and a new territory set off west of Lake Michigan, and organized by the name of Ouisconsin or Huron. This territory was originally owned and occupied by emigrants from France, consequently the old inhabitants or first settlers are mostly French.

The emigrants to the territory are mostly enterprising industrious farmers, who, from not being allowed to purchase the land on credit, thereby become immediately the real owners of the soil, and, being free from debt, bid fair to become wealthy citizens. They are mostly from the western part of New York, though many are from the New England states. Every state contributes more or less, and Ohio, for the last two years, not a few. The price of unsold wild land is fixed and uniform, being D.1. 25 [5s. 7½d. sterling] per acre; the terms ready money, and the title indisputable, as it comes direct from the United States, under the seal of the president. The richest, most fertile, and perhaps more beautiful part of the territory, is generally thought to be adjacent to the St Joseph's river and its various branches, which, from present appearances, bids fair to become speedily settled; settlements began to form on it a year before it was offered for sale. It only came in market last May, and such has been the influx of emigration to this part of the territory, that the legislature, in October last following, formed twelve new counties, mostly thereon, and organized two of that number. This part of the territory possesses several copious mill-streams, particularly Hog Creek, the Dowagiake, Christianna, Pigeon, Crooked and Portage rivers, a few of which have already been improved, by the erection of saw and grist-mills. The climate of this part of the territory, though mild, is apparently more subject to wind than the valley of the Ohio river. The prevailing wind is the south-west, and as it crosses a large tract of prairie country in Illinois and Indiana, comes here with much force, and in winter is somewhat piercing. Considerable snow falls, nevertheless it is very favourable to wheat, rye, potatoes, and turnips; and though not very adverse, yet not so congenial as the valley of the Ohio river to southern corn, and the more tender grains and esculents. Fruits, of course, have not yet been cultivated here, except a few apples and peaches, by the French, which appear to do well.

Grand River empties into the east side of Lake Michigan, about 245 miles south-westerly from Michillimackinac, and 75 north of the St Joseph's, and is between 50 and 60 rods wide at its mouth, and of sufficient depth to admit vessels drawing eight feet water. On its south bank, near its entrance into the lake, is an eligible situation for a town, the land being excellent, and gently inclining towards the north and west, giving at the same time a fine view both of the river and lake; but the opposite shore at the same place has a sandy sterile appearance.

For about 60 miles up the river on the north side, the Ottawas hold possession. There are between 800 and 900 of these people living along Grand River and its tributaries, but many of their most populous villages are on lands belonging to the United States.

This river is the largest stream that waters the west part of the peninsula of Michigan, being 270 miles in length, its windings included, and navigable 240 miles for batteaux; receiving in its course a great number of tributary streams, among which are Portage, Red-Cedar, Looking-glass, Soft-Maple, Muscota, Flat, Rouge, and Thorn-Apple rivers.

Portage river, which has its course through a chain of low marshy prairies, is a deep muddy stream about 15 yards wide at its mouth. Its branches interlock with those of the Huron of Lake Erie, and the Indians pass from the former into the latter with the canoes, by crossing a portage of one mile and a half. It is probable, that, at no distant period, a canal will be constructed near the route of these two rivers, so as to afford a safe and easy inland communication between Lakes Erie and Michigan. The distance from Detroit to the mouth of Grand River, by way of Michillimackinac, is 560 miles. This route in the spring and fall is attended with much uncertainty; and, in case of a war with the English, the navigation of the Straits of Detroit and St Clair would be rendered doubly dangerous. These difficulties would be obviated by a communication by water through the interior. The land at the Portage rises 40 or 50 feet above the level of the streams on each side; but a level prairie, two or three miles to the west of that place, is said to extend from one river to the other."

LONGEVITY OF ACTORS.

Actors, we mean good actors, and respectable men, are a long-lived race. A friend has remarked that he could recollect thirty actors, generally of high eminence, who died, within the space of forty years, at or beyond the age of seventy; and adds, "it would be difficult to show as large a number out of the same proportion of merchants or traders." Macklin died more than 100 years of age; we saw him act, with power and spirit, his Shylock, and Sir Pertinax, at the age of 94; Mrs Bracegirdle died at 85; Mr Yates, 97; Mr Blisset the elder, 84; Colley Cibber, 86; and a very long list of names might be added of those who lived beyond the "threescore and ten" allotted to men in general who live to old age. There are now, or lately were living, in competence or affluence, many more who could be mentioned as proofs of longevity among actors. The improvidence of actors is another vulgar error. When we speak of actors, we do not mean message carriers, or the candle snuffers and dram-drinkers of the stage. Of the hundreds who have retired from the stage in affluence, or with competencies, or now live and act with the same advantage, we will only mention the names of Quin, Yates, Garrick, Smith, Cibber, Farren, Siddons, Matthews, Darley, Jefferson, Wood, Hull, Mattocks, Melmoth, Barry, Clive, Pritchard, Johnson, O'Neil, Bartley, Pope, Quick, Dodd, Bannister. We could fill our page with names who are honoured for their talents, and enjoy in private life the more estimable reward of esteem for their virtues. It is the lot of the historian of the stage to record vice and folly, and that record is remembered longer than the page which speaks of virtue; so the pages of the historian are filled with war and crime, and the years of peace passed over. Men's good deeds are written in sand—their evil ones on brass.—*From Dunlap's Anecdotes of the American Theatre.*

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MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

(First Article.)

IT is apparent that an immense part of what is gained is not spent by those who gain it. Whether wages, salaries, stipends, or fees, the most of those who work for them enjoy but a small part themselves. All that a man gets in this world is a cup of tea and a roll in the morning, a slice of butcher-meat perhaps at dinner, and possibly another cup of tea, or some other slight affair, in the evening. Now and then, he gets a new coat. But this is all. The most of what he wins fills other mouths entirely. The money goes he hardly knows where. Some part, no doubt, feeds the creatures whom he has taken in bond from nature, and is obliged both by law and by his own feelings to support. But yet, making allowance for all that, and for taxes besides, which may be described as a drainage almost equally unavoidable—by far the most of what the most of people acquire by their own handiwork, is spent and enjoyed, not by themselves, but by others. You, ye sheep, says Virgil, grow wool not for yourselves; you, ye bees, make honey not for yourselves; you, ye oxen, draw ploughs not for yourselves. This is in a great measure the case with mankind too. A few of us are industrious to the excoriation of our fingers, and the dizzying of our heads; but, by reason of our very application, we have neither time nor taste to spend the result: it goes to provide senseless luxuries to persons who are some way or other connected with us, and who, relying more upon our resources than we are ourselves disposed to do, permit themselves to have abundance of both time and taste. Who do you think keep up the deep-heeled boots, and the handsome clothes, and the cigars that are smoked on our fashionable streets?—not, to be sure, the smockfaced fools who wear and whiff them. Who do you think support the fine fancy taverns, which, under the monkey names of cafés, and saloons, and divans, now ornament our cities?—not, to be sure, the strutting coxcombs who frequent these places, and think they are enjoying life. It almost all comes out of the pockets of industrious fathers, brothers, and other oppressed relations, who would be shocked at nothing so much as to be told that they supported such follies.

There might be some curious statistical inquiries in connection with this subject. In the first place, out of the whole population of the empire, how many work and support themselves, and how many are indolent, and trust to others? Then, taking a few random instances of men who can gain more than they themselves require, it would be worth while to inquire how much, upon an average, and in proportion to their circumstances, such persons do for the slothful, the vicious, and the really unfortunate, who, like limpets on the back of some noble fish, stick to them for habitation and sustenance. Some, it would be found, besides maintaining the members of their own immediate household, voluntarily or involuntarily support nearly as many more. The fact is, every man and woman in the empire, who is in tolerably good circumstances, or who by any kind of chance has the administration of funds, is burdened with a greater or lesser number of dependents, some of whom, perhaps, really possess a claim through relationship, while a host of others have hardly the least purchase upon them, but, with the usual tenacity of the needy, would cling for ages by the slightest tendril of adherence. Whether one be in funds or not, if he only keeps a house at all, and has a door-bell to be rung,* he is apt to experience the same calamity. Such occasional expenditure of one's substance would hardly be grudged, if it were not that every existing family has some awful vampire, some unconscionable monster, who, while all the rest are steady and well-doing, finds it impossible to do any thing but incur large debts, engagements, and forfeits; to liquidate which, and thus save him and themselves from shame, deprives industry, self-denial, and talent, of all their legitimate and hard-earned reward. If such monsters as these would be content to come in at meal-hours, and take their meat and drink, it would be all very well. The mere animal support of the wretches would be little felt. But they would take scorn to appear in this character at the table of either father, brother, or sister. Their pride and desire of showing off require that they should be put into some way of business, which, without of course exacting from them the least labour, or interfering in the least with their pleasures, may give them the management of considerable sums of money, and thus enable them to make an equal or even a better appearance than the very friends who have to supply the means. In a few years, it is found that they have been playing at the game of keeping shops, at an expense to those relations of several hundred pounds a-year, or it may be more, above what would have been requisite for the mere bed and board of the insatiables; and all that the really meritorious have made in that time is squandered by the foolish. Nor is this the end of the monster. No: worse than worthless as his existence is, he must still be kept in life; and it is not always that his gawky pride and mindless wilfulness will permit the cheapest way to be taken for effecting this. After the first stings of injury have been forgot, that common affection to which he trusts, once more revives, and he is again provided with the means of entering into a visionary business, and showing off as he was wont. The same result, of course, ensues. In short, this monster hangs like a leech upon the family, till all that it has made from youth to age, and perhaps its original patrimony besides, is fairly drained and dribbled off through the channel of his base debaucheries. Such is not certainly the general extent of the evil; but that it is always more or less so, every family in the country, above the condition of labourers, and beneath that of the aristocracy, will attest. It seems as constant in nature that every household should have its one or more *black sheep*, as that every nest should contain a bird smaller and feebler than the rest.

The condition of a *downdraught* is not confined to persons of this order: there are *Father downdraughts* also. Strange as it may appear, nothing can be more certain—and every one on recollection will acknowledge it is so—than that there are many, very many instances of fathers of families, who hardly ever did any thing all their lives for the maintenance of either wife or children. We once before remarked, that, though only a limited portion of persons in one generation are the fathers of the next, the support of the said rising generation is one way and another pretty well allocated over society. This is certainly true; but it generally happens that the wife and some of the children themselves are most immediately pressed with the burden. There are some men whose habits in their unmarried state might have assured any woman of their inability to win a woman's bread; yet, whether this were obvious or not, such men never fail somehow or other to get married. It is then soon proved; and almost from the marriage-day, the unfortunate woman—born perhaps to better prospects—perhaps hitherto unaccustomed to any kind of manual labour or exertion—is obliged to be herself the principal or sole bread-winner. Some men have the nature of Frenchmen in this respect. They think the woman well off in the mere honour of being married. They spend their own lives in amusement, or in idle sottishness, leaving to the wife every active duty, from the nursing of her children to the gaining of the family bread. We have known many a poor woman thus *trysted*, as the Scotch call it, and who declared, that, if her husband would only be perfectly negative, and do neither harm nor good—if he would only not interfere with her humble business, or affront her before her customers—she would rejoice in her toils, and would not even grudge to afford him a decent sum every week, which he might spend as he pleased. It generally happens, however, that the maudlin monster cannot be thus purchased off. No bribe will satisfy his horrid appetite; and, if refused what she either has not to give, or cannot give without breaking her little commercial engagements, he will burst in upon her at times when she would rather see a basilisk, and, by the very *blackguardism* which he *knows* there is in his appearance, and calculates upon as the means of degrading her in the eyes of the world, attempt to frighten her into the required sacrifices. All her modest industry, all her honourable endeavours to maintain a family which *he* should maintain, are often thus blasted, or at least greatly marred; nor while health and strength are vouchsafed to her destroyer, may she entertain any immediate hope of being relieved from him. Could a commission of assassination be sued out against such a wretch, the most benevolent man on earth might be delighted to draw the trigger; but unfortunately this is impossible. She must wait on and on, through years of toil and grief, till kind nature shall be pleased, of her own accord, to call off the bandog by whom she has been so long tormented, and at length permit her virtuous exertions to have their fair scope and their proper reward.

It often happens that the children have a large share in calamities of this kind. When the father becomes thus sunk in self-indulgence, thus lost to all self-respect, the exertions of the mother may perhaps hardly suffice. The consequence is, that their offspring are taken half-instructed, or not instructed at all, and placed at any kind of employment by which they may earn a pittance. No matter that their prospects in life are thus narrowed, or their bodily and moral health exposed to destruction; the momentary gratification of a selfish appetite would console a parent of this kind for any ill that could befall any of his fellow-creatures, however nearly connected with him. Many young people are, from this and other causes, burdened before their time with large encumbrances; and although the duty is generally one of love, the hardship remains the same on the one side, and the injustice on the other. There is just one consolation as an offset to this calamity: it generally causes the new generation to be as careful and industrious as the preceding was the reverse. Horror-struck at the conduct of their fathers, the young people aim just the more at a contrary kind of life, and they generally thrive accordingly. Sometimes, after a victim has trod the streets for years in all the habiliments of woe, a strange revival suddenly takes place in his appearance. All at once, he gets a hat that *has* a crown, shoes that really possess soles, and possibly a new second-hand green surtout. The cause of this is, that the eldest son has just begun to make somewhat more than apprentices' wages. After their children have got a little forward in the world, Messieurs the Victims sometimes brush up amazingly. They begin to talk of "my son John," and almost seem to think

* In Scotland, the most of houses have a door-bell only, which is used by all kinds and classes of visitors.

themselves once more respectable members of society. John, however, continues to be terribly tried for all that, and many is the shilling he has to disburse for their occasional potations, over and above all his expenses for food and clothes, and all the charges he is under on account of their endless string of small children. In fact, sons are often held to the grinding-stone for the better part of life by fathers of this kind; and so much have they to do for *his* family, so effectually are they thus frightened at the very idea of such a thing, that it is ten to one against their ever finding themselves in heart to marry. They are forty before the tenth brother is out of petticoats, and after that they very rationally conclude that they have had enough to do with children, for one life at least.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

COLOURS OF THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS—HALOS—CORONÆ.

THE sun and moon generally appear to us unaccompanied by any change of colour or attendant phenomena—the one pouring forth a flood of lustre too dazzling to be contemplated by the naked eye; the other, a tender and beamy radiance, which, in the language of a noble poet,

> Softens down the hoar austerity
> Of rugged desolation, and fills up
> As 'twere anew the gaps of centuries,
> Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
> And making that which was not.

So glorious an object as the sun could not fail to attract the admiration and veneration of mankind, even in the darkest ages; nor is it surprising that it should have been deified and worshipped as a visible god, a superstition which even the sternest Christian philosopher will be tempted to forgive. Ignorance is always the mother of superstition, nor can it ever be otherwise, whensoever human conviction resigns itself to the fallacious though fascinating light of imagination, instead of pursuing the sober and permanent principles of correct reasoning. Hence, whenever the sun or moon presented any peculiar or unusual appearance, the ancients readily construed such into signs of some approaching calamity: thus, we read in Plutarch, that when Nicias and his army were prepared to depart from Sicily, they refused to embark, because the moon had become eclipsed in the dead of night, which superstitious conduct proved fatal both to the heroic commander and to his brave companions, who, in consequence of this, were all slain or taken prisoners. The army of Alexander the Great, on one occasion, likewise became considerably discouraged by an eclipse of the moon; but that wily general brought forward some Egyptian soothsayers, who interpreted that the eclipse portended calamities only to the enemy, by which happy expedient they revived the drooping spirits of the men, who then readily commenced their march. Anecdotes such as these are highly interesting and instructive; and while they teach us to estimate the advantages which we have gained by the progress of science, they should inspire in us feelings of gratitude towards those highly-gifted philosophers who were the first to thread the mazy and intricate paths which conducted to those splendid discoveries that have since illumined and benefited the whole world. It was the illustrious Newton who was the first, as we have already stated, to demonstrate the laws which govern the reflection and refraction of light, and it was he who, with unprecedented ingenuity, succeeded in resolving it into its elementary constituents. He shewed that the light which illumines the whole face of nature is composed of different coloured rays, which, when combined together, produce the dazzling white effect. These rays, which are termed primary, or prismatic (from their having been discovered by means of a triangular piece of glass, called a prism), have been reduced to three in number, the red, the yellow, and the blue. It follows, then, that when the white light passes through a medium by which it is decomposed, these colours become apparent, and, by blending together, produce all the other beautiful colours which are displayed in the rainbow. According, then, as their light becomes resolved into these primary rays, the sun and the moon present a differently coloured disc. When their rays are transmitted to us through a dry fog—that is, a fog that does not affect the hygrometer, or instrument for measuring the quantity of moisture suspended in the air—they appear red; when, however, they pass through a moist fog, they appear white. Prognostications of change of weather have thence been deduced. Byron, in his Shipwreck, observes—

> "The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
> Of the continuance of the gale."

Virgil, also, who was as acute an observer as he was elegant a poet, thus also observes—"It will be more profitable to observe this also when the sun, having measured the heavens, is going down, for we often see various colours wander over his face. The blue foretells rain, the fiery wind; but if the spots begin to be mixed with fiery red, then you may expect a storm of wind and rain."

The colours of the stars, arising from similar causes, are also peculiarly interesting and beautiful. Hercules is a double star—the large star is red, the small one of a bluish-green colour; Aldebaran is of a glowing purple; Scorpio and Mars are red; Lyra is of a variable colour. The most remarkable phenomenon, however, is the variation of colour exhibited by some of the fixed stars. "I first observed this phenomenon (says Forster) in the September of 1809. In the twinkling of the star the colour changed, so that one twinkle or dilatation of the brightness of the star seemed whitish, and the next or alternate twinkling seemed red. I have attributed this appearance to some wavy motion in the upper part of our atmosphere, whereby being imperfectly prismatic, it produced different colours according to the relative inclination of the undulating surface."* Although the author hazards a conjecture that this change of colour might arise from some change in the star itself, yet the explanation just given is infinitely more probable and satisfactory. The different colours of the sky, the deep azure blue so admired in Italy and in tropical countries, and the pale cold greyish hue so much more frequently observed in "the cold north," the vivid and beautiful colours which at sunrise and sunset tinge the distant clouds and mountains, and village spires, are all attributable to the different degree of refrangibility possessed by each of these primary rays. "Had it been otherwise—had the objects of the material world (says Sir David Brewster) been illuminated with white light, all the particles of which possessed the same degree of refrangibility, and were equally acted upon by the bodies on which they fall, all nature would have shone with a leaden hue, and all the combinations of external objects, and all the features of the human countenance, would have exhibited no other variety than that which they possess in a pencil sketch or china-ink drawing. But he who has exhibited such matchless skill in the organization of material bodies, and such exquisite taste in the forms upon which they are modelled, has superadded that ethereal beauty which enhances their more permanent qualities, and presents them to us in the ever-varying colours of the spectrum."†

Besides the changes of colour referred to, which are occasionally observed in the sun and moon, these orbs of light are not unfrequently seen surrounded by luminous circles, the larger of which are termed HALOS, and the smaller CORONÆ.‡ They are called lunar or solar, according as they appear round the moon or sun; but it has been observed that the former are the most common. In general, they are complete circles: some have been observed, however, oval; but Dr Smith has shown that this is an optical deception, produced by the apparent figure of the sky. Occasionally they are seen tinted with all the colours of the rainbow. "On the 2d of November 1827 (says a contributor to Silliman's Journal), between the hours of seven and eight, there appeared around the moon (a little more than its width in diameter) a very luminous saffron-coloured light. On the outer edge was a circle of bright red, which was graduated into a dark purple; around the purple was a circle of bright blue, which faded into a yellowish green, increasing towards the outer edge to a very vivid green. There appeared to be faint white rays passing from the moon across these columns, whose circles formed around this lunar glory a larger circle of a dark leaden colour, which gave the whole a very beautiful appearance."§ In the higher northern latitudes such phenomena are of frequent occurrence. "During many nights (says Captain Parry) there was a halo round the moon, though the stars shone brightly, and the atmosphere appeared otherwise clear. The same phenomenon was observed round the candles even in our bed-rooms, the diameter of the halo increasing as the observer receded from the light. These halos, both round the moon and candles, occasionally exhibited prismatic light."¶ Very often more than one luminous circle is exhibited, but seldom more than two are observed at the same time. Triple halos have, however, been seen;—thus, Sir Isaac Newton observed by reflection in a vessel of standing water, three rings of colour round the sun, like three little rainbows. Solar halos occur often, but, from the transcendant brightness of that luminary, are frequently unnoticed. On the 8th of September 1816, at Newport, Rhode Island, a halo of the ordinary size was seen to surround the sun, which remained visible nearly an hour, and exhibited all the colours of the rainbow. On the 9th of April 1820, a remarkable one appeared to Captain Parry:—"It consisted of one complete halo, and segments of several other halos, some of which were not unlike parts of rainbows resting on the horizon." This beautiful phenomenon, attended with other remarkable appearances which he has accurately described, lasted from noon until six o'clock in the evening. But attending the appearance of these halos, there remain to be noticed two phenomena which are not less interesting and remarkable; the one, the PARHELION, or mock sun; the other, the PARASELENA, or mock moon—a description of which will be found in next number of the Journal.

* Atmospheric Researches, p. 86.

† Life of Sir I. Newton, p. 78.

‡ When 45 degrees in diameter, they are termed HALOS; when only 10 degrees in diameter, CORONÆ.—*Forster.*

§ Vol. xiv. p. 397.

¶ Narrative of the Journey in 1819, &c.. p. 257.

TALE OF GRIZEL COCHRANE.

THE age which this noble woman adorned with her life and heroic actions, was that gloomy one extending between the Restoration and Revolution (from 1660 to 1688), when the Scottish nation suffered under a cruel oppression, on account of their conscientious scruples respecting the existing forms of church and state. Three insurrections, more bold than wise, marked the impatience of the Scotch under this bloody rule; but it was with the last solely that Grizel Cochrane was connected.

Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, the father of our heroine, was the second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, and the ancestor of the present line of that noble and ingenious family. He was a distinguished friend of Sidney, Russel, and other illustrious men, who signalised themselves in England by their opposition to the court; and he had so long endeavoured in vain to procure some improvement in the national affairs, that he at length began to despair of his country altogether, and formed the design of emigrating to America. Having gone to London in 1683, with a view to a colonising expedition to South Carolina, he became involved in the deliberations of the Whig party, which at that time tended towards a general insurrection in England and Scotland, for the purpose of forcing an alteration of the royal councils, and the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. In furtherance of this plan, Sir John pledged himself to assist the Earl of Argyle in raising the malcontents in Scotland. This earl was, if not the acknowledged head of the party in that kingdom, at least the man of highest rank who espoused its interests.

By the treachery of some of the subordinate agents, this design was detected prematurely; and while some were unfortunately taken and executed, among whom were Sidney and Lord Russell, the rest fled from the kingdom. Of the latter number were the Earl of Argyle, Sir John Cochrane, and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth—the last a patriot rivalling Cochrane in talent and purity of motives, and also, like him, destined to experience the devotedness of a daughter's love. The fugitives found safety in Holland, where they remained in peace till the death of Charles the Second, in February 1685, when the Duke of York, the object politically of their greatest detestation, became king. It was then determined to invade Scotland with a small force, to embody the Highland adherents of Argyle with the west country Presbyterians, and, marching into England, to raise the people as they moved along, and not rest till they had produced the desired melioration of the state. The expedition sailed in May; but the government was enabled to take such precautions as, from the very first, proved a complete frustration to their designs. Argyle lingered timidly in his own country, and, finally, against the advice of Cochrane and Hume, who were his chief officers, made some unfortunate movements, which ended in the entire dissolution of his army, and his own capture and death. While this well-meaning but weak nobleman committed himself to a low disguise, in the vain hope of effecting his escape, Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume headed a body of 200 men, formed out of the relics of the army, and bravely resolved, even with that small force, to attempt the accomplishment of their original intention—namely, a march into England. They accordingly crossed the Clyde into Renfrewshire, where they calculated on obtaining some reinforcement. The boats on this occasion being insufficient to transport the whole at once, the first party, headed by the two patriots, was obliged to contend, on the opposite bank of the river, with a large squadron of militia, while the boats returned for the remainder; after which the united force caused their opponents to retreat. The militia returned, however, in greater force, and renewed the assault at a place called Muirdykes, in the parish of Lochwinnoch. They were now commanded by Lord Ross and a Captain Clellan, and amounted to two troops, while Sir John Cochrane's men had decreased to seventy in number. In this predicament they were called on by the royal troops to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners. But, preferring the risk of death on the field to the tender mercies of a vindictive foe, they rejected the terms with disdain, and, entering a sheepfold, used its frail sod walls as a defence against the furious attack of the enemy, whom, after a keen conflict, in which every man fought hand to hand with his opponents, they at length succeeded in beating off, with the loss of their

captain and some other men, while Lord Ross was wounded. Cochrane, however, soon after learned that the enemy was returning with a great reinforcement, and fearing that he could not much longer defend himself on the field, retired with his troops to a neighbouring wilderness or morass, where he dismissed them, with the request that each man would provide the best way he could for his own safety. For himself, having received two severe contusions in the body during the engagement, and being worn out with fatigue, he sought refuge in the house of his uncle, Mr Gavin Cochrane of Craigmuir, who lived at no great distance from the place of encounter. This gentleman, however, as it unfortunately happened, had married a sister of the Captain Clellan killed in the late battle, and, filled with revenge for the death of her brother, this lady secretly informed against her guest, who was immediately seized and removed to Edinburgh, where, after being paraded through the streets bound and bare-headed, and conducted by the common hangman, he was lodged in the tolbooth on the 3d of July 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and he was condemned to death, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of his aged father, the Earl of Dundonald, who, having received his title from the hands of Charles the Second, had, from motives of honour, never conspired against him.

Where is the tongue that can express all the secret and varied anguish that penetrates the yearning heart, when about to leave for ever the warm precincts of mortality, to quit the loving charities of life, and to have all the cords which bound it to existence suddenly torn asunder? Natural strength of mind may suffice to conceal much of this mortal conflict, or even to hide it altogether from the eye of the careless observer, but still it is at work within, and grapples in deadly struggle with the spirit.

Such was the state of Sir John Cochrane's mind on the night of his condemnation, when left once more to the gloomy solitude of his prison. It was not the parting stroke of death he feared, however sharp. He was a father, loving and beloved; and the thoughts of the sorrow his children were doomed to suffer on his account, wrung his heart, and burning tears, which his own fate could not have called forth, were shed for them. No friend or relative had been permitted to see him from the time of his apprehension; but it was now signified to him, that any of his family he desired to communicate with might be allowed to visit him. Anxious, however, to deprive his enemies of an opportunity of an accusation against his sons, he immediately conveyed to them his earnest entreaties, and indeed commands, that they should refrain from availing themselves of this leave till the night before his execution. This was a sacrifice which it required his utmost fortitude to make; and it had left him to a sense of the most desolate loneliness, in so much, that, when, late in the evening, he heard his prison door unlocked, he lifted not his eyes toward it, imagining that the person who entered could only be the jailor, who was particularly repulsive in his countenance and manner. What, then, was his surprise and momentary delight, when he beheld before him his only daughter, and felt her arms entwining his neck! Yet, when he looked on her face, and saw the expression it bore of mute despairing agony, more fearful than the most frantic manifestations of misery, and marked her pale cheeks, which no longer bloomed with the tints of health and happiness, and felt the cold dampness of her brow, he thought himself wrong for having given way for an instant to the joy her presence had created, and every other sensation fled before his fear of what might be the consequence to her of this interview. He had no sooner, however, expressed his feelings on this subject, than she became sensible, that, in order to palliate his misery, she must put a strong curb upon her own, and in a short time was calm enough to enter into conversation with her father upon the dismal subject of his present situation, and to deliver a message from the old earl, her grandfather, by which he was informed that an appeal had been made from him to the king, and means taken to propitiate Father Peters, his majesty's confessor, who, it was well known, often dictated to him in matters of state. It appeared evident, however, by the turn which their discourse presently took, that neither father nor daughter were at all sanguine in their hopes from this negociation. The Earl of Argyle had been executed but a few days before, as had also several of his principal adherents, though men of less consequence than Sir John Cochrane; and it was therefore improbable that he, who had been so conspicuously active in the insurrection, should be allowed to escape the punishment which his enemies had it now in their power to inflict. Besides all this, the treaty to be entered into with Father Peters would require some time to adjust, and meanwhile the arrival of the warrant for execution must every day be looked for.

Under these circumstances, several days passed, each of which found Miss Grizel Cochrane an inmate of her father's prison for as many hours as she was permitted. During these interviews of the father and daughter, while heart clung unto heart, they reaped all the consolation which an undisguised knowledge of the piety and courage of each could bestow. Still, after such intercourse, the parting scene which they anticipated seemed more and more dreadful to think of; and, as the daughter looked on the pale and dejected countenance of her parent, her bosom was penetrated with the sharpest pangs. The love of her father might be termed a component part of her nature. She had cherished this filial love ever since she possessed a consciousness of thought, and it was now strong and absorbing, in proportion to the danger in which he stood. Grizel Cochrane was only at that period eighteen years old; but it is the effect of such perilous times as those in which she lived, to sober the reckless spirit of youth, and make men and women of children. She had, however, a natural strength of character, that would, on all extraordinary occasions, have displayed itself without such a tuition, and which, being now joined with what she conceived the necessity of the case, rendered her capable of a deed which has caused her history to vie with that of the most distinguished of heroines.

Ever since her father's condemnation, her daily and nightly thoughts had dwelt on the fear of her grandfather's communication with the king's confessor being rendered unavailable, for want of the time necessary for enabling the friends in London, to whom it was trusted, to make their application, and she boldly determined to execute a plan, whereby the arrival of the death-warrant would be retarded. A short time, therefore, before it was expected by the council in Edinburgh, she thought it necessary, in her visit to her father, to mention that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting somewhat in his favour, he warned her against attempting impossibilities.

"Nothing is impossible to a determined mind," said she, "and fear nothing for me."

"But the inexperience of youth, my child," he replied, "may involve you in danger and in blame; and did you but know the characters of those you must encounter, while vainly pleading for your father's life, you would fear, as I do, the sullying of your fair fame."

"I am a Cochrane, my father," said the heroic girl—an answer how brief, but to him how expressive! He could say no more: he beheld in his child, so young, so beautiful, and so self-devoted, all the virtues of her race combined, and he felt for the moment that the courage she had prayed for would be granted, to carry her through the undertaking she meditated, whatever that might be. She felt grateful to her father that he did not urge her further; but she trembled as she turned, at her departure, to catch another look of those loved and venerated features, for his eye appeared to be following her with a parting expression, which seemed to say it was the last fond look.

At that time horses were used as a mode of conveyance so much more than carriages, that almost every gentlewoman had her own steed, and Miss Cochrane, being a skilful rider, was possessed of a well-managed palfrey, on whose speed and other good qualities she had been accustomed to depend. On the morning after she had bid her father farewell, long ere the inhabitants of Edinburgh were astir, she found herself many miles on the road to the borders. She had taken care to attire herself in a manner which corresponded with the design of passing herself off for a young serving-woman journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother in a distant part of the country; and by only resting at solitary cottages, where she generally found the family out at work, save perhaps an old woman or some children, she had the good fortune, on the second day after leaving Edinburgh, to reach in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolve. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period, all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in forty-two hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public-house, kept by a widow woman, on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey.* In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable, which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little change-house, from its mistress having no ostler, she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. "Sit down at the end of that table," said the old woman, "for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as ye can, for there's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb." Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water. "What," said the old dame, as she handed it to her, "ye are a water-drinker, are ye? It's but an ill custom for a change-house." "I am aware of that," replied her guest, "and, therefore, when in a public house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take." "Indeed—well that is but just," responded the dame, "and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct." "Is the well where you get this water near at hand?" said the young lady; "for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather warm, it shall be considered in the lawing." "It is a good bit off," said the woman; "but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But, for any sake, take care and don't meddle with these pistols," she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, "for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them." Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut, than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step, across the floor, to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap. A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her, that, if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and, again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which, having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man's awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water, and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady's content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and, mounting her horse, set off at a trot, in a different direction from that in which she had arrived. Fetching a compass of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father's deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness, that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow, with a good-humoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two), one containing the letters direct from London, and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her companion, and said, in a tone of determination, "Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore, take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am

* Lest it should appear at issue with probability that the postman should thus take his ease in his inn, it may be mentioned, as a fact defying all question, that this official, at a period much later, used sometimes to dismount on a muir, near the place here mentioned, and partake in a game at quoits, or other sports which might be proceeding by the wayside.

provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed; I carry fire-arms; and, moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood," she continued, pointing to one at the distance of about a mile, with an accent and air which was meant to carry intimidation with it. "Again, I say, take my advice; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come."

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. "If," said he, as soon as he found his tongue, "you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if," he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle toward her, "ye are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire."

"Nay," said his young antagonist, "I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but if you will not be persuaded, what can I do? for I have told you a truth, *that mail I must and will have.* So now choose," she continued, as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

"Nay, then, your blood be on your own head," said the fellow, as he raised his hand, and fired his pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing this weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment, the man sprung from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but, by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile, his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting toward it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunderstruck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government dispatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their address to the council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed, and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having not only committed to the flames the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grizel Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much as possible the high road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say, that the time gained by the heroic act related above, was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms; and it is perhaps best, at any rate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known; but after the Revolution, when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them, her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr Ker of Morriston, in the county of Berwick; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter.

THE ISLAND OF SKYE.

Skye, one of the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland, is one of the most interesting islands lying on the shores of Britain, and may deservedly attract the notice not only of those who pry into the arcana of science, but also such tourists as delight to revel in the contemplation of nature's rudest and most romantic scenery. Skye presents to the eye of the stranger a variety of most magnificent points of original beauty. Its lofty hills of rugged outline, covered in part with blooming heath, or exhibiting bare rocky outlines, display in their formation a grandeur of scenery seldom paralleled. No place, perhaps, affords a greater number of picturesque subjects for the painter than Skye. In every quarter he meets with such prodigality of natural wonders, that he must feel bewildered, and at a loss to make a choice; for the landscape changes at almost every step, like the shifting of artificial scenery, and each successive view seems to excel the rest. Let us first give a few statistical facts regarding the island, and then introduce the stranger to some of the natural wonders of the place:—

Skye, whose name is of Scandinavian origin, and signifies "mist," or the "misty island," is the largest of the Western Isles, with the exception of Lewis, and belongs to the county of Inverness. In its situation it lies close in upon the mainland of the west coast, and can be reached by roads and ferries from different parts of the West Highlands. In length it measures forty-five miles, by a mean breadth of fifteen, but it is so indented by lochs or arms of the sea as to have less superficial area than those dimensions would give. There is scarcely, indeed, a point in it that is five miles from the shore in some quarter or other. By the indentation of the sea, it possesses a number of peninsulated tracts; that on the south, nearest the mainland, is the largest, and is called Sleat. From Strathaird, all the way round by the west to Portree, it is, with a few exceptions in the lochs, a continued range of cliffs, often rising to three, four, or even to six hundred feet; in a few cases even exceeding this height. The remainder of the coast is rarely very high, but it is every where rocky and romantic in its appearance. In recent times, the interior has been greatly improved by good roads, and this opening up of the country has produced wonderful advances in the operations of the farmer. A great proportion of the population still subsist by maritime pursuits; and there are few houses more than a quarter of a mile from the sea; wherefore, on a superficial view, the country has a deserted look, although it possesses a population of above 20,000. Of the only four proprietors of the island, Lord Macdonald owns nearly three-fourths of the land; and with the exception of Strathaird, belonging to Macalister, and an estate belonging to Raasay, the remainder is the property of Macleod. It is mentioned that the late Lord Macdonald expended no less than L.100,000 in the improvement of the island. The grain raised in Skye in good years is estimated at 10,000 bolls. The live stock is reckoned to be 4000 horses, of a small but hardy breed, and 18,000 head of cattle of excellent breed, of which about 3800 are exported annually to the low countries, from whence they are mostly sent southwards to fatten in the English pastures. The sheep are estimated at about 40,000, consisting chiefly of Cheviots and black-faced Lintons. Hogs, goats, and rabbits, abound, and game of all kinds is plentiful. Skye is divided into seven parishes, which, with the parish of Small Isles, form the presbytery of Skye. The principal towns and villages are Portree—the capital, on the north-east coast—Stein, Broadford, and Kyle-Haken. At the latter place there is now an admirable ferry, which conducts the Inverness road by Loch Alsh to Skye. The air of life given by the ferry-houses at this point, and by the boats and other vessels perpetually navigating the strait, adds much to the natural beauty of the scenery.

The most conspicuous of the central mountains of Skye rise to the height of two thousand and three thousand feet. The forms of these lofty eminences are in general conical, or rounded, and this peculiarity of shape arises from the same cause as their cheerless and desolate aspect; the mouldering rocks of the summit descending along their sides in streams, and often covering the whole declivities with one continuous coat of stones or gravel. Another group, ranging to two thousand feet in height, varied by ravines and precipices, covered with scattered woods, and of a very picturesque character, occupies the division nearest the mainland. But the highest group, as well as the most rugged, is that to the south, including the Cuchullin Hills, and Blaven, distinguished from the preceding by its dark, leaden, and strong colour—a hue which it retains even in sunshine and clear sky. The ridge from Portree northward is also mountainous, but it does not produce the same effect, on account of its nearly unbroken continuity. The district north from Portree is a perfect storehouse of geology. A huge mountain ridge in this quarter, called the Storr, is remarkable for its romantic and strange formation. Towards the east, it presents a range of lofty inland cliffs, broken into irregular shapes, and many hundred feet in height. While the faces of these are marked by projections and recesses, the outline of the sky is equally irregular and picturesque. Often when the clouds sail along and rest on the high point of the Storr, the forms of walls, turrets, and spires, may be seen emerging from the driving mists. The whole of these cliffs produce abundant and brilliant specimens of minerals highly esteemed by mineralogists. The cliffs are frequently columnar, and often extend in long ranges for many miles, with an air of architectural regularity as perfect in its general effect, if not actually as complete in the details, as the columns of Staffa. A cascade which falls over these cliffs forms an interesting spectacle in the midst of the rugged scene. The stream which produces it is projected from the top of a columnar cliff in a single spout, and falls, in a sheer descent of three hundred feet, into the sea. As it foams and boils in the waters of the ocean below, a boat can pass behind it, and permit the tourist, untouched, to admire the noise and fury of the torrent. The striking grandeur of the Storr, in some of its points, is hardly equalled in effect by any of the usually visited picturesque scenery of the Highlands of Scotland.

Skye possesses other scenes well worthy of the attention of visitors Not to mention the beautiful fresh-water lake, Loch-cor-uisge (the Lake of the Watery Glen), with its pretty little islands, there is a remarkable formation of nature, called Quiraing, consisting of a perfectly secluded piece of level and fertile ground, situated among some almost inaccessible mountain scenery, in the parish of Kilmuir, about twenty miles distant from Portree. The hill in which it is situated is about a thousand feet high, and slopes by a steep declivity to the west; but towards the north-east it presents a face of rugged precipices, much variegated by being here and there composed of huge basaltic columns, or massy fragments of fluted rocks. In other parts, large spaces, formed into concave sections, present themselves to the view, and have a grand appearance, from being ribbed transversely either by small fissures or protuberant seams, over which a little rivulet drizzles in the moist seasons of the year. This place is considerably elevated, and is, in consequence, viewed from the district below as one extended face of rock, interspersed by a variety of shades, according to the consistency or colour of the materials which compose it. In the face of this rock, then, Quiraing is enshrined, and hidden from the view of the visitor. He may be told that it is there, but without a guide he might fail for a length of time to discover it. This curiosity consists of a green plot of ground, formed into an oblong platform, of sufficient extent to contain six or seven regiments of soldiers. This interesting spot is studded all round with massive fragments of rock, formed into lofty peaks by the intervention of deep chasms, which are for the most part inaccessible. The rough path which leads from the road to the huge opening, which forms an entrance to Quiraing, is upon the whole pleasant, as it conducts the traveller along the base of a perpendicular rock, intersected in various places by dark hollow fissures. But on approaching the great inlet to the eagerly looked for platform, the passage is very much obtruded by heaps of stone and rubbish, which have been washed down from the crevices by the gradual waste of successive ages. By a little exertion, these obstacles may be overcome, and the visitor finds himself at the entrance of a steep passage, which would seem to lead him to the top of the hill. To the right of this entrance stands an isolated pyramid of rock, called "the Needle." This peak is very high, and is raised upon a circular base of very inconsiderable dimensions. After pausing and admiring every thing around him, the visitor then attempts to climb the great inlet which lies before him. Great caution must be taken should more than one individual climb this entrance at once; if so, it is necessary that they go abreast, for if the one go before the other, the small stones which will unavoidably tumble down, might very severely injure, by means of their accelerated velocity, the persons left behind. By considerable exertion, the tourist gains the top of the pass, and beholds with astonishment the scene which opens to his view. Instead of seeing, as he would expect, some narrow cave, or confined angular termination of the passage, formed from the apparent coalition of the impending rocks, he sees, with no less surprise than a pleasing disappointment, a spacious opening before him, in the middle of which stands the above-mentioned platform, a little elevated above the rest of the opening, but considerably lower than the top of the entrance, where the visitor yet stands. He now descends for some yards, and, by a small path, is led instantly to the beautiful green plain which was all along his object to attain. He is now at a loss what to examine first, or what to admire most. He beholds above him the top of the hill, which he saw from the plain below, little suspicious that such a fairy spot existed in the intervening space. The level sward which he now so much admires, possesses nothing attractive in itself, were it not for the place in which it is situated. The whole is encompassed by a bulwark of rocky pyramids, the bases of which are considerably lower in the inside than the platform; but on the out-

side these mighty columns slope down to a level with the mouth of the great entrance. These columns are seen to much advantage from the platform, as their summits are considerably elevated above the observer. The sea, and district below, can only be seen in detached fragments, through the ragged openings between the surrounding pyramids. The rocks which compose these huge columns are so streaked and variegated, and the columns themselves are so ragged and curiously formed, that the visitor's imagination delineates hundreds of grotesque figures, of the wildest description, on their surface. The nature of the day on which this interesting place is visited has a great effect upon its appearance. It is so studded and encompassed with columns, and pinnacles of all heights, sizes, and figures, that their flickering shadows, in a sunshine day, have an enchanting effect on all who behold them. Light and shade are then so uncommonly divided, and so constantly changing positions, that the place in consequence is greatly enhanced in beauty; but should a dense mist envelope the spot, as is frequently the case, the scene is greatly changed: instead of being lively and enchanting, the aspect of the place is mightily altered. The thick mist slowly floating through the pyramids, and intercepting their rugged pinnacles from the view, gives a sombre appearance to the whole. The visitor's imagination will lead him to think that the gloomy pyramids before him bind earth and heaven together. He cannot but admire, yet at the same time he is filled with a sort of awe, which causes him to ascribe the marvellous works which lie shrouded before him to the wonderful doings of that Omnipotent Being who created all things.

Want of space forbids us to expatiate farther on the extraordinary natural formations and romantic scenery of the "Misty Isle." We, however, take leave to recommend tourists in search of the picturesque, to make it a point in their journey through the Western Highlands. We can assure them they will find the inhabitants, among whom the progress of civilization has not yet banished the virtues characteristic of the primitive Celtic race, as kindly and well-disposed a class of people as exists in any of the British islands.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN, the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was born in the year 1628, at Elstow, near Bedford.* His father was one of those mean workers in brass, commonly called *tinkers*, and it is not even unlikely that the family was of gipsy extraction. In early youth, he was put to school, and learnt to read and write, but soon forgot all that he had acquired. The circumstances of his family appear to have required that he should, at an early period of life, begin to assist his father in his business. From his earliest years, he had an enthusiastic and visionary turn of mind; and though his religious knowledge was perhaps very limited, it affected him in a very peculiar manner. His sleep was haunted with dreams of devils and wicked spirits, who endeavoured to take possession of him; and his waking moments, even in the midst of childish sports, presented him with reflections so nearly similar, that he often wished he had been a devil himself, and so have acted as the tormentor rather than the tormented. In his general conduct, he was a totally reckless young man, though exempted from drunkenness and other kinds of profligacy. In the eighteenth year of his age, he was a soldier in the parliamentary army, and was drawn out to go to the siege of Leicester: one of the same company having desired to go in his stead, Bunyan consented, and he ever accounted it a remarkable preservation, that the substitute was shot through the head, while acting as a centinel. About this time Bunyan married, and thus, perhaps, was preserved from many profligacies into which he might otherwise have fallen. The young pair were both very poor; not even so much as a dish or a spoon did they possess. He was able, however, to work for their bread, and his spouse happened to be a virtuous person. Two pious books, which came by her into his possession, were the first means of impressing him with serious thoughts; but their effect was slight and temporary. A sermon he heard one Sunday against Sabbath-breaking, affected him considerably; and that afternoon, while he was pursuing the sports then customary among the English peasantry on this sacred day, he heard, as he thought, a voice from heaven, expressing the displeasure with which his ungodly practices were regarded. The sobriety which this incident produced, was soon after exchanged for his usual recklessness of behaviour. He was one day swearing dreadfully on the streets of Bedford, when a woman of by no means good character, being shocked at his expressions, reproved him as the most abandoned wretch in the whole town—a rebuke that sunk so deep into his mind, as to cause him to give up profane speaking. Soon after, he began to read the Bible; and the neighbours began to observe with pleasure that his manners were undergoing improvement.

A very curious anecdote is told of Bunyan at this time, as illustrative of the state of his mind, which was that of a man affected by serious thoughts, but not yet able to give up altogether his early follies. He had taken great delight in bell-ringing, an exercise in which it is now difficult to see any harm, but which he began to think a vain and sinful practice, probably from its being connected with the externals of the established church. Still he so hankered after his old amusement, that, though he did not pull a rope himself, he would go and look at the ringers, not without a secret feeling that to do so was unbecoming the religious character which he now professed. A fear came upon him that one of the bells might fall: to secure himself against such an accident, he stood under a beam that lay athwart the steeple from side to side; but his apprehensions being once awakened, he then considered that the bell might fall with a swing, hit the wall first, rebound, and so strike him in its descent. Upon this he retired to the steeple door, thinking himself safe enough there; for if the bell should fall, he could slip out. Farther than the door he did not venture, nor did he long continue to think himself secure there; for the next fancy which possessed him was, that the steeple itself might fall; and this so much disturbed him, that he dared not stand at the door longer, but fled for fear the tower should come down upon him.* The last amusement from which he weaned himself was that of dancing; it was a full year before he could leave that: but in so doing, as on every other occasion when he thought he was performing his duty, he had such peace of mind, such satisfaction, that "I thought," says he, "no man in England could please God better than I."

Bunyan gradually acquired religious knowledge by means of study and conversation; and at length he became a member of a small Baptist congregation which had been established at Bedford by one John Gifford, a man who, after fighting for the king, and narrowly escaping a judicial death—after living the usual profligate life of the royalist soldiers—had become a pious and estimable person, and a preacher of the gospel to others. The subject of our memoir now began to be dreadfully afflicted with doubts as to his own merit in a religious point of view, and in particular was greatly puzzled to know whether he had faith or not. To solve this difficulty, he conceived the notion of trying to perform a miracle; accordingly, one day, being between Elstow and Bedford, he resolved to say to the puddles that were in the horse-pads, "Be dry," and to the dry places, "Be ye puddles!" Just, however, as he was about to do so, other thoughts came over him, and he determined to wait a little longer before attempting a miracle.

The first rudiments of the Pilgrim's Progress are found in a vision of his happier fellow-worshippers, which about this time was presented to his mind. "I saw," he says, "as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought, also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now, through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding, that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I thought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time. At the last I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now, the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out by striving to get in. At last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head; and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then was I exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun."

Doubts, qualms, fears, returned upon him, notwithstanding the metaphorical assurance which this vision had conveyed to his mind. Whatever wild and wayward shadow streamed across the restless region of his thoughts, was arrested like a suspicious-looking person in a besieged city, brought to account for itself, and treated with an attention which the mere suggestion of casual fancy could hardly deserve. It is perhaps in this sense that the human heart is said in Scripture to be abominably wicked, since not only without our will, but in positive opposition to our best exertions, sinful suggestions profane the thoughts of the wisest, and foul emotions sully the heart of the most pure. The wise and well-informed shrink with horror from the phantoms of guilt which thus intrude themselves, and pray to heaven for strength to enable them to reject such pollution from their thoughts, and for power to fix their attention upon better objects. But the dark dread of his possible exclusion from the pale of the righteous rushed ever and anon with such vivid force on the mind of the unfortunate Bunyan, as to make him accept for fatal arguments against himself, the wildest and most transitory coinage of his own fancy, while, to fill up every pause, he was tortured by the equally terrible suspicion that he was guilty of the most unpardonable of crimes, as an habitual doubter of the efficacy of divine grace.*

In this wretched state, Bunyan convinced himself that his torments were the immediate infliction of the devil, and he suffered literally all the misery which he, to appearance, metaphorically describes as endured by Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He actually thought sometimes that he felt the enemy of mankind pulling him by the skirts, and desiring him to cease his prayers. Even in an age which the reader is aware produced the most wonderful variety of religious fervours, those of Bunyan are astonishing. After years of torture, his triumph was completed, when, one day, in the Baptist place of worship, he thought he heard these words three times repeated—"My grace is sufficient for thee." It was fortunate that he came through these dreadful states of feeling without a deranged understanding.

In 1655, on the death of Gifford, who is entitled to be considered as his "*Interpreter*," Bunyan was chosen with some others to minister to the congregation. It is to be mentioned in his favour that he undertook this task in no confident or intrusive spirit, but the reverse. It appears that a regular clergyman was soon after appointed, and Bunyan then confined himself to preaching in the surrounding villages, to those who were perfectly ignorant of religion. Amidst these duties, which were practised without interfering with his ordinary occupations, he found time to write his first work, which was an attack upon the peculiar tenets of the Quakers, then a new sect. He had previously scribbled verses on the margins of his copy of Fox's Martyrs, which is still preserved;† but they were the merest doggrel. In prose, however, when he had to use the straight-forward language to which he was accustomed in preaching, as well as in common life, he succeeded very well.

About this time, Bunyan lost his first wife, who left him with four children—one of them a blind daughter. He appears to have soon after taken another spouse, whose first name (Elizabeth) is alone known. Though he thus far complimented the fair sex, it is certain that he entertained no high opinion of it in general.

In his business of itinerant preaching, Bunyan liked to go to what he called "the dark places of the country," and there can be no doubt that his life was an useful one. He was destined, however, to undergo tribulation on account of his modest and gratuitous labours. While in Bedford he was generally respected as he deserved, there were not wanting in-

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* For the following note respecting Bunyan's birth-place, we are indebted to Mr Carruthers, editor of the Inverness Courier:—

"I visited the spot where Bunyan was born, one day in the spring of 1826, and shall not readily forget my morning's walk, and its accompanying circumstances. The landscape was truly English, and every thing seemed joyous and animated. The trees had not yet put on their glorious garniture of leaves, but the brooks were perfectly transparent—the meadows rich with verdure; and here and there a tall fir-tree shot its green spiral branches into the air, and glistening masses of ivy twined round the trunk and arms of some old oak, or completely enveloped the marshy hollands and stunted elms. Birds were singing gaily in the lanes and hedges, husbandmen were busy sowing in the fields, and schoolboys equally busy 'nesting,' or 'violetting' in all the luxury of the Easter holidays. The poor man's spot of garden ground showed its knots of spring-flowers, and its border of daisies, primroses, and crocuses, with its budding gooseberry and currant bushes, while the mistress of the cottage might be seen twirling her mop at the door in the sunshine, and thanking Providence for 'the beautiful fine weather.' The house at Elstow where Bunyan lived, and carried on his father's business of a brazier, is still pointed out to strangers. It is a low narrow building, consisting of a room and closet on the ground floor, and a bed-chamber above. The front is coloured, like most of the houses in the village, with yellow ochre, and behind there is a small garden, which formerly contained the forge at which Bunyan used to work. The ceiling of the house is not plastered, and exhibits the same 'roof and rafters' that the pilgrim was wont to contemplate. Its present occupant is an aged widow, who appears to entertain a deep veneration for the memory of 'Mr Bunyan.' Many people, she said, came to see the house, and a gentleman of Bath had taken a drawing of it. The chapel at Bedford in which Bunyan preached is designated 'Bunyan's old meeting-house;' and the arm-chair on which he used to recline after his pulpit labours is carefully preserved in the vestry. They show the pew in Elstow church in which he used to sit (with his name cut on the boards), and the particular bell he was fond of ringing. The church of Elstow is part of a landscape worthy the happiest aspiration of a painter or poet. The building was originally an abbey of Benedictine nuns, which was dissolved at the Reformation; and it stands on a large secluded green at the end of the village, inclosed by aged oaks and plum-trees—at the time I saw them, white with blossoms. In front of the church porch is the ruined pedestal of a sun-dial, and adjoining the chancel are the remains of the conventual buildings, their grey walls decorated with ivy, shrubs, and flowers. Bunyan was a stern, austere, sectarian; but the recollection or the sight of the beautiful village church in which he was baptized, and whose bells he was so fond of ringing when a boy, must sometimes have been like dew to his toiling and troubled spirit, as he 'walked through the wilderness of this world.'"

* Southey's Life of Bunyan.

* Quarterly Review, No. 86.

† It seems to be the opinion of Bunyan's biographers in general, that this was the only book he possessed or studied, besides the Bible. Any one, however, who attentively peruses the Pilgrim's Progress, will find many passages which attest his familiarity with other books, and those belonging to what he would consider as profane literature. His lines beginning

> "Who would true valour see,
> Let him come hither;
> One here will constant be,
> Come wind, come weather," &c.,

must have been written in imitation of the delightful song in "As you like it." In his vision of Heaven, when discoursing on blessed spirits, he says, "A divine beauty in them ever durable, a beauty that *darts no contagious fires*." The words in italic seem to point to Milton's Description of Eve, whose "eye darted contagious fires," after eating the forbidden fruit. It will also be recollected, that, in his Vision of Hell, he introduces Hobbes, the sceptical philosopher of Malmesbury, as an interlocutor in the infernal regions, to which he had been condemned, in the fancy of Bunyan, for writing his "Leviathon."

dividuals belonging to hostile sects, who regarded his exertions with great jealousy, and endeavoured, by slanders, to ruin his reputation. It was insinuated that he was a Jesuit in disguise—that he was a highwayman—nay, even a witch—all of which suppositions show that he had begun to exercise no small influence over his fellow-creatures.

In 1657, though the sway of Cromwell produced more toleration than usual, an indictment was preferred against him for preaching at Eaton. This attempt to silence him was defeated; but immediately upon the Restoration, when the episcopal forms were re-established, he fell under a prosecution for preaching; and, on his avowing a fixed resolution to continue that practice, was imprisoned in Bedford jail. The dismay of his wife on this occasion caused her to fall into premature labour, and give birth to a dead child; but Bunyan, for his own part, rejoiced in his sufferings, in the hope that they would help the cause he had espoused. He was now completely separated from his pots and kettles, and might have been in great pecuniary distress, if he had not taken up a new trade equally humble with the former—the making of tagged thread laces. His confinement was to continue till he should promise to abstain from preaching; but, in the course of time, his jailor relaxed so far as to permit him to go abroad occasionally, to hold devotional communion among his friends. He was even allowed to pay a visit to London; and in the last year of his captivity he was chosen minister of the Baptist congregation—which could not have taken place if he had not enjoyed a considerable share of personal liberty.

Of sixty religious tracts and pamphlets, written by Bunyan in the course of his life, it is probable that many were composed in Bedford jail. These works, however, are of so little value, that they would have now been unworthy of notice, but for his "Pilgrim's Progress," which he also wrote in prison. Of this great classic of the common people—one of the most felicitous works ever penned—no copy of the first edition is now known to exist, and the date of its publication is therefore unknown. It must have appeared, however, before 1679, as the second edition, a copy of which is in the British Museum, is dated in the preceding year.

Bunyan was now the regular minister of the Baptist congregation, and was well known both as a writer and a preacher—his fame being so great in the latter capacity, that when he preached in the metropolis, which he occasionally visited, three thousand persons would come to the little chapel in Southwark, where he was to hold forth, being a far larger number than what could gain admittance. His book, in one sense, was truly original: it was the grand effort of a powerful, though unlettered genius; and it has never been approached by any imitator. How far, however, the author was indebted for his plan, and some of the details, to preceding intellects, is not so clear. Works of this allegorical kind are not uncommon in the early part of the seventeenth century. So early as 1629, the famous Mr Zachary Boyd, minister of Glasgow, published his "Last Battell of the Soule," in which such characters are introduced as Pastour, Sick Man, Spiritual Friend, Carnal Friend, Sathan, Michael, &c. A poem, entitled the Pilgrimage, which appeared in Whitney's Emblems, accompanied by an engraving, might, it is said, have given the hint for the Pilgrim's Progress; and it is curious that in 1672 was written (though it did not appear till 1678—the date of Bunyan's second edition, and perhaps also of his first) a short discourse by Dr Simon Patrick, dean of Peterborough, entitled the "Parable of a Pilgrim," in which, under the semblance of directions for a journey to Jerusalem, the learned author communicates many moral and religious instructions, and even introduces various persons representing different denominations of Christian believers. Still, making every allowance for hints and ideas variously procured, the honour of having written this happy book, which combines all the vivacity and entertainment of a novel with the profoundest religious knowledge, and the most persuasive instruction, remains to John Bunyan, as one of the highest that can belong to any literary name. The work is translated into almost all civilized languages, and, though tinged in some parts with the author's peculiar tenets, is read by almost all classes of religious thinkers. There has even been a kind of Roman Catholic paraphrase of it—in which, of course, one particular character, not spoken of in the most respectful manner, is omitted.

The success of the Pilgrim's Progress induced Bunyan to compose a second part, which, though written with equal felicity, produces upon the whole less impression on the mind of the reader. He also wrote an allegorical work, called "the Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the regaining of the Metropolis of the World; or the losing and retaking of Mansoul,"—an idea bearing a still stronger resemblance, it must be acknowledged, to the dramatic poem of Mr Zachary Boyd, just alluded to.

He survived his enlargement from prison sixteen years, during which he employed himself diligently as a preacher, both in Bedford and in other places. It speaks much to his personal worth as a man, that he was indefatigable also in administering to the temporal wants of the oppressed non-conformists of those days, and in promoting brotherly kindness among the individuals over whom he had any influence. He at length died, August 12, 1688, in consequence of a cold caught during a journey which he undertook for the purpose of reconciling a father to his son, who was threatened with disinheritation. This event took place at London, and he was interred in Bunhill-fields burial-ground, where a monument has been erected to his memory.

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN-OF-WAR VESSEL.

Having long been desirous of falling in with a well-written account of the arrangements and general economy on board of a man-of-war vessel, we have at length been so fortunate as to discover an admirable description of this nature in a recent work, entitled "Two Years and a Half in the American Navy, by E. C. Wines. Bentley, London." It applies to an American frigate, which, we believe, does not differ from a similar vessel in the British navy.

"A frigate (says this entertaining author) has three decks. The upper one is called the spar-deck, and this is again subdivided into different parts, each called by its appropriate name. All that part of it from the gangways aft, is denominated the quarter-deck. Next to the cabin, this is the most sacred part of the ship. No officer on duty is allowed to appear there unless he is dressed in his uniform, and on ascending to it from below, or in coming over the ship's sides, he is obliged to pay it his respects by touching his hat. I have been reprimanded for walking there in a hot summer's day without a cravat on, and the etiquette of touching the hat is in some instances so rigorously exacted, that midshipmen are suspended or quarantined for neglecting to comply with it.

In port, the starboard side* of the quarter-deck is appropriated to the captain and wardroom officers, and the larboard to the inferior officers. I have seen a sailor taken to the gangway and receive a dozen for walking aft on the starboard side of the deck. At sea the higher officers are entitled to the weather side, that is, the side upon which the wind blows, whichever it may be.

There are three hatches on the quarter-deck, the after one of which belongs exclusively to the superior officers. Near the centre is the capstern, a large wooden cylinder, by means of which the anchor and other heavy weights are raised. The wheel, at which four men are stationed to steer the ship, is just *forward* of the mizen-mast, and in front of it are the binnacles, two upright boxes, in each of which is placed a mariner's compass.

That part of the spar-deck forward of the foremast is called the forecastle. This is the favourite haunt of the men. Here they collect on a summer's evening to 'spin' their 'yarns' and forget their labours in the pleasures of the song and the dance. The blacksmith's shop is always shipped on the forecastle, when any work in that line is to be performed.

On that portion of the spar-deck, comprehended between the quarter-deck and the forecastle, are stowed all the spare spars, and also at sea all the boats, except one at the ship's stern, and one on each of her quarters. It is called the booms. On the spar-deck there are four ladders for the men, two of which are just forward of the gangways, and two just abaft the foremast. Parallel with this deck are six strong platforms, outside of the bulwarks, three on each side of the vessel, opposite the three masts. They are called the fore-main, and mizen chains. The shrouds, stout cable ropes which support the masts laterally, are fastened to them. The ropes which give a fore-and-aft support to the masts are denominated stays.

The guns on this deck are called carronades, and are all short, except generally two long carronades on the forecastle, and two on the quarter-deck. The bulwarks rise to about the height of a commou-sized man above the spar-deck. They terminate in the hammock-nettings, a deep trough nearly encircling the ship, in which the hammocks are stowed during the day. In foul weather the hammocks are protected by a tarred canvass cloth thrown over them, but in fair weather this tarpaulin is rolled up and laid on the top of them, so as to leave them almost entirely exposed. Nothing contributes more to the good appearance of a ship than clean hammocks, neatly stowed.

I will now conduct my reader down to the main, or gun-deck. This is the great luxury of a frigate, as it furnishes a fine promenade in all weathers. The sun, rain, and dews, are all excluded—things which annoy you prodigiously on board of a sloop. We will commence with the captain's cabin. This occupies nearly all the space on the main-deck abaft the mizen-mast, and encloses four guns. It is separated from the rest of the deck by a partition, called, as all partitions on shipboard are, a bulkhead, which is always removed when the ship is cleared for action.

The portion of the gun-deck, extending from the cabin to the main-mast, is denominated the half-deck. The larboard side of this is also appropriated to the officers, but it wants the sacred character of the quarter-deck. Its use is common to officers of every grade. It is constantly occupied as a promenade, and in summer is the general reading-room. That part of this deck comprehended between the main-mast and the galley, is called the waist, and here the carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, &c., carry on their respective businesses. The galley is just abaft the foremast, and is the ship's kitchen. The forward part of it is appropriated to the officers cooking. This is divided into three compartments, of which that on the larboard side is for the use of the captain, that on the starboard for the use of the wardroom mess, and that in the centre for all the officers below them. The after part of the galley is called the 'coppers,' and belongs to the crew. On each side of the galley is a suspended table for the use of the cooks.

The after-part of the berth-deck is occupied as a mess-room by the lieutenants and other commissioned officers. It is called the wardroom, extends to a considerable distance forward of the mizen-mast, and is separated from the rest of the deck by a bulkhead. It has five state-rooms on each side, which, though not very large, are sufficiently commodious, and are furnished with neat little bureaus at the public expense. Some of the officers have them carpeted and fitted up in elegant style. The first lieutenant is entitled to the first state-room on the starboard-side, and the others follow him in the order of their rank. The room on the larboard-side, corresponding to the first lieutenant's, belongs to the sailing-master, and the purser, surgeon, and chaplain, are entitled to rooms receding from his in the order in which their names are here mentioned. The wardroom receives its light principally from a large skylight over head.

Immediately forward of the wardroom is the steerage, the midshipmen's domicile. This differs materially in different ships. In some, as in the Constellation, it is partitioned off into different mess-rooms; while in others, as in the Brandywine, it is all common, and is separated from the forward part of the deck only by a canvass curtain. In the Constellation there are four mess-rooms, two on each side of the ship. They are each about nine feet by seven. The *middies* are not allowed to have trunks on board, and the mess-rooms are therefore furnished with lockers to supply their place. Of these there are two kinds, chest-lockers and 'up-and-down' lockers. The chest-lockers are nothing more than boxes surrounding three sides of the rooms: the upright ones are more like bureaus, and are much more commodious.

Immediately forward of the steerage are four state-rooms, occupied by the forward officers, and between them are four mess-lockers (small store-rooms), where the provisions of the steerage and cockpit are kept. Here is also an air-pump, by means of which the foul air is removed from the lower parts of the ship.

We are now forward of the main-mast, and have come to an open part of the deck, lined on each side by a row of chests. Each of these is appropriated to one of the ship's messes, and contains its table, furniture, and daily provisions. Here are also compartments, formed by upright wooden grates, and extending on both sides of the ship, from the state-rooms of the forward officers to the sick-bay, in which the men keep their clothes. The sick-bay, or apartment for the sick, is a small room quite at the forward extremity of the berth-deck. On each side of this deck there is a row of air-ports, designed chiefly for the purpose of ventilation, which extend from one end of it to the other. They are open only in port.

I will not detain the reader by a minute description of a frigate's lower regions. Underneath the wardroom are the magazine and principal bread-room. The cockpit and spirit-room are below the steerage, and directly forward of them is the main-hold, which extends over no inconsiderable portion of the ship. Here are stowed the cables, water, and most of the provisions. The forward officers' store-rooms are underneath the sick-bay. The various implements of their respective crafts are kept in them, and they are generally fitted up with a good deal of taste and elegance. This is a part of the ship always shown to strangers, and which, if kept in proper order, generally excites more interest than any other.

The government on board a man-of-war is despotic, and must be so from the circumstances under which it exists. Men are here congregated together from almost every country under heaven. They bring with them no natural principles of amalgamation, but, on the contrary, almost as many apples of discord as there are individuals in the crew. Nothing but necessity can bind into one harmonious whole so many discordant elements, and that necessity must result from a system of discipline, stern in its nature and prompt in the execution of its penalties. If the commander were not, in a manner, clothed with the power of a despot, neglect of duty would often go unpunished, confusion would soon be worse confounded, and the secretary might order every vessel in the navy to be set on fire, dismiss his clerks, and retire from the toils of office to enjoy the quiet of his own fireside.

Time on shipboard is divided into watches, and reckoned by bells. Hence you never hear the question, 'What's o'clock?' but 'How many bells is it?' The twenty-four hours are divided into six equal portions, called watches. At the end of the first half-hour of one of these portions, the bell is struck one; at the end of the second, two; and so on, till the series reaches eight, when it commences again. Thus it will be perceived that two bells means either one, five, or nine o'clock; and five bells either half-past two, six, or ten. In the ship's journals, the dates are put down according to the common mode of reckoning time.

The division of time into watches differs somewhat at sea and in port. In the former case the watches are all four hours long, with the exception of two in the evening, called dog-watches, from four to six, and from six to eight. In port there is but one watch during the day, viz. from eight o'clock A.M. to eight P.M. The night-watches are the same as at sea.

Order is the first great rule on board a man-of-war, and that to which all others must bend. From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, the same stroke of the bell is followed by the same whistle, the same call, and the recurrence of the same duties. Every thing has its place too, and must be kept in it. So true is this, that a person acquainted with the details of a ship, can lay his hand on a given object in any part of her as well in the dark as if a thousand suns were shining on it. To the same grand principle—ORDER, are to be attributed the numerous divisions and subdivisions of the officers and crew.

The whole number of persons on board the Constellation varied at different times from three hundred and eighty to four hundred and twenty. The three grand divisions of the moral elements in the naval service are into officers, men, and marines. Of the former there were generally about forty; of the second, somewhat more than three hundred; and of the latter, thirty-five, more or less.

At the head of the list stands the captain. He is literally 'monarch of all he surveys,' and 'sitteth secure

* As you stand facing the ship's head, the starboard is on your right, and larboard on your left. The larboard side is also called port.

in high authority and dread.' His will is supreme; and from his decisions, for the time being, there is no appeal. He has a general superintendence over the affairs of the ship, and every order of a general nature must originate in him. No important alteration can be made without his knowledge and consent. It is his duty to take a general oversight of the officers' conduct; to see that they are guilty of no improprieties, and to punish such as are. He is responsible for the safety of the ship, both at sea and in port. If any business of a public nature is to be transacted with a foreign power, it falls of course into his hands. These are his duties in time of peace; in war he has still higher responsibilities.

From this brief exposition, it will readily occur to the thinking mind that the commander of a government vessel ought to be a man of good natural endowments and varied acquirements. Courage, moderation, and judgment, comprehension of intellect sufficient to view a subject in all its bearings, a keen sagacity in discriminating between the distinctions of subtle minds, and a general acquaintance with the usages of nations, are indispensable, not only to his own fame, but also to the reputation and interests of his country. Hence it appears that the qualifications requisite in a captain of the navy are by no means such as can be acquired by a dunce, or even by a man of understanding, without much study and reflection.

Next in rank come the wardroom officers, consisting, on board of a frigate, of six lieutenants, a purser, surgeon, chaplain, sailing-master, and lieutenant of marines. The first lieutenant is next in power to the captain; and though his station is less responsible, his duties are more laborious. He has a general supervision over the ship, and is to see that she is kept clean and in proper order. To this end he is obliged to inspect every part of her at least once a-day, and report her condition to the captain. When the ship is put in commission, it devolves chiefly upon him to station the men, a business of the most laborious and difficult nature, requiring great patience, a discriminating judgment, and deep insight into the human heart. It is his duty to have the men frequently exercised at the guns; to regulate the expenditures of certain public stores; to take care that the men keep themselves clean and decently clad; to superintend the watering and victualling of the ship; and, in short, to see that all her multifarious and complicated concerns move on regularly and harmoniously. In coming to an anchor and getting under weigh, and when all hands are called to reef topsails, or for other purposes, he takes the trumpet. On him, more than on the captain himself, depends the comfort of the officers. In port, it belongs to him to grant or withhold permission to go ashore; and there are a thousand other ways, in which, if he is a man of capricious or malignant disposition, he can gratify his whims or his spleen at the expense of the comfort and feelings of his fellow-officers. The qualifications most needed in a first lieutenant are freedom from caprice and passion, fixed principles of action, moderation combined with decision, a dignified affability, a disposition to be at once liberal and just, and a profound knowledge of character. On the whole, his situation, though highly important, is not very enviable; and my observation has satisfied me that to be generally popular as a first lieutenant, requires a combination of qualities, such as rarely falls to the lot of any man.

The other lieutenants are divided into watches, and take turns in performing the duties belonging to their station. The lieutenant on duty is styled in writing the officer of the watch, but is familiarly called the officer of the deck. Some of his duties are common at sea and in port, and others are peculiar to each of these situations. In both he is responsible for the deck while he has charge of it, and has also to take a general oversight of the ship. He must see that the men's rations are properly cooked, and that they have their meals at proper hours. The serving of the grog is also under his control. At sea his duty is to sail the ship, keeping her on the course given her by the captain, and reporting to him any change in the wind, the discovery of land or strange sails, and any extraordinary occurrences. At night he has (the captain waked at stated periods,* and the state of the weather reported to him. On receiving the trumpet, the first thing the officer of the deck does is to glance at the compass, the sails, the dog-vane, the sky, and the water, to discover the state of the ship, the wind, and the weather; and at the end of the watch, he must have a general account of the weather, and other matters which he may deem proper, inserted in the ship's log-book. The duty of the officer of the deck in port is to receive any supplies of water or provisions which may come alongside, to regulate the sending away of boats, to keep a look-out as to what is going on in the harbour, to report the arrival of ships and any important occurrences to the captain, &c. The lieutenants are also officers of divisions, and frequently have to exercise the men at the guns, besides superintending the monthly issues of slops to their respective divisions.

Next in rank to the lieutenants, I suppose, would come the regular sailing-master, but the duties of this office are almost universally performed in the American service by passed midshipmen, who have received merely acting appointments. After the first lieutenant, the duties of a sailing-master are more comprehensive and arduous than those of any other officer. His supervision and responsibility extend to almost all the public stores in the ship, but particularly to the water, spirits, cables, and anchors. He reports the daily expenditures of water to the captain. It is his business to keep the ship's place, and report it at least twice a-day to the commander, together with the bearings and distance of the port to which she is bound, or the nearest land desired to be made. Some commanders leave this entirely to their sailing-masters.

There is no berth on board a man-of-war more cozy than that of purser. He holds the keys of the strong-box, and though his regular salary is not much, his emoluments, arising from other sources, are greater than those of the commander himself. All the provisions on board are committed to his charge, and the ship's accounts are all kept by him. His responsibilities are very great, and heavy bonds are therefore justly exacted from him.

The surgeon and his two assistants form the medical staff of a frigate. The assistant-surgeons form a distinct class of officers, ranking between the wardroom officers and midshipmen. In frigates and ships of the line they mess in the cockpit, but in all other public vessels in the steerage. The business of the staff is of course to take care of the sick, and perform such surgical operations as may be necessary. A daily journal is kept of the names, rank, diseases, and constitutional habits of all the sick on board, and also of the medicines administered to them. From the journal a report is made out and signed by the surgeon every morning, stating the names, rank, and diseases of the sick, and the number added to and taken from the list. This is handed to the captain. Another list, containing only the names, is placed in the binnacle for the use of the officer of the deck. Nothing will excuse either an officer or a man from duty, but the fact of his being registered on the sick list. A general review of the sick takes place every morning after breakfast. One of the assistant-surgeons inspects the ship's coppers every day, to see that no verdigris is allowed to collect upon them. It is the duty of the surgeon not only to attend to the sick, but also to recommend and enforce such precautionary measures as will have a tendency to prevent disease, and thus secure the general health of the officers and crew.

The laws of the United States make it the duty of the chaplain to perform divine service twice a-day, and preach a sermon on the Sabbath, unless bad weather or other extraordinary occurrences prevent it. The former of these duties is never fulfilled, and the latter rarely.

The lieutenant of marines has few duties of any kind to perform. His office, though necessary as long as the marine corps is continued, is nearly a sinecure.

I come now to the midshipmen, *alias* the young gentlemen; for by this name they are always called on shipboard. The number of these varied on board of the Constellation, at different times, from fifteen to upwards of twenty. It would be difficult to give any very definite idea of what their duties are; for, although an interesting class of officers on account of what they are to be, yet, in their present capacity, they do little more than echo the orders of their superiors. There is a change of wind; the officer of the deck orders the men to 'Lay aft to the braces!'—'Lay aft to the braces!' cries every midshipman on deck. The wind freshens so as to make it necessary to clue up the mainsail: 'Man the main clue garnet!' is thundered through the trumpet:—'Man the main clue garnet!' is instantly repeated by some half dozen echoes. However, they have some specific duties. They carry messages from the officer of the deck to the captain, and in port one of them takes charge of every boat that leaves the ship. At sea, seven bells is reported to them every morning at half-past eleven, when they are obliged to go on deck with their quadrants, and take the sun. They have to work out the last day's run, and report the course, distance made good, and ship's place at noon each day, to the captain. They muster the crew when the watch is called at night. They are also required to keep a journal of the cruise, which is, however, only a copy of the ship's log. This is examined every few weeks by the commanding officer; and if it happens not to be written up when called for, the delinquent is generally punished by a curtailment of some of his indulgences.

Five of the oldest midshipmen are master's mates. Their duties are more important and responsible than those of the others. The master's mate of the hold superintends the expenditures of provisions, water, and spirits; keeps an accurate account of the quantity of each expended daily, and reports it to the proper authority. He also makes the rough copy of the ship's log from the log-slate. This is afterwards transferred to another book, called the smooth log. In both, the different officers of the deck put their signatures to the remarks made by their authority. It is the duty of the master's mate of the gun-deck to keep the deck in good order, and to prevent improper conduct on the part of the men. In addition to this, he oversees the serving out of grog and provisions. There are three master's mates of the watches, that is, one to each of them. Each in turn has charge of the forecastle, and, at the end of every hour, it is his business to heave the log, to ascertain the ship's rate of going. This he reports to the officer of the deck, who, making such allowance as he chooses, tells him to give her such a rate and course, and directs him to make such remarks on the log-slate as he (the officer of the deck) may deem proper.

The boatswain, gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker, form a distinct class of officers, called forward-officers. I shall not enter into the particulars of their duties. The boatswain is charged with the rigging of the ship, and in port attends to squaring the yards. You may know him by his silver whistle, rattan cane, and above all by the ruddy hues of his countenance, and the odious vapours that issue from his mouth. The gunner has charge of the military stores, and, when all hands are called, of the main rigging. The carpenter is responsible for the stores belonging to his department, and superintends the corking of the ship, and other work performed by his subalterns. The sailmaker is charged with the sails, hammocks, and generally all the canvass in the ship. At sea, he is obliged to go aloft on each of the three masts, examine the condition of the sails, and report it to the first lieutenant every morning before breakfast.

The midshipmen of the Constellation were obliged to ask permission of the captain to go ashore. On one occasion, when all the officers above the third lieutenant were absent from the ship, some of them applied to him to go ashore. Permission was promptly given. When the captain returned and learned who were ashore, he sent for Mr ——, to inquire into the matter. 'Sir,' he replied, 'I was at the time acting commander of the ship, and had both the power and the right to do as I did.'"

(To be concluded in our next.)

* On board of the Constellation every two hours.

EFFECTS OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTS, TRADES, AND MANUFACTURES.

Masons (says Mr Thackrah, in his instructive work on the effects produced by working at different professions) inhale particles of sand and dust, which arise from chipping the stone. They often use great muscular exertion in lifting weights; they are exposed also to the vicissitudes of the weather; they are addicted to intemperance. We promptly find the effects of these circumstances on their physical state. From their exertion in the open air, their face has colour, and the figure is muscular and robust: inhaling dust, the bronchial membrane is often in a state of chronic inflammation: dissipated in their habits, they become susceptible of atmospheric changes, and hence are frequently affected with pains in the limbs: finally, from the combination of these injurious agents, dust and dissipation, and the mutual reaction of morbid states thus induced, masons are short-lived, dying generally before they attain the age of 40.

The subject leads me to refer to the state of Miners, though their occupation is not strictly a part of my paper, nor one which I have had the opportunity personally to examine. In the mines in the north of England, the workmen, I am informed, suffer considerably when employed in ore in the sandstone, but are sensible of no inconvenience where the ore is in limestone. I am indebted to an intelligent friend for the following information:—"The reason they assign is, that the latter is full of vertical and other fissures, which allow the superincumbent beds of water to percolate through the roof of the mine; whilst the sandstone strata, which are impervious to water, preserve the mine quite dry; consequently, the minute particles of rock formed by blasting or the pickaxe, are kept in a dry state within the sandstone mine, forming, as it were, an atmosphere of dust, which the miner is constantly inhaling. In the limestone mine, the particles, on the contrary, are laid as they are formed, by the continuous oozing, dropping, and splashing of the insinuating water. Some miners account for the difference by the solubility of the limestone. Miners rarely work more than six hours a-day, yet they seldom attain the age of 40. They take immense quantities of ardent spirits, not with the view of enabling them the better to sustain their unhealthy employment, but confessedly to drown the ever-recurring idea, that they are, from their occupation, doomed to premature disease. Last year, there were in the village of Arkendale (in the heart of the mining district) not less than thirty widows under 30 years of age. The prevalent maladies appear to be affections of the lungs and bowels. Smelting is considered a most fatal occupation. The appearance of the men is haggard in the extreme. The Alstone Moor miners repair annually in great numbers to Cartmel Holywell, where they derive great benefit from that saline water."

The latter part of this statement is surely melancholy enough to call forth the active sympathy of all who witness the facts. If the injury to health and life result from the dust of the sandstone, could not the simple remedy of water be applied? If water will not percolate through standstone, might not the frequent use of a common watering-can prove a substitute?

A parallel case to that of the miners occurs in the Grinders of Sheffield. Dr Knight, in the North-of-England Medical Journal, states that the fork-grinders, who use a *dry* grindstone, die at the age of 28 or 32, while the table-knife grinders, who work on *wet* stones, survive to between 40 and 50.

Machine-Makers are divided into several departments. The founding produces only the slight and temporary annoyance of dust from the charcoal sprinkled on the mould. The men, in Leeds at least, are generally healthy. Dressing the iron, technically called "fetling," seems to be equally innoxious.

Turning, boring, and grooving wrought-iron, present nothing remarkable. But the *turning of cast-iron* is so laborious, that the men can scarcely bear it for the whole of the day. The particles of iron cast off in the process are large, and do not, consequently, affect the lungs in a sensible and great degree.

Draw-filing cast-iron is a very injurious occupation. The dust is much more abundant, and the metallic particles much more minute, than in the filing of *wrought*-iron. Does this difference arise from the texture, the degree in which the particles are united in wrought and cast-iron; or does it arise from the manganese and magnesia contained in the latter? The particles rise so copiously as to blacken the mouth and nose. The men first feel the annoyance in the nostrils. The lining membrane discharges copiously for some time, and then becomes preternaturally dry. The air-tube is next affected. Respiration is difficult on any increase of exertion; and a habitual cough is at length produced. At the same time, the digestive organs become impaired; and morning vomiting, or an ejection of mucus on first rising, is not infrequent. The disorder varies of course with the constitution of the individual; but the common termination, when men pursue the employment for years, is bronchial or tubercular consumption. The frequency of these fa-

tal diseases is easily explained. The sensitive membrane lining the air-tube and air-cells is irritated by the particles of iron inhaled at every breath: chronic inflammation becomes established; the constitution is seriously injured by the quantity of muco-purulent matter which is discharged, by the want of a full purification of the blood, and by the exhaustion which habitual cough produces: hectic fever and emaciation succeed. More certainly fatal is the case, where there exists in the constitution a predisposition to the tubercular form of the disease. The researches of the French pathologists, as well as our own observations, prove the cartilaginous bodies, called tubercles, to be very frequent in the human lungs, to be slow in assuming a destructive character, and often to remain crude or latent for an indefinite period. The subject of the present paper scarcely requires a detail of the progress of these bodies, as affected by external agents and internal excitement—their augmentation, coalescence, change of hue, softening, the final purulent expectoration, by which successive masses are removed, and the effects produced on the lungs, the air-tube, and the constitution. Suffice it to urge, that a great proportion of our population is born with tubercles, or a disposition to the formation of these bodies; that various agents in civil life tend powerfully to excite their developement, and none more than irritation of the bronchial membrane. This membrane is affected by gaseous agents, but much more by palpable substances. Dust of every kind irritates, but not in an equal degree. Much, I conceive, depends on the size and figure of the particles which enter the air-tube. The dust from the roads produces no apparent mischief, while the mason's chippings from the stone occasion serious and often fatal injury to his lungs. The dust from old iron, which is thrown off so copiously as to deposit a thick brown layer on the dress of the dealers in this article, produces no inconvenience; while the less apparent detachment of particles by the file is decidedly baneful to the workers in iron. It is, then, the *form* rather than the material, the spiculæ, the angular or pointed figure of the particles detached, which we conceive the chief cause of injury.

The filers are almost all unhealthy men, and remarkably short-lived. One instance only in this neighbourhood can we find of a man's following the employ for 20 years. At two of the principal machine manufactories of Leeds, there are only two filers of the age of 48; and in neither case, I believe, has the individual pursued the labour uninterruptedly from boyhood. The mortality among machine-makers is not the result of intemperance; for the men, in this neighbourhood at least, are generally steady. It is not the result of error in diet, clothing, or exercise. It can be ascribed only to the nature of the employ, and the train of baneful effects to which I have adverted.

What can be done to prevent this lamentable waste of life? Magnetic mouth-pieces, which attract the particles of iron inhaled in respiration, and thus greatly diminish the quantity which would enter the air-tube, were many years ago introduced in Sheffield, and ought ere this to have been tried in Leeds. But there is a strange apathy among both the men and the masters. Though very intelligent, and conversant not only with the science of their manufacture, but often also with knowledge in general, they are remarkably thoughtless on a subject which most deeply concerns them. Man after man dies of decay in the prime of life, and no warning is taken by the survivors. Machine-makers, indeed, are generally unwilling to admit the fact of excessive mortality. They naturally dislike the idea of being more subject than their neighbours to disease and death. They will rarely admit that they labour under disorder, till consumption is established, and its effects apparent to every observer. To our general questions, they reply, "We are all pretty healthy." And it is only by examining each workman that we find the deception. Had they the providence and the courage fairly to examine this important subject, some measures would be devised for correcting the evil. Magnetic mouth-pieces, or some contrivance still more effectual, would be speedily adopted. Though their own knowledge is much more likely to avail than any suggestion of mine, I would ask, if a change can be made in the smelting of iron, or advantage obtained by farther purification? The working of wrought-iron we find to be much less injurious to health than that of the cast.

The preceding remarks apply chiefly to the iron-work in the making of machines. The *brass* work must also be noticed. The *founders* suffer from the inhalation of the volatilized metal. In the founding of *yellow* brass in particular, the evolution of oxide of zinc is very great. It immediately affects respiration; it less directly affects the digestive organs. The men suffer from difficulty of breathing, cough, pain at the stomach, and sometimes morning vomiting. We did not find one brass-founder more than 40 years of age, though we have since been informed that there are two brass-founders in the neighbourhood, of the ages of 60 and 70, who have continued at the employ from boyhood. The *Turners, Filers*, and *Dressers of Brass*, do not seem to be more unhealthy than the generality of our townsmen. We observe among the filers, the hair of the head changed to green.

Braziers are subject to the noxious exhalations from the solder, but their employments are so varied as to preclude exposure to its influence for a considerable time at once.

Copper-Smiths are considerably affected by the fine scales which rise from the imperfectly-volatilized metal, and by the fumes of the "spelter," or solder of brass. The men are generally unhealthy, suffering from disorders similar to those of the brass-founders.

Tinplate-Workers are subjected to fumes from muriate of ammonia, and sulphurous exhalations from the coke which they burn. These exhalations, however, appear to be annoying rather than injurious, as the men are tolerably healthy, and live to a considerable age. Tinners also are subject only to temporary inconvenience from the fumes of the soldering.

Plumbers are exposed to the volatilized oxide of lead, which rises during the process of "casting." The fumes frequently induce vomiting at the time; and men who are much in this department are soon seriously injured. The common working of the metal also seems to be deleterious. A sweet taste is often perceived in the mouth during the beating of lead, and fumes arise from the application of the solder. Plumbers, however, though sickly in appearance, do not generally complain, nor are they, in this neighbourhood at least, where casting is rare, frequently off work from illness. We were informed that in a sick club containing 25 members, two individuals only have applied during the last year for assistance, and one of these had been burnt by accident. It is nevertheless apparent, that the occupation undermines the constitution, for plumbers are short-lived. I learn that there are but two individuals in Leeds and the neighbourhood, who have regularly pursued this employ, beyond the age of 40.

Is there no substance which, being volatilized at the same time, would combine with the oxide of lead, so as to produce a less injurious compound?

THE KENTUCKY CAVERN.

In the month of December 1826, the writer, in company with another gentleman, being on his way from Louisville to Nashville, took occasion to visit this cave. Its entrance was in a steep declivity of a hill. The dimensions of the mouth are about forty feet in height by fifty in breadth, decreasing gradually for the first half mile, till the cavern is no more than ten feet in height and as many in breadth; at which place a partition has been erected, with a door of convenient dimensions, for the purpose of protecting the lights of visitors. There is at this place a current of air passing inwardly for six months, and outwardly for the remainder of the year. Sufficiently strong is it, that, were it not for the door that has been made, it would be impossible to preserve an open light. It is called the mouth as far as this place, on account of its being the extent of the influence of daylight, which here appears like a small star. Formerly, when the cavern was first discovered, this part was nearly filled with earth, which has been recently manufactured into saltpetre.

Having prepared ourselves with a sufficient quantity of provision, oil, and candles, and taking two persons as guides, we took our last view of the daylight, and proceeded forward, closing the door behind us. Immediately we found ourselves in thick and almost palpable darkness: the whole of our four lights spread but a feeble radiance about us. Such is the height at this place, that we were hardly able to discover the top; and to see from one side to the other was utterly impossible. From this place extended several caverns, or, as travellers have named them, rooms, in different directions. This part of the cave is called the "first hopper." The soil at the bottom of the cave is very light, and strongly impregnated with salt. The sides and top are formed of rock. We proceeded forward, passing several rooms on our right, and one on our left, until we arrived at the second hopper, a distance of four miles from the mouth. About a mile in the rear of this, was pointed out to us by our guide the place where the celebrated mummy was found, which is now exhibiting in the American museum of New York. It was found in a sitting posture, by the side of the cavern, enveloped in a mat, and in a complete state of preservation.

We next entered the room denominated the "haunted chamber." It is nearly two miles in length, twenty feet in height, and ten in breadth, extending nearly the whole length in a right line. The top is formed of smooth white stone, soft, and much resembling the plastering of a room.

There is a small quantity of water constantly (though almost imperceptibly) falling from above, which, in the course of ages, has worn out from the stone at the top some beautiful pillars, which extend to the bottom of the room. They have the appearance of being the work of art. In one of them, there is formed a complete chair, with arms, which has received the name of "arm-chair."

By this side is a clear pool of water, strongly impregnated with sulphur. The sides of the room are likewise elegantly adorned with a variety of figures, formed from the stone at the top, and coming down upon the sides of the cavern, like icicles in the winter, from the eaves of buildings, the reflections of our lights upon them forming a most brilliant appearance. At the end of this room we descended a kind of natural staircase, to the depth of near three hundred feet, in many places affording room for only one person to proceed. Here we found a beautiful stream of pure water, winding its way along between the rocks. The situation of this part of the cavern is rendered really awful, from its being associated with a variety of names that travellers have given it. The portrait of his satanic majesty is painted here upon the rock, and a large flat stone, resting its corners upon four others, is called his dining-table. A short distance from this is a place said to be his forging shop. On the whole, they are admirably calculated to frighten the cowardly. We return to the main cavern, and resume our course, climbing over rocks that had evidently fallen from above, and passing a number of rooms on our right and left. With much exertion we reached the place denominated the "six corners," in consequence of six rooms or caverns here taking different directions. Not having time to examine these, we proceeded to the first waterfall, about two miles farther, over a level plain. The track of persons who might have preceded us for ages, was as plainly visible in the sand as when first made. There is no air stirring that would move the slightest feather, or prevent the impression of a footstep from remaining for centuries.

We now directed our course to the chief city, about one mile farther. A large hill, situated in the centre of the cave, would have exhibited a most commanding prospect, if the darkness had not obstructed our vision. One of us, however, standing upon the top, with a light stationed at different parts of its base, obtained a novel and interesting view of the cavern. There is an echo here that is very powerful, and we improved it with a song, much to our gratification. We started forward again, travelling over a plain of two miles extent, and about the same distance over the rocks and hills, when we arrived at the second waterfall. The water here dashed into a pit below of immense depth. A circumstance occurred here that had nearly proved fatal to one of us. The sides of the pit are formed of loose rocks, and we amused ourselves by rolling them down, in order to hear them strike the bottom. Such is the depth of it, that a minute elapsed before we could hear them strike, and the sound but very faint. One of our party venturing too near, for the purpose of rolling a stone, started the foundation on which he stood, and was precipitated down about twenty feet, with the tumbling stones; but fortunately a projecting rock saved him from destruction. This put an end to all our amusements; and being much fatigued with a travel of twenty-four hours on foot, and seeing no fairer prospects of finding the end than when we commenced, we concluded to return. We accordingly took up our line of march, returning the way we came. After being forty-two hours absent from the light of day, we again found ourselves at the mouth of the cavern, and gave ourselves up to a refreshing sleep.

There are a number of pits of great depth, in different parts of the cave, which make it necessary to be very careful in exploring it. There is danger also of taking some unexplored room, and becoming so lost as not to be able to find the way out. This is, however, obviated by the precaution that has been taken, as far as has been explored, to place the figure of an arrow at the entrance of every room, pointing to the mouth of the cave. Care should always be taken to preserve the lights, as it would be impossible for any one to find the way back in darkness, farther than the first hopper. We found the names of ladies inscribed at the farthest points we reached; and our guide remarked that they were the most courageous visitors he had. For three miles from the mouth, the sides and top of the cavern are covered with a remarkable quantity of bats, hanging down from the top in the form of bee-hives, from two to three feet thick. They are in a torpid state, and are seldom known to fly. There are about twenty different rooms that have been discovered, and but three of them that have been explored to the end. This vast cavern is apparently hollow beneath, from the sound that is made by walking through many of the rooms. It would probably take months to explore to the end of all the rooms that have been, and which remain to be discovered. The moving of some few obstructions, at a trifling expense, and lighting of the cavern, would enable a stage to go with safety to the second waterfall, a distance of fifteen miles.*

* Abridged from a letter written by a correspondent of the New England Review.

The present number of the Journal completes a quarter, for which payment was generally received from subscribers in town: the Publishers respectfully notify, that, in the course of the ensuing week, receipts for the next quarterly payment will be sent to the houses of the subscribers, and that it would be conferring a particular favour, and save much trouble, if payment were made when called for. It would, perhaps, be most convenient for both parties, in order to prevent the possible necessity of a second application, that the subscribers (if they wish to continue the Journal) should leave the small sum required with their servants.

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MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

(Second Article.)

NOTHING can be more obvious than the revolutions which take place in the fortunes of families with almost every new generation. Our predecessors used to express this in a proverbial way, as follows:—

The grandsire buys: the father bigs:*
The son sells, and the grandson thigs.†

That is, fortune is acquired by one generation, used and enjoyed by a second, and squandered by a third, whose posterity become beggars. The general case is more exactly this: the child of a poor man works hard, and obtains wealth; the sons of this person, gifted with fortune of which they do not know the value, throw it to the winds, and leave their children destitute; these children, however, knowing what poverty is, are careful, industrious, and successful, like their grandfather, and leave wealth to be again dissipated, as his was. The one generation, in short, gains what it does not spend; the other spends what it does not gain. Hardly any man has both the gaining and spending of his money—unless, indeed, he be one of those philosophers who judiciously contrive to be always, as the saying is, between the hand and the mouth, and thus defraud of all possible advantage, both contemporaries and posterity, superiors, inferiors, and equals.

All the real good that is done in the world, is done by a limited number of persons. Some from their very childhood are marked out as individuals who will fully discharge every obligation of nature—work hard for their own bread, sustain those who have claims of affection upon them, and, after an useful and beneficial life, find themselves with a surplus for endowing their children. Others are destined from the very womb to be a trouble to all around them—to work hardly any, or to no good purpose; to bring children into the world whom others have to support; to be always, in fact, in the way of taking, and spoiling, and *sorning*, without ever making a single fellow-being the better of them—something like those children of charity described in works on the English poor-laws, who are ushered into existence by a midwife paid by the parish, nursed by a parish nurse, educated at a free school, apprenticed and supported all through by the parish, and finally buried at the expense of the same overladen establishment. Just here and there in the waste of men, we see a goodly, honest, and painstaking person keeping up a decent house above his head, and paying scot and lot, as the saying is, with something perhaps to spare; while all around him hang numerous individuals, related and unrelated, who supply their own deficiencies from his store, and enjoy all the advantages of industry, or perhaps more, with nothing of its toils. If a man be tolerably poor, he is permitted to lead a truly happy and independent life; but no sooner is it known of one that *he has any thing*, than whole legions of people come flocking about him to ravish away a share of it, and he is pestered out of his very life till they have got him once more equalised in every respect with themselves. A chicken which has just scraped up a rather larger worm than usual, is the aptest emblem in nature of a man so situated. Off she flies with the precious morsel hanging in her mouth. Off fly the rest of the brood after her, clamouring and pecking for a bit of it. In vain does she represent to them (for no doubt she does so) that the worm was the captive of her own bow and spear—that they may seek for another, and she won't interfere with them in eating it. No, no; nothing will do but a fair division of the spoil. Down at last goes the insect upon the ground, where it is immediately torn and gobbled in very unequal portions by her companions; and happy is she, if, in the long-run, she gets even a fair share of what unquestionably was altogether her own property.

So long as a man stands single in the world, or has none but infant children to attend to, he runs little risk of being altogether ruined by means not his own. The grand danger in the life of a respectable married member of society arises at the time when his children become men and women. We shall suppose a man who has been entirely the architect of his own fortune; a meritorious tradesman, who at first had to struggle with all the mishaps described in the preceding article—a victim father, a family not his own to be supported, and his capital for business all to be formed by his own labour. Suppose that this person, by singular perseverance, virtue, and ability, has overcome all his early troubles, and found himself at last able, without imprudence, to undertake the charge of a family of his own. In all probability, before his children grow up, he has been able to assume a style of life, which, though not ostentatious, comprises as much luxury and comfort as he may well be considered entitled to, after so laborious a life. Whatever be his mode of living, it is supported entirely by his own gains; and no one, therefore, can justly challenge it. It turns out, however, that the very ease in which this deserving man now lives, is apt to be exceedingly detrimental to his children. They have never known what want was. They calculate perhaps upon being set forward so well in the world, that very little exertion on their part may be necessary. It is at least apparent that the distressing circumstances which were a stimulus to their father in early life, are completely wanting to them; and as the circumstances are contrary, so is the result apt to be. The father was urged by a desire of living as he now lives; but the sons, who already live in this manner, have no such motive. It matters not that, so far as the young people are concerned, it is not a life that can last: the early usage is the thing which operates. In all entrances into life there are great initiatory difficulties: if a boy become an apprentice to a trade, he has to encounter much drudgery at first, and perhaps many real hardships; if he be destined for what is called a profession, the first steps are not in the least more easy. Now, the mischief lies in the disgust which a young person who has been brought up with all appliances and services, must feel on entering a course of life where the usage is so different and the labour so great. Lads who have mingled with genteel company, whether at their mother's tea-drinkings, or in scenes less innocent, cannot be seen going about as errand-boys, or doing any of those other acts of drudgery which are required on entering a business of the same order with that practised by their father. Such trades, therefore, are left to boys from the country, who have no acquaintances in whose eyes they may be degraded, or to the children of poorer persons than their own fathers. Now, it might be all very well that the young men are thus inclined, when the father is really possessed of fortune, and can give them the desired promotion in life. The cases, however, of which we speak, are those in which the father can only live respectably, and has little or no command of spare money. In such a case, the affluence is just enough to do evil, without going far enough to do good. It would almost appear, that, unless a man could feign poverty, and absolutely abstain from enjoying the fruits of his own industry, he can hardly save his children from this misfortune, or himself from the evils likely to arise from it.

It is not to be denied that many sons manifest superior application and talent to what has been shown by fathers of this kind, and, taking up the family prosperity at the point where their predecessors have dropped it, do not rest till they have carried it many degrees onward. Few instances, however, are found of prosperity in a *third* generation: Nature, which evidently never contemplated entails, seems to decree otherwise, in order that the good things of the world may not be monopolised by any peculiar race of men. At the hazard of being thought paradoxical, we would assign one generation as the more ordinary limit of prosperity, and lay it down as the most hopeful sign of any young man that his father was poor and his education hardy, while nothing, we would say, can look so ill for such an individual, as that he was brought up in perfect comfort, and had a patrimony to look forward to. We remember an honest country lad who used occasionally to cut the hair of his younger brothers, or of any other companion who chose, by submitting to him, to save the trifle generally given to the professed village barber. Some one once rallied this amateur tonsor on the inequalities which his scissors left behind them; to which he, with equal philosophy and good humour, replied, "Never mind—there's just a fortnight between a well-cut head and an ill one;" a remark which applies amazingly to the subject now in hand. The difference, evidently, between entering the world with and without capital, even where it is used in the former case with tolerable prudence, is purely a matter of time. A few years generally make them nearly alike.

How far good training may be effectual in averting the calamity of an untoward family, we will not pretend to say. From the frequent instances, however, of the best of fathers having the worst of sons, we are disposed to fear that it has no sure effect. The female parent is often blameable for the indulgence with which she treats a wayward child, to the counteraction of better processes instituted by the father. Nothing will tire a mother's love for her *sons*: and it would almost appear that their very worthlessness, when such is their character, only endears them to her the more, by reason that it sets her to work in forming hopes of their amendment—hopes so brilliant, that they exceed greatly the sober estimation she may entertain for the actual ready-money goodness of the rest. But it is needless to inquire into causes: the fact is apparent, that innumerable children, with every thing that is vulgarly supposed an advantage to aid their entrance into life, either shy at the starting, or soon founder and go off the course; and that many a deserving man, after a long life of severe toil, and when expecting to enjoy thenceforward the sweets of competency and leisure, finds that he is beginning the world once more in a number of dispersed existences, each of which is freighted with a part of his gains, and a part of his honour, and a part of his whole heart and soul, all of which in many cases are shipwrecked and lost—so that the real dangers and disasters of life are only *now* commencing. Just in proportion to the number of his children, is the number of his hazards; and though he generally finds comfort in some, he is more fortunate than nine-tenths of his fellow-men, if there be not one, or perhaps two, or even more, who tear for years at his own vitals and those of their more industrious brethren, nor rest till either the one party or the other has hidden its ignominy in the grave.

It is difficult, no doubt, to argue against any principle that may be considered as identified with human nature. Yet speculative thinkers may justly question the propriety of all this toil and self-denial for the sake

* Builds.

† This word expresses the condition of genteel mendicancy.

of our successors, when it is shown that, so far from doing them a certain good, it is almost sure to do them harm. It will never be disputed that every man ought to put himself, if possible, into the condition of being able to give his children a fair chance in the world, among the average of his companions in the same rank of life. It is altogether questionable, however, if any thing more than this is either demanded by the laws of affection, or in any respect salutary or just. Abstractly, it is only ridiculous that one generation should in all cases, if possible, supply the enjoyments of another, and have none to itself. Why, then, may we not see the absurdity of the particular case, when it comes to be our own matter? Surely it were far better that men in general took more enjoyment out of their own gains than they do; leaving to their successors a fair proportion of the difficulties of entering into life, that they may be the more able to endure its eventual burdens, and be the more regaled when they come to taste the sweets of well-directed exertion.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON ROMAN LITERATURE.

LIVY—TACITUS.

Titus Livius, whom we call Livy, was born at Patavium, the modern Padua, in the year 59 before Christ. Although his works have immortalised his name, he was too regardless of popular applause, or places of distinction, and too much delighted with philosophical retirement and humble privacy, to leave many vestiges of his rank, employments, adventures, or fortune; so that his life, like that of most other learned men, furnishes little for biographical narrative. He appears, however, to have been descended from a family of some celebrity, since it is known to have had the honour to give consuls to the republic of Rome. Having formed the design of his Roman history, he removed to Rome, where he might have recourse to such memorials and original papers, that had been preserved in the capitol, as were proper to ensure his accuracy concerning the origin of the city, and to remove those intricacies and doubts in which fabulous traditions had involved it. After he was sufficiently master of his subject, he retired to Naples, where his labours might meet with fewer interruptions. These were evidently the inducements which drew Livy from his native city to the capital, for it does not appear that he either liked the bustle of the city, or had the smallest wish for political preferment. History does not inform us in what year he removed to Rome, how long he continued there, or when he fixed his residence at Naples. It is said that he dedicated to Augustus certain Dialogues, which he published on the philosophical questions of the times, and that this made him known, and recommended him to the favour of the emperor. He afterwards wrote a Treatise on Eloquence, inscribed to his son, of which Quinctilian makes honourable mention. Some time after this, he read some passages of his history to the emperor and Mæcenas, of which they formed so favourable an opinion, that Augustus appointed him preceptor to his grandson Claudius, afterwards emperor. Had ambition influenced his conduct, he might have improved his connection with the emperor, afforded by this appointment, to the furtherance of such desires; but absorbed, it appears, in his great undertaking, the History of Rome, his mind would soon revolt at the drudgery of teaching, and he sought the delight of tranquillity in the town, or vicinity, of Naples. Here he enjoyed undisturbed ease and quiet, continued his labours, and finished his work, consisting of one hundred and forty-two books, commencing with the arrival of Æneas in Italy, and ending with the death of Drusus, in the year 10 before Christ. After the death of Augustus, and the completion of his arduous undertaking, he returned to his native Padua, where he was received by his fellow-citizens with every demonstration of joy and mark of honour. He died there at the age of 76, in the fourth year of Tiberius, and seventeenth of the Christian era. Besides his son already mentioned, he had a daughter married to Lucius Magius; but whether they outlived or predeceased their father, or whether he had more than these two children, we have no means of ascertaining.

Of the hundred and forty-two books of which Livy's Roman History originally consisted, one hundred and seven have unfortunately been lost; so that thirty-five only have been transmitted to modern times, and of these some are also imperfect. We have entire the first ten books, and from the twenty-first to the forty-fifth inclusive. A few fragments of the last books, as also a summary, or contents of the whole, entire, either from the pen of Livy himself, or from that of Florus, another Roman historian, has come down to us. These summaries, while they furnish some important facts, excite deep regret at the irretrievable loss of so great and interesting a portion of this valuable work. The first ten books contain a rapid sketch of occurrences from the foundation of Rome, till 461 before Christ. In this portion we find a number of curious statements, written with great elegance and liveliness of style. Of the records to which Livy had access, and of the traditionary narrations, he made the very best use; yet candour must acknowledge that these pages contain much that is uncertain, much that is marvellous, and much that is fictitious. The next ten books contained, among other occurrences, the first Punic war, and comprised a period of seventy-five years. The second Punic war occupies the greater part of the next ten books, and, from the minuteness of the details, embraces only a period of sixteen years. The next ten, or fourth decade, record the wars with Philip, king of Macedonia, and Antiochus, king of Syria, comprising a space of twenty-three years. Of the fifth decade, only the first five remain, and these imperfect. They give, however, an account of two important wars, one with Perseus, king of Macedonia, who, after gaining many advantages over the Romans, was at last conquered, and his kingdom reduced to the form of a Roman province; the other with the Carthaginians, commonly called the third Punic war, which continued only for five years, and ended with Carthage being levelled with the ground.*

Every page of this author's writings, which time has destroyed, the literary world have agreed in regretting as a general loss. The value in which they have been held may be estimated from the expectations which have been formed, the searches that have been made, and the rewards that have been proposed, for recovering all the books of this inimitable historian which are wanted in our printed copies.

Livy saw and spoke of the Romans when they were at the height of their prosperity, and in the zenith of their power; but at the time when our next historian, Tacitus, wrote, luxury, and other causes of declension, had begun to operate towards their downfall.

Caius Cornelius Tacitus, who holds deservedly the second rank as a Roman historian and orator, was born about the year 57 of the Christian era. Ancient authors neither mention the names of his parents, their rank, nor the place of his birth; but it is thought that his father was procurator of Belgic Gaul, and must, consequently, have been a person possessed of equestrian dignity. There has been no information handed down regarding the place or the nature of his education; but oratory seems first to have engaged his attention, for the bar and the army were the only avenues by which a Roman could reach the honours of the state. In this pursuit Tacitus acquired so much celebrity, that the famous general Agricola chose him for his son-in-law when only twenty years of age, and he then appeared as a candidate for the honours of civil preferment. During the turbulent times of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, his conduct appears to have been marked by the strictest integrity, and by assiduity in his studies. The emperor Vespasian laid the foundation of his fortune; and under Titus, the son and successor of that prince, he obtained the office of Quæstor, which gave him a seat in the senate. The wicked Domitian, the brother and successor of Titus, bestowed some favours upon our author, who seems to have conducted himself with the same prudence, moderation, and caution, which he has commended so much in the conduct of his father-in-law. In the year 88, Tacitus was a member of the Quindecimviral College, and held the office of Prætor. Next year, he and his wife left Rome, and did not return for upwards of four years, during which time he is supposed to have had the government of a province committed to him by the emperor; and on the eve of his return, he received the mournful tidings of the death of his father-in-law Agricola, who died in September 93, not without strong suspicion of his having been poisoned by orders of Domitian, who was jealous of his great reputation.

On his return to Rome, Tacitus delivered a funeral oration in honour of the consul Virginius, and held the office of consul for the remainder of that year. An intimate friendship subsisted between Tacitus and the younger Pliny, founded on similarity of studies and virtues. They both detested the tyranny of Domitian, and both wished to give perpetuity to merit, by contrasting it with the vices of former or subsequent reigns. Of this, Pliny has given a beautiful specimen in his Panegyric on Trajan, and Tacitus in the whole of his history. In the prosecution of Marius Priscus, proconsul of Africa, Tacitus and Pliny pleaded the cause of the injured Africans, and the senate, after three days' deliberation, sentenced Priscus to pay back the amount of the bribes which he had received, and to be banished from Italy. The emperor Trajan presided at that trial, which happened in the year 100; and it does not appear that Tacitus afterwards gave any part of his time to the labours of the bar. During the reign of Trajan, he published his *History*, which comprised a period of twenty-seven years, beginning with the accession of Galba, in the year 69, and ending at the death of Domitian, in the year 96. Of this valuable work only four books and the beginning of the fifth remain. Vossius says, that it consisted of thirty books, and it will be readily allowed that the literary world has sustained a great loss by only so small a portion being transmitted to modern times. Encouraged by the high approbation of his countrymen, he selected another period of Roman history, in order to hold up to the detestation of succeeding ages the tyranny of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, which includes a space of fifty-four years, beginning with the year 15, and ending with the year 68. The style of this work, which he denominates *Annals*, differs considerably from that of the *History*. In the latter, Tacitus has, with greater labour, rounded his periods, and used more pompous and dignified expression. In the former, the style is simple, the words few, and the narrative rapid. He seizes on the principal characteristics, and the language conveys as it were but an outline of his meaning. In no Roman author do words convey so much beyond their ordinary signification, as in the *Annals* of Tacitus. Here, as well as in the *History*, the learned reader bewails the ravages of time. Part of the fifth book, which contained three years of the reign of Tiberius, the whole reign of Caligula, the first six years of the reign of Claudius, and the last two of Nero, perished during the barbarous ages.

Besides the *History* and *Annals*, Tacitus wrote the life of his father-in-law, Agricola, who subdued Britain, and was the first who sailed round it so far as to ascertain it to be an island. He wrote also a Treatise on the Manners of the Germans, and a Dialogue on Oratory. Had he lived, he intended to have reviewed the reign of Augustus, a work which he probably never wholly executed. The time of his death is not ascertained, but it took place, most likely, in the reign of Trajan. The same uncertainty prevails respecting the place where he died, and the spot which contained his ashes. His writings, however, constitute the best monument, and a genius like that of Tacitus stood in no need of sepulchral ornaments. His thorough knowledge of government, his admirable powers of description, and his penetrating judgment, fitted him for historical composition in an eminent degree. He considered it his duty to judge the actions of men, on purpose that the worthy might meet with a reward due to their virtue, and the wicked be deterred by the condemnation which awaits evil actions at the tribunal of posterity. This moral principle directed his pen throughout the whole of his works. His rich and varied eloquence enlivens his forcible description in such a manner, that the reader feels himself a witness of the events described, rather than a listener to the narrative of the historian.

It would be difficult to name an author to whom the Romans owed greater obligations than to Tacitus; yet his political sagacity has failed him remarkably in one opinion, where he declares, that a government in which the three orders, the people, the nobles, and the king, have each a share in the authority, could never in fact exist; or, if it did, could only be of short duration. In one instance, also, namely, when speaking of the Jews, national prejudice, added, perhaps, to inaccurate information, has made him misrepresent the origin, history, and character of that very remarkable people.

It is uncertain whether Tacitus left any family behind him. The only evidence in support of his having had children is, that Marcus Claudius Tacitus, who ascended the imperial throne in the year 273, derived his pedigree from our historian. Vanity may have led to this genealogy, since nearly two hundred years had elapsed from the time of the historian's death, and, unless his descendants had been considerable for rank, it would have been impossible to trace the connection.

* Vide Dymock's Bibliotheca Classica, art. *Livius*.

STORY OF WALTER STUBBS.

THE DEAD-LETTER BOX.—NO. III.

On again visiting my friend Graham, I proposed to have another search in his dead-letter box; to which he, though taking less interest in the matter than I did, readily gave his assent. Of the letters, one which I had had in my hand on the former occasion again attracted my attention, and I presented it to Graham, inquiring if he knew any thing of the owner. It was addressed "Robert Ducie, Esq. —— Regt." "Know him!" said Graham, "I know him perfectly; he is alive, and well: how could such a letter get in here? Ah! Ducie was away on furlough at the Cape for some time, and there was a report that he was dead. Serjeant White, my clerk, must have thrown it in at that time. But we must have the mistake rectified as soon as possible, for Ducie, though a good soldier enough, is not a person I should like to owe any obligations to. Will you accompany me to his bungalow, to deliver the letter?" I was of course quite ready to go; and as the distance was short, we did not take our palanquins. We had to pass over a narrow causeway which connected two islands in the bay, and where the tide came lashing to our feet on either side as we walked, threatening apparently to swallow up the narrow thread of pathway which gave us passage between its surges. The waves, however, had spent their force on the rocks and shallow beach long before they reached the causeway, which consequently never suffered, except in storms or very high tides. On arriving at the opposite side, Graham pointed out Captain Ducie's bungalow, not enveloped, like his own, in a group of palms, but shaded by two or three of the low wide-

spreading Indian bread-fruit trees, whose immense pumpkin-like fruit, hanging among its branches, presents such a singular object to European visitants. Ducie was sitting reading on a camp-stool below one of them, and appeared to be a slight dark-complexioned man, of slow precise manners, and formal speech, with a watchful reserved look, as unlike the frankness of a soldier as any thing that could be imagined. After introducing me as his friend, Graham mentioned the mistake which had occurred: "I believe," said he, "it was owing to the illness of Serjeant White, my clerk, who was for a while unable to attend regularly during the time that you were on furlough."

"No doubt of it: that must have been the reason of an oversight so unlike you, Lieutenant Graham," said Mr Ducie, accepting the apology with the air of a person who did not give up the idea that there was blame somewhere else. "But this is a singular communication which I have received," said he, after perusing the letter; "and I should rather wish that in the steps which I must take with regard to it, I should have the benefit of your assistance, Adjutant Graham." Adjutant Graham did not appear to be much flattered with the confidence of our host; but as it seemed to be rather imposed on his official character than offered on personal grounds, he bowed gravely, and said he would be glad if he could be of any service. Mr Ducie then continued: "That you may understand the circumstances, I beg to mention that about eighteen months ago, a communication was sent me by a relation, inquiring concerning an old man of the name of Stubbs—Walter Stubbs—said to reside on this island, and who was supposed to be rightful heir to a considerable landed property in England. My relation—a Mr Semple—is himself connected through his wife with the same property, which I believe falls to his family in default of Stubbs and his issue. Having been able, after a great deal of research, to trace the supposed heir to India, where he lost all clue to his farther motions, he applied to me as being on the spot; the man luckily had not changed his name, so that I was soon enabled to find him, and make the necessary perquisitions. I wrote to Mr Semple in consequence, and this is his answer."

"Stubbs?" said Graham; "is not that one of the old pensioners who reside among the native black people in the village of Colabah?"

"He does reside there, Mr Graham," answered Ducie.

"If your friend is only to succeed in default of his issue, he will make but little of his inheritance, I am afraid; for Stubbs has as flourishing a warren of black children as ever I saw."

Mr Ducie answered by a grim smile, which seemed to hold the claims of Stubbs's progeny very light; and I had frequently heard that the children of an Englishman by a native female could not succeed to British property, except by some special provision.

"That is not our concern, Mr Graham," said Ducie; "but I informed Mr Semple of the circumstance. This is his letter." I happened to be next Mr Ducie, so that the communication came into my hands, the owner retaining one or two enclosures, which I should have liked much to see also; for it was evident there were considerable inducements to prevent the old soldier and his Indian family from getting fair play. The letter was as follows:—

"My Dear Ducie—I received yours, and am much gratified that you have been able to discover the heir. It was the luckiest chance my getting a hint of his being in India; but had you not been on the spot, we could never have succeeded. You cannot imagine how many false claims had to be encountered, and how much riding and running to parish registers and tombstones I have had, before we could establish the right of Stubbs to the property. The landed estate is reckoned to be worth L.800 per annum, so that the old pensioner will be quite lifted off his feet. As for Mrs Semple's claim, it falls to the ground if Stubbs has any children who can inherit. You can call upon the old man, and consult with him on the steps necessary for putting him in possession, or for bringing him to Europe, if he wishes it, which I should think unlikely, as he has no friends here, and his conduct in early life, as far as I can learn, was odd enough. All the necessary documents are forwarded to the house of Jervas and Company, where they will be kept till you call for them. I thought it better to send them in that way, than through the post-office.

"Stubbs left this country before you or I were born; but I have often heard my father-in-law speak of him as a wild headstrong youth, who added to the misfortunes in which his family involved itself, by their long and obstinate lawsuit with Mrs Semple's friends. There was a story about his being attached to a young woman, one of our relations, whom the family were forced to disown. She is long since dead: but these are all matters of a very remote date.

"I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as the necessary steps can be taken.—I am yours, &c.

"D. Semple."

"Why, this is better than any eastern romance of them all," said Graham, forgetting the formality of the visit in his interest in the story of the heir. "I have seen the old man over and again, sitting under a tree in the little bazaar, talking with a group of the natives: he speaks all their languages; and with his blue muslin jacket, straw hat, and Russia leather complexion, he looks as much Indian, or at least as little English, as any Brahmin among them. To think of such an old rajahpoot becoming a gentleman of L.800 a-year in England, and handing the estate down to his black-and-white progeny, is capital."

Ducie gave a kind of sarcastic laugh, while he said, "If they are entitled to it, why not, Mr Graham?—the old man will be glad to see it so distributed, I have no doubt."

There appeared to me to be very little sincerity in Mr Ducie's acquiescence, and even his friend's letter, which I had read (I was sure he had some private communication besides), seemed a document written for the purpose of being shown about, in order at once to throw a tinge of discredit on the heir, and to make out a claim of disinterestedness on the part of his agents. I was rather confirmed in this view by Mr Ducie ostentatiously requesting Mr Graham and myself to accompany him while he delivered a letter, which was enclosed, to Stubbs. We accepted the invitation, and set out immediately after taking tea.

Our road led us to return over the same causeway by which we had come; after which, on entering the other island, we came upon a pretty large open space, surrounded by cocoa-nut and other trees, except at one corner, where the village was situated. It was bright moonlight, and I saw that the houses of this Indian town, among which we soon found ourselves entangled, were all of them little low sheds, with their walls made of twigs, warped on wooden framework, and plastered with mud; they were roofed with palm-branches and leaves, and few of them appeared to be more than six or seven feet high. We passed through a narrow lane of such edifices, where hardly any body was to be seen but here and there a little black naked child, which watched our approach with its two bright eyes, peeping from behind a corner till we came near, when it vanished into the shade. The lane, after turning to the right, conducted us at last to an open space which surrounded a little mosque or temple (I could not tell which), whose white walls glittered in the moonlight, and contrasted strangely with the multitude of little dark huts by which it was surrounded. In the corner of the area, opposite to that where we entered, were two or three trees clustering together, while beneath these we could observe, by their white dresses, several of the Hindoo inhabitants seated on a turf bench, to enjoy the coolness of the moonlight evening, which is so delightful in these hot climates. On coming up, Mr Graham, observing one of the people who wore a hat, and not a turban like the others, said to him in English, "Can you show us the house of Walter Stubbs, hereabouts?"

"I am Walter Stubbs, sir," said the man, coming at the same time out into the full moonlight, and touching his hat respectfully. He was a person evidently advanced in years, of middle size, with a complexion very much tanned by the climate, but still of hale and firm appearance. As we stood, the stout old man looked at us with a kind of quiet scrutiny, as if waiting to learn what business we could have with one who had now little to do with English people or their concerns; while I could not but wonder at the chance which was apparently to introduce such a person, as it were, into a new scene of existence.

"Oh, is it you, serjeant—Mr Stubbs?" said Ducie, in a tone where the habits of military authority (for which he was a great stickler) struggled oddly with his evident wish to conciliate the heir of L.800 a-year. "I have been looking for you, in order to inform you that a letter has been at last received, in regard to the affair which I mentioned slightly to you about eighteen months ago."

"That is concerning the property, sir; is it?"

"It is, Stubbs—Mr Stubbs. I have this evening, after some delay, received a letter from my friend Mr Semple, informing me that your right is ascertained beyond a doubt, and that there is nothing to prevent your entering upon possession."

"I am greatly obliged to you, sir. I am old, but it will be of advantage to my family."

Ducie gave a kind of cough, but immediately said, "This letter from Mr Semple to you will state the particulars as far as it is necessary for you to know them at present."

"Will some of you gentlemen read it for me?" said Stubbs; "my old eyes will not serve me without glasses, which I have left at home."

The letter was accordingly given to me to read; it was very short, and ran as follows:—

"Mr Stubbs—Sir, By the assistance of my friend Mr Ducie, I have been able to trace your title to the property at Westham, and to satisfy myself that it descends to your family, provided your wife be a European woman. All the documents are lodged with Jervas and Company, from whom you will receive them in presence of Mr Ducie. I believe you are aware that, failing you and your heirs, the property falls to my wife as the next relation. I am, &c.

"David Semple."

I observed the old man cast a sharp glance on our companion at mention of the clause which excluded his family; and, on handing him the letter, I said, "It is a pity that your children cannot succeed. Perhaps Mr Semple may be mistaken."

"He will take care there be no mistake on that subject," said Stubbs, with a bitter smile.

"I had understood that your wife was of Christian parentage at least," said Mr Ducie, in an insinuating manner; "in which case there might be some chance of a different interpretation."

"She was born in Poonah, sir, of Mahommedan parents," said Stubbs, abruptly.

Ducie only answered by a stare, and then said, "You will meet us at the colonel's to-morrow morning, Mr Stubbs, where I shall have the packet in readiness, which is now lying with Mr Jervas: you can have some witness there on your part, who is able to write."

"I shall bring White, sir, the adjutant's clerk."

"What! is that the fellow whose carelessness delayed the letter?" asked Mr Ducie.

"I assure you," said Mr Graham, "that White, for the few years he has been in the country, has shown himself both a good clerk and a good soldier; the mistake about your letter must have occurred when he was absent from illness."

"Well, well," said the other, "Mr Stubbs may bring any confidant he pleases: I shall be there with the packet. Will you go now, gentlemen?"

We had proceeded a few steps on our return, when we heard Stubbs calling on Mr Graham, "Adjutant—adjutant;" and my friend, seeing that the old man would not be able to overtake us, stopped to wait for him. I remained also, Mr Ducie being obliged to proceed to the military barracks on some point of duty.

When Stubbs came up, he said to Graham, whom he seemed to consider as a friend, "this Mr Ducie and his relation are seeking to make a handle of my claims, in order to forward their own; and I suspect they would have contrived to do without me altogether, had they thought my family could succeed. Did they say any thing of a young woman who should have been heir before either them or me?"

Graham hesitated a little—"They said something about a young person to whom you were engaged in early life, Mr Stubbs, but who is since dead."

"To whom I was engaged, and who is since dead!" said the old man, speaking with a low deep voice, and evidently agitated with strong feeling. "They would say no more, I doubt not. Her name was Agnes Rugley, and they and their friends killed her and ruined me. This property, gentlemen, has been the occasion of some unhappy events—God grant that they may be ended."

There was a pause, neither of us knowing what to reply to observations so unexpected. Mr Graham at last said, "Then you knew of your connection with the property before?"

"Knew of it!" said he, shaking his head, "I knew of it too well. Did not a lawsuit, in which it involved us with these Ducies and Semples, cause the death both of my father and uncle, and of my cousin—my poor—I mean of this Agnes Rugley?" said he, checking himself in something which he would have said. "But what I have to ask of you, sir (addressing Graham), is to request that you would permit your clerk, Serjeant White, to be present to-morrow at the reading of these papers at the colonel's."

"Surely; White is a most deserving lad, and you could not give your confidence to a better."

"Thank you, sir—thank you," said Stubbs, touching his hat, and walking away.

We stood looking after him for a moment, and when we at last turned to go home, Mr Graham said, "this is a strange story, if one can believe what Stubbs says; he was always reckoned a steady old fellow, and performed some singular exploits when he was in service: the colonel has the greatest respect for him. There must have been some foul play of old, both towards him and this young woman whom he speaks of, and I am sure Ducie knows of it all. It will be a pity if they can keep his children out of the inheritance."

"I believe it is quite in their power," I replied; "the children of a woman of this country cannot inherit, if the next heirs insist on excluding her."

"They will do it then, you may depend, and I am sorry for it; for Stubbs has been at more pains with the education of his children than most others in his situation. He is a sensible old fellow. But you will meet me to-morrow at the colonel's; you are sufficiently acquainted with him."

I promised, and we parted accordingly.

I was rather late at my appointment, and found all the other parties present. They had finished reading some papers by which old Colonel Griffiths appeared greatly interested, and he was asking Stubbs some questions about them as I entered, which White, the adjutant's clerk, a good-looking young soldier, was writing down.

"My family cannot inherit the property, then?" said Stubbs.

"If the next heir chooses to insist on the circumstance of their mother not being a British subject," said the colonel, "he can undoubtedly prevent them from succeeding. The question is, will he take advantage of that point?"

"I am instructed that they cannot succeed," said Ducie.

Stubbs cast on the speaker a look of scorn in reply to this remark, and said, "your friends expect to reap the benefit, I suppose; but if Agnes Rugley had been my wife, her children could have inherited, could not they?"

Ducie coloured deeply, but merely said, "I suppose so—I know nothing of Agnes Rugley."

"Ahem! will you look at that, sir?" said Stubbs, handing to the colonel a paper which he took from a beautiful little Chinese card-box.

"This," said the old colonel, "is an attestation of

marriage between Walter Stubbs and Agnes Rugley, spinster."

"And this," said Stubbs, taking another paper from the box.

"It is," said the colonel, "an extract of the records of baptism of Robert Stubbs, son of the before-mentioned Agnes and Walter."

"Yes," said Stubbs, "I have lived to see the end of a train of machinations which ruined my father and his family when I was a lad, and which crushed to the earth a woman who deserved my dearest love. She died; and I was driven to India, where I have spent the prime and strength of my life as a common soldier."

"You were ever an honour to your regiment, Mr Stubbs," said the colonel; "and many a time I have been proud of your gallant conduct. But this paper intimates that you had a son in Europe?"

"He is here, sir. Serjeant White is my son, and the son of Agnes Rugley. He was bred up by a friend of his father and mother, and came to India to share my fortunes."

All eyes were turned on the young man, and certainly a more graceful figure, now that he stood as the heir of a fortune, never appeared. Colonel Griffiths took him by the hand, and said, "I am glad, young man, that my gallant old friend, Mr Stubbs, has a son who is worthy of him. He and I have long been fellow-soldiers, and whatever I can do for you or him, you may command." The young man bowed gratefully.

Mr Ducie departed in a few minutes, and Graham and I also took our leave, Graham saying as we went out, "the colonel will be glad to be left alone to hear the whole story from the old man. Stubbs and he came to India about the same time, and have lived together through battles and fevers innumerable. The rights of the heir are in much better hands now than our friend Ducie's."

A COLUMN ON THE FINE ARTS.

THE hackneyed phrase, that there is no disputing on subjects of taste, seems to imply that every description of whimsicality or prejudice may be defended, or that it is useless to contend against them. The term taste being undefined, or not being referable to any particular standard, has rendered it subject to vague interpretations; nevertheless, we all agree that it is a qualification which enables us, amongst variety, to select the most graceful or beautiful, and that it is most desirable when investigating subjects connected with the fine arts. Impressions may be variously produced on the mind, and gratification may be derived from numerous sources, but it has never been contended, that, when the objects of our pleasure have been trifling or vulgar, the indulgence was favourable to taste; whereas, if the source of our pleasures be refined, there can be no hesitation in applying the term tasteful to our gratifications.

It may be assumed that we naturally possess a disposition to admire pictorial representations. There is not a cottage, where its inmates can afford the expenditure, in which we do not see some effort of art decorating the whitewashed walls. Examine this propensity through the ascending gradations of society—the merchant's villa with its display of cabinet pictures—the splendid gallery of paintings in the nobleman's mansion—and the magnificent collections from the highest schools of art in the royal palaces. If all this do not arise from a love of the arts, to what shall we attribute a propensity so general?

All persons are not equally enabled to judge of correctness of form and beauty of colouring; but, under similar circumstances of education and disposition to cultivate tasteful pursuits, it is reasonable to conclude they would be so, and the same general standard of correctness would be universally acknowledged. The ability to distinguish between the ordinary and the beautiful, may not require an exertion of critical acumen; but, amid the variety of forms and hues that nature presents to our view, to determine which is most appropriate to some particular purpose, or most proper to be selected in unison with others, demands an intimacy with forms and colours as extensive as their combinations may be intricate. Accordingly, we find those who possess those discriminations do not wander in uncertainty as to the effect produced by those combinations of form or colour—their mode of arrangement and power of decision have reference to a standard of excellence. In the human figure, for example, the ideas of grace and beauty entertained by the Greeks are to this day acknowledged throughout civilized Europe. Among English females, those who approach nearest to the form so much admired in the Venus de Medicis, never fail to awaken a corresponding delight, or an intellectual avowal of the presence of that standard by which is determined the perfection of the human form.

If taste be considered that state of the mind which delights in contemplating works of nature or of art, the frequency of its being so occupied must tend to its advancement in judgment. Webb, speaking of our ability to judge of painting, says, "We have all within us the germs of taste, and, if we exercise our powers, are capable of improving them into a sufficient knowledge of the fine arts, for all the purposes of judging correctly." Taste has never been known to start into perfection, but to have required a series of investigations, leading imperceptibly to a conviction of the correctness of certain particulars on which the judgment could safely repose. This may have been obtained by an infinite variety of modes of comparison, and conceptions respecting their truth. Our minds are variously acted upon during such examinations; our feelings are so differently affected, they are touched by sudden impulses occasioned by our mode of thinking, and more particularly by our ordinary pursuits, that it would be surprising if a number of persons were to declare their opinions on a work of art, to have been derived from a similar association of ideas. All might agree in a general expression of pleasure; but pleasure is a feeling that admits of various degrees of satisfaction, influenced by the different modes by which the knowledge was attained, and on which depended the increased gratification. Burke says, "The imagination is the most extensive province of pleasure and pain, as it is the region of our hopes and fears, and all our passions, that are connected with them; and whatever is calculated to affect the imagination with these commanding ideas, by force of any original natural expression, must have the same power pretty equally over all persons. For, since the imagination is only the representation of the senses, it can only be pleased or displeased with the realities, and, consequently, there must be just as close an agreement in the imaginations as in the senses of persons." But neither our senses nor our imaginations are invariably the same; they are operated upon by time, place, and circumstances. To whatever extent these may promote or retard the acquirement of taste, might be a useless inquiry; since we know, that, by perseverance alone, the requisite quickness of apprehension, or the cultivated understanding, can be derived, which enables us to feel that our highest gratifications do not arise merely from inspecting a work of art, but chiefly from those acquired ideas with which such objects may be associated.

The history of those painters who have attained to the highest eminence in their profession, is sufficient to convince us that their elevation was gained by assiduity. Why is it that those who instruct themselves frequently make the greatest proficients? Depending on their observation, their faculties are in constant requisition; the knowledge they obtain is derived from experience; they reflect, till judgment teaches them to distinguish between affectation and simplicity, between finery and beauty; they also know that their brightest talent is indebted for its lustre to a series of laborious studies, before they can possess acquirements that enable them to feel mentally, and express themselves naturally.

The great and liberal Reynolds cleared away the mysticism that bewildered those who desired to obtain a knowledge of the fine arts. His lectures, delivered at the Royal Academy, are interspersed with the most satisfactory arguments, tending to prove that almost every object of which we are in pursuit may be acquired by diligent observation and its accompanying experience. Reynolds found this position disputed by many—still he reiterated that nothing was denied to well-directed labour. Thomson, who felt as Reynolds did, says, "All is the gift of industry, whate'er exalts, embellishes, or renders life delightful;" yet the principle thus advocated by a painter and a poet, both of whom have dignified their country, is still disputed or tardily admitted.

There are persons who possess lively imaginations, others who are dull, even to apathy. The mass of mankind have faculties fluctuating between these extremes, while we find some who have no admiration of the fine arts, because they perceive nothing therein that conveys an idea of pleasurable sensations: this may be deemed a misfortune, proceeding either from indisposition or from incapacity—perhaps the proper chord has not been struck to which the soul might be attuned. Other persons, possessing a delicate sensibility, will extract pleasure from the representation of any subject that has the slightest association with the appearances of objects they have previously admired in nature; the expressing of delight, arising from such a source, has been considered the effect of enthusiasm, or a bewildered imagination.

To form a comparative judgment of objects, is a power of which every individual is master. Who that placed a dock-leaf or a thistle by the side of a picture, in which either of those objects was represented, would be incapable of distinguishing between the successful imitation and the failure? The capacity to retain in the mind's eye so vivid a recollection of remote objects, as to detect dissimilarity in pictorial representation, is a power requiring but little mental exertion. To possess a feeling for the beautiful, amid the intricacy of natural forms and colours, and to recognise them when represented, is an exercise of taste in the fine arts. It is the basis on which refinement may easily be elevated—a structure which becomes more valuable and extensive in proportion as we have been assiduous in collecting the materials of which it is composed.

Those who are unacquainted with the mechanism of art are astonished at the vast powers possessed by an artist over a few simple materials, by means of which he presents to our view the beautiful in nature that his application has enabled him to select. There is no distinction between knowledge obtained from nature by an artist, and the knowledge gleaned by an unprofessional admirer of nature. There is no patent right in the acquirement of taste, any more than there is a royal path to the mathematics—"all is the gift of industry." If there be any who entertain the idea of arriving at the possession of taste independent of study, they must expect something like enchantment to operate in their favour. Those who neither feel nor regret the want of taste, are least likely to exert themselves for improvement.

There is an affectation of musical taste, of poetic feeling, and of intimacy with the art of painting. Now, all these must be supported at considerable risk, for nothing can be more absurd than the constant endeavour to appear that which we are not. The dread of the truth peeping from beneath the disguise, and the consequent exposure of our ignorance, demands a greater exertion of the mind to surmount, than even the study necessary to the acquirement of a tolerable portion of valuable information. We should endeavour to become sensible of our defects, that we may entertain a hope of their removal. All extraordinary modes of acquiring information, like the cramming for a degree at the universities, become stumbling-blocks, that impede the search for what is genuine. Hints on the road may be useful; but even these should be examined, and their correctness ascertained, before they can be valuable to the traveller after taste in the fine arts.

So numerous are the productions of the pencil, so various are the peculiarities of style, enriched by beauty of colour, elegance of composition, or grandeur of effect, that to be unacquainted with the principles of that power which can so pleasingly affect our perception, influence our feelings, or command our approbation, implies a deficiency in education of a nature connected with the dark ages. In this period of general improvement, it is absolutely incumbent on us to read extensively, and to study nature assiduously, for the acquirement of taste, to enable us to appreciate talent, or to apply just and liberal criticism.

The simplest effort in drawing by a child is frequently calculated to excite sensations of pleasure; but the ability to point out one line or touch deserving of approbation, is not only estimable in the judge, but it is of incalculable value to young aspirants. From that moment may be dated a desire for improvement—a love of art has been implanted—appeals to nature become frequent—feeling is acquired—truth rendered evident—and taste is the result of such employment. Even this slight exercise of taste and judgment on the sketches of a child should be regulated by a knowledge of the object in nature, without which it is nothing more than ignorant presumption; for it should be recollected, that whoever studies art alone will have a narrow manner of considering all objects, and of referring them to that particular style to which their attention may have been directed. We may profit by the instruction which painters afford, but even they are indebted to the beautiful in nature for the most alluring of their productions.

To judge of a picture, or to decide on its excellence from the reputation of the artist who painted it, is productive of confusion, and often the confirmation of ignorance. Artists have their rise, meridian, and set, of talent. Richardson was of opinion there never was a faultless picture, and rarely one to be seen in which there were not notorious defects. The circumstance that a picture is highly esteemed by its possessor, or that it was once in the gallery of some distinguished personage, or that the artist or some picture-dealer received a large sum of money for it, offer no proof of superior excellence, nor ought that to influence the judgment of an admirer of truth and nature. The intrinsic merit of the picture is the criterion—Will it bear the ordeal of comparison with its original? If it will not, approbation is properly withheld. Thus it should be throughout the vast variety of subjects presented to our inspection. It is the language of the painter addressed to our knowledge and experience in the beauties of nature. If we be incompetent to the understanding of his appeal, let us neither insult him, nor become the promulgators of our ignorance. As in ordinary conversation the

greatest pleasure experienced by the parties is their being reciprocally understood, so, with the production of an artist, the satisfaction he conveys is attributable to the knowledge we possess of his subject, and the sources of his information.

The dog that ran against a picture on which steps were represented, and the bird that picked an imitative bunch of grapes, were alike deceived. Had they been capable of appreciating the talent displayed in those paintings, they would have been delighted with the truth of representation.

SAILING DOWN THE OHIO.

[By Audubon.]

The natural features of North America are not less remarkable than the moral character of her inhabitants; and I cannot find a better subject than one of those magnificent rivers that roll the collected waters of her extensive territories to the ocean.

When my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and myself, were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it expedient, the waters being unusually low, to provide ourselves with a *skiff*, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomination. We procured a mattress, and our friends furnished us with ready-prepared viands. We had two stout negro rowers, and in this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the place of our destination in a very few days.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter pourtrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and, with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking, that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while, on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed—some laden with produce from the different headwaters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

The margins of the shores and of the river were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue-winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased, we landed, struck up a fire, and provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when, one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio, from the state of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly as possible. The sounds increased; we imagined we heard cries of "murder;" and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way, for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp-meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption, we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport by water about two hundred miles.

When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these vallies, making for themselves great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot—when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and, although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.—*American Ornithology.*

THE POISONER,

A TALE OF GERMANY.

[The following remarkable story of real life is condensed, in the Foreign Quarterly Review, from Feuerbach's German Criminal Trials. We have in general a decided objection to the horrible, whether in the shape of supernatural fictions, or of transactions of an atrocious character in real life. The former tend to confound, in young minds, all proper perceptions of natural facts; while the latter, by familiarising the same minds with wicked actions, and giving the charm of fame to their perpetrators, are apt to lead to a similar, instead of (as their promulgators sometimes profess to hope) a contrary line of conduct. At the very best, such narratives are not favourable to the improvement of taste; and, for all reasons put together, we carefully avoid them in the present work. There is a difference, however, between an account of a criminal, such as those in the Newgate Calendar, where the circumstances of the crime are alone dwelt on, and one where the *state of mind* which produced the crime is inquired into and moralised upon; and as the following story, in addition to its extraordinary interest, possesses this salutary property, we make no scruple to present it to our readers.]

In 1808, a widow, about fifty years old, resident at Pegnitz, and bearing the name of Anna Schonleben, was received as housekeeper into the family of the Justiz-Amptmann Glaser, who had for some time previous been living separate from his wife. Shortly after the commencement of her service, however, a partial reconciliation took place, in a great measure effected through the exertions of Schonleben, and the wife returned to her husband's house. But their reunion was of short duration, for in the course of four weeks after her return she was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which in a day or two she expired.

On this event, Schonleben quitted the service of Glaser, and was received in the same capacity into that of the Justiz-Amptmann Grohmann, then unmarried. Though only thirty-eight years of age, he was in delicate health, and had suffered severely from the gout, so that Schonleben had an opportunity of showing, by the extreme care and attention which she bestowed upon his comforts, her qualifications for the office she had undertaken. Her cares, however, it seemed were unavailing: her master fell sick in spring 1809, his disease being accompanied with violent internal pains of the stomach, dryness of the skin, vomiting, &c., and he died on the 8th May, after an illness of eleven days. Schonleben, who had attended him with unremitting attention during his illness, administering all his medicines with her own hand, appeared inconsolable for his loss—and that of her situation.

The high character, however, which she had acquired for her prudence, care, and gentleness, as a sick-nurse, immediately procured her another in the family of the Kammer-Amptmann Gebhard, whose wife was at that time on the point of being confined. This event took place on the 13th May, shortly after the entry of the new housekeeper, who made herself particularly useful, and mother and child were going on extremely well, when, on the third day after the birth, the lady was seized with spasms, internal heat, violent thirst, vomiting, &c. In the extremity of her agony she frequently exclaimed that they had given her poison. Seven days after her confinement, she expired.

Gebhard, the widower, left without any one to take the management of his domestic affairs, thought that, in the meantime, he could not do better than retain in his service the housekeeper, who, during his wife's illness, had distinguished herself so much by the zeal and assiduity of her attentions to the invalid. Some of his friends attempted to dissuade him from retaining an inmate who seemed by some fatality to bring death into every family with which she became connected; but Gebhard, who was not of a superstitious turn, laughed at their apprehensions, and Schonleben remained in his house, now invested with almost unlimited authority.

During her residence here, many circumstances occurred, which, though at the time they excited little attention, were subsequently recollected and satisfactorily established. These will be hereafter alluded to: meantime we proceed to that which first directed suspicion against her. Gebhard had, at last, by the importunity of a friend, who (from what ground he did not explain) had advised him to dismiss his housekeeper, been prevailed on to take his advice, and had communicated as gently as possible his resolution to Schonleben herself. She received it without any observation, except an expression of surprise at the suddenness with which he had changed his mind, and the next day was fixed for her departure for Bayreuth. Meantime she bustled about as usual, arranged the rooms, and filled the salt-box in the kitchen, observing that it was the custom for those who went away to do so for their successors. On the morning of her departure, as a token of her good will, she made coffee for the maids, supplying them with sugar from a paper of her own. The coach, which her master had been good-natured enough to procure for her, was already at the door. She took his child, now twenty weeks old, in her arms, gave it a biscuit soaked in milk, caressed it, and took her leave. Scarcely had she been gone half an hour, when both the child and the servants were seized with violent retching, which lasted for some hours, leaving them extremely weak and ill. Suspicion being now at last fairly awakened, Gebhard had the salt-box examined which Schonleben had so officiously filled. The salt was found strongly impregnated with arsenic. In the salt-barrel, also, from which it had been taken, thirty grains of arsenic were found, mixed with about three pounds of salt.

That the series of sudden deaths which had occurred in the families in which Schonleben had resided, was owing to poison, now occurred to every one as clear; and they almost wondered how so many circumstances could have passed before their eyes without awakening them to the truth. During her residence with Gebhard, it appeared that two visitors who had dined with her master, in August 1809, were seized after dinner with the same symptoms of vomiting, convulsions, spasms, &c. which had affected the servants on the day of Schonleben's departure, and of which the more unfortunate mistress of the family had expired; that on one occasion she had given a glass of white wine to Rosenhauer, a servant who had called with a message, which had occasioned similar symptoms, so violent indeed as to oblige him for a day or two to keep his bed; that on another, she had taken a lad of nineteen, Johann Kraus, into the cellar, where she offered him a glass of brandy, which, after tasting, and perceiving a white sediment within it, he declined; that one of the servants, Barbara Waldmann, with whom Schonleben had frequent quarrels, after drinking a cup of coffee, was seized with exactly the same symptoms as her companions; and what, perhaps, appeared the most extraordinary of all, that at a party given by her master on the 1st September, having occasion to send her to his cellar for some pitchers of beer, he himself, and all the guests that partook of it, five in number, were almost immediately afterwards seized with the usual spasms, sickness, &c., which seemed to accompany the use of those liquids whenever they were dispensed by Schonleben.

Although from the long period which had elapsed since the death of those individuals, whose fate there was reason to suppose had been so prematurely accelerated by this smooth-faced poisoner, there was no great probability that any light would be thrown upon these dark transactions by an inspection of the bodies, it was resolved on at all events to give the matter a trial. The result of this ghastly examination, however, was more decisive than could have been expected; all the bodies exhibited, in a greater or less degree, those appearances which modern researches into the effects of poisons have shown to be produced by the use of arsenic; and in one of them in particular, that of the wife of Glaser, the arsenic was still capable of being detected in substance. On the whole, the medical inspectors felt themselves warranted in concluding, that the deaths of at least two individuals out of the three had been occasioned by poison.

Meantime, Schonleben had been living quietly at Bayreuth, seemingly quite unconscious of the storm

which was gathering around her. Her finished hypocrisy even led her, while on the road, to write a letter to her late master, reproaching him with his ingratitude in dismissing one who had been a protecting angel to his child; and in passing through Nurnberg, to take up her residence with the mother of her victim, the wife of Gebhard. On reaching Bayreuth she again wrote more than once to Gebhard; the object of her letters evidently being to induce him again to receive her back into his family. She made a similar attempt on her former master, Glaser, but without success. While engaged in these negociations, the warrant arrived for her apprehension, and she was taken into custody on the 19th October. On examining her person, three packets were found in her pocket, two of them containing fly-powder, and the third arsenic.

For a long time she would confess nothing; evading with great ingenuity, or resisting with obstinacy, every attempt to obtain from her any admission of her guilt. It was not till the 16th April 1810, that her courage gave way, when she learned the result of the examination of the body of Glaser. Then at last, weeping and wringing her hands, she confessed that she had on two occasions administered poison to her. No sooner had this confession been uttered, than she fell to the ground as if struck by lightning, and was removed in strong convulsions from the chamber.

We shall condense into a short connected statement the substance of the numerous examinations which this wretch subsequently underwent, and of the information acquired from other sources, by which her statements were in many particulars modified, and in some points refuted. Born in Nurnberg in 1760, she had lost both her parents before she reached her fifth year. Her father had possessed some property, and till her nineteenth year she remained under the charge of her guardian, who was warmly attached to her, and bestowed much care on her education. At the age of nineteen, she married, rather against her inclination, the notary Zwanziger, for such, not Schonleben, was her real name. The loneliness and dullness of her matrimonial life contrasted very disagreeably with the gaieties of her guardian's house; and in the absence of her husband, who divided his time between business and the bottle, she dispelled her ennui by sentimental novel-reading, weeping over the Sorrows of Werter, and the struggles of Pamela and Emilia Galotti. The property which fell to her on her coming of age was soon dissipated by her husband and herself in extravagant entertainments and an expensive establishment, and a few years saw them sunk in wretchedness, with a family to support, and without even the comfort of mutual cordiality or esteem; for the admirer of Pamela, whose sympathetic heart had bled for the Sorrows of Werter, now attempted to prop the falling establishment, by making the best use she could of her personal attractions (which, hideous and repulsive as she appeared at the time of her trial, she described as having once been very considerable), while her husband, as mean and grovelling in adversity as he had been assuming and overbearing in prosperity, was a patient spectator of his own dishonour. Shortly afterwards he died, leaving his widow to pursue her career of vice and deceit alone. During the time which intervened between the death of her husband, and that when she first entered the service of Glaser, her life had been one continued scene of licentiousness and hypocrisy. Devoid of principle from the first, mingling chiefly with others who, though of respectable or exalted rank, were as destitute of it as herself; forced to pretend attachment where none was felt; to submit where she would willingly have ruled; sometimes laughed at or treated with ingratitude where she was really labouring to please; a wanderer on the earth for twenty years, without a resting-place or a sincere friend; she became at last a habitual hypocrite, to whom falsehood seemed to be actually more natural than truth. Rage and disappointment at her fate, and a bitter hatred against mankind, seemed to have gradually been maturing in her heart; till at last all the better sympathies of her nature were poisoned, and nothing remained but the determination to better her condition at the expense of all those ties which humanity holds most sacred. When and how the idea of poison dawned on her—whether suddenly, or by degrees, her confessions did not explain; but there is every reason to believe that this tremendous agent had been employed by her previous to her appearance in Glaser's house. Determined as she was at all hazards to advance her own interests, poison seemed to furnish her at once with the talisman she was in search of;—it punished her enemies, it removed those who stood in her way;—its operation afforded her the means of rendering her good qualities conspicuous in her affected sympathy for the sufferer;—nay, administered in smaller quantities by her experienced hand, it was equally effectual in preventing a second visit from a disagreeable guest, or annoying a fellow servant with whom she had a quarrel. By long acquaintance, poison had become so familiar to her, that she seemed to look on it as a useful friend; something equally available for seriousness or jest; and to which she was indebted for many a trusty and secret service. When the arsenic which had been taken from her pocket was exhibited to her some months afterwards at Culmbach, she seemed to tremble with delight; her eyes glistened as she gazed upon it, as if she recognised a friend from whom she had long been separated. Of the crimes which she had perpetrated, too, she always spoke as of slight indiscretions rendered almost necessary by circumstances —so completely by repetition had murder itself lost its character of horror.

From the first moment she had entered the house of Glaser, the idea of obtaining an influence over his mind, so as to secure him as her husband, had occurred to her. That he was then married, was immaterial: poison would be the speediest process of divorce. First, however, the victim must be brought within the range of her power; hence her anxiety to effect the reconciliation of the pair, and the return of the wife to her husband's house. The plan succeeded, and within a few weeks after her return, Zwanziger commenced her operations. Two successive doses were administered, of which the last was effectual. "While she was mixing it," she said, "she encouraged herself with the notion that she was preparing for herself a comfortable establishment in her old age." This prospect having been defeated by her dismissal from Glaser's service, she entered that of Grohmann. Here her common mode of revenging herself upon such of her fellow-servants as she happened to dislike, was to mix fly-powder with the beer in the cellar, in the hope of creating illness, though not death; and of this beer it happened more than once that some of the visitors at Grohmann's table also partook. These, however, were mere preparations "to keep her hand in;" the victim for whom her serious poisons were reserved was her unfortunate master. Here also she had for some time indulged the hope of a matrimonial connexion; infirm and gouty as he was, she thought she would obtain such an ascendancy over him as to induce him to descend to this alliance; when all at once her hopes were blasted by hearing of his intended marriage with another. For some time she tried, by every means in her power, to break off the connexion: but her arts proved ineffectual, and Grohmann, provoked by her pertinacity, had mentioned to a friend that he could no longer think of retaining her in his service. The wedding-day was fixed; all hopes of preventing the marriage were at an end; and nothing now remained for her but revenge. In five days afterwards, Grohmann fell a victim to poison.

From this service Zwanziger passed into that of Gebhard, whose wife soon shared the fate of Grohmann; for no other reason, according to her own account, than because that lady had treated her harshly, and occasionally found fault with her management of the house. Even this wretched apology was contradicted by the facts proved by the other inmates of the house. The true motive, as in the preceding cases, was, that she had formed designs upon Gebhard similar to those which had failed in the case of Glaser, and that the unfortunate lady stood in the way. Her death was accomplished by poisoning two pitchers of beer, from which Zwanziger from time to time supplied her with drink. Nay, even her husband was made the innocent instrument of his wife's death, by administering the same liquid to the invalid. Even while confessing that she had thus poisoned the beer, she persisted in maintaining that she had no intention of destroying the unfortunate lady; if she could have foreseen that such a consequence would have followed, she would rather have died!

During the remaining period, from the death of Gebhard's wife to that of her quitting his service, she admitted having frequently administered poisoned beer, wine, coffee, and other liquids, to such guests as she disliked, or to her fellow-servants, when any of them had the misfortune to fall under her displeasure. The poisoning of the salt-box she also admitted; but with that strange and inveterate hypocrisy which ran through all her confessions, she maintained that the arsenic in the salt-barrel must have been put in by some other person.

The fate of such a wretch could not of course be doubtful; she was condemned to be beheaded, and listened to the sentence apparently without emotion. She told the judge that her death was a fortunate thing for others, for she felt that she could not have left off poisoning had she lived. On the scaffold she bowed courteously to the judge and assistants, walked calmly up to the block, and received the blow without shrinking.

BATTLE BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

As I was one day sitting in my arbour, my attention was engaged by a strange rustling noise at some paces distant. I looked around without distinguishing any thing, until I climbed one of my great hempstalks, when, to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long: the fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter they appeared in an instant firmly twisted together; and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect did they present! Their heads were compressed to a very small size, their eyes flashed fire; and after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself, and hurried towards the ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and, half creeping, overtook and again attacked the other, which placed itself in the same attitude, and prepared to resist. The scene was beautiful; thus opposed, they fought with the utmost rage, but, notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage, the water-snake seemed desirous of retreating towards the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than, twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, it pulled the latter back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat, the water-snake took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by this acquisition became a match for its fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length. They pulled, but pulled in vain, and in the moments of the greatest exertions, that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations rapidly following each other. Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of their heads. At one time the conflict seemed decided. The water-snake bent itself into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched. The next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority; it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate. Victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to the one side and sometimes to the other, till at last, the stalk to which the black snake was fastened suddenly gave way, and they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, for, by their agitations I could trace, though not distinguish, their mutual attacks. They soon re-appeared on the surface, twisted together as on their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it was stifled, and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than, abandoning it to the current, it returned on shore and disappeared.—*Letters from an American Farmer.*

DESCRIPTION OF A MAN-OF-WAR VESSEL.

(Concluded.)

THE grand divisions of the crew are into petty officers, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, and boys. This division has reference to rank; but there are others, into which considerations of this kind do not enter. Such are the military divisions, and the divisions into larboard and starboard-watches, into forecastlemen, fore, main, and mizentopmen, afterguard, waisters, holders, &c.

The petty officers are appointed by the commander, and may be degraded by him without the formalities of a court-martial. They are selected from among the most experienced and trustworthy of the seamen, and receive eighteen dollars per month. They consist, on board of a frigate, of a master-at-arms, eight quartermasters, four boatswain's mates, eight quartergunners, a boatswain's and gunner's yeomen, a carpenter and sailmaker's mate, an armourer, a cooper, cook, and cockswain.

The highest and most responsible of the petty-officers is the master-at-arms. He is, if I may be allowed the expression, the principal police-officer of the ship. He has charge of all the prisoners, and every morning makes out and hands to the commander a list of their names, with a specification of the crime for which each is confined, and the time when he was put in confinement. If he allows any of them to escape, he is liable to be punished in their stead. He counts the blows audibly when a prisoner is flogged with the cats. It is his duty to search those suspected of thefts, and when a man dies, to take an account of his clothes and other effects. At public sales he is the auctioneer. He has charge also of the berth-deck, and it is his duty to see that it is kept in good order. All property that falls in his way for which he cannot find an owner, is thrown into the "lucky bag," the contents of which, if not finally claimed, are sold at auction.

The office of quartermaster is one of some dignity and considerable importance. Its duties are not laborious, but they require vigilance, carefulness, judgment, and a thorough acquaintance with practical seamanship. In port, only one of them keeps watch on deck at a time. You may know him by his spy-glass and his busy, bustling air. He is all eye and all locomotion. He cocks his telescope at every new object that appears, and gives it a thorough scrutiny. It is his duty to keep a look-out for signals from other ships, and to report them to the officer of the deck; and also to report to him all boats that come alongside, and all other movements and occurrences in the harbour, which he may deem of sufficient importance. At sea, two of the quartermasters are required to be on deck during the day, and half of them at night. One is stationed at the wheel to steer the ship, and the others keep a look-out as in port. When the log is thrown, they hold the minute-glass. They have to strike the bell every half-hour, and take turns in mixing and serving the grog. In entering and leaving a harbour, when it is necessary to sound, one of them is stationed in each of the main chains to heave the lead. All the colours and signals are under their charge.

Boatswain's mates are an indispensable class of

men on board of a man-of-war, but their office is the most invidious and least desirable of all. Their duty is to enforce the orders of the officers, and, to enable them to do this, each is furnished with a hemp whip, consisting of only one lash, called the colt. They have to perform all the flogging, and the men hate them therefore as they would so many incarnate devils. In the ordinary flogging the colt is always used; but when all hands are called to witness punishment, another whip, composed of nine lashes, and called the cats, is employed. Each of the boatswain's mates has a silver whistle suspended from his neck, with which he echoes the orders of his superiors. He has a different pipe for almost every important order that can be given. For instance, there is one for calling all hands, another for hoisting away, a third for hauling taught and belaying, and so on of others. Amid the darkness and fury of the tempest, when the orders of the trumpet are drowned by the loud uproar of the elements, the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle reaches the ear of the sailor on the top of the highest mast, and no language could convey to him a more definite meaning than its well-known tones.

The duty of the quartergunners is to keep the guns, and all other things belonging to the gunner's department, in proper order. They have to inspect the guns frequently, to see that every thing about them is well secured, and at night report their condition to the officer of the deck every two hours. When all hands are called to reef or furl sails, the quartergunners and quartermasters are charged with the mainyard.

The yeomen and mates of the forward officers have charge of their respective store-rooms, and keep accounts of the expenditures of articles from each of their departments. They make out monthly and quarterly returns of these expenditures, which are handed to the captain, examined by his clerk, and inserted in the general account-book.

The armourer is the ship's blacksmith. The cooper opens the provision barrels when their contents are wanted, and performs other matters in his line of business, when necessary. The duties of the cook are somewhat arduous, and it requires a good deal of patience and care to perform them acceptably to the crew. The meals must always be reported "ready" at seven-bells morning, noon, and night. At noon, when dinner is reported ready, the cook takes a specimen to the officer of the deck, who inspects it, to see that it is properly cooked. The cockswain is designed for the captain's boat, but our commanders sometimes, perhaps generally, give this rank to their steward, and select a quartermaster, or other trustworthy person, to perform the duties of cockswain.

There are two other officers, who have not even the rank of petty officers. They are the ship's corporals. They take turns in keeping watch at night on the gundeck, and their duty is to see that no light is burning in any part of the ship where it is not allowed. They make an hourly report to the officer of the deck.

Having dispatched the petty officers, I come now to the rest of the crew, of which the seamen generally compose about one-half. Those of this rank must have seen a good deal of sea service, and are supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with practical navigation. If they are found to be greatly deficient in this respect, they are degraded. They receive twelve dollars per month, and are appointed to the most honourable and responsible stations in the ship. They have a good deal of the pride of profession, entertaining the utmost contempt for all who do not know what salt water and heavy gales are.

The ordinary seamen receive ten dollars per month. They must have had some experience in naval matters, but are neither expected nor required to be finished sailors. Promotions from the rank of ordinary seamen to that of seamen are not unfrequent. The landsmen are as green as a cucumber, having never smelt the ocean, nor been initiated at all into the mysteries of a seafaring life. Their pay is eight dollars.

Of the boys, there are two classes—those who receive eight dollars, and those who receive five dollars per month. They are employed principally in the capacity of servants to the officers. Two are allowed to the captain, besides his steward, one to the first lieutenant, one to every two of the other wardroom officers, and one or two, according to the pleasure of the first lieutenant, to the cockpit, forward officers, and each of the steerage messes. Some are employed as cooks at the galley, and others as messenger-boys on the quarterdeck The boys and all others on shipboard, who do not keep watch, are called *idlers*.

On board of a frigate there are six military divisions; one on the quarterdeck, one on the forecastle, three on the gundeck, and one on the berthdeck. The last is commanded by the purser, and each of the others by a lieutenant. It is the business of those who compose the purser's division to pass up powder to the combatants. Every officer and man is included in one or the other of these divisions, and is stationed in a particular part of the ship. These are the stations for action, and are called general quarters. The crew is mustered and inspected at quarters always once, and on board many of our ships, twice a-day. There are ten or twelve men to each of the guns in a broadside, called first and second captains, spungers, loaders, powder-boys, &c. The first intimation of quarters is a blast from the bugle, calling the music. The boarders run for their caps, and every man seizes a cutlass. At the first tap of the drum, there is a general rush throughout the ship, and before the music has ceased, you may hear the midshipmen of the divisions calling over the names, George Bell—first captain, sir—James Anderson—second captain, sir—William Stokes—powder-boy, sir—and so on. Having called the names, the midshipmen report to the officers of their divisions, the officers of the divisions to the first lieutenant, and he again to the captain. The order is then given to "beat the retreat." Another rush takes place, the cutlasses and boarding-caps are returned to their places, and the men, as the case may be, proceed to their daily labours or their evening diversions. All this is but the work of a moment. Sometimes the call to quarters is beaten in the dead of night, and then the men are obliged to get up, lash their hammocks, take them on deck, and stow them in the nettings, and be ready to answer to their names in the space of about eight or ten minutes. The midshipmen have to do the same. They generally, however, avoid the labour of carrying their hammocks on deck, by stowing them in the mess-room. This is to accustom them to sudden alarms. but it is not often practised.

What is of vastly more importance is experienced in the art of gunnery; and it must be mentioned, to the honour of our naval officers, that they are indefatigable in their exertions to render our seamen expert and ready in this branch of their profession. In good weather some of the divisions are exercised at the guns almost daily, and on board most of our ships, one day in the week, there are general quarters for that purpose. On these occasions, all the evolutions of a regular engagement, such as loading and firing the guns, boarding, extinguishing fire, &c., are gone through with. All this is of course a mere sham, and not an ounce of gunpowder is burnt; but it gives the men experience, makes them expert at working the guns, and cannot fail to fill them with confidence and bravery in the hour of real peril.

In the general quarter bill, the surgeons are stationed in the cockpit. Here all the wounded are brought, and all the surgical operations performed, in time of action. The chaplain is also stationed in the cockpit to give pious counsels, and administer the comforts of religion to the dying.

In addition to their general quarters, the men are also stationed for getting under weigh, and coming to an anchor for tacking and veering, and for other general evolutions. I have sometimes been astonished to see how quick, in the darkest night, it is discovered that a man is missing from his post, and how speedily he is searched out and brought to it. But not only does every man know his station: he has a specific duty to perform at every order, and a failure on his part might disconcert the whole operation. Thus, it will be seen, that, notwithstanding the complicated nature of naval evolutions, and the apparent confusion which must necessarily prevail when all hands are called, there is in fact the greatest possible order, efficiency, and harmony of action. I might go on *ad infinitum* with details of this kind, all tending to show the admirable adaptation to each other of the parts, and the general perfection of the whole of that system of internal polity which prevails on board a man-of-war, but I am afraid of trespassing upon my reader's patience.

The whole crew is divided into two equal portions, called larboard and starboard watches, from the fact that those belonging to one of the divisions stow their hammocks in the larboard, and those belonging to the other, in the starboard nettings. When at sea, each of the watches at night takes a turn of four hours on deck, while the others are allowed to "turn in." Those in their hammocks call it their "watch below." Those, however, who keep watch on deck, when the weather is fair and the ship under easy sail, are allowed to sleep, if they do not disturb the general tranquillity by their ungracious snoring. In port, only a quarter-watch is called, except in squally weather, and these are for the most part allowed to stow themselves away somewhere on the gundeck.

At sea, the marines, in succession, all do duty as sentries in the following places—one at the cabin-door, one at the scuttle-butt, one at the brig, and one at the fore-passage on the berthdeck. The rest are obliged to pull and haul on the ropes like the sailors, but they are excused from going aloft. In port there are three additional sentries, viz. one at each of the gangways, and another on the bowsprit. During the day, a serjeant's guard, consisting of thirteen, are required to be dressed in uniform, and to remain on the quarterdeck. A marine in uniform must never pass the capstern without paying it his respects: in undress, he is not required to show it more politeness than a sailor.

The reader may be curious to know how so many persons as compose the crew of a frigate can find employment in the ordinary business of the ship. The time of most of them is chiefly occupied in "keeping the ship in order." This might seem, at first, a simple affair, and capable of being soon dispatched; but there are more things included in "keeping a ship in order" than the philosophy of a greenhorn ever dreamed of. Not only must every part of her be kept as clean as a lady's parlour, and every article arranged for inspection as carefully as a coquette would adjust her toilet, but there are kinds of work to be performed, of which a person unacquainted with a man-of-war could form no conception. The "bright work" requires immense labour. This consists in scouring all the belaying-pins and rings on the spardeck, the brass on the capstern, about the companionways, and in other parts of the ship: the monkey-tails, iron handspikes, and cutlasses; the two rows of iron stanchions which support the spardeck, the hoops of the spit-boxes (of which there is one to every gun, and a plentiful quantity distributed throughout other parts of the ship), the battle-axes, priming-wires, &c. All this is to be done every day, and if but a modicum of rust is left, woe be to the luckless wight at whose door it lies. It is sure to give employment to a boatswain's mate. Besides this, all the ladders, combings of the hatches, wooden handspikes, &c. must be scraped perfectly clean. Add to all this the labour performed by the different gangs of mechanics, and the working of the guns, and loosing and furling sails for the pure purpose of experience, and the wonder will rather be, that so few men should be required, than that so many can find employment.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUNS—PARASELENÆ, OR MOCK MOONS.

THE parhelia, or mock suns, vary considerably in appearance, and in their relative position to the accompanying halo, being sometimes observed at the spot where one halo meets, or bisects another; and sometimes within the circumference of the principal halo, while it is itself surrounded by smaller halos. These mock suns have usually a stream of white pyramidal light, extending like the tail of a comet from them, and they vary much in the intensity of the light they exhibit. "A rare and curious phenomenon (says Mr Tyler) was observed on the 11th of January last. The weather had been mild for a number of days previous, and on that day the thermometer ranged from 23° to 30°. The atmosphere was so hazy that a shadow was but faintly visible, the haziness being most dense near the south horizon, but growing rarer, and finally disappearing a little north of the zenith. The first appearance was a brilliant parhelion. Its form at first was nearly circular, and its apparent diameter a little greater than that of the true sun. Its light, which was of a brilliant white, was so intense as to pain the eyes. In a few moments, another parhelion, of equal brightness, appeared at the same distance on the east side of the sun, and at the same altitude. When first seen, it appeared a little elongated vertically, and slightly coloured. Both these parhelia retained their size and appearance for a few moments, and then began to lengthen in a vertical direction, and show the prismatic colours with considerable brilliancy. Directly above the sun appeared, at the same time with the parhelia, a coloured arc, having its centre in the zenith, and its convexity towards the sun. The exterior was red; the other colours were merged into each other, but the blue and green were predominant, though faint."† "I do not recollect (says Captain Scoresby) to have observed these phenomena more than thrice. The first occurred on one of my earliest voyages to the fishery, and passed off as a wonderful appearance, without inducing me to minute the particulars. I perfectly recollect, however, that there were two or three parhelia, and four or five coloured circles. The primary one encompassed the sun, the remainder had their centres in its circumference; and some of its intersections exhibited the splendour of the parhelion. Some of the circles almost equalled in their colours the brilliancy of the rainbow, a grand arch resembling which was also at the same time displayed in the opposite quarter. The other two instances occurred on the passage. The one when outward bound, April 14, 1807, latitude 64° or 65°, consisted of several parhelia, which, accompanied by coloured circles, and arcs of circles, and succeeded by a lunar halo, together with the aurora borealis, proved the harbinger of a tremendous tempest. The last phenomenon of this kind which I saw appeared on the passage homewards in 1811. It consisted of a large circle of luminous whiteness, passing through the centre of the sun in a direction nearly parallel to the horizon, intersected in various places with coloured circles of smaller dimensions. At two of the intersections of the coloured with the white circle, were exhibited brilliant parhelia of an irregular form."‡ Such are the singular and peculiarly striking phenomena which frequently occur in those dreary regions, which appear to have been set apart for the reign of eternal solitude; in the bare attempt to explore which, many of the most enterprising British navigators have only hazarded their lives to encounter greater and greater difficulties, until they arrived at length at insurmountable barriers to farther progress.

Paraselenæ, or mock moons, have been in like manner occasionally seen, and are certainly not less interesting. Hevelius, in the year 1660, described several of such at Dantzic. On the 1st of December 1819, many were observed by Captain Parry, at the dis-

* From "Two Years and a Half in the American Navy." London, Bentley.

† American Journal, vol. xxi. p. 189.

‡ Scoresby's Account of the Arctic Regions, p. 392.

tance of 21½° from the moon. One of them was close to the horizon; another perpendicularly above it; other two on a line parallel to the horizon. "Their shape was like that of a comet, the tail being from the moon. The side towards the moon was of a light orange colour. During the existence of these mock moons, a halo or luminous ring appeared round the moon, and passed through all the mock moons, at which instant two yellowish-coloured lines joined the opposite mock moons, and formed four quadrants, bisecting each other at the centre of the circle. These appearances varied in brightness, and continued above an hour."* Many similar instances of such phenomena might be cited, but the truth is, that all descriptions, however correct, must be inadequate to convey the actual impressions such appearances excite. The aspect of the heavens, under the most common and frequent circumstances, to a contemplative mind, gives rise to the most serious and elevated reflections; but when the sun and moon seem to change their wonted colours—when halos or glories unlooked for break around and encircle them—when the sun and moon are reflected in false images amidst the bright and dazzling exhibition of other extraordinary phenomena, mankind naturally pause to gaze and wonder; the philosopher, admiring not less the effect, examines into the causes of the apparent prodigy; while the ignorant spectator, "planet-stricken" by the first survey, turns within himself to yield only to the suggestions of an ignorant and delusive imagination.

The truth is, that all philosophical investigations, even into the most strange and eccentric phenomena of nature, while they enlarge our ideas, and reconcile us to, at first sight, singular anomalies, inspire us with a stronger and higher confidence in the wisdom manifested throughout creation; for who, as a "poor child of doubt, whose hope is built on reeds," can walk with confidence through paths along which every successive step plunges into deeper and deeper darkness? We naturally, after surveying the appearances and the effects of such phenomena, are anxious to examine into the causes by which they are produced; and it will, as a general principle, be found that the most apparently complex ends are generally by Nature effected by the simplest means. Here we find no difficulty. Already it has been explained how the intervention of a cloud, or any modification of invisible vapour, may reflect entire, or break down into its elementary rays, the white light proceeding either from the sun or moon, and to this we owe the appearance of such halos, parhelia, or paraselenæ. In a former article in this series,† we explained wherefore a very intense degree of cold always exists in the higher regions of the atmosphere; and this, aggravated by the cold which is produced in wintry seasons, occasions minute angular pieces of ice to float in the higher strata of the air, which refract in all directions the rays of the sun or moon. "The production of halos (says Sir David Brewster) may be illustrated experimentally by crystallising various salts upon plates of glass, and looking through the plates at a candle; when the crystals are granular, they will produce the finest effects. A few drops of saturated solution of alum, for example, spread over a plate of glass, so as to crystallise quickly, will cover it with an imperfect crust, consisting of flat octahedral (eight sided) crystals, scarcely visible to the eye. When the observer, with his eye placed close behind the smooth side of the glass plate, looks through it at a luminous body, he will perceive three fine halos at different distances encircling the source of light."‡ That such crystals of ice, analogous to the crystals formed by the alum on the glass, exist disseminated through the atmosphere, there is no doubt; and that, owing to their angular forms, they will refract the rays of the sun and moon round them, is equally obvious. Accordingly, the existence of such particles of ice in the atmosphere, at the time when such halos occur, must be expected, and, should such be concomitant, will render the explanation perfectly satisfactory. In the arctic regions, the existence of such particles of ice floating about in the atmosphere is proved by the sense of touch, by their pricking the skin like needles, and raising blisters on the face and hands; and at these very times, such halos, parhelia, and paraselenæ, are of most frequent occurrence. In winter, when such frost-smoke occurs, these phenomena are often seen; but in summer, when this does not occur, such halos and mock suns and moons are seldom visible. In the temperate regions, such appearances only arise during the colder months of the year, when such crystals of ice exist in the higher regions of the air, and are not observed during summer. Lastly, halos, properly so called, seldom or never occur in the torrid zone, where such crystals of ice are less likely to occur than in the temperate regions. Accordingly, without entering into any minute account of the speculations which have been broached concerning the minute forms of the prisms of ice necessary to produce modifications in the extent and character of these halos, we may conclude this article, proposing to consider in our next the appearances and causes of other luminous meteors, the consideration of which we hope will not be unacceptable to the readers of the Journal, with whom it has been our wish to traverse the paths of science, not as a task or heavy labour, but as a recreation from graver pursuits, saying, with the immortal Milton,

> "How charming is divine philosophy!
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose
> But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
> And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
> Where no crude surfeit reigns."

* Parry, *Op. Cit.*

† See articles of Popular Information on Science, on the Atmosphere.

‡ This experiment is so easily made, that we warmly recommend it to our young readers. See Sir D. Brewster's Optics, Lardner's Encyclopædia, p. 277.

IMPRISONMENT OF AUTHORS.

[By D'Israeli.]

Imprisonment has not always disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies, but often unquestionably has greatly promoted them.

In prison, Boethius composed his work on the Consolations of Philosophy; and Grotius wrote his Commentary on Saint Matthew, with other works: the detail of his allotment of time to different studies, during his confinement, is very instructive.

Buchanan, in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal, composed his excellent Paraphrases of the Psalms of David.

Cervantes composed the most agreeable book in the Spanish language during his captivity in Barbary.

Fleta, a well-known law production, was written by a person confined in the Fleet for debt: the name of the *place*, though not that of the *author*, has thus been preserved; and another work, "Fleta Minor, or the Laws of Art and Nature in knowing the Bodies of Metals, &c., by Sir John Pettus, 1683;" who gave it this title from the circumstance of his having translated it from the German during his confinement in this prison.

Louis the Twelfth, when Duke of Orleans, was long imprisoned in the Tower of Bourges, applying himself to his studies, which he had hitherto neglected: he became, in consequence, an enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry the Fourth, king of France, confined in the Louvre, pursued very warmly the studies of elegant literature, and composed a very skilful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

Charles the First, during his cruel confinement at Holmsby, wrote the Eikon Basilike, *The Royal Image*, addressed to his son; this work has, however, been attributed by his enemies to Dr Gauden, who was incapable of writing the book, though not of disowning it.

Queen Elizabeth, while confined by her sister Mary, wrote several poems, which we do not find she ever could equal after her enlargement: and it is said Mary Queen of Scots, during her long imprisonment by Elizabeth, produced many pleasing poetic compositions.

Sir Walter Raleigh's unfinished History of the World, which leaves us to regret that later ages had not been celebrated by his sublime eloquence, was the fruits of eleven years of imprisonment. It was written for the use of Prince Henry, as he and Dallington, who also wrote "Aphorisms" for the same prince, have told us; the prince looked over the manuscript. Of Raleigh it is observed, to employ the language of Hume, "They were struck with the extensive genius of the man, who, being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives: and they admired his unbroken magnanimity, which at his age, and under his circumstances, could engage him to undertake and execute so great a work as his History of the World." He was, however, assisted in this great work by the learning of several eminent persons; a circumstance which has not been noticed.

The plan of the *Henriade* was sketched, and the greater part composed, by Voltaire, during his imprisonment in the Bastile; and "the Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan was produced in a similar situation.

Howel, the author of "Familiar Letters," wrote the chief part of them, and almost all his other works, during his long confinement in the Fleet prison: he employed his fertile pen for subsistence, and in all his books we find much entertainment.

Lydiat, while confined in the King's Bench for debt, wrote his Annotations on the Parian Chronicle, which were first published by Prideaux. This was that learned scholar whom Johnson alludes to: an allusion not known to Boswell and others.

Freret, when imprisoned in the Bastile, was permitted only to have Bayle for his companion. His dictionary was always before him, and his principles were got by heart. To this circumstance we owe his works, animated by all the powers of scepticism.

Sir William Davenant finished his poem of Gondibert during his confinement by the rebels in Carisbroke Castle.

De Foe, when imprisoned in Newgate for a political pamphlet, began his Review; a periodical paper, which was extended to nine thick volumes in quarto, and it has been supposed served as the model of the celebrated papers of Steele. There he also composed his Jure Divino.

Wicquefort's curious work on "Ambassadors" is dated from his prison, where he had been confined for state affairs. He softened the rigour of those heavy hours by several historical works.

One of the most interesting facts of this kind is the fate of an Italian scholar, of the name of Maggi. Early addicted to the study of the sciences, and particularly to the mathematics and military architecture, he defended Famagusta, besieged by the Turks, by inventing machines which destroyed their works. When that city was taken in 1571, they pillaged his library, and carried him away in chains. Now a slave, after his daily labours he amused a great part of his nights by literary compositions; *De Tintinnabulis*, on Bells, a treatise still read by the curious, was actually composed by him when a slave in Turkey, without any other resource than the erudition of his own memory, and the genius of which adversity could not deprive him.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

MONKEYS.

In a course of lectures on natural history, by M Geoffroy Saint-Hilare, recently published, it it stated that monkeys are susceptible of *ennui*. A celebrated philosopher of the last century, who was certainly much more of a man of talents than of a natural philosopher, pretended, in the first instance, that to his hands alone man was indebted for his superiority over other animals. It was objected to Helvetius, that monkeys, having four hands instead of two, ought, according to him, to be much superior to man in intelligence. But he replied that monkeys, kept by the disposition of their bodies in perpetual motion, were not susceptible of *ennui*—one of the principles, in his opinion, of human perfectibility. Helvetius would see in M. Geoffroy's work, that in this supposition he was again in error; and besides, that the organization of monkeys differs in so many important respects from that of man, that it is manifest the monkey species must for ever be at an infinite distance from the human. One curious fact, and which alone would determine that question, is, that it has been ascertained that the young monkey is much more intelligent than the adult. By a remarkable law of nature, the more the physical strength of the monkey increases, the more its intellectual power diminishes.

PLAINS OF TROY.

The plains of Troy, so famed and flourishing in ancient days, are now barren and desolate. The sculptor sees no statues, the architect no remains, and the painter any thing but a picturesque view. It is fit only for the collegian or the moralist. The classic Scamander is but a muddy stream, winding through an uncultivated plain, covered with stunted oaks, underwood, and rushes. At the opposite extremity of the plain stand the tombs of Hector and Achilles, that of the latter near the Hellespont, where the Greek fleet was moored. Near is the grave of his friend Patroclus. All their glories are now reduced to a few *tumuli*, about 30 feet high. The Scamander is between 200 and 250 feet broad, and very muddy, having the appearance of being much flooded. Farther up the plain its course becomes undistinguishable among the marshes. After passing a smaller river, you arrive at an ancient *tumulus*, not far from the shore. What is most striking in this monument is the existence of an arch, which forms an entrance to the centre. Above are the remains of a square basement, on which the column of the tomb may have formerly stood. On your return you see the tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, and some others.—*Webster's Travels.*

POETRY.

[The following poems are not only entitled, from their merit, to appear in this or any other periodical work, but they further bear a value in the light of intellectual curiosities. They are the composition of a young lady, *aged only thirteen years*, the daughter of a respectable writer to the signet in town.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Oh, no! she never told her love, nor dreamt that mortal knew
What made that once bright cheek so pale, and dimmed those eyes of blue;
Or what unbidden bade the tear from those bright eyes to flow—
She hid her sorrow in her heart; but was it hid? Ah, no!

For oft the blushing cheek would tell, the quivering lip reveal,
What in her young, o'erburdened heart, she struggled to conceal.
They saw her slender graceful form grow thinner every day;
They marked the smile upon her cheek, like sunshine, pass away.

And, like a worm within the bud, love on her cheek did prey,
Till rest forsook her sleepless couch, and peace her thoughts by day;
And wand'ring reason almost fled, and left her fallen throne;
And grief grew weary of its tears, and love itself was gone.

But yet she ne'er confessed her grief, nor whispered to the air
The passion of a slighted love, the cause of all her care.
Guiltless she lived, yet lonely died, for none could soothe her woe—
She sleeps where wildflowers sadly wave, where sighing breezes blow.

SONG.

Oh, mark yon little bounding bark,
That skims along the main!
Ye roaring waves, be merciful—
Return it safe again.

And blow, ye breezes, gently blow,
And waft it to the shore;
For one young heart would break with woe,
Should it return no more.

A fair one stands at her lattice high,
And she sees it come in sight;
Her heart beats as it ventures nigh,
And she watches with delight.

Her lover's in yon little bark,
That rises with the foam;
Then, gently blow, ye vernal gales,
And waft the sailor home.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TOWN and country people think in a manner essentially different from each other. Their habits—their pursuits—the whole scenery and circumstances of their lives, are different; and hence arises the distinction between their sentiments. Though these two orders of beings are only fulfilling, each in their own way, a part of the general scheme of mutual utility; though the country is, as it were, the grazier, and the town the cook—the country the forester and the town the carpenter—the country the grower and the town the seller—yet it is curious to see what odd jealousies and invidiousnesses prevail between them. Country people, visiting the town, are sometimes observed to be extravagantly resolute against the weakness of confessing any admiration of the grandeur and fashionable fopperies of the town—though it is quite certain that every ruralist on earth looks either to a Mantua or a Rome of his own, as the grand arbiter of fashion and instructor in manners. In Scotland, all the Lothians, Fife, and the border counties, regard Edinburgh as the fountain and centre of any thing *fine:* all Ayrshire, Lanarkshire, and thereabouts, looks to Glasgow. About Galloway, they have a prostrate admiration of Dumfries; and over the Tay, Aberdeen is the cynosure of all neighbouring eyes, except it be a few near Inverness. But yet, when the provincialist comes to his respective capital, watch him as you will, he will not say any thing admiring of it, unless perhaps there be an Englishman in company. They compare every thing disparagingly with the green hills and shining streams, upon which they have been accustomed to look at home. Nay, the country folk will tell you that they perceive the air of the town as soon as they come within a mile or two of it, and are like to die of suffocation till they get out of it again. Every thing, they say, in the way of food, is inferior there, not being raised from the natural pith of the earth, but from wretched chemical forcings; the big buildings are only *big;* all the gentlemen are lawyers, that suck honest men's blood; and the more common-looking people are pickpockets. In fact, all the time that an honest countryman is in town, he is in a state of mingled scorn, terror, and distrust. He walks about the pavement (which hurts his feet dreadfully, because of its wanting the agreeable roughness and tenacity of a country road), glaring with an inapt, foreign, curious look at every window and sign, and evidently labouring under an idea that scores of people are hovering around him in all directions, to play him some mischief, if they can but catch him off his guard. He complains terribly of the distance from one friend's residence to another, as if he were not accustomed to go three times the diameter of the town occasionally to see a neighbour. And whether he "stays" in a hotel, or "puts up" in a humble inn, it is all one—he is in a perfect agony to be gone. He only takes care first to buy a shawl for his wife, and a few mimic guns, fiddles, and picture-books, for his children—"for they always expect something," he affectionately remarks—and then back he flies to his rustic solitude.

It is curious, on the other hand, to remark the correspondently strange notions of a city-immured person respecting the country. Almost all know a little of it—but only a little. If they know little, they care less. It is only about the month of July, that, for the first time in the year, you begin to hear the city folk talk of the country. They then suddenly pluck up a kind of tender interest in the welfare of that neglected part of the world—something akin to the concern which one has about a woman about to add to the numbers of the human race. They begin to be anxious about the harvest, upon which they know (for they do know this much) a great deal of their own comfort for the next year depends. You then hear one person say to another, as they pause to shake hands on the street, "Capital weather this for the country!—The wheat must be ripening very fast." Or else, if three people meet under some shelter to shun a shower, it is—"Very severe plump this—very good, though, for the country—shower much wanted." About this time, indeed, the town people become quite magnanimous in the cause of the country. If they only can convince themselves that a shower will do any good elsewhere, they will endure bucketfulls on their own persons with the greatest fortitude and patience. The agricultural interest is not at all aware of the real depth of concern which the commercial world takes in their business at this time—what kind inquiries are made after the prospects of the season—what fond wishes are breathed for propitious weather—what anxiety is expressed about the progress of the harvest! If any man has been a few miles out of town, and can tell something of the appearance of the fields, the hum at a dinner-party subsides in order to hear what he is saying to a gentleman across the table, respecting what he has seen out of doors. "A field of barley cut down, sir, last Wednesday, at Ceres, in Fife [most appropriate locality for such a wonder]—the first of the season—reaping expected to be very general next week. All owing to the fine weather in May. Farmers say they have not known a heavier crop since the ninety-six. New oats are expected at Dalkeith market on Thursday." And then every man eats his dinner with a gratulatory relish, springing from the assurance that "things are all well in the country." Even among humble artizans, who hardly ever see ten inches of blue sky, an interest of a most profound character is felt respecting the harvest; and it is amazing how well they are acquainted with the technical provincial phrases appropriate to the subject. The measure and price of meal is to them a matter of the keenest and most immediate interest; and they are political economists enough to know how intimately that matter is connected with the appearance of the fields in July. It is amusing, sometimes, about seven o'clock on a summer morning, to see perhaps a couple of old red-cowled men—shoemakers, perhaps, or small shopkeepers—taking a stroll with their hands in their pockets under their aprons, about three hundred yards out of town, where, amidst the villas of the suburbs, there may flourish a mere remnant of a field covered with growing barley;—they inspect this with a calculating air, and have their own unprofessional remarks on its appearance. And then they come back to town, and talk for a week about the crops. Or on a summer Sunday evening, when all the fashionable, and even what is called the respectable world, keeps haughtily within doors, how delightful it is to see the honest mechanic taking a stroll in some of the highways or byeways a little way out of town, along with his wife and perhaps one or two of his children! His clothes are decent, though perhaps deficient in *expression*, and still marked with the creases incurred in their ordinary-day sinecurism. He probably carries his youngest child in his arms, while the wife sails on broad and large in a red shawl in front, attended by a few walking youngsters, who are ever and anon asking her questions about some rural object that strikes their eyes for the first time. It is about six o'clock; and though the house is deserted and locked up, the kettle has been left very near the smothered fire, so as to be ready, when they return, for the infusion of the tea, which is destined to conclude the day's humble and well-earned enjoyments. As he moves along, with his arms clasped close round his little one, and the back of his coat swinging loose and free of his back, he prattles with his straggling family group about all the cows, and the horses, and the farm-yards, they come in sight of; and ever and anon he takes an interested and knowing look at the oat fields, as if he saw in them the shadow of his coming pottage, and wondered what meal would cost next year per peck. If the weather be clear, with the sun shining over-head, then he rejoices, for two reasons—it is pleasant for a walk, and it promises to "do good to the country." If a shower comes on, it discomposes him and his family not a little, and drives them, a little draggled perhaps, into the next public-house; yet he suffers all with a good grace and a resigned heart—"it may perhaps be of service to the country." If in passing along he sees a boy intruding upon a field of grain, for the purpose of plucking and bruising a few ears, he cries to him in an authoritative tone of voice, to come out of "the victual;" this last phrase being the one which he is disposed to apply to grain, when he wants to treat it with more than usual respect. Whenever the group comes to a place where the enclosing fences are somewhat lofty, then has he to lift up his children one by one, that they may look over and see what they can see. The wife occasionally asks questions about the neighbouring seats, and, in talking of these unusual matters, a style of speech steals unconsciously upon the worthy couple, which is considerably different in tone and language from what they use at home on the week-days. They feel somewhat like civil strangers, in a higher rank of life, explaining things to each other in an urbane and genteel kind of manner; and it is not till they reach home, and recommence household realities, that they become exactly as familiar as they usually are with each other.

It is the most ridiculous thing in the world to institute invidious comparisons between the country and the town, or to say that the balance of advantage lies on either side. Cowper's celebrated line is a fallacy.* Much of both the country and the town is the creation of the Almighty, and much of both is the creation, in a certain sense, of man. The fields are rendered by man very different from what they were originally; and though his handiwork is more observable in the city, still there is only a difference in degree. The institutions of social life prevail in both town and country; and though there is perhaps more sophistication in the latter, still that too is only a difference in degree. If we concede that social life was intended as the proper condition of man, we must allow that the clustering of certain of the race in cities must have been as expressly contemplated from the first, as the dispersion of others over the face of nature—for the existence of masses of population is a necessary consequence of social life. In this, as in every thing else, man has his choice. If he prefers the air and sights of the sweet-breathed country to the conventional conveniences of a city, he is right for himself and for his kind. If he prefers these conventional conveniences, at the expense of some of the said air and sights, then he is right too. For by either way the general good is advanced. In short, we would like to see all sorts of people removed above inconsiderate prejudices respecting the lot and choice of their neighbours. Even to *wonder* how another man lives, wanting the things which *you* appreciate in your own destiny, shows an absence of proper reflection, and would be as well avoided. No man can know what happiness there is in the condition of his fellow-men, unless he put himself into the same situation. Then

* "God made the country, but man made the town."

he is apt to find, that, in the sphere and caste where he formerly thought there was nothing but unmingled misery, there exist many unseen comforts and blessings, which redeem its outward aspect.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.—No. III.

That there are likings and dislikings among the inanimate particles of matter, may appear strange, yet, nevertheless, it is true. Boys like the amusements of a holiday better than their school tasks, plum-pudding better than porridge; and some one of their companions they will keep company with, play with, and fight for, in preference to all the others. Men have their likings and dislikings, too, and women no less so; in short, this is one of the universal laws of nature. Now, there are several ways in which matter shows this fellowship, and these have been distinguished as different kinds of *attraction*. Thus, if a stone is thrown up into the air, it immediately descends again to the earth; if it is taken up the slope of a high mountain, and allowed its own liberty, it will immediately roll down into the lowest part of the plain; in fact, it has a tendency or inclination always to draw as near as possible to the earth's centre. And this is the case with all bodies or masses of matter on the surface of the globe; they are continually subject to a law which draws them to the earth's centre. Thus, too, the earth itself, and the other planets, are drawn in a circle round the great centre of attraction and gravity, the sun. If you take two small thin cut pieces of cork, and place them on the surface of a glass of water, you will find, that, whenever they are put within an inch or half an inch of each other, they will rush together, and adhere or stick so that we may lead about both by dragging one forward with the point of a pin; this shows you that this kind of attraction acts when the substances are at a distance. There is another kind of attraction called *cohesive*. Thus, if you take two small drops or globules of quicksilver, and place them on a smooth piece of paper or table, so that they touch each other, they will immediately join, and become one; but if you take one globule of the same, and a small bit of iron or steel, and put them in the same way in contact, they will not adhere together. Two drops of water on a cabbage-leaf will readily run into each other, and become one; but a drop of water and a drop of oil will refuse to do so. This cohesive attraction, then, takes place only among the particles of the same body, and it is by this law that masses of stone, or iron, or mercury, or water, always keep together. It is by this law, too, that the particles of bodies arrange themselves in those beautiful forms called crystals. Thus, if as much sugar be put into boiling water as it will dissolve, and if the boiling be continued for some time, and then the vessel with its contents laid aside to cool slowly, the particles of the sugar will arrange themselves into forms all of one particular shape, and produce the well-known substance sugar-candy, or crystals of sugar. Our table-salt is also an instance of crystallization, and alum and Epsom salts are examples of the same. We often see in a severe frost in winter the window-panes beautifully ornamented with tree-like figures; this is the moisture or water in the air which has been slowly frozen, and which has thus assumed various figures as its crystals were successively formed. An elegant specimen of crystallization may also be made in the following manner:—Take a common phial with a pretty wide mouth, and put into it about a drachm of sugar of lead (acetate of lead); fill up the phial with water, and shake it to dissolve the powder; then take a small piece of the metal zinc, to be got at any coppersmith's shop; tie a thread round it, the ends of which are to be drawn through a hole made in the cork, so as to suspend the zinc in the phial about an inch from the top; lay the phial aside; and in the course of a few hours a substance like metallic leaves will be found hanging in clusters from the zinc. These leaves are the crystals of lead which have been separated from the acid, which acid has combined with the zinc, for which it had a greater liking or affinity. And this leads us to speak of a third kind of attraction, called chemical affinity. When certain bodies are brought close to each other, or mixed, a chemical action takes place—they unite, but in doing so a substance is formed different from either of the originals. All bodies, however, will not thus mix together; and sometimes when two refuse to unite, on the introduction of a third they will all join in cordial union. Thus, if you take a little oil and a little water, and shake them together in a glass, they will not combine; the mixture, it is true, will get turbid, but on laying it aside for a few minutes, the oil will be found floating above, and the water lying sullenly below; but if to these substances thus in the sulks you add a few drops of strong ammonia, or a little soda or potass, and then shake them, the whole will form a white thickish mixture, which will be in fact a liquid soap. Before this law of chemical attraction acts, it is necessary that the substances should be brought close together; and thus it is different from the attraction of gravity, which, as we have seen, acts at a distance, and when bodies are far asunder. Nay, it is not only necessary that they should be in close contact, but in many cases very close, or rubbed hard together. Thus, if you take a small quantity of flour of sulphur, and an equal portion of chlorate of potass (a few grains of each), and simply mix them together, no action or union takes place; but if you put these into a mortar, and rub them smartly with the pestle (taking care to have the hand protected with a glove), they will explode with a crackling noise; here the friction has brought the particles of each into close contact. In order that chemical action may take place, it is also in most cases necessary that one or both of the substances be fluid. Thus, if you mix a little of the powder of nitre and flour of sulphur, no change or mixture ensues; but if you melt the nitre over the fire, and then add the sulphur, a bright flame is instantly produced. If from a box of common soda-water powders you take a paper of the blue and a paper of the white kind, and mix them, while dry there is no action; but if you throw this mixture into a glass of water, a violent effervescence takes place. Here both substances become liquid, and the acid of the one powder combines with the soda of the other, while the fixed air, or carbonic acid gas, is set at liberty, and causes the numerous air-bubbles. Heat also very much assists chemical action: many substances that will not mix in cold water readily combine when the water is made to boil. If you take a glass flask, and put into it an ounce of spirit of wine, and a third of an ounce of aquafortis (nitric acid), weakened with two-thirds of water, nothing will take place; but, on applying the slight heat of a spirit lamp below, a gas or air will be disengaged, which will take fire on the approach of a lighted candle. On putting the flask into cold water, the action is stopped; on applying heat again, it is renewed. But perhaps the most singular circumstance connected with chemical attraction is the fact alluded to at the commencement of this subject, that certain bodies have such a strong affinity or inclination for each other, that they will rush together and unite under every favourable circumstance; nay, that some individual matters will cleave to each other, though both at the time are in intimate union with other substances. Thus, in the case of the soda powders above alluded to, in one powder we have two substances, soda and carbonic acid, which have a strong affinity for each other, and in ordinary circumstances remain combined together apparently the best of friends; but no sooner does the soda meet with the tartaric acid of the other powder, than it instantly leaves the carbonic, and unites with the tartaric, for which it has a stronger affinity. Changes of this kind can be illustrated, in many substances, half a dozen of times in succession. Thus, sulphuric acid readily combines with ammonia or hartshorn; if you add a little lime, it flies to this, and leaves the ammonia; add soda, and it leaves the lime; potass, and it leaves the soda; strontia, and it leaves the potass; and, in preference to all, if the earth baryta be added, it will cleave to this. If you add two or three compound substances of different properties, you have then a regular country dance of it, cross hands and up the middle, hubbub and confusion prevail, till at last a complete change of partners takes place, and every substance will be found in the end closely joined to that which it likes best. The investigation of these changes, these likings and rejections, constitutes the great charm of chemistry, and it also constitutes its great and important use in the arts. By knowing these affinities of bodies, one can frequently obtain out of a useless mixture some valuable substance; by combining two useless substances, a third of great importance may be obtained; by simply putting in a few drops of a certain substance into a mass of others, one can distinguish the nature of some or all the substances of the mixture hitherto unknown; in short, the improvements in the arts, in every thing that regards the comfort, and elegance, and health of modern civilization, has mainly depended on the perfection of these chemical discoveries. We have still another circumstance to mention with regard to the union of bodies. Some unite apparently in any proportion in which they happen to come together, while others will only unite in certain fixed quantities. Thus, if you have a phial, containing a quantity of water, you may drop a few drops of sulphuric acid into this, and it will readily diffuse itself through the whole, and impart its peculiar acid taste: you may still continue to drop in more of the acid, and still the water will unite with it, and become stronger and stronger; in fact, there is no limit to their mixture. But if you take the same quantity of water, and put into it a small quantity of table-salt, a certain portion of this salt will be readily dissolved, until you come to a point where the water will take up no more; the excess falls to the bottom untouched or unaltered. All salts, and indeed all substances (with the exception of fluids just mentioned, and in these, circumstances may prevent the rule from being apparent), seem to have certain proportions in which they unite with each other, and which proportions they never vary. It is from these innumerable combinations in various measures and degrees, that all the vast variety of substances on the earth are formed; and however numerous and different in their properties these may be, yet, as has been shown in No. I., all are compounded out of some two or more of fifty-four simple or elementary bodies existing in nature. Thousands of chemical changes are continually going on around us, bringing about a never-ending change on the face of all things; so that the earth is one vast chemical laboratory, where operations of the most stupendous magnitude are daily performing.

Thus, a continual distillation takes place from the sea, and fresh water is separated from its salts, which, descending in rain, feeds vegetation, and affords springs and rivers for the benefit of man and animals. Then the vegetable world extracts the salts of the earth, and combines the air of the atmosphere with their juices, affording food for myriads of animals. The superfluous vegetation decays, or is decomposed into earth and air, affording a soil and juice for the growth of other plants; and man and animals, after having performed their allotted part, are also reduced by a chemical change into their parent dust. If we add to this the decomposition of wood, and coals, which have once been wood, by burning in the fire, whereby their ingredients are changed, but not a particle of them lost, we shall complete the circle of changes and transformations which are daily and hourly going on in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, where, although much appears to be wasted and dissipated, yet such is the accurate and careful details of nature, that it is highly probable the whole sum of matter composing the earth is neither one grain more nor one grain less than what it was at the period when it first came forth from the forming hands of an Omnipotent Creator.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

"Mayhap you didn't know Sam, one of the worthiest tars that ever handled a marlin-spike, or took his trick at the helm. Many's the time we have spun our yarns together, shared each other's 'bacca, or fought at the same gun; and tell me what can bind the ties of kindred stronger?

One day (shortly after the mutiny at Spithead) we were cruising off Brest, and it came on to blow a stiff breeze from the north-west; so the hands were turned up to reef topsails. Now, we had always been considered the smartest ship in the fleet, and the topmen prided themselves on beating every one else, so they were at all times eager to get to their stations. Sam, in hurrying up the hatchway, happened to come in contact with a young midshipman that had scarce ever dipped his hands in salt water, or bit the mark out of a king's biscuit, and nearly capsized him. It warn't done intentionally; but the small officer, without hesitation, struck him a blow; and though it didn't hurt him much, yet his feelings were wounded, and that to Sam was worse than a broken limb. Howsomever, no time could be spared for parleying, for the gale was freshening; so he turned to the young gentleman, gave him a look of stern reproach, and shinned away aloft like a sky-rocket. Well, d'ye see, after shortening sail, and the watch called, Sam was ordered aft on the quarter-deck; for the midshipman, not content with striking him, had also complained to the first lieutenant (who had only joined us a few days before), charging him with mutinous conduct and insolence. "Indeed, sir," said Sam, "I couldn't help it—I didn't mean to offend Mr ——: it was all accidental, and I'm sorry for it." "What do you say to that, Mr ——?" said the lieutenant. "It was not an accident, sir," replied the midshipman, "but designedly done, for I saw him afterwards turn round and grin at me." "Grin! no, sir, I didn't grin. I certainly looked round, when Mr" —— here he paused, too proud to mention the blow—"but let it rest, let it rest." "No, my man," rejoined the lieutenant, "I shall not let it rest: the dregs of a mutinous spirit are still operating among you. Here, boatswain's mate, get a rope's-end, and give this fellow a starting." "That's hard, sir," said Sam: "I've always done my duty, and every officer in the ship would answer for me." "Silence, sir! not a word. Boatswain's mate, do your duty." But the poor fellow, who was a messmate of Sam's, fumbled so long, that the lieutenant gave him a rap on the head to freshen his way. By this time the men gathered round the gang-ways, and along the lee side of the deck, all wondering what was the matter; for they knew their shipmate to be the most peaceable obliging man on board, and the best seaman to boot; so whispers ran along, and doubtful looks, as if every one tried to read the other's thoughts. "Do your duty, boatswain's mate!" bellowed the lieutenant. Jack Hawser raised his arm, looked at his messmate (who stood firm as a rock, without betraying a single emotion of fear), and then dropped it again with an expressive shake of the head. The lieutenant now got into a violent passion, and, seizing the end of the top-gallant clew-line, laid it across Jack's shoulders. Again the rope's-end was raised; and Sam, seeing how matters stood, mildly told his messmate "to obey orders, and do his duty." "Lay it on!" roared the officer, observing Jack again hesitate; "lay it on the scoundrel; you're a set of mutinous dogs altogether." Jack was about to give the blow, impelled by the pain from the lieutenant's stripes, when, observing the calm, composed, yet pitying look of his messmate, he dashed the rope's-end on the deck, and, turning to the officer, exclaimed, "If I do, I'll be hanged." At this moment loud murmurs were heard amongst the men, who came pressing farther aft; but fortunately the next minute the captain walked out of his cabin, and finding the first lieutenant belabouring the boatswain's

mate, while the determined countenances of the crew threatened tumult, "Avast, avast, sir," he cried out, "what is all this? I'm sorry to see you in so degrading an office, sir. Pray, what has caused all this violence?" The ship's company were eagerly crowding on the quarter-deck; but their clamour immediately subsided when they heard the captain's voice. "Sir," replied the officer rather haughtily, "these men are mutinous;" loud murmurings arose among the people. "Silence, my men," thundered out the captain, erecting himself in the attitude of one determined to be obeyed: "the first I hear utter a word shall be instantly put in irons: if you are injured, I am here to do you justice." Then, turning to the officer, "Be more guarded in your expressions, sir, and let me know as briefly as possible what has occasioned this commotion." "This young gentleman, sir, brought me a complaint against one of the men, for wilfully running upon him so as nearly to knock him down, and for using insolent language." "Where is the man?" "Here, sir," pointing to Sam. "Who, this —this the man? why—but I must hear farther." So he questioned him about it, and Sam explained what had taken place, which was proved by the evidence of all who had witnessed the transaction. "But why, sir," addressing the lieutenant, "were you starting the boatswain's mate?" "Because, sir, he would not execute my orders, in punishing the man." "There he was wrong, for obedience in a seaman is the first test of duty. I honour him for his humanity and noble feeling, but he has my censure for disobedience of orders: however, as he has already suffered chastisement, I shall say no more. As for this man, sir," pointing to Sam, "I only wish that you, sir—yes, you—possessed a heart equally brave and honourable. This man, whom you have stigmatised, and would have punished unjustly, preserved this ship and the lives of her officers during the late insurrection at Spithead. 'Tis true, for the time being, the captain was deprived of his command, and this man elected by the delegates instead; but such was his excellent conduct in restraining the seamen from acts of violence, or even trivial insult, that the duty was carried on by the officers with the same attention as before; only, in one thing they were all determined, not to lift an anchor till their grievances were redressed; and perhaps—but that has been settled. Now, attend, sir, to what I am going to say: while the pendant is waving over our heads, bear in remembrance that I am captain of my own ship, nor will I suffer a hand to be raised against any of the people, unless through my directions." Some of the men began to cheer. "Silence, fore and aft, men; these cheers are disgusting to me, and I am highly displeased with your conduct. Have you ever found me regardless of your comforts or privileges, that you should thus assemble tumultuously together? But there are some among you on whom I shall have a bright eye, and therefore recommend them to keep a sharp look-out. Call the watch, boatswain's mate, and send the rest below."

As the calm frequently follows the tempest while the long-rolling waves are yet violently agitated, though the howling of the gale has ceased, so did the turbulence of the seamen subside, and, slowly quitting the deck, they scarcely raised their heads to look their commander in the face. Sam still stood by the "Jacob's ladder;" and after the captain had taken a few turns, he stopped before him. "As for you, my man," said he, "your attachment to your king and country in the hour of peril has not been forgotten; continue in the conscientious discharge of your duty, and no one here shall harm you; nay, more, when we return into port, I shall use my interest in getting you promoted." "God bless your honour," replied Sam; "I hope your honour don't want to get rid of me: I'd rather sail with you, sir, than be made a lord." "Well, well," returned the captain, "go to your duty now; we'll speak about it another time."

A few weeks after this the fleet put in to Torbay to water, and all the boats were busily engaged in going to and from the shore, while many of the officers made short excursions into the country. During this period the first lieutenant did not forget Sam, for, being left in command, he harassed him incessantly; but the poor fellow scorned to shrink, or even complain. He was a married man, too, and his wife (who resided with her parents between Torbay and Plymouth), not having seen him since the mutiny came alongside in a shore-boat, expecting to have an interview; but the commanding officer would not suffer her to come on board, alleging an order to that effect, which excluded women from the ship; so that poor Sam had only the cheerless satisfaction of passing a few minutes with her in the boat, vainly endeavouring to soften her anguish, and soothe her disappointment. All hands exclaimed loudly against this tyranny, and would most probably have proceeded to open resistance; but they remembered the late rebuke of their captain, and the remonstrances of Sam himself restrained them from open violence.

Well, d'ye see, we sailed again, and cruised to the westward in the chops of the Channel. One evening, just about dusk, blowing very hard, we sprung our bowsprit, and the first lieutenant came out upon it to see the extent of the injury. At this moment a cry was heard on the forecastle, "A man overboard, a man overboard!" but the gale was so strong, that it could not be heard aft. Sam, however, who was standing on the lee gangway, caught the sound; and, repeating it as loud as possible, sprung upon the hammock-nettings. The ship had very little way through the water; and every soul on deck crowded to the same spot, with the ends of ropes and other things to throw to the unfortunate swimmer; but he was nowhere to be seen. "Where is he?" exclaimed the captain, jumping by the side of Sam: "lower the quarter-boat down. Can you discern any thing of him?" Sam was silent; but his keen eye seemed resting on a particular eddy in the sea. "Where is the first lieutenant?" continued the captain; "why is he not aft here?" "'Tis Mr L—— that's overboard, sir," cried a dozen voices at once. "I see him, sir," said Sam, starting from that fixed attitude he had maintained; "I see him!" and instantly dashed into the waves. The dark body of the lieutenant was now plainly visible, as it emerged from the deep, and lay for a moment inanimate upon the white foam of the billows, while Sam, with his sinewy arms, was cleaving the liquid element, and throwing aside the spray. Before, however, he could reach the officer, the body began gradually to settle down again, and, when he reached the spot, was no longer to be seen. Breathless expectation sat on every countenance (for though all hands disliked him, yet sailors forget animosities in a time of trouble); but what was their surprise—what was their horror—when the brave fellow, who had so gallantly risked his life to rescue his bitterest foe, disappeared in an instant! The ship had now forged considerably a-head, and, owing to the confusion occasioned by the accident, the boat was some time in lowering down; but at last they shoved off, while every eye was anxiously strained in the direction where Sam and the lieutenant had last appeared. The heavy wave rolled on unburdened, displaying its lofty top, as if in triumph, crested with sparkling foam. "There he is!" exclaimed the captain, as the struggling seaman rose upon the hollow of the swell: "pull to starboard in the boat, and stretch out, my lads—stretch out." This latter was delivered through the speaking-trumpet;—the officer heard it—waved his hat, and, catching sight of Sam himself, steered directly for the spot. Hope glowed in every breast at the prospect of his deliverance; but transient was its ray. A mountain wave came curling its monstrous head, threatening destruction to the gallant little crew: it caught the boat, nearly filling her with water, and drove them past their object. Darkness now obscured them from our view; though now and then we could just discern amidst the gloom a black speck, as it rode on the top of the billow. Another boat was immediately manned; lights were hoisted, and false fires burned; but nearly an hour elapsed, and no cutters returned. The captain paced the poop in violent agitation, frequently stopping to make inquiries, and to look himself. At last, "Here's a boat upon the weather quarter," exclaimed a little midshipman; and immediately added, "There's two, sir—there's two—only look, there they both are! Hurrah, my lads: thank God! they're safe." In a few minutes more they rowed alongside. "Hand over a rope's end," cried the officer in the headmost boat, which was the first that had been sent away. The rope's end was handed over. "Some one must be hurt," said the humane surgeon, who stood ready to render his assistance. "I imagine so," returned the captain, "for I fear the poor fellow is lost. As for Mr L——, there cannot be the faintest hope: he has perished without doubt." While this conversation was passing, the men were occupied in carefully raising some one up the side; and just as the captain had finished his sentence, an apparently lifeless body was lifted over the gangway. "'Tis Mr L——," shouted the surgeon; "'tis my poor messmate!" and instantly sprung forward to assist in carrying him below. "Have you saved the man?" inquired the captain; but before his question could be answered, Sam appeared upon the deck. He staggered through exhaustion towards the captain, and fell senseless at his feet. "Carry this brave fellow into my cabin directly," cried the captain, raising him in his arms, "and send the surgeon's assistant here immediately." "I am here, sir," replied the young man; and, following them into the cabin, poor Sam was after some time recovered. The first lieutenant had been conveyed to the ward-room, and every exertion used for two hours, without showing the least symptoms of returning animation: at the expiration of that time his pulse returned; and in another hour he uttered some incoherent words, and sunk into a deep sleep.

Sam told his tale. When he first disappeared, finding he had missed his object, and trusting to his skill, he dived after the sinking officer. Catching him by the hair, he brought him to the surface; but the lieutenant was senseless, and Sam was compelled to let him go. Again he dived, and again brought him up, when the boat missed them, till, almost exhausted, his strength began to fail, and both were settling fast. Once more Sam quitted his hold, but he determined, as help seemed to be at hand, to make one desperate struggle. He again dived, and writhed his hand in the officer's hair. The effort was too much; and despair even of his own life darted upon Sam's mind—when, at this moment—at this very moment—before he had raised his head above the water, he felt his arm firmly grasped, and the next was hauled up to the bows of the boat, one of the men having thrown himself over for this purpose, while another held fast by his foot.

What need of saying more? Sam was made a boatswain, and now lays up in ordinary in Chatham river; while Mr L—— learned to temper "mercy with judgment," and became one of the best and most humane officers in the British navy."*

TRADITIONS OF THE OLD TOLBOOTH OF EDINBURGH.

[From Reekiana, by R. Chambers.]

CRIMINALS, notwithstanding every consideration of the meanness which characterises some crimes, and the wickedness and cruelty of others, are an interesting portion of mankind. The interest respecting them is not confined to the young ladies, who conceive that "the youth in his cart has the air of a lord," and

—— "cry, there dies an Adonis."

It is felt by all mankind. The reasons are, that criminals become distinguished and notable above their fellow-creatures—singled out, as it were, and placed in a conspicuous flock, with a pale around them, which the ordinary people of the world will not, dare not overleap. They are interesting, often, on account of their courage—on account of their having dared something which we timorously and anxiously avoid. A murderer or a robber is quite as remarkable a person, for this reason, as a soldier who has braved some flesh-shaking danger. He must have given way to some excessive passion; and all who have ever been transported beyond the bounds of reason by the violence of any passion whatever, generally gain the wonder, if not the admiration, of the rest of the species. Among the inmates of the Old Tolbooth, some of whom had inhabited it for many years, there were preserved a few legendary particulars respecting criminals of distinction, who had formerly been within its walls.

One of the most distinguished traits in the character of the Old Tolbooth was, that it had no power of retention over people of quality. It had something like that faculty which Falstaff attributes to the lion and himself—of knowing men who ought to be respected on account of their rank. Almost every criminal of more than the ordinary rank ever yet confined in it, somehow or other contrived to get free An insane peer, who, about the time of the Union, assassinated a schoolmaster that had married a girl to whom he had paid improper addresses, escaped while under sentence of death. I am uncertain whether the following curious fact, related to me some years ago by Sir Walter Scott, refers to that nobleman, or to some other titled offender. It was contrived that the prisoner should be conveyed out of the Tolbooth in a trunk, and carried by a porter to Leith, where some sailors were to be ready with a boat to take him aboard a vessel about to leave Scotland. The plot succeeded so far as the escape from jail was concerned, but was knocked on the head by an unlucky and most ridiculous accident. It so happened that the porter, in arranging the trunk upon his back, placed the end which corresponded with the feet of the prisoner *uppermost*. The head of the unfortunate nobleman was therefore pressed against the lower end of the box, and had to sustain the weight of the whole body. The posture was the most uneasy imaginable. Yet life was preferable to ease. He permitted himself to be taken away. The porter trudged along the Krames with the trunk, quite unconscious of its contents, and soon reached the High Street, which he also traversed. On gaining the Netherbow, he met an acquaintance, who asked him where he was going with that large burden. To Leith, was the answer. The other inquired if the job was good enough to afford a potation before proceeding farther upon so long a journey. This being replied to in the affirmative, and the carrier of the box feeling in his throat the philosophy of his friend's inquiry, it was agreed that they should adjourn to a neighbouring tavern. Meanwhile, the third party, whose inclinations had not been consulted in this arrangement, felt in his neck the agony of ten thousand decapitations, and almost wished that it were at once well over with him in the Grassmarket. But his agonies were not destined to be of long duration. The porter, in depositing him upon the causeway, happened to make the end of the trunk come down with such precipitation, that, unable to bear it any longer, the prisoner fairly roared out, and immediately after fainted. The consternation of the porter, on hearing a noise from his burden, was of course excessive; but he soon acquired presence of mind enough to conceive the occasion. He proceeded to unloose and to burst open the trunk, when the hapless nobleman was discovered in a state of insensibility; as a crowd collected immediately, and the city-guard were not long in coming forward, there was of course no further chance of escape. The prisoner did not eventually recover from his swoon till he had been safely deposited in his old quarters; but, if I recollect rightly, he eventually escaped in another way.

In two very extraordinary instances, an escape from justice has, strange as it may appear, been effected by *means* of the Old Tolbooth. At the discovery of the Rye-house Plot, in the reign of Charles the Second, the notorious Robert Fergusson, usually styled "the Plotter," was searched for in Edinburgh, with a view to his being subjected, if possible, to the extreme vengeance of the law. It being known almost certainly that he was in town, the authorities shut the gates, and calculated securely upon having him safe within their toils. The Plotter, however, by an expedient

* Abridged from "Greenwich Hospital, a Series of Naval Sketches." Robins, London. 1826.

worthy of his ingenious character, escaped by taking refuge in the Old Tolbooth. A friend of his happened to be confined there at the time, and was able to afford protection and concealment to Fergusson, who, at his leisure, came abroad, and betook himself to a still safer shelter on the Continent. The same device was practised in 1746, by a gentleman who had been concerned in the rebellion, and for whom a hot search had been carried on in the Highlands.

The case of Katherine Nairne, in 1766, excited, in no small degree, the attention of the Scottish public. This lady was allied, both by blood and marriage, to some highly respectable families. Her crime was the double one of poisoning her husband, and having an intrigue with his brother, who was her associate in the murder. On her arrival at Leith in an open boat, her whole bearing betrayed so much levity, or was so different from what had been expected, that the mob raised a general cry of indignation, and were on the point of stoning her, when she was with some difficulty rescued from their hands by the public authorities. In this case the Old Tolbooth found itself, as usual, incapable of retaining a culprit of condition. Sentence had been delayed by the judges on account of her pregnancy. The midwife employed at her accouchement (who continued to practise in Edinburgh so lately as the year 1805) had the address to achieve a jail-delivery also. For three or four days previous to that concerted for the escape, she pretended to be afflicted with a prodigious toothach; went out and in with her head enveloped in shawls and flannels; and groaned as if she had been about to give up the ghost. At length, when all the janitory officials were become so habituated to her appearance, as not very much to heed her exits and her entrances, Katherine Nairne one evening came down in her stead, with her head wrapped all round with the shawls, uttering the usual groans, and holding down her face upon her hands, as with agony, in the precise way customary with the midwife. The inner doorkeeper, not quite unconscious, it is supposed, of the trick, gave her a hearty thump upon the back as she passed out, calling her at the same time a howling old Jezebel, and wishing she would never come back to annoy his ears, and those of the other inmates, in such an intolerable way. There are two reports of the proceedings of Katherine Nairne after leaving the prison. One bears that she immediately left the town in a coach, to which she was handed by a friend stationed on purpose. The coachman, it is said, had orders from her relations, in the event of a pursuit, to drive into the sea, that she might drown herself—a fate which, however dreadful, was considered preferable to the ignominy of a public execution. The other story runs, that she went up the Lawnmarket to the Castlehill, where lived Mr ——, a respectable advocate, from whom, as he was her cousin, she expected to receive protection. Being ignorant of the town, she mistook the proper house, and, what was certainly remarkable, applied at that of the crown agent, who was assuredly the last man in the world that could have done her any service. As good luck would have it, she was not recognised by the servant, who civilly directed her to her cousin's house, where it is said she remained concealed many weeks. Her future life, it has been reported, was virtuous and fortunate. She was married to a French gentleman, was the mother of a large and respectable family, and died at a good old age. Meanwhile, Patrick Ogilvie, her associate in the dark crime which threw a shade over her younger years, suffered in the Grassmarket. This gentleman, who had been a lieutenant in the —— regiment, was so much beloved by his fellow-soldiers, who happened to be stationed at that time in Edinburgh Castle, that the public authorities judged it necessary to shut them up in that fortress till the execution was over, lest they might have attempted a rescue.

The Old Tolbooth was the scene of the suicide of Mungo Campbell, while under sentence of death (1770) for shooting the Earl of Eglintoune. In the district where this memorable event took place, it is somewhat remarkable that the fate of the murderer was more generally lamented than that of the murdered person. Campbell, though what was called "a graceless man," and therefore not much esteemed, was rather popular in his profession of exciseman, on account of his rough, honourable spirit, and his lenity in the matter of smuggling. Lord Eglintoune, on the contrary, was not liked, on account of the inconvenience which he occasioned to many of his tenants by newfangled improvements, and his introduction into the country of a generally abhorred article, denominated rye-grass, which was fully as unpopular a measure as the bringing in of Prelacy had been a century before. Lord Eglintoune was in the habit of taking strange crotchets about his farms—crotchets quite at variance with the old-established prejudices of his tenantry. He sometimes tried to rouse the old-fashioned farmers of Kyle from their negligence and supineness, by removing them to other farms, or causing two to exchange their possessions, in order, as he jocularly alleged, to prevent their furniture from getting mouldy, by long standing in particular damp corners. Though his lordship's projects were all undertaken in the spirit of improvement, and though these migrations were doubtless salutary in a place where the people were then involved in much sloth and nastiness, still they were premature, and carried on with rather a harsh spirit. They therefore excited feelings in the country people not at all favourable to his character. These, joined to the natural eagerness of the common people to exult over the fall of tyranny, and the puritanical spirit of the district, which disposed them to regard his lordship's peccadilloes as downwright libertinism, altogether conspired against him, and tended to throw the glory and the pity of the occasion upon his lordship's slayer. Even Mungo's poaching was excused, as a more amiable failing than the excessive solicitude about the preservation of game, which had always been the unpopular mania of the Eglintoune family. Mungo Campbell was a man respectably connected, the son of a provost of Ayr, had been a dragoon in his youth, was eccentric in his manners, a bachelor, and was considered at Newmills, where he resided, as an austere and unsocial, but honourable and correct man. There can be no doubt that he rose on his elbows and fired at his lordship, who had additionally provoked him by bursting into a laugh at his awkward fall. The Old Tolbooth was supposed by many, at the time, to have had her usual failing in Mungo's case. The interest of the Argyle family was said to have been employed in his favour; and the body, which was found suspended over the door, instead of being his, was thought to be that of a dead soldier from the castle substituted in his place. His relations, however, who were very respectable people in Ayrshire, all acknowledged that he died by his own hand; and this was the general idea of the mob of Edinburgh, who, getting the body into their hands, trailed it down the street to the King's Park, and, inspired by different sentiments from those of the Ayrshire people, were not satisfied till they got it up to the top of Salisbury Crags, from which they precipitated it down the *Cat Nick*.

So ends our gossip respecting a building which has witnessed and contained the meetings of the Scottish Parliament in the romantic days of the Jameses—which held the first fixed court of law established in the country—which was looked to by the citizens in a rude age as a fortified place for defence against external danger to their lives and goods—which has immured in its gloomy walls persons of all kinds liable to law, from the gallant Montrose, and the faithful Guthrie and Argyle, down to the humblest malefactor in the modern style of crime—and which, finally, under the name of the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, has been embalmed in the imperishable pages of the greatest fictitious writer our country has ever produced.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

To the enthusiastic lover of the vastness, the beauty, and variety of nature, few situations are capable of imparting the same delight which he feels when the winter he has passed amidst the sophisticated circles of fashionable society, and the narrow compass of the streets of a city, is over, and the earth, having once more donned her summer robe, invites him to go forth and contemplate its loveliness. It was in the blooming month of June that I turned my steps westward from the capital of Scotland, to visit several places celebrated for their beauty, which I had never seen. There is something in the view of new prospects, and in the treading on new ground, which has always had the most exhilarating effect on my mind; and I arrived at the end of my first day's journey in the best possible mood for enjoying the pleasure that awaited me. It was a clear, soft, balmy evening when I left the vehicle which had conveyed me from town, in order to prosecute on foot the remainder of the way to the place which was the present object of my travels, and where I intended to remain for some days, that I might have an opportunity of examining its works of complicated art, as well as its scenes of natural and picturesque beauty; there being in the place I was about to visit very extensive cotton-mills, whose site is at the bottom of a deep ravine, through which flows one of the principal rivers of Scotland. For the short distance of somewhat less than a mile, which I traversed before reaching the place of my destination, there were no very remarkable features in the country around to attract attention, or excite admiration, which was all in favour of the impression to be suddenly made, when the object of interest burst upon my view, and I beheld the vale through which the river winds, in all its luxuriance of beauty, lying at my feet, at a very considerable depth.

There I stood, in a perfect trance of delight, while I contemplated the circuitous paths which descend the banks in a perpetual zig-zag, and lead to the mills amidst trees of different kinds, whose foliage still retained the first bright and unsullied verdure of spring. The large masses of building, though constructed in straight and stiff lines, are prevented from appearing monotonous by their standing separately—by the manner of their disposition, the inequalities of the ground, and the scene of beauty in which they are embosomed, between the banks of the river, that are now precipitous, and now receding—in one place clothed with young plantations to the water's edge, and in another studded with trees the growth of ages, and interspersed alternately with rugged rocks and green slopes. The view was indeed like that of a fairy land, which I almost imagined myself to be entering after having left the every-day world behind me. I have seldom visited large manufacturing establishments without revolting from the moral picture they exhibited, in the squalid misery, or the impress of reckless vice in the people; but here every thing accords with the first delightful impression that you are entering a favoured spot, enclosed and kept apart from the wickedness that reigns in the earth; for you behold nearly two thousand of your fellow-beings rescued from idleness, want, and vice, by means of the benevolent and wise regulations to which they are subjected, and the unremitting care taken to put those regulations in force. Here all are well instructed, and supplied not only with the necessaries and decencies of life, while they are exempted, in as far as the nature of things admits, from its calamities, but also with many of its innocent recreations and enjoyments. Here health, order, neatness, and amity, prevail, while instances of depravity are exceedingly rare; and it enjoys the proud pre-eminence of being pronounced the place most free from crime of any in Scotland.

These peculiar features of this "happy valley," together with its contiguity to a domain of far-famed and almost unrivalled scenery, and the historical recollections of the adjacent country, which was in times long past the theatre of valiant and glorious deeds, naturally give an uncommon interest to every thing connected with it, and inspire or encourage in its visitors a certain imaginative temperament. It was thus that I felt myself daily impelled, during my stay within its romantic influence, to follow the river in its sinuous windings: to stand on the beetling precipices which overhang its leaping cataracts: to descend to its rocky caverns, and tread its tangled woods: and, above all, to question such persons as chance threw in my way, in the hope of finding some spot more certainly and more recently connected with the history of a human heart, than those spoken of in the vague legends of the olden time, and which might give to it the charm of association. For some days, I was disappointed in what, I am well aware, would be called by the generality of mankind a foolish fancy; but one evening, following a footpath into a thicket of birch and alder, I entered a small square space, round which a dilapidated hedge of mingled beech and thorn ran on three sides, and where from amidst the tall coarse grass peeped forth several low grave-stones scattered round a tomb, whose large flat surface gave it rather a more imposing appearance. On many of the smaller stones the letters were nearly obliterated, and on the rest they only signified the name and age of those they commemorated. The larger one was more communicative, for, beginning with that impressive entreaty, "Stop, traveller," after which we always expect to learn some tale of unusual interest, it went on to tell that its youthful tenant had been born in a distant part of England: that he had for a short period filled the place of schoolmaster at the manufactory: that he had gained the love and esteem of the people: and that, at the early age of eighteen, he had fallen from an overhanging cliff of the river into one of its deepest and darkest pools, out of which he was taken a lifeless corse.

Just as I had finished reading the inscription, I heard a rustling noise among the bushes, and the careless whistle of a country lad, who presently passed along one side of the enclosure; and being anxious to learn of him why this little spot had been set apart for the purpose of sepulture, I was informed that it was the burial-place of *strangers*. On my putting some questions to him relative to the young man on whose grave I was sitting, he pointed out to me one of the low head-stones near to it, as that of the unfortunate's mother, a widow woman, who, on hearing of the death of her only son, had travelled from England to learn the particulars of his sad fate, and to remain near his grave till she should herself occupy one by its side—which she soon took possession of, in this last abode of the stranger. How many affecting and melancholy ideas did this simple relation, and those magic words, *the stranger*, immediately conjure up! "Are we not all strangers in this poor pilgrim world?" said I. Why, then, are these mouldering remains separated from their kindred bones in the parish churchyard? Why are they outcasts from that common receptacle of mortality? Would the dust of the old inhabitants of the country be aggrieved by this intermixture? No, the sleep of the grave is too sound to be disturbed by the intrusion of strangers—it is the living dust alone that is thus punctilious. What is a stranger but a fellow-being launched like ourselves into this fleeting world—a brother of mortality, feeling like ourselves the same wants and wishes, joys and sorrows—one who has left a home that his heart yearns after with all its soothings of kindred affection, and its haunts of early days, and who vainly seeks in a strange land for something to fill the aching void created in his bosom! And the poor youth who lies beneath, and whose pulse no longer throbs with these recollections, toiled, perhaps, and studied on, in the fond hope of once more returning to cheer the heart of his widowed parent in his hallowed home, while she yet lived to bless him, little dreaming of the sad and sudden end that awaited him. His last sufferings were quickly over. But it was not thus with the mother. She too, had cherished the hope of his re-

turn; but he would come no more to cheer her solitary abode, to support her in her few remaining steps to the grave. The last solace of her life was gone, and, aged and destitute of worldly hope, she took her mournful journey, that she might hear his name repeated by those whose regard he had won—that she might contemplate the objects he had so lately looked upon—that she might spend the short time allotted to her near his early grave, and be undivided from him in death. Nor had she long, it appears, to wait, for the arrow had sped to her desolate heart. The wound was mortal beyond the healing balm of consolation, and she lies beside him in the burial-place of the stranger.

Thus it is with frail and helpless man, whose life is ever subject to the most calamitous changes—who cannot foresee a single event—who, when he begins his journey of life, knows not through what paths it is to lead him, or how, or where, or when, it is to terminate.*

SELF-APPRECIATION.

The self-appreciation of all men is perhaps pretty much alike: the grand difference lies in the power of concealing it. In one point of view, he whom the world calls the vain man is only the most candid, while the person denominated modest is only so far a hypocrite. Nevertheless, as the intrusion of our self-appreciation before the eyes of others is to them disagreeable, it must be considered as a violation of the convenience of our fellow-creatures, which, like all similar annoyances, they are entitled to resent; and as it at the same time betrays a want of self-command, or of knowledge of the world, on the part of those manifesting it, mankind are equally justified in characterising it as either a defect in character or in conduct. Whatever, therefore, be the comparative simplicity of intentions in the vain man, his fault is one which it is for his advantage to combat, and, if possible, suppress.

When any man conceives that he possesses some peculiar mental qualification which should bring him to distinction in life, let him exert that property in every feasible way for the end he has in view. All kinds of *doings* are tolerated in such a person: he may write upon the loftiest theme in the world, or attempt a scientific project, which, if successful, would revolutionise the general affairs of mankind. One thing, however, he *must not do:* he must never breathe a word to a living creature, that could be interpreted into a confession of his own sense of superiority. To put forward the slightest verbal or written pretension to a merit which either has or has not yet been conceded by the voice of his fellow-creatures, shipwrecks him at once, by stamping him as "a vain man." Nay, if he so much as receives a compliment in a way not perfectly modest—if he treats it in the least as a matter of course, or as a thing which he thought he had reason to expect—if he do not, in fact, express a perpetual wonder at the honours that come upon him, and appear, all the time he is writing and fighting for praise, to be unconscious of there being any such thing in the world, he is equally sure to get this condemning reputation. The world will allow him to be as great a dissembler as he pleases, but it will not allow him to show the most distant symptom of self-esteem—an expressive enough proof of the leniency with which mankind often treat real vices, while simple weaknesses are punished without mercy.

It is a common remark, that modesty is always found in the same proportion as true greatness. And so it well may. When the literary society of Portsmouth came to pay their respects to Sir Walter Scott, then about to depart for Italy, and to make him an honorary member of their body, he expressed himself as oppressed with a compliment, to which "so humble an individual as he" had no pretension! Such, we have learned from one of the society, were nearly his exact words; and innumerable anecdotes of this eminent man could be adduced to the same effect. Now, with us the wonder would have been greater, if a man who received praise so abundantly and so readily, had continued to appear externally covetous of it, or even in his heart received it with satisfaction. It was, in his case, water poured upon the drowned. The man from whom, in reality, modesty of this kind is least to be expected, is he, who, getting little spontaneous praise from his fellow-men, finds himself under the necessity of giving them a gentle hint now and then as to his pretensions, and thus ravishing what he cannot get by fair means. Such a man has no acquired reputation to risk by his want of modesty, and thus one of the greatest checks is wanting. The backwardness of mankind makes him desperate, and, seeing that he cannot be worse than he is, he hesitates not to tell them that he is at least no inconsiderable person in his own eyes. If such an individual, however, were suddenly to become really worthy of the admiration of his fellow-men, every step he advanced would be a pledge for his modesty, and he would at no time appear less aware of the existence of his laurels, than at the moment when they were actually blinding him with their luxuriance.

The strong and the feeble parts of human nature are so curiously mingled, that we sometimes find in one man the power to excel almost all others in a certain department of exertion, accompanied by an imbecility of character which causes him to seem even more vain and childish than the most unideaed fop. All who have been much acquainted, for instance, with literary men, must have remarked, that, in some, the power of composing language seemed rather to arise from a disease in their minds—a kind of suppuration—than from any superior organization or innate genius. Vanity is an almost unfailing peculiarity in such persons; and if they do any good at all, to no other impulse or motive can it be traced. While these considerations call for our wonder, they should also make us humanely lenient towards the class of offenders whom we are pointing out to public notice. I may grant that the manifestation of self-esteem is an annoyance to others; yet I am inclined at the same time to suspect, that he who is most anxious for praise himself, is likely to be most fretted by seeing it thus self-applied in another. On no other principle does it appear to me explicable, that men visit this foible with so much reprobation and ridicule, while they will strain every nerve, and scout every received moral maxim, in order to explain away the actual wickedness of some talented favourite, who perhaps despised them, and made them his tools. It is the part of a good spirit to regard this weakness with gentleness, as one which does no real harm to any one, while it is evidently a source of happiness to the individual in whom it is manifested. There are many points in human character more worthy of rebuke and more liable to reformation than this; and the pleasures of life are not so abundant as to enable us to spare even one so peculiarly founded on delusion.

THE PLAGUE OF THE WEST INDIES.

The people of this country frequently grumble at the variableness of the climate, and conceive themselves to be labouring under many discomforts. But they forget that they are entirely free of those dreadful plagues of warm countries—hosts of troublesome insects. The intolerable pest of America is the mosquito; yet it is surpassed by the insects of the West India islands, which are the source of never-ceasing annoyance. Mrs Carmichael, the intelligent authoress of a work on the West Indies, just published, relates the following remarkable instance of the prevalence of the insect plague:—

"One morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill by an unusual number of black birds, whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller, but not unlike an English crow, and were perched on a calibash tree near the kitchen. I asked D., who at that moment came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many of those black birds? She said, 'Misses, dem be a sign of the blessing of God; dey are not de blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noontime how the ants will come and clear the houses.' At this moment I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D.'s, I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur-ants crawling about the floor of the room: my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table where their legs did not communicate with the floor. They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them; and next they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; for had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not nearly so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle for not only were the floor and the walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur-ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of cockroaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their store-house. The windward windows of this room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and the jack-spaniards, on the panes of glass. The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cockroach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivably short space of time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled down again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm.

From this room I went to the adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chasseurs. I opened a large military chest full of linens, which had been much infested for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters. I found the ants already inside: I suppose they must have got in at some opening at the hinges. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cockroaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chambers built at a little distance; but these also were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store-room at the end of the other house, for a place of retreat; but, to get the key, I had to return to the under room, where the battle was now more hot than ever: the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice; and, strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them (as they had the insect tribe), covered them over, and dragged them off with a celerity and union of strength that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one mouse or rat escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off during a very short period. We next tried the kitchen; for the store-room and boys' pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said, 'Ah, misses, you've got the blessing of God to-day, and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning.' I think it was about ten when I first observed the ants; about twelve, the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock, the great strife began with the rats and mice; and about three, the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors. But the grass round the house was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnants of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the black birds, who had never been long absent from the calibash and pois-doux trees in the neighbourhood, darted down among them, and destroyed by millions those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock, the whole was over; before sun-down, the negro houses were also cleared out in the same way; and they told me they had seen the black birds hovering about the almond-trees, close to the negro houses, as early as seven in the morning. I never saw those black birds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times."

ESCAPE OF LIEUTENANT BOYS

FROM A FRENCH PRISON.

Lieutenant Boys, an officer in the British navy, has written an interesting account of his escape from the fortress of Valenciennes, where he was confined as a prisoner of war. In accomplishing his object, he had to encounter unheard of miseries, and at the outset found considerable difficulty in persuading some of his comrades to accompany him. Having at length settled the preliminaries of escape, he thus proceeds to detail his adventures:—

"Not an hour was lost in procuring every thing needful for the occasion; but before we could fix the precise day, we resolved to obtain some information respecting the obstacles in our passage to the upper citadel, that being the only way by which we could possibly escape. It was necessary to be very cautious in this particular, and many schemes were suggested.

At length, hearing that that part of the fortifications abounded in wild rabbits, my greyhounds were offered to one of the gendarmes, whenever he chose to make use of them; and the fellow mentioned it to the maréchal de logis, who was equally pleased with the expectation of sport, for they verily believed that such beautiful English dogs could kill every rabbit they saw. Shortly afterwards, the gendarme came, with the keys in his hand, for them, the maréchal de logis waiting at the gate. The dogs, however, had been taught to follow no one but their master, so that their refusing to go afforded me an opportunity of making an offer to accompany them, which was immediately accepted.

Whitehurst, Hunter, and two or three others, requested to go with us; four other gendarmes were ordered to attend, and we went in a tolerably large party. We took different directions round the ramparts, kicking the grass, under pretence of looking for rabbits; few were found, and none killed; but we succeeded in making our observations, and in

* This little burial-place for strangers is on the wooded bank immediately above New Lanark, and contains the tombstone and inscription mentioned above.

about an hour returned, fully satisfied of the practicability of escape, though the difficulties we had to encounter were, to scale a wall, to ascend the parapet unseen, to escape the observation of three or four sentinels and the patroles, to descend two ramparts of about forty-five feet each, to force two large locks, and to get over two draw-bridges. These were not more than we expected, and we therefore prepared accordingly.

On our return, we fixed the night of the 15th November for the attempt. In the meantime, my friend M'Intosh, then residing in town, got iron-handles put to a pair of steel boot-hooks, given to me by Craig, which I intended to use as picklocks. The only thing now wanting was another rope; and as that belonging to the well in the midshipmen's yard was (from decay) not trust-worthy, in the night we hacked several of the heart-yarns, so that the first time it was used in the morning it broke. A subscription was made by the mids, and a new one applied for. By these means we had at command about thirty-six feet, in addition to what our friends had before purchased of the boys. Every thing was now prepared; the spirits and provisions in the knapsacks were concealed in the dog-kennel.

On the 14th, Whitehurst communicated the secret to a young mid, named Mansell, who immediately proposed to join, and my consent was requested; but I strongly objected, under the impression of his being unable to endure the privations and hardships to which we might probably be exposed: by the persuasion of Ricketts and Cadell, however, I at last consented.

At length the time arrived which I had so ardently desired, and the feelings of delight with which I hailed it were such as allowed me to anticipate the happiest results. The thought of having lost so many years from the service of my country, during an active war, had frequently embittered hours which would otherwise have been cheerful and merry, and now proved a stimulant to perseverance, exceeded only by that which arose from the desire I felt to impress upon the minds of Frenchmen the inefficacy of vigilance and severity to enchain a British officer, when compared with that milder and more certain mode of securing his person, 'confiding in his honour.'

As the sun declined, our excitement increased. Our plans had been conducted with such profound secrecy, that only our most confidential friends entertained the slightest suspicion of our intention. At the usual hour we retired to rest; at half-past eleven we arose, and, in preparation for our departure, went into the midshipmen's little yard, unspliced the well-rope, and returned to the apartment. Desirous of bidding adieu to our messmates, the six who slept in the room were awakened. On seeing the manner in which we were equipped, the rope slung over the shoulder, the knapsacks, the implements, and the laugh each one was endeavouring to stifle, they were so confused, that they could not, for the moment, comprehend why we were thus attired. When told that we intended being in England in ten days, they exclaimed, 'Impossible!' and argued against the attempt, as nothing better than the effect of insanity, insisting that we were obstinately running, with our eyes open, into the very mouth of destruction. But as such remarks, if listened to, might only have tended to create indecision, we shook hands, and said, 'Good night.' When about to depart, Cadell observed, we had better wait a few minutes, as it was then very star-light, and nearly a calm. His advice was attended to, and we impatiently waited the passing of a cloud, in the hope of its increasing the obscurity; but the clouds dispersed, the wind died away, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the watch-calls of the sentinels, and the occasional footsteps of the patroles. This anxious state of suspense continued until two o'clock, when we again rose to depart, but were prevented by the kind interference of our friends, who insisted on our waiting a little longer, arguing, that as I had met with so many disappointments, and had so repeatedly avowed my intention to act prudently, we ought to wait, even till the morrow-night, if necessary. 'What folly,' continued Ricketts, 'to blast all your prospects by false notions of honour;' but the idea of flinching at this crisis was so repugnant to my feelings, and so wounding to my pride, that it was with the utmost reluctance I could consent to postpone the attempt another minute. On reflection, however, I felt the propriety of his remarks, and also that our liberty and lives being, in a great measure, dependent upon my discretion, it behoved me not to allow my judgment to be influenced by the opinions of the illiberal or hot-headed, who I feared would attribute our delay to other causes than the real one. However, that mattered little: patient and persevering, we anxiously watched the stars, and, sensibly alive to every thing that could for a moment endanger the confidence reposed in me by my companions, I listened with attention to their opinions, when, finding them to coincide with my own, and the clock now striking three, we agreed to postpone the attempt till the following night, and then start about eight P.M. All present promised secrecy: we replaced the well-rope, returned our knapsacks to the care of the greyhounds, and retired to bed.

The next morning nothing material occurred: the movements of the preceding night were unsuspected. In the afternoon we amused ourselves with writing a letter to the commandant, in which we thanked him for his civilities, and assured him that it was the rigid and disgraceful measures of the French government which obliged us to prove the inefficacy of 'locks, bolts, and fortresses,' and that if he wished to detain British officers, the most effectual method was to put them upon their 'honour;' for that alone was the bond which had enchained us for more than five years. This letter was left with Ricketts to be dropped on the following day near the '*corps de garde*.' At half-past seven P.M., we assembled, each provided with a clasp-knife and a paper of fine pepper, upon which we placed our chief dependence, for, in case of being closely attacked, we intended to throw a handful into the eyes of the assailants, and then to retreat.

The plan was, that Hunter and myself were to depart first, fix the rope, and open the opposing doors; a quarter of an hour afterwards, Whitehurst and Mansell were to follow. By these means we diminished the risk attendant on so large a body as four moving together, and secured the advantage of each depending more upon his own care; for if Hunter and myself were shot in the advance, the other two would remain in safety; and if, on the contrary, they were discovered, we hoped to have time during the alarm to gain the country. Our intentions were to march to the sea-side, and range the coast to Breskins, in the island of Cadsand, opposite Flushing, and if means of getting afloat were not found before arriving at that place, we proposed to embark in the passage-boat for Flushing, and, about mid-channel, rise and seize the vessel.

It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy that not a star could be seen; the leaves were falling in abundance, and, as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, which was particularly favourable to the enterprise; indeed, things wore so promising an appearance, that we resolved to take leave of a few other of our brother officers. Accordingly, Messrs Hulford, Rochfort, Wright, Miller, Mahony, Robinson, and two others, were invited; to these I detailed our exact situation, the difficulties we had to contend with, and the means of surmounting them; reminded them of our letter to the commandant of last month, and the glory of putting our threats into execution in spite of his increased vigilance; read the one we had that afternoon written, and proposed that any of them should follow that chose, but with this stipulation, that they allowed four hours to elapse before they made the attempt. Upon which, it being a quarter past eight, Hunter and I, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footsteps might not be heard, and each having a rope, a small poker, or a stake, and knapsack, took leave of our friends, and departed.

We first went into the back yard, and, assisted by Rochfort, who was now convalescent, but not sufficiently strong to join the party, got over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road, and climbed silently upon our hands and knees up the bank, at the back of the north guard-room, lying perfectly still as the sentinels approached, and, as they receded, again advancing, until we reached the parapet over the gateway, leading to the upper citadel. Here the breastwork over which we had to creep was about five feet high and fourteen thick, and it being the highest part of the citadel, we were in danger of being seen by several sentinels below; but, fortunately, the cold bleak wind induced some of them to take shelter in their boxes. With the utmost precaution we crept upon the summit, and down the breastwork, towards the outer edge of the rampart, when the sentinel made his quarter-hourly cry of 'Sentinelle prenez garde à vous,' similar to our 'All's well;' this, though it created for a moment rather an unpleasant sensation, convinced me that we had reached thus far unobserved.

I then forced the poker into the earth, and, by rising and falling with nearly my whole weight, hammered it down with my chest. About two feet behind, I did the same with the stake, then slipt the eye of the well-rope over the head of the poker, and fastened a small line from the upper part of the poker to the lower part of the stake. This done, we gently let the rope down through one of the grooves in the rampart, which receives a beam of the drawbridge when up. I then cautiously descended this half chimney, as it were, by the rope. When I had reached about two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, struck against the side, and rebounded against my chest; this I luckily caught between my knees, and carried down without noise.

I crossed the bridge, and waited for Hunter, who descended with equal care and silence. We then entered the revelin, proceeded through the arched passage which forms an obtuse angle with a massive door leading to the upper citadel, and with my picklock endeavoured to open it; but not finding the bolt yield with gentle pressure, I added the other hand, and gradually increased the force, until, by exerting my whole strength, something broke. I then tried to file the catch off the bolt, but that being cast iron, the file made no impression; we then endeavoured to cut away the stone in the wall which receives the bolt, but that was fortified with a bar of iron, so that it was impracticable. The picklocks were again applied, but with no better success. It now appeared complete check-mate, and, as the last resource, it was proposed to return to the bridge, slip down the piles, and float along the canal on our backs, there being too little water to swim and too much mud to ford it. Hunter, with the most deliberate coolness, suggested the getting up the rope again, and attempting some other part of the fortress. In the midst of our consultation, it occurred to me that it would be possible to undermine the gate: this plan was no sooner proposed than commenced, but having no other implements than our pocket-knives, some time elapsed before we could indulge any reasonable hopes of success: the pavement stones under the door were about ten inches square, and so closely bound together, that it was a most difficult and tedious process. About a quarter of an hour had been thus employed, when we were alarmed by a sudden noise, similar to the distant report of a gun, echoing in tremulous reverberations through the arched passage; and as the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening of the great gate, creating a belief that we were discovered. We jumped up, drew back towards the bridge, intending, if possible, to steal past the gendarmes, and slip down the piles into the canal; but the noise subsiding, we stood still, fancying we heard the footsteps of a body of men.

The recollection of the barbarous murderers at Biche, on a similar occasion, instantly presented itself to my sensitive imagination; it is impossible to describe the conflicting sensations which rushed upon my mind during this awful pause. Fully impressed with the conviction of discovery, and of falling immediate victims to the merciless rage of ferocious blood-hounds, in breathless anxiety I stood and listened, with my knife in savage grasp, waiting the dreadful issue, when, suddenly, I felt a glow flush through my veins, which hurried me on with the desperate determination to succeed, or make a sacrifice of life in the attempt. We had scarcely reached the turning when footsteps were again heard, and, in a whispering tone, 'Boys.' This welcome sound created so sudden a transition from desperation to serenity, from despair to so pleasing a conviction of success, that in an instant all was hope and joy. Reinforced by our two friends, we again returned to our work of mining, with as much cheerfulness and confidence as though already embarked for England. They told us the noise was occasioned by the fall of a knapsack, which Mansell, unable to carry down the rope, had given to Whitehurst, from whom it slipped, and falling upon a hollow sounding bridge, between two lofty ramparts, echoed through the arched passage with sufficient effect to excite alarm. Whitehurst, with much presence of mind, stood perfectly still when he landed on the bridge, and heard the sentinel walk up to the door on the inside, and stand still also; at this time they were not more than four feet from each other; and had the sentinel stood listening a minute longer, he must have heard Mansell land.

Three of us continued mining until half-past ten, when the first stone was raised, and in twenty minutes the second. About eleven, the hole was large enough to allow us to creep under the door. The drawbridge was up; there was, however, sufficient space between it and the door to allow us to climb up; and the drawbridge being square, there was, of course, an opening under the arch. Through this opening we crept, lowered ourselves down by the second rope, which was passed round the chain of the bridge, and keeping both parts in our hands, landed on the 'guarde fous.'* Had these bars been taken away, escape would have been impossible, there not being sufficient rope for descending into the ditch. By keeping both parts of it in our hands, the last man was enabled to bring it away, otherwise four ropes would have been necessary.

We then proceeded through another arched passage, with the intention of undermining the second door; but, to our great surprise and joy, we found the gendarmes had neglected to lock it. The drawbridge was up. This, however, detained us but a short time; we got over, crossed the ditch upon the 'guarde fous,' as before, and landed in the upper citadel. We proceeded to the north-east curtain, fixed the stake, and fastened the rope upon the breastwork for the fourth descent. As I was getting down, with my chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched hold of the rope, and Mansell, of his coat, whilst I endeavoured to grasp the grass, by which I was saved from a fall of about *fifty feet*. Fortunately, there was a solitary tree in the citadel; from this a second stake was cut, and the rope doubly secured as before. We all got down safe with our knapsacks, except Whitehurst, who, when about two-thirds of the way, from placing his feet against the rampart, and not letting them slip so fast as his hands, got himself in nearly a horizontal position; seeing his danger, I seized the rope, and placed myself in rather an inclined posture under him; he fell upon my arm and shoulder with a violent shock. Fortunately neither of us were hurt; but it is somewhat remarkable, that within the lapse of a few minutes we preserved each other from probable destruction.

The vivid imagination of the indulgent reader will better depict than I can describe our feelings at this momentous period; suffice it to say, that we heartily congratulated ourselves upon our providential success, after a perilous and laborious work of three hours and

* The 'guarde fous' are two iron bars, one above the other, suspended by chains on each side of the ridge—when down, serving the purpose of hand-rails.

three quarters; and, in the excess of joy, all shook hands.

Having put our knapsacks a little in order, we mounted the glacis, and followed a footpath which led to the eastward. But a few minutes elapsed, when several objects were observed on the ground, which imagination, ever on the alert, metamorphosed into gendarmes in ambush; we, however, marched on, when, to our no small relief, they were discovered to be cattle. Gaining the high road, we passed (two and two, about forty paces apart) through a very long village, and having travelled three or four miles, felt ourselves so excessively thirsty that we stopped to drink at a ditch; in the act of stooping, a sudden flash of lightning, from southward, so frightened us (supposing it to be the alarm-gun), that, instead of waiting to drink, we ran for nearly half an hour. We stopped a second time, and were prevented by a second flash, which alarmed us even more than the first, for we could not persuade ourselves it was lightning, though no report was heard. Following up the road in quick march, our attention was suddenly arrested by a draw-bridge, which being indicative of a fortified place, we suspected a guard-house to be close at hand, and were at first apprehensive of meeting with a serious impediment; but observing the gates to be open, we concluded that those at the other extremity would be also open, and therefore pushed forward. We drank at the pump in the square, when it was recollected that this was the little town of St Amand. Directing our course by the north star, which was occasionally visible, we passed through without seeing a creature.

About an hour afterwards, still continuing a steady pace, four stout fellows rushed out from behind a hedge, and demanded where we were going. Whitehurst and Mansell immediately ran up; and as we previously resolved never to be taken by equal numbers, each seized his pepper and his knife in preparation for fight or flight, replying, in a haughty tone of defiance, 'What is that to you?—be careful how you interrupt military men:' then whispered loud enough for them to hear 'la bayonette,' upon which they dropped astern, though they still kept near us.* In the course of a quarter of an hour, on turning an angle of the road, we lost sight of them, and continued a rapid march, frequently running, until about five A. M., when we were unexpectedly stopped by the closed gates of a town. We retraced our steps a short distance, in the hope of discovering some other road, but we could find neither a footpath, nor wood, nor any other place of concealment. We quitted the high road, and drew towards a rising ground, there to wait the dawn of day, in the hope of retreating to some neighbouring copse. No sooner had we laid ourselves upon the ground, than sleep overcame us.

Our intention was, if no wood could be seen, to go to an adjoining ploughed field, and there scratch a hole in which we could hide ourselves from a distant view; upon awakening from a short slumber, we reconnoitred around, and found our position to be near a fortification; being well acquainted with such places, we approached, in the hope of finding an asylum. At break of day, we descended into the ditch, and found the entrance into the subterraneous works of the covered way nearly all blocked up with ruins and bushes; an opening, however, was made; we crept in, our quarters were established, and the rubbish and bushes replaced in the space of a few minutes."

Unfavourable as the condition now was of these intrepid Englishmen, they contrived to procure friends willing to aid in their liberation. By good luck, they became acquainted with a smuggler, who offered to convey them to England, although at a great risk to all parties. The author thus concludes his interesting narrative:—

"At length, on the 8th of May, positive information was brought that all would be in readiness at ten o'clock at night; accordingly, at that hour, the weather fine, and the night dark, we marched down from our place of concealment to the beach, and as soon as the patrole had passed, the private signal was made and answered. The boat gliding silently in shore with muffled oars, we rushed in with the rapidity of thought, and, in an instant, were all safe afloat; each seized an oar, and, vigorously applying his utmost strength, we soon reached beyond the range of shot.

It were in vain to attempt a faithful description of our feelings at this momentous crisis; the lapse of a few minutes had wrought such a change of extremes, that I doubt, if amidst a confusion of senses, we could immediately divest ourselves of the apprehensions which constant habit had engrafted on the mind; nor, indeed, could we relinquish the oar, but continued at this laborious, though now delightful occupation, almost without intermission the whole night.

When the day dawned, the breeze freshened from the eastward, and as the sun began to diffuse his cheering rays, the wide expanse of liberty opened around us, and in the distant rear the afflicted land of misery and bondage was beheld with feelings of gratitude and triumph. No other object intercepted the boundless prospect save a solitary gun-brig, which was soon approached. Naturally anxious to proceed with dispatch, we passed on, and, unobserved, reached a considerable distance, when a boat was discovered making towards us. Being in no fear of Frenchmen thus venturing so far from land, we hove to; and, having made the officer acquainted with the circumstances of our embarkation and destination, again spread the canvass, and made rapid progress to the N.W. About noon, the wind still increasing, and the sea rising, it was deemed prudent to close-reef the sail. While thus delightfully scudding before the foaming billows, which occasionally broke as if to overwhelm our little boat, only fifteen feet in length, each eye was steadily fixed a-head, anxious to be the first to announce land. It was not, however, till towards three P.M. that the white cliffs were seen. Although our situation was already replete with 'joy and gladness,' still the first sight of our native shore, after so long an absence, coupled with the recollection of conquered difficulties, excited increased happiness, and afforded ample compensation for past sufferings, though not without a pleasing hope that promotion would be their reward.

On falling in with a fishing smack, at the back of the Goodwin Sands, the master welcomed us on board, and taking the boat in tow, ran for Ramsgate. On entering the harbour at five o'clock, I landed with such ineffable emotions of joy, that, with a heart throbbing almost to suffocation, regardless of the numerous spectators, I fell down and kissed with rapture the blessed land of liberty."

* These men were robbers.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HUMBOLDT.

HUMBOLDT, one of the most successful of modern travellers, and who still survives, fulfils in the mind of intelligent men the perfect idea of a person every way suited to the pursuit of knowledge in remote regions of the globe. He is at once an astronomer, a physiologist, a botanist, a metaphysician, an antiquary, a philologist; he is learned in statistics and political economy; and this assemblage of acquirements, so rarely found united in a single individual, are in him accompanied with sleepless activity of mind, and with all the zeal, enterprise, and vigour, necessary to give them their full effect.

Frederick Henry Alexander Von Humboldt was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769. After studying at Gottingen and Frankfort on the Oder, in 1790 he visited Holland and England; and the fruit of this his first effort in a vocation in which he was to become so renowned, was a work entitled "Observations on the Basalts* of the Rhine." In 1791, he studied mining and botany at the mining school in Freyberg, where his talents, acquirements, and amiable deportment, bought him golden opinions of all men. In the year following, he was appointed assessor in the mining and smelting department, and soon afterwards removed to Baireuth, as overseer of the mines in Franconia. Here he introduced a variety of improvements—in particular the establishment of a mining school at Steben; he also made several valuable galvanic experiments, the results of which he published in 1796. In the year previous to this, he voluntarily abandoned his office, from an insatiable desire to travel. He went to Italy, and in the autumn of the same year traversed a part of Switzerland. In 1797, he visited Paris, where he formed a connection with Aimé Bonpland, a pupil of the medical school and botanic garden in the French capital. From Paris, Humboldt set out for Madrid, with a considerable collection of instruments; for he had for some years cherished the design of travelling within the tropics at his own expense. In 1799, the court granted him permission to travel through the Spanish colonies in America; and he thereupon sent for his young friend Bonpland, who joined him immediately, and set sail with him from Corunna.

The plan of travel which these two friends sketched for themselves, was laid out upon a more extensive scale than that of any journey hitherto undertaken by private persons. Five years was the period in which they proposed to explore distant regions, and in that space of time no two individuals ever collected so much useful information, and returned to Europe so richly fraught with oblations, amassed with unwearied zeal, and which were destined for the altar of science. Our travellers landed at Teneriffe towards the end of June 1799. After making various philosophical excursions into the country, they ascended the Peak, which, according to Humboldt, rises 12,176 English feet above the level of the sea. This remarkable mountain has been ably described by our traveller; and our knowledge of its geology, botany, &c., now scarcely admits of improvement; indeed, this may be said of almost every region explored by the gifted Prussian. In July they arrived at Cumana, the capital of New Andalusia, in South America. During this and the following year, they visited the coasts of Paria, the Indian missions, and the province in which they landed; travelling likewise through New Barcelona, Venezuela, and Spanish Guiana. It would be an endless task to attempt the enumeration of all the new philosophical and other observations made by Humboldt and his companion in these excursions: it is sufficient to say, that nothing which can add to our information upon the nature of the country, its history and inhabitants, is overlooked. They fixed the longitude of Cumana, Caraccas, and many other important places; added vastly to our knowledge of the general phenomena of earthquakes and volcanos; and, in fine, presented Europe with a faithful and full-length picture of the several countries which they visited—such a one as the philosopher will frequently examine for facts to establish his inductions, the geographer to collect materials for his compilations, and the moral philosopher and philologist to be enlightened upon the nature of man and his language. From Caraccus they went to the charming vallies of Aragua, where the eye luxuriates over the splendour of tropical vegetation. They afterwards travelled into the interior as far as the equator; traversed the vast plains of Calabozo, Apura, and the Llanos, where the thermometer stood in the shade at 106–115° of Fahrenheit, and the hot surface of the earth showed, for 42,000 square miles, but a very slight difference of level. They also observed upon the sand here, the phenomena of refraction and singular elevations At San Fernando of Apura, they commenced a voyage of above 500 leagues in canoes, surveying the country, and ascertaining the height of the various elevations, by means of philosophical instruments and some of the heavenly bodies. They descended the Rio Apura, which disembogues its waters into the Orinoco in the seventh degree of north latitude, ascended the latter to the mouth of the Rio Guaviare, and passed the remarkable waterfalls of Ataris and Maipure, where the cave of Atarnipo encloses the mummies of a nation which was destroyed in a war with the Caribs and Maravites. After navigating various rivers, visiting the mission of Javita, and the sources of the Griginia (Rio Negro), they descended this river to the fort of San Carlos, and the boundaries of Grand Para, the principal capitancy of Brazil. Our travellers now undertook a long and hazardous journey for the purpose of determining the branch of the great Orinoco, called Cassiquiari, which unites that river with the famous Amazon; but the difficulties encountered from the savage Indian tribes rendered it an impossibility to reach the sources of the Orinoco. From Esmeralda, a solitary and remote Christian settlement on the upper Orinoco, they travelled the whole length of that river to its mouth at St Thomas, or Augustura, in New Guiana, a distance of nearly 1000 miles. Humboldt relates a curious circumstance which occurred during his stay here: An Indian having gone to anchor his canoe in a cove where there were not three feet of water, a fierce crocodile, which would seem to have been here the lord of the manor, seized him by the leg, and carried him off. With remarkable courage and presence of mind, after having searched in vain in his pocket for a knife, he thrust his fingers into the animal's eyes. The monster, however, succeeded in effecting the destruction of his victim, after plunging to the bottom of the river, and drowning the Indian, and rose to the surface and dragged the body to a neighbouring island. He also relates a remarkable fact, that one of the many savage tribes whose country he had to traverse, are in the habit of swallowing quantities of earth, in which, to all appearance, there is not a particle of nourishment, for the purpose of allaying hunger.

After encountering severe hardships in their journies to various places, our travellers took their departure for Cuba, one of the West India islands belonging to Spain. Here they were employed three months, partly in determining the longitude of Havannah, the capital of that island, and partly in erecting a new furnace for boiling sugar. It was now their intention to have gone to Vera Cruz, from that place to the Philippine Islands, and from thence, if practicable, through Bombay, Bassora, and Aleppo, to Constantinople. Humboldt had made arrangements previous to quitting Paris, that if the French expedition should take effect during his absence, he would unite himself to it. Circumstances occurred, however, which prevented him from accomplishing his purpose. In March 1801, he sailed along the southern part of the island of Cuba, making astronomical observations of different points in the group of islands called the Jardin del Rey, together with the landing-places in the harbour of Trinidad. At Rio Sinu, a place hitherto untrod by the foot of a botanist, he made a short stay collecting specimens. A desire to find some celebrated plants induced the travellers to spend several weeks in the forests of Turbaco, which were adorned with the most splendid flowers. They afterwards descended the river Magdelana, of which Humboldt sketched a chart, whilst his companion employed his time in studying the vegetable tribes which peopled its banks. From Honda, they travelled to Santa Fe-de-Bogota, the capital of New Granada. The valuable collections of Mutis, a celebrated botanist, the waterfall of Tequendama, the mining works of Mariquita, Santa Anna, and De Zipagnira, the natural bridge of Icononzo—two rocks rent asunder by one of those terrible con-

* Basalt is one of the species of trap rocks which are frequently exhibited in the form of columns, as in Fingal's Cave, Isle of Staffa. For further information, see Account of the Globe, Information for the People, No. 6.

vulsions of nature so frequent in these regions, and supporting a third, which seems to tremble in the air to every breeze—these remarkable objects engaged the attention of our travellers till September 1801. The weather here now becomes very unfavourable for travelling; but nothing could damp their enthusiasm, or deter them from prosecuting their labours. They set out for Quito, a province and city of the republic of Colombia. The city lies upon the volcanic mountain Pinchincha, at an elevation of 6550 feet above the level of the sea. They then descended the valley of the river Magdelana, crossed the Andes at Quindiu, where a forest of storax and beautiful passion-flowers blow unchilled on the bosom of the eternal snows of Tolina. Barefooted and wet, more resembling ardent religious devotees performing a severe act of penance, than individuals travelling for their own pleasure, and the benefit of science and mankind, they reached the valley of the river Cauca. After having traversed the province of Choco, the region of the metal platina, they ascended to Popayan, at the foot of the snow-capped volcanos of Purace and Stora, passing through Calito, and the gold-washings of Quilichao. In this remarkable climate the thermometer stood always at 70–74° of Fahrenheit. After laborious exertions, they succeeded in reaching to the crater of the volcano Purace, the mouth of which is filled with boiling water, and, in the midst of perpetual snow, continually exhales a vapour of what is called, in chemical language, sulphuretted hydrogen, a gas somewhat similar to that with which our streets and houses are lighted.

After crossing the steep Cordilleras of Almaguer, and traversing many inhospitable and mountainous regions, they arrived at the city of Quito, on January 6, 1802. The kingdom of Quito is remarkable for its gigantic mountains, its volcanos, its vegetation, its ancient mountains, but, above all, for the manners and customs of its former inhabitants. The philosophical survey of our travellers occupied them for nine months. They twice ascended to the crater of the volcano Pinchincha, where they performed experiments to ascertain the composition of the air, its electrical, magnetical, and hygroscopical peculiarities, its elasticity, and the degree of temperature of boiling water. They made repeated excursions to the mountains of Aritosana, Cotopaxi, Tunguragua, and Chimborazo, whose summits are crowned with a diadem of perpetual snow. Humboldt made some important discoveries with regard to the Andes. He has fully established the important fact, that some of the volcanos with which they abound have considerably sunk since 1753, with which result the reports of the inhabitants also entirely coincide. He was also convinced that all these stupendous masses were formed by crystallisation. Our travellers scaled the summits of the most remarkable mountains, reaching an elevation hitherto unattained by human foot. They ascended Chimborazo, June 23, 1802, 18,576 French feet above the level of the sea. The blood exuded from their eyes, lips, and gums, and they became almost torpid through the excessive cold. A narrow deep valley prevented them from reaching the most remote summit of the mountain, which is about 1344 feet higher. Cotopaxi is the loftiest of those volcanos of the Andes which have produced eruptions at recent periods; its absolute height is 18,878 feet, and is, consequently, 2625 feet higher than Vesuvius would be were it piled upon the top of the Peak of Teneriffe. The form of this celebrated mountain is the most regular and beautiful of all the colossal summits of that mighty chain of which it constitutes a link. It is a perfect cone, and covered with snows, "and sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought." At that time the mountain may be seen from an immense distance shining with dazzling effulgence.

Our travellers having quitted Quito, pointed their course towards the great river Amazon, visiting on their way the ruins of Lactacunga, Hambato, and Riobamba, situated in a country the natural landmarks of which had in 1797 been nearly obliterated by earthquakes, which destroyed, besides, 40,000 individuals. They then passed to Loxa, where in the forests of Gonzanama and Malaeates they examined the trees which yield the Peruvian bark. Leaving Loxa, they entered Peru by Ayavaca and Gouncabamba, traversing the ridge of the Andes, to descend to the river Amazon. They were compelled to cross the Rio de Chayma no less than thirty-five times in two days. They saw the splendid ruins of the Causeway of the Incas (monarchs of Peru), which passes over the porphyry rocks of the Andes at a height of from 7670 to 11,510 feet. They then took a raft, and embarked upon the river Chamya for the Amazon, and ascertained the astronomical situation of their junction. Humboldt followed the Amazon to the cataract Rentewa, and at Tomependa drew up an accurate plan of this unknown part of the river. His companion, in the meanwhile, had been busily employed upon the vegetable kingdom. In returning to Peru, our travellers, for the fifth time, crossed the Andes. In seven degrees of south latitude, they determined the position of the magnetic equator, or the line in which the needle has no inclination. They likewise examined the rich mines of Hualguayok, where native silver is obtained at an elevation of 12,790 feet above the surface of the sea. From Caxamarca, which is celebrated for its baths and ruins, they descended to Truxillo, in the neighbourhood of which are included the ruins of the immense Peruvian city Mansiche, decorated with pyramids, in one of which, in the eighteenth century, was found a quantity of beaten gold to the value of 4,000,000 livres. Descending the western side of the Andes, they for the first time obtained a magnificent view of the great Pacific Ocean, and of the long and narrow valley bounded by its shores, where rain and thunder are unknown. They followed the arid coast of the Southern Ocean through Santa and Guarmey to Lima, where Humboldt was fortunate enough to observe with considerable accuracy, in the harbour of Callao de Lima, the termination of the planet Mercury's transit over the sun, a celestial phenomenon which some time before he had undertaken a long journey to obtain a glimpse of.—We shall continue the narrative in another article.

FIELD FLOWERS.

[By Thomas Campbell.]

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with faery delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams
And of broken glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June:
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore:
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

SHAPE OF THE EARTH, ITS SIZE, AND DENSITY.

[From the American Almanack for 1831.]

The level portions of the earth's surface seem at first view perfectly flat. But if we examine them more critically, and for a considerable extent, we shall find that they are decidedly convex, or swelled out in the middle. The light of a lighthouse requires to be raised, in order to be seen at any considerable distance. Let it be placed on a level with the sea, and a person of the common height, or whose eyes are less than six feet above the surface of the sea, would not be able to see it at the distance of four miles, however strong and clear the light might be. But upon raising himself higher and higher, he would at length, when his eye had reached an elevation of ten or eleven feet above the surface, be able to discern it just grazing the surface of the water. The same effect would be produced if the light were raised ten or eleven feet, and the eye of the observer were on the level of the ocean. And a light 60 or 100 feet high disappears in like manner by sinking lower and lower; only the distance at which we are required to place ourselves to produce this effect, becomes greater and greater according to the elevation of the light, and according also to our own elevation above the level of the sea. The most convenient position for a nice observation of this kind is an extended lake, when covered with smooth ice. We will suppose ourselves provided with a common leveling instrument, or any long tube capable of being fixed in an exactly horizontal position, which is easily determined by a water-level, or by being at right angles to a plumb-line. Let us suppose that the line of sight through the tube is precisely four feet from the ice, and that the tube can be turned in all directions without varying from a horizontal or level position. If we now look through the tube at an upright rod or pole placed with one end on the ice at different distances, we shall be able to establish, in the most satisfactory manner, the following important facts:—

1. The line of sight, or *apparent level*, as it is called, departs from the surface of the ice, or *true level*, in whatever direction we look.

2. This departure, or *difference of level*, is the same in all directions as to the points of the compass, where the distance from the observer is the same.

3. The difference of level for a distance of one mile is 8 inches.

4. If we double any distance, the difference of level is quadrupled; and if we triple the distance, the difference of level is nine times as great, and so on, according to the law of the squares; that is, the difference of level for one mile being 8 inches, that for two miles is not twice 8, but four times 8, or 32 inches, and that for three miles is 9 times 8, or 72 inches.

Similar observations being made in other places in different parts of the earth, we arrive at essentially the same results.

The facts above given lead to conclusions not less curious and striking.

1. The earth's surface is curved, instead of being plane, or flat, and plumb-lines, or lines perpendicular to the surface, are not strictly parallel, but incline more and more the farther they are apart, and tend to meet at some point within.

2. The earth appears to be equally curved in all directions, and the law of the departure of the apparent from the true level, indicates a spherical surface.

But while we have thus found out the general dimensions of the earth, we have discovered that the form is not exactly that of a sphere. The length of a degree increases as we proceed from the equator toward either pole. We hence infer that the earth is flattened about the polar regions, and more convex between the tropics. The average length of a degree is 69 1-15th miles. But the length of a degree in latitude 66°, is about two-thirds of a mile greater than at the equator. The same phenomenon is indicated also by the pendulum. A clock which keeps correct time at the equator, is found to gain more and more as it is carried toward either pole, in consequence of a quicker motion of the pendulum, resulting from a nearer approach to the centre, and a greater power of gravity.

Is the earth solid or hollow, and if solid, how dense is it? Would it be equivalent to so much water, or would it exceed it, and how much would it exceed it? It may seem very difficult to answer these questions, and yet they have been answered most satisfactorily. It is now abundantly proved, not only that the earth is solid, but that the interior parts are more and more compact the nearer we approach to the centre, as we should naturally suppose. We are able to estimate the influence which a mountain exerts upon a plumb-line, by observing how much it is drawn out of the direction of an exact perpendicular; and then, by comparing the size of the mountain with the size of the earth, knowing at the same time of what materials the mountain is composed, we are able to say how much the matter of the whole earth exceeds that of the mountain. It is thus ascertained that the matter composing the earth is about five times as dense as water, or, in other words, would weigh, under the same circumstances, five times as much as the same bulk of water. Now we know that the matter near the surface, is, for the most part, either water or earthy and stony substances, only two or three times as heavy as water. The density of the interior parts, therefore, must greatly exceed that at the surface, in order that the average may amount to five times the density of water, as is ascertained by actual observation.

It may be thought that the above method of determining the quantity of matter in a mountain is liable to great uncertainty. It should be known that we do not rely upon a single experiment, or even upon one single method, for so important a result. A balance has been contrived, depending upon the twisting and untwisting of an extremely fine wire suspended perpendicularly,* by which the mutual tendency (or relative weight) of two balls of lead, has been accurately estimated and compared with the force exerted by the great mass of the earth; and these delicate experiments have afforded a striking confirmation of the result above stated.

* A balance of this construction, applied to electrical forces, has been estimated to weigh to the sixty-thousandth part of a grain.

PREJUDICE, THE SPIDER OF THE MIND.

Of Prejudice it has been truly said, that it has the singular ability of accommodating itself to all the possible varieties of the human mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly scattered among mankind, and find only here and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice, like the spider, makes every where its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all that it requires is room. There is scarcely a situation, except fire and water, in which a spider will not live. So, let the mind be as naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented with the richest abilities of thinking; let it be hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited; still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it with cobwebs, and live, like the spider, where there seems nothing to live on. If the one prepares her food by poisoning it to her palate and her use, the other does the same; and as several of our passions are strongly characterised by the animal world, prejudice may be denominated the Spider of the Mind.—*Retrospective Review.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott used to repeat the following striking lines, as an ancient inscription found at Melrose Abbey:—

The earth goeth on the earth, glistering in gold;
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth—"All shall be ours!"

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SAVING.

A MAN is very apt to deceive himself into an idea that he *cannot* save, and that it is of no use attempting it. He convinces himself that his income is little enough for present necessities, and puts off the hope of accumulation, if he forms it at all, to that happy period when he shall be in somewhat better circumstances. His circumstances *do*, perhaps, improve; but his wants have extended as much, and still the time for saving is far ahead. Thus he goes on and on, resolving and re-resolving, until he is at last surprised by some sudden calamity which deprives him even of his ordinary earnings, or by death, which cruelly cuts him off in the very midst of the best intentions in the world.

Did any man, we would ask, ever experience a falling off in his income, even to so small an amount as a shilling in the week? Many answer they have. Did they continue to live at that reduced rate? They reply, We did so—we were compelled to do it. Very well; and pray what is the difference between being compelled to live a shilling a-week cheaper, and compelling yourself to do it? Or suppose a stationary wage, and a rising corn-market. Did you not find, that, though bread rose a penny or two per loaf, and other provisions in proportion, you still contrived to make your income procure something like the usual exhibition of victuals? You answer, Yes. And where, I would ask, is the difference between spending a small extra sum upon certain articles of food, and laying it by for accumulation, supposing it not to be so needed? It is clear, that, if you had the fortitude and strength of character to make the saving as much a matter of compulsion as the other circumstances are, you *would* save. You have, therefore, no excuse to present for your *not* saving, except that you are too weak-minded to abstain from using money which is in your power.

And yet of what infinite importance is saving, both for the community and for individuals! Without saving, which produced capital, we should yet have been all in the condition of herdsmen and hunters. Every man would have had to labour for himself. There would have been no systematic labour—no combined efforts—no public works—no men paying wages to others. All the improvements conferred on the earth by culture, by roads, by cities, by factories, by the arts of refinement, are the offspring of SAVING—and these would have all been wanting. Such—such is the mighty general good which has resulted from this virtue, too often stigmatised for its mean or its magnificent views, for its paltry stinginess, or its grasping ambition! Nor is it less beneficial to individuals. What, let us inquire, is the condition of a working man who never attempts to save? He of course gives up all hope of ever being better, or more his own master, than he is. But that is not all. He deliberately encounters the almost certain prospect of coming to a much less happy condition. When old age overtakes him—as it must, if he be spared by the pressure of long-continued toil—he becomes a burden either upon some public establishment or upon some individual—a condition alike odious to himself and to those whom he burdens—a condition unjust, unnatural, and destructive of all right principle and manly feeling. To live, indeed, without saving, is to live the life of a slave—with only this difference, that, by the former plan, you are not equally provided against the contingencies of sickness, and lameness, and the certain infirmities of old age.

There would be much more saving, we believe, than there is, if men would only make a beginning. Perhaps they never can by any means spare above a mere trifle at any given time, and that they think *too small to be worth laying by*. If they were suddenly to become possessed of a larger sum, it might put them into heart, as one would say, and they would then go on very prudently, adding every week what they could avoid spending. Thus we have known a man, who had all his life only intended to save, having suddenly got five pounds as a legacy, become all at once a noted accumulator, and end by rising to a very respectable condition in life. People who have the disposition to save, ought to struggle with the weakness of supposing that any sum is too little to lay by. Little as it may be by itself, the next similar sum doubles it exactly, and when once it is a little way on, it is not only safe itself, but every subsequent spare shilling is safe too. Why, if there is no other way of getting into conceit with this excellent habit, cannot a workman leave over a small part of his wages every week with his employer, till the necessary kernel is accumulated? Only, by whatever means, make a beginning. Nothing can be done without that. And when that is done, the turn is half ended.

Working men should have it always present before their eyes, that *saving* constitutes all the difference between themselves and their employers. A human being, thrown into a civilised part of the world without any thing but his native strength, finds every thing appropriated already, and no man will give him any thing without an equivalent in labour. Labour, then, is his doom, till he can himself save or accumulate something. The more he accumulates, be it skill, or character, or money, the more independent he becomes, and the more qualified to be director of the labour of others. When he has realised some little capital, he employs it as a master, and increases it by taking advantage of the moneyless condition of those whom he himself lately resembled. This is the way of the world, and no man can attempt other expedients for advancing himself without ruin sooner or later. Let no labouring man despair of the course here pointed out. It is well known that many of the principal manufacturers in England were originally workmen, and rose to the extensive command which they now have over the labour of others, purely by that easiest of all devices—a little saving from their weekly income. In many other cases, it is found that these enviable men are the sons of manufacturers, who once were workmen; and whether capital be in the hands of its actual creator, or of one who only inherits it, still it is equally the result of *saving*. But what need is there for further argument with the man who does not save, than to show him that there are some of his own rank who do? In England, there is above thirteen millions of money in the public funds, which has been deposited there, through Savings Banks, during about twenty years; and all, or most of that sum, is the property of working men. Some individuals have so much as two hundred pounds laid aside for future use—and enviable men are they—enviable alike for their proud and self-gratulatory feelings, and for the assurance they possess that they can hardly ever cease to be independent. The general average of the deposits is only thirty-four pounds; but even that is a wonderful protection against the evils of a laborious life.* A man possessed of this sum can never be the slave of any one master, or the bondsman of any unprosperous locality. If a master should try to injure him, he can afford to take his chance of being a fortnight without one. He can, in fact, make his choice of masters. If any personal distress comes upon him, he is not reduced at once into the unhappy condition of a pauper; he does not re-appear among his fellows with the ignominious stigma of charity stamped on his honest face, and continue for ever after a degraded being in his own eyes. He is in reality rich—for to have more than we require to spend, is riches. It is from this prudent and right-spirited class of men that many of our future "masters"—many of our future gentry and nobles—are to arise.

There is one class of persons whom it becomes, above all others, to save—we mean the fathers of families. Many men encounter the responsibilities of this situation—which it cannot be supposed they would do, if they did not expect advantages equivalent to the responsibilities—without ever thinking, or *only* thinking, of providing for the discharge of those responsibilities in the event of their decease. They blindly and shamefully live on from day to day, under the hazard of leaving their families next hour—next moment—to the charity of a world, each individual of which reasonably declares that he has enough to do in providing for his own. If the world had a little more reflection, and saw a little more clearly the relative duties of men, it would visit conduct of this kind with a degree of the very same reprobation which it inflicts upon flagrant dishonesty, open cruelty, or actual desertion. Perhaps, if downright saving were necessary for guarding against the destitution of an orphan family, there would be a better excuse for not resorting to it. But this is not the case. There are now institutions of all kinds, which, for wonderfully small entrance-sums or annual payments, afford assurance against the current risk of death, and preclude the necessity of amassing a full provision in money. Into one or other of these institutions, every man in the enjoyment of an income has it in his power to enter. If he does not, but persists in sacrificing every penny of his earnings in the indulgences of the passing day, he deserves, even during his life, the execrations of all good men, and, after his death, a public mark of infamy.

* The total sum deposited in English Savings Banks amounts to L.13,080,255. The depositors are in number 367,812, being an average of L.34 for each. There are, however, 4237 who have above L.200 each in these banks; 7627 who have more than L.150; 17,214 who have above L.100; and 102,621 who have above L.50. The number of those who have less than L.20 is 187,770. The total of Savings Banks in England is 394; besides which, there are a number of friendly and charitable societies, whose deposits are included in the above calculation. In Wales there are 25 Savings Banks, possessing in all L 314,903. In Ireland, there are 73 Savings Banks, possessing L.905,056. The increase of both depositors and deposits is very remarkable.

NATURE'S MAGIC LANTERN.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

IT is well known, that, in warm summer mornings, the vallies among our mountains are generally filled with a dense white fog, so that, when the sun rises, the upper parts of the hills are all bathed yellow sheen, looking like golden islands in a sea of silver. After one ascends through the mist to within a certain distance of the sunshine, a halo of glory is thrown round his head, something like a rainbow, but brighter and paler. It is upright or slanting, as the sun is lower or higher; but it uniformly attends one for a considerable space before he reaches the sunshine. One morning, at the time when I was about nineteen years of age, I was ascending a hill-side towards the ewe-buchts, deeply absorbed in admiration of the halo around me, when suddenly my eyes fell upon a huge dark semblance of the human figure, which stood at a very small distance from me, and at first appeared to my affrighted imagination as the enemy of mankind. Without taking a moment to consider, I rushed from the spot, and never drew breath till I had got safe amongst the ewe-milkers. All that day, I felt very ill at ease; but next morning, being obliged to go past the same spot at the same hour, I resolved to exert, if possible, a little more courage, and put the phenomenon fairly to the proof. The fog was more

dense than on the preceding morning, and when the sun arose, his brilliancy and fervour were more bright above. The lovely halo was thrown around me, and at length I reached the haunted spot, without diverging a step from my usual little footpath; and at the very place there arose the same terrible apparition which had frightened me so much the morning before. It was a giant blackamoor, at least thirty feet high, and equally proportioned, and very near me. I was actually struck powerless with astonishment and terror. My first resolution was, if I could keep the power of my limbs, to run home and hide myself below the blankets, with the Bible beneath my head. But then again, I thought it was hard to let my master's 700 ewes go eild for fear of the de'il. In this perplexity (and I rather think I was crying) I took off my bonnet, and scratched my head bitterly with both hands; when, to my astonishment and delight, the de'il also took off his bonnet, and scratched his head with both hands—but in such a style! Oh, there's no man can describe it! His arms and his fingers were like trees and branches without the leaves. I laughed at him till I actually fell down upon the sward; the de'il also fell down, and laughed at me. I then noted for the first time that he had two colley dogs at his foot, bigger than buffaloes. I arose, and made him a most graceful bow, which he returned at the same moment—but such a bow for awkwardness I never saw! It was as if the Tron Kirk steeple had bowed to me. I turned my cheek to the sun as well as I could, that I might see the de'il's profile properly defined in the cloud. It was capital! His nose was about half a yard long, and his face at least three yards; and then he was gaping and laughing so, that one would have thought he might have swallowed the biggest man in the country.

It was quite a scene of enchantment. I could not leave it. On going five or six steps onward, it vanished; but, on returning to the same spot, there he stood, and I could make him make a fool of himself as much as I liked; but always as the sun rose higher, he grew shorter, so that, I think, could I have staid, he might have come into a respectable size of a de'il at the last.

I have seen this gigantic apparition several times since, but never half so well defined as that morning. It requires a certain kind of background which really I cannot describe; for, though I visited the place by day a hundred times, there was so little difference between the formation of that spot and the rest of the hill, that it is impossible to define it without taking a mathematical survey. The halo accompanies one always, but the gigantic apparition very seldom. I have seen it six or seven times in my life, always in a fog, and at sun-rising; but, saving these two times, never well defined, part being always light, and part dark.

One-and-twenty years subsequent to this, I was delighted to read the following note, translated, I think, from a German paper, concerning the Bogle of the Broken, an aërial figure of the very same description with mine, which is occasionally seen on one particular spot among the Hartz mountains, in Hanover. It was taken from the diary of a Mr Hawe, and I kept a copy of it for the remembrance of auld lang syne. I shall copy a sentence or two from it here; and really it is so like mine, that one would almost be tempted to think the one was copied from the other.

"Having ascended the Broken for the thirtieth time, I was at length so fortunate as to have the pleasure of seeing the phenomenon. The sun rose about four o'clock, and the atmosphere being quite serene toward the east, his rays could pass without any obstruction over the Hinrichshohe. In the south-west, however, a brisk wind carried before it thin transparent vapours. About a quarter past four, I looked round to see if the atmosphere would permit me to have a free prospect to the south-west, when I observed, at a very great distance, a human figure, of a monstrous size. A violent gust of wind having nearly carried away my hat, I clapped my hand to it, by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same, on which the pleasure that I felt cannot be described; for I had made already many a weary step, in the hopes of seeing this shadowy image, without being able to gratify my curiosity.

"I then called the landlord of the Broken (the neighbouring inn), and having both taken the same position which I had taken alone, we looked, but saw nothing. We had not, however, stood long, when two such colossal figures were formed over the above eminence. We retained our position, kept our eyes fixed on the same spot, and in a little time the two figures again stood before us, and were joined by a third. Every movement that we made, these figures imitated, but with this difference, that the phenomenon was sometimes weak and faintly defined, and sometimes strong and dark."

I can easily account for the latter part of the phenomenon; for it could only be when the clouds of haze, or, as he calls them, "thin transparent vapours," were passing, that the shadows in the cloud could possibly be seen. But how there should have been *three* of them, and not either four, or only two, surpasses my comprehension altogether. It is quite out of nature; and I am obliged to doubt either Mr Hawe's word or the accuracy of his optics.

Among the other strange sights which I have seen among the hills, I reckon one of the most curious to have been a double shadow of myself, at a moment when only the real sun was above the horizon. One morning, in April 1785, I was walking on the Moor-Brae of Berry Knowe, gathering the ewes, when, to my utter astonishment, I perceived that I had two shadows. I immediately looked to the east, where the sun had just risen above the horizon, expecting to see two suns. But no—there was but one. There was not even one of those mock suns called by us weather-gaws. Yet there was I going to a certainty with two shadows—the one upright, and well defined, and the other tall, dim, and leaning backward, something like a very tall awkward servant waiting upon and walking behind a little spruce master. The tall one soon vanished, as I turned the hill into a glen called Carsen's Cleuch; but I never forgot the circumstance; and after I became an old man, I visited the very spot, as nearly as I could remember, again and again, thinking that the reflection of the sun from some pool or lake which I had not perceived, might have caused it; but there was no such thing. I never mentioned the circumstance to any living being before, save to Sir D. Brewster, who, of all men I ever met with, is the fondest of investigating every thing relating to natural phenomena: he pretended to account for it by some law of dioptrical refraction, which I did not understand.

But what I am now going to relate will scarcely procure credit, though, on the word of an honest man, it is literally true. I once saw about two hundred natural apparitions at one time, and altogether. One fine summer morning, as I was coming along the Hawkshaw rigg of Blackhouse, I perceived, on the other side of Douglas Burn, in a little rich glen called Brakehope, a whole drove of Highland cattle, which I thought could not be fewer than ten scores. I saw them distinctly—I never saw any beasts more distinctly in my life. I saw the black ones, and the red ones, some with white faces, and four or five spotted ones. I saw three men driving them, and turning them quietly in at corners. They were on each side of the burn of Brakehope, and quite from the drove road. I was once thinking of going to them myself, but I wanted my breakfast, was very hungry, and had no charge of that part of the farm: so I hastened home, and sent off the shepherd who had the charge of it, to drive the drove of cattle from his best land. His name was Robert Borthwick. He seized a staff in high chagrin at the drivers, and ran off; and Messrs William and George Laidlaw both accompanied him, with good cudgels in their hands. They are both alive and well to testify the truth of my report: at least, when they went to Brakehope, there were no cattle there, nor man, nor dogs, nor even sheep! There was not a living creature in the bottom of the glen where I had seen the drove, nor the mark of a cow's hoof. I was of course laughed at as a dreamer and seer of visions; for, in fact, after inquiring at our neighbours, we found that there was not a drove of Highland cattle at that time in the district. I was neither a dreamer nor a seer of visions. I was in the highest health and spirits. It was between eight and nine o'clock on a fine summer morning of mingled clouds and sunshine. I was chaunting a song to myself, or perhaps making one, when I first came in view of the drove. I was rather more than half a mile from it, but not three quarters of a mile; and as there never was a man had clearer sight than I had, I could not be mistaken in the appearance. In justification of myself, I must here copy two or three sentences from my note-book; but from whence taken, I do not know.

"On Sunday evening, the 28th ultimo, as Anthony Jackson, farmer, aged forty-five, and Matthew Turner, the son of William Turner, farmer, aged fifteen years, while engaged in inspecting their cattle grazing in Havarah Park, near Ripley, part of the estate of Sir John Ingleby, Bart., they were suddenly surprised by a most extraordinary appearance in the park. Turner, whose attention was first drawn to the spectacle, said, 'Look, Anthony, what a quantity of beasts!' 'Beasts!' cried Anthony; 'Lord bless us, they are not beasts, they are men!'

"By this time the body was in motion, and the spectators discovered that it was an army of soldiers dressed in a white military uniform, and that in the centre stood a personage of commanding aspect, clothed in scarlet. After performing a number of evolutions, the corps began to march in perfect order to the summit of a hill, passing the spectators only at the distance of about one hundred yards. No sooner had the first detachment, which seemed to consist of several hundreds, and extended four deep over an inclosure of thirty acres, attained the hill, than another assemblage of men, far more numerous than the former, arose and marched without any apparent hostility after the military spectres. These were dressed in a dark uniform, and, at the top of the hill, both parties joined, and formed what the spectators called an L, and, passing down the opposite side of the hill, disappeared. At this time a volume of smoke, like that vomited by a park of artillery, spread over the plain, and was so impervious, as for two minutes to hide the cattle from Jackson and Turner. They were both men of character and respectability, and the impression made on their minds was never erased."

In addition to this, I may mention, that, during the last continental war, all the military and volunteers in Ireland were hurried to the north to defend the country against a spectre fleet, which had no existence in those seas. And I find, likewise, in my note-book, the following extraordinary account, which I think was copied long ago from a book called "A Guide to the Lakes of Cumberland." I was always so fond of those romantic and visionary subjects, that I have added thousands of *lees* to them, but in this I shall not deviate one word from the original writer's narrative.

"Souter Fell is nearly nine hundred yards high, barricaded on the north and west sides with precipitous rocks, but somewhat more open on the east, and easier of access. On this mountain occurred the extraordinary phenomena, that, towards the middle of the last century, excited so much consternation and alarm—I mean the visionary appearances of armed men, and other figures, the causes of which have never in the smallest degree received a satisfactory solution, though, from the circumstances hereafter mentioned, there seems reason to believe that they are not entirely inexplicable.

"On a summer's evening of 1743, as David Stricket, then servant to J. Wren of Wilton Hall, the next house to Blakehills, was sitting at the door with his master, they saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along the side of Souter Fell, a place so steep that no horse can travel on it. They appeared to run at an amazing pace till they got out of sight at the lower end of the Fell.

"The next morning, Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, in full expectation that they should find the man lying dead, as they were persuaded that the swiftness with which he ran must have killed him. They expected likewise to find several dead horses, and a number of horse-shoes among the rocks, which they were sure the horses could not but throw, galloping at such a furious rate. They were, however, disappointed, for there appeared not the least vestige of either man or horse, not so much as the mark of a horse's hoof on the turf, or among the small stones on the steep. Astonishment, and a degree of fear perhaps, for some time induced them to conceal the circumstances; but they at length disclosed them, and, as well might be supposed, were only laughed at for their credulity.

"The following year, 1744, on the 23d of June, as the same David Stricket, who at the time lived with Mr William Lancaster's father, of Blakehills, was walking a little above the house, about seven in the evening, he saw a troop of horsemen riding on the side of Souter Fell, in pretty close ranks, and at a brisk pace. Mindful of the ridicule which had been excited against him the preceding year, he continued to observe them in silence for some time; but being at last convinced that the appearance was real, he went into the house, and informed Mr Lancaster that he had something curious to show him. They went out together, but before Stricket had either spoken or pointed out the place, his master's son had himself discovered the aërial troopers; and when conscious that the same appearances were visible to both, they informed the family, and the phenomena were alike seen by all.

"These visionary horsemen seemed to come from the lower part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place called Knott. They then moved in regular troops along the side of the Fell, till they came opposite to Blakehills, when they went over the mountain. Thus they described a kind of curvilineal path, and both their first and last appearances were bounded by the top of the mountain.

"The pace at which these shadowy forms proceeded, was a regular swift walk, and the whole time of the continuance of their appearance was upwards of two hours; but farther observation was then precluded by the approach of darkness. Many troops were seen in succession; and frequently the last, or the last but one, in a troop, would quit his position, gallop to the front, and then observe the same pace with the others. The same changes were visible to all the spectators, and the view of the phenomena was not confined to Blakehills only, but was seen by every person at every cottage within the distance of a mile. The number of persons who witnessed the march of these aërial travellers was twenty-six."

It would therefore appear that my vision of a drove of Highland cattle, with their drivers, was not altogether an isolated instance of the same phenomena. It is quite evident that we must attribute these appearances to particular states of the atmosphere, and suppose them to be shadows of realities; the airy resemblance of scenes passing in distant parts of the country, and by some singular operation of natural causes thus expressively imaged on the acclivities of the mountains.

A TALE OF CLYDESDALE.

In the Upper Ward of Clydesdale, on the very edge of a steep bank, at the foot of which runs a considerable stream, and on two sides closely embosomed in a thick wood of stately trees, stands an old dark and time-worn castle, still, however, sometimes inhabited for a short time during the shooting season, by the nobleman whose ancestors erected it. A summer tour, many years ago, led me into the vicinity of this ancient building; and as it had been a celebrated stronghold of one of the most renowned and powerful families in the kingdom, I felt an irresistible desire to visit it. It was at that time entirely deserted, except by two old domestics, a man and a woman, and exhibited all the tokens of neglect which are generally manifested in a place which has fallen under the misfortune of being forsaken for more modern and gayer dwellings. On making an application at the castle for permission to see its interior, I was much struck with the venerable countenance, the white hairs, and the grave and respectable appearance of the aged man, who, with an air of ceremonious deference, admitted me, and became my guide through its various apartments. If I at first thought him somewhat formal and taciturn, I had no occasion to complain of these freezing qualities when we entered a large apartment, and he began to recount the exploits of the ancient heroes whose dark portraits ornamented the walls, and perceived that I was nearly as well acquainted with them as himself. This historical knowledge of the family on my part seemed to establish me immediately in the good opinion of my guide, and he became animated with a sort of gratified pride as we discussed the merits of each individual named by him.

At length, after having gone over all those who had figured down to the time of Charles the First, we arrived at some which he walked quickly past, as if anxious to hurry over them with as little notice as possible. "This," said he, of one of these pictures, "was the first wife of that earl next her, and that lady on his other side was his second wife, and that gentleman on the other hand of her was a relation of the family." He then became more communicative with regard to the next picture in rotation.

Meanwhile, I had stopped to contemplate the first of the four portraits which he seemed so unwilling to notice. It was that of a very young woman of a remarkably sweet but melancholy countenance; and my curiosity being raised, I called him back, to ask if he had nothing to relate of those whose resemblance he had thus hurried past.

"Ah, there is enough to tell about them, but no good, and I never care to repeat the tale," said the old man, mysteriously shaking his head, half closing his eyes, and compressing his lips.

"There *is*, then, some story that belongs exclusively to these four portraits," said I.

The old man came to my side, and, pointing up with his finger to the picture of the man which hung between his two wives, he said, in a subdued tone of voice, "That is the 'Bloody Earl,' and strange and horrible things went on in this castle while he possessed it."

"I am very fond of hearing such stories," said I, taking out my purse, and presenting him with two dollars, "and I shall think myself indebted to you if you will relate to me all you have hinted at."

"Put up your purse, sir," he said, as if his pride was hurt by my offer; "I never take money from strangers; and if I felt rather unwilling to satisfy your curiosity with regard to what formerly happened here, it was because I am not in the habit of mentioning it. But as you seem to be anxious about it, and to be so well acquainted with the history of the family, I will satisfy you. But first take a look of these four pictures, for I always think I see their history in their faces."

"Well, then," I replied, "let me try if I can read any thing of their fortunes in the same way. And to begin with this young lady: she looks gentle and patient, and as if by that melancholy smile she was trying to conceal some inward sorrow."

"Right," responded the old man.

"And this 'Bloody Earl,' as you have called him, has a singular expression in those large gloomy eyes, as if of incipient madness; and that stern mouth, which looks as though it could not smile, gives, with the deep markings at its corners, and the dark sallow hue of the complexion, a look of sullen malignity to the countenance, which seems to breathe a death-chill on the beholder."

"Go on, sir," said my guide.

"But as to this lady on his left hand, I see in her only a somewhat bold-looking beautiful woman, who seems to be demanding admiration of her charms, and, perhaps, of the style with which she has been playing on the lute she holds in her hands." An affirmative nod was all the notice taken of these remarks, and I passed on to the next picture.

"And here," I continued, "I alone perceive a very handsome young fop of his time, who seems, by his long curled hair, his profusion of embroidery and lace, and the number of rings on his slender white fingers, to have set off his person to the best advantage."

"You shall judge presently, sir," said my cicerone, as soon as I had finished my comments, "in how far these pictures speak for themselves; but, in the meantime, I will conduct you to a part of the castle you have not yet seen." The apartments to which he next carried me were those which had been formerly the finest in the castle, and were, he informed me, most inhabited by the personages of whom we had been last speaking. They were large, and had been furnished most sumptuously; but their magnificence was now tarnished and faded, and the whole appeared so gloomy, that they seemed like the very mansions of death. The old man pointed out to me, in the last room to which he led me, some dark spots on the oaken floor, which he assured me were blood-stains. There is hardly an ancient mansion to be met with free from such sanguinary marks, and I paid but small attention to them, being anxious to hurry through the rooms, that my guide might have leisure to begin the story he had promised me. This was the very chamber, however—by way, I suppose, of making it more impressive—in which he had determined to tell it; and having requested me to seat myself in a high-backed chair which stood by the side of the bed, and apologised for sitting down himself, on account of his age, he took possession of a low seat at some little distance from mine, and leaving, by his position, the blood-stains, which were by the bedside, full in my view, he began the recital of his extraordinary tale.

"You must know, sir, that I am the third generation of my family who have served this noble house, and that it was from my father, to whom my grandfather told it, that I learnt what I am about to make known to you, and which, as a faithful servant, I should not perhaps have thought myself at liberty to divulge to any one, had the title and estates continued to descend from father to son in the old line; but they have passed to another branch of the family, who heed little the mention of such old stories. My grandfather was not above five years older than the Bloody Earl, and brought up from a boy to attend upon him as his confidential servant. Thus it was that he had more to say with him than any one else, and enough to do he had to try to keep him out of mischief, for he was even in his childhood of such a singularly cruel disposition, that, not content with torturing the dumb animals, he used to delight in beating and maiming all the country boys that came in his way, which his attendant was obliged to find some way of making up for to their parents. When he grew up to man's estate, this disposition showed itself in the many duels he fought with other young men, and in his always preferring to use the sword, because it was more butcher-like. About the time, however, of his father's death, and his coming to the title, his nature seemed to be perfectly changed, for he then fell desperately in love with the Lady Mary, whose picture you passed so just a judgment on; for she liked some other person, and it was only, they said, by her father's command that she married the earl; and, indeed, it looked like it, for though she was greatly beloved for her kind heart, and her mild and sweet manners, she always seemed so broken-spirited, that it would have touched the hardest heart to look upon her. Well, the earl continued to doat upon his lady for some months after his marriage, and to seem quite a different man. Then he grew dissatisfied, because his wife did not look happy; and again all his ferocious nature returned with tenfold fury, just as you have seen some fierce wild animal that seemed to have been tamed for a little, break out again, and be more dangerous than ever; and he would kill his most favourite horses and dogs on the most frivolous pretence, or on none at all, when that fit was on him, and would threaten the lives of his domestics, so that they dared not appear in his sight; but he never offered to harm my grandfather, who was a pious man, and who could not bear to leave him, because he had been in a manner brought up with him, and, as he minded him more than any body, he always hoped, one day or other, to see him mend by his good advice; but, alas! that day never came. Well, sir, to continue, the poor young lady we were speaking of had not been married to him a twelvemonth, when she was found one morning dead in her bed, and every body thought she had died of a broken heart, for being crossed in her first love. But my grandfather would have been of a different opinion, only that there were no marks of violence about her, and that she looked so calm, just as if she were asleep, and that there was nothing discomposed about that bed, beside which you are sitting."

"What," said I, feeling much interested in what he had told me of the unfortunate young lady, "was it on this bed, then, that she drew the last breath of her ill-fated existence! But you have said there were no marks of violence: from whence, then, came the blood-stains on the floor?"

"That blood," replied the old man, "was not hers—but you shall hear. The lady was no sooner dead, than a change again came over the Bloody Earl, and he grew sullen and moping, and would see no one but his usual attendant, and shut himself up, and would never go out but in the night, to walk among the dark cliffs and woods, and often it was thought he would take his own life. So, after he had lived in this way for two or three years, the gay young gentleman, who was his cousin, and whose picture is on the left of the earl's second wife, came to the castle, and he made shift to see him, in spite of his orders to the contrary, and when it was thought he would have killed him for it: in place of that, he took wonderfully to him, and turned so fond of him, that he could not bear him out of his sight; and then he began to get gradually more sociable; and when the next winter came, every one was surprised when his young relation got him persuaded to go with him to London—for the young man was an Englishman, the son of the sister of the earl's father, who married a nobleman of that country. It was in the swaggering wicked times of Charles the Second, after his restoration; and so, in his carousings at the court, the earl's young cousin introduced him to the lady whose picture you thought looked so bold. And bold and bad enough she was, for it was pretty well known that she had been one of the king's attendants. She was reckoned very beautiful, and she played upon the lute and sung to it in such a wonderful manner, that it seemed to bewitch every one who heard her. At length, she so far charmed the earl, that he married her, and brought her straightway down to this castle, and his gay young cousin came with them. And then there were such doings as these old walls had never witnessed before, and the earl seemed never to take one moment to think, for multitudes of company, and balls, and masquerades, and hunting, and gambling, and all manner of godless doings, that were enough to terrify any wise man to behold. But in some months my lady tired of this place, and would go to London again, and the earl would not consent, but swore nothing should make him leave it; and so there grew upon that, great disagreement between them; and she, being a daring woman, what did she do but set fire to the castle with her own hands, in hopes of obliging the earl to quit it! The fire was, however, discovered before it had done much damage, though some of the under apartments are still blackened by the smoke. Well, in this scheme of going to London her husband thought she was partly prompted and abetted by his cousin, and so he hated as much as he had ever loved him, and then again he began to resume his old ferocious habits, and act and speak like the 'Bloody Earl.' The room where my grandfather slept was close to the earl's, and he always burnt a lamp; and being one night waked out of his sleep by the opening of the door, he looked up, and saw the earl enter, with his dark eyes all bloodshot, and flashing with terrible and savage brightness, and his whole body trembling with the rage of his heart; and my poor grandfather grew sick with terror, not that he feared for himself, but he felt sure that his master had been about some murderous work; and the more so, that, being half undressed, the breast and sleeves of his shirt were all sprinkled with blood, as though it had spouted out upon him from wounds he had been inflicting on some one. But the earl left him little time for conjecture, as he told him directly, with diabolical satisfaction, that he had just *done for his cousin*. Upon that, my grandfather started out of bed, and passing the earl, flew up to this room, in the hope, that, if life was not quite extinct, something might be done for the poor young man; but it was too late; the last spark of life had flowed out at his veins, for he was stabbed in many places, and the bed and this floor were drenched in his blood. And there he that was so young, and had been so gay and so thoughtless but the night before, lay with his shirt all open and torn in the struggle, his breast covered with wounds, and his long, curled, and sweet-scented hair, that he used to be so proud of, all matted with gore."

"Now, then," said I, wound up to the last pitch of horror and disgust, "the brutal miscreant would surely meet his reward. He would be hanged at last."

"One would have thought so indeed," replied the old man; "but that was a reign when money could do any thing; and so the 'Bloody Earl' bought himself off with a great ransom from his just punishment, and got the king's pardon under pretence of derangement, and on bail for a great sum being given by his wife that she would keep him under confinement in this castle during the rest of his life: and so some rooms were fitted up for him below, and strongly secured with bolts and bars; and the iron-hearted woman, his wife, used to come here sometimes with company in the summer time, and never saw him; and then it was that his fearful punishment came, when he heard the revellings above his head in the castle, and knew she was there, and could now go and come without his control. But when she was gone again, then he used sometimes to calm down, for he was no more deranged than he had always been. And when his old attendant, for he still remained faithful to him, and still waited on him, thought he saw his opportunity, he used to try to bring him to a better mind; but when he spoke to him of repentance, of faith, and of pardon from above, he was always distressed, and disappointed in his hopes of any good change, for he got quite furious, and used to utter such dreadful words as made him shudder; and my grandfather, who could not help feeling attached to him, because he had always, even in his worst moods, shown regard for him, used to take on sadly when he considered his wretched and lost condition, and always thought, that, though his singular blood-thirsty propensity seemed in a manner natural, yet it and his other evil habits might have been corrected and got much the better of, if he had not been so foolishly indulged in his childhood and

youth by his doating parents. But I have not told you all his evil yet; for, after he was shut up, he confessed to my grandfather that he had destroyed his first sweet wife, by giving her a sleeping draught, and then running a long gold wire through her heart, because he was jealous of what he considered her continued attachment to her first love; and that he had murdered his cousin from the same motive of jealousy. Now, sir, to finish my strange and melancholy story, the earl, after he had been two years shut up, grew mad in reality, and then he wore himself out in his furious fits of impotent rage, and wasted away, and soon died; and they said his last bad lady came to great want before she left the world, by means of her gambling and other extravagances."

As I threw a backward glance, when I had left the castle, on its noble avenue of gigantic trees, where the rank and tall weeds were growing unmolested, and on the ancient pile, whose stately towers showed, by the weather stains on their grey stones, that decay had begun its work of destruction, and thought on the gay and grand carousals that had once been held there, I felt, while the story of some of its unhappy inmates was still fresh in my memory, the small necessary connection of rank and wealth with happiness and virtue, and felt grateful that I had been born in that mediocrity of station, where I was not tempted by worldly greatness to forget the paths of rectitude.

SCOTTISH STREAMS.

THE FORTH.

THE Forth is generally held the second of Scottish rivers, though the Clyde may perhaps be fully as much entitled to precedence after the Tay. The Forth is at least one of the most distinguished streams on the east side of Scotland, and, with its firth or estuary, is frequently the object of historical notice. It has its chief sources in two upper branches, one of which rises like a rill from the north side of Benlomond, and flows through the north-western part of Stirlingshire, in an easterly direction, under the appellation of the Water of Duchray, till it joins the other branch above Aberfoil. This second arises in Loch Chon, further to the north, and, after falling over a precipice, forms first Loch Ard, and then several smaller expansions. Being joined, the united stream receives the name of the *Avondow*, or *Black River*, which it retains for five miles, till it reaches Gartmore, when the title of the Forth is conferred on it. Besides receiving accessions from various small tributaries, it receives some large streams before reaching Stirling, as the Goodie, the Teith, and the Allan. In many places it serves as the boundary between Perthshire and Stirlingshire, but it chiefly belongs to the latter county.

As the Forth approaches Stirling, it becomes a solemn dull river, of a blackish colour, very much resembling some of the sluggish waters in England. It flows through a rich flat district of country, mostly of an alluvial soil, and winds in the most capricious manner amidst corn fields and verdant meadows. Above and below Stirling, these windings or *links* are extremely beautiful, the water describing a long series of sweeps, which are all but formed into perfect circles. In sailing along its serpentine course to or from Stirling, the stranger is puzzled and amused to the last degree by the variety of positions into which he is thrown in regard to the surrounding objects—Stirling for instance being at one moment full in his eye, and the next at his back—while all observation of the cardinal points is fairly out of the question. At Stirling the Forth is crossed by a stone bridge, celebrated as a very important pass. Small vessels ascend this length, and steam-boats ply at the height of the tides. The river continues in this condition for about twenty miles, or six by a direct course, to Alloa, which is the head of the regular navigation. It then expands into a bay twenty miles in length, and from two to eight in breadth. At the bottom of the bay the land projects on each side, and forms the strait called the Queensferry. This gut in the waters of the Forth measures about two miles in breadth, but is rendered much less in appearance by an island called Inch Garvie, lying nearly in the middle, between the two shores. This strait forms the great thoroughfare betwixt the south and north of Scotland, in which capacity it has been used from the most remote period. It derives its name from Margaret, Queen of Malcolm Canmore—a princess celebrated for her charitable and beneficent virtues, who frequented the passage of the Forth here on her numerous excursions to and from Edinburgh and Dunfermline.

The Forth continues contracted to about three or four miles in breadth, for a distance of four miles, when it gradually again expands into an arm of the sea or *firth*. It is now entitled the Firth of Forth; and, as it approaches Leith and Edinburgh on the south shore, and Kirkaldy on the north, swells out to from six to nine miles in breadth. From this point it continues to expand for many miles to the eastward, and is finally lost in the German Ocean at Dunbar on the south coast, and Crail on the north, draining, as it has been calculated, a superficies of 574 miles. From Alloa to its junction with the ocean, the distance may be about fifty miles. The Firth of Forth is of great importance to the country as regards navigation and commerce. In ancient times it was considered dangerous for sailing vessels, but such is no longer the case. It has shoals at different places; however, they are all correctly laid down in charts, and for this and other reasons a wreck here is nearly unknown. The only seaport of any consequence on its shores is Leith, the port of Edinburgh, half-way up on its south side. On the opposite coast of Fife, the harbours are all better than on the Edinburgh side, but they are less frequented.

The trade carried on by means of the Firth of Forth has been considerably augmented of late years by the institution of the Forth and Clyde Canal, which opens into it at Grangemouth, and gives a passage to and from Leith by water with the west of Scotland. Within the last twenty years it has been made very useful in steam navigation. At all times of the day, it presents to the eye different steam-vessels engaged in ferrying across, or in carrying passengers up and down the channel. In the mouth of the Firth lies the flat Isle of May, and between Leith and Kirkaldy lies Inchkeith, an island of several miles in circumference. Both have lighthouses. Farther up there are a few islets in different places. The whole have a bare, and generally a rocky appearance. In some, there are the remains of religious edifices. At different places on either side are fishing villages, from whence boats are sent out to sea to catch white fish, for the daily markets at Edinburgh and elsewhere. In certain seasons vast quantities of herrings are caught, most of which are sold in a fresh state. A considerable quantity of oysters are also taken in the Firth, but as regards quality and size they are generally inferior to those in many places in the United Kingdom. The Firth of Forth comes repeatedly under notice in the history of Scotland, as having been the sea which bore to the metropolis navies engaged in warring against the kingdom, or in bringing royal personages to the country.

THE KNOT-RECORDS OF PERU.

IT is generally known that the inhabitants of Peru were found, on the discovery of America, to possess a degree of intelligence and a range of social institutions, which plainly pointed out that the nation must have previously had a communication of some kind with Europe. Among the other circumstances distinguishing them from savages, was their system of recording events and conveying ideas by means of knotted cords, called *Quipos*. From the accounts left by the Spaniards who discovered the country, it appears that these *quipos* were, in general, formed of the intestines of animals, like our catgut, on which were knots and loops, the varieties of which represented letters; and there was a class of men like our notaries and clerks of council, whose business it was to compose these volumes; the name given to these officers Quipo-camayos. The knots are diversified by colours, for minute distinction. There is extant, in a Spanish work published in 1608, a minute account of all that took place at a meeting between Garcilasso de la Vega, an officer of the king of Spain, and the inca of Peru; being a transcription of the report or record taken of the proceedings by two Quipo-camayos, who sat all the time in the hall of audience, engaged upon their task. In the year 1827, there appeared in London a small quarto volume, giving an account of a bunch of these knot-records, which had fallen into the hands of one Alexander Strong, a ship-carpenter, and been brought by him to this country. The story given as to their transmission from an ancient inca of Peru, through many different hands, until they came into those of Mr Strong, need not be repeated here; but we shall give a description, so far as we are able, of the object itself.

The quipos recovered by Strong were contained in a box of wood which had been cut out of a solid block, and measured eighteen inches in length by eight in breadth and depth. On the outside were painted many apparently unmeaning figures, including one, however, of a man on horseback, which is said to be alluded to in the quipos within, as representing a dream, in which one of the Peruvian incas foresaw the arrival of the equestrian people by whom they were to be overcome.

The quipos consist of seven bunches, each of which is formed upon a ring of animal sinew, bedaubed with different paints, and measuring from three to six inches in diameter. The whole form one narrative, which begins with the smallest ring, and goes on to the largest. From the circumference of each ring, proceed from thirty to a hundred cords, exactly resembling the smallest strings of a violin; each string being from twelve to fifteen inches long, and united at both ends to the ring, so as to form what in a ribbon would be called a bow. On each string are from ten to thirty knots of different degrees of complexity, from a simple through-put, to a complication of loops and twists of three quarters of an inch in diameter. The knots and intervening portions of the string are covered with a substance which gives them the appearance of having been dipped in sealing wax: the colour being for the most part green, but in some of the knots yellow, and in others red.

Alexander Strong, who purchased them for ten pounds, from a person who had bought them at Buenos Ayres, with the hope of selling them to advantage in Britain, also received with them a key, consisting of five small slips of leather, scrawled over with something like writing; and it ought to rank high among anecdotes of perseverance, that this humble and unlettered man actually taught himself Latin, in order that he might acquaint himself with the key, which, strange to say, is in that language, and then submitted to the inconceivable drudgery of untying the whole successive parts of this worse than Gordian knot. Having first arrived at English for the various Latin words, he proceeded to apply them to the various knots which they referred to, and finally, by wonderful skill and industry, made out a rude narrative of the whole, which remains as a monument of his extraordinary task.

It appears that, in the quipos belonging to Mr Strong, proper names are given in red knots, numerals in yellow, while other parts of speech are in green. On examining the numerals in the quipos, it is found that, instead of advancing as we do by *tens*, the Peruvians advanced by *threes*; which is perhaps the reason that certain American nations have been represented as unable to count farther than three. *One* is represented by the commonest knot, such as sempstresses generally make on a thread previously to taking the first stitch. *Two* is represented by a knot, in which the end is put through once more before drawing tight, as a sempstress does when it is desired to increase the magnitude of the knot. And *three* is expressed by performing the same operation an additional time. But *four* assumes a new conformation, for it is expressed by a *loop* of the simplest kind, such as is made, in nautical language, by taking a bend on the bight of the rope; and *five* is expressed by the same kind of loop, with an additional twist in the *clinch* or part where the whole is drawn tight; and *six* has another twist still. *Seven* is another kind of loop, which is manifestly different from *four*, though it would probably puzzle a forecastle-man to define the difference in words. *Eight* is the same with the addition of another twist in the clinch, and *nine* with another. *Ten* is no loop at all, but a portentous kind of a knot, such as might be made in a cat-o'-nine-tails where the object was to kill. *Eleven* is the same with an additional twist in the *clinch*; and *twelve* with another. *Thirteen* is the same kind of knot as *ten*, only with a loop sprouting out on one side; and *fourteen* and *fifteen* distinguish themselves by their twists as before. In this manner the system goes on to a hundred—for so far the unknown apocalypst has chosen to carry his operations;—exhibiting a new knot at every third numeral, and expressing the two next by additions at the clinch. The knots, as may readily be imagined, in time grow exceedingly complicated and artificial; but they invariably adhere to the *ternary* system described.

The number of knots in the skin of proper names is 102, and in the three collections of green knots, 231; so that, with the addition of the hundred numerals, the whole number of knots or ideographic symbols is 433. The positive contents, as presented by the key, are in the main very analogous to the account of Peruvian traditions given by Humboldt and Bonpland, as follows:—"The cosmogony of the Mexicans—their traditions on the subject of the mother of mankind falling from her first estate of happiness and innocence—the notion of a great inundation, in which a solitary family escaped upon a raft—the account of a building like a pyramid, raised by the pride of mankind and destroyed by the anger of the gods—the ceremonies of ablution practised at the birth of children—their idols made of maize flour kneaded into paste, and distributed in portions to the people collected in the inclosure of the temples—their confessions of sin made by penitents—their religious associations like our convents of men and of women—the belief universally extended, that white men with long beards, and of great sanctity of manners, had changed the religious and political system of their countrymen—all these circumstances together had led the ecclesiastics who accompanied the army of the Spaniards at the time of the conquest, to believe that at some very remote period Christianity had been preached in the newly-found continent. Some learned Mexicans thought they discovered the apostle St Thomas, in the mysterious personage, high-priest of Tula, whom the Cholulans knew under the name of Quetzalcoatl. There is no doubt that the doctrines of the Nestorians, mixed with the opinions of the Buddhists and the Chamans, found their way through Mantchou Tartary into the north-east of Asia. It is possible, therefore, to suppose with some appearance of reason, that ideas connected with Christianity may have been communicated by the same road to the Mexican races, and particularly to the inhabitants of that northern region from which the Tolteques migrated.

SINGULAR STORY OF EDWARD GUNN.

Some time about the middle of last century, there flourished in Edinburgh a respectable tailor, whose name for the present shall be Gunn. This individual, at his decease, left a family, of which the most remarkable member was a son named Edward, who at an early age showed an uncommon taste for drawing and painting, and who was accordingly educated with a view to his following out that art as a profession.

In the year 1788, there occurred one of those midnight brawls so common at the time, which, however, was attended with very unpleasant consequences, unnecessary to be here particularised. The affair had assumed so serious an aspect, that several young men of respectable connections found it necessary to go into retirement for a season. Mr Edward Gunn was then a wild, roving blade; but whether he had any share in the riotous proceedings alluded to, was not exactly ascertained. Be this, however, as it may, the fact is certain, that he shortly afterwards took his departure for London, accompanied by a twin-sister, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. Here he remained in obscurity for several years, at the end of which period it was given out that he was dead, and that his sister was about to return to her native city. Accordingly, the supposed young lady (who was no other than Mr Edward himself in disguise) made her appearance; and, what may appear hardly credible, notwithstanding the disadvantages of a very masculine voice, and a beard which was by no means equivocal, he succeeded not only in imposing upon the public in general, but even upon his guardian, who never knew of the deception up to the day of his death. By this gentleman's influence, the soi-disant Miss Gunn succeeded in establishing a most respectable drawing and painting academy for young ladies. Such were the talents and assiduity of the teacher, that her school soon rose into celebrity, and continued for at least twenty years the most prosperous establishment of the kind in Edinburgh; in addition to which, she attended all the principal female boarding-schools, to give instructions in that branch of education.

As the analogy which subsists between poets and painters is sufficiently known, it will not appear surprising that Miss Gunn should have essayed her talents in rhyme; and, accordingly, at the period of the threatened French invasion, she published a poem, entitled, "Compliments to Painters," in which she indulged in some pretty free remarks upon her brethren of the brush, and against whose anticipated malice she invoked the protection of the Edinburgh volunteers, who were then in great vogue, in lines commencing thus:—

> "Guard and protect me, all ye volunteers,
> Brave Scotia's champions, matchless cavaliers!"

The success which attended her drawing establishment might have enabled her to realise a very competent fortune, had it not been that latterly she fell into very dissipated habits, which soon occasioned a gradual falling off in her school, and ultimately reduced her to extreme poverty. After undergoing all the vicissitudes of hardship and privation, she was at length necessitated to take refuge in the charity workhouse, where she had remained only a short time, when the notable discovery was made, that the supposed female belonged to the opposite sex. This circumstance having been reported to the managers, and it being proved, besides, that she was an incorrigible drunkard, she was forthwith expelled from that establishment. Thus was she again thrown upon her own resources; and having resumed the male attire, which she had laid aside for *full thirty years*, she (or rather we must now say *he*) had recourse to his old profession, and contrived for a time to pick up a precarious livelihood. What was his ultimate fate, the writer of this is unable to state; but during a temporary gleam of prosperity, Mr Gunn married a young woman, about twelve years ago, by whom he had several children—upon one occasion twins. The person who communicates this narrative, about twenty years ago received lessons in drawing from him when in the female disguise, and has frequently seen him latterly in male attire. As to whether the male or female habit became him most, the opinion of the landlady with whom he resided some time previous to his marriage may be taken:—"Weel-a-wat," she used to say, "he was an unco thief-like limmer of a woman; but troth, he's a weel-faured wiselike chield, now that he's a man."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HUMBOLDT, *concluded.*

In January 1803, our travellers took their departure for Guayaquil, in the vicinity of which they found a magnificent forest of palms, and other trees, which here vegetate in indescribable luxuriance. From this place they proceeded by sea to Acapulco, in New Spain. It was Humboldt's intention only to make a few months' stay in Mexico, and return with all possible speed to Europe. But, amongst other circumstances, the attractions of so beautiful and diversified a country determined him to remain until the middle of winter. After making various philosophical observations and experiments, our travellers set out in the direction of Mexico. They passed through the burning vallies of Mescala and Papagayo, where the thermometer stood in the shade at 104° of Fahrenheit, traversed the elevated plains of Chilpauzlugo, Theuilotopec, and Tasco, where oaks, cypresses, fir-trees, and European grain, flourished in a mild climate. After visiting the silver mines of Tasco, the oldest, and formerly the richest, in Mexico, they reached the capital, which is very pleasantly situated, and is distinguished from all the cities of the New World by its scientific institutions. After a residence of some months, during which Humboldt corrected the longitude of Mexico, our travellers visited the celebrated mines of Moran and Real del Monte, and examined the obsidious Oyamel, which lie embedded in the layers of pearlstone and porphyry, and served the former inhabitants for knives. The basaltic columns are as remarkable for their regularity as those of Staffa: some are horizontal, and others have various degrees of inclination, but they are for the most part perpendicular. After visiting other parts of the kingdom, they set out for Guanaxuato, a large city, placed in a narrow defile, and celebrated for its mines. They were here occupied for two months with measurements and geological investigations, examined the baths of Comagillos, whose temperature is about 25° of Fahrenheit higher than that of those in the Philippine Islands, and then traversed the valley of St Jago to Valladolid, the capital of the former kingdom of Mecoacan. Notwithstanding the continuance of the heavy autumnal rains, they descended by Patzquaro, which is situated on the edge of an extensive lake towards the shores of the Pacific Ocean, to the plains of Jorullo. Here they entered the great crater, making their way over crevices exhaling ignited sulphuretted hydrogen, and experiencing much danger from the brittleness of the lava. The formation of this volcano is one of the most extraordinary phenomena which have been observed in nature. The plain of Malpais, covered with small cones from six to ten feet high, is part of an elevated table-land, bounded by hills of volcanic and other rocks. From the time of Columbus's discovery till 1759, the surface of the country had experienced no remarkable vicissitude. In June of the above year, however, hollow sounds were heard to issue from the earth, and these were followed by a series of earthquakes which continued for two months. From the beginning of September, every thing seemed to announce the re-establishment of tranquillity; but on the night of the 28th, the subterranean thunder again began to peal in the ears of the affrighted inhabitants, who fled for refuge to the neighbouring mountains. A tract not less than from three to four square miles rose up in the shape of a dome; and flames were also said to issue from a space of above six square miles, while fragments of red-hot rocks were hurled to an immense height, and the earth, convulsed far and wide, reeled like a sinking ship. Thousands of the small cones noticed above suddenly appeared; and in the midst of them six great masses, called hornitos or ovens, sprung up from a gulf. The most elevated of these, which is about 1640 feet above the original level of the plain, is the great volcano of Jorullo, which burns continually. At the time when Humboldt visited this place, he was informed by the natives that the heat of these ovens had formerly been much greater. The thermometer rose to 203° when placed in the fissures exhaling aqueous vapour. All the cones emitted a dense smoke, and from some of them subterranean sounds were heard to issue. The Indians of this province are represented as being the most industrious of New Spain. They have considerable talent for cutting out images in wood, and dressing them in clothes made of the pith of an aquatic plant, which, being very porous, imbibes the most vivid colours. At Tolucca, our travellers visited the wonderful hand-tree, the *cheiran-thostæmon* of Cervantes, of which at one time there was supposed to exist but a single specimen. After their arrival at Mexico, they spent some time in arranging their botanical and geological collections, and in making philosophical observations. In January 1804, they quitted Mexico, with the intention of examining the eastern declivity of the Cordillera of New Spain. They also measured the great pyramid of Cholula, an extraordinary monument of the Tolteck race. It is composed of bricks, apparently sun-dried, alternating with layers of clay. Our travellers now descended to the port of Vera Cruz, where they embarked for Havannah, from whence they went to Philadelphia, spending here and at Washington two months, and then set sail for Europe.

The results of this expedition, conducted with so much talent and zeal, have been of the very highest importance. Previous to Humboldt's visit to New Spain, our information regarding that interesting and extensive territory was meagre and inaccurate. From various causes, none of the least of which was the narrow policy of the government there established, it lay for centuries in dim obscurity of "darkness visible," which the eye of research was unable to penetrate. The maps were very inaccurate, and even the latitude and longitude of the capital remained unfixed. This gave rise to a curious circumstance: A total eclipse of the sun took place on the 21st of February 1803, and threw the inhabitants into a state of great consternation; for the almanacks, calculating from a false indication of the meridian, had, in predicting the event, announced that it would be scarcely visible. To Humboldt belongs the honour of having dispelled in some measure the darkness in which we remained regarding that country. It would be impossible almost to give an idea of the vast mass of intelligence contained in his great work upon the subject. Never traveller returned to his native land so richly fraught with all that could interest and instruct. With respect to natural history, the information already laid before the public eye, obtained from the observation of six years, exceeds any thing that had been presented by the most successful cultivators of the same field during a whole lifetime. The rich collections which the travellers brought with them are unique in their kinds, and of inestimable value. They contain, amongst other things, 6300 kinds of plants. The account of their travels was published by Humboldt in the splendid work which appeared at Paris, Hamburgh, and London, in 1810 and following years. The whole series, which consists of twelve volumes quarto, and three volumes folio, with two collections of maps and one of picturesque engravings, has been justly called, by a competent judge, "a work of gigantic extent and richness, to which the modern literature of Europe can hardly offer a parallel." The first division is devoted to general physics, and to an account of their journey. The first part of this account is contained in the numbers already published, under the separate title of "Vues des Cordilléres et Monumens des Peuples de l'Amerique," and is adorned with about sixty engravings: the second division relates to zoology and comparative anatomy: the third contains a political essay on New Spain: the fourth is devoted to astronomy: the fifth to mineralogy and magnetism: and the sixth to botany.

The labour required for reducing the observations of our travellers to a state fit for the public eye, must have been very great. The mind of Humboldt, however, is as much characterised by its activity as by the vastness of its acquirements. He engaged himself besides in various investigations, part of which were published in the foreign journals. In concert with M. Gay Lussac, with whom he lived in the most intimate friendship, he has made numerous magnetic experiments, and verified Biot's theory respecting the position of the magnetic equator. They have found that the great mountain chains, and even the active volcanos, have no appreciable influence on magnetic power, and have established the fact that it gradually diminishes as we recede from the equator. On the return of the philosophers from America, Bonpland was appointed by Bonaparte to the office of superintending the gardens at Malmaison, where the Empress Josephine had formed a splendid collection of exotics. In 1818, he went to Buenos Ayres, as professor of natural history. In 1820, he made an excursion into the interior of Paraguay; but when he arrived at St Anne, on the eastern bank of the Parana, where he had established a colony of Indians, he was unexpectedly surrounded by a large body of soldiers, who destroyed the plantation, and carried him off a prisoner. He was confined chiefly in Santa Martha, but was allowed to practise as a physician. Humboldt applied in vain for the liberty of his friend, for whom he cherished a sincere affection. According to a late report, he has obtained his liberty. In October 1818, Humboldt visited London, where it is said the allied powers requested him to sketch a plan of the political situation of the South American people. For the execution of his plan to undertake a scientific journey to the East Indies and Thibet, the king of Prussia, at Aix-la-Chapelle, in November 1818, granted him a yearly pension of 12,000 dollars, and the use of the necessary instruments. But this journey was abandoned. Humboldt lived many years in Paris, devoted to the sciences, till, in the winter of 1822, he was called to accompany the king of Prussia on his journey through Italy. His residence at Naples was the cause of his inquiries into the formation of volcanos, the result of which he gave to the public in a small essay. In the latter part of 1826, he returned from Paris to Berlin. In 1827, he made a journey to Northern Asia, as far as the confines of China, in which he was much assisted by the Russian government, which wished to obtain, through him, more correct information respecting the character and contents of the Ural Mountains.

No regular narrative of this journey has yet been published, but the following outline of it we have obtained from an able work by Mr Macgillivray, entitled, "Travels and Researches of Baron Humboldt," which is an abstract of a French work entitled "Fragments of Asiatic Geology and Clemitology, par A. de Humboldt."

Our traveller, accompanied by MM. Ehrenberg and Gustavus Rose, embarked at Nignei-Novgorod, on the Volga, and descended to Kasan and the Tartar ruins of Bolgari; from thence he went by Perm to Jekatherinenburg, on the Asiatic side of the Uralian Mountains—a vast chain, comprising several ranges which run nearly parallel to each other. The highest summits scarcely attain an elevation of 4000 or 5000 feet, but, like the Andes, they follow the direction of a meridian from the neighbourhood of Lake Aral to the vicinity of the Frozen Sea. A month was spent in investigating the central and northern parts of these mountains, malachite mines of Goumescherskoi, the great magnetic ridge of Blagodad, and the celebrated deposits of Mourzinsk, in which topaz and beryl are found. Near Nignei-Tagilsk (a country which has been compared to Choco in South America, in respect of its character and productions), a mass of platina (the heaviest, most durable, and in many respects the most valuable of the metals, not excepting gold), weighing about 21½ lbs. troy, has been found. From Jekatherinenburg the travellers went by Tioumen to Tobolsk on the Jotisch, and from thence by Tara (a desert of Baraba, which is dreaded on account of the torments caused by the multitudes of insects) to Barnaoul on the banks of the Ob, the picturesque lake of Kolyvan, and the rich silver mines of Schlangenberg, Riddersk, and Zyrianovski, situated on the south-western declivity of the Altaic range. They proceeded southward from Riddersk to Oust-Kamenogorsk, and passed through Boukhtarminsk to the frontier of Chinese Zungaria. They even obtained permission to cross the frontier, in order to visit the Mongol post of Bates, or Khonimailakhou, northward of the lake Dzaisang, and returned to Oust-Kamenogorsk. From this place they went along the steppe of the Middle Horde of the Kirghiz, by Semipolatinsk and Ouish, and the lines of the Ichim Cossacks and Tobol, to reach the southern part of the Ural, where, in the vicinity of Miask, in a deposit of very small extent, and at a few inches depth, were found three masses of native gold, one of which weighed about 18, and the other above 28 lbs. troy. They next proceeded along the Southern Ural, to the fine quarries of green jasper at Orsk, where the river Jaik crosses the chain from east to west. From thence they passed by Souberlinsk to Orenburg, which is below the level of the sea, and then visited the famous salt-mine of Ilétzki, situated in the steppe of the Little Kirghiz Horde. They afterwards inspected the principal place of Ouralsk Cossacks; the German colonies of the Saralow government, on the left bank of the Volga; the great salt-lake of Eldon, in the steppe of the Kalmucks; and a fine colony of Moravians at Sarepta; and, finally, arrived at Astracan. The principal objects of this excursion to the Caspian Sea were the chemical analysis of its waters, which Mr Rose intended to make; the observations of the barometrical heights; and the collection of fishes, for the great work of Baron Cuvier and M. Valenciennes. From Astracan the travellers returned to Moscow by the isthmus which separates the Don and the Volga, near Tichanskayu and the country of the Don Cossacks. In the course of seven weeks, Humboldt had passed over the frontiers of Chinese Zungaria, between the forts of Oust-Kamenogorsk and Boukhtarminsk, and Khonimailakhou (a Chinese post to the north of the lake Dzaijang), the Cossack line of the Kirghiz steppe, and the shores of the Caspian Sea. In the important commercial towns of Semipolatinsk, Petropalauska, Troitzkaia, Orenburg, and Astracan, he obtained from the Tartars, Bucharians, and Tachkendis, information respecting the Asiatic regions in the vicinity of their native country. At Orenburg, where caravans of several thousand camels annually arrive, an enlightened individual, M. de Gens, has collected a mass of materials of the highest importance for the geography of Central Asia. It is understood that this illustrious traveller is now engaged in the preparation of these his journeyings into the Asiatic Continent.

A TURKISH SKETCH.

The Mahomedans generally, and the Turks in particular, are a people who place a great deal of blind dependence on Fate, or Providence. Instead of *using the means* to effect a special purpose, they will sit down in apathy, and believe that God will do all that is required for them. This species of folly is well illustrated in the story of "Anastasius," a work which will hardly have been perused by many of our readers. The incident is thus related:—

"I possessed not that even temperature of mind which steers clear of extremes: I could never do any thing in moderation. My soul fired at the recent instances I had witnessed in Mavrocordato and others, of immense fortunes made in trade; and, already in love with wealth on its own account, I doubly reverenced it in view of the power obtainable through its influence: for ambition would never leave me entirely quiet, but, when it was turned out of doors, stole in at the window, and added its persuasions to the other motives which had determined me before to become a first-rate merchant. So fast galloped my imagination, that already I saw myself standing with one leg in Cashmere, and with the other in St Domingo; with the right hand loading hemp at St Petersburg, and with the left gold and negroes on the Guinea coast; and covering with my vessels at once the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, the Euxine and the South Sea. I had genius; I could, if I chose, force perseverance; and the only trifles wanted were capital, credit, and correspondents.

Providence had just kept in store for me the only person ready to hold all these desiderata at my disposal on the shortest notice. I found every thing needful in an old Moslemin, grown enormously rich through nothing but his undeviating perseverance to do all that, by common calculation, ought to have reduced him to beggary. In the true spirit of predestination, Welid maintained that no mode of conduct begot ill-luck so infallibly as caution. 'It manifested mistrust,' he said, 'in the ways of Providence; and one single pious ejaculation at the outset of an enterprise was worth all the calculations of worldly wisdom.' Indeed, Welid might quote his whole life in proof of this doctrine.

But, to go no farther back in the recapitulation than the instances of the last twelvemonth:—The Porte had sent away for riotous behaviour the Sclavonians who do the garden work about Constantinople, just at that period of the spring when the setting fruits require constant irrigation. All Welid's neighbours strained every nerve to supply the deficiency, while Welid alone saw the pining of his oranges, his citrons, and his pumpkins, with perfect apathy, and only exclaimed, 'God is great!' What was the consequence?—The sky, usually of brass in that season, all at once opened its sluices, and made Welid's garden, on the very brink of annihilation, yield a double crop.

Again: the unusual rains, in the hottest month of the year, had produced a dreadful plague. Most of Welid's friends took some precautions against the infection, while Welid alone seemed by preference to go where the malady was rifest, and only repeated, 'God is great!' What ensued?—Not a finger of Welid's ached all the time; but he became heir to every one of his relations who had evinced more prudence.

And again: the dampness of the summer was followed by an autumn so dry, that every night saw Constantinople disturbed by some dreadful conflagration. Several of Welid's acquaintance therefore watched their premises, while Welid heard the cry of fire in his very yard, without saying any thing but 'God is great!' How did the business end?—Welid's house indeed was burnt to the ground: but the falling walls discovered a deposit of gold and jewels sufficient to build a score of palaces.

What, therefore, could be more natural than for Welid to infer, that the more imprudences he committed, the less he could fail to prosper? Nor did he lack examples of the mischiefs arising from a more wary conduct; for—not to mention his own brother, who, with a sincere and heartfelt wish for wealth, had, from the mere apprehension of making a bad hit, never made a good one; nor his nephew, who, grudging a servant's wages, had, in his loneliness, been murdered by a band of robbers; nor his cousin, who, to save his old vessel a scouring, had sold his gold for brass—what but Emin's resorting to medicine in a malady from which he might have recovered, had made him take a deadly poison? What but Talib's fear of a pursuing foe had caused him to fall into a torrent, and be drowned? And what but Nasser's inventing a most ingenious trap for thieves, had kept him confined by the leg in his own fetters, until he died of hunger amidst all his dearly purchased treasure?

The vast fortune which Welid had by his imprudence acquired, I advised him to employ in some grand speculation, and to make me his partner in the concern. Others might not have thought me the fittest person for a commercial associate, but I repeated 'God is great!' until Welid committed all his affairs to my management. We went, he, his son, and myself, to Smyrna; there freighted a vessel with cotton, and resolved to carry our merchandise to Marseilles, where we could not fail to find a good market. As I contributed but little toward the purchase, my portion was to be but small in the profits: this, however, remained a tacit clause between us, too well understood to be expressed. No regular account, no legal vouchers, no written memorandum whatever, was drawn up of our respective shares. Welid was not a man to trouble himself about such formalities. 'Each knew his own,' he said, 'and that was enough.'

In one respect, however, he showed an invincible obstinacy. He had taken it into his head that it would be manifesting his trust in Providence to hire the first vessel he should meet with. This happened to be precisely the oldest and craziest concern in the harbour—a thing on the eve of being broken up as unfit for service. The circumstance, however, so far from deterring, only confirmed Welid in his purpose. He thought it a most fortunate opportunity of signalising his reliance on heaven, and no entreaty or remonstrance could make him desist from freighting this miserable wreck, in preference to a dozen stout vessels disengaged. He would not even insure. It was flying in the face of Providence, and almost as bad as atheism or blasphemy; so that, unable to persuade my partner, I had insurance made in my own name on the whole cargo.

We now set sail. Hardly had we got into the latitude of Chio, when Welid's son—as hale a boy to all appearance as ever was seen—suddenly fell ill, and died. Our crew, chiefly Provençals, doubted not his being a victim to the plague, which had begun to spread in Smyrna, and became almost petrified with terror. Welid himself, though he had appeared fond of his child while alive, shed not a tear on his death, bore his loss with his inherent apathy, and only as usual exclaimed 'God is great!' I felt so angry with him for his insensibility, that I almost longed to see him go to the shades after his boy.

The sailors only wondered that so infirm an old man as Welid—after having sat open-mouthed, as it were, to inhale the contagion which had felled a robust youth—should still continue to breathe, but did nothing to get rid of him, and suffered him to live on unmolested. It is true that scarcely had his son breathed his last, than there arose a storm, of which the very first blast shivered our bark to splinters. It sent twelve fine young sailors and their captain to the bottom, but kindly spared Welid and me; and as the cargo was now lost at all events, I determined to atone for whatever evil thoughts might, without my leave, have risen in my breast, by doing my utmost to save my partner. I lugged him after me on a floating hencoop; and, as it had not required an out of the way rough sea to make an end of our crazy skiff, this vehicle supported its load, until the wind and current carried us ashore on the neighbouring coast of Samos.

Welid, who had only suffered himself to be saved, like one of his bales of cotton or bags of corn, without making a positive resistance, experienced on this rather trying occasion so little extraordinary wear and tear of body or mind, that, weak and old as he was, he still brought ashore strength enough to cry out with great satisfaction on the loss of his cargo, as he had done on that of his child, 'God is great!'—while I, on whom had fallen all the weight of exertion, could scarce articulate from exhaustion.

Our shipwreck close to the land in broad daylight had collected round us a number of fishermen, all impressed with becoming gratitude towards Providence, not so much for having spared our lives, as for having destroyed our vessel on their shore. Too late, however, to push our persons back into the waves from which we had just emerged, they exerted themselves the other way, and helped us on, lest we should witness their proceedings in regard to the wreck. The little money we had in our pockets was employed in getting ourselves conveyed, as soon as the storm subsided, to Kooshadasi on the mainland of Anadoly; but this short voyage completely exhausted our finances, and on our arrival we had not a para left.

Nor were we, for the present, in want of a para. The Turk, where bigotry interferes not with his better feelings, is as charitable as he is confiding. He neither attributes good fortune entirely to man's own sagacity, nor ill-luck solely to his imprudence, and neither is apt to listen with suspicion to the tale of the indigent, nor to cast blame on the conduct of the unfortunate. Looking upon adversity as proceeding from the same high source from whence flows prosperity—feeling as little degraded by the pressure of God's hand upon him, as elated by its support—he confers charity without pride, as he asks it without meanness. We, therefore, who came as supplicants, in need of every thing, found every thing we needed. Every inhabitant vied with the rest in supplying our necessities, and providing for our comforts. Hence Welid, who wanted repose, resolved to avail himself for a few days of the hospitality so handsomely tendered; while I only requested a horse and a guide, to take me on to Smyrna. The two animals soon were found, and I set off.

My first care, on arriving at this place, was to recover the insurance on the shipwrecked cargo. After some delay, occasioned by legal inquiries, affidavits, &c., I got indemnified for every bale of cotton put on board. Welid, who in the meantime had also reappeared, declined to share in the recovery, as he had refused to join in the insurance. It was only by stratagem I could make him accept a small part of the produce. No way cured, however, by his loss, of his blind confidence in his destiny, he continued to commit fresh imprudences, until, from the condition of a wealthy merchant, he became reduced to that of a poor basket-maker; but whenever we met, he still would lay aside his osier twigs to point to heaven, and to cry out, 'God is great!'"

A CHAPTER FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

There is hardly any thing more odious in our great manufacturing and trading system, than combinations, whether of masters or workmen. Combinations are neither more nor less than conspiracies to secure private and unnatural advantages at the expense of the public, and in their character are essentially opposed to those generous and really profitable principles of free trade which all sound-thinking men are now ready to advocate, and which at least the working classes have been long strenuous in insisting upon as necessary for their welfare. We hold it as an imperishable maxim in our general economy, that every thing vicious will sooner or later find its level. Truth

and justice will survive, though all mankind were to combine to extirpate them. It is one of the imprescriptive just rights of man, that he is entitled to make the most of his labour. He ought to be at liberty to roam over the whole earth to seek out employment suited to his abilities or his taste; in the same degree so should the master be entitled to get his work done where and how he chooses. Both have equal rights and privileges to be respected. And it will be found in the long-run that this species of liberty is the most profitable, as well as the most comfortable for all parties. Combinations to restrict such a freedom, as being adverse to the great principles which secure the rights of individuals, may appear to be advantageous for a while, but they cannot exist beyond a brief period of time. They are founded on a fallacy. The present generation may encourage them; but the next, if more intelligent, which it is likely to be, will look upon them as simply resulting from that species of ignorance which in the dark ages of our history invested bodies of men with the injurious privileges of trading incorporations, and conspired against the welfare of the community.

Mr Babbage, in his admirable work on Machinery and Manufactures, thus illustrates the subject of combinations:—"The effects arising from combinations amongst the workmen, are almost always injurious to the parties themselves. There are numerous instances in which the public suffer by increased price at the moment, but are ultimately gainers from the permanent reduction which results; whilst, on the other hand, the improvements which are often made in machinery in consequence of 'a strike' amongst the workmen, most frequently do an injury, of greater or less duration, to that particular class which gave rise to them. As the injury to the men and to their families is almost always greater than that which affects their employers, it is of the utmost importance to the comfort and happiness of the former class, that sound views should be entertained by them upon this question. For this purpose a few illustrations of the principle which is here maintained, will probably have greater weight than any reasoning of a more general nature, though drawn from admitted principles of political economy. Such instances will, moreover, present the additional advantage of appealing to facts known to many individuals of those classes for whose benefit these reflections are intended.

There is a process in the manufacture of gun-barrels for making what, in the language of the trade, are called *skelps*. The *skelp* is a piece or bar of iron, about three feet long, and four inches wide, but thicker and broader at one end than at the other: and the barrel of a musket is formed by forging out such pieces to the proper dimensions, and then folding or bending them round into a cylindrical form, until the edges overlap, so that they can be welded together.

About twenty years ago, the workmen employed at a very extensive factory in forging these skelps out of bar-iron, 'struck' for an advance of wages, and as their demands were very exorbitant, they were not immediately complied with. In the meantime, the superintendant of the establishment directed his attention to the subject; and it occurred to him, that, if the circumference of the rollers, between which the bar-iron was rolled, were to be made equal to the length of a *skelp*, or of a musket-barrel, and if also the grooves in which the iron was compressed, instead of being equally deep and wide, were cut gradually deeper and wider from a point in the rollers, until it returned to the same point, then the bar-iron passing between such rollers, instead of being uniform in width and thickness, would have the form of a *skelp*. On making the trial, it was found to succeed perfectly, a great reduction of human labour was effected by the process, and the workmen, who had acquired peculiar skill in performing it, ceased to derive any advantage from their dexterity.

It is somewhat singular that another and a still more remarkable instance of the effect of combination amongst workmen should have occurred but a few years since in the very same trade. The process of welding the 'skelps,' so as to convert them into gun-barrels, required much skill, and after the termination of the war, the demand for muskets having greatly diminished, the number of persons employed in that line was very much reduced. This circumstance rendered combination more easy; and upon one occasion, when a contract had been entered into for a considerable supply to be delivered on a fixed day, the men all struck for such an advance of wages as would have caused the completion of the contract to be attended with a very heavy loss. In this difficulty, the contractors resorted to a mode of welding the gun-barrel, according to a plan for which a patent had been taken out by them some years before this event. It had not then succeeded so well as to come into general use in consequence of the cheapness of the usual mode of welding by hand-labour, combined with some other difficulties with which the patentee had had to contend. But the stimulus produced by the combination of the workmen for this advance of wages, induced him to make new trials, and he was enabled to introduce such a facility in welding gun-barrels by rollers, and such perfection in the work itself, that, in all probability, very few will in future be welded by hand-labour.

The process consisted in turning a bar of iron, about a foot long, into the form of a cylinder, with the edges a little overlapping. It was then placed in a furnace, raised to a welding heat, and taken out, when a triblet, or cylinder of iron, being placed in it, it was passed quickly through a pair of rollers. The effect of this was, that the welding was performed at a single heating, and the remainder of the elongation necessary for bringing it to the length of the musket-barrel, was performed in a similar manner, but at a lower temperature. The workmen who had combined were of course no longer wanted, and instead of benefiting themselves by their combination, they were reduced permanently, by this improvement in the art, to a considerably lower rate of wages: for as the process to which they had been habituated required peculiar skill and considerable experience, they had hitherto been in the habit of earning much higher wages than other workmen of their class. On the other hand, the new method of welding was far less injurious to the texture of the iron, which was now exposed only once, instead of three or four times, to the welding heat, so that the public derived advantage from the superiority, as well as from the economy of the process. Another advantage has also arisen from its introduction; for the new process is now applied to the manufacture of iron tubes, which can thus be made at a price which renders their employment very general. They are now to be found in the shops of all our larger ironmongers, in various lengths, and of different diameters, with screws cut at each end, and are in constant use for the conveyance of gas for lighting, or of water for warming our houses.

Similar examples must have presented themselves to those who are familiar with the details of our manufactories, but these are sufficient to illustrate one of the results of combinations."

BRISSON'S CAPTIVITY IN AFRICA.

Shipwreck on the coast of Africa, particularly on the western coast, has been always attended with peculiar circumstances of horror and distress. The unhappy sufferers, on escaping from the raging billows of the ocean, find themselves exposed to unmitigated misery, on a barren and inhospitable coast, abounding not only with wild beasts and noxious reptiles, but also inhabited by men of a most barbarous disposition, exceeding in ferocity even the savage animals of the desert themselves. The country of Morocco, which extends about 600 miles along the shores of the north-western part of Africa, is possessed by a race of men who are characterised as being jealous, deceitful, superstitious, and cruel to a most excessive degree; so that any mariners who have had the misfortune to be wrecked on these coasts, have almost invariably met with immediate death from their hands, or have been condemned to suffer the miseries of a most wretched and hopeless captivity amongst them. There are two sorts of inhabitants in Morocco—the Arabs, who dwell in moveable villages, composed generally of about 100 tents each; and the Berebbers, Barbars, or aborigines, who live in towns and villages. There are also a great number of Christian slaves, and some merchants on the coast, besides a multitude of Jews, who carry on almost all the trade, especially by land, with the negroes, to whom they send large caravans, which travel over vast deserts almost destitute of water. The inhabitants of these western parts of Africa have, therefore, been long a various and mingled race, and, along with the other nations on the African coast as far as the borders of Egypt, are known to Europeans by the general denomination of *Moors*.

On the open plains of Morocco the climate is torrid, yet genial. Its grand chain of mountains, denominated Atlas, from whence the neighbouring ocean has received the name of the *Atlantic*, has its summits often covered with snows; and between these and its bases, there is presented almost every diversity of climate and temperature. Excessive rains sometimes deluge the level districts, to the destruction both of vegetables and animals; there is sometimes a drought, which continues till vegetation is almost wholly withered; and armies of locusts occasionally devour the produce of the most fruitful seasons, before it can be converted to the use of man. Sheep and oxen are the most plentiful among the domesticated animals in these countries; the camel is the common beast of burden; the horse and the mule are employed for riding: fowls, pigeons, and partridges, hares, and, in the northern parts, rabbits, are in sufficient abundance. The wild animals of the forests and mountains, are, deer of different sorts, antelopes, foxes, bears, lions, and tigers.

Monsieur Brisson's account of his shipwreck on these barbarous coasts, attended with all its usual horrors, and of a most distressful captivity in consequence of it, among the savage inhabitants, is possessed of great interest and importance. The interest is almost equal to that which is excited in reading Byron's Narrative; and a great similarity exists between his sufferings and those of Monsieur Brisson, from whose narrative we shall now select a few of the most interesting particulars.

His voyages to Africa, the author says, had already been productive of many hardships and much loss to him, when he received an order from the French government, in the month of June 1785, to embark for the island of St Louis, at Senegal. When he arrived at the Canaries, the vessel on which he was aboard passed between these isles and that of Palma; but the captain, having refused to follow M. Brisson's advice, the ship was soon after driven upon the coast, and cast away. In many particulars, it will be observed that this catastrophe is remarkably similar to that of the Medusa in later times. Immediately after this fatal occurrence, he asked the captain at what distance they might be from Senegal; but the answer he received not proving satisfactory, he informed his companions in misfortune, that he could not flatter them with the hope of being able to conduct them to any village of the tribe of Trargea, where he might perhaps have been known to some Arab, who had relations at the island of St Louis, in which case their captivity would have been shorter and less rigorous. "I am afraid," added he, "of meeting with some hordes of the tribe of Ouadelims and the Labdesseba, a ferocious people, who live like real savages, who always wander through the deserts, and who feed on the milk of their camels."

According to M. Brisson's conjecture, they fell immediately into the hands of the Labdesseba, and these barbarians, after plundering the ship, stripped him and his companions, and then crowded them into a small hut, covered with moss, which was above a league distant from the sea. As M. Brisson's master happened to be a *talbe*—for so these savages name their priests—he thought he should procure some alleviation of his misfortunes, by bestowing upon him the few jewels he had in his possession; namely, two watches with their chains, a ring set with diamonds, and two hundred livres in specie. The *talbe* hereupon made him great promises, but he soon proved to be as deceitful as he was barbarous. To avoid another tribe still more savage, the Arabs made their prisoners proceed, by forced marches, to the interior parts of the country, during which they were so oppressed with thirst, that they could scarcely move their tongues. In this situation they obliged them to climb mountains of a prodigious height, and covered with sharp flints, by which their feet were dreadfully cut and mangled. Their masters made a kind of paste of barley meal, which they mixed with water in the hollow of their hands, and swallowed without chewing it.

"As for us slaves," says M. Brisson, "we had nothing to eat but the same kind of paste. The Arabs threw it to us upon a kind of carpet, which our patron generally spread below his feet when he repeated his prayers, and which he used as a mattress during the night; after having kneaded this leaven a long time, he gave it to me, that I might divide it among my companions. One can hardly conceive how disagreeable this leaven was to the taste. The water with which it was mixed had been procured upon the sea-shore, and had been preserved afterwards in the skin of a goat newly killed. To prevent it from corrupting, they had mixed a kind of pitch with it, which rendered the smell of it doubly nauseous. The same kind of water was given us to drink, and, bad as it was, our allowance of it was extremely small."

Next morning, after a most laborious march over a plain, upon which the rays of the sun fell almost perpendicularly, the prisoners were employed in unloading the camels, and in pulling up roots; a labour which was exceedingly painful, as in that country the root and herbs are mixed with briars and thorns. When the sand was well heated by the fire, the Arabs covered a goat with it, until it was completely baked; and immediately, without giving themselves time to free it from the sand which adhered to it, they devoured it with incredible voracity. After having thoroughly gnawed the bones, they made use of their nails to scrape off the remaining flesh; after which, they threw them to their miserable slaves, bidding them eat quickly, and make haste to reload the camels, that their journey might not be retarded. At length, after a march of sixteen days, during which they were exposed to the greatest hardships and fatigue, they arrived in a most deplorable and extenuated condition, at the habitation of their masters. The reception which they met with from the women was mortifying in the utmost degree. When they had satisfied the first emotions of their curiosity by looking at them for some time, they bestowed the most abusive language upon them, spit in their faces, and even pelted them with stones. The children, copying their example, amused themselves by pinching them, pulling their hair, and scratching them with their nails. The heat was so excessive, that the flocks, half-starved, could find no pasture, and the sheep and goats returned with their dugs almost empty; and yet it was their milk, and that of the camels, which was to supply food for a numerous family. "One may judge after this," says M. Brisson, "how much our portion was diminished; as we were Christians,

the dogs even fared better, and it was in basins destined for their use that we received our allowance!"

Their situation became every day more wretched. The end of October was approaching, and a single drop of rain had not fallen for three years. The plains and vallies were entirely burnt up, and nothing remained for the nourishment of the cattle. The desolation was universal, when an Arab from a distant part of the country came to inform them that refreshing showers had covered those parts where he resided with abundance of vegetation. Joy then succeeded to fear and distress. Every one struck his tent, and all set out together. This was the thirtieth time they had changed their habitation, and that their fatigues had been renewed, for these hordes never remain above twelve or fifteen days in the same encampment. At length they arrived at the wished-for spot, where the sand was so impregnated with moisture, that the least pressure of the body made the water spout up in great abundance. Here the prisoners would have thought themselves very happy, could they have procured a hurdle made of osier twigs to repose upon, and a coarse-napped carpet of wool to cover them; but amongst the Arabs none but those who are rich use such pieces of furniture. To add to their misfortunes, their portion of food was increased, but only with water, so that in a little time they had nothing to eat but water whitened with meal, which weakened them to such a degree as can hardly be conceived. Wild plants and raw snails were then almost the whole of their aliment.

M. Brisson's master had promised to send him to Mogador, and to furnish him with the means of procuring his liberty; but he soon put an end to his dissimulation, and this unfortunate man lost every hope. He no longer met in the fields his miserable companions, and he regretted above all the loss of the captain. One evening he found him stretched out on the sand, and in such a condition that he scarcely knew him but by the colour of his body. In his mouth he held one of his hands, which only his extreme weakness prevented him from devouring. Hunger had so much changed his figure, that his appearance was horrid and disgusting. A few days after, the second captain, exhausted by want, fell down under a tree, where he remained exposed to the attacks of a monstrous serpent. Some hungry crows frightened the venomous reptile by their cries, and, perching upon the dying man, began to tear him to pieces; while four savage monsters, still more cruel than the furious snake, beheld this scene, and suffered the unhappy wretch to make vain efforts without deigning to lend him the least assistance. M. Brisson endeavoured to save him if possible, but he was prevented by the Arabs, who ill used and insulted him. Not knowing which way to bend his steps, he hastened away from this scene of horror.

Almost all the prisoners sunk under their misfortunes in succession, and no one was left to comfort Brisson under his sufferings; he became frantic through excess of thirst, and even the Arabs themselves died from the same cause. They preserved with the greatest care the water which they found in the stomachs of their camels, and boiled their flesh in it. At length his master's brother-in-law purchased him for five camels; and this man having occasion to go to the court of the emperor of Morocco upon business, he carried M. Brisson along with him. The French consul at that time was luckily in great favour with the emperor, on account of some presents which he had made him; for this reason the emperor set all the prisoners at liberty, and amongst the rest M. Brisson, who then found his way, once more, home to his native country.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

[From Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.]

A SENTIMENTAL PIGEON.

A man, set to watch a field of peas which had been much preyed upon by pigeons, shot an old cock pigeon who had long been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many a year cooed, and nourished from his own crop, and assisted in rearing numerous young ones, immediately settled on the ground by his side, and showed her grief in the most expressive manner. The labourer took up the dead bird, and tied it to a short stake, thinking that it would frighten away the other depredators. In this situation, however, his partner did not forsake him, but continued, day after day, walking slowly round the stick. The kind-hearted wife of the bailiff of the farm at last heard of the circumstance, and immediately went to afford what relief she could to the poor bird. She told me that, on arriving at the spot, she found the hen bird much exhausted, and that she had made a circular beaten track round the dead pigeon, making now and then a little spring towards him. On the removal of the dead bird, the hen returned to the dove-cot.

INGENUITY OF BEES.

A large brown slug made its way into a glass hive, where the operations of the bees could be distinctly seen. Having killed the slug, and finding that they were unable to get it out of the hive, they covered it over with the thick resinous substance called propolis, and thus prevented its becoming a nuisance to the colony. Into the same hive, one of the common brown-shelled snails also gained admittance. Instead of embedding it in propolis, the bees contented themselves with fixing it to the bottom of the hive, by plastering the edge with that substance. I have now in my possession a regular fortification made of propolis, which one of my stocks of bees placed at the entrance of their hive, to enable them the better to protect themselves from the attacks of wasps. By means of this fortification, a few bees could effectually guard the entrance, by lessening the space of admission, which I had neglected to do for them.

INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

He informed me that a friend of his, an officer in the forty-fourth regiment, who had occasion, when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirted by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He in consequence went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoeblack was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick, in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge.

A POODLE DOG.

A friend of mine had a poodle dog possessed of more than ordinary sagacity, but he was, however, under little command. In order to keep him in better order, my friend purchased a small whip, with which he corrected the dog once or twice during a walk. On his return, the whip was put on a table in the hall, and the next morning it was missing. It was soon afterwards found concealed in an outbuilding, and again made use of in correcting the dog. It was, however, again lost, but found hidden in another place. On watching the dog, who was suspected of being the culprit, he was seen to take the whip from the hall-table, and run away with it, in order again to hide it. The late James Cumming, Esq., was the owner of the dog, and related this anecdote to me.

PROPER PRIDE IN A DOG.

A gentleman, a good shot, lent a favourite old pointer to a friend, who had not much to accuse himself of in the slaughter of partridges, however much he might have frightened them. After ineffectually firing at some birds which the old pointer had found for him, the dog turned away in apparent disgust, went home, and never could be persuaded to accompany the same person afterwards.

THE ANTIPATHY OF THE HEN TO WATER

Is well known, yet the following is a curious instance of habit overcoming nature:—A hen, who had reared three broods of ducks in three successive years, became habituated to their taking to the water, and would fly to a large stone in the middle of the pond, and patiently and quietly watch her brood as they swam about it. The fourth year she hatched her own eggs; and finding that her chickens did not take to the water as the ducklings had done, she flew to the stone in the pond, and called them to her with the utmost eagerness. This recollection of the habits of her former charge, though it had taken place a year before, is not a little curious.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea,
We ask not such from thee!

Yet more—the depths have more. What wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main,
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more—the depths have more. Thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by.
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old—
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more—the billows and the depths have more
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast—
They hear not now the booming waters roar—
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long—
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song.
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down—
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead.
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—
Restore the dead, thou Sea!

—*New Monthly Magazine.*

ENGLISH JOCKEYS.

THE present Samuel Chifney presents the beau ideal of a jockey; elegance of seat, perfection of hand, judgment of pace, all united, and power in his saddle beyond any man of his weight that ever yet sat on one. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he is son of the late celebrated jockey of his name, by the daughter of a training groom, consequently well bred for his profession, to which he is a first rate ornament. Such a rider as James Robinson may slip him, but no man can struggle with him at the end, and his efforts in his saddle, during the last few strides of his horse, are quite without example. There are, however, peculiarities in his riding. Excellent judge as he is of what his own horse and others are doing in a race, and in a crowded one too, he is averse to making running, sometimes even to a fault. Let whatever number of horses start, Chifney is almost certain to be amongst the last until towards the end of the race, when he creeps up to his brother jockeys in a manner peculiarly his own. But it is in the rush he makes at the finish that he is so pre-eminent, exhibiting, as we said before, powers unexampled by any one. His riding his own horse, Zinganee, for the Claret stakes (Craven meeting, 1829), was a fine specimen of his style, when contending against Buckle and James Robinson, and winning, to the astonishment of the field. In height, he is about five feet seven inches, rather tall for a jockey, and not a good waster. In fact, he is subject to much punishment to get to the Derby weight. Samuel does not ride often, but whenever he does, his horse rises in the market, as was the case with his father before him at one period of his life.

Some anecdotes are related of Chifney, confirming his great coolness in a race, and, among others, the following:—Observing a young jockey (a son of the celebrated Clift) making very much too free with his horse, he addressed him thus—"Where are you going, boy; stay with me, and you'll be second." The boy drew back his horse, and a fine race ensued; but when it came to a struggle, we need not say who won it. Chifney's method of finishing his race is the general theme of admiration on the turf. "Suppose," says he, "a man had been carrying a stone, too heavy to be pleasant, in one hand, would he not find much ease by shifting it into the other? Thus, after a jockey has been riding over his horse's fore-legs for a couple of miles, must it not be a great relief to him when he sits back in his saddle, and, as it were, divides the weight more equally? But caution is required," he adds, "to preserve a due equilibrium, so as not to disturb the action of a tired horse." Without doubt, this celebrated performer imbibed many excellent lessons from his father, but he is considered to be the most powerful jockey of the two.

James Robinson, also the son of a training groom, is a jockey of the highest celebrity, and, as far as the art of horsemanship extends, considered the SAFEST rider of a race of the present day. He may owe much of this celebrity to his having, when a boy, had the advantage of being in the stables of Mr Robson, the chief of the Newmarket trainers, and riding many of the trials of his extensive and prosperous studs. When we state that such a rider as Robinson is considered equal to the allowance of three pounds weight to his horse, we can account for his having been employed by the first sportsmen of the day. It is supposed that he has ridden the winners of more great races than any jockey of his time. In 1823, he won the Derby and the St Leger, receiving one thousand pounds from a Scotch gentleman (a great winner) as a reward for the latter; and in the following year he went a step beyond this. He won the Derby, Oaks, and was married, all in the same week; fulfilling, as some asserted, a prediction—according to other authorities, a bet. We may also notice his kindness towards his family, which we have reason to believe is most creditable to him. As a jockey, he is perfect.

William Clift is next entitled to notice, as one of the oldest, the steadiest, and best of the Newmarket jockeys, and famed for riding trials, but he has taken leave of the saddle. William Arnull, who has ridden for most of the great sportsmen of the day, has long been in esteem at Newmarket, and considered particularly to excel in matches. He has been much afflicted with gout, but when well, is a fine rider, and steady and honest, as his father was before him. Being occasionally called upon to waste, he feels the inconvenience of his disorder, and the following anecdote is related of him:—Meeting an itinerant piper towards the end of a long and painful walk, "Well, old boy," said he, "I have heard that music cheers the weary soldier; why should it not enliven the wasting jockey? Come, play a tune, and walk before me to Newmarket." Perhaps he had been reading the Mourning Bride.—*Quarterly Review.*

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MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

THERE is a common remark, that, while some persons are blamed and punished for the least transgression, others, who seem as if they were favourites with society, may err as widely as they please, and the world will think of nothing but how it may most plausibly excuse them. This is in a great measure a false, as it unquestionably is a dangerous, supposition; but there are certainly some peculiarities of character of so valuable a kind, that individuals who bear them, are, for their sake, apt to be excused for many trivial offences.

There are some cases of insolvency where this is highly observable. The most of men who fall into this misfortune sink under a sense of mortification and disgrace, from which even conscious rectitude may not redeem them. Fearing they can never regain the respect and confidence of the world, they lose all respect for themselves, all confidence in their own energies, and, falling perhaps into bad habits, soon become objects of pity to all their former acquaintances. There are, however, some cases of insolvency, where, even with less conscious rectitude, the individuals are in a great measure safe from this declension, being floated up by certain circumstances in their situation and general conduct, certain specious and external virtues, which, however unattended by real merit, the world is under some necessity of respecting.

Should the insolvent, for instance, be a decent family man—one who has long maintained what is considered a respectable place in society—who has sat at good men's feasts, and given good feasts himself—who has fulfilled all the regular duties which the world thinks requisite, and committed no glaring error or offence—in short, a good citizen and neighbour:—in that case, so useful are such qualities, and so necessary is it to honour them, that he will be excused by the world for a delinquency, the tenth part of which would have brought execrations upon the head of another man, whose business habits were perhaps better, whose intentions were purer, and whose misfortunes were far less of his own procuring, but whose domestic reputation was not perhaps so good. In the one case, people recollect the exemplary appearance of the man in the midst of his family, and, regretting that a scene so decent and laudable should be broken up, do much perhaps for the restoration of his former circumstances: in the other, there is no such appeal to their moral feelings, and they permit the individual to go down the wind without even a desire that he should be restrained. In some cases, the unfortunate individual has far more anchorages in the good will and respect of the community than others. For instance, he may act as an elder or office-bearer in a place of worship, and thus be identified, in the eyes of many persons, with all that is venerable and good. In such a case—so great are the advantages which a bad man may take of a decent position—he may break and break and break, over and over again, seriously injuring hundreds of his neighbours, and, in fact, living by a mere system of spoliation; and yet he will still be excused—still find friends to set him once more into credit. It is indeed a remarkable proof of the determination of the world at large, to encourage the external ordinances of virtue, that men who pay the proper respect to these, are thus safe from even the most deserved censure for occasional trespasses. And it should be a lesson of great force to all who are entering the world—showing that, without a regard for what society has agreed to consider the decencies of life, no man, let his other merits be what they may, has a fair chance in competition with his fellows. The philosophy of the question is simply this: the external decencies alluded to are above all things necessary; without them, nothing could be right—with them, there can only be partial wrong: hence, for the sake of encouraging them, a premium is held out, offering to those who will rigidly practise them, a lenient consideration for many venial errors that would otherwise be sharply rebuked. There is a great deal, moreover, in establishing a general reputation. The world has not time to try every offence by particular evidence: it refers such things in a great measure to general character. If that be good, few things are severely punished; if it be evil, the individual is in danger of having every movement, even the most innocent, interpreted into a crime. Indeed, without the habitual practice of religion and virtue, there is no respect, no advantage of any kind, *not even common safety*.

Of all the ways of spending what others gain, that which we have just indicated is perhaps the most promising to those who may be disposed to practise it. In most of the other modes, the spender depends in some measure upon the bounty of Pity—a passion which has never been found regularly liberal in its disbursements. *Here* he depends upon the credulity and facility of commercial men, whom he has wheedled with his good general character, and the respectability of his domestic circumstances. Be it observed, men will sometimes give away scores of pounds on credit, while they would grudge the most trifling sum to an honester mendicant, who makes no profession of a design to return the money. One of these plausible men will thus sometimes continue, during a long course of life, to defraud the public every year of the sum which he requires for his household expenses, besides something infinitely greater to support his imprudences in business: and though a balance to a large amount is struck against society every third or fourth year, still, somehow or other, it is all excused to him—still he keeps up the same house—still he and his family retain their usual acquaintances, and his eldest daughter is spoken of as an agreeable woman; every thing goes on as usual; nothing will depress him into the victimhood which overtakes so many better men; they will not banish him or his black coat from the post of decency which they occupy every Sunday: whatever should happen, he must still be what he has ever been—he must still have about three hundred pounds a-year.

We have adverted to the idea of a black coat, and must here say a little more upon that particular branch of the subject. A black coat, to many of our readers, will appear a thing of no particular virtue, if the person wearing it be not otherwise entitled to respect. But this is a most mistaken notion. A black coat, upon whatever back it may appear, is a thing of immense importance and effect. It is the principal outward symbol and sign of respectability; and no sensible man, whatever be his circumstances, will ever be without so essential a necessary of life. Want a black coat, and, whatever be your prospects in the world, whatever your talent, knowledge, or virtue, you are viler than sea-weed: have one, and, even though you failed in business only yesterday, you are in a condition to command the obeisance of mankind. We speak with the more confidence on this subject, from having once known a ruined tradesman—a man destitute of all the extrinsic advantages already described—who kept himself afloat for about fifteen years by means of a black coat alone. How this man got his black coats, we cannot tell; but certain it is, that, come from what quarter they might, he always had one. His brother was also an outcast like himself; but there lay between them this mighty difference, that the one always kept up a good black coat, while the other did not. It was curious to mark the various fortunes which resulted from these various circumstances. Thomas, who kept up the black coat, was able, every now and then, to push himself into some humble kind of business—to take a shop, to get one or two visionary barrels erected upon shelves, and obtain credit for perhaps a gallon or two of spirits, and a few dozens of strong ale. No matter that he sunk again before the next rent-day; it was always meat and drink to him in the meantime; and his obscuration at Fountainbridge did not prevent his rising again next month, by virtue of the eternal black coat, at the Abbeyhill. Thomas, in short, carried on a war of this kind for the length of time we have stated; and, low as his expedients might be, he always had the appearance of a respectable man. Dick, on the other hand, who had not the same philosophical views respecting the efficacy of a black coat, sunk into utter wretchedness and want; or, if he had any resource at all, it was in the somewhat less extreme wretchedness of his brother. It might thus be said that both depended upon one coat: that single useful *investment*, though in the eye of the world exclusively belonging to Thomas, also served Dick. It did not serve him, indeed, as a garment: Tom had too much regard for it to trust it for a moment off his own back. But it served him indirectly as a means of getting those occasional morsels upon which he lived. Society, it must be confessed, proved at last too many for both of these gentlemen, and their black coat into the bargain—as it always does sooner or later with those who violate its great rule of honest labour; but still it was proved that one man could in a manner half live, and another exist to the extent of perhaps a still larger fraction, for fifteen years, upon the garment we have alluded to. It was not that the coat was less powerful, but society more, that it at last failed in its grand end of enabling its proprietor and his dependent to use what they did not make.

In a family of the kind described at the beginning of this article—supposing it to have fully got into the habit of living upon the substance of others—it is curious to observe how characteristic is every circumstance connected with it. If either a son or a daughter marries, it is sure to be some person equally unsubstantial with themselves—some denizen of a similar house of misery and vain show—and accumulated wretchedness is the only result. All the outgoings and incomings of the family—every transaction of any of its members—its eating, its drinking, its dressing, its washing—betoken a shabby and unprincipled system, the result of long-continued dependence upon the labour of others. The acquaintances of the family gradually cease to be of a respectable stamp, and are at last found to be either young and inexperienced persons who have *something*, or individuals of a maturer age who have *nothing*. The falling of a person who has any thing into a society such as this—which sometimes does happen—is like the falling of a drop of water upon dry sand: his whole substance is almost immediately evaporated away, and he speedily becomes as arid and unproductive as themselves. Of course, no full-grown person who at once possesses sense and pence will trust himself for a moment in the company of such a fraternity. There are some persons, however, who have pence without sense, or at least are entrusted with the administration of pence by other

people; and these occasionally fall into the hands of the ungaining spenders, by whom they are generally made a glorious prey. The result is like that which attends the thrusting of a small dead animal into an ant's nest: if you come back in a day or two, you find it as clean a skeleton as if it had been bleached for centuries by the sun and wind.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ATMOSPHERICAL ELECTRICITY.—PART I.

As we proceed in our inquiries, even through the most popular departments of natural history, we shall occasionally meet with phenomena that appear to be veiled in impenetrable mystery; but the progress that has been already achieved by the toils of science, and the wonderful discoveries that have been effected, encourage us to most earnest perseverance, and warrant the most sanguine expectations that light will be yet thrown on the paths that are now so obscured. The astronomer has discovered the laws which regulate the motions and courses of the distant heavenly bodies; the geologist has penetrated into the bosom, and exposed the internal structure of the loftiest mountains and the deepest vallies; the chemist has broken down, tried in his crucible, and analysed every tangible substance; but there are yet agents of infinite importance which minister to the great economy of nature, and which are of so subtile a description as to escape being tested by the most delicate modes of investigation. Ages passed away, during which the most zealous and accomplished philosophers had no conception of the existence of that universally pervading fluid, which still flashed round them in the lightning, and shone in the fiery prodigies, which, from time to time, swept athwart the disturbed aspect of the heavens. It had been known that amber, when rubbed, possessed the property of attracting light bodies to it; it had been observed that by similar means some other substances would display the same power; but the genius of discovery yet moved only slowly onwards, and it remained for the illustrious Dr Franklin to apply what he had seen on a small scale from electrical batteries, to the phenomena which are observed during thunder-storms. It occurred to him, that by means of a common kite he should have a ready access to the regions of thunder, and, by attaching a proper conductor to the kite, he expected to succeed in drawing down the electric fluid. His experiment was completely successful. Subsequently, the method of performing the experiment with the kite was materially improved, and philosophers now became convinced of the fact, that, under particular circumstances, clouds become highly charged with electrical matter, which in such storms flashes from cloud to cloud, or down to the earth, which may be regarded as the proper reservoir of this mysterious and subtile agent.

Having now, then, established the fact that this invisible fluid exists, and indeed pervades all bodies, we must next understand, that, when accumulated beyond its natural quantity in any body, it will discharge itself to the nearest and readiest conductor that may come within what may be called the "striking distance." This electric fluid, however, does not pass so readily along some as along other bodies: thus, through glass, sulphur, silks, atmospheric air, &c., it passes very slowly, if at all; and these are, therefore, called BAD or NON-CONDUCTORS, while, through metals, charcoal, melted wax, water, &c., it passes very readily, whence they are termed GOOD CONDUCTORS. Its passage through some metals is incredibly rapid; it is truly "swift as the lightning which doth cease to be ere one can *say* 'It lightens.'" Through a wire extending a length of more than two miles, Dr Watson and several of the members of the Royal Society passed an electrical charge, and the gentlemen at each extremity of the wire felt the shock at the same instant. In another of Dr Watson's experiments, the circuit through which the electricity passed was nearly six miles in length, yet no sensible interval elapsed during the passage of the fluid from one extremity to the other. We have stated that the air is a bad conductor; but when it is removed —that is, when a body is placed in an exhausted air-pump, or in a vacuum—its electricity escapes rapidly. How, then, does it happen that the air becomes at times so highly charged with electricity? The reason is this, that water is a good conductor, and it is the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere that becomes thus impregnated. Instances are recorded, on the best authority, of the atmosphere having been surcharged to a remarkable degree with electric matter. Cæsar informs us in his Commentaries, that, in the African war, after a tremendous storm, the points of the darts of the soldiers shone with a spontaneous light. "In the month of February," says he, "about the second watch, there suddenly arose a great cloud, followed by a dreadful storm of hail, and in the same night the points of the darts of the fifth legion appeared on fire." During the night before the battle which Posthumius gained over the Sabines, the Roman javelins emitted a light like torches; and a similar exhibition occurred during the war which Belisarius waged against the Vandals. In all these instances, the atmosphere was, in the manner we have described, highly impregnated with electric fluid, and the metal of the spears and javelins being good conductors, attracted it visibly. Owing to the same cause, the hair of the head has appeared as if on fire, an instance of which Pliny states that he himself witnessed. The manes of horses and the tips of their ears have on such occasions appeared luminous.

The electric matter, or some peculiar modification of it, occasionally collects, as in balls or masses of fire, which, without doing any harm, alight on or descend round the masts of ships. They are by seamen called the FIRES OF ST ELMO; and when only two appear, one on each mast-head, they have been called CASTOR and POLLUX, because such a light appeared on the caps of each of those heroes when they sailed in the Argonautic expedition. We shall here pause to describe this phenomenon, before proceeding to others connected with atmospherical electricity.

ST ELMO'S FIRE—CASTOR AND POLLUX.

When a ship, bearing a bold and intrepid crew, is sailing beneath a sky that may be said to be pregnant with lightning and other fiery meteors, her position is truly fearful and sublime. The sea that bears her along becomes agitated—the thunder moans in the distance—

> "High on the mast, with pale and livid rays,
> Amidst the gloom, portentous meteors blaze."

"In the month of June 1808," says an observer, "passing from the Island of Ivica to that of Majorca, on board a Spanish Malacca ship, fitted as a cartel, and manned by about thirty Russians, Genoese, Valencians, and Catalonians, a fine southerly gale, by seven in the evening, brought us within six or seven leagues of the anchorage in Palma Bay. About this time, the sea-breeze failing us astern, was shortly succeeded by light and baffling breezes off the land. No sooner had the setting sun withdrawn his golden beams from the tops of the lofty hills which rise to the westward of the town, than a thick and impenetrable cloud, gathering on the summit of Mount Galatzo, spread gradual darkness on the hills below, and extended at length a premature obscurity along the very surface of the shore. About nine, the ship became becalmed. The darkness was intense, and rendered still more sensible by the yellow fire that gleamed upon the horizon to the south, and aggravated by the deep-toned thunder which rolled at intervals on the mountain, accompanied by the quick rapidity of that forked lightning whose eccentric course and dire effects set all description at defiance. By half-past nine, the hands were sent aloft to furl top-gallant-sails and reef the topsails, in preparation for the threatening storm. When retiring to rest, a sudden cry of ST ELMO and ST ANN was heard from those aloft, and fore and aft the deck. An interpreter called lustily down the hatchway that St Elmo was on board, and desired me to come up. A few steps were sufficient, and to my great surprise I found the topsail-yards deserted, the sails loose, and beating in the inconstant breeze, the awe-struck and religious mariners bareheaded, on their knees, with hands uplifted, in voice and attitude of prayer, in earnest and muttering devotion to St Elmo and St Anne. On observing the appearance of the masts, the maintop-gallant-mast-head, from the truck, for three feet down, was perfectly enveloped in a cold blaze of pale phosphorus-looking light, completely embracing the circumference of the mast, and attended with a flitting or creeping motion. This curious illumination continued with undiminished intensity for the space of eight or ten minutes, when, becoming gradually fainter and less extensive, it finally disappeared, after a duration of above half an hour. The seamen, in the meantime, having finished their devotions, and observing the lights to remain stationary, returned promptly to the yards, and, under favour of this "spirit of the storm," now performed that duty which on a critical juncture had been abandoned, under the influence of their superstitious apprehensions. During the prevalence of the lights, as well as through the remaining hours of the night, the wind, with the exception of occasional puffs, continued light and variable, and the morning returned with a clear sky, a hot sun, and a light southerly breeze, which in due time brought us safe to our anchorage at Palermo."*

The author of the Memoirs of Count de Forbin, in describing a storm at sea, also observes, "We saw upon different parts of the ship above thirty of St Elmo's fires, and among the rest there was one upon the top of the vane of the mainmast more than a foot in height. I ordered one of the soldiers to take it down. When he was on the top, he heard the fire, and stated that its noise resembled that of fired wet gunpowder. I ordered him to lower the vane and come down; but scarcely had he taken the vane from its place, when the fire fixed itself upon the top of the mainmast, from which it was impossible to remove it."† Sailors superstitiously believe, that so long as this light glows stationary on the mast-head, the vessel is under the friendly guidance of this aërial demigod; but if it descend, they prognosticate a gale of wind, or some other disaster, the severity of which they consider indicated by the depth of its descent.

On all these occasions, the atmosphere, by means of the moisture it contains, was preternaturally charged with the electric fluid, which, under ordinary circumstances, remains invisible, and produces no sensial phenomenon. It is only when its equilibrium is disturbed that it becomes perceptible to us. If we charge a body with more electric matter than it should naturally contain, and bring it near to one which contains less than it should naturally possess, the fluid from the former flashes immediately to the latter, and, in so doing, light, heat, and sound, are emitted. When the electric light is examined by means of a *prism*, it is found to be composed of the same seven coloured rays as the solar light; but the proportion of the rays and colour of the sparks varies according to circumstances. "A short spark," says Dr Thomson, "is always white; a long spark is usually reddish, or rather purplish." When the spark is feeble, the most refrangible of the primary rays appear; but when strong, it is of dazzling whiteness. As the late Sir John Leslie however observed, the species of the light emitted depends very much on the peculiar nature of the substance affected. A lump of sugar glows with a green light when electrified. A ball of wood or ivory emits a crimson, and a body of powdered charcoal throws out a yellow gleam. The heat evolved is best exemplified by the effects of lightning, which has been repeatedly known to melt iron; nay, even it has been observed to vitrify, or convert into a glassy substance, the sand which it has struck; in confirmation of which curious fact, we may cite the following from the London Literary Gazette:*—"It is well known, that, on the highest mountains, tubes of vitrified matter have been found, the exact mode of the production of which has been hitherto undiscovered, but which natural philosophers have in general ascribed to the effects of lightning falling on a sandy soil, and melting or vitrifying the sand to a greater or less depth. All doubt on the subject is now removed by similar tubes having been seen instantly formed in places where lightning has fallen. M. Fiedler, a young German philosopher, has collected several in Germany, which he has presented, through M. Arago, to the French Academy. They are remarkably large: one is about nineteen feet long. It is difficult to conceive how the discharge of an electrical cloud can melt and vitrify a mass of sand so dense. A similar effect could scarcely be produced by the most intense furnaces." The loudness of the sound will depend on the intensity and rapidity of the shock, and the extent of the surface of the body whence the discharge takes place. If the ball which terminates the discharging rod be tapered to a point, the sound becomes dull and obscure, and the more so, as the point is rendered more acute. When the vibrations succeed each other very quickly, their impressions are confounded on the ear into one sound. But this will be further considered, when we proceed to examine the causes of, and phenomena attending, thunder-storms.

* An Account of the Fire of St Elmo. Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, vol. ix.

† Philosophical Transactions, vol. xlviii.

PERILS OF A DUTCH CREW WINTERING AT NOVA ZEMBLA.

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, the spirit for commercial adventure made rapid progress in Holland, and various companies were formed to promote the interests of traffic. Sensible of the great advantages that would result from shortening the voyage from Europe to the distant climates of the East, the Dutch were at an early period occupied in searching for a passage by the north, which, according to the geographical opinions prevailing in that age, would conduct their fleets to China, Japan, and other places, in half the usual time. Though their attempts in this respect ultimately proved abortive, they were not void of utility, and led to some interesting incidents, which are partly contained in the following narrative.

Three ships sailed from the Texel in 1594, accompanied by a fishing bark, for the purpose of discovering the northern passage, and reached as far as 77° 45′ of north latitude, when a vast surface of ice, extending to the utmost limits of the horizon, obstructed their progress. Their commanders, after betaking themselves to the boats, and examining those creeks and shores which they were able to gain, considered it impracticable to proceed, and returned to Holland in about fourteen weeks from their departure.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, another voyage was resolved upon, and its success so confidently anticipated, that no less than seven vessels, six of which were laden with commodities for eastern traffic, sailed on the same pursuit, in the course of the following year. These vessels found Russians collecting whale-oil and the teeth of the sea-cow in latitude 72° or 73° north, with whom they interchanged mutual civilities, and saw a race of people, whom they called Samoides, at the entrance of the Waygat's Straits. Soon afterwards, the ice opposed their advancing towards the north-east, into what they supposed the open ocean; thick fogs prevailed, and a continual change of wind. They passed through the Waygat's Straits, however, and landed at Statten Island; thence surveying the surrounding sea, and observing great quantities of ice drifting from the east, they returned through the Straits, and abandoned the passage as impracticable.

Though these successive failures repressed the ardour of the Dutch, they did not lose sight of an object which they had viewed with such predilection; and two vessels were once more fitted out at the charge of

* No. for March 29, 1828.—Art. Natural Vitrifications.

the city of Amsterdam, for resuming the voyage of discovery by the north. One of them was commanded by Jacob Hemskirk, an experienced mariner, with whom was conjoined William Barentz, as pilot, a navigator enjoying equal reputation, and who had, besides, been out in both the preceding voyages. In the same vessel, also, was Gerard de Veer, the author of the only history of all the calamities and adventures which ensued in prosecution of the enterprise. John Cornelius Ryp was master or supercargo of the other.

On the 22d of May 1596, the two ships left Holland, and soon afterwards a strange phenomenon was observed in the heavens, consisting of three suns, all visible at a time, each within a parhelion, and a rainbow traversing the whole: besides which, other two rainbows likewise appeared.

Detached flakes of ice were seen floating on the 5th of June, which the people on board, at first sight, took for a flock of swans swimming in the sea, until a nearer approach proved their error. Sailing through water of a deep green colour, they discovered an island about five miles long, in 74° 30′ north latitude, on which they landed.

The party with Barentz having descried a white bear in the sea, pursued it in the boat, in hopes of being able to cast a noose round its neck. But, on closing with the animal, its size and menacing aspect deterred them, until they obtained a reinforcement of men and arms. Yet during four glasses that a renewed encounter lasted with the bear, all their exertions to destroy it proved unavailing; and it actually swam away with an axe struck into its back. The boat followed, and one of the men at length cleft its head asunder by the blow of a hatchet. The skin of this enormous animal was twelve feet long; but the people did not relish the flesh. The incident induced them to name the land "Bear's Island."

Prosecuting their voyage, they got so far north as 80° 11′, where, after a combat almost equally severe, another bear, whose skin was thirteen feet long, was killed; and they found vast numbers of wild geese hatching their eggs on land in that high latitude. Ranging along the coast, they found a good haven, but could get no farther north on account of fields of ice. The navigation was therefore pursued in somewhat lower latitudes, wherever the ice gave access, until the 1st of July, when Barentz and John Cornelius Ryp, disagreeing about the course to be followed, parted while in sight of Bear's Island.

On the 17th of July, Barentz saw the coast of Nova Zembla, near Lom's Bay, and three days afterwards, being obstructed by the ice, anchored at Cross Isle. Here eight men, having gone ashore unarmed, had a narrow escape from the pursuit of two bears.

The vessel was now amidst extensive fields of ice, and huge masses, to which she was occasionally secured in her progress, appeared floating, or had run aground. One of these was calculated to be sixteen fathoms above the water, and thirty-six under it, that is, more than three hundred feet from the summit to the base. The great fields of ice began to break up, with a noise like thunder, on the 10th of August, and the ship being fast to a huge piece aground, not less than four hundred, of smaller size, were driven past her by a current. Lest she should be carried away by the ice, she was brought nearer the coast, into a more sheltered station; but it was soon necessary to shift her anchorage, according as circumstances required.

Climbing to the top of a lofty mountain in Nova Zembla, the mariners were encouraged with the prospect of an open sea towards the south-east, and concluded that they should thence be able to accomplish the voyage. But after repeated difficulties, losing a boat and also the ship's rudder, they were completely surrounded by ice on the 27th of August. Temporary intervals, wherein the ice separated, succeeded; but at last the ship was enclosed and frozen in on all sides, so that the people were obliged to have recourse to the shore.

There they found a fresh-water river about two miles inland, and saw the traces of animals, which they conceived to be deer: great store of wood likewise lay near the river, consisting of entire trees with the roots, drifted from other countries. Thus having no alternative, the Dutch resolved to winter in this desolate region.

Meantime, the ice accumulated greatly round the vessel: her prow was raised far above its surface, while the stern, sunk behind, was crushed together in such a manner, that the cracking of the timbers rendered the mariners apprehensive she would be utterly destroyed. They had dragged their boat over the ice to the land, and in the next place got out a quantity of arms, ammunition, and provisions, wherewithal to fortify themselves against wild beasts and hunger during their dreary abode.

On the 14th of September, they began to collect the drift wood for building a hut, and prepared sledges, with which it was with great labour drawn over the ice and snow, near to the place where the vessel lay. Thirteen men were employed in dragging the sledges, and three in preparing each ladening of wood; but they could make no more than two trips a-day, from fatigue and the approaching darkness.

Whilst thus industriously occupied, the carpenter unfortunately died on the 23d of September, and was next day interred by his surviving comrades, in the cleft of a hill, as the ground was too hard for them to dig a grave. There were now sixteen persons in all, but some of the number frequently indisposed.

The rafters of the hut were laid, though, on account of excessive cold, the people were scarce able to work; and if any of them chanced to put a nail in their mouths, as workmen are wont to do, it stuck to the skin, and blood followed its removal. Nothing but urgent necessity could have induced them to continue their operations. A great fire was kindled all around the hut, to thaw the earth, that they might bring it up, and make the under part a little closer: the ground, however, was frozen so very hard and deep, that it would not yield on that occasion, and there would have been too great a waste of wood in trying it again.

The people having shot a bear, took out its entrails, and set it upright on its four legs to freeze, in which state they meant, if possible, to carry it to Holland. Some time afterwards, a seaman being suddenly surprised and pursued by another bear, hastily ran towards the ship, with the bear following him, until it reached the first, now frozen over, and totally covered, except one of the paws: here the animal made a stop, and allowed the man time to save his life.

At length the hut was finished on the 12th of October 1596, when half the crew left the ship, to sleep that night ashore: but they suffered severely from the cold, owing to scarcity of bed-clothes; and as the chimney was not completed, the smoke in the hut was intolerable.

In the next place, the launch was dragged ashore with incredible difficulty; and as the absence of the sun was about to leave the seamen in perpetual night, they made all possible haste to land the remainder of the provisions required. They had no hopes of the vessel floating, on which account the rudder was also carried away for preservation, until the ice might thaw in the succeeding year.

The preparations for wintering in Nova Zembla were completed, while the sun was still visible from the surface of the earth. On the 30th of October, a lamp was fitted to burn all night, and supplied with melted fat of bears which had been killed for oil. On the 2d of November, only part of the sun was seen in the horizon; and on the 4th he had sunk entirely under it.

At this time the surgeon contrived a bath for the people in a cask, which was found extremely salutary and beneficial, from their confinement. Setting traps in the neighbourhood, they caught white foxes, which began to be quite common, whereas the bears had entirely left them as the sun disappeared; and their flesh, resembling that of a rabbit, was much relished by the people. A device was soon adopted of placing the traps, so that the captured animal could immediately be drawn into the hut.

On distributing the bread, each man's allowance was restricted to four pounds five ounces in eight days; and as the strength of the beer brought ashore had been destroyed by successive freezing and thawing, each had two small cups of wine daily. A large Dutch cheese was ate by the whole company, and sixteen remaining delivered to the people, each being left to his own economy.

Repeated storms of snow, at this period, began to block up the hut without; and within, the cold was almost insupportable. While the people washed their linen, it froze immediately when taken out of warm water: nay, one side froze while the other was next the fire. They were almost suffocated from the closeness of the hut not allowing proper vent to the smoke; but the fire falling rather lower than usual for some days, ice formed two inches thick on the floor, and the beds were even covered with it. Except when cooking their provisions, the people lay constantly in bed, and then they heard such explosions among the ice at sea, as could only be occasioned by huge mountains bursting asunder, and tumbling down into a confused heap of fragments. Intense cold having stopped their clock, though additional weights were hung to it, they prepared a twelve hour sand-glass, to enable them to ascertain how the time passed.

The cold was so intense on the 6th of December, that they scarce expected to be able to survive it. Nothing could keep them in heat: their wine froze, and they were obliged to melt it every two days, when half a pint was served out to each man. It was their only liquid except snow water; a beverage not very suitable to their condition.

Before this time, the day was so dark, that the mariners could not distinguish it from night: so that on one occasion, when perplexed by the stopping of the clock, they continued in bed, believing it was still night; and on another occasion they only knew that it was night by the moon shining bright, and remaining constantly above the horizon.

On the 7th of December, they considered it necessary to repair to the vessel for some coal that had been left in her, and with this made a good fire in the evening, which revived them greatly. To enjoy its comfort as much as possible, they sat up late, and closed all the apertures of their hut to keep in the heat. But a seaman, already indisposed, who could bear the effect of the fire less than the others, began to complain, and all soon found themselves attacked with giddiness; whence they could scarce stand until opening the door. In fact, he who first reached it, swooning away, fell out on the snow. Gerard de Veer, however, recovered him by sprinkling vinegar in his face, and the admission of the fresh air removed the sensations overcoming the others. The captain then distributed a glass of wine to the men to strengthen them.

The leather of the seamen's shoes was now frozen to such a degree of hardness, that they could not use them; on which account they made a kind of slippers of skins, and put several pairs of socks over one another to increase the heat. The ice stood an inch thick on the sides of the hut, and when they went out in clear weather, their clothes were whitened with frost and shining icicles. The fire was increased within, taking the precaution of leaving the chimney open, that the smoke might get vent.

Many stars being visible on a clear night, the Dutch, by an observation on the 14th of January 1597, found themselves in 76° of north latitude. About that time the wood brought into the hut being all consumed they began to shovel away the snow on the outside, to come at more, which, on account of the excessive rigour of the weather, was with difficulty accomplished.

Seven of their number next repaired to the ship, and found the ice had risen higher within, and that she was still fast frozen up. In the cabin they caught a fox, which was carried home and ate.

Several successive days of stormy weather confined the mariners to their hut. There they heard the foxes running over it, and, as their provisions were beginning to decline, regretted that they could not catch them. But the intense cold almost absorbed all other sensations, and they had recourse to hot stones laid on their feet and bodies, to keep them warm. However, they comforted themselves, that, as the sun was now at the lowest, he would not be long of returning to gladden them with his view. While sitting before the fire, their backs would be quite white with the frost, and, on stretching their feet towards it for warmth, their stockings would be burnt before they began to feel its influence. A cloth hoisted on a pole, thrust up through the chimney, to show the direction of the wind, immediately became stiff and inflexible.

In this way did the year 1596 terminate, and 1597 begin.

Though it proved necessary to diminish the allowance of wine, when twelfth night arrived the seamen requested the captain to permit them all to make merry, with some savings of the wine, which several, instead of consuming, had stored up. Therefore, they made pancakes with meal and oil, and, soaking biscuit among wine, were as jovial as if they had been at home in their own houses in Holland.

Again visiting the ship, it was evident to them that bears of different sizes had been there, and on striking a light, and going below, they found the ice a foot higher than formerly. Almost despairing that the vessel would ever float again, they thought it prudent to spare the remaining coals, lest they might find themselves obliged to attempt navigating homewards in the open launch.

The foxes, in the next place, beginning to disappear, indicated the return of bears; for so long as the latter retreated, the former came out, and were but little seen when the bears were numerous.

On the 24th of January, the day being clear, with a west wind, Gerard de Veer, Jacob Hemskirk, and another, went down to the sea-side, towards the south of Nova Zembla, from whence they unexpectedly saw the edge of the sun above the horizon. They hastened to impart the welcome tidings to Barentz and their other companions; but their report was discredited; for Barentz affirmed that it was too early for his return by fourteen days. The two following days being dark and cloudy, doubts of the fact were still farther entertained, and many of the people positively affirmed that it was impossible. On the 26th, a man died who had been some time sick, and next morning his comrades, with great difficulty, owing to the excessive cold, dug a grave for him in the snow, seven feet deep. Having performed the last offices to him, attended by such funeral service as circumstances would admit, they returned within the hut to breakfast. Then discoursing concerning the prodigious quantity of snow which unremittingly fell in the place, they said among themselves, that, if again blocked up by it, they should find a way of climbing out through the chimney; accordingly, the captain tried the experiment, while another going out of the hut to ascertain whether he succeeded, saw the complete orb of the sun above the horizon.

The weather still remained uncertain, though the people, relieved from the tedium of perpetual night, took exercise to strengthen them. But their hut was repeatedly blocked up by snow, and to avoid the labour of always clearing it away from the door, they on those occasions found an exit by the chimney.

Bears began to return along with the sun, and one which was killed afforded at least a hundred pounds of grease, which the seamen melted for their lamp, But a number of foxes coming to devour the carcase, the apprehension of other bears being attracted hither induced them to bury it deep under the snow. They considered it expedient to collect more wood for fuel, dragging it on a sledge as before: however, their strength being much reduced, their task was accomplished with far greater labour. Though the cold moderated for a time towards the end of February, its rigour increased about the middle of March, and on the 24th of that month the hut was totally blocked up.

At last the sea began to open, though the mariners despaired of disengaging the ship, or of rendering her serviceable for a voyage. Still she was hemmed in by

ice, sometimes heaped in mountains around her: and their anxiety was increased by observing that, about the middle of March, the sea was so open, that the vessel was within seventy-five paces of it; whereas, a new frost increased the distance on the 4th of May to five hundred paces.

Thus the only means of quitting Nova Zembla seemed to consist in the launch and boat; but the 29th of May arrived before the people attempted to dig either out of the snow. However willing, their reduced strength rendered their progress slow; and after they had laboured hard, compelled them to desist: on another trial they were put to flight by a bear. Six days' work at length enabled them to put the launch in a condition to be dragged over the hard ice and snow to the ship. There they sawed off the stern, which was narrow, and built one broader and higher, so that it might be better adapted to stand the sea.

The boat was in the same way got out of the snow, and dragged to the ship, as also several sledges laden with articles from the hut. These operations occupied a long time; they were frequently interrupted, and ultimately accomplished with great difficulty, from the state of the weather and repeated dangers. Nevertheless, on the 12th of June, nothing remained but to smooth the way for the launch and boat, down to the water's edge, and drag them along on the 13th.

This being done, William Barentz, the pilot, wrote a brief recital of what had happened: that he and his companions had left Holland for the purpose of sailing to China by the north; but their ship being frozen up by ice, they were compelled, amidst many hardships, to winter ashore. The narrative he put into a musket barrel, hung up in the chimney of the hut, lest any mariners in future might experience a like adventure. The captain also thought it proper to obtain the subscription of his company to a narrative of their dangers and distresses, and of the necessity to which they were at last reduced, of hazarding a voyage homewards in two open boats.

Eleven loads of goods were in the next place dragged to the water's edge, and then William Barentz and Claes Andrisz, who had long been sick, were drawn on a sledge from the hut to the boats. The whole company was equally divided, and one of the sick attached to each, and, on the 14th of June 1597, after ten months' dreary residence, the mariners set sail with a westerly wind from Nova Zembla.

After undergoing innumerable hardships, the twelve surviving mariners reached Holland, and, to the admiration of the citizens of Amsterdam, appeared in their Nova Zembla apparel. The fame of their adventures was soon disseminated, and they were carried from thence, to entertain the foreign ambassadors at the Hague with a recital of what had befallen them.

SCOTTISH STREAMS.

THE CLYDE.

This large and beautiful river may be called the Thames of Scotland, being the most valuable to the country for commercial purposes, and bringing wealth from all quarters of the globe, to be diffused over a rich and populous territory on its banks. It is the only large stream which pours its waters into the sea on the west coast. It is usually understood that this fine river rises from the same hill, at the southern point of Lanarkshire, from whence also flow in different directions the Annan and the Tweed; but this is only partly correct. The common notions regarding the sources of rivers are frequently altogether fanciful, almost every stream having a number of heads, often not one of which can be justly selected as the chief. Such is the case with the Clyde. It is formed by a concentration of a variety of straggling burns and rivulets, rising amidst the mountains and wastes which separate Lanarkshire from the counties of Peebles and Dumfries. The chief of these tributaries are the Powtrail Water, the Crook Burn, the Evan and Elvan Waters, which coalescing, form a stream, which, after flowing about two miles, receives an accession first from Glengonar Water, and next from Duneaton Water, which constitute it properly the River Clyde, at a distance of upwards of twelve miles from the highest springs of its fountains.

Pursuing a northerly course from its origin to the mouth of Duneaton Water, it continues in the same direction, with a slight tendency to the east as far as Biggar, by which time it has received some more rivulets from the adjacent uplands, when it at once alters its course to the north-west by north. It keeps this direction in almost a straight line to its estuary, except when it makes a considerable semicircular bend to the right a little way below Biggar, till it is joined by Douglas Water on the left. The Douglas Water nearly doubles it in size. It afterwards receives a number of other streams, generally on the left or westerly bank. The Mouse, the Nethan, the Aven, the Calder, the North Calder, the Kelvin, the White and Black Cart, the Forth and Clyde Canal, and the Leven, are its principal tributaries on either side from Lanark to Dumbarton.

The impetus of the waters of the Clyde is very variable. In the upper parts it is rapid, but it soon becomes almost stagnant; winding its path amidst broad rich meadows, in a manner intimately resembling some of the sleepy-looking dull rivers in England. On approaching Lanark, it begins to hasten on its way, in an expanded stream, over a stony bottom, till it approaches the falls, when it proceeds with great deliberation. Of these celebrated falls, two are above and one below Lanark. The uppermost is Bonniton Linn, a cascade of about thirty feet. The next below is Cora Linn, where the water takes three distinct leaps, each apparently as high as that of Bonniton. Between these two falls the course of the water is prodigiously rapid and perturbed. Its channel is contracted, among rocks and precipices, and in some places it struggles through a chasm of not more than four feet in width. Its sides consist of walls of rock, equidistant and wonderfully regular, the jutting points of which are covered with natural shrubbery, and in whose crevices nestle numerous flocks of birds. Upon a rock above Cora Linn, on the southern bank of the river, stands a ruined castle, behind which is a middle-aged mansion, and behind which, again, there is a still more modern and splendid mansion-house. This seat is called Corehouse, and is the seat of George Cranston, Esq., to whom it gives a senatorial title. Corehouse is embowered in the trees and shrubbery which add such grace to the whole of this wild scene. A pavilion, erected above a century ago, stands on the opposite bank of the stream, as a station for observing the fall.

About a mile down the stream from Cora Linn, at New Lanark mills, there is a fall of about four feet in height called Dundaff Linn. Four miles below Cora Linn, and two below Lanark, is Stonebyres Fall, which, like that of Cora, consists of three distinct falls succeeding each other, altogether measuring about seventy feet in height. This is not less romantic than the other falls: wild rugged rocks are equally visible here, and they are equally fringed with wood; but the trees in the neighbourhood are not so tall and stately. There are foot-paths for the use of tourists, along the river at these falls. After a confinement of six miles, in a deep and rocky, but wooded glen, the course through which the Clyde flows gradually opens, the river expands, and instead of being agitated among rude and steep rocks, it flows over a pebbled bed, through alternate tracts of sloping banks and fertile valleys, adorned in some places with a mixture of orchard and coppice wood, and at others with tufts of forest trees.

Thus it proceeds for twelve miles, through the lower part of the parish of Cambusnethan, and the parishes of Dalyell, West Monkland, and Bothwell, on the north side; and those of Dalserf, Hamilton, and Blantyre, on the south. Here, along the banks of the river, the lands ascend gently on both sides, exhibiting sloping banks and a pleasing well cultivated territory. The appearance of its vicinity alters in the parishes of Blantyre and Bothwell, where the banks are bold and richly wooded. From thence they expand and contract alternately to the extremity of the county. Numerous villages, hamlets, orchards embosomed in woods, gentlemen's seats, and the remains of rude magnificent castles and religious fabrics, contribute to enrich the scenery on the Clyde, and the presence of a number of mills of different kinds attests the trading and agricultural wealth of this beautiful district of Scotland.

As soon as the river reaches Glasgow, its character is at once altered from that of a rural simple stream, to that of a natural canal, suited to the purposes of navigation. At and beneath this city it has been in many places hemmed in and deepened, and for about twelve miles, it flows through beautifully wooded meadow land. As it approaches Dumbarton it gradually widens into the character of a firth, from a mile to two miles in width. Below Greenock, it continues to be about two miles in breadth, with a hilly region on both banks, but especially on the Argyleshire side. It shortly takes a sharp turn to the south, and after flowing through the pass betwixt Bute, the Cumbray islands, and the coast of Ayrshire at the Largs, it is emitted into the broad expanse of the sea, between the west coast of Scotland and Ireland, and which partly obtains the title of the Firth of Clyde.

Of late years, the Clyde has been greatly deepened and improved in its navigation betwixt Glasgow and Greenock, and by means similar to those employed on the Thames. Large vessels can therefore now approach the quay at Glasgow at particular states of the tide, and here the view of the various kinds of vessels lying at their appropriate station, at the place called the Broomielaw, is particularly animated. Steam-vessels of all dimensions crowd the channel, and hourly depart for Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, and innumerable places on the river, as well as the West Highlands and islands. By means of the Caledonian Canal, they even keep up a ready communication with Inverness, on the east coast of the Highlands.

Salmon ascend the Clyde as far as the fall of Stonebyres, and the lower bridge of Glasgow is the first obstacle to the sailing of boats or vessels. From its sources to Bute, its length is fully one hundred miles. In conclusion, we add a recent calculation regarding the waters of this imporant river. The breadth of the Clyde at the New Bridge, Glasgow, is 410 feet, and its mean depth 3½ feet. The velocity of the water at the surface is 1.23 inch, and the mean velocity of the whole water is 0.558,132 inch per second. From these data it may be inferred, that the quantity of water discharged per second is 76⅝ cubic feet. This amounts to 2,417,760 cubic feet, or 473,017,448 imperial gallons, or 1,877,053 tuns. The river Clyde drains about 1-30th of Scotland, or about 1-83d part of Great Britain.

The vale through which the river Clyde flows, from its sources to its mouth, is called Clydesdale; the designation is merely popular, but supplies a secondary title to the Duke of Hamilton.

RAILWAY EXCURSIONS.

It is little more than a year since the coal-proprietors in the southern neighbourhood of Edinburgh completed a short railway for the transportation of their coal to the capital, whereby they might be enabled to compete, on equal terms, with their western rivals, who, though at a much greater actual distance, had been virtually brought nearer by means of a canal. This railway extends from the southern suburbs to a spot some miles beyond Dalkeith, sending off one branch to Musselburgh, while another is in preparation for a connection with Leith—the four towns of Mid-Lothian being thus brought into the closest kind of contact, and the interior of the country connected immediately with the sea-coast.

The proprietors of this useful public work had at first no intention of throwing it open to passengers. The idea of putting their property to that use was started by an enterprising individual connected with their establishment, and, being put to trial, was soon found so highly advantageous as to occasion some considerable changes in their system. From May 1832, when passengers were first admitted, to the same period in 1833, one hundred and fifty thousand persons were carried (an average of about five hundred a-day), producing in all a sum little short of L.4000, one-half of which was appropriated by the shareholders of the railway, to whom it must have been in a great measure a clear profit. During summer, there are about six departures in the day, from all the different extremities of the railway; and it has not been uncommon, on these occasions, to see above a hundred persons moving off at once. This frequentation, to those conversant with the wonders of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, will appear by no means remarkable; but, comparatively, it is quite as much so—quite as triumphant an exemplification of the utility of a railway, and of its power of reproducing work for itself—as that more extensive line has ever presented. Be it remembered, that the existing extremities of this road, opposite to the starting point, are only towns of six or eight thousand inhabitants, presenting no scenes of manufacturing energy worth speaking of, and, though the centres of an agricultural and coal district, yet of one by no means extensive. That such a district should attract and send out about one thousand persons a-day (which has been the average during the summer), is very remarkable, even allowing that many must go for no other object than amusement. It proves, moreover, how effectually the cheapness of a thing tends to promote its prosperity, and how indispensable it now is that all ordinary things should be cheap, in order that the public may avail themselves of their use. The charge for travelling by the railway is so extremely moderate (only sixpence), that many can not only afford it when necessary on business, but also for pleasure, and on these latter occasions not only go themselves, but take a few of their children too. Thousands of persons must thus travel, who would not otherwise travel; thousands enjoy the country air now and then, who otherwise would spend their whole lives in the desert of the city. The good which it does in this way, and in promoting amiable and domestic pleasures among the industrious portions of the community, is altogether beyond calculation.

It is delightful, on a sunshiny Saturday morning to see the well-dressed family groups which flock to the depôt at St Leonard's, in order to depart by the ten o'clock coaches. The honest-looking husband, permitting himself to be amused—the decent mother, with her face of quiet happiness—the children clamorous with expectation and curiosity, are all there—along with many other persons not falling under any such classification. Above all, there is no failing to distinguish the Dalkeith shopkeeper, who has just descended from one of the incoming coaches, being bent on some business in town. His pepper and mustard second-cloth trousers—his grey woollen stockings disclosed at the ankles—his roomy coat of Galashiels blue—his broad unbrushed hat—his unpolished stick cut by himself—his acre-breadth of beard glistering through the ruddy cheek—are marks which cannot be mistaken in this specimen of provincial substantiality. He has either to see a victual-dealer in Clerk Street, respecting some bran and shellings, or to buy a hogshead of whisky in the Grassmarket. The railway depôt is in a somewhat remarkable situation. It

is pitched exactly about the place where the author of the Heart of Mid-Lothian planted the family of Douce David Deans, and immediately under the lofty heights of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, which form so singular a contrast, in their primitive wildness, to the large city now pressing in at their feet. The spot was lately as suburban and sequestered as could be conceived: but its solitude has been effectually broken in upon; and with its spruce new buildings, starting up in all directions amidst the remains of its former meanness, it might be likened to a sluggard taken by surprise, and who hastily endeavours, by a few ill-put-on and inappropriate accoutrements, to fit himself for appearing before company.

From the depôt, the railway proceeds down an inclined plane of considerable declivity, and at the same time through a tunnel about the fifth of a mile in length, perforated under a slightly elevated part of the King's Park. The carriages descend by their own weight, subject, however, to the control of friction levers, by which the guide can moderate their speed, or altogether interrupt it, by a very slight movement. As you enter the upper end of the tunnel, you perceive the country lying like a picture through the opposite extremity; and the apparent smallness of that aperture, compared with the one by which you are entering, affords perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the principles of prospective that could be in any way obtained: the further end must be many hundred times less in apparent size than the other. The passage through the tunnel gives an equally forcible illustration of the security which is to be derived from science. For a minute, a horrible darkness prevails, and the whole circumstances are such as generally impress the mind with a sense of danger and terror. You know, however, that you are entrusted to a combination of scientific principles, of unerring accuracy and fidelity, and you accordingly rest as tranquilly in your carriage as if you were moving along an open way in daylight. In returning to the depôt, when you of course ascend through the tunnel, a very striking sight is presented. Suddenly, in the midst of the deep twilight of the scene, a line of carriages rushes past you with the speed of a downward thunderbolt, being simply a train of return waggons, which are employed to take down the opposite end of the rope by which you are ascending. Commonplace as the actual nature and use of this object may be, it strikes the eye in that uncertain light as something supernaturally grand and wild. A dim human figure is seen erect in one of the waggons, who, as he rushes past, appears like a diabolic spirit sailing down the gulfs of Tartarus. The whole pageant is truly terrific.

The lower end of the tunnel is immediately under that lofty basaltic precipice in Arthur's Seat, which bears the popular name of Sampson's Ribs—a piece of scenery as magnificently rude as if it were in the centre of the Highlands. You soon leave this sternly alpine scene, and pass between Duddingstone Loch on the left, and Prestonfield House on the right. This seat belongs to Sir R. Keith Dick, Bart., a family tracing its descent from a rich Edinburgh merchant of the seventeenth century, who distinguished himself by lending large sums to the nation during its covenanting struggles with Charles the First, and, never recovering them, eventually died in great poverty during the protectorate of Cromwell. A succeeding representative of the family held the highest office in the magistracy during the brief reign of James the Second (Seventh of Scotland), and had his house burnt, as was suspected, on account of his obsequiousness to the measures of that unpopular sovereign. It is alleged, however, that this gentleman did not lose by his office. He had the address to make a bargain with the city corporatian, entitling him to all the refuse of the town for a certain number of years, on the simple condition that he would oblige the citizens by carting it away. It is generally believed that this fortunate paction had a great share in restoring the fortunes of the family.

Duddingstone, on the other hand, is a pleasant secluded village, formerly noted among the citizens of Edinburgh as a place for enjoying sheep-head dinners. The polished skulls of the animals were placed, it seems, as stepping-stones across the domestic pools which [illegible] in the street of a Scotch village; and hence some wag took occasion to represent it in England as a city boasting of several hundred ivory bridges. During the reign of Charles the First, the [illegible] of Duddingstone was [illegible], an extraordinary person [illegible], who [illegible] went to France, and assumed the sonorous title of Monteath of Salmonet, a name formed out of his own brain, in covert allusion to the fact of his father having been a fisherman near Stirling. This strange pretender to rank, wrote, in French, a history of the Religious Troubles in Scotland, which has been translated into English, and bears his name as "Robert Monteath of Salmonet" on the title-page. It may be worth remarking, that, in the church-yard wall at Duddingstone, near the gateway, is still to be seen a pair of jougs [from Latin *jugum*, a yoke], an instrument fitted to confine a man by the neck, and formerly used universally for the class of offences now punished in England by the stocks, but which has long been obsolete.

On clearing the high walls which shut out the view of Prestonfield Park, the ground on the right ascends to an eminence rendered picturesque and conspicuous by the ruins of Craigmillar Castle. This was a favourite out-of-town residence of the Scottish sovereigns, between the time of James the Third and that of James the Sixth. Here Queen Mary was residing when her ministers suggested her separation from Lord Darnley, which, however, was found impracticable: a few months after, he was blown into the air at the Kirk of Field. Her son, King James the Sixth, was living here when he projected the notion of his matrimonial voyage to Denmark. On the left are the beautiful groves surrounding Duddingstone House, a seat of the Marquis of Abercorn, designed by the celebrated Sir William Chambers.

A little farther forward, the country opens finely up in front, and the railway proceeds through level and highly-cultivated fields, the view being terminated by the hills of Fife and East Lothian, and the Firth of Forth. On the right, the ancient village of Niddry is seen up to the eyes in shrubbery, and surrounded by trees. On the left, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, is a cottage once occupied by the factor of the Marquis of Abercorn—an exceedingly handsome place. Some thirty years ago this house was the residence of Mr Thomas Scott, then the factor on this estate, the brother of Sir Walter, and who, in the estimation of that person, possessed abilities fit to have distinguished him in the walk of Scottish fiction. Here, in early life, Sir Walter himself often resided. To the eastward, the Leith branch of the railway parts off. Still farther to the east, is Brunstain House, an old-fashioned manor-house, embowered amidst aged trees. It was the seat of Crichton of Brunstain, who distinguished himself as one of the very first of the Scottish gentry who embraced the principles of the Reformation, and here used to afford shelter to John Knox. It has since been the fate of this house to be occupied by men of almost viceregal authority in Scotland—namely, the Duke of Lauderdale in the reign of Charles the Second, and Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton, in that of the second George. On approaching Brunstain, the Dalkeith and Musselburgh branches are found to divide. The latter proceeds about a mile and a half down an inclined plane (descending one foot in forty) to the coast. The other stretches on towards Dalkeith, which it leaves on the left, at the distance of half a mile.—We shall, in our next article, give an account of Dalkeith Palace, which is often visited by the individuals who make pleasure-trips along the railway.

DAVIE.

It is now about a twelvemonth since the family of Mr Hope of Kelbank, in Perthshire, had occasion to pay a visit to the Continent. Of this family it is unnecessary to say more than that it consisted, while settled in Scotland, of Mr and Mrs Hope, with one son and two daughters, all grown up. On the present occasion, the son, Mr George, was entrusted with the charge of the family, as the old gentleman was obliged by business to remain at home for a time, with the intention, however, of speedily joining the rest at Rome. Mr George was an elegant and dashing young man, had spent two fashionable winters in Edinburgh, and in particular had formed an intimate acquaintance with the Baron Damas, an official in the court of Charles the Tenth, at Holyrcodhouse.

When Mrs Hope had determined upon the jaunt, she engaged a favourite female servant, by name Margaret, to accompany her abroad; and till a few days before the time appointed for setting out, nothing occurred to mar this arrangement. It was found, however, almost at the last, that Margaret had a "lad," from whom she could on no account part: good wages and foreign sights were no doubt tempting, and a bargain was a thing not to be lightly broken: but what were all these to plighted love? Margaret, in short, could not go. Mrs Hope found it impossible, in the very brief time which now remained, to engage another female servant. It occurred to her, however, as a last resource, that a certain clever little stable-boy, whom they had had for two or three years about the house, and who usually went by the familiar name of Davie, might be brushed up into a tolerably good footboy, provided he would consent to go. No sooner thought of than acted on. Davie was instantly called into the presence of his master and mistress, and asked if he had any objections to going abroad as a waiting-man, instead of remaining at home as only an attendant upon horses. The little fellow brightened at the very mention of such a thing. Objection!—Davie would go to the end of the world with his mistress—if his father and mother would only let him. Mr Hope dismissed the boy with commendations at once for his readiness, and his deference to the will of his parents, and immediately riding over the country to the place where Davie's friends resided, easily prevailed upon them to allow their son to go abroad.

Behold the family party, then, squired by Davie, setting out on their tour to the Continent.

In order that the remainder of our story should have its proper force, we must premise that Davie was essentially a Scotch village boy. He was one of those little Flibbertigibbets—to use one of Sir Walter's ideas—who are always to be seen flying about small towns in Scotland, with bare feet and fluttering attire, working all kinds of mischief against cats and poultry, fishing for eels, and tying their skins by way of trophy round their ankles, darkened by the sun to the tint of a filbert, and unconscious of any evil on earth except the Shorter Catechism. Such only, however, was Davie, previous to his being reduced to servitude under Mr Hope. He had since then been put into proper externals—had learned to do a little in the way of serving a table—could whistle the hunting-song in Der Freischutz, and even already had manifested a tendency to that jockeyish coxcombry which consists in turning the row of knee-buttons towards the front. In former times, Davie's sun-bleached hair was arranged above the brow in a curious radiating fashion, which bears in Scotland an equally curious vaccine name; but now he had learned to train it neatly forwards, after a manner approved of by various persons of his own rank and station in life—and, upon the whole, he was a fair good-looking boy, though as yet in no respect superior in natural or acquired gifts to the humble duties which it was his lot to perform.

At the French ambassador's office in London, the family obtained a general passport, which expressed that they were going to Rome on business, and in which the redoubtable Davie was of course included as their servant. Nothing particular occurred till they arrived at a hotel in Paris, when, as they were about to sit down to take some refreshment, Miss Hope happened to cast a glance through the window, and saw a troop of *gens d'armes* ranked up in front of the house. "Surely," said she, "there must be some unusually distinguished person in this hotel—see what a fine guard of honour he has at the door!" At that moment two of the said gens d'armes entered the room, with a low bow; and while one stood as erect as a poker, the other, who appeared to be the commanding-officer of the party, said very politely in French, "Sir and ladies, I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing you, that you must consider yourselves under arrest."

The astonishment of our honest Scotch friends may be conceived at this unexpected and unaccountable turn of affairs. "Under arrest!" exclaimed young Mr Hope; "for what?" "I beg your pardon, sir," answered the Frenchman; "it is suspected by the French government that you have brought the Duc de Bourdeaux in your party from Holyroodhouse. I can but do my duty, by putting you all under arrest. I think, sir, you are not all here; one of the individuals described in your passport seems to be wanting. *He* must be immediately had."

The mystery all at once flashed upon the mind of the younger Miss Hope, who exclaimed, in a transport in which mirth struggled with wonder, "George, I declare it's Davie!" "Davie!" said her brother, "what of Davie?"—for the idea was so far beyond all natural likelihood and feasibility, that he could not yet comprehend it. "Why, Davie," replied Miss Hope, "Davie is supposed to be the Duc de Bourdeaux in disguise." At this explanation, the whole party, excepting the Frenchmen, and Davie himself, who at that moment came in with a tray, burst into a fit of laughter, which hardly experienced any check even from the fear of a little temporary trouble. Davie taken for the Duc de Bourdeaux! Davie a legitimate but disinherited sovereign! Davie, who, but yesterday, was stable-boy at Kelbank, and is even at this moment, all unconscious of his honours, engaged in the humble duty of marshalling vinegar and mustard cruets! The idea was too ludicrous. It was more than the risible faculties of man could well bear; and we verily believe, that though the party had seen the muskets of the national guard levelled at them, they must still have laughed. After their merriment had passed the first burst, Mr Hope went up to the commandant, who was looking always graver and graver, and politely begged his pardon for what might appear to him as scarcely the conduct appropriate to the occasion. "I must really say, however, that the notion which the French government has formed as to our poor little waiting-boy, is so outré—so bizarre—that some little mirth is hardly avoidable."

"Pardonnez moi," said the Frenchman; "the description in the passport answers exactly to the Duc de Bourdeaux; it is known also to the French government that you, Monsieur Hope, was a visitor at Holyroodhouse. When these circumstances are taken in connection with the known intention of the ex-king to remove immediately from Scotland, it appears to me as if the probability were pretty strong."

"Well, sir," rejoined Mr Hope, "here is the boy himself; take a good look at him; examine him by question, or otherwise; show him to any person who may have seen the Duc de Bourdeaux before he left France. And if this be the illustrious personage you suspect him to be, I will be happy to submit to the consequences, however disagreeable."

Davie, who had stood for some time in a state of complete bewilderment, with a bread-knife arrested in his surprised hand, and his eye fixed alarmfully on his master (though his sensations referred rather to the gestures than the language), was now brought forward by Mr Hope, and subjected to the scrutiny of the soldiers, none of whom, however, were able to identify him.

"Comment s'appellez vous?" said the commandant, with an evident mixture of involuntary respect in what would have otherwise been the blunt question of a person in authority.

Davie only stared, for the very good reason, that he did not understand the question. His master, however, having explained to him that the gentleman

wished to know his name, the supposed duke answered, in a strong Scotch accent, "Davie Fairbairn, if it please ye, sir."

"Ah, bien," said the Frenchman, in the same tone; "et qui sont votres parens?"

This being likewise interpreted, Davie answered in all simplicity, "My father is the sutor at Collace, and my mother keeps the public."

When this was explained to the interrogator, he elevated his eyebrows with an incredulous expression, and asked if he had been long in the service of his present master.

"Ou, sir, I've been three year 'gain Martinmas wi' auld Mr Hope—I was the groom's right-hand man, sir; but now I'm promoted to wait on the leddies, and I'm gaun wi' them to Eetaly."

"Mon prince," said the commandant, with a mock obeisance, "vous avez employé bien votre temps en Ecosse. J'aperçois que vous avez appris á la perfection la langue." [My prince, you have employed your time well in Scotland—I perceive you have learned the language to perfection.]

The gravity of the family was here once more fairly overthrown, and they laughed long and loud, notwithstanding the evidently rising wrath of the two soldiers.

At length, mastering his mirth, Mr Hope proposed to go with the supposed pretender to the throne of France, otherwise called Davie Fairbairn, under a guard, to the residence of the intendant of police, where he conceived they would be sure to find some one qualified to decide the matter in question. To this the commandant consented, and they accordingly departed in a coach—Davie sitting as proud as a peacock in the back seat, between two of the soldiers, while a detachment was left to guard the ladies in the hotel. They were speedily introduced to the intendant—a very dignified looking person—who, having been informed of the case, set it at once to rest by declaring (what he had every reason to be sure of) that Davie *was not the duke.*

Mr Hope and his man were then liberated, with many polite expressions of regret, and conducted back to the hotel, under every mark of respect. The former was advised, however, when he called next day at the British ambassador's, to get a separate passport for Davie, for the rest of their journey, as the circumstances which had already marked him out for suspicion might operate elsewhere, and be productive of serious inconvenience to the family. Mr Hope obeyed this counsel; but it was found unnecessary. The story of the mistake at Paris had taken wind, and was known wherever they halted. Davie was, accordingly, treated all through France as a sort of lion—people seeming to feel a kind of interest in one who *might have turned out to be* Henry the Fifth.

A STATE OF NATURE.

While labouring under the restraints that a state of civilization imposes, we are but too apt to find fault with our condition, and, if wrought to a pitch of excitement, perhaps wish that we were well out of the trammels of society, and dwelling in peace in some remote corner of the world, where law and government were alike unknown. Feelings of this description are frequently very chimerical, and, while indulging in them, we forget that the slight troubles that affect us are the penalties paid for a state of social freedom more happy than is enjoyed by almost any people. There are few countries in the world, besides Great Britain, in which a virtuous family can sit down securely at their own cheerful fireside, with their door shut and bolted, and no dread upon their minds of disturbance or personal molestation. And who would not, to enjoy this great boon, give up a little of his individual pretensions for the good of the whole? Man is a gregarious animal; he necessarily prefers society, with all its trammelling conditions, to a life of solitude. The natural independence enjoyed by Alexander Selkirk has its charms, and captivates many a young and ardent mind; but if put to trial, it would soon lose all its zest. The dismal quietness that would prevail, the difficulties of gaining a rude subsistence, the fear of wild beasts or venomous reptiles, the frightful idea of lying in a helpless state of disease, if not dying unheeded and uncared for, form no species of allurements, and would make us exclaim, in the words of Cowper,

> "Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
> Than reign in this horrible place."

A state of natural independence among fellow-men would be much more irksome and fatal, for the strong would overpower the weak, and the artful, with impunity, would circumvent the unsuspecting. There must be order—there must be law. "A state of nature (says Doctor Wade, in his excellent History of the Middle and Working Classes), is a state of great inequality; as much so as men's abilities and physical power. It follows that it is civil, not natural liberty, which introduces equity among mankind, by making the law, not force, the shield and arbiter of right.

The natural right of a man to do as he desires, and can, supposes the same right in every other person: but the exertion of so many independent rights would often cause them to clash and destroy each other. A law that would restrain all, might be beneficial to all; because each might gain more by the limitation of the freedom of others, than he lost by the curtailment of his own. Natural liberty is the right of every one to go where he lists, without regard to his neighbour; civil liberty compels him to go on the public road, which is most convenient to himself, consistently with the enjoyment of the same convenience by other persons. The establishment of civil liberty is the enclosure of the waste, by which each surrenders his right of common, for the quiet possession and culture of a separate allotment.

The transition from the natural to the civil state, subjects man to responsibilities to which he was not before liable. In the former, he indulges his appetites, solely with reference to himself; in the latter, he can only indulge them, with reference to the society of which he is a member: and this he is bound to do, first, by the criminal restraint which the law imposes on actions of importance; and, secondly, by the moral restraint, which public opinion imposes on those of lesser degree.

As the natural was the first state of man, it may be inferred that this state would have continued, had not a persuasion arisen that social order would be more conducive to happiness. As the public good was the motive, so it must continue the end of civil society; and for this reason, that there is no obligation imposed on mankind, save their advantage, to maintain the social in preference to the individual state of existence. And upon this principle the laws of a free people are founded, namely, that they shall impose no restraints on the acts of individuals, which do not conduce in a greater degree to the general good.

Whether man has benefited by the introduction of civil society, is a moral problem, which, like other problems not mathematical, can only be solved by inferential testimony. Two reasons make strongly, and, I think, decisively in favour of the affirmative conclusion. First, mankind had their *choice*, and it is contrary to human nature to suppose that they would voluntarily have left the natural state, had not experience shown them that the social was better. Secondly, by the surrender of a portion of his natural freedom, man appears to have been well compensated by civil enjoyment. Civilization only divests man of a fraction, not the whole of his primitive liberty: all those acts that are personal to himself, he may continue to indulge in as freely as the savage, subject to no other control than public opinion, which he may defy if he pleases. The law restrains public deeds, and this it does because they are hurtful to others, not to the perpetrator only. Such restraint is civil liberty, and he who seeks greater licence, can neither be just nor rational; he can scarcely be a man, but something worse.

The establishment of civil rights entirely supersedes the operation of the natural rights, which previously governed the relation of individuals. The right of revenge, of the strong to oppress the weak, and of all those powers which are supposed to appertain to the wild justice of nature, are abrogated by the institution of society. The law is then supreme arbiter: it may be a bad law, but while it continues unrepealed, it is the sole rule, the only tribunal of resort to establish a claim, or redress an injury.

It is unnecessary to illustrate further the distinction between natural and civil liberty. The first is a chimera, like the points and lines of mathematicians; but, like them, it serves as a basis for reasoning, and enables us to deduce the real from the abstract. Alexander Selkirk might possess his natural rights in Juan Fernandez, but nobody else. Two men could not live a day on a desolate island—they could not meet at the fountain for a pitcher of water, without settling the question whether age, strength, or first comer, should have precedency; and the termination of the dispute would be the establishment of civil order between them."

THE SMUGGLERS.

> Belay there, my hearties, and ease off your crack,
> Come, heave up your anchor, make sail on your tack
> And tip us a yarn of peril and spree,
> While the grog round the table in oceans flows free,
> Brave boys!

"Och hone agra, Denis, mavourneen, is it kilt ye are? Spake to the poor ould mother that bore ye. Och, confound the villain that fetcht ye that wipe athwart yer brow; and if I catch the murtherin' thafe, I'll set my tin commands on 'im, that I will. Alas! alas! yer gon from me intirely now! Ye'll never more grasp the tiller, or rin out another reef in this world; but it's ye that shan't want a mass t' help ye in the next, tho' I should never whiff another caubeen for it; yer sowl to glory, amin. Dry your eyes, Rose, ma-colleen. Weepin' 'll do 'im no good, that lies there dead and gon." "Oh, Nancy, I can't help it when I see him stretched so, and when I think that he'll never more smile on his poor Rose, never again; but hasn't Ned gone for the doctor?" "True for ye, a cushla ma chree, he maybe's there by this, tho' I'm mightily 'fraid his life-lines are cut away, and he must be stowed under the boord like his father afore 'im. Och whirra sthrew, my poor boy! Och the blessings on yer face, docthur, avourneen, it's me that aint glad to see ye mayhap," said the old woman to the doctor, as he entered the room of the hut in which they were; and while he's doing his best to bring his patient to, we'll say a few words to our readers in explanation of the above.

The small town or fishing village of Fowlham, on the south-east part of England, was at the time of our story one of the chief and most noted haunts of the smugglers of that wild coast. The whole of the population, from their infancy up, were taught, both by precept and example, to consider the free trade as the chief and most glorious end of their lives. The house of each person was, in some manner, adapted for escape or concealment. Steps for the feet, and holds for the hands, were cut in several of the chimneys, and on the roofs several planks were always kept in readiness, to be placed from the ledge of one house to another, in order to facilitate escape, which was the more easily managed, as the streets were narrow, and the top story of each domicile jutted out in the old-fashioned style of the architecture of the time in which they were built. The floors likewise of the rooms could all be taken up, discovering large spaces, capable of holding many a bale of silk and tobacco. Among so many hardy and reckless men, there was always some one who held a kind of tacit authority over the rest, won by many a deed of skill and daring. For many years, Matthew or Big Mat Smith, as he was generally called, had been their leader. To a frame of iron, he added a mind fearless and unshrinking, and fertile in every expedient necessary to ensure success in their undertakings. He was now sinking into the "sere and yellow leaf," and the only prop of his declining days was his fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter Rose. Of five stalwart sons, not one now remained to him. Two perished in the storm—the rest fell fighting by his side. Success full often awaited on the smuggler's undertakings, and many a whisper of hoarded shot in his locker was rife in the town. 'Twas no wonder that the doctor and the apothecary thrived, for hardly a Saturday night passed without numerous broken heads; for Rose, to no small share of beauty, added more substantial charms of wealth; and this, combined with the almost certainty, that whoever was the favoured one, would in all probability succeed to the skippership of the place, caused such a flow of blood to the fingers of the free traders, that, when not busy otherwise, they were fully employed in toasting the pretty Rose, and giving each other *striking* proofs of their admiration of the "pride of Fowlham."

After much drinking, dancing, and fighting, Denis M'Carthy at last opened a pretty clear road for himself, by beating all his opponents, and lighting a little bit of a spark in Rose's breast, which he was not the boy to let go out for want of fanning; and old Mat himself saw with pleasure his child fixing on Denis for her future pilot through life—for the young Irishman had always borne himself spiritedly and well, both afloat and ashore, and had once even saved the old man's life, by flinging himself before him, and receiving the stroke of a man-of-war's cutlass intended for Mat. Denis, being young and of a hardy constitution, soon recovered, and became prime favourite with his Rose's father. "'Tis mighty odd intirely," said his mother to him, one night as they sat croonin' over their bright fire and clean wiped hearth, "what confidence that same thafe, love, puts into the most fearful little colleen of us all. Faix, not more nor a month agon', there was that same Rose couldn't lift up her eyes from the grund, and ax a crathur, 'How d'ye do?' but now she'll go hangin' on yer oxter the whole day, an' look into your face, too, as bold as brass. The blessin's on her! Och, but ye're the boy for 'em, Deny alanna!"

Nancy and her husband had left Ireland soon after they were married, and after being tossed here and there, at last came to anchor for good at Fowlham. M'Carthy soon joined the smugglers, and plied his dangerous and illegal vocation with the greatest assiduity. Working away thus, he managed to get on pretty well for about three years, when, one fine moonlight night, as he was pacing the deck of the "Speed," which was going at a glorious rate before the wind, with the spray dashing like falling snow over her bows, he was met by a leaden messenger from a cruizer, which ran across their bows, and which just gave him time to exclaim, "Very unjontlemanly behaver this," when death stept in, and cut his soliloquy short. Nancy was now left "a poor lone widy on the wide world, wid a poor faderless bit of a gossoon to provide for;" and nobly she did her duty towards her orphan boy. Many a cruise did Nancy take "wid the boys," and many a run did she lend a by no means useless hand in, till at last "ould Nancy was well to do, plase God, and thrivin'." Such was the state of affairs on the morning of the day on which our story commences.

The pier, the harbour, the town, and all the manifold objects therein, had just begun to emerge from the dim obscurity of night, and to stand broad out in the rays of the rising moon, which, kissing the crests of the dancing waves, glanced on and illumined with one blaze of purple light the eternal cliffs, and gradually faded away into the distant sea, showing, in one *coup d'œil*, the grand superiority of nature over the works of the sojourners of earth. From every house, street, and alley, the people now began to issue, hurrying fast to the pier. Mat Smith's beautiful new schooner, the "Rose," was that morning to make her first trip. All was ready on board for sailing, and nought delayed her but the absence of Denis and the skipper. On all sides cries of approbation and delight arose. "What a tight little hooker! What a clean run along the bends; and then her yards and spars so all a taunto! If she don't take the conceit out

o' the king's men, why, I'm mistaken, that's all. Here they come! here they come!—Good luck attend you, Mat, 'tis you that's the glory of us! Ah, Denis, I give you joy; here's success to you, my lad." Many more uproarious congratulations of the same sort followed the Rose, even till she was far out of the harbour. Night came on, and found her about eleven knots to the southward of Fowlham. The opposite coast had been made, and the run as yet had been quite successful. Mass after mass of fleecy clouds flitted across the moon, their edges rendered luminous as they came within the influence of her rays. The wind was fast lulling, and the gentle undulating motion of the water scarce rippled against the sides of the schooner as she lay in the bight of a small bay about three hundred yards from the shore, casting her huge shadow to the foot of the hoary cliffs themselves. The stillness of the scene added greatly to its beauty. On her starboard side stretched the sea in its broad expanse to the gay shores of France. One sheet of radiance tapering from the extreme verge of the horizon, and gradually extending itself into one broad mellow light, fell across it, till it was stopped by the schooner, looking as she lay, her sides all silvered with the glowing beams, "the forest queen of the deep." On the larboard rose a high range of cliffs, which girt in almost the whole of the coast. Here and there some twinkling lights shone in the distance, marking the place where stood some lowly hamlet, or more lordly tower. "I say, Denis, my hearty," began Mat, soon after the schooner took up the berth we have described, "I can't say as how I feel particularly pleasant this 'ere night, like as if somethin' had ta'en me quite aback, and almost, as it were, cut my life-lines adrift. Some harm 'll lay us aboard, I'm thinkin'. I wish those lubberly shore haulers would bear in sight, and we'd this cargo safe stowed, and us alongside o' Rose snug moored by a blazer, with a prime in our mauleys—eh, boy?" "Can't say as how, Mat, but that 'ere prime wouldn't be after being mighty agraable, or I'm thunderstruck—But what a't keeping them shore-goin' spalpeens? Thunder an' turf, no one han't turned the snitch, an' peached—eh, Mat?" "Hope not, boy; but there's the signal! Stir about, every mother's son of ye!"

The signal had been made from the shore that the party there were ready for the cargo, and for starting, and in a few moments they were all standing on the edge of the shore, prepared for their share of the business. A number of strong roadsters stood by, ready to be off to the interior as soon as they were loaded. Most of the group were armed with some weapon or another, chiefly of a rustic kind. "Here, Neptune, here," shouted one who acted as leader of the land party; and a fine large Newfoundland dog, with a rope attached to his collar, bounded into the water, and swam straight for the schooner. A number of kegs and bales, well fastened and tarred to prevent the water getting in, were fastened to it, and immediately drawn ashore. The dog made two or three trips, and a great quantity of goods were thus landed. The ship's boats in the meantime were not idle, and, in an incredibly short time, the whole of the cargo, and Mat and Denis, were safely landed, and the schooner then stood out to sea. Six of the best armed men mounted, and took up their position in front, as the avant-guard. Mat, Denis, and four more, formed the rear. The rest, with the cargo, were in the centre. The word was given to advance, and the party were just in motion, when the look-out, who was stationed up the glen, through which they had to pass, came running in at the top of his speed, roaring out, "The officers are on us, and the soldiers with 'em!" No time was to be lost. "Away with ye, every one!" exclaimed Mat and Denis together, "away!" And in a moment the whole were flying in every direction, still, however, retaining a hold of their loads, with the exception of our two friends, and the ten men with them, all bold and resolute fellows, and determined to the last to cover the retreat of their goods. In cases like this, when the free traders were met by the officers of the preventive service, they were accustomed to separate, and by the thousand cross roads and hill-paths, to make the appointed place of rendezvous, which was always previously agreed upon. Thus, though a few might be taken, still the greater part escaped with the share of the run assigned to them. As the flying party disappeared one by one, in different directions, the picked, or head men, moved steadily onward. On reaching the mouth of the glen, they were stopped by about twenty man-of-war's men, ranged in line, and commanding the passage. "On, my lads, on for your own sakes!" cried Mat, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping forwards, followed close by his men. On they went, and the pistols of the king's men were discharged in a volley, but, owing to the moon that instant having veiled her light behind a dark cloud, the shots passed harmlessly over their heads, and before the smoke could clear away, horse and men were mixed together in the *melée*. Wild shouts, and execrations in every shape, now flew fast and furious. The smugglers seldom, if they could help it, used their fire-arms, and consequently they were always at it hand to hand, tooth and nail. The kicking and plunging of the horses soon bore fright and dismay among the officers of the law. They began to waver, and Denis, that moment rising in his stirrups to make a cut, sung out with the whole force of his Stentorian lungs, "Give it 'em, my jewels! At 'em, my Roses!" He said no more, for a back-handed stroke of one of his antagonists that instant brought him to the ground.

When the dawning light of sense and perception returned and resumed her wonted seat, Denis found himself in the house of Smith, with Rose holding one hand, and his mother kissing and crying over the other. "Och, hubbabo! mother, what's the row? What are you afther, keenin' over me that way for, agra?" "Och, Denis, avourneen, a cushla machree, a lanna, hould yer tongue, and don't spake, for the docthur says ye'll kill yerself if ye do so. Aisy now, dear, and Rose, the darlin', 'll till ye all about it; eternal blessin's rest on her and hers, for it wasn't her maybe that watched ye all alongst!" The free traders had been triumphant. Denis was carefully raised up, the cutlass-cut across his brow bound up, and he was then carried to Mat's house in a state of insensibility. The operation for trephine was performed upon him, and for a month he was delirious. He then recovered, and, to use his own expression, "bore up from the lee-shore of sickness, with every sail he could crowd, for the port of health and matrimony." A short time after, Rose and Denis became one. And it is gratifying to state, that Rose had sufficient influence over her husband and father to prevail on them not again to attempt the perils of the smuggling profession, which, independent of its dangers and degrading character, in general, sooner or later, brings ruin on its followers.*

STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF STAIR.

[From Reekiana, by Robert Chambers.]

In a mean and narrow alley leading from the head of the Earthen Mound to the Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, is an ancient house, once inhabited by the dowager of the celebrated general and statesman, John, second Earl of Stair, who died in 1747. Her ladyship, after long exercising a sway over the *haut ton* of the Scottish capital, died here, November 21, 1759, at a very advanced age. The late Mr Mackenzie, author of the "Man of Feeling," informed the author that he recollected her ladyship living in this house. The close takes its name from her ladyship. Some remarkable circumstances in the early life of this lady formed the groundwork of a tale by the author of Waverley, under the title of "Aunt Margaret's Mirror." They are now related here in a more ample form. She was the youngest daughter of James, second Earl of Loudon, and consequently was granddaughter to that stern old earl who acted so important a part in the affairs of the covenant, and who was Lord Chancellor of Scotland during the troublous times of the civil war. While very young (about the beginning of the eighteenth century), she was married to James, first Viscount Primrose, a nobleman of extremely bad temper, and, what was worse, of very dissolute character. Her ladyship, who had a great deal of her grandfather in her, could have managed most men with great ease, by dint of superior intellect and force of character; but the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had even occasion to apprehend that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, during the time she was labouring under this dreadful anticipation, she was dressing herself in her chamber, near an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her with a sword drawn in his hand. He had opened the door softly, and although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he still had the presence of mind to approach her with the utmost caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in her glass, he would in all probability have approached her near enough to execute his bloody purpose, before she was aware, or could have taken any measures to save herself. Fortunately, she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window into the street. Half dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord Primrose's mother, where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was at once extended; and it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together. Lord Primrose soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence, a foreign conjuror or fortune-teller came to Edinburgh, professing, among many other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition or situation of any other person, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose, who had lost all trace of her husband, was incited by curiosity to go, with a female friend, to the lodgings of this person in the Canongate, for the purpose of inquiring regarding his motions. It was at night; and the two ladies went, with the tartan screens or plaids of their servants drawn over their faces by way of disguise. Lady Primrose having described the individual in whose fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the appearance of the inside of a church, with a marriage party arranged near the altar. To her infinite astonishment, she recognised in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband Lord Primrose. The magical scene thus so strangely displayed was not exactly like a picture; or if so, it was rather like the live pictures of the stage, than the dead and immovable delineations of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of a progress of action. As the lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed. The necessary arrangements had, at last, been all made; the priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands; when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and in whom Lady Primrose thought she recognised a brother of her own then abroad, entered the church, and made hurriedly towards the party. The aspect of this person was at first only that of a friend, who had been invited to attend the ceremony, and who had come too late; but as he advanced to the party, the expression of his countenance and figure was altered very considerably. He stopped short; his face assumed a wrathful expression; he drew his sword, and rushed up to the bridegroom, who also drew his weapon. The whole scene then became quite tumultuous and indistinct, and almost immediately after vanished entirely away. When Lady Primrose got home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, to which she appended the day of the month on which she had seen the mysterious vision. This narrative she sealed up in the presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers. Soon afterwards, her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked if, in the course of his wanderings, he happened to see or hear any thing of Lord Primrose. The young man only answered by saying, that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady Primrose, however, questioned him so closely, that he at last confessed having met his lordship, and that under very strange circumstances. Having spent some time at one of the Dutch cities—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam—he had become acquainted with a rich merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his enormous fortune. One day his friend, the merchant, informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a Scottish gentleman, who had lately come to reside there. The nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days; and as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but, fortunately, came in time to prevent the union of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in human shape, his own brother-in-law, Lord Primrose! Although Lady Primrose had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror by writing down an account of them, yet she was so much surprised and confounded by discovering them to be consistent with fact, that she almost fainted away. Something, however, yet remained to be ascertained. Did Lord Primrose's attempted marriage take place exactly at the same time with her visit to the conjuror? To certify this, she asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place. Having been informed, she took out her key, and requested him to go to her chamber, to open a drawer which she described, and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. He did as he was desired, when, the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady Primrose had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials on the very evening they were transacted in reality.*

Lord Primrose died in 1706, leaving a widow, who could scarcely be expected to mourn for him. She was still a young and beautiful woman, and might have procured her choice among twenty better matches. Such, however, was the idea she had formed of the married state from her first husband, that she made a resolution never again to become a wife. She kept her resolution for many years, and probably would have done so till the day of her death, but for a very singular circumstance. The celebrated Earl of Stair, who resided in Edinburgh during the greater part of twenty years, which he spent in retirement from all official employments, fell deeply in love with her ladyship, and earnestly sued for her hand. If she could have relented in favour of any man, it would have been in favour of one who had acquired so much public honour, and who possessed so much private worth. But she declared to him also her resolution of remaining unmarried. In his desperation, he resolved upon an expedient by which he might obviate her scruples, but which certainly marks the age as one of little delicacy. By dint of bribes to her domestics, he got himself insinuated, over night, into a small room in her ladyship's house, where she used to say her prayers every morning, and the window of which looked out upon the principal street of the city. At this window, when the morning was a little advanced, he showed himself, *en déshabillé*, to the people passing along the street; an exhibition which threatened to have such a fatal effect upon her ladyship's reputation, that she saw fit to accept of him for a husband.

She was more happy as Countess of Stair than she had been as Lady Primrose. Yet her new husband had one failing, which occasioned her much and frequent uneasiness. Like all other gentlemen at that period, he sometimes indulged too much in the bottle.

* From the East Lothian Journal.

* This story is given as it is said to have occurred: yet tradition may have lent it a colouring favourable to the idea of supernatural agency; and something must likewise be allowed for the excited feelings of the lady, as well as the artifices generally practised by pretended conjurors.—*Ed.*

When elevated with liquor, his temper, contrary to the general case, was by no means improved. Thus, on his reaching home, after any little debauch, he generally had a quarrel with his wife, and sometimes even treated her person with violence. On one particular occasion, when quite transported beyond the bounds of reason, he gave her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face, as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately after fell asleep, altogether unconscious of what he had done. Lady Stair was so completely overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter and poignant feeling, that she made no attempt to bind up her wound. She sat down on a sofa near her torpid husband, and wept and bled till morning. When his lordship awoke, and perceived her dishevelled and bloody figure, he was surprised to the last degree, and eagerly inquired how she came to be in such an unusual condition? She answered by detailing to him the whole history of his conduct on the preceding evening, which stung him so deeply with regret—for he was a nobleman of the most generous feelings—that he instantly vowed to his wife never afterwards to take any species of drink, except what was first passed through her hands. This vow he kept most scrupulously till the day of his death. He never afterwards sat in any convivial company where his lady could not attend to sanction his potations with her permission. Whenever he gave any entertainment, she always sat next him and filled his wine, till it was necessary for her to retire; after which, he drank only from a certain quantity which she had first laid aside.

The Earl of Stair died in the year 1747 (at Queensberry House, in the Canongate, Edinburgh), leaving her ladyship again a widow.

DRAUGHTS AND DEATHS.

Many old people, as well as persons in middle life, in this country, are subject to rheumatism, a species of pain or disease, which, like the toothach, meets with little general sympathy, because it is not frequently immediately fatal in its attacks. In the case of many who belong to professions where exposure to atmospheric changes from heat to cold, and dry to wet, necessarily takes place, it is almost impossible to prevent rheumatism occasionally taking effect; but in not a few instances this painful malady might be avoided, simply by being a little more careful of our persons. There are some people, who, because they are stout and healthy, and have good appetites, and have hardly ever been ill all their days, think that they may do any thing with themselves, and therefore cherish the dangerous idea, that "they will not kill." Whenever we see people of this description, we are afraid of them. We know, from experience, that it is they who have the chance of being cut off first among our acquaintances, and so look upon them as persons, who, braving death at every corner, will some day soon be numbered with the dead. On the other hand, we have never any fears for the man who is always complaining of something trifling being the matter with him; for we know that he takes good care of himself, and, like a creaking hinge, he will endure a great deal before he parts with existence. People of this sort are dreadfully jealous of an open window, or a broken pane of glass, or a door standing ajar, and well they may, for it is at these holes that rheumatisms, colds, coughs, consumptions, and deaths, get admittance, and surprise the inmates. There may be often something ludicrous in the fears excited by seeing the openings in windows and doors which we mention; but we would advise all who prefer good to bad health, and a warm bed to a place in the churchyard, to submit to any kind of ridicule, rather than sit down in a room, a church, a coach, or any other place in which there is a draught of air playing about, and seeking whom it may devour. If they be wise, they will either see the opening which causes the said draught, closed, or at once make good their retreat. Better to leave the company, and all its fascinations, sound in lith and limb, than have the chance of retiring with at least a rheumatic pain in the shoulder, which sticks to you for years, and seems as if you were perpetually enduring the cut of an axe or the boring of an awl in your flesh and bones.

We are convinced that many young persons literally kill themselves out of mere carelessness and bravado. We have a distinct remembrance of a fine, tall, stout, gentlemanly man of our acquaintance, thus committing a suicide. He measured six feet three inches in height, was well built in body; and when he shook any one by the hand, it was like the grip of a vice. He was a true Hercules in frame; and on looking at him as he paced along the pavement with graceful ease and stateliness, you would have been inclined to say, there goes a man who will live many years: death will find it no easy matter to bring him down. Such a fallacy! We saw him one fine sunshiny day walking on Prince's Street, and none could be compared with him in point of appearance; people turned about and looked at him as he passed. Six days elapsed, and he was lying in his grave. Some business or pleasure had called him a short distance into the country. In coming back, he had missed the stage which he expected would convey him back to town. But this was no disappointment; he was fond of a journey on foot; what was a few miles to him? So he walked home, and overheated himself; took off his shoes, and sat for a few minutes in a draught before an open window. In an instant of time he caught his death. A short cough: a creeping cold all over the body: inflammation in the breast, or lungs—it is all one: the doctor: bleeding: high fever: death: the undertaker: funeral letters: and the churchyard. Such was the routine of destruction in the case of perhaps the handsomest man that ever walked on the streets of Edinburgh. Will his example serve as a warning?

We are ever complaining of being affected with colds, and coughs, and rheumatisms, and other diseases; yet we seem to take little care in preventing their intrusion. One-half of the deaths which occur are brought about by our own follies, or our own carelessness. Because we are well, we think we shall never be ill. We go out to evening parties without greatcoats, or cloaks, or something warm to wrap round our mouths and necks in coming home. We come out of theatres heated to the suffocating height of eighty and ninety degrees, and plunge into an atmosphere almost at the freezing point, and that without a fear of the consequences. We are also criminally careless about the state of our feet. We walk about in wet weather, and come home with damp shoes or boots—will not be at the least pains to change them for others which are dry and comfortable. Of course, colds and coughs ensue; perhaps, also, we procure ourselves some smart twinges in the stomach, and administering a dram by way of antidote, probably hasten an incipient inflammation to its crisis. There is not one of our readers who cannot recal instances of deaths among his acquaintances, caused in this or a similar manner.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Fair flow'r, that lipt in lowly glade
Dost hide beneath the green'wood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He show'd to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care?

Not thus I trow: for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the east.—
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parched Esdrelon's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest—

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant disks unfold;
Fit symbol of imperial state
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnish'd gold.

But not the less, sweet springtide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handy work,
Our western valley's humbler child;
Where in green nook of woodland wild
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine;
Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays,
Than e'er in Israel's brightest days
Her wealthiest king array'd.

Of thy twin leaves th' embowered screen
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green;
Thy Eden-breathing smell;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
Displays a milk-white bell;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth th' ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charg'd thy fair blossoms to produce,
And berries scarlet red;

The triple cell, the twofold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow:—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand
Who at creation gave command,
And will'd thee thus to be,
And keeps thee still in being thro'
Age after age revolving, who
But the Great God is He?

Omnipotent to work his will;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assign'd;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep; to make the sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment, kind!

"There is no God," the senseless say:—
"O God, why cast'st thou us away?"
Of feeble faith and frail
The mourner breathes his anxious thought—
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes! He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine;
Nor deems she that his guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

—*Field Naturalist's Magazine, September* 1833

MOUNT CARMEL.

No part of the promised land creates a deeper interest in the traveller than the rich and extensive bosom of Mount Carmel; while barrenness spreads on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient "excellency" of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. The scenes in its interior are often bold and romantic in the highest degree; deep and verdant precipices descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly: the shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture ground as in the days when Nabal fed his numerous herds in Carmel. There is indeed a character peculiarly pastoral about the scenery; few grey and naked rocks, or sublime but useless cliffs, are here, as in the mountain of the Temptation, or on Pisgah. And this fertility and vivid verdure, on so sultry a soil, is deeply welcome and refreshing; more especially so the woods that wave over the summit and sides. It is beautiful to stand beneath their shelter on the brink of the mount, and look far on every side, where nought but a forsaken and shadowless land meets the eye. On the banks of the "ancient river," on which "the strength of the mighty" was broken, and the power of Sisera swept away, no solitary tree spreads its shade; the stream rolls between its green and naked shores; these are so low that the river overflows to some extent on each side during the rainy season, and is so deep and rapid as not to be fordable. It was most probably during this season that the army of Sisera, in its flight, was in part destroyed by the waters, for in its usual narrow course the stream is not of sufficient width and power to be dangerous. Just above, on the side of Carmel, is the spot pointed out by tradition as having been the scene of Elijah's slaying the prophets of Baal. There is much of the picturesque about the place; the soil is strewed with several masses of grey stone, around which are many fine trees. It is a pleasing and lonely spot, such as the imagination would hardly have selected for so ruthless yet necessary a deed. But if tradition should err here, there can be no illusion with respect to the scene of the memorable descent of the fire from heaven. When "all Israel was gathered together unto Carmel," it was clearly on this side the mountain, where it descends gradually into the noble plain beneath. The spot was finely chosen by the prophet for the spectacle of his sacrifice: since the multitude of people, coming from the regions of Samaria, might stand with perfect convenience in the splendid and open area of Esdraelon, which is here terminated at the foot of Carmel. The declivity of the mountain, its brink dark with woods, and its sides covered with the richest pasture, looks over a vast extent of country on every side. What a noble subject would this be for a painter! It was an impressive spot, from which we turned with regret, as the fading light warned us to depart.—*Carne's Travels*

WAGES AND PRICES IN CANADA

In a letter from a young man, an emigrant, at Kingston, Upper Canada, to his friends in this country, and partly printed in the *Inverness Courier*, the following observations occur on the wages of tradesmen:—"Tradesmen of all descriptions, if steady, do remarkably well here. Joiners have 5s. a-day; masons rather more; shoes are to be had at about the same price as at home, but are of inferior quality. The leather is manufactured in the province, and the shoemaker charges from 5s. to 6s. per pair for his workmanship. Blacksmiths are much in request, and may do well. Coopers are also much wanted, owing to the number of casks used in exporting flour, potash, &c. Tailors charge from 20s. to 30s. for making a good coat, and 6s. 3d. for a common pair of trousers. In harvest, labourers' wages are high; the harvest comes on very rapid, and it is difficult to procure hands. Nearly all the tradesmen, however, are slothful, and addicted to drinking, so that they derive but little good from the excellence of their wages.—The merchants of Canada are a busy, bustling race. They buy all kinds of grain, and pay the farmer partly in commodities. The lumber trade is a speculative business; it is truly astonishing to see the quantity of timber that is floated down the river, even from York to Quebec, a distance of nearly 600 miles. Some of the rafts would cover an acre of ground, being three or four logs in height, and each perhaps two feet square. Hardwood sells at Quebec at a shilling the cubic foot. This is a money-making trade when the rafts arrive safe and speedy; but in cases of accident and long detention, total ruin frequently ensues. On commodities imported from Britain, such as linens, cottons cloths, prints, cambrics, &c., the retailers have at least 50 per cent. profit—a pretty fair allowance in all conscience."

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MAKERS AND SPENDERS.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

THERE is yet another class of spenders worthy of our attention. It is composed of those individuals, who, on an unforeseen reduction of their circumstances, prefer picking up a miserable subsistence by a dependence on friends and acquaintances, to earning the means of honest living, by engaging in employment below what they imagine to be the standard of gentility.

Undeserved reduction of circumstances is one of the most respectable of all things, and it will always gain respect in the local circle where it is known. Many misfortunes, however, which are called undeserved, are only called so by the sufferers themselves, through a principle of self-love blinding them to the real causes, or by persons who fear they may, deservedly or undeservedly, come to the same pass, and thus, in pleading for pity to others, only ask it by anticipation for themselves. Even where a reduction of circumstances takes place through guiltless misfortune, it is the first duty of the individuals to adapt themselves at once to their new position—to lay themselves out for the best employment, *however humble*, which they have a feasible chance of reaching, or of managing successfully—and to reduce their wants, whatever may be the immediate hardship, to the standard of that new employment. Those who, after their misfortunes, continue to live as well as ever, if they only can obtain the means through credit, are guilty of a great crime, the punishment of which will sooner or later overtake them: they will then find that the original misfortune was nothing to the new ones which their imprudence has permitted to follow. Notwithstanding, however, all the evils threatened to him who will not labour, there are many persons who do not seem accessible to a sense of what reduced circumstances demand of them. With a meanness beyond all expression, they will keep up the *appearance of their former rank* at the expense of all its *real dignity*—will borrow, beg, and incur undischargeable debt in all directions, and thus lay themselves open to the contempt and execration of thousands of individuals, rather than, by taking up the next best course of honest industry, make an open confession of their decayed circumstances, which, after all, it is ten chances to one the world is already acquainted with. Families thus sometimes live for years, in what appears a genteel manner—that is to say, occupy a good house, and generally wear decent clothes—and yet are maintained chiefly by the charity of their own original acquaintances, or by debt incurred without the least prospect or intention of payment; educating their children, too, for learned professions! which they can only accomplish by working upon the pity of all kinds of instructors; a system of mendicancy only differing from the most common that is practised, in so far as it is carried on under the respectable appearance of a desire of knowledge and of advancement in the world. In reality, all bounties that we accept from persons upon whom we have no claim, are of a mean character; for if it were established that the child of a poor person is entitled to gratuitous instruction, why not to any other of the advantages usually bought with money—and why are the honest and independent poor left without these advantages? No, no; there is no right or certain principle in the world, but that every one must labour for himself in the way his faculties and capital best admit of, taking of course all the chances of the particular walk of life which he thus assumes. If he do not thus labour, and accommodate himself to his reduced circumstances, then he and his family—no matter how they are connected, no matter how fashionable they were, and would still wish to be—are a drag upon society, and liable to be ranked among the most contemptible classes of spenders.

We sincerely wish that we could, by these observations, give a new turn to the minds of those persons who are reduced by misfortunes, yet who will not accommodate themselves to their reduced circumstances. Abstractly, there is nothing disgraceful in poverty. It may be, as it frequently has been, the lot of the most wealthy as well as the most dignified. And how noble is it for a man to combat such a misfortune!—how worthy of admiration is the spectacle of an honest and unfortunate individual bearing up under his griefs, and by his own manful exertions relieving himself from the difficulties which surround him!—how far superior, in the estimation of the right-thinking part of mankind, is such conduct to that of him who, coward-like, falls behind in the onward march of society, and suffers himself to be fed by the hand of charity, and trampled at last under foot! It behoves every one, more especially every head of a family, to bear these things in remembrance. As soon as misfortune and poverty overtake him, and when every creditable effort he has made to restore himself to his original situation has failed, let him lose no time in endeavouring to gain a subsistence by an employment below the standard he has been accustomed to. If the exercise of his genius fail, what hinders him from resorting to his physical capacities for support? It is no disparagement for the man who has all his days wielded a palette or a pen, to take up a pick-axe or a shovel: it is at least more respectable than to assume the tone and character of a "gentle beggar." At the same time, he will take care that his family act a part becoming their altered circumstances. Those who were born to be served must now serve others, for in servitude there is nothing degrading to right principle, and the rags of decayed gentility will be well exchanged for the substantial garments congenial to a lowly situation.

It is astonishing how soon a family reduced in circumstances will triumph over their misfortunes, and regain something like their former footing, by pursuing the course we point out. The industry they exert, when governed by intelligence, will in general gain a superiority over that kind of stolid labour which is alike destitute of ambition and genius. Besides, a previous good name has advantages which cannot be overlooked; many will most likely strive to assist those who seem so willing to help themselves, while they would neglect, or hold in contempt, those who wanted both the heart and the hand for exertion.

Our heart glows with no small degree of pride when we reflect on the conduct of many individuals, particularly mothers of families in Scotland, who, on a reduction of their circumstances by the death of their husbands, or otherwise, submit with resignation to their humiliated condition, and enter upon occupations more suited to their necessities than either their birth or their feelings. The virtuous struggles which many poor widowed gentlewomen thus make to rear their families, and render them useful members of society, are an honour not only to themselves, but to human nature. They are assuredly entitled to a place in the honoured ranks of *Makers*, and may be permitted to look down with pity on the widely-ramified, and frequently vicious, class of *Spenders*. And who will say that a blessing is withheld from the endeavours of all such meritorious individuals? Their names do not perish off the earth, but are held in esteem by all who know them; and their families, if endowed with the principles of integrity, self-denial, and industry, are almost sure of at length reaching that exalted station in society, which, without having been purified by their trials, they would in all likelihood never have attained.

SCOTTISH STREAMS.

THE TWEED.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!

CRAWFORD.

THE vale through which the Tweed flows, and its accessory glens, comprehending four counties, form by far the most interesting portion of Scotland, in respect of poetical, if not also of historical association. This delightful region, which has been from time immemorial the subject and the birth-place of song, and almost every foot of which may be termed classic ground, is indeed the very Arcadia of Scotland. It is the land of Learmont and Thomson, of Leyden and Scott.

The Vale of Tweed, forming the south-eastern limit of the kingdom, comprises the greater part of the district called the Border, so justly celebrated for the martial character of its people. Ever forming, in the language of their most illustrious minstrel, "the first wave of the torrent" poured by our sovereigns into England, and kept perpetually in arms by the corresponding aggressions of their enemies, the inhabitants of this district necessarily exhibited in former times all the features of chivalry. The country at this latter day contains innumerable relics of military antiquities; and, the times of war having been here, as elsewhere, succeeded by "*piping* times of peace," it abounds no less in the remains of a romantic description of poetry, commemorating the marvellous events and deeds of noble daring, peculiar to that period of warlike glory.

Two centuries of domestic tranquillity have now permitted the plough-share of the husbandman and the pipe of the shepherd to take the place of sword and trumpet. The Vale of Tweed has in that time obtained as great distinction by the arts of peace, as it won of old in those of war. The culture of its plains has afforded an example of skill and success to the rest of Scotland; while the gentle lyrics of Cowdenknowes and Traquair, breathing the pure quiet spirit of pastoral love, have acquired a fame as good as the savage ballads of Otterbourne and Yarrow.

The Tweed is held as the fourth of Scottish rivers, ranking after the Tay, the Forth, and the Clyde. It is a river of greater fame than perhaps any of its brethren, on account of its dividing, at the lower part of its course, the two sections of the island. It performs this office for a space of only about twenty out of a hundred miles; but as this is the principal point of communication between the two kingdoms, and the boundary is nowhere else so distinct, it has been assumed by a licence of common speech as indicating the separation in general, so that "both sides of the Tweed" is a phrase equivalent to the names of the two kingdoms.

The upper sources of this beautiful and classic stream are found in the parish of Tweedsmuir, Peeblesshire, and in the lofty range of hilly territory, from the opposite side of which flow the slender rivulets which form the commencement of the rivers Annan and Clyde. A small fountain, usually considered "the head of Tweed," at the base of a hill called Tweed's Cross, and named *Tweed's Well*, gives forth a small rivulet, which flows in a north-easterly direction through the parish of Tweedsmuir, receiving on each side various tributary streams. Leaving this district, the Tweed proceeds as a boundary betwixt the parish of Glenholm and Drummelzier, and, after intersecting

Stobo parish at its north-eastern corner, joins its waters with the Lyne—a stream, by the way, equally entitled to be considered "the head of Tweed"—which rises on the borders of Edinburghshire, and is increased in its course by the Tarth, a sluggish little water, from the confines of Lanarkshire. From a north-easterly direction, the river, now greatly enlarged, bends to an easterly course, which it afterwards, with few exceptions, maintains.

Four miles below its junction with the Lyne, the Tweed receives the Manor water, from a minor pastoral vale on its south bank. Here the banks of the stream become romantic and full of interest. The grounds rise with a rapid acclivity on either side, forming one of the chief passes betwixt the upper and lower country; and the ancient baronial fortlet, Nidpath Castle, once the residence of Simon Frazer, the distinguished Scottish patriot during the wars of Bruce, rises on the summit of a rocky knoll on the left bank of the stream. Sweeping round the base of this grey and romantic ruin, the Tweed, at the distance of a mile eastward, passes the neat little burgh town of Peebles, which is most agreeably situated on its north bank, in the midst of an amphitheatre of wild brown hills.

At Peebles, the Tweed receives the Eddleston water, and, at the distance of six miles farther to the east, is increased by the waters of the Leithen on its left, and those of the Quair on its right bank, both pretty sparkling rivulets, and proceeding out of vales consecrated by the Scottish muse. The Tweed soon after enters Selkirkshire, and for some miles is lost amidst a wild hilly district, from which it emerges at the Yair, whose banks have been sung by Thomson. Leaving the inclosures of Yair, the Tweed approaches the vale of Melrose, a rich and flat piece of territory, lying like a luxuriant garden in the midst of a wilderness, ornamented with the venerable ruins of Melrose Abbey, and on the south overhung by the dark towering peaks of the Eildons—the *Trimontium* of Roman history.

In entering the vale of Melrose, the Tweed is joined on the right by the Ettrick (previously augmented by the Yarrow), and next, on the left, by Gala Water, a river likewise famed in Scottish song, and now giving its name to Galashiels, a modern town on its banks, and the seat of an industrious and intelligent population. A short way above the confluence of the Gala with the Tweed, stands Abbotsford, half shrouded in the dark masses of plantations which surround it. Before leaving the pleasant and sunny vale of Melrose, the Tweed receives the Leader, from the Vale of Lauderdale, on its left bank. The country here becomes exquisitely beautiful, and the river passing on the left the deep shades of Dryburgh, amidst which repose the ashes of the great northern minstrel and novelist, proceeds for several miles without receiving any tributary of note till it approaches Kelso. Here, on passing on the right the ruins of the ancient castle of Roxburgh, famed in legend and history, the Tweed receives the waters of the Teviot, the largest of all its tributaries, and which almost doubles it in size.

Passing Kelso—one of the very handsomest Scottish inland towns, and situated on the left bank of the stream, which is crossed here by a bridge of noble proportions—the Tweed flows majestically onwards, receiving, on its left bank, the small river Eden, and soon after enters the beautiful district of the Merse, or lower division of Berwickshire, which it separates from Northumberland on the south. At Coldstream it receives the Leet on the Scottish side; and two or three miles farther down, on the English side, it is increased by the torpid waters of the Till, a riveret adjacent to the fatal field of Flodden, which may be now reached from the Scottish side of Tweed, by means of the stone bridge at Coldstream. Some miles farther on, it receives the Whitadder, a large stream, previously augmented by the Blackadder; and shortly afterwards, passing the ancient town of Berwick on its left, its waters are emitted into the German Ocean.

It is computed that the Tweed, from its sources to the ocean, a distance of ninety miles, drains a superficies of 1870 square miles; but in no part of its course, from the quick flow of its current, is it fit for purposes of navigation. It is, however, ferried in many places by boats, and affords, for considerable distances, a sufficiency of water for the sailing of *trows*, or small flat vessels, used in salmon fishing. Being thus undisturbed by traffic on its surface, and unadulterated by the liquid refuse of manufactories, as well as possessing, in general, a clean gravelly bottom, its waters are remarkably clear and sparkling in appearance. For a long period of time, the Tweed was crossed by only two bridges, the one at Berwick and the other at Peebles; but it has now several stone bridges, besides one of wood at Innerleithen, and three of the chain construction, all of which are of great service to the district, and serve to make the union of the two countries on the banks of the river more complete

The lengthened district through which the Tweed flows in its course to the ocean, is for the greater part of a pleasing sylvan character, the hills being never far from its banks, and the eminences and lower grounds frequently clothed by woods and plantations, sometimes exhibiting the stunted remains of "the forest," dedicated to the chase by the Scottish monarchs, and at other times showing grassy swelling hills, devoted to the pasturing of thousands of sheep. The Tweed and its tributaries have been long the resort of the trout and salmon fisher, every streamlet abounding in these objects of sport to the angler. We believe, however, that in recent times the waters have been fished to such an extent, and not by the most legitimate means of capture, as to be in a great measure harried of its finny tribes. An excellent road, at any rate, pursues the whole line of the river on its left bank, and the angler will find every species of accommodation for his comfort.

The Vale of Tweed being essentially of a pastoral and agricultural character, there are nowhere, of course, any of those overgrown masses of population, which, however suitable to the views of the political economist, are generally supposed to be so little conducive to the promotion of private virtue. The district makes up in the quality of its population what it wants in number. Its inhabitants are alike distinguished by a primeval simplicity of manners, and by an attention to the decencies of domestic life, which we shall hardly find so exquisitely combined in districts where superior natural advantages have given occasion to greater industry and wealth. The Merse, the principal division of country on the river, is universally allowed to be the most fertile and the best cultivated part of Scotland; the place where nature has been kindest, and the husbandman most inclined to cultivate her good graces. To the eye of a traveller, it seems rather a portion of rich and lovely England than of this "land of mountain and flood." It is tinged, as it were, with the geniality of the country to which it adjoins. It possesses the glorious hedgerows of England in the fullest perfection, with the lines of trees between; making each field resemble a splendid picture deeply and doubly framed. Here also are to be seen houses built with less regard to the harsh climate of Scotland, than those farther north. The honeysuckle and eglantine luxuriate around slim cottages and villas, whose large bow-windows, presented towards "the sweet south"—a thing to be seen nowhere else in Scotland—give assurance that there is here a greater sum total of summer delights than of winter discomfort. The sight of such beautiful and well-appointed residences fully justifies the honeymoon taste of the Scottish poet, who says to his mistress,

"We'll lodge in some village on Tweed."

But the general aspect of the Merse is worth a thousand of its details, pleasing and admirable as they are; and I do not know a finer sight in Scotland than that which is to be obtained of this luxuriant region, from some point on the Lammermuir or Eildon hills; especially on a fine July day, when the vast umbrageous plain is covered by a flood of glowing light, and the living spirit of repose seems to breathe throughout the far green retreats in the dazzling incense of the summer glim.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE LION.

THE usual length of the lion, from the nose to the tail, is about six feet, and the tail itself upwards of three feet, ending in a tuft of blackish hair, and his height at the shoulders upwards of three feet. The general colour of the fur is tawny, paler below the belly. The legs are thick, short, and very strong; the feet large and spreading; the claws are capable of being drawn back, and are not contained in sheaths, but in the hollows between the toes, which are provided by nature for their reception, by the particular articulation of the last joint. The lion may at once be distinguished from all his congeners, by having a long and flowing mane, which rises in the middle of the forehead, and extends backwards over the shoulders, descending on each side of his neck and face. Except in youth, the skin of the lion never exhibits the least appearance of spots or stripes.

When we analyze the moral and intellectual faculties of the lion, it will be found that he manifests the same deceitful and vindictive passions as the whole of his congeners. The generosity and grandeur of his character, which has been handed down to us from remote ages, and which the fascinating pens of Buffon and other writers have depicted in such glowing and powerful language, may be looked upon as a series of beautiful and figurative fictions. His magnanimous forbearance and noble generosity have been greatly over-coloured. His personal history and disposition will be best gathered from the following anecdotes:—

The courage of the lion is proverbial, which alone can be attributed to elevation of sentiment, and the consciousness of his own physical powers, finding that there is no other animal of the forest who singly can overcome him. Attached by nature to the arid plains of Africa and Asia, he ranges uncontrolled, making the timid and defenceless antelope, and all the other beasts of the forest, an easy prey. "His pliable, agile, and sinewy frame, together with the resistless and impetuous fury of his attacks, enable him to overcome even the massive bulk of the elephant, rhinoceros, and buffalo. Roving in the boundless desert, the extensive plains, or in the shade of the vast jungles of his native country, he holds despotic sway, and is well deserving the title of the king of beasts But contrast him in the neighbourhood of large towns and populous districts, and it will be seen that his fortitude and conscious superiority are greatly modified; for in these situations he yields to the power of man, skulking only in the deepest recesses of extensive jungles, or in the impenetrable depths of mighty forests, seeking to overcome his unwary prey, by lying in ambush, and seizing them when they little expect his attacks. To the consciousness of a want of capacity to overcome the lords of creation, must in a great measure be attributed his docility under captivity; and to his native dignity of aspect he is indebted for the general impression mankind have formed of his nobleness of character and amiability of disposition."

The lion is destined by nature to subsist on animal food alone, and has been invested with physical energies, constructed on principles which give him, in an astonishing degree, the power of destroying animal life. His head is particularly large; his jaws have immense strength, and his shoulders and chest have a depth far exceeding all other animals of his size.

When in captivity, the lion is fed but once a-day and is generally allowed from eight to nine pounds of beef at a meal, exclusive of bones. He generally seized his food with avidity, instantly tears it to pieces with his claws, and voraciously devours it, contrary to the practice of those in a state of nature.

Africa seems to be the primitive country of the lion, for there he arrives at greatest strength and magnitude. He differs from the Asiatic lion, principally in being of a larger size, more graceful in his form, and in being darker in the colour, and the mane much less. But in Africa there are two varieties of this quadruped, which the settlers have long distinguished by the appellation of the black lion, having a somewhat darker colour, and the mane blackish, in contradistinction to the one which is of a pale colour all over. The black lion is considered the more ferocious of the two if he is pressed by hunger, and is said to be less scrupulous in attacking man than the other. This animal is sometimes of the astonishing size of nearly eight feet from the nose to the insertion of the tail, and the tail itself measuring four feet.

Like all his congeners, the lion sets out on his predatory excursions during the night; and his eyes are so formed, that nature seems to have designed him for a nocturnal animal, being constructed similar to those of the cat, so that the full glare of the vertical sun must be not only troublesome, but even painful to him: it is a knowledge of this which prompts travellers during the night to light fires, and keep them blazing, in order to scare away these dangerous intruders.

Frejus, in his "Relation of a Voyage made into Muritiana," gives a singular anecdote of a lion, which, he says, was related to him in that country by very credible persons. About the years 1614 or 1615, two Christian slaves at Morocco made their escape, travelling by night, and hiding themselves in the tops of trees during the day, their Arab pursuers frequently passing by them. One night, while pursuing their journey, they were much astonished and alarmed to see a great lion close behind them, who walked when they walked, and stood still when they stood. Thinking this a safe conduct sent them by Providence, they took courage, and travelled in the day-time in company with the lion. The horsemen who had been sent in pursuit, came up, and would have seized upon them, but the lion interposed, and they were suffered to pass on. Every day these poor fugitives met with some of the human race, who wanted to seize them, but the lion was their protector until they reached the sea-coast in safety, when he left them.

There was in the menagerie at Brussels a large lion, called Danco, whose den happened to require some repairs. The keeper brought a carpenter to mend it; but when the workman saw the lion, he started back with terror. The keeper entered the animal's cage, and led him to the upper part of it, while the lower part was refitting. The keeper then amused himself for some time playing with the lion; and being wearied, he soon fell into a sound sleep. The carpenter having full reliance on the vigilance of the keeper, pursued his work with rapidity; and when he had finished, he called him to see that the repair was to his mind. The keeper made no answer. Having repeatedly called in vain, he began to feel alarm for his situation, and he resolved to go to the upper part of the cage, where, looking through the railing, he saw the lion and the keeper sleeping side by side. From the impulse of the moment, the astonished carpenter uttered a loud cry; the lion, awakened and surprised by the sudden yell, started on his feet, and stared at the mechanic with an eye of fury, and then, placing his paw on the breast of his keeper, lay down to repose again. At length the keeper was awakened by some of the attendants, but did not appear the least apprehensive for his own safety, but shook the lion by the paw, and then quietly led him to his former residence.

A lion, which the French at Fort St Louis in Africa were about to send to Paris, on account of his great beauty, having fallen sick before the departure of the vessel which was to convey him to Europe, was loosed from his chain, and carried into an open area. M. Compagnon, author of "An Account of a Journey

to Bambuk," having returned home from hunting, found this animal in a very exhausted state, and out of compassion poured a small quantity of milk down his throat, whereby the lion was greatly refreshed, and soon after recovered his perfect health. From that time, the lion was so tame, and acquired so great an attachment for his benefactor, that he ate from his hand, and followed him about every where like a dog, with nothing to confine him but a slender string tied round his neck.

M. Felix, the keeper of the animals at Paris, in the year 1808, brought two lions, a male and female, to the Jardin des Plantes. About the beginning of the following June, he was taken ill, and was unable to attend the lions; another person, therefore, was under the necessity of performing this duty. The male, sad and solitary, remained from that moment constantly seated at the end of his cage, and refused to receive food from the stranger, whose presence was hateful to him, and whom he often menaced by bellowing. The company even of the female seemed now to displease him, and he paid no attention to her. The uneasiness of the animal afforded a belief that he was really ill; but he was so irritable, that no one dared to approach him. At length Felix recovered, and, with the intention to surprise the lion, he crawled softly to the cage, and showed only his face between the bars. The lion in a moment made a bound, leaped against the bars, patted him with its paws, licked his hands and face, and trembled with pleasure. The female also ran to him, but the lion drove her back, and seemed angry, and a quarrel was about to take place; but Felix entered the cage to pacify them. He caressed them by turns, and was afterwards frequently seen between them. He had so great a command over these animals, that, whenever he wished them to separate and retire to their cages, he had only to give the order. When he had a desire that they should lie down and show strangers their paws or throats, on the least sign they would lie on their backs, hold up their paws one after another, and open their throats.

The appearance of the lion has become well known in this country, by the public exhibition of various admirable specimens in a living state.

A STORY OF JAMAICA.

For more than a fortnight after my arrival in Jamaica, my energies, mental as well as corporeal, were literally prostrated by the relaxing effect of the climate. After having, with great exertion, got myself apparelled in the morning, in my light garments of linen and gingham, my occupation for the remainder of the day consisted in dragging myself, at intervals, from the sofa in the outer hall, across the slippery polished wooden floor (there are no carpets in Jamaica), to where the water-jar stood in the draught of the open verandah, in order to refresh myself with its contents.

It was not until a few weeks after landing that I was able to look about me. The place of my residence was high up in the interior, near the ridge of the Blue Mountains. My host, a countryman of my own, was proprietor of a thriving coffee plantation, and a gang (to suit my language to the subject) of fifty stout negroes, exclusive of women and children. After I had gathered strength enough, my host, in order to inure me somewhat to the climate, was wont, almost daily, to lead me short excursions on foot to the neighbouring estates and plantations (by which names the sugar and coffee farms are distinguished), with the proprietors or overseers of which we generally remained until the cool of the evening. Afterwards, we made shorter excursions on horseback. On one occasion, in pursuance of an arrangement made overnight, we started at the very first glimpse of day-light, for the purpose of riding about fifteen miles across the country to the property of a gentleman with whom we intended to remain for a few days. We were on horseback, and attended by an active young negro, my friend's body servant, seated on a mule, with our portmanteau before him. It was the coolest morning I had yet felt in Jamaica. The land-breeze was blowing strong and gusty, and showered down on us the heavy night-dews from the prickly lime-trees under which we rode, and not unfrequently we got a buffet from some of the over-ripe golden and perfumed fruit itself. Far down in the precipitous gullies, along the dizzy edge of which our road for the most part lay, and where the shades of night still rested, the yet unextinguished lamps of the fire-flies were still to be seen; whilst, in the more open parts of the pathway, the speckled lizards were frisking about in thousands.

It was indeed a delightful morning, and the only drawback to my enjoyment of it arose from the frightful nature of the roads during our journey, in regard to which, I suspect the denizens of Great Britain to be for the most part in a lamentable state of ignorance—supposing, as they seem to do, that Jamaica is one level expanse of fertile plains; whereas it is in truth from one end to the other little else than a succession of precipitous mountains, and glens of immense depth, fully rivalling in many places, if not surpassing, the most rugged and sublime scenery which characterises our own Scotch Highlands. It thus happens that the traveller's place of destination, which, were it possible to take a straightforward or bird's-flight path to it, would not exceed three or four miles' distance, is, by the process of winding down and re-ascending the gorges of the mountains, often protracted to above twenty. The roads themselves, cut out of the sides of the hills, are seldom broad enough to admit of more than one wayfarer passing along at a time; so that when two, coming from opposite directions, happen to meet, one must draw close in to the side of the bank, and stand stock-still, while the other passes forward; the almost inevitable consequence of any dispute as to the point of precedence on these occasions (and such quarrels repeatedly happen betwixt the negroes), being, that the horse or mule of one or other of the parties, and sometimes the riders or drivers themselves, are hurled into the gulf below. These narrow tracks, too, are frequently entirely washed away in many places, by the violent rains that rush down from the hills, so that travelling is often attended with no small degree of danger. This happened to be the case on the morning I now speak of; and constitutionally nervous as I was, and still am—a disease then much heightened by the relaxed state of my system—I must confess that, during my various excursions in the interior, I was repeatedly betrayed into an apparent timorousness of character, which gained me but little credit with the fearless planters, whom practice had rendered callous to all such qualms. On approaching such precipitous passes, my practice—a dangerous one, no doubt, but which I felt it absolutely necessary to adopt—was, instead of checking my horse, like my companions, to his most cautious and slowest pace, to get before them, and ride on as quickly as I could, until, by arriving at the next patch of level ground, I experienced some relief from my giddy sensations.

It was after accomplishing a feat of this kind, and when I had come to a fine level verdant bank, that sloped gradually down to a stream of some magnitude, that, with an ejaculation of thankfulness, I laid the reins on my horse's neck, and, lifting my panama from my head, wiped the perspiration from my neck and face. The wearied animal stopped of his own accord, and began feeding on the long guinea-grass that grew rank and wild about the road; and as my friend was some distance behind me, I had leisure for observation. The natural features of the place, indeed, were sufficient to excite interest and attention. High up the bank, the projecting hill, round the side of which I had just passed, came to an abrupt termination, presenting a flat, unbroken, perpendicular surface of solid rock. At a considerable distance below it, and nearer to where I was, lay an immense block of the same kind of stone, and which, but for its enormous size and the distance at which it lay from it, I would have supposed to have been at one time part of the mountain itself. Before and around it were all the appearances of there having been at one time a habitation of some consequence near the spot, although there was now no vestige of a human dwelling to be seen. Between the isolated rock and the end of the mountain appeared the remains of an orchard of tamarind and mango-trees, the latter bearing that superior kind of fruit denominated by the natives No. 11; whilst, from the rock almost down to the road where I was standing, thousands of shaddocks and oranges were hanging ripe and untouched upon the loaded branches. Around the whole ran a double row of cocoa-nut trees, forming three sides of a square, the fourth towards myself being open, whose great size betokened them ancient tenants of the soil. From the contour of the whole place, indeed, the idea at once suggested itself to me, that, where the huge piece of rock lay, a human abode ought to have been smiling, with the vines and pomegranates clustering around the green verandahs. I was still engaged in this speculative rumination, when my friend, with his attendant Phillidore, rode up; but instead of greeting me with his usual hearty laugh at my cowardice, as he used to term it, he requested me, with an unusal degree of seriousness, to "ride on."

"Oh, for any sake," I replied, "let us roost a while ere we commence another mid-air flight, and while we are on something *like* a road!"

"Move on, however, a little way—you will oblige me."

The tone in which he spoke this made me turn round and inquire anxiously if he were well.

"Perfectly—perfectly; but (here he lowered his voice) I never can pass this place without shuddering. Ride on—I will tell you the cause."

I rode forward, accordingly, as he desired me, until, after turning an angle of the hill, where the road became broader, he came up abreast of me, and said,

"I saw you were looking at that great piece of rock lying by itself on the slope of the bank. Did you observe any appearance of a human abode about it?"

"None," I answered, "unless its eligible site for one, and the convenient arrangement of the trees and fences about it; and I was just thinking, if the property were mine, I would soon set about blowing the rock to pieces, and constructing a domicile in its stead."

"I believe you would do no such thing," observed my friend, "did you know all about that place. Will you believe it, that, on the spot where that huge piece of stone now lies, a fine house once stood, and that it, with all its inmates, about a dozen in number, were in one moment buried under the mass?"

"Can it be possible! When or how did this happen?"

"I can tell you little about it, further than what I have gathered from the disjointed traditionary stories in the neighbourhood concerning the catastrophe. People are unwilling to talk of it hereabouts, notwithstanding its having happened so many years ago."

"The particulars, if you please," said I.

"Why, the story runs thus:—The house and property formerly belonged to a countryman of our own, who had amassed great wealth. His family consisted of only one daughter, a fine accomplished young woman, who had been educated in England. When he began to get old and infirm, he took a young Portuguese lad of vicious propensities into his employment, as bookkeeper, or negro attendant on his property, who, it is said, basely contrived to insinuate himself into the affections of the old man's daughter. The grief and rage of the father on discovering this were, of course, excessive, and he turned the Portuguese out of doors. The wretch, however, lingered about the property, and at last succeeded in bribing one of the negroes in the house to give his master poison, which soon carried the old man off. The daughter, little suspecting the cause of her father's death, and still retaining her affection for her betrayer, no sooner became her own mistress than she married him. An accidental circumstance, however, soon after discovered to her the murderous transaction, whereupon she ordered him to leave her presence for ever, threatening, if he did not do so, to give him up to punishment. The consequence was, that the ruffian, without scruple, took the same means of ridding himself of the daughter which he had done with the father, and thus became sole proprietor of the property. By his unfortunate wife he had a son; and after her death, he took a woman of his own nation to be his housekeeper, by whom he had a large family of sons and daughters. As they grew up, each seemed to strive to excel the other in all sorts of vice and villany; but as the parent had the precedence in years, he likewise kept the precedence in crime.

The deeds which I have heard narrated as having been transacted in that family, are beyond every thing horrible and revolting. Amongst many other acts of unheard-of cruelty, it is said, that, either from motives of fear or revenge, he lashed the poor ignorant negro whom he had formerly instigated to poison his old master, until he literally tore the flesh from his bones, and in that state tied him up to a tree near his house until the ants devoured him! At last," continued my friend, "a quarrel broke out between the criminal parent and his scarcely less criminal son—the eldest—and the latter was compelled to flee from the house to escape his father's vengeance. He went over to Carthagena, whence he contrived to open a correspondence with his stepmother, who was now experiencing all manner of brutal treatment from her lord and master, whose death it was at length concerted between them to perpetrate. The precautions of the old man, however, against the usual and more convenient mode of *poisoning*, precluded the possibility of their accomplishing it in that manner; and as they were afraid, in case of discovery, to seek the assistance of any of the negroes to execute it in a more violent way, it was ultimately agreed on between them that the son should murder the father with his own hand. He accordingly returned to Jamaica with an accomplice to whom he communicated his fell purpose; and having procured horses at Montego Bay, rode across the country until within a mile or two of his father's house. He then waited in the bush until it was dark, when, directing his companion to remain with the horses in readiness until his return, he proceeded on his diabolical errand. Whether he actually accomplished it, could not be ascertained, though it is almost certain that he must have gained admission to the house, from the circumstance of his never being more seen or heard of. About midnight, the inhabitants of the neighbouring properties were startled by a frightful shock, not at all resembling that of an earthquake; and the howling and screaming of the negroes soon told that some dreadful calamity had happened. On proceeding to the spot we have just passed, you may conceive their feelings of awe and horror on finding the place where that den of crime and infamy formerly stood, occupied only by a huge limb of the mountain, which had buried beneath it in a moment, and for ever, every vestige of the house and its guilty inmates. As the character of that family of crime had been long notorious, it appeared as if the Almighty had been provoked to extinguish them at once from the face of creation, and the rock, on that account, was thereafter appropriately denominated 'JUDGMENT CLIFF.'"

"It was certainly a singular and striking incident," I observed, after my friend had concluded his narrative; "but there is another circumstance much less preternatural, which seems rather remarkable: how could such crimes as you have stated to have been perpetrated by this family, be allowed to pass unpunished by the arm of the law?"

"You must recollect," was the reply, "that our criminal code was neither so comprehensive nor so strictly enforced then as now; besides, the stories circulated about these wretches could only have been

proved by the testimony of the negroes, whose evidence, were we to admit in their present ignorant and darkened condition, no *white* man's life would be safe."*

"Might not education," I rejoined, "render them in time worthy of freedom?"

"For mercy's sake do not broach that interminable topic now! Ride on—see, the thunder cloud is creeping down Portland-gap; we'll get a ducking if we don't make haste;" and so terminated our conversation.

* It will be observed, that the above conversation took place before slave evidence was rendered admissible in the colonies.

FAVOURITISM IN FAMILIES.

PARENTAL affection, with all its amiableness, and its high utility, is liable to some unhappy weaknesses, which often lead to fatal and distressing results. When indulged to an extravagant degree, without being tempered by that judicious severity which is required to keep in check the wayward and imperfect understandings of children, it completely mars their education, or, to use a common and expressive phrase, *spoils* them. When indulged partially among the various members of a family, its effects are hardly less fatal, while its criminality is seldom attended with the same excuse.

The first of these faults is fortunately rare; otherwise the native wickedness of the human heart would not be nearly so much repressed in grown society as it is. But the more guilty, though less fatal weakness, of showing an undue favour to a part of a family, to the exclusion of the rest, is much more common, if indeed it may not be said to pervade, more or less, the bosom of every existing parent. It requires little effort to show that this is one of the most cruel and unreasonable of all vices—though, seated as it is amidst the unapproachable mysteries of the heart, there may be more difficulty in administering to it even a slight degree of correction. External individuals are generally surprised to find that the preference of the parents, where it exists, is not occasioned by any superior merit or more engaging appearance in its objects, but more frequently seems to arise from the very absence of those qualifications. There may, it is true, be cause for the preference, where its object or objects are less favoured by nature than the rest; nay, humanity demands, in such cases, that the affections of the parents should be called forth in larger measure, to compensate, as far as possible, for the deficiencies of nature. But the preference often exists where there is inferior temper and character, without any peculiarity of organization to render it excusable. Love is expended where there is no love in return—where the disposition, on the contrary, is so harsh and cold, that Love, like the bird sent out by Noah, cannot find in it whereon to place his foot—while, on the other hand, children of docile and affectionate character, who might amply repay the fondness and care of a parent, are neglected. There is something so irrational, as well as so unjust, in all this, that observers are lost in astonishment at the blindness which may accompany a passion, in general the most praiseworthy, and beautiful to look upon, of all which animate our nature.

There would be little use in thus adverting to a weakness so well known, and so generally reprehended where it occurs, if we had not some hope of awakening the consciences of many who have no chance of otherwise being informed of their error. We recollect a simple but touching anecdote, which we encountered many years ago in the course of our juvenile reading, and which may perhaps, by being revived here, stir the souls of a few, to whom reasoning on such a subject might be useless. A lady of rank had two sons, from six to eight years of age, named John and Frederick, the former of whom she doated on with an extravagant degree of fondness, while she carried her neglect and contempt to as great an extreme towards his brother. John she was in the habit of calling exclusively "My son," as if she had deemed him alone entitled to that endearing appellation. As for Frederick, though he was a child of the best dispositions, and every way worthy of her affection, she held him in such contempt and detestation, as sometimes to scream when he came into her presence, and desire "that odious thing" to be taken out of her sight. All this was the more strange, as John did not seem to regard her with any remarkable degree of affection, but, on the contrary, would sometimes repel her caresses, as more troublesome than agreeable to him, and, in general, rather shunned than sought her company. One day, when she was in bed very seriously indisposed, she heard the door opened, and a young foot enter the apartment. Having longed exceedingly all the morning to see her favourite child, who, instead of inquiring for her, had been amusing himself out of doors, she now supposed that this must be he, and accordingly exclaimed, in a voice of passionate tenderness and delight, "My son, is it you?" "No, mamma," was the timid answer returned to her inquiry, "it is only Frederick." The poor child had crept, with the longings of undeserved affection, to his mother's chamber, expecting to meet some one who could inform him how she was; and, now, terror-struck lest her disappointment at finding *him* where she expected his more beloved brother, would draw forth her anger, and perhaps increase her illness, he was, after giving the above reply, about to leave the room. The mother, however, was touched by the unconscious accusation contained in her child's words, and, springing from the bed, she clasped him in her arms with an ardour as extreme as her former coldness, assuring him, with tears of penitence and affection, that he too was her son, and never again should be neglected. From that time forward, she was never observed to manifest the least partiality for either of her children.

If this story be true—which it has all the appearance of being—it proves that the reason, when once effectually roused upon this subject, has the power of overcoming the passion which inspires parents with these erroneous attachments. We, therefore, call upon all parents, *at this very moment*, to take themselves to task, and, if they be self-convicted of any undue preference of one child over another, let them exert their understandings to put down the unjust dictates of their feelings, and endeavour to equalise their affections over the whole of those who have a claim upon them. An injustice towards any individual in the little flock of which they have been made the keepers, is one of the most flagrant cruelties, and one of the most dangerous errors, that can be committed. It is the former, because no cruelty can be so shameful as that which is exercised upon a creature which neither provokes nor can resent it. It is the latter, because it is apt to derange all the best objects which we are enjoined to hold in view in the culture of youth, and thus occasion a serious damage to the general interest.

BOWED JOSEPH.*

THE mobs of Edinburgh have ever been celebrated as among the fiercest in Europe. The one which accomplished the death of Porteous, as narrated in the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, was a most surprising instance of popular vengeance, almost surpassing the bounds of belief; though it must sink considerably in our admiration, when we reflect upon the power and ferocity which at all periods have characterised the actions of this monstrous and danger-fraught collective. The time has been when, in the words of the old song, "All Edinburgh" would "rise by thousands three," and present such a strength to the legal authorities that all opposition to their capricious will would be in vain. In the younger days of many now living, even the boys of the High School and of Heriot's Hospital could erect themselves into a formidable body, equally resistless and indomitable. It is a fact, ludicrous enough too, that when the lads of these different schools were engaged in any of those squabbles, formerly so frequent and fatal, between them, they always showed a singular degree of political sagacity when assailed by the town-guard, in immediately joining their strengths, and combining against the common foe, when for the most part they succeeded in driving them from the scene of action. When such was the power of boys and striplings in this ill-protected city, and such the disorderliness of holiday assemblies, there is little left for wonder at the ravages committed by a mob formed of adults, actuated by violent feelings of jealousy, bigotry, and revenge.

Of this uncontrollable omnipotence of the populace, the annals of Edinburgh present many fearful records. At the various periods of the reformation and the revolution, the chapel of Roslin was destroyed by a mob, whose purpose neither cooled nor evaporated in traversing a distance of eight miles. James the Sixth was besieged and threatened in his courts, and in the midst of his parliaments, by a rabble of mechanics, who, but for the stout walls of the Tolbooth, might perhaps have taken his life. The fine chapel of Holyrood House was pillaged of not only its furniture and other valuables, but also of the still more sacred bones which lay within its precincts, by a mob which rose at the revolution, and did such deeds of violence and rapine as fanaticism and ignorance alone could have excited. At the unfortunate issue of the Dover expedition, at the execution of Captain Green, at the Union, and at many other events of less importance, the populace of Edinburgh distinguished themselves by insurrection and acts of outrage, such as have alone found parallels, perhaps, in the various transactions of the French revolution. Even so late as 1812, there happened a foray of a most appalling nature; the sports of an occasion of rejoicing were converted into scenes of frightful riot, unexampled as they were unlooked for. The fatal melancholy catastrophe of this event had, however, the good effect of quenching the spirit of licentiousness and blackguardism in the Edinburgh youth, and finally undermined that *system* of unity and promptitude in action and in council, by which its mobs had so often triumphed in their terrible resolutions.

In this fierce democracy, there once arose a mighty leader, who contrived, by means of great boldness, sagacity, and other personal merits, to subject the rabble to his will, and to elect himself dictator of all its motives and exploits. The person who thus found means to collect all the monstrous heads of the hydra within the grand grasp of his command, was a little decrepit being, about four feet high, almost deprived of legs, and otherwise deformed. His name was JOSEPH SMITH, or more commonly "BOWED JOSEPH;" he lived in Leith Wynd, and his trade as a private citizen was a "*Buff-Belt-Maker*." This singular being, low, miserable, and contemptible as he appeared, might be said to have had at one time the complete command of the metropolis of Scotland. Whenever any transaction took place in the Town Council which Joseph considered to be of very improper tendency; whenever meal rose to whatever Joseph considered to be an improper price; whenever any affair in the city which did not exactly accord with Joseph's idea of right and wrong—in short, "*When they werena gude bairns*," this hero could, in the course of an hour, collect a mob of ten thousand persons, all alike ready to execute his commands, or to disperse at his bidding. For this purpose he is said to have employed a drum; and never surely had "fiery cross" of the Highland chieftain such an effect upon the warlike devotion of his clan, as "Bowed Joseph's drum" had upon the *tinder* spirits of the Edinburgh rabble. The "*lazy corner*" was a lazy corner no longer as he marched along—the *town rats*, as they peeped forth like old cautious snails from their Patmos in the High Street, drew in their horns and shut their door, as he approached—the West Bow ceased to clink as he descended. It seemed to be their enthusiasm to obey him in every order—whether to sack a granary, break the windows of an offensive magistrate, or to besiege the town council in their chamber. With all this absolute dominion over the affections and obedience of the mob, it is to be recorded to the honour of Bowed Joseph, that however irregular the nature of his authority, he never in any of his actions could be said to have transgressed the bounds of propriety. With great natural sagacity, he possessed a clear and quick-sighted faculty of judgment. And the real philanthropy of his disposition was not less remarkable than his other singular qualities. He was, in short, an advocate for *fair play*, as he called it, in every thing. Fair play alone was the object of his government, and nothing else.

The following interesting anecdote is handed down concerning Bowed Joseph, which proves his strong love of justice, as well as the humanity of his heart. A poor man in the Pleasance, from certain untoward circumstances, found it impossible to pay his rent at Martinmas; and his hard-hearted landlord, refusing a portion of the same with a forlorn promise of the remainder being soon paid, sold off the whole effects of the tenant, and threw him, with a family of six children, in the most miserable condition upon the wide world. The unfortunate man, in a fit of despair, immediately put an end to his existence, by which the family were only rendered still more destitute. Bowed Joseph, however, did not long remain ignorant of the case. As soon as the affair became generally known throughout the city, he shouldered on his drum, and after half an hour's beating through the streets, found himself followed by a mob of ten thousand people. With this enormous army he marched to an open space of ground, now almost covered by Eldin Street, named in former times Thomson's Park, where, mounted on the shoulders of six of his lieutenant-generals, he harangued them in the true "Cambyses vein," concerning the flagrant and fatal proceeding for the redress of which they were assembled. He concluded by directing his men to seek the premises of the cruel landlord; and as his house lay directly opposite the spot in the Pleasance, there was no time lost in executing his orders. The mob entered, and seized upon every article of furniture that could be found, and in ten minutes the whole was packed in the park. Joseph set fire to them with his own hands, though the magistrates stood by with a guard of soldiers, and entreated him to desist. The eight-day clock is said to have struck twelve just as it was consigned to the flames. When such was the strength and organization of an Edinburgh mob so late as the year 1780, we need scarcely be surprised at the instance on which the tale of the Heart of Mid-Lothian is founded, happening, as it did, at a much earlier period, and when the people were prompted to their terrible purpose by the sternest feelings of personal revenge.

In the exercise of his perilous office, it does not appear that Bowed Joseph ever drew down the vengeance of the more lawfully constituted authorities of the land. He was, on the contrary, in some degree countenanced by the magistrates of the city, who frequently sent for him to the council chamber, in cases of emergency, to consult him on the best means to be adopted for appeasing and dispersing the mob. On an occasion of this moment, he was accustomed to look very large and consequential. With one hand carelessly applied

* The matter of this article appeared originally in "The Traditions of Edinburgh," and "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," by Robert Chambers.

to his side, and the other banged resolutely down upon the table, and with as much majesty as four feet, and a beard of as many weeks old, could assume, and with as much turbulence in his fiery little eye as if he was himself a mob, he would stand before them pleading the cause of his compeers, or directing the trembling council to the most expedient method of assuaging their fury. The dismissal of a mob, on these occasions, was usually accomplished at the expense of a few hogsheads of ale, broached on the Calton Hill, and by the subsequent order of their decrepit general, expressed in the simple words, "disperse, my lads!"

Having for many years exercised an unlimited dominion over the affections of the rabble, "Bowed Joseph" met his death at last, in a manner most unworthy of his character and great reputation. He fell from the top of a Leith coach in a state of intoxication, and broke his neck, which caused instantaneous death. He had been at the Leith races, and was on his return to Edinburgh when the accident took place; and his skeleton has the honour of being preserved in the anatomical class-room of the College of Edinburgh. Though fifty years have elapsed since his decease, Bowed Joseph is not yet forgotten in the town where he governed; for many an old man in Paul's Work and Leith Wynd will call his grandchildren about him of a king's birth eve, and tell them of the immortal achievements of his illustrious contemporary, General Joseph Smith.

An Edinburgh mob, although it may supply excellent subjects for tales, in all its characteristic fierceness and insubordination, is now a matter of mere antiquity. In the present day, the working classes of Edinburgh, from whom it may be supposed the principal materials of the mobs used to be draughted, are in the highest degree orderly, both in private conduct and in their public appearances in bodies. The printing-press, the schoolmaster, and that general improvement of manners which now prevails, have entirely altered the character of the populace, and any mischief now committed through public uproar is seen to arise not from the adult, but the juvenile and neglected portion of the community.

ORACLES AND MYSTERIES.

Mankind have been the victims of oracles, and mysteries, and pretended conjurors, and what they have chosen to call "wise men," ever since the beginning of time. Not contented with deriving instruction from the great volume of Nature spread out before us, and sufficiently capable, if rightly interpreted, to train the mind to wisdom, our poor infatuated race has too frequently been led to seek knowledge in the vain practice of astrology, divination, and other tricks and absurdities, now divested of all credit, and justly held in contempt by every reflecting mind. "Every one in early life (says an American writer*), in reading ancient history, is troubled to know what measure of credit should be given to the ancient oracles and mysteries, concerning which there are so many marvellous tales to be found. Rollin's ancient history, a book much read among us, often mentions the responses of the oracles of antiquity. The writer was a pious, excellent man, but was fond of the marvellous, and not a little inclined to superstition. He believed that wicked spirits were sometimes permitted, by an all-wise Providence, to reside in these caves or inner shrines, to deceive mankind, by indirectly shadowing forth things to come. Other historians have spoken of the magicians, soothsayers, and astrologers, as having great confidence in their supernatural knowledge.

The first account we have of these *wise men* is that given by Moses, in his interview with Pharaoh. They were soon convinced that they could not struggle with the great Lawgiver, and yielded after a few trials of their skill. These magicians were scientific men, who soon discovered the natural from the miraculous.

The whole worship of Isis, in Egypt, was full of mysteries, and these *wise men* alone had the key to them. Tombs, temples, and all public buildings, and all the arts and sciences, were full of mysteries to the common people. It was the same in Persia and Assyria as in Egypt. The wise men were advisers of the king, and he supported them in ease and dignity. They were called in by Belshazzar to interpret the hand-writing on the wall, but could not read it.

When the Greeks made themselves masters of the learning of Egypt and Babylon, they found these mysteries of no small importance to themselves. They kept up the same air of secrecy, and devoted them to religious purposes. The oracle of Delphos having by accident established a reputation for correct prophecies, continued it, by art, for religious, but more frequently for political purposes. The Pythia, in every age, was a shrewd woman, who knew what was wanted, and who it was that inquired of her for knowledge; and her answers were made accordingly. The Egyptians and the Greeks were well acquainted with acoustics, and sounds were managed for their mysterious responses. That they understood the science of sound, witness the ear of Dionysius. The mysteries of Isis, and the Eleusinian mysteries, were kept up by subterranean caverns, so constructed as to throw strange images before the eyes of the initiated, by means of moveable lights, and by tubes conveying strange sounds, when they were in darkness, to frighten them. Every one can tell how busy the imagination is when we are a little alarmed for our safety. These strange sounds, persons accompanying those about to be initiated, were allowed to hear, and sometimes they saw flashes of strange lights. There can be no doubt but that some of these ceremonies were awfully imposing. The higher orders unquestionably understood the whole thing, but the lower did not. From the whole concurrent testimony of ancient history, we must believe that the Eleusinian mysteries were used for good purposes, for there is not an instance on record that the honour of an initiation was ever obtained by a very bad man. The hierophants—the higher priests of the order—were always exemplary in their morals, and became sanctified in the eyes of the people. The high-priesthood of this order in Greece was continued in one family, the Eumolpidæ, for ages. In this they resembled both the Egyptians and the Jews.

The Eleusinian mysteries in Rome took another form, and were called the rites of Bona Dea; but she was the same Ceres that was worshipped in Greece. All the distinguished Roman authors speak of these rites, and in terms of profound respect. Horace denounces the wretch who should attempt to reveal the secrets of these rites; Virgil mentions these mysteries with great respect; and Cicero alludes to them with a greater reverence than either of the poets we have named. Both the Greeks and Romans punished any insult offered to these mysteries with the most persevering vindictiveness. Alcibiades was charged with insulting these religious rites; and although the proof of his offence was quite doubtful, yet he suffered for it for years in exile and misery; and it must be allowed that he was the most popular man of his age.

These mysteries were continued until some time after the days of Constantine, in the sixth century, when they were prohibited. Sad stories have been conjured up to give importance to the Egyptian mysteries, but no one has attempted to throw any dark shade over those of Greece or Rome. The philosopher will readily believe that there was nothing supernatural in any of their mysteries; and all may set it down as a fact, that the initiated never pretended to any thing like a commerce with the inhabitants of the invisible world. They unquestionably often assumed to possess wondrous powers and great secrets; but this was only a means of keeping knowledge from becoming too common; and this was an error which lasted for ages, even down to our times.

Viewed by the light of a clear understanding, I believe all the marvellous deeds of the magicians, the astrologers, the soothsayers, the Pythia, and the whole tribe of these mystery-dealing beings, vanish into things, if not easily explained, yet certainly to be traced out. Incantations, charms, and talismans, which thicken on every page of early history, are dissolved before the torch of reason.

The Sibylline Oracles of Rome had once great influence among the people, and many honest men have now a belief that these oracles foretold the coming of Christ; but the wise part of our theologians have long since given up this fancy, for it can hardly be called a belief. The fourth pastoral of Virgil contains the supposed prophecy. The following is as fair an account of it as we have seen:—

'The Sibylline Oracles having received information from the Jews, that a child was to be born, who should be the Saviour of the world, and to whom nations and empires should bow with submission, pretended to foretell that this event would occur in the year of Rome 714, after the peace concluded between Augustus and Antony. Virgil, viewing this prophecy with the vivid imagination of a poet, and willing to flatter the ambition of his patron, composed his celebrated Eclogue, entitled *Pollio*, in which he supposes the child, who was thus to unite mankind and restore the golden age, to be the infant with which Octavia, wife to Antony, and half-sister to Augustus, was then pregnant by her former husband Marcellus. In this production the consul Pollio, Octavia, and even the unborn infant, are flattered with his usual delicacy; and the rival Triumviri, though a short time before in open hostility, have the honour of equally sharing the poet's applause.

'While Pollio, who seems to have been the most accomplished man of his age, and is celebrated as a poet, soldier, orator, and historian, was engaged in an expedition against the *Parthini*, whom he subdued, Virgil addressed to him his *Pharmaceutria*, one of the most beautiful of all his eclogues, and in imitation of a poem of the same name by his favourite author Theocritus. This production is the more valuable, as it has handed down to posterity the superstitious rites of the Romans, and the heathen notions of enchantment. Virgil himself seems to have been conscious of the beauty of his subject, and the dignity of the person whom he was addressing, and accordingly has given us, by the fertility of his genius, and the brilliancy of his imagination, some of the most sublime images that are to be found in any of the writings of antiquity.'

Some of the Christian fathers have stated, that on the eve of the birth of Christ, all the oracles of the heathen world ceased. It is certain that the Delphic oracles grew into disrepute about this time; but the Eleusinian mysteries, and those of the Bona Dea, were kept up much longer. Milton adopted the belief of the early fathers of the church, and has expressed his poetical opinion, in an ode upon the subject of the silence of the oracles, which is full of deep interest and exquisite beauties. But there is no more reason to think that he was convinced of this as a fact, than that he believed all the incidents in his Paradise Lost.

All superstitions are to be traced to the diseases of the body or the mind. The filtres and charms are made for a diseased body or mind. Sometimes they may be efficacious, by chance; sometimes nature, the best of nurses, overcomes all obstacles, and heals the malady in spite of the nostrums prescribed. Among the ignorant, in all nations and ages, these panaceas are found. The greater the ignorance, the more efficacious the charm. The charm called the Obi, or Obiah, which is now practised in Jamaica, and other slaveholding places, was brought from Africa, and is now known throughout the country bordering on the Senegal and on the Gambia, and probably is a very ancient superstition. Something resembling this charm has been practised by the Indians all over the North American continent.

Feeble minds, under the influence of supposed guilt, are more likely to be affected by superstitious feelings than strong ones, full of deeds of blood. Sickness, fatigue, and hunger, would have made Hercules a whining child, as chills and fever did the mighty Cæsar; but a sound mind in a sound body, with a good education and a clear conscience, will never fear the charms of superstition, the spells of witchcraft, nor the power of magic. The seeds of superstition are too often sown in the nursery, and cherished in our youthful days. Bugbears are too often mingled with lullabies, and raw-head and bloody-bones with the first tales given to amuse infancy. The household divinities should all be pure, kind, lovely characters, having countenances of beauty, and tongues of truth. The stories of the fireside should be free from all hobgoblins and monsters.

There are perhaps many things in our history, and even in our natures and our hopes, hard to be understood, and some portion of them that the Great Author of our race never intended that we should be fully acquainted with. A sound mind will very readily comprehend enough of its powers and capacities to teach it, never to strive to attain what is above human reach, or to sink with fear at that which it cannot readily explain. Seen by the light of philosophy and sound sense, all the marvellous deeds of the magician, the astrologer, and the whole tribe of those who attempt to deceive the people, sink into those of common men."

* Advice in the Pursuits of Literature, by Samuel L. Knapp. New York. 1832.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ROBERT MACKAY, THE HIGHLAND BARD.

To those who look upon Ossian as exclusively the forgery of a modern man of letters, it may be startling to know that the Highlands of Scotland produced, during the last century, various poets, who, without any thing like what is considered as education—without even having learned the letters of the English alphabet, or having ever conversed except in Gaelic—composed verses by no means inferior in merit to those of the supposed son of Fingal. It must of course be obvious, that, if the Highlands produced men of this kind in a recent age, the district might have produced another such as Ossian in one somewhat less recent (though not perhaps in the fourth century), as for many hundred years the general state of intelligence was not greatly altered. One of these Highland bards of distinguished merit was Duncan M'Intyre, a poor Perthshire peasant, whose verses are said to manifest the purest and most delightful sentiment; and yet we remember being informed by the late Mr A. Campbell, editor of Albyn's Anthology, that, on the Earl of Breadalbane asking Duncan what he could do for him, by way of advancing him in life, the poor man was found to have formed no wish more ambitious than that of being made a soldier in the town-guard of Edinburgh—a ridiculous species of military police, in which the pay was sixpence a-day! Another eminent poet of the north was Robert Mackay, the subject of the present memoir.

Robert Mackay, otherwise called Rob Donn—that is, Brown Robert—was born in the year 1714, at Durness, in Sutherlandshire, the most northerly, and perhaps the most wild portion of the Scottish Highlands. His father was an honest herdsman, of whom nothing particular is related; but his mother is remembered as a woman of vigorous understanding, and a perfect adept in Highland poetry and music. From her, it is evident, Rob received the mantle of Gaelic poesy. Besides the minstrelsy with which she stored his mind, he had no other acquaintance with any kind of literature, spoken or written, except what he gained from hearing extempore translations of Scripture in the parish church. It must be remarked, as sensibly diminishing the wonder of his achievements as an author, that, though there was at that time no such thing as reading in the country, the common people mingled

so much with their more literate superiors, as to put it in the power of any one of tolerable capacity to pick up much of what may be termed general information. In his childhood, Rob tended calves on the hill-side; but at seven years of age he was taken into the family of a gentleman of the clan Mackay, who carried on an extensive business as a dealer in cattle, and began to be employed in the task of driving herds into the south of Scotland and the north of England. As life advanced, his witty sayings, his satires, his elegies, and, above all, his love-songs, began to make him famous, not only in his native glen, but wherever the herdsmen of a thousand hills could carry an anecdote or a stanza, after their annual peregrinations to such scenes as the tryst of Falkirk and the fair of Kendal. Donald Lord Reay, the chief of the clan, and proprietor of the vast tract of mountain-land where Rob was born, was a true-hearted chief, resident constantly among his children, and participating in all their affections; he soon became acquainted with the merit of his humble clansman, and, having perfect confidence in his fidelity and steadiness, promoted him to the office of his *boman*, or cattle-steward—a place of considerable importance in the household of a nobleman whose estate was chiefly employed in the rearing of herds.

Rob now married and settled in life; he was a faithful *boman*, and his master estimated him highly; but the bard had some habits which could not be indulged in the immediate neighbourhood of the noble lord's residence, without giving occasion to scenes of a disagreeable nature in the household; and, after a few years, the connection was broken off, though without any interruption of personal good-will on either side. Rob was an inveterate deer-hunter: from earliest youth it had been his delight to spend days, nights, and weeks, among the wildernesses, in pursuit of this spirit-stirring diversion; and among prouder titles to distinction, his kinsmen honoured him as a marksman of the first order, and a very master of the mountain chase. In his boyish years, no one had ever dreamt of restraining indulgences of this kind; and though now law had been added to law, and regulation to regulation, "Honest theft is the spoil of the wild deer," continued to be a proverb in every mouth, and even the *boman* of Lord Reay was a constant trespasser. More than once he narrowly escaped the arm of the law, and yet nothing seemed capable of converting him from this darling error.

He was more than once detected in the forbidden act, and eventually summoned before the sheriff-substitute, when, in the event of sufficient evidence, the issue must have been banishment to the colonies, in terms of the statute. An anecdote on this occasion, strongly characteristic of the bard, has been lately related to us by his still surviving daughter. He set out to attend the court, early in the morning, accompanied by one of his wonted hunting companions. The prospect of transportation pressed heavily on his neighbour's spirit, but the bard remained seemingly quite tranquil. Not so his wife, who, with lamentations and tears, could not be prevented from accompanying her husband a part of the way. The bard would not even now part with his favourite gun, but shouldered it, at departing, with his wonted glee. They had not proceeded beyond a mile from home, when they came full upon a small flock of deer. The bard was not to be restrained. He fired, and shot two of them dead upon the spot. His wife, in great consternation before, was now not to be pacified. She imagined that her husband had just sealed his doom. He beseeched her to be silent. "Go home," said he, "and send for them; if I return not, you shall have the more need for them; but saluting her, and, in kindlier terms, he added, "Fear not; it shall go hard with me if I am not soon with you again to have my share." The fact was, that though thus threatened by the authorities, there was scarcely one of the country gentlemen who would not have gone any length to protect the bard from the violence of the law.

Perhaps the deer-shooting, then, might have been got over. But Rob, in an evil hour, composed a satirical ballad in reference to a transaction of a very delicate nature in the noble household. Rob's presbyterian spirit was kindled by what he considered as a patronage of impurity in high places; he indited a bitter epithalamium, and received his mittimus from Lord Reay. That the dismissal was reluctant on the part of the nobleman, may be inferred from the affectionate terms of an elegy, in which Rob not long after lamented his death. Meantime, Colonel Mackay, son of the gentleman into whose family he had been taken in his boyhood, readily afforded him shelter and protection. The bard, with his wife and children, removed a little to the northward, and continued happy in the colonel's employment, until the first regiment of Sutherland Highlanders was embodied, in 1759, when he was prevailed on by the country gentlemen holding commissions in the new corps, to accompany them. Rob enlisted as a private soldier, but was never called on to take any part in troublesome duty. While his companions in arms were toiling and fretting at drill, Robert was at large, enjoying his choice society or contemplations.

We doubt not, had the regiment ever been called into action, Rob Donn would have been found at his post. But no such occasion ever occurred. On the peace of 1763, they were marched back to Sutherland, and there reduced, with this honourable distinction in the course of their short service, that no restrictions had ever been required among them, and no man punished. As they had assembled as a corps with the primitive manners of a pastoral life, so they separated with these habits unchanged, and had the happiness of returning to their native glens, without a single individual among them having disgraced his corps, kindred, or district.

Rob Donn returned to his former quarters, and does not appear ever again to have wandered from them. His wife was a kind and prudent one: he turned out a steady and attached husband to her, and a careful and affectionate father to thirteen children. It speaks a very great deal for the worth of his personal character, that although he was dreaded as a satirist throughout the north Highlands, quite as much as ever Burns was in Ayrshire, he was promoted in due time, with universal approbation, to the dignity of an *elder* in the parish where he resided, and that he continued to hold that respectable and responsible station, without reproach, to the end of his life. The satirist, in short, was dreaded, but only by the vicious; and the poet was at once respected and beloved by all whose esteem he desired to possess. His society was courted by his equals, still more by his superiors; no social party was esteemed a party without him; no public meeting of the better and the best of the land was felt to be a full one without Rob Donn being there. Rob, as may be supposed, had no objections to his fair share of feast and bowl, but he never contracted dissipated habits of any kind, nor even showed a passing symptom of having taken a glass too much, until his robust constitution gave way, about the period of the grand climacteric. A northern *sennachie* has given the following account of his latter end:—

"I remember Rob Donn very well. He was brown-haired, brown-eyed, rather pale complexioned, and, I would say, good-looking. When he entered a room, his eye caught the whole at a glance; and the expression of his countenance always indicated much animation and energy. In figure, he was rather below the middle size, strong, and well formed. In the month of December 1777, he attended the interment of an uncle of mine, who was a *co-age* of his. When the coffin was lowered into the grave, Robert turned to me and said, 'There is my *co-age* committed to earth, aged sixty-three; and before this time next year I shall also be laid down here.' It is remarkable that this prediction was fulfilled, by his death taking place in August 1778; so his age was exactly sixty-three years nine months." Rob was honoured with a funeral like that of a high chief; the proudest and the simplest of the clan stood together with tears in every eye, when he was laid in the churchyard of his native parish; and a granite monument, of some mark and importance, has been erected over his remains, at the expense of a certain number of enthusiastic Mackays, with inscriptions in Gaelic, in English, in Greek, and in Latin.

After enjoying a legendary fame for fifty years, a collection of Rob Donn's poems was published at Inverness in 1829, by Dr Macintosh Mackay, then minister at Laggan, but now of Dunoon, on the Clyde. His satirical pieces are said to be the best; but they lose their relish in a translation. Of his other pieces, including elegies and love-songs, some specimens are given in literal English in the Quarterly Review for July 1831, from which we have derived the greater part of the present memoir. (The article was the composition of Sir Walter Scott.) We shall conclude by extracting a portion of one of the latter kind, composed during a sleepless night at the town of Crieff, in reference to a Highland mistress, from whom he had been long absent:—

"Great is my esteem of the maiden,
Towards whose dwelling the north wind blows;
She is ever cheerful, sportive, kindly,
Without folly, without vanity, without pride.
True is her heart—were I under hiding,
And fifty men in pursuit of my footsteps,
I should find protection, when they surrounded me most closely,
In the secret recess of that shieling.

Oh for the day for turning my face homeward,
That I may see the maiden of beauty:—
Joyful will it be to me to be with thee,
Fair girl with the long heavy locks!
Choice of all places for deer-hunting
Are the brindled rock and the ridge!
How sweet at evening to be dragging the slain deer
Downwards along the piper's cairn!

Great is my esteem of the maiden
Who parted from me by the west side of the enclosed field;
Late yet again will she linger in that fold,
Long after the kine are assembled.
It is I myself that have taken no dislike to thee,
Though far away from thee am I now.
It is for the thought of thee that sleep flies from me:
Great is the profit to me of thy parting kiss!

Dear to me are the boundaries of the forest;
Far from Crieff is my heart;
My remembrance is of the hillocks of sheep,
And the heaths of many knolls.
Oh, for the red-streaked fissures of the rock,
Where, in spring time, the fawns leap;
Oh, for the crags towards which the wind is blowing—
Cheap would be my bed to me there!"

RHEUMATISM.

Last week we said a few words on the subject of colds and rheumatism: we now propose to give a short exposition of the nature and mode of cure of the latter complaint, and that in the words of the agreeable author of the Economy of the Human Body.

"Rheumatism is divided into *acute*, when there is high fever and excessive pain of the parts affected; and *chronic*, when there is no fever, and when the pains are less severe and intermittent. Acute rheumatism differs from gout, in not usually coming on so suddenly, but gives warning by a gradual increase of pain. Neither is it fixed to one spot like the gout, but is distinguished by its frequent wanderings from place to place, accompanied by a sense of numbness. It seldom attacks the small joints, but is confined chiefly to the larger, as the hip, knee, and shoulder. Acute rheumatism is generally attended by a continued fever, whereas the gout has periodical remissions. Like most inflammatory complaints, it is preceded by rigours and a sense of cold. There is febrile, quick, and hard pulse. The veins near the part affected swell, and a throbbing pain is felt in the arteries. By degrees the pain increases, and the patient suffers cruel torture, which is increased with the least motion. The sense of pain resembles that of a slow tearing or gnawing of the parts, and commonly goes off by a swelling of the joints affected.

Obstructed perspiration, occasioned either by wearing wet clothes, lying in damp linen, sleeping on the ground or in damp rooms, being exposed to cool air when the body has been much heated with exercise, or coming from a crowded public place into the cool air, is the cause which usually produces rheumatism. Those who are much afflicted with this complaint are very apt to be sensible of the approach of wet weather, by feeling wandering pains about them at that period.

From these symptoms it will be seen that acute rheumatism is an inflammatory affection of some texture or textures of the body. Some have supposed its seat to be in the tendinous coverings of the muscles, some in the fibres of the muscles themselves, others in the substance or coverings of the arteries and veins, and others again in the nerves or their coverings. The popular idea that rheumatism is seated in the bones, is a very vague notion.

Acute rheumatism usually comes on with lassitude and rigours, succeeded by heat, thirst, anxiety, restlessness, and a hard, full, and quick pulse. The blood drawn from a vein exhibits a buffy inflammatory appearance, and the tongue preserves a steady whiteness. After a time, excruciating pains are felt in different parts of the body, but more particularly in the joints of the shoulders, wrists, knees, and ankles, or perhaps in the hip, and these keep shifting from one joint to another, leaving a redness and swelling in every part they have occupied, as likewise a great tenderness to the touch. Towards evening there is an increase of the fever, and during the night the pains become more severe, and shift from one joint to another. In no disease do we meet with so many and sudden changings and shiftings of the pain. Sometimes these pains leave the surface and extremities, and attack the internal parts of the body, such as the diaphragm, heart, brain, &c. It is in such cases that rheumatism becomes a dangerous and fatal disease; for, in its ordinary appearance, although a painful, it is not a dangerous affection.

Acute rheumatism being of an inflammatory nature, its cure consists in observing all the rules already laid down in treating of such complaints, such as cool air, low diet, perfect rest, and bleeding from the arm as often and to such a degree as circumstances require. In weak irritable habits, when no great degree of inflammation prevails, and little fever attends, and where the inflammation is chiefly local, bleeding, by means of leeches applied to the part affected, may be substituted instead of using the lancet, and will often be found to afford essential relief. This may likewise be used with benefit when much inflammation prevails in the system, as well as in particular parts, provided that general bleeding has also been practised.

When the pains are general and wandering, no local application should be used in acute rheumatism. All undue warmth, stimulating liniments, and warm fomentations, only aggravate the complaint. On the contrary, when the pain is fixed in one place, where there is redness, heat, and swelling, some cooling evaporating lotion may be applied with advantage, such as two drachms of muriate of ammonia and two of nitre, dissolved in a pint of water, or a weak mixture of camphorated spirits with vinegar or water.

Chronic rheumatism may occur after an attack of acute rheumatism, the one passing into the other, or it may originate in a primary disease. It is attended with pains in the head, shoulders, knees, and other joints, which at times are confined to one particular part, and at others shift from one joint to another.

without occasioning any inflammation or fever; and in this manner the complaint continues often for a considerable time, and at length goes off, leaving the parts which have been affected in a state of debility, and very liable to fresh impressions on the approach of moist damp weather. Little danger is attendant on this species of rheumatism, although it is a painful lingering disease; and a person once having been attacked with it, is ever afterwards more or less liable to returns of it; and stiffness of the joints, and a total disuse of their motions, are often the consequences of frequent attacks.

In chronic rheumatism there is no need of general bleeding from the system; nor is local bleeding resorted to, unless in cases where there is marked redness, tenderness, and inflammation of a particular joint, ligament, &c.

In ordinary cases, some stimulating liniment, as the tincture of soap, with opium, is to be rubbed into the parts several times a-day, and warm flannel afterwards rolled round the limb. Friction with the hand or flesh-brush is to be diligently used, and the vapour-bath applied to the limb, or a warm bath for the whole body is of the greatest benefit in relieving pain.

Pouring warm water from a kettle on the limb several times a-day, but more especially the vapour-bath applied to the limb, has been found of the greatest consequence in obstinate cases of rheumatism: after these, electricity and frictions may be applied. Camphor dissolved in æther, and applied externally, in painful affections of the joints, has likewise afforded singular relief.

The internal treatment consists in attending to the state of the bowels and digestive organs; a derangement of which often causes chronic rheumatism, or pains very much allied to it. For this purpose, moderate doses of calomel, rhubarb, and other purgatives, are to be frequently given.

Exercise, either of the whole body or of particular limbs, is highly important; and, to exercise the arms, the dumb-bells answer very well. For the lower extremities, nothing can be better than walking; and although it may prove a little irksome at first, in some cases, still by perseverance much benefit will soon be experienced. Want of exercise is apt to induce stiffness of the joint.

The clothing should be warm and comfortable, with flannel next the skin; and a flannel bandage put tight on the affected limb often affords relief. The diet should be light, but nourishing.

Chronic rheumatism often seizes the back and loins, giving rise to the disease called *lumbayo*. This is a most painful complaint, the patient often being unable to stand upright or move in bed. It sometimes fixes in the hip joint, and is then called *sciatica*. Both these affections are to be treated in the same manner as chronic rheumatism, by frictions, stimulating liniments, mild sudorifics, spare diluent food. After the severe symptoms are over, a large plaster to the back in lumbago will be found to give firmness and strength to the muscles."

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER.

In a former number of the Journal, we presented our readers with the biography of Washington, a man whose memory meets with the highest respect, not only by the Americans, to whom he secured the blessings of national independence, but by the British, whose warlike efforts he powerfully assisted in frustrating. The following notice of the early days of this great man, is from the Juvenile Miscellany, a production of the United States, and will be perused with interest and edification by our young friends, who will see how much depends on attending to the admonitions and guidance of a good mother.

"It is impossible to visit the shades of Mount Vernon (where Washington resided, and now lies buried), to stand near the tomb where the father of his country reposes, to see the gardens which he cultivated, the mansion where he rested from the toils of war, the piazza where he so often lingered to view the setting sun gild the mighty river Potomac, without desiring to be acquainted with his domestic life, and save from oblivion every circumstance respecting him. Many anecdotes of his early years are treasured in this land of his nativity. Some of the most interesting ones were derived from his mother, a dignified and pious matron, who, by the death of her husband while her children were young, became the sole conductress of their education. To the inquiry, what course she had pursued in rearing one so truly illustrious, she replied, 'only to acquire *obedience, diligence*, and *truth*.' These simple rules, faithfully enforced, and incorporated with the rudiments of character, had a powerful influence over his future greatness.

He was early accustomed to accuracy in all his statements, and to speak of his faults and omissions without prevarication or disguise. Hence arose that noble openness of soul, and contempt of deceit in others, which ever distinguished him. Once by an inadvertence of his youth, a considerable loss had been incurred, and of such a nature as to interfere immediately with the plans of his mother. He came to her with a frank acknowledgment of his error, and she replied, while a tear of affection moistened her eye, 'I had rather it should be so, than that my son should have been guilty of a falsehood.'

She was careful not to enervate him by luxury, or weak indulgence. He was inured to early rising, and never permitted to be idle. Sometimes he engaged in labours which the children of wealthy parents would now account severe, and thus acquired firmness of frame and a disregard of hardship. The systematic improvement of time, which from childhood he had been taught, was of great service when the weight of a nation's concerns devolved upon him. It was then observed by those who surrounded his person, that he was *never known to be in a hurry*, but found time for the transaction of the smallest affairs in the midst of the greatest and most conflicting duties. Such benefit did he derive from attention to the counsels of his mother. His obedience to her commands, when a child, was cheerful and strict; and as he approached to maturer years, the expression of her slightest wishes was a law.

Her common influence over him was strengthened by that dignity with which a strength of mind had invested her. This imparted to her great elevation of feeling. During some periods of our revolutionary war, when the fears of the people were wrought up to a distressing anxiety, many mistaken reports were in circulation, which agonised the hearts of those whose friends occupied posts of danger. It would sometimes be said to her, 'Madam, intelligence has been received that our army is defeated, and your son a prisoner.' 'My son,' she would reply, 'has been in the habit of acting in difficult situations.'

At length the blessings of peace and independence were vouchsafed to our nation, and Washington, who for eight years had been divided from the repose of home, hastened with filial reverence to ask his mother's blessing. The hero, 'first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen,' came to lay his laurels at her feet, who had first sown their seeds in his soul.

This venerable woman continued, until past her ninetieth year, to be respected and beloved by all around her. At length the wasting agony of a cancer terminated her existence, at the residence of her daughter, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Washington was with her in the last stages of life, to mitigate the severity of her sufferings, by the most tender offices of affection. With pious grief he closed her eyes, and laid her in the grave which she had selected for herself. It was in a beautiful and secluded dell, on the family estate, partly overshadowed by trees, where she frequently retired for meditation, and where the setting sun beams with the softest radiance.

Travellers who visit the tomb at Mount Vernon, will find it interesting to extend their visit to this spot—where the mother of our hero, whom he was thought, in person and manners, greatly to resemble, rests without a stone.

We have now seen the man, who was the leader of victorious armies, the conqueror of a mighty kingdom, and the admiration of the world, in the delightful attitude of an obedient and affectionate son. We have traced many of his virtues back to that sweet submission to maternal guidance which distinguished his early years. She whom he honoured with such filial reverence, said, that 'he had learned to command others, by first learning to obey.'

Let those, therefore, who in the morning of life are ambitious of future eminence, lay the foundation of filial virtue, not expect to be either fortunate or happy, while they neglect the injunction, 'My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.'"

BIRD-NESTING IN THE SOUTHERN OCEAN.

Mr Earle, in his interesting "Narrative of a Residence in New Zealand, and Tristan d'Acunha," gives the following amusing piece of natural history, in speaking of his visit to the latter island. It relates to a strange kind of birds called *penguins*, which abound in southern latitudes:—"This day we visited what they call a 'penguin rookery.' The spot of ground occupied by our settlers is bounded on each end by high *bluffs*, which extend far into the sea, leaving a space in front, where all their hogs run nearly wild, as they are prevented going beyond those limits by those natural barriers; and the creatures who, at stated periods, come up from the sea, remain in undisturbed possession of the beaches beyond our immediate vicinity. The weather being favourable, we launched our boat early in the morning, for the purpose of procuring a supply of eggs for the consumption of the family. We heard the chattering of the penguins from the rookery long before we landed, which was noisy in the extreme, and groups of them were scattered all over the beach; but the high thick grass on the declivity of the hill seemed their grand establishment, and they were hidden by it from our view. As we could not find any place where we could possibly land our boat in safety, I and two more swam on shore with bags tied round our necks to hold the eggs in, and the boat with one of the men lay off, out of the surf. I should think the ground occupied by these *birds* (if I may be allowed so to call them) was at least a mile in circumference, covered in every part with grasses and reeds, which grew considerably higher than my head; and on every gentle ascent, beginning from the beach, on all the large grey rocks, which occasionally appeared above this grass, sat perched groups of these strange and uncouth-looking creatures; but the noise which rose up from beneath baffles all description! As our business lay with the noisy part of this community, we quickly crept under the grass, and commenced our plundering search, though there needed none, so profuse was the quantity. The scene altogether well merits a better description than I can give—thousands and hundreds of thousands of these little two-legged erect monsters hopping around us, with voices very much resembling in tone that of the human; all opening their throats together; so thickly clustered in groups, that it was almost impossible to place the foot without despatching one of them. The shape of the animal, their curious motions, and their most extraordinary voices, made me fancy myself in a kingdom of pigmies. The regularity of their manners, their all sitting in exact rows, resembling more the order of a camp than a rookery of noisy birds, delighted me. These creatures did not move away on our approach, but only increased their noise, so we were obliged to displace them forcibly from their nests; and this ejectment was not produced without a considerable struggle on their parts; and, being armed with a formidable beak, it soon became a scene of desperate warfare. We had to take particular care to protect our hands and legs from their attacks; and for this purpose each one had provided himself with a short stout club. The noise they continued to make during our ramble through their territories, the sailors said was, 'cover 'em up, cover 'em up.' And, however incredible it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that I heard those words so distinctly repeated, and by such various tones of voices, that several times I started, and expected to see one of the men at my elbow. Even these little creatures, as well as the monstrous sea elephant, appear to keep up a continued warfare with each other. As the penguins sit in rows, forming regular lanes leading down to the beach, whenever one of them feels an inclination to refresh herself by a plunge into the sea, she has to run the gauntlet through the whole *street*, every one pecking at her as she passes without mercy; and though all are occupied in the same employment, not the smallest degree of friendship seems to exist; and whenever we turned one off her nest, she was sure to be thrown among foes; and, besides the loss of her eggs, was invariably doomed to receive a severe beating and pecking from her companions. Each one lays three eggs, and, after a time, when the young are strong enough to undertake the journey, they go to sea, and are not again seen till the ensuing spring. Their city is deserted of its numerous inhabitants, and quietness reigns till nature prompts their return the following year, when the same noisy scene is repeated, as the same flock of birds returns to the spot where they were hatched. After raising a tremendous tumult in this numerous colony, and sustaining continued combat, we came off victorious, making capture of about a thousand eggs, resembling in size, colour, and transparency of shell, those of a duck; and the taking possession of this immense quantity did not occupy more than one hour, which may serve to prove the incalculable numbers of birds collected together. We did not allow them sufficient time, after landing, to lay all their eggs; for, had the season been farther advanced, and we had found three eggs in each nest, the whole of them might probably have proved addled, the young partly formed, and the eggs of no use to us; but the whole of those we took turned out good, and had a particulary fine and delicate flavour. It was a work of considerable difficulty to get our booty safe into the boat—so frail a cargo—with so tremendous a surf running against us. However, we finally succeeded, though not without smashing a considerable number of the eggs."

A HAUL OF WOOD IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

How pleasing to the feelings of the enlightened and beneficent part of mankind will be the perusal of the following extract from the letter written by a Mr Morris, in Newfoundland, to Lord Bexley, and quoted as a note in Macgregor's British America. The incident related is one of the best illustrations that could be given of the principle of "peace and good will," which, we trust, will at some time universally prevail:—"It is a general custom at Newfoundland for the labouring classes and others, in the winter season, as a compliment to the clergyman, to bring him from the interior a quantity of wood or fuel. The friends of the clergyman of the established church at Saint John's, some short time ago, proposed what is there called a 'general haul of wood' for his benefit. I had the gratification of hearing the good, pious, and venerable bishop of the Roman Catholic church, address his numerous congregation, and request of them that they would join in the haul of wood, and that their general exertions, in behalf of his brother of the established church, would be more gratifying than any thing they could do for himself. On the day of the haul, it was most gratifying to observe the Roman Catholics, united with their brethren of every other religious persuasion, moving immense masses of wood towards the worthy minister's house. The great body of the working people were Irish, or their immediate descendants; and I can assure your lordship that it warmed my heart, though the mercury was fifteen degrees below zero, to observe the perspiration floating down their manly brows, whilst vying with the people of other countries, and other religions, as to who should pay the greatest compliment to the respected individual. The quantity of wood hauled out by the united efforts of the people was great indeed; but it would be an act of injustice to the individual for whose nominal benefit this haul was made, not to state that it was soon conveyed from his residence to warm the cheerless cottages of the poor, the sick, the widow, and the orphan."

Column for Schoolboys.

THE ROMAN POETS—ELEGIAC AND SATIRICAL.

Having in my preceding papers given you a sketch of the more common Latin or Roman classical writers in use at schools, I now proceed to say a few words regarding some others not so generally studied by the young, but of which it is as well you should know something. Those I have now to speak of are of two classes—the elegiac and the satirical poets. Among the elegiasts, we have Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Lucretius; and of the satirists, Persius, Juvenal, and Martial. The whole lived about the beginning of the Christian era.

In the composition of elegiac or sentimental pieces, Ovid has been given the first place among the poets of Rome, though in some respects he has been excelled by Catullus, his contemporary, who possessed great originality of thought. Catullus was born in the year 86 before Christ, of a respectable family. His poems have been justly eulogised by his countrymen, and, to the number of one hundred and fifteen, have come down to the present times. Although he lived before the Latin tongue was in its greatest purity, yet he attained great beauty of expression, simplicity, and ease, and is known to have studied the Greek elegiac poets, Sappho, Simonides, and Callimachus. Catullus wrote a beautiful ode to his native place, the peninsula of Sirmio, in the lake of Benacus, now called Lago di Garda, in Italy, which has been translated into English by Leigh Hunt. It is as follows:

O best of all the scattered lands, that break
From spreading sea or hill-retiring lake,
How happy do I drop within thy breast!
With what a sigh of full, contented rest!
Scarce trusting, that my vagrant toil is o'er,
And that these eyes behold thee safe once more
Is aught so blest, as such a loose from care,
When the soul's load rests with us in the chair,
When we return from pilgrimage, and spread
The loosen'd limbs o'er all the well-known bed?
This of itself repays the grinding toil,
And gives to failing knees the freshening oil.
Hail, lovely Sirmio! meet thy master's smiles;
And laugh, thou sparkling lake, through all thine isles;
Laugh, every social spot, your master's come;
Laugh, every dimple on the cheek of home!

Tibullus, who was born a little later, and on the same day with Ovid, in the year 43 before Christ, died when forty-four years of age. Tibullus moved in the first rank of literary men and their patrons. He was an associate of Mæcenas, Virgil, Ovid, and Horace. His elegies, which are reckoned exceedingly beautiful, and by many thought to excel those of other poets, have been translated and published in English; but they are little appreciated in the present day. "From the general tenor of his writings," say the learned authors of the Bibliotheca Classica, "he appears to have been of a gay, lively, and cheerful disposition, and it cannot be denied that he made love and pleasure too much the theme of his muse. Like other writers on these topics, to follow either his advice or example would be to forget the dignity of man." Dr Currie, in his Life of Burns, has an allusion to the muse of Tibullus breathing in that unfortunate Scottish poet, and awakening strains destined to immortality on the banks of Ayr. Propertius, another Roman poet of a similar character, was born in the year 58 before Christ, and was therefore a contemporary of Tibullus. He wrote no more than four books of elegies.

With regard to the merits of these various elegiac poets, according to modern ideas, little can be said. Their sentiments and the subjects they treat upon are generally alike impure and unfit for popular perusal. In many instances, their writing is only appreciated from the beauty of the language. Lucretius, who flourished during the Augustan age, was a poet somewhat of a different stamp. He was born in the year 98 before Christ, and is known to have become a great adept in the doctrines of the Greek philosopher Epicurus, which he extols in his poetic compositions. Lucretius is thus called a didactic poet, but the instructions he gives the world through his versification would now be considered very miserable. He maintains the eternity of matter, the materiality of the soul, and the non-existence of a Supreme Being. Dr Blair remarks, that the only passages in the works of Lucretius which render the subjects tolerable in poetry, are the digressions on the evils of superstition, the descriptions of the plague, and several other incidental illustrations, which are remarkably elegant, nd adorned with a sweetness and harmony of versification peculiar to that poet.

Horace, whom I have already noticed, was the most remarkable of the Roman poets for a delicacy of raillery and wit, and in this respect he has scarcely been equalled, even by the most ingenious of the moderns. Persius, Juvenal, and Martial, also displayed much excellence in this dangerous species of composition, but each differed from the other in the style of writing and poignancy of satire.

Persius was born in the reign of Tiberius, about the year 33 of the Christian era, and died at the premature age of twenty-eight, in the reign of the Emperor Nero. Persius completed his education at Rome, where he associated with the most refined men of the age, particularly Lucan, another writer of note, who lived at the same period. In this species of society, being stimulated by an ardent desire for knowledge, he made considerable progress both in philosophy and literature. He possessed a strictness of principle which appears in his writings, and his life is said to have corresponded with the rigid doctrines of the Stoics, to whose philosophy he attached himself. Persius wrote when very young; but out of his multifarious productions, a few were only distinguished, and of these six satires have been transmitted to modern times. His chief merit lay in contemptuous sarcasm; and he is not esteemed either for the elegance or force of his language. Though attacking the follies of mankind generally, he alludes too much to local and temporary circumstances, and this has tended to lessen his fame. The satires of Persius have been translated into English by Dryden, Sheridan, Brewster, Owen, Madan, Drummond, and others, of whom Brewster and Madan are reputed to be the most successful.

Juvenal was a contemporary of Persius and Martial, or nearly so. He was born in the neighbourhood of Rome, in the year 40, of obscure parents, and of his early history little is known. At an early age he took upon him the duty of lashing the follies of those about him, and of exposing the vicious to contempt; and there was room for the exhibition of his talent. Regardless of the consequences, he directed his satiric effusions against the minions of the court of the Emperor Domitian, for which he was sent into a sort of banishment into Egypt, in the office of a centurion, which he executed for some time. Juvenal possessed a true nobleness of mind. He disregarded wealth, if put in competition with the practice of virtue, which he lost no opportunity of holding up to the admiration of mankind. His keen and forcible satires are justly considered a model of dignified composition, and have been much esteemed in subsequent times. Juvenal lived to an old age, and died in the year 128, at which time the graces of the Augustan age of literature had in a great measure departed. He has been called "the last of the Roman poets;" for none of any eminence appeared after him. The satires of Juvenal have been similarly translated into English verse by Stapylton, Dryden, Gifford, Marsh, and Hodgson, and into prose by Sheridan, Stirling, and Madan.

Martial was a contemporary of Persius, being born in the year 29; he however long survived that poet, and died as late as 104. He lived through the reigns of Galba, Otho, Vetellius, Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian; and by the last-mentioned he was raised to the equestrian rank, and promoted to the office of tribune. Martial is known as an epigrammatic writer. His style is full of quibbles and pert satire, but of such a nature as to illustrate the manners of a very licentious age, which did not escape punishment by his pen.

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

In commencing the publication of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, it was our most anxious wish to establish, *for the first time*, an engine of universal instruction, conducted on such principles as would render it a welcome and friendly visitor not only at the firesides of every class of society, high and low, without respect of party or sect, in Great Britain and Ireland, but wherever the English language was spoken, or its literature appreciated. A very short time proved the entire success of our scheme. The Journal has long since found its way, without the aid of patronage, or any other artificial means of dissemination whatsoever, into every part of the United Kingdom, from the most northerly point of Zetland to the British Channel, as well as into all the principal towns in North America, and most other places on the globe where English or Scotch are settled; while, as we predicted, our novel plan of diffusing useful knowledge and innocent means of entertainment, without interfering with the prejudices or prepossessions of mankind, and thereby, as it were, gaining the whole human race for an audience, has been in some measure pursued by others who have followed in our course. With these gratifying results before us, and while regularly disseminating to the extent of *two hundred and fifty-four thousand* printed sheets monthly, we have frequently had cause for deep regret in perceiving that the newspaper press generally spared no pains to misrepresent the nature of our employment, and, by a most wilful perversity of reasoning, accused us of illegally trenching on the ground possessed by the publishers of stamped sheets. We are, however, glad to say, that a more just and more charitable view of our labours is now beginning to be taken by the newspaper press, whose circulation is much more likely to be increased than diminished through the taste for reading which we create. The *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*, one of the cleverest and certainly the most amusing of our provincial prints, in speaking of what has been accomplished by means of improvements in printing machinery, has the following notice of our productions in the paper for September 10:—

"Nor are matters more stationary in the moral world. Society, as we have already remarked, has its tides; and even in the moral statistics and annals of the poor, changes are occurring, calculated to lead to the mightiest results, and which might well guide the speculations of moralists, statesmen, and economists, were they apprised duly of their nature and existence. Of this we will give an example, of which we were ourselves ignorant till the other day. Conversing with a bookseller, chance brought on the carpet, among other topics, the comparative merits of Chambers's Journal, the Penny and Saturday Magazines, Mrs Johnstone's first number, &c. &c. All of these periodicals, and especially the first, have an extensive circulation in the south of Scotland, and we were surprised when our friend said, seriously and solemnly, 'Yes, Chambers has done what others could not do, not even the Tract Societies; opposition might hamper, but could not hinder the triumph he has achieved; already he is enthroned in the minds of the poorer reading public, to say nothing of others, and has proved to them a real benefactor and friend.' 'How?' we exclaimed, more puzzled than ever. 'How! by banishing trash, and substituting useful and entertaining knowledge in its stead. If reading be the food and drink of the mind, there is certainly a great difference between a wholesome and a deleterious article or beverage.' 'Granted.' 'Well; not many years ago, I drew L.30 annually for trashy ballads, and still more trashy pamphlets, such as John Cheap the Chapman, Paddy from Cork, &c. A neighbour very near me dealt still more extensively in the same wares; and if you take into view the whole trade, you may form some idea of the wide-spread circulation of ballads, many of which were not free from indecency. But now "the Dublin robber,"

> 'Who robbed the rich, and did bestow,
> And gave to such as were poor and low.'

'John Cheap,' and 'Gregor's Ghost,' are never once asked for, and I no longer keep such trash in my shop. The country people must read something, particularly in winter, when the nights are long and the days short; and although economy be an object with them, they soon learn to distinguish, where a selection is offered, between sense and nonsense. Your high-priced periodicals they cannot buy; but the moment you combine economy with utility, some little bird whistles the tidings, which spread as fast as moor-burn in spring; and if you only choose to watch, on certain days, the milk-boys returning seated on donkeys or donkey-carts, you will discover that almost every urchin among men is thumbing Chambers in place of a ballad, and reaping the benefit of a partial perusal earlier than either his master or mistress. You yourself mention, in your character of Gilbert Burns, how much he felt delighted when Robert took a seat beside him on a barley sheaf, and read the first draft of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' That poem may be unequalled in merit; but the Journal also contains gems which keep down scandal in the harvest field, and are talked of and felt when the reapers unbend their backs at the bottom of *a breck*, or rest during the morning and mid-day meals. The tracts were cast too much in the same mould, wanted variety, and had other faults, which narrowed their circulation, and defeated the praise-worthy intentions of their authors; and my firm conviction is, that Chambers has done more to wean the people from trash, cultivate their minds, and excite curiosity, than all the Tract Societies that ever existed.'"

The intelligent speaker afterwards adds, that the cheap periodicals "are every where creating something like a soul under the ribs of death, and conferring, even while they are injuring men of original genius, the most important benefit on the community at large." A sentiment here requires in a certain degree to be modified. So far as regards our own publications, men of original genius have no reason to complain of injury. We give employment to a number of literary men, who receive a ready and adequate remuneration for their labours; and, considering the slender chance which most authors have of benefiting by the writing of books, a great deal more money, we venture to say, is thus dispensed in increasing the stock of original literature, than if the old system of publication, to the exclusion of the cheap periodicals, had still existed. By our own publications alone, there are put into circulation upwards of *twenty thousand pounds* annually, out of which sum an immense number of persons are partially or wholly supported—at least benefited to an extent which would be in no respect compensated by an abandonment of our trade to the former patrons of literature.

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PALLIATIONS.

"I could see through the soft appliances and easy palliations of some men."—KING CHARLES THE FIRST.

PERHAPS no deliberate crime or error was ever yet committed by any man, without his having some excuse to make for it to himself, not only at the time, but for a long while after. The virtuous part of the public is very far wrong, if it supposes that the *other portion* acts in a mere spirit of recklessness, or in cool defiance of what it knows to be right. In reality, the wicked and the foolish conceive themselves to have just as good motives, and to be as much in the right *abstractly*, as the just and the wise. He who steals rather than work, convinces himself, in the first place, that no work is to be had; the robber upon a large scale always makes up for his assaults upon the rich, by being amazingly charitable to the poor. If any one commits a rash and cruel action, he persuades himself afterwards that he was in a passion at the time, and tries to nurse up his wrath, and keep it warm, that it may still appear to justify what he did. We are never, in short, deficient in excuses and palliatives for any offences except those committed by our neighbours; in considering these, we generally contrive to be remarkably candid.

In the lesser affairs of life, we have exactly the same apologetic system. "Bring me a glass of brandy," says one visitor of a coffee-room, "*for I am very cold.*" "Bring me the same, with water," cries another, "*for I am very warm.*" Hardly any one has the honest hardihood of Foote, to call for the liquor "*because I like it.*" No, we will not confess even to ourselves the genuine vicious or self-indulgent motive which lurks at the bottom of our hearts: we are always so very polite and fair-spoken within the court of our own conscience. It is only when we see other people going wrong, that our disinterested indignation finds a vent; in such cases, silence would be a crime, forbearance a participation of the offence. We must launch forth, if it were only to show how very far we are from countenancing such doings, how impossible it is that we should ever commit them ourselves.

It is sometimes very amusing to observe how, when a man begins to wax a little wealthy, he also begins to convince himself of the necessity of certain luxuries. The habits and maxims of a straitened home still perhaps cling to him, and, even though certain that he can well afford what he desires, yet such is the effect of his customary state of feeling, that he has to make almost every new indulgence appear to himself in some measure as only an expedient in economy, or at least as absolutely unavoidable. Say that for some time past he has ceased to complain of the exorbitant rents demanded for houses, which used for years to be often in his mouth, and begun to let forth some hints as to the unproductiveness of property, the difficulty of getting good tenants, and the length of plasterers' and painters' bills—that he has even begun to take a curious and unwonted interest in a certain neglected portion of the newspapers, where estates are advertised for sale, and ascertained from his physician that application to business in the evenings is likely to tell soon upon his health—say that he has reached this point:—how delightfully, some fine afternoon, does the vision of a neat curricle, calculated to hold four besides the driver, come into his mind! A curricle, however, is an expensive thing. Moreover, it is a shockingly dashing thing, and does not at all suit with the sobriety of his character. Still more especially, it is a thing which would excite remark among his compeers. What would Gardner say? what would Simpson think? what would they all say at the club?—however, it is absolutely necessary for health; that is perfectly clear. I think I might venture upon a horse, without being thought *very* extravagant. *Extravagant*, did I say? Why, I believe I would gain by keeping a horse. In the first place, if it improved my health, which it is sure to do, what a saving in doctors' bills! Then, I could only ride in the morning before breakfast; to do so, I must go early to bed at night: that would save me going to the Bridgewater Arms, where, one night with another, I spend half as much as the daily keep of a horse. And then the opportunity of getting this cheap mare, which Johnson says he is tired of, and has no fault whatever—only three-and-twenty guineas, which the hostler tells me I could get for her at any time I chose to part with her. A stable, too, offered at such a reasonable rent by Bennet, and so near our warehouse, that it may serve at the same time for putting lumber off our hands. As for a groom, our own porter, or even one of the apprentices, will be quite able to attend her. So, really, no one can say that I am in the least extravagant—more especially when my health would be so much improved by it. And, as my wife says, if I don't take good care of my health, where will all the family soon be? I am, therefore, determined in future to take proper exercise, and preserve my health whatever be the consequences.

The horse, of course, is bought, and much about the same time it is thought *absolutely necessary* by the lady of the house, that the family should be removed to sea-bathing quarters. This "absolutely necessary" of Mrs Balderstone startles the gentleman a little at first—for why should it be absolutely necessary *now*, and not so before, when our circumstances were not so good? or why should it be absolutely necessary to *us*, while thousands of families struggle through existence without any such expedient being ever thought of. The objections of Mr Balderstone, however, seldom prove of much avail against the sage reasons of his lady. "When you have the horse at any rate," says she, "it would be *so* convenient. You could ride to town every morning to attend business, and come home in the afternoon to dinner. And only think how moderate the rent of the lodgings is—only three guineas a month, including the use of that large garden. Why, we'll save it all in kitchen vegetables, or gooseberries for the children. And, besides, Willy is really in such a state, that I cannot think of his being kept in town any longer; the doctor says ——" &c. Mr Balderstone of course gives in, for not only is he sensible that

> "Nocht's to be won at woman's hand,
> Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea,"—

as the old song says—but he has himself a treacherous inclination towards the indulgence, on the conviction that his health (that is, his pleasure) "requires a taste of the country air in summer."

This does very well for one year; but if things have been continuing still further to prosper with the worthy couple, riding on horseback is found to be a solitary and somewhat dull kind of recreation; not to speak of the mud which you are occasionally compelled to bring home with you, and which is utterly destructive to clothes. Besides, you cannot well hold up an umbrella in riding, and the showers of rain, which it is now quite impossible to count upon not falling, have already almost brought back that bad cold you had in 1829. A doubt at the same time is also begun to be entertained by Mrs Balderstone, if there be any economy in renting a house in the country, even with the advantages of free vegetables and gooseberries. Some day after these cogitations, or rather one morning at breakfast, Mr Balderstone, with his eyes bent on the advertising columns of a newspaper, and his hand supplying his mouth with spoonfuls of warm tea, thus suddenly opens his mind. "Why, the very thing I was thinking about. You know, my dear, I have for some time had an idea of buying a gig, being quite done up with that horrid riding: and here, I declare, is what will exactly answer the purpose: listen—'For sale, an excellent second-hand four-wheeled gig, with double seat, and set of harness in good condition: to be disposed of remarkably cheap, being the property of a gentleman about to leave the country: may be seen at Hobday's from eleven to three, Sundays excepted.' Off I set instantly. No, stop, I must'nt appear to be in a hurry. It would look as if I were too anxious. Let me see; ay, I'll step down about half-past one, and in the meantime I'll go round by the counting-house, and put a few pounds in my pocket. Well, this is really being lucky; you know, I mentioned before there would be no additional expense in keeping a gig, or a thing of this sort. The same horse will answer, the same premises, the shed in the back court will do for keeping all safe, just as well as a regular coach-house; the same person, that is, Samuel Hughes, the porter, will keep the whole in trim, I'll warrant him. Besides, I hear the tax is to be taken off gigs of all kinds; and what more need be said on the subject? In fact, it is all one as to expense, and I am sure there can be no comparison between an amusement which one enjoys by himself, and one in which one's wife and children can participate." "Oh, it would be so delightful," strikes in Mrs Balderstone, who has been listening all the time with pleasure depicted in her countenance. "Such an excellent plan! By all means, go down and buy the gig; it will be very cheap, I daresay. How nice it will be to have a drive occasionally along with *you*: the children, too, would be *so* much the better of it." "And as to that neat cottage, my dear," continues she, "which you have been offered so low—you will surely just close with it, and we can all go down in May. I am quite tired of this place, where we are completely overlooked by Mrs Hodgson, the controller-general of the neighbourhood. And I am sure the interest of your money could be nothing to the expense of country lodgings, which you know is always very high;" a fact discovered by Mrs Balderstone since last year, but a very good fact for all that.

Having been already pretty well convinced of the advantage of this bargain, you lose little time in completing it—and then behold you with a country-box, and a curricle, all arising from an idea of saving tenpence of an evening at a club, and the "absolute necessity" that "Willy" should have the benefit of sea-bathing! After such wide and rapid stretches, it is easy to see that you cannot long endure the dust to which you are exposed in an open vehicle in summer, or the cold in winter, but must have a full-grown carriage at once; and that when once you have got a carriage, you must also have a somewhat larger house to match with it. In short, you very speedily find yourself living in a style of first-rate expense, though every step you made in advancing to it appeared to you at the time as either an attempt at greater frugality, or a matter of downright compulsion.

It would be all very well if these soft appliances were only brought to bear in such cases as the above. But the unfortunate truth is, that we use them most frequently for the extenuation of real guilt, or to bolster us up in some unhappy error of judgment. We would recommend a rigid self-examination in all the affairs that lie between ourselves and our consciences, and when any thing like an "easy palliation" can be detected, let it be denounced at once at the bar of our

own judgment, and care taken to exclude it for the future. Good is only progressive: many persons may have been in the habit of presenting kind apologies to themselves for their own errors, without knowing that they were doing any harm. It is to such that we particularly address this little essay; and if it should serve to put even a small part of the number upon their guard, its object will have been accomplished.

ADVENTURE OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

By Himself.

It is now many years since, being informed by the people at the Castleton of Braemar, that no Lowlander, and perhaps no human being, had ever explored the sources of the Dee, I resolved to confer upon myself, if possible, the honour which Bruce obtained in his famous expedition to the head of the Nile, and for that purpose arose one morning before daylight, and having breakfasted, and loaded a guide with victuals, set off on my singular adventure. My guide's name was John Finlayson, a shrewd clever fellow, and one who really knew the mountains well, having been an incorrigible deer-stalker, of which the greater part of his discourse consisted.

We passed up by Mar Lodge, through the forest, and up by the linns of the Dee; but these have been already so truly and so accurately described in Chambers's Journal, that I can add nothing to them. All above that, the description does not coincide with my remembrance. The pines become thin and straggling, and stunted in their growth, and at length utter desolation reigns. We came to a farm-house, the last in the glen, inhabited by a Mr Fletcher. He was very kind to us, and we got our dinner there. He took me out, and showed me a part of his sheep, ewes, and wedders, mixed. They were rather good black-faced sheep, but in low condition that year. He told me, however, that his farm had no bounds: he might farm as far as he liked in some directions—for upwards of twenty miles at least—and that his great concern was to keep his stock in some reasonable bounds. I think he said he had likewise a stock of Cheviot wedders.

I asked him how far we were from the sources of the Dee. He said he did not believe that any living man knew where the outermost sources of the Dee sprung, but that it could not be less than ten miles distance. The day being remarkably fine, we pushed on, but rather uncertain how our adventure was to terminate, Finlayson assuring me from the beginning that I little knew the task I was undertaking. As far as I remember, we walked for an hour; but I had drunk some of Fletcher's whisky-toddy, and may be wrong; I think it was at least four miles farther up the glen, that we came to a shepherd's bothy, the last inhabited place in that wilderness, where we got some milk. The shepherd could not speak English, but he told Finlayson that no man alive knew where the sources of the Dee were, for they had never been seen, and were inaccessible, but that we were at least twenty miles from them. This was staggering news. I made Finlayson ask him, as there was no house nor bothy beyond that, if we could not go from his cot early in the morning, reach the sources of the Dee, and the tops of the Grampian mountains surrounding it, and reach the Castleton of Braemar that night. He answered that it was out of the power of man, and Finlayson coincided in the opinion.

Resolved not to be foiled, we posted on until we came to the place where two mountain streams met, the one named by Finlayson the Guisachan, and the other the Garchary, as near as I can spell them. At this place, the two sister streams conjoining, take the name of the Dee, so that nominally I was at the head of the Dee. But no; that was not what I wanted. I yearned to see its very uttermost springs on the heights of the Grampians, and was resolved to accomplish that at any risk.

Where these two mountain streams meet, and the Dee nominally begins, it is a very considerable river, as large as the Yarrow—pure as crystal, and very rugged and rapid, and I thought it a strange thing to see such a river swarming with fish, and not a human habitation nor a living creature within view, save a few straggling lean deer. As the Garchary keeps the line of the main river, straight N.N.W., I looked on that as the main source, and resolved to investigate that to its springs, the more particularly, as the same far surpassed all that I had ever seen for horrid grandeur. You say the hills are some miles asunder, but in the Garchary, which is at least five miles in length, they are in many places not above a bow-shot asunder. The east side is not far from perpendicular, the western side more than perpendicular, in many places overhanging the torrent. The bottom of the glen is crammed full of rocks, which have tumbled down for ages—ay, for thousands of years before the Mosaic creation—and over these the torrent roars, as white as snow, and a large torrent it is. I wondered to see the streams so large so near the tops of the mountains; but the everlasting clouds of rain and mist which shroud the Grampian depôts, keep the rivers always full.

In one place the Garchary tumbles over a waterfall, which is at least a thousand feet high. It is not a perpendicular fall like those of Foyers and Grey-mare's-tail, but it seemed to me to fall, at an average, about one foot in two. It is indeed a terrible scene. But as I described it in poetry on the spot, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I shall present you with that instead of plain prose, and I hope you will acknowledge that Childe Harold himself never excelled it.

Well, the bottom of the Garchary being impervious, my guide carried me over the eastern branch with some difficulty, and taking a sweep to the right, we began to ascend the steep brows of Benmuichdhui; for the afternoon being uncommonly fine, and we having still some hours of sunshine before us, I resolved to avail myself of the rare opportunity, and gain the height—for at that time I cared not how much I walked, but rejoiced in it, and the more difficult the undertaking, I liked it the better. Long before we reached the top, we lost sight of vegetation, and got among small whitish stones; while the ptarmigans were croaking around us in hundreds, like as many puddocks, and often fluttering out from amongst our feet. How Finlayson did curse them in his broken dialect, between the Gaelic and the Aberdonian! for I had absolutely refused to let him take his gun with him, a huge family piece, like a carabine, that had been taken by his grandfather on the field of Tranent; and, moreover, I had neither game licence nor liberty to shoot, and I could not think of being taken for a poacher in my friend the Earl of Fife's forests, with whom I was to dine at Mar Lodge one of the following days.

Well, to the top of Benmuichdhui we got, not more than an hour, or at most an hour and a half, before sunset. What a glorious evening! and what a glorious scene for my enraptured eye! I saw every principal mountain in Scotland, from Ben More, in Balquhidder, to Ben Wyvis, in Ross-shire—every one of which I knew as well as the hills of Ettrick Forest. But the Grampian muse herself shall describe the scene, for it is far above the capabilities of the Ettrick Shepherd of the present day.

On grey M'Dui's upmost verge I stood,
The loftiest cone of all that desert dun;
The seas afar were streamer'd o'er with blood,
Dark forests waved, and winding waters run;
For nature glow'd beneath the evening sun,
The western shadows darkening every dale,
Where dens of gloom, the sight of man to shun,
Lay shrouded in impervious magic veil,
While o'er them pour'd the rays of light so lovely pale.

But, O, what bard could sing the onward sight,
The piles that frown'd, the gulfs that yawn'd beneath,
Downward a thousand fathoms from the height,
Grim as the caverns in the land of death!
Like mountains shatter'd in the Eternal's wrath,
When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurl'd—
A grizzly wilderness—a land of scathe!
Rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurled—
A rent and formless mass, the ruins of a world.

As if by lost pre-eminence abased,
Hill behind hill erected locks of gray,
And every misty morion was upraised
To speak their farewell to the god of day;
When tempests rave along their polar way,
Not closer rear the billows of the deep,
Shining with silver foam, and marred with spray,
As up the midway heaven they war and sweep,
Then foil'd, and chafed to rage, roll down the broken steep.

First died upon the peaks the golden hue,
And o'er them spread a beauteous purple screen;
Then rose a shade of pale cerulean blue,
Softening the hills and hazy vales between—
Deeper and deeper grew the magic scene,
As darker shades of the night-heaven came on;
No star along the firmament was seen,
But solemn majesty prevail'd alone
Around the brows of eve, upon her Grampian throne.

Whenever I reached the top of Benmuichdhui, I saw decidedly that I stood upon the highest land in Britain. I had suspected as much for ten years previous to that, for I had often seen it from north, south, east, and west; and although it rose in the middle of the very highest range of the Grampians, I observed, from all quarters, that it still peered considerably above the rest—not much, but still so much as to show that it was the sovereign of them all. I affirmed from that day forth that it was the highest hill in Britain, and it is now proved by the trigonometrical survey, that my conjecture was right. I did, however, think that it was more elevated above Ben Nevis, in Lochaber, than it has turned out to be.

This was the sole survey that I got of "the infant rills of Highland Dee." I think I saw them all which form that branch which is the main one, and the one which keeps the line with the river. I saw no crystal lake such as you describe. None. Before Glen Garchary begins to form between the two mountains, there is a long rivulet comes from the west, which I thought rose near to the sources of the Tilt, in Atholl. It is joined by five or six smaller ones, and their united waters pour together into the chasm of the Garchary. The springs of Glen Aven likewise lay below our feet, and we had a good view of about one-half of that horrible wilderness. I saw no lake, and Finlayson did not mention any, and I think it must have been a very small one indeed, if I had not seen it in such an evening. But it may perhaps be the source of the eastern branch, Glen Guisachan, which I did not see, for reasons which I shall make perfectly obvious. The wildness of the scene had such charms for me, that I remained on the top of this sovereign of the Grampians till the close of evening.

At length night coming on, Finlayson led me into a cavern, which he had known when a deer-stalking. It could scarcely be called a cavern, for it was merely a little level spot overhung by a rock. It was bedded with fresh heather, and seemed to have been very lately occupied. We took a hearty and plentiful supper, and there being a spring close by, we drank plenty of grog of the very best. I thought I never tasted any grog or toddy so good in all my life; and it not having been the first of many hundreds of times that I had slept upon the mountains in worse circumstances, I wrapped myself well up in my shepherd's plaid, and slept as sound as I had been in a feather bed, resolved to see the sun rise from the top of Benmuichdhui.

"But pleasures are like poppies spread."

When we awoke early next morning, the tops of the mountains were all shrouded in a dark cloud of mist, and a drizzly rain had begun to fall, so that farther investigation in that elevated region was impracticable. We then stretched our course eastward, and crossed the Guisachan high up, keeping always high on the hills along by the fringes of the mist, for I had determined, if the mist cleared up before mid-day, that I would visit the top of Beinnie-Boord, a great mountain which rises above the Mar Forest; for I had a strange propensity, when young and able, that I could never pass by a very high mountain without being on the top of it; and, what you may think as strange, the sensations of pleasure I have always felt on being thus elevated on a fine day, have been about the highest I ever experienced. I believe it is generally allowed that the depression or elevation of a man's mind is in a great measure conformable to the disposition of his bodily frame. What, then, can contribute so much to the elevation of his sentiments as placing him on the top of a very high mountain; for the body being the throne of the mind, who can deny that a mind so highly elevated as to be placed on the summit of Benmuichdui is not far exalted above all the grovelling creatures beneath. I felt that I was far above a king, and would not have changed stations with one on earth. I was placed above huge masses of eternal snow, above the habitations of the fox and the eagle, and looking down on some of the most shaggy and stupendous ravines of nature.

Well, on we walked, and on and on, through as rough and rugged a country as can well be conceived, till at length we came into the head of a stream called Glenquoich, which we followed, until, near the confluence with the Dee, we came to the house of Mr James Stewart, factor to the Earl of Fife, who received me with great kindness, I having been there with a friend once before. There I remained several days, experiencing the utmost hospitality; but I was greatly mortified to find that he did not know that I was a poet: indeed, I am not very sure if he knew what a poet was; he was nevertheless a kind-hearted gentlemanly Highlander, one of the Atholl Stewarts. He introduced me to his lord, Earl Fife, who had just newly come to the Forest Lodge, along with his brother and a foreigner. We dined with them one day; but even *they* did not know or discover that I was a poet, notwithstanding I was introduced to them by name. I was received and entertained by them merely as Mr Hogg, a friend of Mr Stewart. This was very galling; but I have noted it a hundred times both in Edinburgh and London, that, when introduced to any family merely as Mr Hogg, I remained and went away without any one having the least idea who I was. I have often got apologies made to me afterwards; but never one recognised me as the Ettrick Shepherd, when so introduced, in my life. I have often wondered what sort of being they had supposed me to be. Knowing this to have been uniformly the case, I need not have been surprised at my reception on this more than at other times. I certainly would have liked to have been recognised by the Earl, and his brother General Duff (whom I liked exceedingly), as the Ettrick Shepherd; but I durst not for my life tell them, lest they should never have heard of my name.

On the third day that I was with Stewart, who seemed to have imbibed a real attachment to me, he furnished me with a nice pony, well accoutred, to ride to the top of Beinnie-Boord, giving my guide directions as to the route he was to take, which, if he followed, I would never need to alight. I never did; for though I gave him the pony time about, one of us rode all the way, and we reached the great broad top of Beinnie-Boord before mid-day; but we could see nothing: for though there was no mist, there was a sort of blue haze pervading the mountains, so that we could not see the very hills that were nearest to us. We saw plenty of red deer that day, and some fine stupendous fellows among them. We saw seventeen in one herd on the side of Beinnie-Boord, all walking deliberately in a string. We saw also a few eagles, some scores of ptarmigans, and whole fields on the height trenched in search of the Cairngorm topazes.

I left Mr Stewart's house on the Saturday, and retired again to my inn, Mr Watson's, in the Castleton

of Braemar. Mr Watson had one very fine sister, Katherine, into whose good graces I tried, with all my sassenach eloquence, to get, but could make nothing of her; she thought it excellent sport, but only laughed at it.

On the Monday morning I rose very early, and again took the hills with my guide, to visit the top of Ben Aven, which being in my opinion the highest next to Benmuichdhui, and the easternmost of the range, if we except Loch-na-gar, which can hardly be called on the same range, I expected a grand view to the east and north-east. This was the most fatiguing day's march of all; for we could not get up any glen, but across a district, down one steep precipitous hill and up another, till at last we arrived on the summit of Ben Aven, a little after mid-day. After all my toil I could see nothing; the same dim haze still wrapped the mountains as on the Friday before, so that we could only once see dimly the great mountain of Cairngorm, right over against us on the other side of the glen. It was, however, a curious and interesting scene; the ptarmigans were altogether without number—I think I may say thousands of them; and we found twenty-five men digging on the height for Cairngorm topazes and rock crystals of various kinds. We came to a cottage almost on the very height, thickly covered over with pitch, in which fifteen of them lodged; the rest shifted for themselves elsewhere. In one place we came to a field on the height, where there were upwards of twenty acres all trenched to a great depth; and it is well known that over all Scotland there are great blocks of granite lying, as if dropped down from heaven. Around all these, on the heights, the quarriers had digged to a great depth, until they met below them. They digged on two sides till they met, and then they propped these sides up with stones, and digged below the other two; and under and around these masses the crystals were always found plentiest and richest. The overseer and receiver, who was rather a sensible fellow, and an Englishman, said that he knew perfectly well, from the part of the stone that was above ground, what water the crystals would be of below it. It was his opinion that these Cairngorm crystals were what he called stalactites of granite, and had been distilled out of these rocks for ages, for that there was always a part of the granite adhering to their hinder part. He showed me a great number of various colours. They were regular hexagonal prisms, tapering to a very narrow point. He showed me, likewise, sundry specimens of a curious long irregular fossil, of a hazel colour, which he called asbestos, or some such ridiculous name. He was very proud of having got so many of them, and alleged that no man in the country knew where to find them but himself. He assured me, farther, that they were indissoluble either by fire or water, and that they could be converted into cloth, over which the fire had no power. I always think he must have been lying.

We reached Castleton at a late hour very wearied, and loaded with grand Cairngorm stones which we had gathered in the ravines of the mountains. I found Mr Stewart come down there to meet me and take a parting glass with me, and he and Mr Watson laughed heartily at my hoard of rich crystals, and made me throw them all into the Clunie, save six or seven, which I absolutely refused to part with. Thus terminated my only expedition to the springs of the Dee; but there was one view which I got of Glen Garchary which has left an impression of horrid grandeur on my mind never to be effaced.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST—No. IV.

We shall now proceed to consider each chemical substance in succession, and we shall begin with the *gases*. The word gas, however strange and scientific it may sound, means nothing more nor less than the English word air. As air, however, is the generally understood name for the atmosphere, chemists employ the term gas for all other kinds of airs. Gases, or airs, then, are very important substances with chemists, however trifling they may appear to other people. When a chemist shows you a phial apparently empty, it is not so in reality; it is filled with air, either that of the atmosphere, or of some other colourless and invisible gas. If he takes a phial filled with water, and pours it out, he does not imagine that he has emptied the phial; he has only emptied it of water, while a corresponding bulk of air has pressed in to supply the place of the fluid. If, instead of emptying the phial in the common atmospheric air, he has done so in a jar of any other gas, he can cork up the phial, and lay it aside, and, under certain circumstances, preserve it just as well as he could do any liquid or solid substance. By means of an air-trough and a bent glass tube, the chemist is in the daily practice of transferring or pouring a gas from one vessel to another, with as much precision and nicety as a little water can be poured from one vessel to another. This much it was necessary to say respecting the weight and importance of the gases, lest the uninformed might treat them as light matters. Now we shall proceed to consider *oxygen gas*, perhaps the most important and universal substance in nature. Although it is to be found every where, in the atmosphere, in the water, and on the earth, yet do not send to a laboratory for a pennyworth of it, as we have seen young chemists at their first outset do—it is not kept there; but we shall describe to you how it is made: when we say *made*, however, we only mean procured. Many substances contain it, and it is the business of the chemist to separate and extract it from these. Common nitre, or saltpetre, contains it in abundance, and one of the easiest ways of getting it is from this substance. Take an earthen retort, or a glass one coated with clay, or an old gun-barrel, with the touch-hole carefully closed up, and put in a few ounces of the nitre in powder; then expose the vessel containing it to a strong red heat, and in a short time oxygen gas will flow out at the opening of the retort or end of the gun-barrel. This gas is to be collected by tying the mouth of an empty bladder over the retort, or it may be collected in phials filled with water, and placed upon the shelf of the air-trough already mentioned. This air-trough consists of a water-tight box, of a round or square form, made generally of tin-plate, open above, and having a shelf, pierced with three or four holes, laid across the box, two inches from the brim or margin. The box is to be filled with water till it reaches above the shelf; and when jars or phials are to be charged with gas, they are first filled with water, and placed on the shelf with the open mouth downwards; in this way, by being immersed in the fluid, they remain filled with water till the gas is introduced from the hole below the shelf, which ascending, from its lightness, gradually fills the phial, and displaces the water into the trough. Another mode of producing oxygen, is, to put into a common glass retort* two ounces of black oxide of manganese, and one ounce of strong sulphuric acid: apply heat, and the gas will be set at liberty. Now, having procured it, we shall next examine its nature. It is a light substance, without any sensible colour, taste, or smell; it is elastic, like all airs; that is, it can be pressed into smaller bulk by a weight or pressure on it, but on this being removed it regains its former bulk: this it will do under all circumstances, and hence it and other airs have been called permanently elastic. But what renders oxygen gas famous is, its power of supporting animal life. It forms a fifth part of the air we breathe, and without its pressure we could not exist for half an hour. All animals, in some way or other, breathe it, or take it into their bodies, and hence it has got the name of vital air. By this breathing, it is taken up by the lungs into our blood; and if a man or animal were confined into a small space, so that he had only a limited supply of air, the moment he had exhausted all the oxygen, he would begin to gasp and pant, and in a very short time would die like one suffocated. Oxygen is also necessary for the support of combustion, or the burning of inflammable substances. It is from a constant current of this gas going to our grates that the coals blaze out and afford heat and light; for without free access to air, and a supply of oxygen, no substance will continue to burn. Now, pure oxygen, such as may be collected in a jar or phial, makes substances burn much brighter than they will do in the common air, which, as we have said, contains only a fifth part of this gas. If you take a small taper or candle, and tie it to a wire, and dip it into a jar of oxygen, you will perceive the light immediately to become ten times more brilliant than before. If you blow out the flame, and immediately immerse it, the taper will rekindle with a sudden burst of flame; but as the gas in the jar is gradually consumed, the brilliancy of the flame ceases, and at last the taper is extinguished when no more oxygen remains to feed it. If a bit of phosphorus be put into a jar of this gas, and set fire to with the point of a red-hot wire, the flame is of the most dazzling brightness. Such is the power of oxygen in promoting combustion, that even metals may be burned in it. Thus, instead of the taper, if you introduce a piece of thin iron wire coiled up, with a small bit of lighted charcoal or touchwood on one end, it will burn with a bright light, throwing out a number of brilliant sparks. A little sand should be put into the bottom of the phial, otherwise the intense heat of the iron will crack and melt the glass. In this instance, the oxygen unites with the metal, and forms a brown oxide of iron; and as a proof that the gas is thus consumed, if, when introducing the wire you cork up the jar at the top, so as to prevent any air from rushing in, you will find, that, after the combustion, if you reverse the phial into the water-trough, and take out its cork, the water in the trough will be forced up by external pressure, to supply the place of the oxygen. In all cases of combustion or burning of bodies, then, the oxygen enters into some new combination with these, and disappears as a gas. But it may be asked, if oxygen is thus so necessary for animal life, and for the combustion of inflammable bodies, why is not the atmosphere wholly composed of it? To this we reply, there is such a case as having too much of a good thing. A little dash of vinegar, or mustard, or pepper, heightens the relish of our dinners; but what stomach could endure a full meal of either of these substances alone? If we lived in an atmosphere of pure oxygen, our existence would be a short fever of a few days, or it may be hours. In breathing pure oxygen, the pulse acts quick, the chest is tight and contracted, the countenance florid, flushed, and excited, and, in short, all the springs of life are so pushed on and stimulated, that they would be fatigued and destroyed in the space we mention. It is the same with combustibles: every thing on the earth would blaze out in vivid flame, and exhibit a glorious bonfire for a few days; but then they would be consumed, and nothing would remain but barren sterility. To temper this power of oxygen, therefore, other four parts of a gas, of quite a different nature, is mixed with the atmosphere, which has neither the property of supporting flame nor animal life: this gas is called *nitrogen*, and we shall come to speak of it afterwards.

We have already stated that oxygen is universally diffused throughout all nature: it forms part of the air, the greater part of water; enters into the composition of solid rocks; and, in short, is met with in almost every mineral body, as well as in vegetable and animal substances. In its combination with certain bodies, it produces substances which have a sharp acid taste; hence oxygen first obtained its Greek name, which signifies the generator of acids: we shall find, however, that it is not the only substance which is the cause of acidity.

We now proceed to describe another air, called *hydrogen gas*. As oxygen was remarkable for supporting combustion, so hydrogen is no less so in being a highly inflammable substance itself, although it has not the power of supporting flame, or of sustaining animal life. Hydrogen is not quite so prevalent a substance as oxygen, although the circumstance of its entering into the composition of water renders it easy at all times to be procured, and this is done in various ways by decomposing water; that is, by separating this fluid into the two gases of which it is formed. We have already alluded to a method of decomposing water, by passing this fluid, in a state of vapour or in drops, through a gun-barrel, heated red-hot in the middle by placing it in a furnace of coals: in this way the hot iron of the barrel takes up the oxygen of the water, and sets the hydrogen at liberty, which may be collected at the end of the barrel. But the easiest mode of procuring hydrogen is this: Take a retort, furnished with a glass stopper above, and put into it an ounce of iron filings, such as may be procured at any smith's or artizan's workshop; add to this four ounces of water, and then pour in gradually one ounce of sulphuric acid. An action immediately commences between the substances, and a bubbling of air is perceived: this is hydrogen gas, which, if the glass stopper is put in, will pass over by the mouth of the retort, and may be collected by means of jars and the air-trough already described. If a retort is not at hand, a simpler apparatus still may be used, such as a strong phial with a wide mouth, into which put the ingredients as above, and then fix a glass tube into a cork, and put it into the phial; the gas will escape by the tube, and may be collected by tying a bladder on it; or if the tube is bent like the letter S, it may be used in the air-trough. If a taper be put to the end of the glass tube, after the mixture has been some time in the phial, the hydrogen will inflame, and continue to burn as long as the action within continues: as a mixture of hydrogen and common air explodes with some force, care should be taken that no common air remains in the bottle when the taper is put to the tube; and as a farther security, the whole apparatus of the bottle should be rolled round with a coarse cloth. The hydrogen thus procured has usually a strong smell, which is owing to some sulphurous vapours from the iron; for hydrogen, when pure, has neither colour, taste, nor smell. It is the lightest body in nature, being sixteen times lighter than oxygen, and about fourteen times lighter than the common air. It is from this property that hydrogen has been used for filling balloons. If soap bubbles are blown up from a bladder of hydrogen, instead of being filled with air from the lungs, they will mount perpendicularly upwards; and if instead of these a very thin bag of glazed silk be inflated, we have a common balloon, which, being filled with a substance greatly lighter than the surrounding air, mounts upwards just in the same manner as a cork, when set at liberty at the bottom of a basin of water, bounds, from its lightness, immediately to the top. Balloons of larger size are now generally filled with the common coal gas, which, though not so light as pure hydrogen, is yet sufficiently so as to render a large bag lighter than the air of the atmosphere. To show that hydrogen is incapable of supporting flame, you have only to take a lighted taper and introduce it into a jar of this gas, with the open mouth downwards; if this is done quickly, a slight flame is produced in the gas immediately at the mouth; but whenever the taper is fairly plunged into its middle, the light is extinguished. A mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases explodes with considerable force; and if the combustion is slowly brought about in a jar, drops of water will be found trickling down its sides, which shows that, however incredible it may appear, the common fluid water is a compound of two airs, or of eight parts of hydrogen to one part of oxygen. Exploding the two gases in bottles is rather dangerous, but if you take two parts by bulk of hydrogen, and one part oxygen, and introduce them into a bladder with a tobacco-pipe stalk at the mouth, the moment a taper is applied, the bladder will burst with a loud report. If managed in a different way,

* A retort is a pear-shaped glass vessel, drawn out to a tube at one end, and bent at the other, so as to form a vessel fit for distilling any substance when placed over a sand heat or spirit-lamp: they may be got at any glasshouse or chemist's.

the mixture of these gases may be made to produce the most intense heat and light that has ever yet been witnessed. An apparatus for this purpose has been invented, called the *oxi-hydrogen* blowpipe. It consists of a strong copper box, into which the proper mixtures of the gases are introduced by a forcing syringe: there is then a small tube at the top, with a stop-cock, through which the gases pass to become inflamed; but to prevent all danger of explosion, a contrivance of several folds of wire gauze is introduced between the tube and the box—exactly on the principle of the safety-lamp of Davy—by which the communication of the flame to the gas beyond the tube is effectually prevented. With this powerful flame, almost every known substance may be melted. A piece of iron is instantly liquified, and dispersed in brilliant sparks of fire; and even many of the refractory earths that remain untouched by the heat of ordinary furnaces, give way before it. A ball of chalk placed in this flame becomes so intensely heated as to give out a dazzling and overpowering light, which may be seen at the distance of many miles; and this is the contrivance proposed to be adopted in lighthouses for warning ships at sea. Hydrogen is also employed by means of an ingenious apparatus for affording an instantaneous light, which is now very generally employed in places where a taper is frequently needed. It has been found that one of the metals called platinum, when prepared in a certain way, so as to become of a spongy texture, has the property of becoming red hot on exposure to a stream of hydrogen gas. An apparatus is therefore constructed which affords a constant supply of this gas, and, by simply turning a stop-cock, a light is procured from the glowing platinum. Hydrogen is found entering largely into the composition of many bodies. It exists in all animal and vegetable matter; and when they are in a state of decay or decomposition, it is given out in considerable quantity: thus, in low lying marshes, full of decaying vegetables, hydrogen is always found, and, combined with other airs, most probably gives rise to the peculiar unwholesome *malaria* of many countries. It also forms parts of sugar, spirituous liquors—as brandy, gin, whisky—and indeed of every substance, more or less, that is derived from the vegetable kingdom. In short, it is the peculiar province of chemistry to show that all substances, however different they may seem from each other, and however opposite may be their properties, are all compounds of two or more of the substances which have been called simple, many of which are reckoned so, probably because chemistry is not yet so perfect as to show that even they are not compound. Among these substances, oxygen and hydrogen are ranked, because, however many combinations they enter into, they themselves cannot be separated into any thing more simple. Hydrogen derives its name from two Greek words, which signify the generator or former of water.

DANGERS OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

In an early number of our Journal we took occasion to bring forward an article on the nature and tendency of circumstantial or presumptive evidence, as admitted by the Scottish criminal laws in cases of accusation for murder. We then gave a very remarkable instance where a concatenation of circumstances, apparently trifling and unimportant when viewed separately, yet, taken together, formed a chain of evidence which led to the discovery of the guilty person with almost the certainty of ocular testimony. At the same time we promised to give, in a future paper, a counter instance, where circumstances, all tending to bring home guilt to the person accused, and so construed and acted on by the dispensers of the law, had nevertheless been afterwards found to be deceptive, and to have brought down the penalty of guilt on the innocent head. Various causes have contributed to delay our fulfilling this promise; but chiefly from our wish to procure an example where the incidents were of as interesting a description as possible.

The first case we shall notice is one recorded by the celebrated Sir Edward Coke, in his great work, his Commentary on Littleton, which is said to have occurred in the eighth year of the reign of James the First of England.

In the county of Warwick, there lived two gentlemen, brothers, one of whom was possessed of considerable landed property. He had only one child, a daughter, the charge of whom he by his will devised to his brother, until she should attain the age of sixteen years, when she became entitled to take her property into her own hands. The uncle, after his brother's death, discharged the duty of guardian, to all appearance with great care and fidelity, until his niece reached her eighth or ninth year, having her instructed in all the accomplishments proper to her age and station. About that period, it happened one day that in consequence of some real or supposed juvenile misdemeanour, the uncle thought himself called upon to inflict a little personal chastisement on his niece, on which occasion the child was heard, by some of the servants, to exclaim, "Oh! good uncle, do not kill me!" Next morning the child was amissing, and notwithstanding a strict and immediate search was instituted, no traces of her could afterwards be obtained.

From the incident just mentioned, together with the circumstance of the uncle's being the immediate heir to the estates of his lost niece, suspicion naturally fell on him as the supposed murderer. He was apprehended, and committed to jail; but as there existed no direct proof of his guilt, nor indeed of the murder having been committed at all, the "justices of the assize (to use the words of Coke) admonished him to find out the child, and thereupon bailed him until the next assizes." As the time drew near for the fulfilment of this injunction, the uncle, who suspected what the consequences of his non-compliance would be, bethought him of a stratagem for deceiving the officers of the law. He procured a child from a distant quarter, resembling as nearly as might be, in years and appearance, the one that was amissing; and having attired her suitably, he produced her in court as his lost niece. The imposture was, however, discovered; the attempt was regarded as only a farther corroboration of the relative's guilt, and he was tried, condemned, and executed. Time rolled on without the smallest circumstance transpiring to raise a doubt of the justness of the punishment; but in about seven or eight years afterwards—that is to say, when the time arrived at which the girl supposed to be murdered, was, by the will of her father, entitled to claim her property—she, to the surprise of every one, made her appearance, and her identity being clearly ascertained, she was put in possession of her wealth. It turned out, that, early on the morning after being beaten by her uncle, as above mentioned, she was to have gone to attend a school in the neighbourhood; but, instead of proceeding thither, she fled across the country into a neighbouring county, where, from her intelligence, education, and interesting appearance, she was received into a gentleman's family upon whom she had imposed with some plausible story, the fear of being again discovered and claimed by her uncle no doubt inducing her to conceal her real name and situation. There she had resided until the period of her personal freedom had arrived, little dreaming, of course, of the fatal consequences of her flight and seclusion to her unfortunate relative. "This case," adds Sir Edward Coke, "we have reported for a double caveat; first, to judges, that they, in case of life, judge not too hastily upon bare presumption; and, secondly, to the innocent and the true man, that he never seek to excuse himself by false or undue means, lest thereby he overthrow himself as the uncle did."*

Sir Matthew Hale, in noticing the above case, and observations by his great predecessor, also mentions another melancholy instance which occurred, he says, in Staffordshire, within his own remembrance. An individual was suddenly amissing in his native place; and suspicion having fallen on a certain person as the murderer, he was apprehended and tried. So strong were the presumptions against him, not only of his having taken the man's life, but even of having afterwards consumed the body *in an oven*, that he was convicted and executed. Within a twelvemonth, however, the supposed victim returned, when it appeared that he had indeed been kidnapped, and sent across the sea against his will by the individual who had been executed; "and so," adds Sir Matthew Hale, "although he justly deserved death, yet he was really not guilty of that offence for which he suffered."

The above examples are sufficient to show both the perilous nature of presumptive evidence, and the undue extent to which it was formerly permitted to bear against the accused. It has accordingly since been recognised as an established principle, both in the law of Scotland and England, that *actual certainty of the murder being committed* must first be got at, ere presumption, however strong, be permitted to affect the innocence or safety of any individual. "I would never," observes the eminent lawyer last quoted, "convict any person of murder, or manslaughter, *unless the fact were proved to be done*, or at least the body found dead." Burnet, one of the greatest of our Scotch criminal law authorities, lays it down as "a leading and indispensable rule, in judging of presumptive evidence, in no case to admit of its effect, unless there be proof of the *corpus delicti*. Till it be proved that a crime has been committed, it is in vain to inquire whether this or that circumstance ought to have any effect against the party accused. Till it be proved that a murder has been perpetrated, it is in vain to inquire whether a particular individual has been guilty of it."

Although a man's life, however, may thus, in such cases, be protected by the scrupulous jealousy of the law, it is impossible to guard his character from suspicions, which may so affect his circumstances and peace of mind as to render mere existence a boon little to be envied; and we shall now detail to our readers a peculiarly affecting instance of this nature, where the undoubted proof of innocence only arrived after the unfortunate individual had underlain the horrid imputation of murder for many years, and had in consequence been reduced from comfortable circumstances, and a respectable station in society, to a state of unpitied poverty and distress. The individual we allude to is still alive; and the truth of the narrative will at once be recognised by the inhabitants of the district where the circumstances took place.

It is now about 25 years since, that, on the evening of a market-day at a burgh town in the south of Scotland, a party of four or five individuals were returning together to their domiciles in the country. They were on horseback, and all farmers, with the exception of one, who was a drover or cattle-dealer. The conversation, of course, naturally turned on the market they had been attending, which happened to be an unusually brisk one, and, as most of them had been sellers, their spirits were proportionably high. The cattle-dealer, especially, seemed to be in a remarkably voluble and sanguine humour—spoke freely of his gains by the day's sales—mentioned his intentions of proceeding directly to a large southern fair that was approaching, in order to make purchases to the amount of several hundred pounds; and even, in the heat of his animation and confidence, produced a large pocket-book, boastingly observing that it contained ample funds for the purpose. There was nothing in all this to excite any surprise in his companions, with the exception of one circumstance, that the affairs of the drover, it had been generally surmised for a considerable time past, were by no means in a flourishing condition. These rumours, however, might be false; besides, one lucky hit in the market, they all knew, might at any time change the tide of a man's fortunes.

These cattle-dealers, while travelling in their vocation, seldom, as is well known in agricultural districts, need to pay for their night's quarters in any part of the country where they are at all known—their company being always welcome at the farmer's fireside for the information they bring respecting the state of distant markets, the chance of driving a bargain with them, &c. &c. It was but natural, therefore, that the individual we now speak of should receive an invitation to supper and bed for the night from one of his companions, on arriving at the cross road which turned off the highway towards the house of the latter. This, indeed, was uniformly his home while sojourning in that district, from the great intimacy which subsisted between the farmer and himself. The offer, however, was in the present instance at first declined, and they bade each other good night; but, after riding on a little distance with the remainder of the party, the dealer seemed to regret having done so—spoke of the quantity of money he had about him—the prudence of taking daylight for his journey—his being a good deal wearied—and, finally, turned his horse's head, declaring his determination of overtaking his friend, which he could do in a few minutes, and stopping with him all night.

Next morning the dealer's horse was found by some of the farmer's servants, straying about the barn-yard, saddled and bridled. They at first thought little of it, concluding that the owner had come home with their master, who, from the early hours kept in the country, had arrived after the household had retired to rest on the preceding evening. But when this was found not to be the case, fears began to arise of some accident having happened. Inquiry was immediately made throughout the neighbourhood, but to no purpose; while another circumstance took place during the day which led to suspicions no way favourable to the occupant of the farm-house. A dog belonging to the drover had by some means found its way thither, and getting under the bed where its master usually slept, it kept up a continued howling in that long melancholy cadence in which dogs are popularly supposed to display their instinctive consciousness of recent or approaching death. This it continued to do for several days, resisting all inducements to quit its post; and it was at last necessary to use main force to get it out. Every field in the district was then scoured; ditches and quarries were searched; ponds, pools, and wells were dragged—but all in vain. A wood of some extent in the vicinity was hunted again and again by a pack of hounds belonging to a nobleman, which were then in that quarter, in order to discover the dead body—but still to no purpose. The public interest grew gradually stronger. Intelligence of the mysterious event soon reached the public authorities, and a strict investigation was set on foot. The individuals who accompanied the unfortunate man on the night preceding his disappearance, and who resided in different parts of the country, came forward, and their testimony agreed in every particular—the large quantity of money he said he had about him—the manner in which he meant to dispose of it—the invitation given him by their brother farmer—his declining, and afterwards returning to accept of it—his perfect sobriety—in not one tittle was there the slightest discrepancy in their evidence. The farm-servants declared their uncertainty as to the time of night when their master arrived at home on the evening alluded to, which seemed to imply caution on his part in entering the house—the strange situation in which the dealer's horse was found next morning—the still more strange conduct of the dog—and their master's evident agitation throughout the subsequent search. The latter himself, when interrogated, either could or would say nothing beyond solemnly declaring his utter inability to account for the disappearance of the man, whom he had not seen, he said, from the time he parted with him on the highway in company with the others: he had ridden slowly home, so that any one wishing to overtake him could easily have done so. As to caution on entering his house, he made it

* Coke's Pleas of the Crown, cap. 104.

a rule, he said, never to disturb any of the family, should they have gone to bed, on his return from market or elsewhere, but to dress and supper his horse with his own hands; and the latter statement was confirmed by the testimony of his family.

All this might be true, but was nevertheless far from satisfying the public mind. The farmer was universally looked upon as being in some way or other connected with the disappearance of the absent man; but as no trace of the drover or his property could be discovered about his dwelling or premises, he was allowed to go at liberty. But his freedom, and even his tacit acquittal in the eye of justice, was now of little benefit to him. The brand of the murderer was stamped on his character. By most men he was looked on as decidedly guilty; by many he was regarded with doubt; and, in fact, the presumptions were so strong against him, that even those who disbelieved them, being unable to urge any thing in his exculpation beyond their own secret conviction of his innocence, at last held their peace. Let no man presume to despise public opinion. Its power in this instance was fearfully, though wrongfully, shown. He was shunned every where. On the highway, his former friends avoided him. At market, no one would either buy from or sell to him. The consequences of all this were soon visible. He lost heart; got behind with his rent; his effects were rouped off; in short, he became a "broken" man.

Years rolled on, and this *victim of presumptive evidence*—for such he still was—gradually sunk to a state of poverty and desertion; for even after the infirmities of age overtook him, people scrupled to lend their assistance to the *supposed murderer*. At last, by the interest of some individuals less suspicious or more charitably disposed than others, he was enabled to rent a toll-bar in his native county. In this situation he had continued for several years, when a rumour reached the district that the drover had been seen in America by a young man who had recently emigrated from that part of the country. The report, however, was so vague, that it was generally discredited; and not being afterwards confirmed, the old man still continued to lie under the horrid suspicions against him. But justice was doomed to be done to his character at last. One day, while sitting in his toll-house, an individual entered, and, without speaking a word, seated himself in a chair opposite to him. The man was seemingly in the extremity of poverty, but his hat was so much slouched over his features that they could not be seen distinctly. To the inquiries of the old man, whether or not he was ailing, he continued silent for some time with his eyes bent on the ground, but at last looked up in the other's face, and lifted his hat. It was the drover!—the man who had been amissing for more than a dozen years, and whose mysterious disappearance had been the occasion of all his misfortunes. After gazing on each other for some moments in silence, the one doubtful whether a ghost or a living man stood before him, and the other seemingly agitated with strong feelings of shame and contrition, the latter stretched out his hand, and asked the old man if he could forgive his worst enemy. The latter knew not what answer to make to this address, and few more words, indeed, passed between them, for a sudden conviction of the truth at once flashed on the old man's mind, which was confirmed by the guilt-speaking silence of the other. The following, we believe, is the true account of the drover's story:—About the time of his disappearance, he had become deeply involved in extensive bill transactions, and these, together with several severe losses in trade, placed the alternative before him, of either absconding with what money he still possessed, or of remaining to be stripped of every farthing, and thrown into jail. He determined on the former course, and, to prevent pursuit, devised the horrible contrivance—which, as we have seen, he too successfully executed—of throwing the imputation of his murder on some one. After abandoning his horse near the farm-steading of his victim, he fled to the hills, and traversed the country by the loneliest paths, to a distant sea-port on the Solway, whence he got across to Liverpool, and there took shipping for America, in a vessel which he had previously ascertained was on the eve of sailing. He was fully determined, he said, to return when he had made sufficient to satisfy his creditors; but his energies were blighted—nothing throve with him. He often seemed in a way of becoming rich, but some unexpected misfortune always destroyed his hopes. He was at last utterly ruined, lost his health, and was unable to work; and, finding himself, as he thought, dying, he procured a free passage in a homeward-bound vessel, in order, he said, to ask forgiveness of the man he had wronged so much, without which, he declared, he could not die in peace. On being asked why he did not prevent all that wrong by sending home some notification of his being alive, he alleged his fears of being pursued by some of his creditors. But it was too evident, from his manner, that this tardy reparation was not prompted by real contrition, but rather by the cunning of despair, and that, had he succeeded in his pursuits abroad, there would have been little probability of his ever returning to repair the mischief, both to character and property, he had perpetrated by his absconding. The old man saw this, and only saying that he forgave him, and prayed God to forgive him also, desired him to leave the house, and never vex his eyes with his presence more. The wretch, accordingly, departed. He lived many years afterwards in the same district; and although generally loathed and despised, yet, strange to say, he found much less difficulty in supporting himself comfortably than the poor man he had ruined by treachery.

It is at once with shame, surprise, and regret, that we have to conclude this melancholy story by stating, that the injured old man has been suffered to drag on his existence unnoticed, in that poverty and obscurity to which the crime of one, and the mistaken suspicions of the many, so undeservedly reduced him. Private charity may have done something to smooth his declining years; but we think—and we are confident the world will think with us—that the poor man who thus fell a victim to mistaken public prejudice, was, in common fairness, entitled to a reparation as public as the injury. Let us hope it will yet be done.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

DR THOMAS BROWN.

This distinguished modern philosophical writer, whose biography is intimately connected with the literary reputation of Scotland, was the son of the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of the parish of Kirkmabreck, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and was born at the manse of that parish, January 9, 1778. Deprived of his father when between one and two years old, Thomas Brown was conveyed to Edinburgh, where for some years he lived under the charge of his widowed mother. By her he was taught the elements of learning at a singularly early age, acquiring the whole alphabet, it is said, by one effort, or, to use other words, in one lesson, and every thing else with the same amazing facility. When between four and five years of age, he was able to read the Scriptures, and also, it would appear, partly to understand them. One day, at that period of his life, he was found sitting on the floor of his mother's parlour, with a large family Bible on his knee, which he was dividing into different parts with his hand; being asked jocularly if he intended to preach, and was now choosing a text, he said, "No, I am only wishing to see what the Evangelists differ in; for they do not all give the same account of Christ." From the kindly tutelage of his mother he was removed in the seventh year of his age, and placed by his maternal uncle, Captain Smith, in a school at Camberwell, from which in a short time he was transferred to one at Chiswick, where he continued for some years. In these and two other academies he spent the years between seven and fourteen, and acquired a perfect classical education. In 1792, he returned to the maternal roof at Edinburgh, and commenced a course of attendance at the University.

At this period of his life he was deeply read in the English belles lettres, and had even collected a considerable library, which, however, was lost at sea in its passage from England to Scotland. Having gone to Liverpool to spend the vacation of 1793 with some friends, he became, boy as he was, the intimate friend of Dr Currie, the amiable biographer of Burns, who is believed to have been the first cause of his directing his mind to metaphysical studies, by placing in his hands the first volumes of Professor Dugald Stewart's "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," then just published. The impressions he received from this work were deepened next winter, when he attended its author's prelections in the moral philosophy class at Edinburgh College. Yet, much as he admired Professor Stewart, he did not fail, even at the early age of sixteen, to detect that deficiency of analysis which often lurks under the majestically flowing veil of his language and imagery. According to the Rev. Mr Welsh, whose very pleasing memoir of Dr Brown is here followed, the scholar took an early opportunity of presenting to his master a few remarks which he had thrown together in reference to one of his theories. "Those who remember the dignified demeanour of Mr Stewart in his class, which was calculated to convey the idea of one of those great and gifted men who were seen among the groves of the academy, will duly appreciate the boldness of our young philosopher. With great modesty he read his observations; to which Mr Stewart, with a candour that was to be expected from a philosopher, but which not the less on that account did him infinite honour, listened patiently, and then, with a smile of wonder and admiration, read to him a letter which he had received from the distinguished M. Prevost of Geneva, containing the same argument which Dr Brown had stated." This delightful incident was the commencement of an acquaintance between the master and the pupil, which led to more intimate relations, and only ended with the death of Dr Brown. The varied and profound acquirements of this extraordinary young man soon attracted to him the attention and friendship of many other personages, distinguished by academic rank and literary reputation, especially Professors Robison, Playfair, and Black, and Messrs Horner, Leyden, Reddie, and Erskine. Ere he had completed his twentieth year, he was led, by the spirit of philosophical inquiry, to write "Observations upon Dr Darwin's Zoonomia," in a pamphlet which far surpassed the work which had called it forth. It appeared in 1798, and, while it excited astonishment in those who knew the years of the author, was received in other quarters as the work of a veteran in philosophy. Mr Welsh justly characterises it as one of the most remarkable exemplifications of premature intellect which has ever been exhibited, and states that, though unfortunate in its object, and the exposure of an unworthy production, it is found to contain the germ of all Dr Brown's subsequent discoveries as to mind, and of those principles of philosophising by which he was guided in his future inquiries.

Dr Brown at this time belonged to an association of young men, which, whether from its peculiar object, the celebrity since acquired by several of its members, or *one remarkable result* of its existence, must be acknowledged as possessing no ordinary claims to attention. It was called the Academy of Physics, and its object is described in the minutes of its first meeting to have been, "the investigation of nature, the laws by which her phenomena are regulated, and the history of opinions concerning these laws." The first members were Messrs Brougham, Erskine, Reddie, Brown, Rogerson, Birbeck, Logan, and Leyden; to whom were afterwards joined Lord Webb Seymour, the Rev. Sydney Smith, and Messrs Horner, Jeffrey, and Gillespie. The Academy prosecuted its investigations with great assiduity and success for about three years; like many other clubs, the spirit in which it was originated began to change with the changed years and altered views of its members; it flagged, failed, and was finally broken up. The remarkable result of its existence, above alluded to, was the establishment of the Edinburgh Review: a work which has done more to attract attention to Scotland, from alien and distant minds, than perhaps any other, except the series of what are called the Waverley novels. The first writers in this work were Messrs Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Horner, and Brown. The leading article of the second number, upon Kant's Philosophy, was by the last of these gentlemen. Mr Brown, however, did not long continue to contribute; a misunderstanding with the gentleman who superintended the publication of the third number, regarding some liberties taken with one of his articles, was the cause of his retirement.

It is curious to trace the varied destinies of the bright minds which composed the Academy of Physics. At the time when this memoir is written (July 1831), Brougham is Lord Chancellor of England, not only by form and ceremony the first subject of the realm, but also, by virtue of his transcendant abilities, and the concurrence of circumstances, the dominant intellect of the land: Erskine, with taste and talent, has remained in the condition of a private gentleman: Mr Reddie, whose philosophic spirit and excellent sense might have fitted him for a more brilliant lot, became an advocate, and in that capacity, we believe, acts as the assessor or legal adviser of the city of Glasgow: Brown, after a splendid career, has sunk into a premature grave: Birbeck has attained the highest reputation as an expositor of practical science: Logan, by a fortune astonishing to his fellows, but not dishonourable to himself, has devoted his excellent faculties to the duties of a parish clergyman in Scotland: Leyden, Horner, and Gillespie, men who gained, in their various walks, more or less distinction, are consigned to the land of forgetfulness: Sydney Smith is, like Logan, a clergyman, and has sent forth from his parsonage in England many a brilliant article for the Edinburgh Review: and lastly, Jeffrey has just retired from the editorship of that work, which he had conducted for a quarter of a century, to assume the duties of a political character, the highest that he could bear within his native country.

Brown's first ideas as to a profession led him to choose the bar, and for a twelvemonth he prosecuted the dry studies of the law. An insurmountable repugnance, however, to this pursuit, caused him afterwards to study medicine. He obtained his degree of M. D. in 1803, on which occasion he was honoured with the highest commendations from Dr Gregory, not only for his proficiency in medical learning, but for the amazingly fluent and elegant style of his Latinity, of which no one could judge better than that learned professor, himself acknowledged to be the best Latinist of his time in Scotland. Previous to this period, namely, in 1800, when he was only twenty-two years of age, his friends had, unsuccessfully, endeavoured to obtain for him the chair of rhetoric; but a system by which the clergy of the university-seat were almost invariably preferred to the vacant chairs, blasted his hopes on this occasion.

Upon the promotion of Mr Playfair to the chair of natural philosophy, Mr Leslie competed for the vacant chair of mathematics, with a clergyman whose attainments in that study, though more than respectable, certainly could not be placed on an equality with those of the opposing candidate. The church party, knowing that they could not make out any superior qualifications in their candidate on the score of mathematics, endeavoured to produce the same effect by depreciating Mr Leslie's qualifications on the score of religion. Their proof lay in a note to Mr Leslie's Essay on Heat, containing an expression of approbation respecting Hume's doctrine of causation. The canvass, which lay in the Town Council, was the cause of great excitement in the literary world, and for some time absorbed every other topic of discourse in Edinburgh. Dr Brown was tempted by his feelings on this subject to come forward with an essay, disproving the inferences which were drawn from Mr Leslie's note; an essay which, in a subsequent edition, he expanded into a complete treatise on cause and effect. Through the influence of this powerful appeal, and other similar expressions of public feeling, the patrons of the chair were shamed for once out of their usual prac-

tice, and Mr Leslie received the appointment. Dr Brown had before this period published two volumes of miscellaneous poems, which, though they did not meet with brilliant success, are yet to be admired as the effusions of an ingenious and graceful mind. In 1803, immediately after receiving his diploma, he began to practise as a physician, and he had hitherto met with considerable success. He was now (1806) taken into partnership by Dr Gregory, and for some time his attention was occupied more exclusively by his profession than was at all agreeable to one disposed like him to give up worldly advantages for the sake of a darling study. The prospect of an occupation more germane to his mind, opened up to him in the winter of 1808-9, when the state of Mr Stewart's health induced him to request the services of Mr Brown as his temporary substitute. The lectures which he delivered in this capacity attracted much attention, on account of his marvellous display of profound and original thought, of copious reading, of matchless ingenuity, and of the most admirable elocution; this last accomplishment having been acquired by Dr Brown in the ordinary course of his school studies. "The moral philosophy class at this period presented a very striking aspect. It was not a crowd of youthful students led into transports of admiration by the ignorant enthusiasm of the moment; distinguished members of the bench, of the bar, and of the pulpit, were daily present to witness the powers of this rising philosopher. Some of the most eminent of the professors were to be seen mixing with the students, and Mr Playfair, in particular, was present at every lecture. The originality, and depth, and eloquence of the lectures, had a very marked effect upon the young men attending the university, in leading them to metaphysical speculations."

The effect of these exhibitions was so great, that when Mr Stewart, two years after, expressed a wish to have Dr Brown officially conjoined to him in the chair of moral philosophy, the usual influence in favour of the clergy was overcome with little difficulty. From the commencement of the session of 1810-11, he acted as the substitute of Mr Stewart, who now retired to the country; and what is certainly very wonderful, he wrote the whole of his first course of lectures during the evenings which preceded the days on which they were delivered. After the first and most difficult step had been got over, Dr Brown obtained a little leisure to cultivate that poetical vein which had all along been one of his own favourite exercises of thought; and accordingly, in 1814, he published his largest versified work, entitled "The Paradise of Coquettes." As this poem appeared anonymously, its success, which was considerable, must have given him high gratification. He was, therefore, tempted next year to bring forth another, under the title of "The Wanderer in Norway." The health of Dr Brown had never been good; and it was now the annual custom of this amiable and gifted being to retire during the summer vacation to some sequestered and beautiful nook of his romantic native land, in order to enjoy the country air and exercise. Sometimes he would plant himself in some Swiss-like spot, hanging between Highland and Lowland, such as the village of Logie in Glendevon. At other times he would lose himself in the woody solitudes of Dunkeld. He had all his life a fondness for romantic and rugged scenery, amidst which he would occasionally expose himself to considerable risks. Walking was his favourite exercise, as he was thus able to pause and admire a rock, a wild-flower, a brook, or whatever else of beautiful presented itself. To his gentle and affectionate heart, one object always appealed with irresistible power—namely, a cottage smoking amidst trees: he never could pass a scene of that kind without pausing to ruminate upon the inexplicable sympathy which it seems to find in almost every breast. Though possessing a heart as open as day-light, the weakly health of Dr Brown, and the abstraction of his studies, seem to have checked that exuberant feeling which assumes the form called love: it is the impression of one of his surviving friends that he never experienced that sensation, at least to any extent worthy of the name. His affections were devoted to his mother, his sisters, nature, books, studies, literary fame.

In 1817, his feelings sustained a dreadful shock in the death of the former relative, who had been his first instructress, and to whom he bore an affection bordering upon reverence. Her remains were first placed in a vault in Edinburgh, and at the end of the winter session moved to the family burying-ground in the old church-yard of Kirkmabreck. This romantic and secluded spot Dr Brown had always viewed with great interest. A few years before, in visiting his father's grave, he had been altogether overcome, and when he saw the earth closing in upon all that remained of a mother that was so dear to him, "and the long grassy mantle cover all," his distress was such as to affect every person who saw him. In 1818, Dr Brown published a poetical tale, entitled "Agnes." But his reputation in this walk of literature was not on the increase. His mind by no means wanted poetical feeling and imagery, but he never could prevent the philosopher from intruding upon his warmest visions, and accordingly there is a decided tameness in all its verses. It may be said, that, if he had not been a great philosopher, he would have been a greater poet; and, on the other hand, if he had not attempted poetry, at least his *living* reputation as a philosopher would have been somewhat enhanced. Towards the end of 1819, the ill health of Dr Brown began to assume an alarming aspect, and early in the ensuing year he found himself so weak as to be obliged to appoint a substitute to deliver his lectures. This substitute was Mr John Stewart, another of the devotees of science, and, like himself, destined soon to sink prematurely beneath the weight of intellectual exertion. Of Brown it might truly be said, that an active spirit had worn out the slender and attenuated frame in which it was enshrined. At the recommendation of his physicians, he took a voyage to London, and established himself at Brompton, then a healthy village in the vicinity, but now nearly involved in the spreading masses of the great city. Here he gradually grew weaker and weaker, until the 2d of April, when he gently breathed his last.

"Among the more prominent features of Dr Brown's character (says his reverend biographer), may be enumerated the greatest gentleness, and kindness, and delicacy of mind, united with the noblest independence of spirit; a generous admiration of every thing affectionate or exalted in character; a manly contempt for every thing mean; a detestation for every thing that even bordered on tyranny and oppression; a truly British love of liberty, and the most ardent desire for the diffusion of knowledge, and happiness, and virtue, among mankind. In private life he was possessed of almost every quality which renders society delightful, and was indeed remarkable for nothing more than for the love of home and the happiness he shed around him there. It was ever his strongest wish to make every one who was with him happy; his exquisite delicacy of perception gave him a quick fore-feeling of whatever might be hurtful to any one; and his wit, his varied information, his classical taste, and, above all, his mild and gentlemanly manners, and his truly philosophic evenness of temper, diffused around him the purest and most refined enjoyment. Of almost universal knowledge, acquired by the most extensive reading, and by wide intercourse with the world, there was no topic of conversation to which he seemed a stranger. * * * In the philosophic love of truth, and in the patient investigation of it, Dr Brown may be pronounced as at least equal, and in subtility of intellect and powers of analysis, as superior to any metaphysician that ever existed."*

DIAMOND MINES OF BRAZIL.

Some years ago, Mr Mawe visited Brazil, in South America, and on his return to England published an account of his travels in that country. Among other interesting notices of places, he gives his readers a description of the mines from whence the diamonds are dug; and the mode in which these valuable stones are procured from the rubbish, or cascalhao, in which they are embedded, is curious, and worthy of attention. The diamond mines are situated on a river somewhat about the size of the Thames; and from the stream, aqueducts or canals are formed for bringing the water into the workings, to wash the diamonds. The process of washing takes place in troughs placed in the canals, and the operators are negro slaves, the property of individuals who let them out on hire for this species of labour, at the rate of about eightpence a-day. According to Mr Mawe—

"On the heap of cascalhao, at equal distances, are placed three high chairs for the officers or overseers. After they are seated, the negroes enter the troughs, each provided with a rake of a peculiar form and short handle, with which he rakes into the trough about fifty or eighty pounds weight of cascalhao. The water being then let in upon it, the cascalhao is spread abroad, and continually raked up to the head of the trough, so as to be kept in constant motion. This operation is performed for the space of a quarter of an hour; the water then begins to run clearer; having washed the earthy particles away, the gravel-like matter is raked up to the end of the trough; after the current flows away quite clear, the largest stones are thrown out, and afterwards those of inferior size; then the whole is examined with great care for diamonds. When a negro finds one, he immediately stands upright and claps his hands, then extends them, holding the gem between his fore-finger and thumb; an overseer receives it from him, and deposits it in a bowl, suspended from the centre of the structure, half full of water. In this vessel all the diamonds found in the course of the day are placed, and at the close of the work are taken out and delivered to the principal officer, who, after they have been weighed, registers the particulars in a book kept for that purpose.

When a negro is so fortunate as to find a diamond of the weight of an octavo (17½ carats), much ceremony takes place; he is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom, by paying his owner for it. He also receives a present of new clothes, and is permitted to work on his own account. When a stone of eight or ten carats is found, the negro receives two new shirts, a complete new suit, with a hat and a handsome knife. For smaller stones of trivial amount proportionate premiums are given. During my stay at Tejuco a stone of 16¼ carats was found: it was pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the officers that it might prove heavy enough to entitle the poor negro to his freedom, and when, on being delivered and weighed, it proved only a carat short of the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathise in his disappointment.

Many precautions are taken to prevent the negroes from embezzling diamonds. Although they work in a bent position, and consequently never know whether the overseers are watching them or not, yet it is easy for them to omit gathering any which they see, and to place them in a corner of the trough for the purpose of secreting them at leisure hours, to prevent which, they are frequently changed while the operation is going on. A word of command being given by the overseers, they instantly move into each other's troughs, so that no opportunity of collusion can take place. If a negro be suspected of having swallowed a diamond, he is confined in a strong room until the fact can be ascertained. Formerly, the punishment inflicted on a negro for smuggling diamonds was confiscation of his person to the state: but it being thought too hard for the owner to suffer for the offence of his servant, the penalty has been commuted for personal imprisonment and chastisement. This is a much lighter punishment than that which their owners or any white man would suffer for a similar offence.

There is no particular regulation respecting the dress of the negroes; they work in the clothes most suitable to the nature of their employment, generally in a waistcoat and a pair of drawers, and not naked, as some travellers have stated. Their hours of labour are from a little before sunrise until sunset, half an hour being allowed for breakfast, and two hours at noon. While washing, they change their posture as often as they please, which is very necessary, as the work requires them to place their feet on the edges of the trough, and to stoop considerably. This posture is particularly prejudicial to young growing negroes, as it renders them in-kneed. Four or five times during the day they all rest, when snuff, of which they are very fond, is given to them.

The negroes are formed into working parties, called troops, containing two hundred each, under the direction of an administrator and inferior officers. Each troop has a clergyman and a surgeon to attend it. With respect to the subsistence of the negroes, although the present governor has in some degree improved it by allowing a daily portion of fresh beef, which was not allowed by his predecessors, yet I am sorry to observe that it is still poor and scanty; and in other respects they are more hardly dealt with than those of any other establishment which I visited: notwithstanding this, the owners are all anxious to get their negroes into the service.

The officers are liberally paid, and live in a style of considerable elegance, which a stranger would not be led to expect in so remote a place. Our tables were daily covered with a profusion of excellent viands, served up on fine Wedgewood ware, and the state of their household generally corresponded with this essential part of it. They were ever ready to assist me in my examination of the works, and freely gave me all the necessary information respecting them."

THE SAILOR'S ORPHANS.

We have much pleasure in noticing with commendation a volume, published in the course of last year, entitled "Real Life,"* in which are happily developed, through the medium of a series of simple stories and anecdotes, a variety of traits of character chiefly in humble life or among the peasantry of Scotland. The following, which is the opening piece, will be found to possess some natural and affecting touches:—

My first recollections of life are those of misery—my mother lying on her bed sobbing in wild grief—the house dark and desolate—my little sister and myself cold and hungry, and wailing, we knew not why, and no one caring for us. Perhaps all our distinct recollections of early life resemble pictures. They represent but one instant of time; and let us look back on them when we may, we always see the same people in exactly the same attitudes, the same dresses, the same expressions of face. At this moment, while I write, I see my mother stretched in an agony of grief upon the bed. I hear the convulsive fetches of her breath. I see the confused dreary apartment—the grate full of ashes, and no fire—an unwashed pan upon the hearth, with the lid half off, and covered with dust—a beam of cold pale light glinting down the chimney upon bits of broken plaster and half-burnt sticks, and think I yet feel the cold, damp, sooty air blow on my cheek. This last impression is so strong, that I have never since felt the same dismal blast but I thought it the very smell of desolation and despair.

The next picture that memory has presented is my mother sitting with her motionless wheel before her pale and motionless figure; her eyes gazing on vacancy, and the untwined thread suspended in her fingers. I see the outer door open slowly and softly, and light from a little black cruizie, which hung near the fire, fall full on the benevolent countenance, and the high,

* From Chambers's Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Scotsmen.

* Waugh and Innes Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

white, unwrinkled brow of Simon the travelling merchant. He stood there a moment, looking on my mother, who did not perceive him. I see him still in my mind's eye stepping gently and silently into the house, and hear my mother's wild scream, when she at length observed him. He sat down by her, spoke to her kindly, and took my poor little alarmed and bewildered sister and myself on his knees, caressing us and giving us gingerbread from his great pocket. Few people are aware of the value of kindness of manner to a child, or how deeply a fond look, or word, or kiss, sinks into their little warm hearts in such situations as we then were. I was too young to understand what Simon or my mother were saying; but I remember her face turned upon us, her large dark eyes widely opened, and in a tone of agony uttering the words "wretched orphans." I did not know what that meant, but guessed it to be something very frightful. The slight and scattered glimpses of light thrown by my memory on a time so long past, only enable me to recollect, that from that night we were never again so unhappy. Simon saw my mother again, comforted her, and she began to work busily, and was once more occupied with the care of my sister and myself.

I now know that this dear mother was married, when a mere girl, to a young sailor, and that he perished in a great naval engagement, leaving an orphan widow, under twenty years of age, with two infant orphans to support. Simon had been at a distance when the news of our misfortune arrived, but, on returning to his home, not far from ours, immediately came to pour the blessed balm of at once heavenly and earthly consolation into the wounded heart. He arranged plans with my mother for her future comfort and conduct, procured the arrears of my father's pay and prize-money, and, through his vivid representations of our case to some of the neighbouring gentry, obtained a small pension for the brave young sailor's widow and orphans. I remember him arriving one sunny morning with a pick and spade over his shoulder, and a great bundle of willow slips under his arm, to put the little yard belonging to our lonely hut in order, and to mend its fence. He always took me along with him to all such pieces of work; taught me to be useful and careful; to weed and to water the new planted kail and willows, and the new-sown turnips; to pick up all sticks, and stones, and litter; and to exert my almost infant strength and activity at once agreeably and usefully. He spoke to me continually; gave me encouragement and applause for all my little feats of ingenuity or agility, and, above all, for any traits of consideration or exertion of thought and reason that I chanced to display. My mother did not sit idle while another was working for her. With great natural abilities, sound sense, and a true independent Scottish heart, joined to much docility, she soon roused herself from the apathy of despair into which she was sinking at the time Simon came to see her. She worked incessantly and usefully; and the worthy man, delighted to find his endeavours to serve her crowned with such success, redoubled his kindness and affection. He brought my sister a weaned calf, which he called her tocher. This she and I concluded was the name of the animal, and it never after got any other. This calf proved the source of wealth to the whole family, and set us completely above want.

After his return from every journey, Simon came to see us, and was ever the forerunner of joy and comfort. His very looks, his mere presence, was comfort. But, besides, he always found something in each to praise and approve. He had always something to show, or tell, or teach; and he set every thing to rights that was beyond our skill or strength. He taught me to plait and then prune the willow fence, and to make baskets of the prunings—a most useful lesson, and easily learned. He also taught me another still easier and as useful—it was, never to leave litter of any kind at my heels, but to carry at once every sort of rubbish to its own proper place. Stones he heaped in one unoccupied corner, there to lie till they were needed. Weeds, sticks, stalks, and blades, were all laid in another heap to decay, and afterwards to be used as manure. "Child," he said, "put nothing to waste; every thing on earth has its use. Only teach yourself betimes to keep every thing where it ought to be, and you will know where to find it; and there will be neither confusion, nor waste, nor time lost, breaking your bones tumbling over rubbish, or hunting for what is destroyed through want of order." My mother had brought us up in such perfect obedience, from the earliest hours of our existence, that contention and discontent were utterly unknown in the house. No scolding—no punishments—my sister and I had not an idea or a wish but to do instantly what we were desired. Thus we were easily taught; and I learned to read so early, and so gradually, and with so little trouble, that I scarcely remember when or how it was; but it is associated in my memory with my mother's love and caresses.

It seems to me that I can look back on a very long period of time in which Simon was our active and never-failing friend. But I can give no narrative of those years, even were the life of a herd-boy likely to afford subjects for narration. Simon provided me with books to read, when, with no companion but my dog, I was at my lonely occupation of herding cattle, sent out to graze among ill-fenced fields; and at night I attended with my sister a school, where we learned writing and arithmetic. The praises of my master awakened many ambitious feelings in my mind, and these might have led to much mischief, but Simon soon after took me as his servant to learn farm-work; and in the intervals of his journeys, perhaps perceiving the aspirings of my heart, took occasion to tell me what had been his own destination in early life. His father, who had been all his days a pedlar, had acquired so much money as to afford his son a good and even a learned education, intending him, of course, for the church. Through all the preparatory schools, Simon passed with credit to himself, and, at eighteen years of age, was sent to college. There, though the expense of the various classes was very great in comparison with the country schools, it could and would have been borne without murmur or surprise, because it was expected; but even Simon's father, accustomed to buy, and sell, and calculate, had not calculated on such an expense as had actually and unavoidably accumulated before the close of the season, when all came to be summed up. But that was not all. Simon always saw with his eyes and heard with his ears, and every sense pressed conviction on his heart, that, except in very particular circumstances, the learned professions are not for a poor man's son. Where the bent to any particular profession is very strong, and the capacity for acquiring the preliminary branches indisputable, who shall venture to oppose the powerful dictates of nature? Yet, even in this rare case, what father and mother would not dread for their son the long apprenticeship of privation, and temptation, and penury, and mortification, and toil! But, in all ordinary cases, merely because a poor man has been blessed with a son of such good talents, as, by the help of reading, writing, and arithmetic, as an outset, would fit him for an apprentice or clerk in any of the respectable trades or occupations of life, is not satisfied with *that*, but becomes immediately possessed with the vain desire of making him a minister, he shows in the very wish that he is utterly ignorant of the course to be pursued, every step of which would prove to him a step towards misery and ruin. "It is a possession!" cried Simon, driving his spade deeper in the clod, and letting it stand there for a time; "I say it is nothing but a possession. It is the delusion of the enemy in the semblance of an angel of light to wile poor mortals to misery and ruin! What I have seen, in that one session at college, of human wretchedness! I might add, of vice, but that is best untold; poverty is ill enough without it! How many wretched lads did I there see!

"Among these future doctors and ministers, however, I soon began to distinguish between those who wore the symbols of honest poverty alone, untainted with reckless vulgarity and dirt. Our pursuits and rank being the same, with many of these I became acquainted; and that was the time when I learned what is suffered by lads, even of the highest talents, and unpolluted with a single vice, when thrust, by their own misguided ambition, or the deluding fondness and vanity of their parents, into situations of expense which their humble means are utterly unable to support. There it was I first knew some who had nearly finished their studies and their lives: the body worn to a shadow—the kind, noble heart sunk into despondency by want and woe—and the bright intellect strained to the verge of insanity by over-exertion, surrounded by poverty, and anxiety, and starvation!" Simon's voice trembled with emotion as he spoke. He stood a minute silent, and then resumed his spade, with a cloud on his brow, very unlike the usual sunbright expression which characterised his face. It was long before he spoke again, and when he did, he abruptly began the same subject which it appeared he had mentally pursued. "That was my first and last season at college. I laboured hard—made all the improvement I could; and, when the session was over, bade it, and every thought of being made a gentleman, farewell. I gratefully thanked my good father for what he had already done for me, but, by an account of what I had seen among my fellow-students, effectually cured him of the wish to make his son a minister."

No man was ever better entitled to direct and advise than Simon; for in all things he practised his own lessons, and exacted far more of himself than of others. If ever it might be said of any mere man, I might dare to say of him, that he went about continually doing good. I loved him and revered him from my infancy as a father, and of late had begun to repeat that honoured title more tenderly in my heart, for it was mingled there with another, and that other was the name of Simon's daughter. I loved, I suppose, as other boys love; though, of course, I thought no boy or man had ever loved like me. Simon, probably, was aware of my feelings before I knew them myself, and soon spoke to me with all the frankness of his upright guileless heart. He threw no obstacles to torment or provoke me to fly in the face of reason and duty; but he calmly explained the enormity of people marrying before having the means of providing for a family—a crime which he illustrated by many a woeful example; and, after pointing out, and placing me on the road through which I might, by my own efforts, obtain these means, we went on peacefully, like father and son, as before. He gave me the management, first of a part, and then of all his farm, during his summer journeys, and also encouraged me to take a small portion of it into my own hands, for which I paid him rent like Jacob. I served him seven years, and they seemed to me but as seven days. I was not, like Jacob, cheated at the end of them; for these labours had their effect, and enabled me to acquire a legal title to call Simon father. That I have been happy beyond the common lot, will be easily believed, when I say that Simon's daughter is worthy of her parentage.

Years have rolled on; how rapidly they roll, and with ever-increasing speed! Still they have found me a blest and happy man, in spite of an ordinary portion of the troubles and sorrows of this scene of trial.

DIVISIONS OF THE GLOBE.

The natural division of the surface of the globe is into sea and land, about three-fourths of the whole being occupied by water, although probably nowhere to a depth beyond two or three miles. The remaining fourth consists of land elevated more or less above the level of the sea, interspersed in some parts with smaller collections of water at various heights, and in a few instances somewhat lower than the general surface of the main ocean. Thus, the Caspian Sea is said to be about three hundred feet lower than the ocean, and in the interior part of Africa there is probably a lake equally depressed. We cannot observe any general symmetry in this distribution of the earth's surface, except that the two large continents of Africa and South America have some slight resemblance in their forms, and that each of them is terminated to the eastward by a collection of numerous islands. The large capes projecting to the southward have also a similarity with respect to their form, and the islands near them. To the west, the continents are excavated into large bays, and the islands are to the east. Thus, Cape Horn has the Falkland Islands; the Cape or Good Hope, Madagascar; and Cape Comorin, Ceylon to the east. The great continent, composed of Europe, Asia, and Africa, constitutes about a seventh of the whole surface of the earth; America, about a sixteenth; and New South Wales, about a fifth; or, in hundreth parts of the whole, Europe contains two; Asia, seven; Africa, six; America, six; and Australia, two; the remaining seventy-seven being sea; although some authors assign seventy-two parts only out of one hundred to the sea, and twenty-eight to the land. These proportions may be ascertained with tolerable accuracy, by weighing the paper made for covering a globe, first entire, and then cut out, according to the terminations of the different countries. Or, if still greater accuracy were required, the greater part of the continents might be divided into known portions of the whole surface, and their remaining irregular portions alone weighed. It will be seen, even by a superficial glance at an artificial globe, that the great preponderance of land lies towards the northern hemisphere or half; all the continents lie in this direction, and to the south is a wide expanse of ocean, studded with numerous small and scattered groups of islands. It will be observed, too, that the continents stretch from the north pole towards the equator and south pole, or parallel to the lines of longitude, not across or parallel to the equator. The general inclinations and levels of the continents are discovered by the course of their rivers. Of these the principal are, the river of Amazons, the Senegal, the Nile, the river St Lawrence, the Hoanho, the river La Plata, the Jenisei, the Mississippi, the Volga, the Oby, the Amur, the Oronooko, the Ganges, the Euphrates, the Danube, the Don, the Indus, the Dnieper, and the Dwina; and this is said to be nearly the order of their magnitudes.

We may form a pretty accurate idea of the levels of the ancient continent, by tracing a line across it in such a direction as to pass no river, which will obviously point out a tract of country higher than most of the neighbouring parts. Beginning at Cape Finisterre, we soon arrive at the Pyrenees, keeping to the south of the Garonne and the Loire. After taking a long turn northwards to avoid the Rhine, we come to Switzerland; and we may approach very near to the Mediterranean in the state of Genoa, taking care not to pass the branches of the Po. We make a circuit in Switzerland, and pass between the sources of the Danube and of the branches of the Rhine in Swabia. Crossing Franconia, we leave Bohemia to the north, in order to avoid the Elbe, and coming near to the borders of Austria, follow those of Hungary to the south of the Vistula. The Dneiper then obliges us to go northward through Lithuania, leaving the Don wholly to the right, and the Volga, to pass still farther north between Petersburgh and Moscow. We may then go eastwards to the boundaries of Asia, and thence northwards to Nova Zembla. Hence we descend to the west of the Oby, and then to the east of the branches of the Volga, and the other inland rivers flowing into the Lake Arel and the Caspian Sea. Here we are situated in the widely extended elevation of India, in the neighbourhood of the sources of the Indus; and, lastly, in our way from hence towards Kamschatka, we leave the Jenisei and Lena on the left, and the Ganges, &c., on the right. The direction of the most conspicuous mountains is, however, a little different from this. The principal chain first constitutes the Pyrenees, and divides Spain from France; then passes through Auvergne to join the Alps, and through the south of Germany, Dalmatia,

Albania, and Macedonia. It is found again beyond the Euxine, under the names of Taurus, Caucasus, and Imaus, and goes on to Tartary and Kamschatka. The peninsula of India is divided from north to south by the mountains of Gate, extending from the extremity of Caucasus to Cape Comorin. In Africa, Mount Atlas stretches from Fez to Egypt, and the mountains of the moon run nearly in the same direction. There is also a considerable elevation between the Nile and the Red Sea. In the New World, the neighbourhood of the western coast is in general the most elevated. In North America, the Blue Mountains or Stony Mountains are the most considerable, and the mountains of Mexico join the Andes or Cordeliers, which are continued along the whole of the west coast of South America. There are several points in both hemispheres, from which we may observe rivers separating to run to different seas. The highest mountains in the world are the Himalaya range in Asia, which are upwards of twenty-eight thousand feet; Chimborazo, in America, twenty-one thousand; the Abyssinian mountains in Africa, from ten to fifteen thousand; Mont Blanc, in Switzerland, fifteen thousand; and the Appenines, upwards of nine thousand feet. The plains of Quito, in Peru, are so much elevated, that the barometer stands at the height of fifteen inches only, which at the level of the sea stands at thirty inches: thus the air is there reduced to half its density. But none of these heights is equal to a thousandth part of half the earth's diameter, and the greatest of these might be represented as grains of sand on a six-inch globe.

The internal parts of the body of the earth are little known from actual observation, as the deepest mines or excavations are comparatively as but scratches on the end of an apple. The real density of the earth, then, beyond the mere surface, is but matter of conjecture. From observations on the attraction of the mountain Shehallion, Dr Maskylen supposed the actual mean density of the earth throughout all its mass to be to that of water as 4½ to 1, judging from the probable density of the internal substance of the mountain, which he supposed to be a solid rock. Mr Cavendish has concluded more directly, from experiments on a mass of lead, that the mean density of the earth is to that of water as 5½ to 1. This density assigned by Mr Cavendish is not at all greater than might be conjectured, from observations on the vibrations of pendulums. The great Newton had long ago advanced it as a probable supposition, that the mean density of the earth might be about five or six times as great as that of water, and the perfect agreement of the result of many modern experiments with this conjecture, affords us a new proof, in addition to many others, of the accuracy and penetration of that illustrious philosopher.

THE HOUSES OF THE ROMANS.

In the early ages of Rome the houses were merely thatched cottages. After the city was burnt by the Gauls, they were built in a more spacious and convenient style, and of more substantial materials; but so great was the haste to have them erected, that no attention was paid to the regularity of the streets. Every one set down his habitation according to his own taste or fancy.

The success of the Roman arms in Greece served to introduce an immense improvement in the Roman architecture, and towards the Augustan era, Rome might well boast of the magnificence of her buildings. During the reign of Augustus, the improvements seem to have been conducted on a very extensive scale, and to have justified the emperor in exclaiming, that he had found Rome of brick and had left it of marble. Still, however, the streets continued narrow and crooked, and the houses were for the most part of wood, generally of three stories, and very inconvenient. A dreadful conflagration in the reign of Nero reduced the greatest part of Rome to ashes, but it was soon after rebuilt with increased splendour. The streets were made of greater width, and laid out with more regularity, and the height of the houses was restricted to a certain standard. Every house was ordered to be isolated, and to be built of stone, so as to be less subject to destruction by fire. This also contributed to the health and magnificence of Rome, though there were many at the time who censured the improvements, and pretended that the narrow streets and lofty houses produced an agreeable shade in the heat of summer, and rendered the city both pleasant and salubrious. We have heard the same argument urged at Barcelona, Nice, and Genoa, at the present day; yet in each of these towns the streets are widened, whenever it is practicable to do so.

When a house was occupied by several families, Adam says it was called *insula*, or island. But we are rather inclined to think that an island meant, as it still does in the south of France, the houses enclosed within four streets. *Domus* was the name given to what we call in Scotland a self-contained house.

The principal parts of a house were—

The Vestibule, an open space in front of the gate. The vestibule of the golden palace of Nero was so extensive, that it had three porticos, each a mile in length, and which enclosed a large basin of water, surrounded by so many buildings, that they presented the appearance of a town.

The Door, made in general of different kinds of wood, such as cedar, cypress, elm, and oak, but sometimes of iron or of brass. The doors of the temples were often inlaid with ivory and gold. They were in general elevated above the street by a flight of steps, at least this was the case in the temples, and, in all probability, also in the houses of Rome, though the doors of the houses of Pompeii are found on a level with the footpaths. The door opened inwards, like those used by us; but among the Greeks, and in order to confer honour on meritorious citizens among the Romans, it was made to open outwards. Hence arose the custom, when a person intended going out of a house, of knocking on the door, to warn those who were passing by to get out of the way—a circumstance which serves to explain some passages of the dramatic authors of that period. A slave, usually in chains, acted as porter; he bore in his hand a bludgeon, and had by his side a dog, chained up like himself. On his lodge was painted *cave canem* (beware of the dog). Dogs were often employed to guard the temples. Old women were also sometimes employed as porters. On days of rejoicing, such as on the birth of a child, the doors were ornamented with flowers and branches of trees, and in the evening were illuminated. By a decree of the senate, branches of laurel were suspended at the door, and a garland of oak-leaves was placed on the summit of the palace of Augustus. Tiberius declined this honour.

When the door was shut, it was secured by bolts and locks; sometimes two bolts were used, one above, and the other below. The lock seems to have been moveable, like our padlock. Knockers or bells appear to have been generally used.

The gate served as an entrance to the Hall, three sides of which were supported on pillars. The side opposite to the entrance was fitted up as the library, where the family archives were kept. The hall was the principal bed-chamber, and the spot where domestic manufactures were carried on. In ancient times it served as the kitchen, and the place where the family supped. It was also the room where the noble families kept the statues of their ancestors, and received company. It was ornamented with paintings, statues, and valuable furniture, and was divided by curtains. Visitors were received into these divisions according to their rank. A blazing wood fire was always kept in it, and it was the duty of the porter to provide the necessary fuel. The Romans seem to have had no chimnies, and were sadly annoyed with smoke: hence the month of December was called *smoky*, on account of the fires which were then necessary. They seem to have made use of portable stoves to heat the different parts of the house; and in the time of Seneca, the plan of heating the upper floors from below, by means of pipes built in the walls, was discovered.

The Court-Yard was in general open, but sometimes surmounted with a roof which admitted the light; it was always of smaller size than the hall. The slave who had charge of it acted as the overseer of his companions in servitude.

The Bed-Chambers were of two classes, the one for reposing in during the day, and the other during the night. In general, these had anti-chambers, and presses for containing a few books. A curtain was sometimes suspended before the door, which was drawn aside when any one entered. The slaves who superintended them were also accustomed to announce the arrival of visitors, to whom the emperors often gave audience in their bed-chambers.

At the top of the house was erected a small apartment which faced the sun, and served as a place of retirement, or a *look-out*, such as is yet to be seen in the south of Spain. But the architecture and interior arrangements of the houses varied at different periods, and according to the taste of the different proprietors.

The houses of Rome, previous to the war of Pyrrhus, were covered with boards, but afterwards with tiles; and, according to Vitruvius, and from what remains of ancient monuments, these must have been of a large size, not less than two feet broad. Seneca speaks of a garret covered with one single tile. In the war against Marc Antony, the senators were taxed at the rate of ten asses (about 1s. English) for every tile on their roof: hence it was of course desirable to have them of as large dimensions as possible. The roof seems to have been angular, as are ours at present. The fronts of the temples were ornamented with a pediment, on which were inscriptions and statues. The senate granted liberty to Julius Cæsar to add a pediment to his house, and to ornament it in the same manner. The night before his death, his wife Calpurnia dreamt that these ornaments had fallen down.

In early times the houses were lighted by simple openings in the walls, furnished with wooden shutters, and sometimes with curtains. Nets were at times made use of to keep out noxious insects, and, as is still to be seen in the south of Europe, awnings, to afford shade from the glare of the sun. Under the first emperors, flakes of talc began to be employed in windows, in the same manner as glass with us. Its use was, however, confined to the principal apartments of great houses, gardens, porticos, litters, &c. Glass was used for various purposes, but not in windows until the fourth century, when St Jerome speaks of it as being then in use. The bronze frames discovered at Pompeii may have been filled with talc, and the fragments of large panes of glass found there, may have been covered over during one of the later eruptions of Vesuvius, by which Pompeii was destroyed.

At the same period, the Romans paved their floors with small pieces of stone or marble of different colours, neatly joined together; they also covered the walls with marble slabs. The ceilings were often gilded, painted, or inlaid with ivory. Nero is said to have constructed one in his dining-room, which shifted, and presented a new figure every time a change of service was introduced.

We shall conclude the subject with a few remarks on the value and annual rent of some of the Roman houses. Cicero bought the house of Crassus, for which he paid L.28,255. Messala paid for that of Marc Antony, L.352,786. Domitius valued his at L.48,437. That of Claudius cost L.119,480. The country house of M. Scaurus, which was burnt by his slaves, was valued, along with some other articles, at L.807,296. The golden palace of Nero must have cost an immense sum, since Otho spent L.403,645 in finishing only a part of it. The rise in the value of property was excessive in the course of a few years. The house of Marius, which Cornelia had purchased for L.2420, was resold soon after to Lucullus for L.16,150. The house of Lepidus, which, during his consulate, was considered one of the most elegant in Rome, only stood in the hundredth rank thirty-five years afterwards. It is conjectured, from what Suetonius says, that people of moderate fortune in the time of Cæsar rented houses at L.16, 3s. per annum. The rent which Coelius paid was L.242.—*From a periodical work.*

ODDS AND ENDS OF SUBJECTS.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

Throughout the province of New Granada, in South America, it is the custom, on certain festival days, to erect in front of the principal church a sort of artificial grave, in which are placed birds of the most beautiful plumage, animals remarkable for their shape or size, and wild beasts, both dead and living. In order to render this sacred exhibition as rich as possible, all the hunters of the neighbourhood are for some time previous employed in scouring the country in search of rare animals, in which laudable undertaking each parish endeavours to outdo the others. By this means the show is often magnificently supplied, and furnishes naturalists with the means of advancing the interests of science.

SATIRICAL REPROOF.

Malherbe, who prided himself on his blunt honesty, was one day shown by a courtier some poetry, which stated that France moved out of her place to receive her king. "Now this must have happened in my lifetime," said Malherbe; "but, upon my word, sir, I do not recollect it."

MAUNDAY THURSDAY CUSTOMS.

The custom with the kings of England of giving presents, or charity, on Maunday Thursday, to a number of persons corresponding with the number of years the king has lived, seems to have had its origin in the East. The princes of Hindostan have done the same thing on their birth-day as far back as history extends. The pensioners of the latter, however, were not merely interested in the age of the king, but in the bulk (supposed, we presume, to indicate the prosperity of his affairs) attained by the royal persons. The king was weighed against a quantity of gold, quicksilver, perfumes, and other valuable substances, which, after the balance was nicely adjusted, were given away. The presents depending on age, consisted of sheep, goats, fowls, &c.

THE BROWN BEAR.

On the 26th May 1826, a son of Mr Adam Millar, about seventeen years of age, of Troy township, near Cleveland, Ohio, America, had occasion to pass through a piece of wood, which extended about four miles. Having proceeded about a mile, he discovered at a short distance a bear and three cubs. Being entirely destitute of weapons of defence, he tried to frighten them off, by hallooing; but the old bear immediately made towards him, and he sprang to a sapling, about ten inches in diameter, and free of limbs to the height of forty feet. This he ascended, and the bear followed. At the height of ten or twelve feet she was so near as to receive a kick, and she slipped to the bottom. She immediately reascended, while he exerted himself to climb beyond her reach; but she again overtook him, and, as he kicked at her, she tore his right foot badly, took off his shoe, and then fell to the ground. She then followed him up the third time, and fell without doing him any injury. He had now ascended the sapling about twenty feet; but the old bear was soon at his heels the fourth time, caught his left foot, and both fell together. On reaching the ground, the bear started from him about a rod, when he recovered and ran; she followed thirty or forty rods, and gave up the chase, and the young man reached home in safety.

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THE LAND OF BURNS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

In the 54th number of the Journal appeared an article under this title, in which we commenced a topographical sketch of that part of the county of Ayr which derives interest from the life and poetry of Robert Burns; mized up with anecdotes of persons and things noticed in his writings. In that article, it may be recollected, we were only able to advert to the district near Alloway Kirk, where the poet was born, and spent the first few years of his life. We now propose to glance at the vale of the Ayr, where he lived from his seventeenth to his twenty-seventh year (1777–1786), and wrote all those poems which first obtained him distinction in the world.

The valley of the Ayr may be described as a large tract of open swelling country, extending from the county town, to which the river gives its name, and where it falls into the sea, to the uplands which divide Ayrshire from Clydesdale. The country has that striking peculiarity observable in the neighbourhood of the Esk at Roslin, and other rivers in Scotland: it is high and level, and preserves one uniform character every where, except on the immediate brink of the river, where in many places are found precipitous and rocky banks, as if the water had worn a chasm for itself, or been directed into one previously formed by some tremendous convulsion of nature. The deep sections of red sandstone thus exposed to the air, shagged with bushes growing from the fissures—the grand downward sweep of old woods which clothes the less rocky banks—the deep black pools of the hermit river, as he steals on pensively and obscurely to the sea—altogether form a tract of scenery which is hardly surpassed by any thing of the same kind in Scotland. Coilsfield, Barskimming, Auchinleck, Ballochmyle, and Catrine, are the names of gentlemen's parks which include the best parts of this fine range.

The principal road through this tract of country is that leading from Ayr to Mauchline, upon the north side of the river, and generally at some distance from its margin. It was by this route that the present writer made his pilgrimage through the valley of the Ayr, and he will accordingly describe the objects he saw in the order in which they are presented to a person travelling in that direction.

Nothing of particular interest occurs for the first seven miles, when at length the pilgrim reaches the village of Tarbolton, so intimately connected with Burns's history. In the neighbourhood of this village is situated the farm of Lochlee, where the poet lived, as a humble denizen of his father's household, from the seventeenth to the twenty-fourth year of his age. This, of course, was the clachan to which at that period he resorted for the pleasures of society. He formed here, in 1780, a club of young men, who met monthly for mutual improvement and entertainment, and of which he and his brother poet David Sillar were the leading members: the utmost extent of expenditure on any night was threepence. Here, also, was a lodge of freemasons, which he delighted to attend, and to whom he wrote a farewell, incorporated in his poems. The lodge still exists, and possesses among its records many letters from Burns, some written long after he was locally dissevered from the association, but still breathing an intense interest in its concerns. It was after attending a meeting of this lodge that he wrote his poem entitled "Death and Doctor Hornbook," the object of which was to burlesque the schoolmaster, who had offended him that night in the course of an argument. This individual had become attached to medicine, and having a small grocery shop, in which among other things he sold the more ordinary kinds of medicine, conceived himself qualified to accompany these with what he called "advice." The satire was nothing more at the time than an expression of the author's gall against a man who had ruffled him a little; and if it had never been published, the revenge could not have been said to have greatly exceeded the offence. On its being given, however, to the world, it produced effects, which, considering the innocent, and perhaps even laudable nature of the schoolmaster's new vocation, must be deplored by every right-thinking person. It overwhelmed him with so much ridicule, that he found it necessary to leave the village, and seek in a more extended scene that obscurity which he could no longer enjoy in Tarbolton. He removed to Glasgow, and became a teacher in the Gorbals, where, it is pleasant to record, he prospered so well during a long course of years, as ultimately to realise a respectable competency. We have been informed by individuals who enjoy his acquaintance, that he is a truly virtuous and amiable man, totally the reverse of what might be presumed from the ungenerous sarcasms of the poet.

Tarbolton lies upon the banks of a small stream denominated Faile Water, and at no great distance may be traced the remains of that monastery to which the poet of the Reformation alludes in his well-known verse—

> The friars of Faile ne'er wanted ale,
> As long as their neebors' lasted;
> The monks of Melrose made gude kale
> On Fridays when they fasted.

In pursuing its way to the Ayr, the Faile passes through the park of Coilsfield—a name which will awaken many recollections in association with Burns. Coilsfield was, in the days of Burns, the seat of Colonel Hugh Montgomery, a cadet of the house of Eglintoune, and who, in 1797, succeeded to that peerage, which his grandson now enjoys. The poet alludes to him, when he says—

> —— Could I like Montgomery fight,
> Or gab like Boswell,
> There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
> And tie some hose wel!.

The house, which has since been renewed, stood upon a lofty bank, overhanging the Faile, surrounded in every direction by the most beautiful woods. It is a scene which, in any circumstances, would arrest the eye of the passing traveller; but it is needless to say that every other charm sinks beneath that which has been conferred upon it by the history and the genius of Burns.

It was one of the most remarkable gifts of this person, that he could invest any object he took a fancy for, however prosaic in the eyes of other people, with the most exalted interest. At the time of his residence near Mauchline, a girl named Mary Campbell, originally from Campbelton in Argyleshire, served at Coilsfield in the humble capacity of *byreswoman*, or dairymaid. She has been described to us by a surviving fellow-servant as a good-looking, middle-sized young woman, somewhat stout, neat-footed, of a fair complexion, blue eyed, and very slightly marked with small-pox. In the eyes of her compeers, she was simply what is called in Scotland a trig lass: in the eyes of Burns, she was an angel. Either before or after being at Coilsfield, she served a year in the house of Mr Gavin Hamilton, the poet's friend at Mauchline; and it is the tradition of that gentleman's family, that Burn's passion for her was the cause of her being discharged. According to the poet himself, after a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, they met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of the Ayr, where they spent a day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for her intended marriage to Burns. Probably the two lovers did not confine themselves to the banks of the Ayr, but wandered through the woods of Coilsfield, and along the banks of the Faile; for a spreading thorn is pointed out near the house as somehow connected with their story, either as a scene of meeting or of parting; and the poet himself, in his poetical account of the transaction, addresses the scene at large—

> Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
> The castle o' Montgomerie;
> Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
> Your waters never drumlie.
> There summer first unfaulds her robes,
> And there they langest tarry,
> For there I took my last farewell
> Of my sweet Highland Mary.
>
> How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
> How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
> As, underneath the fragrant shade,
> I clasp'd her to my bosom!
> The angel hours, on golden wings,
> Flew o'er me and my dearie;
> For dear to me, as light and life,
> Was my sweet Highland Mary.
>
> Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,
> Our parting was fu' tender,
> And, pledging aft to meet again,
> We tore ourselves asunder;
> But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
> That nipt my flower sae early!
> Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
> That wraps my Highland Mary.
>
> O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
> I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
> And closed for aye the sparkling glance
> That dwelt on me sae kindly!
> And mouldering now in silent dust,
> The heart that lo'ed me dearly!
> But still within my bosom's core
> Shall live my Highland Mary.

According to another authority, the adieu of these lovers was performed with certain ceremonials, calculated to deepen the impression of even love itself. They stood on each side of a small brook—they laved their hands in the limpid stream—and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. This Bible is or was lately in possession of a surviving sister of Mary, at Ardrossan. Upon the boards of the first volume is inscribed, in Burns's hand-writing—"And ye shall not swear by my name falsely, I am the Lord." *Levit.* chap. xix. v. 12. On the second volume—"Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths." *St Matth.* chap. v. 33. And on a blank leaf of either —"Robert Burns, Mossgiel," with his mason-mark.

The parting was an eternal one. On returning to Greenock on her way to Ayrshire, Mary Campbell died of an inflammatory distemper, and was buried in the churchyard there, where a monument, commemorating her story, was about ten years ago erected to her memory: her mother was then resident in Greenock.

What turn might have been given to the fate of Burns, if he had been united to this amiable though humble person, and thus redeemed in all probability from many subsequent follies, it were vain to speculate. It is to be supposed, however, that he often had occasion afterwards, when "musing on wasted time," and perhaps writhing under a consciousness that the tenor of his life was neither innocent nor profitable, to say with Serjeant Bothwell, in his most touching record of early and unfortunate passion,

> Both heaven and earth might now approve me,
> If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

Other attachments, including many less pure as well as less impassioned, afterwards possessed his breast; but the recollection of "Mary" seems to have ever

remained with him, and even to have recurred more particularly when the consequences of those less worthy attachments were pressing upon him. At the time when one of these was about to drive him into a degraded exile, he composed the following verses, which powerfully express the bitterness of his feelings on the occasion:—

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
What woes wring my heart while intensely surveying
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave!

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
Where the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,
The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander,
And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,
For the dewdrops of morning fall cold on her grave.

No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast;
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
Where, unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.*

To pursue this affecting tale in the words of Mr Lockhart:—"That noblest of all his ballads, *To Mary in Heaven*, was, it is on all hands admitted, composed by Burns in September 1789 [at Ellisland], on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love. But Mr Cromek has thought fit to dress up the story with circumstances which did not occur. Mrs Burns, the only person who could appeal to personal recollection on this occasion, and whose recollections of all the circumstances connected with the history of her husband's poems are represented as being remarkably distinct and vivid, gives what may at first appear a more prosaic edition of the history. According to her, Burns spent that day, though labouring under a cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance, but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet, 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately, on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote, exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses—

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green:
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers spring wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

To wander through these woods of Coilsfield, and reflect that, as the residence of rank and affluence, they are as nothing, but derive immortal glory from the attachment of a ploughman to a menial servant, both of whom lived forty years ago, fills the mind with reflections which we would vainly attempt to describe.†

* First published in the Edinburgh Literary Journal, of November 21, 1829; being taken from a manuscript in the possession of Mr Lewis Smith, bookseller, Aberdeen.

† In a cottage amidst the Coilsfield woods lives Hugh Andrew, aged 73, who in Burns's days served Colonel Montgomery in the capacity of whipper-in. We conversed with this man, and obtained from him the above description of Highland Mary, which he was the more likely to give correct, as he "had ance a kind o' notion o' the lass himsel'." He remembers seeing Burns come one day, in his bluish-grey home-made clothes and blue rig-and-fur stockings, to be introduced to the lady of Colonel Montgomery. He was quite well known to Burns, having occasionally to act as a steward in the Tarbolton Lodge when the poet was president. Honest Hugh tells, that Burns had him in his eye in the verses of the Twa Dogs—

"Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Puir worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan'."

The honour is not likely to be disputed.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

THE following paper on natural philosophy is abridged from an excellent article in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for August. In the present extraordinary dearth of really good literary articles in our magazines, it is pleasing to discover one which is alike distinguished for the simplicity of its language and the utility of its object:—

"The history of philosophy is one of the most interesting studies of the man of letters. The view of the progress of knowledge, from its earliest recorded developement, to its present extended diffusion, offers to the reflecting mind a field of contemplation worthy of traversing. If we compare the feeble efforts of the most ancient philosophers to penetrate the veil of ignorance which then surrounded mankind, with the mighty power of the promoters of knowledge of the present day, we must be struck with the extraordinary progress of the human mind through the different stages of barbarism, semi-civilization, and recent advancement. Let us consider the kind of knowledge acquired by these philosophers on their travels.

Thales, of Miletus, visited Egypt, where he studied geometry, astronomy, and cosmogony. He was the founder of the Ionian sect of philosophers, upon his return to his native place. He appears to have taught the cause of the inequality of days and nights, and the theory of eclipses. He maintained that water is the principle of which all the bodies in the universe are composed—that the world was the work of God, and that God sees the most secret thoughts in the heart of man. It is related that he measured the height of the pyramids of Memphis by the extent of their shadows; and he is considered the first who employed the circumference of a circle in the measurement of angles.

Pythagoras studied geometry among the Egyptians. This science he improved by his subsequent discovery of several important propositions. He is the earliest recorded teacher of the true system of astronomy, and he made many important discoveries in the other physical sciences. He observed many curious phenomena on the surface of the earth, which must have led him to reason on the changes which this surface must have undergone in the lapse of ages. In the 15th book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, a number of these observations are mentioned, which are extremely curious, and testify, in a very remarkable manner, the superior mind of the philosopher.

Plato also travelled into the east, where he became versed in the learning of the Persians and the Egyptians. He wrote several works, which treated chiefly of metaphysical subjects. He mingled together his doctrines of theogony and cosmogony, so that it is a difficult matter to separate his peculiar notions of the latter. The passage in his writings most interesting to the modern geologist, is that which treats of the Atlantic, recorded by Plato as a large continent beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and which had sunk under water, thereby giving place to the present Atlantic Ocean. He made many improvements in geometry; to him is ascribed the discovery of the mathematical bodies, called the regular solids. He conceived the world to be a figure shaped like one of these solids, called the dodecahedron.

Of the opinions of Aristotle respecting the formation of the world, we have not any very clear account. He wrote upon a variety of subjects, among which natural history occupied a prominent place. 'He regarded the matter of the heavens as ingenerate and eternal—that mankind, and all species of animals, have subsisted from everlasting by a perpetual course of generation, without any original beginning or production; and that the earth has for ever been adorned with trees, plants, flowers, minerals, and other productions, as we now see it to be.' (Univ. Hist. p. 78.) It is possible that he may have taken the idea of the eternity of the world from Ocellus Lucanus, a disciple of Pythagoras, who is the most ancient asserter of this idea, so different from the opinion of his master.

We thus find that the most eminent ancient philosophers indulged more or less in reveries respecting cosmogony. In studying other branches of learning, they must have been frequently led into considerations of the probable origin of the world which they inhabited, and they endeavoured to frame hypothesis, some of which were very ingenious, but more generally extremely absurd. Occasionally a master-mind, like that of Pythagoras, made an approximation to the truth, which has astonished the learned of later times. Sometimes facts were related in corroboration of these hypotheses—sometimes they were distorted to explain the dreams of philosophic fancy. But among the ancients, the observation of natural facts was not made in a way to benefit science. We find many of the arts and sciences brought by the ancients to a considerable degree of perfection. In architecture, poetry, eloquence, and perhaps in some other branches, they equalled the moderns. The progress made by them in geometry was admirable indeed, and they based that science upon a foundation fitted to bear the splendid superstructure raised by modern ingenuity. But in those branches that required a combination of the perceptive and reasoning powers, their progress was very limited. Chemistry and experimental philosophy are of modern origin; at least what was effected in them by the ancients, or rather what is recorded as having been effected, is very trifling. In botany, zoology, and mineralogy, a number of detached observations have been recorded in the writings of Aristotle, Theophrastus, and Pliny; but no classification was ever attempted, nor any extended train of reasoning from these facts adopted by the ancient philosophers.

If we turn our attention to the state of knowledge among the Arabians, we shall find that the mathematical sciences were for the most part cultivated by them. They devoted, it is true, some attention to astronomy and to alchemy, but the former being studied for the purpose of contributing to their desire to penetrate the mysteries of fate, was merely a compound of truth and falsehood, that has been denominated astrology, and the latter, ministering to the passions of most men for acquiring wealth, offering a strong temptation to its votaries, but was of no service in furthering the march of mind, although it discovered facts that were afterwards of service to the modern chemist. We may regard the Arabians more as the preservers of ancient science. Many of the inventions ascribed to them have been traced to the Indians, and were received either directly from that nation, or through the medium of the Greek philosophers, whose works were translated into the Arabic language.

The conclusion to which we may arrive from a contemplation of the state of learning in the early and middle ages, is, that geometry was the only science successfully cultivated, and handed down free of any error or absurdity; all the other branches of learning were more or less imbued with mistaken views, arising generally from imperfect data. There seemed to be little respect paid to knowledge acquired from the observations of facts of daily occurrence. Abstruse studies were most esteemed. Mathematics requiring a train of deep thought, and at the same time of correct reasoning, without needing the aid of experiment requisite in physical science, enabled the cultivators to improve without any danger of perversion.

In the study of natural philosophy a knowledge of mathematics is indispensable on the part of the student, if he venture beyond the vestibule. The votary of pure mathematics will be insensibly led to the application of his favourite science for the explanation of some of the phenomena in nature; and if he be successful in solving any of their mysteries, he will be encouraged to pursue still further the research after physical truth. The ancients were thus led to apply their mathematical knowledge. The name of Archimedes is handed down as one of the brightest in ancient times. His discoveries form an important era in the history of science; and they arose from his extensive application of geometry to physics. Before his time there were no correct notions of the theory of mathematics, and he is the first who pointed out the specific gravity of bodies. He is the only one of the ancients that can bear comparison with the moderns as a natural philosopher.

When learning began, after the dark ages, to revive in Europe, the mathematical lore of the ancients was sought after with great avidity. What had been effected by them in the physical sciences received also its due appreciation. Both the truth and the absurdity of their astronomy, mechanics, and other branches, were swallowed without at first being questioned. But as the attention of the early moderns became more directed to scientific investigation, many of the errors of the ancients became manifest. Some of these were speedily corrected, while others, admitting of more discussion, remained for a longer period under the judgment of the new cultivators of knowledge. Every successive age, however, dispelled more or less of these errors. The study of the pure mathematics advanced with rapid strides. Their field was augmented with numberless new discoveries. Their application to physics became every day more general; and the impulse which science had now received carried forward its votaries with a velocity never before known in its progress.

Natural philosophy had now become a science of great importance from the additions made by its early modern cultivators to what was received by them from the ancients. Among the ancients, Archimedes was the first who applied geometry to physics, and thus gave it a double power. Among the first revivers of learning in Europe was Des Cartes, who applied algebra to geometry, and thus put an engine of incalculable power into the hands of the cultivator of natural philosophy. The attention of the learned was now directed to experiment, a method, if investigated, but little appreciated or understood by the ancients. Galileo, by his invention of the telescope, opened as it were the gates of the heavens, into which rushed a host of ardent inquirers after truth. A number of other illustrious men at the same time directed their attention to experiment in the other branches of physical science. The discovery of printing some time before enabled the new acquisitions to knowledge to be widely diffused, and enable one nation to communicate its learning to another with a rapidity never before conceived. The discovery of America not only was a successful experiment on a large scale, but it added another proof to the true system of the world, and directed in a further degree the attention of men to the examination of natural phenomena. The Reformation promoted the freedom of discussion, and enabled the laity to take part in studies, almost previously attended to by the clergy alone. But what contributed in the greatest degree to the improvement

of physical science, was the new path pointed out to its votaries by the illustrious Lord Bacon. His master-mind discovered the causes of error in the philosophy of the ancients, and demonstrated that as long as their mode of reasoning was pursued, it was impossible for the moderns to frame a true system of science. He asked (Playfair's Diss. Engel. Brit.), 'Wherein can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from any thing in nature itself; for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius of the ages in which they lived; and it can therefore arise from nothing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts and not opinions to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world.'

The opinions of Bacon became gradually appreciated. The calm observation of facts became in every succeeding age more attended to, and natural philosophy based upon actual experiment, and not upon the wild conceptions of the imagination.

The science of chemistry may be said to be one of the offspring of the Baconian philosophy. It is a branch of physics—the first principles of which depend wholly upon experiment. Its progress testifies, in a remarkable degree, the importance of the inductive method of reasoning. It required a calm and patient examination of the changes produced on bodies by experiment, in order that a sufficient mass of facts might be accumulated to raise it to the rank of a science. It required its cultivators to divest themselves of all prejudices—to view things as they really are, and not to set out with a previous leaning to a particular set of opinions, and to torture the results of their experiment to prop these opinions up. It is impossible it could have become a regular science under the influence of the Aristotelian philosophy. The more men reasoned from facts, the more did chemistry advance; and it now affords one of the most brilliant examples of the happy mode pointed out by Bacon, for the improvement of knowledge.

If we sum up the results of our observations on the progress of knowledge, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the observation of facts was the very last object attended to in its march through successive ages, at least the calm and unprejudiced examination of facts. The learned of antiquity seemed more inclined to abstruse studies—to studies which required a precision of reasoning, which often testified their extreme ingenuity. If their first principles were correct, so were their conclusions. But that their first principles were, for the most part, erroneous, we have abundant proof, in many instances. In geometry, their first data were correct, being self-evident truths, and their conclusions were therefore just. For a succession of ages, knowledge, derived from observation of the common objects in nature, was looked down upon as unworthy the regard of the philosopher. There was a consequent bar to the progress of physical knowledge.

After the revival of learning in Europe, it was not to be expected that the eyes of men could be all at once opened to the errors of the ancients. Both the truth and falsehood of the ancient philosophy were studied. The human mind was still imbued with prejudice. This, however, gradually wore away—mathematics became more extended—natural philosophy was extended and improved—chemistry was invented. We may trace the gradual progress of real knowledge from the first axioms of geometry, through the more advanced stages of mathematics—through the successive developements of natural philosophy, to a science resting solely upon a careful examination of facts, the science of chemistry.

Natural philosophy opened to man the field of space—it taught him to regard the motion of objects upon a grand scale—it enabled him to assign dimensions to this space, and to measure the relations of motion. Chemistry taught him to view the changes produced on bodies, by motions of their minute component particles, the measurement of which motions eludes our most subtle investigations. Natural philosophy instructed him in the external relations of the bodies in nature—chemistry in the internal. It led him, as it were, into the mind of inanimate matter.

During the last hundred years, the attention paid to an unprejudiced examination of facts has been continually on the increase. Philosophers have entered upon their investigations without bias to any particular opinions. Instead of commencing their researches by laying down a favourite hypothesis, and then distorting facts to accord with it, they commenced with an impartial examination of the facts themselves, and, following the suggestions of Bacon, they framed their theory by the inductive method of reasoning. By not attending to the advice of Bacon, men were inclined to imagine circumstances which have no existence in reality. They beheld nature through a medium that rarely presented her in her true form. So long as the field of physical science was limited, the liability to view nature in this manner continued; but as discovery followed discovery, the disposition to prejudice became more and more removed. For a long period men adhered to certain dogmas that had been handed down through a succession of ages, and finding it difficult to reconcile many facts in nature with these dogmas, they had recourse to hypothesis, the frequent absurdity of which paved the way to the exploding of erroneous principles, and dispelled the illusion, although supported by the authority of antiquity. Knowledge derived from poets, spreading far and wide, carried with it the examples of its own importance. The arts of life received incalculable improvements; they, in return, aided science. They formed the passage from one branch to another—they were the illustrators of theory, by showing its practical application. The ancient philosopher would have disdained to lend his aid to the agriculturist, the mechanist, or the navigator. The modern man of science regards, as his proudest boast, the improvements given by him to the arts, thereby rendering man little inferior in power to the deities of the ancients.

It seems, indeed, strange that the impartial examination of facts is the result of a highly improved state of scientific knowledge. But so it is. It is only within a comparatively recent period that the point has been reached by the human mind. It has been often remarked, that the farther we advance in knowledge, the more deeply are we impressed with a sense of our own ignorance. Although this may not be exactly true, still we may acknowledge that we are less confident in broaching any new theory, in proportion to the advance of the march of intellect. When our opinions can be submitted to the test of an appeal to facts, we are more cautious in stating these opinions. It is our province to study the facts attentively, so that we may not be found in the wrong.

Geometry teaches us the relations of dimension as conceived in the human mind, but which, in the abstract, has no real existence. Natural philosophy treats of the relations of existing bodies, viewed in a state of motion. Chemistry informs us of the changes produced in the bodies themselves. Mathematics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, frequently view conditions which have no existence in nature."

THE STRANGER.*

HODNET is a village in Shropshire. Like all other villages in Shropshire, or any where else, it consists principally of one long street, with a good number of detached houses scattered here and there in its vicinity. The street is on a slight declivity, on the sunny side of what in England they call a hill. It contains the shops of three butchers, five grocers, two bakers, and one apothecary. On the right hand, as you go south, is that very excellent inn, the Blue Boar; and on the left, nearly opposite, is the public hall, in which all sorts of meetings are held, and which is alternately converted into a dancing-school, a theatre, a Methodist chapel, a ball-room, an auction-room, an exhibition-room, or any other kind of room that may be wanted. The church is a little further off, and the parsonage is, as usual, a white house surrounded with trees, at one end of the village. Hodnet is moreover the market-town of the shire, and stands in rather a populous district; so that, though of small dimensions itself, it is the rallying place, on any extraordinary occasion, of a pretty numerous population.

One evening in February, the mail from London stopped at the Blue Boar, and a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak came out. The guard handed him a small portmanteau, and the mail drove on. The stranger entered the inn, was shown into a parlour, and desired that the landlord and a bottle of wine should be sent to him. The order was speedily obeyed; the wine was set upon the table, and Gilbert Cherryripe himself was the person who set it there. Gilbert next proceeded to rouse the slumbering fire, remarking, with a sort of comfortable look and tone, that it was a cold raw night. His guest assented with a nod. "You call this village Hodnet, do you not?" said he, inquiringly. "Yes, sir, this is the town of Hodnet" (Mr Cherryripe did not like the term village;) "and a prettier little place is not to be found in England." "So I have heard; and as you are not upon any of the great roads, I believe you have the reputation of being a primitive and unsophisticated race." "Privitive and sofiscated did you say, sir? Why, as to that I cannot exactly speak; but, if there is no harm in it, I daresay we are. But you see, sir, I am a vintner, and don't trouble my head much about these matters." "So much the better," said the stranger, smiling. "You and I shall become better friends; I may stay with you for some weeks, perhaps months. In the meantime, get me something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to look after my bed-room."

Mr Cherryripe made one of his profoundest bows, and descended to the kitchen, inspired with the deepest respect for his unexpected guest.

Next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just finished ringing, when the stranger walked up the aisle, and entered, as if at random, a pew which happened to be vacant. Instantly every eye was turned towards him, for a new face was too important an object in Hodnet to be left unnoticed. "Who is he?" "When did he come?" "With whom does he stay?" "How long will he be here?" "How old may he be?" "Do you think he is handsome?" These and a thousand other questions flew about in whispers from tongue to tongue, whilst the unconscious object of all this interest cast his eyes calmly, and yet penetratingly, over the congregation. Nor was it altogether to be wondered at that his appearance had caused a sensation among the good people of Hodnet, for he was not the kind of person whom one meets with every day. There was something both in his face and figure that distinguished him from the crowd. You could not look upon him once, and then turn away with indifference. When the service was over, our hero walked out alone, and shut himself up for the rest of the day in his parlour at the Blue Boar. But speculation was busily at work, and at more than one tea-table that evening in Hodnet, conjectures were poured out with the tea, and swallowed with the toast.

A few days elapsed, and the stranger was almost forgotten; for there was to be a subscription assembly in Hodnet, which engrossed entirely the minds of men. It was one of the most important events that had happened for at least a century. Such doings had never been known before. All the preparations which Captain Parry made for going to the north pole, were a mere joke to the preparations made by those who intended to go to the Hodnet assembly. At length the great, the important night arrived. The three professional fiddlers of the village were elevated on a table at one end of the hall, and every body pronounced it the very model of an orchestra. The candles (neither the oil nor the coal gas company had as yet penetrated so far as Hodnet) were tastefully arranged, and regularly snuffed. The floor was admirably chalked by a travelling sign-painter, engaged for the purpose; and the refreshments in an adjoining room, consisting of negus, apples, oranges, cold roast-beef, porter, and biscuits, were under the immediate superintendence of our very excellent friend, Mr Gilbert Cherryripe. At nine o'clock, which was considered a fashionable hour, the hall was nearly full, and the first country dance (quadrilles had not as yet poisoned the peace and stirred up all the bad passions of Hodnet) was commenced by the eldest son and presumptive heir of old Squire Thoroughbred, who conducted gracefully through its mazes the chosen divinity of his heart, Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer, only daughter of Tobias Bouncer, Esq., justice of peace in the county of Shropshire.

Enjoyment was at its height, and the three professional fiddlers had put a spirit of life into all things, when suddenly one might perceive that the merriment was for a moment checked, whilst a more than usual bustle pervaded the room. The stranger had entered it; and there was something so different in his looks and manner from those of any of the other male creatures, that every body surveyed him with renewed curiosity, which was at first slightly tinctured with awe. "Who can he be?" was the question that instantaneously started up like a crocus in many a throbbing bosom. "He knows nobody, and nobody knows him; surely he will never think of asking any body to dance. We ought to be upon our guard, I assure you."

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers in a corner by himself, and people were almost beginning to forget his presence. But he was not idle; he was observing attentively every group, and every individual that passed before him. Judging by the various expressions that came over his countenance, one would have thought that he could read character at a single glance—that his perceptions were similar to intuitions. Truth obliges me to confess, that it was not with a very favourable eye that he regarded the great majority of the inhabitants of Hodnet and its neighbourhood. Probably they did not exactly come up to his expectations; but what these expectations were, it is difficult to conceive.

At length, however, something like a change seemed to come over the spirit of his dreams. His eye fell on Emily Sommers, and appeared to rest where it fell with no small degree of pleasure. No wonder. Emily was not what is generally styled beautiful; but there was a sweetness, a modesty, a gentleness about her, that charmed the more the longer it was observed. She was the only child of a widowed mother. Her father had died many a year ago in battle; and the pension of an officer's widow was all the fortune he had left them. But nature had bestowed riches of a more valuable kind than those which fortune had denied. I wish I could describe Emily Sommers; but I shall not attempt it. She was one of those whose virtues are hid from the blaze of the world, only to be the more appreciated by those who can understand them. Without *her*, the winter fire-side, or the summer evening walk, is destitute of pleasure. Her winning smiles, her unclouded temper, her affectionate gentleness, must throw their hallowed influence over the scenes where her spirit presides, unconscious of its power, else they become uninteresting and desolate.

It was to Emily Sommers that the stranger first spoke. He walked right across the room, and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before; but concluding that he had come there with some of her friends, and little acquainted with the rules of etiquette, she immediately, with a frank artlessness, smiled an acceptance of his request. Just at that moment, young Squire Thoroughbred came bustling towards her; but observing her hand already in that of the stranger, he looked somewhat wrathfully

* This story is an amplification, by Mr H. G. Bell, of an anecdote told by Mr Hazlitt, and which is said to have had a foundation in real life.

at the unknown, and said, with much dignity, "I, sir, intended to have been Miss Sommers's partner." The stranger fixed his dark eye upon the squire, a slight smile curled on his lip, and, without answering, he passed on with his partner, and took his place in the dance. The squire stood stock-still for a moment, feeling as if he had just experienced a slight shock of electricity. When he recovered, he walked quietly away in search of Miss Wilhelmina Bouncer.

It was the custom in Hodnet for the gentlemen to employ the morning of the succeeding day in paying their respects to the ladies with whom they had danced on the previous evening. At these visits all the remarkable events of the ball were of course talked over. Criticisms were made upon the different dresses, commentaries were offered on the various modes of dancing, &c. We make no doubt that all this chit-chat was very interesting to the parties engaged in it; but our attention is more particularly devoted to the "odd-looking man" already spoken of.

It is most true that he did leave the public hall of Hodnet with Mrs and Miss Sommers, and true that he escorted them home. Nay, it is also true that he won so much upon their favour, that, on his requesting permission to wait upon them next day, it was without much difficulty obtained. This was surely very imprudent in Mrs Sommers, and every body said it was very imprudent. "What! admit as a visitor in her family a person whom she had never seen in her life before, and who, for any thing she knew, might be a swindler or a Jew! There was never any thing so preposterous;—a woman, too, of Mrs Sommers's judgment and propriety! It was very—very strange." But whether it was very strange or not, the fact is, that the stranger soon spent most of his time at Violet Cottage; and what is perhaps no less wonderful, notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, he remained nearly as much a stranger to its inmates as ever. His name, they had ascertained, was Burleigh—Frederick Burleigh; that he was probably upwards of eight-and-twenty, and that, if he had ever belonged to any profession, it must have been that of arms. But farther they knew not. Mrs Sommers, however, who to a well cultivated mind added a considerable experience of the world, did not take long to discover that their new friend was, in every sense of the word, a man whose habits and manners entitled him to the name and rank of a gentleman; and she thought, too, that she saw in him, after a short intercourse, many of those nobler qualities which raise the individual to a high and well-merited rank among his species. As for Emily, she loved his society she scarcely knew why; yet, when she endeavoured to discover the cause, she found it no difficult matter to convince herself that there was something about him so infinitely superior to all the men she had ever seen, that she was only obeying the dictates of reason in admiring and esteeming him.

Her admiration and esteem continued to increase in proportion as she became better acquainted with him, and the sentiments seemed to be mutual. He now spent his time almost continually in her society, and it never hung heavy on their hands. The stranger was fond of music, and Emily, besides being mistress of her instrument, possessed naturally a fine voice. Neither did she sing and play unrewarded; Burleigh taught her the most enchanting of all modern languages—the language of Petrarch and Tasso; and being well versed in the use of the pencil, showed her how to give to her landscapes a richer finish and a bolder effect. Then they read together; and as they looked with a smile into each other's countenances, the fascinating pages of fiction seemed to acquire a tenfold interest. These were evenings of calm but deep happiness—long, long to be remembered.

Spring flew rapidly on. March, with her winds and her clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and her sunshine, lingered no longer; and May came smiling up the blue sky, scattering her roses over the green surface of creation. The stranger entered one evening, before sunset, the little garden that surrounded Violet Cottage. Emily saw him from the window, and came out to meet him. She held in her hand an open letter. "It is from my cousin Henry," said she. "His regiment has returned from France, and he is to be with us to-morrow or next day. We shall be so glad to see him! You have often heard us talk of Henry?—he and I were playmates when we were children; and though it is a long time since we parted, I am sure I should know him again among a hundred." "Indeed!" said the stranger, almost starting; "you must have loved him very much, and very constantly too." "O yes! I loved him as a brother." Burleigh breathed more easily. "I am sure you will love him too," Emily added. "Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I also must love, Miss Sommers. But your cousin I shall not at present see. I must leave Hodnet to-morrow." "To-morrow! Leave Hodnet to-morrow!" Emily grew very pale, and leaned for support upon a sun-dial, near which they were standing. "Good heavens! that emotion—can it be possible! Miss Sommers—Emily—is it for me you are thus grieved?" "It is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected; are you never to return again—are we never to see you more?" "Do you wish me to return, do you wish to see me again?" "Oh! how can you ask it?" "Emily, I have been known to you under a cloud of mystery—a solitary being, without a friend or acquaintance in the world—an outcast apparently from society—either sinned against or sinning—without fortune, without pretensions;—and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness which you have shown to me?" "Pity! pity you! O Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know you are, I should not pity, I should ——" She stopped confused, a deep blush spread over her face, she burst into tears, and would have sunk to the ground had not her lover caught her in his arms. "Think of me thus," he whispered, "till we meet again, and we may both be happy." "O! I will think of thee thus for ever!" They had reached the door of the cottage. "God bless you, Emily," said the stranger; "I dare not see Mrs Sommers; tell her of my departure, but tell her that ere autumn has faded into winter, I shall again be here. Farewell, dearest, farewell." She felt upon her cheek a hot and hurried kiss; and when she ventured to look round, he was gone.

Henry arrived next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs Sommers felt for Emily more than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honour of the stranger than she had hitherto been aware, and she trembled to think of the probability, that in the busy world he might soon forget the very existence of such a place as Hodnet, or any of its inhabitants. Emily entertained better hopes, but they were the result probably of the sanguine and unsuspicious temperament of youth. Her cousin, meanwhile, exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable. He was a young, frank, handsome soldier, who had leapt into the very middle of many a lady's heart—red coat, sword, epaulette-belt, cocked hat, feathers, and all. But he was not destined to leap into Emily's. She had inclosed it within too strong a line of circumvallation. After a three months' siege, it was impregnable. So Henry, who really loved his cousin next to his king and country, thinking it folly to endanger his peace and waste his time any longer, called for his horse one morning, shook Emily warmly by the hand, then mounted, "and rode away."

Autumn came; the leaves grew red, brown, yellow, and purple; then dropped from the high branches, and lay rustling in heaps upon the path below. The last roses withered. The last lingering wain conveyed from the fields their golden treasure. The days were bright, clear, calm, and chill; the nights were full of stars and dew, and the dew, ere morning, was changed into silver hoar-frost. The robin hopped across the garden walks, and candles were set upon the table before the tea-urn. But the stranger came not. Darker days and longer nights succeeded. Winter burst upon the earth. Storms went careering through the firmament; the forests were stripped of their foliage, and the fields had lost their verdure. But still the stranger came not. Then the lustre of Emily's eye grew dim; but yet she smiled, and looked as if she would have made herself believe that there was hope.

And so there was; for the mail once more stopped at the Blue Boar; a gentleman wrapped in a travelling cloak once more came out of it; and Mr Gilbert Cherryripe once more poked the fire for him in his best parlour. Burleigh did come back.

I shall not describe their meeting, nor inquire whether Emily's eye was long without its lustre. But there was still another trial to be made. Would she marry him? "My family," said he, "is respectable, and as it is not wealth we seek, I have an independence, at least equal I should hope to our wishes; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about me I cannot unravel until you are indissolubly mine." It was a point of no slight difficulty; Emily entrusted its decision entirely to her mother. Her mother saw that the stranger was inflexible in his purpose, and she saw also that her child's happiness was inextricably linked with him. What could she do? It had been better perhaps they had never known him; but knowing him, and thinking of him as they did, there was but one alternative—the risk must be run.

It was run. They were married in Hodnet; and immediately after the ceremony they stepped into a carriage, and drove away, nobody knew whither. We must not infringe upon the sacred happiness of such a ride, upon such an occasion, by allowing our profane thoughts to dwell upon it. It is enough for us to mention, that towards twilight they came in sight of a magnificent Gothic mansion, situated in the midst of extensive and noble parks. Emily expressed her admiration of its appearance; and her young husband, gazing on her with impassioned delight, exclaimed, "Emily, it is thine! My mind was imbued with erroneous impressions of women; I had been courted and deceived by them. I believed that their affections were to be won only by flattering their vanity, or dazzling their ambition. I was resolved, that unless I were loved for myself, I should never be loved at all. I travelled through the country *incognito;* I came to Hodnet, and saw you. I have tried you in every way, and found you true. It was I, and not my fortune, that you married; but both are thine. We are now stopping at Burleigh House; your husband is Frederick Augustus Burleigh,* Earl of Exeter, and you, my Emily, are his Countess!"

* The author appears to have here forgotten that the family name of the Earl of Exeter is Cecil—Burleigh being the former and certainly most honoured title of the house.—Ed.

[We would consider ourselves as abusing the trust reposed in our work, as a medium of innocent amusement and moral instruction, if we failed to point out to our young readers of the gentler sex the extreme danger of the conduct attributed to Emily Sommers in this clever tale. Such conduct might in her instance be crowned with happiness and grandeur; but it was highly blameable in principle, and might have been attended with the most opposite consequences—nay, it is probable that for one instance of such conduct leading to happiness, there are ninety-nine where it must be attended with the utter wreck of the individual guilty of it. In such a state of society as ours, there can be no safe principle, except that every man aiming at our acquaintance must be introduced to us by some person we already know, who becomes a guarantee, as it were, for the propriety of his behaviour and the honour of his views. Without this, we never can be sure that the individual addressing us is not a designing adventurer, who would think nothing of making our happiness his sport, or who aims at his own aggrandisement, by the disgraceful means of inveigling a woman above his own rank into matrimony. Many good-natured people habitually neglect this rule, and we have known numerous instances of such neglect being followed by the most disastrous events. Some years ago, a lady permitted one of her daughters to form an acquaintance with an individual who seemed to lead the life of a gentleman in Edinburgh. His apparent rank was greater than that of the young lady; and it was accordingly looked upon as a *grand match* when she secured him as a husband. Lamentable delusion! The man turned out in a few months to be a common swindler! He was arrested and committed to jail; and it was not till his death some years after, nor till he had overwhelmed his wife and her connections with shame and vexation unutterable, that she was relieved from him. There were even circumstances in this case more painful than these, but delicacy forbids our adverting to them. We recollect two other cases, at this moment, in which young ladies of the greatest merit, and who might have confidently looked forward to a long life of honour and comfort as the wives of respectable men, were lost—utterly destroyed—by their imprudence in marrying a man to whom they were not introduced. No doubt, if we were to tax our memories, we could recollect many more; but every reader of the least experience in the world will recollect his own instances, and we need not therefore seek to extend the catalogue. We content ourselves with pronouncing emphatically, that, for a young lady to admit the addresses of an unknown youth, however fascinating his manners, or noble his air, is just wilfully to rush upon the almost certain chance of utter misery for life.]

PEEPS FROM A WINDOW.

When I was a student at the College of Edinburgh, I occupied an apartment in the southern division of the city, where many individuals in the same circumstances with myself, and many families in the lower walks of life, are accustomed to reside. My accommodations were humble, but they were suited to my fortune; and, with the world opening and brightening before me, I did not then much regard the want of those comforts which are afterwards found so necessary. Nor was the place without some real charms. From my window I commanded a view of one of the most august natural scenes any where to be met with—the rocky front of Salisbury Crags, at the bottom of which reposed a deserted palace, the seat of the most endeared historical recollections, and beside which I have often walked for hours with inexpressible pleasure, as if to be merely beneath the walls of Holyrood were the enjoyment of a romance. Then, on the fair spring evenings, when I could sit with my window open, it was delightful to hear the troops of little girls playing at their metrical games in some of the neighbouring courts, sent out by the first burst of the fair weather, like so many ephemera, to enjoy a brief sport in what is always so precious a thing in the midst of a large city, the open air, and causing the lofty walls around them to resound with their sweet voices, as they lilted up "Janet Jo," or the Merry-matanzie, or "We are three brethren come from Spain," which last I have always deemed to be the final puerilised form of some antique *lai*, that once was sung in hall before the noble and the fair.*

* The reader, we make almost sure, will be pleased with the verses of this operatic game, which we will here write down from recollection. In the first place, one range of girls take their station at a wall, while another, twining their arms together behind their backs, commence moving backwards and forwards to the measure of the music, as they sing:

We are three brethren come from Spain,
All in French garlands;
We are come to court your daughter Jean,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

This is sung to a very pretty air in advancing, and, at the conclusion, the little row retreat at the same measured pace, while the wall-stationed party sing:

In the course of one particular winter, I found a strange and hardly proper source of amusement for occasional leisure minutes, in inspecting the proceedings of a family, whose windows, owing to an angularity in two streets, approached near to mine, and whose rooms I could survey from my own somewhat elevated situation, without their being able to see mine, or likely to observe what I was about. Had the case been an ordinary one, I do not think I would have spent a minute on such a business as this; but there was something in the family which, little as I saw of it, very speedily interested me. The man seemed merely a common artizan—I should not wonder that he belonged to that trade which mankind have so foolishly agreed to laugh at, the tailors; or perhaps he was a shoemaker. No matter. It was evident, from the hours he kept, that he was a man who won weekly wages at some ordinary employment. His wife was a neat, decent-looking woman, apparently from the country; and they had one lovely infant, which even the confined air of the city had not deprived of its radiant cheeks and sunny smiles. It was delightful to observe the honest artizan, whenever he came home, immediately get hold of his darling child, and coax and prattle with it on his knee. His habits seemed all to be of a laudable and even interesting description. It was evident he spent none of his leisure time any where but in the society—and what more fitting?—of his wife and infant. On the outside of his windows, which had a pretty clear exposure to the south, he had boxes containing a small mimic garden, and he was frequently engaged in dressing these little spots and training the flowers, as if, in so doing, he found there was still a link between himself and physical nature. He had also a blackbird, which hung in a cage ou the outside, and in the evenings made all the neighbourhood vocal with "Over the water to Charlie." These things were but trivial fragments of the country, its scenes, and sounds; but they were all, I doubt not, that could be had in the present atate of his circumstances; and, to a mind of any reach of idea, they would always be sufficient to awaken associations of the more extensive ranges of natural objects, to which he had been perhaps acoustomed in other years, and which he looked back to with the ceaseless regret of a city-banished lover of nature. He had also a German flute, which on some evenings he would play at an open window; and I am free to confess that I have rarely since been so truly touched by any music. His favourite tunes were the gentle pastoral melodies of Scotland—Tweedside, Cowdenknowes, the Bush aboon Traquair, and so forth—all of which had no less the charm of association to me than they could have to the performer, for I too was an exile from the scenes which those airs so effectually consecrate in the hearts of all connected with them. What, however, was the most pleasing trait of this evidently amiable and right-spirited man, was, that, at a certain hour, he invariably opened a large Bible on his table, and appeared to give himself and his household up for a time to religious meditation. There was altogether in this man exactly that range of tastes and habits which are sometimes found adorning humble life in the rural districts of Scotland, but which are unfortunately found so much more rarely amidst the huge masses of a city population.* I was so pleased with the man—his modest frugal household, his fondness for his child, his music, his gardening, and his sobriety—that, from an idle and impertinent gazer, I became mentally his zealous friend, and there was nothing in my power I would not have done to testify that friendship.

A deep gloom at length came over my happy picture. My worthy friend, I saw, had become ill. His infant was no more dandled on his knee at the window. His flute was no more heard in the court. The blackbird was taken in, and silenced in some manner. His windows were deeply screened, and I could see no more. For a considerable time this continued, till, getting somewhat anxious, I requested my landlady, decent Mrs Nichol, to make some inquiries among the neighbours respecting my unknown friend. I learned that he had been seized by a lingering and dangerous distemper, which prevented him from working any, and was likely to be attended with great embarrassment in more ways than one. Mrs Nichol amply confirmed the good impression I had taken of the man. He was an active and sober tradesman, and a perfect example in the neighbourhood, though no one could be farther than he from all interference with those around him. By and bye, he became a little better, as it was thought, and began to appear, in the habiliments of a sick chamber, at the window, where I saw him smiling upon the infant which smiled upon his knee, but evidently unable to give it the customary sport. Sometimes he would have the Bible open on the table, and his wife sitting fondly and reveringly at his feet; a group to my feelings the most lovely, the most tender and melancholy—melancholy yet pleasing—that I thought I had ever seen. It was truly astonishing what a poor man could be—how amiable and noble a being!—how near, I might almost say, to the angelic! The grosser elements of life seemed here refined away; and this humble and distressed tradesman shone out in my eyes as something far above even the more elevated classes of his fellow-mortals.

The end of the college session soon after arrived, when I had to return to my native home at a considerable distance in —— shire. I could not leave my lodgings without a feeling of deep anxiety respecting this excellent family, for the life of the sick man was declared to be in great danger, and ere long, I reflected, the virtues of this humble scene may be swept from their place, and be heard of no more. The interest I took in the sick man and his concerns would have been declared by many persons to be a mere freak of fancy; but I would fain hope that it was only the impression which *goodness* is naturally calculated to make upon a heart of the medium correctness of feeling when truly studied and observed.

During the ensuing summer, though deeply engaged with my books, and diverted by other objects and amusements, I cast many a thought of kindness back to the amiable household in Edinburgh, but had no opportunity of learning the fate of its master. It was therefore with a burst of joyful feeling, such as has attended few events in my life, that, in returning in November to my wonted lodgings, and hurrying to take a survey of my tradesman's windows, I saw him sitting, as after dinner, dandling his child with the same glee as before his illness, while his wife was bustling gaily about her domestic duties, and the blackbird at the window was whistling "Over the water to Charlie" as vociferously as ever.

Our daughter Jean she is too young,
All in French garlands;
She cannot bide your flattering tongue,
So adieu to you, my darlings.

The moveable party now again advance, singing:

Be she young, or be she old,
All in French garlands;
It's for a bride she must be sold,
So adieu to you, my darlings.

The mother still refuses her consent—

A bride, a bride she shall not be,
All in French garlands,
Till she go through this world with me,
So adieu to you, my darlings.

There is here a hiatus or gap in our recollection; but, after the reply of the lovers, the maternal party relent in the following romantic terms:

Come back, come back, you courteous knight,
All in French garlands;
Clear up your spurs, and make them bright,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

We are again at a loss for what the lover says; but the stationary row proceed to offer a choice of their daughters, in the following elegant terms:

Smell my lilies, smell my roses,
All in French garlands;
Which of my maidens do ye choose?
And adieu to you, my darlings.

The lover now becomes fastidious in proportion to the concessions of the opposite party, and affects to scruple about the bodily sanity of the young ladies:

Are all your daughters safe and sound?
All in French garlands,
Are all your daughters safe and sound?
And adieu to you, my darlings.

But it would appear he is quite assured by the answer, and marries the daughter Jean accordingly—who has

In every pocket a thousand pound,
All in French garlands;
On every finger a gay gold ring,
And adieu to you, my darlings.

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* Private worship was formerly an almost universal practice in Scotland, in cities as well as in the country. In the former it is now hardly known, while in the rural districts, where national habits of all kinds, good and bad, are sure to be longest retained, it is rapidly going out of fashion. Every body will recollect the beautiful description of the ceremony in Burns's Cottar's Saturday Night: yet, beautiful as that description is, I question if it possesses a charm superior to a little anecdote, which has been related to me by a lady, respecting the performance of this domestic solemnity in one of the meanest suburbs of this large city. In this lady's younger days, her family used to pay some attentions to a very old and very poor couple, who lived in a back court at Fountainbridge, and whose means of subsistence were of the humblest and most precarious kind. They kept two or three hens, whose eggs, sold in the market, procured for them the only money they ever at any time saw. Then Janet could occasionally make herself useful among her poor neighbours, and from them, as well as from some persons in better condition, with whom she kept up an acquaintance, would occasionally procure small supplies of victuals. For many years towards the close of her life, this poor woman was quite blind; nevertheless, it was curious to see her still continuing to patch her husband's clothes—which, on inquiry, she said she did "by rule o' thoom"—and also to perform little servile offices for the gaining of a livelihood. Every night, old John performed what he called *family worship*, raising, with his thin tremulous voice, a psalm, which even the addition of Janet's shrill treble could hardly render audible in the back-court into which their windows looked. The most touching thing of all was, that, after Janet's death, John still kept up his custom; and, according to our informant, hardly any thing could have been more interesting than to listen for a moment in passing to the solitary devotions of this widowed, helpless, and abject creature, whose thready notes seemed the last expiring sighs of attenuated humanity.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN GALT.

This individual, the author of the Ayrshire Legatees, Lawrie Todd, and a number of other popular works of fiction, has just published, in two volumes octavo, an account of his own life, bringing it down to the present period, when he is confined to bed with paralysis, and hopeless of ever again appearing in an active career. We propose to lay an abridgement of Mr Galt's book before our readers, as we conceive that the life of this ingenious, and in many respects unfortunate gentleman, is one from which several instructive views may be derived.

Mr Galt was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, May 2, 1779, being apparently the eldest son of a person engaged in mercantile pursuits. He gives the following description of his parents, which might be in some measure repeated by many men of literary celebrity: "My father was one of the best, as he was one of the handsomest of men, with only passable ability, in which, however, probity was predominant. My mother was, however, a very singular person; possessing a masculine strength of character, with great natural humour, and a keen perception of the ridiculous in others. In her prime, as I would call it, she indulged in queer metaphorical expressions, exceedingly forcible and original. In latter life, this grew so much into a habit, that her talk to strangers must have often seemed fantastical. The rich ore of common sense, however, which pervaded her observations, was always remarkable, and frequently extorted an instantaneous assent to her opinions, while they provoked irresistible laughter." He spent his first ten or eleven years at Irvine, and there received the rudiments of his education. Being a sickly boy, he became addicted to study, and he used to take great pleasure in hearing tales of foreign adventure from any one who could relate such to him. In his eleventh year, the family removed to Greenock, where he pursued his studies at the public school, under Mr Colin Lamont, and prosecuted still farther his taste for reading, which was much facilitated by an excellent public library to which he had access. He also manifested a turn for mechanics, which, joined to a taste for music, prompted him to attempt the construction of a small piano-forte or hurdy-gurdy, and likewise an Eolian harp. In these early years he composed some pieces of music, one or two of which became popular. What gives a more striking proof of the early developement of his reflective powers, is, that he conceived the idea of several local improvements of great magnitude and importance, some of which have since taken place.

He formed an intimacy with a young man of taste and talent, Mr James Park, who appears to have been of great service to him. The two youths cultivated the belles lettres together, and mutually criticised each other's productions. It does not appear that Mr Galt distinguished himself at school: he was thought, even by his mother, to be a dull and sleepy boy, which was in a great measure owing to the state of his health, which did not become good till he reached manhood. In due time he entered the counting-room of Messrs James Miller and Company, in order to learn the mercantile profession, and here he seems to have continued for several years. A circumstance much to his praise falls to be noticed at this period of his life. His father had intended to leave his mother independent; but, owing to some informality, on the death of the old gentleman it was found that his whole property fell into the hands of his bro-r-at-law, the subject of this memoir. Mr Galt instantly executed a deed, fulfilling the intentions of his father.

In 1801 or 2, a newspaper was started at Greenock, and became a ready and appropriate vehicle for the compositions of Mr Galt and his friend Park. Soon after they began to contribute to more distant miscellanies, such as the Scots Magazine. Mr Galt mentions

that the newspaper was conducted by an individual so singularly stupid, as to be quite a problem. Mr Galt got an early copy of Campbell's beautiful ode "Hohenlinden," and presented it for insertion in the Greenock Advertiser: it was returned, as not worthy of a place! As he advanced into the full bloom of youth, Mr Galt entirely lost his unenergetic character, and became remarkable for that decision, which, whether for good or evil, has ever since characterised him. About the year 1804, having received an insult from a mercantile correspondent, he took upon him to resent it in a very prompt and stern manner, which seems to have rendered his situation at Greenock too unpleasant to be any longer endured. He accordingly went to London, furnished with a vast number of introductory letters, which procured him many dinners, but nothing else; and for six months he appears to have spent his time in indecision as to his future course of life. He at length began a mercantile career in company with one M'Lauchlan, and for some years prospered considerably. He devoted his extended powers of mind to his profession, and to little else; studied the principles of trade, and wrote treatises on some of the more abstruse parts of them. He read a great deal, and his reading was chiefly of an useful kind. He also studied the world, the ways of men, and the circumstances which affect their fortunes—with what success is shown in the sagacity observable in many of his works.

In the third year of his career in London, Mr Galt was involved by a mercantile correspondent in very serious difficulties, which, notwithstanding that his affairs were otherwise prosperous, involved him in bankruptcy. As he lost no character by this event, he might have gone again into business with good prospects: but it appears that his mind at this time contracted those unsettled habits to which the whole of his alleged misfortunes are to be traced. He was ambitious of a learned profession, and entered at Lincoln's Inn, with a view to the English bar, not reflecting till some time after that he had no connections who could serve him in a legal career. According to himself—"One who conceits himself to be at least equal to his neighbours in energy, is very apt to make a false estimate of the chances of life. He sees that men only get forward by their own talents, and it is not till he has obtained some insight of the world that he discovers, although this be true, yet he is apt to undervalue difficulties by attending too much to that circumstance. At the outset of life there is no profession whatever to which the aid of friends, be the individual's talent what it may, is not essential. If he possess superior ability, he will in time, with the precursor of friendship, make himself distinguished; but if he be only an ordinary person, he will never rise above his first establishment." There may, we think, be too much allowed here for the aid of friendship: the true way, in the most of the ways of life, is to trust only to one's own merits and exertions, and the public appreciation of them. At another place, Mr Galt says—less controvertibly—"It appeared to me that those destined to rise higher in the world had about them something which indicated their superiority. It could not be described, but every thing about them showed us at once that they panted for a higher element; a second class were quite at their ease, and I concluded that they found themselves in their station; but the third were altogether persons whom an inherent awkwardness marked as out of and above their sphere, to which they were destined to sink." There is great penetration in these few lines.

In the year 1809, Mr Galt resolved to make a tour of the Mediterranean, partly for his health, and partly to while away the time till he should be called to the bar. At Gibraltar he encountered Lord Byron and Mr Hobhouse, in whose company he sailed to Sicily, and whose acquaintance he thus formed. In his autobiography, he states all he can respecting his connection with Byron; but as English periodical literature, for ten years and upwards, has been overflowing with the ridiculous vagaries of that extraordinary individual, we have resolved that this little sheet at least shall be free of him—and we therefore hurry over this part of Mr Galt's life. From Sicily, the subject of our memoir proceeded to Malta, and thence to Greece, where, at Tripolizza, he conceived a scheme for forming a mercantile establishment in the Levant, to counteract the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon. The conception was instantaneous, and seemed at first so promising as almost to turn his brain. After touching at Smyrna, he returned to Malta, where he found Messrs Struthers, Kennedy, and Company, apprised by Mr Kirkman Finlay's house in Glasgow, of a plan similar to his, which had been suggested by one of their partners resident at Vienna. He was astonished at the coincidence, but resolved to wait till the house at Malta should correspond with that at Glasgow respecting his scheme. In the meantime, he proceeded to inspect the coasts of the Grecian Archipelago, and to ascertain the safest route to the borders of Hungary. In going through the Pass of Thermopylæ, an armed Albanian came down upon him and his fellow-traveller, demanding money, which being refused, the man snapped a rusty pistol at Mr Galt. The two travellers then rode off in a panic, thinking the assailant a robber, and leaving all their baggage behind. The baggage by and bye came up after them, and they learned, to their great amusement, that the man was only a tollman, demanding about one shilling and ninepence sterling.

After an exploratory expedition to the borders of Hungary, in which he satisfied himself of the practicability of introducing goods into the Continent by this circuitous channel, he returned by Sardinia and Gibraltar to Britain (August 1811), landing first in Ireland. He busied himself for a time in applications to the government, on the subject of his Levant scheme, but found great difficulty in attracting any attention. Meanwhile, he prepared and published a quarto volume descriptive of what he had seen in his travels, being his first avowed work. It was not very favourably received, and has long passed out of notice. He never reaped any good from the project which had occupied his thoughts so much, though it was soon after acted upon to a considerable extent and with advantage to those concerned. Mr Kirkman Finlay proposed to give him a principal share in superintending a mercantile concern established by his house at Gibraltar, and he closed with the offer. At Gibraltar, however, he found himself out of his element: he confesses he never could lay his heart to any business in which the imagination was not engaged. His health became bad, and the concern was ruined by the successes of the Duke of Wellington in Spain. He returned to Britain, where it appears his friends were by no means pleased with his conduct. He was now, at thirty-three years of age, an unconnected adventurer in London. All his exertions in life hitherto appear to have been ineffectual in accumulating for him either money or the confidence of friends. He possessed no regular means of supporting himself, and his health was precarious. Yet this seems to have been the time of all others chosen by our author for encountering the responsibilities of a family. Of the exact date of his marriage (further than that it was a Tuesday), or the name of the lady, we are not informed. For some years after this period, we hear of no exertions made by Mr Galt for his subsistence beyond the composition of a few volumes, none of which, so far as we are aware, were very successful. He published Letters from the Levant in one volume octavo; a Life of Cardinal Wolsey; several minor biographies; and a number of plays; the most of the latter being published in a work styled the Rejected Theatre, which appeared in a series of volumes.

The first decidedly successful appearance which Mr Galt made as an author, was in a series of articles, which appeared in the year 1820, in Blackwood's Magazine, styled "The Ayrshire Legatees." In this work, which eventually formed a separate volume, he showed a power of delineating a certain line of Scotch characters, that struck the public mind, especially in Scotland, very forcibly. Sir Walter Scott had already given some admirable pictures; but he had never come so exactly into the very heart of a real Scotch matron of the middle ranks, as Mr Galt now did. Mr Blackwood, whose judgment of literary productions is generally acknowledged to be excellent, saw that this was a new vein, and he encouraged Mr Galt in prosecuting it. A volume, written earlier, but for some years neglected, was now published, under the title of "The Annals of the Parish." It was intended by the author as a kind of Scottish Vicar of Wakefield; and it certainly possesses much of the household humour and pathos of its admirable model. About this time, the author had come to Scotland, chiefly with a view to the education of his children; and for some years he lived in Eskgrove House, near Musselburgh, a seat of Sir William Rae, then Lord Advocate for Scotland. The propinquity of this residence to Edinburgh was peculiarly convenient, as it enabled him to conduct his publications there with great ease. He now issued in rapid succession The Provost, The Steamboat (each one volume), Sir Andrew Wylie, and the Entail (each three volumes), and the Gathering in the West, which related to the flocking of the west-country people to Edinburgh at the period of the king's visit. In all of these works, the peculiar vein of Scottish character which Mr Galt had hit upon, formed the main attraction, and their merits were upon the whole handsomely acknowledged by the public. It could only be urged by critics of strictly just taste, that there was an unfortunate coarseness in many of Mr Galt's pictures, and a mean style of moral feeling in many of his characters, which could not justly be considered as a fair representation of the people from whom they professed to be derived. Another series, published by Messrs Oliver and Boyd, consisted of Ringan Gilhaize, The Spaewife, and Rothelan. They fell under the denomination of historical romances, and were not generally deemed happy efforts. Upon the whole, any distinctive merit which Mr Galt possesses as an author, may be said to lie exclusively in his power of describing a homely specimen of his countrymen, which he almost always does with truth and effect, though, as intimated, with far too much of the selfish feeling attributed to the character. He generally fails in any higher flight.

From about the year 1824 to 1830, Mr Galt was occupied in the business of acting manager and superintendant of the business of an emigration company in Upper Canada, which required his almost constant residence in that country, and appears to have yielded him a salary of a thousand a-year. A large portion of his book is occupied in the details of his transactions in this capacity, and, according to his own showing, he pushed on the concerns of his employers with a great deal of activity, and no small success. The company, however, did not prosper, and his irritable disposition having afforded them an excuse which might have otherwise been wanting, he was discharged at the last, in what appears to have been a very harsh manner. The consequence was an embarrassment in Mr Galt's affairs, which obliged him once more to become bankrupt. In London he again commenced the business of an author, and produced in quick succession Lawrie Todd (a singularly happy and successful novel), Southennan, Bogle Corbet, Stanley Buxton, and Eben Erskine—all of which were in three volumes each—with the Life of Lord Byron (written for the National Library), the Lives of the Players (2 vols. for the same series), the Member and the Radical, political tales in one volume each.

In the midst of these honourable exertions for the support of his family and the discharge of his debts—for both objects seem to have been in his view, and the latter to a certain extent accomplished—he was, in July 1832, struck with paralysis on one side, which has confined him to his room ever since, and left him, as he mournfully expresses it, "three parts dead." Even in this unhappy state, he has contrived to write, or at least to dictate; and though this autobiography, which has been composed under such circumstances, is certainly not a blameless work, it shows that, however his body be affected, his mind still retains its wonted vigour almost entire.

Throughout his narrative, Mr Galt lets out numerous expressions of complaint against individuals and against the world, and endeavours, upon the whole, to convey the impression that he has been what is called "an ill-used man." It would not be humane, and could be attended with no good to himself, to point out to this unfortunate gentleman how apt he is to have been mistaken in this conclusion. We may, however, state as our deliberate impression, after a perusal of his work, that it was hardly possible for any man who went through any thing like the same course of life that he has done, to end with wealth or with comfort. All his exertions since his thirtieth year appear to have been of a desultory and irregular character. He was occasionally in the way of making much money, but he never could long remain in such a position. His own confession, that he never could apply steadily to any employment which did not engage the imagination, must, we fear, be held as an explanation of all his misfortunes, for it is almost equivalent to a declaration that he never could endure any business of a lucrative kind. If a man deliberately prefers the luxury which he experiences in following out all the freaks of his fancy, to the gains of steady plodding industry, it is mere folly to complain that he has not become rich; he could not reasonably expect both rewards. We must at the same time pronounce, that there is an absurdity in the world having enjoyed so much from the writings of this man, and his yet being in distressed circumstances. The remuneration which an author of Mr Galt's degree of merit derives from his labours, bears no proportion to the enjoyment which the public has had in them; and it appears no more than just, that such an individual should experience the public bounty in some shape or other through the medium of the government. Large sums are annually spent upon persons who have no apparent claim but influential connections, while men of genius, who spend their nights and their days, their blood and strength and soul, in instructing and amusing their species, and whose thoughts are to be a capital for the enjoyment of all future ages, perish in poverty and neglect.

We cannot permit this book to pass from our observation without remarking with regret its extraordinary deficiency in dates. We do not recollect having observed in Mr Galt's text more than two dates—that of his birth, and that of his first attack from paralysis. All the rest is a chaos, where the reader can only occasionally make out the period of an incident from the date of a letter occurring thereabouts, or some other such contingent hint. The consequence is, that Mr Galt's youth and middle age—all the facts of his life, in short—are completely jumbled, and lose a great deal of their character. In the above sketch, the reader would be equally at a loss, if we had not been able, from our own knowledge, to supply two or three of the more essential dates. Some people have a habitual contempt for dates, as if they were only of use to persons of a formal and artificial cast of mind. But how events can be *arranged* in the mind of any one by other means, how they can otherwise be intelligible, is more than we can comprehend. In reality, a mind that is distinct about events, or attaches any value to them, must retain the date also, for the mere purpose of showing the relation of those events to others; and no person can pretend to know any thing of either history or biography, who is not also somewhat skilled in chronology. To our mind, an event without a date is the most meaningless thing in the world; and any book which professes to deal in the one without attending to the other, we look upon as little better than a common fiction.

SMOKING AND SNUFF-TAKING.

Among the various follies which we have thought it necessary to hold up to general ridicule and reproach, are the smoking of tobacco and snuff-taking, two pretended luxuries, if not supposed to be necessaries of life, of the most vicious nature, as regards both their expensiveness and their effects on the constitution It is astonishing to see the silliness of mankind—we

would say of many really intelligent people—in beginning an indulgence in these intemperate habits, and continuing in them till they had injured their personal appearance, and hurt their digestive organs. We have usually remarked that young men take to tobacco and snuff more from an idea of doing what they imagine to be manful, than of increasing their comforts. Smoking has an air of listless independence about it that shows well off; and there is doubtless a deal of agreeable fiddle-faddle in the opening, and shutting, and handing about of a neat snuff-box. When conversation lags for want of intellect or invention, snuffing fills up the intervening pauses, and the mutual exchange of a pinch is supposed to be a cement of friendship fully as binding as the eating of salt together used to be in the early ages of civilization. Many pretend that tobacco and snuff are beneficial—that they are taken medicinally for the health. This is exceedingly amusing. "The observations we frequently hear (says the author of a sensibly written tract on the subject) of their being used on account of headachs and stomach complaints, are mere attempts to justify or apologize for the habit. Nay, so far from contributing to health, they destroy it. And, accordingly, it was lately stated in the newspapers, that an eminent physician in the United States imputed the unhealthy condition of the district where he practised, to the common use of cigars.

It is no less evident that these articles cannot contribute to your happiness. What happiness can arise from creating to yourselves restless, craving, unnatural appetites, which are incessantly demanding gratification? The great art of happiness is not to multiply your appetites, but to have yourselves exempted from them; and there appears a general conviction of the hollow and deceitful nature of the satisfaction which snuff and tobacco confer on their votaries; for it is well known that few ever acquired the habit of using them, without repenting it, supposing even that they were in easy circumstances. Very few indeed, who have contracted the habit, will be found to defend it. They will perhaps allege that there is something peculiar in their cases which renders it advisable, and that there might be danger in dropping it. But they will at the same time allow that it is highly proper to warn others against such habits; and this is granting in the fullest manner their unfortunate tendency, and the folly of contracting them. I have heard a saying of a late eccentric judge in our supreme courts, that if he had a thousand noses, he would give them all snuff. A more severe satire could not be pronounced on the habit. Had this eccentric character considered duly, he would have perceived, that, having a thousand such members to gratify, he would have required several active assistants to quiet his clamorous appetites, and keep them in some measure of good humour.

While these articles confer neither health nor happiness, let us attend to what they cost immense numbers of deluded people throughout the nation. The duties paid on tobacco in Great Britain and Ireland for 1829, were stated to be *two millions eight hundred and fifty-nine thousand pounds*. Add to this the cost of production, the expenses of freight, the profits of the manufacturer, wholesale merchant, and retailer, and the whole will amount to an annual sum, which, in the course of fourscore years, would almost pay off the national debt. And all this is of course paid by the consumer. The proportion of duty for Scotland in 1829 was L.273,000. Suppose L.400,000 paid for the article by the consumers, which is probably too low a calculation, and that there are a thousand parishes, being a few more than the actual number; this gives L.400 as the average for each parish. Such is the annual sum paid for an article of luxury, the using which arises from a mere idle habit, and which cannot be shown to be beneficial in any shape whatever.

I have often been amused at the various reasons assigned for this debasing habit. Sometimes a defluxion was wanted from the nose; snuff, of course, exactly fitted the case. Or there was an obstruction in the upper part of the smelling functionary, which snuff cleverly removed. There was a weakness in the eyes, and snuff strengthened them; they were arid, and lacked moisture; nothing in such a case like snuff. Then headachs, qualms, vertigo, all were found to yield to this potent magician. While snuff guarded the upper regions, I found that tobacco was no less vigilant in watching over the safety of the lower. Here, too, a defluxion was wanted; tobacco brought off all the superfluous moisture that was deluging the stomach. The process of digestion did not go on satisfactorily; tobacco corrected the bad qualities of the saliva and gastric juice, and down went the whole contents careering. The bile was overflowing; now, every person knows that the smoke or juice of tobacco makes the troublesome fellow keep within his banks. The toothach, too, I found, was made to yield without a struggle. Who does not know that the toothach proceeds from small worms that breed in decaying teeth? Tobacco makes these give up the ghost with a vengeance; while at the same time it enamels the grinders with a beautiful black.

There are reasons assigned for the habit of using tobacco, which may require a more serious answer. Some defend it on the ground of tobacco being an important article of commerce, and a source of public revenue. There is an immense capital, and much shipping employed in the trade. Many thousands of eminent merchants are supported and enriched by it. Small dealers in the article abound in every parish. Why should so many have their gains diminished, and the means of their subsistence taken from them? Now, the same argument may be used against the diminution of the trade in spirits. And the question that comes to be resolved is this: whether vice and misery should be encouraged and multiplied through the kingdom, in order to furnish sources of public revenue, and to enrich planters, ship-owners, innkeepers, and shopkeepers? It would be no great consolation to the poor inhabitants of any district, to tell them, that, by expending their money on spirits, snuff, and tobacco, instead of employing it in purchasing food and clothing, they are upholding the revenue and commerce of the country, and enriching planters, distillers, and others. If the capital of a country cannot be profitably employed in these articles, it will find its way into other channels.

As an argument for the use of tobacco, I have heard it alleged, that if the lower classes should leave off these habits, they might adopt some equally bad, or worse. Now, I am utterly at a loss to perceive how this will follow in the least. Tobacco and snuff have not been used in this kingdom above 250 years. What bad habits were our ancestors addicted to in place of this, antecedently to that period? Suppose a parish to contain a thousand inhabitants, and that one hundred use snuff and tobacco—What bad habit are the other nine hundred addicted to, from which this one hundred are free?

I have all along characterised the habit of using snuff and tobacco as degrading and debasing. There are few who have not observed the debasing effects proceeding from the use of these articles among the lower ranks. Women who smoke have usually a disgusting appearance, from their want of attention to cleanliness. And so commonly does this take place, that, as soon as one of the younger generation commences the practice, she straightway becomes a slattern, and grows regardless about her looks."

In short, concludes this writer, "with respect to such as have acquired the habit, it surely deserves their consideration, whether it may not be worth while, by submitting to some self-denial, and some uneasy feelings, for a month or two, to obtain freedom from a vile debasing slavery during the rest of their lives."

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

THE cocoa or palm tree is one of the most valuable natural products of eastern countries, and is so useful in various ways, that, if extirpated, the warm regions of Hindoostan, and adjacent Indian islands, would barely be habitable by human beings. The cocoa, or cocoa-nut tree, to the extent of five varieties, is indigenous to the island of Ceylon; but it is seldom if ever found to that number of varieties in the same plantation, except in the vicinity of a Budhoo temple of some importance. The first variety is the king cocoa-nut, which is of a bright orange colour, and it is usually presented as a compliment by the priests to respectable Europeans, whose curiosity may have induced a visit to the shrine of Budhoo. The next in beauty is also of a bright orange colour, but of a more spherical shape; and the third is of a pale yellow, and rather heart-shaped. The fourth is the common cocoa-nut, of which many millions are annually exported to Europe. The fifth is of a dwarf size, not larger than a turkey's egg.

Cocoa-nuts are planted when ripe, and appear above the ground in three months; in about four years the trees have attained their height, and put forth blossoms. In twelve months after this, the trees bear fruit, which they continue to do for sixty years, when the property of bearing gradually ceases. The number of nuts in a bunch or cluster seldom exceeds from fifteen to twenty good nuts; and in favourable sandy situations the tree will admit of the fruit being gathered four or five times in the course of a year.

Cocoas furnish meat and drink, and are otherwise extensively useful to the Singalese, or natives of Ceylon. When the nut is fully ripe, its kernel is ground down, and water being poured on it, a white pulpy substance is produced, which, with rice, form the principal and best food of all classes of natives, from the chief to the day-labourer; and, when accustomed to them, Europeans of all ranks soon grow partial to a diet, which is not only agreeable to the palate, but light and wholesome to the constitution. The beverage which the green cocoa-nut affords is most delicious and cooling. The inside taken when quarter-ripe, may be appropriately termed a vegetable blanc-mange; in which state it may be eaten with a spoon, there being no difficulty whatever in removing the pulp from the shell. The addition of Madeira wine, with a few drops of lime juice, and a little sugar and nutmeg, so completely disguises it, that scarcely one person in a hundred would believe it to be a vegetable production.

The cocoa-nut tree yields another species of liquid, equally delicious and refreshing, called palm-wine, or toddy. Two months after the blossoming of the tree, the capsulated flower is first tied, to prevent its expansion, and then cut, so as to allow the juice to exude drop by drop. A supply is yielded morning and evening, the flower being cut a little every day. Europeans prefer toddy before sunrise, when it is a cool, delicious, and particularly wholesome beverage, acting as a gentle aperient; but the natives prefer it after fermentation has commenced, which takes place in about three hours. In that state, bread-bakers use it as yeast, for which it does admirably, the bread which is made from it being remarkably light and good. The lower classes of Singalese often intoxicate themselves with fermented toddy during the hottest parts of the day, when they may be seen in the neighbourhood of the toddy-shops, squatted on a log of wood, or on the bottom of an inverted canoe, in the full enjoyment of this vicious indulgence.

The next thing that the cocoa-nut tree yields is arrack or rack. This is a distillation of fermented toddy, one hundred gallons of which produce twenty-five of arrack. This spirit, when new, is considered injurious to the constitution; but after it has been kept some years, it becomes one of the wholesomest that can be made use of.

A recital of the duties of the cocoa-nut tree is yet far from being finished. Besides the foregoing products, it furnishes a species of honey and sugar. Eight gallons of sweet newly-drawn toddy, boiled over a slow fire, yield two gallons of a very luscious liquid called honey; which quantity being again boiled, a coarse brown sugar called jaggery, which is in general use by the natives, is the product. In manufacturing jaggery, it is formed into round cakes or buns, dried in the smoke of the huts, and, being tied in the dead leaves of the banana, is then ready to be kept for domestic use or for exportation.

The next article which the cocoa-nut tree produces is vinegar, which is made in a very simple manner from the toddy. The required quantity of toddy is collected in dry weather, put into jars, and well covered. After a month, the contents are strained, and replaced in the same jars, with the addition of a little Chili pepper, and some other hot spices. At the expiration of a month or five weeks, it becomes very excellent vinegar, nearly equal to European, for pickles, fumigation, and other purposes.

The next valuable product of the cocoa-nut tree is oil, of which there are different ways of manufacturing. The Singalese process is simple. Ripe cocoa-nuts removed from the shell are pounded in a large mortar, and having been taken out and pressed, the liquid is boiled over a slow fire; the oil which floats on the top being skimmed off, is subsequently boiled by itself. Two quarts of oil will be the product of fourteen or fifteen cocoa-nuts. When fresh, it is used in cookery, and is excellent. Cocoa-nut oil is burnt in all houses, from that of the governor to the cooley or labourer. It is also used as an ointment for the body and the hair; and the refuse from which it has been expressed, makes oil-cake for the fattening of pigs, poultry, and cattle.

This is not all the uses of the cocoa-nut. The liquid from it in a green state is used as a glue by plasterers in their white and other washes, for houses, verandahs, pillars, &c. The shells of the green nuts, when pared thin, are used as lanterns or lamps for illuminating roads and trees; also for ladles, skimmers, spoons; for making lampblack, and, when broken, they serve for fuel. The outer shells or husks, by steeping, furnish a fibrous matter, from which either large ropes or small cords may be manufactured as good as if made from hemp; also brushes, mats, and bags. The leaves of the tree are made into excellent baskets for the conveyance of fruits and other articles, and, when prepared in a particular manner, are used as torches by the natives. When the tree is in full leaf, it affords a delightful retreat beneath its shade from the heat of the sun; and the branches of this truly valuable tree, on being split, furnish a covering for houses and huts, as well as materials for many household articles; even the latches of the doors are made from the cocoa-nut tree. The branches also afford excellent stakes for the fencing of fields.

We have now to exhibit the cocoa-nut tree in quite a different character. It is the druggist of the Indians, and furnishes medicines for the cure of their diseases. A decoction drawn from the root is considered by the native doctors so efficacious in intermittent fevers as to be almost invariably employed by them. As a gargle, it removes complaints of the mouth and throat. With fish oil, the expressed juice of the leaves is a sovereign remedy in cases of hæmorrhoids. In ophthalmic complaints, the external application of the expressed juice of the nut, mixed with new milk, mitigates, if it does not entirely remove, inflammation. The expressed juice of the flower, mixed with new milk, and taken in small quantities, affords almost immediate relief, and if persevered in, a cure, in the debilitating complaints of hot climates. The bark affords an oil which cures diseases or eruptions of the skin. The shell reduced to charcoal is used as an excellent dentrifice or tooth-powder, and the water of the green nut is the best of all cosmetics for clearing the skin from wrinkles.

Such are the uses and virtues of the cocoa-nut tree, which has apparently been bestowed by the hands of a beneficent Providence for the use and happiness of the natives of tropical climates.*

* This article is the substance of a pamphlet, entitled "A Treatise on the Cocoa-Nut Tree," &c., by a Fellow of the Linnæan and Horticultural Societies, many years resident in Ceylon. London, 1831.

Column for Cottagers.

Persons in the humbler walks of life in the country have, in many instances, much spare time on their hands which they do not well know how to occupy with useful employment. After attending to their ordinary labour, and perhaps cultivating their gardens, and looking after a cow or a pig, they find little else to do, and may be induced to spend a period of their existence in listless idleness. But however profitless and discreditable it is to be idle, persons in the situation we mention can hardly be blamed. They are most likely willing to keep their minds and bodies in recreative employment, provided they knew how to set about it with a feasible prospect of remuneration. Now, we are going to put in their way a plan proposed by Cobbett, in his Cottage Economy, for the exercise of their industry, which has already been tried with great advantage in Orkney, where an immense number of individuals partially or wholly support themselves by it, and which may be pursued in any part of the United Kingdom. It consists of the cultivation and manufacture of grass or straw, for plat, used in making bonnets of the Leghorn species. "The cutting, the bleaching, the sorting, and the platting of straw (says this ingenious writer, who has the credit of introducing the process into this country), seem to be, of all employments, the best suited to the wives and children of country labourers; and the discovery which I have made, as to the means of obtaining the necessary materials, will enable them to enter at once upon that employment. Before I proceed to give my directions relative to the performance of this sort of labour, I shall give a sort of history of the discovery to which I have just alluded :—

The practice of making hats, bonnets, and other things, of *straw*, is perhaps of very ancient date; but, not to waste time in fruitless inquiries, it is very well known that for many years past straw coverings for the head have been greatly in use in England, in America, and indeed in almost all the countries that we know much of. In this country the manufacture was, only a few years ago, very flourishing; but it has now greatly declined, and has left in poverty and misery those whom it once well fed and clothed.

The cause of this change has been, the importation of the straw hats and bonnets from Italy, greatly superior, in durability and beauty, to those made in England. The plat made in England was made of the straw of ripened grain. It was in general split; but the main circumstance was, that it was made of the straw of ripened grain; while the Italian plat was made of the straw of grain or grass cut green. Now, the straw of ripened grain or grass is brittle, or rather rotten. It dies while standing, and, in point of toughness, the difference between it and straw from plants cut green is much about the same as the difference between a stick that has died on the tree, and one that has been cut from the tree. But besides the difference in point of toughness, strength, and durability, there was the difference in beauty. The colour of the Italian plat was better; the plat was brighter; and the Italian straws being small whole straws, instead of small straws made by the splitting of large ones, there was a roundness in them, that gave light and shade to the plat, which could not be given by our flat bits of straw.

It seems odd that nobody should have set to work to find out how the Italians came by this fine straw. The importation of these Italian articles was chiefly from the port of Leghorn; and, therefore, the bonnets imported were called Leghorn bonnets. The straw manufacturers in this country seem to have made no effort to resist this invasion from Leghorn. And, which is very curious, the Leghorn straw has now begun to be imported, and to be platted in this country; so that we had hands to plat as well as the Italians. All that we wanted was the same kind of straw that the Italians had: and it is truly wonderful, that these importations from Leghorn should have gone on increasing, year after year, and our domestic manufacture dwindling away at a like pace, without there having been any inquiry relative to the way in which the Italians got their straw! Strange that we should have imported even straw from Italy, without inquiring whether similar straw could not be got in England! There really seems to have been an opinion that England could no more produce this straw than it could produce the sugar-cane.

Things were in this state, when, in 1821, a Miss Woodhouse, a farmer's daughter in Connecticut, sent a straw-bonnet of her own making to the Society of Arts in London. This bonnet, superior in fineness and beauty to any thing of the kind that had come from Leghorn, the maker stated to consist of the straw of a sort of grass, of which she sent, along with the bonnet, some of the seeds. The question was, then, would these precious seeds grow and produce plants in perfection in England? A large quantity of the seed had not been sent; and it was therefore, by a member of the society, thought desirable to get, with as little delay as possible, a considerable quantity of the seed.

It was in this stage of the affair that my attention was called to it. The member just alluded to applied to me to get the seed from America. I was of opinion that there could be no sort of grass in Connecticut, that would not, and that did not grow and flourish in England. My son James, who was then at New York, had instructions from me, in June 1821, to go to Miss Woodhouse, and to send me home an account of the matter. In September, the same year, I heard from him, who sent me an account of the cutting and bleaching, and also a specimen of the plat and of the grass of Connecticut. Miss Woodhouse had told the Society of Arts, that the grass she used was the *Poa pratensis*. This is the smooth-stalked meadow-grass; so that it was quite useless to send for seed. It was clear that we had grass enough in England, if we could but make it into straw as handsome as that of Italy.

I made my experiments, and, in short, I proved to demonstration that we had not only the plants, but the sun also, necessary for the making of straw, yielding in no respect to that of America or of Italy. I think that, upon the whole, we have greatly the advantage of those countries; for grass is more abundant in this country than in any other. It flourishes here more than in any other country. It is here in a greater variety of sorts; and for fineness in point of size, there is no part of the world which can equal what might be obtained from some of our downs, merely by keeping the land ungrazed till the month of July. When I had obtained the straw, I got some of it made into plat. One piece of this plat was equal in point of colour, and superior in point of fineness, even to the plat of the bonnet of Miss Woodhouse."

Cobbett next describes the process of cutting and bleaching the grass:—"First, as to the season of the year, all the straw, except that of one sort of couch-grass, and the long coppice-grass, which two were got in Sussex, were got from grass cut in Hertfordshire on the 21st of June. A grass headland, in a wheat field, had been mowed during the forepart of the day; and in the afternoon I went and took a handful here and a handful there out of the swaths. When I had collected as much as I could well carry, I took it to my friend's house, and proceeded to prepare it for bleaching, according to the information sent me from America by my son; that is to say, I put my grass into a shallow tub, put boiling water upon it until it was covered by the water, let it remain in that state for ten minutes, then took it out, and laid it very thinly on a closely mowed lawn in a garden. But I should observe, that, before I put the grass into the tub, I tied it up in small bundles, or sheaves, each bundle being about six inches through at the butt-end. This was necessary, in order to be able to take the grass, at the end of ten minutes, out of the water, without throwing it into a confused mixture as to tops and tails. Being tied up in little bundles, I could easily, with a prong, take it out of the hot water. The bundles were put into a large wicker basket, carried to the lawn in the garden, and there taken out, one by one, and laid in swaths as before mentioned.

It was laid very thinly; almost might I say, that no stalk of grass covered another. The swaths were turned once a-day. The bleaching was completed at the end of seven days from the time of scalding and laying out. June is a fine month. The grass was, as it happened, cut on the longest day in the year; and, the weather was remarkably fine and clear. But the grass which I afterwards cut in Sussex was cut the first week in August.

The part of the straw used for platting is that part of the stalk which is above the upper joint; that part which is between the upper joint and the seed-branches. This part is taken out, and the rest of the straw thrown away. But the whole plant must be cut and bleached; because, if you were to take off, when green, the part above described, that part would wither up next to nothing. This part must die in company with the whole plants, and be separated from the other parts after the bleaching has been performed.

The time of cutting must vary with the seasons, the situation, and the sort of grass. The grass which I got in Hertfordshire, than which nothing can, I think, be more beautiful, was, when cut, generally in bloom; just in bloom. The wheat was in full bloom; so that a good time for getting grass may be considered to be that when the wheat is in bloom. When I cut the grass in Sussex, the wheat was ripe, for reaping had begun; but that grass is of a very backward sort, and, besides, grew in the shade amongst coppice-wood and under trees, which stood pretty thick.

As to the sorts of grass, I have to observe generally, that in proportion as the colour of the grass is deep—that is to say, getting further from the yellow, and nearer to the blue—it is of a deep and dead yellow when it becomes straw. Those kinds of grass are best, which are, in point of colour, nearest to that of wheat, which is a fresh pale green. Another thing is, the quality of the straw as to pliancy and toughness. Experience must be our guide here."

He next informs us that purple melica grass, fiorin grass, ray grass, yellow oat grass, crested dog's-tail grass, sweet-scented vernal grass, and brown bent grass, are those to be used in preparing to make straw plat; and then proceeds—"As it may be useful to speak of the expense of cutting and bleaching, I shall trouble you with a few words relating to it. If there were a field of ray-grass, of crested dog's-tail, or any other good sort, and nothing else growing with it, the expense of cutting would be very little indeed, seeing that the scythe or reap-hook would do the business at a great rate. Doubtless there will be such fields; but even if the grass have to be cut by the handful, my opinion is, that the expense of cutting and bleaching would not exceed fourpence for straw enough to make a large bonnet. I should be willing to contract to supply straw, at this rate, for half a million of bonnets. The scalding must constitute a considerable part of the expense, because there must be fresh water for every parcel of grass that you put in the tub. When water has scalded one parcel of cold grass, it will not scald another parcel. Besides, the scalding draws out the sweet matter of the grass, and makes the water the colour of that horrible stuff called London porter.

I cannot, in concluding these communications, refrain from making an observation or two on the consequences likely to arise out of these inquiries. The manufacture is alone of considerable magnitude. Not less than about five millions of persons in this kingdom have a dress which consists partly of manufactured straw; and a large part, and all the most expensive part, of the articles thus used, now come from abroad. Notwithstanding all this, if the manufacture were of a description to require, in order to give it success, the collecting of the manufacturers together in great numbers, I should, however great the wealth that it might promise, never have done any thing to promote its establishment. The contrary is, happily, the case: here all is not only performed by hand, but by hand singly, without any combination of hands. Here there is no power of machinery or of chemistry wanted. All is performed out in the open fields, or sitting in the cottage. There wants no coal mines and no rivers to assist; no water-powers nor powers of fire. No part of the kingdom is unfit for the business. Every where there are grass, water, sun, and women and children's fingers; and these are all that are wanted. But the great thing of all is this: that, to obtain the materials for the making of this article of dress, at once so gay, so useful, and in some cases so expensive, there requires not a penny of capital. Many of the labourers now make their own straw hats to wear in summer. Poor rotten things, made out of the straw of ripened grain. With what satisfaction will they learn that straw, twenty times as durable, to say nothing of the beauty, is to be got from every hedge! In short, when the people are well and clearly informed of the facts which I have adduced, it is next to impossible that the manufacture should not become general throughout the country. In every labourer's house a pot of water can be boiled. What labourer's wife cannot, in the summer months, find time to cut and bleach grass enough to give her and her children work for a part of the winter! There is no necessity for all to be platters; some may cut and bleach only; others may prepare the straw; and, doubtless, as the farmers in Hertfordshire now sell their straw to the platters, grass collectors and bleachers and preparers would do the same; so that there is scarcely any country labourer's family that might not derive some advantage from this discovery."

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF BIRDS.

The geographical distribution of the various races of created beings has excited considerable interest, and a mass of facts have been collected, which go far to prove that it is regulated by certain laws, chiefly dependent upon the conjoined influence of climate and temperature. Birds are equally subject to those rules, as might be expected from their more extended locomotive powers, their ranges are wider, and some groups and species are more generally spread over the world than those beings which require the assistance of a solid medium to transport themselves from place to place. Instances of this kind may be given in one or two examples. The great families of the falcons pigeons, and swallows, are universally diffused; parrots are found in every quarter of the world, except Europe; and woodpeckers are wanting only to New Holland. The peregrene falcon, so renowned in a noble but nearly forgotten sport, has its free range over the greater part of Europe, America, and Greenland, and has been sent from the distant continent of New Holland; the short-eared owl is common to Europe, Siberia, and the neighbourhood of Canton, in China; the common magpie extends over Europe, has been sent from the Himalayan range in India, and reaches to the cold regions of North America; while specimens of the glassyibis have reached this country from each of the four quarters of the world, besides from many of its far distant insulated lands.—*Naturalist's Library.*

SUNDAY AT CALCUTTA.

Forty years ago, little or no attention was paid to the Sabbath in Calcutta, so much so that there seemed hardly any difference betwixt Sunday and the other days of the week. Only one outward symbol was exhibited to assure people that it was the day of rest. "Oh," would one person say to another, "I see this is Sunday—the flag is hoisted at Fort William."

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FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG.

CLEVERNESS.

In the scene of human life presented to our observation, it appears obvious that there is a constant struggle going forward betwixt two great divisions of society—the aged and the youthful. Each of these parties acts upon opposite principles. The old have found, by experience, that no good can be obtained, no permanent comfort secured, without the exercise of a great deal of cool judgment and prudence. They abound in recollections of innumerable instances in their past lives, in which they lost anticipated advantages by precipitancy, and gained them by a cautious and patient line of conduct. They remember that, at every step in their career, they were impeded by the hurrying advance of others, or withheld by those who placed their sole enjoyment in gratifications by the way. In fine, they can describe that it was only by the due *control of the passions*, that they were enabled to succeed in their endeavours to attain a competence, or respectable independence.

The young, on the other hand, know almost nothing from experience. They start in the race of life with the most transcendant ideas of their own importance and abilities. Nobody that ever lived was half so clever as they are; and all the rest of the rising generation are fools in comparison with them. They will soon show the world what can be done by their cleverness in business; and they have no doubt but the whole town will very speedily be brought to admire their talent, and hasten to support them in their projects. And as for their foundering in their schemes, that is quite impossible: they will defy the cunningest sharper to cheat them; and they know perfectly well the vicious temptations which they ought to shun. Just let them alone, and give them a fair field, and they will show what can be done. All mankind have been wrong from the beginning of the world, and it is they who will now put them right.

Such is the nature of those vague notions which more or less affect the conduct of most young men entering upon a scene of active exertion, in which they are left to pursue the courses they choose to follow. It may be remarked, that at no period of life are people more averse from advice, than when they are thus let loose from the restraints of boyhood. To the admonitions of guardians, friends, or fathers, they listen with apathy, and turn away without being convinced. To the anxiously proffered advice of an aged parent, they most likely reply, "Well, father, that is all very true you say; but the world is now greatly changed since your young days, and the same measures will no longer succeed. There are ways of doing things now-a-days that you have no proper idea of; and just give me a trial, and I will soon astonish you with my skill and management." Of course, the old man withdraws his fatherly cares from the ingenious youth—perhaps only thinking of him afterwards as in a certain sense lost, or only brought to a painful knowledge of his existence by the calls privately made upon him for pecuniary subsidies.

To whatever degree of loftiness the pretensions of the young man may have aspired, it is not long before he begins to suspect that the world is neither so silly nor so easily prevailed upon to second his views as he imagined. Presuming upon his innate knowledge of mankind, in all their various classes, he affects an excess of liberality in his dealings. He enters into acquaintanceship with any body, provided they have but a genteel look; implicitly gives credit when sought for: does not heed lending a few pounds when craved with a confidential air; and even becomes security for several of his dearest friends. It is generally seen that he also reckons with an amazing degree of confidence on the effects of his personal appearance. Every thing about him is to attract universal admiration: The elegant contour of his hair; his handsomely made coat; the peculiarly genteel colour of his gloves; the graceful droop in the chain of his watch, which hangs round his neck in the most approved fashion—are all, in his estimation, to be at once productive of envy among his competitors, and the cause of the deepest admiration and love among all the young ladies who have the happiness or misery to behold him. The wise and accomplished young man further prides himself on his speculations in business. He tries to carry on trade by a sort of slight of hand, or by being up to every thing. Yet, somehow, he finds all will not do. His friends turn out unsubstantial visions: his elegant appearance fails entirely in gaining him either credit or respect: his means vanish in schemes which are proved to be unutterably ridiculous: and he at length makes the notable discovery, that other people are just as wise and as clever as himself. Thus, every succeeding year of his life, the young man thinks less and less of his own abilities, or power of swaying the world to his wishes. He learns, by dreary experience, that, after all, dullness with prudence gets on much better than activity and heedlessness. Above all, he finds that there is no possibility of attaining any great and profitable end without accommodating himself to a thousand petty circumstances that occur—without ministering to the prejudices or prepossessions of others—without submitting, perhaps, to many supposed contumelies and neglects—without manfully breasting every succeeding wave of adversity that threatens to swallow him up.

So common is the fallacy of self-sufficient cleverness among the youthful, and the corresponding disregard of advice from the aged, that it would almost appear as if our race were, in this manner, by a provision of nature, doomed to be retarded in its advancement towards perfection. If each generation were to start with the full advantage of the experience of the one which preceded it, it is impossible to conceive the height of prosperity and happiness at which mankind would have already arrived. But it seems to be nearly as difficult to endow with the wisdom of threescore the youth of five and twenty, as it is to train the muscles of a child of six years old to the energy and endurance of a full-grown man. As the body acquires strength in a regular gradation, so the mind also attains improvement by degrees. Nevertheless, we do not despond over the case of those who naturally repel admonition from their predecessors. There is at least one form in which good council presents itself without any circumstance which predisposes men to despise it, and that is the writings which the industry and learning of ages have now largely accumulated, and which the art of printing is daily extending. It is from the reiterated efforts of the press that we are principally to look for melioration in the tempers and in the behaviour of the people. In proportion as the young indulge in judicious reading, they will learn to reflect soundly—to see the absurdity of closing their understandings against the deductions drawn from familiar examples of ruin produced by self-conceit and impassioned heedlessness. They will thus, to a certain degree, acquire that which will stand them in the stead of experience in life—a dependence on the experience of those who have gone before them. In the same measure, by being made extensively acquainted with the abilities of others—the cleverness of their predecessors as well as of their neighbours—they will profitably be led to think much less of their own acquirements, and to put considerably less value on their own capabilities of action.

Occasionally we see young men who are less headstrong at the outset than those we have pointed out. A few seem to step at once, as it were, into the sagacity of the aged, and it is always seen that they prosper in proportion as their conduct is regulated by the admonitions of prudence. The success of these entrants on the stage of human life is found to have depended principally on the due regulation of their passions—for in this mainly lies the secret of advancement in society. They engage in their occupations with coolness and deliberation, warily lying in wait for opportunities of well-doing, and taking advantage of those false steps which precipitate others from the eminence they have partially gained. While the greater proportion of the young and thoughtless are dropping aside out of the ranks, and disappearing, and the aged are naturally falling away from amongst them, they are steadily pursuing their way, shutting their eyes and their ears against the various allurements that beset them—against the pretended friendships of the vicious or the simply contemptible—against, perhaps, the turbulence of their own appetites and passions—and so, by the time they have reached a mature manhood, they are already in the possession of those comforts and that honourable station that are the reward of virtue.

LEGEND OF THE LARGE MOUTH.

Arriving one evening at an inn in Glasgow, I was shown into a room which already contained a promiscuous assemblage of travellers. Amongst these gentlemen—*commercial* gentlemen chiefly—there was one whose features struck me as being the most ill-favoured I had ever beheld. He was a large pursy old man, with a forehead "villanous low," hair like bell-ropes, eyes the smallest and most porkish of all possible eyes, and a nose which showed no more prominence in a side-view than that of the moon, as exhibited in her first quarter upon a freemason's apron. All these monstrosities were, however, as beauties, as absolute perfections, compared with the mouth—the enormous mouth, which, grinning beneath, formed a sort of rustic basement to the whole superstructure of his facial horrors. This Mouth—if mouth it could be called, which bore so little resemblance to the mouths of mankind in general—turned full upon me as I entered, and happening at the moment to be employed in a yawn, actually seemed as if it would have willingly received me into its prodigious crater, and consigned me to the fate of Empedocles, without so much as a shoe being left to tell the tale.

The company of a traveller's room is generally very stiff, every man sitting by his own table in his own corner, with his back turned upon the rest. It was not so, however, on the present occasion. The most of the present company seemed to have been so long together in the hotel, as to have become very gracious with each other, while any recent comers, finding themselves plumped into a society already thawed and commingled, had naturally entered into the spirit of the rest. Soon discovering how matters stood, I joined in the conversation, and speedily found that the man with the large mouth was one of the most polite and agreeable of mankind. He was one of those old experienced gentlemen of the road, who know every thing that is necessary to be known, and are never at a loss about any thing. His jokes, his anecdotes, his remarks, were all excellent, and kept the rest bound, as it were, in a chain. The best of him was, that he seemed quite at ease on the subject of his mouth. No

doubt he was conscious of his preternatural ugliness—for, whatever may be said about the blinding effect of self-love and so forth, I hold that the most of people know pretty nearly how they stand as to personal attractions; but he had none of that boggling, unsteady, uncomplacent deportment, so remarkable in the generality of ill-looking people. On the contrary, there was an air of perfect self-satisfaction about him, which told that he either was so familiar with the dreadful fact as to mind it not, or that he was a thorough man of the world, above considering so trivial a particular, or that he was rich, and could afford to be detested. It was curious, however, that, even while he almost convulsed the rest with his jokes, he never laughed in the least himself. He evidently dared not. The guffaw of such a man must have produced consequences not to be calmly contemplated. Part, indeed, of the humorous effect of his conversation arose from the cautious way in which he managed his mouth. A small aperture at one side, bearing the same proportion to the whole that the wicket of a carriage-gate does to the whole gate itself, served for the emission of his words. Any thing else would have been a mere waste of lip.

On my ordering some refreshment, I was informed by the company, that, in consideration of this being the anniversary of a distinguished historical event, they had agreed to sup together in a rather more formal way than usual, and that they would be happy if I would join them. Having assented to the proposal, I began to reflect with some anxiety upon the probable conduct of the Mouth at table. How so extraordinary a Feature would behave, what it would ask for, after what manner it would masticate, and, above all, how much it would devour, were to me subjects of the most interesting speculation. "The wicket won't do there," thought I to myself, "or I am much mistaken." Yet, again—so ran my thoughts—many large men have been known to eat very little, while your true devourers are found to be lean, shrivelled creatures, who do not seem to be ever the better of it. "A large mouth," says the Scottish proverb, "has always a good luck for its meat." That may be, thought I, and yet the large Mouth may be quite indifferent to what it is so sure of getting. All kinds of ideas connected with this subject ran through my mind; but in the end I found it all a riddle. The Mouth might prove either gluttonous or abstemious, without exciting more surprise by the one event than by the other.

By and bye, some one asked a waiter if supper was nearly ready, and on an answer in the affirmative being given, I observed the Mouth suddenly bustle up, and assume an air of eager promptitude, that almost seemed to decide the question. The man rose, and, going to a corner of the room, where his greatcoat was hanging, brought forth a small package, which he proceeded to untie at a side-table. The only article it contained was a spoon, which he immediately brought forward and laid upon the table, accompanying the action with an air that might have befitted a surgeon in arranging his instruments for an operation. I had no longer any doubt as to the gastronomical character of the Mouth, for here was an article that might have served in the nursery of Glumdalclitch. It was an antique silver implement, with a short handle, and a rim about four inches in diameter, like an ordinary saucer. Observing the curiosity of the company to be strongly excited, the old man showed it round with good-natured politeness, telling us that he had been so long accustomed at home to the use of this goodly article, that he could now hardly discuss either soup or dessert without it, and therefore made a point of carrying it along with him in his travels. "But indeed, gentlemen," said he, "why should I make this a matter of delicacy with you? The truth is, the spoon has a history, and my mouth, none of the least you see, has also a history. If you feel any curiosity upon these points, I will give you a biographical account of the one and an autobiographical account of the other, to amuse you till supper is ready." To this frank proposal we all cordially agreed, and the old man, sitting down with the spoon in his hand, commenced a narrative, which I shall here give in the third person.

His mouth was the chieftain and representative of a long ancestral line of illustrious and most extensive mouths, which had flourished for centuries at a place called Tullibody. According to tradition, the mouth came into the family by marriage. An ancestor of the speaker wooed, and was about to wed, a lady of great personal attractions but no fortune, when his father interfered, and induced him, by the threat of disinheritation on the one hand, and the temptation of great wealth on the other, to marry another dame, the heiress of a large fortune and large mouth, both bequeathed to her by her grandfather, one of the celebrated kail-suppers of Fife. When his resolution was communicated to the tocherless lady, she was naturally very much enraged, and wished that the mouth of her rival might descend, in all its latitude, to the latest generation of her faithless swain's posterity; after which she took her bed, and—married another lover, her *second-best*, next week, by way of revenge. The country people, who pay great attention to the sayings of ladies condemned to wear the willow, waited anxiously for the fulfilment of her malediction, and accordingly shook their heads and had their own thoughts, when the kail-supper's descendant brought forth a son, whose mouth, even in his swaddling-clothes, reflected back credit on her own. The triumph of the ill-wisher was considered complete, when the second, the third, and all the other children, were found to be distinguished by this feature; and, what gave the triumph still more poignancy, was, that the daughters were found to be no more exempted than the sons from the family doom. In the second generation, moreover, instead of being softened or diluted away, the mouth rather increased, and so it had done in every successive generation since that time. The race having been very prolific, it was now spread so much that there was scarcely a face in Tullibody or the neighbourhood altogether free of the contagion; so that the person addressing us, who had his permanent residence there, could look round him upon several hundreds of kindred mouths, with all the patriarchal feelings of the chief of a large Highland clan.

If there had been any disposition in the family to treat their fate ill-humouredly, it would have been neutralised by the luck which evidently accompanied the introduction and transmission of this singular feature. So far, however, from entertaining any grudge or regret upon the subject, it had been the habit of the family to treat it as a capital joke, and to be always the first to laugh at it themselves. So much was this the case, that a wealthy representative of the family, about a century ago, founded—not an hospital or a school—but a spoon, which should be handed down from mouth to mouth as a practical and traditionary jest upon the family feature, and, though not entailed, be regarded, he hoped, as a thing never to be parted with for any consideration, unless fate should capriciously contract the mouths of his descendants to such a degree as to render its use inconvenient. This elegant symbol, after passing through the hands of a long train of persons, who had each been more able than another to use it effectively, came at length into the possession of the individual now addressing us—a person evidently qualified to do full justice to the intentions of his ancestor.

It was, therefore, with the apprehension of something awful, that, after the conclusion of the story, and the introduction of supper, I took a place at the well-spread board. In sitting down, I cast a look at the Mouth. It was hovering like a prodigious rainbow, over the horizon of the table, uncertain where to pitch itself. There was an air of terrible resolution about it, which made me almost tremble for what was to ensue. It was evident we were to have a *scene*.

The Mouth—for so it might be termed *par excellence*—was preferred by acclamation to the head of the table—a distinction awarded, as I afterwards understood, not so much on account of its superior greatness, as in consideration of its seniority, though I am sure it deserved the *pas* on both accounts. The inferior and junior mouths all sat down at different distances from the great mouth, like satellites round a mighty planet. It uttered a short gentleman-like grace, and then began to ask its neighbours what they would have. Some asked for one thing, some for another, and in a short time all were served except itself. For its own part, it complained of weak appetite, and expressed a fear that it should not be able to take any thing at all. I could scarcely credit the declaration. It added, in a singularly prim tone of voice, that, for its part, it admired the taste of Beau Tibbs in Goldsmith—"Something nice, and a little will do—I hate your immense loads of meat; that's country all over!" Hereupon, I plucked up courage, and ventured to look at it again. It was still terrible, though placid. Its expression was that of a fresh and strong warrior, who hesitates a moment to consider into what part of a thick battle he shall plunge himself, or what foes he shall select as worthy of particular attack. Its look belied its word; but again I was thrown back by its words belying its look. It said to a neighbour of mine, that it thought it might perhaps manage the half of the tail of one of the herrings at his elbow, if he would be so kind as carve. Was there ever such a puzzling mouth! I was obliged again to give credit to words; yet again was I disappointed. My neighbour, thinking it absurd to mince such a matter as a *Glasgow Magistrate*, handed up a whole one to the chairman. The Mouth received it, with a torrent of refusals and remonstrances, in the midst of which it began to eat, and I heard it continue to mumble forth expostulations, in a fainter and fainter tone, at the intervals of bites, for a few seconds; till behold the whole corporate substance of the burgal dignitary had melted away to a long meagre skeleton! When done, its remonstrances changed into a wonder how it should have got through so plump a fish; it was perfectly astonishing; it had never eaten a whole herring in its life before; it was an unaccountable miracle. I did not hear the latter sentences of its wonderments; but, towards the conclusion, heard the word "fowl" distinctly pronounced. The fowls lying to my hand, I found myself under the necessity of entering into conference with it, though I felt a mortal disinclination to look it in the mouth, lest I should betray some symptom of emotion inconsistent with good manners. Drawing down my features into a resolute pucker, and mentally vowing I would speak to it though it should blast me, I cast my eyes slowly and cautiously towards it, and made inquiry as to its choice of bits. In return for my interrogation, I received a polite convulsion, intended for a smile, and a request, out of which I only caught the important words, "breast" and "wing." I made haste to execute the order; and on handing away the desired viands, received from the Mouth another grateful convulsion; and then, to my great relief, all was over! Well, thought I, at this juncture, a herring and a fragment of fowl are no such great matters; perhaps the mouth will prove quite a natural mouth after all. In brief space, however, the chairman's plate was announced as again empty; and I heard it receive, discuss, and answer various proposals of replenishment made to it by its more immediate neighbours. I thought I would escape; but no—the fowl was really so good, that it thought it would trouble me for another breast, if I would be so kind, &c. I was of course obliged to look at it again, in order to receive its request in proper form; when, neglecting this time my former preparations of face, I had nearly committed myself by looking it full in the mouth, with my eyes wide open, and without having screwed my facial muscles into their former resolute astringency. However, instantly apprehending the amount of its demands, my glance at the Mouth fortunately required to be only momentary, and I found immediate relief from all danger in the ensuing business of carving. Yet even that glance was in itself a dreadful trial: it sufficed to inform me that the Mouth was now more terrible than before—that there was a fearful vivacity about it, a promptitude, an alacrity, and energy, which it did not formerly exhibit. Should this increase, thought I, it will soon be truly dreadful. I handed up a whole fowl to it, in a sort of desperation. It made no remonstrances, as in the case of the herring, at the abundance of my offering. So far from that, it seemed to forgive my disobedience with the utmost goodwill; received the fowl, dispatched it with silence and celerity, and then began to look abroad for farther prey. Indeed, it now began to crack jokes upon itself—a sportive species of suicide. It spoke of the spoon; lamented that, after all, there should be no soups at table whereon it might have exhibited itself; and finally vowed, that it would visit the deficiencies of the supper upon the dessert, even unto the third and fourth dish of *blancmange*. The proprietor of the mouth then laid down the spoon upon the table, there to lie in readiness till such time as he should find knives and forks of no farther service—as the Scottish soldiery in former times used to lay their shields upon the ground while making use of their spears. I now gave up all hopes of the Mouth observing any propriety in its future transactions. Having finished my own supper, I resolved to set myself down to observe all its sayings and doings. Its placidity was now gone—its air of self-possession lost. New powers seemed to be every moment developing themselves throughout its vast form—new and more terrible powers. It was beginning to have a *wild look!* It was evident that it was now *fleshed*—that its naturally savage disposition, formerly dormant for want of excitement, was now rising tumultuously within it—that it would soon perform such deeds as would scare us all! It had engaged itself, before I commenced my observations, upon a roast gigot of mutton, which happened to lie near it. This it soon nearly finished. It then cast a look of fearful omen at a piece of cold beef, which lay immediately beyond, and which, being placed within reach by some kind neighbour, it immediately commenced to, with as much fierceness as it had just exemplified in the case of the mutton. The beef also was soon laid waste, and another look of extermination was forthwith cast at a broken pigeon-pie, which lay still farther off. Hereupon the Eye had scarcely alighted, when the man nearest it, with laudable promptitude, handed it upwards. Scarcely was it laid on the altar of destruction, when it disappeared too; and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth look, were successively cast at other dishes, which the different members of the party as promptly sent away, and which the Mouth as promptly dispatched. By this time, all the rest of the party were lying upon their oars, observing, with leisurely astonishment, the progress of the surviving, and, as it appeared to them, endless feeder. *He* went on, rejoicing in his strength, unheeding their idleness and wonder, his very soul apparently engrossed in the grand business of devouring. They seemed to enter into a sort of tacit compact, or agreement, to indulge and facilitate him in his progress, by making themselves, as it were, his servitors. Whatever dish he looked at, therefore, over the wide expanse of the table, immediately disappeared from its place. One after another, they trooped off towards the head of the table, like the successive brigades which Wellington dispatched at Waterloo against a particular field of French artillery; and still, dish after dish, like said brigades, came successively away, broken, diminished, annihilated. Fish, flesh, and fowl, disappeared at the glance of that awful Eye, as the Roman fleet withered and vanished before the grand burning-glass of Archimedes. The end of all things seemed at hand! The Mouth was arrived at a perfect transport of voracity! It seemed no more capable of restraining itself than some great engine, full of tremendous machinery, which cannot stop of itself. It had no self-will. It was an unaccountable being. It was a separate creature, independent on the soul. It was not a human thing at all. It was every thing that was superhuman—every thing that was immense—inconceivably enormous! All objects seemed reeling and toppling on towards it, like the foam-bells upon a mighty current, floating silently on towards the orifice of some prodigious sea-cave. It was like the whirlpool of Maëlstrom, every thing that comes within the vortex of which, for miles round, is sure of being caught, inextricably involved, whirled round and round and round, and then down, down that monstrous gulf—

that mouth of the mighty ocean, the lips of which are overwhelming waves, whose teeth are prodigious rocks, and whose belly is the great abyss!

Here I grew dizzy, fainted, and—I never saw the Mouth again.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

Dante.

ALLUSIONS are frequently made in our literature to the Italian poets; and many persons who have seen these allusions till they are tired, perhaps hardly know who the Italian poets were, or what they did to render themselves so famous. If any one entertains curiosity on this subject, he will find it so far allayed by perusing this and the following short articles.

The Italian language, so remarkable for its vocal sweetness and delicacy, is one of the first modern tongues in which poetry was written. Poets all over Europe wrote their compositions in Latin, till about the twelfth century, when the persons called Troubadours, living in the south of France, began to write in their native language, and were highly successful in their efforts. The example was imitated in the Italian language, at first in Sicily, and afterwards in Italy itself, where there were some good poets soon after the year 1200. After that, Italy, though a scene of constant civil contention, became the birth-place of some of the greatest poets the world has ever seen—for it is a question with persons able to judge, whether even England has produced such great men in this branch of literature as the southern peninsula. It is at least certain that the Italian were the first models of the English, and also of the Scottish poets.

The chief poets of Italy are Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, who flourished between the years 1300 and 1400; Ariosto, Guarini, and Tasso, who lived between 1500 and 1600; and Metastasio and Alfieri, who lived in the last century.

Dante, more properly designated Durante Alighieri, was born in May 1265; a period when the people of this island were considered as little better than barbarians, while learning was experiencing, in Italy, a revival that has gradually illuminated all the earth. He was a native of Florence, one of the principal cities in the north of Italy, and was descended from an illustrious family. He received an excellent education, and at an early period of life displayed great capacity for learning, and also a deep and refined sensibility. He fell in love, at nine years of age, with a young lady named Beatrice Portinari, of his own age, who became the subject and inspirer of his earliest poetical attempts. From an early age, he displayed a thoughtful and reserved, yet ardent character; was indefatigable in the acquisition of knowledge; and devoted himself in a peculiar manner to the study of theology. The passion he entertained for Beatrice seems to have been of too abstract and poetical a kind to suggest matrimony as its appropriate termination. He permitted Beatrice to marry another, and still loved on with as great an exhibition of poetical passion as before. At length she died, and he gradually fell in love with another lady, who had no recommendation to him but an apparent sympathy in his distress. Subsequently, the poet married a lady named Gemma di Manetto dé Donati, who is said to have proved a thorough shrew, and to have made his life very uncomfortable.

Literary and philosophical men in general are perhaps the least qualified to give or to experience happiness in married life, because they are apt to be too much bound up in their own pursuits to be good society to their wives, or to enter gracefully into that society which, in the deficiency of his own, the lady is perhaps inclined to call around her. The case, however, is infinitely worse, when there is any decided fault of temper in either of the parties. The phenomenon is then seen, of a man delighting all the world, while he is himself a prey to the most poignant vexations. Boccaccio's description of Dante's household is worth giving:—"He who before passed his hours in sacred study, and in holding communion with kings, emperors, princes, philosophers, and poets, and who could always soothe his sorrows by sympathising with those of others, was now, at the beck of his new wife, obliged to associate with whomsoever she pleased, and dragged from his own noble companions to listen to the arguments of women, and, if he did not wish to increase his misery tenfold, not only to listen to them, but to praise them. He who was accustomed, when weary of the crowd, to retire into some solitary place, and, there meditating, inquire what spirit moves the heavens, whence the living creatures of the earth draw their life, and what are the causes of things; or to meditate on some invention, or to compose something which should insure him a life after death, in fame—He, who was formerly thus employed, was now not only hindered from contemplation, but, whenever his new wife pleased, was forced into the society of persons in nowise disposed to such pursuits;—and yet more, he who was accustomed to laugh, to complain, to sing, or sigh, just as passion, pleasure, or love prompted, now either dared not do it, or must give his wife an account of why he did it; and not only in greater matters, but with respect to every little sigh, telling her whence it rose, and for what it was intended; his cheerfulness being regarded as a sign of his loving some one else; his melancholy as a proof that he hated her."

Dante was much trusted in public affairs, acted several times as an ambassador from his fellow-citizens to neighbouring states, and in the thirty-fifth year of his age, became one of the priors or magistrates of the city. The Florentine republic was then torn by the disputes of two rival families, the Donati and the Cerchi. Dante, who took part with the former, was at Rome pleading their cause with the Pope, when the opposite party overpowered the friends of the Donati, and drove them from the city. Dante, among other noble persons, was proscribed by the triumphant faction, and had his property confiscated. He never after was permitted to reside in Florence, but lived for many years as a wanderer on the face of the earth, sometimes under the protection of one noble person, and sometimes under another. The only circumstance of a consolatory nature in his fate, was, that he does not appear to have ever after been troubled with his wife.

For some time before his proscription, Dante had concentrated his genius upon a poem of great length, entitled the "Divina Commedia," which he completed during his exile, and which is one of the grandest compositions of this kind ever bequeathed to mankind. It is founded upon the religion of Dante's age and country, and describes a visionary journey through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, all of which are filled by the imagination of the poet with appropriate images. "We begin our journey with him," says his biographer,* "as if in company with a cowled ecclesiastic or metaphysician; but as we proceed, his voice and form seem to change, and as the darkness grows around us, he becomes greater and mightier, till when we enter the deep and woody way, and stand before the gate of the doleful city, we feel as he himself felt when his great master appeared before him in the solemn stillness of his valley, and amid forms that made even the air seem to tremble.

"The distinguishing characteristic of Dante's poetry, though it is far from wanting in occasional passages of exquisite tenderness and beauty, is its sublimity; and hence, by general consent, the Inferno [the part which describes Hell] is placed at an almost immeasurable distance above the other two parts of the Commedia, which required a milder and more brilliant fancy. In respect to sublimity, Dante has but one superior, our own Milton. The scenes he depicts have the terrible distinctness of places beheld in a vivid dream; the language of his personages makes an equally powerful impression on the mind—it is short, pointed, and abrupt, such as we might expect to hear from miserable beings dreading the fiery lash of pursuing demons, but retaining their sense of human sympathy. The same power appears in his comparisons as in the main subjects of the description. Over the images drawn from natural objects, or real occurrences, he flings the gloom or the lurid light of his subterranean caverns, rendering at the same time the abodes of condemned spirits the more terrible by the contrast of things still earthly and embodied. This sublimity, it is true, is far from being constantly sustained; and the verse not unfrequently falls off into a style as cold and harsh as it is obscure and unaffecting. But, in the first place, it was not possible that he should be always alike elevated; and, in the next, both the object of his poem, the learning which filled his mind, and the literary taste of the age, would lead him into most of the faults which disfigure the Commedia in the eye of a modern reader."

Besides this poem—written about the time of our Bruce and Wallace, and when vernacular poetry was unknown in Britain—Dante wrote an earlier and inferior work, styled the Vita Nuova, and a volume of Canzoni and Sonnets, also inferior. He likewise composed, in prose, the "Convivio," a commentary on his Canzoni, and a treatise "De Monarchia," designed for a political purpose. He died at Ravenna, in September 1321, a heart-broken exile, and was buried in that city. Not many years after, his native city, from which he had been so cruelly banished, endeavoured to get his remains, in order to give them that sure but too often sole reward of genius, a magnificent mausoleum; but the claim was indignantly refused. In a short time, although the press did not then exist to multiply and diffuse literary productions, the Divina Commedia was so highly appreciated, that public lectures were appointed in all the principal cities of Italy, for the purpose of explaining its mysterious and solemn beauties to the public. And although upwards of five hundred years have elapsed since this work first saw the light, it cannot be said to have suffered the least falling off in general estimation.

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* This article is re-written from a small work by Mr R. Chambers, published in 1826, under the title of "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," where it was intended as a ludicrous illustration of the phrase—*the Muckle-mouthed Murrays*. The story had a slight foundation in fact, being amplified from an anecdote related to the author by a friend, as having fallen under his own observation. The writer was afterwards much surprised, when informed by Mr Howison Craufurd of Craufurdland, that in the family formerly possessed of that estate, and from a female branch of which he is descended, there was a legendary spoon similar to that described in Mr Chambers's volume, bearing the following inscription:—

This spuine I leave as a legacie
To the muckle-mou'ed Craufurds after me.

Mr Craufurd now possesses this heirloom; but, alas, the race to which it was appropriate, is, after an uninterrupted series of eighteen male descents, among the things that were—the last lineal representative being Colonel Craufurd, an ancient officer of high spirit and honour, of whom it is related, that he wilfully incurred the loss of his commission, by attending his friend and neighbour, the Earl of Kilmarnock, to the scaffold.

It may be mentioned, that, some time after the first publication of the above fantastic *jeu d'esprit*, an article bearing a close resemblance to it appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, with the signature, "A Modern Pythagorean," being the literary soubriquet, as he understands, of Dr Macnish of Glasgow, the ingenious author of the Anatomy of Drunkenness. He feels assured, that if Dr Macnish had been aware of the idea being already adopted by another person, he would either have abstained from writing upon it, or acknowleged that he was not the first to do so. It nevertheless seems necessary to make this explanation, in order that the prior writer may not fall under the suspicion of being the imitator

* The Rev. Henry Stebbing, in his late elegant work, the Lives of the Italian Poets.

THE AMERICAN STATE PRISONS.

ALMOST every civilised nation has a different mode of punishing criminals. In this country it is the practice, according to the nature of their crimes, to subject them to confinement in prisons and bridewells—to banish them from certain towns or districts—to transport them to distant penal settlements—and to put them to death by hanging. In some continental countries they are scourged—obliged to row the oars of boats or galleys—sent to dig in mines for life—and, if their outrages have been great, they are beheaded. In others there are large state prisons in which they are confined, but without any careful arrangement of classes. Generally speaking, it is the custom over the whole of Europe merely to punish criminals by certain severities, and the idea of reclaiming them to virtuous pursuits, or of quelling their passions by a peculiar system of discipline, hardly ever enters into the conceptions of the various governments. The Americans are the only people who have properly hit upon this notion. In the United States banishment is unknown, and the only crimes punished with death are murder and fire-raising. The plan generally pursued is incarceration in state prisons, in which the inmates are carefully supervised, kept from communicating with each other, and put to such a description of labour as will occupy their minds, and fit them for fulfilling the duty of good and industrious citizens on their liberation.

In the state of New York there are two or three great penal establishments, one of which is at Auburn, a flourishing town of 4000 inhabitants, situated on the outlet of the Oswesco Lake, and often made the object of a visit by travellers. Among others, it was lately visited by Mr Stuart,* whose excellent account furnishes the following details:—

"The prison is a large edifice, standing in an open space of ground 500 feet square, inclosed by an external wall 35 feet high. It contains the keeper's house, and necessary offices—the eating-hall, hospital, kitchens, and wash-rooms, and the cells, which are 7 feet long, 3½ wide, and 7 feet high. The windows in each, 4 feet by 6, are glazed, and secured by a strong iron grating. The only opening from the cell, except the ventilator, is the door, in the upper end of which is an iron grate, 18 by 20 inches. The bars of this grate are round iron, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, placed about two inches asunder, leaving orifices smaller than a man's hand. Through this grate all the light, heat, and air, are admitted to the cells. The ventilator, which is about three inches in diameter, extends from the back of the cell to the roof of the building. The door of the cell, of which the grate is a part, closes on the inner edge of the wall two feet deep. This recess in front of each door increases the difficulty of conversation and communication between the prisoners—prevents them from seeing into the galleries—and furnishes a convenient place for an officer of the prison to converse with the prisoner, without being seen or heard by those in the adjoining cells. The area round the cells, which is ten feet wide, is open from the ground to the roof, in front of five stories of cells. Of this area, three feet adjoining the cells are occupied by the galleries.

The shops or working-rooms are almost all attached to the outer wall of the prison, that wall being the outer wall of the shops. They are, when completed, to be about 1600 feet long, 26 feet wide, and 7 feet high on the side towards the yard, and 16 feet on the external wall. The side of the shops on the yard is lighted by a row of windows 4 feet by 3 feet 4 inches, and 2 feet 7 inches asunder. There is also a row of windows in the roof of the shops, consisting of an unbroken line of 7 by 9. In the rear of all the shops is an avenue or passway, made sufficiently light by numerous small openings cut in the partition, which enables the keepers to inspect the convicts without their knowledge, and also for visitors to pass through without going into the shops.

The prison is governed by a board of inspectors residing in the village, who are appointed every two years by the governor and senators of New York state, and who make such regulations as they think necessary, and appoint the keeper, deputy-keeper, physician, chaplain, and all the subordinate officers.

* Three Years in North America, by James Stuart, Esq. Cadell, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

When convicts arrive, they have their irons taken off, are thoroughly cleaned, and clad in the prison dress. The rules of the prison are explained to them, and they are instructed by the keeper in their duties—to obey orders, and to labour diligently in silence—to approach all the officers of the institution, when it is necessary for them to speak, with respectful language, and never to speak without necessity, even to the keepers; never to speak to each other under any pretence; nor to sing, dance, or do any thing having the least tendency to disturb the prison; never to leave the places assigned to them without permission; never to speak to any person who does not belong to the prison, nor to look off from their work to see any one; never to work carelessly, or be idle a single moment. They are also told, that they will not be allowed to receive letters, or intelligence from or concerning their friends, or any information on any subject out of the prison. Any correspondence of this kind that may be necessary must be carried on through the keeper, or assistant-keepers. A Bible is, by order of the state, put into each cell. The bodies of all criminals who die in the state prisons are, by order of the legislature, delivered to the College of Physicians when they are not claimed by their relations within twenty-four hours after their death. The state prisons being in the country—at a distance generally, it must be presumed, from the residence of the relations—such a claim can, it is obvious, be but rarely made.

For all infraction of the regulations or of duty, the convicts are instantly punished by stripes, inflicted by the keeper or assistant-keepers with a raw hide whip; or, in aggravated cases, under the direction of the keeper, or his deputy alone, by a cat made of six strans of small twine, applied to the bare back alone. Conviction follows offences so certainly and instantaneously, that they rarely occur; sometimes not once in three months.

At the end of fifteen minutes after the ringing of a bell in the morning, the assistant-keepers unlock the convicts, who march out in military order in single files to their workshops, where they wash their faces and hands in vessels prepared in the shops.

New convicts are put to work at such trade as they may have previously learned, provided it be practicable; if not, or if they have no trade, the keeper selects such trade as appears, on inquiry, best suited to them. The hours of labour vary according to the season. In long days, from half-past five A.M. to six P.M. In short days, the hours are so fixed as to embrace all the day-light.

At the signal for breakfast, the convicts again form in line in the shops, and are marched by the assistant-keepers to the mess-room, which they enter at two different doors, face around by their plates, standing till all have got their places, when a bell is rung, and all sit down to their meals: but as some eat more, and some less, waiters, provided with large vessels, pass along constantly between the tables, taking food from those who raise their right hand in token that they have it to spare, and giving to those who raise their left hand to signify they want more. The tables are narrow, and the convicts, sitting on one side only, are placed face to back, and never face to face, so as to avoid exchanging looks or signs.

When the steward perceives that the convicts have done eating, or have had sufficient time for it—generally from twenty minutes to half an hour—he rings the bell, when all rise and march to their workshops, those going out first who came in last. Twelve o'clock is the hour of dinner. The proceedings the same as at breakfast. Before quitting labour, the convicts wash their faces and hands—form line, according to the number of their cells—and proceed, in reversed order from that of coming out in the morning, to the wash-room, where, without breaking their step, they stoop, and take up their supper-vessels and water-cans, and march to their galleries, enter their cells, and pull their doors to. Each gallery is occupied by one company, which is marched and locked up by one assistant-keeper.

Assistant-keepers are constantly moving around the galleries, having socks on their feet, that they may walk without noise, so that each convict does not know but that one of the keepers may be at the very door of his cell, ready to discover and report next morning for punishment the slightest breach of silence or order. The house, containing between 500 and 600 convicts, is thus perfectly still. The convicts are required, by the ringing of a bell, to go to bed upon their framed flat canvass hammocks, with blankets, and are neither permitted to lie down nor to get up without a signal. After the convicts are rung down at night, all the locks are again tried by the assistant-keepers.

On Sundays the arrangement is the same, with this difference, that, instead of working, the convicts are marched to the chapel, where divine service is performed by the chaplain. Such of them as are ignorant, attend the Sunday school, which is admirably taught, and gratuitously by students belonging to the theological seminary at Auburn. The keeper and assistant-keepers must be present at divine service, and at the teaching in the Sunday school.

The rations for each man per day, are, 10 oz. pork, or 16 oz. beef; 10 oz. wheat flour, the wheat to be ground fine, and not bolted; 12 oz. Indian meal; ½ gill molasses—a ration. And 2 qts. rye; 4 qts. salt; 4 qts. vinegar; 1½ oz. pepper; 2½ bushels potatoes—each 100 rations.

From these provisions the convicts are supplied in the morning with cold meat, bread, a slice of cold hominy (a preparation of Indian corn), hot potatoes, and a pint of hot rye coffee, sweetened with molasses. For dinner, they have meat soup made from the broth, thickened with Indian meal, bread, hot potatoes, and cold water for drink. And for supper, a portion of mush (porridge made of Indian meal) and cold water. This quantity of food for each man is considered to be indispensably necessary when the labour is hard and constant, and not more than sufficient to enable the convicts to perform it, and to remain in the enjoyment of health. Labour, only interrupted by the time necessary for meals, is required from the convicts for eleven hours per day, when there is enough of daylight.

The convicts are so arranged in the shops, as not to face each other, and have their work entirely separate. A shop and business of a hundred are so managed, that hours frequently pass without a word being spoken. Spectators are taken through the inspection avenues in the rear, which surround all the shops, where they have a full view of the convicts without being seen. They are not allowed to speak so loud as to be heard by them. There are separate shops for carpenters, masons, coopers, toolmakers, shoemakers, tailors, weavers, blacksmiths, machinists, gunsmiths, chairmakers, cabinetmakers, and basket-makers. We saw some cabinet work beautifully finished. Indeed, all the work seemed to us well arranged, and systematically carried on. Carriage-making, polishing stone, and comb-making, have been begun during the year 1828.

The gains of the convicts during the last year averaged 29 cents, or 1s. 2½d. sterling per day, some of them earning as much as 50 cents, and others not more than 15 cents per day. The amount was sufficient to defray the annual expense, including the whole salaries of the keepers and other officers, the guard, and all the other officers.

Of 160 convicts discharged from Auburn, of whom accurate accounts have been obtained, 112 have turned out decidedly steady and industrious, and only 26 decidedly bad.

By this system, every prisoner forms a class by himself, and to all moral and social purposes he is insulated. The novice in crime may work for years by the side of the most expert felon, without making any progress in the mysteries of criminality. The prisoners are compelled to work diligently and profitably, and are deterred from spoiling their work; and we may add, as an important feature of this system, that, if any human means can, as it were, enforce repentance and amendment, it is this. The entire separation from all criminal associates—the sobriety of feelings consequent upon temperance and labour—and, most of all, the sadness of solitude, must frequently make serious impressions."

Such is the account given by Mr Stuart of this well-regulated and highly-praiseworthy American institution. It is much to be wished, that, in our own country, a plan of this kind, which seems to embrace all the objects which Howard and other philanthropists have endeavoured to attain, were established in the stead of our present singularly profitless and aimless system of punishment.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

FLORA MACDONALD.

FLORA MACDONALD—celebrated for her concern in the escape of Prince Charles Stuart after the battle of Culloden—was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in the island of South Uist (one of the remoter of the Hebridean range), and nearly related to the chieftain of Clanranald, who asserts claims to be considered as the head of this distinguished Scottish name. Her father having died during her early life, her mother was married a second time to Mr Macdonald of Armadale, in the isle of Skye, who, according to the tradition of the family, accomplished the match by what was not then considered as either a dishonourable or dangerous expedient—namely, the abduction of the lady by force from her own house. Flora received the latter and better part of her education at a boarding-school in Edinburgh, from which she had just returned at the commencement of the insurrection of 1745.

The Clanranald Macdonalds, all except the aged chief himself, adopted, on this occasion, the cause of the young Pretender: the Skye Macdonalds, on the other hand, among whom was Flora's stepfather, remained at peace, though in general inclined to the same cause. After the disastrous conclusion of the enterprise, Charles fled in disguise to the Hebrides, and was concealed for several weeks in a hut in South Uist, under the protection of the chieftain of Clanranald and his lady, who resided at Ormiclade House, on that island. At length, towards the end of June 1746, the large parties of military, regulars and volunteers, who had been in pursuit of the prince, learned that he was in hiding somewhere on South Uist or the adjoining island, and I was resolved, in order that he might find no loop hole of escape, to sweep over the whole range from one extremity to the other, while the government vessels should hem the islands closely round, and prevent his getting away by sea. In this dilemma, it occurred to Lady Clanranald, as his protectress was designated, that the only chance of his escape lay in the possibility of getting him smuggled off the island, in female attire, and in the train of some young lady. It is said that two young ladies were requested in vain to enter into this scheme: the application was only successful in the third instance, when Miss Flora Macdonald, then residing with her brother the Laird of Milton, was prevailed on to hazard her life, in the hope of saving one whom she deemed a righteous prince, and the son of her sovereign. After a short interview with the prince, to whom she was introduced by his friend Captain O'Neil, she returned to the house of her brother, who remonstrated against the scheme, on account of what it exposed her to. But the heroic girl replied with the greatest coolness, that she could die but once, and situated as the prince was, she was determined to save him, or perish in the attempt. She then set out for the residence of the Clanranald family, in order to commence her perilous enterprise, accompanied only by her servant Neil MacEchan, a person who has lately been discovered to be the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, created, by Napoleon Bonaparte, Duke of Tarentum. At one of the fords, she was arrested by a party of militia, and taken before their commander, who proved to be her own stepfather, Armadale. This gentleman, among others of the Skye Macdonalds, had taken up arms as militiamen in behalf of the government, but was, in reality, like many of his friends, attached to the opposite cause. From the documents we have consulted, we entertain little doubt that he was made confidant in the scheme of his daughter-in-law, and entered heartily into it. He granted her a passport to Skye for herself, her servant Neil, and a woman whom she called Betty Burke, a native of Ireland, and who, she said, was qualified to serve her mother as a spinner. Armadale even wrote a letter to his wife, recommending this unseen person to her for her alleged qualifications in that capacity. Betty Burke was in reality the name and character which it had been settled the prince was to assume in his passage to Skye.

On Friday, June 27, Miss Macdonald was conducted once more to the hiding-place of the prince, whom she found engaged in the humble office of cooking his own dinner, but nevertheless wonderfully cheerful and resigned. Next morning, Lady Clanranald received intelligence that the troops were at her own house, and had to return home to receive them. The skulking party then saw they had no more time to lose; and, accordingly, the prince having been dressed in a plain flowered linen gown, an apron and cap, so as to pass for an Irish serving-woman, they set sail at eight in the evening for Skye. They had hardly got a league from shore when the sea became tempestuous, and the wind shifting several times, the boatmen knew not in what direction they were going. Charles, seeing his companions to be much discomposed, endeavoured to sustain their spirits by singing and telling them stories. During the passage, Miss Macdonald fell asleep, and the prince took care to watch closely over her, so as to prevent the men from stumbling upon her. In the morning, they found themselves close to the point called Waternish, in the Isle of Skye, and it was with no small alarm that they saw a large body of soldiers on the shore. They immediately pulled off as hard as they could, while the soldiers made several balls whistle around them. Charles entreated his preserver to lie down in the bottom of the boat for safety; but she would not consent to do so, till he also agreed to take the same expedient.

They landed some hours after at Kilbride, near Troternish, about twelve miles north of Waternish; and while the prince remained on shore, the young lady, accompanied by her servant, walked to the house of Mugstot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat—a gentleman now in arms for the government, though originally a partisan of the Stuart family. Here Miss Macdonald was received very kindly by Lady Margaret Macdonald, wife of Sir Alexander; but it was with some alarm she found the commanding officer of a party of government troops conversing with her ladyship in the parlour. She nevertheless entered into an easy conversation with this gentleman, while Lady Margaret (a decided Jacobite, and previously apprised of the visitor she was to expect) took measures for furthering the progress of the skulking party through the country. There happened to be in the house a Mr Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who acted as Sir Alexander's factor at a distant part of the island, and whose friendliness to the Stuart cause could be relied upon. Him she engaged to go to the prince, who was still lingering on the shore, and to conduct him by byways to his own house. Kingsburgh performed this task with great adroitness, and the party was rejoined on the journey by Miss Macdonald, along with her servant MacEchan. In passing along, they met several parties of the country people returning from church, and it was with great difficulty that the prince, who was somewhat tall even as a man, contrived to escape observation. In the evening, he and Miss Macdonald were kindly entertained in Kingsburgh's house.

Next morning, the prince was again dressed in his female habiliments, Miss Macdonald putting on his cap with her own hands; and in the forenoon they set out for Portree, whence they expected to get the

unfortunate fugitive conducted to a neighbouring and safer island. At that village, Charles parted with his heroic preserver in a manner which has been thus described by an eye-witness:—"Then turning to Miss, he said, 'I believe, Madam, I owe you a crown of borrowed money.' She told him it was only half-a-crown, which he accordingly paid her with thanks. He then saluted her, and expressed himself in these or the like words, 'For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St James's yet.'" He afterwards expressed the greatest concern that so amiable a man as Kingsburgh, or so heroic a girl as Flora Macdonald, should have subjected themselves to hazard for his sake.

Miss Macdonald was seized by the government troops in going home, and carried in a vessel to London, where she was confined for many months, though it would be difficult to define what law she had broken, or what punishment she deserved. Her story occasioned an intense interest in the society of the metropolis, and it is said that she received a visit from no less a personage than Frederick Prince of Wales, father to King George the Third. This individual asked if she would have protected him, if he had been in the same circumstances as the Pretender; to which she replied, that she would, if he had placed the same confidence in her. He was so much pleased with the reply, as to exert himself to procure her liberation. When enlarged from prison, she was taken under the protection of a Jacobite gentlewoman of high note, Lady Primrose of Dunnipace, who showed her off to all the persons well affected to the Stuart cause, as a pattern of female heroism and fortitude. It is the tradition of her family, that eighteen carriages belonging to visitors of distinction were sometimes seen ranked up before the door in a single evening. The flatteries and the presents which she received from these persons would have turned the heads of most young ladies; but upon the strong mind of this extraordinary heroine they produced no effect but surprise. She said, with dignified simplicity, that she never could see any thing remarkable in her conduct: it was only what the circumstances naturally demanded, and she conceived herself to have performed but a common duty.

Some years after returning to her native country, she was married (November 6, 1750) to Mr Alexander Macdonald, son of that Macdonald of Kingsburgh who had aided her in furthering the escape of the prince.* In time her husband's father having died, she became the lady of the house in which the prince and she had been entertained. Here, in 1773, she was visited by Dr Johnson and his friend Boswell, the latter of whom describes her as "a little woman of genteel appearance, uncommonly mild and well-bred." Soon after this period, she emigrated, with her husband, to North Carolina, where they purchased and settled upon an estate. It is a curious trait of enthusiasm, that she carried with her a half of the sheet in which Prince Charles had slept at Kingsburgh, intending that, whenever or wherever she died, it should serve as her shroud. Mr Macdonald had scarcely been settled on his property when the unfortunate contest between the colonists and the mother country involved him in trouble. Like most of his countrymen in America, he sided with the British government, and the consequence was, that he was imprisoned as a dangerous person. On being liberated, he took arms against the colonists, as captain in a regiment called the North Carolina Highlanders, and he and his wife met with many strange adventures in the course of the contest. At the conclusion of the war, they found it necessary to leave the country of their adoption, and return to Skye. In the voyage homeward, the vessel encountered a French ship of war, and an action ensued. While the other ladies were confined below, Flora insisted upon remaining on deck, where she endeavoured, by her voice and example, to animate the sailors. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle, and broke her arm; which caused her afterwards to observe, in the spirit of poor Mercutio, that she had now perilled her life in behalf of both the house of Stuart and that of Brunswick, and got very little for her pains.

She spent the remainder of her life in Skye, and at her death, which took place March 5, 1790, when she had attained a good old age, was actually buried in the shroud which she had so strangely selected for that purpose in her youth, and carried with her through so many adventures and migrations. She retained to the last that vivacity and vigour of character which has procured her so much historical distinction. Her husband, who survived her a few years, died on the half-pay list as a British officer; and no fewer than five of her sons served their king in a military capacity. Charles, the eldest son, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers. He was a most accomplished man: the late Lord Macdonald, on seeing him lowered into the grave, said, "There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name." Alexander, the second son, was also an officer: he was lost at sea. The third son, Ranald, was a captain of marines, of high professional character, and remarkable for the elegance of his appearance. James, the fourth son, served in Tarlton's British legion, and was a brave and experienced officer. Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald, of Exeter, is, we believe, the only surviving son. There were, moreover, two daughters, one of whom, Mrs Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the isle of Skye, is still alive.

* Sir Walter Scott informed the writer of this narrative that he possessed the original warrant-contract of this escape.

LAST EXECUTION IN THE GRASSMARKET.

We have already presented to our readers instances of the value of circumstantial evidence in criminal cases, and of the danger which there may be in giving it more weight than is justly due to it. We now propose to narrate the case of an innocent man, who suffered death in consequence of a vicious peculiarity in the mode of giving in a verdict in Scotland.

In the month of October 1783, James Hay, James Andrews, and James Paterson, recruits in the 61st regiment of foot, then lying in Edinburgh Castle, happened to become intoxicated in a tavern a little way out of town. About seven in the evening, they set out on their return to the Castle. Andrews, who was only twenty-one years of age, proposed to go by the suburb of Portsburgh, to which they were very near; but Hay and Paterson prevailed upon him to go by the walk through the Meadows, which by night is a much less frequented passage. In going along the Meadow Walk, Hay went a little in advance of his companions, and Andrew saw him encounter and quarrel with a stranger, whom he succeeded in throwing down. Andrews hastened to interfere, and soon drew off Hay, leaving the stranger (whose name was Dykes) to go where he chose. When the party of recruits got to a little distance, Hay said, "Andrews, I've got his ticker," showing a watch which he had taken from the person of Dykes. Hay then prevailed upon Andrews, who was much intoxicated, to take charge of the stolen article; soon after which, they reached their quarters.

On awaking next morning, Andrews found himself possessed of a watch, which he was sensible was not his own, but could hardly recollect how it had come into his hands. With the directness of an ingenuous mind, he immediately proceeded to the quarters of Lieutenant Vernon, to whom he surrendered the watch, in order that it might be restored to the owner. The three young men were soon after apprehended. Andrews, in two different declarations before Sheriff Cockburn, told the whole truth so far as he could recollect it, with a candour which made a favourable impression on all who heard his story. He and his companions were nevertheless confined for trial. While lying in the Tolbooth, Hay made his escape in the manner related in a recent work by one of the editors of the present sheet.* On the 22d of December Andrews was brought forward for trial, Paterson acting as evidence against him; and so clear was the proof of his having been present at the robbery, and having afterwards possessed the stolen property, that the jury, by a majority, found him guilty, but unanimously recommended him to mercy.

This verdict proceeded from a misapprehension of the jury as to their powers. They conceived that they were only placed in the box to determine whether the facts of the accusation were proved; ignorant that, by the authority of all lawyers, they had in reality the right to judge whether the guilt of the accused was such as to render him worthy of being cut off from human society. The learned and ingenious William Smellie, known for his works in natural history, afterwards wrote a pamphlet, to show that jurors are judges of law as well as of fact, and that, when they think the crimes charged and proved too light to call for the punishment with which they are threatened, they are at liberty to give a verdict of Not Guilty, in order to clear the prisoner. This exposition, however, was too late to save the life of Andrews; and it is surprising that Scottish juries are yet sometimes found, even in cases where murder is the crime charged upon, to give a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

Immediately after Andrews's trial, the jury drew up a paper, in which they gave their reasons for recommending him to mercy, being chiefly what we have already stated. This paper was transmitted to the king, along with the report of the court upon the case, the minutes of the trial, and the evidence given thereon. But, by a letter from Lord Sydney, then one of the secretaries of state, the jury learned that no mercy was to be expected. The jury were afterwards informed, by a letter from their agent in London, that a report had prevailed that the foreman and some others of the jurors had retracted their former opinion, and thought the condemned man did not deserve mercy. Lest this report should have any effect on his majesty in council, the foreman wrote a letter to Lord Sydney, contradicting the report, and enclosing another copy of the reasons for recommending the criminal to mercy. To this letter no official answer was received.

James Andrews was therefore, notwithstanding his obvious innocence, hanged on the 4th of February 1784, being the last person executed in the Grassmarket. A circumstance connected with the melancholy ceremony came to be afterwards known, and deepened the impression made by the whole transaction upon the public mind. It appears that the real criminal, Hay, was at that moment concealed in the house of a friend, within a hundred yards of the scene of execution, and could hardly be restrained from going to the scaffold and delivering himself up to justice, in the hope of saving the innocent man. His mental sufferings during that hour are said to have been dreadful. Less striking situations have formed the material of tragedies.

There is now but one individual of Andrews's jury alive; and he, though advanced to that time of life when the feelings are apt to become deadened, can never hear the case alluded to, without tears of the bitterest regret.

* Reekiana, or Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh.

SCHOOLS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair, a Poem."

Schools seem to have been established in Greece at a very early period of her history—perhaps even in the days of Homer they were common. Herodotus says that the Phœnicians, along with Cadmus, of whom the Gephyræ, who settled in Attica, were a portion, first together, with the importation of letters, established schools in Greece. About two hundred and fifty years after Cadmus' time, Pittheus, who was king of Troezene in Argolis, which he had founded, is spoken of as having taught a school in his own city. This is the first schoolmaster that we think is mentioned in history; and it is somewhat extraordinary, and certainly very honourable to the profession, that this man, so renowned for his wisdom and justice, did voluntarily, and out of pure love for his people, undertake, monarch as he was, to give lessons to his own subjects. He lived about 300 years before Homer, and 1240 years before the Christian era. He not only taught, but aided the progress of his subject-pupils by schoolbooks which he himself compiled. He composed a treatise either on grammar or arithmetic, which was afterwards published by an Epidamian, and which was extant in the days of Pausanias (A.D. 160), who says he had read it. A temple, dedicated to the Muses, was raised on the spot where this philanthropic schoolmaster-king was accustomed to give lessons. His tomb in Pausanias' time was still visible, with three thrones of white marble upon it, whence he, with other three judges, was wont to dispense justice.

The next celebrated schoolmaster to be met with, as we descend the tide of history, is no other than Homer himself, who, according to the only accounts on which it is safe to put reliance, taught, during the early part of his life, a public school at Smyrna. Homer's mother, a native of Cyme, had been hired by Phemius, a schoolmaster of Smyrna, who admitted her into his house and family for the purpose of spinning and dressing the wool received as school-wages from his pupils. As Homer grew up, old Phemius discovered more and more his talents; he adopted him at length as his son, and admitted him into his gymnasium as partner and assistant. The helper soon surpassed the master. On the death of Phemius and of Critheis, the mother of Homer, the bard succeeded to the sole management of the seminary; and having now become more prominent by having individually the direction, he very soon drew to himself the general attention and admiration, so that not only his own townsmen, but strangers, distinguished him by their special regards. He seems to have continued for several years in the quiet possession of this scholastic glory; till his thirst after knowledge, which in these days could be gratified principally by travelling, together with the unconquerable tedium of daily teaching, induced him to break up this tranquil scene of life, and to set sail for distant lands, that he might see, like Ulysses, men and manners. During his travels he was seized with blindness. On returning to Chios, he again, notwithstanding his blindness, set up school, and taught boys verses; it was there that he acquired money by these means; and there, it is supposed, he wrote his Iliad and Odyssey. In Homer's life, written by Herodotus (as it is understood), there is mention made of another schoolmaster who lived in Phoeæa, and made himself infamous by stealing and appropriating, as his own productions, the verses of Homer. In latter generations there were certainly schools not only in all the considerable or smaller towns of Greece, but even in the upland country villages—amid the rocky summits of Mount Ida in the Troad, were schools and schoolmasters to be found.

In Italy, also, schools were established contemporaneously with the earliest colonies from Greece. The first notice to be found any where in history of education being enforced upon all the youthful population by a positive legislative enactment, was the law of Charondas, who framed a code of laws for Thurium (or Sybaris), about the year before our era 450. According to Diodorus, he enacted that the children of all the citizens should be taught to read, and that, if their parents were too poor to defray the expenses, the city-funds should pay their instructors. "For," as the historian says, "he regarded education as the

foundation of all private and public happiness; he considered Nature as the giver but of life only; of living well and happily he regarded education as the great, yet easy accomplisher." The Greeks had festivals or holidays, celebrated annually in their schools, called Museia, or Feasts of the Muses. Their schoolrooms appear also to have been decorated with statues, of one, or two, or of all the nine Muses; whence the ode of Diogenes, who, passing one day into an auditorium, where were but a few scholars, with all the nine Muses, he remarked to the teacher, "With the gods, my friend, you have a good many scholars!" There was one peculiar regulation regarding the Greek schools, which is mentioned by Æschines, that no male person, unless pupils, should be permitted, under pain of death, to enter the schools, except the schoolmaster's son, his brother, or his son-in-law.

Of the philosophers and orators of Greece, many began their career by teaching reading or grammar, as Æschines, Isocrates, &c. They seem sometimes to have combined the modern departments of schoolmaster and professor, by teaching plain grammar, or reading in one part of the day to one class, and prelecting in philosophy in the afternoon to another. The number of scholars attending the Greek schools may be inferred from two circumstances, as noticed by Herodotus and Pausanias:—The former historian mentions, that, just previous to the subjugation of the Isle of Chios by Histialus, the roof of a school in that island fell upon the children while engaged at their lessons, and of the whole number, 120, only one was saved—an accident which was reckoned an omen from the gods prefigurative of their subjugation; and Pausanias speaks of one Cleanthes, a native of Astypularia, who, becoming frantic, rushed into a school of his native town, and, like Samson, plucking down the pillar which supported the roof, brought it down upon sixty scholars who were at their lessons. What vacations the Greek schools had, we know not. The philosopher Anaxagoras, who lived at Lampsacus, gave orders on his deathbed that the schoolboys of Lampsacus should enjoy play on the anniversary of his death, a festival which was kept up for many generations after the philosopher's death, and was called, from his name, Anaxagoreia, or the Feast of Anaxagoras. An enactment was once passed at Athens, that no teacher or lecturer should open a class without the authority of the senate and people, a restriction, under the evil influence of which, Theophrastus and the other lecturers left the city, and continued expatriated for one year, till the law was repealed. In Rome, during Appius Claudius's time, the public schools of the city (high schools) were all situated in the Forum.

The schools of Rome must have been celebrated before the reign of Augustus. The father of Horace, who lived in Apulia, sent his son to school at Rome. Dionysius, when divested of one species of tyranny—that over men—at Syracuse, found it expedient, as well as pleasant, to invest himself with another—that over children—at Corinth, still keeping his hand in daily exercise of rule either by the sceptre or the rod.

Of the Jewish schools, very little is known. The first mention of *writing* in the Old Testament, takes place in Exodus, xvii. 14, where reference is made to "*writing in a book*," as a practice already well known, and familiarly used by Moses and the people of Israel. As the practice of writing infers men employed for *teaching* not only *writing*, but *reading*, there must have been at this period, and perhaps long before this period, men who taught occasionally, or whose profession it was to teach both these arts. Cadmus, who was contemporary with Moses, and lived about 1490 years before Christ, not only imported letters from Palestine into Greece, but, as the Greeks themselves say, established schools for teaching them. This infers the existence of books, men of learning, and schools, in Palestine and the East, whence Cadmus, that *Man of the East*, emigrated. It is remarkable that Moses, being so well acquainted with writing himself, made no express law regarding education and the establishment of schools. He perhaps regarded it as an unnecessary injunction, being comprehended within the general directions given in Deuteronomy, vi. 7–9, where, amid other things, he bids his countrymen "*write these words upon the posts of the house and thy gates.*" Every Israelite, therefore, must have been taught to read and write, most probably by his father, in the bosom of his family, if not by the Levites, whose peculiar part of duty it was "to teach Israel the law." In being entrusted with this charge, did they merely read the law publicly, or teach to read privately, in conjunction with the former more important department of duty? Did they sometimes also hire out themselves as tutors to wealthy families, who could pay for such instruction, and who could support them? There is some appearance of evidence that the latter mode was not unpractised by them; for we have an instance of a Levite hiring himself out "*as a father and priest.*" "Dwell with me," said Micah to the Levite of Bethlehem-judah, "and be unto me a father and a priest, and I will give thee ten shekels of silver [about 25s. or 30s.] by the year, and a suit of apparel, and thy victuals." In officiating as priest, it is extremely likely that he also instructed Micah's children "as a father." Shortly after this period, and about 250 years before the era of the Jewish kings, there must have been, by profession, as it would appear, writers, as, in Deborah's song, that minstrel says, "out of Zebulun they that handle the pen of the writer" had assisted her against Sisera. Malachi, who lived near 800 years later, speaks of *master* and *scholar*; but it is questionable whether we may be warranted, from his use of these words, or rather our translation of them, to infer the existence of *schools*. Josephus speaks of his having attended a public school at Jerusalem, and outstripping at his lessons all his playmates; but was not this rather a Greek school, than one for his native language? and one for the rich, not for the poor? for, in John vii. 15, the Jews marvelled at our Saviour's knowing letters, being, as they conceived, the son of the carpenter. They said, "How knoweth this man letters, *having never learned*"—an expression which implies, that, then at least, the children of the poor were not generally taught letters. In the Bible there is mention only once made of a schoolmaster, and it is singular, as somewhat characteristic of the proverbial lordliness and autocratical assumption of the profession, that his name was *Tyrannus*, a tyrant.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

GEOLOGY.

"Let us now direct our attention (says the authority from which we formerly quoted*) to a branch of knowledge which treats of the objects in nature as they really appear—Natural History. The field of natural history is wide indeed; it includes all nature. But as we cannot penetrate beyond the confines of the earth which we inhabit, we must be content to become acquainted with what it contains on its surface, or on its bosom. If we explore the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdon,—if we mount into the atmosphere, or descend into the mine, we are impressed with the imperative necessity of our acquaintance with the different branches of physics. This demonstrates the mutual dependence of one branch of knowledge on another, and in the consideration of this dependence a field of interesting and delightful occupation is opened to us. Let us enter this field ourselves, and let us view these mutual relations.

It will be sufficient for our present purpose if we view the relations of natural history with the other branches of knowledge. The relations of these other branches among each other can be deduced from after consideration. It will also simplify our subject if we select some individual part of natural science, and then show its dependence upon other kinds of knowledge. The consideration of any one point will lead to that of others, and these to more, so that we have merely to choose the particular place from which we are to start; we shall have no difficulty in our way of gathering materials for comparisons.

The part of natural history which we have selected for our purpose is geology. There is, perhaps, no portion of physical science so well suited for exemplifying the relations of its different branches with each other. It treats of the '(Lyell) successive changes that have taken place in the organic and inorganic kingdoms of nature; it inquires into the causes of these changes, and the influence which they have exerted in modifying the surface and external structure of our planet.' It is the science of the earth which we inhabit—it is a science that may, at all times, be studied. If we explore the mountain or the valley, the quarry or the mine, we may every where find matter for reflection; we may read the book of creation, written in characters not to be misunderstood. The language admits of no misinterpretation—it is the language of facts.

The division of natural history that presses closest upon the attention of the geologist, is mineralogy. The mineral masses of the globe are what at first arrest his attention. If he walk through a cultivated country, he does not find geological phenomena of mineral substances so interesting as in districts more in a state of wild and uncultivated nature. Still there is much to claim his attention. The soil in the fields will differ in many places, and will furnish an index of the substratum. Thus he will distinguish the ferruginous clayey soil that indicates the underlying of basaltic rocks—the calcareous clayey soil resting upon mountain limestone—the chalky soil—the granitic soil, and various others. If he examine the low grounds, he will find the finer particles of clay accumulated in the lowest situations; along the slopes of the hills he will observe coarser parts of mineral substances, increasing in size as he approaches the rocky summits. If he enter into a mountain district, he will discover large masses of rocks in various states of disintegration, their harder parts withstanding the assaults of ages, their softer parts separated by various causes from the harder, and carried from these elevated regions to the lower parts of the country, by the agency of rivers and torrents. In examining these mineral substances, he will find his knowledge of mineralogy brought into requisition. If his knowledge of it be extensive, he may be enabled to discover something that may not have been known before. If his knowledge of it be slight, he will find this examination of nature an excellent exercise and means of improvement.

An acquaintance with chemistry is also requisite in the study of every department of natural history. In zoology and in botany we find it constantly referred to for the explanation of the vital functions and the composition of animal and vegetable substances. In mineralogy its importance is still greater, from the circumstance that the elementary bodies found in plants and animals are very few in comparison with those composing minerals. In the view of the changes that have taken place in the globe, we are struck with the important part played by chemical agency. We can conceive no alteration produced either on the surface or in the interior of the globe in which this agency was not, in a greater or less degree, exerted. If we regard the action of existing causes, still going on, in altering the surface of the earth, we shall find at every step appeal made to chemical knowledge.

A knowledge of mechanical philosophy is also required by the student of geology. The laws of attraction and of motion are always in action, and no change can take place in the globe at variance with these laws. The consideration of the subject of attraction is of great importance to the geologist; it leads him into the examination of the density of mineral masses, and of the globe itself. It will solve many phenomena which at first sight may seem anomalous. The application of the laws of motion will be also a powerful auxiliary, whether we view the movement of great mineral masses, or of their fragments; or that of currents in the atmosphere, or the ocean.

The connection of hydrostatics with geology is of the greatest importance. The vast ocean which covers so much of the earth's surface is subject to hydrostatical laws; so are the lakes and rivers. Many phenomena of the torrents that rush from the mountains upon the plains, and which are so important agents in modifying this surface, will be understood by applying the laws of hydraulics. Many geologists have conceived the globe itself to have been at one time in a state of fluidity. How are we to criticise the opinions of these philosophers, but by assigning the truth of their conclusions to the standard of hydrostatics.

The atmosphere surrounding the globe may be said to fall within the province of the geologist. In any system of cosmogony that has been, or ever can be, invented, the atmosphere will play a prominent part, as its original formation must be accounted for. It is the grand cause of most of the alterations that take place on the surface of the earth. It is the cause of the rain that fertilises one portion of this surface, while it gradually wears down another, and of the snow that caps the lofty mountains, which is the magazine for supplying rivers and lakes. It is the supporter of plants that cover the earth, and that modify its superficies in an infinite variety of ways; in fact, to dilate upon this subject would require a separate memoir.

The geologist must also take into consideration electrical phenomena. By some cosmogonists, electricity is made to play a very prominent part in the formation of the earth; we must therefore be acquainted with it in order to combat them with their own weapons. The knowledge of the different electric states of bodies is also of the first importance in the explanation of many of the natural phenomena. At times of volcanic eruptions, or of earthquakes, these phenomena become most interesting, and will, if viewed by a well-informed observer, be turned to good account in elucidating the history of our planet. The discoveries made by some philosophers in galvanism have been applied to expound geology; several have conceived they had obtained a key for the solution of all difficulties in the action of oxygen upon the bases of the alkalies and earths brought to light by galvanism. The science of magnetism is still in its cradle, but its connection with geology is most intimate. It is now under the fostering care of some of the most eminent philosophers, and will, I am sure, ere long, throw much light upon geology.

With the science of astronomy, geology is linked in the closest degree. In the early ages of knowledge, the attention of men was turned to the contemplation of the heavens, and many years of observation taught them to recognise the celestial bodies. Their imaginations invented many fables with regard to the stars and planets. This play of fancy descended to the earth, and from astronomy the mind of the ancient philosopher was led to consider the subject of cosmogony. In the ancient systems of astronomy, the earth is regarded as a vast plain, and the ancient notions of its formation and alterations, especially by deluges, are all grounded upon the supposition of its being a plane superficies, with the exception of the doctrine of the Pythagoreans. That the earth is of a plane figure, would strike the mind more forcibly than its possessing a spherical shape. This latter opinion is the result of deep and laborious reflection. The causes of error among the early cosmogonists are in this case extremely manifest. An advanced state of the science of astronomy was requisite to prove to the satisfaction of all that the form of the earth is globular.

It has been supposed by some philosophers of the last century, that there has been a change of climate in the different regions of the earth's surface, as the remains of organic beings are found in situations where, had they lived, it would have been impossible for them to have existed under the circumstances of the present temperature of those places. They have conceived a solution of this difficulty will be that the poles of the globe have changed their positions, and

* Dublin University Magazine, which contains many valuable literary articles, and may be recommended as exceedingly worthy of perusal. The permanent establishment of such a periodical work in Dublin is a gratifying indication of the improved taste for literature in Ireland.

still continue to do so—that at one time their points were in the present equator, and that the frigid regions were where the torrid now are. This supposition can only be refuted by a very refined train of astronomical investigation, and it was left to the immortal Laplace to demonstrate its incorrectness, and that, although there is a trifling shifting of the extremities of the terrestrial axis, these irregularities are confined within certain limits, and are the consequence of the extreme perfection of the system of the world. In many other particulars, the connection of geology and astronomy might be shown, but the investigation would lead us into a field that would require a separate paper to describe.

Although the connection of optics with geology may not at first strike us as being very manifest, its indirect relations are very important. Of late years, very singular discoveries have been made in optics, particularly by Dr Brewster. These discoveries refer to the action on the sight of bodies having a crystalline form; a very remarkable connection has been observed between their chemical composition, crystalline structure, and optical phenomena. These discoveries will evidently improve the science of mineralogy, and the more it is improved, the better will geology be elucidated. From the intimate connection of astronomy and geology, and of astronomy with optics, especially with regard to the instruments for observing the celestial bodies, the improvements in these instruments, by adding to our knowledge of the heavens, will enable us to extend our acquaintance with the earth. The invention of the microscope has unfolded the secret of organization, and as geology treats of the organic, as well as of the inorganic changes of the kingdoms of nature, the minuteness of which eludes the observation of the naked eye, it will be appreciated in the highest degree.

In the study of natural philosophy, we cannot proceed far without the aid of mathematics. In geology itself, there are many points that require immediately the mathematical skill of the observer; so that, viewed both directly and indirectly, mathematics must be understood by the geologist. I have shown that the philosophers of antiquity who proposed systems of cosmogony, were all geometers, and among the moderns, many illustrious names—I need only quote that of Playfair for example—have been distinguished alike for mathematical and geological knowledge. An acquaintance with civil history is likewise required. As history teaches us the progress of human society, and informs us of the changes that have taken place in human institutions, so geology instructs us in the mutations of organic and inorganic nature. Where there are records of natural changes preserved in the pages of history, its connection with geology becomes more intimate, and is often of the greatest value.

As knowledge becomes more cultivated by different nations, the language spoken by those nations should be attended to by the student. Many of the natural appearances of a country cannot be described in a manner to bring them before the eye of the reader so well as in the language of that country. Foreign literature is now so much extended, that it would be both impossible and unprofitable to translate all the eminent publications that are almost daily issuing from the continental press. Periodical literature is an invention of modern times. Periodical publications must be read in the language in which they are originally written, in order that their full force and importance may be felt. It is also proper that the opinions of the ancients should be studied in their respective tongues. The difficulty of acquiring languages has been much decreased of late years, by the improvements in the mode of learning them, and the knowledge of one or two will open to the student the gates of as many more as he may desire to study.

With intellectual philosophy, the connection of geology is very interesting. A true system of geology can be the result only of a highly refined train of reasoning. I have shown the imperfection of the ancient mode of reasoning, and its consequent influence on physical science. Bacon pointed out to men the true mode of observing the system of nature. In studying geology, we should be aware of the proper mode of conducting our reasonings from facts, and be alive to our liability to commit errors. The science of logic here lends its aid, and matter is aided by the powers of the mind.

We will readily arrive at the conclusion, that, if an improvement take place in any one department of knowledge, it cannot fail to be of use to all the others. The connection which I have endeavoured to show between geology and the other branches of philosophy, will furnish us constantly with illustrations. In fact, we cannot study any one circumstance in science in an isolated manner. We must view its relation to others in order to understand it.

Referring, again, to the definition of geology, that it treats both of the organic and inorganic changes of nature, we may recal an important observation which we made a little way before, that it requires a knowledge of the productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. If the attention of the geologist be confined to the consideration merely of the mineral masses of our globe, his exertions will be placed within narrow limits—his science will be incomplete—he must regard attentively the remains of organised beings enshrined in many of these mineral masses—he must compare them with existing species—he will discover many exuviæ of beings very different from the races that now inhabit the earth—he will observe the bones of gigantic mammalia and reptiles, the types of which are not now to be found—of fishes, birds, and insects—an immense variety of fossil shells, scarcely any of which agree with existing species—he will discover the remains of plants, many of which he will in vain endeavour to reconcile with those that now clothe the surface of the earth. But the knowledge of these fossil remains is still in its infancy—the geologist must therefore do his utmost to improve this knowledge—he must be previously acquainted with those natural productions, both animal and vegetable, that are now found on the earth—he must study zoology, in order to know the external forms of animals, their habits, and instincts, and anatomy, that he may be able to recognise the species of fossil bones. To understand the connection of the external forms of animals with their internal structure, he must be acquainted with physiology. The connection of conchology with geology is of the closest description. When an ignorant person observes another gathering shells upon the beach, he is inclined to despise him, considering the occupation as one belonging to children. When he sees him searching for shells imbedded in rocks, he thinks the sanity of the collector to be dubious. He little suspects that these imbedded shells are part of the language in which the history of the globe is recorded. They have been called the medals that illustrate its annals. The science of botany enables the geologist to investigate the remains of plants found in strata. To compare them with existing species is a most interesting task. The wonders of the antediluvian world are developed by this application of zoology and botany. This illustrates how intimately the different branches of natural history are linked with each other. The additions made to them within a very recent period are so great as to astonish when enumerated. At the present moment, the utmost zeal is manifested to acquire a knowledge of natural productions, both recent and fossil. The geologists of the present day vie with each other in their investigation of organic remains. The illustrious Cuvier applied his profound knowledge of anatomy to the examination of bones found in strata; his steps have been followed by a number of other ardent inquirers. The vast variety of shells, corallines, and other remains of the lower animals, discovered in rocks, are undergoing a strict scrutiny by naturalists well versed in the knowledge of recent productions. Very lately the examination of fossil plants has excited the ardour of several of the students of natural science, and their labours are likely to be rewarded ere long with an abundant harvest of facts. Geology is thus becoming based upon a sure foundation—it is showing itself worthy of the attention of the philosopher. The more facts that may be discovered, the surer will be the foundation upon which it will rest. The improvements in the other departments of physical and intellectual knowledge will contribute to cement the superstructure, while the study of the science itself will form one of the greatest means of human happiness."

ADDRESS TO THE BELL-ROCK LIGHTHOUSE.

Strange fancies rise at sight of thee,
Tower of the dim and silent sea.
Art thou a thing of earth or sky,
Upshot from beneath or let down from on high—
A thing of the wave or a thing of the cloud,
The work of man or the work of God?
Old art thou? Has thy blue minaret
Seen the young suns of creation set,
Or did but the yester years of time
Wake their old eyes on thy youthful prime,
Creature of mystery sublime?

Strange are thy purposes and fate,
Emblem of all that's desolate.
Outcast of earth, as if curs'd and exil'd,
Thou hast taken thy place on the ocean wild,
And rear'st, like a mournful repentant Cain,
Thy conscious and flame-letter'd brow on the main,
Telling all who might come to companion and cheer,
"Oh! shun my abode of destruction and fear!"

Hermit of the waste of sea,
Loneliest of all things that be,
Ev'n the pillar'd enthusiast was nothing to thee!*
In calm and in sunshine, in gloom and in storm,
Thy constancy shrinks not, nor changes thy form.
Times and seasons change—but thou never changest;
Range all other sea-things—but thou never rangest.
Morn breaks on thy head with a blush and a smile,
Noon pours all his splendours around thy lone pile;
The long level sunbeams that gild thee at eve,
Cast thy shade till 'tis lost o'er the far German wave;
Or night falls upon thee, as dew falls on tree—
But these alternations are nothing to thee.
Let the sea, as the heaven which it mirrors, be calm,
And each breath of the breeze bring its own load of balm.
Or let the bleak pavement be traversed and torn,
By those white-crested waves, on the north-westers borne,
Which seem, as they rush to Old Albany's strand,
A new troop of Norsemen invading the land.
Or let the rough mood of this long-trooping host,
In the madder conflict of the tempest be lost,
And to the wild scene deepest darkness be given,
Save where God pours his fire through the shot-holes of heaven,
In calm and in breeze, amidst tempest and flame,
Thou art still the same beautiful, terrible same.

September 1826. R. C.

* The anchorites of the middle ages, who sat for years on the tops of tall columns in the desert, are here alluded to.

WINTER TRAVELLING IN CANADA.

(From Head's Forest Scenes in North America.)

When we started this morning (January 10), the light was just beginning to dawn, and we had a heavy day's work before us before we could arrive at any habitation; however, there was no remedy but to push on with the rest. The guides to-day seemed particularly considerate, and, as if to give us every assistance, instead of driving recklessly on ahead, as they had been used to do, leaving us to follow as well as we could, and grumbling whenever they halted to collect the party, they now slackened their pace with great apparent good humour, and we all went on close together. However, we had not travelled more than half an hour before they proposed that we should all walk first by turns. And their object by this arrangement clearly was in case any of us should break in through the ice, to give us, with themselves, a fair chance of a preference. This was reasonable enough, and although they had undertaken to be our guides, we could make no objection so far to become theirs; and so it was settled that we were to exchange places every half hour. The labour was a good deal increased by being the first to break the way, and one thought of nothing else but being relieved from the task. The snow-shoe makes a large track, so that the second man has a surface to walk upon which has been pressed down by the first, who, of course, has by far the hardest work of all.

And so we fagged on, careless of consequences; for the depth of the snow upon the bed of the river made it quite impossible to pick our way. Our guides prescribed the course from point to point according to their notion of the safety of the ice, and the line being once determined on, we had only to advance straight forward, and trust altogether to good luck. Long circuitous paths became thus indispensable, and the danger of breaking in after all, certainly was not trifling. In the meantime, we were progressing heavily and slowly, hardly saying a word to each other, except when, at the expiration of each half hour, it became necessary to exchange places with the leading man. And this was not all, for the clouds, which had been all the morning unusually dark and lowering, seemed to bear strong indications of an approaching snow-storm. At this juncture, one of the party, a strong and apparently athletic young man, began to complain of lameness in his knee, which had swollen and had become very painful. Still, however, we went on, and it grew darker and darker, till a heavy fall of snow, driven by a powerful wind, came sweeping along the desert track directly in our teeth; so that, what with general fatigue, and the unaccustomed position of the body in the snow-shoes, I hardly could bear up and stand against it. The dreary howling of the tempest over the wide waste of snow rendered the scene even still more desolate; and with the unmitigated prospect before us of cold and hunger, our party plodded on in sullen silence, each in his own mind well aware that it was utterly impracticable to reach that night the place of our destination.

But, in spite of every obstacle, the strength of the two Canadians was astonishing; on they marched, drawing the tobogins after them with a firm indefatigable step; and we had all walked a little more than seven hours, when the snow-storm had increased to such a pitch of violence, that it seemed impossible for any human creature to withstand it: it bade defiance even to their most extraordinary exertions. The wind now blew a hurricane. We were unable to see each other at a greater distance than ten yards, and the drift gave an appearance to the surface of snow we were passing over, like that of an agitated sea. Wheeled round every now and then by the wind, we were enveloped in clouds so dense, that a strong sense of suffocation was absolutely produced. We all halted: the Canadians admitted that farther progress was impossible; but the friendly shelter of the forest was at hand, and the pines waved their dark branches in token of an asylum. We turned our shoulders to the blast, and, comfortless and weather-beaten, sought our refuge. The scene, though changed, was still not without interest; the frequent crashes of falling trees, and the crackling of their vast limbs as they rocked and writhed in the tempest, created awful and impressive sounds; but it was no time to be idle: warmth and shelter were objects connected with life itself, and the Canadians immediately commenced the vigorous application of their resources. By means of their small light axes, a good sized maple tree was in a very few minutes levelled with the earth, and in the meantime we cleared of snow a square spot of ground, with large pieces of bark, ripped from the fallen trees. The fibrous bark of the white cedar, previously rubbed to powder between the hands, was ignited, and blowing upon this a flame was produced. This being fed, first by the silky peelings of the birch bark, and then by the bark itself, the oily and bituminous matter burst forth into full action, and a splendid fire raised its flames and smoke amidst a pile of huge logs, to which one and all of us were constantly and eagerly contributing.

Having raised a covering of spruce boughs above our heads, to serve as a partial defence from the snow, which was still falling in great abundance, we sat down, turning our feet to the fire, making the most of what was, under circumstances, a source of real consolation. We enjoyed absolute rest! One side of our square was bounded by a huge tree, which lay stretched across it. Against this our fire was made; and on the opposite side, towards which I had turned my back, another very large one was growing, and into this latter, being old and decayed, I had by degrees worked my way, and it formed an admirable shelter. The snow was banked up on all sides nearly five feet high, like a white wall, and it resolutely maintained its position, not an atom yielding to the fierce crackling fire which blazed up close against it.

The Canadians were soon busily employed cooking broth in a saucepan, for they had provided themselves much better with provisions than I had. I had relied upon being able to put up with the fare I might meet with, not taking into consideration the want of traffic,

and distance from the civilized parts of the province; owing to which the scanty provision of the inhabitants could not allow them to minister to the wants of others, although they might be provided with a sufficiency for themselves. And I now saw the guides pulling fresh meat out of the soup with their fingers, and sharing it liberally with my servant, whom they had admitted into their mess. The poor fellows, seeing that I had nothing but a piece of salted pork, which I had toasted at the fire on a stick, offered me a share of their supper; but this I felt myself bound to decline. My servant had fewer scruples, and consequently fared better. In return for their intentions, I gave them a good allowance of whisky, which added to their comfort and increased their mirth. One by one they lighted their tobacco-pipes, and continued to smoke, till, dropping off by degrees, the whole party at last lay stretched out snoring before me.

Large flakes of snow continued to fall, and heavy clots dropped occasionally upon the ground. Our enormous fire had the effect of making me so comfortably warm, that I had deferred the use of my buffalo skin till I lay down to sleep, and, were it not for the volumes of smoke with which I was at first disturbed, and the pieces of fire which burnt holes in my clothes wherever they happened to fall, my lodging would have been, under circumstances, truly agreeable. I sat for some time, with a blanket thrown over my shoulders, in silent contemplation of a scene alike remarkable to me for its novelty and its dreariness.

The flames rose brilliantly, the sleeping figures of the men were covered with snow, the wind whistled wildly through the trees, whose majestic forms overshadowed us on every side, and our fire, while it shed the light of day on the immediately surrounding objects, diffused a deeper gloom over the farther recesses of the forest.

Column for the Boys.

My Dear Little Boys—You will recollect that when you were one day lately reading the Proverbs of Solomon in the Bible, you came to the passage, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." Now, perhaps you were not exactly aware of the full meaning of this expressive phrase, and so I shall tell you. It is one of those excellent admonitions of which the Bible abounds, directing persons of slothful or indolent habits to study the singular economy of ants, a small kind of insects, whose industry and ingenuity are beyond all measure remarkable, and, therefore, calculated to put even human beings to shame. But you will probably say, how can I study the ways of the ant? I live in a house in the midst of a great town, where there are no ants to be seen; and I have no money to buy the books which would describe them to me. This is very true; and so to supply these deficiencies, I shall devote a column of my Journal—which your papa gets, and which I know you are fond of reading—to tell you something of these funny little creatures, the ants.

There are many different varieties and species of ants, generally taking their names from their colour and peculiar habits—as the brown ant, the mason ant, the white ant, the carpenter ant, &c.; they also differ in size, the largest and the most extraordinary in character being found in Africa and other warm climates. The principal feature in the character of ants is their living in societies or communities. In this respect they resemble bees, who cannot live alone like spiders, and many other insects. In examining the communities of the white ant, it is found that they each consist of at least four different descriptions of inhabitants, each of which has its own peculiar duties to perform. The most numerous class is that of workers, who build and repair the nests or houses, forage for provisions, and attend on the eggs and the young. These workers are neither male nor female, but rather inclining to the character of females. The next class are soldiers, who are distinctly of neither sex. They are much larger than the workers, and are furnished with a pair of claws or mandibles, like two sharp little awls, projected from the head, and capable of inflicting a deadly wound. These soldiers do not work; and if they wanted the assistance of the workers, which supply them with food, they would soon starve. Their duty is to fight on all occasions that the community is in danger of attack; to go out on warlike expeditions; to stand as sentinels at the doors of the houses; in short, they are the guardians of the other classes who cannot fight for themselves. The other classes are the males and the females; but it is said that there is only one mother in the whole community, and that, like the queen bee, she is treated with a vast deal of respect and attention. As soon as she lays the eggs, the workers carry them off to nurseries, where they are hatched. It is observed by naturalists, that in these ant communities no part of the population exerts any authority over the rest. The soldiers do not tyrannize over the workers, nor show any insolence in their gait over those who furnish the food and lodgings; neither do the workers presume upon their utility as labourers; while the queen ant is quite passive among the rest. By the most unerring instinct, each of these little creatures knows its own duties, and performs them. The only idlers are the males; and as they will not work, they are generally left to starve soon after they are hatched. We are told that nothing can exceed the affection of ants towards their common mother, the queen. In whatever apartment in the nest she chooses to be present, a general gladness prevails, expressed by acts of joy and exultation. The ants have a peculiar way of skipping, leaping, and standing upon their hind legs, and prancing with the others. These frolics they make use of, both to congratulate each other when they meet, and to show their regard for the queen. Some of them gently walk over her; others dance round her; and all endeavour to exert their loyalty and attachment. She is generally encircled with a cluster of attendants, who, if you separate them from her, soon collect themselves into a body, and enclose her in the midst. She is never for a moment left without attendants in her apartment; and when she dies, her faithful children crowd around her, licking her body continually, either in token of lasting affection, or from the hope of bringing her again to life.

Ants, according to their natures, build their nests or houses on the ground, under turfs or stones, or on a tree; or erect huge structures above the surface of the earth, composed of particles of sand and dust, which they carry in their mouths to the required spot. In these ant houses, there are different sized rooms, piled, story above story, communicating with long galleries or passages, the ceilings being supported by pillars or thin walls, as may be necessary to support the weight above. It is told of the brown ant, which is an exceedingly industrious insect, that it forms its nest of stories, four or five lines in height. The partitions are not more than half a line in thickness; and the substance of which they are composed is so finely grained, that the inner walls present one smooth unbroken surface. These stories are not horizontal; they lie in a sloping direction. They are also arranged on no regular plan, but are suited to circumstances. It has been noticed that ants are incessant in their labours. They do not seem to require sleep, and work as well during the night, or in darkness, as in the light of day. In working at the building or repairing of their houses, they use their antennæ—that is, a small projecting point from their head, which serves the purpose of a hand for feeling or touching any thing. After placing the particles of earth in their proper position, they press them lightly down with their fore-feet, which thus answer the purpose of a hammer. As there are thousands engaged at once in these occupations, the labour is not severe upon any individual; while the walls and stories are raised with amazing quickness. Dampier, a celebrated English navigator, in speaking of the yellow ant of South America, says, they construct their nests of green leaves upon trees, placed on the trunk between the limbs, and that some of these nests are as big as a hogshead. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the woodlands. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads of leaves on their backs. Other sorts of ants excavate nests for their abode in the branches of trees, and this they do with no small ingenuity. Some exercise the art of mining or boring wood to a wonderful extent. They will penetrate beneath the foundations of houses—which in warm climates are often composed principally of wood—and cut their way so far as to render every beam, rafter, and deal in the house, a mere shell; so that the houses so affected sometimes tumble down on the inhabitants. Most of these foreign ants are exceedingly voracious; they are called by naturalists the scavengers of creation, for they clear the fields and woods of all fallen timber, which would choke vegetation, as well as the dead bodies of every animal that fall in their way. They also destroy noxious and loathsome insects, such as beetles and cockroaches, by which means they are really useful to man. In some parts of Asia and Africa, the nests of ants have been seen to rise as high as six feet from the ground, and, if meddled with by passers by, the soldier ants sally out in myriads to attack their enemy, which they instantly put to flight.

We are farther informed by naturalists, that some descriptions of ants are remarkable for the wars which they wage against each other. Here is Huber's account of these destructive enterprises:—"If," says he, "we are desirous of beholding regular armies wage war in all its forms, we must visit the forests in which the wood-ant establishes its dominion over every insect within the neighbourhood of the colony. We shall there see populous and rival cities, and regular military roads diverging from the ant-hill like so many rays from a centre, frequented by an immense number of combatants of the same species, for they are naturally enemies, and jealous of any encroachment upon the territory which surrounds their capitals. I have witnessed in these forests the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in spirited combat; two empires could not have brought into the field a more numerous or more determined body of combatants. The rival cities were situated about a hundred paces from each other, and alike in extent of population: what occasioned their discord I cannot pretend to say.

Let us figure to ourselves this prodigious crowd of insects covering the ground lying between these two ant-hills, and occupying a space of two feet in breadth. Both armies met at half-way from their respective habitations, and there the battle commenced. Thousands of ants took their station upon the highest ground, and fought in pairs, keeping firm hold of their antagonists by their mandibles: a considerable number were engaged in the attack, and leading away prisoners. The latter made several ineffectual attempts at escape, as if aware that, upon their arrival at the camp, they would experience a cruel death. The scene of warfare occupied a space of about three feet square; a penetrating odour exhaled from all sides; numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. The ants, composing groups and chains, laid hold of each other's legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground. These groups formed successively. The fight usually commenced between two ants, who seized each other by the mandibles, and raised themselves upon their hind-legs, to allow of their bringing their abdomen forward, and spurting the venom upon their adversary. They were often so closely wedged together, that they fell upon their sides, and fought a long time in that situation in the dust, till a third came to decide the contest. It more commonly happened that both ants received assistance at the same time, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antennæ, made ineffectual attempts to win the battle. In this way they sometimes formed groups of six, eight, or ten, firmly locked together, the group being only broken when several warriors from the same republic advanced at the same time, and compelled the enchained insects to let go their hold, and then the single combats were renewed. On the approach of night, each party retired gradually to their own city.

Next morning, before dawn, the combatants returned to the field of battle, the groups again formed, the carnage recommenced with greater fury than on the preceding evening, and the scene of combat occupied a space of six feet in length by two in breadth. The event remained for a long time doubtful; but about mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of the cities, whence I conclude some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately, that they did not even perceive my presence; for though I remained close to the combatants, not one of them attempted to climb my legs, seeming to be wholly absorbed in the object of finding an enemy to wrestle with. During this furious warfare, the common operations of the two colonies were not suspended, for the paths, which led to a distance in the forest, were as much thronged as in time of peace, and all around the ant-hill order and tranquillity prevailed. On that side alone where the battle raged were seen crowds of the colonists running to and fro, some to join the army, and some to escort the prisoners. This war terminated without any disastrous results to the two republics. In fact, it appeared that its duration was shortened by long-continued rains, which compelled each of the belligerents to keep within their walls, and the warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the camp of the enemy."

Another remarkable characteristic of some descriptions of ants, is, their expeditions to capture slaves. A colony wants workers, and a plan is followed of stealing away the unhatched working ants of other communities. Huber thus describes these predatory incursions:—"On the 17th of June 1804, whilst walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five in the evening, I observed, close at my feet, traversing the road, a column of legionary ants. They moved with considerable rapidity, and occupied a space of from eight to ten inches in length, by three or four in breadth. Quitting the road in a few minutes, they passed a thick hedge, and entered a meadow, where I followed them, and observed them winding along the grass without straggling, their column remaining unbroken, in spite of the obstructions in their way. They soon approached a nest inhabited by a colony of those called negro-ants, the dome of which rose above the grass, at a distance of twenty feet from the hedge. Some of the negroes were guarding the entrance, but, on the discovery of an approaching army, darted forth upon the advancing legion. The alarm instantly spread into the interior, whence their companions rushed forth in multitudes to defend their homes. The legionaries, the bulk of whose army lay only at the distance of two paces, quickened their march; and when they arrived at the hill, the whole battalion fell furiously upon the negroes, who, after an obstinate, though brief conflict, fled to their subterranean galleries. The legionaries now ascended the dome, collected in crowds on the summit, and taking possession of the principal avenues, left some of their companions to excavate other openings in the exterior walls. They soon effected this, and through the breach the remainder of the army made their entrance, but in about three or four minutes afterwards issued forth again, each carrying off a pupa or a grub, with which booty they retraced their route, in a straggling, irregular march, very different from the close orderly array they had before exhibited."

The negro ants, from their pacific disposition, seem generally to be the victims of these hostile excursions, though Huber found that other and more courageous ants were similarly attacked. He also remarked that the invaders never carried off old ants, probably from the difficulty of taming them down to the condition of slaves. They take only those in an imperfectly-developed state, before any attachment has been formed to their native place or their kindred, and, coming into existence in the dwellings of those who carried them into captivity, they naturally look upon it as their home. Developed in the enemy's encampment, they afterwards become house-stewards and auxiliaries to the tribe with which they are associated. Brought up in a strange nation, not only do they live socially with their captors, but bestow the greatest care on their eggs and their young, going in search of provisions for them, building their habitation, and fulfilling other duties, apparently not once suspecting that they live with those very insects which kidnapped them in their helpless and unconscious infancy. Their servitude is, moreover, no source of misery to the slaves themselves. They are naturally fond of working, and their condition is not different from what it would have been had they never been captured.

Such are a few of the characteristics of ants, whose general economy, and unremitting labours, ought to furnish you with a subject of agreeable and profitable meditation. In this little creature, which is usually not half the size of a common pea, you see the most extraordinary instances of instinctive intelligence, rivalling in some measure the boasted wisdom of mankind. You will now, therefore, judge whether Solomon had not reason to remind us of our duties, by the admonition, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

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HOUSE-MONEY.

THE surprise with which Goldsmith's club learns that the reckoning is drunk out, will be fresh in the memory of almost all our readers. "Drunk out!" cried they all; "impossible!" The landlord, they thought, must be mistaken; or he must be cheating them; or there must have been a sudden rise in the price of liquors; or there must be some other mystery in the case, to account for so sudden an evanishment of all the sixpences originally deposited to defray the charges of their festivity. And yet the landlord was correct and honest, liquor was as it had been, and there was no mystery in the matter, but, simply, that people drink a great deal faster, when a few meet together, than they are apt to imagine. So it is with that wonderful thing, called "House-money;" a thing that "mocks married men," if ever any thing mocked them—a thing of the most illusory and unascertainable character; a thing bottomless; an abyss. House-money, in the general acceptation of the word, is that sum which men in the middle ranks of life are accustomed to disburse weekly or monthly, for the discharge of their household expenses during an ensuing space of time, and which is generally administered by the sage head and fair hands of the individual called the Lady of the House. A husband may have paid this sum for twenty or thirty years—for it must be paid—and yet the thing will be as great a mystery to him at the end as at the beginning. It goes away from his hands, like the arrow of the Arabian prince, which was carried on and on by genii, and never was found again on earth: it passes from him, and he sees it no more: on Saturday he looked, and it was there—snug in the bottom of his pocket—but on Monday, when he looked again, the place knew it not; it had vanished for ever. What is the strangest thing of all, he never becomes in the least degree reconciled to the wonder. Instead of tamely sitting down, and saying to himself, "Well, I fairly give up the question of house-money—it is a mystery beyond me, and I only misspend time in thinking of it," he is perpetually starting up, during the course of some half century of married life, with the vain inquiry, "But, my dear, where *does* all that money go? 'Pon my honour, I don't understand how so much should be required to keep our small family. Are you satisfied, yourself, that all is quite right, that there is no buttery-spirit secretly devouring our substance,* no strange error in your reckonings, no unheard-of overcharges in these pass-books I see flying about like evil spirits? I really wish you would see after it." Mrs Balderstone, who has had the same questions asked of her once every month for the last ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years, immediately takes fire at what she conceives to be an indirect charge against her housekeeping, and opens thus: "I really wonder, Mr Balderstone, that you will always be thus accusing me of extravagance. How often have I assured you that I am just as economical as I possibly can be. In fact, it is wonderful how I can make the money go so far as I do; and if it were not I am so *excessively careful*, it would be quite impossible. You can have no idea of the number of things required for a house, and how they mount up even in a weekly account. There's tea and sugar, butcher-meat and bread—tremendous articles! We consume no fewer than nine quarter loaves a-week. [Here Mr Balderstone raises his eye-brows in perfect astonishment.] And then there is beer and porter, and wines and spirits—all to be had, for you know you won't do without something of the kind every night. [Here the gentleman winces a little.] And coal—the single article of coal is dreadful." "Only in winter," interjects Mr Balderstone, glad to get a little flaw in his wife's argument. "Yes," resumes she, "but if I were not to *lay by* in summer, I never could stand the expense of this article in winter."

"Still," says Mr Balderstone, doggedly, "I cannot see how all these articles, even allowing the great quantity we use, and their high prices, should require such a *very* large sum as that which you get from me weekly, under the denomination of house-money."

"But do you think *these* are all? I wish they were. It is the *little things* that mount up—things that you have no idea of at all, but which, nevertheless, are as indispensable as any of the larger articles. If you only knew what a vast quantity of these we require, you would never call in question the way I lay out my money. There's soap, for instance, if that can be called a little article. We do not use less than two pounds every week of even the commonest kind. And there's pearl ashes—I lay out threepence every fortnight on that article—even although we have to give out most of our washing, for you know you won't let me have that additional servant I have been so long wanting, and of course we can't get every thing of that kind done at home. [Another dreadful wince on the part of the gentleman.] And there's *such* a sum every week for vegetables—things *I* don't care for, but you know *you* won't want them, and of course they are to be got. And pepper, and vinegar, and pickles, and salt—a shilling a-month for salt alone. In fact, it is quite endless, and my hand is never out of my pocket from one week's end to the other. You can't think"——

"Yet still," interrupts Mr Balderstone (for there is no convincing him of a truth so abstract), "big things, and little things, and all kinds of things considered, still I wonder how so much money should be requisite. For my own part, I eat very temperately; my glass of punch at night is my only indulgence. You eat and drink still more sparingly. We keep very little company—only a *few friends* now and then. Our family, too, is small, and children do with very plain food, poor things" ——

"Yes, yes," strikes in Mrs Balderstone in her turn, "all very true; but if you only knew how much these little creatures devour! They eat everlastingly, and a quartern loaf is nothing to them. There's little William—he takes five regular meals in the day, besides crusts in the intervals, and still you would think he is never satisfied. The dear pets have to grow off it: ah, you surely would not grudge your darlings their food [this, as the musicians say, *con exprezzione*]; and, now I think of it, what sums I have to pay every now and then for articles of clothing to them! To be sure, we run an account for the principal things. But, then, there is such a quantity of trifles besides, all of which I have to buy out of my money. Flannel shifts, stockings, tapes, thread for mending, and a *thousand* little things, that I never think of troubling you about. If I were to be strict, as I *ought* to be, I would have payment for all these items besides; but I am so anxious to be economical, that I have never yet said a word about it. This, it appears, is all the thanks I am to get. Really, Mr Balderstone, these suspicious inquiries of yours are very ungenerous."

The altercation now ceases. Mrs Balderstone's eloquent explanations have not left her husband a single leg to stand upon; yet he is only silent, from despair of making any thing of the discussion. He remains as wonderstruck as ever as to the nature and application of house-money, and some three months after, when the recollection of the debate is a little worn out, up perks the eternal subject once more, and all the same explanations are elicited from the lady, rendering the darkness only deeper, and the mystery only a little more profound. Mr and Mrs Balderstone perhaps live together fifty-five years and eight months, when at length the gentleman dies at a very advanced age, full of all kinds of knowledge and information—perhaps highly distinguished for his proficiency in several branches of science—but with regard to house-money, quite as ignorant, and fretful, and suspicious, as he was in the first year of his connubial condition.

* A superstition of our forefathers, which represented a gluttonous fiend as haunting larders, and fattening himself up, without, in general, being visible to mortal eyes. Sir Walter Scott somewhere tells a story of a buttery-spirit surprised at its morning meal in the pantry of an innkeeper.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THIRD ARTICLE.

IT will be recollected, that, in the second article under this title, we glanced at that part of the vale of Ayr which includes the village of Tarbolton and its vicinity. Tarbolton was the village nearest to Burns's residence, when he lived with his father and brother upon the farm of Lochlee—that is, between the seventeenth and twenty-fifth years of his life. He removed at the latter period to the farm of Mossgiel, which he occupied with his brother in partnership, till his twenty-eighth year; and here it was that he composed the best of his poems. Mauchline, from which Mossgiel is about a mile distant, now became what Tarbolton had been to him before—the place where he chiefly enjoyed society, and whose inhabitants became the subjects of his muse.

Mauchline is a parish-town of above a thousand inhabitants, in ancient times the seat of a priory belonging to Melrose, but now differing in no respect from a common agricultural village. It is situated upon a slope ascending from the margin of the Ayr, from which it is about two miles distant. One might at first suppose that a rustic population like that of Mauchline would form but a poor field for the descriptive and satirical genius of Burns. It is wonderful, however, how variously original many of the inhabitants of the most ordinary Scotch village will contrive to be. Human nature may be studied every where; and perhaps it nowhere assumes so many strikingly distinct forms as in a small cluster of men, such as is to be found in a town of a thousand inhabitants. In such a place, every individual luxuriates in his own particular direction, till the whole become as well individualised as the objects of inanimate nature; while in a city, the individual is lost in the mass, and no one is greatly different from another. In a small town, the character of every man is well known, so that every thing he says or does appears to his fellows as characteristic. One is a wag, another is a miser, a third exaggerates all that he has to relate, a fourth delights (but this perhaps is little distinction) in strong waters. Every one is more or less a humorist, and, as such, affords a perpetual amusement to his compeers. If Shakspeare could draw lively delineations of human character from such persons as the originals of Silence and Shallow, it may well be conceived that a genius like Burns must have seen as good subjects in many of the villagers of Mauchline. To give an idea of the taste for wit and humour which might exist in such a scene as this, we may quote what was said by a shopkeeper named D—, when on his deathbed, in reference to a person who had been to him and all the other inhabitants as the very sun and soul of fun for many years, and was recently deceased. Even in this melancholy condition, D— said he accounted it no small consolation to reflect, that he had *lived in the same days with John Weir*. The mind of the honest trader might no doubt have been filled with more

fitting reflections at such a time; but it is impossible to doubt that it was from such escapes of national character that the very happiest touches of both Shakspeare and Burns were derived.

Mauchline was the scene of the poem entitled the Holy Fair, which, as is well known, describes the strange mixture of devotion and festivity that used to be observable at a country celebration of the communion in Scotland. The scene more immediately described was the preaching which took place in the churchyard, during the performance of the more solemn service within the house of worship. In front of a tent erected as a pulpit for the clergyman, sat a multitude of people, including many strangers,

> —— Some thinkin' on their sins,
> And some upon their claes—

as the satirical bard describes them. The parish church of Burns's time—a long low ungainly building—has recently been replaced by a smart Gothic edifice; but the rest of the scene is the same. The stranger still sees "the Cowgate," through which Common Sense made his escape, at the appearance of a particular clergyman on the preaching scene. [This, by the way, was not meant figuratively, but referred to the poet's friend Dr Mackenzie, who had corresponded with him under that assumed name.] He may also still see Nanse Tinnock's change-house, which used to fill, during the intervals of preaching, with "yill-caup commentators." This house adjoins to the churchyard, and has a back-door leading into that area—so that it must have been particularly convenient for such of the congregation as desired a solacement of drink and victuals. Nanse is long deceased, and no one has caught up her mantle. She is described as having been a true *ale-wife*, in the proverbial sense of the word—close, discreet, civil, and no tale-teller. When any neighbouring wife came, asking if *her John* was here, "Oh no," Nanse would reply, shaking money in her pocket as she spoke, "he's no here," implying to the querist that the husband was not in the house, while she meant to herself that he was not among her half-pence—thus keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope. Her house was one of two stories, and has a front towards the street, by which Burns must have entered Mauchline from Mossgiel. The date over the door is 1744. It is remembered, however, that Nanse never could understand how the poet should have talked of enjoying himself in her house "nine times a-week." "The *lad*," she said, "hardly ever drank three half-mutchkins under her roof in his life." Nanse, probably, had never heard of the *poetical* licence. In truth, Nanse's hostelry was not the only one in Mauchline which Burns resorted to: a rather better-looking house, at the opening of the Cowgate, kept by a person named John Dove, and then and still bearing the arms of Sir John Whiteford of Ballochmyle, was also a haunt of the poet, having this high recommendation, that its back windows surveyed those of the house in which his "Jean" resided—now occupied by a druggist. The reader will recollect a droll epitaph on John Dove, in which the honest landlord's religion is made out to be a mere comparative appreciation of his various liquors.

The first person of respectable rank and good education who took any notice of Burns, was Mr Gavin Hamilton, writer in Mauchline, from whom he took his farm of Mossgiel upon a sublease. Mr Hamilton lived in what is still called the Castle of Mauchline, namely, a half-fortified old mansion near the church, forming the only remains of the ancient priory. He was the son of a gentleman who had practised the same profession in the same place,* and was in every respect a most estimable member of society—generous, affable, and humane. Unfortunately his religious practice did not square with the notions of the then minister of Mauchline, the "Daddy Auld" of Burns's Poems, who, in 1785, is found in the session-records to have summoned him for rebuke, on the four following charges:—1. Unnecessary absence from church, for five consecutive Sundays (apparently the result of some dispute about a poor's rate); 2. Setting out on a journey to Carrick on a Sunday; 3. Habitual, if not total neglect of family worship; 4. Writing an abusive letter to the session in reference to some of their former proceedings respecting him. Strange though this prosecution may seem, it was strictly accordant with the right assumed by clergymen at that period to inquire into the private habits of parishioners; and as it is universally allowed that Mr Auld's designs in the matter were purely religious, it is impossible to speak of it disrespectfully. It was unfortunately, however, mixed up with some personal motives in the members of the session, which were so apparent to the Presbytery, to which Mr Hamilton appealed, that that reverend body ordered the proceedings to be stopped, and all notice of them expunged from the records. Prepossessions of more kinds than one induced Burns to let loose his irreverent muse in satire against the persecutors of Mr Hamilton; and the result was several poems, in which it is but too apparent that religion itself suffers in common with those whom he holds up as abusing it. About two years after, when Burns had commenced the Edinburgh chapter of his life, a new offence was committed by Mr Hamilton. He had, on a Sunday morning, ordered a servant to take in some potatoes which happened to have been left out in the garden after being dug. This came to the ears of the minister, and Mr Hamilton was summoned to answer for the offence. Some ludicrous details occur in the session-records. It is there alleged that two and a half rows of potatoes were dug on the morning in question, by Mr Hamilton's express order, and carried home by his daughter: nay, so keen had the spirit of persecution been, that the rows had been formally measured, and found to be each eleven feet long; so that twenty-seven feet and a half altogether had been dug. The Presbytery or Synod treated this prosecution in the same way as the former, and Burns did not overlook it in his poems. He alludes to it in Holy Willie's Prayer, when he makes that individual implore a curse upon Mr Hamilton's

> —— basket and his store,
> Kail and *potatoes*—

and on several other occasions.

In Mr Hamilton's house, which is occupied by his son, Mr Alexander Hamilton, in the same line of business, is shown the room in which Burns composed the satirical poem entitled the Calf. He had called upon Mr Hamilton on his way to church, and being desired by that gentleman to bring home a note of the text, produced on his return those clever but certainly over-severe and wicked verses. Mr Hamilton's writing-room had then a back-door leading to the church. By this way Burns entered, and finding Mrs Hamilton writing a note at her husband's business-desk, requested a pen, and, sitting down on the other side, scribbled in a few minutes one of the most bitter *jeux d'esprits* he ever penned. This room is further remarkable as the one in which the poet was married, that ceremony being rather of a legal than of a religious complexion. From the session-record, it would appear that the ceremony took place on the 3d of August 1788, and that Mr Burns, being informed that in irregular marriages it was customary for the bridegroom to pay a small fine to the poor of the parish, gave a guinea for this purpose.

Mossgiel, or Mossgavel, as already mentioned, is about a mile from Mauchline. It is a very plain *farmsteading*, of the kind described in Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd—

> A snug thack house, before the door a green;
> Hens on the midden, ducks in dubs are seen;
> On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;
> A peat-stack joins, and forms a rural square—

except that the buildings are not thatched. Being situated at the height of the country between the vales of Ayr and Irvine, it has a peculiarly bleak and exposed appearance, which is but imperfectly obviated by a very tall hedge and some well-grown trees, which gather around it, and beneath one of which the poet is said to have loved to recline. The domestic accommodations consist of little more than a butt and a ben—that is, a kitchen and a small room. The latter, though in every respect most humble, and partly occupied by fixed beds, does not appear uncomfortable. Every consideration, however, in the mind of the visitor, sinks beneath the one intense feeling that here, within these four walls, warmed at this little fireplace, and lighted by this little window, lived one of the most extraordinary men that ever breathed; here wrote some of the most celebrated poems of modern times. The place has one touching recollection above all others—that it was the scene described in the opening of his beautiful "Vision."

> There lanely, by the ingle-cheek,
> I sat and eyed the spewing reek.
> * * *
> All in this mottie misty clime
> I backward mused on wasted time,
> How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
> And done nae-thing,
> But stringing blathers up in rhyme,
> For fools to sing—&c.

The house is in every respect exactly in the same condition as when the poet lived in it. It was occupied by his brother Gilbert down to the year 1800, and since then has had but one tenant, the individual who now occupies it. It may be mentioned that a part of the farm bears the title of Knockhaspie's Lands, which, it will be recollected, he alludes to in one of his songs—

> I wad gi'e a' Knockhaspie's Lands
> For Highland Harry back again.

We must now take a glance at the romantic scenery of the Ayr, to which allusion was so frequently made in the preceding article. The beautiful grounds around Barskimming House are the first in order after Coilsfield; this, in Burns's time, was the seat of Lord Justice Clerk Miller, and now of his son, Lord Glenlee. It is alluded to by the poet in the Vision—

> Through many a wild romantic grove,
> Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
> (Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
> In musing mood),
> An aged judge, I saw him rove,
> Dispensing good.

The river passes through this lovely park by a chasm in general upwards of a hundred feet deep, and the sides of which are almost every where as steep as the walls of a house. Here and there is seen a profound section of rock, perforated in some places by what Burns aptly terms hermit-fancied coves, and in all cases whiskered by the most luxuriant foliage. There is a bridge near the house, where the scenery is enjoyed in high perfection. Both upwards and downwards, nothing is to be seen but tremendous banks of wood, or great scalped rocks, beneath which the river passes moodily onward, dark as Cocytus, except where mottled with the foam of a recent conflict with some rude opposing crag.

Farther up the river is Kinzeancleuch, now a place of no note, but which will not be passed by any one interested in the history of our national church, without some pleasing and respectful reminiscences. Campbell of Kinzeancleuch was one of the first of the Scottish barons who espoused the Reformation—was the steady friend and protector of Knox—and was present at his death. The Reformer himself was oftener than once sheltered at Kinzeancleuch House. It is remarkable that Burns appears to have either been acquainted with no part of Scottish history except that of Wallace and Bruce, or to have had no sympathies for any other portion of it. At Mauchline there is a martyr's stone, to which he has never made the least allusion.

Immediately above Kinzeancleuch, commence the Braes of Ballochmyle, which he has commemorated in one of the most glowing of all his amatory songs. Ballochmyle was formerly the property of Sir John Whiteford, representative of the gentleman whose story supplied the groundwork of the novel of Waverley, but in Burns's time was purchased by a mercantile family named Alexander, connected with Glasgow. The scenery is much the same as that of Barskimming, except that the banks of the river are softer, and break into fine dens and glades, which are comparatively unknown farther down the stream. Amidst these romantic groves, Burns was wandering on a summer evening, when he passed a young lady, daughter to the new proprietor, with whose charms he was greatly struck. The result was his beautiful song, entitled, "The Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle," which he sent to her, enclosed in a very respectful letter. To his great mortification, no notice was taken of the communication. The young lady in all probability felt more resentment at the freedom, than pleasure from the compliment. However this may be, it is certain that, in subsequent years, when the fame of the bard overspread many lands, Miss Alexander began to appreciate the poem more than she had done. In some revolutions of the family household, when she was about to remove to Glasgow, it became a question whether the original of that document belonged to the family, and should remain at Ballochmyle. "That," said she emphatically, "is with me a settled point: wherever I go, the poem shall go with me." She permitted a copy, however, to be taken by the apograph of a neighbouring artist,* on wood; which is fixed into the back of a moss-house amidst the braes of Ballochmyle. The lady is still alive, and unmarried.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD,

A TALE.

I WAS born in one of the states south of the Potomac, and am the only son of an opulent family, claiming some little distinction from two or three generations of gentility. I will not mention its name; I have disgraced it enough already. We lived in the country, in a populous neighbourhood, and here I remained at home, receiving from my parents, as well as my sisters, those mistaken indulgences which so often have a fatal influence over the destinies of only sons. I learned to think myself always in the right, because in all disputes or conflicts with my sisters they were obliged to yield: fancied myself a man at fourteen, because I was allowed to have my own way; and a prodigy of genius, because I was altogether unaware of the extent of my ignorance. I do not recollect that at this time I felt any propensity to the vice which has been fatal to myself and to all those whom the ties of existence had gathered around me. I only know that I was allowed to mix occasionally, and indeed as often as I pleased, with those of the country people, whose examples, if they operated on me at all, could only do me harm. I went to all the frolics in the neighbourhood, good, bad, and indifferent, where the country lads do many things, which, though not perhaps unbecoming in persons of their class and habits, cannot be indulged in by persons of mine, for any length of time, without more or less injury to that delicacy of feeling, those proprieties of manner, and those nice, sensitive principles, which constitute the distinctions of a gentleman. Young men destined to move in that sphere of life which places them above the necessity of employment, cannot be too careful of their company and amusements, since by associating with vulgar idlers, they almost invariably approximate themselves to their level, adopt their manners, acquire a taste for their amusements, and only sink

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* Mr Lockhart, in his Life of Burns, both editions, has given a somewhat incorrect account of Mr Hamilton, his family, and the causes of his quarrel with the kirk-session of Mauchline. His father was a son of Hamilton of Kype in Lanarkshire, and it was only by his wife that he was in any way connected with the district of Carrick; she being a daughter of Kennedy of Daljerrock. It is related of the laird of Kype that he was once paying a visit to the Duke of Hamilton, when his grace inquired in what degree he was related to the ducal house, and whereabouts in the family tree the race of Kype was to be found. "It would be needless to seek the root among the branches," answered the haughty laird, who perhaps had some pretensions to be of the principal stock of the Hamiltons, or knew at least that the claims of the ducal house to the chiefship were by no means clear.

* This artist is Mr Andrew Smith, of W. and A. Smith, Mauchline: one of those ingenious individuals who are sometimes found in the most retired and rustic situations. Mr Smith is the inventor of the instrument above alluded to, one calculated to be eminently useful in taking fac-similes of any piece of writing, or other work consisting of lines, and that in any degree of amplification or reduction. In company with his brother, he conducts a manufactory of wooden snuff-boxes, upon a considerable scale, about sixty people being employed; and the quantity of ingenious machinery which he has brought to bear upon this humble but curious and even elegant manufacture, is such as would impress any stranger with surprise.

the lower, from the height of their descent. One of the lowest, the meanest, and most depraved of mankind, is the man of education, refinement, and accomplishments, transmuted into a low and dissipated blackguard. The impulse which carries him over the barriers of habit, education, and example, which impels him to overleap the gulf that separates him from vulgar vice, cannot, without a miracle, stop short of perdition.

With the view of finishing my education, I proceeded to college at the age of sixteen. The college was situated in the centre of a great city; and great cities, as many people believe, are the most dangerous places for young men. Certainly, this proved so to me. My inclinations soon led me into the company of the most idle and dissipated young men of the place. I now lost my money; I lost my rest; my character among my equals; my station in society; above all, I lost for ever all those delicious feelings, those innocent sources of pleasure, those aspiring hopes and anticipations, and that ambition which animates youth to reach at things above, instead of stooping to things below them.

What would my poor father and mother have said and thought, had they seen me emerging, at the dawn of day, from an obscure den, haggard with want of rest, or red in the face with the liquor I had swallowed in the course of the night? But they died without even suspecting my swift deterioration, or anticipating the disgrace I was to bring upon their name. It may be supposed that these courses incapacitated me for my college exercises. I began to descend, and at every examination approached nearer and nearer to the tail of my class. The better sort of lads drew off from my society; the professors cautioned, lectured, and threatened in vain. From the foot of the second I was degraded into the lowest class, from which I was at length expelled, for reiterated instances of negligence and impertinence.

Notwithstanding the life I led, I was not altogether debased. It is not all at once that the soul is stripped of its regalia. It is by little and little that it is cast away; although to the world it appears, perhaps, that the wretched delinquent has made but one step to the consummation of his follies and his crimes. I still preserved the exterior and the manners of a gentleman; and, in the day-time at least, associated with men and women far better than myself. My habits had not so far changed me from what I was, that either my relatives or friends had turned their backs upon me. I still cherished a liking for books, at times; read sometimes the whole of a rainy day; visited young ladies occasionally; and was reckoned by their mammas not altogether unworthy of an invitation to a tea-party. Above all, I had not actually committed any overt act, such as is, or ought to be, followed by the loss of *caste*. I had, it is true, a habit of taking brandy and water, at times; but I felt no want of it as a stimulant, and the habit was by no means confirmed. In short, when I came of age, and took possession of a handsome estate, I might still, if I would, have taken the place in society for which my fortune and connections seemed to have destined me. But my evil genius, or rather my evil habits and passions, were at length to have their final and complete triumph.

My next stage of declension was associating myself with a club of those worthless gamblers who usually haunt large towns. These, with the exterior of gentlemen, carried on the profession of card-playing. Every night they met for the purpose of playing at whist, and, by various schemes, had reduced it to a matter of certainty that they would win. In the course of a single year, these elegant companions contrived to strip me of all my ready money. I soon afterwards mortgaged my estate, and the proceeds in time also vanished. In fine, I became poor; and one hot summer's day, it came into my mind to visit my sisters, who lived on a part of my father's estate in the country, in peace and innocence; doting on me as an only brother—the hope of the family.

Well, I visited my sisters, who received me with an affectionate joy, that went to my heart of hearts. They admired me beyond any other human being, and they loved me still more. The sight of my early home, the kind flatteries of my sisters, and the sacred influence of quiet repose, of woods, waters, and meadows, birds, flowers, and all the full, combined harmony of nature, for a while awakened in my heart the rural feeling so nearly allied to virtue. I began by degrees to relish a stroll with my sisters along the little stream that skirted their grounds; to enjoy the moonlight, and the wandering glories overhead; and tried to take a pleasure in looking on or partaking in the merry hay-makings of the season.

While resident with my sisters, I received a letter from one of my gambling friends in town, dunning me in the most genteel manner for a couple of thousand pounds which I owed to him. I shudder while I relate the step I now took. I was the sole executor of my father's estate, and the property of my sisters had been left entirely under my control. Wretch that I was, I secretly appropriated the whole of the means of support of my confiding sisters. I mortgaged their portion of the estate, as I had done my own. On taking leave of these gentle creatures, I durst not look them in the face, as they hung around me, and kissed me with tears of pure and innocent love.

From the moment I robbed my sisters, and only from that moment, I felt myself degraded past all recovery, lost beyond redemption. Wherever I went, I bore about me this intolerable feeling of irretrievable disgrace; and to escape from it, I plunged deeper into guilt. But now comes another scene in my infamous career. Accident about this time threw me into the society of a young gentlewoman, of good family, and possessing a handsome fortune in her own right. Her person was attractive—almost beautiful, and her face shone bright in the lustre of a pair of intelligent black eyes, matched, or rather contrasted, with a fine set of white teeth. Hitherto I had never thought of marrying. The life I had led had in fact made me incapable of loving a virtuous woman as she deserves to be loved. Let no woman who values her happiness unite herself to a reformed debauchee.

Finding my society agreable to this lady, whom I shall call Amelia, the idea by degrees occurred to me, that she would be an advantageous speculation, as we used to say at the club. Her person, as I said before, was attractive, but that did not much matter; and her fortune was liberal, which mattered a great deal. She was young, romantic, and somewhat buoyant in spirits. I played the hypocrite finely. We rode out together through the beautiful landscapes of a most beautiful country, and she greeted every murmuring brook, twittering bird, and rocky glen, with a vivacity of admiration that would have called up a corresponding feeling in any heart but one like mine, labouring under a sense of degradation, combined with the lethargy of worn-out sensibilities. She had neither father nor mother living, but she had friends, who, though ignorant of the extent of my fall, still knew enough of my habits to think me unworthy of her hand. But young women who are rich, and mistress of themselves, are, I believe, not apt to be controlled by friends in the choice of a husband; and believing, as Amelia did, that they wronged me, she was only the more determined to do me right. She consented to trust me with herself, her happiness, her destiny—and we were married.

For some months I led a prodigy of a life. I neither drank nor gamed; and the connections of my wife began to give me credit for a thorough reformation. But, alas! when evil passions are within, they will come out at last. One of my sisters married, and it became necessary that her portion should be forthcoming. I had now a man to deal with, and farther deception became impossible. The crisis of my fate arrived. My generous, noble-hearted wife had peremptorily resisted all the cautions of her relatives to have her fortune settled on herself. No: she always replied, no, I trust him with my happiness, and my fortune shall go with it. It rested with me now, either to tell her candidly my situation, and throw myself on her generosity, or to make use of her fortune secretly, to replace that of my sister's. That strange pride which clings even to guilt and degradation, prompted me to the latter. To replace the money of which I robbed my sister, I robbed my wife of that which after-events proved she would have given me with all her heart.

I began to estrange myself from home, and, by degrees, to drink drams, to keep up the courage of dastardly guilt, and make me sufficiently a brute, to meet her, after my nightly orgies, without sinking into the earth. Now it was that my downhill course became more rapid than ever.

To meet my perpetual losses, I made other drafts upon my wife's fortune, and to dull the sense of infamy, I drank deeper of brandy. Sometimes I rallied the remnant of good principle that was within me, and abstained both from gambling and drinking for days and nights, sometimes weeks together; but again I was carried away by impulses and habits, only the more impetuous for their momentary restraint. My wife behaved with propriety; she kept my secret, and neither betrayed me to her friends, nor uttered a reproach. She bore all in silence.

During this period we had two children, a boy and a girl. I could not bear to look at them, from the moment their little eyes began to know me. I had injured them as well as their mother; and bad as I was, I never could bear the looks of those I had wronged. To the virtuous and happy father, these little strangers form those gentle links that bind him the closer to his home, and inspire new feelings of gratitude and goodness. But it was not so with me. I was rapidly becoming an outcast from the domestic circle; an alien from all that is good, and beautiful, and elegant. My tastes, my propensities, my habits, were now all assuming the same hue of infamy and irretrievable debasement.

The depredations I had committed on the inheritance of my children, were now brought to light by that inevitable train of events which never fails, sooner or later, to bring the villain to his reckoning. Nearly at the same time, my estate was advertised by the sheriff, on a foreclosure of the mortgage. It was thus discovered that I was a beggar when I married, and that I had since become a scoundrel. Even my unbending pride, aided by the maddening bowl, could not stand this. I could not endure the sight of those who, from having once looked up to me, now shunned me with averted eyes, or gave me only glances of cool contempt.

One day I happened to meet an old acquaintance in company with two or three gentlemen, in such a way that it was impossible for him to pretend not to see me, or for me to avoid him, without actually sneaking away. I accosted him, but he took no notice of me. 'I believe you don't know me,' said I. 'O yes, I *do* know you,' he replied, and turned on his heel. The emphasis he laid on this little word was admirably expressive. I understood it, and so did the gentlemen present. My blood boiled, and the more, for knowing I deserved this treatment. I poured forth a deluge of invectives, and provoked him at length so far to forget himself, as to knock me down. That very hour I sent him a challenge, for I was not yet sufficiently abject to put up with a blow; and though I acknowledged to my own heart that I deserved the treatment I had received, still I burned for revenge. It was in vain that the friend to whom the gentleman applied to carry his answer, represented me as unworthy of his notice, a man without any reputation to lose, and to whom a blow could add no deeper disgrace. 'I should have thought of all this before I gave the blow,' he replied. 'Having noticed him in the first instance, I have no right to say now that he is beneath my notice. I must offer either apology or atonement. I cannot descend to beg his pardon, and there is but one other alternative.'

Under the influence of these mixed principles of right and wrong, did this high-spirited young man consent to meet me. My habitual excesses had so shattered my nervous system, that nothing but copious draughts could steady my hand. I drank deep that morning; and though my vision was indistinct, my hand did not tremble. My second, one of my old club companions, who was an amateur of duelling—that is to say, in the second, not in the first person—gave me many special directions how to hold my pistol, and when to fire. But I was stupified by the time we got to the ground, and every object swam before my eyes, as if floating on the waves. I scarcely heard the words, 'one—two—three—fire.' I raised my pistol mechanically, and yet—strange and inscrutable dispensation!—my antagonist fell dead at the first fire. A mother lost her only son—an amiable and virtuous woman an affectionate husband—and three children became orphans—for the wife survived the shock but a few months. Thus, as my worthy second assured me triumphantly—thus, and at this price, had I vindicated my honour. What honour? The honour of an unnatural brother, a brutal husband, an unfeeling father, a beastly sot!

It is now time to speak of my poor wife and children. From time to time, during the progress of the scenes I have just been sketching, Amelia had been strongly urged by her friends to leave me, but she always mildly, yet peremptorily, refused. 'My lot,' would she say, 'was of my own choosing; and whatever it may be, I have made up my mind to bear it to the end.' Even this devotion did not touch my heart. On the contrary, I taunted her with her ridiculous attachment; and scarcely a day passed that I did not ask her, with gross barbarity, why she did not go to her friends. I did not want her company—not I; nay, I wished to get rid of it, and never see her face again. I found fault with her domestic economy; reproached her with not keeping her children decent; with being a slut in her own person, though she was neatness itself; with being ugly, disagreeable, stupid, tiresome, a millstone about my neck, the bane of my life, and the cause of all my misery. What will a good wife not submit to?—she bore it all.

If there ever was a lost, hopelessly, irretrievably lost being in this world, it was myself. I was dunned for money I could not pay. I was shunned by my neighbours; my servants left me, as one it was a disgrace to serve; and even the sots of the neighbourhood disdained to drink with me, because, as they said, 'a gentleman ought to be ashamed to make a beast of himself.' Though I literally lived without food, I had become a bloated mass of physical inanition. My hands shook; my face was swelled and livid. Then my mental tortures!—But they are past all description. The reader will think this was bad enough, but as yet he has seen nothing. The tragedy is still to be exhibited.

One day—it was an ominous day—the anniversary of our marriage—in a fit of savage hilarity I declared I would celebrate it with more than usual splendour. I got up at twelve the preceding night, and intoxicated myself before sunrise, when I went to bed and slept myself partly sober again before dinner. At dinner I again drank deeply. I proposed a toast—'Our wedding-day, and many happy returns of it.' A sudden pang seemed to cross my poor wife's mind, and produce a train of bitter recollections. 'Was it not a happy day, Amelia?' said I, tauntingly. She burst into tears, and covered her face with her hands for a minute; then slowly removing them, she replied, with a look of agony that still haunts me day and night, 'Yes, it was a happy day—but ——.' The tone and look irritated my already infuriated spirit. 'But what,' replied I—'Come, speak out—let us have no secrets on this happy day.' 'We have paid dearly for it,' she said—'You with the loss of fortune, fame, and goodness. I with a broken heart and a shattered reason.'

'And I alone am to blame for all this, I suppose.'

'No; I blame nothing but my own folly. I had my warnings, but they came too late, or rather, as my conscience tells me, I shut my ears to them. Would I had died,' added she, wringing her hands, 'before that miserable day!'

'You are no longer the gay, sprightly, animated, witty thing that won my heart,' said I.

'Your heart!' replied she, scornfully; 'but who was it that robbed me of my gaiety; that worried my sickened soul by night and day; that has broken my heart, and turned my brain? Do you know the man, the monster I would say?' Her eyes now flashed fire as she continued—'Do you know the monster, I say?—he who deceived my youth, wasted my fortune, destroyed my happiness, degraded the modesty of my sex and station, and heaped coals of fire on the heads of my children?—who rendered the past a recollection of horror, the present yet worse—the future—O my God!'

'*I*, whom you promised to love and obey all your life. Come, give me an example of obedience,' cried I, pouring out a glass of filthy liquor; 'come—one bumper more: I swear you shall drink one bumper more to this happy day—come!'

'I will not!'

I rose, and staggering to the other side of the table, where she was sitting, vehemently protested she should drink it.

'I will not!' she again replied.

Who shall answer for the actions of a man mad with drink! A struggle now ensued, during which I became irritated into fury. The children clung affrighted about us, but I kicked them away. My poor Amelia at length struck the glass out of my hand; I became furious as a demon, and threw her from me with a diabolical force, against the corner of the fireplace. She fell, raised herself half up, gave her children one look and me another, and sunk down again.—She was dead.

I am now the sober tenant of a madhouse. The jury that tried me would not believe a man who acted such scenes as were proved upon me, could be in his senses. They acquitted me on the score of insanity. My relatives placed me here to pass the rest of my days, and recover my senses if I can. But I am not mad. I live, in the full horrible perception of my past wickedness. I know not what is become of my children, for no one will answer my inquiries—no one will tell me where they are, or whether they are dead or alive. All I can understand is, that I shall never see them more. My constant companion day and night, waking or dreaming, is my murdered wife. Every moment of my life is spent in recalling to my mind the history of that ill-fated girl, and in summing up what I have to answer for to her, her friends, and her offspring. Denied the indulgence of all sorts of stimulants, my strength is gone; my body shrunk and shrivelled almost to a skeleton, and my limbs quake with the least exertion. Guilt grins me in the face; infamy barks at my heels; scorn points her finger at me; disease is gnawing at my vitals; death already touches me with his icy fingers; and eternity waits to swallow me up.

The man to whose charge I am committed has furnished me with the means of fulfilling this my last task, and making the only atonement in my power for what I have done. If there be any one who shall read this, to whom temptation may beckon afar off, at a distance which disguises its deformity, let him contemplate me as I entered on the stage of life; as I pursued my career forward; as I closed, or am about to close it for ever. Let him not cheat his soul; let him not for a moment believe that it is impossible for him to become as bad, nay, worse than I have been.*

THE ART OF DRAWING.

Drawing, one of the most useful of the fine arts, was once considered a faculty attainable only by a few gifted individuals; but experience has clearly shown, that, like other studies to which the mind may be properly directed, it is now to be acquired by ordinary application.

Drawing is not only a portion of polite education—it is as useful as elegant, and deserving of more extended cultivation, from the various purposes to which it may be applied. In our manufactories, all of which are more or less connected with the arts, the advantages derived from drawing have been very conspicuous. Combinations of forms and colours have been presented to the various artificers in a state of perfection that could never have been conveyed by oral or literal description. In mechanism and in the sciences, drawing is of the utmost importance; without its aid, demonstration would be impracticable.

The numerous advantages to be derived from drawing, as an occasional study, are worthy of consideration. It will enliven many a solitary hour—improve the understanding—add many a joy to the mind during the contemplation of works of nature or of art—and contribute essentially to the charm of existence. Those who have knowledge of the characters of the alphabet and their combinations, necessary to express an idea on paper, have accomplished more than is required to enable them to represent an object from nature, since this is simply an imitation of lines presented to the senses; but, while communicating to paper, by means of pen and ink, a number of characters which embody a thought, the mind exercises a wonderful capacity, in the effort of memory, respecting the forms proper to be used—the arrangement of them necessary to compose the different words—and the construction of the members of each sentence, so that all may be understood by every reader. All these complicated exertions of the mind are not called into action while copying from nature a leaf or a stone, a simple outline only being required, and the object placed before the copyist. What is there to prevent this simple form from being imitated, if there be an inclination? The correctness of the outline will depend on the facility with which a pencil may be used, unquestionably, but far more on the state of the mind. If there be a determination to accomplish a likeness of the object, it will not be denied to calm perseverance. Who ever gave the most approved form to a letter after a few trials? A little reflection will teach, that the same degree of assiduity is rewarded by similar results.

Drawing is regulated by rules that soon become familiar, and the progressive study of them never fails to excite a desire for farther information: "All is the gift of industry." The inclination to attempt more than the mind can arrange or the hand execute, is injurious to advancement. "Wisely and slow, they stumble who run fast." Those who determine to master the imaginary difficulties will succeed soonest by a careful selection of easy forms at first, proceeding gradually to others more complicated, then to a combination of objects, which cannot be too simple. A root of plantain growing near a rude stone is sufficient for a picture in the hands of an artist. Whatever may be selected for practice, let all be taken from nature. Look not to prints nor paintings for instruction, till you have accustomed both mind and hand to the imitating of the great original. You must endeavour to look at nature with your own gift of vision, and not as pretended to have been seen by other eyes. It is absolutely injurious to have the drawings of any artist placed in succession before pupils with the enforcement of imitation: it may be a style which does not please them. There is a possibility of their being enabled to see nature unfairly represented. They may detect mannerism, or they may have a dislike to copy that which excites no pleasing associations; yet this is too often a mode of proceeding by persons denominated drawing-masters; and to it is added the study of geometrical problems, with diagrams illustrative of perspective. The confusion thus created, and the apparent toil required to overcome so many difficulties, make an impression on the mind that no encouragement can remove; yet they are incited to undertake what may appear impracticable, till dislike is produced, and the study is relinquished. It is by beginning when the mind is disposed to receive instruction, that hope of success can be rationally entertained. To urge it beyond its comprehension, impedes the progress of information, or destroys the germ that would otherwise have flourished.

If drawing be considered only as an amusement, it will be found one of the most entertaining, and a source of pleasure that increases with the perseverance of the applicant. To the tourist it is of great importance; for buildings, scenes, and objects, perhaps beyond the power of language adequately to express, may be conveyed by a few lines and tints, with surprising correctness. Many travellers who have united the skill of the draughtsman to great literary acquirements, have stated that a few spirited lines are capable of conveying more information than pages of elaborate description. Perhaps the utility of drawing needs no farther confirmation, and that it will be better to give some hints respecting the means by which it may be obtained.

A sketch-book, about nine by six inches, is of a convenient size for a beginner; and whatever may be inserted should remain for reference and for evidence of advancement. A piece of good black-lead should be procured, and fixed in a port-crayon or a quill; a point to the lead may be obtained by rubbing it on a file; or a black-lead pencil, with a soft and bold point, may be used, because it is better adapted for sketching than a fine-pointed hard pencil, which impedes facility in the use, and gives a feeble or meagre line, incapable of detaching objects. A piece of good lead is readily made to a point sufficiently fine; and it is possessed of power, particularly if repetition be applied, to separate objects from each other with effect. The inconvenience arising from a distribution of lead too copious, may be obviated by always beginning on the left, and concluding on the right; the hand will then not interfere with the sketching. When finished, the page may be placed on a plate, and beer or skim milk poured on it, till the surface be equally wetted; when it has become nearly dry in the air, the book may be closed, the lead pencil lines will have become fixed, and the page smooth in a few hours.

Practising on the simplest objects presented to the eye, as before recommended, may not be deemed of sufficient consequence to find a place in the sketch-book, and, perhaps, till the eye and hand shall have become a little familiarised with sketching, the early efforts may be confined to pieces of paper, but not destroyed. They are, like the marks, the pot-hooks and hangers of all juvenile writers; the fair copy-book is opened, when a character can be formed with some approach to accuracy. Those who determine to learn drawing, taking nature for their master, must place on their memory, and adopt in their practice, three characteristic lines, which are thus distinguished from each other. *A perpendicular line* is upright, or in agreement with the sides of the sketch-book; *a horizontal line* is straight across, or in agreement with the top and base of the book; *a diagonal line* is slanting, either way, so as to be neither a horizontal nor a perpendicular. The knowledge of these three lines is indispensable at the commencement of sketching; they are of the first importance to the representing of objects with their natural appearances depending on linear perspective.—In our next number, we shall offer our young readers a series of simple instructions, to enable them to draw with neatness and satisfaction.

* Altered and abridged from a tale, published in the series of "Stories of American Life," edited by Miss Mitford. The authors' name is not mentioned.

SMALL TOWNS.

I lately visited a small country town in the north of Scotland, and was much amused by observing the various characteristics which distinguish a small mass of human population from a large one. The first peculiarity I had occasion to remark was the excessive anxiety of the natives, and particularly of the individual who acted as my cicerone, to impress a respectful notion of the town upon the mind of a stranger. In the course of our walk, this gentleman descanted, in terms truly eloquent, upon all the various useful and delightful properties of the town—its pleasant walks, its neat public buildings, its distinction for some particular manufacture—and so forth. To judge from the account of my guide, there never was such a school as that of Rickleton since the creation. Its scholars are known all over the world. An eminent Edinburgh professor visited it a few years ago, and gave the highest approbation to all its arrangements. A celebrated barrister was brought up at it. And then as to water—there never was a town like Rickleton for water. It is so pure, so agreeable to taste, and withal so plenty. In fact, the water of Rickleton is better than beer in some other places. And provisions, how cheap! Beef never above fivepence a pound, while it is sixpence in the city; and, above all things, it is to be had at least once every week! Vegetables in Rickleton are, like the air we breathe, things without price. Every body has his garden, which it is a mere amusement to cultivate, and thus grows his own leeks, cabbage, and potatoes. The same thing, in a manner, may be said of fruit. Pears, in particular—every body has heard of the Rickleton pear—are so very plenty, that the difficulty is, how to get them eaten. In one particular branch of trade, Rickleton is allowed to be unrivalled in the country—that is, in the preparation of red-herrings. "Rickleton Red-Herrings" is an inscription to be seen in all the shop windows over the country. It is an article in which the town prides itself, and whenever there is any public festivity among the inhabitants, "Success to the Red-Herring Trade of Rickleton" is the grand patriotic toast of the night. And such a fine old abbey there is in the neighbourhood of the town! Edinburgh has many fine things, but *we* beat them in the article of a fine monastic ruin. People come from far and near to see our abbey." And only look at our river—there is another thing in which we beat the Edinburgh folk—considered the second stream in the country. We have capital inns, too: the Cross Keys is as good a house as any in the country—keeps two post-chaises and a gig. The view from the window of the travellers' room is said to be almost unrivalled on this side the Grampians. And such a place it is for producing distinguished men! —— the poet, and —— the historian, and —— who is a minister in Glasgow, were born here. All owing, sir, to the capital schools. In short, it is made out, that, if respectable annuitants would come and reside in the place, they would live almost free of cost, enjoy the most delightful walks and country recreations, and have the satisfaction of becoming the fathers of almost all the eminent men of the next generation, literary, philosophical, and otherwise.

To speak more seriously, there is always to be found in small towns an intense appreciation of every thing about them that is in the least peculiar—and just the more intense in proportion to the smallness and unimportance of the place. This feeling is just an extended species of self-love, the *place that is ours* coming instead of *ourselves*. It is a feeling which may be permitted to excite in other persons a gentle merriment, but it should never be made the subject of cutting sarcasm or ridicule. The truth is, every person, whatever be the town or city of his residence, is liable to be possessed by such sentiments, and to become a subject of amusement, on account of them, to the native of a somewhat larger place. The native of a town of three thousand inhabitants, supplies, with his fondness for it, amusement to him who resides in one of five thousand; he, in his turn, to one of eight thousand; he, again, to one of twenty. The pride which a citizen of Perth, for instance, feels and expresses (and justifiably so) in his fair city, may bring a smile to the cheek of an inhabitant of Edinburgh; and the "Modern Athenian," in his turn, if he expatiates in the hearing of a Londoner respecting the highly-estimated beauties of his capital, will be treated in a manner not greatly different. It is, upon the whole, a fortunate peculiarity in human nature; for without such attachments to minor places, their in-

habitants would lead a life of perpetual discontent, or centralise into large masses, and leave the country deserted. It is to such a sentiment that we are to ascribe the fact, that there are human beings living beyond the arctic circle, as well as in the torrid and temperate zones.

Another characteristic of small towns is the aristocratical spirit which pervades the upper class of citizens. This is a conspicuous feature, and much developed. A small town may in truth be considered as an epitome or miniature picture of a large kingdom, consisting of king, lords, commons, and the populace. Here, on a small scale, each of these classes is faithfully represented, as in a reducing reflector. The provost, or chief magistrate, represents the king, and very often he displays, if not all the dignity and grace, yet fully all the pomp and pride of majesty, in his bearing towards the general mass of his subjects. To his equals, or even, it may be, superiors, in every thing but official dignity, he is courteously affable, familiar, and polite, but from all the rest of his realm he looks for abject submission, the most implicit obedience, and the profoundest homage. The provost's lady takes the tone from her husband, and affects a supremacy over her gossips, from whom she is equally rigorous in exacting obedience. Nay, even the children assume the same lofty superiority over their fellows, and the very youngest of them learns to play the kingling over his tiny subjects.

In a small town, the different grades and the distinctions of rank are formed and adhered to with almost the same pertinacity as in China itself. Here are *castes* as in India, and, without wealth, it would be nearly as difficult to step out of them. Wealth is the main basis of respectability, but there are some other necessary ingredients; such as, the family having had a long standing in the town; having been respectable citizens for several generations, and some of their forefathers having been in the magistracy. The nature of the profession, too, is of considerable consequence. *Writers* take the lead every where, and, with the medical profession, and any genteel annuitants who may happen to cluster about the town, form a class who profess to hold all the trading people at a distance. Manufacturers, in proportion to their wealth and weight of character, rank next in precedence; and to them succeed merchants and members of the guild. Handicraftsmen of all kinds form an inferior *caste*; but even among them there is a gradation of rank.

This aristocratical spirit likewise extends to what pertains to dress. It supplies, in some measure, *sumptuary laws*, or laws which regulate the expense of dresses to be worn by the different classes of society. In so far it has a very proper and beneficial influence, by restraining within due bounds that foolish vanity which would lead the maid to dress as gaily as her mistress, and to assume airs unbecoming her rank in life. All this is very well; but it goes farther than this. It is understood that the ladies of those in authority, and at the top of the tree, should enjoy the exclusive possession of some articles of fashion for a certain period, before they descend farther down the scale, and become too common to excite much popular admiration. It would cause some mortification, were a lady out of this sphere (unless acknowledged wealth were an apology) to display a new fashion almost as soon as the former exhibited theirs, at church or at a party. Such conduct would be reckoned an encroachment on privileges—an infringement of vested rights—and animadverted on with rancorous asperity. No, no; in small towns such liberties cannot be taken with impunity. The newest fashion from Edinburgh or London, of a bonnet or a shawl, a muff or a boa, must be exhibited at church or dinners, by two or three of the ladies of the topmost grades, for a certain period before it would be decorous for others to assume them, or the world would be thought to be turned upside down.

With regard to the prevalence of the aristocratical spirit in country towns, it must be remarked, that generally the women are most conspicuous in adhering the most pertinaciously, and in guarding, with rigorous vigilance, the supposed privileges of "their order;" and farther, that the *parvenus*, or new people, male and female, exceed in these respects all the families of long established respectability, and, in every point of view, are the least amiable and the least popular.

Another feature in the provincial portrait is the practice of gossiping and talking scandal. In those country towns where the population is very small, the sphere of observation is so circumscribed, that the inhabitants have a thorough knowledge of the origin, past history, and present circumstances of every individual residing in the place: hence every action of every man is taken into rigorous consideration by his neighbours, and, if in the least assuming, as it is called, condemned or ridiculed without mercy. There is not a dinner, nay, a supper, given in the whole town, but the fact is known next day by all the inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest—along with a thousand minute particulars, true or false, respecting the dishes, the guests, and even the subjects of conversation. Even if a lady is seen entering the door of a neighbour to make a call, it is observed by hundreds of curious eyes peering from behind green baize screens in the adjacent windows, and speculated upon and canvassed, as if it were a transaction of diplomatic importance. Almost every thing that any man does, and every thing that he says, becomes the subject of comment in other quarters; and whether a good or an ill construction is put upon it, depends entirely on the mood of the parties who take it under their consideration. The most of the people, not having full occupation in their own business, devote the remainder of their time to that of other people; and it is amazing what a disinterested expenditure of criticism, censure, and regret, takes place every day in one of these small communities, in reference to each other's concerns. It presents perhaps the most splendid picture in the world, of that generosity which places us above our own paltry and narrow interests, and sends our thoughts abroad yearning after the good of our fellow-creatures. One unfortunate result is, the repression of independent and manly feeling, which it is apt to produce in the best constituted natures. A man of the very best intentions finds himself so closely under surveillance, and so severely commented on, that he finds it necessary at length to put a mask upon his whole character and system of acting—speaks obliquely, and in a few well-chosen words—circumvents rather than approaches any objects he has in view—and even has to make the crossing of the street a matter of ambuscade. It is certainly much to be regretted that the comfort of many very worthy people is marred, in such scenes as those we are describing—often by the lightest and most thoughtless words of others. How much is it to be wished that men in general could treat each other, in absence, with a little more of that courtesy which is so useful in presence! How much is it to be wished that we were all a little more disposed to put a benevolent and liberal construction upon the actions and habits of our fellow-creatures!

Every small town has its *wag* or *wit*, whose jests keep it in amusement, much after the manner of a court buffoon of old. The town wit is frequently a cobbler, and sometimes a blacksmith or other artizan; but one thing is almost always the case—he is as poor as his wit is rich. If the town wit be a man of a good-natured turn, he is generally a humorist only—a mere sayer of droll and eccentric things; and in this event, he is commonly a very popular and beloved character. He is to be seen at resting hours, seated, it may be, on a stone, and surrounded with a group of neighbouring artizans, who listen with much delight to his humorous stories, and the still more humorous manner in which he relates them; while roars of hearty laughter frequently both interrupt and applaud him, until the hour be expired. But if, on the other hand, the wag be rather a wit than a droll, the probability is, that he delights in caricature, in sarcasm, and keen-pointed sallies of fancy. He takes a roguish pleasure in exposing to ridicule even personal defects, as well as frailties and foibles of the mind, and errors in the conduct of his neighbours. He feels he has got a sting, and he will use it, not for self-defence, but for the mere sake of annoyance, and from the vanity of showing off his gift. This character is never generally beloved; he is rather feared and shunned. A few admire his wit, and applaud his fine hits and thrusts, and this keeps his vanity alive, and urges him to continue his satirical course. Should such a thing as a sarcastic paragraph touching the place or its inhabitants appear in a newspaper, or should a poetical burlesque of any incident or public character be handed about in print, of course it is he who has done the deed; he is the sole delinquent, and must accordingly suffer the reproaches secretly bestowed upon him.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

Petrarch.

Petrarch, more exactly designated Francesco Petracco, or Petraccolo, was born at Arezzo, in July 1304, being the son of Pietro Petracco, a Florentine notary, and the fellow-exile and intimate friend of Dante. The poet was brought up amidst all the difficulties proper to the condition of a banished family, the head of which could hardly obtain any regular means of subsistence. His father, after many vicissitudes, settled at Avignon, in the south of France, which was then and for many years after the seat of the Pope. Young Petrarch was educated at first by one Convennole, a humble schoolmaster at Carpentras, near Avignon. He very soon displayed a great fondness for the Latin classics, which he pored over from choice, while his young companions could hardly comprehend the rudiments. An attempt was afterwards made to give him a legal education, but in vain. He forsook and neglected all the necessary studies, in order to spend his time with Cicero, and other masters of Roman eloquence. His parents died while he was still a mere youth, and for a number of years it is not very clear how he contrived to live, though he appears to have finally embraced the ecclesiastical profession. His devotion to study seems to have at length recommended him to the attention of various great men, who were successively his patrons and supporters. In time, he collected a considerable library of classical manuscripts, including some which have since been altogether lost to the learned world

Though Petrarch was a man of profound learning, and in his own time was chiefly distinguished by his erudite essays in Latin prose, the attention of posterity has been exclusively directed to him as the author of several hundred sonnets in his native tongue, which he addressed to a lady named Laura, the object of a passion similar to that entertained by Dante for Beatrice. The story of Petrarch and Laura is perhaps one of the most remarkable which the history of amatory passion presents. Petrarch was in his twenty-third year, when, on Good Friday 1327, he encountered this fair vision in the church of St Claire, at Avignon. She was about twenty, had been married some time, and, according to the poet's own description, was remarkable for the elegance of her person. Her hair was of a golden brightness, her complexion purer than snow, her eyes as bright as stars, yet so soft and tender in their expression, that they inspired only feelings of love and reverence. In stature she was tall, and exquisitely graceful in her carriage; her voice was clear and musical, and her manner of conversing indicative of the dignity and sweetness which had an equal share in her character. The splendour of her dress corresponded to the richness of her beauty. Her hair was generally left to flow loose over her neck and shoulders, but was sometimes fastened up in a knot, and parted plainly on her forehead. Of her mind, it is said that she possessed a natural flow of wit and intelligence, but had received little advantage from study or education.

The manners of the ladies of Avignon are said to have been at that time by no means remarkable for delicacy; Laura, however, was a striking exception from the general rule. The breathings of the poet's affection must have soon met her ear; and as Petrarch quickly advanced in fame and public estimation, they could not fail to make some impression upon her. It is, nevertheless, allowed on all hands, that she never swerved for a moment from the dignity of the matron in favour of her admirer: it is not even plain that they ever so much as conversed together. For upwards of twenty years, Petrarch continued to write sonnets respecting her, every variation of his thoughts becoming the subject of one of those compositions. She, on the other hand, continued to act the part of a virtuous wife, became, it is said, the mother of eleven children, and was universally respected and beloved. The whole story, in fact, affords a striking instance of passion kept up without the hope, or perhaps even the wish, that it should come to a satisfactory termination. To blame the one for entertaining, or the other for not checking, a sentiment which generally meets the reprobation of the world, were vain, for it is impossible to divest ourselves of the idea that the whole affair was a convenience for poetical exercise; a notion which derives strength from the non-appearance of any resentment at any time manifested by the husband of the lady.

During the most of the time of Petrarch's supposed passion for Laura, he resided like a hermit in the romantic valley of Vaucluse, his only real object being, in our apprehension, the perfection of himself in poetry, so that he might become worthy of the laurel crown occasionally bestowed at Rome upon individuals who had eminently distinguished themselves in verse-making. His ambition was at length gratified, when, in one day, in August 1340, messengers arrived from Paris and Rome, proposing to him the honour of a public coronation. He preferred the latter, and the ceremony was performed under circumstances of great splendour. He was now acquainted with princes and nobles, any one of whom would have considered himself as honoured in no small degree by being allowed to maintain Petrarch at his court or residence. He seems to have been content, however, with the profits of an archdeaconry, which some of these patrons bestowed upon him.

In 1348, on the twenty-first anniversary of her first meeting with Petrarch, Laura died of the plague, and was tenderly bewailed by the poet in a number of sonnets. Of the general character of these celebrated compositions, we shall now quote the opinion of Mr Stebbing, as expressed in his Lives of the Italian Poets.

"Petrarch's reputation has now for many years rested solely on his Italian poems, which occupy less than two hundred pages out of thirteen hundred, of which the folio volume containing his works consists: Studying these productions without reference to the controversies which have been maintained respecting them, we find them possessing a charm sufficient to soothe and delight us, but not to awaken passion, or give birth to any feeling of power or sublimity. If

they were intended to convey an idea that the writer was under the influence of strong emotion, they are, in that respect, undoubted failures; for there is little poetry of any repute that makes a less vivid impression on the feelings. But it is not essential to all amatory poetry that it should be uniformly expressive of violent or intense excitement. The deepest seated passion is not always the readiest to reveal itself, and the lover may adore his mistress without addressing her in their ordinary intercourse in the language of ecstacy. In any case, Petrarch would seldom write in a highly impassioned style; and those who have most censured him for want of warmth and energy, should have first considered the circumstances under which he composed his poetry. However strong his love might be for Laura, his respect for her was equal to his love; and whether he intended the sonnets he wrote for her eye only, or for that of the world at large, he would scarcely address her in a manner unbecoming her situation and the purity of her character. Still farther:—Petrarch had rarely any means of addressing Laura but by his verses; and from the commencement of his passion to her death, he employed them as the common medium of communicating his sentiments. It was not merely on great occasions, when taking long farewells, or inspired with some sudden emotion, that he thus addressed her. Not a week, perhaps, passed without his writing on the subject of his love, and he was sufficiently Platonic, while breathing forth his verse, to believe that his spirit held communion with that of Laura. He wrote sonnets, in fact, not to make known his love, but to console himself under its disappointments: denied the pleasure of conversing with her who possessed his affections, he sought to deceive himself into the momentary belief of her presence, and he wrote as if he were speaking in the hearing of one who was day after day listening to his voice; whom he loved deeply, but to whom the strong language of passion would have been ill applied in this daily intercourse of thought.

Whether, therefore, we consider the situation of Laura, or the feeling which prompted Petrarch to dedicate such a multiplicity of sonnets to her name, we may find a reason for their being less expressive of strong emotion than many critics would have wished. In the one instance, he would have offended against the modesty of her whom he addressed; in the other, he would have written with more apparent vigour, but not in a manner more truly expressive of deep feeling. The heart becomes in time familiar with passion, as the body, it is said, may do with pain; and as the sufferer, who at the first feeling of anguish expresses himself in loud cries, but afterwards only in the low murmur of complaint, so passion of any kind uses a calmer language when of many years' continuance; and we might properly suspect its sincerity, if, after being long experienced, it spoke in the same tone as at first. The latest of Petrarch's sonnets are acknowledged to be his best. Laura's situation prohibited his expressing himself in a manner natural to the state of his feelings when first enamoured; but as his emotions became subdued, and her image grew familiar to his thoughts, he wrote with more ease and pathos, because with more freedom.

If we may thus account for the subdued style of Petrarch's amatory poetry, it lays claim for its other qualities to the highest praise. In what compositions shall we find more pleasing imagery, tenderer sentiments, or superior versification? Laura, it is true, is the constant theme, but it is only by the repetition of her name that the poet tires our patience. She appears before us adorned with some new grace in every sonnet, and though love only inspires the sentiments, they are almost infinitely varied in the expression. Sometimes yielding entirely to his fancy, at others availing himself of his learning, Petrarch was never at a loss for the ornaments of verse, and he not unfrequently abounds in the most beautiful figures and comparisons: but the chief charm of his sonnets is the soft and tranquil melancholy which breathes in both the thoughts and language—a gentleness of spirit which makes us feel that they could only have been written by a man delighting and living much in solitude. The air of Vaucluse seems fanning us as we read, and the murmur of its fountains, the song of birds in its laurel shades, and the sighs of the poet, steal pleasantly upon the imagination.

No poetry, without being either descriptive, impassioned, or romantic, ever gained so strong a hold on both the feelings and the fancy as Petrarch's. His sonnets are read with delight by persons who would turn with contempt from the amatory verses of other writers, and the greatest admirers of such poetry find a beauty in them which they look for in vain in any other of the kind. The sentiments of an elevated mind, rather imbued with passion than conquered by it, loving meditation the more because it has experienced agitation, and conscious of a pleasure in loving which exists independent of hope, or its other appliances—the sentiments of a mind like this find their way into all hearts, and by their mild and quiet influence, often make a deeper impression than others of a more stirring character. It is hence that the sonnets of Petrarch possess such a power of charming us; that they have so long retained their popularity, and have been taken as models by so many writers, but have scarcely ever been successfully imitated."

Petrarch was a man of warm feelings as a patriot, and exerted himself zealously on many occasions to advance the interests of his country. He was employed as an ambassador to different states, and both in that capacity, and by the use of his pen, seemed to have made the restoration of Italy to independence and tranquillity one of the leading objects of his life. Charles the Fourth, Emperor of Germany, while meditating some measures for the latter object, had an interview with Petrarch, at Mantua, and elicited some remarkable proofs of the unbending integrity of the man. The emperor spoke of his works, and manifested a wish to see them, especially that on Illustrious Men. To this Petrarch replied, that it was not yet completed, and that he required time and quiet to put the last hand to it. Upon which Charles intimated, that he should be glad to have it appear under his name. "But," says the poet, "I answered with that freedom which nature has given me, and which age and custom have confirmed and authorised, 'Great prince, to have it appear, and under your name, there is need of virtue on your part, and of leisure on mine.'" Astonished, as was natural in a monarch, at an answer so little flattering, the emperor desired him to explain his meaning; to which Petrarch replied, that much time was requisite for a work which was to comprise much in a little space; and that with regard to the dedication, he must labour to merit having his name placed at the head of the work; that it was not sufficient to wear a crown and possess a lofty title, but that he must possess the virtues, and perform the great actions which might worthily place him among the illustrious men whose portraits he was describing. "Live," continued he, "according to their example, in order that after having read their lives, your actions may render yours worthy of being read by posterity." The emperor smiled, but looked far from being displeased at the freedom of the exhortation.

The latter years of this great man's life were spent in lettered seclusion, first at the village of Garignano, about three miles from Milan, and finally near the small town of Arqua. In a letter to a friend, he describes, in the following pleasing terms, his mode of living at the former place:—"The tenor of my life is tranquil and uniform, for I am no longer tormented by the passions which held me captive in my youth. Like a weary traveller, I redouble my steps, as I approach the termination of my journey. I read and write day and night, and my only rest is sometimes doing the one, and sometimes the other. These are my sole occupations, and my sole pleasures. My health is so strong, my body so robust, that neither a more mature age, nor more serious occupations, nor abstinence, nor scourges, could have rendered me less subservient to the passions with which I have so long waged war. With regard to the gifts of fortune, I am equally distant from the two extremes, and indeed enjoy that mediocrity which is so much to be desired. In one thing only can I be an object of envy to others—which is, that I am more esteemed than many would wish me to be, and more so than wholly agrees with my quiet. Not only does the greatest prince of Italy, with all his court, love and honour me, but his people even respect me much more than I deserve, and love me without either knowing or seeing me—for I rarely go out, which, however, may be the very reason why I am so esteemed. I have passed at Milan an olympiad, and begun the last year of a lustrum. The kindness with which I am treated by every one, attaches me so much to Milan, that I love the very houses, the air, and the walls, to say nothing of my friends and acquaintances."

The esteem in which Petrarch finally came to be held, even in an age when his works could only be very sparingly circulated, is curiously exemplified by an anecdote thus related by Mr Stebbing:—"Henry Capra was a rich and noted watchmaker, possessing by nature a lively and penetrating mind, which he had diligently cultivated; but having begun his studies too late in life, he was more enthusiastical and fanciful than might have been expected from his age or character. His greatest ambition was to know and be known to Petrarch, and he employed every means that this ambition could suggest to effect his purpose: the poet became acquainted with his wish, and good-naturedly said, 'He shall have his desire gratified; it would be barbarous to refuse him that which will make him so happy, and cost me so little.' Nothing could exceed the delight with which he received the intimation of Petrarch that he was willing to accept his acquaintance. He immediately employed persons to copy all the works of his illustrious friend; placed his arms and portrait in every part of his house, and at last bade adieu to his profession, notwithstanding the advice of Petrarch on the subject, to devote himself entirely to letters. But he had not yet received a visit from the object of his veneration—this was all that he wanted to make his happiness complete. 'Let him but honour my house with his presence for only one day,' said he, 'and I shall be happy and glorious through all ages.' Some years, however, it seems passed away before the much-desired visit was paid. At length the happy day arrived which was to crown him with fame, and on the 18th of October 1358, Petrarch proceeded to Bergamo. The governor and several of the chief inhabitants came out to meet him, and offer him a lodging in the palace. Poor Capra was in great distress while these invitations were being given. He had accompanied his friend from the commencement of the journey, and to secure him, had associated with himself some men of literature whose conversation might render the way less tedious. His anxiety was at last removed by Petrarch's declaring that he was the guest of Henry Capra solely, and that he would lodge nowhere but in his house! His reception there was such as might have been expected. The furniture of the chamber in which he slept was all purple, and the bed superbly gilt, Capra declaring that no one had ever yet slept in it, or ever should again, except Petrarch. The next day our poet took his leave, but the watchmaker accompanied him a long way on the road, and was at last torn from him by violence, his friends fearing that the joy he had experienced would either make him ill or mad. Some time before this, a poor blind old grammarian had walked over the best part of Italy to express the same feeling as Capra."

Petrarch was found, July 18, 1374, dead in his study, with his head leaning on a book. His remains were interred in the church at Arqua, with almost royal magnificence.

If we put out of view one misplaced passion, which after all appears an exceedingly doubtful and obscure affair, the character of Petrarch is one of the most spotless of which we have any record. His whole life seems to have been spent in perfect innocence. He had the good of his country and of his fellow-creatures constantly at heart. All unworthy passions he had succeeded in trampling down, and he only indulged in the most virtuous and beneficial. He never employed his pen for any purposes which were not strictly honourable and pure; and this is the more remarkable, in so far as he lived in a very dissolute and turbulent age. His manners and discourse, on the other hand, were so free from malevolence, that he hardly appears during life to have made a single enemy. In personal appearance, he was thin, with a long aquiline face, in which there ever shone a sweet and studious gravity.

FISH-PRESERVES.

Various country gentlemen have in recent times attempted the establishment of *fish-preserves* on their estates, from which they might, as suited their pleasure, draw a supply of fish for their table, without the trouble of casting nets or employing boats; and it appears exceedingly probable that such a practice may be pursued with a considerable degree of pleasure and satisfaction, especially on our sea-shores, or the banks of the numerous estuaries and large streams that intersect the land. Those who have suitable premises, or an opportunity for establishing fish-preserves, as well as those who take an interest in details illustrative of natural history, will be pleased with the following account of a celebrated fish-pond, at Logan, in Galloway, on the south-west coast of Scotland, written by the ingenious Mr M'Diarmid of Dumfries, and published by him in a volume of amusing pieces.*

"In July 1824, I visited for the first time the beautiful bay and harbour of Portnessock, waiting on Colonel M'Dowall, and, with his permission, paid my respects to the finny tribes that people the far-famed fish-pond at Logan; and rarely has my curiosity been more highly gratified. This fish-pond is unlike any thing I ever met with. It was formed in 1800, at an expense of several hundred pounds, and has furnished a wholesome article of food, fatter than it can be found in the open ocean, for considerably upwards of a quarter of a century. The pond, according to Mr Matheson, builder's measurement, is thirty feet deep, by one hundred and sixty in circumference—that is, at the top, where a wall of solid masonry, several feet high, encircles the rock on every side. The area within was wholly hewn and blasted from the living rock, and communicates with the tide by one of those fissures so common on bold and precipitous coasts. Indeed, if I remember right, it was this circumstance that led to its formation. A ledge of rock, marching with the beach, and lashed by the waves of a thousand winters, was known to be partially undermined; and it occurred to the proprietor, Colonel M'Dowall of Logan, that, by excavating the central or principal mass, a basin might be formed, not only open to the influence of the sea, but so deep, even at neaps, as to enable fishes to disport freely in their native element, though dependent on man for their daily food, and somewhat hampered in their migratory propensities. And this project he successfully executed. By blasting the rock, in a lateral direction, a communication was opened with the natural tunnel, and a barrier erected at the inner extremity, formed of large loose stones, arranged so as to prevent the ingress and egress of any body less insinuating than water. Attached to the pond, and forming its gateway, is a neat Gothic cottage for the accommodation of the fisherman, and round and round, the rock is surmounted by a stone wall, grey with lichen, and beautifully festooned with honeysuckle, 'bin-wood,' and other creeping plants. In every state of wind and tide—in summer, when the cod seek the deep water in quest of herrings—in winter, when not a boat dare venture to sea—Colonel M'Dowall can command a limited supply of the finest fish, and study at his leisure their instincts and habits. From the back-

* Sketches from Nature. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

door of the lodge, a stair, neatly cut from the solid rock, conducts the visitor to the usual halting-place—a large flat stone projecting into the water, and commanding a view of every part of the aquatic prison. When the tide is out, this stone is completely dry, though the pond remains filled to the depth of eight feet (its bottom being excavated below the level of the sea), and the stranger perceives, not without surprise, a hundred mouths simultaneously opened to greet his arrival. Fishes, in fact, hear as well as see; and the moment the fisherman crosses his threshold and descends the steps, the pond is agitated by hundreds of fins, and otherwise thrown into the greatest commotion. Darting from this, that, and the other corner, they move as it were to a common centre, elevate their snouts, lash their tails, and jostle one another with so little ceremony, that they appear, on a first view, to be menacing an attack on the poor fisherman, in place of the creelful of limpets he carries. Conceive a lady feeding her poultry, a knot of urchins scrambling for coppers, or a pack of fox-hounds disputing the property of a solitary bone, and you will have some idea of the ludicrous scramble which, even in this watery world, attends the distribution of the *loaves* and *fishes*. Loaves, however, is an improper term, for as the guardian of the pond truly averred, the cod, &c. 'will take nothing but what comes out of the sea.' Touching this point, I naturally felt a little sceptical, and to remove all doubt, purposely dropped into the pond a few crumbs of bread, composed both of oatmeal and flour. In an instant they were darted at by countless competitors, and as often voided, the moment their palates discovered the cheat, until the experiment had made the round of the pond, and the crumbs were left floating about, to be picked up by the less fastidious swallow. This part of their economy is exceedingly curious, and though we know for certain that trouts have been taught to eat potatoes and porridge, it is probable that nothing but the direst necessity could induce the cod and blochin to partake of the same vegetable fare.

In July 1824, and for some years previous, not a few of the fishes were actually so tame, that they fed greedily out of the hand, and would have bit their benefactor's fingers into the bargain, if he had been foolish enough to allow them; while others were so shy, that the keeper discoursed of their different *tempers* as a thing quite as palpable as their different sizes. One gigantic cod, the patriarch of the pond, which, the fisherman asserted, answered to his name, and who not only drew near, but turned up his snout most beseechingly when he heard the monosyllable Tom, very forcibly arrested my attention. This unfortunate, when I first saw him, had spent fifteen years in a state of comparative captivity, increasing gradually in bulk and weight, though from old age, accident, or disease, he at last became totally blind. From this infirmity he had no chance in the scramble for food, and perhaps the same cause (necessity) which renders the redbreast so pert and familiar in winter, made poor old Tom the tamest fish in the pond. The fisherman, on his part, was very kind to him, and it was really affecting, as well as curious, to observe the animal raising himself in the water, resting his head on the feeding-stone, and allowing it to be gently patted or stroked, gaping all the while to implore that nourishment which he had no other means of obtaining. It was evident, however, that he could distinguish between the fisherman's voice and touch, and those of any other person; for when the writer of this article approached, and attempted to pat his back and head, he winced considerably, and retreated to the water, though he always returned to the same spot. In 1826, old Tom died, after his body had been greatly wasted, and was perhaps the first cod on record, whose remains, by being interred under the fragrant turf, escaped the general, if not the universal fate of animals, whose home is the great deep.

The exact number of the fish in the pond was not known when I visited Port-Logan; but, judging from the eye, it could not be under three or four hundred. Cod appeared to be the prevailing species, but there were also blochin or glassin, haddocks, flounders, and various other kinds. The flounders, however, were shyer than the rest; and although they could be caught with set lines, and were sometimes seen peering timidly near the surface, they never joined in the scramble for food. Salmon, though they may live, cannot breed in an artificial basin, bulwarked in by rock on all sides, unless special measures were taken for enabling them to communicate with some neighbouring burn, and in July 1824, there was only one specimen of this favourite fish in the pond.

It is a popular, if not a scientific opinion, that fish continue to increase in bulk as long as they live, though the patriarchal cod mentioned above, fell off visibly long before he died; but this, no doubt, arose from his blindness, which prevented him, when rations came to be divided, in spite of the friendship and solicitude of the fisherman, from obtaining any thing like his proper share. Although regularly baited every second day, the fish are so voracious that you have only to attach a limpet to a hook, and drop it into the pond, when a hundred mouths will be opened to receive it. A selection can thus be made of any trout the angler pleases, and the whole population could be taken out, marked, weighed in scales, and reconsigned to the pool, without sustaining the least harm. I myself tried the experiment with the clumsiest possible apparatus, and after determining to which mouth I should give the preference, captured two or three bulky cod, with all the complacency of a dandy angler.

That the cod, blochin, &c. deposit spawn, there can be no doubt, but the moment the fry appears, it is so greedily devoured, that the renovating principle is, and must remain, in abeyance. The same thing no doubt occurs to a great extent in the open ocean; where the stronger uniformly prey upon the weaker, but there the supply either exceeds the demand, or is scattered over such an extensive surface, that a portion of the fry is left undevoured—a wise and beneficent provision of nature for recruiting the numbers of a class of animals that form so important a part of the food of man. That salt-water fishes are not unfrequently put to their shifts, may be inferred from the fact, that the cod at Logan are both better and fatter than those caught any where else, although it may be true that the confinement they endure tends to promote the same end. To cater for them is no easy task, and the fisherman must employ part of his time in gathering sand-eels, crabs and limpets, the former of which are given raw, while the latter must be scalded in order to disengage the meat from the shell.

Not a few individuals with whom I have conversed, are decidedly of opinion that a fish-pond, constructed on a similar principle, would prove a good speculation in the neighbourhood of London; and however this may be, one thing is clear, that Colonel M'Dowall and his family possess facilities which, if carefully cultivated, would enable them to make, not merely popular, but scientific contributions to natural history."

In a number of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture may be found an article more minutely descriptive of the plan of forming fish-preserves in inland situations, as well as on the sea-shores.

LINES BY GALT.

The following pathetic verses are given by Mr Galt in an early part of the narrative of his life, as a description of his unfortunate condition:—

Helpless, forgotten, sad, and lame,
On one lone seat the live-long day,
I muse of youth and dream of fame,
And hopes and wishes all away.

No more to me, with carol gay,
Shall mounting lark from pasture rise,
Nor breezes bland on upland play,
Nor far fair scenes my steps entice.

Ah, never more beneath the skies
The winged heart shall soar,
Nor e'er be reached the goal or prize—
The spells of life enchant no more.

The burning thought, the boding sigh,
The grief unnamed that old men feel,
The languid limbs that withering lie,
The powerless will's effectless zeal;
All these are mine, and heaven bestows
The gifts, but still I find them woes.

NARRATIVE OF THE JEWS OF YORK.

Almost every one has heard or read of the sufferings to which various classes of people in this country were at one period subjected, not on account of their misdemeanours, but their peculiar opinions on abstract subjects. In the melancholy enumeration of these dismal passages in our history, none presents us with such a dreadful example of what human nature is capable of enduring when forced to sink under the last efforts of despair, as the destruction of the Jews of York. No narrative that we are acquainted with is so able to make us appreciate the blessings of modern civilization, and the improved state of feeling betwixt one class of thinkers and another, as that to which we refer, and which is thus given by D'Israeli, in his interesting work, "The Curiosities of Literature:"—

"When Richard the First ascended the throne [in 1189], the Jews, to conciliate the royal protection, brought their tributes. Many had hastened from remote parts of England, and appearing at Westminster, the court and the mob imagined that they had leagued to betwitch his majesty. An edict was issued to forbid their presence at the coronation; but several, whose curiosity was greater than their prudence, conceived that they might pass unobserved among the crowd, and ventured to insinuate themselves into the abbey. Probably their voice and their visage alike betrayed them, for they were soon discovered; they flew diversely in great consternation, while many were dragged out with little remains of life.

A rumour spread rapidly through the city, that, in honour of the festival, the Jews were to be massacred. The populace, at once eager of royalty and riot, pillaged and burnt their houses, and murdered the devoted Jews. Benedict, a Jew of York, to save his life, received baptism; and returning to that city, with his friend Jocenus, the most opulent of the Jews, died of his wounds. Jocenus and his servants narrated the late tragic circumstances to their neighbours, but where they hoped to move sympathy, they excited rage. The people at York soon gathered to imitate the people at London; and their first assault was on the house of the late Benedict, which having some strength and magnitude, contained his family and friends, who found their graves in its ruins. The alarmed Jews hastened to Jocenus, who conducted them to the governor of York Castle, and prevailed on him to afford them an asylum for their persons and effects. In the meanwhile, their habitations were levelled, and the owners murdered, except a few unresisting beings, who, unmanly in sustaining honour, were adapted to receive baptism.

The castle had sufficient strength for their defence; but a suspicion arising that the governor, who often went out, intended to betray them, they one day refused him entrance. He complained to the sheriff of the county; and the chiefs of the violent party, who stood deeply indebted to the Jews, uniting with him, orders were issued to attack the castle. The cruel multitude, united with the soldiery, felt such a desire of slaughtering those they intended to despoil, that the sheriff, repenting of the order, revoked it, but in vain; fanaticism and robbery once set loose, will satiate their appetency for blood and plunder. They solicited the aid of the superior citizens, who humanely refused it; but having addressed the clergy, were by them animated and conducted.

The leader of this rabble was a canon regular, whose zeal was so fervent, that he stood by them in his surplice, which he considered as a coat of mail. Their attacks continued, till at length the Jews perceived they could hold out no longer, and a council was called to consider what remained to be done in the extremity of danger.

Among the Jews, their elder Rabbin was most respected. It has been customary with this people to invite for this place some foreigner, renowned among them for the depth of his learning and the sanctity of his manners. At this time the *Haham* or elder Rabbin was a foreigner, who had been sent over to instruct them in their laws, and was a person, as we shall observe, of no ordinary qualifications. When the Jewish council was assembled, the *Haham* rose, and addressed them in this manner—'Men of Israel! the God of our ancestors is omniscient, and there is no one who can say, why doest thou this? This day he commands us to die for his law; for that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and which, for the many consolations it has given us, and the eternal hope it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold this book of truth sealed with our blood; and our death, while it displays our sincerity, shall impart confidence to the wanderer of Israel. Death is before our eyes, and we have only to choose an honourable and easy one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which you know we cannot escape, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl around the castle like wolves. It is, therefore, my advice, that we elude their tortures; that we ourselves should be our own executioners; and that we voluntarily sure render our lives to our Creator. We trace the invisible Jehovah in his acts; God seems to call for us; but let us not be unworthy of that call." Having said this, the old man sat down and wept.

The assembly was divided in their opinions. Men of fortitude applauded its wisdom, but the pusillanimous murmured that it was a dreadful council.

Again the Rabbin rose, and spoke these few words in a firm and decisive tone—'My children! since we are not unanimous in our opinions, let those who do not approve of my advice depart from this assembly.' Some departed, but the greater number attached themselves to their venerable priest. They now employed themselves in consuming their valuables by fire; and every man, fearful of trusting to the timid and irresolute hand of the women, first destroyed his wife and children, and then himself. Jocenus and the Rabbin alone remained. Their life was protracted to the last, that they might see every thing performed according to their orders. Jocenus, being the chief Jew, was distinguished by the last mark of human respect, in receiving his death from the consecrated hand of the aged Rabbin, who immediately after performed the melancholy duty on himself.

All this was transacted in the depth of the night. In the morning the walls of the castle were seen wrapt in flames, and only a few miserable and pusillanimous beings, unworthy of the sword, were viewed on the battlements, pointing to their extinct brethren. When they opened the gates of the castle, these men verified the prediction of their late Rabbin; for the multitude, bursting through the solitary courts, found themselves defrauded of their hopes, and in a moment avenged themselves on the feeble wretches who remained."

Such is the dreadful narrative of the Jews of York, of whom five hundred thus destroyed themselves. It is impossible, on any right principle, to vindicate their act of self-immolation; but who can withhold their sympathy from men who were forced by the brutality of their oppressors to such a fearful extremity? If history teach by examples, let this lesson which it affords, at least, sink deeply in the heart; and may we thence learn to cultivate the blessings of peace and good will among all classes of men, without respect of party, or any abstract distinction whatsoever.

Column for Mothers.

Mrs Child, an American authoress, who, like the excellent Miss Edgeworth, has done a great deal to instil rules of conduct into the minds of young people, by means of a series of useful little works, gives the following valuable advices to mothers on the subject of teaching children politeness:—

"In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The *golden rule* contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent kind-hearted person will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

I by no means think graceful manners of small importance. They are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart, and as such must be lovely. But when the form exists without the vital principle within, it is as cold and lifeless as flowers carved in marble.

Politeness, either of feeling or of manner, can never be taught by set maxims. Every-day influence, so unconsciously exerted, is all-important in forming the characters of children, and in nothing more important than in their manners. If you be habitually polite, your children will become so, by the mere force of imitation, without any specific directions on the subject. Your manners at home should always be such as you wish your family to have in company. Politeness will then be natural to them; they will possess it, without thinking about it. But when certain outward observances are urged in words, as important only because they make us pleasing, they assume an undue importance, and the unworthiness of the motive fosters selfishness. Besides, if our own manners are not habitually consistent with the rules we give, they will be of little avail; they will in all probability be misunderstood, and will certainly be forgotten.

Foreigners charge the Americans with a want of courtesy to each other in their usual intercourse; and I believe there is some truth in the accusation. On all great occasions, however, they are ready, heart and hand, to assist each other; but how much more gracefully and happily the French manage in the ten thousand petty occurrences of life! And, after all, life is made up of small events. The golden chain of existence is composed of innumerable little links; and if we rudely break them, we injure its strength, as well as mar its beauty.

It is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, 'Will you have the goodness?'—and 'I thank you.' I do not like to see prim, artificial children; there are few things I dislike so much as a miniature beau or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affectation or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, 'Please to give me a piece of pie,' as to say, 'I want a piece of pie.'

The idea that constant politeness would render social life too stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of politeness. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have 'sweet pretty ways with her.' It is of some consequence that your daughter should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully; but it is of prodigiously more consequence that she should be in the habit of avoiding whatever is disgusting or offensive to others, and of always preferring their little pleasure to her own. If she have the last, a very little intercourse with the world will teach her the first.

I believe nothing tends to make people so awkward as too much anxiety to please others. Nature is graceful; and affectation, with all her art, can never produce any thing half so pleasing. The very perfection of elegance is to imitate nature as closely as possible; and how much better it is to have the reality than the imitation! I shall probably be reminded that the best and most unaffected people are often constrained and awkward in company to which they are unaccustomed. I answer, the reason is, they do not act themselves—they are afraid they shall not do right, and that very fear makes them do wrong. Anxiety about the opinion of others fetters the freedom of nature. At home, where they act from within themselves, they would appear a thousand times better. All would appear well, if they never tried to assume what they did not possess. Every body is respectable and pleasing so long as he is perfectly natural. I will make no exception—Nature is *always* graceful. The most secluded and the most ignorant have some charm about them, so long as they affect nothing—so long as they speak and act from the impulses of their own honest hearts, without any anxiety as to what others think of it.

Coarseness and vulgarity are the effects of education and habit; they cannot be charged upon nature. True politeness may be cherished in the hovel as well as in the palace; and the most tattered drapery cannot conceal its winning charms.

As far as is consistent with your situation and duties, early accustom your children to an intercourse with strangers. I have seen young persons who were respectful and polite at home, seized with a most painful and unbecoming bashfulness as soon as a guest entered. To avoid this evil, allow children to accompany you as often as possible, when you make calls and social visits. Occasional interviews with intelligent and cultivated individuals have a great influence on early character and manners, particularly if parents evidently place a high value upon acquaintances of that description. I have known the destiny of a whole family changed for the better, by the friendship of one of its members with a person of superior advantages and correct principles.

But it must be remembered that a call, or a social visit, may be made almost as injurious as a party, if children be encouraged in showing off, or constantly habituated to hearing themselves talked about. Much as the failing has been observed and laughed at, it is still too common for mothers to talk a great deal about their children. The weariness with which strangers listen to such domestic accounts is a slight evil compared with the mischief done to children, by inducing them to think themselves of so much importance: they should never be taught to consider themselves of any consequence, except at home in the bosom of their own families.

Nothing tends to foster the genuine politeness which springs from good feeling, so much as scrupulous attention to the aged. There is something extremely delightful and salutary in the free and happy intercourse of the old and young. The freshness and enthusiasm of youth cheers the dreariness of age; and age can return the benefit a hundred-fold, by its mild maxims of experience and wisdom. In this country, youth and age are too much separated; the young flock together, and leave the old to themselves. We seem to act upon the principle that there cannot be sympathy between these two extremes of life; whereas there may be in fact a most charming sympathy—a sympathy more productive of mutual benefit than any other in the world.

The aged, from the loneliness of their situation, the want of active employment, and an enfeebled state of health, are apt to look upon the world with a gloomy eye, and sometimes their gloom is not unmixed with bitterness; hence arises the complaint of their harshness and asperity towards the follies of youth. These evils, so naturally growing out of their isolated situation, would seldom gain power over the old, if they were accustomed to gentleness, attention, and deference from the young; they would be softened by juvenile love, and cheered by juvenile gaiety. Such intercourse sheds a quiet brightness on the decline of life, like sunshine on a weather-beaten tree, or a moss-covered dwelling. What is there on earth more beautiful than an aged person full of content and benevolence!

One very prevalent fault among children is a want of politeness to domestics. Young people should not, from mere whim and caprice, be allowed to make demands upon the time and patience of those who are hired to attend upon the family. They should make no unnecessary trouble in the kitchen; and when they ask for any thing, they should speak politely, saying, 'Will you have the goodness?' 'I thank you,' &c. Such conduct greatly tends to make domestics more respectful, kind, and obliging.

Mrs Madison was esteemed the most thoroughly polite woman in America. Others might perhaps enter a room as gracefully, or superintend at table with as much dignity; the secret of her power lay in her wonderful adaptation to all sorts of characters. She was emphatically an *observing woman*. As Jefferson had no wife, she presided sixteen years at Washington, during all which time she is said never to have forgotten the most trifling peculiarities of character, that had once come under her observation: she always remembered them, and fashioned her conversation accordingly. Some may object to the exercise of this power, lest it should lead to insincerity; and the charge may well be brought against that kind of false politeness, which springs merely from a love of popularity. Politeness is not the only good thing corrupted by an unworthy motive; all precious coins have a counterfeit. When we are polite to others entirely for *our own sakes*, we are deceitful; nothing selfish has truth and goodness in it. But there is such a thing as true politeness, always kind, but never deceitful. It is right to cherish good-will towards all our fellow-creatures, and to endeavour to make them as happy as we conscientiously can. The outward forms of politeness are but the expressions of such feelings as should be in every human heart. It would be wrong to tell people we love them dearly, when in fact we know nothing about them; or to urge them to visit our houses, when we do not want to see them. But we are bound to be kind and attentive to all our fellow-creatures when they come in our way, and to avoid giving them any unnecessary pain, by our manners and conversation.

In order to teach children the right sort of politeness, it must be taught through the agency of a pure motive. They should not be taught to observe and respect the feelings of others for the sake of making themselves pleasing, but merely because it is kind and benevolent to do so.

Outward politeness can be learned in set forms at school; but at the best, it will be hollow and deceptive. Genuine politeness, like every thing else that is genuine, must come from the heart."

JANET AND HER WEB.

Many years ago, in the parish of Carsphairn, in Galloway—a rude and sequestered district—there were only three freemasons, the minister, and a tailor, and a mason. The mason, being desirous to introduce his son to the same mystery, caused a lodge to be called for the purpose at a lonely cottage, where the ceremonies were proceeding when a knock was heard at the door. The mason, whose name was Dun, went to see who it was, and found an old woman, who addressed him as follows:—

"The masons are met the nicht?"

"Yes."

"Weel, ye ken my web was stolen last week."

"Yes, Janet; but what business has that wi' the mason meeting?"

"Ou, ye ken, ye'll be raising the de'il, and I wad just like if you wad ask him, *since he's there at ony rate*, wha stole the web."

"Oh, ay, Janet; just you gang away, then, and we'll see what we can do."

Mr Dun then returned to the interior of the cottage, and mentioned to the minister what had passed between him and the old woman. The clergyman rebuked him severely for conceding to the superstitious notions of the aged crone, and said he feared that it would "affront them a'." "Nae fear o' that," answered the mason; "just leave it all to me."

Next day, when Janet called upon Mr Dun, he told her that "the de'il" had not exactly communicated the name of the thief, but he had mentioned that if the goods were not returned before Thursday next, the house of the guilty person would fall upon him in the night-time, and the whole family would be killed. This, he said, was a great secret, and he strictly forbade her communicating it to more than one person.

Away went Janet, quite satisfied; although it might have been expected to occur to her, that the prediction of punishment to a thief was not exactly a characteristic piece of conduct on the part of Old Nick. The secret was speedily imparted to her next-door neighbour, with many injunctions as to the propriety of letting it go no farther; notwithstanding which, it was known to the whole parish before night.

On the third morning thereafter, Janet's web was found lying at her door, with a part which had been cut off attached to the main body of it with pins. The story is here (for the first time) put into print, as in two respects illustrative of the superstitions which at no distant period prevailed among the rustic people of this country. If a web were now stolen in a country place, neither would the loser think of consulting the devil for the name of the culprit, nor would the culprit be in any fear of immediate vengeance from that spirit.

LACE MADE BY CATERPILLARS.

A most extraordinary species of manufacture (says Mr Babbage, in his work on Manufactures) has been contrived by an officer of engineers residing at Munich. It consists of lace and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted:—Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant on which the species of caterpillar he employs feeds, he spreads it thinly over a stone, or other flat substance, of the required size. He then, with a camel-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. This stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of the caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen which spins a strong web, and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them, measuring twenty-six and a half inches by seventeen inches, weighed only 1.51 grains, a degree of lightness which will appear more strongly by contrast with other fabrics. One square yard of the substance of which these veils are made weighs four grains and one-third, whilst one square yard of silk gauze weighs one hundred and thirty-seven grains, and one square yard of the finest patent net weighs two hundred and sixty-two grains and a half. The ladies' coloured muslin dresses cost ten shillings per dress, and each weighs six ounces, the cotton from which they are made weighing nearly six and two-ninth ounces avoirdupois weight.

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SMALL AFFAIRS.

We learn, by common experience and observation, that life does not consist of a repetition of great or apparently important actions, but of duties generally of the most trifling nature. The young, in entering upon a scene of active exertion, miscalculate seriously when they suppose that they will be called upon to distinguish themselves by some glorious deed, or to gain celebrity by a series of great and difficult actions, before they receive the approbation of their fellows, and come into the enjoyment of an honourable and luxurious repose. There are comparatively few whose fate leads them into enterprises of such a description. By far the greater proportion of persons move in a sphere of life in which they are called on to perform the simplest and the easiest duties. Life consists of a round of minute trifling actions, unworthy of notice in a biography, and in general no way interesting even to the actors themselves. A man rises in the morning and dresses himself; he breakfasts, dines, and perhaps sups; he then sleeps, and in due time rises again, and again goes through the same dull routine. As for his fore and afternoons, he fills them up by attending to his business, whatever it is; and in the intervals of leisure recreates himself in the bosom of his family. And so his life is spent, from, probably, his thirtieth year, till the close of his existence.

But although most men thus pass away their time, and are rarely obliged to put forth any very extraordinary effort either for subsistence or applause, they are necessitated to pay a pretty close attention to that on which they are ordinarily employed. In this consists one of the great secrets of worldly success. Once in twenty years, or so, we hear of an individual who is crowned with honour and loaded with wealth, by making a dash—by some bold enterprise, carried to a fortunate conclusion. But these are exceptions—they afford no rule for general guidance. On making our choice of a profession—and it does not seem of the last consequence what the profession is—or in engaging in any piece of business whatsoever, the trick of success, as we have just said, lies in pursuing it with such a scrupulous attention to trifling details, that hardly any thing is suffered to escape notice.

While we believe few men will exactly contest the propriety of attending to the trifling duties of life, most men will differ as to the exact degree to which the attention should be ultimately carried. Every one stops short at a stage regulated by his personal feelings or convenience. Now, we can safely say, from all that has ever come under our own observation, that far more—ay, a thousand times more—err, from paying too little than too much attention in this respect. Many imagine that they are sufficiently attentive to their interests, if they only heed the great things, and let the little alone, which they believe will take care of themselves. They think and think about some grand speculations they will by and bye enter into, or what astonishing feats they will perform next spring, or what efforts they will make when some particular law is abrogated, to allow them to carry on some particular branch of trade; and so they spend an immense deal of time in theorising, while in the interval they are forgetting the main chance; that is, they are giving up attention to their present occupation, which is falling into decay for lack of supervision.

Oh! I cannot be troubled doing this or that—or going to such a place—or what signifies it that I am not at my place of business for an hour an hour is neither here nor there—those I have employed can do all that is wanted—it would be a hard case, indeed, if I were to be a drudge all my days. With this species of fond indulgence, men treat fortune as if it were to be always at their beck—as if the world would stand still till they found it convenient to move forward. It is a fallacy of many young, and of some middle-aged persons, to suppose that protracted evening amusements are allowable, seeing that they do not interfere with business hours. If they really did not encroach on the time allotted to exertion, there might be little to say on the contrary. But that they do so, must be obvious to all except those whose self-indulgence has exposed them to the delusion. No man who squanders his spirits and energies in nocturnal debauch can possibly re-address himself to the business of the world next day with the same *power*, as if he had retired to rest at the proper hour, after a moderate recreation. If he takes his usual quantity of sleep, he is belated; if not, he comes to his labours with but a part of himself. Nor is this all: systematic indulgences of this kind cannot be carried on without arrangements, and saunterings, and meetings with boon companions during the day, all of which divert the attention of an individual from that which most truly concerns him. And what is the result of a habitual practice of this kind?—a dislike of all steady employment, a failure of the powers of application, an impaired constitution, deranged circumstances, ruin, and death. A prudent man knows that a proper spending of the time of relaxation is as necessary to success as is the proper spending of the hours of business.

Innumerable instances are at present in our recollection, of young men in business losing great advantages by taking small things too easily. Although possessed of a considerable amount of capital, good connexions, good education, and good abilities, they allowed the possibilities of success in great things to engross so much of their notice, that they were heedless of the minutiæ of ordinary affairs, as well as of the value of their hours of relaxation, and therefore lost themselves in a maze of difficulties. The time they were planning their wonderful projects, and amusing themselves, and leaving their trifling duties to be performed by dependents, others were improving their condition by the closest and most effectual exertions, by seeing almost every detail executed under their immediate inspection, so that in the end they outstripped those who commenced under much more advantageous circumstances, and had at first far higher promises of well-doing.

One of the silly reasons which young men sometimes give for not being more extensively acquainted with the details of not only their own profession, but the general business of life, is, that it would be *low* to stoop to make themselves masters of such minutiæ. This dread of doing what is thought to be *low* is a sad barrier in the way to wealth and respectability. The lives of most men who have distinguished themselves either in military or civil professions, abound in instructive examples of what may be accomplished by attention to the lesser details of any species of occupation; and we frequently find, that the greater the celebrity to which a man has attained, the closer has been his observation of the minor duties of his profession. It is told that Bonaparte considered no detail too *low* for his inspection, and nothing too trifling to be unworthy of notice. The Duke of Wellington acted upon the same principle in his campaigns: one day, inquiring of an officer about some minute details regarding the equipage of the troops, the officer replied, "that he did not consider the knowledge of such things within his province." "Not within your province!" exclaimed the Duke; "why, sir, I know the number of nails in every soldier's shoe."*

The amount of valuable information, on all kinds of subjects, with which many individuals have it in their power to store their minds, and which by incidental circumstances may be brought to bear on some useful object, merely by attending to things apparently trifling—by considering no source of information too low, provided it be an honourable one, is altogether astonishing. The time that most people are consuming in indolence, or with a disregard of the minutiæ of general occupation, others, who are aware of the value of knowledge, are assiduously picking it up wherever it is to be found, and carefully applying it wherever it is discovered to be useful. By this means a man becomes impregnable at all points; he is able to say something on all subjects; he obtains the reputation of a man of intelligence; and his force of character, as well as his known application, lead him to offices of distinction and respectable opulence.

BEGINNINGS.

The number of people who have the ambition of attempting literary composition is one of the remarkable features of this age. There is hardly a well-educated person who has not, some night or other in the course of his life, after reading a captivating article in his favourite periodical, sat down with paper, pens, and ink before him, resolved to write something in the same manner, upon a subject which, to use his own phrase, has long been in his head. In general, however, the result of these attempts is only a heap of blotted and interlineated scraps, upon which, if you could gather them up and piece them together, you would find from thirty to forty initiatory sentences, and not so much as an attempt at a second one. The difficulty with these inexperienced gentlemen is how to begin—how to get language of sufficient emphasis to excite attention at first, and to be worthy of the mighty subject that is to follow. Accordingly, after spending a whole evening and half a quire of paper, and cutting down seven good quills in pure agony of spirit, they rise from their unfinished, uncommenced task, wondering what magic there can be in literary labour, and resolved to remain members of the *reading* public all the rest of their days.

The writer of the present little essay, at an early period of life, experienced all this difficulty in commencing his compositions; and if he had not been endowed with a rather uncommon share of perseverance, he would never have to this day written a *second sentence*. After toiling a long time in vain, I discovered [the reader must allow him to use the first person] a plan for obviating the difficulty, which, though I do not now practise it, was of service to me at the time, and may be so to others also. I adopted the project of making my opening clauses first—to strike the key-note, as it were—and then proceeding with my composition, just as reason should direct or fancy dictate. There was more rationality in this than some people may suppose. We are all more or less creatures of impulse; and it depends very much upon the way we begin any thing—the spending of the day, for instance—how we are to follow it out. My opening clauses were generally recollected from some book of essays formerly read; and it was amazing how cleverly my ideas ran, after these were once fairly set down on paper, and how suitable all the rest of the article was to the com-

* This anecdote is given by Dr Wardrop, of London, in his excellent Lectures on Surgery.

mencement, both in matter and in manner. When I began, for instance, with "It was the remark of an ancient Greek philosopher," the essay was sure to turn out very abstract and metaphysical, something like a paper in the Rambler. If my first line happened to be, "In the morning of life, when passion assumes the empire of our reason," then the article was sure to be a solemn preaching upon the absurdity of permitting love and all that kind of thing to beset us so dreadfully in youth. Sometimes I would open with, "It was a dark night in December, and the winds rattled through the deserted corridors:" then, of course, the work turned out a story in the Ratcliffe style, entitled a Romance of the Danube, the Rhine, or the Po, as the case might be. Perhaps I would set out with, "It is now three and twenty years since a farmer in the county of Norfolk, on going forth one morning to his fields, found a child suspended in its cradle at his door, with a paper pinned to its breast," &c.; in which case, the result was sure to be a novel in the manner of Anne of Swansea, that is to say, in five thin volumes, published by Messrs Newman and Company, at five and twenty shillings. Occasionally, the thing would go off thus: "Every one who has been in Paris must recollect a street leading from the Pont Neuf;" which generally answered for an article in one of the Annuals. I have sometimes dashed off as follows:—"Of all the subjects which have interested mankind for a century past, there is none which has more claims upon our attention than"—such and such a thing—no matter what it was—it was always sure to be shown up, in the approved manner of my contemporaries, as the most important thing on earth. Or it might be—"There is hardly any modern writer who has done more service to the cause of truth and morality than"—so and so—no matter who—he did well enough for the time. Among other styles which I attempted, was the plump-in style, thus—"'Death and destruction,' said the major, one morning as he descended into the breakfast parlour, where the family had already assembled, and was proceeding to the morning meal." This, of course, turned out a random Shandean sketch. Other beginnings I shall here set down in the manner of a list of proverbs, without troubling the reader with a specification of what kind of thing each led to—a matter which he will himself be able to imagine as accurately as I could pretend to inform him.

There are few things in life—One day in June—There is no sentiment more difficult to be understood than—Whatever may be said by philosophers—In that part of Spain which is watered—It is an apophthegm as old as the days of Solon—When the learned Scaliger was on his death-bed—Strange as it may appear—It has often been remarked—It has frequently been the subject of remark—We do not remember of ever having been more interested than on one occasion when—

In later times I have discovered that the difficulty of commencing an article lies in the absurd and unnecessary effort to have something very fine at the beginning, by way of introduction. A writer of little experience always thinks it indispensable that he should preface what he has to say with a few general remarks, which, however, so far from creating a favourable impression, or doing any other good, generally serve only to deaden the curiosity and spirit of the reader, if he do not indeed choose the wiser plan of passing them over altogether. The only judicious way of beginning an article is to begin at the place where the *matter in the mind* begins, assuming a simple demonstrative style, and leaving all comment and philosophising to the conclusion, when, if the sympathy or attention of the reader shall have been properly engaged, he will be disposed to pause and linger over what has given him so much pleasure, and not only read what is added in the way of remark, but will dwell fondly even upon the printer's name and colophon, and finally only lay down the document when not another word remains any where unperused.

BUTTERFLIES.

Who can behold the butterfly, without associating with it the delightful scenes of his childhood? We can remember, that, in our early days, these short-lived but beautiful beings of the sunbeams attracted our admiration, and were amongst the first of our treasures. Their existence was an enigma to us. How was it that we could never find them in a young state, so that we might watch their gradual progress to maturity? We were ignorant of the fact, that

> "Unconscious of a mother's care,
> No infant wretchedness she knew;
> But as she felt the vernal air,
> *At once* to full perfection grew.

Butterflies, like most other tribes of insects, undergo *four* distinct changes; that is, they exist in so many distinct conditions. We are unable to trace with certainty the purposes for which these separate states were destined by creative wisdom, and why they do not, like other animals, preserve the same general form from infancy to perfection. This, like many other of nature's mysteries, is hidden from mortal sight. One important office we know assigned to insects in their caterpillar state, is the destruction of redundant animal and vegetable matter in a state of decay; and few agents could be more effectual, for they are extremely voracious, and are provided with a stomach nearly the size of their whole body, endowed with such rapid powers of digestion, that they are capable of consuming an immense quantity of food.

We have said that butterflies undergo four changes: these are, the egg, the caterpillar, the pupa, and the perfect state with wings.

In depositing her eggs, the female butterfly has an unerring foresight, and always places them on the very plant on which nature has destined them to feed; for it is a remarkable fact, that almost all caterpillars have a particular plant allotted to them for food, and will seldom eat any other. When the eggs are extruded by the parent, they are enveloped in an adhesive cement, which fixes them to the spot where they are laid. If the caterpillars are such as live in societies, the female deposits her eggs in one spot; but if they are solitary, she places them on different plants.

When eggs are thus deposited by the female, they are not hatched by her care, as in the higher animals, but are left to be brought to perfection by the genial influence of the sun. In some species of butterflies, the eggs remain in that condition till the succeeding summer, while others are developed in a few weeks after they have been laid.

The intensity of cold which the eggs of butterflies can withstand, is truly astonishing; for it has been found, that, even after the most severe winter, their eggs have proved equally prolific with those which have been exposed to open winters. It was found, that, in the year 1709, celebrated for the intensity of its cold, and its fatal effects on animals and plants, that insects were as numerous in the spring as in any other season. The thermometer fell in that year to one degree of Fahrenheit's thermometer.

The celebrated Boerhaave, after this remarkable year, was desirous of ascertaining what degree of cold the eggs of insects could bear, without destroying the vital principle. He prepared a mixture of rock salt and nitrate of ammonia, and reduced the thermometer to twenty-three degrees below zero, and, after subjecting the eggs to this rigorous treatment, he found that they were hatched in their due season, and that the caterpillars were as strong as those produced in the mildest seasons. Boerhaave found that the contents of the eggs, at this low temperature, remained perfectly liquid; while insects themselves were killed at fourteen and sixteen degrees, and their members became as hard as ice.

Spallanzani observes, regarding this remarkable phenomenon, "If eggs do not freeze, it is probable that the included embryos do not freeze. Is there any thing surprising, therefore, that they are capable of resisting that cold which proves fatal to their contained insect when produced? Perhaps, for the same reason (and I can perceive no applicable objection), animalcula concentrated, or in the germ, can support a degree of cold which they are incapable of enduring when emerged."

It may be asked, as the temperature of freezing still retains a portion of heat, why should it not develope the germs of the most minute animalcula? If we had never seen any eggs hatched but those of birds, which require one hundred and four degrees, we should have naturally concluded that all others required the same. A slight knowledge of the physiology of minute animals, instructs us how many kinds produce at a much lower temperature. The eggs of butterflies, and many other insects, hatch at a temperature so low as forty-five degrees. If these eggs emerge at fifty-nine degrees lower than is required for the hatching of birds, what difficulty can we have in believing, that, at thirteen degrees less than the freezing point, other animals are capable of being hatched? Nor should I be surprised at being told that there are animals whose eggs would hatch in a much greater degree of cold, after being aware that there are plants, which are beings so similar to animals, that flourish amidst the regions of winter, and even fructify."

The eggs of butterflies are subject to great variety of form, according to the species by which they are produced. They are for the most part externally ornamented with a variety of beautiful figures; while others are ribbed in a variety of ways, others scaly.

When the egg has remained its appointed time in that state, it bursts, and the caterpillar or grub starts into life. At first it is extremely minute, as may well be supposed from the smallness of the egg from which it has emanated. They, however, go on rapidly, and reach a great size, in proportion to their original dimensions. The caterpillar of the goat-moth, when it has attained its full size, is seventy-two thousand times heavier than when it leaves the egg.

As we before observed, caterpillars have most voracious appetites, for they generally consume double their own weight of leaves daily. The reason of this is, that their stomachs have not the power of dissolving vegetable matter, but merely the faculty of extracting the juice. The rapid growth of the animal occasions it to change its skin several times before arriving at maturity.

When the caterpillar has reached its full size, it soon afterwards ceases to eat, becomes very restless, seeks for a place of retirement, wherein it may undergo another of those changes destined by nature. It begins to spin some web or covering with exquisite fine silken threads, which it has the power of drawing from its mouth. When it has accomplished this task, it ceases from its toil, becomes quiescent, and prepares for its metamorphosis into the pupa condition; the body contracts considerably, its skin splits once more, and discloses a uniform mass, without exterior eyes, mouth, or limbs. The term pupa was employed by Linnæus, because the animal, when in this state, has the appearance of being concealed under a mask resembling a mummy, or a child wrapt in swaddling clothes, as practised by the Laplanders.

In this state the animal continues motionless, suspended by a silken thread to the under side of a leaf or other substance, without any sort of nourishment, and in this death-like casement, only gives indications of life by a slight motion after being touched. The duration of its pupa condition depends upon the species. Some are only in this form for a few weeks, while others remain in the pupa state till the succeeding summer. At the appointed time, the casement bursts, and the perfect insect emerges in all its beauty and perfection, expands its nicely-folded wings, and prepares for flight. This is the peacock butterfly, one of the most beautiful of our British insects which we have traced through these remarkable metamorphoses. This insect, like various others which are allied to it, when it takes its first flight, discharges a few drops of a reddish-coloured fluid, and sometimes of the intensity of blood, and which has occasioned many superstitious stories of showers of blood, as more particularly mentioned in No. 6 of the Journal, to which we beg to refer the reader.

Captain Brown, in his "Book of Butterflies," &c. makes the following observations on this curious subject:—"The transformations of insects, more correctly speaking, consist rather in a series of developements than in any absolute metamorphosis, being only a transition of changes in organs which lay concealed from human view, the caterpillar being compound in its nature, with the germs of the butterfly hidden in a succession of cases. The first is the covering of the *pupa*, which is concealed within three or four mantles, the one over the other; these will in succession enrobe the larva; and as it enlarges, the parts become visible, and are alternately thrown off, until the perfect insect emerges from its confinement. The celebrated Swammerdam found, by dissection, the skins of the caterpillar and pupa enveloped in each other, and also the butterfly with all its organs, but these in a fluid state. Malpighi discovered within the pupa of a silk-worm that was only a few days old, the eggs of the future moth; and Reaumur discovered those within the caterpillar of another moth, seven days before its change into the pupa state. Although these discoveries disprove all miraculous intervention, still we are wonder-struck on reflecting that this simple caterpillar, when first it emerges from the egg, not thicker than a thread of silk, should contain its own triple, or, in some cases, its octuple covering—the mask of a pupa and a butterfly, folded in the most astonishing manner over each other; and, besides these, different respiratory and digestive organs, a nervous system, and muscles of motion peculiar to each stage of its existence. It is inconceivable how these successive changes should be effected through the agency of the food which it takes into its stomach during the caterpillar state. And what is still more incomprehensible, is, that this stomach at one time is incapable of digesting vegetable food, the nectar of flowers being all it can contain. In this perfect condition (the butterfly state), it is deprived of the very organs by which it could feed on vegetable matter, and is supplied with a proboscis for sipping the honey. It is no less remarkable, how, at one period of its existence, it emits from that stomach a substance for the formation of silky filaments, which, in its butterfly state, it is incapable of doing."

In the caterpillar state it has sixteen legs, and only six in the butterfly condition; the jaws also are lost, which enabled it to masticate its food, and these are replaced by the proboscis; and it has now acquired the addition of two long horns or antennæ on its forehead, and the twelve eyes which it had in the caterpillar state are superseded by two, which are composed of at least *twenty thousand* convex lenses, each supposed to possess distinct and effective vision!

THE ART OF DRAWING.

(Concluded.)

To render instruction in the art of drawing as clear and simple as possible, it will be assumed that the learner for the first time looks at an easy object to sketch, and that he is desirous to render it a subject for a picture by the introduction of a few accessories. Suppose, on a gently rising ground, he sees two large stones placed on each other—a piece of masonry in ruins. If he place himself immediately in front of this object, it will appear a perpendicular parallelogram, standing on its smaller base. Suppose, also, that there are a few bushes on the left, a tree on the right, a little rising ground farther off, and the sea in the distance, this will be the most insipid of all the points of view; for the mouldings and inscription, if there be any, on the pedestal or lower stone, will be all horizontal lines, and there would be no other objects to assist in making it a picture. But if the learner change his position a little to the right, the ruin will exhibit two of its sides, the bushes will appear behind the ruin, contrasting their forms with the horizontal lines of the ruin and the distant sea; so that the subject will receive considerable improvement as far as such slight materials may be rendered interesting. Let this imagined scene be reconsidered with

reference to measurements, merely to assist in placing it before the eye more evidently.

The page of the sketch-book is nine inches wide; let the ruin stand one inch from the lower edge of the paper, two inches from the left edge, one inch and a half in width, and four inches high. This will determine the size and situation of the ruin, when exhibiting only one side. Let it be sketched with perpendicular lines on the sides, horizontal lines on the top, at the base, and across the middle, to give an idea of a moulding. Now, as by the change in position to the right, another side of the ruin becomes evident, the true direction of the lines necessary to show this side as it would appear in nature, are to be found thus. Suppose the learner, at his change of position, stood about three inches from the right edge of the paper, and on the lower edge, or base, he must determine on the horizontal line of the subject. This line is evident in nature when the ocean forms the back or most distant part of the prospect; it is always the height of the eye of the spectator. If he place his eye near the ground, the boundary line of the sea descends to that level; if he place himself on a hill, the line of the sea ascends to the level of his eye, and this line, called the horizontal line, exists in a view of whatever it may be composed. Therefore the height of the horizontal line may be fixed at pleasure. But it should be noticed that if it be low, or near to the base, the landscape will be very compressed; if it be placed high up, the landscape will be expanded in proportion, or what is called a bird's-eye view. There is a medium which must be regulated by the nature of the subject; about one-third from the base will avoid either extremes. Returning to the subject to be sketched: the *horizontal line* should be faintly drawn across the subject at the height determined upon, and on this line, immediately over the spot on which the spectator is placed, as determined by the change of position before mentioned, a dot should be made: this is called *the point of sight*, because it is the point into which the lines must be directed that regulate the diminution of that side of the ruin that recedes from the spectator.

Now, the ruin being sketched, as described, by two perpendiculars for the sides, and horizontals for the top, the mouldings, and the base or lower line of the ruin, the lines called *visual rays* must be diagonally drawn from the upper angle, from the moulding, and from the lower angle of the ruin, all to the point of sight, which will determine the descending top, the nearly parallel mouldings, and the ascending base line. It is then necessary to determine the width of that side of the ruin seen in perspective. A continuation of the surface of the drawing should be supplied by another book, on which must be drawn an extension of the horizontal line five or six inches. Now, the space between the eye of the person drawing and the paper, is perhaps about eight inches; it is the expanse of vision for this sized drawing, while the eye is on the point of sight; this space must be measured from the point of sight along the continued horizontal line, and a dot made there: this is the *vanishing point.* Now, a diagonal line drawn from that angle of the ruin at its base farthest from the point of sight, on the left, to the vanishing point just determined, will show the width of that side of the ruin seen in perspective; it is where the lines, drawn from the angles of the ruin to the point of sight, and to the vanishing point, cross each other; from this intersection of the lines, raise a perpendicular line to that which has been drawn from the top of the ruin to the point of sight, and the true perspective of the object will appear. All other lines to describe mouldings, inscriptions, &c., on the side seen in perspective, must be drawn to the point of sight. There is but one point of sight which is distinct from a vanishing point.

Perhaps at a first reading, accompanied by an attempt with the pencil, the process may fail from an apparent confusion of terms and directions; but you, the learner, should attentively consider every line before it is drawn, and then examine the effect intended, that you may feel convinced you are proceeding correctly, and be satisfied the principle rests on a certain foundation. If it should be the first attempt at drawing an object in perspective, two or three repetitions of the process are recommended, that the several lines and points may become familiar to the mind. By having a companion, who will have the kindness and patience to read the process carefully, and wait while the learner is applying the pencil, the knowledge of perspective will be greatly facilitated.

When all that relates to linear perspective has been completed, the lines of direction may be obliterated with Indian rubber. The ruin will then stand clearly defined. Then, proceeding to give a pictorial effect to a subject so simple, an irregular line, to represent the *foreground* on which the ruin is supposed to stand, may be drawn from the left towards the ruin, a little above its angle, and, as if passing behind, continued from a little above the other angle in perspective, drawn in an irregular curve towards the right edge of the paper.

Then an indication of a mass of bushes may be sketched, in forms rather circular and irregular, from the ground on the left ascending about two-thirds the height of the ruin, and continued on the other side of the ruin rather lower, but above the horizontal line, in circular and irregular forms, to the foreground, so that the ruin and the bushes may assume a pyramidical shape.

Then a mass of trees on the right, near the edge of the paper, projecting an inch or two on the subject, may be sketched in the manner of the bushes, much stronger, but not so high as the ruin, yet connected with the foreground, as conducive to effect. Then an irregular line, drawn from near the lower part of the bushes, ascending towards the trees, yet beneath the horizontal line, will give the *second plan* to the picture. The horizontal line will represent the boundary of the ocean, and give the *distance* of the picture. Thus will be arranged the constituent portions of a composition in outline—foreground, second plan, and distance.

The light and shade are next to be considered. The term light generally means that side of the subject whence it receives its illumination. *Light* particularly means that side of an object which receives the greatest portion of brilliancy or sunshine. *Shade* is that part of an object on which there is no brightness. *Shadow* is a degree of darkness occasioned by an object being on the ground, and opposed to the light. The application of these to our subject will teach their relative value, and show the unison of the rules of art with the effects of nature.

Let it be determined to illume our subject from the right: it then follows that the side of the ruin, seen in perspective, will be illuminated; the other side will of course receive some perpendicular markings with the pencil, to place it in shade; and from its base a shadow will be cast by strong markings to the left, in the diagonal direction which the sun would cast a shadow. The bushes will require to be shaded by a number of waving markings on the sides opposed to the light, which may be repeated, but with less power than was given to the shadow of the ruin. The ground, or the second plan, may be covered by wavings of the lead-pencil, but less powerful than the shade of the bushes. A few horizontal lines may be tenderly marked, to separate the sea from the sky. The trees on the right may then be waved in with that degree of power which shall give decision to their situation on the foreground, and opposed to the light: their shadows must be strongly marked in the diagonal direction, agreeing with the shadow of the ruin. Observe well that the degrees of power produced by waving of the lead-pencil, are in agreement with the gradations of remoteness—the foreground strong, the second plan less strong, and the distance feeble, so as to appear evidently one, two, and three degrees of aërial perspective.

This sketch should be repeated two or three times, with attention to the reasons for each line and each shade; after which, the learner will have acquired a knowledge of the terms and the process—a sure foundation on which to raise the hope of improvement.

JACK CASSADA,

A SKETCH OF THE WAYSIDE.

WALKING one day in the vicinity of London, I was driven by a heavy shower of rain to take shelter in a public-house of the better order. I found in the coffee-room three young men who had been driven in by the storm; two were laughing at the third, in consequence of failure in some enterprise.

In the midst of their hilarity, an elderly gentleman entered, and seated himself opposite to me. He occupied himself in wiping his coat with his handkerchief, and looking at the clouds which continued to pour out their heavy drops. He ordered brandy and water, glanced at me, looked at the noisy party, and turned his face from them so as to present his profile to my view. His head was cast in a fine mould, it was like the bust of Franklin, but rather thinner; the forehead was particularly good—little hair, and that silvery.

I sat contemplating his features, and associating them with a powerful and benevolent mind, when, by raising his liquor to his mouth, the shaking of his hand caused a few drops to be spilled on the table between us. He apologised for the accident caused by his infirmities. I entreated him not to think he had incommoded me. He remarked that he was furnishing me a proof that he had lived sufficiently long. I replied that I could perceive no such evidence. He spoke of his fast impairing faculties; that he had ceased to be worthy of any one's regard; thus situated, he grew weary of the sameness of every-day occurrences; that he felt like a leaf quivering on a naked branch in an autumnal eve; the night-wind comes, the leaf drops, and mingles with the earth. "When," said he, "all the world can offer has been enjoyed, when nothing is left to anticipate, is it surprising that an old man should willingly resign a lingering existence?" I endeavoured to brighten this view, by expatiating on the charms of nature, and the value of his long experience. He smiled, admitted the former, but denied that he possessed ought worth communicating; for that he was often indebted to younger men for precepts and examples; that he did not think man was entitled to respect merely because he had lived a number of years; it should be rendered to his usefulness, not his grey hairs.

The young men in the room here broke in with some rude observations, but they failed in the intention of irritating the old gentleman. Turning from them with placid indifference, he continued his conversation with me. He said that he had seen some service in the navy; that he had resided for fifteen years in the West Indies, and now intended to remain in London until the time came for him to lie down in peace. I strove to relieve his mind from a gloom which every now and then came over him with increasing effect. He heard with attention all I could offer, and replied with calmness, as if willing to take comfort; yet his remarks ever led to the conclusion, that a solitary individual might desire to die. He had done with the world, and the world had done with him; therefore the grave was a retreat best suited to one so forlorn.

We were sitting in melancholy reverie, when a stage-coach drove up to the door. The fellow in attendance, with a large bugle-horn, blew a loud and discordant blast into the ear of a negro sailor who was passing. He started, and asked why that was done? He was told, to teach him music. The youngsters in the room, and the blackguards outside, were much delighted with this. I opened the window; the old gentleman looked out to see if the weather were likely to be fair. Seeing the negro surrounded by persons treating him unfairly, I spoke to the coachman, of whom I had some knowledge, requesting him to interfere. The negro came to me at the open window, and said, "Tank you, sir. Too many for one." The coach drove off, and the party became silent.

I asked the negro where he came from, and how long he had been in England. He told me he had been eighteen years at sea, and that he came from Antigua. The old gentleman said something which I did not understand, to which the negro replied, "Yes, sir." I resumed my seat, pleased that something had occurred to dissipate the old gentleman's melancholy. "Well," continued he, "did you work on board a drogger that carried sugar round to Saint John's?" "Yes, sir." "What became of that vessel?" "Carry too much sail, so capsize in Willoughby Bay, sir." "Come in," said the old gentleman. "This is extraordinary! I know this man, sir," addressing himself to me; "I have reason to know him."

The waiter endeavoured to prevent the negro from entering the coffee-room. The old gentleman rang the bell, and requested his friend the negro might be admitted. He came, twisting the rim of his hat round and round, while he gazed at the old gentleman. "Eh!" exclaimed he, "Jack Cassada berry glad"—— The waiter expressed uneasiness at the negro's being there, which the old gentleman perceived, and requested grog to be brought, his countenance brightening into benevolence. "Had you been rich, Jack, your nose would have been Roman, your lips Georgian, your complexion lilies and roses." "Ah! sir, dat berry true," said Jack; "I tink say now you"—— "Yes, yes," interrupted the old gentleman, "we know each other well." Taking a card from his pocket-book, and giving it to the negro, he said, "Go to that address this evening at eight o'clock. Waiter! put on that table the roast beef I saw in the larder; my friend will dine." Jack passed his hand over his head, and tugged up the waistband of his trousers, while all was prepared for him.

This proceeding gave great offence to the youngsters, whose clamour had softened into expressions of contempt, till one of them, unable to repress indignation, said, "However excellent may be the charitable intention, it is not respectful to the gentlemen present that you should feed a negro beggar in a room not appropriated to such exhibitions." The old gentleman sat unconcerned, while Jack paid his respects to the beef. The youngster continued: "I address myself to you, sir—you," exalting his voice, "you, sir, whose age should teach something superior, but your conduct reduces you to the level of the being you are ostentatiously feasting." The old gentleman turned to the speaker, his eye lighted up with an extraordinary brightness, while a smile of affability pervaded his countenance; "Did I not hear you remark, sir," said he, "that this room was appropriated to gentlemen? How, then, by the terms of your remonstrance, can you render that assertion doubtful? You are silent. If caused by reflection on the injustice of your attack, I will atone for the rebuke I have offered." "Sir," replied the youngster, "I am considering which I shall do first—pull your old nose, or kick your sable cormorant out of the room." "This," said the old gentleman, "is the impetuosity of youth, expressed without an intention so to act." This was wormwood to the youngsters; they received it as despising the threat to use brutal force. They looked at each other, grew pale in the face, and talked louder, as if to call their courage up. Jack occasionally glanced his full eye at them, looked serious, but finished his hearty meal.

"Have you dined?" said the old gentleman. "Yes, tank you, sir," replied Jack; "Eh! just te ting; all dis make me tink o' long time ago, sir." The youngsters continued to express their dissatisfaction; unwilling to go, yet loath to remain, they made some reflections on Jack that were painful to his feelings. "Yes, young gemmen," said he, "he black, but he no like de debil, and he no hab white fedder in de tail; so put dat in your pocket." One of the youngsters called him an insolent rascal. "Eh!" said Jack, "dere more dan one in de room." The old gentleman smiled at Jack's remarks, and asked me if I had any objection to the presence of his negro acquaintance. I replied not the least, but that I was pleased to find he could be interested in the circumstance. He looked a thankfulness that language would fail to convey.

Notwithstanding my desire to be in town, I was held, as if by magic; my curiosity had been strongly excited by the old gentleman's change of manner on the discovery of the negro, and I felt desirous to learn the cause. The youngsters affected to treat all of us with contempt, yet continued to utter sarcasms of the grossest kind on poor Jack. Each of them had taken so much of the gentleman into his elevated character, that they could no longer think of acting as they had proposed. They therefore deputed the waiter to kick the black rascal into the street. The waiter smiled, while the old gentleman hoped his friend was not to be thus treated on account of his colour; during which, something was said by one of the youngsters, that pressed so hard on Jack's feelings, that he appealed to the old gentleman. "Oh," replied the old gentleman, "never mind what they say; the tongue is an unruly member." "Berry good, sir; day hurt noting we day flash in de pan." At which, the most violent of the trio sprang like a lion on Jack, and gave a sharp hit or two, in a pugilistic style, before Jack could clear for action. But the negro stood out, and gave such a tremendous repetition of blows on the aggressor's face, that he fell as if a horse had kicked him, bleeding profusely. "So," said Jack, "dat unship you bowsprit, an splinter you figure-head." The other gentleman would have picked their friend up, for a regular set-to, but he declined having any more of Jack's right and left hard-hitting.

The scuffle brought in the waiter, who, though uneasy at what had occurred, said he thought how it would terminate. Water and towels were brought, the fallen hero was cleansed, and, as it is said, made fit to be seen. He, however, appeared with a nose twice its former size, of which he convinced himself by frequently feeling it; and his eyes were, as the waiter expressed it, "buttoned up tight." All this was distressing; the old gentleman was much concerned; but the past could not be recalled. A piece of raw beef was applied to each eye of the wounded man, and, one on each side of him, the trio made their exit.

It was a transition from turbulence to tranquillity, in which we rejoiced. The waiter was asked by the old gentleman, who and what were the persons just departed? "They are," replied the waiter, "the sons of very respectable gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The wounded one has a situation under government, which I think he pays little attention to, for he is quite a sporting man, and in their seasons is engaged in cricket matches, shooting, racing, rowing, and dog-fighting. Some persons say he is a very good one with his fists. I was surprised to see him give in so readily. But I guess he did not like the idea of receiving another such a facer; they make a gentleman look most confoundedly queer." Jack repeated the term gentleman. "Eh, he tink he berry grand; but he nebber gentleman."

I could perceive by Jack's perfect composure that he felt he had upset a bully, and that he had revenged the insolence the old gentleman had received. A glass of rum-grog was placed before Jack; he rose, and bowed most respectfully to the old gentleman, who requested him to be seated, and candidly tell how he came here. "Ah! sir," replied Jack, "shame to tell. You make Jack free, you pay for him freedom, and Jack hire himself out, but get tire of Antigua, so go in Merica brig to New York, den go in ship to Canton, make good trib back, den come to England. Eh! nebber see de day so happy—ebbery ting go well, so go in Company ship to Canton again, come home, so paid off, stay in Wapping, an get rob all to noting." "Sailor like," said the old gentleman. "Where were you stationed on board the Indiaman?" "On forecastle, sir," replied Jack. "Last trib make to Smyrna, in merchant ship—all just de ting: come home—go to old quarters in Wapping—so now look out for ship." "Ay! I see," said the old gentleman. "I thought you were not skulking like a long-shore lubber." "No, sir," said Jack. "Then," continued the old gentleman, "all is right. Have you any shot in the locker?" Jack, smiling, showed a few shillings. The old gentleman gave him a sovereign, saying, "Get yourself a hat, in place of that tarpaulin castor, and come as I have directed." Jack, bowing, said, "Bless you heart, sir," and left the room, with a tear stealing down his cheek.

"There, sir," said the old gentleman to me, "you heard that poor fellow run over several transactions of his life without glancing at the circumstance of his having preserved me in the hour of peril. When the drogger was wrecked in Willoughby Bay, Antigua, that man swam with me, after I had lost all consciousness of existence; he bore me safe to shore, and now he sheds tears of gratitude on my giving him a piece of money. You see, sir, there is truth and courage in his composition." Then with emotion he exclaimed, "That negro is a man, in the best acceptation of the word Man." "Most sincerely," said I, "are you congratulated on the circumstance of your thus meeting the man who had saved your life. You have now the means to reward him as your heart dictates, in proof that it was worthy to be preserved. This also shows that life is not so wanting in all that may be in the highest degree gratifying. I perceive your intentions, sir, and I respect your feelings. I shall remember this hour to the latest of my existence, since I have been taught the value of a good deed. The services that one man may render another, is indeed bread, cast on the waters, that returns after many days.'" "You are right," said the old gentleman; "it is so."—I bade him farewell, while he was cogitating in which way he could render the most beneficial services to his preserver, Jack Cassada.

UTOPIA.

INGENIOUS men have at different times conceived to themselves the idea of a *perfect republic;* that is, a state or system of government which should provide for the happiness and improvement of the people in as complete a manner as human nature will allow. All of these have been ingenious theories, contrived without attending to that very wide experience which makes the perfecting of a government the work of many generations. Some of them have, however, attained much celebrity, and, among the rest, none more than that which was published by Sir Thomas More, under the name of *Utopia*. The author was Chancellor of England in the time of Henry the Eighth, and was a man of the highest and most honourable character. The elegance with which he propounded his benevolent but fanciful scheme, has made the name of his imaginary republic, Utopia, to be adopted in our language as a current expression to denote any plan which is founded on too favourable views of human nature to be practicable. Imagining that our readers may be curious to know the views of a man of so much celebrity, and to contrast them with the sounder doctrines which in many cases have been established from experience since his time, we have made the following abstract from the original Latin work. We give the story, as it were, in miniature, adopting the same style as the author himself, condensing his statements or abridging them, but leaving out nothing which is necessary to give an idea of the fancied commonwealth of Utopia. It is right to mention, that somewhat of the interest of the original work depends upon certain philosophical digressions, as well as on many adroit satirical strokes at existing institutions, in which it resembles Dean Swift's voyages of Gulliver. These of course are omitted, as not essential to the principal design of the author. We need only add, that the work was written shortly after the discovery of America, in which the country of *Utopia* is supposed to lie somewhere south of the line. The impression the work created at the time was so powerful, that many even of the learned believed the whole to be a real history.

"I had been sent (says the author) to Flanders, as ambassador, in charge of some business which remained to be settled between King Henry and the Emperor Charles the Fifth. While waiting at Antwerp, I one day observed a friend of mine in conversation before the great cathedral there, with a stranger, somewhat advanced in years, whose sunburnt countenance, and long beard, with the careless manner in which his cloak was thrown over his shoulder, gave him the appearance of a seafaring man. When my friend saw me, he detained me a little as if to speak with him, and said, without being overheard by his companion, "I was just thinking of bringing this person to your house." "He would have been welcome, on your account," I answered. "Yes," replied he; "but more for his own sake, if you knew him properly. There is not an individual now alive who has travelled farther, or seen more extraordinary things, than he has done; and he is, besides, well acquainted with most kinds of learning, so as to make his observations of some value." I begged to invite him to accompany us to my lodgings: he went with us accordingly; and, seating ourselves on a bank of green turf in the garden, we entered into conversation concerning his travels. It appeared that he had been in many foreign countries, and was a man well acquainted with the ancient philosophy. He had accompanied Americus and his companions, in order to gratify his thirst for knowledge, and for observing the manners and institutions of these new nations.

He told us, that, after the departure of Americus, he and five companions who were left with him in the fort, began to use every effort to become acquainted with the people of the country, and that they at last so far won upon their good will, that one of the chief men supplied them with provisions and boats, for making expeditions to such places as they wished to see. He gave them a guide also, to recommend them to persons of influence on their journey; so that they travelled without molestation, and visited many strange towns and cities, several of which appeared thriving places, and by no means ill governed.

Among other countries through which the travellers passed, there was one which appeared particularly worthy of attention: this was an island situated not far from the mainland, and called the Utopia, from an old chief of the name of Utopus. The island was about five hundred miles long, and about two hundred in the broadest part; but it lay in the form of a crescent, bent together at the ends, which were narrow, and not more than eleven miles apart; so that there was a large bay of the sea, as it were, in the very centre of the country. The entrance to this vast natural harbour was, however, obstructed by rocks, and hardly safe to any except natives, who were acquainted with the landmarks in view. The other side of the island had a number of harbours; but the coast, being generally rocky, the roads leading from them into the country were steep and difficult. There are in the country twenty-four large towns, all magnificently built and spacious; the situation of each is chosen so like that of the rest, that, in the very arrangement of their streets, and their general appearance, when you see one, you have a complete idea of all the others. The same language is spoken over the whole island; and the laws, institutions, and manners of the towns, are similar throughout. There are none of them above a day's walk from each other, and several only about twenty-four miles. The chief town is Amaurotum, which has been chosen, on account of its central situation, as being convenient for the general meeting of deputies, of whom three are chosen from each town, generally men of some age and of experience in business, for deliberating on the public affairs. The cities are so situated that each has a large country district lying around it, which is well stocked with farm houses, and all the materials of a thriving husbandry. The land is cultivated by the town's-people themselves, who take it in turn, one set going to labour in the country while another remains at their occupations in the town.

The cultivators are arranged while in the country into families of forty free persons, and two slaves; with each family there is an elder and a matron of respectable characters; and over every three hundred families there is an officer called a Phylarch. Of the forty persons who compose a family, twenty return each season to the town, and are replaced by twenty others sent from thence; so that each person remains on the farm two years together, where by this means there is always a moiety acquainted with country labour, and able to instruct the others; numbers, however, request to remain a longer time, from the pleasure they take in farming and field-work. Their business is to attend to the crops, to rear domestic animals, and to prepare wood, and take it to the towns. They rear immense flocks of chickens, which, however, they hatch not in the usual way, but by the heat of an oven, a process in which they are very expert and successful. They raise corn for bread only, not for brewing or distilling; and for drink they have the vine, as we have, as well as the liquor of apples and pears. In laying out their land, they calculate how much corn, meat, and other produce, will be wanted for a city and its dependent territory, and take care always to have a much larger quantity than is necessary, that after each district has supplied its own demand, they may be able to afford a portion in any quarter where there may be a deficiency. Whatever articles of the manufacture of the towns are wanted, the cultivators receive them on demand, without offering any thing in exchange and when the crops are ready for harvesting, the country phylarchs, or overseers, give notice to the authorities in the towns, when the whole population is set to work, and the crops are secured almost in a single day.

A description of the city Amaurotum will give a complete idea of all the others, which are as exactly like each other as may be. This place, then, is situated on a gentle slope, with a river flowing along the bottom of the declivity which is navigable, with the waters of the tide, as far as the town; and there is a stone quay all along the bank, at which vessels lie to for delivering their cargoes. The town is of a square form; the streets long and straight, with a row of well-built houses on each side, before which there is always a paved footpath; in the rear, every house has a garden with a door opening into it. The doors, both in the front and behind, are made in such a way as to open readily with the hand, and to shut again of their own accord; but they are never locked, so that no one has any place of secrecy. They pay the greatest attention to their gardens, in which they raise abundance of the finest fruits, flowers, and herbs. Nothing can be more splendid or useful than the treasures of vegetable beauty exhibited there; and the founder of the town seems to have paid particular attention to the laying out of the gardens, which the successive generations of inhabitants have continually improved.

With regard to their magistrates, every thirty families in the towns elect yearly a representative, who is called a Syphogrant; and to every ten Syphogrants with their constituencies, there is an officer or representative, who is styled a Tranibor. Lastly, the whole of the Syphogrants, who are two hundred in number, after taking an oath to select the most useful candidate, choose by secret votes a chief magistrate, who is always one of four, of whom a list is given them by the people, each quarter of the city naming one. This chief retains his office during life, except there be reason to suspect his aiming at arbitrary power: but the Tranibors and all the other officers are elected yearly. The Chief meets with a council of the Tranibors every third day, or oftener, if there be occasion, to deliberate on public business, or the suits of individuals; and there are always two of the Syphogrants (or inferior representatives) present. It is a capital crime for the magistrates or chief to discuss public business any where except in the senate or great assemblies; a regulation which is enforced, that the authorities may not conspire in secret against the public liberties. In matters of great moment, a communication is made to the Syphogrants, who consult their families (constituencies), and give in their opinion to the senate.

All the people are acquainted with farming, which they learn from their infancy, partly by instructions in the schools, and partly from practice, when their families are in the country. Besides this, every one is taught some other business—such as weaving, carpentry, or smith-work; and these constitute the most of their crafts. There being little variety of dress used in the island, except that those of the men and women are different (and both of them are very becoming), each family makes their own clothing. But of the other businesses, every person, male or female, learns some one, the women generally performing some of the lighter portions of the work, and every person for the most part following the profession of his ancestors. Their labour is not heavy; for if the day be divided into twenty-four hours, there are only six of these devoted to work, three in the forenoon, and three in the afternoon. All the remainder of the time they have at their own disposal, not for idleness or dissipation, indeed, but for any rational amusement, such as reading, or hearing lectures on various subjects, delivered by persons who make literature their business. It may be supposed that, if they labour only six hours a-day, they must be very poor, and that the country will be ill supplied with every thing—but this is far from being the case; and the few hours which they devote to work are quite sufficient to procure all that is wanted for the necessaries and comforts of life; of which you may be convinced, if you have remarked in other countries what immense multitudes of people go entirely idle, and produce nothing; or what a vast number, again, are employed in arts which are mere luxury and superfluity, or which injure the community instead of benefiting it: and yet these idle people and triflers consume much more of the labour of others than those who exert themselves to produce something really useful. In Utopia, on the other hand, there are but a very few persons in each city who are not employed in useful labour; even the Syphogrants themselves (though exempt from working by the law) give what time they can spare from the public business to some profitable occupation, that they may afford an example to others. Students, who have been selected by the Syphogrants and priests, and approved by the people, in order to follow the pursuits of literature, are exempted from manual labour; but if any of them disappoint the hopes entertained of him, he is returned to his work: and, on the contrary, any tradesman, who in his leisure hours displays a talent for learning, is admitted into the class of students, and enjoys all their privileges. It is only from this class that ambassadors, priests, the senate (or Tranibors), and the chief magistrate, are selected.

Another circumstance contributes to the abundance of every thing useful in Utopia; which is this, that no more labour is employed upon any matter than is necessary to make it useful. In other countries, the pulling down, remodelling, or rebuilding of houses, which have no fault but that they do not please the heir of the person who originally built them, occupies an immense number of workmen: among the Utopians, however, such waste of labour would be held ridiculous. In respect to dress, also, each person, while at work, wears a suit of clothes made of leather, or other stout materials, which will last for several years; and when they go abroad, they wear an upper garment, which is every where of the same colour and fashion; so that the only attention required for their clothes, is, to keep them clean, and in good repair. That waste of labour which is elsewhere expended upon the changing of fashions and different colours of dress, is never wanted in Utopia; and no one would either feel himself more comfortable, or be more esteemed by his neighbours, by having those endless changes which occupy so much idle time and expense in other countries.

I must now tell you about the way in which they carry on their intercourse with each other, and how the labour of one set of tradesmen procures them the necessaries which are manufactured by others. The whole people, as I mentioned, is divided into families, or small clans: and I should add, that, when marriages take place between members of different clans, the females (who are not allowed to marry till the age of twenty-two) leave their own, and live with that into which they are married; while the sons (who must not marry till twenty-six) remain in the paternal family, under charge of the oldest surviving parent: no family, however, is permitted to have more than sixteen members, or fewer than ten. The city being divided into four quarters, there is a market-place for each: to this rendezvous every family brings the produce of its labour, for each species of which there is a separate storehouse. At the same time that they thus deposit what they have produced, they take away with them what they have occasion for at home; and there is no danger that they should either bring too little, or take away too much. Why should they be indolent when they have so little labour? or rapacious, or greedy, when they know that there is abundance, and to spare, for all?

Through the different parts of the town there are public halls, where the inhabitants eat together, every thirty families having a common table. They are summoned to their meals at stated hours by a trumpet or conch; but every person has liberty to eat at home if he pleases—a permission of which very few avail themselves, since the dishes at the public table are prepared by far more skilful cooks than they are themselves. The old and young are intermingled together at table, so that the latter may hear and profit by the conversation of their seniors. For the sick there are public hospitals in pleasant airy situations without the walls, where they are nursed with all care, and where every person is sure of meeting with more attention than he could command at home, so that no one is reluctant to go and reside there while affected with any disease.

The Utopians have but a small number of laws, society being so regulated among them by their excellent customs, that a very few are sufficient to preserve order. They think that there is nothing more absurd among other nations than the innumerable multitude of volumes which are occupied with laws; and they ask with great reason, how can people obey rules which are either so obscure that no one can understand them, or so numerous that they cannot be read? With regard to their own laws, they think them useless if they seem obscure to the dullest peasant; and none but the plainest and most obvious meaning is admitted, all subtle and refined interpretations being cast aside.

They never make war but for some gross injury done to themselves, or, more especially, to their allies; but they carry on their hostilities in a very singular manner. An Utopian general would gain no credit by a bloody victory, however complete: if he cannot overcome his enemies by stratagem and artifice with little loss of lives, he is reckoned an unskilful commander.

There are different kinds of religion in Utopia: sometimes there are even different forms of worship in the same city. The sun is adored by some, and by others the moon; while a third class pay adoration to some of the planets, reckoning these as in some sort images or representatives of the Deity. When they were informed by us of the nature of the Christian religion, it is impossible to conceive the eagerness with which many among them listened, and made inquiries. A goodly number became Christians, and no one belonging to the old religion offered the least hindrance or obstacle to any of the converts. I recollect indeed no instance of any person being molested on account of his religion, it being an ancient law in the state of Utopia, that no man's religion shall be made a reproach to him.

The stranger recounted to us a number of other circumstances regarding Utopia, which cannot be mentioned now. I was much inclined to dispute the propriety of a number of the regulations of the community, which appeared to me exceedingly absurd; such as their mode of carrying on war, and some of their ideas as to religion; but more especially that which seemed the key-stone of the whole, their custom of possessing all things in common, and prohibiting the use of money—two regulations which would overthrow, according to the common opinion at least, every thing which makes the splendour and power of a commonwealth desirable to its subjects."

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

[By the Author of "Stories of Waterloo."]

In our days the high-born and the wealthy have small inducement to violate the salutary restrictions of the law. However the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privilege and honour, aristocratic delinquency is chiefly comprised, and loss of character and caste the severest penalty incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, within our own recollection, some melancholy exceptions to be found. Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals; and as the well-being of society demands, the impartial hand of justice visited the offence with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, *one* will be remembered with lively regret. For no crime were there more apologists—for no punishment more general sympathy—and while his sentence was accordant to the letter of the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusileers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed—little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The 21st regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted—unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the theatre, where the officers had patronised a play, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged, and in the first fire Boyd fell, mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack-room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental phrenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife, and surrounded by his infant family. Throwing himself upon his knees, he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit "that every thing was fair." The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponent, replied, "Yes, it was fair—but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and, contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial, and in due time surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of the keeper—went over the building as he pleased—received his friends—held unrestricted communication with all that sought him—and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th of August 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the major's trial, and when I entered the court-house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomier, if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned through the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression, from the shading produced by an accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him, for the fate of a fellow-creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny—his noble and commanding figure thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified—and, while on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash, or motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—*Guilty*, was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap, and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by smothered sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and "Lord have mercy on your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers who thronged the court ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given: and to the last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime, strong exertions were made to save him—petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and, consequently, the Irish government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the king.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the queen's feet, and implore her commiseration.

To cross the Channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain, and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted; a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-stayed at the other side. She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved best on earth were numbered, and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke into the harbour, while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing boat, which under close-reefed canvass was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The spray flew in sheets over the mast-head, and frequently shut the vessel from the view of those on shore. But seamanship prevailed—the pier was weathered—and amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate even in that remote spot had excited unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs Campbell inquired "if the weather was likely to moderate?" The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. "Oh God! he will be lost," she murmured. "Could I but cross that angry sea, he might yet be saved!" Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing boat, who were securing its moorings. A momentary consultation took place, and with one consent they offered to carry her across, or perish. "It is madness," said the old man; "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken. The lady was placed on board; the skirt of the main-sail set, and after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shores in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner, and followed her carriage with their eyes, invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased, by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain ——, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness, which are so peculiarly the province of woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What," he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honour."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs —— urged him earnestly to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip—"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then, taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and"——. The convict put his hand upon her mouth—"Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you have me to violate my promise?" Bidding her good night, he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber, without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution, the chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant, and now that hope was at an end, he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last, his courage was unshaken; and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted, the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room, the executioner, frightfully disguised, presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntarily shrunk from this loathsome being, but as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed, and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the 42d regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and the same men he led to a bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon formed the jail guard to witness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade, were indescribable. When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was upturned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment-seat; and when the board, descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

After being suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it, and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words, "they laid him in his father's grave."—*Dublin University Magazine, October.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

Boccaccio.

At the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library, about twenty years ago, one book—a folio volume—was purchased by Earl Spencer at the enormous sum of *two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds!* This volume, which was perhaps the most famous one on earth, as it now appeared to be the dearest, was a copy of the first edition of Boccaccio's Dicamerone, printed at Venice by Christopher Valdarfer in 1474, and the only complete copy of that edition known to exist. It had been purchased by the duke's father, eighty years before, for a hundred pounds; but its rarity and value were now, it appeared, better known and more highly appreciated. If Boccaccio had no other interest than as the author of a volume which brought the price of a small estate, he would be worthy of some attention; but he has in reality a higher claim upon our notice, being one of the most ingenious and amusing writers whom the world ever produced.

He was the natural son of a Florentine merchant of considerable wealth, named Boccaccio di Chellino di Buonaiuto, by a lady of Paris, at which city the poet was born, in the year 1313. He was first designed by his father for a mercantile life; but having no taste for the counting-room, was afterwards sent to study the law, to which he soon manifested an equal dislike. From his earliest years he had shown an aptitude for learning, and he now set his father's anger at defiance, and devoted himself to a literary life. At Naples, to which he had been sent from Florence, to study law, he beheld some of the honours conferred on Petrarch, which inspired him with an ardent desire to gain similar distinction, but unfortunately without giving him any wish to imitate the pure and lofty conduct of that great man. Boccaccio became noted at once as a clever writer of poetry, and as the paramour of a married lady of Naples, a natural daughter of the king. All the earlier years of his life he spent in gaiety and vice at this dissolute capital, which is much to be regretted, as it gave a tinge to his best compositions, which has materially lessened their merit and usefulness.

Boccaccio has the distinction in poetry of having invented the stanza called the *ottava rima*, lately reintroduced into this country by Mr Tennant, and employed by Byron in his Don Juan. As a poet, however, he does not rank nearly so high as Dante and Petrarch. He wanted the sublimity and majesty of the one, and the lucid and tender delicacy of the other. He had neither that original and high-reaching imagination, nor those deep and moving sensibilities, which form the first-rate poet. It is as a novelist—as one of the fathers of that kind of composition—that Boccaccio is chiefly celebrated. His great work in this line is the Dicamerone, already mentioned, which contains one hundred tales or stories, and was given to the world in 1353. The book opens with a description of the plague which took place in 1348 at Florence—a picture full of horrors, and drawn with great power. He then relates how a party of ladies and gentlemen retired from the pestilence-stricken city to a country-house surrounded by pleasant grounds, where they shut themselves up for a time from all communication with the rest of the world. In this delicious retirement, which must have contracted new charms from the contrast with the scene they had left, and the feeling of comparative security which it inspired, they hit upon the expedient of story-telling as a means of passing the time: and each undertakes to relate all the tales or singular incidents which he or she can recollect. The entertainment continues for ten days (hence the title of the book), and on each day ten stories are told, which make up a hundred in all.

In all probability, the Dicamerone was a kind of concentration of all the popular stories then floating in Italian society; for it is not to be supposed that Boccaccio, inventive as his genius is allowed to have been, could form so many distinct *plots* in his own brain. He is entitled, however, to the merit of having thrown these traditionary anecdotes of human nature into a most attractive form, and of having produced, in the result, the best specimen of Tuscan prose hitherto known. "On the darkest and most terrific foreground," says Mr Stebbing, "which ever painter employed, he drew an infinite variety of the gayest and most graceful forms—of landscapes the most charming, and incidents the most amusing, that the human fancy could create." It is only to be regretted that this famous effort of the human intellect is deformed, in many places, by the grossest language and the most licentious thoughts, insomuch as to be totally unfit for the perusal of a large portion of society. The manners of the age are always presented as the excuse of the author for this great fault; but till it can be shown that his contemporary Petrarch found it necessary to make a similar concession to the spirit of the times, this apology must be held as utterly invalid. The truth is, Boccaccio sinned in this matter against his own better knowledge, in order to render his work acceptable to the dissolute class with whom he was familiar at Naples. He afterwards bitterly repented of his crime.

In the year 1350, when seven and thirty years of age, Boccaccio returned to Florence, where his father had just died, and began to take a leading part in public affairs. He soon after became personally acquainted with Petrarch, who was only nine years his senior, but possessed a mind and character infinitely more matured. Petrarch perceived his genius, and did his best, by good advices, to render him personally worthy of it. The result was an improvement in Boccaccio's course of life. When past middle life, he commenced the study of Greek, and founded schools for that branch of learning in various parts of Italy. It is generally acknowledged that the modern learned world owes the possession of many of the works of ancient Greece to this Italian novelist.

"Unfortunately for Boccaccio," says Mr Stebbing, "he was not wealthy, certainly not sufficiently so for the liberality which formed a striking feature of his character. The expenses in which he involved himself, sometimes in the exercise of his public functions, at others by his patronage of literature, were much greater than his income would bear. His fortune was thus gradually reduced, and he found himself, in the decline of life, with means scarcely sufficient for his support, and deserted by all his friends but Petrarch. The noble conduct of that affectionate and high-minded man in this instance, gives additional lustre to his fame. His letters to Boccaccio on the subject of his misfortunes, breathe the tenderest regard; and his offers of assistance are made in a spirit, of which it is difficult to say whether its warmth or delicacy be the more worthy of admiration. Besides offering him the use of both his purse and interest, he invited him to share his home; and in the letter, which is preserved, he reproves him for not accepting this invitation. 'I praise you,' says he, 'for having refused the grand offers made you of riches, and for preferring liberty of mind and a tranquil poverty; but I cannot give you the same praise for refusing the repeated invitations of a friend. I am not in a situation to enrich you; if I were, it should not be by my words, or by my pen, but by things and actions that you should judge of me. I am, however, living so, that what suffices for one will suffice abundantly for two, who can have the same inclinations as well as the same house.'

"Boccaccio, however, with the jealousy of a man whose most valued possession was his perfect personal liberty, refused to accept this offer, as he did also many others of his friend to obtain him some lucrative office. Petrarch could not be offended at this, for he had himself acted almost in the same manner, and rejected rank and fortune to move and speak as his own inclination might direct him. We cannot sufficiently admire this trait of character, so conspicuous in these great men, and which, from Dante downwards, was the characteristic of Italy's worthiest sons. There is no passage in their noblest works which so affects the mind with delight as their examples of independence. They were admired and courted by princes; they were the frequent residents of palaces; were tempted to become courtiers, not merely by offers of wealth or advancement, but by personal flatteries; and they might, if they had chosen, been conspicuous in the councils as well as courts of kings: but nothing could tempt them from their independence. We see them passing on from court to court, conversing with their princely hosts as if they had been prophets sent with lessons of wisdom, and then taking their farewell, unchanged in their manners, and with the same free look and spirit as they bore when they arrived."

In 1363, Boccaccio was invited to reside at Naples, but, not liking his reception, soon returned to Florence. He soon after retired to a cottage in the village of Certaldo, where he devoted himself for some years to Latin poetry, in which, however, he is not allowed to

have excelled. He was occasionally after this period entrusted by the Florentines with missions of high importance; and, finally, he returned to that city, and in 1373 commenced a public lecture on the Commedia of Dante, with a salary of fifty florins a-year. He did not live, however, to carry his exposition of that poem beyond the sixteenth book. The death of Petrarch, in 1374, afflicted him so deeply as to aid in hastening his own decline, which for some years had been rapidly proceeding. He died in December 1375, having only survived his friend about seventeen months.

THE BUCCANEERS.

Of that extraordinary daring class of pirates or sea-robbers, known by the name of *Buccaneers*, the following interesting account is given by Dr Russell, in his excellent work "The History of Modern Europe."

"After the failure of the mines of Hispaniola, and the conquest of the two extensive empires of Mexico and Peru, where the precious metals were found in the greatest profusion, that valuable island was entirely neglected by the Spaniards. The greater part of its once flourishing cities were deserted by their inhabitants, and the few planters that remained sunk into the most enervating indolence. The necessaries, however, and even many of the luxuries of life, were there found in abundance. All the European animals had multiplied exceedingly, but especially the horned cattle, which were become in a manner wild, and wandered about in large droves, without any regular owner. Allured by these conveniences, certain French and English adventurers, afterwards known by the name of Buccaneers or Freebooters, had taken possession of the small island of Tortuga, as early as the year 1632, and found little difficulty, under such favourable circumstances, of establishing themselves on the northern coast of Hispaniola. They at first subsisted chiefly by the hunting of wild cattle. Part of the beef they ate fresh, part they dried, and the hides they sold to the masters of such vessels as came upon the coast, and who furnished them, in return, with clothes, liquors, fire-arms, powder and shot. The dress of the Buccaneers consisted of a shirt dipped in the blood of the animals they had slain; a pair of trousers, dirtier than the shirt; a leathern girdle, from which hung a short sabre, and some Dutch knives; a hat without any rim, except a flap before, in order to enable them to pull it off; shoes made of raw hides, but no stockings. These barbarous men, the outcasts of civil society, were denominated *Buccaneers*, because they dried with smoke, conformable to the custom of the savages, part of the flesh of the cattle they had killed, in places denominted *buccans* in the language of the natives. But the wild cattle at length becoming scarce, the Buccaneers were under the necessity of turning their industry to other objects. The sober-minded men applied themselves to the cultivation of the ground, which abundantly requited their toil, while those of a bold and restless disposition associated themselves with pirates and outlaws of all nations, and formed the most terrible band of ravagers that ever infested the ocean. To these ravagers, however, rendered famous by their courage and their crimes, France and England are indebted, in some measure, for the prosperity of their settlements in the West Indies.

Nothing could appear less formidable than the first armaments of the piratical Buccaneers. Having formed themselves, like the hunters of wild cattle, into small societies, they made their excursions in an open boat, which generally contained between twenty and thirty men, exposed to all the intemperature of the climate; to the burning heat of the day, and the chilling damps of the night. The natural inconveniences, connected with this mode of life, were augmented by those arising from their licentious disposition.

A love of freedom, which, duly regulated, cannot be too much cherished, rendered the Buccaneers averse to all those restraints which civilized men usually impose on each other for their common happiness; and as the authority which they had conferred on their captain was chiefly confined to giving orders in battle, they lived in the greatest disorder. Like savages, having no apprehension of want, nor taking any care to guard against famine by prudent economy, they were frequently exposed to all the extremities of hunger and thirst. But deriving, even from their distresses, a courage superior to every danger, the sight of a sail transported them to a degree of frenzy. They seldom deliberated on the mode of attack, but their custom was to board the ships as soon as possible. The smallness of their own vessels, and their dexterity in managing them, preserved them from the fire of the enemy. They presented only to the broadside of a ship, their slender prows, filled with expert marksmen, who fired at the enemy's port-holes with such exactness, as to confound the most experienced gunners; and when they could fix their grappling tackle, the largest trading vessels were generally obliged to strike.

Although the Buccaneers, when under the pressure of necessity, attacked the ships of every nation, those belonging to the subjects of Spain were more especially marked out as the objects of their piracy. They thought that the cruelties which the Spaniards had exercised on the natives of the New World, were a sufficient apology for any violence that could be committed against them. Accommodating their conscience to this belief, which, perhaps, unknown to themselves, was rather dictated by the richness of the Spanish vessels than by any real sense of religion or equity, they never embarked in an expedition without publicly praying to heaven for its success; nor did they ever return loaded with booty, without solemnly returning thanks to God for their good fortune.

This booty was originally carried to the island of Tortuga, the common rendezvous of the Buccaneers, and then their only place of safety. But afterwards the French went to some of the ports of Hispaniola, where they had established themselves in defiance of the Spaniards, and the English to those of Jamaica, where they could dispose of their prizes to more advantage, and lay out their money more agreeably, either in business or pleasure.

Before the distribution of the spoil, each adventurer held up his hand, and protested he had secreted nothing of what he had taken; and if any one was convicted of perjury, a case that seldom occurred, he was punished in a manner truly exemplary, and worthy the imitation of better men. He was expelled the community, and left, as soon as an opportunity offered, upon some desert island, as a wretch unworthy to live in society, even with the destroyers of their species!

After providing for the sick, the wounded, the maimed, and settling their several shares, the Buccaneers indulged themselves in all kinds of licentiousness. Their debauches, which they carried to the greatest excess, were limited only by the want that such prodigality occasioned.

The ships that sailed from Europe to America seldom tempted the avidity of the first Buccaneers, as the merchandise they carried could not readily have been sold in the West Indies in those early times. But they eagerly watched the Spanish vessels on their return to Europe, when certain they were partly laden with treasure. They commonly followed the galleons and flota employed in transporting the produce of the mines of Mexico and Peru, as far as the channel of Bahama; and if, by any accident, a ship was separated from the fleet, they instantly beset her, and she seldom escaped them. They even ventured to attack several ships at once; and the Spaniards, who considered them as demons, and trembled at their approach, commonly surrendered, if they came to close quarters.

The Spaniards, almost reduced to despair by finding themselves a continual prey to those ravagers, diminished the number of their ships, and the colonies gave up their connections with each other. These humiliating precautions, however, served but to increase the boldness of the Buccaneers. They had hitherto invaded the Spanish settlements only to procure provisions; but no sooner did they find their captures decrease, than they determined to procure by land that wealth which the sea denied them. They accordingly formed themselves into larger bodies, and plundered many of the richest and strongest towns in the New World. Maracaybo, Campeachy, Vera Cruz, Porto Bello, and Carthagena, on this side of the continent, severely felt the effects of their fury; and Guiaquil, Panama, and many other places on the coasts of the South Sea, were not more fortunate in their resistance, or treated with greater lenity. In a word, the Buccaneers subjected to their arms, without a regular system of government, without laws, without any permanent subordination, and even without revenue, cities and castles which have baffled the utmost efforts of national force; and if conquest, not plunder, had been their object, they might have made themselves masters of all Spanish America.

Among the Buccaneers who first acquired distinction in this new mode of plundering, was Montbars, a gentleman of Languedoc. Having by chance, in his infancy, met with a circumstantial, and perhaps exaggerated account of the cruelties practised by the Spaniards in the conquest of the New World, he conceived a strong antipathy against a nation that had committed so many enormities. His heated imagination, which he loved to indulge, continually represented to him innumerable multitudes of innocent people, murdered by a brood of savage monsters nursed in the mountains of Castile. The unhappy victims, whose names were ever present to his memory, seemed to call upon him for vengeance; he longed to embrue his hands in Spanish blood, and to retaliate the cruelties of the Spaniards, on the same shores where they had been perpetrated. He accordingly embarked on board a French ship bound to the West Indies, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and joined the Buccaneers, whose natural ferocity he inflamed. Humanity in him became the source of the most unfeeling barbarity. The Spaniards suffered so much from his fury, that he acquired the name of the *Exterminator*.

But of all the Buccaneers, French or English, none was so uniformly successful, or executed so many great and daring enterprises, as Henry Morgan, a native of Wales. While de Basco, Lolonois, and their companions, were squandering at Tortuga the spoils they had acquired in the Gulf of Venezuela, Morgan sailed from Jamaica to attack Porto Bello; and his measures were so well concerted, that soon after his landing, he surprised the sentinels, and made himself master of the town, before the Spaniards could put themselves in a posture of defence.

In hopes of reducing with the same facility the citadel or chief castle into which the citizens had conveyed their most valuable property, and all the plate belonging to the churches, Morgan bethought himself of an expedient that discovers his knowledge of national characters as well as of human nature in general. He compelled the priests, nuns, and other women, whom he had made prisoners, to plant the scaling ladders against the walls of the fortress, from a persuasion that the gallantry and superstition of the Spaniards would not suffer them to fire on the objects of their love and veneration. But he found himself deceived in this flattering conjecture. The Spanish governor, who was a resolute soldier, used his utmost efforts to destroy every one that approached the works. Morgan and his English associates, however, carried the place by storm, in spite of all opposition, and found in it, beside a vast quantity of rich merchandise, bullion and specie equivalent to one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

With this booty Morgan and his crew returned to Jamaica. He subsequently engaged in the most daring enterprises, in which, by his extraordinary intrepidity, he was successful to an astonishing degree. Finally, he carried all his wealth to Jamaica, and never afterwards engaged in any piratical enterprise.

The defection of Morgan, and several other principal leaders, who sought and found an asylum in the bosom of that civil society whose laws they had so atrociously violated, together with the total separation of the English and French Buccaneers, in consequence of the war between the two nations, which followed the Revolution in 1688, broke the force of those powerful plunderers. The king of Spain being then in alliance with England, she repressed the piracies of her subjects in the West Indies. The French Buccaneers continued their depredations, and with no small success, till the peace of Ryswick in 1697; when all differences between France and Spain having been adjusted, a stop was every where put to hostilities, and not only the association, but the very name of this extraordinary set of men, soon became extinct. They were insensibly lost among the other European inhabitants of the West Indies."

RAMBLE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

While residing in the vicinity of Simon's Town, South Africa, I felt exceedingly anxious to see some part of the interior of the country, which I made known to a friend, who hesitated not a moment to accompany me to a part where he considered we might have some good sport. The day was appointed; every thing arranged; good horses fitted for a long journey; with plenty of provisions in the sacks, in the event of scarcity on the road, and a good store of brandy-wine. We set off, sauntering for about sixteen miles, when we stopped at a place called Myrtles, where we partook of the usual hospitality of the proprietor, previous to commencing our cruise over the sandy desert. After having regaled ourselves with his good wine, I set off at quick speed, my friend keeping up the chase for a considerable time, when our attention was hastily attracted by a variety of scattered sweet-scented flowers and variegated heaths, growing from the sandy soil, and emitting a most fragrant odour. By this time the sun had risen considerably above the horizon, which imparted to myriads of insects an increased vigour; for they now attacked us with such determined hostility, that every possible means of self-defence left us became of little or no avail. We rolled up our heads, hands, and necks, but still their mode of attack was so insidious, that it defied all our skill to oppose them. The horses were now getting knee-deep in sand, which, with the annoyance of insects, tended not a little to protract our advancement.

After you leave the main road leading to Cape Town, there is a flat of fifteen or twenty miles, where there is little or no vegetation, principally sand; here and there a solitary hut, inhabited by the wandering Hottentots; a dog invariably proclaims the approach of a stranger, when a black face or two are immediately seen to peep from the door of the hovel. Several of these we went up to, to procure some intelligence of our road: we always found them civil, and ever ready to satisfy our inquiries. The sands, as we approached Stillmbock, appeared considerably elevated, assuming various figures, surrounded generally with small pools of water at their base, which gave us at times very considerable uneasiness. Our horses stood apparently timid, and would not advance, when, in such circumstances, we were compelled to retrace our steps. The horses evidently knew of the danger much better than we did. After several hours' hard pushing through the sands, we at last got firm footing at the base of a chain of mountains in the vicinity of Stillmbock, where we were cheered not a little by the sight of a boor's house, where, generally speaking, is found a hearty welcome, and every thing necessary to satisfy the cravings of nature. We inquired how far we were to Stillmbock, when we were told an hour and a half's distance, which we mistook for a mile and a half. We rode cautiously on, expecting every now and then to come in sight of the town; but of no avail. We then found, on a second inquiry, that it was nine miles off in place of a mile and a half; they allow six miles for the hour on horseback, and four on foot. We arrived at Stillmbock in the afternoon (after a ride of forty-two miles) perfectly exhausted—in such a state that we could neither sleep, lie, walk, nor sit; but I attribute this inexpressible restlessness to constant

drinking to quench our thirst, more than any other circumstance. A person travelling in a hot climate will satisfy his thirst with a little hot water, sooner than with any thing else, and it is void of danger. After a few minutes' sleep, we arose to survey the town, which I believe to be one of the neatest in Southern Africa. Here the doors and windows of the houses are generally shut all the fore part of the day, and scarcely a being is to be seen on the streets till the afternoon, when all are open, and every one alive. There is a good deal of taste displayed in the arrangement of the houses: the streets are parallel, and at right angles; at each side of the streets are rows of trees, and at their roots runs a small rivulet. The name of our boarding-house was Sartein's, a Dutchman; every thing was exceedingly clean and comfortable, and very moderate in price. Next morning we set off about five o'clock, both horses and riders being apparently considerably refreshed from their previous fatigue. After steering for some time a northerly course, we kept a little more to the westward, for the mountains of French Hook, a distance of twenty miles from our last port. The country now began to assume a very different aspect: in place of the barren dry sandy desert, we now had a perfect garden; from the lowest part of the valley, to the summit of the highest mountain, appeared one scene of rich foliage; this was in the neighbourhood of Drachenstein. As we advanced several miles farther up, we became perfectly encircled with mountains, towering to the heavens, assuming various aspects, some rising in the form of cones, others more irregular and flat. The scenery six miles above Drachenstein is remarkably picturesque and beautiful; here you command a most extensive view of the adjacent country.

The soil is exceedingly rich, bearing fruit of every description, here and there studded with patches of fine stately trees, affording shelter to the natives from the rays of the sun. We arrived at French Hook in the fore part of the day, and put up at the house of Mynheer Hugo, who is a descendant of the Huguenots who emigrated from France in the time of the revolution, from religious motives. When we approached his door, although we had never seen this man in our lives before, he came immediately and shook us by the hand; and we were thereafter introduced to his wife. We kept within doors the most of the day, and walked about only in the evening. The scenery here is really splendid: the whole valley is surrounded with stupendous mountains, and covered with an immense variety of bulbous and other flowers, and an almost endless succession of heaths.

The people are exceedingly hospitable and kind: they cannot be said to speak Dutch; it is a mixture of Dutch, English, French, and Portuguese. Next morning, we found there had been rain during the night, and that several wild animals had been prowling about. They had lost two of their geese in consequence of jackals. The footmarks of several wolves were seen in the immediate vicinity, when a party of four of us determined beating up their den. We started early in the morning, well mounted and armed, following their footmarks down the river leading to Drachenstein. After crossing the river several miles down, we started a large buck, with splendid black horns, larger than any of our deer; every one put his horse to its speed, to come up with it for a shot. I unfortunately had the best horse for racing; consequently led the course, and outdistanced them; but, intending to make a nearer cut, made for a jungle, when I and my horse instantly disappeared: my horse sunk to the neck, and I lay sprawling in the mire over his head, stupified, and wondering what had happened: the horse appeared considerably exhausted: I allowed him to regain his wind, when he made one or two strong efforts to extricate himself to no purpose; but, upon another trial, he fairly overcame the difficulty, when I remounted, and followed my leaders cautiously for another shot at the buck; but when within two or three hundred yards, I heard a shot fired by one of the party, which missed him, and consequently he was lost. We now bent our course to a large clump of trees, a considerable way down the river; here we dismounted, and led our horses along a steep and dangerous pathway for a considerable distance, till we got on the flats, when every one put his horse to rights, and set off, following the course of the stream. We arrived at a small hut, called the Wolf's Trap; here we dismounted, unsaddled our horses, tied their heads to their feet (a common practice in this country), and examined the hut, which we found to be a good-sized square house, built of stone, with a small aperture in the top, and a good large doorway. The door is heavy, and made of wood and iron, kept up by a cord and pulleys. At this place we left our horses, to ascend the mountain to a place covered with trees and brushwood; two were appointed to go to the den of the wolves (myself and another), and to sit at a distance from the brushwood, about a yard from their footmarks. My friend and I sat for nearly an hour on each side of the footmarks, with our guns charged and cocked; but there being no appearance of either our friends or the wolves, we determined on going in pursuit of them. When I approached the den, I heard a dreadful noise and bustle among the bushes; and perceiving several animals making their way towards me, I fancied imminent danger; so I fired, but, when the smoke disappeared, I found I had killed a large baboon, of which description of animals there are here immense numbers. Being now thoroughly fatigued with this luckless adventure, the party retraced their way to Drachenstein, determined to renew the expedition in quest of the wolves on the rising of the morrow's sun.

WEDDED LOVE.

Say not, that pure and wedded love expires—
Pure wedded love, in gentle bosoms stored;
Say not, oh, say not, that its fond desires,
Like water-drops on thirsty sand outpour'd,
Can perish wholly, or, by slow decay,
Like smouldering flames, die sullenly away!
Is love so fickle that it *cannot* rest
To one dear home confined—one chosen nest—
Though daily use weave chains of mild constraint
And fond affection pour her moving plaint
To win the truant back?—A thousand ties,
A thousand spells, each passing day supplies;
And all we see without, or feel within—
Resolves, and hopes, and fears—love's being feed,
Preserving, even in this world of sin,
Its sacred flame unchanged—the common *need*,
Of friendship's tender soothing, from above
Infused; the fountains of parental love
Solicitous, that know not pause or rest,
Flowing with ceaseless tide in either breast.
The sigh, the tear,
For long-lost friends who once to both were dear;
Fond recollections glean'd from other days,
The look, the voice that only spoke to praise—
Remember'd joys, remember'd hopes and fears,
With many a scene upon life's busy stage,
Or acted, or beheld, in other years,
And many a blotted and repentant page
Of faults by youthful folly ill excused,
Not seldom, nor with tearless eye, perused
In wisdom's later hour. Grave thoughts and gay
Commix'd, by which, in life's declining day,
Our hearts, tenacious of the past, are stirr'd,
As by the music of far-distant bells,
Over the surface of deep waters hear
That roll their space between.—
Such holy spells
Has pure and wedded love; degenerate minds,
Minds bent to earth, foredoom'd of old to know,
Nor lofty thoughts, nor the perpetual glow
Of high affection, that collects and binds
And treasures up what the dull sons of earth
See not, or, seeing, little deem their worth—
The scattered jewels of life's *beaten* track—
Such minds misdeem of love: they cannot sound
Its silent waters, from their own depth black;
They know not, reck not of its base and ground;
No feelings do their bosoms know, that plead
For liberty, and clamour to be freed—
But as, on autumn days, who loves to walk
In the fresh morning, an unwonted sight
Beholds;—dew-sprinkled threads from stalk to stalk
Suspended, glistening with refracted light;
And the cool earth, with pearly frost-work spread,
A new creation seems, for human tread
Unmeet—so, even so, the tender heart,
In the clear realms of elevated thought,
Sitting in simple dignity apart,
Beholds a scene of varied beauty wrought
From daily products of our common life;
Beholds the seeds and elements of strife
Transform'd and blended, by the subtle power
Of mighty love, with light celestial glow—
Even till moral beauty seems the dower
Of this our earthly state, this world of sin and woe!

—*Friendship's Offering*, 1828.

UTILITY OF A TRADE.

Postlethwayte, in the Introduction to his Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, relates the following very curious anecdote, which he says was told by George the First of Great Britain, as having come under his own knowledge:—"About the year 1615, there was a nobleman in Germany, whose daughter was courted by another young lord. When he had made such progress in this affair as is usual, by the interposition of friends, the old lord had a conference with him, asking him how he intended, if he married his daughter, to maintain her. He replied, equal to her quality. To which the father replied, that was no answer to his question; he desired to know what he had to maintain her with. To which the young lord then answered, he hoped that was no question; for his inheritance was as public as his name. The old lord owned his possessions to be great; but still asked if he had nothing more secure than land wherewith to maintain his daughter. The question was strange, but ended in this, that the father of the young lady gave his positive resolve never to marry his daughter, though his heir, and would have two great estates, but to a man that had a manual trade, by which he might subsist if drove from his country. The young lord was master of none at present; but, rather than lose his mistress, he requested only a year's time, in which he promised to acquire one: in order to which, he got a basket-maker, the most ingenious he could meet with, and, in six months, became master of his trade of basket-making, with far greater improvements than even his teacher himself; and as a proof of his ingenuity and extraordinary proficiency in so short a time, he brought to his young lady a piece of workmanship of his own performance, being a white twig basket, which for many years after became a general fashion among the ladies by the name of *dressing-baskets*, brought hither to England from Germany and Holland.

"To complete the singularity of this relation, it happened, some years after this nobleman's marriage, that he and his father-in-law, sharing in the misfortunes of the wars of the Palatinate, were driven naked out of their estates; and in Holland, for some years, did this young lord maintain both his father-in-law and his own family, by making baskets of white twigs, to such an unparalleled excellency as none could attain; and it is from this young German lord the Hollanders derive those curiosities which are still made in the United Provinces, of twig-work."

EXERCISE.

I may (says Dr Uwins, in his recent Treatise on Mental Diseases) urge upon all, and especially those whose habits and callings are sedentary, to contrive some motive for daily and regular walking; even should they not appear at present inconvenienced by their confinement, the cloud will be insensibly collecting that shall sooner or later darken their spirits, or break upon them in the fullness of apoplectic stertor. A physician with whom I was well acquainted, and who scarcely ever was upon his legs, used to say to me, that he found no inconvenience in sitting, day after day, in his carriage and his study; nor did he, so far as his immediate feelings were concerned; but he died suddenly and prematurely from an apoplectic stroke, which I verily believe might have been averted had he made less use of his carriage and his books, and more of his limbs. In contrast with his case, I will just state that I last week conversed with a veteran in literature and in years, whose powers of mind no one can question, however they may differ from him in speculative points. This gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the "soundness" of his mind through a long course of multifarious and often distressing circumstances, by steady perseverance in the practice of walking every day. It is curious that he has survived, for a very long period, almost all the literary characters that were his friends and contemporaries at the period in which his own writings excited so much public attention; almost all of those who have dropped into the grave one after the other, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course, were men of far less regular habits, and, I am obliged to add, also of much less equanimity of mind; but the preservation of this equanimity has, I verily believe, been mainly insured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which to others would prove equally available, if steadily and perseveringly pursued. "Were I a gentleman, Dr Uwins," my neighbour, Mr Abernethy, used to say to me, "I would never get into my carriage;" and certain it is, that many diseases of the most troublesome kind, besides unsoundness of mind, may be traced to the idle habit of carriage gestation.

DEBATING IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Creoles speak French, and the Americans English, neither understanding the language of the other. Whenever a speech is concluded, an interpreter gives as perfect a version of it as his memory can command. The time thus lost is enormous under any circumstances; but when the debate becomes personal, it has at least the advantage of giving members time to cool. On one occasion, however, the discussion was conducted with a good deal of acrimony, and the scene became ludicrous enough. A French gentleman, when I entered the house, was delivering an energetic oration, impugning both the conduct and motives of an American. The latter during the whole time remained apparently in happy ignorance, both of the nature and extent of the punishment of which he was the object. At length the honourable gentleman sat down, and the chief heads of his speech and arguments were detailed in English by the interpreter. The American then became, as they say in Scotland, "neither to hold nor to bind." He instantly commenced not only a vehement defence of himself, but an attack on his opponent, in a language of which the latter seemed to understand precisely as much as he did of Sanscrit.—*Men and Manners in America.*

WASTE OF CORN IN AGRICULTURE.

It is estimated, that only one-third of the seed-corn sown on the best land, grows; the other two-thirds are destroyed. The number of cultivated acres, in Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to 47,000,000; 30,000,000 of which are under the plough. Two-fifths of the latter, or 12,000,000 acres, are annually under the cereal crops. The average allowance of seed for the three kinds of corn, may be stated at 4⅔ bushels per acre. The quantity of seed annually sown thus amounts to 7,000,000 quarters. If two-thirds of this quantity are rendered unproductive by some agency which has hitherto been uncontrolled, then 4,666,666 quarters of corn are annually wasted! The quantity thus lamentably wasted would support more than 1,000,000 of human beings.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

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THE MAN WHO SUNG WHEN ASKED.

EVERY body has had occasion to feel annoyed at the answers usually given in company to a request for a song. It seems to have been a pristine feature of human nature, that no man could sing when he was asked—for Horace indignantly remarked the fact eighteen hundred years ago. The party either never sings, or, if known to have done so at any former period, he is sure to be so ill with a cold, that he can upon no account exhibit on the present occasion. In the words of Madame Corri, he has "a leetle kittlin in de breast, and a leetle horse at de trot." He must really be excused to-night, &c.; and then he gets up a cough with more or less success, by way of a practical affidavit of the truth of what he alleges. So unavoidable, apparently, is this wretched affectation, that we have known a person who, being both able and willing to sing, privately hinted to some one to ask him, and who yet, when the request was made, set forth all the usual apologies, as if he had been startled at the very idea of a vocal exhibition.

It has always been held as a particular claim upon the praise of history, that any individual should, in the prevalence of a monstrous vice, hold forth an example of the opposite virtue. Why do we so much extol Aristides?—because he was just in the midst of a people who were the reverse. Why do we reverence the name of Archbishop Leighton?—because he was moderate when all his brethren were furious. On this principle, how much must we admire any man who, instead of annoying his fellow-creatures when asked to sing, by allegations that he cannot, was positively anxious to be asked, and no sooner heard the request than, with one preliminary hem, if so much, he was off full bound into a canticle! Such a man, reader, *has* lived—*when*, we cannot tell; but certainly—

Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man—

who sung when he was asked; of this we can assure you. His name was Smith, and he resided, while as yet vouchsafed for the adornment of human nature, in the city of York. It cannot be very long since Smith lived; for traditions of him are still fresh in the memory of a grateful people about that part of the country. He is said to have been a smart, neat, little man, somewhat vain about his person, and also about his singing, but redeeming every fault by that one lustrous virtue, in which he shone pre-eminent above his kind, a willingness to sing when he was asked. Alas, that such a man should have been mortal, or that, in dying, he should have left no copy!

Smith's habits were those of a convivial old bachelor; for though he had been married in early life, he had been so long a widower, that the feelings and tastes of single life had all returned upon him. Being quite at ease in his circumstances, he thought of nothing but how he might best enjoy life—how he might, with the greatest ease, attend the greatest possible number of social meetings, drink the greatest possible quantity of punch, and sing the greatest possible number of songs. He belonged to a vast number of clubs and musical associations, not only in York, but throughout all the neighbouring country; and he would often travel fifty miles, in order to contribute to the attraction of a glee festival. Being such a sure card for a song, he was invited, moreover, to a vast number of private parties, insomuch that, one way and another, he scarcely ever missed punch and music a single night. To such festive assemblages, Smith never went till pretty near supper-time. If, when he went, he found any thing like a dance going on, he was very apt to turn at the drawing-room door, and go away perhaps to some club, where he would spend an hour in singing, and then return in time for supper. If he did go in, and endeavour to stay out the dancing, it was always evident, from his fidgetty aspect, how earnestly he longed to see all this folly over, and the people descending to the dining-room. Smith really liked supper. If he once saw a party fobbed off with sandwiches up stairs, he marked the house with a black cross in his remembrance, and would never go back again. At table, he always contrived to get himself planted as near the middle as was consistent with the likelihood of his escaping the business of carving. The lady might be anxious to honour him with a seat next herself; but this he always modestly evaded. Having got himself planted in his favourite place, he would look kindly about to the rest, who were still perhaps hesitating where to alight, and say, "Pray, gentlemen, take your seats; plenty of room." To the actual business of supper, he always addressed himself with great earnestness. When he ate, like the Irishman sleeping, he "paid attention to it." Carving he detested. He thought it took up too much time, and was apt to cause his meat to cool. As to the quarter of an hour said to be allowed to carvers, "Sir," said he, "it is all a deception. Though you were to carve all the time till the rest were done, they would still stare if they saw you eating after them. And how, sir, can any man continue to ply his knife and fork, while other twenty people, perhaps, are waiting for something else, and wondering how you can possibly eat what they have already satisfied themselves of. No, sir; the result of these disinterested services in behalf of mankind, is, simply, that you are compelled to huddle all your operations into a half or a third of the time allowed to the company at large, and, in short, that you make a bad supper. Sir, all these duties ought to be performed by servants." Not long after the conclusion of supper, and while nobody was thinking of such a thing, Smith's voice would be heard suddenly piercing the hum of conversation, his only commission for such an intrusion consisting in an unheard sentence, which he *saw* addressed to him by the lady of the house, and which, though it perhaps referred to something quite different, he was pleased to consider as a request for a song. A nod was as good as a wink to Smith in asking for a taste of his vocal powers.

Our friend was what is called a good, but not a brilliant or perfect singer. He had a stout gentlemanly voice, calculated to be of great service as a bass in a trio or duett, but not by any means a fine voice. Nevertheless, he sung with so much spirit and appropriate expression, that, in general, his performances were much admired, not to speak of the additional approbation which he always secured by his being so willing to contribute to the amusement of the company. Smith had just one fault, so far as singing was concerned. When once he was set a-going, there was no getting him to stop. When one of his songs was done, it would perhaps become the subject of conversation. "Capital song that—first-rate old fellow, Dibdin." "Yes, sir: but did you ever hear his Tom Bowling?—that is better still." And then, without further preface, he would commence—

"Here a sheer hulk—"

and so forth; after which, another could be tagged as slightly on to that, and another to that again, till you could almost echo his words, and wish that "death had brought him to." Smith estimated the pleasantness of a party, and the hospitality of the landlord and landlady, and the worldly worth and amiability of the whole company, by the number of songs he was asked or permitted to sing. "A deuced nice affair we had last night at Atherton's. I sung two-and-twenty of my very best. Thought I would have got in the twenty-third; but an old jade in a pink cap broke us up between twelve and one, just as I was about to begin." It was told of Smith, that he once stuck a song for want of the words (a most astonishing occurrence), and was so overwhelmed with shame on the occasion, as to leave the room abruptly, and rush away home. He had walked more than a mile on his way, when he suddenly recollected the missing stanza. Back he turned, crying, "I have it, I have it." On re-entering the room, he found the company just on their feet to depart. "Stop, stop," he cried, in the tone of a man arresting an execution with a reprieve; "stop, here it is!" And, though almost breathless, he immediately resumed the song at the exact point where he had left off, with all the proper gesticulation, expression, and so forth, as if no hiatus had taken place.

Indeed, it must be allowed, great as his merit was, that singing had at length become a kind of hobby with him. He had rushed from the extreme of reluctance to the extreme of facility, and, by the praises of those who are not above flattering the foibles of an old man, had become dreadfully puffed up about his musical talents. He took it positively ill, if he were not permitted to sing at least a dozen times in an evening; and he has been known to retire at about the ninth or tenth, muttering, "confoundedly shabby." Then his whole business during the day was to go about, calling upon the persons who had heard him sing the night before, in order to gather their applauses. "I think I was in good voice last night, eh?"—thus delicately he would bring on the subject. And no sooner had he got out of any one person all the praise he thought it likely that he *could* get, than off he whisked to another, whom he put through exactly the same process. It is on record that he was once standing in the street, in conversation with a group of friends, when he suddenly espied a person who had heard him sing on the preceding night, riding past in a stage-coach, which had just started for Durham. "Bless me!" he exclaimed, "there is Hanway just off—not to be back for a week. Ho, coachman, ho—hilloa—hillahoa!" And off he ran in pursuit, as if he had been an intending but belated passenger. A porter soon took up the case, and ere long the coach was arrested, though not till it had advanced about a fifth of a mile along the street. Once he saw it stop, he felt safe, and, as all philosophical travellers do, took his own time to overtake it. On getting up, he opened the door, and, popping in his head, "Eh, Hanway," cried he, "glad to see you before you go. Pleasant party last night. I was in excellent voice—wasn't I?" "Charming," answered his friend; "but aren't you going with us?" "How did you like the Heaving of the Lead?" said Smith, blinking the subject of a journey. "Excellent," responded Hanway. Here the coachman, finding he was not to get a customer, called to him with a somewhat uncivil execration, to shut the coach door. Hearing the whip cracking, Smith saw there was no time to be lost; so he just mentioned Black-eyed Susan, and, shutting the door, gazed wistfully at the open window, in the almost desperate hope of an answer. To his inconceivable gratification, the face of Hanway appeared there for an instant, as the coach was wheeling off: and something like "Beats Incledon" was just caught up from the rattle of the departing wheels, by the eager vocalist, who then turned slowly back, his soul set completely at rest on the subject.

Smith no doubt had his faults—and who wants them? His failings, however, leaned to virtue's side;

His eagerness to shine, and avidity of praise, formed the very sources of that transcendant characteristic merit—his readiness to sing when asked. Strangers, it was observed, were always delighted with Smith. They were powerfully struck at meeting a man who required no pressing to sing. He seemed to them a kind of divinity—something above nature. If his merits were less readily acknowledged by those who were frequently in his company, it was solely owing to the novelty having been in their case a little worn off, and to the long-established fact, that a man is nowhere so little a prophet as in his own country. Smith now lies in York Cathedral, where he so often joined his voice to the swelling choir. But no monument records his name, or the period when he lived. He is just remembered (and what need is there of more?) as "THE MAN WHO ALWAYS SUNG WHEN HE WAS BID!"

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

THE reader has seen that, in the space between the years 1300 and 1400, Dante wrote a large allegorical poem referring to the mysteries of religion, Petrarch a long series of love-sonnets, and Boccaccio several poems of a lighter cast than either, besides a cluster of small novels, considered even yet as among the most amusing of all existing books. These great feats of the intellect were performed long before the invention of printing, when an author could only give his writings to the world by permitting a few copies to be taken from his own manuscript, or by having them recited in the presence of the great. It is surprising, notwithstanding the awkwardness and difficulty of this mode of publication, that the verses of all the three poets we have alluded to, were, even in their own lifetimes, as familiar to the common people as we have seen the music of Weber and Auber in our own day. So much was this the case, that Petrarch, in the pride of learning, regretted having written any thing in the vulgar tongue, to be thus bandied about from one peasant's mouth to another, and appreciated none of his works but those in Latin, which are now entirely neglected. It is thus apparent that, at a time when *we* were a very rude people, the Italians possessed a taste for the most refined productions of genius. But, indeed, we cannot even yet, engrossed as we are in commercial cares, form any adequate idea of the sensibility of this southern people, to whom taste is a kind of staple and common inheritance, and whose every thought seems tuned to music.

About a century after Petrarch and Boccaccio had passed away, a new style of poetry sprung up in Italy—the romantic style, it has been called—consisting in the composition of long versified romances on the adventures of some imaginary hero of chivalry, mingled with a great deal of supernatural agency. The first great work of this kind was the "Orlando Innamorato" (Orlando in Love) of Boiardo, who was a gentleman of large property in the state of Ferrara, in the north-east quarter of Italy, born about the year 1434. A curious anecdote is related of this poet. He was at a loss, it seems, for a fine-sounding name to his chief character, when suddenly in hunting, the word Rodomonte started into his mind, and seemed to him all that could be desired. He instantly turned his horse's head and rode home to his mansion of Scandiano, where he ordered all the bells to be set a-ringing in honour of Rodomonte, filling his vassals, it is said, with astonishment, as they had never before heard of such a saint! Boiardo was a courtier and a diplomatist, but generally spent his time between his country mansion and the court of Ferrara. It is said that whenever he had finished a canto of his romance, he took it with him to Ferrara, and there, in the presence of a brilliant court, of which every member, from the prince to the youngest page, was prepared to applaud him, recited his gay and charming inventions.

ARIOSTO.

Ludovico Ariosto, who completed the poem of Boiardo by adding the "Orlando Furioso" (Orlando in Phrenzy), was born at Reggio in 1474, the eldest son of the governor of that city, a gentleman of good family but small wealth. Ariosto was bred to the law, but, like Petrarch and Boccaccio, deserted it for poetry. He was compelled, however, at an early period of life, to exert himself for the support of a large family left as a burden upon him by his father; a duty which he is said to have performed in a most creditable manner. At the age of twenty-nine, he had distinguished himself so much by his verses, as to be taken under the protection of Cardinal Ippolito of Ferrara; an arrangement which secured him literary leisure, at the expense of independence. Soon after, perceiving the superior popularity of Boiardo's romance to all other kinds of poetry, he commenced his Orlando Furioso, in which he took up all the characters and situations left incomplete in the Innamorato, and brought them to a conclusion. The several years which he spent on this task were occasionally interrupted by military and diplomatic employment; but at length, in 1515, his work was printed at Ferrara, and, though not considered by himself as complete either in plan or style, met with a highly favourable reception. Soon after this he quarrelled with the Cardinal Ippolito, and accepted the protection, as it was called, of the Duke Alphonso of Ferrara; at which city he spent the most of the remainder of his life, in a small neat ornamented house, near the church of S. Benedetto, where he enjoyed the society of a lady named Alessandra, who was privately married to him, and is much celebrated in his poems. His poem was reprinted in 1516, again in 1518, and at least four other editions appeared before 1532, in all of which considerable additions and improvements were made by the author. The poem finally extended to forty-six cantos.

The external appearance of Ariosto was worthy of his eminence as a poet. He was a tall and handsome man, of slow and measured step, and a grave and contemplative aspect. His complexion was very dark, his face thin and long, his head elevated and bald on the top; and these features, aided by a pair of dark and penetrating eyes, combined to give him an appearance different from the common race of mortals. His lips were beautifully formed, and, when he smiled, expressed the soft and amiable sentiments which so often grace his descriptions; his voice was clear and harmonious, and all his gestures indicative of a lofty and affectionate disposition.

The habits of Ariosto, though in early life said to have been not free from censure, were characterised latterly by that simplicity and purity which best befits the man of eminent intellect. He was fond of gardening, but so ignorant or so inattentive as often to mistake one flower for another. He was so abstracted at meal-times, as finally, by eating over-fast, to bring on indigestion; and it was possible to make him eat things by no means agreeable to the palate, instead of others which he had been promised, without his perceiving the difference. It is said that in one of these fits of absence he neglected to ask a guest to partake of the viands set before them, but, falling to himself, quickly devoured the whole, without ever perceiving that his friend was sitting unregaled. Another grotesque anecdote is related of him. It seems that his poetry soon became as well known to the common people as that of Dante and Petrarch, and was every where sung in snatches, often, it may be supposed, without any great attention to correctness. Ariosto, one day passing a potter's shop, heard a passage so dreadfully mangled by the occupant, that he fell into a great rage, and with his stick demolished a quantity of the poor man's sherds, saying, when the potter complained of the injury, "What, varlet! I have broken but half a dozen of your base pots, not worth so many halfpence, but you have broken and mangled a fine stanza of mine, worth a mark of gold!" Another anecdote, strikingly illustrative of the esteem he acquired by his productions, may be here related. Having been appointed by his friend the duke to govern a disorderly province, which was much infested by smugglers and banditti, he had the misfortune one day to wander, in a fit of absence, and without any attendant, into the very midst of one of the hordes which he had been sent to put down. In all probability he would have been very ill used, or perhaps murdered, if one of them had not known him, and proclaimed his name to the rest. The chief immediately approached him with the greatest respect, and told him, since he was the author of the Orlando Furioso, the company, so far from injuring him, would form a guard of honour to conduct him back to his castle. They did so, entertaining him all the way with the various excellencies they had discovered in the poem, and bestowing upon it the most rapturous praises.

Ariosto died on the 6th of June 1533, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and was buried in the church of S. Benedetto, at Ferrara, where a splendid monument was afterwards erected to his memory. It is related that Joseph the Second, Emperor of Germany, more than two centuries after, had occasion to pass through this city; and though he had hardly time for refreshment, he spent an hour in showing his respect for the poet by a visit to his tomb. In the age immediately following the death of Ariosto, there was not, according to the report of Bernardo Tasso, "an artizan, nor a boy, nor girl, nor an old man, who had not read the Orlando over and over again; its stanzas formed the comfort of the lonely traveller, who relieved the toil of his cold and weary journey by singing them as he went; and persons might be heard repeating them in every street and field."

According to Mr Stebbing, to whose labours we have been so much indebted, "no poem exists more richly deserving the popularity it has enjoyed through successive generations. Imagination never gave birth to a greater or more splendid variety of scenes, incidents, and characters, and never did poet hold the minds of his readers more completely captive by the charm of his song. At one time, we seem carried by some magic car over wide-stretching countries, varied with every wonder and glory of nature; at others led by a hermit, or the singing of a solitary bird, through green and quiet dells; then again, transported through the air, and making our passage amid gorgeous clouds, we find ourselves on tented battle fields, or surrounded by throngs of dames or barons, in the hall of some lordly castle. Nor does the charm of the poet consist only in this wild variety and brilliancy of the objects with which it regales the fancy. Both the sentiments and incidents are often exquisitely tender and impassioned: gaiety and splendour give way to pathos, and the music of the verse becomes as deep and plaintive as it was before light and flowing."

This beautiful, but, in our opinion, irregular poem, has been thrice translated into English—first, in the seventeenth century by Sir John Harrington; next, in the latter part of the last century by Mr Hoole; and, finally, in our own day by Mr Stewart Rose. The first of these versions is now antiquated; the second is in the cold stiff epics of the reign of George the Third, and gives no adequate idea of the glowing descriptions of Ariosto. In the third, there is alone to be found a fair representation of the feeling and spirit of the original.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT,

A TALE.

From the German of Richter.

SINCE the day when the town of Haslau first became the seat of a court, no man could remember that any one event in its annals (always excepting the birth of the hereditary prince) had been looked for with so anxious a curiosity as the opening of the last will and testament left by Van der Kabel. Seven distant surviving relatives of seven distant relatives deceased, of the said Van der Kabel, entertained some little hopes of a place amongst his legatees, grounded upon an assurance which he had made, "that, upon his oath, he would not fail to remember them in his will." These hopes, however, were but faint and weakly; for they could not repose any extraordinary confidence in his good faith—not only because, in all cases, he conducted his affairs in a disinterested spirit, and with a perverse obstinacy of moral principle, whereas his seven relatives were mere novices, and young beginners in the trade of morality—but also because, in all these moral extravagances of his (so distressing to the feelings of the sincere rascal), he thought proper to be very satirical, and had his heart so full of odd caprices, tricks, and snares, for unsuspicious scoundrels, that (as they all said) no man who was but raw in the art of virtue could deal with him, or place any reliance upon his intentions. Indeed, the covert laughter which played about his temples, and the falsetto tones of his sneering voice, somewhat weakened the advantageous impression which was made by the noble composition of his face, and by a pair of large hands, from which were daily dropping favours little and great, benefit-nights, Christmas-boxes, and New Year's gifts: for this reason it was, that, by the whole flock of birds who sought shelter in his boughs, and who fed and built their nests on him, as on any wild service-tree, he was, notwithstanding, reputed a secret magazine of springs; and they were scarce able to find eyes for the visible berries which fed them, in their scrutiny after the supposed gossamer snares.

In the interval between two apoplectic fits, he had drawn up his will, and had deposited it with the magistrate. When he was just at the point of death, he transferred to the seven presumptive heirs the certificate of this deposit; and even then said, in his old tone, how far it was from his expectation, that, by any such anticipation of his approaching decease, he could at all depress the spirits of men so steady and sedate, whom, for his own part, he would much rather regard in the light of laughing than of weeping heirs: to which remark one only of the whole number, namely, Mr Harprecht, inspector of police, replied as a cool ironist to a bitter one, "that the total amount of concern and of interest, which might severally belong to them in such a loss, was not (they were sincerely sorry it was not) in their power to determine."

At length the time is come when the seven heirs have made their appearance at the town-hall, with their certificate of deposit; namely, the ecclesiastical counsellor Glantz; Harprecht, the inspector of police; Neupeter, the court agent; the court-fiscal, Knoll; Pasvogel, the bookseller; the reader of the morning lecture, Flacks; and Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace. Solemnly, and in due form, they demanded of the magistrate the schedule of effects consigned to him by the late Kabel, and the opening of his will. The principal executor of this will was Mr Mayor himself: the sub-executors were the rest of the town-council. Thereupon, without delay, the schedule and the will were fetched from the register office of the council, to the council-chamber; both were exhibited in rotation to the members of the council and the heirs, in order that they might see the privy seal of the town impressed upon them: the registry of consignment, indorsed upon the schedule, was read aloud to the seven heirs by the town-clerk; and by that registry it was notified to them that the deceased had actually consigned the schedule to the magistrate, and entrusted it to the corporation-chest; and that, on the day of consignment, he was still of sound mind; finally, the seven seals, which he had himself affixed to the instrument, were found unbroken. These preliminaries gone through, it was now (but not until a brief registry of all these forms had been drawn up by the town-clerk) lawful in God's name that the will should be opened and read aloud by Mr Mayor, word for word, as follows:—

"I, Van der Kabel, on this 7th of May 179—, being in my house, at Haslau, situate in Dog Street, deliver and make known this for my last will; and without

many millions of words, notwithstanding I have been both a German notary and a Dutch schoolmaster. Howsoever I may disgrace my old professions by this parsimony of words, I believe myself to be so far at home in the art and calling of a notary, that I am competent to act for myself as a testator in due form, and as a regular devisor of property.

"It is a custom with testators to premise the moving causes of their wills. These, in my case, as in most others, are regard for my happy departure, and for the disposal of the succession to my property—which, by the way, in the object of a tender passion in various quarters. To say any thing about my funeral, and all that, would be absurd and stupid. This, and what shape my remains shall take, let the eternal sun settle above, not in any gloomy winter, but in some of his most verdant springs.

"As to those charitable foundations, and memorial institutions of benevolence, about which notaries are so much occupied, in my case I appoint as follows:—To three thousand of my poor townsmen, of very class, I assign just the same number of florins, which sum I will that, on the anniversary of my death, they shall spend jovially in feasting, upon the town common, where they are previously to pitch their camp, unless the military camp of his serene highness be already pitched there, in preparation for the reviews; and when the gala is ended, I would have them cut up the tents into clothes. Item, to all the schoolmasters in our principality I bequeath one golden Augustus. Item, to the Jews of this place I bequeath my pew in the high church. As I would wish that my will should be divided into clauses, this is to be considered the first.

"Amongst the important offices of a will, it is universally agreed to be one, that from amongst the presumptive and presumptuous expectants, it should name those who are, and those who are not, to succeed to the inheritance; that it should create heirs, and should destroy them. In conformity to this notion, I give and bequeath to Mr Glantz, the counsellor for ecclesiastical affairs; as also to Mr Knoll, the exchequer officer; likewise to Mr Peter Neupeter, the court agent; item, to Mr Harprecht, director of police; furthermore, to Mr Flacks, the morning-lecturer; in like manner to the court bookseller, Mr Pasvogel; and finally, to Monsieur Flitte—nothing: not so much because they have no just claims upon me—standing as they do, in the remotest possible degree of consanguinity—nor again, because they are, for the most part, themselves rich enough to leave handsome inheritances; as because I am assured, indeed I have it from their own lips, that they entertain a far stronger regard for my insignificant person than for my splendid property; my body, therefore, or as large a share of it as they can get, I bequeath to them."

At this point, seven faces, like those of the seven sleepers, gradually elongated into preternatural extent. The ecclesiastical counsellor, a young man, but already famous throughout Germany for his sermons printed or preached, was especially aggrieved by such offensive personality; Monsieur Flitte rapped out a curse that rattled even in the ears of magistracy: the chin of Flacks, the morning-lecturer, gravitated downwards into the dimensions of a patriarchal beard; and the town-council could distinguish an assortment of audible reproaches to the memory of Mr Kabel, such as prig, rascal, profane wretch, &c. But the mayor motioned with his hand; and immediately the fiscal and the bookseller recomposed their features, and set their faces like so many traps, with springs and triggers, all at full cock, that they might catch every syllable; and then, with a gravity that cost him some efforts, his worship read as follows:—

"Excepting always, and be it excepted, my present house in Dog Street; which house, by virtue of this third clause, is to descend and to pass in full property, just as it now stands, to that one of my seven relatives above mentioned, who shall, within the space of one half hour (to be computed from the reciting of this clause), shed, to the memory of me his departed kinsman, sooner than the other six competitors, one, or, if possible, a couple of tears, in the presence of a respectable magistrate, who is to make a protocol thereof. Should, therefore, all remain dry, in that case the house must lapse to the heir general, whom I shall proceed to name."

Here Mr Mayor closed the will: doubtless he observed the condition annexed to the bequest was an unusual one, but yet in no respect contrary to law: to him that wept the first the court was bound to adjudge the house: and then, placing his watch on the session table, the pointers of which indicated that it was now just half-past eleven, he calmly sat down, that he might duly witness, in his official character of executor, assisted by the whole court of aldermen, who should be the first to produce the requisite tear or tears on behalf of the testator.

That since the terraqueous globe has moved or existed, there can ever have met a more lugubrious congress, or one more out of temper and enraged, than this of Seven United Provinces, as it were, all dry and all confederated for the purpose of weeping, I suppose no impartial judge will believe. At first some invaluable minutes were lost in pure confusion of mind, in astonishment, and in the merriest peals of laughter. The congress found itself too suddenly translated into the condition of the dog, to which, in the very moment of his keenest assault upon some object of his appetites, the fiend cried out, Halt! whereupon, standing up, as he was, on his hind legs, his teeth grinning, and snarling with the fury of desire, he halted, and remained petrified. From the graspings of hope, however distant, to the necessity of weeping for a wager, the congress found the transition too abrupt and harsh.

One thing was evident to all, that, for a shower that was to come down at such a full gallop, for a baptism of the eyes, to be performed at such a hunting pace, it was vain to think of raising up any pure water of grief: no hydraulics could effect this; yet, in twenty-six minutes (four unfortunately were already gone), in one way or other, perhaps, some business might be done.

"Was there ever such a ridiculous act?" said the merchant Neupeter; "such a piece of buffoonery enjoined by any man of sense and discretion? For my part, I can't understand what it means." However, he understood thus much, that a house was by possibility floating in his purse upon a tear; and *that* was enough to cause a violent irritation in his lachrymal glands.

Knoll, the fiscal, was screwing up, twisting, and distorting his features pretty much in the style of a poor artizan on Saturday night, whom some fellow-workman is barber-ously razoring and scraping by the light of a cobbler's candle: furious was his wrath at this abuse and profanation of the title Last Will and Testament; and, at one time, poor soul, he was near enough to tears—of vexation.

The wily bookseller, Pasvogel, without loss of time, sat down quietly to business; he ran through a cursory retrospect of all the works any ways moving or affecting, that he had himself either published or sold on commission; took a flying survey of the Pathetic in general; and in this way of going to work he had fair expectations that in the end he should brew something or other; as yet, however, he looked very much like a dog who is slowly licking off an emetic which the Parisian surgeon Demet has administered, by smearing it on his nose—time, gentlemen, time was required for the operation.

Monsieur Flitte, from Alsace, fairly danced up and down the sessions-chamber: with bursts of laughter he surveyed the rueful faces around him: he confessed that he was not the richest among them; but, for the whole city of Strasburg and Alsace to boot, he was not the man that could or would weep on such a merry occasion. He went on with his unseasonable laughter and indecent mirth, until Harprecht, the police inspector, looked at him very significantly, and said, that perhaps Monsieur flattered himself he might, by means of laughter, squeeze or express the tears required from the well-known Meibomian-glands, the caruncula, &c., and might thus piratically provide himself with surreptitious rain; but in that case he must remind him that he could no more win the day with any such secretions, than he could carry to account a course of sneezes, or wilfully blowing his nose; a channel into which it was well known that very many tears, far more than were now wanted, flowed out of the eyes through the nasal duct; more, indeed, by a good deal, than were ever known to flow downwards to the bottom of most pews at a funeral sermon. Monsieur Flitte of Alsace, however, protested that he was laughing out of pure fun, and for his own amusement, and, upon his honour, with no ulterior views.

The inspector, on his side, being pretty well acquainted with the hopeless condition of his own dephlegmatised heart, endeavoured to force into his eyes something that might meet the occasion, by staring with them wide open, and in a state of rigid expansion.

The morning-lecturer, Flacks, looked like a Jew beggar mounted on a stallion which is running away with him. Meantime, what by domestic tribulations, what by those he witnessed at his own lecture, his heart was furnished with such a promising bank of heavy laden clouds, that he could easily have delivered upon the spot the main quantity of water required, had it not been for the house which floated on the top of the storm; and which, just as all was ready, came driving in with the tide, too gay and gladsome a spectacle not to banish his gloom, and thus fairly dammed up the waters.

The ecclesiastical counsellor, who had become acquainted with his own nature by his long experience in preaching funeral sermons, and sermons on the new-year, and knew full well that he was himself always the first person, and frequently the last, to be affected by the pathos of his own eloquence, now rose with dignified solemnity, on seeing himself and the others hanging so long by the dry rope, and addressed the chamber:—No man, he said, who had read his printed works, could fail to know that he carried a heart about him as well as other people; and a heart, he would add, that had occasion to repress such holy testimonies of its tenderness as tears, lest he should thereby draw too heavily on the sympathies and the purses of his fellow-men, rather than elaborately to provoke them by stimulants for any secondary views, or to serve an indirect purpose of his own. "This heart," said he, "has already shed tears (but they were shed secretly), for Kabel was my friend:" and, so saying, he paused for a moment, and looked about him.

With pleasure he observed that all were still sitting as dry as corks; indeed, at this particular moment, when he himself, by interrupting their several water-works, had made them furiously angry, it might as well have been expected that crocodiles, fallow-deer, elephants, witches, or ravens, should weep for Van der Kabel, as his presumptive heirs. Among them all, Flacks was the only one who continued to make way: he kept steadily before his mind the following little extempore assortment of objects:—Van der Kabel's good and beneficent acts; the old petticoats, so worn and tattered, and the grey hair of his female congregation at morning service; Lazarus with his dogs; his own long coffin; innumerable decapitations; the Sorrows of Werter; a miniature field of battle; and, finally, himself and his own melancholy condition at this moment, itself enough to melt any heart, condemned as he was in the bloom of youth, by the second clause of Van der Kabel's will, to tribulation, and tears, and struggles: Well done, Flacks! Three strokes more with the pump-handle, and the water is pumped out—and the house along with it.

Meantime Glantz, the ecclesiastical counsellor, proceeded in his pathetic harangue:—"O, Kabel, my Kabel," he ejaculated, and almost wept with joy at the near approach of his tears, "the time shall come that by the side of thy loving breast, covered with earth, mine also shall lie mouldering and in cor—"

—*ruption*, he would have said; but Flacks, starting up in trouble, and with eyes at that moment overflowing, threw a hasty glance around him, and said, "with submission, gentlemen, to the best of my belief I am weeping;" then sitting down with great satisfaction, he allowed the tears to stream down his face; that done, he soon recovered his cheerfulness and his *aridity*. Glantz, the counsellor, thus saw the prize fished away before his eyes: this vexed him; and his mortification was the greater on thinking of his own pathetic exertions, and the abortive appetite for the prize which he had thus uttered in words as ineffectual as his own sermons; and, at this moment, he was ready to weep for spite—and "to weep the more because he wept in vain." As to Flacks, a protocol was immediately drawn up of his watery compliance with the will of Van der Kabel; and the messuage in Dog Street was knocked down to him for ever. The mayor adjudged it to the poor devil with all his heart: indeed, this was the first occasion ever known in the principality of Haslau, on which the tears of a schoolmaster and a curate had converted themselves—not into mere amber, that incloses only a worthless insect, like the tears of the Heliades, but, like those of the goddess Freia, into heavy gold. Glantz congratulated Flacks very warmly, and observed, with a smiling air, that possibly he had himself lent him a helping hand by his pathetic address. As to the others, the separation between them and Flacks was too palpable, in the mortifying distinction of *wet* and *dry*, to allow of any cordiality between them; and they stood aloof therefore: but they staid to hear the rest of the will, which they now awaited in a state of anxious agitation.

AN ENGLISH RURAL PARISH.

In the county of Bucks, there is a small parish, named Cholesbury, in which the evils consequent on the present system of the poor-laws are exemplified in the highest possible degree. This parish, it seems, possesses a population of one hundred and thirty-nine individuals, out of which only thirty-five support themselves; sixty-six are parishioners receiving relief from the poor-rates, and thirty-eight are resident paupers receiving relief from their own parishes. Sixty years since, only one person received relief from the parish. Now, the above is the case, and the sum at present required as poor-rates amounts to no less than L.367, 4s. annually. Even so late as 1801, the amount of poor-rates was but L.37 a-year: the rapid progression in the present instance towards universal pauperism, is therefore absolutely frightful. In the list of those now on the poor roll, we perceive whole families—husband, wife, and children, each with their allotted sums. One family of six individuals (one of which is an infant of a year old) gets 9s. 6d. a-week, or L.24, 14s. annually; another family of four gets 7s. a-week; from 8s. to 9s. seems the ordinary weekly payment to families; and from 3s. to 4s. that which is given to single persons; a boy or girl of ten or eleven years of age gets 2s. About October last year, the parish officers, not being able to collect any more funds, threw up their books, and their duties fell upon the clerical incumbent. The income of this gentleman is under L.140 a-year; yet such have been the exigencies of the parish, that he has been obliged to commence supporting the paupers by daily allowances of bread, potatoes, and soup. But this source also failing, he was necessitated to apply to the magistrates at the petty and special sessions, for grants of money from other parishes, and which are called "rates in aid." These rates in aid (of perhaps L.50 at a time) have also failed: additional exactions are laid on the property in the parish; and the result at length ensues, of the land being abandoned by farmers and other cultivators. Nobody will take the land for nothing. The only ground now cultivated in the parish amounts to sixteen acres, including cottage gardens. By the account of the incumbent, communicated to the poor law commissioners (from whose report we draw this information), the moral and physical condition of the population is getting daily worse. "The poor-laws (says he) have produced so much dependence and improvidence among them, that if,

for a few weeks only, when the funds are exhausted, they are deprived of parish aid, they incur debts, and become behind hand in their rents, and, to avoid discharging it, voluntarily quit a comfortable cottage for one much less so: thus a spirit of recklessness and dishonesty is promoted, detrimental to the moral character of the very best of them. I confess I now see no prospects whatever of the parish being relieved from its present degraded and impoverished state." What a melancholy picture of human wretchedness we are here presented with!—the land of a parish in a rural district of England, literally abandoned by cultivators, in dread of the excessive burden of the poor-rates, and the chief part of the population reduced to the character of dependent paupers! Can such a thing actually be in a country so long popularly known by the title of Merry England?

FORMATION OF SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

Continuing our series of papers on this interesting subject from the thirty-first number of the Journal, the next family of foreign extraction which we have to notice as settlers in Scotland, is that of *Durham*. The Durhams derive their name from the city of that name in the north of England, where they had long been settled; and it is ascertained, from records, that they immigrated into Scotland, where they took root, in the early part of the thirteenth century, in the reign of William the First, surnamed the Lion. The *Montfichets* settled in Scotland, also, in the reign of William the First, and obtained lands in Perthshire. In the course of subsequent ages, this family has allowed its appellation to be transformed into the by no means elegant name *Muschet*. The *Bissets* or *Bysets* came from England about the same remote period, and settled in two branches, the one in Morayshire, and the other in Berwickshire. One of the families of this surname, most likely the last mentioned, was concerned in the infamous murder of the Earl of Athole, at Haddington, in East Lothian, in the year 1242.

The gallant family of the *Chenes*, or *Cheynes*, a name distinguished in Scottish warlike history, was likewise of Anglo-Norman lineage, and settled soon after the beginning of the thirteenth century, but their chief line became extinct in the fourteenth. The widely-spread family of the *Grants* were undoubtedly of Anglo-Norman descent, although the genealogists contend for a Celtic original. In the reign of William the Conqueror, there were Grants in various public employments; from England they came into Scotland, and the first who appears in the records of this country were Laurence Grant and Robert Grant, the sons of Gregory le Grant, who married Mary Byset, the daughter of Byset of Lovet. This transaction must have taken place about the years 1250–60. The *Aytons* are among the oldest and most respectable families in Scotland. They are of Anglo-Norman descent, and were originally called by the name of *De Vesci;* but a branch settling at Eytown, a place on the small river Eye, in Berwickshire, the family surname was in time changed to Eyton or Ayton. The Aytons of Inchdairney, in Fife, are, it is understood, the lineal descendants of these Anglo-Norman De Vescis. The *Campbells* are, in the same manner, of Anglo-Norman descent. Their progenitors came into Scotland in the twelfth century; the principal stem, by marrying the heiress of O'Dubhin, a Gaelic chief, obtained along with her the lands of Lochow, in Argyleshire, and laid the foundation of the potent clan Campbell, which has till this day its head-quarters in Argyleshire, and which has its branches among all classes in all parts of the country.

We have thus taken a rapid view of the settlement of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman families, as can be substantiated by the charters still preserved; although the list of immigrants is far from complete, and might be extended much farther, there being a vast number of families in Scotland of the same foreign lineage—as for instance the *Bertrams* or *Bertrands*, the *Ainslies* or *Angelos*, the *Chamberses* or *de la Chambres*. The last of these names is in Scotland generally spelt "Chalmers," in conformity with the old orthography and pronunciation of the ordinary word from which the name is derived. Enough has been given to show how Scotland acquired the use of the English tongue and the English manners. Many humble attendants followed the various heads of families into the country, whose names, from their obscurity, are now unknown, but who equally contributed to fix the predominance of the Anglo-Normans.

Scotland was not alone indebted to this great infusion of the companions of the Norman conqueror and their descendants, for the foreign usages which it adopted. During the twelfth century, it received almost as large accessions by the introduction of Flemings, or Anglo-Belgians, from which race of foreigners, it has been mentioned, the noble race of Douglas drew its first blood. Flemish people arrived in England in great numbers in the reigns of William Rufus and Henry the First,; and, during the civil wars of Stephen, they were found useful as stipendiary soldiers. On the accession of Henry the Second, in 1154, he banished the Flemings, as well as other foreign adventurers; and these fleeing into Scotland, there received settlements, and in many cases acted as the hired troops of the sovereign. This description of colonists were of two classes—a high and a low, or the military adventurer and the humble artizan. Those who distinguished themselves by the sword, received grants of lands, and founded a number of families of rank and respectability. The places of residence of these fortunate soldiers were sometimes called *Flemington*, from their national denomination, and under that name they can still be pointed out in various parts of Scotland. The inferior class of Flemings settled chiefly in villages and towns, where their acts could be turned to account; though, such was the rigour of the corporation laws, and the ignorance of the craftsmen, that such was not always easily accomplished. An immense number of Flemings settled in the eastern part of Aberdeenshire, where, indeed, they affected the intonation of the speech, and, as it is understood, introduced that peculiarity of tongue now described as *Broad Buchan*. The Flemings of a higher rank can nowhere be so well traced as in Dumfriesshire and Galloway, especially the former, in the district of Annandale, where they originated the clan *Jordan*, or *Jardine*. The Flemings, Earls of Wigton, were descended from Baldwin, a Fleming, who obtained the lands of Biggar, in Upper Clydesdale, under a grant of David the First. The Flemings penetrated into the province of Moray, where one of their principal men, Berowald by name, obtained a grant of certain lands called *Innes*, from Malcolm the Fourth, and hence his descendants assumed the name of *Innes*. But perhaps the greatest of all the Flemish settlers in the reign of David the First, was Freskin, who obtained the lands of Strathbrock, in Linlithgowshire (now called Brocks, or Broxburn.) Luckily for this foreigner, a rebellion broke out in Moray, in the year 1130, which having assisted in quelling, he was rewarded with a large tract of land in the lowlands of Moray, where his descendants settled, and shortly dropping the appellation of Freskin, assumed in its stead that of *Moray* or *Murray*, which has been since retained by their noble line of posterity—the house of Moray, and innumerable families branching from it.

In thus describing the introduction of distinguished foreigners into Scotland, it has been shown, that in nearly all cases they took their surnames or family names from their places of settlement, from whence it appears that local names connected with lands have ever been esteemed the most honourable. Surnames first began to be used in France about the end of the tenth century; from France they progressed into England, but did not make their appearance in Scotland till the beginning of the twelfth century, or the reign of David the First, and became general before the conclusion of the thirteenth. Fashion, as much as convenience, dictated the assumption of surnames. It was at first a mark of rank, or of being connected with landed property, the word *de* being ordinarily appended to the name. A considerable time elapsed in France, England, and Scotland, before the common people took family names, it being not till the recent period of Edward the Second that they were assumed in England by the working classes; and as late as 1339, the peasants of France had no surnames. The first time that surnames were written in Scotland, in subscribing names, was in the *Inquisitio Davidis*, 1116, in which *Gervase Riddel* and *Robert Corbet* were witnesses. Riddel and Corbet are thus the two oldest surnames of which there is any trace in Scottish records. After this period, they came into use by the landholders taking, as has been seen, the appellations of their property. The middle and lower ranks, who had no lands, assumed surnames from their professions—as Smith, Wright, Hunter, &c.—or from the name of their father, with the addition of *son*, as Williamson, Johnson, Robertson, &c., a custom already sanctioned by the Celtic tribes, who used their patronymics—as MacDougal, MacPherson, &c. Others adopted or were given surnames from the colour of their visage—as Brown, Black, White, &c., while some were otherwise descriptive of the mental or personal character. In some instances, those of English extraction took the name of *English*, which in all cases has since been simplified to *Inglis*.

In this manner did the whole of the Scottish Lowlanders acquire their surnames before the end of the thirteenth century, though, from various capricious circumstances, a number of names have been conferred since that period. It is remarkable that it was long before married women assumed or were given their husbands' names; and it is still more strange, that, in some parts of Scotland, they are till the present time called by their own maiden names in preference to that of their husbands.

In closing this desultory sketch of the causes and effects of the great revolution in Scotland in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the writer may be permitted the single remark, that a knowledge of such facts ought to lead the Scotch into a train of thinking in which they by no means indulge. They are in the habit of proclaiming, *that their country was never conquered;* it is hoped they will much more correctly boast of Scotland being subjected to the yoke of foreign aggression, *but that they are the descendants of the conquerors.*

RECKONING OF TIME.

In the civilised part of the world, it is now customary to reckon time by seconds, sixty of which constitute minute—minutes, sixty of which constitute an hour—hours, twenty-four of which make a day—days, of which 365 or more form a year—and years, as numbered from the period of the birth of Jesus Christ. The year has been pitched upon by mankind to signify a space of time, because it requires such a space for the earth to go round the sun, and the seasons to be completed. The month has its origin in the revolution of the moon round the earth; though, among civilised nations, a somewhat longer time than what is necessary for that purpose is now assigned to the month. The day, being that period which suffices for the revolution of the globe on its own axis, and the phenomena of which are most familiar to man, and most immediately necessary for his support and for the support of nature, was probably the first natural period of time reckoned by the human race. These three periods are all natural: what remain are artificial—for there is nothing in the world which points out the division of days into hours, hours into minutes, or minutes into seconds.

It must have always been obvious to mankind, that a day consisted of a complete revolution of the sun from one point of the sky back to that point again; but at what point the commencement of the day was to be fixed, must have been a matter less easily settled. Accordingly, among ancient nations, the Babylonians, Persians, Jews, Greeks, and almost all the nations of Asia, commenced the day at sunrise, and considered it as lasting throughout the whole of the ensuing daylight and darkness; an arrangement which would answer better in countries near the tropics than elsewhere, as the sun there rises more nearly about the same time throughout the whole year. The Arabians began their day at noon, as do the astronomers of all nations; while the ancient Egyptians, and all modern European nations, along with the modern Chinese, commence it at midnight, which is evidently the most convenient plan, seeing that it throws all the waking and active part of the day under one date. Most nations have their clocks marked for only twelve hours; but the Italians run them on from the first hour to the twenty-fourth.

The recurrence of seasons must have instructed mankind at a very early period as to the length of the year, though not very correctly. Astronomy, however, was a very early science, and, accordingly, the fact, that a year lasts 365 days and some odd hours, seems to have been ascertained at a very remote period. The principal difficulty was to obtain a starting-point from which to number the years. The era of the creation was not known, or could only be guessed at, at a comparatively late period, from the ages of the patriarchs in the Jewish scriptures. But even the Jews did not reckon from the creation till about four hundred years ago. The first mode of reckoning years that we know of, was that of the Olympiads, which took its rise among the Greeks 776 years before the birth of Christ. Public games had been instituted at Olympia, a city in Elis, which took place at every fifth recurrence of the full moon after the summer solstice, namely, about the beginning of our July. As this festival made a great impression on the public mind, the people began to reckon by Olympiads, or recurrences of the Olympic games—an Olympiad comprising four years. The supposed era of the birth of Christ (for this is not an exactly settled matter), took place about the middle of the last year of the 195th Olympiad. The Romans, on the other hand, reckoned from the foundation of their city, which took place, as of late precisely ascertained, 753 years before the birth of Christ. The Greeks latterly adopted a new era, called the Era of Seleucides, which commenced from twelve years after the death of Alexander the Great, in whose honour it was instituted. The Jews reckoned by this era till the fifteenth century, and still begin their year, according to it, some time in the month of September or October. There are some other eras, which were adopted by heathen nations; but they are hardly worth notice in this place.

The Christian Era, of which we now live in the eighteen hundred and thirty-third year, was not adopted as a reckoning of time immediately after the commencement of Christianity. That religion existed long in a very obscure way, and the date of the birth of its founder did not, for several centuries, become a sufficiently important event in the eyes of enlightened nations to cause them to make it an era. The eras of the Olympiads, the founding of Rome, the death of Alexander the Great, and the dates of ecclesiastical councils, and other events then considered of importance, were the common modes of reckoning, and continued to be partially so till a period less remote than many people suppose. Even in Italy, which early became the chief seat of Christianity, this era was not used till the sixth century. It was introduced into

France in the seventh, but not fully established till the eighth century; in Spain, though occasionally adopted in the eleventh, it was not uniformly used in public instruments till after the middle of the fourteenth, nor in Portugal until about the year 1415.

The commencement of the year was also, till a comparatively late period, the subject of no general rule. Christmas day; the day of the Circumcision, the 1st of January; the day of the Conception, the 15th of March; and Easter day; have all been used at various times, and by various nations, as the initial day of the year. Christmas day was the ecclesiastical beginning of the year, till Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, who reformed the calendar, ordered it, in 1582, to begin thenceforward on the 1st of January. In France and England, the same practice commenced about the same time; but, in the latter country, it was not till 1752 that legal writs and instruments ceased to consider the 25th of March as the beginning of the year. In Scotland, New Year's day was altered both for historical and legal purposes, from the 25th of March to the 1st of January, by a proclamation of King James the Sixth, in the year 1600. The English plan was found exceedingly inconvenient; for, when it was necessary to express a date between the 1st of January, which was the commencement of the historical year, and the 25th of March, which opened the legal one, error and confusion was sure to occur, unless it were given in the following awkward fashion—January 30, 1648–9, or $164\frac{8}{9}$. Even this was apt to lead to mistakes; and it is perhaps, even to this day, a matter of doubt with some intelligent persons, whether the execution of Charles the First, of which the above is the usual appearance of the date, occurred in the year 1648 or 1649: it in reality occurred in the year which, by our present uniform mode of reckoning, would be called 1649. Many of our readers will no doubt be startled to think, that, so lately as 1753, a mode of beginning the year on the 25th of March existed in England; but we point for a familiar illustration of the fact to the list of months which used to be so common on Bibles, where they will see March put at the head.

The division of the year into months is a matter which must have early occupied the attention of mankind. There were about thirteen revolutions of the moon in a year, and, accordingly, this was the earliest number of months. It appears, however, that many of even the ancient nations had arrived at a mode of dividing the year into twelve months, probably to suit the twelve signs of the zodiac. There was no very near approximation to the exact space of a year till Julius Cæsar, forty-five years before Christ, ordained that in general it should consist of 365 days, and that, to make up for the extra eight hours, which he believed to be the completion of the earth's revolution, the day corresponding to our 24th of February should be reckoned twice at the end of every three years. Cæsar's mistake was discovered thirty-seven years after; and six hours being then determined as the extra space, the twice-reckoned day was ordained to happen only once in four years. From the year of Christ 7, this way of reckoning was undisturbed, till, in the year 1582, Pope Gregory already mentioned resolved to reclaim the ten days which had in the meantime come into existence, through a failure to observe that the year consisted of twelve minutes and three seconds less than 365 days six hours. After deep study and calculation, this pontiff ordained that ten days should be deducted from the year 1582, by calling what, according to the old calendar, would have been reckoned the 5th of October, the 15th of October 1582. In Spain, Portugal, and part of Italy, the Pope was exactly obeyed. In France, the change took place in the same year, by calling the 10th the 20th of December. In the Low Countries, the change was from the 15th December to the 25th, but was resisted by the Protestant part of the community till the year 1700. The Catholic nations in general adopted the *style* ordained by their sovereign pontiff, but the Protestants were then too much inflamed against Catholicism in all its relations, to receive even a purely scientific improvement from such hands. The Lutherans of Germany, Switzerland, and, as already mentioned, of the Low Countries, at length gave way in 1700, when it had become necessary to omit *eleven* instead of ten days. A movement to this effect had been brought before the Parliament of England in 1585, but does not appear to have gone beyond a second reading in the House of Lords. It was not till 1751, and after great inconvenience had been experienced for nearly two centuries, from the difference of the reckoning, that an act was passed (24 Geo. II. 1751) for equalising the style in Great Britain and Ireland with that used in other countries of Europe. It was enacted, in the first place, that the historical and legal year should thenceforth be the same; that eleven days should be omitted after the 2d of September 1752, so that the ensuing day should be the 14th; and, in order to counteract a certain minute overplus of time, that "the years 1800, 1900, 2100, 2200, 2300, or any other hundreth year of our Lord which shall happen in time to come, except only every fourth hundreth year of our Lord, whereof the year 2000 shall be the first, shall not be considered as leap-years." A similar change was about the same time made in Sweden and Tuscany; and Russia is now the only country which adheres to the *old style*; which renders it necessary, when a letter is thence addressed to a person in another country, that the date should be given thus—April $\frac{1}{13}$ or $\frac{\text{June } 26}{\text{July } 9}$; for it will be observed that the year 1800 being considered by us as a leap-year, has interjected another (or twelfth) day between old and new style.

The present mode of reckoning time has experienced no interruption, in its leading features, for many years, except under the French republic. In September 1793, the French nation resolved that the foundation of their new system of government should form their era, instead of the birth of Christ, whose religion they had in a great measure shaken off, and that a calendar should be adopted on what were termed philosophical principles. The Convention therefore decreed, on the 24th of November 1793, that the common era should be abolished in all civil affairs; that the new French era should commence from the foundation of the republic, namely, on the 22d September 1792, on the day of the true autumnal equinox; that each year henceforth should begin at the midnight of the day on which the true autumnal equinox falls. This year they divided into twelve months of thirty days each, to which they gave descriptive names, as follow:—From the 22d September to the 21st of October, was Vendémaire (Vintage Month); to the 20th November, was Brumaire (Foggy Month); to the 20th December, was Frimaire (Sleety Month); this completed the autumn quarter: to the 19th January, was Nivose (Snowy Month); to the 18th February, was Pluvoise (Rainy Month); to the 20th March, was Ventose (Windy Month); which completed the winter quarter: to the 19th April, was Germinal (Budding Month); to the 19th May, was Floréal (Flowery Month); to the 18th June, was Prairial (Pasture Month); here ended the spring quarter: to the 18th July, was Messidor (Harvest Month); to the 17th August, was Fervidor or Thermidor (Hot Month); to the 16th September, was Fructidor (Fruit Month); which terminated the period of summer. In ordinary years, there were five extra days, namely, from the 17th to the 21st of our September, inclusive: these the French called Jours Complementaires or Sans-cullottides, and held as festivals; the first being dedicated to Virtue, the second to Genius, the third to Labour, the fourth to Opinion, and the fifth to Rewards. At the end of every four years, forming what they called a Franciade, occurred a leap-year, which gave a sixth complementary day, styled La Jour de la Revolution, and employed in renewing the national oath to live free or die. The *week*, though not exclusively a Christian or Jewish period of time, they also abjure. The thirty days of the month were divided into three parts of ten days each, called Decades; of which the first nine (called Primidi, Duodi, Tridi, Quartidi, Quintidi, Sextidi, Septidi, Octidi, Nonidi) were working or common days, while the tenth, styled Decadi, was observed as a kind of Sabbath, though not exactly in the Jewish sense of the word. The French, however, in indicating any particular day, either by word or writing, generally mentioned only the number of the day of the month. The Republican Calendar was first used on the 26th of November 1793, and was discontinued on the 31st of December 1805, when the calendar used throughout the rest of Europe was resumed.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CAPTAIN COOK.

In the list of men who have raised themselves from obscurity to an honourable reputation by the force of their genius and perseverance, few stand so conspicuous as the celebrated English navigator, Captain James Cook; a person who, by his unwearied exertions and enterprise, won for himself a distinguished place among the instructors and best benefactors of mankind.

This meritorious individual was born at the village of Marton, not far from Whitby, a sea-port on the coast of Yorkshire, on the 27th of October 1728. His parents were of an exceedingly humble rank in society: his father, who lived in the capacity of a farmer's servant, married a woman in the same sphere of life with himself; and both were noted for their honesty, sobriety, and industry—qualities that descended to their son James. Young Cook received the first rudiments of his education at Marton, where he was taught to read by the schoolmistress of the village. When he was eight years of age, his father, in consequence of his good character, obtained the situation of bailiff, or superintendant of a farm, to Thomas Scottowe, Esq. near Great Ayton, whither the family removed; and at that gentleman's expense James was put under the tuition of a schoolmaster, who instructed him in writing, and the first principles of arithmetic and book-keeping. At this period he is said to have shown a strong genius for figures, and to have made himself remarkable for the reservedness of his disposition, and the inflexibility of his temper. During this time he likewise followed the same servile employment as his father, as much as his tender years would permit: and thus laid the foundation of that hardiness of constitution for which in after-life he was so remarkable, and which may be said to have enabled him to accomplish his adventurous career.

When about sixteen years of age, Cook was bound apprentice to a shopkeeper at Snaith, a considerable fishing town about ten miles north of Whitby; but as he now began to evince a strong partiality for a maritime life, fostered no doubt by the situation of the place, after a year and a half's servitude he obtained a release from his engagements, and determined to follow the bent of his genius.

Accordingly, in 1746 he became an apprentice for three years with Messrs Walker, of Whitby, owners of the ship Freelove, a vessel constantly employed in the coal trade, on board which our navigator spent the greater part of his apprenticeship. After serving the full time to the entire satisfaction of his employers, he performed some voyages to the Baltic, in the capacity of a common sailor, till at length his masters, who had penetration to discover his talents and worth, appointed him mate, and afterwards master of one of their ships. In this employment he continued till the commencement of hostilities between Great Britain and France in 1755, when, being in the river Thames with his vessel, and finding that press-warrants were issued, he felt a spirit that disdained to be *compelled* to serve his king, and he adopted the resolution of entering the royal navy as a volunteer; "having a mind," as he expressed himself, "to try his fortune in that way."

Cook entered on board the Eagle, of sixty guns, commanded by Captain, afterwards Sir Hugh, Palliser; and that judicious officer soon perceived the merit of this excellent seaman, and granted him every encouragement compatible with the humble station which he occupied. His friends and relatives in his native country, likewise, finding his conduct deserving their patronage, generously interfered in his behalf; and through the influence of Mr Osbaldeston, M. P. for Scarborough, with the assistance of Captain Palliser, they at length procured him a master's warrant in the Mercury, and in her he soon after sailed to North America, where she joined the fleet under Sir Charles Saunders, in the memorable expedition against Quebec.

It was on this occasion that the talents of Cook were first brought into notice. During the siege, a difficult and dangerous service was to be performed. This was to take the soundings of the river St Lawrence, between the Isle of Orleans and the north shore, directly in front of the French fortified camp at Montmorency and Beauport, in order to enable the admiral to place ships against the enemy's batteries, and to cover the army in the grand attack which General Wolfe intended to make on the camp. Captain Palliser, in consequence of his acquaintance with Cook's skill and resolution, recommended him to the service, and he performed it in the most complete manner.

After the reduction of Quebec, Cook was appointed by Lord Colville, on the 22d of September 1759, master of the Northumberland, in which ship his lordship remained the following winter, as commodore at Halifax. During the leisure which the winter season afforded him, he employed his time in the acquisition of such knowledge as eminently qualified him for his future appointments. It was at Halifax that he first read Euclid, the father of mathematics, and applied himself to the study of astronomy, and other higher branches of nautical science. The assistance which he derived from books was but scanty; but his industry enabled him to supply many wants, and to make a progress far superior to what could have been expected from the few advantages he enjoyed.

In April 1760, he received a lieutenant's commission, and he continued during two years to apply himself diligently to acquire a knowledge of the North American coast, and to facilitate its navigation. His abilities as an accurate draughtsman were now so well known, that he was employed by different commanders, particularly Lord Graves, to make charts and surveys; and the unanimous voice of the best judges confirms his merit in this respect.

Towards the close of 1762, he returned to England, and married a young lady of the name of Batts, whom he tenderly loved, and who had every claim to his warmest affection and esteem. It is a singular circumstance, if it be true as reported, that he was godfather to his future wife, and, at the very time she was christened, declared that he had determined on the union which afterwards took place between them.

Early in the year 1763, after the restoration of peace, he was appointed marine-surveyor of Newfoundland, at the recommendation of his steady friend and patron, Captain, afterwards Lord Graves, who went out again as governor. This appointment he continued to fill, under successive governors, till the close of the year 1767; and he had here an opportunity of exhibiting to the Royal Society a proof of the great progress which he had made in the study of astronomy. This he did in 1766, by making an observation of an eclipse of the sun at the Island of Newfoundland, with the longitude deduced from it, which was published in the fifty-seventh volume of the Philosophical Transactions; and he now acquired reputation for his scientific, as he had formerly for his professional skill.

We come now to that period of Cook's life when he was to be known to the world as one of the most illustrious navigators that any age or nation has pro

duced. It having been calculated by astronomers that a transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc would happen in 1769, and that the best place for observing it would be in some part of the South Seas, the Royal Society addressed a memorial to his majesty on the subject, entreating that a vessel might be ordered at the expense of government, for the conveyance of suitable persons to make the observations. To this memorial a favourable answer was returned, and the Endeavour bark, a vessel of three hundred and seventy tons, was purchased into the service for the voyage. Some difficulties occurred in the appointment of a commander; but at length Mr Stephens, Secretary to the Admiralty, mentioned Lieutenant Cook as a person whom he judged to be fully qualified for the direction of the voyage, and at the same time recommended it to the board to take the opinion of Sir Hugh Palliser, who had lately been governor of Newfoundland, and was intimately acquainted with the merit of Cook. Sir Hugh rejoiced in the opportunity of serving his friend, and, through the strength of his recommendation, it was determined that Cook should have the command of the expedition. He was appointed joint-astronomer with Mr Charles Green, a gentleman who had long been assistant to Dr Bradley, at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich; and he was also accompanied by Mr, afterwards Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society, and by Dr Solander, a Swedish gentleman, who had made much proficiency in every branch of natural history, under the instructions of the celebrated Linnæus. With the rank of captain, he sailed down the river Thames, on the 30th of July 1768, and, on the 26th of August following, he sailed from Plymouth Sound, on an expedition the most honourable to his country.

On the 13th of November, Captain Cook arrived at Rio de Janeiro, in South America; and proceeding from thence, after touching at Port Maurice, in the Streights of Le Maire, on the 13th of April 1769, he anchored in Matavia Bay, in the island of Otaheite. On the 3d of June, the transit of the planet Venus over the sun's disc was observed with great advantage. A particular account of this rare astronomical event, the providing for the accurate observation of which reflected so much honour on his majesty's munificent patronage of science, may be seen in the sixty-first volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

In the course of this voyage, Captain Cook visited the Society Islands; determined the insularity of New Zealand; sailed through the strait which separates these two islands, now called after his name; and made a complete survey of both. He afterwards explored the eastern coast of New Holland, hitherto unknown; and thus added an extent of more than two thousand miles to our geographical knowledge of the globe. On the 12th of June 1771, he came to an anchor in the Downs, after having been absent almost three years, in which time he had experienced every danger to which a voyage of such length is incident, displaying on all occasions a mind equal to the most perilous enterprises, and to the boldest and most daring efforts of navigation and discovery.

Shortly after Captain Cook's return to England, it was resolved to equip two ships to complete the discovery of the southern hemisphere. It had long been a prevailing idea that the unexplored part contained another continent, and many plausible philosophical arguments had been urged in support of this opinion. To ascertain this point was the important object of Captain Cook's second voyage. That nothing might be omitted which could tend to facilitate the enterprise, two ships were provided, equipped with uncommon care, and furnished with every necessary that could contribute to the safety, health, and comfort of the navigators. The first of these ships, commanded by Captain Cook, was called the Resolution, a vessel of four hundred and sixty-two tons burthen; the other, the Adventure, of three hundred and thirty-six tons, was commanded by Captain Tobias Furneaux.

He sailed from England on the 9th of April 1772; on the 25th of January 1774, arrived within the southern frozen zone; and on the 30th of January, he reached the latitude of 71° 10′ south; but all attempts to penetrate farther to the southward being found absolutely impracticable, he was obliged to relinquish the attempt. This latitude, to the extent of three degrees, has been since passed by Captain Weddell, in 1823.

Cook returned to England from this his second voyage, in July 1774, and was received with marked honours. He might now have retired from all future toil; but he was reserved for yet far greater exertions, and doomed, through savage barbarity, to lose a life of the greatest value to society. For a number of years it had been a favourite scheme with navigators to discover a shorter and more commodious passage to the East Indies than by the Cape of Good Hope. Cook's mind was fired with the magnitude of such a design, and the consequences likely to result from it. Under a noble enthusiasm, he offered his services in the conducting of the expedition; no proposal could have been more grateful, and he was invested with the command. The vessels destined for this service were the Resolution and the Discovery—the former being given to Cook, the latter to Captain Clerke. The instructions were to seek out a path from the Pacific to the Atlantic, by way of the clusters of islands Cook had before visited within the southern tropic. The ships left the English Channel in July 1776. The particulars of this interesting voyage our readers are most likely already acquainted with. It will be remembered that Cook proceeded by way of the Cape of Good Hope, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, the Friendly and Society Islands, and from thence northwards along the west coast of America, till he was prevented from sailing round the northern extremity of Asia by the approach of winter. He now returned southwards to the Sandwich Islands, in the Pacific, with the intention to remain till summer; but here his enterprise was arrested. When at the Island of Owhyhee, a quarrel arose between the natives and the ship's crews, which led to a sort of skirmish or hurried fight. In endeavouring to quell the disturbance, when on shore, he was stabbed in the back, and fell with his face into the water. This melancholy event occurred on the 14th of February 1779. The intelligence was received, not only in Britain, but throughout Europe, with general lamentation, and various honours were justly paid to his memory, both by public bodies and private individuals.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

In addition to the comprehensive account of the colony of New South Wales, forming a number of our "Information for the People," the following sketch from the *New South Wales Calendar* for the year 1833, may be perused with advantage by intending emigrants and others.

"In this important colonial possession, the rising up of towns and villages, and the erection of well-proportioned public and private edifices, stand in proud attestation of a country's advancement. At the first settlement of the colony, the eye in every direction rested upon no other object than an interminable forest. Now, the stranger beholds Sydney, the metropolis of Australia, with no small surprise; the regularity of the streets, and the elegance of the buildings, being beyond his most sanguine expectations.

A proof of the country's progression consists in the appointment of the mails, and the quick and secure transmission of letters by post. Settlers in distant parts of the interior are now supplied with their letters and newspapers at a fixed rate, and at stated periods, and the inhabitants of Sydney with the latter twice every day, with the exception of Sunday. Stage-coaches also run regularly between the metropolis and some of the towns in the interior, while, for the accommodation of the good citizens of the capital, more than one hackney-coach has already started. Between the ports of Sydney and Newcastle several vessels are regularly trading, while others speed their way to Van Dieman's Land and New Zealand on varied objects of commerce. Nor are these the only means of intercourse by water. Two steam-vessels, those rapid vehicles of communication, which Great Britain and America shoot forth to different countries of the northern hemisphere, have begun to ply upon our southern waves. The Sophia Jane, and William the Fourth (the last built in the colony on William's River), make their weekly trips on different days from Sydney to Newcastle, a town on the mouth of the Hunter, and on to the Green Hills near Maitland, thirty-eight miles up the river. By this means the settlers in these rich and extensive districts have the accommodation of making choice of the opportunities, without regard to wind or tide, of proceeding to and from Sydney within a week, of shipping the produce of their farms for the market, and bringing back goods in return.

Another mark of the progress of cultivation and march of intellect, will be found to consist in the publication of newspapers and other periodical works; of the former, there are at present six in the colony, besides the *Government Gazette*; in addition to these we have the *Australian Almanack*, an annual which contains much useful information for the colonist.

A great improvement is daily taking place in the outward condition of the several ranks of society. While the climate is decidedly good, and where but little disease predominates, which, with care and attention, may be generally avoided or repelled, the sick, from accident or from causes unconnected with climate, the helpless and infirm, have the benefit of the Hospital, the Dispensary, and Benevolent Asylum. For the moral welfare of the community there are various societies. For the general reader, there are a subscription and two circulating libraries; for the scientific, lectures in natural philosophy, chemistry, &c.; and a museum, which must ere long rise into importance, as the public receptacle for the innumerable wonders of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms of this great southern land. Astronomy possesses her votary at the observatory in Paramatta, while the lovers of Flora may range at pleasure through the walks of the Botanical Garden and drives in the government domain in Sydney; and the admirers of agriculture and horticulture attend the annual meetings of 'the Society,' and witness the awarding of medals to the successful candidates for the several premiums for colonial produce and stock. The amateur of the 'course' can boast his turf, racing, and jockey clubs. The lover of drollery and fun, his 'Levy at Home;' the man of merchandise, his 'Australian Society,' his 'Chamber of Commerce,' and 'Marine Insurance Company.' And while the man of wealth rejoices in his shares in the larger, the prudent and thrifty avail themselves of a safe depository for their 'savings' in the lesser bank. Inventions of different kinds from the mother country are constantly multiplying.

As a consequence of this improvement in the physical circumstances of the people, population has within these few years been greatly on the increase; which will be evident from the fact, that by the census, taken in 1820, the number of souls amounted to 25,526, and by that of 1828, to 36,598. A great change for the better also has been gradually taking place in the quality of every description of stock. No country can be more favourable for breeding good horses than this. The mildness of the climate, the abundance of natural grasses, and the extensive runs through endless woods, and over the finest downs, tend in no slight degree to their improvement. We have at the present time most excellent breeds of different kinds, imported from England and India, both for saddle and draught, and their number far exceeds the demand for them. Here, too, they are subject to very few diseases, and live to a great age.

From the same advantages of climate and pasture, horned cattle also thrive well in this colony. Of the Devonshire, Suffolk, Durham, and Ayrshire breeds, very many have been imported. The supply of milk, butter, and cheese, is generally abundant. The beef is excellent and plentiful, and, consequently, cheap, and must continue so as long as the increase of animal food exceeds the consumption; many, however, of our superabundant cattle, will be drained from our herds, now that our salted beef, some of which, having been well tried, has been pronounced of very *superior* quality, is made to supply our whalers, and is becoming a valuable export from our shores.

As it regards sheep, our colonial wool has of late wonderfully improved, and is now equal or superior, in many flocks, to the fleece of any other country. Good, confidential shepherds, however, are much wanted. Were the sheep farms supplied with such, the quantity of wool would be greatly increased, as the lives of many valuable sheep would be annually saved to the wool-grower.

Many thousand acres of our territory are now under cultivation in wheat and maize. On this side of the Blue Mountains the soil and climate are not generally favourable to the growth of the former, but are particularly adapted to that of the latter. To the westward of the mountains, and in the county of Argyle, wheat flourishes well, the crops are abundant, and the grain of the very best quality.

The cultivation of tobacco is rapidly increasing in the colony, and a very excellent snuff is manufactured in Sydney from its produce. The climate appears to be well adapted also to the growth of the hop, and of cotton and flax.

As regards vegetables, these of every description flourish in our gardens, while fruit-trees of all kinds, such as oranges, peaches, apples, pears, &c., are very productive amongst us. The olive promises well; and every year adds somewhat new to the present productions, in the shape of seeds and fruit-trees imported from Europe, South America, and India.

Considered in a mineralogical and geological point of view, this country is by no means deficient in interest, but, on the contrary, is daily advancing in importance. The quantity and quality of her coal, worked by the Australian Agricultural Company at Newcastle, will be not only a source of increasing value to the resident in Sydney, where the purchase of firewood, which must now be brought from a considerable distance into the capital, is attended with so much expense, but must also be an article of export. Some of the best kinds of iron are to be met with in the colony; and from the recent discovery, by the writer of this sketch, in the neighbourhood of the Liverpool Range, of native copper coating the rounded surfaces of agate and cornelian, it may be presumed that the riches of this mineral will one day be extracted from the bowels of our mountains, and be made to be of no trifling importance in the manufactures of the country. Here, in this new land, the geologist observes the general accordance of the inclination and alternation of the several strata with that of other countries on the surface of the earth, and discovers organic remains in localities similar to those where they are known to predominate in the old world.

Of the various descriptions of emigrants, the following are much wanted amongst us, and, if sober and industrious, may calculate upon obtaining full employment and good wages, namely, brickmakers and bricklayers, stone-masons and plasterers, ship and house-carpenters, coopers and wheelwrights, painters and glaziers, cabinetmakers and blacksmiths. And as the disproportion between the sexes cannot but be considered one of the most serious evils in the social condition of the colony, the emigration hither of unmarried females of good character, in the humbler walks of life (and many such have already arrived amongst us) must be attended with very beneficial results to the community at large.

Disappointments, however, many and grievous, having been experienced by settlers on their arrival, especially by the emigrant pensioners of the army and artillery, as a preventive against any similar misfortunes for the future, a society, which is called the 'Emigrant's Friend Society,' has been recently formed in Sydney, the especial object of which is, as vessels arrive successively in our harbour, to direct the strangers on our shores how to procure employment, and thereby prevent them from spending to no available purpose the little they possess, and from

being foiled in the hopes which induced them to quit their native land.

The permanent welfare of all classes in our community must doubtless depend upon a due proportion of emigrant capitalists and emigrant labourers respectively arriving amongst us. The system of making grants of land being now abolished, the former may purchase land of the government at the minimum price of 5s. per acre, or may rent land at a yearly lease of 3s. 1½d. per 100 acres; and as there are millions of acres in the colony still unoccupied, we invite to our shores individuals of this description, bidding them bear in mind the great advantages they will here enjoy in having on their farms the aid of convict labour, so much cheaper than that of free servants: assuring them, that if they will only take care that the servants assigned to them by the government be well treated, well fed and clothed, they will be as safe on their lands in the midst of the *bond*, as they would be in England, surrounded by the *free*.

Such then, we repeat it, is the present state of Australia; such her standing amongst the colonies of Great Britain; and, blest beneath the sway of a ruler whose study is the people's welfare, she cannot but continue to increase in wealth and importance, until at no distant period she shall obtain that great political boon from the mother country, a legislative assembly, and rise proudly pre-eminent, happy and independent, amidst the nations of the earth."

THE SEA.

Among the sublimer objects of nature, a prominent place is to be allowed to the sea—the deep and illimitable ocean, with all its various and opposite properties; its use, and its destructive power; its beauty in the summer sun, its rage and deformity in the winter storm; now bearing the fortunes of thousands on the favouring expanse of its bosom; now burying them in fury in its greedy depths. Then the daily flux and reflux of its tides, its mighty currents, its vast concavity, the infinite variety in shape and size of its inhabitants—all furnish materials for deep thought and pleasing speculation.

As is generally known, this vast expanse of waters covers by far the greater part of the surface of the earth; so that the land seems rather an exception from the sea than the sea from the land. In reality, however, the sea is a part of nature in every point of view subordinate to the land. The globe consists throughout of those substances which we generally denominate land, and the sea is nothing more than a covering to the more solid body, and one, comparatively speaking, of no great depth. The sea also is evidently designed as a subservient thing to the earth, furnishing the vapour which rears its vegetation, and the most easy means of transportation from one part to another.

The largest masses of the sea, uninterrupted by land, are, the Pacific Ocean, which separates the continents of Asia and America; the Atlantic Ocean, by which Europe and America are divided; and the Northern and Southern Oceans, which surround the poles. The extent of some of these oceans in one or more directions is not less than ten thousand miles. Besides lesser bodies of water, called seas, there are minuter subdivisions called gulfs, bays, and estuaries; but it our purpose, on this occasion, to confine ourselves to a general consideration of the properties and purposes of this interesting portion of nature.

The waters of the ocean contain, besides pure water, several extraneous substances, in proportions which vary in different parts: Muriatic or marine acid, vitriolic or sulphuric acid, fixed mineral alkali or salt, magnesian and sulphated lime, are the chief ingredients of sea-water. The saltness of the sea seems in general to be less towards the poles than under the equator: there are exceptions, however, in some places, particularly in gulfs which receive many rivers. Amongst the numerous experimental results which Dr Marcet has arrived at, relative to the different kinds of sea-water, are the following, viz.:—

"That the Southern Ocean contains more salt than the Northern, in the ratio of 1.02919 to 1.02757.

"That the sea in general contains more salt where it is deepest, and most remote from land; and that its saltness is always diminished in the vicinity of large masses of ice.

"That small inland seas, though communicating with the ocean, are much less salt than the open sea.

"That the Mediterranean contains rather larger quantities of salt than the ocean."

Sea-water, also, in several places, has been found less salt at the surface than at the bottom. In the Straits of Constantinople the proportion is as 72 to 62, and in the Mediterranean as 32 to 29. By acquiring additional saltness, also, it seems at a certain depth to lose much of its bitterness; so at least says Spurrman, who took up a bottle of sea-water from the depth of 60 fathoms, and found it to taste like fresh water, in which common salt had been dissolved.

Although it is easy to discover the advantages resulting from the saltness of the ocean, yet to solve the cause of its being so is a matter which presents the most serious difficulties, and has formed a subject for the most elaborate research of the philosopher, both in ancient and modern times, and, after all, the opinions entertained of it are as unsatisfactory as ever. Dr Halley has endeavoured to account for the saltness of the ocean, by ascribing it altogether to the soluble substances which are incessantly washed into it by the rivers, the waters of which, he observes, even in their greatest purity, are never without a certain portion of saline matter. The water in this state flows into the sea, and, being evaporated and dispersed over the atmosphere by aërial currents, it descends in rain or vapour upon the surface of this earth, and accumulates in its course to the ocean a fresh tribute of salt, which, not being a volatile substance like the fluid by which it is dissolved, is perpetually adding to the stock already deposited in the depths, and so keeps up the saline properties of the ocean. What may appear to give some weight to this hypothesis of Dr Halley, is the fact, that, from the whole surface of the ocean, there arise, in the shape of vapour, every twelve hours, no less than 30,320,500,000,000, or more than thirty millions of millions of cubic feet of water, which is more than sufficient to supply all the rivers which intersect the four quarters of the globe. Other naturalists observing that extensive beds of sea-salt occur in almost every part of the upper world, and concluding by analogy that the bottom of the ocean is similarly furnished, have concluded that the saltness of the sea is produced by the perpetual wasting of such beds, supporting by this conclusion the theory which implies a gradual increase of that property in the sea. Others, of more modern date, consider the waters of the sea as the residuum of a primitive fluid, which must have contained all the substances of which the globe is composed; and that this primitive fluid having deposited all the earthy principles, both acid and metallic, with which they were impregnated, there remained in their residuum (the present ocean) the elementary principles too intimately combined with water to escape from it; and with respect to the bitterness of sea-water, as it diminishes in proportion to its depths, it can arise solely from the great quantity of decomposed and putrifying animal and vegetable substances, which float in the ocean, and to which the rivers are constantly adding.

Whether the waters of the sea are not in a state of gradual diminution, is a question which has long engaged the attention of naturalists, and the result of every inquiry into this subject has been to prove that the present ocean, considered as to its entire quantity, remains always the same; but local circumstances, such as, for example, the clearing of waste lands, the destruction of forests, the turning away or choking up of the channels of rivers, may for a time alter the levels of some of the interior seas.

The quantity of water in the northern and southern hemispheres is exceedingly different. In the former, the proportion of land and water is seventy-two to a hundred; whereas, in the latter, it is only as fifteen to the same number. This unequal distribution of land and water in the two hemispheres, led the geographers and the naturalists of the last century to conclude, that a great continent existed in the south pole, to counterbalance the mass of land in the north. But the voyages of modern navigators have proved these conjectures to be altogether unfounded; indeed, according to the more rational views now entertained of the subject, the equilibrium of the globe can in no way be affected by the slight inequalities which are observed on its surface.

The knowledge which we have obtained of the depth of the ocean in various places, although sufficient for the purposes of the navigator, is too limited altogether to satisfy the inquiry of the curious. The greatest depth that has been reached by actual sounding has seldom much exceeded a mile. Lord Mulgrave heaved a very heavy sounding-lead in the Northern Ocean, and gave out with it a cable rope to the length of 730 fathoms, or 4680 feet (somewhat less than a mile), but without finding a bottom; and Captain Parry, with a line of 1020 fathoms, or 6120 feet (about a mile and an eighth), met with a similar disappointment. This was the greatest depth of soundings that is known to have ever been attempted. The depth of the sea has been thought to correspond with the height of the mountains upon its shores; but the justice of this theory, of course, can never be properly ascertained. Along the eastern coast of America, the average depth of the ocean, at the distance of 100 leagues from the land, appears to be about 300 and 360 feet; but the theory of the tides seems to require that the mean depth of the Atlantic should be about three miles—in no instance is there reason to conclude that the greatest depth of the ocean exceeds four miles.

So far as the bottom of the sea has been explored, it is found to be of as unequal surface as the land; so that, if the fluid were dried up, we might expect it to assume the appearance of hills and vallies, table-lands and large plains. In some places, the bed of the sea is found to be covered with vast quantities of shells, intermixed with sand and gravel; and in others, with soft alluvial sand several feet in depth. Donati, the Italian naturalist, describes the beds of shells at the bottom of the Adriatic Sea to be several hundred feet in thickness; and a great part of the bottom of the South Sea is known to be covered with coral rocks, which, though the production of very small insects, frequently rise, like stupendous walls, to the surface, and form extensive islands. In Cook's Voyage to the Pacific, one of these submarine formations is described as follows:—"At one part of the reef, which bounds the lake within, almost even with the surface, there was a large bed of coral, which afforded a most enchanting prospect. Its base, which was fixed to the shore, extended so far that it could not be seen, so that it appeared to be suspended on the water. The sea was then unruffled, and the refulgence of the sun exposed the various sorts in the most beautiful order; some parts luxuriantly branching into the water, others appearing in vast variety of figures, and the whole greatly heightened by spangles of the richest colours, glowing from a number of large clams interspersed in every part. Even this delightful scene was greatly improved by the multitude of fishes that gently glided along, seemingly with the most perfect security. Their colours were the most beautiful that can be imagined—blue, yellow, black, red, &c.—far excelling any thing that can be produced by art."

The celebrated diver Pesacola, whom the Emperor Francis the Second employed to descend into the Strait of Messina, saw there, with horror, enormous *polypi* attached to the rocks, the arms of which being several yards long, were more than sufficient to strangle a man. There are also bituminous springs, and even springs of fresh water, that spout up from the depths of the ocean; and, in the Gulf of Spezzia, a great sprout or fountain of fresh water is seen to rise like a liquid hill. Similar springs are to be found in the Bay of Xagua, which gush up with such force that small boats dare not approach them.

Several of the subordinate seas, or branches of the great ocean, have been distinguished by names agreeable to the peculiar colour which they possess, such as the Red Sea, the Yellow Sea, the Black Sea, the White Sea, &c. This difference of colour is ascribed to accidental circumstances, such as the nature of the bottom, the infusion of certain earthy or mineral substances, &c. In some instances the colour is permanent, and in others it is only illusory, produced by the fugitive tints of the sky. Humboldt informs us that he has frequently observed the waters of the Atlantic, when no change could be perceived in the appearance of the sky, to pass suddenly from an indigo blue to a deep green, and from the latter to a grey appearance. The Greenland seas, also, have been observed to change from ultra-marine blue to an olive green, and from perfect transparency to the semblance of a thick and muddy pulp. This phenomenon is ascribed to a vast quantity of animalculæ in the green-coloured water; for in the blue, where few of these insects are to be found, the sea is so transparent that the bottom may be seen at the depth of eighty fathoms.

HONEY BEES AND WILD BEES.

Besides the common bee, which is fostered in gardens, &c. on account of its honey, there are several others in this country which also produce honey, and whose nests often afford a prize of well-filled combs to schoolboys and little shepherds, when discovered in hedge-banks or the sides of hills. It is often a question with such young philosophers, why the creatures which afford them such a rich treat, and whose underground stories seem as copiously filled as those of the most industrious hive, are not domesticated as the latter are, and indulged with a place in the garden, where they might labour to the same useful purpose as their brethren. This appears the more singular, that they are seen humming about on every flower during the honey months, and may be supposed to carry off much of the sweets that might otherwise be brought to the garden hive. They are of several different kinds, all apparently equally industrious. There is the common *humble bee*, black, with the hinder part of its abdomen white; the *black and red bee*; the *brown* or *foggy bee*, somewhat resembling the *carder* in its habits; and the *black bee*, noted for the fierce defence of its nest, which, after all, is not much worth plundering. These are the chief kinds which produce honey; and the question, as we have said, is, why are they not domesticated in hives, and their labours made useful like those of the garden bee? In answer, we may mention, that, in the habits of all these bees, there are circumstances which render their domestication almost impossible. The course of their life through the summer is as follows:—One bee alone having survived the rigours of winter, generally sets to work, about the early part of June, to construct a nest for herself and her future progeny: these nests are of different kinds, according to the habits of the insect; some of them, as the humble bee, going deep into the earth in dry banks; others preferring heaps of stone or gravel; and the brown, foggy, or moss bee, choosing always some bed of dry moss, generally of the long interwoven kinds called *hypnum*. The nest, as first constructed, is of small dimensions within; but when the bee has deposited her eggs, and young begin to be hatched, they all labour in common, and soon produce much more ample accommodations. The cells which we find in these nests are not the work of the old bee, but are formed by the young insects in

the same manner as the cocoons of silk-worms; and when the perfect insect is released from them by the old bee, which the latter does by gnawing off their tops, they are then employed as honey-cups. The honey which is here deposited is not, however, intended as a store for winter: it is collected solely to meet the wants of the growing colony in rearing its young bees, which are fed on a mixed food of honey and pollen (dust from the flowers of plants) while they are in the caterpillar state. The wants of the young go on increasing for a great part of the summer, and the quantity of honey they consume is very large: towards the middle or latter part of September, however, the energies of the bees begin to wax fainter, and little further progress is made in adding to the colony, or in collecting honey. Cold and showery days begin, even by this time, to thin the number of the insect population, who are now seen creeping slowly, with damp and heavy wings, upon the stalks and petals of flowers, where they were formerly seen actively buzzing about in search of honey. The stores of the honey-cups have not outlasted the wants of the young unfledged bees, of which they were the proper food; and if the nests be examined now, these cups are found quite empty. The bees which survive the accidents of rain, cold, and frost (for they are now frequently overtaken by frosty nights in their languid journey homeward), by degrees forsake the nest and its furniture, leaving the latter as a prey to mice, beetles, or other animals. To shelter themselves for the winter, they seek out some dry bank (not preferring one exposed to the sun), where they penetrate to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet into the earth, pushing up the earth behind them, and leaving no visible track by which they have descended. In these situations they are often found by labourers and others in digging the earth; and such people are often greatly puzzled to imagine how the insect can have reached such a depth. Persons who have attended to the habits of wild bees, can often fix on the spots where they take refuge, digging for and finding them with the greatest certainty.

The experiment of domesticating the different kinds of wild bees, has been tried; and it was found, that by removing their nest cautiously in an evening, and placing it in a quiet situation, in a garden or other place where they could be observed, they went on with their works without apparent alarm or interruption. During the whole summer, they continued to prosecute their occupations with the same industry as other bees; but about September, as we have mentioned, the hive began to turn languid, and the numbers which appeared going and coming about the entrance became daily smaller. It was imagined they had taken refuge within the hive; but when this was opened, after all seemed to have ceased their labours, every thing was found empty and deserted; there were neither bees nor honey; the stronger and younger insects, no doubt, having gone to make burrows for themselves in the earth, and the older ones having gradually fallen victims to the accidents of approaching winter.

The habits of our common honey bee are quite the reverse of these: the honey which they collect is intended partly as a store for use during some future emergency; and, accordingly, the quantity remaining at the end of summer, though some portion has been wanted for the nourishment of the young bees, is always large, and affords an ample repayment to those who have furnished them with shelter. This bee appears to have been originally a native of warmer climates than that of Britain; but it has been carried in the train of civilised man to whatever wilderness he has gone to colonise. It is now naturalised in New Holland, and in America it always keeps advancing into the solitudes of the forest, some hundred miles before the regular settlements of civilised people; the Indians mark its approaches, and call it the "*white man's bee*," because they find it the constant forerunner and companion of the white settlers.

In Cashmere there are several kinds of bees, *which have the habits requisite for domestication*; and that country, with the north of India, appears to be the native soil of these genera of honey bees. The inhabitants have a way of domesticating them which might be imitated with success in this country. In building dwelling houses, they leave certain cavities in the wall, with a very small aperture to the outside, like the entrance to a hive, but quite open inwards; this inner part is covered afterwards with a frame, having a door which opens at pleasure; into these cavities, which are much superior in the essential respects of warmth and security to our bee-hives, the insects are admitted; and here they carry on their labours during the summer. The people of the house, by opening the interior door, can see them at work whenever they please, and can remove a honey-comb at any time without distressing the hive; the only precaution necessary being to blow in at the back part as much smoke as will make the bees fly out at the front entrance. English travellers have seen the operation performed, and the bees quietly return. This plan of lodging bees might be followed here to great advantage, if not in dwelling houses, at least in the offices about farms, where a bee-hive in the wall would be at once cheaper, more secure, and more ornamental, than the masses of straw now used, which, besides affording no security against human plunderers, are the continual haunt of mice, snails, and all sorts of vermin.

THE ESKDALE POET.

In the second number of the Journal, we presented a poem, entitled an *Ode to Poverty*, the production of William Park, a person in a humble walk of life in the district of Eskdale, upon the Scottish border. This ingenious individual, who belongs to that class of the peasantry from which Burns, and so many other Scotsmen who have distinguished themselves, drew their origin, has now published a volume of his collected poems, descriptive of his native vale, his feelings under various circumstances, and the objects which struck his fancy in the course of his rural occupations. Some of these pieces possess considerable merit, and, to be the effusions of a humble peasant in a remote thinly-populated district, who must have drawn his knowledge of mankind and their refinements almost entirely from books, tney are so very creditable to him, that we most earnestly recommend them to the notice of our readers. The following verses, addressed to a human tooth, dug out of the cairn on Airswood-Moss, in May 1828, may be accepted as a specimen of the livelier pieces, as well as of the capacity of a plain Scottish ploughman of the nineteenth century:—

TOOTH OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Tooth of the olden time! I'd wish to learn
Thy living history; what age and nation
Thou represented'st underneath the cairn,
Fruitful of antiquarian speculation;
Nor are my queries an unmeaning sally—
Tooth is to tongue a neighbour and an ally.

Was it thy proud distinction, ancient tooth,
To ornament and arm a Roman jaw,
When the all-conquering legions of the south
Impos'd on us their language and their law?
When death or bondage seem'd to overtake us,
Pray, didst thou gnash defiance on Galgacus?

Was thy proprietor a sky-blue Pict,
Remarkable for longitude of arm?
One of that tribe which kingly Kenneth kick'd
From crown and kingdom, to their no small harm?
Well known they were, I wot, for uncouth grammar,
For painting, too, and throwing the sledge-hammer.

Perhaps thou art a tooth of Saxon breed,
(A heath'nish cruel race with yellow hair,)
And haply grinn'd within some helmed head,
With every transport, when the victim fair
Was seiz'd and slain, and sacrificed, and sodden,
And served up to bloody Thor and Woden.

Thou'rt not Druidical, I'm prone to think,
For near my lonely tomb no forests grow;
Nor o'er thy bending river's grassy brink,
Hath the green oak its shade been known to throw,
Forming a fane of gloom for Druid sages,
Or all hath perish'd in the lapse of ages.

What was thy owner, then?—a warrior dire,
Who liv'd and died amid the din of battle?
Was he some consequential feudal squire,
Who bought and sold his serfs like other cattle?
Mayhap a bard, with soul of gentler quality,
Who sigh'd for, but obtain'd not, immortality.

If so, what funeral rites appeas'd his shade?
Wak'd minstrelsy her wildest intonations?
Did silent sorrow many a breast pervade?
Or rung the welkin wide with ululations,
While rose in air the monumental stones,
A graceful cone—most venerable—of bones?

Ah! little thought the magnet of his times—
Th' aspiring bard—the man of power—the hero—
That his renown should rise in these my rhymes
After ten centuries' repose at zero;
And that his tooth, ejected from its socket,
Should toss and tumble in my waistcoat pocket.

Having discuss'd these high concerns a little
(I hope with some decorum and propriety),
There yet remain some minor points to settle,
Though not less interesting to society;
Questions connected with domestic quiet
And happiness—I now allude to diet.

Much as I've sought thy lineage and descent,
Thou bony remnant of departed glory!
I own I'm not less anxiously bent
To learn thy private, more immediate story—
What meats, or common, or, by way of cordial,
Have undergone thy masticating ordeal.

'Twere an uncourteous question, "Didst thou fare
On luxuries which modern teeth disable?"
Thy hardy frame and healthful looks declare
That no such trash e'er trifled on thy table:
Thine was the food of undegenerate ages,
Else never hadst thou figured in my pages.

'Twas thine, heroic tooth! 'twas thine to pierce
The red deer's swelling sides with pride dilated;
The wild boar's head, terrific, grim, and fierce,
Thy eager, ardent onset too awaited;
Then teeth with tusk in deadly conflict meeting,
Display'd the feats of true primeval eating.

'Twere equally uncivil to inquire
If aught thou knowest of the frightful *ache;*
Thy fangs are sound as one could well desire,
Thy hard enamel smooth as frozen lake.
Thy triumph is twofold, O tooth sublime!
Thou scorn'st alike toothache and tooth of time.

And here thou art, a prodigy—a wonder—
A monument of undecaying earth;
Nor more of thee we'll know till the last thunder
Shall from his slumbers call thy master forth;
These puzzles which I grapple with in vain
Shall then be solv'd—and all thy case seem plain.

USE OF WOAD.

The blue colour in cloth is produced by using indigo and woad. Indigo is a drug procured from a plant grown extensively in Hindostan, and is an important object in commerce. About 30,000 chests of it are imported annually into Great Britain. The use of this drug has greatly superseded woad as a dye-stuff, still the latter is also in considerable requisition, and though not yielding so deep a blue as indigo, it gives one fully more durable. Woad is a powder procured from the liquid expression of a plant of the same name. It is grown in France, and in a few parts of England, Lincolnshire, we believe; but it is little known by cultivators in Scotland. As there is scarcely any article in commerce which can be so easily adulterated without detection as woad, and as the success of the dyer very much depends on the genuineness of the material, it is to be hoped that Scottish dyers will soon see the propriety of entering upon its cultivation, which may be easily done. It may be mentioned that Thomas Turnbull was the first person in Scotland who succeeded in dying blue from woad. He was a native of Hawick, and for a considerable time carried on business as a dyer and waulker in Eskdale-Muir, and latterly conducted the dyeing department in Innerleithen cloth factory. He died in 1803, and in gratitude for the benefits derived from his skill, the dyers of Galashiels and Innerleithen erected a monument over his grave in the churchyard of the latter place.

ELEGANCE BY ACCIDENT.

The following curious anecdote is told of Lady Wallace, famed, in her maiden days, as Miss Eglintoune Maxwell of Monteith, and the sister of the Duchess of Gordon. The young lady's family was about to attend the races at Leith, and the coach was just at the stair-foot, ready to take them away, when it was discovered that Miss Eglintoune was not ready, on account of wanting her head-dress, which she was expecting the milliner to appear with every moment. It so happened, that as the milliner was coming along the street with the dress in her hand, she permitted some part of it to catch the knee-buckle of a street porter, by which it was torn, and, as she thought, completely spoilt. However, she took it to Miss Eglintoune, and told her the story, with many protestations of regret. The volatile young lady took the dress from her hands, and, running to her glass, proceeded to put it on, torn as it was, only arranging it upon her head in such a way as to conceal the misfortune. She then joined her friends in the carriage, and at Leith, attracting, as usual, much attention, the ladies, instead of ridiculing the awkward appearance of her cap, admired it exceedingly, and came back to Edinburgh, full cry, in the afternoon, to get caps of the same description. Of course it was soon known that it was the manufacture of the milliner, who forthwith was completely overwhelmed with orders for similar caps, and, we believe, was obliged to tear them with a nail in her counter, in order to complete their resemblance to the original.

DR ADAM SMITH.

This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As an anecdote of the first peculiarity, it is related of him, that, having one Sunday morning walked into his garden at Kirkaldy, dressed in little besides than his nightgown, he gradually fell into a reverie, from which he did not awaken till he found himself in the streets of Dunfermline, a town at least twelve miles off. He had, in reality, trudged along the king's highway all that distance, in the *pursuit* of a certain train of ideas; and he was only eventually stopped in his progress by the bells of Dunfermline, which happened at the time to be ringing the people to church. His appearance, in a crowded street, on a Scotch Sunday morning, without clothes, is left to the imagination of the reader.—It is told, as an example of the second peculiarity, that, on the evenings of those very days which he had devoted to the composition of the *Wealth of Nations*, he would sometimes walk backwards and forwards through his parlour, waiting for an opportunity when he might abstract a lump of sugar from the tea-table, unobserved by his housekeeper, who exercised a kind of control over him.—It used to be related of him, that one day, as he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fish-women, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down for a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Hech! and he's weel put on too;" that is, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

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RESPECTABLE AND NOT RESPECTABLE.

ALL the virtues, all the decencies, all the merits, are now included in Great Britain in one word, and that is—*respectable*. We never ask how a man behaves, and hardly concern ourselves about his possession or non-possession of brilliant, amiable, or useful qualities; we ask if he is *respectable*, and if we receive a decided answer, are content. Respectable means different things in different places, and with different men. A witness on Thurtell's trial described Weare as a respectable man—he kept a gig. It may be ruled on some other occasion that there is no respectability under a chaise and pair; and, on the other hand, there may be some conditions of society, in which this summum bonum is supposed to reside in a four-wheeled vehicle with a leathern hood. There is no speaking precisely on this point. Very generally, we understand, along the southern shores of England, respectability takes two forms—a gig and a pleasure-wherry. You may make your election; but one of them you *must* have, or you are not respectable. Different standards are kept at different places; and if you considered yourself respectable by York measure, you might perhaps find yourself greatly short by that of Winchester.

The idea is so far arbitrary; but we may pretty safely assume, as a general rule, that the respectable people are those who have the means of living in the best style within a certain range of territory. Among the Laplanders, for any thing we know, the possession of a pair of spare snow-shoes may constitute respectability. Wealth is always more or less at the bottom of it. A man may, under very peculiar circumstances, be wealthy without being respectable; but he cannot, under any circumstances, be respectable without being wealthy. He must be placed above all mean temptations, all paltry appearances, all risk of cracking credit with the world, and troubling his acquaintances in a short time with the necessity of recognising a wretch upon the street. He must be a man who goes to church regularly with his wife and a silk umbrella. Religious he may be or not, at heart, so far as this way of estimating mankind is concerned; but the world is clear that the umbrella must not be cotton.

To wear black clothes is respectable. The admixture of coloured garments is perhaps very well, but "not just so respectable." A black hat is respectable; no kind of covering can be more so. But a white hat is liable to great suspicions: it may be buckish, gay, light, and so on, but—*not respectable*. To go to the pit of the theatre is respectable in a kind of way: to go to any species of gallery is not respectable: to go to any part of the house on a benefit night, is far from being respectable, unless in the case of an actor in whose acquaintance it may be supposed there is some eclát. For gentlemen to wear brooches or rings, is not respectable; such trinkets being in great requisition by quack doctors, jugglers, and other flashy characters, who require to make an impression at first sight and away. A ring is only respectable in the case of a gentleman, when it is a cameo worn on the little finger of the right hand; this shows that the wearer does not require to work, and to be able to live without working is exceedingly respectable. To walk across a street diagonally is not respectable: it shows you wish to save time, and that proves that you are not a gentleman at your leisure: you must always walk quite to the end of the street, and take the regular crossing. To walk the streets of the west end of London, with both gloves on one's hands, is not respectable: true respectability consists in having the right hand exposed, so as to prove by its whiteness, and its ring on the little finger, that it is not liable to mechanical exertion. At church-going time it is highly respectable to mingle with a crowd proceeding towards any particular place; but to be seen going against the stream, especially in the direction of the suburbs, is not respectable. To ride on horseback is respectable, provided the animal be well made and look as if it cost five-and-thirty guineas; yet to ride upon a cream-coloured horse, however valuable it may be, is not respectable; for nobody but showmen and such like people keep horses of that colour. To wear burnt steel spectacles is respectable, and to carry a gold watch is also respectable: we need not say what it is to be seen with a silver or pinchbeck one. It is decidedly more respectable to carry the watch in the fob than in the waistcoat pocket.

Among women, the last winter's fashion is not respectable, neither is any piece of dress respectable which has become common among servants or the poorer classes. The knack of keeping to respectability in dress is to leave off a peculiar garment or ornament the moment it finds its way among those of an inferior station. In this way, the higher classes are continually leaving the middle and lower ranks in the lurch. A rent in one's clothes, being referable to accident, may not be disrespectable; but, as Selwyn remarked, a darn is premeditated poverty. Nankeens in cold weather are not respectable. With regard to articles of domestic use, a sideboard in a dining-room is thought respectable; a Brussels carpet, a haircloth sofa, sufficiently voluminous window curtains, a marble lobby table, silver candlesticks, and silver forks, are all respectable. In matters of eating and drinking, roast beef is one of the most respectable dinner dishes, and is likely to maintain its respectability in the face of all improvements in cookery. Port was once a respectable and may be still a good wine, but it is respectable no longer, because every body can now get port. Claret is at present one of the most respectable wines that can be drunk, though it depends in a great measure upon the Chancellor of his Majesty's Exchequer how long its respectability may last.

Whatever bears the impress of a constitutional or legal establishment, is respectable. It is no matter that the thing is not generally admired; so that it is part of the system of public things that *exists*, it is sure to receive this approving epithet. The church-rates are said to be unpopular in England; yet it is nevertheless highly respectable both to levy and to pay them. The civic corporations every where are alleged to have been most shamefully mismanaged; but, whether such have been the case or not, nobody ever hinted that any individual member of them was otherwise than respectable. There may be as much fraud, baseness, and even criminality, in any part of the state-system, as the most uncompromising Jacobin chooses to ascribe to it; yet the whole community look upon the administering or profiting persons as highly respectable. Rebellion is not respectable: Charles Stuart, in 1745, was a very gallant fellow, and so were all the chiefs and gentlemen who accompanied him; but they were not respectable. Cumberland was more so, even in the midst of his butcheries. When rebellion is successful, the persons concerned in it become exceedingly respectable; but still the abstract idea of rebellion remains as little so as ever. Cicero was very severe upon Verres; we seriously believe, however, that in his secret heart the orator considered the robber of the Sicilian province as a most respectable person. If we apply this new way of judging men to some other historical characters, how curious is the result! Tarquinius, it is evident, was a far more respectable person than Brutus, up to the hour of his dethronement. Coriolanus, we all know,

> — was a kind of nothing, titleless,
> Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire
> Of burning Rome.

After that prank, he was highly respectable. Pompey in power was respectable; but he gets shockingly disrespectable about the time of the battle of Pharsalia. Sir William Wallace was the saviour of his country. He is now revered immensely by every body but Dr Lingard. King Edward, however, and all the nobles of both countries, and many other people besides, must have thought him by no means a respectable man. Even as a squire in the service of the tyrant and destroyer, he would have been more respectable than as the leader of the patriot army which "rescuit Scotland thrise." Luther was at first a shockingly disrespectable man. Leo the Tenth only smiled at the nonsense of Brother Martin. It is evident he did not become at all respectable till the signing of the confession of Augsburg. It was not respectable to be concerned in pulling down of monasteries at the Reformation; but it is now quite respectable to take advantage of that outbreak of the lower orders. Cromwell, in our opinion, never was a respectable man. He was only a fortunate brewer. His talents, his courage, we will even say his patriotism, were nothing, so far as respectability was concerned. If he had contrived, however, to establish a dynasty, his great-grandson, without either talents, courage, patriotism, or any virtue under the sun, would have been respectable. Notwithstanding all the faults of James the Second, no one would ever say that he was not a respectable man. The Prince of Orange, on the other hand, was not respectable at Exeter, but highly so in Whitehall, and rather more so after his father-in-law had stolen off to France, than before. Washington, who, even in Britain, is now estimated as one of the greatest of men, was not so much as respectable till about the year 1780. "A forward impudent fellow of a land-surveyor, sir—just wants to put himself forward." There might be some, we do not doubt, who would allow him a little respectability after the rendition at Charleston; others would wait till George the Third received the American ambassador. At the same time, Lord North continued quite respectable till he resigned office. As for Napoleon, he comes under the same category as Cromwell. We pass on to Charles the Tenth, who continued quite respectable throughout the three days of Paris, and only on the fourth became the reverse. Whether it was imprudence, or misfortune, or wickedness, that brought about his dethronement, all the bloodshed, though it had been ten times greater, would never have detracted from his respectability, if he had not at last been obliged to abdicate. It was conceded by the good-natured man to whom Nero's atrocities were related, that he must have been a wag; but even this would have been censure too great in the tyrant's own life-time. In the midst of the very flames of Rome, the possessor of so much power must have been a respectable man. In fact, the most atrocious tyrant, the vilest local oppressor, the most denounced enjoyer of pension, sinecure, and bribe, will always be, by the constitution of things, more respectable than the loftiest minded patriot who endeavours, and has not yet succeeded, in establishing a different system.

To invent any thing is perhaps very ingenious, but it is not respectable. The very projector of the steam-engine, which has doubled the wealth of his country, was not respectable, we are persuaded, in his capacity of a mathematical instrument-maker (unless perhaps his being mathematical instrument-maker to the *University of Glasgow* made him so), nor till he

had begun to make a little money by his patent, and was taken by the hand by rich Mr Bolton. The most thick-headed of tradesmen, who spends his whole life in an employment for which almost any person is fit, is far more respectable than he who, by some power of reflection, provides the means of existence for thousands of additional human beings. All the world knows how disrespectable it is to be even a pretty good poet. Burns was a capital one: monuments, costing three thousand pounds each, are now built to him. Yet Burns never was a *respectable* man. The binder of his books was probably more so. There must have been many worthy people in his own time, who would have far rather marched through Coventry with the one than the other. Youth is another thing that is not respectable. It is the time for joyous vivid feeling, for frolic, for love, for hope, for enjoyment in short; but it is not respectable. There is no saying how young men are to turn out. The half of them have to be smuggled off to the West Indies and Van Dieman's Land, after doing all kinds of mischief at home. The dawn of respectability commences about thirty, by which time their powers of self-denial and activity are generally pretty well proved. Always the older, however, the more respectable. Jackson, in Roderick Random, was well aware of this. He put on a wig and false eyebrows, and other insignia of middle life, when about to pass muster before the College of Surgeons; and, though detected and hustled out, the idea was not the worse for that. Walpole knew this too, when he turned Chatham into ridicule on account of his youth. The aged trafficker in consciences was ten thousand times more respectable than the ardent young patriot—who, however, became respectable enough himself before the end of the day. Of all young things in the world, a young periodical work is the most disrespectable. It knows the fact, and tries to hide it under splutter and pretension; but though it may say the cleverest things, and contain the most splendid papers, and prove incontestibly that the exact thing wanted by the public was never hit upon till now, an old number of the Gentleman's Magazine or the Glasgow Herald carries ten times more weight by saying nothing at all. We verily believe that there are some works, newspapers among the rest, which would be better received, though consisting of nothing but blank paper, than others in which the greatest talent and industry are employed, but which, being recently put into existence, are—not respectable.

There is another way of viewing the word respectable—when it is used in reference to conduct. The kind of behaviour called respectable is confined to no rank or degree of wealth. The conduct of very poor men is often described by the most exalted as respectable. For the word in this sense, no other feeling than veneration can be entertained; because nothing can be more evident than that *respectable behaviour*, as it is called, even in a few out of a large society, conduces immensely to keep the vicious in check, and to encourage those who are disposed to be good. Indeed, but for the quiet respectable people of all ranks, the world would be as bad as ever it was, and never get any better. Considered, however, as a measure of wealth, and the consequence which wealth imparts, the word is as fairly entitled to contempt, as any of those shibboleths, which, in a higher sphere of society, are used for the exclusion of the non-illustrious. The middle ranks are found to be dreadfully galled by the exclusiveness of the higher; but they should first consider if they are less exclusive themselves. We rather suspect that the general use into which this word has come, progressively with the rise of the middle ranks, shows that there is, in them, as much relative jealousy of station, as among their superiors. The peeress talks of the narrow circle at Almack's; and the wife of the comfortable tradesman speaks of *respectable people*, meaning not virtuous or good people, but a set who are above a certain degree of income: both act naturally, perhaps, but neither of them is animated by feelings which an unconcerned person can conscientiously respect.

THE LAND OF BUCHANAN.

George Buchanan—perhaps the most extensively known native of Scotland next to Sir Walter Scott, and the most elegant writer of Latin since the fall of the Roman empire—was born in a sequestered part of the county of Stirling, in the month of February 1506. We lately made a pilgrimage of literary devotion to the place, and picked up some information, and made a few observations, which we believe may entertain our readers.

The scene of Buchanan's birth and early years is a small farm in a confined valley, situated a few miles to the eastward of Lochlomond, so celebrated for its picturesque beauties, and about fifteen miles to the north-west of Glasgow. The valley is watered by a rill called the Blane, which, after joining one called the Endrick, falls into Lochlomond; and the scenery is a mixture of highland and lowland, being situated, in fact, between these two districts, or where the one melts into and joins the other. There is an interest in surveying the outline of the country, from the place where a man of genius has been ushered into existence; for in seeing what *he* must have frequently seen, one is in some measure brought into contact with him. It is agreeable to think that the eye of Buchanan, on opening to the world, must have surveyed a scene of very considerable beauty, and fitted to inspire his mind with poetical sentiments. On one hand rises the range of hills which bounds the view to the north of Glasgow, and are generally called the Campsie Fells; on the other, a range of meaner but equally untamed eminences. In another direction, the alpine grandeur of the West Highlands stretches away into the blue distance. There is a hill in the neighbourhood, from the top of which, on a clear day, may be seen the seas at both sides of the island; the view extending from North Berwick-Law and the mouth of the Firth of Forth, to Ailsa and Arran, the latter of which must be at least a hundred and twenty miles from the former. All along that side of the Campsie range which is turned towards the vale of Blane, little streams descend at various intervals, forming the most beautiful cascades, and each hollowing out to itself a little nook or glen where poets or fairies might alike love to dwell. On the top of one of the hills on the other side, there is a very extraordinary natural curiosity, in the shape of a deep narrow chasm, which cuts through the whole back of the hill, like a gash in the edge of a cheese, and is called the Wangie. The most conspicuous eminence in the immediate neighbourhood is one called Dungoin or Dungun, that is, the *great windy hill*, which shoots up in a rugged and threatening fashion, like the head of a proud animal tossed into the air: opposite to this, on the other side of the vale, is Dungoyack (*the little windy hill*), which is remarkably isolated and conical, and wooded to the top. The two eminences, standing as they do like watchmen at the entry to the vale, might be likened by a classical imagination to the Pillars of Hercules. Such are the objects with which Buchanan must have been familiar in those early days, when impressions are the most vividly formed, and most permanently retained.

The farm on which the poet was born is called Mid-Leowen, or more commonly the Moss, the latter title being derived from a morass near the house. His father, Thomas Buchanan, who farmed this ground, was the second son of the Laird of Drumakill, whose family in the main line continued till lately to exist as a race of minor gentry. Owing to the bankruptcy of the grandfather, and the father's early death, the burden of rearing a family of eight children fell upon the mother, whose name was Agnes Heriot, of the family of Trabrown, in East Lothian—a race which produced the celebrated George Heriot, and the mother of another man of distinguished ability, Thomas, first Earl of Haddington. This active and intelligent woman is said to have performed her task in a highly creditable manner. George was first put to the parish school, at the village of Killearn (about a mile distant), where he is said to have manifested an uncommon aptitude in receiving instruction. In the language of the country people, who preserve a traditionary recollection of the circumstance, "he sucked in lair * as the laif † sucks in milk." We are informed, however, by himself, that his knowledge of Latin was the result of much youthful labour. His difficulties would probably be increased by the necessity of learning English before acquiring this classical language. That Gaelic was the current speech of his native district, there is little reason to doubt, since, even in the middle of the last century, the immediate neighbourhood of Killearn was subject to Highland rule and Highland usages, and since it is an ascertained fact that he retained an acquaintance with this language in middle life. "When in France, having met with a woman who was said to be possessed with the devil, and who professed to speak all languages, he accosted her in Erse, and, as neither she nor her familiar returned any answer, he took a protest that the devil was ignorant of that tongue."‡ By Dr Mackenzie, Buchanan is said to have been subsequently sent to complete his classical course at the school of Dumbarton; but, as that writer required no better authority for any statement than mere conjecture, we are to consider this as at least uncertain. It is certain, however, that he studied at the college of St Andrews, and subsequently, by the aid of a maternal uncle, at the university of Paris. After a series of dreadful hardships and difficulties, he completed his education; and so rapid was his advancement in life, that, at the age of twenty-three, he was professor in the college of St Barbe.

* Learning. † Loaf.

‡ Memoir of Buchanan, in the seventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica; an article which would do honour to a work where honour was less required.

The natal house of Buchanan does not now exist. It was destroyed in 1808, to make way for a new and more elegant mansion, which occupies exactly the same site. The original house was a long cottage of one story, having a kitchen in the middle, and a room at each end, some minor spaces serving as bedrooms and closets. The door, from the west, entered the kitchen by a kind of vestibule, termed "the hallan," and from the kitchen there was an entrance, on the one hand, to a bedroom lighted by a very small window, and, on the other, to the principal apartment or "spence," in which, according to tradition, the historian was born. From the end of the house opposite to this "spence," proceeded a range of meaner buildings, comprising in succession a stable, a stirk-house, and a peat-house, from which proceeded at a right angle, another range, comprehending a milk-house, a barn, and a byre or cow-house. It was believed, that, with some trifling exceptions, the whole suit of buildings was the same as when occupied by the mother of Buchanan. It continued till the date mentioned to be used, not as a farm-house, but as the residence of a considerable proprietor, Mr William Finlay, whose descendant now occupies the enlarged house. The place, however, bore all the appearance of a common Scottish farm-steading of the old style: the hearth in the kitchen was formed, for instance, of a disused mill-stone. The tradition as to its great age gained support from the immense oaken beams which upheld the roof, and which seemed as if they could have lasted twice the time that has elapsed since Buchanan's birth. From these large rafters were formed a plain table and chair, which are preserved in the modern house.

The house of Moss stands within a few yards of the water of Blane, which has been already alluded to. Along the bank of this stream is an extensive garden connected with the present house. Here is shown the stump of a *rowan-tree* or mountain-ash, said to be coeval with the age of the poet, and from which have sprung some new shoots. There is also a stump of an apple-tree, which the water has almost undermined, and which, like the other, has a number of new shoots: this, too, is said to be of the poet's time, if not planted by his own hand. In reference to the rivulet which has received so much notice in consequence of Buchanan having been born upon its banks, and which, but for that circumstance, would have stood so poor a chance of fame, it would be improper to omit a passage in the poems of the late ingenious Professor Richardson, who long possessed the neighbouring estate of Croy. The naïads or water-nymphs of this part of the country, he imagines, to

> "—— glory in the various songs
> That celebrate their course,
> And tell what praise to them belongs,
> What dignity of source;
> What peerless dame, fair maid, or sage serene,
> Or poet, ever paced their margin green."

He then, after adverting to some other streams says—

> "Triumphant, ev'n the yellow Blane,
> Though by a fen defaced,
> Boasts that Buchanan's early strain
> Consoled her troubled breast;
> That often muse-struck, in her loneliest nook,
> The orphan-boy pored on some metred book."

The Blane is as dull and snail-like a stream as ever crept through a level piece of country; yet, in the supposition that the infant Buchanan studied on its margin, or even "paidlet" in it for eels or minnows, which there can be no doubt he did, "when summer days were prime," with what a burst of extrinsic interest is it invested!

An idea of the pecuniary circumstances of Buchanan's family may be obtained from the fact, that the farm is even yet worth only about a hundred and fifty or sixty pounds of yearly rent. It is said, however, that the adjacent farm of Carsetown, and some other pieces of land, were formerly attached to the Moss; and if this were the case, their stock of wealth must of course have been greater. There is a place among the hills, about two or three miles distant, where some remains of buildings may yet be seen—called Heriot's Shielings. These are said to have belonged to, and derived their name from, the poet's mother, and to have been a station for the milking of her ewes.

Killearn, the parish kirk-town, is, as already mentioned, about a mile from the Moss. It is a neat small village, situated on an elevated terrace at the junction of the vales of Blane and Endrick. Even here, it is impossible to survey the surrounding country without a sensation of interest; for the great features of nature must here be exactly the same as in the days when Buchanan daily visited the place, to receive the elements of human learning. From the west end of the principal street, a view is to be obtained of the lower part of Lochlomond, studded with its various islets. Among these, the most conspicuous is Inch Cailliach (the Island of Old Women), formerly the site of a nunnery, and still containing an ancient burial-ground. From this point, it resembles a corpse stretched out and dressed, there being an eminence for the face, another for the breast, and the remainder sloping away as if towards the feet. Certain dim romantic and antique associations take possession of the mind in tracing out this image. In another direction may be seen the villages of Balfron and Bucklyvie, the latter eminent in the annals of squalor and dis-

comfort. Many of our readers will recollect the rhyme prefixed to a chapter in "Rob Roy":—

Baron of Bucklyvie,
May the foul fiend drive ye,
And a' to pieces ryve ye,
For building sic a toun,
Where there's neither horse meat nor man's meat,
Nor a chair to sit down.

Some years before the publication of that novel, Sir Walter Scott (then on a visit to the Duke of Montrose at Buchanan House), was riding through this wretched village with Mr Macfarlane, minister of Drymen, and more recently Principal of the University of Glasgow. A remark from the poet, as to the uncommon filthiness of the place, brought to Mr Macfarlane's recollection the above rhyme, which he immediately pronounced to Sir Walter. It seemed to amuse him very much, and he requested Mr Macfarlane to repeat it somewhat more slowly, as if for the purpose of committing it to his memory. Mr Macfarlane heard no more of it, till two or three years after, when he found it prefixed to a chapter in Rob Roy, and felt convinced, from that circumstance, that the author of Marmion, and no other, was the author of Waverley.*

On an eminent and conspicuous situation in the village of Killearn, stands a beautiful obelisk, erected in the year 1788 to the memory of Buchanan, and measuring 103 feet in height. This tribute to genius was first suggested, at the table of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, by Mr Robert Dunmore of Ballindalloch, the person chiefly concerned in introducing manufactures into this part of the country. The subscription for the building was commenced at the place where it was suggested, and very nearly filled up—Mr Craig, who was present, contributing the design as his share. There is no external inscription; but a silver medal, hermetically sealed, is deposited in the foundation-stone, on which is engraved a Latin inscription, conveying the fact that the column was built, in memory of George Buchanan, a most celebrated poet and historian, at the expense of the neighbours of this place. It cost three hundred guineas, an amazingly small sum, considering the amount of mason-work.

Buchanan is not the only great man whose name is connected with this interesting though secluded district of Scotland. On the estate of Balglass is an ancient fort, said to have afforded refuge to Sir William Wallace. At Gartness mill, and near to a powerful cascade of the Endrick, are the remains of an old house, in which Napier, the inventor of the logarithms, spent a considerable part of his time when engaged in his calculations. It is reported that he never found any annoyance in the sound of the waterfall, which was continuous, but that the intermittent noise of the mill deranged his ideas to such a degree, that he was obliged, when busied with a more than usually profound speculation, to request the miller to stop work. He used frequently in the evening to walk out in his nightgown and cap; which, with some other oddities of behaviour, fixed on him the character of a warlock, and his studies were vulgarly supposed to refer exclusively to the *black art*. According to Professor Richardson,

Th' Endrick, in wildly lyric mood,
Displays her laurel crown,
And tells that, musing by her flood,
Sage Napier earned renown:
That oft she paused, and marked at midnight hour,
The pale lamp glimmering in his ivied tower.

It would be improper to forget that Smollett was born within sight of the native village of Buchanan, and received part of his education at the same school (Dumbarton) where that illustrious person is said to have pursued his studies, after leaving Killearn.

THE CHEVALIER D'AVENANT †

A SPANISH TALE.

During the late revolutionary war in Spain, a regiment of dragoons was raised at Madrid, which was chiefly composed of foreign volunteers. The Chevalier D'Avenant, who had served long in the French army, resided at that time in the Spanish capital, and was induced, partly by his love of freedom, and partly by the urgent solicitation of the Cortes, to take the command of this corps. Unfortunately after the Duc D'Angouleme crossed the Pyrenees, the campaign commenced under very unfavourable auspices, and the constitutionalists were not long in discovering that the success of their arms was not equal to the justice of their cause. In the action which took place at Corunna, the Chevalier D'Avenant was present with his regiment, and took an active part in the military operations of the day. In consequence of this, the troops under his command suffered severely; and when they were finally repulsed by the superior strength of the enemy, he found it quite impossible to keep them together, or preserve discipline, so as to make an orderly retreat. After the confusion of the flight was over, he mustered his scattered force, and discovered that he was left with a party of men not exceeding forty in number, who seemed to cling together rather from the desire of mutual preservation, than the hope of being able to accomplish any important services.

With this small remnant of the corps, Colonel D'Avenant continued to retreat for several days, without being engaged in any important adventures. At length he began to consider himself beyond the reach of pursuit, but still he did not neglect the precautions which were necessary in his situation. On the morning when our narrative opens, he was seen taking a survey of the surrounding country on a neighbouring hill, before the soldiers under his command left the place where they had bivouacked for the night, for the purpose of proceeding on their march.

"Yonder is the Chevalier D'Avenant," said Pierre Rigaud, a veteran soldier, addressing some of his comrades, and pointing to an officer in uniform, who at that moment crossed the ridge of a hill at a little distance, and rode towards the spot where the party was stationed.

"The colonel is a brave fellow," one of the troopers observed, "and, what is more, as fine a horseman as ever put foot in stirrup."

"Yes, indeed," Pierre replied, "but had you seen him when he led on the Chasseurs at Talavera, you would have thought such a gallant officer could never be reduced to command such a paltry picquet as this."

"A truce to your old campaigns; why, man, that affair of Corunna, the other day, showed us all very well that D'Avenant was made of the right stuff."

"Hush—look there!" the veteran exclaimed; "the colonel comes down the hill like lightning. I'll peril my life he brings news of danger with him. Get the horses ready, my lads, and prepare for the worst."

In a few moments the Chevalier D'Avenant reached the place where the soldiers were posted. He was a tall handsome man, apparently in the prime of life, with some marks of care and campaigns on his face, but still remarkably stout and vigorous in his appearance, with pleasant features, and large black eyes of unusual brilliancy. Those eyes flashed finely when he exclaimed, "There is a column of French cavalry close upon our rear—mount, soldiers, mount!"

This order was quickly obeyed; for the party was instantly in motion, and set forward at a rapid pace. For several miles the dragoons continued to push on with unabated speed; but at length they gave their horses a little indulgence on coming to a part of the road which winded up the gentle acclivity of a hill. On reaching the highest point in the ascent, they had a fine view of the surrounding country, and on looking back they had the satisfaction to find that the French had not yet appeared in sight. This discovery raised their spirits, and they proceeded to descend with fresh vigour; but they had not gone far when they observed, at a considerable distance, a large body of troops advancing to meet them. In a moment the word "halt" was given, while Colonel D'Avenant pulled out a telescope, and rode briskly in advance to reconnoitre.

The chevalier soon returned, and said to his men, "These troops are royalists, I see, by their colours; so we must go on and take up a position to the right—Forward!" The dragoons were not long in executing this manœuvre. Descending a little way, they reached a range of open country, and immediately turned off to the right of the high road, for the purpose of taking up an advantageous post on a small rising ground in an adjoining field. After they had formed into line in this situation, Colonel D'Avenant gave the usual order to load carabines, and prepare for action. When this was done, a silence of a few moments ensued, during which they attentively observed the movements of the Spanish troops, and awaited their approach in the deepest suspense.

Meanwhile, the Chevalier turned to the men under his command, and shortly addressed them:—"Soldiers!" he said, "we are now placed in circumstances of great danger, from which we can only be delivered by courage and presence of mind. If we fall back and surrender to the French, we shall certainly be condemned—many of us at least—for fighting against our country; and, on the other hand, if we throw ourselves on the mercy of these royalists, we shall probably be pillaged, and then left to perish in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Unless fair terms are offered, then, we must advance to death or victory!" This speech was received with loud cheers by the soldiers; but it was scarcely concluded, when the Spaniards, who appeared to consist of about 400 irregular infantry and armed peasantry, approached within musket shot of the position occupied by the dragoons. Colonel D'Avenant now ordered his trumpeter to sound a parley, and rode forward alone to treat with the Spanish commander, who immediately obeyed the signal, and advanced to meet him.

"Lay down your arms, else we shall cut you to pieces!" exclaimed the Spaniard.

"No, never! Hear me, Senor," said D'Avenant, with dignity and firmness. "You see we are few in number, but remember we are all well armed, well mounted, and desperate men."

"What mean you? I say you must surrender at discretion."

"And I say," the French colonel replied, with earnestness, "rather than submit to such an indignity, we are determined to cut our way through your disorderly troops, or perish in the attempt!" The commanding tone in which this was spoken had a striking effect on the Spanish officer, for he seemed embarrassed, and wavered a little before he made any reply. When at length he did speak, it was in a subdued manner.

"What terms, then, do you expect me to grant, while I command such a superior force?"

"I don't know what terms you will grant; but the terms I demand are, that you shall give us passports, and allow us to go wherever we choose, provided we surrender our arms and horses."

"Well," said the Spaniard, "to prevent bloodshed, I agree to these terms, and pledge my honour to fulfil them."

The treaty being thus summarily concluded to the mutual satisfaction of both officers, each rode back to the troops under his command. When D'Avenant apprised his little squadron of the result of his negociation, it appeared to give satisfaction to every one excepting Pierre Rigaud, the veteran already noticed, who muttered to himself, "Spanish treachery; the terms are good, but they are too good to be kept." The colonel overheard these expressions, but did not think it necessary to pay any attention to them. After issuing some instructions to his troop, he ordered them to follow him, in single files, at intervals, and dismount and deliver up their arms, according to stipulation, and gave an express command to Pierre to remain behind, to bring up the rear of the party. In a short time the dragoons had all, one by one, surrendered to the Spaniards, till Pierre was left alone on the ground; but in place of advancing, like his fellow-soldiers, he set off in an opposite direction, at the utmost speed of his horse, and, although several bullets were sent after him, he kept his saddle, and, ere long, entirely disappeared.

The suspicions of the veteran who had thus fled turned out to be too well founded. Pretending that the treaty of surrender had been violated by the desertion of one of the troop, the Spanish commanding officer determined to disregard it entirely; and, accordingly, when D'Avenant applied for the promised passports, his request was sternly refused, and he was told that he and his men were prisoners of war. Nor was this all; for as soon as the dragoons gave up their arms, they were pillaged of every thing valuable which they possessed by the soldiers, who appeared not to be under the restraint of discipline, and were allowed to do whatever they chose, provided they testified their loyalty by continually shouting, "*Viva el Rey.*" At first the colonel remonstrated against the injustice of these disgraceful proceedings; but he soon saw that all remonstrance was vain, and only increased his misfortunes; and he therefore resolved, in the true spirit of philosophy, to submit with patience to his fate.

In this unhappy situation the Chevalier D'Avenant and his comrades in arms were carried back and delivered up as prisoners to the French general. If they derived any satisfaction from reflecting that they were now in the hands of their countrymen, it was speedily damped when they were informed that they were to be sent to France under a military escort, to stand their trial for high treason. Little time was given to the prisoners to ponder on their fate, for they were obliged to set out immediately, under a strong guard, for the French frontier; and ere long, they almost lost sight of their misfortunes by the excitement of the march, and the variety of objects which attracted their attention in the course of their route.

At length, after a tedious journey, the party arrived at Bayonne, and the prisoners were committed for safe custody to the strongly-fortified castle of that place. From his superior rank, Colonel D'Avenant was now separated from the rest, and obtained an apartment for his own accommodation, so that he was left undisturbed to his reflections, and had leisure to dwell on the painful circumstances of his situation. As he possessed enlightened views, and a considerable knowledge of the world, he was sensible that the crime with which he was charged was too clearly established, and too aggravated in its nature, to leave much room for expecting a pardon; and, accordingly, although a ray of hope remained to cheer him in his forlorn condition, he had sufficient judgment and decision to enable him to make up his mind to abide the worst that could befall him. For three long days he remained confined in the castle, indulging in these unpleasant anticipations, without seeing any one but an old keeper, who brought provisions and other necessaries to his apartment, and who seemed to think it part of his duty to keep his lips hermetically sealed. At length, on the evening of the third day, this individual informed him, that early on the following morning he was to be sent to Paris along with the other prisoners, under the escort of a party of mounted gens-d'armes. On giving this information, the keeper immediately withdrew, without adding a single word of comment.

The shades of night began to fall around the Chevalier D'Avenant as he lay pondering on the intelligence which he had just received. His spirits were lightened on considering that he was not to be left any longer to be devoured by ennui, and he felt no small degree of pleasure in the thought that things

* There is another rhyme on Bucklyvie, to the same effect, but not so pointed. At the risk of appearing to persecute this unfortunate little town, we shall here submit it—

The folk o' Balfron,
The dirt o' Bucklyvie—
Canna ye hobble
And dance, as I do.

† This tale appeared originally in the "Edinburgh Literary Gazette," and is by the author of "Sketches of the Scottish Bar," &c.

were speedily coming to a crisis. Perhaps, too, the consciousness that the accusation against him in reality was merely that he had fought for the cause of liberty, tended, in some measure, to allay his anxiety, and support his courage. At all events, his thoughts on this occasion were of a very mixed kind, sometimes cheerful and sometimes melancholy; but at length, after wasting some hours in useless musing, the surrounding darkness reminded him that it was time to go to sleep, to enable him to undergo the fatigues of a journey on the morning.

Scarcely had Colonel D'Avenant formed this resolution, when he was startled by the sudden grating of the iron door of his apartment. Instantly he sprung to his feet, and observed the dark figure of a man, who entered slowly, and drew the ponderous bolts behind him. Although naturally courageous, the chevalier at this moment was certainly alarmed; for the first thought that flashed across his mind was, that he was about to be secretly put to death, like many other state-prisoners of whom he had read in history.

He immediately started back, and cried out, in a tone of evident alarm, "Who's there?"

"A friend," was the brief reply; and the harshness of the voice which uttered it was calculated to increase the suspicions of the prisoner.

The darkness of the apartment was now partly removed by means of a dark lantern. Throwing the light first on the features of the colonel, and then on his own, the stranger exclaimed, "How is this?—Don't you know me?"

"Pierre Rigaud!"—Is it you I see?—How came you hither?"

"Speak lower," said the veteran; "if the sentinel at the southern bastion hear us, we are lost."

"Yes, yes; but tell me how you have found me out, and got access to this place?"

"Ah! mon cher colonel," replied Pierre, "time is precious, and I must be brief. When you surrendered to these rascally Spaniards, you know I suspected treachery; but I was determined to follow you, and submit to my fate. However, as good luck would have it, just as I was about to close up with the last file, I heard a fellow in the Spanish ranks bawling out, '*Vamos saquear*,' the signal for plunder—so I took the hint, and made off as fast as I could. After passing through some small hardships, I disguised myself, and acted as guide to a French general of engineers, who paid me like a prince. Hearing of your misfortunes, I resolved to go after you, to attempt a rescue; but I had great difficulty in discovering the route which you had taken, and only arrived here the day before yesterday."

"Well, but how did you get in here?" D'Avenant impatiently demanded.

"I will tell you," Pierre continued. "I got admission, like a king, with a golden key; that is to say, I bribed the guards, who supposed from this disguise that I was a priest."

"You are a brave, generous fellow, Pierre; but I fear all your efforts to get me out of this stronghold will be unavailing."

"Courage, colonel, and you will soon be free. You cannot go with me at present, for the guards are anxiously waiting my return, and you should certainly be discovered; but ——"

"I see pistols in your belt," said the colonel, interrupting him; "perhaps it is possible for us to force our way in the dark."

"No, no; there are too many bars and bayonets in the way. You must wait till five in the morning, when the outer gate of the castle is open. Look here," he said, producing a paper; "this is a sketch of the way by which you will escape. On leaving this, you go along the passage, and, after turning first to the left and then to the right, you will come to an iron grating that leads to a dark winding stair, at the bottom of which you will find a postern opening into a private part of the court."

"After this," said Colonel D'Avenant, "I presume I must just pass the sentinels by force or stratagem."

"Exactly so," Pierre replied; "all the doors will be found open except the postern, of which this is the key. I shall leave the lantern, some gold pieces, and one of my pistols for your use."

"May heaven reward you for your exertions on my behalf! If I escape, I shall make the best of my way to Bordeaux, where I will be found at nightfall near the Chateau Trompette."

"Very well—adieu!" said the veteran, as he pressed the hand of the chevalier, and withdrew from the apartment.

Colonel D'Avenant listened to the retiring steps of the soldier, and, when the sound died away, lay in deep suspense, reflecting on the daring adventure in which he was about to engage. At length some rays of light began to penetrate through the small window of his room, and reminded him that it was time to set out to explore his way to the postern described by Pierre. Muffled up in his cloak, he proceeded slowly and cautiously along the passages; but he had not gone far when he was startled by a sound which issued from an adjoining apartment, and resembled the tread of footsteps. He remained motionless for a moment, but all was again silent. He then moved on with increased caution; and, keeping in view the directions which he had received, arrived at the iron grating without encountering any obstacles in his way. He tried to open this barrier, but it resisted all his efforts; and he was about to abandon his enterprise in despair, when at last the love of liberty returned, and urged him to exert all his strength, by which he succeeded in gaining a passage. Alarmed by the noise which this occasioned, he descended the secret stair in great haste, and threaded his way along the mazes of a subterranean passage, which finally conducted him to a small door, which he conjectured to be the postern.

At this moment the clock of the castle struck five; and as the sound echoed along the towers and battlements, D'Avenant hastened to apply the master-key with which he had been furnished. Delighted to find that the lock yielded, he gently opened the door and admitted the light of day; but he started back instantly when he perceived a sentinel pacing his rounds almost immediately in front of him. He deliberated for a moment on his situation, and, conscious of the danger of delay, immediately determined to hazard every thing, and advance. Before doing so, however, he attentively observed the motions of the soldier, who was elevated on a station which overlooked the inner court, and who paced backwards and forwards to prevent his limbs from being benumbed by the chillness of the morning. Watching his opportunity, when the sentinel turned his back, D'Avenant advanced close under the wall, and, gliding silently but rapidly along, placed himself behind a bastion for concealment. Waiting here for a few moments, till another opportunity offered, he executed a similar movement with equal success, by which he placed himself out of sight of the soldier on duty, and approached near the open court which led to the main gate of the castle. Having gone thus far, he was sensible that it would be impossible for him to proceed much longer without attracting notice; but drawing his cloak closely around him, and holding his pistol in readiness, he advanced under the resolution to act according to circumstances. In this way he reached a spot from which he had a view of the outer gate, which was standing open with a sentinel before it, who was singing the chorus of a favourite song on the battle of Austerlitz.

To pass the sentinel without being observed, D'Avenant saw was quite impossible. A sudden thought, however, flashed across his mind, and he immediately went openly and boldly up to the soldier, who looked at him with surprise and suspicion.

Before the sentinel had time to recover from his astonishment, the colonel addressed him in a menacing tone—"No songs on duty, sir—I shall report you for a breach of the rules of the garrison."

"Pardon, Monsieur," the soldier stammered out, imagining that he addressed some officer or inspector of the castle, and alarmed on recollecting that the catch which he had sung was a sort of lampoon on the Bourbons.

"Prenez garde donc," said D'Avenant, with a look so stern, that it increased the confusion of the soldier; and with these words he passed on at a careless pace without meeting any further interruption, inwardly rejoicing at the success of his scheme.

As soon as he found himself at liberty, Colonel D'Avenant hurried along the most retired streets of Bayonne, and after passing the bridge and the suburbs, reached the open country. For some time he continued to go along the public road in the direction of Bordeaux; but fearing that he might be pursued, he thought it more prudent to turn off the highway, and travel through the fields. After continuing his flight for several miles, he felt somewhat fatigued by his exertions, and began to walk at a deliberate pace, till he turned round, and observed with consternation a party of mounted gens-d'armes in close pursuit. Like Richard of England, he would now have given "a kingdom for a horse;" but although there was no prospect of attaining the object of his wishes, he was glad to find that he was in the neighbourhood of a wood, and he determined to make for the cover with all his speed. In a short time he heard the horsemen close behind him, and the cry of "gens-d'armes! gens-d'armes!" which they shouted as they rode along, sunk deeply into his soul. In his youth he had been a sportsman, and in the chase he had often observed a hare hard pressed by the hounds popping down, and allowing them to pass over him. The idea was not lost upon the chevalier, for he immediately lay down, and concealed himself among some brushwood; and he had scarcely done so when the gens-d'armes dashed past the spot. Fearing that his pursuers would soon return to beat up the cover, he lost no time in retracing his steps till he came to the place where he entered the wood, thinking it improbable that a search would be made in that quarter. Here he ascended a tree which offered a convenient shelter by its foliage; and he remained in this painful situation during the whole of the day, and did not think it prudent to come down till nightfall.

Favoured by the darkness, Colonel D'Avenant descended, and proceeded on his way After a tedious journey, in which he suffered many privations, and experienced many narrow escapes, he arrived at Bordeaux, the place of his destination. On going to the Chateau Trompette in the dusk of the evening, he was so fortunate as to meet Pierre Rigaud. The veteran had acquainted the friends of the chevalier with his situation, and was thus able to supply him with resources, and to conduct him to a place of concealment in an obscure part of the town. Here Colonel D'Avenan waited in suspense for several weeks, but at length he obtained a fictitious passport, and embarked in a vessel bound for the United States of America, where, notwithstanding the act of amnesty which has been passed, he still remains to participate in the advantages of those valuable rights and privileges for which he had fought and suffered, and which can only be fully enjoyed in a land of light and liberty.

DYING BEQUESTS.

THE world is frequently amused, as well as shocked, with the manner in which monied men bequeath their property. The worth of the party on whom the wealth is conferred, seems generally to be held of little consequence by the donors, in comparison with some contingent quality of little value. The idle, the dissipated, or the otherwise foolish, are too often made the spenders of those gains acquired by a long life of sober industry and virtue. It is evident, that, among the circumstances connected with the possession of property, much positive good might result to society if men were to be more careful in selecting those to whom their marks of regard extended. The amount of property intended to be bequeathed is of trifling importance when compared with the result of a discriminating principle of action.

The wisdom in selecting those most worthy, will not only secure to us their respect, but, in a great degree, promote the observance of good conduct in others. A worthy man struggling with adversity is said to partake of sublimity; it is doubtless calculated to excite our best sympathies; and the rendering of timely assistance fails not to ensure the lasting gratitude of a deserving individual: while benevolence, property in expectance or suddenly obtained, never yet produced a salutary effect on a dishonourable mind; it has rather supplied the means for acquiring additional disgrace, or has tended to shorten a dissolute existence.

It is praiseworthy in every one to render himself useful to the community of which he forms a part; and, however little of good services we may have done to others, it is certain that evil has been proportionably lessened. It is in our power to deserve the good opinion of our fellow-men, and we should neglect no opportunity, consistent with our means, to secure a reputation so valuable. This is fame, in which sense it is desirable that the love of fame should be an universal passion. Reputation should be founded on goodness exerted for the welfare of mankind; there is no foundation for fame unconnected with benevolence. It makes not against this principle, that bad men have sculptured marble to commemorate their having once lived. If neither honour nor virtue were practised during their mortal career, monuments only tend to perpetuate their deficiency in those moral attributes.

With what apathy do we pass the statues of those who were the enemies of mankind, of men who swayed the destinies of the age in which they lived! What are they now? A little dust laid in oblivion, regardless as the commonalty they injured or destroyed. Tombs may display records of greatness; and in many instances what are these? Falsities. The wrongs which the eulogised have caused, and the outrages they have perpetrated, make our hearts sick; and we turn from the gilded flatteries in disgust, or in sorrow reflect on the talent employed in such total disregard of truth. But if we behold a modest urn, in which repose the ashes of the wise and good, how different are our feelings! Their benevolence, their usefulness, their greatness of character, awake the love of virtue in our hearts, and a tear of gratitude trickles on the spot sacred to their memory. We acknowledge their reputation or fame is entitled to our respect, and we feel a dignity in being one of that class of beings who can command the homage of an existing race, and the gratitude of posterity.

To fit ourselves with judgment, so as to be enabled to distinguish between the just and the base, is worthy our most serious consideration, in order to award our praise or censure with a due regard to truth, whether it relate to the dead or the living. What can be more fallacious than the long-received adage, that "we should speak nothing ill of the dead?" If the departed individual were immoral, or despicable, it is an injury done the memory of the just to withhold the truth. It is our duty to revere the latter, and to abhor the former. It is to become an accessary to a wrong, if we consent that vice should not be held up to detestation. If we conceal a crime, because death interposed and stayed the operations of a mind prone to injustice, we outrage a moral principle. How can we hope that our honest actions may claim the approbation of our successors? or what dread can we have of their censure, if the truth be not spoken of us?

It is evident, that, in the heart of man, though steeped in transgression, there lurks a desire to deserve well of the world—an anxiety that posterity should not despise his memory. We know of atonements for wrongs, excuses or palliations of crime, charitable bequests, and various modes of purchasing the privilege, to glide into obscurity with the semblance of virtue. Some of our noblest institutions have their origin in this solicitude to obliterate the stains of guilt.

Whatever may be done to cover infamy, it is not our duty to look tamely on: the feelings of the injured

living may deserve our commiseration, but the characters of the vile deceased certainly demand our reprobation.

Often, within the limited circle of our experience, as if for our instruction, may we observe an individual struggling under a lingering disease, for which he feels there is no relief in worldly skill or friendly care. The approach of that period when the pulse shall cease to beat, consciousness be extinct, and the remains of the mass that once was man shall mingle with the earth, all strike on his heart with appalling effect. Reflection places before his lessening powers unnumbered deeds he would gladly wipe away from his memory; but they remain in their enormity not to be effaced; his mind seeks relief from such oppression, fraught with distraction. He looks abroad on nature, and feels astonished he had not before discovered its unnumbered beauties. He sees the smile of content in the countenances of others, and sighs for the joys he had neglected. It is all too late. Nothing pours the desired balm into his aching heart. Retribution rushes on his startled mind; and, while power remains, he bequeaths a portion of his property to some charity, solicitous that the deed may cover his multitude of sins; casts his eyes to heaven, and glides to that bourne whence no traveller returns.

How often may we observe the worthless beset the last hours of such a character, supplanting the honourable, and obtaining what neither affection nor justice would have awarded; yet, ere the mourning habiliments were injured by the wear, the property has been dissipated in reckless extravagance; wretchedness has befallen the vicious individuals; and they have been hurried to a premature grave, with all their imperfections on their heads. Can it be correct to cast such transactions into oblivion? Is it wise to withhold our discrimination between the honourable and the profligate? Common sense declares that justice should be administered under all circumstances. The hand of death touches not a moral axiom, nor alters a truth regarding the conduct of the living or the dead. The value of a good deed is too highly appreciated to be written in sand, that every tide or shower may obliterate; from which we may be assured, that, in selecting honourable persons to receive our benefactions, and in the disposal of our property, to separate the good from the vicious, we may induce a better regulation of conduct in those who are to be our successors, and assist in producing a rectitude in the transactions of mankind.

FUEL.

THE people of this country have coals always at hand for fuel, and are put to no inconvenience in procuring that domestic necessary, except the increase of price by their greater distance from the coal-mine; while, from the innumerable facilities of carriage by sea, river, canal, and railroad, even this little drawback is now reduced to its smallest limits. Our own facilities in this matter put us so much at our ease, that it becomes a little puzzling for us to think that there are people in the world to whom the procuring of *fuel* for warming their houses, and for cooking, is one of the most serious difficulties of life. Even in some districts of our own country, the labour of preparing this necessary article occupies several weeks of the finest and longest days of summer; in the Highlands of Scotland, and some parts of Ireland, where turf is the only procurable fuel, the peat bogs are covered during the dry season with half the population of the surrounding villages, who have first to dig out the wet peat in masses from the bogs, then to cut it into small *bricks* for the convenience of drying, and to pile these into little open heaps penetrable by the air. The time for driving them home to the farms and villages is one of equal labour; for the carts in these districts being small, and the peats bulky and light, innumerable returns have to be made to the bogs (which are often situated on the sides or tops of very high hills) before the whole can be removed. So great a proportion does the labour of procuring fuel bear to the other occupations of the year, that populous villages (such as Foggie-loan in Banffshire) often grow up in very barren districts, merely on account of the vicinity of peats; the additional labour requisite in raising corn and in cultivating vegetables in such places being compensated by the shorter carriage required from the moss.

In France there is hardly any other fuel but wood, and large tracts are reserved as forest land for this purpose. The demand outruns the supply, so that the trees are seldom allowed to grow to the size or hardness necessary for making substantial fire-wood. To supply a house in Paris with fuel, according to the comfortable proportions allowed in England, would therefore be a very expensive matter; and the people are necessitated to consider fires in their rooms as a luxury which even in very cold weather is quite beyond their reach. Fire-wood is hardly expended for any other purpose than cooking; and English students, who are attracted by the celebrity of the French medical school, often feel the occupation of studying all the evening in a Parisian room, with artificial flowers in the grate, to be quite an adequate payment for the eclat of a continental education. The houses of artizans in the towns, and of poor people every where through France, present to an English eye a very uncomfortable spectacle on this account, their fires being always extinguished as soon as the meal is cooked. This poverty of an article so essential is not owing to the want of good coal in the country; on the contrary, France possesses many mines distributed over the most populous parts of her territory. The defect is owing rather to the want of a sufficient number of good roads, and the absence of enterprise among her people, who nourish a prejudice against coal, saying they cannot bear the smell and dust which it causes. This strange reason could only operate on an indolent, unindustrious people; nor would any other allow it to impede the progress of manufactures, and of all national prosperity. They even smelt their iron by charcoal fires, at triple the cost of coal.

Spain lies farther south than France, but as its central provinces are situated on an elevated plain which is as high as some mountains, Madrid is a very cold place in winter. The scarcity of wood is here greater than in Paris, and coals are altogether wanting, so that the poor countrymen of Sancho Panza often pass the winter nights in a state of great discomfort. Fevers and consumptions are frequent maladies, consequent on the changes of temperature, and the impossibility of guarding against their effects by means of artificial heat.

In uncivilised countries, the substances used for fuel are of various, and sometimes very uncouth descriptions. Among the Arabs, camel and sheep's dung are the usual substitutes, which are used mixed with brushwood, and stalks of withered herbs from the desert; even these must be economised with the greatest care. Among the wandering tribes in the north of Syria, cattle droppings are the only fuel; and their way of cooking eggs, is, to empty two or three of them from the shells into a hollow piece of dried cow-dung, which is then placed on the embers, and, as it burns, it hastens the cooking of the omelet: this dish is reckoned savoury and rich tasted. In Aleppo, where there are no trees but those of the orchards and gardens, the fuel employed for heating the public baths consists of various ingredients—the dung of animals, the filth of stables, the parings of fruit, with other rubbish collected about the streets; and this composition, both in drying and in burning, produces a stench utterly intolerable to unpractised nostrils. It is to be regretted that the notices of travellers concerning a matter closely affecting the domestic habits of nations, are so frequently scanty and careless. Nothing can be a better measure of the progress towards civilization, than the provisions made by any people for the steady supply of fuel.

If the inhabitants of warm countries are put to difficulty from the want of fuel, what must be the case with those of the frozen north—the Laps, the Esquimaux, the Greenlanders? On the shores of the Icy Ocean, there are neither cows nor camels to furnish fuel; and, except the Greenlander could contrive to warm his kitchen with the dung of a bear, there is no other animal in all those regions fit for the purpose. He cannot even procure the stalks of herbs. It is singular how the ingenuity of man rises superior to his difficulties: the Esquimaux are able to render their huts, which are constructed of large hard snowballs, sufficiently warm and comfortable, by the economical use of a very simple kind of fuel. They have large lamps constructed of hardened clay, with wicks of *lichen* (a kind of vegetable, called in this country *stone-bark* and *white moss*), and the oil is seal-grease, or lumps of bear's fat. With these they warm their houses, and cook their victuals, and contrive to secure a number of domestic comforts. Captain Lyon says that he slept a night in one of their ice-huts, lying on a bench of snow, with a bear's skin beneath him, an immense Esquimaux dog reposing on his feet, and a lamp burning within two inches of his nose; and he never passed a warmer night in his lifetime, though he had sojourned also among the sunburnt Arabs of Fezzan.

The most singular kind of fuel of which we have heard, was that made use of by some French soldiers of the army of Bonaparte, in crossing the desert. Having been for some time utterly at a loss for the means of cooking, they came at length upon a spot where a large portion of a former caravan had perished from some of the calamities incident to travelling in the desert. The soldiers, regardless of the superstitions which would have made an Arab shudder in such a case, seized the bones, and kindled them, by the help of some brushwood, into fires, to cook their victuals, and warm themselves in the chilly nights which often succeed to very hot days in those climates. The stench which arose, was, as might be expected, truly horrible, and prevented the soldiers from enjoying their cookery as they had expected.

These examples may serve to show, that *fuel*, which we procure so easily, and use with so little thought, is in reality a valuable and rare convenience of civilised life, the regular supply of which requires a concurrence of very fortunate circumstances. It is the foundation of all domestic comfort and its scarcity or abundance has a powerful effect in fixing the habits, and even the national prosperity of the greatest countries. Without this, where were all the splendid manufactures and domestic elegancies of England? Travellers often fill their books with mere gossip, when they might give at least a slight notice concerning the price of fuel, and the kinds used—what classes are able to procure it, and what are obliged to do without—what injury or disease (in great towns particularly) are supposed to arise to the people from its scarcity—what manufactures could be carried on, were it abundant. Inquiries of this kind would throw light on several of the most essential circumstances in the fortunes and manner of a people.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER, the composer of the music of Der Freyschutz, and many other admirable works, was born at Eutin, in Holstein, on the 18th of December 1786. Like almost every other great German composer, he was the son of a professional musician, who devoted himself at an early period to the education of his son, and afforded full encouragement to the ripening of his musical talent. In boyhood, Weber was timid, retiring, and studious, but enthusiastic in all he applied himself to. By poring upon romances, which heated his fancy, he gave that peculiar tinge to his mind which is so apparent in his compositions. He also applied in early life to painting and drawing; he even condescended for a time to the drudgeries of lithography, which was then a new discovery; but in time the whole stream of his mind was turned into the channel of music alone. So rapid was his progress under his father and other masters, that in 1798, when he was only thirteen years of age, six fugues composed by him were deemed worthy of being given to the world. Soon after, having taken a predilection for dramatic music, he composed an opera, entitled "the Power of Love and Wine," besides a mass, and numerous minor pieces, all of which, however, he afterwards committed to the flames.

At fourteen, Weber composed the music of Steinberg's opera, Das Waldmadchen (the Maid of the Woods), which was well received both in Berlin and Petersburg. Soon after, he wrote an opera called "Peter Schmoll and his Neighbours," in which none but obsolete instruments were used, and which obtained him considerable praise among the more experienced musicians of his country. For some years, Weber now devoted himself solely to the study of the principles of music, first in the cities of northern Germany, and latterly in Vienna, which is in some measure the musical metropolis of the world. He emerged from this noviciate a perfect musician. Being appointed music-director at Breslau, he continued his studies with great diligence, and occasionally employed himself in composition. In 1806, he took the direction of the theatre at Carlsruhe, at the request of Prince Eugene of Wirtemberg; and during the disturbed period which followed, he found an asylum for his subsistence and his studies in the house of Duke Louis at Stuttgard, where he re-wrote his opera of the Wood Girl, and composed various smaller pieces, including Der erste Ton (The First Sound), till the political atmosphere began to clear in 1810, and restored him to his profession. He afterwards travelled through Germany in various directions, and his operas were played with success in Frankfort, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna. In 1813, he undertook the direction of the music in the Prague theatre, but, finding the duties too laborious, and of an invidious character, he resigned the situation, and, in 1817, accepted an invitation to assist in an opera at Dresden. Here he continued in the same active course of life as formerly, at the evident hazard of his health, which never had been very good. Here also he married the accomplished actress, Caroline Brand, who was destined to become an excellent wife. His whole time was not spent on music. He also wrote short poems, tales, criticisms, and other trifles, though generally without giving them his name. Having at length worn out his strength by professional exertion, he retired to the country to recruit, and there composed his "Preciosa," and commenced "Der Freyschutz," which had long before been commissioned for the Berlin theatre, and was founded on a romance by Apel. In 1821, the newly erected royal opera at Berlin was opened with the latter performance.

The effect produced by the first representation of this romantic opera, which must ever be regarded as one of the proudest achievements of genius, was almost unprecedented. It was received with general acclamations, and raised his name at once to the first eminence in operatic composition. In January it was played in Dresden, in February at Vienna, and every where with the same success. Weber alone seemed calm and undisturbed amid the general enthusiasm. He pursued his studies quietly, and was already deeply engaged in the composition of a comic opera, "The Three Pintos," never completed, and had accepted a commission for another of a romantic cast for the Vienna stage. The text was at first to have been furnished by Rellstab, but was ultimately written by Madame de Chezy, and written in so imperfect and impracticable a style, that, with all Rellstab's alterations, never had a musician more to contend with than poor Weber had to do with this old French story. As it is, however, he has caught the spirit of the tale.

> "Dance and Provençal song, and vintage mirth,"

breathe in his melodies; and although a perplexed plot and want of interest in the scene greatly impaired its theatrical effect, the approbation with which it was notwithstanding received by all judges of music on its first

representation in Vienna (10th Oct. 1823), sufficiently attested the triumph of the composer over his difficulties. He was repeatedly called for, and received with the loudest acclamations. From Vienna, where he was conducting his Euryanthe, he was summoned to Prague, to superintend the fiftieth representation of his "Freyschutz." His tour resembled a triumphal procession; for, on his return to Dresden, he was greeted with a formal public reception in the theatre.

But while increasing in celebrity, and rising still higher, if that were possible, in the estimation of the public, his health was rapidly waning, amidst his anxious and multiplied duties. "Would," says he in a letter written shortly afterwards, "Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday! Meantime, a cough, the herald of consumption, tormented him, and "the slow minings of the hectic fire" within began to manifest themselves more visibly in days and nights of feverish excitement. It was in the midst of this that he accepted the task of composing an opera for Covent Garden Theatre. His fame, which had gradually made its way through the north of Germany (where his Freyschutz was played in 1823), to England, induced the managers to offer him liberal terms for an opera on the subject of Oberon, the well-known fairy tale on which Wieland has reared his fantastic but beautiful and touching comic Epos. He received the first act of Planché's manuscript in December 1824, and forthwith began his labours, though he seems to have thought that the worthy managers, in the short time they were disposed to allow him, were expecting impossibilities, particularly as the first step towards its composition, on Weber's part, was the study of the English language itself, the right understanding of which, Weber justly considered as preliminary to any attempt to marry Mr Planche's verses to his own immortal music. These exertions increased his weakness so much, that he found it necessary to resort to a watering place in the summer of 1825. In December he returned to Berlin, to bring out his Euryanthe there in person. It was received, as might have been anticipated, with great applause, though less enthusiastically than the Freyschutz, the wild and characteristic music of which came home with more intensity to the national mind. After being present at two representations, he returned to his labours at Oberon.

The work, finally, having been completed, Weber determined himself to be present at the representation of this his last production. He hoped, by his visit to London, to realise something for his wife and family; for hitherto, on the whole, poverty had been his companion. Want had indeed, by unceasing exertion, been kept aloof, but still hovering near him, and threatening, with the decline of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge his duties, a nearer and a nearer approach. Already he felt the conviction that his death was not far off, and that his wife and children would soon be deprived of that support which his efforts had hitherto afforded them. His intention was to return from London by Paris, where he expected to form a definitive arrangement relative to an opera which the Parisians had long requested from him. He left Dresden early in 1826, accompanied by his friend Furstenau, a celebrated performer on the flute, travelling in a comfortable carriage, which his health rendered indispensable. His cough was less troublesome on the journey than it had latterly been. He reached Paris on the 25th of February, where he was received in the most flattering manner by all the musicians and composers of eminence, among others by Rossini, who was so anxious to see him, that he had called before his arrival, that he might ascertain the exact moment of his coming. On the 27th he was present at the first representation of Spontini's "Olympia;" and though no great admirer of the composer, the way in which the opera was performed elicited his warmest approbation. "How splendid a spectacle," says he, "is the opera here! The noble building, the masses upon the stage, and in the orchestra, are imposing, almost awful. The orchestra in particular has a strength and a fire such as I never before witnessed." The longer he remained in Paris, the more the number of his visitors increased. "I cannot venture to describe to you," he writes to his wife, "how I am received here. It would be the excess of vanity. The very paper would blush for me, were I to write down half of what the greatest living artists here tell me. If I don't die of pride now, I am insured against that fate for ever." Though thus breathing an atmosphere of flattery, and feeling his health and spirits improving amidst the novelty of the scene, his letters betray his longing to revisit his domestic circle, and his resolution never again to undertake so long a journey without the comfort of their society.

On the 2d of March, he left Paris for England, which he reached on the 4th, amidst a heavy shower of rain—a gloomy opening to his visit. The first incident, however, that happened after his arrival, showed how highly his character and talents were appreciated. Instead of requiring to present himself as an alien at the Passport Office, he was immediately waited upon by the officer with the necessary papers, and requested to think of nothing but his own health, as every thing would be managed for him. On the 6th, he writes to his wife from London—"Here I sit, well and hearty, already quite at home, and perfectly happy in the receipt of your dear letter, which assures me that you and the children are well; what more or what better could I wish for? After sleeping well and paying well at Dover, we set out yesterday morning in the Express coach, a noble carriage drawn by four English horses, such as no prince need be ashamed of. With four persons within, four in front, and four behind, we dashed on with the rapidity of lightning through this inexpressibly beautiful country; meadows of the loveliest green, gardens blooming with flowers, and every building displaying a neatness and elegance which form a striking contrast to the dirt of France. The majestic river, covered with ships of all sizes (among others the largest ship of the line, 148 guns), the graceful country houses, altogether made the journey perfectly unique."

He took up his residence with Sir George Smart, where every thing that could add to his comfort or soothe his illness had been provided by anticipation. He found his table covered with cards from visitors who had called before his arrival, and a splendid pianoforte in his room from one of the first makers, with a request that he would make use of it during his stay.

"The whole day," he writes to his wife, "is mine till five, then dinner, the theatre, or society. My solitude in England is not painful to me. The English way of living suits mine exactly, and my little stock of English, in which I make tolerable progress, is of incalculable use to me.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about the opera (Oberon). I shall have leisure and repose here, for they respect my time. Besides, the Oberon is not fixed for Easter Monday, but some time later; I shall tell you afterwards when. The people are really too kind to me. No king ever had more done for him out of love; I may almost say they carry me in their arms. I take great care of myself, and you may be quite at ease on my account. My cough is really a very odd one. For eight days it disappeared entirely; then, upon the third (of March), a vile spasmodic attack returned before I reached Calais. Since that time it is quiet again. I cannot, with all the consideration I have given it, understand it at all. I sometimes deny myself every indulgence, and yet it comes. I eat and drink every thing, and it does not come.

"At seven o'clock in the evening, we went to Covent Garden, where Rob Roy, an opera after Sir Walter Scott's novel, was played. The house is handsomely decorated, and not too large. When I came forward to the front of the stage-box, that I might have a better look of it, some one called out, Weber! Weber is here! and although I drew back immediately, there followed a clamour of applause which I thought would never have ended. Then the overture to the Freyschutz was called for, and every time I showed myself the storm broke loose again. Fortunately, soon after the overture, Rob Roy began, and gradually things became quiet. Could a man wish for more enthusiasm, or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm nature, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honour."

The honours of this world were, however, nearly over with Weber. The tired forces of life, though they bore up gallantly against the enemy, had long been wavering at their post, and now in fact only one brilliant movement remained to be executed before they finally retreated from the field of existence. This was the representation of Oberon, which for a time rewarded him for all his toils and vexations. But his joy on this occasion was interrupted by the gradual decline of his health. The climate of London brought back all those symptoms which his travelling had for a time alleviated or dissipated. After directing twelve performances of his Oberon in crowded houses, he felt himself completely exhausted and dispirited. His melancholy was not abated by the ill success of his concert, which, from causes we cannot pretend to explain, was no benefit to the poor invalid. His next letters are in a desponding tone. His expressions in the last but one he ever wrote, show the rapid decline of his strength, though he endeavours to keep up the spirits of his family by a gleam of cheerfulness. His longing for home now began to increase till it became a pang. On the 6th June, he was to be present at the Freyschutz, which was to be performed for his benefit, and then to leave London for ever. His last letter, the thirty-third he had written from England was dated the 2d of June. Even here, though he could scarcely guide the pen, anxious to keep up the drooping spirits of his wife, he endeavours to speak cheerfully, and to inspire a hope of his return.

On Friday, the 3d of June, he felt so ill that the idea of his attending at the representation of "Der Freyschutz" was abandoned, and he was obliged to keep his room. On Sunday evening, the 5th, he was left at eleven o'clock in good spirits, and at seven next morning was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The peaceful slumber of the preceding evening seemed to have gradually deepened into the sleep of death.

He was interred on the 21st, with the accustomed solemnities of the Catholic Church, in the chapel at Moorfields, the Requiem of Mozart being introduced into the service. In person, Weber is described as having been of the middle height, extremely thin, and of dark complexion. His countenance was strikingly intelligent, his face long and pale, his forehead remarkably high, his features prominent, his eyes dark and full. His usual look was one of calm placid thought, an expression which was increased in some degree by spectacles, which he wore on account of his shortness of sight. The force and acuteness of his mind were indicated in the occasional brilliancy of the expression of his countenance; the habitual patience and mildness of his disposition, in its permanent look of placidity and repose.

As a composer, amidst the flood of excellence which his works display, we have some difficulty in singling out the quality for which he stood most pre-eminent. We think, however, that he was in no respect more distinguished than for the perfect originality of his style. He imitates no particular master, he is the slave of no particular school, and can scarcely be said to take the cue from any of his predecessors or contemporaries. He walks in a path decidedly and peculiarly his own; and yet with all this originality, with a style so strongly, so indelibly marked, that it can never be mistaken, he is perhaps less of a mannerist than any composer of his day. The character of his music always varies with the subject. Unlike that of some, it is no Procrustes'-bed, to which all themes whatever are forcibly subjected, and fitted in so as to correspond with its precise form and dimensions. On the contrary, his compositions, as they invariably spring from the contemplation of the subject possess all the beauty and variety incident to it; and when we turn to his laughing chorus, the striking and singular effect of which is produced by the adaptation of the very phenomenon which usually takes place on the vocal organs when the risible faculties are agitated—to the cries of terror and dismay which break from Max, when struggling to escape from the demon, and to many other passages of his works, we are impressed with the idea that the object which he had constantly in view was simply to modulate the voice of nature, so as to bring it within the laws of musical expression. So completely, indeed, has he followed the course which nature points out, that we may apply to him with the most perfect justice, the high eulogium which Pope pronounces on Shakspeare, when he describes him as being "less an imitator than an instrument of nature," and adds, "that it is not so just to say of him that he speaks from her, as that *she* speaks through *him*."

The consequence of this is, that his works are remarkable for the individuality of their character; and, in this respect, they admit of being favourably contrasted with those of his great rival, Rossini. His Freyschutz, his Preciosa, his Oberon, his Euryanthe, are so distinct from each other, we may venture to say, that, with a person ignorant of their author, they might pass for the productions of a different artist.*

SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.

No settlement that the English has formed in recent times in a distant territory, for purposes of emigration, has failed so completely in its objects as that upon Swan River, on the west side of the continent of Australia. Various causes have been given for this unfortunate result, the chief being the general bad quality of the land in the interior, or at a distance from the river, and the difficulty, if not impossibility of getting steady labourers and mechanics. Lieutenant Brereton, in his recently published work, "Excursions in New South Wales," &c., thus describes the appearance of this settlement:—

"We arrived (says he) at Swan River; and it may be imagined how much our curiosity was excited to see, with our own eyes, a spot of which such a variety of accounts had been published.

This place was known to the French long before the English thought of colonising it; but they seem to have entertained no very high opinion of its beauties or capabilities. The coast, to some distance on each side of the entrance to the river, has a most wretched appearance; nothing being visible save barren rocks or a sandy beach, with a dreary-looking country beyond; in short, a more inhospitable spot is rarely to be found; and a vessel driven upon the rocks formed an object which did not conduce to animate the scene.

Freemantle, at the time of my arrival (October 1829), was a mere encampment, every person being either in a tent or temporary hut. Its site is a level spot, consisting entirely of sand, and the 'bush' or forest extends to within a very short distance of it. Water was easily procured by digging holes a few feet in depth, but it was not particularly good, and that which we took on board at our departure was not drinkable. I understand, however, that a plentiful supply has been found since, and of a good description. The only spring near the place was about a mile distant, and it fell into the river only a few yards from its source.

If the site of Freemantle alone be considered, a worse spot for a town could hardly have been selected. Situated as it is upon a bed of sand, and exposed to a glare that is almost insupportable, it holds out but little inducement for any person to fix his residence there, unless compelled by circumstances.

It was not a little curious to observe the incipient town during the first few months after its commencement. Tents and huts in every variety—goods of all descriptions scattered about in disorder—the emigrants employed, some in cooking their provisions, and others in sauntering about, or landing their effects—many looking very miserable, and not a few equally happy—different kinds of animals just landed, and showing evidently how much they must have suffered during so long a voyage. Such was the scene I witnessed on landing at the spot on which the future principal seaport of Western Australia was to stand.

At the entrance of the Swan, which is close to Freemantle, there is a bar on which the depth of water does not exceed six or seven feet; and often, even when the wind is moderate, the passage over it is not a little hazardous. From thence to Perth, the distance is about nine miles; and the navigation is rather impeded by shoals, which in some places extend nearly across the river.

On approaching the township, one part of the river forms a lake several miles in extent, which would make a fine harbour if a canal could be cut so as to admit large vessels. Its shores are rocky, and generally useless to the agriculturist. Perth, the intended capital, stands on a rising spot, covered, when I was there, with trees, in the midst of which the settlers had pitched their tents or erected their huts; and the situation is not only well chosen, but affords some

* Condensed from a memoir in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, which is partly derived from a German life of Weber, and partly from the personal knowledge of the writer.

highly interesting views. The river at this part is about half a mile wide, or rather more, but it is so shallow that it may sometimes be forded.

A mile or two above Perth there are several islands; and the river at this spot was so shallow, that we were obliged to get out of our boat, and drag or lift it through the mud for some distance; after which we found ourselves again in deep water, and it soon became fresh.

From this part of the river, to a distance, as well as we could judge, of twenty-five or thirty miles above Perth—that is to say, as far as we could proceed in a boat—the scenery was frequently of a beautiful description, and the banks in many places were composed of a rich alluvial soil, covered with excellent grass. Unfortunately, the good soil was rarely found to extend more than half a mile from the river, and often not more than fifty or a hundred yards. The land, to a greater distance, may be capable of cultivation; but we lost sight of the black mould, and observed beyond it sand and ironstone.

In some parts, the country was thickly clothed with forest; but in others, it had the appearance of a fine park, in which scarcely a tree was to be seen that one would think it necessary to destroy.

It has been confidently asserted that the land is *generally* so scantily wooded that there are not more than *two trees to the acre!* Nothing can be more absurd, for it is only here and there that such is the case, the country being more commonly what is denominated 'open forest,' with spots where the trees are very close together.

We made a point of landing wherever we perceived an indication of good land, and frequently discovered the holes which had been dug by those who had preceded us, in order to ascertain the nature of the soil, and saw at once the cause why some persons had been so greatly deceived. Instead of proceeding in a direct line *from* the river, they had, in consequence of their ignorance of its course, passed partly across an elbow or bend formed by it, without being aware that they were all the time not far from its banks; so that they were led to believe the black mould extended several miles *from*, instead of *along* it.

The Canning falls into the Swan a little below Perth, on the opposite side, and in most of its features resembles that river, but it is smaller.

Our party ascended the stream as far as the fallen trees permitted, which was not more, I think, than fifteen or sixteen miles from its confluence with the Swan. Its banks are highly picturesque—often romantic; and it struck me there was rather a larger proportion of good soil than on the last-named river; but even on the Canning, it extends not farther than from half to three quarters of a mile, and very seldom so far.

Between Perth and Freemantle, the land, in an agricultural point of view, is almost worthless, if we except a few small spots; the greater portion of it consisting of sands or sandstone covered with trees and underwood.

The base of the Darling range approaches to within a very few miles of Perth; but the declivities of these hills had not the appearance of being particularly abrupt, and their elevation is considered to be only about 1200 feet, which I am inclined to believe is somewhat underrated. Their aspect is triste and displeasing. How far inland the range extends is not known; but some officers had gone up the Canning as far as they could in a boat, and then walked, according to their statement, upwards of forty miles, when, seeing no apparent termination to the range, and their provisions being well nigh exhausted, they were obliged to retrace their steps.

They said (and there is every reason to believe their information to be correct) that the soil was bad or indifferent, excepting sometimes at the bottom of a valley or ravine; nor did they see much land adapted even for the purposes of grazing: indeed, their account of the interior was far from cheering.

On the Canning, we fell in with twenty-one of the *aborigines*, a greater number than had been previously seen in a body. They were of good height, straight-limbed, very slightly made, and appeared to be extremely active. As though they were not naturally sufficiently ugly, many of them had thrust a feather, a bone, or a piece of wood, through the septum of the nose; and the same practice was observed on various parts of the east coast by Cook's people, who gave to the ornament the appellation of spritsail-yard."

Other writers mention that good land *is* plentiful in this settlement, and that the only serious evil which exists is the want of steady labourers and artizans. The author of a new work, entitled "England and America," has the following observations on this subject:—

"This colony may prosper in the course of years; but for the present it must be considered, when compared with the expectations of those who founded it, a decided failure. Why this failure with all the elements of success, a fine climate, plenty of good land (in proportion, perhaps, to the population), plenty of capital and enough of labourers? The explanation is easy. In this colony, there never has been a class of labourers. Those who went out as labourers no sooner reached the colony than they were tempted by the superabundance of good land to become landowners. One of the founders of the colony, Mr Peel, who, it is said, took out a capital of L.50,000 and three hundred persons of the labouring class, men, women, and children, has been represented as left without a servant to make his bed or fetch him water from the river. The writer of the first book concerning this colony states, that, landing in Cockburn Sound with goods taken from England, he did with some difficulty procure workmen to place his goods under a tent; but that there, for want of workmen to remove them, they remained till they were spoiled, as the tent became rotten. In such a state of things it was impossible to preserve capital. While Mr Peel was without servants, his capital perished; but as soon as his capital had perished for want of servants, those who had been his servants insisted on his giving them employment. Having tried a life of complete independence, and felt the pains of hunger, they now wanted to become labourers again. At one time Mr Peel was to be seen imploring his servants to remain with him; at another, escaping from their fury at his not being able to give them work. The same thing happened in many cases. In each case it was owing to the facility with which people—labourers when they reached the colony—became independent landowners. Some of these independent landowners died of hunger; and at a time, too, when, as it happened, a large supply of food had just reached the colony from Van Dieman's Land. Many of them, both capitalists and labourers, capitalists with capital and labourers without work, have removed to Van Dieman's Land; the cost of passage for the latter being defrayed by settlers in that prosperous island."

Such are a few characteristics of the Swan River settlement, a place to which we would advise no emigrants to proceed, however deplorable their condition be in this country. In the colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, a certain degree of comfort is sure to be obtained; but in this settlement, every thing seems so ill arranged, and the accounts of it are so contradictory, that, in the meanwhile, we consider it would be dangerous to proceed to it with the expectation of finding a comfortable home.

JOLLY YOUNG COLLY.

A poetical *jeu d'esprit*, from "Notes upon Notes," &c. by Henry Warren. London, 1832.

There's jolly young Colly, of Hollywood Hall,
Has gallopped, and whallopped, and trollopped through all
The estate of his pater, till great is his fall—
Poor Colly!

For gemmen, and flashmen, and others beside,
And joskins in buckskins who horse-skins could stride,
Were welcome, if they'd come and help him to ride
Through his fortune.

And he called 'em his *friends*, and he lent 'em his pounds,
While they plucked him, and sucked him, so out of all bounds,
That the neighbours all said he fed *two packs of hounds.*
Hark forward!

And hence his expenses, and thence is the cause,
As you'll guess, that distress and that pest of the laws,
A bailiff, one day left the mark of his claws
On his shoulder.

Now, though hunter himself, he was hunted full sore,
Being *sued* and *pursued* the whole county quite o'er,
Till his creditors said it was *nunting a bore*,
A hard run.

It was hark away, bark away, mark the way—go—
But the game was soon ended, so Friendship cried Wo!
Though *tapsters* and *milkwomen* cried *tally* owe!
Tally ho!

Oh! he'd oft *cleared* a *bank* with his high *mettle* roan,
And he'd *cleared* his *bank* now, for his metal had flown;
But one bank he could not clear, that he must own—
Banco Regis!

Erst he swept over, leaped over, many a *bar*,
But, alas! here the bars were, he found higher far;
So, though *bootless*, he gave to his *spirits* the *spur*
With the *bridle.*

Poor Colly! *your roan* is no longer *your own*,
Nor your bay, nor your gray, nor your brown, nor your dun;
Their bright hues, like yours, have now sunk into one—
Dun Brown.

LONDON DURING THE PLAGUE OF 1665.*

On entering Holborn, I was surprised to see all the people walking in the middle of the street. They had done so, in fact, in the other streets, but the narrowness of the latter had hindered me from noticing it. The silence was still remarkable, broken only by those remote sounding cries of which I have spoken, by the noise of a few coaches, and by the sound of a church bell, as if it were some rainy Sunday evening. It was noon, however; not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks; the air was sultry to the last degree; and the fires that were burning here and there, though lit on purpose, and of use in purifying it, added to the sense of oppressiveness. Yet the people had their coats buttoned up, and their necks muffled, as if they feared every breath of the atmosphere.

I had heard of a man who went about crying—"Yet forty days and London will be destroyed;" and of another, who, half naked, and never stopping to answer questions, hurried unceasingly through the streets, looking frightfully before him, and exclaiming, "O the great and the dreadful God!" I saw nothing of this; nor were the looks of the passengers, as far as I noticed, different from what they usually appeared in that careful part of the town; only they were more silent, and now and then the general attention was directed to the bustle at some door, where a person in sick clothes was brought out to be taken into a coach. But nobody stopped. I saw one of these persons go by in a coach, for I could not help looking in. It was a woman, as pale as the sheet that wrapped her. She had her mouth open, and cast a dull glazed look at me; but I quickly turned my eyes. The stream of passengers was now and then painfully interrupted by some one in liquor, not always a man; nor was it possible to know whether the drunken person was afflicted or merely brutal. One of these, a woman, after reeling every body out of the way, fell with such weight on the ground, that I instinctively ran to pick her up; when the rest cried out to me not to touch her, and presently there was a call of "Cart! Cart!" Upon which the cart made its appearance, that took people of this sort to the pest-house. It is supposed that many persons got dreadfully punished in this way for their intoxication; for the cart itself was enough to infect them. The sickness exhibited itself sometimes in the universal languor of the frame, sometimes in raging fevers, and often in boils and blains, which caused the sufferer the acutest agony. It was brought from Holland by infected goods, and detained by dirt and by narrow streets. Those stood the best chance of escaping who kept themselves cleanest, and were of the liveliest temper.

But what I had seen in this great open thoroughfare, however awful for its silent multitude, all avoiding the houses, was nothing to what I encountered in a lane, turning from Newgate Street into Little Britain. The riotous taverns and public-houses, of which I had been told, I did not witness any where, though doubtless they existed. I fancied, by the noise, that I might have passed one upon Snowhill; but there was none of that riot and swearing at open windows, which in this desperate situation of things, it was both too shocking to think of and too easy to believe. The worst noise I heard, after the outcry for the cart, was one of violent lamentation and shrieking in a house shut up, with a watchman standing before it. The people, however, took no notice; the watchman took none; and I passed on with the rest, feeling, for the first time, what it was to grow disregardful of misery, or to force myself to be so, by reason of its very excess. This was surely dreadful enough; and yet, to me, it was little to what I am about to mention.

The lane into which I turned was one of the most silent. The houses were all shut up, and yet I did not observe a single watcher at the doors. (Watchers were people stationed at sick houses to see that nobody went out). By this I concluded that the inmates were all dead, which very much astonished me. I have thought it strange that death should have proceeded in so regular a manner with a whole street. By what I heard afterwards, I concluded that the greater number of the inhabitants had quitted their business, and fled into the country; while the watchers being few in number, and not overlooked, had most probably, at the time of my passing, gone to take their refreshment, perhaps had abandoned their posts altogether, or gone in-doors, and taken possession without leave; for numbers of such stories were told of them. Be this as it may, a great mortality had taken place in that street, and death was still in it. I was walking on the shady side of the way, to avoid the terrible dead heat (for there seemed a mortality in the very sunshine), when I heard great cries on the sudden, in a house a little beyond, on the other side of the way, and (the door being, I suppose, already open) I saw a figure, like a man in his grave-clothes, burst forth, with his family at his heels, crying, "Father! Father!" He fled up the lane, brandishing his arms and clothes, and I lost sight of them in the turning. I was pondering on this spectacle, when I observed a man coming towards me on my own side, very quiet, though dejected, who passed me without noticing what he had seen. I was not sure that I had come the way I had been directed, and, turning about just as he had passed me, I asked him the name of the street. He looked right in my eyes, with one of those sudden and equivocal smiles which drunken men sometimes put on, though nothing could be staider than his movements, and said, "Don't you know the name of this street?" In my confusion I was beginning to move off without a word, as we do when deranged people address us, when he burst into peals of laughter, so loud and reiterated as to bring two or three people to the windows, but they said nothing, and almost as instantly withdrew. I was then moving on, when he called to me in a rational and very moving tone, "Sir, sir—I say." I could not help turning round, upon which he came nearer, and said, with tears in his eyes, "Every one dead, sir; six in the family, with their mother; I have seen them all put into the pit." "You afflict me, sir," said I, "beyond measure; I feel heartily for your troubles." He looked stupified, and as he was beginning to smile again, and (to say the truth) I felt both horror and fear, I again moved off, gradually increasing the rapidity of my progress. On reaching the turning of the way, where it rounded off, I could not resist a desire to look back, when I saw him standing in the middle of the street, thrusting his right hand violently into the air, and making signs for me with the other to return. I hastened to get out of his sight.

* From a novel entitled "Sir Ralph Esher," by Leigh Hunt. London, 1832.

A Column for Young People.

THE BOAT-BUILDERS.*

"COME, papa, and mamma, and Emma, said Frederick, as he just looked into the room, holding the door in his hand; "Tom Hudson has got the boat ready; and I can pull too; and when you like, we can put up the sail. And the sun is so bright—and the meadows and hedges so green—and there's such a nice breeze! How we shall enjoy it!"

The request thus urged, with a countenance all animation and vivacity, was immediately granted; and the domestic party were soon down the flight of steps, over the lawn, and along the lane a little to the right, where Tom was waiting in his nice new boat, called "The Prize," from his having won it at a recent regatta. All were quickly seated, and most delightfully did they glide along; when, as Frederick was wondering at what rate they were going, Mr Elwood asked if he ever heard of a boat which would never fill with water, even when exposed to the violent torrents which frequently accompany a thunderstorm.

"I have read of the life-boat," said Frederick.

"The life-boat," said his father, "is truly valuable; it is the result of much skill and perseverance; but I am thinking of one which is made, not by man, but inferior creatures, and is the result of instinct rather than intelligence."

"I never yet heard of that," replied his son; "and as you, papa, know every thing, how pleasant it will be for Emma and myself to hear all you can tell us; and though mamma has heard it before, I think, for our sakes, she would like it again."

"I should be quite as delighted as yourselves, my dears," was Mrs E.'s prompt and kind reply.

F. But, papa, you have not told us yet who this famous boatmaker is.

Mr E. The gnat, my dear.

E. What, papa! the disagreeable little creature that bit my neck some time ago?

Mr E. The same, my dear. The instrument which the gnat employs is very complicated and amusing. Did you ever see a set of lancets?

F. Yes, papa; when Mr Ferguson called, he took a little case of surgical instruments out of his pocket, and showed me what was inside.

Mr E. Such, then, is the tongue of a gnat: it consists of five pieces, and is shut up in a case, which is split from one end to the other, and gives steadiness to the instrument whenever it is used. It is not this, however, which causes the irritation, but it is occasioned by a fluid, which the gnat injects or throws in, to render the thick blood sufficiently thin to be sucked up through the trunk, or case, we have before spoken of.

F. That is very singular. Does the gnat undergo changes, like the butterfly?

Mr E. O yes; the larva, or grub of the gnat, inhabits the water, and is therefore called aquatic. It usually swims near the surface of the water, with its head downwards, and its tail in the air, for a purpose which will presently be obvious. It may be met with in abundance during summer, in ditches, or in water-butts, appearing like a minute, whitish, semi-transparent shrimp, or fish, when its body is a little bent, as it frequently is. Its organs for breathing are situated in the tail, a tube for which goes off from the last ring of the body, and both of these end in a sort of funnel, composed of hairs, in form of a star, anointed with oil, so as to repel water. Swammerdam remarks, that, when, by handling it too roughly, this oil is removed, the grub "can no longer suspend itself on the water; I have observed it put its tail into its mouth, and afterwards draw it back, as a water-fowl will draw its feathers through its bill to prepare them for resisting water. When it wishes to descend to the bottom, it folds up the hairs of the funnel, but by means of its oil retains at their ends a globule of air; and when it wishes to arise, it has only to open its hair funnel again." Its metamorphosis into a winged fly is very curious.

E. Every thing you explain to us is so, papa; who would have thought that such a little teasing creature was so wonderful?

Mr E. When it is prepared to change its element, the insect rises to the surface, the body is divided, and as soon as the aperture is large enough, the head of the gnat appears in its perfect shape; and then the animal, which has been hitherto aquatic, has nothing to dread so much as the water; for as yet its legs and wings are soft, moist, and bound up, so that they can be of no use, and were the water to touch its corslet, it would certainly and instantly perish.

F. Ah! there's no life-boat for a gnat!

Mr E. Not by Captain Manby, my dear, but one has been provided in itself by the great and beneficent Creator. For, as soon as it puts its head out of water, it raises itself almost perpendicularly, and literally becomes a canoe, of which its own body forms the mast and sail. The skin floats, and when the observer perceives, says Reaumur, how much the prow of the little bark sinks, and how near its sides are to the water, he forgets at the moment that the gnat is an insect which at another time he would kill; nay, he becomes anxious for its fate, and the more so if the slightest breeze play on the surface of the water; the least agitation of the air suffices to waft the creature with swiftness from place to place, and make it spin round and round. Its body, folded in its wings, bears a greater proportion to the little skiff than the largest mass of sail to a ship: it is impossible not to dread lest the insect should be wrecked; once laid on its side in the water, there is no escape. Multitudes, indeed, thus perish, but generally all terminates well, and the danger is over in a minute. After having stood erect, it draws out its two fore-legs, and, bending to the water, places them on its surface, which is firm ground for a gnat's weight, and then all is safe; the wings dry and expand, and the insect, quitting the water, where it was born, rises into the air.

F. Are there many of these wonderful little creatures?

Mr E. It is supposed, that, from the end of May to that of October, six or seven generations are born; and each gnat is able to lay two hundred and fifty eggs. Indeed, were they not devoured by fish, water-fowl, swallows, and other animals, the air would often be darkened from their immense multitudes, so that, though they only tease and annoy us now, they would become a sort of plague. So numerous were they in 1736, that vast columns of them were seen to rise in the air from Salisbury Cathedral, resembling at a distance columns of smoke, so that many thought that fine building was on fire. A similar occurrence produced the same effect at Sagan, in Silesia, in 1812. At Norwich, in the following year, the inhabitants were alarmed by the appearance of smoke issuing from the upper window of the spire of the cathedral, which most probably arose from the same means. And in 1766, they appeared at Oxford, in the form of a thick black cloud darkening the air. Six columns of them were observed to ascend from the boughs of an apple-tree, to the height of fifty or sixty feet; and their bite was exceedingly envenomed.

F. Why, papa, they are as bad as the mosquitoes of which I was reading yesterday.

Mr E. The mosquito is only a large variety of the common gnat. It is found abundantly in the woody and marshy parts of all hot climates; and throughout Lapland, Norway, and Finland, and other countries equally near the pole, during their short summer. Can you remember, Frederick, any proofs of their ravages?

F. I think I can, papa. It is said that Sapor, king of Persia, was compelled to raise the siege of Nisibis by a plague of gnats, because they attacked his elephants and beasts of burden, and so caused the rout of his army. In the polar regions they are very terrible, for they seem able to resist any degree of cold, as well as to bear any degree of heat. Sometimes in Lapland they are compared to a flight of snow when the flakes fall thickest, or to the dust of the earth.

Mr E. That will do, my dear; mamma has just been reading Clarke's Travels, and will tell us what is stated by that eminent traveller.

Mrs E. He informs us, that in spite of gloves, clothes, and handkerchiefs, the bodies of himself and his companions became one entire wound, and that the irritation and swelling excited much fever. On a most sultry night, when exhausted by pain, heat, and fatigue, he sought refuge in his carriage; he could not venture to open a window, though almost suffocated. Still swarms entered his hiding-place, and, though he had bound up his head with handkerchiefs, filled his mouth, nostrils, and ears. At length he succeeded in lighting a lamp, which was instantly put out by such a prodigious number of these creatures, that their carcases actually filled the glass chimney, and formed a large conical heap over the burner.

Mr E. Thank you, my dear; now perhaps Frederick can relate how the Laplanders contrive to keep them out of their huts?

F. They burn a fire throughout the day, and, to defend themselves while in bed, the Laplander fixes a leathern thong to the poles of his tent, over his bed, which raises his canvass quilt to a proper height, so that its sides or edges touch the ground; under this he creeps, and passes the night in safety. So loud is their buzz as to disturb, almost as much as their bite, the rest of persons exposed to their attacks. The more wealthy inhabitants of climates where they abound, usually sleep under nets of gauze.

E. Papa, you said just now that before the gnat began to fly, it became a canoe; was this all you meant, when you said it was a boat-builder?

Mr E. No, my love; when the female gnat has laid her eggs, she makes of them a little boat. Each egg is shaped like an olive or a powder-flask, and, by itself, would sink to the bottom of the water; yet the gnat puts the whole three hundred together so skilfully, that they all swim on the surface, safe and unhurt, until the larvæ or grubs of the gnats are hatched.

E. It is very surprising, papa, that so large a number should float, while one would go to the bottom of the pond. But I think you will let us into the secret.

Mr E. A gnat has six legs; the four fore-legs she rests on a floating leaf, or on the side of a bucket, if she is in water contained in such a vessel; and her body is thus held level with the water, except the last ring of her tail, which is a little raised. She then begins to use her two hind-legs, which she crosses in the shape of the letter X, the open part of which, next the tail, serves as a kind of scaffold for the eggs she lays, until the boat is nearly formed. Each egg, when laid, is covered with a sort of glue; the gnat holds the first-laid egg in the crossed legs until the second is placed by its side, and fastened to it; she then glues to these another egg, making a triangle, or three-sided figure; and this is the beginning of the boat. Thus she goes on piling egg upon egg, always keeping the boat in proper shape by her useful hind-legs; and, as it grows in size, she pushes it from her by degrees, still adding to the unfinished end next her body. When the boat is half built, her hind-legs are stretched out like two parallel lines, and she holds up the boat as cleverly as if it were done with two oar stretched arms.

F. And is it much like a boat, papa?

Mr E. Yes, my dear; it possesses not only the form, but also most of the other properties of a boat; its fore and hind parts being sharper and higher than the middle; the lower part on which it always floats being convex, and the upper part concave. It is likewise so buoyant that no agitation of the water, however violent, can sink it; and, what is still more deserving of admiration, although hollow, it will not sink. Mr Kirby says, "To put this to the test, I put half a dozen of these boats upon the surface of a tumbler half-full of water. I then poured upon them a stream of that element, from the mouth of a quart bottle, held a foot above them. Yet, after this treatment, which was so rough as actually to project one out of the glass, I found them floating as before, and not a drop of water within their cavity."

* From "Art in Nature or Science Anticipated:" Westley and Davis, London.

AGED GARDENERS.

Perhaps it may gratify those who seek for health, by their attachment to gardens, to note the age that some of our English horticulturists have attained to: Parkinson died at about 78; Tradescant, the father, died an old man; Switzer, about 80; Sir Thomas Browne died at 77; Evelyn, at 86; Dr Beale, at 80; Jacob Bobart, at 85; Collinson, at 75; a son of Dr Lawrence (equally fond of gardens as his father), at 86; Bishop Compton, at 81; Bridgman, at an advanced age; Knowlton, gardener to Lord Burlington, at 90; Miller, at 80; James Lee, at an advanced age; Lord Kames, at 86; Abercrombie, at 80; the Rev. Mr Gilpin, at 80; Duncan, a gardener, upwards of 90; Hunter, who published *Sylva*, at 86; Speechley, at 66; Horace Walpole, at 80; Mr Bates, the celebrated and ancient horticulturist of High Wickham, who died there in December 1819, at the great age of 89; Marshall, at an advanced age; Sir Joseph Banks, at 77; Joseph Cradock, at 85; James Dickson, at 89; Dr Andrew Duncan, at 83; and Sir U. Price, at 83. Mr Loudon, at page 1063 of his Encyclopædia, informs us that a market garden and nursery, near Parson's Green, had been, for upwards of two centuries, occupied by a family of the name of Rench; that one of them (who instituted the first annual exhibition of flowers) died at the age of ninety-nine years, having had thirty-three children; and that his son (mentioned by Collinson as famous for forest trees) introduced the moss-rose, planted the elm-trees now growing in the Bird-cage Walk, St James's Park, from trees reared in his own nursery, married two wives, had thirty-five children, and died in 1783, in the same room in which he was born, at the age of a hundred and one years. Reflecting on the great age of some of the above, reminds me of what a "Journal Encyclopédique" said of Lestiboudois, another horticulturist and botanist, who died at Lille, at the age of ninety, and who gave lectures in the very last year of his life. "When he had (says an ancient friend of his) but few hours more to live, he ordered snow-drops, violets, and crocuses, to be brought to his bed, and compared them with the figures in Tournefort. His whole existence had been consecrated to the good of the public, and to the alleviation of misery; thus he looked forward to his dissolution with a tranquillity of soul that can only result from a life of rectitude; he never acquired a fortune; and left no other inheritance to his children but integrity and virtue."—*From a volume, entitled "On the Portraits of English Authors on Gardening."*

INTELLIGENCE IN CARD-PLAYING.

The alleged origin of the invention of cards, produced one of the shrewdest replies I have ever heard given in evidence. It was made by the late Dr Gregory, of Edinburgh, to a counsel of great eminence at the Scottish bar. The doctor's testimony went to prove the insanity of the party whose mental capacity was the point at issue. On a cross-interrogation, he admitted that the person in question played admirably at whist. "And do you seriously say, doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires, in a pre-eminent degree, memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time deranged in his understanding?" "I am no card-player," said the doctor, with great address, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." The consequences of this reply were decisive.—*Sir W. Scott.*

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BAD TIMES.

THE everlasting cry of bad times is one of the most curious specimens of popular error that we know of, and might almost be held to indicate a radical deficiency in the powers of the human understanding. We do not recollect any period so happy, but what the cry of bad times was general: it was so, as we distinctly recollect, during even that period of unnatural prosperity immediately before the conclusion of the late war. The only explanation that can be given to so self-evident a delusion, is, that it originates with the unfortunate and the imprudent—always a large body—and is readily echoed by those who are otherwise, in order (if we may use the expression of the old Highland laird) "to keep the rest off them." The unprosperous save their self-love by putting it all upon the times; and the prosperous save their gains by pretending to be poor likewise: with the one set it is an excuse; with the other it is a defence: and so the fallacy spreads.

The complaints of the labouring portions of the community regarding the increasing severity of their lot, are entitled to more respect, for their case is a new one, and it is befitting that statistical inquirers should endeavour to ascertain how far the system of monotonous labour, which now obtains in large masses of the community, is compatible with their moral and physical happiness. It may be a grinding toil which is generally endured by these masses; and we are not prepared to say, that, considering the complete abandonment of liberty which is part of his condition, the workman is in general paid better, or, to use an expressive phrase, is better off than his forefathers relatively were. If a condition of labour, however, attended by a considerable share of personal comforts, be better than a condition of comparative idleness, unattended by nearly so large a share of those appliances, the labourer of the present day has no title to cry out, "Bad times."

One of the grand causes of this fallacy is the ignorance of the majority of the people regarding any other time than the present. If the middle classes knew how poorly, in comparison, their predecessors lived—if the labouring classes knew what unutterable hardships and discomforts were endured by those who have gone before them in the same humble but useful walk of life—there would be much less of this standing charge against the present age.

We need go to no country more distant than our own, nor to any remoter period than what is recollected by thousands of persons yet living, to find abundance of proof, that in all the conveniences of life the present time is incomparably superior to the past. We shall take the condition of the poor as the best criterion, because the richer sort of people can at all times command advantages which render the progress of domestic comfort less perceptible in their instance. The change from the lumbering and hard-bottomed elbow-chair to the soft settee, is much less decisive of the point at issue, than that from a dwelling, where the snow blew into the chimney-nook, to a snug cottage, both air-tight and water-tight. The houses of the peasantry fifty or sixty years ago were deficient in comfort, to a degree that ought to make those who extol past times shudder and hold their peace. Constructed of mud, of turf, or of alternate layers of turf and stone without any cement, and with thinly thatched roofs, they were pervious at almost every point to wind and rain. Built in numerous instances at the bottom of steep slopes, with the door on the side toward the hill, there was little more than a yard or a yard and a half between the front wall and the bank of earth formed in digging the foundation. This bank rose as high as the eaves; so that the passage to the house was more like a deep ditch than any thing else. Nor did it want water in the bottom to complete the resemblance: when heavy rains fell, or during the melting of snows, the moisture, dripping down the side of the mountain, poured into this receptacle, and frequently entered the house, causing not only a present inconvenience by extinguishing the fire on the hearth, imprisoning children in beds, and obliging cats to embark for safety on stools or other floating furniture, but when the deluge receded, it left the earthen floor in a state of unhealthy dampness, which was never entirely removed during the driest months of the year. The discomfort was felt to be great; but the attachment to use and wont was such, that, instead of removing to a better situation when the erection of a new hovel was necessary, our excellent ancestors raised them on the same or a similar spot, and thought they had succeeded beyond measure well in devising a remedy, by leaving a conduit in the back wall through which the float-water might discharge itself. In winter these huts were often covered up with snow, so as entirely to debar egress or ingress. We have been told of a man, who, being absent during a fall of snow, found himself excluded from his own house on his return; and for a week the only communication he was able to hold with his family, was by entering an outhouse and speaking and thrusting his hand through a hole in the end wall. Two of his children lay in the same bed, ill of small-pox, at the time, and every morning the blankets above them were strewed with a layer of snow, drifted through the crannies of the crazy mansion.*

Where a dwelling was not exposed to the influx of running water, it was at least sure to admit moisture plentifully from above. The story of James Allen, the celebrated Northumberland piper, shows but too truly the condition of the thatched roofs throughout the country about the period referred to: Being asked by some gentlemen, who visited him on a wet day, while the rain was discharged in unobstructed bucketfuls about the ears of himself and family, why he did not endeavour to make his residence more habitable, by closing up the holes in the roof, he replied, "In weather like this, it is impossible to work, and when the season is fine the house does not need any repairs." Even where the roof was well kept, according to the ideas then prevalent, a long course of boisterous weather found or made numerous crevices, by which the rain penetrated. The reader is to remember, that, in the houses spoken of, nothing intervened between the floor and the roof; ceiling or "lofting" there was none; and as every chimney refused to carry off any thing but the smallest piping of smoke, that detested substance filled the cottage, first curling over the heads of the inmates, and then investing them down to the ground with its eye-vexing, "hoast-provoking" folds. On looking in by a window, after nightfall, upon a company seated round the fireside, with their slender taper dimly burning in the midst of this lurid atmosphere, their persons appeared distorted, their faces disfigured and discoloured, and they resembled a set of demons met in unholy conclave, rather than a party of worthy Scottish peasants enjoying a cheerful crack beside the winter ingle. But this was not the worst of it: the smoke crusted every beam and rafter with a thick coating of soot; and when the wet soaked through the roof, the drops blackened every thing upon which they fell. Then were called into requisition every "wecht" and broad dish in the house, which were placed all about the joists, and on the tops of the beds, to preserve the furniture, the dresses of the family, and the food they were eating, from the pollution of the sable shower. While the storm lasted, the drops pattered and plunged in the vessels, which were emptied as soon as *it was discovered* that the contents began to overflow, and a strong sooty odour was diffused into every corner of the dwelling.

Many huts of the old construction still remain to attest the truth of this description. But they are disappearing; and we would ask those who grumble on account of the increasing wretchedness of the times, whether they would propose, as a means of putting a stop to its farther progress, to discontinue the building of the neat little edifices, with walls of stone and lime, and slated roofs, which are fast rooting out these miserable dwellings from every glen-head, at least in the southern parts of Scotland?

If the immediate ancestors of our peasantry were, in point of lodging, so much worse off than their descendants, their food and clothing were equally inferior. Agriculture was in a pitiable state. There was no proper system of manuring the ground, nor of alternating crops. The fields were not sheltered by fences. Seasons were not observed with care; nor was labour regulated with any degree of precision—nothing was begun in time, nor finished in time. Sometimes servants worked extremely hard and very long hours; at others they loitered indolently about the house, wasting days in idle conversation or amusements with their master. A piece of ground was ripped up with the plough here and there on the hill-sides; the seed, most probably of indifferent quality, was flung in late; and strict injunctions were issued to the shepherd—alas, how vainly!—not to allow a single ewe to nip a single corn-stalk. When harvest came, no crop could present a more hopeless appearance; it was only half-ripe, thin, and stunted; trampled down and eaten by wild animals, as well as by those under the care of man; and the ears were switched off by the wind and weather. In this state it was cut, perhaps after the frosts and snows had set in; and, it may well be guessed, the grain was either wholly useless, or afforded food both scanty and extremely unhealthy. The consequence next season was commonly a famine and dearth; and people were driven to the most wretched means of subsistence. Butcher-meat was out of the question among the poor at that time; so nobody thought of fetching a sheep from the hill, and killing it for the use of his starving family, except perhaps he who possessed none of his own, and deemed it better to steal one than to die of hunger. Milk afforded a timely help to those who had a cow; but all such as were not so fortunate, had nothing else to depend upon but a few "lang kail," well nipt by the hares, in the corner of a fenceless garden, and wild roots, which they grubbed up in the fields. They could not plant a few early potatoes, to be coming forward as a resource before the beginning of harvest; for neither the late nor the early kind of potato had then come into common use. How would a modern admirer of past times, who never in the course of his life, except some twice or thrice by chance, missed a regular meal

* We may add that, in consequence of the coolness communicated by their snowy covering, these two children recovered with a rapidity quite unusual at the period; and this was one of the circumstances which tended to convince the people of the neighbouring district that patients suffering under that loathsome malady ought to be kept cool; it had previously been the practice, as all our readers are no doubt aware, to exclude fresh air from them with the greatest solicitude, and to heap over them loads of bedclothes sufficient to kill by suffocation even a healthy person.

like to sit down for weeks to a dish of wild herbs, unskilfully culled, badly prepared, and insufficient in quantity? Would he exchange his fine linen for "straiking" fit to rasp the skin off a tender back? would he deliver up his superfine west of England blue coat, and invest himself with one of the coarsest home-made hodden gray? or would he lay aside his neat and comfortable shoes and stockings, for the purpose of tramping it barefoot to church, and putting on a pair of the clumsiest construction on approaching the end of his journey?

So far as Scotland is concerned, this, we think, should be decisive. As to the comparative condition of the English peasantry in the past age and the present, we have not the means of drawing so accurate a contrast. It is ascertained, however, that the agricultural labourers of that country are equally well paid now as during the times of war-prices, while their employers are a great deal worse. And we have no doubt that the same change, upon the whole, as that experienced in Scotland, has taken place in the south also, though not in so amazingly short a space of time.

POWERS OF FASCINATION IN ANIMALS.

Among the most mysterious facts in nature, is the power of fascination which several classes of animals possess over others, for destructive or protective purposes. There must be few of even our juvenile readers who have not heard of this power as exerted by the rattlesnake, upon birds, squirrels, hares, and other small animals, which that serpent is in the habit of making its prey. It is said to fix its eyes upon its victim, and, opening its mouth, draws them slowly forward, trembling and fluttering with fear, but unable to restrain themselves, till they enter the yawning gulf, and are devoured. To appearance, the one creature overpowers the other by a mere exertion of the will, supposing that there is a will in animals, as we sometimes see a man of strong character draw a weaker brother into a course which ends in destruction. But this is less probable than a theory which has been formed upon observation of facts, by Major A. Gordon, of South Carolina, who, in a paper published in the New York Historical Society, attributes the fascinating powers of serpents to a vapour which they secrete, and which they throw around them to a certain distance at pleasure. Major Gordon states various facts in support of his opinion, and observes that the vapour produces a sickening and stupifying effect, and alludes to a negro, who, from a peculiar acuteness of smell, could discover a rattlesnake when in the exercise of this power, at the distance of two hundred feet, and who, following such indications, always found an animal drawn within its vortex, and struggling with its influence.

The rattlesnake, however, does not form the only class among the reptile species possessing the power of fascination. The American writers affirm that many of the larger kinds of snakes have also this power: and Vallaint, in his travels in Africa, asserts, that, at a place called Swartland, he was eye-witness to a shirke in the very process of being fascinated by a large serpent, the fiery eyes and open mouth of which it was gradually approaching with convulsive tremblings, and the most piteous shrieks of distress. Vallaint states, that the bird died before reaching the jaws which were open for it, killed either by fear or the overpowering effect of the vapour. The traveller measured the distance between them, and found it to be three and a half feet.

The sympathy which seems to exist between several of the organs of the human frame, is also as unaccountable as any of the phenomena we have now noticed. A small laceration in one of the fingers will produce a locked jaw; as, when the liver is diseased, a severe pain in the left shoulder is felt; yet why the jaw or the shoulder should be affected more than any other part of the system, still remains without any certain explanation. The effect of different poisons, when introduced into the stomach, is a farther illustration of this wonderful sympathy. The infusion of tobacco applied to any part of the alimentary canal, almost instantaneously, and apparently by some other means than the circulation of the blood, destroys the action of the heart, while the brain and the other muscles of the system are comparatively but little affected. The essential oil of almonds, and the juice of aconite, on the contrary, destroy as rapidly the action of the brain, while the heart continues nearly its usual pulsations, not only during the symptoms, but even for some minutes after death has actually taken place. Many other poisons produce a similar diversity of effect: and the poison of the horned snake, which produces death in the course of a few hours, when introduced by a wound or a bite, may be tasted and swallowed without producing any bad effect.

There are some of the natives of Africa and America who possess the power of what is called "charming," or producing a benumbing or stupifying effect on poisonous serpents and scorpions, by handling them. This power is in some natural and hereditary, while in others it is acquired by chewing the roots or other parts of certain plants, rubbing them in their hands, or bathing their bodies in water containing an infusion of them. In that part of Africa which lies northward of the great desert of Sahara, there was formerly a tribe called the Psylli, who seem to have possessed this power, either from nature or art, in a degree that occasioned the name of Psylli to be given to all persons capable of producing similar effects. Plutarch informs us that Cato, in his march through the desert, took with him a number of these Psylli to suck out the poisons from the wounds of such of his soldiers as might be bitten by the numerous serpents which infested that region. It was then ignorantly believed that this power of subduing the poison was the effect of magic, and the Psylli, to confirm this belief, always, when in the exercise of this fascination, muttered spells or chaunted verses over the person whom they were in the act of curing. Many have ventured to doubt the existence of this power being possessed by any class of people, but the concurrent testimony of the best-accredited travellers seems to confirm the fact. Mr Bruce distinctly states, from minute personal observation, that *all* the blacks in the kingdom of Sennaar are perfectly armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the horned snake (there the most common, and one of the most fatal of the viper tribe) in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at each other, as children do apples and balls, during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and if they do, no mischief ensues from the wound. The Arabs of the same country, he also observes, have not by nature this protective power, but generally acquire it, by the use of certain plants. The artificial means of rendering the person invulnerable to the bite of snakes, seems also to be practised in South America. Don Pedro D'Orbies Y. Vargas, a native of Santa Fé, published in 1791 a memoir of experiments which he instituted to ascertain the truth of this phenomenon. The plant, he tells us, chiefly used by the American Indians, is called the guacomithy, from their having first observed that the bird of that name, or, as it is sometimes called, the serpent-hawk, usually sucked it before it attacked venomous serpents, which it could then do with impunity. Prepared by drinking a small portion of the juice of this plant, and innoculating themselves with it by rubbing it upon three small punctures, made in the hands, breast, and feet, Don Pedro himself, with all his domestics, were accustomed to venture into the fields, and fearlessly seize hold of the largest and most venomous serpents. It was seldom that the animal thus fascinated ever attempted to bite, or if it did, no evil consequence arose from the wound.

It may not be irrelevant here to allude to the common practice of charming trout and other fresh-water fishes, by rubbing the hands with assafœtida, and gradually approaching the fish with it, which, in an intoxication of delight, seems to abandon every degree of caution, and, instead of flying from the coming danger, advances to meet it, as a leveret to the mouth of the rattlesnake; only in the case of the fish pleasure appears to be the predominating influence.*

There is a secret influence said to be possessed by some men, by which they can disarm the rage of the most vicious quadruped. Housebreakers have sometimes been known to exercise this power over watch-dogs; the animal, while the robbery is committing, seemingly being under an influence of a quieting and sedative kind. The natives of Lapland and Dalame, it is affirmed, are in the possession of this secret generally, insomuch that they can oblige the most furious dog to fly from them with all his usual signs of fear, such as dropping his tail and suddenly becoming silent. The power possessed by "Sullivan the Whisperer" over horses (described in a late number of the Journal) is also illustrative of this subject. Thus we see an effect of the most powerful kind produced by one animal upon another, without being able to trace the medium of operation by which the consequences are made visible. The only mode by which this mysterious control can in any way be accounted for, is that adopted by Major A. Gordon, of which we have already spoken, viz., that, either by an inherent or acquired power, the controlling animal is enabled to emanate the absorbing influence which thus subdues or stupifies its victims.

* Among the instances of a fascinating or sympathetic power in other departments of nature, the most remarkable perhaps is that presented by the valisneria, an aquatic plant belonging to that order in which the male and female are classed separately. The male has a long spiral stem, by which its flowers are enabled to adapt themselves to the water, from the bottom of which the plants shoot forth, and to float in the middle of tide-streams of every variety of ascent. The stem of the female is shorter; and this species of the plant is only found in shallow water, or on shores where the tide exerts but little influence. As soon as the male flower has become perfected, the spiral stem dies away, and the flower separating itself from it, floats with the stream or wind over the water; until, at a certain distance from the spot occupied by the female flower, it is attracted with an influence so strong as to oppose with success the power of the stream or wind, which otherwise would carry it in a different direction. From whence this phenomenon arises, is altogether unknown; the most plausible cause ascribed, is, that the attraction is produced by a peculiarity of odour, which, though unknown, these plants may inherit.

Among fishes, several of them have powers of exercising upon their enemies a fascination, which enables them not only to escape from the threatened danger, but also gives them a facility of securing the animals, which they in their turn destine for their prey. The torpedo ray has the power of throwing a benumbing sensation upon the arm of the fisherman, through the hook, the line, and rod, which he is using; and, what is still more extraordinary, the fish has the power either of inflicting or withholding the shock which thus disarms his enemy. This animal is frequently found on the wet sands after the tide has retired; he buries himself in it by means of his fins, which serve to throw the sand over him; and even when hidden in this manner, he is said to have the power of striking with sudden torpor the casual wayfarer who may be passing over him.

THE GENTEEL YOUNG MAN,

A TALE.

William Frederick Cook was an exceedingly genteel good-looking young man, about twenty years of age, the son of a tradesman in London, who had an idea he should make his boy something above wearing an apron and sleeves, by sending him to schools at which the classics were taught. Accordingly, when Master William's education was finished, or, more properly speaking, when the expenses could no longer conveniently be endured, he came home, and, considering himself a miracle of learning and gentility, strutted, spouted Latin, thought his father was a fool, consulted his mirror like some of the other sex, who think fortunes may be made by face and figure, became a regular cultivator of whiskers, and spurs, and, consequently, a gentleman.

He was occasionally at places of amusement, but regularly in the family pew at St George's, and was considered a youth good as he was handsome, till it was discovered that he was thus regular in his attendance at church to eye the daughter of a gentleman of fortune, who as constantly was seen in her family pew on the opposite side of the aisle. Every Sunday, an ocular correspondence was kept up between this pair, till, tired of mere vision, they met, spoke, and were in ecstacies with each other. Young Mr Cook was determined to make the most of this promising adventure. He was penniless, had no profession wherewith to support himself, no species of patrimony to look for—nothing, in short, to depend on but his whiskers, his spurs, his gentility, and his beautiful fine-sounding name. This, therefore, was a capital chance of entrapping a young lady with what are called "good expectations"—a chance not to be lost sight of. Miss Louisa Heaviside, at the same time, could think of nothing but William Frederick Cook, because he was such a very handsome young man, and had such a very pretty double Christian name. She believed that marriages were made in heaven—that it would be the height of human felicity if she could be so fortunate as to secure such an elegant young gentleman as her husband. She was about eighteen, and somewhat romantic—considered manly beauty the first and only requisite in a husband—therefore, to such a man there could be no possible objection. She was confident they loved each other; therefore every one should strive to produce a union fraught with such an enviable share of happiness.

Her parents, however, entertained opinions not in agreement with these joyous notions. They ascertained who this William Frederick Cook was, his disposition, and his prospects in life. They then represented the impropriety of such a connection, but without effect. Louisa said, Mr William Frederick Cook was a scholar, and an elegant and a handsome young man. Her determination to speak enthusiastically of him, and his resolution to write in the most impassioned style to her, induced her parents to send her on a distant visit, by way of what is called putting a girl out of harm's way; and so cautiously were the movements made, that young Mr Cook could not discover when or whither his dear Louisa had been dispatched. In a state of anxiety and hopelessness, he began to think his fair prospect blighted. He bribed all Mr Heaviside's servants without obtaining the least information. He sought at every place where post-horses could have been engaged; but he could obtain no tidings to cast one ray of hope on his despair.

Louisa had been conveyed to Chichester, in Sussex, and there placed under the care of an uncle and aunt, till her frenzy should have subsided. They were attentive to their charge, and tried the soothing, the reasoning, and the threatening modes, without success. Louisa was inconsolable and sullen. She thought that "fathers have flinty hearts"—that all the promised ages of bliss were lost. It was certain to bring her to an early tomb.

In the depth of this despair, Love, all-powerful Love, lent Louisa his aid. Her servant's heart he softened. A feather, plucked from a quarter of a hundred of quills, at six shillings the hundred, spread, in Scott's liquid black, certain feeling hieroglyphics, swollen with tears, all over a sheet of gilt-edged post, and the mail-bag conveyed the dear epistle with such correctness, that the sad William Frederick started at once into consciousness of existence. Swift as the stage-coach could waft him, and the girl Hannah could arrange it, he was saluting his Louisa's tear-wet cheek. This was like magic! Raised from despair to joys unutterable, in despite of counteract-

ing magicians, in the shapes of aunts, servants, locks, keys, and bolts! Love truly laughs at locksmiths.

By the help of Hannah, meetings, happy and delightful because forbidden, continued undetected. What blissful days! All was charming—too flattering sweet to be substantial. Louisa's aunt was not a young lady; and although years might have taken away her good looks, she kept a good look-out, and, putting her finger to her nose, cogitated on the sudden change in Louisa's manner. To go so frequently a-shopping alone—to stay from home so much longer than necessary—to dislike interrogatories, and yet be cheerful! All this was not exactly according to the strict principles of moral sentiment. Suspicion in an aunt presently becomes accusation. Aunts in authority endure no restraint: they are of course despots. Power, on being replied to unsubserviently, feels angry, and vindictive people despise argument when they can apply force. Louisa was contumacious, and in consequence endured close confinement. This was a shock that shattered the nerves of both lovers: their hearts were rent in twain: every string was severed.

Hannah, however, was still the mediator. She wafted the sighs to the miserable Mr Cook, and he wrote nonsense verses—not in Latin, though he could do either equally well. One truth he never forgot to state—he could not live without her. How full of truth and feeling was this declaration! If the world were one vast chrysolite, and hers, she would give it for him, most enchanting man! In another sense, the declaration was quite true; for Mr Cook had in reality lived for some time upon subsidies raised from the resources of his mistress, and, besides her fortune, had no means of livelihood in the world.

All this amiable young adventurer's hopes of turning the speculation to a good account, now revived. He brushed up his whiskers and his Eton grammar, in proof that he was a man of refinement. But happiness is not to be taken by storm. The aunt, the unfeeling aunt, was ever on the alert. The holding of a correspondence with a captive, in spite of the governess who held the keys of the citadel, was provoking to the last degree. Determined to put a stop to this intercourse, she renewed her vigilance, and at length observed Hannah more than particularly busy one morning with something like a letter. The aunt hastened to the apartment of Louisa, whom she found singing

"For tenderness formed."

Without ceremony, the aunt closed the door, and waited like a tigress to spring upon her prey. Hannah unsuspectingly opened the door, saying, "Here's the letter, miss." The aunt caught it from the out-stretched hand, and, in contempt of the post-office denunciations, broke open the seal, and read all she could. The old lady looked perfectly petrifying: Louisa sunk back in her chair; and Hannah vanished. The aunt left the chamber, slamming the door after her so violently, that the windows rattled. Every one in the house rushed to the stairs, and heard that Hannah's boxes were to be examined instantly, her wages paid, and she forthwith bundled out of the house. Searching at the custom-house wharves is a mere glance, compared with this examination. Three sovereigns were found in a little box, and one of them had a mark, which the aunt recognised as that identical sovereign she received in change when she paid her grocer's bill, and which had been paid to Louisa, with others, for pocket-money. How clear that these were the rewards of perfidy! How could the officers of justice be directed to proceed? "Why," replied the uncle, "neither be angry, nor talk nonsense; if you disapprove of Louisa's conduct, send her back to her father, and do not let the tranquillity of my house be disturbed by such vagaries." This was determined to be carried into effect as soon as possible; and the aunt insisted that Hannah should be sent off instantly, which was accordingly done.

The uncle, on investigation, perceived great perseverance in his niece's correspondent; he disliked being her jailor, seeing the impossibility of fulfilling the duties, and he determined on seeing the genteel young man at the inn where he had taken up his quarters, in opposition to the advice of his lady, who thought a very different treatment proper for such an impertinent fellow. The uncle having called on Mr Cook, saw him a youth of fine features, good figure, and of prepossessing manners; and in the course of conversation, felt himself somewhat in the back-ground, while quotations from the examples in the Eton grammar were interspersed without rhyme or reason, to all of which the old gentleman could only umph, and wish himself well out of the house. He learned, however, that William Frederick Cook was resolved to love Louisa eternally, and so took his leave very much dissatisfied with his visit. He now wrote to Louisa's father, explaining all the particulars; gave her twenty pounds, and saw her with her bandboxes placed in the coach for London, stating to the coachman that he should see the young lady safely delivered as directed.

But Mr Cook was not to be baffled. By spies in the house, he knew all the movements of the family, and took proceedings accordingly. He joined Louisa on the road, having previously taken his place, and they concerted measures by which to prevent others from thwarting or interfering with their happiness.

It was long before the hurricane had subsided in the aunt's mind, every circumstance being in a course of aggravated repetition. What had Louisa done with the money that had found its way to her?—and then she enumerated several sums presented to her by wealthy relatives. Why, as she lived, they amounted to eighty-four pounds six shillings and sixpence. Astonishing! And upon this came the astounding fact, that her uncle had given her twenty more at her departure! making one hundred and four pounds six shillings and sixpence!—her voice gradually increasing in shrillness as she repeated the enormous amount. All of which was to be lavished on that sneaking villain! Perhaps it went to pay his extravagance at the Black Lion. Oh! he was a precious swindler, certainly: Louisa would make a fine affair of it. He would soon be sick of her, a silly love-sick stupid girl. She was heartily glad to have wiped her hands of such impertinent misses. Girls now were not what they used to be. One hundred and four pounds six shillings and sixpence in about a month! Such a mean rascal.

Cash to this amount, as appeared in the aunt's memorandum book, had been disposed of as suspected; for Louisa valued nothing but as it might contribute to the enjoyments of her dear William Frederick, and had left her purse without a coin, till the fortunate supply by her uncle.

During a month, occupied in sighing and dying, as Louisa thought, Mr William Frederick Cook had lived like a prince at the Black Lion, enjoying all the rural sports of the season, and often as drunk with wine as with love. His attachment, indeed, was of the most heartless description; and though he must have been more or less than man to have altogether contemned the affection which his mistress displayed for him, he certainly was much more interested in her fortune, or at least to the means which she furnished for supplying him with the paltry indulgences in which he delighted.

They were overjoyed at meeting on the road. The licence and the ring, which had often been spoken of and written about, were now exhibited, and proposed to be brought into action. An opportunity soon occurred such as might never again be presented. It was considered unwise not to take advantage of the moment. Accordingly, by a little artifice, such as is ever resorted to when any thing clandestine is to be executed, the genteel William Frederick Cook and Miss Louisa Heaviside were indissolubly married, at St George's Church, without the knowledge of any part of the young lady's family, although residing in the parish. The festivities on the occasion were kept at the house of old Mr Cook, who saw in this union the fulfilment of his hopes in the advancement of his son. The new-married pair were supplied from his diminishing funds, willingly, because there could be no doubt of a reconciliation with Louisa's family in a short time, and then all would go well on the road to prosperity. But to produce this was an undertaking surrounded by difficulties. To express penitence for a wilful act, by which the perpetrator might alone be benefited, required a greater share of impudence than Mr William Frederick could muster. In this case, Louisa wrote, though not after the genuine dictates of her own simple heart, with diffidence, or submission, or hope of forgiveness; but merely an announcement of their intention to call on their return to town.

Before the expiration of many weeks, the happy pair paid their visit of ceremony to Louisa's father and mother. To meet with unkindness had not occurred to the tutored mind of Mr Cook, although it had been suggested as possible to the sensitive Louisa. They experienced the rebuke and the contempt of a haughty man, who found his intentions thwarted by a designing and heartless villain. They heard the cold expressions of astonishment at their presuming to appear where they had offered such insult. At this expression, the elegant young husband ventured to express his claim to the character of a gentleman, whom Louisa had considered herself justified in selecting as her husband, and said that neither had to regret what had occurred. Unfortunately this partook more of rudeness than propriety. Louisa's mother and sister left the room with all the signals of insulted dignity, and with a parting glance of contempt. Mr Heaviside inquired of Mr Cook the means by which he intended to meet the expenditure resulting from his marriage. This was a trying question for a genteel young man without a profession; he replied, "that he was a scholar," and made up the rest by a string of Latin quotations. "Young man," interrupted Mr Heaviside, "either you cannot express yourself in your native tongue, or you wish to make some impression on my mind, by your smattering knowledge of the classics. If you knew how contemptible you appear, your lower-form absurdities would be expunged from your memory. I know you well." "Sir," replied the high-spirited William Frederick Cook, "you know, then, that I am not solicitous to obtain the pity of any one." "Go, rash man," said Mr Heaviside, "for you are worse than a beggar, and never let me see you more."

Silent and slowly they left the house, the door of which never opened again to receive them. They both secretly felt how much they had transgressed, and that they were driven on the world nearly destitute. Yet they endeavoured to excite in each other the hope that shortly a reconciliation would restore them to what they deemed their just expectations, and then every debt would be paid, and they should yet be happy. Idle dreams! The pride of appearance sustained them under many privations; but the world, that looked on with an affected smile of commiseration during their distress, finding there was no thought of honest industry, looked coolly upon them, and pity was soon superseded by just contempt.

This infatuated pair subsequently passed a period of wretchedness in a village within a few miles of London, occasionally supplied by Louisa's uncle with small sums to extricate them from pressing emergencies. Mr Heaviside and his family departed from England, and in a short time he died, without the name of his undutiful daughter being mentioned in his will. This was a death-blow to all the hopes of these miserable victims of passion on the one hand, and evil designs on the other. The relations of both had now been completely wearied out with their applications, and declared their resolution to afford no further assistance, be the consequences what they might. As for the elder Mr Cook, he was already drained of every shilling he possessed. After this, the husband of the deluded Louisa proved, by his idleness and his debauched habits, that he was one of the most worthless of beings. The poor forlorn wife at last discovered how egregious had been her folly in trusting to mere external appearances in her choice of a husband, and in making that selection without the approval of those seniors who were better able to judge, and had a right to do so from their interest in her fate. Fortunately she was not doomed to linger out a painful existence. In giving birth to an infant in a miserable apartment in the village in which she and her husband had taken up their abode, the want of attention, of comfort of any kind, and even of the necessaries of life, terminated at once her existence and her miseries. As for the monster who had thus blighted the prospects of a tender and confiding female, he soon after was compelled to flee from his country in dread of the vengeance of its outraged laws.

The moral of this too true tale is, that young ladies should beware of forming engagements with genteel-looking young men hanging loose upon society, who do not become acquainted with them in a regular manner, and whose addresses do not meet with the approbation of their parents. In the case of a young lady of fortune, or with "good expectations," this danger is to be especially avoided, for those contingencies render it impossible for her to discover whether she is the object of a real attachment, or only the means contemplated for enriching a needy and perhaps unprincipled adventurer. The state of public feeling on this subject is not what it should be. Whether from the erroneous colouring too often given to it in works of fiction, or from a natural pleasure in seeing those above us degraded to an inferior station, many persons like very well to hear of a penniless young man having been successful in forming a clandestine alliance with a young lady either possessed of or with prospects of fortune. *Our* sympathies, we must confess, go all the other way. We conceive, that, to practise on the affections of an ignorant and inexperienced female, and induce her to do that which will bring pain and humiliation into the whole circle of her connections, is no honourable way of bettering one's self in life—that, on the contrary, he who injures his neighbour in this manner, is only restrained by the law from injuring him in some other way, less severe perhaps to the injured, though not so safe to the injurer. Marriages, to be happy, must be nearly equal—equal alike in the fortunes of the individuals, and in their ages, tempers, and other personal qualities; and it can certainly never be good for either party that this rule is infringed in any respect. We, therefore, consider every youth who deliberately inveigles a woman of superior rank into matrimony as simply a prudent kind of rogue, who seeks for advantages to himself, at the risk of misery to the person chiefly concerned, and at the expense of wounded feelings and a certain kind of degradation to all connected with her.

SCRAPS FROM ANTIQUITY.

By William Tennant, Esq. Author of "Anster Fair."

EGYPTIAN LAWS.

The Egyptians, a wise people, to whom Europe is indebted for the best of her institutions, had some singular laws, peculiar, indeed, to themselves, but founded on the deepest reflection and happiest views of state policy. Every man of the Egyptians was ordered to give in to the magistrate to whose authority he was subjected, an account of the ways and means whereby he derived a livelihood, and maintained himself alone, or himself and family together; and the punishment of death was considered due to him who either falsified his return, or refused it. Solon, who travelled into Egypt for the sake of deriving wisdom from conversing with her wise men, transferred this law to Athens. It would appear, that, by the laws of Egypt, ignominious bodily labour was substituted in many cases for the severer punishment of death. One of their kings, by name Sabaco, recommended this substitution, seeing that, by the labour of the condemned culprit, advantage was derived to the state; whereas death not only was too severe, in most cases, for the frail peccabilities of mankind, but was utterly barren of utility, as well to the public as to the individual—a reflection highly honourable to the monarch of Thebes, and worthy of being acted upon by all the legislators of Europe. Herodotus says, that condemned persons in Egypt seldom if ever suffered death, but were allowed to live, subjected, however, to severe bodily labour in the public works; and that

the mounds or artificials eminences, wherever, for the sake of protection from the inundations of the Nile, their cities were built, were the production of the labour of the criminals thus beneficially employed. The laws of another king, by name Boccharis, regarding debts and money transactions, are likewise founded on great good sense. Persons borrowing money, or sued as having borrowed money from others, without the accusing party having bond, bill, or recognition to prove the debt, are acquitted from it, on their giving their oaths they owe nothing.—[This enactment, we believe, has been transferred to every country.]—Of those, however, who were truly debtors, the creditor had it in his power to attach and distrain *the goods only;* his person was considered as sacred to the state, pledged, in common with his countrymen, for its defence and protection; therefore was secure, or ought to be secure, from the violations of an irritated creditor.

MICE.

Mice seem to have been regarded with some sort of superstitious reverence by the ancient people of the earth. In the Egyptian hierography, the figure of a mouse was understood to typify some unexpected and complete destruction by divine interposition. Apollo in Crete and the Troad, had the name of Smintheus, as being the patronising deity of these gentle animals, to whom he was supposed to have communicated some of his own talent of divination, so that they are enabled to foresee the destruction of the tenement in which they may happen to be lodged, and to make their escape in good time ere the tenement tumble—a faculty which we have transferred, less classically, to rats, a more unamiable and unpopular quadruped. Mice have obtained celebrity by being prominent agents in three transactions—two of profane, the third of divine history. Ashdod, in consequence of the captivity of the ark, was smitten with multitudes of mice; as a trespass-offering to remove which, five golden mice were presented to the judges of Israel by the lords of Philistia. Sennacherib's army, when on the point of invading Egypt, was, according to Herodotus, assailed by a countless army of these animals, who, by devouring their bowstrings, shield-straps, baggage, &c. foiled the invader, and incapacitated him for completing his object. On another later occasion, when a colony of the Teneri issued from Crete in quest of settlements in Asia Minor, they were encouraged and authorised, by an oracular response, to make their abode in that place, where the *earth-born*, or Indigenes, should emerge from their dens, and make an assault upon them. This happened to them near Amaxitus, a town of the Troad, where, as they lay encamped during the night-time, a countless host of field-mice emerged, swarming from underground, and began to nibble away the leathern part of their armour, their baggage, and eatables. Considering these *indigenous* creatures as the fulfilment of the oracle, they settled there; and erected a temple in Chrysa to Apollo Smintheus, or Apollo of the Mouse, with a statue of the god, appropriately having a figure of a mouse under his foot. Some geographers have thought that the country called Mysia had its name from this circumstance of the mouse.

DIOGENES.

Diogenes, surnamed the Dog, or the Cynic, was a native of Sinope, but lived for the greatest part of his life at Athens, where his usual domicile was a tub, or large hogshead, where he slept at night, and hovelled during the morning and evening, much to the amusement of the Athenian boys, who sometimes pelted at and broke down his wooden dormitory with stones. In every thing this man studied eccentricity—in his dress and doctrine, as well as his domicile. He went about with his scrip and staff as a mendicant, at the same time that he gave public lectures on the most abstruse and sublime themes of philosophy to the enlightened citizens of Athens. He wrote some tragedies, and many philosophical treatises, all of which are lost; so that nothing now remains of him but *his sayings*, which are quite enough to prove him to have been one of the most original, sarcastic, and powerful minds of antiquity. He excited the laughter of the Athenians, much to the prejudice of Plato his rival, by producing on the floor of his lecture-room a cock, denuded of wings and feathers, as an appropriate exemplification of the unfortunate definition of Cato, who had styled a man a *biped without wings*. "Behold," said he, to his amused audience, "here is Plato's man!" His rival was so ashamed that he corrected or retracted his definition. The eccentric sage of Sinope was wont to embrace in winter statues coated with ice and snow, to accustom himself, he said, to hardihood: for the same reason, he placed himself under roof-spouts in heavy rains, to benefit his constitution with an effectual cold bath. He, in his half-serious, half-jocular mendicating strolls, supplicated, sometimes, not for money, but for golden and brazen statues, that he might accustom himself to a refusal; from any avaricious person he happened to meet, he solicited as an alms no less than a *mina* (L.3, 15s.), saying, that he begged and got smaller sums from generous persons, who gave to him often, but from misers, who gave but once, he would take no less a sum than he had mentioned. When asked how he wished to be buried—"With my face downward," he replied; "for in a little while every thing in this world will be turned upside-down." When invited by some person to supper, he said he would not go, as last time he went the inviter was not sufficiently grateful for it. During his life, his reputation for strength of character and genius was such as to induce the victorious son of Philip to pay him a visit in his tub. The Macedonian introduced himself to him as the son of Philip, and king of Macedonia. The philosopher announced himself very simply as being but Diogenes the Dog. So strongly was Alexander impressed with the originality of his mental qualifications, that he left him with the extraordinary expression, that, were he not Alexander, he would fain be Diogenes. It is recorded that he died on the same day at Corinth with the Persian conqueror at Babylon.

THE SETTLERS OF THE WEST.

The season for emigration is now some time past: the snows of winter now lie many feet in depth on most of the lands in Canada, and other northern portions of America. The great rivers and canals, which afford a ready communication with the country in the interior, are now frozen over with thick ice; and the settler and his family now sit around their wood fires in their log-huts and cabins, enjoying the plenteous though rude fare of the western wilderness and its clearings, or merrily drive along the hard surface of the snow in their carioles or sleighs. In this country, the nipping frosts, or plashing sleets and rains, so common at the close of the year, keep the hardy peasantry and working classes within doors at divers employments, and afford a period of relaxation, during which they may ruminate on their condition and prospects. Of all the seasons of the year, the present is the best suited for this species of meditation. Every man who depends for subsistence on the labour of his hands, and who has a difficulty in finding employment, should now, therefore, reflect on the advantages which might arise by removing to a much more extensive scene of exertion on the return of spring. To emigrate, is obviously the only course to be pursued by the many thousands of families in this country who are now straitened in their circumstances, yet have the power, as well as the inclination, to better their condition by moral and physical exertion. The time has long since come, when an over-abundant and impoverished population should feel it incumbent to take advantage of this ready and valuable means of relief from their urgent necessities. We again most earnestly press upon the labouring population of Great Britain the consideration of this to them important subject. Almost every day brings forth a body of new and useful facts regarding the increasing comforts of those who have already chosen to emigrate to countries suited for their settlement. Where those countries are, we have from time to time pointed out in general terms. The more that we hear or read of the nature and condition of the countries beyond the Atlantic, the more are we convinced that they hold out the bounteous offer of a place of comfortable settlement for all classes of persons who are willing to go thither, with a desire to succeed by the efforts of patient industry; and the more are we convinced of the folly of persons in destitute circumstances, though with the means of removal, remaining longer in Great Britain. Placing out of view the Canadas, and other British possessions, and also passing over those states in the Union which border on the Atlantic, there are extensive regions in the interior, admirably suited for receiving any number of settlers, no matter how many should go. Let a poor labouring man in this country, for instance, weigh in his mind what we are now going to tell him. Beyond the range of huge hills, called the Alleghany Mountains, in the United States, there lies an immense inner country larger than all Europe, and consisting of the finest land in the known world. In this extensive territory, there are *prairies*, or meadow lands, stretching for a thousand miles in length, by some hundreds of miles in breadth, covered with the most luxuriant herbage for pasturing cattle, and so thinly inhabited, so little occupied by settlers, that if all the people in this country were to emigrate thither, they would hardly be seen. Such is also the demand for labourers in this vast region, that if all the poor and all the labourers out of work in England, Scotland, and Ireland, were to proceed thither, and offer themselves as servants of one kind or another, they would every one of them be certain to get employment, and at wages far higher than they could possibly procure at home. And, what is more, if they had families of children growing up to be useful, they would be better off still. Let the labouring man, or mechanic, who is wearing down with vexation and poverty in this country, reflect coolly on the extraordinary advantages thus to be procured by emigration to the western states of North America.

The vast region beyond the Alleghany Mountains, through which flow the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Missouri, the Arkansas, and many other large rivers, with hundreds of a lesser size, is divided into separate states, each of which is as large as England or Scotland, if not some of them larger than the whole United Kingdom put together. The principal of these western territories are named Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, all of which will successively engage our attention.* Into these large and fine districts are now poured the various tides of emigration from different points of the eastern or Atlantic states, some proceeding from Pennsylvania, by way of the Pennsylvania canal, towards Pittsburg on the Ohio, by which they sail in different routes; some proceeding from the Canadian frontier by way of Sandusky on Lake Erie, whence there is a canal or other species of communication to the Ohio; and others proceeding by way of New Orleans on the south, and sailing in steamboats on the Mississippi towards the various points of location in the interior. From the east, the north, and the south, innumerable crowds of emigrants, in boats, waggons, and on foot, are pressing continually forward, and filling up by slow degrees the immense territories of the west. Such indeed is the spirit of adventure and desire of settlement in the rich remote lands of the Union, that lately a thousand persons were to meet at St Louis, on the Mississippi, to form a company to cross the Rocky Mountains on the west, with a view to select locations on the slope towards the Pacific Ocean.

Whether approaching the interior by way of the Pennsylvania canal, or by Lake Erie from New York, emigrants very frequently make Pittsburg a main centring point. Pittsburg is a large flourishing town on the Ohio, celebrated for the extent of its trade and manufactures, and a place at which emigrants determine on their subsequent route. If bound to Indiana, Illinois, or Missouri, they either purchase a family boat, and float down the Ohio under their own guidance, or take their passage in a steam-vessel. The voyage down this large river is described as remarkably pleasant. While the emigrant from the south finds the autumnal and vernal season on the Ohio too cool, to the northerner it is temperate and delightful. When the first wreaths of morning mist are rolled away from the stream by the bright sun, disclosing the ancient woods, the hoary bluffs, and the graceful curves and windings of the long line of channel above and below, the rich alluvial belt, and the fine orchards on its shores, the descending voyagers must be destitute of the common perceptions of the beautiful, if they do not enjoy their voyage, and find the Ohio to be what the French called it, La Belle Riviere—the fine river.

After the emigrants have arrived at Cincinnati, another flourishing town on the Ohio, or at some other spot where they had anticipated to fix themselves, a preliminary difficulty is the determination to what quarter to repair. All the towns swarm with speculating companies and land agents; and the chance is, that the first inquiries for information in this perplexity will be addressed to them, or to persons who have a common understanding and interest with them. One advises to the Wabash, and points on the map to the rich lands, fine mill seats, navigable streams, and growing towns, in their vicinity. Another presents a still more alluring picture of the lands in some part of Illinois, Missouri, the region west of the lakes, and the lead mines. Another tempts him with White River, Arkansas, Red River, Opelousas, and Attakapas, the rich crops of cotton and sugar, and the escape from winter which they offer. In Cincinnati, more than in any other town, there are generally precursors from all points of the compass, to select lands for companies that are to follow.

When this slow and perplexing process of balancing, comparing, and fluctuating between the choice of rivers, districts, climates, and advantages, is fixed, after determination has vibrated backwards and forwards according to the persuasion and eloquence of the last adviser, until the purpose of the immigrant is rendered firm, the northern settler is generally borne to the point of debarkation nearest his selected spot by water, there being plenty of steam-boats proceeding in every required direction for his use. He thence hires the transport of his family and moveables to the spot, though not a few move all the distance in waggons, which process gives them an opportunity of selecting a location as they pass along. The whole, however, drop in noiseless quietness into their position, and the rapidity of their progress in clearing and settling a country, and covering it with towns, villages, and farm-houses, is only ascertained by the startling results of the census.

The southern settlers who immigrate to Missouri, and the country north-west of the Mississippi, by their show of waggons, flocks, and numbers, create observation, and are counted quite as numerous as they are. Ten waggons are often seen in company. It is a fair allowance, that a hundred cattle, besides swine, horses, and sheep, and six negroes, accompany each—the train, with the tinkling of a hundred bells, and the negroes wearing the delighted expression of a holiday suspension from labour in their countenances, forming one group, and the family moving slowly forward, forming another. As the cavalcade is seen advancing along the plains, it presents a pleasing and picturesque spectacle. The parties always make arrangements at night-fall to halt at a spring where there is wood and water, and a green sward for encampment. The dogs raise their accustomed domes-

* The statistical facts to be brought forward in these proposed papers will be drawn chiefly from Timothy Flint's Geography of the Mississippi Valley, an American work of great value, and to which we have been indebted for a portion of the above article.

tic baying. The teams are unharnessed, and the cattle and horses turned loose into the grass. The blacks are busy in spreading the cheerful table in the wilderness, and preparing the supper to which appetite and fatigue give a zest. They talk over the incidents of the past day, and anticipate those of the morrow. If wolves and owls are heard in the distance, these desert sounds serve to render the contrast of their society and security more sensible: their caravans do not, as in the case of those which traverse the African or Asiatic continent, dread the incursion of barbarian robbers, or the exactions of petty savage princes. They alike proceed and lie down in peace and security, every day plunging deeper and deeper into the forest or prairie, until they have found their place of rest.

The position for a cabin generally selected by the western settlers, is a gentle eminence near a spring, or what is called a *branch*, central to a spacious tract of fertile land. Such spots are frequently occupied by tulip and black walnut trees, intermixed with the most striking flowering shrubs of the western forest. Springs burst forth in the intervals between the high and low grounds. The brilliant red-bird, seen flitting among the shrubs, or perched on a tree, seems, with its mellow whistle, welcoming the strangers to their new abode. Flocks of paroquets are glittering among the trees, and gray squirrels are skipping from branch to branch. The chanticleer rings his echoing note among the woods, and the various domestic sounds produce a strange effect, as heard in the vicinity of these remote settlements. Pleasing reflections and happy associations are naturally connected with the contemplation of these beginnings of social life in the western wilderness.

In the midst of these solitary and primeval scenes, the patient and laborious father fixes his family. In a few days a comfortable cabin and outbuildings are erected, and a rude process of agriculture is begun to be exerted. The first year gives a plentiful crop of Indian corn, and common and sweet potatoes, melons, squashes, turnips, and other garden vegetables. The next year a field of wheat is added, and lines of thrifty apple-trees show among the deadened remains of the forest. If the immigrant possess any touch of horticultural taste, the finer kinds of pear, plum, cherry, peach, nectarine, and apricot trees, are found in the garden. Thus do improvements advance. In ten years, the original log-buildings will all have disappeared; the shrub and the forest-trees will be entirely gone. The Arcadian aspect of humble and retired abundance and comfort will have given place to a brick house, or a planted frame-house, with fences and outbuildings very like those that surround the farm-steadings in the olden countries.

It is a wise arrangement of Nature, that different minds are endowed with different tastes and predilections, that lead some to choose the town, others manufactures, and the village callings. It seems to us that no condition, in itself considered, promises more comfort, tends more to virtue and independence, than that of these yeomen of the western states of America, with their numerous, healthy, and happy children about them—with the ample abundance of their granaries—their habitations surrounded by orchards, the branches of which must be propped up to sustain their burden of fruit, beside their beautiful streams and cool beech woods, and the prospect of settling each of their children on similar farms directly around them. Their manners may have something of the roughness imparted by living in solitude among the trees; but it is kindly, hospitable, frank, and associated with traits, which, however liable to be ridiculed by those who travel to find fault, constitute the stability of the commonwealth. We apprehend such farmers would hardly be willing to exchange this plenty, and this range of their simple domains, their well-filled storehouses, and their droves of domestic animals, for any mode of life that a town can offer.

No order of things presents so palpable a view of the advancement of American institutions, as that which we thus faintly describe. The greater proportion of these immigrants, besides their wives, a few benches and chairs, a Bible, and a gun, commenced with little more than their hands. Their education, for the most part, extended no farther than a knowledge of reading and writing, and their aspirations had never strayed beyond the desire of conducting a farm. But a sense of relative consequence is fostered by their growing possessions, and by perceiving towns, counties, offices, and candidates, springing up around them. One becomes a justice of peace, another a county judge, and another a member of the legislative assembly. Each one assumes some municipal function, pertaining to schools, the settlement of a minister, the making of roads and bridges, and the execution of public works. A sense of responsibility to public opinion, self-respect, and a due estimation of character and correct deportment, are the consequences.

Such is the general condition and character of those adventurous settlers, who are now in the course of peopling the wide-spread prairies and forest clearings of the remote territories of the Union. In succeeding numbers, we shall endeavour to describe each individual state, its extent, local character, and applicability to the wants of emigrants, in order that a perfect idea may be obtained by the poor man of this great western world, prior to the annual period of emigration from this country.

GOOD ACTIONS.

VERY vague ideas obtain about good actions, and the praise due to them. To a common mind, the half sovereign bestowed by the king upon a lame sailor, and the halfpenny given to an ordinary object of charity by some person little richer than himself; the money given through the impulse of humane feeling, and that which is tossed away to escape importunity, are the same thing. Nor does it matter whether a man dispenses from what he has fairly won and rightfully possesses, or only gives that which is more properly due to his creditors. The world in general sees only the *act of giving*; takes little consideration of the proportion between what is given and what remains; and hardly ever becomes acquainted with any of those circumstances in the giver, which so often, in the estimation of those who know him better, cause his beneficence to assume a foolish or a guilty aspect.

In reality, a so-called good action is only so under certain circumstances, all of which must be carefully considered before the deed becomes justly entitled to praise. We must first, above all things, know how much self-denial the individual had to exercise, before he could honestly do this action. If the good consisted in a dispensing of money, we must discover how much temptation he had to spend it upon his own gratification—of what value the sum was to a man in his circumstances. If the good deed consisted in the performance of some kind office, which cost trouble and time, we must ascertain the value of time to that individual, and the temptation he was under to confine his energies to his own business. If a man only gives away that which he could hardly be the better of keeping, or engages himself in humane offices which are rather an amusement to him than a cumber, then we can see little title he has to praise, except upon the score that he *is not* a miser when he *might* have been one, and has the good taste to prefer a beneficial to an useless kind of recreation. On this principle, a great discount must be made from the trumpeted bounties of very wealthy men and others—though not perhaps such a discount as some would be inclined to demand. An income may be large, but it can hardly be so much so as completely to transcend the capabilities of man to use it in a great measure upon his own gratifications. It matters not whether we take the weekly pound of the artizan, or the daily thousand of certain British grandees. The appetites, tastes, and habits of men are such, that a gratifying use may be found in every shilling of the money in both cases; and neither political economy nor instinctive justice can say any thing to the contrary. It is to be said, however, that of the larger class of incomes, a great deal must be spent upon luxuries—things not pressingly needed—things which a good mind may be easily content to want, in order to obtain a greater gratification for a fellow-creature. As we ascend, therefore, higher and higher into the scale of incomes, we always find the more ample means of sparing for beneficent purposes, and the less self-denial required for enabling an individual to give. Hence, if one man be justly considered charitable, who gives away the fortieth part of an income of forty pounds a-year, a tenth part of an income of forty thousand would hardly entitle the possessor to the same reputation. The former gives where he is tempted to purchase necessaries; the latter where he hardly knows what necessaries are. The former gives, with the assurance before his eyes that the time is very likely to come when he might wish he had retained; the latter gives from a store which he is confident will always afford him the comforts of life. In fact, he who gives from an income above a competency, has no merit in his benefactions, except that, since he can only spend the superfluity upon luxuries of one kind or another, he approves himself to be a person of good heart and right mind if he prefers "the luxury of doing good" to certain others somewhat less rational.

In estimating an apparently good action, we must also take into account how far it is likely that the performer draws upon his own resources, gives the result of his own toil, and renounces what he could honestly convert to his own gratification. There are some people who are amazingly generous with other people's money. We could point out several individuals, now bankrupt in fortune, who used to enjoy a high character for goodness of heart and liberality to all in distress, and even yet have a kind of twilight fame on that account, though nothing can be more obvious than that their benevolence was at the expense of no self-denial to themselves, no labour, nothing but the trouble of putting their hands into the pockets of their neighbours. The persons upon whom the expense ultimately fell, could have done three times more good with a third part of the money, and had the credit of it to themselves; but the world, which seldom forms a complicated idea, fails to see this. Now, there is nothing in such a case but injustice, and all injustice must be denounced. We would even exercise so vigilant a jealousy as to the benevolence of certain persons, that, unless we were favoured with a sight of their accompts, we would not give them credit for beneficence to the amount of a single penny. Another thing is to be considered—the appreciation of the money on the part of the giver. If a man gives a sixpence, with a full sense of the value of a sixpence, a recollection of what it cost him to gain it, and a prescience of the extent of service which it may be of to the receiver, he is, in our opinion, entitled to a thousand times more credit than he who tosses over his shoulder a half-crown which he did not gain, does not know how to gain, and of the value of which, either to himself or to the person receiving it, he is ignorant.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THE GOWS.

No name connected with Scottish music is so celebrated as that of Gow, which belonged to two individuals, father and son, who in this country long stood at the summit of professional excellence as violinists and composers.

Neil Gow, the father, was born of humble parents at Inver, near Dunkeld, in Perthshire, in March 1727. He was intended, it appears, for the trade of a plaid weaver, but discovering an early propensity to music, he began the study of the violin himself, and soon abandoned the shuttle for the bow. Up to the age of thirteen, he had no instructor; but about that time, he availed himself of some lessons from a follower of the house of Grandtully, and soon placed himself at the head of all the performers in the country, although Perthshire then produced more able reel and strathspey players than any other county in Scotland. Before he reached manhood, he had engaged in a public competition there, and carried off the prize, which was decided by an aged and blind, but skilful minstrel, who, in awarding it, said, that "he could distinguish the *stroke of Neil's bow* among a hundred players." This ascendancy he ever after maintained, not only in his native place, but throughout Scotland, where it was universally admitted that, as a reel and strathspey player, he had no superior, and, indeed, no rival in his own time.

Living in the immediate neighbourhood of Dunkeld house, he was early noticed and distinguished by the Duke of Athol and his family, which was soon followed by the patronage of the Duchess of Gordon, and the principal nobility and gentry throughout Scotland. But while his permanent residence was at Inver, near Dunkeld, he was not only employed at all the balls and fashionable parties in the county, but was in almost constant requisition at the great parties which took place at Perth, Cupar, Dumfries, Edinburgh, and the principal towns in Scotland. So necessary was he on such occasions, and so much was his absence felt, that at one time, when indisposition prevented him attending the Cupar Hunt, the preses called on every lady and gentleman present to "dedicate a bumper to the better health of Neil Gow, a true Scottish character, whose absence from the meeting no one could sufficiently regret." In many instances, those skilled in the musical as well as other professions, commit the egregious error of allowing themselves to fall into dissipated habits, trusting that the possession of genius is in itself able to cover breaches in morals, and a multitude of faults and eccentricities. Neil Gow was not a person of this description. He was a man most exemplary in all the private relations of life—a faithful husband, an affectionate parent, and a generous friend. He was, moreover, possessed of a fund of broad humour, which rendered him a welcome guest wherever he visited.

In a professional point of view, Neil Gow is to be judged according to circumstances. He never had the advantage of great masters, and indeed was almost entirely self-taught. He did not, as far as is known, attempt the composition of difficult or concerted pieces. He was one of nature's musicians, and confined himself to what genius can conceive and execute, without the intervention of science. He composed a great number of tunes, nearly a hundred of which are to be found in the collections published by his son Nathaniel at Edinburgh. The greater portion of them are of a lively character, and suited for dancing, such as reels, strathspeys, and quick steps. It would not be interesting in a notice like this to enumerate the titles of so many compositions; but we may safely refer to the beautiful air "Locherroch-side," to which Burns wrote his pathetic ballad, "Oh! stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay," and his "Farewell to Whisky," as specimens which entitled him to take his place among the best known composers of Scottish music which our country has produced.

This celebrated man, "the famous Neil," whose name continues in Scotland as familiar as a household

word, died in the village in which he was born, on the 1st of March 1807, in the eightieth year of his age, after acquiring a competence, which was divided among his children. He left behind him two sons and a daughter: John, who settled in London as leader of the fashionable Scottish bands, and who died in 1827, after acquiring a large fortune; Nathaniel; and Margaret, now the only surviving child, who is at present living in Edinburgh. Two sons, William and Andrew, also distinguished for their musical abilities, died before him.

Nathaniel Gow, who must be considered as having been the most eminent of his family or name, not only as a performer and composer, but as having, more than any other, advanced the cause and popularity of our national music during his time, was born at the birth-place of his father in Perthshire, in 1766. Nathaniel was indebted to his father for his first instructions. He commenced on a small violin commonly called a *kit*, on which his father Neil had also made his first essay, and which is still preserved in the family. At an early age he was sent to Edinburgh, where he continued the study of the violin, first under Robert M'Intosh, or Red Rob, as he was styled, until the latter, from his celebrity, was called up to London. He next took lessons from M'Glashan, who was in high estimation as an excellent composer of Scottish airs, and an able and spirited leader of the fashionable bands. He studied the violincello under Joseph Reneagle, a person of some note in the musical world, who, after a long residence in Edinburgh, was appointed to the professorship of music at Oxford. After the death of M'Glashan, he continued under his elder brother William, whom he succeeded as a leader, a situation for which he was well fitted by his bold and spirited style; but having been cut off about the year 1791, at the early age of forty, Nathaniel took his place, and maintained it for nearly forty years, with a degree of success far beyond any thing that ever preceded or followed him.

So early as 1782, when not more than sixteen years of age, Nathaniel was appointed one of his majesty's trumpeters for Scotland, a situation almost sinecuriai, which he held during his life, with a small salary of L.70 per annum. He had for many years previously, by assuming the lead of the fashionable bands, become known not only as an excellent violin player, but as a successful teacher, and as having arranged and prepared for publication the first three numbers of the collection of reels and strathspeys published by his father. So much, however, and so quickly did he advance in reputation after this, and so generally did he become acquainted with the great and fashionable world, that, in 1796, without giving up or abating his lucrative employment as leader, he commenced business as a music-seller on an extensive scale, in company with the late Mr William Shepherd, and, for fifteen or sixteen years, commanded the most extensive business perhaps ever enjoyed by any house in the line in Scotland. In 1813, however, after his partner's death, the business was wound up, and whatever profits he may have drawn during the subsistence of the partnership, he was obliged to pay up a considerable shortcoming at its close.

It was in 1799 that he continued the work commenced by his father and himself; and from that time till 1824, in addition to the three first collections, and two books of slow airs, dances, waltzes, &c., he published a fourth, fifth, and sixth collection of strathspeys and reels; three volumes of beauties, being a republication of the best airs in the three first collections, with additions—four volumes of a repository of Scots slow airs, strathspeys, and dances—two volumes of Scots vocal melodies, and a collection of ancient curious Scots melodies, besides a great many smaller publications, all arranged by himself for the harp, piano-forte, violin, and violincello. During the life of his father, he was assisted by him, and the first numbers were published as the works of Neil Gow and Son. Many collections had been published previously by ingenious individuals, the best of which, perhaps, was that of Oswald; but Gow's collections, beyond all dispute, are the most extensive and most complete ever submitted to the public; embracing not only almost all that is good in others, but the greater part of the compositions of Neil and Nathaniel Gow, and other members of that musical family.

After an interval of a few years, Gow commenced music-seller once more, in company with his only son Neil, a young man of amiable and cultivated mind, who had received a finished education at Edinburgh and Paris for the profession of surgeon, but who, finding no favourable opening in that overstocked calling, and having a talent and love for music, abandoned it, and joined his father. This young gentleman, who was the composer of the beautiful melody of "Bonny Prince Charlie," and a great many others, was not long spared to his father and friends, having been cut off by a lingering disease in 1823. The business was afterwards continued until 1827; but, wanting a proper head—Gow himself being unable to look after it—it dwindled away; and poor Gow, after a long life of toil, during which he had gathered considerable wealth, found himself a bankrupt at a time when age and infirmity prevented him from doing any thing to retrieve his fortunes.

It is difficult to describe the influence, success, and reputation of Nathaniel Gow, during all the time he conducted the fashionable bands in Edinburgh and throughout Scotland; but certain it is, that in these respects he stands at the head of all that ever trod in the same department. Not only did he preside at the peers' balls, Caledonian Hunt balls, and at the parties of all the noble and fashionable of Edinburgh, but at most of the great meetings and parties that took place throughout Scotland; and in several instances he was summoned to England. No expense deterred individuals or public bodies from availing themselves of his services; and it appears from his memorandum books, that parties frequently paid him from one hundred to one hundred and fifty guineas, for attending at Perth, Dumfries, Inverness, &c., with his band. One of the first objects in the formation of fashionable parties, was to ascertain if Gow was disengaged, and they would be fixed, postponed, or altered, to suit his leisure and convenience. He visited London frequently, although he resisted many invitations to settle there permanently. While his evenings were occupied at the parties of the great, his days were not spent in idleness. He had as his pupils the children of the first families in the country, for the violin and piano-forte accompaniment; from whom he received the highest rate of fees known at the time.

Although thus engaged in the most extensively patronised musical establishment in Scotland, it is questionable if he ever at any time realised profit from it; while it is certain, that, towards the close, he was a great loser; indeed, it can seldom be otherwise where the proprietor has other avocations, and leaves the management to his servants. But from his balls, teaching, and playing, the emoluments he derived were very great; and he was at one time worth upwards of L.20,000; but this was ultimately swept away; and he was forced, while prostrated by a malady from which he never recovered, to appeal to his old patrons and the public for their support, at a ball for his behoof, in March 1827, which he did by the following circular:—"When I formerly addressed my kind patrons and the public, I had no other claim than that which professional men generally have, whose exertions are devoted to the public amusement. By a patronage the most unvarying and flattering, I was placed in a situation of comfortable independence, and I looked forward without apprehension to passing the decline of my days in the bosom of my family, with competence and with happiness. Unfortunately for me, circumstances have changed. By obligations for friends, and losses in trade, my anxious savings have been gradually wasted, till now, when almost bed-rid, unable to leave my house, or to follow my profession, I am forced to surrender the remnant of my means to pay my just and lawful creditors. In this situation, some generous friends have stepped forward, and persuaded me, that the recollection of my former efforts to please may not be so entirely effaced, as to induce the public to think that my day of distress should pass without notice or without sympathy."

The appeal was not in vain—the ball was crowded, and handsome tokens of remembrance were sent by many of his old friends, so that nearly L.300 was produced. The ball was continued annually for three years afterwards, and though not so great as the first, they still yielded sufficient to prove the deep sympathy of the public, and to afford him a consolation and support in his hour of trial and sickness. It should not be omitted, that the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian hunt, who had, during all his career, been his warmest patrons, voted fifty pounds per annum to him during his life.

Nathaniel Gow was a man of great shrewdness and good understanding—generally of a lively companionable turn, with a good deal of humour—very courteous in his manners; though, especially latterly, when misfortune and disease had soured him, a little hasty in his temper. The illness into which he fell came to a crisis in the beginning of 1831, and finally terminated in his death, on the 17th of January of that year, at the age of sixty-five. He was twice married, and left several sons and daughters, who still survive.*

* From two articles in the "Biography of Distinguished Scotsmen," by Robert Chambers.

A CHAPTER FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS.

A LITTLE pamphlet, entitled "Hints to the Working Classes, explanatory of their True Interests, and the Effects of Trades' Unions," has just fallen under our observation, and seems to contain some well-written opinions on the subject of which it professes to treat. The following observations are obviously congenial with the truest principles of political economy, and certainly worthy of the deepest consideration:—

"I shall endeavour to show (says the author) that it is not by restricting, but by encouraging industry, that the value of labour may be raised, and the true interests of the working classes promoted.

The general rate of wages is naturally regulated by the proportion which the supply of workmen bears to the demand for labour; therefore wages may be raised, either by encouraging emigration, and thereby diminishing the number of labourers, or by extending manufactures and agricultural improvements, and thereby increasing the employment of labour.

Britain, with its dependencies, presents a wide field for the consumption of our manufactures, but not nearly sufficient to receive all that we produce; when we look abroad, however, we find that the quantity which the foreign market is capable of receiving, is only limited by the cost at which we can furnish the supplies. The inhabitants of almost every country manufacture by far the greater proportion of the articles which they require for their own use; but whenever they find articles of foreign manufacture offered to them for sale at lower prices than they could make them for themselves, they purchase those articles, and employ their labour in some more profitable way. The extent of foreign demand, then, for our manufactures, under a free commercial system, depends entirely upon their comparative cheapness; and their cheapness depends upon the superiority of our powers of production over those of other people. Therefore, all new improvements in machinery, chemistry, &c., by means of which our powers of production are increased, and we are enabled to bring our goods to market at a cheaper rate, must add to the extent of our trade, raise the value of labour, and tend to improve the condition of the working classes.

It would be a foolish and short-sighted policy to reject the introduction of improved machinery into any manufacture, because its immediate effects might be to deprive a few people of employment. Any improvement in machinery which effects a saving of expense in the manufacture into which it is introduced—by superseding, in some degree, the necessity of employing manual labour—must, of course, cause a reduction in the price of the manufactured commodity; hence an increase of consumption, and an additional employment of labour and machinery to supply the demand: and as manufactures are so connected that one branch cannot be extended without extending others that are subsidiary, so an improvement in machinery, although it may diminish the number of persons employed in the particular branch that receives it, will almost invariably be found to cause an increase of employment upon the whole. Manufacturers are frequently forced, by the troublesome conduct of their workmen, to use machinery, when manual labour might be employed with equal advantage; but, under ordinary circumstances, machinery is never brought into operation, unless a great saving of expense is to be effected by its introduction, because a manufacturer will not invest capital in new machinery, unless, by doing so, he has a fair prospect, in the first instance, of obtaining considerable advantage. The introduction of the power-loom was one of those improvements which, in the first instance, appeared most alarming to the working classes; but it was, in a great measure, by means of that invention, that we were enabled to extend our cotton trade, and to compete successfully with the low prices paid for weaving in other countries. It is true, weavers' wages are not nearly so high as they were previous to the introduction of the power-loom, but their wages would have fallen independently of that event; because it was necessary that weaving should be done in this country at as low a rate as elsewhere, otherwise we should have lost the foreign part of that trade. Now, every one acquainted with the subject knows, that although the wages of weavers have been depressed, yet every branch of the cotton manufacture has been so extended, that, upon the whole, there has been a great increase of employment for labour; and the working classes generally have derived much benefit from the invention of the power-loom. Nor would the poor weavers have suffered so much in consequence of the introduction of that improvement, but for those cruel and arbitrary measures on the part of other operatives, who, by monopolising their respective trades, prevented the weavers from procuring other employment, and deriving their just share of the benefit which arose out of the increased demand and employment for labour. There are few improvements, however, that interfere so much with manual labour as the above; and most of them are introduced so gradually and imperceptibly, that their effects can hardly be traced, although, when combined with others, they become exceedingly important and valuable.

Next with regard to wages: If wages were fixed by law at a high rate, and population to continue to increase, the consequence would be, that a portion of workmen would be employed at the good rate of wages fixed by law, but the rest would be unemployed and reduced to beggary. On the other hand, if the rate fixed by law was too low, then all would be fully employed, but the most industrious and valuable workmen would be reduced to a level with the idle and ignorant; which proves that the restrictions well-meaning people would impose, for the better regulation of wages by boards of trade, &c., are worse than useless, in as much as their tendency is to prevent the extension of manufactures, and diminish the employment and value of labour.

The old-fashioned system of monopolies is fast breaking up: it was a system for giving the *few* some advantage at the expense of the *many*—a system which, carried to its full extent, would be the most injurious that could well be imagined, as it would be difficult to conceive a more efficient plan for arresting the progress of improvement. Yet there are some good people weak enough to regret the discontinuance of the system, and to predict all manner of evil from the effects of competition. Now, competition among all classes is the grand stimulus to industry and ingenuity, and it is only by industry and ingenuity that wealth and comfort can be maintained or increased.

It is not possible for workmen to raise the general rate of wages by such measures as the 'Trades' Unions' adopt; because their measures have no ten-

dency to increase employment, but, on the contrary, by preventing the free exercise of industry and talents, they retard the progress of manufactures, and even endanger their transfer to other countries. Their plans are founded upon the selfish principle of every man protecting his own trade, that is to say, excluding as much as possible the employment of new hands; and by preventing fair competition in the market for labour, they endeavour to force their employers to pay higher wages. Now, it is quite evident, that, if they are successful by that means in obtaining higher wages to themselves than they are justly entitled to receive, it must be at the expense of their fellow-workmen who are kept out of employment, and the rest of the community; and they have no right to raise themselves by injuring others. But all attempts to raise wages by unjust and artificial means must, in the end, prove fruitless, and intelligent workmen should be convinced of this by the experience of late years. How many instances have they observed of labourers in particular employments attempting to raise their wages above their natural level by combinations—striking work—and after enduring great hardships and privation, submitting to lower wages than they had before! They are not aware of the extent of mischief they do to themselves by combining and refusing to work, or of the consequences which would follow if they were to succeed in establishing unnaturally high wages, otherwise they would never make the attempt. All that workmen should do is to prevent unnecessary depression of wages, which may be done without putting themselves to much trouble or expense. Let them individually, by the frugal management of their wages, save a little money, and thus place themselves in such circumstances that they are not obliged to accept of lower wages at every stagnation of trade. The comfort and happiness of a workman depends much more upon the good management and proper disposal of his earnings than upon their amount.

I have endeavoured to show, that wages never can be maintained above their natural level by artificial means; that their natural level depends upon the proportion which the population, or supply of workmen, bears to the demand for labour, or extent of employment; that the extent of employment depends upon our superior powers of production, improvements in machinery, and amount of accumulated capital; that the interest of the workman and his employer are the same; and that the prosperity of both depends upon their united industry and ingenuity.

We are now on the eve of having new fields opened up for the consumption of our manufactures, and it is of great consequence that nothing should prevent our enjoying the full advantage of that favourable circumstance. We are also obtaining relief from various restrictions which fettered commercial enterprise, and prevented our enjoyment of free trade with other countries; and we possess a government disposed to use every means for the encouragement of industry, and the improvement of the condition of the working classes. It remains, then, to be seen whether the people of this country are sufficiently virtuous to use their liberty with discretion, or whether they will continue to oppress each other, and run into all manner of wild and foolish excesses."

SERPENT HUNTING,

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Business connected rather with pleasure than profit had kept me roaming for some months among the West India islands, that land of magnificence and discomfort; and from all that I heard there, and more particularly from what came under my own observation, I can truly affirm that to Europeans in general it is a land replete with novelty and interest, and to writers both of fiction and of truth, a field in which they may reap an abundant harvest of reputation. I at length found myself at Barbadoes, without any fixed resolution either to return or to proceed farther on in my wanderings. In such a wavering and unsettled state of mind, a little matter will sometimes turn the scale. I had carried a letter to a gentleman of the island, with whom I formed a most agreeable acquaintanceship; and in consequence of the description he gave me of the coast of South America, I was induced to form the resolution of visiting at least a part of that country before I should think of bending my course homewards. Being furnished by him with letters to one or two individuals who might be of service to me, I took a passage in a ship bound to Demerara, and after a voyage in no degree remarkable for shortness or novelty, I landed there in safety. I will not stop here to describe all I saw. Suffice it to say, that having viewed all I considered worthy of being noticed, I set off across the country to deliver one of the letters I carried with me to a gentleman from whose attention and knowledge I had been assured I should obtain much information. After a journey of some days, I reached the place; and considering that I had been previously an utter stranger, I was received with a degree of warmth and kindness I could scarcely have anticipated. The estate, or rather plantation, on which I had been so kindly invited to take up my residence for some time, and where I had resolved to spend a few weeks in examining the local scenery and curiosities, lay upon the banks of a river that comes down from the mountains of Guiana. Mr Heinvault (*the proprietor*), although the superintendence of his estate occupied a great part of his time, contrived to devote no inconsiderable portion of it to my amusement. Accompanied by a couple of servants, and Cæsar, a shrewd and active negro who held the post of *hunter* (a personage not only useful, but even necessary to those who reside on colonial estates distant from any town, as many of the delicacies of the table are furnished by him), we made frequent excursions up the country, and committed occasionally sad havoc among the quadrupeds and feathered tribes with which that region abounds. At other times we manned a couple of canoes, and descending the river, we employed ourselves in fishing excursions, or in taking a shot at such birds as unfortunately for themselves came within range of our pieces. Those who are acquainted with the general appearance and topography of the northern coast of South America, know well that from the flatness of the country as it approaches the sea, many rivers of considerable magnitude divide themselves into numerous streams or canals, before mingling their waters with those of the ocean. The deltas or islands formed by those streams are sometimes of great extent, consisting, like most of that coast, of marshy or savannah land, partly bare, and partly overrun by tall reeds and canes, or other aquatic plants. In the thick and almost impervious recesses of these, reptiles of various kinds often find a retreat, from which they occasionally emerge in search of their prey. The streams are in many places frequented by aquatic birds of the most variegated and beautiful plumage, and the waters afford several kinds of fish, which from their delicacy and flavour amply repay the labour employed in taking them.

I had been informed, both by Mr Heinvault and Cæsar, that serpents of a great size had been frequently seen by them crossing the lagoons from one island to another, and that by great exertion, and not without difficulty, they had succeeded in destroying a few. I confess I had been for some time anxious to discover one of these reptiles; not that I wished a close connection with it—far from it. The little I had seen of them had given me an aversion to them, and this feeling was much heightened by the numerous stories I had heard of their fearful powers of destruction and deglutition. I had no objections, however, to view one at a distance, "dragging its slow trembling length along." But in all our excursions nothing of this kind was to be seen, and I had begun to conceive some latent suspicions that Mr Heinvault and Cæsar had a little exaggerated the number and size of the reptiles they had seen and destroyed. But an adventure soon after this befell me, which made me entirely change my opinion of their veracity, and convinced me that their account rather fell short of than exceeded the truth. Occasionally when pressing business detained Mr Heinvault at his plantation, or called him to a distance, and when I found time hang heavy on my hands, Cæsar was always willing to volunteer his services as my guide and assistant in any rambles which I wished to undertake; and a clever and active fellow I indeed found him. He was a capital shot, and unequalled in the success with which he contrived to hook his fish when not one would look at the bait belonging to another.

One day about two or three weeks after my arrival, Mr Heinvault informed me that he was under the necessity of going to a plantation distant about ten miles, and as the way lay partly through the woods and trackless savannahs, he was obliged to take Cæsar with him, he being the only one on the estate who had a thorough knowledge of the way, and who, from his dexterity and address, proved a useful and agreeable attendant. He added, that he should be back early in the afternoon, and that if I wished to take a stroll, or go on the water, any of the rest of his people should be at my disposal. After Mr Heinvault had rode away, I strolled about the plantation an hour or two, looking at every thing to amuse myself; but getting terribly wearied with doing nothing, I told one of the people to get the lines ready, for it was my intention to go out a-fishing for some time, the day being rather warm and sultry for enjoying a shooting excursion. These being soon ready, I sent likewise for my gun, and declining the offer he made to attend me, I pushed out into the stream, and dropped slowly down the river. The current being very slow, I was a while in reaching the place where the river branches off into a number of streams. I guided my canoe into one of those in which I had formerly been along with Cæsar, and where our sport had been very good. The stream was not in general above eighteen or twenty feet wide. I "paddled my light canoe" up and down this, trying to get a shot at some of the beautiful birds which often frequent these lagoons. But the birds were scarce and shy. Fatigued with this unsuccessful sport, I set the lines, and paddling about for some time, I drew them up; but whether they had not been baited as well as Cæsar used to do it, or whether the fish were as shy as the birds, I cannot tell; but after a few trials I got tired of this sport likewise. Thinking I would be more successful elsewhere, I proceeded about a quarter of a mile farther down, and set the lines. By this time the day had become exceedingly sultry and oppressive. Seeing there was no prospect of a shot, I took off my stockings and shoes, and bathed my feet in the water, and, working my canoe to the other side, I laid my gun ready loaded for a shot upon the benches, and stretched myself alongside of it, waiting till it was time to draw the lines which I had set. In this position I fell asleep, overcome, as I suppose, by the heat of the day, and the fatigue I had undergone.

I know not how long I may have slept; but I was roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half stupor felt after immediately awaking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the neck and head of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as immediately flashed upon my mind, to commencing the process of swallowing it. I had faced death in many shapes—on the ocean—on the battle-field; but never till that moment had I conceived he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated. But recollection of my state soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with its basilisk eyes, and at the same moment I instinctively grasped my gun, which was lying loaded beside me. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my motion (I conceive it had previously, from my inertness, taken me for a dead carcase), drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself half up, pointing the muzzle of my piece in the direction of the serpent, when its neck and head again appeared moving backwards and forwards, as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard or two of it: my finger was on the trigger: I fired, and it received the shot in its head. Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold—and, by its contortions, displaying to my sight great part of its enormous bulk, which had hitherto escaped my notice—it seemed ready to throw itself upon me, and to embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of his reach. Just as I was escaping, I could observe that the shot had taken effect, for blood was beginning to drop from its head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunately, all my shot was expended, otherwise I would most certainly, at a respectable distance, have given him a salutation of the same kind as I had just bestowed. All that I have described passed in a much shorter time than I have taken up in recounting it.

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds, among which the animal was apparently taking refuge, crashing under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left; but hurrying as fast as the canoe would go through the water, I was not long in reaching the landing-place below Mr Heinvault's house. Hastily mooring the canoe, I jumped ashore, and hurried up to the house, where I found Mr Heinvault, who had just arrived. You may be certain I lost no time in communicating to him the almost miraculous escape I had made, and the wound I had inflicted on the animal. "In that case," said he, "it cannot escape; we must immediately go in search of it;" and instantly summoning Cæsar, he told him to get the guns ready, and to bring two of his fellows with him. "If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun, and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we shall show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords." I protested that nothing was farther from my intention than staying behind, and added, that had not my shot been expended, we should not have parted on so easy terms. "In general," said he, "it is very dangerous to attack them at close quarters after being wounded, as they become extremely infuriated; and there are not wanting instances in which life has been sacrificed by doing so. But we now take such precaution in approaching them, that it is next to impossible that any accident can happen." Just as he finished saying this, Cæsar re-appeared, himself armed with a club, one of those who followed him carrying a weapon of the same kind, while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a billhook. This Mr Heinvault told me was to clear a road among the reeds, if the animal should have retreated among them; the club being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter. We were soon seated in the canoes, and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds, bore, from its sanguine hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not have been slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, and a sort of passage was formed among them so wide, that a man could with little difficulty enter. Mr Heinvault commanded a halt, to see that the arms were in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively, in order to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard. One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his billhook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr Heinvault and me, with our guns; while Cæsar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we easily made our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated, I should suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal. Mr Hein-

vault ordered him behind, and, advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster coiled up, and part of it stretched out; but owing to their thickness its head was invisible. Disturbed, and apparently irritated by our approach, it appeared, from its movements, about to turn and assail us. We had our guns ready, and just as we caught a glimpse of its head, we fired, both of us almost at the same moment. From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shot could not have taken effect; but what did take effect, seemed to be sufficient; for it fell, hissing, and rolling itself into a variety of contortions. Even yet it was dangerous to approach it. But Cæsar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioning his master and me not to fire again in the direction of the animal, forced a way through the reeds at one side, and, making a kind of circuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which completely stunned it; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory. We could now examine the creature with safety. We found that a good part of our shot had lodged about its head and neck, and would probably have proved fatal to it, even if we had left it to its fate. I confess it was not without a shudder that I handled and examined it, when I thought how nearly I had escaped from furnishing it with a meal.

We set ourselves to work, and not without difficulty did we succeed in dragging the huge carcase to the edge of the stream, and in embarking it in one of the canoes, to which it formed a pretty fair lading. It was not far from sunset when the expedition landed on the bank near Mr Heinvault's house. He soon got sufficient assistance in conveying the carcase up, and in depositing it in a place of safety. On measuring it, we found it to be nearly forty feet in length, and of proportional thickness. Mr Heinvault informed me that it was the largest he had seen killed, although he had often seen others under circumstances which convinced him that they must have been of a far greater size.

It was not until I was seated at a late dinner, that I felt myself a little overcome with the unusual exertion I had undergone on so sultry and oppressive a day. But as the evening wore on, I completely recovered; and never do I recollect spending a more agreeable one. The adventure, however, and the consciousness of my escape, must have been deeply impressed upon my mind; for, during some months after, I often started from my sleep with the cold sweat upon my brow, imagining myself crushed and expiring in the embraces of a horrid reptile.*

THE GAME OF GOLF.

In Scotland there prevail two sports for which there is hardly a parallel in the adjoining country: namely, golf and curling. The former is practised on commons, or any other kind of open grounds, it being only necessary that the grass should be very short. The chief implement is a club, called the golf, consisting of a long slender wand, and a loaded mass at the end, together with a small ball of leather, stuffed to great hardness with feathers, which is impelled by the above instrument, and to get which into a distant hole by the fewest strokes constitutes the game. The word *golf* is supposed to be derived from the German noun *kolbe*, a club. The game is very ancient, and has not been always confined to Scotland. In Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," it is mentioned, that "there are many games played with the ball, that require the assistance of a club or bat, and probably the most ancient among them is the pastime now distinguished by the name of goff. In the northern part of the kingdom, golf is much practised. It answers to a rustic pastime of the Romans, which they played with a ball of leather stuffed with feathers, called paganica, and the goff-ball is composed of the same materials to this day. In the reign of Edward the Third, the Latin name cambuca was applied to this pastime, and it derived the denomination, no doubt, from the crooked club or bat with which it was played."

It seems to be quite uncertain at what period the game of golf was introduced into Scotland; but it may be fairly presumed that this amusement, as well as football and archery, were practised to a considerable extent in the reign of our King James the First.

King Charles the First was much attached to the amusement of golfing, and, on his visit to Scotland in 1641, was engaged in it on Leith Links, when intimation was given him of the rebellion in Ireland; whereupon he threw down his club, and returned in great agitation to Holyroodhouse.

The Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, also delighted in the game. By joining publicly in it and other sports, he softened down among the Scottish nobility much of the prejudice excited by his unpopular principles; while his duchess equally pleased the ladies by treating them with *tea*, which had not till then been seen in the kingdom.

Many names might be added of illustrious individuals, who, in days gone by, as well as in more modern times, found relaxation and delight in practising the game; but none will create greater interest than that of Lord President Forbes. He is said to have been so keen a golfer as to play on the Sands at Leith, if the Links happened at any time to be covered with snow.

The mode of playing the game does not appear to be the same in all countries—at least the practice in Holland is different from that of England and Scotland. The method among us seems to resemble that of the Romans more than the Dutch. The game of the latter is particularly described in the following interesting communication, in the Statistical Account, by Dr Alexander Walker of Edinburgh, to Dr Carlyle of Inveresk:—

"The Dutch game called *kolf*, from which the word *golf* is derived, as both are probably from the Greek word *kolophos*, is played in an enclosed rectangular area of about sixty feet by twenty-five. The floor, which is a composition of sand, clay, and pitch, is made as level as a billiard-table; and the enclosing walls are for two feet above the floor, faced either with polished stone or sheet-lead, that they may cause the ball to rebound with accuracy. At about eight or ten feet from each end wall, a circular post of about five inches diameter is placed precisely in the middle of the area with regard to breadth, consequently opposite the one to the other, and at the distance of forty feet, or thereby. The balls used in the game are about the size of cricket-balls, made perfectly round and elastic, covered with soft leather, and sewed with fine wire. The clubs are from three to four feet long, with stiff shafts. The heads are of brass; and the face, with which the ball is struck, is perfectly smooth, having no inclination, such as might have a tendency to raise the ball from the ground. The angle which the head makes with the shaft, is nearly the same with that of the putting clubs used at golf. The game may be played by any number, either in parties against each other, or each person for himself; and the contest is, who shall hit the two posts in the fewest strokes, and make his ball retreat from the last one with such an accurate length, as that it shall lie nearest to the opposite end wall of the area. The first stroke is made from within a few inches of what is called the beginning post, and the player directs his ball as precisely as he can on the opposite one, that he may hit it if possible, computing at the same time the force of his stroke, so that, should he miss it (which from the distance may be supposed to be most frequently the case), his ball may rebound from the end wall, and lie within a moderate distance of the post, and before it; that is, between the two posts, rather than between the post and the end wall. The reason of preferring this situation of the ball will appear by reflecting how much easier it is, in that case, to send the ball, after striking the post, back again towards the other one. The skill of the game consists in striking the post in such a way, whether full or otherwise, as may send the ball towards the place where you wish it to rest. It combines the address required both in golf and in billiards. Five points make the game; and such is the difference between a capital and an ordinary player, that the former will give four points of the game, and frequently be the winner. This superiority of play I experienced myself at a *kolf baan* near the Hague, after I had considerable practice in the game, and was, in fact, no mean player. With the advantage of three points I was completely beaten; and even when I got four, I could hardly preserve any tolerable equality. There is generally a kind of apartment at one end of the *kolf baan*, two or three steps higher than the floor, where spectators may enjoy the sight of the game, as far as the clouds of tobacco smoke, with which they commonly fill it, will allow."

The game has been long known in India; and the following notice of the mode in which it is practised, is given from a letter addressed to the secretary of the Musselburgh club by one of its members, whose attainment in the knowledge of eastern languages is of a very high order:—

"The Indian, or rather the Persian, name of the game, is *govy* (strongly resembling the Scotch pronunciation of golf, viz. 'gouf'), meaning 'the ball;' and sometimes called 'chougan o govy,' or club and ball. The game is considered a royal one in the East, and is uniformly played on horseback. The club (according to the representation I have seen in pretty old Persian paintings of a party at play) is bent at the end, and somewhat like our own clubs. The handle, agreeable to the same drawing, seemed a good deal shorter, so as when a player was about to strike the ball, he was necessarily obliged to throw his body downward to the right side of his horse, with the chougan in his right hand, whilst he grasped the bridle, and guided his steed (usually at full gallop) with the left. The manuscript in which I saw the representation, was a highly celebrated work on the ancient history of Persia, by Ferdousi, esteemed one of the best Persian poets."

The game of Palle Maille, or Pall Mall, which is mentioned in Strutt's book, as bearing a resemblance to golf, was played by striking a ball with a mallet through a high arch of iron, the merit consisting in doing so at the fewest number of strokes. Charles the Second and his courtiers practised this game in St James's Park, where there is a walk still called the Mall; the name being supposed to be derived from the mallet with which the game was played.

The question seems to have been once agitated, whether the game of golf was peculiar to England or Scotland. The importance of the inquiry is scarcely such as to command great investigation; but there is a tradition connected with it, which, if an ancient mode of determining disputed points be a correct one, must be considered as setting the matter for ever at rest. It is related as follows:—

"Two English noblemen, who, during their attendance at the Scottish court, had, among other fashionable amusements of the period, occasionally practised golf, were one day debating the question with his Highness the Duke of York, whether that amusement were peculiar to Scotland or England; and, having some difficulty in coming to an issue on the subject, it was proposed to decide the question by an appeal to the game itself; the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions as golfers, together with a large sum of money, on the result of a match, to be played with his highness, and any Scotchman he could bring forward. The duke, whose great aim at that time was popularity, thinking this no bad opportunity both for asserting his claim to the character of a Scotchman, and for flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the challenge, and, in the meantime, caused diligent inquiry to made as to where the most efficient partner was to be found. The person recommended to him for this purpose was a poor man, named John Paterson, a shoemaker, who was not only reputed the best golf-player of his day, but whose ancestors had been equally celebrated from time immemorial.

On the matter being explained to him, Paterson was not quite satisfied as to how he should be able to acquit himself in such great company; but on the duke encouraging him, he said he would do his best.

The match was played, in which the duke was of course completely victorious; and the shoemaker was dismissed with a reward corresponding to the importance of his service, being an equal share of the stake played for.

With this money he immediately built himself a comfortable house in the Canongate, upon the wall of which the duke caused an escutcheon to be affixed, bearing the arms of the family of Paterson, surmounted by a crest, a dexter hand grasping a golf club—Motto, 'Far and sure.'

The house alluded to is situated on the north side of the Canongate, a little above Queensberry House."

The town of Musselburgh has been long famous for superior golfers, the beautiful and extensive links on both sides of the Esk being an incitement to the practice of the athletic exercise. A golf club was established there in the year 1774, and included among its members the most respectable gentlemen in the parish. To encourage the exercise of the game, they procured a handsome silver cup, which is played for annually, and a year's possession of it, and the honour of being captain of the club, are the gainer's trophies. He is bound to append a medal to the cup when he restores it.

The game also flourishes at Edinburgh and Leith, and still more remarkably, perhaps, at St Andrews, where very large stakes are sometimes played for, and where there is a regular manufactory of balls, both for home consumption and exportation.

EDUCATION.

[BY JOHN BOWRING.]

A child is born—now take the germ, and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
When passion's gust, and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse,
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life—and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swell'd one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O who shall say that it has lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never wasted.

—*Amulet*, 1828.

Since the publication of the article entitled "The Last Execution in the Grassmarket," we have had documents presented to us, which give a considerably different colour to the criminality of the culprit Andrews. It appears that he was, in reality, concerned in the maltreatment and robbery of the man Dykes, and was altogether a less innocent and estimable a member of society than our first information gave us to suppose. The article, in other respects, is correct. The jury upon Andrews's trial returned a verdict of guilty, from a servile respect to the bearing of the indictment, and not because they deemed his criminality worthy of the punishment of death; and, as already intimated, they were much chagrined on finding that their recommendation to mercy, upon which they had relied for the means of neutralising their decision, was of no avail.

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THE EASY MAN.

ALL extremes are bad—even, it would appear, the extreme of goodness; by which I mean good dispositions and habits of extraordinary bountifulness. It seems necessary that we should have a little of the reverse in us, just to defend ourselves against people who are the reverse. Some men are born as if they had been designed for the golden age, and by mistake postponed to the pinchbeck one. I was one of this class, but have been reformed for some time, and am now a pretty passable member of society. In my earliest years, I was distinguished for my good nature. Even before the school era, I was reduced to a wretched bondage by a somewhat elder brother, obliged to be hodman in all his architectural operations, compelled to give up the half of my gingerbread to him to purchase peace, and, in short, to use a comprehensive English phrase, was his fag. At school, I was always glad when I could oblige a boy by giving him a part of my bread and butter, or by helping him on with his exercises; yet, strange to say, this did not procure me any friendship or forbearance. The rascals, on the contrary, finding I had no power of resentment, tyrannised over me in every possible way. I was hustled and bustled about, huffed, cuffed, and disrespected, and all because I was good-natured. The same was my fate throughout all the earlier years of manhood. An insatiable love of approbation, an overpowering desire to serve and oblige all who seemed to require my services, characterised me. I was prone to believe every one, ready to befriend every one, anxious to reconcile every one; and many a poor hanger-on of the family, whom all the rest had got tired of, or found just reason to keep at a distance, maintained a hold on me, and was by me alone supported and cheered. Whoever had once got me into a personal interview, was sure of me. I could not—I had not it in me—to give pain to any one; and so mild and courteous was my tone, that even when applied to by an absolute mendicant, it would have puzzled a bystander sometimes to say whether he or I was the party in distress. The very beggar poets who came to me for half crowns, on the understanding that I was, like themselves, a dabbler in literature, would hold up their heads better than I. I felt in all these cases as if I were to blame in being better off than my fellow-creatures; and the relief which I extended was not so much designed for the good of the receiving party, as to justify the giver in enjoying what he retained. I had no discrimination: there lay my grand error. My charity as often gratified imposture as real want; my justice was sometimes most unjust to myself, or to those connected with me. What is curious, these propensities never forced me into a search for objects of benevolence. I rather avoided them—for I knew my weakness, and, like Hatteraik warning Glossin not to rouse him, would silently deprecate the coming temptation. Unfortunately, it was not necessary for me to go abroad for the means of exercising my good dispositions: the world, somehow or other, has done me *this* honour, that, though I never seek an acquaintance or pay a visit I can avoid, I have fully as many friends as I can make a good use of, and, in these my days of blindness, had always as many intruding petitioners as I could do any good to. Once let the petitioning or distressed party come in contact with me, I could no longer withhold my sympathy. Either I behoved to satisfy myself by the dispensation of a liberal alms, or I must instantly start off to spend my time and energies in advancing the interests of the applicant. In several instances, I am sure that I kept what I thought deserving people alive for months; in others, I got young men whom I thought possessed of abilities pushed into the situations and the ways of livelihood at which they aimed; in others (this was the largest class), I mediated to prevent the feelings of individuals from being offended by incidents and collisions which must have otherwise occurred. I had a horror of unkindness in thought, word, or deed; it annoyed me to hear scandal; and I preferred rather dullish conversation with plain and as I thought good-hearted people, to the most brilliant and dashy discourse of some professor of wit and raillery. I had a respect for every body but myself. What others did I always thought, or endeavoured to think, well of: what I did myself I never was so sure about, unless I heard some one praise it. This abject self-abasement was perhaps at the bottom of all my absurdities. My actions were directed to hardly any other end than that of conciliating men to think not so badly of me as I thought of myself, and, if possible, by their praise, to inspire me with a little more confidence in my own rights and merits. There might be a higher motive occasionally; but this was the main one, and I am now sensible that it leaves me without a just reason to complain of the ingratitude I have met with. A more discriminating kind of beneficence, springing from a more exalted source, would have been attended with different effects.

Such was my character for a considerable number of years. I had to look back upon a life, during which I had never experienced any thing above the most common-place favours from others—never looked for any thing of the kind—never thought of it; while I had been connected with innumerable persons who were perpetually petitioning me for something or other, and whose good opinions, worthless and unrequired as they were, I had been content to purchase at any price. My character might have been still the same, but for one peculiar event. I had often, as may well be believed, been put to pain by finding that my endeavours to do good were productive either of a greater evil to myself, or a less one to those I had befriended. I had often to feel the bitter pang which attends the display of ingratitude or rancour in one whom I had formerly esteemed and obliged. I had often—deepest mortification of all!—that of finding that my humane efforts to ward off mental anguish from those in whom I was interested, only exposed me to the charge of meddling, and ended in all parties, instead of only one, being offended. It had been pressed more than once upon my attention, that, in the most of cases where I had given money, I had only diminished my own resources to protract an inevitable misery in another; where I had smoothed the way for depressed but meritorious individuals, I had only prevented the good of one man, to make it come to another in no respect more deserving of it; and that, let me give favour after favour to any man for a series of years, the refusal of the last, or the least offence to his self-love or his interest at any period of our intercourse, would make him turn and rend me. Gratitude, I found, was little else, when expressed, than the indication of a hope of further favours: it never long survived the cessation of the favours, whether that cessation arose from my own inability to bestow, or from the other party no longer requiring. Men, I found, whose promotion was evidently owing in the first instance to me, were apt in no long time to consider their own merit as the principal, if not sole instrument; and though I or the world might think differently, that was nothing to them. If any one was my debtor in a more express way—namely, for pounds, shillings, and pence—and if I forbore for a long time to mention it. I found that I did not by that means increase either the validity of the debt, or its amount. It might have been pressed at the proper time, and perhaps paid; but the delay, though solely springing from kindness of heart on my part, served only to introduce a question as to its justice, and, what I liked worse, a suspicion of the sincerity of my friendship. In fact, my debtors took it exceedingly ill to be reminded of any of these old obligations, and the common result was, that, in the words of the well-known rhyme, I lost both my money and friend. Again, though I reckoned closely with nobody, every body reckoned closely with me: even the man for whom I had raised large sums by the use of my name, or whom I had otherwise obliged in the most extraordinary way, would exact from me the last farthing of some trifling account, and perhaps complain that I was late in making payment. I once paid upon great urgency a claim of fifty shillings to a man for whom, as he failed next day, I became liable for as many pounds. What was worst of all, I found in many instances, that by doing or attempting to do some service to a person imminently needing it, I became responsible not only for it and for its effects, but for almost the whole of the subsequent fate of the party so assisted; who, in the event of any thing going wrong, though only through his own imprudence, or in pursuance of the usual strain of his unhappy lot, generally blamed me as loudly as if I had voluntarily interfered, or had had some personal interest in doing for him what I did, and been of course duly chargeable with the consequences.

It would be endless to relate all the hints I got as to the absurdity of my course. I saw my folly in a glimmering kind of way; but something more was required to produce a decided change of conduct. I was at length reclaimed by one small particular circumstance. A very near relative had always been treated by me in my characteristic manner. Not being a person of well-regulated mind, he had given me much annoyance throughout many years of intercourse; I had yielded, however, to every petulance, submitted to every reproof, however groundless, and even forgiven injuries in a quarter where the most of men are poignantly sensitive. In fact, this person, though advanced in life, took exactly that advantage of my good nature which my school-fellows had done. He unfortunately buffeted me just a little too much. I was angry, but, being totally unaccustomed to that passion, did not know how to express it. At length, it all at once flashed upon me that the individual in question never took the same liberties with another person who stood in exactly the same relation to him—a person, moreover, who had not been nearly so kind and friendly as I had been. I saw the thing at once. The very sternness and unkindness of that person had procured from the ignoble nature of my tormentor, a respect which nothing else was calculated to procure in such a quarter. My natural sense of justice was roused; pride came to my aid; and, when next subjected to the annoyance, I found myself in such a furor of indignation, as to express my sentiments in a manner very different from what was habitual to me. It is said that the anger of one not given to anger is the most terrible of all. Perhaps there was something in this; perhaps it was only the natural submission of a weak mind, to what it had formerly thought a weaker, but now found a stronger. But, whatever was the reason, the effect was decisive: the annoyance ceased, and for the first time I found what I might call true friendship in an individual, who had never *till now* had reason to be otherwise than friendly.

This incident completely revolutionised my views of human nature. I saw that with the most of minds

fear goes a far greater way than love, and that the one is in some measure necessary to secure and enforce the other. So effectually did the change work, that I got quite reclaimed in a single week. I saw that I had made myself the slave of mankind, and been treated as such, while others who aimed at being tyrants over their fellow-creatures, and had not the tenth of my pretensions to their esteem, were served on the bended knee. I resolved, therefore, since nothing but sternness would do, to be stern also. I ceased to take particular interest in any beyond my own circle, and thus, if I did no good, I was at least sure to do no harm. I would put myself out of my way for nobody but myself, and so was pretty certain to secure the comfort of at least one of the human race. The result has been a marked increase of respect from the world. To be an easy or good-natured man, I now see, only causes the generality to suspect your stability in life, while the very men you benefit are unable to respect that extreme facility by which they have profited. Perpetual suavity, I now find, is not the way to procure any weight for one's word. There must be a fortitude, and even a certain dash of rigour, in one's life and conversation, in order to obtain deference for his opinions. This has been shown in a very marked manner in my case, since I became converted from good nature. My sentiments on almost any subject are now received as of some importance. When I make as if I wished to speak, people make as if they wished to be silent; and I am heard to the very end of what I have to say. I begin to be looked upon as a person very likely to thrive in the world, and one or two mothers of marriageable daughters (the acutest class on earth) have spoken of me, to persons who they knew would tell me again, as a very promising young man. If I by any chance offer to do a service, it is received, not as a right, but as a favour. Whenever I appear in the domestic circle, every one is on the bustle to put me to rights, and serve, and amuse me; if I relent into kindness, it is *felt*, and I am called good, which I never was before. In short, mankind have become my friends and servants, the moment I ceased to be theirs; and I do believe, if I were to add a decided misanthropy to my character, I would soon be reckoned a second Lord Byron.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

THE ITALIAN POETS.

Tasso.

THE sixteenth century produced in Italy several other great poets besides Ariosto. The principal was Torquato Tasso, author of the noble romantic poem entitled "Gerusalemme Liberata" (Jerusalem Delivered), whose misfortunes, however, were fully as remarkable as his genius. Torquato was the son of another poet of no small eminence, named Bernardo Tasso, and was born, March 11, 1544, at Sorrento. He is said to have spoken words at the age of six months, and, at seven years, to have recited compositions of his own, both in prose and verse. In his seventeenth year, he received degrees in canon and civil law at the university of Padua, and, like all the other great bards of Italy, he was fully as much distinguished by his learning as by his poetical talents. His propensity to poetry being much encouraged by his father, he attained distinction in that branch of letters at a very early period of life. In 1564, when only eighteen, he published his poem of Rinaldo, which was in the manner of the Odyssey, and is expressively described as being, though evidently the work of a young man, yet of a young Tasso. In the preceding year, he had composed six cantos of his greater poem, the Jerusalem Delivered, which is universally allowed to be one of the finest productions of the human intellect. When about two-and-twenty years of age, Tasso was taken under the protection of Alphonso the Second, Duke of Ferrara, whose court was then the most magnificent and the most devoted to literature in Italy. Here the poet lived in the highest style at the immediate table of the prince, surrounded by all the brilliant and noble objects which could gladden the spirit of a man devoted to romantic poetry. For some years, his life was one of uninterrupted happiness. His leisure was spent with princes and nobles, who might be considered the most cultivated men of his time; his studious hours were devoted to a species of composition every way according with his taste, and which procured perpetual accessions of new fame. He was, moreover, solaced with the society, and even, it is said, the affection of a princess, the sister of his patron, and described as one of the most accomplished and enchanting women of her time. In the year 1570, he accompanied the Cardinal D'Este, brother of the Prince of Ferrara, to France, where he was received with distinguished honours at the court of Charles the Ninth, who delighted much in the society of literary men, and was in some degree a patron of learning. It is curious to reflect how soon after, a prince thus agreeably brought under our notice—the friend of letters, and capable of appreciating their humanising influence—above all things, the admirer of the noble and pure-minded Tasso—was involved in the atrocities of the Bartholomew massacre! It is related that this modern Nero pardoned, at the entreaty of the Italian minstrel, a culprit of his own profession, to whom all mercy had formerly been refused.

In the year 1573, he brought out his celebrated pastoral drama, entitled "Aminta," and also completed his Jerusalem Delivered, which turned upon one of the most brilliant events of the history of the middle ages, the taking of the Holy City by Godfrey of Boulogne. Several years were afterwards spent in the task, then considered highly important, of correcting and improving his grand work. Copies of parts of it were distributed among his literary friends in various quarters, and he was indefatigable in touching it up according to their advice and directions. Unfortunately, while this process was going on, a part of the poem fell into the hands of a dishonest person, who published it without the author's consent, and in a state which could not but give him great chagrin. His mind was about the same time affected seriously by the rancorous hostility of several of his fellow courtiers, who, though they could not undermine him in the favour of the duke, rendered his life truly miserable. How far an ill-placed attachment entered into his griefs, it is impossible to say; but it is certain, that, in the year 1577, just as he was about to give to the world one of the most splendid effusions of the imagination that it had ever seen, he began to show symptoms of tottering reason; his sun being eclipsed, as it were, at the very height of noon.

His madness took the shape of a fretful and restless fear. He thought he was beset by a host of enemies, who were perpetually seeking to destroy his life and good name. In this state of weakness he made a journey to Bologna, to confess to the Inquisition that he had once been guilty of holding heretical opinions, and to subject himself to whatever punishment that court might think proper to award. He was acquitted; but, still unconvinced of his own innocence, he applied again, and it was not till a second review of his conduct, and a second absolution, that he was satisfied. In June 1577, having made an attempt upon the life of a servant, in the apartment of the Duchess of Urbino, he was put into confinement by his patron Alphonso, but soon after released, and apparently restored to favour and also to health.

The immediately ensuing part of Tasso's history is the subject of much controversy. He is said to have at length tired out Alphonso with his feverish complaints about supposed enemies, and to have been sternly forbidden by that prince to write to him any more. More alarmed than ever for his personal safety, the poet immediately fled on foot to Naples, and placed himself under the protection of his sister Cornelia, who was married there. Being assured of continued protection at Ferrara, he soon afterwards ventured back, but was disappointed in his hopes, probably in consequence of his own conduct, which was so full of fretfulness and reproach as to be highly disagreeable to the duke. He again fled in a state of alarm, and wandered for some months through the north of Italy. Arriving on one occasion at the gates of Turin, he was so tattered and forlorn in his appearance as to be refused entrance by the guard. The man, however, who was thus sunk so low in wretchedness, required only to mention that he was Tasso, in order to be conveyed to the palaces of nobles and princes, and clothed and fed as sumptuously as one of themselves. After a certain interval, finding he could be happy nowhere but in Ferrara, for which city he seems to have borne a sincere affection, he made such interest with the duke as to be permitted to return, on condition that he would submit himself to a course of medicine, and be careful of his conduct for the future. He returned in February 1579, was treated with less consideration than he expected, and at length, his feelings getting the better of his prudence, he broke out upon his former patron in a tide of satire and reproach, which sealed his fate at the court of Ferrara. In the course of the ensuing month, he was immured, by the directions of the duke, in the Hospital of St Anna, a receptacle for lunatics, where he was put under such a severe regimen as materially aggravated his mental distemper. How far the conduct of the duke was the result of personal resentment, and how far dictated by the humane spirit which every day causes the removal of deranged persons from society to solitude, it is impossible to say. If it was an experiment for the recovery of Tasso, it was an eminently unsuccessful one. For several days after finding himself in confinement, the unhappy poet continued in a state of perfect stupor. On recovering consciousness, his misery was only increased. He shrunk with horror from the squalor and solitude of his dungeon, and abandoned all his former hopes of poetical renown for a moping despair. "My mind," said he in a letter to a friend, "becomes slow of thought, my fancy indolent in imagining, my senses negligent in ministering to them images of things; my hand refuses to write, and my pen even to execute its office. I seem, indeed, to be frozen, and am oppressed by stupor and giddiness in all I attempt to do."

While Tasso was in this lamentable state, his poem of Jerusalem Delivered was published surreptitiously in several of the Italian states, so as to deprive him of all prospect of profit from what had been the labour of nearly twenty years. It immediately became famous over Europe, and was every where received with admiration. Strange that the mind which had produced this noble work, should now be lying in ruins within the cell of a wretched hospital, cut off from all experience of those honours which were so profusely heaped upon his name. "We chill with terror," says Mr Stebbing, "as we hear him pathetically lament in one of his letters, that he was prevented from writing by the constant shrieks of the poor maniacs whose cells adjoined his own; that he was left to the mercy of the keeper and the creatures of the court, who attended to none of his wants though he was so sick and feeble; and that, while the publishers of his poem had gained three thousand ducats by its sale, they had none of them given him a single scudo."

The confinement of Tasso lasted above seven years, and his mind seems to have been completely weakened by so long a period of unalleviated misery. His disease originally was nothing but what would now be termed a nervish irritability, and what a soothing treatment might have been expected soon to remove. But he came out a perfect visionary, and, though still quite gentle and harmless, the finer powers of his intellect were gone, and nothing but a shell, as it were, left behind. He owed his release to the intercession of Don Cæsare d'Este with the Duke of Ferrara, and to the Duke of Mantua, who became surety that his highness should suffer nothing from the poet's pen.

The few remaining years of his life were spent under the patronage of various individuals, with all of whom he seems to have quarrelled sooner or later; and he was accordingly reduced on several occasions to a condition little superior to that of a wandering mendicant. As formerly, however, he was never in so low a state, but what could be changed in an instant for the summit of honour and comfort by his simply mentioning who he was. On his arriving at any new place, and taking up his abode with any of the citizens, people were invited to come and see him as an object of wonder. While he passed along the streets, those who met him exclaimed, "See, that is Tasso!"—an exclamation that might well be prompted by the unusually tall and majestic figure of the poet, by his pale and thoughtful countenance, and the somewhat wild expression of his blue, lustrous eye. During this period, he composed his "Gerusalemme Conquisata," and a poem on creation, styled "Sette Giornate del Monde Creato;" but neither of these works has attained the celebrity of his "Gerusalemme Liberata." After a life singularly chequered by good and evil fortune, he retired to die in the monastery of St Severino, near Naples, where he expired on the 25th of April 1595, aged only fifty-one years, but completely worn out with mental and bodily sufferings. His body was interred in the church of the monastery, under a plain slab, inscribed with the epitaph so famous for its majestic simplicity, "Hic jacet Torquatus Tassus," "Here lies Torquato Tasso."

We shall conclude this memoir with an extract from the elegant and entertaining work to which we have already been so much indebted:—"Of the mind which produced them," says Mr Stebbing, in allusion to the works of Tasso, "it may be said that it was endowed with those higher powers which give sublimity to thought, while it was subject to all those milder influences of the feelings which keep it constantly within the verge of what is human, or of human interest. In the Gerusalemme, we trace that harmony of design which is the result only of pure intellect, disembarrassing itself of whatever hinders its orderly operation. In the Gerusalemme, we perceive the influence of that noble moral feeling which constitutes the distinction between the poetry of times and seasons, and that which lives, and of which the power and majesty are felt, through all ages; and in the Gerusalemme, we see those various representations of human character, and those bold inventions which, together with the before-mentioned qualities, raise the epic poem above every other species of composition, appealing as it does to the sublimest attributes of our nature, and furnishing the mind with new food for the elevated emotions to which the verse of the poet gives birth."

THE BASTILE,

A PARISIAN TALE.

"IT must come down!" exclaimed Julian; "Frenchmen will no longer endure it. What's a man's life worth without security of person and property? I may possess health, I may possess honesty, I may be blessed with wife and children, my affairs may thrive, I may have friends on every side of me, and yet may end my days in a dungeon, if I happen to displease a man in power. It must come down!"

"What must come down?" demanded Monsieur le Croix, suddenly entering the apartment; "what must come down?" repeated he, in a still more authoritative tone.

"The Bastile," replied Julian, calmly raising his eyes, which at first he had dropped, and fixing them steadily, but respectfully, upon his master. There was a pause.

"Julian," at length said Monsieur le Croix, "I have heard of this before. Do you know that you are talking treason?"

"Yes," replied Julian, rather doggedly; "but I also know that I am talking reason and justice."

"That is, *as you conceive*," rejoined Monsieur le Croix. He took a turn or two across the apartment. "Julian," resumed he, "you are a dissatisfied man, and there are too many such in France. You are a dangerous man, too; for you read, and talk of what you read, and unsettle the opinions of those who know

* It is necessary to mention, that the idea and several of the expressions of this article are to be found in a paper which appeared some time ago in the periodical work entitled the *Athenæum*.

less than you do; you are tainted with that feeling of jealousy and rancour, with which Frenchmen unhappily begin to regard the established and venerable institutions of their country. How came it that you treated with insolence, to-day, the valet of Monsieur le Comte de St Ange?"

"Because he treated me with insolence," answered Julian; "he called to me to hold his horse while he alighted, as though I had been his master's groom!"

"Was it not rather because his master is a nobleman?" sternly interrogated Monsieur le Croix.—"You have been insolent to the count, too," resumed he.

"He threatened to apply his whip to my shoulders," said Julian, "and I told him that he had better reserve it for his horse."

"And had he put his threat into execution, what would you have done?" Julian was silent.

"I command you to answer me!" impatiently exclaimed the former. "What would you have done, had the count struck you?"

"Struck him again," indignantly vociferated Julian, "though my hand had been cut off the very next moment."

"And you think the count was afraid of you?" said Monsieur le Croix. "The count afraid of you! Do you know the power of the count?"

"I do," replied Julian, "and the character of the count. He is not fitted to be admitted into an honest man's family. He is the most dissolute young nobleman in Paris." "Dare you say so?"

"He is a libertine, sir! I can prove it! What then should prevent me from saying it?"

"Respect to me," said Monsieur le Croix. "Julian, you quit my service," added he. "Very well."

"You quit it to-night!"

"This minute!" exclaimed Julian, walking coolly to the other side of the apartment, and taking his hat from a peg on which it had been hung. "Good bye, sir," said he; but he stopped as he was going out of the door, and turning, stood and fixed his eyes full upon Monsieur le Croix—"I have been a faithful servant to you, sir," resumed Julian.

"Stay," said his master. "You have lived with me eight years. You *have* been a faithful servant to me—up to this moment. But you are a dangerous *subject*. You have begun to think for yourself—to question the rights of your betters—to make light of the distance which stands between them and you. Because a nobleman happens to lose his temper, you put yourself upon an equal footing with him—you give him word for word, and *would* give him blow for blow—and in your master's house!" Monsieur le Croix took a purse from his pocket. "I settled with you this morning," continued he, "and thought we had commenced another year; that's out of the question now. Here, Julian, there are eight louis d'ors in this purse; take them for your fidelity. Better to reward it now, and stop, than go on, and have reason to reproach it." Julian mechanically took the purse, but still kept extended the hand which he had reached to receive it, looking his master all the while in the face.

"You think, if I continued to serve you," said Julian, "that I might prove unfaithful to you?"

"Your principles are undermined in other matters," remarked Monsieur le Croix.

"And you think they could be undermined with respect to you?"

"When a part of a foundation gives way," observed Monsieur le Croix, "there is danger of the whole."

"And your confidence in my fidelity is shaken?"

"It is," said Monsieur le Croix.

Julian, whose colour had been gradually mounting as he spoke, stood silent for half a minute, without once withdrawing his eyes from his master's face. At length he broke silence. "It is?" echoed he.

"It is," calmly repeated Monsieur le Croix.

"Then perish your gold!" exclaimed Julian, dashing the purse on the ground, and rushing from the apartment.

Monsieur le Croix was an advocate for the old *regime*. He believed that, like the sun, it fitted the world now, as well as in the beginning—never taking into consideration the difference between the Creator of the one, and the framer of the other. He was at the same time a disinterested, conscientious, generous, and honourable man. He was handsome, too, and of a graceful commanding figure, though now in his fiftieth year. He was married, and, strange to say, the object of a still ardent and devoted attachment to a wife who was nearly twenty years younger than himself. Women are capable of such love. He had entered his fortieth year when his Adelaide had completed her twentieth one. From particular causes they were frequently thrown into one another's society, and the more intimate they became, the more coldly did Adelaide look upon many a youthful admirer who was a suitor for her hand. This was attributed to absorption in the prosecution of various studies, to which Monsieur le Croix had directed her attention; until the increasing pensiveness of the fair one too plainly indicated an occupation of the heart, far more active and intense than any of the mind could be. Monsieur le Croix was interested. He soon detected within him symptoms of the first genuine passion he had ever felt, but not before he was too much fascinated to struggle successfully with wishes, which, from excessive disparity of years, he at once concluded must be hopeless. Little did he dream of his good fortune: it came upon him like the arrival of a rich inheritance to one who had lived in penury, and always thought to die so. He entered his Adelaide's boudoir one day when she was so deeply absorbed that she did not perceive him. She was seated at a table with her back towards him, and she held in her hand something which she alternately gazed upon and pressed to her lips. Unconscious of the act of treachery which he was committing, he advanced on tip-toe a step or two—'Twas a miniature!—a step or two nearer—'Twas his own! He could not suppress his emotions; he clasped his hands in an ecstacy of transport. She started up; and turning, shrieked at beholding him. He extended his arms, and she threw herself into them. In a month she became Madame le Croix. A son, their only issue, blessed their union. He was now nearly nine years old—a promising boy, whose sole instructors were, hitherto, his father and mother—as by preference, as well as full contentment in each other's society, they always resided in the country; receiving occasionally the visits of their Paris friends, among whom was reckoned Monsieur le Comte de St Ange.

Monsieur le Croix felt too much discomposed to rejoin immediately his wife and the count. He turned into his study—"Julian is ruined!" exclaimed he to himself. "I am sorry for him; but there is no help for it. The moment one of his order begins to dispute, or even to examine the claims of those above him to his respect, he is fit for nothing but mischief, and, sooner or later, will think of nothing else. Not hesitate to strike the count!"

"Papa!" cried little Eugene, running into the room, "you are wanted."

"Who wants me?" inquired Monsieur le Croix.

"My mother." "Did she send you for me?" "No."

"Why did you come, then, and what do you mean?"

"She threatened the count to call you."

Monsieur le Croix started from the chair, into which, upon entering the room, he had thrown himself, and stared upon his son.

As he was rushing up stairs, he heard a scuffling in the room, and then a noise. Frantic with conjecture, alarm, and indignation, he rushed in, his hand upon his sword. The count was stretched upon the floor; Julian was standing over him with rage and triumph painted in his looks; and on a chair reclined Madam le Croix, half swooning.

"Rise, villain, and defend yourself!" vociferated Monsieur le Croix: but the count was either unable to rise, or pretended to be so. The room was presently filled with domestics, the count's attendants among the rest, who, obeying the signs of their lord, raised him, and conveyed him to his carriage.

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"His life shall answer for it!" exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, pacing the room, after his wife, upon being left alone with him, had acquainted him with the insult which the count had offered to her.

"He has been punished sufficiently," said Madame le Croix; "thanks to the brave and faithful Julian."

"Where is Julian?" exclaimed her husband. The bell was rung and answered. Julian was on his way to Paris. He had gone by the diligence, which at this hour every evening regularly passed the gate of the chateau.

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"A lovely sunset!" exclaimed Madame le Croix, sitting beside her husband, at a window which looked to the west, her head reclining upon his breast, and her little boy on the other side of him; "a lovely sunset!"

"Yes," replied he, "though its beauty is waning fast. The moon, however, will soon be up. Come, throw on your shawl, and let us take a stroll in the grounds." Madame le Croix caught her husband's hand as she rose, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"You are afraid of the stranger whom for the last three nights they have observed about the grounds," said Monsieur le Croix. "What harm have we to apprehend from him?"

"What brings him here, and at night?"

"What mischief can he do, and alone?"

"He may have associates, who are at hand," said Madame le Croix, after a pause. "Did you not part in anger with Julian?" added she.

"Do you think 'tis Julian?" asked M. le Croix.

"Would you be uneasy if it was?" inquired his wife. "I should almost think so, from the tone in which you speak."

"He has taken up with companions, I fear," said Monsieur le Croix, "who are not very scrupulous in the respect which they pay to the laws—some of those vile bands of republicans who have given rise to the recent ferments in Paris, and caused so much alarm to the court. Do you think it is he?"

"Jacqueline thinks so," replied Madame, in a whisper. At that moment a heavy and hurried step was heard in the passage, the door was burst open, and Julian stood before them! Madame le Croix shrieked, her husband half drew his sword, and the little Eugene instinctively sprang forward, and clasped Julian round the knees.—The man had been always particularly fond of the boy.

"Conceal yourself, sir," cried Julian; "they are here!" "Conceal myself from the bandits of Paris!" ejaculated le Croix; "I'll perish first!"

"From the executioners of the Bastile!" rejoined Julian. "What!" exclaimed Le Croix. Several steps were heard ascending the staircase.

"They are here!" cried Julian despondingly; "for these three nights I have been expecting them, and hoped to have time to give you warning; but they have taken me by surprise, and you are lost!" The door, which Julian had shut after him, was rudely opened, and a band of armed men entered the apartment. Madame le Croix threw her arms about her husband, while the little boy, quitting Julian, ran back to his father, and caught him by the hand.

"Your business?" haughtily demanded Le Croix.

"Your company!" replied the leader, whose sword was drawn. "Your authority?"

"A lettre-de-cachet!" Imagine the conclusion of the scene. That night Monsieur le Croix slept in the Bastile.

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He fancied it was morning—not a blink of day was admitted to announce to him the coming or the going of the sun. He rose, and after taking a turn or two of his dungeon—with the dimensions of which an acquaintance of now three weeks had made him familiar—he sat down upon the side of the bed, his frame still vibrating with the effects of his dream. He could have wept, was it not for the presence of his own dignity. He started at the call of a sensation which warned him that the hour of his morning's repast had gone by. He listened—not the whisper of a footstep! "To be starved to death in prison! Such a thing had occurred, and might occur again! Heaven! for an innocent man to be placed, by arbitrary power, in a predicament which would extract compassion for the most guilty one!" He paced his dungeon again. "What was intended?" He leaned against the wall, at the damp and chill of which he shivered, as they struck to his heart. He listened again—"did he not hear something? No!" He resumed his walk. "His wife and child unprotected!—ignorant whether he was alive or dead! A kingdom upon the verge of a convulsion! A people broke loose and wild! Rapine! Murder!—Houses in flames!—All the combustion and havoc of a civil war!" He threw himself upon his pallet. "Well! he was entombed in the Bastile. The moral earthquake might shake the foundations of his prison, and throw down its walls and set him free!" The walls—the very earth on which he stood—began to shake! He sprang upon his feet. "Was it thunder that he heard above him, or the play of cannon?" He could almost hear his heart throb! Shock now followed shock incessantly, and with increasing violence. "Was the Bastile beset? It was!" He thought he could catch the sound of human tumult! He threw himself upon his knees in supplication, imploring heaven to strengthen the hands of the assailants! He could now distinctly, though faintly, hear the shouts of an immense multitude of people—and presently, all was comparatively still. "The Bastile has surrendered," exclaimed Monsieur le Croix, "or the military have overpowered the people!" He heard the sound of bolts withdrawing, and doors flung violently open—presently, of voices, numerous, loud, and confused, as of men in high excitation. He clasped his hands convulsively, he stirred not, he scarcely breathed! Footsteps were rapidly approaching, traversing the intricate passages of the underground portion of the prison. A ray of light shot through the key-hole of his dungeon door. "Merciful Providence!" The broadest, brightest sunbeam he had ever gazed upon, had not a thousandth part the glory of that little ray. The bolts flew!—the lock!—the hand of liberty swung, light as a feather, the massive door back upon its hinges—The vision of Monsieur le Croix was drowned in a flood of light from the torches of his liberators. He could scarcely distinguish the figure of Julian, who, rushing forward, and clasping his almost insensible master in his arms, exclaimed, or rather shrieked—"'Tis DOWN!—THE BASTILE IS DOWN!"*

FISHING VILLAGES—BUCKHAVEN.

THE fishing villages scattered along our coast, add not a little to the yearly creation of property in the country, and have always been reckoned as affording in the aggregate a most important source of national wealth. In their individual character, however, they are viewed very differently; few have the curiosity to make inquiries into the condition of our *fishermen*, however much they may prize the value of our *fisheries*; and a most useful class of men are passed by with a sneer of neglect, which they very little merit. A short notice concerning some of these interesting and industrious people, may correct certain erroneous ideas which have been taken up hastily concerning them as a body, besides attracting attention to those in remote stations, to whom improvement and moral culture has not yet penetrated.

Buckhaven, on the coast of Fife, is one of the most remarkable of our fishing towns: till of late years it was occupied exclusively by fishermen; but, from the facilities afforded by the proprietor for building, there has lately been added to it on the west a kind of suburb, which is tenanted by working people of all trades.

* From the "Magdalen and other Tales," by James Sheridan Knowles. London, Moxon, New Bond Street. 1832

These, however, have no place in the fishing town itself, which consists of buildings, situated one above another, on the face of a rocky eminence, dipping into the sea. The lower and front houses are built on the edge of the rocks, a very little above high water mark, sometimes in little rows, with a footpath and parapet wall in front, but as often standing ranged with their gables to the sea. The whole, both those on the water's edge and those which overlook them on the ascent above, are closely crowded together, and set down without any kind of order; so that there is no where such a thing as a thoroughfare from one part of the village to another, except by scrambling through narrow dirty lanes, and up stairs as dark and steep as any recollected by the oldest caddie in Edinburgh. This inconvenience has arisen from the scantiness of the ground originally allotted to the people, who were necessitated on that account to occupy every site on which a house could stand. The appearance of the old-fashioned village, on the front of its sloping headland, has a romantic effect from the water, which adds not a little to the interest of a steam-boat voyage along the coast of Fife.

The inhabitants of the village are remarkable for their industrious and steady habits; a sufficient proof of which is afforded by the capital which they have accumulated for the purposes of their business, and which, as far as we can learn, is entirely their own. There are about one hundred and fifty-six fishermen, heads or representatives of families, who are owners of the whole property of the village: the value of that part of it which is employed as *capital* in the fishing, is not less than L.16,000 or L.17,000, giving more than L.100, on this head merely, for the share of each family. Some have less, and some a great deal more than this amount; but none are without some share; neither is there any one who has not a number of shares, or a number of boats, to be let out to others who have none. Their interest in the fishing apparatus is of course independent of what may be called their unproductive capital—in clothes, furniture, specie, houses, &c. In the article of furniture, they are at considerable expense, not considering their dwellings even decently furnished (*neighbour-like*), without a neat oaken table, and chairs, good beds, chests of drawers, an eight-day clock, and a large well-bound quarto bible. These are to be found in every house, even those which seem most unpromising on the exterior.

The fishermen have different occupations according to the season of the year. About the middle of July, the stoutest and most active of their number depart for the herring fishing on the north coast. Buckhaven sends yearly sixty-two boats to this harvest, each of them about fourteen tons, and requiring from L.180 to L.200 to fit them for sea—in masts, cordage, sails, anchors, and nets, in which last item consists nearly half the outlay. They have each five men, who are all generally partners in the adventure. Each boat is under an engagement to some merchant, to furnish a certain number of crans or barrels of herrings (about two hundred and fifty), for which they received last year 10s. per cran. The proceeds are divided into shares; one-fifth part being allotted for upholding the boat and stores, while the rest is divided in equal portions among the men. Sometimes, however, landsmen are engaged, merely on wages, by the owners of the boat. The fishermen are generally absent on the North Sea fishing about six weeks or two months, departing about the middle of July, and being generally home in the early part of September. They take hammocks and bedding with them, which, together with the clothes necessary for their exposed occupation, render the outfit of the men very expensive.

While the younger fishermen are absent in the north, the old men and boys do the best they can to supply the markets with haddocks, cod, flounders, &c. from the line-fishing at home. They are not able to venture out to sea to the best fishing ground; but the small quantity caught is generally compensated by the high prices they fetch in the absence of a fuller supply. The Buckhaven fish are at this season carried off every morning by certain fishmongers of female appearance, from Leith, who come the day before, in order to make sure of a purchase; and the bustle, grotesque dresses, and odd terms, of their hurried market, amid the rocks and fishing-boats of the little haven, present a most amusing spectacle to strangers.

When the able fishermen return in September, they betake themselves immediately to the line-fishing off the Dogger Bank and the Red Head, which may be considered as forming the staple industry of the village. The boats set sail in the afternoon, and have a distance of at least fifty miles to make before casting their lines; they remain at sea generally two nights, and till the afternoon of the third day; and on their return they proceed immediately to Leith to dispose of their cargoes. Two trips of this kind are made in the week; while the intervals are busily employed in necessary preparations and repairs for again going to sea. All hands are set to work to clear the lines of the sea-weed and old bait, repair the damage done by dog-fish, supply new hooks, &c. The men have also to inspect their boats, look after the tear and wear of sails and cordage; and, lastly, the lines are all to be baited anew. This is an operation which requires a greater number of different processes than the making of a pin—none of which we can describe at present; dexterity in performing them, however, is one of the highest accomplishments of a fisherman's bride. This work is all done in the open air before the doors of their houses, and generally occupies the whole family; those whose aid is not required are employed in *braiding* (weaving) nets, which they do for one another, according as there are spare hands, at sixpence per yard. No creature above twelve years of age is left unemployed in the family of a fisherman.

From November till the middle of February is the time of the winter-herring fishing, and is a peculiarly busy season, as the cod-fishing is attended to at the same time. A different set of boats and nets are necessary here from those employed in the North Sea. From February till July, the men are again employed in the line or deep-sea fishing, for the supply of the daily markets.

It would be difficult to estimate the average yearly returns of the fishing, from the shifting of prices, and the variable quantities of fish caught in successive years. But, last season at Wick, each boat furnished 250 crans of herrings, at 10s. per cran, which gives an amount of L.7750 for the whole sixty-two boats.

The winter herring-fishing in the Frith of Forth is reckoned to produce about three-fourths of that of the North Sea in August, and may therefore be estimated at L.5800.

The produce of the six months devoted to the line-fishing may be guessed at from the following considerations:—The weekly *take* of fish, according to the best average which some of the old fishermen could form, is about 60,000; and these are sold according to their quality and the state of the markets in Leith, at prices varying from 3s. 6d. to 12s. per hundred. The average is reckoned about 7s. per hundred, so that the weekly produce may be estimated at L.210; and that for the whole six months, at L.5460; a tenth part may be added for the fish caught by the older fishermen, which will give the whole amount of the line-fishing about L.6006.

The whole proceeds of the fishermen's labour may therefore be estimated at L.19,550 annually.

Their expenses during the same period consist in upholding boats, nets, and fishing-lines, and in the purchase of bait, hooks, and other requisite articles. Their own calculation is, that a fifth part of the gross proceeds is absorbed by the expenses of the boats and boats' stores, such as sails, cordage, anchors, spars, &c.; and in their trips to the North Sea, that proportion is always set apart for this purpose. The upholding of their nets is a very expensive matter; each boat, on going to the herring fishing, requires to have twenty of these, at a cost of L.4, or L.4, 10s., each, and lasting perhaps four or five years only. When in use, it is necessary to boil them regularly every few weeks in a ley of oak bark (called *wis* or *wash*), by which process they are found to dry more readily after being immersed in the salt water, and are prevented from becoming soft and flaxy.* The bark wanted for this purpose costs the village about L.500 yearly.

This industrious community are put to great inconvenience and loss from the want of some pier or landing place near their village. At present they have not the smallest shelter for their boats, except an open roadstead, and are therefore obliged to leave much valuable property exposed to all the chances of the seas and winds.

The inhabitants of Buckhaven have some peculiarities which have been much spoken of.† The most singular is, that, among one hundred and sixty families in the fishing village, there are only about a dozen *surnames*. There are seventy-one families of Thomsons (or more properly *Tamsens*); nineteen of Deases; fifteen of Logies; of Robertsons and Walkers, nine each; six of Bonthrons; of Taylors, Eassons, and Wanenders, four each; besides one or two Murrays and Johnstons. Among so many individuals of one name as must exist in a community so sparing in appellatives, it would be impossible, without some additional aid, to distinguish one from another; and, accordingly, most of the inhabitants have what are called *slog-names*, or *styles* by which they are designated. These are never looked on as matter of offence, though some of them are sufficiently whimsical. One person is called *Fancy;* another, *Black Harry;* one is *Caledonian*, one *Rose*, one *Laird*, and so forth; and these styles are used on post letters, and even in law-papers—as "Henry Thomson, commonly called *Black Harry*."

It does not appear that the occupations of fishing are very favourable to long life. Hardly any individuals are found in the village above the age of eighty; and when it is considered, that, while out at sea, they are during one part of the time kept in continued exertion and perspiration, while during the other they must remain in a state of inaction (waiting for the filling of their lines), and exposed to the weather in an open boat, it cannot be wondered that their labour is exhausting.

The inhabitants of fishing villages are often considered as reckless and improvident. Those of Buckhaven merit a very different character: a more industrious and economical community does not exist. They are all neatly and comfortably clad in their own fashion, have well furnished houses, and none of them can be thrown into a state of destitution by the result of an unsuccessful season, as is too often the case elsewhere. The readiness and courtesy of their answers to strangers inquiring rationally concerning the affairs of their village, is as remarkable as the contempt they evince towards those who think that their purse or their dress entitles them to quiz a fisherman's jacket.

There is a subscription school belonging to the village, with about 120 scholars, who generally remain at school till about twelve years of age. Much care is exerted in selecting a diligent teacher, and the children are orderly, well dressed, and attentive. A second school has about 80 scholars; the whole number of inhabitants in the village and dependencies is about 1600. There is a dissenting chapel, supported, of course, by the people; and a small but properly selected library has been formed by subscribers of the congregation, not including, however, many of the fishers. There are few newspapers, or other periodical publications, read among the fishermen; and they hardly indeed purchase books of any description except the Bible—their laborious avocations leaving but small leisure for reading. On Sunday morning the village presents an agreeable picture of stillness; the old people are stepping early and slowly to church; no bustle, no noise any where; the dash of the ebbing and flowing tide, which at other times is the accompaniment of hurry and preparation among the fishermen, now sounds idly on the rocks; and the boats and pinnaces lie untenanted, even by the children, who use to hold their play about them on work days.

The original inhabitants of Buckhaven are supposed to have been one or two Norwegian families who settled there at an early period. This tradition is supported by the testimony of Mr R. Bonthron, one of the most respectable inhabitants of the place, who recollects, that, in his youth, the older fishermen used to call the *yard* (on the mast) the ray, and employed the term *babord* for *larboard*. These words correspond with the Danish and Norwegian *raa*, yard; and *bagbord*, larboard. The words *raa* and *basbord* are also German, it is true; but when the correspondence of terms is taken along with the traditions of the place, there seems little doubt that the colony was originally Norwegian.

* This is a process of long-tried efficacy among fishermen, but of which chemistry affords as yet no explanation. The effect of the *tannin*, procured from bark, in converting hides into leather, is well understood; but how the same substance operates to make the twisted fibres of hemp dry sooner after being dipped in salt water, remains quite unknown. We can only suppose (which chemists may easily ascertain by experiment) that *tannin* refuses to combine with the salt, which would, if absorbed, prevent the meshes from drying.

† This village has obtained a kind of absurd notoriety from a penny pamphlet, usually sold along with the *History of George Buchanan*. The latter represents the venerable translator of the Psalms, and historian of Scotland, as a merry rogue and buffoon at the court of King James; and its companion vends other stories of the same authenticity concerning Buckhaven.

THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

WEST PENNSYLVANIA.

In advancing westwards from those states of the Union which border on the Atlantic, and which have been described as little else than the portico to this great confederated republic, and after crossing the ridges of the Alleghany mountains, the first territory that presents itself to the choice of the settler in the extensive vale of the Mississippi, is what is called West Pennsylvania, which is a distinct portion of the Atlantic state of Pennsylvania, and contains many spots worthy of the notice of emigrants. The highest peaks of the Alleghanies are elevated from 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of their bases. This region, in its mountains, vallies, and cascades, presents all varieties of the grand, rugged, sheltered, and romantic in scenery. Iron in vast quantities, lead, and a variety of coal, marble, freestone, and all the useful earths for building and the arts, abound in this state, so variegated in surface, and of geological formations differing widely in character. All parts of the western country seem admirably accommodated the one to the other; the one part supplying what the other wants. Those who intend to live by farming, should not locate on or about the Alleghanies, but pursue their way to a more genial district.

West from the mountains, the land is composed of hill, dale, and plain, and the soil of the vallies is almost invariably fertile. A portion of this region inclines towards Lake Erie on the north; and here the ground is level, and adapted for agricultural purposes. West Pennsylvania, which is watered by the Ohio and its tributaries, contains considerably more than 200,000 inhabitants, who are generally a hardy, robust, and industrious race. The chief town in this district of country is Pittsburg, to which, as we have elsewhere mentioned, nearly all immigrants who proceed this way direct themselves as to a centreing point. Pittsburg, which is the greatest of the manufacturing towns in western America, is situated upon a point of land formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, the former flowing from the north-east, and the latter from the south-west. The waters thus joined form the Ohio river. A more charming spot for the site of a city could scarcely be selected. No place is surrounded by more

charmingly rounded and romantic hills. The boundless view of hill and dale—of the conjunction of two fine rivers—the broad and beautiful Ohio, calmly commencing its course of 1000 miles, and winding away among its deep forests and shores, shaded by noble sycamores—the town—its surrounding vallies—and, indeed, the whole scene taken together, as seen from the adjoining hills, constitutes as fine a landscape as can well be imagined. Over the Alleghany river is a high and beautiful plain, bounded in the distance by rugged hills. The coal-hill across the Monongahela rises more than three hundred feet. On this side is a manufacturing village, called Birmingham; and on the Alleghany side another town, called Manchester.

The town of Pittsburg is compactly, and in some streets, handsomely built, although the use of pit coal for culinary and manufacturing purposes has carried such quantities of fine black matter, driven off in the smoke into the air, and deposited it on the walls of the houses, and every thing that can be blackened with coal-smoke, as to have given the place a gloomy aspect. Its excellent position, and other advantages, as a manufacturing and trading town, and its acknowledged healthfulness, will continue, however, to render it a place of attraction for builders, manufacturers, and capitalists. At present the following articles are manufactured on a great scale in this thriving city:—Ironmongery of every description; steam-engines, and enginery, and ironwork in general; cutlery of all descriptions; glass and paper; cotton and woollens; pottery; chemicals; tin and copper ware; and which are all exported to a great extent. There are steam flour-mills, carding and spinning-mills, iron-mills, distilleries, breweries, brick-yards, air-furnaces, lead-factories, naileries, gun-smitheries, tobacco-factories, tanneries, with establishments of all the ordinary trades.

Ship and steam-boat building has been pursued here on a greater scale than in any other town in the western country, although the town is situated about 2000 miles from the sea. So long ago as 1814, upwards of four thousand waggons, of four and six horses, employed as transport carriages, passed between this place and Philadelphia. Boats of the smaller kinds are continually departing down the river, for places on the Mississippi, the Missouri, and other large rivers communicating with the Ohio, and for New Orleans, near the sea-coast; and there also depart from Pittsburg, although a remote inland town, merchant vessels, loaded with goods for ports in different parts of Europe. Respecting the shipping business of this place, Mr Clay made the following relation, in one of his speeches a few years ago in Congress, and which, though noticed in most books of travels in the western states, may here be noticed once more:—"To illustrate (said he) the commercial habits and enterprise of the American people, he would relate an anecdote of a vessel, built and cleared out at Pittsburg for Leghorn. When she arrived at her place of destination, the master presented his papers to the customhouse officer, who would not credit them, and said to the master, 'Sir, your papers are forged! there is no such place as Pittsburg in the world! Your vessel must be confiscated!' The trembling captain laid before the officer a map of the United States—directed him to the Gulf of Mexico—pointed out the mouth of the Mississippi—led him 1000 miles up it to the mouth of the Ohio, and thence another 1000 to Pittsburg. 'There, sir, is the port whence my vessel cleared out.' The astonished officer, before he saw the map, would as soon have believed that this ship had been navigated from the moon."

A large amount of commission business is also transacted at Pittsburg. Great contracts are continually ordered from all the towns on the Ohio and Mississippi, for machinery, steam-boat castings, and the various manufactures that this city supplies. The inexhaustible mines of excellent pit-coal, in all directions in the coal-hills about the town, furnish great facilities for keeping in operation the great number of steam-manufactories. The coal costs little more than the simple expense of digging, and there is no fear that the supply will either fail or become difficult to procure. The possession of coal here is of immense consequence to the prosperity of the United States. The coal in the British possessions being the property of the crown, and therefore liable to troublesome embargoes—as, for instance, the coal-mines of Nova Scotia, which, we understand, have been given to the late Duke of York's creditors for a long series of years, to help to pay his royal highness's debts—the states cannot be supplied from thence on sufficiently advantageous terms for all purposes. The present amount of the value of manufactures in Pittsburg is supposed to be 2,500,000 dollars annually. The market is rich and abundant, but much higher than in the towns lower down the Ohio. We presume it would be a proper place for the reception and furnishing of employment to industrious artizans in those branches of manufacture above mentioned; and failing an engagement here, the emigrant might easily proceed down the Ohio to Cincinnati, another manufacturing town of considerable importance. The excellence of Pittsburg as a place of settlement for artizans, is noticed by our invaluable authority, Timothy Flint. Speaking of the inhabitants, he says, "they are a mixture of all nations; Germans and Irish predominate; but there are great numbers of English, Scotch, French, and Swiss. *Mechanics and artizans who come here bring their mechanical skill and industry to a better market than they could find in the Old World.*" The habits of the people of the place are those of persevering industry, calculating carefulness, distrust of strangers, and a fixed purpose to look to their individual interests. They are of all the different denominations of religion, and as moral as could be expected of a people so situated. Luxury, splendour, and display, are not much in fashion here; and the habits of all the people are frugal and economical. This city has immense advantages of artificial as well as natural water communications. The great Pennsylvania canal, above 500 miles in length, terminates here; another canal is laid out to connect it with Lake Erie through Meadville; and still a third is proposed to the mouth of Mahoning, where it will connect with a branch of the Ohio and Erie canal from its summit head. Pittsburg is the seat of justice for the county of Alleghany, and is situated at the 40th degree of north latitude, at the distance of 300 miles north-west from Philadelphia.

As the information in this article is chiefly directed to artizans or others of the working classes who design to seek employment in the manufacturing towns of America, we beg to subjoin the recommendation to them of taking care to bring with them certificates of character, which they will not do well without, as may be learned by the following circumstance, narrated by Mr Stuart in his Travels in the United States:—

"I had not been long (says he) at Mr Anderson's [a farmer in Long Island, near New York], when I was applied to by a good-looking young man, from the west of Fifeshire, in Scotland, whose name was John Boswell, to give him, or procure for him, a letter of recommendation to a ship-builder in New York. I had never seen him before, so far as I knew; but I had been acquainted with his father, a very respectable person in his line, a farm overseer to the late Mr Mutter of Annfield, near Dunfermline. Boswell's story was this:—He had been bred a ship-carpenter, had married, and was the father of two children. Finding his wages, of about 2s. or 2s. 6d. per day, insufficient for the maintenance of his family, he commenced being toll-keeper, but did not succeed in his new profession. He had, therefore, brought his wife and children to New York, being possessed only of a small sum of money, and of some furniture, a fowling-piece, &c. He had made application immediately on his arrival at New York, some weeks previously, for employment, but no one would receive him into his ship-building yard, in which there is much valuable property, without attestations of his character. He accidentally heard of my being in the neighbourhood, and applied to me to give him such attestations. Knowing previously nothing of this young man but what I have mentioned, it was impossible for me to comply with his request, but I gave him a letter to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of New York, who might, I thought, be of use to him, stating exactly what I knew of him. Workmen in the ship-building line were at this period plentiful, and months followed before any opening occurred for employing Boswell. In the meantime, his finances were exhausted, and he had been obliged to part with some of the property he had brought with him. He was beginning to wish himself well home again, when an offer of work was made to him. I happened to be in New York on the very day when this occurred, and remember well the pleasure which beamed in his eyes when he told me of the offer, and asked me what wages he should propose. My advice to him was to leave that matter to his master, after he had been at work for a week, and showed what he could do. The next time I saw Boswell, he was in the receipt of two dollars (about 9s. sterling) a-day, for ten hours' work, and of as much more at the same rate per hour, if he chose to be longer employed. His gains—for he told me that he could live at one-half of the expense which it cost him in Scotland, although his family here had animal food three times a-day—soon enabled him to have a comfortable well-furnished house, where I again and again saw his family quite happy, and in which he had boarders. I sent for him to Hoboken, where I was then living, two or three days before I left New York, in the month of April 1831, that I might learn if I could be the bearer of any communication to his friends in Scotland. He came over to me with a better suit of clothes on his back, and a better umbrella, than, I believe, I myself possessed. He only wished, he said, his friends to know how well settled he now was. He had earned, on the preceding day, almost as much as he could earn at the same business in Scotland in a week; and he hoped in less than twenty years, to make a fortune, and return to Scotland. I have mentioned the whole of the particulars of this case (continues Stuart), because it contains information useful to many. Certificates of good character are very requisite for all emigrants to the United States, but especially for mechanics and labourers; and they should either be procured from magistrates or from clergymen, no matter to what sect they belong. I need not add, that it is most important to obtain recommendations, where they can be got, to some respectable individual at the port where the emigrants first of all arrive." This judicious advice of Mr Stuart is worthy of the utmost attention from emigrants to America, especially when we reflect upon the number of disorderly characters, fraudulent bankrupts, and other fugitives from Great Britain, who flee thither to escape the arm of the law, and with the view of burying their ignominy in the widely-scattered clusters of population of this vast trans-Atlantic republic.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS:

THEIR SCENT, USES, AND MEDICINAL PROPERTIES.

The odour of flowers is known to affect different people in a variety of different ways, a single plant producing a fainting sensation in one individual, that would be valued by another as possessing a refreshing and reviving influence. The scent of certain flowers, that produce headaches in some, will be totally innoxious to others; and one man may be charmed with the smell of a flower, which another would deem offensive. Flowers also may be placed in quantities in a room without injury to the waking inmates, but they are generally supposed highly insalubrious to those who may inhale their odours while asleep. Flowers, with some few exceptions (the rose and violet, for example), exhale their perfume only while the plant is living; that which proceeds from the bark and other parts of the plant continues to be emitted after death. Some flowers emit their odours only at certain periods. Those having an ambrosial smell, exhale only after sunset, and the appearance of some plants corresponds with the nature of their scent. Musky-scented flowers, for instance, are always of a yellowish and purple colour, and a dull appearance is indicative, it is said, of the deleterious nature of their perfume.

Again, the scent of some plants is not perceptible until after they are cut down, and exposed to the influence of either the sun or artificial heat. Grass, while growing, possesses no particular smell, but, when made into hay, it scents the country around; this may probably proceed from no particular plant, but a commixture of the various herbage of the crops. The wood of the ash-tree, when burned in a green state, will emit a fragrance like that which proceeds from the violet and mezerion, and this it will diffuse to a very considerable distance. The glands of the fraxinella, from which it exhales its scent, are large enough to be seen by the naked eye, and the vapour is so combustible, that it will burn when a light is placed within its influence. The garden nightshade has the property of causing sleep to overpower those who may inhale its odour; and all have heard of the upas-tree, which (though we may not give credit to the exaggerated accounts of its deadly power) possesses, without doubt, an uncommonly deleterious quality of vapour. The odour of plants and flowers, which seems thus to inherit the property of creating such a diversity of feelings in the human frame, is considered by naturalists to be an excretory secretion, forming a gas or vapour, which in some is supposed to proceed from the petals transmitted from the plant by the claws at its base, and, escaping through orifices on their surface, at others from the nectaries, or various parts which compose their blossoms. Although the effect produced by this gas or vapour is sufficiently visible, yet, as far as regards a knowledge of its nature, we remain totally uninformed. All we can conjecture is, that it must be a body composed of solid particles, each body possessing a power of affecting the senses of animals, in a manner peculiar to itself. The object which nature had in view in bestowing this property on flowers and plants, is also hidden from our ken; but it is not improbable that it may be for the purpose of informing the multifarious tribes of the earth where the supply of necessaries fitted for their sustenance may be found. Different plants have various and opposite qualities: some possessing the most nutritious ingredients, others containing the most deadly poisons; and while some have the power of tainting the air to a certain extent with their deleterious odours, all have a tendency to purify it of certain particles which are injurious to animal existence. Animals, by the use of vegetables for food, consume a large quantity of carbon, or charcoal, a part of which is only necessary for the well-being of the individual; and the superfluous part is therefore exhaled by the breath, which consequently contaminates the surrounding atmosphere. A man, it is calculated, exhales in breathing no less than 11 oz. of charcoal every day. The vegetable world, on the contrary, far from being injured by an over quantity of carbon, is ever requiring an augmentation of its stores; and plants therefore absorb from the air, when it comes in contact with the sap at the apertures or stomas situated on the surface of their leaves, that part which would otherwise be so detrimental to animal life. Mr Sennebier covered a plant, which was growing in a pot of earth, with a glass bell full of water, and in the course of a few hours found a quantity of air in the bell. He repeated the experiment with water which had been boiled, in order to deprive it of its air; and in this instance no air was produced in the bell. At length Mr Sennebier, in the prosecution of his experiments, discovered the cause of this phenomenon.

Water in its natural state contains a quantity of carbonic acid, which is a composition of oxygen and carbon. The plant had therefore absorbed the carbonic acid; and, with the action of the sun's rays on

its leaves, had decomposed the acid, had retained the carbon, but had exhaled the oxygen by the stomas.

The quantity of carbon thus acquired by plants has been ascertained by the following ingenious experiment, made by M. de Saussure. He transplanted fourteen periwinkles into vases: he watered seven of them with distilled water, and the other seven with water in its natural state. After some days, he found that the former had acquired no additional carbon; but the latter had accumulated so much, that their wood was one-sixth heavier than the former.

Carbon being the principal ingredient of plants, their growth, and consequent welfare, depend on a constant supply of it; and in order to render it fit for assimilation, or, in other words, to prepare it for forming a nutritive substance for the food of the plant, it is necessary that it should previously be combined with oxygen. This chemical process can only be performed by the aid of the solar light; plants therefore, during the night, inhale oxygen in order to combine it with the carbon which is contained in the animal and vegetable matter, which the sap also holds in solution; and on the return of day, the carbonic acid thus formed is decomposed by the solar influence, and the oxygen restored to the atmosphere, together with that portion which has been absorbed from the soil by the roots. This is what renders flowers placed in a sleeping room injurious to the inmate, by the great absorption of the air.

Various plants possess in themselves a property of nutriment, and at the same time a poison. In such cases, however, the poisonous portion is never found in the food of the plant. In the pulp of the peach, for example, there is no sign of the prussic acid which scents its flowers and taints its kernel; and if the embryo of the yewberry was removed, its pulp, it is supposed, would be harmless. Amongst roots such is also the case. Potatoes, it is known, contain a poison which it secretes in its skin, or immediately beneath it; and the rind of the common turnip, which, though probably not poisonous, is acrid and pungent in a greater degree than the bulb itself.

The poisonous juice of the nettle, which is known to raise in blisters the skin of whoever may touch it, is contained in the hair which is observed on its leaves, while the other parts of the plant are altogether harmless. All stinging plants effuse this juice, by means of very minute glands, situated either at the points of these hairs or at their base, which hairs may be compared to those that grow on the orifices of the pores of the human skin. When the gland is situated on the point of the hair, the liquid which it contains is of an innocent nature; but when situated at its base, it is acrid, caustic, and poisonous. The sting is inflicted by the hair, which, piercing the skin, pours the poison into the wound, and causes the effects already described.

Nettles when softened by moisture are quite harmless, because the hair by that means losing its elasticity, cannot make the incision necessary for the introduction of the poison, and therefore no sting is felt. Stinging plants may also be handled with impunity after death, if dried; for although in this case the instrument may be capable of stinging, yet the juice is no longer fluid, and therefore cannot flow into the wound.

The cassava of central America, of which the Indians make their cassava bread, not only belongs to a very poisonous class of plants, but is, when raw, a deadly poison. The perennial mercury, or "dog's cabbage," so called from dogs preferring it to other plants when they want to physic themselves with vegetable substances, may be eaten when well boiled, though it will still retain an aperient quality; but when raw, or even when roasted or fried, it is a powerful poison. The fruit of the fig and mulberry is eatable, but the juice of both is poisonous, particularly that of the fig. The juice of the poppy, which maintains so high a rank in the estimation of medical practitioners, produces a most potent poison; yet the sanitory purposes to which it is applied by a different mode of preparation, are too well known to be here described. This juice is obtained from the unripe seed of the white poppy, and in Asia Minor whole fields are sown with the seeds of this plant. When the heads are nearly ripe, they are wounded on one side with a pointed instrument, and a white liquor is distilled from the wound, which the heat of the sun hardens on the plant. This is gathered next day, when fresh wounds are made on the opposite side of the seed-vessel; but what comes from the first incision is greatly superior to that which flows from the second. This is opium, which, after being gathered in the manner described, is moistened with a small quantity of water, or honey, until it becomes of the consistency of pitch, when it is formed into cakes or rolls for sale. Tincture of opium, which is made by distilling it in spirits of wine, is called laudanum. The foxglove, which is so common in Scotland and England, is very useful for medicinal purposes, yet is very poisonous. The honey-flower, a Cape plant, produces more honey than any other plant; so much so, that a tea-spoonful may be collected every morning from each of its numerous flowers; but the strong and disagreeable smell of the plant indicates a poisonous quality. There is another plant, the "crown imperial," which produces nearly as much honey, but the plant is so poisonous that the bees will not use it.

The general usefulness of plants is so well known, that it would be altogether superfluous to enter into any very lengthy observations on the subject; yet the mention of a few of those which do not often come under general observation, may not be found uninteresting. The clothier's teazle, now so much cultivated in the west of England, affords a solitary instance of a natural production being applied to mechanical purposes, in the state in which it is produced. Many attempts have been made to supersede the teazle, by contrivances designed for the same use, but all in vain; every fresh invention has been abandoned as defective or injurious, and the teazle, it is allowed by all, can only do the work. The heads of the teazle are composed of incorporated flowers, each separated by a long, rigid, chaffy substance, the terminating point of which is furnished with a fine hook: this is fastened round the edge of a large broad wheel, which is kept turning, while the cloth is held against these heads, by which means the ends of the wool are drawn out from the manufactured cloth, so as to bring a regular nap on the surface, free from knottings and twistings, the loose parts combed off, and the piece is finished when the cloth ceases to yield any resistance to the free passage of the wheel. The dressing of a piece of cloth requires from fifteen hundred to two thousand of these heads to accomplish the work properly.

An infusion of sage leaves is sometimes used as tea: and the Chinese are surprised that Europeans should come to them for tea, when they have plenty of sage, which the Chinese think far superior. The Dutch have long been in the habit of collecting, not only in Holland, but in the south of France, large quantities of sage leaves, which they dry like tea, and pack in cases for exportation to China, where, for every pound of sage, they receive four pounds of tea. Rubia tinctorum, or "dyer's madder," common in the west of England, affords a very beautiful scarlet dye, which is extracted from the root, and which imparts a corresponding colour to the milk, and even to the bones of the animals which feed upon it.

From the opening and shutting of several flowers, as well as leaves, we may judge of the state of the atmosphere. If the Siberian sow-thistle shuts at night, the following day may be expected to be fine; if it remains open, it is indicative of rain. If the African marygold continues shut in the morning long after its usual time for opening, rain is approaching. The convolvulus, bind-weed, and scarlet pimpernel, even after they have opened, will shut themselves up again, on the approach of rain. From this circumstance, the pimpernel has obtained the name of the "poor man's weather-glass." In former times, when it was believed that the cure of almost every disease might be effected by the application of preparations from herbs and flowers, the plants were quaintly denominated after the disease they were supposed capable of curing; such as, all-heal, break-stone, bruise-wort, gout-weed, fever-weed, &c. &c. Our forefathers had also plants which were thought equally serviceable in healing mental disorders, and were accordingly called heart's-ease, loose-strife, true-love, &c. &c. and they carried their observance of plants so far as to suppose that the flower of the large white lily indicated the price of wheat by the bushel, for the ensuing year, every blossom being equivalent to a shilling.

TRAVELLING ON THE GANGES.

[In the publication entitled the Asiatic Journal, among much matter of inferior interest to Europeans there is usually to be found a variety of instructive and entertaining articles, descriptive of East Indian manners, customs, and scenery, which are calculated to afford pleasure in the perusal. One of these, which has just met our eye, is an account of the mode of travelling on the river Ganges—a process, we presume, little known to our readers, and with which we now take the liberty of making them acquainted.]

THERE is scarcely any season of the year in which Anglo-Indians do not avail themselves of the grand water-privilege, as our American friends would term it, offered by the Ganges; but at the dangerous period—that of the rains—when the river is full, and its mighty current comes rushing down with the most fearful velocity, its voyagers are multiplied, partly in consequence of the difficulty of traversing the country by land, and partly on account of the hope that may be entertained of a quick passage; the navigation being more speedy than when the river is low, and its waters comparatively sluggish. In proceeding up the Ganges, at the commencement of the rains, the general steadiness of the wind, usually blowing from a favourable point, enables the ascending vessels to stem the current by means of their sails; but should the breeze fail, which is frequently the case, or prove adverse—a not unlikely contingency—the boatmen are compelled to undergo the tedious process of tracking, in some instances not being able to drag the vessel beyond a couple of miles in the course of a long and fatiguing day's work. The progress down the river is much more rapid, the swiftness of the descent being sometimes perfectly frightful: boats are absolutely whirled along, and if, while forced at an almost inconceivable rate by the impetuosity of the current, they should strike against the keel of a former wreck, or come in contact with some of the numerous trees and other huge fragments, victims of the devouring wave, destruction is inevitable. The boat sinks at once, and the crew and passengers have little chance of escaping with their lives, unless at the moment of the concussion they jump into the river, and are able to swim to shore. The crazy, ill-appointed state of the greater portion of the vessels which navigate the Ganges, renders it surprising that so little loss of life should be sustained from the vast multitudes who entrust themselves to such fragile conveyances upon a river which, when swelled by mountain floods, and vexed by ruffling gales, comes raging and roaring like a sea. It is seldom that small boats are attached to the larger craft, to put out in case of danger, and many persons may drown in the sight of a large fleet, without the possibility of being picked up.

Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks nearly as formidable, families proceeding to and from the upper provinces, generally prefer the river to any other mode of travelling, since, during the rains, though not the safest, it is by far the most practicable. Fresh arrivals, from Europe especially, find it easier to visit the places of their destination in the interior by water than by land; the necessary preparations are less extensive, and the fatigue and trouble of the journey greatly diminished. The safest and the most commodious kind of vessel, with respect to its interior arrangements, is a pinnace, but it is not so well calculated to pass the shallows and sandbanks of an ever-shifting stream, as the more clumsy and less secure *budgerow*. This boat, whose name is a native corruption of the word *barge*, is, therefore, usually chosen by European travellers, to whom time and expense are objects of importance. Though, to a certain extent, the term *clumsy* may fairly be applied to a budgerow, its construction and appearance are far from inelegant; with a little more painting and gilding, a few silken sails and streamers, and divested of the four-footed outside passengers and other incumbrances on the roof, it would make a very beautiful object in a picture, and in its present state it has the advantage of being exceedingly picturesque. The greater part of the lower deck is occupied by a range of apartments fitted up for the accommodation of the party engaging the boat; these are generally divided into a sleeping and a sitting room, with an enclosed verandah in front, which serves to keep off the sun, and to stow away various articles of domestic furniture. The apartments are surrounded on all sides with venetians, which exclude the sun in the day-time, and let in the air at night; and by those who are aware of the different kinds of annoyances to be guarded against in river-travelling, they may be rendered extremely comfortable. The addition of *chicks*, blinds made of bamboo split very fine, to be unrolled when the *ghil mills*, as the venetians are called, are opened, would prevent the invasions of those numerous armies of insects which after sunset infest the cabins; and those who do not consider rats desirable guests, will do well to provide themselves with a staunch terrier dog, or a couple of good cats, otherwise they may expect to be overrun with vermin, to the great increase of dirt and bad smells, and to the destruction of clothes and the supplies for the table. In front of the cabins, the deck is of circumscribed dimensions, affording only space for the boatmen, who, on descending the river, facilitate the progress of the vessel by means of long sweeps; the upper deck, therefore, or roof, is the chief resort of the crew and the servants. At the stern the helmsman stands, perched aloft, guiding a huge rudder; the *goleer*, stationed at the prow, ascertains the depth of the water by means of a long oar; and when the wind will permit, two large square sails are hoisted, with the assistance of which the lumbering vessel goes rapidly through the water. In addition to the furniture for the cabins, sea (or rather river) stock must be procured, consisting of groceries of all kinds, wine, beer, and brandy, salt provisions, tongues, hams, tamarind-fish,* flour, biscuits, and charcoal; a dozen or two of live fowls and ducks, and a couple of milch goats. As the budgerow is not calculated for a heavy or cumbrous freight, a baggage-boat is necessary for the conveyance of the goods and chattels of the party, and for the accommodation of those servants who cannot be conveniently retained on board the superior vessel. These boats are usually of the most dangerous description, and the number of accidents continually occurring to them, the destruction of property which, even if fished up from the depths of the Ganges, is totally spoiled, and the constant anxiety and alarm they occasion, would in almost any other country deter persons from hiring such ricketty conveyances; but it is the custom to imperil the most valuable effects in this manner, and they are abandoned to the tender mercies of the winds and waves.

A *dinghee*, or wherry, is a very essential adjunct to river-navigation, but it is not always to be procured; and when one of these light skiffs cannot be attached to the larger craft, the communication between the cook-boat and the budgerow is frequently cut off. The former vessels are usually very heavy sailers (how they manage to get on at all, with their canvass in as ragged a condition as the pocket-handkerchief of Sylvester Daggerwood, is the wonder), and they are consequently often left at a long distance behind at the arrival of the hour of dinner. The unhappy passengers in the budgerow, after waiting in vain for the smoking supplies they had anxiously expected, are compelled to be satisfied with a less substantial meal of coffee, eggs, dried fish, or any thing else that their lockers may afford. Few persons venture to move after sunset, both on account of the dangers of the

* Fish cured with the acid juice of the tamarind.

navigation from the numerous shoals and other obstructions, and the increased expense, as it would be necessary to engage a double set of boatmen, the ordinary number being insufficient for the performance of extra duties. At daybreak in the morning, the vessel is usually pushed out into the stream, spreading her sails like those of "a wild swan in its flight," or proceeding more leisurely by the united exertions of sixteen men dragging at a rope fastened at the mast-head; breakfast is laid in the outer room, and is well supplied with luxurious fare.

After the breakfast has been cleared away, those persons who entertain any regard for their eyes or their complexions, will fasten the venetians, and, darkening the boat as much as possible, employ themselves in reading, writing, or working. But strangers find it difficult to abstain from the contemplation of the novel and wondrous scenes around them. The broad and sparkling river is covered with objects of interest and attraction. In some parts of the Ganges, every wave appears to bring with it clusters and coronets of the largest and most beautiful flowers: so numerous are the garlands which the worshippers of the deity of the stream throw into its glittering waters. The rich and luxuriant clusters of the lotus float down in quick succession upon the silvery current. Nor is it the sacred lotus alone which embellishes the wavelets of the Ganges; large white, yellow, and scarlet flowers pay an equal tribute; and the prows of the numerous native vessels navigating the stream are garlanded by long wreaths of the most brilliant daughters of the parterre. India may be called a paradise of flowers; the most beautiful lilies grow spontaneously on the sandy shores of the rivers, and from every projecting cliff some blossoming shrub dips its flowerets in the wave below.

In tracking, the budgerow is frequently not more than a yard or two from the water's edge, and nothing can be more gratifying to the eye than the moving panorama which the scenery of the Ganges exhibits. One of the most striking and magnificent features of an Indian river is the ghaut. The smallest villages on the banks of the Ganges possess landing-places, which we vainly seek in the richest and most populous parts of Europe. The Anglo-Indian, landing upon the English coast, is struck with the meanness of the dirty wooden staircases which meet his eye at Falmouth, Plymouth, and other places of equal note and importance. In India, wherever a town occurs in the vicinity of a river, a superb and spacious ghaut is constructed for the accommodation of the inhabitants: the material is sometimes granite, but more frequently well-tempered and highly-polished chunams. From an ample terrace, at the summit of the bank, broad steps descend into the river, inclosed on either side with handsome balustrades. These are not unfrequently flanked with beautiful temples, mosques, or pagodas, according to the creed of the founders; or the ghaut is approached through a cloistered quadrangle, having the religious edifice in the centre. The banian and the peepul fling their sacred branches over the richly-carved minarets and pointed domes, and those in the brahminee villages are crowded with troops of monkies, whose grotesque and diverting antics contrast strangely with the devotional attitudes of the holy multitude performing their orisons in the stream. Nothing can be more animated than an Indian ghaut; at scarcely any period of the day is it destitute of groups of bathers, while graceful female forms are continually passing and repassing, loaded with water-pitchers, which are balanced with the nicest precision on their heads. The ghaut, with its cheerful assemblage, disappears, and is succeeded by some lofty overhanging cliff wooded to the top, and crowned with one of those beautiful specimens of oriental architecture scattered with rich profusion over the whole country. Green vistas next are seen, giving glimpses of rustic villages in the distance, and winding alleys of so quiet a character, that the passer-by may fancy that these sequestered lanes lead to the cottage-homes of England—a brief illusion speedily dissipated by the appearance of some immense herds of buffaloes, either wallowing in the mud, with their horns and the tips of their noses alone out of the water, or proceeding leisurely to the river's edge, which, when gained, is quitted for the stream.

The snorting multitude are left behind, and the scene changes again: deep forests are passed, whose unfathomable recesses lie concealed in eternal shade; savage jungles and marshy wastes; then cultivation returns; wide pastures are spread along the shore covered with innumerable herds; the gigantic elephant is seen under a tree, fanning off the flies with a branch of palm, or pacing along, bearing his master in a howdah, through the indigo plantations. European dwellings arise in the midst of park-like scenery, and presently the wild barbaric pomp of a native city bursts upon the astonished eye. Though the general character of the country is flat, the undulations occurring on the banks of the Ganges are quite sufficient to redeem the scenery from the charge of sameness or monotony. High and abrupt promontories diversify the plain; when the river is full, the boat frequently glides beneath beetling cliffs, crowned with the crumbling remnants of some half-ruined village, whose toppling houses are momentarily threatened with destruction, or covered with the eyries of innumerable birds, and tapestried with wild creepers, which fling their magnificent garlands down to the sands below. Other steeps are clothed with umbrageous foliage, and between the trees glimpses are caught of superb flights of stairs, the approach from the water of some beautiful pagoda peeping out upon the summit, the habitation and the temple of a brahmin, who occupies himself solely in prayer, and in weaving garlands, part of which he devotes to the altars which he serves, and part to the bright and flowing river. These exquisite buildings occur in the most lonely situations, apparently far from the dwellings of man, and the innumerable varieties of birds, some flying in large flocks, and others stalking solitary along the reedy shore, will at all times compensate for the absence of objects of greater importance.

The reputation for splendour of the Anglo-Indian style of living, appears to be fully borne out by the grandeur of the display made upon the banks of the Hooghly. The European towns which grace the shore are superb; palace succeeds to palace as the boat passes Ishara, Barrackpore, and its opposite neighbour Serampore, whose broad and beautiful esplanade presents one of the finest architectural landscapes imaginable; luxuriant gardens intervene between magnificent houses; some shaded with forest trees, others spreading their terraced fronts and pillared verandahs in the full glow of an eastern sun. The French settlement of Chandernagore, a little higher up, only inferior to its Danish neighbour, offers a less striking and imposing front, and though boasting houses of equal splendour, does not appear to so much advantage from the river, while Chinsurah, at a short distance, is infinitely more picturesque. Smaller habitations attract the eye, perched upon the summits of crags richly wreathed with multitudes of creeping plants, and through numerous openings between these lovely cliffs, blooming labyrinths appear, which have all the charms the imagination imparts to beauties only half-revealed.

Towards the middle of the day, the boat becomes insufferably hot; both sides have received the fierce glare of a burning sun; the heat is reflected from the water, which is now too dazzling for the eye to endure without pain; the morning breeze dies away, and it requires all the patience of a martyr to sustain the torments inflicted by the scorching atmosphere, especially as the roofs of the cabins are usually too low to allow a punkah to be hung. As the sun declines, the boat gradually cools down to a more agreeable temperature; and when the welcome shadows of the woods descend upon the deck, it is delightful to sit in the open air and watch the progress of the vessel, as it nears the shore, to the spot appointed as its station for the night. The moment that the budgerow is securely moored, a very active and animated scene commences: the domestics, whose services are not required on board, and all the crew, immediately disembark; fires are kindled for the various messes; those who are anxious for quiet and seclusion light up their fagots at a considerable distance from the boat. The rich background of dark trees, the blazing fires, the picturesque groups assembled round them, and the tranquil river below, its crystal surface crimson with the red glow of an Indian sunset, or the fleeting tint fading away, and leaving only the bright broad river—molten silver, or polished steel, as the dark shadows of the night advance, form an evening landscape always pleasing, and varying with the varying scenery of the ever-changing bank. While the cloth is laying in the cabin for dinner, the Europeans of the party usually walk along the sands of the river, or penetrate a short distance into the interior, sometimes passing through fields of indigo, or plantations of cotton, whose bursting pods strew the pathways; at others pausing to admire the feathery appearance of a beautiful species of grain, which resembles the snowy plumes of the ostrich, and, rising to the height of several feet, produces a magnificent effect as it is undulated by the passing breeze. The cultivated places are watched by vigilant guardians, whose duty it is to protect them from the incursions and depredations of men and beasts. At night, these persons frequently nestle like birds in the branches of the trees, some of the more luxurious having their charpoys (bedsteads) fastened on convenient boughs; in the day-time, they are perched up in a small wooden watch-tower, which, as they always sit, or rather squat, looks like the upper half of a sentry-box, raised upon a scaffold of bamboo.

It is curious to observe how very little accommodation is necessary to secure the comfort of a native in these happy climes; while Europeans are expiring with heat, the enjoyment of the Indian is unalloyed; he lives in the open air, cooks his simple meal of pulse and vegetables under a tree, and sleeps in a hut of straw scarcely large enough to contain his body. The pedestrian frequently comes upon one of these wigwams, for they are nothing more, and they seem to be favourite abodes, since gardeners in European families, who might be much better lodged, are fond of making a lair for themselves in some sequestered spot in the scene of their daily labours. A few branches are wattled together over-head, a screen of reeds placed in the direction of the wind, the earth is swept scrupulously clean, and the bed, a simple framework of bamboo laced together in a very ingenious manner with cord, does not look uninviting. If the heat of the day could be borne with impunity, this kind of sylvan life, realising the romantic notions of early youth the forest wanderings so often indulged in fancy, would be very delightful, especially where rich and nutritious fruits, some produced without cultivation and others by the lightest labour, hang temptingly within reach.

Night, always beautiful in India, assumes a still more lovely aspect when it spreads its soft veil over the voyagers on a river; the stars, which come shining forth along the deep blue sky, inlay the waters beneath with glittering ingots; the flowers give out their most delicious odours, and rock and tree, hut and temple, are invested with a double charm. Sleep does not often deign to light upon the lids of those who voyage up the river in a budgerow. The scrambling of rats up the venetians, which they use as ladders, and their races over the bed, if not provided with musquito-curtains, effectually disturb the slumbers, and the stings of insects, which even the musquito-curtains fail to keep out, render the couch any thing but a place of rest.

THE PRIOR OF ST MICHEL.

THE *Landscape Annual* for 1834, which is altogether devoted to descriptions of French scenery, contains a most wickedly amusing story; nevertheless, one calculated to make us look back with horror on the barbarism of the period in which it was transacted. The story turns upon the fate of a certain Prior of St Michel, who lived in the time of Louis the Eleventh, a monarch whose unscrupulous habits in reference to such as were displeasing to him, are so strikingly depicted in Quentin Durward. The worthy churchman had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he loitered so long that he was given up for lost, and a new prior appointed in his stead. At length he returned, to the great annoyance of his successor, and also of the king, whose promise of something better at a future time was, with him, quite unavailing. The Prior of St Michel he had set out, prior he had returned, prior he was, and he would live and die the Prior of St Michel.

Agreeably to this fixed determination, the old prior lost no occasion of appearing in the presence of King Louis—at all hours, and at all seasons; in the levée and out of the levée, there stood the worthy old man, often in respectful terms beseeching that his former priory might be restored to him. It was in vain: the king's supremacy was not to be called in question. But when he no longer dared to press his suit, he stood there as before; and his looks and very silence were a more eloquent appeal than words could make it. It annoyed Louis; he at last grew angry, and the scowl that hung upon his brow announced that the rash petitioner's days were numbered. That morning, on quitting the levée, the king called to him, Master Tristan, his faithful and dreaded secret executioner—"Friend Tristan!" quoth the king, "canst thou not dispose, without delay, of this prior of St Michel, so that I be no longer troubled with him?" Even a hint to Tristan, as it usually was, would have been sufficient; but this broad and marked denunciation was equivalent to at least a score of ordinary death-warrants; for seldom had he seen the black spot, which portended a rising storm, more distinctly dark upon his master's brow. It was fate, the will of Heaven, and the certainty of unalterable doom to the eye of Tristan; and the quicker, perhaps, he executed it, the better for himself. At least so reasoned Tristan; and accordingly, that same evening, he paid a visit to the prior, whom, to his surprise, he found, little dreaming of his approaching fate, engaged in spending a festive hour in the society of a few of his most particular friends. Being well known as a favourite at court, Tristan was received with the utmost politeness, and requested by the host to take a seat, and pledge him to the health of their excellent sovereign. Tristan could not but assent; and having sat and chatted a little while, he requested a minute's conversation with the good prior in another apartment. The moment they were alone, Tristan opened his commission, presenting the royal order and a large sack, into which he invited the prior to step without delay, in order that he might have the honour of speedily throwing him into the Seine. He was not even allowed time to send an apology for his involuntary absence to his guests; for, bagging the prior, Tristan took the shortest path to the river. The ensuing morning, as the king was employed in taking the air in his palace gardens, with the faithful Tristan at his side, consulting upon matters appertaining to the welfare for his realm, and chatting over the affair of the prior—whom, thanks to friend Tristan, he hoped never more to behold—what was the king's horror, on turning an alley, to meet the identical old prior himself! "Ah, traitor!" cried the king, turning to Tristan, "didst thou not assure me thou hadst rid me of this eternal plague, and here he confronts me again?" "Sire!" answered the alarmed favourite, "you charged me to rid you of the prior of St Michel, and I drowned him only yesterday evening in the river; this is the EX-prior. But if there be any mistake, I will put it right; there are plenty of priors, and this night you shall complain no more of the old one here." "Is it so indeed?" cried the king, laughing, for he had much legitimate merriment in his disposition, "then all is right. One prior is enough at a time, and let him live now as long as it may please Heaven. Go, old man," he added, "you will now find your priory vacant; but to have two priors at once, there is no bearing that."

Column for the Boys.

My Dear Little Boys—In the last column which I wrote for your entertainment, I gave you an outline of the most remarkable characteristics in those funny little insects, the ants; and I now intend to tell you some things equally curious and instructive about spiders. I know you have often destroyed the webs of spiders when they came in the way of your amusement, and that you consider spiders nasty little animals, of no use whatever, but only a trouble to people, and, therefore, liable to be crushed under foot when they make their appearance. Still, I can tell you, spiders are a very singular kind of animals; they are a curious people; and in them we find manifested the strongest instances of wisdom in the Creator. Although we may lightly be inclined to suppose that they are useless, and that the world, at least our houses, would be better without them, on serious reflection we would be disposed to think otherwise. Spiders are by no means useless animals. They are of a ravenous disposition, and mostly live on other little creatutes; but in doing so they are of service, in preventing the undue multiplication of various troublesome insects, and are, therefore, like some kinds of ants, really the friends of human beings.

As you all know what spiders are like, I need not here go into a scientific account of their formation: that would only tire you. They have a little ball-like body, supported on eight long slender legs, by which they can run with amazing rapidity; they have no division between the head and shoulders, as is commonly the case with insects; they breathe by means of gills, situated under their belly; and on the front and top of their head, they have, for the most part, eight eyes. The arrangement of these eyes is one of the most striking features in the animal, and is employed by naturalists to distinguish the various species. These eight eyes are, in the different species, placed in all sorts of ways; sometimes in two semicircular rows; sometimes almost in a circle, with others in the middle; sometimes in two lines, diverging from a point; and generally, in their appearance, putting us in remembrance of the rows of buttons on the breast of a soldier's jacket. It has never been exactly told why spiders should have eight eyes, or why their eyes are arranged in the way I have here mentioned; and it is quite enough for us to comprehend, in general terms, that the vision of spiders is so ordained, simply because it best suits their natures and pursuits. They have need to look out at little holes in their nests, to watch not only their prey, but, at the same time, the different corners of their webs; and in walking along the roofs of apartments, they must necessarily have the power of looking downwards from the crown of their heads, if such an expression can be properly used. We may be at least certain, that Nature has not given them more eyes than they require, or placed them otherwise than is most agreeable to their habits. In short, as I have said, spiders are a curious people—a people at war with other races of insects, and so a people who require to have all their eyes about them.

Spiders have no wings; but as by their nature they require to proceed through the air from place to place, this want has been most wonderfully compensated by the power which has been bestowed upon them of shooting forth fine lines from their bodies, on which they can walk across from point to point, as on a bridge. Now, the process by which even the smallest spider forms this line or bridge is one of the most remarkable in the whole system of animated nature—certainly more so than the spinning of silk by caterpillars, which is less complicated, as the same end is not required. To enable spiders to spin these lines, they possess the property of secreting a fine glutinous liquid substance in their bodies, which rests ready for use in certain bags or reservoirs, and from these receptacles the liquid proceeds to be emitted by five different teats. It is found again that these teats or spinnerets are studded with regular rows of minute bristle-like points, about a thousand to each teat, making in all from five to six thousand. These points are minute tubes, called by naturalists spinnerules, each being connected with the internal reservoir, and emitting a thread of inconceivable fineness. When in the process of forming lines, therefore, the spider forces out five thousand fine threads, which being immediately brought together into one, much in the manner of rope-spinners, they thus form a single line fit for any purpose they require. Now, is not this a most extraordinary process to be carried on by such an insignificant little creature as a spider? It is certainly marvellous. Perhaps you may be inclined to doubt that each of the threads of a spider's web is composed of so many as five thousand threads twisted into one; but I can assure you, that naturalists, by the aid of magnifying glasses, have discovered such to be the case beyond all possibility of doubt; and I will show you why there should be such a complex process. You must know that two objects are required to be gained by the spider in spinning its threads. The threads must be made strong enough to bear the burden of the spider's body, and to do so immediately they must dry and be ready for use as soon as they are emitted. By at first coming out in such fine lines, they are individually exposed to the air before meeting, and thus the thread formed by the junction is instantaneously of that firm consistence which is so essentially requisite. If the spider spun at first only one stout line instead of so many small ones, it would be long in drying, and would never be strong enough either to form its bridge or its web.

It seems that naturalists have had many differences of opinion on the way in which the spider is enabled to send forth its lines or threads from point to point. Many scientific men, misled by appearances, have supposed that the animal possesses a power of shooting or darting out its threads with such a velocity and so sure an aim, as to cause them to proceed towards and adhere to the object desired. This account of the shooting of the lines is proved to be absurd. The spider has no such power. It attaches its lines to distant objects entirely by the aid of the atmosphere or wind, which floats away the thread to the required point. Without a little stream of air, it cannot shoot a line; but, on the other hand, so very slight a breath of air will answer its purpose, that it is rarely at a loss for the means of conveyance for its threads. That this is the most correct account of the shooting of lines by spiders, is sufficiently proved by the following experiment, tried by the intelligent editor of the article "Insect Architecture," in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge:—"So far as we have determined, all the various species of spiders, how different soever their webs may be, proceed in the circumstance of shooting their lines precisely alike; but those which we have found the most manageable in experimenting, are the small gossamer spider, known by its shining blackish-brown body and reddish-brown semi-transparent legs; but particularly the long-bodied spider, which varies in colour from green to brownish or grey—but has always a black line along the belly, with a silver white or yellowish one on each side. The latter is chiefly recommended by being a very industrious and persevering spinner, while its movements are easily seen from the long cylindrical form of its body and the length of its legs. We placed these two species, with five or six others, in empty wine-glasses set in tea-saucers, filled with water to prevent their escape. When they discovered, by repeated descents from the brims of the glasses, that they were thus surrounded by a wet ditch, they all set themselves to the task of throwing their silken bridges across. For this purpose, they first endeavoured to ascertain in what direction the wind blew, or which way any current of air set, by elevating their arms as we have seen sailors do in a dead calm. But as it may prove more interesting to keep to an individual, we shall watch the proceedings of the gossamer spider. Finding no current of air on any quarter of the brim of the glass, it seemed to give up all hopes of constructing its bridge of escape, and placed itself in the attitude of repose; but no sooner did we produce a stream of air, by blowing gently towards its position, than, fixing a thread to the glass, and laying hold of it with one of its feet by way of security, it placed its body in a vertical position, with its spinnerets extended outwards; and immediately we had the pleasure of seeing a thread streaming out from them several feet in length, in which the little aëronaut sprung up into the air."

It is by the process I have now noticed that spiders send forth their threads from hedgerows, and other elevated places, across roads, and towards any object they are desirous of reaching; and it is by the exercise of the same faculty that they construct their webs or nests in the corners of apartments, or other fit places of residence. These webs are generally made in a circular form, with threads diverging from a central point; and the meshes are regulated in a very neat manner, by the spider measuring with its legs, as it goes round, the exact distances betwixt the threads. The limbs of the spider are well adapted for holding by the threads, or for clearing away any matter from the surface of the web, or from its own body. Each foot has three claws, one of which acts as a thumb; the others are toothed in the inside like a comb; and with these the animal combs its legs, or smooths its threads from particles of dust.

One of the chief points of character in spiders, is their living in solitude. Many other insects, as ants and bees, can exist only in communities; but the spider spends its days in its own separate cell, and depends entirely on itself for the means of subsistence. Of all the solitary insects, the spider is the most sagacious; and its industry is not less surprising than that of any other animal whatever. Goldsmith gives an example of the exceeding industry and perseverance of a house spider, which I extract from his works for your entertainment. "I perceived, about four years ago (says he), a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction; and, I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned; and when he found all arts in vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but waits patiently, till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger."

In the West Indies and other warm countries there is a species of spiders known by the name of mason-spiders, which do not form webs like the foregoing, but dig holes in the earth of about three inches in length, and one in diameter. This cavity the animal lines with a thick compact material of the same description as the spider's web, and which, when taken from the ground, resembles a purse. The most wonderful part of this curious structure is the door or lid, which is of about the size of a crown piece. It is nicely and strongly joined at one part to the opening of the nest, and the material being quite elastic, an excellent hinge, having the property of shutting the door spontaneously, is thus formed. You may well ask, my dear little boys, how a poor spider, living in the ground, and without instruction, knows how to construct a nest so ingenious as that which I describe—how it possesses the art of forming a hinge as nice as that you see on any sort of box? But in this we only see another instance of the wonders of nature. The spider makes its door and its hinge entirely by the force of natural instinct, or a knowledge which has been wisely given to it by the Creator.

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PROMPTITUDE.

To be prompt in action, is a most invaluable qualification. The man who is constantly in doubt is incapable of managing great affairs. His knowledge may be extensive, his penetration quick, his understanding enlarged, his imagination vigorous; he may be candid and courteous, generous and noble-minded; he may possess every quality which is calculated to fascinate in conversation, and be able to explain difficult cases with such plausibility as to make all who hear him believe there is nobody better fitted for business: still he is worse than useless in action. He sees clearly the advantages that must result from the success of a scheme; but then he perceives with equal distinctness the obstacles which stand in the way of its execution. He weighs the one against the other, and over again weighs them; and he cannot arrive at a decision. No man understands all the niceties—the logical distinctions—of a question half so well, or deliberates half so profoundly, as he does; but nobody can be less the better of a piercing reach of thought, and a painful exercise of the faculties of judgment: for with him the end of all is the hopeless exclamation, "What to do, I cannot tell!" In the mean time, opportunity flies; and he enters upon the consideration of some other matter with the same unprofitable waste of thought. It is extremely hazardous to employ persons of this description in any transaction of importance, unless their part in it be such, that, like sailors, they are told "they have no business to think;" but as companions or counsellors, their value is considerable, because they drop numerous hints, which, used by those who know how to use them in time, turn out to be of infinite consequence.

In war, irresolution is especially disastrous. The general, sitting in his tent with his principal officers, may "deliberate in cold debate" until the enemy enter, and call upon them to surrender. Julius Cæsar used to say that great exploits ought to be executed without waiting for consultation, lest the contemplation of danger should cool the first ardour of courage. Promptitude of decision and of action are, besides, indispensable in commanders, inasmuch as their motions and actions are for the most part sudden, on account of the daily occurrence in a campaign of events and vicissitudes which could neither be foreseen nor provided against. In these circumstances, presence of mind is of greater advantage than a head more sagacious but slow in its operations, and often achieves the most splendid victories. Great conquerors have commonly possessed this quickness of capacity in an eminent degree; as may be instanced in Cæsar, and, above all, in Bonaparte. A readiness of repartee is also of no small consequence, on some occasions, to the leader of an army. Two or three words aptly thrown out in the heat of the moment, produce much more effect upon soldiery than a studied and stately harangue. "England expects every man to do his duty" was far more inspiriting than all the speeches in Livy would have been, if they had actually been delivered.

Indecision and irresolution fail in all; the power of deciding in sudden emergencies, and vigour in action, gain a part; but it is only forethought and prudence that secure permanent benefits. People are too apt to imagine, that what is called "the nick of time" is a period which arrives, unexpectedly, but once in a man's life—that "the tide, which, taken at its height, doth lead to fortune," offers to the adventurer no more than a single flow—they sit down accordingly, and "wait to see what will cast up," resolved that no minor occupation shall engross their attention, and prevent them from snatching the grand opportunity when it comes. This conduct is as foolish as it would be to remain at the bottom of a mountain in the hope of acquiring agility enough to leap at once to the summit, in order to avoid the labour of ascending step by step. There are undoubtedly some events which promote a man's fortunes more than others, and seasons when his affairs begin to prosper better. But the wise man knows that these seldom happen fortuitously. What is "the nick of time?" It is the moment when the iron is hot enough for hammering—the industrious smith knows it well, and *brings it about for himself* hundreds of times in a day. When is the tide fortunate? Whenever it flows deep enough to carry the ship out of harbour—the prudent merchant *knows its periods*, and has his vessel ready loaded to sail with it. These, and such as these, are the lucky eras "in the affairs of men:" they present themselves, not once in the "threescore and ten years," nor once in a year, but daily, hourly, every minute; they who embrace them, thrive; they who neglect them, never do well. "The nick of time," we might have said, is nothing else but the present time, which always brings with it something needful to be done—some duty, manual or mental, to be performed. If these be not in their turn regularly accomplished, we not only miss "the nick of time" now, but throw ourselves out of all reckoning with regard to it for the future.

The man who finishes his work—of whatever kind it may be—in due season, need scarcely fear that he will ever experience any disadvantage from the want of presence of mind. He is always unembarrassed, and whatever comes to his hand, he is ready to execute. Few emergencies harass him, because he is prepared for them beforehand. On the contrary, he whose indolence or folly causes him to procrastinate, is always in a hurry, and never does any thing well. He can never extricate himself from confusion; and a small thing is to him an emergency, inasmuch as, when the time for undertaking it arrives, he is never ready to begin. The business of to-day he puts off till to-morrow; and when to-morrow comes, finding he has the work of two days on his hands, and that to go through it would cost him unusual labour, he says to himself once more, "It will be time enough to-morrow," and postpones all till the third day. Thus he proceeds, accumulating in his progress a multitude of dilemmas, from which no earthly prudence or presence of mind is capable of extricating him. We have known men of this kind, who led far more laborious lives, every thing considered, than those who did three times as much work. They would forfeit their sleep two nights in the week, slaving and toiling at a business, which, if taken in proper time, and by proper arrangements, could have been very easily accomplished. To act wisely, therefore, in the business of life, we must always combine forethought with promptitude—we must bring *mind* into play. A well-disciplined mind, which, at a glance at all sides of a subject, can see where the difficulties lie, and how they are to be surmounted, is seldom at a loss in acting promptly and yet prudently. Promptitude without forethought, or the power of acting wisely on the spur of the moment, is of no use, or worse than useless, for it amounts to precipitancy; besides, it is often necessary, in human action, to proceed with deliberate caution—to go on patiently for a time in a dull routine of duty before the period arrives that is to produce the glorious result we anticipated. This is eminently the case in all that relates to works of art. The famous Michael Angelo, who was very long about his works, said, "that in arts haste was good for nothing, and that as nature takes much time in forming what is to last long, so art, which strives to imitate nature, ought to work leisurely; it being impossible for man to do any thing that is excellent in haste." Thus, even in some of the higher departments of art, where genius comes into play, long labour and careful execution are indispensable to success. Those who work at ordinary professions may likewise be assured that prudence and persevering industry are no less necessary in their case, and that the only way to hit "the nick of time" is, to be constantly busy in their employments.

THE LITTLE MAN WITH THE WIG.

One morning, I was about to leave Kendal by the stage-coach for the south. While the vehicle was getting ready, I ascended to the box, which, for many sufficient reasons, I always select in good weather. There I spread my cloak on the seat, by way of establishing my right of prepossession; and as the coach was not to start for some minutes, I descended to stretch my legs—not that I was then in need of such exercise, but perhaps from some vague idea of meeting the coming disease. On returning to re-ascend, what should I behold but a little shred of a man occupying the place which I had laid out for my own comparatively portly person! He was an old withered little creature, dressed in a brown greatcoat, and a grey worsted wig; and it was evident, from the firm projection of his under lip, and the keen settled eye with which he regarded me as I approached, that his mind was completely made up on the subject of his intrusion. I addressed him, nevertheless, with a respectful request that he would give me that place, which he might observe from my cloak, had been bespoken before he came upon the ground. "I am first here," said the little man, in a broad Cumberland dialect, "and ma mooney is as good as yours, I reckon." "But the rules of travelling, sir," said I mildly. To all my remonstrances, however, he only answered, "Ma mooney is as good as yours;" and so I had to give up the point.

I was entreated to go inside, where there was only a single lady; and though it is as hard to be obliged to take an inside place instead of an out, as it is to drink porter in place of small beer, I half thought of complying; only, while I put on my gloves, I begged the coachman would understand, that, in case it rained, which I foresaw it would (and some drops fell in confirmation of my opinion), we were not to be intruded upon by wet outside passengers. "Oh!" said the little man, "I can put oop my umbrella." "Yes," I replied, "if you want to bring the lightning upon yourself and the coach!" "It wont thoonder, will it?" "It looks like it, sir," said the coachman drily. "Then I am in!" said the little man. "I protest against *that*," said I. "I'll pye the deefference," said the little man, and down he swung. The money was pocketed, and I took my seat on the coach-box. The sun immediately shone forth, having been merely raising the vapour for the forenoon, and we set off with the usual noise and velocity.

The drive for several miles was delightful, and the coachman was good enough to pause a minute at Leven Hall, that admirable specimen of an old English manor-house, so as to admit of our enjoying the sight of its antique gardens. We had not been again in motion above a minute, when something like a female scream from the interior broke through the rattle of the wheels. "What can the little man in the wig have been doing—what is it?" burst from us all. It soon appeared that the little man in the wig had stretched out his head to see the gardens, and, in pull-

ing it back, had knocked off his hat, which was lying a little way behind on the road. This he pointed out to the coachman, who, contrary to all proper rules, but with abundance of good nature, went back to fetch it.

The horses had just started when another shout was heard, louder than before, from the same little wretch in the wig. It appeared he had lost his insufferable wig at the same time with his hat, but only missed it upon finding his hat too large. With equal promptitude, but less good will, the coachman went back again and brought the wig, but vowed he would not alight a third time, if he should have lost his head. This served for the first stage.

We reached Millthorpe, and changed coaches; but that was not generally known. We had hardly started, therefore, when there was again a tremendous shout. What now? The same ever troublesome passenger. He had been dosing in the left coach, and only aroused by a stable-boy going to clean him out! A fat man in black, who sat behind, was the announcer-general of these disasters, and gave them at last in such a quiet matter-of-course form, that it began to be perfectly ludicrous.

We now came to another stage, where the passengers again got down. In a few minutes, a horse in the stable gave a scream, such as he does when he is angry and kicks, and presently there was a rush to the stable-door. "Oh, nothing more than our old friend, the little man with the wig," quoth the man in black, turning quietly away; "he has been going too near a horse, and has been kicked." The little fellow came out, looking most ruefully. "The ungrateful brute! I only poot ma hand on him in kindness!" said he; and finished the sentence by squeezing his knee. "He doesn't understand you," said the coachman; "come, bundle in." "I would rather go a-top," said he, "and there is room." "Well, well." I had given my seat to the lady, who felt the coach too close, and I began to find the country not interesting; so I went inside, and was alone. To divert myself in these circumstances, I began of course to think of home, which to every man is or ought to be a refuge of pleasant thought.

Crash!—Hallo! "What's that now?" cried the coachman. "The little man in the wig," quoth the man in black. "What has he done?" "Only broken one of the coach windows." "Well, if a have broken a window, I'll pye the window." "You have broken it," said I; "and, what's more, my meditations." "Your what?" "A meditation, sir, that I wouldn't have had broken for money." "If t'ou canst show me that I ha' broken ony thing that had a reet to be in ma waye, I'll pye it—a can do no more." The little fellow, in trying to find ease for his bones, which were probably cropping out a little too much, had turned to the side of the coach, and one of his boots, not being restrained by the slackened sinews of his knee, had come in contact with the pane. The damage, however, was paid, and we soon after reached Lancaster.

Here we had a certain time given us, in order to see the town; and in due season most of us were once more at our posts. "All right!" cried the guard, and the coach drove off. "Noa, noa!" shouted something behind us; and the coachman looked back. "What is it?" said he. "The little man with the wig!" quoth his old cicerone. The coachman (a new one) could hardly keep his seat with laughter, as he saw the tremendously indignant stare of the little man, while he reproachfully held up his watch. "Ma time is not oop by many minutes," said he. "Look at the clock," said the coachman. "A don' mynd the clock; ma watch is reet, and I'll mantaane it. Bou't her only ten days ago, and cost me four pound." "Then," said the fat man in black, "she's a dead bargain, for I see she is not going." "Not goan! a most ha' forgotten to wind her oop, a most." "No matter—mount!" and with that he once more took his seat, and we proceeded.

There are few objects of particular interest on this road for many miles; our chief amusement, therefore, was in looking after the gambols of our little traveller, and noticing how uniformly and ingeniously he contrived to be all but left behind, and this apparently without the least intention.

The coachman, it chanced, was exceedingly morose, and the old man saw it. He could therefore have no intention of using freedoms, yet every time we started after a halt, it was necessary to draw up; and the answer as to what was amiss was uniformly, "The little man with the wig!" At one time he had gone off before us, and there was first a buzz among the passengers, and then a general request to stop. "What is it?" "Only the little man with the wig; he is not in his place." He was now sought for, but could not be found. "Perhaps he left here?" The way-bill was examined. "No; he is booked to Liverpool." "Must find him then." "No; can't stop for any man. My time is up." And, after every inquiry, he was abandoned to his fate; but we had not proceeded five minutes, when there was a screech from the road-side from the object of our inquiry. While we were seeking him, that he might not be left behind, he had manfully walked on, and was wondering what had become of *us*, and even held up his watch in accusation.

At a little place near Preston, we had halted to change, and one of the horses was said to have met with an accident. He must do his work, however, and the coachman had mounted, when all at once it was discovered that this wretched creature was again absent. He had gone to examine the accident, about which he knew nothing, and never dreamt of noticing that the coachman was on his box. "Strap him down with the luggage!" shouted the coachman, as the little fellow was hurried away. The guard said he would certainly get killed or lost, and we were all of the same opinion. The most ludicrous thing was the look of astonishment with which he always found himself in fault. All experience seemed thrown away upon him. He was as much taken by surprise at the fiftieth as at the first mistake. He had hardly cooled from one fret till he was in another. Scrape followed scrape, and misfortune chased misfortune, and yet the chance of farther scrapes and misfortunes seemed still undiminished.

At Preston the case became more serious than ever. He had got down as usual, and was standing at once in sight, and quite out of danger, and this by the express direction of the coachman, who at last began to relax so far as to notice the singularity of the old creature's adventures. While we were all enjoying this, and even the old man himself half joining with us, there was a scream from the people about us, and, looking round, what was it? A coach had come up, and was dashing through the archway leading from the inn-yard, when, who should be in the way but—the little man with the wig! While looking at us, he was struck by the pole, and, clinging to it, was stuck up like a forked radish upon the stone that guarded the wall, the pole close to his throat, but fortunately not upon it. His look was indescribable. It seemed to say, as plainly as look could speak, "There now! you see that, by following your directions, I am in more danger than ever!" He was picked out of his perilous situation, and hurried into the coach—the coachman half laughing, and declaring that it would not be possible for him to deliver him safely. At last he was in, and there were no farther stops; consequently, we concluded that our sport was ended. But not so. He came out on the road at the place of his destination. The bundles he had appeared almost innumerable; and the coachman, as every successive one was pulled out, cried, "is that all?" and was answered, "just another, if t'ou'lt have the kindness." At last the whole seemed to have been discharged, and the little man paid his trifle, the coachman declaring he had never worked so hard for any thing in his life; so we started, congratulating ourselves on our escape. "Hallo!" from the guard. "Eh! any thing wrong?" "Yes, the little man with the wig!" said our obese friend once more. "Tou didn't see a green striped carpet bag," said he, almost breathless, "did'st tou?" "What! was that yours?" The guard again opened his receptacles; again rummaged them—not there! "What is it you're seeking?" shouted his friend from the door at which he had stopped, at the same time holding up the carpet bag, already delivered. "Ah! a ha' gotten it!—all reet—good day to you;" and for the last time we saw the tormenting little man with the wig!

So ends this tale of a coach goblin—for, at the time, I could hardly consider him in any other light. Perhaps, at home, as Bob Acres says, and out of harm's way, the little man with the wig was a most respectable member of society. It was evident, however, from his proneness to coach accidents and scrapes, that he was a man who, in circumstances at all extraordinary, and when forming part of a social system, was calculated to derange his own comfort and that of every person in contact with him—not perhaps from ill dispositions, but from want of attention and punctuality. There are many such characters in life; but I never met with one in a more extreme or more amusing form than the LITTLE MAN WITH THE WIG.

THE MUSCULAR POWER OF ANIMALS.

THE muscles of an animal are a bundle of soft red cylindrical, and nearly unelastic threads, formed out of a substance called by chemists fibrine; which, when microscopically viewed, are seen to divide and subdivide into still smaller bundles of thread, parallel to each other, and bound together by a delicate cellular net-work, obviously of a different nature. They are uniformly accompanied through their course by a number of very minute nerves, which are cords or tubes that originate from the brain, and branch out in every direction, by which means a perpetual communication is kept up between the sensorium and the remotest parts of the body. While the sensitive fibres of the ear are excited by the stimulus of sound, those of the eye are only excited by the stimulus of light, the one remaining totally unmoved by that which puts in motion the nerves of the other. The lungs are excited by the stimulus of the air; the stomach to that of digestion, by the stimulus of the food introduced into it; the heart by the stimulus of the blood, and so on; and every sensation, as it occurs, is instantly conveyed by the nerves to the brain. But the brain, which by this means receives intimation of the different actions occurring throughout the system, has a voluntary motion originating in itself, the will being the exciting cause, giving birth to what is called the stimulus of volition, and thus bringing into action the external powers of the body.

By this it appears that there are two distinct systems in the mechanism of the body, the one animate, the other inanimate, which in one case the living power exercises an influence totally different from the other.

Various calculations have formerly been made relative to the functions of the animal frame, which in their results have been curiously at variance: Borelli estimated that the force with which the heart must contract, in order to cause the circulation of the blood in man, is equal to not less than a hundred and eighty thousand pounds weight at every contraction; while Keil could not estimate it at more than eight ounces. Borelli, in applying the same theory to the power with which the human stomach digests its food, calculated it, in conjunction with the assistance it receives from the auxiliary muscles, which he conceived to divide the labour about equally with itself, as equal to two hundred sixty-one thousand one hundred and eighty-six pounds; and Pitcairne has made it very little less, since he estimates the moiety contributed by the stomach alone at one hundred and seventeen thousand and eighty-eight pounds, which gives to these organs jointly a force more than equal to that of twenty millstones. "Had he," says Dr Monro, "assigned five ounces as the weight of the stomach, he had been nearer the truth."

The digestive functions are now so perfectly understood, that the above theory is of course altogether overthrown; for although the stomach participates in a small degree in the process of digestion, yet this important operation is almost entirely performed by a powerful solvent, secreted by the stomach itself, called the gastric juice, and which answers all the purposes which the most violent muscular pressure could produce, and at the same time with the utmost simplicity of contrivance.

With regard to the circulation of the blood, so far as it is now understood, it is caused by a double projective power, one portion being dependent on the living principle in the heart, and the other on the vacuum produced in the heart by that contraction which has propelled the blood, returned from the lungs into the arterial system, whence the heart itself becomes alternately a forcing and a suction pump, having the former in respect to the arteries, and the latter in respect to the veins. Different persons, though of the same size and appearance, do not possess uniformly the same strength, for the fact is well known, that the muscular powers of the human body become greater in proportion to their being used, provided they are not exhausted by violence or over-exertion. It has been calculated that the average weight carried by a stout porter in the city of London averages about two hundred pounds, while it is said that there are porters in Turkey, who, by accustoming themselves to this kind of burthen, can carry from seven hundred to nine hundred pounds. Some years ago there was a man at Oxford who could hold out his arm extended for half a minute, with half a hundred weight hanging on his little finger.

The following estimate of the comparative powers of men, horses, engines, and mills, may be found interesting:—The common labourer may be said to employ a force capable of raising a weight of ten pounds to the height of ten feet in a second, and continued for ten hours a-day. A moderate horizontal weight for a strong porter, walking at the rate of three miles an hour, is two hundred pounds; the chairman walks four miles an hour, and carries one hundred and fifty pounds; the daily work of a horse is equal to that of five or six men upon a plane, but from his horizontal figure, if drawing up a steep ascent, it does not exceed the power of three or four men. In working windmills, twenty-five square feet of the sails is equivalent to the work of a single labourer; and a full-sized mill, provided it could be made to work eight hours a-day, would be equal to the daily labour of twenty-four men. A steam-engine of the best construction, with a thirty-inch cylinder, has the force of forty horses, and, as it acts without intermission, will perform the work of one hundred and twenty horses, or of six hundred men daily, every square inch of the piston being equal to the power of a labourer.

The consideration of the wonderful power of the human muscles naturally leads us to the contemplation of those possessed by the inferior animals. The elephant is capable of carrying a burden of between three and four thousand pounds with its trunk, which has been calculated to consist of upwards of thirty thousand distinct muscles. It snaps off the stoutest branches of trees, and tears up the trees themselves with its tusks. The lion, with a single stroke of his paw, can break the back-bone of a horse, and runs off with a buffalo in his jaws at full speed. In the tail of the whale lies the chief strength of the animal: with this powerful instrument it shatters the long-boat of a ship to pieces. The shark, which is often thirty feet long, and of not less than four thousand pounds weight, has been known to swallow a man whole at a mouthful. The eight-armed cuttle-fish, found in the Indian seas, has arms nine fathoms in length; and when lashed round a man, it is found so very difficult to escape, that the Indians always carry a hatchet with them in their boats, to cut off the arms of the animal should he attempt to lay hold of them and drag them under water. And such is the strength

possessed by the eagle of the Alps, that it has been frequently known to carry off children in its talons.

Among the insect tribe, a wonderful diversity of muscular powers are discovered: there are many species which unite in themselves all the powers of motion which are possessed by the superior animals separately. They can walk, run, swim, or fly, with as much ease as quadrupeds, birds, and fishes. Such a combined medley of locomotive functions must require an equal diversity of motive power, and such is the fact. In the mere larva of the caterpillar, when in a state approaching to a butterfly, Lyonet has discovered not less than 4061 distinct muscles, which is about ten times the number that belong to the human body; and it is probable, that, when the insect arrives at its perfect state, the number will be much greater. The phosphorescent springer, a winged insect, has the extraordinary power, that, when laid on its back, it can spring up half a foot in order to recover its position. This insect, also, secretes a light, so much stronger than that of the common glow-worm, that a person may see to read the smallest print with it at midnight. Crabs and spiders can throw off an entire limb, when seized by it, in order to make their escape. The land-crab travels once a-year from the woods which it inhabits to the sea, to deposit its spawn, which sinks into the sands at the bottom of the sea. After a short time, millions of little crabs thus hatched are seen quitting their native element, and making their way to the woods. The hinge of the common oyster is a single muscle, and that belonging to the great clam-fish is no more. This animal is of the oyster kind, and has been taken in the Indian Ocean of a weight not less than five hundred and thirty-two pounds, sufficient to furnish a hundred and twenty men with a meal. It is able, by the means of this single muscle, to cut off the hand of a man, or snap asunder the cable of a large ship.

AN EAST INDIAN STORY.

About two years before my arrival at Bombay, a Lieutenant Bellarmine had disappeared in a mysterious way, which left it uncertain whether he had fallen in a skirmish with a body of Pindarees, or if, as was reported on some unascertained authority, he had joined these wild depredators, and remained willingly in some of their fastnesses. His previous habits gave a sort of colour to this strange story, for he was known to be a rash, thoughtless lad, distinguished for his bravery, but continually involved in all sorts of quarrels and debt. He was on this account out of favour with most of the superior officers, but was, notwithstanding, a good deal liked in society, from the frank, generous tone of his conversation, and a certain rattling agreeable merriment, which used to thaw the stiffness of Bombay hospitality into involuntary good humour. To these qualities he probably owed his union with a very amiable woman, whom his irregularities and ultimate disappearance left at the presidency in a state little short of distraction. His own fate only gave rise to wonder and curiosity, but that of his wife excited universal commiseration. Had there been authentic accounts of the death of her husband, her situation would have been much less distressing; for she could then have embarked at once for England, where, though her friends were poor (as was reported), her allowance as an officer's widow would at least have placed her above want. In her present situation she was pitied and respected by every one. No aid that she could have wished for was awanting, but she uniformly declined every attention, except that of one or two friends, relations, it was understood, of her husband. It was at the residence of one of these gentlemen that I first saw her.

During the dry season, the English inhabitants of Bombay generally quit their houses within the confined walls and streets of the town, and betake themselves to temporary residences erected on a small green plain between the fortification and the sea. Some of these annual edifices are spacious erections, with a court-yard, stables, kitchen, huts for servants, &c., all constructed of poles and the woody reeds of the country; the dwelling-places being made tight by a coat of clay plaster; another set of residences consist of large tents, which are generally occupied by gentlemen of the military service, and whose clean white appearance as they stand scattered over the green, with the black servants moving about among them, and the horses or sometimes a camel piquetted in front, give peculiar animation to the scene. It is best enjoyed from the opposite rising ground on the Bombay esplanade, where the sea in the distance, and the background of the little island of Colabah, studded with palm-trees, are added to the picture. I had been out one evening with a military friend, of the name of Malloch, on this walk, and had lingered till long after sunset, enjoying the coolness of the sea-breeze. The tents still glittered white in the star-light, and we were sauntering along slowly, sometimes stopping to mark the figures that were in motion about the little camp, and once or twice to gaze on a group or two of dancers in front of some of the tents. One party who seemed to enjoy the exercise with much animation had two flute-players, whose music gave them an additional attraction. The scene altogether was uncommonly pleasing; but Malloch, whose attention was fixed entirely on the music and dancing, after gazing till his enthusiasm was kindled, suddenly called out, "It is Eastlake's tent, I declare: let us join them; there is a lady there just now whom I have long wished to see." "We may go, I dare say," said I, knowing how difficult it would be to keep back my impetuous companion, and aware that we could meet with nothing but the kindest reception from my gallant friend and his hospitable lady.

We accordingly paced downwards across the esplanade, and, leaping the rail by which it is surrounded, soon found ourselves approaching the dancers. The vivacity of the scene was greatly heightened as we drew near and could distinguish the appearance and even the voices of some of the party; but I began at the same time to feel the awkwardness of intrusion, and wished I had been less ready in yielding to my flighty companion. Just in time to save us from embarrassment we met my friend Major Eastlake, who had himself come out so far from the tent in order to enjoy the scene at a little distance. He immediately invited us to join the party; and as we accompanied him thither, he mentioned that he had received directions to take the command of a detachment ordered to embark in a day or two for Ahmednuggur, and that some of his friends had come to bid him adieu on that occasion.

When we joined the company, each of us found several acquaintances; and Malloch was very soon engaged with the dancing and music, being himself an admirable performer on the flute. After some time, he began to look round for a partner; and passing by the ladies who were nearest, he went to address himself to one who sat by herself—with some appearance of being neglected—in a corner of the verandah. I observed that his first motion towards her was noticed by Major Eastlake with a kind of displeased surprise, and that he made a step as if to arrest my companion's intention; he was, however, too late; Malloch, with his usual impetuosity, having already approached and requested the honour of her hand. The lady only replied by a slight shake of her head, and a motion of dissent. At the same moment, Major Eastlake came up, and said to her, with a peculiar manner, which Malloch ought certainly to have felt as a rebuke, "this is my *friend* Mr Malloch, madam; Mrs Bellarmine does not dance, Mr Malloch." Malloch, who of course knew the history of the young lady, seemed hurt at his own forwardness, and answered by a respectful bow, begging pardon for his intrusion, but hoping that Mrs Bellarmine would not be offended. The lady only answered by a very slight inclination of her head, and a melancholy smile, while Major Eastlake listened to every word with obvious impatience. Malloch was at length led away, and immediately came to the seat next mine. "What a lovely creature!" he said; "she is more beautiful than ever." "More beautiful than ever!" I replied; "you have seen Mrs Bellarmine before, then?" "Years ago," answered he. "I saw her before she had any thoughts of coming to India, or being left in this deserted state, by the fool whom she married. I wish you could be introduced to her." "Not if it were to drive me mad, as it appears to have done you, Malloch," I said; "you should have respected her seclusion from the company; and I hope you will recollect how highly she is regarded by Major Eastlake and his lady." "Oh, she does not need their recommendation to me: but I am acquainted with Mrs Eastlake; the major is a stiff old boy, but he is going in a day or two, and I shall then have a better introduction than his.

As he was speaking, I observed Major Eastlake's attention directed towards me, and a slight motion intimated his wish that I would make my way to him. I was soon by his side; and after a few words on indifferent matters, he said, "I notice that your acquaintance is inclined to direct his attention towards our poor friend Mrs Bellarmine. I know that any thing of that kind—particularly from a volatile person like Malloch—is disagreeable and inconvenient to her; and I therefore take the liberty of imposing on you the task of guardian, which no one else can undertake so well without the risk of offending your friend, or of being officious to Mrs Bellarmine." I bowed, as to one whose good opinion I highly valued, and he immediately turned and introduced me to the lady. She looked up, and I think I never beheld a face of more engaging loveliness; she was dark-haired and dark-eyed, with something of the usual paleness of English ladies who have resided a few years in India; but her complexion had a purity and brightness which I have seldom seen equalled; and her fine regular features, though marked with settled melancholy, responded with quiet intelligence to every thing she deigned to notice in conversation. I entered into discourse with her for a few minutes, and found her a remarkable exception to most of our oriental dames, who are generally brimming over with all manner of gossip, about matters of precedency at balls, scandal at private parties, the debts and embarrassments of acquaintances, and all the other nick-nackeries of their limited society. She either did not know, or did not speak of these matters; and I was thrown upon literary conversation in order to say something. She answered here with intelligence; and I soon found that she lived in a secluded land of poetry and imagination, which is but little trod by oriental ladies. Her sorrow and retirement had blunted her relish for society, but had not destroyed her mind. All her tastes, however, seemed of a serious character: Cowper, Beattie, Graham, Montgomery, supplied her with the richest and most beautiful allusions; but of the fierce, mistrustful, and irregular Byron, she did not seem to recognise a line. The readiness with which she appreciated my remarks, and the overflowing yet delicately selected stores of her own memory, made me no longer wonder at the deference with which she was regarded by the few friends to whom she allowed herself to be known.

As we were departing, Major Eastlake said to me "You will not now wonder at the interest we take in Mrs Bellarmine. Her situation is rendered more painful by the conflicting rumours which are continually brought concerning her husband, to whom she is sincerely and devotedly attached; for, notwithstanding his follies, he knew and respected her value. Her distress, I really believe, arises chiefly from the imputations which have been cast on his honour. For myself, I give no credit to them. I know that poor Henry was rash and imprudent; but he was a soldier-like spirit, and could never have turned renegade. My new situation will soon give me the power of making effectual inquiries concerning his fate. If he is alive, I shall certainly find means to reach him, and, if he has fallen honourably, it shall be ascertained. In the meantime, I beg again to repeat my charge, for I have heard and seen enough of Mr Malloch to fear that he is capable of causing uneasiness." He took leave of me with these words, and I did not see him again before he embarked.

His precautions, however, rather accelerated what he feared. Malloch was piqued at the notice bestowed upon me; and he had not boasted in vain of his acquaintance with Mrs Eastlake, who by no means took the same interest in the fate of Lieutenant Bellarmine as did her uncle the major; and firmly believing him to be dead, she had even great pleasure in the prospect of managing a new match for his widow. Malloch had even the art to render my visits somewhat less acceptable to this lady than they were wont, so that I had but few opportunities of learning what was going on. Once or twice when I called, Mrs Bellarmine spoke to me with feelings of the deepest regard concerning her husband, without seeming once to have had her confidence in him shaken; and she mentioned, that, if Major Eastlake ascertained any thing concerning him, he would write first to me on the subject. I alluded once to the circumstance which Malloch had mentioned, that he had met her in England. "Captain Malloch is Mrs Eastlake's guest here," she said, "and I can do nothing that is rude to him; but at no period, either in England or in India, have I seen reason to consider him a man of delicacy or honour." She said no more, and the subject was not again alluded to.

One day, when I had called at the house, something led me into the garden, and I was assisting the *malee* (native gardener) to train up some oriental jessamine on the end wall of a back verandah. Mrs Bellarmine had entered this part of the house in the meanwhile, and Captain Malloch, who had also arrived, joined her there. All this I gathered from conjecture; but being separated from them only by a slight partition, not in very good repair, I was apprised of their presence by the sound of well-known voices. I could not escape from hearing the following fragments of their conversation:—

"My dear Mrs Bellarmine, how often have I repeated, that your image has never once been absent from my mind since I first saw you at Greenside."

"I was then a governess in the family of your relation, Mr Malloch; and your attentions were at that time neither more agreeable nor more honourable to me than they are now. I beg you may desist from language to which I dare not, and will not listen."

"Dare not! how often have I told you that Bellarmine will never return. He was a man I never esteemed, were it for nothing but his conduct to you; but I must say that he died as a soldier should."

"How have *you* obtained this information, Mr Malloch?"

"I know more about Bellarmine than you suppose. I was in the same district with him at the time of the skirmish where he fell; and it was a foolish joke of mine (though it was never known) that gave rise to the absurd rumour about his having joined the enemy."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mrs Bellarmine; and then, suddenly restraining herself, she said, "perhaps your present story is a joke also."

"My dear Mrs Bellarmine, if you doubt my word, look at that letter which I have received from a serjeant who was on the field with him."

There was silence for a few minutes, only that I heard a deep sigh from the female speaker, and, in a moment after, a shriek, and then a sound as if some one had fallen down.

I hurried round to the front door, but before I could gain admission, there was a crowd of servants collected in the verandah, and Mrs Eastlake was busy chafing the temples of her friend, who lay in a swoon. Captain Malloch was standing at the opposite end of the verandah, leaning against one of its pillars, and gazing with a strange and gloomy earnestness at the scene before him. I saluted him with a manner in which I fancy he must have seen something of my present feelings, for his return was distant and haughty. It was now verging to night, and Mrs Bellarmine was removed into an inner room,

where there were lights. Malloch and I were left together, but no conversation passed; and in a short time a message was brought to us that the lady was better. I proceeded to the apartment where she was; Captain Malloch, as I observed, lingering behind, and not appearing resolved what to do.

Just as I was departing, one of my servants who had followed me thither came up, and put into my hand a letter which a *peon* (runner) had brought to my house. I took it, and went into the room where the two ladies were sitting. Mrs Bellarmine was pale, but collected, and said that she was quite recovered. Her attention seemed attracted by the unopened letter which I held in my hand; and on looking at it myself, I perceived that it was in the hand-writing of Major Eastlake. It would not be easy to describe the anxiety which the whole party now felt as to its contents: to Mrs Bellarmine's agitated mind, they seemed to hold the cup of life or death. I broke the seal. The letter was short, but full of interest.

"My Dear Sir—I am glad to say that I have obtained sure intelligence concerning our poor friend Henry: his honour is as untainted as the snow. He was made prisoner by the Pindarees, and is now confined in one of their hill-forts, where I have found means of communicating with him. I cannot as yet attempt his release, but he shall be restored to us. You may have heard that Malloch had a command in this district at the time of the skirmish; and it now appears that it was owing to some treachery or cowardice on his part that Henry's party was entrapped and surrounded by the banditti. These things will now be brought to light, as well as some mean forgeries which have been attempted of late, and of which a serjeant here has given an account. I am," &c.

I had read so far before perceiving that Malloch had by this time followed me into the room, and had heard part of the letter; at the last words, I was alarmed by seeing him at once dart out of the apartment with a look of distraction. I heard his footsteps running across the garden, but remained in a kind of mute astonishment, both at the suddenness of his action, and at the contents of the letter. I had hardly stood a minute in this state, when Bappoo, one of the servants, came running into the apartment with a look of terror, and cried, "Sahib! Sahib! Mr Malloch has thrown himself into the sea." The house where Mrs Eastlake lived (she had now removed into the town) was just within the ramparts, on that side where they run into the bay, and a leap from the parapet wall at high water was certain death, except to the best swimmers. If the dreadful announcement was correct, there was, in the present darkness, no chance of recovering Malloch.

I rushed, however, to the spot which the man had pointed out; and as soon as I got on the wall, I sprung to the top of the parapet to look down. The waters were tossing and weltering against the bottom of the fortifications, where I could distinguish nothing in the darkness but the indistinct heaving of a stormy sea, and the white foam which broke in white patches on the tops of its endless waves. To think that a fellow-creature was struggling in such an abyss, perhaps within reach of my aid—if his pride or remorse would allow him to call for it—was dreadful. As we were standing gazing in this anxiety, I heard one of the natives present (for several had now assembled) say to another, in his native tongue, "I see the fool sitting on a stone." My eye lighted at the moment on the object he had observed, which was certainly something white (the colour of the military undress worn by Malloch), and having the appearance of a human figure seated on a rock; but whether it was this, or merely an illusion caused by the foam which broke there, the darkness rendered it difficult to say. I called, however, for a ladder, with the intention of descending; and while the men were fetching it, I could not but picture to myself the extraordinary state of Malloch's thoughts (if it were he), which thus kept him fixed on a rock in an agony between suicide and the terror of dying—the ridicule of surviving and the disgrace of such a death. At this moment we were joined by another person, who had been approaching along the ramparts. He was a tall soldierly-looking man, in a dark military greatcoat, and was followed by a black servant. I was not aware of his presence, till informed by a kind of whispered intimation from an attendant. As soon as the stranger saw that he was observed, he asked what was the matter? I mentioned that a gentleman had thrown himself from the parapet, and pointed to the figure which we saw. "Why does not some one go down to him?" he asked. "A ladder will be brought directly," I answered. "A ladder!—it will never do to wait for that. Mahommed, give me your turban; or tie your turban and girdle together, and give me the end of them." A rope was soon made of the long turbans and girdles of the natives, which was held fast by these people; while the stranger, throwing off his greatcoat, slid down the wall, and dashed into the sea. We lost sight of him instantly in the tumult of waves and the darkness, and could not tell what was to be the event. In the meantime, I inquired at the servant who his master was? "It is Mr Bellarmine, sir, arrived from Chunder." I had not time to recover from the astonishment caused by this stunning intimation, when I saw him emerge from the water on the little rock; and two figures were immediately seen standing together, and, after a little time, apparently struggling with each other. This, in other circumstances, was only what was to be expected, as Malloch in his frenzy might refuse to be saved; but if they should recognise each other in such a situation, what would be the event? The ladder had been now brought; so that, taking a rope in one hand, I hurried down the wall, and swam to the spot so often mentioned. As I approached, the water shallowed a little, and I could stand upon my feet, in which situation I could hear and see what passed. Bellarmine was endeavouring to persuade Malloch to be saved; while the latter only answered by furious imprecations and oaths; at times saying, "Is it the dead come alive?—or what are you? I am mad—mad—mad—to meet Bellarmine swimming about in the sea! Get you gone, sir—I never hurt you—It is false—false." Bellarmine, who did not appear to recognise him, continued struggling to drag him towards the landing place; and in the meantime I came up, and got the rope fastened round his waist and shoulders. With the assistance of the men pulling on the top of the parapet, we now guided him through the water; and though it looks a little grotesque, had him dragged up the wall like a bundle of wet rags. I prevailed on Bellarmine to ascend before me, and we were both safe landed in a few minutes. Malloch was lying on the grass of the ramparts, and seemed to all appearance either dead or in a swoon. "Who is he? and what has caused this?" asked Mr Bellarmine. Before I could get time to answer, a serjeant's wife, who attended as a nurse in Major Eastlake's family, interposed—"Oh, it is Captain Malloch, sir; and he drowned himself, because he was jilted by that creature Mrs Bellarmine. I hope she may get a worse yet, now that her thriftless husband is dead, as Captain Malloch told me himself." The astonishment of Bellarmine at this abrupt intelligence cannot be conceived. He looked at me for explanation, which I gave him with the more awkwardness, that I had felt Malloch's pulse in the meantime, and perceived that he was only feigning insensibility, in order to escape being questioned. His odd situation may be conceived, in being thus tied down to hear the account which I had to give Bellarmine of his conduct.

The meeting which immediately took place between the long lost Bellarmine and his wife cannot be described. This amiable and ill-used lady, in now recovering her beloved husband, felt herself fully rewarded for her constancy and affection. On an explanation being made by Bellarmine, it appeared he was the bearer of documents which freed him from every shadow of blame. He was also able, in consequence of information which he had collected during his imprisonment among the Pindarees, to render services to government, which led to his speedy promotion. As for the wretched Malloch, the designer of so much evil, and whose infamous schemes had, in reality, proved ultimately beneficial to his victim, he was shunned by all who knew him; and shortly after, obtaining leave of absence, he departed to Europe, there to hide his shame, and to escape the ridicule of his various misadventures.

GAMBLING IN THE METROPOLIS.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written in exposition of the nefarious and injurious system of gambling pursued in the gaming-houses in London, neither the constituted protectors of public morals, nor the public generally, are yet by any means aroused upon the subject. With the view, therefore, of attracting attention to this subject, we take the liberty of laying before our readers a few extracts from an excellent paper which appeared lately in Frazer's Magazine—a publication which contains many articles abounding in useful statistical matter relative to the metropolis.

"On an average during the last twenty years, about thirty gaming-houses have been regularly open in London for the accommodation of the lowest and most vile set of hazard players. The game of hazard is the principal one played at the low houses, and is, like the characters who play it, the most desperate and ruinous of all games. The wretched men who follow this play are partial to it, because it gives a chance, from a run of good luck, to become possessed speedily of all the money on the table: no man who plays hazard ever despairs of making his fortune at some time. Such is the nature of this destructive game, that I can now point out several men, whom you see daily, who were in rags and wretchedness on Monday, and, before the termination of the week, they ride in a newly-purchased Stanhope of their own, having several thousands of pounds in their possession. The few instances of such successes which unfortunately occur are generally well known, and consequently encourage the hopes of others who nightly attend these places, sacrificing all considerations of life to the carrying (if it be only a few shillings) their all every twenty-four hours to stake in this great lottery, under the delusive hope of catching Dame Fortune at some time in a merry mood. Thousands annually fall, in health, fame, and fortune, by this maddening infatuation, whilst not one in a thousand finds an oasis in the desert. The inferior houses of play are always situated in obscure courts, or other places of retirement, and most frequently are kept shut up during the day, as well as at night, as if unoccupied, or some appearance of trade is carried on as a blind: a back room is selected for all operations, if one can be procured sufficiently capacious for the accommodation of forty or fifty persons at one time. In the centre of the room is fixed a substantial circular table, immovable to any power of pressure against it by the company who go to play; a circle of inlaid white hollywood is formed in the middle of the table, of about four feet diameter, and a lamp is suspended immediately over this ring. A man, designated the groom-porter, is mounted on a stool, with a stick in his hand, having a transverse piece of wood affixed at its end, which is used by him to rake in the dice, after having been thrown out of the box by the caster (the person who throws the dice). The avowed profits of keeping a table of this kind is the receipt of a piece for each *box-hand*, that is, when a player wins three times successively, he pays a certain sum to the table; and there is an aperture in the table made to receive these contributions. At the minor establishments, the price of a *box-hand* varies from one shilling to half a crown, according to the terms on which the house is known to have been originally opened. If there is much play, these payments produce ample profits to the keeper of the house; but their remuneration for running the risk of keeping an unlawful table of play, is plunder. At all these houses, as at the higher ones, there is always a set of men who are dependents on the keepers of the house, who hang about the table like sharks for prey, waiting for those who stay late, or are inebriated, and come in towards morning to play, when there are but few lookers on; unfair means are then resorted to with impunity, and all share the plunder.

About eleven o'clock, when all honest and regular persons are preparing for rest, the play commences, the adventurers being seated around the table: one takes the box and dice, putting what he is disposed to play for into the ring marked on the table; as soon as it is covered with a like sum, or set, as it is termed, by another person, the player calls a main, and at the same moment throws the dice. If the number called comes up, the caster wins; but if any other main comes uppermost on the dice, the thrower takes that chance for his own, and his adversary has the one he called. The throwing then continues, during which bets are made by others on the event until it is decided. If the caster throws deuce ace or aces, when he first calls a main, it is said to be crabbed, and he loses; but if he throws the number named, he is said to have nicked it, and thereby wins. Also, if he should call six or eight, and throws the double sixes, he wins; or if seven be the number called, and eleven is thrown, it is a nick, because those chances are nicks to these mains; which regulation is necessary to the equalization of all the chances at this game when calling a main. The odds against any number being thrown against another, varies from two to one to six to five, and consequently keeps all the table engaged in betting. All bets are staked, and the noise occasioned by proposing and accepting wagers is most uproarious and deafening among the low players, each having one eye on the black spots marked on the dice, as they land from the box, and the other on the stakes, ready to snatch it if successful. To prevent the noise being heard in the streets, shutters closely fitted to the window-frames are affixed, which are padded, and covered with green baize; there is also invariably an inner door placed in the passage, having an aperture in it, through which all who enter the door from the street may be viewed: this precaution answers two purposes, it deadens the sound of the noisy voices at the table, and prevents surprise by the officers of justice.

The generality of the minor gambling-houses are kept by prize-fighters, and other desperate characters, who bully and hector the more timid out of their money, by deciding that bets have been lost when in fact they have been won. Bread, cheese, and beer, is supplied to the players, and a glass of gin is handed, when called for, gratis. To these places thieves resort, and such other loose characters as are lost to every feeling of honesty and shame. A table of this nature in full operation is a terrific sight; all the bad passions appertaining to the vicious propensities of mankind are pourtrayed on the countenances of the players. An assembly of the most horrible demons could not exhibit a more appalling effect; recklessness and desperation overshadow every noble trait which should enlighten the countenance of a human being. Many, in their desperation, strip themselves on the spot of their clothes, either to stake against money, or to pledge to the table-keeper for a trifle to renew their play; and many instances occur of men going home half naked, after having lost their all. They assemble in parties of from forty to fifty persons, who probably bring on an average each night from one to twenty shillings to play with. As the money is lost the players depart, if they cannot borrow or beg more; and this goes on sometimes in the winter season for fourteen or sixteen hours in succession, so that from 100 to 140 persons may be calculated to visit one gambling-table in the course of a night; and it not unfrequently happens that, ultimately, all the money brought to the table gets into the hands of one or two of the most fortunate adventurers, save that which is paid to the table for box-hands; whilst the losers separate only to devise plans by which a few

more shillings may be procured for the next night's play. Every man so engaged is destined either to become by success a more finished and mischievous gambler, or to appear at the bar of the Old Bailey, where, indeed, most of them may be said to have figured already. The successful players by degrees improve their external appearance, and obtain admittance into houses of higher play, where 2s. 6d. or 3s. 4d. is demanded for the box-hands. At these places silver counters are used, representing the aliquot parts of a pound; these are called pieces, one of which is a box-hand. If success attends them in the first step of advancement, they next become initiated into crown-houses, and associate with gamblers of respectable exterior.

The half-crown, or third-rate houses, are not less mischievous than the lowest ones. These houses are chiefly opened at the west end of the town, but there are some few at the east. In the parish of St James's, I have counted seven, eight, and nine, in one street, which were open both day and night. One house in Oxendon Street, Coventry Street, had an uninterrupted run of sixteen or seventeen years; thousands have been ruined there, while every proprietor amassed a large fortune.

The average number of these third-rate houses in London open for play, may be calculated at about twenty-five. If there were not a constant influx of tyro gamblers, this number would not be supported. Their agents stroll about the town, visiting public-house parlours, and houses where cribbage-players resort, whist clubs, also billiard and bagatelle tables; experience having taught them, that the man who plays at one game, if the opportunity be afforded him, is ever ready to plunge deeply into the vice of gambling on a large scale. Junior clerks, and the upper class of gentlemen's servants, are the men whom they chiefly attack.

The abolition of the lotteries has not lessened the evil of gambling among servants: they resort now to gambling-houses, where the sum annually played for by the servants of the present day may reasonably be laid at *one million and a half sterling*. At most of the middle class of gambling-houses, play is going on from three o'clock P. M., to five or six o'clock A. M. In the afternoon, from three to seven, it is called morning play, being generally *rouge et noir* or *roulet*. The latter is a kind of E O and *rouge et noir* blended, there being both numbers and colours on which money may be staked. The board is whirled round on a pivot, and an ivory ball set in motion the reverse way on it. During its revolution, the bets or stakes are placed on numbers and colours, on a circular but fixed exterior frame corresponding in marks to the one in motion. After it subsides, and the ball has fallen into one of the compartments of the table, the bets which are lost are drawn into the bank, and the winners paid. If the ball falls into zero (0), then all the money on the table is forfeited, excepting that which was laid on colours only, when but half is exacted, the same as at the game of *rouge et noir*. In the evening, play commences again at ten or eleven o'clock, either with *French hazard* or *rouge et noir*."

Want of space induces us to go no farther into the description of this infamous system of gambling, and we beg to refer those interested in the subject to the article from whence the foregoing is taken, in which they will find the most ample expository details. We can only express our astonishment at the laxity of magisterial authority in allowing such well-known illegal practices to be carried on, and anxiously hope that means may be adopted to check so frightful an evil. The misery produced in private society by suffering such a species of gaming is indescribable in amount. "Through the public gaming-tables (says the same writer) every year vast numbers are hurled from respectable life to associate with wretchedness and criminals, or become exiles; and many commit suicide, and leave families in want, after having been robbed of their substance by those harpies, whom our government permits to reside even within the precincts of the court. One scoundrel, who is admitted into genteel society, and resides in a magnificent house in great style, on a fortune made by the most unlawful means, in a gaming-house, was, it is said, the cause, on an average of ten years, of fifteen suicides annually, besides bringing ruin and misery on ten times that number of families in the same period. One case presents itself which can be attested by hundreds of the sufferer's neighbours, being so well known. A respectable tradesman, possessing some property, who resided in Oxford Street, was, in the winter season, accustomed to attend a whist-club, held at a public-house in the vicinity of his own residence. He was remarkably characterised for steadiness of conduct and regular habits, and was never known at one time to venture more than half a crown at any game of chance, previous to the period of which I am about to speak, at which time he was fifty years of age. By some means or other, a fellow, an emissary of a *rouge et noir* house in Bury Street, obtained an introduction to the whist-club; and one evening, as he and his dupe were leaving the house, he said, 'I am going out of curiosity to witness the game of *rouge et noir*, never having seen it. Will you go with me? We need not play.' In an ill-fated hour the tradesman assented, as he subsequently stated, prompted only by the same curiosity which his companion affected to be influenced by. When at the table, seeing others win, and perhaps impelled by his cupidity (for he was fond of money), he was induced to venture a few stakes, which came off in his favour; following up his success, he left the house that night a winner of L.80, and probably went home to sleep in peace, but it was the last he ever enjoyed! No man ever followed gaming with such avidity as he afterwards did; he attended morning and evening play, till poverty only stopped his going. At one period, it is said that he was a winner of L.2000: he repeatedly knocked up his intimate friends in the middle of the night to borrow money, after having lost that which he took to the table. In a few short months his funds began to wane, and his health to decline. He lingered not long, but departed from this world, a sad example of the danger of once commencing in such a vicious career."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

NAPIER OF MERCHISTON.

JOHN NAPIER of Merchiston, a Scotsman, the distinguished inventor of the logarithms, an arithmetical process by which the labours of scientific men have been facilitated and advanced to an inconceivable degree, was born in the year 1550. He was descended from an ancient race of landed proprietors in Stirlingshire and Dumbartonshire. His father, Sir Alexander Napier of Edinbellie, in the former county, and Merchiston, in the county of Edinburgh, was master of the mint to James the Sixth, and survived the birth of the subject of this memoir for the unusual space of fifty-eight years. There is a prevalent notion that the inventor of the logarithms was a nobleman: this has arisen from his styling himself, in one of his title-pages, *Baro Merchistonii*; in reality, this implied *baron* in the sense of a superior of a barony, or what in England would be called lord of a manor. Napier was simply *Laird* of Merchiston—a class who in Scotland sat in parliament under the denomination of the *lesser barons*.

Napier was educated at St Salvador's College, in the University of St Andrew's, which he entered in 1562. He afterwards travelled on the Continent, probably to improve himself by intercourse with learned and scientific men. Nothing farther is ascertained respecting him, till after he had reached the fortieth year of his age. He is then found settled at the family seats of Merchiston, near Edinburgh, and Gartness, in Stirlingshire, where he seems to have practised the life of a recluse student, without the least desire to mingle actively in political affairs. That his mind was alive, however, to the civil and religious interests of his country, is proved by his publishing, in 1593, an exposition of the Revelations, in the dedication of which to the king, he urged his majesty, in very plain language, to attend better than he did to the enforcement of the laws, and the protection of religion, beginning reformation in his own "house, family, and court." From this it appears that Napier belonged to the strict order of Presbyterians in Scotland, for these are exactly the sentiments chiefly found prevalent among them at this period of our history.

In his more secluded residence at Gartness, Napier had both a waterfall and a mill in his immediate neighbourhood, which considerably interrupted his studies. He is said to have been a great deal more tolerant of the waterfall than of the mill; for while the one produced an incessant and equable sound, the other was attended with an irregular *clack-clack*, which marred the processes of his mind, and sometimes even rendered it necessary for him, when engaged in an unusually abstruse calculation, to desire the miller to stop work. He often walked abroad in the evening, in a long mantle, and attended by a large dog; and these circumstances, working upon minds totally unable to appreciate the real nature of his researches, raised a popular rumour of his being addicted to the black art. It is certain that, no more than other great men of his age, was he exempt from a belief in several sciences now fully proved to have been full of imposture. The practice of forming theories only from facts, however reasonable and unavoidable it may appear, was only enforced for the first time by a contemporary of Napier—the celebrated Bacon; and, as yet, the bounds between true and false knowledge were hardly known. Napier, therefore, practised an art which seems nearly akin to divination, as is proved by a contract entered into, in 1594, between him and Logan of Fastcastle—afterwards so celebrated for his supposed concern in the Gowry conspiracy. "Forasmuch," says this document, "as there were old reports and appearances that a sum of money was hid within Logan's house of Fastcastle, John Napier should do his utmost diligence to search and seek out, and by all craft and ingine [a phrase for mental power] to find out the same, or make it sure that no such thing has been there." For his reward he was to have the exact third of all that was found, and to be safely guarded by Logan back to Edinburgh with the same; and in case he should find nothing, after all trial and diligence taken, he was content to refer the satisfaction of his travels and pains to the discretion of Logan. What was the result of the attempt, or if the attempt itself was ever made, has not been ascertained.

Besides dabbling in sciences which had no foundation in nature, Napier addicted himself to certain speculations which have always been considered as just hovering between the possible and the impossible, a number of which he disclosed in 1596 to Anthony Bacon, the brother of the more celebrated philosopher of that name. One of these schemes was for a burning mirror similar to that of Archimedes, for setting fire to ships; another was for a mirror to produce the same effects by a material fire; a third for an engine which should send forth such quantities of shot in all directions as to clear every thing in its neighbourhood; and so forth. In fact, Napier's seems to have been one of those active and excursive minds, which are sometimes found to spend a whole life in projects and speculations without producing a single article of real utility, and in other instances hit upon one or two things, perhaps, of the highest order of usefulness. It has been arranged for the good of mankind, that the most follow beaten tracks in all things, while a very few are constantly trying new expedients, constantly roaming about for improved ways of accomplishing labour. Thus, a certain degree of general good is never lost sight of, while the possibility of increasing it receives just that degree of attention on the whole, which may be sufficient for its discovery, without perilling too much of what is already ascertained, in the search. As the life of Napier advanced, he seems to have gradually forsaken wild and hopeless projects, and applied himself more and more to the pure sciences. In 1598, he is found suggesting the use of salt in improving land; an idea probably passed over in his own time as chimerical, but revived in our own day with good effect. No more is heard of him till, in 1614, he astonished the world by the publication of his book of logarithms. He is understood to have devoted the intermediate time to the study of astronomy, a science then reviving to a new life under the auspices of Kepler and Galileo.

"The demonstrations, problems, and calculations of this science, most commonly involve some one or more of the cases of trigonometry, or that branch of the mathematics, which, from certain parts, whether sides or angles, of a triangle being given, teaches how to find the others which are unknown. On this account, trigonometry, both plane and spherical, engaged much of Napier's thoughts; and he spent a great deal of his time in endeavouring to contrive some methods by which the operations in both might be facilitated. Now, these operations, the reader, who may be ignorant of mathematics, will observe, always proceed by geometrical ratios, or proportions. Thus, if certain lines be described in or about a triangle, one of these lines will bear the same geometrical proportion to another, as a certain side of the triangle does to a certain other side. Of the four particulars thus arranged, three must be known, and then the fourth will be found by multiplying together certain two of those known, and dividing the product by the other. This rule is derived from the very nature of geometrical proportion, but it is not necessary that we should stop to demonstrate here how it is deduced. It will be perceived, however, that it must give occasion, in solving the problems of trigonometry to a great deal of multiplying and dividing—operations which, as every body knows, become very tedious whenever the numbers concerned are large; and they are generally so in astronomical calculations. Hence such calculations used to exact immense time and labour, and it became most important to discover, if possible, a way of shortening them. Napier, as we have said, applied himself assiduously to this object; and he was, probably, not the only person of that age whose attention it occupied. He was, however, undoubtedly the first who succeeded in it, which he did most completely by the admirable contrivance which we are now about to explain.

When we say that 1 bears a certain proportion, ratio, or relation to 2, we may mean any one of two things; either that 1 is the half of 2, or that it is less than 2 by 1. If the former be what we mean, we may say that the relation in question is the same as that of 2 to 4, or of 4 to 8; if the latter, we may say that it is the same as that of 2 to 3, or of 3 to 4. Now, in the former case, we should be exemplifying what is called a *geometrical*, in the latter, what is called an *arithmetical* proportion: the former being that which regards the number of times, or parts of times, the one quantity is contained in the other; the latter regarding only the difference between the two quantities. We have already stated that the property of four quantities, arranged in geometrical proportion, is, that the *product* of the second and third, *divided* by the first, gives the fourth. But when four quantities are in arithmetical proportion, the *sum* of the second and third, diminished by the *subtraction* of the first, gives the fourth. Thus, in the geometrical proportion, 1 is to 2 as 2 is to 4; if 2 be multiplied by 2 it gives 4; which divided by 1 still remains 4; while

in the arithmetical proportion, 1 is to 2 as 2 is to 3; if 2 be added to 2 it gives 4; from which if 1 be subtracted, there remains the fourth term 3. It is plain, therefore, that, especially where large numbers are concerned, operations by arithmetical must be much more easily performed than operations by geometrical proportion; for, in the one case you have only to add and subtract, while in the other you have to go through the greatly more laborious processes of multiplication and division.

Now, it occurred to Napier, reflecting upon this important distinction, that a method of abbreviating the calculation of a *geometrical* proportion might perhaps be found, by substituting, upon certain fixed principles, for its known terms, others in *arithmetical* proportion, and then finding, in the quantity which should result from the addition and subtraction of these last, an indication of that which should have resulted from the multiplication and division of the original figures. It had been remarked before this, by more than one writer, that if the series of numbers 1, 2, 4, 8, &c. that proceed in geometrical progression, that is, by a continuation of geometrical ratios, were placed under or alongside of the series 0, 1, 2, 3, &c. which are in arithmetical progression, the addition of any two terms of the latter series would give a sum, which would stand opposite to a number in the former series indicating the product of the two terms in that series, which corresponded in place to the two in the arithmetical series first taken. Thus, in the two lines,

1,	2,	4,	8,	16,	32,	64,	128,	256,
0,	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8,

the first of which consists of numbers in geometrical, and the second of numbers in arithmetical progression, if any two terms, such as 2 and 4, be taken from the latter, their sum 6, in the same line, will stand opposite to 64 in the other, which is the product of 4 multiplied by 16, the two terms of the geometrical series which stand opposite to the 2 and 4 of the arithmetical. It is also true, and follows directly from this, that if any three terms, as, for instance, 2, 4, 6, be taken in the arithmetical series, the sum of the second and third, diminished by the subtraction of the first, which makes 8, will stand opposite to a number (256) in the geometrical series which is equal to the product of 16 and 64 (the opposites of 4 and 6), divided by 4 (the opposite of 2).

Here, then, is, to a certain extent, exactly such an arrangement or table as Napier wanted. Having any geometrical proportion to calculate, the known terms of which were to be found in the first line or its continuation, he could substitute for them at once, by reference to such a table, the terms of an arithmetical proportion, which, wrought in the usual simple manner, would give him a result that would point out or indicate the unknown term of the geometrical proportion. But, unfortunately, there were many numbers which did not occur in the upper line at all, as it here appears. Thus, there were not to be found in it either 3, or 5, or 6, or 7, or 9, or 10, or any other numbers, indeed, except the few that happen to result from the multiplication of any of its terms by two. Between 128 and 256, for example, there were 127 numbers wanting, and between 256 and the next term (512) there would be 255 not to be found.

We cannot here attempt to explain the methods by which Napier's ingenuity succeeded in filling up these chasms, but must refer the reader, for full information upon this subject, to the professedly scientific works which treat of the history and construction of logarithms. Suffice it to say, that he devised a mode by which he could calculate the proper number to be placed in the table over against any number whatever, whether integral or fractional. The new numerical expressions thus found, he called *Logarithms*, a term of Greek etymology, which signifies the ratios or proportions of numbers. He afterwards fixed upon the progression, 1, 10, 100, 1000, &c., or that which results from continued multiplication by 10, and which is the same according to which the present tables are constructed. This improvement, which possesses many advantages, had suggested itself about the same time to the learned Henry Briggs, then professor of geometry in Gresham College, one of the persons who had the merit of first appreciating the value of Napier's invention, and who certainly did more than any other to spread the knowledge of it, and also to contribute to its perfection."*

The invention was very soon known over all Europe, and was every where hailed with admiration by men of science. Napier followed it up, in 1617, by publishing a small treatise, giving an account of a method of performing the operations of multiplication and division, by means of a number of small rods. His materials for calculation have maintained their place in science, and are known by the appellation of Napier's Bones. In the same year, April 3, this illustrious man breathed his last, at Merchiston Castle [a small old tower still existing in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh], and was buried in the church of St Giles, on the eastern side of its southern entrance, where a stone tablet, bearing a Latin inscription, indicated that this is the burial-place of the Napiers. His family has since been ennobled, and the present Lord Napier is distinguished as an excellent landlord, and a zealous promoter of the improvement of the moral and physical condition of the peasantry. A life of the ingenious Laird of Merchiston was published in 1787, by the Earl of Buchan; but one, which it is to be hoped will prove more worthy of the subject, is in preparation by Mr Mark Napier, advocate.

* Library of Entertaining Knowledge—Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties.

HUMAN LIFE.

[BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.]

I walk'd the fields at morning's prime,
The grass was ripe for mowing;
The sky-lark sang his matin chime,
And all was brightly glowing.

"And thus," I cried, "the ardent boy
His pulse with rapture beating,
Deems Life's inheritance is joy—
The future proudly greeting."

I wander'd forth at noon:—alas!
On earth's maternal bosom
The scythe had left the withering grass
And stretch'd the fading blossom

And thus, I thought with many a sigh,
The hopes we fondly cherish,
Like flowers which blossom but to die,
Seem only born to perish.

Once more, at eve, abroad I stray'd,
Through lonely hay-fields musing;
While every breeze that round me play'd
Rich fragrance was diffusing.

The perfumed air, the hush of eve,
To purer hopes appealing,
O'er thoughts perchance too prone to grieve,
Scatter'd the balm of healing.

For thus "the actions of the just,"
When Memory hath enshrined them,
E'en from the dark and silent dust
Their odour leave behind them.

—*Forget Me Not*, 1827.

INDIAN ANTIQUITIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE whole of English North America, when first discovered and colonised by Europeans, was occupied by tribes who were utterly uncivilised; that is, they had no knowledge of any of the arts of life, except of such as ministered in the rudest manner to their immediate necessities. The greater part of them were hunters, and had no settled dwelling-place; roaming over a vast extent of country, and only stopping for a time in spots where they found the game most plentiful; or when they were occupied in hostile expeditions against other tribes, against whom they entertained some project of revenge. There were a few settled villages on rivers, or by the sea-coast, where the inhabitants lived by fishing. But their dwellings every where were built only of clay, reeds, and branches of trees; their implements for hunting and fishing were nothing but lances and coarse hooks formed of shells, or perhaps of copper; and their dress a scanty wrapper made of the bark of trees. Such being the condition of the people, they were incapable of producing any work which either required skill in the design, or the union of a number of hands for executing it. No such work was seen among them: their largest building was the hall of the *sachem*, or elder of the village, which was in every respect inferior to the barns of turf and stone seen in the Highlands, and was not fitted to last above eight or ten seasons. How great, then, was the surprise of the civilised people, on proceeding farther into the wilderness, and approaching the forests of the Mississippi, to find among these solitudes the remains of works which could only have been designed and executed by people considerably advanced in civilization, and living under the regulation of a government which had the power of employing the labour of thousands of workmen. The existing tribes had not the slightest tradition about these monuments, or of the people by whom they had been constructed, which is the more singular, that almost all countries have some ancient race embodied in their traditionary stories, whom they are accustomed to consider as the engineers of every antique monument for whose existence they cannot otherwise account. The Scots have their *Pechs*; the Greeks and Italians had the *Cyclops*, who were said to have built the gigantic ruins of Mycenæ, Tiryus, Roselle, Norba, &c. The Hindoos and Persians have Deotas and Jins, to whom they give the credit of such works; and so it is universally in other countries. The North American tribes, however, seem to have fallen into so low a state, that they had neither curiosity nor interest in the singular remains of antiquity which are found in their wilds: it is probable that they did not even distinguish them as works of art—an idea which would have implied some knowledge that art and science existed superior to their own, but that they considered them merely as some freak of nature. How, then, can we account for the existence of such monuments in a country where they are completely overlooked, and where the inhabitants have fallen into such a state of savageism? This is one of the most curious questions relating to the early state of America, and has never yet received a satisfactory solution.

The following notices concerning some of the most interesting of these ancient works, are copied chiefly from Warden's excellent Account of the United States. The whole of them, it will be observed, occur in the western states, in the regions of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri.

"A singular circumstance," says Mr Warden, in the history of Kentucky, is the existence of mounds and fortifications, which indicate great antiquity, and a considerable acquaintance with the mechanical arts in some race of former inhabitants. Several of the old forts near the mouth of Kentucky river are covered with trees, which the botanist Dr Cutler considered as of second growth; and inferred from this that the fortifications must be more than one thousand years old. The remains of one, situated half a mile from the Ohio, and nearly opposite the mouth of the Big Scioto River, enclose fourteen acres of a square form. The walls are thirty feet thick at the base, and, on the summit, large enough for the passage of a waggon; they are from eight to sixteen feet in height. There are seven gateways, each twenty feet high; three on the west, two on the east, and two on the north. From the north-west angle are seen the remains of a *covered way* (a road with a wall on each side as a shelter from marksmen), which extends 280 yards to a stream on the west side of the fort. The walls are of the same dimensions as those of the fort; and there is a road protected in the same way leading to a creek (stream) on the east side, distant 150 yards. Beyond these streams on the east and west side there is no vestige of defence. At a small distance from the fort there are two mounds (like watch-towers) of a pyramidal form." On French Broad River, in Tennessee, are perpendicular rocks, on which, more than 100 feet above the water, are carvings of birds and beasts, &c.

In Indiana, on the north side of the Ohio, remains of a different kind are found. These are a number of mounds lying in the tract from White River to the sources of the Wabash. They are of unequal size, and have been evidently formed at very remote periods from each other; they generally contain bones, those of the smaller mounds being still undecayed, and able to bear their own weight, while those of the larger are so decomposed that they crumble to dust on the smallest touch. The trees which grow upon the smaller are also evidently of less age than many of those in the neighbouring woods, while those on the higher mounds are old and magnificent trees. This state of things seems to indicate a progressive decay of arts and power, during a long period, among the people by whom the mounds were raised.

In the state of Ohio, ancient fortifications are numerous. At Cincinnati there is a circular wall or embankment 800 feet across; the bank is thirty feet thick at the base, and from three to six high; there are several others of smaller dimensions, besides four mounds, one of which is twenty-seven feet high, and 440 across. On the summit of an elevated hill, two miles below Hamilton, the walls of an ancient fortification enclose eighty acres of ground. In Highland County, two miles west of Chillicotte, there is a wall of stone from twelve to fifteen feet high, and four or five thick, which encloses upwards of 100 acres. Near Piqua, in Miami County, there is one which encloses about seventeen acres, in a circular form; the walls all round are built of stone, carried from the river 600 yards distant. A wall from four to seven feet high extends seven miles from the Great to the Little Scioto River. The trees growing on the walls of these ruins are all as large as any in the surrounding forests, and cannot be less than 400 years old. There are remains of the same kind all the way from Ohio, south and south-west, to the Floridas.

They are found also in Michigan to the north. On the river Huron, in that district, is a fortress with walls of earth, quite the same as those of Ohio and Kentucky; another is seen three miles and a quarter below Detroit, enclosing several acres, in the midst of an extensive marsh, with a breastwork three or four feet high. On the west of Lake Michigan is found perhaps the most singular of these curious relics; it stands on a level plain below Lake Pepin; it is covered with grass; but Carver, the traveller who describes it, mentions that he could plainly trace a breastwork of a circular form, with its flanks reaching to the river, which covered its rear; the ruin was about four feet high, extending nearly a mile, and capable of protecting 5000 men. The outline of the work had been traced in angles for the facility of defence, quite on the same principle as those of modern fortifications.

In Missouri, in the country of the Sioux Indians, there are many mounds and fortifications. they are also found on the Osage and Platte rivers. So far Mr Warden. Besides the indications given by these monuments, there are other proofs that the continent of North America has been at some former period occupied by a people considerably advanced in a knowledge of the arts. In the gold mines which are now wrought in the western parts of Carolina and Georgia, there have been found crucibles of excellent workmanship, and which were preferred by the miners to the best which can be purchased at the present day. Unluckily none of them have been preserved, but the evidence which they afforded, that these mines have been wrought during some very remote period, and by a people not at all deficient in a knowledge of the arts, is full and unquestionable.

All these appearances are of course utterly unintelligible to the present tribes of Indians; and being accompanied by nothing in the shape of letters, hiero-

glyphics, or other marks, in which literary diligence might have traced some thread of discovery, they are equally obscure to the learned.

The history of the western continent does not, however, leave us altogether without some facts which throw a glimmer of light on these singular remains, and the people to whom they belonged.

The Mexicans, who inhabited the narrow neck of mountain land which joins the two continents of North and South America, were, when first discovered by the Spaniards, in a state of civilization approaching to that of some European nations. The body of the people were, indeed, in a state of darkness and savageism little superior to that of the tribes by whom they were surrounded; but there was an educated and informed class among them, to whom this mass of ignorance was content to be subject. The educated portion was distributed among the uneducated, in such a manner that the benefits of their knowledge could be every where felt, and gave them influence. Works of great extent and ingenuity were executed by the conjoined skill and labour which could by these two classes be brought to bear on them. It is known, however, from the traditions of this people, and from certain hieroglyphical documents which they had preserved relating to their own history, that Mexico was not the place in which their tribe was originally situated. They had migrated, according to their own account, from regions far to the northward, and had once been a large and powerful nation, whose strength and numbers were reduced almost to nothing, in various desertions, changes, and hostile attacks, during their long migration from their original seat, called Aztlan. The imperfect records which they have preserved, intimate obscurely the time occupied in this period of wandering, as well as the stages at which they halted on their way. Some of these latter have been traced; and by the remains found on the spot, combined with the indications of Mexican hieroglyphics, there is reason to think that they can still be identified. The ruins of a great city were discovered in 1773, near the head of the Gulf of California, and corresponding with one of the stations. They were situated in the midst of a vast and beautiful plain, and occupied a space of three square leagues. The Spaniards gave them the name of *Las Casas Grandes*, or the "Magnificent Buildings;" and the whole plain is filled with fragments of stoneware, resembling the Mexican, beautifully painted in red, white, and blue. It is remarkable also, that, to the north of this region, in a district never occupied, and hardly ever seen by Europeans, the native Indians have advanced considerably in civilization. A missionary, who visited the Mocquis in 1773, was astonished to find here an Indian town, with two large squares, houses of several stories, streets well laid out, and parallel to each other. The people assemble at evening on the terraced roofs of their houses; and the region every where presents traces of cultivation, resembling that of the ancient Mexicans. These people speak a language quite different from the Mexican; but it is well known to some of the learned of America, that two parts of the same tribe, removed from each other, and placed under different circumstances, with different pursuits and a different aspect of country, will in time so completely change, each from the common language, that their origin can no longer be traced by that means. Still farther north, there are found people who indulge a taste for some of the peculiar arts of the same nation, without having preserved any thing of their domestic refinement. Between Nootka Sound and Cook's River, under the 57th degree of N. lat., the natives have a strong predilection for hieroglyphical paintings, such as were found among the Mexicans; and they execute carvings in wood, imitations of the human features and of animals, with great spirit and fidelity. Their buildings of wood showed also design, and the efforts of combined labour.

As we follow these traces of Mexican civilization, we are led, it will be observed, towards the northern part of the American continent, where the ancient remains which first excited our wonder are situated. These are more frequent towards the western districts, and vanish altogether on approaching the Atlantic; that is, their numbers increase as they approach the line of ancient Mexican civilization, and disappear as they leave it. The connection which this circumstance points out between the mysterious monuments of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri, and the *historical civilization* of the races of the south and west, cannot be overlooked. The chain of connection is at present broken and feeble, but investigation may supply the deficient links, and introduce certainty, where as yet there are only probability and surmises.

The Mexicans consisted, as we have said, of a small educated class (not, however, apparently selected from any particular tribe), and a large body of ignorant and demi-savage people, who were under the former, and submitted themselves to be directed by their superior information. This was the kind of civilization which existed in most of the nations of antiquity, no means being then known for the *general* diffusion of knowledge. It is, however, the most insecure and precarious state in the progress of nations, because, unless with a very strong and well-organised military force, the uninformed mass are always liable to be worked on by some passion or prejudice, and may thus at any time rise and sweep into destruction the whole labours of the better informed and ruling body. Knowledge is very apt to retrograde in such a state, and has indeed done it in various instances; and it is from such a cause that we must trace the destruction of that power and skill which erected the works of which we have been speaking. There is no occasion for supposing that any nation ever existed in North America different from those found there. It appears only that civilization had at one time gained an ascendancy, which, surrounded and mixed as it was with the hostile power of barbarism and ignorance, it was not able to maintain. The connection of this comparative state of improvement with that of the Mexicans, who seem to have been driven from the northern to the southern parts of the same country, may be elucidated by future investigation.

SCIENCE AND LABOUR.

INDIVIDUALS whose occupations are chiefly of a laborious and physical nature, are exceedingly apt to draw invidious comparisons betwixt the value of their own efforts, and that of those classes of men who mainly depend for their subsistence on the exercise of their mental faculties. To do so, however, is quite adverse to the principles developed by political economists, and is, in reality, quite unworthy of any man laying claim to the most common understanding. It is only by the extraordinary combinations of science with genius and capital, that the working man is furnished with employment, or enabled to support his family; and without a body of men in the country, whose labour consists simply of *thinking*, society would fall in pieces, and poverty visit the firesides of the artizan and peasant. This proper view of the value of science and mental labour is well advanced in the small work called the "Rights of Industry," forming a volume of the "Working Man's Companion."

"Lord Bacon, the great master of practical wisdom, has said that 'the effort to extend the dominion of man over nature is the most healthy and most noble of all ambitions.' 'The empire of man,' he adds, 'over material things, has for its only foundation the sciences and the arts.' A great deal of the knowledge which constitutes this dominion has been the property of society, handed down from the earliest ages. The indirect influence of a general advance in knowledge upon the particular advance of any branch of labour, is undeniable; for the inquiring spirit of an age spreads itself on all sides, and improvement is carried into the most obscure recesses, the darkest chinks and corners of a nation, even as the Liverpool railway is daily extending the civilization of the rudest districts of Ireland. It has been wisely and beautifully said by Hume, 'We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be wrought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected.' The positive influence of science in the direction of labour is exhibited in the operations of mechanics and chemistry applied to the arts, in the shape of machines for saving materials and labour, and of processes for attaining the same economy. These are the influences of science upon labour, not so direct as the mechanical skill which has contrived the steam-engine, or so indirect as the operation of ethics upon the manufacture of a piece of woollen cloth; but which confer a certain, and in some instances enormous benefit upon production, by the operation of causes which, upon a superficial view, appear to be only matters of laborious but unprofitable speculation. If we succeed in satisfying your minds as to the extent and importance of those aids which production derives from the labours of men who have not been ordinarily classed amongst 'working men,' but who have been truly the hardest and most profitable workers which society has ever possessed, we shall show you what an intimate union subsists amongst those classes of society who appear the most separated; and that these men really labour with you all most effectually in the advancement of the great interests of mankind.

When Hume thought that a nation that had not studied astronomy would be behind in the manufacture of cloth, he perhaps did not mean to go the length of saying that the study of astronomy has a real influence in making cloth cheaper, in lessening the cost of production, and in therefore increasing the number of consumers. But look at the direct influence of astronomy upon navigation. A seaman, by the guidance of principles laid down by the great minds that have directed their mathematical powers to the study of astronomy—such minds as those of Newton and La Place—measures the moon's apparent distance from a particular star. He turns to a page in the Nautical Almanac, and, by a calculation, directed principally by this table, can determine whereabouts he is upon the broad ocean, although he may not have seen land for three months. Sir W. Herschel, a mathematician of our own times, who has united to the greatest scientific reputation the rare desire to make the vast possessions of the world of science accessible to all, has given, in his 'Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy,' an instance of the accuracy of such lunar observations, in an account of a voyage of eight thousand miles, by Captain Basil Hall, who, without a single landmark during eighty-nine days, ran his ship into the harbour of Rio as accurately, and with as little deviation, as a coachman drives his stage into an inn-yard. But what has this, you say, to do with the price of clothing? Exactly this: part of the price arises from the cost of transport. If there were no 'lunar distances' in the Nautical Almanac, the voyage from New York to Liverpool might require three months instead of three weeks.

Astronomy, therefore, you see, and navigation, both sciences the results of long ages of patient inquiry, have opened a communication between the uttermost ends of the earth, and therefore have had a slow but certain effect upon the production of wealth, and the consequent diffusion of all the necessaries, comforts, and conveniences of civilised life. The connection between manufactures and science, practical commerce and abstract speculation, is so intimate, that it might be traced in a thousand striking instances. A map now appears a common thing, but it is impossible to overrate the extent of the accumulated observations that go to make up a map. An almanac seems a common thing, but it is impossible to overrate the prodigious accumulations of science that go to make up an almanac. With these accumulations, it is now no very difficult matter to construct a map or an almanac. But if society could be deprived of the accumulations, and we had to re-create and remodel every thing for the formation of our map and our almanac, it would perhaps require many centuries before these accumulations could be built up again; and all the arts of life would go backward, for want of the guidance of the principles of which the map and the almanac are the interpreters for popular use.

Science, we see, connects distant regions, and renders the world one great commercial market. Science is, therefore, a chief instrument in the production of commercial wealth. But we have a world beneath our feet which science has only just now begun to explore. We want fuel and metallic ore to be raised from the bowels of the earth; and, till within a very few years, we used to dig at random when we desired to dig a mine, or confided the outlay of thousands of pounds to be used in digging, to some quack whose pretensions to knowledge were even more deceptive than a reliance upon chance. The science of geology, almost within the last quarter of a century, has been able, upon certain principles, to determine where coal especially can be found, by knowing in what strata of earth coal is necessarily formed; and thus the expense of digging through earth to search for coal, when science would at once pronounce that no coal was there, has been altogether withdrawn from the amount of capital to be expended in the raising of coal. That this saving has not been small, we may know from the fact, that eighty thousand pounds were expended fruitlessly in digging for coal at Bexhill, in Sussex, not many years ago, which expense geology would have instantly prevented; and have thus accumulated capital, and given a profitable stimulus to labour, by saving their waste.

Whatever diminishes the risk to life or health, in any mechanical operation, or any exertion of bodily labour, lessens the cost of production, by diminishing the premium which is charged by the producers to cover the risk. The lightning conductor of Franklin, which is used very generally on the Continent, and almost universally in shipping, diminishes the risk of property, in the same way that the safety-lamp diminishes the risk of life; and, by this diminution, the rate of insurance is lessened, and the cost of production therefore lessened. Lightning is one of the destructive forces of Nature, in particular cases, which science knows how to control. A few years ago, all the timber in the Hartz Forest in Germany was destroyed by a species of beetle, which, gnawing completely round the bark, prevented the sap from rising. This destructive animal made its appearance in England; and science very soon discovered the cause of the evil, and provided for its removal. If there had been no knowledge of natural history here, not a tree would have been left in our woods; and what, then, would have been the cost of timber?

The crossing and intertwining of the abstract and practical sciences, the mechanic skill and the manual labour, which are so striking in the manufacture of a piece of calico, prevail throughout every department of industry in a highly-civilised community. Every one who labours at all profitably, labours for the production of utility, and sets in motion the labour of others. Look at the labour of the medical profession. In the fourteenth century, John de Gaddesden treated a son of Edward the Second for the small-pox, by wrapping him up in scarlet cloth, and hanging scarlet curtains round his bed; and, as a remedy for epilepsy, the same physician carried his patients to church to hear mass! The medical art was so little understood in those days, that the professors of medicine had made no impression upon the understanding of the people; and they consequently trusted not to medicine, but to vain charms, which superstitions the ignorance of the practitioners themselves kept alive. Francis the First, king of France, having a persuasion that because the Jews were the most skilful physicians of that day, the virtue was in the Jew, and not in the science which he professed, sent to Charles the Fifth of Spain for a Jewish physician; but finding that the man who arrived had been converted to Christianity, he refused to employ him, thinking the virtue of healing had therefore departed from him. When such ignorance prevailed, diseases of the

slightest kind must have been very often fatal; and the power of all men to labour profitably must have been greatly diminished by the ravages of sickness. These ravages are now checked by medical science and medical labour. In some parts of France, even at the present day, the sick cattle are taken by the country people outside the churches to hear mass. If there were a skilful cattle-doctor in those villages, the loss of stock would be doubtless lessened, and the people would be all the richer for the cattle-doctor's art, instead of degrading religion by an homage akin to the worst idolatry.

But the principle of connecting every exertion of the mind with profitable labour goes farther even than the applications of science, direct or indirect, to the mechanical arts. The sciences and arts cannot be carried forward except in a country where the laws are respected, where justice is upheld, where intellect generally is cultivated, and where taste is diffused. The instructor of the young, who dedicates his time to advancing the formation of right principles, and the acquirement of sound knowledge by his pupils, is a profitable labourer. The writer who applies his understanding to the discovery and dissemination of moral and political truth, is a profitable labourer. The interpreter and administrator of the laws, who upholds the reign of order and security, defending the innocent, punishing the guilty, and vindicating the rights of all from outrage and oppression, is a profitable labourer. These labourers, it may be said, are still direct producers of utility, but that those who address themselves to the imagination—the poets, the novelists, the painters, and the musicians—in every polished society, are unprofitable labourers. One word is sufficient for an answer. These men advance the general intellect of a country, and they therefore indirectly advance the production of articles of necessity. We have already shown you how the study of the higher mathematics, upon which astronomy is founded, has an influence upon the production of a piece of woollen cloth; and we beg you to bear this connection in mind when you hear it said, as you sometimes may, that an abstract student, or an elegant writer, is not a producer—is, in fact, an idler. The most illustrious writers of every country, the great poets, have lifted mankind to their noblest pursuits of knowledge and virtue. Even the less dignified labourers in the same field—those who especially devote themselves to give pleasure and amusement—call into action some of the highest and purest sources of enjoyment. They lead the mind to seek its recreations in more ennobling pursuits than those of sensuality; their arts connect themselves by a thousand associations with all that is beautiful in the natural world; they are as useful for the promotion of pure and innocent delight, as the flowers that gladden us by their beauty and fragrance by the side of the corn that nourishes us. An entire community of poets and artists would be as unprofitable as if an entire country were dedicated to the cultivation of violets and roses; but the poets and the artists may, as the roses and the violets, furnish the graces and ornaments of life, without injury, and indeed with positive benefit, to the classes who more especially dedicate themselves to what is somewhat exclusively called the production of utility. The right direction of the talents which are dedicated to art and literature is all that is required from those who address themselves to these pursuits. He, therefore, who beguiles a vacant hour of its tediousness, by some effort of intellect which captivates the imagination without poisoning the morals—and he who by the exercise of his art produces forms of beauty which awaken in the mind that principle of taste which, more than any other faculty, requires cultivation—have each bestowed benefits upon the world which may be accurately enough measured even by the severe limitations of political economy; they are profitable labourers, and benefactors of their species.

We have entered into these details, principally to show that there are other and higher producers in society than the mere manual labourers. It was an ignorant fashion amongst the mental labourers of other days to despise your class, the physical labourers. They have learnt to know your value, and you should learn to know theirs. Both classes are working-classes. No one can say that the mental labourers are not workers. They are, we may truly affirm, taken as a class, the hardest workers in the community. No one ever reached eminence in these pursuits without unwearied industry: the most eminent have been universally despisers of ease and sloth, and have felt their highest pleasures in the absorbing devotion of their entire minds to the duties of their high calling. They have wooed Knowledge as a mistress that could not be won without years of unwearied assiduity. The most eminent, too, have been practical men, despising no inquiry, however trifling it might appear to common eyes, and shrinking from no occupation, however tedious, as long as it was connected with their higher duties. The *positive* influence even of the labours of the poets and the artists upon the advance of other labour might be easily shown. In their productions, especially, supply goes before demand, and creates demand. It has been calculated by an American writer, that the number of workmen who have been set in action—paper-makers, printers, binders—by the writings of Sir Walter Scott alone, in all countries, would, if gathered together, form a community that would fill a large town. The potteries of Etruria, in Staffordshire, could not have existed unless Mr Wedgwood had introduced into our manufacture of china the forms of Grecian art, bequeathed to us by the taste of two thousand years ago, and thus created a demand which has furnished profitable labour to thousands. But this, as we have already shown you, is not the principal way of viewing the influence of science, and literature, and art, upon all other industry. To reduce every labour in art, or literature, or science, to the same standard of value by which manual labour is measured, would be as absurd as the tasteless ignorance of the Spaniards, who applied a rare and valuable antique bust to serve as the weight to a church-clock. Any attempt to put the mental labourers upon the same footing of value as the labourers without skill, would be as impossible as it would be mischievous if it were possible; for in that case production would decline, and ultimately cease altogether, for the fountains of labour with skill would be dried up. Capital must go forward working with accumulation of knowledge; and fortunately, if you, the working-men, adapt yourselves to this natural energy of capital, you will yourselves become the accumulators of knowledge. Manual labour is only in the highest degree required in the early settlement of a country. When a dense population succeeds to a scattered one, labour with skill is called into action. Your counter-control to the absorbing power of capital is the equally absorbing power of skill—for that also is capital. Knowledge is power, because knowledge is property."

A LETTER FROM A SETTLER FOR LIFE IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

(From Hood's Comic Annual, 1833.)

"*To Mary at No* 45 *Mount Street Grosvenor Square.*

Dear Mary—Littel did I Think wen I advertisd in the Tims for annother Plaice of taking wan in Vandemin's land. But so it his and hear I am amung Kangerooses and Savidges and other Forriners. But goverment offering to Yung Wimmin to Find them in Vittles and Drink and Close and Husbands was turms not be sneazed at, so I rit to the Outlandish Seckertary and he was so Kind as Grant.

Wen this cums to Hand go to Number 22 Pimpernel Plaice And mind and go betwixt Six and sevin For your own Sake cos then the fammilys Having Diner give my kind love to betty Housmad and Say I am safe of my Jurney to Forrin parts And I hope master as never Mist the wine and brought Them into trubble on My accounts. But I did not Like to leav for Ever And Ever without treeting my Frends and feller servents and Drinking to all their fairwells. In my Flury wen the Bell rung I forgot to take My own Key out of missis Tekaddy but I hope sum wan had the thought And it is in Good hands but shall Be obleeged to no. Lickwise thro my Loness of Sperrits my lox of Hares quite went out of My Hed as was prommist to Be giv to Gorge and Willum and the too Futmen at the too Next dores But I hop and Trust betty pacifid them with lox of Her hone as I begd to Be dun wen I rit Her from dover. O Mary wen I furst see the dover Wite clifts out of site wat with squemishnes and Felings I all most repentid givin Ingland warning And had douts if I was goin to better my self. But the stewerd was verry kind tho I could make Him no returns xcept by Dustin the ship for Him And helpin to wash up his dishes. Their was 50 moor Young Wimmin of us and By way of passing tim We agread to tell our Histris of our selves taken by Turns But they all turnd out Alick we had All left on acount of Testacious masters and crustacious Mississis and becos the Wurks was to much For our Strenths but betwixt yew and Me the reel truths was beeing Flirted with and unprommist by Perfidus yung men. With sich exampils befour there Minds I wunder sum of them was unprudent enuff to Lissen to the Salers whom are coverd with Pitch but famus for Not stiking to there Wurds. has for Me the Mate chose to be verry Partickler wan nite Setting on a Skane of Rops but I giv Him is Anser and lucky I did for Am infourmd he as Got too more Marred Wives in a state of Biggamy thank Goodness wan can marry in new Wurlds without mates. Since I have bean in My pressent Sitiation I have had between too and three offers for My Hands and expex them Evry day to go to fistcufs about Me this is sum thing lick treeting Wimmin as Wimmin ought to be treetid Nun of your sarsy Buchers and Backers as brakes there Prommissis the sam as Pi Crust wen its maid Lite and shivvry And then laffs in Your face and say they can hav anny Gal they lick round the Square. I dont menshun nams but Eddard as drives the Fancy bred will no Wat I mean. As soon as ever the Botes rode to Land I dont agrivate the Truth to say their was haf a duzzin Bows apeace to Hand us out to shoar and sum go so Far as say they was offered to thro Specking Trumpits afore they left the Shipside. Be that as it May or may Not I am tould We maid a Verry pritty site all Wauking too and too in our bridle wite Gownds with the Union Jacks afore Us to pay humbel Respex to kernel Arther who behaived verry Gentlemanny and Complementid us on our Hansom apearences and Purlitely sed he Wisht us All in the United States. the Salers was so gallaunt as giv three chears wen We left there Ship and sed if so be they had not Bean without Canons they Wood have salutid us all Round. Servents mite live Long enuff in Lonnon without Being sich persons of Distinkshun. For my hone Part, cumming amung strangers and Pig in Pokes, prudence Dicktatid not to be askt out At the verry furst cumming in howsumever All is setteld And the match is aproved off by Kernel Arther and the Brightish goverment, who as agread to giv me away. thems wat I call Honners as we used to Say at wist. Wan thing in My favers was my voice and my noing the song of the Plane Gould Ring witch the Van Demons had never Herd afore I wood recummend all as meens cumming to Bring as menny of the fashingable Songs and Ballets as they Can—and to get sum nolliges of music as fortnately for me I was Abel to by meens of praxtising on Missis Piney Forty wen the fammily Was at ramsgit. of Coarse you and betty Will xpect Me to indulge in Pearsonallitis about my intendid to tell Yew wat he is lick he is Not at All lick Eddard as driv the Fancy bred and Noboddy else yew No. I wood send yew His picter Dun by himself only its no more lick Him then Chork is to Cheas. In spit of the Short Tim for Luv to take Roots I am convinst he is verry Passionet of course As to his temper I cant Speek As yet as I hav not Tride it. O mary littel did I think too Munth ago of sending yew Brid Cake and Weddin favers wen I say this I am only Figgering in speach for Yew must Not look for sich Things from this Part of the Wurld I dont mean this by Way of discurridgement Wat I meen to Say is this If so be Yung Wimmin prefers a state of Silly Bessy they Had better remane ware they was Born but as far as Reel down rite Coarting and no nonsens is concarnd This is the Plaice for my Munny a Gal has only to cum out hear And theirs duzzens will jump at her like Cox at Gusberris. it will Be a reel kindnes to say as Much to Hannah at 48 and Hester Brown and Peggy Oldfield and partickler poor Charlotte they needent Fear about being Plane for Yew may tell Them in this land Faces dont make stumblin Blox and if the Hole cargo was as uggly As sin Lots wood git marrid. Deer Mary if so Be you feel disposd to cum Out of Your self I will aford evry Falicity towards your hapiness. I dont want to hurt your Felines but since the Cotchman as giv yew up I dont think Yew have annother String to your Bo to say nothink of Not being so young As yew was Ten Yeer ago and faces Will ware out as well as scrubbin brushes. theirs a verry nice yung man is quit a Willin to offer to Yew providid you cum the verry Next vessle for He has Maid up his mind not to Wait beyond the Kupid and Sikey. as the Ship is on the Pint of Saling I cant rite Moor at pressent xcept for them has as shily shalying Sweat harts to Thretten with cumming to Vandemins And witch will soon sho wether its Cubbard love or true Love I hav seen Enuff of Bows droping in at supertime and falling out the next morning after borrowin Wans wags. Wen yew see anny Frends giv my Distant love to Them and say My being Gone to annother wurld dont impear my Memmery but I offen Thinks of Number 22 and the two Next Dores. yew may Disclose my matterymonial Prospex to betty as we hav allways had a Deal of Confidens. And I remane with the Gratest assurance Your affexionat Frend Susan Gale.

P.S. Deer mary my Furst Match beeing broke off short. hope Yew will not take it Ill but I hav Marrid the yung Man as was to Hav waited for Yew but As yew hav never see one Annother trusts yew will Not take Him to hart or abrade by Return of Postesses he has behaved Perfickly honnerable And has got a verry United frend of his Hone to be atacht to Yew in lew of him. adew."

By an unlucky misrecollection, Earl Spencer's name was given in a late article, instead of the Marquis of Blandford's, as the purchaser of the celebrated Valdarfer Boccaccio. Earl Spencer was the competing bidder, and stopped at L.2250. The Marquis, who is now Duke of Marlborough, bade L.2260, and "after a due pause," says the bibliomaniac Dibdin, "the hammer fell. The spectators," continues that quaint writer, "stood aghast, and the sound of Mr Evans's prostrate sceptre of dominion reached, and resounded from, the utmost shores of Italy. The echo of that fallen hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St Mark. Boccaccio himself started from his slumber of some five hundred years; and Mr Van Praet [Napoleon's librarian] rushed, but rushed in vain, amidst the royal book-treasures at Paris, to see if a copy of the said Valdarfer Boccaccio could there be found!"

Messrs Chambers again respectfully notify, that they do not require and cannot accept of any communications, either in prose or verse, for their Journal, which is conducted on a uniform fixed principle, requiring a great deal of care in the composition, and therefore liable to serious injury if intruded upon by matter not in strict accordance with the leading features of the work. They have also to mention, that they have made it a rule, from the first, of never answering correspondents, anonymous or otherwise, through the medium of their publications, in order that their pages may not be loaded with matter which can only be interesting to *one* out of fifty thousand individuals. All letters not post-paid are returned to the Post Office without being opened.

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DEPARTED FRIENDS.

A SENTIMENT—one of the most amiable of our nature—forbids that we should soon or altogether forget the friends who have gone down before us to the dust. To forget is to injure—and who would injure the dead? They cannot, it is true, resent any injury. They can never chide us either for neglect, or for any more positive kind of wrong. Yet, just because we are thus safe from their wrath—just because they lie thus powerless for the assertion of right or privilege—we shrink from doing them injustice. For such an offence our own affections would inflict an infinitely severer punishment than any with which we could be visited by an aggrieved party, however sensible of wrong, or eager to avenge it.

There are lonely and silent moments, when we have only ourselves to commune with, and when the memories of departed friends rise before us, like ghosts, but welcome and pleasant ones, each bringing back his own well-remembered face, with a long train of associations, by which he is more or less endeared to us. Such shadowy reviews have a marvellous pleasure in them; for in the very act of thus protracting, as it were, the existence of the departed, we assure ourselves so far that it is a duty which the living are not apt to neglect, and consequently that when we ourselves shall have submitted to the stroke of fate, there will be some kind survivors who will not let us *all* or *suddenly* die, but, erecting a shrine for our image in the temple of their hearts, carry us in some measure victorious over the grave. Even as the spring-flower comes and sits on the bed of the dead, so does the sweet memory of a departed friend steal into our thoughts, and flourish and blossom there. It will no doubt be in time trodden down by the rude feet of worldly necessities; or as one floral year succeeds another, even so will the remembrance of one set of friends be displaced by new griefs and new recollections. But still let us cling as long as we can to these pleasing images, and afford them all the space and breadth in our souls, which the pressure of existing things will by any means admit of.

The state of mind which immediately ensues from the loss of a friend or endeared relative, has never perhaps been fully estimated either in the pulpit or in the study. One mistake prevails universally—a supposition that it is for our own loss and damage that we shed these burning tears. "Consider," cry those who mean to console us, "that you have many blessings left behind, which ought to make this bereavement seem of the less account." Alas, it is not for ourselves that we grieve—it is for the dead. Absurd as the feeling may be, we melt in overpowering sympathy with those who are now beyond all pain and sorrow—we compassionate them for the awful calamity which has befallen them—we grudge to see ourselves so happy as still to possess life and health, and the power of enjoying this too-dear world, while they have been so signally unfortunate as to lose all—and, though religion may busy itself to point out the probability of an improvement in their state, still it is for the disaster of death, which we have seen our friend encounter, with all its harrowing circumstances, that we chiefly weep. Perfect reason may condemn this conduct; but it is so natural, and at the same time connected with so many of the better affections, and so useful, we are persuaded, in palliating the horrors of death, that we cannot wish it to be otherwise. The expectation that our decease will be beheld with a kind sympathy by some who are destined to survive us, is not what ought to be our chief support against the terrors of that crisis: but it may tend materially to soothe life in its decline, and eventually to cheer the gloomy hour itself—and who, since such is the case, could wish it to be precluded?

Of this feeling of sympathy for the deceased, the tender recollection of them at a later period is just a continuation. We cease to regret so deeply the actual calamity of death; the agonising distresses of the scene revisit us less frequently in our sleeping and waking hours; the fierce and raging grief fades gradually away. Then, however, dawns the moonlight of a gentler sorrow. We start in the midst of a cheering domestic scene, and regret that *he* is not here to participate in it. The thought suddenly strikes us, in the busy marts of the world, that all this is what *he* once formed a part of, but will mingle in no more: it is still the same, but that *he* is not of it. We sit in the solitude of twilight chambers, and, looking forth upon the stars, as they one by one step out upon the threshold of night, reflect that he but as yesterday could behold them, and speculate upon their nature and purposes, as we do now, but since then has been huddled away into oblivion, while *they* continue shining on and on with the majestic continuity of inanimate existences. The idea of his re-appearing as usual before our eyes, will for months—perhaps in some cases for years—intrude at times upon the imagination; and still when reason comes in to dash the vision, the regretful feeling will arise—he comes not, he cannot come again. This habit, however, lingers long, and is loath to part. Even after it has been banished from our daily thoughts, it will cling to the dreams of night, and thus, as it were by a refractive power of the intellect, is the image of the departed kept up before us. We see him enter and take his usual place; we hear him speak; we address him and are replied to; we do not remember that he is dead, but yet there is something not earthly about him—the glimmering pallor of a dream—and his speech and deportment are not like those which characterised him in life. The vision at length departs, and, though it leaves tears and terror behind, how fondly do we wish that it had staid! Often in this manner does the bereaved mother strain her lost child once more to her beating bosom. Nature in this case finds unusual difficulty in forgetting the lost one. The infant is a part of the mother's very existence; is connected by ties which none but herself can feel or comprehend; and when she sends it away to the grave, she does something which her reason will hardly convince her to be a reality. One who had suffered this dreadful calamity, and just at that period in the life of the infant when in general it is most endeared to the parents, used to relate that for a long period she saw her child once more almost every night. Sometimes the endeared vision was presented to her in one way, and sometimes in another; but on all occasions the infant appeared to be alive. In one particular instance, she conceived that she was led to see the grave in a lonely churchyard. It was one of many such little mounds which filled the place, and beside which stood many other mothers, in the same situation with herself. Presently, the graves were all opened, and the children came forth to play. She and the other mothers surveyed the scene with pleasure inexpressible; but yet, in all their sports, the infants did not appear to be naturally alive, nor did the mothers seem to understand that life was there, or that they had regained their lost treasures. It was only a pageant, vouchsafed to satisfy so far the yearnings of affection: the scene was still a churchyard, and in the same place they knew it would end. Accordingly, when the proper time had come, each mother took her own child, wrapped it tenderly in its sepulchral attire, and with her own hands replaced it in the grave; after which, they all slowly and mournfully withdrew. The dreamer then awoke, as she usually did after such visions, in tears.

The preservation of the memories of lost friends is not only a good exercise for the affections, and the source of a pleasing hope to all who are yet to die, but it is calculated to have a soothing and refining effect upon those who reasonably indulge it. Our departed friends always appear to us in the light of beings removed to a purer existence and a higher state of intelligence, so as to be enabled to see and judge correctly of all our thoughts and actions. If we bear them any respect, we will hesitate, under this ideal censorship, to do things which are unworthy of us, and for which perhaps the present world has no punishment. We will try, on the contrary, to be as pure in thought and deed as possible, in order that we may be the more pleasing to those who, we conceive, are altogether pure, and whose esteem we naturally desire to conciliate. In the midst, too, of the bustle and shock of the present life, when little interests and petty jealousies are rearing themselves like serpents in our hearts, how salutary to reflect that all the advantages we can now seek either to gain or to defend, are but trash and dross in the estimation of those from whom we lately parted, and in no long time will be the same in our own. Are we provided with a large share of such goods as this world has to give, then will we control our appreciation of them, by reflecting of how little account they will be when we have rejoined those friends in another world. Are we poor, and injured, and friendless, then will the recollection of our departed friends tend to cheer us, by presenting the idea of their superiority to all such evils—a superiority soon to be our own.

THE START.

IN all that relates to the serious affairs of life, it is of great advantage to have "the start" of all who are likely to become competitors. Those who are the first to attract general attention to their invention or their labours have ever the best chance of being the most successful; and so frequently is this the case, that it is proverbial to say, "that those who follow must always be behind." Nevertheless, this advantage is proved not to be by any means permanent: continued success can only be obtained by great exertion in keeping ahead of all who may afterwards start in the same career; for the world, on the whole, will not for any length of time patronise those who do not continue to come up to their expectations and ideas of excellence.

Many people who have gained "the start" in speculations do not seem to be sufficiently aware of the danger of losing their first advantages. Because they once gained and still possess an eminence, they are apt to imagine that none will climb beyond them; and so they get careless of keeping their footing, and are ultimately undone. When a man is so simple, or so unfortunate, as thus to lose his early advantages, he is sure to fall under greater disrepute than if his inferiority had been apparent from the beginning. The world applauds his efforts as long as they promise to be attended with success; but when they fail, those persons who applauded in the beginning are indignant to find that they have been deceived, and join in the laugh at his defeat with a degree of bitterness perhaps greater than is commendable.

In a footrace, some years ago, one of the runners sprung off at first with an agility which distanced all

his competitors except one, who kept close behind him. As the struggle continued for some time, without any ground being lost or gained, the younger and more inexperienced spectators began to encourage the foremost with the certain hopes of victory; but certain more elderly individuals were more wary: "Wait a wee," said they to the clamorous youngsters; "thole a bit." It was a tempestuous day, the wind and rain blowing direct from the turning-post to the starting-point. For the first half of the race, therefore, the storm beat violently in the face of the one runner, while the other avoided the fatigue of its encounter, and saved his breath and strength, by keeping close in the shelter of his over-sanguine opponent. After passing the starting-post, the hindmost still preserved his position, being now wafted along by the gale, while at the same time he deprived his antagonist of that assistance. On approaching the winning-post, however, he exerted all his unexpended vigour, distanced his now exhausted companion with ease, was declared victor, and triumphantly crowned with the bonnet, the reward of him who overcomes in such contests. The loser was more chagrined with the manner in which he had been made, as it were, to gain the race for another, than with his own failure.

How closely do the chief features of human nature preserve their resemblance through all the variations of rank! This anecdote is an useful illustration of what we frequently happen to notice occurring in every state of life. We find those who once "had the ball at their foot"—who "had the world for the winning"—who set off in a course of prosperity which it was thought nothing would arrest, now brought to, and at a stand, or feebly lagging behind those who at first started long after the others had set out.

The self-confidence which urges many individuals to take a lead in society, if not backed by great natural abilities, is, in the same manner, rarely of any permanent advantage. An eagerness, for instance, to obtain "the start" in conversation, and to engross that attention of which every one thinks himself entitled to a share, procures many enemies, and is sure to end in some notable disgrace—perhaps in the total exclusion of the offender from society. It is in vain that he or she collect parties at home, to hear them harangue, and to admire their accomplishments. The severity of the punishment is wretchedly compensated by the expedient fallen upon to render it nugatory; for plenty of people may be got to come and eat a good dinner, but not one in twenty can be cheated into delight with a tiresome chatterer.

The only circumstances, perhaps, in which "the start" is of *certain* advantage, is where it is accidental—where it precludes the possibility of a living competitor. Homer, even if he had not been superior to Virgil in other respects, would have been more highly esteemed, because he had "the start"—because he was the first in writing an epic poem. In reference to this subject, it has been truly observed, several had been the phœnix of their profession, if others had not gone before them. The first have the birthright in the inheritance of reputation; and there remains but a scanty portion for the juniors—nay, and even that is contested. It is to no purpose for those who come second, to fret; they cannot baffle the opinion which the world entertains, that they do no more but imitate.

THE SEA.

ITS TEMPERATURE.

The temperature of the sea, like that of the air, is liable to be affected by the latitude, and the season of the year, but not to nearly so great an extent as the air. Within the tropics, where the season has hardly any influence, it is generally found at about 80 or 81 of Fahrenheit's thermometer, being somewhat more, in general, than the warmth of the neighbouring air, which is deprived to a certain extent of its heat, in order to carry on the process of evaporation. Taking the month of March as one of those during which the heat of the sun must be equally determined in both directions by latitude, we find that in that month the sea has been found, at 11° 32′ south, of 80.6 Fahrenheit; at 31° 34′ south, of 75.7; at 40° 36′ south, of 59.9; though in some instances it has been found several degrees more or less at the same season, and under nearly the same latitude. The chief cause of the variation is a perpetual flow of water from the poles to the equator, which we shall afterwards explain. It has been pretty nearly ascertained, that, in the tropical seas, it ranges about 9 degrees of Fahrenheit; in the middle of the temperate zone, about 12; and after that, decreases with a more rapid and more equable gradation. The temperature of the sea is also affected by its depth. In deep seas between the tropics, the heat diminishes towards the bottom; while, in more frigid latitudes, it is sometimes observed to become warmer. The sea is a bad conductor of heat; the solar rays can only penetrate about three hundred feet below the surface, nor does the light descend any farther. A small difference is observed between the observations on temperature in the two hemispheres. For the first 25° towards the south, the decrease of heat is slower, and after that more rapid, than towards the north.

It must be evident to every one who considers the great mass of waters composing the ocean, and the interchange of position which must always be taking place, to a greater or less extent, between the upper and warmer parts and the lower and colder, that this comparative equability of temperature is unavoidable, even if there were no other causes to account for it. The uses of that equability are still more obvious, and must add greatly to the wonder we always experience when the economy of nature is to be surveyed. By this equability, the natural result of high latitude is more or less corrected, for the advantage of the human beings who happen to be so placed. A milder air breathing from the sea softens the climate all over the adjacent land, and produces a freshness which is of the greatest service to vegetation. On the other hand, in those torrid regions where both animated and vegetable nature are apt to sink beneath the vertical rays of the sun, the cooling breath of the ocean comes, generally at fixed times, reviving the parched soil, and communicating to man sensations of relief and pleasure which are hardly to be imagined by those who have not experienced them.

MOTIONS OF THE SEA.

The sea, from its fluid nature, is liable to be agitated and moved in various ways, but chiefly by the tides, by the rotatory motion of the globe, and by atmospherical causes. Having fully explained the tides in our work styled Information for the People (article *Astronomy*), we shall omit the subject in this place.

The rotatory motion of the globe from west to east is believed to be at least the main cause of the currents which prevail in all the great oceans, and a knowledge of which is of such importance to the mariner. The solid part of the globe leaves, as it were, the fluid behind; and hence there is a perpetual flow of the sea from the western coasts of Europe and Africa towards the eastern *landboard*, as it is called, of America, and from the west of America to the eastern coast of Asia. This movement is chiefly confined to the tropics, unless where the sea is turned aside by the land, and caused to diverge towards the north or south. If we start in a survey of this motion from the western coast of America, we find it producing a constant current across the vast expanse of the Pacific, till it is turned off by Asia and Australia. A great division of its force is directed through the seas on both sides of the latter continent, and so on through the Indian Ocean, and round the Cape of Good Hope, till it reaches the free expanse of the Atlantic, across which it proceeds in the same manner as across the Pacific. The current of the Atlantic strikes the coast of Brazil, and breaks at Cape St Augustine into two divisions, one of which proceeds round Cape Horn into the Pacific, while the other advances through the Caribbean Sea, and so on into the Gulf of Mexico. This latter branch conspires, with the vast issue of fresh waters which pours into the Gulf of Mexico, to raise the level of that sea above that of the neighbouring ocean, and, causing the surplus to force its way out between Florida and Cuba, produces the celebrated Gulf Stream, which is perhaps the most powerful sea-current in the world.

To the mariner, as already mentioned, these currents are of great importance. From Portugal, for instance, ships have sailed to the Bights of Benin, on the Guinea coast, being 150 leagues, in two days, though they could not return in less than seven weeks. It is also common for vessels to descend to the latitude of the Canary Islands, in order to get into the tropical current across the Atlantic, which carries them to America in a comparatively short time: it was by this current that Columbus was carried so smoothly on in his first voyage to the new continent. The Pacific, it is said, can be crossed in this way in about ten weeks, being at the rate of 1000 miles per week; and some mariners have expressed an opinion that China might be reached by this route in less time than by the shorter course round the Cape of Good Hope.

For the same reason that the sea flows from east to west, the air has a tendency, when not counteracted by other causes, to move in the same direction. The earth in its motion leaves the air, like the sea, a little behind it; in other words, does not carry it so fast forward: hence what are called the trade-winds, which, operating in the same direction with the sea-currents, increase the facility of navigation to the westward in a very great degree. We shall have occasion, perhaps, in some other place, to treat more minutely respecting this species of aërial current, as well as of winds in general. In the meantime, it is impossible to avoid remarking, that these natural phenomena, which, it is to be supposed, might have been counteracted or neutralised from the beginning, must have been designed for some end useful and necessary in the economy of the world. Perhaps, like the diffusive powers given to the seeds of certain plants, they were intended to aid in the dispersion of the human race over the globe. It is well known that population exists in many places, which appear cut off from all connection with others, by seas that must have been impassable by navigators in the early ages of their art. Men could only be drifted to such places, in early ages, by the currents of the sea and air; and thus the cultivation of large and important regions must have commenced much earlier than would have otherwise been the case.

Besides the grand equatorial or tropical current, there is one of a less decided character from the poles to the equator. The sea under the tropics evaporates to a greater extent than elsewhere, by the influence of a vertical sun. The vapours are apt to proceed towards the north and south, where they descend in rain. A surplus of water is thus produced in the high latitudes, which naturally flows back towards the equator. Hence a constant, but comparatively slight flow from the north and south towards that warmer region of the earth. Under the influence of this stream, large masses of ice are constantly becoming detached from the polar stores, and drifted to the tropics. In some of the bays on the north side of Iceland, this frigid substance comes in vast quantities, insomuch as to choke them up to the depth of 500 feet. What is still more strange, these masses of ice are sometimes mixed up with trees, some of which are known to be the produce of the torrid zone in America: this is accounted for by the action of the northern division of the great current which parts at Cape St Augustine. That northern division, after rushing into and out of the Gulf of Mexico, proceeds northward to Newfoundland, and thence at a high latitude returns athwart the Atlantic, finally sweeping along the western coasts of Europe, and rejoining the current which gave its first impulse. By this current, it is supposed, American timber may easily be carried to the northern shores of Iceland.

The operation of the tides is less observable in the great currents we have alluded to, than in those which prevail in the more secluded seas. The abstraction of water from a secluded sea by the recess of the tide, and the rush inwards produced by its flow, are sufficient of themselves to cause very impetuous currents, more particularly in the narrow channels by which the inland seas are connected with the ocean. We find it stated, in a pamphlet which happens to be lying before us,* that the Pentland Firth, which separates the continent of Great Britain from Orkney, "has no fewer than four-and-twenty contrary currents of the tide at the flood of spring, beside numerous sets and eddies, which, under the local names of *wells*, *swelchies*, *roosts*, and *rulls*, boil more madly on the Orcadian shore, than ever did witch's caldron on the kindred coast of Norway, if we may believe old tradition and Bishop Pontoppedan. 'The Boar of Papa,' at the opposite extreme of Orkney, is another terrible tide; when he gets a vessel in his tusks, he shakes the masts out—an operation which, in the country phrase, goes by the name of *hackling*." The contrariety of influences which are sometimes brought into play by polar and equatorial currents, and those produced by the tides, occasions many phenomena, extremely perplexing, and sometimes very dangerous, to the navigator. In the Cattegat, by which the Baltic is connected with the German Ocean, one current always goes in by the side next Jutland, while another issues forth by that nearest to Sweden. In like manner, a current seems to proceed along the eastern coast of Britain towards the south, while another, flowing in an opposite direction, advances along the coast of Holland. What is still more curious, under-currents are sometimes found going in a contrary direction to those upon the surface. In the Straits of Gibraltar, it is said there is always a surface current going in, as if to supply a want in the Mediterranean, while, at a certain depth, there is another going out. So strong and so steady is this contrariety in the Caribbean Sea, that a boat may be moored by dropping a heavy substance to a certain depth; the upper current impels the boat one way, while the under one draws the sunk object another, and between the two the boat is steadied.

Two currents of equal force, but of different directions, meeting in a narrow passage or gut, will cause what is generally called a whirlpool, and has ignorantly been said to be produced by subterranean rivers, gulfs, chasms, &c., but essentially is only an eddy, produced by the contact of two currents, which, as if meeting on a centre, whirl round, as it were, in each other's arms! The whirlpool named the Euripides, near the coast of Greece, alternately absorbs and rejects the water seven times in twenty-four hours. Charybdis, in the Straits of Sicily, absorbs and rejects the water thrice in twenty-four hours; and the Maelstroem, on the coast of Norway, which is considerably the largest, absorbs, every six hours, water, ships, whales, in short, every thing that approaches its malignant influence, and the next six hours is employed in casting them up again. These eddies are sometimes augmented by the force of contending tides, or by the action of the winds. They draw vessels along, dash them upon rocks, or engulf them in their furious vortices, the wreck not appearing until some time after.

It now remains for us to notice those motions or agitations of the sea, which are produced by winds. The slightest breeze that blows, it is well known, will ruffle and swell the surface of water, even in a little

* Orcadensis to William Cobbett, M.P on the Political Grievances of Orkney and Zetland.

pool. A violent wind, exerted on a large mobile mass, will of course produce a corresponding degree of turbulence. Hence, in large seas, a storm raises the surface into billows as high as mountains, which often bury the adventurous mariner in their bosoms. These various oscillations of the sea are caused by the currents of air dislodging a portion of the waters, and thereby destroying the equilibrium which they are every moment endeavouring to regain; a movement similar to that of a pedulum. It is amazing, however, how superficial is the most terrible tempest. Divers assure us, that, in the greatest storms, calm water is found at the depth of ninety feet.

Marine waterspouts are also caused by the action of atmospheric currents, and are as dangerous in their effects, as they are calculated to inspire no small degree of wonder. Malte Brun thus describes them:—"Underneath a dense cloud, the sea becomes agitated with violent commotions, the waves dart rapidly towards the centre of the agitated mass of water, on arriving at which they are dispersed into aqueous vapours, and rise whirling round in a spiral direction towards the cloud. This conical ascending column is met by another descending column, which leans towards the water, and joins with it. In many cases, the marine column is from fifty to eighty toises (fathoms) in diameter near its base. Both columns, however, diminish towards the middle, where they unite; so that here they do not extend more than three or four feet in diameter. The entire column presents itself in the shape of a hollow cylinder, or tube of glass, empty within. It glides over the sea without any wind being felt; indeed, several have been seen at once following different directions. When the cloud and the marine base of the waterspout move with unequal velocities, the lower cone is often seen to incline sideways, or even to bend, and finally to burst in pieces. A noise is then heard, like the noise of a cataract falling in a deep valley: lightning frequently issues from the very bosom of the waterspout, particularly when it breaks; but no thunder is ever heard."

Sailors, to prevent the imminent danger which their vessels would be exposed to by coming in contact with these tremendous columns, discharge upon them a cannon ball, which, passing through them, causes them invariably to burst, and consequently removes all chances of injury connected with them. This phenomenon is accounted for in the following manner:—Two winds meet—a vortex ensues: any cloud which happens to lie between them is condensed into a conical form, and turned round with great velocity: this whirling motion drives from the centre of the cloud all the particles contained in it; a vacuum is thereby produced, and water, or any other body lying beneath this vacuum, is carried into it upon the usual and well-known principle. The cannon ball, breaking this cylinder, which is always partly hollow, causes it to fall to pieces, in the same manner as a touch upon the surface of a soap-ball reduces the resplendant mass to a drop of common water.

THE FIRST THEFT,

A STORY FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

[My Dear Little Girls—I have often given columns for the boys upon various entertaining subjects, which I daresay you have sometimes read with as much pleasure as if they had been specially devoted to your perusal; and I am now going to tell a nice little story addressed particularly to yourselves, although no one can be the worse for reading it. It is taken from a neat small volume, just published in Edinburgh, called the "Infant Annual," which contains many such pleasing stories for girls, and which, if you behave yourselves properly, some one may perhaps buy and give to you as a Christmas present. The story is intended to show the great danger of committing even the smallest theft, and is calculated to make an impression on all young people for their good.]

Emily Ascott was about ten years old, her mamma was in very bad health, and had for many months been wholly confined to her bed. She had no family but Emily and a little boy about four years old. Emily was a very good little girl; up to the time I am going to tell you of, she had been the greatest comfort to her parents; she was very attentive to her lessons—tried as much as possible to avoid giving trouble, and to be as useful to her mamma in every way as she could. Every morning she made breakfast for her papa, sat at the head of the table, and poured out his tea for him; and when his breakfast was over, she put away the sugar, the marmalade, and all the things that had been used, locked the tea-caddy and the side-board, and took the bunch of keys into her mamma's room before she went out to school at ten o'clock.

Emily was passionately fond of sweet things. Now, it cannot well be called *a fault* for a little boy or girl to be fond of sweets; but I have often thought it was a great misfortune, both to mind and body, for, if it is not early and judiciously restrained, it leads to many disgusting and disgraceful faults, both in childhood and manhood. A greedy, self-indulging *child* will most surely be a greedy, self-indulging man or woman. The greed of sugar-plumbs and tarts no doubt goes off with childhood, but the *greed* remains behind, only directed to other objects—more important, more culpable.

For a long while after Emily was entrusted with her mamma's keys, she continued most strictly honest and faithful, though often sorely tempted, when she was taking out jelly or marmalade for breakfast and tea, to taste a little of it herself. One morning she was taking out sugar from the canister into the bowl, and a piece fell; Emily sought on the floor, but could not find it; but after she had taken the keys to her mamma's room, she observed the bit of sugar lying under a chair; she picked it up; it was a nice large piece, she thought; "I'm sure it's not worth while to go for the keys to put back this one bit of sugar—I think I'll just eat it." She did so, and thought it was excellent; but even while she was crunching it in her mouth, the thought rose up in her mind—"I wonder if it was dishonest of me to eat this?" and she endeavoured to persuade herself that the sugar having *fallen*, made it not dishonest in her to take it. Next morning she purposely let fall another piece, and did *not* look for it, and then in the same way she picked it up afterwards and ate it; she found it very difficult to persuade herself that *this* was not dishonest, so she tried not to think of it at all.

Once or twice her little brother came toddling into the room when she was thieving, and she trembled from head to foot lest he should notice what she was about. Once it occurred to her—"Oh, how wrong what I am doing must be, since I dread even a little infant seeing me."

Thus, my little readers, did unfortunate Emily *begin*, and I beg you will observe that the great misfortunes which she came to endure never would have happened but for this *trifle*, as some would call it; but nothing, however small, is a *trifle* that *begins a sin*.

She very soon gave up the ceremony of letting the bits of sugar *fall*—instead of that, they were thrust into her pocket, not one at a time, but at last in whole handfuls. At length, one morning, when she was at this work, and had pushed more pieces into her pocket than she had ever done before, she felt herself suddenly caught hold of by the arm, and rudely whirled round. Emily grew blind with terror lest it was her papa; and it was some relief to her to find it was only Sally the housemaid. This was a servant against whom her mamma had frequently warned her, and desired her on no account to have any familiarity or communication with, because she had not a good opinion of her. "Oh ho, Miss," cried Sally, in an impertinent tone, "so I've caught you; that's the way you go on, is it, when your mamma gives *you* the keys, instead of giving them to *me*, as she ought to do! I'm very glad I've found you out, however. I'll soon let your mamma know what a fine steward she has chosen for her keys—ha, ha, ha!" Emily felt her heart burn with indignation at this insulting language from a servant; but what could she do? *She was degraded by her own conduct*, and *dared* not resent it. So far from that indeed, that, in the most humble and pitiful manner, she besought the insolent Sally not to inform her mamma of what she had seen; but Sally was too cunning to yield to her entreaties without making her pay dearly for it; so she pretended to be quite immoveable. Driven to desperation, the weeping Emily threw herself on her knees before her—"Oh, Sally, *dear* Sally, don't tell upon me, and I'll give you every thing I have in the world; I'll give you my four half-crowns, Sally; I'll give you my four half-crowns."

"What do I care for your half-crowns, forsooth!" said the wicked woman; "its not a dirty four half-crowns that 'll make me let you go, I can tell you, Miss thief."

"Oh Sally, Sally, tell me what will you have? and, if I can, I will give it you," cried the miserable child.

"Well, well," said Sally with a sneer, "rise up and dry your eyes, and in the first place let's see the half-crowns."

Away Emily ran and brought her treasured half-crowns, her birth-day present from her father! How proudly had they been received, how proudly kept; and *now*, how were they going? To buy the concealment of her guilt? Was the poor pleasure of eating bits of sugar or spoonfuls of jelly, or eating *any thing*, worth such a sacrifice?

Sally deliberately put the four half-crowns in her pocket, and then said, "now, you must give me some tea."

"Tea!" repeated the trembling Emily, "I have no tea."

"Havn't you the keys, you blockhead," said Sally, with a loud laugh; "havn't you the keys of the tea-box?"

"But, Sally, that is mamma's tea; I dare not take it to give to you."

"Oh ho," retorted Sally, "you've grown *honest* all of a sudden, have you, Miss? Very well, good bye t'ye; I'll go and tell your mamma this very moment what I found you doing." And she walked towards the door. Emily flew after her screaming,

"Oh, don't, don't tell mamma—Sally, I implore you do not."

"Will you be a rational good girl, then, and give me some tea? What do you make such a fuss about? it's no more than your mamma would do if she were up. She often gave me tea—ay, as much as a pound at a time—in a present."

"Did she, Sally?" said Emily, feeling that it was a lie the woman was telling, yet eager to believe any thing that made her own conduct appear less culpable. "Did she really?" repeated she.

"To be sure she did," said the wicked Sally, with the greatest effrontery: "Come, come," she added, "just give me the key and I'll take it, and then it will not be your doing, you know."

Emily's hand shook, and her conscience bitterly condemned her when she allowed Sally to take the keys with which her good kind mamma had entrusted her, and help herself to a quantity of tea, and sugar also. She did not dare to go to her mamma's bedside to bid her good bye, as usual. She laid down the keys on her table, and slunk out of the room. All day at school she was more utterly wretched than I can describe; and many, many were the repentant resolutions she formed, never never, while she breathed, to be guilty of even the smallest theft. Her thoughts were not upon her lessons, so that all went wrong, and every one of her masters was angry with her.

She had medals both in the French and grammar classes, and had kept them for more than a week, but that day she lost them both. She came home miserable, dejected, and humiliated. At the door she was met by Sally—she started back with horror and disgust from her—but Sally was all smiles, and whispering to her she said, "Look in the little press in your own room, and see what I have put there for you."

When Emily went to her room and looked into the cupboard, she found a very nice large apple tart. Now, Emily's mamma had most strictly forbidden her ever to accept of sweet things, or eatables of any sort, from the servants. This order she had hitherto strictly obeyed, but, alas! when we commit one fault, who can tell where we shall end? Had she thought but for one moment, she would have seen that to accept of presents of this sort from Sally, was to put herself more and more in that wicked woman's power, and must make it more and more impossible for herself to keep the good resolutions she had formed of never again being dishonest.

Too late did she find that this was true, for no sooner had she gone into the parlour next morning to get ready her papa's breakfast, than Sally followed her, and shutting the door, told her that she must have some coffee, and a glass or two of brandy for a sick cousin. Emily was quite unprepared for this renewal of Sally's demands—for, like a poor inexperienced child, as she was, she had supposed that the four half-crowns and the tea and sugar of the day before had for ever satisfied and silenced her. Poor little girl! she burst into tears, and begged and implored she would not oblige her to steal any more. Sally only tossed her head, and said, "Oh, very well, Miss; since that's the way of it, I'll just up to your mamma, and tell her what you have done already. There was no word of all this mighty honesty when you were eating the tart I made with the sugar you gave me yesterday. I put every grain of it into that tart—but to be sure I doesn't need to care about it. You may just do as you please."

"Oh," thought Emily, "that I had never never been dishonest, and then I never could have been so miserable!"

She laid her face in her hands and sobbed. Sally left the room, and Emily heard her go up the stairs that led to her mamma's apartment; and unable to endure the agonising thought that she had gone to tell upon her, she flew up the stairs, and beckoning to her, she whispered she would give her what she wanted. Alas, alas, if instead of thus weakly yielding to the fear of her mamma's just displeasure for what was past, she had gone at once to her room, and throwing herself into that dear mother's arms, confessed all to her—oh, how very different would the evil have been! No doubt, a papa or a mamma's displeasure is very sad to bear. The fear of losing their good opinion is a dreadful thing; but, my dear little readers, try—oh try—always to remember how much better and easier confession is when you are at the *beginning* of your faults, than it can ever be again; and that a sincere confession will always bring half forgiveness with it. So well does every good parent know the value of a habit of sincerity in their children, that a *great* fault *confessed* will always be more readily forgiven than a *small* one *concealed*.

Thus it went on, however, for Emily had no one to advise or direct her, and from day to day Sally increased her demands—always taking care at the same time to pamper the poor child's appetite for sweets, and Emily always eating what was offered her, though her conscience all the while upbraided her. At length one morning Sally told her she must leave the keys with her, instead of putting them into her mamma's room before she went to school.

"Oh, Sally," cried Emily, "how can I do that? You know mamma would notice if I did not lay them down on the table as usual."

"Oh pho, no fear; you know your mamma's curtains are always shut; so all you have to do is just to jingle the keys on the table as if you were laying them down, and then fetch them away in your hand. I'm not going to do any harm with the keys; it's only in case any thing is wanted when you're out; it is so strange to say I never have the keys; I always had the whole keys, I can tell you, in my last place."

"I cannot do it, Sally; indeed, indeed, I cannot," said Emily imploringly.

"Well, well, just as you please. I have a fine large pot of sweetmeats I got in a present, and I meant to give it to you; but if so be you won't do that much for me, I'll keep them to myself."

"What sort of sweetmeats, Sally?"

"Fine West India sweetmeats, to be sure."

"And how big is the pot?" said Emily, looking wistfully.

"As big as that," said Sally, holding up her two hands.

"Oh dear me, I would like to taste them! Are they very nice, Sally?"

"Nice! You never tasted any thing so nice al your life. Nice indeed! And I meant to have given you the whole pot just to yourself; but I won't do it now, since you won't do what I'm sure is no favour to me; for what's the use of the keys to me? but only for your mamma's credit I wished to have them, because all other people's servants just quite laugh at her for her scrubbishness, when they see that I have not the keys to keep." The sound of Mr Ascott's footsteps approaching the parlour put an end to Miss Sally's oration, and set her off like shot at another door.

I said at the beginning of my story that greed of sweets, or greed of any thing, was a great misfortune; so it proved to Emily. All day the thought of this pot of West India sweetmeats pictured it to her imagination so large and so large, and so good and so sweet, and so delightful! And must she lose it, only for not leaving the keys with Sally, who said she wanted nothing with them—no harm would be done to mamma by leaving them, surely? Conscience cried out, "Sally wants the keys that she may steal your papa and mamma's property," but Emily tried not to hear the voice of this disagreeable friend, who *always* tells us when we are wrong.

Next morning Sally renewed her entreaties her coax-

ings, and her threatenings, for the keys; and Emily, now shall I tell it, Emily was so base as consent to deceive and cheat her dear good mamma, who was too sick to notice any thing, by jingling the keys on the table at the side of her bed-curtain, and then taking them away to the detestable woman who was thus leading her to ruin. Her hands trembled and her knees shook. At the door she would have turned back and laid them down again, but her enemy was there on the watch, and seizing hold of her, prevented the unfortunate child obeying this suggestion of the good Spirit.

She went away to school, dejected and miserable at what she had done. Instead of thinking with any pleasure on her dearly purchased pot of sweetmeats, she loathed the very thoughts of it. Again she got into disgrace at school, and she returned home wretched and discontented. Sally was waiting for her, as she said, to give her back the keys, and she did so with an assurance that not a place nor a press had she opened while Emily was away. This was some comfort to the miserable child, and she tried to forget that that made no difference in her criminal deceitfulness to her mother.

Time went on, and poor Emily was a very unhappy child. The loads of sweets with which the wicked Sally kept her supplied, and which she, poor infatuated little creature, always ate, kept her stomach constantly uneasy, and undermined her health. She lived in constant dread of detection. If any one came suddenly into the room, or she heard a hasty foot approach her, she would start and tremble, always thinking they came to say her tricks were found out.

Her papa and mamma were afflicted at the change on their once healthy and happy child. Mrs Ascott was still unable to leave her bed, and after a consultation, they resolved to ask Mr Ascott's sister Anne to come and take charge of the house and of Emily. She had formerly been very fond of her aunt Anne, and her papa and mamma were astonished to observe how little pleasure she seemed to feel when told that her good kind aunt was coming to visit them, but my little readers can guess why it was any thing but pleasant to Emily.

The very day after Miss Ascott came, Emily's papa asked some friends to dine with him. Mrs Ascott told Emily to give her aunt the keys, and show her the plate-chest, that she might give out some trays and other silver things which would be required. When Miss Ascott opened the chest, there were no silver trays there; little or nothing in it. "What is the reason of that? Is there any other place in which the plate is ever kept?" said she to Emily, who was standing by. "Not that I know of, aunt," said Emily, looking to John, the footboy, who was waiting for the things. "If you please ma'am," said he, "I saw my mistress put all the silver, saving what we uses every day, in here, just two days afore she was taken ill; they were never out since as I knows of." "Nor me either," said Emily; "I never had the chest open, and I never saw them out."

"It is very extraordinary indeed," said Miss Ascott, "but we must look elsewhere;" so saying, she opened the sideboard, and from it she went to every other place where it was possible such things could be, but in vain; not an article of the sort could be found. Miss Ascott felt much alarmed; but, unwilling to disturb Mrs Ascott, she sent for her brother. While they waited on his coming, she said to Emily, "My dear child, are you sure that you were always careful of your mamma's keys when you had them? You never left them hanging in the locks when you went out?"

"Oh, no, never, I assure you, never," said Emily, reddening excessively.

"Or entrusted them to any other person?" said Miss Ascott, looking very hard at her. Emily grew as pale as death, and seemed as if she would have fainted; for at this question of her aunt's the whole truth flashed upon her mind, that Sally had stolen the plate the day she was so base as leave her mother's keys in her possession! She hesitated and faltered—what should she do? Tell the truth? At the thought of all the disgrace to which that would expose her, the blood rushed back to her face and neck, and her knees knocked together. A few months before, how impossible it would have been for her to utter the enormous falsehood which she now told in the vain hope that it would hide her other sins! "No, no, I never gave them to any body."

As she uttered this lie, her father entered the room, and she took advantage of the earnest conversation that followed, between her aunt and him, to slip out of the room unperceived.

She run, like a poor guilty thing as she was, up to her own room, and throwing herself upon her bed, she gave way to the most violent bursts of sobbing. It is impossible for any innocent child to conceive how very, very dreadful were her feelings. She now for the first time saw her guilt in its true colours—she was a thief and a liar—many many persons had been hanged for conduct less base than hers. Her father had been robbed, she heard him say as she left the dining-room, to the amount of L.200; and all this had arisen from her detestable greed of eating sweetmeats.

As she lay upon her bed agonising with bitter repentance, she was much surprised to hear her papa, accompanied by a strange coarse man, going up the garret stairs.

Her papa and the man went straight to the door of the room where Sally was, and finding it was bolted inside, they knocked.

"Who is there?" said Sally, in a sharp voice.

"Open this door instantly," said Mr Ascott.

"Oh, dear me, sir, is it you?—I'm sure I'm very sorry, but I cannot open the door just yet—for—for—I'm dressing, I'm dressing, sir."

"Open the door instantly—or I'll order it to be broken up," said Mr Ascott.

After a considerable bustle within, the door was opened. She heard her papa say, as he entered the room, "You are, no doubt, aware that a great quantity of silver plate has disappeared. I have got a warrant, and a king's officer to search every part of the house—the trunks of your fellow-servants have already been searched—you have I suppose, no objection that yours should be the same?"

"I don't care a snuff where you search," said Sally, in an insolent tone.

"I'll thank you for your keys, mistress," said the officer.

"I've no keys to give you," answered Sally. "I'm none of your thieves that has any thing to hide under locks and keys—no, no, my places is all open, search where you please."

The officer sought all her boxes, and a chest of drawers that was in the room, but not a thing did he find. Sally, nothwithstanding Mr Ascott's presence, could not restrain her insolent triumph at this; but when the officer next approached her bed, to search it, she became quite outrageous—saying, "It was a shame to be heard of, any man being so impertinent as to meddle with *her* bed."

The officer was, I suppose, accustomed to be talked to in this manner, for he paid not the least attention, but coolly lifted up the bed-clothes, and then rolled up the mattress, shook it, and felt it in every direction. Under this there was another mattress, but when he attempted to raise it, he found it was firmly nailed to the bedstead round and round.

"That mattress," said Sally, "never was up since *I* came to the house. I found it as you see it—so it's no use searching there, I can tell you."

"We'll see what it's made of, any how," said the man drily—and he pulled out of the lappel of his coat a long steel needle, like what upholsterers use; and pushing it forcibly into the mattress, it instantly struck against something that sounded like metal. He immediately began with his pen-knife to rip open the mattress. Mr Ascott turned round at this moment to take a look of Sally, and saw her just whisking out at the door—he darted after her, and dragging her back again, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"You had better have let me go—you had better, for your own sake, Mr Ascott," cried she, almost choked with rage and agitation. I'll make you repent bringing me back—that I will."

Mr Ascott paid little attention to her threats—for now the officer had got the whole cover off the mattress, and there, nicely packed, lay, not only the silver trays, and other things, but a number of Mrs Ascott's finest damask tablecloths and napkins.

"How came these things here, can you tell me?" said Mr Ascott to Sally.

"Oh yes," replied she, with a grin of the most malignant defiance. "Since you are determined to know, I'll soon tell you: It was your own daughter Miss Emily that stole them, and gave them to me to keep for her, that she might dispose of them by degrees, as she needed the money."

"Hold your peace, detestable, lying wretch," said Mr Ascott, stamping his foot, "nor dare to utter such nefarious falsehoods of my child."

"Oh, you need not go into such a funk about it, and abuse me for a liar," said she, with the greatest audacity; "go to her room, and you'll find a dozen of empty pots of Indian sweetmeats she stole, as well as these things—and what's more, you will find the pawnbrokers receipts for the silver things that are not here, and the necklaces and trash she bought with the money."

Alas! my little readers, you already know that Emily was a guilty child, though far from so wicked as Sally made her appear; but the sweetmeat pots *were* found in her room, her father recognised them as part of a large box of preserves sent to him from the West Indies some time before, and the convicted Emily could not deny she had secretly eaten the contents of them; the necklace, too, and the pawnbroker's receipts, were found in her drawers.

You will easily guess that it was Sally who had put the receipts into her drawers, to make her appear more guilty than she really was. But it is the peculiar misfortune of liars not to be believed, even when they speak the truth. It was in vain that Emily wept and screamed at the very mention of such a thing as her stealing the plate and the table-linen; it was evident that she *had* been a thief, she could no longer deny it—she had also been a liar—she had betrayed her mother's trust—and no one, no, not even her fond father, the father that had almost idolised her, would believe her, or could look at her but with disgust and abhorrence.

At length she made a full and complete confession to her father of all that had taken place; told how she first was tempted to become dishonest, and how she fell under the power of the detestable Sally; and from the cowardly fear of confessing a little fault to her mother, was led step by step into such great wickedness, and such great misery. As I have already told in the story of "The First Lie," it is quite impossible for a little child to conceive the dreadful wretchedness of a parent's feelings, when forced to see that the darling, whose peace and welfare is the dearest object they have on earth, has, in spite of all their cares, become wicked and miserable and disgraced.

Emily was not a hardened child, and she felt as if every tear her father shed over her disgrace was a drop of scalding lead upon her own heart.

Sally was taken to prison, and soon after was tried for her life. In the open court she had the audacity to persist in saying that Emily assisted her to steal the silver plate, and that the necklace and other toys were what she received as her share. It is not easy, however, for a person to persist in a falsehood in a court of law, amongst people accustomed to examine criminals, without contradicting themselves so much as to show that it is a falsehood. And this, added to the evidence of the other servants of the house, who had been observing more than Sally was aware of, made it evident that poor Emily was innocent of all knowledge of the use the wicked woman made of the keys. But only fancy to yourselves what you would feel to be exposed in a court of law, amongst such a crowd of strangers as Emily was! and obliged to hear it told over and over again, how she had thieved, told lies, and deceived her parents. If you can form any idea of her agony, let it be a warning to you—never forget, and try to remember it, when you are tempted to commit your "First Theft," try to remember, that when you have once entered ever so little on the crooked path of dishonesty, it is utterly impossible to tell how far it may lead you, or in what miseries it may land you.

When Emily lay down that night on her sleepless bed, she thought her punishment was full—she little knew what was yet in store for her! Mr Ascott had tried to keep all that had happened a secret from Mrs Ascott, dreading the bad effect the agitation might have upon her health.

At last, however, it became impossible to conceal it, for she saw something was wrong, and insisted on being told what it was. He tried to make Emily's conduct appear as little disgraceful as possible; but when she learned even his account of it, and that Emily had been in a court of law, she could not stand it—she fainted again and again. A new attack of her disorder came on, and in a week after, Emily saw a band of sad mourners, with her almost distracted father at their head, move away from the door, bearing to the grave the blessed and the lovely mother she loved so fondly, whom she could have died to save, and yet whom her conscience told her she had murdered.

Years have passed since that sad day, and Emily still lives to mourn over it. It is by her own request I have written this her sad story for you, my little friends—and she bids me tell you, that there was one mistaken idea she had, which was in a great degree the cause of all her sins and sorrows. She thought that if it was only things of no great value she stole, that it was but a *little sin*. This is indeed a very mistaken idea. It is not said, "Thou shalt not steal any thing *valuable*," but simply, "Thou shalt not steal,"—and the *smallest* theft we can commit is as much a breaking of this law as could be the very *greatest*, particularly in children of your rank, who have not the excuse too many poor little criminals have, that they are driven to it by starvation, bad advice, and bad example.

CURLING.

Curling is a game of great antiquity and popularity in the southern part of Scotland. It is a winter game, and, when the ground becomes covered with snow, and the brooks are frozen, usually supersedes all other out-of-door amusements. The game, in its principles, resembles that of golf. It is played by a party forming rival sides, each individual being possessed of a circular stone, of about nine inches in diameter, flat and smooth on the under side, and, on the upper, having a handle, fixed to the stone. Each player is likewise armed with a broom, to sweep the ice, in order to accelerate the progress of the stones; and his feet are ordinarily furnished with trampets, or crampets, which help to steady him in taking his aim. A large long open space of ice, called a *rink*, being cleared, and a mark or *tee* being made at each end to play to, the contest takes place, by each person hurling his stone towards the opposite end of the rink. A certain number being the game, the object of each side is, which will have the greatest number of stones nearest the tee; and all play from end to end alternately, till this is ascertained. To hurl these stones with precision, in this species of sport, is exceedingly difficult; much depending on the keenness of the frost, the tone of the ice, and the truth of the stone. Sometimes the very best and oldest players are baffled by beginners, simply by their curling-stones having taken a bias to one side or another; and frequently, after the best players have placed their stones in a cluster round the tee, one rapid shot from an antagonist will disperse the whole in all directions round. Occasionally, it also happens, that, in hurling, the stones come far short of the mark; but if they do not get beyond a line, called the *hogg score*, they are dragged aside, and are not counted. A more than usually extensive match is called a *bonspiel*.

Such is a meagre outline of the game of curling, which, all over the west and south of Scotland during the keen frosty days of winter, engages all classes of persons in its exciting sport. Parish contends against parish, county against county, club against club, in universal mirthful rivalry. So keenly is the game pursued, that, in many places where there are no natural brooks, artificial ponds are formed at the approach of winter, for the purpose of being frozen. At Edinburgh, where there are neither rivers nor ponds, the inhabitants resort for the amusement of curling, as well as skating, to the adjacent beautiful small lake at Duddingstone, lying at the south-eastern base of Arthur's Seat. Here a most animated scene is exhibited during the period that the waters of the lake are frozen. Numbers of rinks are cleared, at which may be seen playing together persons in almost every shade of society—professors of the university, clergymen, private gentlemen, merchants, tradesmen, and artizans—all meeting on a common level, and engaged in the same spirit-stirring pursuit; for in curling

there is no aristocracy of feeling, and so, for the time, a universal saturnalia prevails. The game of curling is eulogised by more than one Scottish poet, particularly by Grahame, who thus commences a description of the sport:—

"Now rival parishes, and shrievedoms, keep,
On upland lochs, the long-expected tryst,
To play their yearly bonspiel. Aged men,
Smit with the eagerness of youth, are there,
While love of conquests lights their beamless eyes,
New-nerves their arms, and makes them young once more."

In Mr M'Diarmid's "Sketches of Nature," we find the following spirited account of this delightful winter game:—

"The time is not distant when the game of curling was little known out of Scotland, or even within it, benorth the Forth. But the taste for this manly sport has increased greatly of late years; and in various parts of England, as well as of America, the broom and the channel-stone are put in requisition with the same regularity that winter comes round. In the course of last year, several hundred pairs of stones were exported to Canada; and it may be worthy of remark, that the best material for the manufacture of these is found at Ailsa Crag—one of the most remarkable rocks in the world—and particularly on the side of it facing Girvan. To fashion and balance the stones properly requires a very good workman, and the few that are known to excel in the art have great reason to be satisfied with their earnings.

In the whole range of rural sports, I know nothing more exhilarating than a *spiel* on the ice, where the players are numerous and well matched—the stakes a dinner of beef and greens—and the forfeit the honour of rival parishes. Whether we mingle with the eager throng, or perambulate the banks of the frozen lake, on the principle that 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' the scene abounds with points of interest, that might well afford scope for the pencil of a Wilkie, or the pen of a Scott. First, we have the icy arena itself, scooped at the bottom of some quiet vale, fringed with reeds, from which the wild duck rises whirring on the wing, and skirted with alders, whose beautifully feathered and fantastic tops seem even more engaging than when nursed into foliage by the beams of May. All around is blank and dreary—the snowflake freezes as fast as it falls—the sun seems level with the horizon's verge—the hills make the spectator cold to look at them—and every thing, in one word, conspires to complete the picture of a winter's day. But the courage of men bent on the favourite amusement of curling is not easily damped by the inclemency of the elements; on the contrary, their spirits seem to mount as the thermometer falls, and nothing pleases them more than a feeding storm, and, along with that, the prospect of a long lease of 'their roaring play.' Arrived at the scene of action, all is bustle and animation, till the stones have been distributed, assorted, claimed—rinks measured, tramps fastened, tees fixed, and the order of battle completely arranged; and as these preliminaries are speedily settled, to it the parties set with all the anxiety of those who contend for a much higher prize. Lots, perhaps, are cast for the first shot, and the greatest novice invited to deliver the first stone; and should his arm lack the proper pith, that instant a dozen brooms are raised to help the laggard over the *hogg score*. A second, a third, a fourth succeeds, and so on, till the line stretches a tolerable length, though not by any means to the 'crack of doom;' and each man is warned by his respective friends to plant, if possible, an excellent guard—dislodge this stone and cover that—open up one port, and close another—play soft or strong, outside or inside, as the occasion may require—and steer as closely by the signal broom, as the mariner, when warned by similar devices, threads his watery way through sand-banks and shallows.

As the animating sport deepens, it is amusing to contrast the bustle that obtains in one little spot with the stillness that broods over the external world; while the hills above are silent and dark, the shining lake below is instinct with life, and resounds with sounds of mirth and glee, which, borne along on the elastic air, invade the solemn loneliness that reigns around, till echo itself takes up the tale, and repeats in broken fragments the curler's vocabulary. At length, as the more veteran players advance to decide by their skill the fate of the *side*, the interest becomes intense, and gives rise to so many calculations of what is to be done and what avoided, such bustling to and fro, as must appear a perfect mystery to the uninitiated. The last wary shot booms athwart the ice as if impelled by magic, and while every port, to an onlooker, seems closed, finds its way under the guidance of a powerful arm and steady eye, through passages rivalling the intricacy of the walls of Troy. Then follow the shout of victory and the murmur of defeat, till the contest is renewed under the mingled emotions of hope and fear—the vanquished trusting that the tables will be turned, and the conquerors confident they will remain the same. At this stage of the business, which may be aptly enough described as act the first of the curling drama, rations of bread and cheese are handed round—appliances which custom renders needful; and when the combatants, while flapping their benumbed hands, feel their stomachs warmed and their strength recruited, to work again they set with fresh vigour, the one party bent on recovering the ground they unfortunately lost, and the other determined to retain the laurels they have already won. In a trice the eager players are marshalled, and the broom put in requisition as before; again, the stones boom away and away, meandering here, meeting there, and whirling from the cold ice like the urchin's top at school; again shot succeeds shot, and port follows port, until the conclusion of the *hog-pool*, or the approach of evening proclaims that it is time the sport should surcease, and the combatants wend their way to the nearest *clachan*, to enjoy their favourite feast of beef and greens. And now the scene changes entirely, though, as the savoury viands load the board, all feel the effects of the keen mountain air, and make so good a use of their time while the opportunity serves, that the business of eating becomes nearly as noisy as the business of play; rounds of corn-beef, flaggons of home-brewed, disappear with a rapidity that is truly astonishing, and of which no adequate conception can be formed by persons whose appetites were never whetted by a day on the ice.

Previous to the discovery of Professor Leslie, there are few, I suspect, who would have credited the possibility of ice being generated in a common room, heated to the temperature of 65 deg., by means of an apparatus so simple and portable, that the spectator sees unfolded, step by step, the beautiful process of crystallization, from the first projection of a series of spikes (hardly more tangible than the tiny cable with which the moor spider moors his web to a tuft of heather), till the gradual consolidation of the watery surface. Who, within the last twelve months, could have supposed it possible that curling could be conducted on scientific principles, by economising not caloric but cold, or rather turning it to the best account. Yet the thing has been done, and the lovers of that ancient sport, by submitting to a very trifling expense, may in some measure render themselves independent of the elements. The merit of this discovery belongs to Mr John Carnie of Largs, who three years ago succeeded in forming a curling rink weeks before the ice would bear in any other quarter, within eighty yards of the sea-coast, and so near the smoke of his own kitchen, that he could tell, by casting his eyes in the proper direction, every time the cook mended the fire. A circumstance so novel was not only bruited abroad in Ayrshire, but even reached the town of Dumfries, and was shortly noticed in one of the journals of that town.

In forming an artificial curling rink, the first thing to be done is to select a suitable piece of ground, levelling and freeing it from grass and weeds; the bottom must then be lined with clay, to prevent any material absorption of water. A little lime mixed with the clay has the effect of killing and checking the mining operations of worms; and in the absence of lime, a small quantity of coal-tar spread on the surface will serve the very same purpose. The walls, so to speak, of the rink, and which need not be above five inches in height, are formed in the same manner as the bottom, with this exception, that the clay is sloped and covered with a thick layer of turf, to prevent the sides and ends from being broken. The rink originally formed by Mr Carnie is 44 yards long by 7 yards broad; but if he had the work to do over again, he would enlarge its dimensions to 60 yards by 11. The additional space would afford scope for two rinks, and the ice, however thin, is found so true and keen, that the player requires 'room and verge enough.' Little more than a hundred carts of clay completed the pond formed at Largs, and this was the principal item of expense. Now, in ordinary circumstances, a few neighbouring heritors or farmers, by sending their carts to the clay hole in the morning, might have a pond ready to curl on at night. Farm-servants in winter are often half idle, and the whole outlay in such a case would be a few bottles of whisky to the men. And the pond or rink once formed, nothing is more easy than to cover with water. To produce ice to the thickness, let us say, of a quarter of an inch, on such an area as is described above, about five hundred gallons of water will suffice; but where haste is required, the fourth part of the quantity will be found sufficient, and may be applied by two men in the course of an hour, who of course find it no great hardship to walk backward and forward, and sprinkle the surface with the roses of watering-pans. The water freezes as fast as it falls, and many coatings of ice will be formed before the men have completed their task, and within the time just specified. Where the water is deep, and the resistance slight, successive nights of frost must occur before the curler dare trust himself on the icy platform; but for this Mr Carnie has discovered a remedy. As the bottom of his pond is firm and hard, it becomes, as it were, a *table of ice*, and that too when the thermometer merely oscillates at the freezing point; and I can compare his operations to nothing more apt than a gilder silverising a huge mirror or plate of glass. The thought was happy—the idea most ingenious; and in all probability, before many years elapse, rinks similar to the one at Largs will be formed in every district where curling is known. During many seasons we have no abiding frost; in others almost none at all; and even under the most favourable circumstances, a company of curlers must often ascend hills and traverse moors in search of a proper arena for their favourite spot. Thanks, therefore, to the man who has taught us to scoop a curling rink with the same certainty that we level a bowling green, and obviated all the accidents of drowning and drenching that sometimes occur on those lochs which are as deep in the middle, if not at the sides, as the hills around them are savage and high.

During the summer or autumn of the present year, Mr Carnie improved his curling rink greatly. After two years' experience, he found an objection arising from weeds and worms; and to obviate this, he employed workmen to stick a number of small stones into the clay; over these a roller was drawn repeatedly, and the mass, when thus consolidated, became nearly as firm and hard as a road thoroughly macadamised. Not contented with this, he spread a mixture of lime and sand over the clay to the depth of an inch and a half or more, levelling the surface with the roller as before; and if a barrel or two of Roman cement were superadded, or even used as a substitute for the sand, the inventor is of opinion that the pond would remain perfect for many years without requiring the slightest repair. But for ordinary purposes, a mass of well-levelled clay, sprinkled with lime, with sides and ends a few inches high, is quite sufficient; and though it may suffer from worms and the vicissitudes of weather, a very little care will put every thing to rights on the recurrence of winter. To prevent the ice from being cut up with tramps, Mr Carnie places at the ends of the rinks moveable pieces of sheet iron, frosted both below and above, and by means of this simple device the curler obtains an excellent rest for his feet, and stands not only firm, but *low*. Tramps elevate the player too much, and every body knows that the nearer the curler stands to the ice, he is the more likely to make his shot effectual. Independently of this, the tramps disfigure the ice by throwing up dirt, and are now dispensed with where curling is practised on the most approved principles."

WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

OHIO.

Leaving Western Pennsylvania, with its hilly regions, its coal and iron mines, and its flourishing town of Pittsburg, the next district which comes under the notice of the emigrant is that of Ohio. The length of this state is 210 miles, and its mean breadth 200, and altogether containing 25,000,000 of acres, with a population which in 1830 amounted to nearly 940,000. It is bounded on the north by the territory of Michigan, and Lake Erie (which separates it from Upper Canada); on the east by Pennsylvania; on the south-east by Virginia, from which it is separated by the Ohio river; on the south also by the Ohio river, which separates it from Virginia and Kentucky; and on the west it has Indiana.

There is probably nowhere in the world a body of land of the same extent of which a greater proportion is susceptible of cultivation. It may be considered a surface of table or high flat land sloping in one direction towards the Ohio, and in the other towards Lake Erie. The northern belt has great tracts of wet and marshy soil. They are, however, excellent, and in positions that render them easy to be drained. They are covered with forests, and, when cleared and drained, will not make the least valuable part of the state. There are extensive bodies of land heavily timbered, in a state of nature, which are as level as prairies. The most fertile part of the state is between the two Miamies. On the upper courses of these rivers, and on the Muskingam and Scioto rivers, are rich and extensive prairies, a great proportion of which is susceptible of cultivation. On the whole wide surface of the state there is scarcely any land so hilly, sterile, or marshy, as, with moderate labour, may not be subdued and cultivated. The whole region seems to have invited a hardy and numerous body of freeholders to select themselves moderate and nearly equal-sized farms, and to intersperse them over the surface. There are vast tracts of the country of an alluvial nature, and therefore of a rich quality. The soil generally is very productive. To be able to judge of the extent and power of vegetation, one must reside in the state through the summer, and observe with what luxuriance and rapidity the vegetable creation is pushed on; how rapidly the vines, grain, and fruits grow; and what a depth of verdure the forests assume. Indian corn is the staple of the grains, and is nowhere raised more easily or in greater abundance. On rich alluvial soils 110 bushels have been produced from an acre, though fifty may be considered an average crop. The state generally has a fine soil for wheat. Rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, and all the grains, are raised in great abundance and perfection. Melons, squashes, pumpkins, potatoes, and all kinds of kitchen vegetables, are raised in great perfection. Apples and most kinds of fruits, as peaches, cherries, gooseberries, and grapes, can be produced in abundance. From the fulness and richness of the clusters of cultivated grapes, it is clear that this ought to be a country of vineyards. The gardens are among the finest in America, but agricultural improvement still proceeds at a slow pace.

The Ohio state lies between the 38th and 41st degree of north latitude, and its climate corresponds to this genial situation, except where modified by local peculiarities. The climate along the immediate valley of the Ohio is more equable and temperate than in the middle and table lands of the state. The mean temperature generally is found to be 53° of the thermometer. The prevalent and warm winds are those that blow up the valley of the Mississippi. The northern breezes come charged with the cold of Canada and the lakes. In that part of the state that slopes to the south, the snow neither falls deep nor lies long, but in the district that slopes towards the lakes, there are deep and durable snows, and sleighing and sledding are practicable for a considerable length of time. It is a great inconvenience in this climate that the transitions from cold to heat, and heat to cold, are frequent and violent. Yet winter is oftentimes mild, and can scarcely be said to be more than a prolongation of autumn. The summers are usually hot, but the autumns are almost uniformly temperate, dry, and beautiful, and they cannot be exceeded for health and pleasantness. Nowhere in the world is the grand autumnal painting of the forests, in the decay of vegetation, seen in more beauty than in the beech forests of Ohio. The richness of the fading colours, and the effects of the mingling hues, baffle all description. A great farming

community, like that of Ohio, could scarcely desire a better climate for themselves, their cattle, and stock of all kinds, or one in which a man can work abroad with comfort a greater number of days in the year.

This state derives its name from the noble and beautiful river Ohio, which bounds it on its eastern confines. In a former article, we mentioned that the Ohio river was formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela at Pittsburg. The Alleghany, which rises in the state of Pennsylvania, is the most important tributary of the Ohio. It has a swift sweeping current, and often a rocky bottom, and is considered to be dangerous in its navigation. Monongahela rises in Virginia, and flows in a north-west direction to Pittsburg, where it is more than four hundred yards wide. It traverses a rich and well-settled country, noted for its whisky, flour, iron, and manufactures. The banks are often bold and high bluffs, and in some places the country is hilly. In good stages of the water, it is navigable by large boats a hundred miles from its mouth. There are few more rural, picturesque, and delightful tracts of country in the United States, than that on this river. The Ohio, at the union of these streams, is above six hundred yards wide, or about a third wider than the Thames at its broadest part in London. From its commencement, the Ohio affords most delightful prospects, and, at the distance of every few miles, rivers of a romantic and beautiful character flow into it as lateral canals. The lands on its margin are of extraordinary fertility, generally high and dry, and for the most part healthy, while the configuration of the country around has all that grandeur, softness, or variety, in such combinations as to destroy a monotonous effect. For thirty miles below Pittsburg, its course is north-west. It then slowly turns to the west-south-west, and pursues that general direction five hundred miles—thence south-west a hundred and seventy miles—thence westward two hundred and eighty miles—thence south-west a hundred and seventy miles, through a low and swampy country, to its junction with the Mississippi. Between Pittsburg and its mouth it is diversified with a hundred considerable islands, some of which are of exquisite beauty, and afford most lovely situations for retired farms. With respect to the rapidity of the current of the Ohio, it is found, according to the different stages of the water, to vary between one and three miles an hour. In the lowest stages of the water, in autumn, a floating substance would probably not advance a mile in the hour. The river is liable to extreme elevations and depressions. The average range between high and low water is fifty feet. Its lowest stage is in September, and its highest in March. But it is subject to sudden and very considerable rises through the year, and has been known to rise twelve feet in a night. When these sudden elevations take place, at the breaking up of the ice a scene of desolation sometimes occurs, and boats and every thing in its course are carried away by the accumulated power of the ice and water. The smallness of the declivity of this river is remarkable. At Cincinnati, a town on its banks, immediately to be noticed, the surface of the river at low water is supposed to be no more than a hundred and thirty feet below the level of Lake Erie, and four hundred and thirty above that of the tide water of the Atlantic.

Some of the other rivers in the state of Ohio are considerable. The following are the most important: the Muskingam, Great Keuhawa, Scioto, Great Miami, Kentucky, Wabash, Cumberland, and Tennessee, all of which are navigable in moderate or high stages of their waters, for considerable distances. The Little Miami, another stream in the state, is not of much importance for navigation; but from the fertility of the lands on its borders, and its numerous mill-seats, it is a river of great utility. There are nearly fifty mills upon it; some of them mills for the manufacture of paper. The country between the Great and Little Miami is generally finely watered, healthy, pleasant, and fertile, and may be considered the garden of the state. The Ohio is the general recipient of these important rivers, and points on their banks may be reached by the steam and other boats departing from Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

The state of Ohio, more populous than the others in the west, has taken precedence of all the rest in manufactures. Cotton yarn, cloth, and woollen goods, are already manufactured to a considerable extent; Cincinnati being the principal seat of this spirit of industry, but Steubenville, Zanesville, Chillicothe, Dayton, and many other rising and promising towns commencing in a similar career of prosperity. Wheeling, a flourishing town, within the limits of Virginia state, is situated on the left bank of the Ohio below Steubenville. Cincinnati, which the emigrant will most likely find occasion to visit, for the furtherance of his views either as to agriculture or trade, is situated on the north shore of the Ohio, in the south-west angle of the state, of which it is the chief town. Its position is a beautiful vale of twelve miles in circumference, created by an elliptical sweep of the Ohio hills. Those of them that have not been laid bare by the axe are beautifully wooded to their summits; and, by the swell and indentation of their waving outline, present the most graceful and charming forms. From the summit of any of these hills, the town spreads a panoramic map of exquisite painting. The eye traces every street, with its smokes, fixtures, and moving life, from which all the roughness of inception, softened by distance, disappears. The noble establishments, the handsome mansions, the extending masses of buildings, the numerous manufactures propelling their columns of black smoke aloft, the boat-yards, the bustling inhabitants with the hundred teams and drays, the Ohio wending along the southern limit, and itself enlivened by passing crafts and stately steam-boats rounding to the shore, or departing from it, the villages of Newport and Covington with their showy houses and manufactures on the Kentucky bank of the Ohio, taken together, offer such a picture of beauty, wealth, progress, and fresh advance, as few landscapes in any country can surpass.

A more eligible position for a town can scarcely be imagined. The chief area consists of two parallel plains, the one elevated sixty feet above the other, and descending to it by a gentle and graduated slope, affording admirable facilities for washing the town by every considerable rain, and sloping it to the eye in the graceful form of an amphitheatre, and at the same time furnishing it with every pleasing variety of sites for building. Seven of the streets are sixty-six feet wide, and 396 apart, intersected by streets of the same width and distance at right angles. One entire square, and the fraction of another, are reserved in central parts of the city for public buildings. The city buildings cover an irregular area nearest the form of a parallelogram. The central parts are compactly built with houses and stores, that would ornament any town.

There are many excellent stores on Fort and Main Streets, and the eye is arrested by many beautiful private habitations. Architectural taste is daily becoming more enlightened and agreeable. The dull red of the brick walls is giving way to more pleasing shades between white and green; and a beautiful stucco, imitating marble and granite, is getting into fashion. The number of substantial buildings added annually to the city for three years past, averages 450. Cincinnati has already become a great manufacturing town, and is constantly becoming more so. Our limits preclude details; but all the substantial manufactures known in America are carried on to a greater or less extent. The manufactures in iron are very great, particularly in the article of heavy castings, and all sorts of machinery driven by steam. Of such establishments there are nine or ten, and some of them on a great scale. The next most extensive article is cabinet-work. Steam-boat building, and the making of hats, are also pursued to a great extent. It is believed that the city contains at least forty different manufacturing establishments driven by steam power. Being the importing and exporting depôt for more than a million of inhabitants, this city transacts an immense business, particularly in the retailing and manufacturing line. The imports, in which dry goods are the principal item, exceed five millions of dollars. The amount of exports, consisting of the various articles of produce, of which pork is the chief, and of manufactures, of which iron articles and cabinet-furniture are the chief, probably exceed the imports. No town of its size in the United States produces a more respectable show of all the different classes of mechanics, arranged under their respective standards, on the 4th of July, the anniversary of American independence. One hundred and eleven steam-boats have been built here, at the rate of about fifteen every year for the last three years. The city revenue of 1831 amounted to 35,231 dollars, and the expenditure 33,858.

In Cincinnati there are two banks, a savings bank, several native insurance companies, many associations of different kinds, and a great number of excellent schools. The town publishes three daily, two twice a-week, and six weekly newspapers, of which four are religious. There are also various of the larger description of periodicals. Although first established in 1789, this town did not properly commence till 1808, since which period its increase has been regular and rapid: in 1813, it had a population of only 4000; and at present it numbers about 30,000 inhabitants, composed of emigrants from most parts of the Union, and from European countries, especially Great Britain. By the course of the river, Cincinnati is situated 455 miles from Pittsburg, and 405 from the Mississippi. From New Orleans it is 860 miles, from St Louis on the Mississippi 350 miles, and from New York, by way of the Erie and New York canal (the route by which emigrants from this country ought to proceed) 850 miles.

The state of Ohio has a number of other towns rising into importance, either from their situation, or trading and manufacturing capabilities. Columbus is the capital of the state, and stands at very nearly the centre of it, on the east bank of the Scioto river. Steubenville, on the west bank of the Ohio, thirty-eight miles north-west from Pittsburg, is yearly increasing. It is surrounded by a rich and populous country, and contains three churches, an academy, a woollen factory, a steam paper-mill, a flour-mill, and cotton-factory; besides two printing offices, two banks, twenty-seven mercantile stores, sixteen public inns, and various useful establishments. It now contains about 3000 inhabitants. Zanesville, situated on the east bank of the Muskingam, also possesses various manufacturing establishments. Chillicothe, on the Scioto, is another neat town of a similar character. Marietta, Lancaster, Galliopolis, Portsmouth, Circleville, Dayton, Lebanon, and Sandusky, on Lake Erie, with many other towns of lesser note, are likewise gradually and steadily advancing in size and prosperity. The banks of the Ohio, says our authority, are destined shortly to become a continued village.

The state is now greatly improved by its system of canals. The grand canal, connecting Lake Erie and the Ohio, passes nearly through the centre of the state, from Cleaveland on the lake, to Portsmouth on the Ohio, a distance of 306 miles. Many lateral canals are also constructed, and others are in progress. The wonderful work of uniting the Canadian lakes with the Ohio, and consequently the Mississippi, and Gulf of Mexico, has imparted a new aspect to the country through which it passes, and has in many places quadrupled the land in value. In whatever aspect we contemplate the extensive state of Ohio, the mind is affected with surprise and pleasure. The history of colonies affords no similar example of a settlement of equal numbers, improvement, and prosperity, so rapidly springing from a solid forest wilderness, with no adventitious aid, no forcing or patronage; nothing except the fertility of the land, the freedom of the institutions, and the enterprising character of the American people.*

ALGIERS.

Algiers, a Mahommedan country on the north of Africa, was long notorious as a piratical state. For almost two hundred years, its government afforded the shelter of its port and flag to the robbers of all nations who chose to make that the depositary of their plunder. It was repeatedly chastised, its fleets destroyed, and its town burnt to the ground, by the European nations who smarted under the annoyance of its petty system of sea-robbery; yet the government recurred always to its former practices, and gave encouragement to every adventurer or renegade who could bring capital sufficient to fit out a new pirate ship, and was able to find a crew of desperadoes to man her. This system was begun in the early part of the sixteenth century, when Algiers, being threatened with subjugation by Spain, was forced to call to her assistance a famous pirate of those days, called Barbarossa. This man defeated the Spaniards, but soon afterwards murdered the prince who had invited his aid, and occupied the throne of Algiers in his place. He extended his dominions in Africa, and made the flag of Algiers an ensign of war and piracy against all Christian nations. His brother Hayraddin, who succeeded him, fortified the town in a strong manner, in which work he employed 30,000 Christian slaves.

The loss caused to the trade of the Mediterranean by these pirates was so great, that Charles the Fifth fitted out an expedition of 30,000 men, with 140 ships, against them (1541). The whole armament was, however, destroyed or broken up by a storm almost immediately on landing, and the Algerines escaped without harm. The next attempt to put them down was by the French in 1617, who sent Admiral Beaulieu with a fleet of fifty sail against the place: he was able, however, to effect nothing decisive. The same result happened to the English under Admiral Mansel, in 1620. The Venetian commander Capello, and the French under Du Quesne (1682), gave them severe lessons, and almost annihilated their marine, but were not able to prevent their resuming their depredations as soon as they could again collect arms and ships. In latter times the expedition of Lord Exmouth, who reduced the town and its fleets to ashes, must be fresh in every one's recollection. Still they were not to be tamed; in truth, the place subsisted only by plunder, and had no prospect of trade or profits without it; it was, moreover, a convenient resort for unprincipled men from all quarters, who wished to carry on the practice of piracy. When one swarm of vermin was destroyed, another immediately occupied a place so well fitted for their purposes, and where they were received with open arms by the authorities.

These circumstances at last determined the powers of Europe to adopt a new course, which it was left to France to put in operation. This power fitted out an armament in 1829, not only to chastise the Algerine government, but to take permanent possession of the country and of the port, which had so long been a den of robbers. This expedition consisted of 37,639 men, with the requisite cavalry and artillery. The number of vessels altogether was 644. The commander, Marshal Bourmont, conducted his system of attack with great prudence, and gave France possession of Algiers with very slight loss. The captive dey, or sovereign, was sent to Europe, where he lives on an allowance as a private individual, in some part of Italy—(it is said he is now going to Alexandria). The expenses of this expedition were amply repaid to France by the public treasures of gold and silver which were found (amounting to about two millions of pounds sterling); besides L.300,000 of stores. She was left mistress of the finest district of Northern Africa, and had besides the satisfaction of breaking up thoroughly a nest of pirates, who had kept the Mediterranean seas under contribution for nearly two centuries.

The country which France has thus occupied is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, and on the south by a range of elevated ground, called the mountains of Atlas; it has the state of Tunis on the east,

* Collected and arranged from the works of Timothy Flint.

and the empire of Morocco on the west, and is about 675 miles long by 150 broad; the arable ground which it contains is reckoned at 6300 square leagues. There are a number of small rivers, which take their rise in the mountains to the south, and water the whole breadth of the country in their way to the sea, so that there is every facility for increasing the productiveness of the land by irrigation. The soil is naturally fertile, and yields many of the fruits and other productions of the West Indies, besides several which cannot be cultivated there. The carob-tree,* the date-tree, and the olive, are natural to the soil; the vine thrives on the hills, and decorates the plantations of the flat country, its trunk growing frequently to the size of the pear-tree; lemons, oranges, citrons, and pomegranates, are found in superabundance, and of the finest flavour. The Barbary indigo plant, the Suleiman sugar-cane, the nessri or white rose, the flowers of which produce the famous otto of roses, in quantity double those of Europe; these are all of a quality peculiar to the country, and might greatly increase its commercial riches. The grains most commonly cultivated are wheat and barley; oats do not thrive, but maize, doura, rice, and peas, produce excellent crops. The sea-shores abound in superior qualities of coral, which, with ordinary skill and industry, might be converted into a mine of wealth. The chief riches of the tribes who live in the interior of the country consist in flocks and herds; and every province being full of pastures of the most extensive description, they possess all kinds of domestic animals; horses, oxen, camels, mules, cattle, goats, &c. The apes are particularly large, docile, and beautiful; the Barbary horse is little inferior to the Arabian; horned cattle, however, are small in size, and the cow yields no milk when her calf is removed. Algiers and Morocco are the native countries of the famous Merino sheep, besides which, they have another breed like that of the Cape of Good Hope, with large tails, composed entirely of fat.

Such are the natural capabilities of this region, but the riches of a country depend more on the industry of the people, and the good qualities of the government, than on the bounties of nature; and accordingly we find that Algiers, with all her blessings of soil and climate, has a population as poor and wild as any on the surface of the globe. There was not in the whole country, when the French occupied it, a road practicable for any kind of cart or carriage, and only mere paths for horses or beasts of burden. A fourth part of the population are without settled places of abode; the implements of labour in use among those who cultivate the fields are ill-contrived, unfit for their purposes, and worth nothing; every thing is to be done by main strength, without aid from tools or machinery. The wages of a working man are about twopence farthing per day, and his miserable hut, food, clothing, and working-tools, are such as he can procure from that pittance.

When the French first obtained possession of the country, their design was to convert it into a colonial settlement, and to introduce French cultivators with habits of European industry, and more efficient modes of labour. They accordingly brought over a number of settlers both from France and from Rhenish Bavaria, established a *ferme modèle*, or pattern farm, and gave every encouragement to colonists who had either skill or a little capital. It was soon found, however, that there were difficulties in the way of carrying this plan into effect, which had not been anticipated. In the first place, the French had calculated on taking possession of all the lands held by the Mahommedan religious establishments, and which were considered as public property, but it was soon found that the greater part of these were only nominally in possession of the church (if the *mosque* may be so called), having been merely conveyed in a certain form to the priests, in order to remain under their protection for the use of the actual owner or his heirs, in case of any attempt at confiscation by the government. The priests were in fact only trustees for others. This narrowed greatly the choice of lands which it was intended to bestow on the new colonists. In the next place, the settlers themselves, being generally poor people, were without means of procuring effectual shelter from the heat or dews, and accordingly numbers of them fell victims to the change of climate. Their manner of living was, besides, much more expensive, and required much higher wages to maintain them in health, and in working condition, than that of the natives of the country. There was an additional reason, we believe, which must always prevent French colonies of this kind from being successful, that France has neither capital nor skill to throw away on such enterprises. All the people who have either stock for carrying on business, or skill for any useful trade, are wanted at home by the necessities of their own country, and have no temptation to emigrate.

These causes, and perhaps others, have now determined the French to give up their original idea of colonising the country, and of introducing European modes of agriculture. Their *pattern farm*, with its *offices*, has been abandoned, and the colonists have been sent home to France. The object now is, by establishing a regular and steady form of government, to give confidence and alacrity to the industry of the natives themselves, and to lead them to improvement, by the prospect of securely enjoying the fruits of their own labour. Roads are in progress for this purpose between some of the principal towns, and every means are taken to prevent the incursions of those demi-savage and hostile tribes who have been accustomed to harass the country from their fastnesses in the mountains.

The people who are thus to be managed, consist of several distinct races. The most numerous are those called the Moors, and who, though altogether a mixed race, are the oldest tribe of civilised inhabitants: they are the farmers, labourers, tradesmen, and even merchants of the country. The next are the independent, or unsettled Arabs, who have great numbers of flocks and herds, and remain within certain recognised districts, but are chiefly without fixed dwellings. Some of these people have maintained a kind of war against the French ever since the conquest of their country, and it is only of late that they have been dislodged from Bougeia, a stronghold which had long been occupied by them on the coast. The next tribe is Kabylies, or inhabitants of Mount Atlas, who are far removed from the sea-coast, and are a rude, though hardly savage race of mountaineers: they are cultivators, and have fixed dwellings, sometimes even pretty large villages, among the hills. They have hitherto been extremely inimical to the French, and given them much annoyance. This hostility is instigated by some partisans of the former government, and is the more to be lamented, that the French are anxious to conciliate them, considering them as one of the oldest and most original races of Northern Africa: they are in truth the descendants of the ancient Numidians. Their language is spoken with slight variation through an immense extent of alpine country, almost from Cape Nun to the Oasis of Siwah; and several missionaries have already put themselves in the way of acquiring it, in order, by that means, to introduce religious knowledge, and the germs of regular industry, among a people hitherto neglected. A few of them near the coast profess the Mahommedan faith, but in their remote villages, among the mountains, the only religion is paganism.

Besides these, which are the most numerous races, there are Jews, Turks, and Kolouglis. The Turks and Kolouglis are chiefly people connected with the old system of government. The Jews, who have here seventeen synagogues, are petty dealers, brokers, money-changers, and merchants, as they are found in all parts of the world.

The following enumeration of the different tribes is given on the faith of the French "Journal des Sciences Militaires":—

Moors and settled Arabs	1,200,000
Independent Arabs	400,000
Kabylies or Berbers	200,000
Jews	30,000
Turks and Christian renegades	20,000
Kolouglis, or descendants of Turks	20,000
	1,870,000
European population, June 1832—	
French settlers, merchants, &c.	1,927
English subjects (chiefly Maltese)	421
Spaniards	1,052
Sardinians, Germans, Italians	621
	1,874,021

The same amount of population is stated by M. Gravery de Henesro, the Swedish consul; but the numbers of the several classes are with him very different: the reason of which no doubt is, that the distinctions betwixt the classes are not very obvious, and in some cases cannot be at all recognised. He reckons, however, 70,000 negroes, whom it is rather surprising not to find in the French account.

The agriculture of the country, though all its implements are of the most miserable kind, is conducted on very good principles; which is not surprising, when we consider that it was the Moors, the inhabitants of this very country, who introduced all those agricultural improvements into Spain, which long made Andalusia the richest and best cultivated district of that now mismanaged country. The irrigation of land is well understood, and the works in different parts of the states of Algiers for that purpose are worthy of imitation. Yet the small extent to which cultivation is carried, from the defects of the former government, the want of roads for carrying grain to market, &c. renders it necessary to import both corn for the people, and even hay for the use of the French cavalry.

There can hardly be said to be such a thing as foreign commerce. The exports in 1831 consisted only of old metal, chiefly copper and iron; a little olive oil; with a trifling quantity of leather, wool, and wax. The coral fishery furnishes a slight addition to the exports.

The French are doing something to introduce a taste for mental culture, and a knowledge of the arts. They have established a "Colonial Society," for attending to the interests of agriculture and commerce; and which proposes to publish an annual account of the state of Algiers, of which the number for 1832 has already appeared. There is another scheme, which, in the present state of things, could have occurred to none but Frenchmen: this is the "Philharmonic Society," composed of a number of young officers, who propose to civilise the Algerines by inspiring them with a taste for the opera and the music of Rossini. Odd as this idea may appear, if the habit of meeting for public amusement, and a taste for pleasures not entirely sensual, can be produced by it, it will not be without beneficial effects. In the matter of general education, we believe nothing has been done. The only schools established by the French are, two for the children of their own people, and a boarding-school for young women.

The education of the Mahommedan schools is exceedingly imperfect, the children being only taught to read, and to repeat sentences from the Arabic Koran (which is not their own language), with a little arithmetic.

The public income of Algiers under the French has been published, by which it appears that the expenses of the French in retaining Algiers amount to L.928,285, whereas the income is only L.44,558. In this situation of affairs, it can only be the prospect of future advantage, or (which we believe is greatly the case) a feeling of national pride, which induces them to retain possession.*

* In Spain the fruit of this tree is called "St John's bread,' and is supposed to have been the food of John the Baptist in the wilderness, though our version of the Bible translates it "wild locusts."

* The greater part of our materials for the above notice have been furnished by a French work, called "France Pittoresque," which is at present publishing in Paris. It appears in cheap weekly numbers, on the plan of which Chambers's Journal furnished the first example; but which is now extensively acted on in Berlin, Paris, and other well-informed capitals of the Continent.

LETTER FROM CANADA TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE following extract from a letter from Dr D——, a Scottish medical practitioner in Upper Canada, to his friend Mr James Hogg, has been put into our hands for publication by the Shepherd himself, though we must confess, the *facts* which are mentioned are perhaps *too strongly* drawn to meet with *perfect credence*, and may be shrewdly suspected as a satire on the extravagant desire for dissection which animates the modern school of surgery:—

"Goderich, Upper Canada, July 12, 1833.

* * * *

But why should you doubt my word about the resuscitation of those corpses which I wrote you about? You have written and published so many falsehoods yourself, that, when one tells you a wonderful story, you immediately suspect him to be one like yourself. I have always noted, that when you spoke you told the truth, sometimes a little exaggerated; but whenever you put your pen to paper there is no more hold to be had of you. With me it is quite the reverse. If you believe all that I say, I would not advise every body to believe you; but when I write, I always relate the straightforward truth, as you will perceive before finishing this letter. Now, you must know that since ever I left Edinburgh, and my two glorious associates L—— and S—— (we three having performed such feats together), I have been very fond of dissection, and, since I came here, have plied the whittle to some purpose, and have made some curious discoveries both in anatomy and pathology, for the Indians are not formed like us: but these things are above your capacity: so to return to my narrative.

I think it was either in the winter of 1825 or 1826, that there was the body of a man found buried in the snow, and frozen to death; and as no one knew who he was, or to whom he belonged, so there were two Canadians brought him to me, and I gave them a guinea for him. The body was such a complete icicle, that I could not distinguish whether he was a white man or a native Indian; and I had to put him before a great fire for three days and three nights before he was fit for dissection. On the fourth, I found him lithe and limber, quite warm, and in capital condition; so I put on my jacket and apron, laid him upon the board, and began by making a gentle incision with my knife, when I was rather astonished at seeing, as I thought, the appearance of some dark red blood oozing from the wound like small drops of dew. I touched it with my palm, and imagined I felt it warm; but thinking it could only be from the heat of the fire, I gave another slash, when behold my subject began a-writhing and muttering in a weak tremulous voice. I was thunderstruck, but had so much recollection left as to hold the wound firm with my hand, and ring the bell. The fellow opened his eyes, and looking me in the face with a drumbly stare, called, "Och, mhurder! what is it that you'll be after doing to me, mauster? Is it my life that you wants?"

I at once knew him to be an Irishman, though he was so dark of complexion: I had taken him for a Canadian all the while. "Why, my dear fellow," said I, "you were brought into me the other day dead, and frozen to an icicle, and I was only trying a little operation to bring you to life again, which I am happy to have effected."

"Was it daid that I was?" said he, in perfect good humour. "I thought I had bin only taking a slaip to myself. And true for me so I was, as Quinkum the shooter will tell you; for he was with me when I lay down in the snow to take a slaip. But is it the cutting up of the top of a man's belly, and taking out of his moniplies, that brings him to life? That is cirtainly a faisable plan."

I then sewed up the wound I had made, put a plaster on it, and bandaged it up; and my friend called for something to drink, and grew quite communicative. I asked him who he was, what he was, and how he was engaged when he lost himself among the snow.

"A man cannot be said to be lost who is found agin," said he. "Every man is not after being lost who lies down to take a slaip. But I must have been walking in my slaip, else how came I here? As for the rist, my name is Barney O'Towl, commonly called Black Barney; and was sint by my mauster all the way from Fair River with a litter to Mr Thomson; but havin' nothin' to drink, I fell down with fatigue and sleep yesterday, and here I am. The prime of the day and of health to you, mauster; but I cannot help laughin' when I think of your operation for raising the daid."

Barney never ailed any thing more, for I took very good care of him; but I never could persuade him that he was at all dead or in a torpid state. He cut open the lining of his vest, and showed me the letter, when, to my utter astonishment, I perceived that it was addressed to a friend of mine, Mr Thomson, surveyor. "Why, dear Barney," said I, "Mr Thomson left this country very nearly three years ago. You have slept in that snow-wreath three years."

"And, indeed, it wis a very fair refreshment of the sort," said Barney; "I fear I shall scarcely be able to make up the balance by three years' waking. But you know, mauster, that's all blarney."

I then opened the letter to Mr Thomson, and found it dated precisely three years, all save three weeks, previously to the day it was opened. Barney never believed a word of all this until he went home to Fair River, and found his master's two daughters, whom he left girls, grown into fine women, and was obliged to take their words for the time of his absence.

But that's nothing at all. One discovery in any art or science always leads to greater anxiety and research. One day a piece of information came to my ear that interested me exceedingly. It was that a whole colony of the Strong-Bow Indians had at some former period been overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, on the very northmost part of the Rocky Mountains, and had every one, man and woman of them, perished; that an avalanche had lately shot down from a ravine in which were scores of bodies in a frozen state, and the fatal accident having happened long before the memory of any person living, so it behoved to be upwards of a century ago. This was a chance of an investigation not to be lost.

I provided every thing for a long journey; plenty to eat and to drink; with a number of excellent canoes, one of them not less than sixty feet long; and both skates and wheels for the portages. We sailed the whole way, it being spring, but in a very zig-zag direction, having only one considerable carrying-place, and another smaller one, until we came to M'Kenzie's River, which we sailed down to the influx of a river called the Liars. "Ay, weel named, Doctor, weel named," you will be saying to yourself when you read this. Well, we sailed up this with great difficulty, until we reached the nearest possible point for the object of our search. There we erected a temporary residence, and set out for the mountains. Having one of the Harefoot Indians for a guide, we went straight to the spot, and a singular scene was there presented to our view. There were corpses with their heads above the avalanche, and some with their heads downward, and their feet above; others, again, with one limb sticking up like a gun—a comical position; for all the parts that were above the snow were quite bare of flesh, consumed by the summer suns and beasts of prey; but the parts below the snow being jammed among solid ice, and quite rigid, appeared to be perfectly fresh. We brought home three subjects, apparently the most perfect, which we digged deep out from amongst the ice; and the very first that I thawed turned out to be a young man, short of stature, but well made, who, as soon as the rigidity was fairly overcome, began to emit some growling sounds from his throat, and was ultimately completely recovered.

The other two I did not venture to thaw, but first cut them in pieces, and thawed and dissected them afterwards. They are a pigmy, insignificant race, greatly inferior to us in all respects, and I think, in that inhospitable climate of theirs, must soon die out. They regarded me as an enormous giant, come to eat them all up, and kept always at a due distance from me. I think the word of my dissections had spread abroad among them, which had put that ridiculous idea into their heads.

One of the Harefoot Indians, who acted as our guide, proposed to me that we should proceed to the place where the colony had first perished, where it was probable I should find plenty of whole bodies. I thought the scheme a plausible one, and we set out accordingly, well provided with hands and mattocks, and soon found the place, from the breach the shot snow had left, which was full twenty feet perpendicular. The Indians directed us where to dig. They knew, from the formation of the tremendous wreath, from whence the storm had blown, and where the hapless group would naturally take shelter. They were right. We soon recovered plenty of bodies; and a woeful sight it was. Some were lying in pairs, clasped in each other's arms: some in groups, lying above each other, apparently whole families lying together. We loaded sixteen sleighs with them, of the youngest and freshest we could wale, great part of them women, for there were no children, who must all have been left at the settlement, and perished. I thawed them carefully and gently round a great fire, and they mostly came to life, though many of them died shortly after. I preserved all the young women, and brought a few of the best home with me, and they have done very well, and two of them are married, and have families. When you come to Upper Canada, my dear Shepherd, which I understand from Mr Dickson you are preparing to do—and the sooner you come the better—I shall introduce you to some of those who were thus singularly brought to life, and who are, of course, of an immense age.

W—— D——.

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

Well, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now.
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan—
Yet ev'ry Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duett;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me any thing!—
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mamma.
Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet,
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernised—
I'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine,
I'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?—
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all women-kind
Such unkind women now;—
I might be hash'd to death, or smash'd,
By Mr Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I'm not a single man!

Hood's Comic Annual, 1831.

MINUTE WRITING.

We have known many persons who affected a taste for writing in extremely minute characters, as for instance of the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and the Ten Commandments, within the compass of a sixpence, or perhaps a silver penny. On this subject the learned D'Israeli has the following observations:—"The Iliad of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be enclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem, in praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in a space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country; where this minute writing has equalled any on record. Peter Bales, a celebrated caligraphist in the reign of Elizabeth, astonished the eyes of beholders, by showing them what they could not see; for, in the Harleian MSS. 530, we have a narrative of 'a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, and a clerk of the chancery;' it seems by the description to have been the whole Bible 'in an English walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. The nut holdeth the book: there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible.' We are told that this wonderfully unreadable copy of the Bible was 'seen by many thousands.' There is a drawing of the head of Charles the First, in the library of St John's College at Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer. In the British Museum we find a drawing representing the portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand. On this drawing appear a number of lines and scratches, which the librarian assures the marvelling spectator includes the entire contents of a thin *folio*, which on this occasion is carried in the hand.

On this subject it may be worth noticing, that the learned Huet asserts that he, like the rest of the world, for a long time considered as a fiction the story of that industrious writer who is said to have enclosed the Iliad in a nutshell. But having examined the matter more closely, he thought it possible. One day, in company at the dauphin's, this learned man trifled half an hour in proving it. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line, which can contain 30 verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7500 verses, and the reverse as much; the whole 15,000 verses of the Iliad. And this he proved in their presence, by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if on any occasion paper should be most excessively rare, it may be useful to know, that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf."

POWER OF SMALL ANIMALS.

The muscular power of small animals is particularly observable in the *Terada navalis*, or ship-worm, a native of India, which attacks the bottoms of ships in multitudes, and with such force, as has produced the necessity of coppering vessels, now so generally practised. This insect is only six inches in length, but the muscle with which its head is armed enables it easily to penetrate into the strongest oak plank. Each worm, in labouring, confines itself to its own shell, which is only divided from that of its neighbour by a partition not thicker than a piece of writing-paper. Although in this particular the ship-worm may be considered by the seamen as a nuisance, yet it is, on other occasions, a most useful friend to him, when the mouths of docks and harbours are blocked up by the wrecks of whole forests, laid waste by the tornado or whirlwind. It is then that the ship-worm proves its worth and usefulness. Immense hosts of the *Terada navalis* instantly attack those obstructions, and in a wonderfully short period entirely remove them.

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IS IGNORANCE BLISS?

IT IS curious that, even in *this* age, we still occasionally hear people talking of the bliss of ignorance. Such people must certainly be very *happy* themselves, or they would never indulge in such a sentiment. What, on the contrary, is the source of all the peculiar enjoyments of this country, but knowledge?—what is the source of all the evils to which our contemporaries in other countries are subjected, and to which our own ancestors were liable, but ignorance? When a child burns its hands by grasping a hot iron, whether is it knowledge or ignorance that causes the evil? The case is an extreme one; but yet how many instances of pain and trouble, only a little less direct, might be adduced as springing, every day of our lives, from an unacquaintance with the laws under which we are designed to live!

It is most evident that man has been originally planted on the earth, without any information as to the laws of nature, but with faculties calculated in time to inform himself upon these matters. At the *very* first, the race must have had to struggle with dreadful difficulties: their total ignorance of the arts of catching, rearing, and cooking food, of preparing clothes, and forming proper habitations, must have caused numbers to perish miserably, before any became in the least comfortable. Always the nearer to this original state of things, we find the more calamities and distresses oppressing the tribes of earth—not only from ignorance of the means of taking advantage of the bounties of nature, but from the results of passions which they had not yet been taught to regulate. The early history of all nations abounds in transactions which appal the modern reader: in Poland, at the present day, we have but a meagre specimen of what used to be going on in our own country, when it was exposed to the violence of neighbouring states parallel in rudeness and ambition to Russia. Like the tides of locusts which *drift* up any high wall they may meet in their course, to enable the rest to pour over and pursue their route, ages after ages of imperfect knowledge and imperfect enjoyment have been squandered, in order that men might at last come to the superior comforts which they were designed to enjoy. Our ancestors at no distant date were subjected to periodical plagues, and died at the regular rate of one in about thirty every year, in consequence of their slothfulness and erroneous police regulations: gradually, they were impelled by the dread of these miseries to improve their acquaintance with natural laws, and act more in conformity to them; *we*, therefore, inheriting and improving upon these advantages, do not die at above the rate of one annually in fifty-eight. Undoubtedly, men could have been informed upon all these subjects at the very first—could have been made perfectly moral and innocent beings—whereby much misery, to appearance, would have been spared. Such a system, however, would not agree either with his faculties, or with the circumstances of nature. He was designed, evidently, to be an active being, to help himself, and, in proportion to his acting well or ill, to be the source of his own happiness and misery. The secrets of nature were veiled from his casual glance, in order that he might exercise his ingenuity, and give himself pleasure, in finding them out. He has not yet become fully acquainted either with his own nature or with the physical arrangements of the earth he inhabits. But always the more he learns on these points, the more will he abstain from injuring his fellow-creatures, the more surely will he provide for and guard his own comfort, and the more nearly will he approach to that moral and intellectual perfection which philosophers have dreamed that he might attain.

The uses of studying our own nature are perhaps less obvious than those connected with the study of physical nature; but they are not less important. A knowledge of human nature, and a habitual system of acting upon it, has come to be known in the present age by the expressive word *tact;* and it is certainly an accomplishment by which many great and direct advantages are to be gained by the individual, while the welfare of others is not in the least diminished, but rather increased. There is unfortunately no *system* of knowledge of this kind, if we except phrenology, which has not yet gained general attention or credence. But every man may learn a great deal from the ever-open book of nature itself, if he is only willing to inspect the movements of his fellow-creatures with any share of attention; and, imperfect as the science is, there are many books which he may study with advantage.* If a knowledge of human nature were to do us no more good than to teach us how to treat the single sentiment of self-love in our neighbours, it would be of boundless advantage. A great part of the discomfort which we experience in life, arises from our neglect of this principle; and always the lower we go in society, and the more nearly we approach the bounds of ignorance, the more mischief do we find arising from it. Vulgar persons call each other names: self-love rises in wrath, and bloodshed, or even murder, is perhaps the consequence. In more civilised circles, adroit sarcasms are used; and though the moral sense is there too strong to permit of actual violence, there is not the less strife and unhappiness found to arise from it. We have known individuals who had every worldly comfort at their command, render themselves and others supremely miserable, simply by the ignorant or unguarded way in which they treated the self-love of their fellow-creatures. They neither knew how to control it in themselves nor to respect it in others; and they therefore moved, it might be said, in a constant atmosphere of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness, which involved all who came near them. It is evident that a little knowledge of human nature, and a wise, tender, and humane way of considering the feelings and privileges of our neighbours, would obviate all such evils.

In the relations of commercial life, of how much use must this knowledge prove, and how disadvantageous must be the want of it! Men of business have to depute much to others; but unless they can form some estimate of the character of the deputy, and calculate how such a trust is apt to operate upon it, will they not be liable every day to the most serious calamities? They have also to form intimate and confidential relations with partners, fellow-dealers, and others; but if they have not some power of penetrating the intentions, estimating the powers, and calculating the steadiness of these individuals, will they not be in the greatest danger? Perhaps, however, there is no circumstance in human life where a knowledge of human nature is of more value than in the formation of a matrimonial engagement. Unfortunately, this arrangement is generally entered into in youth, when the faculty of penetrating character is at the greenest, and when it is apt, moreover, to be perverted by passion. Hence the numerous miseries, which, in so many instances, arise from wedded life. The parties were mutually ignorant of each other's character; they now find each other to be so unsuitable as mutually to increase, instead of diminishing, the current evils of life; and they either struggle on to the end or an embittered and unprosperous existence, or separate to their common disgrace, and are blighted for ever.

The advancement of happiness, by the acquisition of general knowledge, is, we have said, a still more obvious truth than even the above. The progress from ignorance to knowledge is itself a path of pleasure: every new fact or truth that we acquire conveys a sensible satisfaction to the mind; hence it is clear, that our advancing from the primitive condition of ignorance to one more or less the reverse, is an absolute rule of our being, to resist which can never be conducive to happiness. The advantages of knowledge, when at length acquired, may be experienced in various ways. By knowledge of the laws of physical nature, even so far as they have already been explained, we may, as individuals, avoid many evils which would otherwise befall us, and bring ourselves many advantages which we would otherwise never know. As a community, do we not every moment partake of the immense advantages which such knowledge has achieved, and is constantly achieving? Does not the knowledge of the power of steam, for example, confer blessings upon us in almost every minute circumstance of our lives? If a life is lost at sea through an insufficiency in the vessel, or on land by a failure of the machinery to which we have trusted for locomotion, it is a sacrifice to ignorance, or neglect of the physical laws. If a labourer is killed by the rushing of a quarry, which he has too much undermined, he is the victim of ignorance of the physical laws, joined to an undue desire to shorten his work. An immense proportion of the accidents which take place, and which spread so much misery among families, might be obviated, if men were in general less ignorant, and less negligent. A more extended knowledge of the law of gravitation alone, would, we are persuaded, be the means of sparing many tears. The loss of lives by storms at sea is generally looked upon as what is called a natural evil, which no man can prevent; yet, through a superior acquaintance with natural laws, fewer lives are now lost by such means than formerly; and hence it is not too much to infer, that, if knowledge continues to increase, a time will come when the dangers of the sea may be almost entirely, if not entirely, overcome. The explosion of fire-damp in mines was not long ago regarded as one of those unavoidable evils, arising from the nature of things; but we have lately seen another law of nature—the incapability of flame to communicate through wire gauze—brought to bear upon it, and lives are no longer in danger from this cause. It may be said that it is the duty of particular minds, of a studious character, to see after the good of mankind in these matters, as the most of men are too much engaged, each in his own several pursuit, to have either time or attention to bestow upon them. It is so in some measure; but, at the same time, individuals may easily learn a great deal beyond the immediate sphere of their own profession, if they have only the inclination; and this knowledge, exerted by themselves, may be of service in numberless cases where it would be idle to call for the aid of a professed philosopher. A knowledge of the laws we speak of ought to be part of the education of every individual in the state—on the same grounds that it is the duty of all nurses to teach children to avoid putting their hands into the fire, or clambering along precipices. If such were the case, a kind of science, now deemed proper only to a student, would be identified with the mass of that almost unconscious knowledge which every sane person pos-

* We would particularly recommend one small and cheap treatise, Combe's "Constitution of Man considered in Relation to External Objects." This work is founded upon phrenological views; but these are so separable from the general body and spirit of the book, as to be of no consequence even to the most inveterate disbeliever in the science which the profound and accomplished author has done so much to propagate. The present article, though embracing some new views, is chiefly designed as an abstract of Mr Combe's volume.

senses, and through the means of which we walk, eat, and speak. The luggage of our minds, so to speak, would be in no respect more cumbersome than before, and our happiness would be both positively and negatively increased.

Another kind of knowledge immediately necessary for the improvement of our condition is a knowledge of the organic laws—of the laws, namely, which govern the system of our own frames. If we are totally ignorant of the nature of our bodies, and of the evils to which they are under certain circumstances exposed, we run the greatest danger of rendering ourselves miserable for a longer or shorter space of time, or of altogether cutting short our lives. If a man is either ignorant or reckless of the consequences of a sudden blast of cold coming upon the heated skin, ten to one he is destroyed in the middle of his days by a catarrh. If he does not know that to drink cold water when warm, or to sit down upon damp grass, is detrimental, he will hardly reach an old age. It will be said that the most of people are aware of these dangers, and avoid them: we answer, it is, then, the utmost extent of the knowledge of even that cautious class. There are innumerable contingencies in life, where a little knowledge of anatomy or medicine, enough to give a proper sense of the extent of danger, would prevent the last and worst of human calamities. It was the fate of the present writer, only a few months ago, to witness the death of a very near relation of only twenty-five years of age, whose disease might have been easily turned aside, if the unhappy sufferer had only been instructed in the slightest degree in the organic laws. This young man had caught a slight cold in the beginning of winter; and, instead of retiring to his chamber, to get quit of it by a few simple applications, he continued to go abroad as usual, and even undertook one or two long journies. The malady which *one day* of retirement could at one time have banished, then took firmer hold, and settled upon the windpipe. Still, even when deprived of his voice, and when various friends endeavoured, by all possible means, to convince him of the rashness of his conduct, he persisted in exposing himself—his business, he said, being such that he could not think of withdrawing from it. He at length did retire, but only when the disease had fixed itself in such a manner upon the *bronchiæ*, as to baffle every attempt to reach it. For about a month he suffered the intensest agonies under those fruitless applications, and then sunk under the remorseless gripe of a disease, which, if he had been more prudent, or better acquainted with the constitution of his own body, and the action of certain natural influences upon it, might have been easily turned aside. Here was a ruin of the most deplorable kind—the death of a young man entering into the world with the best prospects, for whom much had been done to bring him to that point in life, and in whom many hopes and wishes were centred—produced by the ignorance which some hold to be of so blissful a character. Such is a specimen of the way in which ignorance of this particular kind may affect an individual: we shall give an instance of the way in which it sometimes acts upon a community. "A gentleman, who died ten years ago," says Mr Combe,* "at an advanced period of life, told me, that, six miles west from Edinburgh, the country was so unhealthy in his youth, that every spring the farmers and their servants were seized with fever and ague, and required regularly to undergo bleeding and a course of medicine, to prevent attacks, or restore them from their effects. At the time, these visitations were believed to be sent by Providence, and to be inherent in the constitution of things: after, however, said my informant, an improved system of agriculture and draining was established, and vast pools of stagnant water formerly left between the ridges in the fields were removed, dunghills carried to a distance from the houses, and the houses themselves made more spacious and commodious, every symptom of ague and marsh-fever disappeared from the district, and it became highly salubrious. In other words, as soon as the gross infringement of the organic laws was abated by a more active exertion of the muscular and intellectual powers of man, the punishment ceased." This habit of attributing to Providence all the evils with the sources of which we are unacquainted, is entitled to the utmost respect, as it is the mark of a pious and well-disposed mind; but it is liable to lead us into strange errors—for in all probability what we attribute to this sacred cause, could be traced by a better instructed person to some simple circumstance, such as the pools and dunghills in the above anecdote. When any great calamity occurs, and we do not at first see any source for it in nature, let us endeavour, in the first place, to increase our knowledge of nature, so as to determine that it really is not there: in doing so, we shall, in all probability, sooner or later discover the cause of our affliction in some natural thing—something intended, no doubt, in the original constitution of things, to promote that active exertion of the faculties which is one of the primary laws of the human constitution, but no more directed by a special interposition than the burning of a finger which has been put into the fire. A still more remarkable exemplification of the evils of ignorance on a large scale is to be found in the history of what is called the humoral system in medicine. For fifteen centuries before the last, it was erroneously supposed that *all* maladies lay in the humours of the body; and hence blood-letting was practised periodically to prevent disease, and almost unintermittently to cure it, though such treatment could only be right in a few out of many cases. There can be little doubt that the traditional obloquy in which physicians are held in our popular literature, is mainly owing to the sufferings of the human race for so many centuries under this tremendous evil, the whole of which arose from ignorance. The practice now obtains only in such dark countries as Spain, where every village has still its *Sangrador* or bloodletter; and can there be any doubt of the vast advantages which *we* enjoy, under a more enlightened system?

If we were to study the fates of our fellow-creatures, as they pass before our observation, with a view expressly to the physical, organic, moral, and intellectual laws, we would generally find happiness more or less in proportion to a knowledge of, and obedience to these, and misery in proportion. Many of the labouring classes marry early and under circumstances entirely violative of the moral law; the miserable consequences can be traced by every one. Men expose themselves to dangers which knowledge would have taught them to avoid, and their lives, or their health, or their comfort in a greater or less degree, are consequently sacrificed. Innumerable ills are incurred through the too eager pursuit of wealth: the health of the body, the culture of the mind, the improvement of the moral faculties, are all neglected for this object: and thus men, in seeking the means, lose the end. Even where every physical comfort prevails, some individuals provoke wretchedness by their ill-regulated sentiments and propensities; a just punishment for the neglect of mental cultivation. Many are unsuccessful in all their pursuits, from not having selected a profession for which their capacities are adapted. In short, so many and so various are the disasters arising from ignorance of the laws under which we were designed to live upon earth, and the relations which our faculties bear to the objects of nature, that man may be said to have his own fate in a great measure within his own power—and hence one of the reasons for a general system of education under the patronage of the state. There ought to be schools in every considerable seat of population, for teaching—not Greek and Latin, or English, writing, and arithmetic, *exclusively*—for these are but *means* of useful knowledge—but the laws of nature in all their branches, the laws of the human faculties and sentiments, and, in general, the means of improving our individual and social condition on the globe which we inhabit.

* Constitution of Man, p. 124.

SALT.

This familiar and useful substance, which exists, in several forms and in immense quantities, all over the face of the earth, is scientifically denominated the *muriate of soda*. Its name in Latin is *sal;* in Spanish *sal;* in French *sel;* in Italian *sale;* in Russian *sol;* in Dutch *zout;* in German *salz;* in Arabian *melh;* in Hindostanee *nimmuck;* and in Chinese *yen*. It is evidently one of those things which have been designed from the beginning for the ordinary and daily use of man; and, therefore, is dispersed over the earth in such ways as to make it in general easily accessible to him. Nevertheless, it is not, like the most of the other great staples of human consumption which nature has taken it upon herself to supply, a nutritious substance. It appears simply designed to give a relish to food, to aid in its digestion, and to preserve meat which we may wish to hoard against future necessity. It is, of all condiments, the safest, best, and most extensively employed; but yet, when taken in too large quantities, or applied too profusely for the preservation of meat, it has a detrimental effect. The common people in Scotland believe that too much salt tends to darken the complexion, and take away the gloss of the skin, and they therefore warn their children not to eat it by itself, which all children are naturally apt to do.

Salt is found in greater or less quantities in almost every substance on earth; but the waters of the sea appear to have been its first great magazine. It is found there dissolved, in certain proportions (for which we may refer to a late article on the sea); two purposes being thus served—namely, the preservation of that vast body of waters, which otherwise would become an insupportable mass of corruption, and the diffusion of this important alimentary article over the face of the globe. If salt, however, were only to be obtained from the sea, the people who live throughout large continents would find a great difficulty in supplying themselves with it, and might thus suffer great evils from the want of so useful a substance. For this reason (for the design is too obvious to be a matter of doubt), nature has provided that the sea, on leaving those continents, all of which were once overspread with it, should deposit vast quantities of this constituent substance, in many places throughout the country, sufficient to provide for ever for the necessities of the inhabitants of those parts. In some places, this deposit lies exposed on the surface of the ground, in a glittering crust several inches thick; in others much thicker layers have, during the protracted processes of creation, been covered over with layers of totally different substances, which subsequent submersion had brought over them, so that the salt now requires to be dug for, like coal or any other mineral. Salt is found in this last shape in every quarter, and almost in every country in the world; and it is certainly amazing to reflect that, probably thousands of ages before man was created, means were taken to furnish him *conveniently* with the salt which it was *known* he would require for a relish to his daily victuals. In some places, especially in the central parts of North America, the trouble even of digging is saved to man by nature; for the springs of fresh water, in bursting through to the surface, become tinctured with salt from the subterraneous deposits; and this only requires to be boiled in order to produce salt.

Of the various ways of obtaining salt for domestic purposes, the most primitive, perhaps, is that by which the heat of the sun is caused to assist in the process. It is practised to a great extent in France, Spain, and Portugal, from the last of which countries we annually import between three and four hundred thousand bushels, so prepared. Large flat spaces of ground are banked off in connection with the sea, and a shallow pool of sea-water being introduced and sluiced off, is permitted to dry up, so as to leave the salt behind. This is raised in the shape of a cake, and piled up in a dry place, where it is allowed to stand for two or three years, till all the bitter and earthy parts have been drained off. Salt made in this manner is considered the best for preserving meat. Till a recent period, salt was made in nearly the same manner at Ruthwell, on the coast of the Solway Firth, in Scotland. People collected a saline crust on the sea-beach in warm weather; and as they could not obtain it without taking the surface of the sand also, they put the whole into pits, from which, by pouring in salt water, they drained off a very strong brine, which only required a little firing in order to produce a coarse kind of salt. It is curious to find, from the researches of recent voyagers, that the people of the Great Island of Loo Choo, in the Pacific Ocean, obtain this indispensable article in exactly the same manner.

In countries where the sun does not offer much assistance, and no mines or salt-springs are at hand, the boiling of sea-water in works upon the coast is resorted to. Such is and has always been the case in Scotland, excepting in the solitary instance above mentioned. Salt-works were in that country given as donations to abbeys seven hundred years ago. In 1128, David the First gave the salt-pan at Airth, near the head of the Firth of Forth, with many other things, to endow the Abbey of Holyrood at Edinburgh; and it is evident, from the chartularies of Newbottle, that that conventual establishment had salt-pans on the same estuary in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The mode of the manufacture is said to have been improved by some of Queen Mary's French attendants, who, in consequence, obtained from their mistress an exclusive privilege for the manufacture, which lasted till the reign of Charles the Second. The process now followed in Scotland may be very briefly described. A reservoir is built near the sea, into which, at high water, supplies are taken in by means of a pipe extending a good way down the beach; for it is an object to get the water from a point as far below the surface as possible, so that it may be the more impregnated with salt, and require the less firing. From the reservoir, the water is pumped into the neighbouring pans, which generally extend in a range on both sides. The pans are shallow vessels of plate iron, about twenty feet by twelve, having a furnace below, with a space for holding coal. The whole apparatus is contained in a small cot, the covering of which is of deals, fastened by wooden pins, as iron nails are liable to be quickly corroded by the vapour from the salt. At the meeting of the roof, a space is left, to permit the vapour to escape. Two men, one of whom is a kind of drudge to the other, attend each pan; and they are not much cleaner or neater in appearance than coal-miners. This class of men in Scotland, together with colliers, were, till the year 1776, *slaves*—slaves to all intents and purposes—and, what is more curious, when their freedom was obtained by an application of their enlightened proprietors to Parliament, they exclaimed against the proposal, as a mere attempt on the part of those gentlemen to shake themselves clear of some small burden, to which they were liable by custom when one of the salters or coalmen happened to take a wife. The coal employed is the small kind, which is always considered as refuse at the Scotch pits; the salters call it *wood*, such having been perhaps the original fuel employed in the works. Bullock's blood is put into the boiling water, to bring its impurities to the top, which are skimmed off. When the water has boiled down, more is pumped in; and this process is repeated before the salt is finally drawn. From a pan of 1300 gallons, fifteen or twenty bushels, of fifty-six pounds each, are obtained in this manner, the process requiring about twenty-four hours. An oily residuum is carefully collected, and employed in the manufacture of magnesia. In general, the pans are only put through five processes in the week, which leaves the Saturday afternoon as a period of recreation to the men. The salt is at first very light and floury, in proportion to its bulk, and in this state is most appreciated. A still finer article, resolving into large crystals, is made between the last pan of one week and the first of an-

other, while the fire is low; and this is called *Sunday salt.*

A large proportion of the salt used in England, and nearly the whole of what is consumed in the United States of America, is derived from salt-springs, which, as already mentioned, issue forth at various places far removed from the sea. In Cheshire and Worcestershire are the chief salt-springs in England. At Northwich, in the former county, where there are also salt-mines, the trade of manufacturing salt from springs is carried on to a great extent, and has been so ever since the reign of Charles the Second. The water is generally impregnated with salt to the extent of twenty-two per cent., which is double the average of the springs found in France; and the process is almost exactly the same as that above described. All over the back settlements of America there are numerous salt-springs, which are there called *salt-licks;* and an immense quantity is yearly manufactured from them, though the processes appear of an inferior order, and the salt produced not nearly so good as that made in England. Hence, no less than three millions and a half of bushels were exported from Britain to the United States in 1829, besides a million and a half to our own colonies bordering on that republic. American travellers mention that the salt-licks are much resorted to by animals, who seem to have as much need for this condiment as human beings. Flint speaks of tracks in the woods extending for hundreds of miles, and formed solely by wild animals on their way to the salt-licks. It is probable that most of the country west from the Alleghany mountains, and between 31° and 45° north latitude, is pervaded by a stratum of salt, deposited there by the evaporation of a vast lake or central sea, long since vanished.

We now come to speak of salt as found, in a solid shape, either on the surface of the earth, or in subterraneous beds. On both sides of the Atlas mountains, in the north of Africa, there are plains covered thickly with salt several miles in width, and extending as far as the eye can reach. In Abyssinia, there is a plain of salt four days' journey across. In North America, large prairies near the sources of the Arkansas river, and on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, are found covered with a cake of salt several inches thick. In these and similar instances it is to be supposed that the sea covered the ground at a comparatively recent period, when nearly the present levels had been attained. Where salt, however, is found in profound mines, or in large masses above the general surface, and intermixed or covered with soil, it is to be presumed that the deposit took place in the early stages of creation, or at least of the arrangement of the materials of the globe. Spain is the country where salt is found most generally in masses above the general surface. At Cordova there is a mountain, 300 feet high, which consists to the amount of four-fifths of salt. At no great distance is a promontory more than double that height, which consists altogether of salt of a red colour. At La Mancha there is a similar mass 210 feet in diameter. And near the river Ebro, there is a whole chain of hills, consisting of salt, mixed with layers of limestone. The salt-mines of the Tyrol are also in a mountain, so that they can be wrought by horizontal excavations. In Peru, there are salt-mines on mountainous situations no less than 10,000 feet above the present level of the sea!

Where salt is found in beds beneath the general surface, it is generally found to rest upon some one of the class of rocks which are considered as of secondary formation, and to be covered with others of a similar kind, such as sandstone, limestone, clay, and so forth. The beds in Cheshire occur from thirty to fifty yards beneath the surface, and are from twenty to thirty yards thick, consisting of a hard clear reddish crystal, which requires to be dissolved in water and clarified before it is fit for use. It is dug like coal, by pick-axes and wedges, and sometimes is blasted with gunpowder. The greater part is exported to America, to the Netherlands, and even to Russia and Prussia. The mines are dry and healthy, and, being supported by thick pillars of salt at proper distances, have a striking appearance when illuminated. There are similar salt-mines in various parts of Germany and Hungary. But the most wonderful are those of Poland, which have been wrought ever since the fifth century, and, being in the hands of government, are the source of an immense revenue. The entrances to the pits are a few miles from Cracow; but the city is completely undermined, and is suspended, as it were, upon pillars of salt. The vaults or spaces whence the salt has been extracted, are uncommonly large and spacious; some of them contain chapels, of which that of St Anthony is thirty feet high, and is furnished with images of the saints cut out of the prevailing mineral. Others of the vaults are used as magazines for salt after it has been dug; and some are employed as stables for the horses, a great number of which are in constant use. The roof is supported either by masses of the salt left for that purpose, or by timber posts; but in some places there are large vaults, which appear without any support, and lead the eye into uninterrupted gloom. The whole are dry and healthy; and the miners, who work six or eight hours at a time, attain the ordinary length of human life.

An analysis of various kinds of foreign and domestic salt was made some years ago, by Dr Henry of Manchester, in order to ascertain the respective purity of each. From the experiments of this gentleman, it appeared that that called the fishery salt, produced in Cheshire, contains 986¾ parts of pure muriate of soda in 1000, the remaining 13¼ parts being chiefly of sulphate of lime. The salt formed by simply crushing the rock of the Cheshire mines is little inferior in purity, being 983¼ parts of muriate of soda to 6¼ of sulphate of lime, 10 of insoluble earthy matter, and various minute proportions of muriates and sulphates. The Scotch common salt was found by Dr Henry to have only 935¼ of pure muriate of soda or genuine salt, to 28 muriate of magnesia, 4 of earthy matter, 15 sulphate of lime, and 17¼ sulphate of magnesia. The French salt, made in the peculiar way already described, hovers in purity between the common Scotch and the Cheshire kinds. Of the rock-salt of eastern Europe no analysis that we are aware of has yet been taken.

It was calculated by M. Necker, the great financier, that the people of France annually consumed 19½ pounds of salt each at an average. Mr M'Culloch calculates that those of Great Britain consume each 22 pounds, and assigns the difference in the chief aliments of the two countries as the cause why the Englishman eats two pounds and a half more than his neighbour on the other side of the Channel. It appears, however, that, even in the same species of food, different nations may employ very different quantities of salt. The bread of Great Britain contains a pound of salt to the bushel of flour, while that of the United States contains only half a pound. Salt is used for many other purposes besides giving a relish to food. It is employed in glass-making, in the manufacture of bleaching-liquor, in the operations of the skinner, in making the glaze for earthenware, and in the preparation of a number of useful and extensively-used medicines.

Salt is now used to a considerable extent in agriculture—an idea suggested upwards of two centuries ago by Napier, the inventor of the logarithms, but never acted upon till the present age. Sowed in a certain quantity upon the ground, it acts as a stimulant to vegetable life, by exciting the absorbent vessels into greater action than usual, and thereby causing them to take up their nourishment more rapidly, and perform their secretions and circulations with greater energy, which necessarily increases the growth. Care must be taken, however, to give only a certain quantity, for, when applied too liberally, it destroys vegetation altogether, and leaves only a brown and withered surface. Of course, those parts of tropical countries which are covered thickly with salt, remain in a state of perpetual barrenness. The scriptural writers were aware of this natural fact, and in several parts of the Bible we find the sowing of salt used as a metaphor for rendering a place desolate. There being a valley between Tadmor and Idumea in this condition, was perhaps what suggested the idea to the Jewish writers. It is curious that, in 1596, about the very time when Napier was cogitating the plan of rendering the soil fruitful by a moderate sprinkling of salt, we find his neighbour and sovereign, King James the Sixth, threatening to raze Edinburgh to the foundation, and sow the place with salt, after the scriptural idea of lasting desolation, as a punishment for the riotous behaviour of the inhabitants.* Salt had also something of a sacred character in the estimation of ancient nations. It was a symbol of friendship and fidelity, due to guests, friends, or servants, from their entertainers or masters; and to this day, in some eastern countries, if a guest has tasted salt with his host, his person will be held inviolable, even although the individual may be afterwards discovered to have done his entertainer some grievous wrong. The sacrifices of the Jews were all seasoned with salt, and we read in the Bible of a covenant of salt. It has also its place in modern superstition. Among the common people all over Scotland, a new house, or one which a new tenant was about to enter, was always sprinkled with salt, by way of inducing *luck.* A plate of salt used regularly to be deposited on the breast of a corpse after it was dressed; a custom which was probably meant at first to have the effect of a charm, in warding off evil influences of one kind or another. Another custom of a curious nature once prevailed in our own, and probably also in other countries, in reference to salt. Men of rank, it is well known, formerly dined at the same table with their dependents and servants. The master of the house and his immediate relations sat at the upper end, where the floor was a little elevated. The persons of greatest consequence sat next, and all along down the sides, towards the bottom, the rank of the guests declined by well-considered gradations, till the servants were found at the bottom. At a certain part of the table, was placed a huge salt-vat, which formed a line of demarcation between the superior and the inferior orders. Sitting above the salt was the mark of a gentleman, or man of good connections; while to sit beneath it indicated a humble station in society. There was also a gradation of liquors, from the generous wine at the head, to the small beer at the bottom: but with this custom, though perhaps of more material consequence than the other, we have at present no concern.

Salt was the subject of a tax among the Romans, and has been so among most modern nations. The tax was in France so very oppressive, and, by provoking smuggling, caused so many thousands of persons to be annually sent to the gallies, that it is reckoned to have been one of the leading causes of the revolution. In this country, a tax was first imposed in the reign of William the Third. In 1798, it amounted to 5s. a-bushel, or about a penny a-pound; but it afterwards rose in England to 15s. a-bushel, which caused a great deal of smuggling. The bad effects of the high duty being strongly represented to the House of Commons, it was, in 1823, removed altogether; which was certainly an unnecessary extent of relief, as a million a-year might have easily been raised from this article, for the service of the state, without being felt by the people, or causing any contraband dealings. The article is now sold at about 14s. or 16s. per ton.

* See both facts in Birrel's Diary, Dalyell's Fragments of Scottish History, 4to. 1798.

MANNERS OF WEST INDIA SLAVES.

A GENTLEMAN, resident in St Vincent's, has sent us a large mass of interesting original information on the condition and character of the slaves on one of the estates in that island; but from the controversial nature of the subject, we are prevented from inserting any portion of the details in our Journal, except that which relates to the manners and customs of the negroes.

"In their manners (says our correspondent) they are more polite than many would be inclined to credit: for you hear them, at every turn, addressing not only their superiors, but each other, with, 'Yes, sir'—'No, ma'am'—'My good lady there,' meaning his wife—'Brother,' 'Sister,' or 'Cousin,' and other expressions that would amuse as well as surprise a stranger. They are passionately fond of dress, singing, and dancing. Whatever money they make is usually laid out in finery of some description, which they arrange with a good deal of taste, especially the ornaments for the head, as handkerchiefs and turbans. The hair, which is naturally short and woolly, they endeavour, by every expedient, to draw out its curls, by forming little cork-screw plaits all over the head; and the men, who are for the most part beardless, are delighted to have a razor, to encourage the growth of the down upon their chin. They wear no shoes, except on grand occasions, more as an ornament to gratify their vanity than any advantage, as they appear to be rather an encumbrance than conveniences; for in going or returning from a festival, you often find them with their shoes in their hands, or, if not, hobbling like a cat in walnut shells. Many of them are able to plait straw hats, which they do very neatly, of a coarse, light, and flexible grass, which grows in abundance in the fields.

The usual dress of the men is a pair of white trousers and shirt, with a straw hat; but others wear, in addition, a blue jacket and black hat. The women wear a gown, chemise, and petticoat, with a handkerchief or Scotch cap on the head, and a necklace of coloured beads round the neck; to which they also sometimes add a hat, neckerchief, &c. They are passionately fond of music, and very readily acquire any tune they hear, turning every circumstance or important event into such rude verses as those sung on the day after my arrival at Grand Sable Estate, when they had holiday given them, and something to make merry.

'My Lady Brisbane gone away,
Massa come and give us holiday,
Huzza! huzza!'

And these you hear repeated over and over again, as they pass along the road, or down the cane-rows at work. On another occasion, when returning from an excursion, I was amused as well as surprised by hearing a negro boy as he approached me whistling, with great accuracy and precision, and at the same time with some melody and execution, the hunting-song in Der Freischutz. The adult negroes, when working in the fields, have their favourite songs, in which the whole gang unite, iterating or bringing down together a long line of glittering hoes in exact time; the delicate and attenuated voices of the females, blended sweetly and prettily with the full deep tones of the male performers. Our negro sailors, too, have their nautical songs, similar to the 'Canadian boat-song,' and ply the oar, or pull upon the hawser and capstan, adapting the measure to the slowness or rapidity of their movements. Nay, even the little Creole gang of children have some favourite choruses; and a leader, a little improvisature, who composes as he goes along, drawing from the stores of his own imagination, or forming rude verses from the ideas suggested by passing objects: first comes the solo of their leader, and then his little band of followers, joining in one simultaneous and merry chorus, beating the time with their hands or upon their little breakfast tins.

Dances and entertainments are given all over the island at Christmas, when they have three days' holidays, and sometimes got up in such a style, that a gentleman assured me he had known a negro spend a very large sum of money, and kill two fat pigs at his ball and supper, for which they issue a sort of invitation card. They have a display of all kinds of vegetables, with fowls, pork, &c.; and sport in addition, too, rum, bottled porter, and Madeira wine. They who cannot afford to give entertainments, give so much for a ticket of admission to the ball-room and permission to dance. On these occasions, they spend the greater part both of the day and night in singing with their usual characteristic ardour and agility, displaying such an easy graceful movement, and marking

with so much precision the time and tune, that their performances would often do credit to the more practised elegante; and is very favourably contrasted with the rude earnestness and clumsy movement of the English peasant, who, neglecting or ignorant of the airy movement 'on the light fantastic toe,' confines his skill to the incessant thumping of his heel in or out of tune, or an awkward swing, endangering his neighbours' shins by his ungraceful pirouette. The ladies dress themselves out with great taste; and I have seen some of the men dressed in long black or blue coats, with white stockings and pumps; white pinked striped or nankeen trousers; a white plaited shirt and neckcloth, and a broad scarlet riband passing round the neck, and brought to the waistcoat-pocket, in imitation of the riband for an eye-glass or watch-guard, having at the same time in his hand or waistcoat-pocket a bottle of lavender water, to refresh himself and partner. In dancing country dances, they have a custom peculiar to themselves; and that is, whenever any gentleman who is out of the set observes another too long a time dancing with a particular lady, he advances towards him, making a low and graceful bow, and, calling him out, takes the hand of his *fair* partner."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

In the life of this distinguished painter, we find an extraordinary instance both of the precocity of genius and its power of raising the most humble individual, by well-pursued industry, to the highest eminence in public estimation.

Thomas Lawrence was born at Bristol in 1769, and was the youngest of a family of sixteen children. His father, who had been bred an attorney, and was afterwards an officer of excise, at the time his son Thomas was born, kept an inn in Bristol; but his business here being unsuccessful, he removed, in 1772, to Devizes, in Wiltshire, where he became the landlord of the Black Bear. It appears that this removal was by no means advantageous to Thomas's father, who was a man of singular manners, and was fonder of spouting poetry to his guests than attending steadily to the affairs of his household. His mother, we are told, was a person of a very different and more respectable character. While in this house at the town of Devizes, the wonderful genius of little Thomas began to be manifested. He could recite verses to the admiration of all who heard him, and, by a natural faculty, began to use a pencil, and take likenesses—an accomplishment which induced his parents to present him to all strangers of note who visited their house. A striking instance of this precocity of talent occurred when he was but five years of age, and is thus mentioned:—Lord and Lady Kenyon happening to stop for a day at the Black Bear, on their way to Bath, Mr Lawrence, the landlord, entered their apartment, and began to expatiate on the genius of his boy, who, "although only in his fifth year, could recite them poetry, or speeches, or take their likenesses, whichever they chose." Lady Kenyon was, in the first instance, somewhat annoyed by the interruption; but there presently capered into the room, straddling upon a stick, the most lovely and spirited child she had ever beheld. His beautiful face was flushed with exercise, and neither she nor her husband felt inclined to stop his gambols. As soon as the boy could be induced to stand still, Lady Kenyon took him into her arms, and asked him if he could take the likeness of that gentleman, pointing to the future Lord Chief Justice. The child, looking with an impatient earnestness at Lord Kenyon, exclaimed, "Yes, that I can, and very like too." Whilst materials were sent for, the child resumed his play; but when all was prepared, throwing his little legs from over his stick, he was lifted on the table, and seated in an arm chair, from which height he took Lord Kenyon's likeness, with a rapidity, a spirit, and a correctness truly astonishing. That done, he was impatient to be gone; but his lordship, coaxing him, asked if he could take the likeness of the lady. The boy exclaimed, "Yes, that I can, if she will only turn her side to me, for her face is not straight." This produced a burst of laughter; for Lady Kenyon, by an accident, had a slight curvature of the nose. The child took the profile. Twenty-five years after, an old friend of Lady Kenyon saw this portrait, and could distinctly trace a resemblance to what her ladyship had been at the period when it was taken.

At the age of six years, little Lawrence was sent to school, where he remained only two years; and this was all the education he ever received, except a few lessons afterwards in Latin and French from a dissenting clergyman. From his sixth to his tenth year, he continued to take likenesses occasionally, and to be exhibited as a prodigy by his partial father, who seems to have in some measure lived on the profits of his son's ingenious exertions. At the age of ten, the young artist commenced, of his own accord, to execute original compositions of a higher class. He painted several scripture pieces; and his fame in this branch of the arts also spreading, he was invited by gentlemen to visit their galleries of paintings from the eminent masters.

The erratic efforts of the rising artist did not save his father from ruin. Old Lawrence failed in his business at Devizes, and removed to Bath, where he placed his son a pupil with Mr Hoare, a crayon-painter of taste and fancy. Under this excellent master he acquired those qualities of grace, delicacy, and spirit, which afterwards distinguished his productions. While at Bath, and only thirteen years of age, he made a drawing of the Transfiguration, which having sent to the exhibition of the Society of Arts, was rewarded by the society conferring upon him the great silver pallette, and five guineas, in approbation of his abilities. During his residence at this place of fashionable resort, he was taken by his father on excursions to Oxford, Salisbury, and other towns, where he obtained considerable occupation for his pencil. It is said he generally received four sitters every day, giving to each half an hour, and half an hour longer from memory. When about sixteen years of age, he was strongly inclined to make the stage his profession, and he actually performed at the Bath theatre; but from this line of life he was happily diverted, and turned to better pursuits. He remained at Bath about six years; and, during the whole of this period, young as he was, he was the sole support of his father and the other members of the family. At length, his father, either thinking that his labours might be made still more profitable in a wider field, or perhaps prevailed upon by the remonstrances of his son, determined to remove to London.

It was in the early part of the year 1787, when in his eighteenth year, that young Lawrence was brought to the metropolis, to commence that career which terminated so triumphantly. He was now in the midst of institutions established for affording instructions in his art, and this was a most fortunate circumstance for him at this crisis in his life. It appears, that, on the arrival of the family in London, his father immediately hired a handsome suite of apartments in Leicester Square, in the immediate neighbourhood of the rooms of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom he was anxious his son should be introduced. On applying to this great painter for this purpose, an interview was appointed; and young Lawrence, with the sensibility inseparable from worth and talents, was taken to the painting-room of this distinguished head of the English school of art. Sir Joshua was forcibly struck by the beauty, fine figure, and graceful manner of the lad, and received him with an attention and a benignity that dissipated his apprehensions, and restored him to self-possession. The performance he brought with him was examined, and partially approved of; and having given the young painter several valuable directions, kindly told him he was welcome whenever he chose to call. Lawrence listened to his remarks with deference, and felt grateful for the attention bestowed upon him. Seeing now the folly of his father in wishing to set him up as a master of the art of painting, he very soon removed from Leicester Square to less splendid lodgings in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, and procured himself to be admitted a student at the Royal Academy.

From this period may be dated the rapid rise of Mr Lawrence into notice in the higher circles of society in the metropolis. Every year he attained a greater proficiency in his art; but though commissions for portraits to a considerable extent flowed in upon him, his pecuniary affairs were far from affluent. The drafts upon his purse, in behalf of his parents, were absorbing; but although this burden long held him down, he was never heard to murmur or complain. In 1791, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy; in the following year, on the death of his former patron Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was appointed his successor in the offices of painter to his Majesty and to the Dilettanti Society. From this time his reputation grew steadily till he came to be generally considered the first portrait painter of the age. Every year he produced portraits of eminent characters, and his works included pictures of most of the crowned heads in Europe. In April 1815, the Prince Regent was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Mr Lawrence. At the request of the prince he was induced to proceed to Aix-la-Chapelle, to take likenesses of the most distinguished statesmen who had there met for diplomatic purposes; having executed this mission, to proceed to Vienna, and from thence to Rome, where he had an opportunity of contemplating the great masterpieces of ancient art. During the whole of Sir Thomas's residence on the Continent, he was entertained in the palaces of the various sovereigns with marked distinction; and the propriety and elegance of his deportment made an impression highly favourable to his character as an English artist and gentleman. He returned to England in 1820, but before his arrival, on the death of Mr West, he was elected without opposition to succeed him as President of the Royal Academy. This distinguished office he continued to hold till his lamented death. This event took place in a sudden manner on the 7th of January 1830, and was ascertained to have been caused by an extensive and complicated ossification of the heart—a disease which has prematurely cut off many men of genius.

It would be useless here to say any thing of the character of this eminent individual as a painter. His works, and engravings from them, are every where to be met with, and their superiority may be discovered even by the most ignorant, from their extraordinary delicacy of touch and gracefulness. He was one of the few eminent English painters who attained a proficiency in their profession before visiting Italy, or without studying the old masters—a circumstance attributable to his wonderful native genius and good taste. Although he never had to contend with those difficulties at the outset which have frequently beset the early career of men who arrived at distinction, his biography presents us with the instructive example of a man of genius successfully struggling to support a father's family, and who was neither intoxicated with applause nor abandoned to that recklessness of conduct which is too commonly found the concomitant of genius, especially when not strengthened by a good education in youth. But we will remember that although Sir Thomas's father was a *downdraught*, his mother was a woman of considerable intelligence and of many lady-like qualifications, as well as matronly virtues; and to her he no doubt owed much of that steadiness of principle which carried him so successfully through life.

LANDING IN AFRICA.

In an interesting work, entitled "Sketches of Spain and Morocco, by Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, Baronet," the accomplished author presents us with the following account of his first landing on the shores of Africa, and the manners of the Moorish population at Tangier, a town on the coast of the Mediterranean, nearly opposite Gibraltar:—

"On approaching the African shores, the aspect of the mountains was desert in the extreme, and the country appeared totally uncultivated, and partially covered with brushwood. As we approached Tangier, the town presented an appearance novel and striking in the highest degree, forming an amphitheatre picturesquely broken by the mosques and high towers of the consular houses, and crowned by the lofty battlements and irregular turrets of the castle commanding the whole. At three o'clock, seated astride on the brawny neck of a Morocco Jew, I made my triumphant entry through the surf, and was landed safe and sound, for the first time in my life, in Africa. The acting consul-general, Mr Ellis, was down on the beach to receive me; and his influence, seconded by the weighty arm of the captain of the port, a sturdy Moor, which fell heavily upon the shoulders of troops of inquisitive wretched-looking Jews, brought me safe through the crowds that were assembled to look at me.

Cockney travellers, on passing from Dover to Calais, are oftentimes pleased to manifest their wonder at the marvellous alteration exhibited to their eyes. The person, however, who for the first time exchanges the shores of Europe for those of Barbary, may well be allowed to express his feelings of surprise at the new and extraordinary scene so suddenly presented to his view. A very few hours' sail has carried him from Europe to the vast and mysterious continent of Africa, from the midst of civilization into barbarism; and, from being surrounded in the morning by Christians, he finds himself in a crowd of Mahometans. The order of things is completely reversed, and every object appears to him novel and strange in the highest degree. The change is indeed so striking, that you may almost imagine yourself to have been transported at once to Timbuctoo; so wretchedly barbarous and so truly African does every thing appear to the eyes of the Christian stranger.

Tangier is a good specimen of a Moorish town. While you view it from the bay, it looks fair and inviting, and, it may be said, almost magnificent: when you enter the walls, however, the illusion ceases, and you can hardly believe your own eyes at the woful falling off in the aspect of things. The principal, and indeed the only one that can be called a street, and which intersects the town in an irregular manner from east to west, consists of a miserable collection of houses, the meanness of which is made more conspicuous by the almost splendid appearance of one or two of the consular houses. Near these the street opens into an oblong space forming a kind of market-place, one side of which is occupied by a low range of shops, or rather stalls, where fruits and different articles of grocery are sold.

One would have expected, in a street inhabited by the representatives of the European powers, to have found the pavement at least passable, whatever might be the case in other parts of the town. This is, however, hardly the case; and the Christians in this instance seem to be as regardless of their own comfort and safety as the Mahometans, for a more villanous piece of paved or unpaved road is or was not, when I was there, to be found in any part of the dominions of the sovereigns either of Morocco or Spain. From this principal street, as I have described it, numerous others branch off, winding round the town in all directions. Whilst slowly picking your way through these, you are almost inclined to fancy yourself in some of the barbarous towns in the very heart of Africa. In order to touch the houses on both sides of you, there is no occasion to extend your arms very wide; or to raise them to any great height, to reach the flat roofs as you walk along. As for the doors, many of which are scarcely three feet in height, you wonder how any human being can get in, much less the gigantic body of a Moor.

The houses, which, with few exceptions, have but one story, form a small square, one side of which

consists of the entrance door and a wall, and the rest of three small narrow apartments destitute of windows, and merely receiving their light through an open arch which forms the doorway. From the courtyard, a flight of steps reaches to the roof, which constitutes a flat terrace of considerable thickness to keep out the rain. It is thus prepared: over the boards which form the ceiling, a layer of clay, about a foot in thickness, is well beaten down. This is covered by a coating of lime: another layer of clay then succeeds, and a thicker one of lime to form the outer surface, the whole being well beaten down and whitewashed several times."

Our traveller next visited the Alcassaba, or castle of Tangier, to pay his respects to the bashaw or governor. Returning from this visit, he continues, "as we descended the hill, an arched entrance, near the gates of the Alcassaba, pointed out the approach, as I was told, to the habitation of a saint. These gentry, whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter, are as abundant at Tangier as elsewhere—a small white linen flag, or rag, stuck on a pole, denoting their abode, which no Christian is allowed to pollute with his presence, or even to approach. From the habitations of Moors, saints, and Jews, being indiscriminately mixed together at Tangier, it requires a residence of some time, and a perfect knowledge of the many little winding streets, to make oneself well acquainted with those in which you are not permitted to set foot; and it frequently happens, that after following one of these winding alleys for some time, you find you are in a cul de sac inhabited by Moors, by whom you are almost sure of being reviled should you chance to be seen. On this account, a stranger is always provided with a soldier to attend him whenever he stirs out.

In such a miserable place as Tangier, it might naturally be supposed that the most profound silence and tranquillity would reign during the night; quite the reverse; and a stranger, on his arrival, does not find it an easy matter to close his eyes, so incessant is the noise echoed through all parts. This is owing to the military patrol, who are stationed in different parts, and perambulate the town throughout the night, calling out the watchword; which, being repeated by the next, circulates in an instant through the whole of the place, and is repeated about every five minutes during dark. In vain the poor stranger tries to close his eyes, and, turning from side to side, wonders at the cause of the savage cries that he hears thus echoed. Through many a weary hour is he constrained to bear this uproar, when, towards dawn, the wretches who have been murdering his repose slink away, and for an instant his weary eyelids are closed by sleep. I say for an instant, for the cries of the night patrol have scarcely died away, when he is suddenly aroused by a loud sepulchral voice, whose unearthly tones appear to his drowsy senses to descend from the air: this is the muedden or crier, who, from the top of the mosque, calls out to the true believer to shake off sleep and repair to prayers. It is the universal custom in Morocco, the use of bells being unknown both in Barbary, and, I believe, in other parts of the world where the Mahometan religion is professed. According to its rules, every Mussulman must repeat his prayers five times during the day; and this injunction by no means adds to the repose of the inmates of the consular house, from its immediate vicinity to the great mosque.

Every morning, when it is still almost dark, the muedden ascends the tower or minaret, and begins to exclaim from the top with a loud stentorian voice, in order to wake and give notice to the inhabitants. Having ceased for a short time, he recommences, continuing his exhortation or prayer for nearly half an hour, while the people are dressing and preparing themselves for the mosque. A third time he commences, when they repair to the mosque, and the first prayers are repeated, it being now dawn. The second prayers, which are announced in a similar manner, take place at twelve o'clock. The third time the muedden cries is nearly two o'clock; the fourth time, at gun-fire or sunset; the fifth and last prayers being announced at the close of day, and when the last gleam of light has disappeared on the horizon.

From the foregoing circumstances, it will be easily conceived, that, however agreeable and quiet Tangier may be during the day, it is not so during the hours when one feels most inclined to repose. A powerful addition to these miseries might well be enumerated in the never-failing lungs of one of those personages whom the besotted ignorance of the people dignifies by the name of saints, and who is one of the curiosities of Tangier. This holy man, who is easily recognised by his uncovered head, his filthy raiment, and a long staff with the aid of which he slowly perambulates the streets, is distinguishable from other saints by a loud peculiar bellowing, which is so strange and incessant as to induce some to suppose that it is the howling of an evil spirit which by some means or other has got possession of the good old man's inside. At cock-crow his daily roarings commence, usually stationing himself at the door of the fondâk or caravansery, which is a short distance above the English house. The utmost respect and obedience are paid by the Moors to this old madman, who acts in some respects with considerable method and forethought. Every market day he makes his appearance in the sók, provided with a capacious basket, which he fills at the different stalls with whatever pleases his fancy best, and for which payment is never demanded. It is amusing enough to see how well the holy man forages for himself: from one he takes a piece of meat, from another bread, from a third vegetables, until at last, having got sufficient to stop the throat of his noisy companion within him, he makes a quiet and orderly retreat.

The law here is administered with little form: the judge hears the different causes and suits frequently in the open street, and sitting probably at the door of some shop, where the respective parties plead their own causes before him; and the point in dispute is at once decided in a manner rather more expeditious than in our Court of Chancery, and as summarily as a country bench of magistrates disposes of a question of rates or a settlement case. Matters, however, are often left to be determined by arbitration. The usual punishment is the bastinado, which is so unsparingly administered upon all ranks and orders, that it may be considered indeed the birthright of a Moor. Arising out of this little instrument, three general divisions or classes of society exist in Morocco, as I have heard it observed: first, the sultan; secondly, those who beat; and, lastly, those who are beaten; the latter class always living in hopes to advance in life, and change places with the one immediately above them; a pithy arrangement, but very significant of the people and country.

Beheading prevails in cases of criminal delinquency; and in this operation the Moors are as expert as their other Mahometan brethren. The sufferer being thrown on his back on the ground, his legs and arms are held steady, while the operator, by means of a long sharp knife, removes the head, with a quickness and dexterity attained by practice alone; when in the hands of a novice, some hacking, as I have been told, naturally occurs. Decapitation, indeed, is so usual in Morocco, that it is thought little of; and a body is shortened with as much unconcern and ease as an Englishman slices off the head of a turnip. In many countries men's heads are their own; in this they belong to the sultan, before whom every Moor, proud and haughty as he may appear, crouches with the most abject slavery, in token of his being master of his life, and every thing he possesses."

A sketch of the manners and customs of the people of this interesting portion of Africa will be given in a succeeding number.

SCOTTISH PROBATIONERS.

THERE is a very general ambition among the lower order of the Scotch people, founded on the most laudable points of their character, to rear one of their family to be a clergyman. The English would be astonished if they knew what poor people north of the Tweed will do to attain this object—how shepherds, and small tradesmen, and coachmen, will sometimes contrive to obtain a learned education for one of their children, who perhaps gladdens their eyes before they die, by appearing in a pulpit, and fixing himself in one of the most respectable stations in life. No doubt, the wonder is lessened, in some measure, by the extreme cheapness of education in Scotland, and the expedients which are open to students for procuring their own support as they advance. Yet, after making every allowance, it must still be held as an extraordinary, and, in a national point of view, a creditable thing, that the bulk of the members of one of the learned professions of the country should be derived from a class of society almost the poorest which it possesses.

Praiseworthy, however, as we may allow the spirit to be, which induces a poor man in Scotland to make himself a great deal poorer, in order that one of his children may hereafter be a credit to him, and fill a high sphere of usefulness in his country, we cannot see that there is any abstract good in the Scottish clergy being so generally the children of poor men. It would be quite as well, we think, judging the question upon principles of general humanity, if clergymen were to arise from a class who could afford the education of their children with somewhat less of suffering, leaving the poor people to bring up their offspring to pursuits which would demand a smaller sacrifice of their own comfort. There is no reason in the world that a parent should pinch himself all his days, and abstract part of the comfort due to his other children, in order that *one* may hereafter be in the situation of a gentleman, while he and his remaining offspring still continue in their original humility. It is easy to see that there is a partiality and a wrong in this, which there is nothing on the other hand but a gratified sentiment to compensate. Nor is there any reason in the world that one man should wade through misery to a situation which another can attain without any misery. The privations of the Scottish theological students are in many cases dreadful—as would be the sufferings of any other persons of a humble rank, who should endeavour to step into any situation equally different from their original, and equally difficult to be attained.

All this, however, proceeds upon the assumption that the situation is sure in the long-run to be gained. If it were so, there might be more feasibility in this strange ambition of the common people. But, unfortunately, there is such a disproportion between the number of livings in the Scottish church and the number of those who are educated for the profession, that, for one who is successful, perhaps two are otherwise. The livings are about a thousand, of which thirty, at an average, become vacant every year. As four years is the period of theological education, it follows that little more than a hundred and twenty young men should ever be at one time in preparation for the profession. Now, it is far within the mark to assign five times this number as the amount of theological students in the various universities. The consequence is, that a vast number of young men are brought into a most delicate, anomalous, and painful situation in life, unable to obtain the employment for which they were reared, and equally powerless to adapt themselves to any other, except, perhaps, the business of teaching, which is more meanly paid than the humblest of the arts. "Exactly twenty years ago," says a friend at our elbow, "I was completing my classical course with a young man, the son of a very poor person, who was destined for the church. For twelve years, I have been in a way of supporting myself, and am now in a position in life with which I have every reason to be satisfied. What has been the fate of my school-companion? Owing to the narrow circumstances of his parents, his education was protracted through twice the number of years that would otherwise have been necessary. About nine or ten years ago, he was at length able to obtain a licence as a preacher, but not before he had undergone sufferings and difficulties such as could have never been his fate, if he had chosen a course of life more suitable to his native circumstances. Nor was the licence to preach an end to his distresses. He has since then found no better employment than to live with a very small gentleman as tutor to his children, upon a salary which scarcely keeps up a decent wardrobe. With the greatest personal worth, he possesses respectable abilities; yet such is the difficulty of obtaining a clerical location, that he may yet hang on for years before he obtains one, and, after all, may have to sink into the forlorn condition of a country schoolmaster, or try to find a congregation among the backwoods of America. He appears in my eyes in no other light than as a person who has lost his proper place in the world, and never been able to find another. The whole flower of his life is past, without having been either enjoyed or usefully employed; and even should he now become fixed in a clergyman's salary (seldom great at the best in this quarter of the island), what a deduction would need to be made to compensate for the years he has lost!"

Such is a single instance, but it is one which every reader will be able to multiply from his own recollections. It is in reality the case of a vast proportion of the young men reared in this country for the church; and it is one which every good mind must contemplate with regret. A multitude of young men of good abilities, who in other circumstances would have been benefiting the community, and securing their own prosperity and happiness, are left in the most distressing and hopeless situation, a burden to themselves and all connected with them.

Considering this as an evil of some magnitude in our country, and one which calls for correction, we have thought it consistent with the aims of our humble sheet, to convey the above remarks to the minds of the common people, in order that they may be induced to pause, before giving way to even those laudable feelings which are so apt to lead them into a course pregnant with mischief to themselves and others. If they are chiefly inspired with a wish that a child of theirs should be concerned in the great business of enforcing religious precepts, they ought to consider if they are sure that an opportunity to do so, will, under present circumstances, be allowed to him. If the temporal advantage and respectability of a clerical situation be what chiefly animates them, they would do well to consider if equal advantages may not be gained at a less sacrifice of immediate comfort. A parochial minister has certainly something like a competency for current subsistence; and the dignity of his profession raises him considerably above that degree of public respect which the same income would gain in any other situation. The clergyman, however [we speak of Scotland only], has no means of extending his income, so as to provide for the settlement of his family, or for any other of those purposes to which the most natural and justifiable feelings might prompt him. We every day see men, whose education has cost little or nothing, and whose origin is the meanest, rise by trade to the enjoyment of an excellent income, and eventually accumulate immens wealth. The chances, indeed, in almost any course of life that an adventurous and able young man can enter into, are infinitely better than those of the

church. There is also a kind of grudge in the minds of a large class of the people respecting even the moderate incomes which the clergy enjoy, and to which no layman, however wealthy, or however discreditably he may use his wealth, is ever subjected: this, with a mind of any sensibility, must greatly detract from that comfort which is supposed to reside in a manse. It would, therefore, we think, be well for the individuals who are anxious to educate their sons for the church, to weigh well beforehand three questions—Is the situation temporally better than others which can be gained at less expense, and with less discomfort? Is there a good chance of the situation being gained after all the qualifications have been accomplished? Is it not better, since there is such difficulty in a poor person obtaining these qualifications, to permit some richer one to take the risk? Unless these questions can be satisfactorily answered, they are only sacrificing, to a vain excess of a laudable sentiment, their own welfare, and that of their children.

THE RIFLE,

AN AMERICAN TALE.

About the middle of December, some ten or twelve years ago, before Illinois was admitted a sister state into the union, on the afternoon of a day that had been uncommonly severe, and during the morning of which there had occurred a light fall of snow, two persons were seen riding along one of the immense prairies, in a northern direction. The elder seemed advanced in years, and was dressed in the usual habiliments of the country. He wore a cap made of the skin of the otter, and a hunting-shirt of blue linsey-wolsey covered his body, descending nearly to the knees, and trimmed with red woollen fringe. It was fastened round the waist by a girdle of buckskin, to which was also appended a bullet-pouch, made of the same material with the cap. His feet were covered with buckskin mocassins, and leggings of stout cloth were wrapped several times round his legs, fastened above the knee and at the ancle with strings of green worsted. The horse he bestrode was so small, that his rider's feet almost draggled on the ground, and he had that artificial gait which is denominated rocking. The old man's hair fell in long and uncombed locks beneath his cap, and was white with the frosts of many winters; while the sallowness of his complexion gave proof of a long residence in those uncultivated parts of the country where the excessive vegetable decay, and the stagnation of large bodies of water, produce perennial agues. His companion was a young man, dressed according to the prevailing fashion of the cities of the eastern states, and his rosy cheeks, and bright blue eyes, evinced that he had not suffered from the effects of climate. He was mounted on a spirited horse, and carried in his hand, the butt resting on his toe, a heavy-looking rifle.

"Well, Doctor Rivington," said the elder person, "I should no more ha' looked to see one of you Yankees taking about wi' you a real Kentuck rifle, than I should ha' thought I'd be riding myself without one. If I did'nt see it in your hands, I could almost swear that it's Jim Buckhorn's."

"You have guessed correctly, Mr Silversight," replied the young physician; "I believe you know almost every rifle in this part of the territory."

"Why, I have handled a power of 'em in my time, doctor," said the old man; "and there a'n't many good ones atwixt Sangano and the Mississip', that I don't know the vally on. I reckon, now, that same rifle seems to you but a clumsy sort of shooting-iron, but it's brought down a smart chance of deer, first and last. That lock's a rail screamer, and there a'n't a truer bore, except mine, that I left down in the settlement, to get a new sight to."

"I was unacquainted with the worth of the gun," resumed Charles Rivington; "but stepping into the gunsmith's this morning, I heard him lament that he had missed a chance of sending it out to Jimmy Buckhorn's; so, intending to come this way, I offered to take charge of it myself. In this widerness country, we must stand ready to do such little offices of friendship, Mr Silversight."

"'Twas no doubt kindly meant, doctor, and Jim will be monstrous glad to git his piece agin," said the hunter. "But my wonderment is, and I don't mean no harm by it, how that tinker would trust such a screamer as that 'ere with a Yankee doctor. Do give it to me; I can't 'bide seeing a good rifle in a man's hand that don't know the vally on it."

Dr Rivington resigned the weapon with a good-humoured smile; for he had been some time in the country, and partly understood the love which a hunter always feels for a piece of the character of that he had been carrying; he knew, too, though the old man's manners were rough, there was nothing like roughness in his heart. Indeed, the very person who was loath to trust his young companion with a gun, intrinsically worth but a trifle, would, nevertheless, as we shall presently see, have unhesitatingly placed in his charge, without witness or receipt, an uncounted or unlimited amount of money. Handing his rifle across his horse to the old hunter, Charles Rivington observed, "I am glad you have offered to take it, Mr Silversight, for there appears to be a storm coming up, and, as I wish to reach Mr Wentworth's to-night, I can make the distance shorter, by crossing through the timber into the other prairie, before I get to Buckhorn's."

"Will you be going to town to-morrow, doctor?" asked Silversight.

"I shall."

"Well, then, you can do me a good turn. Here," said the old man, handing a little leathern bag, "is fifteen dollars in specie; and the rest, four hundred and eighty-five in Shawnee-town paper, is wrapped in this bit of rug. Want you to pay it into the land-office, to clear out old Richly's land: I was going to take it in; but you'll do just as well, and save me a long ride."

The physician promised to attend to the business, and they kept on together, conversing about such subjects as the nature of the scene suggested, until they reached the place where the path, dividing, pursued opposite directions.

"This is my nearest way, I believe?" said Charles.

"It is," answered the old man. "This first track, that we noticed awhile ago, lies on my route; so I'll push my nag a little, soon as I load this rifle, and it may so be that I'll overtake company. Doctor, look here, and you'll know how an old hunter loads his piece—it may stand you in stead some day; I put on a double patch, because my bullets are a leetle smaller than Jim's, you mind I told you. There," said he, as he shoved the ball into its place, and carefully poured some priming into the pan, "it's done in quick time by them what have slept, year in and year out, with Red Indians on every side of 'em. Good night to ye, doctor; you needn't lift the certificates—the register may as well keep 'em till old Richly goes in himself."

So saying, the two travellers parted, each urging his horse to greater speed, as the night threatened to set in dark and stormy. The old hunter had proceeded about four or five miles on his way, when the report of a musket was heard reverberating through the night, and the old man, writhing and mortally wounded, fell from his horse, which, scared by the occurrence, ran wildly over the prairie. A form was seen a few minutes after, cautiously approaching the place, fearful lest his victim should not yet be dead; but apparently satisfied in this particular, by his motionless silence, he advanced, and proceeded immediately to examine the pockets of the deceased.

"So!" muttered he at length, when a fruitless search was finished, "the old curmudgeon has'nt got the money after all; and I've put a bullet through his head for nothing. I'm sure I heard him say, in Brown's tavern, down in the settlement, that old Richly gave it to him to carry; well, it's his own fault, for telling a bragging lie about it; and the grey-headed scoundrel won't never jeer me again, for using a smooth-bore, before a whole company of Kentuck-squatters—it carried true enough to do his business. I'm sorry I dropped that flask, any how; but this powder-horn will make some amends," grumbled the wretch, as he tore the article he spoke of from the breast where it had hung for forty years. "What have we here!" said he again, as he struck his foot against the rifle that the murdered man had dropped; "ho, ho," discharging it into the air, "if the worst comes to worst, they'll think his piece went off by accident, and shot him. But there's no danger—it will snow by day-light, and cover the trail, and the prairie wolves will finish the job."

Thus muttering, the ruffian remounted the animal he held by the bridle, and trotted across the prairie, nearly at right angles with the path along which the unfortunate hunter had been travelling.

It was in a log-house, larger, and of rather more comfortable construction, than was usually seen in that wilderness country, beside a fire that sent a broad and crackling flame half way up the spacious chimney, that there was seated, on the evening of this atrocious murder, in addition to its ordinary inmates, the young physician from whom we have lately parted. His greatcoat, hat, and overalls, were laid aside, and he was conversing with that agreeable fluency, and pleased expression of countenance, which denoted that he was happy in the society around him. Opposite, and busily employed in knitting, sat a beautiful girl of eighteen. From her work, which seemed to engross an unusual portion of her attention, she every now and then would send a furtive glance to their guest, thus telling, in the silent language of love, the tale she never could have found words to utter.

Catharine Wentworth was the daughter of a gentleman who had formerly been a wealthy merchant in the state of New York, but to whom misfortune in business had suddenly befallen, and had stripped him of all his fortune. Not caring to remain longer among scenes that continually brought to mind the sad change in his condition, he emigrated with his family to the wilds of Illinois. In a plain log-cabin he now enjoyed a degree of happiness that he had never known before. And well might he be happy, for his wife, two hardy and active sons, and his daughter Catharine, were all around him, smiling in contentment, and ruddy with health.

This happy family, with the addition of Charles Rivington, who was already betrothed to his dearly beloved Catharine, were gathered, as we have said, round the fireside, conversing cheerfully, when a light tap was heard at the door, and Mr Rumley, the deputy sheriff of the county, entered the apartment, apologising for his intrusion by saying he was on his route for a cabin farther up the prairie. He was by no means a person of prepossessing look, and on the present occasion wore a haggard appearance; but he was welcomed to the cottage, and accommodated with a lodging for the night. In a short time the different members of the family retired to rest.

It was late on the following day that Charles Rivington, being returned to the town where he resided, was seated in his office, employed in counting a roll of notes, a pile of dollars lying at the same time on the table before him, when three men abruptly entered the apartment.

"You are our prisoner," cried the foremost of the party. "Look there, Jim; there's the very money itself. I can swear to the pouch."

"Stand back, sir, and lay hold of me at your peril," replied our hero; "if I am to be made prisoner, produce your warrant."

"You may as well submit, doctor," said Buckhorn, another of the party; "you are accused of being the murderer of old Silversight, who was found shot through the head on the road this morning."

"Is it possible? Poor old man! has he really been killed? When I parted with him last night, he was not only well, but seemed in excellent spirits. However, I yield myself your prisoner. I perceive there are some circumstances that cause suspicion to rest on me. I must rely, for a while, upon the character which, I trust, I have acquired since my residence among you, for honour and fair dealing, until I shall be able to prove my innocence, or till the real perpetrator is placed in the hands of justice."

So saying, Charles Rivington departed with the officer and his companions to the house of Mr Lawton, who, being a justice of peace, had issued a warrant for his apprehension. It is needless to say any thing of the examination. Our hero was committed for trial, and so strong were the proofs against him, that the worthy magistrate, and indeed the whole neighbourhood, could scarcely hesitate to believe him guilty. When the sun arose that morning, Charles Rivington was one of the happiest of men. Loving and beloved, his business increasing, his name respected, and the time rapidly approaching which was to bind him to his Catharine in the tender relationship of marriage—he looked back upon the glorious orb, as it burst through the eastern heaven, with an eye of almost kindred brightness. How changed the scene at its setting! Its last rays fell upon him through the iron-guarded window of a prison: but he was invigorated by conscious innocence. The only son and support of a widowed mother, he had been endowed with good principles, and now was deeply troubled at the distress she would experience on his account. Information was soon conveyed to the excellent woman of the unhappy fate of her boy, and she hurried to visit him in his confinement: the meeting was such as will be easily imagined.

To proceed: week after week rolled by, and the day appointed for the trial at length arrived. The little village in which the sessions of the circuit-court were held, contained about fifty or sixty houses, most of them constructed of logs. There was an open space in the midst of it, termed "the Public Square," in which stood a building, answering the double purpose of court-house during sessions, and of a meeting-house when an occasional missionary passed through that part of the country. The jail occupied a corner of the same place. It was a small one-story edifice, about twelve feet square, and built of hewn logs, fastened together with iron bolts at the corners. Its single apartment contained but one door and window, both secured by strong bolts and bars. Here lay the hero of our story till his trial took place.

The trial of Charles Rivington for murder excited a great deal of attention in this remote district, and on the important day the court-house was crowded. Among the witnesses who were examined was one Carnock, the nephew of the deceased. He mentioned, that, on the night of the 16th of December, he was surprised to see the horse of his uncle arrive, with saddle and bridle on, but without a rider. He thought that the deceased had stopped perhaps for a while at Buckhorn's, who lived at the distance of a mile or so; but as the night passed away without his returning home, he started early in the morning with the intention of tracking the horse. He called for Buckhorn, and they got upon the trail, and followed it till they found the dead body. It led them to Mr Wentworth's. They inquired if any person had been there who had crossed over from the other side of the stream. They were answered, that Dr Rivington had crossed the stream, and remained the night with them; that Mr Rumley, the deputy-sheriff, had also remained the night, but that he had come from farther up on the same side. They followed on the trail till they arrived in the town. Being informed by Mr Drill the gunsmith, that Dr Rivington had taken Buckhorn's rifle out with him, they immediately procured a warrant for his apprehension. They found him employed in counting the identical money which had been taken from the unfortunate Silversight.

Other witnesses were examined, and the prisoner was put on his defence; and all that talent or ingenuity could devise was done by skilful counsel. A large number of respectable persons came forward to testify to the excellence of our hero's general character; but their evidence was rendered unnecessary, by the attorney for the prosecution admitting, in unequivocal terms, that, previous to the horrid occur-

rence, it had been exemplary in a high degree. Summing up very briefly, he assured the jury that the evidence was so clear in its nature, so concatenated, so incontrovertible, as to amount to a moral certainty. Near the body of the murdered man, a powder-flask had been found, with the initials of the prisoner's name and medical degree engraved upon it—C. R. M. D.—Charles Rivington, Doctor of Medicine; and that this was a point in the evidence of the most conclusive kind.

The charge of the judge, who was evidently much affected, occupied but a few minutes, and the jury retired to make up their verdict. The prisoner, in the meanwhile, sat firm and collected, though pale, in consequence of sickness, produced by his situation in a nauseous confined prison. Let us hurry over this distressing scene. The prisoner, as was anticipated, was pronounced guilty, and doomed to perish on the gallows as a malefactor that day three weeks. The intense anxiety, and at length the horror of mind of the mother of this unhappy victim of circumstantial evidence, and of the sorrowing, almost distracted Catharine, both of whom waited with impatience the termination of the trial, it would be impossible to describe.

The three weeks which had been allowed before carrying the sentence of the court into effect, elapsed. The morning which our hero believed was to be the last of his earthly existence, rose with unwonted brightness; and throngs of people came pouring into the little village, impelled by curiosity to witness the appalling spectacle. The hour now arrived when Charles Rivington was to suffer the sentence of the law. A rude gallows was erected at about a quarter of a mile from the public square, and thither the sad procession moved. He was decently dressed in a black suit, and walked to the fatal spot with a firm step. He was very pale; but from no other outward sign might the spectator guess that he shrunk from the horrors of such a death. They reached the spot, and a prayer was offered up with unaccustomed fervour. The sheriff's attendant stood in waiting with the fatal cord; while the agonised mother, vainly endeavouring to emulate the firmness of her heroic son, approached with trembling steps to bid a last farewell—when, hark! a shout was heard—all eyes were turned to catch its meaning—another shout, and the words, "Stop the execution!" were distinctly audible. In an instant after, the death-pale form of Jimmy Buckhorn tumbled from his horse, with just sufficient strength remaining to reach towards the sheriff, with an order from the judge to stay the execution.

Jimmy Buckhorn had deeply lamented the fate of Charles Rivington, and, though at first bearing witness against him, felt a conviction of his innocence, and sought for some clue to the real murderer. For some time he was unsuccessful; but at length the thought struck him that the track in the side of the stream where Mr Wentworth resided might have been caused by a traveller passing along on the morning after the fatal deed, and the deputy-sheriff, in that case, might be the real culprit. He immediately set out to visit every cabin above Mr Wentworth's, to see if Rumley's story of having been farther up the stream was correct. This took a considerable time; but the result satisfied him that the tale was false. He then procured the assistance of a surgeon, imposing upon him secrecy until the proper time for disclosure; and proceeded to disinter the body of Silversight. This was more successful than he had dared to hope: the ball had lodged in a cavity of the head, and being produced, Buckhorn pronounced at once, from its great size, that it could have been discharged only from Rumley's smooth-bore. He set out directly in search of the deputy-sheriff, whom, with his gun, he happily secured at one of the taverns in the new settlements, and thereupon lost not a moment in fleeing to the house of the judge to procure an order to delay the proceedings against the unoffending Rivington.

But the chain of evidence in this extraordinary case was not yet complete. A wild and dissipated young man, of the name of Michael Davis, who had just returned up the river from New Orleans, entered the office of the clerk of the county, on his way back from the place where the execution was to have taken place. Here he saw lying on the table the fatal powder-flask which had been brought in evidence against our hero, and which he proved to have been his own, "or rather," said he, "it was mine and Caleb Rumley's together; there's our initials C. R. M. D. for Caleb Rumley and Michael Davis, scratched on one of the sides with my own knife." Immediately on this wonderful development of Rumley's connexion with the murder, no one continued to hold the unfortunate Rivington any longer guilty; and it became the duty of the worthy magistrate to commit, in the course of that very day, that respectable personage Caleb Rumley, Esq. to the same tenement which Dr Rivington had lately inhabited. A bill was forthwith found by the grand jury, and the trial of the real murderer came on shortly after. For a long time he obstinately denied any knowledge of the death of Silversight; but as proofs after proofs were disclosed against him, he first became doggedly silent, then greatly intimidated, and at last made a full disclosure of his crime. He was accordingly found guilty, and executed on the same gallows that had been erected for our calumniated hero.

The sickness of Catharine Wentworth was long and severe; but our friend Charles was her physician, and the reader will not wonder that it yielded at last to his skill. The excellent parent of our hero had been condemned, at different periods of her life, to drink deeply of the cup of affliction, and she had bowed with noble humility to her fate; but she now supported herself in this more trying hour of joy. As for her severely-tried son, he was now restored to the affections of all who knew him: his character was held in higher estimation than ever. Spring had gone forth, warbling with her thousand voices of delight, over those wide-extended prairies, and the flowers had sprung into a beautiful existence at her call, when the hand of the blushing Catharine, herself a lovelier flower, was bestowed in marriage on the transported Charles Rivington.*

* Abridged from a series of American tales, edited by Miss Mitford.

NEW YEAR OBSERVANCES IN SCOTLAND.

Except in some parts of the Highlands, where the day of the Nativity is still marked with some show of decent observance, the Scottish people may be said to have no holidays besides the first and last days of the year, and an anomalous festival called Handsel Monday. Easter and Christmas were no doubt observed in Scotland, before the Reformation, with the same pious regard as elsewhere. But after that period, when, as some one remarked, we made so much haste to escape from Rome, as almost to run out of Christendom, those festivals were denounced as Popish; nor even in the partially triumphant days of Episcopacy was it found possible to induce an observance of them. In a religious point of view, Christmas and Easter are totally unknown among us, except to Episcopalian families. To make up for this, however, we celebrate the close of the one year and the opening of the other with such intense mirthfulness, that the whole period is called, *par excellence*, the Daft Days.

Christmas, it must be acknowledged, partakes a little of the general character of the Daft Days. It is honoured with a shadowy and traditionary notice among the peasantry, the remains of a respect which has long gone by. The guizards, for instance, always look upon it as the first of those nights when it is lawful for them to go about in the exercise of their calling. We may also learn, from several popular rhymes, that it is either still, in some places, a day of feasting, or is recollected to have been so in times past. Thus, the boys in the old pastoral town of Peebles have a rhyme which they cry during the Daft Days, as they go about the streets:

"On Chrisslemass nicht I turned the spit,
I burnt my finger, I find it yet!"

And in Fife they have a rhyme still more pointedly testifying the festive character of the day—a rhyme breathing a fine spirit of mingled gratitude and regret for past pleasures:

"Yule's come, and Yule's gane,
And we hae feasted weel;
Sae Jock maun to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel."

Scotland has also in its time partaken of the old religious rites with which Christmas used to be celebrated at the peasant's fireside. The boys are still well acquainted with the rhyme alluded to in Ellis's edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities, as having been descriptive of, or allusive to, a certain domestic ceremony:

"Yule, Yule, Yule,
Three puddings in a pule!
Crack nuts and cry Yule."

These are curious memorials of the Scottish Christmas or Yule, and tend to illustrate the remark of Coleridge as to the difficulty of altogether erasing the marks of "that which once hath been." They show that even a high religious principle may fail to extinguish the humblest and homeliest custom, if it once be a custom, and have any recommendation from the universal taste for amusement. Old Scottish ballads allude to the hallow or holidays of Yule:

"When the hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nichts were lang and mirk,
Then in and came her ain twa sons,
And their hats made o' the birk."

There is also some illustration of this point to be derived from a child's rhyme; which, being redeemed from silliness by a good moral, may also be placed amidst these frail vestiges of an observance almost forgotten:

"There was a guse, they ca'd it Luce,
Was paidling in a pool-y,
By cam a tod, wi' mony a nod,
And bad her to hir Yule-y.
He took her hame, and thocht nae shame
To put her on a stool-y,
Then singit her claes, and burnt her claes,
And gar'd her look like a fool-y."

And such will be the fate of all silly geese, which trust too much to the courteous invitations of wily tods.

But we hasten from Christmas to Hogmanay—from the shadow to the substance. Hogmanay is the universal popular name in Scotland for the last day of the year. It is a day of high festival among young and old, but particularly the young, who do not regard any of the rest of the Daft Days with half so much interest. In the town above mentioned, which, being quite secluded from other places, maintains old customs in considerable purity, the children of the poorer people—all of them, without exception of sex or age, if only able to walk—get themselves, at an early hour, tied into large aprons or sheets, the lower corners of which are turned up in front, so as to form each into a vast pocket or refectory. Thus rigged out, they go in families or bands to the doors of all the better sort of people, to collect an alms of oaten bread, from time out of mind accustomed to be given on this day by the rich to the poor. Each child gets one quadrant section of oat-cake (sometimes, in the case of particular favourites, improved by an addition of cheese), and this is called their *hogmanay*. In expectation of the large demands thus made upon them, the housewives busy themselves, for several days beforehand, in preparing a suitable quantity of cakes. A particular individual, in my own knowledge, has frequently resolved two bolls of meal into hogmanay cakes. The children, on coming to the door, cry "Hogmanay!" which is in itself a sufficient announcement of their demands; but there are other exclamations, which either are or might be used for the same purpose. One of these is,

"Hogmanay,
Trollolay,
Give us of your white bread, and none of your grey!"

What is precisely meant by the mysterious word *Hogmanay*, or by the still more inexplicable *Trollolay*, I shall not pretend to determine: but the reader will find, from the fourth volume of the Archæologia Scotica, that the subject has received due attention at the hands of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries. Of the many other cries, appropriate to the morning of Hogmanay, I may chronicle two of the less puerile:—

"Get up, gudewife, and shake your feathers,
And dinna think that we are beggars;
For we are bairns come out to play,
Get up and gie's our Hogmanay!"

Another is of a moralising character, though a good deal of a truism:—

"Get up, gudewife, and binna sweir,
And deal your bread to them that's here;
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,
And then ye'll neither need ale nor bread."

She is in a very peevish strain, but, as saith the sage, "Blessed is he that expects little, for he will not be disappointed:"—

"My shoon are made of hoary hide;
Behind the door I downa bide:
My tongue is sair, I daurna sing—
I fear I will get little thing."

The most favourite of all, however, is much smarter, more laconic, and more to the point, than any of the foregoing:—

"My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin;
Gie's a piece, and let us rin!

It is no unpleasing scene, during the forenoon, to see the children going laden home, each with his large apron bellying out before him, stuffed full of cakes, and perhaps scarcely able to waddle under the load. Such a mass of oaten alms is no inconsiderable addition to the comfort of the poor man's household, and tends to make the season still more worthy of its jocund title.

In the evening of this day, as on Christmas night, the guizards are all astir. Such of the boys as can pretend to any thing like a voice, have for weeks before been thumbing the collection of excellent new songs, which lies like a bunch of rags in the window sole, and being now able to screech up "Barbara Allan," or the "Wee Cot-house and the wee Kail-yardie," they determine upon enacting the part of the guizards. For this purpose they don old shirts belonging to their fathers, and mount casques of brown paper, shaped so like a mitre, that I am tempted to believe them borrowed from the Abbot of Un-reason: attached to this is a sheet of the same paper, which, falling down in front, covers and conceals the whole face, except where holes are made to let through the point of the nose, and afford sight to the eyes and breath to the mouth. Each vocal guizard is, like a knight of old, attended by a kind of "humble squire," who assumes the habiliments of a girl, with an old woman's cap, and a broomstick, and is styled "Bessie." Bessie is equal in no respect, except that she shares fairly in the proceeds of the enterprise. She goes before her principal, opens all the doors at which he pleases to exert his singing powers, and busies herself during the time of the song, in sweeping the floor with her broomstick, or in playing any other antics that she thinks may amuse the indwellers. The common reward of this entertainment is a halfpenny; but many churlish persons fall upon the unfortunate guizards, and beat them out of the house. Let such persons, however, keep a good watch upon their cabbage gardens next Halloween! Guizarding is proper to four nights of the year:—Christmas, Hogmanay, New-year's Day, and Handsel Monday. We observe it is tried in a small and unpretending way at Edinburgh.

It were unnecessary, in this place, to enter into an account of the practices at the midnight between Hogmanay and New-Year's-Day, which are already so minutely described in other works. Neither, for the same reason, is it worth while to particularise the customs of the first day of the year itself. I may only mention, that the custom of New-Year's gifts, still so rife in France, was formerly much more common in this country than it is at present. We find, for instance, from Mr Pitcairn's great work, that James the Fourth would have a gift of ten angels presented to him in his bed on New-Year's morning; as also a *caudle*, which, by the way, must have been exactly the same thing which the modern people of Edinburgh know by the term *het-pint*. It is pleasant also to find, that, on the 1st of January 1490–91, the same monarch presented Blind Harry, the minstrel, author of the "Life of Wallace," with eighteen shillings. Still more

delightful is it to know, that, on the New-Year's-Day of 1507, the monarch gave to diverse "menstrallis, schawmeris, trumpeteris, tabrounaris, fithelaris, luteris, clarshaaris, and piparis," the aggregate sum of forty-one pounds sixteen shillings. The custom of giving and receiving New-Year's gifts was still more common at the court of James the Sixth, who was exactly the kind of man to give encouragement to at least one branch of the system. We find Elizabeth also a great receiver of New-Year's gifts. And after James went to England, the practice had reached such a height, and was so indispensable, that it is grievously complained of as a tax upon the pockets of the courtiers.*

THE DOCTORED MONKEY.

A MELANCHOLY fate, I am sorry to record (says Captain Hall),† befel a monkey of mine. I was then in command of the Lyra, on the homeward voyage from China, after the embassy under Lord Amherst had been concluded. We touched on our way to Calcutta at the Philippine Islands, and, amongst other live stock, laid in a monkey which had seen the world. He was born, they assured us, at Teneriffe, bred at Cadiz, and had afterwards made the voyage across the Pacific Ocean, viâ Lima and Acapulco, to Manilla. This splendid bay is the chief station of the Spaniards in the eastern world, and has long formed one of those links in the vast colonial chain which enabled that once powerful nation to boast with truth that the sun never set on their dominions. Our extensive traveller had made good use of his time and opportunities, and was destined to see a good deal more of men and manners, indeed almost to make out the circuit of the globe. We brought him with us through the Straits of Malacca to Poolo Penang, and from thence carried him across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta and Madras. We next visited together the Isle of France, the Cape, and, lastly, St Helena, at the very time the ex-emperor of the world resided there.

This distinguished monkey had a particular liking for the marines, who caressed and fed him, and sometimes even ventured to teach him to play off tricks on Jack, which the sailors promised one day to pay back with interest on the soldiers. In so diminutive a vessel as a ten-gun brig, there is but a small party of marines, merely a serjeant's guard, and no commissioned officer, otherwise I hardly think the following trick would have been attempted.

It has been already mentioned, that on Sundays the ship's company are mustered at divisions, ranged on either side of the deck. Every man is then dressed in his very best togs, shaved, and trimmed up as gaily as possible. The marines, of course, sparkle abaft as brightly as polished metal, scarlet cloth, and the eternal pipeclay, can make them. When all are reported present, the captain walks slowly and solemnly round, eyeing each man from head to foot, to detect a spot of dirt, or a thread opening at a seam, and peering under the breast of every gun to discover some neglected delta of unwashed-away sand.

One fine day, while going our formal rounds, I came to a figure which at first sight puzzled me not a little. This was no other than our great traveller the monkey, dressed up as a marine, and planted like a sentry on the middle step of the short ladder which, in deep-waisted vessels, is placed at the gangway, and reaches from the deck to the top of the bulwark. The animal was dressed up in a complete suit of miniature uniform, made chiefly of the coloured buntin used for flags, with sundry bits of red baise purloined from the carpenters. His regimental cap was constructed out of painted canvass; and under his lower jaw had been forced a stock of pump-leather, so stiff in itself, and so tightly drawn back, that his head was rendered totally immovable. His chin, and great part of the cheeks, had been shaved with so much care, that only two small curled mustachios and a respectable pair of whiskers remained. His hair behind being tied back tightly into a queue, the poor creature's eyes were almost starting from his head; while the corners of his mouth being likewise tugged towards the ears by the hairdresser's operations, the expression of his countenance became irresistibly ludicrous. The astonished recruit's elbows were then brought in contact and fastened behind by a lashing, passed round and secured to the middle step of the ladder, so that he could not budge an inch from his position. One of the ship's pistols, fashioned like a musket, and strapped to his shoulder, was tied to his left hand, which again had been sewed by the sailmaker to the waistband of his beautifully pipeclayed trousers; in short, he was rigged up as a complete sea-soldier in full uniform.

As the captain and his train approached, the monkey began to tremble and chatter; but the men, not knowing how their chief might relish the joke, looked rather grave, while, I own, it cost me no small official struggle to keep down a laugh. I did succeed, however, and merely said, in passing, "You should not play these tricks upon travellers; cast him loose immediately." One of the men pulled his knife from his breast, and cutting the cord which fastened the poor Spaniard to the ladder, let him scamper off. Unluckily for the gravity of the officers, however, and that of the crew, Jacko did not run below, or jump into one of the boats out of sight, but made straight for his dear friends the marines, drawn up in line across our little hurricane-house of a poop. Unconscious of the ridicule he was bringing on his military patrons, he took up a position in front of the corps, not unlike a fugleman; and I need hardly say, that even the royals themselves, provoked though they were, now joined in the laugh which soon passed along the decks, and was with difficulty suppressed during the remainder of the muster.

A day or two afterwards, and while the monkey was still puzzled to think what was the matter with his chin, he happened to observe the doctor engaged in some chemical process. As his curiosity and desire for information were just such as ought to characterise a traveller of his intelligence, he crept gradually from chest to chest, and from bag to bag, till he arrived within about a yard of Apothecaries' Hall, as that part of the steerage was named by the midshipmen. Poor Mono's delight was very great as he observed the process of pill-making, which he watched attentively while the ingredients were successively weighed, pounded, and formed into a long roll of paste. All these proceedings excited his deepest attention. The doctor then took his spreader, and cut the roll into five pieces, each of which he intended to divide into a dozen pills. At this stage of the process, some one called the pharmacopolist's attention to the hatchway. The instant his back was turned, the monkey darted on the top of the medicine-chest, snapped up all the five masses of pill stuff, stowed them hastily away in his pouch, or bag, at the side of his mouth, scampered on deck, and leaped into the main rigging, preparatory to a leisurely feast upon his pilfered treasures.

The doctor's first feeling was that of anger at the abstraction of his medicines; but in the next instant, recollecting that unless immediate steps were taken, the poor animal must inevitably be poisoned, he rushed on deck, without coat or hat, and knife in hand, to the great surprise and scandal of the officer of the watch.

"Lay hold of the monkey, some of you," roared the doctor to the people. "Jump up in the rigging, and try to get out of his pouch a whole mess of my stuff he has run off with."

The men only laughed, as they fancied the doctor must be cracked.

"For any sake," cried the good-natured physician, "don't make a joke of this matter. The monkey has now in his jaws more than a hundred grains of calomel; and unless you get it from him, he will die to a certainty."

This appeal, which was quite intelligible, caused an immediate rush of the men aloft; but the monkey, after gulping down one of the lumps, or twenty-four grains, shot upwards to the top, over the rail of which he displayed his shaven countenance, and, as if in scorn of their impotent efforts to catch him, plucked another lump from his cheek, and swallowed it likewise, making four dozen grains to begin with. The news spread over the ship; and all hands, marines inclusive, most of whom had never been farther in the rigging than was necessary to hang up a wet shirt to dry, were seen struggling aloft to rescue the poor monkey from his sad fate. All their exertions were fruitless; for just as the captain of the maintop seized him by the tail, at the starboard royal yard-arm, he was cramming the last batch of calomel down his throat!

It would give needless pain to describe the effects of swallowing the whole of this enormous prescription. Every art was resorted to within our reach in the shape of antidotes, but all in vain. The stomach-pump was then, unfortunately, not invented. Poor Jacko's sufferings, of course, were great:—First he lost the use of his limbs, then he became blind, next paralytic; and, in short, he presented, at the end of the week, such a dreadful spectacle of pain, distortion, and rigidity of limb, that I felt absolutely obliged to desire that he might be released from his misery by being thrown into the sea. This was accordingly done when the ship was going along for the British Channel.

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

So completely is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. I have always considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, by storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depths, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action. In boring for water lately, at a spot near Kingston-on-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; this earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it; yet in a short time plants vegetated from it. If quicklime be put upon land which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its place. A curious fact was communicated to me, respecting some land which surrounds an old castle, formerly belonging to the Regent Murray, near Moffat. On removing the peat, which is about six or eight inches in thickness, a stratum of soil appears, which is supposed to have been a cultivated garden in the time of the regent, and from which a variety of flowers and plants spring, some of them little known even at this time in Scotland.—*Jesse's Gleanings of Natural History.*

A HIGHLAND TRADITION.

Near the middle of the vale of Glen Urcha, in Argyleshire, the traveller will perceive a small eminence, entitled by the people of the district the Gallows Hill, and which is now an object of traditionary legend. When the clan Macgregor was in possession of this part of the country, this mount was the ordinary place of execution; and the gallows, from whence it took its name, is said to have stood on a small knoll upon its summit. Among the various tragic tales told of the fate of those condemned by the feudal jurisdiction to suffer on this spot, the following is one sufficiently illustrative of a system of barbaric legal usage, which was not abolished till about the middle of the last century. At a remote period, the chief of the Macgregors became violently in love with a beautiful young woman of the glen, who was betrothed to one of his clansmen. The addresses of Macgregor were in the highest degree distressing; but though she was the daughter of a serf, and he was her chief, neither his threats nor entreaties could induce her to alter her resolution not to listen to his proposals. At length, enraged by her obstinacy, Macgregor's love was turned to hatred; and to revenge the slight which he imagined he had received, he devised the horrible plan of causing her to be accused of having conspired against his life by means of witchcraft. In the mock trial which ensued, it is almost needless to say that this unfortunate female was condemned, and was forthwith hanged upon the Gallows Hill, and her body afterwards suspended from the gallows in a creel or rustic basket. The corpse of this victim of superstition continued for a considerable period bleaching in the rain and sun, till during a violent storm, when it was blown from the gallows, and thereafter conveyed away and privately interred by the sorrowing and impotent relatives. It is a remarkable fact, though of course proving nothing in the way of retribution, that the descendant of the Macgregor who inflicted the above atrocious act of despotism, was, according to tradition, the first Highlander who suffered the punishment of hanging in chains—a doom held by the Scots at the time as the most abhorrent to the feelings.

INTERCOURSE WITHOUT LANGUAGE—A RECOLLECTION, BY AN OLD OFFICER.

It is surprising how people of different nations and tongues, and not understanding each other's languages, contrive to make their wants known to each other; to enter into bargains or contracts for their supply; or to fix the price or remuneration for them respectively. This was strongly exemplified in my own case many years ago, when, at an early period of my life, I was, from particular circumstances, carried in the ship in which I was embarked to the coast of Arabia, where we anchored and remained for some time. I was a lieutenant in a regiment proceeding to Bombay; and as our ships were in want of refreshments, we were obliged to have sailors constantly on shore, and to land a subaltern's party for their protection, and to preserve due order between them and the natives. The subaltern's party were to be relieved weekly; but as my brother officers preferred remaining on board their respective ships, and I infinitely preferred remaining on shore, with the consent of our commanding officer I took the duty for the whole six weeks that we remained there. I spoke not a word of Arabic, nor of any other language that the natives understood; and they were equally ignorant of English; notwithstanding which, I became remarkably intimate with some of them; and by signs, and tokens, and other means, contrived to make a bargain with particular persons for antelopes, which they were to shoot and bring me, and for which I was to pay them, and besides to supply them daily with a small quantity of powder and ball. Every morning, therefore, these people came to my tent to get the settled quantity of ammunition; then went off into the interior, and generally returned next day with what they had killed, and, according to our contract, made me the first offer at a dollar for each antelope. We had no small coin to exchange for articles of small value; we therefore cut our dollars into triangular bits, which they readily took, for it was for the metal to convert into ornaments for their women that they desired our money. Our regiment was a Highland corps; and the Arabs were highly delighted with the music of our bagpipes, and to see our men dance reels to them; and in return they danced to us their war-dance, accompanied with shouting, brandishing their swords, and striking them against each other's shields, for in this manner they were armed.

* From the Edinburgh Literary Journal, Dec. 1831, to which work it was contributed by one of the editors of Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

† Fragments of Voyages and Travels, second series.

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HARRY WEIR.

SOME years ago there lived in Edinburgh a man named Harry Weir, a dyer to his trade, and an honest hard-working man as ever breathed, but who, being tormented for many years with a worthless wife, at last lost heart in his business, began to drink a little, and accordingly declined rapidly in his circumstances. Harry was originally a man of some mettle, and had invented some particular shade of blue, which was called the Weir blue, being the next in shade to Mazarine blue; so that he might, with something like a colour of truth, be said to rank very near in greatness to one of the most famous ministers whom France or the world ever saw. Harry was a good deal puffed up, we believe, about the Weir blue; but the grand cause of his declension was the wretched woman to whom it was his misfortune to be united. This base creature had originally been a woman of sober habits, though without any strength of mind to bear her up against temptations; and having, from a love of gossipping with idle and dissipated housewives in the neighbourhood, contracted a habit of *tasting* spirituous liquors, and finally of drinking outright, she soon proved completely unworthy of her husband's confidence; would appropriate the money received in his absence to gratify her depraved appetite; and even, at last, when all other means failed her, pledge away the furniture of her house, in order to purchase the means of indulgence. Harry tried for a time, on account of his children, to keep up a stout heart against this evil; but all would not do. If a man finds his home rendered a waste, and his substance perverted to the worst ends, by one who is properly designed to comfort and assist him through life, it is hardly to be wondered at, that he flies from the one, and neglects the improvement of the other, and that finally he becomes almost as bad, through pure despair, as his unworthy partner. Such was Harry's case. His neat shop in one of the second-rate streets in time grew dim and paltry. He was seldom to be found in it himself. If a customer called, he would perhaps find a woman in a state of speechless intoxication behind the counter. The unfortunate dyer would himself be seen occasionally, towards evening, in a condition hardly any better. The proper consequences followed. Harry Weir became a bankrupt.

When such a calamity as this happens through unavoidable circumstances, the unfortunate individual often receives such consolation from his wife—is so edified and spirited up by the nervous resolutions which she forms on the occasion, and which only a woman *can* form—that he is enabled to retrieve the accident, and in time place himself on almost as good a footing with the world as ever. But alas for the men who stand in the circumstances of Harry Weir! To them no star of hope sends forth its reassuring ray: the very motive to renewed exertions is taken away, in the consideration that, if we failed before with every advantage in our favour, how can we be successful now, when all circumstances are against us. Harry, however, did make an effort. The wants of an infant family form in themselves a motive—one that would operate in the very jaws of despair. He struck his colours in the somewhat flaunting shop which he had had in the New Town, and in the course of a week or two raised a small pennon of the Weir blue over a humble tabernacle in the Candlemaker Row. Though not inclined to suicide, he said, in a witty shop-bill which he published, that he was resolved to dye at all hazards. "Do or die," was some people's motto; but, for his part, he was determined to do *and* dye. All was here made face that would be face. The window was filled with persuasive placards and specimens of silk of various hues; and though Mrs Weir was little better than ever, Harry himself showed a manful and sober front to the world, absolutely denying himself all kinds of liquor for a whole week. A little business did come in; but the poor dyer had neither patience nor capital to hold out till a complete resuscitation should take place. His wife soon became worse than before. He again lost heart. The shop once more grew dusky and shabby. The resolutions expressed in his whimsical shop-bill began to be strangely at variance with the appearance of the window in which it was exhibited; till a considerate spider, with a tenderness which the human race would do well to imitate, saw the ridicule to which it was exposed, and drew a veil over that which he could not remove. Harry dragged on to the next term, when a strange revolution took place in his circumstances. Being unable to pay his rent, his landlord had arrested his furniture, and he was next day to be turned adrift, without a stick or a rag wherewith to recommence the world. He had that day drawn eighteen-pence for dyeing a lady's scarf. Of this he gave a shilling to his eldest daughter to buy provisions for her brothers and sisters; with the remainder he went forth to purchase an hour of oblivion—for he was now arrived at that stage of misery when, if a little momentary relief can be at all gained, the future excites no care. At his return, he was informed that a fire had taken place in his humble dwelling, from which his children had been saved with great difficulty—but *they only*. Every thing else—the furniture, the counter and shelves, the pennon of Weir blue, the shop-bill and the humane cobweb—had been burnt. One life had been lost: it was needless to inquire how or why; but the grand source of Harry's miseries was shut for ever.

The fire, with its lamentable circumstances, occasioned some sensation in the city, and a benevolent gentleman, conceiving it to be a fit occasion for his interposition, commenced a subscription in behalf of the unfortunate sufferers, by which a few pounds were raised. This sum was in reality so much gain to Harry, for, as his furniture had ceased to be his own, he could not be said to have lost any thing by the fire. Coming upon him at a moment when he seemed utterly destitute of resources, and accompanied as it was by the sensation of relief, which was certainly the most prominent, though not the only feeling produced by the death of his unhappy spouse, it re-erected the man into something like his former self, and promised, for a time, to be the means of redeeming his fortunes. He took a shop in one of the streets leading out of town, where he had some vacant ground for his business, and where, if population was scant, rents and public burdens were moderate. Here Harry established his little family under the charge of his daughter already alluded to, a girl of about fourteen, and prudent beyond her years. Of furniture he had very little; but it was enough in the meantime. He was more anxious to lay out his little capital upon the materials of his trade, more particularly as he had resolved not to confine himself to dyeing, but to attempt the business of a scourer also, which he knew to be more profitable. In no long time he had furbished up the apparition of a shop—an airy, gauzy, spectral-looking place, with a few empty shelves within, a flashy shambling sign on the front, and a tall pole and cross beam over all. His shop-bill now went beyond all precedent in puffing. It represented him as a dyer in general, and restorer of gentlemen's apparel. "Some people pretend," said he, "to renovate gentlemen's apparel; but they only wash it. I really do renovate it. A coat may have sunk into what appears the eternal sleep [it should have been *nap*] of death; but once let me get it subjected to my patent electric process, and it is restored instantly to its pristine state. It awakes to a new life. And home it comes to the owner, as fair and glossy as ever. Hats, in the same manner, I can, for one-and-sixpence each, bring back to all their wonted woolliness and lustre: in fact, the buying of new hats, after this, is in a great measure precluded—for I can make the old ones quite as good for a trifle. Waistcoats—the patent fluid creates a new soul under the ribs of waistcoats." And so forth. It would have been all very well if the world would only have believed it. But, unfortunately, Weir's pretensions only excited suspicion. Gentlemen and ladies saw, within a shop of the most ghastly and insubstantial appearance, a man of whose nose the point alone would have dyed the multitudinous sea incarnadine. Which of the two *bills* to believe, that was the question. The evidence for the latter was certainly not the weakest. They therefore feared, that, instead of *restoring* their clothes, he would keep them to himself. That he would *scour*, was the only part of his professions to which they could attach the least likelihood. Besides, poor Weir presented in his own person that argument against his pretensions, which has so often been brought to bear upon fortune-tellers. If he was so expert in reviving clothes, why appear so deplorably out at the elbows himself? Why not, on the principle of charity beginning at home, try the first experiment of his electric liquid upon that jacket, for instance, which appeared to have seen so much service upon his own back? It was evident from this ratiocination, that no man who pretends to renovate gentlemen's apparel should wear a single shabby stitch himself. He ought to be constantly gleaming under the splendours of a new suit.

These circumstances operated so strongly against Weir, that he obtained very little business—not nearly enough to render him any profit. A few printed gowns and greased coats came in from the neighbours; but he totally failed to attract any employment from the neighbouring city. This small quantity of business was worse perhaps than none at all, for it was executed at a greater expense than it would bear, and left him in the meantime a loser. Every practicable effort was made, every expedient tried, in order to obtain more custom. He was himself as sober and steady as he had ever been in his life, and was inspired with a sincere and earnest desire of doing what he could for the support of his family. But that which a little capital might have enabled him to do, was denied to his present pennilessness and want of credit. He could not keep himself and those depending upon him in life, till the period of remunerating labour should arrive. For whole afternoons would he be seen at his door, brushing long slips of damp silk and cloth, and apparently in a great bustle, though he in reality was doing nothing—all being intended merely to impress passengers with the idea that he was a thriving and active person, who would do their work, if they chose to give it to him, in double quick time. He had, moreover, taken the expedient of planting himself nearer to the city than several other persons in his line on the same street, so as to have the chance of intercepting some business that might have otherwise gone to those who were not so much in need of it. Sometimes a blundering maid-servant or apprentice boy, who had been dispatched with a bundle of clothes to be scoured by one of those individuals, whom the proprietor was in the habit of regularly employing, would stumble into Weir's ever open door, on the supposition that *this* was the place to which the bundle was destined; a mistake which Weir was not bound, as he

said, to correct. No such blunderer ever required to ask any questions as to whether this was the right place. "Come away, my bonnie lassie," Harry would say; "what is it you have brought me to-day? How are they all up the way? Lay the bundle down here, and I'll open it. Do you want the towel back again with you?" And so on he went, in a torrent of plausible talk, to occupy the mind of the bearer of the bundle, and induce the supposition that all was right; which he generally succeeded in doing. Yet all these ingenious artifices did not suffice to establish that full and constant flow of custom which was necessary to enable the poor dyer to keep his head above water.

One long dull sunny afternoon in the month of September, when nothing seemed to be abroad but the sun, and the pennon of Weir blue flaunted lazily in the air—when nothing was heard but the buzz of a wasp from the neighbouring grocer's, which occasionally took a jig against the window-pane, and all mankind seemed to have deserted the surface of the earth—Harry sat in deep cogitation within his humble shop, not a penny in his pocket, not an ounce of food in the house for the children's evening meal, and no more likelihood of a customer coming in, even by mistake, than there was of the sky showering copper money at his door. He had sat thus for an hour in silent abstraction, revolving all kinds of plans for obtaining a livelihood, when his eye happened to catch the title of a paragraph in a fragment of an old newspaper which lay upon his counter. The paragraph was headed "Old Clothes," and gave an account of the vast system which was carried on in London by the Jews for the exportation of that article of merchandise to Germany. Thousands upon thousands of coats, vests, and other things not to be mentioned, regularly shipped off every year for Hamburg! Hundreds of persons, both in this country and in that, making a livelihood by collecting and distributing the article! A handsome surtout, perhaps, after adorning the person of a London exquisite, seen afterwards walking the streets of Weimar upon a German student, and ultimately concluding its existence as a scarecrow on the plains of Hungary! Harry paused a moment to think, and then starting with galvanic energy from his stool, exclaimed, "I have it—it will do!" The exultation of Bentham, on forming the mighty idea of the greatest happiness principle, did not exceed in enthusiasm of joyfulness the exclamation of Harry Weir. Reader, that was the moment of the conception of one of the most important mercantile systems which now attract your observation on the highways of this world. Harry had formed the resolution to become a dealer in old clothes upon a plan and scale hitherto not dreamt of in his native country. "Why," thought he to himself, "the Edinburgh gentry have old clothes to sell also. There are, moreover, many people amongst us who are disposed to buy such goods; but, for want of a system of collecting, like that carried on in London by the Jews, most of the cast clothes of gentlemen with us are left to waste their sweetness on the desert air, if not to perish by moths, for want of the said contact with the atmosphere. What is wanted, is a medium of communication, by which the article may get from the hands of those who wish to sell, to those who wish to buy. That it shall now be my duty to supply. Impudence, be thou my friend to a small extent, and Harry Weir is once more a man."

Equipping himself next day in his best remaining attire, as much *renovated* as possible, he proceeded to one of the best streets in the neighbouring city, where, on any gentleman passing him (for he walked slowly), he, without turning his head, or appearing to accost the said individual, breathed into his ear the insinuating words, "Any old clothes, sir?" Gently as this sentence was pronounced, it operated upon the most of minds like a spell. It awakened all at once the idea that here was a new branch discovered in the widely ramified system of social conveniency—here was a plan for putting to use many articles which had hitherto been condemned to waste. It was not long, therefore, before Weir had made appointments with several individuals to call at their residences at a certain hour, and make purchase of their cast wardrobes. How to provide himself with funds was now the most pressing consideration. No other expedient was open to him but that of pawning a particular article of furniture, of some little value, which he had not yet parted with. Armed with somewhere about twenty shillings, obtained in this manner, he proceeded to one of the gentlemen's houses as appointed. Here, however, the quantity of clothes was so much beyond his present capital in value, that he was obliged to make some excuse for putting off the close of the bargain. He proceeded to two or three others, where he had to do the same thing, but, at length, finding one where his money was sufficient, he made what he thought an advantageous purchase, and, immediately proceeding to one of the marts for the sale of cast apparel, realised 50 per cent. by transferring it to one of the most respectable dealers. He had now thirty shillings, which of course enabled him to close his bargain with one of the gentlemen who had things to that amount. This second purchase he disposed of to another dealer upon equally advantageous terms, and thus was able to make a third and still larger purchase. So he went on, till he had bought all the lots which he had been invited to see: after which, he betook himself once more to the street for new appointments. For a time, his trade prospered amazingly. Almost every body had a pack of old clothes to dispose of; and such as did not awake to the system at his first whisper, had thought of it before the next, and were prepared to enter into his views. Harry was aware of the risk he ran of getting rivals, and he, therefore, sold his goods to as great a variety of dealers as possible. His *trick* was nevertheless discovered at last, and immediately imitated by whole legions of poor devils like himself; whereby gentlemen were so much pestered as they walked the streets, that they soon grew quite sulky, and inaccessible even to the most plausible and insinuating address; some proceeding so far as to knock down the whisperer, or hand him over to the police as a nuisance. Harry, however, had by this time acquired what was to him a little fortune, and being snugly established in a shop in St Mary's Wynd, with a considerable stock of goods, felt himself at liberty to despise the arts by which he had risen. He still retained the exclusive patronage of many of the gentlemen with whom he had first transacted business, and thus was able to keep up a constant supply of the article in which he dealt; while his neighbours or their emissaries had to endure all kinds of contumely on the streets, without getting nearly so good a share of the *exuviæ* of mankind. Now also did his ingenuity as a renovator of apparel come into full play. He did not absolutely perform the miracles specified in his former bill, but he executed his work at once in a cheaper and in a better manner than his fellow-brokers, and thus of course was able to realise better profits. He gave the black coats, and other garments which he purchased from gentlemen, such a gloss of freshness—such an appearance of newness, that his shop, and his little trying-on room up stairs, of a Saturday night, were more crowded than any other establishment in the alley, by persons seeking for bargains of cheap and good-looking Sunday habiliments. In short, HarryWeir had now got hold of a profitable trade; and, from being one of the poorest wretches on earth, was suddenly raised by one ingenious thought, promptly and cleverly acted upon, to a state of comparative comfort.

The utility of this story of humble life is of a compound nature. It is here shown, that an ill-disposed wife will bring the most ingenious and active tradesman to ruin; that relief from that pest will not always be sufficient to restore prosperity where it has long been wanting; but that, if the aggrieved party shall keep his energies from that besotting vice, to which, under such circumstances, he is liable, they may yet command some turn of fortune, which shall once more, to use a familiar phrase, set him upon his feet.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON ROMAN HISTORY.

ROMAN GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

A SKETCH of the history of the Roman republic and empire, as well as of the religious practices of the people, having been already given in the Journal, we proceed to describe some of the other characteristics of this remarkable nation.

The greatness and power of the Roman people were founded principally on their military capacity, by which they contrived to lay the whole known world under contribution, for every species of supply to their necessities and gratifications. These supplies being dispensed, either by the state or by great men, to their large bodies of retainers, it happened that the people generally had much time to spare from their ordinary duties to devote to the pursuit of idle amusement. From this cause, and perhaps from the desire of those in authority to keep the community from thinking deeply of their condition, there were instituted a variety of games, spectacles, and dramatic entertainments, to which all had free access, and which afforded constant pleasure to the spectators; as the games were likewise in some instances dedicated to religious ceremonial, it was of course a mark of piety to attend them. At Rome, the great place of public resort for objects of this nature, was the Circus, an open amphitheatre of an oval form, extending to the length of upwards of two thousand feet, and which measured in circumference fully an English mile. This vast open area was surrounded with rows of seats, rising one above another, the lower being of stone, and the higher of wood; and separate places were allotted for the different orders of the people. No fewer, it is said, than 250,000 persons could be accommodated in this manner; and there being different entrances and outlets, no disturbance or confusion took place. The Circus was thus open to the weather; but one of the emperors erected covered awnings or roofs of fine cloth, which could be drawn in case of rain falling, or the sun shining intensely; and in case of the wind blowing so as to prevent the coverings being spread, the spectators used broad-brimmed hats, and sometimes a kind of umbrellas. To show how far the gratification of the people was consulted, there were in the amphitheatres secret tubes, from which the audience were besprinkled with perfumes—an excess of luxury which appears extraordinary in the present day. The area of the Circus was not altogether clear. In the middle, for almost the whole length of it, there was a brick wall, about twelve feet broad, and four feet high, called *spina*, round which the horses and chariots turned in their races. Pillars were also erected, answering the purposes of modern starting and winning posts.

The chief of these public amusements was the racing of chariots and horses. The chariots were low two-wheeled vehicles, drawn by two horses abreast, the charioteer standing within a high front, holding the reins. A great deal of attention was paid to the matching of these charioteers. They were distributed into four parties or factions, distinguished by different coloured dresses or liveries; and the partisanship of these factions often raised sanguinary disputes among the onlookers. In the time of Justinian, no fewer than 30,000 men are said to have lost their lives at Constantinople, in a tumult raised by contention among the partisans of the several liveries. In the present day, disputes of this origin are happily allayed among the attendants of horse races, by the practice of betting. It must have been a fearful sight to witness the starting of a large body of chariots in the Circus. A signal being given by dropping a napkin or cloth, a chain was withdrawn, when they sprung forward, and whoever first ran seven times round the course was victor. This was called one match, for the matter was almost always determined at one heat; and usually there were twenty-five of these in one day. The name of the victor being proclaimed by the voice of a herald, he was crowned with palms, and received a prize in money of considerable value. The use of the palm-tree to form crowns of victory was borrowed from a practice of the Greeks; this tree being chosen for the purpose because it rises against a weight placed on it; hence in modern times it is put for any token or prize of victory in honourable contention.

The next description of these public exhibitions consisted of contests of agility and strength, of which there were five kinds: running, leaping, boxing, wrestling, and throwing the discus or quoit. The place where the wrestlers and others met to be trained in these exercises was called a *Gymnasium*, from whence is derived our word gymnastics. But none of these exhibitions were so brutalising in their nature, as one which consisted in the fighting of wild beasts with one another, or the fighting of beasts and men; who were either forced to this by way of punishment, as the primitive Christians were, or fought voluntarily, either from a natural ferocity of disposition, or induced by hire. An incredible number of animals of various kinds were brought from all quarters, and kept for the entertainment of the people, at an immense expense. Pompey, in his second consulship, exhibited at once five hundred lions, who were despatched in five days; also eighteen elephants. The emperor Augustus introduced the exhibition of a sea-fight, by digging a lake near the river Tiber. Those who fought on these occasions were usually captives or condemned malefactors, who contended against each other till one party was slain, unless saved by the clemency of the presiding emperor.

It was a custom among the Romans to slaughter captives at the tombs of those slain in battle, to appease, as they imagined, the spirits of the deceased. From this savage practice was introduced the custom of causing captives to fight against and kill each other publicly, for the gratification of the assembled multitude. The unhappy beings who thus fought in the Circus were called gladiators; from *gladius*, the Latin word for a sword. The combats of gladiators took place chiefly on great occasions of rejoicing, when incredible numbers of men were destroyed in this manner. After the triumph of the emperor Trajan over the Dacian nation, spectacles were exhibited for 123 days, in which 11,000 animals of different kinds were killed, and 10,000 gladiators fought; whence we may judge of other instances. To prepare the gladiators for such severe contests, they were regularly trained and exercised with wooden swords. Latterly, freemen became gladiators for hire, and even men of noble birth, and, what is still more wonderful, women of quality, fought in the arena. Gladiators were distinguished by their armour and manner of fighting. Some wore a helmet, a shield, and a sword; and such used to be matched with others wearing nothing on their head, but bearing in their left hand a three-pointed lance, and in their right a net, with which they attempted to entangle their adversary, by casting it over his head, and suddenly drawing it together, and then slaying him with their trident. In fighting together, these gladiators were sometimes elevated on a temporary scaffold raised by secret springs out of the arena. The bloody encounters of these combatants were viewed with breathless anxiety by the crowds of spectators; when they became much interested in the fate of any one who seemed to deserve to live, as a token they pressed down their thumbs; but when if to be slain, they turned up their thumbs, and ordered him to receive the thrust of the sword, which gladiators usually submitted to with amazing fortitude. Such was the appetite for this cruel exhibition, that the citizens of ancient Rome spent whole days in the Circus, feasting their eyes with the struggles and tortures of their fellow-crea-

tures. It is allowed by all writers that these representations tended greatly to brutalise the populace, and to render them cruel or blood-thirsty. As quite adverse to sound morals, they were prohibited by Constantine, the first Christian emperor; but were not entirely suppressed for some time afterwards, till the reign of Honorius.

The games of the Circus were succeeded by dramatic entertainments or stage plays, these being first introduced at Rome, on account of a pestilence, to appease the Divine wrath, in the year 391: This idea of attending a theatrical entertainment to please the Creator of the World, will indicate to our readers the debased condition of the understanding of the Romans. The theatrical entertainments of the Roman people were of divers kinds, as dancing to music, pantomimes, comedies, and tragedies, though it was a considerable period before they came to perfection in these branches of the scenic art. The practice of wearing masks they copied from the Greek players. The Romans also had rope-dancers, who used to be introduced in the time of the play; also interludes or musical entertainments. The plays were often interrupted likewise by the people calling out for various shows to be exhibited, as the representations of battles, triumphal processions, gladiators, and wild beasts. The noise which the people made on these occasions is compared by Horace to the raging of the sea; the actors were also loudly applauded or hissed, as they pleased or displeased the spectators, as in our modern theatres. The actors who were most approved received crowns, which, as at other games, were generally composed of leaves or flowers. The theatres at Rome could accommodate from 40,000 to 80,000 persons, and were of the most magnificent construction, and were latterly covered with roofs, like those in our own times. The internal arrangements of these theatres somewhat resembled those now acted upon; our terms *orchestra*, *proscenium*, &c., being immediately derived from the Roman phraseology. The benches, or seats of the spectators, also rose above one another, and were distributed to the different orders of society in the same manner as at the amphitheatre. The foremost rows next the stage were assigned to the senators and ambassadors of foreign states; fourteen rows behind them to the knights or gentry, and the rest to the common ranks of the people. Certain officers usually attended at all public shows, to regulate the places of sitting, or points of etiquette, as in the case of our masters of ceremonies. We therefore learn that the arrangement of seats into three distinct divisions, analogous to our boxes, pit, and gallery, is as old as the institution of theatrical entertainment among the Romans. It appears that the Roman senate were occasionally far from countenancing public performances on the stage, which they found, even in the comparative infancy of the drama at this early period, were opposed to good morals; and, to obviate the opposition of the supreme magistracy, the theatres were sometimes dedicated as temples to the gods.

EMIGRATION.

This week we postpone our papers on the Western States of America, in order to lay before our readers the following extracts from the letters of a young lady, the daughter of a respectable individual who lately emigrated from the town of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, to the state of New York, where he is now comfortably settled on a cleared estate. The information, it will be observed, is suitable only for capitalists, as, for instance, farmers in this country, who, for little more than the annual rent of a farm here, may purchase the freehold of one almost equally good in the settled portion of the Union. We pledge ourselves for the accuracy of the letters, a perusal of which we were favoured with:—

"Albany, 24th July 1833.

"My Dear Catherine—I expected to have had time to write to you before leaving New York, but found it impossible, from being so hurried; so I will now try and tell you something of our voyage from Scotland, and proceedings since. We sailed from Greenock on the 29th of May, in a vessel for New York, where we landed on the 17th of July.—[Here the fair writer gives some particulars of the voyage, by no means interesting to our readers.]—When we came near New York, an American doctor came on board to examine into the health of the passengers; and we had to ride quarantine only one day; but all the dirty clothes in the ship had to be washed before we were allowed to go on shore. The custom-house officers examined our luggage on the quarantine ground at Staten Island, about seven miles from New York: they were uncommonly civil, and drank ale and talked nonsense as well as any young men could have done in the country I had left. We might have smuggled any things we had thought of; and I almost wished I had brought some silk and merino dresses with me; for silk is as dear, and not near so good, and merino far dearer than at home. I have found that butcher-meat and vegetables are almost as dear as at home; but bread is cheap; butter and milk good; and fruit almost for nothing. Whom do you think I happened to meet in New York, but J——— ———, that you have heard me speak of? There is a great improvement on him, and he has made a good deal of money at his business of a baker. I went across the river with him to Hoboken, in a steam-boat, about fifteen minutes' sail. It is a very beautiful place, but not well kept, every thing growing wild, without being trained. It was on a Sunday I went, and I am sure there were five thousand or six thousand people there. You would be astonished if you saw the American gentlemen; they are the handsomest fellows in the world, and beat the Scots gentlemen hollow; they are not only handsome, but smart and well dressed. In passing along Prince's Street, in Edinburgh, you will meet many affected foppish puppies, who do not appear to have a grain of sense in their composition; but here the young gentlemen have a smart intelligent look, and quite superior to the silly dandies in the old country. As for the American ladies, they look very well, but are not half so well dressed as our ladies, and you will not see one lady for twenty gentlemen. They have far finer stores here than we have: no shops that I ever saw were so splendid; but the storekeepers are the sauciest set you can think of, and do not seem to care whether they serve you or not. The American servants are as ill every bit. The hotel we staid at has a good many servants, but no one would brush our shoes; if you want them cleaned, you must go to a place where there is a sign of a brush, and a negro will do it.

My mother and the children went to Albany in one of the luggage-boats. My father and I got into one of the steamers: it was named the Ohio. The grandeur of it you can have no idea of: it was one of the night-boats, and every one had a bed to themselves. There were more than five hundred beds for gentlemen, all hung with scarlet damask moreen. The ladies' cabin was splendid: the beds in it were of orange damask, beautiful Brussels carpets, fine dressing-glasses, and the rest of the furniture far richer than any thing I ever saw at home. The scenery on the banks of the Hudson river, and the country around, were all and more than Stuart described them: it is indeed the glorious Hudson. We are to leave Albany to-day, and go on to Buffalo, about three hundred miles farther up: it will take us four or five days: we have to go by the [Erie] canal. I can assure you I am heartily tired of travelling, although I think now nothing of two or three hundred miles."

"Brighton, Monroe County, State of New York,
26th September 1833.

"My Dear Miss S.—You will already have heard of our arrival in America; but I deferred writing to you till we were somewhat settled here. We staid only four days in New York, and went from thence to Albany in a steam-boat, which might well be called a floating palace: it was very commodious, and the fare for each passenger was three dollars. In proceeding from Albany to Buffalo by the Erie canal, we stopped at Schenectady, a large town on the canal. Here we learned that our old minister, Mr F——, lived at Princetown, a place only ten miles distant. We got a gig, and went to see him. He was not in the house when we called, and was working at his farm. When we saw him, he was much stouter than formerly, and you never would have known him to be a minister from his appearance. He was well contented and happy, also his wife and family. He advised my father not to go to the state of Ohio, as cholera was very bad there this summer; but to stop beside him, look round the country, and settle in his neighbourhood. My father, however, did not like the land there; and so we got into the canal-boat to go on to Buffalo, and then proceed to Ohio, as we intended before we left Scotland. But the boat got leaky, and could not proceed farther than Rochester, where we also stopped, being heartily tired of travelling by canal-boats. You may have some idea how uncomfortable we were, so many of us, all our luggage, and a number of passengers besides, in one of those wretched boats not so large as any of those that ply on the canal between Edinburgh and Glasgow. We rented a house in Rochester, which is a large, handsome, and increasing place. The Genessee river runs through the town, on which are situated many flour-mills and other establishments. The Erie canal crosses the river in the centre of the town, in a splendid aqueduct of red freestone. Rochester being situated on the canal, and only a few miles from Lake Ontario, and a ship navigation within two miles, its inhabitants are enabled to select a market either at New York, Quebec, or the borders of the great western lakes. Its other natural advantages for trade and manufactures make it as busy and stirring a place as any other of its size in North America. My father, on inspection, liked the country around, and was determined to go no farther west if he could find a farm to suit him; and I daresay he travelled forty miles round in every direction before he made his choice. I was often with him in these excursions, and I do think the Americans here are the most polite and obliging people in the world. There is a settlement of Scotch twenty miles from Rochester, and called Caledonia. I went to it with my father, and we called first on a Mr M'———, a Highlandman. We told him we were lately from Scotland; coming from the 'Land o' Cakes' seemed to have a talismanic effect upon him. His horses, his gig, all were at our service in a moment. He introduced us to his neighbours, who were equally kind and obliging, and I was soon as much at home in New Caledonia as ever I was in the old one. I have since been there on a visit, and it was a continual round of visiting among the neighbours, who were equally kind. There I heard a Gaelic sermon preached for the first time in my life. But I am forgetting to tell you about our own place. My father bought a farm about a week since, of one hundred and sixty acres, about three miles from Rochester. It is as pleasant a place as I have seen in America, and I am sure there is no place half so pretty in Scotland. Our house is beautifully situated; and from the windows of the second flat we have a view of the whole farm. The house contains a dining-room, drawing-room, and parlour, six bedrooms, with garrets, kitchen, and cellar, &c., finished in the best style; every window has green Venetian shuts, even to the milk-house one; pretty flower-plots round the house, quinces and roses growing up to the windows; a large garden in front, with an esplanade of vines running across the whole breadth of it. We have a handsome front door, with a flight of steps, and seats on each side of it. Eskbank [a place near Dalkeith] is not nearly so pretty. At the back of the house is the peach orchard, and it is a noble one; there grew in it the last year 250 bushels of peaches. About a hundred yards from the house, are the plum and apple orchard, of seven or eight acres in extent, where you literally wade among the fruit. You can have no idea of the vast quantity of plums and apples here; if we could be at the trouble to pull them, we would find a market for them at Rochester, to go to Canada. There are excellent barns, stables, and other outhouses, all in good repair. There are about 106 acres of cleared land on the farm, the land being ploughed and ready when we bought it; and I now, from the window at which I am sitting, see my father sowing his wheat, and my brother George carrying the seed to him. He will have in between thirty and forty acres this fall. The rest of the farm is in fine wood, beautiful oak and hickery, black-walnut, and butternut trees, some of them fifty feet without a branch. The wood land is as valuable and more so than cleared land, being so near Rochester, where so much wood is consumed for want of coal in this part of the country. A fine stream of water runs through the farm, which drives a saw-mill—a very profitable concern, a share of which belonged to another man, whom my father has bought out. He has now the farm and all about it, free and unencumbered. He paid thirty-four dollars (about L.7, 14s. sterling) an acre for it. It is reckoned an excellent bargain by all the neighbours round, as he had it one thousand dollars cheaper by paying down cash than he could have bought it for on credit, or one-half cash and mortgaging, which is a good deal practised here. Ready dollars tempt the Americans more than any thing, for ready money seems the greatest want among them. Every one appears anxious for property: a man buys a farm for 4000 dollars, but he will pay only perhaps 1000, and pay an interest of eight or ten per cent. on the remainder. Dollars, dollars! is the incessant cry here. You will no doubt think thirty-four dollars a high price for an acre of land in America, and certainly it would be a dreadful price for land in Canada or the western states; but here, in the state of New York, it is very different. Here the country is mostly well cultivated, and more populous than many parts of Great Britain, and the markets are good for every thing that can be raised, even to a cabbage. Vegetables, I think, are dearer than any thing, because few people raise more than to serve themselves: we generally paid five and six cents (about 3d.) for a single cabbage in Rochester market; but victuals are generally a great deal cheaper than in Scotland. We reckon that a dollar will go as far here in buying things we need (clothing excepted), as a pound did at Dalkeith. The people hereabouts seem to grudge sugar more than any thing, and many take their tea and coffee without it. We have quite a new system of living here. We get up at five in the morning, breakfast at six, dine at twelve noon, and sup at sundown, and then off to bed. We have, as yet, had most beautiful clear summer weather, but oppressively hot, and frequent showers, which keep every thing fresh and green. The showers do not last long, but are very heavy: there has just been one, with a good deal of thunder. The climate appears no way injurious: we have never heard a cough amongst us, nor a complaint, since we came here. You have no idea of the style of living here. Every petty farmer has his light waggon, or gig, with seats covered with buffalo skins, which looks very nice, and a pair of beautiful horses. The truth is, the people never think of walking: they get out a team, as they call it, and away they go, though perhaps they have not half a mile to ride. You will rarely meet any one walking on a road; and the farmers all about seem to live as well as the nobility of Scotland. Such loads of victuals they have!—a breakfast like a dinner you would have for a party, and a supper the same. They mostly have tea at all their diets, most of them being temperate. In this part of the country they do not cook any dinners on Sundays, as it interferes with their going to church. They take pride in raising every thing they need on their own farms. They make soap, candles, and cider; kill their own meat; take the wool, spin it, weave it, and dye it: in short, they do every thing. The American women here are very industrious; every one works; and no servants, but at extravagant wages. All the ladies go without caps, married ladies too, no matter how old they are: most of them have beautiful hair which they dress

tolerably well: no curls, all done up with combs; the combs they have for their back hair are low ugly things; mine was a perfect wonder; but I have broke it, and I will never get another any thing like it. We had to purchase a good deal of stoneware at Rochester, most of ours being broke, and all our crystal. We got crystal of English manufacture much cheaper than at home. * * * * In looking back to the time since we left Scotland, it appears a mere nothing. It is scarcely four months since we left Dalkeith; and here we are, all well and comfortably settled, and all well pleased with our new home.—I remain, my dear Miss S——, yours truly, ISABELLA ——."

THE CAPITAL OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE improvements effected within the Highland boundary in the space of the last sixty or eighty years, are in few places more conspicuous than at Inverness, a town situated near the east coast, at the distance of 156 miles north of Edinburgh, and about 550 from the British metropolis. Inverness is considered the capital of the Highlands; and being the only town of any consequence in a wide district of country, it has in recent times risen into importance, opulence, and refinement. This pleasing town, which contains from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, occupies an exceedingly advantageous and delightful situation in the low eastern part of the country, chiefly upon the right or south bank of the river Ness, near the place where that river falls into an arm of the German Ocean, called the Moray Frith.

Inverness is a town of remote antiquity; its origin being lost amidst the fables of bards and local historians. Not to go back farther than the eleventh century, it is related that Duncan, king of Scots, was murdered in the castle of Inverness, by Macbeth, in the year 1039. Shakspeare has followed the usual accounts of this transaction; and the poet has done justice to the agreeable situation of the castle in which the foul assassination is said to have occurred:

> "This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
> Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses."

This edifice, which in reality was the property and residence of the Thane of Lochaber, stood on an eminence to the east of the town, a spot well worthy of the above flattering eulogy. Throughout the lapse of the seven subsequent centuries, Inverness figured in Scottish history on divers occasions, besides being made the scene of the quarrels and conflicts of Highland chiefs and their clans. During that time, an entirely different castle, bearing the same name, had been erected close to the town. This, after the revolution, was converted into a government fort, and, as such, was taken by the Highland army of Prince Charles, in February 1746. Only the wall of an exterior rampart now remains, while the place where it stood is so smooth as to be used as a bowling-green. The site has lately been gifted by the proprietor, the Duke of Gordon, to the town, for the erection of a new court-house, jail, and bridewell.

Inverness now consists of several well-constructed streets, and possesses a number of excellent public edifices, for educational, religious, and other purposes. The town is also well lighted with gas, and supplied with water by pipes. The schools of Inverness are reckoned among the best conducted in Scotland. The trade and shipping of the port have been extended by means of the Caledonian canal, the traffic on which terminates here on the east. Various steam-vessels now ply betwixt Glasgow and Inverness, by this channel, and in the summer months a steam-vessel arrives and departs weekly, in communication with Leith and Edinburgh. In a former article in the Journal, we mentioned that there are several annual fairs held here, the chief of which is a great sheep and wool market. At this fair nearly the whole fleeces and sheep of the north are generally sold or contracted for. The market is attended by the Dumfriesshire and other lowland sheep-dealers, and by woolstaplers from Yorkshire. The town possesses a variety of excellent shops, for the sale of all kinds of goods; it has also a good newsroom and circulating libraries; and at the book-shop of our respectable agent, Mr James Smith, the stranger will find a choice of the freshest and most popular literary productions from London and Edinburgh. The taste for reading has greatly advanced in this quarter, and although Gaelic is still the vernacular tongue of a large proportion of the humbler classes, a desire of acquiring knowledge, through the medium of the press, prevails to an extent which is far from being equalled in towns of similar extent even in the highly-favoured regions in the southern part of the island. In the present day, the town and the district around support two newspapers, to one of which, the Inverness Courier, we acknowledge ourselves to have been indebted. Travellers passing through the town can now command the best accommodation in the inns, and nothing is, indeed, wanting to render this one of the most agreeable and comfortable towns in the country. Besides, it should be told that the society of the town and its environs is esteemed among the most refined of any out of the metropolis.

The revolution of manners seems to have overtaken Inverness more recently than the towns farther south along the coast. Many a joke has been uttered by Englishmen, at the expense of the Scottish character, for cleanliness; and there is no doubt that the ridicule was deserved, as far as referred to the state of manners in the early part of last century. It is mentioned, that, about a century ago, the streets of Inverness were kept in the most uncleanly condition; and the story is told of a stranger gentleman asking the provost one day why the thoroughfares were not cleaned, when the worthy functionary replied, "there will soon be a shower"—implying that the rain was the best and cheapest scavenger. It was not till the Union, in 1707, that the first regular post to Edinburgh was established; and it was not till 1755 that letters were carried any other way than by a man on foot. The first coach ever seen in or about the town was one brought by the Earl of Seaforth in 1715, when the country people, as ignorant of the uses and arrangements of such a vehicle as the remote Chinese, looked upon the driver as the most important personage connected with it, and accordingly made him low obeisances in passing. We find that in the year 1740, the magistrates advertised for a saddler to settle in the burgh; and that it was so late as 1778 that the common-shaped cart was first used in the town, one of these vehicles being introduced by subscription. About the middle of the last century, the father of the late Bailie Young flourished in Inverness. He was a deacon of the weavers, and remarkable for his early adoption of new fashions. He was the first burgher who changed the blue bonnet of the olden times for a hat, which piece of dress had formerly been confined to lairds and clergymen. This novelty excited the ridicule of his fellow-citizens to an intolerable degree; they were perpetually teasing him with their congratulations upon such a splendid accession to the dignity of his personal appearance; his constant reply to their observations was, "Well, after all, I am but a mortal man." It is a common tradition at Inverness, that, about eighty years since, a shilling could have bought a leg of mutton, a neck of veal, and a gallon of good ale. Except in one house, there was not a room in the town without a bed—a usage, however, still quite common in Scottish provincial towns. Provost Phineas Macpherson, a late dignitary, whose fine old Highland manners might have ornamented a court, used to say, that in those days he lived with great hospitality and plenty, sporting claret at his table, and yet never spent more than seventy pounds sterling a-year. The vice of intemperate drinking is understood to have been carried to a great height in Inverness in these not very distant times. In the work usually called Burt's Letters, the writer gives a minute and animated account of the hospitality of the house of Culloden, in the days of the President's elder brother; telling, among other things, that the servants would on no account permit a guest to walk to his bed, considering that an insult to the laird; every man had to sit till he became insensible, and then they brought spokes and carried him off, as in a sedan. Modernised and improved as we find the manners and appearance of the people of Inverness, a southern stranger, on visiting the town, would still have the feeling of being transplanted into a population quite different, in aspect and language, from any thing to which he has hitherto been accustomed. The women of the lower ranks walk the streets, and even to church, the wives without bonnets, and the maidens without caps; while the extreme simplicity of the rest of their attire is quite consistent with this strange and primeval fashion. The men of the same condition, at least the peasantry, wear garments of the coarsest material, as homespun blue short coats, stockings of the species called in Scotland *rig-and-fur*, and small blue bonnets; some have plaids, but all of their garments display more or less of the Celtic fashion. Few of the neighbouring peasantry, when addressed, are found to speak any thing but Erse. In point of language, the people of Inverness, laying the lower orders out of the question, may almost be said to transcend those of all other Scottish towns, the capital not excepted. The common solution of this mystery, is, that they received a correct English pronunciation from the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell; but it seems rather attributable to the simple circumstance, that the people here do not learn English in their infancy through the medium of broad Scotch, but make a direct transition from Gaelic into pure English. In proportion as the colloquial English used in Scotland comes into use in the town, the tone of speaking will be found to be proportionably lowered in quality.

The want of some place of recreation in the open air was long felt in Inverness, but this cannot be said to be now the case. Two long narrow islands in the Ness, above the town, have been planted and beautified in a variety of ways, so as to make them a most delightful place of promenading in fine weather. The environs of Inverness, enriched by the fresh green foliage of these small islands, are perhaps not excelled in Scotland. The situation of the town, near the south shore of an arm of the sea, somewhat resembles that of Edinburgh; but here the views are of a finer description. Every thing is done for Inverness that can be effected by wood and by cultivation, the characters of which have here a richness, a variety, and a freedom, which the traveller will miss around Edinburgh. The mountain scenes are finer, more various, and more near. Each outlet is different from the other, and each is beautiful; whether we enter the valley of the Ness, or skirt the shores of the firth, while a short and commodious ferry wafts us to the lovely country opposite, rich with woods, and country seats, and cultivation.

THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY.

To those who do not enjoy any portion of the surface of the earth as their own, the utility *to them*, of its being possessed by others, is not apt to be an obvious idea. Yet reflecting minds have long settled, that, even for a few to possess the property of the earth, is advantageous to all. We extract a very clear abstract of the philosophical views entertained on this subject, from Mr Wade's *History of the Middle and Working Classes*, a manual which we cannot too warmly recommend to the notice of those for whom it is designed. The general circulation of this work—the composition, we understand, of one who was himself at no remote period an operative—would, we are persuaded, be of the greatest service, not to any class in particular, but to the general interests of the country.

"In the cultivation of the earth, two modes may be adopted; either it may be cultivated in common or individually; the disadvantage of the former is, that it makes no distinction between the weak and strong, the idle and industrious; for superior exertion and ability there is no superior reward. Under this system, the world would not be reclaimed—men will not willingly labour for others; to stimulate exertion, rewards must in some degree be proportioned to deserts. Appropriation, therefore, or the right of every one to enjoy the produce of his industry, became necessary to the effective cultivation of the earth; each man, having a portion of land allotted to him, in which he vested his labour, became entitled to its produce. This was probably the foundation of property in the soil. By its introduction, no man's natural rights can be said to have been extinguished or encroached upon; the earth before lay common to all, but unprofitable to all—by appropriation it has been made valuable to all. Farther than this it does not appear necessary to inquire into the origin of the rights of property; their obvious utility must have forced themselves on every people on first emerging from the barbarous state.

A state of society, in which there is equality of possessions, in which each man tills his own land, and raises the food and clothing necessary to his wants, appears at first sight very fascinating. It favours that feeling of independence so dear to the human heart. But if we reflect on the tendency of such a mode of social or rather anti-social existence, we shall find it pregnant with misery.

In the first place, the mere labour of society would be greatly augmented. As each person's means would not exceed his current necessities, they would not exceed the amount essential to the maintenance of himself and family, the idea of capitalists is precluded, and, consequently, no expedient for saving labour by machinery or otherwise, could be employed. All would be engaged in spade husbandry or other manual occupation. Such a disadvantageous mode of exertion would obviously be very unproductive; it would yield none of the luxuries, and barely the comforts, of life; people would hardly be better off than the cottar peasantry of Ireland, or the pauper colonists of Holland; and the whole of society would be literally brought under the primitive curse inflicted on our first parents. If the physical wants were supplied with so much difficulty, the mental ones would be totally neglected. As each would be fully occupied in providing sustenance, there would be no spare time to any for intellectual pursuits. If science, philosophy, and the arts, had existed, they would speedily fall into disuse and oblivion. Ignorance and barbarism would overspread the land. Men would become unacquainted with themselves and with the natural phenomena by which they are surrounded. Their past history and future destiny would be alike shut from view; they would move, as it were, in darkness—the victims of suspicion, of mutual mistrust and superstitious fears—a prey to all those calamities which are known to be inseparable from savage life when divested of the illusions of the imagination.

From such a state of universal toil and dreariness

one naturally turns to the more cheerful appearance which actual society presents, and one of whose chief advantages is derived from the circumstance, that certain classes are exempt from at least the necessity of bodily labour. Now, this advantage could not be possessed without a certain degree of inequality in men's fortunes; in other words, the existence of a proprietary class. Property is not a free gift of nature; the value even of landed property is chiefly a product of labour; it is almost entirely capital, or the produce of anterior industry. But if this capital or property did not exist, there would be no fund in reserve to maintain a class of persons occupied in what have been very inaccurately termed unproductive employments: all would be engaged in procuring food or raiment, and none could exclusively devote themselves to the pursuits of literature, science, and legislation.

Besides augmenting the produce of the earth, and creating a surplus beyond the wants of the producers, the rights of property have other advantages; they *preserve it to maturity*. 'We may judge,' says Dr Paley, 'what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth, from the trifling specimens we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to any body, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect, that he had better take them as they are, than leave them to another.'

Property also prevents *contests*. War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

Further, it improves the *conveniency of living* by facilitating the division of employments. Without property this would be impossible, for there could be no exchanges of commodities; in a community of goods, every thing would belong to every body; no one would have any production which he could call his own, and which he would be entitled to exchange for the production of another man. We should thus be deprived of one of the chief advantages of civilised life. When a man is from necessity his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time all their operations require.

Upon these several accounts, we may venture, with few exceptions, to pronounce, that even the poorest and worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than any one in places where most things remain in common.

Against the institution of property, it is urged that it is the source of *competition* among mankind. This, on reflection, will be found a recommendation. Property is mostly the reward of ability, sobriety, and perseverance. Without its stimulating agency, we should have little eminence, social, moral, or intellectual. The innate tendency of man is to repose, not to persevering exertion; and if superior application, superior enterprise, or superior endowments, were not rewarded, few would sedulously devote themselves to trade, agriculture, manufactures, and the useful arts. In pursuit of these, an honourable—not a greedy, short-sighted, and fraudulent—spirit of competition is salutary, by stimulating invention and rivalry, which tend to general cheapness, excellence, and accommodation.

For competition, Mr Owen would substitute *co-operation*. But do not the several classes of society already co-operate in the most advantageous manner for the common benefit of the community? One class is occupied in rural industry, another in manufactures and commerce, another in science and letters. Each is rewarded, not always perhaps, but mostly, in proportion to desert; but the claims of merit would not be recognised under Mr Owen's system; the indolent would reap the rewards of the industrious, the vicious of the more deserving. This is more like *corporation* than co-operation, the principle of the old monastic institutions and commercial monopolies—associations of whose stagnating, debasing, and injurious tendency, the world has already had sufficient experience.

Rousseau, the Abbé Mably, Godwin and Paine, have objected to the institution of property, the *partiality* of its advantages. They allow that it is advantageous to those who possess property, but contend that it is disadvantageous to those who have none. 'It has tended,' says Paine, 'to make one part of society more affluent, and the other part more wretched than would have been the lot of either in a natural state.' The radical difference between the civilised and natural state is, that, in the latter, *all are poor*—all are in a state of discomfort, insecurity, and privation, and none are rich. But even in this state there is not exact equality of condition; all are not equally strong, dexterous, and persevering in fishing, hunting, and hut-building; and these inequalities of endowments produce inequalities in the rewards of their exertions. In the civil or natural state, no two individuals are exactly alike, either in mental or physical qualities; they differ in their habits as in their stature, complexion, and strength; and supposing an equality of possessions was at any time forcibly established, it could not possibly continue for a day or hardly an hour—some would be more wasteful than others, some more industrious and inventive. There may doubtless be institutions which tend to aggravate the inequalities inseparable from human nature; these institutions may have risen from the predominance of proprietary influence in legislation; but such abuses are wholly unconnected with the utility of the right of property, and the progress of society must necessarily tend to alleviate them; the right of property of itself is an unmixed and universal benefit. Without its protection, the rich would become poor, and the poor be unable to become rich, and all would sink to the same bottomless abyss of misery and barbarism. It gives no exclusive advantage—it only gives general security; it does not take from one to give to another, it only says to all—*labour, and I shall take care that none shall be permitted to rob you of the produce of your exertions.* 'It is the security of property,' says Bentham, 'that has overcome the natural aversion of man from labour, that has given him the empire of the earth, that has given him a fixed and permanent residence, that has implanted in his breast the love of his country and of posterity. To enjoy immediately—to enjoy without labour, is the natural inclination of every man. This inclination must be restrained; for its obvious tendency is to arm all those who have nothing against those who have something. The law which restrains this inclination, and which secures to every individual the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, is the most splendid achievement of legislative wisdom—the noblest triumph of which humanity has to boast.'"

CHARITABLENESS.

None of the principles which ordinarily actuate the human character is so amiable or so beneficial, whether applied individually or generally, as that which is distinguished in the sacred writings by the name of Charity. In this single word may be comprehended the whole sum and substance of a code of morals: all that the Grecian philosophers, in their various schools of ethics, taught to their pupils, or bequeathed to posterity, falls short in point of excellence of what is implied by this singularly comprehensive and expressive phrase. The sentiment indicated by charity, and which is eminently adapted for the regulation of social life, is exceedingly amiable in its character, for it produces that exalted disposition in our intercourse with each other which leads us on all occasions, and at all times, to put the most favourable construction on particular actions, or on the general conduct of our neighbours. And it is the want of this urbane and beneficent virtue which produces the greater part of that mischievous animadversion so commonly indulged in when speaking of the fortunes or misfortunes of the rest of our fellow-creatures.

To be charitable, in the true acceptation of the word, is to think no evil—to utter no vicious splenetic remarks—to have always in remembrance that human nature is composed of many contradictory qualities—that those who do behave with impropriety have perhaps been labouring under a variety of temptations, from which we ourselves were happily exempted—and that even the greatest criminals have often about them many points allied to virtue or goodness, of which others in the respectable walks of life are possibly in some degree destitute. We believe there is absolutely none who will not own that charity, in the sense we have put upon it, is not of all sentiments the most excellent, and the most worthy of cultivation; yet—and we speak without asperity—how few do we find that are willing to allow it full effect upon their words and actions! There is hardly an individual in the whole circle of society, and certainly not a single family, who does not occasionally smart under uncharitable suppositions of evil—who does not complain of the impertinent misconstructions of their neighbours, yet, curiously enough, who does not, most likely, abstain from indulging in the very same species of uncharitableness about which they are heard to utter such loud lamentations when it is directed against themselves. The truth is, that uncharitableness in a great measure proceeds from a want of thought, or, correctly speaking, from the want of moral discipline. Out of the mere lack of something else to speak about, people, when they meet together, sometimes let loose a variety of observations on the apparently improper conduct of others, without at all remembering that they are not perfectly acquainted with all the remote causes and proximate circumstances which produced that description of conduct, however obvious it may appear to have been. In the same manner, for want of calm reflection and investigation, people are apt to treasure up in their minds a bad opinion of others, for some imaginary impropriety; whereas, if they were to reflect soundly, and make a rigid inquiry into motives and governing circumstances, they would perhaps find that those they were about to blame, or had already uncharitably accused, were in point of fact free from all imputation of offence, and worthy of their deepest commiseration and respect.

In order to avoid being chargeable with this great offence in morals, it is imperatively incumbent upon us to think no evil of our neighbours, and to put forth no sarcastic or invidious remarks upon their habits of life. It is an excellent, and certainly a safe maxim, worthy of being followed, "to say nothing at all of a person, if we cannot say any good of him." If we do not approve of his behaviour, and have it not in our power to bring him to a better sense of his duty, let us rather endeavour to banish him from our recollection, and leave him to work out his own punishment, than try to enlist others in the same opinion with ourselves. Let us, moreover, recollect, that every one has some peculiarity, the result of natural character or education—that we ourselves have faults, and have committed errors, which it would pain us exceedingly to hear were the subject of the slightest sarcasm, or of any thing like serious rebuke. Who among us can search the hearts of others, and there see the secret agonies endured for indiscretions long since committed, and since hourly repented of? Who, by investigation the most searching, can discover the extraordinary concatenation of trivial events and temptations which often undermine the most exalted rectitude, and place those not originally or innately vicious at the bar of public opinion? No one, indeed, can do so. How much need, therefore, is there for the practice of charity on all occasions, under all circumstances, even the most liable to suspicion!

In applying the practice of charity to the every-day affairs of life, there is assuredly nobody but would less or more feel its beneficial influence; and if carried to its proper limits, it is unquestionable that human society would exhibit a perfection and degree of comfort which at the present moment it by no means possesses. But, to produce any tendency to this pleasing result, it is essential that every one should endeavour to put the rule in practice. Each must begin to scrutinise his own will and conduct, and not only resolve not to think invidiously of his neighbours, but instantaneously carry his resolution into effect. If we happen to see an acquaintance living in a style we do not approve of, let us first consider if he cannot well afford it, or is not necessitated to do so from some particular circumstance affecting his situation in life. If we hear of any one having committed a fault, let our first impression be that he will soon be sorry for it; and that to speak of it again to another would be attended by no beneficial effect. If we hear of any one differing materially from us in opinion upon any abstract subject, let us believe that he does so conscientiously, and not from mean or interested motives. We too frequently forget, in judging of the opinions of others, that nothing is so delusive, nothing so dependent on chance circumstances, as that which constitutes *opinion*, which, on a little investigation, we find to have arisen from the locality of our birth or place of residence, the era in which we live, or the education we have received. Let us then, we say, be careful how we ridicule or pointedly condemn ideas which are so formed, and, therefore, in all probability, conscientiously maintained.

If such be the nature and tendency of charitableness, the question may possibly arise, whether any species of animadversion may be safely made on the conduct of the vicious. This difficulty, however, can be easily solved. The existence of a discreetly-formed public opinion is obviously a severe and proper check on the progress of error, and such is not to be condemned; for the dread of censure is, in its way, a motive for virtue. But let us recollect, that, at the utmost, we must only venture to censure when we have fully satisfied ourselves as to the merits of a case, and when, on deliberate conviction, we think that so to express our opinions is in accordance with our duty to society. It is that idle clamant censoriousness—that reckless disposition to view the conduct of

our neighbours in the worst possible light, without troubling ourselves to investigate into the truth of the report that we may have heard—that love of retailing and whispering stories, tending to wound the character and feelings of our fellow-creatures—that liability to feel aggrieved by observations which meant nothing to our hurt, which deserves reprobation, and which called forth those beautiful observations on the excellence of charity from the greatest moralist by whom this earth was ever adorned.

MOORISH MANNERS.

Sir Arthur de Capell Brooke, whose landing in Morocco we have already noticed, proceeds to describe the appearance of the Moorish ladies, and manners of the country:—"A singular custom is observable among both Moorish and Arab females—that of ornamenting or tattooing the face between the eyes with clusters of bluish spots or other small devices, and which, being stained, become permanent. The chin is also spotted in a similar manner; and a narrow blue line extends from the point of it, and is continued down the throat. This kind of tattooing is intended to add a brilliancy to the countenance, and, indeed, it is by no means so disfiguring as might be supposed. In addition to this, the eyelashes, eyebrows, and also the tips and extremities of the eyelids, are coloured black by means of antimony, which certainly adds to the expression of the eyes. Lastly, the soles, and sometimes other parts of the feet as high as the ankles, the palms of the hands and the finger-nails, as well as those of the feet, are died of a yellowish-red with the leaves of a plant called henna. The back of the hand is also often coloured and ornamented in this way with different devices. On holidays, and at times of festivity and rejoicing, they paint their cheeks of a red-brick colour, frequently in the shape of a triangle, over which other devices appear in deep black, a narrow red line being also drawn down the temples. The effect is singular, but not so unbecoming as would be imagined. The hair, which is sometimes plaited with flowers, is divided into two parts or tails, which being parted hang down over the neck and bosom.

The costume of the Moorish females is rich and highly ornamented. The robe or kaftan of fine scarlet or blue cloth is richly worked in front at the bosom and down the skirts in gold. On great occasions two and three of these are worn, the inner one being of fine linen; and their embroidered edges being shown, give the appearance of under waistcoats richly worked. Around the waist is worn a broad silk sash also worked in gold. The head-dress is formed by a black crape scarf, which is tied round the head; the ends, which are worked in gold, hanging down behind. Over this is a rich silk Fez handkerchief, folded broad, so as to form a kind of high turban, coming to a point like a tiara, over which three or four narrow bracelets of pearls and precious stones encircle the forehead, and have a rich effect: the necklace is also of precious stones; not being suspended low, but worn tightly round the neck. Massive silver collars or armlets adorn the wrists, and a similar ornament is worn round the ankles. The ear-rings are usually of gold, the armlets likewise being sometimes of the same metal. Dress slippers are made of blue or green or crimson velvet of the Fez manufacture, and embroidered in gold. The colour of the common slippers, which are of morocco leather, is red, yellow being that worn by the men. The dress of the lower orders, when within doors or on the terraces, where I have frequently had opportunities of observing them, is usually a loose kind of linen shift with very wide sleeves girded round the waist, and loose linen drawers.

The appearance of the Moorish women when in the streets is very singular and remarkable. They are then completely enveloped in a white hayk, which being folded in a peculiar manner round the body, is turned over the head, and the folds being brought over the face, are held in one hand so as entirely to conceal every part, except the left eye, to enable them to see their way.

The hayk, which is an article of great manufacture in Morocco, is worn by both sexes, and is of different textures, the most expensive being as fine and transparent as gauze. The kind which is worn by the lower orders may be termed a sort of fine blanket; it is usually about four yards in length, and a yard and a half broad and is therefore capable of concealing every part of the person except the legs, which are bare and exposed."

The author thus describes the marriage ceremonial of the Moors:—

"Nothing appears more extraordinary to a European on his first arrival in the country, or impresses him more forcibly with a conviction that he is among a barbarous race, than the marriage ceremonies. The Moor marries when corn is plentiful. This was now the case, the harvest having been most abundant; and the number of weddings that were celebrated every night, according to the custom, kept the town in a state of continual rejoicing and uproar. A soon as it was dark, the narrow streets of Tangier were literally blocked up by moving crowds, whose steps were illuminated by numberless lanterns, while their ears were regaled with irregular discharges of guns, relieved, if it could so be called, by the barbarous notes of the Moorish instruments.

To give, however, a more detailed account of this curious ceremony, which is divided into several acts: the first part of it that I had an opportunity of witnessing was the bearing of the present from the future bridegroom to the parents of his intended. The former walked at the head of a numerous procession, in the midst of which three black female slaves bore on their heads vessels containing cloth, muslin, and other stuffs, tied up in silk bands; an enormous dish of kouskous then followed; the rear being brought up by two horses and a mule laden with wheat and barley.

Previous to the wedding, a procession is formed at night by the bridegroom, who is conducted by his friends, arm in arm, through the different parts of the town, accompanied by music and firing. The concluding and most singular part of the whole ceremony is the bridal night. On this occasion the bridegroom, on leaving his own house, attired in his white sulham, or cloak, and with his sword girded before him, proceeds on horseback towards the quarter where his intended resides; he is accompanied by large bodies of his friends and connexions on foot, bearing lanterns in their hands, and is attended by two boys, who keep throwing handkerchiefs towards him, as if in the act of fanning him; the procession being headed by a band of music, consisting of the Moorish tambour, or drum, and two or three hautboys, from which the most detestable sounds proceed. The approach of the procession is announced by loud discharges of guns; and it having arrived at the house of the bride, it stays there until she is ready, the bridegroom remaining on horseback, and the whole length of the street being thronged by the accompanying crowds.

The door of the house is now thrown open, and a kind of wooden cage, with a conical top, and not unlike a small pulpit, is brought out, containing the fair bird. This is hoisted on the back of a horse stationed ready to receive its precious burden, and led by a slave. This part of the operation is not accomplished frequently without some difficulty, on account of the weight of the cage, but more particularly of that of its fair inhabitant, who, according to the Moorish taste in this respect, not unfrequently weighs as much as the animal who has the felicity of bearing her. Should the bridegroom have been married before, the wedding is not near so brilliant, as he remains at home to receive his bride; and should the latter be a widow, she does not ride, but is conducted on foot by the women to the house of the bridegroom.

The bride being on horseback, the whole procession, which by this time has been very considerably swelled, proceeds at a slow pace through all parts of the town, winding along the numerous dark alleys and streets, which are scarcely wide enough to admit a person on horseback. The strangeness of the spectacle is such, that a Christian observing it for the first time would scarcely suppose that he beheld human beings. Fancy the procession in motion, and a concourse of figures attired wholly in white, proceeding at nearly midnight perhaps, at a slow funereal pace; in the rear numbers of men, armed with guns of an enormous length, deafen you with repeated irregular discharges of powder, firing at the feet and faces of the spectators, dancing at the same time, and making use of the most extravagant gestures.

The music now advances, and your ears are greeted with sounds as diabolical as any savages ever made, which are produced by the instruments before mentioned. A confused crowd of persons now approach, with lanterns in their hands, in the midst of which is seen the bridegroom on horseback, his face muffled up, and his sword now girded behind him, and followed by another horse bearing the strange machine already described. The rear of the cavalcade is brought up by several women, who accompany the bride to her new habitation, while an indiscriminate crowd of persons follow. The procession does not proceed direct to the house of the bridegroom; if it did, the ceremony would be all over in a few minutes, and the effect lost; on which account it is first conducted through all parts of the town, and from the slowness of the pace at which it proceeds, and the crowds that accompany it, it is frequently an hour or more before it reaches its final destination.

On arriving at the house, a general halt is made, the bridegroom dismounts and enters his habitation, and the box which contains his better half is carried in at the same time; the door is then shut, and thus terminates the ceremony. Large dishes of kouskous are afterwards brought out and distributed to the crowd, and the firing and rejoicing is often kept up a great part of the night. Among the poorer classes the whole affair lasts only two or three days, but is prolonged should the bridegroom be wealthy; it being usual for him to invite his friends and acquaintance to an entertainment; and thus the rejoicings conclude."

The ignorance and superstition which prevail among the Moors are of the most deplorable description, and of which the following instance is sufficiently illustrative:—"A Jewish woman at Tetuan being afflicted by a violent swelling behind her ear, imagined that it was caused by the agency of the devil, whom some one persuaded her she had offended unconsciously, by having thrown one night into the yard some hot ashes and water, which is considered by these poor weak people as a most marked affront to his satanic majesty. In order, therefore, to appease his devilship, and relieve herself at the same time from the pain she was suffering, which was occasioned by a severe cold, she, assisted by her friends, proceeded, in the first instance, to boil a quantity of kouskous (a kind of porridge), which they threw, at the same hour of night as when the offence had been given, and in the same part where the ashes had been thrown, leaving it to remain until morning. The swelling and pain, however, still continued; and imagining that the gentleman in black was determined not to be bribed so cheaply, she sent for a Moorish conjuror from Sus, who had a high reputation for his magical skill. The man upon his arrival immediately proceeded to work, setting himself down, and making all the necessary inquiries—how she had been so unfortunate as to offend the worthy gentleman below, or, as the Moors style him and the rest of his family, 'the people beneath;' asking her, at the same time, whether she had been vexed from any cause, and had thrown down any thing on the floor with violence, or gone out in the dark without a light, as in that case she might possibly have trampled upon some of his majesty's subjects without being aware of it. To these interrogations the credulous woman replied, that she had only thrown the ashes into the yard as before stated, and that she had dreamed one night that some one had fired a gun in her ears. The conjuror now had heard sufficient cause for the woman's affliction: and having received his fees, which amounted to a pretty good sum, commenced operations by writing in Arabic some words on a paper which he afterwards dissolved in water. The next thing necessary was for the patient to swallow her own words, namely, the mysterious sentence thus dissolved, which he made the woman drink up. All this, however, had no effect. The following day the learned doctor came to visit his patient, and found, I will not say to his surprise, that her complaint remained unabated—in short that she was as bad as ever. Upon this he drew a circle on a white plate, in the centre of which he traced several mysterious signs with his pen, and after the ink had been allowed to dry, it was washed off the plate with cold water, and drank by the patient. The operator then took his leave, with the assurance that this would not fail to cure her. The following day he again made his appearance; and finding no alteration for the better, he gave her several perfumed seeds, muttering some incantations at the same time, and leaving with her a supply of the said seeds, charging her to perfume every part of the house with them after nightfall, and not to omit a hole or corner.

Notwithstanding all his skill, his patient, as may be imagined, did not experience the relief she had so sanguinely anticipated; and seeing this to be the case, she called in farther advice in the person of a Moorish woman, who, upon seeing her, pulled out a book, in which after reading for some time with great attention, she informed her new patient that the volume had discovered to her that she had certainly offended 'the underneath people,' and that, in order to appease their anger, it was necessary that a second dish of the finest kouskous should be prepared with the greatest care, and thrown, not only about the yard, but about every part of the house, even to the street-door. The patient was enjoined, while she scattered the dish, to exclaim, 'This is what your friend presents you with, so pray be quiet, good people, and forgive me if I have offended you.' This ceremony was to be repeated for three successive nights; and if the desired effect was not produced, the house was to be sprinkled over with sweet oil at night, pardon being asked as before. Should this be of no avail, she was commanded to get all her friends and relations to spit into a glass—men, women, and children, which friendly contribution she was enjoined to drink off in a cup of coffee. All these different prescriptions were implicitly followed by the poor credulous woman to no purpose. The second doctor had already, like the first, fleeced her out of a pretty good sum of money in the shape of fees, when a European Jew coming to reside in the same house, and hearing an account of the transaction, could not avoid pitying the poor woman, and reproached her and her friends with their folly and credulity, as well he might do. Upon this they begged him to see what could be done for her; and having fortunately some slight knowledge of the healing art, he immediately applied a poultice, and in a short time the swelling began to ripen, and the pain greatly abated in consequence. In this state of affairs the first doctor, the conjuror—who had, however, proved himself to be no longer one—came to pay her a visit, to see if he could not still extract something more from the patient's swelling wherewithal to swell his own pockets. The poor woman, in the joy of her heart at the relief she had experienced, and prompted at the same time by natural feelings of anger and mortification, told him to his face, that while all his art had been of no avail, the skill of a European had nearly recovered her. This, as may be supposed, threw the Moorish doctor into a violent fury: and he told her that by his power he would make her worse than ever, and that, if the swelling ever broke, he would consent to be called a Jew with a black cap, which is the greatest abuse that can be offered to a Moor. This was said in presence of her kind friend the European Jew, who, attaching as much weight to his threats as they deserved, continued his attentions, and in the end entirely recovered his patient.

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

We have more than once commended the propriety of wives attending to the various duties of their household, for nothing can be more respectable in its way; but in inculcating this principle, it is necessary to remind our female readers that it has its limitations, especially when applied to those in the higher circles of society. It ought to be remembered that the extreme of minute attention and of luxurious indulgence are equally improper, and ought to be avoided. On this subject, Mrs William Parkes, in her excellent work, entitled "Domestic Duties, or Instructions to Young Married Ladies,"* makes the following useful observations:—"We will turn from this lamentable picture [that of a dissipated and ruined lady of fashion], to inquire whether the opposite extreme of conduct ought not, also, to be avoided, by which I mean the abandonment of a woman to household concerns, and to the over-solicitous care of her children, involving her in an entire neglect of the duties connected with social life and good neighbourhood.

I have in my recollection an instance which may, perhaps, exemplify the error in conduct of which I am speaking. Mrs C——, in whose neighbourhood I lived in my youth, considered herself as a pattern of wives and mothers, making it her boast that she combined the good housewifery of former times to the maternal care and attention for which the present age of mothers is remarkable. Her husband was a man of property; but, if rendering him happy in his home, and respectable in the eyes of his neighbours (as far as depends on a wife), should form some part of a good wife's care, she certainly did not sustain the character. Considering the extent of her husband's property, her economy approached to meanness. Her table was always so scantily provided, and such strict limitation of every article throughout her establishment was enforced, that poverty seemed an inmate, while comfort was banished from her house. For the *glory* of being accounted a thrifty manager, she submitted, and obliged others to submit, to many privations; and often she was obliged to share the labours of her household, which she preferred to the expense of keeping a proper complement of servants. At no period of the day, which was shared between household and nursery cares, could her husband promise himself her society, and, in the evenings, he generally found her wearied and fretted by the petty concerns of her life. For visiting or receiving company she constantly declared she had no time; and, indeed, she at length acquired a disrelish for any society which was not comprised within her narrow scene of action.

A life of retirement soon renders us unfit and unwilling to mingle in general society. The exertion both of mind and body in which company engages us, we seldom think compensated by the degree of pleasure we receive from it, when from seclusion we have lost our relish for topics of general interest. Our thoughts and feelings are too much wrapped up in our own concerns, and we become devoid of that sympathy in the tastes, feelings, and concerns of others, which gives the chief interest to our intercourse with our fellow-creatures. Natural obstacles, a sea flowing, or mountains intervening between friends, are not more effectual barriers to the interchange of ideas and feelings, than the want of sympathy and common interest in each other's welfare.

The unenvied husband of this *good wife* sought amusement any where but at home. He spent much of his time either in field sports or in the more dangerous pleasures of the turf and the gaming-table. His wife's confined view of her duties prevented her from anticipating this effect of her management, nor indeed did she ever imagine herself as in any way the author of her husband's failings. Her children, also, both mentally and physically, were sufferers. Her imagination, not allowed to range beyond her domestic circle, fed itself upon the supposed diseases of her children, which, I believe I may justly assert, were more often engendered in their constitutions, than averted by the measures and precautions which her over-solicitude prompted. Their tempers were injured by injudicious indulgence at one time, and by the fretfulness which her cares induced, and which she could not always restrain, even towards the objects of those cares. Her servants, too, were not amongst the happiest of her family; her principle in regard to them being, that they ought to belong to a 'much-enduring race,' to work hard and fare hard.

What effect this lady's character might have had upon her offspring, cannot now be known, as consumption rapidly terminated her life. It was the opinion of her physician that this disease had met with encouragement from the restless anxiety of her mind, and the frequent over-exertion of her strength. Her death occasioned but little feeling in her neighbourhood: few tears were shed, few regrets expressed, for one who had made no attempts to attach others to her, or to perform any of the kindly offices of good neighbourhood. Her equals lost no friend when she expired, the poor no benefactress.

There are many ladies who, though they do not carry their conduct to the extreme which I have just described, yet, in a degree, err in a similar manner, and suffer their minds to be too much engrossed with similar cares. They build a wall around them, and confine within it their ideas, prospects, hopes, and expectations, and can imagine no happiness nor good to spring beyond it.

I hope I have exposed with sufficient force the danger and inconveniences which arise from either of the extremes in conduct, which I have attempted to describe. Instances still more lamentable might have been adduced, but as I trust they have generally been peculiar cases, connected with a strange perversity of disposition, their examples need not be instanced to those in whom no such depravity exists. If I have prepossessed you in favour of a middle course, I shall be contented. Society has various claims upon us, and these may in most cases be satisfied without any omission or neglect of higher demands upon our time and attention. To economise time, to avoid frittering away any great portion of it on trifles, or with listless indifference to suffer it to pass away unemployed; to perform strictly the duties of each day, so that no occasional pressure of employment may hurry you into a hasty and careless method of proceeding; these will be the best means of insuring you time for the demands which may be made upon you by society in general."

* Longman. London, 1828. One volume 12mo.

MASANIELLO,*

For a long time previous to the year 1647, the kingdom of Naples and Sicily formed a dependency of the crown of Spain, and was generally governed by a viceroy deputed by the sovereign of that country. It was a kingdom of considerable natural wealth and resources, but had been completely exhausted by oppressive taxes, imposed for the support of the Spanish wars against France. The people of the city of Naples, being light-hearted, and having few wants, bore up better under their burdens than might have been expected; but they were at length reduced to despair by an impost which was laid upon fruit and vegetables, which formed their chief and almost only food. The edict for this tax was issued on the 3d of January 1647, and during all the ensuing spring, the clamours of the people were incessant. Nor were there wanting some outrages, such as an uninstructed populace are apt to commit when they are violently dissatisfied with their government. The symptoms of discontent became at length so alarming, that the viceroy, the Duke of Arcos, considered it safe, at the risk of still farther increasing it, to forbid the annual procession in honour of St John the Baptist, on the 24th of June, lest the concourse should lead to open insurrection.

Among the populace at this time was a young fisherman, who observed and shared deeply the general discontent. His anger and resentment had been roused by the rough treatment which his wife had experienced from the tax-collectors, who, detecting her in the act of concealing a small bag of flour in order to evade the payment of the duty, had put her in prison. Her husband paid a fine in order to obtain her release, but swore vengeance upon the oppressors; and was not long in finding the opportunity of fulfilling his vow. This man's name was Tommaso Aniello, or popularly Masaniello, for whom fate had destined such rapid change of condition as never mortal underwent within the same space of time. He was of middle stature and handsome countenance, with lively dark eyes, short curly hair, a frank and bold address, noted among his companions for smartness and activity, and about twenty-four years of age. He wore a fisherman's blue jacket, with white linen trousers, a sailor's red woollen cap on his head, and was barelegged and barefooted.

Matters had arrived at this pass, and such preparations were made by the populace for the celebration of one of their great festivals, that already they had organised themselves in bands for the procession, and were thus unconsciously prepared for attacking the government. In this state of affairs, a large concourse of peasants and gardeners from the surrounding country came to market with a supply of fruits and vegetables; and these being rendered liable to the odious tax, the ferment came to a crisis. One of the aggrieved peasants took up one of his baskets of figs, and, throwing it down, scattered its contents about, at the same time exclaiming, "This belongs to me. I give it to you, my friends. Our tyrants shall have none of this at least." "Let them have some of it!" said Masaniello, who stood by his side, and, snatching up a bunch of figs, struck an officious tax-gatherer over the face with it. His example was instantly followed by his numerous companions. Masaniello then addressed them in bold and ready eloquence, such as the occasion demanded—conjured them to stand by him, promising, in the most decided terms, redress for the grievances of which they had to complain. They then commenced acts of violence, broke down and destroyed the booths of the tax-collectors, burst into the houses of such as were conceived to have enriched themselves by farming the imposts, and spread alarm through the whole city. Their numbers had by this time increased to many thousands, armed with weapons which they had taken from gunsmiths' shops, and wherever they could find them. They compelled the Prince of Bisignano, a Neapolitan nobleman, to go with them and act as their chief; but being shocked at their excesses, and alarmed for the consequences, he contrived to make his escape. They next proceeded to the viceroy's palace, forced their way into his presence, despite of his guards, and peremptorily demanded the abolition not only of the new tax on fruits, but of all other imposts whatsoever—demands which, under the immediate influence of terror, the viceroy assented to. They then destroyed the most valuable effects in the palace; and the viceroy with difficulty effected his escape from the tumult.

The populace now, by unanimous consent, placed themselves under the command of Masaniello, who was installed *Capo del Popolo*, or "Captain-General of the Most Faithful People of Naples;" and such coadjutors and counsellors were added (chiefly of low rank and infamous character), as appeared to him best qualified to assist him. He used little counsel, however; and by his directions the prisons were broken open, and the captives set at liberty; the few inhabitants who resisted were put to death; and one house, where there chanced to be a quantity of gunpowder, was blown up—an accident which cost eighty-seven persons their lives.

The Duke of Arcos was taken absolutely unprovided for this dreadful outbreak. The few soldiers he had were scarcely sufficient to guard the citadels of Naples; and a regiment of five hundred men was defeated and disarmed in an attempt to enter the city. Thus at bay, the duke endeavoured to open a negociation with the insurgents by means of a nobleman; but success had caused the multitude to rise in their demands. They required not only the abolition of all the imposts, but the restoration of all privileges bestowed upon them by the Spanish monarchs, and in particular insisted on the exhibition of a charter in their favour written in letters of gold. The duke, in endeavouring to pacify them, showed another document, which he tried to palm upon them as the real charter which they sought. They became more exasperated than ever: they insulted the nobleman sent as mediator, and dragged him to prison; and followed their course of burning and destroying the houses of all whom they regarded as enemies of the people.

On the fourth day after the commencement of the revolt, and while the great mass of the insurgents were met in the public square, a conspiracy, formed to assassinate Masaniello, by means of a bribed body of banditti, was discovered. The appearance of so many mounted and armed robbers excited suspicion, and they were ordered to dismount and divide themselves. Instead of this order being obeyed, seven muskets were fired at the captain-general, so near that they burned his shirt, though not a ball touched him! The populace instantly discharged a volley of musketry on the troop of banditti, and killed thirty of them; the rest fled into a neighbouring church, which, notwithstanding the respect usually paid in Catholic countries to such an asylum, proved no place of refuge. The gates were unhinged, the vaults resounded to the fire of musketry, while the people slew the wretches at the very altar, flooding the church pavement with gore. Masaniello, meantime, remained in the great square, surrounded by the heads of the slain banditti planted on pikes, exaggerating the dangers which he had encountered, and calling for vengeance on the aristocracy, who it was discovered were the originators of the conspiracy. He particularly accused Don Joseph Caraffa as the chief instigator of the plot; and he falling into the hands of the people, was dragged before Masaniello, when a butcher struck off his head with a cleaver. The scene which ensued is indescribable. Horrid outcries rent the air; bleeding carcases were tied to horses' tails, and, attended by fishermen and sailors, were dragged through the street; children, covered with blood, ran behind, followed by women and lazzaroni, carrying the royal banners, and firing muskets into the windows. In the market-place was a wooden scaffold hastily constructed, and enclosed by a circular range of pikes, on which the insurgents fixed the heads of their victims, while their mangled bodies lay below, bound with ropes to the palisade. Masaniello ascends the scaffold, still dressed as a sailor, with sword in hand, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. "Bring the head of the traitor!" he exclaims, and then insults the remains of Joseph Caraffa; he speaks to him in mockery, he touches his hair and ghastly lips, while the multitude raise the most ferocious acclamations. In all quarters victims are sought after; even the old and helpless are not spared, and their bodies are dragged about; the squares are covered with carnage, the streets resound with cries of affright, the palaces are in flames. The churches, however, are open; the altars are invested with the ornaments of the festivals for the dead; and before the Most High, priests and prelates call for peace, bewail the victims, and pray for the guilty. In passing by the churches, the ruffian who has just committed murder, or the incendiary who still brandishes his flaming torch, uncovers his head, kneels for a moment, and each returns to his work of destruction.

On the fifth day, the accommodation proposed by the viceroy, though somewhat checked by the conspiracy, was still proceeding. Assisted by two persons, Genuino and Arpaya, who had been formerly employed in political business, Masaniello had a set of articles

* We are indebted for the substance of the present sketch to an article in the Foreign Quarterly Review, for August 1829; a work which we cannot sufficiently praise for its solid and useful properties.

drawn up, in which the taxes were abolished, all former privileges renewed and confirmed, and the actors in the late tumults, including himself and his counsellors by name, assured of pardon. These articles were read publicly in the church of our Lady of the Carmelites, after which the Cardinal Filomarino passed in procession to the Castello Nuovo, followed by the whole tide of the population, amid loud acclamations. On this occasion, Masaniello, at the cardinal's suggestion, exchanged his mariner's habit, which he had rendered more awful than imperial robes of Tyrian purple, for a splendid suit of cloth of silver, and mounted on a fine charger, proceeded to pay his respects to the viceroy, who received him with the utmost respect, and had an opportunity to see the wonderful and alarming influence which this fisherman had attained over the populace. Vast numbers of the insurgents had crowded in after the procession, and filled the castle-yard. Alarmed at the length of Masaniello's stay, they began to show symptoms of uneasiness. The *Capo del Popolo* was then with the cardinal and viceroy in the cabinet of the latter, when, stepping to the window, he silenced them by a word of his mouth and a signal of his hand. At another signal, all the bells of the city were tolled; at a third, the deafening peal was silenced. He waved his hand, and the people shouted; he placed his finger on his lips, and the roaring multitude became hushed as death. Finally, he commanded them to disperse to their homes, and the courtyard, as if by magic, was evacuated in an instant. The viceroy and his courtiers looked at each other with astonishment. It was no wonder that the viceroy felt it necessary to recognise the authority of captain-general of the people in a demagogue possessing such complete influence over his constituents.

The events of the sixth day still proved that peace was far distant. Masaniello, agitated perhaps by apprehensions of the banditti, no longer received petitions and applications in the open market-place, but at a window of his own cottage, where he stood in his fisherman's dress, with a loaded blunderbuss in his hand, which put the suitors in some terror for the reply which they might possibly receive. The petitions which were presented to him, he himself being unable to read or write, were examined and answered by masked secretaries, who wrote the necessary reply, which the *Capo del Popolo* attested by a mark. His sentences, his executions, his burning and pillaging, still indicated his being thoroughly imbued by the implacable hatred to the aristocracy. The degree of power to which Masaniello had attained seems now to have begun to unsettle his reason. At a solemn religious ceremony he attended, he behaved in the most absurd manner, and was with difficulty prevented from stripping himself of his dress. His conduct became hourly more fantastic, and the respect of the multitude began proportionably to diminish. He one day suddenly rushed out to the streets half dressed, mounted his horse, and galloped off where caprice dictated—next rushed into a church to hear mass, after which he went and threw himself in the sea, and then ordered supper. He also drank deeply of intoxicating wines, and in his inebriation committed all kinds of extravagances.

The people of every condition were now agitated by a desire to be rid of their captain-general, and a new conspiracy was formed against his authority, which was more successful than the preceding. Upon the 16th of July, or the tenth and last day of his singular career, Masaniello, escaping from his best friends (those who detained him in custody as a lunatic), rushed into the church of del Carmine, the day being the festival of the Virgin patroness. The cardinal Filomarino performed the service, and after its conclusion, Masaniello, in a desponding mood, harangued the people with a crucifix in his hand; complained of being forsaken by them, mingling expressions which were of a pathetic description with such as were utterly irrational and ridiculous. He behaved with such indecorum of speech and gesture, that the priests were obliged to withdraw him from the pulpit by force. To the cardinal he next had recourse, expressing his purpose to resign all his power to the viceroy. The prelate with difficulty prevailed on him to enter the adjoining cloister, and cease interrupting the prayers of the congregation. While the unfortunate man was yet in the cloister, the assassins, few in number, but followed by many others who favoured them, burst into his place of refuge, exclaiming, "Long live the king of Spain, and death to Masaniello!" "Do you seek me, my people?" answered Masaniello. "Here I am!" As he turned round, he received the fire of four arquebusses, which killed him on the spot, giving him but time to exclaim, "Oh ye ungrateful traitors!" So low was his popularity fallen, that the thousands, then assembled in the church of del Carmine, heard, without the least emotion, that Masaniello was slain. Thereafter his head was carried to the viceroy, and his body, after being dragged through the streets by a rabble of boys, among whom the nobility threw pieces of money, was at length tossed into the city ditches.

But the flame which Masaniello had kindled was not extinguished by his death. Even in the morning which succeeded his exit, some of the striplings who had constituted the guard and lictors of their murdered captain-general, sought out his dishonoured remains, and carried them to the cathedral. The mangled corpse was arrayed in royal robes, decorated with a crown and sceptre, and after being carried in funeral procession, followed by thousands of armed men, it was at length solemnly interred in the church, with many tears, prayers, and lamentations.

Thus ended the short but eventful life of Masaniello, who, in the course of ten days, rose from the most humble situation to an unrivalled height of despotic authority; and after reigning like a monarch, was, by common consent, shot, and dragged through the city like a mad dog, yet finally buried like a prince, and almost worshipped as a saint.

It should be added, as explanatory of the conduct of Masaniello, that it does not appear, on the closest investigation, he ever contemplated the retention of supreme authority, or acted on any other plan or principle than the very obvious one of relieving his fellow-citizens from the pressure of their burdensome imposts.

FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

[BY MRS HEMANS.]

Come near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother, and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust:
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be pressed
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest.

Look yet on this young face!
What, shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impressed—
Come near! and bear the beautiful to rest.

Ye weep, and it is well;
For tears befit earth's partings.—Yesterday
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seemed to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the blessed—
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest.

Look yet on him, whose eye
Meets yours no more in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?
But not where death has power may love be blessed—
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest.

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is *he* not gone, our brightest and our best?—
Come near! and bear the early-called to rest.

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;
Yet that, even that, must fade!
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest guest—
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest.

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast—
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest.

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quenched!—for him the past
Is sealed. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not *here* of our beloved and blessed—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest.

GRAVEDIGGERS.

THE gravediggers of Edinburgh, like those of most other places, till a recent date, were remarkable for their drunkenness, in addition to the other vices common to their tribe. About thirty years ago, there was an obscure public-house at the head of the Cowgate, in which the greater part of them used to meet every morning to enjoy themselves. It was said that they were accustomed to drink most unhallowed toasts—such as "A hard frost"—"A wet spring"—"The east wind"—"A green Yule," &c. and converse upon the prospects of good employment held forth by the weather. On it being debated one morning whether they might sit a little longer, and have some more liquor, one of the corps is said to have voted in the affirmative, for a reason, which he expressed in the following words:—"Hang it," said he, "let us hae the other pot. The sky has been looking gay dour for this half hour past! we'll hae plenty o' caulds and sair throats the morn."

One of the oldest Edinburgh gravediggers whom we happen to remember was a man of singular manners and habits, named Jemmy Alexander. Jemmy was a most ingenious wretch: could make wooden clocks, clasp broken china, or turn his hand to any kind of employment, including that of a porter, which happened to come in his way. One of his most profitable businesses was that of a gravedigger in one of the burying-grounds of the city; and to make the most of this dreary profession, he enlivened his spare hours by making fiddles out of the bits of half-decayed coffins which he turned up in the course of his labours. Jemmy's fiddles were considered tolerable instruments within the latitude of the Low Calton and Greenside, and he was never long in disposing of them when finished. One of the best he ever sold, he used to mention, was one he made out of a piece of the coffin of a celebrated Canongate bailie, and which afterwards enlivened with its strains some of the most fashionable assemblies. Jemmy is himself long since dead and buried, and possibly the shreds of his own coffin may be some day similarly exhumed for purposes equally at variance with their former use.

The most remarkable of this fraternity was Geordie Girdwood, the ancient gravedigger of the Grey Friars' churchyard. He was an uncommonly drunken-looking, withered, little old man, with sore eyes. It was said of him, by the common people of Edinburgh, that he had, in the course of his professional duties, turned over the churchyard seven times. He died at an advanced age, about sixteen years ago. Like Blair's sexton, he had a great turn for wit; but, unfortunately, his conversation smelt wofully of *the shop*, and that smell was not the most pleasing possible. A friend one day made up to him as he was digging a grave, and found him contemplating a skull, which he had just unearthed, and was holding in his hand. Knowing that Geordie was quite as well acquainted with the faces of the dead as the living population of the parish of Grey Friars, the intruder asked him, "who that had been." "Ah! man," quoth Geordie; "this was the great preacher, Dr ——, ane of the ministers of Edinburgh. He was weel kenn'd to be a queer minister in his day. He could drink glass for glass wi' a large dinner party, till they were a' aneath the table but himsel; and he would then go into another room, call for the servants of the house, and give them a discourse, as weel as if he had never tasted a drap. Ah, he's been lang dead and gane noo! Od, I believe, I've haen him sax times in my hands since I pat him first aneath the yirth! Deil care how mony mae times I may hae him to turn ower yet!"

So much for the ancient fraternity of gravediggers—men whom we all need, but whom no one loves.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN CANADA.

The Camerons were the best hunters I ever knew in Canada. They were brothers, of Highland extract, hardy fellows, and extremely fearless: they would go out a-deer-hunting, and sometimes bring home fifteen in a couple of days. As for shooting ducks, they were unmatched, and filled the canoe with large fat fowls when nobody else could get a shot: they would go out on a morning and procure four or five dozen with ease. The black wood-duck is the best of all the wild-duck tribe; it is of a sooty colour, with a dirty yellow speckled breast, and nearly as large as a goose. They feed on the wild rice, which grows plentifully in the small streams in the remote woods; they are not met with in large flocks; many of them remaining during summer, and are met with large broods following after them. One of the Camerons having observed a large flock of wild-geese on the lake of the Chaudiere, used every means in his power to have a shot at them, but could not: he crawled round the rushy banks from one point to another, but it would not do—still the flock kept aloof, and vexed him with their shyness. At length he took his canoe, and having cautiously got into it, allowed himself to drift out into the Big Bay towards his prey; and when he had got, as he considered, within shot, he let fly, and, dreadful to relate, the canoe upset from the percussion of the musket, and launched the keen sportsman into the deep. This, however, did not concern him much; instead of clinging to the canoe, or even catching a paddle, as many others would, he quietly swam ashore, without saying a word, with the *gun* in his hand, a distance nearly of a mile. His brothers on the bank did not seem at all alarmed: they got out on a point, and rode a tree to the canoe; that is, took a branch of some one or other that had tumbled down—these are always in superabundance—sat on it as we would on a saddle, and paddled away in the water to the canoe, which having uprighted, they easily succeeded, with the aid of the branch, in embarking by the stern when away they hunted the wounded wild-geese and brought a good shot ashore, where, on arriving, they found their brother had prepared a fire, was drying his clothes, and broiling something to eat.—*Mactaggart's Canada.*

PRIDE EFFECTUALLY REBUKED.

William Penn and Thomas Story, travelling together in Virginia, being caught in a shower of rain, unceremoniously sheltered themselves from it in a tobacco house; the owner of which happening to be in, thus accosted them:—"You have a great deal of impudence to trespass on my premises—you enter without leave. Do you know who I am?" To which was answered "No." "Why, then, I would have you to know that I am a justice of the peace." Thomas Story replied, "My friend here makes such things as thou art; he is the governor of Pennsylvania." The would-be great man quickly abated his haughtiness.—*Imperial Magazine.*

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FLUCTUATIONS OF RANK AMONG MEN.

It is justly considered the mark of an ill-regulated state, when the humble are prevented, either by fixed rules, or by other circumstances, from rising into the more eminent situations. As there is evidently a new dispensation of intellect every generation, it is incontestibly necessary that provision should be made for the easy descent of such individuals among the well-born as are unfitted by nature for maintaining their original places, and for the easy ascent of those among the plebeian orders who are qualified to supplant them. Thus the higher departments of our social system will always be filled by the properest men, and the great designs of nature fulfilled.

There are few countries, perhaps, where this perpetual interchange of relative condition goes on so smoothly, or to so great an extent, as in Great Britain. The very highest situations, under the throne, are here found to be filled with men who have risen, by their native talent and force of character, from the lowest walks of life. It is remarked, however, with dissatisfaction, that most of these men, on gaining the ends of their ambition, cease to have any sympathy with their former equals, and display all the less amiable characteristics of an aristocracy with even greater breadth than those who inherit the honours of many generations. If this be the case, we are inclined to attribute it in a great measure to the fault of those who are left behind. The people in general do not, we think, treat those who have outstripped them in the race of fortune, in such a manner as to keep alive sympathy: the fortunate persons are tempted, we suspect, to assume as much as possible of the haughtiness of nobility, in order to confound, both to themselves and others, the disrespectful feelings with which they are conscious they are regarded by those who were once on their own level. All the lowly are anxious that channels should be open through which some of them may attain elevation; every man is more or less anxious that he should be one of the fortunate individuals. Yet, when a certain number have gained the desired height, they altogether cease to be considered as a part of the class they lately belonged to. Their former fellows look upon them as men fortunate only for themselves—as no better deserving of their honours than others who could be pointed out—as guilty, perhaps, of improper arts in procuring their promotion. Their original condition is perpetually raked up; and though many make a cold profession that the lower the origin the greater the merit of rising, still it is evident that distinction in the tenth generation, without merit at all, meets with more respect from the bulk of the community. The long-descended honour of a Howard or a Hamilton, is regarded with complacency, and its pretensions are at once allowed. But where greatness is borne by a man who lately was not great, and who is recollected to have once been as subject to the hardships and contumelies of a humble rank as any of those who are now considering his history, the deference due to his titles is yielded more reluctantly. In the former case, competition is foreclosed: in the latter, it is open, and every man thinks himself at liberty to call in question the amount of that merit which has raised another so much above himself. It is in reality the jealousy, envy, and detraction, which are brought to bear upon new greatness, by those who are still humble, that make it so eager to identify itself with the elder great, and so ready to cut off all ties with its former associates.

The evil, in our opinion, would be greatly lessened, if the people had more just ideas respecting those who elevate themselves above their original rank. They do not sufficiently cogitate the grand truth that the elements of greatness are born in all ranks alike, and that its pressing upwards from a mean origin, when such happens to be its lot, is nothing more than a process in conformity with the great laws of creation. Man has in some countries *made* nobles, who, for the supposed good of the community, inherit greatness by descent; but nature has her nobles too, and they are born sometimes in a cottage, sometimes in a palace, just as it chances. These individuals are often, by the pressure of circumstances, confounded all their lives with the commons of creation. But in other instances, they burst through all obstructions, and acquire that superiority over their fellows which nature, for their own good and that of the community, intended. If men were more generally to allow that this *carding* of the human race (so to speak) was just a part of the designs of Nature, they would be less disposed, we think, to look upon the original condition of the elevated individual as a thing either increasing or lessening his honour. They would regard both that, and the corresponding declension of the man who was unfit to retain his original place, as mere matters of course.

One great cause, we are persuaded, of the unworthy feelings with which the humble regard the recently exalted, is, the ignorance in which the most of men remain, respecting the secret and inner minds of those who are destined to rise above them. When we recall our early acquaintance with a man now our superior, we are apt to recollect only the mean circumstances with which he had to contend, his common subjection with ourselves to the ordinary evils of life, and the common-place behaviour which, like every other body, he exhibited in common-place affairs. We think, because he was environed in early life by sordid cares and paltry necessities, was connected with humble kinsfolk, and aimed only in the meantime at common objects of ambition, that he was all along and natively an ordinary person, and has only been fortunate in finding openings, to permit of that advancement which has been denied to ourselves. Now, in all probability, if we could have scanned the latent character of these persons, we should have found the most of them inspired from the very first with the sentiments, as they were possessed of the abilities, which were to raise them above us. Their easy submission to a mean sphere of exertion, and ready discharge of humble duties, we should have found to be only a proof of their possessing the materials of greatness—for by what other means could they have hoped to achieve their elevation! There no doubt are great souls of humble origin, which will not condescend to treat with mean circumstances, and, aspiring prematurely to the honours they think their due, leave no possibility of mistake on this point. But are these the successful men? No—they only excite ridicule, and obstruct their own advancement. The man truly designed and qualified to achieve greatness is too judicious to pretend to that which will not readily be conceded, too modest to suppose any lawful labour beneath him, too sensible of the necessity of a gradual course, to despise any of the steps that lead to fortune. He is, moreover, too much alive to the ridicule of assuming a manner above his present station, to discover those sentiments and aims, those ardent and lofty aspirations, which are all the time, perhaps, burning beneath the common-place of his aspect and deportment, and render him, even at *this* moment of lowly toil, as worthy of his honours as he will be when he has gained them.

We are inclined, then, to fix upon superficial observation, and ignorance of the laws of nature, as a chief cause of the jealousy which is entertained respecting the recently exalted, and upon this jealousy as the principal cause of the excessive haughtiness of that class of persons. Whatever have been the means of exaltation—state service, literary glory, scientific accomplishment—the elevated individual finds such a disposition among his late compeers to drag him back again into association with his original humility, and to hold his honours as cheap and paltry, compared with those which have been transmitted through a family, that probably he would give up all the distinction he has gained, and the merits through which he has gained it, with the greatest good will, if he could only make his grandfather a gentleman. It is not the fault of the parvenú himself, or of the system of which he becomes a part: it is the senseless propensity of the multitude to prostrate themselves before inherited, while they depreciate acquired honours, that causes him to make such haste in neglecting and despising them. This it was which made Congreve the poet so little anxious to be known as such, and so careful lest it should be forgotten that he was a man of quality. The public, who, after all, have the dispensation of honours in their own hands, since the title is nothing without their respect, have only themselves to blame, if they find the new illustrious more replete with all the worse features of the patrician character than the old. When they shall pay an equally ready respect to him who has gained his own honours as to his remote descendant, they will have less to complain of in the conduct of such persons, besides greatly increasing the incentive to exertion for the public good.

THE VICTIM OF INDISCRETION.

One of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with our outset in life, is, that actions of the most trivial importance very frequently govern our fate through the whole course of existence. The good or ill judgment that may sway our decision in some apparently unimportant occasion, is seen to advance or retard our success with an effect that excites the astonishment of those unacquainted with that particular which was the mainspring of our subsequent movements. The young and the heedless are not sufficiently aware of this remarkable fact. They do not seem to know that a total declension into the depths of vice is almost certain, after once being begun; and that, even if they retrieve their steps, they are preparing for themselves years of agony and remorse. They may be crowned with success in their career; they may rise to the highest honours that can be bestowed upon them as respectable members of society; yet the thoughts of their early indiscretions will still haunt them with vivid freshness. In the midst of a virtuous and happy family, they will be visited with the tortures of long-concealed vices, which, if known, would lower them in the estimation of all they held dear; and possibly, in their desperation, long for rest in the tomb, which they imagine will be the only extinguisher of their corroding cares.

I remember a short time since to have been occupied with such reflections, when I was disturbed by a loud knocking at the door. It was that repetition of hammerings a London hackney-coachman gives when he considers his fare to be a gentleman. My visitor was shown into the parlour. It was an old friend, although a much younger man than myself. I was startled by his sorrowful countenance, dejected air, and emaciated frame. After our mutual congratulations on meeting, he informed me he came to lay his bones with us—alluding to the family vault. I strove

to remove such unpleasing ideas from his mind, but he was so firm in his belief of a speedy dissolution, that I was rendered nearly as melancholy as himself. I remarked that death was the common lot of all, but it was unwise to have solemn contemplations ever shrouding our hearts—to seem as if we were always forming part of a funeral procession: death may have terrors, but let us live so as not to fear encountering them. This struck the chord that vibrated in his heart, accompanied with such an expression of remorse and agony, that I wished any other thought had escaped from my lips. I perceived I had made him wretched; the more I endeavoured to remove the impression, the more firmly did he adhere to the distressing subject. He called my attention to his haggard appearance, reminding me of what he had been; he spread his attenuated hand, telling me it was not what it once was; and, striking his breast, said, all within was more frightfully changed. He paused; I assumed what I did not feel, while I exerted myself to draw his thoughts to cheerful scenes and circumstances of our past days. He thanked me, while he informed me I imitated lightness of heart ungraciously, and requested of me to be *myself*, for he had some particulars he wished I would promise to see carried into effect. After some hesitation, I agreed, out of pity, to do as he desired; and arrangements having been made for his reception as an inmate of the family, he seemed to feel greatly soothed, and expressed his gratitude for our attention. It was some time afterwards before our guest could speak of his ultimate intentions. But, at length, one day he opened his mind on the subject he had so much at heart. He informed me he had accumulated a considerable sum of money, which he desired to place entirely in my hands as an executor, and that the will he had made, and which I would find in his repositories, would direct me how it should be distributed. Only one other request he had to make was, I would, after his decease—"and, oh!" said he, "that it may not be long deferred"—I would take care to place his remains beside those of his lamented and beloved wife. Being a relative of her whom he thus bewailed, I agreed to perform all that he so anxiously requested, and he became tranquil, while many events of his life were freely investigated, the substance of which was nearly as follows:—

My friend had been educated at a public school, and, having made considerable progress in the dead languages, was intended for the church. His father died under embarrassed circumstances, which introduced other views into the family. An uncle, who, by raising a number of recruits, had obtained rank as a captain, promised his nephew a pair of colours in his regiment. The thoughts of sword, sash, and epaulette, with their attendant vanities, gained ascendancy over the distant prospect of an obscure and melancholy curacy: my friend, therefore, accepted the red coat as a volunteer, and embarked with a detachment of recruits for Guernsey. His uncle followed with the remainder of the regiment, but, unfortunately, was captured, and added to the number of English at that time confined at Verdun, in France. It was long before this was ascertained in Guernsey: meanwhile, my friend became penniless, waiting for his commission. Reduced to the last extremity, he returned to London with the air and expectations of a military gentleman. His offended friends, unable or unwilling, rendered him no assistance as he danced attendance at the Horse Guards to learn the result of his memorials to the commander-in-chief. While he was becoming more involved in difficulties, he was informed of the death of his mother, and the last tie that bound him to what was once a home became severed; he stood alone, enduring the force of adversity, often satisfying his hunger with the chestnuts that grew in Kensington gardens, and allaying his thirst at the Serpentine river, till one day, looking at the window of a print-shop, from his knowledge of drawing he conceived the idea that he could surpass what he saw. He made application, and obtained employ—a day most delightful in his recollection; it enabled him to resume a cheerfulness to which he had long been a stranger.

He was eminently successful in his new profession—good hearted, intelligent, and an excellent companion. He formed intimacies with those of classical acquirements, who deemed his occupation degrading, and who prevailed on him to apply for a situation as tutor to a young gentleman then going on a tour of Europe. He was considered by the guardian too youthful, but was recommended to a baronet, whose son required private instructions in Greek. To render himself competent, he studied that language under one of his new companions. On the morning he was appointed to wait on the baronet, chance directed his study to a particular page of Demosthenes, in which he received much assistance from his companion. He hastened to his engagement, was shown into the library, and, after many questions respecting my friend's classical knowledge, the baronet, as if recollecting some particular passage in an author, took from its shelf a volume of Demosthenes, requesting my friend would construe a part which the baronet had difficulty in finding. My friend felt petrified during the search; but when it was found, it proved to be the page he had that morning accidentally been made acquainted with. He accordingly ventured boldly on the test of his abilities as a Greek scholar, and the result was successful. He was listened to, complimented, and engaged.

This he considered the knock of fortune at his door. He obtained many pupils; his reputation increased; his time was fully occupied; several youths, from his instruction, took seats on the forms of Westminster school, to the great satisfaction of their parents: he became intoxicated with success; and in the midst of so much good fortune, married a young lady remarkable for the sweetness of her disposition; but ere he had time to reflect on his unexampled prospects of happiness, the object of his affections died, leaving him inconsolable; the world seemed suddenly to present him scenes of woe, and periods of deepest affliction; yet the buoyancy of his heart returned; and, as if to present a relief to sorrowful remembrances, an offer, honourable and advantageous, was made to him, to accompany two young noblemen to Italy, as their tutor. This was in accordance with his wishes; he made arrangements, and sailed for the Continent.

He was, for a time, regular in his correspondence, constantly repeating desires to retain the lasting friendship of each relative of his departed wife; yet the intervals increased, till his letters were occasional: they interfered with his engagements connected with the frivolities of Paris or the dissipations of Naples. At times the natural goodness of his heart would revert to scenes of happy tranquillity at home, and he would sigh at being so far removed, but he was not proof against the allurements by which he was surrounded. Passion subdued discretion, undermined a heart that once beat with sincerity, and prostrated a mind once stored with dignity; the change was most deplorable. He was conscious of all; deeply wounded, he cursed the hour in which he left his humble occupation and his friends for Italy.

In a dreadfully shattered state of health he now appeared before me; during our conversation, a tear frequently stole from his full dark eye, and a deep groan left his throbbing breast; then would he pause and strike the table, as if reflection presented accusations, the justice of which he acknowledged, and he would stamp his own condemnation.

He would listen while his friends endeavoured to impart a hope he might recover, and he would smile at their representations of joys he might yet experience, when he resumed that station in our society which once he so admirably filled. "Never more—never more," he would repeat; "the past cannot be recalled."

Often would he bend to inhale the odour of a flower which he would not permit to be plucked for one so unworthy as himself. "Gracious God!" he would exclaim, "how could I till now be insensible to those lovely objects, and spurn those gifts the value and sight of which I shall shortly lose. My heart sickens at its own degeneracy."

His self-examinations were of the most severe character, and his reflections of the most poignant description. Reclining on his sofa, he would say, Man in various ways may be the instrument of his destruction, yet escape the odium of suicidal intentions; that improprieties might be countenanced till he could not perceive the horrid features of crime; that all he endured was just retribution, for nature was avenging her wrongs; that the prime of his life was blighted, and he drooped deservedly by premature decay. Reflections on his miserable state rushed on him with overwhelming power. He sought relief in piety, and in sincere repentance, till, soothed into tranquillity by hope for mercy, he patiently breathed his last; and the tomb merely tells where he rests, although in truth it might record that the only being he ever injured was himself.

The fate of this individual, however much to be deplored by his friends, must nevertheless be associated with the fact, that his sufferings, mentally and bodily, were caused by a course of reckless immorality, and therefore must be considered as just.

ANALOGIES IN NATURE.

Throughout the general system of nature, whether in the animal organization, habits, instinct, or intellectual endowments, which all the multitudinous tribes of the earth and ocean in a greater or lesser degree inherit, we may discern, without much difficulty of study, a wondrous analogy or resemblance. Although the difference in rank and local situation in which these varied tribes are placed, must necessarily require a distribution of these qualities in an infinite diversity of degrees, for the purposes of self-preservation and reproduction, yet even in the lowest and most insensate members of the animal world, a similarity in many cases may be observed with those which occupy the superior walks of living nature, and even with man himself. In this hypothesis the vegetable and mineral worlds may be included; and, although in minerals the resemblance may be indistinct, yet in the growth and after-changes which they undergo, a visible analogy may be traced with that of the organic kingdom.

The difference between inanimate and animated existence is marked and definite. A rock, for instance, is the work of chance, has grown by external accretion, and can only be destroyed by mechanical or chemical force. On the other hand, animal and vegetable life is alike produced by generation, are grown by nutrition, and are destroyed by death. Matter is apparently an inanimate body, comprising, in whatever form it may appear, a variety of substances of a separate and distinct nature from each other, and is constantly dying, reviving, decomposing into elements that confound and baffle all pursuit, and then recombining into other forms and other modes of existence. Metals are in like manner subject to the destroying hand of time; they become wasted, or converted into powder. Rocks crumble into small particles, and both powder and particles, by a series of after-operations, undergo fresh stages of decomposition, until every vestige of their original character is lost, and the elementary principles of which they were composed are appropriated to other purposes, and again spring up under new forms, and possessing other faculties.

Plants, like animals, are produced by generation, through the medium of eggs, generally called seeds. This seed is sometimes naked, but more commonly covered by a thin membrane, or pericarp. On this being removed, the seed is found to consist internally of a heartlet, and externally of a fleshy substance, surrounded by a double integument, sometimes single and sometimes bipel, and frequently more than bipel. These are commonly denominated lobe-leaves, or seed-leaves. This integument appears absolutely necessary for the germination and future growth of the seed, and acts like the lungs of an animal. Like the perfect plant, it possesses lymphates and air-vessels; through the former of these it absorbs the moisture of the soil into which it is buried, decomposes *part* of this moisture into its elementary principles, and conducts these principles, together with the undecomposed water, to the heartlet, which by this means becomes stimulated to the process of germination. The progress of vegetable life to maturity is marked with various proofs of a resemblance to animal organization. The stems and trunks of plants and trees contain a spongy cellular substance, resembling the spine of an animal, forming an admirable reservoir for the moisture necessary for the sustenance of the plant. Arteries and veins, some of which may be observed with the naked eye, are there, to convey the moisture throughout the general frame—vessels, for the introduction of the sap, or vegetable blood, to the interior of the plant, and others, for returning it to the surface; and by this arrangement is established in a sufficiently satisfactory manner the existence of a circulatory system. The leaves of a plant act in the same manner as the lobe-leaves of the embryo, and may be considered as the lungs or respiratory organs of the mature plant. In animals, the sap or chyle undergoes a change, to prepare it for assimilation (that is, being converted into blood, fitted to go through the general circulation, and nourish the several parts of the body), by the action of the atmospheric air, which they inhale by breathing. This process is performed by the same air, acting on the sap when it comes in contact with it at the stomas or pores situated on the leaves of plants.

Plants are also possessed of perspiratory vessels,

and in many plants the quantity of perspiration is very considerable. Keil, by a very accurate set of experiments, ascertained that, in his own person, he perspired thirty-one ounces in twenty-four hours. Hales, by experiments equally correct, determined that a sunflower of the weight of three pounds only, throws off twenty-two ounces of perspiration in the same period of time, or nearly half its own weight. To support this immense expenditure, it must be concluded that plants should be supplied with a larger quantity of sustenance than animals; and such has been ascertained to be the fact. Keil ate and drank four pounds ten ounces in twenty-four hours; the sunflower took in by its leaves and roots seventeen times more nourishment in the same space of time.

Plants are affected by poisons as well as animals, not by the medium of the stomach, but directly through the nervous system. Nux vomica, laurel-water, belladonna, hemlock, &c. &c., have successively been administered to different plants, either by watering them with or steeping their roots in infusions of these poisons. The universal effect was to produce a spasmodic action on the leaves, which either shrunk or curled themselves up; and, after exhibiting various symptoms of irritability, in a short time became weak, and in the course of a few hours expired. Plants are also susceptible of contracting habits. The *mimosa*, or sensitive plant, if placed in a carriage, closes its leaves as soon as the vehicle is put in motion; but after a short time it recovers, expands its leaves, and seems reconciled to its new situation.

It has also been ascertained that some plants sleep during the night. A celebrated botanist, examining in the evening a species of lotus, discovered that two flowers out of four which he had observed during the day had disappeared. By accurate search, he found that these two were hidden by their leaves, which had closed round them. This circumstance rousing his curiosity, he pursued his examinations in his garden by the light of a lantern, and found all the simple leaves of the plants had an arrangement totally different from that which they presented during the day, and the greater number were joined, closed, or folded together.

Plants have propensities, which, if not the result of instinct, are seemingly so nearly allied to it, that a more apt appellative can scarcely be found for distinguishing the faculty. Dr Smith, in his Introduction to Botany, says, that when a tree, an ash for example, happens to grow from a seed on a wall, it has been observed, on arriving at a certain size, to stop for a while, and send down a root to the ground. As soon as this root was established in the soil, and, consequently, a sufficient support obtained for the parent stem, the tree continued increasing to its proper height. Mr John Hunter sowed a quantity of peas and beans, with their eyes in different directions, in a tub, which he afterwards inverted so that the bottom was turned uppermost, while the mould was prevented from falling out by a fine net; and in order that the under surface might possess a stronger stimulus of light and heat to the upper, he placed round the mouth of the tub a number of looking-glasses, by which means a much stronger light was thrown upon the under surface of the mould than that shed by the rays of the sun on the upper; and, at the same time, he covered the inverted bottom of the tub with straw and mats, to prevent the mould from being affected by the solar influence. After waiting for some time, and perceiving no appearance of shoots from the under surface, he examined the contents of the tub, and found that they had all pressed upwards, and were making their way through the heavy mass of mould above them, and, where the eyes had been placed downwards, the young shoots had turned round, and taken an upward direction. He also sowed a number of seeds in a basket of earth placed on an axis, by which their position was altered every day. After two or three circumvolutions, he found the young shoots had made as many turns to obtain their natural upward direction; and where a pebble or any other obstacle had obstructed their ascent, they had made a curve to avoid them, and then continued their course.

Among animals, some are migratory, and others stationary and permanent; the same variety is observable in plants. Although mostly stationary, yet there are many that may be regarded as migratory or locomotive. The root of a scabious, for instance, if planted in a certain spot, will, after the lapse of a few years, be found to have left its situation and it will be perhaps only after a search which will lead the inquirer a distance of half an acre, that it will be found. Some male plants are known to sail from shore to shore over the water, in pursuit of those of the opposite kind, and numerous tribes float through the expanse of ocean. Many animals are amphibious, or capable of retaining life in either element; some plants possess a similar power—the oryza, or rice-plant, for example, and many of the rush and fucus tribes.

Animals of various kinds are aërial: many plants are of the same nature, and receive exclusively their support from air. There is one of those which, from its extraordinary properties, is worthy of being mentioned: it is called the aërial, and is a native of Java, and of the East Indies beyond the Ganges. The inhabitants of the latter region, on account of the elegance of its leaves, the beauty of its flowers, and the odour it diffuses, hang it up by a silken cord to the ceiling of their rooms, where it continues from year to year to flourish in all its pristine vigour, drawing its only nutriment from the surrounding atmosphere.

Fishes being the inhabitants of an element so foreign to the nature of that which is one of the principal supports to the existence of animal and vegetable life on the solid parts of the earth, must necessarily exhibit a different structure of organic functions, to that enjoyed by the animals of the upper world; yet, still in the general outline of their respective natures, and even in some of the more intimate features of their formation, they present a marked affinity. There are some fishes which are supposed to leave the waters, and traverse the land. A kind of perch on the coast of Coromandel is said to climb up palm-trees; and eels, it is well known, will leave their proper element during the night, to wander over meadows in search of snails and worms. Among the animals of the earth are found an immense variety of forms, feelings, propensities, and habits, which would become an almost endless task to enumerate; but it will be found that, among the inhabitants of the sea, a nearly equal diversity exists; and, what is more strange, that in almost every particular class that might be pointed out as belonging to one element, a corresponding class might be found in the other.

The most insignificant class of animals which inhabit the solid parts of the earth, is the worm species. They form the lowest rank of the insect tribe, being without a distinct head, and without feet; their most prominent organs are their tenticles or feelers. The tribes of winged insects form an almost infinite variety: they breathe through spiracles or air-vents, placed on either side of the head; are armed on all sides with a bony skin, or covered with hair; they are furnished with numerous feet, and have moveable horns which project from the body, which are probably the instruments of sensation. They inherit, in common with the superior classes of animals, a degree of instinct that seems more extraordinary when displayed by creatures apparently so insignificant, and so ill qualified for the exertion of that faculty. Their usefulness to mankind, although perhaps not generally noticed or appreciated, is far from being contemptible, and the instinctive forethought which they possess, when exerted for the welfare of their progeny, seems almost miraculous. The nut-weevil, when prepared to deposit her eggs, selects the green hazel-nut when its shell is soft and easily penetrated; this she pierces with her proboscis, and drops her egg into the nut through this perforation; this she continues to do, selecting a separate nut for each of her eggs, until her stock is exhausted. The nut not being materially injured, continues to grow, and when the egg is hatched, the maggot which is produced from it finds its food ready ripened for its use. When the mature nut falls to the ground, the insect crawls out by a hole which it gnaws in the side of the nut, and ultimately assumes the form of a winged insect of the beetle kind. The spirex or ichneumon wasp pursues an almost similar course; it deposits its egg in a hole which it bores in the sand; it then seeks out a small green caterpillar, which is found on the leaves of cabbage plants, which it slightly punctures with its sting, but so slightly as not to destroy life; it then rolls it up in a circle, and places it in the sand immediately over its egg, and continues this course until it has placed twelve caterpillars, one over the other, in the nest. It repeats this process over all its eggs; it then covers up the holes, and dies. The maggot hatched from the egg feeds successively on the twelve caterpillars, and by the time it has finished the last, it is fitted for the state of a chrysalis, into which it is converted, and ultimately becomes a winged insect.

Although the insect tribes of our own country present only an interesting and beautiful variety, yet in the equatorial regions of the globe they congregate in such hosts, as sometimes to produce the most calamitous effects: towns and whole countries are recorded to have been rendered uninhabitable by the inroads of multitudes of insects; and armies are said to have been compelled to fly before these feeble adversaries, rendered invincible by their numbers. But though, in particular cases, this immense congregation of animal life may be looked upon as an evil, and feared as a scourge inflicted by Divine Providence for natural dereliction, yet the beneficial purposes for which these myriads of creatures have been called into a transient being, are as undeniable as their effects may seem almost miraculous. The insect tribes, beautiful as they seem, are the grand scavengers of nature: wherever putridity may be found, they are there to devour the object from whence it issues; and such is the extent and rapidity of their exertions, that it has been calculated by some naturalists that the progeny of not more than twelve flies will consume a dead carcase in a shorter time than will a lion. And while some tribes are thus employed in destroying the dangerous masses of putridity which cumber the earth, other tribes, invisible to the naked eye, are busied in purging from the air those noxious particles with which it is sometimes impregnated, and which at certain seasons render it pestilential.

Among the bird species, we again find a similarity of intelligence, form, and propensity, with a uniformity of geographical arrangement with that of the vegetable world, and the other classes of animals which imbibe the same atmosphere. Birds, in their formation, seem to approach the order of winged insects; yet their organic structure is arranged with more simplicity, and they possess over the other a superior faculty of volition: their bones, harder and more numerous than those of fishes and reptiles, bespeak a more perfect organization: their wings seem calculated to free them from every local restraint, and to permit them to range at will over every part of the globe: the plumage which adorns and clothes them varies according to climate and to temperature; and in this again we may observe an affinity with them and the vegetable world.

THE PRESSED SAILOR.

WHY as for the matter o' that, what tar is there who doubts it? Every man must have his station, whether he is rigged in the gingerbread gear of lord high admiral, and has his thousands per annum, or only obliged to make a shift with a single purser's shirt. What does it signify, as long as he does his duty to his country, and stretches out a fin to relieve a friend in distress? We carn't all be kings and commodores, and so what's the use of grumbling? 'cause, as Jack says,

> "If you're signior, and I'm signior,
> Then who's to pull the boat ashore?"

Who, indeed? Now, d'ye see, I have been in the little boat all my life, going to leeward like smoke; for fortune, like a pig with its tail greased, always slipped through my fingers, and adversity took me slap aback, stand upon what tack I would. But don't think I mean to snivel or whine about it—Lord love you, no; where's the good on't? I might bawl a long while before any body would jam my mouth with a twopenny loaf, and pipe my eye for a month without getting a bit of 'bacca for my pipe. No, no; old Ben arn't the boy to up-helm at every squall, when, by keeping his luff, he can weather it, as our parson used to tell us: he used to say, says he, "My men, let Truth take the helm, Prudence trim your sails, and, with the compass of Honesty, enlightened by the lamp of Religion, hard indeed must be that gale, and horribly dark that night, in which Providence ceases to protect you. Your hulls may be wrecked, and your timbers shattered; but the immortal passenger within must and shall be safely landed in the haven of eternal rest." To be sure, some people float along the stream of time without encountering a single peril. They find it all plain sailing, and never have occasion to take in a reef, while others are constantly struggling against the squalls of distress, scarcely able to keep to windward off a lee shore.

Some are born great, others achieve greatness; and I remember one poor fellow of an Irishman who wanted to be great in a hurry. I belonged to the guardship at that time lying at Plymouth, and the impressed men and volunteers used to be sent aboard for the regulating captains to dispose of. Well, one day the new hands were all mustered aft, and the boatswain's mate stood ready with his clasp-knife to dock off the tails of the long-togged coats, and convart 'em into jackets. Among the rest was Mr Michael O'Buckley, a tall well-made raw emeralder, who had never seen a ship before in his life, but had been tempted to enter the service through the promises of a man belonging to the gang.

"Well, my lad," says one of the captains to a respectably dressed young man in deep mourning, and whose face exhibited strong marks of sorrow, occasionally reddened by hectic glows of indignation, "well, my lad, and where did you come from?" "From the grave of a parent," replied the man in a sunken hollow tone. "What profession are you?" inquired the officer. "A seaman," rejoined the man again. "Ha, ha!" cried another captain, as well known for his inhumanity as his aversion to the smell of powder and the whistling of shot, "ha, ha! I see how it is: so you've been cruising ashore, and got pressed, eh, and now want, with that methodistical countenance, to make us believe you're a saint? But it won't do, young man, it won't do. There, you may walk forward: I'll see that you are taken care of, depend upon it." "Stop, stop a minute, my lord," said the third regulating officer, a venerable old gentleman, whose very look displayed the benevolence of his heart. "Come here, my man; how came you in this awkward situation?" The taunts and harshness of the second captain had shed a deadly paleness upon the poor fellow's features; but when the voice of the third sounded on his ears, he felt it thrill to his heart, and the tears started to his eyes. "Ha! how came you in limbo, eh! my friend? Captain —— must hear all about it, and a plausible tale we shall have, no doubt. For my part, I don't see any necessity for being bored with long stories, only to excite compassion; and I hope you will not be long, Captain ——, before you have done with him. Only see the number of wretches we have to examine." "As for exciting compassion, my lord," rejoined the hoary veteran, with a look of contempt, "I am afraid every attempt upon you would be ineffectual." "What!" cried his lordship, starting up in a passion, "what, sir, do you apply that to me?" "Come, come, Lord ——," said the third captain, with the utmost composure, "sit down, sit down: I'm not to be frightened at my time of life by the explosion of a pinch of gunpowder. Fuzzle and smoke have no effect upon me. Attend to your duty now; we can talk of this afterwards.

"There, don't be alarmed, my man," turning to the seaman; "no one shall injure you here while I have power to prevent it. You say you came from

the grave of a parent: explain what you mean." He bowed, and with tremulous agitation began:—"My history, sir, is brief; but 'tis full of anguish." "Prithee, my good fellow, don't get sentimental," said his lordship affectedly, and taking a pinch of snuff: "let's have the history by all means, as it will please Captain ——; but pray leave out the anguish." "Would to heaven I could, sir!" replied the man in a voice which made his lordship start; "then, however high my gratitude might be raised by kindness, my spirit wouldn't be wounded by cruelty and oppression particularly." Here he stopped, for his lordship jumped up, and, raising a speaking-trumpet that lay by, aimed a blow at the seaman's head. During the above conversation it was curious to watch the looks of Michael O'Buckley, who seemed intent upon all that passed, yet apparently without being able to comprehend what it was about. Every now and then he would mutter to himself, "Och hone, och hone!" but when he saw the speaking-trumpet upraised, and the blow about falling, he sprang forward, caught his lordship round the middle, and, lifting him over his head, roared out, "Och, if you spake a word, I'll break every bone in your skin, jewel; d'ye call that fair play, to strike a man in the face behind his back?"

The confusion and astonishment which prevailed on this sudden operation of Mike's it is impossible to describe; while his lordship, pale and trembling, elevated eight feet from the deck, dreaded a total annihilation. "Do spake a word, jewel, and it's down I have you. Arrah, bad luck to your mother's son!" The marines, who were exercising on the poop, now came down, and advanced towards the Irishman. "Arrah, stand back: och, have at your heart, darling! If you advance, I'll spit him on your skewers." "Come, come, my man," said the third captain, "do you know what you are about?" "Indeed, and I do, ould gentleman," replied Mike, "by token"—here he stopped short, with a look expressive of abhorrence and disgust, and setting his lordship down on the deck, he gave him a kick behind, exclaiming, "Get out o' dat, ye devil's skin, do!" Away slunk the crestfallen hero, and Mike was in an instant surrounded and secured.

Order being again restored, Mike quietly submitted himself, and stood among the rest, between two marines with drawn bayonets. "Now, young man," said the venerable old captain (who no doubt enjoyed the frolic), "let me hear what you have to say." "I scarcely know, sir, what to say: no doubt my fate is sealed. My father, sir, was a master in the navy, and I was the only child of a doting mother: both are now at rest for ever. My father lost his life on the 1st of June, in the ——, seventy-four, under Lord Howe; and my poor mother was reduced to comparative poverty. At a proper age I went to sea in the merchant service, and in a few years was made mate. I now experienced happiness; for my surviving parent, with her pension and my wages, was enabled once more to enjoy not only the necessaries, but a few of the luxuries of life. Every prospect was cheerful, and I looked forward with the hope of obtaining a command, until one fatal evening, having landed to pay her a visit, I had just reached the door, when a party of men from the ——"

At this moment a lieutenant, who had come on board for orders, looked him full in the face, and then, turning to the regulating captains, exclaimed, "Gentlemen, this man is a deserter from the —— frigate; his name is George Davis." "'Tis, alas! too true," said George, mournfully, and hanging down his head; when, seeming suddenly to recollect himself, he uttered, with firmness, "No, sir, I'm no deserter, and I shall leave my cause to the generosity and justice of my country; yes, to that country my father died to defend. When I was torn from my mother's door, without even the gloomy satisfaction of bidding her farewell, 'twas against my inclination, and I was forced on board the frigate, which sailed immediately for the West Indies; nor was it till my arrival there that an opportunity occurred for informing her of my situation. After three years' absence we returned, and the first intelligence I heard was that she who gave me being lay at the point of death. I had fondly pictured to myself the pleasure of meeting her in health, and, with the prize-money I had gained, endeavouring to smooth her passage to the tomb. She was dying, and I hastily entreated leave of absence to bid her a final adieu, and perform the last sad offices of a son. 'Twas denied me—I had been pressed, and might run away. In vain I urged, implored, and protested; 'twas, indeed, in vain. Goaded almost to madness, in a desperate moment I went overboard, and swam ashore. At midnight I entered my mother's solitary dwelling, closed her dying eyes, and followed her to the grave. Returning back from this mournful scene, the gang took hold of me, and—and I am here."

This affecting little narrative operated very powerfully upon all who heard it, but more particularly on Mike, who kept mumbling to himself, "Och, d'ye hear that now? Its enough to crack the heart of a stone, agrah!" while every muscle of his face underwent twenty different changes. "You may stand on one side," said the senior regulating captain; "and now bring the prisoner aft.

"Pray, sir, where do you come from?" inquired he, as soon as Mike stood before him. "Is it meself that you mane?" replied Mike. "Why, then, your honour. niver a word of a lie will I tell you: its from dare little Ireland I com'd; for a spalpeen tould me, if I entered, I'd be sure to be made a captain directly, or at laste a left-tenant of sea-dragoons. Bad luck to him! for I suppose there's no captain-ship for me." "Are you aware of what you have committed?" "Och! don't mention it. I'd be proud to do the same any day." The captain smiled. "What is your name?" "Is it me name that you're wanting? fait, den, you'll be troubled to get it: Michael O'Buckley don't tell his name to every body; and sorry the word you'll get from me, jewel." "I don't know what your opinion may be, my man; but I can only tell you that you are in a fair way to be hanged." "Hanged!" said Mike, with the utmost unconcern: "Och, botheration! and I've no call to it, any how; but if your honour's worship says so, why I suppose it's as good as done." Finding they could make nothing of him, poor Mike was sent down to the aft cockpit, to be put in irons. In the heat of his passion, Lord —— would have written for a court-martial; but, knowing there was a something which he did not wish to be publicly exposed, he *contented* himself with witnessing the punishment of poor Mike at the gangway. Four dozen was his portion, which he took without flinching, merely turning round now and then, uttering one of his customary ejaculations.

George Davis, for the same reason, was not tried, and, by the intercession of the humane old captain, was drafted into his own ship, where he continued, universally esteemed, till the attack upon Copenhagen, when he died the death of his father, in the service of his country.—*Greenwich Hospital.*

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THE objects and system of temperance societies are well understood by most of our readers. Nothing certainly can be more laudable than the wish to eradicate drunkenness, and to sweep off by one operation the whole train of ugly vices of which it is the foster-father. It appears singular, however, that this scheme, benevolent as it seems, has met with a very different reception in this country, and in America. Temperance societies have with us made very little progress; among the body of the wealthier classes they have made none whatever; and though they have secured a point for themselves here and there, among such classes of people as submit to serious guidance, they have exerted nothing like a *general influence* any where. The great majority treat them with ridicule, as the hobby of enthusiasts; and it even requires a little effort of firmness in any of their friends to confess himself in society as under the vows which they impose. He knows that such an acknowledgment is taken as a sign that he has, somehow or other, a small flaw in his judgment; and that, instead of making converts, he has a good chance of being himself winked at all the evening as an odd person, who won't make himself sociable. In America the results have been quite the reverse: the cause of temperance societies has been advocated there in the principal reviews and magazines; it is every where treated with the respect due to a serious and most important question of national morals; and ridicule is the last weapon with which it would be attacked, even by those who oppose it. The principle and vows of temperance societies are discussed, in their bearings on religion—their effects on the character of individuals—and their influence on general morality; but they are never objects of frivolous wit or of satire. The effects of the scheme have corresponded with those dispositions in which it is viewed; from one authority, we learn that "there are now in America 4000 temperance societies, embracing more than 500,000 members; that more than 1500 distilleries have been stopped, and more than 4000 merchants have ceased to trade in spirits. Besides the 500,000 members of societies who abstain from alcoholic liquors, in consequence of their engagement or vow, there is evidence that nearly a million more do so from the influence of example." From another publication we extract the following:—"When the temperance reformation began, there were in this nation (America) not less than from three to four millions of drinkers of ardent spirits; and as not less than one in ten among us who take to this practice become *intemperate*, so we had at this time from three to four hundred thousand drunkards. The plague of intemperance was in all the land; it was fast coming up into all our dwellings; we were becoming emphatically a nation of drunkards. Nothing could stay its progress, until the hitherto undiscovered power of *total abstinence* was brought out against it. And now that power is to be seen in the fact, that not less than one-fourth of the families in the nation have secured themselves, on the principle of total abstinence, against the woes of intemperance. And it is seen, too, in the fact, that, together with a constant reduction in the manufacture of domestic spirits, the importation of foreign distilled liquors into the great emporium of our nation, has fallen off at the rate of one-fifth annually, during the progress of the reformation. A considerable portion of the venders of ardent spirits have abandoned the traffic. Temperance has substituted in *rum-debased families* among the humble and poor, cleanliness, comfort, and peace, for squalor, want, and contention; while it has moderated the extravagance of the fashionable and rich, and simplified their modes of living."

Not one word of all this can be said for the effects of the temperance system in Britain. We question if a *single* trader has withdrawn from the traffic. Not one distillery has stopped, or has diminished its operations; and the importation of foreign spirits is, we believe, increasing, rather than falling off. A few instances of reform may have occurred—some of them steady and permanent, but the most part only temporary. The excitement of a *new thing* gave birth to a number of societies at first; but from indifference, disunion, or ridicule, we believe that more than half of them were speedily dissolved, and the rest which stood, now exercise little influence over their members, and none at all in the way of example over the rest of their countrymen.

To what cause are we to attribute this singular difference of effects in the working of the same laudable system in these two countries? Are we to say that the Americans are a people more susceptible of moral reproof, and of salutary conviction, than we are? or are our habits of drunkenness so confirmed by long habit, that they cannot be removed with the same ease as those of a new country? The real cause, we believe, depends simply on a circumstance in which the manners of the two nations differ from each other. In America, it has never been customary to sit after dinner to enjoy conversation and the bottle. The repast is there finished rapidly; and if wine, spirits, or liquors of any kind, are taken, they are taken quickly during the time of eating, or immediately after, and merely as a part of the meal: no one sits over them either to kill time or enjoy company. Dinner is generally finished in a quarter of an hour. Individuals who are addicted to drinking take their liquor in drams at the bar of a hotel, from a bottle in their own cupboard, or otherwise, but constantly by themselves, or at least without reference to any pleasure arising from drinking in company. All travellers in America, both those who have given favourable and unfavourable reports of the country, are quite unanimous in their statements on this point. The customs in Britain, with respect to drinking, are altogether the reverse of this: it is here viewed as a sort of bond of social enjoyment, and is valued chiefly as it promotes that kind of agreeable excitement which friends like to feel in each other's company. To sit down to a solitary bottle is thought quite odious; and we have seen a sensible and well-bred man express regret for the departure of his guest after dinner on sudden business, for this reason among others, that it prevented himself *from enjoying his tumbler*—he could not think of drinking alone, though he liked it. The habits of the two countries on this matter are therefore completely opposite. In America, drinking was a *solitary vice*; in England, it is a *social enjoyment*. To declare war against it in the United States was only to provoke the hostility of dram-drinkers, solitary bottle-men, and people for whom the sympathies of society could in no shape be enlisted; the men themselves were ashamed to defend their own unsocial indulgences. But in England one may as well attack tea-drinking among parties of women, as toddy or hot punch-drinking among male companies. They are each deemed the enliveners of conversation, and the symbols of social enjoyment. This reason is exceedingly obvious; but there are others almost equally influential in cultivating a taste for inebriation. The first of these is found in the present demoralised, ignorant, and miserable condition of a large portion of the population of Great Britain. There are immense masses of people in this country who are entirely "without hope in the world." They exist in the lowest stages of destitution, and appear as if placed beyond all attempts to improve them. These fall into the habit of dram-drinking in the natural course of things; and finding in it a relief, such as it is, to their misery—finding that it numbs their despair, and gives them a temporary comfort, they become irreclaimable drunkards or tipplers. The second reason that we may offer is discovered to consist in the great national system, as we may call it, of public dinners. If the members of any corporation, of any body of men any political faction, or literary association, wish to ascertain each other's sentiments, or to accomplish any object which a cool discussion or meeting in daylight would fail to bring about, then there must be a dinner—in other words, there must be a scene of drinking and carousing, such as is calculated to undermine the very best resolutions of those inclined to rigid temperance. This practice—which may be good or bad, as people think—extends its influence very widely; it induces those who are liable to go out into company to habituate themselves to "take a little" regularly, lest they should suffer considerably when obliged to attend public festivities. We need not descant upon the injurious tendency of convivial clubs: they might be described as, in most instances, associations to promote intemperance.

Such are some of the prevailing causes why the progress of temperance societies has been so different in the two countries. In America, they were favoured by all, as removing a hateful and unsocial vice; in England and Scotland, they were met with

universal ridicule, as declaring war against one of the comforts of the people—one of the most effectual bonds of good company and social cheerfulness.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that this piece of practical sophistry—for it is no other—should oppose itself to the progress of a most useful reform. The fact, as it appears, singularly illustrates the difficulty of applying the institutions or customs of one country to the circumstances of another. Intemperance requires to be checked in this country as much as in America; but the change, it is evident, cannot be brought about here by the same means. Temperance societies should proceed in their laudable course; those who become members, or who voluntarily abandon a bad habit, or the liability to it, we consider as, in a certain sense, heroes who deserve the thanks of the community. But in the desperate and complicated circumstances in which society is placed, some other great engine of improvement must be brought to bear. Time, or the gradual improvement in manners, will doubtless amend the evil, but in the meantime, the press and the proper authorities, men of ability, and men of exalted station, ought to combine to correct the abuse, and persevere in their efforts to revolutionise a system so destructive to public peace and private virtue.

A CHAPTER FROM IZAAK WALTON.

Taking up that ancient and venerable production, "The Complete Angler," by old Izaak Walton, we find, among other excellent passages, one on the virtue of contentment, in which the garrulous author introduces a poetical piece of so much beauty and correct feeling, that it seems deserving of being resuscitated for the benefit of modern readers.

"Well, scholar, having now taught you to manage your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness for our happiness. And that such may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothach; and this we are free from. Every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been since we met others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-struck; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful, especially since we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear. Let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again; which are blessings which many rich men cannot purchase with all their money.

It was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them;' therefore, if we have a competency, may we be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think, that riches are unequally dealt. Cares are the keys that keep those riches, and they hang so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day with his friend to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other trifles that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man say that he hath not been given enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another who had been given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember, that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well! this wilful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another: and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, 'It was to find content in some one of them.' But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, 'If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.'

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And, therefore, my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, 'He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.' Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not: but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart.

And pray let's now rest ourselves in this sweet shady arbour, which Nature herself has woven with her own fine finger; it is such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven, as will secure us both from the sun's violent heat, and from the approaching shower. And being sat down, I will requite a part of your courtesies with a good copy of verses, being a farewell to the vanities of the world, and some say written by Sir Harry Wotton, who I told you was an excellent angler. But let them be writ by whom they will, he that writ them had a brave soul, and must needs be possessed with happy thoughts at the time of their composure.

"Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo—gold, pure clay—
Honour, the darling but of one short day—
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin—
State, but a golden prison, to live in,
And torture freeborn minds—embroider'd trains,
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins—
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill—
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke—
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind—
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free—
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud—
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass—
Rich, hated—wise, suspected—scorn'd, if poor—
Great, fear'd—fair, tempted—high, still envied more:
I have wish'd all; but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir—
Would beauty's queen entitle me the fair—
Fame speak me fortune's minion—could I vie
Riches with India—with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb,
As well as blind and blame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs—be called 'great master,
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster—
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives—
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure!

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves!
Now, the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
In Nature's book I'll find my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears;
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect a holy melancholy:
And if contentment be a stranger, then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again."

THE WESTERN STATES OF AMERICA.

INDIANA.

The next state that properly comes under observation, is that of Indiana, which lies immediately west from the state of Ohio, and, like it, has the Ohio river for its southern boundary. On the north it has the Michigan territory and the lake of the same name; and on the west the state of Illinois. The length of this state is 250 miles; its breadth 150; and it lies between the 37th and 50th degrees of north latitude; wherefore its climate is generally of a medium temperature. The whole of this state belongs to the valley of the Ohio, or lake Michigan, and is for the greater proportion covered with timber, and adapted for settlement. Indiana is one of the more recently-established states of the Union, and has attracted somewhat less attention than other states adjacent; nevertheless, the settlement of immigrants within its boundaries has gone on gradually, and is still increasing: its population now amounts to about 400,000.

The south front of this fine state, on the borders of the Ohio river, is skirted with the usual belt of river hills, bluffs, and knobs, occupying a greater or less distance from the river. The eye of the traveller, in ascending the stream, never tires in surveying those beautiful bluffs, especially in the spring, when their declivities are crimsoned with the red bud, or whitened with the brilliant blossoms of the dog-wood, or rendered verdant with the beautiful May apple. There are in different parts of the state large tracts of country of a hilly nature, but the greater proportion of the land is one vast level, the prairies being here, as elsewhere, of that flat character. For a wide extent on the north front of the state, between the Wabash and lake Michigan, the country is generally an extended plain, alternately prairie and timbered land, with a great proportion of swampy land, and small lakes and ponds. This division, therefore, is not to be preferred by settlers. But the prairie lands are highly spoken of. They are large, level, fertile plains, broader than can be measured by the eye, intersected by streams whose borders are marked by belts of timber. Every traveller has spoken with admiration of the beauty and fertility of the prairies along the course of the Wabash, particularly those in the vicinity of Fort Harrison; indeed, competent judges prefer the prairies on this part of the river, to those of Illinois and the Upper Mississippi. Perhaps no part of the western world can show greater extents of rich land in one body, than that portion of White River country, of which Indianopolis is the centre. A remarkable peculiarity in the great features of this state, is the variety of the prairies. Besides the large plains just mentioned, there are many of a long and narrow, and also of a small and compact form, available to the purposes of the agriculturist. Our authority, Timothy Flint, informs us that there are hundreds of prairies only large enough for a few farms; while the islands, as he calls them, of timbered lands, dot the scene, and add much beauty to the territory. The mixture of great and small extents of fertile land, and the happy distribution of springs and rivers, have been prevailing causes of the rapid increase of the population of the state; though the circumstance of its being a non-slave-holding state, and next in position beyond Ohio, so as to have arrested the tide of emigration that set towards the west from thence, may likewise be given as good reasonr for its speedy rise into importance.

This state generally produces Indian corn, rye, oats, barley, and wheat, in abundance. Such is the exuberant richness of some of the prairies and bottoms, that they cannot produce crops of wheat until reduced or impoverished to a sufficient extent by cropping in other products. No country can exceed this in its adaptation for rearing the finest fruits and fruit-bearing shrubs. Wild berries in many places are abundant; and on some of the prairies the strawberries are large and fine. For all the objects of farming, and raising grain, flax, hemp, tobacco, cattle, sheep, swine, and horses, emigrants could not desire a better country than may be found in Indiana.

The southern shore of this state is washed by the Ohio, from the mouth of the Big Miami to that of the Wabash, a distance of nearly 500 miles, by the meanders of the river. Between the Miami and the Wabash a number of lesser streams fall into the Ohio, many of which afford excellent mill-seats. The Wabash is the chief river of this state; and, after the Tennessee, one of the most considerable tributaries of the Ohio. Rising in different branches, and flowing in a body through the central parts of the state, it waters a wide extent of country, and is of great service for other purposes. White River is the most considerable tributary of the Wabash, which it enters on the eastern side, sixteen miles below Vincennes. It waters a large extent of fertile country, in a lateral direction to the main stream. On all these rivers and most of their branches there is ample scope for the settlement of emigrants. The northern front of the state, bordering on Michigan and its lake, is likewise copiously watered by rivers that empty into lakes Michigan and Erie. Many of the rivers of the state are navigable by boats and steam-vessels; as yet there are few artificial canals; but altogether, the state is said to possess an inland navigation of not less extent than 5000 miles.

Indiana contains a number of thriving towns and villages, chiefly situated on the banks of the Ohio, the Wabash, White River, and other large streams. Madison, Jeffersonville, Vincennes, Richmond, and Indianopolis, are the principal. Madison, the most populous, and one of the most thriving towns in the state, is situated on the Ohio, nearly at an equal distance between Louisville and Cincinnati. Vincennes, a town of French origin, is seated on the Wabash, a hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, and is one of the most beautifully situated and pleasing towns in this part of the United States. New Harmony, a place at which Mr Robert Owen of New Lanark, in Scotland, endeavoured to establish his social system, is also situated on the Wabash, in Indiana, fifty-four miles below Vincennes. This part of western America was visited by Mr Stuart in the course of his travels; and he remarks, that, besides possessing many good settlements, it has much beautiful rich land, fit for the selection of emigrants. While at Princeton, a town or village situated in an elevated fine waving country, about ten miles from the Wabash, and where there are many nice-looking plantations, he visited a gentleman, whose story may be advantageously alluded to. "After breakfast," says he, "I paid a visit to Mr Phillips, who has a very fine plantation, the best in the neighbourhood, about a mile from the town. Mr Phillips is an Englishman, and was contractor for the mail-coach establishment in Edinburgh, in Scotland, where he made a fortune. His farm is of excellent soil, beautifully situated, commanding a delightful view. He told me that, literally, his hogs were fed with peaches and apples. In short, he is living as the proprietor of a place, so comfortable in appearance in all respects, and so much improved in the British sense of the term, that, if it were in Scotland, it would be envied by many; but he is obviously not altogether satisfied with his situation on some accounts, which I may explain. First of all, he has committed an error into which British emigrants, who come out here with their pockets full of money, very generally fall—namely, that of laying out a large sum of money in improving and beautifying the land in a British style. Such improvements yield no adequate return in this country, even upon a sale. The price of labour is high in this country; the value of produce is low. I am not, therefore, at all surprised that Mr Phillips feels chagrined on account of his having laid out his money unprofitably; but he is wealthy, and this circumstance is obviously not that which annoys him most. His complaint is, that he has not a gentleman in his neighbourhood to associate with." Mr Stuart now proceeds to show that those who, like Mr Phillips, move in the better circles of society at home, and who are in perfectly comfortable circumstances, should not, on any account, emigrate to America with the view of placing themselves in an improved condition of life; and then continues: "Mr Phillips is proprietor of a fine estate, which would be thought a desirable one in any part of the world; but he does not feel at home with the people, and he dislikes their mode of life, which is totally different from that to which he has become attached. He misses his frequent chats with his neighbours, and the companions of the first part of his life; and he cares little about the enjoyments, of which he is possessed in this country, unless he can share them with his friends. This is all very natural; but had Mr Phillips come to this country at the age of thirty, or thirty-five, with manners not so entirely formed as they seem to have been, without prejudices—with some such sum as L.700 or L.800, and with a wife and a family of half a dozen children, for whose support that sum would have availed but little at home, he might have obtained a plantation here, from the produce of which, if managed discreetly and without unnecessary expense, he not only could have maintained his family well and respectably, and given his children excellent education, but have at once come into possession of every political privilege; in fact, have become a country gentleman. The situation and status of such a family coming to this country are entirely altered. Their prospect at home is gloomy and dark: here, with industry, it is bright and serene. It is for persons of this description (no matter though they have a little more money, but they must not be rich nor independent), and for mechanics and labourers, that the United States hold out inducements for emigrants not to be found elsewhere; but the rich, the luxurious, the man of letters, or of refined habits, should never, in existing circumstances, think of crossing the Atlantic, with a view to better himself by a permanent residence in the United States. Mr Phillips noticed to me before I left him, the want of well-educated medical men in the western parts of America. This I had before observed; and I am convinced there are many very eligible openings in the western states, and especially in the states of Missouri and Illinois, for medical gentlemen of skill. They should get a small plantation in one of the increasing towns, and, if capable of enduring fatigue, there is no doubt of their success."

The poor man who emigrates to this, as well as other states in the west, will find that maize or Indian corn will be his chief crop. If industrious, and with one horse, he will cultivate twenty acres in a season; the product of which may be estimated on an average at one thousand bushels. The cultivation and harvesting of this crop, after deducting bad weather, and other hinderances, will occupy about four months. One shilling per bushel, New England currency, is a common price after being cut and stored. Indian corn is the staple food for horses and cattle through the winter, for fattening swine, and is the sole article for bread in thousands of families; many preferring it to the finest wheat. A poor man, with a cabin and cornfield, may thus easily support a family in wholesome provisions; especially if he have two or three cows, and some hogs, which cost little or nothing for keeping, and furnish a relishing dish of bacon to the ordinary fare of the back woods.

EFFECTS OF TRADES ON HEALTH.

[By Thackrah.]

Having now adverted to the principal occupations which affect health by the noxious substances which they offer to respiration, we next refer (says Mr Thackrah, in his excellent little work on the effects of trades on health) to those which *injure or annoy by acting on the skin.*

Potters suffer from the lead used in "glazing." Immersing their hands in a strong solution of this mineral, they are often attacked by colic; and if kept in this department, they at length become paralytic. Potters are remarkably subject to constipation of the bowels. Of seven individuals taken indifferently, we found five affected with this complaint. The intemperate men, however, are those who chiefly suffer from the employ. In the Leeds pottery we remarked nothing injurious but the department of glazing.

Could not the process be effected without the immersion of the hands in the metallic solution? Or could it not be effected by a machine? Or could not some article less noxious be substituted for the lead? On visiting the Derby pottery, some years ago, I learnt that little lead is used in the composition for glazing, and that the workmen consequently are not injured.

The total disuse of lead in glaze is highly desirable. Independently of the injury sustained by the workmen, the consumers of the article may suffer from this mineral. The glaze of common earthenware is slightly soluble in animal oil, and more copiously in the acids of our common fruits, especially when their action is assisted by the heat necessary for cooking these articles. Many of the obscure visceral diseases of the poorer classes are greatly to be attributed to this little suspected source; and the temporary removal of the pain occasioned by them, is one of the many motives which tend to the habitual use of distilled spirits.

Hatters have their hands frequently immersed in a solution of sulphuric acid, which is employed in the process of 'felting;' and hence their nails and the cuticle (outer skin) of their fingers are often corroded and sore. This inconvenience might perhaps be prevented by the use of some oily substance.

Grocers, having their hands frequently in sugar, become affected often with a cutaneous eruption—a variety of either impetigo or eczema. Lime produces a similar disease on the hands of Bricklayers. Flour irritates the skin of Bakers, and occasions a scale—a variety of psoriasis (itch).

Chimney-sweepers necessarily suffer from the soot with which they are covered. The skin assumes frequently a malignant disease—Cancer scroti. Ophthalmia is produced by the irritation of soot in the eyes: and the lungs suffer from the substance drawn into the air-tube. From this injury to the lungs, children, however, seem to be comparatively exempt. Though daily inhaling a large quantity of charcoal, sulphur, and ammonia, they frequently remain for some years free from urgent disorder; like the children in the flax-mills, who inhale dust for a considerable period with apparent impunity. But as these ultimately suffer, so also the wretched inspirers of soot become at length seriously diseased.

The evils of the employ are doubled by intemperance. The sweeps who travel through the country are especially drunken; and lads acquire a craving for liquor from their habit of receiving beer at every house they serve. Many chimney-sweeps die in youth; few live to the age of fifty. Surely this shocking and unnatural occupation ought to be abolished!

There are other trades in which the surface of the body is affected, though in a less degree, by the peculiar substances applied: but without entering into further detail, I would urge the necessary effect of almost all the occupations of a manufacturing town in fouling the skin. When we consider the functions which this organ is known to perform, independently of those which physiology suspects, but has not ascertained, when we refer to the natural products of the skin, insensible perspiration, sweat, unctuous matter, &c., we wonder how men can endure the compound crust of soot, dirt, and secretions, with which they are enveloped. Throughout the whole of the labouring classes, and indeed among the majority of the middling and upper, this subject is strangely neglected. Cleanliness is practised in a very imperfect manner; the whole surface is seldom washed; and in most persons the body, with the exceptions of the hands and face, is cleaned only by the removal of those impurities which adhere to the linen. Bathing is rarely used in any form. On inquiry at the Leeds baths, I learn that during the four summer months about fifty persons bathe daily; and in other parts of the year, not more on the average than two or three. We may conclude, as these are often the same individuals, that not more than 200 or 300 of the inhabitants of Leeds frequent the establishment; and if we supposed that double the number plunge in the river, we cannot estimate the persons who bathe, even in the summer months, at more than 800 or 900; and this of course is a very small proportion of our crowded population.

Vain, at present, would be the attempt to revive the discipline of the ancient bath, or to import the practice of the East. We cannot join the Hindoo or Mussulman in connecting the idea of internal sanctity with external purification. We are equally indifferent to the advantages which the Greek and Roman derived from the system, in the augmentation of muscular power, the increase of bodily and mental comfort, and the diminution of the calls of hunger. We can scarcely spare time for a plunge into the water, much less for operose and varied bathing, friction, and inunction.

A part, however, of the ancient practice, we find adopted without design in the manufacture of wool. This article is so moistened with oil, that the exposed skin of the workmen is always greasy. The effect, if we can speak of it separately from other circumstances which act on the health, is decidedly good. The men, the young women, and children in this employ, are more robust than other artizans; and when the dye and dirt are removed from the skin, have really the complexion of health. Individuals too, and especially children, who have been injured by the dust of other kinds of manufacture, and hence have been obliged to leave such employ, become hale and vigorous on their removal to the woollen. I would not, however, be understood to attribute the improvement solely, or even chiefly, to the application of oil to the *skin*. This article has a more important effect in preventing the formation of dust. Yet still, when we compare the state and appearance of workmen in other manufactures, where the dust is trifling, and other circumstances nearly equal—if we compare these men with the plump and rosy slubbers, we cannot but ascribe a beneficial agency to the oily state of the skin. The subject is of practical importance."

JOURNAL OF A TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

[The subjoined article has been sent to us by a gentleman who recently left this country in order to undertake the duties of a station of high responsibility in the island of Jamaica. It was written as an expression of his current sentiments and sensations during the voyage, and sent to one of the editors of the Journal, rather as a communication of private friendship than as a composition qualified to engage public attention. He, however, to whom it was addressed, has felt his own mind so much interested in the descriptions of his friend, that, in the hope of its entertaining a larger circle, he has thought proper thus to lay it before the public. There are few situations or adventures out of the usual routine of domestic life, especially if the scene be beyond the limits of our own country, of which an unaffected narration might not afford pleasure to the public; and a voyage to the West Indies is not an exception from the number. We even recollect a volume devoted to this purpose alone, and in which every particular object that came in sight during the voyage, from the appearance of an island to the portrait of a flying-fish, was represented on an economical scale in accompanying engravings. It is necessary further to premise, that the writer of the present article is a man of almost Quixotic benevolence, and extraordinary purity and gentleness of character, which will at once account for and give point to a considerable number of his observations.]

Wednesday, July 17, 1833. I have been reading to-day, but made little progress. Either the sea-air, or want of usual exercise, induces a feverish and uncomfortable state. We got on by tacking betwixt the English and Irish coasts. At one point we saw the land on either side. I wish to be quit of the sight of English ground. It vexes me; and, for comfort's sake, I must think of other subjects than home. I never before understood so well the highest feelings of patriotism, or could say so emphatically of my country, "With all thy faults I love thee still." What must be the delight of *returning*.

23. I have been ill since the 17th with *sea-sickness*, and scarcely recollect, in all my lifetime, of spending so long a time so miserably. Body and mind suffered together, acting and reacting, aggravated by the poverty of ship-accommodation, the noise, the smallness of my birth, the confined air and smell, the badness of my bedding, the weakness from want of sleep and restlessness, and the *ceasless rolling* of the vessel. How different from a sickness at home: no noises *there*, no rolling—soft beds, and kind, watchful, and constant attendants. I thought all sorts of evil of my situation—that I had transplanted myself from an earthly paradise in Britain to a *terra incognita* of undefined wretchedness. These have indeed been heavy days. But this morning I got up without assistance, which I had been unable to do for some time. I tried a variety of palliatives for the sickness, but am sorry to record that I found nothing worth calling a *specific*. Reading, if one can at all compose the mind to it, is perhaps the best, or a cheerful friend, if so fortunate as to have one. To one leaving his native land in circumstances less happy than mine, the ordeal of seasickness must be ill to bear, especially when backed, as I believe it usually must be, by the *home-sickness*; only he may comfort himself during its progress by knowing that his usual buoyancy of thought will return so soon as it is over, it producing for the time a sort of hallucination.

24. I think I may now pronounce myself quite well, though not yet able to take food as formerly.

29. Nothing worth notice has been occurring. We have now been out thirteen days. This morning, the mate announced that he had seen a flying-fish, and

the captain afterwards saw two, so that we appear to have entered the territory of tropical wonders. Hitherto I have seen little or nothing to gratify my love of the marvellous. Life on ship-board is monotonous and uncomfortable. Want of exercise is peculiarly felt; and there is the constant effort to take it *per se* for duty's sake.

The sunsets are beautiful. I am not sure whether a fine rose-pink colour, blending betwixt and with the yellow and blue, is common in British skies. Last night, another passenger and I went on deck together to look about. Setting ourselves down upon the prow, our gallant process through the deep was noble. I entertained myself with fancying it a transference to the scenery of another sphere, the change from home was so striking. All quiet save the splashing of the sea. Looking up, the full sails bulged out, one above another, like the successive stories or battlements of a tour, with which we were moving through the vast field of waters, the moon presiding over all in placid beauty. I thought of home; and that some there might be then holding me in remembrance before God. * * * *

Friday, August 2. I saw the flying-fish to-day: their appearance, at a little distance, is that of small white birds. The difference of climate is sensible, but more in softness and uniformity than in the heat, which ranges from about 70° to 78° of Fahrenheit.

7. We have hitherto been steering chiefly southwards, to enable us to get the trade-wind, which at this season blows from the east, under the parallel of about 28° north latitude. We are now going westward under a fine breeze, which is likely to continue with us; but calms are often experienced under the parallel of the trade-winds.

We are now crossing, or about to cross the line—not the equinoctial, but the tropic of Cancer. The temperature, notwithstanding, is very pleasant: the thermometer about 77°, with a fine strong breeze. When sitting after tea in the cabin, we heard a great noise immediately above, of stamping with feet, &c., which was followed by the glare of a light passing the window. This, it seems, was an intimation from Neptune that he was to pay us a visit to-morrow. On getting upon deck, I found all quiet, but saw a light floating astern, which continued to burn, rough as the sea was, until it was half a mile distant from the ship. There is a good deal of gravity affected on the subject with us noviciates. "I saw his boat," said the mate, "with himself and his wife and child in it," &c. I have little taste for the nonsense, and don't know well how to take it. I believe they will let me off easily; but there is a poor lad, a steerage passenger, and a Prussian sailor, who can scarcely speak the language, neither of whom, I fear, will fare so well. * * * *

8. I have felt very poorly all day. Low diet, exercise, and a little medicine, are the cures at sea. Exercise is often an effort, especially when (on account of work going on) we are limited to the quarter-deck, which can be gone over in five or six paces. I do what I can, by jumping and dancing, to remedy the deficiency; but these scarcely help me, as I am sole actor. A good Scots reel would really be useful, and would afford an unanswerable illustration of *one* legitimate use of dancing. We had a play at hats and ball, but lost so many balls overboard that we had to stop. It afforded such capital exercise, that I would be disposed to lay in two or three dozen halfpenny balls as part of my sea store should I embark again.

A little before sunset we heard a noise on deck repeated from station to station with considerable dramatic effect. Amidst a multitude of words I could only distinguish the surname of the captain. In a short time a heavy foot was heard on the cabin stair, and down came two figures, Neptune and his wife, in habiliments not unlike those of beings who slept amongst weeds at the bottom of the sea. A palaver ensued betwixt the pair and the captain, consisting of a few common-place inquiries about what ships had been in these parts, the health of the goddess, &c., which ended in his ordering each a glass of rum. They then left us, to send the constables to bring the noviciates severally before him. These officers appeared with blackened faces, and otherwise worthily equipped, and, binding my eyes with a black napkin, they led me away, and seated me on a chair in Neptune's presence. After a few introductory remarks, that he was glad to see me, &c., he ordered the *shaving*, when immediately I heard the noise of stropping the razor, from which I judged it was no very delicate instrument. I was, however, saved from the application of the lather, and the barber contented himself with passing the instrument (*i. e.* an old rusty cutlass) over my face. The bandage was then removed, when I found myself before the throne of the sea god; which was the windlass, on which were seated the two personages in inglorious state.

Lastly, came the poor Prussian, who, as one of themselves, was doomed to an ordeal of extra severity. He was brought in, like the others, blindfolded, &c. Their first act was to put a bottle to his mouth, and force as much of its contents as they could down his throat. The stuff appeared like filthy bilge-water, or something still more filthy; but, on being questioned, he replied that it was "good," fearing, I suppose, the consequences of complaint. They then lathered his face with thin tar; and, during the operation, asking him a number of questions, they stuffed the tarry brush into his mouth every time he opened it. The shaving or scraping, and buckets of water in great abundance, followed, after which he was set at liberty: he had a terrible dose, but took it all with invincible good humour. The conclusion of the affair being to be a laving with water of those present—at least of us—we ran to the cabin. The captain then ordered all a glass of grog, and matters were restored. It is altogether a contemptible ceremony, though amongst witty people it might go off smartly; and it has occurred, I believe, that an action of damages was raised by an incensed passenger against a captain who had allowed it. I incline, from observation, to think that *now* no captain would allow any passenger to be touched by Neptune or his constables, if he seriously and decidedly objected to it.

Two flying-fish dropped on board. They are becoming very numerous. Our only chance of catching them is when they fall within the ship, poor silly animals! They form the proper bait for the dolphin. One of them is to be used for that purpose, and I shall probably dry the other as a curiosity.

21. This day has been distinguished by the capture of a shark. Labouring under the lassitude of a hot climate, the occurrence was not unwelcome, though on the whole it has annoyed and disgusted me. I was sitting on deck after dinner, when a poor fowl which had died being thrown overboard, a shark was seen immediately to rise to the surface and examine it, but allowed it to float away, not liking, I suppose, its feathery covering. Our captain immediately got the shark-hook out, an instrument of iron of the thickness of a little finger, and nine or ten inches long, attached to a small piece of chain and a line of rope, which he baited with a large piece of pork. There was no attempt to conceal the hook: sharks are not nice: and it was immediately thrown out astern. The poor fish immediately advanced; and, turning itself on its back (in consequence of the position of the jaws), caught the bait. The captain pulled; but the hook did not fix; and the pork was therefore got without payment of the penalty. A fresh bait was immediately put on, which succeeded, the shark being no way daunted by the previous operation, which must, I think, have hurt him. So soon as our fisher found he had it fairly hooked, he needed the aid of several of the sailors to pull it in, though in length it did not appear above five feet. It did not struggle much in the water, nor whilst being dragged out and over the ship's side, with all its weight on its jaw, by which it hung. When on deck, and recovered from its surprise, it beat about tremendously with its tail, one stroke of which might have broken a man's leg. One began beating its head with a handspoke, which, instead of proving a mercy, was a needless aggravation of its suffering, as indeed must be every thing but the most decided measures to an animal so tenacious of life. The carpenter was ordered to cut off its tail, to prevent mischief. We accordingly attempted it when quiet, by a stroke with a chisel and mallet, which only cut it to the bone. An axe should have been used. The wretched animal, however, seemed to experience the most excruciating agony, expressed by intense writhings, and violent and rapid striking all about it. The axe was immediately applied, and at one stroke completed the operation. How it would have shrieked had it not been dumb; what looks of agony and upbraiding would it have given us, had its features not been denied the power of expression! I was disgusted and horror-struck, and entreated they would put it out of pain by striking off its head. They did not seem disposed to indulge me, and I therefore withdrew. On seeing this, one took up the axe and gave it several strokes, so as to divide at least the spine, which I thought would have sufficed; but, alas! the life still burned vigorously, and my humanity appeared only to have made matters worse. The creature appearing much weakened, they proceeded to disembowel it. Poor thing! death still refused to come; and, the horrible process completed, it lived still! What was to be done? They cut the head wholly off; but, marvellous to relate, the dismembered, disembowelled trunk was still able to writhe in the hands of its butcher. It was a horrible sight, and, I am sorry to say, appeared pleasantly to entertain rather than grieve most of the on-lookers. I trust, however, that these last contortions may have been merely nervous, and not indicative of pain. Part of it was laid aside to be eaten; the carpenter cut off the fins to use as polishers of wood; one of the men secured the jaws, probably as a present for his sweetheart; and the balance, excepting the head, which I retained for examination, was thrown overboard.

Sailors appear to have a monstrous antipathy to sharks. I tried to convince them of its unreasonableness, but I fear without success. These fish have surely as good a right to live as any other of God's creatures, and to enjoy themselves too: subject to man's dominion only, in case he should need them, to supply him with necessaries or comforts. Did it enter on his domains like a wild beast, he might slaughter it in self-defence; but to do so to an unconscious unoffending animal, in mere wantonness or hatred, merely because it obeys the dictates of its nature, must surely be unwarrantable cruelty.

29. The tendency to sleep during the day is very distressing. I attribute it much to our total want of vegetable food, and suitable refreshments. Porter, ale, and wines, are poor comforts in such a climate; they may please those who are satisfied to take excitement, at whatever cost of after suffering or heaviness; but to others they are, and in such circumstances should be, regarded as mockeries. We have all been so anxious for acids, that we have emptied a large pot of cream of tartar from the medicine chest. A little package of that simple medicine would in all cases, I think, prove extremely valuable to voyagers, as an antidote to the ailments and discomforts incident to landsmen at sea.

OUR SCHOOL-DAYS.

We all love to think and speak of our school-days. Wearied with the dull, monotonous realities of the present, and suspicious of the flattering promises of the future, we turn with calm satisfaction and delighted confidence to the past. The path of life is all uphill; and it is a pleasant thing to pause on our journey, and look back from the point of vantage which we have gained in the progress of years, upon the road that we have travelled;—to survey its sinuous mazes—its perplexing intricacies—its dreary wastes, which we have so happily overpassed—its smiling Edens, which we can thus revisit and re-enjoy. And the remoter parts of that landscape are always most transcendantly lovely in our eyes. A more beautiful heaven seems to overhang them—a softer and more melting sunshine to brood upon them. The trees are greener, and more richly umbrageous. The flowers (for memory's far-seeing eye can distinguish even the celandines, and daisies, and forget-me-nots, at the distance of forty years) the flowers are more gaily apparelled, and more tastefully grouped, and there are far more of them. Over hill and valley, wood and waterfall, meadow and moorland, there are flung "a glory and a joy," which have passed away, like summer mists, from the nearer landscape.

"Heaven is about us in our infancy;" and throughout all our early days we are surrounded by influences, and pervaded by emotions, which in more mature life we *may* remember, but *cannot* recall. When once we have ceased to be children, we have lost the power to think and feel "as only childhood can." We have become sophisticated—cold-hearted—suspicious. We are too wise—too cautious—too incredulous. We will not submit to be cheated into enjoyment, and take the benefit of a happy error. "The world is too much with us"—the solid, substantial, matter-of-fact world, in which grown-up men and women slave at the dolorous drudgery of money-getting. And our senses, and faculties, and susceptibilities, have suffered injury from the tainted atmosphere in which we live. Where are now the marvels and glories which met our earnest gaze every where, in heaven and earth, when we were six, or eight, or ten years old? We search for them in vain. There is a film upon our eyes. We are short-sighted, beyond the power of surgery or optics to cure us. And the sounds which then rung in our ears, awaking the sense of divinest melody in our souls, and wrapping us in thrilling trance from morn to night—where be they? The songs of birds—the hum of bees—the flute-notes of summer winds—the soothing murmurs of running brooks—the mysterious whispers of autumnal woods—are they all silent? Not one is mute; but, alas! they fall upon deaf ears. Nature still "pipes to us, but we will not dance." We can never recover what we have lost, or be again assimilated to our former selves. We can only *remember* what was then *experienced*. The "formal man" can realise the careless joyance and light-heartedness of days which are long since past, in no other way than by contemplating in memory's magic glass, what, and in what manner, and with what emotions, he saw, and heard, and spake, and acted, "when that he was a tiny boy."

Hence we all love to think and speak of our childhood and early youth; and especially of our school days, because they are, for the most part, the commencement of our juvenile reminiscences—we can go no farther back—and because, in all cases, it is from that period that our recollections become distinct in their particulars, and interesting in their associations.

We can remember many grave lectures of parents and pedagogues, to the effect that school-days are the happiest part of a man's life, and that we should find them so. *Then*, we did not believe a word of it. The thing appeared to us a plain contradiction. Long lessons and short play-hours—dreary pages of geography and English grammar, and *Propria quæ maribus*—with all the fears and anxieties, the pains and penalties of our pupilage, were in our estimation any thing but elements of happiness, or incentives to enjoyment. And besides, "Hope told a flattering tale;" and we looked forward to the time when we should leave school, and be our own master—with no dry tasks to learn, and no tiresome bounds to keep, and no frowns or flagellation to fear, as our jubilee—the period of complete emancipation from all trouble and annoyance, when we should pass at once into a state of perfect, uninterrupted, and interminable bliss. Alas! we have seen "Hope's summer visions die." We have been in the school of experience, and disappointment has taught us many a sad and sobering lesson. We have *cut* Campbell for Rogers. We have read through "The Pleasures of Hope," and have got some pages into "The Pleasures of Memory." And now (is it not your experience, gentle reader, as well as ours?) even the little sorrows of our early days are dwelt upon

with feelings near akin to pleasure. That ancient schoolhouse (we thought it a very dungeon once), what a pleasant place it looks! And of what gentle restraints, and easy labour, and innocent mirth, was it the scene! And its presiding genius, with the awful spectacles, and the still more awful "rod for the fool's back," whom we once regarded as an apt prototype of all the ogres and giants in our delightful story-books—what a kind, good old man he was! How much "more sinned against than sinning!" With what loud and hearty praises did he reward our smallest merits! With what surpassing patience did he endure our intolerable and endless provocations! Peace to his gentle shade!

How pleasant it is to send our fancy on pilgrimage to all our school-day haunts!—the walk across the meadows, and down by the brook-side, and over the crazy bridge by the mill, and back again through the shady lane where we gathered sweet violets:—the vicar's copse, where blackberries were as plenty as pebble-stones, and the hazel wood, to which once a-year we went a-nutting:—and above all, the old play-ground, with its smooth turf, and weeping birches (bless the tender-hearted trees for their sympathy!) which would have been a jewel of a place for all our games, if it had only been out of bounds! Oh, those merry games! the boisterous sports of our short play-hours; the riotous rambles and madcap frolics, and innocent mischiefs of our long half-holidays; the

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,"

which made us every day, and every hour, at once a plague and a delight to each other, and to all about us! And who were our companions in those glorious romps and rambles? The whole group is before us. Of all "the old familiar faces," not one is absent, and not one is changed. We can see them all as clearly—we can distinguish them all as accurately, as we did so many years ago, when we were one of them. There they are, from the oldest to the youngest; from the clever little rogue who taught us how to make whistles, and to fish for minnows, and who so often made us an April fool, to the grave, melancholy boy who never once fought a battle, nor joined in a romp, nor went a-bird-nesting, but told us such marvellous and touching tales, in such eloquent words, as "often did beguile us of our tears." There they are! We could name them one by one, without a single mistake. We could arrange them in their old classes, and seat them in their old desks. We could describe, with most exact minuteness, the qualities, bodily, intellectual, and moral, of every one of them. And if we wrote ourselves R.A., we could paint their pictures to the life. Not one feature would be erroneously sketched; not one shade of expression would be imperfectly brought out. Each would possess its proper individuality of character, and be a speaking likeness. So clearly and distinctly are they present to our inward eye. And hark! the air is vocal with their glee. Their merry voices ring in our ears. We can recognise every tone; we know to whom every shout belongs. Again we listen to "their gibes, their songs, their flashes of merriment," and again we hear our old nicknames and by-words, none of them unkindly meant or harshly spoken, but flowing from a frank familiarity and an innocent openheartedness, which knew nothing of formal propriety and forced politesse. Beloved companions! years have passed since we parted; but ye are our companions still. Ye have gone each to his appointed portion and station—some of you are already dead and in Heaven. Some of you are living in credit, wealth, and fame: and some in poverty, sorrow, and disgrace. We know not what or where you are—in what circumstances—of what character: certain it is, that neither in body nor soul are ye the same as in former days. But no matter. *We* know you only as a troop of joyous children, who studied and sported—who read and romped—who laughed and wept with us when we too were a child. As such, ye abide in our memory, and in our "heart of hearts," unchanged and unchangeable. And your simple society affords a precious solace and happy retreat to our troubled spirits, when we are weary of the heartless formalities and insincere professions of the world.

For your sakes, then, we shall always love to think of our school-days, and, as far as retrospective fancy may enable us, to live them over again. And though the gay and thoughtless may eschew such musings as fantastic and melancholy, and though they must ever be attended with somewhat of pensive sadness and tender regret, yet will we often indulge them, and they shall employ our thoughts and engross our sensibilities, even in our choicest moods.*

AFFINITY OF THE TURKISH AND SCOTTISH DIALECTS.

A Turk, several years ago, made his appearance in Edinburgh, in the costume of his country. Such a spectacle being a great novelty in the gude town, he was generally attended by a crowd of boys, who amused themselves by pestering him. With these he usually got in a passion, and turning fiercely round would address them by the most opprobrious name in his vocabulary, "*Giaour—Giaour*," (infidel). While in one of those moods, an old Scotchman took pity on him, and joined, as he thought, in his expostulation—"Fie, lads, dinna fash the puir body sae—do as he een bids ye—do *gic owr—gic owr*"—(give over).

* From the Leeds Mercury, April 13, 1833.

OLD ENGLISH ARMOUR.

Previous to the time of Edward the First, the body armour may be distinguished by the appellations of trelliced, ringed, rustred, mascled, scaled, tegulated, single-mailed, and banded. The trelliced method has not been properly ascertained; it properly consisted of leather thongs, crossed, and so disposed as to form large squares placed angularly, with a round knob or stud in the centre of each. The ringed consisted of flat rings of steel, placed contiguous to each other, on quilted linen. The rustred was nothing more than one row of flat rings, about double the size of those before used, laid half over the other, so that two in the upper partially covered one below. Mascled, the hauberk composed of several folds of linen, covered with diamond-shaped pieces of steel touching each other, and perforated, so called from their resemblance to the meshes of a net. Scaled, formed of small pieces of steel, like the scales of fish, partially overlaying each other. This species was used only during the reigns of Henry the Second and Richard the First. The tegulated consisted of little square plates, partly covering one another, like tiles. Single mail was composed of rings set edgeways on quilted linen. It came into use about the close of John's reign, and continued to be partially worn till that of Edward the First. At the commencement of Henry the Third's reign, it covered not only the head, but hands, legs, and feet. It was very heavy, and likewise the rings were liable to be cut off by the blow of a sword; which latter circumstance, perhaps, introduced the contrivance of banded armour, which was composed of parallelogramic pieces of metal, sewn on linen, so placed as to fold perpendicularly over each other, like palings, and kept in their places by bands or hoops of leather. We now come to the double-chain mail, consisting of interlaced rings, which made its first appearance in the triumphant reign of Edward the First. It is said to be of Asiatic invention, and was composed of four rings within a fifth, each of which was rivetted. Single chain mail was worn by the Crusaders, in Henry the Third's time; and when the number of rings was doubled, it became double-chain mail. Its great advantages were compactness and pliability. Horses were now clothed in mail. In the latter part of Edward the Third's reign, the double-chain mail became so covered with pieces of steel as to cause them in a little time to supersede it altogether. This, therefore, was termed mixed. The double-chain hauberk had been found, owing to its weight, to press injuriously upon the chest: to remedy which, a breast-plate of steel was contrived, which, being placed underneath, kept the mail from pressing upon the stomach. The throat was protected by a chain covering that surrounded the neck, and hung down the shoulders. We now come to plate armour. In Henry the Fourth's reign, the adopting of the mixed armour soon pointed out, by experience, the inutility of retaining the ringed hauberk. The thighs and legs were no longer covered with double-chain mail, and the arms only partially. A back-plate was added, which, with the beast-plate, formed a cuirass. During the use of mixed armour, the arms, thighs, knees, and legs, were covered with plates of metal; and for the hands were invented gloves of plate, with fingers, called gauntlets. From the conquest to the time of Richard the Third, the fashion was to ride with the toes down; after which period, the heel was dropped and the toe raised. Spurs were not screwed to the armour before the time of Henry the Fifth. No higher degree of perfection was ever attained in armour than during the reign of Richard the Third. The outline of the suit was most elegant, the workmanship most elaborate, and the choice of ornaments full of taste.—*Mirror.*

FASHIONABLE DINNER PARTY IN ABYSSINIA.

A great degree of scepticism has been entertained in regard to the mode of supplying *brinde* or raw meat, to the guests in the fashionable parties at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. When the company have taken their seats at table, a cow or bull is brought to the door, and his feet strongly tied; after which, the cooks proceed to select the most delicate morsels. Before killing the animal, all the flesh on the buttocks is cut off in solid square pieces, without bones or much effusion of blood. Two or three servants are then employed, who, as fast as they can procure *brinde*, lay it upon cakes of teff placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or any thing else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men prefer the large crooked ones, which in the time of war they put to all sorts of uses. The company are so ranged that one gentleman sits between two ladies; and the former with his long knife begins by cutting a thin piece, which would be thought a good steak in England, while the motion of the fibres is yet perfectly distinct. In Abyssinia no man of any fashion feeds himself or touches his own meat. The women take the flesh and cut it lengthwise like strings, about the thickness of one's little finger, then crosswise into square pieces somewhat smaller than dice. This they lay upon a portion of the teff bread, strongly powdered with black pepper, or cayenne, and fossil salt, and then wrap it up like a cartridge. In the meantime, the gentleman, having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbour's knee, his body stooping, his head low and forward, and mouth open, very like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it between his jaws at the imminent risk of choking him. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger is the piece which he takes into his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite does he prove himself. None but beggars and thieves, say they, eat small pieces and in silence. Having despatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his neighbour on the other hand holds forth a second pellet, which he devours in the same way, and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating; and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who have fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form, each of the ladies opens her mouth at once, while with his own hand he supplies a portion to both at the same moment. Then commence the potations, which, we are assured, are not regulated with much regard to sobriety or decorum. All this time the unfortunate victim at the door is bleeding, but bleeding little; for so skilful are the butchers, that while they strip the bones of the flesh, they avoid the parts which are traversed by the great arteries. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after, the animal perishing from loss of blood, becomes so tough, that the unfeeling wretches who feed on the remainder can scarcely separate the muscles with their teeth. In the description now given, we have purposely omitted some features, which, it is not improbable, have been a little too highly coloured, if not even somewhat inaccurately drawn. But there is no reason to doubt the general correctness of the delineation, not excepting the grossest and most repulsive particulars.—*Dumfries Courier.*

ECONOMY OF TIME IN ENGLAND.

In England, time is a revenue, a treasure, an estimable commodity. The Englishman is not covetous of money, but he is supremely covetous of time. It is wonderful how exactly the English keep to their appointments. They take out their watch, regulate it by that of their friend, and are punctual at the place and hour. English pronunciation itself seems invented to save time; they eat the letters and whistle the words. Thus Voltaire had some reason to say, "the English gain two hours a-day more than we do, by eating their syllables." The English use few compliments, because they are a loss of time; they salute in a nod, or, at the utmost, a corrosion of the four monosyllables, "How d'ye do?" The ends of their letters always show more simplicity than ceremony; they have not "the honour to repeat the protestations of their distinguished regard and profound consideration" to his "most illustrious lordship," whose "most humble, most devoted, and most obsequious servants," they "have the honour to be." Their very language seems to be in a hurry; since it is in a great part composed of monosyllables, and two of them, again, are often run into one; the great quantity of monosyllables looks like an abridged way of writing, a kind of short-hand. The English talk little, I suppose, that they may not lose time; it is natural, therefore, that a nation which sets the highest value upon time should make the best chronometers, and that all, even among the poorer classes, should be provided with watches. The mail-coach guards have chronometers worth L.80 sterling, because they must take care never to arrive five minutes past the hour appointed. At the place of their destination, relations, friends, and servants, are already collected to receive passengers and parcels. When a machine is so complicated as England is, it is essential for every thing to be exact, or the confusion would be ruinous.—*Count Pecchio's Observations in England.*

MODES OF COMMUNICATING DISEASE.

There are two modes by which disease may be communicated; the first is by actual contact, or by the insertion or absorption of some visible matter from one body which is diseased into another in a healthy state; the second by a near approach to the diseased person, so that the breath, or some emanation from his body, may convey the infection to another which is previously in a healthy state. The measles, scarlet fever, and some other febrile diseases, are now familiarly known to be propagated in this latter manner. As an example of both modes of propagation, the smallpox may be cited, which may be conveyed to another either by inoculation or simply by approaching a patient labouring under this disease, or coming near or in contact with clothes that have been worn by him. In general, it may be said that noxious matters propagating diseases are either something visible and substantial, as seen in the pustules of the smallpox or the vesicles of cowpock, or something invisible, the existence of which is known only by its effects, as proved in the spreading of the measles, the scarlet fever, hooping cough, &c.—*Dr Macmichael on Cholera Spasmodica.*

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FIGURES AND ASPECTS OF MEN.

It is a favourite amusement of mine to walk along a crowded street, and observe the various aspects of men—how some faces are long, some short, some hollow, and others prominent; and, withal, what a variety of expression animates the various physiognomies. There is an optical instrument called the anamorphosis, which, if you look into it one way, elongates you to a maypole, and, in another, makes you as broad and flat as a toad-stool. Nature, in scheming out men, seems to make use of a kind of anamorphosis of her own; and hence, in some figures we see every thing in long perpendicular lines, while in others all is latitudinal and horizontal. Some men seem as if they had been framed upon a bundle of spears; others upon a five-bar gate. Some men appear as if they had been looking into the hollow of a tea-spoon, and all at once, by some strange spell, had their features fixed in that configuration; others seem as if they had been petrified some day, while staring at themselves in the bulge of a spheroidal tea-pot. Some are born (to use the Earl of Pembroke's idea) of the poplar, others of the yew; and not in upright measurement alone are variations observable. Some men sink inwards about the middle like hour-glasses. Their heads and feet are in clumps, and their waists in threads. Nature, in fashioning them, seems to have fallen into a reverie, and rolled the clay so long between her hands, that the ends, before she was aware, had almost fallen away from the attenuated centre. Others again are almost perfect spheres; others nearly regular cubes, or crystals, with hardly any proper extremities, either for locomotion or for thinking; so that one might suppose Nature had been in a hurry in their case, and formed them much after the manner of boys fashioning snowballs in a thaw, or a man making nails at the rate of three hundred in the hour. Then, again, some men have straight legs, like two marks of admiration. Others have them bandy, like a pair of parentheses. Others are what is called knock-kneed, like the same figure with an inverse arrangement of parts. But, what is most strange of all, some men [Lintot, the celebrated bookseller, was a specimen, if we are to believe Dryden] have two legs of one kind—two left ones for instance. When both lie in one way, the effect is most singular. I remember a man of that kind, who went as straight forward as any man; but yet I never could resist the idea, that his walk *ought to have been* a series of circumgyrations, like the orbit of the moon round the sun. King James the First, according to Weldon, had a circular way of walking, and, in entering a room, we are to suppose he made a sweep towards the object, as one now-a-days drives round the lawn in front of a manor-house.

The size and arrangement of the feet of men are so various, that, while some seem to stand like the letter V upon a point, others have the broad basis of an A, and taper towards the crown. A few seem placed upon an X, and some spread out from the middle like a Y. On the other hand, take men in profile, and you will find some to be like the letter I, some like P, and some like f; the first being slim tall men, the second fat and protuberant of paunch, and the third having a strange droop of the head. Mark mankind as they walk past you, and you will find hardly one going at the same angle to the horizon as another. The military man perhaps walks pretty near the right angle; but hardly any others. The proud man is perhaps ten degrees off the perpendicular *backwards*; the [illegible]ng shopkeeper as much *forwards*. Some walk altogether upon their heels; others altogether upon their toes. Some men always seem following their noses; others come sulkily after their great toes. Some have themselves all thrown out towards the front, like bow-windows; show a great convex chest, shoulders well laid back; in fact, three-quarters of their persons seem to go before them. Others are all gathered coweringly inwards, like coiled hedgehogs—carry three-quarters of themselves behind—seem, in short, to be almost altogether composed of back. Some men come dancingly and easily up to you, whisk round you for a few moments, asking how you do, and then dance off as trippingly as they came. Other men come up with all the solemnity of a chest of drawers, pronounce a few grave words like the base sounds of an organ, and then go lumbering on as before, without having altered a muscle.

The way in which the head is carried makes a material difference in the aspects of men. Some have the occiput laid quite back upon the neck, so as to realise the classical idea of the great distinction of the human race—"*vultus ad sedera.*"* A man conscious of good looks or of good birth, and who does not need to stoop to common-place employments, may carry himself thus. He is then said to be a man of noble air—a man with a presence. But if one knows that he is tolerably plain, and has to bow fifty times a-day over a counter to whomsoever may give him a trifle, he carries his face rather below the level than above it. He knows he would only be ridiculous, if detected putting on fine airs, by persons who, on other occasions, had seen him manifesting all the obsequiousness of a tradesman. A mercantile nation must thus look a little nearer the ground, upon the whole, than an idle and military one. The habit of command gives a peculiar air—an air of confidence, firmness, and dignity—which the man who is accustomed to obey can never reach. There is also a completeness of visage about some men—an integrality of feature I may call it—which sets them at their ease with themselves and others, and conduces greatly to make up a presence. A man of this kind can do without a collar—almost without a neckcloth—he will look well any way. Others, again, whose physiognomies are not so perfect—whose faces, as it were, want bottom—require a calix, as the botanists would say, wherein to rest the head; which purpose is served by a stock and its usual appurtenances. It is a great mistake which some men commit—the idea that they can do without what Captain Clutterbuck calls an inch of clean linen: very few men, indeed, have that classical elegance and completeness of visage, which may enable them to bear up under such a want. A matter of this kind cannot be left to fashion; or, if fashion will insist upon all following one model, it is the height of cruelty in those who look well without collars, to institute such a mode, as it inevitably puts thousands of their fellow-creatures to the alternative of looking like masterless dogs, or breaking through a rule more imperative than the principles of virtue. Painters and sculptors are always complaining about the way in which the necks of mankind are used. No doubt, the Hercules Farnese and the Apollo Belvidere would not be improved by a collar and stock; but the *beau-ideal* is one thing, and the common run is another. The necks of mankind in general could never stand such an exposure.—To return to the angle of the visage, it is surprising how much it affects the voice. Your lofty man seems to speak from the point of his chin; your long-nosed boring man spins out his words at his proboscis; and the obstinately modest and bashful man generally addresses you from a corner of his forehead. Every head has its ecliptic as well as its equator; and there is always one point which is more generally presented to the spectator than any other: that I call the point of voice—the mouth has nothing to do with it.

To come to features—it is astonishing how various are their forms in different men. The profile of Louis the Sixteenth was altogether, apparently, moulded in a circle: the brow, the nose, the chin, all formed segments of circles in themselves, and, in the whole, composed only a larger segment. Such faces we see every day; and we as frequently see others, in which the form is entirely reversed. Such are the dish faces, where the features seem arranged within a crescent, and the point of the nose does not advance so far as either the brow above or the chin below. Some faces go outwards to a point at the tip of the nose; others go inwards to a point at the root of the same feature. Some noses are isosceles triangles; others equilateral; others have the base by far the longest side. Some are tuberous; others acute. Some spring out like the style of a dial; others look as if they had been clashed against the face in a soft state, and by that means pressed broad and flat, like a piece of clay thrown hard at a wall. Sometimes the base is level; sometimes hollow; sometimes convex. The people of a certain remote insular district have their nostrils drawn strangely up; so that they always appear as if they were in a passion, while in reality they are as well tempered in general as the rest of his Majesty's subjects. In some men, the nose is pointed downwards to the upper lip; in others, it tends upwards to the brow; and it is an ascertained fact that not one in five hundred has it exactly in the centre of the face. Some men, moreover, have its point drawn to one side, some to another—like a helm when in the process of turning a vessel. In various instances I have seen it so much abreast, that I really wondered how the owner got on at all, especially with a wind right a-head. A weathercock with a flank to the breeze would have been no greater phenomenon.

I now come to speak of the various characters which may be read in the faces of a passing crowd. Some who have not been in the habit of studying human character any where, may not recollect being struck with the infinite variety there to be observed. Yet there are some points which may be easily brought to the remembrance of the most careless on-looker. How absorbed some men appear! Their souls, like their eyes, seem set far back in their heads, and they move along the street seeing every thing, but never showing as if they saw at all. They wink, for the ordinary refreshment of the organs; but no other muscle ever plays. In some, the absorption is that of pride—in some, that of indifference. Such persons are like coffins sent out to take the air. The great mass of mankind, in walking the streets, have pretty much one look—something between the smirk of actual conversation and the coldness of perfect tranquillity or reverie. They hold themselves ready, if they are not strangers to the place, to break into a smile as they pass a friend. But there is a set who do not conform to this general system, and may be described as a counterpart to the haughty and the cold. These people wear their heart on their lips, and in their eyes. As you pass them, you feel convinced that you must know them, and that they know you. They just look as if they were addressing you—as if they were saying, "My dear fellow, how are you?" And it requires an effort to keep your hand from going forth of its own accord and seizing theirs. As they go along with this perpetual salutation in their looks, they leave all who pass them in the same state with yourself; and perhaps two hundred persons at once are saying to

* The face towards the heavens.

themselves, "Surely I have seen that gentleman before." Such a man will lay waste a whole street with bewilderment in five minutes. There is a peculiar twitchiness about the noses and upper lips of some men, which contributes to give them this universally familiar air. I have long marked a person of this kind, and who moreover has that ruddiness of complexion which betokens the *bon-vivant;* and he always appears to me as if he were going about seeking to make up a party for a beef-steak in some neighbouring tavern. Though I have no acquaintance of him, I daily expect him to address me as follows:—"I say, can't we have a few oysters to-night at Gabriel's?" He is a kind of Vanderdecken—always wishing to get some one inveigled into a share of his own fate. I have resolved, however, to have nothing to do with him. It would never do for a person of my retired habits. He would introduce me to the whole town in a moment.

ROADS.

Every schoolboy can illustrate the political importance of good roads in securing conquests and facilitating civilization, by referring to the Roman ways. Their effects upon the wealth and prosperity of a country, though generally alluded to, have not yet received that share of attention to which they are entitled. It is, however, in some means through increased facilities of transport that subsistence is provided from inferior soils for an increasing population, at the same rate of cost as originally was paid to raise it from the most fertile land. By the saving of time, and by the cheap rate at which goods and passengers are conveyed from place to place, a country well intersected with roads is enabled to make head against a general low rate of profit, and in some cases to overbalance, by those means, the advantages of a fruitful soil, the finest climate, and a great productiveness even to half-trained industry. In America and Spain, for example, a part of the crops is left to rot upon the ground, because there are no roads to remove it. In the last named country, sheep are (or were) often killed for the fleece only, and the carcass abandoned, as the expense of conveying it to any distance along the miserable ways would be greater than its value. We may put a case which comes closer to our fireside feelings: the cost of a ton of the best coal, at the pit's mouth—the actual value of the mere commodity—is about 11s.; the direct and indirect charges of (water) carriage to London are about 9s., or not very far short of the cost of the commodity. In stones, slates, &c., the expense of conveyance is still greater; so great, indeed, as to prevent, with our present means, their internal transport for any distance by land. Every thing, therefore, connected with the improvement of roads, is of the utmost importance to public and individual wealth.

The first thing to be done in road-making is to fix the inclination, and lay down the line of road. The rise should never be greater than 1 in 35; the line, if possible, should be straight. When hills have to be crossed, it may be eventually advisable to deviate from the direct line, and not return to it. A curved course, if any thing is gained by it, seems not objectionable; a crooked one appears never proper; but a roundabout way sometimes, as when a succession of hills intervenes—it being easier, and even shorter, for example, to pass half round the bottoms of several sugar loaves, than to go up and down them. When vallies have to be crossed, it may be done by embankments, or by a viaduct. Here, again, a deviation from the straight path may be prudent, if it is rewarded by a gentler ascent and descent to fill up. In seeking for it, you may go up the valley, or against the stream as it were, though at times a sudden narrowing of the opposing hills may more than counterbalance increased depth by greater shortness. In the case of rivers, a change in the course of the road may take place, if the stream be very wide, or the banks so low as to be liable to be flooded for some distance. Woods, bogs, or marshes, should be avoided, as the worst of obstacles to a good road, for reasons to be mentioned presently. A road should never undulate, but should gradually incline upwards to the highest point. Unless under very peculiar circumstances, it should not be turned aside for the sake of seeking a town. If the townspeople wish, they must, like Mahomet, go the road, not the road to them. Some little relaxation may be allowed in avoiding to pass through private grounds, if such avoidance does not materially interfere with the main objects of the road, or cause additional expense. For these and other obvious reasons, the suggestions of gentlemen of property, or practical men of the greatest experience, in the neighbourhood, should be received with caution.

After the line has been laid down, with such deviations as the circumstances of the surface may have suggested, it must be gravely considered whether it be better to hold straight on, or to follow the longer course with the easier inclinations. In the first case, hills will have to be cut through, and slopes formed at each side of the road. Embankments must be raised, or viaducts built, bridges erected over rivers, causeways made over flats, and bogs and marshes effectually drained. All these things, or any portion of them, can only be accomplished at considerable expense: but then, the road will be much shorter; the great object of its creation—a quick communication between two points—will most effectually be answered; and there will be a great saving in the annual wear and tear of horse-flesh and vehicles, and in the greater cheapness of transport. The original outlay, too, may be less than it at first appears: by keeping the straight line, less road will have to be made, and considerably less to be kept in repair; the earth or substratum may in some cases be much firmer, and the expense of forming the *bed* consequently less; the materials may be closer at hand; and the earth which is dug up in cutting through hills may be applied to the levelling of inequalities, for which materials must have been procured. From the scientific knowledge and practical skill requisite to procure these data for calculation, as well as from the experience and sagacity necessary to come to a right conclusion, it will be seen that *every man* is not qualified to be *his own road-maker;* and that the formation of highways and by-ways is no such easy task as country squires in their innocence have fancied.

When the line is finally decided on, the making begins. The qualities desiderated in a good road have been defined by Macbeth: a perfect way should be "whole as the marble, founded as the rock."

This can never be accomplished if the subsoil or foundation be bad. Is it spongy?—part of the materials of the road will sink into the foundation, part of the foundation rise up into the road, and cause inequalities and ruts. An elastic soil is worse. If the reader has ever seen a gentleman, not "very well set upon his pins," endeavouring to cross a plank which might serve a mountebank for a spring-board, he has seen an example of elasticity. This quality, though not to the extent perhaps of the instance selected, is present in all bogs, marshes, and bottom land; and, unless destroyed by draining and compression, it will always cause a momentum in the road which passes over it, no matter how excellent the formation itself may be; and this swing, though imperceptible in the working of the horses, will show itself visibly enough in their condition. A good foundation or bed for the road must be found or formed, or all the rest will be but labour in vain.

In a *complete* road, perfect hardness is a *sine qua non*—because, the harder the surface, the less the friction of bodies passing over it, and by consequence less force is required to put and keep them in motion; but this quality is not easily obtained. Trustees, indeed, have imagined, that, by laying on a quantity of gravel spread smooth, or a succession of coatings of broken stones, *hardness* will be obtained; a miserable mistake, followed in a few years by a bad state of roads—fresh repairs to be succeeded by rapid dilapidations, and crowned at the last by a swinging debt. The reason is, that "the carriages passing over the stones will force those next the earth into it, and at the same time press much of the earth upwards between the stones: this will take place to a great degree in wet weather, when the bed of the earth will be converted into soft mud by water passing from the surface of the road, through the broken stones, into the bed of the road. In this way a considerable quantity of earth will be mixed with the stone materials laid on for forming the crust of the road; and this mixture will make it extremely imperfect as to hardness," and shortly cause ruts and other inequalities. The exact degree of firmness required in a road must of course depend upon the traffic upon it; but in all first-rate roads, where the vehicles are numerous and heavily laden, it will be best and cheapest to form the bottom with a regular pavement of large stones, set close, with the broadest face downwards, the interstices to be closely filled up with stone chips, well driven in, so that the earthy bed of the road cannot be pressed up and mixed with the broken stones forming the surface or crust of the road. If the funds would admit of it, in communications between great towns and approaches to capitals, it would be advisable to have the centre crust of the road paved for heavy laden vehicles, and the sides only of broken stones to be used for carriages. Should the money be insufficient to form the entire foundation of pavement, then the middle can be so formed, and the side bottom made of broken stones. The road itself should be highest in the centre, sweeping down to the side-channels, so that the rain may run off as fast as it descends. These side-channels should be constantly kept clear; and when a branch or field road joins a main road, the junction should never interfere with the channel, but always take place on the field side. Drainage, both by main and cross drains, is an object of the first importance, so as to keep the road as *dry* as possible. The friction on the crust, no matter if it be the hardest pavement, will inevitably grind a part of it to powder, which, when combined with wet, will act with increased effect. The hardest marble, nay, the diamond itself, can be cut without any other composition than water and its own dust.

People differ in their ideas of beauty. The unknowing like what pleases them: the skilful like what is useful, which is also pleasing to the mind's eye. Formerly, we preferred a road bordered by high hedgerows, pretty thickly studded with stately trees; the character being given rather by age and wide-spreading branches, than by mere loftiness—the banks somewhat lofty, and at times shooting up and overhanging like a cliff—their clothing various, now covered with long lank grass, looking as though they concealed something mystic; now short and smooth, and tempting the youthful passengers to try the steep ascent; now bare, and worn into little furrows, like the cheek of eld, with the gnarled and knotted roots of ancient trees obtruding through—the road itself of various inclinations and of various widths; sometimes opening into a "green," at others widened by patches or strips of unenclosed common, occasionally narrowing and passing through well-protected woods, "whose leafy shades high overarched embower," whence issue the deep murmur of the dove or the chatter of the magpie, whilst game of various kinds flutters or darts across the road. Very beautiful are such scenes in summer to the eye of the Cockney. Even when winter has stripped the trees of their foliage, and the land of its teeming richness and its varied hues—when the gusty wind sweeps along the open country, and moans or whistles through the naked branches—they are not divested of charms, but look lovely even in desolation. All these things, however, are an abomination to the eye of the scientific civil engineer. Trees or overhanging hedges retain the wet, and saturate the road with an artificial shower after the natural one has ceased. When the sun comes forth, their shade intercepts his beams—their close texture, the action of the air; and thus the wet is retained by preventing evaporation. By shutting out the free current of air, they may fatigue and injure the horses, "whose powers to perform work with ease, especially when moving rapidly, depend upon the quantity of cool and fresh air that they can pass through their lungs." The only banks that a skilful road-maker can tolerate, are those which are formed at a due inclination, according to the nature of the materials. The finish which best pleases the eye of the engineer, is a neat stone or brick wall, just high enough, if on a causeway or by a precipice, to prevent a *flushed* gentleman from tumbling over; in the case of an embankment, it is all-sufficient if it check naughty children from running up the slope, or the slope itself from slipping into the road. Wherever it is practicable, a public road should be above the level of the country through which it passes, to secure dryness and hardness, to give the animals labouring on it a free current of fresh air, and to guard against the possibility of floods.*

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE.

During a short residence at the Cape of Good Hope, I lodged at the house of an old merchant of the name of Peter Brown. He was an Englishman, but had been settled at the Cape long before it became a British colony, having gone to sea when a boy, and forsaken his ship in an India voyage, when the fleet stopped to water in Table Bay: he had here risen step by step from the rank of a common sailor, till he was now an independent and even opulent merchant. His manners and temper retained a good deal of their original harshness; but his knowledge of business, and remarkable punctuality, made him a most eligible person to deal with. He was tall, uncommonly stout, and of a fair complexion, which was excessively tanned by the sun in his yearly journeys through the colony, among all sorts of half-civilised Africans and semi-barbarised Europeans. His chief fault was the uncommon severity with which he treated his slaves—a mode in which the violence of his temper seemed to seek a vent for itself, while restrained into calmness and civility, by motives of self-interest, during intercourse with his equals.

There were several of his slaves whom he let out as watermen to carry passengers from shore to the ships, or from one ship to another. I had had occasion for the services of two of them in going out to the Indiamen in the bay one evening after a heavy squall: the poor fellows had very hard work, for the sea still rolled high; but they laboured with great activity, and brought us through several dangers, by the dexterity of one of them in particular, who was called Tom. They landed me opposite Mr Brown's house, which was a little neat edifice in a row of others of the same kind fronting the beach, each of which had a small fore-court, with two or three trees, and a seat at either end, where the inmates could at all times find relief from the hot suns of this sultry climate. When I stept up into this enclosure, I found my host resting himself in one of the seats, fatigued as well as myself, and with his temper apparently a good deal ruffled. As I came up, he said, "Ah! well, you have been at sea this evening as well as I. I hope you have met with better success; but there is always something to trouble us. Here, Tom (calling my boatman), bring a glass of grog for each of us." I mentioned that I seldom drank any thing at that hour. "Oh, it will do you good, after being tumbled about in the bay so lustily: bring the liquor, Tom." Tom vanished into the house, and in a minute returned with a small tray, holding glasses with water and spirits. Having first supplied his master, he brought the materials to me, and poured out some rum. As I, however, had no intention of sharing in this hospitality, I motioned him to put it back into the decanter, which he did. Brown had seen me decline drinking, but had not apparently observed what occurred afterwards; and as the man was carrying away the tray with the empty glass, it suddenly took

* Condensed by the Spectator from Sir Henry Parnell's work on Roads, just published.

him in the head that Tom had drunk the spirits intended for me. His temper, as I mentioned, had been already ruffled by some occurrences in business; and now, without deliberating a moment, he snatched a heavy walking-stick, and hurried into the house after the slave. I of course could only wonder what he intended; but in a few seconds I heard loud cries from one party, and curses from the other, mixed with the sound of heavy blows—"Oh, sir; oh, sir—don't, sir, don't—God have mercy!" And then, "You rascal, you, I'll teach you to drink my liquor. You scoundrel, have I not kept you since you were able to crawl, like a black beetle as you were?—have I not fed you, and clothed you?—and have I not given you a wife, you rascal? And this is the return you make. Your wife and your black brat shall no longer live in my house." All this time the blows were thundering on the poor slave, sometimes hitting him cruelly, sometimes rattling on the chairs and tables, behind which he took refuge—a disappointment which at once jarred the old man's arms and his temper. The poor slave never offered the slightest resistance, nor said a word in his own defence, but contented himself with imploring mercy, and endeavoured to ward off the blows from his head by receiving them on his arms. He at last ran into the kitchen (his wife was cook), whither he was pursued by his master. I had attempted to follow, and interfere, but in vain; and now there ensued another storm of beating and imprecations, in the midst of which I heard the sudden shriek of a child, followed by a loud and pitiful outcry, apparently in a female voice. In a very few moments Mr Brown made his appearance, with a kind of alarm in his look, which seemed for the moment to have banished his irritation: the female wailing still continued, and he shut the doors anxiously behind him, as if to prevent its reaching me. On approaching, he endeavoured to resume his usual manner, and said, "that rascal had the impudence, I saw, to drink the liquor intended for you; but I have given him a lesson he wont forget." I endeavoured to explain that the slave was not to blame; but the old man only replied, "Oh, it is very well meant in you to excuse him; but I saw how the matter stood: no slave of mine shall play such tricks." Seeing that I should only irritate him farther by persisting, I said nothing more, and soon after we parted for the night.

I breakfasted abroad, and did not again meet Mr Brown till the afternoon, when I saw him at a public sale. He stood beside me for a short time speaking of indifferent matters; and then of a sudden, assuming a sort of serious and concerned air, he said, "I am sorry I shall not be able to remain longer; I have to attend the funeral of poor Tom's child, which died this morning. Tom is a very useful fellow, and I wish to pay him that mark of respect." He said this with a look of condescending sympathy, which sat but hypocritically on his hard features. I had no remark to make, except the question, "Ay, how did the child die?" Mr Brown turned away abruptly, as if attending to something else for a moment, and then answered, "Oh, some children's disorder, no doubt—fits, I believe, it was." And then deputing me to finish some business for him, he went hurriedly out. As he departed, I could not help recollecting the occurrences of the night before—the shriek of the child, and the long helpless wailings of the mother (for such she must have been); and I was convinced, that, in his reckless punishing of the poor slave, Brown himself had, by some blow or other accident, killed the child. The event proved that I was right.

It was late before I got home, and I found Brown pacing about through his little court-yard in what he himself would have called "a great rage." He was stamping on the ground and muttering to himself when I entered, but calmed his passion a little as he began to speak. "Would you have thought it?" he said; "that rascal Tom, after I have fed him, and clad him, and kept him, all his life, what has he done? The villain has run off to the mountain, and deprived me of one of the best and stoutest of my slaves—the gallows dog! and he has taken his wife with him, too! It will cost me more than a thousand rix-dollars to get a cook and waterman again to answer my purpose. He is an idle villain, and never would put his hand to any thing but an oar. But he shan't escape me: I shall catch him if he were hidden in a monkey's nest. To carry off my cook, too! the scoundrel!" He ran on in this way for some time, though he must have known perfectly that his own cruelty was the cause of the whole mischief. I never saw a stronger instance of the obtuseness, both of feeling and reasoning, which is generated by the habit of tyrannising over slaves.

"Where can they have gone to?" I asked. "Oh, gone to the mountain, no doubt; and he thinks they will be safe there till they get some rascally boor to take them into his service. But I shall take care of them; we shall be after them to-morrow night; you may accompany us if you please." I had frequently heard of runaway slaves taking refuge among the crevices and shelves on the precipitous front of Table Mountain, and had seen fires glimmering among the high rocks, which were said to be kindled by them; but I had scarcely ever credited the actual possibility of such a thing: and even now I listened to Mr Brown's statement as something very improbable. "Why, how can any people live on the face of a perpendicular wall of rock, Mr Brown? If they could even get lodged there, they would still be in a state of starvation; your cook will have little to do so high in the air." "They steal, the rascals, they steal; they come down in the night from their black rookery, and carry off every thing they can lay their hands on. But will you go with us to-morrow night? that is the question." "With all my heart," said I: "I have clambered up the face of a rock many a time before to catch young hawks or jackdaws; and I should like to see how negroes build their nests in a crag, which is so much higher and wilder than any I ever scaled before." In truth, I was moved, partly by curiosity, and partly by the hope, that, if I could see and speak with the poor runaway, I might be able to render him some service.

The Table Mountain is 3500 feet high, nearly half of which elevation forms an upright rocky wall, two miles long; this immense precipice can be scaled to the top by a kind of gulley or water-track, which ascends its face by oblique reaches; but the rock is also marked across its length by numbers of long narrow shelves like footpaths, which run slanting in various directions, and afford footing to monkeys or goats. In these tracks there are sometimes broader spots, or recesses scooped as it were out of the rock, where it would just be possible for a human being to fix his lodging if he could reach them, and if he had the firmness to pitch his tent on a dizzy ledge, where the wide bay beneath (the anchorage of fleets) seems diminished to a pond, and the city to a small map. It is in such places as these that a few runaway slaves are said to take refuge, and to remain till they find some way of escaping from the colony, or till their offences are forgotten. The few practicable spots where they can possibly lodge themselves on the rock are pretty well known; so that, when a master is willing to encounter the danger, and has trusty assistants, it is generally possible for him to recover a deserter. This, however, is seldom done; few slaves care to seek refuge in such a wild fastness; and when they do, their masters have seldom the hardihood to pursue them. In the present case it was otherwise: Brown was determined, he said, to show his people that no such escapes should be permitted by him.

The hour fixed was about seven o'clock in the evening; and I met the party beyond the town-gardens: they consisted of some files of European soldiers, and six or seven of Brown's favourite and most trusted slaves. The foot of the precipice was still about a mile distant, and the road consisted of a steep ascent, in great part strewed with fragments of rock of all sizes, which seemed to have tumbled from the crags above, and rendered the path almost impracticable. The rock itself stood close above us, huge and dark. It was not dark, however, at all points; for in one or two places the fires which I have mentioned had been kindled, and, as was not unfrequent, they had caught the dry grass and shrubs of the ledges where they burned, and were extending right and left in long lines of fire along the face of the precipice. Their light had no effect whatever in illuminating the vast mass of darkness presented by the rock, which looked even more sombre by the contrast. The effect was wild and striking, and when associated with the idea that the slaves might kindle such fires all around us when we ventured up into their haunts, the matter wore even a more serious aspect. We soon arrived at the entrance of the gulley by which we were to ascend: it looked as dark as the road downwards to Acheron; for the walls on each side shut out the starlight, and we dared not open our dark-lanterns lest we should betray our errand. Two sentinels were placed at the bottom, and we proceeded. Mr Brown held on his way perseveringly, clambering over smooth shelves of rock, or scaling up among heaps of stone that had fallen into the track; and every one followed him in silence, all intercourse being transacted by signals. When one in front found a shrub by which he could pull himself up, he pushed it in silence to his successor; or if he stumbled into a hole, he contented himself with striking the rock with his cane, to put the others on their guard. The ascent, though inclining sometimes one way, sometimes another, was all along most fatiguingly steep; and my legs never felt more relieved than when, after about an hour and a half's ascent, a signal was passed along the line that we were to halt here.

When I came to the front, Mr Brown said to me, "the rascal must be hereabouts: it takes too much practice of footing among the rocks for beginners to venture farther; he would neither go himself nor take his wife into the dangerous places; he was too fond of her—confound him! Do you stop here with the sentinel and this slave, while I and the rest, who have some notion of their haunts, will creep along these footpaths in the face of the rock." "I shall go with you, Mr Brown." "Nay, nay," replied he, "you will have work enough, I warrant; whenever you hear a shot, you will speed in that direction—you are our reserve; and if you second us well, we shall have both the vagabonds well flogged and in irons by to-morrow morning."

The work was detestable; but I did as he desired, and was speedily left alone with the sentinel and slave; the rest creeping away by twos and threes along some of the ledges or goat-paths so often mentioned. We soon lost sight of them all, and were left solitary and dark; there was nothing to gaze at save the sky, for the land below seemed but a dim formless void; and the diminished bay was hardly seen glimmering faintly in the starlight.

We had remained in this situation for ten or fifteen minutes, when the slave said that he heard some rustling among the bushes on the path taken by Mr Brown, and shortly after several stones were thrown among us from the same place. The slave and sentinel made ready their arms, and crept cautiously to the spot, so that I remained quite alone. They had not left me above two minutes when I heard some one call my name from above, and in an instant the apparition of poor Tom came sliding down a piece of rock, and stood by my side. I was astonished beyond measure, but he motioned a request that I would not speak, and coming near enough to be heard in a whisper, he said, "you are good man, sir, and will not hurt poor slave; I see you kind man when I row you to ships in de bay. I run away wid poor Mary, because he kill my child. I not mind him beat myself, but if he beat my wife and child I must run away. I want go to England, sir; I am good boatman: will you help poor fellow to go?" I was puzzled and confounded. "Why, Tom, you will be taken; the sentinel will be back instantly." "Oh, no," said Tom, with half a laugh, "he will be keep searching yonder—my old comrade will take care of dat: he did it to help me. None of them will tell where I am—all know. But will you get ship for me going to England, sir?" I was thinking of an answer to this odd application, when I heard the voice of Mr Brown only a few yards behind me. Tom started and looked for a hiding-place, but speedy escape was almost impossible, and the poor fellow trembled like an aspen leaf. Immediately I heard Mr Brown cry, "Ah, I have found you, scoundrel!—you shan't escape, I assure you." There was then a hurried rustling among the bushes, as if he was pushing forward somewhere, and directly afterwards a cry, "Lord preserve me!" when something was heard to fall heavily on an inferior ledge of rock. Tom had escaped, and stood alone in suspense and horror, not knowing what had happened. In a few moments the sentinel and slave whom I had sent out came forward, and their explanation of the matter was dreadful. It appeared that Mr Brown, in returning along the narrow footpath, had seen this slave, and had mistaken him for Tom: in his hurry to apprehend him he had rushed forward over some bushes, one of which caught his foot, and threw him directly down the precipice. There could be no question as to his fate; he must have been killed ere he had fallen ten yards.

We waited till morning, and sought for his remains. The appearance was too dreadful to be described; there was no vestige of the human form in the bloody and disfigured mass which we lifted from the rugged stones at the foot of that terrible precipice.

With the aid of some friends, I had an arrangement effected with Mr Brown's widow concerning the runaway Tom, and his wife, whom every one allowed to have been cruelly treated. They got their liberty, and seemed to be in a way of doing well when I left the Cape.

FRENCH MANNERS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

It is curious to look into the old writers on polite behaviour, and to observe with what care they prescribe rules for avoiding habits, which every body now-a-days knows—we might almost say by intuition—to be offensive, and into which nobody but the merest clown is in the smallest danger of falling. In this paper we shall give an account of a few of the instructions laid down, in a work entitled "The Rules of Civility," for the guidance of the young noblemen and gentlemen of France in the seventeenth century. The reader will be amused with some, on account of their extreme minuteness, and with others, as they show that the models of fashion to Europe had then scarcely escaped from habits of living far from being remarkable for nicety, or even cleanliness.

In a visit to a nobleman in those times, the stranger entered with his gloves on, and his hat in his hand, which he put on only if requested to do so by his lordship. Hats, it may be observed, were then worn within doors, and even at table, and were pulled off in acknowledgment of personal compliments, or when the names of the relations of the noble master of the family happened to be mentioned. If the visitor came to welcome the great man home from a campaign, or if he had not seen him for a long time, his obeisance was performed with somewhat of eastern humility: he was to bow very low, and, taking off his glove, put his hand to the ground: in recovering the upright posture, the motion required to be slow and deliberate, for if his lordship was standing near, and made a bow of acknowledgment, and if his client whipt up his head in too great a hurry, he might receive a violent blow on the face with the back part of it, before he had time to avoid the collision. After greetings past, the visitor took care to place himself in a seat less dignified than that occupied by his lordship—a

chair with arms being considered the best, one with a back the next, and a stool the least honourable; he was to sit in a lower part of the room, and if his lordship shifted his position, he was to countermarch him, so to speak, without any ostentation or clatter, so as still to preserve the inferior place. Upon the same principle, we presume, though we do not find it enjoined, if the great man moved from an arm-chair to one with a back only, his guest was bound to quit his chair with a back, and to occupy a stool, and to stand, if the nobleman changed to a stool. To sit sidewise, was more respectful than to place oneself full in the face of a superior. It was looked upon as ill breeding if the visitor, when seated, either clapt his leg upon his knee, played with the tongs, or tampered with the fire, and, above all, if he punched his lordship on the stomach, in order the more certainly to attract his attention to any part of the conversation. A practice, to which the people of Holland are said to be much addicted, was then considered as to be avoided as much as possible, and a handkerchief to be always employed. "And now I speak of a handkerchief," adds our author, "it is not decent for you to offer it to any body to make use of, though it be never so clean, unless it be expressly desired." In the matter of sneezing, if his lordship was seized with a fit, the person present was not to bawl out, "God bless you!" but to make a handsome bow, and repeat that obsecration inwardly. If the inferior himself could not refrain from sneezing, he was at least to do it gently, and not shake the foundations of the house with his sternutations. If his lordship entered into conversation with another nobleman, the visitor could not, without infringing decorum, address himself in the meantime to any of the rest of the company; and if a personage inferior in degree to the master of the house came in, it was ill-bred to salute him before those of higher rank had gone through the ceremony of greeting.

In *conversation with the great*, much circumspection was necessary, both in managing the voice and in the manner and substance of the discourse: the speaker was neither to whisper so low that his noble patron should be obliged to ask what he had said, nor to bawl so loud as to make the apartment ring again. To put a question expressly and abruptly, as, "will your lordship do so and so?" was a piece of extreme rudeness—the interrogation, if it could not be avoided altogether, was to be thrown into an indirect form, as, "doubtless it is your lordship's intention to perform this or that."

An aspirant after court favour would have had little chance in those days to obtain his end, if, having got hold of a piece of fresh intelligence, and flattering himself that now he should bind his patron wholly to his interest, he hastened to his hotel, and communicated the tidings as entirely new. A person better schooled would enter in an easy way, and merely allude to the facts, as if he supposed them to be already well known to the statesman; thus avoiding offence—it being a point of moment with politicians to have it generally believed that they had perfect information concerning public affairs long before all other people. Eminent personages could ill endure to think they were surpassed in any thing by those beneath them in rank; and, therefore, a well experienced favourite or dependent, rather than deliver an advice in a formal manner, spoke as if reminding them of something which they had forgotten.

In *playing any game with a man of rank*, an inferior was placed in a critical situation—if he won, there was a chance of incurring displeasure; while, on the other hand, if he was intentionally negligent and lost, there was a risk that his titled opponent, if possessed of any penetration, should suspect the truth, and be affronted to find himself treated like a self-willed child. The safest way, in most cases, seems to have been to manage, to exert as much skill as was necessary, without taking the game; for the harder won it was, the better pleased the patron was sure to be; and the loser's reputation was likely to be advanced by some such praise from the gainer as this—"He is one of the best players I ever met with—it was with the greatest difficulty I could beat him." By neglecting this prudent course, a Spanish grandee fell into disgrace with Philip the Second. Having played a very long time at chess with that monarch, and been invariably the gainer, he perceived at his departure that his majesty was deeply chagrined. On reaching home, therefore, he said to his family, "My children, we need remain no longer at court; we have no more good to expect in that quarter—the king is enraged at me for beating him at chess."

In *dining with people of quality*, the cloak and sword were not put off; we have already mentioned that the hat also was worn. Sitting down to table thus incumbered, the guest, however weary or hungry, are not to loll with his elbows on the board; nor to fix his eyes upon the dishes, as if he would devour all; nor to thrust in his plate eagerly in order to be first helped; nor to put great gobbets of meat into his mouth, so as to bunch out his cheeks like a monkey; nor to swallow ravenously and choke himself; nor, if the pottage was hot, to blow every spoonful with his breath; nor to scoop out of the plate with his finger the gravy that remained after he was done eating; nor to break the bones at table, in order to obtain the marrow; nor to lick his fingers; nor to pick his teeth with a knife or fork; nor to blow his nose without holding his hat before his face; nor to speak with his mouth full. It had formerly been the custom to take the meat in the fingers, which were afterwards wiped upon the cloth, or on the bread, or with a napkin; this practice now began to be looked upon as sordid, and was on the decline in genteel families. Our master of ceremonies repeatedly warns his disciples against it. "Touch nothing," he says, "but with your fork"—"The best way to keep the fingers clean is to use a fork." The knife and fork, however, were not then employed exactly in the modern way: it was usual, in the first place, to cut the meat into pieces, which were afterwards eaten with the fork. Eating out of one common dish was not yet exploded; but the use of the spoon was undergoing several changes, some of which our author seems to have thought rather finical, though, as the teacher of an art wholly regulated by fashion, he makes no objection to their being adopted. "If we be to eat out of the dish," he says, "we must have a care of putting in our spoons before our superiors, or of eating out of any other part of the dish than that which is directly before us; much less are we to pick out the best pieces, though we be the last that help ourselves. Having served yourself with your spoon," he adds, in another place, "you must remember to wipe it; and indeed as often as you use it, for some are so nice they will not eat pottage or any thing of that nature in which you put your spoon unwiped, after you have put it in your mouth. Others, again, are so curious they will not endure a spoon to be used in two several dishes; and, therefore, in several places 'tis grown a mode to have spoons brought in with every dish, to be used only for pottage and sauce." In drinking, the mouth was always to be wiped before beginning: it savoured of too much familiarity to sip one's wine, and of clownishness to take it with loud gulps, or to drink so long as to be forced to fetch a loud sigh in order to recover breath: the liquor was to be taken at one quiet and leisurely draught, with the eyes fixed on the bottom of the glass, and not rambling up and down the room among the company. Finally, at the table of a person of honour, to put sweetmeats or fruit in the pocket, or to set by any thing in a plate for the purpose of carrying them home, was an extreme incivility, unless the entertainer pressed and commanded his guest to do so.

Recreations out of doors were likewise performed with their peculiar ceremonials of courtesy. In walking, the inferior took the left side, and at the end of the promenade always turned with his face towards his superior; when three walked together, the middle was the place of honour; if two noblemen of equal quality placed a private gentleman between them, in order the better to hear his discourse, he was to turn at one end of the alley towards one of them, and at the other end towards the other; and the moment his narrative was finished, he was to resume the left hand place. "If you meet full with a person of quality in the streets," says our author, "you must run presently toward the channel, or post yourself so as he may pass by with his left hand towards you; and the same rule is to be observed with coaches." If an endeavour were made at the present day to perform this latter piece of courtesy in the streets of London, what a confusion, crashing, and bawling would ensue, and what a rejoicing among the coachmakers!

In riding, the inferior gave the right hand to his companion, and kept at a modest distance behind him, unless the wind whirled the dust about his lordship, in which case he changed to the right hand, and humbly received the dust himself. Though, as has been said, it was civil to keep a little way behind, yet if a ford or slough was to be passed, it then behoved the poor dependent to make the first venture. In hunting, the principal man of the party was not to be outridden, but to be suffered to come first in at the death. If the deer stood at bay, and there was occasion for a weapon to strike him down, nobody was to be too forward until they saw how his lordship was disposed to act.

In *writing a letter to a nobleman*, large paper was used as being more respectful than small, and a whole sheet was taken, although the epistle consisted of no more than six lines. Certain cases, however, permitted the economy of half a sheet; as, if it contained only some short compliment, or was sent to remind him of something more amply explained before; but it was requisite to fold the paper, and make it up in the same manner as a full sheet. It was reckoned more genteel to put the date, day of the month, and year, at the end, on one side of the page, than at the beginning; for by this means the word "Monsieur" or "Monseigneur" was left in undisturbed dignity in a large domain of blank at the top. This usage, however, though still common, is not without inconvenience; for throughout the letter there may be allusions to time—as the mention of yesterday, and so on—which cannot be understood without knowing when the epistle was penned. Accordingly, some ingenious persons have of late invented a method by which both the time of writing may be seen before commencing the perusal of the letter, without the awkwardness of turning to the end to find it, and the title "My Lord," or "Sir," may still enjoy the honours of uninvaded seclusion; this method consists in writing the date in a line along the left edge of the paper. When the writer wanted to add at the end an additional item of respect, he used a cover or envelope; a letter to a lady of great quality was sealed with silk, and sometimes, for the greater honour, it was first sealed with silk; and then an envelope, containing the superscription, was added.

Having thus given a sketch of the most remarkable rules in "The Rules of Civility"—many of them, as has been already observed, remarkable on account of their frivolity, and, one would think, their needlessness—we cannot better conclude than in the words of the author, who, after some remarks on the changes that are constantly taking place on the manners of a people, adds, "So, then, 'tis clear custom can improve, abolish, or change laws as it pleases; and 'tis possible may do so by mine. Nevertheless, civility proceeding essentially from modesty, and modesty from humility, which stands, like the rest of the virtues, upon unshakeable principles, 'tis certain, though custom may change, civility will not—for he will always be civil that is modest, and he always modest that is humble."

RAMBLES IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

THE united cities of London and Westminster, with their suburbs, extend between seven and eight miles along the borders of the Thames, in a direction nearly from east to west, and expand between five and six miles from north to south; while on either point new streets, crescents, and squares, are invading the fields and the groves, giving to many of the approaches a picturesque and a beautiful appearance.

London, properly so called, is situated at the eastern part of the densely crowded seat of commerce, interspersed with manufactories, warehouses, and flanked by quays and docks of great extent. Westminster is the western portion of the immense metropolis; but to the stranger who perambulates the streets, the one appears so close in connection with the other, that there is no obvious distinction. The large and long thoroughfare called the Strand, in Westminster, is a continuation of Fleet Street in the city; and on this line, which is densely crowded with shops, may be perceived many recent improvements of great architectural elegance. The Strand is terminated on the west by an open area named Charing Cross, from which radiate various thoroughfares, one in a westerly direction leading towards Pall Mall and the fashionable end of the town adjacent to the Parks, and another in a southerly direction, called Whitehall Street, leading to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and Westminster Abbey. On the north side of Charing Cross, a wide open space has been formed by pulling down a number of buildings; and here the great National Gallery is to be erected. This open space, which is to be called Trafalgar Square, is already adorned on the east with St Martin's church, a building of the Corinthian order of architecture, and on the west by the Union Club House and the College of Physicians. The centre of the area of Charing Cross is rendered conspicuous—it cannot be said to be ornamented—by an equestrian statue of Charles the First, elevated on a pedestal, and said to be the first erected in England, on the spot where Edward the First raised a cross to Eleanor his queen. It being at present our object to describe Whitehall Street, in and about which the vast transactions connected with the government of the British empire are conducted, we shall in the meanwhile proceed with the stranger along that thoroughfare.

Whitehall Street possesses the usual bustle of the main streets of the metropolis, but its bustle is of a peculiar kind. It is a bustle which seems to have an official look about it, and is not of that commercial character perceivable on the east side of Temple Bar. The street is capacious and dignified in its aspect. As you look along it, various public structures attract the eye. The first building of this nature you come to is one situated on the right-hand side, called the ADMIRALTY. It is an extensive edifice of brick and stone, with a lofty portico in the centre, and projecting wings, forming a court with a screen next the street, decorated with naval emblems. Here the Lords of the Admiralty transact all business of importance relating to naval affairs. On the summit of the edifice may be seen a telegraph capable of carrying on rapid communication with distant ports in the British Channel: an order from it to fit out a fleet will in two or three minutes set all Portsmouth in motion. Adjoining to this massy structure stands the ARMY PAY OFFICE, a substantial brick edifice, from which there is a fine view, through Whitehall Place, of Waterloo Bridge, the winding of the Thames, and the noble dome of St Paul's.

A little farther on the right is a splendid edifice called the HORSE GUARDS, from its being the chief

station of the household troops. The building consists of a centre, with wings, built of stone in 1730. Within are levee and waiting rooms of the commander-in-chief—the offices necessary to the business of the war department. There are accommodations for horse and foot soldiery, their suttling-houses, stables, &c. On a cupola over the central gateway is a clock, which being scientifically regulated every morning, gives the true time to the inhabitants of Westminster. Towards the street there are lofty iron railings and gateways, and at each extremity is a stone structure, in which sit horse-soldiers in full uniform, others in the court-yard and gateways doing duty on foot. This building presents one of the noblest entrances to St James's Park.

Adjoining is an elegant mansion, with a stone portico projecting over the foot pavement; it is called Melbourne House, from having been the residence of that nobleman. Next to this is that portion of old Whitehall Palace which was built by Cardinal Wolsey; in this there is an entrance to the TREASURY, its front being in St James's Park. The Lords of the Treasury here hold their boards or meetings, at which the accounts of the realm are investigated.

Opposite, on the left, is the Banqueting-House, called WHITEHALL, which is certainly a splendid specimen of Inigo Jones's talents as an architect. It is built of stone, enriched by pillars of the Ionic and Composite orders, with festoons of fruit and flowers between the capitals, giving elegance to the windows beneath. The interior is a spacious room forty feet high: the ceiling represents the apotheosis of James the First, painted by the immortal Reubens. The building has been converted into a military chapel, and around the walls are suspended warlike trophies taken from the French and Spanish armies. In the front of this building, on a scaffold before one of the windows, Charles the First was beheaded. In a narrow paved thoroughfare in the rear, stands a bronze statue of James the Second. Onward is an extent of iron railing, enclosing plantations of trees and shrubs, behind which are several residences of noble personages on the bank of the Thames, commanding scenes of considerable beauty: this retired spot is called Privy Gardens, being a portion of the pleasure-grounds belonging to the ancient palace.

Opposite, on the right, is the COUNCIL OFFICE, an edifice recently built of stone after the designs of Soane, in the Corinthian style of architecture, richly embellished. The interior is very magnificent; the Council Chamber is lofty as the building; the ceiling curved, and finished by a lantern. Here his Majesty's Privy Council decree on appeals, and transact other state affairs.

On the side of this building, to the right, is DOWNING STREET, in which are the entrances to the residences of the ministers of state, the offices of the foreign department, and others connected with diplomacy, the windows of all facing St James's Park. It is matter of surprise to many, who reflect, while their eyes range up and down this insignificant short street of brick houses, that hence have been issued dictates which regulated some of the greatest events recorded in the annals of Europe.

Opposite to the Council Office, at the commencement of Parliament Street, on the left, is RICHMOND TERRACE, occupying a part of the ancient garden to Whitehall Palace, and once the mansion of the Dukes of Richmond and Buccleuch. The terrace has been recently built of brick and stone, in fine taste, adorned with Ionic columns filling the area between Parliament Street and the river, a situation which gives a commanding prospect of the leading features of the metropolis. Here resided the statesmen Fox and Canning.

The great width of Whitehall Street is here divided into two, both proceeding in the same direction—King Street on the right, and Parliament Street on the left; at the extremity of which are streets at right angles, leading eastward to Westminster Bridge, and westward to St James's Park. In issuing at the southern extremity of Parliament Street into Palace Yard, a scene of architectural splendour bursts upon the eye. Immediately in front is the CHAPEL OF HENRY THE SEVENTH, a beautiful specimen of the florid Gothic style of architecture, adorned with projecting octagonal towers decorated with a profusion of sculpture; it forms the eastern end of WESTMINSTER ABBEY, the body of which is partly hidden by the parish church of St Margaret, while the great northern entrance, and the lofty towers at the western porch, rise magnificently on the right; beneath which appears the GUILDHALL, or the court of sessions for the city of Westminster, an octagonal brick building, with a vestibule supported by Doric columns, occupying part of the ancient sanctuary. An iron railing surrounds the space in front of the abbey, a part of which is planted with trees and shrubs, and laid out in walks; within this railing, and facing Palace Yard, stands a bronze statue of George Canning. On the left, WESTMINSTER HALL appears in solemn grandeur, its centre richly sculptured on either side the entrance, above which is a lofty Gothic window surmounted by a lantern of excellent workmanship. On either side are towers ornamented with corresponding taste, presenting a fine specimen of ancient greatness. On its side nearest to the abbey are the COURTS OF LAW; beyond which is the entrance to the HOUSE OF COMMONS; the visible building being committee-rooms and offices; the part where the members assemble in debate is in the rear.

Adjoining is the HOUSE OF LORDS, a building of considerable extent in the Gothic style, with a colonnade and entrance porch occupying the eastern side of Old Palace Yard. The House of Lords is a spacious apartment of an oblong form, with galleries on the sides. One end is railed off, which part is denominated "below the bar;" at the other end is the throne, elevated a few steps above the floor. A splendid canopy of crimson velvet, with gold lace, fringe, and tassels, surmounted by a crown, expands over the throne, sustained by richly carved and gilt columns; the surface behind the throne is superbly decorated with the armorial bearings of his Majesty.

The seats of the Lord Chancellor and the judges are woolsacks, the seats of the Peers are benches all covered with crimson cloth, some placed parallel with the sides of the apartment, others across or facing the throne. The walls are hung with tapestry in various compartments, representing the defeat of the Spanish armada, in 1588, bordered with portraits of the commanders on that memorable occasion. Magnificent chandeliers are pendant from the lofty ceiling, the whole producing an effect of grandeur and elegance.

The Painted Chamber and the Star Chamber may be seen, but they offer nothing worthy of notice; they, like the cellar of Guy Faux, are converted into ordinary appendages to the House of Lords.

The communication between the two houses is by means of badly-lighted passages. The lobby of the Commons' House is spacious, the ceiling sustained by numerous columns; at the farther end is the entrance for the members; on either side are covered seats for the door-keepers, near which may be seen posted the orders and the routine of motions coming before the house. The interior has precisely the appearance of a church: it was built by Edward the Third for a collegiate church, on the site of a chapel built by Stephen, and dedicated to the saint of that name. Since the reign of Edward the Sixth, it has been the House of Commons. The Speaker's seat is elevated near the farther end; beneath are seats, and a table for the clerks of the house. The seats of the members are on either side, in five ascending rows, at the back and in front of the Speaker's chair; also in the side galleries. The gallery in front of the Speaker is appropriated to strangers and reporters; immediately beneath is the bar, where persons examined by the house are placed. The treasury benches are those nearest the Speaker's chair on his right; those on his left are occupied by the members denominated the Opposition.

Returning from the House of Commons, at the bottom of a stone stair, a narrow passage leads into Westminster Hall. The effect produced by its expanse and ancient dimly-lighted roof, is very imposing: it was built by William Rufus, in 1098, as a banqueting-room. The measurements are 270 feet in length, 74 in width, and 90 in height, exceeding in dimensions any room in Europe void of central support. The roof is curiously constructed, and richly carved in the Gothic taste. Massive beams of oak project from the walls on both sides, about one-third the width of the building. Each extremity represents an angel holding a shield, on which appear the armorial bearings of Richard the Second, and of the preceding monarch; from these projecting beams timbers ascend to the roof, all carved in Gothic forms, their height being regulated by the diagonal lines of the cross timbers. This hall was attached to an ancient palace; its site gives name to a paved square adjoining, called Palace Yard. In this spacious room portions of the coronation ceremonies take place—the challenge of the champion, the feast, and the banquet. This magnificent apartment can hardly be looked upon, by the stranger who is conversant with the history of Great Britain, without having called up in his memory many of the important transactions which have occurred under its sombre roof. Here, the Scotsman, at least, will recollect, that, five hundred years since, Wallace, the great hero of his country, was subjected to a contumelious trial, and condemned to the scaffold. Here, among other prominent recollections of later date, will arise the extraordinary scene which took place in January 1649—a king tried by a party of his subjects, and condemned to lose his head on the block. The present aspect of the hall, imposing though it be, and however interesting from historical association, is cold, cheerless, and desolate. Its bare walls, its dirty stone pavement (for it answers the purpose of an alley for a public thoroughfare from Palace Yard to the street towards Millbank), and, in short, its total want of what constitutes comfort in an apartment, are highly unfavourable to its appearance.

On the left, entering by the passage before mentioned, are the courts of law, their designations being written over their respective entrances. The Court of Chancery is a square room, with a circular gallery, the whole apartment not being larger than one of the divisions of the Court of Session, at Edinburgh, and not nearly so commodious. The seat of the Lord Chancellor is elevated; and beneath him, on a large table, lie the mace and great seals. The seats of the counsel are in front of the Chancellor; the suitors have seats in the rear, and strangers have standing room on either side. The Vice Chancellor's Court, the Courts of Common Pleas, of Exchequer, and King's Bench, are similar, except that there are several seats for the increased number of judges. All these courts of law are built of stone on the western side of the hall, their fronts facing Westminster Abbey.

Our space being exhausted, we shall embrace another opportunity of taking a walk with the stranger through Westminster Abbey and its sacred precincts.

OLD KENTUCKY.

BEFORE saying another word on the subject of the western states of America, we must give a sketch of Kentucky—"Old Kentucky," as it is called by its peculiar race of inhabitants, from its long standing among the inhabited territories of Mississippi valley. The state of Kentucky is bounded on the north by the Ohio river, which separates it from the states of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois: on the west it is bounded by the Mississippi, which separates it from the state of Missouri; and on the east it has Virginia, an Atlantic state. Kentucky thus lies farther south than those states we have already described, and has therefore a warmer climate. It is a slave-holding state, and emigrants will hold this circumstance in view in proposing to make it their home. Kentucky measures 400 miles in length, by a medial breadth of 150 miles. In 1830 it had a population of 518,678 whites, and 165,350 slaves; total, 688,844.

Almost the whole of this state in its configuration belongs to the valley of the Ohio, a portion also inclining to the Mississippi. The rivers Tennessee, Cumberland, and Kentucky, have likewise broad and deep vallies. The valley of Green River, and that in the central parts of the state, are noted for their extent, beauty, and fertility. Kentucky has been generally estimated to possess larger bodies of fertile land than any other western state; and although nothing can exceed the beauty of the great valley, of which Lexington is the centre, yet there are in Kentucky large sterile tracts, and much land too mountainous or too poor for cultivation. The central parts of the state are described as delightfully rolling. A tract of country, nearly a hundred miles in one direction, and fifty in the other, is found here, which, for beauty of surface, amenity of landscape, the delightful aspect of its open groves, and the extreme fertility of its soil, exceeds perhaps any other tract of country of the same extent. The land rests generally on limestone, and so much of this fossil is dissolved and mixed with the soil, as to impart to it a warm and forcing quality. Through this beautiful country meander the Little Sandy, Licking, Kentucky, and Salt rivers, and their numerous tributaries. The woods have a charming aspect, as though they were promiscuously arranged for a pleasure-ground. Grape-vines of prodigious size climb the trees, and spread their umbrageous leaves over all the other verdure. Black-walnut, black-cherry, honey-locust, buck-eye, pawpaw, sugar-tree, mulberry, elm, ash, hawthorn, coffee-tree, and the grand yellow poplar trees, which indicate the richest soil, are every where abundant. In the early periods of spring, along with the purple and redundant flowers of the red-bud, and the beautiful white blossome of the dog-wood, there is an abundance of that beautiful plant the May-apple, the rich verdure of which has an indescribable effect upon the eye. The trees generally are not large, but tall, straight, and taper, and have the aspect of having been transplanted to the places which they occupy. That part of the state which borders on Tennessee and Virginia, resembles the country in the vicinity of the Alleghanies in Tennessee. The landscape-painter might come here, and find that nature had transcended any mental conceptions of the perfection of scenery. The numerous mountain branches wind round the bases of the small table hills, cutting down deep and almost frightful gullies, and forming "caves," as they are called by the people, or gulfs, covered with the shade of immensely large poplars, often eight feet in diameter. Such a tree will throw into the air a column of an hundred feet shaft. No words would convey adequate ideas of the lonely beauty of some of these secluded spots.

Between the rolling fork of Salt river and Green river is a very extensive tract, called "Barrens," the soil of which is generally good, though not of the first quality. But the country, partially covered with trees, is covered with grass like a prairie, and affords a fine range for cattle. Between Green and Cumberland rivers is a still larger tract of "Barrens." Spread over this district is an immense number of knobs, covered with shrubby and post oaks. In the year 1800, the legislature made a gratuitous grant of 400 acres of this land to every man who chose to become an actual settler, and the consequence was, that many occupants were found on these terms. The country has proved to be uncommonly healthy, and abounds in game, which is free to all. Swine are raised with the greatest ease, and enough of land is cultivated to supply all wants. The district has indeed come into reputation; and they who received their farms as a free gift, are now living comfortably, and rearing respectable families in rustic independence.

For variety of hill and dale, for the excellence of the soil, yielding in abundance all that is necessary for comfortable subsistence, for amenity of landscape, beauty of forest, the number of clear streams and fine rivers, health and the finest developement of the human form, and patriarchal simplicity of rural opulence, it is questionable if any country can be found

surpassing Kentucky. "We have heard the hoary 'residenters,'" says Timothy Flint, "the compatriots of Daniel Boone, speak of it as it appeared to them when they first emigrated from their native Virginia and North Carolina. It was in the spring when they arrived. The only paths among the beautiful groves were those which the buffaloes and bears had broken through the cane-brakes. The wilderness displayed one extended tuft of blossoms. A man stationed near one of these paths could kill game enough, with a proportion of turkeys and other large birds, in an hour, to supply the wants of a month. There can be no wonder that hunters, men who had been reared among the comparatively sterile hills of Virginia and North Carolina, men who loved to range mountain streams and sheltered glades, should have fancied this a terrestrial paradise. The beautiful configuration of the soil remains; but the whole state is studded with plantations, and the buffaloes, the bears, the Indians, and the wild and much of the beautiful of the country, are now no more."

"In my whole tour through this state," says the same author in a different work, "I experienced a frank and cordial hospitality. The general kindness with which I was every where received [Mr Flint, it should be mentioned, travelled as a preacher], impressed me so much the more forcibly, for being unexpected. The Kentuckians, it must be admitted, are a high-minded people, and possess the stamina of a noble character. It cannot be said correctly, as is said in journals and geographies, that they are too recent and too various in their descent and manners to have a distinct character as a people. They are generally of one descent, and are scions from a noble stock—the descendants from affluent and respectable planters from Virginia and North Carolina; and are in that condition in life, which is, perhaps, best calculated to develope high-mindedness and self-respect. We aim not in these remarks at eulogy, but to pay tribute where tribute is due. It is granted there are ignorant, savage, and abandoned men among the lower classes of Kentucky; but where are there not such?" Great exertions have also been made to reclaim the idle and dissipated portion of the population, and in time the disorderly will be properly restrained. "Kentucky," Mr Flint adds, "is proudly exalted as a common mother of the western states. It seems to be generally understood that birth and rearing in that state constitute a kind of prescriptive claim upon office. Hence, from the falls of St Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Alleghany hills to the Rocky mountains, the character of this state has a decided preponderance. Her modes of thinking and action dictate the fashion to the rest, and the peculiar hardihood, energy, and enthusiasm of her character, will tend long to perpetuate this empire.

The enthusiasm of the Kentuckians is very observable, in the ardour with which all classes of the people express themselves, in respect to their favourite views and opinions. Hear them rate their favourite preacher: he is the most pious and powerful preacher in the country. Their orators and their statesmen, in eloquence and abilities, surpass all others. The village politicians have an undoubting and plenary faith, that whatever measures the Kentucky members espouse in Congress, not only ought to prevail, but will prevail. The long line of superlatives, the possession of the best horse, dog, gun, wife, statesman, and country, are felt to belong to them in course." In short, the inhabitants of this state aspire to take the lead in every thing in the western country; and it will require no small degree of perseverance and self-possession in an emigrant from the old world to compete with the arrogant Kentuckian, who, according to Flint, "when the warmth of whisky in his stomach is added to his natural energy, becomes in succession horse, alligator, and steamboat." But to proceed with our details.

Kentucky possesses many fine rivers besides the Ohio, the chief of which are navigable for great distances. Of these Cumberland river is a large stream uniting with the Ohio by a mouth 300 yards in width. It is a broad, deep, and beautiful river, and may be navigated 300 miles in its course. The river Kentucky is navigable 150 miles, and Green river is boatable 200 miles. The principal towns and villages in the state are situated on the banks of the chief rivers. Frankfort, the political metropolis of the state, is situated on the north bank of the Kentucky, 60 miles above its entrance into the Ohio. It is a respectable town of about 2000 inhabitants, and the houses are singularly neat in appearance. Lexington, situated on a branch of the Elkhorn river, 25 miles south-east from Frankfort, is one of the oldest towns in the western country, and now possesses a population of upwards of 6000 inhabitants. It possesses many excellent institutions, including the Transylvania University, and various public offices. The chief manufactures are those of cotton bagging, and various kinds of cordage. There are three factories for spinning and weaving wool, and five or six for cotton, and one large and several smaller machine-making factories. In the woollen factories are manufactured handsome carpets. The environs of the town have a singular softness of landscape, and the place wears an air of neatness, opulence, and repose, indicating leisure and studiousness, rather than the bustle of business and commerce. The main street is a mile and a quarter in length, and 80 feet wide, well paved. In the centre of the town is the public square, surrounded by handsome buildings. In this square is the market-house, which is amply supplied with all the products of taste. The inhabitants are cheerful, intelligent, conversable, and noted for their hospitality to strangers. The professional men are distinguished for their attainments in their several walks. The university, with its professors and students, and the numerous distinguished strangers that are visiting here during the summer months, add to the attractions of this fashionable city.

Louisville, at the falls of the Ohio, in a commercial point of view, is the most important town in the state. The rise of this town has been wonderfully rapid: In 1800, it had no more than 600 inhabitants; in 1810, 1350; in 1820, 4012; and in 1830, 10,336. This large and improving town stands on the Ohio, at a spot near its greatest fall. It has thus come to be a place of deposit for goods passing on the river; and the transport from the vessels above the falls to those below, or *vice versa*, till lately, took place by carrying overland. This difficulty is now overcome by a canal of two miles in length, and forty feet in depth, on a scale to admit steam-boats and vessels of the largest size, which connects the navigation of the river. Such are the local resources and active character of the inhabitants of Louisville, that it is not thought that this canal will injure its trade and commerce. The country around is one of the most fertile and best settled districts in the state. The other towns in Kentucky are Maysville, Washington, Paris, Georgetown, Versailles, Newport, Covington, Cynthiana, Port William, Russelville, besides forty or fifty considerable villages.

From what appears to be the condition and character of this thriving and opulent state, it is obviously not the spot to which the poorer class of emigrants ought to direct their attention; perhaps artizans, who wish employment in the towns, excepted. A great proportion of the Kentucky lands being already well settled, and brought into a good state of cultivation, the value of farms must therefore be high, and better suited for capitalists than those districts not yet reclaimed from the forest. To those who have money to lay out on good cleared lands, Kentucky offers eminent advantages. All the grains, pulses, and fruits of the temperate climates, she raises in the greatest abundance. Her wheat is of the finest kind; and there is no part of the western country where maize is raised with greater ease and abundance, while her produce is at once carried off by a multitude of boats to New Orleans, and other markets. It is, indeed, not uncommon for the growers of produce of this state, on arriving at New Orleans, to ship, on their own account, to the Atlantic states, to Vera Cruz in South America, and to the West Indies. Immense quantities of flour, lard, butter, cheese, pork, beef, Indian corn and meal, whisky, cider, fruit, and manufactured goods, are thus exported from the industrious villages and farms of Kentucky. Horses are likewise raised and exported in great numbers, and of the noblest kinds. In 1828, the value of cattle, horses, and swine, driven out of the state, numbered and valued at one point of passage, the Cumberland ford, was a million dollars; a year later, the value of exports, agricultural and manufactured, by a partial return, was about three millions of dollars; and the products of agriculture and manufacture have since increased to a considerable extent, indicating that "Old Kentucky" still keeps ahead of any other state in the western country.

OLIVE HATHAWAY.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

[By Miss Mitford.]

One of the principal charms of this North-of-Hampshire country consists in the infinite variety of woody lanes, which wind along from farm to farm, and from field to field, intersecting each other with an intricacy so perplexing, and meandering with such a surprising round-about-ness, that one often seems turning one's back directly on the spot to which one is bound. For the most part these rough and narrow ways, devoted merely to agricultural purposes, are altogether unpeopled, although here and there a lone barn forms a characteristic termination to some winding lane, or a solitary habitation adds a fresh interest to the picture.

These lanes, with their rich hedgerows, their slips of flowery greensward, and their profound feeling of security and retirement, have long been amongst my favourite walks; and Farley-lane is perhaps the prettiest and pleasantest of all, the shadiest in warm weather, and the most sheltered in cold, and appears doubly delightful by the transition from the exposed and open common from which it leads.

It is a deep, narrow, unfrequented road, by the side of a steep hill, winding between small enclosures of pasture land on one side, and the grounds of the great house, with their picturesque paling and rich plantations, on the other; the depth and undulations of the wild cart-track giving a singularly romantic and secluded air to the whole scene, whilst occasionally the ivied pollards and shining holly-bushes of the hedgerow, mingle with the laurels, and cedars, and fine old firs, of the park, forming, even in mid-winter, a green arch over head, and contrasting vividly with a little sparkling spring, which runs gurgling along by the side of the pathway. Towards the centre of the lane rises an irregular thatched cottage, with a spacious territory of garden and orchard, to which you ascend, first by a single plank thrown across the tiny rivulet, and then by five or six steep [illegible] in the bank—an earthen staircase. This [illegible] as long as I can remember, the habitation of [illegible] chael Strong, a laundress of the highest [illegible] in Aberleigh, and of her young niece, Olive [illegible] way. It is just possible that my liking for [illegible] of these personages may have somewhat bi[illegible] opinion of the beauty of Farley-lane.

Olive Hathaway has always appeared to me a very interesting creature. Lame from her earliest childhood, and worse than an orphan—her mother being dead, and her father, from mental infirmity, incapable of supplying her place—she seemed prematurely devoted to care and suffering. Always gentle and placid, no one ever remembered to have seen Olive gay. Even that merriest of all hours—the noon-day play-time at school—passed gravely and sadly with the little lame girl. A book, if she could borrow one, if not, knitting or working for her good aunt Rachael, was her only pastime. She had no troop of play-fellows, no chosen companion—joined in none of the innocent cabal or mischievous mirth of her comrades; and yet every one liked Olive, even although cited by her mistress as a pattern of sempstress-ship and good conduct—even although held up as that odious thing, a model—no one could help loving poor Olive, so entirely did her sweetness and humility disarm envy and mollify scorn.

On leaving school she brought home the same good qualities, and found them attended by the same results. To Rachael Strong her assistance soon became invaluable. There was not such an ironer in the county. One could swear to the touch of her skilful fingers, whether in disentangling the delicate complexity of a point-lace cap, or in bringing out the bolder beauties of a cut-work collar—one could swear to her handiwork just as safely as a bank clerk may do to the caligraphy of a monied man on 'Change, or an amateur in art to the handling of a great master. There was no mistaking her touch. Things ironed by her looked as good as new, some said better; and her aunt's trade throve apace.

But Olive had a trade of her own. Besides her accomplishments as a laundress, she was an incomparable needle-woman; could construct a shirt between sunrise and sunset; had a genuine genius for mantua-making; a real taste for millinery; was employed in half the houses round as a sempstress at the rate of eightpence a-day; devoting by far the greater part of her small earnings to the comforts of her father, a settled inhabitant of the workhouse at Aberleigh. A harmless and a willing creature was poor William Hathaway; ay, and a useful one in his little way [illegible] my part, I cannot think what th[illegible] without him at the workhouse, where [illegible] several departments of man and ma[illegible]-all work, ging the garden, dressing the dinner, running on errands, and making the beds. Still less can I imagine how the boys could have dispensed with him; the ten-year-old urchins with whom he played at cricket every evening, and where the kind and simple old man, with his lean, tall person, his pale, withered face, and grizzled beard, was the fag and favourite of the party, the noisiest and merriest of the crew. A useful and a happy man was poor William Hathaway, albeit the proud and the worldly wise hold him in scorn; happiest of all on the Sunday afternoons, when he came to dine with his daughter and her good aunt Rachael, and receive the pious dole, the hoarded halfpence or the "splendid shilling," which it was her delight to accumulate for his little pleasures, and which he, child-like in all his ways, spent like a child on cakes and gingerbread.

There was no fear of the source failing; for gentle, placid, grateful, and humble, considerate beyond her years, and skilful far beyond her opportunities, every one liked to employ Olive Hathaway. The very sound of her crutch in the court, and her modest tap at the door, inspired a kindly, almost a tender, feeling for the afflicted and defenceless young creature whom patience and industry were floating so gently down the rough stream of life. Her person, when seated, was far from unpleasant, though shrunken and thin from delicacy of habit, and slightly leaning to one side from the constant use of the crutch. Her face was interesting from feature and expression, in spite of the dark and perfectly colourless complexion, which gave her the appearance of being much older than she really was. Her eyes, especially, were full of sweetness and power, and her long straight hair parted on the forehead, and twisted into a thick knot behind, gave a statue-like grace to her head, that accorded ill with the coarse straw bonnet, and brown stuff gown, of which her dress was usually composed. There was, in truth, a something elegant and refined in her countenance; and the taste that she displayed, even in the homeliest branches of her own homely art, fully sustained the impression produced by her appearance. If any of our pretty damsels wanted a particularly pretty gown, she had only to say to Olive, "make it according to your own fancy;" and she was sure to be arrayed, not only in the very best fashion (for our little mantua-maker had an instinct which led her at once to the right model, and could distinguish at a glance between the elegance of a countess, and the finery of her maid), but with the nicest attention to the becoming in colour and in form.

Her taste was equally just in all things. She would select, in a moment, the most beautiful flower in a garden, and the finest picture in a room; and going about, as she did, all over the village, hearing new

songs and new stories from the young, and old tales and old ballads from the aged, it was remarkable that Olive, whose memory was singularly tenacious for what she liked, retained only the pretty lines or the striking incidents. For the bad or the indifferent she literally had no memory: they passed by her as the idle wind, that she regarded not. Her fondness for poetry, and the justness of taste which she displayed in it, exposed poor Olive to one serious inconvenience: she was challenged as being a poetess herself; and although she denied the accusation earnestly, blushingly, even fearfully, and her accusers could bring neither living witness nor written document to support their assertion, yet so difficult is it to disprove that particular calumny, that, in spite of her reiterated denial, the charge passes for true in Aberleigh to this very hour.

Such was and such is Olive Hathaway, the humble and gentle village mantua-maker; and such she is likely to continue; for, too refined for the youths of her own station, and too unpretty to attract those above her, it is very clear to me that my friend Olive will be an old maid. There are certain indications of character, too, which point to that as her destiny: a particularity respecting her tools of office, which renders the misplacing a needle, the loss of a pin, or the unwinding half an inch of cotton, an evil of no small magnitude; a fidgetty exactness as to plaits and gathers: a counting of threads and comparing of patterns, which our notable housewives, who must complain of something, grumble at as waste of time; a horror of shreds and litter, which distinguishes her from all other mantua-makers that ever sewed a seam; and, lastly, a love of animals, which has procured for her the friendship and acquaintance of every four-footed creature in the neighbourhood. This is the most suspicious symptom of all. Not only is she followed and idolised by the poor old cur which Rachael Strong keeps to guard her house, and the still more aged donkey that carries home her linen, but every cat, dog, or bird, every variety of domestic pet that she finds in the different houses where she works, immediately following the strange instinct by which animals, as well as children, discover who likes them, makes up to and courts Olive Hathaway. There's a magic about her placid smile and her sweet low voice, no sulkiness of bird or beast can resist their influence.

And Olive hath abundance of pets in return, from my greyhound Mayflower, downwards; and indeed takes the whole animal world under her protection, whether pets or no; begs off condemned kittens, nurses sick ducklings, will give her last penny to prevent an unlucky urchin from taking a bird's nest; and is cheated and laughed at for her tender-heartedness, as is the way of the world in such cases.

Yes, Olive will certainly be an old maid, and a happy one—content and humble, and cheerful and beloved! What can woman desire more?*

THE CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

It is not without reason that those who have tasted the pleasures afforded by philosophy and literature, have lavished upon them the greatest eulogiums. The benefits they produce are too many to enumerate, valuable beyond estimation, and various as the scenes of human life. The man who has a knowledge of the works of God in the creation of the universe, or in the immense system of the material and intellectual world, can never be without a copious fund of the most agreeable amusement. He can never be solitary; for in the most lonely solitude he is not destitute of company and conversation: his own ideas are his companions, and he can always converse with his own mind.

How much soever a person may be engaged in pleasures, or encumbered with business, he will certainly have some moments to spare for thought and reflection. No one who has observed how heavily the vacuities of time hang upon minds unfurnished with images and unaccustomed to think, will be at a loss to make a just estimate of the advantages of possessing a copious stock of ideas, of which the combinations may take a multiplicity of forms, and may be varied to infinity.

Mental occupations are a pleasing relief from bodily exertions, and that perpetual hurry and wearisome attention, which, in most of the employments of life, must be given to objects which are no otherwise interesting than as they are necessary. The mind, in an hour of leisure, obtaining a short vacation from the perplexing cares of the world, finds, in its own contemplations, a source of amusement, of solace and pleasure. The tiresome attention that must be given to an infinite number of things, which, singly and separately taken, are of little moment, but, collectively considered, form an important aggregate, requires to be sometimes relaxed by thoughts and reflections of a more general and extensive nature, and directed to objects of which the examination may open a more spacious field of exercise to the mind, give scope to its exertions, expand its ideas, present new combinations, and exhibit to the intellectual eye, images new, va[illegible] sublime, or beautiful.

The time of action will not always continue. The [illegible] ought ever to have this consideration present to their mind, that they must grow old, unless premature death cut off by sickness or accident. They ought to contemplate the certain approach of age and decrepitude, and consider that all temporal happiness is of uncertain acquisition, mixed with a variety of alloy, and, in whatever degree attained, only of a short and precarious duration. Every day brings some disappointment, some diminution of pleasure, or some frustration of hope; and every moment brings us nearer to that period, when the present scenes shall recede from the view, and future prospects cannot be formed.

This consideration displays, in a very interesting point of view, the beneficial effects of furnishing the mind with a stock of ideas that may amuse it in leisure, accompany it in solitude, dispel the gloom of melancholy, lighten the pressure of misfortune, dissipate the vexations arising from baffled projects or disappointed hopes, and relieve the *tedium* of that season of life, when new acquisitions can no more be made, and the world can no longer flatter and delude us with its illusory hopes and promises.

When life begins, like a distant landscape, gradually to disappear, the mind can receive no solace but from its own ideas and reflections. Philosophy and literature will then furnish us with an inexhaustible source of the most agreeable amusements, as religion will afford its substantial consolation. A well-spent youth is the only sure foundation of a happy old age: no axiom of the mathematics is more true, or more easily demonstrated.

Old age, like death, comes unexpectedly on the unthinking and unprepared, although its approach be visible, and its arrival certain. Those who have, in the earlier part of life, neglected to furnish their minds with ideas, to fortify them by contemplation, and regulate them by reflection, seeing the season of youth and vigour irrecoverably past, its pleasing scenes annihilated, and its brilliant prospects left far behind, without the possibility of return, and feeling, at the same time, the irresistible encroachments of age, with its disagreeable appendages, are surprised and disconcerted by a change scarcely expected, or for which, at least, they had made no preparations. A person in this predicament, finding himself no longer capable of taking, as formerly, a part in the busy walks of life, of enjoying its active pleasures, and sharing its arduous enterprises, becomes peevish and uneasy, troublesome to others, and burdensome to himself. Destitute of the resources of philosophy, and a stranger to the amusing pursuits of literature, he is unacquainted with any agreeable method of filling up the vacuity left in his mind by his necessary recess from the active scenes of life.

All this is the consequence of squandering away the days of youth and vigour without acquiring the habit of thinking. The period of human life, short as it is, is of sufficient length for the acquisition of a considerable stock of useful and agreeable knowledge; and the circumstances of the world afford a superabundance of subjects for contemplation and inquiry. The various phenomena of the moral as well as physical world, the investigation of sciences, and the information communicated by literature, are calculated to attract attention, exercise thought, excite reflection, and replenish the mind with an infinite variety of ideas.

The man of letters, when compared with one that is illiterate, exhibits nearly the same contrast as that which exists between a blind man and one that can see; and if we consider how much literature enlarges the mind, and how much it multiplies, adjusts, rectifies, and arranges the ideas, it may well be reckoned equivalent to an additional sense. It affords pleasures which wealth cannot procure, and which poverty cannot entirely take away. A well-cultivated mind places its possessor beyond the reach of those trifling vexations and disquietudes, which continually harass and perplex those who have no resources within themselves, and, in some measure, elevates him above the smiles and frowns of fortune.—*Bigland.*

THE ASS AND THE MULE.

The following interesting sketch of the nature and history of the ass and the mule, two animals of great value in some countries, though held in little estimation in this, is given by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his notes to his edition of that delightful work, "Gilpin's Forest Scenery."

"It is a remarkable fact that the ass was actually extinct in Britain in the time of Elizabeth. Hollinshed informs us, that in his time 'our lande did yeelde no asses.' We know that they existed before that period, and to our great comfort we have now no reason to complain of any lack of them. It does not appear, however, from what cause the animal became extinct, or how the race was restored. The ass was originally a native of Arabia and Syria, where it is even now found in the wild state, though rarely. Its chief natural habitat is Tartary, where it is the wild native of the dry and mountainous deserts. It is also met with, though less frequently, in Africa. The wild ass stands higher on its limbs than those which are domesticated, and its legs are more slender in proportion. Its hair is very fine, light-coloured, soft, and silky, and on some parts marked by a few obscure waves or undulations. The only exception exists in the native ass of India, which is feeble, small, bow-legged, and apt to be short-winded. Wild asses are gregarious, like horses, but they live in smaller herds, each of which is regularly conducted by a leader, and they owe their safety to their timidity and vigilance, aided by their great acuteness in hearing and smelling. The ass was imported into America by the Spaniards, as well as the horse, and it has now multiplied so much as to be even troublesome from its numbers. In their wild state they have all the fleetness of horses, and neither declivities nor precipices interrupt the fury of their career; and when they are attacked, they have the singular power of defending themselves by means of their heels and mouth with so much address, that they often maim their pursuers without so much as slackening their pace. But after capture, and after having been compelled to bear their first load, their swiftness seems to forsake them, and they contract all that stupidity of look and dulness for which they are proverbial.

The animal seems in general to grow to greater perfection in warm than in cold climates. They are rare in Sweden, and not at all known in Norway. Even in Britain they were long rare even in the south of Scotland; and one of the most striking changes which Edinburgh and its neighbourhood presents to an individual who has been much absent from it for a good many years back, is the great number of small ass-carts now in use, whereas such a thing was never to be seen formerly except as a rarity, and that generally when driven by some gipsy tinker. In the northern parts of Scotland the animal is still rarely met with. In Spain, the breed of asses has been greatly improved by care and attention, so that they often rise to fifteen hands high, and are strong, elegant, and even stately animals. In Egypt and Arabia also, these animals have been brought to so great perfection, that they often fetch a higher price than horses, and they even manifest a degree of noble gracefulness superior to those of Spain. They combine quickness, alacrity, and ease in all their paces, with extreme sureness of foot; and being more hardy than horses, they are preferred to them for long journeys, or for pilgrimages across the Desert.

When young, the ass is uncouthly proportioned, large headed, and altogether of an unprepossessing appearance; but he is gay and frolicsome, until age, harsh treatment, and overwerking, break his spirit, and render him slow, dull, and headstrong. When laden beyond his strength, he expresses his uneasiness by lowering his head, and bending down his ears. If greatly abused, he will open his mouth, and draw back his lips in a disagreeable manner. But with all this, there is no animal more alive to kindness than an ass; and if ass proprietors are disposed to doubt this fact, we should humbly entreat them—tinkers, costermongers, and all, not forgetting those smugglers who work them in their vocation all night, and who let them out all day for carrying the sea-bathing nymphs of the watering-places—to try the truth of what we assert, by putting it to the test of experiment. But little opportunity is allowed the poor ass to show his sense of kind treatment, for where, says he, is kind treatment to be met with? But we know that he is belied in being accused of sulkiness, as well as in being supposed to want intelligence. For as he is remarkable for treasuring up an accurate recollection of localities, so he often displays a strong attachment to his master, whom he recognises even in the greatest crowd; and if he is capable of all this under the detestable usage he experiences from the demons in human form, who seem to take sport and pleasure in his miseries, what effect would not kindness work upon him? We remember an anecdote of an Irishman at Ramsgate, who, being asked to name the hardest wrought creature in existence, replied, 'Och! a Ramsgate donkey to be sure; for, afthur carrying angels all day, he is forced to carry speerits all night.' To which we think that he might have added, that his drivers were little else than devils. But could we only persuade people to try the effect of kindness on the poor ass, he might be so much improved both physically, and morally, as to be a much more useful animal than he even now is. To the poor he is in many circumstances invaluable, from his frugal mode of faring; thistles and plantain leaves, and such road-way-side plants, being all he asks; for, even in his wild state, his favourite food is the wild plants of the desert, and especially those herbs which are bitterly lactescent; and it is likewise worth notice, that he actually prefers brackish water when thus left to his own choice.

It is a strange anomaly in nature, that, whereas it is a well-known fact that horses and asses have a certain degree of constitutional antipathy to each other, so that it is difficult to induce young horses even to pass an ass on the road, they should yet be made to breed together, so as to give rise to the hybrid offspring called mules and hinnies. The former is the produce of a jackass and mare, and is much preferred to the latter, which is the produce of the horse and the she ass. The mule is by much the most robust and hardy, and more fitted for the purposes of riding, draught, and burden. It is a very remarkable fact, that the mule is longer lived than either the horse or the ass, less liable to disease, and more capable of vigorous exertion. In Spain, fifty or sixty guineas is a common price for a good mule, and they are used in carriages of people of the first rank. We have had ourselves occasion to see a pair of beautiful mules driven as leaders in the Defiance Edinburgh and Aberdeen coach. These regularly perform one of the stages to the northward of Perth, which they do twice a-day; and the coach, which is one of the fastest in the kingdom—its time, we believe, being [illegible] miles and

a half or ten miles an hour, stoppages included—loses no ground during the stage in which these animals are employed.

The Literary Gazette relates a curious anecdote, on the testimony of an eye-witness: 'It is customary in Spain to guide the mules without reins, and merely by calling to them. The animal, when called by its name, punctually follows the orders of his driver. But it is a very peculiar circumstance, that they must always be yoked at the very same place which they have been accustomed to, otherwise they will not draw. After the battle of Cordura, several waggons were required to carry away the effects of King Joseph Napoleon from Madrid. While the waggons were loading, most of the drivers unyoked their mules, under pretence of feeding them, and then put them to again at an unaccustomed place. The animals refused to draw. The drivers at first seemed to give themselves all possible trouble to make them go on. The French, who escorted the train, attempted to assist, and dealt out their blows liberally on all sides. The Spanish drivers, however, contrived to get out of the way, and the mules kept their place in spite of all their beating. This occasioned a long delay, for the French sought in vain the cause of the obstinacy of the mules. At last, a part of the escort of cavalry were obliged to dismount, and their horses were harnessed to the waggons. But during this time, a part of the Spanish cavalry, whose approach appears to have been known to the drivers, had made a detour about Madrid, and so they captured all the baggage of poor Joseph, who is said to have narrowly escaped being made prisoner.'

The obstinacy for which the mule is proverbial is much to be attributed to the ill treatment to which, like the ass, the creature is subjected. Our own experience in Alpine travelling has taught us how inestimable the services of this creature are, in traversing those wild regions, on those narrow rock-worn tracks by which alone they are accessible. If the traveller will only give his mule rein enough, and allow him to take his own way, and to pick his own steps, we conceive that he is safer in the saddle than scrambling on his own feet. In the Andes they are no less valuable. Captain Head, in his lively manner, gives us some interesting anecdotes of mules, one of which is as follows:—

'As I was looking up at the region of snow, and as my mule was scrambling along the steep side of the rock, the capataz overtook me, and asked me if I chose to come on, as he was going to look at the "Ladera de las Vaccas," to see if it was passable, before the mules came to it; for when the Cordillera is first opened by the melting of the snow, the Ladera is for some time impassable, till it broadens towards the end of summer. He accordingly trotted on, and in half an hour we arrived at the spot. It is the worst pass in the Cordillera. The mountain above appears almost perpendicular, and in one continued slope down to the rapid torrent which is raging underneath. The surface is covered with loose earth and stones, which have been brought down by the water. The path goes across this slope, and is very bad for about seventy yards, being only a few inches broad: but the point of danger is a spot where the water which comes down from the top of the mountain either washes the path away, or covers it over with loose stones. We rode over it, and it certainly was very narrow and bad. In some places the rock almost touches one's shoulder, while the precipice is immediately under the opposite foot, and high above the head are a number of large loose stones, which appear as if the slightest touch would send them rolling into the torrent beneath, which is foaming and rushing with great violence. However, the danger to the rider is only imaginary, for the mules are so careful, and seem so well aware of their situation, that there is no chance of their making a false step. As soon as we had crossed the pass, which is only seventy yards long, the capataz told me that it was a very bad place for baggage mules, that four hundred had been lost there, and that we should also very probably lose one. He said that he would get down to the water at a place about a hundred yards off, and wait there with his lasso to catch any mule that might fall into the torrent, and he requested me to lead on his mule. However, I was resolved to see the tumble, if there was to be one; so the capataz took away my mule and his own, and then scrambled down on foot, till he at last got to the level of the water, while I stood on a projecting rock, with the two English captains of the mines, the three Cornish miners, the assayer, and the surveyor, who were all anxious to witness the passage of the baggage.

'The drove of mules now came in sight, one following another; a few were carrying no burdens, but the rest were either mounted or heavily laden; and as they wound along the crooked path, the difference of colour in the animals, the different colours and shapes of the baggage they were carrying, with the picturesque dress of the peons, who were vociferating the wild song by which they drive on the mules, and the scene of the dangerous path they had to cross, formed a very interesting scene.

'As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and of course all the rest stopped also. He was the finest mule we had, and, on that account, had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and which contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, where he again stopped, and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point, struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under him: however, his fore legs were still upon the narrow path. He had no room to put his head there; but he placed his nose upon the path on his left, which gave him the appearance of holding on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came, and in walking along the Ladera, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and, head over heels, the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope, until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and then he seemed to bound off, and, turning round in the air, fell into the deep torrent on his back, and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed, but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavoured to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort; and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage; and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again, but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turned round and round by the eddy, until, passing the corner of the rock, I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons, with their lassos in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and, after looking towards the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked towards me, I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them, when I saw, at a distance, a solitary mule walking towards us!

'We instantly perceived that he was the Phaeton whose fall we had just witnessed, and, in a few moments, he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected; however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible. With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading mule which carries the bell, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, although certainly with great caution.'"

EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT TEMPERATURES ON THE BODY.

When the air is warm and dry, it excites a most agreeable sensation in the lungs, and in every part of the body; it increases the power or function of every organ, and health is perfect; this is observed in a dry spring, after a cold and moist winter; but when the weather is intensely hot, and persons exposed to the burning sun in the tropics, they often drop dead suddenly from apoplexy; this has happened even in France and Spain, during very hot summers; all the functions, as breathing, digestion, &c. are diminished and oppressed; there is danger of mortification of wounds and ulcers, bowel complaints, fevers, hysteria, epilepsy, &c. Persons labouring under consumption have been advised to live in warm climates, but many physicians suppose that the acceleration of the breathing and pulse, caused by the hot air in summer, only hurry the sufferers to a more speedy death; the change of habitation, from a cold climate to a warm one in winter, is highly advisable, though it is now believed that the southern coasts of this country are as eligible as foreign climes for our consumptive patients. A cold and moist atmosphere produces debilitating effects on man and animals; a cold and dry air is not so injurious; it braces the nerves, and is favourable to health, although it sometimes induces determinations of blood to the head, chest, and abdomen, and causes inflammations in the organs of their cavities.—*Ten Minutes' Advice on Coughs and Colds.*

SALTING AND SMOKING MEAT.

The following method, which requires only forty-eight hours, may be adopted for salting and smoking meat:—A quantity of saltpetre, equal to the common salt that would be required for the meat in the usual way, must be dissolved in water. Into this the meat to be smoked must be put, and kept over a slow fire till all the water is evaporated. It must then be hung up in a thick smoke for twenty-four hours, when it will be found equal in flavour to the best Hamburgh smoked meat, that has been kept several weeks in salt, as red throughout, and equally firm. This method has been resorted to in Germany and other parts, and has been found preferable to any other plan.

OSSIAN.

[The following lines are from a poetical volume lately published under the title of the "Bard of the North, by Dugald Moore." Mr Moore is one of the wonders in the way of authorship, whom we take pleasure in bringing under the notice of our readers. A few years ago he occupied a very humble situation in the warehouse of an extensive publisher at Glasgow. His education and acquaintance with the world were such as might be looked for in an individual so situated. His whole bearing and appearance betokened nothing beyond the line of character and acquirements appropriate to the humble walk of life in which he had chanced to be placed. There was, however, in the mind of this person, a spark of the diviner flame. While still toiling at his lowly tasks, he was secretly employed in conning poetical thoughts, and arranging them in verse. Ultimately, he amassed the materials of a volume, which, being seen and approved of by several persons qualified to judge of its merits, was soon after published. Success followed the attempt, and Mr Moore was induced to bring forward a second. This being also well received, he found himself in possession of sufficient funds to enable him to commence business as a bookseller on his own account. Mr Moore now occupies a comparatively elevated place in society, and, what must be more agreeable to a person so constituted, stands in the first rank of the few who still addict themselves in Scotland to the unfashionable pursuit of poetry. His verses are characterised by a wild strength of imagery and expression; and though a sameness is occasionally observed in the train of his thoughts, his productions are upon the whole such as would do credit to an author who came forward under more favourable circumstances. We earnestly recommend his various volumes to the attention of our readers.]

Thus sang the bard of Cona as he sat
On the grey cliffs of Malmor—"Come, fair moon!
Thou stately daughter of the halls of heaven!
Come through the silent and majestic clouds
Which float from Correyeric down the straths
Of brown Lochaber—fling thy gentle beam
On the great cataract, that from its cave
Leaps like the soul of nature. Beauteous star,
Flash on that tide of power, until it shines
Bright as that pillar which the Hebrew's God
Roll'd o'er the sea of Egypt—when his host
Saw Pharaoh and his army reeling down
Into eternity. Come, holy light!
Bring back departed moments, with the loves
Which made earth paradise. Oh! now I feel
The wave of song rush o'er my feeble heart;
The mighty of the sword again start up—
Fion and Oscar, and the giant bard
Who struck his harp in Selmo—they appear
The awful sons of Tremnore; and the maids,
The fair-hair'd daughters of the silent glens
Who shone like rainbows in the storm, and hush'd
The voice of battle with the song of love,
They rise again; and in my misty dream
The waters which the heroes bounded o'er
Against the sons of Lochlin, lift once more
Their glorious voices; and Treshornish comes
With all the music of their thousand waves.
Oh! let me sit upon the old grey rocks
That from the green moss mournfully look out,
Mocking the sun with silence; and, like death,
Returning life no echo. Let me sit
And hear the murmur of the upland stream,
Which lights the desert with its path of foam;
For ever singing on—it heedeth not
The changes man is making in the world;
Glad in that music which is only heard
In the strange visions, which may cross the brain
Of falcon dreaming in her eyrie up
And high above its tumult."

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END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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